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# WHEN THE YANKEE EAGLE SCREAMS



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*Hilde*  
*B*  
Lyric by  
WM. B. DAVY  
Music by  
ARTHUR BARTS

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# When The Yankee Eagle Screams

Lyric by WILLIAM B. DAVY

Novelty March

Music by ARTHUR BARTS

*Allegro Mod<sup>to</sup>*

Rap, Tap! Rip, Tip, Tap! At Kai-ser Bill, we'll take a rap; At bu-gle call in  
 Rap, Tap! Rip, Tip, Tap! In Bill's Do-main, we'll make a gap; We Yan-kee boys shall

line, we'll fall, to make that Kai-ser, spill his gall; Hur-ray! Hur-rah! We're goin' to  
 cross the Rhine, in mad Bill's Pal-ace, gai-ly dine; Our Star-ry Flag, A-bove, shall

float, O-ver the sea in a Yan-kee boat: Ha, Ha!  
 float, The Yan-kee Ea-gle shall proud-ly gloat: Ha, Ha!

Rah, Rah, Rah! Land up-on the Kai-ser's jaw; With greed-y eyes and pud-gy paunch, His  
 Rah, Rah, Rah! We will teach him Gee from Haw. We'll cru-ci-fy him to a tree Un-

sand-wich takes a hors-es haunch; He'll lose all zest for Kul-tur schemes, When the Yan-kee  
 less he sets his peo-ple free; He'll ride night-hors-es, in his dreams, When the Yan-kee

Ea - gle screams, Hip, Zip! Yanks, gid - dap! wear a Hun - scalp for a cap.  
Ea - gle screams, Hip, Zip! Yanks, gid - dap! wear a Hun - scalp for a cap.

## CHORUS

Rap, Tap! Rip, Tip, Tap! We'll wipe the Huns from off the map. We'll keep in step with fife and drum, the

tune of Yan-kee Doo-dle, hum; We'll get the goat of ev - ry Hun, Blight to Or-phan, Priest and Nun.

Ho, Ho! Hal Hal Hal! We'll make them come to taw: No more they'll try to drink the Somme much

less, to swal-low Bel-gi-um, But dash a-way like moun-tain streams, When the Yan-kee Ea-gle screams.

Hip! Zip! Yanks, gid - dap! Wear a Hun - scalp for a cap. cap.

## TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

Each Song has a Sweet Story, and a depth of Feeling that will touch your heart.

CHORUS. *False Lento*

### WHY SAY GOOD-BYE

By WILLIAM B. DAVY.

Don't say good-bye, for ev - er; Just bid a fend a - dieu, — How can you, from me sev - er?

*ff*

CHORUS. *Moderato*

### "COME"

By WILLIAM B. DAVY.

Come, — oh, come, — I love you with all my heart; Come, — oh, come, — We can-not live a-

CHORUS. *Moderato*

### MEET ME THERE

By WILLIAM B. DAVY.

In the branches, — doves may coo, — In the moon-light, — we will woo, — Tho' the

*ff*

CHORUS

### MY IRISH YANKEE GIRL

By WILLIAM B. DAVY

Be it wis-dom; be it fol-ly, ding it all, I do not care; I'm in love with pret-ty Pol-ly, with the sun-light in her

*ff*

### WHO CARES FOR THE BUSH WHEN THE ROSES ARE DEAD

CHORUS. *Moderato*

By WILLIAM B. DAVY.

Who cares — for a gar - den be - reft — of bright hues, — No rose — heart to o - pen to fresh — morning dews: Who

If these part choruses appeal to you, ask your dealer for complete copy or send 15cts. to THE DAVY MUSIC PUBLISHERS, Chicago, Ill.