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*Dedicated to the Gallant Colored Soldiers of the late war.*



# THE Black Yanks DID THEIR SHARE

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY

## Maude Dean Newsom

Featured by

J. H. WICKLIFFE'S

Ginger Orchestra

*Also Published for  
ORCHESTRA*

Published by

M. D. NEWSOM

*214 West 30th Street,  
CHICAGO.*

# THE BLACK YANKS DID THEIR SHARE

Words & Music by  
MAUDE DEAN NEWSOM

*Marcia*

O the news, the news of our boys coming! Have you seen that  
They have been thro' all that war can offer Trenches gas - es

mother's smile Have you heard Un - cle Sam so sweet - ly humming "I must  
shot and shell Been pur - sued from the air, from un - der wa - ter In a

hon - or my black child Have you read the pa - pers  
way tongue can - not tell If the old U. S. a -

what they tell us How our boys from north and south Did with  
gain should call them They will fight in an - y land "All I

might and main "our old flag" re - tain And the words in ev - 'ry mouth!  
 ask" they say "is a sons fair play, And I'll die for Un - cle Sam?"

CHORUS

How the Black Yanks, — O the Black Yanks, — The Black Yanks went o - ver there — Al - ways

dar - ing, — nev - er fear - ing — Nev - er in de - spair — O the

Black Yanks — O the Black Yanks — The Black Yanks went o - ver there — So

when they were coming you could hear things humming, O the Black Yanks did their share — O the

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