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# OVER IN FRANCE



VERSES BY

CLARA LEE PUCKETTE

MUSIC BY

FRED E. EGGERT

*Price 50 cents net*

FRED E. EGGERT  
PUBLISHER

M1646  
.E

## Over In France

Over in France, when the poppies bloom  
In the spring of another year,  
Their crimson petals will softly fall  
Upon many a hero's bier;  
Over in France, when the poppy fields  
Gleam bright with their glowing red,  
We shall think of our lads who gave their blood—  
Our beloved and tender dead.

Over in France, when the lilies white  
Are abloom at Eastertide,  
We shall think with love of our sleeping lads,  
Who for liberty have died:  
While the promise of God the lilies hold,  
That in faith and hope is born,  
Bids us look beyond death's starless night  
To the resurrection morn.

Over in France the sky bends low,  
The sky of eternal blue,  
Above the graves of our darling lads  
Who in life and death were true:  
And we lift our hearts to God on high,  
"Keep watch o'er our heroes' tomb"—  
Over in France, where the sky bends low,  
And the poppies and lilies bloom.

*Clara Lee Puckette*

## Over In France

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CLARA LEE PUCKETTE

Music by  
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Con tenerezza

Voice

O - ver in France, when the  
O - ver in France, when the  
O - ver in France the

Piano

pop-pies bloom In the spring of an-oth - er year, Their  
lil - ies white Are a - bloom at East - er - tide, We shall  
sky bends low, The sky of e - ter - nal blue, A -

crim - son pet - als will soft - ly fall Up - on ma - ña he - ro's  
think with love of our sleep - ing lads, Who for lib - er - ty - have  
bove the graves of our darl - ing lads Who in life and death - were

bier; \_\_\_\_\_ O - ver in France, when the pop - py fields Gleam -  
 died; \_\_\_\_\_ While the prom - ise of God \_\_\_\_\_ the lil - ies hold, That in  
 true: \_\_\_\_\_ And we lift - our hearts - to God on high, "Keep -

bright with their glow - ing red, \_\_\_\_\_ We shall think of our lads - who  
 faith - and hope - is born, \_\_\_\_\_ Bids us look - be - yond - death's  
 watch o'er our he - roes' tomb" \_\_\_\_\_ O - ver in France, where the

gave their blood - Our be - loved - and ten - der dead. \_\_\_\_\_  
 star - less night To the re - sur - rec - tion morn. \_\_\_\_\_  
 sky bends low, And the pop - pies and lil - ies bloom. \_\_\_\_\_

Inscribed to  
Christine Mc Connell Rousseau

# I DREAMED, BELOVED

Words by  
EDITH E. T. LESSING

Music by  
FRED E. EGGERT

*Andante con espressione*

VOICE

I dreamed, be-lov-ed, that you

PIANO

*mf* *p* R.H. L.H. *Colla voce*

called me; I dreamed that I went to you, Through

pur-ple star-ry val - leys of night And

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