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Good-bye Darling My Comrades Are Calling

Words by
ANNA B. REGAN

Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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Moderato

Lean clos - er dar - ling, let thy ten - der heart, Beat a - gainst mine so heav - y with woe, Drop gen - tle tears to ease the smart, Ah me that I could ease my sor - rows so, Man must fight sweet - heart and wo - man weep, So runs the song the worlds de - cree, One ten - der

Off in the gar - den when the ros - es bloom, Or in the glow of the eve - ning fire, In win - ters gloom or sum - mers glow, Thy soul may soar to France with fond de - sire, Come to me dear - est with sweet - est breath, In lone - ly trench be - yond the seas, Wheth - er in

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thought, and I leave for o'er seas, To com-fort you down through the years.
life or else wheth-er in death, My dear one's soul come speak to me.

CHORUS

Just for to - night I want you on - ly, Leav - ing to - night can't I have you

on - ly, You must not fail me you will not grieve me, Won't you be - lieve me I will be

true, I won't for - get things I have told you, I'll miss your sweet smiles and kiss-es

too, So dar-ling I may not come back to you, Love me to - night, and I'll love you.

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