I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

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Music by Al. PIANTADOSI

Respectfully dedicated to Every Mother - Everywhere

Marziale

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One of million mothers' hearts must break,
For the vic - tor - y, can bring her back.
All she ones who died in vain.
cared to call her own.

Head bowed down in sor - row In her lone - ly years,
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!

I Didn't Raise My Boy
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CHORUS

"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier, I
brought him up to be my pride and joy, Who

dares to place a musket on his shoulder, To

shoot some other mother's darling boy? Let

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nations arbitrate their future troubles.

It's time to lay the sword and gun away,

There'd be no war today,
If mothers all would say, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."  "I died!"