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WE'VE SENT ANOTHER U BOAT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

By Charlotte M. Eddy

1402 LeRoy Ave.
Berkeley, Cal..

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

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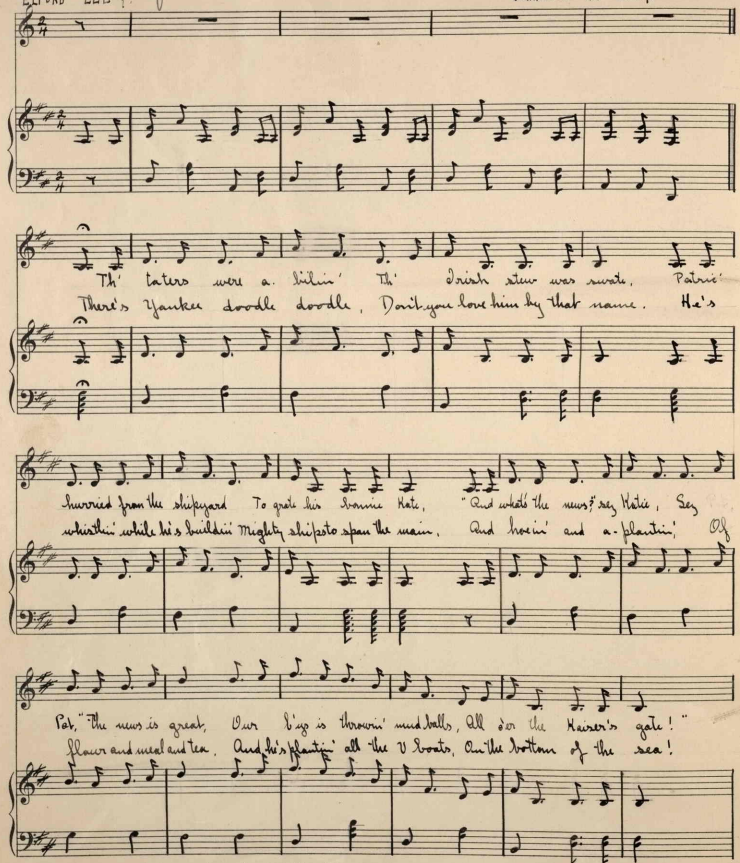

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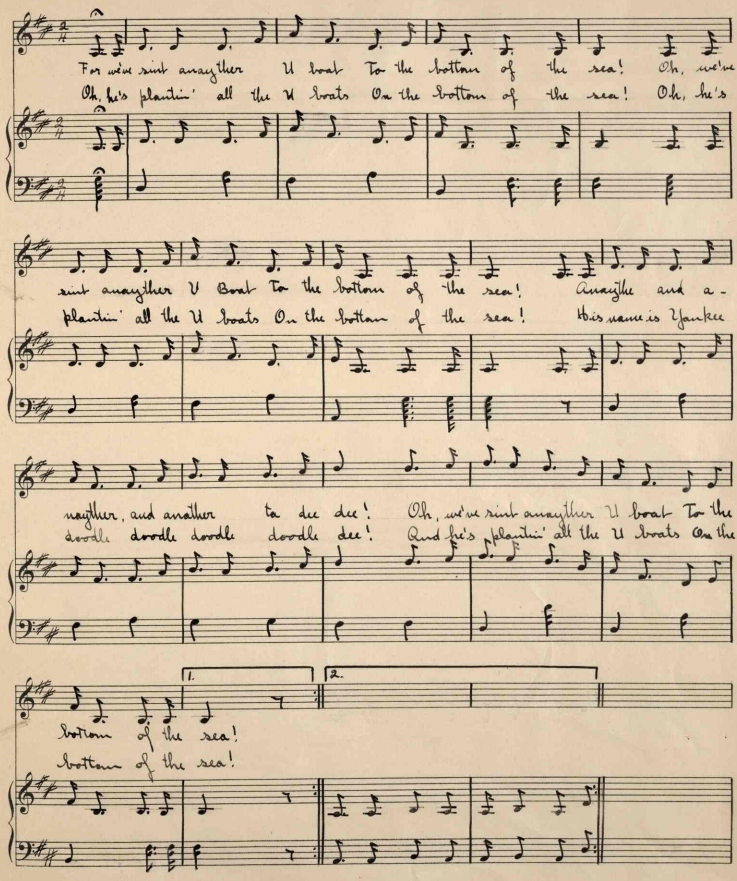

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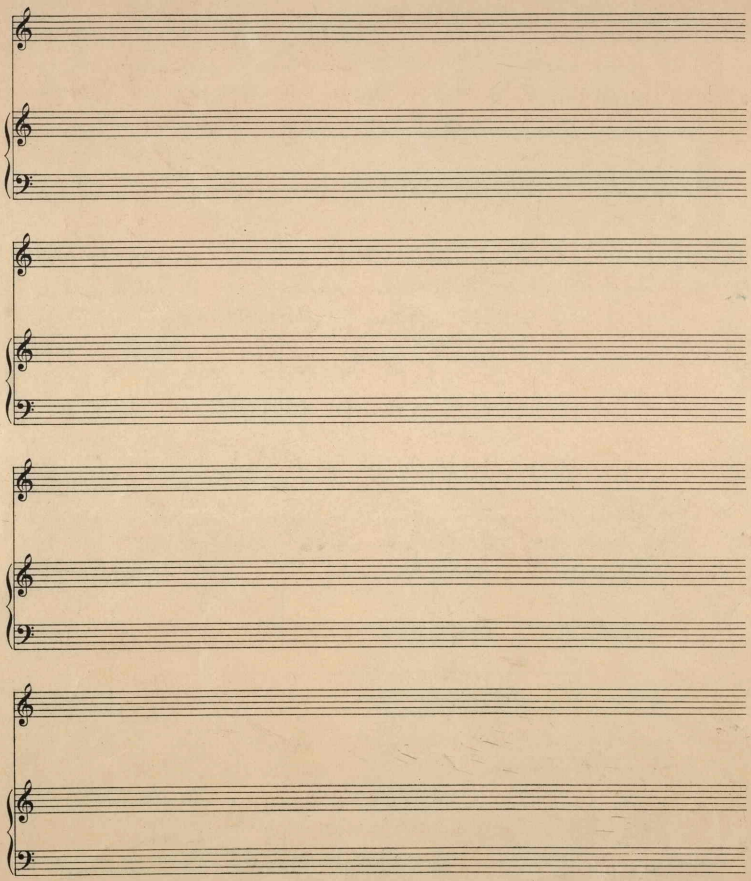

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by Charlotte M. Eddy
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1402 Le Roy Avenue,
Berkeley, Cal..

MAY -8 1918

WE'VE SENT ANOTHER U BOAT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

I.

Th' taters wuz a-b'ilin'
Th' Irish stew was swate,
Patric hurried from the shipyard,
To grate his bonnie Kate,
"An' phwat's the news?" sez Katie,
Sez Pat," The news is great,
Our b'ys is throwin' mud balls
All o'r the kaiser's gate! "

C H O R U S.

For we've sint anayther Uboat
To the bottom of the sea!
Oh, we've sint anayther U boat
To the bottom of the sea!
Anayther and anayther and anayther ta dee dee!
Oh, we've sint anayther U boat
To the bottom of the sea!

II.

There's Yankee doodle doodle,
Don't you love him by that name?
He's whistlin' while he's buildin'
Mighty ships to span the main,
And hoein' and a-plantin'
Of flour and meal and tea,
And he's plantin' all the U boats
On the bottom of the sea!

C H O R U S.

Oh, he's plantin' all the U boats
On the bottom of the sea!
Oh, he's plantin' all the U boats
On the bottom of the sea!
And his name is Yankee doodle
Doodle doodle doodle dee!
And he's plantin' all the U boats
On the bottom of the sea!

III.

A bunch o' bare kneed Highlanders
Cae' haeme on short furlough,
Wi' kilties a' a-swinging
An' bag pipes aw a-blow,
Came a call for volunteers
To sink the submarines,
"Tell King George that we be riddy
Tae this message to the queen."

C H O R U S.

Aw, we'll blaw anither U boat
Tae the bottom o' the sea!
Aw, we'll blaw anither U boat
Tae th' bottom o' the sea!
For we'll tae our bag pipes wi' us
And we'll blaw 'em out o' sight,
And when they hear our pibroch singing
They'll dee o' mighty fright!

IV.

There's the Tommy in the trenches,
You like to see him grin,
And you ask him why he's grinnin'
Don't he feel the strain we're in?
His brother in the navy's
Sunk another U boat pup!
And he's goin' to keep on sinkin'
Till he fills the ocean up!

C H O R U S.

Oh, he's sent a blarsted U boat
To the bottom of the sea!
Oh, he's sent a blarsted U boat
To the bottom of the sea!
He is a bit bow legged
But he's made of Johnny Bull,
And he says he'll keep on sinking
'Till the whole blimed sea is full!

V.

There's the cocky little Frenchie,
He's the daddy of champagne,
And the perfumed fluffy ruffles
Which have won renown and fame,
He's living with the trench rats a
And the creepy crawling things,
And he's smoking vile French cigarettes
And smiling while he sings-

C H O R U S.

We've whisked another U boat
To ze bottom of ze sea!
Oh, we've whisked another U boat
To ze bottom of ze sea!
We were veree polite wiz them
Just kissed the periscope
With une cherie ten pounder
Tipped ze fishes to the dope!

VI.

There's the singing little Dago
In the high Italian Alps,
A-sleeping on the ice and snow
And stringing German scalps,
Says the Cap," We'll have spaghetti now
We'll eat our garlic sweet,
Turn our faces toward the ocean,
Breathe upon the U boat fleet!"

C H O R U S.

We've sent another U boat
To the bottom of the sea!
We've sent another U boat
To the bottom of the sea!
Eat our garlic, for we're famished,
Then the nation give a puff,
The whole U boat fleet, she vanish!
Says the Kaiser," That's enough! "