

THE RIFLE BOYS

1. Oh, the rifle boys are leaving town: poor girls, what will they do?
Leaving many's a handsome pretty fair maid to lament in grief and woe;
Leaving many's a handsome pretty fair maid to lament in grief and woe,
For the rifle boys have got their rights and they will march tomorrow.
2. Said the mother to her daughter, "I'll confine you to your room,
And I'll keep you there until such time as the rifle boys are clean out of
town."
"It's for seven long years you'll confine me, and the eighth one will set me
free;
I'll roam around from town to town till I join their company."
3. Said the mother to her daughter, "What makes you talk so strange?
For a soldier is only a rambling blade, and he gets but little pay.
For a soldier is only a rambling blade, and he gets but little pay.
How can a man maintain his wife on nineteen cents a day?"
4. Said the daughter to her mother, "How can you run them down?
For there's many's a wealthy farmer's son who's belonging to their crown.
There's many a handsome pretty fair maid who loves them as well as I,
When the bugle it begins to sound and it fills their hearts with joy."
5. Up steps the young drummer with his swell accordion drum,
Which he beats from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon.
He beats it genteen and handsome, and he makes a melodious noise,
Which causes the girls, those sweet angelic pearls, for to follow the rifle
boys.
6. Oh, my love is genteen and handsome, and the suit he wears is blue;
My love is genteen and handsome; I believe his heart is true.
My love is genteen and handsome, with a dark and a rolling eye.
I'll lay my life or I'll be his wife, or for his sake I'll die.