Dedicated to the 17th Co. 18th P. T. R.
The Last Long Mile:
Plattsburg Marching Song, 1917.

Words and Music by
EMIL BREITENFELD, Co. 17.

March tempo.

Piano.

Oh they put me in the army and they handed me a pack, they
Some day they'll send us over and they'll put us in a trench, takin'

They took away my nice new clothes and doped me up in a pack; They
pot shots at the Fritz-ces with the Tom-mies and the French, And

marched me twenty miles a day to fit me for the war. I
some day we'll be marching through a town across the Rhine, and

T.B.H. Co. 24-3

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didn't mind the first nineteen but the last one made me sore:
then you bet we'll all forget these mournful words of mine: Oh it's

Chorus.

not the pack that you carry on your back, nor the

Spring-field on your shoulder, Nor the five inch crust of

Kha-ki colored dust that makes you feel your
limbs are growing older, And it's not the hike on the
hard turnpike, that wipes away your smile, Nor the
secks of sister's that raise the blooming blisters, It's the
last long mile. Oh it's mile!

T.B.H.Co. 34-3