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BOY WHO'S PROUDER THAN YOUR DAD

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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Boy Who's Prouder Than Your Dad

Words by MRS. HARRY POWELL

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Allegretto moderato

f

Vamp

p

p

When you left to fight for Bel-gium, And you saw your moth-er cry, And
And then when you came home a - gain, Your lit-tle moth-er was so glad, And

then your pret - ty lit - tle sweet-heart kissed, Kissed you with a sigh, And
you knew that with - out you Your sweetheart had been sad. Your

then came dear old dad - dy With that proud look in his eye, He
friends were there to greet you, But best of all your dear old dad. A -

held your hand so tight - ly, And said: "Good-luck, my boy, good - bye!"
gain he took your hand in his, And said: "I'm proud of you lad!"

CHORUS. *Not fast but staccato*

Boy, who's proud-er than your dad-dy, Of his great big sol-dier

son. He says with eyes so bright-ly shin-ing: "How you

made those Ger-mans run?" Your sweet-heart tells of medals, Moth-er

tells the brav-'ry of her lad, While dad, he on-ly smiles and

tells you with his eyes: "Boy, who's proud-er than your dad?" Boy, who's dad?"

p-f

rit. a tempo

rit.

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