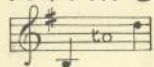


Nº 1 IN G



Nº 2 IN A



*W. H. Paling & Co. Ltd.  
Sydney*

# A SERGEANT OF THE LINE

Song

THE WORDS BY

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

The Music by

W. H. SQUIRE.

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BOOSEY & CO

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SYDNEY, — BRISBANE,  
& NEWCASTLE.

*Boosey*

## A SERGEANT OF THE LINE.

---

Ev'ry morning, wet or dry,  
You can see me passing by,  
See my ribbons gaily fly,  
Twirling cane and twinkling eye,  
    Tooral, looral, lay !  
Ev'ry likely lad in town,  
I look him up and I look him down ;  
"Come" I say, "Come along with me,  
And see what a soldier's life should be."  
    Tooral, looral, lay !

For I'm the Sergeant—the bully, bully Sergeant,  
Come with me and you shall see that a soldier's life is fine,  
So don't you worry what to do, just take the shilling, straight and true,  
And I'll look after you, like a Sergeant of the Line.

When the rousing bugles blow,  
Off to war you'll have to go,  
Leave the girls you all adore,  
One or two—or a score or more,  
    Tooral, looral, lay !  
But you need not feel alarm,  
That your girls will come to harm ;  
I'll look after them all for you,—  
I'll be their father and mother too.  
    Tooral, looral, lay !

For I'm the Sergeant—the bully, bully Sergeant,  
That's my way the darlings say, and there's not a heart like mine,  
But don't you worry what they'll do, for I'll look after them for you,  
Yes ! I'll look after them, like a Sergeant of the Line

Now when the rowdy-dow's begun,  
You'll be all among the fun,  
If a shot should come your way,  
You *may* get killed,—well, of course, you may.  
    Tooral, looral, lay !  
On the other hand, you see,  
You may *not* get shot, may be,  
Home you'll come when you are free,  
And all be Sergeants—just like me.  
    Tooral, looral, lay !

You'll all be Sergeants—yes ! bully, bully Sergeants,  
Home you'll come with a rolling drum, and the darlings' eyes will shine,  
So don't you worry what to do, they'll all of them be after you;  
For their hearts are always true to a Sergeant of the Line.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

# A SERGEANT OF THE LINE.

Words by  
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by  
W. H. SQUIRE.

*Alla marcia. (not to fast.)*

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes with a *marcato* marking. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Ev-'ry morn-ing, wet or dry,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part includes a *mf staccato* section. The lyrics are "Ev-'ry morn-ing, wet or dry,".

You can see me pass-ing by, See my rib-bons gai-ly fly,

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "You can see me pass-ing by, See my rib-bons gai-ly fly,".

Twir-ling cane and a twink-ling eye, Too-ral, loo-ral, lay!

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Twir-ling cane and a twink-ling eye, Too-ral, loo-ral, lay!". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) marking.



*p*

Ey - 'ry like - ly lad in town, I look him up, and I look him down;

*p legato.* *stacc.*

*mf*

"Come," I say, "Come a - long with me And see what a sol-dier's life should be".....

*mf* *sf*

*ff*

Too-ral, loo-ral, lay!.....

*sf* *sfz* *f* *sfz*

*mf* (with firm rhythm.)

For I'm the Ser-geant, The bul - ly, bul - ly Ser-geant,

*mf marcato.*

*cresc.*

Come with me, and you shall see that a sol-dier's life is fine, So

*p sostenuto.* *cresc.* *f*

don't you wor-ry what to do, just take the shil-ling straight and true,

*p*

And I'll look af-ter you, like a Ser-geant of the Line.....

*f* *fz* *ff*

*p*

When the rous - ing bu - gles blow, Off to war you'll

have to go, Leave the girls you all a - dore, One or two - or a

*mp*

*legato.*

*pp*

score or more, Too - ral, loo - ral, lay! But you need not

*p*

*mf*

*p legato.*

feel a - larm That your girls will come to harm; I'll look af - ter them

*mf*

*stacc.*

*mf*



all for you,— I'll be their fa-ther and mo-ther too..... Tooral, looral,

*colla voce.* *sf* *sf* *sfz*

lay!

*sf* *f* *f*

*p* (softly.)

For I'm the Ser-geant, The bul-ly, bul-ly Ser-geant,

*pp* (softly.)

*cresc.* *f*

That's my way the dar-lings say, and there's not a heart like mine, But

*pp* *sostenuto.* *cresc.* *f*

(humorously.)

don't you wor - ry what they'll do, for I'll look af - ter

*mf*

them for you, Yes! - I'll look af - ter them, like a Ser - geant of the

*sf* *f*

Line..... Now

*ff* *f* *allarg*

when the row - dy - dow's be - gun,

*sf* *p* *ff furioso.*



You'll be all a-mong the fun,

If a shot should come your way

*pva bassa.*

You may get killed— well, of course you may.

*(lunga.)*

*colla voce.*

Too-ral, loo-ral, lay!

*pp (a murmur.)*

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*mf a tempo.*

On the oth-er hand, you see, You may *not* get shot, may be,

*mf a tempo.* *cresc.*

Home you'll come when you are free, And all be Sergeants— just like me.

*colla voce.*

*f a tempo.*

Too - ral, loo - ral, lay!

*sfz a tempo.* *sf* *ff* *sf*

You'll all be Ser-geants,— Yes! bul-ly, bul-ly

*sf marcato. sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

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