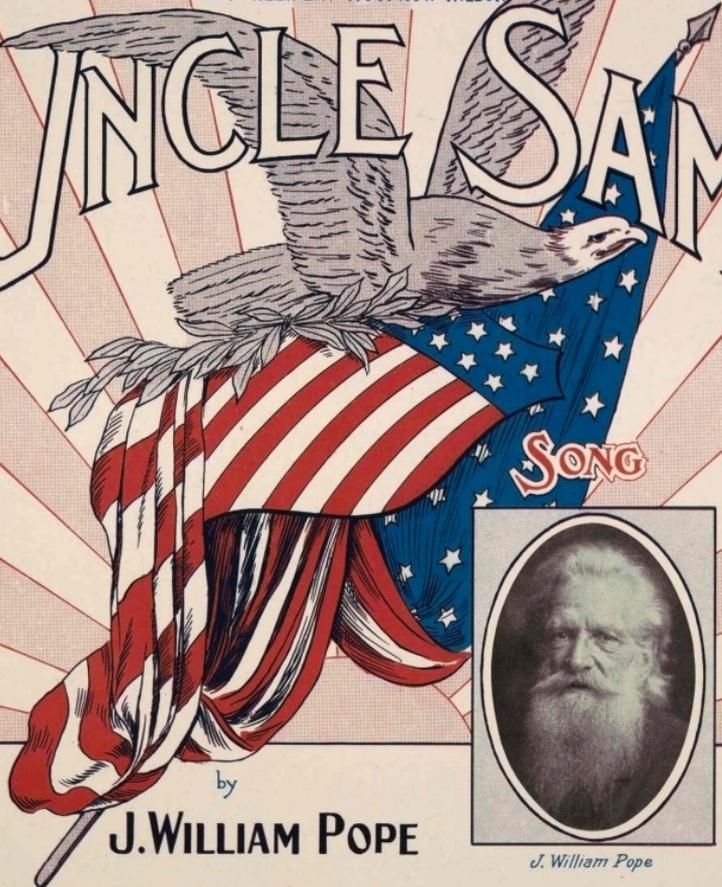


RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
OUR PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

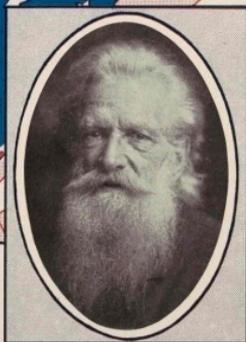
UNCLE SAM



SONG

by

J. WILLIAM POPE



J. William Pope

Published by A. H. BROCKETT

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joy - o - ly sings, And lab - ors con - tent with his lot, For
 now would re - quire, The blood of the world to sub - due. He
 till - eth the land, Pro - duc - ing the wine and the corn. All

man - y long years he's been free, Though threat - ened, he
 peace - ful - ly sits 'neath his vine, And lends to the
 o - ver the world he is known, His name to the

braved ev - ery storm, While trust - ing in God, still
 ex - ile a hand, He wish - es good cheer to
 hum - ble is dear, In temp - est or calm our

turn - ing the sod, He laughs at the com - ing of harm.
 all far and near, And wel - comes all men to his land.
 "Old Un - cle Sam," With kings of the earth is the peer.

CHORUS

SOPRANO
 Hur-rah for the land of the free,— God bless every hill-top and plain,— It's

ALTO

TENOR
 Hur-rah for the land of the free,— God bless every hill-top and plain,— It's

BASS

daughters and sons, its swords and its guns, And let it in peace long re - main.—

daughters and sons, its swords and its guns, And let it in peace long re - main.—

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