UNCLE SAM'S
FUNERAL.

BY
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UNCLE SAM'S FUNERAL.

Arranged by WURZEL.

With appropriate expression

1 Twas but little while ago, that the copperheads were
2 Then said they, "O people dear, poor old Uncle Sam is
3 Said the people, "Is it so, pray what was it made him
found With their great Val-lan-dig-ham-mer a ham-mer-ing a-
dead, Let us put him in his cof-fin, and ham-mer down the
die. Though we nev-er will be-lieve you, you are so apt to

round And they tried to scare us with their dole-ful
lid," And to work they all went as the words they
lie. "Of the nig-ger procla-ma-tion," they did

Very nasal

sound, H'm, Ha, *
said, H'm, Ha,
cry, H'm, Ha,
1. Yes, they tried to scare us with their doleful sound, H'm Ha,

2. Yes, to work they all went as the words they said, H'm Ha,

3. "Twas the nigger proclamation," they did cry, H'm, Ha,

But the people only laughed at the story that they told,
For they knew his Constitution, and answered up so bold.
"O you silly copperheads, you're badly sold," H'm, Ha,

chorus Yes, you silly, &c.

Uncle Sam he then arose, like a giant hale and strong,
With his people, and his army, a glorious loyal throng;
And the Coppers sneaked to where they all belong, H'm, Ha,

chorus Yes, the Coppers, &c.

Where they have gone to, it is now quite impossible to tell,
But if they are not repenting, we all know very well,
That some time or other, we shall ring their knell, H'm, Ha,

chorus Yes, sometime or other, &c.