

MAN OF TARATAHI

Composed and written by Allanson..sorry..Sapper Allanson

There's a tent at Moindah..Taratahi.
Not a man in it would e'er tell a lie.

They are all the hard workers, and none of them shirkers,
They will drink almost anything, even rye.

First there is Ally; bright engineer
Drinking too much of his Cascade Beer
Goes to all tents very tight, pulls them out in the night,
Oh'what a cad is this engineer.

And then there's our man Corporal Veale,
Thinking he has every man under his heel,
Poor old chap broke his wrist, didn't do it while pist,
But while attempting a right wheel.

Next in line is old Bob Fell.
At Slippery he does very well,
Cambridge news he reads aloud, to annoyance of the crowd
Yes, to us this is fair Hell.

and now the other Taratahi rat.
This sapper is known as Pat.
On the Flute he's a lerner, but we think he's a snakecharmer,
and wish he would use the flute as a bat..

Ken be careful, tonight you must heed
The deadly allurements of insidious wood,
And too much indulging you pals will tell you
Though sweet at the moment, will soon change your hue.
So Kenneth, remember, the slippery paths
To brimstone and fire are paved by cigars.
Your coughing and choking, indelicate noise.
Cigars are for men; not innocent boys...



I'M A KING --- I HOLD UP MY ---