

THE LAST LONG MILE

WORDS & MUSIC BY EMIL BREITENFELD



Henry W. Savage offers the
Musical Comedy Special

Toot Toot.

A train of mirth and melody
in Three Sections

If ————	.60
Every Girl In All America	.60
The Last Long Mile	.60
Let's Go	.60
Girlie	.60
When You Wake Up Dancing	.60
Selection	1.00

Book by Edgar Allan Woolf
Lyrics by Berton Braley
Music by **Jerome Kern**
Adapted from the Rupert Hughes Farce
"Excuse Me"

T. B. HARMS
COMPANY
NEW YORK

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

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Words and Music by
EMIL BREITENFELD, Co. 17.

Piano. *March tempo.*

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in G major and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'March tempo.' and the dynamics start with a forte 'f' marking. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Oh they put me in the arm-y and they hand-ed me a pack, they
Some day they'll send us o-ver and they'll put us in a trench, tak-in'

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff with chords and single notes. The dynamics include a piano 'p' marking.

took a-way my nice new clothes and dolled me up in kack; They
pot shots at the Frit-zes with the Tom-mies and the French, And

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

marched me twen-ty miles a day to fit me for the war, I
some day we'll be march-ing through a town a-cross the Rhine, and

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

did - n't mind the first nine-teen but the last one made me sore:
then you bet we'll all for-get these_ mourn-ful words of mine: Oh it's

Chorus.

not the pack that you car - ry on your back, nor the

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

Kha - ki col - ored dust that makes you feel your

limbs are grow-ing old - er, And it's not the hike on the

hard turn - pike, that wipes a - way your smile, Nor the

socks of sis - ters that raise the bloom-ing blist - ers, It's the

last long mile. Oh it's mile!