“America, Here’s My Boy”

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING

Music by ARTHUR LANGE

There’s a million mothers knocking at the nations door, A
There’s a million mothers waiting by the fireside bright, A

Million mothers, yes and there’ll be millions more, And while within each
Million mothers, waiting for the call to night, And while within each

Mother heart they pray, Just hark what one brave mother has to say,
Heart there’ll be a tear, Shell watch her boy go marching with a cheer.

J. M. Co. 569-2
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Chorus.

"America, I raised a boy for you. America, You'll find him staunch and true. Place a gun upon his shoulder. He is ready to die or do. America, he is my only one; My hope, my pride and joy. But if I had another, he would march beside his brother. America, here's my boy."

"A boy."

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