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When The Yankees Yank the Kaiser Off his Throne

(The Yanks are on the Way)

Composed & compiled by Allen. M. Robinette

arr by W. J. Quinn

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When the Yankees Yank the Kaiser off his Throne

(The Yanks Are On the Way)

Mod^to

f

Voice

You may call them Yanks or Sammies North and South they all re-spond When
With a firm and hon-est Pres-i-dent on guard while they're a-way And
O, the Yanks are from the ranks from the shops, the fields, the banks Their

-er the bu-gles sound the rev-eil-le — — Now they know the star-ry banner has been
they know that he'll be true to every one They have left their dear old mothers while their
dad dies fought for lib-er-ty be fore They will fin-ish up the job when they meet

Chorus

threat-ened from be-yond They are bound to get the best A-cross the sea Hur-
loy-al sweet hearts say "Will be waiting when you've finished up the hun Hur-
the Prus-sian mob And de-moc-ra-cy will live for-ev-er more Hur-

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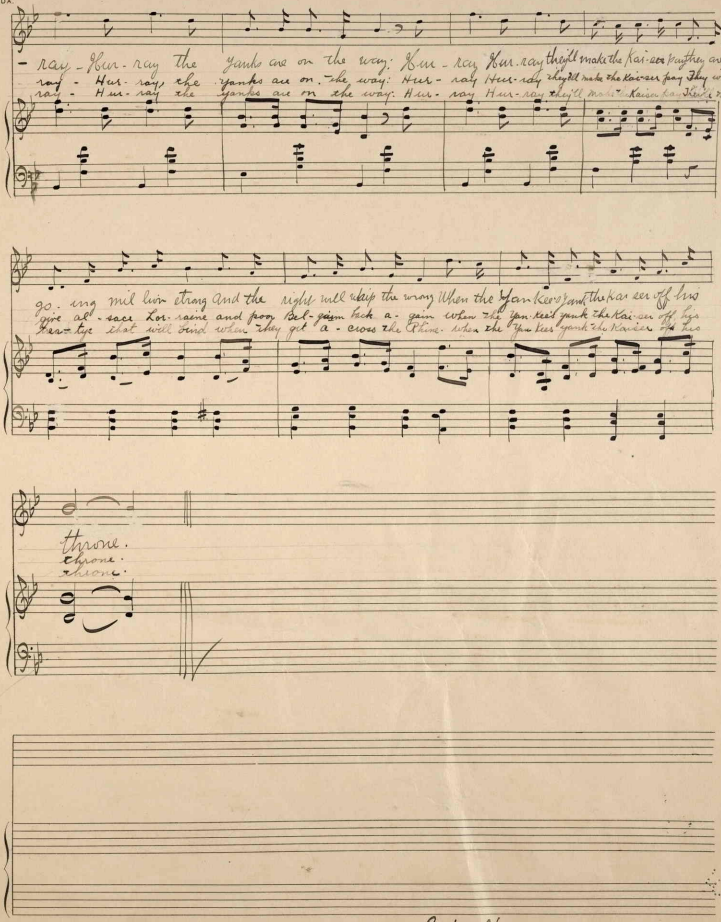

Extra Verses over

With the loyal British Tommy and the fighting French Poilu
They will drive the Hunnish hordes back to Berlin
Then they'll pulverize the Prussians, make a crazy Kaiser stew
And can it with the Kaiser and his Kin.
Hurray, Hurray, the Yanks are on the way
Hurray - Hurray they'll make the Kaisers pay
Uncle Sam will wear a grin when his boys have sacked Berlin
And the Yankees yank the Kaiser off his throne

Brawny tars and brave mariner are out plugging submarines,
Thus a lane of steel across the ocean blue;
Manned by men who never sleep while there's danger on the deep,
They're an honor to the old red, white and blue.
Hurray - Hurray, the Yanks are on the way
Hurray - Hurray, they'll make the Kaiser pay
Every nation will decree, peace and freedom on the sea,
When the Yankees yank the Kaiser off his throne

Here the engines swish and whirr all the airmen are astir
They will put the Prussian vulture on the wing
And the starry flag will fly clear across the germanskey
Till they trap-like crazy beast they call a King
Hurray Hurray the Yanks are on the way
Hurray Hurray they'll make the Kaiser pay
Of the Boche it will be writ, "he's no match for Yankee grit"
When the Yankees yank the Kaiser off his throne

Uncle Sam is lean and lank, and he hasn't any swank
He was never taught to goose step for a time
But he's kept to freedom's step, full of seven kinds of pep,
The will get the Prussian goat, and then he'll sing
Hurray Hurray the Yanks are on the way
Hurray Hurray, they'll make the Kaiser pay
Cut the muffles on your drum for it's "Taps" for every Hun
When the Yankees yank the Kaiser off his throne