

SEP 17 1918
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"KHARI BREECHES-FIGHTING BREECHES"

Lyrics

POEM and COPYRIGHT BY BERTA CURFMAN, FATE, TEX.

MUSIC BY

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NEW YORK CITY

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"Khaki Breeches--fighting breeches" By Berta Curfman.

We've linked ourselves with England, and with Russia and with France;
We've donned our fighting breeches and we're ready to advance;
Above our Army and our Navy our flag floats on high;
The U.S. Corps is ready for the war on earth or sky.
For every insult given to the flag and Uncle Sam;
Our answer will be laden and the racists be hanged.

CHORUS.

Khaki breeches; fighting breeches; Uncle Sammy's put them on;
Khaki breeches; fighting breeches; Now you'll see the Germans run;
Hear the bugle blare; there's a slacker--where? and each man should do his share;
Khaki breeches, fighting breeches Uncle Sammy's put them on.

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Der Kaiser and der holloweg A-B-L-E can't spell;
they both are off their bally legs; are bloated up, sure as hell;
Herr Doktor this, and Doktor that; the higher Kultur, too;
The Reichstag and der Vaterland are holding barley voo;
the Central Power's are waiting for our eagle is on high;
the battle cry of Peace resounds thro' earth, on sea, and sky.

[Application given Berta Curfman]

