

My Soldier

MALE OR MIXED VOICES

Words by) MARY BELLE FREELEY
ALBERT HABERSTRO

Music by
ALBERT HABERSTRO

mf

TEN. I. Oh, hark to the bu-gle and beat-ing drums! My sol - dier down the
My sol-dier will fight till his head lies low, If God of war has

Sopr.
Alto
mf

TEN. II. Oh, hark to the bu-gle and beat-ing drums! My sol - dier down the
My sol-dier will fight till his head lies low, If God of war has

Tenor
Bass
mf

BAR. BASS

street he comes; He's go - ing o'er the sea To fight for lib - er - ty, "To
will'd it so, With bay-o - net and gun He'll fight till we have won, And

street he comes; He's go - ing o'er the sea To fight for lib - er - ty, "To
will'd it so, With bay-o - net and gun He'll fight till we have won, And

make the world safe for De - moc - ra - cy!" A - way he goes with
ev - 'ry land is a home of the true and free! There will be such glad-ness and

make the world safe for De - moc - ra - cy!" A - way he goes with
ev - 'ry land is a home of the true and free! There will be such glad-ness and

smil-ing face, To take, in France, his fight-ing place; He's com-ing back to me With
joy once more, When my gal-lant sol-dier comes back from war; The drums will beat with glee When

smil-ing face, To take, in France, his fight-ing place; He's com-ing back to me With
joy once more, When my gal-lant sol-dier comes back from war; The drums will beat with glee When

glor-i-ous vic-to-ry; He made the world free for De-moc-ra-cy. (drum solo)
 he comes back to me, Be-neath the wav-ing of the flags of golden vic-to-ry.

glor-i-ous vic-to-ry, He made the world free for De-moc-ra-cy. (drum solo)
 he comes back to me, Be-neath the wav-ing of the flags of golden vic-to-ry.

'Mid crash-ing thun-der, burst-ing shell; — The murd'rous gas, the fires of
 'Mid crash-ing thun-der, burst-ing shell; — The murd'rous gas, the fires of

hell, — My sol-dier will fight, With all his might, For God and lib-er-
 hell, — My sol-dier will fight, With all his might, For God and lib-er-

ty! — 'Mid crash-ing thun-der, burst-ing shell; — The murd'rous gas, the fires of
 ty! — 'Mid crash-ing thun-der, burst-ing shell; — The murd'rous gas, the fires of

hell, — My sol-dier will fight, With all his might, For God and lib-er-ty.
 hell, — My sol-dier will fight, With all his might, For God and lib-er-ty.