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JUL 25 1917

"In the U. S. A. Navee."

Music & Words by
Eglen Taylor.

Prelude.

Air.

When just a kid my fa-ther did me do exact-ly what he did, U

Sai-lor, on a wha-lex, To sea I went, and years I spent; in fol-low-ing my fa-thers beat, Har-

-poon-ex, on a schoon-ex, How I like to feel the swelling breze, and hear the seabirds' cry, And

watch the stormy billows as they all go racing by, And when rising on a mountain wave, we seem to hit the sky, In the

Chorus.

U. S. A. Nav-ee. In the U. S. A. Nav-ee, it's a very merry life for me, We're a

lot of jolly Sars, quite in-def-per-ent to Mars, Un-til it is our plan do tee, And in this you'll all a-

-gree, that we're never never on the spree, But are always very fit, each to do his little bit, For the

freedom of the rolling sea.

When we go out, the seas to scout, and searching all our foes to rout,
Make bulkers of all skulkers.
~~Our decks are clear, and we've no fear no matter when our foes appear,~~
~~We're steady always ready.~~
How I love to plough the briny deep, the war-blood in my eye.
When every man is at his post when enemies draw nigh.
And in fighting for "Old Glory," we're prepared to "do or die."
In the U. S. A. Navee.

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July 20/17.

Nr. 3.—Carl Fischer, New York.

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