

*Freda Olson
April 2, 1918.*

THE OFFICIAL RECRUITING SONG FOR YOUR COUNTRY AND MY COUNTRY



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IRVING BERLIN

WATERSON
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Music Publishers
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Broadway at 47th St
NEW YORK

For Your Country And My Country

By IRVING BERLIN.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

Voice.

Till Ready.

We know you love your land of Lib-er-ty, We
 A-mer-i-ca has o-pened up her heart, To

know you love your U. S. A. But if you want the world to
 ev-'ry na-tion-al-i-ty, And now she asks of ev-'ry

know it, Now's the time to show it; Your Un-cle Sam-my
 na-tion, Their ap-pre-ci-a-tion, It makes no dif-f'rence

needs you one and all, Ans-er to his call.
 now from where you came, We are all the same.

Chorus.

It's your coun-try, it's my coun-try, with mill - ions of real fight-ing

men; ——— It's your dut-y, and my dut-y, To speak with the

sword, not a pen; ——— If Wash-ing - ton were liv-ing to-day, — With

sword in hand he'd stand up and say; — "For your coun-try, and my

coun-try, I'll do it all o - ver a - gain? ——— It's - gain? ———

JUST A BABY'S PRAYER AT TWILIGHT

(FOR HER DADDY OVER THERE)

by SAM M. LEWIS, JOE YOUNG and M. K. JEROME

**"THE
BIGGEST
SONG HIT
IN
YEARS"**



Chorus.
Moderato.

Just a ba-by's pray' at twi - light, when lights are low. Poor ba-by's

poco est *a tempo*

years, are filled with tears. There's a moth-er there at twi - light

who's proud to know, Her pre-cious lit-tle tot, Is dad's for-

get-me-not. At-ter say-ing "good-night ma - ma" she climbs up stairs,

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