

# I Didn't Raise my Boy

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to be a

## SLACKER

A Marching-Song

by

THEODORE BAKER



Price  
60 cents net

G. SCHIRMER

New York · Boston

M1646

.13

## "I didn't raise my boy to be a slacker"

God hates your sneakin' creturs thet believe  
 He'll settle things they run away an' leave!

James Russell Lowell

Words and Music by  
 Theodore Baker

Moderate March-time

Voice

Piano

*f con brio*

*l.h.*

*with clear emphasis*

1. I did - n't raise my boy to be a slack - er, — I'd  
 2. They whim - per "Don't you care!" on ev - 'ry cor - ner, — They  
 3. Who fal - ters when the signs are in the heav - ens? — Who

nev - er own a shirk for son of mine! There are  
 blus - ter "Don't you dare!" with tongue and pen; Let the  
 wa - vers in his love for home and wife? Is there

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things that must be done by ev-'ry moth-ers son, And it's  
cra-ven's dis-mal cry, the trai-tor's loud-est lie, Find their  
one so poor and small he will not give his all, Who in

not for him to lag be-hind the line; Some  
an-swer in the hearts of loy-al men! I  
free-dom's cause will not lay down his life? Co -

day our Un-cle Sam may have to call him,— And  
love my boy as on-ly moth-ers can love,— His  
lum-bia now is watch-ing you, her chil-dren,— She's

where's the man who will not heed the call? But if  
 life to me is dear - er than my own, But I'd  
 arm - ing for the aw - ful hour of war; While for

you are not pre - pared to do as you have dared, It's  
 ra - ther he were dead, than see him hang his head When our  
 faith and right we stand, our firm, u - nit - ed land Will

ten to one you're rid - ing for a fall.  
 men go out a - cross the dan - ger - zone.  
 show the world we're men like those of yore!

## Refrain

1-3. So, wheth - er you're a boy or a full - grown man, Keep as

heart - y and as har - dy and as hus - ky as you can; Play a

man - ly part\* in the na - tion's plan, One and all, and all as

one!

*f*

*cresc.*

*ff*

*ff*

1. 2.

3.

\* The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*  
27678

# WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

\*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS

Composer of  
"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home, There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home, We will end the dreadful story of the day that was dark and gloomy in a sunburst of glory, when the boys come home. The day will seem brighter when the boys come home, And our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home, To kiss them and to greet them when the boys come home, And the thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home, And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home, The full ranks will be shattered, And the bright arms will be battered, And the battle-standards tattered, When the boys come home.

Slower, with feeling.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home, To kiss them and to greet them when the boys come home, And the thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home, And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home, The full ranks will be shattered, And the bright arms will be battered, And the battle-standards tattered, When the boys come home.

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HIGH IN B $\flat$

MEDIUM IN G

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;  
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home:  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of the battle dark and gory  
In a sunburst of glory,  
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,  
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;  
Wives and sweethearts will press them  
In their arms and caress them,  
And pray God to bless them,  
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home,  
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home:  
And the fame of their endeavor  
Time and change shall not dissolve  
From the nation's heart for ever,  
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,  
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,  
The full ranks will be shattered,  
And the bright arms will be battered,  
And the battle-standards tattered,  
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,  
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;  
But all shall see the traces  
Of the battle's royal graces  
In the brown and bearded faces,  
When the boys come home:

JOHN HAY.

3 East 43d Street

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New York