I don't want any Würtzburger.

Words by WILLIAM JEROME.

Tempo di Valse.

Music by JEAN SCHWARTZ.

1. Loyal,
2. Land of

Germans may cheer, yes, and glorify beer, sturdy
Glorious France, rich in love and romance, Famous

Britons may sing of their stout,
Home of wine, woman and song,

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dodge the Café where Gambrinus holds sway, 'mid the Bachus reigns gay turning night into day, while the

odor of knuckles and whole world goes dancing along, When I Where the
dine with a friend, with no thought to offend, Should he music divine, mingles in with the wine, How it

say, "come, old pal, have a beer," In an sparkles while praises are sung, Let us

I don't want &c. 4.
off-hand-ed way, and a man-ner blast. Why I
pause now, and think, we were all born to drink. It's the

whisper these words in his ear.
stuff, boys, that makes you feel young.

CHORUS.

I don't want an-y Wurtz-burg-er I'd soon-er

drink gas-o-line, I don't care to tarnish my

I don't want &c...
throat with such varnish, it's all right to oil up a sewing machine; I don't care for Milwaukee and Anheuser-Bush I decline. The platform I stand on is Moet and Chandon the bubbles that knock out your troubles for mine. I don't want &c. &c.