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OH THOSE CONVALESCENT DAYS AND NIGHTS



By

A. J. TUCKER, U. S. Navy

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CHICAGO

OH THOSE CONVALESCENT DAYS AND NIGHTS

"Written by a 'Nephew of Uncle Sam' and
Dedicated to his Wounded Brothers in Old Glory
With the hope that the "good cheer" will tend to
shorten their period of convalescence."

A. J. TUCKER
U. S. Navy

Marcia

f

Vamp *Voice*

The draft, it came and Sam - my went Off to camp to
Now the dove of Peace is fly - ing high O'er Sam's camp in

live in a tent; The camp it moved, and the first thing Sam knew He was
sun - ny France, And his lit - tle nurse, though just as shy Can

o - ver in France learn - ing "Par - lez vous," But a - las! one day in the
read his tho'ts at a mo - ment's glance. Sure one bright day in - to

pp *Slow and sad*

thick of the fray Sam - my hit a bul - let and was car - ried a - way; Now when
New York Bay Sailed our owndear Sam - my back to the U. S. A., And

p

"Sam" came to his eyes met those Of a shy lit - tle maid - en a No Man's land "Rose?"
 at his side with smiles full of pride Stands the lit - tle rose who's to be his bride.

Moderato amoroso

Chorus *Fox trot tempo*
 Oh! Those con - val - es - cent days that fol - lowed, Oh! Those con - val - es - cent
 days When Sam - my "cut - ie" made her round his tem - per - a - ture would raise! The Doo - tors
 all a - greed That "Sam" had a dis - ease Which - ly Sur - geon Cu - pid could cure with his heart's ease, And
 oh, those con - val - es - cent night that fol - lowed One night "Sam" had a dream and all hands
 heard him yell: "I don't wan - na, I don't wan - na, I don't wan - na get well!" &c.

sf *Not fast* *sf* *ff* *fff*

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