



words  
by

Sunny Winston  
1105 Company

Camp Charles M. Smith

music  
by

Ernest F. Jores  
Music Director

Camp Charles M. Smith

presented by

SIXTH DISTRICT GAZETTE

Camp Charles M. Smith  
WATERBURY, VERMONT

Price 25 Cents

# Good Ole Three C. C's

Lyrics by  
SUNNY WINSTON

Music composed by  
ERNEST F. JORES

The musical score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The lyrics are: "We joined the C. C. C. Just to see what we could see And learn what the scheme was all a - bout, Be - lieve me it's the ber - ries Life's a great big bowl of cher - ries In the good ole three C. C's. We". The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *ff*, and various musical notations including rests, notes, and accidentals.

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2. We wake up in the morn  
When the frost is on the corn  
And the bugler's blowing reveillee,  
But when the roll is calling  
From our bunks we will be falling  
In the good ole three C. C's.
  
3. We all line up for chow  
And I often wonder how  
They ever cook enough to feed us all  
You hear the big fat cookies  
Holler, just a bunch of rookies  
In the good ole three C. C's.
  
4. We all fall out for work  
For our duties we cant shirk  
There's work enough for all of us to do,  
We'll build a great big dammy  
For our dear old uncle Sammy  
In the good ole three C. C's.
  
5. Now when our work is through  
And there's nothing more to do  
We'll take a run down to the post exchange  
To meet old Tom and Jerry  
And forget about our worry  
In the good ole three C. C's.
  
6. The curfew rings at ten  
And it will not ring again  
So we'd better hurry to our little bunks,  
Down the back road we'll come creeping  
And saw wood while we are sleeping  
In the good ole three C. C's.
  
7. When mother's get our check  
See old daddy stretch his neck  
Little brother Johnnie jumps with glee  
Our sister's went to college  
But we get all of our knowledge  
In the good ole three C. C's.
  
8. We looked around for news  
That would drive away our blues  
We found a paper called the Happy Days  
Right in our recreation  
We get all the information  
Bout the good ole three C. C's.