



To My Soldier Boy

Music by

AMELIE LANE McNEILL

Composer of

*"Fairy Dance Song," "When Thou'rt Absent," "A Prayer for Peace"
"The Fortunate Frog," We'll be Waiting, Boys, for You"*

CHILDREN'S SONGS

*"The Bird's Lullaby," "The Broadway Belle," "Mr. Wiry-legs,"
"Seein' Things at Night."*

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TO MY SOLDIER BOY

Boy of my heart, I am lonely without you.
Long seems the time since you went from my side;
'Midst the war's tumult that rages around you,
Strong in heart, fearless, unscathed, may you ride.

REFRAIN.

I miss you! I miss you! my laddie, my darling,
And absence doth only my longing enhance;
I pray God in mercy to guard and protect you,
As you fight for our Empire, Somewhere in France.

Sudden and swift was the joy of home shattered
When sound of war trumpet rang over the foam;
'Twas the voice of the motherland calling her children:
Come! Sons of the Blood! you are wanted at home.

I miss you at eve, when the shadows are falling,
And through the still house every sound echoes drear;
I miss you at morn when the mail'd thrush is calling,
His sweet notes hold sadness when thou are not near.

To My Soldier Boy

Words unknown.

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Amelie Lane McNeill

Legato e sostenuto

mf

mp

Boy of my heart I am lone - ly with - out you
Sud - den and swift was the joy of home shat - tered,
I miss you at eve when the shad - ows are fall - ing.

mp

p *Con tenerezza*

Long seems the time since you went from my side,
When sound of war trum - pet rang ov - er the foam,
And through the still house ev - 'ry sound ech - oes drear;

p *dim - e - rall*

mf Poco agitato

'Midst the war's tu - mult that ra - ges a - round you,
'Twas the voice of the moth - er - land call - ing her child - ren -
I miss you at morn when the mail'd thrush is call - ing.

mp

Con anima

Strong in heart, fear - less, un - scathed, may you ride.
Come, sons of the blood, you are want - ed at home.
p His sweet notes hold sad - ness when thou art not near.

mf

CHORUS. *Con passione*

I miss you, I miss you, my lad - die, my darl - ing, And

Tenerezza

ab - sence doth on - ly my long - ing en - hance, I pray God in

mf

rit.

Con anima *rit.* *ff*

mer - cy to guard and de - fend you As you fight for our Em - pire

somewhere in France.

A tempo *Con anima*

