

PROGRAMME

OF

NEW AUSTRALIAN REVUE

Performed at

THE AUSTRALIAN HOSPITAL

by kind permission of

LIEUT. COLONEL W. L'ESTRANGE EAMES, C.B., V.E.

WHAT HO! WATTLE!

Scenery and Properties by	A
Music arranged and disturbed by	B
Words strung together and strangled by	C

The Super-Sergeant attempted by		Staff Sgt. Chapman
Staff Sergeant Stores	"	Staff Sgt. Ball
Staff Sergeant Wards	"	Staff Sgt. Eady
Sanitary Squad Sergeant	"	Sergeant Whomersley
Sir Percival	"	Sergeant Kennedy-Cox
Night Wardmaster	"	Corporal Wigmore
The Football Pet	"	Private Record
1st Football Blesse	"	Corporal Onslow
2nd " "	"	Private Clegg
Military Police	"	Private Smalley
The Super-Sister delineated by		Sergeant Jarvis
Mrs. Swankin Keir Hardie	"	Staff Sgt. Earle

N.B. - The role of Military Police will be undertaken at a moment's notice
by Private Ellenden.

ACT 1. The Wattle Hospital (by day)

ACT 11. do (by night)

A C T 1.

We are the members of the Sanitary
Brigade,
By us your drains and heavy pipes are
laid,
Of work there is not one of us dismayed.
For we are the members of the Sanitary
Brigade,
By us your ~~brid~~ges and your huts are
made,
When we start a job we do it jolly
quickly too
Look out boys, the sergeant's coming!

Oh! won't you come and dance with me the
Wattle Glide?
The Wattle what? The Wattle Glide.
Oh! won't you dance with me, prance with
me prance with me dance with me,
Oh! won't you come and dance with me the
Wattle Glide?
And when the sergeant major's through
Cursing me and you,
Making us feel blue,
Put your belt on, and come and do
That (witty) Wattle Glide
(rotten)

Come with us to the Football,
Australia and Lancashire call,
See how the the Ball to the Goalmouth whirls,
Cheered by spectators both Boys and Girls,
Come with us to the Football,
There'll be a welcome for all,
Don't miss the chance that has come
Of Football! Of Football!

I'm Percival, the unmerciful, the knut
with a "K",
The pride of Australian "Rawal Pindi,"
"A-A,"
The ladies and blesses, they run from
their huts
After Percival, the unmerciful,
The Colonel of the Knuts.

On parade each morning, on parade each
morning,
You should see them bustle along,
On parade each morning, on parade each
morning,
I make them do a little bit of violent
exercise.
I make them march and double,
Saves a lot of trouble,
With health they fairly bubble,
You should see them double
On parade each morning, on parade each
morning.
They're glad that I was born.

*This Article was donated to
the Australian War Memorial*

by Maj. Gen. W. JAMES, C.B., A C T 11.
C.B.E., V.D.
Austn. Vol. Hospital. 26/2/30.

THE MEASLES MARCH.

They've had measles so long
At St-Omer,
Now they've started convalescing
They may go too far,
If we give them some golf
And a temperance bar,
They'll enjoy those measles
Caught at St-Omer.

YPRES DUET.

I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go from here to Ypres,
Where our men are fighting all the day.
Machine-guns mowing them down like hay.
We want to go, we want to go,
We want to go from here to Ypres.
Tell the boys we're coming to
Y-P-E, I don't know how to spell it,
But we're going, you bet we're going
To that brave old Belgian land.

PATIENT'S DUET.

You made us love you
We didn't want to do it, we didn't want
to do it.
You made us love you,
And all the time you knew it and all the
time you knew it.
You made us happy, sometimes you made us
squal
You gave us Black Mixture, that was the
worst of all
You gave us Blue Suits, and saucy little
mittens, yes saucy little mittens
When we wore Red Jackets we felt like
giddy kittens yes really giddy kittens
Give us, give us back our khaki.
These pyjamas make us feel so larky,
You made us love you, that's true.

COOE-HITCH.

Oh! every evening hear me sing, it's
the cutest little thing
Got the cutest little swing; Cooe-hitch
Cooe-hitch,
Oh! simply for Australians, don't you
ask me what it means.
For it haunts me in my dreams Cooe-
hitch, Cooe-hitch
Don't I just do it as an Australian
would
Say, when I do it, don't I do it good
Oh! every evening hear me sing,
It's the cutest little thing, got the
cutest little swing
Cooe-hitch, Cooe-hitch.....Cooee...

SIR PERCIVAL'S SONG.

Oh! he is the friend of all,
On each one of us he will call.
And directly our temperatures fall
He will give us one of his papers;
For he is the friend of all,
On each one of us he will call
Even on poor Sergeant Ball
But he can't spare him one of his
papers.

ZEPPELIN FINALE.

You'll have to get under, get out and
get under,
When comes that flying machine,
Now each one of you know what I mean.
There's room for the fat and the lean
For you'll have to get under, get out
and get under,
When comes the flying machine.
Every time I raise to blow my whistle
thus,
Under a bed every one of you without
a fuss,
You'll have to get under, get out and
get under,
To get from this blessed machine.

N. B. - This Programme has NOT been passed by the Censor.