You'll Do The Same Thing Over
For The Old Red, White and Blue.

Words by
WILL D. COBB.

Music by
GUS. EDWARDS.

Marcia.

In a crowd-ed ca-fé, Said a young man one
Now the time is at hand, To the tune of the
day, "Our coun-try soon will call for vol-un-teers_________ For a
band, Hear the tramp of march-ing sol-diers draw-ing nigh;_________ And a-
foe far in the West, Dreams their land's the might-iest, And their
mong the cheer-ing crowd, See that vet'-ran old and proud, As he

guns will soon be sound-ing in our ears;
 calls out to a young man march-ing by, "Will you
"Are you

go?" they all cried, He said "No!" and re-plied, "For my
go-ing now?" he cries, "Yes, I'm go-ing" he re-plies, "For my

coun-try once be-fore I fought and bled,
coun-try once a-gain I'll dare and do,

It's done Though I

You'll do the same 4
nothing for me, and I'll fight no more," said he. Then an
said I was through, still I knew you spoke true. When you

old Grand Army Man arose and said:
told me in your faded suit of blue.

"We

REFRAIN.

all love Uncle Sam._ And I know you love him

You say your fighting days are through, But

You'll do the same 4
I know just what you would do, If the Eagle screamed tomorrow,
And the bugle called for you.
You'd do the same thing over, For the old Red, White and Blue!

You'll do the same