

SM 2990

Shooting The Bull Around The Bulletin Boards.

Words by
WM. JEROME.

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Allegro Moderato.

f *fz*

Voice.

Vamp. *p* *p*

My dear Dad - dy has - n't
My dear Dad - dy loves the

worked for years, When there's work he nev - er vol - un - teers.
U. S. A. Wears his trous - ers in a West Point way.

As a sol-dier he can not be beat, You may treat him but he
He wears col-lars just as stiff as starch, He's too back-ward for a

won't re-treat. On the cor-ner in the op-en air,
for-ward march, He's a sol-dier of his own ac-cord,

You'll find Dad-dy with the sol-diers there. Ev-'ry day he
He owes moth-er near-ly ten years board. Think what moth-er

takes com-mand with a "War-Cry" in his hand,
has en-dured and his life is not in-sured.

Chorus.

You'll find my fath - er 'round the bull - e - tin boards

p-f

morn - ing, noon and night. You'll find my fath - er with a

sol - dier's cap, His am - mu - ni - tion is a

big war map. You'll al - ways find him at the front, in

front, in front, he stands in front of ev - 'ry bo - dy.

He has a bot - tle of his own to oil his vo - cal

chords — And when he gets full he shoots the bull, the

bull a - round the bull - e - tin boards. boards.

1. 2.

fz D.S.