

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain.  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet  
Whose stern impassion'd stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness  
America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self control,  
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes prov'd  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country  
lov'd  
And mercy more than life.  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream,  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears.  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

THIS IS THE ARMY, MISTER JONES

This is the army, Mister Jones,  
No private rooms or telephones;  
You had your breakfast in bed  
before but you won't have it  
there anymore.

This is the army, Mister Green,  
We like the barracks nice and clean,  
You had a house-maid to clean your  
floor but she won't help you out  
anymore.

Do what the buglers command,  
They're in the army and not in a  
band--

This is the army, Mister Brown,  
You and your baby went to town,  
She had you worried but this is  
war and she won't worry you  
anymore.

PAPER DOLL

I'm goin' to buy a paper doll  
That I can call my own,  
A doll that other fellows cannot  
steal,  
And then the flirty, flirty guys,  
With their flirty, flirty eyes,  
Will have to flirt with dollies  
that are real.  
When I come home at night she will  
be waiting,  
She'll be the truest doll in all  
this world.  
I'd rather have a paper doll to  
call my own,  
Then have a fickle-minded, real  
live girl.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God Bless America  
Land that I love  
Stand beside her and guide her  
Thru the night with a light from  
above  
From the mountains to the prairies  
To the oceans white with foam  
God Bless America  
My home sweet home.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a minor, forty-niner,  
And his daughter, Clementine.  
Chorus

Oh, my darling, oh my darling  
Oh, my darling, Clementine,  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes with topses,  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Ev'ry morning just at nine,  
Hit her foot against a splinter,  
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine  
Alas for me! I was no swimmer  
So I lost my Clementine.

FIELD ARTILLERY SONG

Over hill, over dale as we hit the  
dusty trail  
And those Caissons go rolling along  
In and out, hear them shout,  
Counter march and left about,  
And those Caissons go rolling along  
And it's Hi! Hi! Hee!  
In the field artillery  
Shout out your numbers loud and  
strong--  
Where'er we go, you will always  
know,  
That those Caissons go rolling  
along,  
Keep 'em rolling,  
And those Caissons go rolling along.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

The other night dear, while I was  
sleeping,  
I thought I held you in my arms,  
But when I awoke dear, I was  
mistaken,  
And I hung my head and cried.  
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.