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JUN 19 1917

Dedicated to
Le Roy Tson of Brooklyn, N.Y.
Joined Regulars 1917

WORDS BY
Geo. W. Thompson

HE'S OUR SOLDIER BOY

MUSIC BY
Geo. W. Thompson &
ARRANGED BY Mariano Maggi

MARCH-TIME

f.

Oh I know of a lad—, He's a man-ly built lad—, But he's only a boy-
Now this boy I am told—, Is like the story of old—, He ac-cep-ted his coun-

VAMP

VOICE

VOICE

—, I know ----------, Now this coun-try in need—, He—,
—, try's call ----------, Now he knew he was brave—, And that

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felt it in deed —, He knew that he was bound —, to go —
he would be-have —, When he is at the front with —, the fold —

— So he left his home and Mother, To go —, and un-co-ver, the
— So he told his dear old Mother, that he was like an-o-ther, to

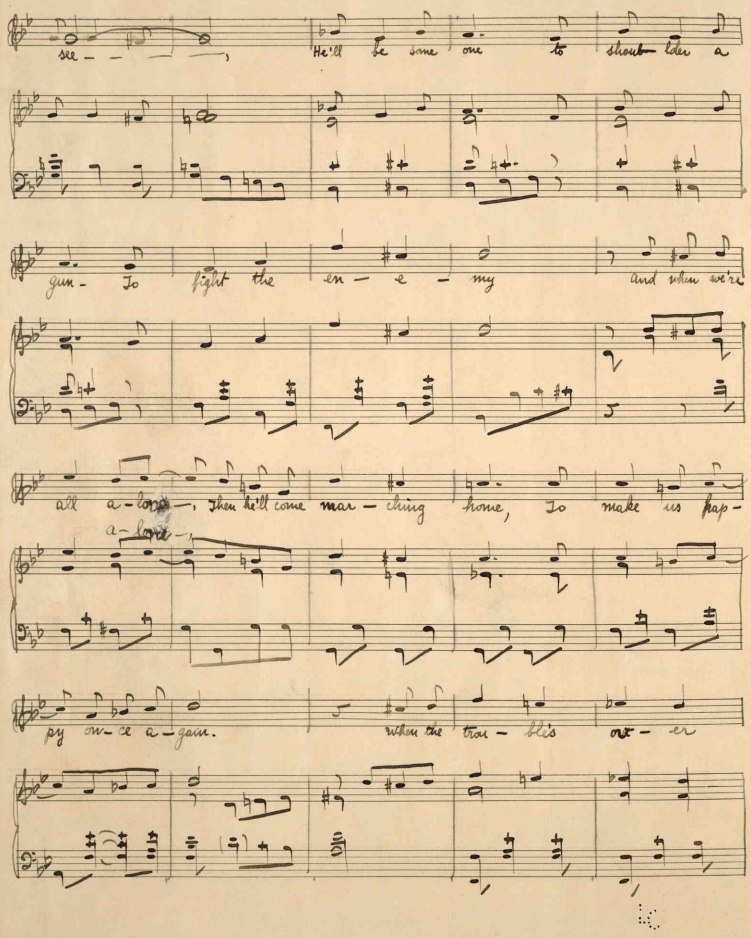
CHORUS

ho-nor and the glo-ry dont you know —, Hes our Sol-dier boy —
bring home hon-or glo-ry tried and true

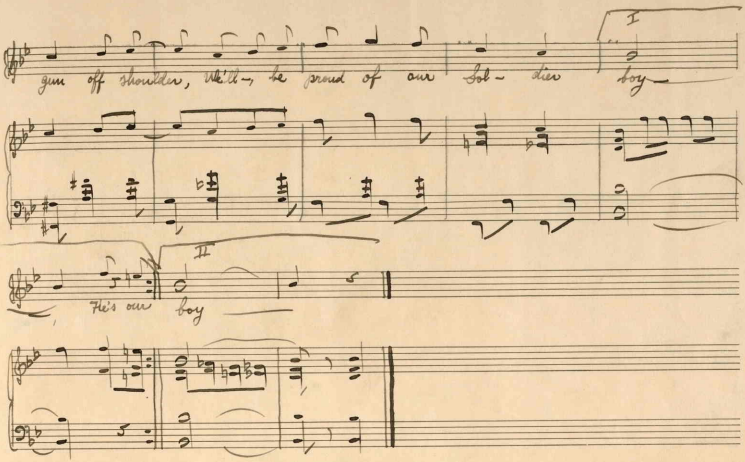
—, yes our Sol-dier boy —, and we're proud of him you

411164

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.


see - - - -, He'll be some one to shoul- der a
gun - To fight the en - e - my and when we're
all a - lone -, Then he'll come mar - ching home, To make us hap-
a - lone -,
py on - ce a - gain. when the trou - ble's over

JUN 19 1917



Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

JUN 19 1917

Dedicated to
LE ROY ISON OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.
Joined regulars 1917

Words and Music by
Geo. W. Thompson
109 Gardner St.
Union Hill, N.J.

HE'S OUR SOLDIER BOY

Oh I know of a lad
He's a manly built lad
But he's only a boy I know
Now this Country in need
He felt in indeed
He knew that he was bound to go
So he left his home and mother
To go and uncover
The honor and the glory don't you know

CHOURS

He's our Soldier boy, yea our Soldier boy
And we're proud of him you see
He'll be some one, to shoulder a gun
To fight the en-e-my
And when we're all alone, then he'll come marching home,
To make us happy once again
When the troubles over, gun off shoulder
We'll be proud of our Soldier boy.

II

Now this boy I am told
Is like the story of old
He accepted his country's call
Now he knew he was brave
And that he would behave
When he is at the front with the fold
So he told his dear old mother
That he was like another
To bring home honor, glory, tried and true.

CHOURS

He's our Soldier boy, yes our Soldier boy
And we're proud of him you see
He'll be some one, to shoulder a gun
To fight the en-e-my
And when we're all alone, then he'll come maching home,
To make us happy once again
When the troubles over, gun off shoulder
We'll be proud of our Soldier boy.