

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 *Allegro vivace*. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings *f* and *sf*. The vocal melody enters in the second system, with lyrics: "One day bold Bill". The piano accompaniment continues with a *mf* dynamic. The third system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "of Prussian fame, Made war on France; just one of his". The piano part features a *sf* dynamic. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "pranks; Said he'd smash the 'en-tente cor-diale' to bits, That". The piano part features a *sf* dynamic. The fifth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics: "with mailed fist he'd sink our ships and send us in-to fits! But". The piano part features a *sf* dynamic. The score concludes with a final piano chord.

One day bold Bill

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

pranks; Said he'd smash the "en-tente cor-diale" 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!

CHORUS—

Right on to Ber - lin we'll go!

p-f

Drum

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,

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

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

1st go! Right on to 2nd 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.