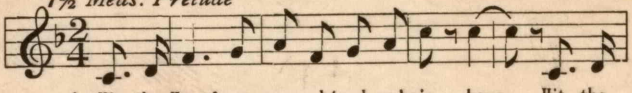
A
MAY 21 '23 © CI E 562525 c (130)

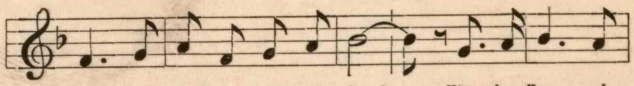
Fight, Boys, Fight

G. L. CUTLER — E. W. HAYES

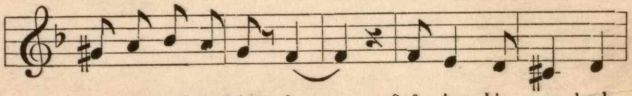
7½ Meas. Prelude



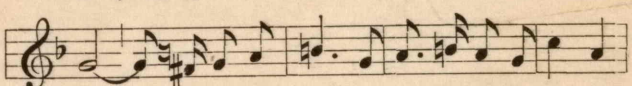
1. Hit the Hun from sea and land and air, boys. Hit the
2. Hit the Hun; for he is out for loot, boys! Hit the



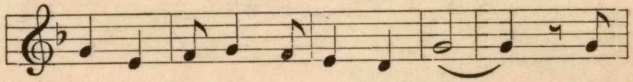
Hun, and hit him swift and hard. Hit the Hun; and
Hun as with a - veng-ing Fate! Hit the Hun; his



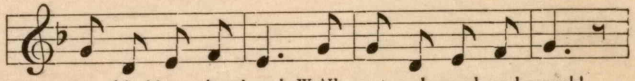
pen him up for fair, boys, Safe in his own back
dead-ly creed up - root, boys— Shriek-er of hymns of



yard. We tried a gen - tle word of friend-ly coun - sel
hate! It's pep and punch that count to make the fi - nal



first, boys; Wil-liam said, might makes right. And
score, boys! Teach him that right makes might. He



now his bloom-ing bunch We'll swat and smash and crunch!
thought he had a cinch—The earth was his to pinch!—

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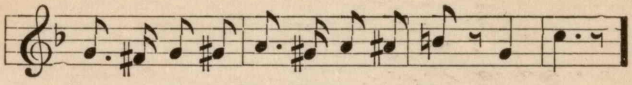
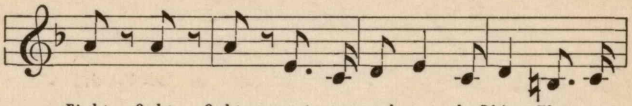
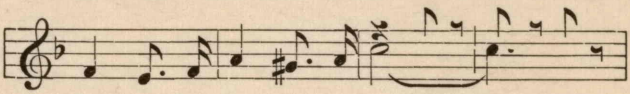


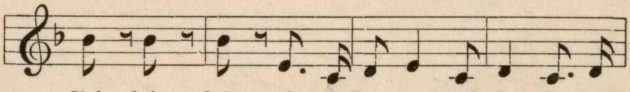
Slam and stun and flay the Hun, and fight, boys, fight.
Show him up and blow him up, and fight, boys, fight.



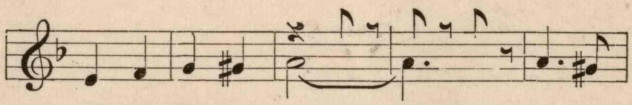
Fight, fight, fight; mount a watch on the Rhine, Then to



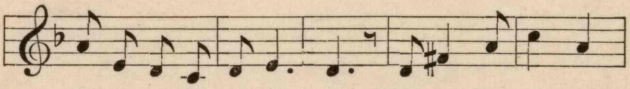
Kiel and Ber - lin as our goal.(Fight, fight, fight!)
(Half the crowd yells)



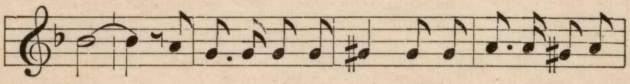
Fight, fight, fight; make the Hun squeal and whine In his



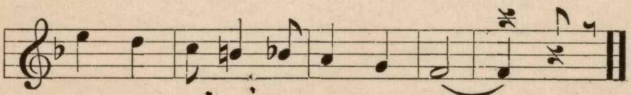
quak - ing, cring-ing soul! (Fight, fight, fight!) Un - cle
(The other half yells)



Sam - my of the U. S. A. Trusts in you all to -



day, So hit the Hun you will—Make it two for Kai-ser



Bill—And straighten things out to stay! (FIGHT!)
(All)

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