



OH, I WISH MY MOTHER HAD RAISED HER GIRL  
TO BE A SOLDIER

OR

# “Soldier Bill”

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY  
**ALMA BATES---HONOLULU**

Composer of  
THE HAWAIIAN SONGS FOR COLLEGES  
Little Grass Hut, Hawaiian Days, etc.

PUBLISHED BY  
ALMA BATES-HONOLULU

# "SOLDIER BILL"

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Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

Vocal line for the first line of lyrics, starting with a fermata on the first note.

"Bill" is what they call me, It's all on account of Dad! He dreamed of sturdy  
If I were a soldier, I'd not be afraid of mice! I'd think how hunting

Piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics.

Vocal line for the second line of lyrics.

ladies and I! was all he had! The whole day I am knitting, the  
tigers, and KAI-SERS would be nice! I pour tea for the ladies, they

Piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics.

Vocal line for the third line of lyrics.

most no-tious stitch, And I'd rather be fighting, down in some muddy ditch!  
think that's one of my joys, But I'd rather be marching LEFT! RIGHT! with all the boys!

Piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics.

Vocal line for the fourth line of lyrics.

Oh, I wish my mother had raised her girl to be a soldier man! You bet that I am the kind of a guy that

Piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics.

nev-er turned and ran! When I hear the boom of a big bass drum, it's mu - sic stirs and

calls, I could fight and fight all day and night, mid thund'-ring can - non balls! Oh! I'd

like to see some zep-pi-lins all smashed to smi-ther-eens! I'd like to make some

**mf** Fritz - ies run! and sink some sub-ma-rines! Now Fate would nev - ver in - ter - fere with

ev - ry-thing I plan, If Ma-ma on-ly had raised her girl to be a sol - dier man!

# The "PEP" War Songs

They'll HELP US WIN

## I. "THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL BACK HOME, BOYS"

(A song to be sung by our Army, to our Army, for our Army. Three verses and a chorus that you can't forget.)

### VERSE 2:

Troops are hiking in khaki files,  
Maids have cheered with the bravest smiles  
Oh, it's off! and away! to the thund'ring fray,  
It's tramp! boys, tramp! thru the miles,  
And it's never quit till you've done YOUR BIT,  
Where the gun of the Hun beguiles! For, there's a little girl, etc.

### VERSE 3:

Shells have blasted the whole night long,  
Lines are ready with courage strong,  
We're off for a clench there in Fritzie's trench,  
To right a world-wide wrong!  
Double quick through the fire for the next barbed wire,  
To the tune of a Yankee song: Oh, there's a little girl, etc.

## III. "U. S. KHAKI SONG"

(Five rousing verses and a chorus that goes with a swing)

### VERSE 2:

There are "scraps of paper" that most solemnly were signed,  
There are sacred treaties but they never bind,  
There were notes so very friendly, full of shams, full of lies,  
There are plotting traitors, there are dynamiting spies!  
Come,

### CHORUS:

Put on your khaki, Boys, fill up every rank,  
We tried "watchful waiting" when the Lusitania sank! etc.

### VERSE 5:

That thing called KULTUR sings a Song Of Hate,  
Sends wounded men and nurses to a ghastly fate,  
Drops bombs on little children while they laugh in play,  
And klinks the glass to these things when they toast  
"THE DAY"! Come, etc.

## II. "FOR U. S. A."

(This should be in every school in the United States)

### VERSE 2:

Now from every town and city thruout our dear loved land,  
With a tread that stirs your heart-blood comes a mighty  
Yankee Band!  
We fought for Independence, and to bind our Union fast,  
Now for our men, God sounds again the battle blast!

### CHORUS:

Come, Boys, come, there's the boom of the drum, and it's  
calling you and me,  
There's a foe to fight, there's a wrong to right for Liberty!  
etc.

### VERSE 3:

Our Stars and Stripes shall triumph, for aye on Honor's  
field,  
And the flags of a blinded av'rice to the Allied emblems  
yield!  
In the name of world-humanity, in the name of Law and  
Right,  
Columbia cries, "Oh, Sons, arise! in Freedom's might!"  
Come, etc.

## IV. "OH, I WISH MY MOTHER HAD RAISED HER GIRL TO BE A SOLDIER"

(A take-off on the pacifist song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier." It's brimful of Pep! Order YOUR copy and some for those patriotic girl friends of yours.)

"...The while day I am knitting the most monotonous  
stitch,  
And I'd rather be fighting down in some muddy ditch!..."  
"...When I hear the boom of a big brass drum, its music  
stirs and calls,  
I could fight and fight all day and night mid thund'ring  
cannon balls!  
Oh, I'd like to see some zeppelins all smashed to  
smithereens!  
I'd like to make some Fritzies run! and sink some sub-  
marines!..." etc.

These four war numbers are published and sold only by the composer, Alma Bates, Honolulu, (publisher of the HAWAIIAN SONGS FOR COLLEGES, "Little Grass Hut," "Hawaiian Days," etc.). Mail to

**"Alma Bates, Honolulu"**

Just your name and address, and one dollar for the set of four numbers. There is a set for EVERY GIRL, for EVERY BOY, for EVERY SOLDIER, for EVERY CITIZEN. (They are dedicated "to my brothers E. B. P. and R. S. P., First Lieutenants in our New Army, and to every man who wears the U. S. Army or Navy uniform.") You haven't the most thrilling American songs of the war if you haven't sent for these. Honolulu is only five days from the coast: order YOUR copies to come to you on the next steamer. They are War Songs—that will help us win.

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