

# ARMY Hit Kit OF POPULAR SONGS



*Sgt. Frank Brandt  
YANK STAFF ARTIST*

**JUNE • 1943**  
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Issued Monthly by SPECIAL SERVICE DIVISION  
ARMY SERVICE FORCES, UNITED STATES ARMY  
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"Salute to the United Nations!"

## BLESS 'EM ALL

By JIMMY HUGHES,  
FRANK LAKE and AL STILLMAN

A Favorite Song of the British Commonwealth Troops

Chorus

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL, The long and the short and the tall;  
BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL, The long and the short and the tall;

Bless all the ser-geants, we have to o - bey, Bless all the corp-rals who drill us all day; 'Cause we're  
Bless all the blond-ies and all the bru-nettes, Each lad is hap-py to take what he gets; 'Cause we're

say-ing good bye to them all, As back to the bar-racks they crawl; No  
giv-ing the eye to them all, The ones that at tract or ap-pall; Maud

ice-cream and cook-ies for flat foot-ed rook-ies, So cheer us, my lads, BLESS 'EM ALL! BLESS 'EM  
Mag-gie or Su-sie, you can't be too choos-ey, When you're in camp, BLESS 'EM ALL!

Heav-y weight, un- der weight, big or small, When you're in camp, BLESS 'EM ALL!

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# SWEET SUE—JUST YOU

Words by WILL J. HARRIS  
Music by VICTOR YOUNG

Chorus

Ev-ry star a - bove. Knows the one I love. Sweet Sue, just you

And the moon up high. Knows the reas-on why. Sweet Sue it's

you. No one else it seems. Ev-er shares my dreams. And with-

out you, dear, I don't know what I'd do. In this heart of mine. You live

all the time. Sweet Sue, just you. Ev-ry you.

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"A Hit Kit Extra!"

# YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

By JIMMIE DAVIS  
and CHARLES MITCHELL

Moderato

The oth-er night dear as I lay sleep - ing. I dreamed I held you in my  
I'll al-ways love you and make you hap - py. If you will on - ly say the  
You told me once dear you real - ly loved me. And no one else could come be -

arms. When I a - woke dear. I was mis - tak - en and I  
same. But if you leave me to love an - oth - er you'll re -  
tween. But now you've left me and love an oth - er you have

Chorus

hung my head and cried: YOU ARE MY SUN - SHINE my on - ly  
gret it all some day:  
shat - tered all my dreams:

sun shine you make me hap - py when skies are gray. You'll nev - er know dear how much I

love you. Please don't take my sun - shine a way. 2. I'll al-ways way.  
3. You told me

rit.

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# TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

Words by JOHN LATOUCHE and TED FETTER  
Music by VERNON DUKE

Chorus, *Moderately*

*Cmaj7* *Edim* *Dm7* *G7* *C* *C+*

Here I go a - gain I hear those trum - pets blow a - gain  
Here I come a - gain I'm gon - na make things hum a - gain  
Here I slip a - gain a - bout to take that tip a - gain

*Am* *Am7* *D7* *Dm7* *G7* *Em7* *Cm* *Dm7* *G7*

all a - glow a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love  
act - ing dumb a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love  
got my grip a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love

*Cmaj7* *Edim* *Dm7* *G7* *C* *C+*

Here I slide a - gain a - bout to take that ride a - gain  
Here I stand a - gain a - bout to beat the band a - gain  
Now I prove a - gain that I can make life move a - gain

*Am* *Am7* *D7* *Dm7* *G7* *C*

star - ry - eyed a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love.  
feel - ing grand a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love.  
in the groove a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love.

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# Taking A Chance On Love

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*Gm7* *C7* *F* *Cdim* *Gm7* *Gdim* *F*

thought that cards were a frame - up - I nev - er would try But  
nev - er dreamed in my slum - bers and bets were ta - boo But  
walk a - round with a horse - shoe in clo - ver - I lie And

*Fm7* *Bb7* *Eb* *Gdim* *Fm7* *Ab7* *G7+*

now I'm tak - ing the game up - and the ace of hearts is high  
now I'm play - ing the num - bers on a lit - tle dream for two  
broth - er rab - bit of course you - bet - ter kiss your foot good - bye

*C* *Edim* *Dm7* *G7* *C* *C+*

Things are mend - ing now - I see a rain - bow blend - ing now -  
Wad - ing in a - gain - I'm lead - in' with my chin a - gain -  
On the ball a - gain - I'm rid - in' for a fall a - gain -

*Am* *Am7* *D7* *Dm7* *G7* *C* *Dm7* *G7* *C*

we'll have our hap - py end - ing now Tak - ing A Chance On Love.  
I'm start - in' out to win a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love.  
I'm gon - na give my all a - gain Tak - ing A Chance On Love.

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# THE ARMY AIR CORPS

(L'ARMEE DE L'AIR CORPS)

By ROBERT CRAWFORD  
French Version by CARO BALDWIN

*Alla marcia*

Off we go in - to the wild blue yon - der,  
(French) En a - vant, mon - tant vers les nu - a - ges,  
(Phonetic French) Ahn ah wahng, ma-wah-tahng vayr lay new ah - juh

Climb - ing high in - to the sun,  
ar - bo - rant les trois cou - leurs.  
ar - bah - rahng lay trwah koo - lur

Here they come, zoom - ing to meet our thun - der,  
Les voi - là! Il leur faut du cou - ra - ge  
Lay wah - lah! Eel lur fo dew koo - rah - juh

At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun! (Give 'em the gun now!)  
Al - lons y, A - vec fu reur!  
Ah - lah - zee, Ah - veh fev - rur

# The Army Air Corps

Down we dive, spout - ing our flame from un - der, Off with one  
A - via - teurs, oi - seaux de la re - van - che ai - gles de  
Ah yah tur, wah - zo duh lah ruh - vahh - shuh ay - gluh duh

hell - uv - a\* roar! We live in  
la li - ber - té Nous ap - pro  
lah lee bayr - tay Noo zah - praw

fame Or go down in flame. No - thing - ll stop the  
chons! Fait - es at - ten tion! (Hé!) On nar - rêt pas l'Ar -  
shawng! Fet zah - tahn - s yawng (Ay!) Awng nah-ret pah lar -

Ar - my Air Corps! Corps!  
mée de l'Air Corps. Corps.  
may duh layr kawr. kawr.

\* For radio use substitute "ter-ri-ble"

# DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE

Words by Bob Russell  
Music by DUKE ELLINGTON

Chorus, *Slowly*  
Guitar Tacit

Missed the Sat-ur-day dance Heard they crowd-ed the floor  
Heard di-rect from F. D. Said we're fight-ing a war

Could-nt bear it with-out you- Don't Get A-round Much An-y-more  
He ex-tend-ed a greet-ing Don't Get A-round Much An-y-more

Guitar Tacit

Thought I'd vis-it the club Got as far as the door  
They're re-mod-el-ing me Gosh my feet are so sore

They'd have asked me a-bout you- Don't Get A-round Much An-y-more  
Boy they're tak-ing a beat-ing Don't Get A-round Much An-y-more

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# Don't Get Around Much Anymore

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F Fm Em7 C C7 C7aug

Dar-ling I guess my mind's more at ease But  
When day is done I fall in-to bed What

nev-er-the-less Why stir up mem-o-ries Been in-vit-ed on dates  
won-der-ful fun To rest my wea-ry head Got me do-in'K. P.

Might have gone but what for Aw-fully dif-f'rent with-out you-  
Spuds all o-ver the floor I dont cov-er the ground- much

1. C 2. C

Guitar Tacit

Don't Get A-round Much An-y-more Missed the Sat-ur-day more.  
Don't Get A-round Much An-y-more Heard di-rect from F. more.

mf p

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# MAN TO MAN

By FRED WARING  
and JACK DOLPH

There's a pride you feel in-side you for the In-fan-try It's the sto-ry of the  
glo-ry of the In-fan-try It's the re-cord that we've made in the  
big par-ade And we made it on our own two feet  
Pick 'em up lay 'em down, pick 'em up, lay 'em down, count-in'  
hut, two, three, four, hut, two, three, What's a thou-sand miles or  
What's a hun-dred miles a

\*Count numbers can be shouted characteristically

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# Man To Man

more, when we're in a war We can make it on our own two  
day, let's be on our way  
feet. There's a feet. feet.  
Trio  
March-ing march-ing MAN TO MAN March-ing on-ward  
March-ing march-ing thru the din March-ing on-ward  
thru Ja-pan March-ing to a ven-ge Ba-taan  
thru Ber-lin March-ing on-ward 'til we win  
Hear the beat of the feet of the In-fan-try. There's a  
Nev-er stop 'til we drop in the In-fan-try.

D.S. al Fine

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