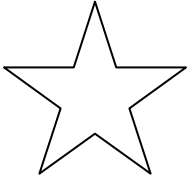
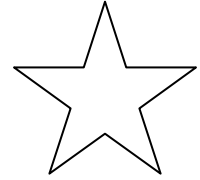




Uncle Sam



Jam!!!



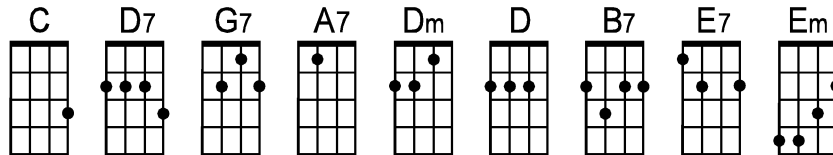
July 2nd, 2011



"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation *under God*, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Yankee Doodle Boy/Grand Ol' Flag

By George M Cohan



C **D7**
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
G7 **C**
A Yankee Doodle Do or Die
C **A7** **Dm-A7 Dm**
A real live nephew of my unc-le Sam
D7 **G7**
Born on the 4th of July, I

C **D7**
Have a Yankee Doodle Sweetheart
G7 **C**
She's my Yankee Doodle Joy
C/(-----tacet-----)G7/
Yankee Doodle went to town
C/(-----tacet-----) **G7** **D7**
Just to ride the ponies, I am the
G7 **C**/// **A7**///
Yankee Doodle Boy You're a

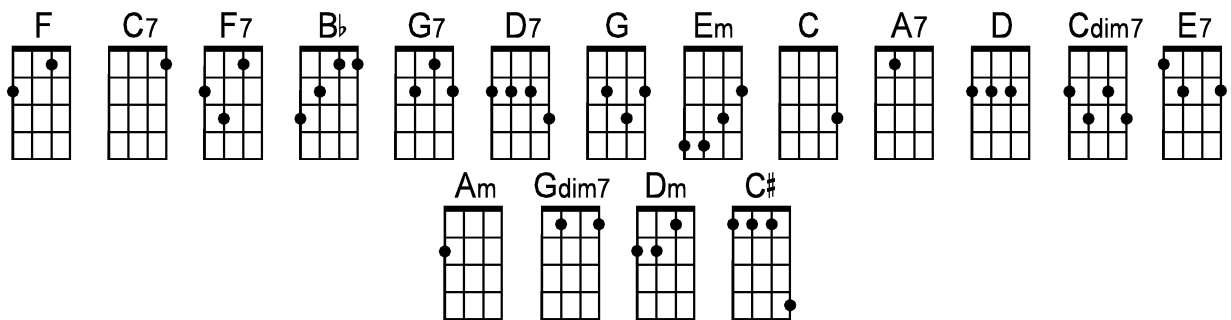
D
Grand Ol' Flag, You're a high flyin' flag
A7
And forever in peace may you wave
D **B7**
You're the emblem of the land I love,
E7 **A7**
The home of the free and the brave

D
Every heart beats true for the red white and blue
B7 **Em**
Where there's never a boast or brag
D **A7**
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
E7 **A7** **D**/// **B7**///
Keep your eye on the Grand Ol' Flag
E7 **A7** **D**/// / **A7**/ **D**/
Keep your eye on the Grand Ol' Flag

MILITARY MEDLEY

Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines

Arranged and formatted for ukulele by S. Orlando



Army:

1- 2 1-2-3

F

C7

Over hill, over dale we will hit the dusty trail as those caissons go rolling

F

along

Counter march, right about, you can hear the Captain shout,

C7

F

As those Caissons go rolling along

F7

B \flat

F

For its Hi! Hi! Hee! In the field artillery,

G7

C7 stop! shout!

call out your number loud and strong – 2! – 3!

F

F7 B \flat

F

For where e'er we go, you will always know,

C7

F // D7 //

That those caissons go rolling along.

Navy:

G Em G D7 G // G7 //

Anchors aweigh, my boys, anchors aweigh,

C G A7 D // D7 //

Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of day

C Em C D7 G // G7 //

Through our last night at shore, drink to the foam

triplets

C G Em G D7 G // G7 | //

Until we meet again here's wishing you a happy voyage home

Air Force:

C G7 C C7
Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
F C // G7 / // triplets
Climbing high, into the sun
C G7 C G7 Cdim.C
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
G D7 G // G7
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun! (give 'er the gun now)
C G7 C C7
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
F E7
Off with one helluva roar!
Am Gdim. Dm Cdim.
We live in fame or go down in flame, hey!
C G7 C
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

Marines:

C G7 C C G7 C
From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli
C G7 C C G7 C C7
We will fight our country's battles, in the air, on land, and sea.
F C C7 F C G7
First to fight for right and freedom, and to keep our honor clean
C G7 C F G7 C/// C#/// D/// D7///
We are proud to claim the title of the United States Marine

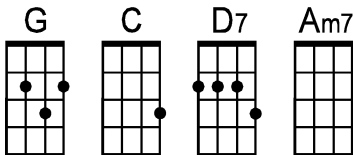
G/// Em/// Am/// D G Em Bm/// D7///
This is my Country! Land of my birth,
G/// Em/// Am/// D G Em// // Am7/// D7///
This is my country, Grandest on earth!
C G C D/// D7///
I pledge thee my allegiance, America, the bold, for
G/// Em/// Am/// D G Am7 D7 G/// /// /// /
This is my country, to have and to hold!

America

(My Country 'Tis of Thee)

Music from "God Save The Queen", lyrics by Samuel Francis Smith

Arranged and formatted for ukulele by S. Orlando



G C D7 G C G Am7 G
My country 'tis of Thee, sweet land of lib- er- ty,
C D7 G
Of Thee I sing:

***G D7**
Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride
G C Am7 G Am7 G C G D7 G
From every mountain side, let freedom ring
G C D7 G C G
Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees,
C D7 G
Sweet freedom's song;

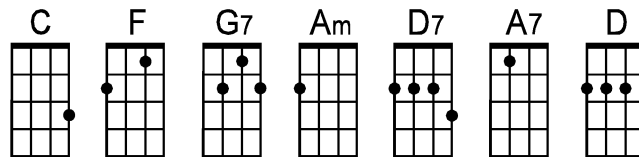
***G D7**
Let mortal tongues awake; let all that breathe partake
G C Am7 G Am7 G C G D7 G
Let rocks their silence break; the sound prolong
G C D7 G C G Am7 G
Our father's God to Thee, author of li - ber - ty,
C D7 G
To Thee we sing

***G D7**
Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light
G C Am7 G Am7 G C G D7 G
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Over There (chorus)

George M. Cohan 1917

Arranged and formatted for ukulele by S. Orlando



C

Over there, over there,

Send the word, send the word over there

F

G7

That the Yanks are coming,

C

Am

The Yanks are coming,

D7

G7

The drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere.

C

So prepare, say a pray'r

Send the word, send the word to beware.

G7

We'll be over, we're coming over,

C

F

G7

C / / / / A7 / / / / / / / /

And we won't come back till it's over, over there!

D

Over there, over there, say a prayer for the boys over there

A7

They'll be over, they're coming over,

D

G

A7

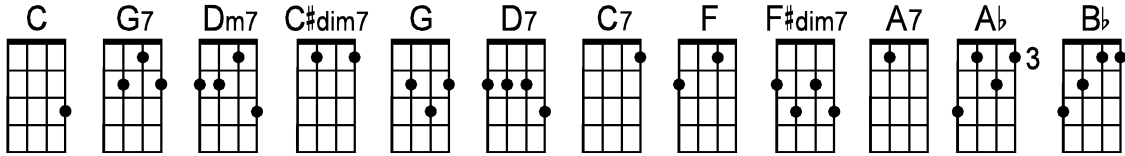
D

And they won't be back 'til it's over "Over There!"



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

w. Katharine Lee Bates m. Samuel Augustus Ward



1...2...123

(Practice triplets)

C G7 Dm7 G7 C C#dim Dm7
Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain.
G7 C G D7 G G7
For purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plain.
C Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C C7
America!..... A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee.
F F#dim C A7 Dm7 G7 C G7
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.
C G7 Dm7 G7 C C#dim Dm7
Oh, beautiful for patriot dreams, that sees beyond the years.
G7 C G D7 G G7
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.
C Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C C7
America!..... A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee.
F F#dim C A7 Dm7 G7 C C7
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.
F F#dim C A7 Dm7 G7 Ab Bb C
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea.



Taps



**Day is done, gone the sun
From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky
All is well, safely rest
God is near.**

**Fading light dims the sight
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright
From afar, drawing near
Falls the night.**

**Thanks and praise for our days
Neath the sun, neath the stars, neath the sky
As we go, this we know
God is near.**

An Excerpt From Twenty-Four Notes That Tap Deep Emotions: The Story of America's Most Famous Bugle Call *By Jari Villanueva*

Of all the military bugle calls, none is so easily recognized or more apt to evoke emotion than the call Taps. The melody is both eloquent and haunting and the history of its origin is interesting and somewhat clouded in controversy. In the British Army, a similar type call known as Last Post has been sounded over soldiers' graves since 1885, but the use of Taps is unique to the United States military, since the call is sounded at funerals, wreath-laying and memorial services.

Taps began as a revision for the signal of Extinguish Lights (Lights Out) at the end of the day. Up until the Civil War, the infantry call for Extinguish Lights was the printed in Silas Casey's (1801-1882) Infantry Tactics and other manuals, the music which had been borrowed from the French. The music for Taps was adapted by Union General Daniel Butterfield for his brigade (Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac) in July, 1862.

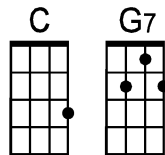
Daniel Adams Butterfield (1831-1901) was born in Utica, New York and graduated from Union College at Schenectady. He was the eastern superintendent of the American Express Company in New York when the Civil War broke out. A Colonel in the 12th Regiment of the New York State Militia, he was promoted to Brigadier General and given command of a brigade of the 5th Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

During the Peninsular Campaign Butterfield distinguished himself when, during the Battle of Gaines Mill and despite an injury, he seized the colors of the 83rd Pennsylvania and rallied the regiment at a critical time in the battle. He was awarded the Medal of Honor for that act of heroism.

As the story goes, General Butterfield was not pleased with the call for Extinguish Lights, feeling that the call was too formal to signal the days end, and with the help of the brigade bugler, Oliver Willcox Norton (1839-1920), wrote Taps to honor his men while in camp at Harrison's Landing, Virginia, following the Seven Days battle. These battles took place during the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. The new call, sounded that night in July, 1862, soon spread to other units of the Union Army and was reportedly also used by the Confederates. Taps was made an official bugle call after the war.

God Bless America

Irving Berlin



Intro: C// G7// C////

C G7 C Cm7 C7
God Bless A - merica, land that I love

F C
Stand be-side Her, and guide Her

D7 G7 C
Through the night, with a light from a-bove.

G7 C
From the mountains, to the prairie,
G7 C Cm7 C7
To the ocean white with foam

F C G7 Am Fm
God bless A - merica,
C G7 C Cm7 C7
My home sweet home.

F C G7 Am Fm
God bless A - merica,
C G7 C
My home sweet home.

