Title:	Captain with his whiskers
Name(s):	Peticolas, C. L.
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	Music associated with the Confederate side
Subject(s):	United States--History--Songs and music Songs with piano Flirting--Songs and music Soldiers--Confederate States of America--Caricatures and cartoons
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.natlib.ihas.200002519

PDF dynamically generated by the Library of Congress.

Peticolas, C. L.

THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS

WHISKERS

J. W RANDOLPH. RICHMOND VA

LITH BY E. CREHEN. 146 MAIN St

Library of Congress
MUSIC DIV.
CLASS. M 1642
ACC. NO. 93144

31105
103

THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS

ARRANGED BY C.L. PETICOLAS

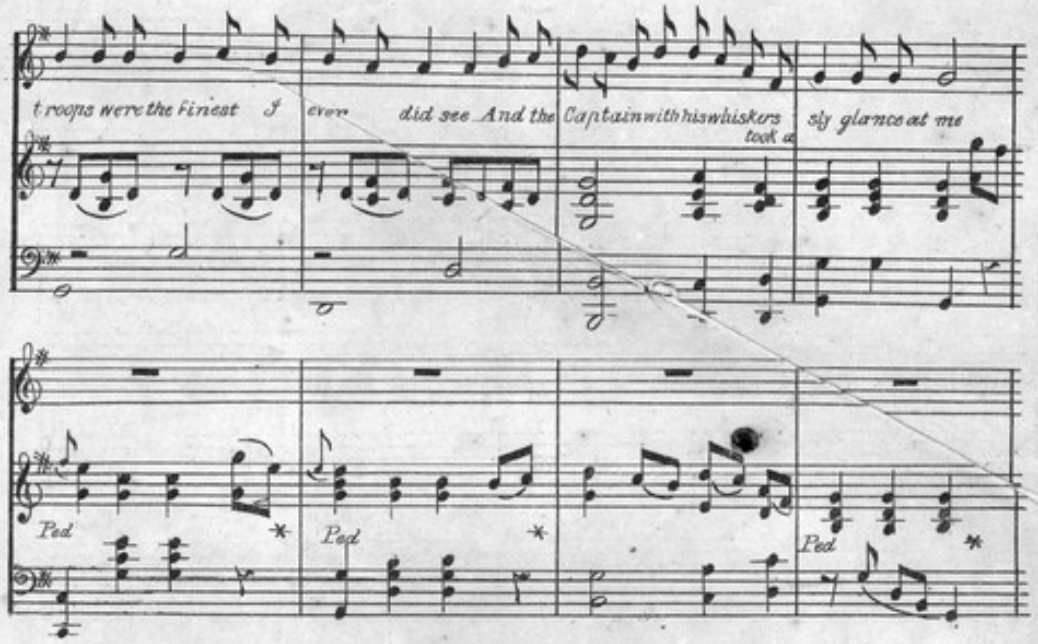
As they Marched thro' the town WITH their Ban ners so gay I ran to the Window to hear the band play I

peeped thro' the blinds very cautiously then Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men Oh! I

ff P

heard the drums beat and the music so sweet But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat The

cres cen do ff P



II

When we met at the Ball, I of course thought 'twas right,
To pretend that we never had met 'till that night,
But he knew me at once, I perceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance,
Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget,
For my heart was enlisted and could not get free,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me

III

But he march'd from the town, and I saw him no more
Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore,
I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
Of the love of a Captain who went far away,
I remember with super-abundant delight,
When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee,
As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me

IV

But there's hope — for a friend just ten minutes ago
Said the Captain's returned from the war, and I know
He'll be searching for me with considerable zest
And when I am found — but — oh — you know all the rest
Perhaps he is here, let me look 'round the house.
Keep still every one of you, still as a mouse!
For if the dear creature is here, he will be.
With his whiskers a taking a sly glance at me.