

# Kathy Mattea, The Southern Soldier Boy

Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name  
He's off to the wars and gone  
He's fighting for his Nannie dear  
His sword is buckled on

He's fighting for his own true love  
His foes he does defy  
He is the darling of my heart  
My Southern soldier boy

Oh if in battle he was slain  
I'm sure that I should die  
but I'm sure he'll come again  
And cheer my weeping eye

But should he fall  
In this our glorious cause  
He still would be my joy  
For many a sweetheart mourns the loss  
Of a Southern soldier boy

I hope for the best  
And so do all  
Whose hopes are in the field  
I know that we shall win the day  
For Southernns never yield

And when we thing  
Of those who are away  
We'll look above for joy  
And I'm mighty glad  
That my Bobby is  
A Southern soldier boy