GOOD-BYE LITTLE GIRL, GOOD-BYE

Words by WILL D. COBB

Music by GUS. EDWARDS

Marziale

Trumpets

The sound of the bugle is from afar comes the sound of a

calling, Fare thee well, Fare thee well, The soldiers in line are falling, Fare thee
battle, Bugles call, soldiers fall, On the ground mid the roar and the rattle, Lies a

well, Fare thee well; "There's a rose in your hair sweet maid-en And its fragrance rare floats
boy, Soldier boy; "There's a rose in my breast my comrade I could hear him say mid the

on the air, But the rose from your cheek is fading, Hark! I can hear the trumpets blare!
battle fray, If they spare you to see my darling, Will you take it back to her and say?

CHORUS

"Good-bye little girl good-bye, Good-bye little girl good-bye, Just let me wear this

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rose so fair, For I'm marching away to be a soldier, Don't cry little girl, don't cry, Bye and

bye little girl bye and bye, When our victories are thru I'll come marching back to you, "Good-bye little girl goodbye,"

Choice Refrain: Tempo di Marcia

Just let me wear this rose so fair, For I'm marching away to be a soldier, Don't cry little girl don't cry, Bye and bye little girl bye and

When our victories are thru I'll come marching back to you, "Good-bye little girl goodbye,"

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