

## MARCHING CHANTS

### COLORED SOLDIERS MAKE MELLODY RING.

In the bursting sunlight of early morning wends the long line of colored soldiers over the hills on their daily hike through the country. Some of the men are dressed in the blue and gold garb of the full dress uniform of the army of five years ago.

There is snap in their step as we watch them file over the brow of the hill near the base hospital. Then they fall into the easy route step and from their ranks there comes what appears to be a low moaning, which gradually grows into the volume of song. When the words become distinct we recognize an old plantation song—

"It's me, O Lawd, standin' in the need o' prayer;  
"It's me, O Lawd, standin' in th' need o' prayer."

Then a high-pitched, quavering voice—the leader—rose above the noise of tramping—

"Not my mother, not my sister"—

And at once followed the full chorus, bringing the harmony of a fervid primitive prayer:

"It's me, O Lawd, standin' in th' need o' prayer;  
"It's me, O Lawd, standin' in th' need o' prayer."

Again the high-pitched voice of the leader:

"Not the elder, not the chaplain."

And the rolling volume of the full chorus of marchers:

"It's me, O Lawd, standin' in th' need o' prayer."

There is a swing to the marching chorus which can not be described without the notes. It bears all the heart earnestness of a beloved folk song. It is the same melody that we heard at the base hospital during the spring months when the trenches were being dug for the hospital draining system.

### TELLS GOOD STORY.

In connection with the well known "It's me, O Lawd" song, a war correspondent tells a good story. The colored soldiers themselves are reported to especially enjoy this story, which is often rehearsed by their own comrades

in France, and while some of them may be a bit skeptical as to the veracity of it, they lie back and shake with laughter whenever it is sprung.

A platoon of Georgia boys, so the story runs, were digging a trench not many miles behind No Man's Land one afternoon. The sun was shining down pretty warm and they threw off their helmets. The dirt was flying over their heads and the low humming voices blended beautifully:

"It's me, O Lawd, standin' in th' need o' prayer."

Fritz, with a load of aerial bombs, nosed his Gotha in the direction of this platoon and was over them before they noticed him. He let drop a couple of bombs that fell uncomfortably near the trench. Then he swooped down and unlimbered his machine gun with that put-put-put accompaniment that induces one to hunt for the dug out.

Just one man in the platoon lost his bearings for the moment. He was a Georgian about 6 feet 2 inches tall, lean and lanky, but very powerful. He leaped out of the trench, so the boys say, and legged it over the hillside in mighty jumps. He didn't wait to recover his helmet, but held the shovel over his head as he departed, and, with nearly every jump, they heard him shout:

"O Lawd, keep 'em high;  
"O Lawd, keep 'em high!"

And back in the trench the platoon was hurling dirt over their heads as dirt never before was scooped up in shovels, and accompanied by the humming voices, now a little louder and with a sort of accelerated and staccato punctuation:

"It's me, O Lawd; standin' in th' need o' prayer."

### ANOTHER POPULAR SONG.

Another marching song used by the Camp Greene colored troops to ease up the muscles in their legs is the well known "O, Moanaw" chant, which deals with the mourner.

It requires a leader with a strong and high pitched voice and such singers are not missing from the ranks of Camp Greene vocalists.

The leader opens the song by a shout—"O Moanaw" mourner) and the great plea comes from the whole company: "Doan stay away." The leader again repeats that strident cry: "O, blackslider," and the chorus rolls over the hills: "Doan stay away." The leader usually repeats the same salutation several times. His appeal is to the "moanaw," the "blackslidaw," the "deacon," and the "elder," and the wonderfully blending voices, like the diapason from the pipes of a great organ, rolls forth again and again: "Doan stay away."

"Lil Liza Jane" is another powerful harmony they use a good deal. It requires an accomplished leader to

make the salutation of the first line with the chorus landing on the "Lil Liza Jane," which is repeated over and over, and the more times it is repeated the more eloquent becomes the spirit of the men.

The leader shrieks it thus:

"Ise got a gal and you got none."

The chorus roars:

"Lil Liza Jane."

There is a grand ensemble chorus that runs as follows:

"O, Liza!

"O, Liza!

"Lil Liza Jane."

### Here It Is Complete.

The song runs along complete, thus:

"Ise got a gal and you got none—

"Lil Liza Jane.

"House and lot in Baltimore—

"Lil Liza Jane.

"Lots o' chillun round mah door—

"Lil Liza Jane.

"Th' bumblebee out for sip—

"Lil Liza Jane.

"Takes th' sweetnin from yo lips—

"Lil Liza Jane.

"Come mah love an' live with me—

"Lil Liza Jane.

"And I'll take good care o' thee—

"Lil Liza Jane.

They have another in which they are going straight to Berlin and they sure do make somen oise. There are only two lines to it, the first line being repeated six times and then they all bear down hard on the last one:

"We're marching on,  
To Ger-man-ny!"

Then six times, "It's Kaiser Bill," with the last line so: "We're goin' to kill."

From "Kaiser Bill" they sort of modulate over on to an old melody of the Southland:

"Mother, rock me in the cradle,  
Rock me in the cradle of the deep."

### "BUDDY."

(By Terrance McManus.)

When you meet a boy in khaki,  
Blue-eyed, strong and ruddy,  
And you don't know what his name is,  
Just holler, "Hello, Buddy."

Never mind about convention,  
Don't mind if his shoes are muddy,  
For a heart of gold, untarnished,  
Beats within the breast of "Buddy."

He may not be versed in letters,  
Never spent much time in study,  
But to win the fight for freedom  
You may put your trust in "Buddy."

On the shell-swept field of battle,  
Mid the carnage, fierce and bloody,  
Never will he fail or falter,  
That is not the creed of "Buddy."