**WWII Songs Lyrics**

**Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy**

By the Andrew Sisters

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

They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam  
It really brought him down because he could not jam  
The captain seemed to understand  
Because the next day the cap’ went out and drafted a band  
And now the company jumps when he plays reveille  
He’s the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

A-toot, a-toot, a-toot-diddelyada-toot  
He blows it eight-to-the-bar, in boogie rhythm  
He can’t blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playing with him  
He makes the company jump when he plays reveille  
He’s the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

He was our boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B  
And when he plays boogie woogie bugle he was buzy as a “bzzz” bee  
And when he plays he makes the company jump eight-to-the-bar  
He’s the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Toot-toot-toot, toot-diddelyada, toot-diddelyada  
Toot, toot, he blows it eight-to-the-bar  
He can’t blow a note if the bass and guitar isn’t with him  
And the company jumps when he plays reveille  
He’s the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

He puts the boys asleep with boogie every night  
And wakes ‘em up the same way in the early bright  
They clap their hands and stomp their feet  
Because they know how he plays when someone gives him a beat  
He really breaks it up when he plays reveille  
He’s the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Da-doo-da da-doo-da-da da  
Da-doo-da da-doo-da-da da  
Da-doo-da da-doo-da-da da  
Da-doo-da da-doo-da-da  
And the company jumps when he plays reveille  
He’s the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B!

**Anchor’s Aweigh (Navy Song)**

*[Verse 1]*  
Stand Navy down the field, sails set to the sky.  
We'll never change our course, 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 Grey.

*[Verse 2]*  
Get underway, Navy, Decks cleared for the fray,  
We'll hoist true Navy Blue So Army down your Grey-y-y-y.  
Full speed ahead, Navy; Army heave to,  
Furl Black and Grey and Gold and hoist the Navy, hoist the Navy Blue

*[Verse 3]*  
Blue of the Seven Seas; Gold of God's great sun  
Let these our colors be Till all of time be done-n-n-ne,  
By Severn shore we learn Navy's stern call:  
Faith, courage, service true With honor over, honor over all.

**Don’t Sit Under the Apple Tree**

By Glenn Miller

I wrote my mother, I wrote my father  
And now I'm writing you too-oo-oo  
  
I'm sure of mother, I'm sure of father  
And now I want to be sure, very-very sure of you-ou  
  
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me  
No-no-no, don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home  
  
Don't go walkin' down Lover's Lane with anyone else but me  
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me  
No-no-no, don't go walkin' down Lover's Lane with anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home  
  
I just got word from a girl who heard from the girl next door to me  
The boy she met just loves to pet and it fits you to a tee  
So, don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Till I come marching home  
  
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me-ee  
With anyone else but her, no-no-no, not a single sole but me  
No-no-no, don't you sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Not till you see me, not until you see me marchin' home  
Home-home, home sweet home  
  
Don't go walkin' down Lover's Lane with anyone else but me-ee  
With anyone else but her, no-no-no, not a single sole but me  
No-no-no, don't you go walkin' down Lover's Lane with anyone else but me  
Not till you see me, not until you see me marchin' home  
Home-home, home sweet home  
Just wait till I come marching home  
  
So don't go walkin' down to lovers lane  
No walkin' down to Lover's Lane   
Till you see me, when you see me marchin' home  
Then we'll go arm in arm  
And sit down under the apple tree, baby just you and me  
When I come mar-arching ho-ome...

**Army Song**

Verse:

March along, sing our song, with the Army of the free.  
Count the brave, count the true, who have fought to victory.  
We’re the Army and proud of our name!  
We’re the Army and proudly proclaim:

First Chorus:

First to fight for the right,  
And to build the Nation’s might,  
And The Army Goes Rolling Along.  
Proud of all we have done,  
Fighting till the battle’s won,  
And the Army Goes Rolling Along.

Refrain:

Then it’s hi! hi! hey!  
The Army’s on its way.  
Count off the cadence loud and strong;  
For where’er we go,  
You will always know  
That The Army Goes Rolling Along.

Second Chorus:

Valley Forge, Custer’s ranks,  
San Juan Hill and Patton’s tanks,  
And the Army went rolling along.  
Minute men, from the start,  
Always fighting from the heart,  
And the Army keeps rolling along.

Refrain:

(same as above)

Third Chorus:

(slower, more freely)  
Men in rags, men who froze,  
Still that Army met its foes,  
And the Army went rolling along.  
Faith in God, then we’re right,  
And we’ll fight with all our might,  
As the Army keeps rolling along.

Refrain:

Then it’s hi! hi! hey!  
The Army’s on its way.  
Count off the cadence loud and strong; (two! three!)   
For where’er we go,  
You will always know  
That THE ARMY GOES ROLLING ALONG! (keep it rolling!)   
And THE ARMY GOES ROLLING ALONG!