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SING "MY COUNTRY
'TIS OF THEE"

(and let God's will be done)

by

LEO F. J. MURRAY



Price 50 Cents

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PIANO

INTRO. Not too fast

VOICE

The bat-tle, it was o-ver, in the trench-es o-ver there, The
 And as the boys knelt pray-ing there be-side their com-rade dear, Three

boys were all a-wait-ing, just for their eve-ning pray'r; There
 ach-ing hearts were wait-ing, just wait-ing o-ver here; Just

came a wound-ed sol-dier the he-ro of the day, And
 then the sun was set-ting, the end of one great day, And

as he laid up-on his cot, why he was heard to say
 as he pass'd in slum-ber he was heard to soft-ly pray

CHORUS

Sing me a song of Moth - er _____ Sing me a song of Home;

Sing me a song of sweet - heart, dear, Far a -

cross the foam _____ Sing me a song of Dad - dy, _____ Who

fought in Six - ty - one, _____ Then sing "My Coun - try 'tis of

thee," And let God's will be done. _____ done.

HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE.
MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

If you can pause for a moment, in this whirl of life, and lay aside the cares and the worries, and look back-across the bridge of life when you were a kid in your mother's arms, in your mind the sweetest picture in the world will be formed, when your mother was singing you to sleep with the beautiful strains of "Rock-a-bye, Baby?"

Too young to have a care in the world, you were content in those strong arms, and Paradise could never be nearer to you than at that time.

That's what MY MOTHER'S LULLABY brings to you - the most beautiful memories, the thoughts of childhood, of mother, and of peace. It's a song of mother-love, and in the sublimity of the devotion of the mother for her child, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY excels the ordinary song; it is nothing pretentious, but a simple story, and a story that the whole world loves, told in a simple way. Can these words awaken in your heart a faint throb of responsiveness and bring you memories-wonderful memories.

CHORUS

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me,
Just a song so soft and low, an old sweet melody;

It wasn't a classic of opera so grand,

A sweet simple tune you could all understand,
Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top, seemed to make me cry,
Still I hear it, soft and low, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

And then play this little bit of the music:-

CHORUS. Slowly and tenderly

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to
me Just a song so soft and low, An old sweet melo-

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This is HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE- the greatest song that he has ever written, and it will be the biggest hit of 1917-18. Get it while it's new, and join the thousands who are now singing it. FOR SALE AT ALL WOOLWORTH, KRESGE, McCROY, or KRESS STORES or sent direct from the publishers upon receipt of 30 Cents.

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