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SEP 28 1917

There's a Colonel Missing in the Ranks.

Rinf.

There's a Clam-or in the Skreet there's a tramp of ma-ny
we've been taken un-a-wares They've been pre paring there for

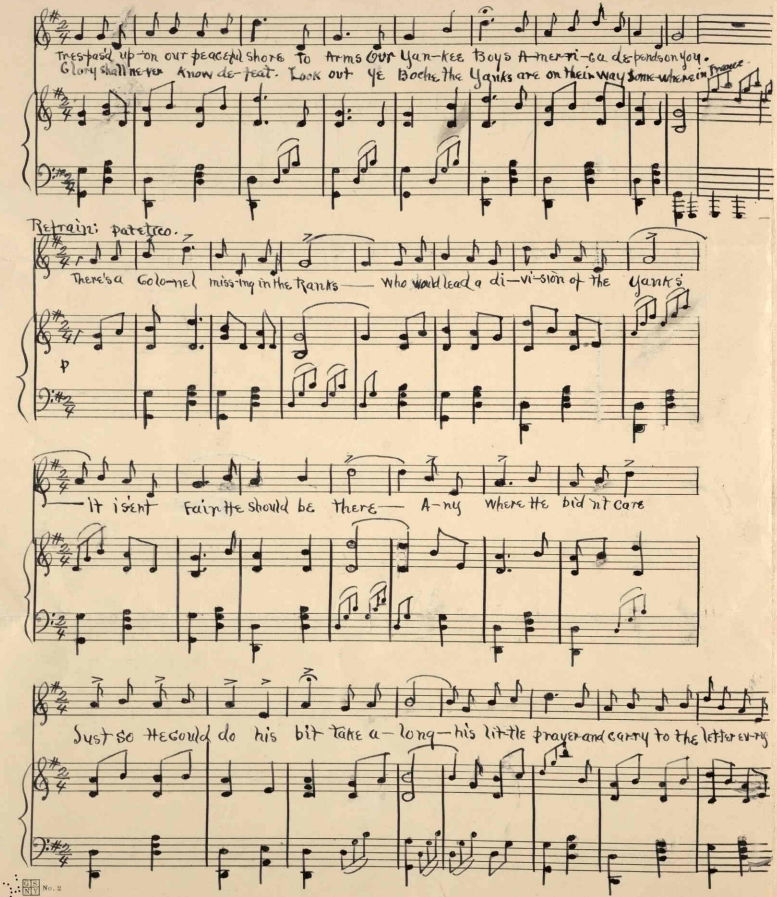
mf.

feet the Ci-ty Bells are ringing loud and Clear the bu-gle Call is peal—
years but we're go—ing to meet them milli-ons shing Our name is Yan—kee bood—

ing round our hearts a tear is steal—ing it Calls—the blood with-in our
le and we've ne-ver lost a batt—le We'll show them the stuff that we're made

veins the Soldiers are Com-ing the Shout as they are runn-ing An Che—my has
of the thin must go it shall be So twill be the great-est batt—le won, Old

M1646
.T



Tres-pas'd up-on our peaceful shore To Arms Our Yan-kee Boys A-mer-ri-ca depends on you.
Glory shall ne-ver know de-feat. Look out Ye Boche the Yanks are on their way some-where in France

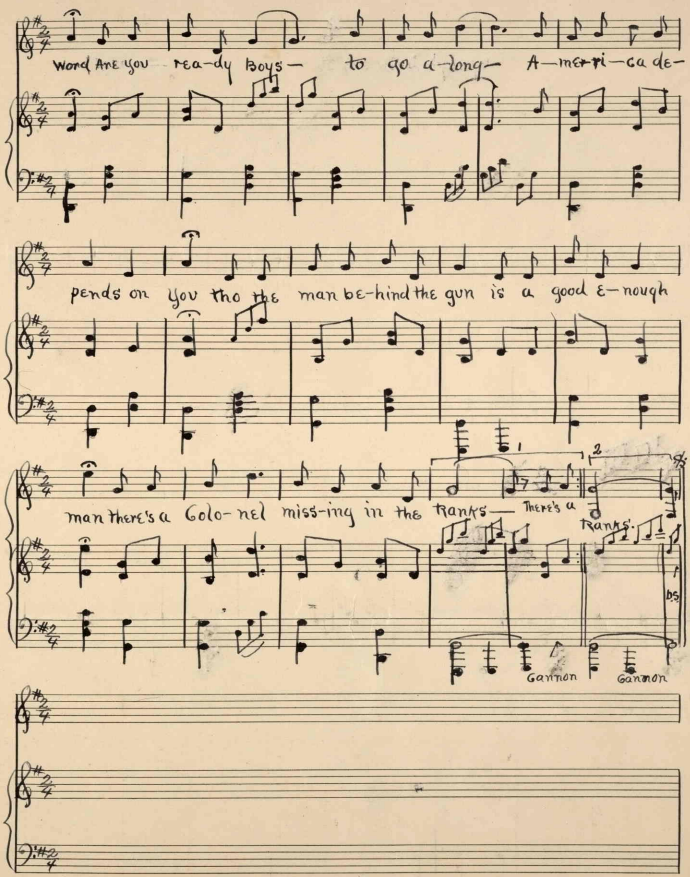
Refrain: patetico.

There's a Colo-nel miss-ing in the Ranks — who would lead a di-vi-sion of the Yanks

p

— It isent Fair He should be there — A-ny where He bid'nt care

Just so He could do his bit take a-long-his lit-tle prayer and carry to the letter ev-ry



Words and music
by
Mary Sutherland Spearin.

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