SEP 16 1918 ©CLE431024 Q.

"WHEN WE REACH BERLIN"

Song

Poem and Copyright by C. C. McKinley, 1324 12th Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

Music by

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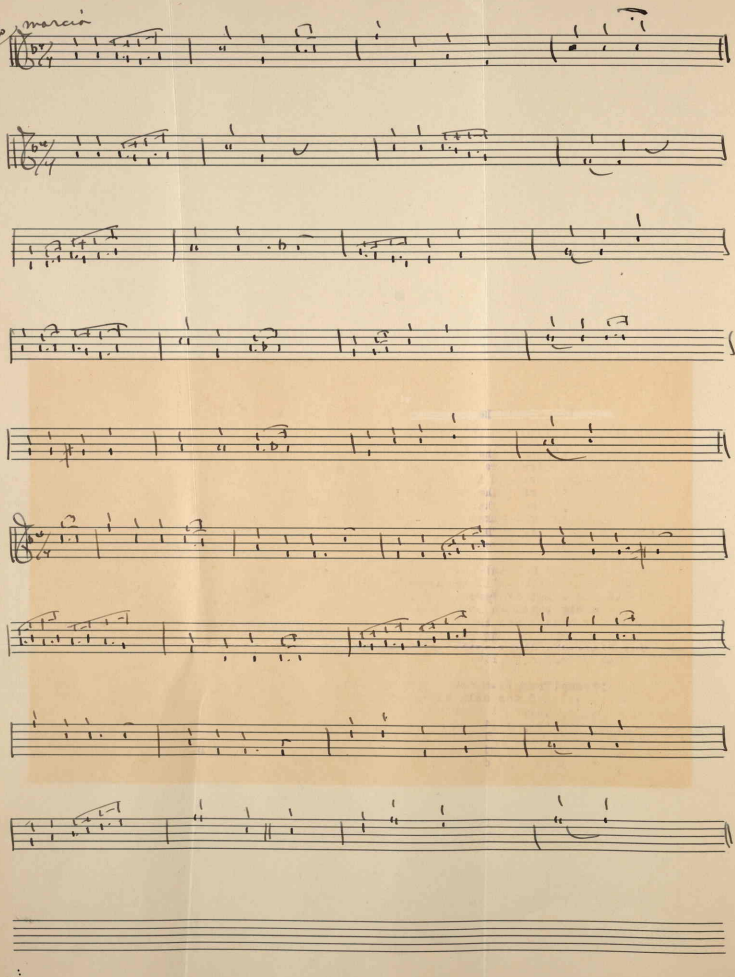
Futes
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[redacted] "When We Reach Berlin"

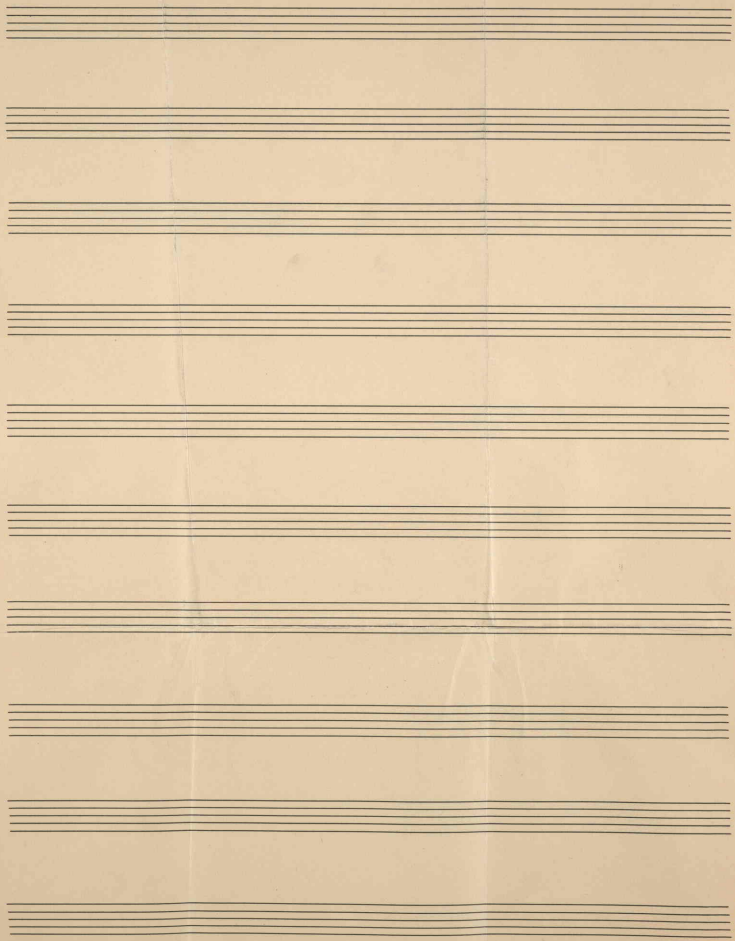
C.C.McKinley.

1

Tramp!Tramp!Tramp! the Yanks are marching--
  Sure,our hearts are light and gay;
We've safely crossed the deep blue ocean,
  To help to drive the Huns away;
Believe us,we're fighting for our Uncle--
  And the thought makes us smile and grin--
For he'll surely be"Delighted"
  When he hears we'vereached Berlin.

CHORUS.

When we reach Berlin!when we reach Berlin!
  Oh me;oh my!there'll be an awful din!
We'll see a lot of "pretzels" all tied up in a knot;
  And a big bunch on each corner,crying"Ach,Mein Gott!"
From the Houses and the buildings and
  From ev'ry blooming inn,
Our Flag--Old Glory--will be floating--
  When we reach Berlin.

2

Tramp!Tramp!Tramp!the Yanks are marching;
  We have heard the call of France;
Of England,Italy and Belgium,
  We're willing,yes,to take a chance!
The River Rhine,we'll soon be crossing,
  To present"Bill" with a "crown" of tin;
Yes,we'll crown the dear old Kaiser, on the day we reach Berlin.