WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE HEATHER.

Marcia marcato

Words and Music by
Wm GOULD.

soldier boy was leaving for the front to fight the foe, He was
as the transport left the quay, he fondly waved adieu, He was

For

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he'd be gone a year or more, to fight upon a foreign shore;
cheer her up he did beguile, his heart ached tho' he wore a smile,
A

She stood with tear-dimmed eye, He
hero of God's own kind, He

vowed that he'd be constant, and she swore that she'd be true,
thought of her in trenches, and when on the firing-line, 'Midst

Both of them Yankee bred; The
the living and the dead; He
Bun-gle sound-ed, fall in line, The band played sweet-ly Auld Lang Syne,
thought of her both day and night, And when he was al-low-ed to write,

As the sol-dier said.
Ev - ry let-ter read.

CHORUS
When the bloom is on the heath-er, Just as sure as the sun will
shine, I'll re-turn, and we will be to-geth-er,
As in Auld Lang Syne, While your soldier boy is

fighting for his country, don't you sigh,

For we'll surely be together, when the bloom is on the heather, sweetheart, You

and

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