

E.A. NICHOLLS

# RUDDY PLATOON.

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3rd Series

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

E 348

# THE RUDDY PLATOON

Words by HOWARD FISHER. Capt: D.L.I.  
&  
W.F. TOMPKINS. 2nd Lt. Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

Music by HOWARD FISHER.

VOICE. *Moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

Key C.  
: s : d : d : d | r : m : f | s : d : d |

*high  
clear*

1. We go up the road to the trench ev - 'ry  
2. The mud in the trench is a - bit of al -

d : d : d | d : f : l | d' : t : l | t : l : s | s : - : s | d' : d' : d' |

night, We get sheld' from the left, we get sniped from the right; And what with the  
right, For with - out a tin hat on you'd sink out of sight, The dug outs are.

Min-nes, and what with the Crumps "Straf-ing" the ra-tions, and, "stra-fing" the dumps; We  
live-ly, the smell's hard to beat, Oh! it aint quite the place for a Sun-day School Treat, And

start-ed with fif-ty odd Non-coms and men, We start-ed with fif-ty and now we are  
what with the wounded, and what with the dead, And what with the blokes who are sling-ing the

ten, And if this "Crimson" War does.n't end ve-ry soon, Ther'll be no one left in the  
lead, Ah! if this Bloomin' War does.n't end ve-ry soon, Ther'll be no one left in the  
S

*Finish.*  
Rud-dy Pla-toon left in the Rud-dy Pla-toon  
Pur-ple Pla-toon left in the "Pur-ple" Pla-toon  
*rit*



# THE RUDDY PLATOON.

Words by *Howard Fisher, Capt., D.L.I., and W. F. Tompkins, 2nd Lt.,  
Cameronians (Scottish Rifles.)*

## I.

We go up the road to the trench ev'ry night,  
We get shelled from the left, we get sniped from the right,  
And what with the Minnies, and what with the Crumps;  
"Strafing" the rations, and "strafing" the dumps;  
We started with fifty odd Non-coms. and men,  
We started with fifty, and now we are ten,  
And if this "Crimson" War doesn't end very soon  
There'll be no one left in the Ruddy Platoon.

## II.

The mud in the trench is a bit of all right,  
Without a tin hat on you'd sink out of sight.  
The dug-outs are lively, the smell's hard to beat,  
Oh! it ain't quite the place for a Sunday School treat.  
And what with the wounded, and what with the dead,  
And what with the blokes who are slinging the lead,  
Ah! if this "Bloomin'" War doesn't end very soon,  
There'll be no one left in the Ruddy Platoon.

## III.

The water's half petrol, the rations are few,  
We are fed up with jam, and we're fed up with stew.  
We're fed up with dirt, and we're fed up with mud,  
We're fed up with thirsting for *anyone's* blood.  
And what with the rats, and what with the mice,  
And what with the flies, and the fleas, and the "boches,"  
We'll run out of Keatings I know very soon,  
There'll be an end to the Ruddy Platoon.

## IV.

We come from the trenches all weary and dry,  
We get as much rum as would fill up your eye,  
If the sergeants don't get it, then we want to know  
Where the H... does the rest of the ruddy rum go.  
The sergeants all get it, of that there's no doubt,  
The sergeants they get it and blow themselves out,  
And if this "Blinkin'" War doesn't end very soon  
There'll be no rum left for the Ruddy Platoon.

## V.

The "Brass hats" come up for an afternoon walk,  
They go round the trenches, they talk and they talk  
About this bit of trench and that bit of wire,  
They get their boots muddy, then quickly retire;  
They go back to billets and sit down to dine,  
Food of the best and a bottle of wine,  
But if they don't discover the War very soon  
There'll be no one left in the Ruddy Platoon.

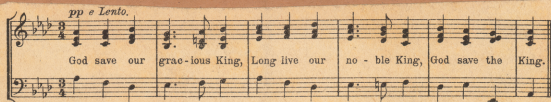
## VI.

Our officer's potty, his favourite stunt  
Is taking us out on a Souvenir Hunt;  
He likes taking us out in front of the wire,  
Getting us shot by our own rifle fire.  
We started with fifty odd Non-coms. and men,  
We started with fifty, but now we are ten,  
And if this "Boss-eyed" War doesn't end very soon  
There'll be no one left in the Ruddy Platoon.

E. OSBORNE & CO., Ltd., 16, Farringdon St., LONDON.



*pp e Lento.*



God save our grac-ious King, Long live our no - ble King, God save the King.

Chorus.

*ff marcato*



Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,



Long to reign o - - ver us, God save the King.



A W M D 4 8 1 3 4

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