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The IRISH KAISER



WORDS AND MUSIC

BY

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Spirited.

1. Pat Mur-phy was a sol-dier brave, For the cause of lib-er-ty, Sent all the Ger-man
 2. Now Pad-dy had a dream one night, "As he kissed the Blar-ney stone, He "bucked the Kais-er"
 3. In ev-ry Ger-man park-way fine, You'll meet a sweet col-len, While fields of wav-ing

sub-ma-rines To the bot-tom of the sea; 'Mid shot and shell the Dutch-men fell, Till
 sure so quick, And gave him just a bone;" No i-ron cross-es they will sport, But
 sau-er-kraut We'll plant with sham-rocks green; No le-ber-wurst, no sau-sage when The

Pad-dy got their size; And now he's Kais-er on the throne, Which was a big sur-prise.
 sham-rocks they will wear, While "I'm Kais-er Pat," the I-rish friend, In the Pal-ace o-ver there.
 Dutch-man drinks his "suds," He'll eat corn'd-beef and cab-bage then, With good old I-rish spuds.

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CHORUS.

The I - rish Kais - er sat down to rest, With his shil - la - lah and pipe,

While the old Deutch Junk - et - er did a turn To the U. S. drum and fife; (Get it?)

Then hump - de - did - dle and drop that gun, Don't be a suf - f'ring "nut,"

For Pad - dy is high muck - a - muck, And Kais - er Bill's the "nut."

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