

WHEN THE
LITTLE BLUE STAR
IN THE WINDOW
HAS TURNED TO GOLD



LYRIC BY
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG
MUSIC BY
F. HENRI KLINKMANN

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By the Writers of:

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

When the Little Blue Star in the Window Has Turned to Gold

Lyric by
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG
Valse Andante

Music by
F. HENRI KLICKMANN



mf *rall.*

Con espressione
a tempo

A boy brave-ly fights for his coun-try, — A fond moth-er kneels down in pray'r; — He's
A boy brave-ly died for his coun-try, — For hon-or, for jus-tice and right; — What



p *a tempo*

fight-ing foul wrong as he for-ges a - long, While for him she prays God's tend'rest care — There's a
more could he do for the Red, White and Blue That was threatened by Tyr-an-ny's might? — But no



p *p.*

lit-tle blue star in the win-dow, — And to her it's a treas-ure un-told, — But she
moth-er can claim all the sor-row, — Nor the pride when his sto-ry is told, — He be-



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rall.

watch-es a - fraid, for she fears it may fade, That its col - or might change in - to gold. _____
 longs to us all, not in vain did he fall, Or the lit - tle blue star turn to gold. _____

REFRAIN
a tempo (Tenderly)

What star is that high in the heavens, _____ That shines with a strong, steady light? _____ 'Tis the

a tempo p-mf

soul of some - one, his du - ty well done, And all for his coun - try and right. _____ An -

rall. e cresc.

oth - er name writ - ten in glo - ry _____ With oth - er great he - roes en - rolled, _____ When the lit - tle blue

rall. e cresc.

a tempo dim.

star in the win - dow _____ Has turned to gold. _____ What gold. _____

a tempo dim.

rall. p

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. **F. HENRI KLUCKMANN**
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG

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 ex-cel-les with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy who's at 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 I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye; When we've car-ried the flag to vic-to-ry, Then back to your arms I'll fly. So just smile at me while I'm over the sea. And don't long your love and kisses wait-ing for me. For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm by.

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

**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. Spot-less White for Pur-i-ty, the souls of sol-diers dead. As we 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 pro-tect him ev-ry where?" Then she kneels the down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast. And mem-ors soft and low her ex-cu-sing pray'r. "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 bug-le is heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by. The her-fond lips breathe nev-er a word. All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bove her. That he'll

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When It Comes To A LOVINGLESS DAY. By JACK FROST.

CHORUS
For Tues-days are meat-less and Wednes-days are wheat-less, My home is heart-less, my heart it is short-less. Now I don't care if all the birds are treat-less, Or if I must ev-en sleep or eat less. I live in sor-row, in fear of to-mor-row, I'm wor-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 KLUCKMANN

CHORUS
The birds will greet you with mel-o-dious song, And I will meet you, no come a-king. The sun is shin-ing through the storm and the strife, Dear, And I'll be glad for the light of my life (I'll be glad to see you) We'll come back

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

When the Kai-sar does the goose-step to a good old Amer-i-can rag, They'll play a per-ky and make him walk tur-key and salute our grand old flag. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the march. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the march. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the march. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the march.

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

Great Patriotic March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
"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. "I" means you're ev-ry-bod-y's sweet-heart. And "H" for the right of lib-er-ty.

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War. **By JACK FROST**

Old-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell him to go to-hell! That what we're fight-ing for. We did-n't want to do it, boys, But now they're mad-der sore.

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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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