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Sammy-Atkins.

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Friendly-like

Words and music by
David Nyvall, Jr.

1. When Yankee Doo-dle
2. Now Yankee Doo-dle's

Mark the rhythm well.

went to town, a-rid-in' on his po-ny, He nev-er dreamt he'd one day ride to
gone to France, (a-long with cousin Tom-my,) To grip the hand of him who dared his

aid his cous-in Tom-my. He licked him once, he licked him twice, he chased him back to
life for Un-cle Sam-my. The haughty foe, in bit-ter rage, be-holds the day of

Lun-non, The more he licked the "bloomin' tyke," The more he learned to love him!
Judge-ment, When Un-cle Sam and John-ny Bull and France e-merge tri-umphant!

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Now it's Tom-my this, an' Tom-my that, an' "Tommy, 'ow - de - do;" O there
O, it's Tom-my this, an' Sam-my that, an' "Frenchy, 'ow - de - do," O there

ain't no man on earth "ole tyke" can lick both me an' you. Sez my
ain't no man on earth messieurs can lick both me an' you. Sez my

Un - cle Sam, an' Mis - sus Sam, an' all the lit - tle Sam - mies, "Where
Un - cle Sam, an' Mis - sus Sam, an' all the lit - tle Sam - mies, "Where

Drawlingly.

is the man can lick us two?" Sez 'ee: "H'Im from Mis - sou - ri!"
is the man can lick us three?" Sez we: "We're from Mis - sou - ri!"

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