OCT 24 1918

When The Huns Meet The Sons of Old Uncle Sam

(Then It's Good-Night Huns — You're Gone!)

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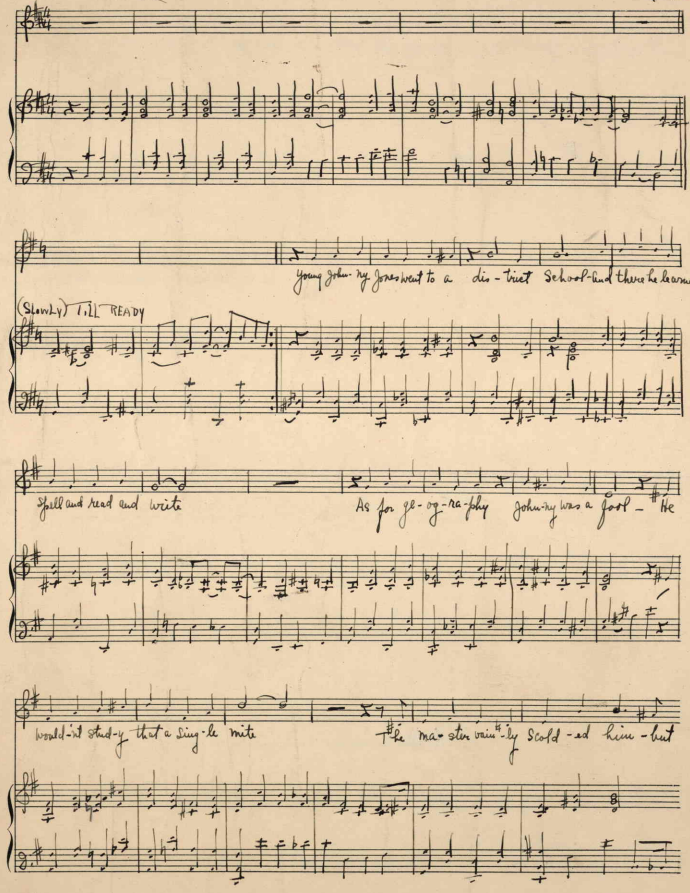
Words and Music
Betty Bouzelle



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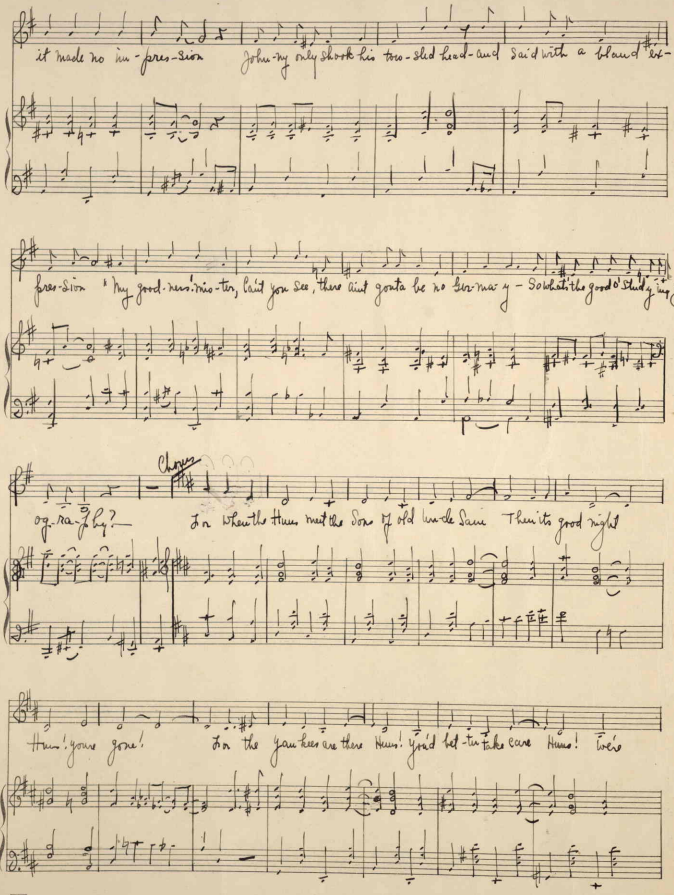
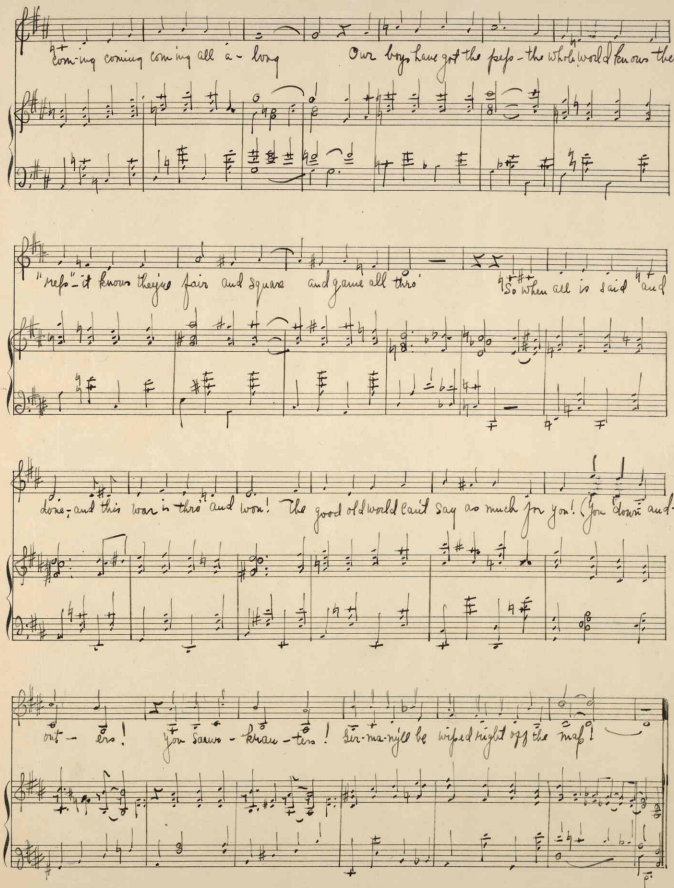


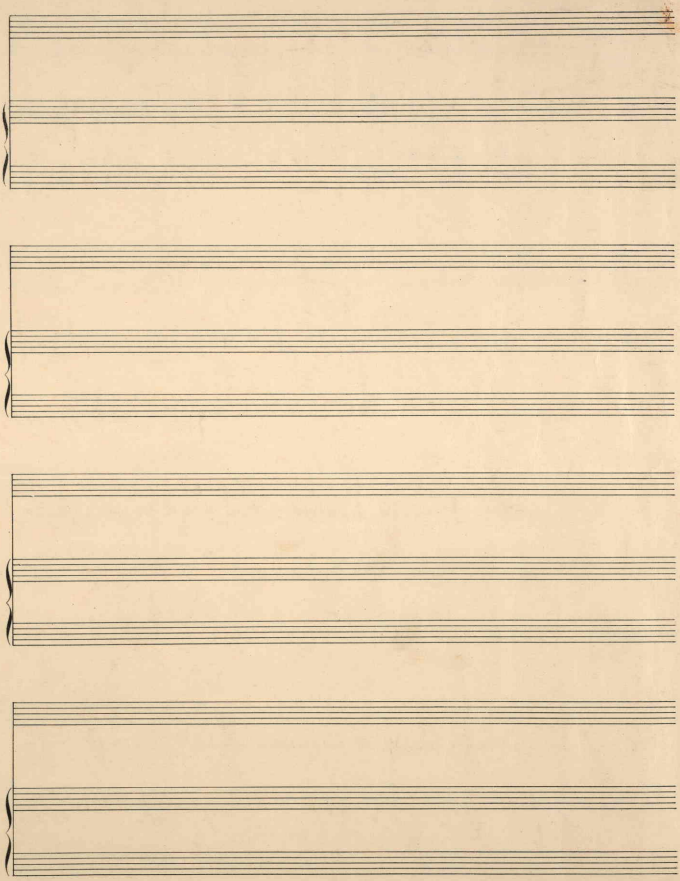
it made no im-pres-sion John-ny only shook his tow-sled head-and said with a bland ex-

pres-sion "My good-ness! mis-ter, la'nt you see, there aint gonta be no ger-ma-y - So what's the good o' stud-y-ing ge-

og-ra-phy? — Chorus For when the Huns meet the Sons of old Un-de Sam Then its good night

Huns! you're gone! For the Yan-kees are there Huns! You'd bet-ter take care Huns! We're


Com-ing coming coming all a-long Our boys have got the pep-the whole world knows their
"refs"-it knows they're fair and square and game all thro' So when all is said and
done, and this war is thro' and won! The good old world can't say as much for you! (You down and-
out-ers! You saw-kran-ters! Ger-ma-ny'll be wiped right off the map!



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