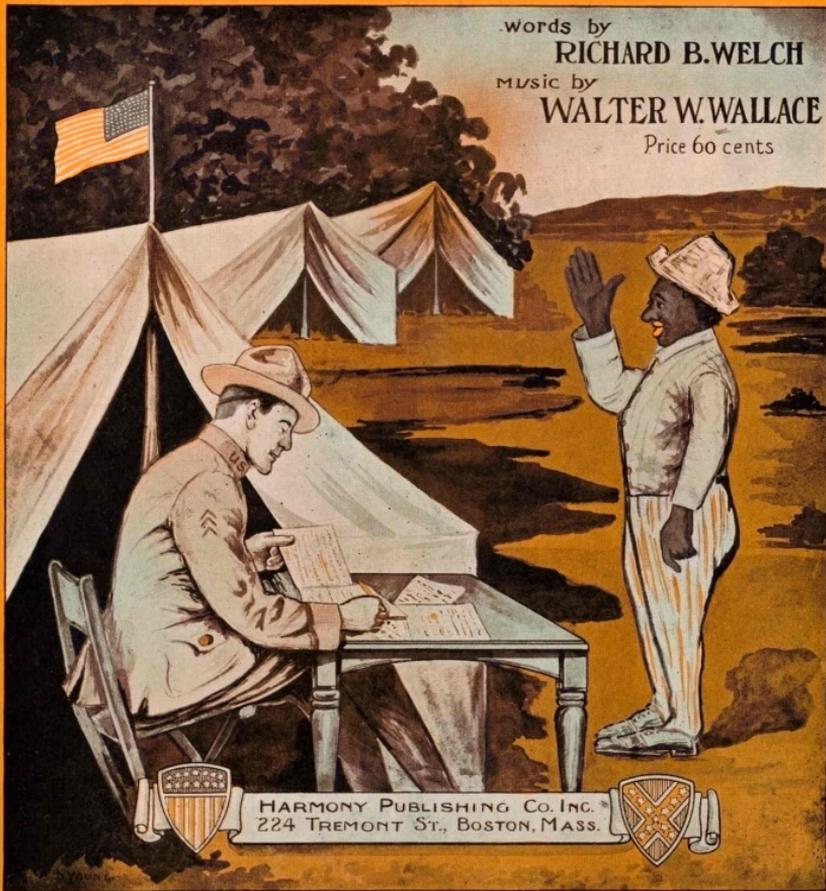


# BELIEVE ME

words by  
**RICHARD B. WELCH**

music by  
**WALTER W. WALLACE**

Price 60 cents



HARMONY PUBLISHING CO. INC.  
224 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

## BELIEVE ME!

Words by  
RICHARD B. WELCH

Music by  
WALTER W. WALLACE

## INTRODUCTION

PIANO *mf*

## VOICE

Sam John-son was a col-ored man Way down South in Dix - ie - land, When they  
 were send - ing sol - diers a - cross the sea. It took brave men to go, So they  
 sent for old Sam - bo, Just why they did it was a mys - ter - y. When they

call'd him Mis - ter John - son, Prom - ised him equal-rights he felt glad, For

that was some-thing he real - ly ne - ver had. Say look a - heah you white-folks, What

am dis fite a - bout?. When they told him for de-moc - ro - cy, You aught 't've heard him shout. Be -

## CHORUS

lieve Me; bro-ther! I real-ly dont know what to do. I want some of that de-moc-ri -

Believe Me.

cy, Jest the same as you: I kin hep you win the war, It's a

mor - tal cinch. But you ne - vah calls me, Mis - ter, till you'se

in a pinch, All I say to you, yes it all am true, When

evah you gits yoah - self in a hole, You run and grab me, Jest cause Im bold, If

dats your gag its dun got old, Be - lieve me. — Be - lieve me. —

## 2d VERSE

When Sam got back in the month of May  
 He stepped into a whitecafe,  
 To order himself some kind of a meal  
 When the waiter saw his guest was black,  
 Began then to get real slack  
 For he was trying to find some excuse to reveal.  
 "I know you want some ham and greens, or chicken pie no doubt?  
 But, I am really sorry to say that we have just sold out."  
 "Say look-a-heah you white folks, what am dat you say,  
 How come you did de bizness to just sell out dis day?"

## CHORUS

"Believe me brother! I really don't kno' what to do  
 I've got to eat and sleep just the same as you.  
 Re-mem-bah mister man I'm jest from France  
 When I was fitin' Huns I was takin a chance,  
 All I say to you, yes it all am true;  
 I kin pay for your meal in silver or gold  
 But as far as ev'ry thing being sold,  
 If dats your gag it am dun got ole,  
 BELIEVE ME!"

## 3d VERSE

Way down south in every little town,  
 This old sign is easily found  
 Pasted up in every little shack.  
 In street cars you go through Oh my how it greets you,  
 This side for white and this here side for black!  
 Now you know that aint a christian act, Nor neither christian love,  
 For, it was never intended by the Great Supreme above  
 "Say, look-a-heah you white fo'ks, remembah what I say:  
 You'll have to change your sign,  
 When you meet us Judgement Day.

## CHORUS

"Believe me brother! I really dont kno' what you'd do.  
 The Lord made this earth for me jest the same as you.  
 Might as well stop holding, cause taint no use,  
 For we's been climbing since Lincoln turned us loose.  
 All I say to you Yes you kno' I'm true.  
 Well meet you in hev'in well sing and shout,  
 And dis seg-re-gat-in you bring about  
 I kno' Saint Pete will thro' you out,  
 BELIEVE ME!"

466366