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The Gink They Call The Kaiser

Words by
W. T. SLEEMAN

Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN

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Marcia Mod'to

f *p*

There's a ring-ing tramp of feet, for they're swing-ing down the street, Nine 'un-dred men from
You can bleat and you can bawl, and the dev-il take you all, You'll 'ear the cock a-
You 'ave 'eard your coun try's call, and may 'eav-en bless you all, You're guinea gold and

p

'Al-i-fax to Fer-nie; And the dust flung 'round their 'eads like a
crow-in' at re-veil-le; You are point-ed for Ber-lin, and you'll
bet-ter and we love you; And we'll moth-er and be kind to the

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khaki 'a lo spreads, God bless 'em all and guard 'em on their journey.
get there sure as sin, You lads that 'eld the Germans back at Calais.
kids you leave be-'ind, To guard the no-ble flag that floats a-bove you.

CHORUS

Left, right, left, right, left, We've said good-bye to

p–f

Molly and Eliz-er; There's 'Arry Jock and Paddy, and an-

other sol-dier lad-die, We're off to lick the gink they call the Kais-er.

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