

Respectfully dedicated to Every Mother - Everywhere

I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN

by the Writers of
"Good Luck, Mary"

Music by
AL. PIANTADOSI

Marziale

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *ff*. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, marked *p*. The music continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, leading into the vocal entry.

Ten
What

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, marked *mf*. The lyrics are: "mil - lion sol - diers to the war have gone, Who may vic - tor - y can cheer a moth - er's heart, When she".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The lyrics are: "nev - er re - turn a - gain. Ten looks at her blight - ed home? What".

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, It's

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

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

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