My Little Service Flag Has Seven Stars

Lyric by STANLEY MURPHY

Moderato

When the cruel war came over us I was in the Ziegfeld chorus With a
I don't mind if days are meat-less But the subways always seat-less And on

John for ev'ry evening in the week Ev'ry night some little Chap-pie Did his
John-less nights we all go home that way Wine-less meals of cheese and crackers With a

best to make me happy I was in the seventh heaven so to speak But then the country
lot of spine-less slackers are-pit just the things to make a girl-le gay But when the cruel

called her boys to war And all my Johns' were true blue to the core
war is o'er you'll see My generals come marching home to me

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CHORUS

Billy's busy drillin' in the infantry
Artie's in the aviation

Fred's out there with the field artillery
Franky's fighting

on a foreign shore
Tommy's on a tank out on the western front
Joe and Jerry

both are jolly tars
I'm so lonesome it's a pity
But I've done my little

"bit-ty" And my little service flag has seven stars

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THE FOOD YOU SAVE IN YOUR KITCHEN GOES TO THE SOLDIERS' MESS AT THE FRONT
So my love came today, For one wonderful day, Came like meteor flame, But to hasten away, And to leave me a memory alone.

REFRAIN

Ah my love of a day, My love of a day, My found love, My lost love, As snowflakes that rest, A
space on the breast Of o-cean, then van-ish a-way. Ah, my

love of a day, One won-der-ful day, My first love, My

last love, All my soul to you flies, With my last Good-

byes, Ah, fare-well, fleet-ing love of a day.