

# Jigadeer Johnson

(March March March)

COMIC SONG

Lyric and Music  
by SENECA G. LEWIS

SM 3882

Moderato

PIANO

*f*

*ff*

VOICE

Sam-bo John-son was a son of rest - Down in sun-ny South Car' - line  
 Sam-bo John-son was a bus-y man - He workd eighteen hours a day

*Vamp*

*mf*

*p*

All that smoke he did - was to eat and sleep - That's the way he spent his time  
 He had man-y hard - al- so sleep-less nights - And his pay was pay - less pay

When the war broke out - the talk of the draft It fill'd his soul with fear  
 When old Sam-bo thought a - bout his fine job It all seemd might - y queer

They took him a - way - and then he wrote home "They have made me a Jig - a - deer"  
 So mak-ing sa-lute - he says Cap-tain please just re-tire me as Jig - a - deer

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CHORUS

I hear that bu-gle call-ing I hear that bu-gle call-ing Oh how those plain-tive notes they

*p-f*

do ap-peal to me I rise at four each morn-ing And I works a-round the mess Then I cham-ber- maids 'bout

fif-ty mules And help the Cap-tain dress I pol-ish-es the ar-ma-ment And then the Cap-tain

say Come on old Jig get bus-y— It's time to start the day When that bu-gler blows his Yo-del I just

los-es all my starch I'd rath-er fill— an am-bu-lance than march march march I march

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