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DON'T LET A STREAK OF YELLOW CROP OUT IN YOU

MUSIC BY
ALBERT STEPHENS

WORDS BY
JEAN COLLINS

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Don't Let A Streak Of Yellow Crop Out In You

Music by
ALBERT STEPHENS.

Words by
JEAN COLLINS.

Marcia moderato

ff

Of all the coun-tries neath the sun A-mer-i-ca for me, The
When the old bell of Lib-er-ty Now cracked though she may be Pealed
When we un-furl the stars and stripes And float her to the breeze The

mf

home of our fore fa-thers the land of lib-er-ty, Oh!
from Phil-a-del-phia's shore the call for you and me, Oh!
na-tion that in-sulted her we'll bring it to it's kneese Oh!

say can you see that we've been treat-ed wrong So we'll
then you will see that it wont take us long We're
then you will see that the yan-kee's are true That they'll

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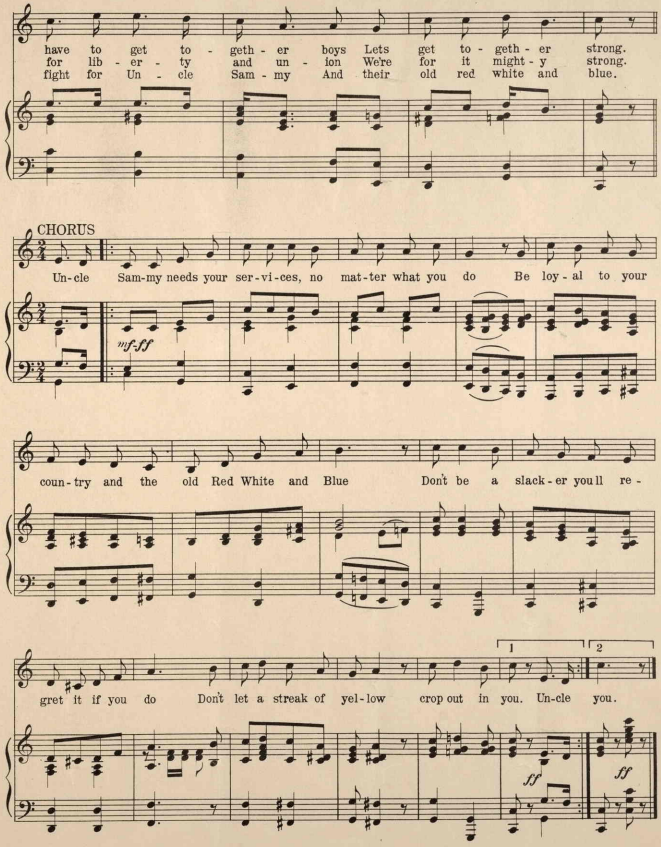
have to get to - geth - er boys Lets get to - geth - er strong.
for lib - er - ty and un - ion We're for it might - y strong.
fight for Un - cle Sam - my And their old red white and blue.
CHORUS
Un-cle Sam-my needs your ser-vi-ces, no mat-ter what you do Be loy-al to your
mf-ff
coun-try and the old Red White and Blue Don't be a slack-er you'll re-
gret it if you do Don't let a streak of yel-low crop out in you. Un-cle you.
1
2
ff
ff

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