

AUG 27 1918

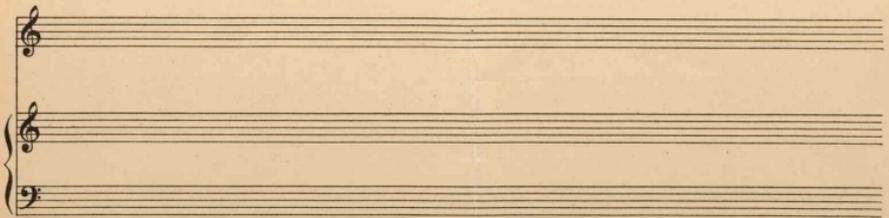
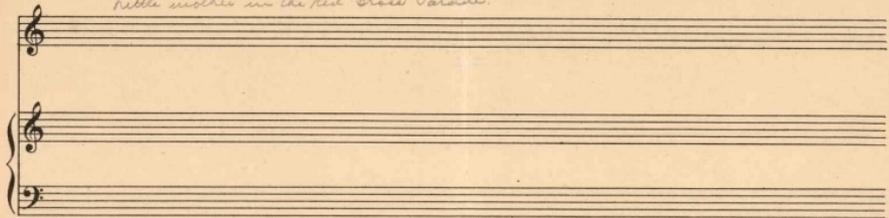
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Q.



Swift, E.D.

Little mother in the Red Cross Parade.



M1646

.5



Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.

Lyrics by
Dora Hayden

Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade.

Music by
Estelle F. Brown and Swift

In March Time

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'In March Time'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'f', 'mp', and 'mf'. The lyrics are written in the vocal line, with some words appearing above and some below the staff. The lyrics describe a young girl's experience in a Red Cross parade, including her feelings of being shy and her mother's encouragement.

When I feel a tri-gle blue When my
Oh I see her eyes front as
I of-ten see her smile. I tramp - ing

heart is in my shoe And I'm wear-y and a lit-tle bit a-fraid When I'm
did our mar-ch step- And the band will good old lit-tle and ran-g fine plays And the
many a wee-ry mile In the dust and up the lones and fall-some-g In the

wear-y and a lit-tle bit a- And in I could see her march in by From the
hand its good old tunes are ran-g fine played And in I could see her march in by From the
dust and up the lones and fall-some-g pride And in I could see her march in by From the

iff

see my mother plain
 ear-ner of my eye
 head up-on her ardest

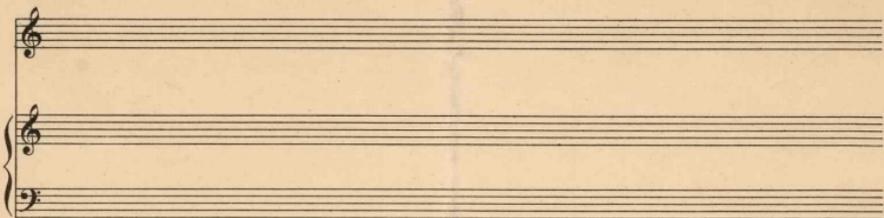
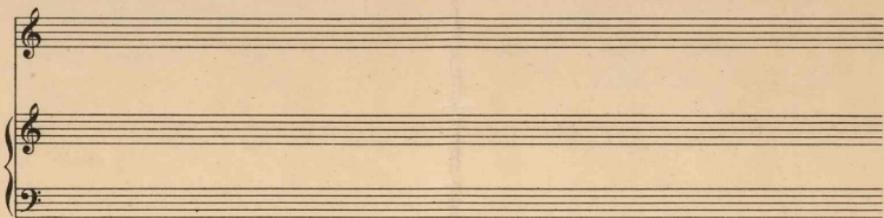
f Mo - ther *p* Mo - ther, Lit-tle *mp*

Mo - ther in the Red Cross Par - ade

f Mo - ther Mo - ther, Lit-tle. Mo - ther in the Red Cross Par

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. *adc* *adc*





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Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade

When I feel a trifle blue
When my heart is in my shoe
And I'm weary and a little bit afraid:
Soon my spirit comes again
For I see my mother plain
Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade.

When the sergeant yelled "eyes front"
As we did our martial stunt
And the band its good old tunes and rag-time played:
I could see her marching by
From the corner of my eye
Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade.

O! I often see her smile
After tramping many a mile
In the dust or up the long and toilsome grade:
And in fancy I can rest
With my head upon her breast
Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade.

In the trench we feel no fears
We are sheltered by her prayers
She's our slogan and we 'll never be dismayed;
She's the soul of liberty
In the country of the free
Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade.

When the victory is won
And the boches are undone
And "Old Glory" waves in sunshine and in shade:
She'll be waiting on the pier
When we come from "over there"
Little Mother in the Red Cross Parade.

Dora Amsden, 2711 Claremont Boulevard
Berkeley.