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OH, I WISH MY MOTHER HAD RAISED HER GIRL
TO BE A SOLDIER

OR

“Soldier Bill”

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
ALMA BATES---HONOLULU

Composer of
THE HAWAIIAN SONGS FOR COLLEGES
Little Grass Hut, Hawaiian Days, etc.

PUBLISHED BY
ALMA BATES-HONOLULU

"SOLDIER BILL"

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First system of musical notation for the song "Soldier Bill". It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 2/4 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

"Bill" is what they call me. It's all on account of Dad! He dreamed of stur-dy
I— I were a sol-dier. I'd not be a - fraid of mice! I'd think how hunt-ing

Second system of musical notation, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics.

lad-dies and I! was all he had! The whole day I am knit-ting, the
ti - gers, UND KAI-SERS would be nice! I pour tea for the la - dies, they

Third system of musical notation, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the next two lines of lyrics.

most mo-not-o-nous stitch. And I'd ra - ther be fight-ing, down in some mud - dy ditch!
think that's one of my joys. But I'd ra - ther be march-ing LEFT! RIGHT! with all the boys!

Fourth system of musical notation, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the next two lines of lyrics.

Oh, I wish my mo-ther had raised her girl to be a sol-dier man! You bet that I am the kind of a guy that

Fifth system of musical notation, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the final line of lyrics.

nev-er turned and ran! When I hear the boom of a big bass drum, it's mu-sic stirs and

calls. I could fight and fight all day and night, mid thund'-ring can - non balls! Oh! I'd

like to see some zep-pi-lins all smashed to smi-ther-eens! I'd like to make some

now Fritz-ies run! and sink some sub-ma-rines! Now Fate would nev-ver in-ter-fer-e with

ev'-ry-thing I plan, If Ma-ma on-ly had raised her girl to be a sol-dier man!

The "PEP" War Songs

They'll HELP US WIN

I. "THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL BACK HOME, BOYS"

(A song to be sung by our Army, to our Army, for our Army. Three verses and a chorus that you can't forget.)

VERSE 2:

Troops are hiking in khaki files,
Maids have cheered with the bravest smiles
Oh, it's off! and away! to the thund'ring fray,
It's tramp! boys, tramp! thru the miles,
And it's never quit till you've done YOUR BIT,
Where the gun of the Hun beguiles! For, there's a little girl, etc.

VERSE 3:

Shells have blasted the whole night long,
Lines are ready with courage strong,
We're off for a clench there in Fritzie's trench,
To right a world-wide wrong!
Double quick through the fire for the next barbed wire,
To the tune of a Yankee song: Oh, there's a little girl, etc.

II. "FOR U. S. A."

(This should be in every school in the United States)

VERSE 2:

Now from every town and city throughout our dear loved land,
With a tread that stirs your heart-blood comes a mighty
Yankee Band!
We fought for Independence, and to bind our Union fast,
Now for our men, God sounds again the battle blast!

CHORUS:

Come, Boys, come, there's the boom of the drum, and it's
calling you and me,
There's a foe to fight, there's a wrong to right for Liberty!
etc.

VERSE 3:

Our Stars and Stripes shall triumph, for aye on Honor's
field,
And the flags of a blinded avrice to the Allied emblems
yield!
In the name of world-humanity, in the name of Law and
Right,
Columbia cries, "Oh, Sons, arise! in Freedom's might!"
Come, etc.

III. "U. S. KHAKI SONG"

(Five rousing verses and a chorus that goes with a swing)

VERSE 2:

There are "scraps of paper" that most solemnly were signed,
There are sacred treaties but they never bind,
There were notes so very friendly, full of shams, full of lies,
There are plotting traitors, there are dynamiting spies!
Come,

CHORUS:

Put on your khaki, Boys, fill up every rank,
We tried "watchful waiting" when the Lusitania sank! etc.

VERSE 3:

That thing called KULTUR sings a Song of Hate,
Sends wounded men and nurses to a ghastly fate,
Drops bombs on little children while they laugh in play,
And kinks the glass to these things when they toast
"THE DAY"! Come, etc.

IV. "OH, I WISH MY MOTHER HAD RAISED HER GIRL TO BE A SOLDIER"

(A take-off on the pacifist song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier." It's brimful of Pep! Order YOUR copy and some for those patriotic girl friends of yours.)

"...The while day I am knitting the most monotonous
stitch,

And I'd rather be fighting down in some muddy ditch!...."

"...When I hear the boom of a big brass drum, its music
stirs and calls,

I could fight and fight all day and night mid thund'ring
cannon balls!

Oh, I'd like to see some zeppelins all smashed to
smithereens!

I'd like to make some Fritziess run! and sink some sub-
marines!...." etc.

These four war numbers are published and sold only by the composer, Alma Bates, Honolulu, (publisher of the HAWAIIAN SONGS FOR COLLEGES, "Little Grass Hut," "Hawaiian Days," etc.). Mail to

"Alma Bates, Honolulu"

Just your name and address, and one dollar for the set of four numbers. There is a set for EVERY GIRL, for EVERY BOY, for EVERY SOLDIER, for EVERY CITIZEN. (They are dedicated "to my brothers E. B. P. and R. S. P., First Lieutenants in our New Army, and to every man who wears the U. S. Army or Navy uniform.") You haven't the most thrilling American songs of the war if you haven't sent for these. Honolulu is only five days from the coast: order YOUR copies to come to you on the next steamer. They are War Songs—that will help us win.

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They'll HELP US WIN