

LET'S SING

TODAY IS MONDAY

Today is Monday, Today is Monday
Monday bread and butter,
All you hungry soldiers we wish
the same to you.

Today is Tuesday, Today is Tuesday,
Tuesday stringbeans,
All you hungry soldiers we wish
the same to you.

Today is Wednesday, Today is Wednesday,
Wednesday soo-oop,
All you hungry soldiers we wish
the same to you.

- 4. Today is Thursday-Roast beef.
- 5. Today is Friday - - F-i-s-h.
- 6. Today is Saturday-pay-day.
- 7. Today is Sunday - - church.

"After first verse repeat these
lines in reverse order"

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a Tavern In The Town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down,
sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Friday night they used to spark,
used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep,
wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet,
head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

CHORUS

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
must part, must part,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu,
adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

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,
(Give 'er the gun now!
Down we dive, spouting our flame
from under,
Off with one helluva roar.
We dive in fame or go down in flame.
Shout! Nothing'll stop the Army
Air Corps.

I'M IN THE KING'S NIVY

I don't want to march with the Infantry
Ride with the Cavalry,
Shoot with the Artillery,
I don't want to fly over Germany
I'm in the King's Nivy
I'm in the King's Nivy
I'm in the King's Nivy
I don't want to march with the Infantry
Ride with the Cavalry,
Shoot with the Artillery,
I don't want to fly over Germany
I'm in the King's Nivy.

STOUT HEARTED MEN

Give me some men who are stout
hearted men,
Who will fight for the right they
adore,
Start me with ten who are stout
hearted men.
And I'll soon give you ten thousand
more.
Oh, shoulder to shoulder, and
bolder and bolder
They grow as they go to the fore,
Then there's nothing in the world
can halt or mar a plan
When stout hearted men can stick
together man to man.

AIN'T GOIN' TO GRIEVE MY LORD

I GRIEVE MY LORD-(I grieve my Lord)
FROM DAY TO DAY-(From day to day)
I LEFT THE STRAIGHT-(I left the
straight)
AND NARROW WAY-(And narrow way)
I grieve my Lord from day to day,
I left the straight and narrow way,
I ain't goin' to grieve my Lord no mo!

CHORUS

I ain't goin to grieve my Lord no mo!
I ain't goin to grieve my Lord no mo!
I ain't goin to grieve my Lord no mo!

The deacon went down
(The deacon went down)
In the cellar to pray
(In the cellar to pray)
He drank some wine
(He drank some wine)
And stayed all day
(And stayed all day)

Oh you can't go to heaven
(Oh you can't go to heaven)
With straight black hair
(With straight black hair)
Cause the Lord don't like
(Cause the Lord don't like)
Ba-ka-ta-re's there
(ba-ka-ta-re's there)

Oh you can't go to heaven
(Oh you can't go to heaven)
With a clarinet (With a clarinet)
'Cause the Lord don't like
(cause the Lord don't like)
Benny Goodman yet
(Benny Goodman yet)

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway awhile.

Do you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are causing me to see.

Refrain

Then come sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl that has loved you so true.

COME JOIN THE BAND

Come, Join the band
And give a cheer for Stanford red;
Throughout the land
Our banner waving overhead.
Stanford, for you
Each loyal comrade brave and true
With might and main sing this refrain
Forever and forever, Stanford Red.

ON WISCONSIN, ON WISCONSIN

On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin
Plunge right through that line,
Run the ball clear 'round Chicago
Touchdown sure this time.
On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin,
Fight on for her fame,
Fight fellow, fight
And we will win this game.

CALIFORNIA

Our sturdy Golden Bear
Is watching from the skies,
Look down upon our colors fair
And guards them from his lair;
Our banner gold and blue
The symbol on it, too,
Means FIGHT for California
For California thru and thru.

ON FOR TOPAZ
(Tune: On Wisconsin)

On for Topaz, On for Topaz
Plunge right thru that line
Run that ball clear 'round ole Delta
Touchdown sure this time.
On for Topaz, on for Topaz
Fight on for her fame
Fight fellow fight,
And we will win this game.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Stand, Navy down the field,
Sail to the sky
We'll never change our coarse,
So, Army, you steer shy-y-y-y
Roll up the score, Navy.
Anchors aweigh
Sail, Navy, down the field and sink
The Army, Sink the Army gray!

LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING

There's a long, long trail awinding
into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of
waiting,
Until my dreams all come true
'Till the day that I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with
you.

THERE ARE SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy
There are smiles that make us blue
There are smiles that steal away the
tear drops,
Like the sunshine steals away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning,
That the eyes of love alone can see
But the smiles that fill my heart
with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the
buffelo roam
Where the deer and the antelopes
play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all
day.

How often at night when the heavens
are bright,
With the light of the glittering
stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked
as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

DAISY BELL

Daisy, Daisy, Give me your answer,
do--I'm half crazy
All for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet on a seat
of a bicycle built for two.

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