

CAKES OR THE DRY TOAST



WORDS and MUSIC by
J. B. SPURR

Composer of

"Only A Flower Of Springtime"

"Mi-Nu-Ea"

"The Battle At The Gates Of Love"

Etc.

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CAKES

(THE DRY TOAST)

Words & Music by
J. B. SPURR
Arr. by Jules Brazil

Marcia



O - pen the Red Cross pack - age, my boys,
Here's to the girls who knit - ted the socks,



Bring it in - side the tent, _____ I'll bet a cop - per
Here's to the girl who bakes, _____ Here's to the girl who's



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Ask for this Song on
SOLO ARTIST WORD ROLL
W. 552

none of you know What the dear girls have sent, _____
deft lit - tle hands, Made such de - light - ful cakes. _____

Hand-knit-ted stock-ings and socks for men, That will stretch like a mit-ten on a
Here's to the lit - tle girl full of fun, Who her love sent in pack-a-ges of

boy of ten, You may rest as-sured the girls have not o-ver - looked a
chew - ing gum. And who wrote "Here's Tut-ti Frut - ti boys, do your du - ty,

sin-gle i - tem; _____ Turn it o - ver raise the
nev - er look glum." _____ Lend an ear boys, give a

cov - er nev - er mind the cut - ting of a bit of string, There'll be
cheer, boys, Fire up the toast in cloud-y rings and curls, Smoke their

ci - gar - ettes and can - dy, Hap - py thoughts of home these box-es bring, and there were
health in fumes of flav - or, Glad-ly will we toast the health of girls who made those

CHORUS

Cakes that made us smile all o - ver, Cakes with

ic - ing on the top, Cakes with can-died peel and

al - monds. Cakes with dates and rai - sins chopped, Then

there were cakes all col - ors of the rain - bow, Cakes I

nev - er shall for - get. Toast the health of all who

sent those cakes, And smoke the toast with a ci - gar - ette.

The Battle At The Gates Of Love

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J. B. SPURR
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REFRAIN

And I'm think-ing of a bat - tle In which we fought but yes-ter - day, — When you op -

posed me and cold - ly Turned your lit - tle head a - way. Now I've

cu-pid for my al - ly, And from his darts you dare not flee, — So the

white flag hoist on the gates of love, And throw up your lit - tle hands to me. —

D.C.