

The Army Hit Kit was originally printed on a pale yellow paper.

8-1/2" x 14" Legal paper is recommended for printing this paperwork. If you try to print it on 8-1/2"x11" letter paper, it will be smaller than the original.

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(6) MILKMAN KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET

(Get Hep to the Jive!)

Milkman, keep those bottles quiet!
Can't use that jive on my milk diet!
So, milkman, keep those bottles quiet!
Been jumpin' on the swing shift all night,
Turnin' out my quota all right;
Now I'm beat right down to the sod
And I've got to dig myself some nod.
So, milkman, keep those bottles quiet!

SECOND CHORUS:

Milkman, stop that grade A riot!
Cut out if you can't lullaby it!
Oh, milkman, keep those bottles quiet!
Been knockin' out a fat tank all day,
Workin' on a bomber okay;
Boy, you blast my wig with those clinks
And I've got to get my forty winks.
So, milkman, keep those bottles quiet!

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The War Department, Special Services Division, sends you these songs for your enjoyment. They are selected for you by a committee of your favorite radio artists.

(7) AMOR

(Latin-American Song Favorite)

Amor, Amor, Amor
This word so sweet that I repeat
Means I adore you.
Amor, Amor, my love,
Would you deny this heart that I
Have placed before you.
I can't find another word with meaning so clear;
My lips try to whisper sweeter things in your ear,
But somehow or other nothing sounds quite so
dear

As this soft caressing word I know.
Amor, Amor, my love
When you're away, there is no day
And nights are lonely.
Amor, Amor, my love
Make life divine, Say you'll be mine,
And love me only.

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Dance orchestrations for these and all popular numbers may be purchased through your PX.



AUGUST, 1944

(1) IT HAD TO BE YOU

(A Great Old Favorite!)

It had to be you, It had to be you;
I wandered around and finally found the somebody who
Could make me be true, could make me be blue
And even be glad, just to be sad, thinking of you.
Some others I've seen might never be mean,
Might never be cross or try to be boss, but they
wouldn't do,
For nobody else gave me a thrill;
With all your faults I love you still.
It had to be you, wonderful you, had to be you.

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(2) SWINGING ON A STAR

(Bing Crosby Radio Favorite)

A mule is an animal with long funny ears,
He kicks up at anything he hears,
His back is brawny and his brain is weak,
He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak,
And by the way, if you hate to go to school,
You may grow up to be a mule.
Or would you like to swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar,
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a pig?

SECOND CHORUS:

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face,
His shoes are a terrible disgrace,
He's got no manners when he eats his food,
He's fat and lazy and extremely rude,
But if you don't care a feather or a fig,
You may grow up to be a pig.
Or would you like to swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar,
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a fish?

THIRD CHORUS:

A fish won't do anything but swim in a brook,
He can't write his name or read a book,
To fool the people is his only thought,
And though he's slippery, he still gets caught,
But then if that sort of life is what you wish,
You may grow up to be a fish.

And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo,
Ev'ry day you meet quite a few.
So you see it's all up to you.
You can be better than you are,
You could be swinging on a star.

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(3) YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

(Harry James Favorite!)

You made me love you;
I didn't wanna do it, I didn't wanna do it.
You made me want you,
And all the time you knew it; I guess you always
knew it.
You made me happy sometimes; You made me
glad,
But there were times, dear, You made me feel
so bad.
You made me sigh for
I didn't wanna tell you, I didn't wanna tell you
I want some love that's true;
Yes I do, 'Deed I do, You know I do.
Gimme, gimme what I cry for;
You know you got the brand of kisses that I'd
die for.
You know you made me love you.

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(4) THE MARSEILLAISE

(French National Anthem)

You sons of France, awake to glory!
A bleeding nation bids you rise.
Town and village plundered and pillaged
Are the graves where Liberty lies,
Are the graves where your Liberty lies.
But now the Nazi power is crumbling;
Hope lifts up her head thru the land;
The hour of freedom is at hand!
Join with us, avenge your days of bondage!
To arms, to arms arise! Your bayonets unsheathe!
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved on Liberty or Death!

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(5) GOOD NIGHT, WHEREVER YOU ARE

(Favorite Radio Tune)

Good Night, wherever you are;
May your dreams be pleasant dreams, wherever
you are.
If only one little wish that I wish comes true,
I know that the angels will watch over you.
Good Night, wherever you are;
I'll be with you, dear, no matter how near or far.
With all my heart I pray ev'rything is all right;
Wherever you are, Good Night.

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