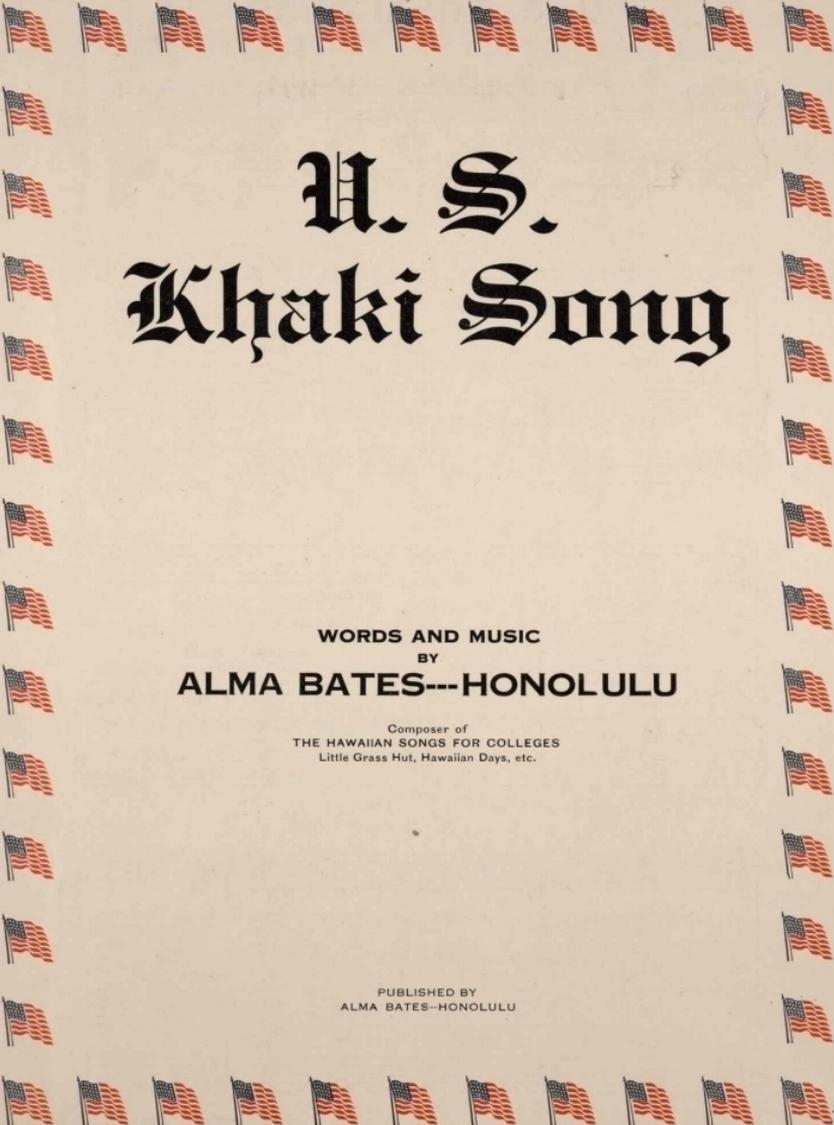


MAR 15 1918



U. S. Khaki Song

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
ALMA BATES---HONOLULU

Composer of
THE HAWAIIAN SONGS FOR COLLEGES
Little Grass Hut, Hawaiian Days, etc.

PUBLISHED BY
ALMA BATES-HONOLULU

U. S. KHAKI SONG

Words and Music by
ALMA BATES

Is it "Deutsch-land Ü-ber Al-les", is it Kai-ser o-ver all? Shall—
There are "scraps — of — pa-per" that most sol-lem-nly were signed, There are
There are laws — of — na-tions that must ev — er — hold, There are
There is neu — tral — Bel-gium with her homes — laid — waste, And her
That — thing — called — KUL-TUR sings a Song — Of — Hate, Sends —

Fright-ful — ness be vic-tor and op-pres-sion pall? Oh, —
sa — cred — treat-ies but they nev — er — bind, There were
crimes — a — gainst them that can - not be told, These
peo- ple — dealt with to the Kai - ser's taste, Oh, —
wound-ed men and nurs-es to a ghast - ly fate, Drops —

guard-ians of a na-tion ev-er brave, — ev-er free, There's a
notes so ve-ry friend-ly full of shams, — full of lies, There are
crimes are clear-ly la-belled "made in Ger — ma — ny," They were
Sons of Law and Free-dom, go to meet this murd'ring Hun! Shall the
bombs on lit-tle child-ren while they laugh — in — play, And

foe — that's — threat' — ning all De — moc — ra — cy! Come —
 plot — ting — trait — ors, there are dy — na — miting spies! Come —
 planned — and — schemed by ruth — less ty — ran — ny! Come —
 "mail — ed — fist" rule ev' — ry "place — in the sun"? Come —
 klinks the glass to these things when they toast "THE DAY"! Come —

Put on your kha-ki, Boys, fill up ev' ry rank, We

tried "watch-ful wait-ing" when the Lu-si-ta-nia sank! War - Lord Wil-liam will

lose his on-ly chance, When we're trenched ten mil-lion strong, Out There in France!

The "PEP" War Songs

They'll HELP US WIN

I. "THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL BACK HOME, BOYS"

(A song to be sung by our Army, to our Army, for our Army. Three verses and a chorus that you can't forget.)

VERSE 2:

Troops are hiking in khaki files,
Maids have cheered with the bravest smiles
Oh, it's off! and away! to the thund'ring fray,
It's tramp! boys, tramp! thru the miles,
And it's never quit till you've done YOUR BIT,
Where the gun of the Hun beguiles! For, there's a little girl, etc.

VERSE 3:

Shells have blasted the whole night long,
Lines are ready with courage strong,
We're off for a clench there in Fritzie's trench,
To right a world-wide wrong!
Double quick through the fire for the next barbed wire,
To the tune of a Yankee song: Oh, there's a little girl, etc.

II. "FOR U. S. A."

(This should be in every school in the United States)

VERSE 2:

Now from every town and city throuout our dear loved land,
With a tread that stirs your heart-blood comes a mighty
Yankee Band!
We fought for Independence, and to bind our Union fast,
Now for our men, God sounds again the battle blast!

CHORUS:

Come, Boys, come, there's the boom of the drum, and it's calling you and me,
There's a foe to fight, there's a wrong to right for Liberty!
etc.

VERSE 3:

Our Stars and Stripes shall triumph, for aye on Honor's field,
And the flags of a blinded av'rice to the Allied emblems yield!
In the name of world-humanity, in the name of Law and Right,
Columbia cries, "Oh, Sons, arise! in Freedom's might!"
Come, etc.

III. "U. S. KHAKI SONG"

(Five rousing verses and a chorus that goes with a swing)

VERSE 2:

There are "scraps of paper" that most solemnly were signed,
There are sacred treaties but they never bind,
There were notes so very friendly, full of shams, full of lies,
There are plotting traitors, there are dynamiting spies!
Come,

CHORUS:

Put on your khaki, Boys, fill up every rank,
We tried "watchful waiting" when the Lustania sank! etc.

VERSE 5:

That thing called KULTUR sings a Song of Hate,
Sends wounded men and nurses to a ghastly fate,
Drops bombs on little children while they laugh in play,
And klinks the glass to these things when they toast
"THE DAY"! Come, etc.

IV. "OH, I WISH MY MOTHER HAD RAISED HER GIRL TO BE A SOLDIER"

(A take-off on the pacifist song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier." It's brimful of Pep! Order YOUR copy and some for those patriotic girl friends of yours.)

"....The while day I am knitting the most monotonous stitch,
And I'd rather be fighting down in some muddy ditch!...."
"....When I hear the boom of a big brass drum, its music stirs and calls,
I could fight and fight all day and night mid thund'ring cannon balls!
Oh, I'd like to see some zepplins all smashed to smithereens!
I'd like to make some Fritzie's run! and sink some sub-marines!...." etc.

These four war numbers are published and sold only by the composer, Alma Bates, Honolulu, (publisher of the HAWAIIAN SONGS FOR COLLEGES, "Little Grass Hut," "Hawaian Days," etc.). Mail to

"Alma Bates, Honolulu"

Just your name and address, and one dollar for the set of four numbers. There is a set for EVERY GIRL, for EVERY BOY, for EVERY SOLDIER, for EVERY CITIZEN. (They are dedicated "to my brothers E. B. P. and R. S. P., First Lieutenants in our New Army, and to every man who wears the U. S. Army or Navy uniform.") You haven't the most thrilling American songs of the war if you haven't sent for these. Honolulu is only five days from the coast: order YOUR copies to come to you on the next steamer. They are War Songs—that will help us win.

The "PEP" War Songs

They'll HELP US WIN