

WORDS BY
BERT. C. WILSON

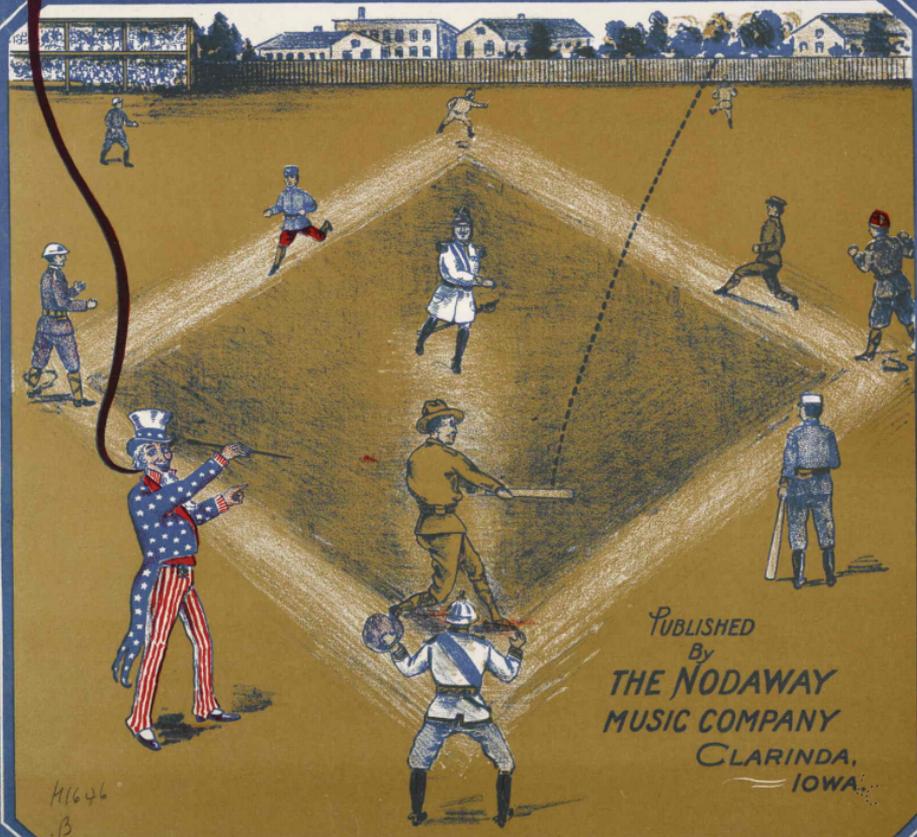
MUSIC BY
ROBERT H. BRENNAN.

JAN 15 1918

ATTABOY

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"That's The Boy"



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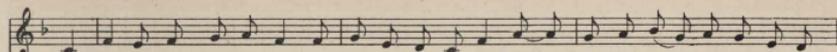
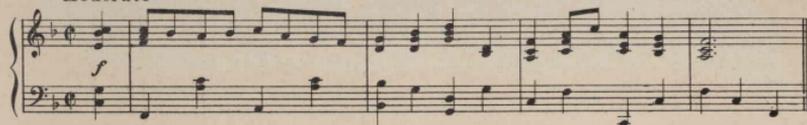
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ATTABOY

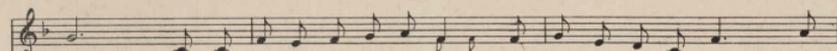
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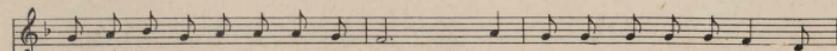
Moderato



The Kai-ser's drilled his Fritz-ies for thir - ty years or more, Thinking mil - i - tar - i - sm was the
The Kai-ser's prep - a - ra - tion went get him an - y - where, The' he drills men from the cra - dle till they're
This old pow'r cra - zy mon - arch can't say he did - n't know, By notes how - ev - er stern they were po -



thing, He made pow - der, balls and can - nons, and sub - ma - rines ga - lore, And
gray, While he butch - ers wives and ba - bies, we'll scraphim on the square, For
lite, To call off all his wood - en sharks and let our ves - sels go, For



or - gan - ized his Ger - man war ma - chine. He set the thing in mo - tion to
Un - cle knows the game and how to play. We've nev - er drawn for prof - it in
Un - cle Sam can shoot as well as write. But since the game is start - ed, we'll



make a world-wide grab, Then your uncle stepped up to the plate and bat With his
 an - y - bod - y's fight, Nor have we sheathed ex - cept in vic - to - ry. We are
 play it thro' to win, You know just how the end - ing score will be, Un - cle

old Star-Spangled banner and his suit of ol - ive drab, To show Kaiser Bill where he was real - ly at.
 sor - ry that we have to, but we'll never - er slack a mite, Till all our foes are whipped beyond the sea.
 Sam will knock a home run bringing all our al - lies in, And win the world war for De - moc - ra - cy.

CHORUS
 Not too fast

"At - ta - boy," "At - ta - boy," let's go and get the "Hun" "At - ta - boy,"

"At - ta - boy," Ber - lin be - fore we're done. We'll not on - ly whale the Ger - mans, but

We'll get ev - 'ry one Who tramp - les A - mer - i - ca's free - - dom.

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