

Berlin Irving

"This Is The Army, Mister Jones"

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[sheet music version:]

A bunch of frightened rookies were list'ning filled with
awe
They listened while a sergeant was laying down the law
They stood there at attention, their faces turning red
The sergeant looked them over and this is what he said

This is the Army, Mister Jones!
No private rooms or telephones
You had your breakfast in bed before
But you won't have it there any more

This is the Army, Mister Green!
We like the barracks nice and clean
You had a housemaid to clean your floor
But she won't help you out any more

Do what the buglers command
They're in the Army and not in a band

This is the Army, Mister Brown!
You and your baby went to town
She had you worried but this is war
And she won't worry you anymore

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