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Where The Nightingales Are Singing : To My Dear Sweet Southern Rose

Charles W Bahr
Composer

Mary Burns Bahr
Lyricist

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WHERE THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING

To my Dear Sweet
Southern Rose



E.N.A.

Words by Mary Burns Bahr
Music by Charles W. Bahr



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WHERE THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING

To My Dear Sweet Southern Rose

Words by
MARY BURNS BAHR

Music by
CHARLES WILLIAM BAHR

Moderato ♩

There's a
Tho'

girl I know is wait - ing And she's all the world to me And I
ma - ny years I've wan - dered And wait - ed far a - way My

dream of her so fond - ly — And in fan - cy I can see — Her sweet
thoughts go back with long - ing — As I think of her to - day — And I

smile as I re - turn - ing — Kiss her love - ly tears a - way — And I'm
dream of her so fond - ly — As I watch the moon - light play — As I

go - ing back to my sweet rose so ma - ny miles a - way. _____
 sit and think of my sweet rose, so ma - ny miles a - way. _____

CHORUS

So then car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ia To the girl I'm dream - ing

of And I think once more of my dear old South - ern home Where the

rit. night - in - gales are sing - ing To my dear sweet South - ern Rose dear sweet South - ern Rose
 1 *rit.* *D.S.* *last time*
rit. *rit.*

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

PUT ON YOUR UNIFORM OF BLUE

For Your Country's Calling You

Words by
MARY BURNS BAHR

Music by
CHARLES WILLIAM BAHR

Moderato e marziale

When the war broke out in
Here in France we are and

nine - teen four - teen that aw - ful year a - broad We hoped and prayed that Un - cle Sam, would
all a - round us we hear the din of war As flags fly high and bands blaze forth, we

nev - er have to go But, my son, it seems as though we would have to go my
march as in days of yore For our duly to France we nev - er for - get and hope that

anx - ious moth - er cried And if we go I hope and pray you'll do your share or die . —
this will set - tle the score And while I sit where camp fires glow I hear my moth - er soft - ly say .

cresc. *riten.* *riten.* *riten.*