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To The Mothers Of The Soldiers Who Were Killed

By Charles Truman.

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To The Mothers of the Soldiers Who Were Killed

Words and Music by Charles Truman

Now that the war is o — ver and. vic — to-ry is
Now the Boys are Re-turn.-ing their Fight-ing was well
Won. Some Moth-ers are Re-joic-ing For they are
Done and no braver Boys ev-er lived. than were
To greet their Sons But what a.-bout
these Moth-ers Sons They went in-to
The dear old Soul whose Boy was killed
The Bat-tle like the Boys in the
in the Fray and is laid to Rest
days of yore and Fought Side by Side
be — neath the cress, o — ver the o-cean
al-though some died, The dear old He-roes
so far a.-way I Pray God help her in her
who won the war I Pray God we Will have no
Ho — urs of Sor-row I know her Heart is Filled
more wars of Sor-row wars that cause Sor-row, Grief,
with Pain
and Pain
But with a Heart that is True
They Died For Me and for you
So we Will Sing this Re — frain.

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CHORUS

He was a He — ro He fought so Brave — ly

He was right up front in the Strife

Fight — ing for De — moc — ra — cy thats where He

lost His Life Heres to the Moth — ers

whose Boy re — turns It must fill Her Heart

with Joy But My Heart is filled with

sym — pa — thy For the Moth — er who lost her

Boy

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