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JUNIE McCREE'S
SONG OF THE MINUTE

GRAB A HOE, HOE, HOE.

WORDS BY
JUNIE McCREE

MUSIC BY
EDWARD STEMBLER

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JUNIE McCREE
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Grab A Hoe, Hoe, Hoe!

Words by
JUNIE Mc CREE.

Music by
ED. STEMBLER.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

f

The Lord of war knocked on our door, While we were hav-ing tea, We must ad-mit his
Old men and boys can make a noise, Like dig-ging in the earth, And plant-ing seeds for

Vamp.

mf *p*

call was un-ex-pect-ed, Now that he's here, we have no fear, Of what his plans may
those who car-ry ri-fles, The wom-en too can al-so do a lot, to show their

be, Our aims are just to see that he's e-ject-ed, There's none too young and
worth, For nurs-ing, cook-ing, mend-ing are not tri-fles, You're just as pa-tri-

none too old to do his lit-tle bit, By farm-ing, for it oft-en has been said, That the
ot-ic when you ral-ly to the cause, By till-ing soil to tide this cris-is through, For the

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great-est am-mu - ni-tion for a sol-dier to use, Are the ar - my bul-lets made of bread.
rad-ish has our Yan-kee red, the turn - ip is white, And they're smiled on by the heav-ens blue.

Chorus.

If you don't know how to car-ry a gun, Grab a hoe, hoe, hoe,

p f

With well fed men ev-'ry bat-tle is won that we know, know, know,

The can-non needs its pow-der, just to send the ball on flight, The sol-dier needs his

break-fast when you send him out to fight, So if you don't know how to

car-ry a gun, grab a hoe, hoe, hoe. If you hoe.

f

Grab A Hoe etc. 2

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