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When We Pull Off Our Last Big Stunt



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Words by
M. E. SHARTLE

Music by]
LEO FRIEDMAN

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March Time

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are written below the piano part, with some words in italics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe a group of men, including a 'Kai-ser Bill', who are pulling off a 'big stunt' and celebrating their success.

Well, we're go-ing to hear of vic-to-ries ~~we~~ *our* face shall shine, For we're go-ing to do some fight-ing
Now when the time for us shall come to have ~~our~~ *our* bi-lee, Fritz will sure ex-tend the glad-hand, be-
Tho it be midst tears for lost ones, we'll loud-ly shout ~~the~~ *the* drum-me-tum, We'll try to make some good old mus-ic

just as soon as we're in line, And we'll hit so near to "Kai-ser Bill" his hair will stand on end, Oh 'twill
cause he'll know that he is free, But we'd like to make the Kai-ser hap-py on that glor-ious day, So we'll
and we'll sure-ly beat the drum, For the Tommy and the Franz and the brave U. S. sol-diers too, Will be

be in vain, he'll look a-round to see some trust-y friend, For all the "pals" that he has known will be far
let him hunt some oth-er throne, with sub-jects he can flay, But the on-ly Au-to-crat-ic Government will
com-ing home to loved ones as we know they long to do, Oh we'll glad-ly meet each val-liant lad this side

a-way from the front, When we pull off our last big stunt.
be be-low the front, When we've pulled off our last big stunt.
of the West-ern front, When they've pulled off that last big stunt.

CHORUS

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Oh, my dear Frit-zi, broth-er, don't you get dis-cour-aged, Oh, For we soon shall win your free-dom as we

oft have promised you, For the Tommy and the Franz and the U. S. sol-diers too, Are all joined in heart and

hand, To our cause they will be true, Soon they'll meet in grande fi-na-le' on the bold Western front, And

when they do im here to say they'll pull off one big stunt, All the shots that there they fire, shall re-

sound thru-out the world, And the flag of peace in ev'-ry land shall quickly be un-furled. Oh there'll

be a jolly-fi-ca-tion more than merely at the front, When they've pulled off that last big stunt.

