"Sound Off!"

Soldier Songs From Yankee Doodle to Parley Voo

EDWARD ARTHUR DOLPH

Music Arranged by Philip Egner Illustrated by Lawrence Schick Foreword by Peter B. Kyne



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"SOUND OFF!"

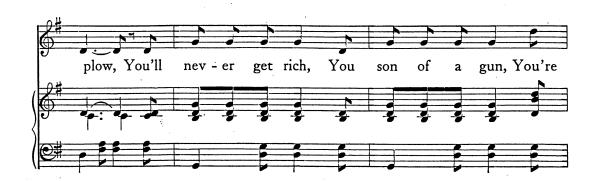
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YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Here are the traditional words to one of the best-known bugle-corps marches in the army.







YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW





THE BUGLE-CALLS



The history of our bugle-calls is very interesting. Many of them were borrowed from foreign armies. Reveille was taken from the French. The Germans gave us First Sergeants' Call. Tattoo, or "Tap-to" as it was originally called, was used during the Thirty Years' War as the signal to turn the tap "to" and cease the night's beer-drinking. Retreat, we are told, is one of the few calls that can be traced back to the Crusaders.

The words to most of the calls which are given here (except Taps) are now traditional. It is probable that some of these bugle-call songs originated during the Civil War, for many of them were known then, and it was during that war that calls began

to be standardized throughout the army.

REVEILLE





I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, etc.

MESS CALL





FATIGUE CALL





TAPS

Dear one, rest!
In the west
Sable night
Lulls the day on her breast.
Sweet, good night!
Now away
To thy rest.

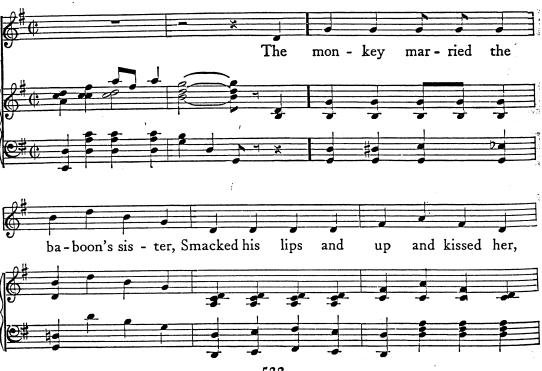
Love, sweet dreams!
Lo, the beams
Of the light
Fairy moon kiss the streams.
Love, good night!
Ah, so soon!
Peaceful dreams!

The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister



Just how this old ballad of the monkey's wedding became the "anthem" of the Ninth (colored) Cavalry it is hard to determine, but old-timers who once served with the Ninth think that it was brought into the regiment by some recruit from the South. This is entirely probable, for Colonel Cornelis de Wit Wilcox, retired, formerly professor of modern languages at West Point, once told me that he heard it sung many years ago in Georgia. At any rate it is now traditional with the Ninth, which uses it as the regimental march and has it played by its bugle corps at guard mount. At an officers' dance at Camp Stotsenberg, P.I., one night several years ago, the bugle corps marched sud-

denly into the officers' club and completely drowned out the regular orchestra. For an instant everyone paused in startled surprise. Then the conventional music was entirely forgotten as the delighted couples went whirling about the floor to the peppy notes of "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister."





Then she put on some court-plaster, Stuck so hard it couldn't stick faster. Surely was a great disaster, But it soon got well. Chorus

Oh, the monkey loved the baboon's sister, Smacked his lips and then he kissed her. Kissed her so hard he raised a blister, And she set up a yell.

Chorus

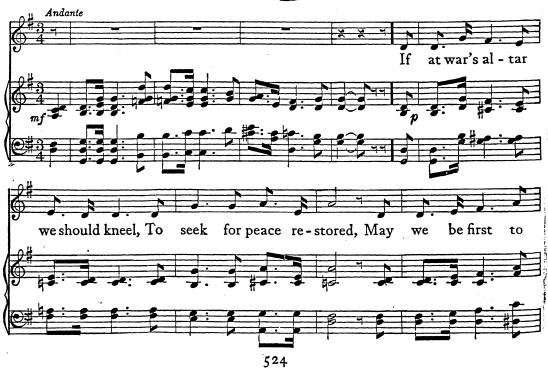
Now, what do you think the bride was dressed in? Green gauze dress and a big brass breast-pin, Red leather shoes. She was quite interesting, She was quite a belle.

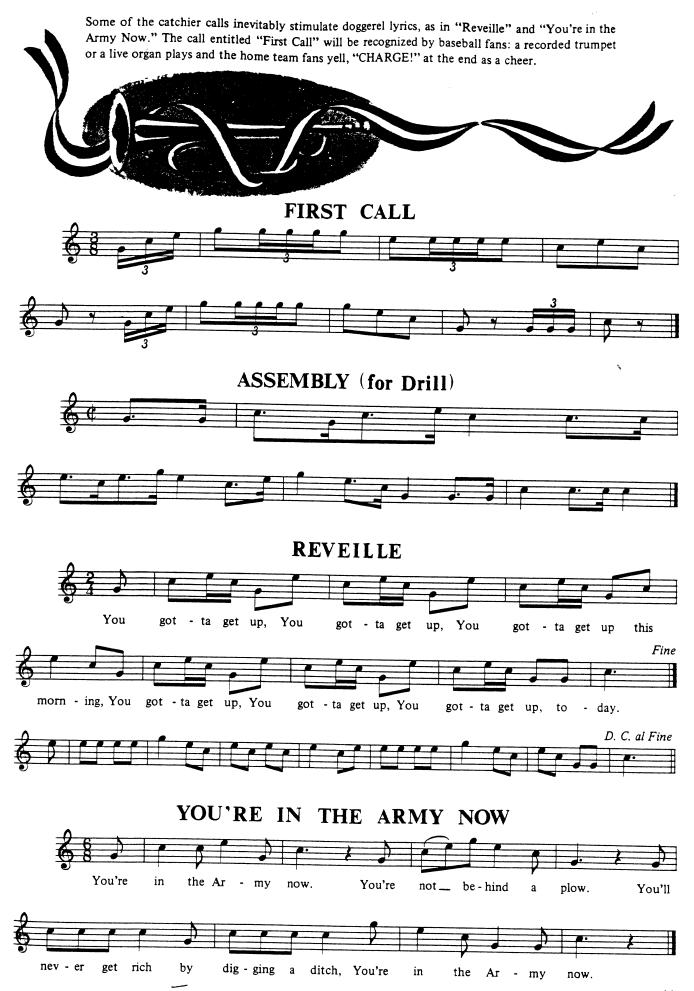
Chorus

TO THE EIGHTEENTH

An old Eighteenth Infantry song, sung to the tune of old Heidelberg.









America the Beautiful

A Collection of Best-Loved Patriotic Songs

-by Tom Glazer-

Illustrated by Barbara Corrigan

1987

Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SONGS THE SOLDIERS SANG

THE VALIANT CONSCRIPT. The rigors of "basic training" for the raw recruit, particularly the draftee, have always been a subject for army humor. This Confederate camp song also mocks the "heroism" of the conscript, although one can detect a glimmer of sympathetic identification on the part of the anonymous author with the Civil War "sad sack" in the last stanza.

Songs complaining of army life were sung in both Union and Confederate camps. Another Southern soldier song directs its fire against that traditional army bugaboo, The Bugler:

> In nice log huts he saw the light, Of cabin fires, warm and bright, The sight afforded him no heat, And so he sounded the "Retreat."

Upon the fire he saw a pot, Of sav'ry viands smoking hot, Said he, "They shan't enjoy that seew," Then "Boots and Saddles" loudly blew.

But soldiers, you were made to fight, To starve all day and watch all night, And should you chance get bread and meat, That bugler will not let you eat.

And then, interestingly enough, the song ends on a wistful note of wishing for peace:

> Oh hasten, then, that glorious day, When buglers shall no longer play, When we through peace shall be set free, From "Tattoo," "Taps," and "Reveille."

"The Soldier's Fare" is another good-natured Confederate "gripe song," this one written by a soldier who thought enough of his verses to write a stanza containing his signature—in good folk song tradition:

Not many you good people know What we poor soldiers undergo.

Sometimes we lie on the cold ground, Where there's no shelter to be sound.

But as to grog we get enough, Although our beef is lean and tough; But as to that we'll not complain— We hope to get good beef again.

Our doctor is a man of skill, And every day he gives a pill, And if that pill does not prove well, He gives a dose of calomel. You want to know who composed this song, I'll tell you now, it won't take long, It was composed by J. P. Hite,
On his post on one rainy night.

The disdain of the professional soldier for to conscript is revealed in "The Soldier's Amen," Civil War version of one of the most popular sedier songs in the English-speaking world, sontimes known as "The Soldier and the Sailor" "The Soldier's Prayer":

As a couple of good soldiers were walking one day, Said one to the other—"Let's kneel down and pray! I'll pray for the ear, and the good of all men—"And whatever I pray for, do you say 'Amen.""

"We'll pray for the privates, the noblest of all:
They do all the work and get no glory at all.

May good luck and good fortune them always atter
"And return crowned with laurels!" said the Soldi
Amen.

"We'll pray for the Conscript with frown on his bro-To fight for his country, he won't take the vow; as May bad luck and bad fortune him always attend"; "And die with dishonor"—said the Soldier's Amen.

Typical of Northern complaint songs "Would You Be a Soldier, Laddy?" which se to have been designed to work up enthusiasm enlistment, though it is questionable how ve such as these could help rouse any young ma ardor for army life:

Would you be a soldier, laddy?

Come and serve old Uncle Sam!

Come and serve old Uncle Sam!

He henceforth must be your daddy,

And Columbia your dam.

Do you like salt-horse and beans?
Do you know what hardtack means?
Jolly hard-tack, tack, tack, tack,
That's the stuff you have to crack,
Do you like salt-horse and beans?

Of sourse, abacest all soldier "griping", s have that constant strain of irony and grim mor which help to make the burden of army o pline easier to bear. Far too many wars have pr beyond doubt that the soldier who gets his g off his chest in song or story or by swearing a officers will be a better fighting man for it.

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CONFEDERATE YANKEE DOODLE. With stubborn streak of political and poetic perversit:

UPI DEI DI

Apparently buglers were no more popular with the "Rebs" of the sixties than they were with the "Yanks" of seventeen; for this song, sometimes called "That Bugler," was sung in the Washington Artillery of New Orleans early in the war. It was written by A. G. Knight. The tune, which was arranged by A. E. Blackmar, is from an old song of the same name as this one, and has also been used by the British Army.



UPI DEI DI



On the fire he spied a pot,
Tra la la! tra la la!
Choicest viands smoking hot,
Tra la la la la.
Says he, "You shan't enjoy that stew,"
So "Boots and Saddles" loudly blew—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! Upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di.

Soldiers, you are made to fight,
Tra la la! tra la la!
To starve all day and march all night,
Tra la la la la.
Perchance if you get bread and meat,
That bugler will not let you eat—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! Upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di di!
Upi dei di.

A History of the Civil War in Song

SINGING SOLDIERS

(THE SPIRIT OF THE SIXTIES)

Selections and historical commentary
PAUL GLASS

BROOKLYN COLLEGE of the CITY UNIVERSITY of NEW YORK

Musical arrangements for piano and guitar LOUIS C. SINGER

Foreword by JOHN HOPE FRANKLIN

A DA CAPO PAPERBACK

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The Upidee Song

Words: D. G. Knight Music: A. E. Blackmar

This jolly Confederate song establishes the bugler as the "killjoy" of the army. The familiar tones regulate the soldier's life, disturb him at meals, and interrupt the few moments of leisure that occasionally come along. The poem apes Longfellow's "Excelsior."





2.

He saw, as in their bunks they lay,
Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!
How soldiers spent the dawning day.
Tra, la, la, la, la.
"There's too much comfort there,"said he,
"And so I'll blow the 'Reveille'."

Chorus: Upi dei, etc.

3.

In nice log huts he saw the light,
 Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!
Of cabin fires, warm and bright,
 Tra, la, la, la,
The sight afforded him no heat,
And so he sounded the "Retreat."

Chorus: Upi dei, etc.

4.

Upon the fire he spied a pot,
Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!
Choicest viands smoking hot,
Tra, la, la, la, la.
Says he, "You shan't enjoy the stew,"
So "Boots and Saddles" loudly blew.

Chorus: Upi dei, etc.

5.

They scarce their half-cooked meal begin
Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!
Ere orderly cries out, "Fall in!"
Tra, la, la, la, la.
Then off they march through mud and rain,
P'raps only to march back again.

Chorus: Upi dei, etc.

6.

But soldiers, you are made to fight,
Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!
To starve all day and march all night,
Tra, la, la, la, la.
Perchance if you get bread and meat
That bugler will not let you eat.

Chorus: Upi dei, etc.

7.

Oh, hasten then, that glorious day
Tra, la, la! tra, la, la!
When buglers shall no longer play;
Tra, la, la, la, la.
When we, through Peace, shall be set free
From "Tattoo," "Taps" and "Reveille."

Chorus: Upi dei, etc.

"SOUND OFF!"

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BUGLE CALLS A-PLENTY

"FIRST CALL! Up at the break of dawn, When REVEILLE sounds let no one yawn, ASSEMBLY, too, and then to MESS; There's DRILL to do to win success. The bugle sounds the ADJUTANT'S CALL, RETREAT parade is best of all, When day is done we doff our caps, And rest begins at sound of TAPS."

"GREAT BAND MUSIC" LPM-1133, RCA VICTOR, NEW ORTHOPHONIC, HIGH-FIDELITY Paul Lavalle and the Cities Service Band of America Radio Corporation of America, 1955.

"BUGLE CALLS A-PLENTY" (a medley of bugle calls), Side Two Paul Lavalle, Stargen-Sam Fox Publishing Co. (GRADE A)



Written, Composed and /or Collected

The Men in the Service

Edited by

EDGAR A. PALMER

Illustrated by

Richard A. Loederer and Kurt Werth

SHERIDAN HOUSE, Publishers

New York

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Musical Arrangements by Paul Eisler Music Autography by Henri Courtade

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REVEILLE





I can't get them up, I can't get them up, I can't get them up in the morning. I can't get them up, I can't get them up, I can't get them up, I can't get them up at all. The corporal's worse than the privates, The sergeant's worse than the corporals, Lieutenants are worse than sergeants, And the captain's worst of all!

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW



You're in the Army now,
You're not behind the plow.
You'll never get rich
You son of a gun,
You're in the Army now!
You're in the Army now,
You're in the Army now,
You'll never get rich
On the salary which
You get in the Army now!

FATIGUE CALL

With a pick and a shovel and with a hoe, With a sentry at your back you won't say no; With a pick and with a shovel and with a hoe, Down the ditch you go!

MESS CALL

Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean; Porky, porky, porky, without a streak of lean; Coffee, coffee, coffee, the weakest ever seen!



STABLE CALL

Come off to the stable,
All ye who are able
And give your horses some oats and some corn;
For if you don't do it, your colonel will know it,
And then you will rue it,
As sure as you're born.

SICK CALL

Come and get your quinine, And come and get your pills; Oh, come and get your quinine, And cure all your ills, And cure your ills!

TAPS



Fading light Dims the sight, And a star gems the sky, Gleaming bright From afar, drawing nigh, Falls the night. Dear one, rest! In the west Sable night Lulls the day on her breast. Sweet, good night! Now away To thy rest. Love, sweet dreams! Lo, the beams Of the light Fairy moon kiss the streams. Love, good night! Ah, so soon! Peaceful dreams!

Son of a bum Colombo. But things were not so pretty; He settled down to stay a while, They reeked, it had been found-o, Which really was a pity. That heavy-headed, always dreaded They shrieked the world was round-o, The sailors started to get drunk

But this time not with Chris, alas, When Chris sailed back to Spain again, That son of a bum Colombo. He shrugged: The world is round-o Another had his inning. The queen was still a-sinning, said, it could be found-o. hat poorly treated, badly cheated

(There are many versions and many more verses. Roll your own



THE SON OF THE BEACH

For the sake of an unborn child. A band of sailors bowed their heads The waves dashed high and wild. 'T was on a dark and stormy night,

Saw Daniel tame the lions in the hold

Up as high as they were able, And helped build the Tower of Babel

But the waves were the mother's tomb. A child was born on the sands that night, And cast her to her doom. They lashed the mother to a mast,

A life-saver bold is he. Long years have passed, the child has grown He sings this song of the sea: And as he walks along the sands

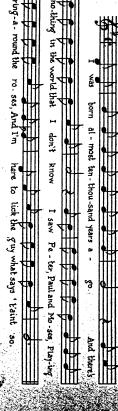
Ason of the beach am !!" Born on a dark and stormy night, When the waves dashed wild and high. A son of the beach am I. "I'm a son of the beach, I'm a son of the beach, 'm a son of the beach, I'm a son of the beach,

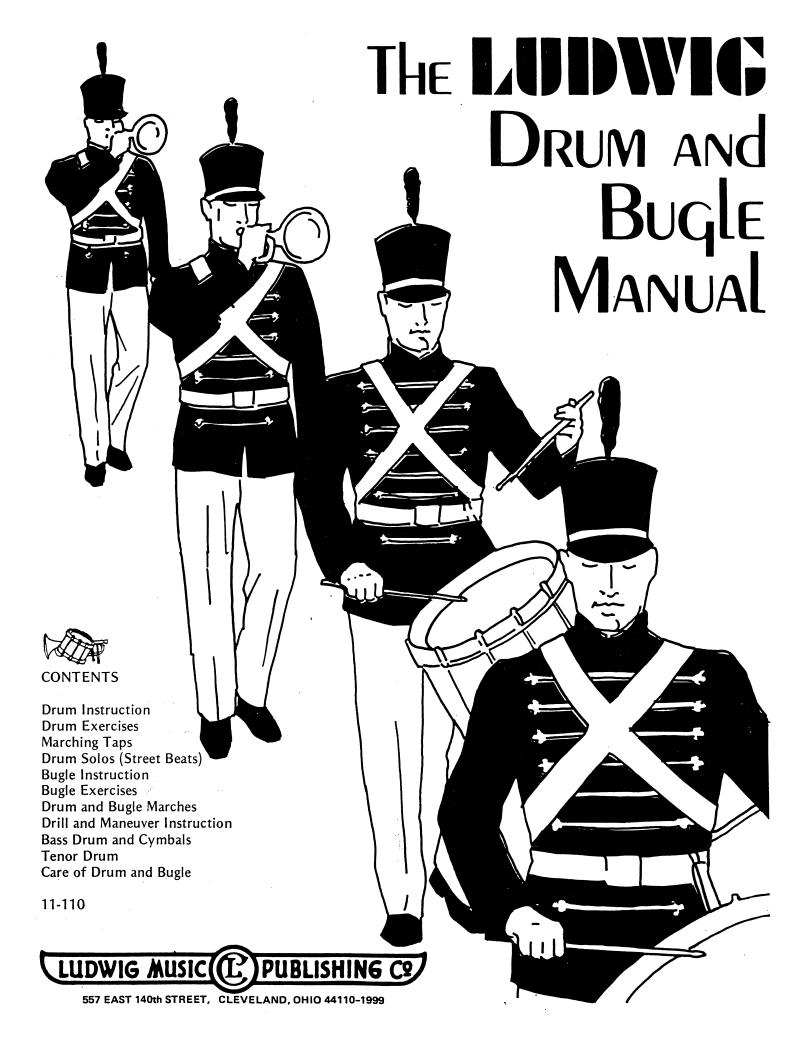


Queen Elizabeth, she fell in love with me With Methusaleh one day saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze. And while sailing down the bay And there's lots of other things I haven't told helped Brigham Young to make Limburger ch taught Solomon his little ABC's

Saw Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring But I schemed around and shook her, And I saw the flags a-flying To shoot mosquitoes down in Tennessee And I went with General Hooker remember when the country had a king We were married in Milwaukee secretly

On the night when Patti first began to sing When George Washington stopped lying



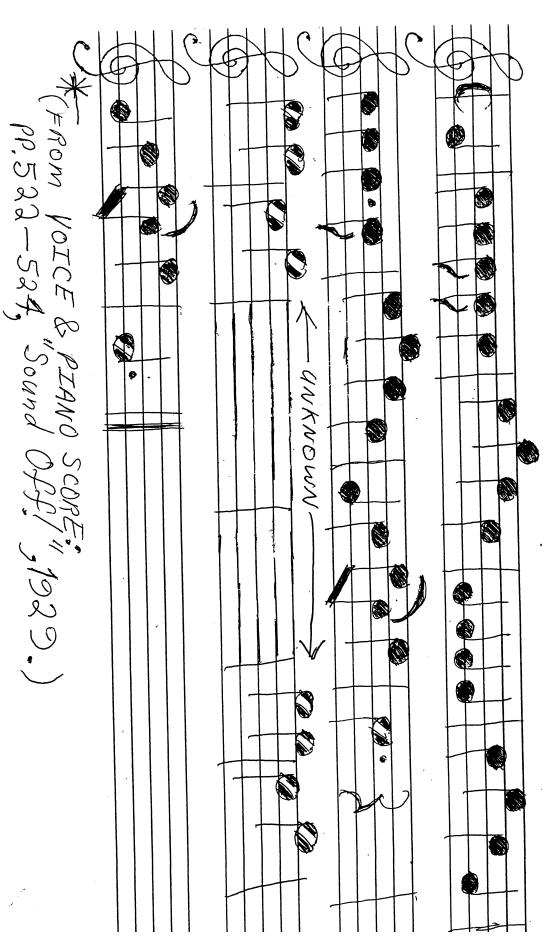






THE MONKEY MARRIED THE BABOON'S SISTER*

RE-ARRANGED FOR FIELD TRUMPET/BUGLE



Written and Edited by William F. Ludwig

Music Arrangements by John C. Zeran, Andrew V. Scott, and Edwin Riemer

Drum photos posed by Frank Arsenault

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