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JUL 13 1918

OH MISTER BIRDMAN

SONG

Words and Music
by
BERTHA READE FIKE

Price 50 cents

Published by
THE COMPOSER
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

M1646
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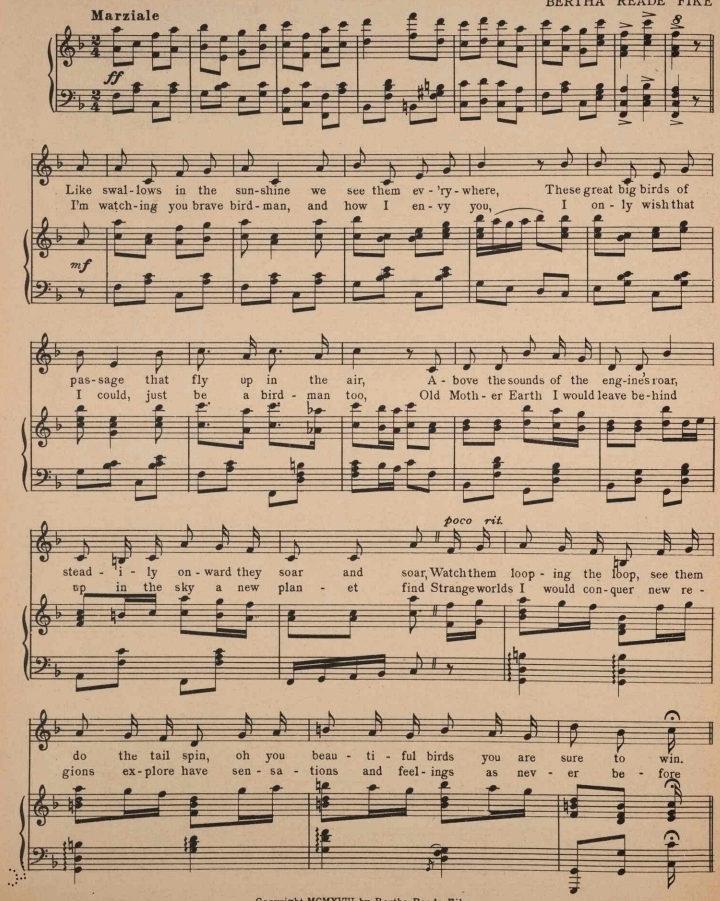

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CHORUS

Oh Mis-ter Bird - man! please let me fly with you Oh come and

mf

take me, up in the sky so blue, O - ver the

tree-tops, and o - ver the hills, Fill me with rap-ture and give me all the

thrills, Up-ward and on - ward a-bove all sor-did things It's great to trav - el,

with such a pair of wings Oh it's sim-ply fine, just like

drink-ing rare old wine, To go high-er, high-er, with a "Fli - er" up in the air.

THE BATTLE CRY ON TO VICTORY

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CHORUS

On on on to vic-to-ry On on

fz *fz* *fz*

on to Ger-man-y, For we're nev-er going to stop till we clamber o'er the top, Till we

land in Ger-man-y; Strike strike

Drs. *fz* *fz*

strike for lib-er-ty, Down down down with tyr-an-ny, Ev'-ry man will get a

fz *fz*

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