

SM 3366

# "America, Here's My Boy"

Words by  
ANDREW B. STERLING

Music by  
ARTHUR LANGE

Piano. *f*

There's a mil - lion moth - ers knock - ing at the na - tions door, A  
 There's a mil - lion moth - ers wait - ing by the fire - side bright, A

*Vamp.*

mil - lion moth - ers, yes and there'll be mil - lions more, And while with - in each  
 mil - lion moth - ers, wait - ing for the call to - night. And while with - in each

moth - er heart they pray, \_\_\_\_\_ Just hark what one brave moth - er has to say. \_\_\_\_\_  
 heart there'll be a tear, \_\_\_\_\_ She'll watch her boy go march - ing with a cheer. \_\_\_\_\_



## Chorus.

"A - mer - i - ca, I raised a boy for you. A - mer - i - ca, You'll find him

staunch and true, Place a gun up - on his should - er, \_\_\_\_\_ He is read - y to

die or do. \_\_\_\_\_ A - mer - i - ca, he is my on - ly one; My

hope, my pride and joy, \_\_\_\_\_ But if I had an - oth - er, he would

march be - side his broth - er; A - mer - i - ca, here's my boy." "A boy." \_\_\_\_\_