

# KEEP COOL!

THE COUNTRY'S

# SAVING FUEL



DUFFY and INGLIS

— AND —  
**I HAD TO  
COME HOME  
IN THE DARK**

Words and Music  
by

**CHARLES R. McCARRON**

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# Keep Cool The Country's Saving Fuel

(I Had To Come Home In The Dark)

by CHAS. R. MC CARRON

INTRO  
Moderato

Piano *ff*

*Vamp*

A mar-ried man was Pat Mc Cann, who loved to stay out late, — And  
The on-ly lights these light-less nights that I have ev-er seen, — Are

with a stout good "bawl-in' out" for him his wifewould wait, — No more would she ac-cept his plea of  
on a sign marked "Precinct Nine" and both of them are green, — I know that you are mad clean through, but

be-ing at the "lodge" — And so last night he came home tight and pulled this cam-ou - flage.  
be a Pa-tri-ot, — When tem-pers rise, e - con-o-mize and ne-ver get too hot.

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The Song that pleased President Wilson *Postpaid 15 cts.*  
**SEND BACK DEAR DADDY TO ME**

I don't want an-y more dol - lies, Brother don't want an-y pol - lies, Sis - ter don't

SIX  
DIFFERENT TY  
WAR SONG  
BEING SUN  
PLAYED EVER

"CHEER UP"

Set Aside  
Tears, Till  
Boys C  
Marching

POST-PAID

"BALLAD"

When The  
Is Shin  
Somehe  
Fran

POST-PAID

"Stirring March"

The Old  
Never Tou  
The Gro

POST-PAID

"APPEALING"

SEND BA  
DEAR DA  
TO ME

POST-PAID

"COMIC"

I'm In  
Army

POST-PAID

"VICTORY"

THERE'LL BE  
A HO  
IN THE OLD  
TOWN TO

POST-PAID

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CHORUS

Dear, keep cool, the count-ry's sav-ing fuel, And I had to come home— in the  
 Dear, keep cool, the count-ry's sav-ing fuel, And I had to come home— in the

dark dark Wife of mine, I start-ed home at nine, But the streets were  
 I was blind, my way I could -nt find, I can swear by

all so fog-gy, I walked round till I got grog-gy, In the gloam-ing, I was roam-ing,  
 ten re-lig-ions, All I did was look for pi-geons; You know why, dear, home they fly, dear,

All the lights were out, what could I do; I knew that you would sit up, So darl-in' I got  
 In the dark a pi-geons aim is true; So when it got too ha-zy, I grabbed a squab named

lit up, To find my way back home to you. you.  
 Dai-sy, To find my way back home to you. you.

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The Official Camp Song of Camp Upton *Postpaid 15 cts.*  
**WHEN THE MOON IS SHINING SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE**  
 When the moon is shin-ing, some-where in France I'll send a wire-less to you.

SIX  
TYPES OF  
SONGS NOW  
SUNG AND  
EVERYWHERE

UP" Type

Side Your  
Till The  
Come  
ng Home  
PAID 15c.

AD" Type

The Moon  
Shining  
where In  
ance  
PAID 15c.

March" Type

Old Flag  
Touched  
Ground  
PAID 25c.

ALING" Type

BACK  
DADDY  
IE  
PAID 15c.

MIC" Type

In The  
y Now  
PAID 15c.

RY" Type

LL BE  
HOT TIME  
OLD  
N TO-NIGHT  
PAID 15c.

through your  
or from the  
or.

# FOUR WONDERFUL SONGS

## MY LITTLE RAMBLING ROSE

By HAROLD FREEMAN

Some day, you'll ram - ble back to me, My lit - tle ram - bling  
Some day, I'll ram - ble back to you, My heart as true - sick

rose - You'll come back home, as sure to rain, I want you,  
grows, I'll come back home, as sure to rain, I want you,

good - ness knows, You'll soon be tired of cit - y life, Or  
good - ness knows, I'm tired of all the whirl and noise, I'm

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A BALLAD OF REAL BEAUTY

## OH, YOU WONDERFUL GIRLS!

Written & Composed By WM. B. FRIEDLANDER

CHORUS  
Oh, you wonder - ful - Oh, you beau - ti - ful - Oh, you in - vi - sible girl! How I long to  
a tempo  
kiss you - Gee! I'm going to miss you aw - ful - ly - Oh, you sug - ar - lip - Oh, you squar - e - jaw -  
The mys - te - ri - ous girl I love you, that's why I'm going a - way - to - day

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A DELIGHTFUL NOVELTY LOVE SONG

## BILLY BOY

Words By LESTER A. WALTON  
Music By C. LUCKY ROBERTS

Chorus.  
Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy you're a sol - dier of re - nown Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly

Boy in a uni - form of brown What a grand old sight As you bat - tle

for the right Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy with heart as true and true for the

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THE LATEST GREATEST PATRIOTIC SONG

## FARMYARD BLUES

By CHRIS. SMITH  
& HENRY TROY

CHORUS  
I miss the chick - ens, the tur - keys, I miss the geese and hens, I miss the  
cows and the pigs in the old pig - pen, I miss the geese, the pig - den, and the  
cock - a - dood - le - doo, And the muck - ing birds are sing - ing in the wild - wood, too, I miss my  
meth - er, my broth - er, and my lit - tle sis - ter Nell, And the old oak - en buck - et that

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THE CHARMING SOUTHERN SONG

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