CAKES OR THE DRY TOAST

WORDS and MUSIC by J.B. SPURR
Composer of
"Only A Flower Of Springtime"
"If, No. 18"
"The Battle At The Gates Of Love"

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C Ak e s
(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 kni t - 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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none of you know, What the dear girls have sent,
deft little hands, Made such delightful cakes.

Hand-knitted stockings and socks for men, That will stretch like a mit-ten on a
Here's to the little girl full of fun, Who her love sent in pack-a-ges of

boy of ten, You may rest assured the girls have not o-ver looked a
chewing gum. And who wrote 'Here's Tutti Frutti boys, do your du - ty,
single item; Turn it o-ver raise the
never look glum.' Lend an ear boys, give a

Cakes 4-1
cover never mind the cutting of a bit of string, There'll be cheer, boys, Fire up the toast in cloudy rings and curls, Smoke their cigarettes and candy, Happy thoughts of home these boxes bring, and there were health in fumes of flavor, Gladly will we toast the health of girls who made those

CHORUS

Cakes that made us smile all over, Cakes with

icing on the top, Cakes with candied peel and

Cakes 4-1
almonds. Cakes with dates and raisins chopped, Then

there were cakes all colors of the rainbow, Cakes I

never shall forget. Toast the health of all who

sent those cakes, And smoke the toast with a cigarette.
The Battle At The Gates Of Love

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REFRAIN

And I'm thinking of a battle In which we fought but yester-day, When you opposed me and coldly Turned your little head away. Now I've
cupid for my ally, And from his darts you dare not flee, So the

white flag hoist on the gates of love, And throw up your little hands to me.

D.C.