Don’t Bite The Hand That’s Feeding You

Words by
THOMAS HOIER

Music by
JIMMIE MORGAN

Tempo di Marcia

Last night, as I lay a-

You re-call the day you

sleep-ing, A won-der-ful dream came to me,

I

land-ed, How I wel-comed you to my shore,

When

saw Un-cle Sam - my weep-ing For his child-ren from o-ver the sea;

you came here emp-ty hand-ed, And al-leg-lance for-ev-er you swore;

Copyright MCMX by LEO.FEIST Inc. Feist Building N.Y.

International Copyright secured and reserved
London: Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Limited
They had come to him, friendless and starving.
When from
I gathered you close to my bosom.
Of tyrant's oppression they fled,
But now they a-food and of clothes you got both,
So, when in
busc and revile him,
Till at last in just anger he said:
trouble, I need you,
You will have to remember your oath:

CHORUS

"If you don't like your Uncle Sam-my, Then go back to your home o'er the sea,"
To the land from where you came, Whatever be its name; But don't be ungrateful to me! If you don't like the stars in Old Glory, If you don't like the Red, White and Blue, Then don't act like the cur in the story. Don't bite the hand that's feeding you? "If you you!"