It's Not Your Nationality
(Its Simply You)

By HOWARD JOHNSON
& JOE. McCARThY

Allegro moderato

bod- y, has a na-tive land, in the North, South, East or West,
And it's on-ly right, your
day you'll hear some-bod-y brag of the land where they be-long,
And they knock all oth-er

na-tive land should be the place you love the best.
Now it makes no dif-ference what you are, don't
na-tion-al-i-ties, but take my tip, they're
wrong. In the end the man that plugs a-long, is the

wait for fame to come,
just go and get it, and they'll give you cre-dit,
No mat-ter where you're from:
fellow that suc-ceds.
The whole cre-a-tion is a great big na-tion,
They judge you by your deeds:

CHORUS

It's not your na-tion-a-l-i-ty,
It's not your na-tion-al-i-ty,
It's what you do,
It's what you do,

Some-time a tech-ni-cal-i-ty will
This Composition may also be had for your Talking
Machinor Player Piano

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al-ways pulls you through. Bis-mark made his mark in Ger-man-y, we know. And
bring great fame to you. Bryan kept try-in', he nev-er gave up hope. And

Geor-gie Co-han was a Yan-kee in the grow-in', But he made a bunch of dough. Just think of
young Mar-co-ni had a scheme that sound-ed phon-ey, But he up-set all the dope. Just think of

Rock-e-fel-lor and what he can buy. He start-ed from the cel-lar, but he
Hen-ry Ford and his old Fli-ver bus. We laugh, but all the dough he's got, he

climbed a-way up high. So if you've got the spir-it, Nev-er mind your name, Folks will hear it,
took a-way from us. So nev-er mind your breed-ing, Keep a lev-el head, Face the world, pre-

if you play the game, It's not your na-tion-al-i-ty, it's sim-ply you! You!
pare to knock 'em dead, It's not your na-tion-al-i-ty, it's sim-ply you! You!