OCT 18 1918

WHEN I RETURN TO THE U. S. A.

WORDS BY

T. J. ALFORD

MUSIC BY

E. P. BARTH

M1646
.B

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Moderato

f

A sol - dier boy was
The sil - very moon - beams

p

strol - ling with his sweet - heart down the lane, 'Twas on a balm - y
soft - ly glist - en far a - cross the bay, In dreams she sees the

sum-mers night in Maine, He said Dear girl to - mor - row I'll be
one who went a - way, In mem - o - ries she pic - tures scenes where

leav - ing for the fray, And as she sighed these words he'd soft - ly say.
once they used to stray, She knows that he'll re - turn to her some day.

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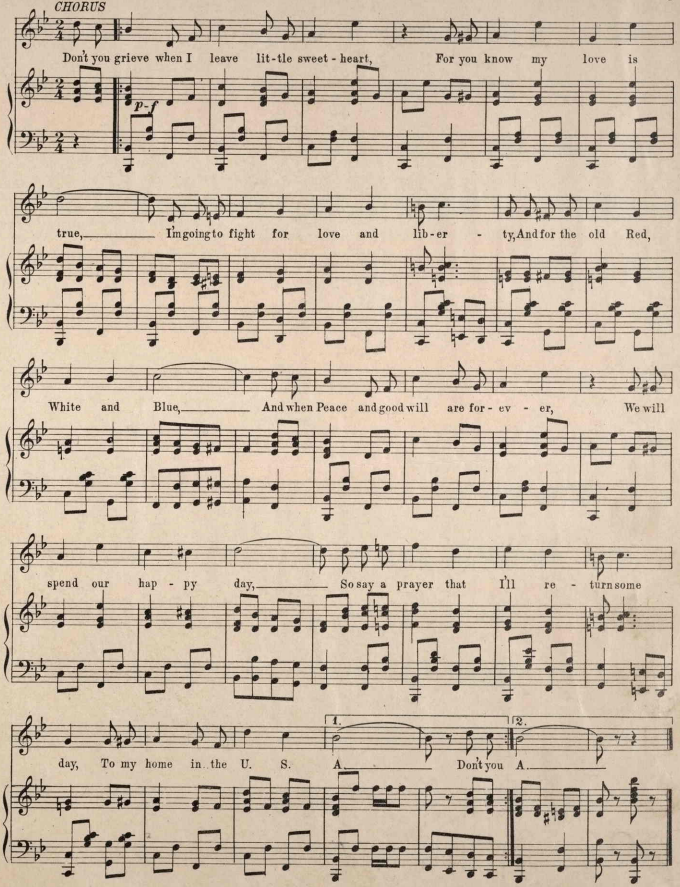
CHORUS
Don't you grieve when I leave lit-tle sweet-heart, For you know my love is
p-f
true, I'm going to fight for love and lib-er - ty, And for the old Red,
White and Blue, And when Peace and good will are for-ev - er, We will
spend our hap - py day, So say a prayer that I'll re - turn some
1.
2.
day, To my home in the U. S. A. Don't you A.

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