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WHEN WOODROW WILSON TAKES A HAND. Words & Music

By S.E.Cox,
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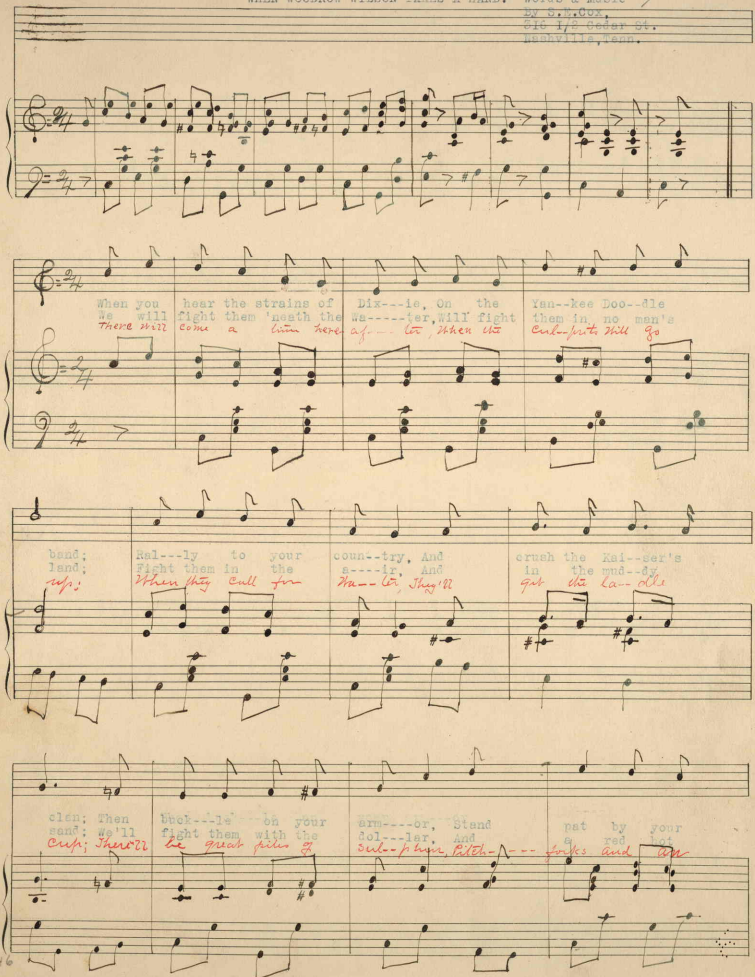
When you hear the strains of Dix---ie, On the Yan--kee Doo--dle
We will fight them 'neath the Wa-----ter, Will fight them in no man's
There will come a time here af---ter, When the Cul--prits Will go

band; Ral---ly to your coun--try, And crush the Kai--ser's
land; Fight them in the a----ir, And in the mud--dy
up; When they call for Wa--ter, They'll get the la--dle

clan; Then buck---le on your arm----or, Stand pat by your
sand; We'll fight them with the dol---lar, And a red hot
Cup; There'll be great piles of Sul--phur, Pitch---forks and an



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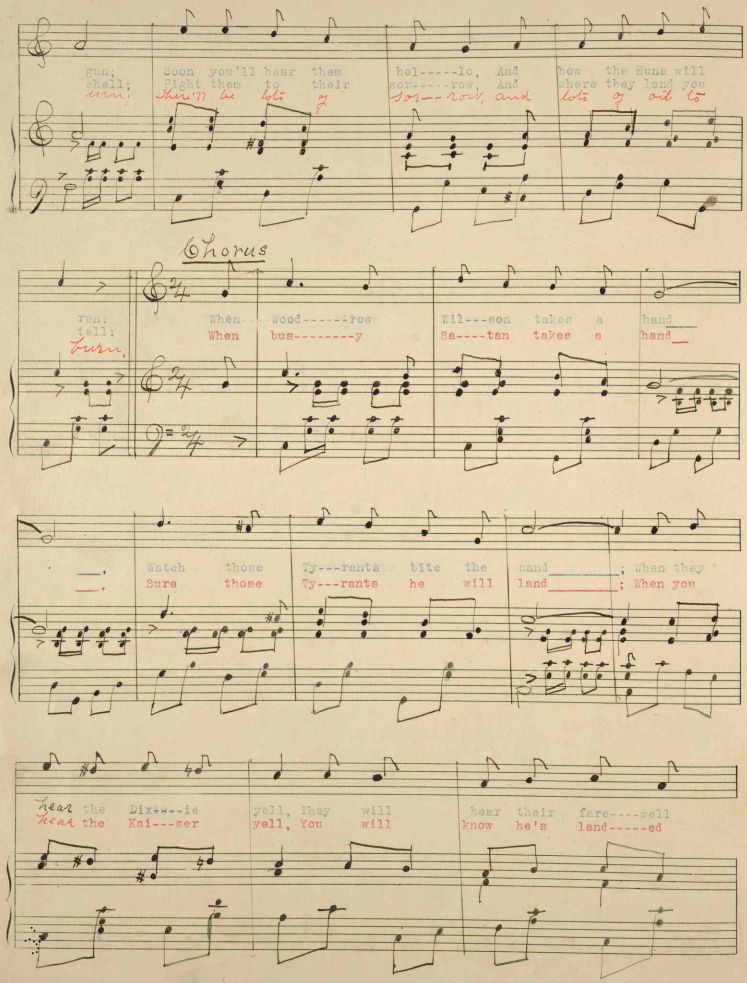

gun; Soon you'll hear them hol-----lo, And how the Huns will
shell; Fight them to their sor-----row, And where they land you
urn; There'll be lots of sor--row, and lots of oil to

Chorus

run: When Wood-----row Wil---son takes a hand
tell: When bus--------y Sa----tan takes a hand
burn.

—, Watch those Ty---rants bite the sand; When they
—, Sure those Ty---rants he will land; When you

hear the Dix----ie yell, They will hear their fare----well
hear the Kai---ser yell, You will know he's land-----ed

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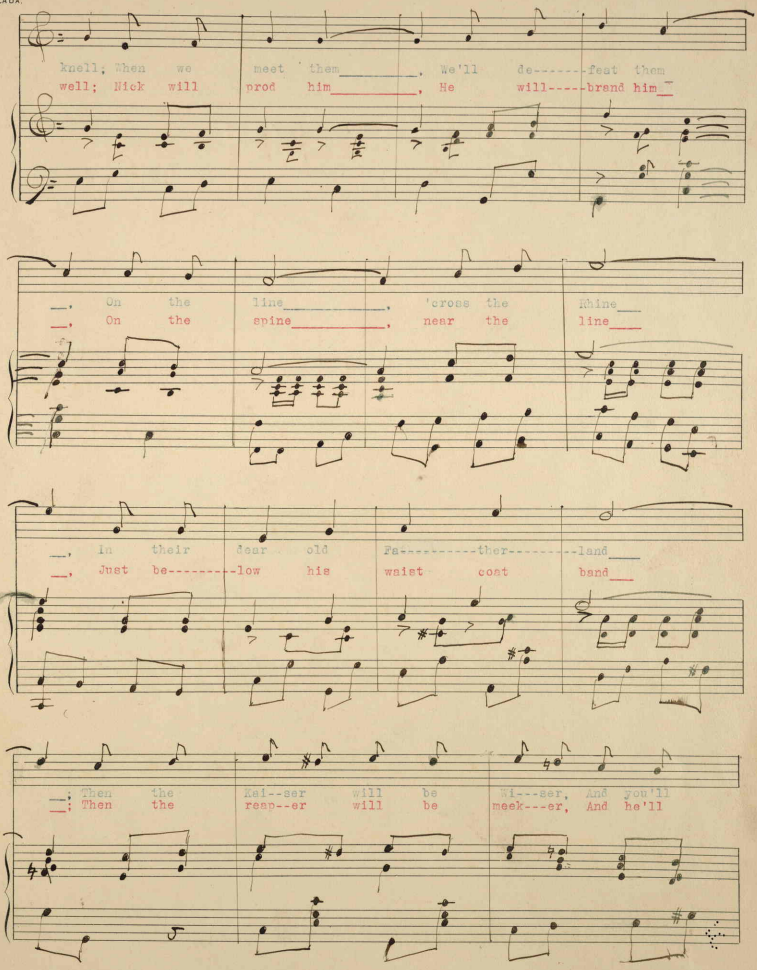

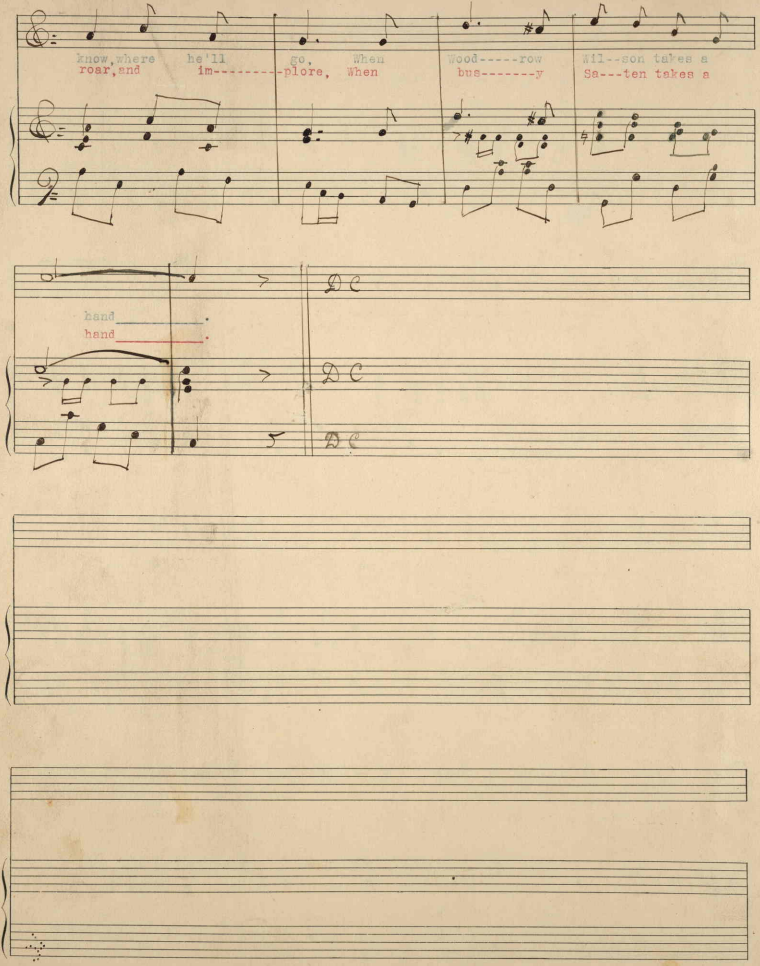
know, where he'll go. When Wood-----row Wil--son takes a
roar, and im--------plore, When bus-------y Sa---ten takes a
hand
hand
D C
D C
D C