Samuel, Mrs. Laura C.

War Time Heart Songs

1918

By MRS. LAURA C. SAMUEL

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By MRS. LAURA C. SAMUEL
EMPORIA, KANSAS

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no 1

Dedicated to My Sons,

Ralph and Harry

with the 130th Field Artillery

in France

Do Your Bit

Our boys in khaki go
O'er seas to fight the foe—
Autocracy.
Fearless and brave are they,
Alert both night and day,
They'll win and it will stay—
Democracy.

The Kaiser's done his worst
And so he won at first—
By treachery.
He thought to conquer all,
To crush both great and small,
But Wilson changed it all—
By strategy.

Now will you do your "bit,"
Buy bonds, conserve and knit—
No "slackers" here.
Dear boys who heed the call,
Offer their lives and all,
Let us their hearts enthrall—
Comfort and cheer.

Our Sammies

How dear to our hearts are our soldiers and sailors
Since far from our fireside our own dear boys go,
To fight and protect the just rights of all peoples—
God help them to conquer Democracy's foe.
Our Country has called and they bravely responded
And nobly they'll stand by the Red, White and Blue,
We are proud of our men and the Allies admire them—
When they've conquered the Germans, they'll honor them, too.
Hurrah, for our Sammies, we have faith in our Sammies,
We'll back up our Sammies with Liberty Bonds.

For many long years the Red Cross has been working
To lessen life's sorrows, to comfort and cheer,
And, true to their mission, these angels of mercy
Where dangers are greatest they ever are near.
They care for our loved-ones when wounded in battle,
And thoughtfully, tenderly, soothe every pain,
They ask for our help and we gladly extend it—
We'll knit and we'll sew, and we'll buy bonds again.
Hurrah for our Sammies, we'll work for our Sammies,
We'll back up our Sammies with Liberty Bonds.

When far from their homefolks, heartsick and lonely
Or tired from their labors at close of the day,
It is pleasant to know there is always a welcome
And solace and rest at the Y. M. C. A.
A haven, indeed, free from vice and temptation
Where kindness and mercy are wafted their way,
It strengthens their morale, and lends them new courage
To battle for justice and right every day.
Hurrah, for our Sammies, God bless our dear Sammies,
We'll back up our Sammies with Liberty Bonds.

So dear to our hearts are our Country and freedom—
We'll gladly unite to fight Liberty's foe,
We'll stand as a unit behind our great Leader
And fight for a cause that was born long ago.
United we'll stand and cease not our struggle
Until all of the peoples their just rights have won,
We'll trust to our leaders to guide and direct us
And pray for a victory that's just to each one.
Hurrah for our Sammies, we'll cheer our brave Sammies,
We'll back up our Sammies with Liberty Bonds.

We are Proud of Our Soldier Boys

We are proud of our soldier boys,
They whipped old Kaiser Bill;
Though he said they never would fight,
They gave him his bitterest pill.
They hammered old Fritz by day,
They hammered old Fritz by night;
And soon he began to say—
"Mien Gott—dos Yankees do fight!"

Chorus

We are proud of our soldier boys,
They whipped old Kaiser Bill;
Though he said they never would fight,
They gave him his bitterest pill.

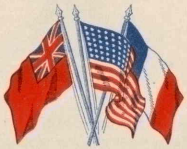
When our boys began to fight
They didn't know how to stop,
So they just kept fighting on
'Til they went right over the top.
The team work of our men
Just put the Huns to flight
And they sprinted away so fast
It was hard to keep them in sight.

Chorus

Soon over the rolling waves,
And over the ocean blue,
Our boys are coming back
All crowned with victory, too.
They are honored in the East,
They are honored in the West,
And when they come home again
We'll hand them the very best.

Chorus

The Allies Forever!



The world it seems far brighter, the
Allies they have won!
Freedom for the people of all nations.
They have crushed the tyrant bold, who sought the
world to hold,
Subjects of him and his relations.

Chorus—
The Allies, forever, the great and the small,
Down with oppression, freedom for all!
We will trust the league of nations the Allies we know
Are equal to every situation!

We are proud of our leaders and every gallant son,
Who fought to save the honor of his nation!
When they heard their country call they offered
her their all,
Leaving their homes and occupations!
Chorus—

Now we'll pledge anew our friendship to all
our Allies dear!
We'll assist and guard the weaker, smaller nations,
Who will need our guiding hands to direct and
help their plans
Forming new laws of education!

Chorus—

Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long over there.
He promised to capture the Germans the first day,
And whip every Heinie that happened his way.
Then lasso Von Hindenburg, Crown Prince and Kaiser,
And bring me a lock of their hair.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long over there.
He writes of the landscape, and also the weather,
He mentions a French maid and calls her quite clever;
And says when it's pleasant they walk out together—
And sent me a lock of his hair.

Oh, dear what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, this is the matter, see?
Johnny may stay "over there."
Yet why should I worry, or fret or be sorry,
If Johnny proves false, and is captured tomorrow,
The girl may feel proud, but for her I am sorry,
And hope they may stay "over there."

Go Bill—Go

Gone are the days when the Kaiser had his say,
Gone are his staff from the battle field away;
Going from this earth to a hotter place, I know;
And all the world will gladly say, "Go—Bill, go."

Chorus—
He's going, he's going; his head is bending low,
And all the world will gladly say, "Go—Bill, go."

Why does he weep when his heart can feel no pain,
Why does he sigh when he asked for help in vain?
Seeking for friends now departed long ago;
He hears their angry voices saying, "Go—Bill, Go!"

Chorus—

Where are the babes once so happy and so free,—
The children and wives who from home were forced to flee?
Millions of men killed because he willed it so,
Oh—why should not the world all say, "Go—Bill, Go!"

Chorus—

They'll Be True to Their Sweethearts in the Dear Old U. S. A.

Though great skill has been attained,
And great victories have been gained,
For the Allies, by our men with sword and gun.
Tender thought of love and home,
Sweethearts, mothers, wives and babes
Cheered them on to greatest deeds of valor done.

Chorus—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are coming,
Cheer up maidens and be gay.
Though they sailed across the foam
They'll be true to love and home
And their sweethearts in the dear old U. S. A.

When they sailed across the foam
They had faith in ones at home,
And we tried our best to cheer them on their way.
Though our hearts did sorely ache—
We were brave for their dear sake
When they left home, and the dear old U. S. A.

Chorus—

They have nobly done their part
With a brave but gentle heart,
Gaining nought but praise and honors day by day.
Now the victory has been won,
And their work in France is done—
Back they're coming to the dear old U. S. A.

Chorus—

Our American Girls

Give three cheers for every girlie
In the good old U. S. A.,
Who have shown their grit and courage
In the good old-fashioned way.
When our boys left good positions
To respond to bugle call
We had girls as brave and noble
For the Red Cross work and all.

CHORUS

They are clever and resourceful,
They are lovable and neat.
If you look the whole world over
You will find they can't be beat.

All the world gives praise and honor
To our brave and gallant men;
And we proudly know they earned it
As we loudly cheer again;
But our girls are just as loyal
And their work as nobly done
As our boys who won the battles
For the right with sword and gun.

CHORUS

They have proved their worth and courage
By their work so nicely done;
Knitting, sewing, making dressings,
Working hard from sun to sun;
Gladly helping all their brothers
In their struggle for the right.
Sending words of cheer and greetings
Helping them to win the fight.

CHORUS

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Foch, the generalissimo.
We love the Allies great and small,
But love our dear Yanks best of all.