

The Kaiser's Got The Blues

He's Got Those Weary Blues

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
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Respectfully dedicated to Irwin S. Cobb.

The Kaiser's Got The Blues

(He's Got The Weary Blues)

Words & Music by
DOMER C BROWNE
& W C HANDY

Moderato.

Vamp

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1. There's a man this ver-y min-ute wants the world and all that's in it, Says his "kul-tur's" got-ta rule both land and sea — And I
luck in mañ-y bat-tles, got his goat and gave him rat-tles, Then old Hin-den-burg said Chief the cake's all dough — And the

2. Oh he goes to bed a-schemin' falls a - sleep and starts to dreamin' He's the on-ly oil can ly - in' on the dump — Then he
brains they go a-whirl-in' and his whis-kers start a twirlin' And he calls his gang a-round him once a - gain — Tell my

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know it was heart rending with our Un-cle Sam a send-ing All our sol-dier boys, to tell him what we'd choose, When we re - fused, —
Kai-ser sad but wis-er split a bot-tle of Bud-weis-er And he said, Ach Gott what can my U boats do, Such aw-ful news, —
jumps and starts a scream'in' prespi - ra - tion just a streamin' When old Tir-pitz tries to wake him with a bump, To tell the news, —
people we are win-nin', then the gang looks up a - grin-nin' Says we've bulled 'em of - ten with that same old news Which they re - fuse, —

1 2

the Kai-ser got the blues (He got the weary blues) He tried his
gives me the weary blues (I mean the weary blues) blues
that gives 'em all the blues (It gives 'em all the blues) And then his
and then he feels those blues (I mean he feels those blues) blues

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Chorus.

The Kai-ser's got the blues he's shak-in' in his shoes, He's tried to pa-ci-fy his nerves but they've

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all re-fused, He's tried all the ner-vous ton-ics, just to ease his troub-led mind, Sent /his

gangs all hunt-in' med-i-cat-ed roots and vines, He's used pills and dope, the Huns have

lost all hope, Because they know his on-ly cure is a bul-let or a rope, Say what you

choose the Kai-ser's got the blues (He's got the weary blues) Oh the blues) *D.S.*

D.S.