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On The Firing Line.

Words & Music by
Fred M. Casler.

We're a - way to that fir - ing line, — Far a -
And when our boys go marck - ing way, — But these

way to that fir - ing line, — Where the Stars and
words you will hear them say, — We will fight shoul -

Stripes are flow - ing, — Where the bu - gles they are call - ing us
der to shoul - der, With Rus - sia, Bel - gum, Eng - land and

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No. 10 – 12 lines.

high, — It will make no diff-rence to me, — If we
France, — While the Ger-mans have not a chance — And the

fight on land or sea, — We will go to war to win, And will
great war it is o'er, — And on boys come sail-ing home, Un-cle

fight—though thick and thin, Far a-way on that fir-ing line. —
Sam-my will greet them, When they reach that at-lan-tic shore. —

We're on our way to that fir-ing line, — Far a-

way on that fir-ing line, — There we have ma-ny a

con-rade, And these words they have re-plied, — When you

hear those bul-lets sing, — Then it's time for us to be-

gin, — To hal-loo and shout, To hal-loo and shout

Carl Fischer, New York.
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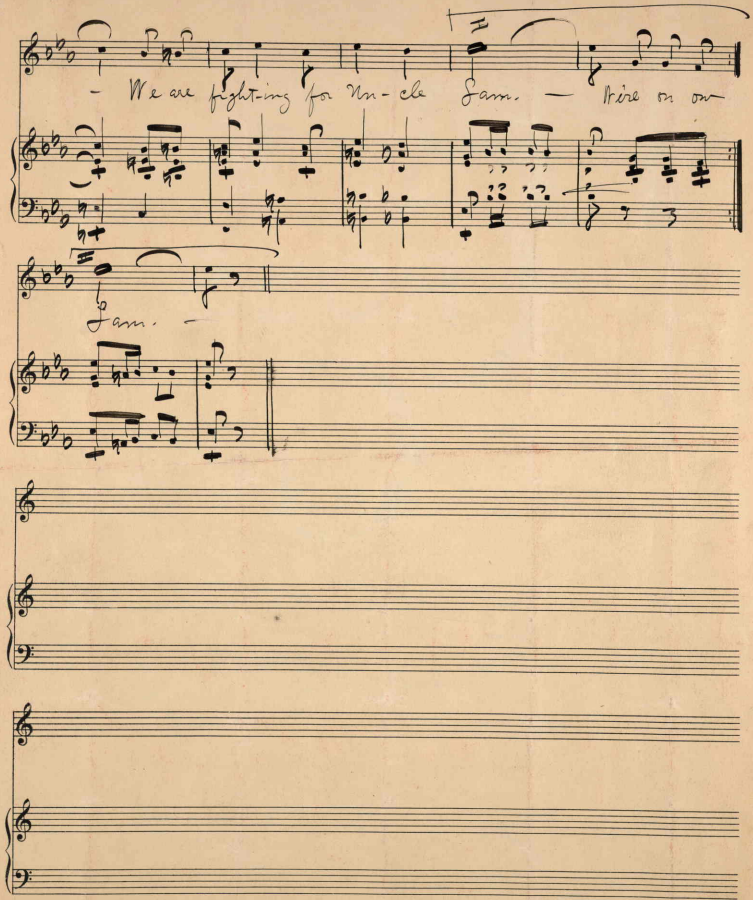

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