

EDITION SUPREME

GUNGA DIN

"From the Barrack Room Ballads"



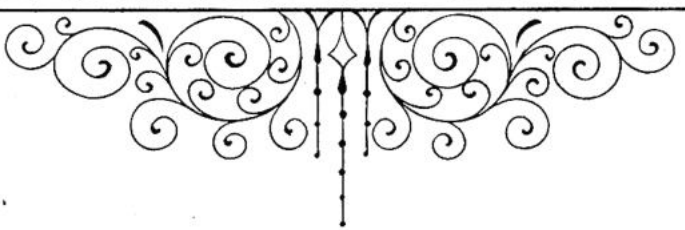
SONG

LYRIC BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

MUSIC BY

HAROLD DIXON



JACK MILLS

INCORPORATED

148-150 WEST 46TH STREET
NEW YORK

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

GUNGA DIN

From The Barrack Room Ballads

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RUDYARD KIPLING

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do your work on wa - ter An' you'll lick the bloom-in' boots of 'im that's

got it. Now in In - jia's sun - ny clime, Where I used to spend my time A

ser - vin of 'Er Ma - jes - ty the Queen, Of all them black-faced crew The

fin - est man I knew Was our reg - i - men - tal bhis - ti, Gun - ga Din. —

He was Din! Din! Din! — You 'limp- in', lump o' brick dust where you

bin! — Hi! slip-py hith-er a - ol Wa-ter; get it! Pan ee lao! You

squid-gy nosed old i - dol Gun-ga Din! — The un - i - form 'e wore Was

noth- in' much be-fore, An' rath-er less than 'arf o' that be - 'ind, — For a

twis-ty piece o' rag— An' a goat-skin wat-er bag— Was all the field e-quip-ment 'e could

find. — When the sweat-in' troop train lay In a sid - in' thru' the day, Where the

'eat would make your bloom-in' eye-brows crawl, — We shout-ed "Harr-y By" Till our

throats were brick-y dry, Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could-n't serve us all. —

It was Din! Din! Din! — You 'eath-en where the mis-chief 'ave you

been — You put some jul dee in it, Or I'll mar-row you this min-ute If you

don't fill up my hel-met Gun-ga Din! — 'E would dot an' car-ry one Till the

long-est day was done, An'e did-n't seem to know the use of fear. — If we

charged or broke or cut, You could bet your bloom-in' nut, E'd be wait-in' fif-ty pac-es right flank

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter note D, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

rear. With 'is mus-sick on 'is back, 'E would skip with our at-tack, An'

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a brief rest indicated by a horizontal line, then resumes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic structure, with some chords in the right hand and a consistent bass line in the left hand.

watch us till the bu-gles made "Re - tire" An' for all 'is dir - ty 'ide 'E was

The third system of the score shows the vocal line continuing with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes some sustained chords in the right hand, while the left hand continues with its rhythmic pattern.

white, clear white, in-side When 'e went to tend the wound-ed un - der fire! —

The fourth and final system on the page concludes the musical piece. The vocal line ends with a long note. The piano accompaniment features a key change at the end, indicated by a double bar line and a change in the key signature to two sharps (D major).

It was Din! Din! Din! — With the bul-lets kick-in' dust spots on the

green. — When the cart-rid-ges ran out, You could 'ear the front files shout; Hi!

am-mu-ni-tion mules an' Gun-ga Din! — I sha'n't for-get the night When I

dropped be-hind the fight With a bul-let where my belt-plate should'a' been. — I was

chok-in' mad with thirst, An the man that spied me first Was our good old grin-nin', grunt-in' Gun-ga

Din! _____ 'E lift-ed up my 'ead, An' 'e plugged me where I bled An' 'e

guv me 'arf-a-pint o' wa-ter green: _____ It was craw-lin' an' it stunk, But of

all the drinks I've drunk, I'm grate-full-est to one from Gun-ga Din. _____

It was Din! Din! o Din! — 'Ere's a beg-gar with a bul-let thru' 'is

spleen; — 'E's chaw-in' up the ground an' 'e's kick-in' all a-round: For

Gawd's sake get the wa-ter Gun-ga Din! — Andantino
'E car-ried me a-way To

where a doo li lay, An' a bul-let come an' drilled the beg-gar clean. — 'E

put me safe in-side, An' just be-fore 'e died: "I 'ope you like your drink," sez Gun-ga

Din. — So I'll meet 'im la-ter on In the place where 'e is gone Where it's

al-ways doub-le drill an' no can-teen; — 'E'll be squat-tin' on the coals, Giv-in'

drink to pore damned souls, An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gun-ga Din! —

It was Din! Din! Din! — You La-za rush-ian leath-er Gun-ga

Din! — Tho' I've belt - ed you an' flayed you by the

liv - in' Gawd that made you, You're a bet - ter man than I am, Gun - ga

Din! Din! Din! You're a bet - ter man than I am Gun - ga Din! —