

DEDICATED TO THE MEN OF THE AMERICAN FLEET

# WE'LL KNOCK THE HELIGO-INTO HELIGO OUT OF HELIGOLAND!



Words by  
**JOHN O'BRIEN**  
Music by  
**THEODORE MORSE**

POPULAR EDITION  
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Dedicated to the men of the American Fleet

# We'll knock the Heligo-Into Heligo-Out of Heligoland!

Words by  
JOHN O'BRIEN

Music by  
THEODORE MORSE

Composer of "Mother"

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here" etc.

Moderato

Not fast

bo - 'sn blew and a Yan - kee crew had stopped to hear him say: "My  
an - chor's hauled as the cap - tain called, The crew are stand - ing by, Each

lads, get un - der way, we're leav - ing port to day, Hoo - ray! We're  
man to do or die, when shells be - gin to fly, Good - bye! "We're

(shouted)

go - ing to meet the Ger - man fleet and blow them in - side out, Each  
go - ing to go and let them know we hit with all our might, I'd

This Composition may also be had for your Talking-Machine or Player Piano

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Orchestra..... 25¢  
Male Quartette. 10¢

sail - or boy was filled with joy and all be - gan to shout:  
 like to bet when we have met They'll know they had a fight."

CHORUS well marked and not fast

"We're on our way to \*Hel - i - go - land to get the Kais - er's goat, In a

good old Yan-kee boat, up the Kiel ca-nal we'll float, I'm a son - of - a - gun if I

see a Hun, I'll make him un - der - stand, We'll knock the Hel - i - go,

in - to Hel - i - go, out of Hel - i - go - land. <sup>(shouted)</sup> Yip!" "We're -land. <sup>(shouted)</sup> Yip!"

you  
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You can't go wrong with any 'Feist' song

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You'll want them for your piano, talking machine, or player piano—why not get them now? They are sweeping the country. Everybody wants to hear them, to sing them, and to dance them. They've caught on strong.

## Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!

CHORUS

Good-bye Broad-way, Hel-lo France, Who're the mil-lionaires, Good-bye sweet-hearts wives and moth-ers, It won't take us long.

**Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!** When you play and sing this song, you'll know why the regiments on their way to France adopted it as their own. In the language of the boys—"It's got everything." The big hit of the New York Winter Garden and positively the biggest song hit of the year. A wonderful fox-trot or one-step. By Reisner, Davis and Baskette.

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If you haven't heard them in your city as yet be sure to tell your Theatre Manager you would like to hear them sung. He will be glad to accommodate you. And get all four of them for yourself, today.

## Where Do We Go from Here?

CHORUS

Where do we go from here, Where do we go from here, Slip a pill to Kain-ry Bill and make him shed a tear, And when we are the ea-ry we'll about them in the rear.

**Where Do We Go From Here?** Another song that our soldier boys are singing everywhere—and most everybody else, too. The Phila. North American says: "The 'Tipperary' of 1917." It started out to be a funny song about "Paddy Mack, who drove a hack"—but Paddy enlisted and his song struck the fancy of the soldiers. When some one says, "Where do we go from here?" you'll get his meaning. By Johnson and Wenrich.

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- Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love.
- Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There.
- Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You. Better than ever.

## Mother, Dixie and You

CHORUS

Fields of ad-venturous life, Shire seas, these grand old heroes live to-day, They would not trade their lives for gold, They're the best we've got.

Your dear eyes of blue, All love things like for, They're the best we've got.

All my life I'll prefer Mother, Dixie and you! They would die for Mother, Dixie and you!

**Mother, Dixie and You** A song of Dixieland. A beautiful melody wedded to words that are sure to take you back home. And not a sadly, sentimental song, either, but one that has life and spirit. Played quickly, it is an irresistible fox-trot. By Johnson and Santly

## There's Something in the Name of Ireland

CHORUS

For there's some-thing in the name of Ire-land, That is dif-fer-ent from the rest, An-ny time you ever see me in Ire-land, Paddy, you're speak-ing of the Sing-y Baby.

There's some-thing in the name of Ire-land, That is dif-fer-ent from the rest, An-ny time you ever see me in Ire-land, Paddy, you're speak-ing of the Sing-y Baby.

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