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War Mothers.

Words & Music By Lillian Schrader.

To-day there are man-y war mo — thers Bro-ken hearted & sad — They re
To-day there are man-y war mo — thers Think-ing of days gone by

Each one longing to see a-gain her own — dear — lad — we are
call the time they spanked sonny — for stealing the freshly baked pie. They re

now all asked To do some thing To help ~~win this~~ win This war and the
member The Time They told him never To tell a lie and the

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mothers are giving their dear lads Een tho it makes their hearts sore if a
time son wanted to know all how and when and why They can

mo ther can part with the one she loves best surely we can do all the rest
hardly Believe tis the same little lad for whom now they're so weary & sad

CHORUS

A mo ther sat at her sew — ing Dream — ing dreaming to-day Out

side the winds were blowing as she thot of her son far a-way he had

gone to fight in the trenches for his dear U. S. A. and to

him what he did for his country seemed nothing but merely play but

all the same this mother and all other mothers too are

suffering as much as the boys are for the dear Red White & Blue

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