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THE BOY FROM THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

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WORDS & MUSIC BY
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THE BOY FROM THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

Words and Music by
Wm J. Mc Kenna.

Piano. Moderato.

Vamp. *p*

The house next door to us was al-ways noi-sy night and day, We
Some-times we think we hear hischeer-y voice out in the street, We

oft-en wished the folks who lived in there would move a-way, They
nev-er thought well long to hear the tramp-ing of his feet, When

had a boy, a noi-sy lad, who nev-er went to bed, The
he re- turns, some fu-ture day, with all the oth-er boys, We'll

rack-et he cre-a-ted was e-nough to wake the dead. The house is still and qui-et now, But
feel so glad to take his hand and make a lot of noise. We won-der where he is to-night, So

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that brings us no joy, For like his folks we're lone-some for that ab-sent sol-dier boy.
far' a-cross the foam, We won-der if he knows we're thinking of him here at home.

Chorus.

The boy who lived in the house next door, We nev-er knew we loved him be-

fore, We miss him like a broth-er, Tho' I'll con-fess no oth-er, Could

raise our an-ger till we al-most swear. But our heart yearns for his safe re-

turn, And while he's o-ver on a for-ign shore, Each night we kneel and

pray, "God, keep him, night and day" The boy from the house next door.

