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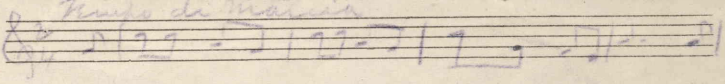
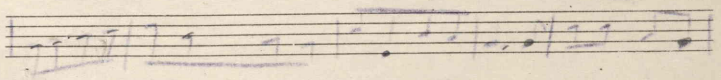
JUN 10 1918

A SOLDIER BOY.

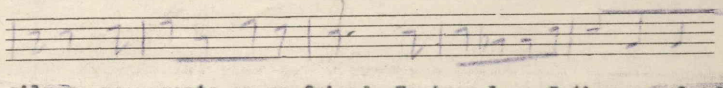
Words by Wallace Hayter. Music by Luther A. Clark.



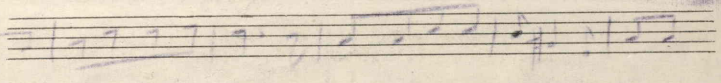
Oh, I was born in Florida and lived near Tampa Bay. In



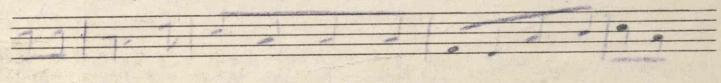
poverty I was brought up and so I ran away. I had no gold or



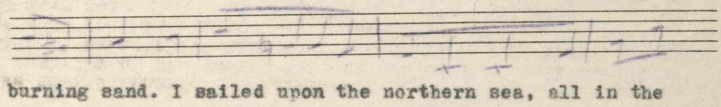
silver, no parents or no friend, To travel so I then resolved,



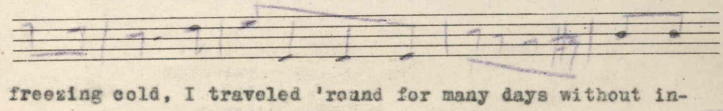
my fortune for to mend. I sailed upon the ocean, I traveled



on the land, I traveled through the desert wild, amid the

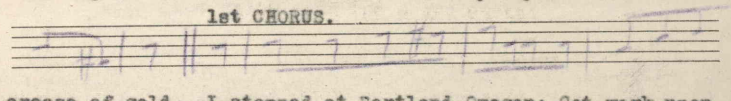


burning sand. I sailed upon the northern sea, all in the

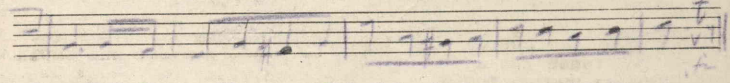


freezing cold, I traveled 'round for many days without in-

1st CHORUS.



crease of gold. I stopped at Portland, Oregon; Got work upon



a farm, But for me the work I had to do Had very little charm.

2.

I worked both late and early then; I worked there for some years;
And then I heard that Woodrow had just called for volunteers.
Then straightway I enlisted, a soldier for to be,
And with a lot of other boys I sailed across the sea.
We had no stormy weather, the sky was all serene,
And we got safely into France, and met no submarine.
Now we set out for No Man's Land, where first we met the Huns,
And took up our position there amid the roar of guns.

2d Chorus.

We faced the cruel Germans there
Amid the shot and shell,
And we gave them better than we got,
Though many comrades fell.

3.

Their strong position to attack, sent boys to cut the wire,
And then we all got well prepared to face the German fire;
The Stars and Stripes above us and rifles in our hand,
And with a glow of eagerness awaited the command.
"Now, boys!" cries out our Captain, "If you will follow me,
We'll show the Kaiser's soldiers just how fight the brave and free."
Along the lines of Yankee boys there was no sign of fear,
But with the order "Forward march," we answered with a cheer.

3d Chorus.

Like waves upon the ocean shore,
Like earthquake's shock on land,
Then our boys went up and "o'er the top,"
The Germans could not stand.

4.

Like some insensate monster-fiend, that neither hears nor feels,
We rushed upon the German foe and served them with the steel.
Their lines at first they wavered and then they broke and fled,
But many gallant soldier boys were numbered with the dead.
But many dear, dear parents, their hearts will ache with pain
When hearing that their soldier boy will not return again.
Defeated will the Kaiser be, his army'll be no more;
We'll now sail for the U. S. A., and leave this foreign shore.

4th Chorus.

And in our native country dear,
The land of liberty,
We will live in peace and happiness
Among the brave and free.

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