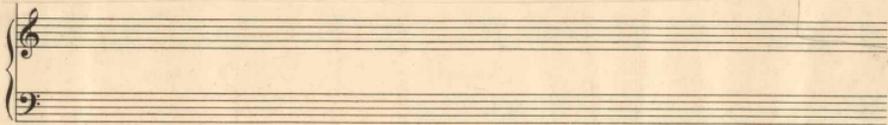


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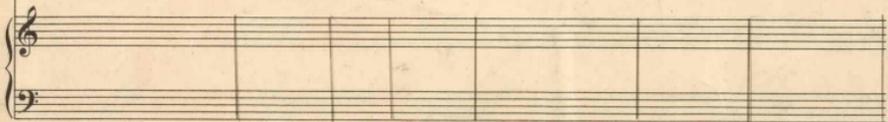


A Golden Star.

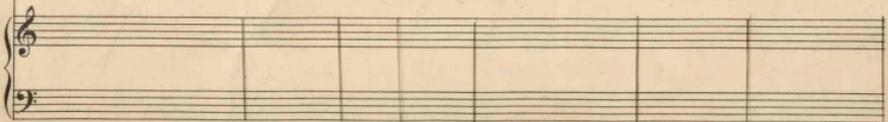
Words and Music by
Lady Mary Webster



1. Dwell-ing a - mid the flow - ers out where the birds they sing
2. Smill-ing a Lad of twen - ty a sol - dier brave is he



A moth - er fair as the ros - es sun shine she seemed to bring
Now o - ver there he is fight - ing some where for you and me.



Webster

To one who loved her then tru - ly she was to him a queen
Some where he's think - ing of home now and the dear ones he knew

Post
Their lit - tle lad made both hearts glad he was their love love dream
Your moth - er dear a - gain I hear say - ing these words to you

Oh blue stars in the win - dows far a - cross the sea
Now dont cry lit - tle Lad - die Sol - diers must not cry.

Some gol - den stars you'll place there just for sac - red mem - o - ry
So wipe the tears a - way dear you'll for - get it by and by



The va-cant chairs just keep there where they used to be
He climbed up on her knee then nes-tled to her heart

For your Sol-dier lads that still you have who fight for lib-er-ty
Where he dreamt in peace and smil-ing there his troub-les did de --- part

CHORUS

There will be one great great moth-er un-till the bat-tle's done

with lov-ing care she will be there un-till the vic-tory's won

Smil - ing in the robes at white the cross up - on her brow w.

She will be just like a moth - er to the Lads who need her now.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system has a vocal line and empty piano staves.

Words for the service flag.

Composed by Lady Mary Webster .

May 18, 1918. For the red cross.

I am thinking dear lads of you, with loyal hearts so true' -
 Oft I wish I could be there to sooth each wound with loving care
 Your home is the cruel war world, but march on with our flag unfurled -
 ON ON and ON to victory, then home sweet home to liberty.
 I carried this flag just for you, fourty thousand heaven's angles marched then *too*
 All sang (over there) for our boys in no mans land, far across the sea
 Oh soldier lads and sailor lads AMERICA truly honored thee.
 While on my lips a prayer it grew, as I heard the crouds that cheered for you.

I work and give while your away, to bring you comfort from day to day
 Each star here labeled in white, surrounded by red to make it more bright
 Will live in my heart in remembrance of you
 Precious lads, true to the old Red -White and blue.
 I hope each blue star is here to stay,
 And no golden star, will chase the blue away--
 But you will all gather around your home fires some day
 In the old old happy smiling way.

