words by
W. Chapman

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We're off to France

music by
E. Gregori

We're off to France we've got the chance to lick the bloom-in' Hun, We're
where round is thick we sure can stick, and firm-ly make our stand: For

trim and fit to do our bit—the fight has just be- gun;— When
we can fight, can shoot on sight, and charge at the com- mand;— And

Kai---ser Bill has got his fill and thinks the Vie- try won, He'll
when the Boche makes with a rush the drive that he had planned, Then

find the yanks as fierce as tanks We'll get him on the run.—
he shall feel our hit- ting steel, we'll drive him from the land.—

Refrain

Come boys, we'll wal-lop the Kai---ser, Beat- him till he's sore-

— He says that we're la--zy, We're cow-ards, we're cra-zy, oh,

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just watch us make him roar — yes, boys, we'll wal-lop the Kai---

---ser we're bound to win this war, — we'll lam him, we'll jam him, e-

-ter-nal-ly slam him, then damm him, and pound him some more. —

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