

I May Not Have Reared My Boy To Be A Soldier

A PATRIOTIC REPLY TO THE SONG
"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

Words and Music by
BERNARR MACFADDEN

With martial spirit

Voice

Piano

mf

mf

This
The
The

war is stu-pen-dous, Our tasks are tre-men-dous, But we are rush-ing swift-ly toward our goal, And when we are
light-ning may daz-zle, The thun-der may rat-tle, But when the fire is flash-ing from our guns, The Ger-mans tho'
Al-lies have start-ed, They're nev-er down-heart-ed, Were with them from the Thames way to the Seine, We'll stand by them

read-y, our guns are aimed stead-y, You'll sure-ly know there'll be a might-y toll, With our men all in train-ing, Their
read-y, will sure be un-stead-y, When they meet the force of al-lied sons, The Hun-day is o-ver, Hell
ev-er, and slaves they'll be nev-er, For we were born and bred in Free-dom's reign, And when war is o-ver, They'll

spir-its a-flam-ing, Their hard-ning mus-cles soon will be like steel, They'll work with might and
soon be a-rov-er, The down of Hoh-en-zol-ern now is sealed, No Kais-ers want-ed
sure be in clo-ver, For then Dem-oc-ra-cy will reign su-preme, No Ger-mans to mo-

main their ob-ject to at-tain And when they're called there will be no ap-peal.
 now, to fate they'll have to bow When the Al-lies sweep them off the field.
 lest, their plots knocked gal-ley west, There'll sure-ly be a joy-ous time ex-treme.

Chorus

mf
 I may not have reared my boy to be a soldier, But first of all he is to be a man, And where his da-ties

call, He'll be there first of all, For he is made of stuff that built this na-tion. I

f rit. a tempo

know my boy is not a he-ro tall, But he is straight and strong and true to all; I know his na-ture

mf Grandioso rit.
 well, His soul he can-not sell, For he is built of stuff that built this na-tion

mf Grandioso rit.

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