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# Be Loyal Americans There's Traitors In Yankee Land



By  
PETRENELLA I. GUNTERMAN

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*Allegretto non troppo*

*mf*

Un - cle Sam is the grand old man, Who cares for you and  
 Un - cle Sam - mys heart is sad, For those he helps and  
 Down with these trai-tors of Un - cle Sam Send them back a - cross the

*p*

me, He gives a home in Yank - ee land, To  
 trust - ed so, Now they are Bol - she - vi - kis - m mad, The  
 sea, Wolves de - vour - ing an in - no - cent lamb, The

those from o'er the sea, Its Un - cle Sam - my, who  
 men you thought would grow, They boast of their con  
 lamb of true lib - er - ty, Theyre foes of ev' - ry true

wel - comes all that is loy - al, good and true, ——— Then  
 tempt for you Who fur - nished their dai - ly bread, ——— They  
 born A - mer - i - can Low - est scum of the earth, ——— Heaping

ne - ver let that dear flag fall, The old Red, White, and Blue, ———  
 slan - der all A - mer - i - cans true, And flaunt their flag of Red. ———  
 in - sults on Un - cle Sam, And this dear land of our birth. ———

CHORUS. *With determination*

There's trai - tors in old Yank - ee land, We hear their loath - some call, ——— But

*p-f*

we A - mer - i - cans will stand, For Loy - al - ty, one and all. ——— There's all. ———

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