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OUR BOYS



Words by
ISLA DELLA VAN ZANDT

Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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March tempo

'Twas in the year of sev-en-teen, That a call to col-ors came, Our
As we sit think-ing of them now, When they were but lit-tle boys, To
boys how they re-spond-ed, And they sure-ly will be game, Don't
play at be-ing sol-diers, Was one of their chief-est joys, We're
tell us they won't come back here, For that we do not know, But
sing-ing soft-ly to our-selves, Oh where's our boy to night, We'll

oh our hearts were heav-y, When 'twas time for them to go.
 pray he'll be no slack-er, When it comes his time to fight.

CHORUS

We are dream-ing of them, dream-ing of them eā the

bat-tle-ground, In the land far o'er the sea, But we

know theyre true, To the old Red, White and Blue, And will fight for Lib-er-ty.