

SONGS

The Soldiers And Sailors

SING



Price 15 Cents

SONGS THE SOLDIERS :: ::
:: :: AND SAILORS SING!

A COLLECTION OF FAVORITE SONGS
AS SUNG BY THE SOLDIERS AND
SAILORS -- "OVER HERE" AND "OVER
THERE," INCLUDING COMPLETE
CHORUSES (WORDS AND MUSIC) OF
31 OF THE MOST POPULAR AND
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The Star Spangled Banner

(B flat)

Francis Scott Key

Samuel Arnold

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when freedmen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

(Complete Song 10 cents)

Band 50, Orchestra 75

America

Samuel Francis Smith

(F)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

(Complete Song 10 cents)

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

(B flat)

Old Plantation Melod.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaming lamps;
His day is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

(Complete song 10 cents)

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

(G minor)

Louis Lambert.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, and the boys will shout,
And the ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay, when Johnny comes marching home.

(Complete song 30 cents)

The Red, White and Blue

(A flat)

*David T. Shaw**Thomas A. Becket*

O Columbia the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 A world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue!

When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble
 When borne by the red, white, and blue!

Thy star-spangled banner bring hither,
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave,
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
 May thy service, united ne'er sever,
 But hold to their colors so true;
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Three cheers for red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

(Complete song 10 cents)

Battle Cry of Freedom

(A flat)

George F. Root

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
 We will rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
 The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
 Down with the traitor and up with the stars!
 While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
 Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
 The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! etc.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Yankee Doodle

(B flat)

Anon

Father and I went down to camp,
 Along with Captain Goodwin,
 And there we saw the men and boys,
 As thick as hasty pudding.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
 Yankee Doodle dandy.
 Mind the music and the step,
 And with the girls be handy.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Hail Columbia

(C)

J. Hopkinson

Phyla

Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail Ye Heroes, Heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Dixie

(C)

Dan Emmett

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten.
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

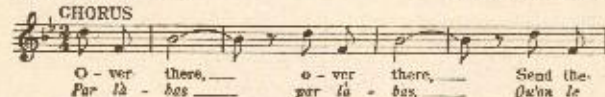
(Complete song 10 cents)

OVER THERE!*

French Text by
LOUIS DELAMARRE

GEORGE M. COHAN

CHORUS



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Complete Song - 15¢, Band - 25¢, Orchestra - 25¢, Male Quartette - 10¢

The Marseillaise

(A) *Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle*

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
 Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!
 Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary;
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' a-vengeing sword unsheathel
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death!

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L'étendard sanglant est levé,
 L'étendard sanglant est levé,
 Entendezvous dans les campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats?
 Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras,
 Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
 Aux armes, citoyens!
 Formez vos bataillons!
 Marchez, marchez! qu'un sang impur
 Abreuve nos sillons!

(Complete song 10 cents)

Canada's National Hymn -- The Maple Leaf Forever

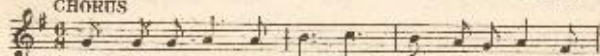
(B flat) *Alexander Muir*

The Maple Leaf, our emblem, dear,
 The Maple Leaf for ever!
 God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?*

By HOWARD JOHNSON
and
PERCY WRRICH

CHORUS



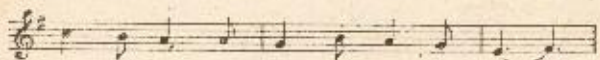
"Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from
 "Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from
 "Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from



here?— An - y - where from Har - lem to a
 here?— Pad - dy's neck was in the wreck, but
 here?— Slip a pill to Kal - ser Dill and



Jer - sey Cit - y pier, — When Pat would spy a
 still he had no fear, — He saw a dead man
 make him shed a tear, — And when we see the



pret - ty girl, he'd whis - per in her ear, —
 next to him and whis - pered in his ear, —
 en - e - my well shot them in the rear, —



"Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"
 "Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"
 Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"

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Complete Song - 15¢, Band - 25¢, Orchestra - 25¢, Male Quartet - 10¢

God Save the King

Words by Henry Carey (G) Music same as "America"

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks:
On him our hopes we fix,
God save the King!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

Rule, Britannia

(G)

When Britain first at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the Asia main,
Arose, Arose, Arose from out the Asia main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Dr. Arne

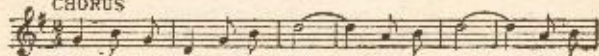
TOM, DICK AND HARRY AND JACK

(Hurry Back)

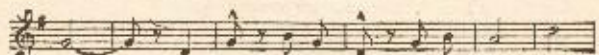
Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
MILTON AGER

CHORUS



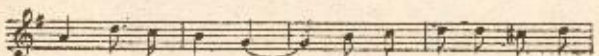
Tom Dick and Har-ry and Jack, — Har-ry back, — Hur-ry



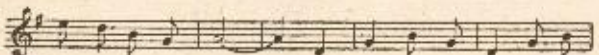
back. — Be quick, do the trick, get it o - ver,



Then don't o - ven stop to pack. The tears that we've



shed make an o - cean, — Home with - out you seems just



like an emp-ty sack; — So Tom, Dick and Har - ry and



Jack, Hur-ry back, hur-ry back, hur-ry back. —

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

Garibaldi's Hymn. (Italian National Hymn)

(F)

G. Bucal

All forward to battle! the trumpets are crying,
All forward! All forward! our old flag is flying.

When liberty calls us, we linger no longer;
Rebels, come on, thousand to one!
Liberty, Liberty! deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner, thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us, and battles be won,
Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti,
I martiri nostri son tutti risorti!
Le spade nel pugno, gli allori alle chiome,
La fiamma ed il nome d'Italia sul cor!
Corriamo, corriamo! Su, o Giovani schiere!
Su al vento per tutto le bandiere!
Sul tutto col ferro, su tutti col fuoco,
Su tutti col fuoco d'Italia nel cor,
Va fuora d'Italia, ta fuora ch'e l'orro,
Va fuora d'Italia va fuora, o stranieri!

(Complete song 30 cents)

Soldier's Farewell

(B flat)

J. Kinkel

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee;
And then, what'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me,

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

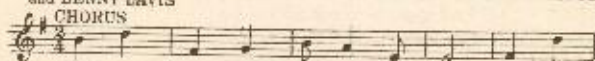
(Complete song 10 cents)

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

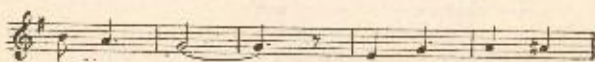
GOOD-BYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE!

Words by
O. FRANCIS REISNER
and DENNY DAVIS

Musical by
BILLY BASKETTE



Good - bye * Broad - way, Hel - lo France, — We're ten



mil - lions strong, — Good - bye! sweet - hearts,



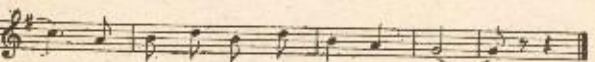
wives and moth - ers, It won't take us long, —



Don't you wor - ry while we're there, — It's for you we're
(ad lib.) It's you we're



fight - ing too, — So Good - bye Broad - way, Hel - lo France, —
fight - ing for, — So Good - bye Broad - way, Hel - lo France, —



— We're going to square our debt to you. —
— We're going to help you win this war. —

* Name of any City may be substituted for Broadway if desired.
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Complete Song - 124, Band - 254, Orchestra - 254, Male Quartette - 104

The Girl I Left Behind Me

(E flat)

Samuel Lover

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
 And o'er the moor and valley,
 Such heaviness my bosom fills,
 Since parting with my Sally,
 I seek for one as fair and gay,
 But find none to remind me,
 How blest the hours passed away
 With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I do remember well,
 When first she owned she loved me;
 A pain within my breast doth tell
 How constant I have proved me;
 But now I'm on the ocean blue,
 Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me,
 And send me home safe back again,
 To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
 Asleep or sadly waking,
 I long to see my love again,
 For her my heart is breaking;
 Where'er my steps return that way
 Still faithful she shall find me,
 And nevermore again I'll stray
 From the girl I left behind me.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Good-Night, Ladies

(C)

Anon

Good night, ladies! Good night, ladies!
 Good night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along.
 Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN,^{*}
BUT WE'LL GET THERE!

Words by
 ARTHUR FIELDS
 CHORUS

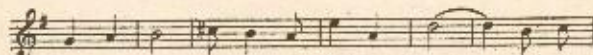
Music by
 LEON FLATOW



"It's a long way to Ber- lin, but we'll get there — Un-do



Sam will - show the way, — O - ver the line, then a -



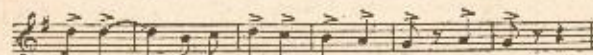
cross the Rhine, Shout - ing Hup! Hup! Hoo - ray! — We'll sing



Yank-ee Doo-die 'Un - der the Lin - coln, — With some real live



Yank-ee Pop! Hup! It's a long way to Ber- lin but we'll



get there, — And lin - on my way by heck, — by heck!"

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching

(B flat)

Geo. F. Root

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking Mother dear of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay,
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground

(A)

Walter Kittredge

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

(Complete song 10 cents)

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

WHEN I'M THRU WITH THE ARMS OF THE ARMY

(I'll Come Back To The Arms Of You)

Lyric and Music by
EARL GARROLE

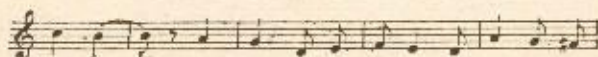
CHORUS



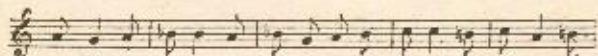
"When I'm thru with the arms of the ar - my, — I'll come



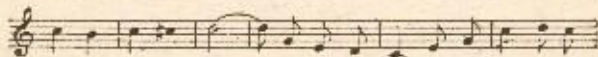
back to the arms of you, — When the lines of the foe we are



tak - ing, — My arms will be ach - ing, For you they'll be



break - ing, Oh, you know, I love you, But that old flag a - bove you, you



know I love it too, — So, when I'm thru with the arms of the



ar - my, — I'll come back to the arms of you." —

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

Nearer My God to Thee

(G)

Sarah Adams

Lowell Mason

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my songs shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Tho' like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Abide With Me

(E flat)

H. F. Lyde

W. H. Monk

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help for the helpless, Oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting; where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou, abide with me.

(Complete song 10 cents)

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

Written at the Battle of Tyres, 1915

"I WANT TO GO HOME"*

*Words and Music by
Lieut. GIZ RICE
1st Canadian Contingent

CHORUS

"I want to go home, — I want to go
home, — The "Whizz-bangs" and Strap-nel a - round me do
roar. I don't want this old war a - ny more; Take me
far o'er the sea, — Where the "All - e - man" can - not get
(Prus-sian-guard)
me, — Oh, my! I don't want to
die, I want to go 'ome' —

* French word for a German

Copyright MCMXVII by LEO. FRIST, Inc. First Building, New York
Complete Song 37¢, Band .25¢, Orchestra .25¢, Male Quartette .40¢

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Baring Gould

(E flat)

Str Arthur Sullivan

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.
 Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle, see His banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God,
 Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
 We are not divided, all one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Sweet and Low

(C)

J. Barnby

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

(Complete song 30 cents)

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

AT THE YANKEE MILITARY BALL!

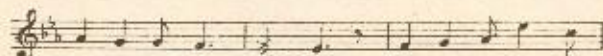
Words by
 HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
 HARRY JENTES

CHORUS



"There were swell Ma-rines in flight-log jeans, There were



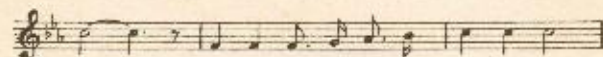
sail - or boys there too, — They were all dressed in



blue; — The Home De - fence — they looked im - mense, Then the



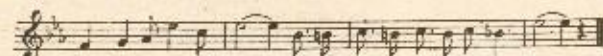
Vol - un-teers came in with cheers, When they played that Bu-gle



Call. — When a Gen - ral hol - lered, "Men dis - perse!"



Ev - ry fel - low grabb'd a Red Cross Nurse, and they



danced all o - ver the ball, — At the Yan-kee Mil - i - tar - y Ball! —

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

Annie Laurie

(C)

Lady John Scott

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Auld Lang Syne

(F)

Robert Burns

Anon

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld syne.

(Complete song 10 cents)

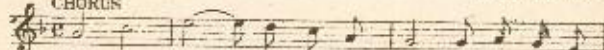
★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

HOMEWARD BOUND*

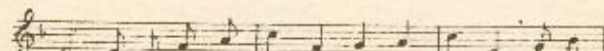
Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON
and **COLEMAN GOETZ**

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER

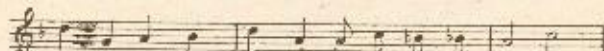
CHORUS



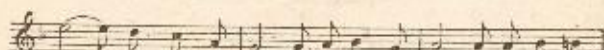
"Home-ward Bound,"— Some day they'll hear — that wai- come



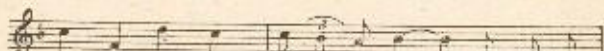
sound, — For while the shot and shell are fly- ing, For the



ones at home they're sigh- ing, — And tho' the skies seem



grey, — There's bound to be — a bright-er day, — For when the



Dove of Peace flies o- ver the land, — They all will



hear the Gen- 'ral give the com- mand, We are "Home-ward



Bound!" — That's a won- der- ful, won- der- ful sound. —

The Old Oaken Bucket

(G)

Samuel Woodworth

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Old Folks at Home

(C)

Stephen C. Foster

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.

All the world 'am sad and dreary, everywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

(Complete song 10 cents)

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!*

(What The deuce Do We Care)Words by
D. A. ESROMMusic by
THEODORE NORSE
and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

A gang of good fel - lows are we, (wee we,) are we, (wee wee) are
We love one an - oth - er we do, (wee do,) we do, (wee do,) we
When out for a good time we go, (wee go,) we go, (wee go,) we
we, (wee we,) With nev - er a wor - ry you see, (you see,) you
do, (wee do,) With broth - er - ly love and its true, (it's true,) it's
go, (wee go,) There's noth - ing we do that is slow, (it's slow,) is
see, (you see,) you see, (you see,) We laugh and joke, we sing and smoke, And
true, (it's true,) it's true, (it's true,) It's one for all, the big and small, It's
slow, (it's slow,) is slow, (it's slow,) Of joy we get our share you bet, The
live life mer - ri ly, — No mat - ter the weath - er when
al - ways me for you, — No mat - ter the weath - er when
gang will tell you, so, — No mat - ter the weath - er when
we get to - geth - er we have a ju - bi - lee —
we get to - geth - er we drink a toast or two —
we get to - geth - er we sing a song you know —

CHORUS

Hail! Hail! the gang all here, What the deuce do we care, What the deuce do
we care, Hail! Hail! we're full of cheer, What the deuce do we care, Bill!

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

My Old Kentucky Home

(F)

Stephen C. Foster

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn'tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
 Bye and bye, "Hard times" comes a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.
 Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more today.
 We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
 For my old Kentucky home, far away.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Old Black Joe

(C)

Stephen C. Foster

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
 I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low.
 I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

(Complete song 10 cents)

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

WHEN WE WIND UP THE WATCH ON THE RHINE*

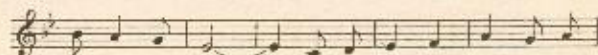
Words by
GORDON V. THOMPSON

Music by
GORDON V. THOMPSON
and WILLIAM DAVIS

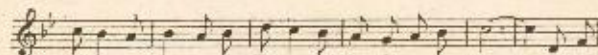
CHORUS



When we wind up "The Watch on the Rhine,"— And we grind up the



Kais-er's last line. — When the war is done and the



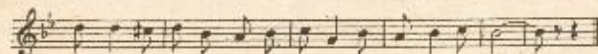
vic-to - ry won, I'll come back to the girl that I call mine! — When we



wind up "The Watch on the Rhine!" — We will bind up two



hearts that en - tice, — Wed-ding bells will be ring-ing! Home Sweet



Home! will be sing-ing! When we wind up "The Watch on the Rhine!" —

Ben Bolt

(D)

Thos. D. English

Nelson Kneass

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight, when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Juanita

(E flat)

Hon. Mrs. Norton

Old Spanish Melody

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eye's splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell!
Nital Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nital Juanital
Lean thou on my heart.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Dedicated to Captain J.R. De Lamar

OUR COUNTRY

National Hymn

Words and Music by
FRANK TAFT

To our coun try rich in deeds, We
When the call to arms re - sounds, In
Guid ed by His just de - crees, We'll
pledge our lives her name to save; Her sa - cred ban - ner
home and flag our pride in - crease; The Lord of Hosts, the
tri - umph o - ver ev - 'ry foe; All hon - or now, as
long shall wave O'er land and sea —
King of Peace, Our strength in - spires —
long a - go, To this fair name! —

REFRAIN

Hail! all hail, { A - mer - i - cal
Bri - ton - i - al!
O Can - a - dal
Land of free - dom, truth, and light; We sing thy praise we
know thy might; De - moc - ra - cy for - ev - er!

* Sing it on appropriate occasions

Copyright 1907 by Frank Taft

Published by LEO. FEIST, Inc., Feist Building, New York

Complete Song, 15¢; Band, 25¢; Orchestra, 35¢; Male Quartette, 10¢

When You and I Were Young, Maggie

(F)

J. A. Butterfield

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago,
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Darling Nellie Gray

(E flat)

B. R. Hanby

Oh! my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

(Complete song 10 cents)

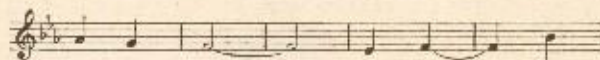
OUR OWN BELOVED LAND*

Lyric by
THOS. H. INCE
CHORUS

Music by
VICTOR L. SCHERTZINGER



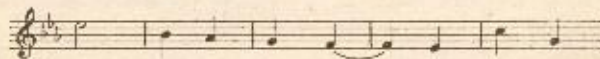
Land of our fath - ers, Sweet home that



we a - dore, Our hearts are



loy - al to Thee for - ev - er - more; And



when dan - gers threat - en, We'll proud - ly



take our stand, To serve Thee and



guard Thee, Our own be - lov - ed land.

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

Rosary*

(F)

R. Cameron Rogers

Sarah Wolpaw

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
 Are as a string of pearls to me;
 I count them over, ev'ry one apart,
 My Rosary, my Rosary!
 Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
 To still a heart in absence wrung,
 I tell each bead unto the end,
 And there a cross is hung,
 O memories that bless and burn,
 O barren gain and bitter loss,
 I kiss each bead, and strive to learn
 To kiss the Cross, sweetheart, to kiss the Cross!

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.)

Complete song 25 cents.

Spanish Cavalier*

(B flat)

W. D. Hendrickson

Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
 Sometimes you may think of me, dear,
 Bright, sunny days will soon fade away,
 Remember what I say, and be true, dear.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.)

Complete song 30 cents

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

**THE DARKTOWN
 STRUTTERS' BALL***

Words and Music by
 SHELTON BROOKS

CHORUS

I'll be down to get you in a Tax - i hon - ey You
 bet - ter be read - y a - bout half past eight...
 Now dear - la, don't be late... - I want to be there when the
 band starts play - ing Re - mem - ber when we got there, Hon - ey, The
 two steps I'm goin' to have 'em all, Goin' to dance out both my shoes:
 When they play the "Jel - ly Roll Blues" To -
 mor - row night, at the Dark - town Strut - ters' Ball.

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

Love's Old Sweet Song

G. C. Bingham (F) J. L. Molloy

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go.
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song.
Comes love's old sweet song.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!

(F)

Anon

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming to carry me home.
I look'd over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Roll, Jordan, Roll

(E flat)

Anon

Roll, Jordan, Roll, Roll, Jordan, Roll.
I want to go to Heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll.
Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there, Yes my Lord!
A sitting in the Kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

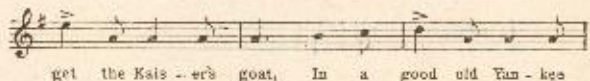
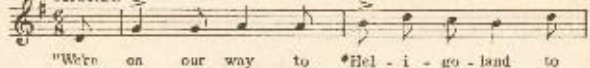
Dedicated to the men of the American Fleet

**WE'LL KNOCK THE HELIGO-INTO HELIGO
OUT OF HELIGOLAND!***

Words by
JOHN O'BRIEN

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

CHORUS



* Heligoland is a small fortified island guarding the entrance to the Bight Coast, the most important naval base.

Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep

(F)

J. P. Knight

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep,
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Nancy Lee

(E flat)

Stephen Adams

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo-ho! we go across the sea;
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

(Complete song 25 cents)

Asleep In the Deep

(F)

H. W. Petrie

Arthur J. Lamb

Loudly the bell in the old tower rings,
Bidding us list to the warning it brings,
Sailor, take care! Sailor, take care!
Danger is near thee, beware! Beware!
Beware! Beware!
Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep,
So beware! Beware!
Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep,
So beware! Beware!

(By Permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 25 cents.

ROUND HER NECK
SHE WEARS A YELLER RIBBON*

(For Her Lover Who Is Fur, Fur Away)

Words and Music by
GEO. A. NORTON

CHORUS (Not fast)

Round her neck she wears a yel - ler rib - bon, She
wears it in the win - ter and the sum - mer so they say,
If you ask her - "Why the den - o - rat - ion?" She'll
say 'Tis fur my lov - er who is fur, fur a - way! Fur a -
way - - fur a - way, - - If she is milk in cows or mow - ing
hay, - - 'Round her neck she wears a yel - ler rib - bon, She
wears it fur her lov - er who is fur, fur a - way.

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

Boola Boola*

(B flat)

A. M. Hirsch

Boola Boola, Boola Boola, Boola Boola, Boola Boola,
When I meet sweet Adelina,
Then she sings her Boola song.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 30c, Band 25, Orchestra 25.

Bring Back My Bonnie to Me

(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

(C)

Anon

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bulldog on the Bank

(A flat)

Anon

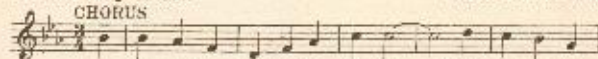
Oh! the bull dog on the bank, and the bull frog in the pool,
The bull dog called the bull frog a green old water fool.
Singing tra la la la la la la,
Singing tra la la la la la la,
Singing tra la la la la la,
Singing tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

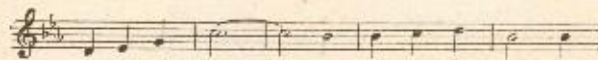
BRING BACK MY DADDY TO ME*

Words by
WILLIAM TRACEY
and HOWARD JOHNSON
CHORUS

Music by
GEORGE W. MEYER



"I don't want a dress or a dol - ly, — 'Cause dol - lies get



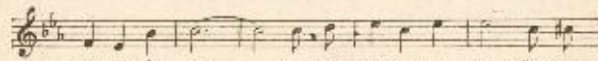
bro - ken 'round here, — I don't want my skates, the



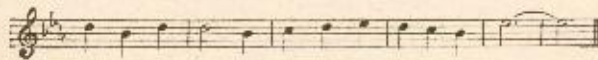
boots or the skates, You brought down the chimney last year. — If



you'll bring the pres - ent I ask for, — Dear San - ta, how



hap - py I'll be, — You can give all my toys 'Tis some



poor girls and boys, But bring back my Dad - dy to me!"

Mary Had a Little Lamb

(G)

Anon

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
 Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow;
 And ev'ry where that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went,
 Ev'ry where that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.

Bleating of the lamb,

Ba—a—a-ah, Ba—a—a-ah.

Oh, ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness
 Get out of the wilderness, get out of the wilderness.
 Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness.

Leaning on the lamb.

There Were Three Crows

(A flat)

Anon

There were three crows sat on a tree,
 O Billy Magee Magaw!
 There were three crows sat on a tree,
 O Billy Magee Magaw!
 There were three crows sat on a tree,
 And they were black as crows could be,
 And they all flapped their wings and cried—
 "Caw! Caw! Caw!"
 And they all flapped their wings and cried—
 "Billy Magee Magaw!"

Upidee

(G)

Anon

Upidee i, dee-i-da,
 U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
 U-pi-dee-i, dee-i-da,
 U-pi-dee-i-da!

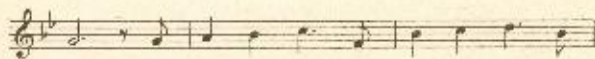
WE STOPPED THEM AT THE MARNE*
(It's Up The Pole With Germany)

Words and Music by
 LIENT. GITZ RICE

CHORUS



We stopped them at the Marne, We beat them on the



Aisne, We give them Hell at Neuve Chap-pelle, And



here we are, yes here we are a - gain, The



French stopped them at Ver - dun, And you can't for - get Y -



pres., Now A - mer - i - can - here to



help us so, It's up the pole with Ger - man - y!

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away

(A flat)

Paul Dresser

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay,
Thro' the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

(By Permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 25 cents.

Sailing

(C)

Godfrey Marks

Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again.

(Complete song 10 cents)

Aloha Oe, Farewell to Thee

(A flat)

English Version by Chas. Earl. Queen Liliuokalani

Farewell to thee, Farewell to thee,
I shall always wait for thee among the flowers,
One fond embrace, one kiss, and then,
Farewell, until we meet again.

(By Permission of Century Music Pub. Co.) Complete song 10 cents.

★ SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING ★

GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS*

(In Cadence "One, Two, Three")

By Lieut. JOS. P. TROUNSTINE, U. S. R.

REFRAIN

'Give me a kiss by the num-bers, — I want to do things,
— in a mil-li-ta-ry way, I used to
kiss with-out an-y thought of cad-ence, and old old what
pleas-ure I used to give the maid-ens, But it's di-f-frent,
oh! so di-f-frent — Since they put a u-n-d-
form on me, So, — Give me a kiss by the
num-bers, — in cad-ences, one, two, three!

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

Little Brown Jug

(C)

J. E. Winner

My wife and I lived all alone,
 In a little log hut we called our own;
 She loved gin and I loved rum—
 I tell you what we'd lo's of fun.
 Hal Hal Hal you and me,
 Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee!
 Hal Hal Hal you and me,
 Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee!

Vive L'Amour

(B flat)

Anon

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,
 Vive la compagnie,
 And drink to the health of our glorious class,
 Vive la compagnie.
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la compagnie!

Quilting Party

(C)

Anon

I was seeing Nellie home,
 I was seeing Nellie home;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dina's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

(Complete song 10 cents)

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

Dedicated to Private Arthur Becker, U.S.A.

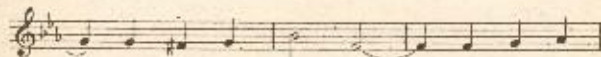
SOMEBODY'S BOY-AWAY OUT THERE!

Words by
D.A. ESROMMusic by
THEODORE MORSE

CHORUS



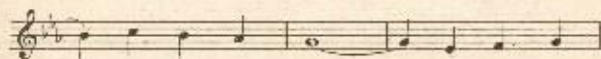
Some - bo - dy's boy — is way out there, —



— He may be lone - some, — show him we



care, — Send him a thought, —



— a line or two, — To cheer up

*rit e cresc.* your boy, her boy, his boy, my boy! — *a tempo* Some - bo - dy's

boy, — a way out there. —

Copyright MCMXXVII by LEO. FRIST, Inc. First Building, New York.
 Complete Song...15¢. Band...25¢. Orchestra...25¢. Male Quartette...10¢

Good Morning Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip

(Fort Niagara Song)

Anon

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If the camels don't get you, the Fatimas must;
Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,—
Your hair cut just as short as,—
Hair cut just as short as mine.

The Stammering Song

(C)

Anon

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-c-c-cow shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

My Last Cigar

(A flat)

Anon

It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

EACH STITCH IS A THOUGHT OF YOU, DEAR*

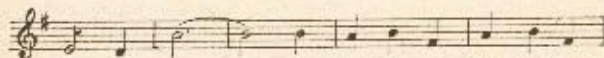
Words by
AL. SWEET

Music by
BILLY BASKETTE

CHORUS



Each stitch is a thought of you, dear, Wov-en with



lov-ing care,— I'm knit-ting my heart in each



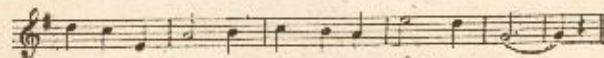
gar-ment, dear, To send to you some-where,— My



hands are old and worn, dear, The stitch-es may not be



true,— But there's love in each one, a moth-er's



love for her son, Each stitch is a thought of you —

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

Mary's a Grand Old Name

(F) Geo. M. Cohan

For it is Mary, Mary, plain as any name can be;
But with propriety, society, will say Marie;
But it was Mary, Mary, long before the fashions came,
And there is something there,
That sounds so square,
It's a Grand Old Name.

(By Permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 30 cents.

Give My Regards To Broadway

(C) Geo. M. Cohan

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square;
Tell all the boys at Forty-Second Street that I will soon be there;
Tell them how I've been yearning to mingle with the old-time throng.

Give my regards to Old Broadway,
And say I'll be there 'ere long.

(By Permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 30 cents.

You're a Grand Old Flag

(C) Geo. M. Cohan

You're a grand old flag, tho' you're torn to a rag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true under Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag;
"But should auld acquaintance be forgot,"
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

(By permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 30 cents.

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

FROM SOMEONE IN FRANCE TO SOMEONE IN SOMERSET*

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROBE

CHORUS

From "Some - one in France" to "Some - one in
Som - er - set," While shad - ows are fall - ing, My
heart's to you call - ing, May an - gels, all
bright and fair, Watch o - - ver these
your
lines with care So they safe - ly may get to
That you
some - one in Som - er - set,

The Yankee Doodle Boy

(B flat)

Geo. M. Cohan

I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy, a Yankee Doodle do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam's, born on the 4th of July.
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart, she's my Yankee Doodle joy,
Yankee Doodle came to London, just to ride the ponies;
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy.

(By Permission of M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 30 cents

There's a Vacant Chair In Every Home Tonight

Alfred Bryan

(B flat)

Ernest Bræuer

There's a vacant chair that's waiting there,
In ev'ry home tonight,
And a lonesome mother's dreaming,
By the fireside burning bright;
She's thinking of her gallant boy,
Who is fighting for the right;
There's a vacant chair in ev'ry home, in ev'ry home tonight.

(By Permission of M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 15 cents

Good-bye, Dolly Gray

(C)

Paul Barnes

Will D. Cobb

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Tho' it breaks my heart to go;
Something tells me I am needed,
At the front to fight the foe;
See the soldier boys are marching,
And I can no longer stay,
Hark! I hear the bugle calling,
Good-bye, Dolly Gray.

(By Permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 25 cents

I DON'T WANT TO GET WELL*

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON
and HARRY PRAISE

Music by
HARRY JENTES

CHORUS

I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — In in
I don't want to get well, — I don't want to get well, — In in

love with a beau - ti - ful nurse. — Rar - ly ev - 'ry
love with a beau - ti - ful curse. — Though the doc - tor's

mor - ning, night and noon, — The cut - net lit - the girl - io comes and
treat - ments show re - sults, — I al - ways get a bad re - lapse each

feeds me with a spoon, I don't want to get well, — I don't
time she feels my pulse, I don't want to get well, — I don't

want to get well, — I'm glad they shot me on the fight - ing line,
want to get well, — I'm glad they shot me on the fight - ing line,

fine, The doc - tor says that I'm in bad con - di - tion, but Oh, Oh,
fine, She holds my hand and begs me not to leave her, Then all at

Oh, I've got so much am - bi - tion, I don't want to get well, — I don't
once I get so full of fev - er, I don't want to get well, — I don't

want to get well, — For I'm hav - ing a won - der - ful time, —
want to get well, — For I'm hav - ing a won - der - ful time, —

Sidewalks of New York

(G)

Chas. Lawlor

East side, West side, all around the town
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie"
"London Bridge is falling down;"
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic,
On the sidewalks of New York.

Jas. Blake

(By permission M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 25 cents

Are You the O'Reilly?*

(G)

Pat Pooney and P. Emmett

Are you the O'Reilly that keeps this hotel?
Are you the O'Reilly, they speak of so well?
Are you the O'Reilly, they speak of so highly?
Gor' blime mc, O'Reilly,
You are looking well.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Complete song 25 cents.

In the Good Old Summer Time

(B flat)

Ren Shields

Geo. Evans

In the good old Summer time, In the good old Summer time,
Strolling thro' the shady lanes, with your baby mine;
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign.
That she's your tootsy wootsey,
In the good old Summer time.

(By permission of M. Richmond Music Co.) Complete song 25 cents.

I'LL COME BACK TO YOU
WHEN IT'S ALL OVER*Words by
LEW BROWNMusic by
KERRY MILLS

CHORUS:

I'll come back to you when it's all o-ver,
I'll come back to you but it's all o-ver,
all o-ver, Back to you and fields of clo-ver,
all o-ver, Back to you and fields of clo-ver,

We'll start our sweet-heart days all o-ver, If your
We'll start our sweet-heart days all o-ver, In the
heart still beats as true. There is a du-ty that
land I'm go-ing to. I've done my du-ty as

ev-ry man should do, My life de-fends it, but my
ev-ry man should do, I gave my life for that but

rit. heart be-ongs to you, So pray for the day when it's all
a tempo left my heart for you, So pray for the day when it's all

o-ver 'Cause I'm com-ing back to you,
o-ver 'Cause I'm com-ing back to you.

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Complete Song, 10¢, Band, 25¢, Orchestra, 25¢, Male Quartette, 10¢

Tulip and the Rose*

(B flat)

Jack Mahoney

Percy Wenrich

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
 And I wore a big red rose;
 When you caressed me, it was then Heaven blessed me—
 What a blessing, no one knows.
 You made life cheery, when you called me dearie;
 'Twas down where the blue grass grows;
 Your lips were sweeter than julep
 When you wore a tulip, and I wore a big red rose.

(Copyright Leo Feist, Inc.) Song 25c, Band 25, Orchestra 25,
 Male Quartette 10.

M-O-T-H-E-R*

A word that means the world to me

(F)

Howard Johnson

Theodore Morse

M—is for the million things she gave me,
 O—means only that she's growing old,
 T—is for the tears she shed to save me,
 H—is for her heart of purest gold,
 E—is for her eyes, with lovelight shining,
 R—means right and right she'll always be.
 Put them all together, they spell Mother,
 A word that means the world to me.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 25c, Band 25, Orchestra 25,
 Quartette 10.

IN THE LAND OF WEDDING BELLS*

Words by
 HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
 GEO. W. MEYER

CHORUS

See, but it's grand in the land of wed - ding
 bells, — Sweet land of joy, — for girl and
 boy, — You start in plan - ning a home, as you
 roam the hills and dells; — Each blush - ing bride —
 — has a groom by her side, — The preach - er
 comes and ties the knot, — Then you buy a house and
 lot, — Bye and - bye two hearts are bound a - round a ba - by,
 may - be, Won - der - ful place, ev - ery face looks sur - y. tells, —
 It's sim - ply grand, hand in hand, In the land of wed - ding bells. —

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 Complete Song 25c, Band 25c, Orchestra 25c, Male Quartette 10c

Peg O' My Heart*

(C)

Alfred Bryan

Fred. Fischer

Peg O' my heart, I love you, we'll never part,
I love you, dear little girl, sweet little girl,
Sweeter than the rose of Erin,
Are your winning smiles endearin', Peg O' my heart,
Your glances with Irish art entrance us,
Come be my own, come make your home,
In my heart.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 25c, Band 25, Orchestra 25.

I'm On My Way to Mandalay*

(C)

Alfred Bryan

Fred. Fischer

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
Beneath the shelt'ring palms I want to stray,
Oh, let me live and love for aye,
On that island far away:
I'm sentimental for my Oriental love,
So sweet and gentle,
That's why I'm on my way to Mandalay,
I've come to say good-bye.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 25c., Band 25, Orchestra 25.

Dedicated to the National Guards of the U.S.A.

SOLDIER BOY*

Words by
D. A. ESROMMusic by
THEODORE MORSE

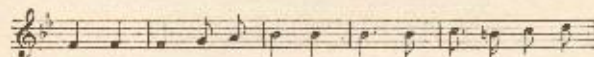
CHORUS



Sold - ler boy, — one kiss be - fore you



go, Sold - ler boy, — I'll miss you that you know, Ev - 'ry



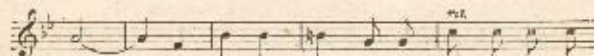
night I'll pray for you far a - way, And trust to Him a -



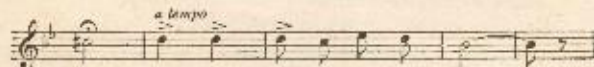
bove to send you back same day, In my heart — a love will



al - ways years, And I'll wait for your re -



turn, — So go and fight for the cause you know is



right, God bless you! my Sold - ler boy.

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Complete Song 25c, Band 25c, Orchestra 25c, Male Quartette 40c

Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You*

(B flat)

Thos. Hoar

Jas. Morgan

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy,
Then go back to your home o'er the sea,
To the land from where you came,
Whatever be its name,
But don't be ungrateful to me!
If you don't like the stars in Old Glory
If you don't like the Red, White and Blue,
Then don't act like the cur in the story
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 25c., Band 25, Orchestra 25.

If I Had a Son for Each Star in Old Glory*

(F)

J. E. Dempsey

J. A. Burke

Though God never made men for soldiers,
Now the clouds of War have burst,
We must pray for the best, and prepare for the test,
Our country must come first.
Tho' I've but one boy to offer, he's yours when you call,
That's all a mother can do,
But if I had a son for each star in Old Glory,
Uncle Sam, I'd give them all to you.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 15c., Band 25, Orchestra 25.

TAKE A LETTER TO MY DADDY OVER THERE*

Words by
ROGER LEWIS
and BOBBY CRAWFORD

Music by
BILLY BASKETTE

CHORUS

Take a let - ter to my dad - dy o - ver there, Tell him
that each night for him I say a pray'r, He's a
sol - dier brave and true, Tell him, "God will bless him", too, 'Cause he's
fight - ing for his coun - try, like a he - ro ought to
do. Tell him that I miss him, while he's far a - way, And I'm
pray - ing, he'll re - turn to me some day, — He means
all the world to me, And how hap - py I will be, if you
on - ly take a let - ter to my dad - dy. —

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Complete Song - 15¢, Band - 25¢, Orchestra - 25¢, Male Quartette - 40¢

That's How I Need You*

McCarthy & Goodwin

C)

Al. Plantadosi

Like the roses need their fragrance,
 Like a sweetheart needs a kiss,
 Like the summer needs the sunshine,
 Like a Laddie needs a Miss,
 Like a broken heart needs gladness,
 Like the flowers need the dew,
 Like a baby needs its mother;
 That's how I need you.

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There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning*

Joie McCarthy

(B flat)

Fred. Fischer

There's a little spark of love still burning,
 And yearning down in my heart for you,
 There's a longing there for your returning,
 I want you; I do!
 So come, come to my heart again,
 Come, come, set that love a-flame,
 For there's a little spark of love still burning,
 and yearning for you.

(Copyright Leo. Feist, Inc.) Song 25c, Band 25, Orchestra 25.

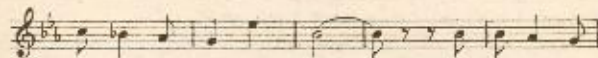
Respectfully Dedicated to Lieut. Barrell, 71st Regiment, N.G.N.Y.

THROW NO STONES IN THE WELL
THAT GIVES YOU WATER.*Words by
ARTHUR FIELDSMusic by
THEODORE MORSE

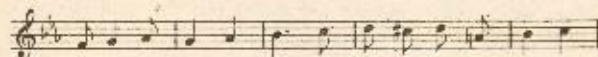
CHORUS



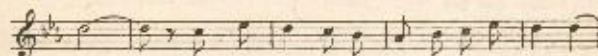
Throw no stones in the well that gives you wa - ter, — Is a



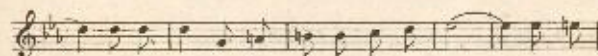
say - ing that's old but true. — Re - member the



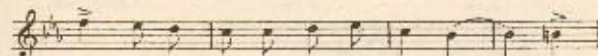
sto - ry a - bout the cur "Don't bite the hand that's feed - ing



you! — There's a hat in the ring and if it fits you —



— Put it on, there's a gun goes with it, too; — Throw no



stones in the well that gives you wa - ter. — Come



through, show us what you mean to do. —

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Complete Song - 15¢ Band - 25¢, Orchestra - 25¢, Male Quartette - 10¢

Words to the Army Trumpet Calls

(A flat)

Reveille

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

Corp'rals worse than privates;
Sergeants worse than corp'rals;
Lieutenants worse than the sergeants,
And the capt'ns worst of all.

Chorus: I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, etc.

Mess Call

Soup-y, soup-y, without a single bean;
Pork-y, pork-y, pork, without a streak of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, without any cream (or, the weakest ever
seen).

Sick Call

Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills.
Oh! Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills.

Stable Call

Come all who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and giv' em some corn;
For if you don't do it, the Col'nel will know it,
And then you will rue it, sure as you're born.
(By Permission of Pennsylvania Military College.)

Hello, Aloha, Hello*

Howard Johnson

(B flat)

George Meyer

Aloha, Hello, your refrain sweet and low,
Is a message from Honolulu,
Ev'rywhere you go;
Your tune is a part of America's heart,
Tho' you mean "Goodbye," we'll always say:—
"Hello, Aloha, Hello."

(Copyright Leo Feist, Inc.) Song 15c. Band 25c. Orchestra 25c.

TORPEDO JIM*

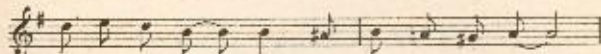
Words by
ROGER LEWIS

Music by
JIMMIE V. MONACO

CHORUS



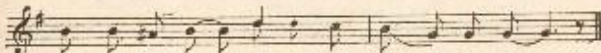
Tor - pe - do Jim, - with an eye like an ea - gle,
Tor - pe - do Jim, - was a "K" boat com - man - der,
Tor - pe - do Jim, - hit her right in the mid - die,
Tor - pe - do Jim, - was as meek as a ba - by,



Tor - pe - do Jim, - with a wart on his nose,
Tor - pe - do Jim, - with a face like a file,
Tor - pe - do Jim, - had an aim that was true,
Tor - pe - do Jim, - had to run for his life,



Tor - pe - do Jim, - was a dog of the o - cean, There was
Tor - pe - do Jim, - ate a horse - shoe for break - fast, And when
Tor - pe - do Jim, - sent that car - go to Ha - des, For he
Tor - pe - do Jim, - was a salt of the o - cean, But as



bring on his whis - kers and salt on his clothes,
dan - ger was near him, that's the time he could smile,
knew that the dev - il liked sour - kroat too,
tough as he was, he was a - fraid of his wife.

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

In Berry Pickin' Time*

(G)

Jack Yellen

Percy Weerich

We were picking berries at old Aunt Mary's,
When I picked a blushing bride,
As we rode home together,
I just wondered whether
I could win you forever if I tried;
And at love's suggestion I popped the question
And asked you to be mine,
From your kisses I knew,
You picked me, when I picked you,
In berry pickin' time.

(Copyright Leo Feist, Inc.) Song 15c. Band 25c. Orchestra 25c.

Cleopatra Had A Jazz Band*

(G)

Morgan & Coogan

Jack Coogan

Cleopatra had a jazz band in her castle on the Nile,
Every night she gave a jazz dance
In her queer Egyptian style;
She won Marc Anthony, with her syncopated harmony
And while they played, she swayed,
She knew she had him all the while;
In the shadow of the pyramids
'Neath the old Egyptian moon,
A sphinx was looking on
And said, "There'll be a wedding soon,"
But the real historic scandal, was,
Cleo lost her sandal, as she danced
To the strains of the Egyptian Jazz-Band tune.

(Copyright Leo Feist, Inc.) Song 15c. Band 25c. Orchestra 25c.

SONGS THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS SING

YOU'RE MY LITTLE INDIANA ROSE*

Words and Music by
CHARLES J. CORDRAY

CHORUS



You're my lit-tle In-di-an-a Rose, dear,



You're the sweet-est girl I ev-er knew, You are the fair-est,



you are the rar-est, No sweet-er flow-er ev-er grew,



I will shield you from the win-ters snow, dear,



I'll pro-ect you from the winds that blow, I'll leave you nev-er, well



al-ways be to-geth-er, You're my lit-tle In-di-an-a



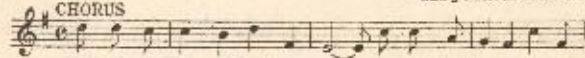
Rose, dear, You're my lit-tle In-di-an-a Rose.

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Complete Song - 15c, Band - 25c, Orchestra - 25c, Male Quartette - 10c

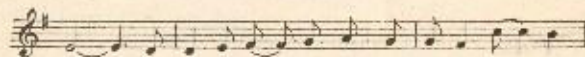
WHEN THERE'S PEACE ON EARTH AGAIN*

By } ROGER LEWIS
BOB CRAWFORD
and JOSEPH SANTLY

CHORUS



When there is Peace on Earth a - gain, — The world will be a gar - den



fair, — The bat - tle fields, like clouds will fade a - way, — And



turn to mead - ow lands where chil - dren can play, — Be - tween each



land a tie there'll be — Of friend - ship, love and sym - pa -



thy, — And ev - 'ry na - tion, wheth - er large or small, — Will



know there must be e - qual rights for all, — 'Twill be like



sun - shine af - ter rain, — When there is Peace on Earth a - gain —

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Home," "How Can I Leave Thee?," "In the Gloaming," "Kilbarney,"
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