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OUR BRAVE OLD YANKEE SOLDIERS

Words by
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Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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Our Brave Old Yankee Soldiers

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March tempo

f

Our brave old Yan - kee sol - diers they are march - ing on to war, To main-
So on - ward brave old sol - diers, on - ward to the field in France, To

tain old Glo - ry's hon - or as their fath - ers did be - fore, So gai - ly
check the ad - vanc - ing Huns, that burns and mur - ders on, Then by the

and man - ful - ly as they did a hun - dred years a - go, And
grace of heav - en we pray God will smash him in fair fight, Till

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ev - er will they all main - tain their hon - or o'er the foe.
noth - ing left for him but make a real - ly has - ty flight.

CHORUS

Here's a bum - per to our brave old Yan - kee sol - diers, Who are all a - way,

bat - tring at the front, Main - tain - ing Old Glo - ry's hon - or at

sea and on the land, Driv - ing all the fir - ey Huns down a - mong the damned.

3

He thought that he would up everything by murder and divine right,
We soon will show him he's aloon nor neither in the fight,
And that God's Grace is not in him nor divine right is his to bite,
But that a big murderous looney is that top knot of his old kite.

4

So ever-onward soldiers on the battle in old France,
May your rifles and your cannon ever keep him on the dance,
And your aeroplanes for ever drive him on a homewood trot,
And the God of the Earth forever shove him where its hot.

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