

Song of America –Song of the Soldier

Solo: Oh how I hate to get up in the morning, oh how I hate to get out of bed, for the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call, You've got to get up you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning. I'll amputate his reveil-le and step upon it heavily and spend the rest of my life in bed

Sound off (one, two) Sound off (three, four)

Cadence count (one, two, three, four, one, two, three four)

You're in the army now, you're not behind the plow, you'll never get rich from diggin' a ditch you're in the army now.

The heads are up the chests are out the arms are swinging in cadence count

Eeneey meeneey mineey mo, let's go back and count some mo'

Sound off (one, two), sound off (three, four) Cadence count (one, two, three, four, one two, three, four)

Solo:

You can protect your liberties in this world by protecting the other man's freedom. You can be free if I am free. Some of America's most memorable music was written in times of conflict when America found herself fighting to protect democracy and freedom throughout the world. America has always sung in celebration and gratitude for the men and woman of our Armed Forces.

When Johnny comes marching home again hurrah hurrah_____

We'll give him a hearty welcome then hurrah hurrah_____

The men will cheer the boys will shout the ladies they will all turn out and we'll shout hurrah When johnny comes marching home, johnny comes marching home.....

Over there, over there, send the word send the word over there

That the yanks are comin the yanks are coming

The drums rum tumbling everywhere

So prepare, say a prayer send the word send the word to beware

We'll be o----ver, we're coming o---ver

And we won't come back til it's over over there

From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli

We are proud to claim the title of United States Marines.

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

Anchors a weigh my boys anchors a weigh
Sail on to victory and sink their bones to Davy Jones today
Over hill over dale as we hit the dusty trail when the caissons go rolling along,
In and out hear them shout counter march and right about when the caissons go
rolling along (keep em rolling)
When the caissons go rolling along_____