APR 16 1917

Uncle Sammie is A-Calling Me.

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Words and music by Jimmie N. Hall - Brawley, Cal.

Quickstep.

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Don't you see the boys are march-ing, Don't you hear the sold-iers drum, Don't you see how the flags are wav-ing as fast down the street they come. Don't you hear the bu-gle call-ing, How it calls to you and me. Tell-ing us to do our du-ty and fight for our Coun-try. Uncle Sammie is a-call-ing

Come on now you Yan-kee fell-ows, North or South you're just the same, you'll fight for our dear old Glo-ry and hon-or our Count-ry's name, Kiss your mo-ther, wife, or sweetheart Nev-er mind you'll come back to them with the stripes on your arm meaning va-lor and you'll wear Victorys di-a-dem.

ART BRAND No. 10. M1646 .H

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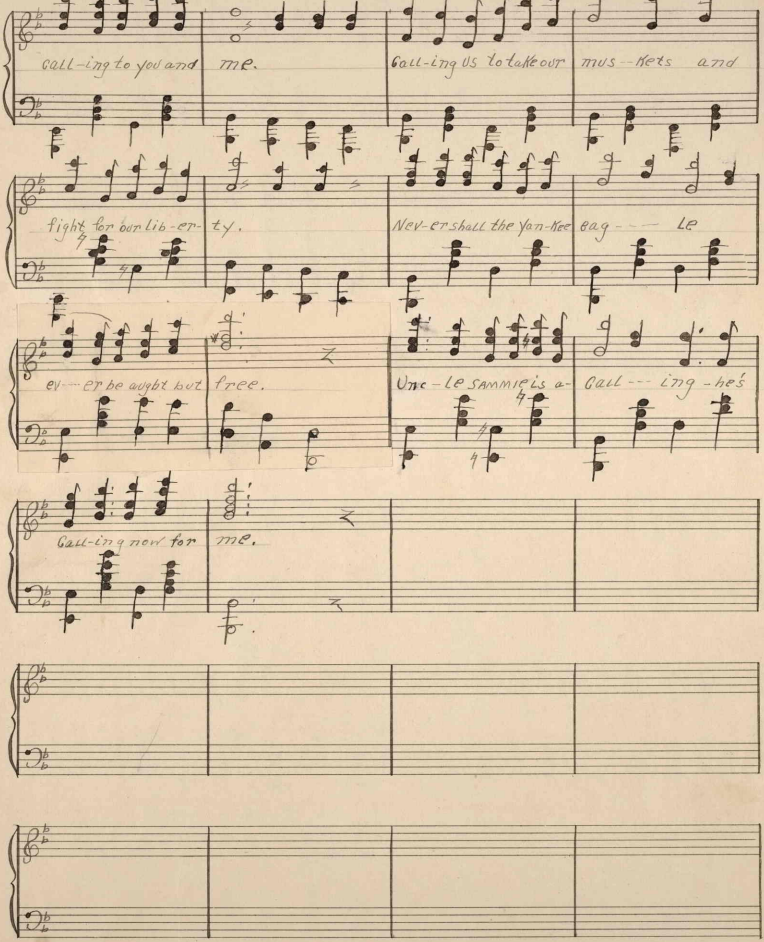
Call-ing to you and me. Call-ing us to take our mus--kets and
fight for our lib-er-ty. Nev-er shall the Yan-kee bag--- le
ev--er be aught but free. Unc-le SAMMIE is a- Call--- ing-he's
Call-ing now for me.