MAR 14 1918
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"THE SMOKERS' FUND"

SONG

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY C. P. SOMMERS - 101 W. 78 ST. N.Y.C.

MUSIC BY

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M1646
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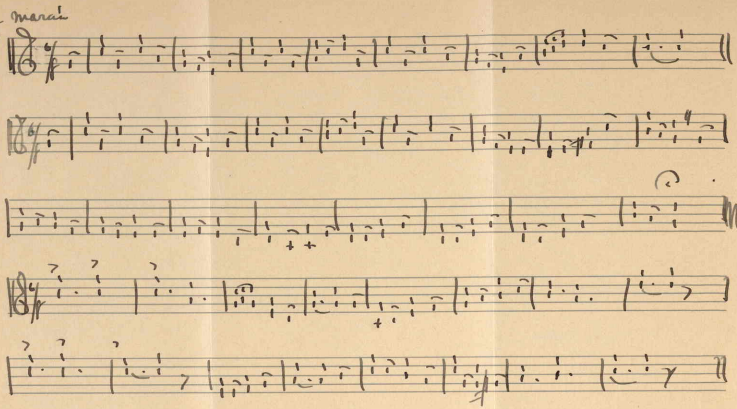

"The Smoker's Fund"
By Caroline P. Summers.

1

All Hail!all hail!the New York Sun,for starting up the Smoker's Fund;
We do enjoy our daily smoke,while,at each other,fun we poke;
The Sun has done its level best and surely,surely will be blest;
And it was done exactly right--the New York Sun is"out of sight."

CHORUS.

Hail!Hail!Hail;hail to the Sun,we say!
For giving us tobacco for our pipes of clay;
Hail!Hail!Hail!to the Stars and Stripes!
While smoking cigarettes,or smoking corn cob pipes.

2

The smoke does drive the gloom away;God bless the Sun,both night and day;
It makes us feel so jolly,too;hail to the Sun--we mean that true.
Hooray!hooray!we always say,and thank the Sun we all do pray;
That we return to land of right;for which we fight with all our might.

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