CLIMBIN' HIGH

March Time

Give'er the gun, m' son, and hear that engine drone,
You've got a date with fate, you know you're on your own
High up in the sky.
CLIMBIN' HIGH! CLIMBIN' HIGH!
Out where the grey horizon meets the break of day,
Roll'er along above the clouds and far away, And keep 'er climbin',
CLIMB-IN' HIGH!
Ride the wings of the morning, Strike with never a warning, Zoom'er up and
Lose 'er in the blue. Skies are burst-in' a-sunder,

Thunder o-ver and un-der, Higher, fly-er, it all de-pends on you. To keep 'er high!

CLIMBIN' HIGH! You'll have your fun, m'son, before you head for home. You'll have your fun when you get back a-
round the drome, So keep 'er climbin', CLIMB-IN' HIGH.

I give you a toast, from coast to coast, to men of all the Force. Drink to the sun, the

moon, the stars that keep you on your course. Drink to the girl who thinks of you, where-

ev-er you may be; Drink to the ace you're goin' to face, and drink to victory!
By the Writers of Climbin' High

Sung by Red Newman in "CHIN UP"

We've Rolled Up The Old Umbrella

March Time > T. Reginald Sloan

CHORUS

Oh, WE'VE ROLLED UP THE OLD UM-BER-EL-LA And we've hung up the old walking cane, We have packed a-way our

Novelty War Song

The Pretty Little Mitt That Kitty Knit

Words and Music by JIMMIE COULTER, P.R.S. (Lond.)

We've been hear-ing quite a lot of prop-a-gan-da And it's such a funny war you must ad-mit, Tho' there's lots you can't be-lieve, I've the sto-ry up my sleeve Of the PRETTY LITTLE MITT THAT KITTY KNIT. With her need-les keep-ing time to Tip-pet-ty She de-ter-mined she would do her lit-tle bit. Some may fight their way to fame, Kitty made it just the same With the PRETTY LITTLE MITT that KITTY KNIT.