

MAY -7 1915

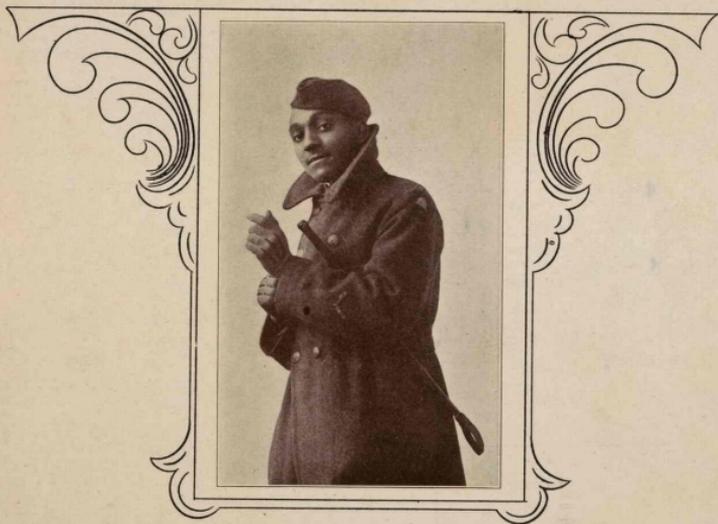
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Dedicated to Officers and Men of the Old 8th. Regt

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THE SHRAPNEL BLUES

— FOX TROT SONG —



Marcus F. Slayter ^{by} and Marion Lee Bell

Published by
SLAYTER & BELL
CHICAGO

M
1646
.B

THE SHRAPNEL BLUES

By MARCUS F. SLAYTER
& MARION LEE BELL

VAMP

If you should ever go on the Soiss-ons
Now one morn-ing 'bout half past

front, — In the trench-es where all the men wished for bunks, — You will no - tice if you stop and lis-ten
three, — In front of my post I could see, — A snip-per who was prow-ling a round just to

on this front our boys sure raise the dick-en One night while in dug out num-ber three — A quar-tet-to-was sing-ing with
see if our boys were on the look out job The French sar-gent on watch with me said go get him and bring him to

glee — When a shrap-nel struck the door, they thought the fun was o'er But now they've got the lat-est craze. —
me — Now I look up with a smile and said just wait a while Not me for I no com- pre. —

CHORUS *p-f*

For when the shells be-gin to fall all a-round

p-f *f 8va lower*

And you hear the can-non sound, _____ If the men a-round you fall and you

p-f *p-f*

hear your part-ners call, That's the shrap-nel blues _____ If a French-man should pass your post _____ Cry-ing

a - loy toot sweet mit now. _____ You know you went oer the top and with a hap-py shout you had the

shrap-nel blues on your mind and that's the rea-son I scream we broke the Hin-den-burg line. _____ For when the line. _____

f

