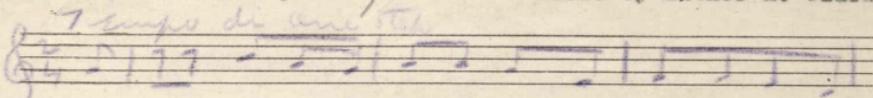
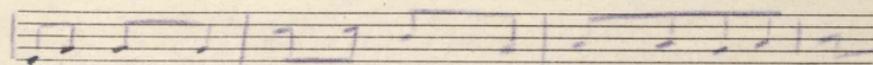


Words by Wallace Hayter.

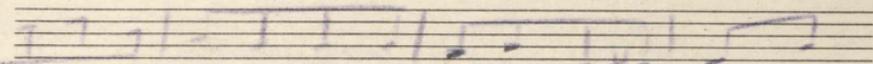
Music by Luther A. Clark.



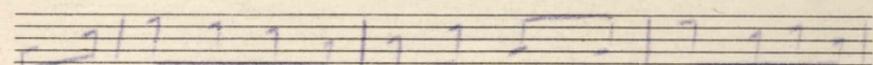
The Kaiser lay on his bed of state And pondered on his



future fate, For since the States had joined the war He knew

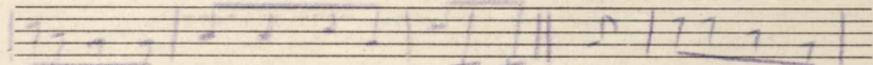


his end could not be far. His hardened soul was filled with

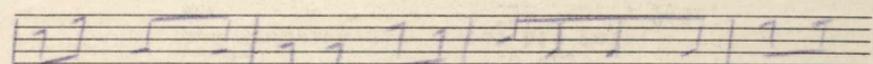


fear For well he knew the end drew near. His dreams of empire

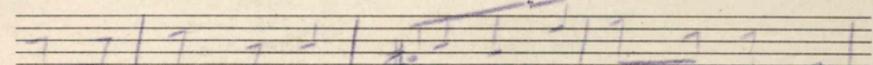
1st CHORUS.



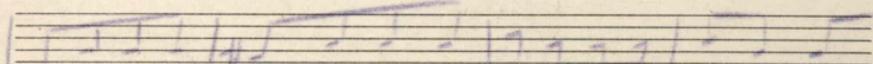
over all Are destined for a heavy fall. Now as he lay, a



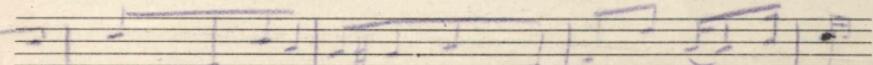
huddled heap, He soon fell in a troubled sleep. He heard a



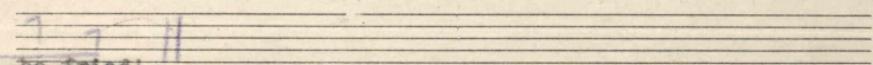
voice, it seemed to say, "Kaiser Bill was killed today. The



Yankees on him dropped a bomb And he is waiting for the tomb."



"'Tis well," another voice replied, "I hope in Hades he will



be tried:

2.

"Did he not start this most cruel war,
Most bloody in the world by far?
How many noble, true and brave
Now lie beneath the ocean wave?
How many on the sea and land
Are murdered by this monster's hand?
How many children met their fate?
How many homes left desolate?"

2d Chorus.

"How many young, how many old,
Have suffered misery untold?
How many in the cruel past
He from happiness has cast?"
But in his dreams he cannot stay,
So now he marches on his way,
And troubled sore about his fate,
At last he knocked on the Pearly Gate.

3.

He knocked and hammered and knocked again.
Decided then 'twas all in vain.
He knocked again. No one had come.
A sign he noticed: "Not at home."
And now, no other place to go,
The Kaiser started down below.
The Kaiser's face turned very pale,
Satan he met, with forked tail.

3d Chorus.

The Devil stood and shook his head;
"You can't come in!" he quickly said.
"Bad folks there are in Hell of mine,
But at you I draw the line!"
The Kaiser shrieked, a dreadful scream,
And then he woke. 'Twas but a dream.
But may be bitter truth instead.
He'll get a dose of Uncle Sam's lead.

