

The Quartermaster Corps

C G7

It's the beer, beer, beer That makes you feel so queer In the corps, in the

C

corps. It's the beer, beer, beer That makes you feel so queer In the

G7 C C F

Chorus

Quar - ter - mas - ter Corps. Mine eyes are dim, I can - not see I

G7 C G7

have not brought my specs with me I have not Brought my specs with

C

me.

Adult / Army version

It's the beer, beer, beer
That makes you feel so queer
In the corps, in the corps.
It's the beer, beer, beer
That makes you feel so queer
In the Quartermaster Corps.

Chorus:
Mine eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me
I have (hup!) not (ho!)
Brought my specs with me.

It's the brandy, brandy, brandy
That makes you feel so randy
etc.

It's the whiskey, whiskey,
whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky etc.

It's the rum, rum, rum
That puts you on your bum etc.
It's the water, water, water
That makes you think you oughter etc.

It's the lack of sex
that makes us nervous wrecks etc.

It's the cheese, cheese, cheese
That brings you to your knees etc.

It's the tea, tea, tea
But not for you and me etc.

It's the rats, rats, rats
In bowler hats and spats etc

Kid's version

Oh, it's beans, beans, beans
That turn us into fiends,
In the corps, in the corps,
Oh, it's beans, beans, beans
That turn us into fiends,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

Chorus:

Mine eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not
Brought my specs with me!

Oh, it's soup, soup, soup
That knocks you for a loop, etc.

Oh, it's cheese, cheese, cheese
That brings you to your knees, etc.

Oh, it's cake, cake, cake
That makes your stomach ache, etc.

Oh, it's pie, pie, pie
That hits you in the eye, etc.

Oh, it's meat, meat, meat
That isn't fit to eat, etc.

Oh, it's peas, peas, peas
That make you want to sneeze, etc.

Oh, it's stew, stew, stew
That turns you black and blue, etc.

Oh, it's bread, bread, bread
Sits in your gut like lead, etc.

Oh, it's pears, pears, pears
That give you curly hairs, etc.

"The Quartermaster Corps", also known as "The Quartermaster Store" or "The Commissary Store" is a song known in Canada and the United States.

The adult version is a drinking song and the children's version is more innocent. Like "The Five Constipated Men in the Bible" the tune is the refrain of the hymn tune "Power in the Blood" which was written by Lewis E. Jones around 1899.

"The Quartermaster Corps" was printed in Hopkins' **Songs from the Front & Rear: Canadian Servicemen's Songs of the Second World War** (1979), Fred and Irwin Silber's **Folksinger's Wordbook** (1973), Averill's **Camp Songs, Folk Songs** (2014), (no author listed) **Boy Scout Songbook** (Boy Scouts of America, 1970, 1997) and Mechling's "Magic of the Boy Scout Campfire", in the **Journal of American Folklore Volume 93, Number 367** (Jan-Mar 1980) (appears as "Commissary Store"). It appears in the **Roud Folk Song Index** as #10508.