

SM 2850

# I'd Be Proud To Be The Mother Of A Soldier

Words and Music by  
CHARLES BAYHA

Moderato

*f* *rit.* *p* *p*

Seat - ed 'round the ta - ble were  
While the fa - ther lis - tened, his

Moth - er and Dad, — And their dar - ling lad, — He was all that they had,  
heart filled with pride, — "You're right, dear!" he cried, — "Now to keep peace we've tried,

"It's not right that men should fight," He wise - ly shook his head, "Each  
But the game we'll play the same As Wash - ing - ton would do, And



sol-dier brave, his nat-ion's slave, goes out to die,' he said, His moth-er sad-ly  
if we must, we will or bust for old Red, White and Blue, Let's hope we'll nev-er

smiled and sighed, — And as she took him in her arms, re-plied: —  
see the day, — But still I'm glad to hear your mother say:

## CHORUS

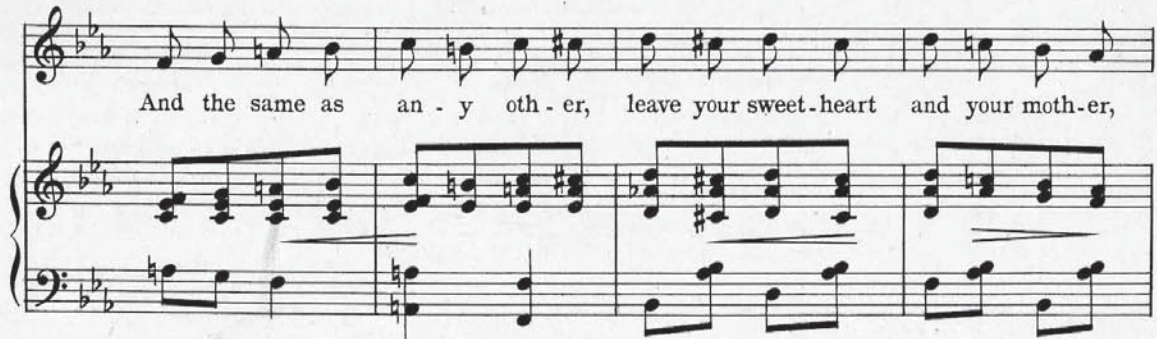
You'd do the same thing, if it should come to-mor-row, You'd do the same thing,

*p-f*

al-tho' you'd cause me sor-row, Just like your Dad be-fore, you'd march a-way to war,



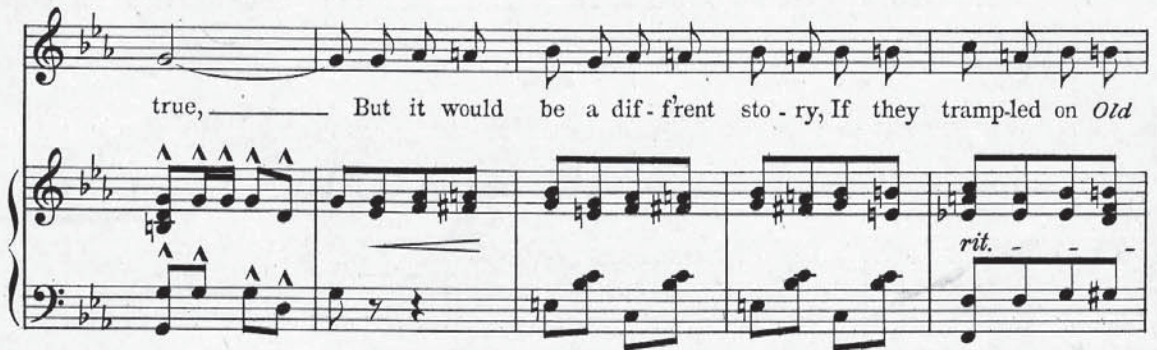
And the same as an - y oth - er, leave your sweet-heart and your moth-er,



Now that the oth-ers are fight - - ing, I pray for peace, it's



true, ——— But it would be a dif-frent sto-ry, If they tramp-led on *Old*



*Glo-ry*, I'd be - proud to be the moth-er of a sol - - dier. - dier.

