

# Bowld Sojer Boy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

BOWLD SOJER BOY.

Oh, there's not a trade that's going worth showing or knowing,  
Like that from glory growing for a bowld sojer boy;  
Where right or left we go, sure you know, friend or foe,  
Will have the hand or toe from the bowld sojer boy.  
There's not a town we march thro' but ladies looking arch thro'  
The window panes will search thro' the ranks to find their joy;  
While up the 6treet, each girl you meet, with look so sly, will cry, "My eye,  
Oh, isn't he a darling? the bowld sojer boy!"

But when we get the route, how they pout and they shout,  
While to the right about goes the bowld sojer boy;  
'Tis then ladies fair, in despair, tear their hair.  
But the divil a one I care, says the bowld sojer boy.  
For the world is all before us, where the landladies adore us,  
But ne'er refuse to score us, but chalk as up with joy;  
We taste her tap, we tear her cap, oh, that's the chap for me, says she.  
Oh, isn't he a darling? the bowld sojer boy!

Then come along with me, gramachree, and you'll see  
How happy you will be with your bowld sojer boy;  
Faith, if you're up to fun, with me run, 'twill be done  
In the snapping of a gun, says the bowld sojer boy.  
And 'tis then that without scandal, myself would proudly handle  
The little farthing candle of our mutual love and joy;  
May his light shine as bright as mine, till in the line he'll blaze, and raise  
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy.