MAR 30 1918

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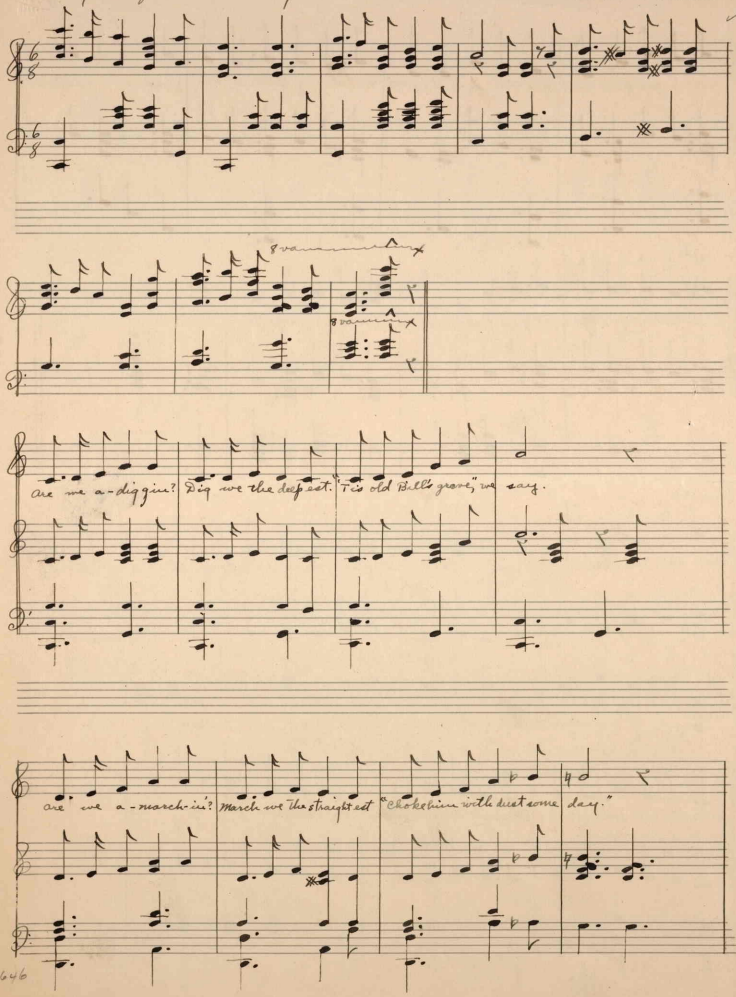
The Record Busters

Words + Music by
J. C. O'Neill.

Briskly as for marching men.



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.O

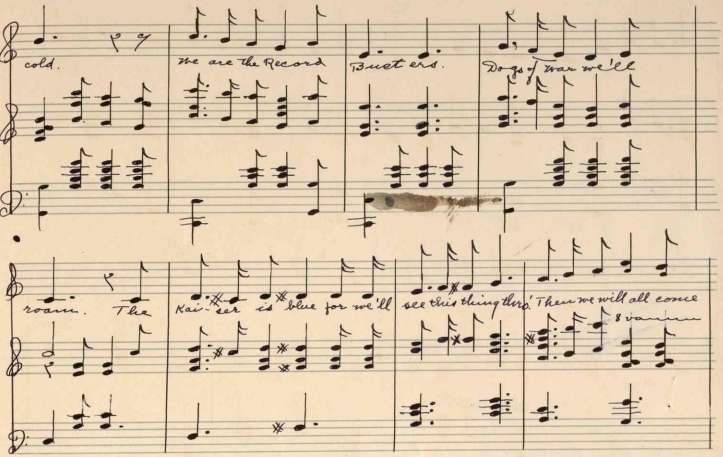
are we pre-par-in'? Do-in' our share? With out an-y feathers or fuss It's We'll

make this war end you bet your last friend, It's cer tain ly up to us.

Chorus

We are the Record Bust-ers We are the Bear Cats Bold We'll

polish our gun for a shot at the Hun. We'll see that his feet grow



2nd. Stanza

Is it Old Glory,
We see a-wavin'
Over our heads on high?
Is it our sweethearts
For us a-waitin'
Where we have said goodbye?
Is it our manhood
Loyal and free
Till Kaiser would drag in the dust?
We'll see him in — France.
He's lost his last chance.
We'll break thro' his line or bust.

Chorus.

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