JUN 19 1917 ©LE406213

RJ

"LOYAL AMERICAN PALS."

SONG

POEM BY F. H. SHARDELMAN, BOX 345 CARTERVILLE, MO

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWNE,
LAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

M1646
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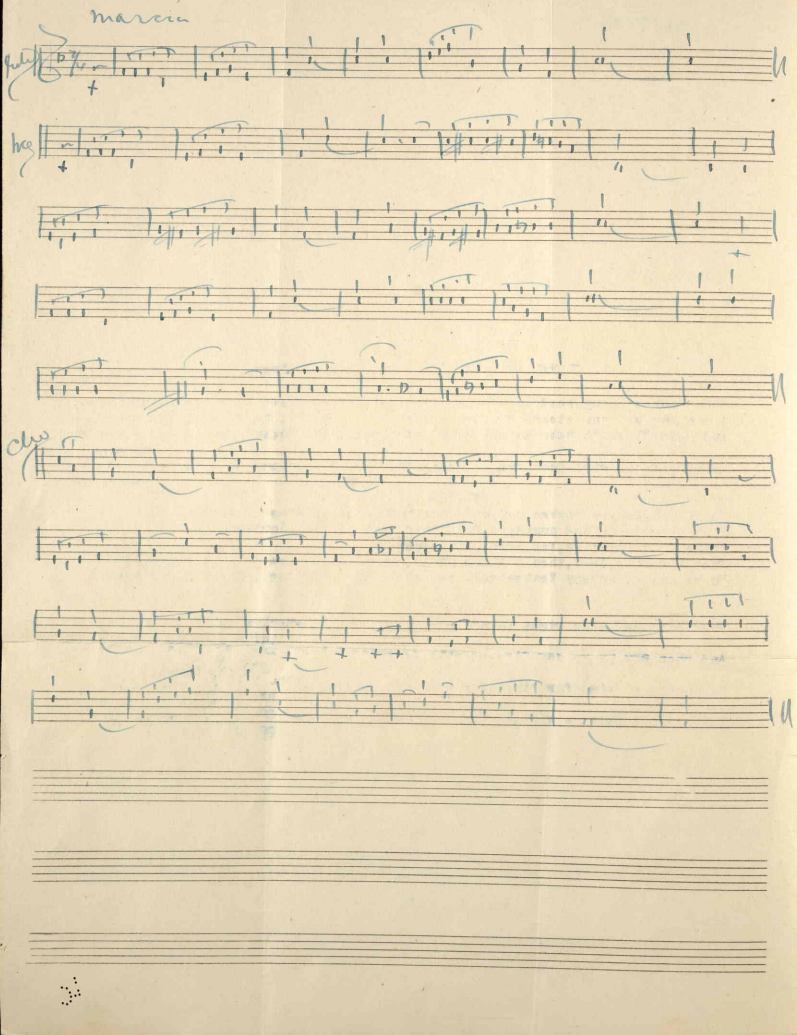
Marcia

"LOYAL AMERICAN PALS" By F.H. Chardelman.

When Yankee Sammy read in all the papers,and heard about the German submarines,
A sinking all our steamers without warning,he quickly laid aside his magazines
And said:"I can't hear to sit here and listen,"Old Glory's got to wave and fly
and soar"
He kissed his girl good bye,and says "Newmbe my pal",and then he left her at the
door.

CHORUS.

Be my pal,now;my Yankee gal,now; keep Old Glory flying at home;
Plant the beans and pumpkins,I'll think you lots of,lovings,
While I am fighting,far across the foam;
When I return,dear,then I'll be proud,dear,of the love of a hero brave;
So be my pal,now;my Yankee gal,now; while I'm fighting " Old Glory's name to
save."

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When I go marching right down"Picadilly", that's when,my gal,I 'll often
think of you;
And when 'Tis by my campfire,sweetly dreaming,I know,sometimes,that I will
have the blues;
But now's no time for blues,nor time for loving; altho you know that I am
pretty sore;
We've got to,with a will,to lick Old Kaiser Bill,and so I'll say to you,once,
more:

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