

JUN 27 1918

I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER BOY

WORDS AND MUSIC

—BY—

D. W. GUISE

CHORUS:

I want to be a Soldier Boy,
A Soldier Boy so brave and true,
Fighting for the good old U. S. A.,
And the Flag—the Red, White and Blue.
I will fight for the Star Spangled Banner,
So that *IT* will always wave
O'er the land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave!
I want to be a Soldier Boy.

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I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER BOY

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Intro.

Introductory piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major/D minor).

March

First system of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "I want to be a soldier boy, And I want to be a soldier boy, So".

Second system of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "in the ar-my fight, For this my own dear na-tive land, With all my strength and brave and true and strong, Al-ways a straight A-mer-i-can, With pow'r to keep from".

Third system of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "might, The Flag shall be my em-blem, And the Stars and Stripes my wrong, Your prayers shall go with me, Where-ev-er I may".

guide, To lead me on to vic - to - ry, When bat - tling for the right.
 be, When fight - ing with the en - e - my, On for - eign land or sea.

CHORUS

I want to be a sol - dier boy, A sol - dier boy so brave and true, Fight - ing

for the good old U. S. A. And the flag, the Red, White and Blue, I will

stand by the Star Spangled Ban - ner, So that it will al - ways wave, O'er the

Land of the Free, And the home of the brave, I want to be a sol - dier boy.

AMERICA
My Country! 'Tis Of Thee

1

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake
Let rocks their silence break
The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God! to Thee
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.