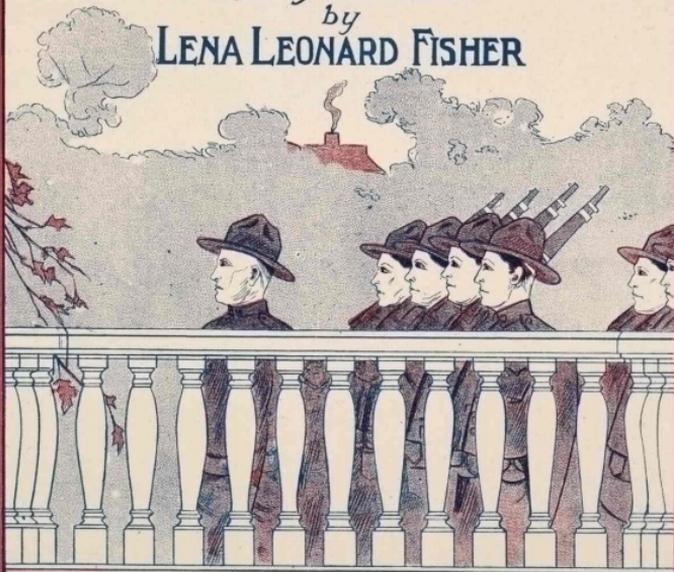


# AS HER SOLDIER-BOY MARCHED BY

*Words & Music*  
*by*  
**LENA LEONARD FISHER**



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1. O'er all the land the call to arms is sound-ing, Once more the bu-gle call is in the  
 2. March'd a-way her dar-ling boy to be a sol-dier, March'd for glo-ri-ous free-dom as his sires had

air; Is threat-ened that fair free-dom God had found-ed Un-less in its de-fence strong men shall  
 done; And the trus-ty mus-ket on his stal-wart shoul-der It would speak ere sweet-est lib-er-ty were

*rit.* *a tempo*  
 dare. So Speaks a moth-er to her boy with eyes that glis-ten, For the drum-beat she had heard with throbbing  
 won. So back she forced her tears, that loy-al moth-er, And firm she gasp'd her sol-dier boys strong

*rit.* *a tempo*  
 heart; "Go, my boy, your coun-try calls and you will lis-ten I have rais-ed you so you'll long to do your part!"  
 hand; "I'll prove," she told him, "And there's many an-oth-er That a wo-man's heart beats true for na-tive land!"

And the red of the sun - set glo - ry, And the blue of the sum - mer

sky, And the white of the stain - less sto - ry— Of

men who for free - dom die. They blend - ed a gar - land

for her, Lit the fire flash in her eye, And Gods an - gels ho - verd

o'er her, As her sol - dier boy march'd by. And the by.

Every penny of profit from this little  
song will go on a glad, sad journey to  
France to help save the lives of wan-  
faced children whose fathers have  
fallen, and whose mothers  
have died in the cause  
of world freedom.