

Armed Services Medley

Music arranged by Hal Wright.

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Marines' Hymn: Traditional

From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli
We will fight our country's battles in the air, on land, and sea.
First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean.
We are proud to claim the title of United States Marines.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to setting sun.
We have fought in every clime and place where we could take a gun.
In the snow of far off northern lands and in sunny tropic scenes.
You will find us always on the job, the United States Marines.

Those Caissons Go Rolling Along by E.L. Gruber

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Counter march, right about, hear those wagon soldiers shout,
While those caissons go rolling along.
For it's hi, hi, hee! In the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
And where'er we go, you will always know
That those caissons go rolling along.

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Counter march, right about, hear those wagon soldiers shout,
While those caissons go rolling along.
For it's hi, hi, hee! In the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
And where'er we go, you will always know
That those caissons go rolling along.

Anchors Aweigh by G.D. Lottman, C. A. Zimmerman

Anchors aweigh, my boys, anchors aweigh.
Farewell to college joys; we sail at break of day, day, day, day!
Stand Navy, out to sea, through swirling foam.
Until we meet once more, here's wishing you a happy voyage home.
Stand Navy, out to sea. "Fight!" our battle cry!
We'll never change our course so vicious foe steer shy, y, y, y!
Roll out the T.N.T. Anchors aweigh.
Sail on to victory and sink their bones to Davy Jones! Hooray!

***Off We Go* by R. MacArthur Crawford**

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!
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under, off with one terrible roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame, nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder, keep the wing level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder, keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men, guarding our nation's borders, we'll be there followed by more.
In echelon, we carry on, nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force!