Don't Bite The Hand That's Feeding You

Words by THOMAS HOIER

Tempo di Marcia

Music by JIMMIE MORGAN

Last night, as I lay a-

You re-call the day you

sleep-ing, A won-der-ful dream came to me, I

land-ed, How I wel-comed you to my shore, When

saw Un-cle Sam - my weep-ing For his child-ren from o-ver the sea;

you came here emp-ty hand-ed, And al-leg-lance for-ev-er you swore;

Copyright MCMXV by LEO. FEIST Inc. Feist Building N.Y.

International Copyright secured and reserved

London: Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Limited
They had come to him, friend-less, and star-v'ing. When from tyrant's oppression they fled.

I gathered you close to my bos-om. Of food and clothes you got both.

But now they abuse and revile him, till at last in just anger he said: trouble, I need you. You will have to re-member your oath:

CHORUS

"If you don't like your Uncle Sam-my, Then go back to your home o'er the sea,"

3309-3
To the land from where you came, Whatever be its name; But don't be un
grateful to me! If you don't like the stars in Old Glor-y, If you
don't like the Red, White and Blue, Then don't act like the cur in the
story, Don't bite the hand that's feeding you! "If you you."