AUG 27 1917
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# When The Yankees Come Marching Home.

Words and music by
Elaine Sterne

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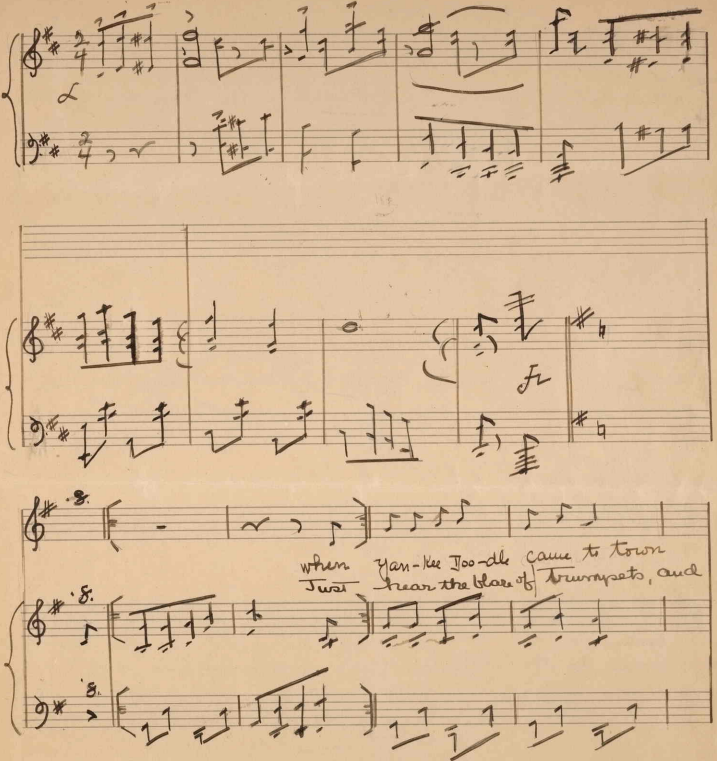
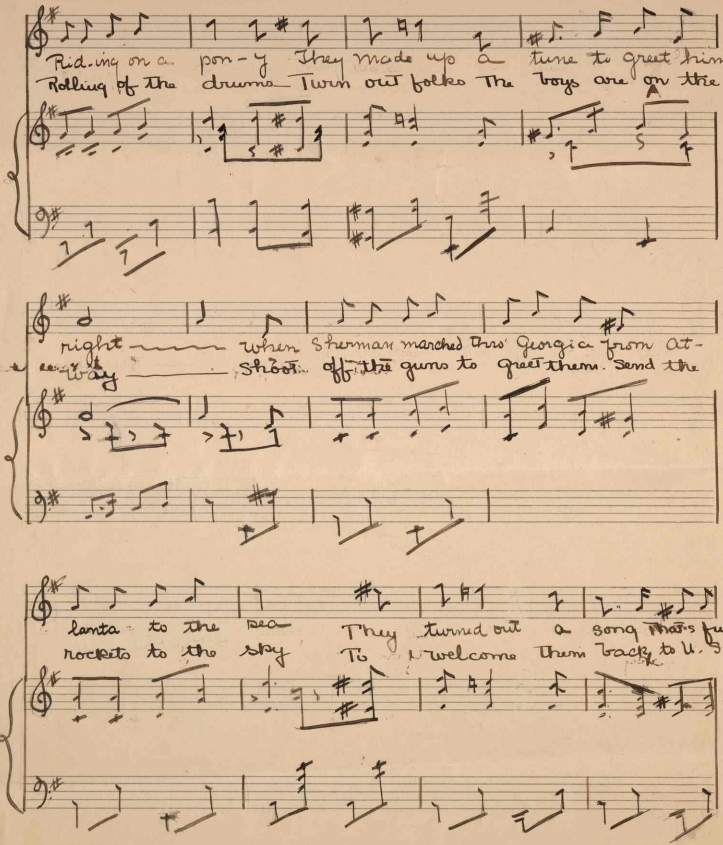
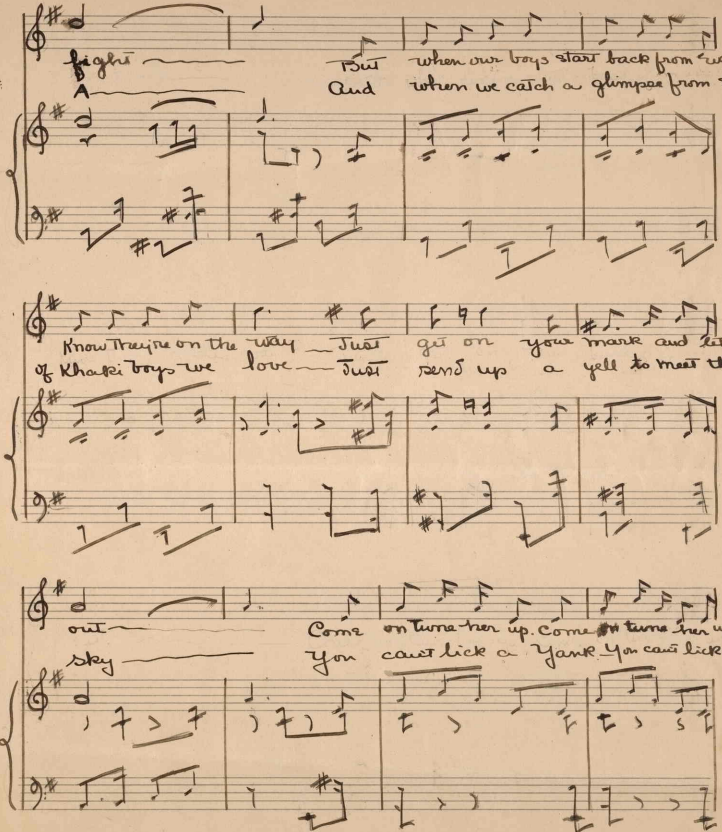
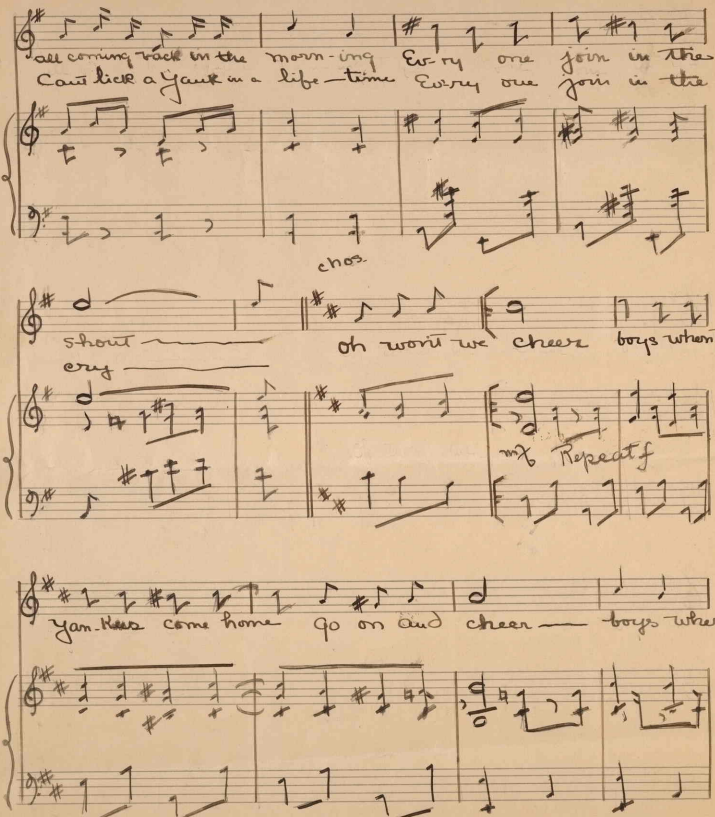
Dedicated to the boys who are fighting
for Old Glory.

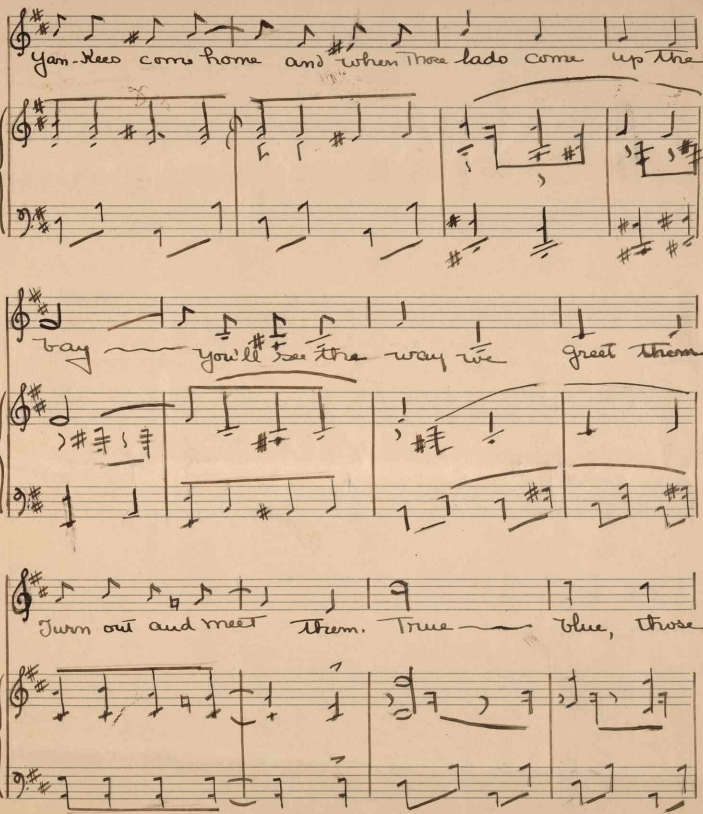
When The Yankees Come Marching Home

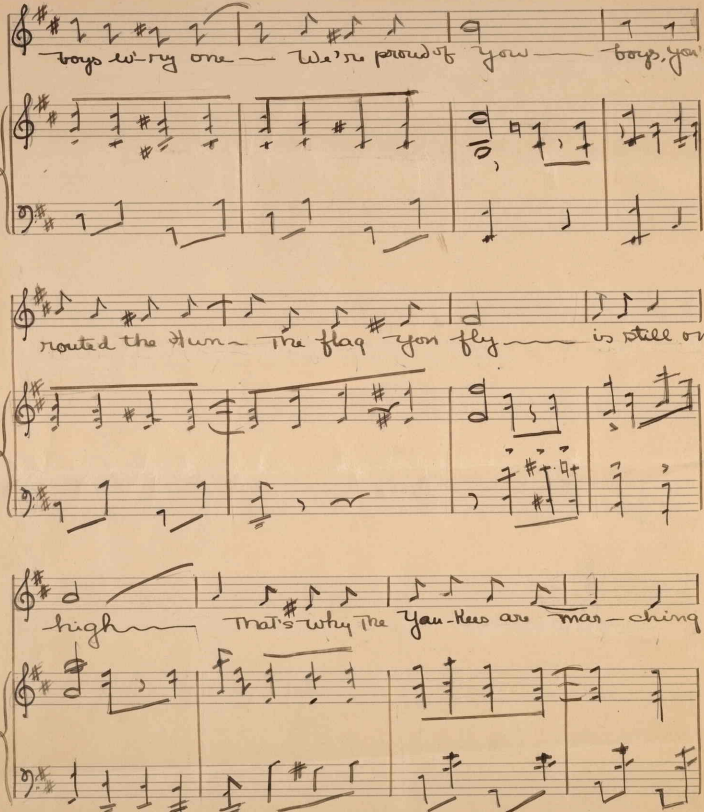


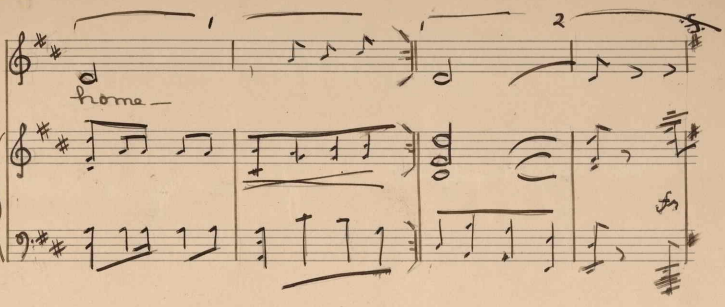

Riding on a pony They made up a tune to greet him
Rolling of the drums Turn out folks The boys are on the
A
right when Sherman marched thro' Georgia from At-
lanta to the sea They turned out a song that's full of
rockets to the sky To welcome them back to U. S.


fight
But when our boys start back from war, We
A
And when we catch a glimpse from shore
Know They're on the way — Just get on your mark and let her
Of Khaki boys we love — Just send up a yell to meet the
out
Come on turn her up. Come on turn her up. Hey
sky
You can't lick a Yank You can't lick a Yank


all coming back in the morn-ing Ev-ry one join in this
Can kick a Yank in a life-time Ev-ry one join in the
chos.
shout
cry
Oh won't we cheer boys when the
m% Repeat f
Yan-kees come home go on and cheer — boys when


Yan-kees come home and when those lads come up the
bay ~~ you'll see the way we greet them -
Turn out and meet them. True ~~ blue, those


boys ev-ry one — We're proud of you — boys, you've
routed the Hun — The flag you fly — is still on
high — That's why the Yan-kees are mar-ching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