NOV -5 1917 ©CLE111516

I Raised My Boy To Be A Soldier.

Words by
Emma M. Sheetz

Music by
Leo. Friedman

I raised my boy to be a sold — ier, A
I raised my boy to be a sold — ier, A-

Soldier brave and true; And when he hears the
Hero on the field; He's read-y now to

call to bat — tle, He knows just what to
face all dan — ger, For cour-age is his

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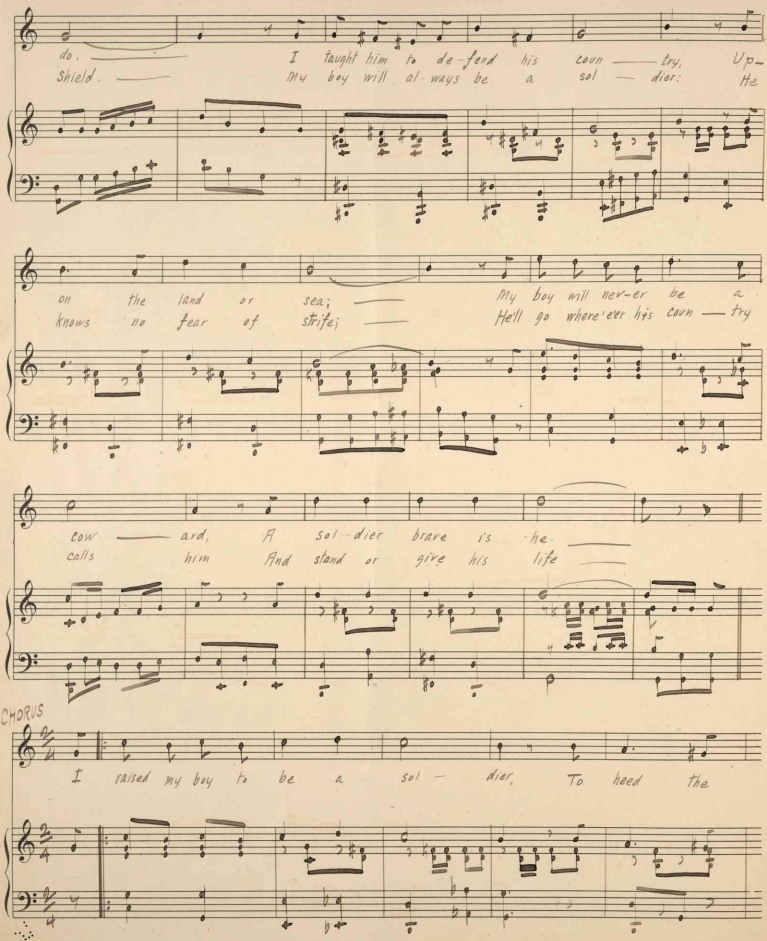
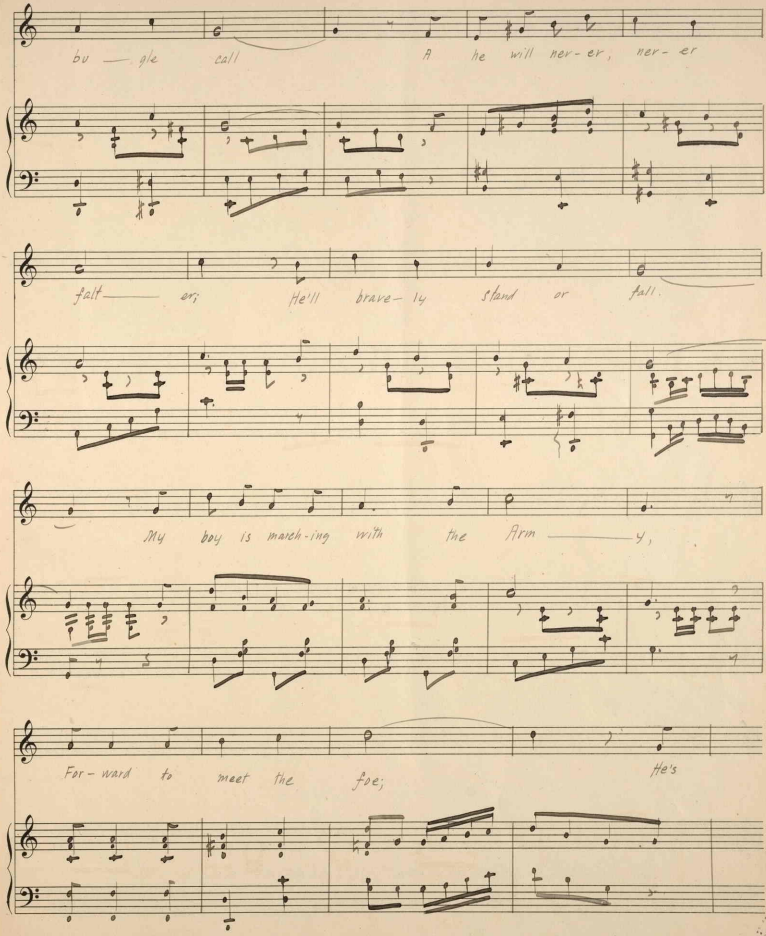
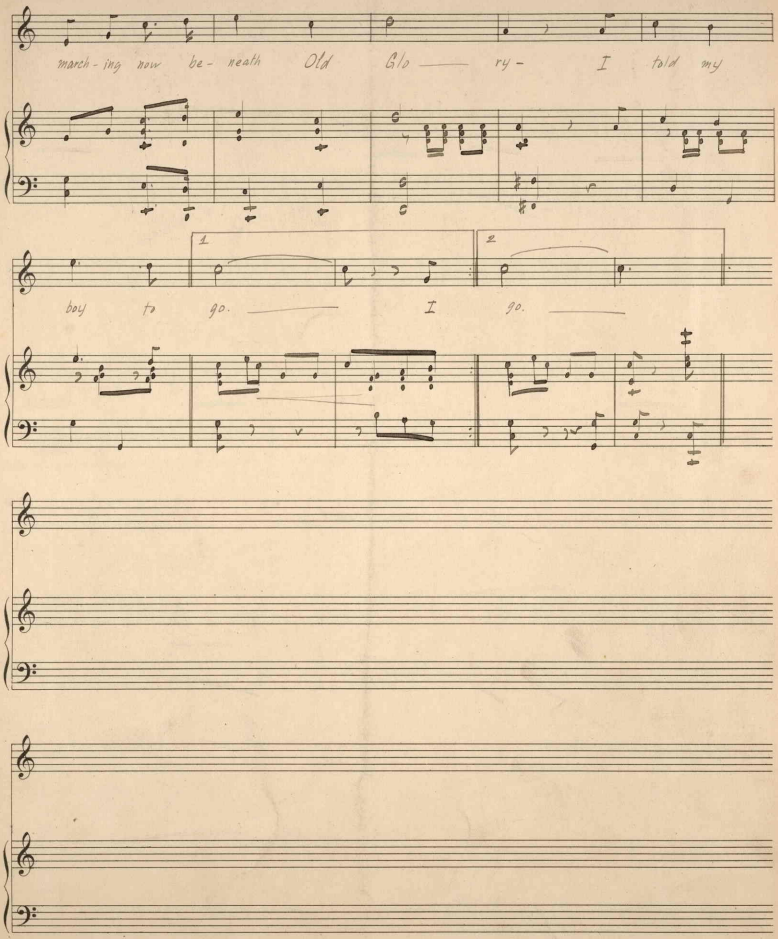

do. I taught him to de-fend his coun — try, Up-
Shield. My boy will al-ways be a sol — dier: He
on the land or sea; My boy will nev-er be a
knows no fear of strife; He'll go where'eer his coun — try
cow — ard, A sol-dier brave is he
calls him And stand or give his life
CHORUS
I raised my boy to be a sol — dier, To heed The


bu — gle call A he will ner-er, ner-er
falt— er; He'll brave-ly stand or fall.
My boy is march-ing with the Arm — y,
For-ward to meet the foe; He's


marching now beneath Old Glo ry- I told my
1
2
boy to go. I go.