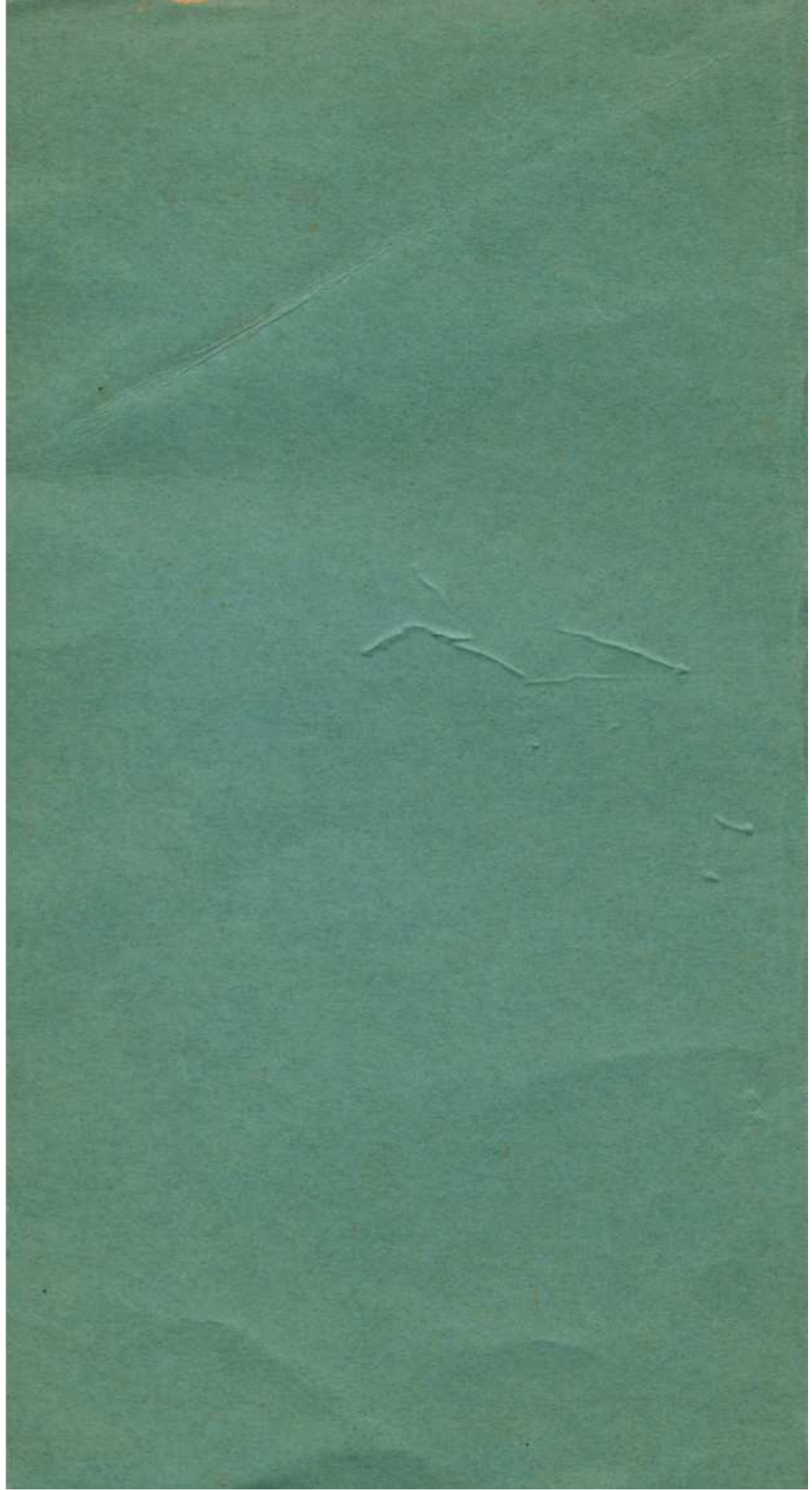


# SONGS OF MAXWELL



PREFLIGHT  
MAXWELL FIELD



# SONGS OF MAXWELL

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Special Service Office  
AAF PFS (Pilot)  
Maxwell Field, Ala.**



SONGS OF MAXWELL

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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!  
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell-uva roar!  
We live in fame or go down in flame,  
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Sent it high into the blue;  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,  
How they lived God only knew!  
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer,  
Gave us wings ever to soar.  
With scouts before and bombers galore,  
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true.  
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,  
Keep the nose out of the blue!  
Flying men guarding the nation's border,  
We'll be there, followed by more.  
In echelon we carry on,  
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!  
Nothing'll stop the Air Corps Now!

#### TOAST

Here's a toast to the host of those who love  
The vastness of the sky;  
To a friend we will send  
A message of his brother men who fly.  
We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.  
A toast to the host of men we boast,  
The Army Air Corps.



Into the air, Army Air Corps,  
 Give 'er the gun, Pilots true,  
 Into the air, Army Air Corps,  
 Hold her nose up in the blue.  
 When you hear our motors singin',  
 And our steel props start to whine,  
 You can bet  
 The Army Air Corps is along the fighting line.

We have our hands on the throttle,  
 As we all wait for the nod:  
 And we will meet them halfway, men,  
 We will drive them to the sod.  
 Then, when our last flight is over,  
 And we meet our Flying Boss,  
 You can bet the air is clear, men,  
 From Orion to the Cross.

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence,  
 I've got sixpence to last me all my life.  
 Tupence to spend and tupence to lend  
 And tupence to send home to my wife.

## CHORUS

No cares have I to grieve me,  
 No pretty little girls to deceive me.  
 Happy as a king, believe me,  
 As we go rolling home.  
 Rolling home, rolling home,  
 By the light of the silvery moon  
 Happy is the day when the airman get his pay,  
 As we go rolling home.

(Continued on next page)

I've got fourpence, jolly, jolly fourpence,  
 I've got fourpence to last me all my life.  
 Tupence to spend and tupence to lend,  
 And no pence to send home to my wife.

## TO CHORUS

I've got tupence, jolly, jolly tupence,  
 I've got tupence to last me all my life.  
 Tupence to spend and no pence to lend,  
 And no pence to send home to my wife.

## TO CHORUS

I've got no pence, jolly, jolly no pence,  
 I've got no pence to last me all my life.  
 No pence to spend and no pence to lend,  
 And no pence to send home to my wife.

## TO CHORUS

## #4 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'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!



There are smiles that make us happy,  
 There are smiles that make us blue,  
 There are smiles that steal away the teardrops  
 As the sunbeams steal away the dew,  
 There are smiles that have a tender meaning  
 That the eyes of love alone may see,  
 And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine  
 Are the smiles that you give to me.

## I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad,  
 All the live-long day.  
 I've been working on the railroad,  
 Just to pass the time away.  
 Can't you hear the whistle blowing,  
 Rise up so early in the morn,  
 Can't you hear the Captain shouting,  
 Dinah, Blow your horn,

Dinah, won't you blow,  
 Dinah, won't you blow,  
 Dinah, won't you blow your ho-o-orn,  
 Dinah, won't you blow,  
 Dinah, won't you blow,  
 Dinah, won't you blow your horn.

Oh, someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
 Someone's in the kitchen I know-o-o,  
 Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,  
 Strummin' on the old banjo, -Playing-

Fee, Fie, Fiddle-dee-aye-oh,  
 Fee, Fie, Fiddle-dee-aye-oh-oh-oh-oh,  
 Fee, Fie, Fiddle-dee-aye-oh,  
 Strummin' on the old banjo.



#7

## IT'S A LONG WAY TO 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, Picadilly;  
Farewell, Leicester Square;  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there!

#8

## THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
When 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 when I'll be going  
Down that long, long trail with you.

#9

## OVER THERE

Over there, Over there  
Send the word, send the word over there,  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum tumming every where;  
So beware and prepare, send the word, send the word  
to beware,  
We'll be over, we're going over, and we won't be  
back till it's over, over there.

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.

## SONG OF MAXWELL

To The Tune Of Song Of The Vagabond

Hit that line you misters  
Ere your feet are blisters,  
RACK EM BACK! . . . and shine your shoes.

Pre-Flight now; we're learding  
Toward flying days we're yearning  
Then to blast a Jap or two.

Dive them! Zoom them! Make each lesson stick  
Bomb them! Strafe them! We all will turn the trick.

Then the day will dawn,  
When rising suns are gone  
When stars and stripes will wave supreme.

Words By  
A/C MORGAN GOODPASTURE  
Squadron B, Group 1  
Class 43-H

(Continued on next page)



SONG OF MAXWELL (Continued)

Stretch your wings you fledgling,  
From the nest keep edging,  
Hold your head up to the sky.

Make honor's course your heading,  
Through God's trails you're treading,  
Victory to right or die.

Foes of freedom, we bid you now beware;  
Maxwell's men are taking to the air!

From shore to shore we're soaring;  
Each hound of Hell we're scoring,  
We claim peace now for our share.

Words By  
A/C KEITH C. SCHUYLER  
Squadron H, Group II

O'er the world they wander  
Maxwell's men of thunder  
Sons of truth and liberty.

Flying liberators  
Blasting freedom's traitors  
Fighting hate and tyranny.

Down they're diving - streaking from the sky  
Up they're roaring with vengeance in their eye.

They will write a story  
Blazed in fire and glory  
Theirs will be the victory.

Words By  
A/C ROBERT F. DELANCEY  
Squadron A, Group I

ALOUETTE

1st Verse ... Alouette, jonti Alouette  
Alouette, jonti boomeray

Leader Just a boomeray la tete  
All Just a boomeray la tete  
Leader A la tete  
All A la tete  
Leader Alouette  
All Alouette  
All Oh.....

2nd Verse ... Alouette, jonti Alouette  
Alouette, jonti boomeray

Leader Just a boomer open post  
All Just a boomer open post  
Leader Open post  
All Open post  
Leader A la tete  
All A la tete  
Leader Alouette  
All Alouette  
All Oh.....

3rd Verse ... Alouette, jonti Alouette  
Alouette, jonti boomeray

Leader Just a boomer plenty dough  
All Just a boomer plenty dough  
Leader Plenty dough  
All Plenty dough  
Leader Open post  
All Open post  
Leader A la tete  
All A la tete  
Leader Alouette  
All Alouette Oh.....

(Continued on next page)



ALOUETTE (Continued)

4th Verse ... Alouette, jonti Alouette  
Alouette, jonti boomeray

Leader Just a boomer pretty blonde  
All Repeat  
Leader Pretty blonde  
All Repeat  
Leader Plenty dough  
All Repeat  
Leader Open post  
All Repeat  
Leader A la tete  
All Repeat  
Leader Alouette  
All Repeat  
All Oh.....

5th Verse ... Alouette, jonti Alouette  
Alouette, jonti boomeray

Leader Just a boomer rum and coke  
All Just a boomer rum and coke  
Leader Rum and coke  
All Repeat  
Leader Pretty blonde  
All Repeat  
Leader Plenty dough  
All Repeat  
Leader Open post  
All Repeat  
Leader A la tete  
All Repeat  
Leader Alouette  
All Repeat  
All Oh.....

(Continued on next page)

ALOUETTE (Continued)

6th Verse ... Alouette, jonti Alouette ...  
 Alouette, jonti boomeray

Leader Just a boomer achin' head  
 All Just a boomer achin' head  
 Leader Achin' head  
 All Repeat  
 Leader Rum and coke  
 All Repeat  
 Leader Pretty blonde  
 All Repeat  
 Leader Plenty dough  
 All Repeat  
 Leader Open post  
 All Repeat  
 Leader A la tete  
 All Repeat  
 Leader Alouette  
 All Repeat  
 All Oh..... Alouette, jonti Alouette,  
 Alouette, jonti boomeray.



