MAR 26 1918
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DROP A LINE TO MOTHER

No address on Wrapper

Words by ARTHUR P. JENNINGS.

WHILE YOU'RE FIGHTING OVER THERE.

Music by John Bayard CURRIE

Voice

Piano.

f.

Vamp.

p.

Its a world of strife we know and no mat-ter where we go, but will find war rag-ing on the land and sea And — ev-en in the air They dont seem to have a care Their — thought is on-ly try to set us free But your mot-her kind and true go-ways

When you think of things gone by does it of-ten make you sigh, and you think of your dear sweet-heart all a— lone Do you ev-er think of dad For you know twould make him glad To — get a line from you a-cross the foam could you nev-er have a thought of the

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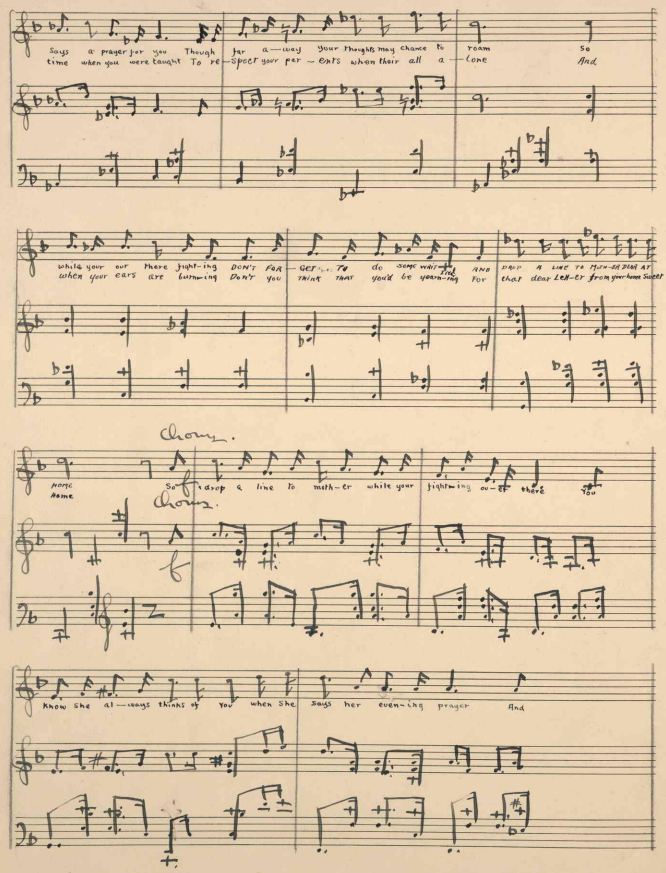


Says a prayer for you Though far a—way your thoughts may chance to roam So
time when you were taught To re—spect your par—ents when their all a—lone And

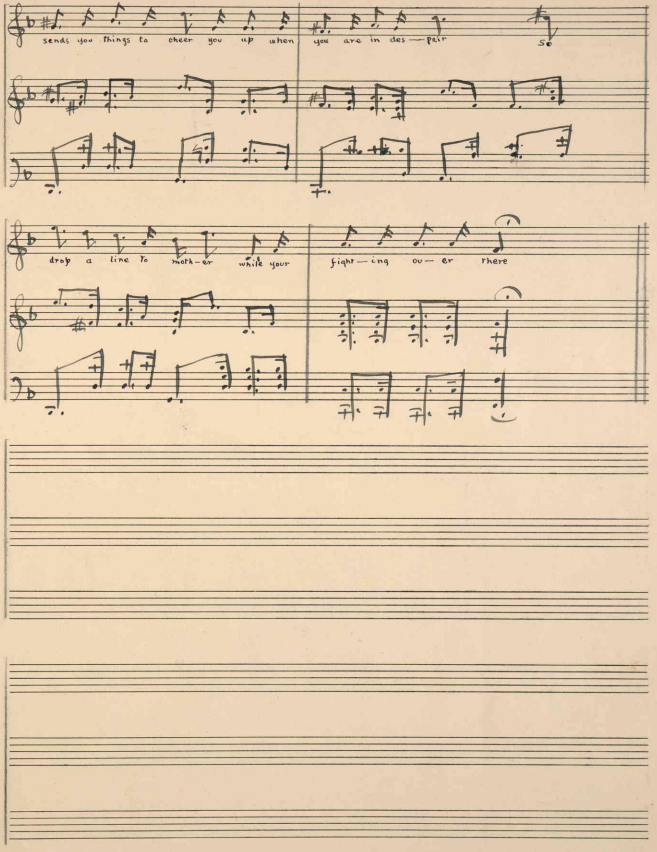
while your our there fight-ing DON'T FOR—GET TO do some writ-ing AND DROP A LINE TO MOTH-ER DEAR AT
when your ears are burn-ing Don't you think that you'd be yearn-ing For that dear Lett-er from your home Sweet

Chorus.

HOME So drop a line to moth-er while your fight-ing ou-er there You
Home

Chorus.

Know she al—ways thinks of you when she says her even-ing prayer And


sends you things to cheer you up when
you are in des — pair
So
drop a line to moth — er while your
fight — ing ou — er there

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