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AUG 28 1918

Woodrow Wilson, May God be with you.

Words and Music by Patrick J. Paul.

M1646
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P. J. Paul.

rit

a tempo

The land that gave us Wash..ing..ton, and Grant and Lin..coln too, was nev...er short of
Co...lum..bia now she trusts in you, great rul...er of our land, Pro...tec...tor thou of

he...ro...es: when there was work to do, Our coun..try when in dan..ger wants a man to guide and
free dons cause, with all your gal..lant band: you'll see to it that hon...or to the na...tions small and

lead: we have in Wood..row Wil...son, one who'll do it with "god-speed". He did not rush in
weak, That Jus..tice shall be given them; with the suc..cor now they seek! The lands now sore op...

to the fray till our hon...or it was spurn'd: and foe..men mur..dred bab..ies in the home lands they had burned.
pressed whose cross you bravely bear: Their martyred sons will be a..venged and free..dom plan..ted there.

rit

chorus

Wil..son, Wil..son your in the fight, "Force to the ut..most" with all your might,

a tempo

You got the brains, you got the guns, you got the men that will beat the huns, the

rit

Star span..gled Flag, you brav...ly de...fend, the Em..blem of Vic'try, 'twill be in the end: we're

rit

a tempo

rit

with you ev'ry time, as the boys fall in to line, keep on Wood..row Wil...son, may God be with you.

rit.

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