

ARMY

Song Book

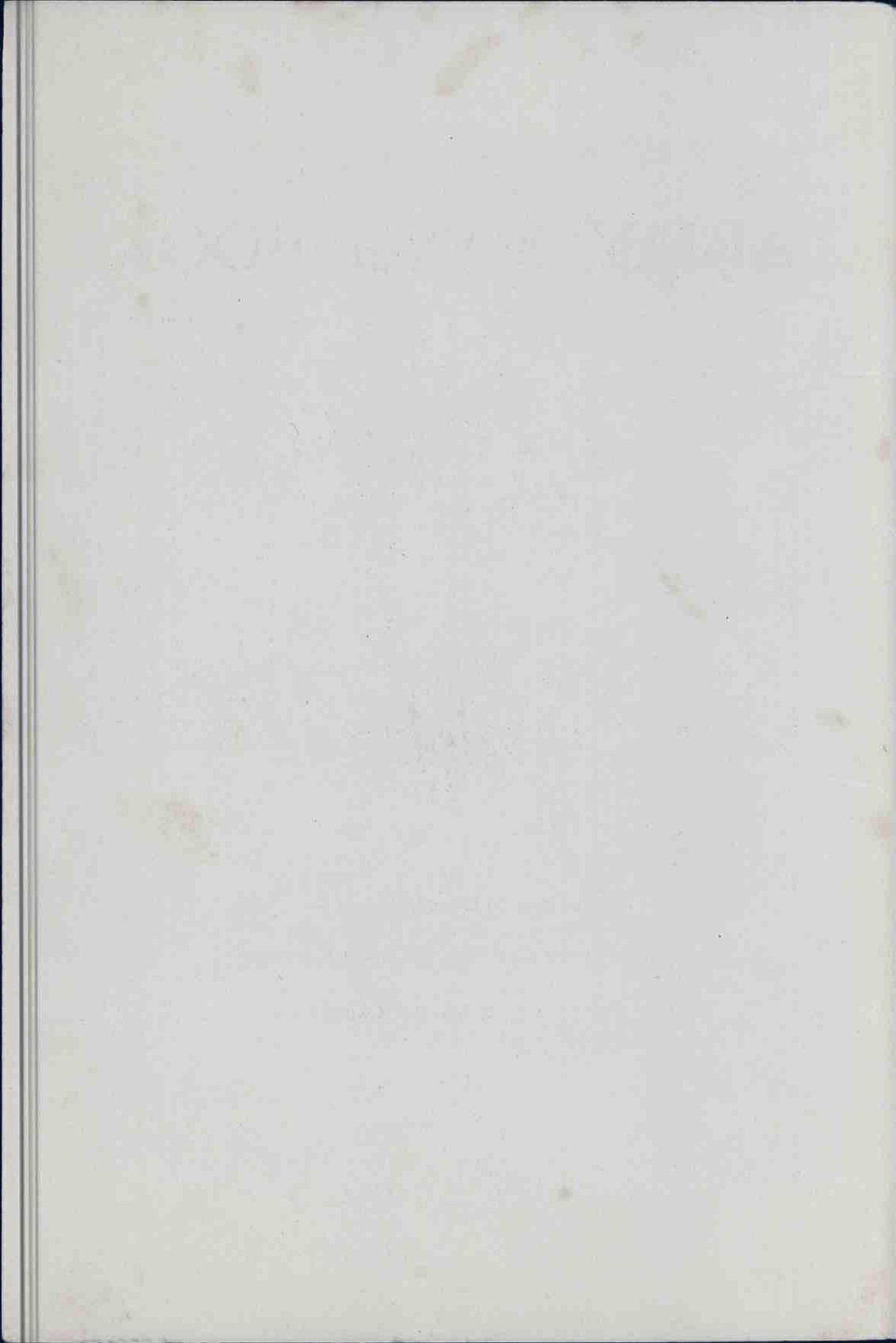


RETURN
HQ USAF
MAXWELL

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MICROFILMED BY TMA



ARMY SONG BOOK

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The Adjutant General's Office
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Second Edition, Revised

1941

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1. The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

B♭ major - Count 3

Attributed to
John Stafford Smith

Moderate

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

B♭ F Gm D7 Gm C7

F B♭ F B♭

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

F Gm D7 Gm C7

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

F B♭ F B♭

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

mf F B♭ F B♭ F

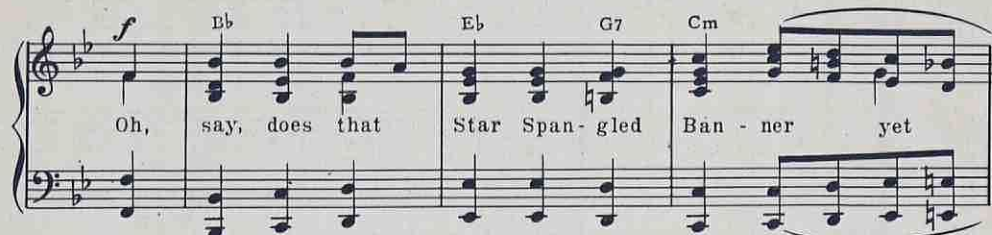
stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in

B \flat F B \flat Gm C7 F



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

B \flat E \flat G7 Cm



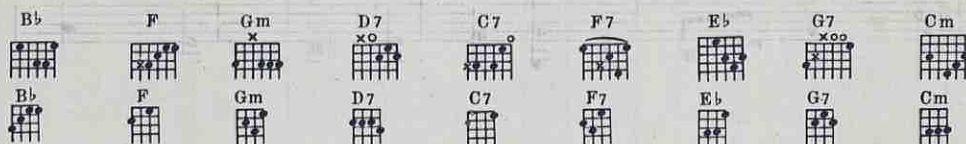
Oh, say, does that Star Span-gled Ban-ner yet

B \flat F B \flat F B \flat Gm C7 B \flat F B \flat



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

B \flat F Gm D7 C7 F7 E \flat G7 Cm



B \flat F Gm D7 C7 F7 E \flat G7 Cm

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

2. Alma Mater

PAUL S. REINECKE

West Point, 1911

Ab major - Count 4

Music traditional
Arranged by F. C. Mayer

Moderate

TENORS

Melody in 2nd Tenor

1. Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, dear! To us be ev - er near, Help us thy
2. Guide us, thy sons, a - right, Teach us by day, by night, To keep thine
(pp) 3. And when our work is done, Our course on earth is run, May it be

BASSES

mot - to bear, Thru all the years. Let Du - ty be well per - formed,
hon - or bright, For thee the fight. When we de - part from thee,
said, "Well done. Be thou at peace". (<) E'er may that line of gray

Hon - or be e'er un - tar'n'd, Coun - try be ev - er armed, West Point, by thee!
Serv - ing on land or sea, May we still loy - al be, West Point, to thee!
In - crease from day to day; Live, serve, and die, we pray, West Point, for thee!

Arrangement by permission F. C. Mayer, U.S. Military Academy.

3. Aloha Oe

G major - Count 4

Words and Music by
QUEEN LILIUOKALANI
Arranged by Chas. E. King

Slow

G C G D7

Proud - ly sweeps the rain cloud by the cliffs As on - ward it glides thru the
Ha - a - heo ka u - a i - na pali Ke ni - hi a - e lai kai na -

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trees It seems to be fol - low - ing the li - ko The
 hele E ha ha - i i - an - a i ka li - ko Pu - a

a - hi - hi Le Hu - a of the vale. Fare - well to thee, fare -
 a - hi - hi Le Hu - a o u - ka. A lo - ha Oe, a -

well to thee, Thou charm - ing one who dwells a - mong the bow - ers. One
 lo - ha oe, E ke o - na - o - na - no - ho - i - ka li - po. A

fond em - brace be - fore I now de - part Un - til we meet a - gain.
 fond em - brace a ho - i a - e au, Un - til we meet a - gain.

G C G B7
 E7 A7 D7 G CHORUS C
 G D7 G C G D7 B7 E7 A7 G C D7 B7 E7 A7

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

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

4. America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

For Male Quartet

F major - Count 3

Traditional

Moderate

My coun-try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my

Melody

F Dm B \flat C F Dm B \flat F C \sharp Dm B \flat F C7 F

PIANO

fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grims' pride! From ev-ry moun-tain side, Let freedom ring!

C7 F C F B \flat F C F B \flat F C7 F

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F Dm B \flat C C \sharp C7 F Dm B \flat C C \sharp C7

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

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

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

5. America, The Beautiful

7

KATHERINE LEE BATES

B \flat major- Count 4

SAMUEL A. WARD

Moderate

Tenor I
Tenor II

Melody

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet,
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream

Bass I
Bass II

Piano

Moderate

For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun - tain
Whose stern im - pas - sioned stress, A thor - ough - fare for
In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their
That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter

cresc.

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain.
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness.
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life.
cit - ies gleam Un dimmed by hu - man tears.

cresc.

cresc.

ff

A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal

ff

God shed his grace on thee, — And crown thy good with
 God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, — Con - firm thy soul in
 May God thy gold re - fine — Till all suc - cess be
 God shed his grace on thee, — And crown thy good with

broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
 self con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!

♢

♢ Either the last two or the last four measures may be used as an introduction.

6. Anchors Aweigh

Revised Lyric by
GEORGE D. LOTTMANN

The Song of The Navy

CHARLES ZIMMERMANN

C major - Count 2

Revised Melody by
D. SAVINO

March time

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a piano part on the left and a vocal part on the right. The piano part includes chords and a bass line. The vocal part includes a melody line and lyrics. The lyrics are: "Anchors A - weigh, my boys, An - chors A - weigh. Fare - well to col - lege joys, we sail at break of day - day - day - day! Through our last night on shore, Drink to the foam, Un - til we meet once more Here's wish - ing you a hap - py voy - age home. — Heave a - ho there, sail - or, ev - ry bod - y drink up while you may, Heave a - ho there, sail - or, for you're gon - na sail at break of day, Drink a - way, Drink a - way, For you".

Chords: C, Am, C, G7, C, F, C, Eb7, G7, C, D7, G7, C, Am, C, G7, C, F, C, E7, Am, C, G7, C, E, Am, E7, Am, D, E7, Am, D, G, D7, G.

Lyrics: An - chors A - weigh, my boys, An - chors A - weigh. Fare - well to col - lege joys, we sail at break of day - day - day - day! Through our last night on shore, Drink to the foam, Un - til we meet once more Here's wish - ing you a hap - py voy - age home. — Heave a - ho there, sail - or, ev - ry bod - y drink up while you may, Heave a - ho there, sail - or, for you're gon - na sail at break of day, Drink a - way, Drink a - way, For you

sail at break of day, Hey! 1. Stand, Na - vy, down the field,
2. "Stand, Ar - my, to the bar,

Sail to the sky — We'll nev - er change our
Raise your glass-es high — We'll nev - er pay the

course, so Ar - my, you steer shy - y - y - y. Roll up the
bill so Na - vy you must buy-buy- buy-buy Down Gor-don

score, Na - vy, An - chors A - weigh — Sail, Na - vy,
Gin, Ar - my, Down Rock and Rye — Stand, Ar - my,

down the field And sink the Ar-my, sink the Ar-my Grey. —
to the bar And drink the Na-vy, drink the Na-vy dry". —



7. The Army Air Corps

C major - Count 4

Words and Music by
ROBERT CRAWFORD

Arr. by Mary Nourse Bicher

March time

1. Off we go in - to the wild blue yon - der, Climb - ing high in - to the
 2. Minds of men fash - ioned a crate of thun - der, Sent it high in - to the
 3. Off we go in - to the wild sky yon - der, Keep the wings lev - el and

sun; _____
 blue; _____
 true. _____

Here they come zoom - ing to meet our thun - der,
 Hands of men blast - ed the world a - sun - der,
 If you'd live to be a gray haired won - der,

At 'em boys, give 'er the gun! _____
 How they lived God on - ly knew! _____
 Keep the nose out of the blue! _____

Down we dive spout - ing our
 Souls of men dream - ing of
 Fly - ing men guard - ing the

flame from un - der Off with one hell - uv - a roar! We live in fame or go
 skies to con - quer Gave us wings ev - er to soar. With scouts be - fore and
 na - tion's bor - der, We'll be there fol - lowed by more. In ech - e - lon we .

1-2

Dm D#7 C 3 Am D7 G7 C G7

down in flame, Noth-ing'll stop the Ar-my Air Corps!—
 bomb-ers ga-lore, Noth-ing'll stop the Ar-my Air Corps!—
 car-ry on,

3. C 3 Am D7 G7 C End C7 F Bb F Dm G7 C7

Noth-ing'll stop the Ar-my Air Corps.

Toast - (Arr. by J.R. Luper)

F Bb F Dm Bb C7

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

F Bb F A7

sky; To a friend we send a mes-sage of his

Dm Bb C7 A7 D7 Gm C7

broth-er men who fly. We drink to those who gave their all of old, Then

slow. *C7* *in time*

down we roar to score the rain-bow's pot of gold. A toast to the host of

(ad lib.) from beginning

men we boast, the Ar - my Air Corps. Corps.

C C#7 G7 D#7 F G D7 B7 E7 Am A7 Dm C7 Bb

C C#7 G7 D#7 F G D7 B7 E7 Am A7 Dm C7 Bb

Gm Gm

8. Song of the Army Engineer

F major - Count 2

R. J. BURT, Sr. and
GEORGE F. BRIEGEL

March time

1. The En - gi - neer's "Em - bat - tled Ban - ners", In

spir - it born at Bun-ker Hill, (Bun-ker Hill) A liv - ing

G7 C G7 C D7 G7

flame at Cer-ro Gor-do, (Cer-ro Gor-do) Has car-ried on through Saint Mi-

C D#7 C7 REFRAIN F C7 F F7

hiel _____ Guard-ian of the Na-tion's birth-right, (Na-tion's birth-right)

Bb B7 F C D#7 C7

"Free-dom's for-ward fight-ing line", On the fight-ing line, The

F7 Gm B7 F

spir-it of "Em-bat-tled Ban-ners"; For-ev-er-
(-bat-tled ban-ners)

Bb C7 1. F D#7 C7 Last verse only F Bbm F

more shall bright-ly shine. 2. The shine.

F F7 D7 G7 C7 C D#7 Bb B7 Gm Bbm

F F7 D7 G7 C7 C D#7 Bb B7 Gm Bbm

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

Refrain:

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

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

Refrain:

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

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

Refrain:

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

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

Refrain:

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

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

9. Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

For Male Quartet

Scotch Air

Slow

F major - Count 4

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should
 2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

Melody

PIANO

CHORUS

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

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10. Battle Hymn Of The Republic

17

JULIA WARD HOWE

A major-Count 4

Moderately fast

A

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is

D **A**

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored: He hath

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His

Bm **A** **E7** **A** **CHORUS**

truth is march - ing on. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le -

D **A**

lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Bm **A** **E7** **A**

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

Keep Them Rolling

Words by
COL. GERALD E. GRIFFIN

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

11. Boll Weevil Song

19

G major-Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderate

G

1. Oh, de boll wee-vil am a lit-tle black bug, Come from Mex-i-co, dey say, Come all de way to Tex-as. Jus' a-look-in' foh a place to stay, Jus' a-look-in' foh a home Jus' a-look-in' foh a home.

D7 G

Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger

2. De first time I seen de boll weevil,
He was a-settin' on de square.
De next time I seen de boll weevil,
He had all of his family dere.
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home,
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home.
3. De farmer say to de weevil:
"What make yo' head so red?"
De weevil say to de farmer,
"It's a wondah I ain't dead,
A-lookin' foh a home,
Jus' a-lookin' foh a home".
4. De farmer take de boll weevil,
An' he put him in de hot san'.
De weevil say: "Dis is mighty hot,
But I'll stan' it like a man,
Dis'll be my home,
It'll be my home".
5. De farmer take de boll weevil,
An' he put him in a lump of ice;
De boll weevil say to de farmer:
"Dis is mighty cool and nice,
It'll be my home,
Dis'll be my home".
6. De farmer take de boll weevil,
An' he put him in de fire.
De boll weevil say to de farmer:
"Here I are, here I are,
Dis'll be my home,
Dis'll be my home".
7. De boll weevil say to de farmer:
"You better leave me alone;
I done eat all yo' cotton
Now I'm goin' to start on yo' corn,
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home".
8. De cap'n say to de missus:
"What d' you t'ink o' dat?
De boll weevil done make a nes'
In my bes' Sunday hat,
Gonna have a home,
Gonna have a home".
9. An' if anybody should ax you
Who it was dat make dis song,
Jus' tell'em 'twas a poor old farmer
Wid a paih o' blue duckin's on
Ain' got no home,
Ain' got no home.



12. Bombed

"One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us"

G major-Count 4

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderate

G D7

We were bombed last night, Bombed the night be-fore, And we're

gon-na be bombed to-night as we nev-er were bombed be-fore.

G 3 G7

C G A7

When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be, They can bomb the whole darn ar-my if they

D CHORUS G D7 G G7

don't bomb me. They're ov-er us, ov-er us, One lit-tle cave for the four of us,

C G A7 D7 G

Glor-y be to God, there are no more of us or they'd sure-ly bomb the whole darned crew.

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13. The Caissons Go Rolling Along

Artillery Song

C major - Count 2

Words and Music by

EDMUND L. GRUBER, West Point

arr. by F. C. Mayer

March time

mf

C

1. Ov-er hill, ov-er dale, We have hit the dust-y trail, And those
2. To the Front, day and night, Where the dough-boys dig and fight, And those

Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long. "Coun-ter March! Right a bout!" Hear those
Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long. Our bar- rage will be there Fired

wag-on sol-diers shout, While those Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long. For it's
on the rock-et's flare, Where those Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long.

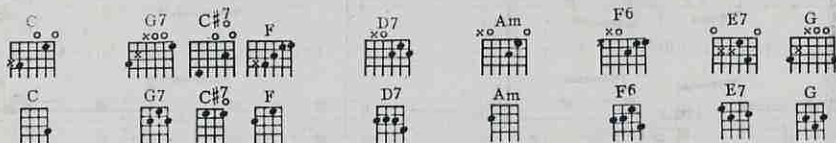
CHORUS

Hi! Hi! Hee! In the Field Ar-til-ler-y, Call off your num-bers loud and

strong! And where-e'er we go, You will al-ways know That those
(spoken) Call off!

G7 C C#7 G7
 Cais-sons are roll-ing a - long; *Keep 'em roll-ing!* That those cais-sons are roll-ing a -
 (spoken)
 After last chorus
 1. 2. C F6 C
 long. For it's Bat t'ry Halt!
 ff rit.

This song was written for the 5th Artillery, in the Philippine Islands, in 1907



Parody Field Artillery Song

(1936 Revision)

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

14. Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

23

For Male Quartet
G major - Count 4

Words and Music by
JAMES A. BLAND

Moderately slow

The musical score is written for a male quartet and piano accompaniment. It is in G major and 4/4 time, with a tempo of 'Moderately slow'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part includes chord markings: G, C, G, A7, D7, G, C, G, G7, E7, A7, D7, and G. The lyrics are: 'Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the corn and 'ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old dar-key's heart am longed to go'. The score ends with the word 'End'.

Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
corn and 'ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble
sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old dar-key's heart am longed to go
End

There's where I la - bored so hard for old Mas - sa,

D7 G

Day af - ter day in the field of yel - low corn, No place on earth do I

A7 D7 G G7

love more sin - cere - ly, Than old Vir - gin - ny, The state where I was born.

C G G7 E7 A7 D7 G

From beginning to end



15. Casey Jones

(The Brave Engineer)

T. LAWRENCE SEIBERT

C major-Count 2

EDDIE NEWTON

Moderate

Arrangement by Bob Haring.

mf *C*

1. Come, all you round-ers, if you want to hear A
call-er called Ca-sey at a half past four,

D7 *G7* *C*

sto-ry 'bout a brave en-gi-neer. Ca-sey Jones was the
Kissed his wife at the sta-tion door, Mount-ed to the cab-in with his

D7 *G7* *C*

round-er's name, On a six eight wheel-er, boys, he won his fame The
or-ders in his hand And he took his fare-well trip to that prom-ised land.

CHORUS *C* *F* *C*

Ca-sey Jones, mount-ed to the ca-bin, Ca-sey Jones, with his

D7 *G7* *C* *F*

or-ders in his hand Ca-sey Jones, mount-ed to the ca-bin And he

took his fare - well trip to the Prom - ised Land.

Chords: C, D7, G7, C

Guitar Chord Diagrams: C, D7, G7, F, C, D7, G7, F

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

16. Cindy

27

Moderately fast

F major-Count 2

Traditional Square Dance

1. You ought to see my Cin - dy She lives a - way down

2. I wish I was an apple a hangin' on the tree,
And ev'ry time that Cindy passed, she'd take a bite of me. *Chorus*
3. She took me to the parlor, she cooled me with her fan,
She swore that I's the purtiest thing in the shape of mortal man. *Chorus*
4. She told me that she loved me, she called me sugar plum,
She throwed 'er arms around me, I thought my time had come. *Chorus*
5. Oh where did you git your liquor, Oh where'd you git your dram,
I got it from a lady away down in Rockin'ham. *Chorus*
6. Cindy got religion, she had it once before,
When she heard my old banjo she 'uz the first'un on the floor. *Chorus*
7. I wish I had a needle as fine as I could sew,
I'd sew the girls to my coat tail, and down the road I'd go. *Chorus*

17. Colombo

C major - Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderately fast

1. In four-teen-hun-dred nine-ty- two, A Da-go from I-tal-y Was

roam-ing through the streets of Spain, A-sell-ing hot ta-mal-e. He

met the Queen of Spain and said, "Just give me ships and car-go, And

hang me up un-til I'm dead, If I don't bring back Chi-ca-go!"

CHORUS

He knew the world was round-o, He knew it could be found-o, That

cal - cu - lat - in' nav - i - gat - in' son - of - a - gun Co - lom - bo.



2. The Queen, she put her jewels in hock,
 To get Columbo started;
 She wept soft tears upon the dock,
 When her hero departed.
 Colombo sighed most pensively;
 He looked quite dissipated
 To leave the bars which fringed the dock
 Was what Colombo hated.

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

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

18. Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

G major - Count 4

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

DAVID T. SHAW

Moderately fast

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-c-ean, The home of the brave and the
 free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion
 world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make he-roes as-
 sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view Thy
 ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

The musical score is written for piano accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time, with a tempo of 'Moderately fast'. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. Chord symbols (G, C, D7, E7, Am, Cm, Dm, A7, D, Em, A) are placed above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the bass staff. The first system starts with a treble staff key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass staff key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second system has a treble staff key signature of one sharp and a bass staff key signature of two sharps. The third system has a treble staff key signature of one sharp and a bass staff key signature of two sharps. The fourth system has a treble staff key signature of one sharp and a bass staff key signature of two sharps. The fifth system has a treble staff key signature of one sharp and a bass staff key signature of two sharps.

CHORUS

When borne by the red white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 ban-ners make tyr- an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The voice part consists of two staves, with the lyrics written below the notes. Chords are indicated above the piano staff: D, G, D, A7, D, G, C, D7, G.

G C D E7 Am Cm Dm A7 E D7
 G C D E7 Am Cm Dm A7 E D7
 Em

A series of guitar chord diagrams for the chorus. The chords are arranged in two rows. The first row contains: G, C, D, E7, Am, Cm, Dm, A7, E, D7. The second row contains: G, C, D, E7, Am, Cm, Dm, A7, E, D7. Below the first row, there is an Em chord diagram. Below the second row, there is an Em chord diagram.

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

19. Crash On! Artillery

(Coast Artillery Marching Song)

Dedicated to Major General John W. Gulick

March time

G major - Count 2

J. F. HEWITT and A.H. OSBORN

March time G G#7 D7

sf

1. Crash on with your guns, boys, - Let ev-'ry shell tell, -
2. Drink now to the flag, boys, - Of the grand old C. A.,

Push on to the end, boys, - Let your guns give 'em Hell! -
Here's how to the men who Will fight, come what may!

Cm6 D7 Daug G

Go on and fight on for ev-er, - No mat-ter where you may
And here's a toast to the gun-ners, - Of each bat-ter-

E7

be; Stand pat for Un-cle Sam, boys, - And the
y, Here's health to the Gen-'ral, - And the

Am C A7 G Eb aug. 8va eb

2nd time

1. G D7 E7 D7 G D7

Coast Ar - til - ler - y. *ff*

Coast Ar - til - ler - y.

G G#7 D7 Cm6 Daug E7 E7 Am C Eb aug x7 A7

G G#7 D7 Cm6 Daug E7 E7 Am C Eb aug A7

20. Dixie

Words and Music by
 C major-Count 2 DANIEL DECATUR EMMET, 1860
 Arr. by Edward N. Waters

Fast

1. I — wish I was in de land of cot - ton, Old times dar am

not for-got-ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie

Land. In — Dix - ie Land where I was born in, Ear - ly on one

C C F G7 C F

fros - ty morn - in, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -

CHORUS

way! Dix - ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo -

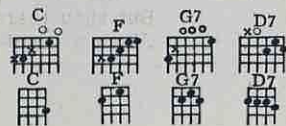
ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll take my stand, To lib an' die in

Dix - ie, A - way! A - way! A - way down south in

Dix - ie! A - way! A - way! A - way down south in Dix - ie.

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

Chorus:



21. Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

35

BEN JONSON

G major—Count 6

Music Traditional

Arranged by J. Lincoln Hall

Slow

G D7 G A7 D D7 G C G D7 G

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine;—

D7 G A7 D D7 G C G D7 G

Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine— The

C G D7 G D

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a gift di-vine—

G D7 G A7 D D7 G C G D7 G

But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.—

From New Concert Selections For Men's Voices. Courtesy Rodeheaver, Hall-Mack Company.

G D7 A7 D C

G D7 A7 D C

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

22. Arms For The Love Of America

The Army Ordnance Song

F major - Count 2

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

March time

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as chords (F, Bb, F, C7, C#7, G7, C7, F, Fm, C, G7, Bb7, bb, C7, d, d#, CHORUS F), accidentals, and dynamic markings (mf, f). The lyrics are as follows:

On land and on the sea and in the air — We've got to be there —
They're in the camps and in the train-ing schools — Now give them the tools —

— We've got to be there — A - mer - i - ca is sound-ing her a - larms —
— They've got to have tools — We called them from the fac - tor-ies and farms —

— We've got to have arms — We've got to have arms — ARMS —
— Now give them the arms — They've got to have arms — ARMS —
mf, f

— FOR THE LOVE OF A - MER-I-CA — They speak in a for-eign land — With
— FOR THE LOVE OF A - MER-I-CA — We've got to get in the race — And

wea-pons in ev-ry hand, What - ev-er they try we've got to re-ply in lan-guage that they
work at a live-ly pace, They say ov-er here we've noth-ing to fear but let's get rea-dy

un-der-stand; ARMS FOR THE LOVE OF A-MER-I-CA And for the love of
just in case; ARMS FOR THE LOVE OF A-MER-I-CA And for the love of

ev-'ry moth-er's son Who's de-pend-ing on the work that must be done
ev-'ry moth-er's son Oh the fight for free-dom can be lost or won

By the man, be-hind the man, be-hind the gun. gun.

8

1. F >>> Gm C7 >>> 2. F

F B \flat C7 C \sharp G7 Fm B \flat F \sharp Dm7 D \sharp D \flat Fm Gm Gm7 D7

F B \flat C7 C \sharp G7 Fm B \flat F \sharp Dm7 D \sharp D \flat Fm Gm Gm7 D7

23. For Her Lover Who Was Far Away

Moderate

D major-Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

1. Round her neck she wore a yel-low rib-bon, She wore it in the

win-ter and the mer-ry month of May; When they asked her why the hell she

D E7 A7 D

G Gm D E7 G D

wore it, She said twas for her lov-er who was far, far a - way.

CHORUS

G B7 Em G D A7 D A7 G Gm

Far a - way! Far a - way! Oh, she wore it for her

D E7 G D G

lov-er who was far, far a - way. Far a - way! Far a -

D A7 D A7 D E7 G Gm D

way! Oh, she wore it for her lov-er who was far, far a - way.



24. For Sev'n Long Years

39

"The Wild Mizzouri".

(Cavalry Song)

D major - Count 3

Arranged by F. C. Mayer

Slow

The musical score is written for piano in D major, 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the song, and the second system contains the second line. The score includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. Chord symbols (D, A7, G, Bm, A) are placed above the notes. Dynamics include *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *f* (forte). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

1. For sev'n long years, I've court-ed Nan-cy. Hi! Ho! the roll-ing riv-er. For sev'n long years I've court-ed Nan-cy. Ha! Ha! We're bound a way o'er the wild Miz-zour-i.

This song originated in the 9th Cavalry.

Arrangement by permission F. C. Mayer, U.S. Military Academy.



2. She would not have me for her lover,
Hi Ho, the rolling river.
She would not have me for her lover.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.
3. Because I was a Cavalry soldier,
Hi Ho, the rolling river.
Because I was a Cavalry soldier.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.
4. A'drinking rum and chawing terbacker,
Hi Ho, the rolling river.
A'drinking rum and chawing terbacker.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.
5. And then she went to Kansas City,
Hi Ho, the rolling river.
And then she went to Kansas City.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.
6. She must have had another lover,
Hi Ho, the rolling river.
She must have had another lover.
Ha! Ha!
We're bound away o'er the wild Mizzouri.

25. God Bless America

(Introduced by Kate Smith, Armistice Day, 1938)

F major - Count 2

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

March time

God bless A-mer-i-ca, Land that I love, Stand be-
side her and guide her Thru the night with a light from a-bove; From the
moun-tains to the prairies To the o-ceans white with foam God
bless A-mer-i-ca, My home sweet home. home.

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26. God Of Our Fathers

41

F major - Count 2

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN

ff
Trumpets, before each verse. 1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al - might - y

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry

cresc.
band Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dour through the

skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

ff

2. Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
3. Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

27. Good Night, Ladies!

G major - Count 4

Traditional

Arranged by F. C. Mayer

Moderate

Melody in 2nd Tenor

Good-night, La-dies! Good-night, La-dies! Good night, La-dies! We're

Chords: G, D, G, C

going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,

Chords: G, D7, G, Faster

Roll a-long, Roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea.

Chords: D7, G, D7, G

Arrangement by permission F. C. Mayer, U.S. Military Academy.



28. Home, Boys, Home!

"The Son of a Gambolier"

Words and Music

Traditional

Moderate

F major - Count 4

1. Man, born of wo-man, was a sail-or for to be, He's born to deg-ra-da-tion in

ey - 'ry de-gree, Of guard mounts and gun drills he nev-er has his ease, He -

Chords: F, Bb, C7, F, C, Bb, F, C7

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

CHORUS

The musical score for the chorus is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "has so ma - ny mas - ters, that he don't know whom to please. Home, boys, home, it's". The second system has a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "home we ought to be, Home, boys, home, in God's coun - try! The ash and the oak and the". The third system has a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "weep - ing wil - low tree, Oh, we're strong for the Na - vy, but it's home we ought to be!".

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

The Infantry

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

Chord diagrams for the song "The Infantry":

- F: F major (F, A, C)
- Gm: G minor (G, Bb, D)
- C7: C dominant 7th (C, E, G, Bb)
- C: C major (C, E, G)
- Bb: Bb major (Bb, D, F)

29. A Home On The Range

Words and Music
Traditional

Slow

G major-Count 6

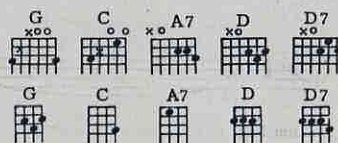
1. Oh, give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam, Where the deer and the an-te-lope
play, Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-a-ging word And the
skies are not cloud-y all day. Home, home on the range, Where the
deer and the an-te-lope play; Where sel-dom is heard a dis-
cour-a-ging word And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

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

Refrain:

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

Refrain: Words and music first recorded in 1908 in San Antonio, Texas, and published 1910 in Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads. Used by permission John A. Lomax. Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger.



30. Honey Dat I Love So Well

45

C major—Count 4

Words and Music by
HARRY FREEMAN

Moderate

Chords: C, E7, F, C, C, D7, G7

Hon-ey! Hon-ey! bless yo' heart, Oh, hon-ey, dat I love so well,— I
done been true, ma gal, to you, Ma hon-ey dat I love so well.—

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Chord diagrams for C, E7, F, D7, G7, Eb7, C, E7, F, D7, G7, Eb7.

31. I'll Tell You Where They Were

"I Saw Them"

F major—Count 4

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderate

Chords: F, C7, F

1. If you want to know where the Pri-vates were, I'll tell you where they were, I'll
tell you where they were, Yes, I'll tell you where they were, Oh, if you

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want to know where the Pri-vates were, I'll tell you where they were; Up to their necks in mud. *Spoken* How do you know?

CHORUS

 I saw them, I saw them up to their necks in mud, I saw them up to their necks in mud.

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

Spoken: How do you know?

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

32. The Infantry

47

Kings of the Highway

(The U.S. Infantry Association's Marching Song)

R. J. BURT, Sr.
SIMON DAPP
PHILIP EGNER

March time

Bb major-Count 2

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of two flats (Bb major). The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes various chords and melodic lines, with some measures marked with 'fz' (forzando) and 'p' (piano). The score includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are: 'Hike, all you Dough-boys, pass in re-view, Hike, for the na-tion de-pends on you, Come, sling your load a - gain, Come, take the road a - gain, Tramp, tramp, tramp-ing down the broad high-way, Hike, show your speed and "Fall In" let's go Hike, take the lead and mop up the foe, Mon-archs we are to-day of all that we may sur-vey, The Kings of the broad high-way! Then hail to the Kings of the High-way When the back bone of the ar-my's moving'.

fz Hike, all you Dough-boys, pass in re-view, *fz* Hike, for the na-tion
de-pends on you, *p* Come, sling your load a - gain, Come, take the road a - gain,
Tramp, tramp, tramp-ing down the broad high-way, *fz* Hike, show your speed and
"Fall In" let's go *fz* Hike, take the lead and mop up the foe, Mon-archs we
are to-day of all that we may sur-vey, The Kings of the broad high-way! Then
mf hail to the Kings of the High-way When the back bone of the ar-my's moving

out And it's "For-ward in-to line". The Doughboy fighting line, And hike to put the

en-e-my to rout, Oh, the dash-ing, flash-ing, smash-ing, snarling Doughboys

Who for pac-i-fis-m nev-er give a damn They hike as the

Kings of the High-way And fight like the sons of Uncle Sam.

Chords: Bb, Eb, Bb, F, C7, F, Bb, Eb, Ebm, Bb, Gm, C7, cresc., F, Bb, Bb, F, Bb, A.

Chord diagrams for the first system: Bb, F, A7, Dm, Bb, C, C7, Faug, Eb, Ebm6, Ebm, Gm.

33. It's A Long Way To Tipperary

March time

G major—Count 2

JACK JUDGE and
HARRY WILLIAMS

It's a long way to Tip-per-ar-y It's a long way to

Chords: G, D7, G, C.

G G⁷ G G D⁷ G E⁷

go It's a long way to Tip-per-ar-y To the

A⁷ D⁷ G

sweet-est girl I know! Good-bye

D⁷ G G⁷ C B

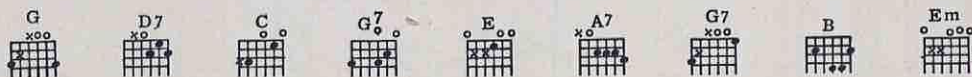
Pic-ca-dil-ly, Fare-well, Leices-ter Square,

G G⁷ G

It's a long long way to Tip-per-ar-y But

Em A⁷ D⁷ 1. G 2. G D⁷ G

my heart's right there! It's a there!



34. I've Been Workin' On De Railroad

"Levee Song"

G major-Count 4

Words and Music
Traditional

Slow

Melody in 2nd Tenor

I've been wuk-kin' on de rail-road All de live-long day; live long day;

I've been wuk-kin' on de rail-road To pass de time a - way.
de time a - way.

Doan' yo' hyar de whis-tle blow-in'? Rise up so ear-ly in de mawn;

Doan' yo' hyar de cap-n' shout-in': Di - nah, blow yo' hawn!

Chords: G, C, Cm6, G, A7, D7, B, Em, A7dim5, G, D7, G

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35. Juanita

51

Mrs. CAROLINE NORTON

For Male Quartet

F major - Count 3

Spanish Melody

[illegible]

Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wear-y looks, yet ten - der,

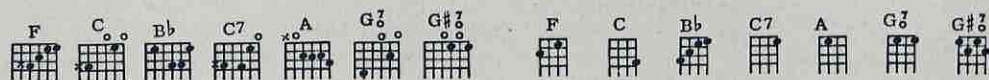
C C7 F B \flat F C7 F A7 G \flat G \sharp

Speak their fond fare-well. Ni - ta! Ju³a - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if

F C7 F C7

we should part! Ni - ta! Ju³a - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.

F B \flat F B \flat F C7 F



36. K-K-K-Katy

53

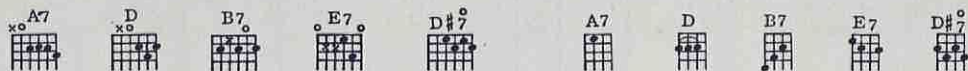
March time

D major - Count 2

Words and Music by
GEOFFREY O'HARA

K - K - K - Ka - ty, beau-ti-ful Ka - ty, You're the
on - ly g - g - g - girl that I a - dore, When the m - m - m -
moon shines o - ver the cow - shed, I'll be wait-ing at the
k - k - k - kitch-en door. K - K - K - door.

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

1. K-K-K-K-P,
Dirty old K. P.,
That's the only army job that I abhor,
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the guardhouse,
I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.
2. C-c-c-cootie,
Horrible cootie,
You're the only b-b-b-bug that I abhor,
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the bunk-house,
I will scratch my b-b-b-back until it's sore.

37. The Last Round-Up

D major - Count 2

Words and Music by
BILLY HILLModerate (*not too fast*)

D

I'm head-in' for the Last Round-Up- (*Violins*) Gon - na
I'm head-in' for the Last Round-Up- Therell be

soft

G D A7

sad-dle old Paint for the last time and ride (Far away Trumpets)
Buf-fa-lo Bill with his long snow-white hair

8

8 G D

So long, old pal, its time your tears were dried (Far away Trumpets)
Therell be old Kit Car-son and Cus-ter wait-in' there

8

8 A7 D G

I'm head-in' for the Last Round-Up. Git a - long, lit-tle*(*)do-gie, git a -
A - rid - in' in the Last Round-Up. Git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a -

8

D G

long, git a - long, git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a - long; Git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a -
long, git a - long, git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a - long; Git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a -

8

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(*) "dogie" (pronounced "dough-gie") a young calf - a yearling that has not wintered well.

long, git a - long, git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a - long. I'm head-in' for the Last
 long, git a - long, git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a - long. I'm head-in' for the Last

D A7 D

Round-Up — (Violins)
 Round-Up —

To the far a-way ranch of the Boss in the
 Gon-na sad-dle old Paint for the last time and

G D

sky — ride

(Far away Trumpets)

Where the strays are count-ed and
 So long, old pal, it's

A7 8 G

brand-ed there go I — brand-ed there go
 time your tears were dried —

(Far away Trumpets)

I'm head-in' for the Last
 I'm head-in' for the Last

D 8 A7

1. 2.

Round-Up. Round-Up. I'm

Very slowly

Git a - long, lit-tle do-gie, git a - long.

D G Gm A7



38. Let Me Call You Sweetheart

(I'm In Love With You)

A major - Count 3

BETH SLATER WHITSON

LEO FRIEDMAN

Slow
A

p-mf
Let me call you sweet-heart, I'm in love with you.

A $\frac{7}{b}$ A D F \sharp 7 B7

E7 G \sharp A A $\frac{7}{b}$ E7 B7 E7

Let me hear you whisper that you love me, too

A A $\frac{7}{b}$ A D F \sharp 7 B7

Keep the love-light glow-ing in your eyes so true

Bm D $\frac{7}{b}$ A F \sharp aug F \sharp 7 B7 E7 1. A E7 B7 E7 2. A

Let me call you sweet-heart, I'm in love with you. you.

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A	A $\frac{7}{b}$	D	F \sharp 7	B7	E7	G \sharp	A $\frac{7}{b}$	Bm	D $\frac{7}{b}$	F \sharp aug
A	A $\frac{7}{b}$	D	F \sharp 7	B7	E7	G \sharp	A $\frac{7}{b}$	Bm	D $\frac{7}{b}$	F \sharp aug

39. The Man On The Flying Trapeze

57

G major-Count 3

GEORGE LEYBOURNE, 1868

Arranged by R. F. Cardella

Moderate

1. Oh once I was hap-py but now I'm for-lorn, Like an old

G Am D7

coat that is tat-ter'd and torn, Left on this wide world to fret and to

G E7 A7

mourn, Be-tray'd by a maid in her teens— This maid that I loved she was

D7 G Em

hand-some I tried all I knew, her to please But I nev-er could

B7 C7 B Em

please her one quar-ter so well, As the man on the fly-ing tra-peze

B E7 Am Em B7 Em

CHORUS

Oh, he floats through the air with the great-est of ease, This dar-ing young
(Last Chorus) Oh, she floats through the air with the great-est of ease; You'd think her a

D7 G Am D7

man on the fly - ing tra - peze, His ac - tions are grace - ful, all
man on the fly - ing tra - peze. She does all the work while

girls he could please And my love he pur - loin'd a - way.
he takes his ease, And that's what's be - come of my love.

G Am D7 E7 A7 Em B7 C7 B

G Am D7 E7 A7 Em B7 C7 B

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

40. The Marines' Hymn

59

C major - Count 2

Melody from
"Geneviève de Brabant"
by J. OFFENBACH, 1867
Arr. by A. Tregina,
U.S. Marine Band, 1919

March time

1. From the Halls of Mon - te - zu - ma To the shores of Tri - po -

li, We - fight our coun - try's bat - tles On the

land as on the sea. First to fight for right and free -

dom And to keep our hon - or clean, We are proud to

claim the ti - tle of U - ni - ted States Ma - rine!

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

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

60 41. The Minstrels Sing Of An English King

D major - Count 2

RUDYARD KIPLING

Traditional

March time

D

mf Oh, the min-strels sing of an Eng-lish king of ma-ny years a -

D⁷ A7 D G Gm

go, Oh, he ruled his land with an iron hand, But his mind was weak and

D

low. — He loved to chase the bound-ing stag through-out the roy-al

D⁷ A7 D G D

wood, But his fa-vorite oc-cu-pa-tion was pull-ing some-thing good. —

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42. The Monkeys Have No Tails In Zamboanga 61

F major-Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderate

The musical score is written for piano in F major, 2/4 time, with a moderate tempo. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has two measures, the second has two measures, and the third has two measures. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Oh, the mon-keys have no tails in Zam-bo-an-ga, Oh, the mon-keys have no tails in Zam-bo-an-ga, Oh, the mon-keys have no tails, They were chewed off by the whales, So the mon-keys have no tails in Zam-bo-an-ga." The chords are indicated above the staff: F, C7, F, C7, Bb, G7, C7, F.

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2. Oh, the carabao has no hair in Mindanao,
Oh, the carabao has no hair in Mindanao,
Oh, the carabao has no hair---
Holy smoke! But he is bare!
So the carabao has no hair in Mindanao.
3. Oh, we won't go back to Subic any more,
Oh, we won't go back to Subic any more,
Oh, we won't go back to Subic---
The mosquitoes there are too big---
So we won't go back to Subic any more.

43. The Mountain Battery

Col. GERALD E. GRIFFIN

G major - Count 2

Traditional

Moderate

1. Stand up! Stand up! At-tention! You red-leg moun-tain-eers. With your
gun and your pack And your box of tack, Non-coms and can-non-eers. Bap-
tized in Min-da-nao - Be-side the Su-lu Sea - With a
tow and a tow And a tow row row From the moun-tain bat-ter-y With a
tow and a tow And a tow row row From the moun-tain bat-ter-y.

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

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

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

44. My Buddy

GUS KAHN

G major - Count 2

WALTER DONALDSON

Moderately slow

1. Life is a book that we stud-y, Some of its leaves bring a sigh,
2. Bud-dies thru all of the gay days, Bud-dies when something went wrong,

There it was writ-en, my Bud-dy, That we must part, you and I.
I wait a-lone thru the gray days Miss-ing your smile and your song. -
ri - tar - dan - do

CHORUS

Waltz time (Count 3)

p.f. rubato
Nights are long since you went a way, I think a - bout you

all thru the day, My Bud-dy, my Bud-dy; No Bud-dy

quite so true, *rit* Miss your *a tempo* voice, the touch of your hand, Just

long to know that you un - der - stand, My Bud - dy, my

Bud - dy; Your Bud-dy miss-es you, *I.h. Chimes* *I.h.* you. *pp*

8va

G Cm Em Am D7 A7 D7 D aug G#7 G7 G7 Am7

G Cm Em Am D7 A7 D7 D aug G#7 G7 G7 Am7

E7 E7

45. My Wild Irish Rose

65

C major-Count 3

Words and Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Moderate

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderate' and the dynamics are 'mf' and 'a tempo'. The lyrics are: 'My wild I - rish rose, — The sweetest flow'r that grows, — You may'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with lyrics: 'search ev-ry-where, but none can com-pare With my wild I - rish rose. My'. The third system has lyrics: 'wild I - rish rose, — The dear-est flow'r that grows, — And some'. The fourth system concludes the piece with lyrics: 'day for my sake, she may let me take The bloom from my wild I - rish rose.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals, as well as guitar chords (C, Fm, F, C#, G7, D7) and performance instructions like 'rit' (ritardando).

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Parody

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

A set of guitar chord diagrams for the parody. The chords are arranged in two rows. The first row contains: C (open), Fm (first fret, Bb), F (first fret), C#7 (first fret, C#, F#, C), G7 (third fret, G, B, F), and D7 (second fret, D, F#, C). The second row contains: C (open), Fm (first fret, Bb), F (first fret), C#7 (first fret, C#, F#, C), G7 (third fret, G, B, F), and D7 (second fret, D, F#, C). Each diagram shows the fretting hand position on a six-string guitar.

46. The New River Train

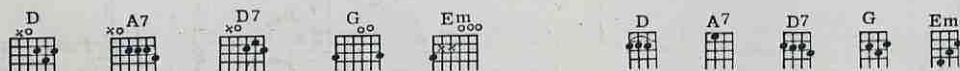
D major - Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Fast

1. O ba-by, re-mem-ber what you said O ba-by, re-mem-ber what you said Re-mem-ber what you said, You would ra-ther see me dead Than rid-ing on that New Ri-ver Train.

Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger.



2. O baby, you can't love two,
O baby, you can't love two,
You can't love two
The way I love you,
O baby, you can't love two.
3. O baby, you can't love three,
O baby, you can't love three,
You can't love three and
Get along with me,
O baby, you can't love three.
4. O baby, you can't love four,
O baby, you can't love four,
You can't love four and
Have a key to my front door,
O baby, you can't love four.

47. Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

67

Slow

For Male Quartet

G major - Count 4

Negro Spiritual

Hum

No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen No-bod-y knows but Je - sus;

Hum

G C Cm G C D7

PIANO

No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, Glor - y Hal-le - lu - jah! *End*

G C Cm G G7 E7 Am7 D7 G

1. Some times I'm up, some-times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord! Some -

G D7 G

*From the
beginning to end*

times I'm al-most to the groun'; Oh, yes, Lord!

G C D7 G7 E7 Cm Am7 G C D7 G7 E7 Cm Am7

2. Although you see me goin' long so; Oh, yes, Lord!
I have my troubles here below; Oh, yes, Lord!
3. What makes old Satan hate me so? Oh, yes, Lord!
'Cause he got me once an' let me go; Oh, yes, Lord!

48. Oh! Susanna

G major-Count 2

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Fast

I came to Al-a-bam-a wid my ban-jo on my knee, I'm
rained all night de day I left, De weath-er it was dry, De

g'wan to Lou-si-an-a, My true love for to see. It
sun so hot I froze to death, Su-san-na, don't you cry.

Oh, Su-san-na, Oh, don't you cry for me, I've come from Al-a-bam-a wid my ban-jo on my knee.

G A7 D7 C G A7 D7 G

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

69

G major-Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderate

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,

ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be; The old gray mare, she

ain't what she used to be Man-y long years a - go. Man-y long years a -

go, Man-y long years a - go, The old gray mare, she

ain't what she used to be man - y long years a - go.

Words from The American Songbag, compiled by Carl Sandburg; copyright 1927. Used by permission Harcourt, Brace & Company, publishers. Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger.



50. Old Joe Clark

D major-Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Fast

1. Old Joe Clark, the preach-er's son, Preached all over the plain. The

high-est text he ev-er took was high, low Jack an' the game'.

Round an' around, Old Joe Clark, Round an' around we're gone.

Round an' around, Old Joe Clark, An' bye-bye Lu-cy Long.

Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger

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

Chorus:



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

Chorus:

51. Old King Cole

71

(Fighting Infantry)

G major-Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Fast

1. Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he. He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his *pri-vates* three.

CHORUS

"Beer, beer, beer," said the pri-vates, "Mer-ry men are we. There's none so fair as can com-pare with the Fight-ing In-fan-try."

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

G D7 E7 Am Eb G D7 E7 Am Eb

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

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

Chorus:

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

English Lyrics by
J. R. SHANNON
Hawaiian Lyrics by
Mrs. A. A. MONTANA

52. The Old Plantation

(Kuu Home)

F major - Count 4

DAVID NAPE

Moderately slow

Old plan-ta-tion how, I love you; 'neath your trees I seem to roam;
Old plan-ta-tion na-ni o - e Ho-me pu-me ha - na i kea lo ha

My heart yearns just to re-turn to my Old plan-ta-tion home.
I ka o lu o ka niu I ka po-li o-ke o-na o-na

F C7 A Dm Bb F C7 A Dm Bb

53. On, Brave Old Army Team

(West Point Football Song)

March time

D major - Count 2

PHILIP EGNER

The Ar-my team's the pride and dream of ev-'ry heart in gray - The

D G Gm D

Ar-my line you'll ev-er find a ter-ror in the fray - And

E7 A A7

when the team is fight-ing for the Black and Gray and Gold - We're

D G Gm D

E7 A Bm E7

al - ways near with song and cheer and this is the tale we're

Unison

A A7 A7₆ A7

mf told — The *ff* Ar-my team (shout) Rah! Rah! Rah! Boom!

CHORUS

D Bm

mf - ff On, brave old Ar-my team! On to the

E7 A7 D G

fray — Fight on to Vic-to - ry — For

D E7 A7 D

that's the fear-less Ar - my way.

1. 2.

fz

D G Gm E7 A Bm A7

D G Gm E7 A Bm A7

54. Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit-Bag And Smile, Smile, Smile

GEORGE ASAF

Moderate

G major - Count 2

FELIX POWELL

The musical score is written for piano in G major, 2/4 time, with a moderate tempo. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Pack up your troubles in your old kit - bag, And smile, smile, smile,". The second system continues the melody and bass line, with lyrics: "While you've a lu-ci-fer to light your fag, Smile, boys, thats the style". The third system has lyrics: "What's the use of wor-ry-ing? It nev-er was worth while, So, Pack up your". The fourth system concludes the piece with lyrics: "trou-bles in your old kit - bag, And smile, smile, smile! smile!". Chord symbols are placed above the staff: G, D7, Em, C, G, D7, G, B7, Em, A7, D, A7, D7, G, C, D7, G, A7, D7, G, G, D7, G, D7, G, D7, B7, A7, D.

Copyright 1915 by Francis, Day & Hunter.



Parody

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

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

55. Pop! Goes The Weasel

77

D major - Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Fast

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-3. Chords: D, A7, D, A7. Lyrics: All a - round the cob - bler's bench, The mon - key chased the

Musical notation for the second system, measures 4-6. Chords: D, A7, D. Lyrics: wea - sel; The mon - key tho't 'twas all in fun,

Musical notation for the third system, measures 7-9. Chords: G, A7, D, G. Lyrics: Pop! goes the wea - sel. I've no time to

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 10-12. Chords: A7, D, G, A7, D. Lyrics: wait or sigh, No pa - tience to wait till by and by;

Musical notation for the fifth system, measures 13-16. Chords: D, A7, D. Lyrics: Kiss me quick, I'm off, good - bye! Pop! goes the wea - sel.

Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger.



56. The Raw Recruit

D major - Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

Moderately fast

1. I aint been long in this yere ar - my, Im what they call a raw re-cruit,

Guess Ill stay, its bet-ter than farm - in; Get three meals and pay to boot.

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2. The very first thing in the morning,
Fellow with a horn makes an awful noise.
Then that guy they call first sergeant
Says, "Get up an' turn out, boys!"
3. Then you go down to the stables
With your brush and curry-comb.
There you groom as long as you're able,
Cease grooming, fall in, march back home.
4. Then you go down to the bath-house,
Place like that I never saw before.
Water runs in through a hole in the ceiling,
Runs right out through a hole in the floor.
5. They tried to learn me a soldier lesson,
Marched me up and turned me around.
Give me a gun an' I put it on my shoulder,
One, two, three, an' I put it on the ground.

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

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

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

57. Red River Valley

G major—Count 4

Moderately slow

1. From this val - ley they say you are go - ing, — We will

miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, — For they say you are tak - ing the

sun - shine — That bright-ens our path - way a - while. — Come and

sit by my side if you love me, Do not

REFRAIN

Words from The American Songbag, compiled by Carl Sandburg; copyright 1927. Used by permission Harcourt, Brace & Company, publishers. Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger.

hast - en to bid me a - dieu, — But re - mem - ber the Red Riv - er

Val - ley — And the girl that has loved you so true. —

G D7 G7 C Am7 G D7 G7 C A7

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

Refrain:

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

Refrain:

58. She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain

Moderately fast

G major—Count 2

Words and Music
 Traditional

1. She'll be com-in' 'round the moun-tain when she comes, She'll be

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com - in' 'round the moun-tain when she comes, She'll be

com - in' 'round the moun-tain, She'll be com - in' 'round the

moun-tain, She'll be com - in' 'round the moun-tain when she comes.



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

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

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

59. Slum and Gravy

E minor-Count 2

HAMILTON S. HAWKINS Jr., West Point, 1926

FRANCIS E. HOWARD, West Point, 1926

MEREDITH D. MASTERS, West Point, 1927

From "The Vagabond King" by

RUDOLPH FRIML

March time

Sons of slum and gra-vy, Will you let the Na-vy Take from

us the vic-to-ry? Hear a war-riors' cho-rus,

Sweep that line be-fore us, Car-ry on to vic-to-ry!

On-ward! on-ward! Charge a-against the foe

Adapted from the "Song of the Vagabonds" by Rudolph Friml and Brian Hooker. Copyright 1925 by Famous Music Corp., 1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

The musical score is written for piano and guitar. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has four measures with lyrics: "For - ward! For - ward the Ar - my ban - ners go!". The second system has five measures with lyrics: "Sons of Mars and Thun - der, Rip that line a - sun - der, Car - ry". The third system has two measures with lyrics: "on to vic - to - ry!" and "ry!". The piano part is in G major, 2/4 time. The guitar part includes a variety of chords and arpeggios. Below the piano part, there are two rows of guitar chord diagrams for the following chords: Em, B7, Bm, Am, E7, C, B, F#.

For - ward! For - ward the Ar - my ban - ners go!

Sons of Mars and Thun - der, Rip that line a - sun - der, Car - ry

on to vic - to - ry! ry!

Em B7 Bm Am E7 C B F#

Em B7 Bm Am E7 C B F#

Sons of Randolph

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

60. Smiles

J. WILL CALLAHAN

G major - Count 2

LEE S. ROBERTS

Moderate

There are smiles that make us hap - py, There are

smiles that make us blue, There are smiles that

steal a-way the tear - drops As the sun - beams steal a-way the

dew, There are smiles that have a ten - der mean - ing

That the eyes of love a - lone may see, And the

smiles that fill my life with sun shine Are the smiles that you

Chords: D7, G, B7, Em, A7, D7, G7, C, C#7, G, D7

1. G f# e eb G 2. G f# e eb G

give to me. There are me.

D7 G B7 Em A7 G7 C C#7

61. Song Of The Signal Corps

March time

G major - Count 4

Words and Music by
Mrs. DAWSON OLMSTEAD

1. In the time of war, no mat-ter where you are, There you'll find the Sig-nal
2. In the time of peace, our dut-ies nev-er cease, There is drill and work to

Corps! spare. When the long lines file wea-ry mile by mile They're the
In the field we go with our ra-di-o, And we

ones who are at the fore. When there's big news com-ing and
talk thru the emp-ty air. From our short wave sta-tions, we

buz-zers hum-ming When Spring-fields rat-tle and the big guns roar, With a
call the na-tions, From Green-land's mountains to the South Sea shore. Ev-'ry

flash and flare, o-ver land and air, Comes the word: that's the Sig-nal Corps.
 day we say, were in the Corps to stay. "See the world with the Sig-nal Corps".

G B7 Em D7 D A7 C G B7 Em D7 D A7 C

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

62. A Stein Song

C major-Count 4

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD

Moderate

1. Give a rouse, then in the May-time For a life that knows no fear! Turn
 night-time in - to day-time With the sun-light of good cheer For it's
 al-ways fair weath-er When good fel-lows get to - geth-er, With a

stein on the ta - ble and a good song ring - ing clear; For it's

al - ways fair weath - er When good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a

stein on the ta - ble and a good song ring - ing clear.

Unison

Chord symbols: C, F, G7, Am, G, E, B7, Dm, D7, C, F, G7, Am, G, E, B7, Dm, D7

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

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

63. Tammany

Song of the Finance Department

D minor - Count 2

Lt. - Col. E. J. O'HARA, 1940

GUS EDWARDS

Fast

Dm Gm6

1. I'm a young dis - burs - ing of - fi - cer, I'm work - ing night and

A7 Dm E7 b♭

day. Ev - 'ry - bo - dy's shout - ing "When do we get our

A Dm

pay?" I wired the Chief of Fi - nance, "From

Gm6 A7 Dm G7

work I'm al-most dead.' The wire did no good at all, For

C G7 C

this is what he said:

CHORUS

F D7 G7
 Pay those lads! Pay those lads!

C7 F
 Don't you know it's up to you To pay those sol-diers P. D. Q.?

D7 G7
 Pay those lads! Pay those lads!

C C7 1. F 2. F
 Pay 'em! Pay 'em! Pay 'em Pay 'em Pay those lads. lads.

Dm Gm 6 A7 E7 A G7 C F D7 C7

 Dm Gm 6 A7 E7 A G7 C F D7 C7

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

Chorus:

64. There's A Long, Long Trail

F major—Count 4

STODDARD KING

ZO ELLIOTT

Moderately slow

There's a long, long trail a - wind - ing In - to the

F A7 Dm Bb

land of my dreams, Where the night - in - gales are

F C7 F Bb

sing - ing And a white moon beams, — There's a

F C#7 Dm G7 C7

long, long night of wait - ing Un - til my dreams all come

F Bb F C7

F B7 F C#7 Dm
 true; — Till the day when I'll be go - ing Down that
 long long trail with you. There's a you.
 1. F G7 C7 2. F
 F A7 Dm Bb C7 G7 F A7 Dm Bb C7 G7 C#7 C#7

1917 Parody contributed by Bernard J. Murray.

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

1917 Parody from Camp Taylor Field Artillery Camp.

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

65. Where Do We Go From Here?

G major - Count 2

HOWARD JOHNSON and
PERCY WENRICH

Moderately fast

mf **G**

1. Pad - dy Mack drove a hack Up and down Broad - way,

D7 **G**

Pat had one ex - pres - sion and he'd use it ev - 'ry day; —

An - y time he'd grab a fare, to take them for a ride, —

D7 **A7** **D**

Pad - dy jumped up - on the seat, cracked his whip and cried: *fz*

CHORUS

mf-f **G** **D7** **G** **C** **G** **D7** **G**

"Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"

D7 G E7 A7 D7
 An - y - where from Har - lem to a Jer - sey Cit - y pier When

G G#7 D7 G7 C D7
 Pat would spy a pret - ty girl, he'd whis - per in her ear,

C D7 G C G D7 1. G 2. G
 "Oh joy! Oh boy! Where do we go from here?" here?"



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

Chorus

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

Chorus

66. Yankee Doodle

A major-Count 2

Traditional American Song

Fast

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp A - long with Cap-tain Good-'n And
 there we saw the men and boys as thick as has-ty pud - din'.

CHORUS
 Yan - kee Doo-dle, keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,
 Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

Arrangement used by permission Charles Seeger.



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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

67. You're In The Army Now

95

G major—Count 2

Words and Music
Traditional

March time

mf You're in the Ar - my now, You're not be-hind the plow;— You'll

G D7

nev - er get rich, A - dig-gin' a ditch, You're in the Ar - my now. — You're

G D7 G

in the Ar - my now, — You're in the Ar - my now, — You'll

G D7

nev - er get rich On the sal - a - ry which You get in the Ar - my now. —

G D7 G

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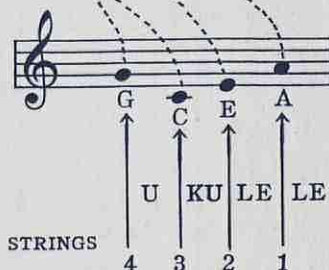
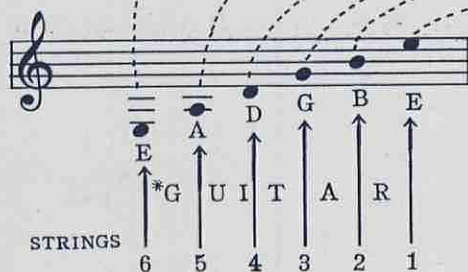
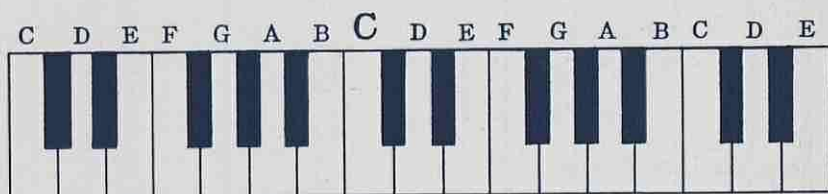
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TUNING CHART

for

GUITAR & UKULELE

PIANO KEYBOARD



* The actual sounds of the guitar strings, when tuned, will be one octave lower than indicated on this chart.

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