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KAISER BILL

Words by

S. CREEK

Music by

LEO FRIEDMAN

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Kaiser Bill

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Allegretto

O Kais-er son your day is done, And we have proved you quite a bum, And
For when the Al-lies make you run, Dont trou-ble Bill to get your gun, For
"I won-der where ill land" says Bill, I feel so ill so ver-y ill, Just

when the Al-lies make their run, You may be put to King-dom come, And
it will be our turn to grin, When we see you go on the spin, And
then the cap-tain said "Hul-lo," I think you'd bet-ter get be-low, They'll

while this war is on you say, You nev-er felt so fine so gay, But
when the war is o-ver boy, Then some-one will shout "ship a-hoy," And
put the i-rons on your wrists, Be-fore you land at Hel-e-na, For

let me tell you my fine fel-lah, You'll soon want more than an um-brel-la,
 then great will be our blooming joy, When Kais-er Bill we do es-py:
 now we sure will get some fun, A day is com-ing you can't shun.

CHORUS

Kais-er Bill your day of ut-ter rout has come, So grind your grist and

keep this fact in mind, ——— We Al-lies are all a-greed, till

King-dom come, To ban-ish you Bill and all Huns of your kind. ———

