

2 Your Lips Are No Man's Land But Mine

Words by
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Music by
CHAS. R. MC CARRON
& CAREY MORGAN

Moderato

Piano

f

mf

poco rit.

At a dock a transport was rock-ing, Ev-'ry chap from his cap to his stock-ing,
As the boat sailed out thro' the chan-nel, With two flags she had made out of flan-nel,
Dressed to the "Kill" To kill old Kais-er Bill;
From the pier 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:

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THIS IS THAT SENSATIONAL HIT THEY SING AND DANCE TO FROM
COAST TO COAST

(SONG)

INDIA

Chief Bug-a-boo was a red-man who, Heard the call of war— (aw— aw—)

Two
Worth
On You

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CHORUS

poco rit. *a tempo*

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

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.

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

1 *poco rit.* 2

poco rit. *sfz*

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ANOLA (FOX-TROT)

GET A COPY TO-DAY AND PLAY IT FOR YOUR FRIENDS

Swift to the tent of his love he went, Sigh-ing for his lit - tle In - dian - o - la
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