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WHEN THE YANKS COME MARCHING HOME

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Words by
LEONARD FIELDS
Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

NORTH AMERICAN
MUSIC COMPANY
Grand Opera House Bldg
"CHICAGO"

M1646

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When The Yanks Come Marching Home

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Just when the foe be-gan re-treat-ing, Just when their
Just when our her-o boys were watch-ing, Wait-ing a
hope to win had gone, Just when with-in their hearts were
chance to get the Hun, Say-ing that they would do their
bleed-ing, Think-ing the end would not be long,
du-ty, Un-til the vic-to-ry was won,
Just when they tried to make those false terms, The Yan-kee
Wait-ing for Gen'ral Per-shing's or-ders, Want-ing to

sons were at their heels, — Fight-ing with cour-age brave and
 marchstraig: to the fray, — Then when the time grew near for

strong-er, — Say-ing that they would nev-er yield. —
 go-ing, — O-ver the top^y they pushed their way —

CHORUS

The war is o'er, The war is o'er, The Yanks are com-ing

com-ing home a-gain, We'll meet them all, we'll greet them

all, Our brave and strong cour-a-geous men. —

