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JUN 28 1918

"MARCHING THRO' BERLIN"

SONG

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY ROB'T. A. McMAHON, 242 W. 4th S.
PROVO, UTAH

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWNE,
790 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

M1646
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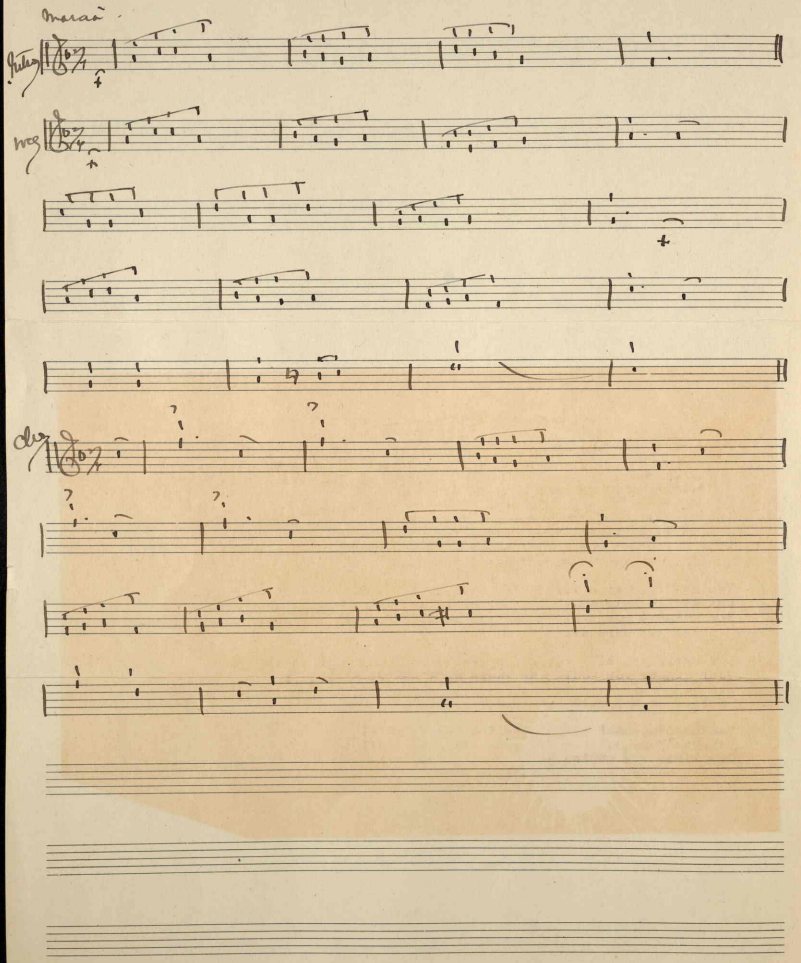
marcia
Fiutes
Vcg
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"Marching Through Berlin" By Rob't. A. McMahon.

now,

1

Here we come--you murd'rous Huns-- we're coming after you!
Our Flag that stands for "Right is Right" we'll carry proudly through;
We'll crush your Kultur and we'll break your fighting spirit, too;
While we are marching through Berlin.

2

Oh, we have come across the sea, to meet you face to face;
And we will fight yo man to man for we're a human race;
Your wives and babies we'll not harm--no women we'll disgrace--
While we are marching through Berlin.

3

You have prepared for fifty years, this great big world to rule;
But little Belgium--bless her heart!--with her you could not fool;
The mothers and their babes you've killed--that was your Golden Rule--
While you were dreaming of Paris.

4

But Paris you will never see, tho nerve you had to say;
Your dinner you would eat there on a sunny April day;
Red Hot Stuff we will serve you, brought right from the U. S. A.,
While we are marching through Berlin.

CHORUS.

Yah-hee! Yah-hah! we'll make the Kaiser roar;
Yah-hee! Yah-hah! his dreaming days are o'er;
Our wives and xxxxxx babes from terror shall be free forevermore--
That's why we're marching to Berlin.

No. 10.
ART BRAND

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