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She's The Mother Of A Soldier

By

R. A. FINE

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Valse moderato

mf

A moth - er old and wea - - ry Was trud - ging a -
When lo! a - mong that mot - ley crowd A smoth - ered
A scream burst from a sol - dier's lips, As he pushed his way
Ten - der - ly they bore her on, Her pale lips
Lay her gent - ly soft - ly sleep - - ing 'Neath the sod so

p

long the street, Uh! mind - ful of the
cry rang out: A wo - man hurt? She
to her side. "My moth - er, boys," he
moved in pray'r: "I'll meet him in
dear - ly won, Where the souls of those we

throng she passed, Or of the ill she'd meet.
should not be With - in the traf - fic's route.
whis - pered low, And bowed his head and cried:
Heav - en's home, Where dwell the an - gels there?"
cher - ish Chant the mourn - ful fun - 'ral song.

With bowed head and a sad smile She
A pass - ing squad of sol - - diers Pressed
"She was all I had in this old world; Fa - ther
A sigh, a smile, she passed a - way To the
Oh, the day which pass - ing time be - - ing Lim - it -

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wend - ed on her way To-wards the bar- racks to
up a - mong the crowd, Who looked up - on the
passed on years be - fore, She's nursed and cared for
Home be - yond the skies, Where there's no part - ing
ed all to fair - y love; 'Tis the pass - ing

see her son, Who soon would sail a - way.
man - gled form, 'Mid dirt and dust - y cloud.
me the while. O God! Her life to me re - store?
and no pain; All is joy in Par - a - dise.
of a mor- tal To the far and dis - tant shore.

CHORUS
Marcia

She's the moth - er of a sol - dier, She's the strong arm of our

mp *f*

land. God bless her, and keep her ev - er - more; She's the

1 2

moth - er of our man. She's the man.

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