

DEDICATED TO THE GIRLS WHO ARE SACRIFICING THEIR FORTUNES & LIVES
FIGHTING IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY AND LIBERTY AT HOME AND ABROAD

ALL WE CAN SAY IS GOD BLESS YOU

AMERICA IS PROUD OF YOU

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WORDS BY
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AND HARRY C. PYLE JR.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS THOMAS

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All We Can Say Is "God Bless You"

(America Is Proud Of You.)

Lyric by
EDMOND J. O'CONNELL
& HARRY C. PYLE Jr.

Music by
LOUIS THOMAS.

Marcia.

Voice.

Here's to you girls a-cross the o - cean, We know the nob-le work you do; _____
You are like mothers to our he - roes, Fight-ing to keep our coun-try free; _____

You are true daughters of your fath - ers, Who fought for the Red, White and Blue; _____
Cheer-ing their hearts with your de - vo - tion, You care for their wounds tender - ly; _____

We know the sac-ri- fice you're mak - ing, Just to help our he-ros who are in the fight, For
You did not go to fight for glor - y, But you brave-ly answered to your coun-try's call, For

our coun-try's lib - er - ty A - mer - i - ca is proud of you. _____
love of hu - man - i - ty A - mer - i - ca is all for you. _____

Chorus.

You are care-ing for our loved ones, in the bat-tle cross the sea;

While our sol-diers fight for free-dom, You fight for hu-man-i-ty;

Just like an-gels sent from Heav-en to care for our boys so true, All we can say is God Bless You, A-

mer-i-ca is proud of you, you.

P-f

rall.

f

1 2

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RECITATION

All We Can Say Is "God Bless You!"
(America Is Proud Of You.)

By HARRY C. PYLE Jr.

After a battle's been fought and won,
Out on the field lays a mother's son;
He went out bravely and fell in the line,
Fighting for your Country's honor and mine.

There he lays wounded from some bursting shell,
One sacrifice of this war's awful hell;
The boy tries to rise but the terrible pain,
Weakens his strength and he falls back again.

Just as the day slowly turns into night,
Out on the field comes an angel in white;
Picks up this boy with the tenderest care,
Just like his Mother would if she were there.

Binds up his wounds so the blood cannot start,
And with kind words of cheer heals the wounds in his heart;
Angels of Mercy what can we say
In praise of the noble part that you play.

In war's awful game, you are braver than brave,
Risking your own lives in order to save;
The sons of Old Glory, Who happen to fall,
All we can say is "God Bless You, That's All!"

**May be recited while Chorus is played slowly and softly.*

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