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HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MARRY A YANK LIKE ME?

Nelson F. Cunningham. M. DuFrerre.

The soldiers came marching down a- long old Broad-way,

With might-y cheer-ings, yes, on ev-ery side;

But up close to the rank, By a stur-dy Yank,

There tripped a dem-sel to this lit-tle air:

CHORUS.

"How would you like to mar-ry just a Yank-ee?

How would you like to mar-ry a Yank like me?

For you know I've been to France To make the Kaiser dance,

And part of me's a - miss-in' now you see.

But let's let the gones now be the by - gones,

And we'll over - look the miss-ing with a smile;

And if you are not too strong for style And stronger for a smile,

Then how'd you like to mar-ry a Yank like me?"

(2)

The moonlight came shining down through the window,
'Twas mighty cheering, yes, on the inside;
For in a great big chair sat the loving pair,
And this is what came floating on the air:

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Publishers' Service Bureau, Hannibal, Mo.

Clayton F. Summy Co., Music Table.

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