

Boulanger's March - song lyrics

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BOULANGER'S MARCH.

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Like a fond father brought to slaughter,
I for a long while had desired
To take my wife, sister And daughter
To see the troops so much admired;
So after taking breakfast early
We all set out together gaily,
The women folks went on ahead,
I took my mother-in-law instead.
Each one had something good,
So not to hungry be,
I took some prunes and doughnuts fried,
My wife two nice small hams beside;
My mother-in-law with tripe
Had calf's head soaked in brine,
My daughter cherries ripe,
My sister carried eggs And wine.

Refrain.

Content and gay we marched along that day,
And reached at last Longchamps, our hearts both bright and gay;
Without delay we hurried on our way,
For we were going to see reviewed the army.

Quite soon Longchamps was full of people,
We hunted for a place to stand,
And then I opened out the luncheon,
And we all were gay and felt so grand;
Then they cried: Hurrah for France!
By Jove! the soldiers they are marching!
I climbed a big horse-chestnut tree,
My wife stood on a postman's knee.
Sister with firemen three
Shouted with childish glee,
My loving wife she clapped her hands
When passed the brave St. Cyriens;
My mother-in-law was proud
And spoke her praise aloud,
While I could but admire
Our General Boulanger entire.-Refrain.

And then I gave the invitations
To soldiers who I thought were dry,
To help me drink the wine and rations,
And we were getting soon quite high;
I left my mother-in-law quite willing,
And found a vivandiere beside me,
So when we reached home light and free
We all were jolly as could be.
My sister, full of joy,
Brought home a drummer boy,
My daughter, who I thought was slow,
She had two cavalry men in tow;
My wife almost too soon
Embraced a bold dragoon,
My mother-in-law, "true blue,"
Was making love to a young Zoo-Zoo.- Refrain.