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I LOST MY BOY IN FLANDERS

WORDS BY

HILDA B. NEST

MUSIC BY

HECTOR RICHARD

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M1646
R

I Lost My Boy In Flanders

Words by HILDA B. NEST

Musio by HECTOR RICHARD

Valse, moderato

mp

He was yet my lit - tle ba - by boy Who lov'd to run and play To keep him
His eyes so stead - y and un - flinch - ing With sad depths are now filled Of things which

p

thus was my 'on - ly joy I did - not want him to go a - way; It was not that he was no
I can not fath - om For now his lips are close - ly sealed; But when I tell him to

good As some peo - ple to him re - fer - red, Because he did - not do all he
rest and play, His eyes fill - up with re - gret, And in a de - ter - mined way he will

mp *R*

could, He was called i - dle and way - ward, He want - ed to join the arm - y I
say: My du - ty is not ac - com - plished yet, For tho' peace was signed to - day We

crce *dim* *p* *brce* *mf* *dim*

gave him as a fond moth-er must, He went to fight for his count - ry.
 must fight on for broth - er love, And for true Chris - ti - an - i - ty!

CHORUS

Valse moderato

I lost my boy in Flan-ders, Four thous - and miles a-way; He's bur - ied there in

fields a - far, Where man - y he-roes lay, Yet no tears fall As I re -

call the boy I lost in Flan - ders, For as my heart has yearned, he has re -

turned A man and not the boy who went to Flan - ders.

