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AUG 27 1919

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Words by

Music by

"His Majesty, The American"

Marcia Moderato

Vamp

Voice

Hur-ray Yan-kee who's a Yan-kee is so proud of it,
Hur-ray Yan-kee who's a Yan-kee sticks right to the end,

And you must ad-mit, He al-ways does his bit,
And when he's a friend, on him, you can de-pend,

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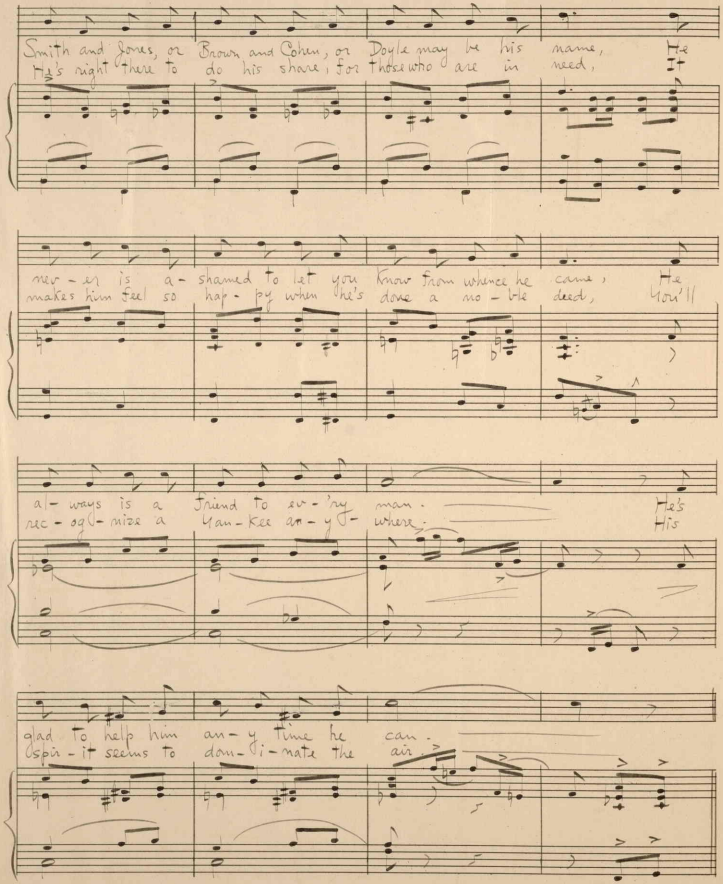
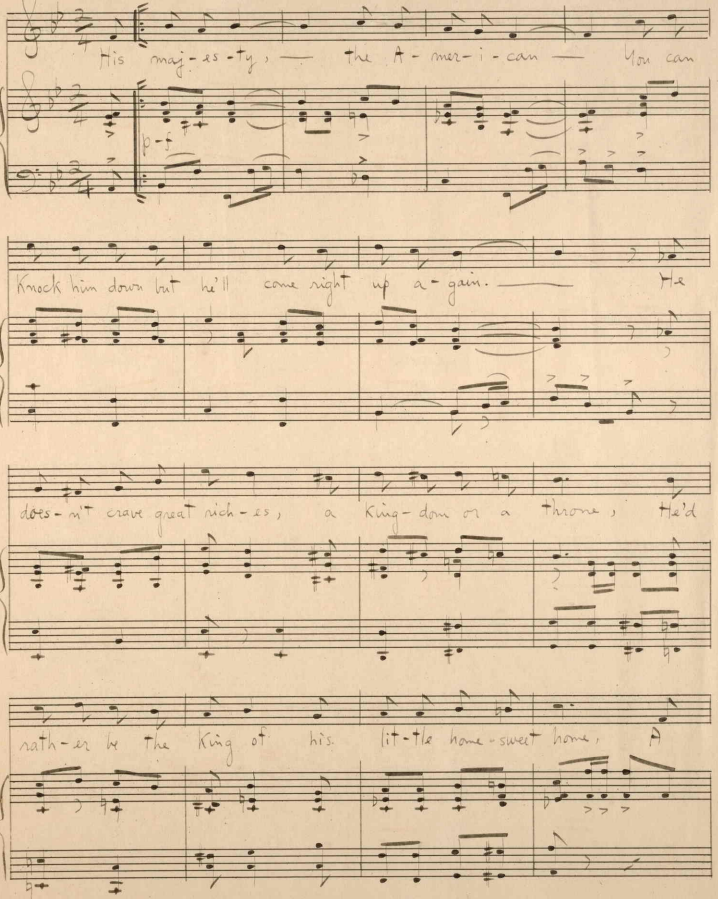
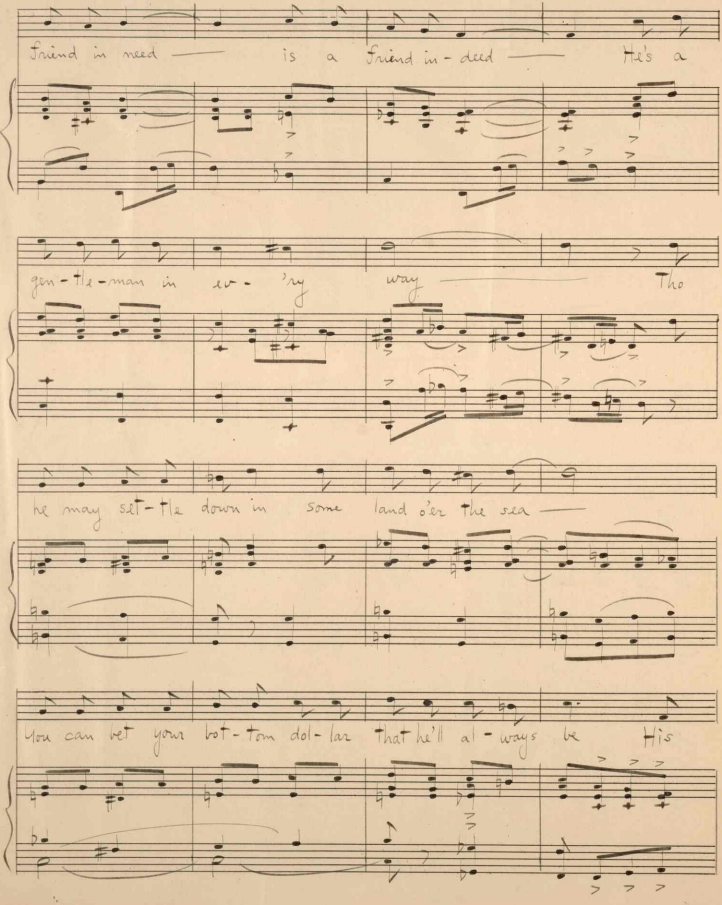
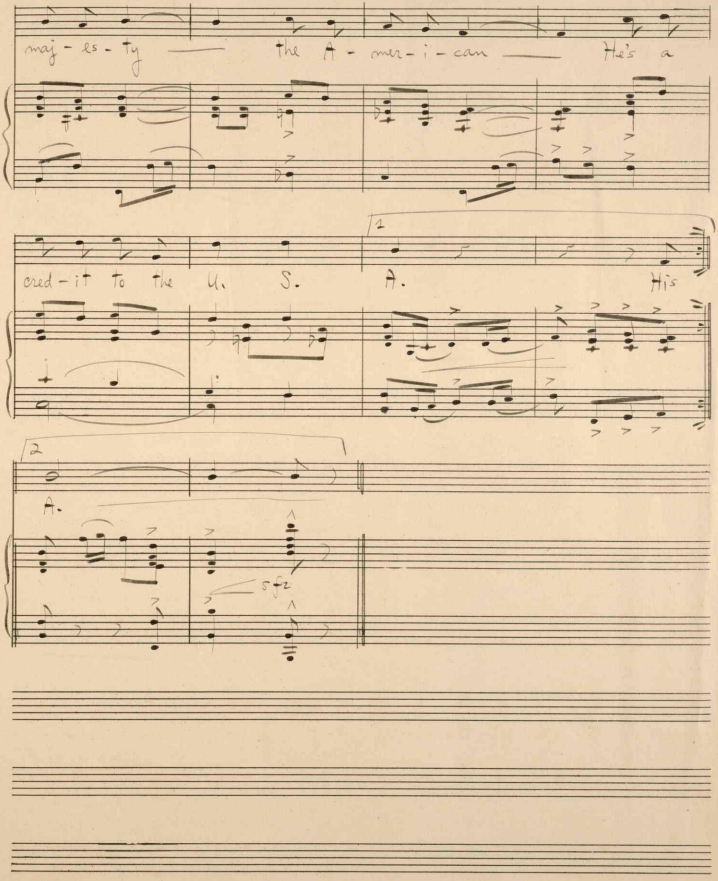

Smith and Jones, or Brown and Cohen, or Doyle may be his name, He
He's right there to do his share, for those who are in need,
ver-er is a-shamed to let you know from where he came, He
makes him feel so hap-py when he's done a no-ble deed, You'll
al-ways is a friend to ev-'ry man. He's
rec-og-nize a Can-ee an-y-where. His
glad to help him an-y time he can.
Spir-it seems to dom-i-nate the air

Chos.


His maj-es-ty, — the A-mer-i-can — You can
p-t
Knock him down but he'll come right up a-gain. — He
does-n't crave great rich-es, a King-dom or a throne, He'd
rath-er be the King of his lit-tle home-sweet home, A


friend in need — is a friend in-deed — He's a
gen-tle-man in ev-'ry way — Tho
he may set-tle down in some land o'er the sea —
you can bet your bot-tom dol-lar that he'll al-ways be His


maj - es - ty — the A - mer - i - can — He's a
cred - it to the U. S. A. His
A.

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