WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

SONG BOOK

WAR DEPARTMENT • *1 AUGUST 1944*

FOREWORD . . .

When the first women of the Women's Army Corps reported to Fort Des Moines for duty, they inherited no tradition, no legacy of songs especially theirs.

In the space of one short year, however, from the ranks have come songs, our songs, some serious, some humorous, and some martial.

There have been many requests for more than just the words to these WAC songs, the requests for the music as well, and to fill this need, the WAC Song-Book is published.

"A singing Army is a happy Army", and we who are forming tradition are proud to present the Official Song-Book of the WAC.

This Book is for Distribution only to members of the Women's Army Corps and may not be sold.

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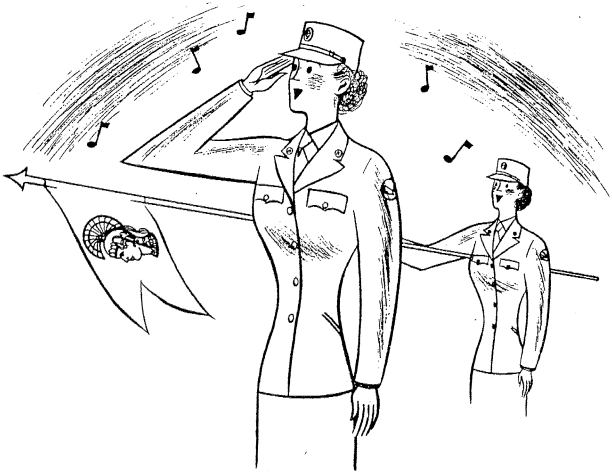

PATRIOTIC SONGS

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

1

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.

Oh, thus be it ever when free men 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!

2 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

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.

AMERICA

3

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.

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!

4

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

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 brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

2.

O 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!

SERVICE

Songs

5

ANCHORS AWEIGH

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.

2.

Stand Navy out to sea,
Fight our battle cry;
We'll never change our course,
So vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y!
Roll out the T.N.T.
Anchors Aweigh
Sail on to victory
And sink their bones to Davey Jones, hooray.

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THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

6

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.

Chorus

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

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6

THE K. P.'s ARE SCRUBBING AWAY

(*WAC Version*)

(*Tune: The Caissons Go Rolling Along*)

Over sinks, over pails,
With the Sergeant on our tails
All the K.P.'s are scrubbing away.
Shining pots, shining pans,
Cleaning out the garbage cans
All the K.P.'s are scrubbing away.

Chorus

Oh it's Hi! Hi! Hee! In the kitchen scullery
Sixteen long hours of the day
And where-e'er we go,
By the smell you'll know
That the K.P.'s are scrubbing away.
(Keep 'em scrubbing!)
That the K.P.'s are scrubbing away.

THE MARINES' HYMN

7

1.

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli;
We fight our country's battles
In the air on land and 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 unfurl'd to ev'ry breeze
From dawn to setting sun;
We have fought in ev'ry 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.

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8

THE 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!

2.

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!

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SEMPER PARATUS

9

So here's the Coast Guard Marching Song,
We sing on land or sea.
Through surf and storm and howling gale,
High shall our purpose be.
"Semper Paratus" is our guide,
Our fame, our glory, too,
To fight to save or fight and die!
Aye! Coast Guard, we are for you!

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W. A. C.

songs

and parodies

THE WAC IS A SOLDIER TOO

10

While you fight for us, we've a part we can play,
For the WAC is a soldier too.
We can type and file in the Army way,
For the WAC is a soldier too.
We can drive a truck, take our place in the mess,
We'll be here to see this through,
We'll replace you men while you fight at the front
For the WAC is a soldier too.
Pallas Athene, Goddess of Victory,
History tells her part in War,
And our own Statue of Liberty
Shows what we're fighting for.
Spread the news around that we're victory bound,
With our hearts we pledge anew
We'll replace you men while you fight at the front
For the WAC is a soldier too.

(Original Version)

All you soldier men, keep on fighting to win,
For the WAC is in back of you.
If a plane you fly, keep it flying high,
For the WAC is in back of you.
Spread the news around that we're victory bound
With our hearts we pledge anew,
That our flag shall wave o'er the home o' the brave,
And the WAC is in back of you.
Pallas Athene, Goddess of Victory,
History tells her part in War,
And our own Statue of Liberty
Shows what we're fighting for.
Spread the news around that we're victory bound,
With our hearts we pledge anew,
That our flag shall wave o'er the home o' the brave,
And the WAC is in back of you.

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YES, BY CRACKY

11

Yes, By Cracky, I'm a little WAC-y
I'm a little soldier girl,
I live in barracks, best you've ever seen,
March to mess, and always keep my shoes clean.
Yes, By Cracky, I'm a little WAC-y
I'm a little soldier girl.
I fall in! I fall out!
I fall asleep in class, no doubt—but
Yes, By Cracky, I'm a little WAC-y,
I'm a little soldier girl.

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THE FLAG OF FREEDOM

12

The Flag of Freedom goes before us,
Forward, march, into the fight we go!
We'll fight for peace and home and country,
We'll defend the way of life we know.
We can't lead the Armies or man the guns,
We can do the task we've begun!
We'll keep faith with the men who march before us,
Carry on, till the Vict'ry's won!

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13

A WAC'S DREAM AT RETREAT

When the bugle sounds "Retreat",
And the long, long day is done,
There are many things I dream of
As I stand there in the fading sun.
I want a peaceful sky, with birds on high
And church-bells ringing clear.
Someone to share my worldly care,
And say "I love you, dear!"
I want a world that's free for you and me,
Throughout the future years,
These are the dreams of a WAC
As she stands "Retreat",
And the sun and the twilight meet.

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MY MAN AND I

14

When he left me, I was lonely
Without my guy,
But now we both wear khaki
My Man and I.
Days were empty, nights were endless
Without that guy,
But now we both wear khaki,
My Man and I.
In this all-out Fight for Freedom
Here's a noble plan,
Find a place for ev'ry girl
As well as ev'ry man.
When we've earned our right to laughter
'Neath a peaceful sky,
Soldiers together, we'll be forever,
My Man and I.

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15

THE U. S. ARMY WAC

Have you heard of the girls of the Army
Who took the country by storm?
We belong to American Forces,
And we wear a smart uniform.
We're drilling and training and learning
To master the true Army way,
And take the place of the soldiers
Who are needed for the fray.

Chorus

At duty's call, we offered all,
We're the U. S. Army WAC.
Releasing men to fight and win
With a mightier attack.
We're in to stay until the day
Our boys bring the Victory back,
Among the brave, our banners wave
We're the U. S. Army WAC.

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G. I. BLUES

16

I've got those G.I. Blues
I'm tired, my feet hurt,
My arms ache, Oh Lordy above!
I've got those G.I. Blues,
Just lonesome blues,
I wish I had someone to love.
But with a camp full of women
I know I'll sing those G.I. Blues,
If I could only go where I choose
I'd want to be with my man
Be with him wherever I can;
But in a camp full of women
I know I'll sing those G.I. Blues,

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7 SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE ARMY

There's a sound of marching feet,
And my heart skips a beat,
Something New Has Been Added to the Army.
Right along with khaki shirts,
Comes the sight of khaki skirts,
Something New Has Been Added to the Army.
I used to hate K.P., but now it is such bliss
The Army life for me, it never was like this.
Forward March! Right about!
Hear those happy soldiers shout,
Something New Has Been Added to the Army.

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I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

(WAC Version)

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life.
I've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, no wife.

No cares have I to grieve me,
No silly little boys to deceive me.
I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
As we go rolling, rolling home.
Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-oon;
Happy is the day
When we line up for our pay
As we go rolling, rolling home.

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OH ME! OH MY! THAT AIN'T G. I.

Once her Mommie made her bed,
Cleaned her clothes and buttered her bread,
And her fav'rite dress was red
Oh me! Oh my! That ain't G.I.

Then she came to camp one day
Quickly learned the WAC-y way,
Underwear cafe au lait,
Oh me! Oh my! Strictly G.I.

Said the WAC to the new recruit,
"Hi-ya kid, you're sure a beaut! (Spoken)
Short hair won't make you so cute."
Oh me! Oh my! Gotta be G.I.

In the mess hall she now stands
Buried 'neath the pots and pans,
Getting pretty dishpan hands,
K.P. Oh my! Gotta Be G.I.

Hats and shoes and shirts don't fit
Girdle bunches when you sit,
Come on, rookie, you can't quit,
Just heave a sigh, and be G.I.

Typhoid shots may knock you out,
All day long you'll hear "Fall Out!"
Give with a grin and loudly shout,
"Oh me! Oh my! Gotta be G.I."

Winter, summer, spring or fall,
Should you try to end it all
You can't die until Sick Call.
You see, if you die, gotta die G.I.

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WAC'S PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

20

We pledge allegiance to the land we love,
And all we hold most dear.
Bequeathed to us by glories past
To cherish and revere.
We guard our precious heritage
With pride and valor true.
America, beloved land,
We pledge our faith anew.

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WE AIN'T GONNA GET NO GIGS NO MORE

1.

The Captain came in to squad room One,
A stocking showed that had a run.
(*Repeat verse 1, quick tempo*)

Chorus

We ain't gonna get no gigs no more,
We ain't gonna get no gigs no more,
We ain't gonna get no gigs no more,

2.

The Captain came in to squad room Two,
Someone forgot to tie her shoe.

3.

The Captain came in to squad room Three,
A wrinkled bed was there to see.

4.

The Captain came in to squad room Four,
She found some dirt behind the door.

5.

The Captain came in to squad room Five,
To look quite neat they all did strive.

6.

The Captain came in to squad room Six,
Discovered they had played some tricks.

7.

The Captain came in to squad room Sev'n,
Decided we wouldn't get to Heav'n.

8.

The Captain came in to squad room Eight,
And saw that we HAD LEARNED TO WAIT!

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

22

(*Tune: "Glow-Worm"*)

1.

At crack of dawn, we mop the porches,
Shine our shoes by light of torches,
Shave our necks for two-inch clearance
Still we're gigged for personal appearance.
Turn our sheets with a six-inch ruler,
Send our rings back to the jeweler,
We don't care, we'll show them how,
We're in the Army now.

2.

We don't care if it's ten below,
Cold gives our face a healthy glow,
We don't care if it rains or freezes,
We'll march along to the cadence of sneezes.
We'll stand Reveille scantilly clad,
Wearing cotton is the latest fad,
We don't care, we'll show them how,
We're in the Army now.

WHEN YOU SEE A GIRL IN KHAKI

(*Tune: "American Bandmen's March"*)

When you see a girl in khaki
Then you'll know she is a WAC-y,
Head high, marching like a vet-ran
Shouting with glee, two, three, four!
Fall in! Get there on the double,
Or you'll find yourself in trouble.
That's why they're giving all the stripes
To the —(our)— Company!

SALUTE TO THE WAC

24

(*Tune: "Notre Dame Victory March"*)

Cheer, cheer our women at war,
Pride of the nation, serving the Corps.
In the air, on sea or land,
Giving our soldiers a helping hand.
Serving through dangers great and small,
Fighters for freedom, honor them all.
Hail the Women's Army Corps
That's fighting for Victory!

5

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

(Tune: "Thanks For The Memory")

Thanks for the Memory
Of early morning stars
And friendly golden bars,
Of Reveille and bugle call
And changing of the guard.
Oh, thank you so much!
And Thanks for the Memory
Of parading on the Green
Where by Generals we were seen
Of column left, eyes right,
Forward March! The guide is right,
Oh, thank you so much!
Many's the time we'll remember
The fun and the work we have done,
From the day we arrived in September
Till peace has come, the war is won.
Oh, Thanks for the Memory
Of living on the Post,
With Uncle Sam as host
And officers who understood
The things we needed most
Oh, thank you so much!

THIS IS THE ARMY, MARY JONES

26

(Tune: Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones")

This is the Army, Mary Jones,
No private rooms or telephones;
You had your breakfast in bed before
But you won't have it there any more.
This is the Army, Susie Green,
We like the barracks nice and clean,
You had a housemaid to clean your floor,
But she won't help you out anymore.
Do what the buglers command
They're in the Army and not in a band.
This is the Army, Betty Brown,
You and your baby went to town,
He had you worried, but this is war
And he won't worry you anymore.

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7 WE'LL BE GOOD SOLDIERS

(*Tune: "The Man On The Flying Trapeze"*)

Once we were civilians, but now we are WACs,
Dressed in our khaki, discarding our slacks,
Marching, saluting, with pains in our backs,

And our loves they are far, far away.
We may miss a kiss in the evening,
We may miss our breakfast in bed,
We may miss the dates and the dances,
We know there's a hard job ahead, OH!!

We'll be good soldiers if it takes us years,
We'll stiffen our spines and we'll pin back our ears,
We'll flatten abdomens and tuck in our rears,
If that's what it takes to be WACs!

8 MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER

1.

Marching Along Together,
We're the Women's Army Corps,
Marching Along Together,
U. S. A. or foreign shore.

We are the Women's Army
For all the world to see,
We're khaki clad, and always glad
We're here to do our part,
Without a cannon, without a gun,
We're fighting with all our hearts.
Marching Along Together,
We're the Women's Army Corps!

2.

Marching Along Together,
No one's gonna stop us now,
Marching Along Together,
No one's gonna top 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
All together to victory.

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POPULAR *Favorites*

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

29

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in Spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the Angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they steal your heart away.

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SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

30

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon
Up in the sky,
I ain't had no lovin'
Since April, January, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time
To stay outdoors and spoon,
So shine on, shine on harvest moon
For me and my gal.

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31 NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

I'm nobody's sweetheart now,
They don't baby me somehow;
Fancy hose, silken gown,
I'd be out of place
In my own home town.
When I walk down the Avenue,
I just can't believe that it's true,
Painted lips, painted eyes,
Wearing a bird of Paradise.
It all seems wrong somehow
That I'm nobody's sweetheart now.

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32 SOME OF THESE DAYS

Some of these days you'll miss me, honey,
Some of these days you'll feel so lonely;
You'll miss my hugging, you'll miss my kissing,
You'll miss me, honey, when you're away.
I feel so lonely just for you only,
For you know, honey, you've had your way.
And when you leave me, you know 'twill grieve me;
I'll miss my little dad-dad-daddy,
Yes, some of these days.

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LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

33

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.

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songs of the
UNITED
NATIONS

WALTZING MATILDA

34

Chorus

Waltzing Matilda,[1] Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy[2] boiled.
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

Verse

Once a jolly swagman[3] camped by a billa-bong[4]
Under the shade of the Coolibah[5] tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

2nd Chorus

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag.
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

2nd Verse

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billa-bong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck[6] in his tucker[7] bag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!

[1] *Waltzing Matilda — carry one's pack*
[2] *billy — a tin can used as kettle*
[3] *swagman — a man hiking with pack*
[4] *billa-bong — water-hole in bed of river*
[5] *Coolibah — eucalyptus tree*
[6] *jumbuck — a sheep*
[7] *tucker — food*

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MEADOWLAND

35

(Pawlyooshko Pawlyeh)

1.

Onward, ride onward!
Men, onward over steppes and meadows
Over the fields of green and rolling plains
We fight together in our country's Army.

2.

So, smile though we're parting,
And bravely send us on our way now;
We will return to you as heroes all,
Remember it's our country that is calling.

3.

So farewell, my darling,
Goodbye until a new tomorrow
Hold back the tears and cheer us on our way,
We fight together in our country's Army.

(Phonetic Russian)

Paw-lyoosh-ko, paw-lyeh (dee)
Paw-lyoosh-ko zeh-lyo-no paw-lyeh
Yeh-doot (ee) paw-paw-lyoo geh-roy-ee
Ehch dah krahs-noy Ar-mee (yee) geh-roy-ee.

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CH'I LAI

(*Chee Lie*)

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!

(*Phonetic Chinese*)

Chee-Lie! Pu yuen tso no lee dee djun mun!
Bah waugh mun dee shueh djo,
Chu chen waugh mun shin dee chang chuhn!
Chung-hwa min-chu dow leow chewy way shien
dee shuhh ho,
May-ko-djun-pay buh cho fah chu chewy ho dee 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!

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BLESS 'EM ALL

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1.

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 good-bye 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!

2.

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 choosey,
When you're in camp, Bless 'em all!
Heavyweight, underweight, big or small,
When you're in camp, Bless 'Em All!

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