

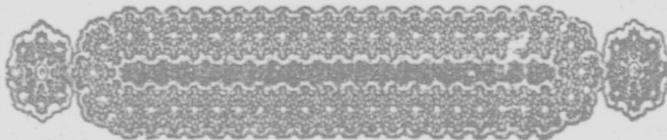
I've Been Playing the Game of Soldiers

A tiny little toddler in a saucy paper hat,
Was drilling with some kiddies in the street;
He had a farthing box of caps and marched with military
stride,
And looked the sort of foe that anyone might dread
to meet.
He loudly beat a tattoo on a battered biscuit tin,
And led his little regiment with pride;
When asked, "What's all this row's about why do you
make this noise and shout?"
The little toddler manfully replied:

CHORUS:

I've been playing the game of soldiers
With my paper hat and little wooden sword;
I've been having such a fine old treat,
Marching with the kids all down the street;
But my mummy has been crying,
'Cause my daddy is a prisoner o'er the foam;
So I'm going out to be a real Tommy Atkins,
And bring my daddy home.

The tiny little fellow said it's my birthday to-day,
And mother's bought me such a lovely gun;
When I've learnt to shoot, perhaps I'm going out,
To show them how a battle can be won;
Tom Brown, what lives next door to us is coming with
me too,
And golly wars, you ought to see him fight;
When Tommy meets the enemy, he's sure to give them
socks you see!
When we get there we'll soon put England right:



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