

# As She Changed that Star of Blue to One of Gold

Words by  
THOS. H. WALDRON

Music by  
LEO FRIEDMAN

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Moderato

In a vine clad lit - tle cott-age sits a moth-er old and gray, In her win-dow hangs a ser-vice star of  
Out a - mong the bloom-ing ros-es sits his sweetest young and fair, Outwhere maidens morning al - most touches

blue, \_\_\_\_\_ And with grace and zeal she watches the news from day to day, For her  
moon, \_\_\_\_\_ And with trembling hand she touches a lit - tle lock of hair, As she

on - ly boy she loves so good and true, \_\_\_\_\_ But the gol - den bow is brok-en his  
thinks of him she was to wed in June, \_\_\_\_\_ For she gave her dreams for Freedom he

no - ble spir - it fled, And for that flag his dear young life he sold, The  
did not die in vain, But faced the foe like gal - lant knights of old, Her

day he saved the cap - tains life they found him with the dead, And she  
heart is bur - ied there with him and there it shall re - main, In her

changed that star of blue to one of gold. The chord of mem - ry lin - gers as the  
win - dow hangs the ser - vice star of gold.

eve - ning sha - dows fall, But a bright star cheers the heart throbs as of old, And her

dear old soul is waiting to an - swer du - ty's call, As she changed the star of blue to one of gold.

