

WHEN WE REACH THAT OLD PORT SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

WORDS BY
AL. SELDEN
MUSIC BY
SAM. H. STEPT



AS SUNG BY
ANNA CHANDLER

Charles Peyton, N.Y.C.

A.J. Stasmy Music Co.

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BARBELLE

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Tempo di marcia, moderato

PIANO

Voice

See this lit-tle let-ter in my hand,
Tho' they dou-ble cross'd us you'll a-gree,

Till voice

p

It's a sum-mons to serve my na-tive land Tho' it grieves me dear-ie to my
Still you know we have wait-ed pa-tient-ly They all know how strong we are to -

heart,
day; There is noth-ing left to do so sweet-heart we must part:
Time has come when Un-cle Sam will make the Kais-er pay:

poco rit.

CHORUS

I'm off to - day on a ship that sails a - way And it's bound for some port, some-where in

p-f

France. Dear-ie don't cry, I will be back by-and-bye, When it's all o - ver
Cheer up dear girl, Yank-ee boys are loy-al all, If the Ger-mans get

there, and with France our debt is squared, When with Ger - man - y we're through We'll hoist the
gay, we'll make them hail U. S. A., We'll make Kais-er Bill shed tears For what he's

old Red, White and Blue; So good-bye old pal, I'll be think-ing of you
done these past few years; For we'll call their bluff, and we'll make them yell e -

gal, When we reach that old port, some-where in France.
nough,