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APR 23 1918

"FREEDOM WE DEMAND —
THAT'S UNCLE SAM"
(Song)

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY EMIL L. BURESH = Box 18
CARY STA.
ILL

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWN,
790 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

H1646

.B

Andante

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a series of rhythmic patterns including eighth and sixteenth notes with beams. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure. A small cross symbol is located below the second measure.

Handwritten musical notation for the second staff, continuing the rhythmic patterns from the first staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the third staff, continuing the rhythmic patterns.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth staff, continuing the rhythmic patterns. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure.

Andante

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth staff, featuring a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a series of rhythmic patterns including eighth and sixteenth notes with beams.

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth staff, continuing the rhythmic patterns.

Handwritten musical notation for the seventh staff, continuing the rhythmic patterns. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure.

A set of five empty musical staves.

A set of five empty musical staves.

A set of five empty musical staves.

Freedom We Demand--That's Uncle Sam" By E. L. Bureah.

1

With our true and faithful President deserving greatest fame;
True to rich and poor alike--and Mister Wilson is his name;
And liberty, humanity and freedom he'll demand;
If fight we must we'll do it, too, for our dear Uncle Sam;
We do not care if we should wear the khaki, gray, or blue;
When'er you are in trouble Uncle Sam will fight for you.

CHORUS.

Come, boys, come, join in for now they need you;
Think of those at home who help to feed you;
While we go marching, not knowing where, it may be on the sea or land--
It may be in the air;
When we come back we will plainly know;
We've surely licked em grand;
For Uncle Sam is calling us, let us answer Uncle Sam's demand.

2

Tho' the Kaiser's dream to him did seem that he should rule us all;
Tis up to all us human souls to see that he should fall;
No doubt you know it shant be so--his place is Down below;
For Mister Wilson' called us and we'll fight hard I know.
We do not care if we should wear the khaki, gray or blue;
When'er you are in trouble Uncle Sam will fight for you.

