

We'll Take Care Of You All.

(The Little Refugees)

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.Music by
JEROME KERN.

Marcia.

VOICE. 

Piano. 

land far a - way, That's the world's pro - te - ge, — And it
strug - gle of kings, Where the black Ea - gle's wings, — Have ob -

calls to us way — ov - er there, — And who
scured the fair light — of the sun, — There the

ev - er is wrong, — or who ev - er is right, — We all
eyes of a child, — and the voice of a child, — With all



pi - ty its grief — and des - pair, — There the
smiles and with laugh - ter are done, — For no

poor wan - der on from the homes that are gone, — There are
fault of their own it is they who a - tone; — They are

child - ren whose fate — we de - plore. — Their
home - less and starv - ing to - day. — To

pale fac - es haunt us, they need us; they want us, Those
our arms we'll take them and hap - py we'll make them; The

sad lit - tle waifs — of the war. — Boys and
world's lit - tle play - mates are they. —

Refrain.

girls — girls and boys, — Our hearts go

out to you, — Let us be your moth-ers, and your

sis - ters and your broth - ers till your skies a - gain are


blue, ——— Let us dry your tears — and let us



sooth your fears! — with heart and voice we call, ———



— “Come lit - tle child - ren, come ov - er the sea, and



we'll take care of you all.” ——— Boys and all.” ———

