

ARBUTUS GOLDEN AGE CLUB

Bugle Calls

1. First Call: Lyrics by C. A. Walker
I hate to disturb by playing.

1. First Call:
But the breeze from the ocean is freezing us all.

1. Race Track First Call:
The horses are parading onto the track. Now you
put up your money. If you're lucky, you might get
it back.

* * * * *

Assembly Lyrics by C. A. Walker

The assembly is out here. The First Sergeant screaming in our ear.
Hurry up. Hurry up. Hurry up. Hurry up.

* * * * *

First Sergeant Call Lyrics by C. A. Walker

The First Sergeant's here. The First Sergeant's here. We're shivering
with fear.

* * * * *

Officers' Call Lyrics by C. A. Walker

The officers are here. The officers are here. We're shivering with fear.
I wish I could get out of here - right now!

* * * * *

Adjutant Call No Words

* * * * *

One Star General No Words

* * * * *

Commander In Chief No Words

* * * * *

Reveille Original Words

You can't get them up, you can't get them up, you can't get them up
in the morning. You can't get them up, you can't get them up, you
can't get them up for the day.

Put on your pants and britches, put on your pants and britches, put
on your pants and britches, be ready for the day.

* * * * *

Mess Call

Original Words

Come and get your beans boys. Come and get them now. Come and get your beans boys. Come and get them now. Soupie, soupie, soupie, come and get them now.

* * * * *

Sick Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Fall out for sick call, sick call. If you're sick today, the dentist and medic will greet you with pills and shots-drills so hurry and get yours today.

* * * * *

Drill Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Drill call, drill call, hip - hip - hurray. Drill call, drill call, left and right all day.

* * * * *

Work Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Fall out for work call, happy and gay. Fall out for work call. Fall out today. Fall out right away.

* * * * *

Mail Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

I got a letter, you got a post card. I got a letter, you got none.

* * * * *

Guard Mount

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Fall out for Guard Mount. Get your ^{gear,} ~~beer,~~ fall in the front and in the rear. Your dress is right and ~~collar~~ ^{cover} down, the O. D. (officer of the day) will soon make his rounds.

* * * * *

Attention

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Attention everyone - attention, you bums.

* * * * *

Call to Quarters

No Words

* * * * *

Church Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Hear the bells, from the dells. Hear the bells, from the dells. They're telling you to go to church. They're telling you to go to church. They're telling you to go to chruch. Go to church and pray.

Tattoo

No Words

* * * * *

Taps

Original Words

From the hills. From the sky. Day is done. Gone the sun, from the sky.
All is well. God is nigh. Safely rest. *Rest in Peace.*

* * * * *

Fire Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

There's a fire. Jump in your clothes. Jump on the truck beside the hose.
It's burning 'neath the awful heat, but if we're fast we'll lick her.
So have no fear, the fireman's here. The fire is out. Hurray!

* * * * *

Re-Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Hear me loud and clear. The First Sergeant wants you here. Come a
running fast, or else he'll get your pass.

* * * * *

School Call

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

School call, an important call. So grab your pencils, grab your books.
Open up and have a look. Study here and make the grade, to get a better
job some day. School call is an important call.

* * * * *

Pay Day

Old Words

Pay day, pay day. What you gonna do with the drunken soldier.
Pay day, pay day. Put them in the guard house till he gets sober.

New Words

Pay day, pay day. What you gonna do with your money, soldier?
Pay day, pay day. Put some in the bank till my hitch is over.
Pay day, pay day - A soldier's day to play. I'll spend a little here,
and a little there. Some to the Red Cross and a little to C. A. R. E.
A.E.R. without a doubt. Step up, soldier - pay your money out.

* * * * *

Charge Attention

No Words

* * * * *

Charge Attention

Lyrics by Walt Disney

Who's afraid of the big, bad bear, the big, bad bear, the big bad bear.
Who's afraid of the big, bad bear. You, you, you.

* * * * *

Death Call

No Words

* * * * *

Retreat

Hail to the flag, the high-flying flag. - the flag that waves forever over the free and the brave. Long may she wave, waving proud and free. Wave on free, wave on free, over my country.

* * * * *

To the Colors

Lyrics by C. A. Walker

Salute the flag, as she floats gently down, and be ready on the ground ~~to clutch~~ her as she floats, gently down, and don't let her touch the ground. Ready on the right. Ready on the left. Here she comes. Ready, everyone, she has flown all day over the free and the brave. So fold her up, honor guard, and let her sleep. March on off and put her away.

* * * * *