



WE STAND BY
UNCLE SAM
A MILLION
BOYS IN BLUE

AMERICAN WAR SONG
1898

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WITTEMAN BROS. LITH. N.Y.

We stand by Uncle Sam,

A Million Boys in Blue!

Words by John Volk.

Music by E. Horneman.

Tempo di marcia.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di marcia.' and the first system starts with a dynamic marking of 'mf'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

mf
Come boys, the die is cast! You heard the bugle's blast! From cities towns and farms Hosts have
come to take up arms. No mat-ter who our foes! We fear not threats nor blows! No
king nor queen we'll e-ver let come marching on our toes. When foreign masters join to dic-
tate us what to do, To fling their or-ders back rise a mill-ion boys in blue. In
stormy days and calm We stand by Un-cle Sam. Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!



We Stand by Uncle Sam, a Million Boys in Blue!

Come boys, the die is cast!
You heard the bugle's blast!
From cities towns and farms
Hosts have come to take up arms.
No matter who our foes!
We fear not threats nor blows!
No king nor queen we'll ever let come marching on our toes.
When foreign masters join to dictate us what to do,
To fling their orders back rise a million boys in blue.

In stormy days and calm
We stand by Uncle Sam,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



O'er all our starry flag!
With us no idle brag
When proudly we proclaim
Not to blood it owes its fame.
To all the world we tell
We love that flag so well;
When'er we see its stars and stripes we feel our bosoms swell.
They tell When tyrants fell here, down went their bolts and bars,
That freedom's home is vaulted by naught but skies and stars.

Long wave our starry flag!
Long wave our starry flag!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



Here 'midst the brave and free
Stands radiant Liberty!
That here she e'er may stand
Guard we keep with sword in hand.
With burning hearts we long
To see her grow so strong,
That power she holds to help and heal whatever Might does wrong.
O wait! some day will come, when her breath becomes a blast,
When all the world's oppressors are swept away at last,

Three cheers for Liberty!
Three cheers for Liberty!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



And so for Cuba's cause
We'll fight and never pause
Until we see her free
And she shares our liberty.
We know our claims are just!
So fight we will and must,
And as to gaining victory for that in God we trust.
Our navy has won laurels, our army wins them, too.
When wanted we stand ready a million boys in blue.

In stormy days and calm
We stand by Uncle Sam.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

