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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?



Lyric by
Paul B. Armstrong

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Music by
F. Henri Klickmann

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2 WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?
 Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLINKMANN.
Andante espressivo.

mf

There's a quiet lit-tle cot-tage where the flow-ers are in bloom, And the per-fume of the ros-es fills the
 There's a quiet lit-tle cot-tage, but the flow-ers bloom no more, For the win-try winds and snow-flakes fill the

p a tempo

air; But sad-ness comes at twi-light when the work of day is done, As a
 air; But brav-er-y and cour-age hold her in their ma-gic spell, As the

child sees her fa-ther's va-cant chair. She is just a dim-pled darl-ing, and she's
 child sees her fa-ther's va-cant chair. She is still a dim-pled darl-ing with a

mp

ask-ing ev-'ry day Just why her dear old dad-dy marched a-way.
 faith that makes her say, Her dad-dy will come back a-gain some day.

rit.

rit.

CHORUS. *Tenderly.*

3

a tempo.

"Will the an - gels guard my dad - dy o - ver there? Will they watch him and pro - tect him ev - 'ry

a tempo *p-f*

where?" Then she nes - tles down to rest on her lov - ing moth - er's breast, And

mur - murs soft and low her eve - ning pray'r: "How I love you, dear old dad - dy, how I miss you! I

ad lib.

pray to Heav'n each night that God will bless you. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the

colla voce.

Lord your soul to keep, An - gels, guard my dad - dy o - ver there." "Will the there."

a tempo *rit.*

a tempo *rit.*

Late Patriotic Song Successes



**The Popular
"Service Flag" Song Hit**

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. Words and Music by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

There are stars in the high heavens shin-ing With a prom-ise of hope in their light. There are stars in the field of Old Glor-ry. The an-nun-cia-tion of hon-or and right. But no star as bright as the one that shines in the heart of the mother who waits for her boy.

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE. Words and Music by CHAS. SNYDER.

For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy. So kiss me good-bye. When we're mar-ried the flag is vic-tory. Then back to your arms I'll fly. So just em-brace me when I'm over the sea. And when I keep your love and kisses waiting for me. For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy. So kiss me good-bye. For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy. So kiss me good-bye.

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**The Song
Everybody is Singing**

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON
Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

Cris - sen Red for Sac - ri - fire, the blood of the seas. And the white for the pure - ty, the words of the seas. As - er Blue for the love of the seas.

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?
Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy over there?" Will they watch him and protect him ev-ry-where? Then the an-gels will be there. On her heart she'll keep him safe and true. And when she sees the dawn to rest on her face she'll know he's true.

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WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM. By JACK FROST.

When a boy says good-bye to his moth-er, And the sound of the sea is heard. He knows that tear in her eye means, "Come back by and by. The boy that you love is true." All the an-gels are pray-ing a - love her. That he'll be a word.

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When It Comes To A LOVINGLESS DAY. By JACK FROST.

For two days are over - less and Wednesdays are when - less. My home is in the heart of the sea. And it is when I love you I don't care if all the boys are treat-ing me. Or if I want to see you I don't care if you're in the heart of the sea. For what will I do, if they ever say "Good-bye" to me?

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.
Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLUCKMANN.

The birds will sing you with melo-dious song. And I will wait for you. The sun is shin-ing through the storm and the stars. And I'll be glad for the light of my life (the sun, the stars, the moon) when you come back.

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG. By JACK FROST. Music by HAKOLU YEANDER.

When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-mer-i-can rag. They'll play a pr-ty and make him walk to the key and so into our grand old flag. He'll be wiser when he comes to the march of the - sea - land. On foot-prints to a good old Dab-ler time. There'll be a word of the - sea - land.

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**Great Patriotic
March Song**

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
"I Love You, My Yankee Land" Words and Music by JACK FROST.

"A-mer-i-ca, my home - land, my heart is true to you. 'Tis yours that I love, 'tis yours that I love." "A-mer-i-ca, my home - land, my heart is true to you. 'Tis yours that I love, 'tis yours that I love."

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON! By JACK FROST.

Giddy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell you to go to hell! What we're fight-ing for! We don't want to do it, boys. But now they're making us. Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell you to go to hell!

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**Great "Rube"
War Song Hit**

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