

Jack Canuck to Uncle Sam

Take down your old gun, Uncle Sammy,
All your pockets with cartridges cram;
The war fogs that rise, cold and clammy,
Seem to frighten you some, Uncle Sam,
You once were the first to get ready,
The most eager in Liberty's fight;
Your brain Unc. was clear, calm and steady,
As you battled for justice and right.

Time was when each star in Old Glory
Shone for Freedom all round the wide world,
The winds and the waves told the story
Wheresoever its folds were unfurled;
But now your good rifle is rusty,
All your work of long years is undone,
Old Glory, bedraggled and dusty,
Is insulted and scorned by the Hun.

There once was a time, Uncle Sammy,
When the honor of sister and wife,
E'en that of a poor negro mammy,
You'd defend, Uncle Sam, with your life;
But now, what's the matter, I wonder,
You see womanhood treated like junk,
And think but of guarding your plunder;
Can you tell me the reason? dear Unc.

It seems that your head isn't level,
With your Wilsons, and Byrans and Fords,
You let things all go to the devil,
And protect your poor people with words.
It can't be the killing that vexes,
And prevents you from getting your gun,
You're lynching men now, down in Texas,
For one-tenth that the Kaiser has done.