

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY'S **NEW SONG**

YOUR LIPS ARE NO MAN'S LAND BUT MINE

A REAL ROMANTIC
WAR BALLAD



WORDS BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS BOOK
"OVER THE TOP"

MUSIC BY
CHAS. R. McCARRON
AND
CAREY MORGAN



SUNG IN
THE COMEDY
**"PACK UP
YOUR
TROUBLES"**

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"OVER THE TOP"

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*Yours -
Arthur Guy Empey.*

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Moderato

Piano

At a dock a trans-
port was rock-ing,
As the boat sailed out thro' the chan-nel,

Ev-'ry chap from his cap to his stock-ing,
With two flags she had made out of flan-nel,

mf

Dressed From to the "Kill" pier To kill old Kais-er Bill;
She wig-wagged "Good-bye, dear"

On the pier a dear lit-tle girl-ie, With her tear-dimmed eyes Time to
Pret-ty soon he wig-wagged an an-swer, And the code she read From her

go Whist-les blow "Au Re-voir" her Sweet-heart cries:
boy Ship a-hoy This is what the wig-wag said:

poco rit.

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CHORUS

poco rit. *a tempo*

I'm com - ing back some day when the fray is ov - er my

poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

dar - ling. I know you'll be true, dear So I'll nev - er be

blue, dear, A - cross the foam in No - Man's

land I'll soon be fight - ing But I know your lips are

cresc. *f*

no man's land but mine I'm com - ing

poco rit. *sfz*

8.....