

These tunes are the ones used as part of our marching repertoire. Normally, we play the tune once through, sing it once, and play it again. Note that we do not always sing all of them (the usual ones are “Nellie”, “Washington and Lee”, “Bananas”, “Tipperary”, and “Happy Days”. The words to the others are here for your future reference and enjoyment.

**BALL GAME** (Take Me Out To The Ball Game)

[We sing only the chorus – the rest of the words are for your edification]

Nelly Kelly loved baseball games,  
Knew the players, knew all their names,  
You could see her there ev'ry day,  
Shout "Hurray" when they'd play.  
Her boy friend by the name of Joe  
Said, "To Coney Isle, dear, let's go,"  
Then Nelly started to fret and pout,  
And to him I heard her shout.

[The following is the chorus]

"Take me out to the ball game,  
Take me out with the crowd.  
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,  
I don't care if I never get back,  
Let me root, root, root for the home team,  
If they don't win it's a shame.  
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,  
At the old ball game."

Nelly Kelly was sure some fan,  
She would root just like any man,  
Told the umpire he was wrong,  
All along, good and strong.  
When the score was just two to two,  
Nelly Kelly knew what to do,  
Just to cheer up the boys she knew,  
She made the game sing this song.

[Chorus]

**BANANAS** (Yes, We Have No Bananas)

Yes! We have no bananas  
We have no bananas today.  
Yes! We have no bananas  
We have no bananas today.  
Oh we have stringbeans,  
And onions,  
Tomatoes<sup>1</sup>  
And grunions,  
And all kinds of fruit - and say:  
We have an old fashioned tomato  
And a long Island potato<sup>2</sup>  
Bye yes!  
We have no bananas,  
We have no bananas today.

En Espanol

Si, no tenemos pla`tanos!  
No tenemos pla`tanos ahora.

Si, no tenemos pla`tanos!  
No tenemos pla`tanos ahora.

Tenemos frijoles, y cebollas, (pronounced sayboyas)  
Jitomates y pescado, (pronounced heetohmahtays)  
y todas las cosas, y di -

Tenemos jitomate viejo, (pronounced veeayho)  
Papita Mexicana, (pronounced mayhihcana)  
Pero, si no tenemos pla`tanos,  
No tenemos pla`tanos ahora. (silent "h" in ahora)

(Only instruction that comes to mind is to trill the "r's" and keep the  
"d's" soft.)

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<sup>1</sup>Some say toe-mah-toe and some say toe-may-toe.

<sup>2</sup>Some say poe-tah-toe and some say poe-tay-toe - let's call the whole thing off.

**BATTLE HYMN** (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage  
Where the grapes of wrath are stor'd;  
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning  
Of his terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on!

**BEER** (To the tune of "Do Re Mi from the Sound of Music – Stolen from Ophir Prison Band)

Dough....I use to buy my beer  
Ray..... the guy who sells me beer  
Me..... the one who drinks the beer  
Fa..... the distance to my beer  
So..... I think I'll have a beer,  
La..... la la la la beer !  
Tea..... No thanks, I'm drinking beer,  
Which brings us back to BEER !  
                    beer, beer, beer.... Dough....

**BEER BARREL POLKA** (Roll Out the Barrel)

Roll out the barrel.  
We'll have a barrel of fun.  
Roll out the barrel.  
We've got the blues on the run.  
Zing, Boom, Ta rah rah.  
Sing out a song of good cheer.  
Now's the time to roll out the barrel, (alt. .. Now we'll have to roll the barrel)  
'cause the gang's all here.

## **CALIFORNIA HERE I COME**

California here I come  
Right back where I started from  
Where bowers of flowers  
Bloom in the spring  
Each morning<sup>3</sup>  
At dawning  
Birdies sing and everything.  
The sunkest maid said “don’t be late”  
That’s why I can hardly wait  
Open up your golden gate  
California, here I come.

## **COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN**

Oh Columbia, the gem of the ocean!  
The home of the brave and the free!  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion-  
a world offers homage to thee.  
Thy mandates make heros assemble  
when Liberty's form stands in view.  
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble-  
When born of the red, white and blue!

(Chorus)

When born of the red, white and blue!  
When born of the red, white and blue!  
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble-  
When born of the red, white and blue!

(alternative chorus:)

Hurrah for the red, white and blue!  
Hurrah for the red, white and blue!  
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble-  
When born of the red, white and blue!

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<sup>3</sup> Al Jolson, who wrote it, said “mawnin” rather than “morning”

## **DIXIE**

I wish I was in the land of cotton,  
Old times there are long forgotten,  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away! Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land where I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin'  
Look away! Look away!  
Look away! Dixie Land.

Then I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, hooray!  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,  
To live and die in Dixie;  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

## **GEORGIA (See Marching through Georgia)**

### **HAPPY DAYS (Happy Days Are Here Again)**

Happy days are here again!  
The skies above are clear again.  
Let us sing a song of cheer again,  
Happy days are here again!

Altogether shout it now!  
There's no one who can doubt it now,  
So let's tell the world about it now  
Happy days are here again!

[Normally we don't sing the rest - we play it out]

Your cares and troubles are gone!  
There'll be no more from now on

Happy days are here again!  
The skies above are clear again.  
Let us sing a song of cheer again,  
Happy days are here again!

## **IN HEAVEN THERE IS NO BEER**

In Heaven there is no beer,  
That's why we drink it here,  
And when we are gone from here,  
All our friends will be drinking all our beer.

(Hier gibt es auf Deutsch)

Im Himmel gibt's kein bier  
D'rum trinken wir es hier  
und sind wir nicht mehr hier,  
dann trinken die andern unser bier.

## **LEANING** (Leaning on the Everlasting Arms)

What a fellow ship, what a joy divine  
Leaning on the everlasting arms  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

chorus:

Leaning, leaning,  
Safe and secure from all alarms,  
Leaning, leaning  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.  
I have joy complete, with my Lord so near  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

chorus again

## **MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA**

(Henry Clay Work)

Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along  
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

cho: Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the Jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free,  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching through Georgia!

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!  
How the turkeys gobbled that our commissary found!  
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,  
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years!  
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"  
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,  
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host  
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train  
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;  
Treason fled before us for resistance was in vain  
While we were marching through Georgia.

## **NELLIE** (Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie)

Wait 'til the sun shines, Nellie  
And the clouds go drifting by.  
Wait 'til the sun shines, Nellie,  
Don't you cry.  
Down lovers' lane we'll wander  
Sweethearts you and I,  
Wait 'til the sun shines Nellie,  
By and by.

**OVER THERE** <sup>4</sup>

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 everywhere  
So prepare  
Say a pray'r  
Send the word  
Send the word to beware  
We'll be over  
We're coming over  
And we won't come back 'til it's over over there

**TIPPERARY** (Londonderry Aire)

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.

Oh it's goodbye  
Piccadilly,  
Farewell to Leicester<sup>5</sup> Square.  
For it's a long long way to Tipperary,  
And my heart  
Is there.

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<sup>4</sup>Copied from George M. Cohan's sheet music, 1917

<sup>5</sup>Pronounced Lester - the English speak in mysterious ways.

## **WALK RIGHT IN**

Walk right in, sit right down,  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.  
Come on and sit right down, stay a little while  
You know you've been away too long.  
Everybody's talkin' 'bout a new way of walkin',  
Do you want to lose your mind?  
Come on and walk right in, sit right down  
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

## **WASHINGTON AND LEE SWING**

Washington and Lee and Wash-  
ington and Lee and Washington and Lee  
and Washington and Lee and Washington  
and Lee and Washington  
and Lee and Washington  
and Lee and Washington and Lee and Wash-  
ington and Lee and Washington and Lee  
and Washington and Lee and Washington  
and Lee and Washington.

## **WIZARD OF OZ**

We're off to see the Wizard  
The wonderful Wizard of Oz  
We hear he is a wiz of a wiz  
If ever a wiz there was  
If ever oh ever a wiz there was  
The Wizard of Oz is one because  
Because because because because because  
Because of the wonderful things he does  
We're off to see the Wizard  
The wonderful Wizard of Oz

**YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (The Yankee Doodle Boy)<sup>6</sup>**

I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy  
Yankee Doodle do or die  
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's  
Born on the Fourth of July  
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart  
She's my Yankee Doodle joy  
Yankee Doodle came to London  
Just to ride the ponies  
I am the Yankee Doodle boy

**YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG <sup>7</sup>**

You're a grand old flag  
Tho' you're torn to a rag  
And forever in peace may you wave  
You're the emblem of  
The land I love  
The home of the free and the brave

Ev'ry heart beats true  
Under Red, White, and Blue  
Where there's never a boast or a brag  
But should auld acquaintance be forgot  
Keep your eye on the grand old flag

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<sup>6</sup> Copied from George M. Cohan's sheet music, "The Yankee Doodle Boy", 1904.

<sup>7</sup> Copied from George M. Cohan's sheet music, 1906