

Arranged by

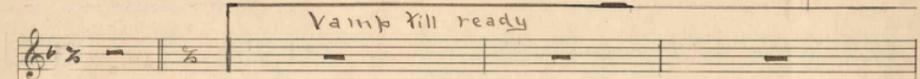
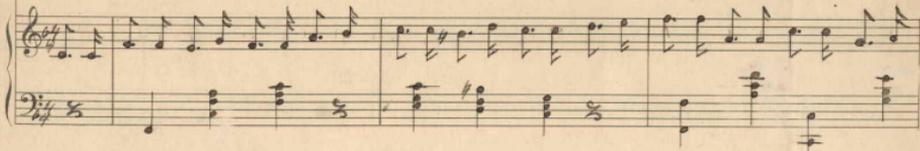
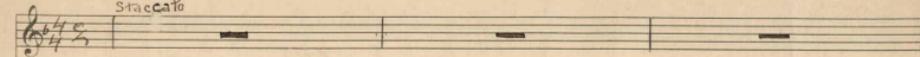
Oh, You Kaiser, You'll Get Wiser

Words and Music

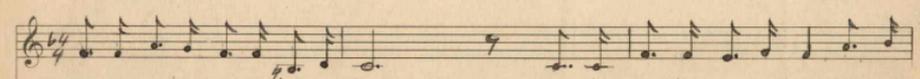
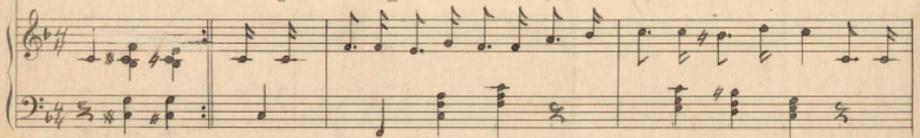
by

Francis W. Bourgeois

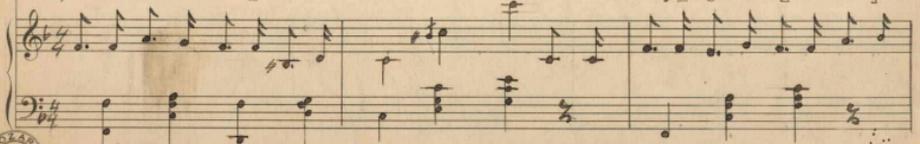
Charlotte Bourgeois Todd
Staccato



We've a bunch of Sam-my boys, who will make a lot of noise. When they
were you brain-y as a clam, you would know that Un-cle Sam, ain't a



get to go-ing af-ter Kai-Ser Bill. He i-ma-gines they're a Snap, he'll dis-
frad that you will wor-ry him so much. For when Sam-my gets his gun and goes.



Cor-er they can scrap. When the Yank-ees get to shoot-ing fit to Kill--- And he
out to wing a Hun-- You will find that he can shoot to beat the Dutch--- You can

thinks we are a bluff, that we have-nt got the stuff. To put up a de-cent fight with an-y
rip and rant and swear, not a Yank-ee will you feare. For his bump of "I will git you" is im-

One----- But hell find that we are game and we get there just the same. Oh well
hense----- Sure the Sam-my Boys will stay. (doubtless how to run a-way) Till they

Chorus

have to ed-u-cate that bloody Hun--- Oh, you Kai-ser, The reas-on
have your hide a hang'ing on the fence--- Oh, you Kai-ser, You'll soon get

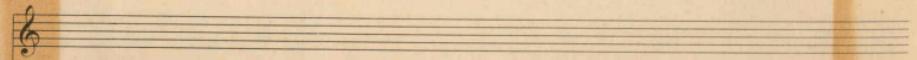
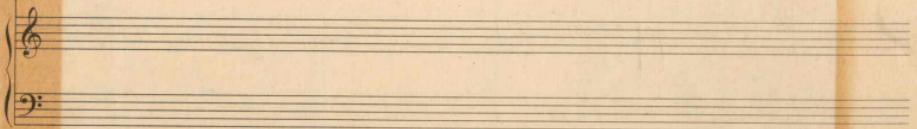
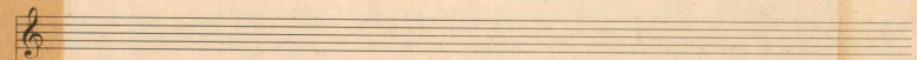
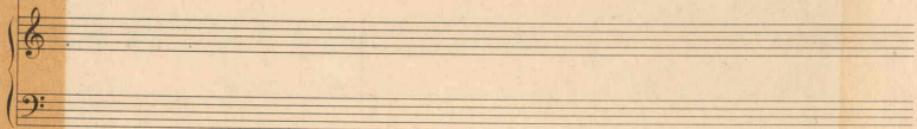
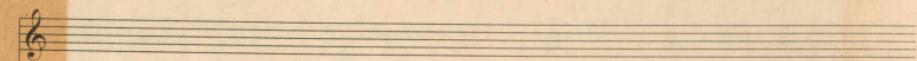
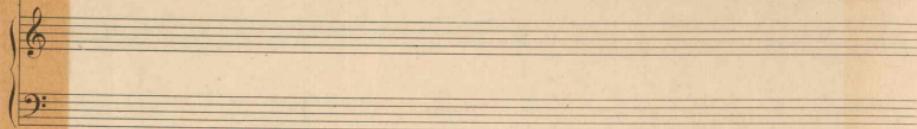
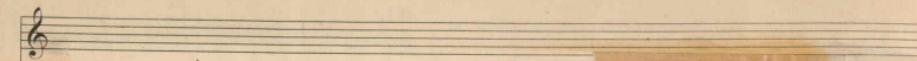
why sir-- That we'll get your bill-y whisk-ers in this scrap-- Our Un-cle
 Wi-ser-- And You'll wish you'd never known the U. S. A.--- For ou--r

Sam-my has got a fam-ly-- That can Wipe your bloody Coun-try off the
 Sam-my will get your nan-nie--- He will put you on the bum and that to

Repeat

Chorus Fine

Map-- Map.
 Stay-- Stay.



-: OH' YOU KAISER, YOU'LL GET WISER:-

We've a bunch of Sammy boys, who will make a lot of noise,
When they get to going after Kaiser Bill,
He imagines they're a snap, he'll discover they can scrap,
When the Yankees get to shooting fit to kill,
And he thinks we are a bluff, that we haven't got the stuff
To put up a decent fight with anyone,
But he'll find that we are game, and we get there just the same
Oh' we'll have to educate that bloody Hun.

-Chorus-

Oh' you Kaiser, the reason why-sir,
That we'll get your billy-whiskers in this scrap,
Our Uncle Sammy, has got a fam,ly,
That can wipe your bloody country off the map.

Were you brainy as a clam, you would know that Uncle Sam,
Ain't afraid that you will worry him so much,
For when Sammy gets his gun, and goes out to wing a Hun,
You will find that he can shoot to beat the Dutch,
You can rip and rant and swear, not a Yankee will you scare,
For his bump of "I will git you" is immense, ^{kovv}
Sure the Sammy Boys will stay, (dcn't know to run away),
Till they have your hide a hanging on the fence.

-Chorus-

Oh' you Kaiser, you'll soon get wiser,
And you'll wish you'd never known the U.S.A.
For our Sammy, will get your nan-ny,
He will put you on the bum, and that to stay.