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1918

There's an angel missing from heaven : she'll be found somewhere over there

Paul B Armstrong

Unknown

Robert Speroy

Composer

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Dedicated to the

AMERICAN RED CROSS

THERE'S *an* ANGEL MISSING *from* HEAVEN

*She'll be found
Somewhere
Over there*



Bagaduce Music
Lending Library
Blue Hill, Maine
Donor 1177

LYRIC BY
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG
MUSIC BY
ROBERT SPEROY

5

Frank K. Root & Co.
McKINLEY MUSIC CO. OWNERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Albert & Son, First-classian Agents, Sydney Australia

Vp. 011913
1918
THERE'S

Dedicated to the American Red Cross

THERE'S AN ANGEL MISSING FROM HEAVEN

SHE'LL BE FOUND SOMEWHERE OVER THERE.

Lyric by
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG.

Music by
ROBERT SPEROY

Andante con espressione.

mf *poco rit.*

p

Pic - ture a beau - ti - ful coun - try, — Pic - ture a fam - 'ly at pray'r; —
Pic - ture the maimed and the dy - ing, — Pic - ture the crush - ing of youth; —

p a tempo

Pic - ture a crim - son sun sink - ing low; Con - tent - ment and peace ev - 'ry - where. — Then
Pic - ture the black - ness of fear, the doubt Of vir - tue and right and of truth. — Then

cresc.

pic - ture grim war's de - vas - ta - tion, — The cry of a child on the air; — No
pic - ture this an - gel of mer - cy, — Like Beth - le - hem's Star in the night; — She

cresc.

mf *rit.*

sis - ter, no brother, no fa - ther, no mother, De - so - la - tion and grief ev - ry - where. —
brings us the message that God is still liv - ing, And that Might will be con - quered by Right. —

mf *rit.*

REFRAIN. *Valse Lente.*

p-mf

There's a Cross, and it stands for A - tone - ment, — Bring - ing Hope to both you and to me; — There's a

p-mf

poco rit. *a tempo*

Cross at the end of a string of pearls — "My Ros - a - ry, My Ros - a - ry." There's a

poco rit. *a tempo*

cresc.

Cross, a Red Cross that means Mercy, — De - vo - tion and ten - der - est care; — There's an An - gel who's

cresc.

miss - ing from Heaven, — She'll be found somewhere o - ver there. — There's a there. —

rall. *p*

L.H. *p* *rall.*



Late Patriotic Song Successes



There's a
LITTLE BLUE STAR
in the
WINDOW
And it means all the world to me

The Popular
"Service Flag" Song Hit

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

PAUL A. ARNOLDSON

There are stars in the high heavens above, With a host of stars in our hearts above. There are stars in the eyes of the brave boys, The windows of hope, and the windows of love. There's a little blue star in the window, The window of hope, and the window of love. There's a little blue star in the window, The window of hope, and the window of love.

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE. CHAS. HYGER

Wanda and Howard

For the hitting the trail to Normandy, So kiss me good-bye. When you kissed the flag in my arms, Then I'm hitting the trail to Normandy, So kiss me good-bye. When you kissed the flag in my arms, Then I'm hitting the trail to Normandy, So kiss me good-bye.

Copyright, 1918, by Chas. Hyger & Co. New York, N. Y.



For
Hitting Trail to Normandy
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE

The Song
Everybody is Singing

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON

Lyrics by PAUL A. ARNOLDSON Music by F. BERTS KLICKMAN

Old Glory goes marching on, Old Glory goes marching on, Old Glory goes marching on, Old Glory goes marching on. Old Glory goes marching on, Old Glory goes marching on, Old Glory goes marching on, Old Glory goes marching on.

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WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?

Lyrics by PAUL A. ARNOLDSON Music by F. BERTS KLICKMAN

Will the angels guard my daddy over there? Will the angels guard my daddy over there? Will the angels guard my daddy over there? Will the angels guard my daddy over there.

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WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD-BYE TO HIS MOTHER AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM

By JACK FRONZ

When a boy says good-bye to his mother, And she gives him to Uncle Sam. When a boy says good-bye to his mother, And she gives him to Uncle Sam.

Copyright, 1918, by Jack Fronz & Co. New York, N. Y.

WHEN IT COMES TO A LOVINGLESS DAD

By JACK FRONZ

When it comes to a lovingless dad, When it comes to a lovingless dad. When it comes to a lovingless dad, When it comes to a lovingless dad.

Copyright, 1918, by Jack Fronz & Co. New York, N. Y.

LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.

Lyrics by PAUL A. ARNOLDSON Music by F. BERTS KLICKMAN

Let the chimes of Normandy be our wedding bells, Let the chimes of Normandy be our wedding bells. Let the chimes of Normandy be our wedding bells, Let the chimes of Normandy be our wedding bells.

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

By JACK FRONZ

When the Kaiser does the goose-step to a good old American rag, When the Kaiser does the goose-step to a good old American rag. When the Kaiser does the goose-step to a good old American rag, When the Kaiser does the goose-step to a good old American rag.

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AMERICA

Great Patriotic
March Song

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

Music and Lyrics by JACK FRONZ

America, America, I love you, My Yankee Land. America, America, I love you, My Yankee Land. America, America, I love you, My Yankee Land.

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GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!

By JACK FRONZ

Giddy giddap! Go on! Go on! Giddy giddap! Go on! Go on! Giddy giddap! Go on! Go on!

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Giddy Giddap
GO ON! GO ON!
WE'RE GOING TO WIN!

Great "Rube"
War Song Hit

Complete Copies on Sale Wherever Music is Sold!

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