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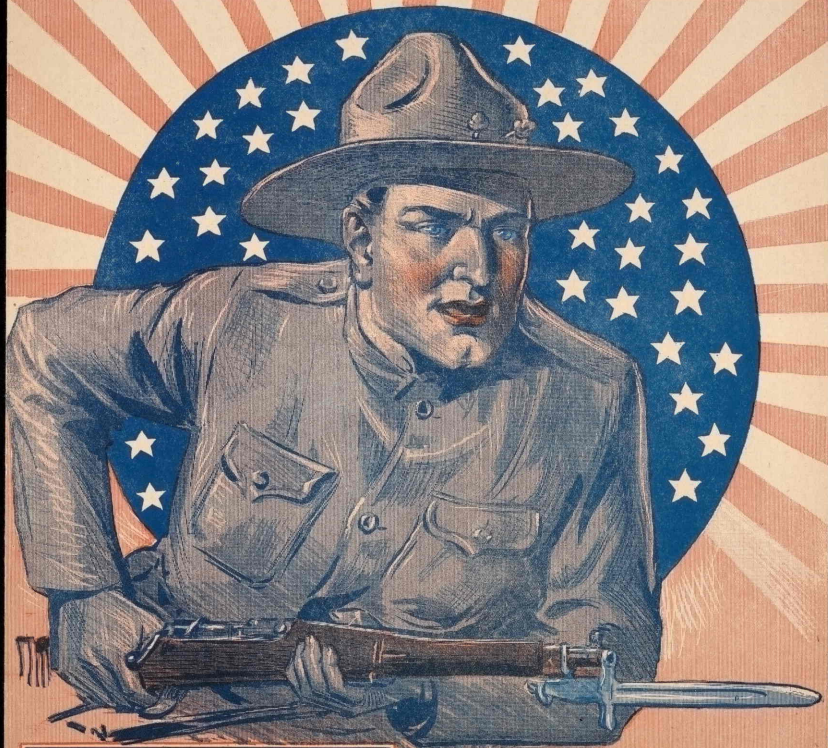
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Slacker



Words by
HELEN WALL
Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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I Didn't Raise My Boy to be A Slacker

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When Un cle Sammy calls for us, we'll all have to go, No mat-ter what we have in
Good-bye boys, good-bye boys, you are off to do your bit, In your arms you hold your dear

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hand; We all have to stand by Old Glo-ry true, The Red,
ones; And with their kind words ring-ing in your ears, Say your

White and Blue. Then in proud but drea-ry words, the moth-ers all cry out:
last fare-well. Then in proud but drea-ry words, your moth-ers all cry out:

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CHORUS

I did - n't raise my boy to be a slack-er, I brought him up to be a sol - dier

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boy, To place the gun and mus-ket on his shoul - der, And march a - way

with the oth - er boys; I taught him to fight for his coun-try,

And nev-er fail in what he says he'll do, For when the war is done, we'll all

cry Hur - rah with this, "I did-n't raise my boy to be a slack - er."

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