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THE UNSPEAKABLE HUN



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The Unspeakable Hun

Marcia

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The world owes a toast To the march-ing host Which moves to-ward the strong-hold of crime, For the
Now the Yanks wouldn't fight, And they hadn't a right Tho' they lived in the land of the free; Yet the
And be-fore we for-get Just re-mem-ber the debt We still owe to those who are gone. Let

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great-est in woe Is the brok-en foe, As they crowd back o-ver the Rhine, And
I-ron Cross Hun, And his ex-quis-ite Son, Are both up a Dutch ap-ple tree; For in
Jus-tice a-ri-se With im-par-tial eyes, Make right to the world what is wrong. Over

each pass-ing mile Brings man-y a smile To a face that was strick-en with grief, So
s-pite of his boasts, And his blood-thirs-ty hosts He has lost all his toys and his tools, And the
Lib-er-ty's face In-to all crimes and race He crawled and he struck and he stung, Shall we

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mingled with tears, Thanks-giv-ing and cheers We sag-gest this con-cept for re-lief, —
 game is now won From this ar-ro-gant Hun, For the world is not made up of fools, —
 call him a guest Where he fled for a rest, This shrinking un-speak-a-ble Hun, — Till

CHORUS

So here's to the Hun, The un-speak-a-ble Hun, Who fled to the Dutch, Happy day! — For a
 So here's to the Hun, The un-speak-a-ble Hun, Who fled to the Dutch, Happy day! — Let's pre-
 So here's to the Hun, The un-speak-a-ble Hun, Who thought he a-lone owned the earth, — Till

mf

man who is damnd To a land that is dammed Is pro-per and fit, so they say. — May he
 pare him a bier, Shed a cro-co-dile tear, He'll be get-ting in Dutch some fine day. — Hope they
 old Un-cle Sam With his big battring ram Soon stripped him of "Gott" and of hearth. — May the

wear wood-en shoes, Nice-ly Hased with sharp screws, And, oh well, just think what you may, Hope they will
 take all his clothes, Put a twist in his nose, Paint him red, white and blue on the side, Hope they shave
 wretch-ed and sick, May the dead and the quick Haunt his mind and his dreams while a-live; When time

make him use stilts With a pair of short kilts In a place that is far, far a-way, —
 off his hair, Make him dance like a bear For the kids where he went re-side, —
 rings his knell, May he go straight to Well, That's the on-ly fit place for his tribe.

See...