Belgium put the ‘Kibosh’ on the Kaiser

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Tempo di marcia

Key G

1. A silly German sausage dreamt Napoleon he’d be, then
2. His warships sail’d upon the sea, they look’d a pretty sight, but
3. He’ll have to go to school again and learn his geography,

went and broke his promise, it was made in Germany. He
when they heard a bulldog bark they disappear’d from sight. The
quite forgot Australia and the “hands across the sea.”

shook hands with Britannia and eternal peace he swore;
Kaiser said, “Be careful! if by Jellicoe they’re seen
India and Canada, the Russian and the Jap.” And
Naughty boy! he talk'd of peace whilst he pre-pard for war—
He stir'd up lit-tle

Ev-ry man-of-war I've got will be a sub-ma-ri-ne—
We chaed his ships to

Eng-land look'd so small he could-'nt see it on the map—
Whilst Ire-land seem'd un-

Ser-bia to serve his dirt-y trick—
But dirt-y nights at Li-ège quite up-

Tur-key, and the Ka-ser stand-ed
Scratch'd his head and said, 'Don't hurtl you

set-tled,' Ahl' said he, 'I'll set-tle John—'
But he did-'nt know the I-rish like he

-set this dirt-y Dick—
His lug-gage la-bell'd Eng-land and his pro-gram-ment nice-ly

see I'm touch-ing wood—
Then Tur-key bought the war-ships just to aid the Ger-man

knew them la-ter on—
Tho' the Ka-ser stir'd the li-on, please ex-cuse him from the

set,— He shout-ed 'First stop, Pa-risl' but he has-'nt got there yet,
For

plot,— Be care-ful, Mis-ter Tur-key, or you'll do the Tur-key trot.
For

crime;— His lu-na-tic at-tend-ant was-'nt with him at the time. When
Belgium put the 'Ki-bosh' on the Kaiser; Europe took a stick and made him sore;

1. On his throne it hurts to sit, And when John Bull starts to hit, He will
   be banished to the woods, And we'll bar his German goods, And we'll

2. When we enter Germany, 'Knock the Kaiser' it will be; Oh, it
   And if Turkey makes a stand She'll get Ghurk-a'd and Jap-an'd And her

3. We shall shout with victory's joy, "Hold your hand out, naugh-ty boy!" You must
   never sit upon it an-y more
   never drink his la-ger an-y more
   won't be 'Hoch der Kai-ser' an-y more
   views she'll never air 'em an-y more
   an-nia, rule the waves for ev-er more
   never play at sol-diers an-y more

Em Eb7 D7 C D7 G D7 G C G