

DEC 26 1918

DON'T DO YOUR BIT  
DO YOUR  
DAMNDEST.....

WORDS  
AND  
MUSIC  
BY

C. H. WHEATLEY

ARRANGED  
BY

N. A. KRANTZ

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# Don't Do Your Bit Do Your Damndest

Words & Music by  
C. H. WHEATLEY

*Boldly*

There's a boy we all love fond-ly who left  
While the war clouds spue and thun-der and our

when the call said come! Cheer up! I'll re-turn he whispered as moth-er was blessing her  
boys stay firm and true How loud-ly we sing our Anthem but what are we go-ing to

*Expression*

son, He's gone where the earth is heav- ing and the lil- y's stain-ing  
do? We rise as we wave Old Glo- ry, we cheer and lei- sure-ly

*mp*

red; Just from the front his mes- sage comes, and to us at home he said:  
sit, Hark! there's the call from our own boys that each one here do his bit-

CHORUS

*poco*

Don't do your bit do your damndest, the bucks passed up to you Our lost lie

*poco* *cresc.* *f*

sleep-ing, whole na-tions weep-ing, it's your turn to come through Be a

*ff*

sport and stay right with us and we'll stick 'till judg-ment day But we'll

cop the Kais-ers bonnet, then we'll stamp these words up-on it Re-modelled

by the U. S. A.

*ff*

# One Dollar Down

Words and Music by  
C. H. WHEATLEY

## CHORUS

One dol - lar down a lit - tle each month, That's all you have to do..... For a  
high silk lid or a wife and kid Then give your I. O. U..... One U.....

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# From Berlin To Donegal

Words & Music by  
C.H. WHEATLEY  
Arr. by N. A. Krantz

Rattle the drums! "Schrecklichkeit" comes!  
He's stepping off to Ireland with his decorated sons  
Tread lightly o'er the North Sea now keep both feet in the air  
And have a private talk with "Gott" while we send up a prayer  
To keep your feet from sunken mines, Saints save you from a fall  
We want to see you goose-step from Berlin to Donegal:

Terrible foe! Hush-a-bye-low!  
You'll never know your Empire when from Ireland back you go  
The German fraus will greet you "Ach machree-you're looking fine"  
Come see the little shamrocks all along the river Rhein,  
Here's Ballyduff there's Killybegs Tralee and Enniscall  
So hot-foot with your goose-step from Berlin to Donegal:

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