



Every General was a little chap like me.

Words and Music
by H. S. WITTHAAK.

Tempo di marcia

Forte

Proud-ly a lad was cheer-ing, Boy-Scouts were on pa-
Sad-ly she tells the sto-ry, Of how his fath-er

rade,
fell,

Two en-ger eyes were peer-ing
Fighting for fame and glo-ry

At the grand sight dis-played,
There'mid the shot and shell,

Two small arms were en
She sits there fond-ly



twin - ing
dream - ing

Elisabeth's neck that day,
Seeing the benefits at play,

His youth - ful
Brightly her

heart was pin - ing,
eyes are beam - ing,

She heard him quick-ly say,
Proudly she hears him say,

Chorus

2nd time Forte

I want to be a lit - tie Boy - Scout tm, And join their

ranks some day, I want to be in the

brave rank and file And with comrades proudly march a way, Re -

mem-ber that ev'-ry na-tion must have men, To serve on land or

sea, And someday I'll stand the first in com-mand for ev'-ry

Forte a tempo

Gene-ral was a lit-tle chap like me. me. D.C.

forte D.C.