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DEDICATED TO
"ORDER OF GOLD STAR"



NEAR MY HEART
A STAR OF GOLD
IS SHINING



SONG



Lyric by
Art Dietrick

Music by
Margaret Neidig

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NEAR MY HEART A STAR OF GOLD IS SHINING

For many months my little star
Of service spoke as battles rolled;
A message came then from afar,
My little star had turned to gold.

CHORUS

Near my heart a star of gold is shining,
A little thing so modest and so small;
Yet it gives each cloud a golden lining,
When grief would crush the glory of it all.
Though my boy somewhere in France is sleeping,
The creed he died so nobly to uphold
'Round the world at last is grandly sweeping,
While Heavenly banners wave o'er stars of gold.

2

That little star a story tells
Of sacrifice beyond compare,
Of duty done 'midst gas and shells,
Of self forgotten over there.

CHORUS

—A. J. Dietrick

Near My Heart

A Star of Gold is Shining.

Words by
ART DIETRICK.

Music by
MARGARET NEIDIG.

Moderato. *Rall.*

mf p

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked *Moderato.* and the second is marked *Rall.*. The music is in 4/4 time and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The first system ends with a *mf* dynamic, and the second system ends with a *p* dynamic.

VOICE.

For ma - ny months my lit - tle star Of ser - vice spoke as bat - tles rolled,
That lit - tle star a sto - ry tells Of sac - ri - fice be - yond com - pare,

mf a tempo.

The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf a tempo.*

A mes - sage came then from a - far, My lit - tle star had turned to gold.
Of du - ty done 'midst gas and shells, Of self for - got - ten ov - er there.

f p

The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is marked *f p*.

CHORUS.

Near my heart a star of gold is shin - - ing, A

p

lit - tle thing so mod - est and so small,

Yet it gives each cloud a gold - en lin - - ing, When

grief would crush the glo - ry of it all.

pp Slower.

Though my boy some - where in France is sleep - - ing The

pp Slower.

creed he died so no - bly to up - hold

p a tempo.

'Round the world at last is grand - ly sweep - - ing While

p a tempo.

mf

Rall.

Heav - 'nly ban - ners wave o'er stars of gold.

Rall.

Dim.

pp



TRIBUTE

They fought—ah yes, they fought,
But not as men in desperate straits,
Nor men possessed of violent hates,
Nor yet as men red-handed caught.

They fought—ah yes, they fought,
Yet not as men with passions freed,
Spur'd on by lust or selfish greed,
Nor yet as men who conquest sought.

The fought—oh, how they fought!
With zeal unknown to haughty foe;
They pierced his lines and laid him low,
And now—the change is wrought.

They fought—God knows they fought!
All thoughts of self they laid aside;
For His ideals they bled and died,
How God must love those sons who fought!

—*Art Dietrick*

