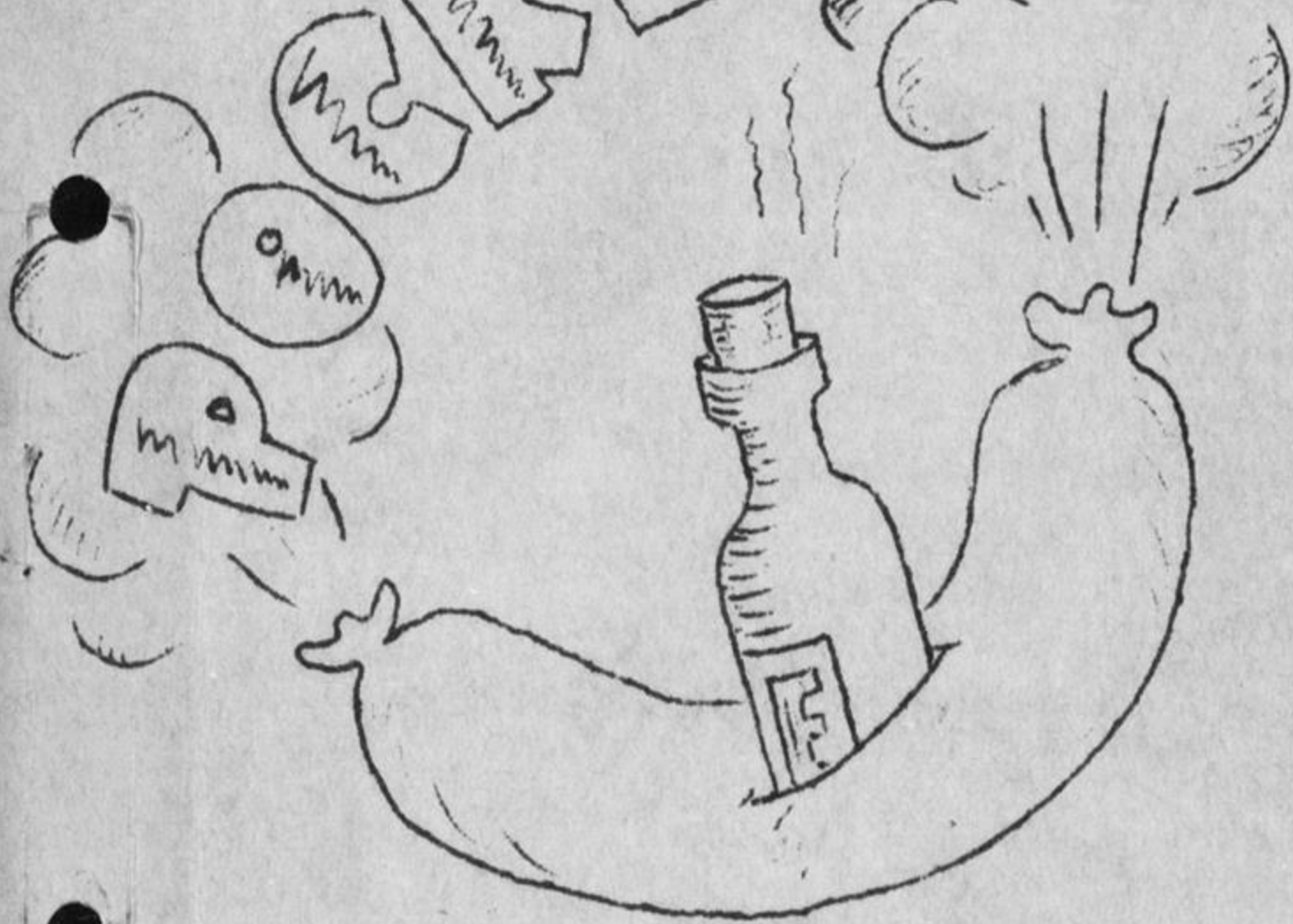


SECRETFUL



RYE

THE COLLECTED SONGS

of



INTRODUCTION

In the past year the Fighting Cocks have flown, drunk, and sung their way from Maine to the Nansei Shoto. During this time the catchy lyrics of John Sisley and Bob Wallace have helped to keep spirits high and parties gay. This collection of the Squadron's Own plus the Squadron's Favorites should help to lighten future evenings aboard the old Bataan in the Western Pacific. Kamikazes may come and go, but the Green Weenies of Fighting Forty Seven will go on forever. And perhaps on some not too distant day you'll turn to the guy beside you at a San Francisco bar and say, "Lesh sing!"

And he'll say, "Lesh!"

If he's the guy I hope he is, you'll soon be singing: ".....the sons-o-b's ARE on their knees so let's get drunk again."

DMS

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DEDICATION

To the Fighting Cocks, alias the Green Weenies, of Squadron Forty Seven--spawners of the memorable Terrible Ten and the Big Assed Indians who will sing anything, this collection of ditties is dedicated.

AIMA MATER
(Tune: Cornell's A. M.)

From Ogunquit's rocks and rye
West to God knows where,
We shall hold thy name on high
Oh, thou green and fair.
Weenie, Weenie, dear old Weenie
Belching fore and aft,
Keep a weather eye upon us
Lest we get the shaft.
Amen.

FIGHT SONG
(Tune: Ramblin' Wreck)

I'm a Weenie green
As you've ever seen
From Fightin' Forty-seven
I can't be late
For I've got a date
With Tojo's sons of heaven,
So off we go
With a TALLY HO,
To hell with the Emperor's men,
When the sons-o-b's
Are on their knees
We'll all get drunk again!

POOL DAYS
(Tune: School Days)

Pool days, Pool days,
Dear old Casu Pool days;
Hands around glasses
Instead of a stick,
Brass rails for rudders
And haze mighty thick.
We had our queens
And Yo-Ho-Ho,
We mustered each nite
At the old Chateau,
And drank till we all got vertigo-
Then pancaked and taxied back home.

DOWN 'EM ALL
(Tune: Bless 'Em All)

Down 'em all, down 'em all,
For any old reason at all--
If the oil in your engine
Will not overheat
Just think up a lie
For Ye Olde Yellow Sheet!
So Green Weenies
Let's throw in the towels,
Leave the nite flying
Up to the owls;
Lets all have a squawk
'Stead of flying we'll walk,
So cheer up my boys
Down 'em all.

THE ROAD TO PUUNENE
(Tune: Road to Mandalay)

On the road to Puunene
Where the Flying Weenies play,
Where the quarters shake like thunder
And the fire pumps blaze away,
Oh, the road to Puunene
Where the O-Club reaps our pay,
And our guts are torn asunder
Eating Spam three meals a day.

HAIL THE FIGHTING COCK
(Tune: On To Burgundy)

Hail the Fighting Cock
The leader of the flock-
That game old bird we all adore!
Search until you're blind,
You'll not his equal find
On this or any other shore.
If you cross him
He will quickly whirl,
And you'll wish
You'd been a baby girl.
You who likewise think
Sit down and have a drink
And you who doubt it hit the door.

THOUGHTS ON C.A.P.

(Tune: California Here I Come)

San Francisco's gonna crack
When the Weenies all get back-
Our passion, we'll ration,
Throughout the nite,
Each sector, we'll vector
Till--Tally Ho
A blonde's in sight

We'll have a snake ranch everyplace,
Drink John Walker by the case-
"Top o' the Mark" our Poison Base,
When we hit the beach again.

DREAM GIRL

(Tune: Sweetheart of S. Chi)

The girl of my dreams
Is a certain girl
Who used to cause me woe,
I hit the sack
And my mind drifts back
To the gal who always said no:
She knew all the ropes
Like a deck-hand does,
And she stopped me, I'll confess-
But when in my dreams
There's a change so it seems,
My dream girl she always says yes.

GREEN WEENIE DANDY
(Tune: Yankee Doodle Dandy)

I'm from Squadron Forty-seven,
A cocky Fightin' Cock am I-
A real Green Weenie
From the old Bataan,
Born with a wink in my eye:
I've got a teeny Weenie Sweetheart
Waiting in the U.S.A.
Let the Jappies do their damndest
Phooey on old Tojo!
I am a Weenie all the way.

A LONG WAY
(Tune: Tipperary)

It's a long way to San Francisco,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to San Francisco
Where the Scotch and Sodas flow-
Goodbye to Okinawa,
Farewell old Kikai,
It's a long long way to San Francisco,
And God but I'm dry!

DRINKING HYMN

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine nose has sniffed the odor
Of some Scotch and Bourbon old,
Mine hands have found some glasses
To contain the liquid gold,
So let's make haste, it's not each day
Such treasures we behold,
The whiskey's flowing on.
(Chorus-Glory, Glory)

Mine feet have pushed the rudders
Of a Grumman fighter plane,
Mine hand has pumped the throttle
Till my wingman's gone insane,
But for tonite let's skip the war
And all the bottles drain,
The whiskey's flowing on.

Mine nose has whiffed pure oxygen
At thirty-thousand feet,
I've landed from a C.A.P.
With blisters on my seat,
But for tonite let's skip the war
And let our glasses meet,
The whiskey's flowing on.

I've landed on a carrier
A thousand times or more,
I've got more time upon the sea
Than most guys have ashore,
But talking of my escapades
Is something I abhor
While whiskey's flowing on.

I've been to all the islands
Of the Empire of Japan,
I've seen the Kamikazes dive
And get it in the can,
I'd tell you more but modesty
Benefits a Navy man
While whiskey's flowing on. (Chorus)

THE CLASSICS



BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a barmaid
Down in Drury Lane,
My master he was good to me
My mistress was the same;
When along came a sailor
As handsome as could be,
And he was the cause
Of all my misery.

Chorus: Singing Bell Bottom Trousers,
Coats of Navy blue,
He'll climb the riggin'
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed,
He asked me for a pillow
To lay beneath his head;
And I like an innocent maid
Thinking it no harm
Climbed into the sailors bed
To keep the sailor warm. (Chorus)

He left me in the morning
Before the break of day,
He handed me a five pound note
And unto me did say,
"You may have a daughter,
You may have a son,
So take this my darling
For the damage I have done". (Chorus)

(cont'd)

Now if you have a daughter
Bounce her on your knee,
And if you have a son
Send the bastard out to sea! (Chorus)

The moral of my story
As you can plainly see:
Never trust a sailor
An inch above your knee.

Singing Bell Bot-tom Trousers-
And coats of Nav-ee Blue.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly
And they sent me out to die,
I've had a bellyful of war!
Now you can save those Zeros
For your goddamn heroes,
For Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses
Buster!

(Chorus)
I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

(cont'd)

I'll take the dames
While the rest go down in flames,
I've got no desire to be burned.
Air combat's called romance
But you haven't got a chance
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can save your Mitsubishes
For those eager sons-of-bitches,
For I'd rather kiss a woman
Than be shot down in a Grumman!
Buster! (Chorus)

I'm too young to die
In a goddamn PBY,
That's for the eager not for me;
I'd never trust my luck
To be picked up by a Duck
After I'd crashed into the sea.
I would rather be a bellhop
Than a flyer on a flat-top
With my hand around a bottle
Not around a goddamn throttle
Buster!

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore!

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THE

OLDIES

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip
A big yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me
'Twas heaven that blessed me
What a blessing no one knows--
You made life cheery
When you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows,
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a tulip,
And I wore a big red rose.

DAISY

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'd look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

(Chorus)

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me, I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine.

Now you Boy Scouts learn the moral
Of this little tale of mine,
Artificial respiration
Might have saved my Clementine.

How I missed her, How I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East side, West side
All around the town,
The tots sang "ring-around-rosie",
"London Bridge is falling down".
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

THE OLD BEER BOTTLE

It was only an old beer bottle
Afloating on the foam,
It was only an old beer bottle
A million miles from home;
Inside it was a message
With these words written on,
"Whoever finds this bottle will find
That the beers all gone".

The beer's all gone,
The beer's all gone,
"Whoever finds this bottle will find
That the beer's all gone".

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all nite and listen
As we sang in the evening by the
moonlight.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny;
There's where the cotton and the
corn and 'tatoes grow.
There's where the birds warble
sweet in the springtime.
There's where this old darkey's
heart an long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard
for old Massa,
Day after day in the fields
of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love
more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where
I was born.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling down the shady lane
with you, baby mine.
She holds your hand
and you hold hers,
And that's a very good sign--
That she's you tootsy wootsy
In the good old summer time.

YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAMS

You had a dream dear
I had one too,
Mine was the best 'cause
It was of you.
Come, Sweetheart, tell me,
Now is the time,
You tell me your dreams,
I'll tell you mine.

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

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

SURE

IN

THE IRISH



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BRIDGET O'FLYNN

Bridget O'Flynn
Where have you been?
Sure it's a fine time
For you to come in!
You say you've been
 to the big parade--
The big parade me eye!
There never was a parade that took
So long in passin' by.
Look at your shoes,
Oh, what a sin!
Don't let your father
 catch you comin' in--
Now stay away from
 those dancin' halls,
There's no one there
 worth knowin' at all,
That's where I met your father,
 Bridget Darlin'!

HARRIGAN

H--A--double R--I
G--A--N spells Harrigan,
Proud of all the Irish blood
That's in me,
Divil a man can say a word
Agin me!
H--A--double R--I
G--A--N you see,
Is a name that no shame
Ever has been connected with-
HARRIGAN---that's me!

PATTY MURPHY

The nite that Patty Murphy died
I never will forget!
Some of the boys got drunk that nite
And some ain't sober yet!

The awful things we did that nite
Still fill my heart with fear,
They took the ice right off the
corpse
And put it on the beer!

)Chorus)
Now that's how they showed
their respect for Patty Murphy,
That's how they showed
their honor and their pride-
their honor
That's how they showed
their respect for Patty Murphy
On the nite that Patty--
Now that's how they showed
their respect for Patty Murphy,
That's how they showed
their honor and their pride-
their honor
That's how they showed
their respect for Patty Murphy
On the nite that Patty died.

MAMIE RILEY

Oh Mamie Riley
How do you do today?
Oh Mamie Riley
Going far away!
Come kiss your daddy 'fore you go-
Oh Mamie Mamie Mamie Riley!

Slide Kelly slide, you bastard,
Casey's at the bat!
Oh Mamie Riley
Where'd you get that hat?
Down in Kentucky,
Old Black Joe-
Oh Mamie Mamie Mamie Riley!

-----and a Green Weenie Extra

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME!

One dark nite
All the people were in bed,
Mrs. O'Leary
Took a lantern to the shed;
The cow kicked it over
And winked her eye and said,
"There'll be a hot time
In the old town tonite!"

KATHLEEN

I'll take you home again, Kathleen
Across the ocean, wild and wide.
To where your heart has ever been,
Since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I've watched them fade away and die.
Your voice is sad whene'er you speak
And tears bedim your loving eyes.

Oh, I will take you back, Kathleen,
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green
I'll take you to your home again.

IRISH EYES

When Irish eyes are smilin'
Sure 'tis like a morn in spring,
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy
Sure the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smilin'
Sure they steal your heart away.