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JAN 16 1918

IF I COULD BE BORN AGAIN.

(I'd be a Soldier Boy.)

Words & Music by
Cornelia Fucignas

Con Spirito

Tempo di Marcia

Voice

When I was born, not so long a-go. Folks did'nt think much of me — They were'nt even po-

When I hear the ou-gle cal-ling, It thrills me through and through, — It seems as tho it

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-lite e-nough, To ask what I'd like to
said to me, What are you go-ing to

be — If I had had my
do? — The fife and drums they

way then — I could fight for-un-cle
haunt me, — They — sound like "do — your

Sam — But they made of me a girl you
bit" — And all be-cause I'm just a

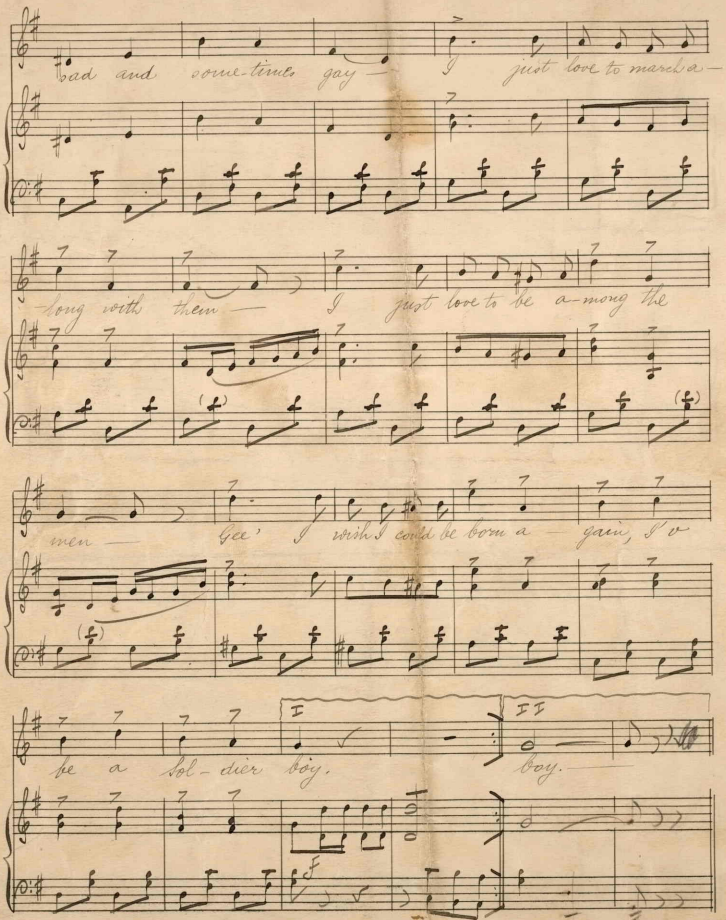
see, when I wan-ted to be a man —
girl, I must stay home and knit!

Chorus

I just love a sol-dier boy I do —

I just love a un-i-form don't you —

I just love to hear the Brass Band play, Some-times



sad and some-times gay — I just love to march a-

-long with them — I just love to be a-mong the

men — Gee' I wish I could be born a — gain, I'd

be a Sol-dier boy. boy. —

D. C.

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"~~GEE~~";-~~I WISH~~ IF I COULD BE BORN AGAIN.
(I'd be a Soldier Boy.)

When I was born, not so long ago,
Folks did'nt think much of me,
They were'nt even polite enough,
To ask what I'd like to be;
If I had, had my way then
I could fight for Uncle Sam;
But they made of me a girl you see,
When I wanted to be a man.

Chorus;

I just love a soldier boy, I do,
I just love a uniform, dont you?
I just love to hear the Brass Band play,
Sometimes sad and sometimes gay,
I just love to march along with them,
I just love to be among the men,
Gee; I wish I could be born again,
I'd be a Soldier Boy.

When I hear the bugle calling,
It thrills me through and through,
It seems as tho it said to me,
What are you going to do?
The fife and drum they haunt me,
They sound like, "Do your bit;"
And all because I'm just a girl,
I must stay home and knit.

I just love a Soldier Boy I do, etc.