He's Doing His Bit
(For The Girls.)

Words by
BERT HANLON.

Music by
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Now little Wil-he New-ton knew his country was recruit-in', But he
Now Wil-he spoke no Ger-man, but the words of Gen-ral Sher-man He could

thought he owed a duty over here
understand in any foreign tongue
He hat-ed am-mu-ni-tion, but he

Wil-he start-ed stall-ing He dis-covered he had trouble with his ear
He cheers when'er the filled up with am-bi-tion When he heard the name of Mis-ter Brigham Young
He nev-er goes on

ban-ner it unfurls
duty till it's dark
And he has'nt claimed ex-cep-tion from the girls.
And his trenches are the benches in the park.
He's doing his bit for the girls— the lovely lovely girls— Rose and Fay, Lil and May with dark or golden curls When his pals are fighting in the trenches nowadays— Willie's doing dark and golden curls While the boys are charging over there across the pond— Willie's running picket duty in the cabaret; He's routing and scouting for girls— for sweet, petite young charge accounts to capture off a blonde, He's doing his bit for the girls— for sweet and neat young girls— He buys them rubies motor cars and pearls Now Willie is pacifist and girls— He buys them rubies motor cars and pearls— He never threw a bomb from any gentle, don't you see— But when he sees a woman he's as wild as he can be— He watches battle aeroplane— But he can throw the bull as well as any one in Spain— He shoots them hard and stands on guard, He's doing his bit for the girls— He's girls— all they're bound to fall, He's doing his bit for the girls— He's girls—