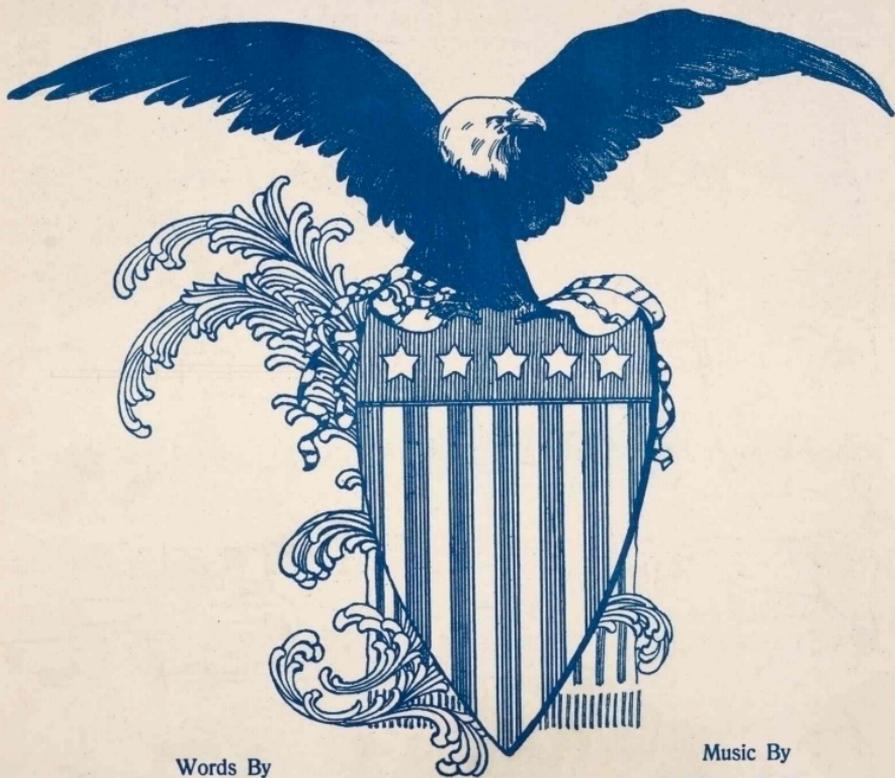


ZE 'MERICAINÉ



Words By

Kenneth M. Craig

Music By

E. H.

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ZE 'MERICAINÉ

Words by KENNETH M. CRAIG

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Tempo di Marcia

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *ff*. The music features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a key signature of one flat.

1. Who is this lad in kha - ki clad that's come a-cross the sea? It
 2. Ze 'Mer - i - caine is wi - ry, he is lithe - some and he's strong, He's

ff *♩ marcato*

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

is the Yan - kee sol - dier boy who stole my heart from me. He waves his dear 'Old Glo - ry and un -
 come to drive the Boches to the land where they be - long; Ze mil - lions they are com - ing from the

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic accompaniment.

furls it to the sky, And Lib - er - ty is flash - ing from his dark and rov - ing eye.
 Yan - keeland so free, Ze French will soon be sing - ing the song of Vic - to - ry.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic accompaniment.

CHORUS 2nd time *gva ad lib.*

Oh I dear-ly love my sol-dier boy who came across the sea And sure-ly I'll for-give him that he

stole my heart from me. He came to save my coun-try and he's fill'd our hearts with glee For old

France will make the wel-kins ring, with songs of Vic-to-ry. Oh I songs of Vic-to-ry.

3.
Ze 'Mericaïne is marching with the British and the French,
The hated Hun is quailing on the field and in the trench,
The fatal hour is dawning when the Hun shall nevermore
Destroy the weaker nations he's doom'd on ev'ry shore. = *Cho.*

4.
Ze boys will strike together—deal the Kaiser such a blow,
With all their force of arms they will lay his country low,
They'll strike and strike together and avenge the wailing cry
Of the homeless and the children the Kaiser left to die. = *Cho.*

5.
They'll fight him, and they'll pinch him, and they'll get him on the run;
They'll never cease to punch him hard until their work is done;
They'll race him, and they'll chase him until far beyond the Rhine
They get him whimpr'ing on his knees, and hear his doleful whine. = *Cho.*

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Post Office,
Washington,
D.C.



From K. M. Craig,
Brooklyn Sta
Baltimore, Md.

