

Dedicated to EVERY MAN IN KHAKE



THEY'RE KHAKE CLAD

THE
GREATEST
OF ALL
PATRIOTIC
MARCH
SONGS



Words by
GRANT E. COLE



Music by
FRED. G. BROWN

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They're Khaki Clad

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Marcia.

See them com - ing down the street, Hear the drums and tramp of feet.
 See them com - ing down the line, Hearts in tune and step in time.

Boys in Kha - ki, one and all, Lis - ten, you'll hear the bu - gle call.
 They don't ask the rea - son why, Ready to dare, to do, or die.

Off they go to meet the en - e - my, In our fight for right and Lib - er - ty,
 When war's dull grey skies have turned to blue, Boys in kha - ki we will wait for you,

On each face there is a smile, And they're dressed in the ve - 'ry lat - est style.
 Ev - 'ry hour we hope and pray, That you'll come back home to us some day.

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CHORUS.

p They're Kha-ki clad, and ev-'ry lad Is might-y glad that he is

p *p-f*

there, They're fine and fit, they'll do their bit, Hear the shout-ing and

mf *mf*

cheer-ing ev - 'ry - where. Good - bye, good - luck, God bless you, And

bring you back when fight-ing days are through, Oh Kha-ki clad, we're might-y glad

p-f *p-f*

That we own such lads as you. They're Kha-ki you.

f *f*