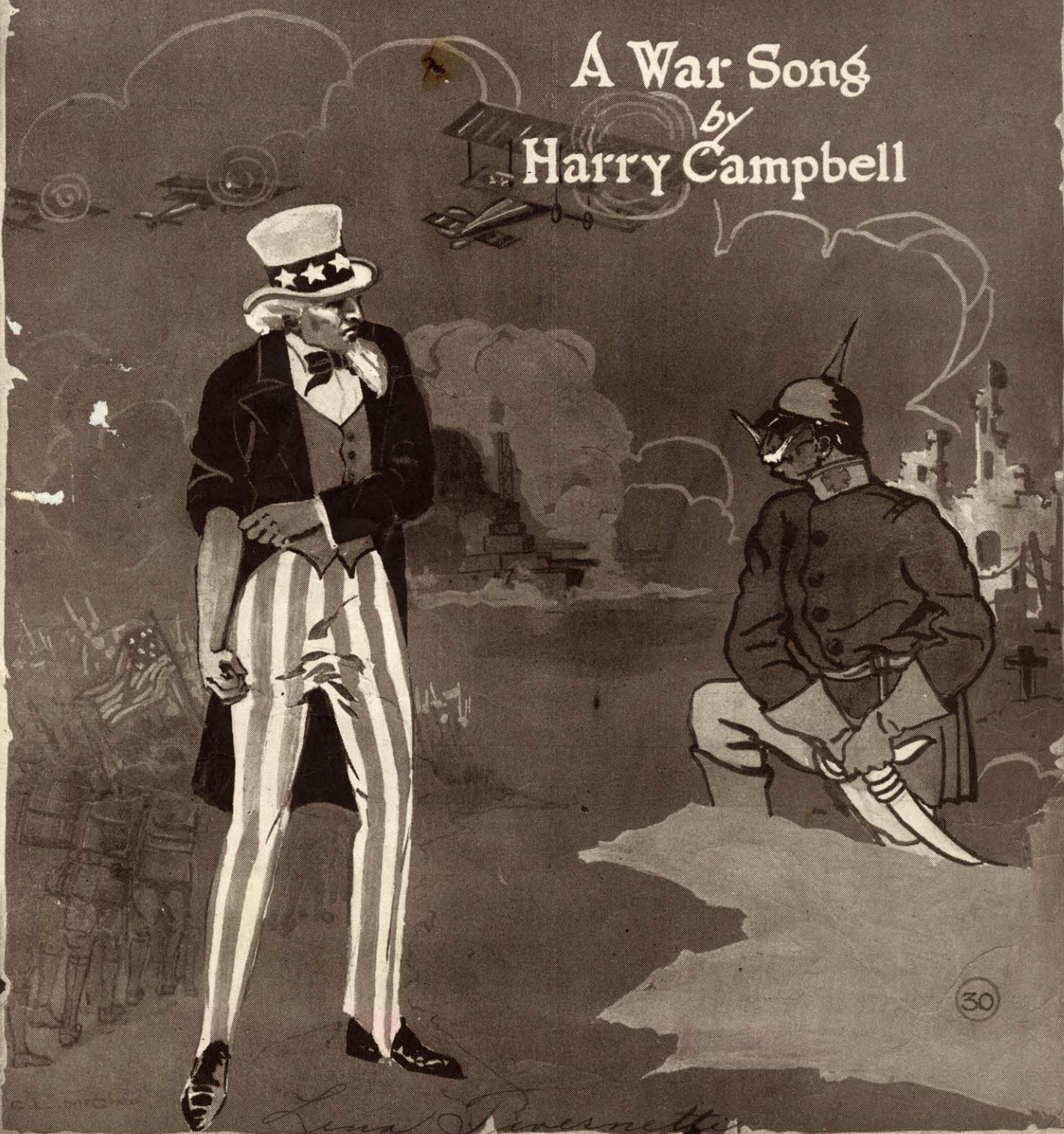


"I DON'T CARE A DAMN" SAYS YOUR OLD UNCLE SAM

A War Song
by
Harry Campbell



Affectionately Dedicated to my Nephew Sgt. G. Sanxay Cowlam.

"I Don't Care a Damn!"

SAYS YOUR OLD UNCLE SAM.

Words and Music by
HARRY CAMPBELL

Now your Un-cle Sam was a peace-a - ble man, he nev - er tried to get in - to a
Since he's had to fight, he's a - goin' to it right, he's shed his coat, he's out to win b' -

scrap. Gosh. He did - nt think it right to med - dle in a fight, and he
Gen Sher-man told it well when he said that "war is hell" and he'll

nev - er gave a weak - er man a rap. But when the cow - ard Huns went and
make the Kai - ser think so, that's no josh; He's called the Ger - man bluff, and he'll

turned loose their guns, on wom - en, chil - dren, peace - ful men at sea; He
make them hol - ler "nuff," he'll lick them in the air, on land, and sea; Did

thought it was raw, sort of stuck in his craw, and then he said, your Un-cle Sam, says he;
all that he could, but they would not be good, so then he said, your Un-cle Sam, says he;

CHORUS. *a little faster.*

"I don't care a damn," says your Un-cle Sam

For your death ma-chines, nor your

sub-ma-rines,

When I'm all thro' with the Kai-ser he'll be

sad-der and some wi-ser, He'll feel like he's had a swift kick right in the jeans, I don't

care for your guns, nor your bunch of heart-less Huns "I don't care a damn" says your Old Un - cle Sam.

8va