

SONGS of the CULVER BATTERY

"The Caisson Song"

- 1.----- Over hill, over dale
As we hit the dusty trail,
and those caissons go rolling along ----
In and out, hear them shout,
Counter-march, and right about,
And those caissons go rolling a-long ----

(CHORUS) ----

Then it's hi hi hee in the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong, --
For where'er you go,
You will always know that those caissons
go rolling along.
(Keep them rolling)
And those caissons go rolling along.

(After last verse)

Batt'--ry Halt.

- 2.----- In the storm, in the night, action left or
action right,
And those caissons go rolling along. ----
Limber front, limber rear,
Prepare to mount you canoneer.
And those caissons go rolling along.-----

(Repeat chorus)

- 3.----- But if fate me should call
And in action I should fall
Keep those caissons a rolling a-long.-----
Then in peace I'll abide
When I take my final ride
On a caisson that's rolling along -----.

(Repeat Chorus)

(Tune - Song of the Vagabonds)

1.----- Sons of shot and powder,
Sing your praises louder,
For the Culver Battery.
Watch our men make thunder
Tear the line asunder
Action front Artillery
Fight, fight, fight, fight,
Charge against the foe
Onward, onward, the red guidon will go.
Red and Gold we hail you,
We will never fail you.
Carry on to victory.

2.----- When the Doughboys are in the trenches
And the Cavalry's on patrol
When there's fighting in the air
The airplanes are there
They're all right as far as they go ----
But when the fight starts over yonder
It's then that you'll all agree
That the "Guts" of the whole D---- Army
Is the Field Artillery.

3.....(Tune - "The Old Gray Mare")

Oh, the old gray mare she joined the
Artillery,
Joined the Artillery, joined the Artillery,
The old gray mare she joined the
Artillery
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Oh, the old gray mare she joined the
Artillery
Many long years ago.

4.---- (Tune - "There's A Long, Long Trail")

There's a long, long trace a 'winding'
Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is twisted 'round
the off brake beam.
I've got the off horse saddled backwards
I've got the crupper 'round his neck.
It all looks D---- peculiar
But we'll get there yet,
By heck!

5.----- (Tune - "Old King Cole")

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his
1-Privates)
2-Corporals)
3-Sergeants)
4-Shavetails)
5-Captains) three
6-Majors)
7-Colonels)
8-Generals)
1-Beer, beer, beer said the privates
2-One-two, one-two, one said the corporals
3-Right by squads- squads right said the
sergents
4-We do all the work said the shavetails
5-We want ten days leve said the captains
6-What's the next command said the majors
7-We want a horse we can ride said the
colonels
8-The Army's shot to Hell said the generals

Merry, merry men are weeeee-----
For who is there that can compare
with the Culver Battery