The Gay Lieutenants.

Words by
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Music by
FREDERIC CHAPIN.

Tempo di Marcia.

We're sons of Uncle Sam out for a holiday. Our off-times when we're maneuvering around New York, At unifoms denote we are lieutenants gay. On board the ship at all the clubs and smokers we are quite the talk. It's lieutenant here and

(LIEUT.)

sea (at sea) We dig-nified must be (must be) Our discipline is there, (and there) Lieutenant ev'rywhere (ev'rywhere) We're lionized where-

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world re-nowned, 
But when we go a-shore we throw it 
e'er we go, 
But if you'd like to see us at our

all a-side, 
We min-gle with good fel-lows for it is our
ver-y best, 
Just come a-round some eve-ning when we are full

(pride, To laugh and sing a-way (a-way) Our trou-bles for the
dressed; Where flows the spark-ling wine,(the wine) We all are right in

day For we know not when the call may sound,____ With the
line, But not in the "line of ranks" you know,____ We

tone of the bugle shrill,  We o-bey with a might-y will, Every
train with the mil-lion-a-ires, We ban-ish a-way all cares, 'Tis the

one to his gun, For we all have a place to fill. We're
boys in their joys, Sing-ing on-ly the mar-tial airs.

REFRAIN. a tempo.

gay lieu-tenants just off a man-o'-war, In blue and gold a

flash-ing, We're roy-al fel-lows when-e're we go a-shore, So

debonair and dashing. But when the cannon come

thundering o'er the main, In time of battle's roar, You'll

find us ready, steady officers, When aboard a

man-o'-war. Were war.