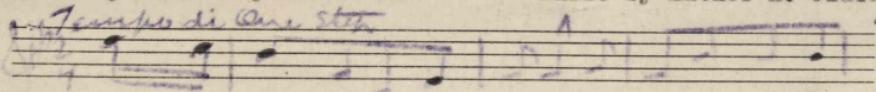
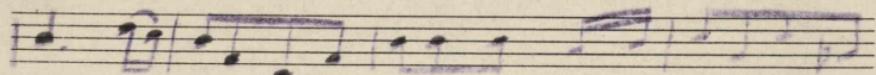


Words by Monta Raymond Pride. /

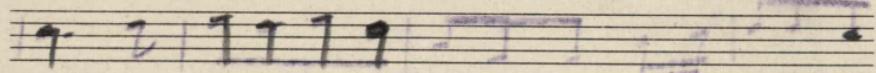
Music by Luther A. Clark.



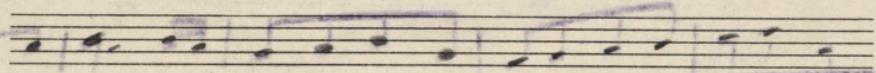
There's a "gawk" across the ocean Who has the shaking



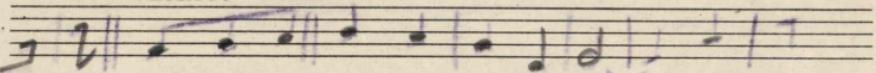
chills, For Uncle Sam is on his trail, With a bitter dose of



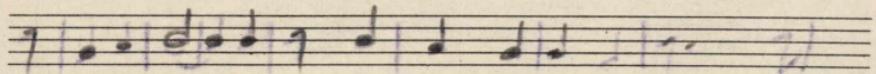
pills. He's shaking with the nervous chills For a bad one he



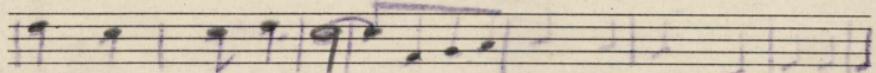
has been, Uncle Sam will make him answer For his wicked life
CHORUS.



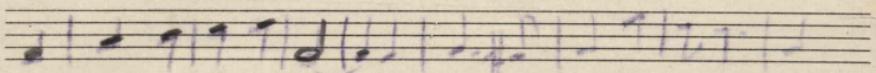
of sin. Those bitter pills are men of wills, Whose hearts



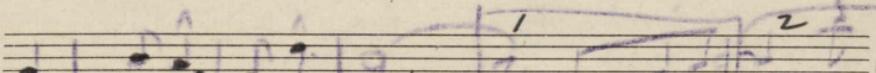
are in the war, To rest God's peace upon the world, That's



what they're fighting for. Our Uncle Sam's across the ocean,



With lots of human pills, And when he comes a-sailing back,



There'll be no "Kaiser-Bills." — those bitter — fu

2.

Uncle Sam has gently warned him,
So many different times,
That there's a way to handle boys
Whose life is full of crimes.
O'eranxious then got greedy Bill
And he aimed his little bow;
Struck right at your Uncle Sammy,
And thus starts his tale of woe.

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