AUG 27 1918

I'M WRITING TO MY SOLDIER OVER THERE

GRACE GOFF

H1646
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PUBLISHED BY
Delmar Music Co.
CHICAGO

I'm Writing to My Soldier Over There

GRACE GOFF

Moderato

mp

A dear old gray-haired moth-er Sit - ting in her rock - ing chair,
This dear old gray-haired la - dy Sent a - way her on - ly son;

p

Nerv - ous - ly writ - ing a let - ter To a sol - dier o - ver there. "I
It was the one task that she could do, Her du - ty she had done. He

won - der what she's writ - ing him, A tear stands in each eye, And
was so big and hand-some, And so strong and good and true, She

when I asked her why the tears She an - swered with a sigh.
said: "Now son be brave and fight For dear Red, White and Blue."

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CHORUS

"I am writ - ing to my sol - dier o - ver there, In

mp

France he is the place I don't know where, I

can't think what to tell him; There seems no news to - day, But

I must write him some - thing, If it's on - ly just to say: "God

bless you son and keep you, And guide you on your way."

rit

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