For Dixie and Uncle Sam

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Brightly (Not too fast)

In Mary-land, in Mary-land, There's a moth-er old and gray;

Tho' far a-way, the boy each day, As the west-ern sun goes down,

A lone she stands and waves her hand, To her boy who is go-ing a-way.

He mails a note he proud-ly wrote, In a tent near a far bor-der town,

She said, "I'm proud of you, In your uni-form of blue, And the sword that you car-ry too!"

And says: "Dear mother mine, When the word goes down the line To get read-y, the foe is near!"

I've watched it twice be-fore, Go brace-ly off to war, For the Grey and then for the blue!"

The dan-ger's in the air, I reck-on I'll be there, As your words still ring in my ear!"
CHORUS With Patriotic enthusiasm in bright March time

Your Grand-dad fought in the war of Sixty-One, He wore a suit of grey.

Your Daddy, too, in a suit of navy blue, To Cuba sailed away.

Though the one wore grey and the other blue, The blood of both is in you; So I'm giving you up to Old Glory.

And I'm mighty proud that I am! You're all I've got, but be

Johnny on the spot, For Dixie and Uncle Sam! Your Sam!