On The Firing Line.  
Words & Music by  
Fred M. Casden.

We're a-way to that firing line,  
And when our boys go marching on,

way to that firing line,  
words you will hear them say,

Strike are down to flow-ing,  
Where the bro-ads they are call-ing to

Carl Fischer, New York.  
No. 10-12 lines.
It will make no difference to me
If we

And the

fight on land or sea,
Prep we will go to war for him.
And will

fight though thick and thin. Far a-

And our conscription home, Uncle

We're on our way to that firing line.

Far a-
way on that firing line, — Here we have many a comrade, and these words they have replied, — When you hear those bugles sing, — Then it's time for us to begin, — Do to bugles and shrill, do to hoo and short.