

# Modern Democracy

D.E.B. [D. E. Bryer]

set to the tune "O Tannenbaum"

1. De - moc - ra - cy, De - moc - ra - cy, Your re - al name's hy - poc - ri - sy; Your  
2. Oh, Gro - ver C., Oh, could it be To see your - self as oth - ers see, You'd  
3. Your ev' - ry aim has been to kill A bet - ter Dem - o - crat called Hill. In  
4. O Dem - o - crat! O Dem - o - crat! Now stop and ask "Where was I at?" Your

5  
claim to be the poor man's friend Has come to such a gloom - y end. That  
call your hench - men off the track or own your - self a moss - y back. Now  
bet - ter cause you might have been A pow'r but now your Har - ris thin, Your  
plat - form's gone, ground in - to dust By or - der of the su - gar trust. Pre -

9  
din - ner pail you raved a - bout Is rust - y now, in - side and out. That dol - lar wheat was  
Gor - man - dise and get your fill, Pay an - y Brice to down Dave Hill, But Gro - ver C., O  
wil - ling Voor - hees Turp - ie - tude, bet - ter in - vest in des - ue - tude, And in Gray Ga - bles  
pare to meet your Wa - ter - loo, Since sen - a - tors are sweet - ened thro', You'll fall to - geth - er

14  
in your eye, De - moc - ra - cy! De - moc - ra - cy!  
Gro - ver C., Where, oh, where is De - moc - ra - cy!  
by the sea A - gain re - form De - moc - ra - cy!  
might - y flat, O Dem - o - crat! O Dem - o - crat!