

APR -2 1917

PATRIOTIC MARCH AND SONG

# The "MOTHERS" of "NATION"

....CRYING FOR....

## "PEACE" "not WAR"



Words and Music  
by  
EDWARD J. HENK.

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Band & Orchestra

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# THE MOTHERS OF OUR NATION ARE CRYING FOR "PEACE" NOT "WAR"

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**Moderato.**

Voice

1. The U - nit - ed States is ex - cit - ed as it  
 2. The U - nit - ed States is ex - cit - ed as it  
 3. The U - nit - ed States is ex - cit - ed as it

Piano

*f* *rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

nev - er was be - fore, When our Pres - i - dent sent the mes - sage thro a tel - e - gram We want  
 nev - er was be - fore, And our moth - ers are writ - ing and suggest - ing to our Pres - i - dent and to Congress, They want  
 nev - er was be - fore, But now the Pres - i - dent of our coun - try's neu - tal in his ses - sion, It is

Peace, not War. Now he's think - ing and is wait - ing what Congress will de - cide But our  
 Peace, not War. They send mes - sag - es to Wash - ing - ton to save our Sons from war  our  
 all for Congress to de - cide. We are anx - ious wait - ing for an an - swer, which will pronounce peace or war But our

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## CHORUS.

moth-ers they are cry-ing for peace, not war. The U. S. A. is ex-cit-ed as it  
 moth-ers they are cry-ing for peace, not war.  
 moth-ers they are cry-ing for peace, not war.

nev-er was be-fore, And if Congress de-clares war Our bells will ring ding-dong  
 ding-dong ding-dong Our wis-tles will blow tut-too tut-too tut-too, Our bat-tle-ships and sub-mar-ines will  
 be in line And our aer-o-planes too. Our boys in Kha-ki too are read-y to  
 fight for the Red, White and Blue, But our moth-ers they are cry-ing peace, not war.

NEW SONG  
HITS

New Instrumental  
HITS

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~~~~~ TITLES ~~~~~

Johanna come quick on the Red Star Line, by Mikey.

O" O" Mother, O" O" Mother, I want to go out next Saturday Night.

I was always so greedy, But now I'm Married.

Crossing the Crossing on a Rainy day, O, Hi, O,—O, Hi, O.

Want some one who will Co-Operate with me.

Down at the Beach-lets have a swim.

With out Ache, or Pain, We'd think we would have Heaven-on Earth.

This is the Dream, That I dream last night of my-sweetheart.

The Girl I met last night, Dressed all in snowy White.

The girl of now days Keep's all of us a guessing— Fifty, Fifty.

Father, why not buy a Farm.

In the finest of Style, My wife is all dressed up, and look's like H..... H..... H.....

Down by the running river, A girl so fair, fair.

How would you like to be my Stenographer, How would you like to work for me.

What do you think of my girl, Way down in the great Big—City.

Life is what you make it.

Band—tad—ra—tum,—Band—tad—ra,—Band—tad—ra—tum,—Band—tad—ra.

A Soldier boy, from South Carolina.

"The Mothers of our Nation" are Crying for Peace not War.

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