JAN 24 1918
©CLE415486

"On the firing line."

Words & Music by Michael Ferrar.

Modo

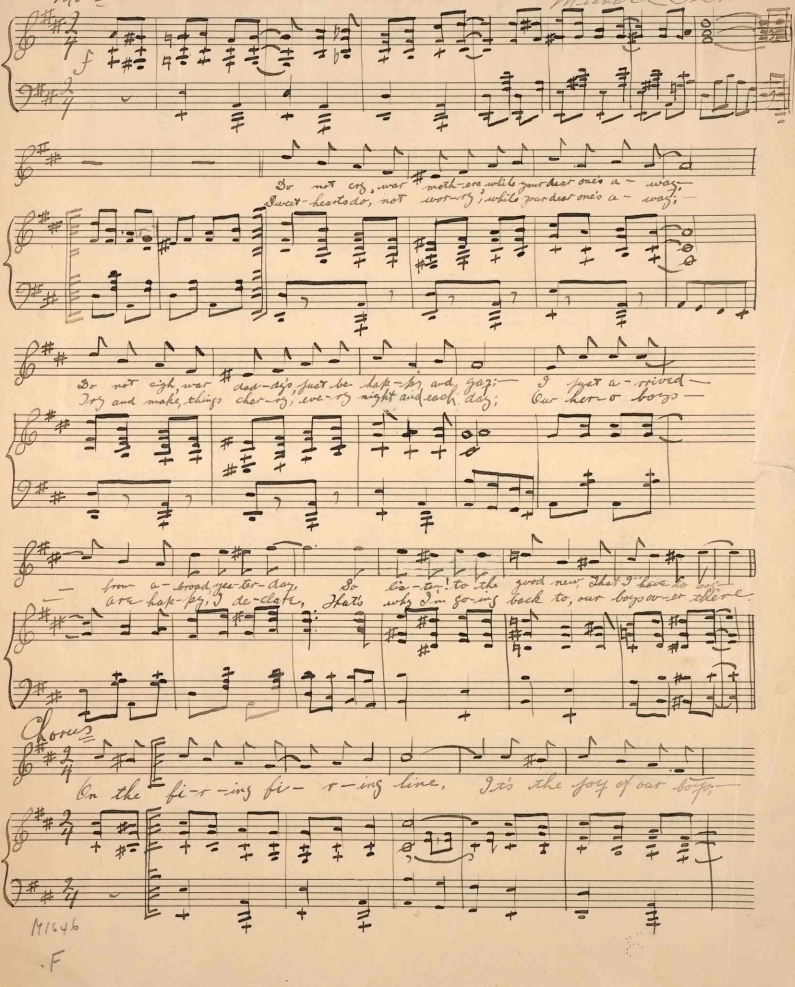
f

Do not cry, war moth-ers, while your dear one's a - way;
Sweet-hearts do, not wor-ry, while your dear one's a - way;

Do not sigh, war dad-dy's, just be hap-py and gay; I just a-rrived
Try and make, things cher-ry, eve-ry night and each day; Our her-o boys

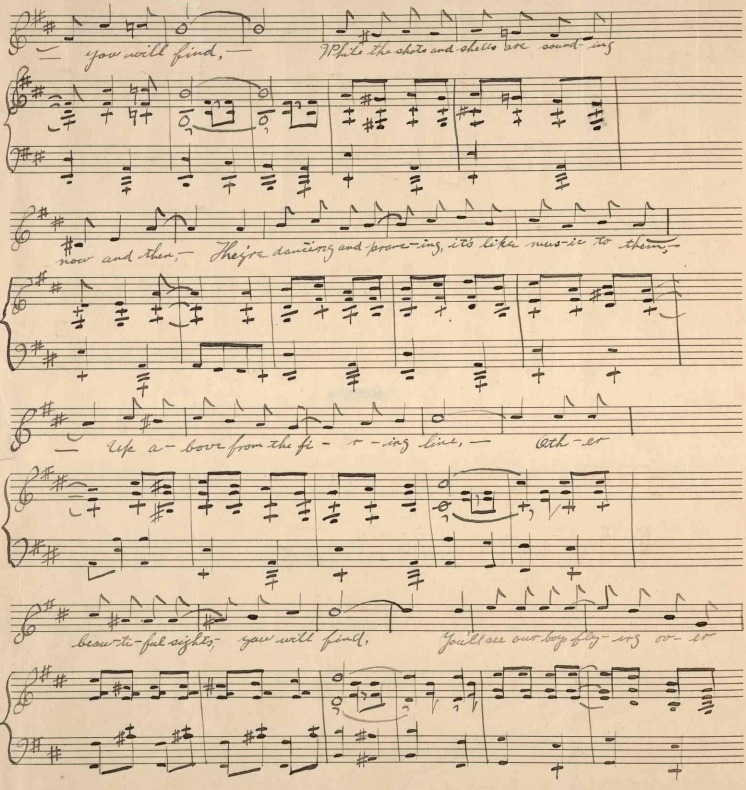
— brow a-broad yes-ter-day, So lis-ten! to the good new, That I have to say
are hap-py, I de-clare, That's why I'm go-ing back to, our boys ov-er there.

Chorus



On the fi-r-ing fi- r-ing line, It's the joy of our boys;

M1646
.F

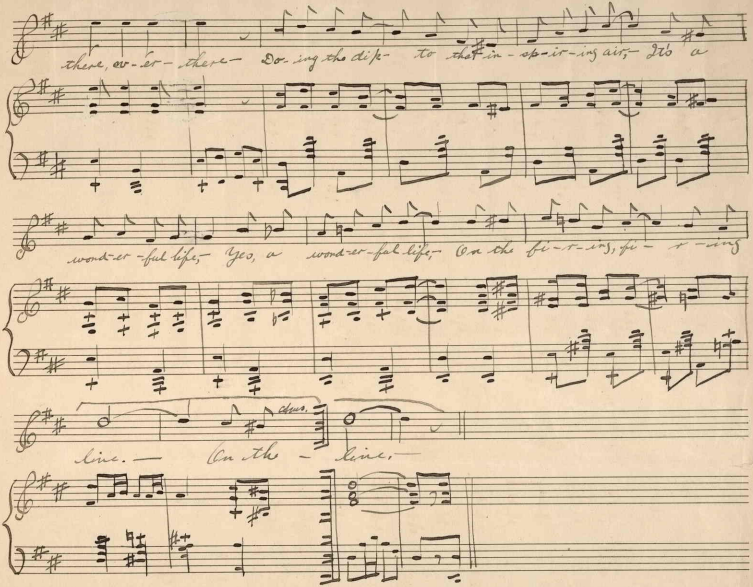


you will find, — While the shots and shells are sound-ing

now and then, — They're dancing and prance-ing, it's like mus-ic to them, —

Up a-bove from the fi-r-ing line, — Oth-er

beau-ti-ful sights, you will find, You'll see our boys fly-ing ov-er


there, ev-er there— Do-ing the dip- to that in-spir-ing air, It's a
wond-er-ful life, Yes, a wond-er-ful life, On the fly-ing, fly- ing
line. — On the — line.

No. 2
ART BRAND

Michael Serrao
177 Duffield St.
Bk'ln N.J.

424325