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To My Billy, Just One of the Boys

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FIGHTERS OF THE U. S. A.



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By

LUCY TUCKER FOWLER

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To My Billy, Just One of the Boys
Fighters of the U. S. A.

LUCY TUCKER FOWLER

Marcia

The Bo - che's called us cow - ards, That we knew not how to fight, ——— When
Oh Hun! you were some guess - er, We raise our cap to you; ——— But
But they need-ed oth - er help - ers, And they did not call in vain, ——— And
You'll pay for all the blood you've shed, You'll pay and pay and pay, ——— For

we came a - cross the wa - ter To our broth - ers in their plight, ——— They
you'll guess a - gain and sev - er - al times Be - fore we're thro' with you; ——— Brave
you've found there were no cow - - ards In that land a - cross the main, ——— We're
we know who the cow - ards are, We boys of the U. S. A. ——— So you'd

jeered that we'd be count - ed To check their mad ad - vance, ——— And
France and Bel - gi - um did their part With Eng - land at their back ——— To
in this to the fin - ish, And you'll wish be - fore you're through That you'd
just pack up your lit - tle kit And beat it for the Rhine, For you'll

said they'd end us quick-ly And thus their gains en-hance.
 save the world both loss and shame From your cru-el hound-ing pack.
 nev-er seen these "Dev-il's Dogs"; We'll do so much to you.
 nev-er have a sin-gle chance When our boys are all in line.

CHORUS

Oh, the Hun he is some fight-er Be-hind his heav-y gun, But as

mp-f

soon as there's a mix-up We've got him on the run. So

here's to good old Eng-land, Dear France and Bel-gium too. The

U. S. Boys are here to fight, And we're go-ing to see it through. Oh, the through.

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