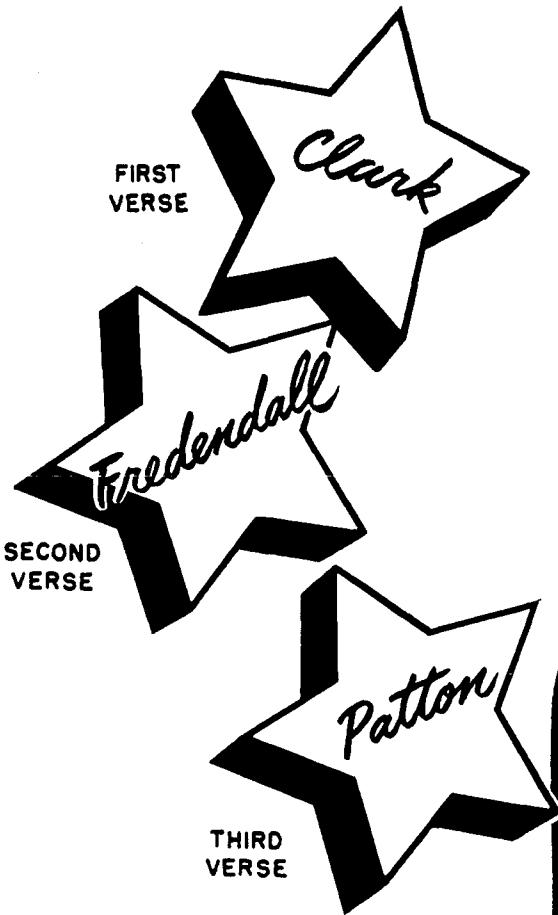


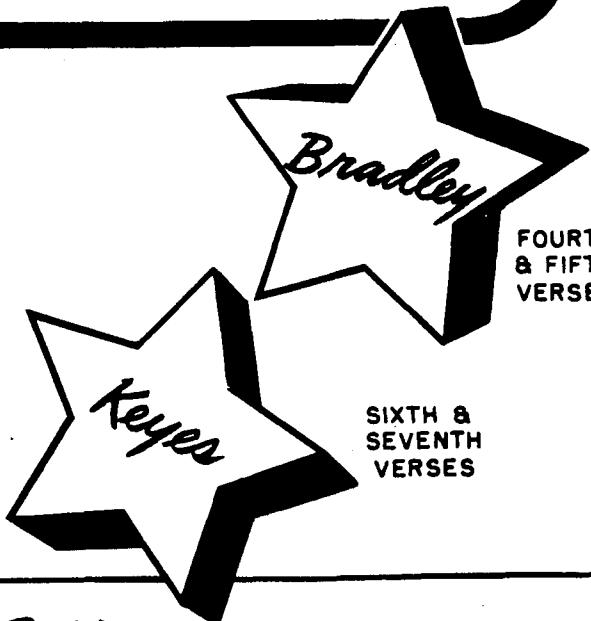
Dedicated to



**SECOND
TO
none**



**MARCHING SONG
OF THE
II CORPS**



Italian Edition

RC

Words and Music by
COL. WALTER P. BURN, C.W.S.
Chemical Officer, II Corps.

Piano Arrangement by
C.W.O. E. D. RUPERT
Band Leader, 18th Infantry



I have picked the best of the fight-ing troops, The Gen-er - al he swore; The
In the dark o'the moon we passed the Rock, And hit for the Afri-can shore; And the
When the Brit-ish First got stuck in the mud, And set-tled down for tea; They
When the Brit-ish Eighth had chased the Hun From Mareth up past Sousse, We

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cream o'the crop, the tip o' the top, For the Sec - ond Ar - my Corps. So we
wave of men that land-ed then Was the Sec - ond Ar - my Corps! The
up and beckoned the fight-ing Sec-ond to help in Tun - i - sie. So we
swung a-round to Be - ja town And turned our forc - es loose; We



give our pledge to A - mer - i - ca, As we leave Brit - ain's shore - We'll
French re - sis - ted with all their might, And fought as French-men can; But we
spread our - selves from Gaf - sa up to Sbeit - la and Mak - tar And pro
hammered him with ar - til - ler - y, With bul - let, bomb and blade; And we



carry the scrap a - round the map 'Til we win the god - dam war!
Took Ar - zew, Ren - an, Sang Loo, And marched in - to Or - an!
Cooled to mop the disgusted Wop From Sen - ed and El Guet - tar!
Caught to Fritz the meaning of olitz By the Sec - ond Corps re - paid!

Solo

Chorus

who will make the FIRST at - tack? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS!
who will make the NEXT at - tack? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS!
Who will make the THIRD at - tack? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS!
Who will make the FOURTH at - tack? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS!

Solo

Chorus

Forge a - head and not turn back? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS! we're the
Forge a - head and NOT turn back? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS! we have
Hit 'em hard un - til they crack? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS! The Gen
Lead a - head and not look back? The SEC - OND AR - MY CORPS! The

'Var - sity team o' the U. S. A. - Now let's roll up the score! The
met the Le-gion-ies E - tran - gers, The Spa - his and en - core - And the
-tauros and Ber-sag-li - er - e Won't both - er us no more; For the
Panzers are off to A - mer - i - ca, (But not as Hit - ler swore); For the

Sec - ond Corps is SECOND TO NONE The wide world o'er!

VERSE V

Next we scrambled off our landing craft
And ships and LST's
And we fought our ways through chalky haze
'Cross the heart of Sicily.
Up, up past Etna to the Straight
We bulldozed, climbed and hit
'Till Fritz he ran (according to plan),
And Tony up and quit!
Who will make the fifth attack -
The Second Army Corps!
Blaze the trail and build the track -
The Second Army Corps!
That donkey's bray along the way
Was Duce's dying roar;
And the Second Corps is Second to None
The Wide World O'er.

VERSE VI

The Fifth crashed into Italy
And found it quite a chore
So it happened, again, they sent for the men
Of the Fighting Second Corps
And there astride the Road to Rome
We slugged it out with Fritz
Till round by round we wore him down
In ninety days of blitz.
Who will make the sixth attack -
The Second Army Corps!
Give to Kesselring the sack -
The Second Army Corps!
The Panzers goose step through the hills
Their Panz are getting sore
And the Second Corps is Second to None
The Wide World O'er.

VERSE VII

With the winter passed in Cassino's Hills
And Rapido-Battle wise;
New rugged men were ready when
Two Corps reorganized
On May Eleventh our drive began
On Adolf's private line!
Our Fondi blow freed Anzio
And soon in Rome we dined.
Who will make the next attack?
The Second Army Corps!
We'll make the Kraut a real Sad Sack,
And prove then furthermore,
That Speedy Two is all true blue
Deep down into the core!
And the Second Corps is Second to None
The Wide World O'er.

VERSES I-VI
by
Col. W.P. Burn

VERSE VII
by
Maj. ROBERT J. BRAUER, C.W.S. Hq. II Corps.

AFRICAN INTERLUDE

by
Col. W. P. Burn C.W.S.

There are silent rows of crosses
From Bizerte to Arzew
And around them stretch the flowered fields
Of red and white and blue;
For we faced no mean opponents
On this battle-storied shore,
And a heavy toll was paid by
Every unit in the Corps.

Death looked down from every djebel;
Death came soaring overhead;
And death was sown in every road
And lurked in every oued;
And you might have been a dogface,
Or drove a tank or truck,
But you did your job and faced it -
And if you're still here, that's luck.

The men who strung the wires
Or who loaded deadly freight,
Weren't issued many medals, but -
There's few who didn't rate.
And don't forget the nurses
Who have shared our risk and fare,
Nor the medics and the stretcher teams
Who gave our wounded care;

The engineers who waded
Into fields of mines and traps;
And the men who cooked the chow
Or pecked the keys or drew the maps.
There's lots of jobs that must be done
To win this kind of war,
And victory's due to Every man -
And woman - in the Corps!

And now, farewell to Africa
And off to other shores -
The Second Corps still *second to none*
The wide world o'er!

SICILIAN INTERLUDE

by
Cpl. R. W. Lovett

In many African harbors,
The Armada gathered way;
As every ship lay waiting
For the coming of D-Day.
When the hour struck, we landed
On the beaches of the West;
Then we drove across the Island,
On a tough but winning quest.

Again, we showed that teamwork
Is what an Army needs.
All our units worked together,
To accomplish mighty deeds.
From the highest to the lowest,
From front lines to the rear,
Each man performed his duty,
Till victory was clear.

There were some we left behind us,
On the hills of Sicily;
From Gela to Messina,
They met with destiny.
Be sure, we still remember,
Though a year and more has passed,
New jobs have been accomplished,
New victories amassed.

Be sure, the world remembers,
Though the fight was not for long;
For the land was rough and rugged,
And the enemy was strong.
This historic isle debarred us
From Europe's Southern shore;
'til our efforts helped to make it
A stepping-stone to more.

And so farewell to Sicily,
And hail Italian shore;
The Second Corps is Second to None
The wide world o'er!

