AAFTC
Morale Singing Program
KEESLER FIELD SONG BOOK

Colonel ROBERT E. M. GOOLRICK
Commanding Officer
Keesler Field
Biloxi, Mississippi.

Lieutenant Colonel HARRY G. DOUGLASS,
Director of Band Training

2nd Lieutenant ALEXANDER M. SULLOWAY,
Post Morale Singing Officer

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FOREWORD

To the Men of Keesler Field:

This book was prepared with the thought in mind that "A Singing Army is a Winning Army!" Music has been a motivating force to winning armies down through the pages of history, and will continue to herald victories forever.

Nothing could be more pertinent or more appropriate to the foreword of such a book as this than the words of President Roosevelt himself: "The inspiration of great music can help inspire a fervor for the spiritual values of life and thus strengthen democracy against those forces which would subjugate and enthrall mankind. Because music knows no barriers of languages; because it recognizes no impediments to free intercommunication; because it speaks a universal tongue, music can make us all more vividly aware of that common humanity which is ours and which shall one day unite the nations of the world in one great brotherhood."

Songs of an inspiring nature have been included in this book as an aid to the men who come to and go from Keesler Field. Sing, men, as you march, work, and fly.

[Signature]
Colonel ROBERT E. M. GOOLRICK
Commanding Officer
Keesler Field, Mississippi
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THE ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

Verse:
Here's a toast to the host of those who
love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we will 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 who boast,
the Army Air Corps.

Chorus:
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; Hey!
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

REVEILLE

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I like to remain in bed.
But the hardest part of all
Is to hear the bugler call:
You gotta get up! You gotta get up!
You gotta get up this morning.

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler:
Some day they are going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his Reveille and step upon him heavily
And spend the rest of my life in bed.
BRITISH FLYERS' BALLAD
I've got six pence (6-4-2-0)
Jolly, jolly six pence
I've got six pence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to lend,
And tuppence to spend,
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife
No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm as happy as a king, believe me, as we go rolling,
rolling home.
Rolling home, (Rolling home)
Rolling home, (Rolling home)

By the light of the silvery mo-oo-oo-oon
Happy is the day when the Army gets it's pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

SPIRIT OF THE T.T.C.
We keep the guy in the sky a-shoot-in'
cause he needs what we've got, yes-sir-ee
And you're gosh-darn-toot-in' we'll keep him shootin'
That's the spirit of the T.T.C.
We give the guy in the sky all the glory he deserves
it from you and from me
He'll stay up there flyin' 'cause we'll keep tryin'
That's the spirit of the T.T.C.

Here's to the Techs of the Army Air Force
We're the feet of the men with the wings
Come on you Techs of the Army Air Force
Let's give 'em Hell! Let's give 'em stuff!
Let's give 'em things!
We swear a-gain to the men who are flyin'
And we vow to the powers that be.
We won't let you down men,
We'll go to town men ,
That's the spirit of the T.T.C.
COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER

Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer,
Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer,
Tho' ther's one motor gone,
We can still carry on,
Comin' in on a Wing and a Pray'r.
What a show, What a fight,
Yes we really hit our target for tonight;
Now we sing as we limp thru the air,
Look below, there's our field over there.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants, we have to obey,
Bless all the corp' rals who drill us all day,
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to the barracks they crawl;
No ice cream and cookies for flat-footed rookies,
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'Em All!

Bless 'Em all, Bless 'Em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless all the blondies and all the brunettes,
Each lad is happy to take what he gets
Cause we're giving the eye to them all,
The ones that attract or appall;
Maud, Maggie or Susie, you can't be too choosy,
When you're in camp, Bless 'em all!
Heavyweight, underweight, big or small,
When you're in camp, Bless 'em All!
INTO THE AIR, ARMY AIR FORCE

Into the air Army Air Force
Into the air pilots true
Into the air Army Air Force
Hold your nose up in the blue.
And when you hear the motors singing
And the steel props start to wind
You can bet the Army Air Force
Is along the fighting line
You can bet the Army Air Force
Is along the fighting line.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

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.

OVER THE SEA

Over the sea, let's go men
We're shovin' right off, We're shovin' right off again.
Nobody knows where or when
We're shovin' right off, We're shovin' right off again.
It may be Shanghai, Farewell and goodbye.
Sally and Sue, don't feel blue,
We'll just be gone for years and years and then
We're shovin' right off for home,
Shovin' right off for home,
Shovin' right off for home again.
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.

PARODY FIELD ARTILLERY SONG

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.

2nd Verse:
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.

3rd Verse:
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 truck with the pieces hooked on.
STOUT HEARTED MEN

Give me some men who are stout-hearted men
Who will fight for the right they adore.
Start me with ten who are stout-hearted men
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more.
Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder
They grow as they go to the fore.
Then, there's nothing in the world,
Can halt or mar a plan
When stout-hearted men can stick together man to man.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old Flag
You're a high flying flag
And forever, in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Every heart beats true, under RED, WHITE, and BLUE,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the GRAND OLD FLAG

THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES

This is the Army, Mister Jones
No private rooms or telephones.
You had your breakfast in bed before
But you won't have it there anymore.

This is the Army, Mister Green.
We like the barracks nice and clean,
You had a housemaid to clean your floor,
But she won't help you out anymore.

This is the Army, Mister Brown.
You and your baby went to town.
She had you worried, but this is war,
And she won't worry you anymore.
JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLE

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along.
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.
Oh, Lillie Belle, Oh, Lillie Belle,
Though I may have done some foolin'
This is why I never fell,
I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along.

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along.
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.
Oh, Mary Ann! Oh, Mary Ann,
Though we done some moonlight walkin'
This is why I up and ran,
I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along.

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along.
And they sing, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.
Oh, Sally Jane! Oh, Sally Jane,
Though I'd love to stay forever,
This is why I can't remain,
I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along.
DIXIE

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:

THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde
And the band played on.
He'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored
And the band played on.
His brain was so loaded it nearly exploded
The poor girl would shake with alarm
He ne'er would leave the girl with the strawberry curls
And the band played on.
UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE

A cannibal king
With a big nose ring.
Made love to a Zulu maid.
And every night, in the pale moonlight
This is what he'd say:
"Ti-yi-yippee-yi,
Yippee, yippee, yippee, yi,
Ti-yi-yippee-yi!"
This is what he'd say:
"We'll build a bamboo bungalow for two,
Big enough for two my darling
Big enough for two.
And when we're married, happy we'll be,
Under the bamboo, Under the bamboo tree!
Boom, Boom, L-o-n-e, Boom!
Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom!
If you'll be M-I-N-E-mine
I'll be T-H-I-N-E-thine
And I'll L-O-V-E-love you
All the T-I-M-E-time
You are the B-E-S-T best
Of all the R-E-S-T-rest
And I'll L-O-V-E-love you all the T-I-M-E-time."
Rack 'em up, Stack 'em up any old time
Match in a gas tank——
Boom Boom!

SONG OF THE VAGABOND

Sons of toil and danger, will you serve a stranger
And bow down to Burgundy?
Sons of shame and sorrow, will you cheer tomorrow
For the Crown of Burgundy?
Onward—Onward—swords against the foe,
Forward—Forward—the lily banners go.
Sons of France around us, break the chains that
bound us,
And to HELL with Burgundy. 13
I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON DE RAILROAD
I've been workin' on de railroad
All de livelong day;
I've been workin' on de railroad
Just to pass 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!

Dinah, won't yo' blow:
Dinah, won't yo' blow
Dinah, won't yo' blow your ho-o-orn?
Dinah, won't yo' blow,
Dinah, won't yo' blow
Dinah, won't yo' horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen, I know-o-o-o
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strummin' on the old banjo, A-singing
Fee Fi Fiddlt-y-i-o; Fee Fi Fiddlt-y-i-o-o-o-o
Fee Fi Fiddlt-y-i-o;
Strummin' on the old banjo.

MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER
Marching along together
No one's gonna stop us now.
Marching Along Together
No one's gonna stop us now.
Rolling along the highway, sailing the sky and sea
Oh rum-ti-tiddle dee beat the drum, and hold on to your lids
Oh rum-ti-tiddle dee here we come. the Yankee Doodle Kids,
Marching along together
Altogether to victory.
THE RANGER'S SONG

We're all pals together, Comrades,
Birds of a feather.
Rootin' pals, tootin' pals, scootin' pals,
  shootin' pals
In rain or sunshine, Pals!
Say there brother,
Pull for each other,
When you roll your own,
You're not alone for when you belong
  to the Lone Star Rangers man to man.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I held you in my arms.
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,
And I hung my head and cried:

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray,
You'll never know, dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

YOU WAIT 'TIL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE

Wait 'til the sun shines Nellie,
And the clouds go drifting by.
We will be happy Nellie
Don't you cry, (my darling)
Down lovers' lane we'll wander
Sweethearts, you and I.
So won't you wait 'til the sun shines Nellie,
Bye and bye
THE G. I. SONG

1st Verse:
The coffee that they give you,
They say is mighty fine,
It's good for cuts and bruises
And tastes like iodine.

2nd Verse:
The pancakes that they give you
They say are mighty fine
One fell off the table
And killed a pal of mine.

3rd Verse:
The soup that they serve you
They say is mighty fine
A bowl fell off the table
And scalded ninety-nine.

4th Verse:
The chicken that they give you
They say is mighty fine
One fell off the table
And started marking time.

5th Verse:
The shoes that they issue
They say are mighty fine
You ask for number seven
They give you number nine

6th Verse:
Your wife comes to see you
They put you on K.P.
They put you on the clipper
A Helluva place to be,

(Continued on next page)
7th Verse:
The girls that they give you
They say are mighty fine
Some are over ninety
The others under nine.

CHORUS:
I don't want no more of Army life
Gee Mom, I wanta go home.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my regards to Broadway
Remember me to Herald Square
Tell all the gang at forty-second street
That I will soon be there
Whisper of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old time throng
Give my regards to Old Broadway
And tell them I'll be there, ere long.

ON THE BEAM

We're on the beam, sir, we're on the beam,
We're on the beam, sir, is what we mean.
Oh, the armed Air Force of our land is soaring,
And we're the boys who must keep them roaring.

On the beam, sir, we're on the beam,
We're on the beam, sir, is what we mean.
We repair their engines to keep them flying
And work like hell, sir, for we
Give our men the wings to fly
We give our all to them
To free the sky, to live or die,
Yes, you and I!
We're on the beam, sir, we're on the beam,
We're on the beam, sir, is what we mean.
There'll be joy and laughter
And peace hereafter.
We bring them in on the beam!
AIN'T GWINE STUDY WAR NO MORE

Gwine to lay down my burden
Down by the river side
Down by the river side
Down by the river side
Gwine to lay down my burden
Down by the river side,
Ain't gwine study war no more

CHORUS:

I ain't gwine study war no more
Ain't gwine study war no more
Ain't gwine study war no more.
I ain't gwine study war no more
Ain't gwine study war no more
Ain't gwine study war no more.

2nd Verse:
Gwine to lay down my sword and shield
Down by the river side
Down by the river side
Down by the river side
Gwine to lay down my sword and shield
Down by the river side,
Ain't gwine study war no more.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too
Keep the love light glowing
In your eyes so true;
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you

18
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me, Anyone else but me, Anyone else but me, NO, NO, NO!
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
'Til I come marching home.

Don't go walkin' down lover's lane with anyone else but me, Anyone else but me, Anyone else but me,
NO, NO, NO!
Don't go walkin' down lover's lane with anyone else but me,
'Til I come marching home.

I just got word from a guy who heard from the guy next door to me,
The girl he met just loves to pet and it fits you to a "T".

SO—
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me,
'Til I come marching home.

JOHNNIE DOUGHB0Y FOUND A ROSE IN IRELAND

Johnnie Doughboy found a rose in Ireland;
Sure the sweetest flower that Erin ever grew.
Sure the blarney in her talk
Took him back to old New York
Where his mother spoke the sweetest blarney too.
Johnnie Doughboy found a rose in Ireland
And she stole his heart with smiling eyes of blue.
He said, "Darling, it's my duty to make an American beauty
Of a sweet Irish rose like you."

19
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

1st Verse:
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition,
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition,
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition,
And we'll all be free!

2nd Verse:
Praise the Lord and swing into position,
Can't afford to be a politician,
Praise the Lord, we're all between perdition
And the deep blue sea.

Yes, the sky pilot said it,
You've got to give him credit for a son-of-a-gun
of a gunner was he,
Shouting: "Praise the Lord we're on a mighty mission!
All aboard! We're not a goin' fishin'
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition,
And we'll all stay free!

MY BUDDY

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.

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 cow shed
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.
A HOME ON THE RANGE

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.

2nd Verse:
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.

3rd Verse:
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.

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.
JOHNNY ZERO

The kids all called him Johnny Zero,
In school they always used to say,
"Johnny got a zero, Johnny got a zero,
Johnny got a zero today."
The kids all laughed at Johnny Zero
And they would tease him when they'd play.
"Johnny got a zero, Johnny got a zero,
Johnny got a zero today.
He couldn't concentrate on studies,
His mind was always in the sky.
When he grew up he left his buddies
And Johnny learned how to fly. (Ack-Ack sound)
Now they still call him Johnny Zero
And all the pilots proudly say,
"Johnny got a zero, he got another zero, hooray!"
Johnny Zero is a hero today.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East side, west side, All around the town;
The tots sang ring-a-Rosie
London Bridge is falling down.
Boys and girls together
Me and Mamie O'rorke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

SONG OF THE G. I. DUMMY

We'll take a leg from some old table
We'll take an arm from some old chair,
We'll take a neck from some old bottle,
And from a horse we'll take some hair.
We'll take some hair,
And then we'll put them all together with some
string and lots of glue,
And we'll get more lovin'
From a G.I. Dummy
Than we'll ever get from you.
RAGTIME COWBOY JOE

He always sings jazzy music to the cattle
As he swings back and forward in his saddle,
On a horse (pretty good horse)
With a syncopated gait,
And there is such a funny meter
To the roar of his repeater;
How they run (how they run)
When they hear this fellow's gun,
For the Western folks all know,
He's a high-falootin', shootin',
Son-of-a-gun from Arizona,
He's a ragtime cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy,
Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

Funiculi, Funicula

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I! And so do I!
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh; to pine and sigh;
But I, I love to spend my time in singing,

Some joyous song, some joyous song,
To set the air with music bravely ringing,
Is far from wrong, is far from wrong!

Listen, Listen echoes sound afar!
Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula!
Echoes sound afar, funiculi, funicula!
AMEN

Two faced woman and a jealous man  
Cause of all the trouble since the world began  
You can cook my taters and my gravy too  
But I draw the line when it comes to you.  
Shouting: Amen, Amen  
Hallelujah, Amen, Amen.

When I was a baby down in Tennessee  
My pappy took me on his knee.  
He says; "Son, all through your life  
People gonna stab you with a butcher knife."  
Shouting: Amen, Amen  
Hallelujah, Amen, Amen.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

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.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,  
I'm tired and I wanna go to bed,  
Oh I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
And it's gone right to my head.  
Wherever I may roam,  
O'er land or sea or foam,  
You can always hear me singin' this song,  
"Show Me the Way to Go Home."
ROUND HER NECK SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

1st Verse:
Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May—
HEY, HEY!
And when I asked her why the hell she wore it
She wore it for her lover who was far, far away.

2nd Verse:
Round her leg she wore a purple garter,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May—
HEY, HEY!
And when I asked her why the hell she wore it
She wore it for her lover who was far, far away.

3rd Verse:
Upon the shelf she kept a whiskey bottle,
She kept it in the springtime and in the month if May—
HEY, HEY!
And when I asked her why the hell she kept it
She kept it for her lover who was far, far away.

4th Verse:
Behind the door her father kept a shotgun
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May—
HEY, HEY!
And when I asked him why the hell he kept it,
He kept it for her lover who was far, far away.

CHORUS:
Far away, (Far away), Far away, (Far away)
She wore (or kept as the verse requires) it for her
lover who was far, far away!
VIVE LA COMPANIE

Let every good fellow now drink to his wife—
Vive la companie
The pride of his bosom, the joy of his life—
Vive la companie

CHORUS:
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour
Vive la companie.

2nd Verse:
Let every good fellow now pick up his gun—
Vive la companie
We'll fight this war until it is won.
Vive la companie.

3rd Verse:
Let every good fellow now join in this song—
Vive la companie
Success to each other and pass it along—
Vive la companie

4th Verse:
Let every good fellow now pick up his gun—
Vive la companie
We'll all shoot the Japs and we'll all have some fun
Vive la companie

5th Verse:
Let every good fellow now drink up a toast
Vive la companie
We'll drink to the country that we love the most
Vive la companie
ALOUETTE (Our Version)

1st Verse:
Alouet-te, gentile Alouet-te,
Alouet-te, je te plumera.
Je te plumerai (La Pass)
Je te plumerai (La Pass)
10 day pass—No more work, OH!

2nd Verse:
Alouette, gentile Alouet-te,
Alouet-te, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai (A Blond)
Je te plumerai (A Blond)
Pretty Blond—Red-head too
10 day pass—No more work, OH

3rd Verse:
Alouet-te, gentile Alouet-te
Alouet-te, Je te plumera.
Je te plumerai (la dough)
Je te plumerai (la dough)
Plenty dough—Barrels of Brew
10 day pass—No more work
Pretty Blond—Red head too, OOOOH!

4th Verse:
Alouet-te, gentile Alouet-te,
Alouet-te, Je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai (la Post)
Je te plumerai (la Post)
Open post—Open house,
10 day pass—No more work,
Pretty Blood—Red-head too,
Plenty dough—Barrels of Brew,
OOOOOH!
AMERICA
1st Verse:
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!

4th and Last Verse:
Our fathers 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!

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
Yankee Doodle do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,
Born on the Fourth of July.

I've a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle came to London
Just to ride the ponies;
I am that Yankee Doodle Boy
AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

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 brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!

2nd Verse:
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!

3rd Verse:
O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

4th Verse:
Oh beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!
AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

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, we're 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?

2nd Verse:

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-
poses,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
deep
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!

3rd Verse:

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!
CH'I LAI (Chee Lie)
(Favorite Marching Song of the Chinese Volunteers)

Arise! ye who refuse to be bond slaves!
With our very flesh and blood
Let us build our new Great Wall.
China's masses have met the day of danger,
Indignation fills the heart of all of our country men.

Arise! Arise! Arise!
Many hearts with one mind,
Brave the enemy's gunfire,
March on!
Brave the enemy's gunfire,
March on! March on! March on! On!

(Pronounce these words as you would in English and Chee Lie will come out in Chinese)

Chee lie! pu yuen tso nu lee dee djun mun!
Bah waugh mundee shueh djo,
Chu chen waugh munshin dee Chang Chuhn!
Chung-hwa minchu dow leow chewy way shien
dee shuhh-ho,
May ko djun pay buh cho fah chu chewy hodee
how shuhn!
Chee lie! Chee lie! Chee lie!
Waugh mun wan chung ee shin,
Mouw cho dee-djun-dee pow ho, Chien jing!
Mouw cho dee-djun-dee pow ho, Chien jing!
Chien jing! Chien jing! Jing!