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DEC 27 1917

OLD BILL JONES.

Words by
John Irwin Scull

Music by
Thaddeus Gorecki.

BRISKLY, IN MARCH TEMPO.

Old Bill Jones left his home up in Scran - ton Came to

camp, like a tramp, like a bum; Asked the sen-try to go get the

M1646
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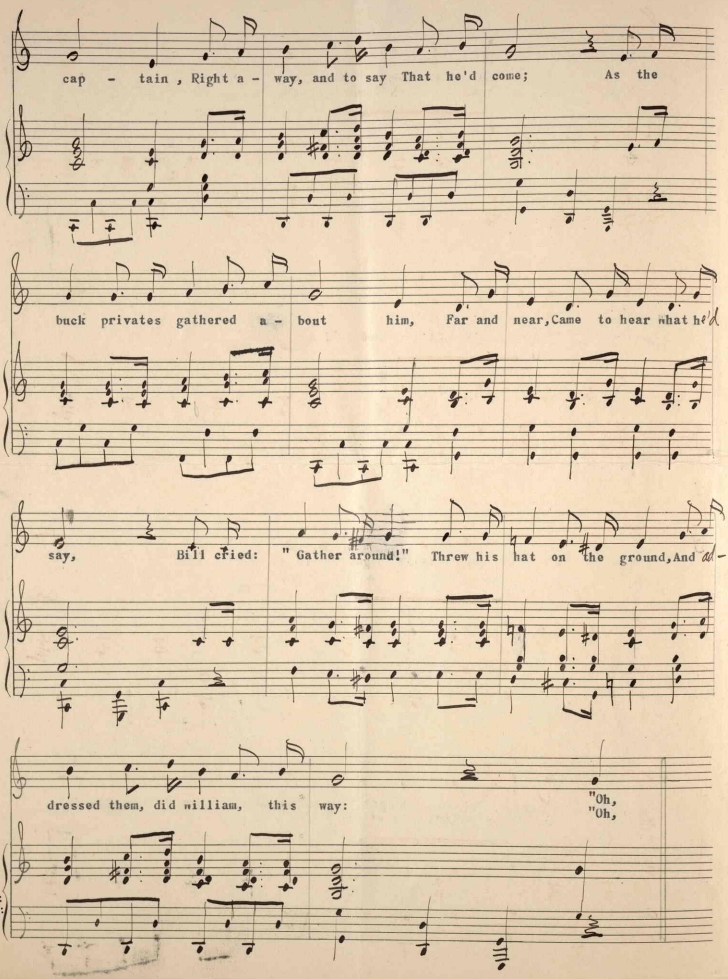
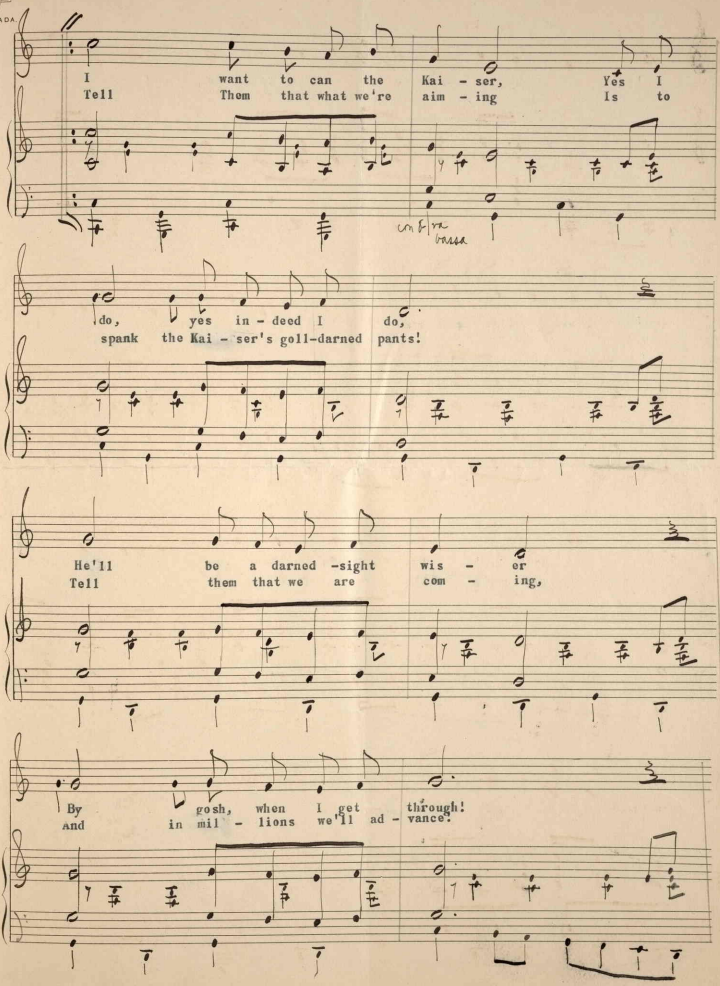
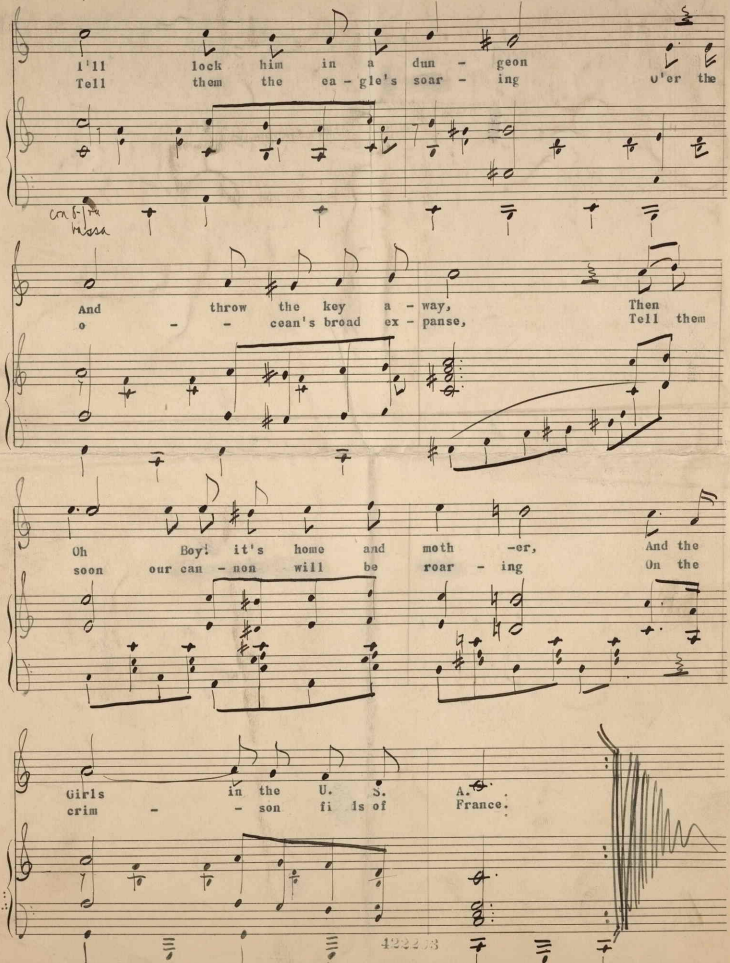

cap - tain, Right a - way, and to say That he'd come; As the
buck privates gathered a - bout him, Far and near, Came to hear what he'd
say, Bill cried: "Gather around!" Threw his hat on the ground, And ad -
dressed them, did William, this way: "Oh, "Oh,

PRESSER
PHILADA




I'll lock him in a dun - geon
Tell them the ea - gle's soar - ing
o'er the
And throw the key a - way,
Then
o - - cean's broad ex - panse,
Tell them
Oh Boy! it's home and moth - er,
And the
soon our can - non will be roar - ing
On the
Girls in the U. S. A.
crim - - son fields of France.