

# FOR COUNTRY AND GIRL.

\*  
 WORDS  
 AND  
 MUSIC  
 BY  
 PHILIP  
 H.  
 HALE.

\*  
 SONG  
 FOR  
 A  
 SOLDIER.



\*  
 DANCE  
 FOR  
 THE  
 BALL  
 ROOM.

\*  
 DEDICATED  
 TO THE  
 ORIGINAL  
 FIFTH  
 MO.  
 REGIMENT,  
 NOW  
 THE  
 138TH  
 U. S.  
 INFANTRY.

\*  
 MARCH  
 FOR  
 THE  
 BAND.

\*  
 Published by PHILIP H. HALE, 3550 Vista Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. \*

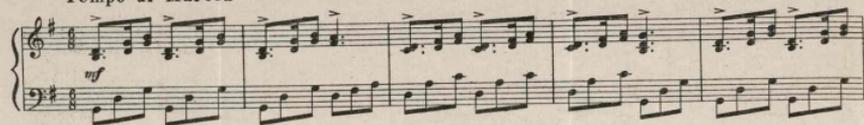
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# For Country And Girl.

by PHILIP H. HALE

Tempo di Marcia



1. I go to the front with a
2. She whis-pered and said: At the
3. She wrote me a let-ter and

The first vocal line begins with a rest for two measures, then enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

glad ring-ing cheer For Red, White and Blue with-out dread or fear. The  
love hour of nine I'll think of my true love over there in the line; I'll  
sent me her love; Keep a-way from the "Ber-thas" that come from a-bove, And

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues with a steady eighth-note pattern, providing a rhythmic foundation for the melody.

foe will be van-quished as we rush with a whirl, For the love of our coun-try our  
waft him a kiss a to-ken that's true, You'll re-turn it to me o'er the  
when I'm pro-mo-ted; of course she said "When? Be-nice to the Cap-tain and

The second vocal line begins with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

home and a girl. In marching a-long strange coun-tries I see, The  
o-cean that's blue. Her arms were a-round me and draw-ing me nigh, Her  
good to the men. Come back safe a-sound; come back whole and free; Came

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with a steady eighth-note pattern, concluding the piece.

rose and the li-lac they bring home to me; I see the bright flow-ers they  
head on my breast and a tear in her eye, A brave heart with-in her in  
back to your true love who's wait-ing for thee, Come back a grand vic-tor, I

wave and they curl; They re-mind me of home and the dear lit-tle girl. I  
spite of the sigh; She hugged me, she kissed me and bade me good-bye, I  
know you will do; Come back to the old home our vows to re-new.

## CHORUS

fight for the na-tion for li-ber-ty too; — I fight for our

coun-try what else could I do? — I fight for the pen-nant the flag that we un-

furl; — And I fight for the love of a dear lit-tle girl. I girl.

#### FOR COUNTRY AND GIRL.

(Copyright, 1918, by Phillip H. Hale.)

I go to the front with a glad ringing cheer  
For Red, White and Blue, without dread or fear.  
The foe will be vanquished as we rush with a whirl,  
For the love of our country, our home and a girl.  
In marching along strange countries I see,  
The rose and the lilac, they bring home to me;  
I see the bright flowers, they wave and they curl;  
They remind me of home and the dear little girl.

Chorus:—

I fight for the nation; for liberty, too;  
I fight for our country; what else could I do?  
I fight for the pennant, the flag we unfurl,  
And I fight for the love of a dear little girl.  
She whispered and said: "At the love hour of nine  
I'll think of my true love over there in the line;  
I'll wait him a kiss, a token that's true,  
You'll return it to me o'er the ocean that's blue."  
Her arms were around me and drawing me nigh,  
Her head on my breast and a tear in her eye,  
A brave heart within her in spite of the sigh;  
She hugged me, she kissed me and bade me good-bye.  
She wrote me a letter and sent me her love;  
"Keep away from the 'Berthas' that come from above."  
And when I'm promoted, of course she said: "When?"  
"Be nice to the 'Captain and good to the men."  
"Come back safe and sound; come back whole and free;  
Come back to your true love who's waiting for thee;  
Come back a grand victor, I know you will do;  
Come back to the old home our vows to renew."

Chorus:—

I fight for the nation; for liberty, too;  
I fight for our country; what else could I do?  
I fight for the pennant, the flag we unfurl,  
And all for the love of a beautiful girl.

#### THE WAITER GIRL.

(Copyright, 1917, by Phillip H. Hale.)

To-night we have a song to cheer  
The waiter girls who are working here,  
Many there are in the world about,  
A right good class we can't do without.  
(Checks of roses, teeth of pearl;  
"Good looks" describe the waiter girl.

Chorus:—

Greeting you dally with a smile,  
Good morning, sir, or how-de-doo;  
Willing, quick and versatile,  
Always cheerful and always true.  
If you have troubles and need a friend,  
Look over the counter—you comprehend.  
A kindly whisper in your ear,  
Will help you forward to hope and cheer,  
When hearts are sad and sad all over,  
The waiter girl is a grand consolator.  
The counter always bright with life  
Gave many a man a first-class wife,  
Always good natured, that's very fine;  
Another nice thing, they're genuine:  
They are what you see in the daily whirl;  
No false pretense in the waiter girl.  
If marriage goes wrong, it sometimes may,  
And a widow faces the rainy day,  
She can return to the "stack of wheat,"  
A waiter girl widow makes two ends meet.  
Feeding men's faces is no great fun,  
But when it must it can be done.  
She can wash, or iron, and cook a meal;  
Make a bed or polish the floor;  
Can work all day at the restaurang,  
And dance all night on the hall room floor,  
With all her might she will work for you;  
Her word is good as she is true.  
A ready but a kindly tongue  
That wags for all as a bell is rung,  
Always jolly as a girl can be;  
Always strong at repartee;  
If you wish your hair put out of curl,  
Just try a josh with the waiter girl.  
With nations at war, she does not recoil  
From a part women play in the great turmoil.  
Fell many a nurse near the battle array  
Did the first work with the waiter tray,  
Where her country needs her, there is she led;  
The waiter girl is a thoroughbred.