OCT -6 1917
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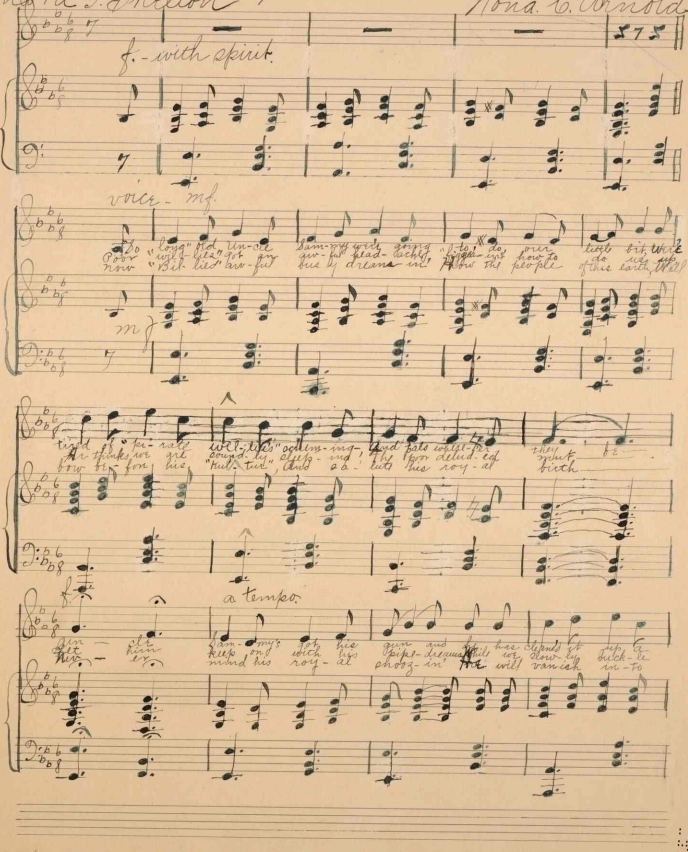
"So Long" Old Uncle Sammy.

Lyric by
Lenora J. Skelton

Music by
Nona C. Arnold



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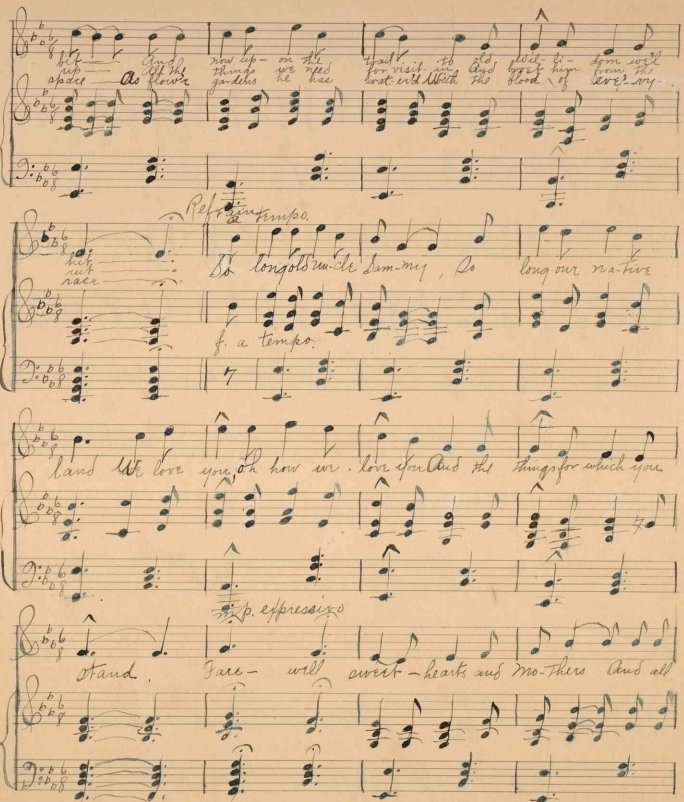

bit — And now up-on the trail to old Wil-li-dom we'll
up — All the things we need for visit in And trust him from the
space — As flow'r gardens he has wat-er'd With the blood of eve-ry-

Refrain a tempo.

hit —
cut —
race —

So long old un-cle Sam-my, So long our na-tive

f. a tempo.

land We love you, oh how we love you And the things for which you

p. expressivo

stand. Face-well sweet-hearts and Mo-thers And all

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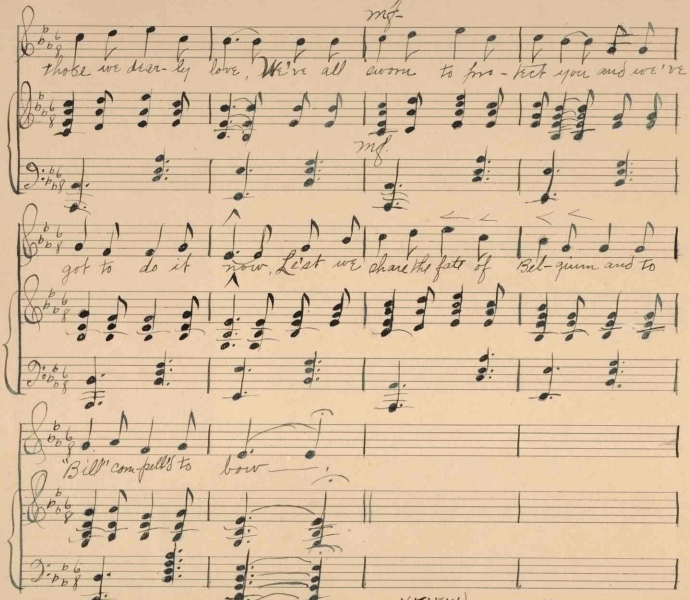

mf

those we dear-ly love, We've all sworn to pro-tect you and we've

mf

got to do it now, Le'st we share the fate of Bel-gium and to

"Bill" com-pell'd to bow —

(4) (verse)

From deluged depths of hideous wrong
With justice pleading for the right
They'll arise in righteous glory
All for which we long.
Eclipsed then will be "Bills" 'nosin'
With his everlastin' 'posin'
And his messages of 'slush'
To "Augusta und his Gott."

(5) (verse)

Poor martyr'd France and Belgium
Victims of unbridled vicious lust
May right to give us might in battle
And turn the night to dawn.
Let our shots sing "Yankee Doodle"
Till the tyrants surely crushed
Les't in depths of untold anguish
Be the land we dearly love.

(6th verse)

Sssst-"Hoch der Kaiser und his Kultur"
We will dump into the sea.
Any tiny tadpole murmurs
Just one more with me.
We ~~will tag~~ "tad" with the "iron cross"
Engrav'd with remember me
Which means in just plain english
We are not so "E. Z. E."