When Our Mothers Rule the World

Song

Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
JACK WELLS

Marcia

PIANO

VOICE

Camp fir-es gleam-ing, Sol-diers are
Up spoke an-oth-er, "I'm with you,
dream-ing. Sobs one lone-some lad,
broth-er, All you say is right.
sigh-ing, I left her cry-ing. She was all I had.
mo-ther would see an-oth-er Send her boy to fight.

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While men rule our nations,
Sweet-hearts and mothers must cry
Men made all those cannons: Men made the shot and the shell,

Men in their madness caused all the sadness, And then they heard him sigh:
While men are slaying mothers are praying, Praying that all is well?

CHORUS

There would be no sweet-hearts crying, If our mothers

had their say, There would be no lovers dying

When our mothers.
In the trenches far away.
There would be no armies marching.
And no battle flags unfurled.
Let us kneel and pray.
We'll live to see the day
When our mothers rule the world.
There would be no war.