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## Warning!

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## My Blue Eyed Sailor Boy

Arranged by  
JESSE M. WINNE

Parody version of this song  
positively prohibited

Words and Music by  
JOSEPH A. HURLEY

Writer of

'A Yankee Gunner in The Navy' and  
Here come our fighting laddies  
now

Marcia

Piano

VOICE

A girl - ic wrote a let - ter to her sweet - heart on the sea; She  
A Gob received a let - ter from the mail - man on the sea; He

wrote "I will be true. you know I love but you. I  
called out to his pal. I got one from the gal. I

When your ship ar - rives in port don't fail to come to me For  
knew she would - nt fail me for I know she thinks of me He

I'll be wait - ing, dear - ie, you're the on - ly one for me!  
op - ened up the let - ter and he be - gan to read.

rall a tempo

CHORUS (*brightly*)

You are my blue eyed sail - or boy, With ro - sy cheeks and dark brown  
 hair; You are my sweet - heart, You are my joy, For  
 no - bod - y else could I care. Gee, but I'm aw - fly  
 lone - some for you I wish you would "ship a - hoy" And  
 come down the street, your girl - ie to greet, My blue eyed  
 sail - or boy."

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**Warning!**

# Here Come Our Fighting Laddies Now

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Arranged by  
**JESSE M. WINNE**

Words and Music by  
**JOSEPH A. HURLEY**

Marcia

Writer of

{ "A Yankee Gunner in the Navy" and  
"My Blue Eyed Sailor Boy" }

Voice

When our Yan-kee doo-dle Dandies ov-er- yon- der Come sail-ing home vic- to-ri-ous once  
When the Kais-er and his al-lies are de- feat- ed Our ships will have the free-dom of the

mers, The old folks will be grin-ning, when the young ones will be sing- ing, We'll  
sea; Poor French- y will be griev- ing, when Yan- kee boys are leav- ing, For

all be there to greet them as be- fore. We'll be wait- ing for Old Gio- ry's brave de-  
Buddy helped him save his gay Pa- rec. Therell be moth-ers, wives and sweet-hearts on the

fend- ers, With our flags and ban- ners wav- ing on high; When the bat- tle is pat-  
side- walks, Therell be fath- ers, broth- ers, sis- ters, as well; When the sil- ent gray pat-'

won and we hear the fife and drum, Ev-ry one both young and old will cry.  
rol puts the U boats in the hole, Ev-ry one both young and old will yell.

*Chorus (Brightly)*  
Here come our lad-dies back to their dad-dies, Their mothers-wives and sweet-hearts as of yore

— They are com-ing home to stay, for they have won the day, So Yan-kee Doo-dle Play your tune onco

more, My Coun - try it was for thee, for hon - or and

lib - er - ty. They're home in Yan-kee - land. So strike up the band, For

here come our fight-ing lad-dies now! now!