OCT 10 1917
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YANKEE-REB.

By
Suzane Allen

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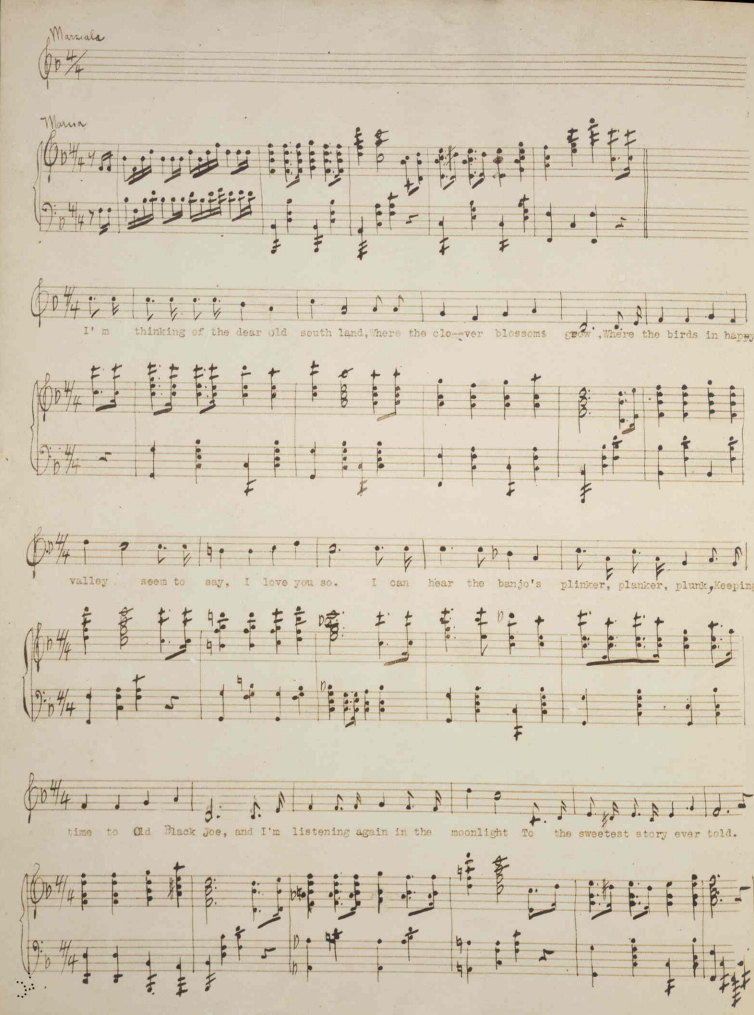
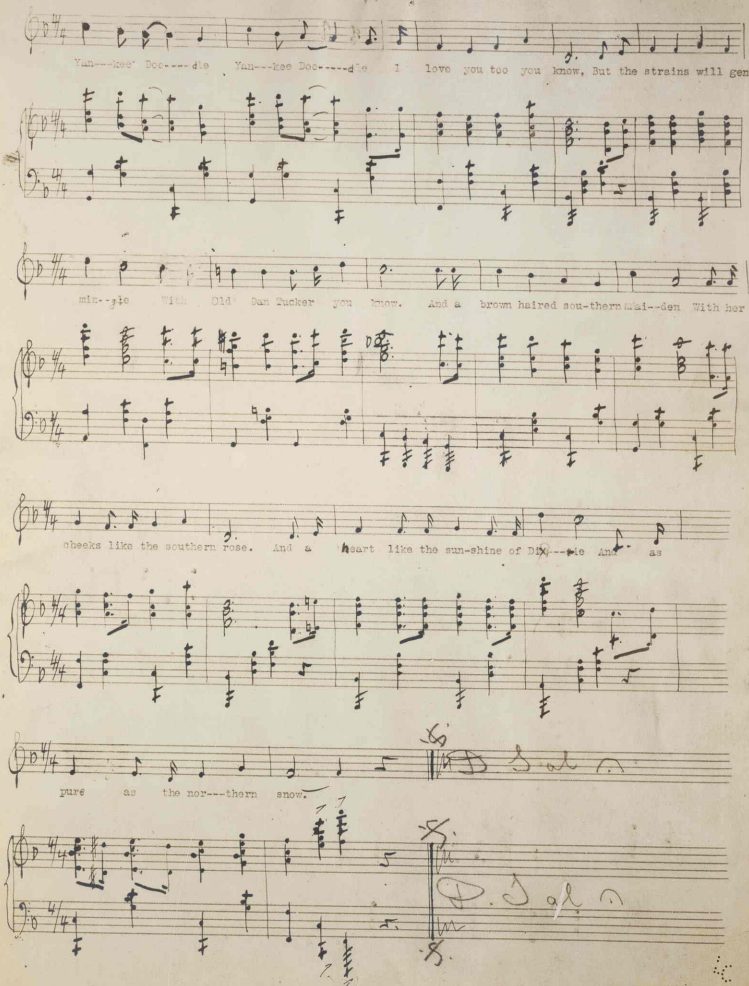
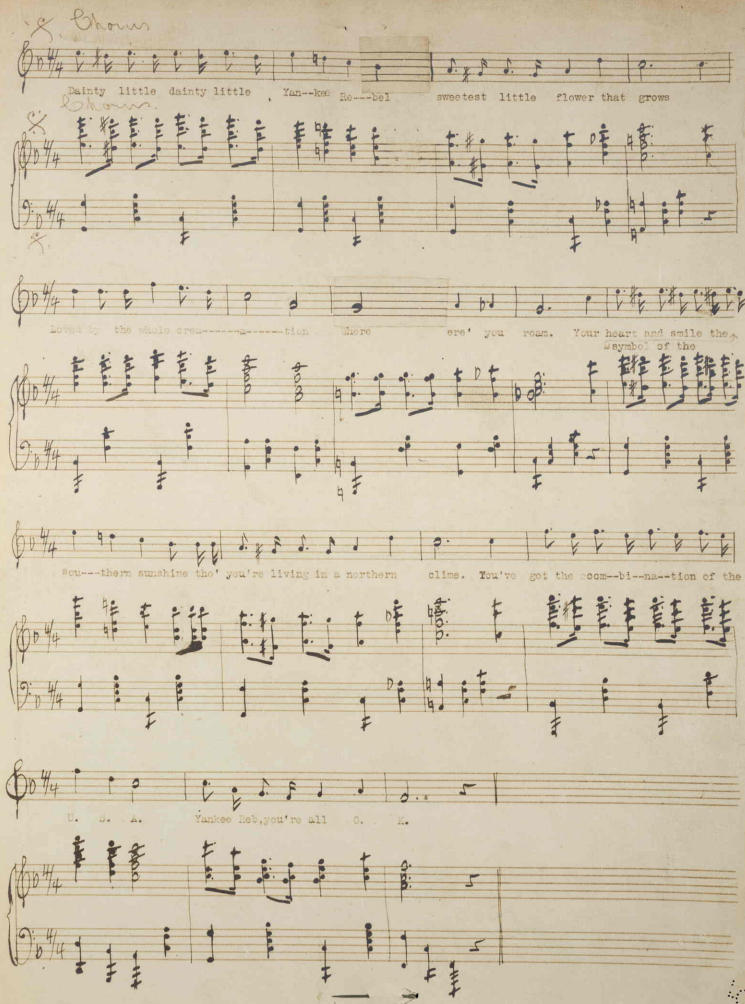
c. 2


Marcato
Marcato
I' m thinking of the dear old south land, Where the clo-ver blossoms grow, Where the birds in happy
valley seem to say, I love you so. I can hear the banjo's plinker, plinker, plunk, Keeping
time to Old Black Joe, and I'm listening again in the moonlight To the sweetest story ever told.


Yan---kee Doo-----dle Yan---kee Doo-----dle I love you too you know, But the strains will gently
min--gle With Old Dan Tucker you know. And a brown haired sou-thern Mai--den With her
cheeks like the southern rose. And a heart like the sun-shine of Dix---ie And as
pure as the nor---thern snow.
D. S. al


Chorus
Dainty little dainty little Yan--kee Re---bel sweetest little flower that grows
Chorus
Loved by the whole crea------a------tion More ere' you roam. Your heart and smile the symbol of the
Sou---thern sunshine tho' you're living in a northern clime. You've got the com--bi--na--tion of the
U. S. A. Yankee Reb, you're all C. S. A.

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