When Uncle Joe Steps Into France

Words by Bernie Grossman
Music by Billy Winkle

The Robt. L. White Music Co.
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Joe Morris Music Co.
145 West 45th St. New York
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Moderato

Piano

Here they come, Here they come, don't they look grand, Hear that drum,
Watch them step, Watch them step, each man in line, Full of pep,

hear that drum, That's the regiment band, Oh! can't they play, can't they play,
full of pep, See their faces shine, Oh! ev'ry one has a gun,

That sure is sweet, Can't keep still, 'Gainst your will you have to move your
And they can shoot, And you'll find, Each one has a razor in his

feet, They're leaving Dixie-land today, They're goin' to take part in the fray;
boot, Those sons of Ham are feel-ing fit, They're goin' to cut up quite a bit;

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Chorus.

Uncle Joe steps into France, With his rag-time band from Dixie-land.

See the Soldiers swaying, When Uncle Joe starts playing, a raggy ditty,

So sweet and pretty, When they play the Memphis blues, They will use a lot of shoes, And fill them full of Dark-y gin, They'll rag their way right to Berlin. When

They'll die when they see sloe foot Mose, All dressed up in sold-ier clothes, When

Just let them hear a chick-en yell, Those boys will march where I can't tell, When

Uncle Joe steps into France,
Uncle Joe steps into France, With his rag-time regiment band,
Uncle Joe steps into France,