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# My Sweetheart Is Somewhere In France

Words and Music by  
MARY EARL

Marcia.

Piano.

Vamp.

I've a let-ter from my sweet-heart, And he writes me in this  
Ev-'ry day I kiss his pic-ture, And I tell him I'll be

way, true, "Some-where, dear, in France we're fight-ing, But just where we dare not  
Just as he is to his coun-try, And the old red, white and

say, Be brave and do not sigh, And I will come back bye and bye:  
blue, Both night and day I yearn, I pray and pray for his re- turn:

Chorus.

My sweet-heart is far a-cross the o-c-ean, My sweet-heart is

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some-where in France, When he whis-pered "Good - bye" I

tried not to cry, Be - cause he said "I'm ta - king a sol - dier's

chance? Could I see him I'd tell him that I love him, And I'd put all my

*p-f*

heart in one fond glance, Ev - 'ry night I say a pray'r For the boy who's o - ver

there, My sweet-heart is some-where in France. My