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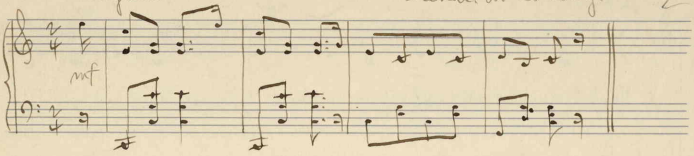
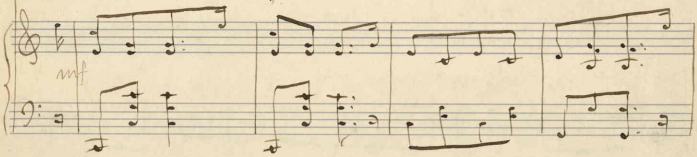
Yankees.

Allegretto

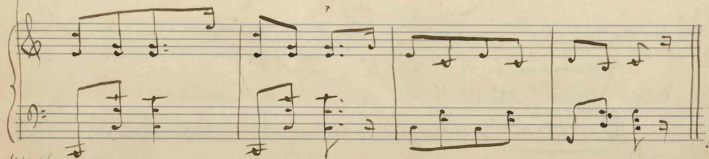
Words and Music by
Chas. W. Cordrey.



1. Our Yan-kee blood is been all riled, It's been het up an' al-most biled; We
2. We all be-lieve in what is right, An' do our best with all our might; Don't
3. Our Yan-kee boys are hard to beat, They're quick as light-ning on their feet; Can
4. True Yan-kee girls are nice and sweet, Sure look like can-dy, good to eat; Gee!
5. Real Yan-kee grit has al-ways won, Yep! Yanks know how to make 'em run, E'n



took "back sass" till we got sore, Well, gosh! we could-n't stand no more,
ev-er try to make a muss Un-less we have to then watch us.
fight and shoot as well as eat, Say! when they're dressed they're look-in' neat.
but they're pa-tri-ot-ic, too, They're U. S. girls, Red, White and Blue.
shoot 'em with an' emp-ty gun, It is the truth, it ain't no pun.



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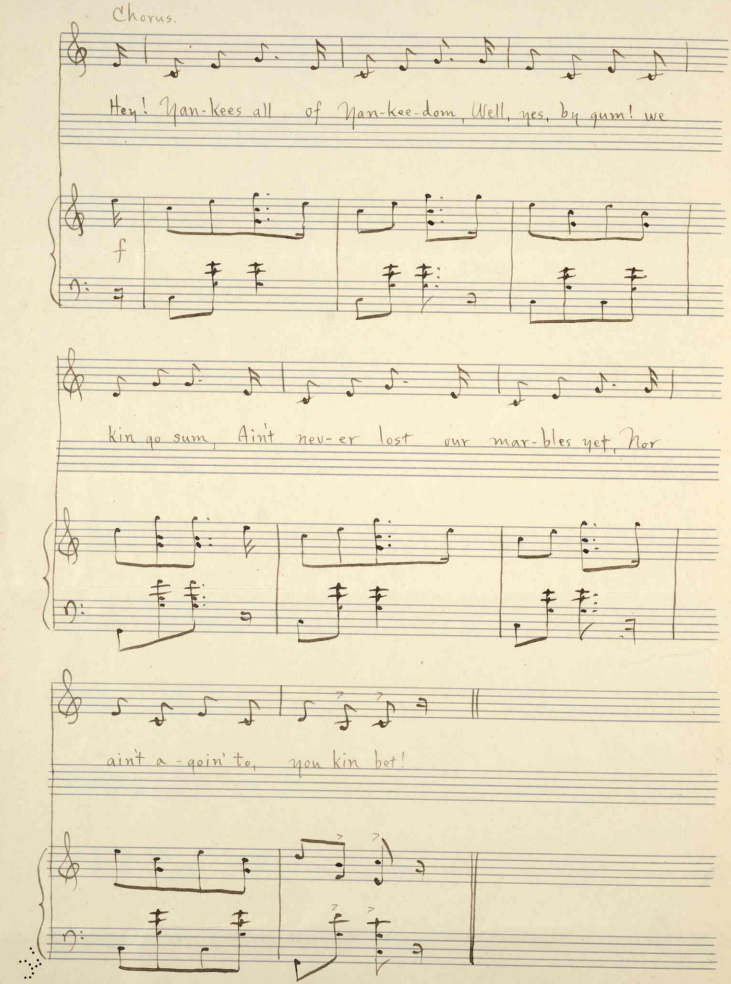
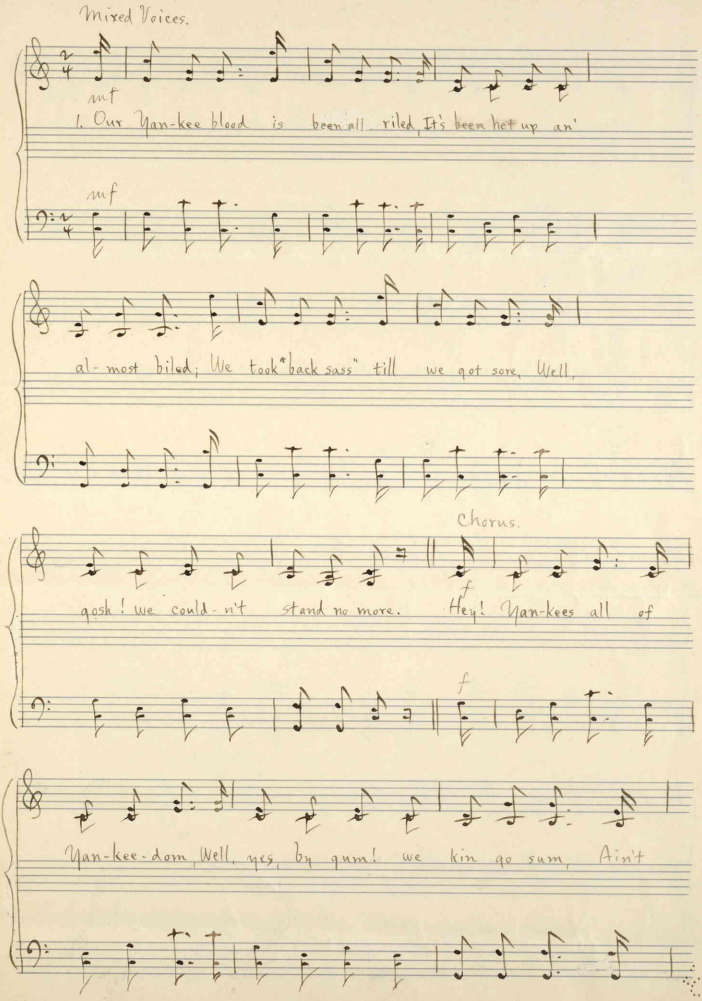
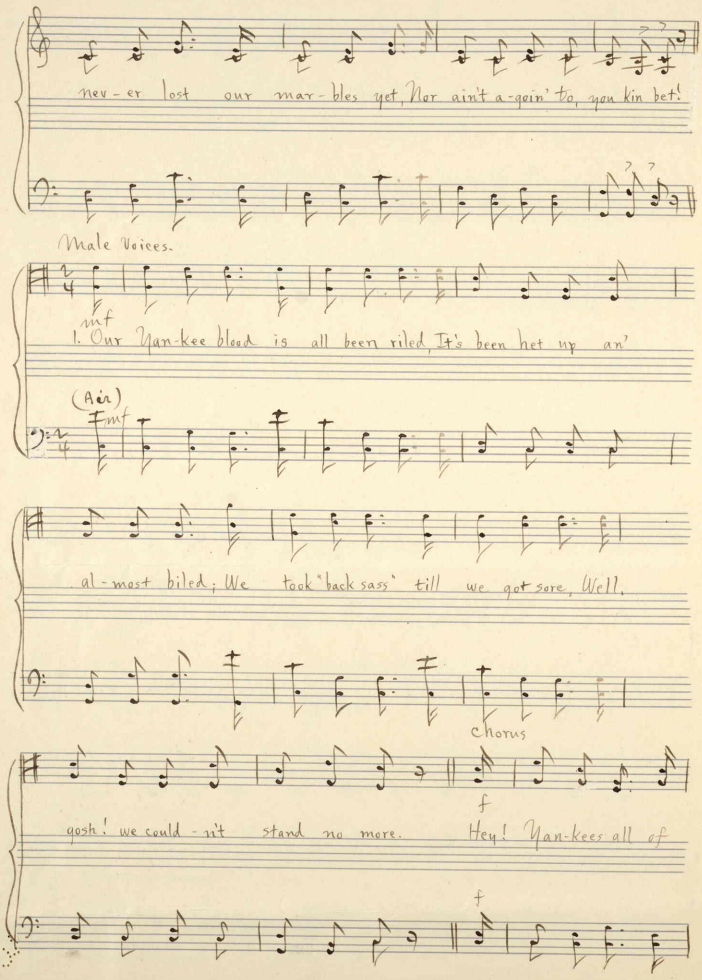
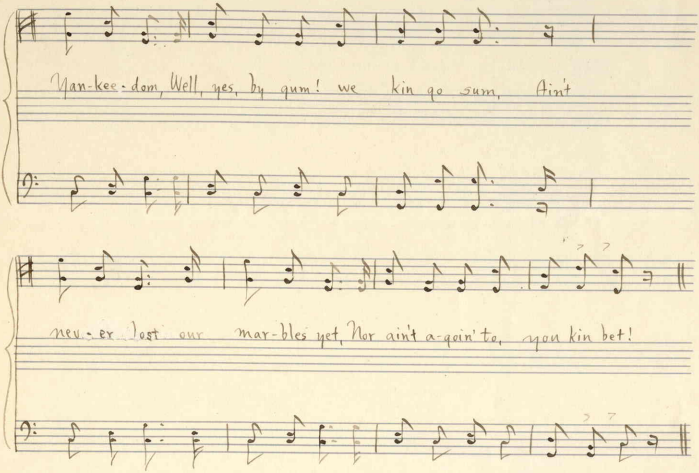

Chorus.
Hey! Yan-kees all of Yan-kee-dom, Well, yes, by gum! we
f
kin go sum, Ain't nev-er lost our mar-bles yet, Nor
ain't a-goin' to, you kin bet!


Mixed Voices.
mf
1. Our Yan-kee blood is been all riled, It's been het up an'
mf
al-most biled; We took "back sass" till we got sore, Well,
Chorus.
gosh! we could-n't stand no more. Hey! Yan-kees all of
f
Yan-kee-dom, Well, yes, by gum! we kin go sum, Ain't


nev - er lost our mar - bles yet, Nor ain't a - goin' to, you kin bet!
Male Voices.
mf
1. Our Yan-kee blood is all been riled, It's been het up an'
(Air)
mf
al - most biled; We took "back sass" till we got sore, Well,
Chorus
f
gosh! we could - n't stand no more. Hey! Yan-kees all of
f


Yan-kee-dom, Well, yes, by gum! we kin go sum, Ain't
nev-er lost our mar-bles yet, Nor ain't a-goin' to, you kin bet!

Note
These 5 verses to be discarded after the War = leaving the 5 regular verses and Chorus for 6 Permanent use.

6.

There's Yankees here and Yankees there,
And woods full of 'em everywhere;
The Kaiser dreams of them all night,
He said, "They don't know how to fight."

7

But Kaiser thought there's just a few,
But now he's feelin' awful blue;
Them Yankee tricks to him are new,
For Huns don't do like Yankees do.

8.

That Kaiser's goat is gone astray,
And Yanks have got it, so they say;
They will O.K. it some day
Labelled right from the U.S.A.

9.

There is a brute, a lowly cur,
Yes, this is meant, too, for a slur;
The name of brute dog animal shame,
To call him Kaiser for a name.

10.

Then bye-bye, Kais', old Wil'em Will
Good, good-night, Kais', yes, good-night, Bill;
We feel durn sad, just like we'd work,
Our duty's to put you asleep.