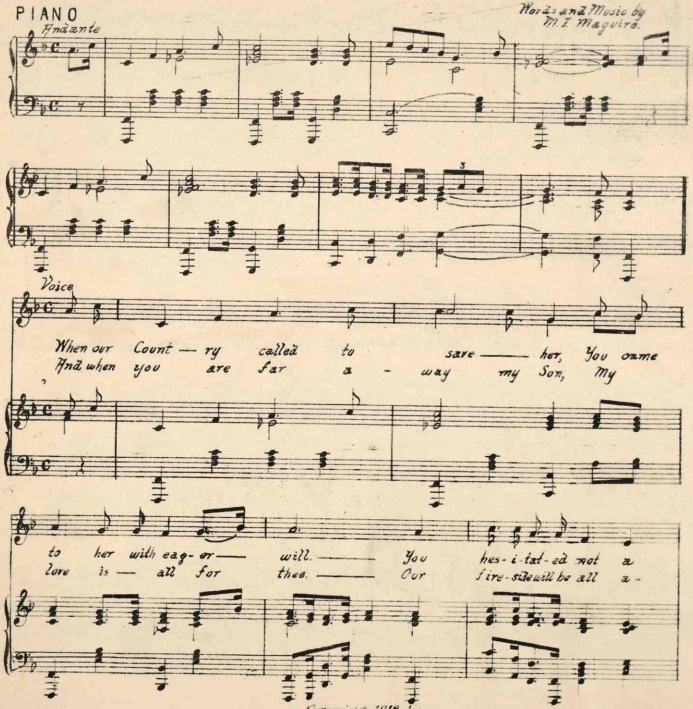
©CLE428449
R
JUL -1 1918

"GOOD-BYE, MY SOLDIER BOY."



Copyright 1918, by
M. I. Maguire, East Hampton, L. I.

M1646
.M

Chorus. Spiritoso

pressed me to her close-ly and crooned so soft and low.
world there is no oth-er Like a moth-er, after all. There is

Spiritoso

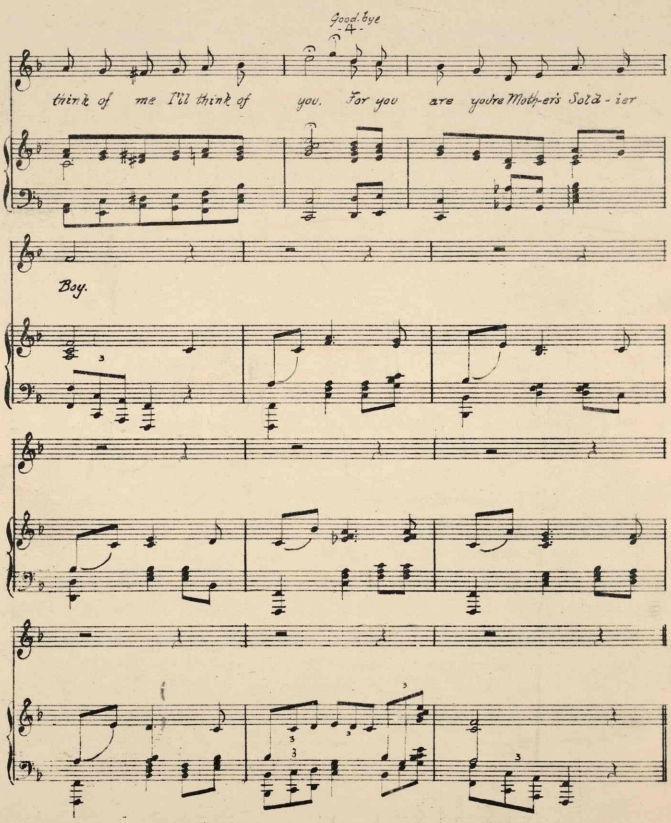
no one like a Moth-er af-ter all. In this world where fick-le pleas-ures of-ten

call. Oth-er friends may prove un-true: But she al-ways clings to you, There is

no one like a Moth-er aft-er all.

Ma-ny years have come and van-ished since I left my dear old home But her pres-ence ling-ers with me where e'er I may chance to roam. In the eve these thoughts steal o'er me as the deep-ning sha-dows fall. In the world there is no oth-er. Like a Moth-er af-ter all. There is

Chorus


Good-bye
think of me I'll think of you. For you are you're Moth-er's Sold-ier
Boy.

434709