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“On Patrol in No Man’s Land: Black Soldiers, Racism and Sheet Music during WWI”

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- **“They’ll be mighty proud in Dixie...” (1918)** By Harry Carroll

[Verse 1:] I saw an aged darky dressed in khaki,

‘bout to cross the foam...

I said ‘Old Man why must you go,

your head’s as white as snow?’

[Old Black Joe replies,] ‘I’m not obliged to, sonny but I want this

world to know..

[Chorus:] I’m coming and I’m mighty proud to go...

I got the same old happy banjo, and the same old trusty gun,

And they’re the same old weapons I used in the days of ’61,

... I’ll give the whole world liberty just like Lincoln did for me.”

- **“You’ll find Dixieland in France” (1918)** By Grant Clarke and Geo. W. Meyer

[Verse 1:] No more darkies on the Swanee shore, No more singin’ ‘round the cabin
door

Dixie ain’t Dixie now I vow, In the village all the streets are bare

Doesn’t seem to be a soul down there, It makes me blue somehow

I asked old Mammy Grey, and then I heard her say: [sic]

[Chorus:] You remember Dancin’ Mose? Folks all called him “Tickle Toes”

You’ll find him “Over There” in France, Alexander’s Band left old Dixieland

They used to play the “Lovin’ Blues” for ev’ryone, Now they’re playing blues

up on a Gattling Gun,

Don’t forget old “Shimee Sam,” Famous boy from Alabam’, he marched away

in khaki pants

Instead of pickin' melons off the vine, They're pickin' Germans of the Rhine,

You'll find Old Dixieland in France.

- **“The Brown Skin Boys are Coming” (1918) (excerpts)** By George A. Lewis

White Boys and Black Boys from every state and clime,

The Brown skin boys are coming from down in Louisiana,

The fighting Blacks are on their way from sunny Alabama ...

We'll duplicate what we did in '98

The Brown skin boys are coming to the aid of General Pershing

You can bet there'll be some hot old time!

- **“Mirandy” (1919) (excerpts) (1919)** By James Reese Europe, Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake

[Verse 1] This dark skinned dude of Jacksonville, Is a Jasper nicknamed Sandy

This dusky dude of Jacksonville, Has a gal they call Mirandy

She's a long, tall seal skin brown, With a loose and careless way

[Chorus] There ain't no gal as sweet as my Mirandy, Why 'lasses candy is like a big round ball of bitterness

When you taste dose [sic] lips of sugar sweet

(Oh boy I) Say you'll fall down at her feet and weep; You know the whole world's jealous of me and Mirandy;

I'm her dandy; I'm only waiting for the time the Village bell will chime that

old rhyme, for I've bought the wedding band from an expensive jewelry

man for Mirandy gal o' mine

- **“On Patrol in No Man's Land” (1919)** By James Reese Europe, Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake

What's the time, nine, all in line, Alright, boys, now take it slow

Are you ready? Steady! Very good Eddy, Over the top let's go

Quiet, sly it, else you'll start a riot, Keep your proper distance follow 'long

Cover, smother, when you see me hover, Obey my orders and you can't go wrong

Refrain:

There's a minnenwerfer coming, look out (bang!) Hear that roar, there's one more.

Stand fast, there's a Vary Light. Don't gasp or they'll find you alright....[sic]

Don't start to bombing with those hand grenades

There's a machine gun, Holy Spades

Alert, Gas, put on your masks Ajust [sic] it correctly and hurry up fast

Drop there's a rocket for the Boche Barrage, Down hug the ground close as you can,

don't fear, That's the life of a stroll when you take a patrol Out in No Man's Land.

- **All of No Man's Land Is Ours** (1919) By James Reese Europe, Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake

Lieut. Europe, Lieut. Sissle & Eubie Blake

Hello Central! Hello, Hurry! Give me 403,

Hello Mary, Hello Dearie, yes, yes, this is me!

Just landed on the pier and found a telephone.

We've been parted for a year, thank God at last I'm home!

Haven't time to talk a lot, though I'm feeling mighty gay,

Little sweet forget-me-not, I've only time to say:

Refrain:

All of No Man's Land is ours dear, Now I've come back to you,

my honey true

Wedding bells in Juney June, All will tell their tuney tune

That vict'ries won, the war is over, The whole wide world's wreathed in clover

Then hand in hand we'll stroll through life, dear,

Just think how happy we will be (I mean we three.)

We'll pick a bungalow amongst the fragrant bow'rs,

And spend a honeymoon with the blooming flowers,

All of No Man's Land is ours.