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THE MAN WHO SWUNG A PICK AT PANAMA

N. 503. DRILLING UNDER A LEDGE OF ROCK AT PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK.

WORDS BY
C. K. GORDON
MUSIC BY
GEO. J. LEAVITT

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THE MAN WHO SWUNG A PICK AT PANAMA

Words by
C. K. GORDON

Music by
GEO. J. LEAVITT

INTRO.

They used to talk a lot a-bout the Man be-hind the gun The
They say the Frenchmen start-ed a can - al here years a - go But they
We ought to get a med - al when we fin - ish this cam-paign So that

main stay of the old red white and blue And
had to give it up it got too hot They
folks will know just what we have been through The

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when they were not talk - ing of the things that he had done, They were
said that it was hot - ter than— you know—way down be - low, And I'd
man that does the shoot - ing al - ways gets a bunch of fame, And we'd

boast - ing of the things that he could do But
be the last to say that it was not But
like to get a lit - tle of it too We'd

I would like to see the Man be - hind the Gun down here Wherethere
when your Un - cle Sam has start - ed out a job to do He
like the girls to smile at us when we stroll down Broad-way We'd

is - n't an - y glo - ry to be won And where the
buck - les down and then his teeth he grits Now
like to hear the news - boys cry "Hur - rah" We'd

on - ly en - e - mies you have to fight or fear Are ma -
Ted - dy start - ed this one and Big Bill will see it through You can
like to have the peo - ple when they pass us say, "There's a

la - ri - a, mos - qui - toes and the sun For it's
bet your life your Un - cle nev - er quits Then it's
man who swung a pick at Pan - a - ma So it's

CHORUS

Dig Dig Dig Tho' the skee-ters may be big And the
Dig Dig Dig For we're do-ing some-thing big You can
Dig Dig Dig And we'll do it to a jig We can

pay we get will nev-er make us rich, Still we're here to dig this all fired
hear the picks' way up at Ga-tun Dam, For we're dig-ging for your Un-cle
hear the peo-ple as they cry "Hur-rah!" For the man who swung the pick at

Ditch, Ditch, Ditch, We're here to dig this all fired Ditch.
Sam, Sam, Sam, We're dig-ging for your Un-cle Sam.
Pan-a-ma, Who swung a pick at Pan-a-ma."

J. Worley Co., Boston, Mass.

The Man Who Swung a Pick at Panama

By C. K. GORDON

They used to talk a lot about The Man Behind the Gun,
The mainstay of the old Red, White and Blue,
And when they were not talking of the things that he had done
They were boasting of the things that he could do.
But I would like to see the man behind the gun down here
Where there isn't any glory to be won,
And where the only enemies to fight or fear
* Are the dobie-itch, the fever and the sun.

For it's Dig, Dig, Dig,
Though the lizards may be big,
And the pay we get will never make us rich,
Still we're here to dig this all-fired ditch, ditch, ditch.
We're here to dig this all-fired ditch.

They say the Frenchmen started a canal here years ago,
But they had to give it up, it got too hot,
They said that it was hotter than — you know, way down below
And I'd be the last to say that it was not.
But when your Uncle Sam has started out a job to do,
He buckles down and then his teeth he grits,
Now Teddy started this one and Big Bill will see it through,
You can bet your life your Uncle never quits.

Then it's Dig, Dig, Dig,
For we're doing something big,
You can hear the picks way up at Gatun Dam
For we're digging for your Uncle Sam, Sam, Sam,
We're digging for your Uncle Sam.

We're going to get a medal when we finish this campaign,
So that folks will know just what we have been through;
The man who does the shooting always gets a bunch of fame
And we're going to get a little of it too.
We'd like the girls to smile at us as we stroll down Broadway
We'd like to hear the newsboys cry " Hurrah, "
We'd like to have the people, when they pass us, say
" There's a man who swung a pick at Panama."

So it's Dig, Dig, Dig,
And we'll do it to a jig,
We can hear the people as they cry " Hurrah,
For the Man who Swung a Pick at Pa-na-ma,"
Who swung a pick at Pa-na-ma.

'Twill be a glorious morning when we drop our picks, you bet;
Oh won't we be the Hallalujah crew
When we dig up the last spadeful and let in the mighty wet
And we watch the ships as they go sailing through.
When the band strikes up the music and Old Glory is unfurled
And we cheer it as our weary labors cease —
While in war we're undefeated, we will show the world
That they've still to get ahead of us in peace.

Then it's Dig, Dig, Dig,
We're the noise that's Big, Big, Big,
And your Uncle Samuel will cry " Hurrah "
For the Man who Swung a Pick at Pa-na-ma
Who Swung a Pick at Pa-na-ma.

* This is the original line, changed in the music.

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