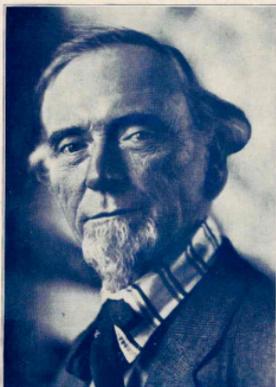


"UNCLE SAM'S OWN SONG"

# Our Boys Across The Sea

WORDS AND MUSIC BY



FRANK S. COLBURN

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY  
"UNCLE SAM"

50

PUBLISHED BY

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## Valse Moderato

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'Valse Moderato'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes.

## VOICE

Let ev - 'ry heart-throb play a part, Let ev - 'ry thought be true, Let ev - 'ry  
When hon - or pleads a na - tion heeds Its call to do and dare, So now we

The vocal line is in 3/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

word speak loy - al - ty, A - mer - i - ca for you, When free - men face a  
find folks of our kind, Are some-where o - ver there. To work or fight for

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

com - mon foe, All fac - tions must u - nite, Where e'er our coun - try calls to  
truth and right, With no de - sire to shirk, For Un - cle Sam's a hand - y

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

go, In Free - dom's name to fight. What cause could be more glo - ri - ous Than  
man At war - fare or at work. Let's hope and pray God speed the day When

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting for the piece.

ty - rants to sup - press, — Hu - man - i - ty vic - to - ri - ous re - lies the  
they'll be home - ward bound, — When their he - ro - ic deeds will be with vic - try's

worlds dis - tress. — En - cour - age our de - fend - ers Who pro - tect both you and  
lau - rels crowned. — Old Glo - ry still will float at will A - bove the brave and

me, They are the brav - est of the brave, Our boys a - cross the sea.  
free, A trib - ute to that gal - lant crew, Our boys a - cross the sea. —

## REFRAIN

So let the Flag of Free - dom Ex - tend be - yond the wave, — And fold the Ea - gle's

wings a - round The lives we yet may save. — When peace on earth, good will to men, For all man -

kind shall be, — Ten hun - dred mil - lion tongues will bless, Our boys a - cross the sea. —

*Largamente* *rit.*

WHEN YOU COME TO FIGGER  
EVERY LITTLE TRIGGER

By Frank S. Colburn, "Uncle Sam."

This murderers' and fightin' some Eu-  
ropeans delight in  
Is gettin' on my nerves—it's low  
and coarse—

And lately I've been thinkin' that  
diplomatic winkin'  
Won't stop it half as quick as actual  
force.

So I've gathered up some rifles and  
other wartime trifles  
Such as men and money—just to  
ship to France,

And—when you come to figger every  
little trigger,  
Why, it looks like Uncle Sam might  
have a chance!

And talk of aviation? Why, there  
ain't another nation  
Can touch us when we get up in  
the air!

Their submarines are just a bluff—  
like German silver—bogus  
stuff;

Four-flushes, only good to throw a  
scare!

When those deluded German folks get  
wise to all our tricks and jokes  
Around poor William they will  
swear and prance;

For, when they stop and figger every  
little trigger,  
They'll see the Kaiser hasn't got a  
chance!

Poor Bill! There's somethin' doin'—  
for you there's trouble brewin';  
You can take my word or not, I sit  
as you please;

For over here the way we do with  
such infernal fiends as you  
Is just to string 'em up to handy  
trees.

So listen to my little song and then  
blame me if you go wrong—  
Just quit before we hyp you in a  
trance!

For when you come to figger every  
little trigger,

Why, Bill, you haven't got a fightin'  
chance!

You're sure the greatest felon hell  
ever cast its spell on,  
You've crucified, betrayed, de-  
stroyed, defiled;

But now we're Johnny on the spot;  
we're going to make it good  
and hot!

For murderers who're running mad  
and wild;

And when we're through we'll hand  
our guns right over to our  
growing sons,

And let 'em step into our "scrap-  
ping pants,"  
And when we come to figger every  
little trigger,

Why, Uncle Sam will always have  
a chance!