

Compiled by

SPECIAL SERVICE BRANCHES,

ARMY SERVICE FORCES

Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation

Newport News, Virginia

# SONGS FOR THE WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS



1944

This is the property of the United States Government and its contents may be used only within the military services.

#### INDEX TO SONGS

Songs of Service	" Song Humber
	8
Army Air Corps, The	7
Army Transportation Corps, Song of the	6
Caissons Go Rolling Along, The.	16
Duty (Colonel Bogey March)	27
Army Transportation Corps, Song of the Caissons Go Rolling Along, The. Duty (Colonel Bogey March) Gee Whiz! G. I. First Class Private Mary Brown Marines' Hymn, The Next Time We're Together, The Cape Last Time I Saw Paris)	
First Class Private Mary Brown	9
Marines' Hymn, The	
Next Time We're Together, The	
Stream of the Dast Time and Stream of the St	
Over There (Parody)	4
Song of the Army Transportation Corps.	2
Over There (Parody)	
Stouthearted Girls (Stouthearted Well)	25
Thanks for the Memory (Farour)	24
Thanks for the Memory (Parody) There are Girls (There are Smiles) To Country and to God Transportation Corps, Song of the Army Type (WAC Recruiting)	1 1
10 Country town	
Transportation Corps, Song of the Almy	5
Transportation Corps Song (Who Itomade)	
Victory Parade, The (The Easter Landson, The	
	15
Wac Dream at Retreat	11
Wac 18 a poluter too,	
Wac is in Back of You, The Dame)	19
WAC's Battle Standard (Note - 2-7)	64. 6 34 w. W. 1. 14.
We'll Win for the U. B. A. (Market)	
We re the W. II. C. Calgeon So	mg) 23
We're the Women a Almy out the Remit	Hc) 18
Women's Army Corps (Battle Lymn)	
Women's Army Corps (Battle Hymn of the Republication of the Republicatio	20
Yanks are coming again, The	ALLEY AND

Company and HRPE Songs (Newport News When you See a Girl in Khaki (American Bandsman)......33 And the state of t Humorous Songs Girls Who Wear the Khaki, The (There are Smiles) ......42 (The Man on the Flying Trapeze) (Every Little Movement has a Meaning (Battle Hymn of the Republic) Lay That Whistle Down Sarge (Pistol Packin' Mama) ...........52 

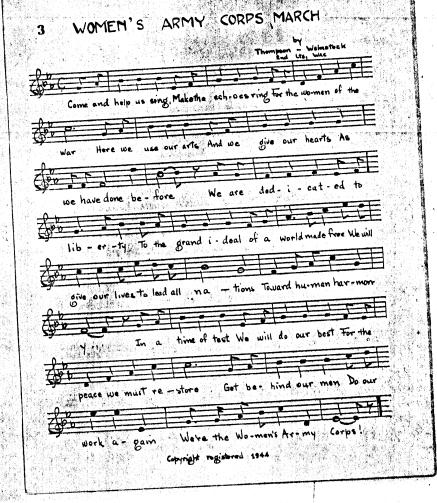


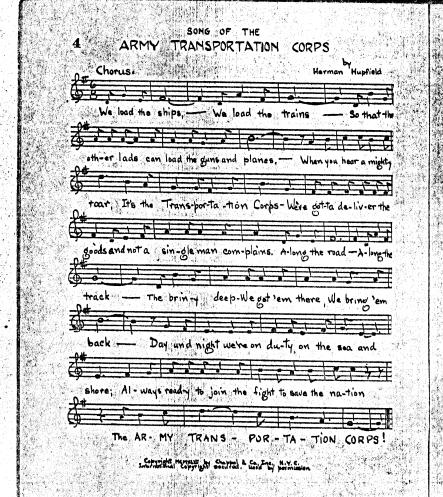
Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' 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?

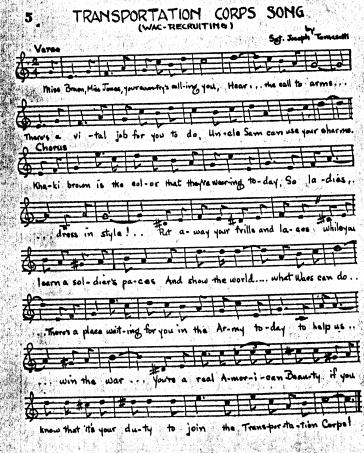
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows half conceals, half discloses? As it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, Now it catches the gleam of the 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 bravel

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!







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

#### CHORUS

For it's Hi! Hi! Hee!
In the Field Artillery,
Call off your numbers loud and strong! (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.

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

Copyright MCMXXI by Egner & Mayer. By permission Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.

# 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 flv.
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.

Copyright 1939 by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York, International Copyright secured.

#### 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

Copyright 1907 Robbins Music Corporation, New York. Copyright renewed. Used by permission.

0

#### 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 jobThe 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!

Copyright 1919 by the United States Marine Corps. Used by permission.

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 Copyright 1943 by Kaycee Music Co., Inc., New York,

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.

(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.



(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.

WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

(Tune; Battle Hymn of the Republic).

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

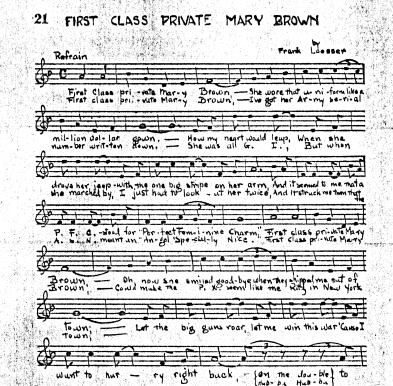
(Tune: Notre Dame)

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.



Copyright MCMKLTV by Tompas Music Corporation NAC

Brown, my won-der-ful

# 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.

# 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!

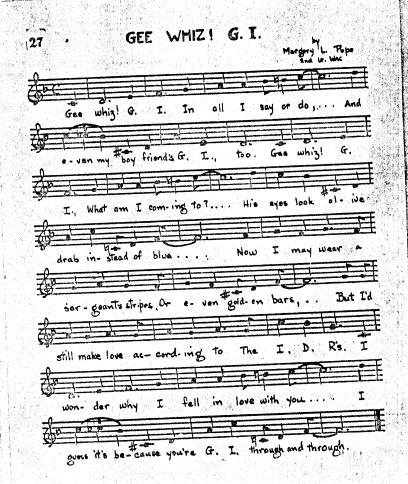
# THE VICTORY PARADE

(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 softle
(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
Jim, 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.



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 mail--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 bout Company, (Continum on next page)

Company Song - Continued something about \_\_\_\_\_Company, Something about \_\_\_\_\_Company that is grand, 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

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 trifie lonely
Remember you're always in our hearts.

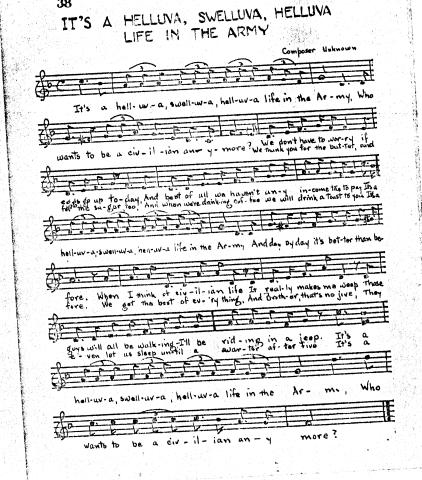
TO THE C. O. -- SADLY

(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?

Yourgig 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?



37

# 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)

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---ohl--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.

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---ohl--CHORUS

40

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)

There are WAVES, the Women's navy
There are WIRES, the radio
There are WAFS, 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.

#### 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." .....shavetails three. CHORUS "We do all the work," said the shavetails; "Right by squads, squads right," said the "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." ..... 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 "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." ..... 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."

..... 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."

..... 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."

From "Sound Off' by Edward Arthur Dolph, Copyright 1929, and used by permission Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

# 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.

#### 5 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.

#### GEE, MOM! I WANNA GO HOME

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,

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

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

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

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

#### CHORUS

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

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

#### CHORUS

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

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. .

#### 41

#### 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 Iust 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 i 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.

# LAY THAT WHISTLE DOWN, SARGE!

(Tune: Pistol Packin' Mama)

Falling out in the morn at six, And do we rush and rush, Half asleep and half awake, Goshl 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,

#### 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

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. Lithographed by Reproduction Section, AGO
Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation
Newport News, Virginia