

YANKEE DOODLE SAMMIES



Published by
E. C. CONVERSE
824 Jefferson St.
SEATTLE, WASH.

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Words and Music by E. C. Converse

Oh! Kai-ser Bill climbed his for-ty year mil-i-tar-y hill to pre-do-mi-nate and kill.

He dev-as-tat-ed the poor Bel-gian na-tion and gave them ve-ry poor ra-tion.

He took a ter-ri-ble chance to de-feat France with his hymn of hate of hate

lance. Chorus Now comes our Yan-kee Doo-dle Sam-mies our

Our mar-ines are crackshots as can be they are
And make this a real sto-ry make

1 2 3 4 6 Fine

Yan-kee Doo-dle sammies who will show they are ve-ry sand - y.
 crack shots as can be seen who will puncture Bill's air cas-tle dream
 this a real stor-y when we plant,our be-loved old glor - y.

Be -

fore we de - part we will kiss our loved ones and our dear sweethearts. We are going to bridge the ocean with ships

while we have the no - tion. We will Hoover - ize on food now since we are in the sav - ing

mood. There will be small loss as we'll help the great, the great Red Cross. Oh!

Li-ber - ty bell we hear you call-ing and we'll do no stalling. Liber-ty bell we hear you calling.

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