

SM 2851

2

Respectfully dedicated to Every Mother - Everywhere

I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Words by
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by the Writers of
"Good Luck, Mary"

Music by
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Marziale

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mil - lion moth - ers' hearts must break For the
vic - tor - y can bring her back All she

ones who died in vain.
cared to call her own.

marcato
Head bowed down in sor - row In her lone - ly years, I
Let each moth - er an - swer In the years to be, Re -

heard a moth - er mur - mur thro' her tears:
mem - ber that my boy be - longs to me!

CHORUS

"I did - n't raise my boy to be a sol - - dier, I

p-f

brought him up to be my pride and joy, _____ Who

dares to place a mus - ket on his shoul - - der, To

shoot some oth - er moth - er's dar - ling boy? _____ Let

na-tions ar - bi - trate their fut - ure trou - - bles, Its

time to lay the sword and gun a - way, There'd

be no war to - day, If moth - ers all would say, "I

did - nt raise my boy to be a sol - dier." "I dier"