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# SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

A TRIBUTE TO ALL THOSE WHO SERVED IN THE ARMY  
AND NAVY DURING THE GREAT WAR.



"WITHOUT EXCEPTION THEIR NAMES ARE ENROLLED AND  
RECORDED IN HEAVEN IN LETTERS OF GOLD."

Published by Philip H. Hale, 3550 Vista Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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# Soldiers And Sailors

By PHILIP H. HALE

Moderato

Sol-diers and sail-ors we

bring you good cheer; Our hearts beat-ing fas-ter as home com-ing is here.

We think of your gran-deur of great bat-tle won We cheer for the brave

and for du-ty well done You fought not for con-quest for pow-er or for pelf

Met pri-va-tions and hardships un-con-sci-ous of self You went as the guardians of hon-or to fight

For your coun-try ex-pend-ed your strength and your might With-out an ex-cep-tion

your names are en-rolled And re-cord-ed in hea-ven in let-ters of gold.

## CHORUS

March a - gain March a - gain shoul - der to shoul - der

March a - gain March a - gain no sol-diers were bold-er Straight from the bat-tle field our

he - roes have come Line up - on line by the beat of the drum.

#### SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

(Copyright, 1919, by Philip H. Hale.)

Soldiers and sailors, we bring you good cheer;  
Our hearts beating faster as home-coming is here.  
We think of your grandeur; of great battles won;  
We cheer for the brave and for duty well done.  
You fought not for conquest, for power or for bell;  
Met privations and hardships unconscious of self.  
You went as the guardians of honor to fight;  
For your country expended your strength and your might.  
Without an exception your names are enrolled  
And recorded in heaven in letters of gold.  
March again, march again, shoulder to shoulder.  
March again, march again; no soldiers were bolder.  
Straight from the battle field our heroes have come,  
Line upon line, by the beat of the drum.

Soldiers and sailors, in the long hour of night,  
On post or on watch, with eyes ever bright,  
You drove off the foe and defended the flag,  
It is we who bear witness, it's our place to brag.  
A thousand times more than when going abroad  
You come to the homeland beloved and adored.  
You come back in triumph most wonderful men,  
Your deeds well deserve the historian's pen.  
Without an exception your names are enrolled  
And recorded in heaven in letters of gold.

March again, march again, shoulder to shoulder.  
March again, march again; no sailors were bolder.  
Straight from the battle front our heroes have come,  
Line upon line, by the beat of the drum.

Soldiers and sailors, unite with us here  
In respect to the wounded; shed with us a tear,  
A tribute to those who for us paid the price  
And gave for their country the supreme sacrifice.  
And some in their eagerness in battle to go  
For a time were held in vile hands of the foe.  
And some who were anxious to go over the sea,  
Under positive orders it was not to be.  
Without an exception their names are enrolled  
And recorded in heaven in letters of gold.  
March again, march again, shoulder to shoulder.  
March again, march again; no soldiers were bolder.  
Straight from the battle field our heroes have come,  
Line upon line, by the beat of the drum.

MEMO.—SOLDIERS AND SAILORS is published by Philip H. Hale, 3550 Vista Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Piano copy, 20 cents.

#### FOR COUNTRY AND GIRL.

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

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