The Bold Militiaman - song lyrics

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THE BOLD MILITIAMAN.
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Words and music by Harry B. Morris.

Not long ago I joined the brave militiamen.
For my girl. Mary Ann, likes a military man;
And so. you know, away along the streets I go,
I fancy now that I'm a soldier bold,
And, to my country, worth my weight in gold.

Chorus.
We wink at all the servants as we march along the street,
Our uniform's a treat, so tasty 'round the feet:
A penny cane, a bad cigar, and there you are complete,
Just the boy for Mary Ann, is the bold militiaman.

"Expand your chest and try to turn your tootsies out,"
Said my girl, Mary Ann, "If you will, I know you can;"
Although I try to do my best, the people shout,
"Eyes right, attention there, pull up your socks:
Fine soldiers here, at eighteen pence a box!" - Chorus.

This uniform just fits me where it touches, so.
To please my Mary Ann, I'd to find a novel plan
To make me smart, also to win my Mary's heart,
I stuffed a lot of padding in my chest;
She says I'm now a picture, like the rest.- Chorus.