

WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?



Lyric by
Paul B. Armstrong

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Music by
F. Henri Klickmann

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG.

Music by F. HENRI KLINKMANN.

Andante espressivo.

mf

There's a qui-et lit-tle cot-tage where the flow-ers are in bloom, And the per-fume of the ros-es fills the
There's a qui-et lit-tle cot-tage, but the flow-ers bloom no more, For the win-try winds and snow-flakes fill the

p a tempo

air; _____ But sad-ness comes at twi-light when the work of day is done, As a
air; _____ But brav-er-y and cour-age hold her in their ma-gic spell, As the

child sees her fa-ther's va-cant chair. _____ She is just a dim-pled darl-ing, and she's
child sees her fa-ther's va-cant chair. _____ She is still a dim-pled darl-ing with a

mp

ask-ing ev-'ry day _____ Just why her dear old dad-dy marched a-way. _____
faith that makes her say, _____ Her dad-dy will come back a-gain some day. _____

rit.

CHORUS. *Tenderly.*
a tempo.

"Will the an - gels guard my dad - dy o - ver there?_____ Will they watch him and pro - tect him ev - ry

a tempo *p-f*

where?"_____ Then she nes - tles down to rest on her lov - ing moth - er's breast, — And

mur-murs soft and low her eve-ning pray'r: — "How I love you, dear old dad-dy, how I miss you! I

pray to Heav'n each night that God will bless you. *ad lib.* Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the

colla voce.

Lord *your* soul to keep, An - gels, guard my dad - dy o - ver there."_____ "Will the there."_____

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.*

Late Patriotic Song Successes



**The Popular
"Service Flag" Song Hit**

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

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

There are stars in the high heavens 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 hon- or and right. But no star ev-er shines with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy who has gone to fight.

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

Words and Music by CHAS. SNYDER.

For I'm 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 let me keep your love and knowl-edge wait-ing for me, For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm by.

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**The Song
Everybody is Singing**

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.

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

Crim-son Red for sac-ri-fice, the blood of he-roes shed. Spot-less White for pur-i-ty, the souls of sol-diers 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 KICKMANN.

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy o-ver there?" Will they watch him and pro-tect him ev-ry-where? Then she lies down to rest on her low-ing moth-er's breast. And mur-murs soft and low her ex-cit-ing pray-er. "How I love you, dear old dad-dy, how I miss you!" I

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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 in-gle is heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by. The fond lips breathe nev-er a word. All the an-gels are pray-ing a-hove her. That he'll

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When It Comes To A LOVINGLESS DAY.

By JACK FROST.

For Two-days are most-less and Wednesdays are what-less, My home it is heart-less, my bed it is short-less, Now I don't care if all the bars are treat-less, Or if I must even sleep or eat less. I live in sor-row, in fear of to-mor-row, in war-ried 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 KICKMANN.

The birds will greet you with mel-a-dies song. And I will meet you, no come-a-long. The sun is shin-ing through the storm and the strife, dear, And I'll be pin-ing for the light of my life from a-way, not de-lay. We'll come back

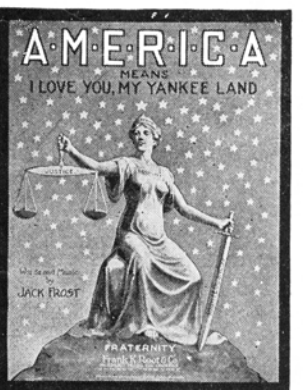
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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP
TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG.

By JACK FROST. HAROLD NEANDER.

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

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**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 an-y-bod-y's coun-try, "M" means you're meant for me, "E" means you're ev-ry-bod-y's sweet-heart, And "I" for the right of lib-er-ty. "I" stands for in-dependence first and all, "C" for your val-ors so grand. "A-M-E-R-I-C-A"

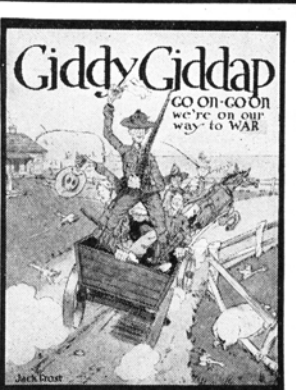
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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War.

By JACK FROST.

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're go-ing to tell 'em to go to-hell! That what we're fight-ing for! We did-n't want to do it, boys, But now they've mak-us sore, Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! war!

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**Great "Rube"
War Song Hit**

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