

SM 552

A Sailor Boy.

Words by
COLLIN DAVIS.

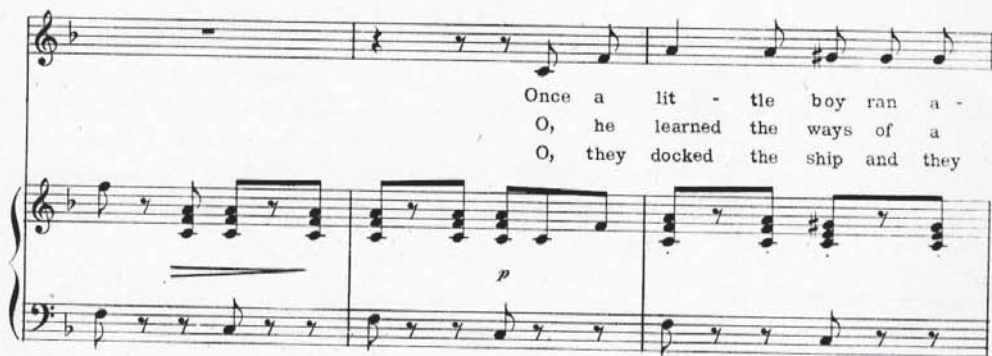
Music by
HOWARD WHITNEY.

Allegro a la marcia.

Voice. 

Piano. *ff*





Once a lit - tle boy ran a -
O, he learned the ways of a
O, they docked the ship and they

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way from home; He — lived in Kal - a - ma - zoo. He —
 sail - or man; He — learned to swal - low his grog. He —
 docked his pay; When they put the ship in the dock. When the

went to sea as a sail - or boy, Up - on the o - cean
 said "my Pa ran a saw mill once," When first he heaved the
 cap - tain asked him to call the watch, He went and called the

blue. He had nev - er been on the roll - ing deep, But he'd
 "log" O, he looked for eggs in the "hatch" - way dark, Taught the
 clock Once he struck "eight bells" from a bur - lesque show, One night

rolled a hoop on the farm, — When he went a - way he could
 com - pass how — to box, — When the wind blew hard on a
 when he was — a - shore, — One — belle he mar - ried and

spin a top, But now he can spin a yarn. — O, he
 rock - y coast, He said I will blow the rocks. — O, he
 sev - en shook, And now "this tale is o'er." — O, he

Refrain.

is a cute lit - tle sail - or boy, And he hails from Kal - a - ma -

zoo. With a "yo - heave-ho" when the breez - es blow as his

ship sails ov - er the o - cean blue. O, this lit - tle chap in his

sail - or cap, Is his cap-tain's pride and joy, — He has learned to shiv-er his

tim - bers' now, For he is a sail - or boy. O, he boy. —