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YANKEE MOTHERS



WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
LEO FRIEDMAN

NORTH AMERICAN
MUSIC COMPANY
Grand Opera House
CHICAGO

712-46

Yankee Mothers

Words by PRIV. CLARENCE B. BLYTHE

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN

Now that the war is o - ver And ev - ry one's more gay, Just
 Young fads and old a - like went, They heard their coun - try's call; Each

turn your mind to think - ing And I'm sure that you will pray; You
 moth - er kissed her lad - die, But, of course, this was not all; Each

ask why? Well just pic - ture Our moth - ers old and gray; They
 let - ter from their sol - diers Was pre - cious as could be; Some

gave their sons, who gave their lives; now this is what I say;
 bore the brunt of los - ing sons, while oth - ers came home free.

CHORUS



"Moth - ers, hold your heads high, your coun - try owes you a
 debt; Moth - ers, we know you sit and sigh, But
 we know you don't re - gret; Each Yank, who went o - ver the
 top, Knew you would not want him to stop; Now
 you may ask, 'Who won this war?' And we'll shout, 'Twas the Yan - kee Moth - ers!'"

