"While the Shells whist, whist, whist, whistled o'er Us"

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Tempo di Marcia

There The

Drum

Sfz

p

was a Yan-kee-rag-time band went mar-ching on to war, — It
peo-ple came from miles a-round to hear this Yan-kee band, — And

play'd such syn-co-pa-tin' tunes as ne'er were heard be-fore, — The
rag-time grew to be the rage in ev'ry for-eign land, — They

sol-diers had to one-step as they went mar-ching by, and af-ter ev'ry
play'd it at the movies, the cab-a-rets and shows, they rag-ged it in the

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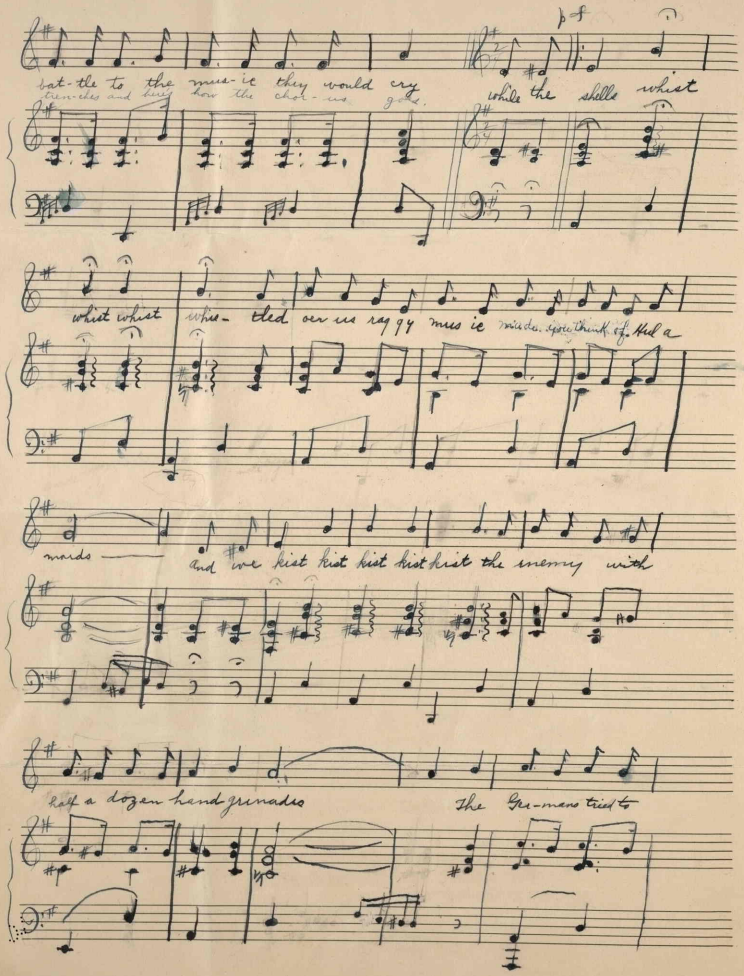
bat-tle to the mus-ic they would cry
trenches and hurry how the chor-us goes.
while the shells whist
whist whist whis- tled over us ragg y mus ic
made. you think of. Hul a
mords
And we kist kist kist kist kist the enemy with
half a dozen hand grenades
The Ger-mans tried to

goose step as they cir-cled round in twos, Our ma-chine guns start-ed

pop-pin' while we play'd the Ger-man blues Then we charged out of the

tren-ches but we saw them turn & flee, They were running to the

mus-ic of a Yan-kee mel-o-dy

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