

MY RED CROSS GIRLIE

THE WOUND IS SOMEWHERE IN MY HEART



Lyric by
HARRY BEWLEY

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

POPULAR EDITION
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Words by
HARRY BEWLEY

My Red Cross Girlie

Music by
THEODORE MORSE
Composer of "M-O-T-H-E-R,"
"BLUE BELL," etc.

Moderato



VOICE *Not fast*

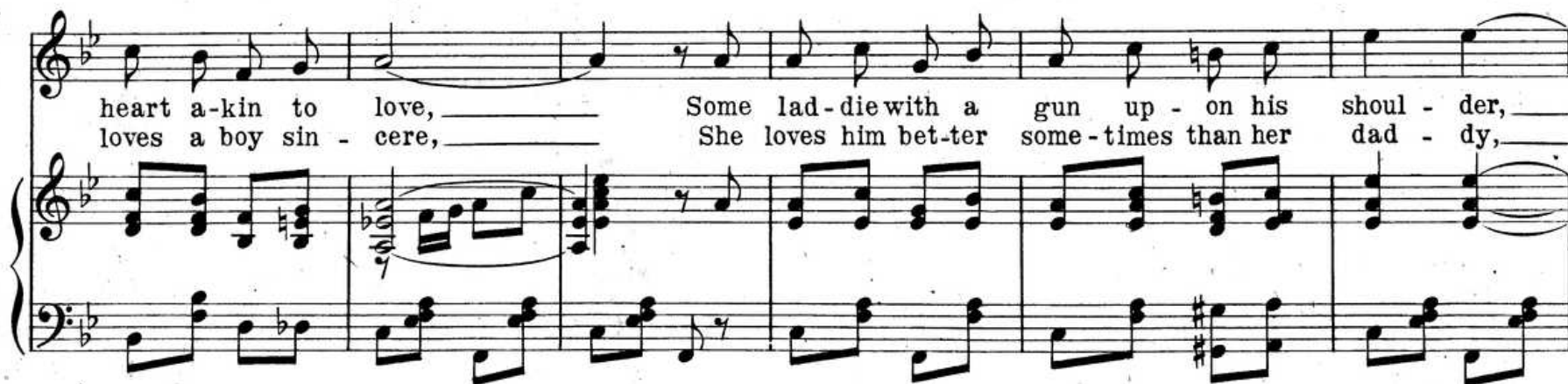
ad lib. Till Ready

Ev-'ry Red Cross girl - ie likes a sol - dier, — There's a feel-ing in her
Ev-'ry girl - ie loves a sol-dier lad - die, — And — ev-'ry girl - ie



heart a-kin to love, —
loves a boy sin - cere, —

Some lad-die with a gun up - on his shoul - der, —
She loves him bet-ter some-times than her dad - dy, —



Ve - ry oft-en is the one she's think-ing of. —
Proud of one who does-n't know the thing called fear. —

Ev-'ry sold-ier lad-die has a
A sol-dier who goes in-to bat-tle

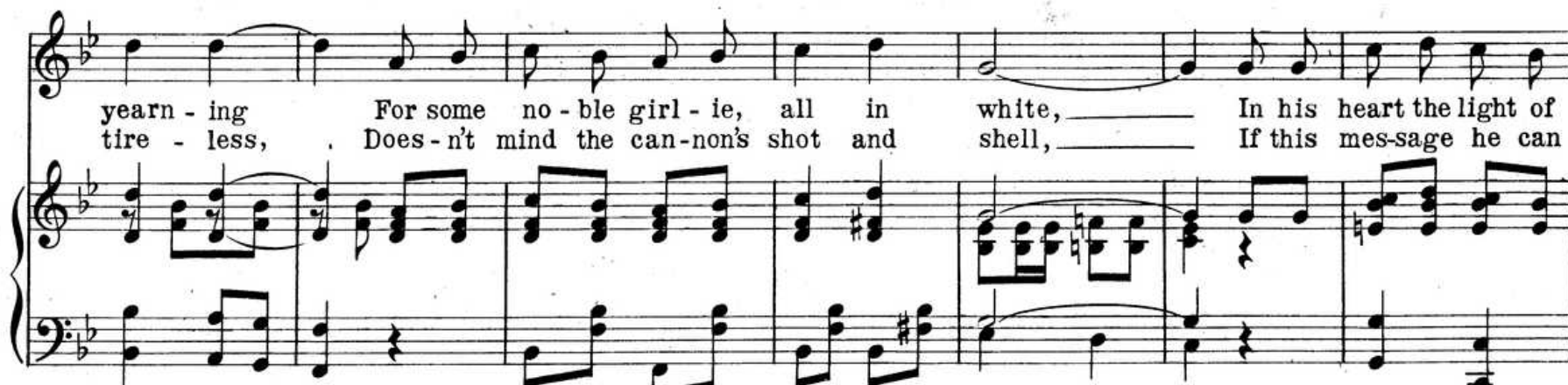


yearn - ing
tire - less,

For some no - ble girl - ie, all in
Does-n't mind the can-non's shot and

white, —
shell, —

In his heart the light of
If this mes-sage he can



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rit.

love is al-ways burn - ing, — For a lit-tle RedCross girl'- ie, day and night. —
on - ly send by wire - less, — To a RedCross girl-ie whom he loves so well. —

rit.

CHORUS *Not fast*

My Red Cross girl - ie, for you I'm call-ing, Tho'you're man-y miles a - way, — My

mf

Red Cross girl - ie, for you I'm fall - ing, Long-ing for you night and day. — I

need you, sweet-heart, for I am wound-ed, By a cun-ning fel - low's dart, — But don't swoon, —

1 2

dear, for the wound, dear, Is on - ly some-where in my heart. — My heart. —

sf

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CHORUS

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ing to be strong, — Good-bye sweet-heart's wives and
children, It won't take us long.

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Where Do We Go from Here?
CHORUS

Where do we go from here, — Where do we go from here? —
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear. And
when we see the reds, we'll shoot them in the rear.

Where Do We Go From Here?
Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everybody else, too. The Phila. North American says: "The 'Tipperary' of 1917." It started out to be a funny song about "Paddy Mack, who drove a hack"—but Paddy enlisted and his song struck the fancy of the soldiers. When some one says, "Where do we go from here?" you'll get his meaning. By Johnson and Wenrich.



Mother, Dixie and You
CHORUS


Fields — of our love make me think of some-thing else, Shire areas
these grand old boys were a live — in — day. They would
you dear eyes of blue, — Just — three things I want for
light our hat — the too. — Turn — the bird wings for
All — my life I'll give for Mother, Dixie and you!
They would gladly die for Mother, Dixie and you!

Mother, Dixie and You
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- Keep Your Eye on the Girl You Love.
- Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There.
- Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You. Better than ever.



There's Something in the Name of Ireland
CHORUS

For there's something in the name of Ireland, That is different from the
rest. — Any time you ever mention Ireland, Faith, you're speaking of the
best. — There the fairies and the Bannan's are a picture with Kildare, that.

There's Something in the Name of Ireland
That the Whole World Seems to Love
To some Ireland means home, to others it means love, to others it means a race of fighting men. But get this song and you'll get an idea why the world loves Ireland. A more beautiful melody hasn't been written in years. By Howard Johnson and Milton Ager.

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