"I'M GOING ON THE WARPATH."  
BY THE WRITERS OF "WHEN THE BAND PLAYS YANKEE DOODLE!"

Allegro Moderato.

Words by FELIX F. FEIST.
Music by JOEL P. CORIN.

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There is a pale face tribe that's new,
way that the "get in" was applied.
I'm one of the
It's one round of

Big Chiefs and you can join the bunch,
pleasure, You're always with your friends,
You don't need any Red Top, and you
The camp is always open, the

needn't bring your lunch,
The pass-word is "good fellowship;" the high-sign is a
meeting never ends,
There's always something doing with the tribe that always

"smile;"
We camp each day, on old Broad-way, and in a little while:
does,
I tell you what, they make it hot, so don't wear any furs.
I'm

"I'm Going On The Warpath!"
CHORUS.

going on the war-path, so meet me there to-night, You

don't need any tom-a-hawk, there won't be any fight; Just mix in with the

Indians, and you will be in right, So John-ny get your gun, and we'll

have some fun, If you'll meet me there to-night. I'm night.

"I'm Going On The Warpath!"