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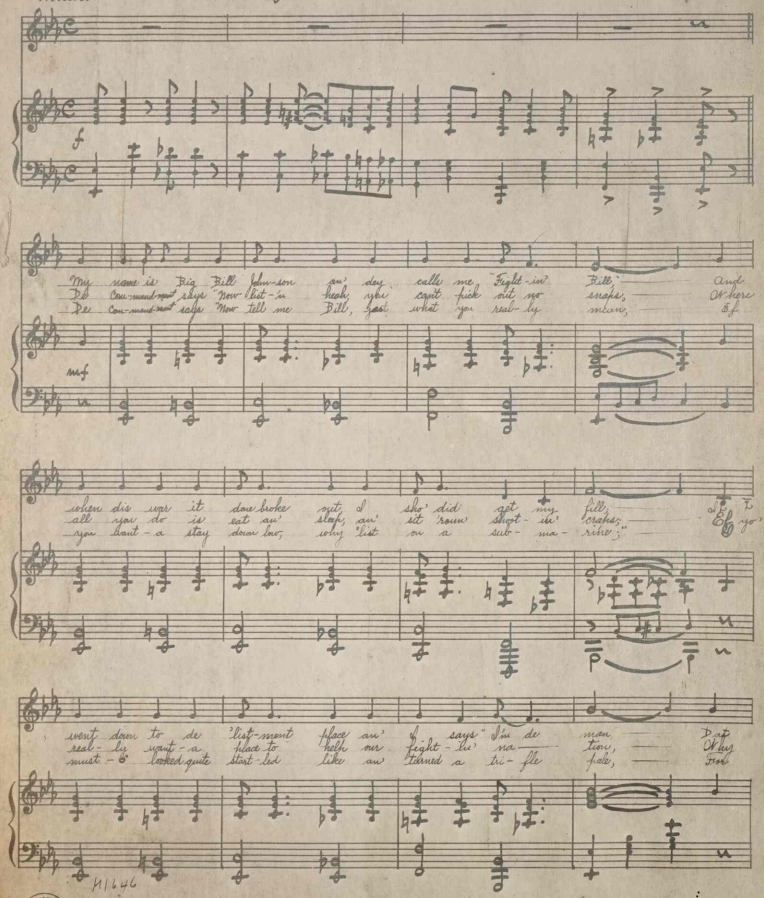
Words by Guy S. McCabe.

Music by Thos. E. Francis.

"I Wanta Jine Wid De Infan-tree."

Moderato.



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Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 10-12 lines.

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wants to jine de ar — my dat will fight for Un - cle Sam." — De Com-
you just come long wid — me, an list - ten ar - i - a - tion." — But
I thought of old man Jo - nah, in de stum - mick of de whale. — Now

mand - ment says "I've just de place dat will suit yo' no doubt, — I
says "Oh! Com - mand — ment, You know I is to big, — To
dat dere old Com - mand - ment man, Said he'd not stan' sech stiff, — And

need a man, built on your plan, as a cam - ou - flage look - out;" — But
go up high in - to de sky In - sust a flin - sy rig, — Dose
said what's more de whole darn corps, Was - right on - to my bluff. — I

think - in' he said "can - nons" I says "Oh sah, ef yo' please, — I
Boch - es see me in de air, ya rid - in' a bal - loon, — Nice
says "Mis - tah Com - Mand — ment, I'ze lived a hon - es' life, — But

doan wants carry no can-non flags a float-in' in de breeze, — an'
turn dere air guns up-to me, an' blow me to de moon, — Now
I'ze tree lit-tle chil'-en an' a ver-y pore sick wife, — Now

I doan' want no gaff-ry hoss, nor large ar-til-ler-y, — So
I doan' want no high-fiber where dem guy men can get tree, — So
dey all has ob-jec-tions to me sail-in' 'cross de sea, — So I

please just let me jine de ranks of de foot-men in-fan-tree!" —
please just let me jine de ranks of de trench-men in-fan-tree!"
guess I'll just go home a-gain to mah wife an' in-fan's-tree!"

Chorus.

"Oh! I jest want-a jine wid de in-fan-tree, Dat's de branch of de ser-vice dat
"Oh! I jest want-a jine wid de in-fan-tree, Dat's de branch of de ser-vice dat
"I doan' want-a jine wid de in-fan-tree, Dare no branch of de ser-vice dat

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'peals to me; When I sete-read-y to come back on de run, I dogen
'peals to me; Oh I dray want-a fly way up in de sky, For I
'peals to me; When I think o' fight-in' mo' du-y - while, Dare a

want-a be ham-fared wid-no big sun; I want no hose nor can-non, I
know-el go I mo' sure-ly will die; But me way down in a trench, where
wap-y-creep-y feel-in, steal-in' thro' mah hair; I knows dat mah wife an' mah chil-

just want-a flee, — So — Please let me jine wid de In-fan-tree. Oh! I
Fritz can't flee, — An' — Please let me jine wid de In-fan-tree. Oh! I
can needs me, — So I'll go home an' jine mah own In-fan-tree.

In-fan-tree!"
In-fan-tree!"
In-fan-tree!"

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