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A Soldier's Goodbye



By

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CHICAGO

A Soldier's Goodbye

ETHEL BJORKLUND

Slow with expression

mp

I saw a moth - er stand - ing by her lit - tle cot - tage door, She
A year from then this mes - sage came to her from o'er the sea; Her

p

watched her son de - part - ing for fields where can - nons roar, Her
boy ful - filled his prom - ise and died for Lib - er - ty;

eyes with tears were glist'ning, her heart was filled with pain, As
Sent his love to moth - er, said he'd meet her bye and bye; She

she re - peats these words that shall with her re - main.
then re - calls those lov - ing words to her his last good - bye.

slow and pathetic *a tempo*

CHORUS

Moth - er, don't you wor - ry, I'm com - ing back to

mp

you, But now my coun - try's call - ing her

boys for sol - diers true, My name is on her

rec - ord, I've an - swered to the call, I've

pledged my life for Free - dom, for you, for the world, for all.

rit.

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