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I'll Be There, Laddie Boy, I'll Be There

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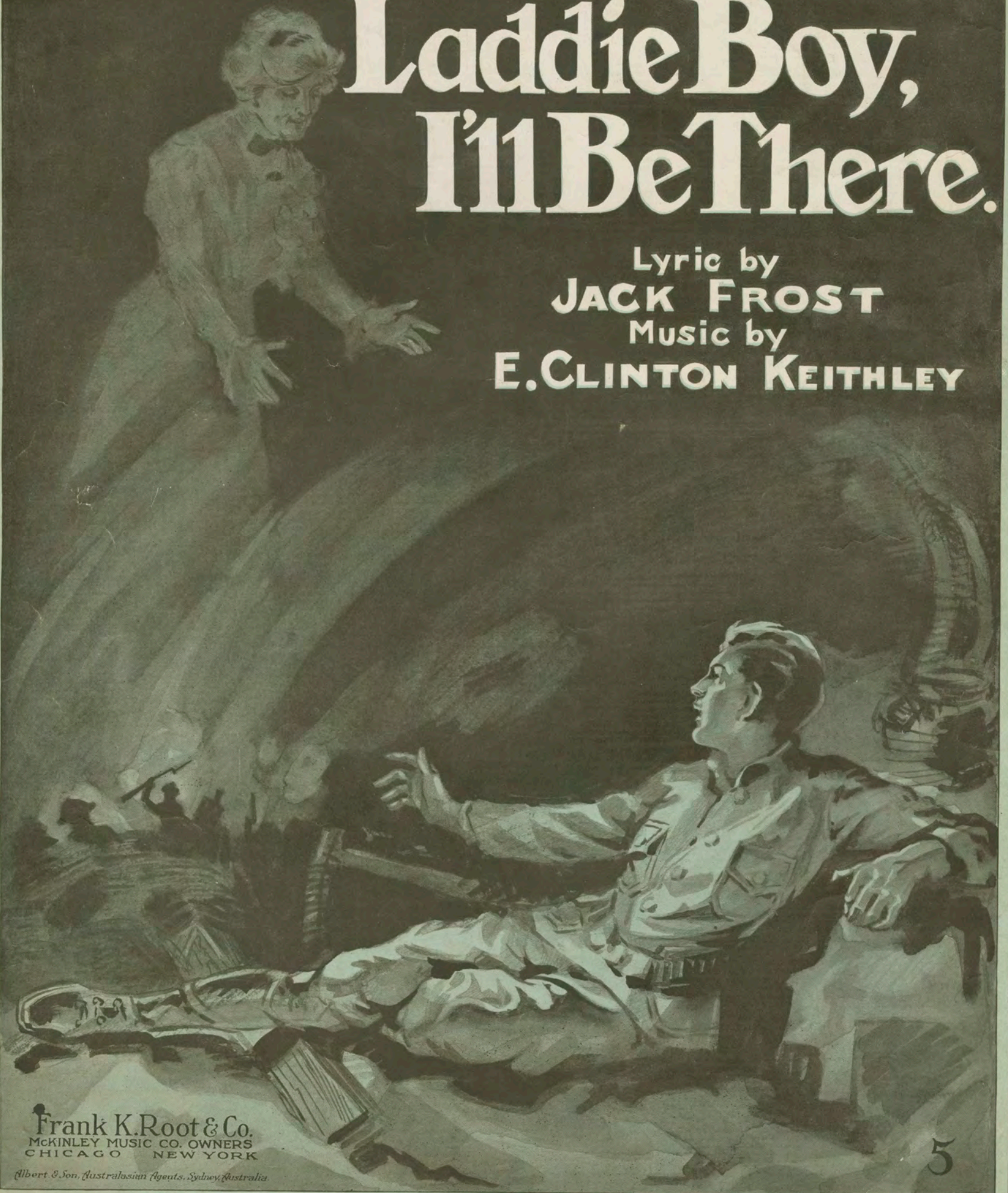
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J. M.

I'll Be There, Laddie Boy, I'll Be There.

Lyric by
JACK FROST
Music by
E. CLINTON KEITHLEY



Frank K. Root & Co.
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Albert & Son, Australasian Agents, Sydney, Australia

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I'LL BE THERE, LADDIE BOY, I'LL BE THERE

Lyric by
JACK FROST.

Music by
E. CLINTON KEITHLEY.

Marcia

VAMP.

O - ver the sea and far from me, You're
O - ver the sea and back to me, In

sail - ing, my sol - dier lad; But some - one will yearn for your re
dreams you're re - turn - ing home, And still I am near to calm each

turn, One who gave all she had. And while you are fight - ing, the
fear, No mat - ter where you roam. It's on - ly a dream, dear, but

world's wrongs you're righting, Re - mem - ber, while o - ver the foam, In your dreams I'll be
still it would seem, dear, I'm near you by night and by day; I'll be there thro'the

al - ways near you, When you dream of the one back home.
 long night watch - es, Tho' you think I am far a - way.

CHORUS. Well marked.
a tempo

I'll be there when the bu - gle's call - ing, I'll be there in the camp fire's gleam; I'll be

there with a smile just to cheer you, Ev - 'ry day thro' the fray I'll be near you. When your

comrades a - round are fall - ing, Then your moth - er will answer your pray'r; And if fight - ing you

fall, and the Master should call, I'll be there, laddie boy, I'll be there. I'll be there.

Late Patriotic Song Successes

There's a
LITTLE BLUE STAR
in the
WINDOW
And it means all the world to me

PAUL B. ARMSTRONG
MUSIC BY
F. HENRI KLUCKMANN

The Popular
"Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

There are stars in the high blue-est shin-ing With a prom-ise of hope in their light. There are stars in the field of Old Glo-ry, The em-blem of hun-or and right. Not one star ev-er shines with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy out the sea. There's a

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE.

Words and Music By CHAS. SNYDER

For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye, When we've car-ried the flag to vic-tory, Then back to your arms I'll fly. So just smile all the while when I'm over the sea, And honey, keep your love and kisses wait-ing for me. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm bye.

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I'm Hitting the Trail to Normandy
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE

Words and Music by CHAS. SNYDER

The Song
Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN

Crim-son Red for Sac-ri-fice, the blood of her-oes shed. White for Pur-i-ty, the souls of sol-dier dead. At-tune Blue for fear-less

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy o-ver there?" Will they watch him and protect him ev-ry where? Then she sits thea down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast. And mem-ors suit and low her eye-eyes pray? "How I love you, dear old Dad-dy how I miss you!"

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WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM.

By JACK FROST

When a boy says good-bye to his moth-er, And the sound of the tra-ge-dy is heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by, The love and tips he will sur-er a word. All the an-gels are pray-ing a-love her. That he'll

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When It Comes To A LOVINGLESS DAY.

By JACK FROST.

CHORUS
For Tues-days are mist- less and Wednes-days are what- lets, My home it is heart- less, my heart it is what- less, Now I don't care if all the bars are treat-less, Or if I must ev-en sleep or eat less, I live in sor- row, in fear of to-mor- row, In we-rid till my hair is gray. For what will I do, if they spring something new.

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.

Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

CHORUS a tempo
The birds will greet you with mel-a-dious song, And I will meet you, no more a lone. The sun is shin- ing through the stars and the strife, dear, And I'll be pin- ning for the light of my life (I'll be pin-ning) I'll come back

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG

By JACK FROST. HARBOLD NEANDER.

When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-meri-can rag, They'll play it for-ky and make him walk tur-key and sa-lute our grand old flag. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the songs of Van-kee-land Or factots to a good old Dixie tune, make a noise. There'll be a

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A-M-E-R-I-C-A
MEANS
I LOVE YOU, MY YANKEE LAND

FRATERNITY
FRANK K. ROOT & CO.

Great Patriotic
March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
Means
"I Love You, My Yankee Land"

Words and Music by JACK FROST

"A" means you're "any-body's" coun-try. "M" means you're most for me. "E" means you're "ev-ry-body's" sweet-heart. And "I" for the "right of lib-er-ty." "I" stands for "in-dependence first and all." "C" for "our val-ors are grand." "A-M-E-R-I-C-A"

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War.

By JACK FROST.

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell 'em to go to-hell! That's what we're fight-ing for! We did-n't want to do it, boys, but now they've mad-ous nose; Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! war!

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Giddy Giddap
GO ON! GO ON!
we're on our way to WAR

Great "Rube"
War Song Hit

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