Words by
JACK DRISLANE.

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

March Tempo.

"Tell me, Dad - dy, tell me,
Years a - go, in bat - tle,

Why those men in that big crowd,
Both our grand - pas fought and fell,
'Mid the can - non's roar and

cheer - ing, What makes each one act so proud?
rat - tle, So of free - dom we could tell,
Wash - ing -

lad,' he an - swered, "it's the tune the brass band plays,

It's the
ton and Jack - son, dear old Lin - coln, Grant and Lee. Are the
My country 'tis of thee, and you'll know one of these days,
Men who made us what we are, on the land and on the sea.

Chorus.
Makes no difference where you wander,
Makes no difference where you roam.

You don't have to stop and ponder,
For a place to call your home.

When they ask where were you born, lad,
Speak right up be proud to say
That your home's the land of Uncle Sam,
The good old U. S. A.'