

In yoost vone week in Paris streets,  
You hear mein Deutchers' drum.

“Machts nix aus von treaties  
I show dem Belgians who I am,  
I'm yoost like Teddy Roosevelt, kid;  
My word ain't wort a tamn.”

I come right back from Paris quick,  
Und tackle him, der Czar,  
I bet he says dam't suddenly,  
Vot fighting me we are?

“Und little George of England, too,  
I turn him on mein knee,  
Und spank him so he cries out loud,  
'Ach, Kaiser, pardon me!’

“I take from him his fighting ships,  
Und turn dem into yunk,  
I make him dip his flags to mein,  
Ven all his schipps is sunk.

“Und if der Yankees gives me sass,  
I go right over dere,  
Und tear der tamn olt country ap—  
I vil, by Gott, I schvear.

“Der yellow Japs, dat talks so big,  
I give does fellows hell;  
I make dem tink dat der planet Mars  
On top of dem has fell.

“Why, you don't know me yet, mein poy,  
Yon nefer seen me fight,  
But dats the Gottalmightiest ding,  
In vich I take delight.