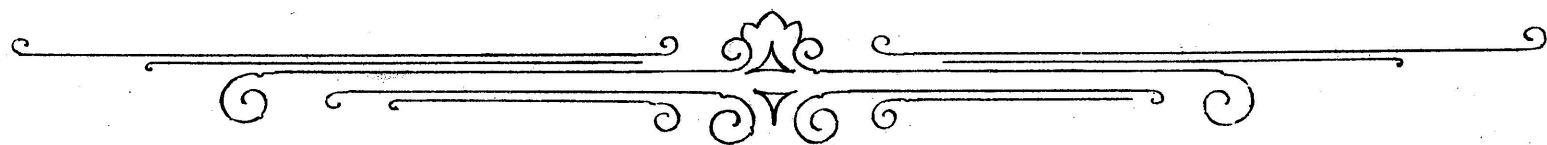


DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN JAMES McNEILL  
WHO FELL IN FRANCE

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# WE'LL BE WAITING, BOYS, FOR YOU



WORDS AND MUSIC

*by*

AMELIE LANE McNEILL, L.A.B.

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## American Words

Hurrah, for all our Yankee lads,  
The stalwart, true and brave,  
Who go to fight for liberty  
To glory or the grave.  
Sweetheart Susie speeds you seaward  
With a loyal heart and true.  
Keep aloft the spangled banner;  
We'll be waiting, boys, for you.

The Germans sneered at Uncle Sam  
And boasted of their might.  
And they tried to pluck our eagle,  
For they thought he would not fight.  
But "Old Glory's" waving proudly,  
In its brave red, white and blue,  
And we'll teach the woman slayers  
What our Yankee boys can do.

Now they've flaunted out the old flag,  
The flag their fathers bore.  
And their battle cry is freedom,  
As it always was before.  
Sweetheart Susie speeds you seaward  
With a loyal heart and true;  
Keep aloft the spangled banner  
We'll be waiting, boys, for you.

Corporal John W. Thompson.

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# WE'LL BE WAITING BOYS FOR YOU

Words & Music by AMELIE LANE Mc NEILL

**Allegro**

**Moderato**

Hark! the bu - gle call is sound - ing  
Shout hur - rah for Tom - my At - kins!  
Then un - furl your ban - ner bold - ly

Boys in Kha - ki staunch and true,  
Read - y now to do his bit,  
Let it wave o'er land and sea,  
Read - y to de - fend our  
Give one cheer for sis - ters,  
For a sol - dier's death is

Em - pire, Bri - tain's flag, Red, White, and Blue.  
 moth - ers, Left at home to sigh and knit.  
 hon - or, Bri - tain's flag, Oh! wave it free.

**Chorus** *Con spirito*

Sweet-heart Sus-ie, speeds yon sea - ward, With a loy-al heart and true, Go and

*Marcato melodie*

{ fight for King and the coun - try, } We'll be wait - ing boys for you.  
 { All and cook the Kai - ser }

**Vivace**

**Lento**

Drums

# TARRY NO LONGER

Words & Music by AMELIE LANE McNEILL

**Tempo di valse**

rit.

*Tenerezza*

*con espressione*

Oh my love — I am wear-y of wait-ing — Why

*con espressione*

*rit*

*con anima*

Oh why — tar-ry so long on the way? Ah! Oh, come, Oh,

*rit* *con anima*

*cresc*

come — Oh, come, on the wings of the morning — And tar-ry no longer, tar-ry no

*cresc*