Aunt Jemima's Picnic Day

By

CALLAHAN & KLICKMANN

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McKinley Music Co.
CHICAGO - NEW YORK

"AUNT JEMIMA'S PICNIC DAY"

Words by J. WILL CALLAHAN

Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN

Moderato

f

Not fast

Brush up the feath - ers on your last year's hat,
Old Aunt Je - mi - ma in her red ban - dan',

sfz

mf

Close all the win - dows of your three-room flat,
Chick-en a - sizz - lin' in the fry - in' pan,

I'm so flus - ter - at - ed, don't know where I'm at,
Lord - y, what a pic - ture for a hun - gry man,

1572 4 1

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But I just dropped in to say; Ear - ly to - mor-
I can just weep tears of glee; Bull-frogs a - croak-

row we will take a hack, Roos-ters will crow be-fore we
in' when the sun goes down, Fid-dles a play - in' as they

all get back, Bring a - long a bas-ket full of pic - nic snack,
all swing 'round, Spread the joy-ful ti - din's o - ver this old town,

It's Aunt Je - mi - ma's pic - nic day.
We're goin' to have a ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS

Yel - low leg - ged chick - en fried in plen - ty of lard,

p–f

But - ter - milk and bis - cuit we will have by the yard,

Good old - fash - ioned cook - in' that the neigh-bors bring in,

Dea - con Green a - pray - in' for the time to be - gin;

Danc - in' in the eve - nin' by the light of the moon, __

Stroll-in' thro' the shad-ows just to cud-dle and spoon. _ Oh! it's di -

vine, babe, fine, babe, got to be on time, babe, On Aunt Je - mi - ma's

pic - nic day. _____ day. _____

1 2

D.C.

sfz D.C.

1572 4 4

WALTON PROCESS CHICAGO.

Late Patriotic Song Successes

The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW

PAUL B. ARMSTRONG ... AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. 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 an-ti-cipate all the while when I'm o-ver 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. D.S.

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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 the an-gels down to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast, And mur-murs soft and low her ev-'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 ea-gle 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 Two-days are mail-less and Wednesdays are wheat-less, My home is in 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 on cot 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, a tempo 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 a-way, 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 Fill-walk tur-key-and ma-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 a note, make a note) 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 com-rade, "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 goin' to tell 'em to go to—well! That's what we're fight-ing for! We did-n't want 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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