

# OLD BALDY

## MARCH SONG

Price 25¢



WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
E.F. RIEBE

Published By  
E.F. RIEBE  
517 LAKE VIEW AVE.  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

M1646

R

6

# OLD BALDY

## MARCH SONG

Words & Music by  
E. F. RIEBE

VOICE

1. Our  
2. So  
3. It's not

TILL READY

Un - cle has some work to do, The job is not so nice — You  
let's quit all this talk ing We have done e - nough of that — So  
Deutsch-land üb - er al - les, That the world is going to sing — But it's

know he wrote a note or two To that old Ger - man fiest — The  
just slip on your kha - ki And — march up to the bat — We have  
down with all the mon - archs And with Kai - ser and with Kings — O, those

Kai - ser did not play fair In — this — old world game — Our  
got this job to do men Takes it short or takes it long — We  
dudes they will not like it They — think it is a shame — But the

Un - cle he soon found it out That he was all to blame. —  
 sim - ply have to teach those "Huns" To sing a diff' - rent song. —  
 Al - lies need not wor - ry They will get there just the same —

## CHORUS

So un - furled old Glo - ry And let her take the breeze —

Wake up Old Bal - dy And let them hear you squeal, — It has

tak - en lots to rile us We — tried the scar to heal, — But —

if those "Huns" wont list - en Well have to make them feel, —

*D.C.*

# Vot Ve Vill Do

By E. F. RIEBE

Der Bill did not this war bring on  
The World has got it all down wrong  
They have no Kultur we all know  
But we must make them believe its so  
That might is right you all must know  
Because the Kaiser has told us so.

The first dings vot we gots to do  
Is going mit that Belgium through  
We must not first go mit the fight  
But make believe we treats dem right  
We can do this mit perfect ease  
Once through we laugh mit in our sleeve.

But if they dont mit us agree  
We beat them down mit on their knees  
We have der might we told them so,  
And now we on to Paris go  
You dont' can make us Germans scare  
But we found out that Joff was there.

And that retreat by that there Marn  
Was all just like the Kaiser's plan  
Paris we did not wants to take  
And that was done for humanity's sake  
And by that we sure can swear  
We did not for that Paris care.

But at Verdun we must break through  
To show the World what Fritz can do  
And we can fly mit in der sky  
O, my; O, my; so high so high  
And rain mit fire down from above  
With that machine, der turtle dove.

And we will over London fly  
Mothers and babes to kill we try  
And O, what wonders we can do  
Before we mit this war gets through  
And when mit England we gets done  
We warn the World we make no fun.

I shakes mine fist und say by Damm  
I make some fightings mit Uncle Sam  
Better as you look a little out  
Mit peoples vot make dot Sauerkraut  
I dont von dunder wedder care  
How soon we start mit pulling hair.

I dont much stock in Got more take  
We must our cannon bigger make  
Around our limberger a guard call out  
And always watch that saurkraut  
Ther Bear is starting something new  
We dont can tell vot he vill do.

And let me whisper somtings new  
Mine Got has joined the Allies to  
O, vell just let dem all come arouse  
I licks der whole capital ouse  
And when we gets the whole world trade  
We sell vot is in Germany made.

And when mit fightinge we get through  
I sits me down and cry some too  
No more worlds for me to take  
That will cause my heart to break  
But sondings comes mit in my head  
And says you must not yet go dead.

But I not here can always stay  
I soon will have to go away  
What will then der end all be?  
When I meets Peter mit that key  
And he'll say Bill you gots no show  
The records say you go below.

O, well it makes me notings ouse  
If Old Peter fires me rouse  
I will me start sondings new  
And all the Turks will help me too  
What it will be? I dont can tell  
I Dinks it be von great big Hell.

Copyright MCMXVII by E. F. Riebe.