The Pilies

Words & Music by

Mary Dodson Parmenter —

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The Allies.

Words & Music by
Mary Dodson Ramseur.

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Here we are boys — We've come far, boys — From A-mer-i-
That "Prussian Gang" boys — May all go hang boys — For you know that

-ca to help you win the fight — We'll help beat Fritz boys — Give him fits boys — For we
we can beat them to Ber-lin — And that "Crown Prince" — Surely shall wince — And those

Know full well that you and I are right — We'll learn to par-bz nous — With the poil u — And stand by
oth-er "War Lords" deeply dyed in sin — As for the Turks boys — Of all his works boys — Old Sa-tan

To my At-kins too — And we Al-lies be fore much time flies will make Ho-hen zol-lern "beat it" too —
Surely lovers them best — While they're work-ing — He can be shirk-ing — And that's the time he takes his rest —

Chorus

See th' mighty Hun! Watch us make him run! When Kaiser Bill throws down his crown, to light-en weight and get-
See th' unspeakable Turk! (Sa-tan makes his work) Sent to his harem to look at his girls, Cant stay long, a ban-

o-ver ground, Tis certainly true hell never be found, He will run him self – to death
-ner un fuels, Kiss Ho-hen Zollern must conquer new worlds – The Devil leads them on

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Verse 3 – On "The Front" boys will bear the brunt boys – For th' British French It al-ian bore it long – Al-so In-di'a, Aus-
" 4 "Hoch the Kai-ser"! – And pray why Sir? – Crazy Hun with "Iron Hand" to rule the Earth! Down Au-to-Kra-cy! –

tra-lia, Cana-da, And old Scot-land too sprung up to join the throng – And the oth-ers –
Up De-noc-ra-cy! We are fighting for it now for all we're worth – You will see too –

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JUL -3 1918

The Allies.

(Words and music by Mary Dodson Ramseur)

All our brothers, Have rallied round the banner of the Lord — So small na-tions — if they have
We will free too — All peoples wretched now beneath the Sun — Its la-bo-rious! — but then its

pa-tience — Shall de-liv-er'd be from Prus-sia's horde
glo-rious — To prove Right is might when all is done

Chorus.

See th' mighty Hun! — Watch us make him run! When Kai-ser Bill throws down his crown, To light-en wright and get a-ver ground —

cres.

fff fff

Tis perfect-ly cer-tain he'll never be found! He will never come back a-gain — A men! A-men! —

cres

fff fff

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JUL -3 1918

ALLIES.

Words and Music by
Mary Dodson Ramseur.

(1)
Here we are, boys - We've come far, boys,
From A-M-E-R-I-C-A to help you win the fight.
We'll help beat Fritz, boys- give him fits, boys-
For we know full well that you and I are right-
We'll learn to parlez-vous- with the poilu,
And-stand-by Tom-my At-kins too-
And we Allies, before much time flies,
Will make Ho-hen-zol-lern "beat it" too.

(Chorus)
See the mighty Hun! Watch us make him run!
Wh en Kaiser Bill throws down his crown
To lighten weight and get over ground.
'Tis cer-tain-ly true - he will never be found
He will run - himself - to - death---

(2)
That Prussian gang, boys - May all go hang, boys-
For you know that we can beat 'em to Berlin -
And that "Crown Prince" - surely shall wince -
With the other "War - lords" deeply dyed in sin -
As for the Turks, boys - Of all his works, boys,
Old Sa-tan sure-ly loves them best!
When they're wosh-ing - He can be shirk-ing
And th at's the time he takes his rest-

(Chorus)
See the unspeakable Turk! (Satan makes him work!)
Goes to his harem to look at his girls
Can't stay long - a ban-ner un-furls-
King Hohenzollern must conquer more worlds!
And - The Devil - leads - them - on -

(3)
"On the Front? boys - We'll bear the brunt, boys -
For Italian, French and British bore it long;
Also In-dia- Australia - Can-a da-
And old Scotland too sprang up to join the throng.
And the others - All our Brothers -
Have rallied 'round the banner of the Lord.
So small nations - if they'll have patience,
Shall de-liv-er'd be from Prussia's hordes -

(4)
"Hoch the Kaiser"! And pray why sir!
Crazy dream with Iron Hand to rule the Earth.
Down Au-toc-ra-cy! Up De-moc-ra-cy!
We are fighting for it now for all we're worth,
They will see, too - We will free, too
All Peoples wretched now, beneath the sun.
It's la-bo-ri-ous - but then it's glo-ri-ous
To prove Right is Might when all is done -

(Chorus)
See the mighty Hun! - Watch us make him run!
When Bill Ho-hen-zol-lern throws down his crown
To lighten weight and get over ground
'Tis per-fect-ly cer-tain he'll nev-er be found -
He will nev-er come <u>back</u> - again -

Amen! Amen!