

# A Recruiting Song

Spring is here, Spring is here, Life is  
May wine and life is beer. I think the love li est  
time of the year Is the Spring. I do. Don't you? 'Course you  
do! But there's one thing that makes Spring com plete for me,  
And makes ev 'ry week end a treat for me.  
All the world seems in tune On a Spring af ter noon, When I'm  
bash ing my bud dies in the park. Ev 'ry week end you'll  
see my vic tims and me, When I'm bash ing my bud dies in the



park. When they see me coming, the novices



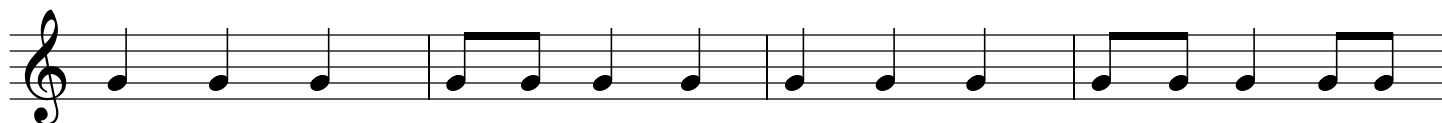
try and hide; They know that to fight me is the next thing to



su i cide. With my/mail gleam ing bright I will laugh when I



smite, When I'm bash ing my bud dies in the park. We've



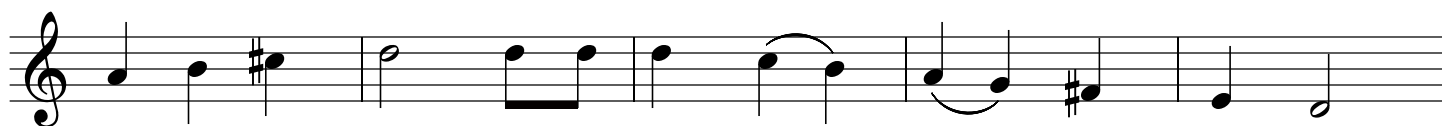
gained no to ri e ty And caused much an xi e ty In the



mundane Society, with our games. They call it im



pi e ty and lack of pro pri e ty, And quite a va ri e ty of



un pleas ant names. But it's good for my frus tra tions

A musical score for a vocal line, likely a French song. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are in French: "To play at Rat tan flag el la tions. So if..". The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a double bar line after "tions." and a repeat sign. The final two notes, "So" and "if..", are marked with fermatas. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

To play at Rat tan flag el la tions. So if..