



Re-union Song of 7th Battalion, A.I.F

(to be sung to the tune of 'Click Go the Shears')

Way back in early '42' Battalion No. 7
Had orders to go forward and the troops all yelled "Thank Heaven",
Our colour patch was brown and red, we called it Mud and Blood,
Up to Darwin we were shot where bombs were falling with a thud.

Chorus

Singing tramp went the boots boys no matter what the weather,
We sweated and we winged but we grew tough as leather,
We went to do our duty 'neath tropic heat and floods
The good old 7th Battalion, the Mud over Bloods.

We manoeuvred through the timber, we no longer marched in ranks,
We trudged through flamin' ant hills on our poor old flamin' shanks
When the enemy didn't come our way, to the islands we were sent
Where the Allies by this time were onto victory hell bent.

Chorus

Singing tramp went the boots boys no matter what the weather,
We sweated and we winged but we grew tough as leather,
We went to do our duty 'neath tropic heat and floods
The good old 7th Battalion, the Mud over Bloods.

When the war was over and the enemy on the skids,
Twas home to families, sweethearts, to our wives and little kids,
They served our country same as us and prayed for us each day,
While they kept the home fires burning bright when we were far away.

Chorus

Singing tramp went the boots boys no matter what the weather,
We sweated and we winged but we grew tough as leather,
We went to do our duty 'neath tropic heat and floods
The good old 7th Battalion, the Mud over Bloods.

Still we meet together, yarn and laugh about the past,
Though it's thirty years and more since the was won at last,
Our ranks have thinned a little, of some mates we've been bereft
But we'll try and stick together till there's none of us left.

Chorus

Singing tramp went the boots boys no matter what the weather,
We sweated and we winged but we grew tough as leather,
We went to do our duty 'neath tropic heat and floods
The good old 7th Battalion, the Mud over Bloods.