

They Are Helping to Win the Day

Sweet eyes of blue has my lassie fair,
Dear eyes of grey my laddie,
Oft lights gleam in those eyes of grey,
Remind me of his daddy.
Eyes that bespeak of the violets,
So tender and kind and true;
But days have come when I sit alone
And long for eyes of blue.

CHORUS:

His King and country called we need you,
He answered without delay,
Out in the trenches he is fighting,
For freedom and home to-day;
And blue eyes heard the call to duty,
Nursing the boys far away,
Who fell on the great field of battle,
They are helping now to win the day.

Gone to the war and I sit alone
On by-gone days I'm dwelling,
In gathering shades I can see them still,
And oft I hear them calling.
Two tiny tots have stood side by side,
Painted on memory's page;
Never grown dim tho the birds have flown
Empty and lone the cage.
Dear land of dreams when the night shades fall,
Its spell around me weaving;
Visions I see of dear long ago,
For white robed tots I'm grieving.
I kneel and pray that the war will cease
For grey eyes and blue eyes fair;
Patter of feet in the silent hall,
But echoes alone are there.

