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A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

SONG AND CHORUS

WORDS BY

HENRY E. SPINNER

MUSIC BY

Frank W. Hall

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Brooklyn, New York.

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A Soldier's Mother.

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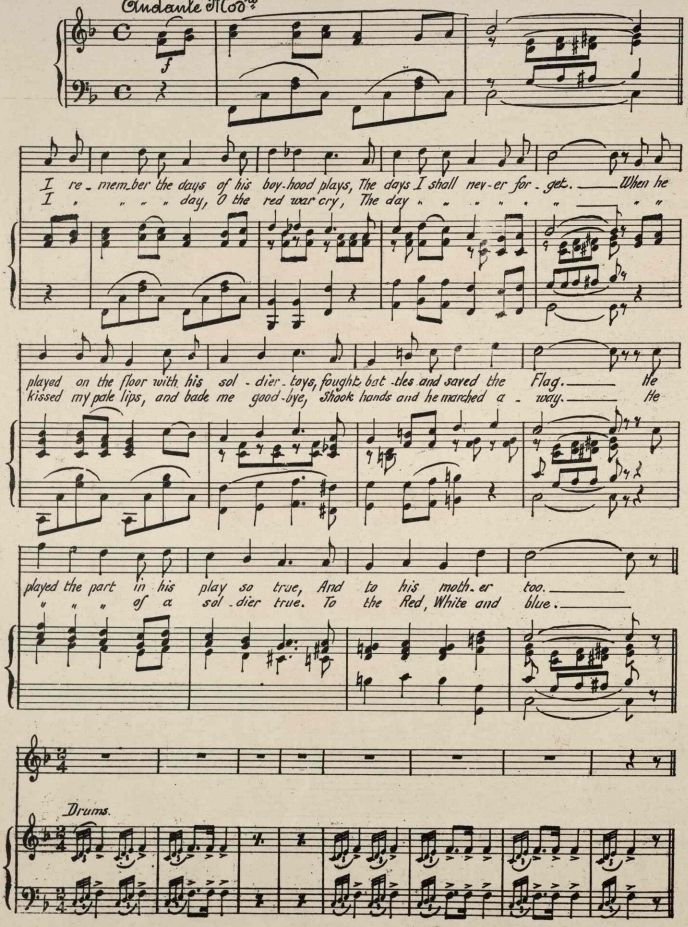
Andante Mod^to
I re-mem-ber the days of his boy-hood plays, The days I shall nev-er for-get. When he
I " " " " day, O the red war cry, The day " " " " " " " "
played on the floor with his sol-dier-toys, fought bat-tles and saved the Flag. He
kissed my pale lips, and bade me good-bye, Shook hands and he marched a-way. He
played the part in his play so true, And to his moth-er too.
" " " of a sol-dier true. To the Red, White and blue.
Drums.

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Chorus

I watch the troops re - turn- ing home from France, I watch them through my tears, but can not

see my on - ly boy, And he was all I had to give, A

treas - ure dear and sweet to me, 'Neath the stars and the stripes, he fought for Freedom's

glo - ri-ous light, he died u - pon the Flan-ders plain. Oh! could my faith un - - to God

bring the dawn of a - noth-er I'm on-ly a sol - diers moth - - - er.

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