

SHOOTING THE BULL AROUND THE BULLETIN BOARDS



NO MORE WHISK-
EY IN ENGLAND
DURING THE
WAR. BY W. J.



As Introduced By
NORA BAYES.

LYRICS BY
Wm. JEROME
MUSIC BY
JEAN SCHWARTZ



Shooting The Bull Around The Bulletin Boards.

Words by
WM. JEROME.

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Allegro Moderato.

Voice.

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

Vamp.

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

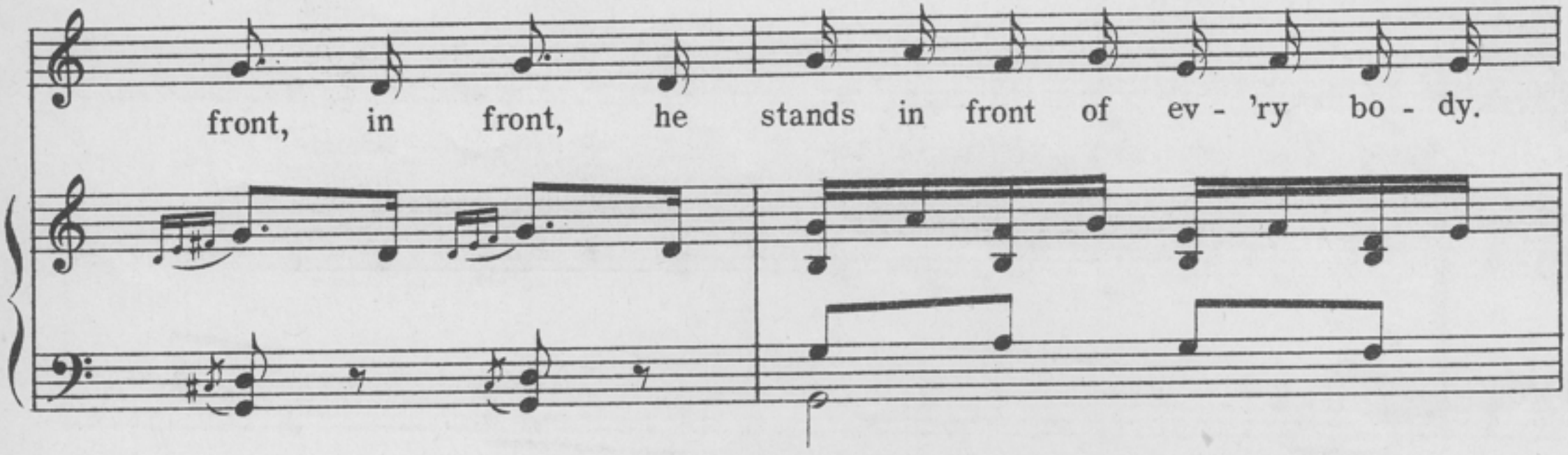
p-f

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

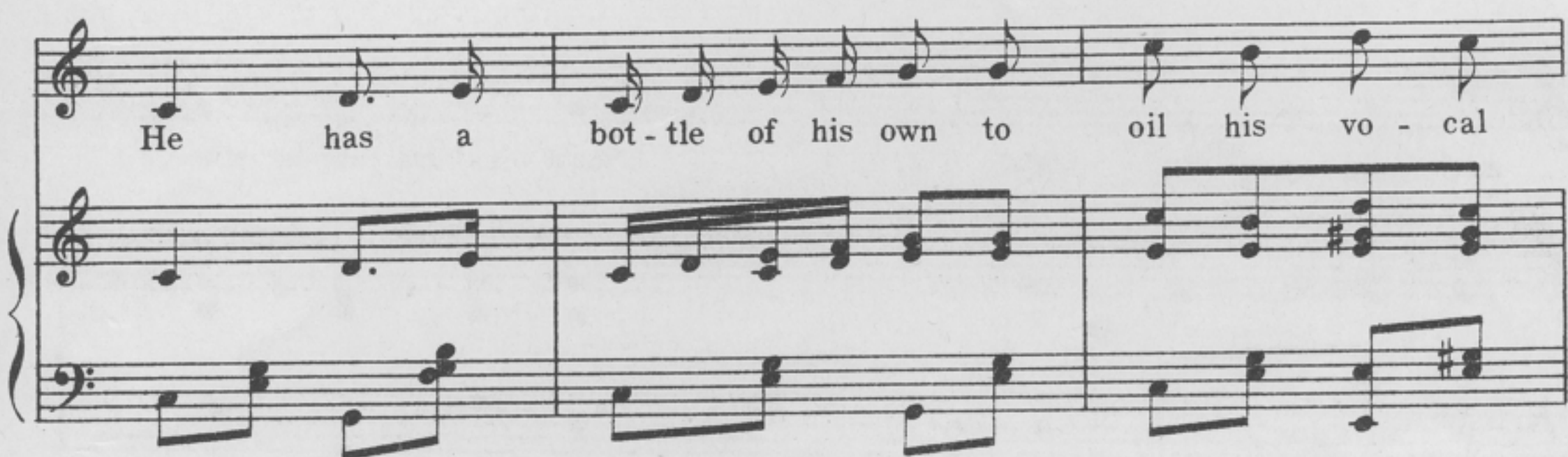
sol - dier's cap, His am - mu - ni - tion is a

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

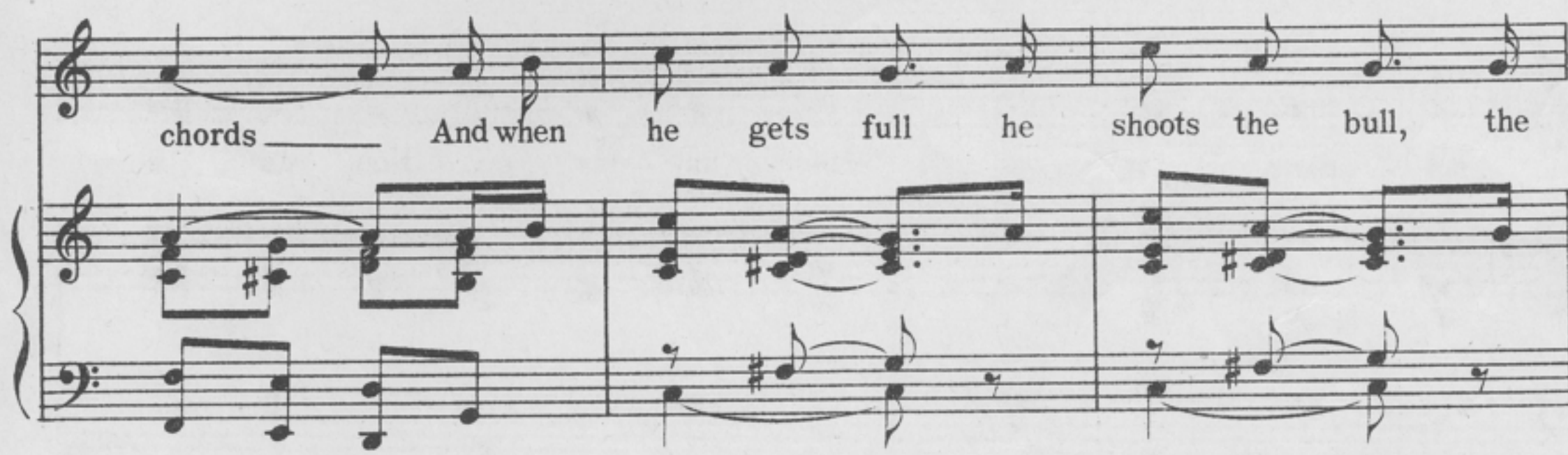
front, in front, he stands in front of ev - 'ry bo - dy.



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.

