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Gathering Together

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on the Old French Soil



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Moderato

Come you Yank-ee boys, we know you are
Hark! Don't you hear the band play-ing
Come, boys, let us all gath-er on the

brave and true, We know you've not for-got - ten our flood in eight-ent-twelve; It
far out at sea; It's the Yank-ee Sam-mies, they are leav - ing to save the day; It's the
West - ern front With a might - y arm - y and o - ver the top we go, And thru

helped make you a na - tion and a might - y pow'r. Come lend us a hand in our
Stars and Stripes, the Red, White and Blue. They have come to make us free and soak the
shot and shell and death some shall go, Just once more let our bat - tle cry be of

strug - gle. The Tom-mies once were your foes, but now are your friends. Come might - y
Kai - ser, Oh, say, Mis - ter Hin - den-burg, what blocked your way; They are the
free : dom For our loved ones at home our count - ry so dear. Hin - den -

Sam-mies most no - ble and free We'll gath - er to - geth - er on the
Sam - mies from the U. S. A., They've de - fied and e - lu - ded you
burg said: "In Par - is by A - pril we will be, But the on - ly way is

old French soil, We will gath - er to - geth - er on No Man's Land And
 U - boats and came from a - cross the deep sea It's the brave hard tramp. The
 with Sells' cir - cus What a grand show it shall be With Von and Bill, the

bat - tle the foe, yes, dear old France we hear you call, The Sam - mies are a - com - ing, a
 Sammies have no fear when you Boche, you lead the way, We are gath - ring to - geth - er on the
 great - est men - a - ger - ie, the crim - in - al of man and beast you see and the French, Eng - lish

mil - lion or so, And will sail a - cross the blue sea and be true to you.
 old French soil, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom to all the world.
 and the Yan - kee Sam - mies Will take Von and Bill and bring them back to U. S. A.

CHORUS

Let's all gath - er to - geth - er on the old French soil, And help defeat the Hun whose d - e - eds make our blood boil. Let us

mp

fight with our Al - lies till the war is o'er, Till the hell - ish Hun can do' wrong no more.

rit.

