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[redacted]

GERMANY THE TRAITOR,
Words by Geo. W. Tice, Music by Geo. Trevor.

moderato

mp

Kaiser Wilhelm called on King George one day, In his role as second Cre-at-or; — Uncle
Says John to Bill with a Voice ser-ene, "You bloomin' blood-y Jigger; — now I
you have mis-treat-ed and maimed our own, In a way that I at-an't dis-owne you; — Uncle

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John was much an-noyed with Bill, 'Pon dis-cov'ring that he was a trait-or; — Forsaid
Senor I need to help the World, And I'll give my time mind and Vig-or; — Your
Sun's strong arm which you have forced, Sun your ruthless and sen-less in-dew-or; — now de-

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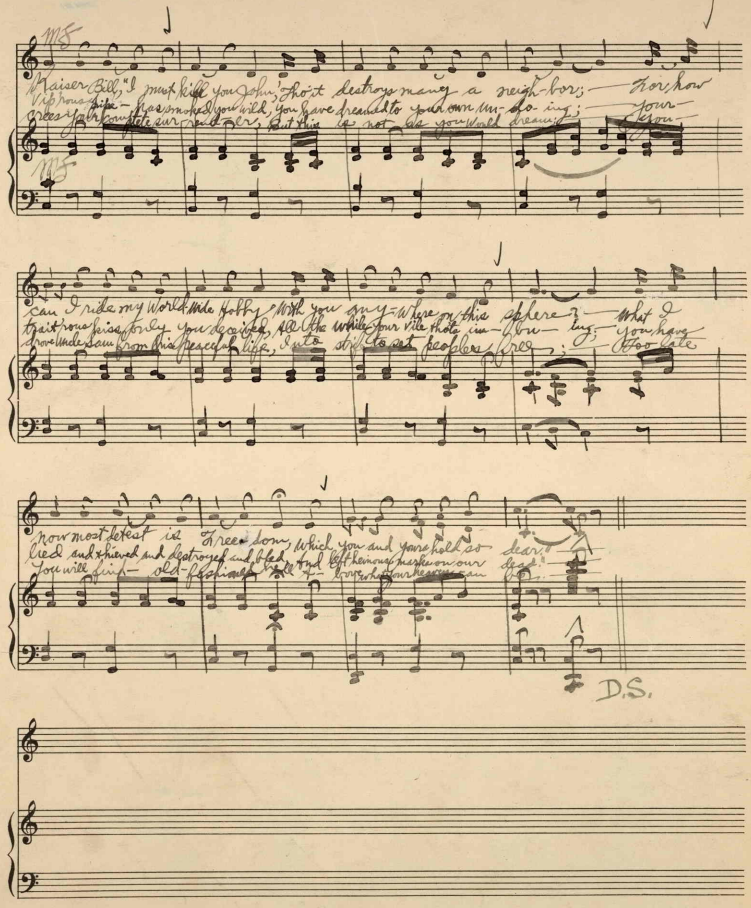
Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.


Kaiser Bill, "I must kill you John," Tho' it destroys many a neigh-bor; — For how
Vip rous pipe — has smoked you wild, you have dreamed to your own un-do-ing; — your
crees your complete sur-rend-er, but this is not as you would dream; — you
can I ride my World-wide Hobby, with you any-where on this sphere? — what I
trait rous kiss, only you deceived, All the while your vile thots im-bu-ing; you have
drove Uncle Sam from this peaceful life, Into strife to set peoples free; — Too late
now most detest is Free-dom, which you and your hold so dear!
bled and thieved and destroyed and bled, And left heinous marks on our dead!
You will find — old-fashioned brill-i-bove, when your heavens can be.
D.S.

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