

SONG BOOK

AMERICAN LEGION
MONROE COUNTY

NEW YORK



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NOVEMBER 1ST, 1923

THIS compilation of the songs we "used to know" in '17 and '18 was prepared by the Entertainment Committee of the American Legion of Monroe County, assisted by W. Stanley Hawkins, for use at the Saturday Luncheons conducted by it in the City of Rochester during the Winter Season of 1923 and 1924.



Arthur W. Gehlke
40 Expo Terrace
Rochester N.Y.

Legion Lunch Club.
Hotel Seneca - Dec 8, 1923.

(1) Madelon **C**

O Madelon, you are the only one,
 O Madelon, for you we'll carry on.
 It's so long since we have seen a Miss
 Won't you give us just a kiss?
 But Madelon she takes it all in fun.
 She laughs and says: "You see it can't be
 done.

I would like, but how can I consent
 When I'm true to the whole regiment?"

(2) Smiles **A Flat**

There are smiles that make us happy,
 There are smiles that make us blue,
 There are smiles that steal away the tear-
 drops

As the sunbeams kiss away the dew;
 There are smiles that have a tender mean-
 ing

That the eyes of love alone can see,
 But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
 Are the smiles that you give to me.

(3) There's a Long, Long Trail **G**

Nights are growing very lonely,
 Days are very long;
 I'm a-growing weary only
 List'ning for your song.
 Old remembrances are thronging
 Through my memory,
 Till it seems the world is full of dreams
 Just to call you back to me.

CHORUS

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing
 And the white moon beams;
 There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true,
 Till the day when I'll be going down
 That long, long trail with you.

(4) Give Me a Kiss by the Numbers

Give me a kiss by the numbers;
 I want to do things in a military way.
 I used to kiss without any tho't of cadence,
 And, oh, oh, what pleasure I used to give
 the maidens;
 But it's different, oh, so different,
 Since they put the uniform on me;
 So—give me a kiss by the numbers
 In cadence—ONE, TWO, THREE.

(5) Till We Meet Again **G**

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
 When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
 Then the skies will seem more blue.
 Down in lover's lane, my dearie,
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
 Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
 So wait and pray each night for me
 Till we meet again.

(6) Pack Up Your Troubles in Your **G**
Old Kit Bag

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
 And smile, smile, smile.
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
 Smile, boys, that's the style.
 What's the use of worrying? It never was
 worth while; so
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
 And smile, smile, smile.

(7) Keep the Home Fires Burning **G**

Keep the homes fires burning,
 While your hearts are yearning.
 Though our lads are far away,
 They dream of home.
 There's a silver lining
 Through the dark clouds shining.
 Turn the dark clouds inside out,
 Till the boys come home.

- (8) **The Hero Song** c
 From "The Chocolate Soldier"
 Come! Come! I love you only,
 My heart is true.
 Come! Come! My life is lonely,
 I long for you.
 Come! Come! Naught can efface you,
 My arms are aching now to embrace you.
 Thou art divine!
 Come! Come! I love you only,
 Come, hero mine!

- (9) **I Want a Girl!** c
 I want a girl,
 Just like the girl
 That married dear old Dad.
 She was a pearl,
 And the only girl
 That Daddy ever had—
 A good, old-fashioned girl
 With heart so true,
 One who loves nobody else but you.
 I want a girl
 Just like the girl
 That married dear old Dad.

- (10) **Li'l Liza Jane** E Flat
 I'se got a gal an' you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane.
 I'se got a gal an' you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

Oh, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane!
 Oh, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane!

Come, my love, and live with me,
 Li'l Liza Jane.
 I will take good care uv thee,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS

(11) The Last Long Mile C

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your
back,
Nor the rifle upon your shoulder,
Nor the six-inch crust of khaki colored dust
That makes you feel your limbs are
growing older.
Oh, it's not the hike on a hard turnpike
That drives away your smile;
It's not the socks of sister's that raise the
blooming blisters;
It's the last, long mile.

(12) Artillery Song
(Field Artillery March)

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty
trail,
And the caissons go rolling along,
Up and down, in and out, counter-march
and left about,
As those caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

For it's Hi! Hi! Hee! for the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong,
For where e'er we go you can always know
That the caissons go rolling along.
(Shout) Keep a-rolling
That those caissons go rolling along.

(13) Dear Old Pal of Mine

Oh, how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always
mine.
Sweetheart, may God bless you,
Angels' hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you,
Dear old pal of mine.

(14) K-K-K-Katy

K-K-K Katy, beautiful Katy,
 You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore.
 When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cow
 shed,
 I'll we waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

(15) Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
 With your hair cut just as short as mine;
 Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
 You're surely looking fine.
 Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
 (Supply your own words)
 Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
 With your hair cut just as short as,
 Your hair cut just as short as,
 Your hair cut just as short as mine.

**(16) Oh, How I Hate To Get Up in
the Morning**

Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning,
 Oh! How I'd love to remain in bed;
 For the hardest blow of all is to hear the
 bugler call:
 You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
 You've got to get up this morning!
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead;
 I'll amputate his reveille and step upon it
 heavily,
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

(17) Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's a long way to go.
 It's a long way to Tipperary,
 To the sweetest girl I know.
 Good-bye, Piccadilly,
 Farewell, Leicester Square.
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
 But my heart's right there.

(18) Long Boy

Good-bye, Ma! Good-bye, Pa!
 Good-bye, Mule, with yer old hee-haw!
 I may not know what th' war's about,
 But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
 An' O my sweetheart, don't you fear,
 I'll bring you a king for a souvenir;
 I'll bring you a Turk an' a Kaiser, too,
 An' that's about all one feller could do!

**(19) Good-bye, Broadway, Hello,
France!**

Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France!
 We're ten million strong;
 Good-bye, sweethearts, wives and mothers,
 It won't take us long.
 Don't you worry while we're there,
 It's for you we're fighting too,
 So, good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France!
 We're going to square our debt to you.

**(20) Keep Your Head Down,
Fritzie Boy**

Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy,
 Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy.
 Last night, in the pale moonlight,
 We saw you—we saw you;
 You were mending a broken wire
 As we opened our rapid-fire.
 If you wish to see your "Vater"
 In the "Vaterland,"
 Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy.

(21) Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
 Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
 Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-lis?
 Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
 Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
 Let your spirit guide us through,
 Come lead your France to victory,
 Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

(22) The Old Grey Mare

Oh, the old grey mare, she ain't what she
used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she
used to be.

The old grey mare, she ain't what she used
to be

Many long years ago,
Many long years ago, many long years ago.
Oh, the old grey mare, she ain't what she
used to be

Many long years ago.

**(23) They Were All Out of Step
But Jim**

Did you see my little Jimmy marching
With the soldiers up the avenue?
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch,
Like his Daddy on the 17th of March.
Did you notice all the lovely ladies
Casting their eyes on him?
Away he went to live in a tent;
Over in France with his regiment.
It made me glad to gaze at the lad;
Lord help the Kaiser if he's like his Dad.
Were you there, and tell me, did you notice
They were all out of step but Jim?

(24) Over There

Over there ,over there,
Send the word to the boys over there
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming,
With drums rum-tumming everywhere.
Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back
Till it's over, over there.

(25) Hinky Dinky Parley Voo

The medics say they won the war, parlez
 voo;
 The medics say they won the war, parlez
 voo;
 Oh, the medics say they saved the line
 With C. C. pills and iodine,
 Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

The Signal Corps say they won the war,
 parley voo;
 The Signal Corps say they won the war,
 parley voo;
 And all they did in the Signal Corps
 Was play blackjack on the office floor,
 Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

The Q. M. say they won the war, parley
 voo;
 The Q. M. say they won the war, parley
 voo;
 With fini this and bokoo that,
 And a number ten for a number quatre,
 Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

The M. P.'s say they won the war, parley
 voo;
 The M. P.'s say they won the war, parley
 voo;
 The M. P.'s say they won the war,
 Standing guard at a cafe door,
 Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

The C. O. says he won the war, parley voo;
 The C. O. says he won the war, parley voo;
 The C. O. wants the Croix de Guerre,
 For sitting around in a morris chair,
 Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

(26) Going Back H-O-M-E

Going back, going back,
 Going back H-O-M-E;
 Going back, going back,
 From the lands across the sea.
 Going back, going back,
 When we've made the whole world free,
 We'll clear the track
 Till we get back,
 Going back H-O-M-E.

**(27) Mother, Take Down Your
Service Flag**

(Tune: Where do we go from here, boys)
 Mother, take down your service flag,
 Your son's in the S. O. S.
 He's S. O. L. but what the hell,
 He never suffered less.
 He may be thin, but that's from gin,
 Or else I miss my guess,
 Oh, Mother, take down your service flag,
 Your son's in the S. O. S.
 Mother, put out your golden star,
 Your son's going up in a Sop,
 The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,
 She's got a rickety prop.
 The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
 He's sure to take a flop,
 Oh, Mother, put out your golden star,
 Your son's going up in a Sop.

(28) Indiana

Back home again in Indiana,
 And it seems that I can see
 The gleaming candle light still shining
 bright
 Through the sycamores for me.
 The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
 From the fields I used to roam;
 When I dream about the moonlight on the
 Wabash,
 Then I long for my Indiana home.

(29) Send Me a Curl

There's a corner in my heart
 That I'm keeping all apart
 For the little girl I left behind;
 I can see her standing there
 With the flowers in her hair
 And the roses in her cheek entwined;
 So when you're thinking of me over yonder
 And you wonder what I'd like to wear,
 Send a pretty little curl
 From the sweetest little girl
 In my home town.

(30) I Ain't Got Weary Yet

But I ain't got weary yet,
 No, I ain't got weary yet,
 Been diggin' in the trenches all day long,
 All the time I'm a-singin' this song,
 'Cause I ain't got weary yet,
 An' never will, you bet.
 Why all the French girls that I see
 Want to sit right on my knee;
 Well, if that's war, it just suits me,
 And I ain't got weary yet.

And if I'm wounded by a shell,
 Some nice nurse girl will make me well,
 And still they say that war is H—
 And I ain't got weary yet.

(31) Rose of No Man's Land

There's a rose that grows on No Man's
 Land,
 And it's wonderful to see;
 Through its fragrance dear it will live for
 years
 In my garden of memories.
 It's the one red rose the soldier knows,
 It's the work of the Master's hand,
 Mid the war's great curse,
 Stands the Red Cross nurse—
 She's the rose of No Man's Land.

(32) We Never Did That Before

And we never did that before—before the
 war;
 We used to take a taxicab to go a mile or
 more.
 Before we used to “paint the town,”
 But now we scrub the floor;
 And we never did that,
 We never did that
 Before we went to war.

The only work on beds we did
 Was just to sleep and snore;
 We used to “shoot the bull,” but now
 We make the cannons roar.
 We never did that,
 We never did that,
 Before we went to war.

(33) The Star Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see
 By the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed
 At the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars
 Thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched
 Were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rockets' red glare,
 The bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night
 That our flag was still there.

CHORUS:

Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave?

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Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

—St. John, Chapter XV, Verse XIII.



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