

WHEN Aunt Dinah's Daughter Hannah  
**BANGS** on that  
**PIANO!**

(AND Sambo Sings those Southern Blues)



WORDS and MUSIC by  
**JAMES (SLAP) WHITE**

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# WHEN AUNT DINAH'S DAUGHTER HANNAH BANGS ON THAT PIANO AND SAMBO SINGS THOSE SOUTHERN BLUES.

JAMES (SLAP) WHITE

Allegretto

(Bang)

Way down south in old Sa - van - nah, G. A.,  
Dark - ies gath - er there from all near by towns;

The dark - ies one and all have laid their ban - jos a - way; Since they heard a  
Some swell high yel - lows, Cre - oles and some choc - o - late browns; Ev - ry - bod - y

pi - a - no play, They've been hap - py both night and day. Aunt Di - nah's daughter Han -  
jol - ly and gay. Danc - es all night - all in next day! Old dea - con Ras - tus Jones

- nah's got a real ba - by grand, She got it sec - ond - hand - ed on the in - stallment plan; So  
who nev - er knew how to dance Grabb'd off a yel - low gal and did the new "possum prance;" And

if you want to see a fun - ny sight, Just go down to Aunt Di-nah's house some night.  
 if you want to hear some mu - sic grand, You'd bet-ter hur-ry down to Dix - ie - land.

CHORUS

When Aunt Di - nah's daugh-ter Han-nah BANGS on that pi - an - o And Sam-bo sings those Southern

(Bang)

Blues, Child, you'd sure - ly lose your manner down in old Sa - van - nah, And wear out

all your danc - ing shoes. I'd sure - ly like to bet you'd hol - ler out for more, 'Cause

you'd for - get there e - ver was a war When Aunt Di - nah's daugh-ter Han-nah BANGS on

(Bang)

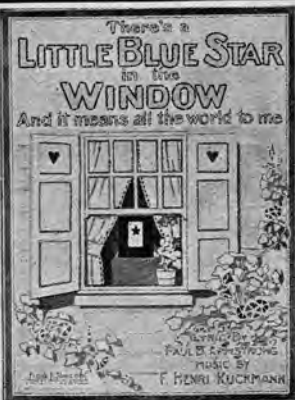
that pi - an - o And Sam-bo sings those Southern Blues (Oh! those Blues) When Aunt Blues (Oh! those Blues).

1 2 D.S.  $\infty$

$\infty$  D.S.



# 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.**  
 Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

There are stars in the high heaven 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-our and right. There are stars ev-er above with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy over the sea. There's a star wait-ing for me. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye.

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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-mandy, So kiss me good-bye! When we've car-ried the flag to vic-tory, Then back to your arms I'll fly. So just smile all the while when I'm over the sea. And al-ways keep your love and kiss-er wait-ing for me. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, So kiss me good-bye. For in hit-ting the trail to Nor-mandy, 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 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-diers dead. As we Blue for true-ness

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

"Will the an-gels guard my dad-dy over there? Will they watch him and pro-tect him ev-ry where?" Then she near-ly died to rest on her lov-ing moth-er's breast. And mur-murs soft and low her pray-er: "How I love you, dear old dad-dy, how I love 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 in-gle is heard, He knows that tear in her eye means, Come back by and by, That her fond lips be-lieve nev-er a word. All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bout her. That'll

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

CHORUS  
 For Tues-days are most-ly less and Wednes-days are what-ness, My home it is heart-ness, my bed it is short-ness, Now I don't care if all the hairs are treat-less. Or if I must cry my-self, of all less, I live in sor-row, in fear of to-mor-row, His war-rud 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.**  
 Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

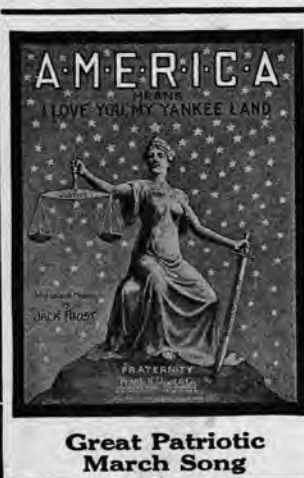
CHORUS a tempo  
 The birds will greet you with a melo-dious song. And I will meet you, so come a-long. The sun is shin-ing through the wires and the strids, dear. And I'll be pin-ing for the light of my life (Come home, dear, be my) Will come back

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**WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG.** HAROLD H. REANER.

When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old Ameri-can rag, They'll play it for-ry and make him walk cur-vey and sa-lute our grand old flag. He'll be war-er when he two-steps to the songs of Van-der-burg Or ex-cer-tate to a good old Dixie tempo-ri-ly, then he'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.

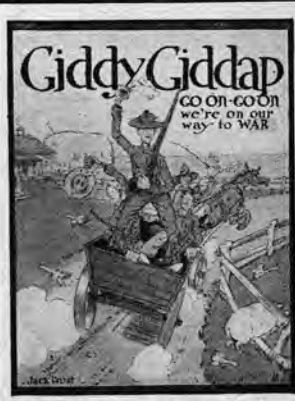
"A" means you're ev-ry-body's com-er-tis. "M" means you're most for me. "E" means you're ev-ry-body's sweet-bean. And "R" for the right of lib-er-ty. "I" stands for in-dependence first and all. "C" for your vot-ers on grand. "A-M-E-R-I-C-A"

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**GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!** By JACK FROST.  
**We're On Our Way To War.**

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell him to go to-hell! That's what we're fight-ing for. We did-n't want to do it, boys, but now they've mad-us sore. Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell him to go to-hell!

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**Great "Rube" War Song Hit**

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