



THE COOTIE BLUES



SONG



Words and Music
by
Edward E. Barthell Jr.

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EDWARD E. BARTHELL, Jr

Allegro Moderato

Oh, far a - cross the sea....
The time has passed

Near.... gay Pa - ree..... We found some faith - ful pals..... They were not
Passed mighty fast,..... Since I was o - ver seas..... But mem-ries

men..... Nor wine nor gin..... And neith-er were..... they gals.....
strong..... A - bout me throng..... Of hells and Huns..... and fleas.....

By night they'd keep us good and warm..... On our head and leg and
And when I'm in this pen-sive strain..... I al-ways think of France a -

arm;..... And when at-tacked by a - ny fear We'd mere-ly scratch an ear And
gain..... Still there's a chill a - long my spine that near-ly makes me whine

CHORUS

know they'd keep off harm..... I am a sol-dier man..... And no bold-er man
It's those coo-tie blues.....

..... Ev - er practiced feed-ing Ger-mans lead..... In many a bat-tle fire..... There's been a

rat-tle fire..... As I mowed 'em down and left 'em dead..... Oh, boy I'd scratch, I'd yell, and

as they fell a - round me on the ground, They proved my valor,..... My false gained va - lor;..... Because those

coo-ties sim - ply * made me scratching mad..... I am a mad.....