

Hank Snow, Blind Boy's Dog

I gave my dog to Uncle Sam in 1943
He sailed across the sea
And died for Liberty.
Now that you are sending heroes home
I just don't understand
Why don't you send my dog home, Uncle Sam?

He'd sleep beneath Old Glory
Right here on Daddy's farm.
I'd be close by
To keep him from all harm.

It's true no more he'll lead me
Like he did in days of yore.
He'll never be
A blind boy's pal no more.

No one knows how much I miss him
And how lonesome now I am.
Why don't you send my dog home,
Uncle Sam.