

Don't Forget The Boys

(Who Fought For You And Me)

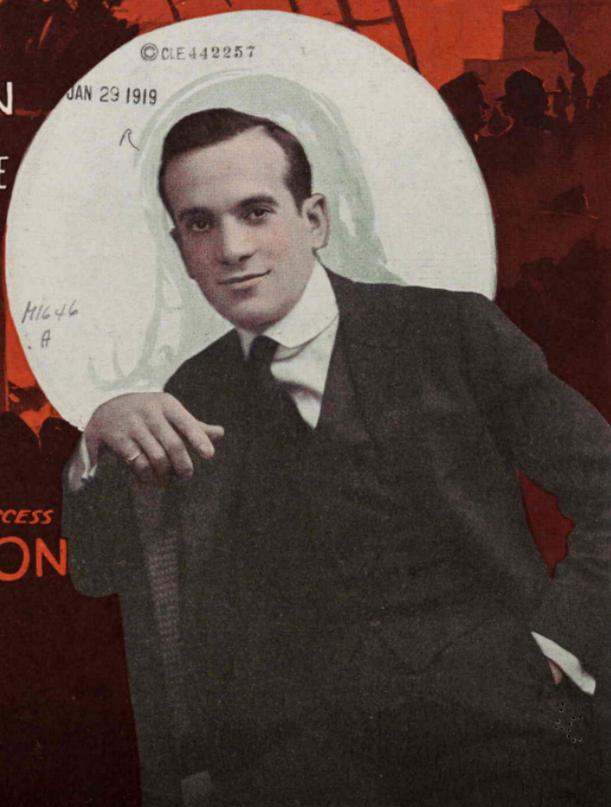
WORDS BY
AL JOLSON
AND
HAROLD ATTERIDGE

MUSIC BY
FREDE AHLERT

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS
AL. JOLSON



Harbelle



Don't Forget The Boys

Words by
AL JOLSON &
HAROLD ATTERIDGE

(Who Fought For You And Me)

Music by
FRED E. AHLERT

Moderato

f

Voice

A - mer - i - ca, the war is through you did your job real well, You
We nev - er knew the day would come we'd have to lick the Hun, That

Till ready

p

kicked the Crown Prince off his perch, and gave the Kais - er hell; We're sit - ting back, we're sat - is - fied, But
you and you and you or I might have to get a gun; From East and West, and North and South, They

li - ble to for - get, That you and you and you and I still owe the great - est debt; The
answered to the roll, And ev - 'ry moth - er's son of them, was there to give his soul; For

boys who fought with all they had to give; — De - mand that gift of God, the right to live. —
those who died our blessings ne'er will cease; — They left in hon - or, for the cause of Peace. —

p

SSO

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Chorus

Slowly

Don't for - get the boys, — who fought for you and me; —
 Don't for - get the boys, — who fought for you and me;

From that fight at Cha - teau Thier - ry, They are bruised and worn and wear - y; For the sake of
 Let A - mer - i - ca be moth - er, To each tired — lit - tle broth - er; That is true De -

Lib - er - ty. Don't for - get the boys, — now that the world is free; —
 moc - ra - cy. Don't for - get the boys, — now that the world is free; —

Give them back the chance they had be - fore, When they marched a - way to win the war; So
 We shall be a na - tion proud and strong, If you help your sol - dier boys a - long; So

don't for - get the boys — who fought for you and me. — me. —
 don't for - get the boys — who fought for you and me. — me. —

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THAT TUMBLE-DOWN SHACK IN ATHLONE. CHORUS

Lyrics by
RICHARD W. PASCOE

Music by
MONTE CARLO and
ALMA M. SANDERS

Oh! I want to go back to that tum - ble down shack, Where the
wild ros - es bloom 'round the door; Just to pil - low my head, in that
ould trun - die bed, Just to see my ould moth - er once

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MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Strand Theatre Building, Broadway at 47th Street
NEW YORK