

SEP 17 1918 ©Clare 432470 ✓

**Write!
Write!
Write!**

Composed
by
J. J. Haviside

*Use your pen:
Cheer the men*

HIGH
✓ MEDIUM ✓

Composer and Publisher, J. J. Haviside, 695 Fairmount Ave., Oakland, Cal., U.S.A.

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H1046
.H.

Write, write, write!

J. J. HAVISIDE

Tempo di Marcia

1. We have men who are fight - ing for our dear Old Flag, Who will
 2. In the trenches dark and dre - ary when your men are wet and wea - ry, And their
 3. If you're gassed or you're wounded and you've shif - ty is dreams, o'er! What a
 4. Homeward bound! what a joy - ful sound when war is

fight on and on till they drop, If on - ly they know
 thoughts are paint - ing pic - ture scenes of home, They're glad to hear this tune
 fun - ny, fun - ny old world once; But when you wake some day,
 yearn - ing ones we see = once more; We'll kiss their tears a - way, The
 The

While they're a - way, Our love and our prayers nev - er stop. Then
 Com - ing through the gloom, Here are let - ters for you, one ev - 'ry day. They
 Red Cross nurs - es say Why, these will make you bet - ter right a - way. They
 in our arms and say, We long'd for the day when we could say: Ah!

CHORUS *a tempo*

don't for - get the men when they're a - way, Write them lit - tle let - ters ev - 'ry
 don't for - get you when you are a - way, They write you lit - tle let - ters ev - 'ry
 don't for - get you when you are a - way, They've writ - ten lit - tle let - ters ev - 'ry
 you did not for - get us when a - way, You wrote us lit - tle let - ters ev - 'ry

day, They will help them o - ver the top, and the Ger - mans they will stop If you
 day, They will help you o - ver the top, and the Ger - mans you will stop If they'll
 day, And they helped us o - ver the top, and we've beat the Ger - man boche, And you

ff
 on - ly write them let - ters ev - 'ry day.
 on - ly write you let - ters ev - 'ry day.
 cause they wrote you let - ters ev - 'ry day.
 helped us with your let - ters ev - 'ry day.

1st 2nd and 3rd verses 4th verse

2. In the
 3. If you're
 4. Homeward

D.S. f.

Write, write, write!

I Have a Mission and a Message.
Send Me !

Our Soldier Boy True.

MARCHING o'er an old French road,
Under a sky of deep red gold,
Here, 'midst the breeze and leaves that fell,
Sweet home-like voices rose to dwell
Like rich tones from silver bell ;
And through the changing twilight's hue
Scenes of home come to my view,
And mother once more waives adieu !
Bids me, like a soldier, stand or fall
In answer to my country's call.
"Fear thou neither shot nor shell—
Death is better than a slacker's hell.
Get you all your wounds in front,
Nigh the battle's heaviest brunt."

THEN father's words ring clear and true :
"Always be true, boy—always be true ;
Write letters to your mother ;
They will comfort her, and cheer her,
While she watches—and she waits
At our dear old cottage gate—
The return of her soldier boy true."

AND they wave again their fond adieu
To me—their soldier boy, true.

J. J. HAVISIDE

Words, post prepaid, 10 cents.
Words with Music, post prepaid, when ready, 25 cents.



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A liberal allowance to all War and Patriotic Organizations and Music Dealers.

J. J. Haviside, Composer and Publisher, 695 Fairmount Ave., Oakland, California, U. S. A.

FROM

J. J. HAVISIDE

695 FAIRMOUNT AVE., OAKLAND, CAL., U.S.A.

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