

Dedicated to EVERY MAN IN KHAKI

THEY'RE KHAKI CLAD

THE
GREATEST
OF ALL
PATRIOTIC
MARCH
SONGS



Words by
GRANT E. COLE



Music by
FRED. G. BROWN

Published by
· COLE & BROWN ·
838 Dundas St.
· Toronto ·

They're Khaki Clad

Words by GRANT E. COLE.

Music by FRED G. BROWN.

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 greyskies 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.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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