

SERGEANT

99



SERGEANT.

Wher the foe - man bares his steel.

We un-

CHORUS OF POLICE.

Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra!

dim.

p

- com - fort - a - ble feel!

And we find the wis - est thing.

Ta - ran - ta - ra,

Ta-ran - ta-

Is to slap our chests and sing Ta-ran - ta - ra!

For when

- ra, ta-ran - ta-ra!

Ta-ran - ta - ra!

threat-ened with e-meutes,

And your heart is in your boots,

Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra!

Ta-ran - ta-

There is no - thing brings it round, Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Like the

- ral

trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta-

Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,

-ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta-

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,