

Folkways Records FH 5249

## **SOLDIER SONGS**

Sung by Hermes Nye with guitar

*Pre Revolution:*

*Why, Soldiers. Why (General Wolfe)*

*1773*

*Ballad of the Tea Party*

*1774*

*Free America*

*1777*

*Bennington Skirmish*

*The Revolution*

*The Battle of Saratoga*

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*W. W. II*

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*Bell Bottom Trousers*

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*Where You With the Marines*

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*The Fighting Q.M.C.*

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SOLDIER SONGS / HERMES NYE

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# **SOLDIER SONGS**

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# SOLDIER SONGS

Sung by HERMES NYE

## WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY.

A song for the Stoic and the Epicurean philosophers, this was once, they said, a favorite of General Wolfe, he who died at Quebec in 1759.

How stands the glass around? For shame ye take  
no care, my boys;  
How stands the glass around? Let mirth and wine  
abound.  
The trumpets sound! The colors flying are, my  
boys, to fight, kill or wound.  
Content with our hard fare my boys, on the cold  
ground.

Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy,  
boys?  
Why, soldiers, why? Whose business 'tis to die.  
What? Sighing? Fie! Drink on, drown fear, be  
jolly boys, 'tis he, you or I;  
Cold, hot, wet or dry--we're always bound to  
follow, boys, and scorn to fly.

'Tis but vain (mean not to upbraid you, boys) 'tis  
but vain  
For soldiers to complain;  
Should next campaign send us to Him that made you,  
boys, we're free from pain;  
But should we remain, a bottle and a kind landlady  
cures all again.

## THE BALLAD OF THE TEA PARTY.

The melody used to be called "Come and Listen to  
My Ditty". The words tell their own story.

Tea ships near to Boston lying, on the wharf a  
numerous crew.  
Sons of Freedom, never dying, then appeared in  
view.

### CHORUS:

With a rink-tum, dink-tum, fa-la-linktum, then  
appeared in view  
With a rink-tum-dink-tum fa-la-linktum, then  
appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels, weapons new  
for warlike deed  
Toward the taxed freighted vessels, on they came  
with speed.

### (CHORUS)

Overboard she goes my boys, ho, where darkling  
waters roar:  
We love our cup of tea full well but love our freedom  
more.

### (CHORUS)

Deep, into the sea descended cursed weed of China's  
coast;  
Thus at once our fears were ended, rights shall  
ne'er be lost.

## FREE AMERICA.

Dr. Joseph Warren, a Minute Man, wrote this. He  
was killed in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The tune,  
of course, is "The British Grenadier".

Born from a world of tyrants, beneath the western  
sky  
We'll form a new dominion, a land of liberty.  
The world shall own we're masters here, then hasten  
on the day;  
Oppose, oppose, oppose, for North Americay.

Lift up your heads, ye heroes, and swear with proud  
disdain;  
That wretch that would enslave you, shall lay his  
snares in vain.  
Should Europe empty all her force, we'll meet her  
in array,  
And fight and shout and shout and fight, for North  
Americay.

## THE RIFLEMEN'S SONG AT BENNINGTON.

One of General Burgoyne's patrols out stealing, well,  
foraging, was caught out by some villagers in a  
driving rain, and never got back to camp.

Why come ye hither, red-coats, your mind what  
madness fills?  
In our valleys there is danger, and there's danger  
on our hills.  
Oh, hear ye not the singing of the bugle wild and  
free?  
And soon you'll know the ringing of the rifle from  
the tree.

### CHORUS:

Oh the rifle, oh the rifle.  
In our hands 'twill prove no trifle.

Ye ride a goodly steed, ye may know another master,  
Ye forward came with speed, but you'll learn to  
back much faster.  
Then you'll meet our Mountain Boys and their leader  
Johnny Stark  
Lads who make but little noise, but who always hit  
their mark.

### (CHORUS)

Tell he who stays at home or who cross the briny  
water,  
That thither ye must come, like bullocks to the  
slaughter.  
If we the work must do, why, the sooner 'tis begun,  
If flint and trigger hold but true, the sooner 'twill  
be done.

### (CHORUS)



## THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

Burgoyne seems to be getting the worst of it, again.  
The tune is "Brennan on the Moor".

Come unto me, ye heroes, and I the truth will tell  
Concerning many a soldier who for his country fell.  
Burgoyne the King's commander, and cursed Tory  
crew,  
With Indians and Canadians he up the Champlain  
flew.

### CHORUS:

He up the Champlain flew, he up the Champlain  
flew;  
With Indians and Canadians, he up the Champlain  
flew.

Before the Ticonderoga, full well both night and  
day  
Their motions we observed before the bloody fray.  
Burgoyne sent Baum to Bennington, with Hessians  
there he went,  
To plunder and to murder, was fully his intent.

### (CHORUS)

The Seventh of October, they did capitulate,  
Burgoyne and his proud army we did our prisoners  
make.  
And vain was their endeavor our men to terrify,  
Though death was all around us, not one of us  
would fly!

### (CHORUS)

Now here's a health to Herkimer and our commander  
Gates!  
To freedom and to Washington whom every Tory  
hates.  
Likewise unto our Congress, God grant it long to  
reign--  
Our country, rights and justice forever to maintain!

### (CHORUS)

## BUTTERNUT HILL

A plaintive one, from the Revolutionary War.

Sad I sit on Butternut Hill  
Who could blame, cry my fill?  
And every tear would turn a mill --  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Me, oh my, I loved him so,  
Broke my heart to see him go;  
And only time will heal my woe, --  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'd sell my clock, I'd sell my reel,  
Likewise I'd sell my spinning wheel  
To buy my love a sword of steel --  
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

## CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERRE

Anglophiles can turn to the "Chesapeake and  
Shannon", for the other side of this coin; in  
that one, to the same tune, the Yankees got  
their come-uppance.

Oft-times it has been told how the British seamen  
bold  
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy,  
oh!  
But they never found their match till the Yankees  
did 'em catch--  
Oh, the Yankee boys, for fighting are the dandy,  
oh!

The Guerrierre, a frigate bold, on the foamy  
ocean rolled  
Commanded by proud Dacres, the dandy, oh!  
With as choice a British crew as a rammer  
ever drew;  
They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so  
handy, oh!

When the Constitution hove in view, said proud  
Dacres to his crew,  
"Come, clear the ship for action and be handy, oh!  
To the weather gage now get her, and to make our  
men fight better,  
Give them to drink gunpowder mixed with brandy,  
oh!"

Now the British shot flew hot which the Yankees  
answered not,  
Till they got within the distance they called handy,  
oh!  
Then the first broadside that we poured carried  
their mainmast by the board  
Which made their lofty frigate look abandoned, oh!

Our second told so well that their fore and mizzen  
fell,  
Which downed the royal ensign so handy, oh!  
Then proud Dacres came on board to deliver up his  
sword--  
Loath was he to part with it, it was so handy, oh!

"Oh, keep your sword", says Hull, "if it only makes  
you dull--  
Come cheer up, and let's have a little brandy, oh!"  
Then fill your glasses full and we'll drink to Captain  
Hull  
And merrily we'll push about the brandy, oh!

## HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER

This Credit Manager's Nightmare was popular (but  
not with credit managers) all during the Revolutionary  
War, and the War of 1812. On both sides.

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,  
And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day  
Yet fears neither justices, warrants nor duns  
But pays all his debts with a roll of his drums



With a row de dow row de dow row de dow dow  
And he pays all his debts with a roll of his drums.

He cares not a marnedy how the world goes;  
His King finds his quarters, and money and clothes;  
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.  
With a row de dow, etc.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,  
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;  
No girl, when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,  
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.  
With a row de dow, etc.

#### BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Benny kept the tavern, there at West Point, about  
the time that magnificent misfit Edgar Allen Poe  
was at the Academy (he didn't make it). Benny  
lived to the age of ninety; Edgar didn't make that,  
either. There is a moral in there somewhere.

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in  
a row  
To singing sentimentally were going for to go;  
In the Army there's sobriety, promotion's very  
slow,  
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens,  
Oh!

#### CHORUS:

Oh, Benny Havens, oh! Oh, Benny Havens, oh!  
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens,  
oh!

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever  
flow,  
Companions in our exile and our shield 'gainst  
every woe;  
May they see their husbands generals, with  
double pay also,  
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, oh!

#### (CHORUS)

Come fill up to our generals, God bless the brave  
heroes,  
They're an honor to their country, and a terror  
to their foes;  
May they long rest on their laurels, and troubles  
never know,  
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

#### (CHORUS)

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before  
we go,  
They poured their life-blood freely out pro bono  
publico.  
No marble points the stranger to where they rest  
below;  
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, oh!

#### (CHORUS)

When you and I and Benny and all the others, too,  
Are called before the Final Board our course in  
life to view,  
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be  
told to go,  
And join the army of the blest at Benny Havens, oh!

#### (CHORUS)

#### MUSTANG GRAY

A sentimental ballad from the Mexican War. The  
bit about the damsel slipping her true-love the keys  
to the Bastille goes back to the Crusades. At  
least. It is a matter of sorrow to report that  
Mustange, for all this song, was one of the most  
despicable, not to say psychotic characters in all  
Texas history. So much for legend, and the press-  
agentry of folk song.

There once was a noble ranger, his name was  
Mustang Gray  
He left his home when but a youth, went a-ranging far  
away.

#### CHORUS:

But no more, he'll go a-ranging, the savage to  
affright,  
He's heard his last war-whoop and fought his last  
brave fight.

When Texas was invaded by a mighty tyrant foe  
He mounted his noble war horse and a-ranging he  
did go.

#### (CHORUS)

Once he was taken prisoner, bound in chains upon  
the way;  
He wore the yoke of bondage through the streets  
of Monterray.

A senorita loved him and followed by his side;  
She opened the gates and gave to him her  
father's steed to ride.

God bless the senorita the belle of Monterrey;  
She opened wide the prison door and let him ride  
away.

And when this veteran's life was spent, it was his  
last command  
To bury him on Texas soil, on the banks of the  
Rio Grande.

And there the lonely traveler when passing by his  
grave  
Will shed a farewell tear o'er the bravest of the  
brave.

#### (CHORUS)



## SARO JANE

Civil War, Mississippi River gunboat roastabout song.

I got a wife and five little chillun  
Believe I'll take a trip on the big Macmillan.  
Oh Saro Jane!

### CHORUS:

There is nothing to do but to sit down and sing,  
Oh, rock about, my Saro Jane.  
Oh, rock about my Saro Jane, oh rock about,  
my Saro Jane.  
There is nothing to do but to sit down and sing,  
So rock about, my Saro Jane.

B'iler done busted and whistle done blowed;  
Head Cap'n done fell overboard. Oh Saro Jane!

### (CHORUS)

Engine give a crack and whistle give a squall,  
Engineer gone to the hole in the wall.  
Oh, Saro Jane!

### (CHORUS)

Yankees build boats for to shoot them rebels,  
My musket's loaded, gonna hold her level.  
Oh, Saro Jane!

### (CHORUS)

## THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!

Indian Wars, 1870-1880. The comic Irishman of  
the 1870's takes his place again in the limelight  
and sings of life in the Regular Army, Oh!  
The Injuns were probably Apaches.

Three years ago this very day I went to Governor's  
Isle  
To stand ferninst the cannon in true military style;  
Thirteen American dollars, each month we surely  
get  
To carry a gun and bayonet with a military step.

### CHORUS:

There's Sergeant John Mc Cafferty and Corporal  
Donahue,  
They make us march up to the crack in gallant  
Company Q.  
The drums they roll, upon my soul, for that's the  
way we go;  
Forty miles a day on beans and hay in the Regular  
Army, Oh!

When we went out to Fort Hobo they run us in  
the mill,  
And there they made us take a bath, 'twas sure  
against our will;  
But with three full meals within our belts, each day  
we had our fill,  
And we sat upon the dump cart and watched the  
terriers drill.

There's corns upon me feet, me boy, and bunions on  
me toes,  
And lugging a gun in the red-hot sun puts freckles  
on me nose;  
And if you want a furlough to the captain you do go,  
And he says, "Go to bed and wait till you're dead  
in the Regular Army, Oh!"

We went to Arizona for to fight the Injuns there;  
We were nearly caught bald-headed but they didn't  
get our hair;  
We lay among the ditches in the dirty yellow mud,  
And we never saw an onion, a turnip or a spud.

We were captured by the Injuns and brought ferninst  
the chafe,  
Says he, "We'll have an Irish stew", the dirty Indian  
thafe.

On the telegraphic wire we skipped to Mexico,  
And we blessed the day we marched away from the  
Regular Army, Oh!

### (CHORUS)

## WE'RE THE BOYS OF THE THIRSTY FIRST

This was the song of the Thirty First Infantry in  
Manila. Philippine Insurrection. This resembles a  
"frat" song, and so, in a way, it is. There are  
other, less mailable, verses.

Oh, we're the boys of the Thirsty-First, we're not  
so very neat,  
We seldom comb our hair and we never wash our  
feet.  
We're lower than the scum of the earth, we're  
always after booze;  
Oh, we're the boys of the Thirsty-First, now who  
the hell are youse?

## THE CAVALRY REMOUNT

Ft. Riley, Kansas. Probably about 1918.

When I was a young one at Riley  
Tender as 'ell to begin,  
Annie Austin they gave me  
And Annie was clever as sin;  
Jumper they classed her at Riley,  
Said she could go six feet nine;  
She went up to a jump and came down on her rump--  
In the hospital I'm spending my time.

Then I was given a draft horse  
Schooled in the West Riding Hall;  
Splendid four-gaiter they called him--  
A walk, trot, stumble and fall.  
He wasn't so agile and supple,  
But yet he could manage somehow  
To turn at a trot in a four acre lot,  
So now he is hitched to a plow.



I've applied tannie acid diluted  
 To places not mentioned in print,  
 I've tumbled and fallen as you have,  
 I've worn all my limbs in a splint,  
 But now I've a nice new remount  
 And wonderful things he can do;  
 So because you're my friend and have something to  
     spend  
 I'd like to sell him to you.

#### IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE PRIVATES ARE

This was a new song in 1918, but there is nothing  
 new about the comments in it. Xenophon's G.I.'s  
 probably had something about like this, also, and  
 way back before then, even--.

If you want to know where the privates are I'll tell  
     you where they are,  
 Yes, I'll tell you where they are, yes I'll tell you  
     where they are.

If you want to know where the privates are, I'll tell  
     you where they are  
 --Up to their ears in mud. I saw them, I saw them,  
     up to their ears in mud.

If you want to know where the privates are, I'll tell  
     you where they are;  
 Up to their ears in mud.

If you want to know where the captains are,  
 Etc., etc.,  
 Drinking the privates' rum.

If you want to know where the majors are,  
 Etc., etc.,  
 Safe in their deep dug-out.

If you want to know where the generals are,  
 Etc., etc.,  
 Back in Gay Paree.

#### MADemoisELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

Easily the most popular and easily the most unprint-  
 able of the World War I songs. Herewith, some of  
 the more printable verses.

Landlord, have you a daughter fair, parley-voo?  
 Landlord have you a daughter fair, parley-voo?  
 Landlord have you a daughter fair, to wash the  
     soldier's underwear?  
 Hinky-dinky, parley-voo.

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,  
 With lily white hands and golden hair.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres  
 She hasn't been kissed in forty years.

She never could hold the love of a man  
 She took her baths in a talcum can.

Mademoiselle from Orleans  
 She made me sell my Liberty Bonds.

The medical corps they held the line,  
 With C.C. pills and iodine.

I landed in London. World War I and II. From  
 Commander Richard Bernays, Dallas, Texas.  
 This tune traveled widely and was a great favorite  
 with all commands in the Pacific, after a lusty  
 career in the first great war. Any song contrast-  
 ing the bravery of the boys on the line with the  
 lads on the desk jobs at home was bound to survive.  
 The verse about Lord Gort was probably added in  
 World War II.

I landed in London and straightaway strode  
 To Army Headquarters on Ox Ferry Road,  
 To see all the blighters what make all the graft  
 By having soft jobs on the headquarters staff.

#### CHORUS:

Dinkey-die-dinky-dinky-die  
 Dinkey-die-dinky-dinky-die  
 By having soft jobs on the headquarters staff.

Well, a bloody lance corporal says, "Pardon me,  
     sir,  
 You've blood on your tunic and mud on your spur;  
 The generals what see you will certainly laugh,"  
 Says the bloody lance corporal on the headquarters  
     staff.

(CHORUS -- repeat last line)

Well, I turns and I gives him a withering glance,  
 Saying, "I just got back from the shambles of France,  
 Where the whizz-bangs are falling and comforts are  
     few,  
 And brave men are dying for buzzards like you."

(CHORUS)

Well, they took the affair right up to Lord Gort  
 Who gave the matter a great deal of thought;  
 He awarded the captain a V.C. and two beers  
 For giving the lance corporal a kick in the rear.

(CHORUS)

#### I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

Probably the most wide-spread of the English songs,  
 from World Wars I and II.

I've got sixpence, jolly sixpence, I've got sixpence to  
     last me all my life  
 I've got tuppence to spend and tuppence to lend and  
     tuppence to send hom to my wife.  
 No cares have I to grieve me, no pretty little girl  
     to deceive me,  
 Happy as a king, believe me, as we go rolling,  
     rolling home.  
 Rolling home (dead drunk) rolling home (dead drunk)  
 By the light of the silvery moon;



Happy is the day when the airman gets his pay,  
As we go rolling rolling home.

I've got fourpence;  
Tuppence;  
No pence; etc. etc.

#### I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

World Wars I and II and Korea. From Major George Garrison Potts, Donaldson Air Force Base, Greenville, South Carolina. Another hardy perennial from 1917 crops up to Okinawa and on the by-ways of Seoul. There was none of this in '76, you can bet, or even in 1812; but about the time of the first great drafts in the 1860's we began to get, "Just before the battle, mother, I was drinking mountain dew-With the shot around me flying, to the rear I quickly flew," and we have been having these "Red Badge of Courage" ditties ever since.

I don't want to join the Army, I don't want to go to war,  
I just want to hang around the Piccadilly Underground  
And keep company with the high born ladies;

Call out the Army and the Navy, call out the royal Marines,  
Call out the bloody Territorials, they'll set England free (gor blimey);

Call out my uncles and my cousins, call out my landlady;  
Call out my mother, my sister and my brother,  
But for God's sake, don't call me!

#### GEE, BUT I WANT TO GO HOME

PFC Paul Kelso, Camp Wolters, Texas. "Cold" War, 1955-58. This was also known in World War II, and Korea.

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

#### CHORUS:

I don't want no more of army life  
Gee, but I want to go home.

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

#### (CHORUS)

The clothes that they give us they say are mighty fine,  
Me and my buddy can both get into mine.

#### (CHORUS)

They treat us all like monkeys and make us stand in line.

They give us fifty dollars and take back forty-nine.

#### (CHORUS)

The girls at the USO they say are mighty fine  
Most are over eighty and the rest are under nine.

#### (CHORUS)

#### THE ONE-EYED RILEY

World War II, and Korea. From Commander Richard Bernays, Dallas, Texas. This has all the earmarks of an old English sailor-and-barmaid-type song, as Abe Burrows would put it, so it will likely show up away back there. I have not been able to find it earlier than about 1941, though.

As I was sittin' in O Riley's Bar  
Listenin' to tales of blood and slaughter  
Suddenly the thought occurred to me,  
How'd you like to kiss O Riley's daughter?

#### CHORUS:

Fiddle dee-i-ee--fiddle dee i-oh  
Fiddle dee-i-ee for the One Eyed Riley,  
Rig-i-jigg jigg fol dee rol  
Rub a dub, dub, sing on--.

I grabbed that wench around the waist  
Held her fast against the door  
Kissed her a dozen times and over,  
Kissed-her-lips-and-bit-her-on the shoulder.

#### (CHORUS)

As I was walking down the street  
There-I-met-O'Riley-her-father  
Two horse pistols at his side,  
Lookin' for the man who'd kissed his daughter.

#### (CHORUS)

I grabbed O'Riley round the waist  
Threw him down upon the street  
Shoved those pistols down his throat  
Harder than I'd kissed his daughter.

#### (CHORUS)

#### BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

From some drunken Signalman's Mates, one evening in 1944, in a bar in Coeur D'Alene, Idaho.

Once there was a barmaid down in Kerry Lane  
Her mistress was kind and her master was the same;  
When along came a sailor from across the briny sea,  
He was the cause of all her misery.

#### CHORUS:

Bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue;  
He will climb your rigging like his Daddy  
used to do.



He asked her for a candle to light his way to bed  
He asked her for a kerchief to tie about his head;  
And the pretty girl, thinking it no harm  
Got into bed just to keep the sailor warm

(CHORUS)

Early next morning close by the door  
He left a letter and here is what it bore;  
"You may have a daughter, you may have a son,  
Here's five pounds for the mischief I have done;

If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee;  
If you have a son, send the rascal out to sea,"

(CHORUS)

Now the moral of this story plain for all to see  
Is never trust a sailor an inch above your knee  
With his

(CHORUS)

#### THE OFFICERS RIDE IN THE WHALEBOATS

World War II. From Commander Richard  
Bernays of Dallas, Texas.

Beginning with World War I, it would appear that  
the average soldier or sailor took a dim view of  
the entire chain-of-command--we get RHIP  
(Rank Hath Its Privileges), and the cartoons of  
Bill Mauldin--and songs like this one. Note the  
old Irish come-all-ye chorus, with its "lining  
out" of the last two lines of the verse above, very  
handy for the little group around the table in the  
rear.

The officers ride in the whaleboats, the Captain  
he rides in his gig;  
It don't go a gol-durned bit faster-but it makes  
the old buzzard feel big.

CHORUS:

Singing hoo-ral-de-hoo-ral-de-hoo-ral  
Singing hoo-ral-de-hoo-ral-de-hay;  
It don't go a gol durned bit faster, but it makes  
the old buzzard feel big.

The officers eat in the wardroom, the Captain won't  
eat with the boys;

The food ain't a gol durned bit better--the old  
buzzard just can't stand the noise.

(CHORUS)

Now, we may have lost one or two battles, or a ship  
or two in the storm,  
But there's one thing that you can be sure of -- our  
boys were in full uniform.

(CHORUS)

#### THE ENGINEERS

Every branch of the service, and even every unit,  
had its own particular song. This one, for the  
Combat Engineers. You can also sing this one to  
the tune of "The Regular Army, Oh").

O, some of us are whiskey men and some of drunk  
jin,

We don't know where we're going but we've liked  
it where we've been,

O, some of us drink Spanish rum and some drink  
beer and ale

And every time we see a tank we set it on its tail.  
It's not so much the armaments that make us what  
we are,

We all could wear crossed guns or wings and most  
could wear a star;

It's the way we stand and the way we spit and the  
way we cut the air,

O, it's really the men we are underneath the uniform  
we wear.

We lay down all the rolling roads and cut down all  
the trees

And if the order ever came, we'd ford the ranging  
seas.

Whenever they want to sleep a while we put them up  
a town

And we build the blasted bridges so the Infantry  
won't drown.

We get them over rivers and across the mountain  
streams,

Do everything but tuck them in and wish them  
pleasant dreams.

And when the going's really tough and shells burst  
in their ears,

A whole division is apt to pray, "God, send ten  
Engineers."

It's rumored about the Navy, which has a love for  
sport,

That every single sailor has a girl in every port;  
But every Combat Engineer, who doesn't need to  
boast

Has a wife in every village that isn't on the coast.

The women faint by dozens when they see us marching  
by;

We pick them up and dust them off and set them out  
to dry,

We've got a line the Signal Corps and Cavalry can't  
beat,

For you can't talk love and radio, and horses don't  
smell sweet.

You can trace our fighting history through a hundred  
thousand years,

For whenever they needed barricades they sent for  
Engineers.

It was a very hairy early rating of the Corps,  
Who discovered bows and arrows and learned what  
rocks were for.

We built the horse that got Troy gigged when Homer  
was a pup,

And we ran ahead at Marathon and tripped the  
Persians up.



When Caesar passed the Rubicon as he was going home,  
We put a bridge across the stream and changed the course of Rome.

Napoleon at Waterloo might still have held the field  
If he had had ten Engineers to keep old Bluecher heeled.

Or Wellington, had we been there instead of his array,

Would have taken half an hour instead of half a day.  
O, some of us are Bourbon men and some of us drink wine,

And there's more than meat in front of us when we sit down to dine;

O, when the average cannoneer goes down to hell in tears,

He'll find that Styx and Phlegaton were bridged by Engineers!

#### WERE YOU WITH THE MARINES

World War II and Korea. PFC Paul Kelso, Camp Wolters, Mineral Wells, Texas. When a song gets to be pretty well known in one war, it goes on to the next one, as this one did with the "re-tread" soldiers of 1941 and 1954. PFC Kelso says this one came from his uncle. He didn't say which uncle, and that his uncle "heard some of the guys singing it". He didn't say where or when. You can see this incident, or one like it, in the great film, "Battlecry". By the way, there wasn't any sea-wall at Guadalcanal; that was on Tulagi, or was it Tarawa?

Were you with the Marines on Guadalcanal, hiding in the sand,  
Crouching behind the sea-wall, thinking of the promised land.

Dreaming about our homes and wives, would we see them any more?  
Fanatic white and yellow men fighting for what they adore.

Trapped down in a machine-gun nest, surrounded on all sides,  
Al Schmidt and the Captain, fighting for their lives.

Bodies stacked up nineteen deep, like shells in a bomb-bay,  
Many a white and yellow man lost his life that day.

They fought on through the cruel dark night and into the next day,  
When Dugout Doug called to them from away across the Bay.

The Captain says, "I'm paralyzed, and Al Schmidt he is blind,  
But I tell him where to fire the gun as though he had one mind."

Dugout Doug lifted them up, says, "You'll get a medal this night";

"Yes," said Al Schmidt, "but will the Corps give back my sight?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "will I ever move again?"  
And Dugout Doug turned to hide his tears from the men.

#### THE FIGHTING Q. M. C. (World War II).

The shore-based Navy, the fountain-pen commandoes of any branch of the service always came in for some well placed barbs. This one is on the Quartermaster Corps. From G.I. Songs, ed. by Edgar A. Palmer, Sheridan House, NY. 1944. p. 126. The tune I have used is "We Never Mention Aunt Clara (Her Picture is Turned to the Wall)"; you may use "Mother, Take Down Your Service Flag," if you know it. I don't.

Oh where do the broken-down majors go,  
Kicked out of the Infantry;  
The Engineer captain whose bridge collapsed,  
Who went on a two month's spree;  
The 4-F brass that nobody wants,  
The cream of incompetency?  
Why, the buzzards are all colonels now  
In the fighting Q. M. C.

Who discovered life could be sustained  
On rations K and C?  
Who doped up the edible chocolate bar  
And called it ration D?  
Who dessicates onions, eggs and spuds,  
And ships Spam over the sea?  
While eating thick steak six times a week?  
Why, the fighting Q. M. C.

Who fights the war with mimeographs,  
With dittoes and adding machines?  
Who donates medals to those who find  
Any new, more complex means?  
Who orders thirty copies made  
When all that they need is three?  
Who uses red tape by the mile?  
Why, the fighting Q. M. C.

Oh, where are those commissioned straight  
From the horrors of civil life,  
Who blossomed bars in two days time  
And sallied forth to the strife?  
The formers owners of bars and joints  
And used car agencies.  
Why, the sad sacks are all captains now  
In the fighting Q. M. C.