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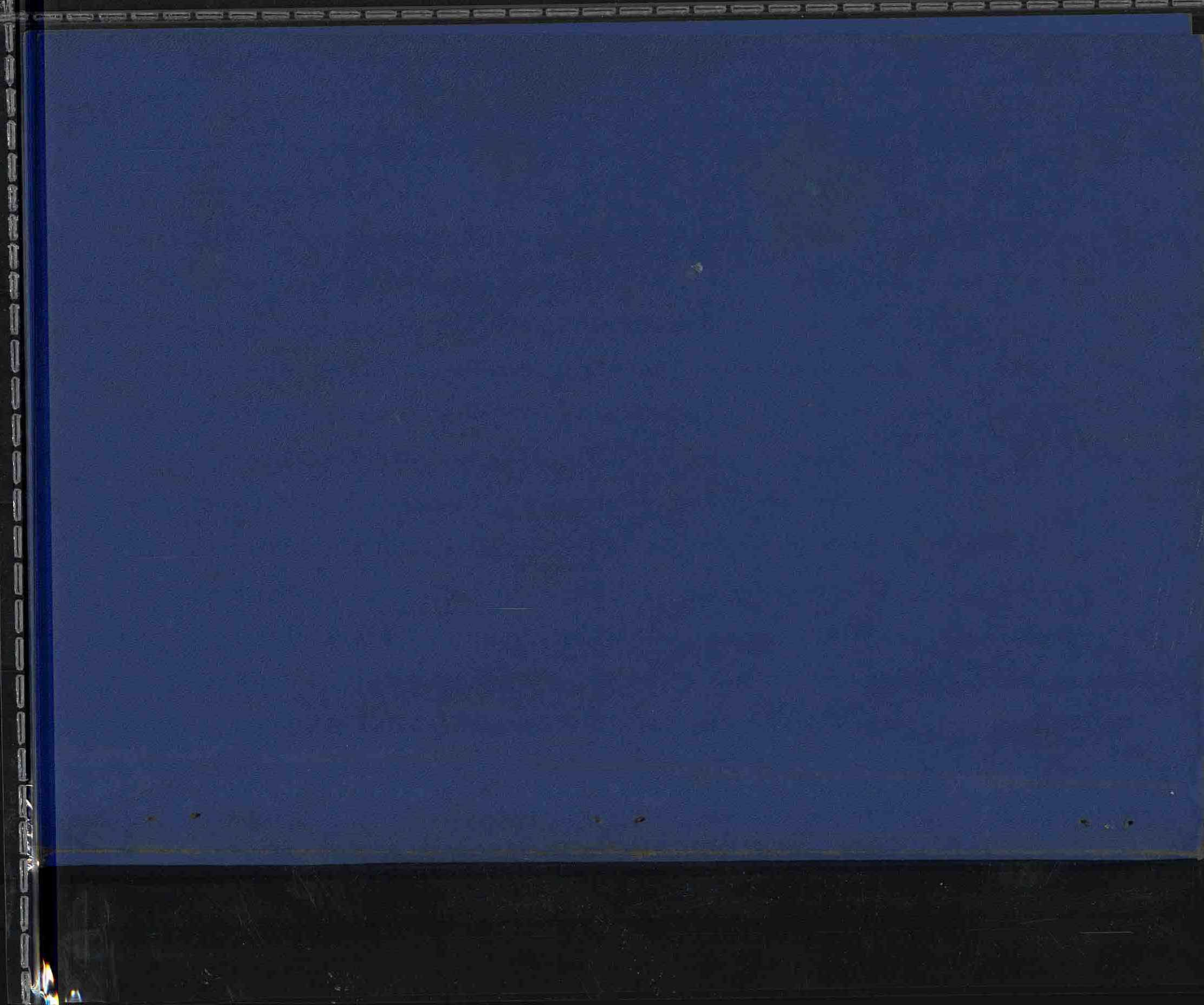
1943

RETURN TO

Air Force

Historical Research Center

Maxwell AFB, AL 36112



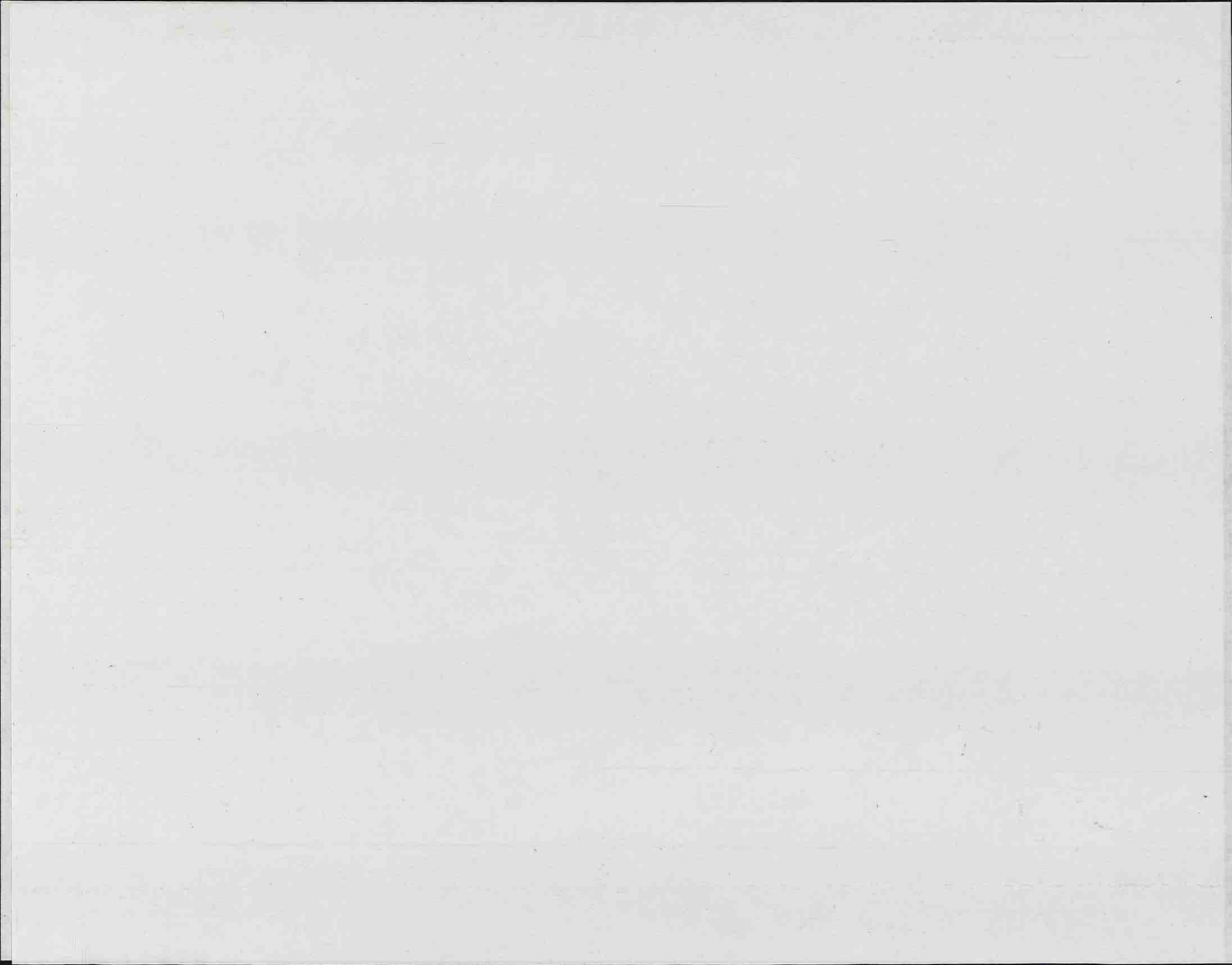
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1943

RETURN TO
Air Force
Historical Research Center
Maxwell AFB, AL 36112



Air Forces Airs



a/c Q. L. Neubert-12215756
Bombardier-Navigator Pool
Moody Field, Georgia
April 1, 1944.

Q/LP

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1943	HQ, USAFHRC
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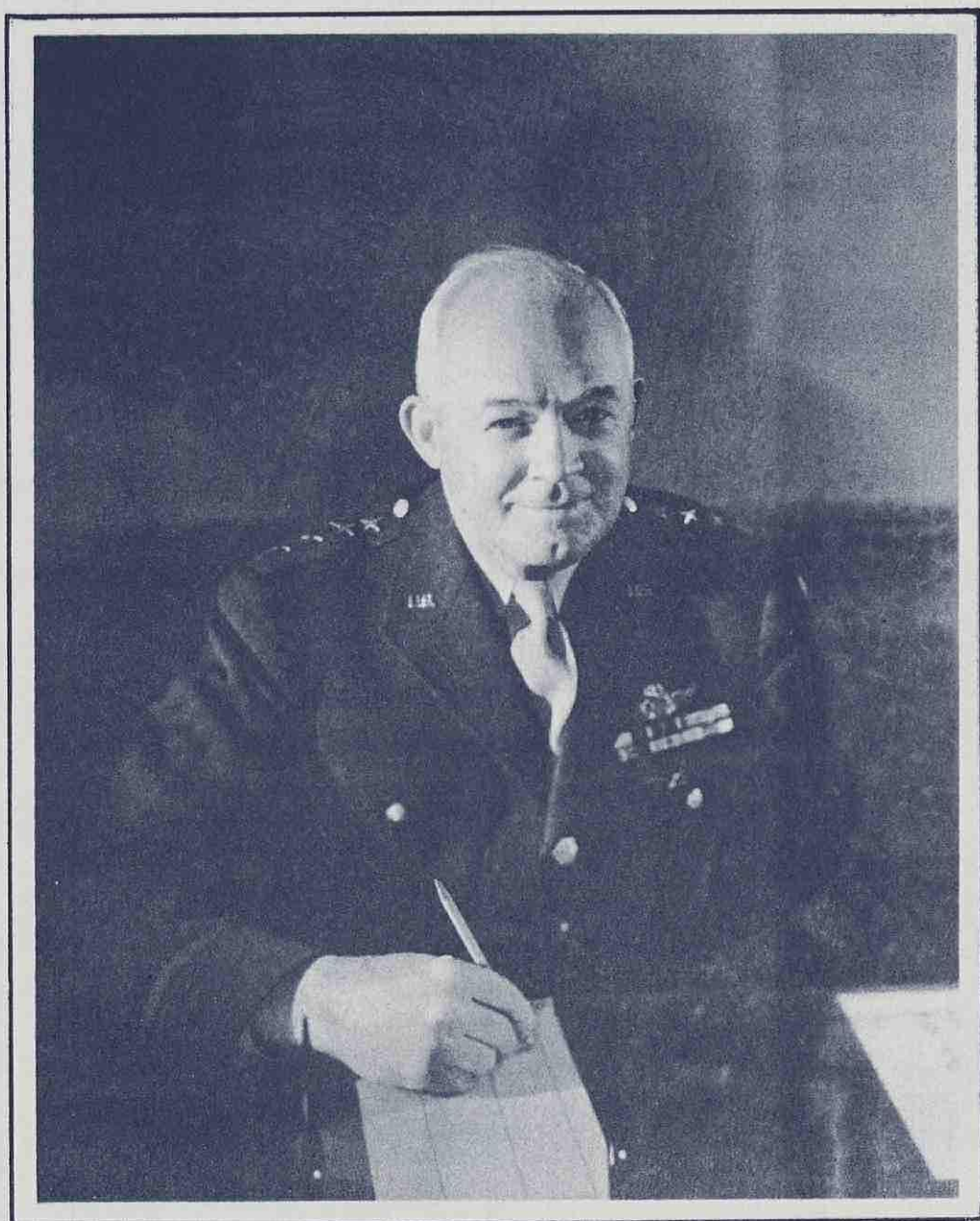


ESTABLISHED 1881



AIR FORCES AIRS

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These are the songs of the Army Air Forces. Some are sentimental and reverent; others humorous and pointless. They are as heterogeneous as the men who sing them, but they have one thing in common: all of them have sprung from the hearts of an untrammelled people who are free to sing as they choose, who have a song for everything—from the "Top-Kick" who gets them up at five-thirty, to the God whom they trust to see them victoriously through the war.

M.A.Y.

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WAR DEPARTMENT
COMMANDING GENERAL, ARMY AIR FORCES
WASHINGTON

All of us in the Air Forces, I know, are happy to have this first "Air Forces Airs" book. Some of the early songs of the Corps might have been forgotten if it had not been for this collection.

Our thanks are due those who have made a record of what airmen have been singing. It will bring back good memories to some of us, and provide for the others - the new young flyers - a lusty enjoyment.

My best wishes go with this book.


H. H. ARNOLD
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.



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HE TOLD 'EM

Air Forces soldiers at Miami Beach have become nationally famous for the way they sing at the top of their voices as they march through the streets. Recently, though, a few late-sleeping residents made written complaints about the way the singing was disturbing their slumber.

This is the answer they got from Col. Ralph M. Parker, commander of the Miami Beach Air Base:

"The singing will continue.

"**Moreover**—please arise at the first sound of military activity each morning and get down on your knees with all the members of your household who are disturbed thereby, and offer thanks to God Almighty, with me and all the rest of us, that those are American soldiers singing American songs, and not Germans or Japanese singing victory songs in American streets."

TUNE UKULELE

G C E A

TUNE GUITAR

G A D G B E

POPULAR SONGS

1922 - 1943



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Attributed to
JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

Moderato

1. Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's ear - ly

light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last

gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous

fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly

mf stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in

Chords: Bb, F, Gm, D7, Gm, C7, F, Bb, F, Bb, Bb, F, Gm, D7, Gm, C7, F, Bb, F, Bb, F

air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that Star Span - gled Ban - ner 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, O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
3. 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!

THE ARMY AIR CORPS

Arranged by
 MARY NOURSE BICHER
March time

Words and Music by
 ROBERT CRAWFORD

3. Off we go in to the wild blue yon-der, Keep the wings lev-el and
 true. If you'd live to be a gray haired won-der,
 Keep the nose out of the blue! Fly-ing men guard-ing the
 na-tions bor-der, We'll be there fol-lowed by more. In ech-e-lon we
 car-ry on, Noth-ing 'll stop the Air Corps now.

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 Air Corps now.

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!

L'ARMEE DE L'AIR CORPS

Paroles et musique de
ROBERT CRAWFORD
Traduction par Caro Baldwin

(FRENCH)

En avant—montant vers les nuages,
Arborant les trois couleurs.
Les voilà! Il leur faut du courage
Allons y, avec fureur!
Aviateurs, oiseaux de la revanche,
Aigles de la Liberté.
Nous approchons! Faites attention! (Hé!)
On n'arrête pas l'Armée de l'Air Corps!

(PHONETIC FRENCH)

Ahn ah vahng, mawntahng vayr lay new ahjuh
Arbawrahng lay trwahkoolur
Lay vwahlah! Eel lur fo dew koorahjuh
Ahlawnzee Ahvek fewrur
Ah vyah tur, wahzo duh lah ruhvahnsuh
Aygluh duh lah lee bayrtay
Noo zahpraw shawng! Fet zahtahnsyawng (Ay!)
Awng nahret pah larmay duhlayr kawr.

TOAST

Arranged by
J. R. LUPER

Words and Music by
ROBERT CRAWFORD

Here's a Toast to the host of those who love the vast-ness of the sky;

To a friend we will send a mes-sage of his broth-er 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 Ar-my Air Corps. *D.C. ad lib.*

THE AIR COMMANDOS

7

Lyrics by
REED G. LANDIS

Music by
W. M. DECKER

mf

Chant the praise of

dough-boys, — Hail the brave ma- rines, — Count all cou- ra- geous

sail- or men, In painting war like scenes, — But if you want the

bat- tle won be- yond the chance of doubt, — You'll need the

Air Com- man- dos — to put the foe to rout. — So

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one flat (Bb). The time signature is 4/4. The piano part features various chords and melodic lines, with some measures marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The voice part contains the lyrics, with some words underlined and some measures containing a dash to indicate a continuation of the line. The lyrics are: 'Chant the praise of dough-boys, — Hail the brave ma- rines, — Count all cou- ra- geous sail- or men, In painting war like scenes, — But if you want the bat- tle won be- yond the chance of doubt, — You'll need the Air Com- man- dos — to put the foe to rout. — So'.

F C C C7 C F C7
 Sing, Yes sing, oh sing of

F Dm F F#dim Gm D7 G Bdim7
 air - men bold, of Par - a - troops and

C C7 Am C7 F C Dm Am
 Glid - ers with hearts like knights of old.

A Bb F C7 F#dim F#dim7 G F#dim Gm
 You talk a - bout a sec - ond front, For

D7 Gm Bdim7 C7 F
 us that's just a start, We'll build

First system of a musical score in F major. The treble clef has a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass clef has a bass line with notes F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, C, C7, C, F, C7. The lyrics are: a front and then an -

Second system of the musical score. The treble clef has a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass clef has a bass line with notes F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, Dm, F, Bb, F, C7, G#dim. The lyrics are: oth - er front, And man - y more if

Third system of the musical score. The treble clef has a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass clef has a bass line with notes F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, F#dim, Gm, D7, Gm, C7. The lyrics are: need be To tear the foe a -

Fourth system of the musical score. The treble clef has a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass clef has a bass line with notes F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4. Chords are indicated above the staff: F, C7. The lyrics are: part. So

Fifth system of the musical score. The treble clef has a melody with notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4. The bass clef has a bass line with notes F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4. Chords are indicated above the staff: F7, Bb, Gm, D, C7, F. The lyrics are: part. 3/4

THE BOMBARDIER SONG

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Tempo di marcia

f *mf* *mp*

Said the Bom-bar-dier to the Pi-lot, "Give us a lit-tle
ride," The Pi-lot said to the Nav-i-ga-tor, "Won't you slide in-
side?" The Nav-i-ga-tor he looked a-round and said to the en-gin-
eer, "Your hands are dir-ty, your pants are dir-ty, You're dir-ty be-hind the ear," Said the

Chords: D, A7, D, A7, D, A7, D, B7, Em, B7, Em, E9, Em7, A7, D, G, D7, G, B7, Em, E9, D, A7, D, Em7, A7, D, A7, D

A Bm7 E7 E7 A

Bom - bar-dier to the gun - ner, "How are we fixed for lead?" The

C# E7 A7

Pi - lot said to the Ra-di-o-man, "How's the weather a - head?" *f*

Refrain D Ddim D6 D A+

The weath - er's fine for fly - ing, The

mp-f

D F#7 G B7

fog has gone to bed. There's

Em E7 E7 D Edim Bm

such good vis - i - bil - i - ty,

Em F#m Em7 A Bm A7 Dmaj9 Ddim A7 sus4 A7 D

You can see vic - to - ry a - head. *f* *mf* Let's fill the

cresc.

12

Ddim D6 D A+ D F#7+

air with bom - bers, Let's fill the clouds with

G B7+ Em E7 sus 6 E7

men, And we will see a

D F#7+ G Em7 A7

world that's free, When we fly home a

1. D A7 2. D

gain. gain. *fp*

2. Said the Bombardier to the Pilot,
 "Give us the pretty crate,
 And five degrees to the right will make it,
 Just as sure as fate."
 The ship belonged to the Bombardier
 Who opened his little bay,
 He saw the target, the lovely target,
 And suddenly "Bombs away,"
 Said the Bombardier to the Pilot,
 "Call it a day" and then,
 The Pilot said to the Radioman,
 "Say, we've done it again."
 REFRAIN.

THE SONG OF THE BOMBARDIERS

Lyric by
JACK SCHOLL
A.S.C.A.P.

From The R.K.O. Picture
"BOMBARDIERS"

Music by
M. K. JEROME
A.S.C.A.P.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time. The right hand features chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Chords indicated above the staff are C, D \flat , D, E \flat , and C7. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B \flat). The tempo is marked *mp*. The lyrics are: "We're read - y to make a flight, — The gun - ner is at his".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "sight, — The bom - ber is fuel'd and read - y to go, The".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "weath - er is clear to - night, — A typ - i - cal 'bom - ber moon' — The".

mo - tors are all in tune, The pi - lot is in the

cock - pit, So! we've got to get go - in' soon; To

Refrain

roar - a - way with the bom - bar - diers, Rack

up the eggs line up the "gold - en goose,"

Soar a - way with the bom - bar - diers, We're

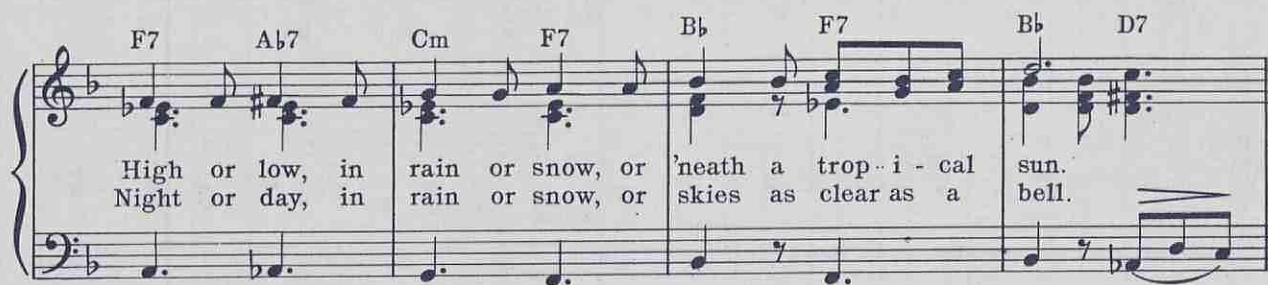
C7 F F#dim C7

head - in' for the spot to turn 'em loose.



F7 Ab7 Cm F7 Bb F7 Bb D7

High or low, in rain or snow, or 'neath a trop-i-cal sun.
Night or day, in rain or snow, or skies as clear as a bell.



G7 Bb7 Dm G7 C7 G7 C C7

Off we go look out be-low We've got a job to be done With
"Bombs a-way" means "off we go," To give 'em plen-ty of hell



D7 Bb

bombs, bombs, bombs, dropped as sou-ve-nirs, From the U. S.



C7 1. F F#dim C7 2. Bb F

bom - bar - diers. So diers. *ff*



EAGER BEAVER BOY

(Adaption of "I'm Just A Dog-Face Soldier")
(by the same authors)

Words and Music by
BERT GOLD
KEN HART
BILL LEE

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a piano accompaniment (left hand) and a vocal line (right hand). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1: Chords: G, G7, C, C#dim. Lyrics: I would-n't give a bag of beans for all the fan-cy pants marines I'd

System 2: Chords: D9, D7, G, G#dim, D7, G. Lyrics: rath-er be an Ea-ger Bea-ver Boy I would-n't change my

System 3: Chords: G7, C, C#dim, D9. Lyrics: B. V. D's for all the Na-vy's dun-ga-rees 'cause I'm my Un-cle

System 4: Chords: D7, G, C, G, C, C#dim. Lyrics: Sam-my's pride and joy On the post-er that I read it said the

System 5: Chords: G, E7, A9, A7. Lyrics: Air Corps builds men so they're tear-ing me down to build me

D9 D9 G G7

o - ver a - gain I'm just an Ea - ger Bea - ver Boy_ and

C C#dim D9 D7

soon I'll be the real Mc Coy_ I'll eat a Jap for break-fast ev - 'ry

B7 C#9 G7 B7 E7 E7 A7 A7

day_ So feed me am-mu-ni - tion to keep me in condi -

A7 A9 C D9 D9(b) G F# G

tion_ yes your Ea - ger Bea - ver Boy's o - kay oh { keep 'em hit the

E7 C6 D9 D9(b)

bracing } your Ea - ger Bea-ver Boy's o - kay.

rat line }

FAITH OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE

Words by
J. W. EHRLE
M. H. CLEARY

March tempo

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various chords and melodic lines, with some measures marked with *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *sfz* (sforzando). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1: Chords: B7, C7, D7, F7, C7, F7, Bb7. Lyrics: There's a tie that binds the men in the air And the

System 2: Chords: B7, Ab, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Eb7, Ab, C7. Lyrics: men on the ground That can on-ly be found in the Air Force

System 3: Chords: Fm, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Ab, Eb, Bb7, Eb. Lyrics: of the Ar-my of the good old U. S.

System 4: Chords: F7, F7-5b, Bb7, Eb, Bb7, Eb. Lyrics: A. It's a rock-like faith en-dur-ing as time

Bb7 Ab6 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Eb7

It's hard to de-fine, But it's yours and it's mine! A re -

Ab C7 Fm Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb C7 Fm7

lig - ion of the Air Force, of the fight - ing

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Eb7 Ab

U. S. A. When the ground crew turns her

Fm Bb7 Bb7-5

o - ver And the com - bat crew takes com - mand,

Eb7 E E7 B7

There's a world of un - der - stand - ing

F7 F7-5 Bb7 Bbdim Bb7

In that un - seen clasp of hand. It's a

Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7

faith that each man's work has been right that she's

Bb7 Ab Gm Eb Bb7 Eb Eb7

read - y for flight, All set for the fight. Have

Ab C7 Fm Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Edim Fm7

faith in the Ar - my Air Force! Have faith in the

Bb7 Bb7 aug 1. Eb Bb7 2. Eb Ab Eb

U. S. A. There's a A. *sfz*

FIGHT! ARMY MEN FIGHT!

21

Lyric by
CLAYTON E. WHEAT

Music by
PHILIP EGNER

March time

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'March time'. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'Fight! Army men, fight! Our Yankee Ar-my's rar-in' to go; With our spir-its rid-ing high we will do or die, smash-ing a-head right through the foe, so fight, Army men, fight! When they have quit, well, we have just be-gun; On the land, in the air, o-ver here, o-ver there, we will blast them till the job's done.' The score includes various musical notations such as chords (e.g., Bb, Eb, Cm, Eb+, F#dim, F7, Bb7), dynamics (mf, cresc., ff), and articulation marks (accents, slurs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano part is written on grand staves.

Lyrics:

Fight! Army men, fight! Our Yankee Ar-my's rar-in' to go; With our
spir-its rid-ing high we will do or die, smash-ing a-head right through the foe, so
fight, Army men, fight! When they have quit, well, we have just be-gun; On the
land, in the air, o-ver here, o-ver there, we will blast them till the job's done.

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GIVE 'ER THE GUN, BOYS!

Words and Music by
C. B. LOBER

Tempo di marcia

Chord symbols for the first system: Eb Bb7 Eb B7 Eb Ab Eb Bb

Chord symbols for the second system: Eb Ab Eb C7 Fm Fm F7 Bdim F7 Bb

Chord symbols for the third system: Eb Bb7 Db7 Fm B7 Eb Bb7 Adim Eb C7 Eb7 Gm C7 Edim Fm Edim Fm

Chord symbols for the fourth system: F9 Gm Bb7 Edim Fm F7 Bb7 Bb7

Lyrics:

The props are turn-ing on the line, Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the

gun. The run-ways clear, the weather's fine, Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the

gun. Hear those might-y en-gines roar-ing, while t'ward heav-en we are soar-ing,

When we meet the en - e - my, we'll drive him from the sky, Hi!

Used by permission of the composer, Clarence B. Lober

Then re-turn the vic-t'ry won, Give 'er the gun, boys, Give 'er the gun.

2. The bombs hang in their shackles tight,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
We've all had practice with the sight,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
Engines warmed and crew all ready
On our course we'll hold 'er steady
And upon the target rain
Destruction from the sky, HI:
Then return, our duty done,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
3. The aerial camera lens is clean,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
There's film in each magazine,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
Pyrotechnic signals burning,
Radio the ether churning,
Giving all the dope to Corps
To help it win the fray, HEH.
Snap a shot while still there's sun
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
4. Or will troubles all around,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
If fog is right down on the ground,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.
Rise above the things that bind us;
Let our country always find us
Up, and flying on our way
If skies are blue or grey, HEH;
Never quit till duty's done,
Give 'er the gun, boys, give 'er the gun.

THE FORMATION

(1921)

Words and Music by
H. S. HANSELL, JR.

Tempo di marcia

f

Here's a

health to the formation lea-der, A jol-ly good fel-low is he, He

u-ses three star nav-i-ga-tion, and flies on Ba-car-di, Here's a

health to the lea-der's two wing men, To the gunner with-in his tou-relle, (So) Here's a

health to the whole damn formation, We'll fly reviews in hell! hell!

1. B7 F7 2. B7

THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

(1921)

25

Marziale

H. S. HANSELL, JR.

Chords: B \flat B \flat B B E \flat E \flat dim B \flat E \flat dim F B \flat Cm F7 F7

Fill your glass-es up, We'll drink a lov-ing cup to bomb-ers one by one. 3

Chords: B \flat B \flat B \flat E \flat E \flat dim B \flat F7 B \flat B \flat

Drown your sor-row and for-get to - mor-row, for to-mor-row nev - er comes.

Chords: B \flat B \flat B \flat E \flat E \flat dim B \flat Gm Cm F7 B \flat B \flat

Here's a health to an-ti air - craft, Here's a bump-er to pur-suit, Gold help them,

Chords: E \flat E \flat B \flat F7 B \flat C \sharp dim E \flat 6 Cm F7 B \flat F7 C \sharp dim

Join in all of you, we'll drink a bar-rel to the Old Bombardment Group. Group.

1. B \flat 3 DmF7 2. B \flat E \flat 3 B \flat

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THE GROUND CREW

Words and Music by
LEO RUSSOTTO
LOUIS MARTIN
HARRY S. MILLER

Alla marcia

Chords: Gm, B, Em, B, Em, A, Bm, E7, A7, D, D, A7, F#m, A7, D, D#dim, G6, A7, D, A7, E#m, A7, D, Aaug, Am, B, Em, A7, Fm, A7, D, A, D, E7, Bm, E7, A, D#dim, A7.

Lyrics:

There are lots of sol - diers in the Air Corps

Pi - lots, nav - i - ga - tors, bom - bar - diers

There are man - y oth - ers too You will find them quite a few

here's a gang of whom one sel - dom hears - - -

Used by permission of composer, Harry S. Miller.

Refrain

27

The Ground Crew, the Ground Crew oh no one ev - er sings a-bout the

Ground Crew Tho' the guys who ride the skies have plen-ty on the ball, You

got-ta ad-mit that keep-in'em fit is the tough-est job of all. It takes the Ground

Crew, The Ground Crew, We're in the Ar - my too,

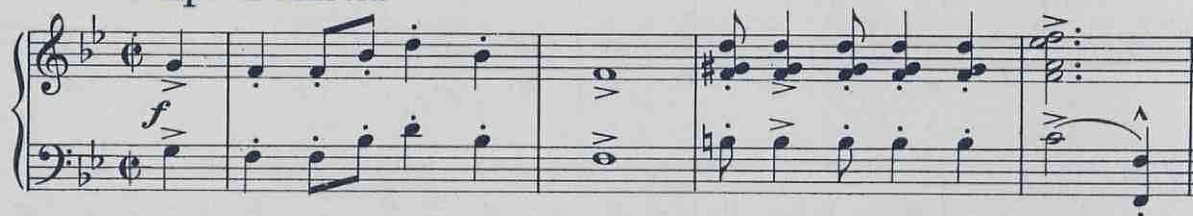
Those nif - ty fly - ing fel - lers would be roost - ing in their cel - lars if it

was - n't for the grease guns of the Ground Crew. Crew. *sfz* Fine

GLIDE, GLIDER, GLIDE

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Tempo di Marcia



mf An old fash-ioned blue-bird was sail - ing the sky, When a big fan - cy

Chords: Bb, F7, Bb9, Ebdim Eb, Cm7, F7, Fdim

new bird flew si - lent-ly by, It seemed to the blue-bird a

Chords: F7, Bb6, Bdim, F7, Bb, F7, Bb7

strange sort of thing when the ri - der of that glid - er, be - side 'er, started to sing. *f*

Chords: Ebdim Eb, Bbdim, F, Bbm6, F, Bbm F, C7, F, F7

Refrain

Glide, *mf-f* glid - er, glide. O - ver mount - ain,

Chords: Bb, Eb, Ebm6, Bb, BbdimBb, Eb, Bb

Bbsus.9 Bb Bbdim F7

val - ley and sea Glide, glid - er,

Fdim F7 F7sus6 F7 Fdim F7sus6 F7 Bb6 E9 F7

glide. Round the map, till we trap ev'-ry Jap - a - nee

Bb Eb > Ebm6 Bb BbdimBb Fm7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Bb+

mf Glide glid - er, glide Till the skies *cresc.* of Deutschland we

Eb G7 Cm Cm G7 Ebm6 Bb Bbdim > Bb

roam, And when the job is done, Then glide me, lit-tle one, back to

1. C7 F7 Bb Fdim F7 2. Bb Eb6 Bb

Home, Sweet Home Home. Home.

GUNNERS OF THE AIR

Words and Music by
W. G. HANSEN

Strict march tempo

Oh a pi - lot comes in han - dy when you're fly - ing thro' the

air. And a bom - bar - dier's just dan - dy, He's a guy we just can't

spare, A nav - i - ga - tor ra - di - o to keep you on the beam, But

where the hell would they be with out gun - ners on the team? O - ver

Refrain

land, o - ver sea, in the skies ev - 'ry where — we are the

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Strict march tempo'. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass staff. Chord symbols are placed above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system includes the lyrics 'Oh a pi - lot comes in han - dy when you're fly - ing thro' the'. The second system includes 'air. And a bom - bar - dier's just dan - dy, He's a guy we just can't'. The third system includes 'spare, A nav - i - ga - tor ra - di - o to keep you on the beam, But'. The fourth system includes 'where the hell would they be with out gun - ners on the team? O - ver'. The fifth system is the 'Refrain' and includes 'land, o - ver sea, in the skies ev - 'ry where — we are the'. The score ends with a double bar line.

Used by permission of composer, W. G. Hansen

gun-ners of the air, We're the guys in the

skies take 'em up on a dare, We are the gun-ners of the

air, We're just the root - in', hoot - in', toot - in',

gun-shoot-in' guys, We'll blast those Japs and Jer-ries out of the skies,

Send us there an - y - where, what the hell do we care,

- 'cause we're the gun-ners of the air!

THE GUNNERY SONG

Words and Music by
LOUIS A. DAVIS

March moderato

f

Gm Gm C7 C7 F F F D7 Bb6 Bb6 C7 C7

Hi! Ho! We are the Gun - ners! We

Sons of Un-cle Sam are off to war! Hi! Ho! We are the

Gun - ners! For Lib-er-ty our guns are read-y to roar! We're the

Chorus

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'March moderato' and 'f'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment with chords Gm, Gm, C7, C7, F, F, F, D7, Bb6, Bb6, C7, and C7. The first system of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics 'Hi! Ho! We are the Gun - ners! We' and piano accompaniment with chords F, Db7, C7, F, Caug, F, Bbm, F, Bb, F, and C7. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'Sons of Un-cle Sam are off to war! Hi! Ho! We are the' and piano accompaniment with chords F, F, Dm, G7, C, F#dim, C7, D7, D7, C, D7, and D7. The third system concludes the piece with lyrics 'Gun - ners! For Lib-er-ty our guns are read-y to roar! We're the' and piano accompaniment with chords Gm, D7, Gm, Dm, F, G7, G7, C7, Bb6, and C7. The word 'Chorus' is written above the final staff.

F B \flat F B \flat m F F \sharp dim C7

rol-lick-ing sons - a - guns of gun - ner - y! And we

F F Dm G7 C F \sharp dim C7 F7

guar - an - tee to keep this coun - try free! We ride the

Gm D7 Gm C7 F A Dm

high - ways of the sky, we're the men who DO or DIE! — You

8

Dm Faug F G7 C7 B \flat 6 C7

bet your life we'll bring home vic - to - ry! We're the

F B \flat F B \flat m F F \sharp dim C7

fly - in - est, shoot - in - est bunch that ride the air, And we

F F Dm G7 C Bb6 C7 F7 Bb D7

rule the roost as long as we're up there, — We're in the right, we're out to

Gm C7 F A Dm Dm Dm

win, we're in the fight with plen-ty of men! — With - out a care we're

G7 G7. C Bb6 C7 F Bbm F Faug

off to do our share, — All Hail! — Hail to the

F F#dim C7 F F Dm G7

gun - ners! — Sing-ing the GUN-NER-Y Song, We're on our

C Bbm C7 D7 Gm Gm Gm Gm Gm D7

way! — All Hail! — Hail to the Gun - ners! —

Gm Dm Dm G7 G7 C F#dim

Man-ning the guns to go in - to the fray,

C7 F Bb F Bbm F F#dim

We're the rol - lick - ing sons - a - guns of Gun - ner - y!

C7 F F F7 F7 Bb D7

Our aim is true, we fight for Lib - er - ty!

Gm Gm Gm Gm Bbm Bbm F Cm6

We are the men who DO or DIE! We'll knock the en - e - my

D7 D7 Gm Bb6 Bb6 C7 F Bb F

out of the sky! De - pend on us to bring home vic - to - ry!

r.h.

HELLO MOM

Lyric by
ARTHUR V. JONES
and FRANK LOESSER

Music by
EDDIE DUNSTEDTER

Moderately

The musical score is written for piano in G minor, 4/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderately' and a forte 'f' dynamic. The introduction consists of two staves of music. The first system of the vocal melody is marked 'mf' and includes the lyrics 'Hel-lo! long dis-tance? I want to place a call, A per-son to per-son'. The second system continues the melody with 'call to my best girl, The grand-est girl of all.' and includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The third system is the chorus, starting with 'Hel-lo Mom' and 'I thought I'd phone to-night I've got so much to tell I'. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Gm7, C9, Gm7, C9, F, Abdim, Gm7, C7, F, E, Eb, D9, Gm7, Bb, Bbm, C7, Cm, D7, Bbm, Gm7, C7, Am, D7+.

First System: *mf* Hel-lo! long dis-tance? I want to place a call, A per-son to per-son

Second System: call to my best girl, *rall.* The grand-est girl of all.

Chorus: Hel-lo Mom I thought I'd phone to-night I've got so much to tell I

B♭+ B♭ Gm7 B♭m F D7 G7 3 C7

made my so - lo flight, they say I'm do - ing swell I wish that you were here to

F Am6 Gm C9 C7 3 Cm D7

see List-en Mom re -

B♭m Gm7 C7 Am D7+ B♭+ B♭ Gm7 B♭m

mem - ber Sal - ly Lou the girl who lived next door Find out ex - act - ly who she's

F D7 G7 3 C9 F Gm7 C7

real - ly wait - ing for I sor - ta kind - a hope it's me.

F G♭ A dim A♭m7 D♭9

Sure mom, the food is might - y good And

late - ly we got a raise in pay, — And the bombs that you're buy-ing That are

Chords: G^b, Cm7, F7, B^b, Am

keep - ing us fly - ing Makes the whole darn thing o - kay So long

Chords: Gm7, B^bm, C7, A^b, Gm7, C7

Mom, I do a lot of things you real - ly don't ex-pect, I

Chords: Cm, D7, B^bm, Gm7, C7, Am, D7+

hope that Dad won't mind I called col - lect But I just had to say Hel-lo

Chords: B^b+, B^b, Cm, D6+, G9, Gm7, C7

1. Mom. Hel - lo Mom.

2. Mom.

Chords: F, G[#]dim, Gm7, C7, F

HOORAY FOR JIMMY

39

(He do'ed it)

Valse tempo

Words and Music by
C. B. LOBER

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. The piano part is in 3/4 time and features a variety of chords including G7, C, C#dim, Dm, F#dim, C F#dim G, C G C, D7, G7, C#dim, G7, G7, C, Fm, C, C, G7, G7, C, B7, B7, Em Ebdim, G7, G7, C, C#dim, G7, C7, C7, F A7 Dm G#dim Am, C, F#dim, C, A, A, Dm G7 C Gdim F, G7, C, G7 D#dim C Ebdim D7, G7, C, C#dim G7 G7, and C. The vocal line is in 3/4 time and includes lyrics such as "ray! for Jim-my, he do'ed it, he made Ja-pan just a bit sore, He did-nt do lit-tle but did a lot, to show the Japs in what a mess they've got, Hoo-ray! for Jim-my, he do'ed it and sure as the sun fol-lows rain, He showed us the way and it was not in vain, we'll do it and do it and do it a-gain, and each time we do we'll remem-ber his name, Hoo-ray! for Jim-my, he do'ed it! Hoo-do'ed it..". The score includes dynamic markings like *f* and *z*, and articulation marks like accents and slurs.

ray! for Jim-my, he do'ed it, he made Ja-pan just a bit sore, He

did-nt do lit-tle but did a lot, to show the Japs in what a mess they've got, Hoo-ray! for

Jim-my, he do'ed it and sure as the sun fol-lows rain, He showed us the

way and it was not in vain, we'll do it and do it and do it a-gain, and each time we

do we'll remem-ber his name, Hoo-ray! for Jim-my, he do'ed it! Hoo-do'ed it..

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I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

BRITISH AIR CADET VERSION

Word and Music
BOX, COX and HALL

Marziale

System 1: *mf* I've got six-pence, jol-ly, jol-ly six-pence,

System 2: I've got six-pence to last me all my life. I've got

System 3: tup-pence to spend and tup-pence to lend and

System 4: tup-pence to send home to my wife, Poor wife. No

System 5: cares have I to grieve me, No pret-ty, lit-tle

F7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb7

girls to de - cieve me. I'm hap - py as a king, be -

Ab Fm Fm7 Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb

lieve me, As we go roll - ing, roll - ing home.

Refrain Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb

Roll - ing home (Roll - ing home) roll - ing home (Roll - ing home) by the light of the

F7 Bb7 Fm Bb7 Eb Eb7 Eb+ Ab C7

sil - ver - y moo - oo - oo - oon; *sfz* Hap - py is the day when the air - man gets his

Fm Fm7 Bb7 1. Adim Bb7 2. Ab Eb

pay As we go roll - ing, roll - ing home. Roll - ing home. *sfz*

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

2. I've got four-pence, jolly, jolly four-pence,
I've got four pence to last me all my life.
I've got tup-pence to spend
And tup-pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife,
Poor wife.
No cares have I to grieve me, etc.
3. I've got tup-pence, jolly, jolly tup-pence,
I've got tup-pence to last me all my life.
I've got tup-pence to spend
And no pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife,
Poor wife.
4. I've got no-pence, jolly, jolly no-pence,
I've got no-pence to last me all my life.
I've got no-pence to spend
And no pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife,
Poor wife.

HE WEARS A PAIR OF SILVER WINGS

43

Words by
ERIC MASCHWITZ

Music by
MICHAEL CARR

Slowly (with expression)

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Slowly (with expression)'. It begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The melody is played in the right hand, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The bass line consists of a half note G2, followed by a half note B2, and then a series of eighth notes: A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2. The piece concludes with a ritardando (rit.) marking over the final chords.

The first line of the song is in G major, 4/4 time. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "It's just a sim - ple love af - fair, two peo - ple met, they learned to care". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. Chord symbols above the staff are: F, Fmaj7, Gm7, Am7, and D7.

The second line of the song is in G major, 4/4 time. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "And found them-selves in Heav - en To you may be the sto-ry's". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. Chord symbols above the staff are: Gm7, C7, F, and Am. A first ending bracket is indicated with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The third line of the song is in G major, 4/4 time. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "noth - ing new, To me it's all my wild - est dreams come true:". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. Chord symbols above the staff are: B7b5, E7+, Am, F#dim7, Gm, A7b5, D7+, G7b5, and C7. A ritardando (rit.) marking is placed over the final chords.

Refrain

mf Al-tho' some people say he's just a cra-zy guy, To me he means a mil-lion oth-er things

Chords: F, F+, Gm, Bbm6, C7, F, Dm7

Accents: 3, 3, 3

For he's the one who taught this hap-py heart of mine to fly, — He

(that) (hers)

Chords: G7, G#dim7, Gm7, C7, F, D7

Accents: 3

wears a pair of sil-ver wings — And tho' it's pret-ty tough, the

Chords: Gm, G9, Gm7, C7, F, F+

job he does a - bove, I woud-n't have him change it for a king's An

Chords: Gm, Bbm6, C7, F, Dm7, G7, G#dim7

Accents: 3, 3, 3

or - di-na - ry fel-low in the un - i-form I love — He wears a pair of sil-ver

Chords: Gm7, C7, F, D7, Gm, G9, C7

Accents: 3

F Ebm Ab7 Db Dbdim7 Ebm7 Ab7

wings I'm so full of pride when we go walk - ing Ev - 'ry time he's home on
(She's) (They)

Db Gm 3 C7 3 F Dm7 3 G9 3

leave He with those wings on his tu - nic. Me with my heart on my
(She) (her) (her)

C7 F F+ Gm 3 Bbm6 C7

sleeve But when I'm left a - lone and we are far a - part I
(she's) (they) (She)

F Dm7 3 G7 G#dim7 Gm7 C7 3

some - time won - der what to - morrow brings For I a - dore that cra - zy guy who taught
(She a - dore)

F D7 Gm G9 C7b9 1. F6 Dm6 Gm7 C7 2. Bb6 F6 F

my hap - py heart — to wear a pair of sil - ver wings. wings.
(her)

8

WE GONNA KEEP 'EM FLYING ALONG

Arranged by
CLAUDE MAC ARTHUR

Words and Music by
RUSS WEBSTER

Marziale

Lyrics:

Ev'-ry-bod-y has a plan just
how to win the war, And ev'-ry-bod-y shouts as loud as does the Yank next
door, If you're be-hind the Air Force way, think bomb-ing is the
thing that's gon-na smack the Ax-is, then let ev'-ry-bod-y sing. Tilt your
Chorus
chin with a grin for the spin that you're in As we keep 'em fly-

Chords:

Marziale: G, D7, Em, A7b5, D, Ddim, D7, D7, G, G, G7, G7

Chorus: G, G, G, G, G, G#dim, E7, Gdim, D7, D7

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D7 D7 D7 D7 D7 > Am Am D7 Ddim D7 D7

ing a - long, Ev-ry day, an-y way, it's the way to be gay,

D7 Em Em G G#dim D7 G#dim D7 G7 G7 G7

as we keep em fly - ing a - long, just wrap an air crew

G7 G7 C C C > A7 > A7 > A7 > A7 D7 D7 >

smile all o-ver your face, then watch the Air Force set the pace in the race,

D7 D7 G G E7 E7 Am Am Eb7 Eb7

We're off for To - ky - o town, we're gon-na whit-tle 'em down, we're gon-na

G G+ D7 Bm D7 4. G Ddim D7 2. G C G

keep 'em fly - ing a - long. Tilt your long.

The Pilot sings:

2. Hy'a Lil, Hy'a Lou, you can bet we'll be true,
 As we Keep 'Em Flying Along.
 So long, Joy, so long, Jane, don't let love ever wane,
 As we Keep 'Em Flying Along.
 Tho' wings and rings we wear, the gals may adore,
 We'll tell them No, No, No; there ain't any more.
 Until we're coming back for the things we're all fighting for,
 We're gonna Keep 'Em Flying Along.

The Engineer sings:

3. Flying high in the sky, hear the bombardier's cry
 As he Keeps 'Em Flying Along.
 Dropping bombs in the laps of the nazis and japs
 As he Keeps 'Em Flying Along.
 It's Hirohito's teeth we're hammering loose,
 There'll be a spree when we have cooked Hitler's goose,
 So spin the tach at its top, because we're not gonna stop,
 We're gonna Keep 'Em Flying Along.

The K.P. sings:

4. 'Tis some swell army soup that cooks stir with a stoop
 In a tube sunk deep in the ground.
 Tho' there's never a bean anywhere to be seen,
 Nor is cel'ry there to be found,
 Yet it has vitamins from roaches to bugs,
 Plus what the cook can sweep from headquarters rugs.
 It's not as bad as they say, it's just the old Army way,
 They've gotta Keep 'Em Frying Along.

The Supply Sergeant sings:

5. Tho' your blouse is too tight yet it sags to the right
 Where your collar's bulged in the back,
 Tho' your pants (like a sail that is draped to your tail)
 Make a sight like beans in a sack,
 There'll be a gal on Main Street surer than hell,
 Who'll love you just as much as if you look swell.
 It's not the cut of your coat, it's just the purr in your throat
 That's gonna Keep 'Em Crying Along.

The Defense Worker sings:

6. Ev'ry bond that you buy is a bomb in the eye
 Of some nip in Tokyo town.
 Ev'ry hour that you work as a welder or clerk
 Is a tug to tear Hitler down.
 Whenever airplanes cease to roll off the line,
 Not Uncle Sam but Schickelgruber says "Fine."
 It's shirking work that is why another yankee must die,
 When you could Keep Him Flying Along.

The WAC sings:

7. If he drives in the dark to the edge of the park
 You can bet a dime he's a wolf.
 If he says you're a dream, either scurry or scream,
 For your score's the same, he's a wolf.
 But if he makes your heart start thumpin' at times,
 You might as well face hell (buy stamps with your dimes);
 Compared to you he's an elf, because the wolf is yourself;
 You'd better Keep Him Flying Along.

MECHS OF THE AIR CORPS

Words and Music by
BOB CRAWFORD

Moderately (March tempo)

System 1: *f* G 3 G+5 Em 3 G+5 G 3 A7 3 D7

System 2: *mp* G 3 G+5 Em 3 G+5 G 3 G G Bb7
The Ar-my Air Force is fa-mous, of course and so are the men who fly; But

System 3: D 3 A7 3 D Dm6 A7 3 A7 D D
think of the men, the en-list-ed ten, no aer-o-plane can de-fy! We

System 4: C 3 C 3 B7 B7 E7 3 E7 Am Am
rev up the mo-tors, we change the plugs, and all of the jets we drain, we

System 5: Em 3 G+5 3 G G Em6 A7 D7
know ver-y well when she's run-ning swell, you'll crack her up a-gain!

Refrain

Oh! We are the Mechs of the Air Corps, Nuts to you! mud, in your eye!
Fly 'em high! dive 'em be - low.

We're the guys who make 'em fly, the grease balls of the Air Corps, It
We're the guys who make 'em do, the

takes a crew like me and you to keep the planes up in the blue, Greaseballs keep roll-ing the

Ar - my, We're the vi - tal "Ten" and some-thing more. You're You

hot on the stick when we make 'em tick, But you'll come home when the weather gets thick, to the
give 'er the gun and off you go, But just try tim-ing a mag - ne - to like the

A7 A7 A7 A7 1. D7 G 3 2. D7 G 3 *Fine*

Mechs, the grease balls of the Air Corps! Air Corps! *Fine*

Patter G 3 Em 3 B7 3 Em 7

The pi-lots have flown and start coming home in the fire of the set-ting sun, Their

D 3 G 3 A7 3 A7 D 7

work for the day is o-ver, they say, while, hell, ours is just be-gun, But

C 3 E7 3 Am E7 Am 7

let no one say, as we ham-mer a-way and re-place a wing or two That

Am 3 Am A7 3 A7 3 D7 D7 **Sung**

an-y thing flies in the war-torn skies that can e-qual the Red, White and Blue! Oh!

D.S. al Fine

Lieutenants, Generals, Captains high,
Say! Just how far do you think you'd fly?
But for us, the greaseballs of the Air Corps!

We wash the planes with many a sigh,
But still thank God that cows don't fly,
We're the Mechs, the greaseballs of the Air Corps!

THE NAVIGATOR

Words and Music by
TOM CHILDS AND DANNY ROTH

Marziale

System 1: *f* With a mer - ca - tor and a

System 2: pen - cil and an A - 10 oc - tant too, He will get you there and

System 3: get you back with the praise of all the crew, When the

System 4: E. T. A. is run - ning out and des - ti - na - tion's due, — the

System 5: pi - lot turns to him and says, "Where the hell are you?"

Chords: Bb6, Gm, C7, F, G#dim, F, Bb, Bbm, F, C7, F, Bbm, G#dim, F, Bb, Bbm, F, Bbm, F, A7, Dm, F+, F, C7, F, Dm, C, G7, C, F#dim, C, G7, C.

Chorus

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "But it's the Nav - i - ga - tor who keeps you on the track, The nav - i - gator, the". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "nav - i - ga - tor who gets you there and back, If you want to go to To - ky - o or the road to Manda-". The third system concludes the chorus with the lyrics: "lay, Who shows you the way? The nav - i - ga - tor. When thy tor." The score includes various chords such as F, F#, Bb, G7, C7, Dm, F#, and F+.

But it's the Nav - i - ga - tor who keeps you on the track, The nav - i - gator, the

nav - i - ga - tor who gets you there and back, If you want to go to To - ky - o or the road to Manda-

lay, Who shows you the way? The nav - i - ga - tor. When thy tor.

2. When they can't see down below and they don't know what to do,
He will look up to the heavens and he'll shoot a star or two,
With a speed line and a course line he will get himself a fix,
For he's the navigator, with his little bag of tricks.
3. Oh, there's variation, deviation, calibration too,
But the compensatin' errors are the ones that see him through,
His computer is the instrument on which he stakes his life,
Don't ask for his computer, for he'd sooner lend his wife.
4. When you start evasive action to avoid the bursts of flak,
The gunner works without a care, he knows who'll bring him back,
The pilot will cavort about and dodge around the sky,
But there is only one, they know, on whom they can rely.
5. If you want to know just where you are, at any time at all,
He will take out his dividers and he'll show he's "on the ball,"
He hasn't time for smoking, relaxation is taboo—
He never takes a nap, because he has a job to do.

NIGHT ON THE AIRWAYS

Words and Music by
GEORGE P. TOURTELLOTT

Slowly with expression



F D7 G7

en - gine's run-ning smooth - ly, My rad - i - o is clear,

C7 F

Weath - er man says "Con - tact," So what have I to fear? I'll

Bb Bbm F D7 G7

fly this ship to Home Sweet Home, where my hon - ey

C7 1. F 2.

waits for me.

2. There's the old home station,
It's down there just ahead,
Double beam aflashing,
And boundary lights of red,
Runway, green light, lighted the
Radio man's a calling and
It sure sounds good to me,
Put your gear down, Fellow,
Use all the flap you need,
Flood lights on the runway,
Now keep your flying speed,
I'll glide her in to Home Sweet Home,
Where my honey waits for me.

OUR BUDDY

Words and Music by
BEATRICE AYER PATTON

Andante moderato

mf When you see a good look-ing

p sol - dier, with a gleam of fun in his eye, And an Air Force

badge on his shoul-der, Don't turn him down, don't pass him by. For he's

Refrain

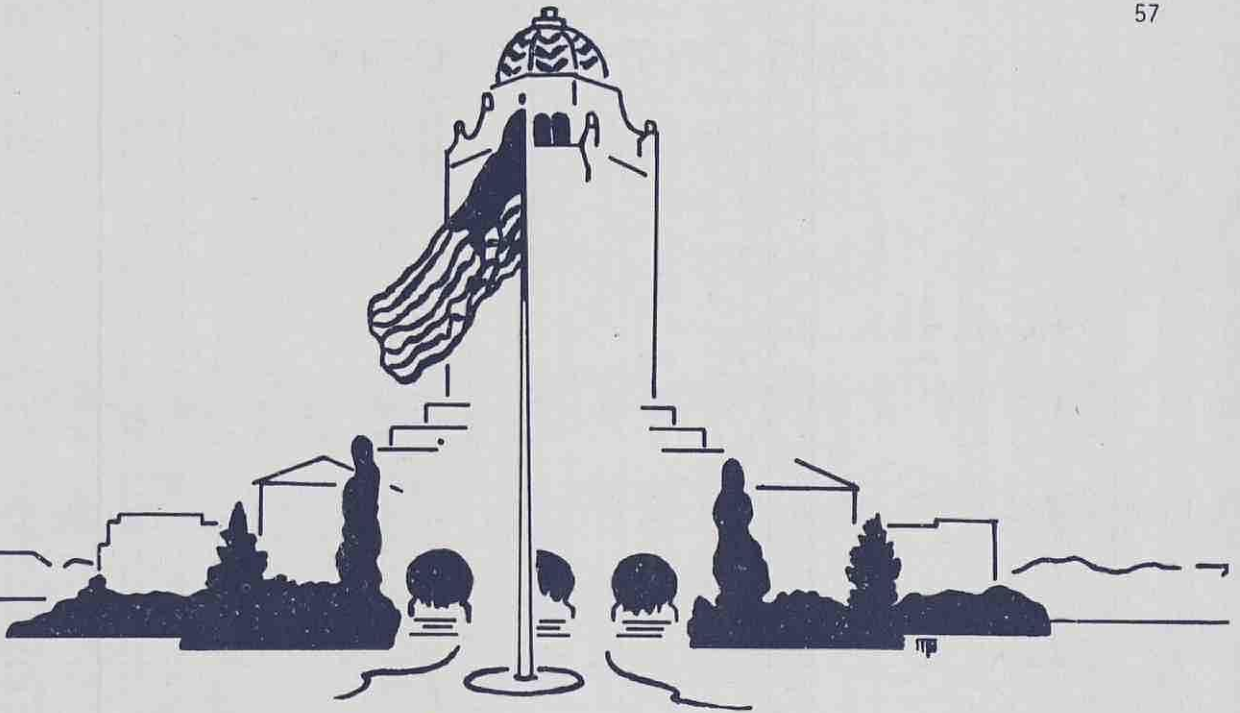
My Buddy, and your Buddy, he's neith-er a serpent or a dove, Just a

sol-dier far from home, who never asked to roam, and he's fighting for the land we love!

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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! Route the mighty Thor!
 Onward! Onward! You power birds of war!
 Down the wind's blaspheming,
 Dive, your engines screaming,
 Ride the wings of destiny.

MELODY "SONG OF THE VAGABONDS"

SPIRIT OF THE AIR CORPS

(from Paramount Picture "I Wanted Wings")

Words and Music by
WILLIAM J. CLINCH

Marcia con spirito

[illegible]

Musical score for "The Air Corps" in 2/4 time. The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "In - to the air, hands Ar - my the Air Corps! Give 'er the as we all". The piano accompaniment features chords G7, Dm7, G7, C, Cdim, and C. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score includes a repeat sign at the beginning of the piano accompaniment.

gun, wait pi - lots true! In - to the air, And we will meet

Ar - my Air Corps! Hold her nose up in the
 them half way, men. We will drive 'em to the

Cdim C Em Cm6 D7

G Guitar tacet G7 Dm7 G7 G9 C Am

blue. sod. When you hear our last mo - tors sing - in' Then, when our last flight is o - ver,

C G7 C G7 C7 F A7 Dm Guitar tacet Dm7

And our steel props start to whine, you can bet the And we meet our fly - ing boss, you can bet the

B7 Cdim C G7 C Em Cm D7 G7

Ar - my Air Corps is a - long the fight - ing air is clear, men, from O - ri - on to the

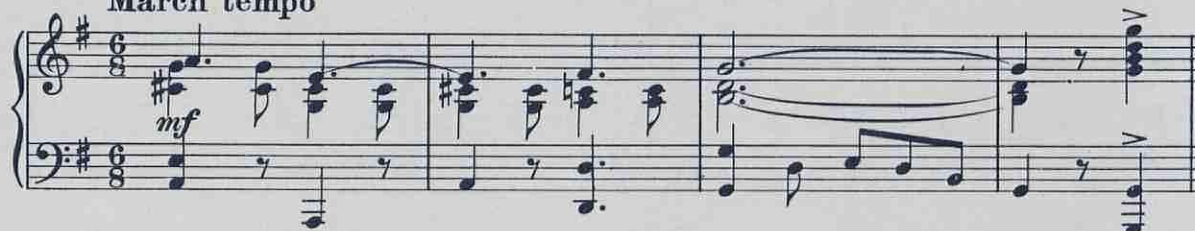
1. C Am6 C G7 Dm7 G7 2. C F6 C

line. We have our cross.

THE SQUADRON SONG

Words and Music by
MOORE
HALL and
FITCH

March tempo



mp The In-fan-try, the Cav-al-ry, and Field Ar-til-ler-y, Are the fin-est kind of

G D7 G D7 G D7 G Ddim Am D7

sol-diers, yet must al-ways grounded be. But when you see planes in the air, Hear

G Em A7 Am7 D7 G D7 G D7

thund'ring motors roar, It's the men who keep'em fly-ing, in the Ar-my Air Corps.

G D7 G Ddim A7 D

Chorus (March tempo)

Hail to the Squad-ron! Hail to the

G Gdim G C Cdim

G D7 Ddim D7 G

Corps! Hail to all the Air - men, who've

A7 D7 C7 B7

spanned the skies be - fore. We're on the beam to

Em Em7 A7 A7 D7 Cdim Am6 D7

vic - to - ry; Thumbs up! For - ev - er - more. So

G D7 G D7 G Ddim E7 Am E7

hail to squad - rons fly - ing high! Hail the men who

Am E7 Am Cm6 G E7 A7

rule the sky! Hail to the Ar - my

A7 D7 1. G D7 2. G

Ar - my Air Corp. *mf* Corps. *sfz*

WINGS ON HIGH

Words and Music
MEREDITH WILLSON

March tempo

Chords and Dynamics:

- First system: D7, D7, D7, *ff*
- Second system: D, G#dim, D7, D7, D7, D7, *sfz*
- Third system: G, Bbdim, D7, G, E#dim, D7, Eb7, D7b6, Gm, Gm, *mf*
- Fourth system: Am6, D7, Gm, Gm, Am6, D7, G, Bbdim, D7, G, *mf*, *resc.*
- Fifth system: E#dim D7, Eb7, D7b5, Gm, Gm, Am6, D7, G7, G7

Lyrics:

Wings On High to guard the sky, So give 'er the gun and
ride, Pro- tect - ing home and fire - side Wings that spread, high
o - ver - head, So give 'er the gun a - gain, To thrill the hearts of your

G7 G7 C G7 C Cm G G D7 G B7 B7

coun-try men. Un-cle Sam is watch-ing from the air Fly-ing

F#dim B7 Em Em Em Am C C#dim C#dim G Cm

fort-ress-es are ev-'ry where. A mil-lion Wings On High, to do or

mf

G E7 A7 A7 D7 D7 G G7

die, So give 'er the gun, my boy Give 'er the gun. We're with the

C C C C C C G G G G

f Ar-my, — We got-ta get up to cov-er 'em up for the Na-vy, We

G G G A7 A7 A7 A7 A7 A7

fol-low 'em up, and say: "Tho' the halls of Mon-te-zu-ma may be far, far a-

A7 A7 D7 D7 Ddim Ddim D7 D7 D7

way, It's a sim-ple trick to grab the stick and make it in a day." With

cresc.

Wings On High to guard the sky, So give 'er the gun and

mf *cresc.*

Chords: G, Bbdim, D7, G, E#dim, D7, Eb7, D7b6, Gm, Gm

cheer, We're mas- ters of the at- mo- sphere. Squad- rons all o -

mf *cresc.*

Chords: Am6, D7, Gm, Gm, Am6, D7, G, Bbdim, D7, G

bey the call, So give 'er the gun a - gain, To thrill the hearts of your

mf

Chords: E#dim, D7, Eb7, D7b6, Gm, Gm, Am6, D7, G7, G7

coun- try men. Home sweet home will nev- er have a care, When our

f

Chords: G7, G7, C, G7, C, Cm, G, G, D7, G, B7, B7

fly - ing sons are in the air, A mil - lion Wings On High to

mf

Chords: F#dim, B7, Em, Em, Em, Am, C, C#dim, C#dim

guard the sky, So give 'er the gun, my boy, Give 'er the gun.

f

Chords: G, Cm, G, E7, A7, A7, D7, D7, G, G, G

MEN OF THE AIR CORPS

65

Arranged by
CLAUDE MAC ARTHUR

Words and Music by
RUSS WEBSTER

Marziale

Chords: D7, D7, D7, D7, D7, D7, D7, D7, Ddim, D7, G, G, G, G, G, F#7, G, G, G, G, D7+, D7+, G, B7, C, E7, Am, Am, D7, F7, Am, Am, Am.

Lyrics:

Scan the skies for flight for - ma - tion,

Be it night or day in fight or fray you'll hear our en - gines

roar, We're the van - guard of the na - tion, As our

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Am7 D7 D+ D+ G G G D7 G G

squad - rons sky - waru soar, There's no air - way

G G G F#7 G E7 E7 Dm7 E7

that can taunt us, 'Neath the con - fines of the

Am Am Am Am7 Am7 Eb7 Eb G G7

skies, O - ver land and o - ver sea, we will cruise in ju - bi -

C Eb7 G G#dim D7 D7 Am7 D7 G D7

lee, we're the men, (we're the men) of the Air Corps.

G G G G Gdim Gdim Eb7 Eb7 G G

Men of the Air Corps, raise your

G Bbdim D7 G#dim D7 D7 D7 C D7 D7

em blem high, Men of the Air

D7 D7 Am7 Am7 A7 A7 D7 Am7 D7 D7 G G

Corps, guards-men of the sky, Wings

G G G F# G G G G G+ G+ C G7 C

of the na - tion, Blaze the right of way, Wheth-er
At each

C C Eb7 Eb7 G G Eb7 Eb7

bomb - ing or pur - suit, from Ma - jor Gen - 'ral to re - cruit, we're the
Ran - dolf and Cha - nute, there'll be a read - y sub - sti - tute, for each

G G#dim D7 D7 Am7 D7 1. G 2. G

men, (we're the men) of the Air Corps: While our Corps.

Fine

Paradiddle

B B7 F#m B Em B7 Em

Ob - ser - va - tion squad - rons set a strat - e - gy su - preme, in - to

A A7 Em A7 D A7

strat - o - spher - ic al - ti - tudes our em - blem flies the

D D B B7 F#m B7

beam, with a style we zoom the big ships with pre -

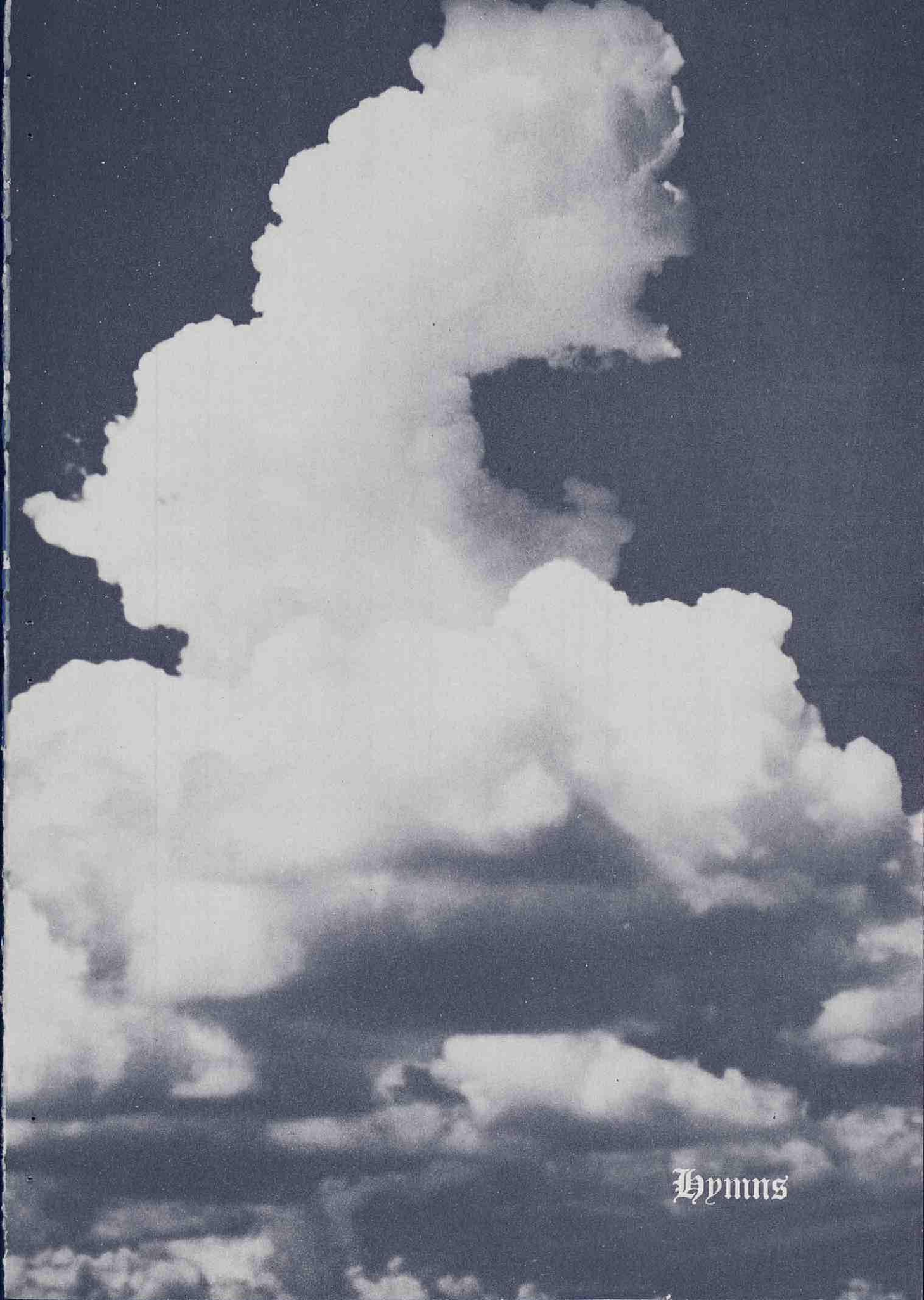
Em B7 Em A Gm

ci - sion dive the fast and as we scale the skies from

F#m G7

coast to coast, we are the men who make you boast.

D.S. al Fine



Hymns

GOD OF THE SEA AND SKY

From Landauer Collection
Institute of Aeronautical Sciences

Words by
ROXANE SEABURY WRIGHT

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. God of the sea and sky,
To thee aloud we cry,
Hear thou and save.
When danger hovers near,
All those we hold so dear,
Who fly and know no fear,
O'er land and wave.</p> <p>2. God of the sea and sky,
Turn thou a loving eye,
On those who dare.
Guard thou all those we love
Soaring thru realms above
Brave as the wind-blown dove,
Men of the Air.</p> | <p>3. God of the sea and sky,
Be near all those who fly.
For them we pray.
Whether o'er land or sea,
Watch them unceasingly,
This be our prayer to thee,
Keep them always.</p> <p>4. God of the sea and sky
We offer thanks to thee
For all thy care.
Pitying the sparrow's fall,
Keep safe our bird-men all,
Father, on thee we call,
God of the air.</p> |
|---|--|

Sung to "Come Thou Almighty King," or "America" (P. 6, Army Song Book)

AN AIRMAN'S HYMN

From Hickam Field Song Book

From 18th Pursuit Group Song Book

1. When the last long flight is over,
And the happy landing's past,
And my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up's come at last,
I'll swing her nose to the ceiling,
And I'll give my crate the gun.
I'll open her up, and let her zoom
For the airport at the sun.
2. And the great God of flying men
Will smile at me sort of slow
As I store my crate in the hangar
On the field where fliers go.
Then I'll look upon His face,
The Almighty flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fills the heavens
From Orion to the Cross.

GOD, GUIDE THOSE WHO FLY

Words and Music by
HELEN HERR HOLBROOK

Andante

God Skies guide those who un known to fly man Thro' dang - 'rous are known to

night Thee and a - day! bove Oh Oh

bring make them safe - ly them safe we home pray to those who thro' Thine Al

watch might and y pray love A - men.

HIGH FLIGHT

Words by
JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE, JR.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

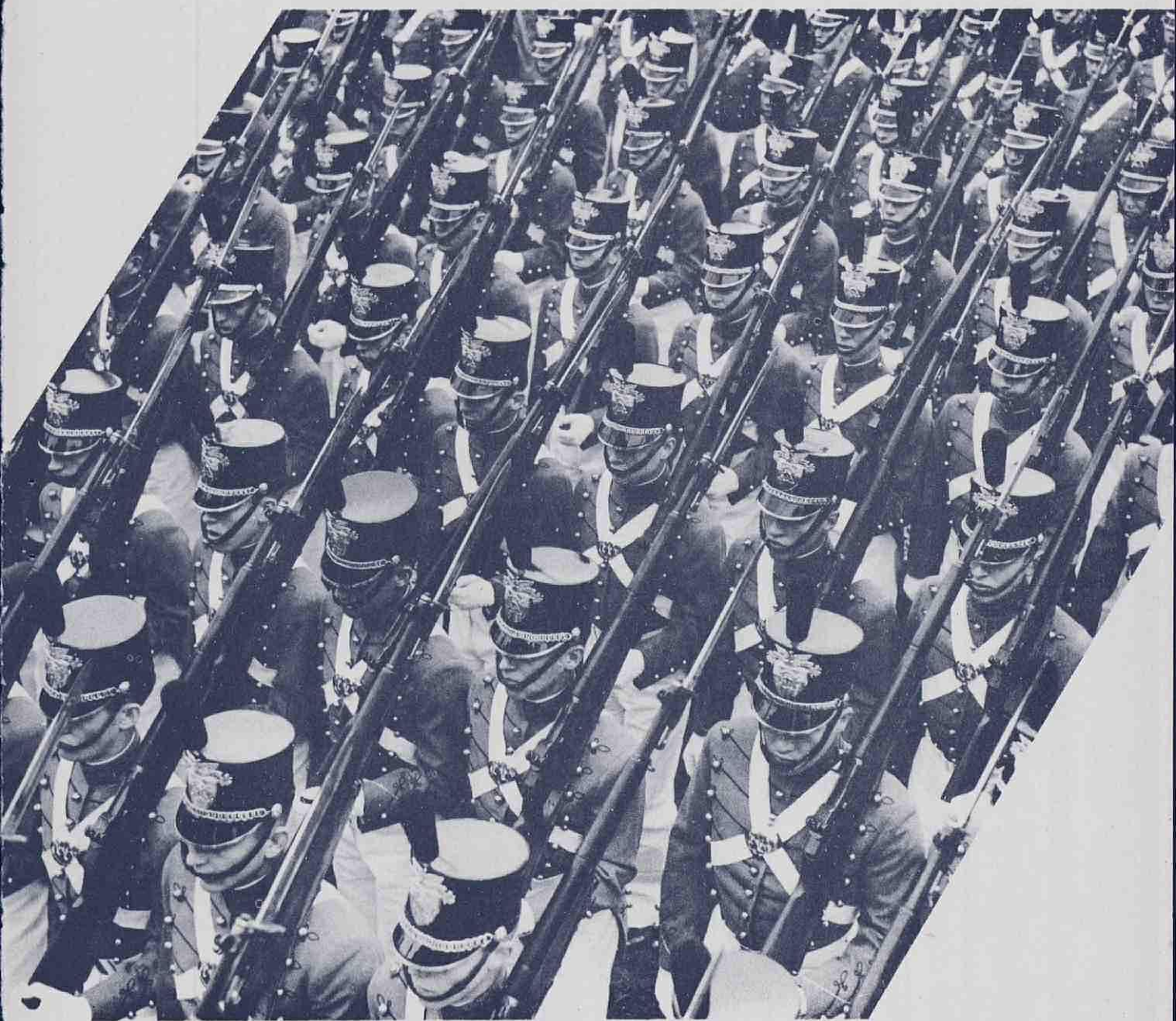
HYMN FOR THE ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCES

(Episcopal Hymnal No. 415)
Used by permission of Dean Austin Pardue.

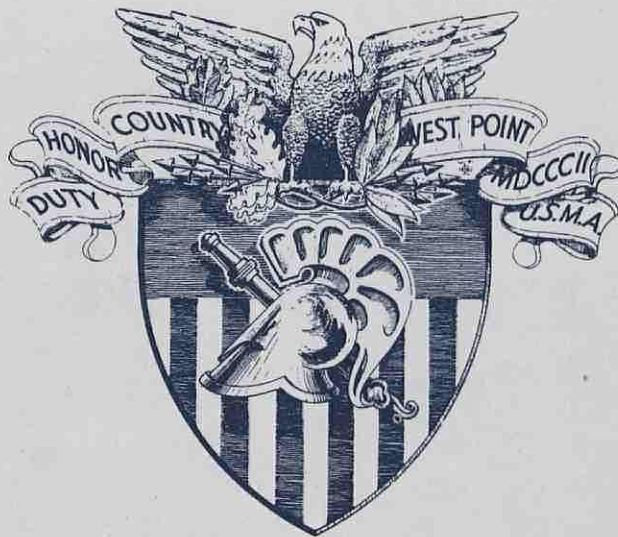
Words by
DEAN AUSTIN PARDUE

1. Almighty Father who dost stand
Among the men who fight by land;
Release the souls of those who die,
Forgive each penitential cry;
Bind up the wounds of all who bleed
And bless each sacrificial deed.
2. O Christ Who on the sea dost ride
With every swell and wave and tide;
Be near our sailors and command
The ships that sail for freedom's land;
When under fire, when storm doth rage.
Do Thou their hurts and harm assuage.
3. Spirit above all clouds on high,
Thou ruler of all things that fly;
Be with our men who soar with Thee
In mortal combat to be free;
Protect each flyer who ascends,
O grant him life that never ends.

WEST POINT



INTERLUDE



THE CORPS

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1. The Corps! The Corps! The Corps!
 The Corps bareheaded salute it,
 With eyes up thanking our God
 That we of the Corps are treading
 Where they of the Corps have trod.
 They are here in ghostly assemblage,
 The men of the Corps long dead,
 And our hearts are standing attention
 While we wait for their passing tread.
2. We sons of today, we salute you,
 You, sons of an earlier day,
 We follow close order, behind you
 Where you have pointed the way;
 The long gray line of us stretches
 Thro' the years of a century told,
 And the last man feels to his marrow
 The grip of your far off hold.
3. Grip hands with us now though we see not,
 Grip hands with us, strengthen our hearts,
 As the long line stiffens and straightens
 With the thrill that your presence imparts.
 Grip hands tho' it be from the shadows
 While we swear, as you did of yore
 Or living or dying to honor
 The Corps! And The Corps! And The Corps!

—HERBERT S. SHIPMAN
 Former Chaplain, U.S.M.A.

Cadet Prayer



God, our Father, Thou Searcher of Men's Hearts, help us to draw near to Thee in sincerity and truth. May our religion be filled with gladness and may our worship of Thee be natural.

Strengthen and increase our admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking, and suffer not our hatred of hypocrisy and pretence ever to diminish. Encourage us in

our endeavor to live above the common level of life. Make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half truth when the whole can be won.

Endow us with courage that is born of loyalty to all that is noble and worthy, that scorns to compromise with vice and injustice and knows no fear when truth and right are in jeopardy.

Guard us against flippancy and irreverence in the sacred things of life. Grant us new ties of friendship and new opportunities of service. Kindle our hearts in fellowship with those of a cheerful countenance, and soften our hearts with sympathy for those who sorrow and suffer.

May we find genuine pleasure in clean and wholesome mirth, and feel inherent disgust for all course-minded humor.

Help us, in our work, and in our play, to keep ourselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, that we may the better maintain the honor of the Corps untarnished and unsullied and acquit ourselves like men in our effort to realize the ideals of West Point in doing our duty to Thee and to our Country.

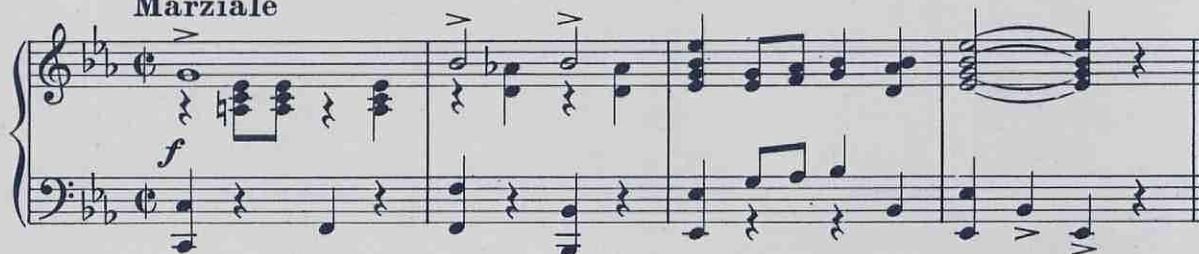
All of which we ask in the name of the Great Friend and Master of men.

Amen

WINGS OF WEST POINT

Words by
NAT BRUSILOFF

Marziale



p $E\flat$ $E\flat 7$ $A\flat$ $B\flat 7$

Men of de - ci - sion, men with pre - ci - sion, Learn - ing how to fly.

$Gm\sharp 6$ $B\flat 6$ $Gm 6$ $E\flat 7$ $C 7$

Taught for ag - gres - sion by men of per - cep - tion, al - ways stand - ing by

$A\flat$ Fm G Cm $E\flat$ $F 7$

Off - i - cers and ground crew spir - it run - ning high,

Fm Bb7 F7b5 Bbdim Bb7

They will help to show the world the reas - on why.

Eb 3 B7 Bb Bbdim Bb 3 > >

Men of am-bi-tion, and West Point tra-di-tion, will dom-in-ate the sky.

Chorus Eb Eb Eb Eb Eb7 C7

Wings of West Point soar - ing thru the air.

Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm

Men of West Point fly - ing ev - 'ry where.

Bb7 F7 Bb7 Eb Eb

Bring - - ing glor - y to Stew - art Field,

F7 F7 F7 Fm Ab6 C#dim Bb7

And to all who wear West Point shields.

Eb Eb Eb Eb7 C7

Wings of West Point guard our flag on high,

Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm Fm

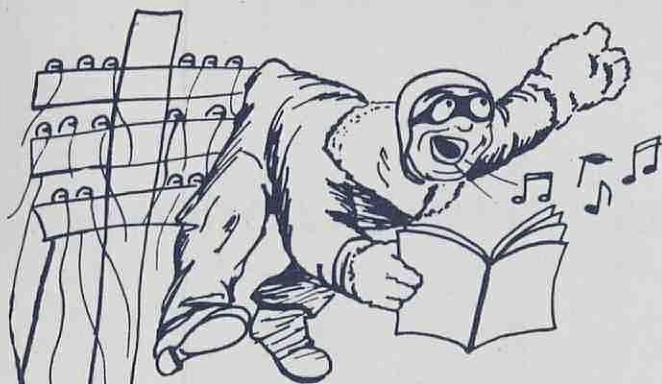
Men of West Point they will do or die,

Bb7 F7 Bb7 Eb Gm Abaug C7 F7

O - - ver land and sea there will al-ways be Wings

Bb7 1. Eb 2. Eb Eb

of West Point. Point. Point.

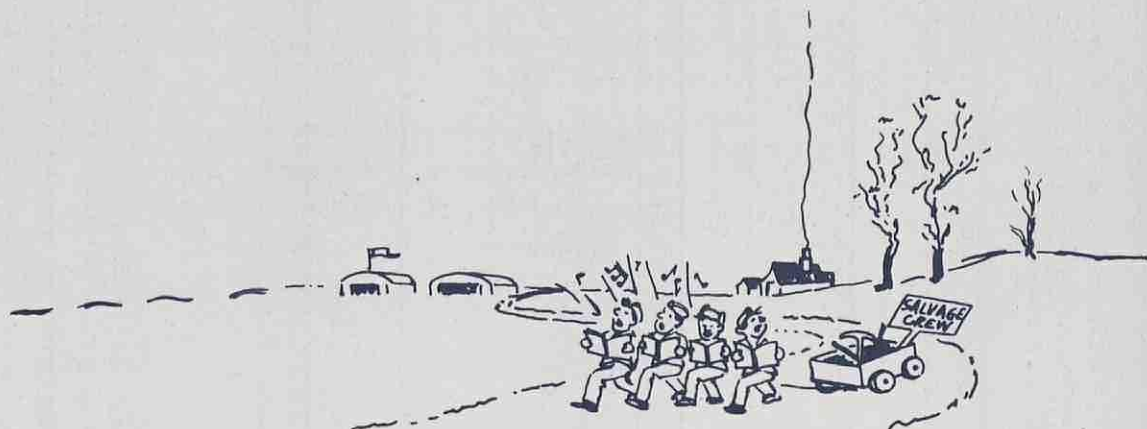


LIGHT HEARTED SONGS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

In this latter section of The Song Book is presented a group of songs which might be described as humorously macabre. In them pilots try to follow railroad tracks through tunnels with the result that they follow their ancestors abruptly into the hereafter; in them pilots lay dying with cylinders imbedded in their kidneys and connecting rods in their heads; in them such characters as "the wild-eyed cadet" are cheerfully waved into the Great Beyond while some other flyer, ecstatically expiring "beside a Belgian Water Tank," dreams of Heaven where "whiskey grows on telephone poles."

"Dittys" like these have always been traditional in the Air Corps. They will seem morbid only to groundlings who simply don't understand the Air Corps and Air Forces. They should not, perhaps, be sung in the presence of mothers, unless, of course, the mothers themselves know how to sing "Clementine," which is not at all unlikely.

St. Clair McKelway



A HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN LAY DYING

(Wrap Me Up In My Tarpaulin Jacket)

Valse moderato

A hand-some young air-man lay dy-ing, And
Now on-ly sis-sies need en-gines, *A*

as on the air-drome he lay, To me-chan-ics who
real man needs on-ly the air, *Now* soar-ing on

'round him came sigh-ing, These last part-ing words he did say.
high like an ea-gle *We* glide with nev-er a care.

2. "Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
 The connecting rod out of my brain
 The crankshaft from under my backbone
 And assemble the engine again."

ONLY SISSIES NEED ENGINES

(Wrap Me Up In My Tarpaulin Jacket)
(Glider Verses, 1942)

1. Now only Sissies need engines,
A real man needs only the air,
Now soaring on high like an eagle,
We glide with never a care.
2. You can have your high-powered "cyclones,"
And your liquid cooled "Allisons," too,
But give me a handful of thermals,
And a quick thunderstorm or two.
3. A bomber needs two miles to land in,
A glider needs sixty-five feet,
And a fighting plane lands at two hundred,
A glider lands slowly and sweet.
4. Now, I've got no use for a motor,
A true one may seldom be found,
For they're temp'ramental and vicious,
They lo-ve to just "let you down."
5. Oh! Give me a fast gliding glider,
With wings long and graceful and thin,
Set me loose in the air over Dover,
And we'll win in the streets of Berlin.
6. We'll go in some dark, moonless evening,
With jeeps and a six-by-six truck,
Close in with some sixty Commandos,
And aided by God and good luck.
7. Now after we capture Herr Hitler,
And have Goering sewed up in a sack,
There's only one question un-answered,
"How in hell are we gonna get back!"

(ED. NOTE) These verses were written to Capt. William Lazarus by his class when he made the remark that "Only Sissies Need Motors."

BESIDE A BELGIAN WATER TANK

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with chords and bass lines in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. Chord symbols are placed above the treble staff at the beginning of each measure or group of measures.

System 1: Chords: F, Bb6, F, F+, Gm, D7, Gm. Lyrics: Be - side a Bel-gian wa - ter-tank, one bright mid-sum-mer's day, Be -

System 2: Chords: C7, C7, C7, C7, C7, F. Lyrics: neath his shat-tered bat-tle plane, a young ob-ser-ver lay, His

System 3: Chords: F, Bb6, F, F+, Gm, D7, G7. Lyrics: pi-lot hung from a tel-e-graph pole, he was not yet quite dead, So

System 4: Chords: C7, C7, C7, C7, C7, F. Lyrics: we list-ened to the ver-y last words the young ob-ser-ver said.

2. "We are going to a better land, where everything is bright,
Where Whiskey grows on telephone poles, play poker every night.
We'll never have to work at all, just sit around and sing,
We'll have "beaucoup" wild women—Oh, Death where is thy sting?"

1917 version—2nd Air Service.

Other versions in "Sound Off" Dolph.

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OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Arranged by
ESTHER S. CASE

Allegro moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, and the vocal line is in the right hand. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The key signature has one flat (F major or D minor). The first system of music has the following lyrics: 'Old sol - diers nev - er die, nev - er die, nev - er die,'. The second system of music has the following lyrics: 'Old sol - diers nev - er die, No, Oh! No, No, No!'. The piano accompaniment features chords of F, C, G7, and C. The vocal line features a melody that is repeated in the first system and then continues in the second system. The second system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. Old soldiers never die
Never die, never die
Old soldiers, never die
They just fade away.
2. Old sailors never buy
Never buy, never buy
Old sailors never buy
They just sail away.
3. Old pilots never fly
Never fly, never fly
Old pilots never fly
They just draw their pay.
4. This fog will never lift
Never lift, never lift
This fog will never lift
Grounded now are we.

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

Arranged by
ESTHER S. CASE

Words by
ROLAND BIRNN

Allegro moderato

mf

Come on and join the Air Corps, and get your fly - ing
oth - ers toil and stud - y hard and soon grow old and

pay, blind, You You won't have to work at all but loaf a - round all
take the air with - out a care and nev - er, nev - er

1. C 2. C E7 F A7 Dm D#dim C G7
day While mind. Nev - er mind, nev - er mind,

C C C C G7 C C G7 C
Come on and join the Air Corps, and you will nev - er mind.

Words by permission of Roland Birnn.

2. Our pilots do a lot of stunts
 And do them well, of course;
 And if you think that isn't hard,
 Just try to loop a horse.
 Our air mechanics have more brains
 Than generals of the line,
 But don't get sore, just join the corps,
 And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Never mind, never mind;
 Come on and join the Air Corps,
 And you will never mind.

3. Come on and get promoted
 As high as you desire,
 You're riding on the gravy train
 When you're an army flyer.
 But just when you're about to be
 A general, you find
 That your motors cough and your wings fall off
 But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

4. You're flying O'er the ocean
 And then from where you sit,
 You see your prop come to a stop.
 Your engine it has quit.
 You cannot swim, the ship won't float,
 The shore is miles behind,
 Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish,
 But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

5. You're flying on cross-country,
 The fog comes all around;
 There's ice at fifteen hundred feet
 And snowdrifts on the ground.
 You curse the day you learned to fly
 With care your face is lined,
 But you use your dome and bring her home,
 And then you never mind.

CHORUS.

6. Come on and join the Air Corps
 And think your skill is good,
 Until you start blind flying tricks,
 Beneath a canvas hood.
 You fly her toward the mountains
 With a lookout man behind,
 He gives a shout and bails right out,
 But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

7. They send you down to ——— Field
 And keep you there for years,
 And if you try to bellyache
 They pin back both your ears.
 Oh, ——— Field's a lousy place
 As you will quickly find.
 But I don't care, I'm leaving there,
 And so I never mind.

CHORUS.

8. Come on and join the Air Corps
 And never take a dare,
 If someone bets there's any stunt
 You can't do in the air.
 Just show the boys how hot you are,
 And while they stand behind,
 You just be bold, while they grow old,
 And they will never mind.

CHORUS.

SHE'S GOT A PAIR OF WINGS

Tune: N'Everything

Music by
DeSYLVA
KAHN and
JOLSON

Chorus

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is the Chorus, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass. The lyrics are: "She's got a pair of wings tied on with strings n' ev-'ry-thing". The second system continues the melody with the lyrics: "And when she does a vril-le the wing flies free n' ev-'ry-thing.". The third system has the lyrics: "She's just a mass of cross brace wire She's a bear for catch-ing". The fourth system has the lyrics: "fire This fly-ing cu-tie not built for beau-ty But looks aint ev-'ry-". Chord symbols are placed above the staff: G7, C, E7, Amin, E7, Amin, F, D#dim, C, C7, A7, D7, G, G79.

She's got a pair of wings tied on with strings n' ev-'ry-thing

And when she does a vril-le the wing flies free n' ev-'ry-thing.

She's just a mass of cross brace wire She's a bear for catch-ing

fire This fly-ing cu-tie not built for beau-ty But looks aint ev-'ry-

G7 G7

thing! And when she leaves the ground and loops a - round n'

C E7

ev - 'ry-thing— And when she does a spin, — you

Am E7 Am C G7 C7 F

hear the bells in heav-en ring, We have a crash most ev-'ry day

C+ C E7b5 A A7 D7 D+

And the pay check rolls a - way Buy-ing flow - ers and holes

G7 G7 G7 C G7 1. C 3 2. C

in the ground n' ev - 'ry-thing She's got a

THAT TATTOOED LADY

Tune: Just Try to Picture Me Down Home in Tennessee

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Moderato

Chord symbols: C, A7, Dm, D7, G7, G+, Cdim, C7, Gm, F, Fm, C, Gm, A7, D7, C9, Ddim, G, C, A7, Dm, D7.

Lyrics:

I paid a dime to see that tat-toed la - dy.

— She was a sight to see, tat-toed from head to knee And

on her jaw was the Roy - al Fly - ing Corps, And

on her back was a Un - ion Jack, now could you ask for more? All up and

down her spine, Stood the King's own guard in line, And strewn a -

cross her hips — was a fleet of bat - tle ships, — And

just a - bove one kid - ney was a bird's eye view of Sid - ney; But what

I liked best right a - cross her chest, was my home in Ten - nes - see. *f*

WE'VE GOT A DINKY STOVE

Tune: N'Everything

from Second Army Air Service Book published by G.H.Q. at Toul 1919

We've got a dinky stove that smokes and smokes n'everything.
 We've got a guy that snores (I hope he chokes) n'everything
 Y'oughter hear us cough and sneeze
 When the walls let in the breeze,
 Most any hour an icy shower
 Drips on our bunks n'everything.
 We've got a floor that's full of cracks and nails n'everything .
 We've got a mascot mut that howls and wails n'everything.
 And if I ever leave this life,
 I'm going straight home to my wife,
 Where we'll have a lot of heat and rugs and tubs n'everything.

THE TROOP SHIP—BLESS 'EM ALL

BRITISH AIR CADET SONG

Words and Music by
JIMMY HUGHES
FRANK LAKE
AL STILLMAN

Brightly

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Brightly'. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'They say there's a troop-ship just'. The third system continues the melody with 'leav-ing Bom-bay, Bound for old Blight-y's shore, Heav-i - ly'. The fourth system continues with 'la-den with time-ex-pired men, Bound for the land they a - dore, There's'. The fifth system concludes the piece with 'man-y an air-man just fin-ish-ing his time, there's man-y a "twirp" sign-ing'. Chord symbols are placed above the staff, and dynamic markings like 'mf' are used. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 3/4.

Chord symbols: C, Bb7, F, Fm6, C, G7, CdimC, C, G7, G7, C, C, C, C, C, C, C, C, C, Ebdim, G7, G7, G7, G7, G7, G7, C6, G7, C6, G7, G7, G7, Dm, Dm, D#dimD#dim, C, C, G7, C, C, C, C, C, C, A7, Eb7.

Lyrics: They say there's a troop-ship just leav-ing Bom-bay, Bound for old Blight-y's shore, Heav-i - ly la-den with time-ex-pired men, Bound for the land they a - dore, There's man-y an air-man just fin-ish-ing his time, there's man-y a "twirp" sign-ing

G G G G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 G7 D7 D7

on, You'll get no pro - mo - tion this side of the o - cean so cheer up my

Dm G7 Cdim C C C C C C C C

lads, bless 'em all. Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, The long and the

C7 C7 F A7 Dm G7 G7 F G7 G7 G7 G7

short and the tall, Bless all the ser - geants and Dou - ble you O - nes,

D7 D7 Bm D7 G7 F6 G7 D7 G7 C C C C C

bless all the corp - rals and their blink - in' sons, for we're say - ing good - bye to them

C C C G7 C C C7 C7 F A7 Dm G7 G7

all, As back to their bil - lets they crowd, You'll get no pro -

G7 Dm6 G7 G7 G7 G7 D7 D7 Fm6 G7 Cdim C C

mo - tion this side of the o - cean, so cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

GOOD OLD ARMY STEW

Words by permission of David R. McLean

Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers

Moderato

I've flown a-cross the o - cean, from Ice - land to Pe - ru, I've

seen a thou-sand won-ders, some old and oth-ers new. But no-where in the

world have I found an e - qual to that gas - tro-nom - ic mar - vel, a

dish of Ar - my stew. Sing-ing soap - chips, dish - rags, seal - ing wax and

glue, You will find them all in a dish of Ar - my stew.

Chord symbols: F, Bb, F, F+, Gm, Gm, Gm, C7, C7, C7, C7, F, F, Bb, F, F, Bb, F, Faug, Gm, Gm, Gm, Bbm6, C7, C7, C7, C7, F, F, F, Bbm, F, F, F, D7, G7, G7, G7, G7, C7, F#dim, C7, C7, F, Bbm, F, F.

2. A cannibal I met on the isle of lcky Poo,
 Said "Come home for supper, the meat course will be you!"
 I went into his kitchen and showed him what to do,
 And now the guy eats nothing but good old Army Stew.

CHORUS

Singing of soap chips, dish rags, sealing wax and glue—
 You will find them all in a dish of Army Stew.

3. The captain of a whaler that sailed the Arctic Sea,
 Harpooned the biggest whaler in all his memory;
 It was easy to explain just why it grew and grew,
 For when they cut it open it was full of Army Stew.

CHORUS

4. I was stranded in the desert in an old B-17,
 We didn't have a drop of either oil or gasoline,
 In less than an hour we were flying straight and true,
 Because we filled the gas tank with good old Army Stew.

CHORUS

5. Now far across the sea where the rationing is tough,
 They ate up all the cattle and didn't have enough,
 Then the mess sergeant went on a visit to the Zoo,
 And that is how the lion got into the Army Stew.

CHORUS

6. We were gunning for a Jap on a flight to Tokio,
 The bombardier got set, took his aim and let 'em go,
 That Jap dodged the bombs, and he dodged the bullets to,
 But we hit him in the puss with a dish of Army Stew.

CHORUS

7. Benito is a bum who lives in Italy,
 He has the only Navy that never puts to sea,
 When Hitler says "Heil!" Mussolini says "me, too,"
 But he would trade it all for a dish of Army Stew.

CHORUS

8. Now Hitler's secret weapon is wrapped in mystery,
 He isn't sure himself what the silly thing can be,
 But our secret weapon is a mighty secret too,
 It's the recipe for making a dish of Army Stew.

CHORUS

WE LOOP IN THE PURPLE TWILIGHT

Tune: Stand to Your Glasses

Arranged by
ESTHER S. CASE

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "We loop in the purple twilight, we". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics: "spin in the silver dawn, With a trail of smoke be-". The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "hind us, to show where our comrades have gone." The score includes various chords and chord progressions, such as C, C#dim, Dm, Fm, G7, and E7.

mf
We loop in the purple twilight, we

spin in the silver dawn, With a trail of smoke be-

hind us, to show where our comrades have gone.

2. With flaming guns and cannon,
With wings of wood and steel;
For mortal stakes we gamble
With cards that are stacked for the deal.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

Tune: We Loop in the Purple Twilight

1. We stand 'neath resounding rafters
The walls around are bare;
They echo back our laughter,
Seems that all the dead are there.

CHORUS.

Stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a health to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next man to die.

2. Denied by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we held dear,
The good have all gone before us,
And only the dull are still here .

CHORUS.

SKIN A MARINK A DOO KA DOO

Tempo di marcia

Chords: C, C, A, Dm, D7, G7, C, C

Chords: C, Am, G+5, C, G+5

Lyrics: Skin-a - ma - rink - a - doo, ka - doo, skin - a - ma - rink - a - doo,

Chords: C, Ebdim, G7, G7, Dm, Dm6

Lyrics: I love you, Skin - a - ma - rink - a -

Chords: G7, G7, Dm, Dm6, G7, G7, G7, G7

Lyrics: doo, ka - doo, skin - a - ma - rink - a - doo, I

G7 G7 C Ebdim G7 G7 C F

love you, I love you in the

This system contains the first four measures of the song. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. Chords are indicated above the staff: G7, G7, C, Ebdim, G7, G7, C, and F. The lyrics are 'love you, I love you in the'.

C C7 F A Dm Dm D G6

morn - ing and I love you in the night, — I love you in the

This system contains the next four measures. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, C7, F, A, Dm, Dm, D, and G6. The lyrics are 'morn - ing and I love you in the night, — I love you in the'.

D7 D7 G7 G7 C C

eve - ning when the moon is shin - ing bright, Skin - a - ma - rink - a -

This system contains the next four measures. Chords are indicated above the staff: D7, D7, G7, G7, C, and C. The lyrics are 'eve - ning when the moon is shin - ing bright, Skin - a - ma - rink - a -'.

Am G7+5 C A A D7 D7 G7 G7

doo, ka - doo, skin - a - ma - rink - a doo, I love

This system contains the next four measures. Chords are indicated above the staff: Am, G7+5, C, A, A, D7, D7, G7, and G7. The lyrics are 'doo, ka - doo, skin - a - ma - rink - a doo, I love'.

1. C C#dim G7 G7 2. C G7 C C

you. you.

This system contains the final four measures, including a first and second ending. Chords are indicated above the staff: 1. C, C#dim, G7, G7, 2. C, G7, C, and C. The lyrics are 'you. you.'.

TING A LING A LING LING

Allegro moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal part consists of two staves of lyrics, each with a corresponding melody line. The score includes various chord markings above the notes: G, E7, A7, D7, Bm, Bbdim, and Am. The lyrics are: 'Ting-a - ling - a - ling - ling, who told you so, Ting-a - ling - a - ling - ling, who told you so, Squad-ron Eight, takes the cake, I told you so! so!'. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Chord Progression:

- Measure 1: G
- Measure 2: E7
- Measure 3: E7
- Measure 4: A7
- Measure 5: A7
- Measure 6: D7
- Measure 7: D7
- Measure 8: G
- Measure 9: Bbdim
- Measure 10: Am
- Measure 11: D7
- Measure 12: G
- Measure 13: E7
- Measure 14: E7
- Measure 15: A7
- Measure 16: A7
- Measure 17: A7
- Measure 18: D7
- Measure 19: Bm
- Measure 20: Bm
- Measure 21: Am
- Measure 22: D7
- Measure 23: G
- Measure 24: G

Lyrics:

Ting-a - ling - a - ling - ling, who told you so,
 Ting-a - ling - a - ling - ling, who told you so,
 Squad-ron Eight, takes the cake, I told you so! so!

LYRICS OF FAMILIAR TUNES



ALOUETTE

1st Verse—

Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray
 Leader . Just a boomeray la tete
 All . . . Just a boomeray la tete
 Leader . A la tete
 All . . . A la tete
 Leader . Alouette
 All . . . Alouette Oh . . .

2nd Verse—

Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray
 Leader . Just a boomer open post
 All . . . Just a boomer open post
 Leader . Open post
 All . . . Open post
 Leader . A la tete
 All . . . A la tete
 Leader . Alouette
 All . . . Alouette Oh . . .

3rd Verse—

Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray
 Leader . Just a boomer plenty dough
 All . . . Just a boomer plenty dough
 Leader . Plenty dough
 All . . . Plenty dough
 Leader . Open post
 All . . . Open post
 Leader . A la tete
 All . . . A la tete
 Leader . Alouette
 All . . . Alouette Oh . . .

4th Verse—

Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray
 Leader . Just a boomer pretty blonde
 All . . . Just a boomer pretty blonde
 Leader . Pretty blonde
 All . . . Pretty blonde
 Leader . Plenty dough
 All . . . Plenty dough
 Leader . Open post
 All . . . Open post

Leader . A la tete

All . . . A la tete

Leader . Alouette

All . . . Alouette Oh . . .

5th Verse—

Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray
 Leader . Just a boomer rum and coke
 All . . . Just a boomer rum and coke
 Leader . Rum and coke
 All . . . Rum and coke
 Leader . Pretty blonde
 All . . . Pretty blonde
 Leader . Plenty dough
 All . . . Plenty dough
 Leader . Open post
 All . . . Open post
 Leader . A la tete
 All . . . A la tete
 Leader . Alouette
 All . . . Alouette Oh . . .

6th Verse—

Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray
 Leader . Just a boomer achin' head
 All . . . Just a boomer achin' head
 Leader . Achin' head
 All . . . Achin' head
 Leader . Rum and coke
 All . . . Rum and coke
 Leader . Pretty blonde
 All . . . Pretty blonde
 Leader . Plenty dough
 All . . . Plenty dough
 Leader . Open post
 All . . . Open post
 Leader . A la tete
 All . . . A la tete
 Leader . Alouette
 All . . . Alouette
 All . . . Oh . . . Alouette, jonti Alouette
 Alouette, jonti boomeray

HI, HI, UP SHE RISES

Tune: Ten Little Indians

1. What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,
 What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,
 What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning.
 Put him in the brig 'til he gets sober,
 Put him in the brig 'til he gets sober,
 Put him in the brig 'til he gets sober,
 Early in the morning.

CHORUS:

Hi, Hi, up she rises,
 Hi, Hi, up she rises,
 Hi, Hi, up she rises,
 Early in the morning.

2. What you gonna do with a drunken pilot,
 What you gonna do with a drunken pilot,
 What you gonna do with a drunken pilot,
 Early in the morning.
 Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber,
 Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber,
 Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber,
 Early in the morning.

CHORUS.

Order of Daedalians Book
 "Songs of the Army Flyers" 1937

SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

Tune: Hallelujah from "Hit the Deck"

Sing Hallelujah for maneuvers,
 For maneuvers we're on our way.
 Now, don't be grieving 'cause we're leaving,
 We'll be back the first of May.
 Good times lie before us,
 Not that you bore us,
 Let's get away!
 Sing Hallelujah for maneuvers,
 For maneuvers we're on our way.

DAEDALIANS BOOK
 From "Songs of the Army Flyers" 1937

I AM A KIWI NOW

Tune: The Old Gray Mare
Army Song Book, p. 69

I don't have to walk like the Infantry
Ride like the cavalry,
Shoot like artillery,
And I don't have to fly over Germany,
I am a Kiwi now.

Definition of Kiwi:

1. Zoological: An Australian bird, "sans wings," species rare.
2. Aeronautical: An A.E.F. ground ace, species "tres common."
From: "Ye Air Service Hymnal"
2nd Army Air Service Book
Toul, France, 1919

Definition of a Daedalians. "Order of the Daedalians."
Those who earned their wings during the last war, World War I.
Their Motto is: "Volabmus Volamus."

M.A.: Military Aviator. Those who learned to fly before 1917.

J.M.A.: Junior Military Aviator. Those who learned to fly during World War I.

MOTHER TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Tune: Oh Boy, Oh Joy, Where Do We Go From Here

1. Mother, take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S.O.S.
He's S.O.L. but what the hell,
He never suffered less.
He may be thin, but that's from gin,
Or else I miss my guess.
So, mother, take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S.O.S.
2. Mother, put out your golden star,
Your son's going up in a Sop
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,
She's got a rickety prop.
The Motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
He's sure to take a flop.
So, mother, put out your golden star,
Your Son's going up in the Sop.

From "Ye Air Service Hymnal" 1919

BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Tune: Beside a Belgian Water Tank

1. Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel, one bleak November day,
Beneath a busted D.H. 4, a brave young pilot lay.
His arms and legs were shattered, the tank had conked his head,
We all knew he was going west, but ere he died, he said:

CHORUS:

Oh, I'm going to a better land,
They souse there every night;
Where cocktails grow on crab-apple trees,
And everyone stays tight.
Where bugles never blow at all,
Where no one winds the clocks,
And drops of Johnnie Walker
Come trickling down the rocks.

2. The brave young lad was councing off, but as he passed away
We saw his lips were moving, "My friends, it was this way:
The God damned motor wouldn't hit, the struts were far too few,
A tractor hit the gas tank and the flamin' juice came through.

CHORUS:

Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where motors always run,
Where house-wives hand out juleps
And pilots grow a bun.
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals,
And not a bluddy, flamin' four,
And absinthe frappes, cool and stout
Are served at every store.

From "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"

MEMORIES

Tune: "I Love You Truly"

Words by G. L. Wertenbaker, 1940

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Over the clouds, lads;
Come, we will go.
We have the spirit;
We'll show the foe. | 2. Some will return,
And only they can tell,
Which went to Heaven
And which went to Hell. |
|--|--|

WRECK OF THE OLD 97

Tune: "Old 97"

1. There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron,
And they didn't have room for more.
The first ninety-six were of new construction,
But the last was a D-H four.
2. She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten,
And the wings were warped and bent.
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in pasture,
A cow that was quite content.
3. She was old 97, and she had a fine record,
But she hadn't been flown that year.
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.
4. A second lieutenant wandered into the office,
And he asked for a ship or two.
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes,
But we'll see what we can do.
5. "Now the first 47 are reserved for majors,
And the Captains have the next 49.
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron,
The last ship upon the line."
6. He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus,
And he had to make that flight,
So he said, "O.K., if you'll give me a clearance,
I will get there some time tonight."
7. Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama,
And the ceiling began to fall,
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains,
And he couldn't see the ground at all.
8. He turned to the left and ran into a snowstorm,
And he turned back to the right.
And he turned around, the fog was behind him,
And the mountains were all in sight.
9. He flew through rain and he flew through the snowstorm
Till the light began to fail.
Then he found a railroad that was going in his direction,
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."
10. He flew down the valley and he dodged through the mountains,
And he kept that road in sight,
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains,
And he ended his last long flight.

11. There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain
 And her wheels upon the track,
 And the throttle was bent in the forward position,
 But the engine was facing back.
12. Now La-dies, listen, and heed my warnin'
 From this time now and on,
 Never say harsh words to your aviator husband,
 He may leave you and ne'er return.

H. S. (POSSUM) HANSELL, JR., 1923

MY WILD-EYED CADET

Tune: My Wild Irish Rose

Army Song Book, p. 65

My wild-eyed cadet
 He ain't seen 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.

18TH INTERCEPTOR GROUP

Tune: Away, Away With Sword and Drum

Words by P. Smith

Oh, the pilot of the Golden Bug
 Is in his cockpit safe and snug,
 Is everything all okey-doke?
 No, there he goes to earth in smoke.

CHORUS:

Away, away with sword and drum
 Here they come full of rum
 Looking for something to put on the bum
 The 18th Interceptor Group.

HE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR IN A P-39

Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze
Army Song Book, p. 57

He flew through the air in a P-39
And swooped down to read every Burma Shave sign
On Sunday he shouted, "I'm still doing fine"
But on Monday he vanished away.
They found part of a wing down in Roswell
And at Kirtland they picked up his prop
There were bits of his engine in Phoenix
But our hero, he never did stop.
He flies through the air on his snowy white wings
He plays on the harp, and he wistfully sings
"On Sunday I did some impossible things
And on Monday I vanished away."

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

Tune: A Handsome Young Airman Lay Dying

1. A poor aviator lay dying,
At the end of a bright summer's day.
His comrades had gathered about him
To carry his fragments away.
2. The airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His Hotchkiss was wrapped 'round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.
3. He spit out a valve and a gasket,
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
And then to his wondering comrades,
Those brave parting words he did say:
4. "Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck,
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of gods parts in this wreck.
5. Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again."

From "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"

ROUND HER LEG SHE WORE A PURPLE GARTER

Tune: Round Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

Army Song Book, p. 37

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 why the hell she wore it,

She wore it for her lover who was down at O.C.S.

O.C.S., Miami Beach!

O.C.S., Miami Beach!

She wore it for her lover who was down at O.C.S.

2. Upon the shelf she kept a whisky bottle
She kept it in the springtime . . . etc.
3. Around the block she pushed a baby carriage . . .
4. Behind the door her father kept a shotgun . . .

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

(Dinah Version)

I've been working on the railroad all the live, long day.

I've been working on the railroad just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing?

Rise up so early in the morn.

Don't you hear the Captain shouting;

"Dinah, blow your horn "

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow on your old Hi Ho?

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,

Someone's in the kitchen I know, Ho Ho Ho,

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,

Strumming on the old banjo.

Singing:

Fee Fi Fiddle I O,

Fee Fi Fiddle I O Ho Ho Ho,

Fee Fi Fiddle I O,

Strumming on the old banjo.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the girls are marching

Marching everywhere we go

First we march and then we drill

If that won't kill you Phys Ed will.

Listen boys, oh listen, to our tale of woe.

Moan, Moan, Moan, I want a Major

Major, Colonel, or cadet

I want a man who's strong and tall

Who won't mind this zoot suit at all

But I haven't seen a man in this place yet.

Ground school classes in the morning.

All our simple minds we strain,

Ornithopter, Helicopter, Autogyro, Airplane.

All the things we try to crowd into our brain.

Look boys, look! the girls are flying.

Perfect form in every way

Womanhood we will redeem

Boys we're really on the beam

And we'll show you how to fly the Army way!

319th Army Air Force Training Detachment
Sweetwater, Texas

THE FIRST PURSUIT

Tune: "I'm a Rambling Wreck"

When I was but a little lad,

My mother, she said to me,

"Listen to me, my son, my lad,

And you will eventually see.

Stay away from those Bombardment Groups

The Observation, too.

Just strap a P-1 on your back;

It's the First Pursuit for you."

Nose down, wide out,

Pull her up in a zoom.

We'll get on your tail;

You'll fall down and go boom.

I like my women wicked

And I'll take my whiskey clear.

I'm a member of the First Pursuit,

And a hell of a guy for beer.

Contributed by
R. M. RAMEY
18th Pursuit Group, 1940

A SERGEANT'S SMILE

Tune: There Are Such Things

Army Hit Kit, March 1943

A Sergeant's smile . . . there are such things
 O. D.'s with style . . . there are such things
 Someone to whisper, "Buddy, you can sleep all day"
 "Just wake up once a month to pick up your pay"
 A four day pass . . . there are such things
 Self-shining brass . . . and beds with springs
 The Army's on a picnic, and they're giving yard-birds wings
 Oh, don't you wish there really were such things.

Parody—FRANK LOESSER

CADENCE SONG

Tune: Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

1. All we do is count the cadence,
 All we do is count the cadence,
 All we do is count the cadence,
 For the section up ahead is OUT OF STEP.
 Hrump—two—three—four.
 Hrump—two—three—four.
 Hrump—two—three—four.
2. Now that we have counted cadence,
 Now that we have counted cadence,
 Now that we have counted cadence,
 The section up ahead is back in step.

K-K-K-K.P.

Tune: K-K-K-Katy

Army Song Book, p. 53

K-K-K-K.P.
 Beautiful K. P.
 You're the only j-j-j-job that I adore
 And when the moon shines
 Over the mess hall
 I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

Parody—FRANK LOESSER

ENVOY

Your judgment is flawless, sir, I'll say;
You skimmed the cream of the lot, no doubt;
I'll ballyhoo strong for the book—but say—
Why the hell did you leave me out?
—C. W. W.

Compiled and donated to the
Army Air Forces Aid Society
by Mildred A. Yount.

Piano arrangements reviewed by Claude Mac Arthur.

The first ten thousand copies of this book have been donated to the Army Air Forces Aid Society
by Floyd Bestwick Odum.

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