

JUN 14 1918 ✓

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## KAISER-EAT-US

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A TOPICAL SEA SONG  
= BY =JESSE G. M. GLICK  
AND  
ROBERT STARKEY

All the Mod to

The musical score is written on five systems of staves. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, stems, and beams. There are also some handwritten annotations like 'S' and 'p' above notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line in the fourth system.

OH THERE IS A NA VY LAD WHO SAILS THE BRINE Y SEA  
THE DOC TOR CALLED THE CAP TAIN THE CAP TAIN CALLED THE CREW AND  
CAN NONS WILL BE ROAR ING JUST AS IF THEY LINED THE FUN A

M 11646

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Sherman, Clay &amp; Company, San Francisco, Cal. Nr. 9.

Jesse G. M. Glick,

SHERMAN, CLAY &amp; CO., S. F.

HAVE THE KAIS ER EAT US MATE ONE DAY HE SAID TO ME ITS A  
 FOUND THAT EY- DY SAIL OR THERE HAD KAIS ER EAT US TOO SO HE  
 YARK EE GUN NER THERE WILL BE BE HIND A YARK EE GUN AND WHEN

FUN NY THING TO HAVE YOU KNOW I REALL- LY CANT BE STILL ILL  
 CRIED ROLL UP THE FIN CHOR AND TO CLEAR THE DECK ITS WELL THE WE'LL  
 THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED A WAY AND OURS IS THE VIC TO BY

HAVE THE KAIS ER EAT US TILL WE GET OLD KAIS ER BILL  
 CURE FOR KAIS ER EAT US IS A DOSE OF SHOT AND SHELL  
 RIAL LY 'ROUND THE STARS AND STRIPES AND CHEER DE MOC RA CY

Chorus

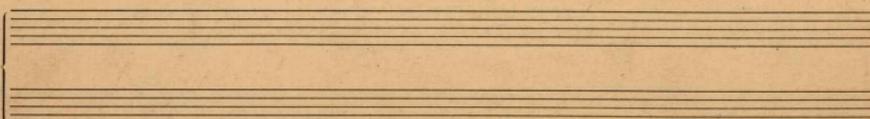
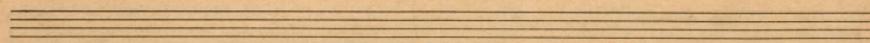
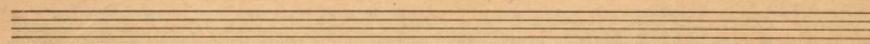
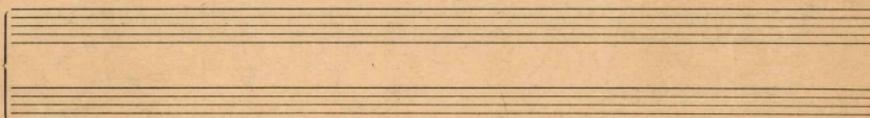
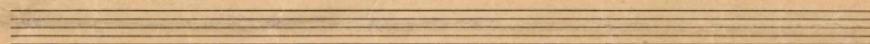
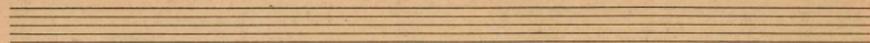
WE'RE GO ING TO THE NORTH SEA TO GET THE KAIS ER'S FLEET SEND

IT DOWN SO FAR BE LOW IT WILL SUFFER FROM THE HEAT HIT-

THE IMPS WILL GUIDE IT THERE AS SOON AS WE ARE THROUGH THE

DEVIL HE WILL WELCOME IT WAY DOWN IN HELLER BA LOO-

D. S.



JUN 14 1918

"K A I S E R - E A T - U S"

A Topical Sea Song  
by

Jesse G. M. Glick  
and  
Robert Starkey

Oh there is a navy lad  
Who sails the briney sea.  
"I have the Kaiser-eat-us, mate,"  
One day he said to me.  
"It's a funny thing to have, you know,  
I really can't be still  
I'll have the Kaiser-eat-us  
Till we get old Kaiser Bill."

Chorus:           We're going to the North Sea, to get the Kaiser's fleet,  
Send it down so far below, 'twill suffer from the heat,  
Little imps will guide it there, as soon as we are through,  
The devil he will welcome it, way down in hella-ba-loo!

The doctor called the Captain,  
The Captain called the crew,  
And found that every sailor there,  
Had Kaiser-eat-us, too.  
So he cried: "Pull up the anchor,  
And to clear the deck as well,  
The cure for Kaiser-eat-us is  
A dose of shot and shell".

Cannons will be roaring,  
Just as if they liked the fun.  
A Yankee gunner there will be  
Behind each Yankee gun.  
And when the smoke has cleared away  
And our's the vic-to-ry,  
We'll rally 'round the Stars and Stripes,  
And cheer De-moc-ra-cy!

E X T R A V E R S E S

Oh, there will be a jolly time,  
'Way down in hella-ba-loo.  
The Kaiser will be roasted, till  
His shins are black and blue,  
It's the only place where he'll not be  
Of everything the boss,  
For the devil he will nail him to  
A German iron cross!

And when the battleships sail up  
The famous River Rhine,  
'Tis then the sun of freedom for  
Old Germany will shine.  
And every little maiden from  
The Danube River blue,  
Will be sewing on the buttons  
For a Yankee-doodle-doo!

We'll take the Bismarck herrings and  
Just call them "trout" instead;  
Limburger cheese we'll bury till  
We're sure that it is dead;  
We'll take the juicy "weenie" and  
Its sister sauer-kraut,  
And open up the "weenie" let  
The German Daschund out!

We'll teach the children English,  
And to "parle vous Francais",  
Italian tongue we'll sandwich in,  
Good measure by the way.  
And all the songs will joyous be,  
(Just put this on your slate)  
Every song will be of love-  
And not a song of hate!

Now everyone in Berlin town,  
Will gladly tip their hats,  
When the Kaiser's palace is  
Made into Harlem flats.  
We'll take his picture from the wall,  
And hang up there instead  
One of Woodrow Wilson  
With a halo 'round his head!

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