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FEB 11 1918

Lyric by Ivan Reid

My Daddy's Star

Music by Peter DeRose

Mod'to.

mf

Rall

p

Voce

a lit-tle tot had heard a lot a-bout the war in France,- Her
There are a mil-lion he-rose now who stand for lit-er-ty, and

Piano

p

dad-dy too "out there," — had gone to do his share — Some-
far a-cross the foam —, they've left some-one a-lone — They

-one had told her that the "stars" were sol-diers in the fray- to-
wont come back un-til they know their great work has been done- un-

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show how ma-ny he-roes went a — way — and
— til they're sure the vic-to-ry is — won — and

one night as she climbed on moth-er's knee — she
while they're marching for-ward on their way — back

looked up at the sky and made this plea —
home some oth-er lit-tle tot will say —

poco rall

Tenderly

Please tell me which one is dad-dy's star

Repeat

p.f.

shin-ing some-where up a-bove I'm sure it

knows just where we are and that we're miss-ing this love

It must be bright-er than all the rest that watch over

us from a-far and each night when I pray - I can

look up and say — I know which one is my dad-dy's

star — star —