

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

BY
HOWARD JOHNSON
AND
PERCY WENRICH



HARRY COOPER



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Where Do We Go From Here?

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AND
PERCY WENRICH

Allegro moderato

Pad - dy Mack
One fine day,
First of all,

Till ready

drove a hack Up and down Broad - way, Pat had one ex - pres - sion and he'd
on Broad-way, Pat was driv - ing fast, When the street was blown to piec - es
at the call, When the war be - gan, Pat en - list - ed in the arm - y

use it ev - 'ry day, An - y - time he'd grab a fare, to take them for a
by a sub - way blast, Down the hole poor Pad - dy went, a - think - in' of his
as a fight - ing man, When the drills be - gan, they'd walk a hun - dred miles a

ride, Pad - dy jumped up - on the seat, cracked his whip and cried:—
past, Then he says, says he, I think these words will be my last:—
day, Tho' the rest got tir - ed, Pad - dy al - ways used to say:—

This composition may also
be had for your Talking
Machine or Player Piano.

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CHORUS

"Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"
 "Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"
 "Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?"

p-f

An - y - where from Har - lem to a Jer - sey Cit - y pier," When
 Pad - dy's neck was in the wreck, but still he had no fear; He
 Slip a pill to Kais - er Bill and make him shed a tear; And

Pat would spy a pret - ty girl, he'd whis - per in her ear,
 saw a dead man next to him and whis - pered in his ear,
 when we see the en - e - my we'll shoot them in the rear,

1. "Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"
 "Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"
 Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"

2. here?"
 here?"
 here?"

fz

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Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!
CHORUS

Good-bye Broad-way, Hel-lo France, Hel-lo France
ad-libs strong, Good-bye sweet hearts wine and
mellows, It won't take us long.

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!
When you play and sing this song, you'll know why the regiments on their way to France adopted it as their own. In the language of the boys—"It's got everything." The big hit of the New York Winter Garden and positively the biggest song hit of the year. A wonderful fox-trot or one-step. By Reisner, Davis, and Baskette.

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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 Kain, or Bill and make him shed a tear. And
when we see the sun, my well 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 Mac, 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 no talk of sweetie hair, Dixie says
these grand old boys were a live, to-day. They would
light our way too. Tell those lonesome boys,
Tarry on the land we love for.

All my life I give for Mother, Dixie and you!
They would gladly die for Mother, Dixie and you!

Mother, Dixie and You
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- 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.
As you time you ever mention Ireland, Paddy's speaking of the best.
There's the fairies and the Bannan from a place with Kil-lar-ney, 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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