

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