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"Private Higgins."

Eglen Taylor

In moderate March time.

Bill Higgins was a Soldier born, A

poco rit..... a tempo

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bright and stalwart lad; He lov'd a pouch and powder-horn, His child-hood's on-ly fad. He was

just a simple country boy; The pouch had been his only toy; A Soldier was his only joy; He

Refrain

listed like his Dad. Cheer our Soldiers! Yankee Doodle Soldiers! Cute and lucky,

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Nr. 3.—Carl Fischer, New York.

(1/2)

Pert and plucky, On the eve of Fame. Cheer our Soldiers, As you did in old years;

(1/2)

(1/2)

Light and bright, Well Train'd to fight, And up to ev'ry game!

2nd v. He fought,- and struck a big Dug-out, all scarred by shot and shell.
So hailed his comrades with a shout,- said they,- 'Ee's black as Hell.
Then they threw down a hand grenade, says Higgins- "There's the man afraid!"
So then and there, they made a raid, to find- "what none could tell."
(Refrain.)

3rd v. They groped on blindly to the end, where Higgins struck a light.
He found some Germans round a bend, all doubled up with fright.
Says Higgins, here's a dog-gone find!- We're Allied Scouts, and more behind.
So drop your guns, or strike me blind,' I'll you all on sight.
(Refrain.)

4th v. He lined them up in squads of three, all mad with rage and fear.
His comrades cheered him loudly, as he marched them to the rear,
His Officers in great surprise found ninety-three in German guise.
The Colonel said,- why, "dam his eyes", he's Sargeant rout, right here.
(Refrain.)

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