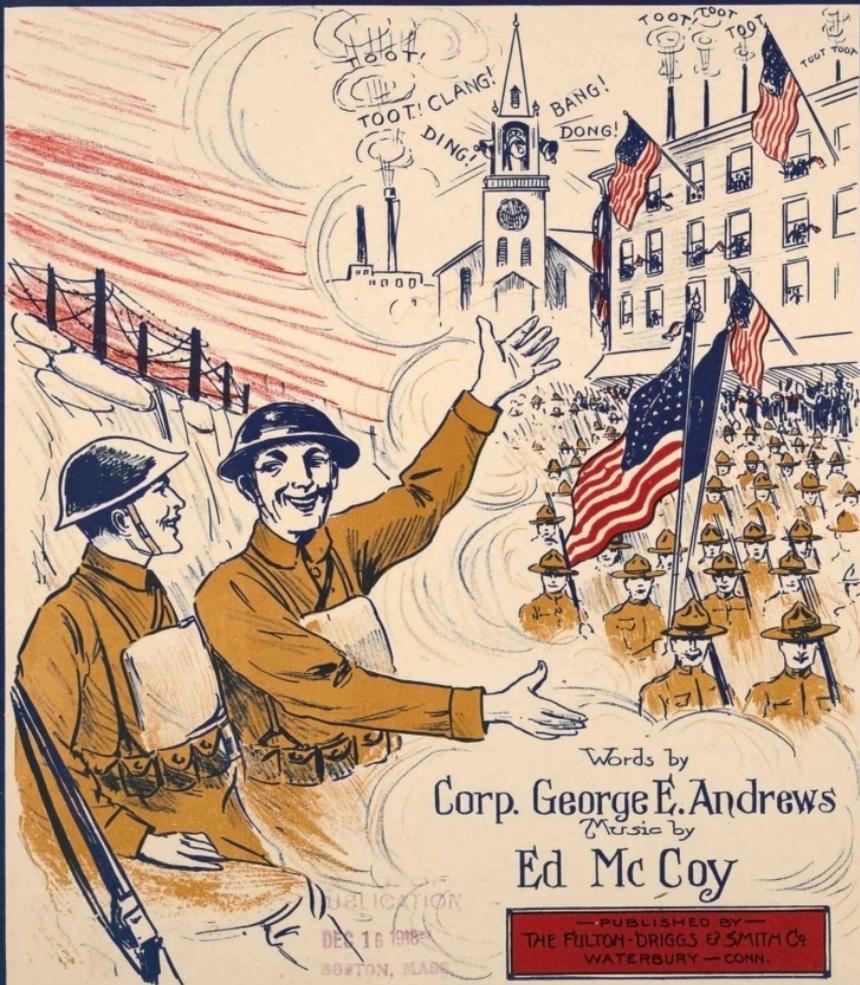


WHEN THE WHISTLES BLOW

(AND THE CHIMES RING "HOME, SWEET HOME")



Words by
Corp. George E. Andrews
 Music by
Ed McCoy

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Words by
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(And The Chimes Ring "Home, Sweet Home")

Music by ED Mc COY

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO

Voice

1. Sol-dier boy, you're look-ing sad and
2. Sol-dier boy, we've long been pals to-

wea-ry; Don't you know you should be glad and cheer-y? Vic-tory is near,
geth-er; Went thru shot and shell and storm-y weath-er; We've met the Hun.

Have not a fear, Just look for'w'd to the day:
Fought him and won, So once more "Here's to The Day:"

CHORUS

When the whis-tles blow, and the chimes ring Home, Sweet Home.

And Un- cle Sam — shakes hands with you and me;

When some big trans- port takes us back o'er — the foam To meet our

ritard. old girl, sweet Miss Lib- er - ty; *a tempo* Ev - ry band in the land will be play - ing loud - ly

As we're marching up the street so proud - ly; We'll be hap - py when the whistles

blow And the chimes ring Home, Sweet Home. ————— When the Home. —————

1. 2.

