

H.K.F.

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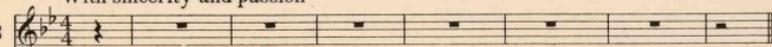
HIM OF HATE

Words by
J. C. S.

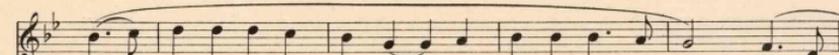
Music by
H. K. F.

With sincerity and passion

VOICE



PIANO

1. The Kai-ser and his min-ions are sweep-ing o'er the land, Bring-ing
2. The Ger-man Hun is fight-ing like a mad dog in his rage, And it's
3. With the Frenchman and the Tom-my we will get the Kai-ser's goat, And we'll




woe and des-o-la-tion, leav-ing death on ev-'ry hand; They have
up to Un-cle Sam-my to help put him in a cage. Then get
take his rot-ten Tur-key and well ram it down his throat. We'll



murdered babes and wo - men, They have burned and pil - laged too, Till the
 bu - sy with the shrap - nel, Send the Kai - ser on his way, Let him
 send him to his fu - ture home, The place for him to dwell And the

CHORUS

worlds a - gha - st with hor - ror of the bar - barous Hun - nish crew. And
 know we're on the job, boys, so he'll think there's hell to pay. For } there's
 on - ly place that fits him is a red hot niche in Hell. For }

rit.

no spot fit to live in, there is no safe place to dwell; Men

can - not live in peace a - gain till the Kai - ser's down in

Hell, And then we'll not be sad to miss him, we can spare him ve - ry

well, But we'll pi - ty poor old Sa - tan with the Kai - ser, Bill

Kai - ser, the Kai - ser down in HELL.

3

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