LONG BOY

Words by WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Music by BARCLAY WALKER

Slow march tempo

He was just a long, lean country gink From 'way out West where th' hop-toads wink; He was six feet two in his stocking feet, An' kept git' thinner th' more he'd eat. But he was as brave as he was thin, When th' war broke out he got right in. Under-geant put him in uniform, His gal knit mitts for to keep him warm; They

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hitch'd his plow, put th' mule away, Then th' old folk heard him say:
drill'd him hard, they drill'd him long, Then he sang his fare-well song!

REFRAIN

Good-by, Ma! Good-by, Pa! Good-by, Mule, with yer old hee-haw! I

may not know what th' war's a-bout, But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out. An', O my sweetheart,

don't you fear, I'll bring you a King fer a souve- nir; I'll git you a Turk an' a

Kaiser, too, An' that's a-bout all one fell-ler could do!

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