

ARMY **Hit Kit** OF POPULAR SONGS

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SWEET SUE—JUST YOU

Ev'ry star above knows the one I love
Sweet Sue, just you
And the moon up high knows the reason why
Sweet Sue it's you
No one else it seems ever shares my dreams
And without you, dear, I don't know what I'd do,
In this heart of mine you live all the time
Sweet Sue, just you.

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YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away.

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TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

Here I go again
I hear those trumpets blow again all aglow again
Taking a chance on love
Here I slide again about to take that ride again
starry eyed again
Taking a chance on love.
I thought that cards were a frame up I never would
try
But now I'm taking the game up and the ace of
hearts is high
Things are mending now I see a rainbow blending
now
We'll have our happy ending now
Taking a chance on love

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THE ARMY AIR CORPS

(L'Armee de l'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 (Give 'er the gun
now!)

Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell-uv-a roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame—Hey!
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

FRENCH:

En avant, montant vers les nuages,
Arborant les trois couleurs.
Les Voilà! Il leur faut du courage
Allons Y, avec fureur
Aviateurs, oiseaux de la revanche
Aigles de la liberté
Nous approchons!
Faites attention! (Hé!)
On n'arrê't pas L'Armée de L'Air Corps!

PHONETIC FRENCH:

*Pronounce these words as you would in English and
"Army Air Corps" will come out in French.*

Ahn au-vahng, mawn-tahng vayr le new-au-juh
Ar-Baw-Rahng lay trwah koo-lur
Lay vway-lah! Eel lur fo dew koo-rah-juh
Ah-lawn-zee, ah-vek few-rur
Ah-vhay-tur, wah-zo duh lah ruh-vahn-shuh
Ay-gluh duh lah lee-vayr-tay
Noo zah-praw-shawng!
Fet zah-tahn-syawng! (ay!)
Awng nah-ret pah lar-may duh layr kawr.

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DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE

Missed the Saturday dance
Heard they crowded the floor
Couldn't bear it without you

Don't get around much anymore
Thought I'd visit the club
Got as far as the door
They'd have asked me about you
Don't get around much anymore
Darling I guess my mind's more at ease
But nevertheless
Why stir up memories
Been invited on dates
Might have gone but what for
Awf'ly diff'rent without you
Don't get around much anymore

SPECIAL ARMY VERSION:

Heard direct from F. D.
Said we're fighting a war
He extended a greeting
Don't get around much anymore
They're remodeling me
Gosh my feet are so sore
Boy they're taking a beating
Don't get around much anymore
When day is done
I fall into bed
What wonderful fun
To rest my weary head
Got me doin' K. P.
Spuds all over the floor
I don't cover the ground much
Don't get around much anymore

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MAN TO MAN

There's a pride you feel inside you for the Infantry
It's the story of the glory of the Infantry

It's the record that we've made in the big parade . . .

AND . . . we made it on our own two feet

Pick 'em up, lay 'em down, pick 'em up, lay 'em
down, countin' hut, two, three, four, hut,
two, three,

What's a thousand miles or more, when we're in a
war

WE . . . can make it on our own two feet.

TRIO:

Marching marching man to man

Marching onward thru Japan

Marching to avenge Bataan

Hear the beat of the feet of the Infantry.

CAVALRY VERSION:

If you want to ride a horsey, join the Cavalry
But your fanny gets uncanny in the Cavalry
For the corns you never eat grow on every seat

WE . . . can grow them on our own two feet.

Pick 'em up, lay 'em down, pick 'em up, lay 'em
down, countin' hut, two, three, four, hut,
two, three

Yes the Cavalry is swell if you like the smell.

WE . . . prefer it on our own two feet.

REPEAT TRIO:

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SALUTE TO THE UNITED NATIONS!

BLESS 'EM ALL

A Favorite Song of the British Commonwealth Troops

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall;
Bless all the sergeants, we have to obey,
Bless all the corp'rals who drill us all day,
'Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to the barracks they crawl;
No icecream and cookies for flat footed rookies,
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'Em All.

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall;
Bless all the blondies and all the brunettes,
Each lad is happy to take what he gets
'Cause we're giving the eye to them all,
The ones that attract or appall;
Maud, Maggie or Susie, you can't be too choosey,
When you're in camp, Bless 'em all!
Heavyweight, underweight, big or small, When
you're in camp, Bless 'Em All!

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