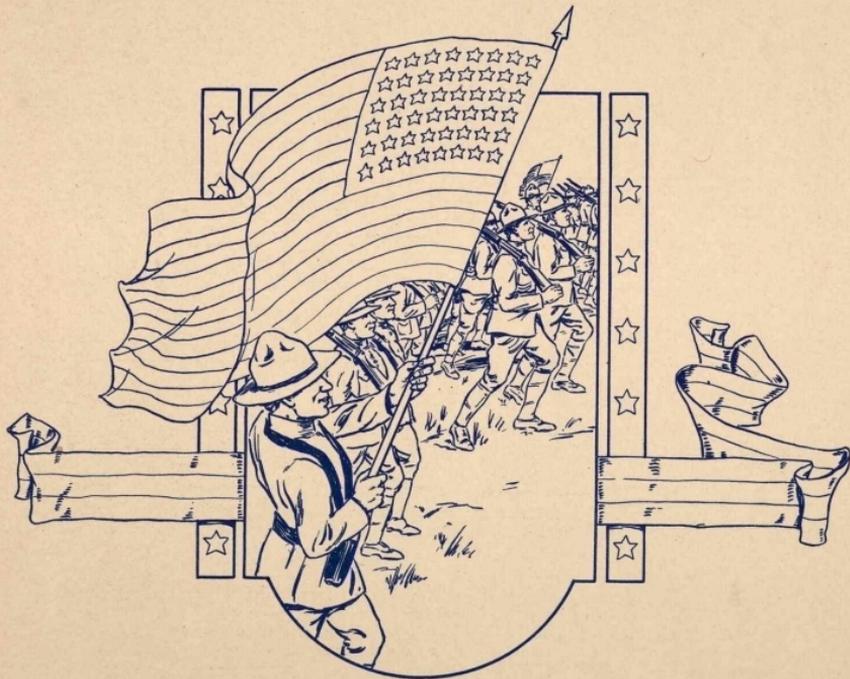


# TRY TO BE A HERO SERVE THE OLD RED, WHITE & BLUE



—WORDS BY—

**W. C. BEAVER**

—MUSIC BY—

**STEPHEN MONTROY**

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# Try To Be A Hero, Serve The Old Red, White And Blue

Words by  
W. C. BEAVER ✓

Music by  
STEPHEN MONTROY ✓

Moderato

A brown eyed boy, with sol-dier toys, played with them on the floor, That was man-y years a - go, he's a  
A sweetheart to this sol-dier lad, had left be-hind at home, He kissed her a fare-well be-fore he

boy no more; He all-ways said, when I grow up, I'll be a sol-dier man, Now  
crossed the foam; Like his dear moth-er, she hopes too, that he'd re-turn some day, When

he is somewhere in France, serv-ing Un-cle Sam; His moth-er kissed him her fare-well, be-  
he'd served his coun-try, the good old U. S. A. Just try to be a he-ro, serve the

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fore he sailed a - way, And hope that he'd re - turn, a - gain to her some day.  
old Red, White and Blue, That will make both our hearts glad, mine and moth - er too.

**CHORUS**

Now it's not strange, that she looks o'er the sea; She all-ways says, he'll soon come back to me;

Her lips give a sigh, a tear from her eyes; As she waits ev - ery day, so pa - tient - ly;

And as she thinks of his tin sol - dier toys; She all-ways murmurs, that they were my boys;

She thinks of the day, when with them he'd play; As she just watch - es, for him o'er the sea.

