

BIG CHIEF KILLAHUN



WORDS BY
**ALFRED BRYAN
& EDGAR LESLIE**

MUSIC BY
MAURICE ABRAHAMS

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Big Chief Kill-a-Hun.

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Moderato. *Till ready*

Voice.

Big Chief put his war-paint on and kissed his squaw good - bye;
Persh-ing wants to catch the Kais-er, take him live or dead;

Threw a-way his pipe of peace, and went to do or die.
Big chief says he's sat-is-fied, if he can get his head.

He said, "Unc-le Sam-my feeds me, gives me all I get,
There will be no more Bud-weis-er, in the Kais-er's brew,

Now that Un-cle Sam-my needs me, Big Chief no for-get."
All he's goin' to get to drink will be some Wat-er-loo.

Chorus.

Big Chief's on his way to Ber - lin, just to do his share; _____

p-f

Big Chief's goin' to make 'em squawk, When he hits 'em with his tom - a - hawk.

Big Chief's goin' to scalp the Kais - er, take a - way his gun; _____

Oh! _____ oh! _____ he have heap much fun; _____

Good - bye Her - man, no more Ger - man; Big Chief Kill - a - Hun. _____ Hun. _____

D. S.