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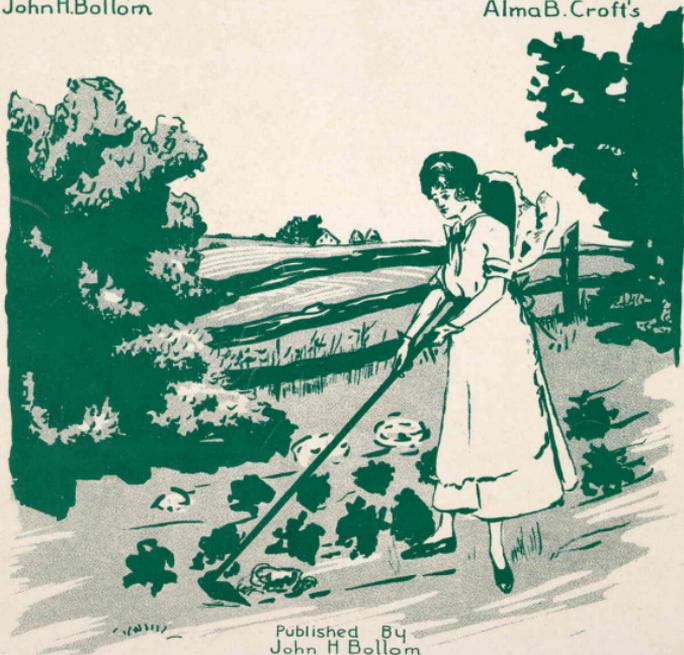
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Dedicated to Dr. Emma Butman

THE SONG OF THE HOE

Music By
John H. Bollow

Words By
Alma B. Crofts



Published By
John H. Bollow
Toledo, Ohio.

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Words by
ALMA B. CROFTS

Music by
JOHN H. BOLLOM

1. While the na-tion's call for vol-un-teers is sound-ing, And the sol-dier boys go forth to meet the
2. From near and far there comes the cry of mil-lions, Who are striv-ing hard to earn their dai-ly
3. When the gen-tle doves of peace once more shall hov-er O-ver moun-tain peak and val-ley, hill and

foe; I can-not join the throng as they proud-ly march a-long, For I'm
bread; And it's up-to me, the Hoe, to help to make things grow, That
plain, When the bat-tle's din and strife mars no more our na-tion's life, And the

noth-ing but a com-mon hoe. In my hum-ble way I'll try to serve my coun-try, Tho' I
rich and poor a-like may all be fed. Tho' the low-ly work I do may be un-noticed, And the
sol-dier boys come marching home a-gain. When our glo-rious stars and stripes are proudly waving, O'er a

can-not cross the sea to sun-ny France; But in-to the weed-y hedge, I will
bat-tles that I fight may seem quite tame. Yet I'll do my lev-el best to up-
land for ev-er free from war's foul game, As the sea-sons come and go, there'll be

sure - ly drive a wedge, To — let the corn and ta - ters have a chance.
 root each stub - born pest, I'll be fight - ing for my coun - try just the same.
 work for me, The Hoe, I'll be fight - ing for my coun - try just the same.

CHORUS

Down where the stubborn weeds con-front me, Ear - ly each morn - ing I will go,

Fight - ing all day for home and coun - try, Tho' I'm noth - ing but a com - mon Hoe. At the

front of the bat - tle you'll not find me, On a mon - u - ment you'll never see my name, But I'm

Un - cle Sam's best friend, one on whom he can de - pend, And I'm fight - ing for my coun - try just the same.

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