

K - K -K -KATY

Jim-my was a sol-dier brave and bold,
Ka-ty was a maid with hair of gold
Like an act of fate,
Kate was standing at the gate,

Watching all the boys on dress pa-rade.
Jim-my with the girls was just a gawk.
Stut-tered ev-ry time he tried to talk.

Still that night at eight,
He was there at Ka-ty"s gate,
Stut-tering to her this love sick cry.

K-k-K ka-ty, beaut-ti-ful Ka-ty
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
O-ver the cow-shed,
I'll be wait-ing at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

No one ev-er looked so nice and neat,
No one could be just as cute and sweet,
That's what Jim-my thought, when the wedding ring he bought
Now he's off to France the foe to meet.

Jim-my thought he'd like to take a chance,
See if he could make the Kai-ser dance,
Step-ping to a tune
All a-bout the sil-v'ry moon,
This is what they hear in far off France.