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Kill That Bear

Words by
EARLE C. JONES

Music by
CHAS N. DANIELS

Moderato

PIANO

VOICE

I love to dance, _ I love to sing, _ I love the
I've oft-en been _ in old Ber-lin, _ and all the

"Tur- key Trot" and "Pi - g - on Wing," But I hurt my voice on
Germans think it's quite a sin _ When we take some dead com -
bear eat fags — And I near - ly broke my back a - do - in’
pos-ers air — And we rug-a-ta -drag it to the

wrig-gle wags. I sang to "E" — I sang to "Z" — I ran the
"Griz-zly Bear." But I must eat — and use my feet, — Right here I’ll

mus - ic scale like a friv - o - bous flea — But this rug-time, swing-ing,
do a dance "Ga - by Liz" could - n’t beat — And our fam - ous act-ors,

spoiled my sing-ing — So I’d like to see ’em kill the Bear. Oh, oh, oh!
who are fact-or s, Can-not act un-less they do the Bear. So we should

Kill That Bear — 4
CHORUS

Kill, kill, kill, kill that Bear! Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, Shoot him with your finger-tip, shoot him in the under-lip,

Shoot him in the hip, hip, hip, hip hurray! Kill, kill, kill, kill that Bear! Let me sing a song that's there, Like the
"Beautiful garden of roses, kissed by the morning dew, doodle-doo. But I can't. (How sad!)
But I can't. (Too bad!)
Till they kill that raggy, draggy, jaggy, wiggle-waggy, shaggy Bear.
Bear.