









S/SGT.
MARSHALL A. Webb



Away from the hustle

Away from the bustle

Away from those city lights!

There's little, we think,

Can match a cool drink

In a cabin on moonlit nights!

Loose Item



Loose Item

"DEDICATION"

I S/SGT. MARSHALL A. Webb wish to DEDICATE THIS BOOK OF POEMS IN A FEW SIMPLE WORDS TO MY BUDDIES ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN ON THE FIELDS OF BATTLE FOR IT IS THEY WHO ARE THE REAL HERO'S OF THIS UNWATED, AND ALWAYS WILL BE REMEMBERED, WAR." THEY HAVE PAID DEARLY WITH THEIR LIVES, NOT WILLINGLY BUT BECAUSE THE JOB HAD TO BE DONE BY SOMEONE. FOREVER WILL THEY BE REMEMBERED BY THEIR LOVED ONES AND BY US WHO HAVE FOUGHT BY THEIR SIDES, MAY ALL MIGHTY GOD LOOK UPON THEIR SOULS.

THIS BOOK OF POEMS WAS WRITTEN BY S/SGT. MARSHALL A. Webb DURING WORLD WAR II AFTER THE BATTLE WAS COMPLETED AND WON. EACH POEM IS OF AN INCIDENT THAT TOOK PLACE ON THE FIELD. THESE FACTS ARE BUT A FEW

THAT OCCURRED WHILE IN BATTLE AND LONG
WILL BE REMEMBERED BY S/SGT. Webb AND HIS
BUDDIES WHO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN THOSE
DREADFUL MOMENTS.

S/SGT. MARSHALL A. Webb WAS CALLED UPON
FOR DUTY FROM CAMPBELLVILLE KENTUCKY IN
1942 AND WAS ON HIS WAY TO CROSS THE THEN
DANGEROUS BLUES IN 1943 TO AN UNKNOWN DEST-
INATION. ON JAN. 44 HE LANDED IN AFRICA FOR bold
ADVANCE TRAINING THAT HE WOULD SOON USE IN HIS
NEEDED TASK. A FEW MONTHS LATER THE DIVISION
WAS CALLED TO ITALY FOR ACTION. THERE FOR THE
FIRST TIME CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY. HAS
FOUGHT THROUGH PLACES LIKE MINTORNO, MILES
UPON MILES OF MOUNTAINS, BOAM, PO VALLEY AND
MANY, MANY OTHERS TO THE AUSTRIAN BORDER.

"UP FRONT."

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY, ON THE 11TH OF MAY

WE WAITED FOR OUR ORDERS ONE COOL CLOUDY DAY.

AS WE WAITED PATIENTLY AND DARKNESS DREW NEAR,

WE RECEIVED OUR ORDERS — TO HAVE NO FEAR.

AS I LOOKED AT MY WATCH IT WAS JUST EVEN TEN
AT ELEVEN WAS OUR H. HOUR. THEN HELL WOULD BEGIN.

AS WE STOOD IN THE DARKNESS SWEATING OUT THE TIME
WAITING TO ATTACK THAT GUSTAV LINE.

THE MOON WAS LIKE A SEARCHLIGHT, AS WE REACHED NORMAN'S LAND

I PUT MY TRUST IN GOD, AND HE TOOK ME BY THE HAND.

HE'S THE ONE THAT GAVE ME COURAGE, FAITH THAT I WOULDN'T MIND

GAVE ME STRENGTH TO PUSH FORWARD — BURST THROUGH THAT GUSTAV
LINE.

AS WE STRUGGLED TO PUSH FORWARD HOW THE SHELLS WHISTLED AND WHINED

YET I HAD MY TRUST IN GOD, THAT THE NEXT ONE WASN'T MINE

AS THE SWEAT STOOD ON MY FOREHEAD THERE WAS LOTS ON MY MIND

BUT NOW THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS WERE CROSSING OVER THE GUSTAV
LINE

'UP FRONT.

Then we Reached our MAIN objective but just at BREAK OF DAY
DEATH IN HELL STRUCK OUR COMPANY ALL AROUND ME MY BUDDIES LAY
AS I KNELT DOWN BY MY BUDDY. HE KNEW IT WAS HIS TIME
THANK GOD WE WON OUR VICTORY WE HOLD THE GUSTAV LINE.

YOU CAN TALK OF ALL YOUR BATTLES AND HISTORY WILL TELL
BUT THE ONE FOUGHT AT TREMINSOLO WAS SURE A BLOODY HELL
AND WHEN WE REACH THE U.S.A. THESE THOUGHTS WILL DWELL IN MIND
HOW WE FOUGHT AND FELT AT TREMINSOLO TAKING OVER THE
GUSTAV LINE.

"
KENTUCKY.

KINDLY TAKE ME BACK TO KENTUCKY
EVERY INCH OF THE WAY
NEED WE STOP FOR ANYTHING
TAKE ME BACK TO STAY
UNITED WE STAND FOREVER
CAUSE YOU WILL ALWAYS BE
KENTUCKY MY OLD STAMPING GROUND
YOU'RE THE PLACE THAT'S HEAVEN TO ME.

"FIFTH ARMY"

I'M A SOLDIER SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE

I'VE FOUGHT ALL THE WAY FROM ROME

I'VE BEEN ALL OVER SUNNY ITALY

THE FIFTH ARMY I CALL MY HOME.

IT'S AN ARMY WITH A STEEL BACK BONE

AND BELONGS TO OUR UNCLE SAM

WITH PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN FREEDOM

BEST NATION THAT WILL EVER BE FOUND.

IN THIS ARMY THERE'S ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

BLACK, YELLOW, BROWN, AND WHITE

PEOPLE WHO LOVE THEIR COUNTRY

AND GUIDED BY GOD'S HOLY LIGHT.

WE HAVE AMERICANS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH

RUSSIANS, ITALIANS, AND JEWS

INDIANS, ARABS AND NEGROES

AND EVEN A MEXICAN OR TWO.

'FIFTH ARMY.

THERE'S LOTS OF CHINESE AND CANADIANS
AND A FEW JAPS THATS PROVED THERE SELF TRUE
BUT YOU'LL FIND THEY ALL OUR ALLIES
AND TRUE AS THE RED WHITE AND BLUE.

THERE'S SOLDIERS FROM ALL OVER THE U.S.A.
FROM THE SWOMPS OF OLD LOUISIANA
WE EVEN HAVE SOLDIERS FROM GEORGIA
AND FROM THE STATE OF OLD ALABAMA

THERE'S SEVERAL SOLDIERS FROM BOSTON
DETROIT. AND OLD CHICAGO
BUT I'M FROM BELOW THE DIXIE LINE
DOWN WHERE THE BLUE GRASS GROWS.

THERES SEVERAL FROM THE NEW YORK STATE
JERSEY, VERMONT AND MAINE
BUT NO MATTER WHERE THEY COME FROM
IT'S HOME SWEET HOME JUST THE SAME.

FIFTH ARMY.

YOU CAN ROAM THIS WHOLE WORLD OVER
EAST, WEST, NORTH AND SOUTH
BUT YOU'LL FIND THE GOOD OLD UNITED STATES
IS THE BEST LAND THATS PLACED ON THE MAP.

"CHRISTMAS GREETING"

THIS TIME DEAR MOTHER AT CHRISTMAS
MY LOVE I'M SENDING TO YOU
WITH BEST WISHES FROM YOUR LOVING SON
AND A HAPPY NEW YEARS TOO.

MAY GOD LOOK DOWN FROM HEAVEN
AND BRING YOU CHRISTMAS CHEER
WITH HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FOREVER
THROUGHOUT THE COMING NEW YEAR.

BUT MOST OF ALL DEAR MOTHER
IN WORDS I CAN NEVER SAY
MY LOVE AND DEVOTION AS PURE AS THE SNOW
ON THIS BRIGHT CHRISTMAS DAY.

"THINKING"

AS I SIT HERE THINKING IN A HOLE DUG IN THE GROUND
EVERY SHELL THAT COMES MY WAY IT'S GOT THAT MORNING SOUND
WHILE MACHINE-GUNS KEEP SPATTERING AND PLANES FLY OVER
THIS HOLE IS STILL MY LOVELY HOME AND ROCKS ARE STILL MY ^{HEAD} _{bed.}

AS THE SHELLS THEY DROP AROUND ME YET MY RIFLE IS IN MY HAND
READY TO PULL THE TRIGGER AT THE SIGHT OF ANY MAN
THERE'S TERRIES IN THE DISTANCE AND I KNOW THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME
BUT I LOVE THIS HOLE IN THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THERES MUD AND WATER
TO MY KNEES.

AT NIGHT THE WIND IS CHILLY THROUGHOUT THIS ITALIAN LAND
SOMETIMES I GET TO THINKING IT'S MORE THEN A MAN CAN STAND
BUT I LOVE THIS HOLE IN THE MOUNTAINS BUT GOSH HOW I WISH IT COULD BE
A TWO BY SIX IN MY OWN BACK YARD. THATS THE PLACE THATS WAITING
FOR ME.

"ONE YEAR AGO TODAY."

JUST ONE YEAR AGO TODAY
IN OLD FORT DIX MANY MILES AWAY
IN THE GOOD OLD STATES IN THE LAND THATS FREE
THATS WHERE I WAS IN THE INFANTRY.

ON THAT DAY I WAS SUPRISED
MY SARG CAME IN LOOK ME IN THE EYE
SAID THE TIME HAS COME ARE YOU READY TO GO
FOR HERE IN MY HAND IS YOUR FURLOUGH.

WITH A TREMBLING HAND AND A THROBBING HEART
I GRABBED THE PAPER WAS READY TO START
BUT I HAD NO MONEY WHAT COULD I DO
WITH MY FURLOUGH WAITING JUST SEVEN DAYS TOO.

I THOUGHT OF THIS I THOUGHT OF THAT
NOTHING SEEMED TO WORK MY POCKET BOOK FLAT
THEN AN IDEA CAME TO ME
THE AMERICAN RED CROSS JUST DOWN THE STREET.

I HURRIED AWAY TO GET THE DOUGH
IN AN HOUR OR SO I WAS READY TO GO
AS I ARRIVED AT THE M.P. GATE
I WAS HAPPY AND PROUD THERE WAS NO MISTAKE.

HOW WELL I REMEMBER AND ALWAYS WILL
WHEN I BOUGHT MY TICKET FOR OLD C-VILLE
WHEN I CRAWLED ABOARD THAT STREAM LINED TRAIN
IT DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT COMEING HOME AGAIN.

AS NIGHT ROLLED AROUND ALL ALONE IN MY SEAT
I LISTEN TO THE BUMBLINGS DOWN UNDER MY FEET.
IT SEEM TO SAY ALL NIGHT LONG
OVER AND OVER HOME SWEET HOME.

HER WHISTLE WAS LONESOME AS SHE SPED THROUGH THE NIGHT
I COULD HARDLY WAIT FOR THE COMING DAY LIGHT
ON THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE I THOUGHT
IN OLD INDIANAPOLIS SHE CAME TO A HALT.

WHERE ARE WE CONDUCTOR I SAID WITH A SIGH
IN OLD INDIANAPOLIS WAS THE SNAPPY REPLY
IN ABOUT TEN MINVITS SHE GAVE A LOUD SQUEEL
AND I KNEW HER NEXT STOP WAS OLD LOUISVILLE

AS SHE CROSSED OVER THE RIVER I COULD SEE ON A SIGN
IN BIG RED LETTERS WHERE IT SAID STATE LINE
MY HEART BEAT FASTER I WAS HAPPY WITH PRIDE
FOR NOW I WAS ENTERING THE STATE OF KY.

IN OLD LOUISVILLE I WAS THE FIRST ONE IN LINE
TO BUY A BUS TICKET TO THAT HOME TOWN OF MINE
AS I WALKED UP THE STREET EVERYTHING WAS SO QUIET
NO ONE SEEME TO NOTICE I WAS BURNING WITH DELIGHT

BUT THAT HAS BEEN QUIET A WHILE I'D SAY
EXACTLY ONE YEAA AGO TODAY
AND SOMETIMES I WONDER IN THE SWEET BY AND BY
IF I'LL BUY ANOTHER TICKET BACK TO OLD KY.

"MORALE OF Co. E."

IN THE THREE THIRTY NINTH IS OLD Co. E.
THROUGH RAIN AND MUD THEY MARCH WITH SPEED
WHILE OTHERS RIDE ALL DAY LONG
THE LONE STARS Co. GOES MARCHING RIGHT ON.

WHILE IN OUR REST CAMP WE MARCH ALL TIME
ITS DRIVING ME NUTS I'M LOSEING MY MIND
FROM DAWN TO DUST WE MARCH ALL DAY
NO TIME OFF WE NEVER HAVE OUR WAY.

WE MARCH TO THE OCEAN TO TAKE A SWIM
JUST FOR FIVE MINUTES THEN YOU MARCH AGAIN
THEY'LL MARCH YOU HERE THEY'LL MARCH YOU THERE
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT YOU EVERY WHERE.

WE MARCH TO THE RANGE TO SHOOT OUR GUNS
SO THE PEOPLE BACK HOME CAN BUY WAR BONDS
AFTER THREE LONG MILES THEY'LL SAY TAKE TEN
AFTER SMOKING A CIGARETTE YOU MARCHING AGAIN.

MORALE OF Co. E.

They'll MARCH you To The show To see The NEWS
OF GERMAN PROPAGANDA Which is ALL UNTRUE
They'll Give you The FACTS DETAILS AND Lies
LEAVE you bitching AND wish you would Die.

When PRY DAY comes you STAND in line
FOR OVER AN HOUR in The HOT SUN SHINE
You STAND AT ATTENTION YOUR FEET in PLACE
Give A SNAPPY SALUTE AND THEN ABOUT FACE.

When NOON TIME someone will SQUALL
We ALL line UP FOR THATS CHOW CALL
You MARCH To The Kitchen Then The SARG WILL SAY
Hold IT boys We EAT LAST TODAY.

AT The end of The line A SARG WILL STAND
A LITTLE YELLOW PILL Will be PLACED in YOUR HAND
Through The Chow line You MARCH Like A TRAMP
With SHOP To EAT AND MUD To DRINK.

MORALE OF Co. E.

EVERY DAY ITS THE SAME OLD THING
FROM DAWN TO DUST WE MARCH IN PAIN
OUR MORALE IS LOW WE GETTING WEAK
I'VE OFTEN WOKE UP MARCHING IN MY SLEEP.

AND IF WE LUCKY TO GET BACK HOME
WE'LL HAVE NO FEET JUST THE NAKED BONES
WE'LL ALL BE TRAMPS AND WALK THE STREETS
AND STAND IN LINE FOR SOMTHING TO EAT.

IF WE LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED BUT OUR CHANCES ARE FEW
WE'LL BE MARCHING IN OUR SLEEP LIKE WE USED TO DO
AND WHEN WE DIE THE DEVIL WILL TELL
WE RENDERED A SALUTE AS WE MARCHED THROUGH HELL.

"JUST AS I AM"

I'M A WORNOUT SOLDIER MY HEAD GETTING GARY
MY CARBURATER BUSTED ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE
MY SHOES ARE THIN I HAVE NO PANTS
LITTLE TO EAT AND NOTHING TO DRINK

'JUST AS I AM.

MY NERVES ARE SHOT I SHAKE ALL TIME
MY BLOOD ALL GONE I'M LOOSING MY MIND
WANT be LONG BEFORE THE PEARLY GATES
NO HIDE ON MY FEET NEED A SECTION EIGHT

MY LUNGS STOPPED UP ALMOST THROUGH
MY HEART IS MISSING HITTING ON TWO
AGE TWENTY THREE IF I LIVE UNTIL SPRING
I'M A DAM GOOD SOLDIER FOR THE SHAPE I'M IN.

"When"

WHEN JACKASSES LEARN TO SING TENOR
AND RATTLESNAKES WALK ON LEGS
WHEN HOOTOWLS ALL SPEAK ENGLISH
AND ROOSTERS LAY SQUARE EGGS

WHEN SAPSUCKERS CHUM WITH THE NIGHTINGALE
AND WOODPECKERS MATES WITH THE WREN
WHEN ALL THE BOYS RETURN BACK HOME
AND THERES PEACE ON EARTH AGAIN.

When.

When The RAIL ROAD RUNS UNDER THE OCEAN
AND THE MILK MAN MAKES MILK OUT OF CHALK
When ALL OLD BACHELORS START COURTING
AND GIRLS FORGET how TO TALK.

When GREEN BACKS GROW ON FIG TREES
AND CIGARETTES HANG FROM A VINE
When RAZOR BACK HOGS GROW FEATHERS
AND THE STARS NO LONGER SHINE.

When The MAN IN THE MOON COMES DOWN IN A BALLOON
AND LIQUOR IT SPRINGS FROM THE EARTH
When ALL LITTLE KIDS GROW MUSTACHE
AND TALK FROM THE DAY OF THEIR BIRTH

When JAPAN TAKES OVER THE U.S. FLEET
FROM THE HANDS OF OUR UNCLE SAM
Then HITLER WILL RULE THE UNITED STATES
AND THE COUNTRY WON'T BE WORTH A DAMN.

"Wondering"

We read in the papers
of news from all around
but never in a single word
of news from our home town.

We often sit and study
it things are coming along
of what our friends and loved ones
are doing away back home.

We wonder if they think of us
while we're so far away
and what they're doing toward the war
to bring us back some day.

But most of all we wonder
if the time will come and when
we'll all return and start life new
and peace on earth again.

"HITLER COUNT YOUR CHILDREN"

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY ONE SUNNY DAY
THE EIGHTY FIFTH MOVED FORWARD THE 11th OF MAY
TO ATTACK THE ENEMY THE DIRTY SWINE
DOWN AT TREMINSOLO ON THE GUSTAV LINE.

AS WE MARCHED THROUGH SCARRI IT WAS SURE A SIGHT
NOT A BUILDING STANDING FROM THAT AWFUL NIGHT
WITH THE ARMY AND NAVY A JOB WELL DONE
THE EIGHTY FIFTH HAD THE JERRIES ON THE RUN.

AS WE CAME TO GAETHA AT THE BREAK OF DAY
WE ATE OUR LUNCH THEN WAS ON OUR WAY
TO THE TOWN OF ITRY WE PUSHED FORWARD THAT DAY
BUT THE JERRIES WERE WAITING IN THE USUAL WAY.

ALL NIGHT LONG WE FOUGHT IN PAIN
UNDER ENEMY FIRE GOD! HOW IT RAINED
BUT OLD E. CO. WAS STRONG AND BRAVE
SOON MOST OF THE JERRIES WERE IN THEIR GRAVE.

'HITLER COUNT YOUR CHILDREN,
YARD BY YARD AND MILE BY MILE
EACH HILL WE TOOK WOULD BRING A SMILE
NOTHING COULD STOP US OUR OBJECTIVE WAS ROME
EACH STEP WE TOOK FORWARD WOULD BE CLOSER TO
HOME

BUT SOME OF OUR BUDDIES FOUGHT AND FELL
IN THAT DREADFUL BATTLE THAT BLOODY HELL
I'VE OFTEN WISHED THAT THEY COULD KNOW
JUST HOW FAR NOW WE HAD TO GO.

BUT THE OLD EIGHTY FIFTH WAS STRONG AND BRAVE
THEY PUT MANY A JERRIE IN HIS LONELY GRAVE
WE COULD NOW SEE THE ENEMY AS HE TURNED TO FLEE
BUT THE SOUND OF A RIFLE WOULD BRING HIM TO HIS
KNEES

ALL DAY LONG WE WOULD FIGHT UNTIL NIGHT
WE KNEW ROME WAS ALMOST IN SIGHT
OUR MORALE WAS HIGH AND OUR HOPES WERE STRONG
WE WOULD SING OR WHISTLE AS WE MARCHED ALONG.

HITLER COUNT YOUR CHILDREN.

WE COULD IMAGINE THE HEAD-LINES IN THE PAPERS BACK HOME
WHERE THE OLD EIGHTY FIFTH WAS MARCHING TO ROME
AND AS WE MOVED FORWARD ANYONE WOULD KNOW
OLD E. CO. WAS IN THE FRONT ROW.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT EARLY MORN
THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CITY OF ROME
AND I KNOW ALL MY BUDDIES IN THE OLD FIRST PLT.
WILL REMEMBER THAT DAY THE FIFTH OF JUNE.

AS WE ENTERED THE CITY EVERYONE TRIED TO SMILE
FOR TAKING OVER ROME WAS SOMETHING WORTH WHILE
WITH GENERAL CLARK IN THE LEAD THE EIGHTY FIFTH MOVED ON
CROWDS OF CHEER FILLED THE AIR AS WE MARCHED THROUGH
ROME

AND NOW WE HOLD THE CITY OR THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY
BUT THE OLD EIGHTY FIFTH GETTING FARTHER AWAY
WE FOUGHT FOR THE CITY THREW RAIN SNOW AND SHEET
THE M.P.S. TOOK OVER WE NOT ALLOWED ON THE STREETS.

HITLER COUNT YOUR CHILDREN.

THEY SAY HITLER'S WORRIED I WOULDNT BE SURPRISED
FOR HIS CHILDREN IN ITALY MOST OF THEM HAVE DIED
SO HITLER COUNT YOUR CHILDREN ONE BY ONE
THE EIGHTY FIFTH IS COMING FIGHTING SON-OF-A-GUNS

WHEN WE REACH BERLIN WE'LL STOP RIGHT THERE
OLD GLORY WILL WAVE IN THE MIDST OF THE AIR
HISTORY WILL TELL TO THE END OF TIME
HOW THE EIGHTY FIFTH MOVED FORWARD FROM THE GUSTAV
LINE

"REMEMBER ME,"

WHEN HEAVEN PULLS ITS CURTAINS DOWN
AND PINS IT WITH A STAR
I'LL REMEMBER YOU SWEETHEART
NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE.

EACH LONELY NIGHT WHEN THE MOON COMES OUT
AND STARS COME OUT TO PLAY
I START WONDERING OF YOU SWEETHEART
FOUR THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

REMEMBER ME.

AND I HOPE YOU ARE THANKING TOO
OF THE BOY THAT WILL RETURN SOME DAY
TO YOU SWEETHEART THE ONE I LOVE
SO MANY MILES AWAY.

WE'LL LIVE OUR LIVES IN HAPPINESS
AND DREAM OF DAYS GONE BY
NO MORE SAD HEARTS AND LONELINESS
SWEETHEART JUST YOU AND I.

THE DAY WILL COME AND SOON I HOPE
WHEN I'LL BE HAPPY AND FREE
UNTIL THEY DO MY LOVE MY OWN
SWEETHEART REMEMBER ME.

" I'LL NEVER FORGET "

AS I HAVE TRAVELED THROUGH ITALY
STRANGE THINGS HAVE COME TO MY EYE
THINGS I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER
AS YEARS THEY SLOWLY PASS BY.

I'LL NEVER FORGET TREMINSOHA
NOR THE DAY WE MARCHED THROUGH ROME
NOR THE DAY WE BROKE THE GUSTAV LINE
THE ELEVENTH OF MAY BEFORE DAWN.

I'LL NEVER FORGET HIGHWAY SIX
NOR THE HILLS WHERE WE FOUGHT IN PAIN
WHERE JERRIE WOULD HOLD US BACK EACH DAY
THEN ALL NIGHT LONG IT WOULD RAIN.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE ELEVENTH OF JUNE
WHEN WE STOPPED IN A LONELY WHEAT FIELD
AND THREW ALL OUR K. RATIONS AWAY
AND THE COOKS BROUGHT OUT A HOT MEAL.

I'LL NEVER FORGET.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE BRAKE WE TOOK

TWELVE MILES JUST SOUTH OF ROME

WHERE WE LIVED IN PEACE AND QUIET FOR A WHILE
DREAMED AND THOUGHT OF HOME.

I'LL NEVER FORGET MY BROTHER I MET

AND THE TIME WE SPENT ALL ALONE

THE DAY WE MET AND THE PLACE I WAS
AND THE TRIP WE TOOK TO ROME.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE OLD ARNO

WHERE WE FIRST WENT BACK ON LINE

WHERE JERRIES WAGGON WOULD ROLL EACH NIGHT
AND THE LIMIE GOT HURT BY A MINE.

I'LL NEVER FORGET SEPTEMBER

THE THIRTEENTH JUST AFTER DAWN

WHEN WE FIRST HIT THE GOTHIC LINE

TWO HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF ROME

I'LL NEVER FORGET,

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST ATTACK WE MADE
WHERE MY BUDDIES FOUGHT AND FELL
WITH MORTAR AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE
WHICH MADE IT A LIVEING HELL.

I'LL NEVER FORGET JERRIES MACHINE-GUN
THAT SHOT THROUGH THE FRONT OF MY COAT
THE WAY I TREMBLED AND THE WAY I FELT
WAS WORSE THEN A WALKING GHOST.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TOWN WE TOOK
AND THE HILL WE CAME OVER THAT NIGHT
WITH MORTAR SHELLS WHICH DROPPED SO CLOSE
AND RAIN IT WAS A SIGHT.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE COLD WET HILLS
UNTIL THE DAY I'M IN MY GRAVE
IN A FAROFF LAND FAR OVER THE BLUE
AWAY FROM ITALY TO STAY.

"The Life of A Rookie"

TWO YEARS AGO IN KENTUCKY
A CIVILIAN HAPPY AND FREE
I HAD OFTEN DREAMED OF THE ARMY
BUT NEVER THE INFANTRY.

WHILE I LAY ON MY PILLOW
SO SOUND ASLEEP IN MY SLUMBER
NOT KNOWING AT THE PRESENT TIME
THE DRAFT BOARD DREW MY NUMBER.

THE NEXT THING WAS A GREETING CARD
THAT COLD DECEMBER DAY
I SAID SOLONG TO FRIENDS BACK HOME
AND SOON WAS ON MY WAY.

I LANDED IN OLD VAN DORN
A CAMP AWAY DOWN SOUTH
NOT KNOWING WHAT A ROOKIE MEANT
BUT I SOON FOUND OUT.

The File of a Rookie.

We Hiked AND DRILLED FOR NINE LONG MONTHS
UNTIL I WAS TIRED AND SICK

THEN THE CAPTAIN SAID I WAS ON MY WAY
SO I LANDED IN OLD FORT DIX.

I THOUGHT I WAS IN PARADISE
IT WAS GRAND THE FIRST FEW DAYS
BUT IT ONLY LASTED FOR A WEEK OR TWO
THEN I WAS REALLY ON MY WAY

SEVERAL DAYS WE SAILED AS SEA
IT MADE ME SICK NO DOUBT
WE LANDED IN A CONTRY
THAT GOD KNEW NOTHING ABOUT

THIS PLACE THEY CALL AFRICA
WHERE BEER AND WOMEN ARE FEW
WE LIVED IN TENTS SLEPT ON THE GROUND
JUST LIKE THE ARABS DO.

'The Life of a Rookie'

MENY A NIGHT AS I SLEPT ON THE GROUND
LONSOM AND THANKING OF HOME
I THOUGHT OF MY MOTHER, DAD AND BROTHERS
AND THE GIRL I LEFT ALL ALONE.

ONE NIGHT AS I SLEPT SO SOUNDLY
MY SARG CAME IN WITH A JERK
HAS EVERYONE GOT HIS WONE TABLETS
THIS OUTFIT IS NOW ON THE ALERT.

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING
WE SOON WAS ON OUR WAY
WE LANDED OVER IN ITALY
A LAND STILL FARTHER AWAY.

AND NOW IM IN ACTION IN ITALY
BUT MY HOPS ARE STILL LINGERING ON
I STILL THANK OF MY FRIENDS IN KENTUCKY
AND THE GIRL I LEFT ALL ALONE.

'The Life of a Rookie'

IT'S BEST TO LEARN THE HARD WAY
I'M A SOLDIER THATS SURE HAD HIS SHARE
BUT YOU FIRST GOT TO BE A ROOKIE
IF YOU EXPECT TO COME OVER HERE.

SO THIS FOLKS IS MY STORY
IT'S TRUE FROM BEGINNING TO END
IF I EVER GET BACK TO KENTUCKY
I'LL NEVER COME OUT AGAIN.

"When the Finished TAPS ARE SOUNDED"

UPON THE WINDSWEEP PLATEAU
AND WHAT A HELL OF A SPOT
BATTLING THE TERRIBLE RAIN STORM
IN A LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

'When The Finished TAPS ARE SOUNDED'

INTO The Gush With A RIFLE
DOWN The DITCH With A PICK
DOING The WORK OF A NIGGER
AND TO DAM TIRED To KICK.

AT NIGHT The Wind Keeps HOWLING
IT'S MORE THEN A MAN CAN STAND
HELL NO WE'RE NOT CONVICTS
WE'RE DEFENDERS OF OUR LAND

We ARE LIVING FOR TOMORROW
ONLY TO See OUR GALS
HOPING THAT When WE RETURN
They NOT MARRIED TO OUR PALS.

We ARE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY
EARNING OUR MEAGER PAY
GUARDING THE WALL STREET MILLIONS
FOR ONLY A DOLLAR A DAY.

When The Finished TAPS ARE SOUNDED.
NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE LIVING
AND NO ONE GIVES A DAM
BACK HOME WE'RE SOON FORGOTTEN
WE'RE BEEN LOANED TO UNCLE SAM.

HOW MANY YEARS CAN WE STAND IT?
THOSE YEARS OF OUR LIVES WE'LL MISS
BOY. DON'T LET THE ARMY GET YOU
AND FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T ENLIST.

AS I SIT HERE THINKING
OF THE JOB I LEFT BEHIND
I HATE TO PUT ON PAPER
WHAT IS RUNNING THROUGH MY MIND.

I'VE DUG A MILLION DITCHES
CLEARED A MILLION MILES OF GROUND
AND A MEASURE PLACE THIS SIDE OF HELL
IS WAITING TO BE FOUND.

When The Finished TAPS ARE SOUNDED.

I've BUILT A MILLION KITCHENS

FOR THE COOKS TO BURN THE BEANS

I've STOOD A MILLION GUARD MOUNTS

AND CLEANED THE CAMP LATRINES.

I've WASHED A MILLION MESS-KITS

AND PEELLED A MILLION SPUDS

I've ROTTED A MILLION BLANKETS

WHICH SURE WERE FULL OF BUGS.

BUT THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION

GATHER AROUND WHILE I TALK

WHEN WE DIE WE'LL GET TO HEAVEN

FOR WE'VE DONE OUR STRETCH IN HELL.

AND WHEN THE FINISHED TAPS ARE SOUNDED

NEED WE LAY ASIDE OUR CARES

WE'LL DO OUR FINAL BUCK PARADE

UP THEM GOLDEN STAIRS.

'When The Finished TAPS ARE Sounded,
When We Get UP There IN HEAVEN
AND HARPS BEGIN To PLAY
We'll DRAW A MILLION CANTEEN CHECKS
AND SPEND THEM ALL THAT DAY.

We'll see ST. PETER COMING
He Will GREET US With A YELL
SAYING TAKE The FRONT SEAT SOLDIER
FOR You've DONE YOUR STRETCH IN HELL.

"MOTHERS DAY GREETING"
MOTHER ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY
WITHIN MY HEART I WANT To SAY
JUST how MUCH You MEAN To ME
ALTHOUGH I'M FAR ACROSS The SEA.

Oh! The TIME HAS COME When I MISS You so
WHATEVER I DO OR WHEREVER I GO
MY LOVE FOR You Will NEVER Die
JUST LIKE The STARS UPIN The SKY.

MOTHERS DAY GREETING.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT I WISH FOR YOU
AND HOPE SOME DAY THEY WILL ALL COME TRUE
HAPPYNESS THROUGHTOUT THESE DAYS TO COME
AND MOST OF ALL THE DAY I RETURN.

HERE IS MY THOUGHTS AND WANT YOU TO KNOW
HOW MUCH I CARE AND LOVE YOU SO
FOR MOTHERS LOVE WILL ALWAYS STAND
IN THE HEARTS OF EVERY MAN.

EVERY DAY AS I'M ALL ALONE
I START WONDERING OF YOU AND HOME
AND I KNOW YOU ARE LONGING TO
FOR THE DAY I RETURN ACROSS THE BLUE.

REMEMBERING YOU MOTHER ON THIS DAY
ISNT HARD FOR ME TO SAY
ALL MY LOVE WHILE I'M AWAY
WITH HEALTH AND HAPPYNESS
UNTIL NEXT MOTHERS DAY.

"STEW IN THE CAN."

The SOLDIER Who Lives IN A FOX HOLE
His CHOW IS ALWAYS SLIM
He NEVER HAS NOTHING Good To EAT
ITS MOSTLY FIVE AND TEN.

SOMETIMES WE GET C. RATIONS
WE EVEN GET K. RATIONS TOO
WHATEVER WE GET IT WILL ALWAYS BE
NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN IT IS STEW.

ALTHOUGH WE HAVE ALL THE INGREDIENTS
VITAMINS B. ONE AND TWO
BUT MOST OF ALL IS THE SOLDIERS DELIGHT
WHEN HE OPENS A CAN OF THE STEW

IN THIS STEW THERES ALL KINDS OF THINGS
THAT COULD POSSIBLE BE STUFFED IN A CAN
BUT ALL THE SOLDIERS SEEMS TO DO GOOD
ITS THE SPIRIT OF THE FIGHTEN MAN.

'STEW IN THE CAN.

WE SOMETIMES GET CORN BEEF AND CABBAGE
OR A BOX OF DEHYDRATED BEANS
BUT NO MATTER WHAT IS IN THE BOX
THERES ROOM FOR STEW IT SEEMS.

IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX IS A CHOCOLATE BAR
WHICH HERSEY MADE BACK IN THIRTY EIGHT
AND A BRAND OF CIGARETTES ANYONE WILL SAY
THEY SURELY WOULDN'T MAKE IN THE STATES.

SO YOU SEE THAT THE FRONT LINE SOLDIER
IS A STOUT AND HEALTHY MAN
WITH CHEESE OR HASH FOR BREAKFAST
AND STEW JUST FRESH FROM THE CAN.

"YOUR LAST LETTER"

LAST NIGHT I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER
THAT WAS WRITTEN A MONTH AGO
YOU KNOW IT HURT ME DARLING
THE WAY I LOVE YOU SO.

YOUR LAST LETTER.

YOU SAID YOU HAD PROVED UNTRUE DEAR
YOU SAID THAT YOU HAD DONE WRONG
AND NOW MY HEART IS BROKEN
SO MANY MILES FROM HOME.

AND AS I READ YOUR LETTER
SWEET MEMORIES COME TO ME
THE TIMES WE SPENT TOGETHER
BUT NOW ITS PLAIN TO SEE.

HOW I WISH IT COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT
BUT TIME CAN NEVER BE
TO MEND THE LINK THATS BROKEN
SWEETHEART WITH YOU AND ME.

I GUESS ILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU
SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY
FOR NOW WEVE SEPARATED
AND DARKNESS HAS FILLED THE SKY

YOUR LAST LETTER.

AND NOW I'VE READ YOUR LETTER
ALTHOUGH I'M SAD AND BLUE
I HOPE YOU FIND ANOTHER
WHO'S LOVE DON'T PROVE UNTRUE.

AND NOW GOOD BY DARLING
I'LL TRY TO FORGET AND FORGIVE
BUT I GUESS I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU
AS LONG AS I MUST LIVE.

"PURPLE HEART BLUES"

TONIGHT I SIT AND WONDER
IF WHAT I READ IS TRUE
IT'S LEFT ME SAD AND LONELY
I'VE GOT THE PURPLE HEART BLUES.

I JUST HAVE READ AN ARTICLE
OF A DOG BACK HOME
IT TELLS THAT HE GOT WOUNDED
NOT EVEN BROKE A BONE.

PURPLE HEART BLUES.

They SENT A WIRE TO CONGRESS
TO SEE WHAT THEY COULD DO
IN RETURN WAS A PURPLE HEART
I'M WONDERING IF THIS IS TRUE.

He ALSO RECEIVED THE SILVER STAR
ALTHOUGH I GUESS ITS TRUE
IF WE HAD MORE DOGS LIKE HIM
THIS WAR WOULD SOON BE THROUGH

The MULES HERE IN ITALY
WHICH BRING OUR RATIONS THROUGH
THOUSANDS HAVE DIED FROM SHARPNAL
THEY NEED THE PURPLE HEART TO.

ALTHOUGH I AM A SOLDIER
SOMETIMES I THINK I'M A MULE
TO BARE MY LOADS WHICH ARE SO HARD
BUT I HAVE THE PURPLE HEART TO.

PURPLE HEART BLUES.

TONIGHT THE PAPERS HEADLINES
SPOKE OF THE PEOPLE BACK HOME
IT TOLD THE STORY OF A CIVILIAN
WHO FLEW FROM THE STATES TO ROME.

UPON HER HAPPY LANDING
AN ACCIDENT OCCURED THAT DAY
THEY QUICKLY WROTE TO CONGRESS
AND THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY.

TAKE OUT THE FIRST AID BANDAGE
DO UP THE WOUND SO NEAT
GIVE TO HER THE PURPLE HEART
THEY COST A DIME A PIECE

AND AS I SIT AND WONDER
WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR
SILVER STARS AND PURPLE HEARTS
IF SO, DOGS CAN WIN THIS WAR.

. PURPLE HEART BLUES.

IF I WAS STILL A H. F.
ONE THING I'D SURELY DO
TONIGHT I'D WRITE TO CONGRESS
AND GET MY PURPLE HEART TOO.

BUT AS LONG AS I'M A SOLDIER
I'LL ALWAYS HAVE THE BLUES
FOR ME AND DOGS ARE BOTH THE SAME
WEARING THE PURPLE HEART TOO.

"WHO WILL MEET ME IN C-VILLE?"

AFTER THIS THING IS OVER
AND ALL IS SAID AND DONE
WHEN THERE IS PEACE AND QUIET ONCE MORE
AND VICTORY HAS BEEN WON.

WHO WILL MEET ME IN C-VILLE
AFTER I SAIL THE FOREIGN
WILL YOU COME AND MEET ME THERE
TO WELCOME ME BACK HOME.

Who Will Meet Me In Cville,
Will It Be You SWEETHEART
The one I LEFT Behind
Will You meet me ON THAT DAY
OR HAVE You CHANGED Your MIND.

SOMETIMES I SIT AND STUDY
IT LEAVES ME SAD AND BLUE
I WONDER JUST WHO WILL MEET ME THERE
AND IF THINGS I HEAR IS TRUE.

Who Will Be There TO TAKE YOUR PLACE
OR COULD IT POSSIBLE BE
THAT YOU WILL SEND A FRIEND AND SAY
YOU CARE NO MORE FOR ME.

IF THIS IS TRUE MY DARLING
REMEMBER WHAT I SAY
Who Will Meet Me In C-VILLE
WHenever IT COMES THAT DAY.

"PRIDE AND JOY"

When I left my Home Two Years Ago

I left with PRIDE AND JOY

I entered The ARMY AS A PVT.

AN HONEST UPRIGHT BOY.

I LEARNED MANY THINGS AS I TRAVELED ALONE

A YEAR IN THE STATES I WAS FOUND

THEN I WAS SHIPPED TO A FAR OFF LAND

TO SLEEP ON THE COLD WET GROUND.

MANY THE NIGHTS WHILE IN MY SLEEP

I DREAMED SWEET DREAMS OF HOME

OF LOVED ONES SO TRUE FAR OVER THE BLUE

THE ONES THAT I LEFT ALL ALONE.

AND NOW I'M AWAY SO FAR AWAY

IN ITALY SO THATS WHAT THEY SAY

FACING THE ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES

FIGHTING EACH NIGHT AND DAY.

PRIDE AND JOY,

BUT I'LL RETURN IN DAYS TO COME
AND STILL HAVE MY PRIDE AND JOY
TO LOVE ONES SO DEAR SO FAR AWAY
WHERE I LIVED WHEN I WAS A BOY.

"STARTING OF A NEW YEAR"

WINTER HAS COME IN ITALY
THE SNOW HAS TURNED THINGS WHITE
THE BIG GUNS ROAR YOU CAN HEAR THE REPORT
THE WIND BLOWS COLD AT NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS HAS COME IN ITALY
THE WAR IS STILL AT HAND
THE STARS NO LONGER SHINE AT NIGHT
IN THIS GOD'S FORSAKEN LAND.

A NEW YEAR HAS COME IN ITALY
AND YANKS STILL FIGHTING IN PAIN
HOPING AND PRAYING IT WON'T BE LONG
UNTIL SPRING RETURNS AGAIN.

STARTING OF A NEW YEAR.

The U.S. SOLDIER IN ITALY

HIS BURDENS ARE HEAVY AS LEAD

HIS HOME A FOX HOLE IN THE MOUNTAINS

WITH SNOW AND ICE FOR A BED.

HE THINKS OF A LAND SO FAR AWAY

OF LOVE ONES FAR OVER THE BLUE

OF HIS MOTHER AND DAD AND HIS HOME SO DEAR

AND THE GIRL WHO PROMISE TO BE TRUE.

THERE'LL COME A TIME IN DAYS TO COME

WHEN STARS WILL ALL SHINE BRIGHT

THROUGHOUT THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

ON THROUGH THE NEW YEAR NIGHTS.

"MY THIRD SQUAD"

THE THIRD SQD. OF THE FIRST PLAT.

IS BUILT WITH A STEEL BACK BONE

WITH BOYS WHO COME FROM MOST EVERYWHERE

AND FIGHTING STRENGTH UNKNOWN.

MY THIRD SQUAD.

OF COURSE THE LEADERS COULD BE BETTER
BUT THEY DO THE BEST THEY CAN
AND ALL HAVE FAITH IN EACH OTHER
THAT GOES FOR EVERY MAN.

I'LL START OFF WITH THE FIRST SCOUT
WHO COMES FROM THE STATE OF PA.
HE'S DOING HIS DUTIES AS ANYONE KNOWS
AND EXPECTS TO BE BACK SOME DAY.

HIS RIGHT NAME IS FIGIOLA
AND WEIGHS AROUND ONE FIFTY FIVE
HIS WEAPON IS KNOWN AS THE OLD M.I.
AND ALWAYS WELL BY HIS SIDE.

THE NEXT GUY IS KNOWN AS THE SECOND SCOUT
FRED MAEDER OR HE SAYS SO
AND HAILS FROM THE STATE OF OLD N.Y.
IN A CITY CALLED BUFFALO.

MY THIRD SQUAD.

He's A BROWN eyed BOY FIVE FOOT SIX
NOT MARRIED HEALTHY AND STRONG
AND PACKS AN M.1. MOST OF THE TIME
A GUY YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON.

THE NEXT GUY IS IMPORTANT
BETTER KNOWN AS B.A.R. MAN
NO MATTER HOW TOUGH THE GOING GETS
IF ANYONE CAN TAKE IT HE CAN.

HE HAILS FROM THE HILLS OF WEST VA.
OLD FIELDS WAS BORN AND RAISED
AND SOME SWEET MORNING IN DAYS TO COME
HE'LL RETURN BACK THERE TO STAY.

THE NEXT GUY IS A GREAT BIG GUY
AND A ASSISTANT TO THE B.A.R.
WHEN BACK AS A CIVILIAN HE STOOD ON A STAND
AND SOLD HIS CHOCOLATE BARS.

MY THIRD SQUAD.

He HAILS FROM BOSTON OR SO HE CLAIMS
He's KIND AND TIMID AS A LAMB
WITH A HEART AS BIG AS CAN BE
THAT'S OLD CALLAHAN.

Duke The JOKER FROM ODESSA
A TOWN SOMEWHERE IN MISSOURI
A HONEST, TRUTHFUL, UPRIGHT MAN
WITH LOTS OF FRIENDS I'M SURE.

He PACKS AN M. I. RIFLE
BETTER KNOWN AS AMO. BEARER
AND I'M SURE YOU'LL ALL AGREE
IT'S A HEAVY LOAD TO CARRY

FREITAS AND HIS GRENADE LAUNCHER
THEY MATCH LIKE TWO OLD SOCKS.
Gosh! How I PITY THESE MACHINE-GUN NEST
THE MINUTE HIS RIFLE POPS.

MY THIRD SQUAD

He CLAIMS He's FROM SPRINGFIELD
JUST OVER THE MISSOURI LINE
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO FIREWORKS
He MAKES THAT M.I. WHINE.

THE NEXT GUY IS ALSO A RIFLEMAN
AND ALSO THE BAZOOKA MAN
IF ANYONE CAN SHOOT THAT THING
YOU BET OLD ANDREW CAN

He's FROM THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
AND A CUTE LITTLE KID IS HE
HIS HOME IS IN MANCHESTER
AND SOME DAY BACK THERE HE WILL BE.

WUEBBLING IS KNOWN AS GET-AWAY-MAN
HE'LL COME BACK AND TELL THE STORY
OF THE OLD THIRD SQUAD HOW THEY FOUGHT SO HARD
WHILE SERVING FOR OLD GLORY.

'MY THIRD SQUAD.

He's A GUY FROM CINCINNATI

NOT FAR FROM MY HOME TOWN

He's BEEN IN ACTION FOR TEN LONG MONTHS
AND COVERED SEVERAL MILES OF GROUND.

The NEXT GUY IS MY ASSISTANT

BETTER KNOWN AS FOX HOLE JOE

A SIX BY SIX IS HIS SPECIAL TYPE

AND SIX FOOT UNDER LIKE A MOLE

He HAS BROWN EYES AND DARK BROWN HAIR

FROM THE TOWN OF BEACON He CLAIMS

AND SOME OF THESE DAYS He HOPS TO RETURN

AND START LIFE OVER AGAIN.

So This IS THE FAITH OF THE FIGHTING THIRD

THAT'S DONE WELL IN THE DAYS THAT HAVE GONE

AND BY THE HELP OF ALL MIGHTY God

SOME DAY WE WILL ALL RETURN BACK HOME.

"GAMBLERS LUCK"

TONIGHT I SIT IN THE CORNER
MY MONEY ITS ALL GONE
THERE SEEMS TO BE JUST SNAKE EYES
ON THEM THINGS CALLED BONES.

TONIGHT MY POCKET BOOK IS EMPTY
BUT GUESS IT WAS MEANT THAT WAY
ALTHOUGH MY HEART IS BROKEN
TO THINK I LOST MY PAY.

SOME DAY I MAY LEARN BETTER
THAT IM NO GAMBLING MAN.

ALTHOUGH I'LL LEARN THE HARD WAY
THE WAY ITS HARD TO STAND.

IT SEEMS THERE IS NO LUCKY ONES
AS LOUD AS I MUST SNAP
IF I SHOULD MAKE MY SECOND PASS
THE THIRD IS SURE A CRAP.

GAMBLERS LUCK.

THE SAME IT GOES WITH POWER
IT SEEMS I CAN NEVER WIN
BUT AS LONG AS I HAVE MONEY.
A GAME I'LL SURE BE IN.

IF I SHOULD DRAW FOUR ACES
ALTHOUGH IT WOULD BE A SHAME
IT WOULD BE MY LUCK IN FACT I KNOW
THAT I WOULD LOSE THE GAME.

BUT I GUESS I'LL ALWAYS GAMBLE
SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY
UNLUCKY ME I WAS BORN THAT WAY
WILL BE THE DAY I DIE.

"MEMORIES OF MT. GRUNDE"

SOMEWHERE ON MT. GRUNDE
UP WHERE THE NORTH WIND BLOWS
THE MOON IS LIKE A SEARCH LIGHT
THE NIGHTS THEY SEEM SO COLD.

MEMORIES OF MT. GRUNDE.

SOMEWHERE ON MT. GRUNDE

WHERE EARTH IT MEETS THE SKY
UP WHERE THE DOUGH BOYS FOX HOME
LOOKS DOWN IN JERRIES EYES.

SOMEWHERE ON MT. GRUNDE

WHERE YOU SEE FOR MILES AROUND
THE LAND WE ONCE FOUGHT FOR
NOW SNOW HAS COVERED THE GROUND.

SOMEWHERE ON MT. GRUNDE

WHERE ONCE WAS PEACE AND QUIET
UPON THE SNOW CAPPED MOUNTAINS
WHERE WIND BLOWS COLD AT NIGHT.

AND WHEN THIS THING IS OVER

TO ME I'LL KEEP SO DANDY

THIS LONELY PLACE OF NO MANS LAND

MY MEMORIES OF MT. GRUNDE.

"NOT A DAY TO SOON"

The DAY I ENTERED THE ARMY

The DAY I LEFT MY HOME

The DAY I SAID GOOD BY TO FRIENDS

The DAY I STARTED TO ROAM.

The DAY I WAS EXAMINED

The DAY I LANDED IN VAN DORN

The DAY I DREW MY FIRST PAY CHECK

The DAY I GOT MY UNIFORM.

The DAY I LANDED IN FORT DIX

The DAY I VISITED BACK HOME

The DAY I FIRST REALIZED

The DAY I SAILED THE FORM.

The DAY I LANDED IN AFRICA

The DAY I WAS ON FOREIGN LAND

The DAY I MADE P.F.C.

The DAY I LEARNED I WAS A MAN.

NOT A DAY TO SOON.

The DAY I SAILED FOR ITALY

The DAY I OPEN MY EYES

The DAY I FIRST SEEN COMBAT

The DAY I WAS SUPRISED.

The DAY I SHOT MY RIFLE

The DAY I MARCHED THROUGH ROME

The DAY I MET MY BROTHER

The DAY I DREAMED OF HOME.

The DAY I WAS OVER SEAS A YEAR

The DAY I RECEIVED MY WOUND

The DAY I GOT MY FOUR DAY PASS

The DAY I SAW THE MAN MADE MOON

The DAY I RETURN BACK HOME

The DAY I START THINGS NEW

The DAY I START LIFE OVER AGAIN

IS NOT A DAY TO SOON.

"Rookies PRAYER"

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP
I PRAY THE LORD MY GUN TO KEEP
LET NO OTHER SOLDIER TAKE
MY SHOES OR SOCKS BEFORE I WAKE

IN THE MORNING LET ME WAKE
BREATHING PERFECT FOR HEAVENS SAKE
WITH NO WORRIES ON MY MIND
AND NO ENEMY FELT BEHIND.

PROTECT ME FROM ALL HIKES AND DRILLS
AND WHEN I'M SICK DON'T FEED ME PILLS
IF I HURT THIS HEAD OF MINE
PAINT IT NOT WITH IODINE

HOW I LONG FOR MOTHER'S HAND
WHERE THEY WALK WITHOUT A BAND
FAR AWAY FROM CAMP FIRE SCENES
AND THE SMELL OF HALF BAKED BEANS.

'Rookies PRAYER,

LORD YOU KNOW MY EVERY CARE
HURSTLE THEM TO THIS MY PRAYER
HURSTLE DAYS TO PEACE AGAIN
FOR ALL US DRAFTIES, LORD AMEN

"Somewhere"

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA
THE SUN IS SHINING BRIGHT
BOYS AND GIRLS ARE HAVING FUN
THE STARS SHINE BRIGHT AT NIGHT.

BIRDS SING SWEET IN THE DAY TIME
FLOWERS ARE IN FULL BLOOM
THE NIGHTINGALES HAVE GONE TO REST
IT'S NOW A FULL GROWN MOON.

SOMEWHERE SWEETHEARTS ARE WAITING
FOR ONES TO RETURN SOME DAY
AND THE ONE WHO WAITS SO PATIENT
IS A MOTHER OLD AND GRAY.

.Somewhere.

HER POOR SAD HEART IS BROKEN
AS SHE PRAISES FOR YOU EACH NIGHT
SHE PRAYS TO GOD IN HEAVEN
TO GUIDE AND SHOW YOU THE LIGHT.

SOME SWEET MORNING THERE'LL COME A DAY
HER HEART WILL BE OVER JOYED
GOD WILL GUIDE SAFELY HOME
HER OWN DEAR LOVEING BOY.

"JERRIE AND ME"

JERRIES EYE AND MY EYES
HAS MET SEVAREL TIMES
JERRIES WAYS AND MY WAYS
IS STRICTLY OF THE LINE.

JERRIES TALK AND MY TALK
WILL NEVER BE COMPLETE
JERRIES WORLD AND MY WORLD
STILL LAYS BENITH OUR FEET.

JERRIE AND ME.

JERRIES HEART AND MY HEART
BEATS ALMOST THE SAME
JERRIES LOVE AND MY LOVE
THE DIFFERENCE IS A SHAME

JERRIES DREAMS AND MY DREAMS
IF MIXED WOULD MAKE US SORE
JERRIES THOUGHTS AND MY THOUGHTS
IS WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR.

"WHO, WHAT AND WHERE"

WHO WAS EVE DOES ANYONE KNOW
WHO WAS THE WOMAN WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES
WHO WAS ADAM THE ONE WHO WAS DECEIVE
WHAT WAS THE APPLE THAT HUNG FROM THE TREE.

WHERE WAS THE GARDEN WE READ ABOUT
WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT
WHERE WAS THE WHALE THAT JONAH WAS IN
WHO THREW DANIAL IN THE LIONS DEN.

Who. WHAT. AND WHERE.

WHERE WERE THE CHILDREN OF THE ISRAELITES
WHAT GUIDED THE WISE MEN ON THE HOLY NIGHT
WHO WAS NOAH WHO BUILT THE ARK
WHO CROSSED THE WATERS AND THEY SPREAD APART

WHO KILLED ABEL DID HIS BROTHER CANE
JUST HOW MANY DAYS DID IT RAIN
WHO WAS THE MAN THAT WAS CURSED BY A MARK
WHAT WAS THE ANIMALS THAT ENTERED THE ARK.

WHO WAS DAVID WHO FOUGHT ALL ALONE
WHO WAS THE BLACK SHEEP THAT RETURNED BACK HOME
WHERE WAS MOSES AND THE BURNING BUSH
ANSWER MY QUESTIONS I'M WILLING TO HUSH.

"WHEN OR WHERE I DO NOT KNOW.."

SOMEWHERE IN OLD KENTUCKY
THERE'S A PLACE I LONG TO BE
WHERE BIRDS SING SWEET IN THE DAY TIME
AND FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR ME.

When OR WHERE I DO NOT KNOW.

MY MOTHERS HEART IS BROKEN
EACH NIGHT I CAN HEAR HER SAY
God WATCH OVER MY OWN DEAR BOY
AND BRING HIM BACK SOME DAY.

THERES A LITTLE WHITE HOUSE ON THE HILL SIDE
AND A LIGHT THATS BURNING BRIGHT
AND THROUGH MY DREAMS IT COMES TO ME
SOMEHOW I CAN SEE THAT LIGHT.

I KNOW SOME DAY I'LL RETURN BACK HOME
HOW HAPPY I WILL BE
TO SPEND MY DAYS WITH ONES I LOVE
AND FOREVER MORE BE FREE.

I'LL THINK OF THE TIME AND DAYS GONE BY
WHEN I WAS SO FAR AWAY
THE THINGS I MISSED AND HAPPIEST
AS I FOUGHT EACH NIGHT AND DAY.

When OR Where I do NOT know.

When OR Where I do NOT know
JUST WHEN THIS TIME WILL BE
BUT IT CANT BE LONG I'M SURE OF THAT
THE SOONER THE BETTER WITH ME.

"ALL'S FAIR"

SHE SIT BY THE WINDOW WAITING
AND SAYING A SILENT PRAYER
THAT HE WHO SHE LOVED SO AND DREAMED OF
WOULD QUICKLY BE SENT BACK TO HER.

A LITTLE WHITE CROSS ON A HILLSIDE
MARKS THE SPOT WHERE A BRAVE SOLDIER SLEEPS
AND THE GIRL WHO WAS HOPING AND PRAYING
NOW SITS BY THE WINDOW AND WEEPS.

Gewidmet vom
Präsidentium
des
Deutschen Roten
Kreuzes



