OCT -9 1918
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Yanks on the firing line.

music by Percy Shelton.

Tempo di Marcia.

1.- You Kuns better run the Yanks are on the firing line To float old.
2.- The com-mand they a-wait and with a cheer they make the drive, That will

Glo-ry on the breeze: — They're the boys you've heard so
take them o'er the Rhine, — Then they'll plant old Glo-ry

much a-bout, from the land of Lib-er-ty, — We have
in Ber-lin Oh, boys won't that be fine. — You can

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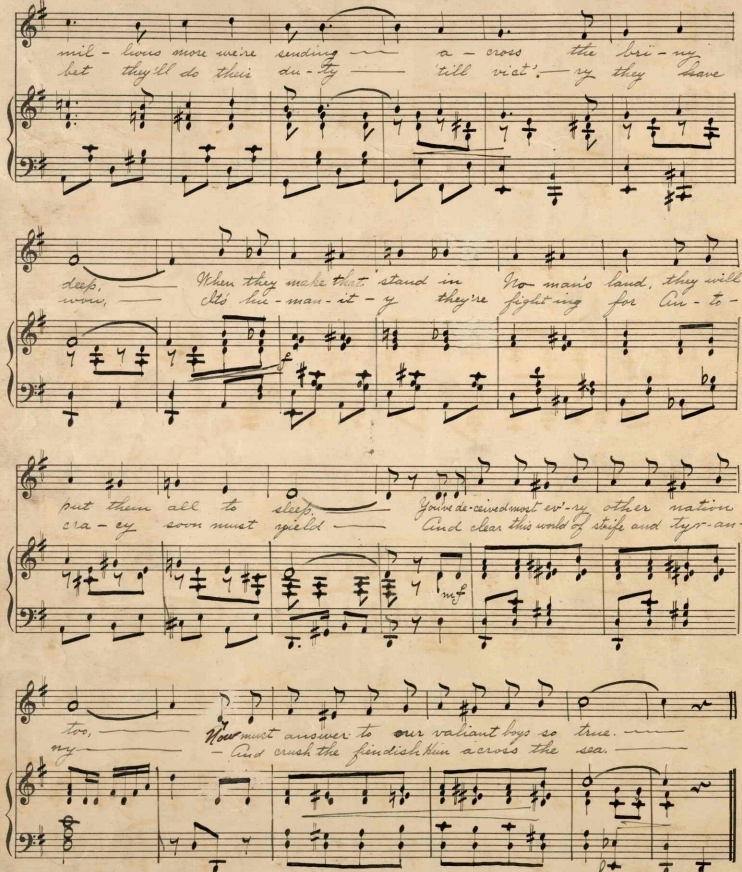
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.



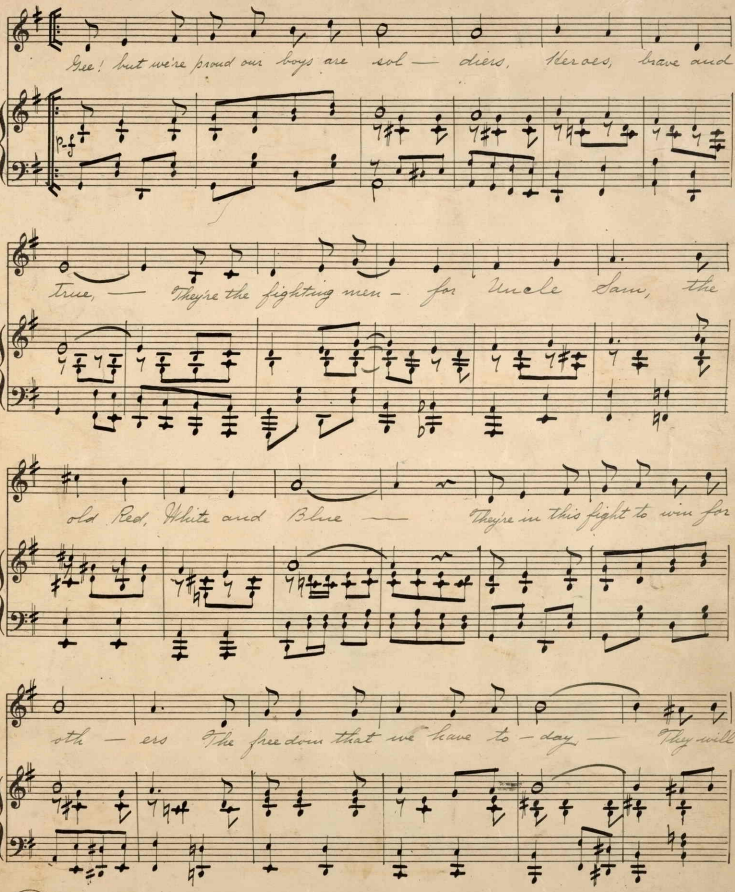
mil - lions more we're sending — a - cross the bri - ny
bet they'll do their du - ty — 'till vict' - ry they have

deep, — When they make that stand in No - man's land, they will
won, — It's hu - man - it - y they're fight ing for An - to -

put them all to sleep, — You've de - ceived most ev' - ry other nation
cra - cy soon must yield — And clear this world of strife and tyr - an -

too, — Now must answer to our valiant boys so true. —
ny — And crush the fiendish Him across the sea. —

Chorus:



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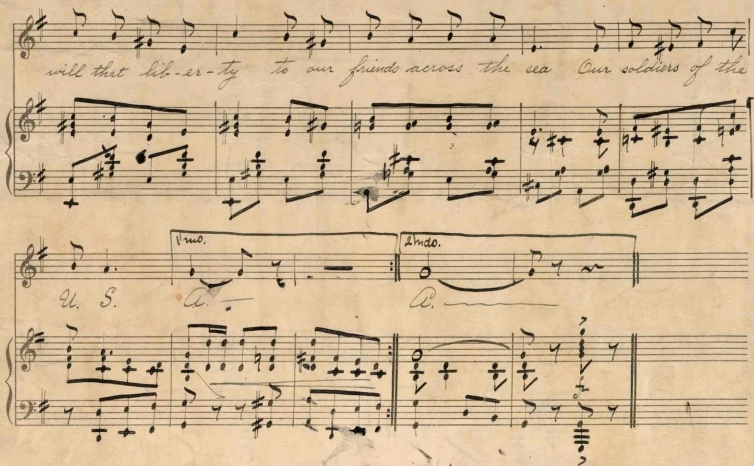
Words by Percy Shelton and Oakley Clarence Shelton
Music by Percy Shelton
Arranged by Otto A. Mersy



 Shelton Bros.