
IF I DID GIVE MY BOY TO UNCLE SAMMY



WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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Moderato Andante

mf

VOICE

1. Up - on a hill, in that old cot - tage, Lives a moth - er old and gray, She
2. When the ev - ning sun is cast - ing Its bright rays up - on the hill, A
3. Win - try winds are blow - ing cold - er, And those sun - ny days are gone, In the
4. Down the lane in to - the church - yard, Leads a path to a lone - ly grave, It's

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seems con - tent and hap - py, E - ven since her son has gone a - way. It
blue eyed girl climbs up the path - way, To the moth - er old and gray. She'd
cot - tage anx - iously wait - ing, The girl will soon be left a - lone. As
there a coup - le kneels in pray'rs By dear moth - er's last rest - ing place. 'Twas

has grown qui - et, since he left her, Round the dear old home - stead place, To
talk a - bout her sweet - heart, Dear moth - er's son who went a - way, With
poor moth - er's days are coun - ted, She talks of Heav - en far a - way, Of
af - ter he re - turned, His love he found, but missed moth er's face,

an - y one who would ap - proach her, With a smile she would say:
 thoughts of him they would re - mem - ber, His fare - well with a sigh.
 him she thinks of pain - ful sor - row, Mourn - f'ly whis - pers passing a - way
 All re - mem - brance which was left him, Was the grave - stone where it said:

rall

CHORUS

Tempo di Marcia

I did give my boy to Un - cle Sam - my, I did send him off to war, I

did send him out to serve Old Glo - ry, As his fa - thers did be - fore. His

cou - n - try — it was call - ing For brave and true blue men, As

moth - er I knew my du - ty, I did give my boy to Un - cle Sam.

