

SM 4018
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They'll Be Mighty Proud In Dixie Of Their Old Black Joe

By HARRY CARROLL

f *p* *Till ready* The oth - er I proud - ly

p day I chanced to roam — Be - side an old log cab - in home, — I saw an a - ged dar - ky took him by the hand, — I said: "Your sen - ti - ment is grand, — But don't you think the folks will

dressed in kha - ki 'Bout to 'cross the foam, — I said, "Old man why must you go, — Your head of kind o' miss old Joe from Dix - ie - land?" — I saw a tear - drop in his eye, — And as he

hair is white as snow," — He said: "I'm not ob - liged to, son - ny, — But I want this world to know: — waved a fond good - bye — He said: "My Un - cle Sam - ny's call - in', — And for him I'll live or die. —

CHORUS

I'm a - com - in' — I'm a - com - in' — And I'm might - y proud to go, — 'Cause I seem to hear the

bu-gles call-in' "Come on old Black Joe"— I've got the same old hap-py ban-jo, And the

same old trust-y gun, ——— And they're the same old weap-ons that I used In the days of six-ty-one

I'll swim a-cross that old Rhine riv-er ——— And when I get there I won't

leave no rind- I know, ——— I'll give the whole world lib-er-ty, ——— Just like Lin-corn did for me,

(Rhine)

— Then they'll be dog-gone proud in Dix-ie Of their Old Black Joe. ——— I'm a - Joe. ———

This song has been adopted by all the Public Schools. Ask your dealer for it
LOYALTY IS THE WORD To-DAY
 Loyalty To The U. S. A.