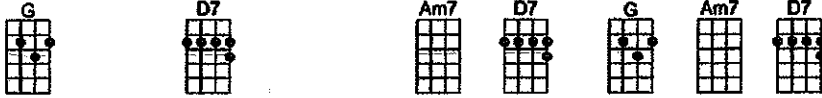


AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

w. Katherine Lee Bates
m. Samuel Augustus Ward

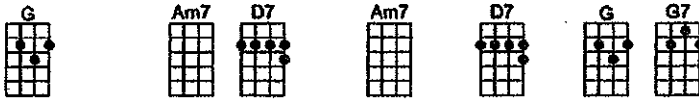
4/4 1...2...123
(Practice triplets)



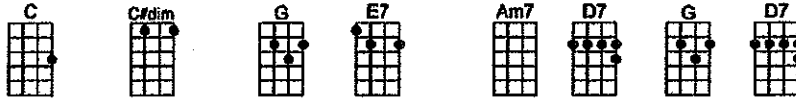
Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.



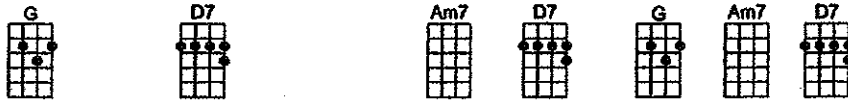
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.



America!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.



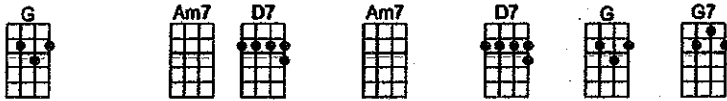
And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.



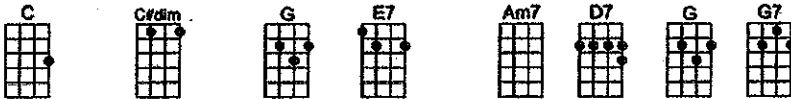
Oh, beautiful for patriot dreams, that sees be-yond the years.



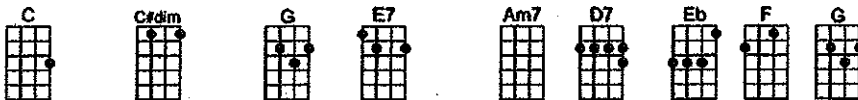
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.



America!..... A-meri - ca! God shed His grace on thee.

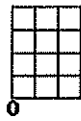


And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.



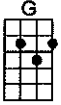
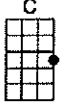
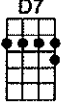
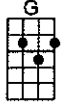
And crown thy good with brother-hood, from sea to shining sea.

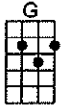
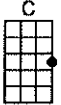
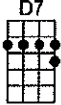
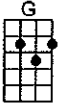
123 123 1...



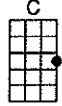
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:  /  /  /  /

In 1814 we took a little trip, a-long with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip.



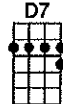
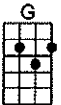
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans

And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.


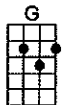
CHORUS:

We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin.

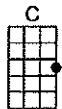
 

There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while a-go.

We fired once more and they began to runnin'

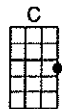
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexi -co.



We looked down the river and we see'd the British come.

And there must have been a hundred of'em beatin' on the drum.

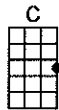


They stepped so high and they made the bugles ring.

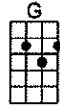
 

We stood by our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

(Chorus)



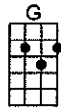
Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise



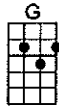
If we didn't fire our muskets 'til we looked 'em in the eyes



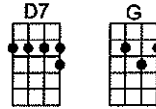
We held our fire 'til we see'd their faces well.



Then we opened up with squirrel guns and really gave 'em ... well...we
(Chorus)

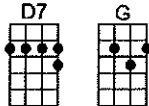


Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles



And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em



Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexi - co.

C

We fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down.

D7

G

So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.

C

We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind

D7

G

And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind.

(Chorus)

G

Yeah, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

D7 G

And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em

D7 G

Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexi-co. (X3)

BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY

The Andrews Sisters

INTRO: [G7]/[F]/[C]/[C]

He was a [C] famous trumpet man from out Chicago way
He [C] had a boogie style that no one else could play
He was the [F] top man at his craft
But then his [C] number came up and he was gone with the draft
He's in the [G7] army now, a-blowin' [F] reveille
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

They [C] made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam
It [C] really brought him down, because he couldn't jam
The Captain [F] seemed to understand
Because the [C] next day the Cap' went out and drafted a band
And now the [G7] company jumps, when he plays [F] reveille
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

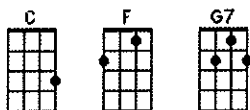
A-[C]↓toot, a-[C]↓toot, a-[C]toot diddle-ee-ada-toot
He blows it [C] eight to the bar - in boogie rhythm
He [F] can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playin' [C] with 'im [C]
He makes the [G7] company jump when he plays [F] reveille
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of [C] Company B / [C]↓

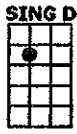
(TACET) He was the boogie-woogie bugle boy of [C] Company B [C]
[F] And when he played, boogie-woogie bugle
He was [C] busy as a bzzzzz bee
And when he [G7] plays he makes the company jump [F] eight to the bar
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

Toot toot toot [C] toot diddle-ee-ada, toot-diddle-ee-ada, toot toot
He blows it [C] eight to the bar [C]
He [F] can't blow a note if the bass and guitar isn't [C] with 'im [C]
A-a-a-[G7]and the company jumps when he plays [F] reveille
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

He [C] puts the boys to sleep with boogie every night
And [C] wakes them up the same way in the early bright
They clap their [F] hands and stamp their feet
Because they [C] know how he plays when someone gives him a beat
He really [G7] breaks it up when he plays [F] reveille
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

[C] Da-daa, da-do-da-daa
[C] Da-daa, da-do-da-daa
[F] Da-daa, da-do-da-daa
[C] Da-da, da-do-da-daa
A-a-a-[G7]and the company jumps when he plays [F] reveille
He's the [C] boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B / [F] [G7] /
[C]↓[G7]↓[C]↓





GOD BLESS AMERICA w.m. Irving Berlin

4/4 1...2...1234
(Practice triplets)



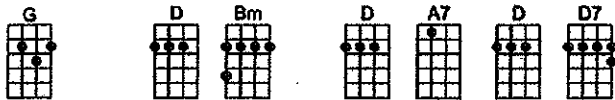
God Bless A-merica, land that I love.



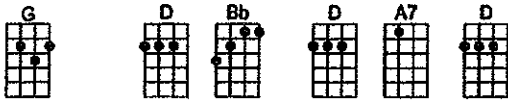
Stand be-side her and guide her through the night with the light from a-bove



From the mountains to the prairies, to the ocean, white with foam.



God bless A-merica, my home sweet home,



God bless A-merica, my home sweet home.

Star Spangled Banner Francis Scott Key

Key of F

(Oh = C)

F Dm G7 C
Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light

F C F
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming

F Dm G7 C
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the peri - lous fight

F C F
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming

F C Gm Bb
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air

F C Dm G7 C
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there

F Bb Gm Csus C
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wa - ave

F Bb C F
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

Star Spangled Banner Francis Scott Key Key Of C

(Oh = G)

C Am D7 G
Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light

C G C
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming

C Am D7 G
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the peri - lous fight

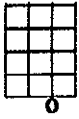
C G C
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming

C G Dm F
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air

C G Am D7 G
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there

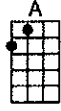
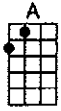
C F Dm Gsus G
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wa - ave

C F G C
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

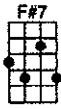


TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

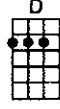
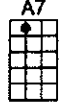
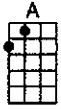
3/4 123 123



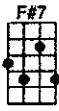
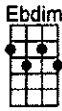
Take me out to the ballgame, take me out with the crowd.



Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack, I don't care if I never get back, and it's

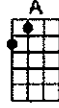
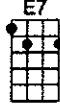
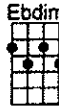
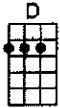


Root, root, root for the hometeam, if they don't win it's a shame.

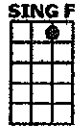


For it's one, two, three strikes you're out at the old ball-game.

CODA:



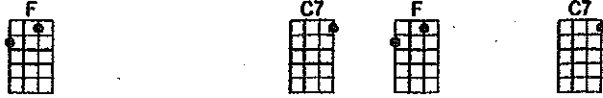
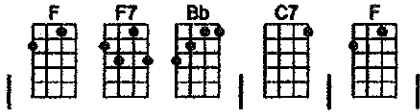
For it's one, two, three strikes you're out at the old ball-game.



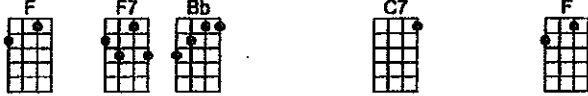
YANKEE DOODLE

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:



Yankee Doodle went to town, a-riding on a po-ny



Stuck a feather in his cap and called it maca-roni



Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy



Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy.

F C7 F C7
Father'n I went down to camp a-long with Captain Good-ing

F F7 Bb C7 F
And there we saw the men and boys as thick as hasty pudding

Bb F
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy

Bb F C7 F
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy.

F C7 F C7
There was Captain Washing-ton up-on a slapping stal-lion

F F7 Bb C7 F
A-giving orders to his men, there must have been a million

Bb F
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy

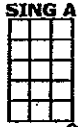
Bb F C7 F
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy.

F C7 F C7
Yankee Doodle went to town, a-riding on a po-ny

F F7 Bb C7 F
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it maca-roni

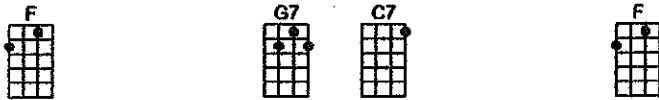
Bb F
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy

Bb F C7 F
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy.

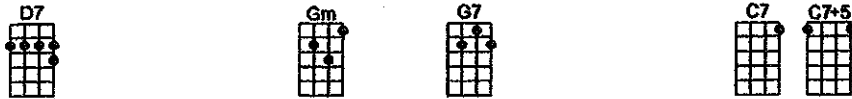


YANKEE DOODLE DANDY w.m. George M. Cohan

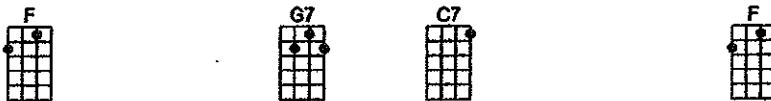
4/4 1...2...1234



I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, Yankee Doodle do or die



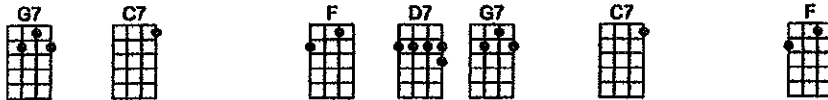
A real-live nephew of my Uncle Sam, born on the fourth of July



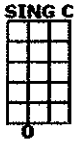
I've Got a Yankee Doodle Sweetheart, she's my Yankee Doodle joy



Yankee Doodle went to London just to ride the po-nies,

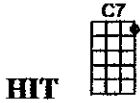


I am that Yankee Doodle Boy..... I am that Yankee Doodle Boy.



YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG w. m. George M. Cohan

4/4 1234 12



You're a grand old flag, you're a high flying flag



And forever in peace may you wave



You're the em - blem of the land I love, the home of the free and the brave



Every heart beats true for the red, white, and blue



Where there's never a boast or brag



Should auld acquaintance be forgot, keep your eye on the grand old flag



Keep your eye on the grand old flag

Oklahoma!

Written by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rodgers

uke arrangement: Kerri H.

F Bb F C7
Oooo-ok- lahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,

F Gm
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet,

F D7 G7
When the wind comes right behind the rain.

F Bb F C7
Oooo-ok- lahoma, ev'ry night my honey lamb and I

F Gm
Sit a-lone and talk and watch a hawk

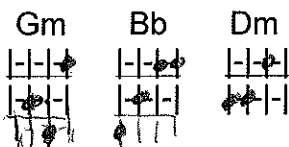
F C7 F
makin' lazy circles in the sky.

Bb F
We know we belong to the land

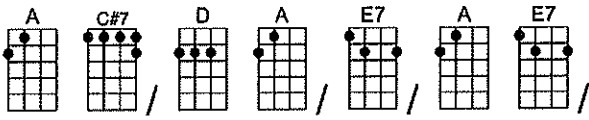
C G7 C
And the land we be-long to is grand!

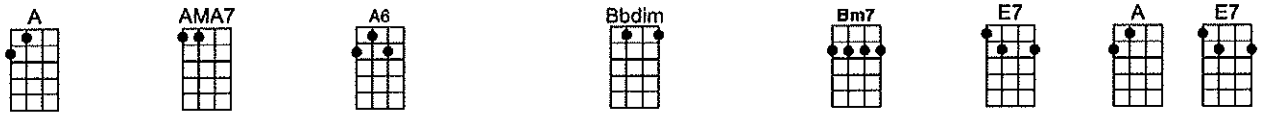
F Bb F G7 C
And when we say--Yeeow! A-yip-i-o-ee ay!

G7 F A7 Dm G7 F C7 F
We're only sayin' You're doin' fine, Okla-ho--ma! Okla-ho-ma--O.K.!



THE ARMY GOES ROLLING ALONG

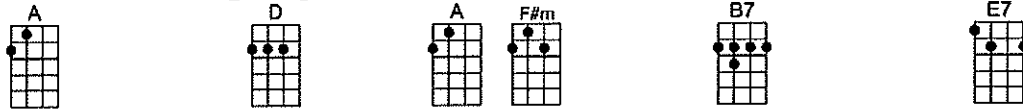
Intro: 



Over hill, over dale as we hit the dusty trail, and the Caissons go rolling a-long.
First to fight for the right, and to build the Nation's might, and The Army Goes Rolling A-long



In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right a-bout, and the Caissons go rolling a-long.
Proud of all we have done, fighting till the battle's won, and The Army Goes Rolling A-long



Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artille-ry, shout out your numbers loud and strong,
Then it's hi! hi! hey! The Army's on its way. Count off the cadence, loud and strong



For where'er you go, you will always know that the Caissons go rolling a-long.
For where'er we go, you will always know that The Army Goes Rolling A-long!

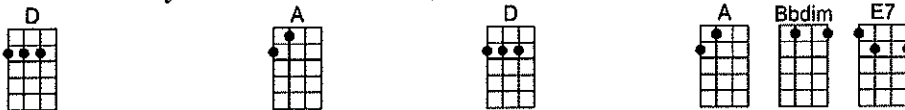
MARINES' HYMN



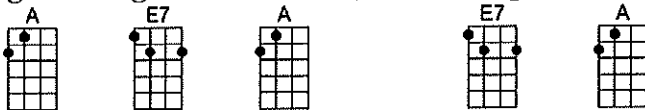
From the Halls of Monte-zuma to the shores of Tripo - li



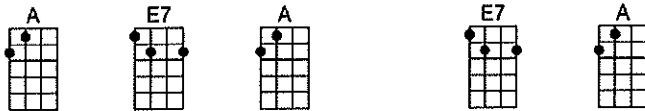
We fight our country's battles in the air, on land, and sea;



First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean;



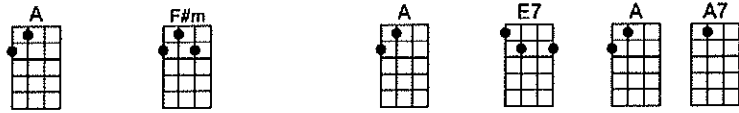
We are proud to claim the title of United States Ma-rine.



Yes, we're proud to claim the title of United States Ma-rine.

p.2. Armed Services Medley

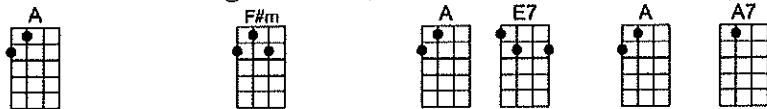
ANCHORS AWEIGH



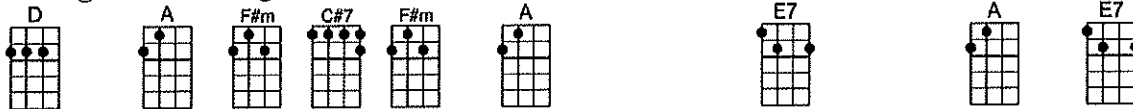
Stand Navy out to sea, fight our battle cry;
Anchors a-weigh, my boys, an - chors a-weigh



We'll never change our course, so vicious foe, steer shy-y-y,
Farewell to foreign shores, we sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay

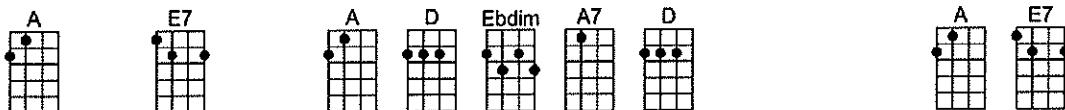


Roll out the T. N. T., An - chors A-weigh.
Through our last night ashore, drink to the foam

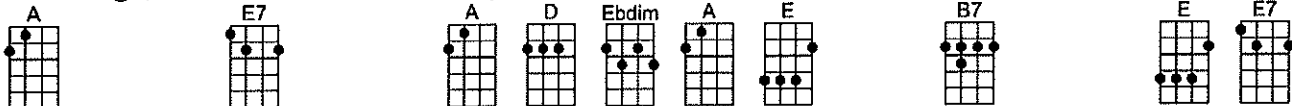


Sail on to vic - to - ry, and sink their bones to Davy Jones hoo-ray!
Until we meet once more, here's wishing you a happy voyage home

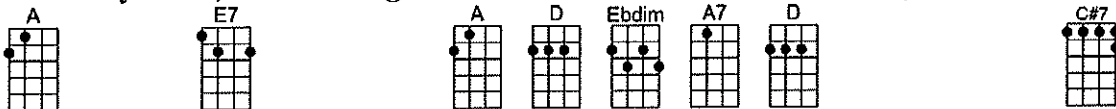
OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER



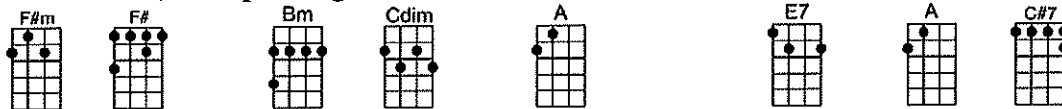
Off we go, into the wild blue yon - der, climbing high into the sun



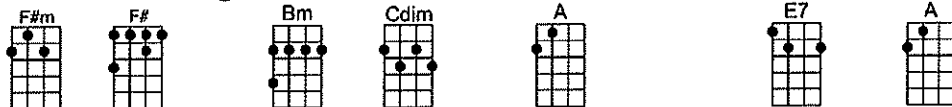
Here they come, zooming to meet our thun - der, at 'em boys, give 'er the gun



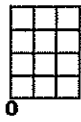
Down we dive, spouting our flame from un - der, off with one heckuva roar



We live in fame or go down in flame, hey, nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

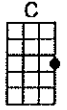
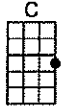
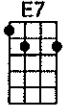
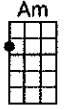
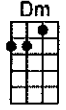
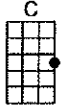
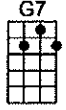
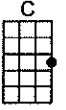


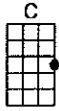
We live in fame or go down in flame, hey, nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!



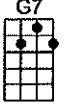
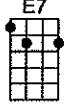
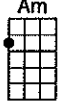
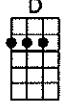
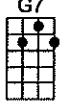
SEMPER PARATUS

(COAST GUARD MARCHING SONG)
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |



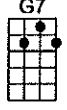
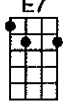
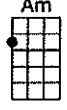
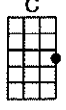
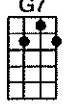
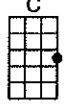
From Aztec Shore to Arctic Zone, to Europe and Far East,

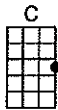
The Flag is carried by our ships, in times of war and peace;



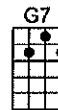
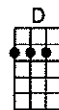
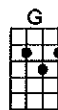
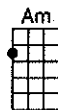
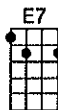
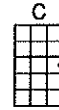
And never have we struck it yet, in spite of foeman's might.

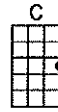
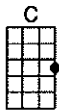
Who cheered our crews and cheered a-gain, for showing how to fight.



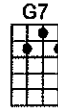
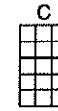
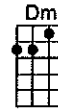
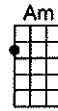
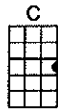
So here's the Coast Guard marching song, we sing on land or sea.



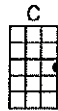
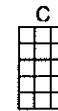
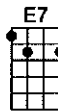
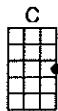
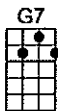
Through surf and storm and howl-ing gale, high shall our purpose be.



"Semper Paratus" is our guide, our fame, our glory too.



To fight to save or fight and die, aye! Coast Guard we are for you.



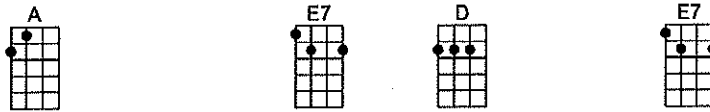
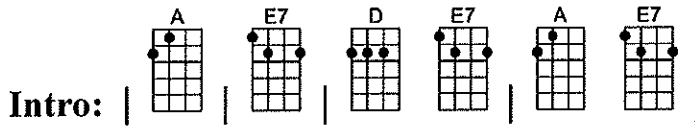
To fight to save or fight and die, aye! Coast Guard we are for you.



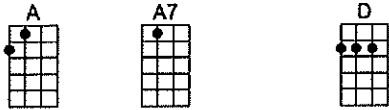
HEAVE HO, MY LADS, HEAVE HO

(Merchant Marine Anthem)

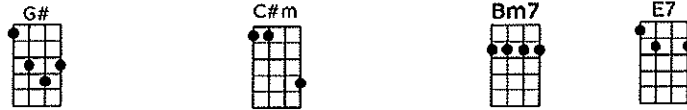
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)



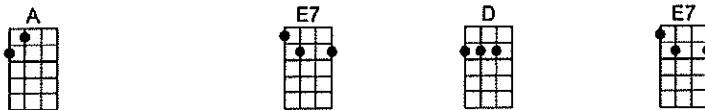
Heave Ho! My Lads, Heave Ho! It's a long, long way to go.



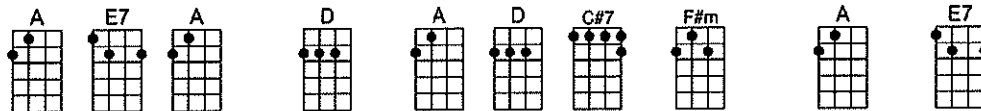
It's a long, long pull with our hatches full,



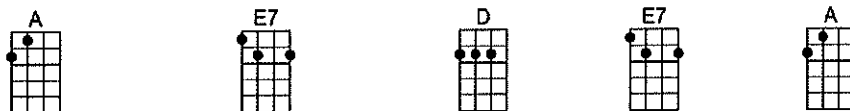
Braving the wind, braving the sea, fighting the treacherous foe;



Heave Ho! My lads, Heave Ho! Let the sea roll high or low.



We can cross any ocean, sail any ri - ver. Give us the goods and we'll de-liver,



Damn the subma-rine! We're the men of the Merchant Ma-rine!