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# CAN'T YOU HEAR YOUR UNCLE SAMMY CALLING

(HE'S CALLING YOU AND ME)

Words by  
CAL DE VOLL

Music by  
ED. RITCHIE  
(CAL DE VOLL)

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Dedicated to Young America

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Music by  
ED. RITCHIE,  
(CAL DE VOLL.)

*Marcia*

When the dawn in the East brings the morn - ing, — And Old Glo - ry  
Ev - ry heart beats with pride - for our na - tion — We be - lieve in

floats on the breeze, — Then a mess - age comes with a warn - ing. —  
jus - tice and right, — It is your land and my land for ev - er —

It's voiced by the rocks and the trees, — 'Tis the call of our land of  
And for it we'll stand up and fight. — Cross the sea comes a call from our

free - dom, — To the sons who love it well. — Our fore fath - ers heard  
broth - ers, — Un - cle Sam has heard it too. — He's told them to count

it and answered As our pa-ges of his-to-ry tell.  
 on Old Glo-ry There is on-ly one thing left to do.

CHORUS *Not too fast (well marked)*

Can't you hear our Un- cle Sam my call- ing — He's call- ing you and me — It's

time to show just what we're made of, — Like our Grand Dads who fought for Lib-er-ty. — Un- cle

(SPOKEN.)

Sam is calling to his nephews That its time to die or do — Come fight with a might, for a

cause that is right, he's say- ing Can't you hear your Uncle Sam my call- ing you? — Can't you you? —

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