Our Little War At Home Sweet Home.

Words by EDGAR LESLIE.

Music by MURRAY BLOOM.

Marcia

His - try says that Sher-man,
You can rave of Bun-ker

Grant and Lee, As fight-ers were im - mense, But they nev - er faced an
Hill and then A bout your old Bull Run, Sing the prais es of the
ten times worse than the fall of Rome,
Each morn she flings a

six chair right through the air, And after I have

stopped a half a hundred kicks, Oh say
on my head and parts my hair, Oh say

I can see What a fool I was to
I can see What a fool I was to

Our little war at home
Mar-ry her and then when I com-plain, She hits me on the
Mar-ry her and then when I com-plain, She hits me on the
Bu-gle boys and bruises ev-ery bone, In our lit-tle
Bu-gle boys and bruises ev-ery bone, In our lit-tle
War up and down the floor At dear old
War she hangs it on my jaw At dear old
Home Sweet Home.
Home Sweet Home.
Home.
Home.
Our little war at home