

DEC -6 1917

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"FOR YOU HAVI. TOLD IT TO THEM. RIGHT-UNCLE. SAM"

Some

POEM and COPYRIGHT BY JAMES W. McCANCE, R.4 BY 15 GLOSTER. O
(PENS "BILLY CERION ROVER")

MUSIC BY

R. A. BROWNE,
790 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

Multi

Intro

Viol

Chorus

"For You Have Told It To Them Right, Uncle Sam"
 Billy Cerion Rover.

1

Once on a time my father said to me: "How, Hainey boy"
 We're ruled by monarchs over here, who do naught but destroy;
 From these hard tyrants we will flee, yes, you and I will flee;
 We'll go to that America, where everyone is free.
 They'll welcome you and me, and equal rights we shall enjoy;
 There's no one will molest us, and there's no one will annoy;
 Beneath that glorious flag, we'll live, yes, we'll live, you and I;
 And Hainey boy, to save that flag, we two will gladly die.

CHORUS.

We're a peace loving people and we hate war;
 But we hate more to bow to tyrants near of far;
 We're a hundred million strong, and we'll give those kings a slam;
 For you have told it to them right--Uncle Sam.

2

I am that little Hainey now for Uncle Sam I sing;
 I love him only and I do not love no emper or nor king;
 I fought beneath our grand old flag xxxxxxxx against the king of Spain;
 And underneath Old Glory I will fight for him again;
 There's many many thousands who are little me--little Hain;
 They've felt the gall of monarchy's and felt the monarch's chain;
 They'll fight to strike that chain in twain, to give those kings a slam;
 And we will tell this to them for you, dear Old Uncle Sam.

