"JUST SONGS"

CAPTAIN STONE,
Song Leader

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our Fathers' God to thee
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

"HELEN"

Oh, Hel— Oh, Hel— Oh Helen please be mine,
Your feet— your feet— your features are divine,
I swear, I swear, I swear I will be true
Oh, dam— oh, dam— oh, damsel I love you.

Oh, Hel— Oh, Hel— Oh, Helen please be mine,
You simp— you simp— you simply are divine
You mud— you mud— you muddle me it's true,
Oh, dam— oh, dam— oh damsel I love you.

"I'LL SAY HE'S THERE"

I'll say he's there—
I'll say he's there—
He's here and there and everywhere
I'll say he's there.

"I'M A LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER"

I'm a wild motor transport man,
Growing wilder as I can,
Nobody wants to bother me.
I'm as wild as wild can be,
For I'm as wild as wild can be.

We've drove and dug and sweat like hell,
To cross the desert. Well, well, well—
Nobody wants to bother me,
For I'm as wild as wild can be.
Yes, I'm as wild as wild can be.

If anybody thinks we've had good luck,
They'd ought to ride on a motor truck.
It's enough to make a crab of me.
So I'm as wild as wild can be.
Yes, I'm as wild as wild can be.

California sure looks good to me,
Girls and fruit under every tree.
They'll make a native son of me,
And I'll be wild as wild can be.
Yes, I'll be wild as wild can be.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, BOYS?

Where do we go from here, boys!
Where do we go from here!
Rolling, bumping over the hills,
Learning how to steer,
And when we get into Frisco town
The end of the job is near.
Where will we go from here, boys!
Where will go from here.

The Lincoln Highway is some road.
We'll say it has the stuff.
But what we've seen along the route
In spots was awful rough.
Ostermann says it's the only road
But we say—that's enough.
There's paving out of here, boys!
There's paving out of here.

They said we'd reach California sure.
It certainly is some state.
But if it wasn't for Colonel McClure
We'd never kept the date.
And now we've reached the Promised Land,
We'll finish the job for sure.
Here's to Colonel McClure, boys.
Here's to Colonel McClure.

MICKEY!

Mickey, pretty Mickey, with your hair of raven hue,
In your smiling so beguiling there's a bit of Killarney, bit of the Blarney, too,
Childhood in the wildwood, like a mountain flower you grew,
Mickey, pretty Mickey, can you blame anyone for falling in love with you!

Rickey, Sloe Gin Rickey, with your depth of old rose hue,
It's your sipping that's so ripping, there's a wasting of time and a testing of lime in you,
Bright nights in the White Lights, you are one of the friends I know,
Rickey, Sloe Gin Rickey, can you blame anyone for getting a bun on you.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR 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 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.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

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 dream all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

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