

ARMY Song Book



ARMY SONG BOOK

Compiled by
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
in collaboration with
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
and published by order of the
SECRETARY OF WAR



This book is the property of the United States Government and its contents may be used only within the military services.

1941

The Star Spangled Banner

1.

Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2.

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Alma Mater

2

1.

Hail, Alma Mater, dear!
To us be ever near;
Help us thy motto bear
Thru all the years.
Let *Duty* be well performed,
Honor be e'er untarn'd,
Country be ever armed,
West Point, by thee!

2.

Guide us, thy sons, aright,
Teach us by day, by night,
To keep thine honor bright,
For thee to fight.

When we depart from thee,
Serving on land or sea,
May we still loyal be,
West, Point, to thee!

3.

And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, "Well done.
Be thou at peace."
E'er may that line of gray
Increase from day to day;
Live, serve, and die, we pray,
West Point, for thee!

Aloha Oe

3

1.

Proudly sweeps the rain cloud by the cliffs,
As onward it glides thru the trees.
It seems to be following the liko,
The ahihi Le Hua of the vale.

CHORUS

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers.
One fond embrace before I now depart,
Until we meet again.

2.

Thus sweet memories come back to me,
Bringing fresh rememb'rance of the past,
Dearest one, yes, thou art mine own;
From thee, true love shall ne'er depart.

3.

I have seen and watched thy loveliness,
Thou sweet Rose of Maunawili,
And 'tis there the birds oft love to dwell
And sip the honey from thy lips.

1.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

2.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

1.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brother-
hood,
From sea to shining sea!

2.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom
beat
Across the wilderness.

America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control
Thy liberty in law!

3.

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their coun-
try loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

(Continued on next page)

America, The Beautiful—Continued

4.

Oh beautiful for patriot dream	America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
That sees beyond the years	And crown thy good with broth-
Thine alabaster cities gleam	erhood,
Undimmed by human tears.	From sea to shining sea!

Anchors Aweigh

6

1.

Anchors Aweigh, my boys, Anchors Aweigh.
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of day-day-day-day!
Through our last night on shore, drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more here's wishing you a happy voyage
home.
Heave a-ho there, sailor, ev'rybody drink up while you may,
Heave a-ho there, sailor, for you're gonna sail at break of day,
Drink away, drink away, for you sail at break of day, Hey!

2.

Stand, Navy, down the field, sail to the sky,
We'll never change our course; so, Army, you steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll up the score, Navy, Anchors Aweigh,
Sail, Navy, down the field and sink the Army, sink the Army
Grey.

3.

"Stand, Army, to the bar, raise your glasses high;
We'll never pay the bill so Navy you must buy-buy-buy-buy.
Down Gordon Gin, Army; down Rock and Rye;
Stand, Army, to the bar and drink the Navy, drink the Navy
dry."

The Army Air Corps

Official song of the U. S. Army Air Corps

1.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
 Climbing high into the sun;
 Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
 At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
 Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
 Off with one helluva roar!
 We live in fame or go down in flame;
 Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

CHORUS

Here's a Toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the
 sky;
 To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly.
 We drink to those who gave their all of old,
 Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
 A Toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps.

2.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
 Sent it high into the blue;
 Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
 How they lived God only knew!
 Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
 Gave us wings ever to soar.
 With scouts before and bombers galore,
 Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

3.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
 Keep the wings level and true.
 If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
 Keep the nose out of the blue!
 Flying men guarding the Nation's border,
 We'll be there followed by more.
 In echelon we carry on,
 Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

Copyright 1939 by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York. International copyright secured.

Song of the Army Engineer

8

1.

The Engineer's "Embattled Banners,"
In spirit born at Bunker Hill, (Bunker Hill)*
A living flame at Cerro Gordo, (Cerro Gordo)
Has carried on through Saint Mihiel.

REFRAIN

Guardian of the Nation's birthright, (Nation's birthright)
"Freedom's forward fighting line,"
On the fighting line,
The spirit of "Embattled Banners," ('Battled Banners)
Forever more shall brightly shine.

2.

The Captain says my rifle's rusty,
And I don't know but what he's right, (Sure he's right)
If he'd inspect my pick and shovel, (Pick and shovel)
He'd always find them shining bright.

REFRAIN

Shining brightly in the moonlight, (Moonlight, starlight)
Always find them shining bright,
Shining brightly and O, yes!
That handy pick and shovel, (Pick and shovel)
He'd always find them shining bright.

3.

The Sergeant says to K. P. Bunko,
And I don't know but what he's right, (Sure he's right)
You may be tops at engineering, (Engineering)
But, son, you shine those dishes bright.

REFRAIN

Shining brightly in the moonlight, (Moonlight, starlight)
Always keep them shining bright,
Shining brightly and O, yes!
You're tops at engineering, (Engineering)
But, son, you shine those dishpans bright.

(Continued on next page)

Song of the Army Engineer—Continued

4.

"The Engineers," says Gen'ral Who's It,
And I don't know but what he's right, (Sure he's right)
"Shall clear my front line path to glory, (Path to glory)
And thus my stars keep shining bright."

REFRAIN

"Shining brightly in the moonlight, (Moonlight, starlight)
Always keep them shining bright,
Shining brightly and O, yes!
In story, fame and glory, (Fame and glory)
They'll keep my stars a-shining bright."

5.

In dreams I hear the Top Kick calling,
And hope to h..... for once he's right, (Sure he's right)
"Turn out, you bucks, for one more river, (One more river)
The Yanks are goin' across tonight."

REFRAIN

Ghostly buddies of the Army, (Of the Army)
Gobs, Marines, in what a fix,
What a fix they're in O, yes!
We bridge and cross the Jordan, (Cross the Jordan)
The rest turn off to ford the Styx.

*The words in parentheses cannot be sung to the melody, but may be sung to the inner voices at the end of their respective phrases.

Copyright 1939 by George F. Briegel, Inc. Used by permission.

Auld Lang Syne

9

1.	For auld lang syne;
Should auld acquaintance be	We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
forgot,	For auld lang syne.
And never bro't to mind?	2.
Should auld acquaintance be	And here's a hand, my trusty
forgot,	frien',
And days of auld lang syne?	And gie's a hand o' thine;
CHORUS	We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne, my dear,	For auld lang syne;

1.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
 His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

2.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on.

CHORUS

3.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall
 deal:"
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
 Since God is marching on.

CHORUS

4.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

5.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

CHORUS

Keep Them Rolling

1.

Can't you hear the bugles blowing from the 'paulings in the park?
Hear the chiefs of section calling, as we get up in the dark.
Get the smell of slum and coffee; hear them cursing as we load.
Right by section! Watch the guidon and we're out upon the road.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, keep them rolling,
Glory, glory, keep them rolling,
Glory, glory, keep them rolling,
Keep them rolling in the field artillereee.

2.

When there's sweat upon the leather and there's foam upon the
hide,
And the "lead" and "swing" together pull the wheelers into stride,
There's a clanking from the limbers, there's a kick from pole to
pole,
There's a rumble from the caissons as along the road we roll.

CHORUS

3.

When the smoke of battle thickens and there's blood upon the
trail,
Keep the shrapnel moving forward, bursting through the front
like hail.
Do your duty like a soldier; let the beggars know that we
Are sending what's expected from the Field Artillery.

CHORUS

Parody words from "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929,
and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

1.

O, de boll weevil am a little
black bug,
Come from Mexico, dey say,
Come all de way to Texas.
Jus' a-lookin' foh a place to
stay,
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home,
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home.

2.

De first time I seen de boll
weevil,
He was a-settin' on de square.
De next time I seen de boll
weevil,
He had all of his family dere.
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home,
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home.

3.

De farmer say to de weevil:
"What make yo' head so red?"
De weevil say to de farmer,
"It's a wondah I ain't dead,
A-lookin' foh a home,
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home."

4.

De farmer take de boll weevil,
An' he put him in de hot san'.
De weevil say: "Dis is mighty
hot,
But I'll stan' it like a man,
Dis'll be my home,
It'll be my home."

5.

De farmer take de boll weevil,

An' he put him in a lump of ice
De boll weevil say to de farmer:
"Dis is mighty cool and nice,
It'll be my home,
Dis'll be my home."

6.

De farmer take de boll weevil,
An' he put him in de fire.
De boll weevil say to de farmer:
"Here I are, here I are,
Dis'll be my home,
Dis'll be my home."

7.

De boll weevil say to de farmer:
"You better leave me alone;
I done eat all yo' cotton
Now I'm goin' to start on yo'
corn,
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home."

8.

De cap'n say to de missus:
"What d' you t'ink o' dat?
De boll weevil done make a nes
In my bes' Sunday hat,
Gonna have a home,
Gonna have a home."

9.

An' if anybody should ax you
Who it was dat make dis song,
Jus' tell 'em 'twas a poor old
farmer
Wid a paih o' blue duckin's on
Ain' got no home,
Ain' got no home.

We were bombed last night, bombed the night before,
And we're gonna be bombed tonight as we never were bombed
before.

When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be,
They can bomb the whole darn Army if they don't bomb me.

CHORUS

They're over us, over us,
One little cave for the four of us,
Glory be to God, there are no more of us
Or they'd surely bomb the whole darned crew.

Words from "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used
by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

1.

Over hill, over dale,
We have hit the dusty trail,
And those Caissons go rolling along.
"Counter March! Right about!"
Hear those wagon soldiers shout,
While those Caissons go rolling along. For it's

CHORUS

Hi! Hi! Hee! In the Field Artillery,
Call off your numbers loud and strong! (Call off!)
And where e'er we go, you will always know
That those Caissons are rolling along; (Keep 'em rolling!)
That those Caissons are rolling along. For it's
Hi! Hi! Hee! In the Field Artillery,
Call off your numbers loud and strong! (Call off!)
And where e'er we go, you will always know
That those Caissons are rolling along; (Keep 'em rolling!)
That those Caissons are rolling along.

(Continued on next page)

The Caissons Go Rolling Along—*Continued*

2.

To the Front, day and night,
Where the doughboys dig and fight,
And those Caissons go rolling along.
Our barrage will be there
Fired on the rocket's flare,
Where those Caissons go rolling along. For it's

CHORUS

[After last chorus.]

Batt'ry Halt!

Copyright MCMXXI by Egner & Mayer. By permission Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

Parody Field Artillery Song

13

1.

Over hill, over dale, motorized from head to tail,
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Stop to fix up a flat, or to get the captain's hat.
Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on.

CHORUS

Then it's high, high see! the Field Artillery,
Sound off your Klaxon loud and strong! (SQUAWK, SQUAWK!)
No more we'll go, with a team in low,
If our motors keep buzzin' along.

2.

See the red guidon stuck on the off side of a truck,
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Gone are nose bags and grass, as we feed with oil and gas,
Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on.

CHORUS

3.

By the roadside we stop for some hot dogs and some pop,
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Now we halt after dark and at tourist camps we park.
Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on.

(Continued on next page)

Parody Field Artillery Song—Continued

CHORUS

4.

Hear the bold bugles blow (amplified by radio),
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Shove 'er, guy, into high, as the green lights flicker by.
Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on.

CHORUS

5.

If our engines go dead, won't our faces all get red!
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
For the foemen, of course, will yell at us, "Get a horse!"
Motor trucks with the pieces hooked on.

CHORUS

14 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart am longed to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.

15 Casey Jones

1.

Come, all you rounders, if you want to hear
A story 'bout a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at a half past four,
Kissed his wife at the station door,

(Continued on next page)

Casey Jones—Continued

Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand
And he took his farewell trip to that Promised Land.

CHORUS

Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin
And he took his farewell trip to the Promised Land.

2.

Put in your water and shovel in your coal,
Put your head out the window, watch them drivers roll.
I'll run her till she leaves the rail
'Cause I'm eight hours late with that western mail.
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow;
He looked at the water and the water was low;
He turned to the fireman and then he said,
"We're goin' to reach Frisco but we'll all be dead."

CHORUS

Casey Jones, goin' to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones, but we'll all be dead;
Casey Jones, goin' to reach Frisco,
We're goin' to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead.

3.

Casey pulled up that Reno hill;
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill.
The switchman knew by the engine's moans,
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
He pulled up within two miles of the place;
Number four stared him right in the face.
He turned to the fireman, said, "Boy, you better jump
'Cause there's two locomotives that's a goin' to bump."

CHORUS

Casey Jones, two locomotives,
Casey Jones, that's a goin' to bump;
Casey Jones, two locomotives,
There's two locomotives that's a goin' to bump.

(Continued on next page)

Casey Jones—Continued

4.

Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more roads that I'd like to ride."
The fireman said, "What could that be?"
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a sigh'n',
Just received a message that Casey was dy'n',
Said "Go to bed, children, and hush your cry'n'
'Cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

CHORUS

Mrs. Casey Jones, got another papa,
Mrs. Casey Jones, on that Salt Lake Line;
Mrs. Casey Jones, got another papa,
And you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line.

Copyright MCMIX by Newton & Seibert. Copyright renewed. By permission
Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

16

Cindy

1.

You ought to see my Cindy, she lives away down South;
An' she's so sweet the honey bees swarm around her mouth.

CHORUS

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you sometime.

2.

I wish I was an apple a hangin' on the tree,
And ev'ry time that Cindy passed, she'd take a bite of me.

CHORUS

3.

She took me to the parlor, she cooled me with her fan,
She swore that I's the purtiest thing in the shape of mortal man.

CHORUS

4.

She told me that she loved me, she called me sugar plum,
She threwed 'er arms around me, I thought my time had come.

(Continued on next page)

Cindy—Continued

CHORUS

5.

Oh where did you git your liquor, Oh where'd you git your dram,
I got it from a lady away down in Rockin'ham.

CHORUS

6.

Cindy got religion, she had it once before,
When she heard my old banjo she 'uz the first 'un on the floor.

CHORUS

7.

I wish I had a needle as fine as I could sew,
I'd sew the girls to my coat tail, and down the road I'd go.

CHORUS

Copyright 1929 by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York. International copyright secured.

Colombo

17

1.

In fourteen-hundred ninety-two,
A Dago from Italy
Was roaming through the streets of Spain,
A-selling hot tamale.
He met the Queen of Spain and said,
"Just give me ships and cargo,
And hang me up until I'm dead,
If I don't bring back Chicago."

CHORUS

He knew the world was round-o, he knew it could be found-o,
That calculatin', navigatin', son-of-a-gun, Colombo.

2.

The Queen, she put her jewels in hock,
To get Colombo started;
She wept soft tears upon the dock,
When her hero departed.
Colombo sighed most pensively;

(Continued on next page)

Colombo—Continued

He looked quite dissipated
To leave the bars which fringed the dock
Was what Colombo hated.

CHORUS

3.

A boatswain's mate fell overboard,
The sharks did leap and frolic,
They ate him up with relish great,
But shortly died of colic.
The crew got tired and mutineed,
They drew their dirks and gatlings's,
Colombo took a marline-spike,
And chased 'em up the ratlines.

CHORUS

4.

Colombo had a one-eyed mate,
He loved him like a brother;
And every night till very late,
They shot craps with each other.
For forty days and forty nights,
They sailed the broad Atlantic,
And when they sighted Salvador,
The crew went well nigh frantic.

CHORUS

From The Book of Navy Songs. Used by permission Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Copyright 1926.

18 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

1.

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view

(Continued on next page)

Columbia the Gem of the Ocean—*Continued*

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue.
When borne by the red, white, and blue.
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

2.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm;
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS

The boast of the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

3.

The Star Spangled Banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

Crash On! Artillery

1.

Crash on with your guns, boys,
 Let ev'ry shell tell,
 Push on to the end, boys,
 Let your guns give 'em Hell!
 Go on and fight on forever,
 No matter where you may be;
 Stand pat for Uncle Sam,
 boys,
 And the Coast Artillery.

2.

Drink now to the flag, boys,
 Of the grand old C. A.;
 Here's how to the men who
 Will fight, come what may!
 And here's a toast to the gun-
 ners,
 Of each battery,
 Here's health to the Gen'ral,
 And the Coast Artillery.

Used by permission of the U. S. Coast Artillery Association. International
 copyright secured.

Dixie

1.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
 Old times dar am not forgotten,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
 In Dixie Land where I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin',
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
 In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
 To lib an' die in Dixie,
 Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!
 Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!

2.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter
 Makes you fat or a little fatter,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

1.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a gift divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

2.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And send'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Arms for the Love of America
(The Army Ordnance Song)

By Irving Berlin

1st VERSE

On land and on the sea and in the air,
We've got to be there!
We've got to be there!
America is sounding her alarms,
We've got to have arms!
We've got to have arms.

(Continued on next page)

Arms for the Love of America—Continued

1st CHORUS

Arms for the love of America—
They speak in a foreign land
With weapons in every hand.
Whatever they try,
We've got to reply
In language they understand.
Arms for the love of America
And for the love of every mother's son,
Who's depending on the work that must be done
By the man behind the man behind the gun.

2d VERSE

They're in the camps and in the training schools,
Now give them the tools,
They've got to have tools!
We called them from the factories and farms,
Now give them the arms,
They've got to have arms!

2d CHORUS

Arms for the love of America;
We've got to get in the race
And work at a lively pace.
They say over here,
We've nothing to fear,
But let's get ready just in case.
Arms for the love of America
And for the love of every mother's son.
Oh! the fight for freedom can be lost or won
By the man behind the man behind the gun.

Copyright 1941, Army Ordnance Association, Washington, D. C. All rights reserved including the right of public performance for profit. International copyright secured. Made in U. S. A.

For Her Lover Who Was Far Away

23

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the winter and the merry month of May;
When they asked her why the hell she wore it,
She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far away.

CHORUS

Far away! Far away!
Oh, she wore it for her lover who was far, far away.
Far away! Far away!
Oh, she wore it for her lover who was far, far away.

Copyright 1917 by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y.

For Sev'n Long Years

24

1.

For sev'n long years I've courted Nancy,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river.
For sev'n long years I've courted Nancy,
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

2.

She would not have me for her lover,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river.
She would not have me for her lover.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

3.

Because I was a Cavalry soldier,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river.
Because I was a Cavalry soldier.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

For Sev'n Long Years—*Continued*

4.

A'drinking rum and chawing terbacker,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river.
A'drinking rum and chawing terbacker.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

5.

And then she went to Kansas City,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river.
And then she went to Kansas City,
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

6.

She must have had another lover,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river.
She must have had another lover.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

25

God Bless America

God bless America, land that I love;
Stand beside her and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above;
From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam;
God bless America, my home sweet home.

Copyright 1939 by Irving Berlin, Inc. Used by permission.

1.

God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendour through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

2.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
All glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

Good Night, Ladies!

Good-night, Ladies!
Good-night, Ladies!
Good-night, Ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along,
Roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Home, Boys, Home!

1.

Man, born of woman, was a sailor for to be,
 He's born to degradation in ev'ry degree,
 Of guard mounts and gun drills he never has his ease,
 He has so many masters that he don't know whom to please.

CHORUS

Home, boys, home, it's home we ought to be,
 Home, boys, home, in God's country!
 The ash and the oak and the weeping willow tree,
 Oh, we're strong for the Navy, but it's home we ought to be!

2.

Go to the Captain if you want to get away,
 Off on leave for a month, or a day;
 Write out your request, he'll sign it if he can—
 You can go away and not come back, he doesn't give a d.....!

CHORUS

3.

Go to the Executive if you want to get a boat,
 To visit some friends on some other ship afloat;
 He gives you the wherry, you can pull it like a man—
 You can take a boat and drown yourself, he doesn't give a d.....!

CHORUS

4.

Go to the Chief if you want to get some speed;
 He shuts down the shower bath and turns it into feed.
 You ring up three turns faster, and the ship ahead you ram—
 The Chief he gave you twenty, and he doesn't give a d.....!

CHORUS

5.

Go to the First Lieutenant if you want a piece of wood,
 A keg of nails, or steamer; and be it understood,
 Each one you see has a different little plan—
 It's down on the card index, he doesn't give a d.....!

CHORUS

From Legion Airs, copyright 1932 by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used
 by permission.

The Infantry

28

The Infantry, the Infantry with dirt behind their ears,
The Infantry, the Infantry, they drink up all the beers,
The Cavalry, Artillery, and Corps of Engineers,
They couldn't lick the Infantry in a hundred thousand years.

A Home on the Range

29

1.

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

REFRAIN

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

REFRAIN

3.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

REFRAIN

Words first recorded in 1908 in San Antonio, Tex., and published 1910 in *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*. Used by permission John A. Lomax.

Honey Dat I Love So Well

Honey! Honey! bless yo' heart,
 Oh, honey dat I love so well;
 I done been true, ma gal, to you,
 Ma honey dat I love so well.

Copyright MDCCCXCVIII by M. Witmark & Sons. Copyright renewed.

I'll Tell You Where They Were

1.

If you want to know where the Privates were,
 I'll tell you where they were,
 I'll tell you where they were,
 Yes, I'll tell you where they were;
 Oh, if you want to know where the Privates were,
 I'll tell you where they were;
 Up to their necks in mud.

[*Spoken*] How do you know?

CHORUS

I saw them! I saw them!
 Up to their necks in mud, I saw them,
 Up to their necks in mud.

2.

If you want to know where the Corporals were,
 I'll tell you where they were,
 I'll tell you where they were,
 Yes, I'll tell you where they were;
 Oh, if you want to know where the Corporals were,
 I'll tell you where they were;
 Cutting up the old barbed wire!

[*Spoken*] How do you know?

CHORUS

I saw them! I saw them!
 Cutting up the old barbed wire, I saw them,
 Cutting up the old barbed wire.

(Continued on next page)

I'll Tell You Where They Were—Continued

3.

If you want to know where the Sergeants were,
Etc., etc.
Drinking up the Privates' rum,
Etc., etc.

CHORUS

4.

If you want to know where the Captains were,
Etc., etc.
~~Down in the deep dugouts,~~
Etc., etc.

CHORUS

5.

If you want to know where the Colonels were,
Etc., etc.
Way behind the lines,
Etc., etc.

CHORUS

6.

If you want to know where the Generals were,
Etc., etc.
Back in gay Paree,
Etc., etc.

CHORUS

The Infantry

Hike, all you Doughboys, pass in review,
 Hike, for the Nation depends on you;
 Come, sling your load again,
 Come, take the road again;
 Tramp, tramp, tramping down the broad highway.
 Hike, show your speed and "Fall In," let's go;
 Hike, take the lead and mop up the foe;
 Monarchs we are today of all that we may survey,
 The Kings of the broad highway!
 Then hail to the Kings of the Highway
 When the backbone of the Army's moving out,
 And it's "Forward into line."
 The Doughboy fighting line,
 And hike to put the enemy to rout;
 Oh, the dashing, flashing, smashing, snarling Doughboys,
 Who for pacifism never give a damn;
 They hike as the Kings of the Highway
 And fight like the sons of Uncle Sam.

Copyright 1937. Used by permission Brig. Gen. R. J. Burt, U. S. A., Ret., and S. A. Dapp, copyright owners.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's a long way to go;
 It's a long way to Tipperary
 To the sweetest girl I know!
 Good-bye, Piccadilly;
 Farewell, Leicester Square;
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
 But my heart's right there!

Copyright 1912 by B. Feldman & Co.

I've been workin' on de railroad
All de livelong day; (Livelong day)
I've been workin' on de railroad
To pass de time away; (De time away)
Doan' yo' hyar de whistle blowin'?
Rise up so early in de mawn;
Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shoutin':
Dinah, blow yo' hawn!

Juanita

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.
Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

K-K-K-Katy

K-K-K-Katy,
Beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

Copyright 1918 by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y. International copyright secured. Used by permission.

[Parodies of the chorus of "K-K-K-Katy"]

1.

K-K-K-K. P.,
Dirty old K. P.,
That's the only Army job that I abhor;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the guardhouse,
I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

(Continued on next page)

[Parodies of the chorus of "K-K-K-Katy"—Continued]

2.

C-c-c-cootie,
Horrible cootie,
You're the only b-b-b-bug that I abhor;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the bunkhouse,
I will scratch my b-b-b-back until it's sore.

37

The Last Round-Up

1.

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.
Gonna saddle Old Paint for the last time and ride.
So long, old pal, it's time your tears were dried.
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.
Git along, little dogie, git along, git along,
Git along, little dogie, git along.
Git along, little dogie, git along, git along,
Git along, little dogie, git along.
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.
To the far away ranch of the Boss in the sky,
Where the strays are counted and branded there go I.
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.

2.

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.
There'll be Buffalo Bill with his long snow white hair,
There'll be old Kit Carson and Custer waiting there
A-ridin' in the Last Round-Up.
Git along, little dogie, git along, git along,
Git along, little dogie, git along.
Git along, little dogie, git along, git along,
Git along, little dogie, git along.
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.
Gonna follow the trail to the range that's always green,
Where the water's plenty and the calves are never lean;
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart

38

Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper that you love me, too.
Keep the lovelight glowing in your eyes so true.
Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

Copyright MCMX by Leo Friedman. Copyright renewed. By permission Paul-Pioneer Music Corporation and Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

The Man on the Flying Trapeze

39

1.

Oh, once I was happy but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tatter'd and torn,
Left on this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betray'd by a maid in her teens.
This maid that I loved, she was handsome;
I tried all I knew, her to please,
But I never could please her one quarter so well
As the man on the flying trapeze.

CHORUS

Oh, he floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze,
His actions are graceful, all girls he could please,
And my love he purloin'd away.

2.

This man by name was Signor Von Slum,
Tall, big, and handsome, as well made as Chum;
Whene'er he appeared, the halls loudly rang
With cheers from the people there.
He looked from the bar on the people below
And then he looked at my love;
She smiled back at him and shouted: "Bravo!"
As he hung by his ear from above.

(Continued on next page)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze—*Continued*

CHORUS

3.

I once went to see if my love was at home.
I found there her father and her mother alone;
When I asked for my duck they soon made it known
That she had bolted away;
She packed up her box and eloped that night
With him with the greatest of ease;
He lowered her down from a two pair back
To the ground with his flying trapeze.

CHORUS

4.

One night I went out to a popular hall,
Was greatly surprised to see on the wall
A bill in large letters which did my heart pall
To see that she was playing with him;
He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights
To swing with the greatest ease.
He made her assume a masculine name
And now she floats on the trapeze.

LAST CHORUS

Oh, she floats through the air with the greatest of ease;
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze.
She does all the work while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love.

1.

From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marine.

2.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun.
We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.
In the snow of far off Northern lands
And in sunny Tropic scenes
You will find us always on the job—
The United States Marines.

3.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve.
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines.

41 The Minstrels Sing of an English King

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English king of many years ago;
Oh, he ruled his land with an iron hand, but his mind was weak
and low.

He loved to chase the bounding stag throughout the royal wood,
But his favorite occupation was pulling something good.

From "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

~~42~~ ~~The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga~~

Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga,
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga,
Oh, the monkeys have no tails,
They were chewed off by the whales,
So the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga.

Oh, the carabao has no hair in Mindanao,
Oh, the carabao has no hair in Mindanao,
Oh, the carabao has no hair—
Holy smoke! But he is bare!
So the carabao has no hair in Mindanao.

Oh, we won't go back to Subic any more,
Oh, we won't go back to Subic any more,
Oh, we won't go back to Subic—
The mosquitoes there are too big—
So we won't go back to Subic any more.

From "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

1.

Stand up! Stand up! Attention!
You red-leg mountaineers.
With your gun and your pack
And your box of tack,
Noncoms and cannoneers.
Baptized in Mindanao
Beside the Sulu Sea
With a tow and a tow
And a tow row row
From the mountain battery
With a tow and a tow
And a tow row row
From the mountain battery.

2.

For when we are commanded
To open up the ball
We slap our guns together
And beside them stand or fall.
To right and left before us
Our shrapnel bursts we see
With a tow and a tow
And a tow row row
From the mountain battery.
With a tow and a tow
And a tow row row
From the mountain battery.

3.

I'd rather be a soldier
With a mule and mountain gun
Than knight of old with spurs of gold
Or Roman, Greek, or Hun.
For when there's trouble brewing
They always send for me
To start the fun

(Continued on next page)

The Mountain Battery—Continued

With a mountain gun
From the mountain battery.
To start the fun
With a mountain gun
From the mountain battery.

4.

Here's to pack and aparejo,
To cradle, gun, and trail,
And that damned old fool, the artillery mule,
Who ne'er was known to fail.
Then fill your glasses, fellows,
And drink this toast with me—
Here's a how and a how
And a how, how, how
To the mountain battery.
Here's a how and a how
And a how, how, how
To the mountain battery.

From "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

44

My Buddy

1.

Life is a book that we study,
Some of its leaves bring a sigh,
There it was written, my Buddy,
That we must part, you and I.

CHORUS

Nights are long since you went away,
I think about you all thru the day,
My Buddy, my Buddy;
No Buddy quite so true,
Miss your voice, the touch of your hand,
Just long to know that you understand,
My Buddy, my Buddy;
Your Buddy misses you.

(Continued on next page)

My Buddy—Continued

2.

Buddies thru all of the gay days,
Buddies when something went wrong,
I wait alone thru the gray days,
Missing your smile and your song.

CHORUS

Copyright MCMXXII by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

My Wild Irish Rose

45

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere,
But none can compare
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose,
The dearest flow'r that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

Copyright MDCCCXCIX by M. Witmark & Sons. Copyright renewed.

[Parody]

My wild eyed cadet,
He ain't learned nothing yet,
He noses her down
When close to the ground,
My wild eyed cadet;
He slips in his banks,
If he lives we'll all give thanks.
I hear drums beating low
And men marching slow
Behind my wild eyed cadet.

The New River Train

1.

O baby, remember what you said,
O baby, remember what you said,
Remember what you said,
You would rather see me dead
Than riding on that New River Train.

2.

O baby, you can't love two,
O baby, you can't love two,
You can't love two
The way I love you,
O baby, you can't love two.

3.

O baby, you can't love three,
O baby, you can't love three,
You can't love three and
Get along with me,
O baby, you can't love three.

4.

O baby, you can't love four,
O baby, you can't love four,
You can't love four and
Have a key to my front door,
O baby, you can't love four.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Glory Hallelujah!

1.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down;
Oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the groun';
Oh, yes, Lord!
Nobody knows, etc.

2.

Although you see me goin' long so;
Oh, yes, Lord!
I have my troubles here below;
Oh, yes, Lord!
Nobody knows, etc.

3.

What makes old Satan hate me so?
Oh, yes, Lord!
'Cause he got me once an' let me go;
Oh, yes, Lord!
Nobody knows, etc.

Oh! Susanna

I came to Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night de day I left, de weather it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

From "Let's Sing," copyright 1933 by Amsco Music Publishing Co., Inc. Used by permission.

The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used To Be

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be;
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.
Many long years ago, Many long years ago,
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

From "The American Songbag," compiled by Carl Sandburg; copyright 1927.
Used by permission Harcourt, Brace & Co., publishers.

Old Joe Clark

1.

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son,
Preached all over the plain.
The highest text he ever took
Was high, low, Jack, an' the game.

CHORUS

Round an' around, Old Joe Clark,
Round an' around we're gone.
Round an' around, Old Joe Clark,
An' bye-bye Lucy Long.

2.

There was a house in Baltimore,
Sixteen stories high,
An' every story in that house
Was full of chicken pie.

CHORUS

3.

I went down to see my gal,
She met me at the door,
Shoes and stockin's in her hand
An' her feet all over the floor.

CHORUS

Old King Cole
(Fighting Infantry)

1.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his privates three.

CHORUS

"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

2.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his corporals three.

CHORUS

"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

3.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his sergeants three.

CHORUS

"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;

(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole—Continued

"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

4.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his shavetails three.

CHORUS

"We do all the work," said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

5.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his captains three.

CHORUS

"We want ten days' leave," said the captains;
"We do all the work," said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole—Continued

6.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his majors three.

CHORUS

"Where're my boots and spurs?" said the majors;
"We want ten days' leave," said the captains;
"We do all the work," said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

7.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his colonels three.

CHORUS

"What's my next command?" said the colonels;
"Where're my boots and spurs?" said the majors;
"We want ten days' leave," said the captains;
"We do all the work," said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole—Continued

8.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his generals three.

CHORUS

"The Army's gone to hell," said the generals;
"What's my next command?" said the colonels;
"Where're my boots and spurs?" said the majors;
"We want ten days' leave," said the captains;
"We do all the work," said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one," said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry."

From "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

52

The Old Plantation

(Kuu Home)

1.

Old plantation, how I love you;
'Neath your trees I seem to roam;
My heart yearns just to return
To my old plantation home.

2.

Old plantation nani oe,
Home pume hana i kea lo ha,
I ka o lu o ka niu
I ka poli oke ona ona.

Copyright 1906, Miller Music, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used by permission.

On, Brave Old Army Team

53

The Army team's the pride and dream of ev'ry heart in gray.
The Army line you'll ever find a terror in the fray.
And when the team is fighting for the Black and Gray and Gold,
We're always near with song and cheer and this is the tale we're told.

The Army team [whistle] Rah! Rah! Rah! Boom!

CHORUS

On, brave old Army team!
On to the fray.
Fight on to Victory
For that's the fearless Army way.

Copyright MCMXI by Carl Fischer. Copyright renewed. By permission Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag 54

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So, pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

Copyright 1915 by Francis, Day & Hunter.

[Parody]

Wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch.
Don't stop a second—if you do, by heck,
Your troubles start to hatch.
What's the use of sulphur salve?
It never was worth much;
So wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch.

Parody words from "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

Pop! Goes the Weasel

All around the cobbler's bench,
 The monkey chased the weasel;
 The monkey tho't 'twas all in fun,
 Pop! goes the weasel.
 I've no time to wait or sigh,
 No patience to wait till by and by;
 Kiss me quick, I'm off, good-bye!
 Pop! goes the weasel.

The Raw Recruit

1.

I ain't been long in this yere Army,
 I'm what they call a raw recruit,
 Guess I'll stay, it's better than farmin',
 Get three meals and pay to boot.

2.

The very first thing in the morning,
 Fellow with a horn makes an awful noise,
 Then that guy they call first sergeant
 Says, "Get up an' turn out, boys."

3.

Then you go down to the stables
 With your brush and currycomb.
 There you groom as long as you're able,
 Cease grooming, fall in, march back home.

4.

Then you go down to the bathhouse,
 Place like that I never saw before.
 Water runs in through a hole in the ceiling,
 Runs right out through a hole in the floor.

(Continued on next page)

The Raw Recruit—Continued

5.

They tried to learn me a soldier lesson,
Marched me up and turned me around.
Give me a gun an' I put it on my shoulder,
One, two, three, an' I put it on the ground.

6.

They put your name on a piece of paper,
Fellow over there gives you your pay.
Take it to the squad room, put it on a blanket,
Fellow yells "CRAPS!" an' takes it all away.

7.

Then they try to talk by signals,
Fellow waves a flag to one far away.
Just one thing I'm tryin' to get over—
How he knows what he's tryin' to say.

8.

Then if you should get your leg broke,
Doctor won't charge you one red cent.
"C. C." pills is all you need—
Your leg ain't broke—just badly bent.

From "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929, and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

Red River Valley

1.

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway awhile.

REFRAIN

Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl that has loved you so true.

2.

For a long time I have been waiting
For those dear words you never would say,
But at last all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

REFRAIN

3.

From this valley they say you are going;
When you go, may your darling go too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected
When she loves no other but you?

REFRAIN

From "The American Songbag," compiled by Carl Sandburg; copyright 1927.
Used by permission Harcourt, Brace, & Co., publishers.

1.

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes.

2.

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.

3.

Oh, we'll all go to meet her when she comes,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her when she comes,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her when she comes.

4.

Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes,
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes,
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster,
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster,
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes.

From "Let's Sing," copyright 1933 by Amsco Music Publishing Co., Inc. Used by permission.

59

Slum and Gravy

Sons of slum and gravy, will you let the Navy
Take from us the victory?
Hear a warriors' chorus, sweep that line before us,
Carry on to victory!
Onward! Onward! Charge against the foe!
Forward! Forward the Army banners go!
Sons of Mars and Thunder, rip that line asunder,
Carry on to victory!

59

Sons of Randolph

Sons of Randolph soaring with your motors roaring,
Challenge fate with mockery.
Through the heavens hurling, streaming comets swirling,
Starward fling your courses free.
Upward! Upward! Rout the mighty Thor!
Onward! Onward! You power birds of war!
Down the wind's blaspheming dive, your engines screaming,
Ride the wings of destiny!

60

Smiles

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Copyright MCMXVII by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

1.

In the time of war, no matter where you are,
There you'll find the Signal Corps!
When the long lines file weary mile by mile
They're the ones who are at the fore.
When there's big news coming and buzzers humming
When Springfields rattle and the big guns roar,
With a flash and flare, over land and air,
Comes the word: that's the Signal Corps.

2.

In the time of peace, our duties never cease,
There is drill and work to spare.
In the field we go with our radio,
And we talk thru the empty air.
From our short wave stations, we call the nations,
From Greenland's mountains to the South Sea shore.
Ev'ry day we say, we're in the Corps to stay.
"See the world with the Signal Corps."

3.

When the doughboys hike on the hard turnpike,
We'll be there to show the way;
When the big guns roll toward their far-off goal
We will follow them, day by day;
If you take a notion to cross the ocean,
We're there with radio on sea and shore,
For the sun can't set on our short wave net!
That's the boast of the Signal Corps!

A Stein Song

1.

Give a rouse, then in the Maytime
 For a life that knows no fear!
 Turn nighttime into daytime
 With the sunlight of good cheer,
 For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear;
 For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear;

2.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty
 When the spring is in the air;
 And we've faith and hope aplenty,
 And we've life and love to spare;
 And it's birds of a feather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table and a heart without a care;
 And it's birds of a feather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

3.

For we know the world is glorious,
 And the goal a golden thing,
 And that God is not censorious
 When His children have their fling;
 And life slips its tether
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring,
 Then life slips it's tether
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

Copyright 1930, publication of Oliver Ditson Co. Used by permission.

1.

I'm a young disbursing officer,
I'm working night and day.
Ev'rybody's shouting
"When do we get our pay?"
I wired the Chief of Finance,
"From work I'm almost dead."
The wire did no good at all,
For this is what he said:

CHORUS

Pay those lads! Pay those lads!
Don't you know it's up to you
To pay those soldiers P. D. Q.?
Pay those lads! Pay those lads!
Pay 'em! Pay 'em! Pay 'em! Pay 'em!
Pay those lads.

2.

The Regulars were pretty bad,
The C. C. C.'s were worse,
But the See-Lectees and National Guard
Surely make me curse!
I try and try to sleep at night,
But toss upon my bed,
For what the General said to me
Keeps ringing thru my head.

CHORUS

There's a Long, Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 When 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.

Copyright MCMXIV by M. Witmark & Sons.

[1917 PARODY (Contributed by Bernard J. Murray.)]

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
 Into the sole of my shoe,
 And it digs a little deeper
 Every mile or two;
 But there's one sweet day a-coming,
 A day I'm dreaming about,
 The day when I can sit me down
 And pull that darn nail out.

[1917 PARODY (from Camp Taylor Field Artillery Camp.)]

There's a long, long trace a-winding
 Around the hocks of my team,
 And the martingale is twisted
 Round the off brake beam.
 I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
 I've got the crupper round his neck;
 It's all so darned peculiar,
 But we'll get there yet, by heck!

Parody words from "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph, copyright 1929,
 and used by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., publishers.

1.
Paddy Mack drove a hack
Up and down Broadway,
Pat had one expression
And he'd use it ev'ry day;
Any time he'd grab a fare,
To take them for a ride,
Paddy jumped upon the seat,
Cracked his whip, and cried:

CHORUS

"Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?"
Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier.
When Pat would spy a pretty girl,
He'd whisper in her ear,
"Oh, joy! Oh, boy! Where do we go from here?"

2.
One fine day, on Broadway,
Pat was driving fast,
When the street was blown to pieces
By a subway blast;
Down the hole poor Paddy went,
A'thinkin' of his past,
Then he says, says he,
"I think these words will be my last:"

CHORUS

3.
First of all, at the call,
When the war began,
Pat enlisted in the Army
As a fighting man;
When the drills began,
They'd walk a hundred miles a day,
Tho' the rest got tired,
Paddy always used to say:

CHORUS

Yankee Doodle

1.

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
 Along with Captain Good'n,
 And there we saw the men and boys
 As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
 Yankee Doodle dandy,
 Mind the music and the step,
 And with the girls be handy.

2.

And there we saw a thousand men,
 As rich as Squire David;
 And what they wasted ev'ry day,
 I wish it could be saved.

CHORUS

3.

And there was Captain Washington
 Upon a slapping stallion,
 A-giving orders to his men;
 I guess there was a million.

CHORUS

4.

I saw a little barrel, too,
 The head was made of leather;
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,
 And called the folks together.

CHORUS

(Continued on next page)

Yankee Doodle—Continued

5.

And there I saw a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

CHORUS

6.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

CHORUS

7.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

CHORUS

You're in the Army Now

67

You're in the Army now,
You're not behind the plow;
You'll never get rich
A-diggin' a ditch,
You're in the Army now.
You're in the Army now,
You're in the Army now,
You'll never get rich
On the salary which
You get in the Army now.

From "Legion Airs," copyright 1932 by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y. Used
by permission.

CONTENTS

<i>Number</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
1.	The Star-Spangled Banner.....	2
2.	Alma Mater.....	3
3.	Aloha Oe.....	3
4.	America.....	4
5.	America, the Beautiful.....	4
6.	Anchors Aweigh.....	5
7.	Army Air Corps, The.....	6
8.	Army Engineer, Song of the.....	7
9.	Auld Lang Syne.....	8
10.	Battle Hymn of the Republic.....	9
10.	Keep Them Rolling.....	10
11.	Boll Weevil Song.....	11
12.	Bombed.....	12
13.	Caissons Go Rolling Along, The.....	12
13.	Parody, Field Artillery Song.....	13
14.	Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.....	14
15.	Casey Jones.....	14
16.	Cindy.....	16
17.	Colombo.....	17
18.	Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.....	18
19.	Crash On! Artillery.....	20
20.	Dixie.....	20
21.	Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.....	21
22.	Arms for the Love of America (Army Ordnance Song).....	21
23.	For Her Lover Who Was Far Away.....	23
24.	For Sev'n Long Years.....	23
25.	God Bless America.....	24
26.	God of Our Fathers.....	25
27.	Good Night, Ladies.....	25
28.	Home, Boys, Home.....	26
29.	Home on the Range, A.....	27
30.	Honey Dat I Love So Well.....	28
31.	I'll Tell You Where They Were.....	28
32.	Infantry, The.....	30
33.	It's a Long Way to Tipperary.....	30

<i>Number</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
34.	I've Been Workin' on de Railroad.....	31
35.	Juanita.....	31
36.	K-K-K-Katy.....	31
37.	Last Round-Up, The.....	32
38.	Let Me Call You Sweetheart.....	33
39.	Man on the Flying Trapeze, The.....	33
40.	Marine's Hymn, The.....	35
41.	Minstrels Sing of an English King, The.....	36
42.	Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga, The.....	36
43.	Mountain Battery, The.....	37
44.	My Buddy.....	38
45.	My Wild Irish Rose.....	39
46.	New River Train, The.....	40
47.	Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.....	41
48.	Oh! Susanna.....	41
49.	Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used To Be, The.....	42
50.	Old Joe Clark.....	42
51.	Old King Cole (Fighting Infantry).....	43
52.	Old Plantation (Kuu Home), The.....	46
53.	On, Brave Old Army Team.....	47
54.	Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag.....	47
55.	Pop! Goes the Weasel.....	48
56.	Raw Recruit, The.....	48
57.	Red River Valley.....	50
58.	She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain.....	51
59.	Sons of Randolph.....	52
60.	Smiles.....	52
61.	Song of the Signal Corps.....	53
62.	Stein Song, A.....	54
63.	Tammany.....	55
64.	There's a Long, Long Trail.....	56
65.	Where Do We Go From Here?.....	57
66.	Yankee Doodle.....	58
67.	You're in the Army Now.....	59

The appearance of the above songs in a publication of the United States does not by reason of that fact authorize any use or appropriation of any material under copyright without the consent of the proprietor of that copyright.