

The Waacs, too, have a marching song. The tune is attractive and goes with a fine swing. The following words have been set to the tune :—

The Waacs are on Parade, in their uniforms so bright and gay

The Waacs are on Parade, they march in the military way,

The Waacs are on Parade, we proudly greet our girls to-day

See them step along the street, they belong to the elite
For the Waacs are on parade.

To the sound of trumpet, to the roll of drum
To the Nation in her need at Freedom's Call they come,
Through the toil of night 'till morning's Peace they sing
They're standing by 'till bells of Victory ring.

Martial tunes on breezes swaying—swaying
Hear the tunes the Bands are playing—playing
Tunes of Home and Glory, of Nations' song
and story,

Of Honours won and Duty done they march on
their way.

See our girls with noble bearing—bearing
Proudly marching feet unerring—unerring
New History for the Nation a New World in
creation

For the Waacs are on Parade.

The sweetheart of both sides of this war is Lili Marlene. The music for this song was written by a Nazi song-writer, Norbert Schultze, its words by Hans Leip, a minor poet who had a small reputation during the Weimar Republic. It is the official song of Rommel's Afrika Korps, and records of the tune were captured by our men during the battle of El Alamein. Previously the tune had been heard frequently over the Belgrade radio station and was already well known to British troops. The strains are of a kind which easily attach themselves to romantic memories and the pathos of separation.

The words run something like this:—

In front of the barracks, before the heavy gate
There stood a lamp-post, and if it's standing yet
Then we shall meet there once again,
Beside the lamp-post in the rain.

As once Lili Marlene, as once Lili Marlene.
The lamp-post knows your footsteps, so lovely and so free,
For you it burns unceasing but it's forgotten me,
And if I don't return again, who'll stand beside you in
the rain?

With you Lili Marlene, with you Lili Marlene.

It is interesting that two New Zealand war correspondents, A. W. Mitchell and Trevor Ross, with other war correspondents became co-authors of a special lyric to this song. The group was headed by Colonel J. J. Astor, M.P.

Two of the new verses printed in the *World's Press News* this year ran something like this :—

O Bugler, do not sound the call to-night,
But let us share awhile the fading light.
Good-bye, my darling sweetheart,
Sad was the day I had to part
From you, Lilli Marlene,
From you, Lilli Marlene.

When we are marching down the dusty road
My body droops beneath its heavy load,
Whatever fate may hold for me
I'll sigh again and think of thee,
Of thee, Lilli Marlene,
Of thee, Lilli Marlene.

A printed copy of this song has come to hand as I complete this article, but it is not a correct version. A verse has been added, and the words are different from the original translation. It is a pity good songs of this type are not authenticated before they reach the market.

Early in the Italian campaign when General Montgomery was still on the rainy Adriatic coast, he sent a desperate message to London for a pair of waterproof pants. The Bishop of Southwark, who was on the point of leaving for Italy in the line of duty, undertook to take the pants with him. A confrere of "Monty's" then penned the following stanzas, which have been set to music, in commemoration of the incident:—

We've dispatched pour la guerre
A mackintosh pair
Of trousers and jacket express,
They are coming by air,
And are sent to you care
of the Bishop of Southwark, no less.
So wherever you go
From Pescara to Po
Through mud and morasses and ditches
You undoubtedly ought
To be braced by the thought
That the church has laid hands on your
breeches.

We think they'll suffice—
As they should at the price—
To cover your flanks in the meleé
And avert the malaise
In the Premier's phrase
Of a chill in the soft underberly,
And you'll find, as we hope
When you call on the Pope
That his blessing's more readily given
On learning the news
That your mackintosh trews
Were brought down by a Bishop from Heaven.



Moderato

LILI MARLENE

E-T-C