

SM 3584

# Our Lanky Yankee Boys In Brown.

Words by  
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and ROBERT F. RODEN.

Music by  
THEODORE MORSE.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

See them com-ing, a might-y throng, Drums rum-tum-ming, they march a-long, Watch the trans-ports  
Ev-'ry vil-lage in Yan-kee-land, Sends us he-roes on ev-'ry hand, Troop-ping in from

sail-ing down the bay; \_\_\_\_\_ 'Way ov-er there in a for-eign clime, There will sure be a  
moun-tain, hill and dell; \_\_\_\_\_ There's the fel-low who slings a pen, He's as brave as the

hot old time, Un-cle Sam-my's boys are on their way. \_\_\_\_\_ We are send-ing the best we've got,  
best of men, He can sling a ri-fle just as well. \_\_\_\_\_ Farm-ers leav-ing their work un-done,

You can bet they're a fight-ing lot, We've a hunch they're go-ing to gain re-noun; \_\_\_\_\_ Ev-'ry one of them  
drop their shov-els and grab a gun, Reu-ben's aim has al-ways gained re-noun; \_\_\_\_\_ Watch them com-ing from

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full of grit, go - ing ov - er to do his bit, Our Lan - ky Yan - kee Boys in Brown. So  
ev - 'ry - where, each one rea - dy to do his share, Our Lan - ky Yan - kee Boys in Brown.

## Chorus.

Hip! Hip! Hoo - ray, for they're going to sail a - way, They leave to - day, They'll soon be

there to do their share out where the fight - ing is hot, they'll be "John - ny on the

spot," For that's a way our boys have got. By Gum! We're in for a scrap, but we'll wipe 'em off the

map, Once we be - gin, Were in to win, by gosh and that's no Josh They'll all clear the way,

Hip! Hip! Hoo - ray, For our Lan - ky Yan - kee Boys in Brown. Brown.