

AUG - 8 1918

Stick Forever or Win
 Words & Music by
 Chas. H. Horton.

marcia

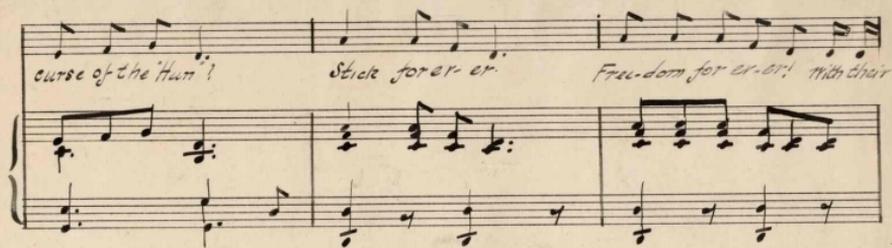
our gallant lads are fighting amid their
 Belgian like they made a clann of

Bel-lish, brut-al, strife - Are fighting for our loved ones, Mothers,
 Ras-sia in this war. Their twin, daugh-ters are not half baked, their

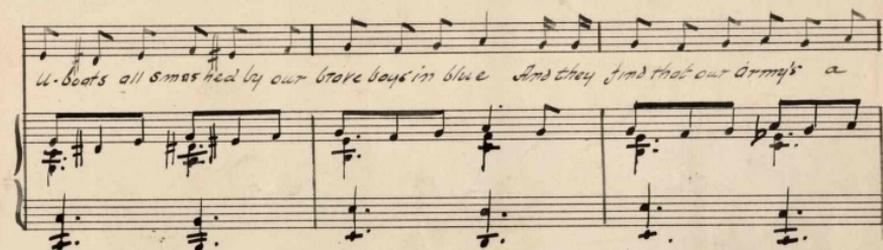
Sis-ter Sweetheart; wife Shall this land meet the fate of Bel-gium,
 None is al-ways raw - Their wait-ing for a Bal-er that will

Copyright 1918 by Chas. H. Horton.

curse of the Hun? Sticks for er-er. Free-dom for er-er! With cheer



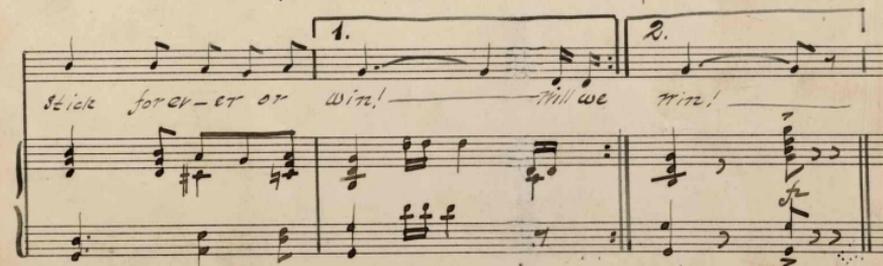
U-boats all smashed by our brave boys in blue And they find that our army's a

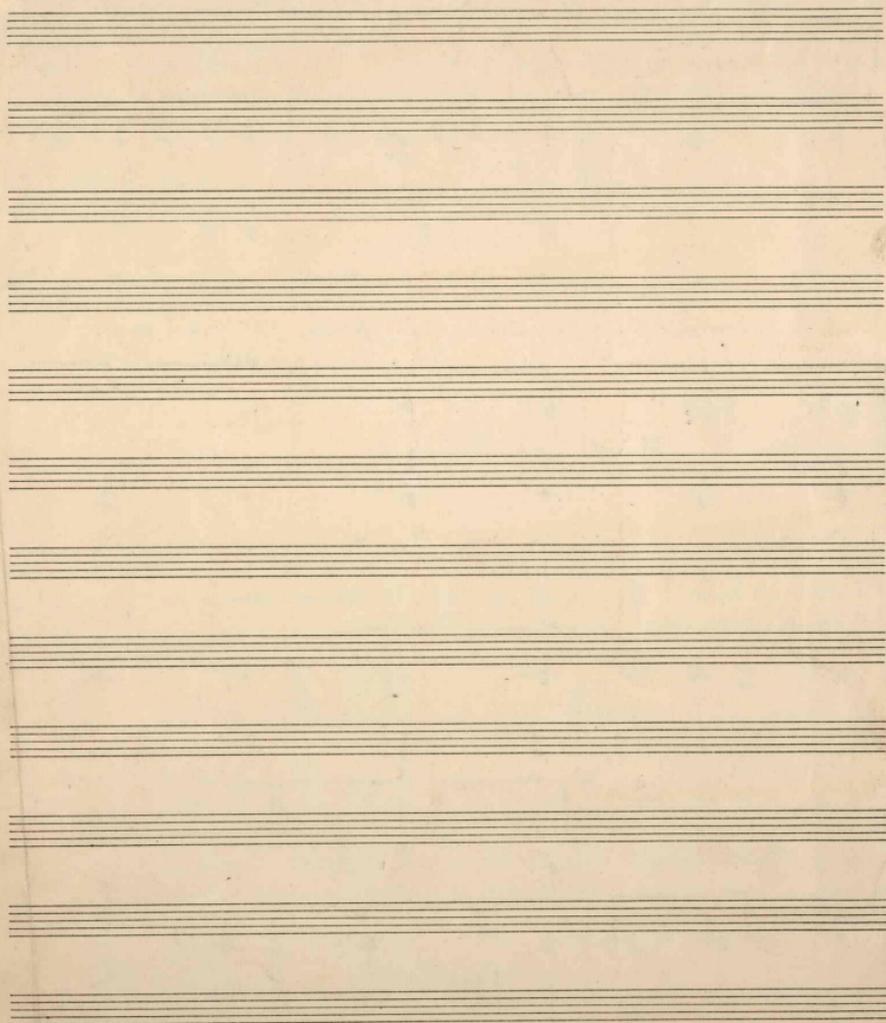


hot pot of glue We'll route out those Limburgers then we'll say "cheer!"



Sticks for er-er or win! ——— Will we win!





Here's another Mince Pie Song. The time is not far distant. (To the Air of Son of a Sausage Maker).

Germany's the land of great efficiency, the Huns feel sure that they know how to fight
The sun just rises and sets in the Kaiser, he thinks he's God Almighty, Am I right?
The reason of this egotism is their heads ^{are} swelled with scraps of paper and pigs' feet
Sauer craut, pretzels, beer, limburger cheese but for sausages, the Huns they can't be beat.

Chorus

The time is not far distant there'll be a brand new story
Their heads can swell up till they crack, they'll never beat Old Glory
And with Italy, England, France and other noble Ally help
We'll wallop those sons of sausage makers till they yelp, yelp, yelp.

Germany's the land of noble kultur and with their huge jokes they make the world the butt
Killing helpless babes and women is their hobby, if that is Kultur, God make me a mutt
They thought that they could build a block of Zeppelins to travel eighty miles beyond the moon
If they'll all get in, go up there and bust, now if they'll start right away, twon't be too soon.

Chorus

The time is not far distant there'll be a brand new story
Their heads can swell up till they crack, they'll never beat Old Glory
And our boys will be like red hot irons as on Berlin they glide
and stamp the brand of the Lusitania on their hide, hide, hide.