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PUBLISHED FOR THE

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE

Department of Community Singing, William McEwan, Director

Complimentary by

THE DAYTON EVENING HERALD

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1

The Star Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous flight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly steaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

2

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' 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

3

Keep the Home Fires Burning

Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;

There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

(Copyright, 1915, by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., and reprinted by special permission of Chappell & Co., Ltd., New York City, N. Y.)

4

Oh! Frenchy!

French-y, Oh, French-y, rrench-y
Although your language is so new to me,
When you say, "Oui, oui, la la"
We means you and me, la la

Oh! French-y, Oh, French-y, French-y
You've won my love with your bravery,
March on, march on, with any girl you see,
But when you la la la la la

Oh, French-y, save your la la la's for me.
(Copyright, 1918, by Broadway Music Corporation.)

5

There's a Long, Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the night-in-gales are singing,
And a white moon beams;

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

(Copyright assigned, 1915, to M. Whitmark and Sons.)

6

I'm Always Chasing Rainbows

I'm always chasing rainbows,
Watching clouds drifting by,
My schemes are just like all my dreams,
Ending in the sky.
Some fellows look and find the sunshine,
I always look and find the rain,
Some fellows make a winning sometime,
I never even make a gain.
Believe me, I'm always chasing rainbows,
Waiting to find a little bluebird in vain.

(Copyright, 1918, by McCarthy & Fisher, Inc., 143 West Forty-fifth street, New York.)

7

Sunshine of Your Smile

Leonard Cooke. Lillian Ray.
Give me your smile, the love-light in your eyes,
Life could not hold a fairer Paradise,
Give me the right to love you all the while
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

(Publishers: T. E. Harris and Francis Day & Hunter.)

8

Send Me a Rose from the Homeland

CHORUS

Send me a rose from Homeland,
Send me a word or two,
And send me a cheer from 'way over there,
From the land of the Red, White and Blue;
Send me a smile from the kiddies,
Send me their pictures, too;
Send me a pray'r from mother,
And send me a kiss from you.

(Copyright, 1918, by Theo. Presser & Co.)

9

Till We Meet Again

CHORUS

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lovers lane my dearie
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

(Copyright, 1918, by Jerome Remick & Co., New York and Detroit.)

10

Dear Old Pal of Mine

CHORUS

Oh, how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine,
Sweetheart, may God bless you, angel hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you, dear old pal of mine.

(Copyright, 1918, by G. Ricardi & Co., Inc.)

11

O, God, Our Help in Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal home.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like the evening gone—
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

12

My Belgian Rose

CHORUS

Belgian rose, my drooping Belgian rose,
For ev'ry hour of sorrow you've had
You'll have a year in which to be glad.
You were not born in vain,
For you will bloom again.
And tho' they've taken all your sunshine
and dew,
We'll make an American beauty of you,
And you will find repose over here,
My Belgian rose.

(Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc.)

13

Smiles

CHORUS

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear-
drops
As the sun beams drive away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sun-
shine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

(Copyright, by Remick & Co., New York.)

14

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up
in the Morning

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning;
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed!
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the
bugle call,
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
you've got to get up this morning.
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille, and step on it
heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.
(Copyright, WALTERSON, Berlin & Snyder.)

15

I'm Sorry I Made You Cry

CHORUS

I'm sorry, dear, so sorry, dear,
I'm sorry I made you cry!
Won't you forget, won't you forgive?
Don't let us say good-bye!
One little word, one sunny smile,
One little kiss, won't you try?
It breaks my heart to hear you sigh,
I'm sorry I made you cry!

(Copyright, 1918, by Leo Feist, Inc., Feist
building, New York.)

16

Mother Machree

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen
may own,
There's a depth in me soul never sounded
or known;
There's a place in my memory, my life that
you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

CHORUS

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in
your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrin-
kled with care,
I kiss the dear fingers so toll-worn for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother
Machree.

Ev'ry sorrow or care in the dear days
gone by,
Was made bright by the light of the smile
in your eye,
Like a candle that's set in a window at
night,
Your fond love has cheered me, and guided
me right.

(Copyright, 1910, by M. Whitmark & Son.)

17

Columbia, the Gem of
the Ocean

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
A world offers homage to thee,
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's firm 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.
The 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 the service, quited, 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 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.

18

Invocation—Tune America

God bless our gallant men,
Bring them safe home again,
The victory won;
Be theirs the hero's prize,
The fame which never dies,
Or Freedom's sacrifice,
Thy will be done!

19

Loves' Old Sweet Song

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall;
Out of the dreams that rose in happy
throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet
song,
And in the dusk where fell the firelight
gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream,
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are
low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and
go;
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old
sweet song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

20

Good Morning
Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip

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 Chinna 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,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

(Adapted from a Fort Niagara fragment by
Robert Lloyd and sung by Student Officer
Hogan, R. O. T. C. Publisher: Leo Feist.)

21

Old Black Joe

By 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."

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is
bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe."
Why do I weep when my heart should feel
no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not
again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe."

22

Combination Chorus

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worth while.
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

(Last four lines copyrighted by Francis Day & Hunter and Chapelle & Co., Ltd., New York City.)

23

Carry Me Back to Old Virginia

By James Eland.

Carry me back to old Virginy,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn:
No place on earth do I love more sincerely than old Virginy, the state where I was born.

CHORUS

Carry me back to old Virginy,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds sweetly warble in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
(Oliver Ditson Co., Boston)

24

Over Here

(Apologies to Mr. Cohan)

J. C. Wilcox

got his gun, got his gun,
run on the run, on the
the French,
line trench,
wouldn't stop,
pushed it back

ugh
ugh."

here,

d the

ma

25

A Life on the Ocean Wave

Epes Sargent

Henry Russell

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep,
Like an eagle caged, I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest roar,
A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave:
And the winds their revels keep!

26

Home, Sweet Home

J. H. Payne.

Sir Henry R. Bishop

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.
A charm from the skies,
Seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world,
Is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There is no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

27

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

28

Laddie in Khaki

Laddie in Khaki, I'm waiting for you,
I want you to know that my heart beats true;
I'm longing and praying,
And living for you,
So come back little Laddie in Khaki.

29

Li'l Liza Jane

I've got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I've got a gal an' you got none
Li'l Liza Jane.

Ohe Liza,
Li'l Liza Jane,
Ohe Liza,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Come, my love, and live with me
Li'l Liza Jane,
I will take good care of thee,
Li'l Liza Jane.

30

Mother, Here's Your Boy!

Mother, you gave your pride and joy,
Mother, you gave your boy,
You sent him off with gun upon his
shoulder,
Glad that your lad could be a soldier,
He fought just like you'd want him to,
He brought you peace and joy,
Now that his fighting days are through,
He belongs to you, so mother, here's your
boy.

(Copyright, 1918, by Leo Feist, Inc., Feist building, New York.)

31

My Old Kentucky Home

By Stephen C. Foster

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's 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,
Ey'm bye hard times comes a-knocking at
de door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night,

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more
today;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

32

Sailing

Music By Godfrey Marks

'Heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee;
And soon across the ocean clear,
Our gallant bark shall bravely steer,
But ere we part from England's shore to-
night,
A song we'll sing, for home and beauty
bright.

CHORUS

Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the
hearts so true,
Who will think of him upon the waters blue,
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.

The sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea;
And never heart more true or brave,
Than his who launches on the wave;
Afar he speeds in distant climes to roam,
With jocund song—he rides the sparkling
foam.

33

Somewhere a Voice Is Calling

Eileen Newton

Arthur F Tate

Dusk and the shadows falling,
O'er land and sea;
Somewhere a voice is calling,
Calling for me!

Dusk and the shadows falling,
O'er land and sea;
Somewhere a voice is calling,
Calling for me!

Night and the stars are gleaming,
Tender and true;
Dearest, my heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of you!

Night and the stars are gleaming,
Tender and true;
Dearest, my heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of you!

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34

A Perfect Day

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit all alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down in a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

CHORUS

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find, at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

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Copies of these songs may be secured, by in

ge, at the

WAR CAMP Community Service Elks Building Dayton Ohio

PHILIP A. PARSONS, Executive Secretary.

MRS. FRANCES L. KLINE, Director Women's Division.

LIAISON McEWAN, Dir.

H. B. ROGERS

The War Camp Community Service is the government's official agency appointed to coordinate into a definite and ordered program the resources of the war camp community, to



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