

*compiled by*  
SPECIAL SERVICE BRANCHES,  
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Newport News, Virginia



SONGS FOR THE  
**WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS**



1 9 4 4

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I TO COUNTRY AND TO GOD  
WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS HYMN

Thompson, Weinstock  
and Lee, etc

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2

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

I

Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?  
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
 Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2

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; Oh, 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!

## 3 WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS MARCH

by  
 Thompson - Weinstein  
 and  
 Liza, WAC

Come and help us sing Make the echoes ring for the wo-men of the  
 War Here we use our arts And we give our hearts As  
 we have done be-fore We are ded-i - cat-ed to  
 lib - er - ty To the grand i - deal of a world made free We will  
 give our lives to lead all na - tions Toward hu-man har-mony  
 In a time of test We will do our best For the  
 peace we must re - store Get be - hind our men Do our  
 work a - gain We're the Wo-men's Ar-my Corps!

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4 SONG OF THE  
ARMY TRANSPORTATION CORPS

by  
Herman Hupfield

Chorus

We load the ships, — We load the trains — So that the  
other lads can load the guns and planes, — When you hear a mighty  
roar, It's the Trans-por-ta-tion Corps — We've got to de-liv-er the  
goods and not a sin-gle man com-plains. Along the road — Along the  
track — The bring 'em deep — We got 'em there, We bring 'em  
back — Day and night we're on du-ty, on the sea and  
shore; Al-ways ready to join the fight to save the na-tion  
The AR-MY TRANS - POR - TA - TION CORPS!

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5. TRANSPORTATION CORPS SONG  
(WAC-RECRUITING)

by  
Sgt. Joseph Tomascetti

Verse

Miss Brown, Miss Jones, your country's all-ing you, Hear... the call to arms...  
There's a vi-tal job for you to do, Un-cle Sam can use your charms.  
Chorus  
Kha-ki brown is the col-or that they're wear-ing to-day, So la-dies,,  
... dress in style!.. Put a-way your frills and la-ces while you  
learn a sol-dier's pa-ces And show the world... what Wacs can do..  
... There's a place wait-ing for you in the Ar-my to-day to help us..  
... win the war... You're a real A-mer-i-can Beauty if you  
know that it's your du-ty to join the Trans-por-ta-tion Corps!

## THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

1

Over hill, over dale,  
 We have hit the dusty trail,  
 And those Caissons go rolling along.  
 "Counter March! Right about!"  
 Hear those wagon soldiers shout,  
 While those Caissons go rolling along.

## CHORUS

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

2.

To the front, day and night,  
 Where the dough-boys dig and fight,  
 And those Caissons go rolling along.  
 Our barrage will be there,  
 Fired on the rocket's flare,  
 Where those Caissons go rolling along.

## CHORUS

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## THE ARMY AIR CORPS

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
 Climbing high into the sun;  
 Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,  
 At 'em boys, give 'er the gun.  
 Down we dive spouting our flame from under  
 Off with one hell-uv-a roar.  
 We live in fame or go down in flame,  
 Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

Here's a Toast to the host of those who love  
 the vastness of the sky;  
 To a friend we will send a message of his brother  
 men who fly.  
 We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
 Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of  
 gold.  
 A toast to the host of men we boast,  
 The Army Air Corps.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
 Keep the wings level and true.  
 If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,  
 Keep the nose out of the blue.  
 Flying men guarding the nation's border,  
 We'll be there, followed by more.  
 In echelon we carry on,  
 Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

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8

### ANCHORS AWEIGH

#### CHORUS

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.

Heave a-ho there, sailor, everybody drink up  
while you may,  
Heave a-ho there, sailor, for you're gonna  
sail at break of day,  
Drink a-way, Drink a-way,  
For you sail at break of day, Hey.

#### CHORUS

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9

### THE MARINES' 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 proud to claim the title of  
United States Marine!

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze  
From dawn to setting sun.  
(Continued on next page)

### The Marines' Hymn - Continued

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!

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!

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10

### THE WAC IS IN BACK OF YOU

All you fighting men,  
Keep on fighting to win  
For the WAC is in back of you.  
Spread the news around  
That we're Victory bound  
In our hearts we pledge anew,  
That our Flag shall wave  
O'er the home of the brave  
And the WAC is in back of you.

Pallas Athene, Goddess of Victory  
History tells her part in war  
And our own Statue of Liberty  
(Continued on next page)

The Wac is in Back of You - Continued

Tells what we're fighting for.  
Spread the news around  
That we're Victory bound  
In our hearts we pledge anew  
That our Flag shall wave  
O'er the land of the brave  
And the WAC is in back of you.

11

THE WAC IS A SOLDIER TOO

While you fight for us,  
We've a part we can play  
For the WAC is a SOLDIER too.  
We can type and file  
In the Army way  
For the WAC is a SOLDIER too.  
We can drive a truck  
Take our place in the mess  
We'll be here to see this through.  
We'll replace you men  
While you fight at the front  
For the WAC is a SOLDIER too.

For every man who goes  
To the battle field  
There must be one to take his place  
And the women work at these many jobs  
Till Victory we face.

Spread the news around  
That we're Victory bound  
With our hearts we pledge anew.  
We'll replace you men

(Continued on next page)

The Wac Is A Soldier Too - Continued

While you fight at the front  
For the WAC is a SOLDIER too.

Words and music by Ruby Jane Douglass, Captain, WAC  
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12

W. A. C.

W. A. C. Here's to the Red,  
White and Blue!  
Here's to the country we love:  
We owe a lot to you.  
We're mighty glad we're here  
We're mighty proud to be  
Behind the men, behind the gun  
To help the Army's fighting son  
The W. A. C.

13

WE'RE THE W. A. C.

(Tune: Marching Along Together)

Marching along together,  
We're the W. A. C.  
Marching along together  
U. S. A. or overseas  
We are the WAC, the Army,  
For all the world to see  
We're khaki clad and always glad  
We're here to do our part,  
Without a cannon, without a gun  
We're fighting with our hearts  
Oh, marching along together  
We're the W. A. C.



14

## WE'LL WIN FOR THE U. S. A.

(Tune: The Marine's Hymn)

From the shores of California  
 To the rockbound coast of Maine  
 We are here to join the Army  
 It shall not be in vain  
 For if we want to win this war  
 We must have a Women's Corps,  
 We're in the fray, we're here to stay  
 The Wacs of the U. S. A.

We will keep our country's liberty  
 For we will do our share,  
 To free the boys from duty  
 And send them over there.  
 We'll do their work, while they're gone  
 Till they're back, we'll carry on  
 For if we do we're telling you  
 We'll win for the U. S. A.

15

## WAC DREAM AT RETREAT

Composer Unknown

When the bu-gle sounds Re-treat And the long long day is  
 done, There are man-y, man-y things I dream of As I  
 stand there in the fac-ing sun; I want a peace-ful sky With birds in  
 high, and church bells ring-ing clear; Some-one to share my  
 ev-ry care And say "I love you, Dear. I want a world that  
 free for you and me Through all our fu-ture  
 years. These are the dreams of a Wac As she  
 stands Re-treat, And the sun and the twi-light meet.

16

### DUTY

(Tune: Col. Bogey March)

Duty is calling you and me  
We have a date with destiny  
Ready, the Wacs are ready  
Their pulse is steady  
The world to set free.

Service we're in it heart and soul  
Victory that is our only goal  
We love our Country's Honor  
And we'll defend it against every foe.

17

### STOUTHEARTED GIRLS

(Tune: Stouthearted Men)

Give me some girls,  
Who are stouthearted girls,  
Who will stand for the land  
they adore  
Start me with girls,  
Who are stouthearted girls,  
And I'll soon give you ten thousand  
more.

Oh, marching with pep to the music  
we step  
We will show all the world we can be  
Proud to bear our name  
And send our men to Victory  
We're stouthearted girls.  
We are the W. A. C.

We are the girls,  
(Continued on next page)

### Stouthearted Girls - Continued

Oh, the stouthearted girls  
Of the First Company  
Onward we go for we are not slow  
Press on for our country.  
Shoulder to shoulder,  
And bolder and bolder,  
Make way for the Red, White,  
and Blue  
We are here to lend a hand  
On land and oversea  
So clear the way,  
We're here to stay  
The W. A. C.

18

### WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

1  
Our women of the U. S. A.  
Respond to every call  
When bold tyrants threaten Freedom  
We stand ready One and All  
We will back our men who fight the foe  
Our Women's Army Corps,  
Our Women's Army Corps.

### CHORUS

Service to our glorious nation  
In whatever post or station  
In the firm determination  
Of the Women's Army Corps.

(Continued on next page)

Women's Army Corps - Continued

2

When the roar of battle's ended,  
You will find us ready still  
In the struggle for a peaceful world,  
Our duties to fulfill:  
And to carry on for those who died  
We pledge forevermore  
Our Women's Army Corps.

CHORUS

19

WAC'S BATTLE STANDARD

(Tune: Notre Dame)

Cheer, cheer for Wacs good and true  
True to the colors, Red, White and Blue  
Always there to do our share  
In U. S. A. and over there  
Helping to fight for world liberty  
Wacs we are and we're proud to be  
This our goal and battle standard  
Onward to Victory.

20

THE YANKS ARE COMING AGAIN

The Yanks are coming again  
The Yanks are coming again  
The last time that they went over the top  
They didn't let them finish the job,  
But now we'll never stop,  
Our tanks are coming with men,  
Our planes are coming and then,  
The world will be free for you and me,  
For the Wacs are coming  
With the Yanks that are coming again.

21 FIRST CLASS PRIVATE MARY BROWN

Frank Loesser

Refrain

First class pri-vate Mar-y Brown, — She wore that uni-form like a  
First class pri-vate Mar-y Brown, — I've got her Ar-my se-ri-al  
mil-lion dol-lar gown. — How my heart would leap, When she  
num-ber writ-ten down, — She was all G. I., But when  
drows her jeep-with the one big stripe on her arm, And it seemed to me that  
she marched by, I just had to look — at her twice, And it struck me that  
P. F. G. stood for "Per-fect Fem-i-nine Charm". First class pri-vate Mary  
A. N. meant an "An-gel Spe-cial-ly Nice". First class pri-vate Mary  
Brown, — Oh, now she smiled good-bye when they shipped me out of  
Brown, — Could make me P. X. seem like me. Rife in New York  
Town!  
Town! — Let the big guns roar, let me win this war 'Cause I  
want to hur-ry right back, — (on the dou-ble) to  
(Hub-ba Hub-ba)  
First class pri-vate Ma-ry Brown, my won-der-ful Wac.

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22

OVER THERE  
(Parody)

Over there, over there,  
Send a word, send a word, over there.  
That the Wacs are coming  
The Wacs are coming  
Their feet are tramping everywhere.  
So prepare, say a prayer  
Tell them all over there to beware  
We'll be over, we're coming over  
And we won't come back  
Till it's over, everywhere.

Over there, over there  
Send the word to the boys over there  
That the Wacs are coming  
The Wacs are coming  
To get in everybody's hair.  
We will aid, in the raid,  
That our men make to win in Berlin,  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
We'll be back by heck,  
When we've wrecked them over there.

23

WE'RE THE WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

(Tune: The Caissons Go Rolling Along)

From the East to the West,  
We're the bestest of the best  
We're the Women's Army Corps,  
From the South to the North,  
Singing as we venture forth,  
We're the Women's Army Corps.

(Continued on next page)

We're The Women's Army Corps - Continued

So it's hail, all hail,  
The women will not fail  
To help make the foe turn tail.  
Join our song and with us march along  
In the Women's Army Corps.

With a smile on our face  
We will go take our place  
For we're joining the Army to stay  
Forward march--straight ahead  
By our leader we are lead,  
As we march in the old Army way.  
So it's hail, all hail,  
The women will not fail  
To help make the foe turn tail,  
Join our song and with us march along  
In the Women's Army Corps.

24

THERE ARE GIRLS

(Tune: There are Smiles)

There are girls who work in factories,  
There are girls who work at desks,  
There are girls who help the nation's  
workers  
On the home front from the East to West.  
There are girls who give their aid in  
nursing,  
Working endlessly without much rest,  
But the girls who joined the Women's Army  
Are the ones that I like the best.

25

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY  
(Parody)

Thanks for the memory  
Of early morning stars  
And friendly golden bars,  
Of reveille and bugle call  
And olive colored cars  
Oh, thank you so much!  
Thanks for the memory  
Parading on the green  
By generals we were seen,  
Of column left, eyes right,  
Forward march, guide is right  
Oh, thank you so much,  
Many's the time we'll remember  
The fun and the work we have done,  
From the day we arrived in September  
Till peace has come, the war is won.  
Oh, thanks for the memory  
Of living on the post,  
With Uncle Sam as host  
And officers who understand  
The things we need most,  
Oh, thank you so much!

26

THE VICTORY PARADE

(Tune: In Your Easter Bonnet)

In your OD Bonnet  
With shining brass upon it  
The Wacs behind Old Glory  
In the Victory Parade  
With heads and chins held lofty  
Not one of them a softie  
(Continued on next page)

The Victory Parade - Continued

The Wacs behind Old Glory  
In the Victory Parade.  
From the East to West...  
We will do our best  
In deed, in word, in action  
The Wac is in back of her  
Tim, John and Jack.  
Oh yes, we're proudly working  
There is no time for shirking  
The WAC will keep Old Glory  
In the Victory Parade.

27

## GEE WHIZ! G. I.

by  
Margery L. Pope  
and W. W. Mc

Gee whiz! G. I. In all I say or do, . . . And  
e-ven my boy friend's G. I., too. Gee whiz! G.  
I, What am I coming to? . . . His eyes look ol-ive  
drab in- stead of blue . . . Now I may wear a  
sar- geant's stripes, Or e- ven gold- en bars, . . . But I'd  
still make love ac- cord- ing to The I. D. R's. I  
won- der why I fell in love with you . . . I  
guess it's be- cause you're G. I. through and through.

28

## THE NEXT TIME WE'RE TOGETHER

(Tune: The Last Time I Saw Paris)

The next time we're together,  
We'll talk of things we've done,  
Of how we stood behind the men  
And how they finally won.

We'll talk about the old days  
When W. A. C. was new,  
And how we learned to our dismay  
To work as soldiers do.

We did the same old hut-two-three  
That has been done for years  
The cadence of our marching feet  
Brought cheer both far and near.

The next time we're together  
We'll talk of things we've done,  
Of how we stood behind the men  
And how they finally won.

29

## KEEP 'EM ROLLING

(Tune: When You're Smiling)

Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em rolling  
We'll get that convoy through.  
Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em rolling  
For we've got a job to do.  
We're the Army, and we never fail  
To get supplies through  
As regular as mall--so  
Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em rolling  
(Continued on next page)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING - Continued

We're the H. R. P. E. Wacs.

Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em rolling  
And when we get over there  
Hirohito and Benito  
And their pals who won't shoot square  
We're not fooling: we mean what we say  
We'll slap their ears down  
They'll pay and they'll pay-- so  
Keep 'em rolling, keep 'em rolling  
For the good old U. S. A.

30

THE WACS, T. C.

(Tune: Roll out the Barrel)

From H. R. P. E.  
We are three companies strong  
Working together  
Doing our job with a song  
Three cheers for Army  
Three cheers for H. R. P. E.  
We're the gals that send it over  
We're the Wacs, T. C.

31

HUT - TWO - THREE - FOUR

We're the Wacs from Company\_\_\_\_  
The ones you've heard about  
And people stop and stare at us  
Whenever we go out.

(Continued on next page)

Hut - Two - Three - Four - Continued

Hut, two, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four

We're refugees from society  
We joined to win the war  
But all we have at Company\_\_\_\_  
Is work and drill galore.

Hut, two, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four

They get us up at six o'clock  
To scrub the barracks clean  
And what do we do when we get through  
We scrub the darn latrine.

Hut, two, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four

Fall in, fall out, fall in, fall out  
That's all we ever hear  
We're falling in and out so much  
We're fallin on our

Hut, two, three, four  
Hut, two, three, four  
HUT ---- HUT ---- HUT!

32

COMPANY SONG

(Tune: There's Something about a Soldier)

There's something about\_\_\_\_ Company.  
(Continued on next page)

Company Song - Continued  
something about \_\_\_\_\_ Company,  
Something about \_\_\_\_\_ Company that is  
grand, grand, grand.  
They're always alert and willing,  
To see their response is thrilling,  
It's splendid to see them drilling,  
To the band, band, band.  
They can lose in a game and take it,  
Tackle a job and make it,  
Plow up a yard and rake it,  
All by hand, hand, hand,  
They're as versatile as can be,  
They're the best WAC Company  
And through the years united  
We will stand, stand, stand,

33

WHEN YOU SEE A GIRL IN KHAKI

(Tune: American Bandsman)

When you see a girl in khaki  
Then you'll know that she's a Wacy  
Head high, marching like a vet'ran  
Shouting with glee (two-three-four)  
Fall In! Get there on the double  
Or you'll find yourself in trouble  
That's why we're happy as can be  
In the \_\_\_\_\_ Company.

34

WAC DAYS

(Tune: School Days)

School days, school days,  
Dear old Army rule days,  
(Continued on next page)

WAC Days - Continued

Map reading, P. T. and leadership  
Close order drill and remember it.  
Those were the days that wore me out  
Those were the days I learned to shout  
In spite of all this I'm proud to be  
In the \_\_\_\_\_ Company.

35

(C. P. H.  
WACS FROM - )N. A. B.  
(Newport News

(Tune: Marine Hymn)

You can tell a Wac from \_\_\_\_\_  
You can tell her by her walk  
You can tell a Wac from \_\_\_\_\_  
You can tell her by her talk  
You can tell a Wac from \_\_\_\_\_  
By her appetite and such  
You can tell a Wac from \_\_\_\_\_  
But you cannot tell her much.

36

SHE'S A GRAND CO

(Tune: Grand Old Flag: Yankee Doodle Dandy)

She's a grand CO and we all love her so  
She has made all our days worth our while  
She's the emblem of the things we love,  
And no one can equal her style  
When she huts, two, three,  
We're as proud as can be,  
For we're never too fast or too slow  
Should old acquaintance be forgot  
We'll remember our grand CO.

(Continued on next page)



She's A Grand CO - Continued

She's a Wacy Doodle Dandy  
A Wac that makes us do or die  
Capt (Lt) \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ Company  
We're here to tell you just why  
You're our Wacy Doodle Sweetheart  
And from you we hate to part  
If you ever leave this Port  
And get a trifle lonely  
Remember you're always in our hearts.

37

TO THE C. O. -- SADLY

(Tune: What's the Reason  
I'm not Pleasin' You)

Why don't we get along  
Everything we do is wrong  
Oh Captain, what's the reason we're  
not pleasin' you?

You gig us and then  
You gig us once again  
Oh Captain, what's the reason we're  
not pleasin' you?

We scrub and we mop  
And we keep our beds in line.  
We dust and we change  
And we keep our shoes well shined.  
We try and we try  
But we never satisfy  
Oh Captain, what's the reason we're  
not pleasin' you?

38

IT'S A HELLUVA, SWELLUVA, HELLUVA  
LIFE IN THE ARMY

Composer Unknown

It's a hell-uv-a, swell-uv-a, hell-uv-a life in the Ar-my, Who  
wants to be a civ-il-ian an-y more? We don't have to wor-ry if  
we get up to-day, And best of all we haven't an-y in-come tax to pay. Tha  
for me su-gar too, And when we're drinkin' cot-tee we will drink a toast to you. Tha  
hell-uv-a, swell-uv-a, hell-uv-a life in the Ar-my. And day by day it's bet-ter than be-  
fore. When I think of civ-il-ian life It really makes me weep. These  
fave. We get the best of ev-ry thing. And both-er, that's no jive, They  
guys will all be walk-ing. I'll be rid-ing in a jeep. It's a  
-ven let us sleep un-til a war-ter at-ter five. It's a  
hell-uv-a, swell-uv-a, hell-uv-a life in the Ar-my, Who  
wants to be a civ-il-ian an-y more?

HINKY DINKY PARLEZ-VOUS  
(Parody)

The CO is a lovely lass, parlez-vous  
The CO is a lovely lass, parlez-vous  
The CO is a lovely lass  
She can sign a week-end pass  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

The 1st Lieutenants are at it again, parlez-vous  
The 1st Lieutenants are at it again, parlez-vous  
The 1st Lieutenants are at it again  
They're winning the war with a fountain pen  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

The 2nd Lieutenants are shining their bars,  
parlez-vous  
The 2nd Lieutenants are shining their bars,  
parlez-vous  
The 2nd Lieutenants are shining their bars,  
And always learning new AR's  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Sergeants are a bunch of jerks, parlez-vous  
The Sergeants are a bunch of jerks, parlez-vous  
The Sergeants are a bunch of jerks  
They're always gumming up the works  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Corporals are a bunch of dopes, parlez-vous  
The Corporals are a bunch of dopes, parlez-vous  
The Corporals are a bunch of dopes  
They think that they know all the ropes  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Privates are a jolly lot, parlez-vous  
The Privates are a jolly lot, parlez-vous  
(Continued on next page)

Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous - Continued

The Privates are a jolly lot  
They're satisfied with what they've got  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

(Additional Verses)

They say this is a mechanized war, parlez-vous  
They say this is a mechanized war, parlez-vous  
They say this is a mechanized war  
So what in the heck are we marching for  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Army thought they won the war, parlez-vous  
The Army thought they won the war, parlez-vous  
The Army thought they won the war  
The Wacs got there the day before  
Hinky Dinky, parlez-vous.

IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO BE WACS  
(Tune: The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

1.

We once were civilians, but now we are Wacs,  
Dressed in our khaki, discarding our slacks,  
Marching, saluting with pains in our backs,  
And our loves are far, far, away---oh!---

CHORUS

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

2.

The Waves are so ducky at least so they think,  
With their "Perkins" hats and their panties so pink,  
But we love the Army in spite of no drinks,  
And our loves are far, far away---oh!---

CHORUS

41

PACK UP YOUR CIVIES

(Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles)

Pack up your civies in your old suitcase  
And smile, smile, smile,  
Now you've a uniform to take it's place  
Smile, girls, that's the style.  
Cut your hair and finger nails  
For they'll grow back some day,  
So-o, pack up your civies in your old  
suitcase,  
And smile, smile, smile.

42

THE GIRLS WHO WEAR THE KHAKI

(Tune: There are Smiles)

1.  
There are WAVES, the Women's navy  
There are WIRES, the radio  
There are WAIFS, that help the country's aircorps  
And the SPARS, the Coast Guard, we all know.  
The Marines, too, have a Corps of Women,  
But there's one corp better than them all,  
There're the WACS, the girls who wear the khaki,  
That have answered the Army's call.

43

OLD KING COLE

(Tune: Fighting Infantry Song)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.  
(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole - Continued

He called for his pipe,  
And he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his privates three.

CHORUS

"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates,  
"Merry, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

3.

Old King Cole, etc. . . . .  
. . . . . 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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole - Continued

With the gals of the W. A. C."

4.  
Old King Cole, etc . . . . .  
. . . . . 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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

5.  
Old King Cole, etc . . . . .  
. . . . . captains three.

CHORUS

"We want ten day's 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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

6.  
Old King Cole, etc. . . . .  
. . . . . majors three.

(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole-- Continued

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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

7.  
Old King Cole, etc . . . . .  
. . . . . 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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

8.  
Old King Cole, etc . . . . .  
. . . . . generals three.

CHORUS

"The Army's gone to hell," said the generals;  
(Continued on next page)

Old King Cole - Continued

"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, merry gals are we.  
There's none so fair as can compare  
With the gals of the W. A. C."

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44

I'M IN THE ARMY NOW

(Tune: Every Little Movement Has  
a Meaning All It's Own)

In my little G. I. shoes  
I walk along the street,  
In my little cotton hose  
I give the boys a treat,  
My skirt fits like a barracks bag  
My hat--just like a pot  
But I'm in the Army now  
And this is all I've got,  
In my raincoat extra small  
I look just like a sack,  
But I'm really awfully glad  
That now I am a WAC  
The Army issues clothes alright  
On me they look an awful sight--  
(Continued on next page)

I'm In The Army Now - Continued

Just like a mare that runs at night  
I'm in the Army now.

45

CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG  
(G.I. Version)

Over sinks, over pails,  
With the sergeant on our tails,  
All the KPs are scrubbing away.  
Shining pots, shining pans,  
Cleaning out the garbage cans  
All the KPs are scrubbing away.  
Oh, it's Hi, Hi, Hee in the kitchen scullery  
Sixteen long hours of the day  
And where e'er ye go,  
By our smell you'll know  
That the KPs are scrubbing away.  
(Hear them scrubbing)  
That the KPs are scrubbing away.

46

GEE, MOM! I WANNA GO HOME

1.

The coffee that they give us, they say is mighty fine  
It's good for cuts and bruises; it tastes like iodine.

CHORUS

Oh, I don't want no more of Army Life  
Gee, Mom! I wanna go home.

2.

Oh, the biscuits that they give us, they say are mighty fine  
One fell off the table and killed a pal of mine.

CHORUS

Gee, Mom! I Wanna Go Home - Continued

3.  
A mattress made of iron, a pillow made of lead  
You wake up in the morning with wrinkles in your head.

CHORUS

4.  
The chicken that they give us, they say is mighty fine  
A leg fell off the table and started marking time.

CHORUS

5.  
The shoes that they give us, they say are mighty fine  
You ask for number 7; they give you number 9.

CHORUS

6.  
The stockings that they give us, they say are mighty sheer  
You put them on the clothes line and watch them disappear

CHORUS

7.  
The sweaters that they give us, they say are mighty fine  
But I need Lana Turner to help me fill out mine.

CHORUS

8.  
The furloughs that they give us, they say are mighty fine  
They write them down on paper, but where the heck is mine?

CHORUS  
(Continued on next page)

Gee Mom! I Wanna Go Home - Continued

9.  
The pay that they give us, they say is mighty fine  
They give us \$50.00 dollars and fine us forty-nine

CHORUS

10.  
We do a lot of griping; it doesn't mean a thing  
We wouldn't trade the Army for any other thing.  
Oh, we want all there is of Army Life  
No, we don't wanna go; No, we don't wanna go;  
No, we don't wanna go home.

47

I JUST WANT TO BE A WAC

(Tune: The Old Grey Mare)

I don't want to march with the Infantry  
Ride with the Cavalry,  
Shoot with Artillery,  
I don't want to fly over Germany,  
I just want to be a Wac.  
I just want to be a Wac,  
I just want to be a Wac,  
I don't want to march with the Infantry,  
Ride with the Cavalry,  
Shoot with Artillery,  
I don't want to fly over Germany,  
I just want to be a Wac.

48

## IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

It isn't any trouble just to S-m-i-l-e  
 It isn't any trouble just to S-m-i-l-e  
 So smile when you're in trouble:  
 It will vanish like a bubble  
 If you'll only take the trouble  
 Just to S-m-i-l-e.

Second verse: L-a-u-g-h

Third verse: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

49

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN  
(GI Version)

We'll be ridin' in command cars when we win,  
 We'll be ridin' in command cars when we win,  
 We'll have golden plates to eat off and  
 We'll march the sergeant's feet off  
 We'll be ridin' in command cars when we win.

Oh, there won't be any corporals when we win,  
 Oh, there won't be any sergeants when we win,  
 When they ask us to do their biddin'  
 We will answer "Are you kiddin'?"  
 Oh, there won't be any corporals when we win.

50

A SLEEPY LAGOON  
(GI Version)

A sleepy latrine,  
 A pastoral scene and two at a basin  
 The job isn't fun, the mirror is one  
 You can't see your face in.  
 The lighting is bad, it's driving you mad

(Continued on next page)

## A SLEEPY LAGOON - Continued

That's half of it, sister  
 The farther you go  
 The first thing you know  
 You're powdering each other,  
 A sleepy latrine  
 Where all Wacs convene  
 With nat'ral intentions  
 And then hang around and finally sound  
 Like seven conventions,  
 One Wacky "heard this", another "heard that"  
 And that's how they start,  
 For rumors careen in sleepy latrine, sweetheart.

51

## G. I. SONG

Once her mammy made her bed  
 Cleaned her clothes and buttered her bread  
 And her favorite dress was red  
 Oh me, oh my, that ain't G. I.

Then she came to camp one day  
 Quickly learned the WACY way  
 Underwear cafe au lait!  
 Oh me, oh my, strictly G. I.

Hats and shoes and skirts don't fit  
 Your girdle bunches when you sit  
 Come on rookies, you can't quit  
 Just heave a sigh and be G. I.

Typhoid shots may knock you out  
 All day long you'll hear "FALL OUT!"  
 Give a grin and loudly shout  
 Oh me, oh my, gotta be G. I.

(Continue 1 on next page)

G. I. Song - Continued

Said the WAC to the new recruit  
Hey there, kid, you're sure a beaut!  
Short hair won't make you so cute  
Oh me, oh my, gotta be G. I.

In the mess hall she now stands  
Buried 'neath the pots and pans  
Getting pretty dish-pan hands  
Oh me, oh my, gotta be G. I.

Winter, summer, spring or fall  
Should you try to end it all  
You can't die until sick call  
You see, if you die,  
You've got to die G. I.

52

LAY THAT WHISTLE DOWN, SARGE!

(Tune: Pistol Packin' Mama)

1.

Falling out in the morn at six,  
And do we rush and rush,  
Half asleep and half awake,  
Gosh! ain't we in a fix.

CHORUS

Lay that whistle down, Sarge,  
Lay that whistle down,  
Whistle blowing mama,  
Lay that whistle down.

2.

First you hear the Fall in,  
(Continued on next page)

Lay that Whistle Down, Sarge! - Continued

And then you hear at ease,  
Again you hear a-ten-hutt,  
Dress right dress and freeze.

CHORUS

Lay that whistle down, Sarge,  
Lay that whistle down,  
Whistle blowing mama,  
Lay that whistle down.

53

THE ARMY CHAIR CORPS

(Tune: The Army Air Corps)

Here we go into the file case yonder  
Diving deep into the drawer  
Here it is, buried away down under  
That darn legal stuff we've been searching  
for.

Off we go into the CO's office,  
Where we get one helluva roar--  
We live in miles of paper files  
But nothing will stop the Army Chair Corps.



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