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ALONG THE RHINE

By

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Along the Rhine

D.M. BLACKWAY AND GEORGE GWYTHIE

Allegretto moderato

Yes, sir my name is, Math-ew Ma-gee, I'll tell you on the square, In
But for-tunes ver-y fick-ly, She played strange pranks with me, She
Yes, a-long the Rhine we are ly-ing, Poor Fritz is down and out, You'd

in the Ar-my of Un-cle Sam, In old Pen-sy I was reared, — I
made of me a sol-dier and shipped me a-cross the sea, — I
nev-er hear his Ger-man song, He's filled with pain and doubt, — He

used to think when but a kid, Of where he'd get some time, — But
fought for that their free-dom, And I tell you it is fine, — But
may have had his dai-ly dream, Of where he'd get some-time, — But

gee I ne - ver thòt I'd sleep, A - long the Ger - man Rhine. —
 gee I ne - ver thòt I'd sleep, A - long the Ger - man Rhine. —
 gee he ne - ver thòt he'd see, Us Yanks a - long the Rhine. —

CHORUS

Tho' you see strange sights in for - eign lands, And some of them are great, — In

just a - long - ing to get back to Penn' old Key - stone state, — Some

day we'll all be mov - ing, Af - ter peace is signed, — And

leave the French and Eng - lish, to watch a - cross the Rhine. —

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