

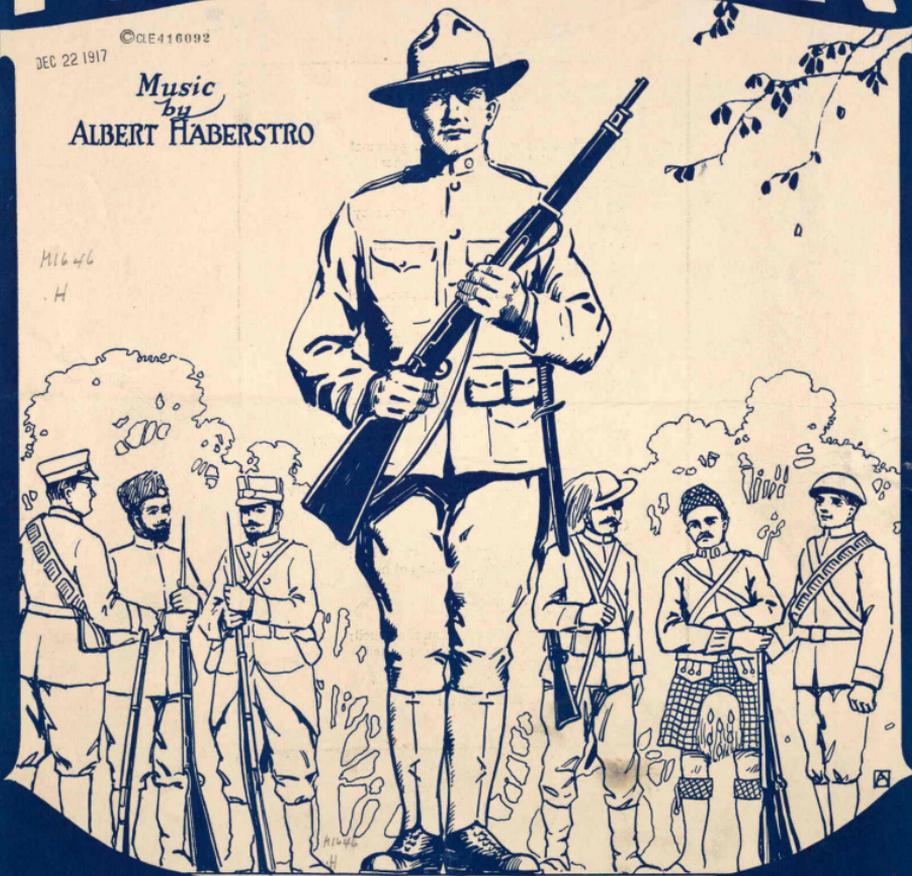
DEDICATED TO THE SOLDIER of DEMOCRACY WHEREVER HE MAY BE
AND TO THE GREATER CAUSE of LIBERTY for WHICH HE IS FIGHTING*

MY SOLDIER

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DEC 22 1917

Music
by
ALBERT HABERSTRO



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MY SOLDIER

Oh, hark to the bugle and beating drums!
My soldier, down the street he comes;
He's going o'er the sea
To fight for liberty,
"To make the world safe for Democracy!"
Away, he goes, with smiling face,
To take, in France, his fighting place;
He's coming back to me
With glorious victory;
He made the world free for Democracy!

My soldier will fight till his head lies low,
If God of War has will'd it so,
With bayonet and gun
He'll fight till we have won,
And every land is a home of the true and free!
There will be such gladness and joy once more,
When my gallant soldier comes back from war;
The drums will beat with glee
When he comes back to me,
Beneath the waving of the flags of golden victory!

Chorus.

'Mid crashing thunder, bursting shell;
The murd'rous gas, the fires of hell,
My soldier will fight
With all his might,
For God and Liberty!
'Mid crashing thunder, bursting shell;
The murd'rous gas, the fires of hell,
My soldier will fight
With all his might,
For God and Liberty!

My Soldier

3

Words by
MARY BELLE FREELEY
ALBERT HABERSTO

Music by
ALBERT HABERSTRO

Alla marcía

f

Drums

ff

p

Ob, hark to the bu-gle and beat-ing drums! My sol - dier down the
My sol - dier will fight till his head lies low, If God of war has
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make the world safe for De - moc - ra - cy! A
ev - 'ry land is a home of the true and free! There

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neath the wav - ing of the flags of gol - den vic - to - ry!

Mid crash - ing thun - der, burst - ing.

Drums

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soldier will fight With all his might, For God and Lib - er - ty! 'Mid crashing

thun-der, burst-ing shell; The murdrous gas, the fires of hell, My

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