SEP 14 1917 ©CLE407901

# "WHEN UNCLE SAM ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES"

Song

Poem and Copyright By Almon J. Odell, 270 Franklin St, Brooklyn. N.Y.

Music By

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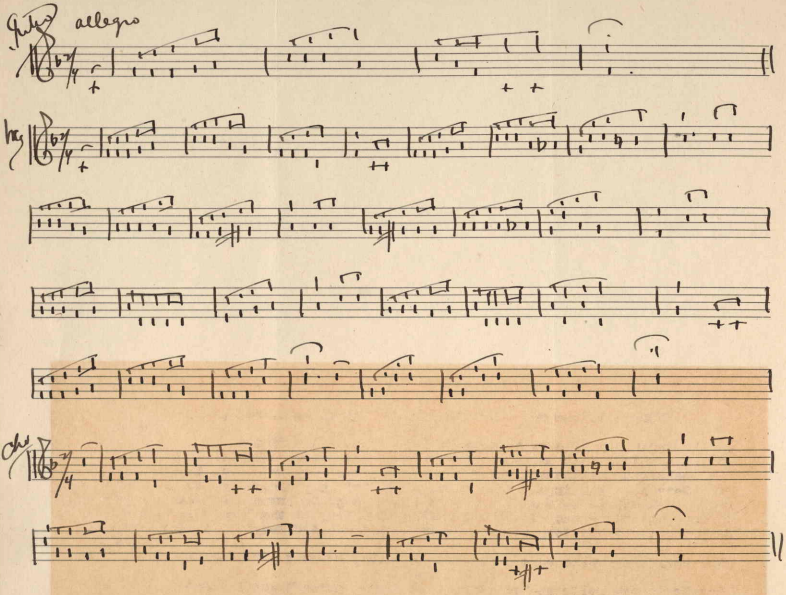
allegro

"When Uncle Sam Rolls Up His Sleeves" By Almon S.Odell.

Oh,our Uncle Sam is a quiet man,who tries to avoid a fight; (might;
But when things look bad,whey then he gets mad,and he strikes with all his
When he makes a noise all his little boys, they just get into line to scrap;
When they all join in,why,they always win; and they change the whole world map.
Now,we all salute to that khaki suit,to our boys in brown and blue; (through
Their a phalanx grand,right from Yankee land,they're the boys who're going t
Yes,they're on the job,and they'll whip that mob,for theyóre on their way to
France;;

When Uncle Sam rolls up his sleeves then they haven't got a chance.

CHORUS.

When Uncle Sam rolls up his sleeves then they haven't got a chance;
For his boys are as many as the leaves,and they're going off to France;
He loves peace all right,but he sure can fight,and he'll put them in a trance;
When Uncle Sam rolls up his sleeves,than they haven't got a chance.

2

Now,some boys are slow and they hate to go;with their sweethearts in their mind
When they're fay away they may all get gay, with some slacker deft behind;
But the boys that's brave they go out to save this grand old U.S.A.
Only tricky girls they go out on whirls, when their sweethearts march away;
Now then,don't be sad; we will soon be glad;Peace has got to come to saty;
No,it can't last long,Uncle Sam's too strong,and we'll make the winning play;
They took Belgium,twas a juicy plum,and they hold some parts of France;
When Uncle Sam rolls up his sleeves,then they haven't got a chance.

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