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# When The Yankees Yank The Germ From Germany

Words by

MARTIN T. WILLEY

Music by

LEO FRIEDMAN

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F.

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Moderato

*f*

We are the Sam-mies that you've heard so ve-ry much a-bout Come  
We've got our lit-tle bat-tle line al-though it is not much We'll  
We'll bot-tle up that lit-tle germ that caused so much a-larm No

*p*

all the way from Yan-kee-land, say don't you hear us shout, We've  
find the germ that made the strife and tramp it in the dust, We  
more of such a-troc-i-ties we'll keep you all from harm And

stood your crimes and fright-ful-ness, al-so your ty-ran-ny, We  
pledged our oath to fight you on the land or on the sea, And  
when you ask us how it's done, we'll tell you come and see, The

are the Yan - kees that can Yank the germ from Ger - ma - ny.  
 us Yan - kees sure will Yank the germ from old Ger - ma - ny.  
 Sam - mies when they land with the germ from old Ger - ma - ny.

CHORUS

When us Yan - kees Yank the germ from Ger - ma - ny, We will

*p-f*

put an end to your Au - toc - ra - cy; With the

Kai - ser as your lea - der, and Von Hin - den - burg the speed - er, You will

sure - ly miss the germ from Ger - ma - ny.

