

# WE'RE ALL ALIKE IN KHAKI

## MARCH SONG AND CHORUS

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY  
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PUBLISHED BY  
KINNEY-CRELLER PRINTING CO.  
114 F STREET, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DISTRIBUTORS  
**DALE & GRENOLS**  
612 F STREET, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

(60)

I.

Our army sings this jolly song  
From Generals to Sammies.  
We're all alike, and all belong  
To Geraldine or Grannie.  
From those who walked behind the plow  
To those who scratch'd the pen;  
We're all alike in Khaki now  
And ready: just say—"when"!

Refrain:

They're off, they're off, the Generals and  
Sammies  
To the land of the "poulet a' la broche" (Fried  
chicken)  
And the band is playing, "See you later, Laurie  
Annie"  
When we've settled our discussion with the  
Boche.

II.

Our soldiers sing this jolly song  
"We're all alike in Khaki".  
For they're agreed to right a wrong  
With arguments most weighty,  
And so they're off as crisp as toast  
To see the matter through,  
And hand old Billy's teeth a roast  
They'll hardly care to chew.

III.

The boys will find this jolly song  
—"We're all alike in Khaki!"  
Quite a convenient Rubicon  
When they invade the bak'ry,  
They're all alike when trimm'd to punch,  
Nothing about them shaky.  
A boomeranging, slap-hang bunch  
Of Yankee lads in Khaki.

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# We're All Alike in Khaki

Lyrics and Music by HENRY M. CAMPBELL

*fi* *Tempo di Marcia*

*Animato*

1. Our ar - my sings this joy - ly song. From Gen - er - als to  
 2. Our sol - diers sing this joy - ly song. "We're all a - like in  
 3. The boys will find this joy - ly song—"We're all a - like in

Sam - mie. We're all a - like, and all be - long To Ger - al - dine or  
 Kha - ki. For they're a - greed to tight a - wrong With ar - gu - ments most  
 Kha - ki. Quite a con - ven - ient Ru - bi - con. When they in - eade the

Gran - nie. From those who walked be hind the plow To those who scratch'd the  
 weigh - ty. And so they're off as crisp trimm'd to punch. To see the mat - ter  
 bak - ry. They're all a - like when

pen- We're all a like in Kha-ki now And read-y Just say - "When? They're  
through, And hand old Bil - ly's teeth a rust They'll hard - ly care to chew.  
shaky. A boom e - rang - ing, slap - bang hunch Of Yankee lads in Kha-ki

## Refrain

off! they're off! the Gen - er - als and Sam - mies To the land of

"pou - let á la broche" ..... and the band is play - ing "See you

lat - er, Lau - rie An - nie! When we've net - ted our dis - cus - sion with the Boche. Ra! Ra! Ra!

*Da Capo*

# SHORTLY TO APPEAR

From the Pen of the Same Composer

## SAMMIES AND POILUS

WITH ENGLISH AND FRENCH WORDS

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SUBJECT:

A U. S. Soldier's Letter to His Home Folks

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A Stupendous, Glorious, Fraternal

### MARCH SONG

U. S. Troops Cross the Atlantic in a Transport, Meet With a Storm, Brave It and Reach France Safely

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N. B.—Mr. Campbell has reason to notify the musical profession and the public in general that each and every copy of the above "Sammies and Poilus" will bear his private stamp on the title page and that any other edition, not bearing the same, will be illegal and inaccurate