

## The Bowld Sojer Boy

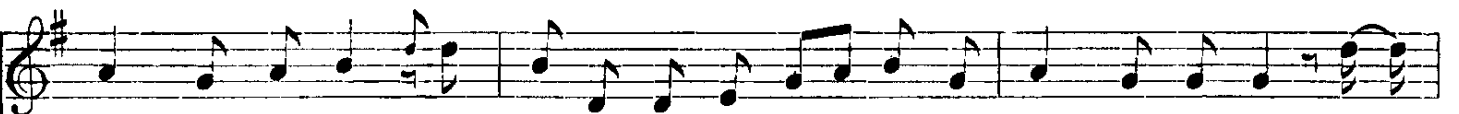
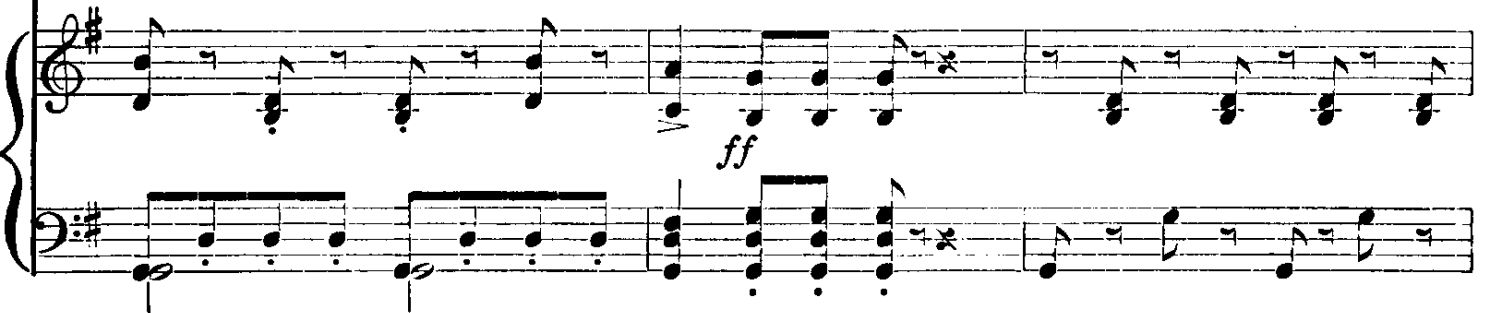
SAMUEL LOVER



1. O, there's not a thrade that's go - ing, Worth show - ing or know - ing Like  
 2. But when we get the rout, How they pout and they shout, While  
 3. Then come a - long with me, Gra - ma - chree, and you'll see How



that from glo - ry grow - ing For a bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you  
 to the right a - bout, Goes the bowld so - jer boy; 'Tis then that la - dies fair, In de -  
 hap - py you will be, With your bowld so - jer boy; Faith if you're up to fun, With me



know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the bowld so - jer boy, There's  
 spair tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the bowld so - jer boy; For the  
 run, 'twill be done In the snap - ping of a gun, Says the bowld so - jer boy. And 'tis



not a town we march thro' But la-dies look-ing arch thro' The win-dow-panes, will  
 world is all be-fore us, Where the land-la-dies a-dore us, And ne'er re-fuse to  
 then that with-out scan-dal, My - self will proud-ly dan-dle The lit-tle farth-ing

*f* *p* *f*

sarch thro' The ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet With  
 score us, But chalk us up with joy; We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "O  
 can-dle Of our mu-tual flame, my joy; May his light shine as bright as mine, 'Till

*p*

look so sly will cry "My eye! Oh, is -n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-ger boy!"  
 that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is -n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-ger boy!"  
 in the line he'll blaze and raise The glo-ry of his corps, Like a bowld so-ger boy!

*ff*