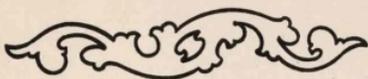


“SO LONG”

OLD UNCLE SAMMY



WORDS BY

LEONORA I. SKELTON

MUSIC BY

NONA C. ARNOLD

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"So Long" Old Uncle Sammy

Lyric by
LENORA I. SKELTON

Music by
NONA C. ARNOLD

With spirit

VOICE

1. "So Long" Old Un-cle Sam-my, We're go - ing to do our "Eve - ry Bit" We're
2. Poor "Wil - lies" got an aw - ful head - ache "Figer - in" how to do the U.S. up,
3. Now "Bil - lies" aw - ful bus - y "dream - in" How the peo - ple of this earth, Will

tired of pi - rate "Wil - lies" schem - ing And pals where 'er they be.
He thinks we are sound - ly sleep - ing The poor de - lud - ed mut.
bow be - fore his "Kul - tur" And sa - lute "Wil - helms" roy - al birth.

f *a tempo*

Un-cle Sam-my's got his gun— And he has clean'd it up a
 Let him keep on with his pipe-dreams While we slow-ly buck-le
 Nev-er mind his roy-al "snooz-in'" He will van-ish in-to

bit— And— now up-on the trail To old Wil-li-dom we'll hit—
 up— All the things we need for visit-ing And help boost him from the rut—
 space— As flow'r gar-dens he has wat-er'd With the blood of eve-ry race—

REFRAIN

f a tempo

"So Long" old Un-cle Sam-my, "So Long" our na-tive land, We love you, oh how we

mf espressivo

love you And the things for which you stand — Fare-well sweet-hearts and Mo-thers And all

mf espressivo

those we dear-ly love, — We've all sworn to pro-tect you And we've got to do it
now, — Le'st we share the fate of Bel-gium And to "Bill" com-pell'd to bow. —

4. From delug'd depths of hideous wrong
With justice pleading ever for right,
They'll arise in righteous glory
All for which we seek and long.
Eclipsed then will be "Bills" nosin'
With his everlastin' posin'—
And his messages of slush
To 'Angusta und his Gott!
5. Poor martyr'd France and Belgium
Victims of unbridled vicious cruel lust,
"May right give us might" in battle
And turn the night to dawn.
Let our shots sing "Yankee Doodle"
Till the tyrants surely crush'd —
Le'st in depths of untold anguish
Be the land we dearly love.
6. SSSst. "Hoch der Kaiser und his Kultur"
We will dump into the sea,
If any tiny Tadpole murmurs
One more wriggler 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. —

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