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The Soldier's Reason



Words by
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Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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March tempo

The soldier boys were marching thru a lit-tle town one day, All sing-ing "Tip-per .. ar- y," you could
My broth-er boys en - list-ed the first call for vol-un-teers, With on - ly me left here a - lone to
tell that they were gay, But there was one who list-ened while a tear be-dimmed his eye, An-
drown my moth-er's fears, But then there came the draft friends, and I was one they called, To-
oth-er com-rade shout-ed "Look Charles gong to cry!" They laughed at him and asked him why he
leave my poor old moth-er with - in the poor-house walled, At first I said "I would not" but my
did not want to go. If he was chick-en hearted and a -fraid to meet the foe, He told them that the
moth-er would not hear, She said, Now lad, your fa -ther ne'er was known to have a fear, So fight, dear, for our

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fear of war had ne'er en-tered his head, And as they smiled and sneered at him, poor Charlie on-ly said.
 coun-try that our name may ne'er be dead, So comrades when you laughed and sneered, that's why I to you said.

CHORUS

Don't think that I do not love Old Glory, — Don't think that I am a- fraid to fight, — It

is-n't of the war that I am think-ing now, I know our Pres-ident is al-ways right, — To

France with light heart I'd now be go-ing, — With light heart and with not a tear to shed, — If

way down in my heart I'd sure be know-ing, — My dear old dar-ling moth-er would be fed.

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