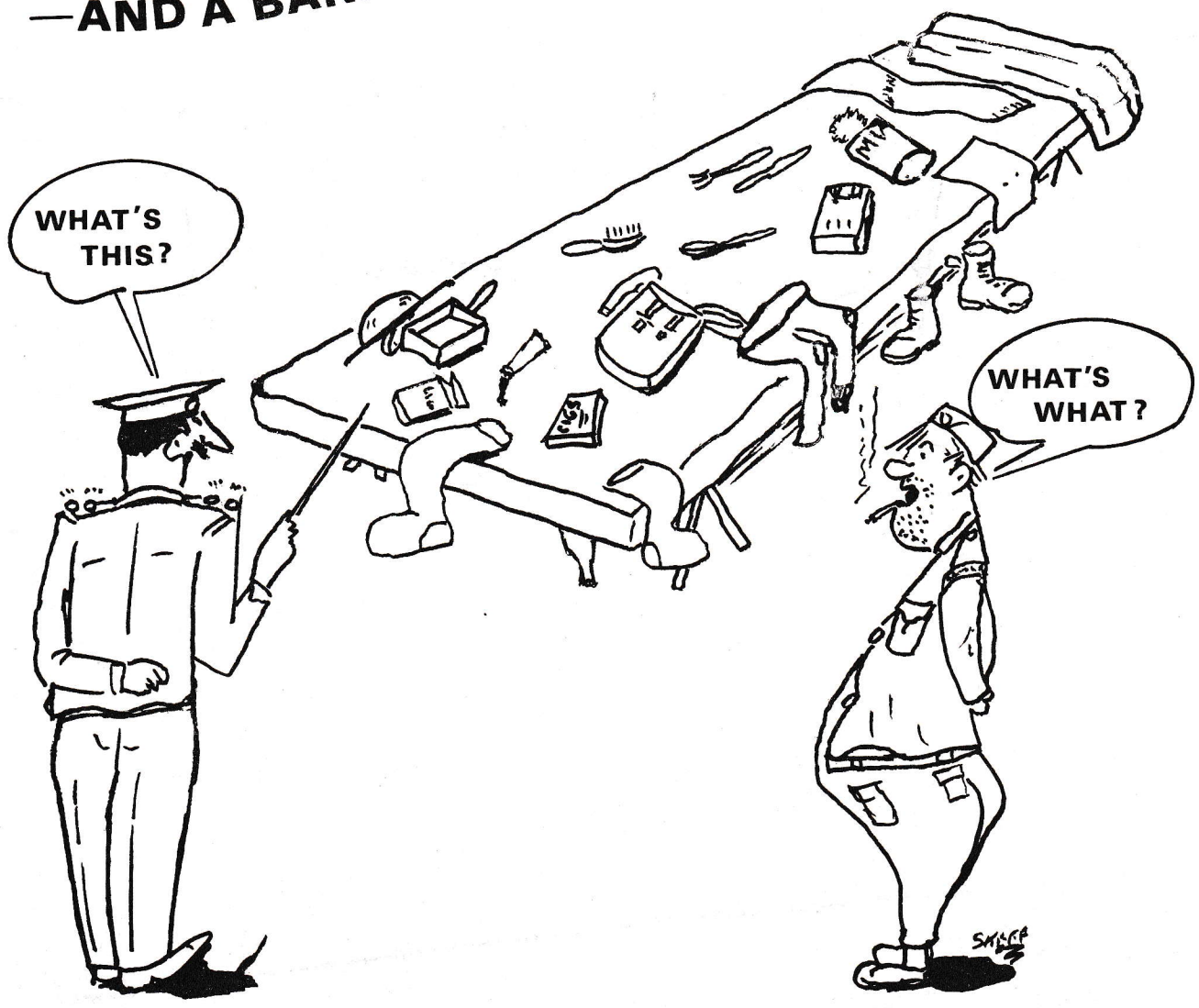


A FEW 166<sup>TH</sup> DITTIES

—AND A BARRACK ROOM SCENE—



# TRIP TO BONE, OVER THERE

(Words and music by Jonas Barter)



Sailing sailing, far from the land of Burns  
Sailing sailing, oh how my stomach turns;  
Cheese - eggs - beans - soup - corned beef - jam,  
Tea up, throw up, gallons of liquid spam.

Some day soon we'll hie for the land of cod,  
Tread the tracks the Canucks and Yanks have trod,  
Up them stairs to see your girl,  
Out the window, foreigners we will hurl.

Written on the occasion of a rather distasteful  
voyage from Scotland to the scene of battle;  
actually inspired by Sgt. Bob Smith.  
(the song, that is; not the war)

# THE FLEGGBURGH "Q" STORES

Tune: Keep the home fires burning...

We were gathered there in Fleggburgh  
From a land across the sea  
Brave and hardy Newfoundlanders  
Eating 'duff' with M and V  
All at once the sky was darkened  
And alarm spread through the line  
As the piquet shouted 'fire'  
Then the siren's chilly whine

## Chorus

'twas the Q stores burning  
On a foggy morning  
Smoke was reaching to the sky  
As the flames rose high  
Now we have no 'Q' stores  
And no one cares for us  
Bow your heads in memory  
As the embers die

Said the soldier to the Captain  
"there is bound to be a court  
They'll enquire how this happened  
With supplies and grub so short"  
Then the Captain roared in anger  
"this affair gives me a cramp,  
now we'll have to live in darkness  
'cause you burnt our Tilley lamp."

Words by Jonas Barter, who met Anthony Eden,  
Major Seton! and afterwards, graduated  
Magnum Cum Lawdy - Down to earth cooking,  
Fleggburgh U.  
Class of '40

# MARCHING TOGETHER

(Words by William Barter, Music by Jonas Barter)

Marching together,  
Sing a song to cheer the way  
True pals forever,  
Always ready for the fray  
So let your voices ring,  
As Newfoundlanders sing

Never give in, stick out your chin,  
We're fighting for the King.  
Marching together,  
We have answered Britain's call,  
True pals forever,  
All for one and one for all.

# THE GALLANT MEN

(Words and music by Mrs. Alexandrina Mercer)

The musical score for 'The Gallant Men' is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first four measures, with chords F, Bb, C, F, and C7 indicated above the treble staff. The second system contains the next four measures, with chords F, Bb, C, F, C7, F, Bb, and F indicated. The third system contains the final four measures, with chords F, Dm, Gm, C7, and Eb indicated.

Oh, the 166th were a gallant band,  
When they left the shores of Newfoundland;  
They crossed the ocean wild and wide,  
To fight with the allies side by side.

**Chorus:**

Let us sing, let us shout, lift our voices high—  
"To the 166th. may they never die".

The rum if flowed, and the tears ran down,  
There were some who thought they'd surely drown;  
But they landed safe on Britain's shore,  
And set right in to win the war.

**Chorus:**

They were brave, they were bold, and they feared no man;  
They mowed the Gerries down—they didn't give a damn—  
Just fought bravely on to the joyful day,  
That will live forever in our memory.

**Chorus:**

The 166th are a gallant band,  
And they live with their wives in Newfoundland;  
If they had to answer the call again,  
They would go once more, those gallant men.

**chorus:**

Let us sing, let us shout, let our voices ring;  
They deserve the praise, so let us sing;  
Dear people, raise your voices high,  
"To the 166th. may they never die."

# NEWFOUNDLAND GUNNERS

(Words by Jonas Barter)

Tune. Lilli Marlene.

From Bouctouche to Tunis, smashing Rommel's lines,  
Busting up his Panzers with our Valentines,  
We had the guns and tanks and guys  
We shifted Gerries and Ities  
We blasted Longstop Hill boys,  
We blasted Longstop Hill.

Pushing on to victory, through the desert sand  
Now the army needs us up in Musso's land  
Over the sea we came to shore  
While praying for the end of war  
And on the bombers thundered,  
And on the cannon roared.

Then came the order, limber up the guns,  
Beat it to Cassino to smarten up the Huns.  
Into positions 'neath his nose  
He thought we were a bunch of Joes  
But still we're here to sing boys,  
But still we're here to sing.

Now the war is over, pals are left behind,  
Braved the bombs and shellfire 'tho the fields were mined,  
Sing then for them, their bodies freed  
No more they'll taste of strife and greed  
We'll meet them in the morning,  
We'll meet them bye and bye.

# THE FAMOUS 166

(Words and Music by Jonas Barter)

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines, and the fourth is a piano accompaniment line. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: F, Bb, F, C, F, Bb, F, C, F, C, Bb, C, Dm, Bb, F, C, F.

We'll sing you a song of the One Six Six  
Tra la la la la  
They're always in a terrible fix  
Tra la la la la  
There's R.H.Q. and Robert and Pip  
The Queenie boys with a lot of zip  
And our C.O. never takes any lip  
Tra la la la la

P is the Battery we'll mention first  
Tra la la la la  
And some of the boys had an awful thirst  
Tra la la la la  
The Quads are all shining, the Guns are the same  
When not right on target there's no one to blame  
At least if we knew it we'd mention no name  
Tra la la la la

Next is the Battery known as Queen  
Tra la la la la  
They often get lost when they're out on a scheme  
Tra la la la la  
The B.C. is rigid, the Sergeants are wise  
The Gunners can't pull the wool over their eyes  
If this is the truth, it's an awful surprise  
Tra la la la la

R is the Battery we all know well  
Tra la la la la  
They work like buggers but crib like hell  
Tra la la la la  
They shun all promotion, nor take any pay  
They wouldn't know how to spend two bob a day  
They're patriots all from the town and the bay  
Tra la la la la

Now R.H.Q. is the place to be  
Tra la la la la  
Just play your cards and drink your tea  
Tra la la la la  
The boys in the office are always on leave  
Bill Tobin has something well up in his sleeve  
And R.Q.M. Edwards is hard to believe  
Tra la la la la

And here is a verse about Captain Junk  
Tra la la la la  
He steals the dixies off your bunk  
Tra la la la la  
He takes them off to the Quarter Stores  
And wraps them up in McCarthy's drawers  
They might have been mine and they might have been yours  
Tra la la la la

But all of the Brits who've been out in the East  
Tra la la la la  
They all have a touch of the sun and the beast  
Tra la la la la  
There's Ody the fitter and Snowy the mole  
And Ras with a twitch that is hard to control  
With Scales crooked bones matching Bounds doleful moans  
Tra la la la la