

## BILL HEAVEY'S BRIGADE

The orders were secret, so not a man knew  
He was picked from the best in the land  
From all over, they came, not knowing who  
They "hushed" The Amphibian Command

They preached them a story, of stark death or glory  
For beach-heads are suicide made  
You are Cape Cod Commandos, hit but don't run  
Line up, for the Second Brigade

The pick of the Army, spiced with the blarney  
You're the stuff from which heroes are made  
So, they threw them together, for fair or foul weather  
To make up Bill Heavey's Brigade

They started to train, in the mud and the rain  
They practiced beach landings that paid  
Tho it was plain hell, they stood up to it well  
Those boys of Bill Heavey's Brigade

The training was sound, soon Florida bound  
Then the coast and the surf where they stayed  
Till hardened and toughened, they put them aboard  
"Down Under" went Heavey's Brigade

They landed one day in the south west P. A.  
Started in then at their trade  
Made the first landing, boosted their standing  
In the name of Bill Heavey's Brigade

Up to New Guinea, where Tojo still ruled  
Where the keystone of an empire, he laid  
They came with their Ms and their little Vs  
And in went Bill Heavey's Brigade

When he first met Bill Heavey's brigade

At Finschafen, Saidor and Arawa, too  
Those little boats plowed unafraid  
And Tojo bewildered, retreated, withdrew  
At the threat of Bill Heavey's Brigade

On the Dutch New Guinea shore, they'll be many more  
Where they'll fight, as they ply their grim trade  
Till this war is over, on sea and on shore  
You'll hear of Bill Heavey's Brigade

They saw plenty action and gave satisfaction  
In every beach landing, they paid *made*  
Yet they still voice a prayer, to hope you will share  
In the luck of Bill Heavey's Brigade

Tho they don't boast about it, they all like to say  
Each man gave his best to the trade  
They are happy and proud to be one of the crowd  
That belongs to Bill Heavey's brigade

If there is a world, beyond this one of ours  
When over the Jordan, you wade  
You'll probably find, the small boats are manned  
By the boys from Bill Heavey's Brigade.

