

Sevier, L. W.

THE SOLDIER'S JOB

DEDICATED TO
MAJOR WHITTLESEY AND HIS LOST BATTALION
IN THE ARGONNE FOREST

German Headquarters' Note: "Americans, you are surrounded on all sides. Surrender in the name of humanity. You will be well treated."

Major Whittlesey's Reply: "Go to Hell."



PATRIOT PUBLISHING COMPANY
2009 FINANCE BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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The Soldier's Job

Words and Music by
LEE WELLING SQUIER

Tempo di Marcia.

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pp

1. I've got a job, a great big job, a job that pleas-es me; I'm off to France to
 2. I've got a job, a clean-cut job, I'm go-ing o'er the sea; I'll pull my gun on the
 3. I've got a job, a bul-ly good job, It puts the pep in me; I stand for Right with
 4. I've got a job, I like my job, Don't take it a-way from me; I'll smash the Hun and

make Fritz dance to the tune of Lib-er-ty;..... A tune he nev-er learned to sing, but
 dir-ty Hun and help to make men free;..... The Hun has got some debts to pay, and
 all my night, for old Hu-man-i-ty;..... The Pots-dam Gang has got to go, the
 make him run all o-ver Ger-ma-ny;..... For peace he'll cry, for peace he'll shout, for

now he'll learn it well, And if he does not sing it soon, he'll
 he shall pay them well, And if he does not pay them quick, we'll
 Dev-il knows it well, They've no place here that's hot e-nough, we'll
 peace I'll make him yell, But Hun-made peace can't get a-cross, we'll

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CHORUS. *f*

goose - step down to hell,
 send him straight to hell,
 fire them all to hell,
 blow it back to hell. } It's the boom - boom of our big gun, the

rat - ta - tap - tap that gets the Hun, the ping, ping, ping, that makes him run;

Oh! the Kai - ser said we dare not fight, And now we'll fight un - til Old

Glo - ry waves o'er old Ber - lin, we'll knock - out Kai - ser Bill.

The Soldier's Job.

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