SEP -7 1918
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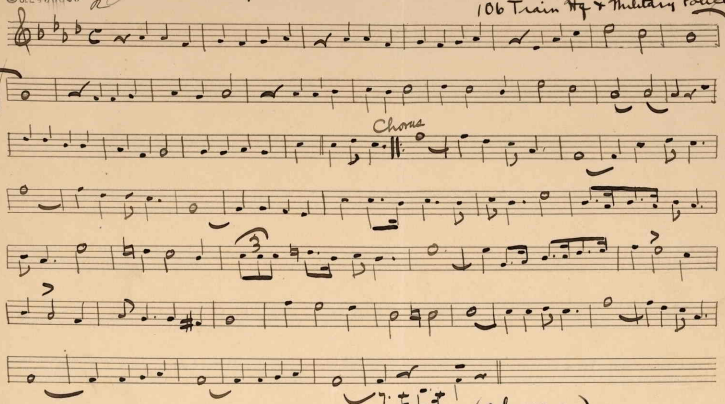
Camp Wheeler Blues

Words and Music by
Albert C. Mitchell
106 Train Hq & Military Police.



Incubator Buzzing, thousands of
lads are yearning.
Each one a Soldier boy,
They've left their homes to fight, to
fight for what is right, gone are
their songs of joy.
If you ask them why they sigh,
Each one will reply:—
Chorus
"I want to go, across the foam,
If I can't go, please send me home,
I want to go and fight the Hun,
Everybody says it shall be done,
I'm tired of puttin' out in this Georgia Sun,
When will our Dixie Diggins go
to France?
Why don't it get a chance?
If I could go, no time I'd lose,
'cause I have got. Camp Wheeler Blues".

(2d verse)
Infernal whistles blowing,
they say will soon be going,
Oh listen to my prayer
I heard a fellow say, next
week we go away,
Please send me over there"
All I do is sit and grieve,
'Won't we ever leave:—
Cho.

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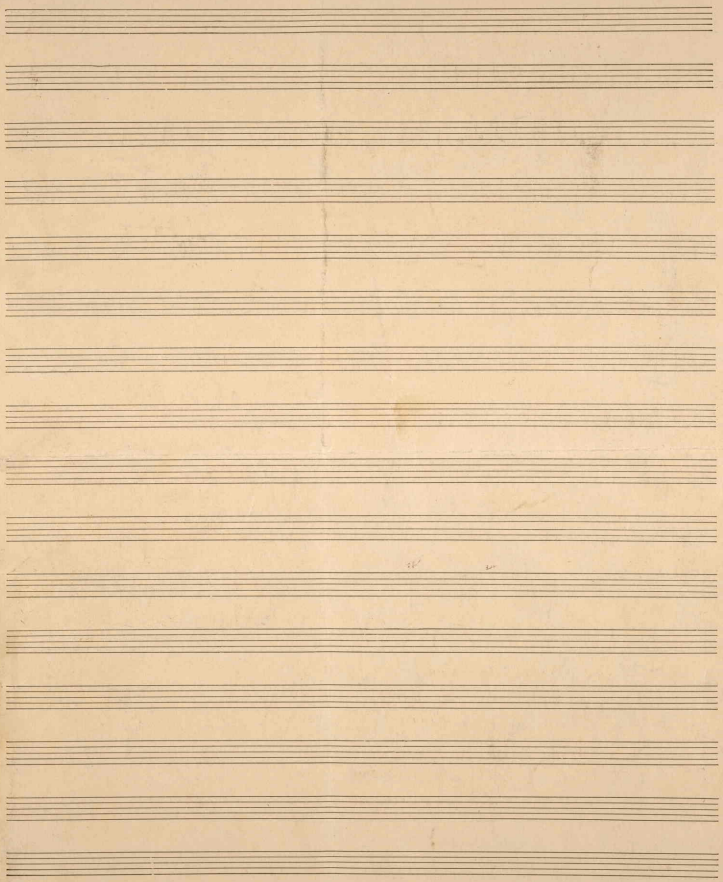

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 7—16 lines.

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