Shooting The Bull Around The Bulletin Boards.

Words by
WM. JEROME.

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Allegro Moderato.

My dear Daddy hasn't
My dear Daddy loves the

worked for years,
U. S. A.

When there's work he never volunteers.
Wears his trousers in a West Point way.
As a soldier he can not be beat,
He wears collars just as stiff as starch,
You may treat him but he won't retreat.
On the corner in the open air,
forward march,
He's a soldier of his own accord,

You'll find Daddy with the soldiers there.
He owes mother nearly ten years board.

Every day he takes command with a "War-Cry" in his hand,
has endured and his life is not insured.

Shooting The Bull 4
Chorus.

You'll find my father 'round the bulletin boards

morning, noon and night. You'll find my father with a

soldier's cap, His ammunition is a

big war map. You'll always find him at the front, in

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front, in front, he stands in front of everybody.

He has a bottle of his own to oil his vocal chords—and when he gets full he shoots the bull, the bull around the bulletin boards.