OCT 23 1918 ©CLE436817

Yankee Doodle's Gone to France!

Words and Music by John T. Biker

With energy.

Twice R.H.

Oh Yan-kee Doo-dle's gone to France, He calls for his sons He's in a fight-ing hu-mor now, Un-
Go For-ward March and Shoulder Arms and Double Time the drill For Yan-kee Doo-dle's gone to France to

him bear all the guns! The Yan-kee Doo-dle Dan-dy boys are off to the front! To cross the sword with
Fin-ish Kai-ser Bill. The drums are beat-ing "Quar-ters and the bu-gles sound "To Arms"! The Yan-kee Doo-dle

Hein-ie and to bear the bat-tle's brunt. We'll ride the bound-ing bil-low and we'll sink a "Sub", per-chance, And
Dan-dies from the ci-ties and the farms Will swat the He-hen-zol-lern on the Hin-den-burg line, We'll

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Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.

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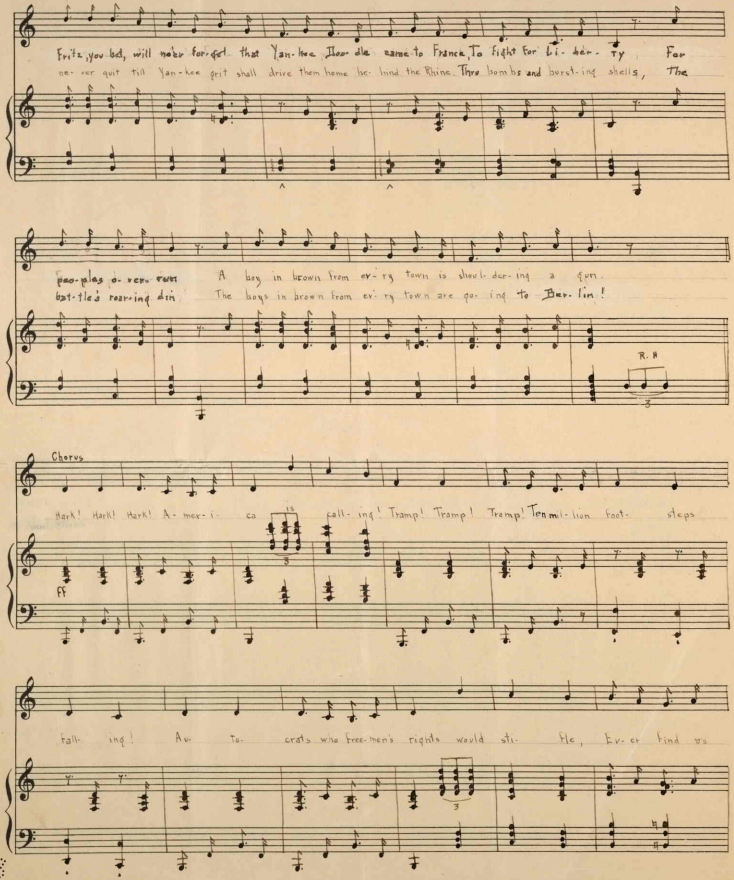
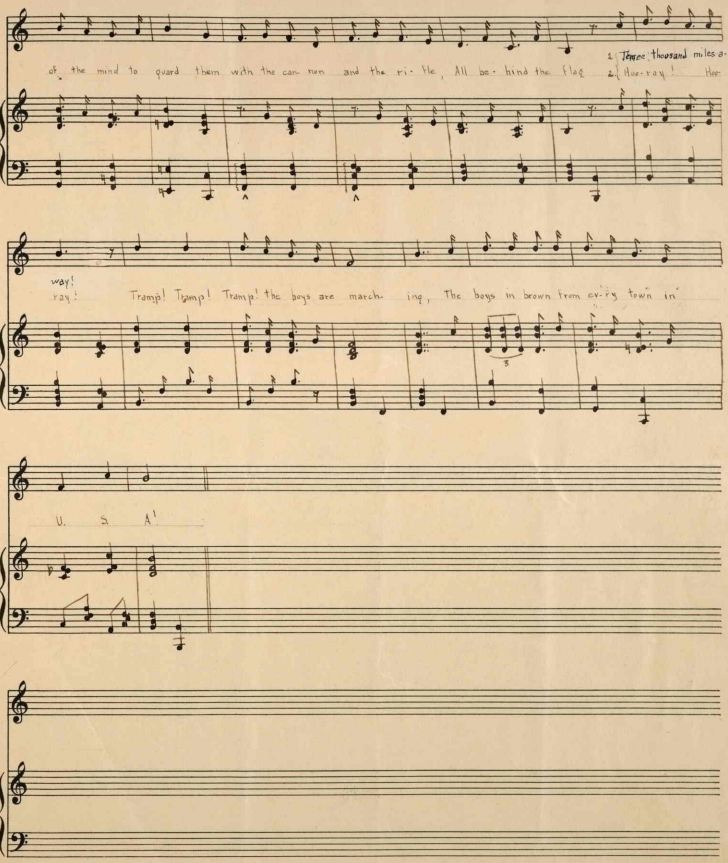
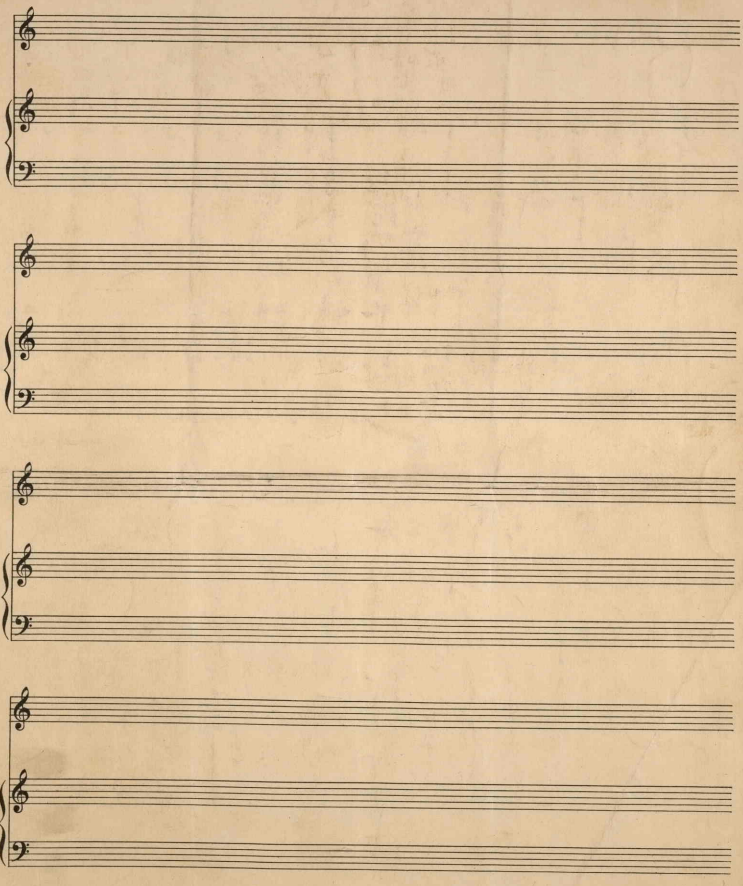

Fritz you bet, will make forget that Yan-kee Doo-dle came to France, To fight for li-ber-ty For
ne-ver quit till Yan-kee grit shall drive them home be-hind the Rhine. Thro bombs and burst-ing shells, The
peo-ples o-ver-run A boy in brown from ev-ry town is shoul-der-ing a gun
bat-tle's roaring din The boys in brown from ev-ry town are go-ing to Ber-lin!
R. H
Chorus
Hark! Hark! Hark! A-mer-i-ca call-ing! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Ten mil-lion foot-steps
ff
fall-ing! Au-to-crats who free-men's rights would sti-fle, Ev-er find us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