

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE



BY
HOWARD JOHNSON
AND
PERCY WENRICH



BEATRICE LAMBERT

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Where Do We Go From Here?

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AND
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Allegro moderato

Till ready

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

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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Male Quartette...40¢

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?"

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,

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

Yo
 Can't Go
 Wrog
 Witha
 eist'ong

You can't go wrong with any "Feist" song!

The Four Big Song Hits!

You'll want them for your piano, talking machine, or player piano—why not get them now? They are sweeping the country. Everybody wants to hear them, to sing them, and to dance them. They've caught on strong.

Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!
CHORUS

Good-bye Broad-way, Hel-lo France, — We're for
mil-lion strong, — Good-bye sweet-hearts wives and
mothers, 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 Reischer, Davis and Baskette.

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Vaudeville performers are singing them in hundreds of cities to thousands and thousands of people who applaud vigorously, thus showing their approval.

If you haven't heard them in your city as yet be sure to tell your Theatre Manager you would like to hear them sung. He will be glad to accommodate you. And get all four of them for yourself, today.

Where Do We Go from Here?
CHORUS

Where do we go from here, — Where do we go from here? —
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear. And
when we see the — we — my we'll shoot them in the rear.

Where Do We Go From Here?
Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everywhere, too. The Phila. North American says: "The 'Tipperary' of 1917." It started out to be a funny song about "Paddy Mack, 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.

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At all music and department stores, or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft, Grant or Metropolitan store.

Mother, Dixie and You
CHORUS

Fields — of not too make not think of snow-white hair, Skies mass
These grand old be covered a live — to day, They would
your dear eyes of blue, Just — three things I love for
right our hat — like too, They're — the kind weigh for

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

Mother, Dixie and You
A song of Dixieland. A beautiful melody wedded to words that are sure to take you back home. And not a sadly, sentimental song, either, but one that has life and spirit. Played quickly, it is an irresistible fox-trot. By Johnson and Santly

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- Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love.
- 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. — An-y time you ever mention Ire-land, Faith, you're speaking of the
best. — There the fair, les and the Blarney form a pic-ture with Ed-lar-ry, 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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