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# THE YANKS ARE COMING HOO-RAY, HOO-RAY!

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Words by  
EVA ALLEN BALL  
Music by  
AMBER G. LASLEY

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# The Yanks Are Coming Hooray! Hooray!

Lyric by  
EVA ALLEN BALL

Music by  
AMBER G. LASLEY

Moderato

The  
We've

Yanks are com - ing, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In mil - lions they're coming, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! The  
billions and bil - lions of bonds, Hoo - ray! And more where this came from, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! The

Stars and Stripes will save the day, And set the Huns to mourn - ing. From  
might and men in Uncle Sam's pay, Will set the Huns to mourn - ing. A

North and South, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! From East and West, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray!  
wonder - ful coun - try our U. S. A. In food in mon - ey and men, Hoo - ray!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as 's' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line in each system.

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Un - der one flag, and there to stay, So the Huns are doomed to mourn - ing.  
 We're in the fight, and there to stay, So the Huns are doomed to mourn - ing.

CHORUS *well marked and not fast*

The Yanks are com - ing, the might - y Yanks, Their Un - cle has sent them in

ranks and ranks, The Kai - ser had bet - ter now say his prayrs,

Take off his crown and throw it down stairs, For his

time has come for mourn - ing.

# TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

## OUR YANKEE BOYS

### Who Stood Behind the Gun

Words by EVA ALLEN BALL

Music by AMBER G. LASLEY

Tempo di Marcia

Un-cle Sam is in a fight, — He's gone  
Our guns are now a-ring-ing, Our

in with all his might, — And he'll nev-er stop un-til his task is done, —  
shot and shell are sing-ing, Kai-ser Bill knows now our Un-cle is a-round, —

— He will nev-er sound re-treat, Till he gets the Ger-mans beat, So our Yan-kee Doo-dle  
— Bill wont stop to rea-son why, He must run, or fight and die, Or his soul will go a-

Boys will still go on. — In the dear old U. S. A. Let us work in ev-'ry  
march-ing, march-ing on. We'll soon have him on the run, For we'll use our might-y

way, To help our fight-ing lad-dies o-ver there, For they'll fight with bet-ter  
gun, Till he gets up-on his own Bo-log-na soil, Then we'll send more shot and

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