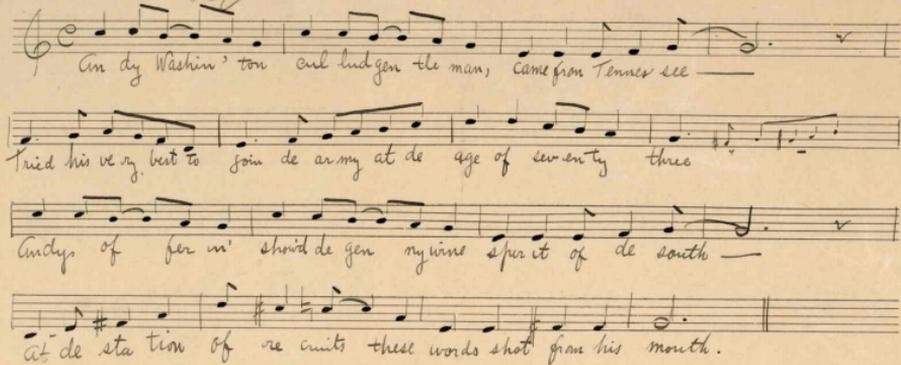
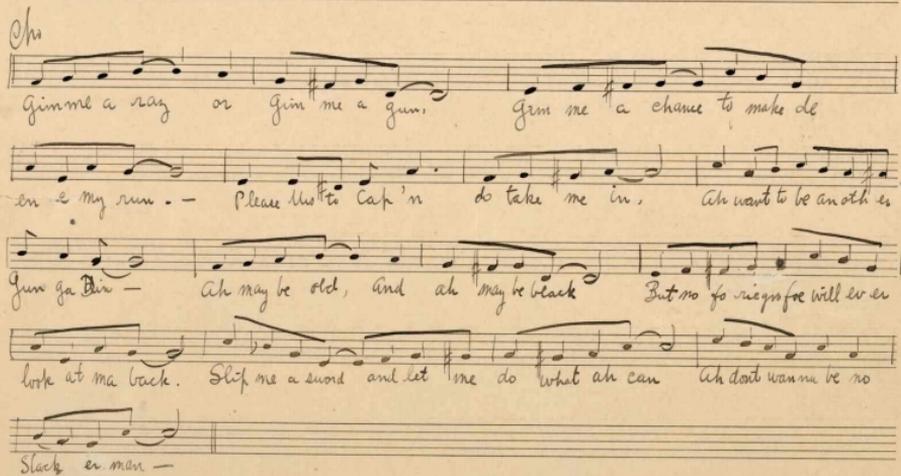


# Ah Don't Want to be no Slacker Man

MAY -9 1917  
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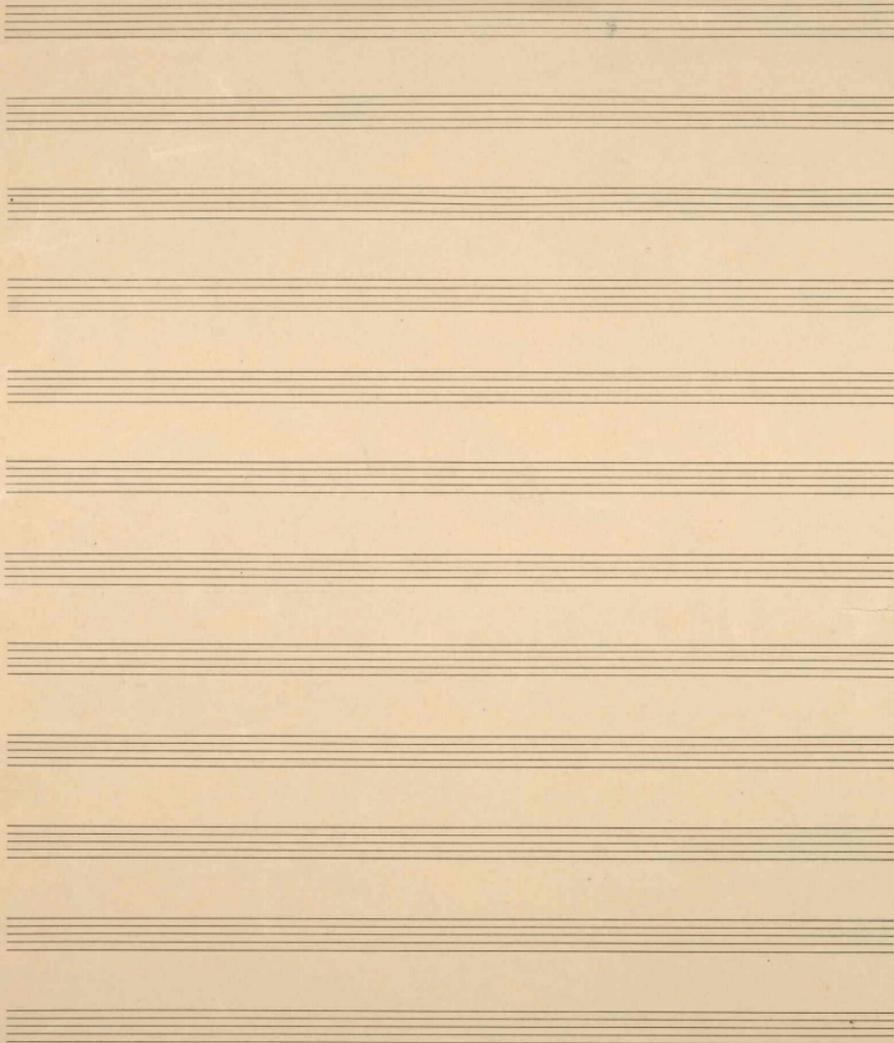


An dy Washin' ton Carl ludgen the man, came from Tenner see  
Tried his ve ry best to join de army at de age of seven ty three  
Andys of fer in' shoid de gen ny wine spirit of de south  
at de sta tion of re cruits these words shot from his mouth.



Oh  
Gimme a ray or gim me a gun, gim me a chance to make de  
en e my run. - Please Mr to Cap'n do take me in, Ah want to be an oth er  
Gun ga Bir - Ah may be old, and ah may be black But no fo me yo foe will ev er  
look at ma back. Slip me a sword and let me do what ah can Ah dont wanna be no  
Slack er man -

M1646



Carl Fischer, New York.  
No. 4-12 lines.

405032

"I DON'T WANT TO BE NO SLACKER MAN",

Lyrics By Junie McCree.

Music By Edward Stembler.

1st VERSE.

Andy Washin'ton, cullud gentleman, came from Tennessee,  
Tried his very best to join de army at de age of  
seventy-three;  
Andy's offerin' showd de gennywine spirit of de south.  
At de station of recruits these words shot from his mouth.

CHORUS.

Gimme a razor, gimme a gun.  
Gimme a chance to make de enemy run.  
Please Misto Cap'n do take me in.  
Ah want to be another Gunga din.  
Ah may be old, and ah may be black,  
But no foreign foe will ever look at ~~me~~ back.  
Slip me a sword and let me do what ah can.  
Ah doan wanna be no slacker man.

2nd VERSE.

Lemme shoulder arms with a regiment of real black and tans.  
Massa Theodore knows how to handle any troop of Africans.  
Ah'm a fightin' man and ma record shows, ah know what to do.  
Skin is black, but my ol' heart, it is red, white and blue.