

We're Coming - Uncle Sam

Lyrics and Music by Barthelme Lindy Stranberg

The Prince of our is loose and wild - He - nine - ten, nine lit
 The ma - ble - he hills the fells - us, horns child - and
 with - our hearts, they bleed and break, now to the core - the hearts are
 shiv - er - ed in Un - cle Sam's U - ni - ted States By wrong and
 out - - rage long de - fer - ed with hopes of Peace - from date to date -
 We're com - ing, Un - cle Sam - - some mighty millions strong - with
 mus - e - les and with lack - , with cheer and too with song - . We're
 com - ing, we're com - ing, we're com - ing Un - cle Sam - - with strength and bar - mo
 ny to smother out all shame - To grip, fling with the foe - and
 cut a - way his strings that gladly in - to fire - his dis - re - put - tance
 flings - we're com - ing, we're com - ing, we're com - ing Un - cle Sam - - with
 strength and bar - mo - ny to smother out all shame - We're com - ing



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WE'RE COMING- UNCLE SAM.

The Prince of War is loose and wild-
Destruction- ruin- lie in his wake-
He kills the fathers, harms the child,
And mothers' hearts, they bleed and break.
Now to the core the hearts are stirred
In Uncle Sam's United States-
By wrongs and outrage long deferred
With hopes for peace from date to date.

CHORUS

We're coming- Uncle Sam- some mighty millions strong-
With muscles and with tact, with cheer and too- with song.
We're coming, we're coming, we're coming, Uncle Sam-
With strength and harmony to smother out all sham.
To grapple with the foe and cut away his stings-
That gladly into fire his dire repentance flings-
We're coming, we're coming, we're coming, Uncle Sam-
With strength and harmony to smother out all sham.

Now is the time to lend a hand
And help them to atone for sins-
And harmonize the foreign land
Like Uncle Sam's and be akin
As in the days of peace and calm
When all good will and song and praise
Protect each man and child from harm
And hope comes tripping in his ways.

CHORUS

We're coming- all to help along-
From East and West and North and South-
The humble and the great and strong-
The glory of our country shout.
It is for Right and not for Might
Our stars and stripes will fly on breeze-
For such a cause we all can fight
And loving God and Angels please.

CHORUS

Bertha Emily Strandberg