When the “Yanks” Come Marching Home

Verse:
Our hearts today are far across the ocean, God spare our boys, at night we kneel and pray,
In far off lands our troops are now in motion, among the very bravest in the fray;
For right and might must wipe out ev’ry wrong, so let us hope it won’t last very long.

Refrain:
For there’ll be smiles and cheers and miles of tears, when the Yanks (boys) come marching home,
There’ll be tears enough you know, to make a dozen rivers flow,
Dressed in their torn and tattered suits of tan, from battlefields across the foam,
Hearts will beat with joy for ev’ry boy, when the Yanks (boys) come marching home.

Verse:
Our hearts are beating now with palpitation, we smile and then brush away a tear,
For we have sent the flower of our nation, we’re proud of ev’ry Yankee volunteer.
America was waiting for the chance, to show the love we always had for France.

Refrain