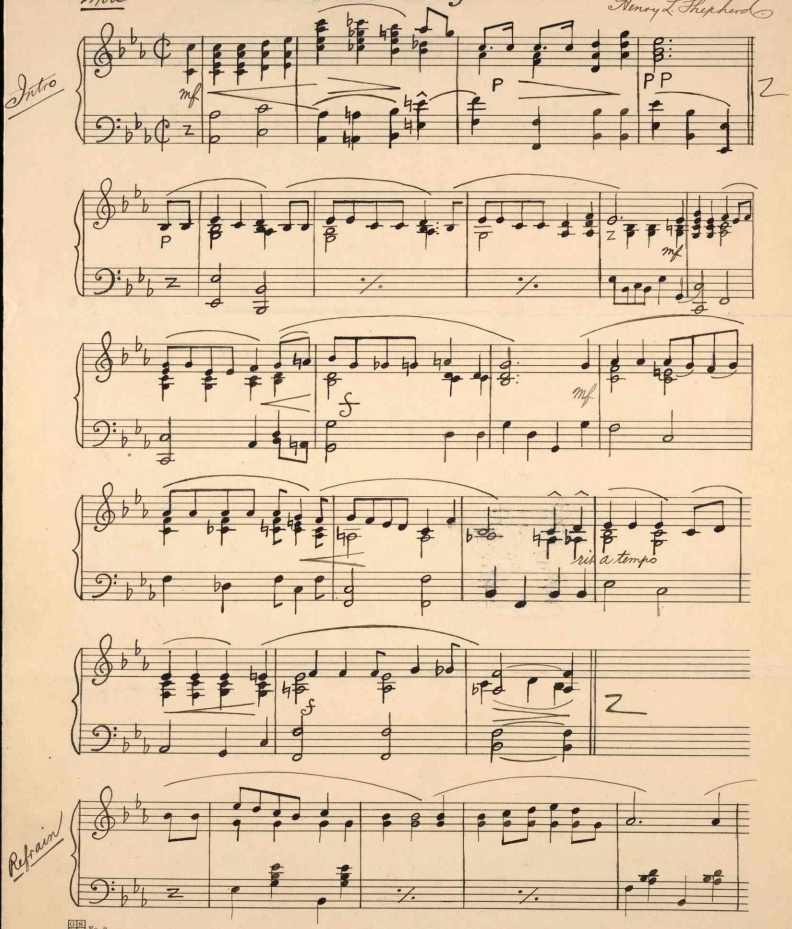
MAY -3 1918 ©CLE423512

# Aviator's Song.

Words and Music by Henry L. Shepherd

Mod

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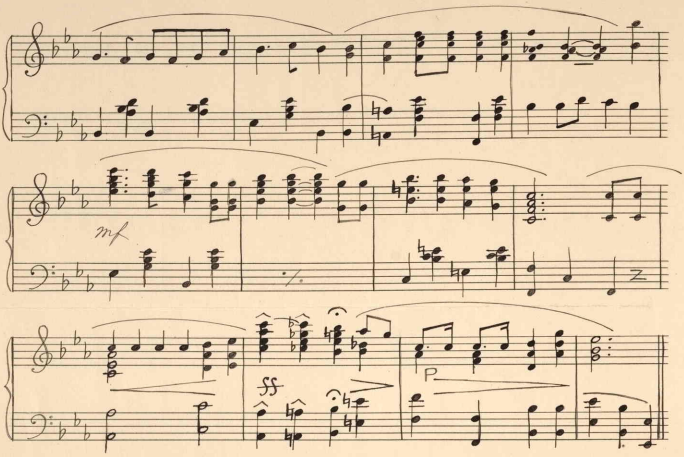
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# THE AVIATOR'S SONG.

(1)

Oh! the birds will fly and the aviators vie
To emulate them in their sphere;
But I don't care to navigate the air
Unless my honey girl is near.
In balmy weather I think of us together
And of the motor wheel awhirr;
When the stars are bright or it's pale moonlight
I softly murmur to her,

Refrain.

Will you meet me in the air this evening,
'Way up between Mars and the moon ?
We'll glide along upon the Milky Way
And hum an aeolian tune.
We'll sail along in the starlight,
Far beyond the clouds and rain,
If you'll meet me in the air this evening
And go with me in my monoplane.

(2)

The motor car gives many a jar,
But sailing an aeroplane,
Without palpitation, will lend exhilaration
Like a limited aerial train.
The astronomer's hope is in the telescope,
But I'd rather be up there;
So when the night is fine I say to darling mine,
"Will you meet me in the air ?"

(3)

Oh! the bugle call is sounding now for all,
So I'll wing my airy flight to France;
And with deeds of aviation fill the foe with trepidation
And the glory of America enhance.
Then when our duty's done and victorious peace is won
I'll turn my gaze again across the sea;
For my heart will surely burn to my sweetheart to return
And once again you'll sail the air with me.