

RUN THE HUN

**WORDS AND
ADAPTATION**

BY

D. WESCOTT

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18 West 20th St. New York

Run the Hun

Words and Adaptation
to old melodies by
D. Wescott

Go - li - ath stood on a moun - tain side, A -
Young Da - vid heard all these words of might, He -
Then Da - vid took up Go - li - ath's sword Cut -

loud he shout - ed in boast - ful pride; "I am the great and
called "I will bat - tle for the right!" Now Da - vid was but a
off his head and dis - persed the horde! The boast - ful ty - rant's

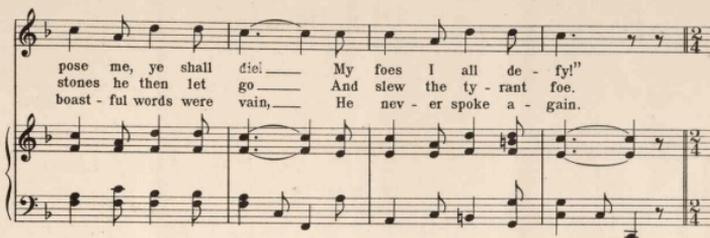
on - ly one, An - ces - tor of the Hun!" Op -
shep - herd lad, Five small stones were all he had. These
soul had fled, The gi - ant foe lay dead. His

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Mrs. G. S. Westfielder
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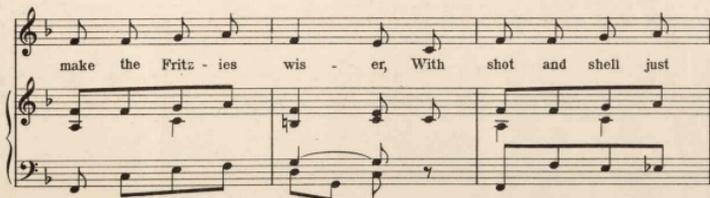


pose me, ye shall die! — My foes I all de - fy!"
stones he then let go — And slew the ty - rant foe.
boast - ful words were vain, — He nev - er spoke a - gain.

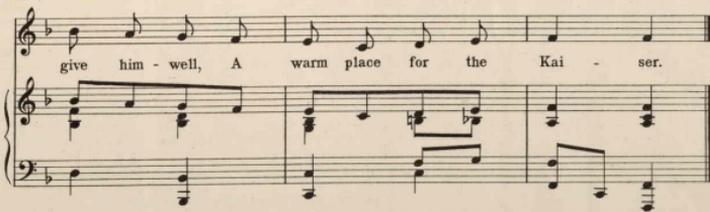
Refrain



So get your gun and run the Hun, We'll



make the Fritz - ies wis - er, With shot and shell just



give him - well, A warm place for the Kai - ser.

