Oh! What A Time For The Girlies
When The Boys Come Marching Home

Words by
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Music by
HARRY RUBY

Moderato

Piano

Why are all the girl-ies feeling great? Some-thing's in the air;
Have you no-iced an-y girl-ie, who, Has a boy in France?

They don't ev-en want to make a date, With a poor old mil-lionaire;
They're
She was al-ways feel-ing sad and blue, You could tell it at a glance;

fix-ing up the mor-ris chair, And pull-ing down the blind;
now up-on her face you'll see, A look of joy and pride;

Soon there'll be some-bod-y there, And here's what's on their minds:
It's be-cause she knows that he, Will soon be by her side:

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Chorus

Oft what a time, what a time, for the girls when the boys come marching home,
They'll get the kissing, that they've been missing, while they were o-ver the foam;

Mary and Jane will explain to her soldier how she spent her nights a-lone;

Think of all the loving they will get, Two long years they've been with-out a pet;
Every "Cutie" waiting at the pier, Wants to do her duty o-ver here;
When a soldier squeezes you too hard, Raise your hand and holler "Kam-eraid;"

Oft what a time, what a time for the girls when the boys come marching home, home.