The Boys' Brigade - song lyrics

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THE BOYS' BRIGADE.
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Words and Music by Pauline R. Story.

Listen to the "Boys' Brigade" a-comin' down the street;
They're all a lot of rosy lads, a-lookin' trim and neat;
Some of them are their mother's joy, and some their father's pride,
And see how manly they all look a-marchin' side by side.
The beating of the big bass drum is first of them you hear,
And how delightful it does sound as they are drawing near;
They're patriotic little lads, big-hearted, strong and true,
And if you'd ask them who they were, why, they would say to you:

Chorus.
We are members of the "Boys' Brigade,"
And our comrades we will always aid.
And of guns and wars we're not afraid,
We're members of the "Boys' Brigade."

If we have a war, the boys will act their part, I know,
And off toward the battle field the soldier boys will go;
They'll bravely fight for honor, and for their country too,
And win for them bright laurels if to their flag they're true.
Their fathers were all heroes, and the boys have heard them tell
How they fought for "Old America," the land they love so well;
They now look down upon their sons with pride and joy to-day:
Their hearts all beat with happiness as they hear them any:-Chorus.