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OUR BUGLES NEVER SOUND RETREAT

By

L. A. ORVIS

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CHICAGO

Our Bugles Never Sound Retreat

L. A. ORVIS

Marcia

f

The Yanks are go - ing, O see them go! Our guns are mow-ing the bru - tal foe, Their
The Huns are run - ning, O see them run! The Yanks are gunning, but not for fun, A -

mp

ranks are fall - ing like ri - pened grain, Our bu - gles call-ing just one re - frain.
gain we're fight-ing for lib - er - ty, The wrongs we're right-ing to make men free.

Now we are squaring our debt to France, The trumpets are blar-ing ad - vance, ad-vance. To the
So keep on go - ing, you're do - ing fine, And now do some mov-ing a - cross the Rhine. The

mp

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Al - lies' ears it is mu - sic sweet, For our bu - gles nev-er sound re - treat.
ty - rant soon must meet de - feat, For our bu - gles nev-er sound re - treat.

CHORUS

No! Our bu - gles nev - er sound re-treat; They nev - er have and

mp – f

will not now; In fact the bu - glers don't know how. For - ward, hear the

marching feet What's the use to know it, If we nev - er

blow it. Our bu-gles nev - er sound re - treat. treat.

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