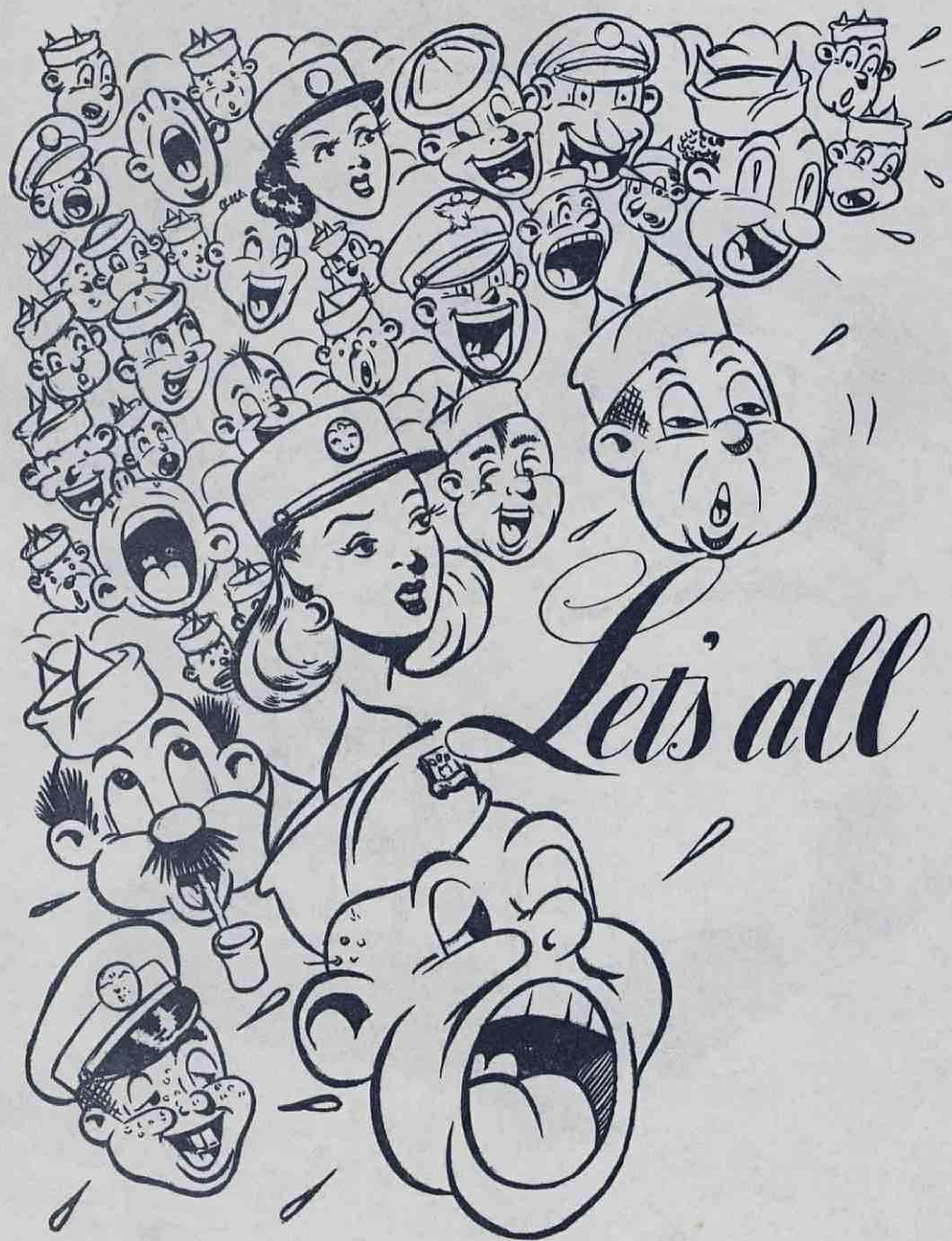


Song Book

O C S MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA



THE OFFICE OF DIRECTOR OF
BAND TRAINING AND MORALE
SINGING OFFICER *Presents...*

THIS SONG BOOK TO THE OFFICER
CANDIDATE SCHOOL, AND IT'S ATTACH-
ED PERSONNEL. ITS CONTENTS REPRESENT A GENERAL COMPILATION OF THE
SONGS MOST SUNG BY THE MEN STATIONED AT MIAMI BEACH. AND WE ALSO
TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INTRODUCE
SOME NEW TUNES, WHICH WE HOPE WILL
ENJOY THE SAME POPULARITY.

Sing

DIRECTOR OF BAND TRAINING
DIRECTOR OF BAND TRAINING
J. MADDING | ST LT.

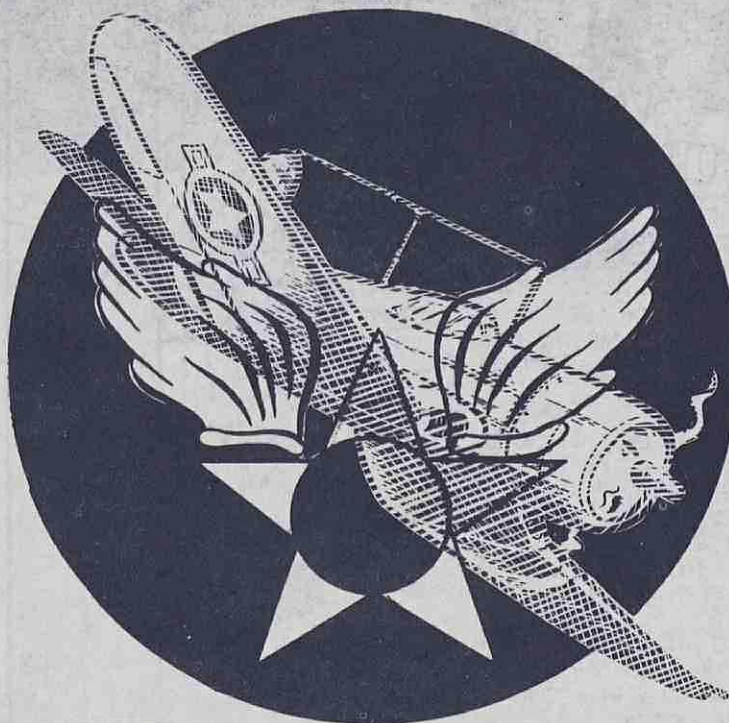
MORALE SINGING OFFICER
W. BABBITT | ST LT.

COMPILED BY CPL. H.J. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED AND DESIGNED BY
S/SGT. D'ESPOSITO & PVT. HOLMDALE

Index

NAME	PAGE	NAME	PAGE
AIR CORPS SONG	1	OF THEE I SING	9
ANCHORS AWEIGH	1	OVER THERE	10
AMEN	1	PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION	10
AIN'T SHE SWEET?	2	PARLEZ VOUS	10
FRIVOLOUS SAL	2	RAGGED BUT RIGHT	11
CORPS SONG	3	RINGS ON MY FINGERS	11
COMING IN ON A WING A PRAYER	3	SAY THERE MABEL!	11
GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS	3	SMILES	12
GOD BLESS AMERICA	3	STOUT HEARTED MEN	12
HELLO!	4	THAT OPEN POST	12
HAIL THE SQUADRON	4	THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG	13
HAIL OCS (ALMA MATER)	4	THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER	13
JOHNNY ZERO	5	THE MARINES' HYMN	14
JUST AS LONG AS I KNOW KATIE'S WAITIN'	5	THIS IS THE ARMY, MISTER JONES	14
JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR	5	TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!	14
OCS PRAYER	6	THE STIEN SONG	14
PHOTOS OF OCS.	7	THE KINGS OF THE HIGHWAY	15
LEADERS OF THE AIR CORPS	8	THE DUMMY SONG	15
MY BUDDY	8	WAIT FOR ME MARY	15
MOVE IT OVER	8	WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW	16
MY MELANCHOLY BABY	9	WE'RE ARMY CORPS MEN	16
NIGHT AND DAY	9		



AIR CORPS SONG

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD
BLUE YONDER,
CLIMBING HIGH INTO THE SUN:
HERE THEY COME ZOOMING TO
MEET OUR THUNDER,
AT 'EM BOYS, GIVER 'ER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE SPOUTING OUR
FLAME FROM UNDER,
OFF WITH ONE HELLUVA ROAR...
WE LIVE IN FAME OR GO DOWN
IN FLAME....HEY!
NOTHING CAN STOP THE ARMY
AIR CORPS!

VERSE:

HERE'S A TOAST, TO THE HOST,
OF THE MEN WHO LOVE THE
VASTNESS OF THE SKY...
TO A FRIEND, WE WILL SEND,
A MESSAGE FROM HIS BROTHER
MEN WHO FLY...
WE'LL DRINK TO THOSE WHO
GAVE THEIR ALL OF OLD,
THEN DOWN WE DIVE TO SCORE
THE RAINBOW'S POT OF GOLD.
A TOAST TO THE HOST OF MEN
WE BOAST, THE ARMY AIR CORPS.



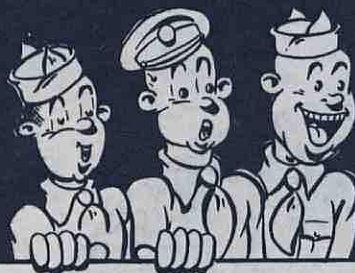
ANCHORS AWEIGH

ANCHORS AWEIGH, MY BOYS, ANCHORS AWEIGH!
FAREWELL TO COLLEGE JOYS, WE SAIL AT
BREAK OF DAY-DAY-DAY-DAY!
THROUGH OUR LAST NIGHT ON SHORE, DRINK
TO THE FOAM,
UNTIL WE MEET ONCE MORE HERE'S WISHING
YOU A HAPPY VOYAGE HOME.
STAND, ARMY, TO THE BAR, RAISE YOUR GLASSES
HIGH; HIGH, HIGH, HIGH!
WE'LL NEVER PAY THE BILL SO NAVY YOU
MUST BUY-BUY-BUY-BUY.
DOWN GORDON GIN, ARMY: DOWN ROCK AND RYE;
STAND, ARMY, TO THE BAR AND DRINK THE NAVY
DRINK THE NAVY DRY.



AMEN

A-MEN...A-MEN...A-MEN, A-MEN (REPEAT)
TWO FACED WOMAN AND A JEALOUS MAN,
CAUSE OF TROUBLE SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN.
STEAL MY CHICKENS AND MY GRAVY TOO,
BUT I DRAW THE LINE WHEN IT COMES TO YOU!
A-MEN...A-MEN...A-MEN, A-MEN!



AIN'T SHE SWEET ?

AIN'T SHE SWEET?
 JUST A-WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET.
 NOW I ASK YOU VERY - CONFIDENTIALLY,
 AIN'T SHE SWEET?...
 AIN'T SHE NICE?
 LOOK HER OVER ONCE OR TWICE.
 NOW I ASK YOU VERY - CONFIDENTIALLY,
 AIN'T SHE NICE.
 JUST CAST ANEYE...
 IN HER DIRECTION.
 OH ME! OH MY!...
 AIN'T THAT PERFECTION...SOLID TOO DEE!
 I RE-PEAT,
 SHE'S THE FINEST LITTLE GIRL THAT'S
 A-WALKING DOWN THE STREET,
 NOW I ASK YOU VERY - CONFIDENTIALLY,
 AIN'T SHE SWEET?



FRIVOLOUS SAL

THEY CALLED HER FRIVOLOUS SAL.
 A PECULIAR KIND OF A GAL,
 WITH A HEART THAT WAS MELLOW,
 AN ALL ROUND GOOD FELLOW,
 WAS MY GAL SAL.
 YOUR TROUBLES, WORRIES AND CARES,
 SHE WAS ALWAYS WILLING TO SHARE,
 A WILD SORT OF DEVIL,
 BUT DEAD ON THE LEVEL...
 WAS MY GAL SAL.



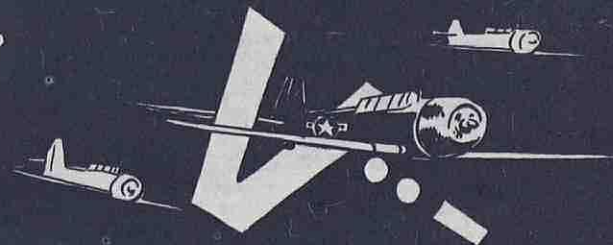


GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS

GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS,
I WANT TO DO THINGS IN A MILITARY WAY.
I USED TO KISS WITHOUT ANY THOUGHT OF
CADENCE...
AND, OH! OH! WHAT PLEASURE, I USED TO GIVE
THE MAIDENS;
BUT IT'S DIFFERENT, OH SO DIFFERENT,
SINCE THEY PUT A UNIFORM ON ME, SO...
GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS, IN CADENCE,
ONE!...TWO!...THREE!

GOD BLESS AMERICA

GOD BLESS AMERICA, LAND THAT I LOVE,
STAND BESIDE HER, AND GUIDE HER,
WITH A LIGHT THAT IS BRIGHT FROM ABOVE,
FROM THE MOUNTAINS, TO THE PRAIRIE,
TO THE OCEAN, WHITE WITH FOAM...
GOD BLESS AMERICA, MY HOME, SWEET HOME, OH!
GOD BLESS AMERICA, MY HOME, SWEET HOME.

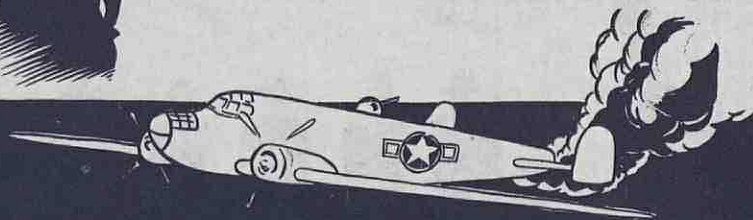


CORPS SONG

OH LIFT THE BANNER HIGH, RAISE HOPES UP TO
THE SKY,
BEHOLD THE FLEDGLING OFFICERS,
IT'S THE CORPS OF O.C.S.
BE STRICT, BE CHEERFUL TOO; BE JUST, GIVE ALL
THEIR DUE.
WE'LL NOT FORGET THE LESSON LEARNED,
AT THE CORPS OF O.C.S.
WE HAIL ALL THE MEN WHO'VE GONE BEFORE US,
WHO'VE SHED THEIR BLOOD TO MAKE US FREE,
THE FIELD OF COMBAT LIES BEFORE US,
WE'LL MAKE NEW HISTORY!..YOU'LL SEE!
TRUE SONGS WE'LL ALWAYS BE,
FIGHT ON TO VICTORY, COMPLETE THE MOTTO
OF THE CORPS...
"O.C.S. WILL WIN THE WAR."

COMING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER

COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER,
COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER,
THO' THERE'S ONE MOTOR GONE,
WE CAN STILL CARRY ON,
COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER,
WHAT A SHOW, WHAT A FIGHT!
YES, WE REALLY HIT OUR TARGET
FOR TO-NIGHT.
HOW WE SING AS WE LIMP THRU THE AIR,
LOOK BELOW, THERE'S OUR FIELD
OVER THERE,
WITH OUR FULL CREW ABOARD,
AND OUR TRUST IN THE LORD...
WE'RE COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER.





HELLO!

WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO.
WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO.
WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO.
(SHOUTED) HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!



HAIL O.C.S. (ALMA MATER)

HAIL O.C.S., HAIL O.C.S..
WE WORK, WE STRIVE, WE MARCH WITH PRIDE,
OUR JOB HAS JUST BEGUN.
HAIL O.C.S., HAIL O.C.S..
IN VICTORY WE WILL HONOR THEE, OUR COUNTRY
AND OUR SONS.
GUNS! TANKS! WILL CRUSH THE AXIS FOE.
MEN! STRENGTH FROM FREEDOM'S BOSOM GROW.
FROM FREEDOM'S BOSOM GROW.
ALL HAIL O.C.S.; HAIL O.C.S..
IN VICTORY WE WILL HONOR THEE,
OUR COUNTRY AND OUR SONS.

HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

THE INFANTRY, THE CAVALRY, THE
FIELD ARTILLERY,
ARE THE FINEST KIND OF SOLDIERS,
YET MUST ALWAYS GROUNDED BE.
BUT WHEN YOU SEE PLANES IN THE
AIR,
AND THUND'RING MOTOR'S ROAR,
IT'S THE MEN WHO KEEP 'EM
FLYING,
IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS.

CHOURSE:

HAIL TO THE SQUADRON, HAIL TO THE
CORPS.
HAIL TO ALL THE AIRMEN WHO
SPANNED THE SKIES BEFORE.
WE'RE ON THE BEAM TO VICTORY,
THUMBS UP! FOREVER MORE...
SO HAIL TO SQUADRONS FLYING HIGH,
HAIL TO THE MEN WHO RULE THE SKY.
HAIL TO THE ARMY AIR CORPS.



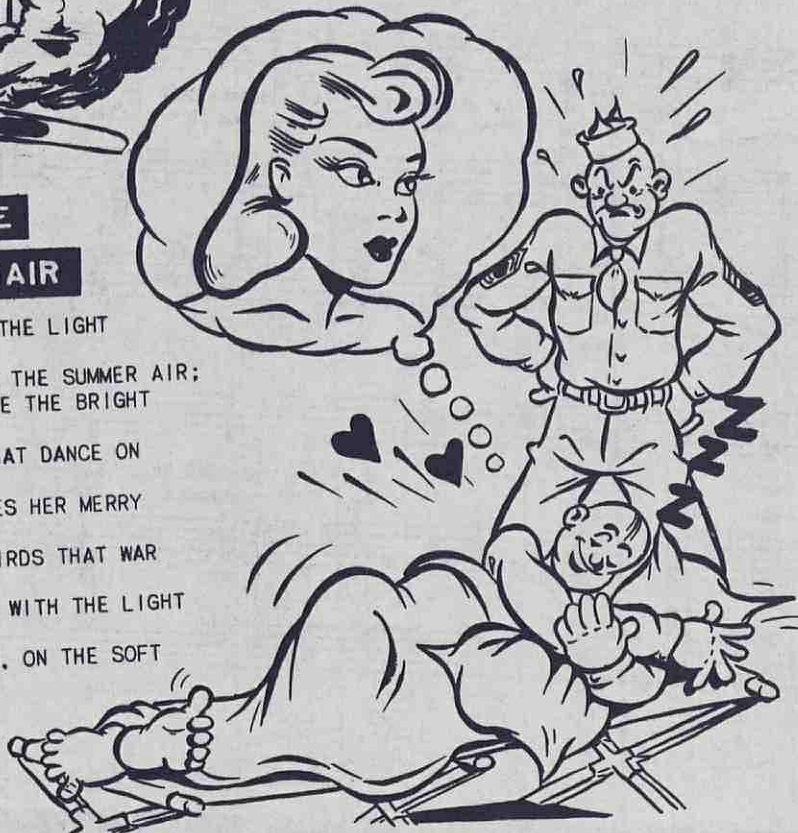
JOHNNY ZERO

THE KIDS ALL CALLED HIM JOHNNY ZERO.
IN SCHOOL THEY ALWAYS USED TO SAY,
"JOHNNY GOT A ZERO. JOHNNY GOT A ZERO.
JOHNNY GOT A ZERO TO-DAY".
THE KIDS ALL LAUGHED AT JOHNNY ZERO,
AND THEY WOULD TEASE HIM WHEN THEY'D PLAY.
"JOHNNY GOT A ZERO. JOHNNY GOT A ZERO.
JOHNNY GOT A ZERO TO-DAY"...
HE COULD-N'T CONCENTRATE ON STUDIES.—
HIS MIND WAS ALWAYS 'IN THE SKY.
WHEN HE GREW UP HE LEFT HIS BUDDIES...
AND JOHNNY LEARNED HOW TO FLY.
NOW THEY STILL CALL HIM JOHNNY ZERO.
AND ALL THE PILOTS PROUD-LY SAY:
"JOHNNY GOT A ZERO. HE GOT ANOTHER ZERO.
JOHNNY GOT A ZERO. HOORAY!"
JOHNNY ZERO IS A HERO TO-DAY.



JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

I DREAM OF JEANIE WITH' THE LIGHT
BROWN HAIR.
BORNE, LIKE A VAPOR, ON THE SUMMER AIR;
I SEE HER TRIPPING WHERE THE BRIGHT
STREAMS PLAY.
HAPPY AS THE DAISIES THAT DANCE ON
HER WAY.
MANY WERE THE WILD NOTES HER MERRY
VOICE WOULD POUR.
MANY WERE THE BLITHE BIRDS THAT WAR-
BLED THEM O'ER:
OH! I DREAM OF JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT
BROWN HAIR...
FLOATING, LIKE A VAPOR, ON THE SOFT
SUMMER AIR.



JUST AS LONG AS I KNOW

KATIE'S WAITING

(LYRIC BY O/C GEORGE BROWN)

JUST AS LONG AS I KNOW KATIE'S WAITIN',
JUST AS LONG AS SHE'S TREATIN' ME SQUARE.
I CAN TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, KEEP ON TRAMPIN',
OVER HERE, OVER THERE, ANY WHERE.
JUST AS LONG AS I KNOW KATIE WANTS ME,
AND I KNOW THAT SHE PLAYS SOLITAIRE...
I CAN TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, KEEP ON FIGHTIN',
LIKE A LION, A TIGER, OR BEAR.
SHE'S GOT ME SILLY, SO GA-GA GILLY,
AND THIS HILL-BILLY WILL KNOCK 'EM

DAFFY-DILLY...
JUST AS LONG AS I KNOW KATIE LOVES ME,
AND THERE'S NO ONE IN MY ROCKIN' CHAIR.
I CAN TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, TILL I CAMP,
CAMP, CAMP...
WHERE I'LL FIND MY KATIE WAITIN' THERE.

O.C.S. Prayer

- Words & Music -
by Cpl. H.J. Wilson

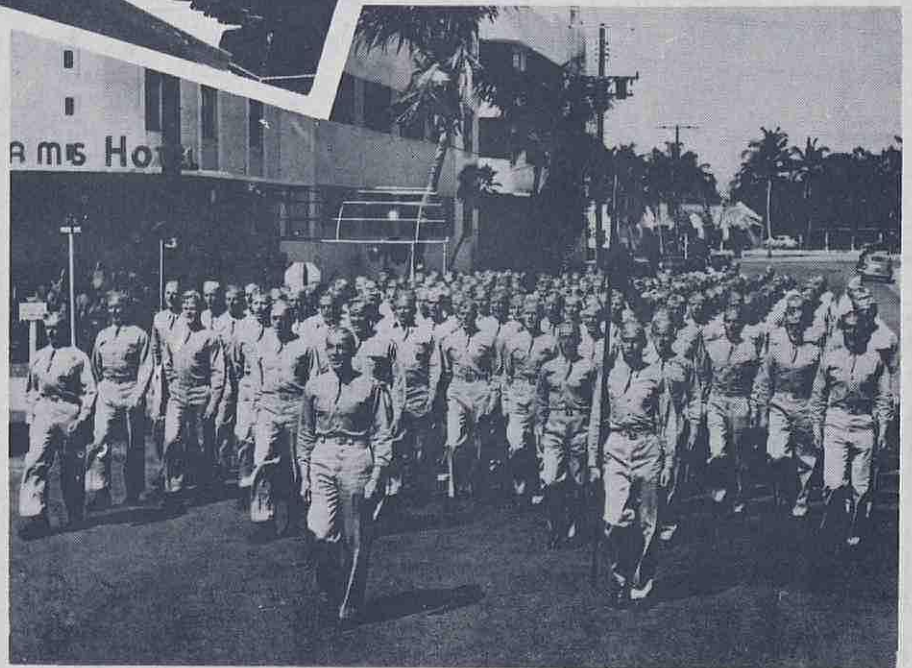
Give us the will to win, So let our hearts be free.
We fight for truth and right, And hon— or is our guide.

Val—lor and cour—age is our mot—to to the fos..... O. C.
O'er all the bat—tles din, We sing to Free—dom's light.... Sing the

S. the school of the Air Force, Help to make our mot—to true..... So
nigh—ty song to be free men, let it ring thru halls of fame..... So

we men of O. C. S., Are pledged to Vic—to ry...
we men of O. C. S., Are pledged to Vic—to ry...

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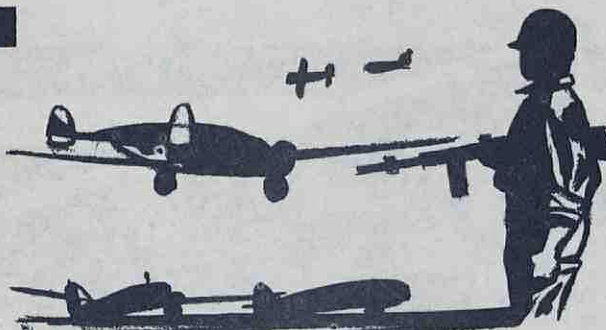


LEADERS OF THE AIR CORPS

(TUNE OF "CLEMENTINE")

WE'RE THE LEADERS OF THE AIR CORPS,
WE'RE THE TOUGHEST OF THE BUNCH.
WE'RE THE ATHLETES, WE'RE THE UP BEATS,
WE'RE THE GUYS WHO PACK THE PUNCH.
GIVE US WOMEN, GIVE US BRANDY, AND GIVE
EACH OF US A SONG,
GIVE US HELL, AND WISH US WELL, AND IT'S
A CINCH WE'LL GET ALONG.

WE'VE GOT DRIVE AND WE'RE ALIVE,
AND OUR PHYSIQUES WE PROUDLY SHOW.
WE ARE FIT, YES! EVERY BIT, YES!
WE'RE THE MEN TO LEAVE ALONE.



MOVE IT OVER

VERSE:

SAID THE PRIVATE, TO THE SARGEANT,
"DON'T YOU THINK THE BUGLE BLEW TOO
SOON?...
SAID THE SARGEANT, TO THE PRIVATE,
"YOUSE CAN SLEEP TILL NOON".

CHORUS:

MOVE IT OVER, MOVE IT OVER,
MOVE IT WAY OVER THERE.
THERE'S ANOTHER DIRT LOAD COMING
UP THE ROAD, SO MOVE IT OVER THERE.

ADDITIONAL VERSES:

SAID THE PRIVATE, TO THE SARGEANT:
"SHOOTING CRAPS AND NOW I'M BROKE
AGAIN".

SAID THE SARGEANT TO THE PRIVATE:
"LET ME LEND YOU TEN".

SAID THE PRIVATE, TO THE SARGEANT:
"MOTHER KISSED ME WHEN I WENT TO BED".
SAID THE SARGEANT, TO THE PRIVATE:
"I'LL KISS YOU INSTEAD".

SAID THE PRIVATE, TO THE SARGEANT:
"I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THIS P.T."
SAID THE SARGEANT, TO THE PRIVATE:
"I'LL GO IN YOUR PLACE".

THEN THE PRIVATE, AND THE SARGEANT,
BOTH AGREED THAT THEY WILL WIN THE WAR
SAID THE PRIVATE AND THE SARGEANT:
"LET'S WORK ALL THE MORE!"

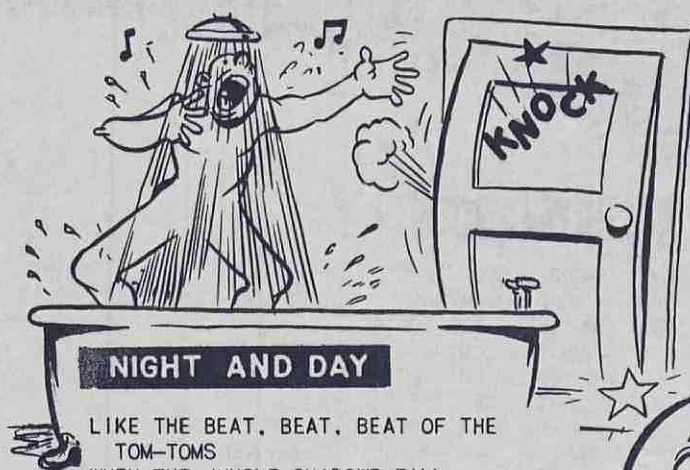
(WORK UP SOME ORIGINAL VERSES
TO FIT YOUR SQUADRON!)



MY BUDDY

NIGHTS ARE LONG SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,
I THINK ABOUT YOU ALL THRU THE DAY.
MY BUDDY, MY BUDDY;
MY BUDDY QUITE SO TRUE.
MISS YOUR VOICE, THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND,
JUST LONG TO KNOW THAT YOU UNDERSTAND.
MY BUDDY, MY BUDDY;
YOUR BUDDY MISSES YOU.





NIGHT AND DAY

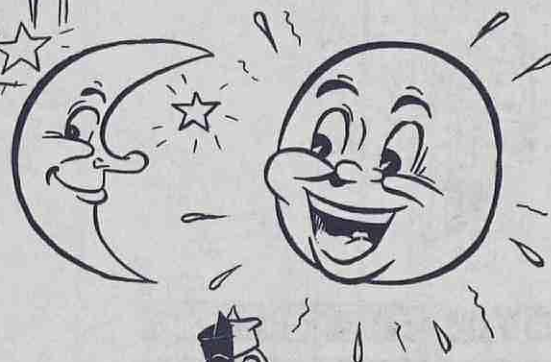
LIKE THE BEAT, BEAT, BEAT OF THE
TOM-TOMS
WHEN THE JUNGLE SHADOWS FALL,
LIKE THE TICK, TICK, TICK, OF THE
STATELY CLOCK,
AS IT STANDS AGAINST THE WALL,
LIKE THE DRIP, DRIP, DRIP OF THE
RAIN-DROPS,
WHEN THE SUMMER SHOW'ER IS THROUGH;
SO A VOICE WITHIN ME KEEPS REPEATING
YOU, YOU, YOU...

CHORUS:

NIGHT AND DAY YOU ARE THE ONE.
ONLY YOU BENEATH THE MOON AND UNDER
THE SUN.
WHETHER NEAR TO ME OR FAR,
IT'S NO MATTER, DARLING, WHERE YOU ARE
I THINK OF YOU...NIGHT AND DAY.
DAY AND NIGHT, WHY IS IT SO?
THAT THIS LONGING FOR YOU FOLLOWS
WHEREVER I GO?
IN THE ROARING TRAFFIC'S BOOM,
IN THE SILENCE OF MY LONELY ROOM
I THINK OF YOU, NIGHT AND DAY.
NIGHT AND DAY, UNDER THE HIDE OF ME,
THERE'S AN OH, SUCH A HUNGRY YEARNING,
BURNING INSIDE OF ME.
AND IT'S TORMENT WON'T BE THROUGH,
'TIL YOU LET ME SPEND MY LIFE
MAKING LOVE TO YOU,
DAY AND NIGHT, NIGHT AND DAY.

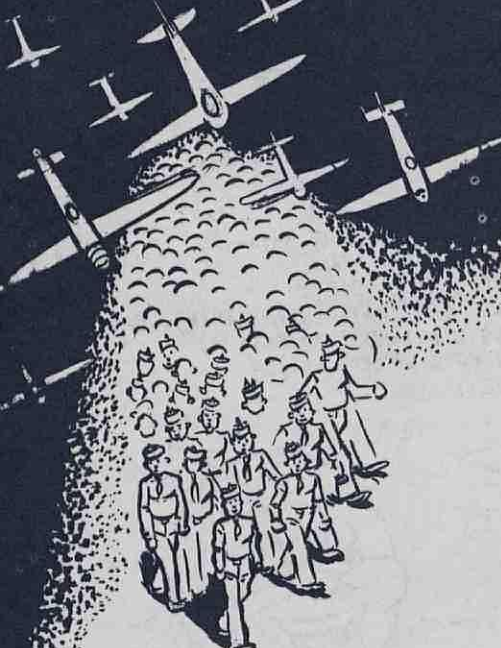
OF THEE I SING

OF THEE I SING, BABY,
SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER, SPRING, BABY.
YOU'RE MY SILVER LINING,
YOU'RE MY SKY OF BLUE;
THERE'S A LOVE LIGHT SHIN-ING,
JUST BECAUSE OF YOU,
OF THEE I SING, BABY,
YOU HAVE GOT THAT CERTAIN THING, BABY,
SHINING STAR AND INSPIRATION,
WORTHY OF A MIGHTY NATION,
OF THEE I SING!



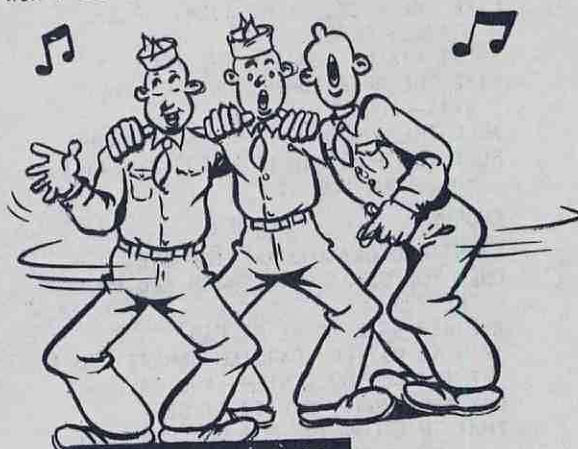
MY MELANCHOLY BABY

COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BABY,
CUDDLE UP AND DON'T FEEL BLUE.
ALL YOUR FEARS AND FOOLISH FANCIES MAYBE,
YOU KNOW DEAR, THAT I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.
EV'RY CLOUD MUST HAVE A SILVER LINING,
WAIT UNTIL THE SUN SHINES THRU.
SMILE MY HONEY DEAR, WHILE I KISS AWAY EACH TEAR,
OR ELSE I SHALL BE MELANCHOLY TOO.



OVER THERE

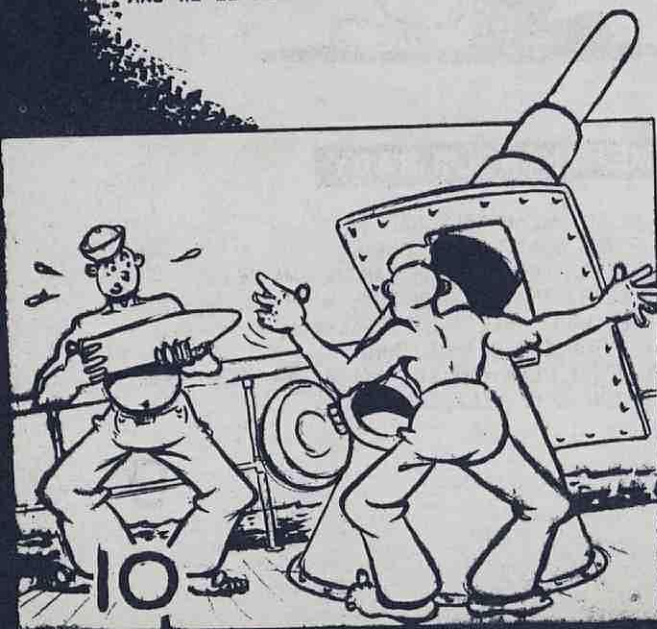
OVER THERE...OVER THERE,
 SEND A WORD, OVER THERE, TO BEWARE,
 THAT THE YANKS ARE COMING,
 THE YANKS ARE COMING...THE DRUMS,
 DRUMS, DRUMMING EVERYWHERE,
 SEND A WORD, OVER THERE,
 SEND A WORD, OVER THERE TO BEWARE,
 WE'RE COMING OVER, WE'RE COMING OVER,
 AND WE WON'T BE BACK, TILL IT'S OVER, OVER THERE.



PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

PRAISE THE LORD, AND PASS THE AMMUNITION,
 PRAISE THE LORD, AND PASS THE AMMUNITION,
 PRAISE THE LORD, AND PASS THE AMMUNITION
 AND WE'LL ALL STAY FREE!
 PRAISE THE LORD, AND SWING INTO POSITION,
 CAN'T AFFORD TO BE A POLITITIAN
 PRAISE THE LORD, WE'RE ALL BETWEEN
 PERDITION AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA!

YES THE SKY PILOT SAID IT,
 YOU'VE GOT TOO GIVE HIM CREDIT,
 FOR A SON OF A GUN OF A GUNNER WAS HE!
 PRAISE THE LORD, WE'RE ON A MIGHTY MISSION,
 ALL ABROAD, WE'RE NOT A'GOIN FISHIN'
 PRAISE THE LORD, AND PASS THE AMMUNITION,
 AND WE'LL ALL STAY FREE!



PARLEZ VOUS

THE WACS & WAVES ARE WINNING THE WAR,
 PARLEZ VOUS (REPEAT)
 THE WACS & WAVES ARE WINNING THE WAR,
 SO WHAT THE HELL ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?
 HINKY, DINKY PARLEZ VOUS.

(REPEAT ABOVE IN FALSETTO)

THE SECOND LIEUTENANTS ARE AT IT AGAIN,
 PARLEZ VOUS, (REPEAT)
 THE SECOND LIEUTENANTS ARE AT IT AGAIN,
 WINNING THE WAR WITH A FOUNTAIN PEN...
 HINKY DINKY, ETC.

THE DRILL INSTRUCTORS ARE WINNING THE
 WAR...
 WITH A HUT, TWO, THREE, FOUR!
 HINKY DINKY, ETC.

THEY SAY THIS IS AN AERIAL WAR..
 SO WHAT THE HELL ARE WE MARCHING FOR?
 HINKY DINKY, ETC.

THE PERMANENT PARTY IS WINNING THE WAR...
 SO WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DRILLING FOR?
 HINKY DINKY, ETC.

(TAKE IT FROM THERE!....)

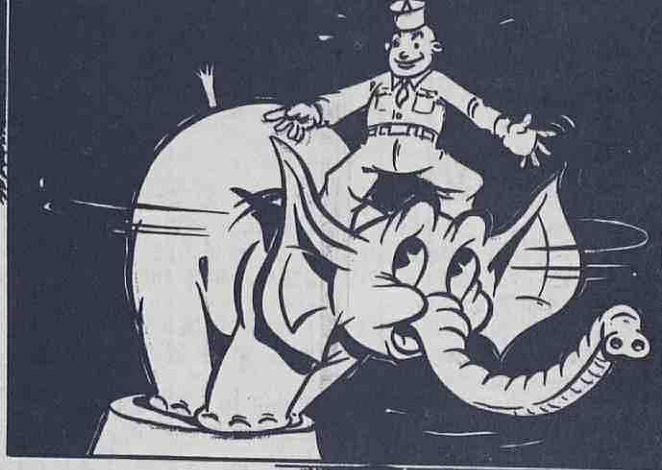
RAGGED BUT RIGHT

I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT I'M
RAGGED BUT RIGHT.
A THIEF, AND A GAMBLER, AND I'M DRUNK EVERY
NITE.
I EAT A PORTERHOUSE STEAK, THREE TIMES A
DAY FOR MY BOARD,
MORE THAN ANY ORDINARY GIRL CAN AFFORD.
I'VE GOT A BIG 'LECTRIC FAN TO KEEP ME
COOL WHILE I SLEEP,
A BIG HANDSOME MAN TO PLAY AROUND WITH
MY FEET.
I'M JUST A RAMBLIN' WOMAN, A GAMBLIN'
WOMAN, I'M DRUNK EVERY NITE.
I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT I'M
RAGGED BUT RIGHT.

WE MAY BE BROWN SKINNED LASSIES, BOYS,
BUT WHAT DO WE CARE.
WE'VE GOT THOSE STREAMLINED CHASSIS AND THAT
DO OR DIE AIR.
WE'VE GOT THE HIPS THAT SANK THE SHIPS
OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND PERU.
AND IF YOUR LIKE NAPOLEON, BOYS, IT'S YOUR
WATERLOO.
WE'LL TAKE A FIFTEEN MINUTE INTERMISSION
IN YOUR V-8.
WE'D LIKE TO MAKE IT LATER, BUT WE NEVER
LATE DATE.
FOR OUR MOTTO HAS ALWAYS BEEN "GONE WITH
THE WIND".
SO LET'S BREEZE IT TO-NITE...
I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU THAT I'M
RAGGED BUT RIGHT.

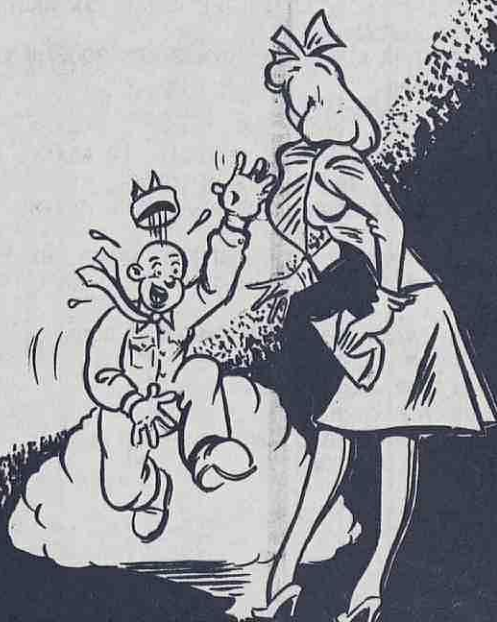
SAY THERE MABEL I

SAY THERE MABEL!
BRING ALONG YOUR SABLE,
AND SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE ON MY RIGHT.
SAY THERE MABEL, WE'LL HAVE SOME REAL OLD
LABEL...
AND WE'RE GONNA HAVE A RIP SNORTIN' TIME.
WE'RE GONNA SING AND DANCE AND RAG THE
WAITER...
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A TIME ALL OF OUR OWN.
WE'RE GONNA STAY OUT LATE, OR EVEN LATER.
NOW WHY NOT STAY THE WEEK-END AT MY HOME?
SO, SAY THERE MABEL.
BRING ALONG YOUR SABLE,
WE'RE GONNALHAVE A RIP SNORTIN' TIME.
HEY, THERE MABEL! DON'T FORGET YOUR SABLE.
WE'RE GONNA REALLY RAG IT UP TO-NIGHT!
DON'T MEAN MAYBE...WE'RE GONNA REALLY
RAG IT UP TO-NIGHT!



RINGS ON MY FINGERS

JIM O'SHEA WAS CAST AWAY
UPON AN EMERALD ISLE.
THE NATIVES THERE THEY LIKED HIS HAIR,
THEY LIKED HIS IRISH SMILE.
SO MADE HIM CHIEF PAN-JAN-DRUM,
THE NABOB OF THEM ALL.
THEY CALLED HIM JI-JI-BOO JHAI,
AND RIGGED HIM OUT SO GAY,
SO HE WROTE TO DUBLIN BAY...
TO HIS SWEETHEART JUST TO SAY:
CHORUS:
SURE I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS,
BELLS ON MY TOES.
ELEPHANTS TO RIDE UPON, MY LITTLE IRISH
ROSE.
SO COME TO YOUR NABOB, AND NEXT
ST. PATRICK'S DAY,
BE MISTRESS MUMBO JUMBO JI-JI-BOO J..
O-SHEA.



SMILES

THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY.
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE.
THERE ARE SMILES THAT STEAL AWAY THE
TEARDROPS.
AS THE SUNBEAMS STEAL AWAY THE DEW.
THERE ARE SMILES THAT HAVE A TENDER
MEANING.
THAT THE EYES OF LOVE ALONE MAY SEE.
AND THE SMILES THAT FILL MY LIFE WITH
SUNSHINE.
ARE THE SMILES THAT YOU GIVE TO ME.



THAT OPEN POST

(1)
OH, WHEN WE GET, THAT OPEN POST.
OH, WHEN WE GET THAT OPEN POST
HALLELUJAH! LORD, I WANT TO BE
IN THAT NUMBER...
WHEN WE GET THAT OPEN POST.

(2)
OH WHEN WE GO, TO EL CHICO.
OH WHEN WE GO TO EL CHICO.
HALLELUJAH, LORD, I WANT TO BE IN
THAT NUMBER...
WHEN WE GET THAT OPEN POST.

(3)
OH WHEN WE DRINK THOSE RUM AND COKES,
OH WHEN WE DRINK THOSE RUM AND COKES,
HALLELUJAH, LORD I WANT TO BE IN THAT
NUMBER...
WHEN WE DRINK THOSE RUM AND COKES.

(4)
OH, WHEN WE MEET, THOSE DIZZY BLONDES,
OH WHEN WE MEET THOSE DIZZY BLONDES,
HALLELUJAH, LORD, I WANT TO BE IN THAT
NUMBER...
WHEN WE MEET THOSE DIZZY BLONDES.

(5)
OH WHEN WE GO TO TOKYO.
OH WHEN WE GO TO TOKYO.
HALLELUJAH, LORD, I WANT TO BE IN THAT
NUMBER...
WHEN WE GO TO TOKYO.

(6)
OH, WHEN WE MARCH TO ADOLPH'S TOWN.
OH, WHEN WE MARCH TO ADOLPH'S TOWN.
HALLELUJAH, LORD I WANT TO BE IN THAT
NUMBER...
WHEN WE MARCH TO ADOLPH'S TOWN.

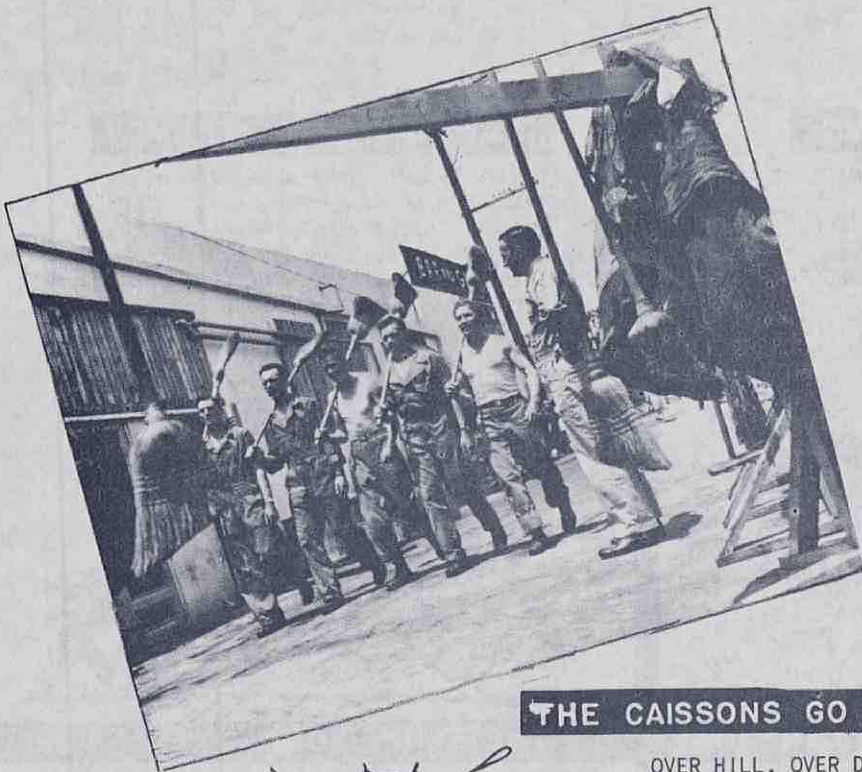


STOUT HEARTED MEN

GIVE ME SOME MEN, WHO ARE STOUT HEARTED MEN
WHO WILL FIGHT FOR THE RIGHTS THEY ADORE.
START ME WITH TEN, WHO ARE STOUT HEARTED MEN
AND I'LL SOON GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND MORE, OH!
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, AND BOLDER AND BOLDER,
THEY GROW AS THEY GO TO THE FORE.
THEN THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN HALT
OR MAR A PLAN,
WHEN STOUT HEARTED MEN, CAN STICK TOGETHER
MAN TO MAN.

(PR

WE ARE THE MEN, WHO WILL FIGHT EM AGAIN,
TO DEFEND ALL THE RIGHTS WE ADORE.
WE'VE GOT THE GUNS, THAT WE'LL USE ON THE
HUNS...
AND THE PLANES FOR THE JAPS WE ABHOR, HEY!
WE'LL STICK TOGETHER, IN FAIR AND FOUL
WEATHER...
TILL ALL AXIS PLANES ARE BROUGHT DOWN,
THEN THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD,
CAN HALT OR MAR A PLAN,
FOR THE AIR CORP MEN,
CAN FIGHT TOGETHER, MAN TO MAN!



THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER,
SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER THAT IS FINE,
FINE, FINE.
HE MAY BE A GREAT BIG GENERAL;
MAY BE A SARGEANT-MAJOR;
HE MAY BE A SIMPLE PRIVATE OF THE LINE,
LINE, LINE.
OH THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIS BEARING,
SOMETHING ABOUT HIS WEARING,
SOMETHING ABOUT HIS BUTTONS ALL A-SHINE,
SHINE, SHINE.
OH, THE MILITARY CHEST, SEEMS TO SUIT THE
LADIES BEST...
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER THAT IS
FINE, FINE, FINE.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE,
WE HAVE HIT THE DUSTY TRAIL,
AND THOSE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG.
"COUNTER MARCH! RIGHT ABOUT!"
HEAR THOSE WAGON SOLDIERS SHOUT,
WHILE THOSE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG.
FOR IT'S...
HII HII HEE! IN THE FIELD ARTILLERY,
CALL OFF YOUR NUMBERS LOUD AND STRONG!
AND WHERE E'ER YOU GO, YOU WILL ALWAYS
KNOW...THAT THOSE CAISSONS ARE
ROLLING ALONG: (KEEP 'EM ROLLING!)
THAT THOSE CAISSONS ARE ROLLING ALONG!

(PARODY)

THERE ARE CUPS, THERE ARE BOWLS,
THERE ARE PLATES AND CASSEROLES,
AND THE DISHES KEEP ROLLING ALONG,
THERE ARE KNIVES, THERE ARE FORKS,
THERE ARE BOTTLES WITH THEIR CORKS,
AND THE DISHES KEEP ROLLING ALONG.
HOLY GEE! WHEN YOU'RE ON K.P.,
YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO SING A SONG,
THERE ARE POTS, THERE ARE PANS,
THERE ARE DIRTY, EMPTY CANS,
AND THE DISHES KEEP ROLLING ALONG.
THERE ARE ONIONS AND SPUDS,
TO BE PEELED BETWEEN THE SUDS,
WHILE THE DISHES KEEP ROLLING ALONG,
FLOORS TO MOP, KNIVES TO STROP,
SHINE 'EM UP, AND NEVER STOP,
WHILE THE DISHES KEEP ROLLING ALONG.
HOLY GEE! THEY GET YOU UP AT THREE,
AND YOU KEEP GOING ALL DAY LONG,
BOY! YOU'RE ALMOST DEAD, WHEN YOU HIT
THAT BED...
BUT THE DISHES KEEP ROLLING ALONG.

THE MARINE HYMN

FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI,
WE FIGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES
ON THE LAND AS ON THE SEA.
FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM
AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN,
WE ARE ROUD TO CLAIM THE TITLE
OF UNITED STATES MARINE.



TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP ALONG THE HIGHWAY,
TRAMP, TRAMP TRAMP, THE ROAD IS FREE;
BLAZING TRAILS ALONG THE HIGHWAY,
COURIERS DE BOIS ARE WE.
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP NOW CLEAR THE ROADWAY;
ROOM, ROOM, ROOM THE WORLD IS FREE!
WE'RE PLANTERS AND CANUCKS: VIRGINIANS
AND KAINLUCKS...CAPTAIN DICKS OWN
INFANTRY.
CAPTAIN DICKS OWN INFANTRY.



THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES

THIS IS THE ARMY, MISTER JONES,
NO PRIVATE ROOMS, OR TELEPHONES.
YOU HAD YOUR BREAKFAST IN BED BEFORE,
BUT YOU WON'T HAVE IT THERE ANY MORE.

THIS IS THE ARMY, MISTER GREEN,
WE LIKE OUR BARRACKS NICE AND CLEAN.
YOU HAD A HOUSEMAID TO CLEAN YOUR FLOOR,
BUT SHE WON'T HELP YOU OUT ANY MORE.

DO WHAT THE BUGLERS COMMAND,
THEY'RE IN THE ARMY, AND NOT IN A BAND.

THIS IS THE ARMY, MISTER BROWN,
YOU AND YOUR BABY WENT TO TOWN,
SHE HAD YOU WORRIED, BUT THIS IS WAR...
AND SHE WON'T WORRY YOU ANY MORE.



THE STIEN SONG

FILL THE STIENS TO HAPPY DAYS,
SHOUT T'ILL THE RAFTERS RING!
STAND AND DRINK A TOAST ONCE AGAIN!
LET EV'RY HAPPY SOLDIER SING.
THEN DRINK TO ALL THE HAPPY HOURS,
DRINK TO THE CARELESS DAYS,
DRINK TO DAYS OF YOUTH AND GLADNESS,
THAT LINGER IN OUR HEARTS ALWAYS.

INTERLUDE:

TO THE TREES! TO THE SKY!
TO THE SPRING IN IT'S GLORIOUS
HAPPINESS...
TO THE YOUTH! TO THE FIRE!
TO THE LIFE THAT IS MOVING AND CALLING
US...

TO THE GODS! TO THE FATES!
TO THE RULERS OF MEN AND THEIR DESTINIES:
TO THE LIPS! TO THE EYES!
TO THE GIRLS WHO WILL LOVE US SOME DAY.
(REPEAT CHORUS)

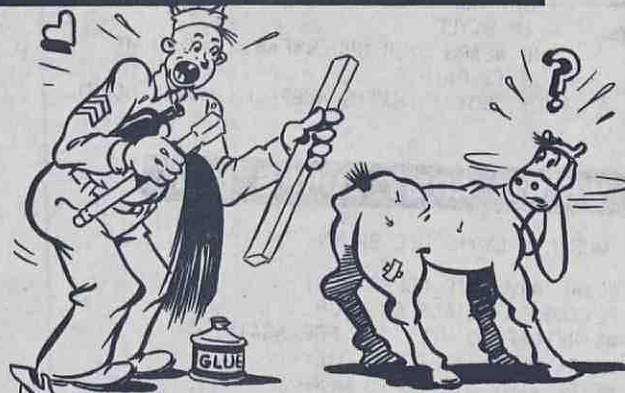


THE KINGS OF THE HIGHWAY



HIKE, ALL YOU DOUGH-BOYS, PASS IN REVIEW,
HIKE, FOR THE NATION, DE-PENDS ON YOU.
COME, SLING YOUR LOAD AGAIN,
COME, TAKE THE ROAD AGAIN,
TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMPIN' DOWN THE BROAD
HIGHWAY...
HIKE, SHOW YOUR SPEED AND "FALL IN", LET'S GO!
HIKE, TAKE THE LEAD, AND MOP UP THE FOE.
MONARCHS WE ARE TO-DAY OF ALL THAT WE MAY
SURVEY...

THE KINGS OF THE BROAD HIGH-WAY!...THEN!
HAIL TO THE KINGS OF THE HIGHWAY!
WHEN THE BACK-BONE OF THE ARMY'S MOVING
OUT...
AND IT'S "FORWARD INTO LINE",
THE DOUGH-BOY FIGHTING LINE,
AND HIKE TO PUT THE ENEMY TO ROUT,
OH, THE DASHING, FLASHING, SMASHING, SNARLING
DOUGH-BOYS...
WHO FOR PACIFISM NEVER GIVE A DAM,
THEY HIKE AS THE KINGS OF THE HIGHWAY
AND FIGHT LIKE THE SONS OF UNCLE SAM.



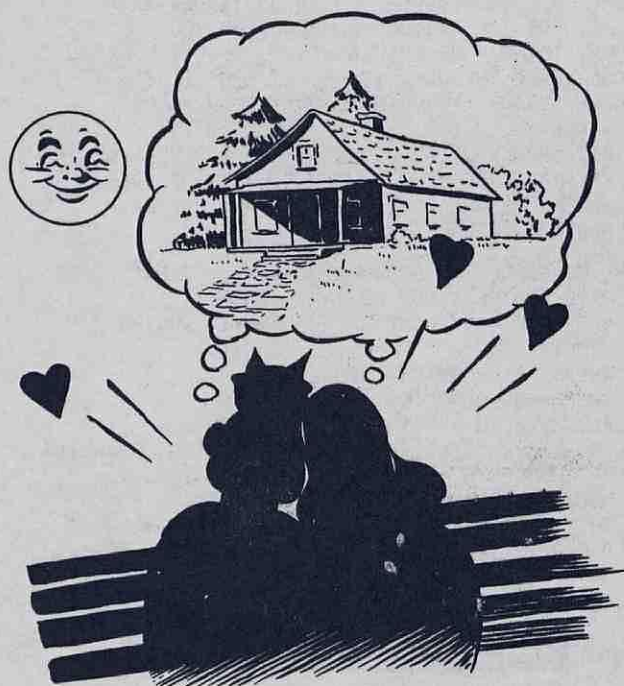
THE DUMMY SONG

WE'LL TAKE A LEG FROM SOME OLD TABLE,
WE'LL TAKE AN ARM FROM SOME OLD CHAIR,
WE'LL TAKE A NECK FROM SOME OLD BOTTLE,
AND FROM A HORSE WE'LL TAKE SOME HAIR,
(WE'LL TAKE SOME HAIR)...
THEN WE'LL PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER,
WITH THE HELP OF STICK'EM GLUE...
AND WE'LL GET MORE LOVIN' OUT OF THAT OLD
DUMMY,
THAN I'LL EVER GET OUT OF YOU!
(GET OUT AND WALK!)



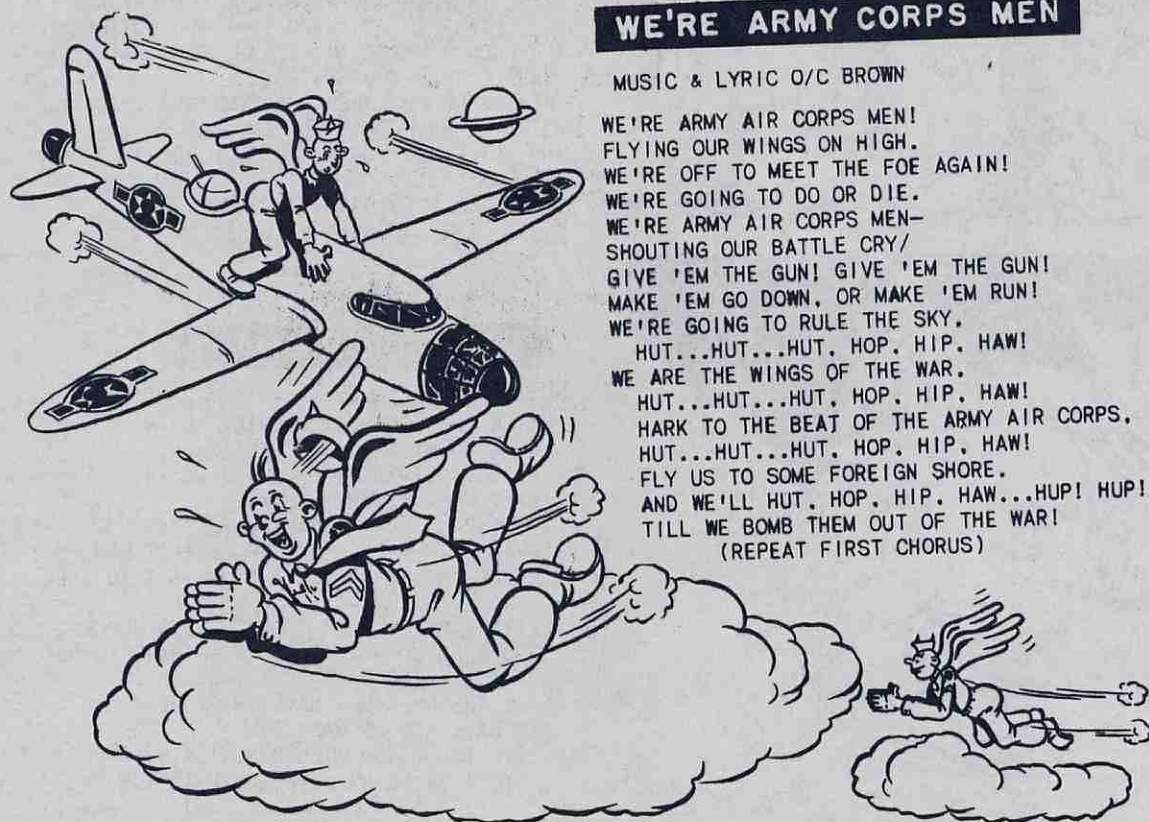
WAIT FOR ME MARY

WAIT FOR ME MARY,
'TIL THE WORLD WILL SMILE AGAIN,
'TIL A SMILE'S IN STYLE AGAIN,
AND A DREAM'S WORTH WHILE AGAIN,
WAIT FOR ME MARY,
BY THE MOONLIT GARDEN GATE,
WHERE MY HEART AND I WOULD WAIT FOR YOU;
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I WANT TO TELL
YOU...
LITTLE WORDS THAT I NEVER TOLD BEFORE,
AND I HOPE THAT IT WON'T BE HARD TO SELL
YOU...
ALL THE DREAMS I HAVE IN STORE,
SO WAIT FOR ME MARY,
'TIL THE WORLD WILL SING AGAIN,
'TIL I BRING MY LOVE AGAIN TO YOU.



WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW

WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW BIG ENOUGH
FOR TWO.
BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO, MY DARLING, BIG
ENOUGH FOR TWO.
AND WHEN WE'RE MARRIED, HAPPY WE'LL BE,
UNDER THE BAMBOO, UNDERNEATH THE BAMBOO
TREE.
BOOM BOOM, BOOM BOOM....BOOM BOOM,
BOOM BOOM, BOOM BOOM.
IF YOU'LL BE M-I-N-E MINE, I'LL BE
T-H-I-N-E THINE.
I'LL L-O-V-E LOVE YOU ALL THE T-I-M-E
TIME.
YOU ARE THE B-E-S-T BEST, OF ALL THE
R-E-S-T REST.
I'LL L-O-V-E LOVE YOU ALL THE T-I-M-E
TIME...
RACK 'EM UP, STACK 'EM UP, ANY OLD TIME,
THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES,
TO BUY MY BABY CLOTHES.
I BUY HER EVERYTHING TO KEEP HER
IN STYLE,
SHE WEARS SILK UNDERWEAR, I WEAR MY
G.I. PAIR.
HEY, BOYS! THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES!



WE'RE ARMY CORPS MEN

MUSIC & LYRIC O/C BROWN

WE'RE ARMY AIR CORPS MEN!
FLYING OUR WINGS ON HIGH.
WE'RE OFF TO MEET THE FOE AGAIN!
WE'RE GOING TO DO OR DIE,
WE'RE ARMY AIR CORPS MEN-
SHOUTING OUR BATTLE CRY/
GIVE 'EM THE GUN! GIVE 'EM THE GUN!
MAKE 'EM GO DOWN, OR MAKE 'EM RUN!
WE'RE GOING TO RULE THE SKY,
HUT...HUT...HUT, HOP, HIP, HAW!
WE ARE THE WINGS OF THE WAR,
HUT...HUT...HUT, HOP, HIP, HAW!
HARK TO THE BEAT OF THE ARMY AIR CORPS,
HUT...HUT...HUT, HOP, HIP, HAW!
FLY US TO SOME FOREIGN SHORE,
AND WE'LL HUT, HOP, HIP, HAW...HUP! HUP! HUP!
TILL WE BOMB THEM OUT OF THE WAR!
(REPEAT FIRST CHORUS)

