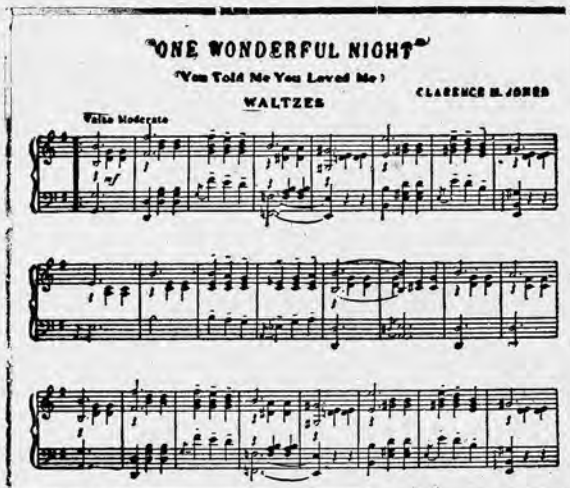
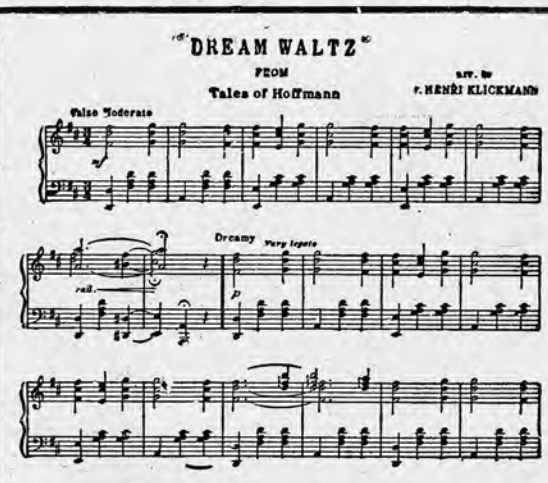
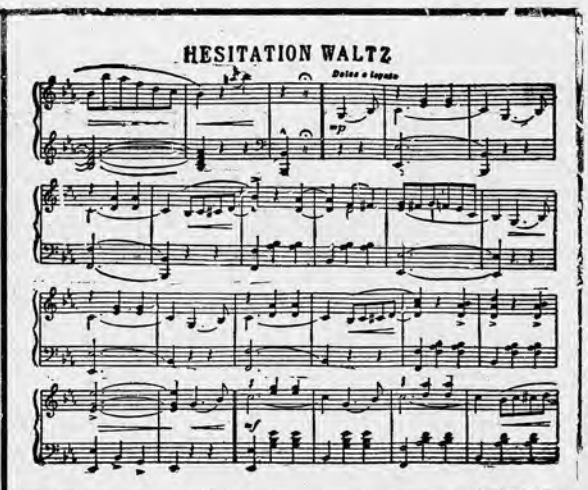
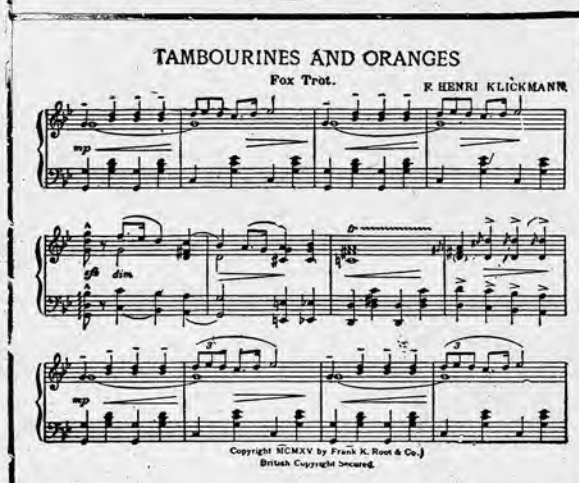
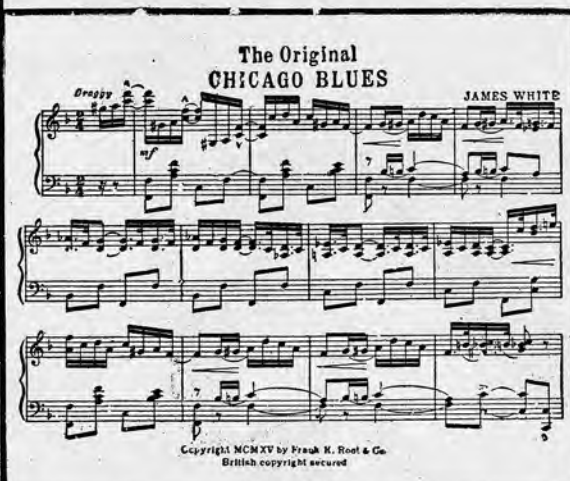
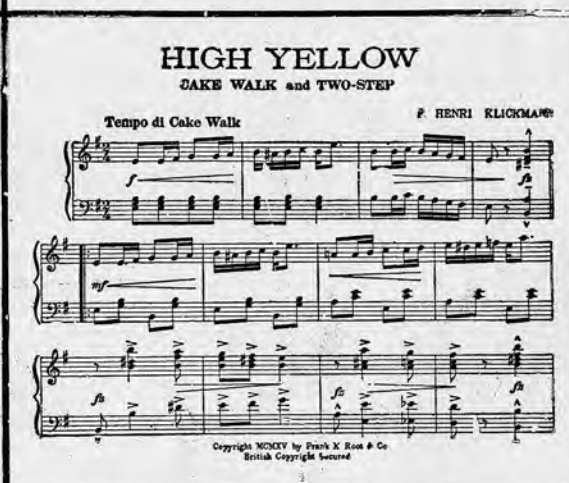
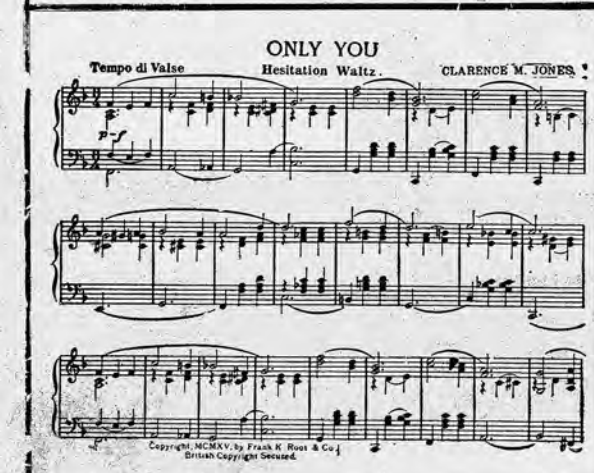
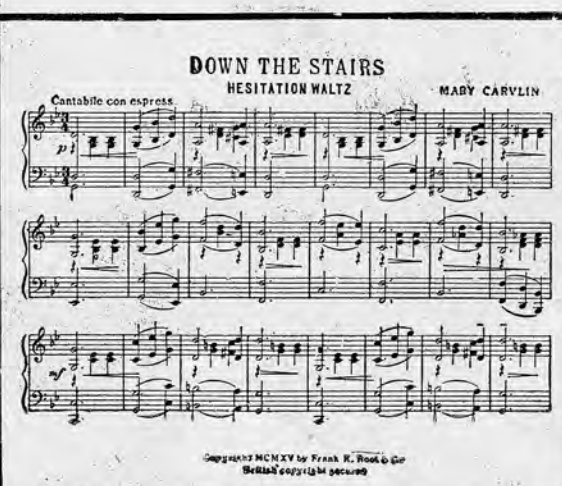
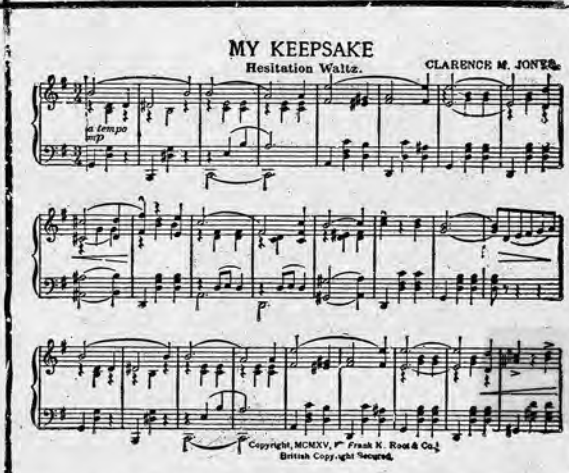
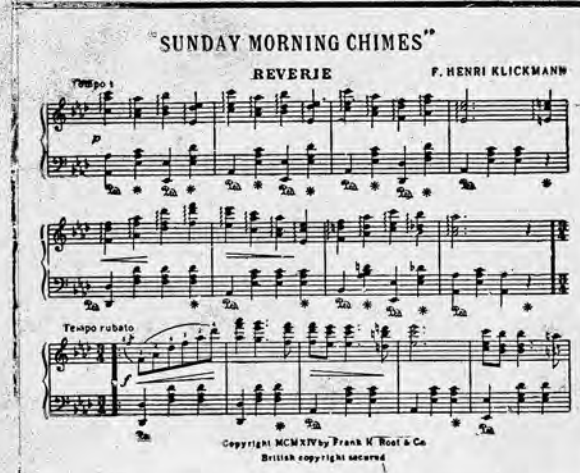
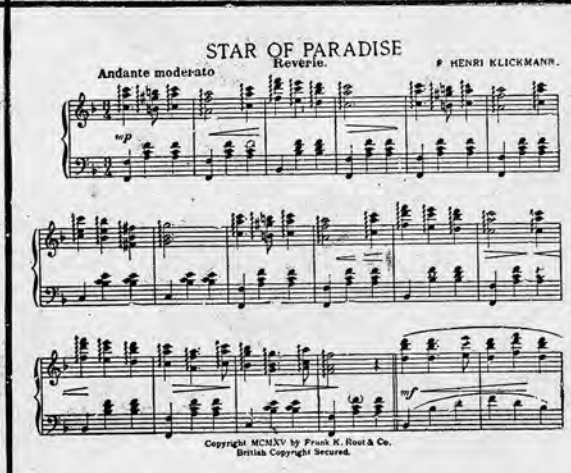
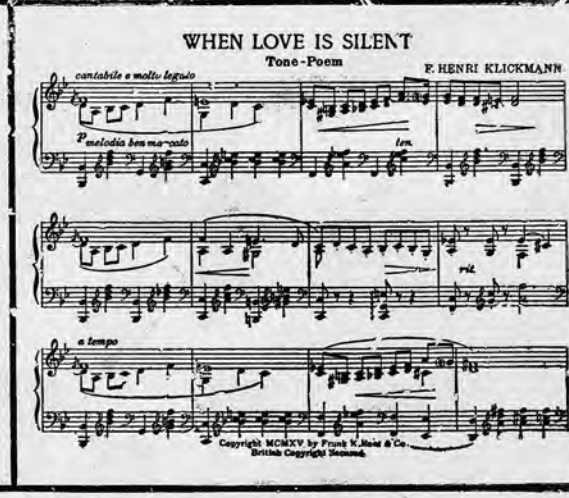
STEEPLE-CHASE

FOX-TROT

BY

PERCY WENRICH

McKinley Music Co.
CHICAGO NEW YORK
Albert & Son, Australasian Agents, Sydney, Australia.

Our Latest Instrumental Successes

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STEEPLECHASE FOX-TROT

PERCY WENRICH

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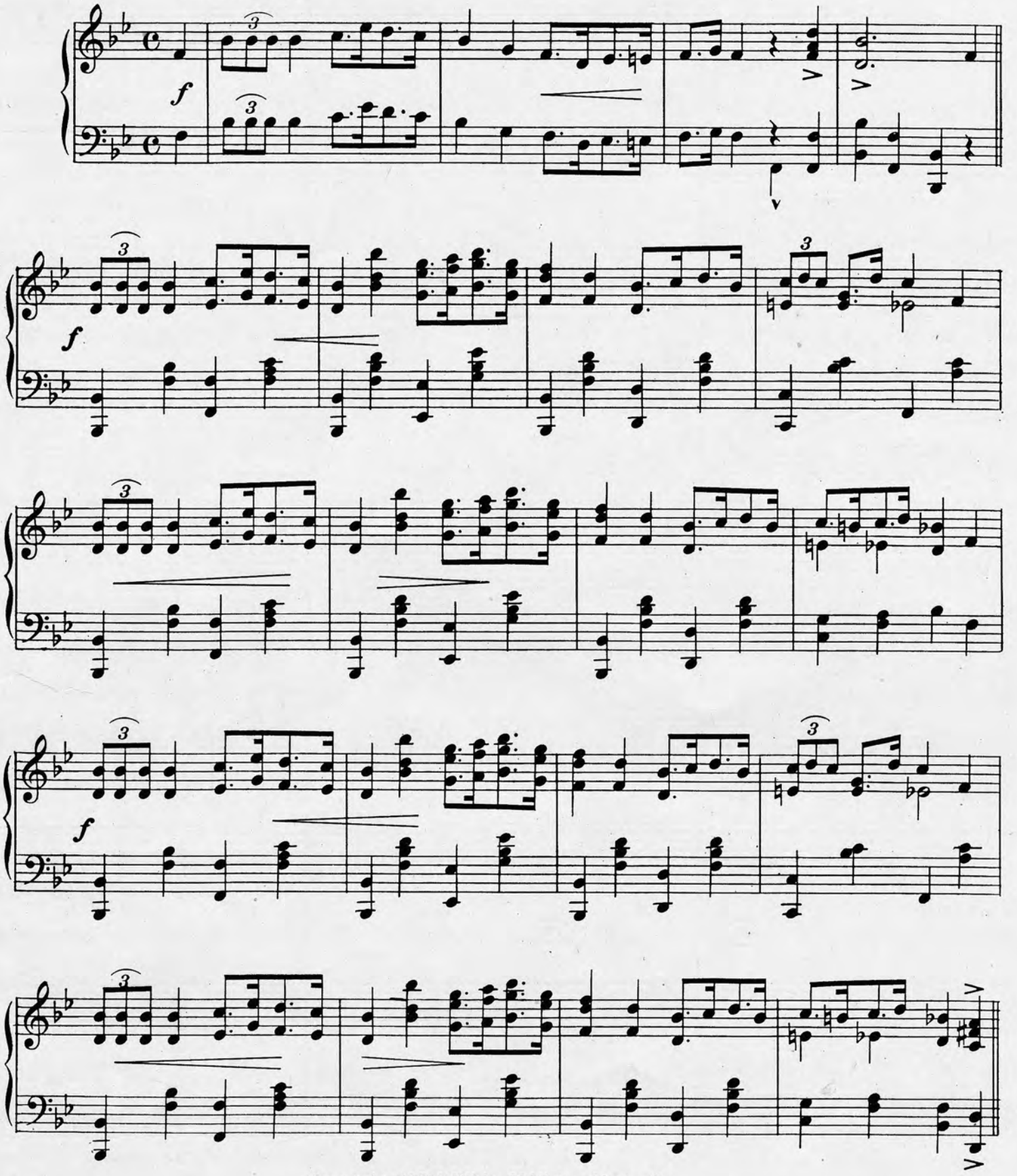
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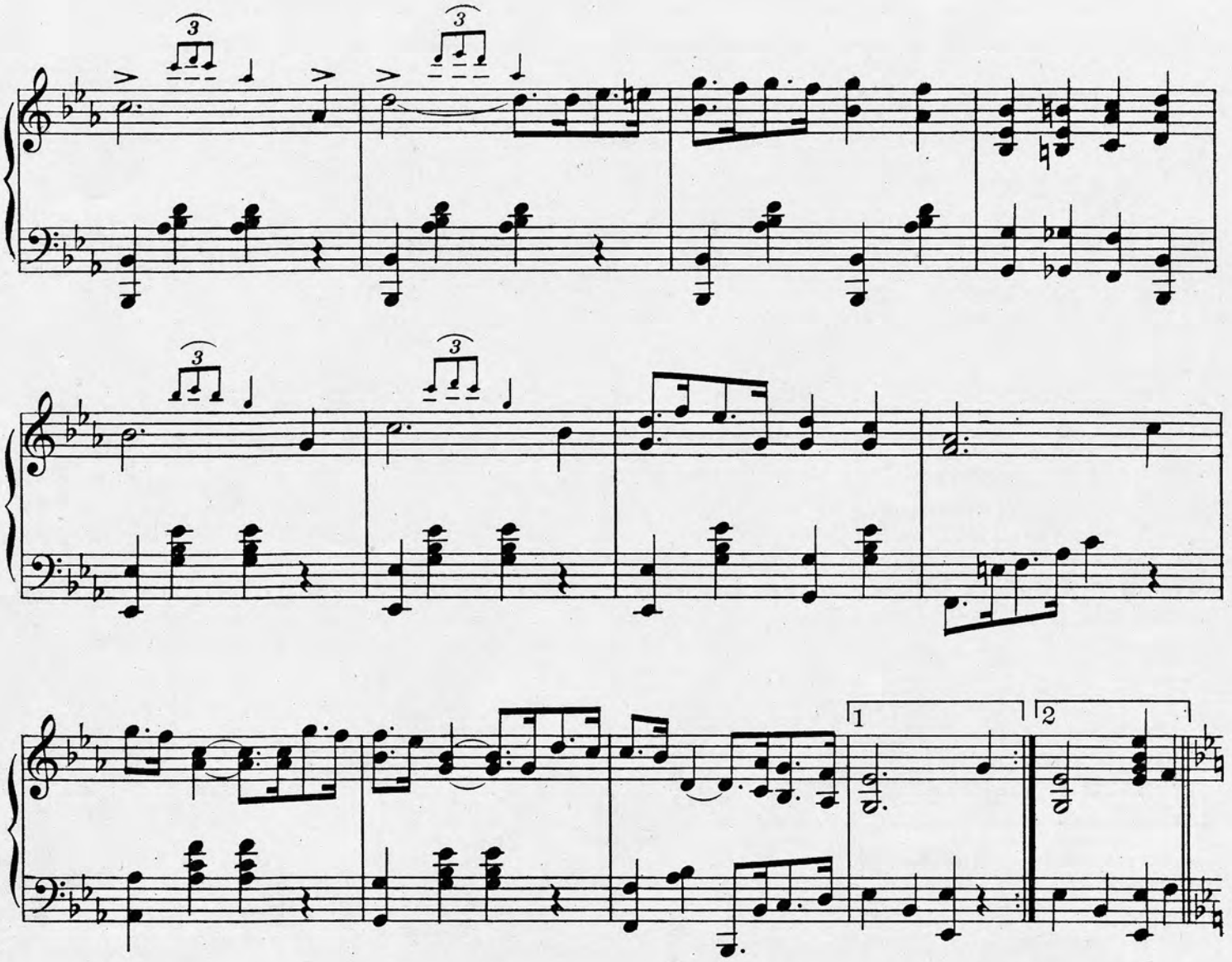
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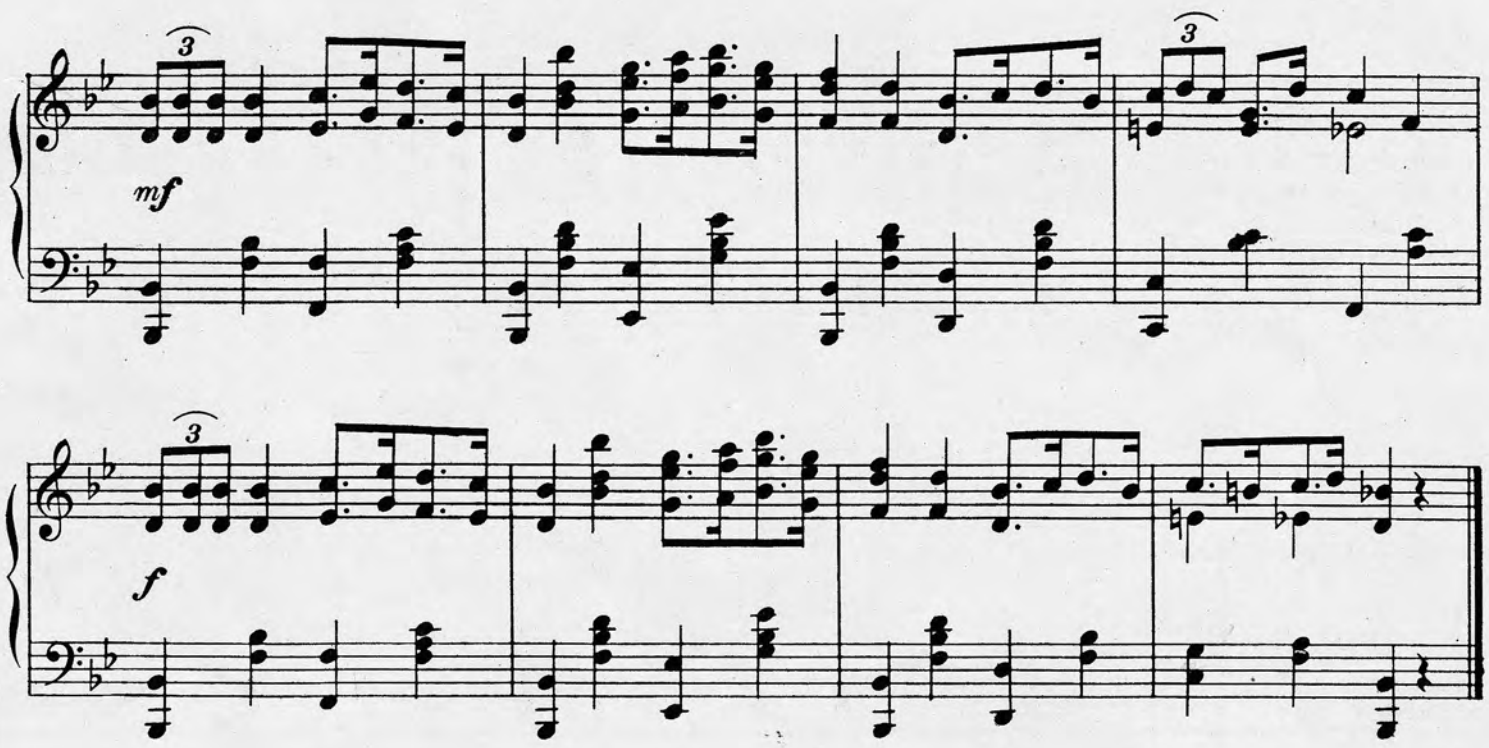
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Late Patriotic Song Successes

The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

There are stars in the high heav-ens shin-ing With a prom-ise of Hope in their light, There are stars in the field of Old Glo-ry, The em-blem of hon-or and right. But no star ev-er shone with more brightness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea. There's a

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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've carried the flag to vic-to-ry, Then back to your arms I'll fly. So just smile all the while when I'm over the sea, And honey, keep your love and kisses wait-ing for me; For I'm hit-ting the trail to Nor-man-dy, So kiss me good-bye. For I'm bye.

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The Song Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

Crim-son Red for Sac-ri-fice, the blood of he-roes shed, Spot-less White for Pur-i-ty, the souls of sol-dier dead. Az-ure Blue for fear-less

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy o-ver there? Will they watch him and pro-tect him ev-'ry where?" Then she nes-tles down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast, And mur-murs soft and low her ev-e-ning pray'r, "How I love you, dear old dad-dy, how I miss you!"

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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 last good-bye is heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by. Tho' her fond lips breathe nev-er a word, All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bove her, That he'll

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When It Comes To A
LOVINGLESS DAY.

By JACK FROST.

CHORUS

For Tues-days are meat-less and Wednesdays are wheat-less. My home is heat-less, my bed it is sheet-less; Now I don't care if all the bars are treat-less. Or if I must ev-en sleep or eat less. I live in sor-row, in fear of to-mor-row. I'm wor-ried till my hair is gray; For what will I do if they spring something new,

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.

Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

CHORUS. a tempo

The birds will greet you with mel-o-di-ous song, And I will meet you, so come a-long. The sun is shin-ing through the storm and the strife, dear, And I'll be pin-ing for the light of my life. (Come away, don't de-lay.) We'll come back

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP
TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG

JACK FROST. HAROLD NEANDER.

When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-mer-i-can rag, They'll play it jer-ky and make Bill-walk tur-key and as-lute our grand old flag. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the songs of Yan-kee-land Or fox-trots to a good old Dix-ie tune; make it soon, make it soon! There'll be a

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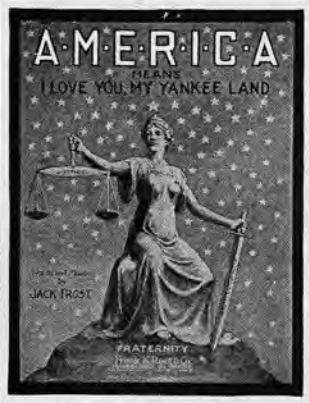

Great Patriotic March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
Means
"I Love You, My Yankee Land"

Words and Music by JACK FROST.

"A" means you're an-y-bod-y's coun-try, "M" means you're meant for me; "E" means you're ev-'ry-bod-y's sweet-heart," And "R" for the right of lib-er-ty". "I" stands for "in-dependence first and all," "C" for your col-ors so grand;" "A-M-E-R-

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War.

By JACK FROST.

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell 'em to go to-well! That's what we're fight-ing for! We did-n't wants to do it, boys, But now they've made us sore; Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! war!

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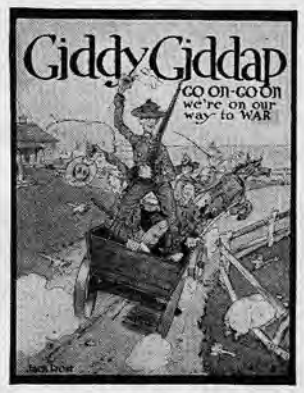

Great "Rube" War Song Hit

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