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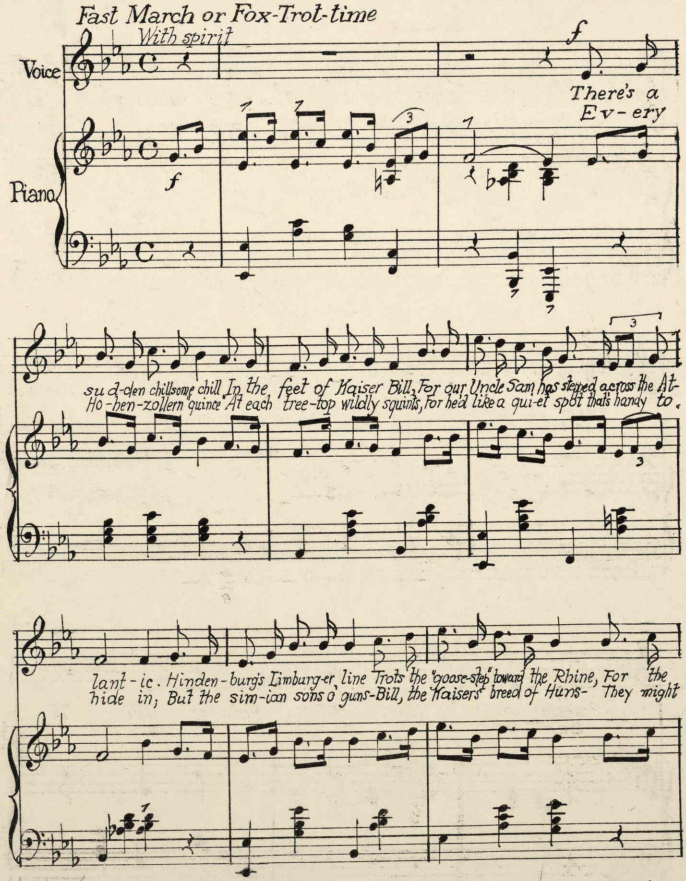
SEP 18 1917

Bill, You Won't Get Off At Heligoland.

A Song for the National Army.

Words and Music by
Albert S. Crockett.

Fast March or Fox-Trot-time



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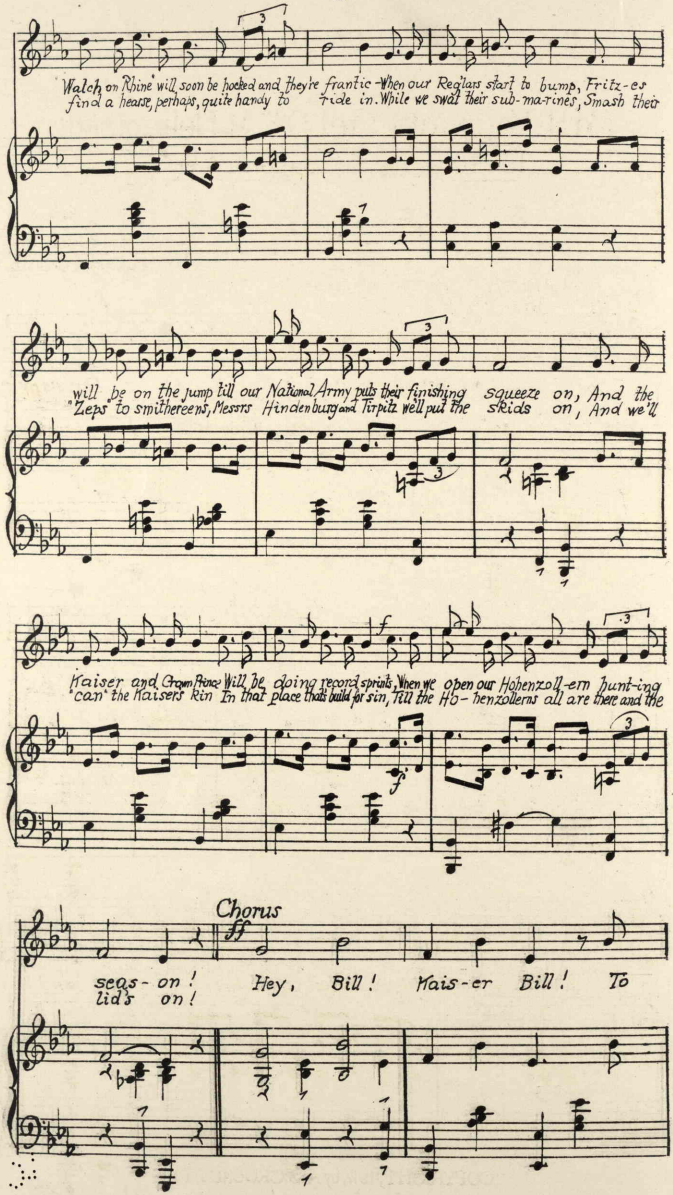
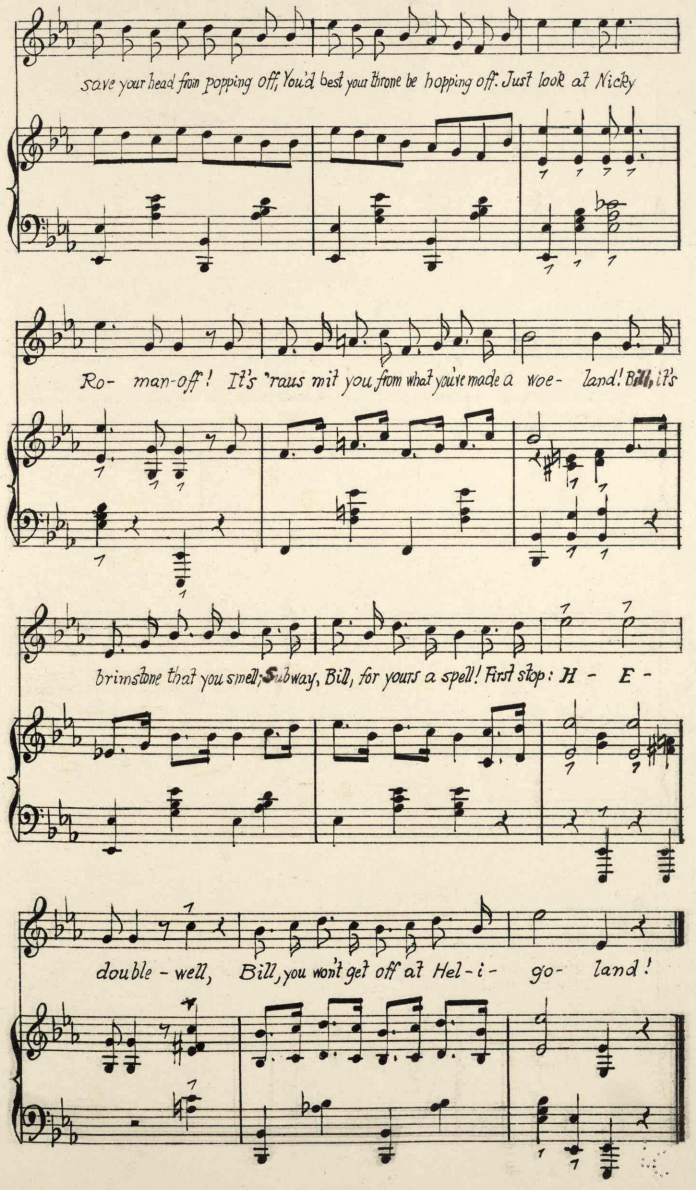

Waich on Rhine will soon be hocked and they're frantic - When our Reglars start to bump, Fritz-es find a hearse, perhaps, quite handy to ride in. While we swat their sub-ma-rines, Smash their
will be on the jump till our National Army pulls their finishing squeeze on, And the "Zeps" to smithereens, Messrs Hindenburg and Tirpitz we'll put the skids on, And we'll
Kaiser and Crown Prince Will be doing record spirals, When we open our Hohenzoll-ern hunt-ing can the Kaisers Kin In that place that's built for sin, Till the Ho-henzollerns all are there and the
Chorus
seas-on! lid's on! Hey, Bill! Kais-er Bill! To


save your head from popping off, You'd best your throne be hopping off. Just look at Nicky
Ro- man-off! It's 'raus mit you from what you've made a woe- land! Bill, it's
brimstone that you smell; Subway, Bill, for yours a spell! First stop: H - E -
double - well, Bill, you won't get off at Hel-i- go- land!

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