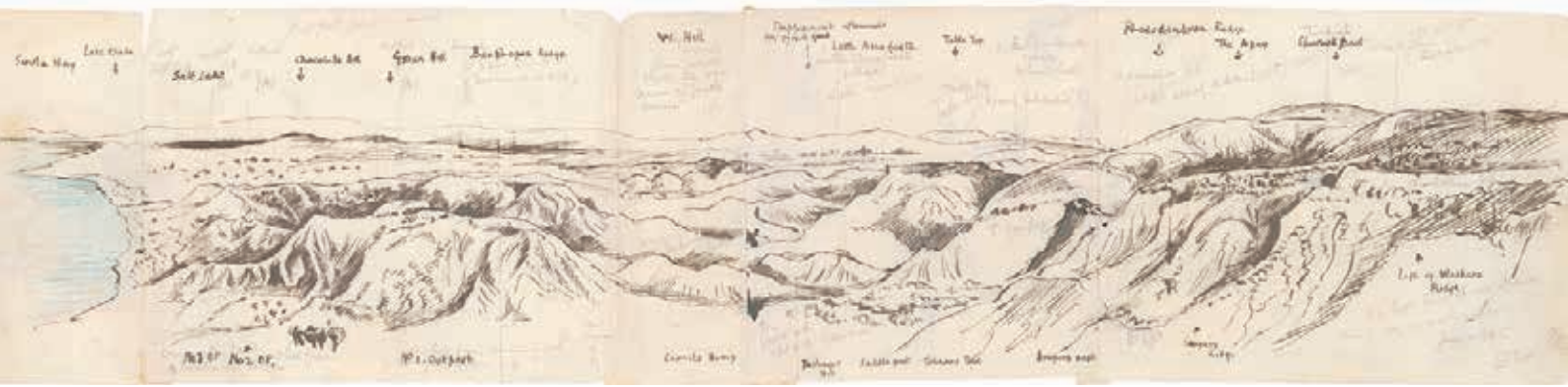
re sounding Gallipoli

music from the campaign

Private Ted McMahon



1.30pm Sunday 12 April 2015
High Court of Australia

Program

1. *Un peu d'amour*
   Paul Goodchild solo cornet, Canberra Camerata Brass
2. *Po Atarau / Now is the Hour*
   John-Henry Te Hira baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion
3. *Australia Will Be There / Motherland March*
   Canberra Camerata Brass, Ibrahim Karaisli
4. *Senegalese Drumming*
   Yakou Mbaye, Diogo Fall
5. *Invercargill*
   Canberra Camerata Brass
6. *The Banks of Newfoundland*
   Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurzer accordion
7. *Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?*
   Alex Knight baritone, Canberra Camerata Brass
8. *The Turkish Patrol*
   Chris Latham violin, Alan Hicks piano
9. *The Trumpeter*
   Alex Knight baritone, Paul Goodchild solo cornet, Canberra Camerata Brass
10. *Jesu Lover of my Soul*
    John-Henry Te Hira baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion
11. *Little Grey Home in the West*
    Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion
12. *Salut d'amour*
    Chris Latham violin, Alan Hicks piano
13. *Prelude in C minor*
    Alan Hicks piano
14. *Elegy for Rupert Brooke*
    Chris Latham violin, Alan Hicks piano
15. *To Gratiana*
    Alex Knight baritone, Alan Hicks piano
16. *The Rosary*
    Paul Goodchild solo cornet, Canberra Camerata Brass
17. *Çanakkale Içinde*
    Ibrahim Karaisli
18. *It's a Long Long Trail*
    Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion
19. *Silent Night*
    Paul Goodchild solo cornet
20. *Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground*
    Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion
21. *Lead Kindly Light*
    Alex Knight baritone, Canberra Camerata Brass
22. *Old Gallipoli*
    Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion
23. *Trench Whistles from Gallipoli*
24. *Turkish funeral salã*
    Ibrahim Karaisli
25. *Last Post / SaygiMarsi*
    Paul Goodchild and Graeme Reynolds bugles

Music at Gallipoli

Charles Bean famously wrote that there were "No songs on Gallipoli … there was no concert party … [it was] the one place on earth" that he "could not remember connecting with any tune or song."

Life there was lived too close to the enemy to draw attention to one's position by making lots of sound. There were no villages behind the lines where a band could safely play, and no bars where soldiers could get drunk and sing. But occasionally circumstances at Gallipoli allowed for a brief moment of music-making: a brief chance to swig on that precious elixir, that antidote to the traumas of the day. Music helped men to recover, to regain their sense of self. It made them forget and cathartically release the terrors of the day. Those sad sentimental songs they sang helped them to express their grief and to remember what home felt like – what love felt like.

This concert is an attempt to add to the historical record by documenting the music that was performed or sung by the soldiers, often in the most modest and humble circumstances and to come to terms with Gallipoli's unresolvable contradictions: slaughter and heroism, kindness and savagery, beauty and barbarity, that lived side by side throughout this campaign.

These pieces of music are the accidental Flowers of War. This is the first of twenty-five concerts over the next four years exploring how music and musicians aided in the recovery from trauma. It will bear witness to how music helped to heal the wounds that left no marks - how music sustained the human spirit in the battlefield.

"This country is pretty about May. There are many wildflowers, birds and insects … The sea is smooth and warm, easily one of the best bathing places in the world. On the flat towards Salt Lake were fig trees and orange palms, while towards Anafarta one could see peaceful little farms and old men tilling the soils with the same old wooden plough and two bullocks. We could also see sheep and cattle and little plots of grape vines. The nights were beautifully mild and warm, and if we weren't on duty we used to gather in little bunches and sing and yarn by the hour. The Indians used to hold concerts on their own and make a most unearthly noise. The Turks concerts in their trenches were even worse, like our fellows they had their concerts in bomb-proof shelters. I used to like to sit on top of the hills behind us by myself. In the firing line one would hear occasional shots fired at imaginary targets and the muffled explosions of (shells, and then) you could hear someone singing "I wonder if you miss me." Soldiers are peculiar in their selection. They either sing those songs which make you cry, or those that make one feel very much at home."

Driver George Cloughley, NZ Expeditionary Force,
Otago Battalion, June 12 1915

Un peu d'amour (A little bit of love)

This concert program was initially inspired by a tiny pearl of information passed from a Turkish amateur historian called Mr Bacri, who has since died. He spoke of a Turkish officer's letter that described an Australian trumpeter playing at sunset *Un peu d'amour* by Lao Silesu, a song the officer had danced to in Istanbul. I had never heard of the song, but soon found it was an international dance hit in 1912, played all around the world. We performed it a number of times at Gallipoli during the night before the dawn service. I always marvelled at how perfectly it fitted the trumpet and that very special space.

Un peu d'amour has a truly beautiful melody whose predictability makes it feel familiar almost instantaneously – it is a classic "catchy" tune. The chorus floats over each bar line like a cloud sliding over a mountain. It sounds exactly like what a trumpeter might choose to play while watching the sun set over the turquoise Aegean, inadvertently causing a brief interval in the day's hostilities with his playing.

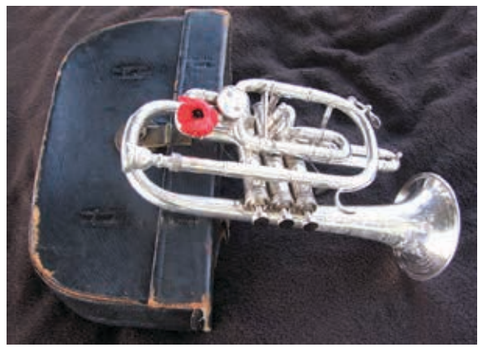
Five years later I chanced upon an Australian reference to the Gallipoli Trumpeter in the AWM's collection (see *Silent Night*, p.40 below), and in the last year Robert Holden and Wes Olsen's books led to a West Australian trumpeter from the Goldfields called Ted McMahon who played a concert on August 5th at Gallipoli. I then searched for his relatives. When I received the following account by Ted, from his step granddaughter Kerry Everett in Esperance, I knew I had finally found the Gallipoli Trumpeter.

> *"On arriving on Gallipoli we found conditions rather tough, and lacking of any amenities for the troops. So naturally it was left to ourselves to make our own way in providing a little relaxation between our spells of duty in the lines. I would sit in my dugout in Reserve Gully at night and play my trumpet to the boys with a handkerchief in the bell to drown the sound."*

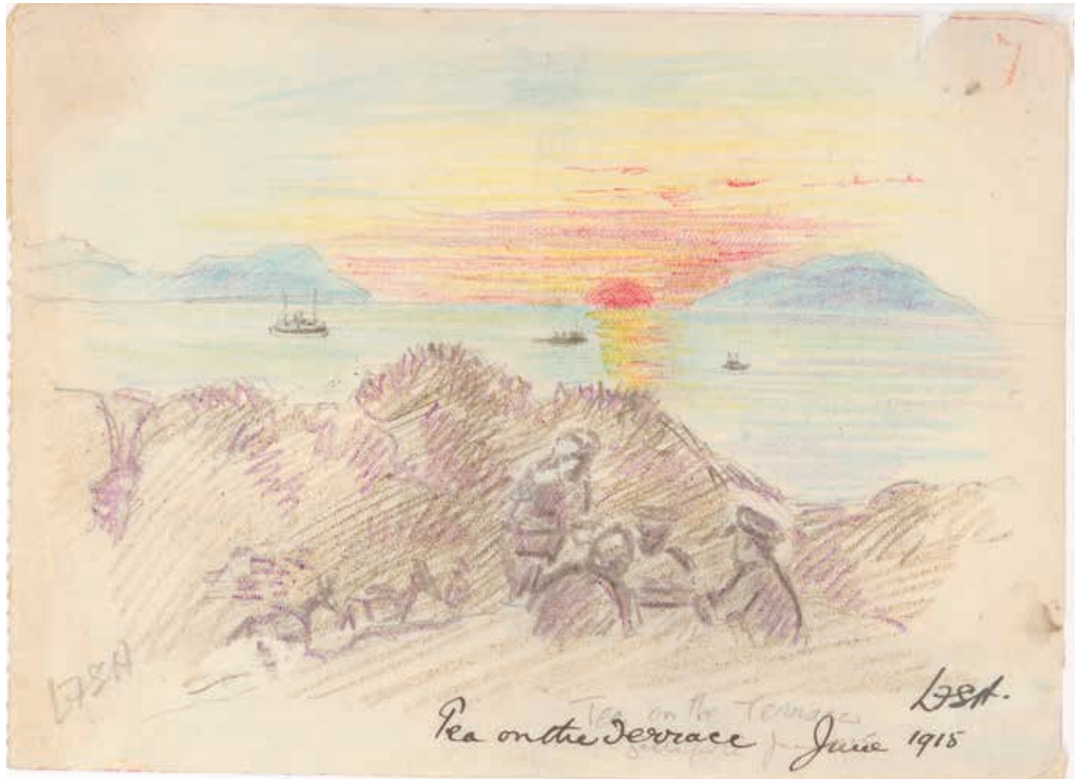
I have spent eight years searching for the Gallipoli trumpeter and today we will tell his story.

Ted McMahon spoke of that "fascination of music soothing the breasts of war-hardened men." Usually the trumpet is the voice of war. In this concert, its tenderness will prevail.

Chris Latham
Director, *The Flowers of War*



Ted McMahon's cornet



L.F.S. Hore, *Tea on the Terrace, June 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Po Atarau

Po Atarau is one of New Zealand's most famous songs. The tune was first published in Australia in 1913 by W.H. Paling and Co as a piano-variations piece called *Swiss Cradle Song* and credited to "Clement Scott". Maori words were added around 1915, and the tune was slightly changed. It became known as *Po Atarau* and was used to farewell Māori soldiers going to the First World War. After this, some white New Zealanders mistakenly took it for an old Maori folksong.

The first verse in the English version is:

Now is the hour when we must say goodbye
Soon we'll be sailing far across the seas
While we're away, we will remember you
When we return, we'll find you waiting here.

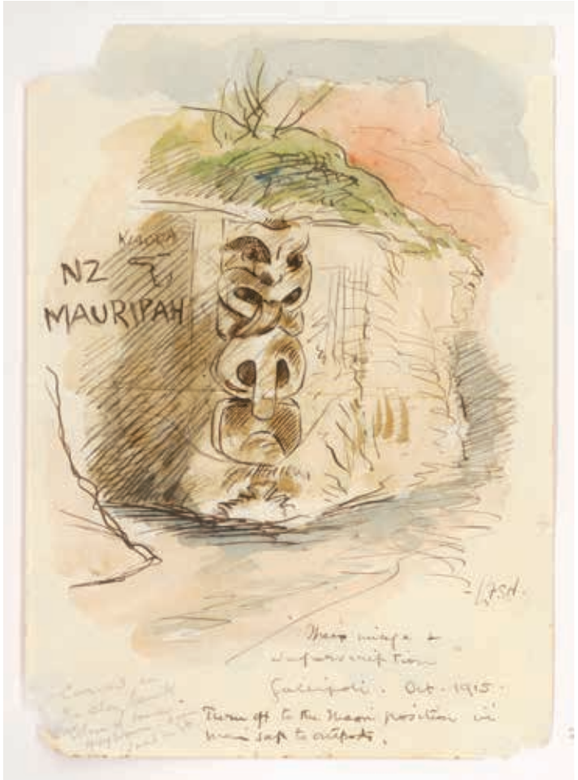
This photograph from the Australian War Memorial is testimony to the fidelity of Leslie Hore's paintings.

David Keay, a trumpeter with the Salvation Army Band in Timaru on the South Island, was one of the first New Zealanders to join up at the outbreak of hostilities. He commenced duty on 11th August 1914, was given the number 6/487 in the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces, and was assigned to the Canterbury Infantry Battalion with the rank of Sergeant-Bugler. He embarked on 16th October from Lyttelton and arrived in Egypt on 3rd December 1914.

At the end of today's performance you will hear Keay's bugle played. It was generously lent for this performance by his grandsons Warwick and Nigel Keay.

2. Clement Scott arr. Maewa Kaihau / Dorothy Stewart: *Po Atarau (Now is the Hour)*

John-Henry Te Hira baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion



L.F.S. Hore, *Turn off to the Maori position in main Sap to Outpost, Gallipoli, Oct 1915* Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Propaganda music

This concert's 'elephant in the room' is the fact that music was used to inspire recruitment and even as a kind of galvanising weapon in the battlefield itself. The aim of this musical propaganda was to indoctrinate and to fill hearts with hatred of the enemy. It helped radicalise young men into joining the army and to kill other men who in other circumstances might have been friends. What is curious is to see how differently it is done in different countries. English and Australian militaristic music is jingoistic and relentlessly upbeat – a very rum-ti-tum kind of music – while Ottoman military music has a certain inherent mournfulness. Certainly their Empire had been endlessly besieged on successive fronts for hundreds of years. Gallipoli is just a brief chapter in the vast history of their wars.

Australia Will Be There by Skipper Francis

The outbreak of the First World War in 1914 saw, for the first time, the newly federated country of Australia enter a major conflict. Popular patriotic songs acting as a call to arms written at this time include *To Arms*, *Australia*, *Whenever Britain Calls* and *Britannia Needs You Like a Mother* (1914–18). But by far the most well-known song of the time was *Australia Will Be There*. Written in 1915 by popular songwriter Walter Skipper Francis, the song celebrates Australia's freedom, announces our intent to fight for 'those who have their backs against the wall' and praises the courage of Australian soldiers. It quickly became popular amongst the Australian troops training in Egypt and was adopted as the marching song of the Australian Expeditionary Forces. Numerous diary accounts record the Australian troops singing it as they raced up the hills on the April 25 landings attacking the Turkish defensive positions.

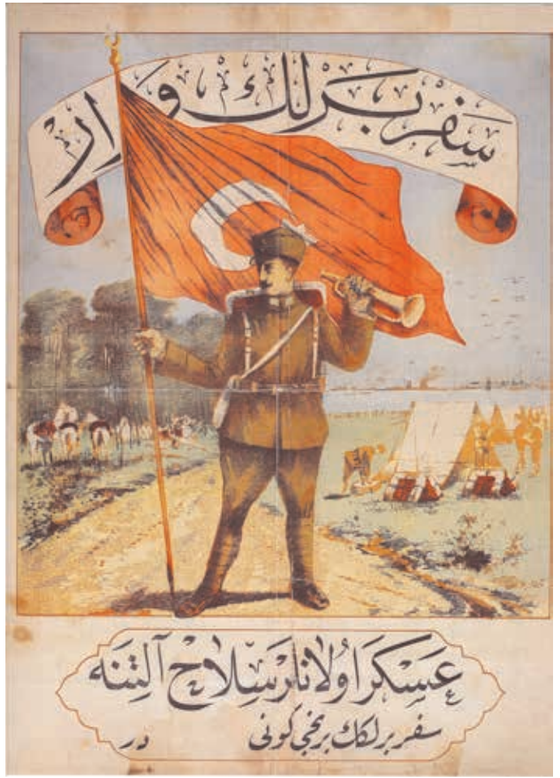
The song spoke to the mind-set of the recently federated Australia, displaying total loyalty to Mother England, and a wish for the new country, as a child of the Empire, to prove itself worthy in its parent's eyes. Many Australians died to prove our worthiness; if, a century later, we find this hard to understand, lacking the same need to prove our nation's worth, nonetheless our current cultural confidence was won in part through the sacrifices of this generation of young men.

Motherland March (traditional Turkish song)

Harvey Broadbent's recently published book *Defending Gallipoli: The Turkish Story* refers to a Turkish march played from the front lines during the very bloody attack on March 19, when more than 4,000 Turks died trying to repulse the Anzac troops:

> "Commander Hasan Askeri abandoned all efforts at maintaining a silent surprise attack. At 3:40am he ordered bugler and drummer units to sound out the order to attack. It was an effort to rally his battered troops and surge forward the battalions coming from the rear. He brought the divisional band close up to the front lines and they started to play the "*Motherland March*". Many of the troops responded, attacking again with great determination and calling out the words to the song:
>
> *My mother raised me and sent me to these foreign lands,*
> *Handed me this banner, farewelled me to God,*
> *'Don't sit idle' she said 'work and save the Motherland,*
> *Unless you attack the enemy you won't have the blessing of my milk.'*
>
> They shouted 'Allah, Allah' and charged hard at the enemy opposite, and (so) they fell."

3. Skipper Francis: *Australia Will Be There* / Trad. Turkish: *Motherland March*
Canberra Camerata Brass, Paul Goodchild dir. / Ibrahim Karaisli singer



A Turkish First World War Mobilisation Poster

Senegalese at Gallipoli

At the peak of their involvement, about 42,000 French troops served on Gallipoli, the majority being from African colonies, mainly Senegal. Estimates of those who died there range wildly between 15,000 and 30,000. On the Gallipoli peninsula above S Beach, the French Cemetery is vivid testament to their deaths, with over two thousand individual grave markers and five huge white ossuaries, each containing the remains of three thousand men.

Senegalese soldiers at Gallipoli
Australian War Memorial

Initially, when the British War Council agreed on 9 February to send troops to the Dardanelles to support the naval operation, the French were not invited to contribute. Indeed, the idea of sacrificing any men fighting in France to this Eastern sideshow was unpopular. However, as an Australian Infantry Brigade gathered on the nearby Greek island of Lemnos, the French cabinet (who were not kept informed and did not want to let Britain take complete control) grew suspicious. In late February, a new division was formed from Foreign Legion, Colonial Senegalese and Zouave Regiments, and the 175th Regiment of the 1st Metropolitan Brigade – the 1st Division of the Corps Expéditionnaire d'Orient (CEO) – and sent to Lemnos in case of an emergency. Its commander, General Albert D'Amade, was a nervous and mediocre leader, but was the most senior General who could be spared from France.

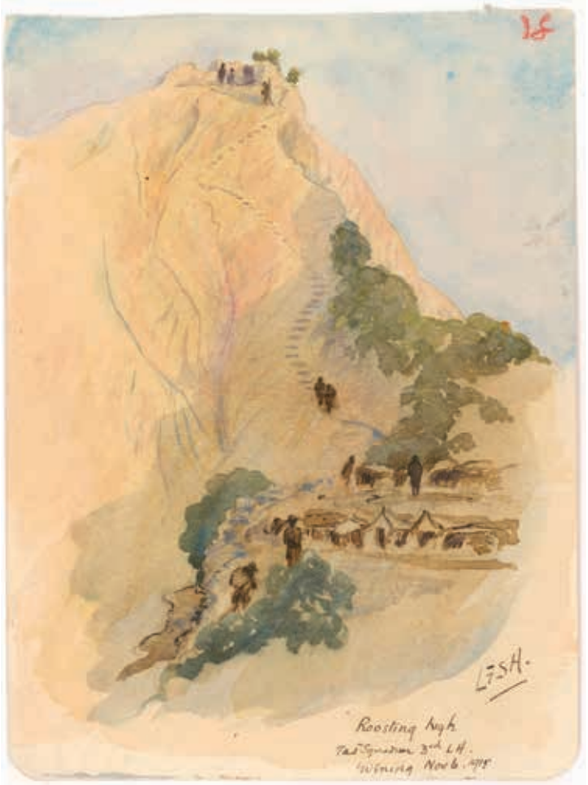
The first force of 4,000 officers and 18,000 men, many of whom were Senegalese troops, landed on the Asian side of the Dardenelles, where they took a fort and had limited success.They then moved to the extreme right of the Allied forces at Cape Helles. There they faced the deep and impassable valley of Kereves Dere, which ran inland from the coast north of De Tott's Battery and was well defended by the Turks. A Legionnaire's memoirs record that the French called part of Kereves Dere "*le ravin de la mort*" – the Valley of Death. Turkish snipers in control of the high ground picked off each French soldier who set out to cross the gully.

Kereves Dere stalled the whole Allied line, not just the French. A significant pattern emerged over the next couple of months. The French right flank pushed relentlessly and hopelessly against Kereves Dere, exposing the right of the British advance and forcing everyone back to keep the integrity of the line. The brightly coloured uniforms, red trousers and white cork hats of the French troops made them an easy target. The suicidal and unachievable objective inflicted great losses on the Senegalese, who were criticised for not taking their objectives. In the racist language common to the times, General Hamilton described the African French troops as 'niggy wigs' and 'golly wogs'. As the campaign continued, the Senegalese troops became deeply dispirited about their unenviable task, which affected their operational ability.

Those that survived went on to fight in France.

Senegal had promised France approximately 150,000 troops in exchange for the latter undertaking to build important infrastructure. France, with its economy in ruins after the war, was unable to honour its commitments to Senegal. Few Senegalese returned home, although record keeping was so poor that it is unclear where and how many died. Their story has almost never been told.

A deep irony lies in the fact the Senegalese fought fellow Muslims who had declared a holy war against the foreign infidel invaders on Gallipoli, and that the Senegalese dead rest forever under Christian crosses.



L.F.S. Hore, *Roosting High, Nov 6 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

The Invercargill March

Lt. Gus Harris, bandmaster of the 14th Battalion, 4th Infantry Brigade, noted in his diary that "we played three marches on Gallipoli, one hundred yards from the enemy – *Wiaroa*, *Invercargill* (and) *Sons of the Brave*".

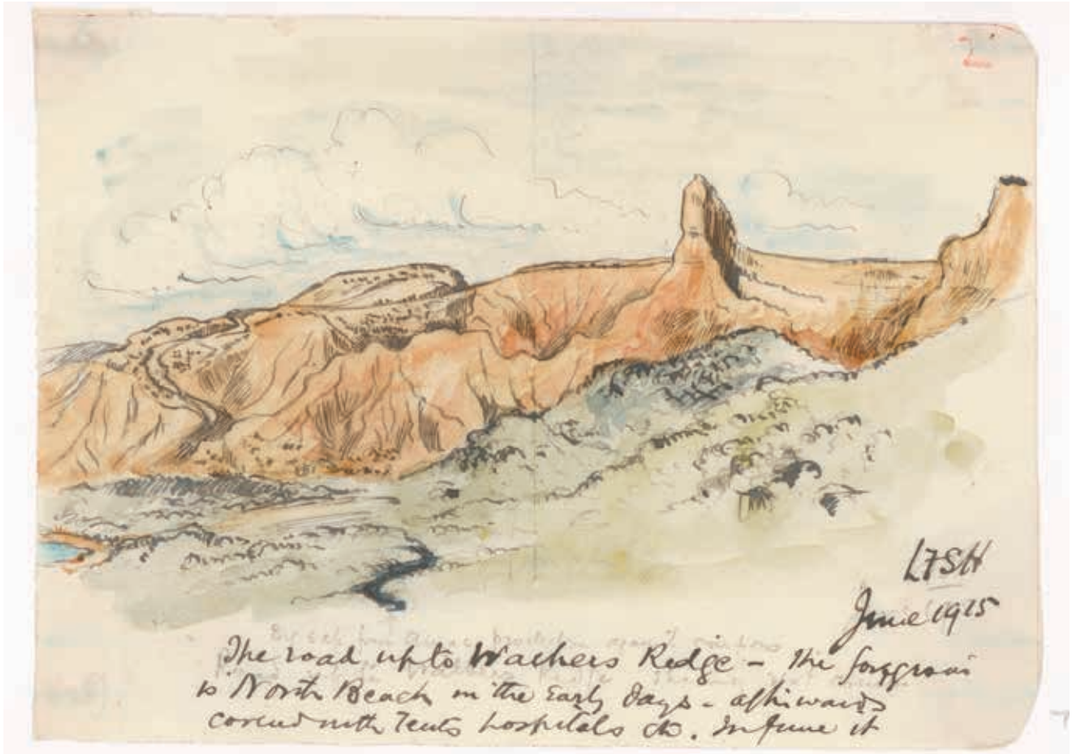
The composer of the *Invercargill March* was Alex Lithgow, born in Glasgow in 1870. In 1876, Lithgow's family emigrated to Invercargill, New Zealand. All musical, the family performed as the six-member Lithgow Concert Company around the South Island. By the time he was sixteen, Alex was playing solo and principal cornet in the Invercargill Garrison Band. In the next few years, he won national solo cornet titles, toured New Zealand as a professional soloist, and played 1st violin with the Theatre Royal orchestra. In 1894, aged twenty-four, he moved to Launceston, Australia, to become conductor of the St Joseph's Total Abstinence Society Band. Ten years later, he founded the Australian Army's 12th Battalion Launceston Regiment Band, at the same time as conducting and composing for the silent film orchestra at the Lyceum and Princess Theatres.

Lithgow's first composition was *Wairoa*, published in 1897 when he was just seventeen. It was named after the ship on which the Garrison band played in the Invercargill Estuary. In 1909, Invercargill hosted a national brass band contest. Now in Launceston, Alex was asked by his brother Tom for a test piece, so Alex rearranged a 1901 version of *Invercargill* for the occasion. He wrote on the music: "To Invercargill, the Southernmost City in New Zealand (End of the World), and its Citizens, I dedicate this March as a memento of the many pleasant years spent there in my boyhood."

After its initial performances, the march dropped from sight for seven years. It was the Gallipoli campaign that made the tune famous. At the first parade of Gallipoli veterans in London in 1916, the UK bands leading the parade were looking for a tune to represent the ANZAC troops. Someone suggested the *Invercargill March*, since it was by a composer with ties to both New Zealand and Australia. The march was instantly popular, and became known as "that Gallipoli tune". Mistaken for New Zealand's national anthem, it is now the most played New Zealand tune overseas. As one of the four most popular military marches world-wide, the *Invercargill March* rates alongside John Philip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*, Kenneth Alford's *Colonel Bogey March* and the Strauss *Radetsky March*.

The Americans acclaimed Lithgow as 'the Sousa of the Antipodes'. Over 200 of his marches were published throughout the world. However, Lithgow did not register his copyrights, so many were lost.

In 1929, a few months short of his 60th birthday, Lithgow died of a stroke in Launceston. At his funeral, massed bands played *Invercargill*. Tasmanians continue to regard him as theirs. But to New Zealanders, he is always the boy from Invercargill.



L.F.S. Hore, *The road up to Walkers Ridge, June 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

The Banks of Newfoundland

This is the earliest Newfoundland composition set down in music notation. It was composed in 1820 by the then Chief Justice of Newfoundland, Francis Forbes, and published in a piano arrangement by Oliver Ditson of Boston. In 1822, Forbes became the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. Originally composed as a dance, the piece was treated as a march by the soldiers of Royal Newfoundland Regiment during World War I and later became the Regiment's authorized march. Throughout World War 1, wherever the First Newfoundland Regiment went, soldiers sang this song, including at Gallipoli.

"The men our regiment lost, although they gladly fought a hopeless fight, have not died in vain. Constantinople has not been taken, and the Gallipoli campaign is fast becoming a memory, but things our men did there will not soon be forgotten…

The night the First Newfoundland Regiment landed in Suvla Bay there were about eleven hundred of us. In December when the British forces evacuated Gallipoli, to our regiment fell the honor of being nominated to fight the rearguard action. This is the highest recognition a regiment can receive; for the duty of a rear guard in a retreat is to keep the enemy from reaching the main body of troops, even if this means annihilation for itself. At Lemnos Island the next day when the roll was called, of the eleven hundred men who landed when I did, only one hundred and seventy-one answered 'Here.'"

From *Trenching at Gallipoli* by Corporal John Gallishaw,
First Newfoundland Regiment

You bully boys of Liverpool
And I'll have you to beware,
When you sail on them packet ships,
no dungaree jackets wear;
But have a big monkey jacket
all ready to your hand,
For there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
with holy stone and sand,
For there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

We had Jack Lynch from Ballynahinch,
Mike Murphy and some more,
And I tell you boys, they suffered like hell
on the way to Baltimore;
They pawned their gear in Liverpool
and they sailed as they did stand,
But there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
with holy stone and sand,
For there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Now the mate he stood on the fo'c'sle head
and loudly he did roar,
Now rattle her in me lucky lads,
you're bound for America's shore;
Come wipe the blood off that dead man's face
and haul or you'll be damned,
But there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

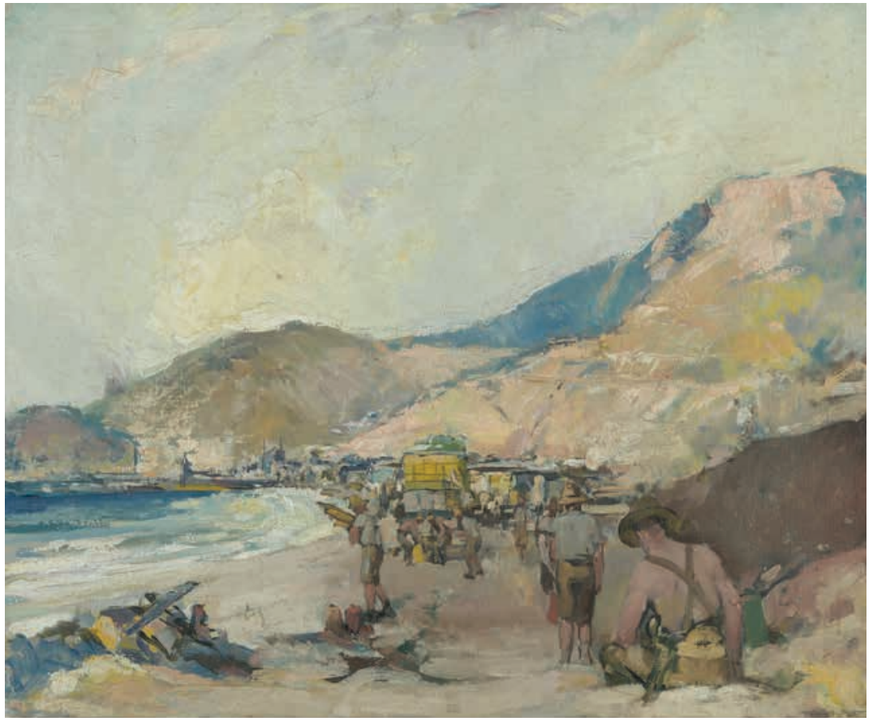
We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
with holy stone and sand,
For there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

So now it's reef and reif, me boys
With the Canvas frozen hard
and this mountain pass every Mother's son
on a ninety foot topsail yard
never mind about boots and oilskins
but holler or you'll be damned
But there blows some cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
with holy stone and sand,
And we'll think of them cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

So now we're off the Hook, me boys,
and the land is white with snow,
And soon we'll see the pay table
and we'll spend the whole night below;
And on the docks, come down in flocks,
those pretty girls will say,
Ah, It's snugger with me than on the sea,
on the Banks of Newfoundland.

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
with holy stone and sand,
And we'll think of them cold nor'westers
on the Banks of Newfoundland.



Frank Crozier, *Anzac Beach* (1919), Australian War Memorial

Where Are the Boys of the Old Brigade?

On principle, the concerts in the *Flowers of War* series will not focus on musical works of propaganda, but instead on works which embody and document the deep sentiment felt by soldiers as they served. This next work, as a product of a different time and ethos, presents difficulties, coming very close to glorifying the losses of those who served. There is no doubt that Gallipoli in particular was one of the last campaigns governed by codes of chivalry, whereby both sides adhered to rules of decency while still trying to kill each other. The wider society endorsed the ideal of a noble death in the service of a just cause. Contemporary views on the motivations behind the Great War are clearly more critical than those of the troops at the time. This slow march, written in 1881, can be seen as a time capsule in many ways, revealing their belief structures.

"On August 29 1915, the remnants of the Auckland Mounted Rifles were relieved from the trenches on Hill 60, and moved slightly to the north of The Farm, to Cheshire Ridge, where they lay in reserve until September 4. … On September 13, after experiencing some cold wet weather, the bulk of what was left of the Regiment left for Mudros, and went into camp at Sarpi. … The first parades of the Regiment at Sarpi made pathetic sights. The whole Brigade when it left the Peninsula numbered only 20 officers and 229 other ranks, or about the strength of one squadron and a-half. The A.M.R. Band had arrived, and at one of the first parades of the handful of survivors it played, 'Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade.'

The regiments within a few short weeks had practically vanished, and it can be readily understood that the few who had escaped without wounds had difficulty in controlling their emotions. To honour the veterans it was the custom to parade them in a file by themselves in front of the reinforcements which now were coming in. Words can hardly describe the feelings which the sight of the short lines in front of each squadron produced. In front of one squadron would be four men; before another seven, and so on. The pathetic, nay, tragic sight, made men of our own race silent, but upon a French general it had a contrary effect. This soldier knew little English, but he tried to give expression to the emotions that filled his breast. "It ees—it ees—beautiful," he exclaimed, and his interpretation was really the truest one.

In picturing that parade at Sarpi, let us see it as the French general saw it. Let us remember that if the brigade was practically annihilated in a struggle that failed, it was a glorious failure. Let us remember that the men who died on those bullet-swept ridges in a vain effort did not die in vain. They passed in their greatest hour, and they left an example that will never die. For many a hearth-side there was no consolation at the time; sorrow and a bitter sense of loss shrouded the view. But for the nation, and afterwards for the kin of the men who died, there was the goodly gift of a noble example, an inspiration which may be a moving power to generations yet unborn."

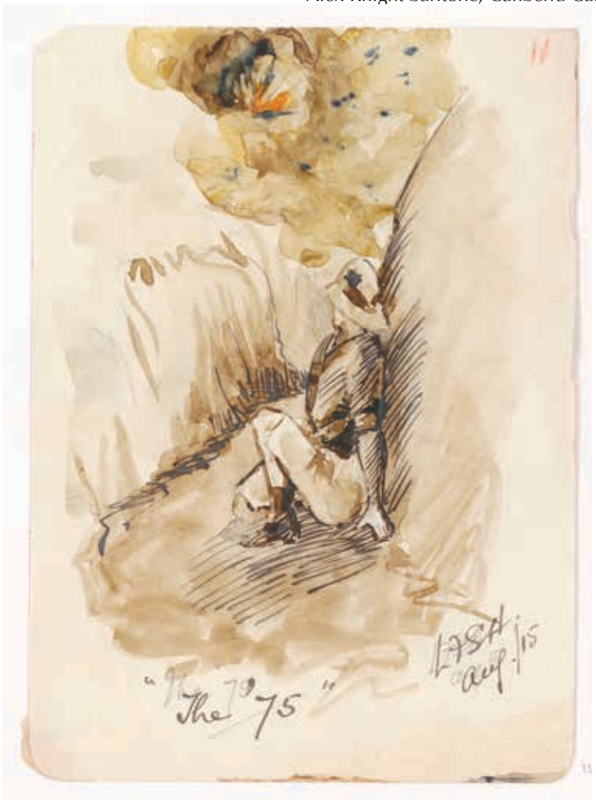
From the *Official War History of the Auckland Mounted Rifles Regiment*, 1914-1919.

7. Odoardo Barri: *Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?*

Alex Knight baritone, Canberra Camerata Brass, dir. Geoff Grey

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder and blade by blade,
Fought till they fell and died!
Who so ready and undismayed?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the old Brigade?
Where are the lads we knew?

Then steadily shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the old Brigade!



L.F.S. Hore, *"The '75", August 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Over the sea far away they lie,
Far from the land of their love;
Nations alter, the years go by,
But Heav'n still is Heav'n above,
Not in the abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the old Brigade,
They sleep in old England's heart.

Then steadily shoulder to shoulder,
Steadily blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the old Brigade!

The Turkish Patrol

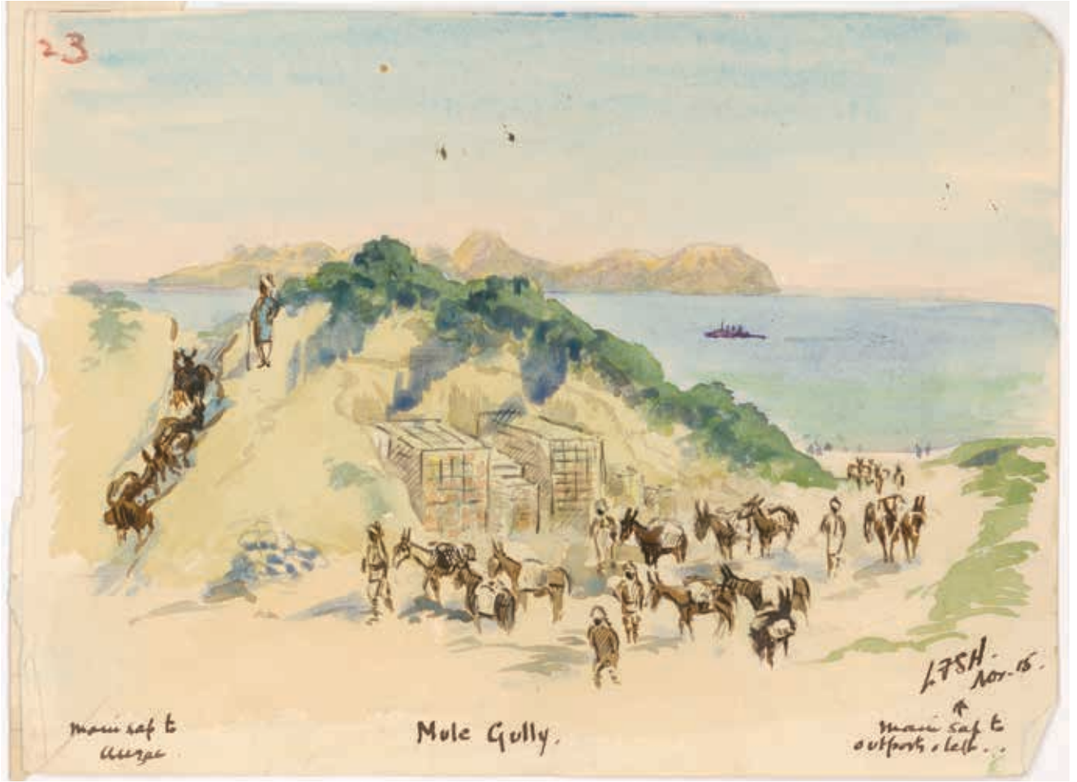
Theodore Michaelis was a German light music composer who wrote '*The Turkish Patrol*' in 1879 (its German title being *Die Türkische Schaarwache*). It was originally published in Hamburg and quickly became popular, being reprinted in numerous arrangements including in America where the music bore the subtitle: "*As played by the Chicago Orchestra, with great success*." Its popularity is probably due to its clever portrayal of the approach, passing by and gradual disappearance of a Turkish patrol, with the music starting extremely softly, reaching a climax and then slowly subsiding to nothing again.

Turkish music had long had a strong hold on the imagination of Western Europe, particularly as a result of the Turkish siege of Vienna in 1683. Classical composers such as Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven used to evoke the sound of the Turkish military bands, known as Janissary bands, whenever they wished to either scare their audience or lend a sense of exoticism to their compositions. (Janissary bands led the Ottoman army into battle and played the night before an attack in order to frighten their enemy and the local population.) European composers employed extra percussion instruments that were considered Turkish – such as the bass drum, triangle, and cymbals, not normally found in orchestras of the time – to give the works a sense of frisson by reminding listeners of the many earlier Turkish invasions. There was also a fascination among the Viennese for all things Turkish – or even *ersatz* Turkish. This general trend in European culture from 1600-1800 is referred to as *Turquerie*, and this work is a perfect example of this kind of cultural borrowing.

Various 78 rpm recordings of '*The Turkish Patrol*' were made before WW1, and copies of these discs came onshore along with the gramophones which were highly prized by soldiers. Its popularity at Gallipoli is mentioned in a few accounts, probably because of its topicality—notably in these two accounts of the evacuation of the peninsula:

> *"As the men left [Gallipoli] they marked the occasion in a variety of ways. Many felt the need for a gesture to the foe. Lieutenant Basil Holmes, not a whisky drinker, left an unopened bottle of Johnny Walker Scotch in his dugout at Quinn's Post with a message scrawled on a scrap of paper, 'A Present for a Good Turk'.*
>
> *Private Charles Bingham and three mates did something similar with an old gramophone and a dozen records including one called 'The Turkish Patrol' which they put on a box in their dugout. They placed around it three plates, three tins of bully beef, a knife and fork, and a note which read, 'Have a good feed Johnny'."*
>
> Harvey Broadbent, Gallipoli, The Fatal Shore, p. 262

> *"Earlier in the evening [Capt. Cecil] Lucas had placed a record on the gramophone in his dugout, and as they filed out of the post it played the popular piano march 'Turkish Patrol' ..... a graceful compliment to a chivalrous foe."*
>
> From *Quinn's Post* by Peter Stanley



L.F.S. Hore, *Mule Gully, Nov. 15*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

The Trumpeter by Arlie Dix

"On the eve of the Battle of Suvla, all troops of the Fourth Brigade, A.I.F., the New Zealand Brigade and the Indian Brigade, were congregated in reserve fully ready to move off along the beach in order to clean up the Turkish outposts between us and our objective, before the dawn of August 6, 1916. The army order of the day told us that we were expected to cross the Peninsula during these operations, so naturally everyone was keyed up to a nervous tension. To keep the boys in good spirits General Sir John Monash (then commanding the Fourth Australian Brigade) suggested a camp-fire concert. Many fine turns were gathered together, one particularly being outstanding, that of Corporal Wilson of the Canterbury Rifles (N.Z.) who sang "The Trumpeter". During my travels since the war I have not heard a finer baritone singer."

Sgt Ted McMahon, *Perth Mirror*, Sat 15 June 1935

On stretcher-bearing

One of highest casualty rates of WW1, even higher than for front-line troops, was among stretcher-bearers, largely drawn from the Regimental bands. It is likely that musicians' innate instinct to make people feel better, together with a lifetime of training to perform in public and dealing with the effects of adrenaline, made them better able to cope with the terrors of the battlefield. Diary after diary describes the stretcher-bearers' fearlessness in rescuing men under fire. The slopes above Anzac cove were incredibly steep, and the supply of wounded was relentless. When the New Zealand infantry forces landed at Gallipoli on April 25 1915, each of the four battalions had a band. Two days later there remained only enough musicians to form a single band. Eventually casualty rates among stretcher bearers became so high that they were only allowed to operate at night.

Sergeant-Bugler David Keay wrote home:

"If hell is any worse than what we experienced during that time, then I have no desire to go there, because working as a stretcher bearer was the most unnerving work I've known. Y…Only about 80 of our company escaped the casualty list. In the end I was wounded and brought away from the Dardanelles … and placed in the base hospital at Alexandria. Since leaving the hospital, I have been attached to Captain Greene, and my duties consist of visiting all the hospitals and looking after the sick and wounded there. I am likely to be here for some time taking care of them.""

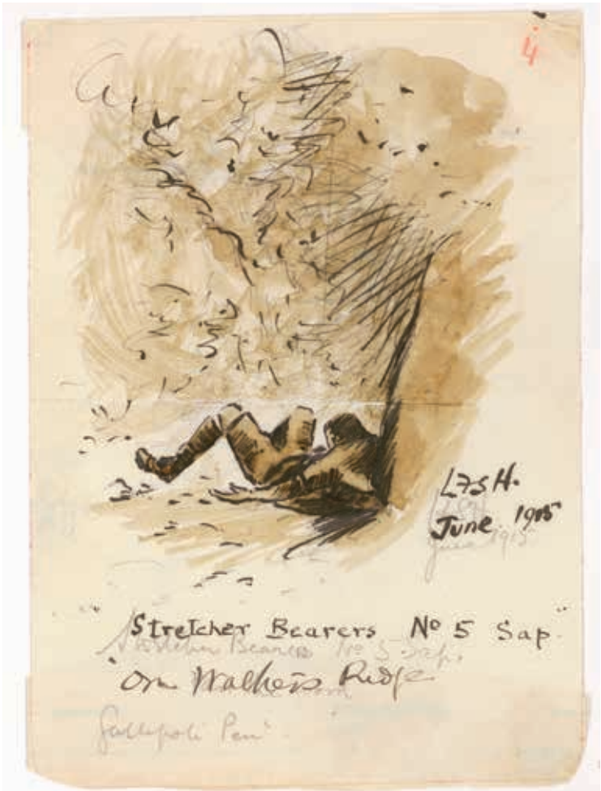
Sergeant-Bugler David Keay, Canterbury Infantry Battalion, May 23rd,1915

Private August Harwood of the Auckland Infantry died on May 5, 1915. This was described in a letter home by **Private FC Garland**:

"One of our bandsmen, Gus Harwood, a great, kind hearted fellow, was killed by shrapnel striking him in the chest. He ran into the firing line and dragged out the wounded two at a time and did this eight times before he was caught … he was recommended for the Victoria Cross."

Lieutenant A.J. Harris, bandmaster of the 14th Battalion, wrote in his diary:

"May 19th. ... Hand grenades and bombs doing terrible damage. Continuous cry, "Stretcher Bearers." Whilst attending to a wounded man on the parapet I was struck on shoulder by a shrapnel pellet. Thought I was done. Knocked me clean out for half an hour; nasty gash in shoulder. After getting my arm dressed, and having a rest, went at it again. Some terrible sights; wounded everywhere. This is more like hell than earth.... Had a look through periscope; saw hundreds of dead Turks... This has been a terrible day."



L.F.S. Hore, *Stretcher bearers, No. 5 Sap on Walker's Ridge, June 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

And two months later:

"8th August. ... There were a good number hit; it was a wonder we were not all killed. You could feel the bullets burn your face and body as they ripped past.... I never ran so hard in all my life; it was simply hell. I never thought war could be so bad.... I will never forget this day as long as I live."

"Monday, 9th... About 12 p.m. I finally laid down but could not sleep; my nerves were just about gone. I could still hear the constant cry of "Stretcher bearers."

Jesu Lover of My Soul

Private H.E. Browne of Wellington Regiment was wounded at Gallipoli and France. He died 10 years later. During the August offensive at Gallipoli in 1915 he recorded the following in his diary:

"We made ourselves some nice curry with bully beef and onions. Our last good feed before changing our circumstances. In saying `we' I am sometimes referring to the squadron, the regiment, the troops or the section. At present it is the section which is composed of Jack Gutzell as leader, Don McCaskill, myself and Jimmy Prosser.

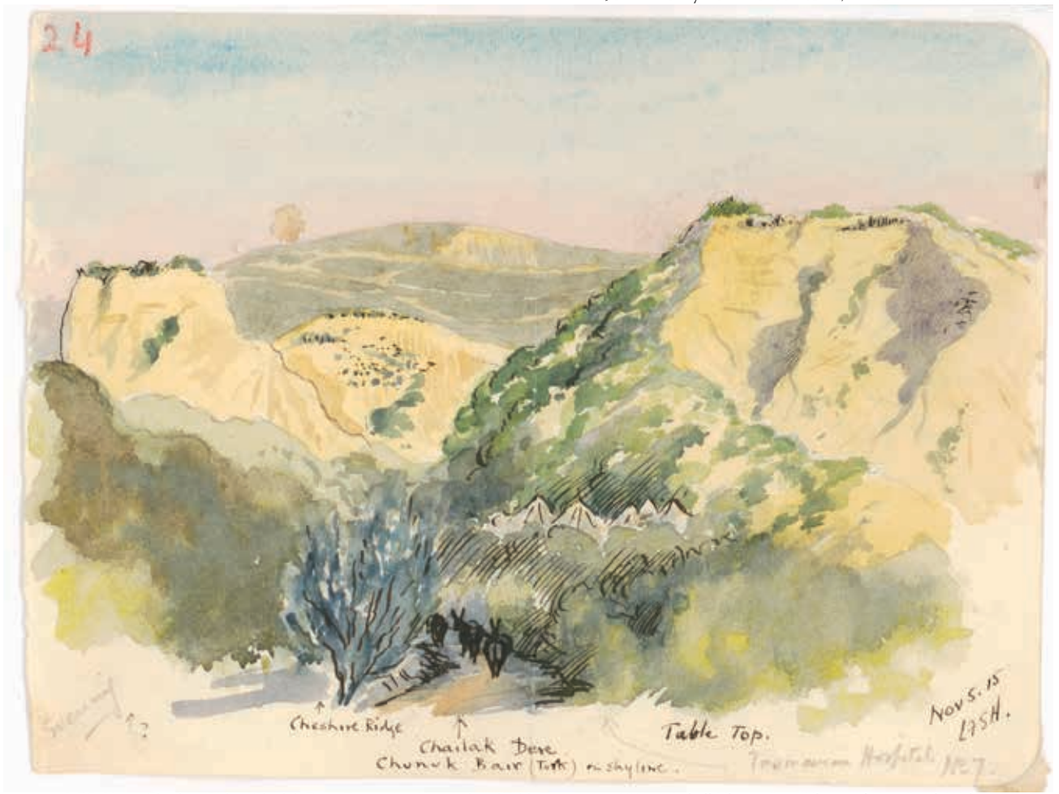
Poor Jimmy didn't get to see the light of day. He was killed that night on Table Top. We were taken to the firing trench. The object for the night was pointed out by Lieut Mayo who fell next day on Table Top. At 9 o'clock sharp the mounteds and the Maoris were to charge. Some of the Maoris were to act in conjunction with the Auckland mounteds in the attack on old No 3 outpost. As the sun set on Friday 6th August they gathered around their native chaplain. A brief service was held in their own tongue. To me it was a historic scene.

After a few words, the hymn 'Jesu Lover of My Soul' was sung in Maori. The parts blended beautifully. The contingent had 25 tenors and the chaplain in splendid voice sang solo. Is there any language more beautiful as that of our natives when set to music?

My squadron stood silent listening intently with tears to the eyes. We felt we could go through anything with that beautiful influence behind us.

The hymn ceased, silence was felt. The Maori and Pakeha heads bowed while native prayers and benediction was pronounced."

10. *Jesu Lover of my Soul* (sung in Maori)
John-Henry Te Hira baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion



L.F.S. Hore, *Cheshire Ridge, Chailak Dere, Tasmanian Hospital and Table Top, 5 Nov 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

The Little Grey Home in the West

It was strange to see week by week the psychological change that had come over the men. Most of all I noticed it in the songs they sang. At first the songs had been of a boisterous character that foretold direful things that would happen to the Kaiser and his family "As we go marching through Germany." These had all given place to songs that voiced to some extent the longing for home that possessed us, we voluntary exiles. "I want to go back to Michigan" was a favourite. Perhaps even more so was "The little grey home in the West."

From *Trenching at Gallipoli* by Corporal John Gallishaw,
First Newfoundland Regiment

Again, a velvet black night in the reset camp and peaceful, with only a faint rattle of musketry from the firing line on the hillside. We snuggled into the Jaeger bags too tired to sleep, gazing at the same stars that dot the skies at home in England. The men of an ammunition column in a patch of torn trees sing choruses to a (piano accordion) accompaniment. The old rags of tunes seem strangely sweet- "Little Grey Home in the West","The Rosary" and "The Old Bull and Bush". Their campfire draws shells and the lights and songsters are extinguished by an indignant subaltern, then all is quiet again."

"Music in Gallipoli" - *The Musical Times*, Oct 1 1916 page 458

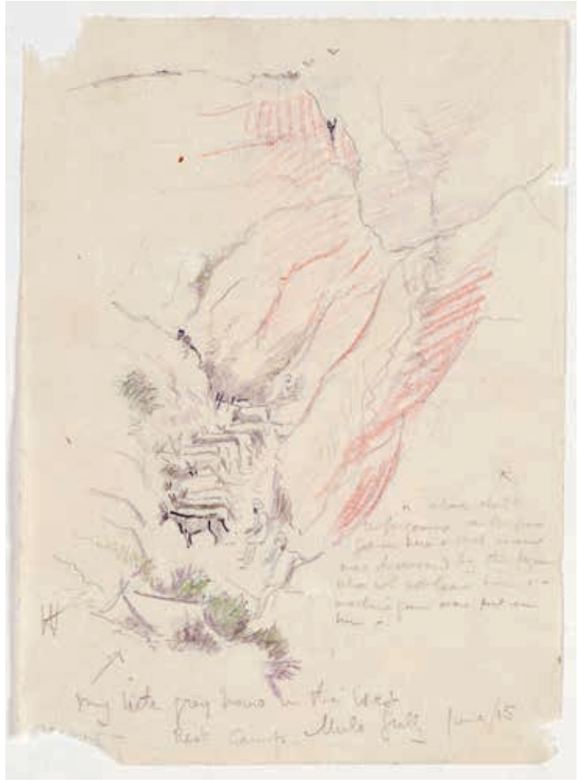
Soldier playing the accordion, Gallipoli 1915, Australian War Memorial

11. Hermann Lohr / D. Eardley-Wilmot: *The Little Grey Home in the West*

Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion

When the golden sun sinks in the hills
And the toil of a long day is o'er
Though the road may be long,
In the lilt of a song
I forget I was weary before.

Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall
I shall come to contentment and rest
And the toils of the day
Will be all charmed away
In my little grey home of the west.



There are hands that will welcome me in
There are lips I am burning to kiss
There are two eyes that shine
Just because they are mine
And a thousand things other men miss.

It's a corner of heaven itself
Though it's only a tumble-down nest
But with love brooding there
Why, no place can compare
With my little grey home in the west.

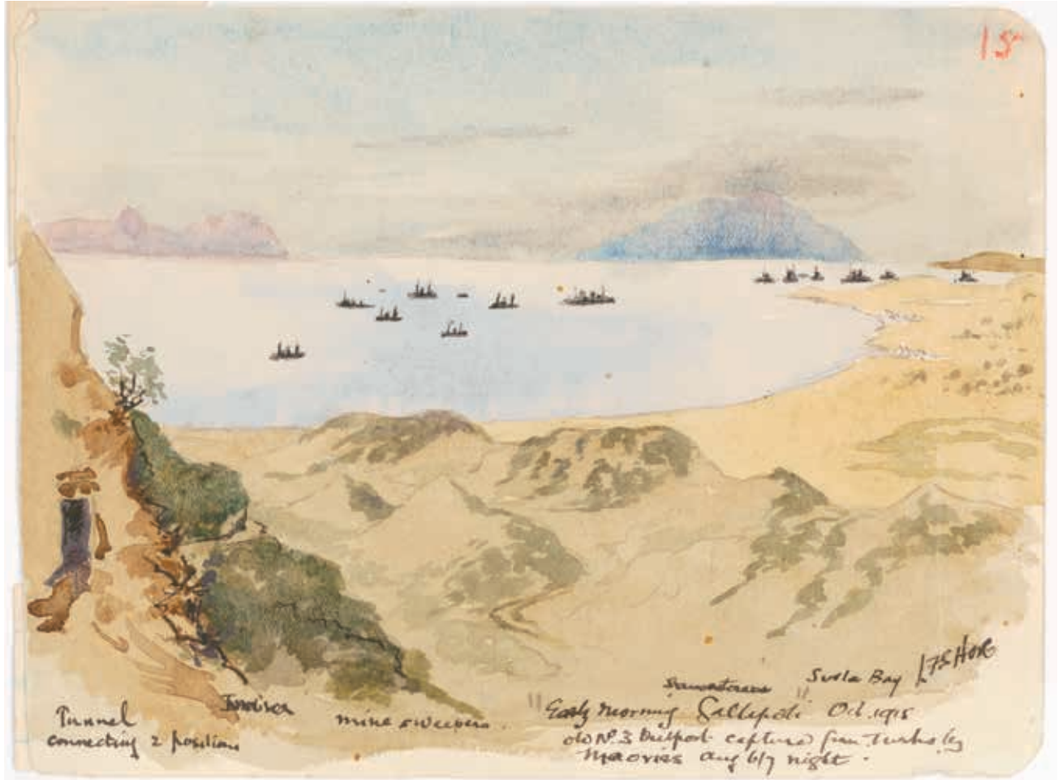
L.F.S. Hore, *My little grey home in the West Rest Camp, Mule Gully, June 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Elgar: *Salut d'amour*

In France they have their military bands, one for each division, and the British soldier during his rest periods keeps his musical memory fresh by listening, at the rest camps, to the brass or pipes of a regimental band. This is possible only on the Western Front: France and Flanders are featureless plains flat and unvarying: five miles behind the line of ditches, only aircraft can spot a target, and at that distance Fritz will shoot only when the target is good. In Gallipoli – and I talk particularly of the old Cape Helles sections, geographical conditions were very different. The Turks were comfortably behind their guns on Achi Baba and fired with wonderful regularity and precision at every moving object on the plain below. We British were on that low lying plateau; (as a result) there were no military bands. A concert party convened in a dugout in darkness could not feel safe from the punctuation of terrifyingly near-at-hand shell bursts. So there was no music organised; no bands, no sings songs; and yet the writer has clear and sometimes tender memories of music heard among the echoing gullies of Gallipoli.

A hot Sunday morning in the front-line trenches. Turks on one side of a traverse bombing and attacking, a handful of Scotsmen on the other counter-bombing and counterattacking. The concussion of the Mills grenades is appalling, dust rises in white clouds, at times a bayonet flashes and a groan answers through the din of the bombs; it is an inferno of blood, dust, sweat and lurid flame flashes. Suddenly, clearly and sweetly, a melody creeps out of the din – a simple melody on strings and woodwinds. Someone snatches a moment to look. In Morto Bay, a mile distant, a British battleship is stationed and the band on the quarter-deck is soothing the strife with "Salut d'amour".

"Music in Gallipoli" - *The Musical Times*, Oct 1 1916, page 458



L.F.S. Hore, *Early morning Gallipoli, Oct 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

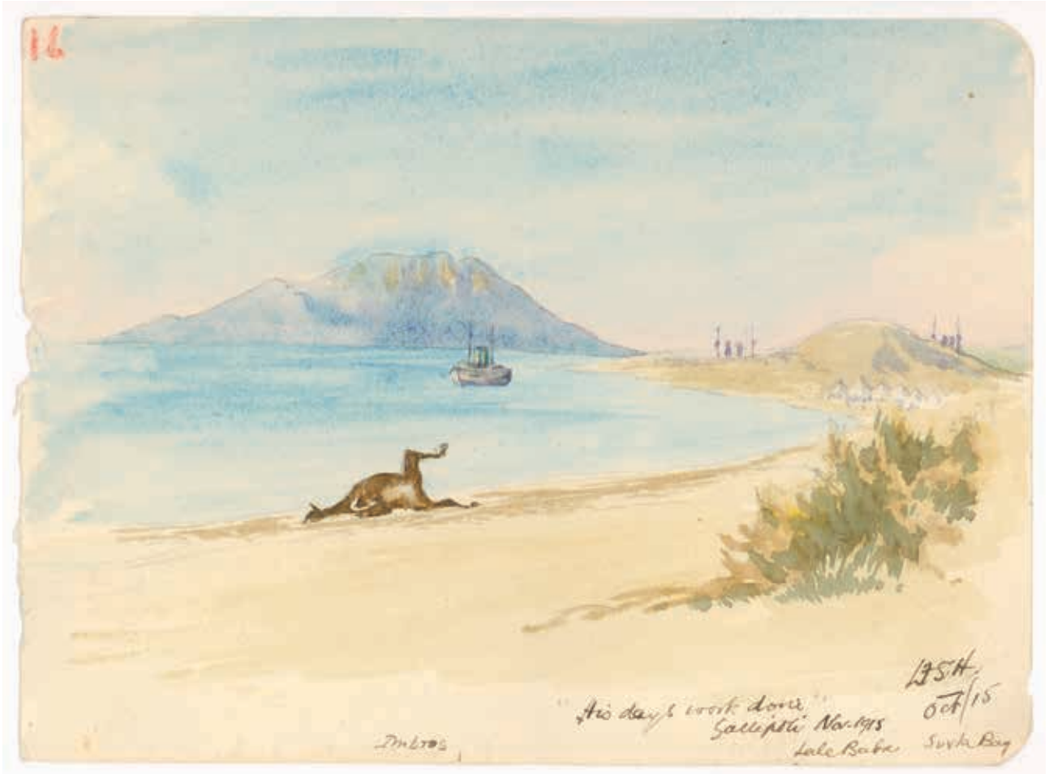
Chopin: *Prelude in C minor*

Charles Bean wrote the following about the night before the Anzac Gallipoli Landings on April 24 1915, from on board a troopship:

> *"Most of the clerks have packed their typewriters. One of them … strolls over to the piano and starts playing softly … he says it is one of Chopin's preludes – a prelude in C.… Paderewski often played (it) as a prelude to his concerts in Australia. The talk wanders off into Paderewski and Mark Hamburg, and Leo Borwick*, and the merits of Bechsteins and Steinways…"*

Robert Holden: *And the Band Played On*, p. 97,
sourcing *Commonwealth of Australia Gazette No. 53* (8th June 1915), p.1095,
headed: "From the Official Press Representative with the Australian Troops".

*The English pianist Leonard Borwick was Frederick Septimus Kelly's best friend and closest colleague; he shared with him an apartment in London which housed two pianos so they could practise two-piano repertoire together. Borwick was the dedicatee of many of Kelly's piano works, and was the first English pianist the Germans accepted as a master of the German romantic repertoire. He just pre-dated the era of recordings, and as a result no records exist of his playing. He toured to Australia to great acclaim in 1911.



L.F.S. Hore, *`His days work done' Gallipoli, Nov 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

F.S. Kelly: *Elegy 'In Memoriam Rupert Brooke'*

Born in Sydney in 1881, Kelly was educated mainly in England at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. He won a gold medal for England in the 1908 London Olympics. He studied piano and composition in Germany, and made his professional debut as a pianist in 1911 (Sydney) and 1912 (London). When war broke out, he was commissioned into the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and served with the Royal Naval Division alongside the poet Rupert Brooke, composer William Denis Browne and others, in what became known as the Latin Club. Kelly was wounded twice at Gallipoli, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and reached the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

Kelly's *Elegy* for Rupert Brooke was prompted by Brooke's shockingly sudden death on the troopship to Gallipoli, resulting from sunstroke combined with a mosquito bite infection on his lip. Kelly described the moving but hasty burial on the Greek Island of Skyros:

"The events of today made a deep impression on me. Rupert Brooke died on board the French hospital ship at 4.45pm and, in view of the ship's orders to sail at 5am the following morning, arrangements were at once made to bury him on the island he loved so well... We reached the grove at 10.45pm where in the light of a clouded half-moon the burial service was read... It was a most moving experience. The small olive grove in the narrow valley and the scent of the wild sage gave a strong classical tone which was so in harmony with the poet we were burying... The body lies looking down the valley towards the harbour and, from behind, an olive tree bends itself over the grave as though sheltering it from the sun and rain. No more fitting resting place for a poet could be found than this small grove, and it seems as though the gods had jealously snatched him away to enrich this scented island. For the whole day I was oppressed with the sense of loss, but when the officers and men had gone and when at last the five of us, his friends, had covered his grave with stones and took a last look in silence - then the sense of tragedy gave place to a sense of passionless beauty, engendered both by the poet and the place."

Friday 23 April 1915, Hood Battalion, SS *Grantully Castle*, Skyros

Kelly began composing the Elegy shortly after landing at Gallipoli.

"...There is a very active body of snipers somewhere up by the firing line who have a line on the White House and the whole of the afternoon bullets have been whistling continuously over my dug-out. I have ever since the day of Rupert Brooke's death been composing an elegy for string orchestra, the ideas of which are coloured by the surroundings of his grave and circumstances of his death. Today I felt my way right through to the end of it, though of course, much of it has still to take on definite shape. The modal character of the music seems to be suggested by the Greek surroundings as well as Rupert's character, some passagework by the rustling of the olive tree which bends over his grave. It should work out to some nine minutes in performance."

Friday 21 May 1915, Near headquarters at the White House

*Barbara Blackman commissioned the arrangement for violin and piano of F.S. Kelly's *Elegy 'In Memoriam Rupert Brooke'* created by Calvin Bowman for this concert

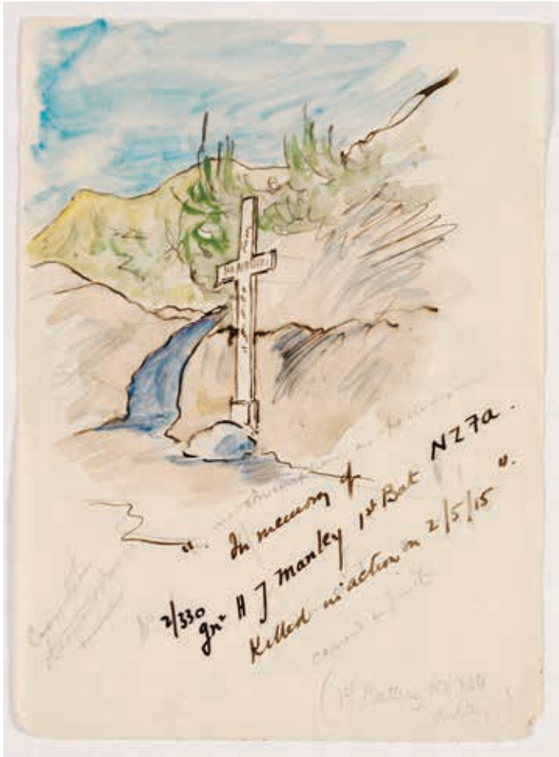
14. F.S. Kelly: *Elegy 'In Memoriam Rupert Brooke'* arr. Calvin Bowman for violin and piano *PREMIERE

Chris Latham violin, Alan Hicks piano

Kelly was slightly wounded on 4 June 1915, and completed the Elegy while recuperating in Alexandria.

"I worked at my Elegy for string orchestra in the morning and from 2.45 til 4.45 p.m., by which time I finished filling in the phrasing and marks of expression. It is so entirely bound up with Rupert Brooke and the circumstances of his burial that in a sense I feel myself the chronicler of its ideas rather than the composer. As we slowly made our way behind the coffin to the olive grove [a particular phrase] constantly recurred to my mind. The work is a true portrayal of my feelings on that night and the passionless simplicity of the surroundings with occasionally a note of personal anguish."

Tuesday 29 June 1915,
Majestic Hotel, Alexandria



L.F.S. Hore, *In memory of 2/330 Gn? H. J. Manley 1st Bat, N.Z.F.A. killed in action on 2/5/15*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Kelly survived Gallipoli and was one of the last three officers to leave the peninsula. He served in France and was killed in action during the last phase of the battle of the Somme on 13 November 1916. He was 35.

Kelly is arguably Australia's greatest cultural loss of WW1: a composer we could not afford to lose.

W. Denis Browne: *To Gratiana*

The English composer W. Denis Browne and the poet Rupert Brooke went to school together and at some stage were lovers. When Churchill recruited the best and brightest to be the officers in his private army, the Royal Naval Division, Brooke was the first to be asked. Rupert agreed, but only if Denis Browne could also be commissioned. After Rupert's sudden and unexpected death from sunstroke and infection, days before the Gallipoli landings, Denis Browne wrote the following poem, which was found amongst his private possessions.

Denis Browne went on to serve as an infantry officer at Cape Helles. He was wounded on 8 May 1915, but rejoined his unit in early June. He took part in an attack on Turkish trenches on 4 June 1915, during which he was wounded first in the shoulder and then through the hip. As a fellow officer attempted to bandage his wounds, Browne insisted that he take his wallet before the trench was retaken by the Turks. Browne was never seen again and his body was never found. His name is recorded on the CWGC memorial on Cape Helles amongst the missing.

In the wallet was his last letter to Marsh saying:

> *"I've gone now too; not too badly I hope. I'm luckier than Rupert, because I've fought. But there's no one to bury me as I buried him, so perhaps he's best off in the long run."*

In an earlier letter to his university professor Edward Dent, Browne had asked him to destroy any compositions that did not represent him at his best. Dent burnt the majority, leaving just 16 works, most of them songs. *To Gratiana* is his most famous song, and is considered one of the greatest English songs of the last century.

To Rupert Brooke

I give you glory for you are dead,
the day lightens above your head,
the night darkens about your feet,
morning and noon and evening meet
around and over and under you,
in the world you knew,
the world you knew,

Lips are kissing
and limbs are clinging,
breast to breast,

in a silent singing of forgotten and fadeless things

laughter and tears and the beat of wings,
faintly heard in a far off heaven,
bird calls bird,
the unquiet even ineluctable
ebb and flow, flows and ebbs,
and all things go moving from
dream to dream,
and deep calls deep again
in a world of sleep,

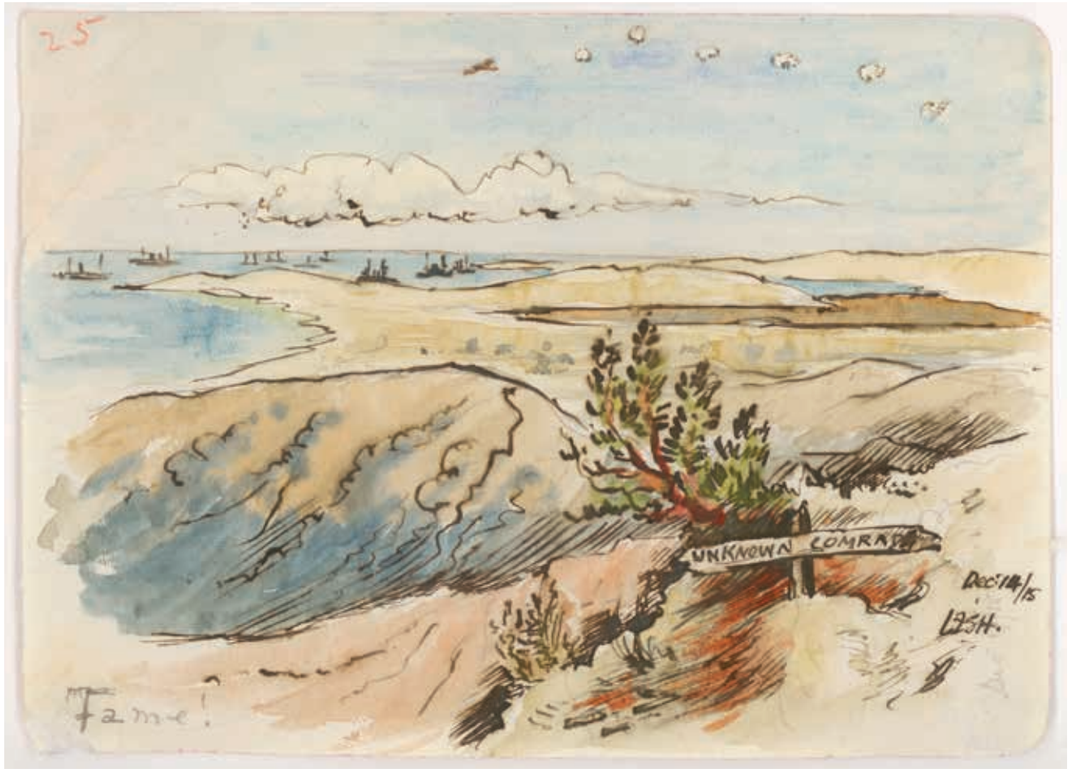
there is no glory gone from the air,
nothing is less,
no, as it were, a keener and wilder radiance
glows along the blood,
and a shouting grows fiercer and louder,
a far flung roar of throats and guns,
your island shore is swift with smoke
and savage with flame
and a myriad lovers shout your name
Rupert, Rupert, across the earth

and death is dancing and dancing birth
and a madness of dancing blood and laughter
rises and sings and follows after
all the dancers who danced before
and dance no more,
and dance no more,

you will dance no more,
you will love no more,
you are dead, and dust on your island shore,
a little dust on the lips
where laugher and song and kisses were,

and I give you glory,
and I am glad
for the life you had
and the death you had,
for the heaven you knew,
and the hell you knew,
and the dust and the dayspring
which were you.

W. Denis Browne (1888-1915)



L.F.S. Hore, *Fame! - Grave of unknown comrade, 14 Dec 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

The Rosary

General John Monash, a great supporter of using music to raise morale, thought that a campfire concert would be a good idea to keep the troops in good spirits on the eve of the last attempt to breakthrough from their positions at Gallipoli in early August 1915.

> *"About 7,000 Tommies landed here last night. and it is reported that a number of Gurkhas are to come here. A concert was held by the brigade last night, which was a great success; some good talent coming to light from the reinforcements."*
>
> Aug 4th,1915, Lieutenant A (Gus) J Harris, bandmaster
> 14th Battalion 4th Infantry Brigade

The *Old Sixteenth News* carried this account from a letter home:

> *"One evening the Australians held a concert in a natural amphitheatre on a sheltered slope behind their trenches. Songs, recitations and mouth organ solos were heard with a background accompaniment of scattered rifle shots and machine-gun burst; but there was a dramatic change when Ted stood up and began to play one of his favorite pieces 'The Rosary'. In the still night air the sound of the instrument carried a great distance. On both sides the men with fingers on triggers heard and paused to listen. The firing faded away until the only sound to be heard was the clear, yearning music of Ted's cornet." (p.324)*

The 'Ted' in this account was **Band Sergeant Edward (Ted) McMahon (2161)** of the 16th Battalion (see p. 4). He was wounded in France but survived the war and was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal for his action in France. He was the nephew of the great cornet player Hugh McMahon, a famous bandsmaster in the West Australia goldfields known as the Emperor of the Cornet.

Sgt Ted McMahon wrote of the concert in the *Perth Mirror* on 15 June 1935:

> *'Many fine turns were gathered together, (while) both our troops and the Turks carried on as usual during the concert with rifle and machine gun fire … I think the spectacle of thousands of soldiers from all parts of the Empire – black, brown and white – lining the sides of steep hills on both sides and in the gully, to the chattering messengers of death, was indelibly printed on my memory as the most inspiring. During the first verse of 'The Rosary', played by me on the cornet, the firing was more rapid, and in the second one could hear only spasmodic shots. During the third and final verse not a sound could be heard – only the strains of Ethelbert Nevin's famous song… At the conclusion there was a tremendous outburst of applause from all listeners, including those in the trenches above us, and then everyone settled down to the grim business of war.'*

L.F.S. Hore, *The Bacchant tolls the knell of parting day, Nov 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Çanakkale Içinde

There is clear evidence that for the Turkish troops, music was intermingled with war. Their renowned Janissary Bands accompanied the troops into battle, playing from a sheltered position near the front lines to spur on the Turkish troops during the appalling slaughter of the failed attack on May 19th 1915.

> *We could hear (the Turks) talking at night; and in the daytime we could see them walking about their trenches. At this point, they had in their lines a number of animals, chiefly dogs. In addition, they had a brass band that played tuneless, wailing music nearly every night, to the accompaniment of the howling and barking of dogs.*
>
> From *Trenching at Gallipoli* by Corporal John Gallishaw, First Newfoundland Regiment

Frustratingly little detail of what was played has been recorded (although it is possible such detail will emerge eventually from the Turkish military archives), but one Turkish song called ***Çanakkale Içinde*** is associated with the battle. This folk song tells about Battle of Gallipoli and is credited to Muzaffer Sarısözen and a local folk poet Ihsan Ozano□lu of Kastamonu.

The facing image by Lt. Leslie Hore, entitled "The Crescent and the Cross", updates the historical narrative of Turkey attacked by foreign infidels, often crusading Christian invaders fighting under the red St George cross. In this painting the Red Cross marks a field hospital under the gaze of a crescent moon, signifying the central story of the Turkish-Australian Gallipoli relationship, where both sides come to a position of mutual respect.

In Çanakkale stands the Mirror Bazaar.
Mother I set forth against the enemy,
Oh, my youth, alas!

In Çanakkale there's a cypress tree.
Some of us are engaged, some of us married,
Oh, my youth, alas!

In Çanakkale there's a broken jug.
Mothers and fathers abandoned hope,
Oh, my youth, alas!

Çanakkale's heights are shrouded with smoke.
The thirteenth division marched to war,
Oh, my youth, alas!

In Çanakkale the cannonballs landed.
Ah, our comrades fell wounded together,
Oh, my youth, alas!

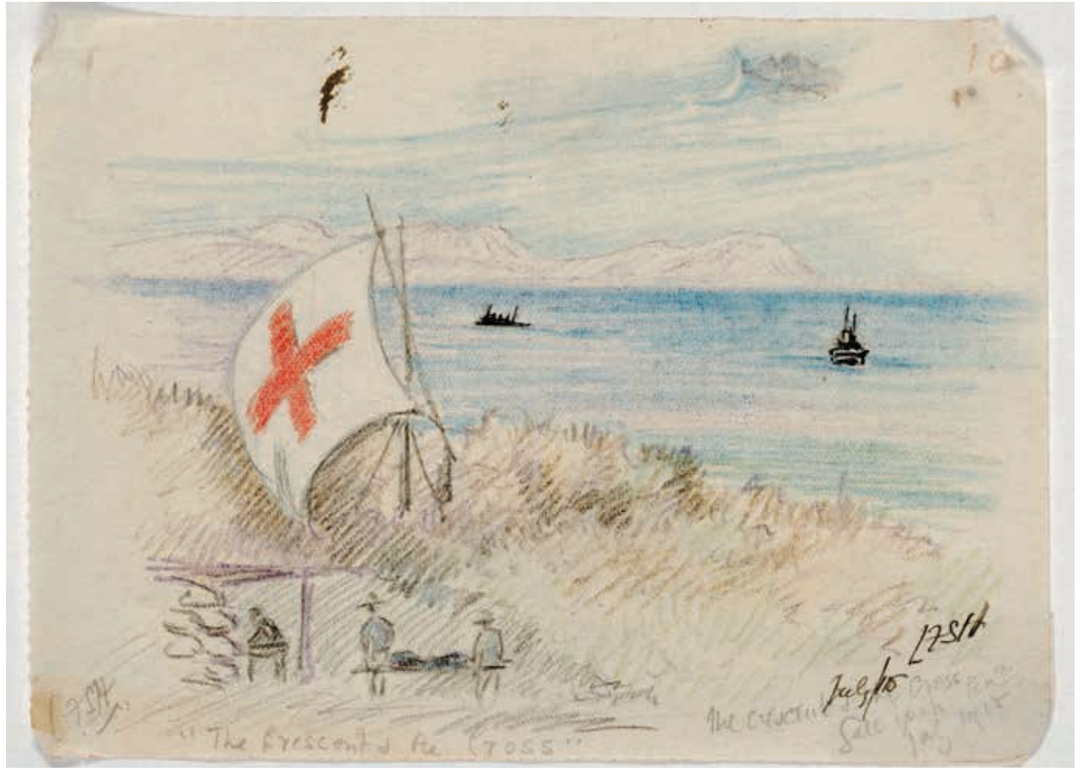
Çanakkale's bridge is narrow, impassable.
Its waters have become red blood, not a cup can be drunk,
Oh, my youth, alas!

From Çanakkale I barely escaped
My lungs rotted from vomiting blood,
Oh, my youth, alas!

From Çanakkale I escaped, my head is safe
Doomsday came before I reached Anafarta,
Oh, my youth, alas!

In Çanakkale they shot me.
They buried me before I died,
Oh, my youth, alas!

In Çanakkale are rows of willows
Brave lions rest beneath them,
Oh, my youth, alas!



L.F.S. Hore, *'The Crescent and the Cross' July 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

There's a Long, Long Trail

In her classic text, The Anzacs, Patsy Adam-Smith claims that the song most often sung by Anzac troops was *There's a Long, Long Trail*. Private Cecil Mathus, who served on Gallipoli with the 1st Canterbury Battalion, referred to 'a good deal of singing in the evenings' and listed *A Long, Long Trail* at the top of a list of songs that included *Broken Doll, The Blue Ridge Mountains, When this Bleeding War is Over, The Girl I Marry, We're Here Because ..., Ragtime Band, Bells of Hell, It's a Long Way to Tipperary* and *Pack Up Your Troubles*.

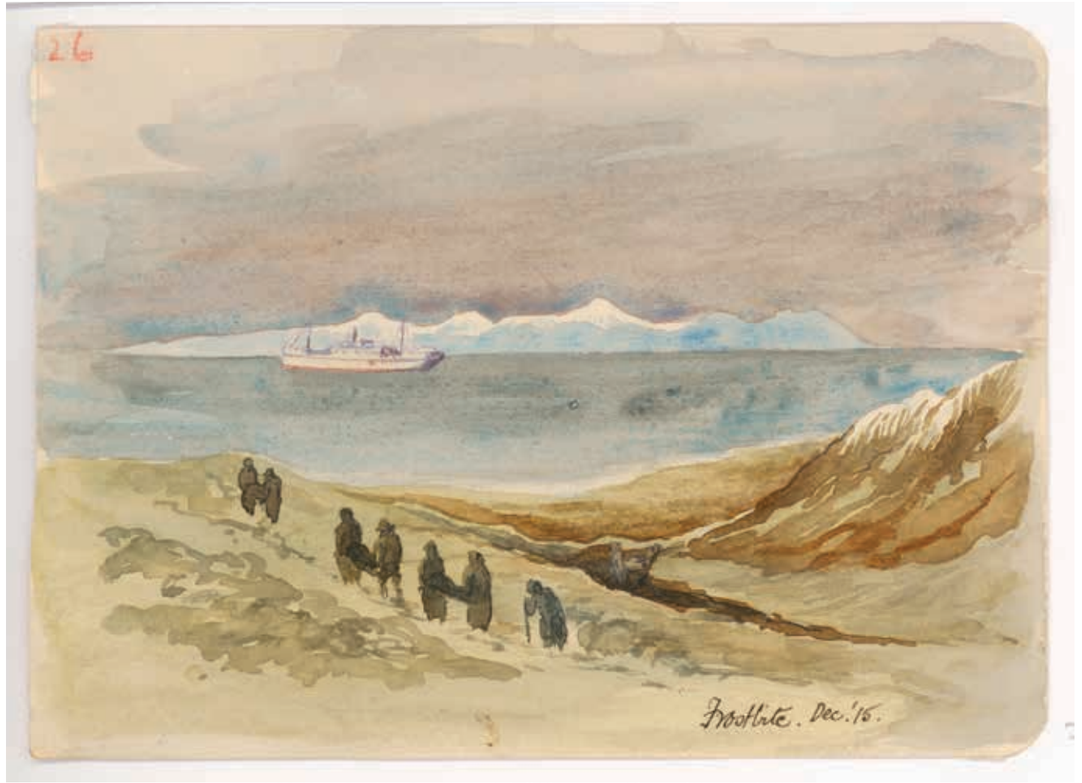
The lyrics were by Stoddard King (1889–1933) and the music by Alonzo "Zo" Elliott, both seniors at Yale University. Elliot created the music as an idle exercise one day in his Yale dorm room in 1913. King walked in, liked the music and suggested a first line. Elliott sang out the second, and so they went through the lyrics. Having written the song in only a couple of hours, they performed it for the first time that evening before their fraternity brothers. It was published in London in 1914 and quickly became one of the most popular songs of World War I.

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'ry where I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet
When I think I see you smile.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.



L.F.S. Hore, *Frostbite, Dec 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

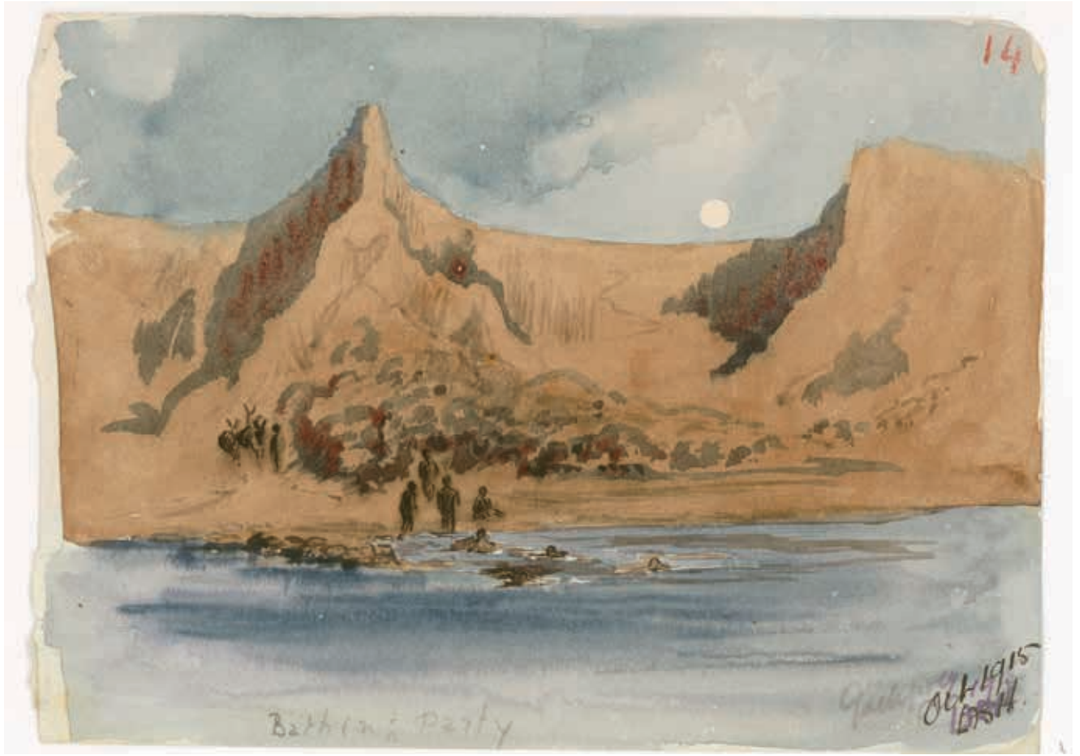
Silent Night

"There was a trumpeter in one of the West Australian battalions. I'm not sure which battalion he was in. At any rate, doesn't matter very much because they were stationed right at Quinn's Post. Every night as the sun used to sink down, he used to play his trumpet. The firing on both sides came to a standstill when this happened, I suppose because he used to play ... 'Silent Night' was one of his long things and he'd let everybody around hear 'Silent Night' just as the sun went down. Of course, the Aussies never fired, neither did the Turk, and on one occasion I happened to be passing along through the canal just as he was about to play and I thought, 'I'll have a look over and see what the Turks are doing'. Through a peephole in the side of the thing I noticed the Turks, when he finished, his hands were above the parapets clapping or else belting tins or something just to show how much they appreciated our trumpeter playing 'Silent Night'."

Col James Lumsden McKinley, oral record, Australian War Memorial S00287
Recorded 20 September 1979, Bassendean, Western Australia

19. Franz Xaver Gruber: *Silent Night*

Paul Goodchild cornet, Canberra Camerata Brass, Chris Latham dir.



L.F.S. Hore, *Bathing party, Gallipoli, Oct 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground

"... there was something heavy in the air that night. For almost a week we had been comparatively safe in dugouts. Tomorrow we were again to go into the firing line and wait impotently while our number was reduced gradually but pitilessly.... "the hopelessness of (Gallipoli) seemed clearer that evening than any other time we had been there. Simpson, 'the stretcher bearer with the Donkey', had been killed that day. After a long period in which the stretcher bearer seemed to be impervious to bullets, a stray bullet had caught him in the heart on his way down Shrapnel Valley with a consignment of wounded."

'A' Company had suffered heavily in the front line trenches that day. A number of stretchers had passed down the road that ran in front of our dugouts, with A Company men for the dressing station on the beach. Snipers had been busy. ... One piece of news filtered slowly down to us that evening, that had an unaccountably strange effect on the men of B Company. Sam Lodge had been killed.

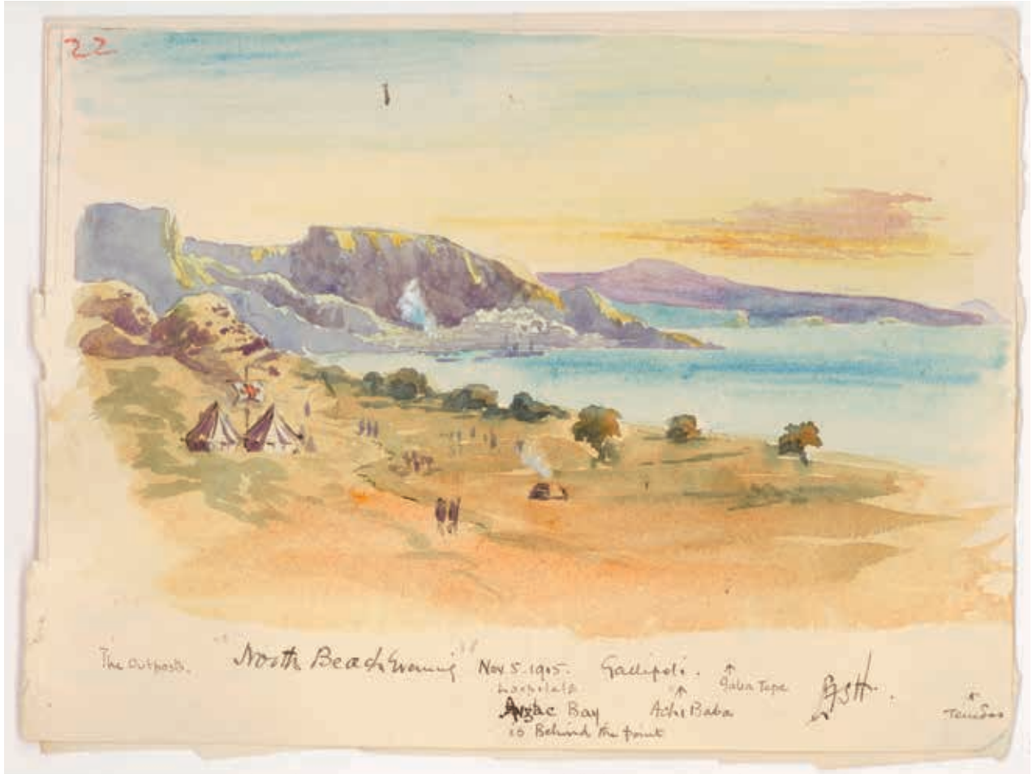
Sam Lodge was perhaps the most widely known man in the whole regiment. There were very few Newfoundlanders who did not think kindly of the big, quiet, reliable looking college man. He had enlisted at the very first call for volunteers. Other men had been killed that day; and since the regiment had been at Gallipoli, men had stood by while their dugout mates were torn by shrapnel or sank down moaning, with a sniper's bullet in the brain; but nothing had ever had the same effect, at any rate on the men of our company, as the news that Sam Lodge had been killed that day. Perhaps it was that everybody knew him.

Other nights men had crowded around the fire, telling stories, exchanging gossip, or singing. To-night all was quiet; there was not even the sound of men creeping about from dugout to dugout, visiting chums. Suddenly, from away up on the extreme right end of the line of dugouts, came the sound of a clear tenor voice, singing, "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground." Never have I heard anything so mournful. It is impossible to describe the penetrating pathos of the old Civil War song. Slowly the singer continued, amidst a profound hush. His voice sank, until one could scarcely catch the words when he sang, "Waiting for the war to cease." At last he finished. There was scarcely a stir, as the men dropped off to sleep."

From *Trenching at Gallipoli* by Corporal John Gallishaw, First Newfoundland Regiment

20. Walter Kittredge: *Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground*

Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion



L.F.S. Hore, *North Beach Evening, Nov 5 1915, hospitals ...*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Sunsets at Gallipoli

"There was a magnificent sunset (tonight). They all are here - just simply glorious. I do wish I had a decent photo or something of them. Away about fifteen miles off our positions are two mountainous islands, Imbros and Samothrace. The sun goes below the sea's horizon just off the northern end of the latter throwing them both, great jagged peaks into silhouette on a crimson background. The sea is nearly always like oil and as the crimson path streams across the water, the store ships, hospital ships, torpedo boats and minesweepers stand out jet black. God it's just magnificent".

Sergeant Cyril Lawrence, 2nd Field Company Royal Australian Engineers, June 27 1915

Lead Kindly Light

Funerals were an all too common occasion on the Gallipoli peninsula, as well as regular Sunday services. A number of diaries record that one of the most commonly sung hymns at these events was "Lead Kindly Light".

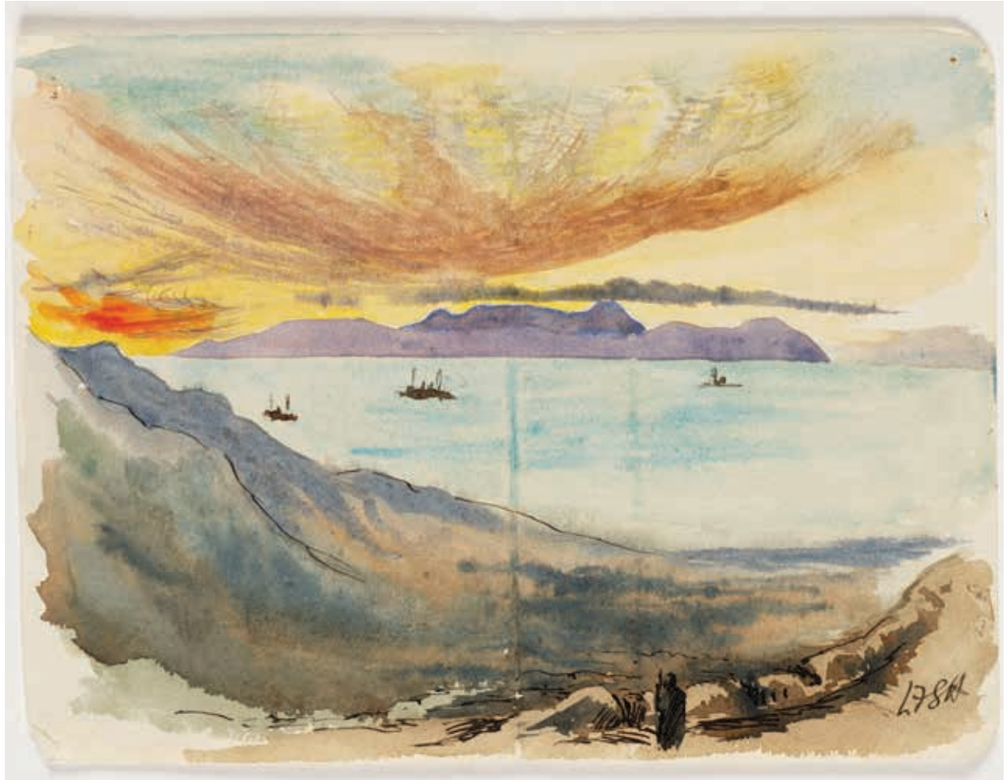
At the end of the Aug 5th concert F.W. Crane played "Lead Kindly Light" on the cornet. He wrote:

"Throughout the playing of the hymn the troops stood and joined in singing the words. It was most touching and inspiring, for one could sense that thoughts, were, for the moment, swept right back to the shelter of hearts and prayers in a far-off land – a gleam amongst the murk and foul decay of the battlefield.

It was Sunday afternoon, and we thought it would be well to have a service. (The Chaplain) Stenlake was found, and a crowd trailed after him to an empty dugout, where he gathered them about him and began. It was a simple, sincere service. Out there in that barren country, it seemed a strange thing to see those rough men gathered about Stenlake while he read a passage or led a hymn. But it was most impressive. The service was almost over, and Stenlake was offering a final prayer, when the Turkish batteries opened fire. Ordinarily at the first sound of a shell, men dived for shelter; but gathered around that dugout, where a single shell could have wrought awful havoc, not a man stirred. They stayed motionless, heads bowed reverently, until Stenlake had finished. Then quietly they dispersed. As a lesson in faith it was most illuminating...

It was a quiet, sober lot of men who filed into a shady, tree-dotted ravine the next day behind the stretcher that bore the remains of Private Sam Lodge. Stenlake read the burial service. Everybody who could, turned out to pay their last respects to the best liked man in the regiment. After the brief service, Colonel Burton, the commanding officer, Captain Carty, Lodge's company commander, a group of senior and junior officers, and a number of profoundly affected soldiers gathered about the grave while the body was lowered into it. In the shade of a spreading tree, within sound of the mournful wash of the tide in Suvla Bay, lies poor Sam Lodge, a good, cheerful soldier, uncomplaining always, a man whose last thought was for others. "Don't bother to lift me down off the parapet, boys," he had said when he was hit; "I'm finished."

From *Trenching at Gallipoli* by Corporal John Gallishaw, First Newfoundland Regiment



L.F.S. Hore, *Untitled view of bay and sunset*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Old Gallipoli's A Wonderful Place

By the end of the Gallipoli campaign, there were 26,111 Australian casualties, including 8,709 dead. In all, 61,522 Australians lost their lives in the First World War and over 156,000 were wounded, gassed, or taken prisoner. The losses at Gallipoli shocked the young nation, and shared grief strengthened the bonds between the newly federated states. The mythology around this campaign has given Australians a sense that this strip of coastline is somehow part of Australia and our national identity. Anzac Day pilgrimages are clearly meaningful rituals for Australians. Many are overwhelmed by a feeling of war's futility. Remembering the loss of life provides an all too rare opportunity for a Christian identified nation to join with an Islamic nation in a spirit of friendship.

Gallipoli's steep hills were the most difficult aspect of the battlefield but they also helped to protect troops from massed artillery fire. Some soldiers even felt safer in the front lines than in the rear. After the August offensive, casualty rates dropped dramatically. By the end of the campaign, there was a sense that these dusty trenches had become a kind of home for the ANZACs. In fact, that great maze of trenches, burrowing into the hills, stretching kilometres in every direction, can be seen as housing and protecting almost a million men on both sides. For the Australians, these impassable ridges saved thousands of troops during the nine months of the Gallipoli campaign from the flat slaughtering fields of France and Flanders, utterly dominated by massed artillery. We lost nearly as many Australians in sixteen days at Pozières as in the whole Gallipoli campaign.

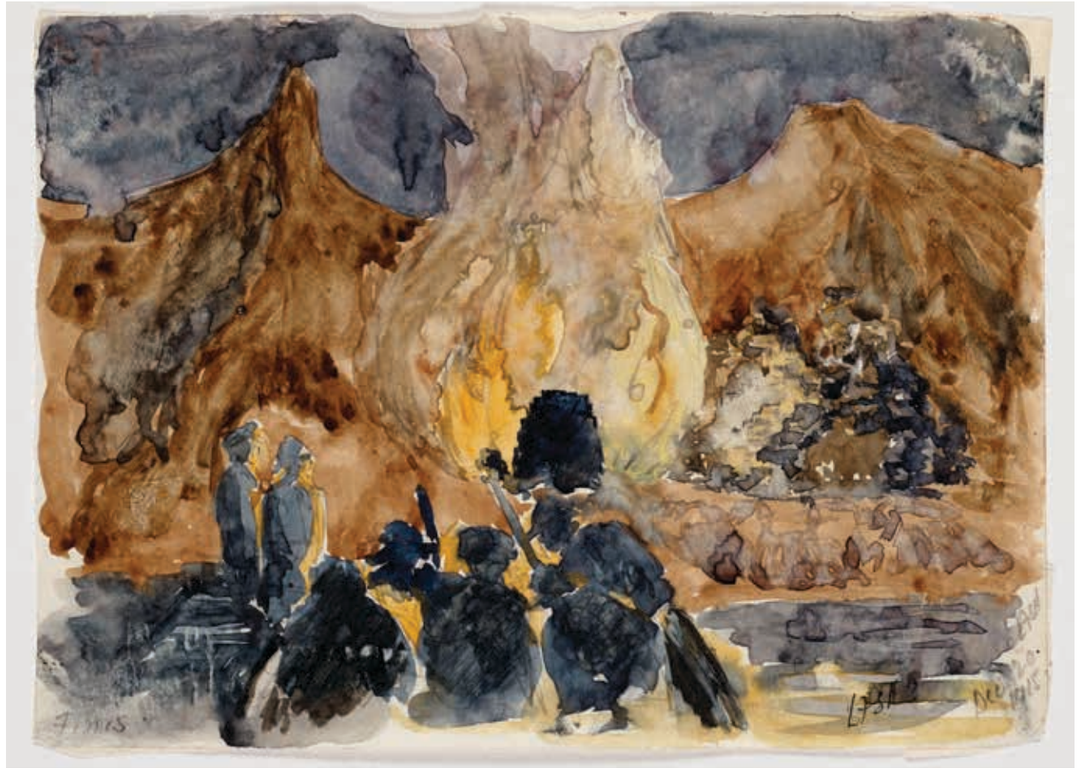
This last song is perhaps the best. During the final quieter third of the campaign, the song *Old Gallipoli's A Wonderful Place* became very popular amongst troops. Sung to the melody of 'The Mountains of Mourne' by Percy French, it is a rare example of a trench song from Gallipoli in which the troops ironically described their life, setting new words to a famous tune.

Oh, old Gallipoli's a wonderful place
Where the boys in the trenches the foe have to face,
But they never grumble, they smile through it all,
Very soon they expect Achi Baba to fall.
At least when I asked them, that's what they told me
In Constantinople quite soon we would be,
But if war lasts till Doomsday I think we'll still be
Where old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

We don't grow potatoes or barley or wheat,
So we're on the lookout for something to eat,
We're fed up with biscuits and bully and ham
And we're sick of the sight of yon parapet jam.
Send out steak and onions and nice ham and eggs
And a fine big fat chicken with five or six legs,
And a drink of the stuff that begins with a "B"
Where the old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

Oh, old Gallipoli's a wonderful place
Where the boys in the trenches the foe have to face,
But they never grumble, they smile through it all,
Very soon they expect Achi Baba to fall.
At least when I asked them, that's what they told me
In Constantinople quite soon we would be,
But if war lasts till Doomsday I think we'll still be
Where old Gallipoli sweeps down to the sea.

22. Anon: *Old Gallipoli* (sung to the tune 'The Mountains of Mourne')
Alex Knight baritone, Anton Wurtzer accordion



L.F.S. Hore, *Finis, 20 Dec 1915*, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

Last Post / Saygi Marsi

2/631 Gunner Herbert Basil Richardson, of Dannevirke, died at Gallipoli on Monday 6 June 1915 while serving with the New Zealand Field Artillery. This account comes from a letter written by Staff Sergeant Robert James Wait, who served alongside him.

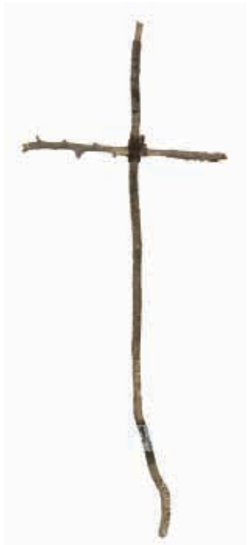
"While helping Moonie to dig his dug-out Gunner Richardson was unfortunate enough to stop a bullet in the side, he died within half an hour, just as the doctor arrived. He was a fine fellow. Not a drop of blood came from the wound.

We got used to this now and apart from being sorry that another of our mates has had to leave us, these scenes affect us but little. His wound is bound, his disc taken off, his uniform placed over him after all his papers etc have been taken out, he is then wrapped up in his blanket and pinned in. He lies just a little way off the main track along the cliff for all to see.

The Minister arrives, we were fortunate in being able to get one on this occasion, we desert the guns for a few minutes and crawl along toward the shallow grave dug earlier in the day by volunteers, to pay our respects to the dead. We have to lie or sit under cover so that the enemy may not 'spot' us and let fly.

We gather around the grave, his own puttees are used to lower him into his last resting place. The chaplain speaks, (and it's) all over.

It's hard to say goodbye to friends like this. If they're lucky a bugler will play them on their way."



Gallipoli Cross
This twig cross was collected by Chaplain Dexter at Gallipoli before the evacuation of the Anzac area in December 1915. – Australian War Memorial.

Anzac Cove

There's a lonely stretch of hillocks:
There's a beach asleep and drear:
There's a battered broken fort beside the sea.
There are sunken trampled graves:
And a little rotting pier:
And winding paths that wind unceasingly.

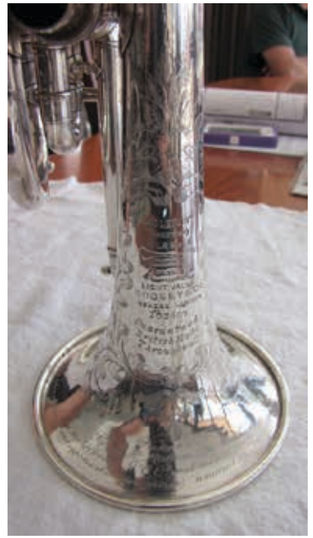
There's a torn and silent valley:
There's a tiny rivulet
With some blood upon the stones beside its mouth.
There are lines of buried bones:
There's an unpaid waiting debt:
There's a sound of gentle sobbing in the South.

Leon Gellert (1892-1977)

Leon Gellert, an Adelaide school teacher, enlisted in the AIF at the outbreak of the First World War and took part in the landing on Gallipoli. He fought on the Peninsula until evacuated sick in July 1915. The publication in 1917 of a volume of his poems, *Songs of a Campaign*, established his reputation as the poet laureate of the Australian infantry soldier.

Gallipoli trench whistle
Australian War Memoral

Gallipoli cornet
in private hands



Ted McMahon's cornet

Gallipoli trench whistle
Australian War Memoral

Gallipoli bugle
Australian War Memoral

THE FLOWERS OF WAR

25 ICONIC CONCERTS OVER 4 YEARS

TELLING THE STORY OF MUSIC IN WAR

2015

1. Gallipoli Sonata
Lecture about and performance of FS Kelly's works written at Gallipoli. Canberra, March, 2015; Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and NZ in late 2015.

2. Re-sounding Gallipoli
A concert of music performed or created on the Gallipoli peninsula by Australian, New Zealand, British, Newfoundland, Turkish and Senegalese troops: April 12 2pm.

3. Gallipoli Symphony
A DVA commissioned hour-long work in 10 parts, telling the Gallipoli story from the Australian, NZ and Turkish perspectives. Premieres at Haghia Irene in Istanbul, Turkey on Aug 4 2015 with the Australian premiere on Nov 24, 2015 at QPAC in Brisbane

4. Making the Gallipoli Symphony
A radio show created for ABC Classic FM that tells the behind the scenes story of the decade-long commissioning process of the Gallipoli Symphony

2016

5. The Lost German Voices
Der Krieg by Otto Dix with the music of Arnold Schoenberg, Anton Webern, Hans Eisler and Alban Berg and the final war sketchbook of Franz Marc with the music of Botho Sigwart, Rudi Stephan & Fritz Juergens

6. Verdun
The music created, played and sung during France's most bloody and iconic battle accompanied by images from the battlefield.

7. And the Band Played On
Popular music from WW1, drawing inspiration from Robert Holden's book of the same name as well as supporting the National Library exhibition of that music.

8. Prayers from the Trenches
Transcendent music written in the battlefield – this concert is designed to be performed in the churches of the villages in France that were destroyed by war.

9. The Somme
Resounding the music of England's, New Zealand's, Canada's, Germany's and Australia's lost soldier-composers

10. The Death of FS Kelly
Australia's greatest cultural loss - A concert of Kelly's music written in the trenches.

2017

11. Paradise Road (WW2)
Music from the WW2 POW camps in Asia, including soldiers and civilians from Australia, United Kingdom, Holland and the United States.

12. The Bullecourt Diggers
Exploring one of Australia's worst WW1 defeats including material from the WW1 Australian diaries recently located in Stuttgart, Germany

13. Chemin des Dames
The French Army revolts – music from the breaking point.

14. Komitas
Armenia's greatest composer, whose mind was broken by the war

15. The Healers
Exploring the role of women, doctors and stretcher bearers in war

16. The Lost Music of Peter Latham
A pianist and composer whose career was ended by serious wounds, resulting in him becoming a famous musicologist – the first modern performances of his works.

17. Gay and Brave
The music of gay composers who served, and often died, in WW1

18. Ypres / Passchendaele
Re-sounding the music of Flanders' bloody fields

2018

19. Alma Moodie
Australia's greatest female violinist, whose life was cruelly affected by two wars

20. VB: the Saving of Amiens
The story, through music, of how Australia saved one of France's greatest cathedrals

21. James Reece Europe
The life and music of America's first black officer, who introduced jazz to France

22. Monash
The story of Australia's greatest leader and his use of music to raise morale

23. Music from the Camps (WW1 and WW2)
Music by civilians incarcerated in war.

24. Lili and Nadia Boulanger
The tale of two sisters – the genius composer who died in WW1, and the teacher of the last century's the greatest composers.

25. Towards a Lasting Peace
The music of those lost to the Great War – an orchestral concert that measures the cultural cost of war.

The Musicians

Paul Goodchild cornet and bugle
Alex Knight baritone
John-Henry Te Hira baritone
Ibrahim Karaisli singer
Anton Wurzer accordion
Alan Hicks piano

Graeme Reynolds bugle
Yakou Mbaye, **Diogo Fall** Senegalese drums
Canberra Camerata Brass
Geoff Grey conductor

Christopher Latham violin and director

Acknowledgements

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Australian War Memorial: Tim Sullivan (Assistant Director, Branch Head National Collection), Chris Goddard (historical background – instruments), Jennifer Brian (instrument preparation), Teresa Cronk (sheet music research), Hans Reppin (A/g Head PFS and Multimedia Services & Digital Asset Management) Ryan Johnston (Head of Art)

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Paul Goodchild, Graeme Reynolds (instruments)

Geoff Millar (program design), Bob Scott (sound engineer), Helen Moore (Executive Assistant)

Australian Government

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Ministry for the Arts

THEIR SPIRIT OUR PRIDE 2014 18

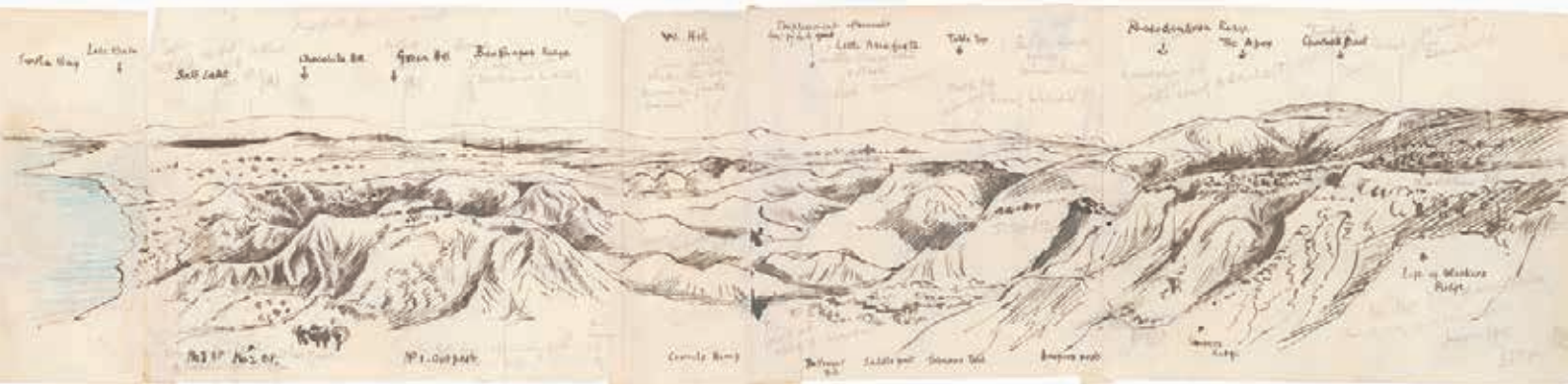
THE FLOWERS OF WAR LES FLEURS DE GUERRE

NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSION

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA

HIGH COURT OF AUSTRALIA

RICOH imagine. change.



The watercolours by Lt. Leslie Fraser Standish Hore were reproduced with permission from the State Library of New South Wales.
Lt. Hore served with the 8th Light Horse and was wounded during the disastrous charge at the Nek, of which he was one of the few survivors.
He returned to Gallipoli on August 28, and later went on to serve in France,winning the Military Cross at Pozières. He survived the war.