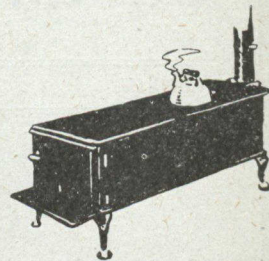


Get Out the Old Oak Stove



Get out the Old Oak stove, Dad,
And set her in the room;
The time we spend a haulin' coal
Is better spent near home;
There's dozens o' trees in the old South lot,
Halfway dead and bound to rot;
They'll make a fire blisterin' hot;
Get out the Old Oak stove.



Get out the Old Oak stove, Dad,
Let's quit a usin' coal;
Our Uncle Sam can't get enough
For all, to save his soul;
The less we use, the more he'll git;
A usin' wood may be "our bit"
To make the Kaiser throw a fit;
Get out the Old Oak stove.

Get out the Old Oak stove, Dad,
Grind up your axe for fun;
Put a bit of set in the old cross-cut
And help to lick the Hun.
There's a bug-killed hickory to use this year;
It's good as coal, or a blame sight near,
And it's got a crackle I like to hear;
Get out the Old Oak stove.

Get out the Old Oak stove, Dad;
The trees we take for wood
Had ought'a been cut long ago,
To do the woodlot good.
We'll clean up all the dead and down
And sell a load or two in town.
Let wood help knock the Kaiser down!
Get out the Old Oak stove.

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