

AUG 6 1918

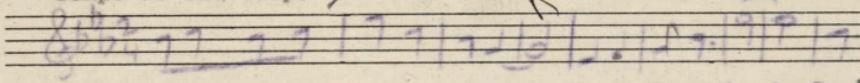
OUR LITTLE SOLDIER LADDIE.

Words by Elizabeth Rima.

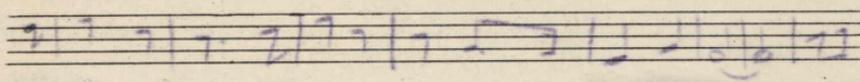
Music by Luther A. Clark.

Tempo di one-step.

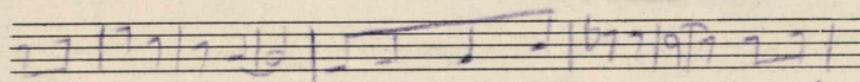
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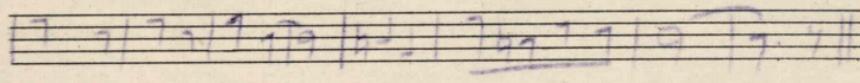
Mother's little Soldier Laddie, Up in Poppyland, Can't



you hear my heart a'calling, Oh, can't you hear the band? Daddy's

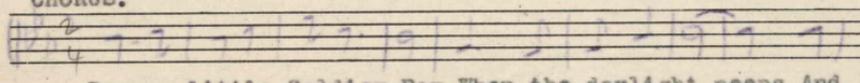


now a khaki soldier, Seen he'll sail far, far away; Mother's

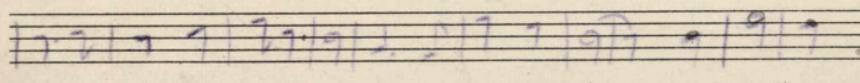


heart is sadly calling, paddy's leaving us to-day.

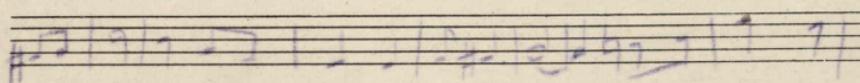
CHORUS.



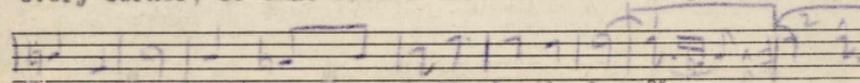
Droway little Soldier Boy, When the daylight peeps, And



little eyes are opening, And the sunbeams creep And brighten



every corner, Of that little slumber room; Will you know my



heart is calling "There's no Daddy in the home?"

2.

You will never know the meaning
Of these hours of pain;
You will play all day as soldiers;
It runs in every vein,
And the row of tiny soldiers,
Tho' often they'll look to you
just as great as your Daddy
Or brave sailor lads in blue.

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CLARK'S MUSIC TABLET

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