We'll Take Care Of You All.
(The Little Refugees)

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by JEROME KERN.

Marcia.

There's a land far away, That's the world's protegé, And it struggle of kings, Where the black Eagle's wings, Have ob-

calls to us way over there, And who scoured the fair light of the sun, There the

ever is wrong, or who ever is right, We all eyes of a child, and the voice of a child, With all
Pity it's grief and despair, there the smiles and laughter are done,

Poor wanderer from the homes that are gone, there is fault of their own it is they who atone;

Children whose fate we deplore, homeless and starving today.

Pale faces haunt us, they need us; they want us, Those our arms we'll take them and happy we'll make them; The
sad little waifs of the war.

Boys and

Refrain.
girls girls and boys, Our hearts go

out to you, Let us be your mothers, and your

sisters and your brothers till your skies again are
Let us dry your tears and let us soothe your fears! with heart and voice we call,

"Come little children, come over the sea, and we'll take care of you all!" Boys and all."

5104-4 We'll Take Care etc.