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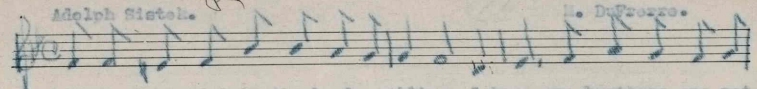
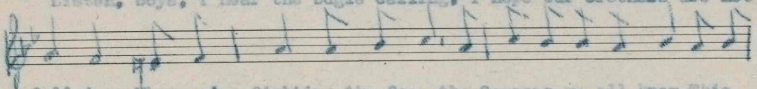
A BIRD MAN'S LAST FLIGHT.

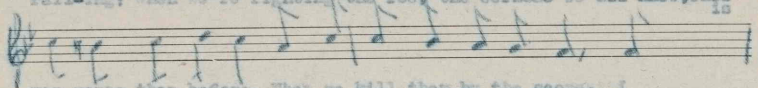
Adolph Sistek. M. DuFrerre.



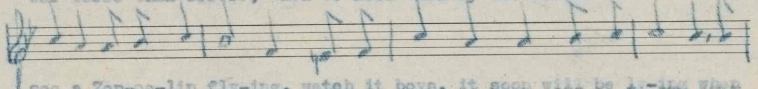
Listen, boys, I hear the bugle calling, I hope our brothers are not



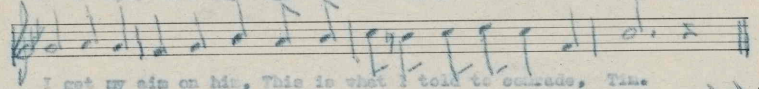
fall-ing: When we're fighting the foe, the Germans we all know, This is



war worse than before, When we kill them by the score. I

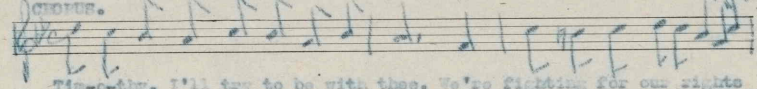


see a Zep-pe-lin fly-ing, watch it boys, it soon will be ly-ing when

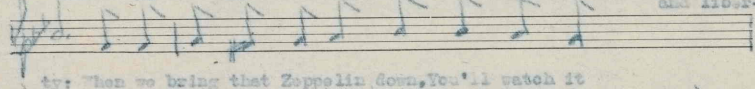


I get my aim on him, This is what I told to comrade, Tim.

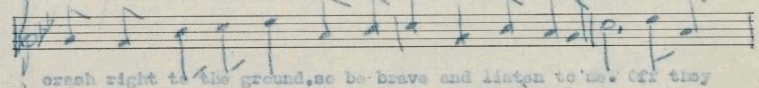
CHORUS.



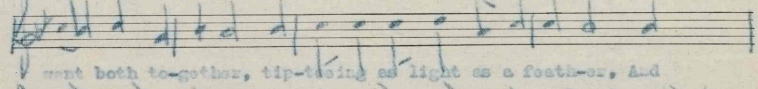
Tim-o-thy, I'll try to be with thee, We're fighting for our rights and liber-



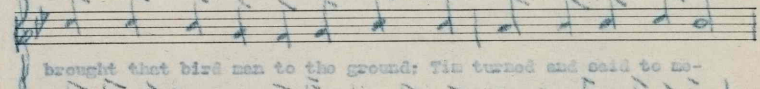
ty: When we bring that Zeppelin down, You'll watch it



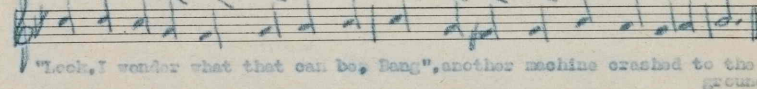
crash right to the ground, so be brave and listen to me. Off they



went both to-gether, tip-toeing as light as a feath-er, And



brought that bird man to the ground: Tim turned and said to me-



"Look, I wonder what that can be, Bang", another machine crashed to the ground.

(2)

Listen boys, I surely brought him down,
Did you see it when it hit the ground?
Down it went o'er the hill did you see him take a spill,
We picked that German bird-man up,
I gave him a drink from my own cup.
Before he died he looked at me, and here's what he told me,
Brother, fight with all your might,
And he closed his eyes and died that night.

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