

SEP 17 1917

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"UNCLE SAM'S CALL"

SONG

POEM & COPYRIGHT BY

MRS. C. B. H. SOMMERS.

R. I. Box 45
PECORE, PL.
SURING, WISC.

MUSIC BY

RAYMOND A. BROWNE,
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No. 10

H1646

.B

flute *marci*

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *++*. A fermata is placed over the final note of the staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the second staff, continuing the piece with similar rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical notation for the third staff, including a sharp sign (*#*) and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth staff, featuring slurs and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth staff, concluding the first system with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth staff, starting a new system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Handwritten musical notation for the seventh staff, including a sharp sign (*#*) and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical notation for the eighth staff, featuring slurs and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical notation for the ninth staff, concluding the second system with a double bar line.

Empty musical staff.

Empty musical staff.

Empty musical staff.

"Uncle Sam's Call" By Mrs. C. E. H. Sommers.

There's a cry comes O'er the water: "Come and help us";
Uncle Sammy promptly answers to the call;
Sons of veterans, are you ready for the battle?
"Aye, aye, sir" comes now the wireless word from all.

CHORUS.

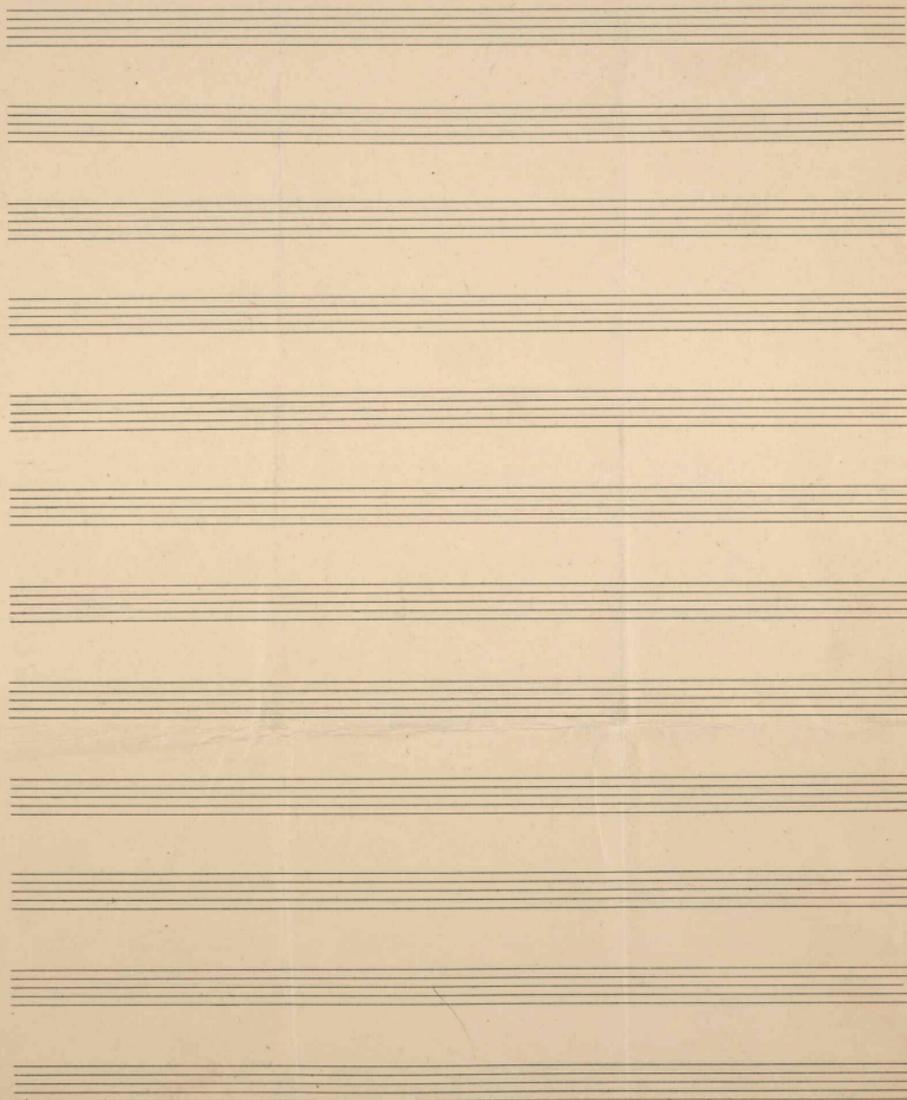
We will fight for our blood bought land of freedom;
We will never give the just struggles o'er;
Til we clear the track across the briny ocean;
And can safely sail our bark from shore to shore.

2

Our forefathers left their tried swords in the scabbard;
And their sons have kept them clean from any rust;
They are just as keen as now for any conflict;
And we all will bravely wield them, if we must.

3

We all love the peace our loyal fathers left us;
And we love the land of freedom where they died;
But we feel the sting of insult thrust upon us;
And we'll fight, yes, man to man, and side by side.



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