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# Our Baby Uncle Sam



Words and Music by

**Caroll Rickert**



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# OUR BABY UNCLE SAM.

RUBY C. RICKERT.

We've got a lit-tle fel-ler who can  
At last in des-pe-ra-tion I grabbed

yell like six-ty-three. I thought I was a yell-er, but that  
up our coun-try's flag. one my grand-dad used in war; 'twas

youngster sure beats me! I walked the floor three days and nights with  
worn in - to a rag. But ba-by clutched it with a grin and

that kid on my arm. And to get him still I would give my will, or a mil-lion dol-lar farm.  
nev-er hol-lered more. He's some fight-ing man! He's for Uncle Sam, He's the kind they need at war

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CHORUS.

Un - cle Sam - mie, That's ba - by's name.

He knows the game. He'll sure reach fame.

He will make some big fight - ing man. He's

just the kind our coun - try needs. Un - cle Sam!

