

SM 3050

When Our Mothers Rule the World³ Song

Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
JACK WELLS

Marcia

PIANO

VOICE

Camp fir - es gleam - ing, Sol - diers are
Up spoke an - oth - er, "I'm with you,

Vamp

dream - ing, Sobs one lone - some lad, I left her
broth - er, All you say is right. Where is the

sigh - ing, I left her cry - ing, She was all I had.
mo - ther would see an - oth - er Send her boy to fight.

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While men rule our na - tions, — Sweet-hearts and mo - thers must cry —
Men made all those can - nons; — Men made the shot and the shell, —

marc.

Men in their mad - ness caused all the sad - ness, And then they heard him sigh: —
While men are slay - ing mo - thers are pray - ing, Pray - ing that all is well! —

CHORUS

There would be no sweet - hearts cry - ing — If our mo - thers

p.f

had their say, — There would be no lov - ers dy - ing

In the trench-es far — a — way. — There would

be no ar - mies march - ing, — And no bat - tle flags un -

furled. — Let us kneel and pray We'll live to see the day When our

mo - thers rule the world. — There would world. —

1. 2. *D.S.*