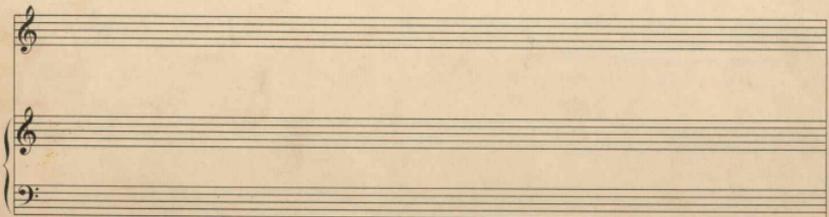
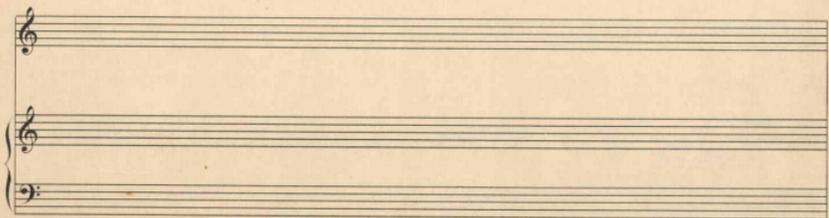
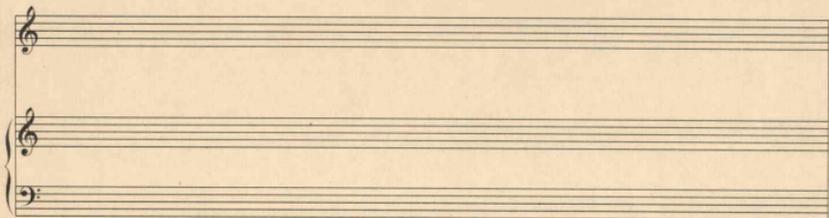
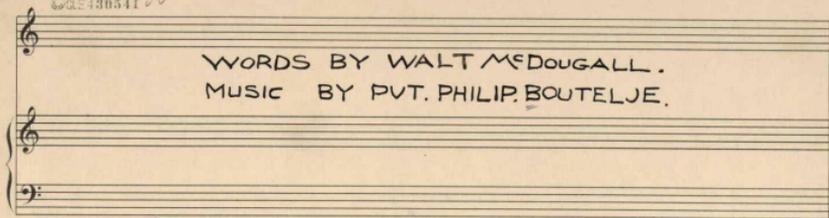


SEP -4 1918

THE KITCHEN COP.

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WORDS BY WALT McDougall.
MUSIC BY PVT. PHILIP BOUTELJE.



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THE KITCHEN COP.

WORDS BY
WALTMCDUGALL
MUSIC BY
PHILIP BOUTELJE

March time

(half fast)

Army mess call

Not too fast-

WHO'D A THOUGHT TO EVER PEELE PERTATERS — WHO'D A THOUGHT THAT I'D BE COOKIN' BEANS? OR
GEE! MY HOOKS ARE SORE FROM WASHING KETTLES, — RAW FROM WRASTLIN' HEAVY GARBAGE CANS — IF

DISHIN' UP A PAN O' CANNED TOMATERS — MIXED UP WITH SAND FROM OFF MY OLD BLUE JEANS-IF
COPPIN' OFF THE ART OF COOKIN' VITTLES WHILE SWEEPIN' FLOORS AND SCOURIN' OUT THE PANS — IF

MOTHER EVER SAW ME AT THE COOKIN' — OR DRILLIN' ON AN ARMY JELLY CAKE
SISTER EVER SAW ME BOILIN' COFFEE — OR POUNDIN' ON A SLAB OF RUBBER STEAK SHED

SHED MOLLER OUT, YOU BET, THE BOYS NOT PERFECT YET, MY WHAT A HUSBAND HE WILL MAKE! SOME
DIED HOWL THE LITTLE BOOK, I'LL NEVER BE A COOK BUT WHAT A HUSBAND HE WILL MAKE!

DAME, THAT'S GOT A GIFT FOR FANCY EATIN' SOME, CLASSY JANE, FROM WAY UP TOP

Chorus

GONNA HEAR, WE'VE GOT THE KAISER BEATEN - AND GRAB ME FER HER LITTLE KITCHEN COP

GETCHA BOY, I'M DOIN' POLICE DUTY - I'M LEARNIN' HOW TO FRY AND BOIL AND BAKE -

NOBODY'S

GONGA ^{3/4} MEREELY FER MY BEAUTY - OH MAMA! OH PAPA! WHAT A HUSBAND IM GONA MAKE!

Sept. 1, 1918
Z.P.