

DUNS (AUSTRALIAN Box)

This Song may be sung without Fee or License, except at Theatres and Music Halls.



Right on to Berlin we'll go!



Written and Adapted by Sgt.-Major WM. DUNS.

Author of "I've a Home in West Australia," "It's a Long Way to West Australia," etc.

SOLDIERS' CAMP SONGS,

Sung with Great Success at Blackboy Camp.

Right on to Berlin we'll go!

Allegro vivace.

Words by Sgt -Major WM. DUNS.

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *f* (forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is *Allegro vivace*. The lyrics are by Sgt-Major Wm. Duns. The score is divided into systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "One day bold Bill of Prussian fame, Made war on France; just one of his pranks; Said he'd smash the 'en-tente cor-di-ale' to bits, . . . That with mailed fist he'd sink our ships and send us in-to fits! But". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *f*, *mf*, *p*, and *sf*.

One day bold Bill

of Prussian fame, Made war on France; just one of his

pranks; Said he'd smash the "en-tente cor-di-ale" to bits, . . . That

with mailed fist he'd sink our ships and send us in-to fits! But

RIGHT ON TO BERLIN WE'LL GO!

Kai - ser Bill made one mis - take, He coun - ted not the

men the col - on - ies would send ; They sailed o - ver the seas to

join the fight, And Kai - ser Bill this song could hear them shout!

L.H.

CHORUS—

Right on to Ber - lin we'll go!

p-f

Right on to Ber - lin we'll go!

March a - long! march a - long, a mil - lion strong!

RIGHT ON TO BERLIN WE'LL GO!

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Fight with might! Fight with might to right a wrong!

Right on to Ber - lin we'll go,

Drum

hail, rain, or snow! . . . (Optional line) And if marching makes us ev - er we may

tired, think of all the towns they've fired, Right on to Ber - lin we'll
tire think of Kaiser Bill the li-ar,

1ST 2ND
go! Right on to go! sf >

VERSE II.

Kaiser Bill has had such a fright,
And now poor Fritz goes into blue fits
Every time the "Allies" beat him back,
He kicks his toes, turns up his nose, and says "Mine
Gott is slack."

Poor old Bill, you'll crow no more,
We'll take you well in hand, we're marching to
your land.
Get your crown and your harp and sing this song,
We're marching on to Berlin with the dawn.
—Chorus.