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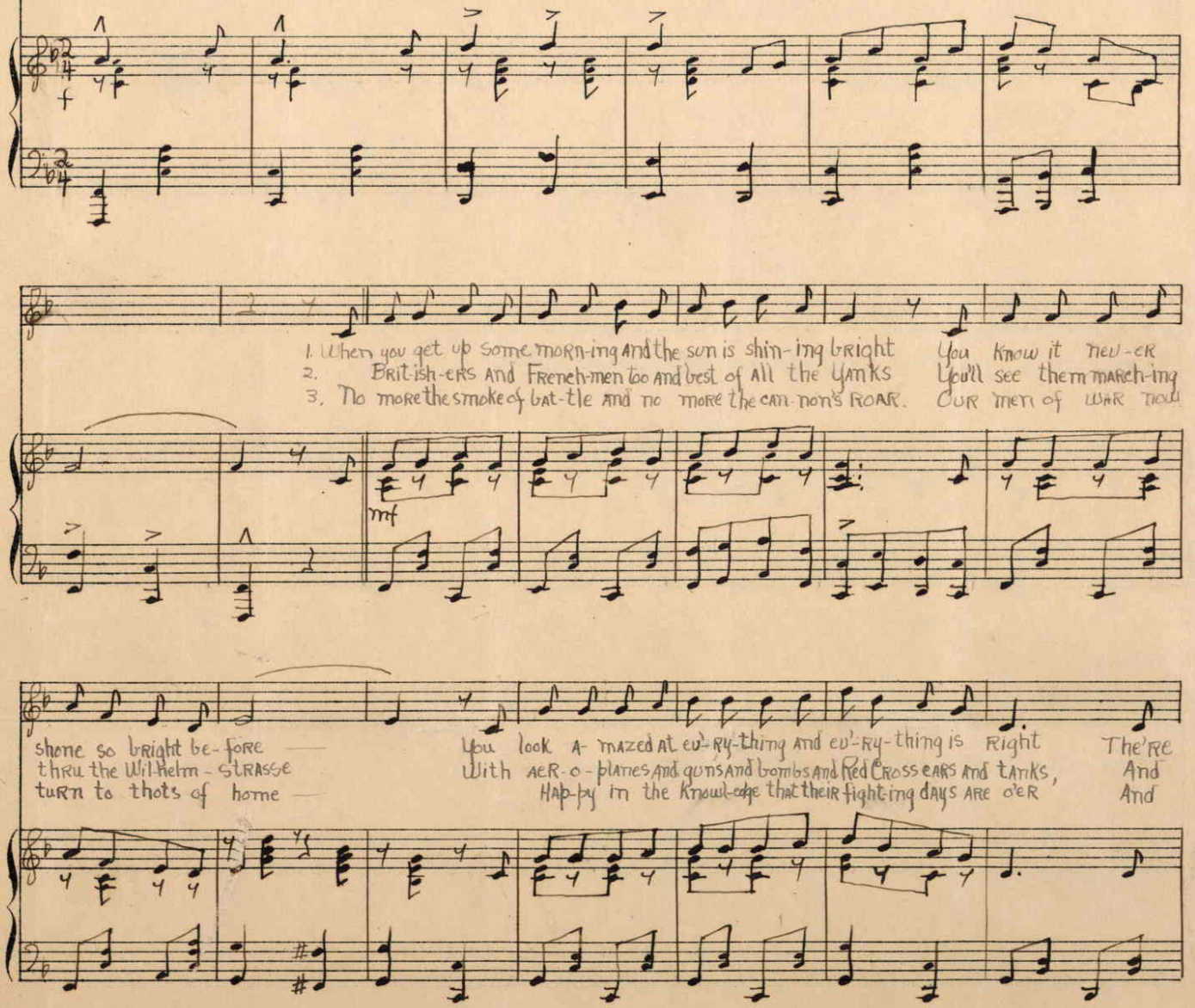
WHEN THE BAND PLAYS YANKEE DOODLE IN BERLIN.

Words and Music
by
Jeanne Falconer Gilmore.



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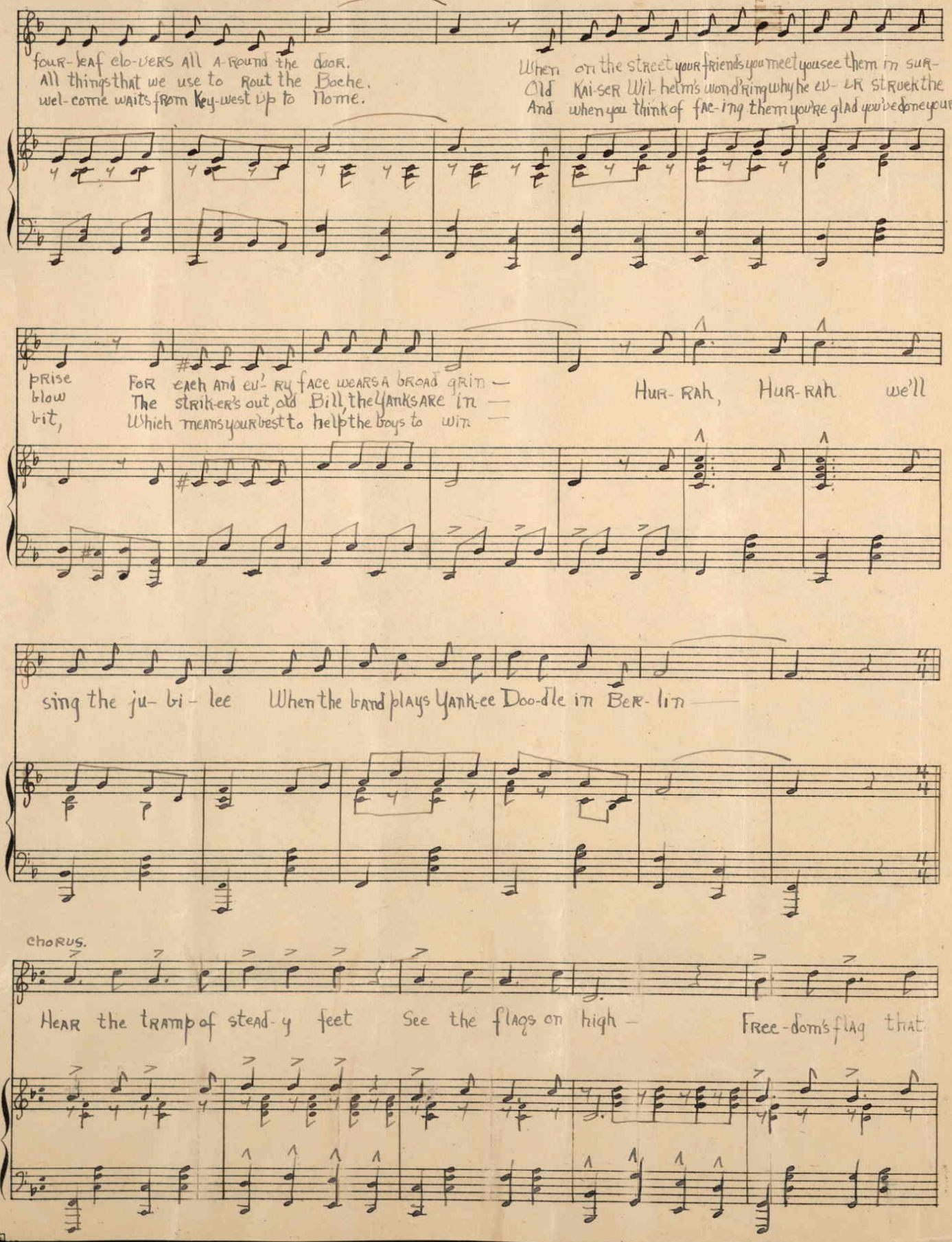
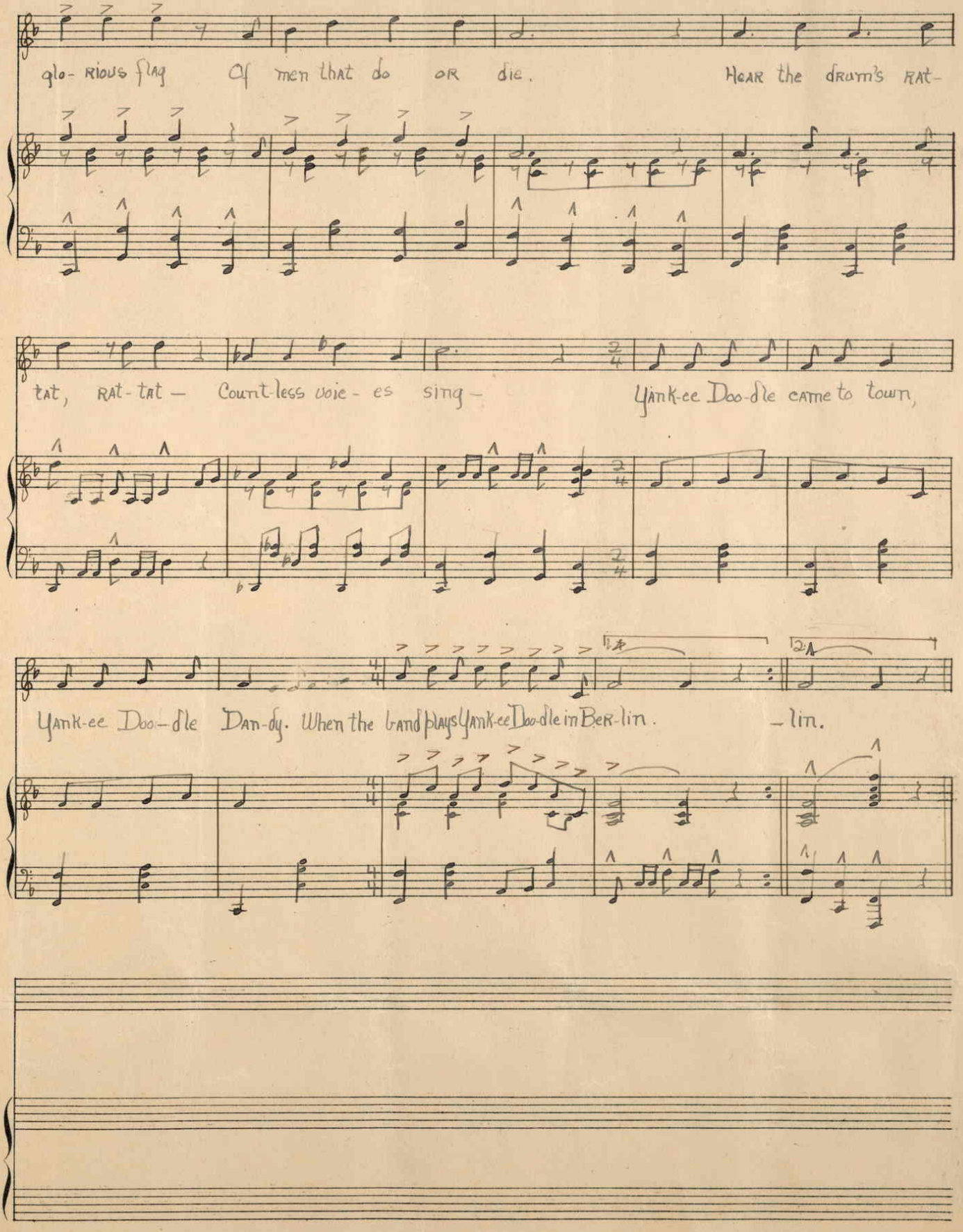
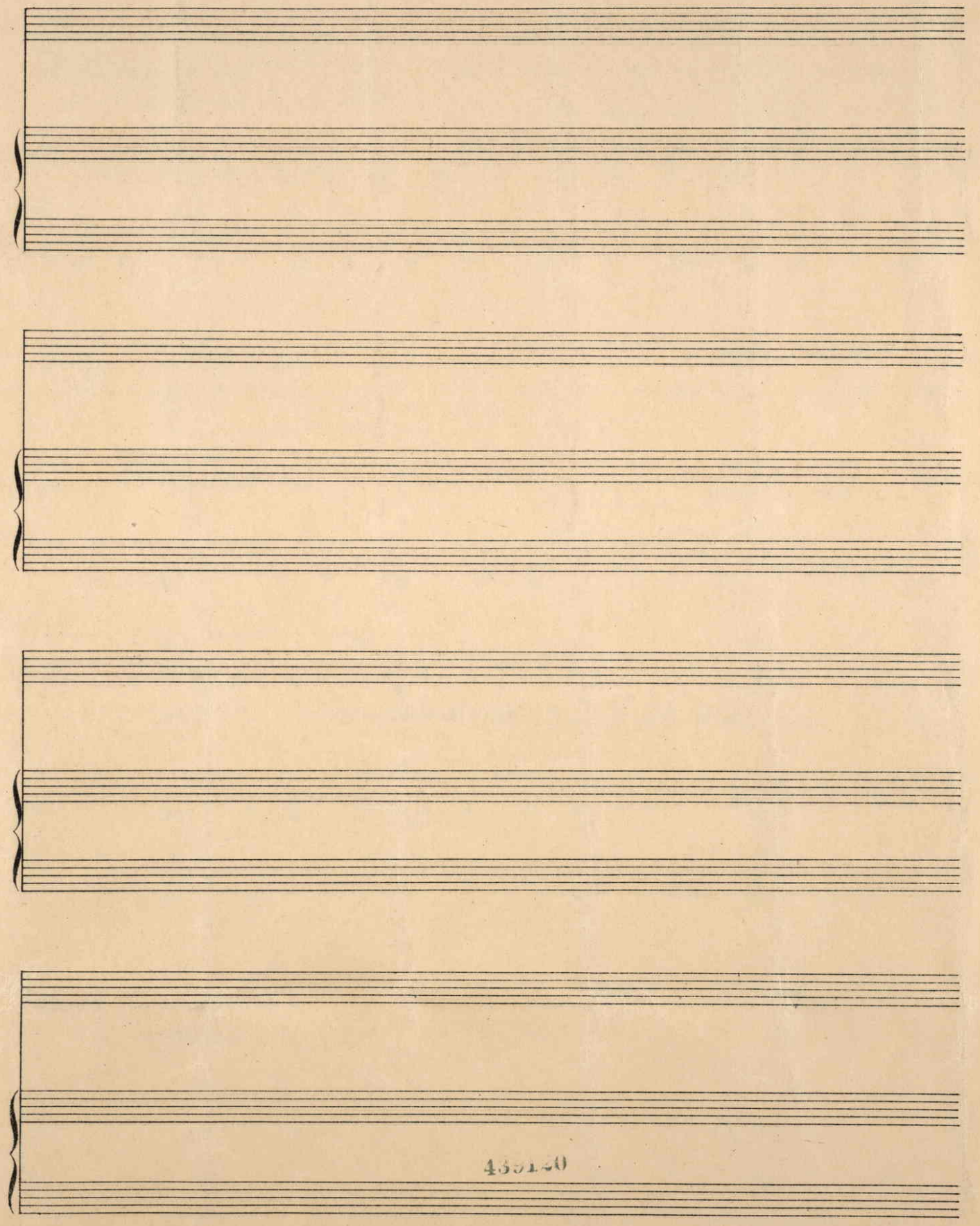

four-leaf clo-vers all a-round the door.
All things that we use to rout the Boche.
wel-come waits from Key-west up to Nome.
When on the street your friends you meet you see them in sur-
Old Kai-ser Wil-helm's wond'ring why he ev-er struck the
And when you think of fac-ing them you're glad you've done your
prise
blow
bit,
For each and ev'-ry face wears a broad grin —
The strik-er's out, old Bill, the Yanks are in —
Which means your best to help the boys to win —
Hur-rah, Hur-rah we'll
sing the ju-bi-lee When the band plays Yank-ee Doo-dle in Ber-lin —
Chorus.
Hear the tramp of stead-y feet See the flags on high — Free-dom's flag that


glo- rious flag Of men that do OR die. HEAR the drum's RAT-
TAT, RAT-TAT — Count-less voic- es sing — Yank-ee Doo-dle came to town,
Yank-ee Doo-dle Dan-dy. When the band plays Yank-ee Doo-dle in BER-lin. -lin.