Mammy's Chocolate Soldier.

Words by
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Music by
ARCHIE GOTTLER.

Moderato.

Pick-a-ninny cute in his khaki suit, Wanted to join the kids.
Years have passed away Mammy old and gray, Stands in the crowd to watch the
playing soldier, as a new recruit, Because his skin was brown, The
soldiers as they bravely marched away, And her heart fills with joy, For
white kids turned him down, So he ran home crying to his Mam-my, and
when she sees her boy He is really Mam-my's chocolate soldier, and

Mam-my drove his tears away, when he heard her say;
Mam-my thinks of long ago, and sings soft and low;

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Chorus. a tempo

Come and lay your kink-ey head on Mam- my's should-er, Don't you
cry you're Mammy's lit-tle choc- late sol-dier; And a sol-dier can't be cry-ing, ev-en
though he thinks he's dy-ing, So stop those tears from running down, Your lit-tle cheeks of choc- late brown. Come and
let these lov-ing arms of Mam-my hold you, Try to be a sol-dier like your Mammy
told you; Though your skin is dark as night, I know your lit-tle pick-a-nin-ny
heart is white, And you'll al-ways be your Mammy's choc- late sol-dier. Come and dier.