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# YOU CAN TELL BY HIS SMILE OR HIS FROWN

LYRIC BY  
**WM. H. PEASE**

MUSIC BY  
**WALTER J. POND**



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# You Can Tell By His Smile Or His Frown.

Lyric by  
W. H. PEASE.

Music by  
WALTER J. POND.

Tempo di Marcia.

There's an hour each day that we long for, — That's the hour we smile or frown  
How we long for news that is cheer-y — Do not write of grief or tears

*p*

— It's the time of our joys and sor-rows, — It's the time when the or-der-ly comes 'round —  
— We are long-ing to hear some good news, — We all shout when the let-ter man ap-pears —

— When we look so much for a let-ter — Just a word of news to know —  
— Tell us all a-bout the new preach-er — The best look-ing girl in town —

— That friends think of us in our home town — It would help to cheer us so. —  
— We're eag-er for some good old gos-sip — The right kind to spread a-round. —

## Chorus.

We long for a let-ter from the folks back home It sure is a cure for the

*p-f*

blues. When we lie on a bench in a first line trench We long for some

home town news Just a line from dear old A-mer-i-ca You

know how good home news sounds We nev-er ask a comrade if his let-ter

came We can tell by his smile or his frown. We frown.

*f*

