THE Creole Jazz BAND

Fake Book Version 2.0

♭: C Bass Clef
This Fake Book has been assembled with tunes that have been written prior to 1923 which makes them out of copyright in the USA. This Fakebook has been produced in the following versions:

C Treble
B♭ Treble
E♭ Treble
Bass Clef
F Horn

If you want versions in other keys or want more tunes added, feel free to contact me.

kyeates@yahoo.com

Kevin Yeates
The Creole Jazz Band

The Creole Jazz Band wordmark was created by Madeline Koeberling. Thanks to Madeline’s patience with us, her incredibly thorough analysis of our needs, her research, and of course her creativity, she was able to develop this outstanding logo. Madeline can be contacted through her website at:

www.madelinekoeberling.ca
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12th Street Rag
Euday L. Bowman - 1914

[A] Eb

[B] Eb

[C] Eb

Standard Doo Wack-a-doo chorus

Back to top with Intro

Etc
Camel trappings jingle,  Harp strings sweetly tingle,

With a sweet voice mingle,  Underneath the stars,

Singing,  memories are bringing,  Temple bells are ringing,

calling me a far.
where we stopped to rest our tired caravan,

where the painted peacock proudly spreads his fan

where the purple sunbird flashed across the sand,

where I met her and the world began.
Indiana

I have always been a wand’rer, over land and sea,
Yet a moonbeam on the water, casts a spell o’er me.

A vision fair I see,
A gain I seem to be, back home again in Indiana.

And it seems that I can see the gleaming candle light still shining bright thru the sycamores for me. The new-mown
hay sends all its fragrance From the fields I used to roam. When I dream about the moon-light on the Wa-bash, then I long for my Indiana home.
Suez
Ferdie Grofe/Peter DeRose - 1922

Rhythm Vamp 4 bars

Rhythm Vamp:
Solos Here

\[ C \] \[ Bb \] \[ A^+ \] \[ Bb \] \[ C7 \] \[ C7 \] \[ C7 \] \[ F7 \]
**Afghanistan**
William Wilander & Harry Donelly - 1920

In the land of Afghanistan,
There’s a Hindu maid and a man.

She swore by the stars above her that he was the one to love her.

But there came another one day, stole his Hindu maiden away.

Hindu man is lonely and blue. In his dreams he’s calling to her.

In Afghanistan, There’s a caravan
by the fair oasis, Waiting for you, And for you only.

'Cross the desert sand, we will find a temple,
There will be a bridal day for you, my idol, in Afghanistan.
Eccentric

J. Russell Robinson - 1921

Solos:
Solos Begin Here first time

After last solo play "C" as written then on to "D"

Tag

pp  f
Con Conrad & J. Russel Robinson

You can talk about your love affairs,

Here's one I must tell you:

All night long they sit up on the stairs,

He holds her close and starts to coo:

My little
Mar - gie,  I'm al - ways think - ing of you

Mar - gie,  I'll tell the world I love you,

Don't for - get your prom - ise to me,

I have bought a home and ring and ev - 'ry - thing, For

Mar - gie,  You've been my in - spir - a - tion,

Days are nev - er blue._______  Af - ter

all is said and done, There is rea - lly on - ly one, Oh!

Mar - gie, Mar - gie it's you."
"My lit - tle
I was strolling out one evening 'neath the silvery moon. I could hear some body singing a familiar tune. So I stopped a while to listen. Not a word I wanted to miss. It was just some-body serenading something like this. Oh now Mandy, there's a minister handy, and it sure would be handy, If we'd let him make a fee. So don't you linger here's the ring for your finger isn't it a humming-der? Come along and let the wedding chimes bring happy times far Mandy and me.
Oh!

Byron Gay/Arnold Johnson - 1919

Break: 2 Bars
The Pearls

Jelly Roll Morton - 1919

A

G/E7 G7 C7

B

G7

C7

Gº

Break - 2 bars

G7 Gº

G7
Swanee

How I love you How I love you My dear old

I'd give the world to be among the folks in Dixie even know my Mammy's

Prayin' for me Down by the Swanee The folks up north will see me no more When I get to that Swanee shore

Swanee Swanee I am coming back to Swanee Swanee Swanee

I love the old folks at home.
Stumbling

A7

Stumbling all a-round, Stumbling all a-round, Stumbling all a-round so funny,

A7

Stumbling here and there, Stumbling ev’rywhere, And I must declare:

A7

I stepped right on her toes, And when she bumped my nose,

Em

I fell and when I rose, I felt ashamed. And told her:

B

That’s the latest step, That’s the latest step, That’s the latest step, My honey,

A7

Notice all the pep, Notice all the pep, Notice all the pep. She said: Stop mumbling,

Cm6

tho’ you are stumbling, I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite a little bit.
San

King San of Senegal
One day the queen came home,
Saw San in

shore at Bulamay,
sad-ness on the shore,

Sing-ing a sad refrain
Told him she'd no more roam.

queen who'd gone away.
San she would adore.

To his dear
On-ly her

This was his lay:
Then came his lore:
Oh, sweet-heart Lona,
My dar-ling Lona,
Why have you gone a-
way?

You said you loved me,
But if you
stay?

I knew you
loved me,
Why did you act this way?-

If I had ev-er been un-true to you
What you have
done would be the thing to do.

But my heart aches, dear,
But now you’re mine dear,

And it will break dear,
If you don’t come back home a-gain to San.

For all the time dear. And you’re for-giv-en by your lov-ing San.
At a Georgia Camp Meeting

2 bars unison w/ Clarinet trill

A

B¨

B¨ F7

B¨ B¨7

E¨ B¨ F7 B¨

C7 F7 B¨ B¨7

E¨ B¨

B¨ 2 bars unison

F7

Fine

B¨

B¨ F7

B¨

B¨7

E¨ B¨

C7 F7 B¨

B¨

B¨7

E¨ B¨

Back to "B" for solos, after last solo play "A" once
Rock a Bye Your Baby

Jean Schwartz - 1918

Mam-my mine, Your lit-tle roll-in'stone that rolled a-way,

strolled a-way. Mam-my mine, Your roll-in'stone is roll-in'

home to-day, there to stay. Just to see your smil-in' face, Smile a wel-come

sign. When I'm in your fond em-brace, Listen Mam-my mine:
Rock-A-Bye Your Ba-by With a Dix-ie Mel-o-dy, when you croon,

croon a tune from the heart of Dix-ie. Just hang my cra-
dle,

Mam-my mine, Right on that Mas-on- Dix-on Line, And swing it

from Vir-gin- ia, To Ten- nes- see with all the love that's in ya'

Weep no more my la-dy, sing that song a-gain for me, And Old Black Joe,

just as though you had me on yourknee. A million ba-by kiss-es I'll de-liv-
er,

The min-ute that you sing the Swan-ee Riv- er, Rock- a-
bye your

rock-a-
bye ba-
by with a Dix-ie mel-o-
dy.
Just a Little While to Stay Here

Just a little while to stay here, Just a little while to wait.
Soon this life will all be over, And our travels here will end.

Just a little while to laud.
Soon we'll take our heavenly jour.

Just a little more hard trouble. In this low and sinful Heav'en's gates are standing open.
Waiting for our entrance state.
Then we'll all go marching over.

Some sweet day we'll all go over,
marching thru the Pearl - y Gate.
All the beaut - ies there to share.
Flee As A Bird

Mary S.B. Dana - 1857

Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin.
He will protect thee forever, Wipe ev'ry falling tear.

Go to the clear flowing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will forsake thee oh never, Sheltered so tenderly there.

Fly for the averger is near thee, Call and the Saviour will hear thee.
Haste then, The hours are flying, Spend not the moment in sighing.

He on his bosom will bear thee, Thou who art weary of sin. Oh
Cease from your sorrow and crying, The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear, The

thou who art weary of sin.
Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.
I Ain’t Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll

Clarence Williams & Spencer Williams - 1919

Lit-tle Wil-ly Green from New-Or-leans, a gre-edy boy_ was he.
His sister Til-ly Green was real-ly mean, and ver-y stin-gy, too.

He al-ways want ed lots of kids_ just to keep him com pan-y.
She al-ways want ed some of what you had but gave she noth-ing to you.

day his mom bought him a Toot-sie Roll, the best can-dy that was made.
When her mom bought her a jel-ly roll,___ to hide it she would try.

When the kids be-gan to hang a round, lit-tle Wil-ly said: I
When the kids would ask her for a bite, you’d hear Til-ly cry: I

ain’t gon na give no bod-y none of my Toot-sie Roll_ (Toot sic Roll)_ I
ain’t gon na give no bod-y none of my jel-ly roll_ (jel-ly roll)_ I

would-n’t give you a piece of my sweet, not to save your soul! (save your soul!)
Mom dy told me to day, Just be fore he went a way, If I'd
Mom ma told me to day, Just be fore she went a way:

be a good boy, He'd bring me a toy; And I'm my Dad-dy's pride
If I'd be a good lit tle girl, She might put my hair-

— and joy!— You know there ain't no need in your just hang-in' a-round,
— in curls! You

(hang-in'-a-round) I know you want it, but I'm-a gon-na'turn you down.

My Toot sic Roll is sweet! And you know it can't be beat! I
jel ly roll is sweet!

know you want it, but you can't have it! I ain't a gon-na' give you none!

Back To "A"

Interlude to Second Verse

know you want it, but you can't have it! I ain't a gon-na' give you none!

Back To "A"
I'm way down east, down east, And my heart is pin-ing, pin-ing for you,

You're way out west, out west, And my soul is crav-ing, crav-ing for you,

I love you so, Just you I know, It

takes six days to go there with a train, Just one week more and I'll

be with you a-gain. I long to be,
Down among the sheltering palms, Oh honey wait for me; Oh honey wait for me; Meet me down by the old Golden Gate, Out where the sun goes down about eight.

How my love is burning, burning, burning, How my heart is yearning, yearning, yearning to be Down Among the Sheltering Palms, Oh honey wait for me.
Washington and Lee Swing

T. Allen and M. Sheafe - 1910

\[ j = 240 \]

\( A \)\( Bb \)

\( Bb \)\( D^0 \)\( F7 \)

\( F \)

\( F \)\( Bb \)\( F7 \)

\( Bb \)\( Bb7 \)\( Eb \)

\( Eb \)\( E^0 \)\( Bb \)\( G7 \)

\( C7 \)\( F7 \)\( Bb \)
Joe Avery Blues

Joe Avery

All Play Everytime

Solos start here

Tag
Pretty Baby
Egbert Van Alstyne & Gus Kahn - 1916

You ask me why I'm always teasing you. You hate to have me call you

Pretty Baby: I really thought that I was pleasing you, for you're

just a baby to me. Your cunning little dimples and your

baby stare, Your baby talk and baby walk and curly hair. Your

baby smile makes life worthwhile, You're just as sweet as you can be. Ev'ry
body loves a baby that's why I'm in love with you, Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby. And I'd

like to be your sister, brother, dad and mother too, Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby. Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love, And we'll cuddle all the time. Oh! I want a lovin' baby and it

might as well be you, Pretty Baby of mine.
Bill Bailey

Hughie Cannon, 1902

On one summer morning the sun was shining fine. The lady honey of old Bill Bailey she hung clothes on the line in her back yard, and weepin' hard. She married a B & O brake-man that took and threwed her down. Bell-er-in' like an old prune-fed calf and with a big gang hang-in' round. And to that crowd she cried out loud,
Won't you come home Bill Bailey, won't you come home?

She moans the whole day long

I'll do the cooking honey, I'll pay the rent.

I know I've done you wrong

'Member that rainy eve that I drove you out, with nothing but a fine tooth comb

I know I'm to blame, well ain't that a shame! Bill

Bill Bailey won't you please come home
Frankie And Johnnie

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers. Oh, Lord-y how they could love! They
Frankie went down to the corner, Just for a bucket of beer. She

swore to be true to each other, Just as true as the stars above.
said to the fat bartender, "Has my lov--in--est man been here?

He was her man, But he done her wrong.
He was my man, But he's done me wrong.

Chord Symbols:
F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F F7

China Boy

China boy go sleep, Close your eyes don't peep,

Sandman soon will come, While I softly hum.

Bud-dha smiles on you, Moon-man loves you too. So,

while their watch they keep, China boy go sleep.
Alice Blue Gown

Harry Tierney & Joseph McCarthy

1919

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown, when I first wandered down into town, I was both proud and shy, As I felt ev’ry eye, But in ev’ry shop window I’d primp, passing by; Then in manner of fashion I’d frown, And the world seemed to smile all around, ’Til it wilted I wore it, I’ll always adore it, My sweet little Alice Blue Gown.
My daddy was a rag-time trombone player,
My mommy was a rag-time cabaret-
They met one day at a tango tea,
There was a syncopated wedding and then came me.
Folks think the way I walk is a fad,
But it's a birthday present from my mommy and dad.
I'm a Jazz Baby,
I want to be jazzing all the time.
There's something in the tone of a saxophone, that makes me do a little wiggle all my own.
Cause I'm a Jazz Baby,
Full of jazz-bo harmony.
That 'Walk the Dog' and 'Ball the Jack' that caused all the talk,
is just a copy of the way I nat'ral-ly walk!
'Cause I'm a
Jazz Baby, Little Jazz Baby that's me!

Rocked to sleep while the cradle went to and fro, To and fro to the

tune of the "Tinkle Toe". Ever since I started in to grow, I'd

love to hear the music playin', See my dear old mammy swayin'. Jazz, jazz, jazz, that's

all I ever knew, All day long I never would get thru.

Jazz, jazz, jazz, That's all I want to do, Play me a little jazz! 'Cause I'm a

after last solo play C to end

Jazz Baby, Full of jazz-bo harmony. That

"Walk the Dog" and "Ball the Jack" that caused all the talk, is just a copy of the way I

nat'ral-ly walk! 'Cause I'm a Jazz Baby, Little Jazz Baby that's me!
Willie The Weeper

Have you heard the story folks of Willie the weeper? Willie's occupation was a chimney sweep. He had a dreamin' habit and he had it bad.

Listen, let me tell you 'bout the dream he had.

At the north pole someone shouted Willie turned around saw a light that knocked him silly. Right before him in the zero breeze, a cutie little honey in her B-V-D's
He walked a-round his feet were free-zin', some-one said, hey cut-i-e

Bet-ter list-en to rea-son says I want my coff-e

I want it good and strong

I want to have

bis-cuits eight-een inch-es long.

now

tell me what would you do if you could have all

your dreams come true? there's some-thing tells me that

you'd lock the door like will-ie the

weep-er and cry for more.
Dear one, the world is waiting for the sunrise, every rose is heavily with dew. The thrush on high, his sleepy mate is calling, and my heart is calling you.
The Yama Yama Man

Collin Davis & Karl Hoschna - 1908

A

Ev'ry little tot at night is afraid of the dark, you know.
Great big scary eyes you see so you cover up up your head.

B

Some big Yama man they see, when off to bed they go.
But that Yama man is there, standing right beside your bed!

Ya- ma, Ya- ma, the Ya- ma man, Ter- ri- ble eyes and a long bo- ney hand.

If you don't watch out he'll get you with- out- a doubt, If he can!

May- be- he's hid- in' be- hind the chair, Read- y to spring out at you un- a- ware!

Run to your Ma- ma cuz' her comes the Ya- ma Ya- ma man!
Yellow Dog Blues

W.C Handy 1914

E’er since Miss Su-san John-son lost her Jock-ey Lee, There has been much ex-cite-ment,
Yel-low Dog— Dis-trict like a book, In-deed I know the route that

more to be: You can hear her moan-ing night and morn.
Ri-der took Ev’ry cross-tie ba-you, burg and bog.

Won-der where my Ea-sy Ri-der’s gone?
Way down where the South-ern cross the Dog.

Ca-ble-grams come of sym-pa-thy Te-le-grams go of in qui-ry
Mon-ey don’t xact-ly grow on trees, On cot-ton stalks it grows with ease.

Let-ters come from down in “Bam” And ev’ry where that Un-cle Sam-
race horse, race track no grand-stand Is like Old Back an’ Buck-shot land.

Has e-ven a ru-ral de-lie-ver-y. All day the
Down where the South-ern cross the Dog.
phone rings But it's not for me, At last good tidings,
kitchen there is a cabaret, Down where the boll we'll works

Fill our hearts with glee, This
While the farmers play.

message comes, from Tennessee.
Yellow Dog Blues the live-long day.

Easy Rider struck this burg today, On a south bound rattler
side door Pullman car. Seen him here, and he was on the hog.

Easy Rider's got a stay away, so he had to vamp it
but the hike ain't far.

He's gone where the Southern

cross the Yellow Dog.

Solos at "D"
You've Got To See Your Mamma Ev'ry Night

Billy Rose & Con Conrad - 1923

Daddy dear listen here your mamma's feelin' blue.
Daddy dear when you're near well ev'rything's okay.

I don't see much of you and that will never do.
But when you stay away I mope around all day.

Ma-ma's cheek where you go needs a kiss or two.
Needs a kiss or two and what makes you gay.

I'm not showin' in' you the door but I must lay down the law.
I must lay down the law but I must lay down the law.

You've got to share my love with another turtle dove.
You've got to share my love with another turtle dove.
see your ma-ma_ ev-er-y night or you can't see your ma-ma at all_ You've go to

Kiss your ma-ma and treat her right or she won't be at home when you call

Now

Now

if you want my com-pan-y well you can't fif-ty fif-ty me you've got to
I don't want the kind of man who gives his love on the instal-ment plan,

see your ma-ma ev-er-y night or you can't see your ma-ma at all_

Mon-day night I sat a-lone. Tues-day night you did not phone

Wednes-day night you did not call_ and Thurs-day night it was the same old stall_

Fri-day night you dodged my path Sat-ur-day you took your bath

Sun day night you called on me_ but you brought three girls for some com pan y you've got to
Down in Honky-Tonk Town

Chris Smith & Charles McCarron - 1915

Bill Johnson said one day, To his Eliza May, "We've been to

Bill Johnson said one day, To his Eliza May, "We've been to

near-ly ev'-ry place in town. If you suggest to me, some other

near-ly ev'-ry place in town. If you suggest to me, some other

nov-el-ty, We both will go and do the thing up brown!"

nov-el-ty, We both will go and do the thing up brown!"

His sweet-tiesaid,"My Dear, there is this place I hear, I got it

His sweet-tiesaid,"My Dear, there is this place I hear, I got it

straight from Mose, who brings the clothes. It's Hon-ky Ton-ky Town,

straight from Mose, who brings the clothes. It's Hon-ky Ton-ky Town,

down where the gals are brown. That's where the music grows.
Come, Honey, let's go down to Honky Tonky Town,
it's underneath the ground, where all the fun is found.

There'll be singing waiters, singing syncopaters,
dancin' to piano played by Mister Brown.

He plays piano queer, He only plays by ear, You want to

stay a year, The music that you hear, would even start a monkey,

danc-ing with a donkey, Down in Honkey Tonky Town.
Down in Jungle Town

Verse

Edward Madden and
Theodore Morse - 1908

Down in Jungle Town, the moon shines down without a

frown: Soon a shy baboon came out to

spoon beneath the moon: Monkey Doodle

wagged his noodle, he was Jungle King, She felt flattered

when he chattered You're a pretty thing Big Bam-boo

room for two So promise you'll be true!"
Chorus

Down in jungle town, A honey-

moon is coming soon. Then you'll hear a ser-

enade, To a pretty monkey maid,

When that chimpanzee up in the tree,

Sings that melody. I'll be true to my

monkey doodle-doo way Down In Jungle Town.
My Daddy Rocks Me

J. Berni Barbour - 1922

I've got a Sweet- ie, no one could be so sweet to me.

He makes me happy. I'm glad to say he's always gay. I've
got a great big rocking chair, and ev'ry night you'll find us there. I'm

on his knee, while he rocks me to a rocky melody. My ba-by
rocks me with one steady roll. My baby rocks me

with all his heart and soul. We'll always spoon while the
Wrap'd in a blanket et of
Most ev'ry evening at
Talk about rowboats and

lights are low. He hates to leave me when it's time to go. My baby rocks me
love and charms, I'm sitting pretty when I'm in his arms.
half-past nine. We get together and the world is mine.
birch canoes. You need a chair to rock away your blues.

with one steady roll.
There'll Be Some Changes Made

Higgins/Overstreet - 1921

They say don't change the old for the new... But I've found out that this will never do. When you grow old you don't last long:

You're here today and tomorrow you're gone. I loved a man for many years gone by. I thought his love for me would never die.

He made some changes that would never do from now on. I'm going to make some changes too. For there's a
There'll Be Some Changes Made today, There'll Be Some Changes Made.

change in the weather there's a change in the sea,

so from now on there'll be a change in me, My walk will be dif'rent, my talk

and my name, Noth in' a bout me is goin' to be the same, I'm goin' to

change my way of livin', if that ain't enough, Then I'll change the way that I

strut my stuff, 'cause no-bod-y wants you when you're old and gray,

There'll Be Some Changes Made to-day, There'll Be Some Changes Made.
Interlude

F7

My Cre-ole

When stars

shine

I love her well

my little dar-lin'

my Cre-ole Belle

Belle

I'll call her mine.

Belle

my dar-lin' ba-by

my Cre-ole Belle.

When stars shine

I'll call her mine,

my dar-lin'

ba-by,

my Cre-ole Belle.

My cre-ole belle

I love her well

my Cre-ole Belle.

dar-lin',

my Cre-ole Belle.

F7

Solos at "C"; Out Chorus use Melody from "A."
Sobbin' Blues

Kassel and Berton - 1922

\( \text{\textcopyright{1922}} \)

\( J = 164 \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written, horns harmonize melody - 8 bars} \)

\( \text{Swing} \)
Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written, horns harmonize melody - 8 bars

Swing

Repeat only for Solos

Solos on "B" & "C" Section:
After last solo play to bottom.
Hello Central what's the matter with this line? I want to talk to that
Sunday night my beau proposed to me. Said she'd be happy if his
If I was whiskey, and you were a cup I'd dive to the bottom and

High Brown mine. Tell me how long will I have to wait?
wife I'd be. Said he, "How long will I have to wait?
ever come up. Oh, How long do I have to wait?

Please give me 2 - 9 - 8. Why do you hesitate?
Come be my wife my Kate. Why do you hesitate?
Can I get it now, or do I have to hesitate?

What you say can't talk to my Brown? A storm last night blewed the
I declined him just for a stall. He left that night on the
I had woman, She was tall. She make me think 'bout my

wires all down. Tell me how long will I have to wait? Oh, won't you
Can-non Ball. Hon-ey how long will I have to wait?
par-a-sol. Oh, How long do I have to wait?

tell me now. Why do you hesitate? Procrastination is the thief of time, So all the wise owls say, "one stitch in time may save nine."

come back now. or will he hesitate? Tomorrow's not today. And if you put off. Somebody's bound to lose.

I'd be his, He'd be mine, And I'd be feeling gay. Left alone to grieve and pine, My best friend's gone away, He's gone and left me

The Hesitating Blues.
He May Be Your Man  
(But He Comes To See Me Sometimes)

Lemuel Fowler - 1922

Min-nie Lee from Ten-nes-see was known to be quit-erough. An-y-time, and Lu-dy Green was some l'il queen, and jeal-ous as could be. When her man went

an-y-where She would al-ways struther stuff. Now Sa-die Snow, she out at night They would al-ways dis-a-gree. Down at the ball, at

had a beau she loved him night and day. Un-til Min-nie Moon-shine Hall, where ev'-ry bod-y'd go, Was Miss Min-nie,

shook a shim-my and stole his heart a-way. Poor Sa-die near-ly dies, drink-in' plen-ty and hug-gin' Lu-dy's beau. Lu-dy was mad as well,

but Min-nie on-ly sighed, then I heard her say: He
Min-nie said "I will tell you now so you'll know"
may be your man but he comes to see me sometimes.

And when he's with you he's always got me on his mind.

ain't no vampire that is true, But I can cert'nly take you man from you.

My wicked smile, My wicked walk, I've got the kind of eyes that seem to talk, It's no need of cry-in' and it's no use to weep and mourn.

gon-na take him for my own, my own. I don't mean to be so bold, Ain't no need of get-tn' rough,

but I just want, to get you told, He 'cause I'm just right to do my stuff

may be your man but he comes to see me sometimes.
Satanic Blues
Dangerous Blues

Ta___ de da de dum ta___ de da de dum me-l-o-dy is in the air, you hear them play it ev’ry-where you go it seems.

Ta___ de da de dum ta___ de da de dum take a look at me and see just what that ta da da de dum me means,____ just what it means.

Oh,_____ I’ve got those dang’rous blues, so sweet and pret-ty Lord____ I mean those dang’rous blues.____ Can’t you hear the music play-ing soft and sweet It’s the kind that makes you wan-na shake your feet.

I think I’m slip-pin’ I know I’m slip-pin’ ta da da, ta da da, ta da de dum.
Oh, just hear those wear-y blues, so we-ary ho-ney, They're—

—the kind I'd hate to lose, those dang-er-ous blues. I can't ev-en think, can't
ev-ensleep a wink. Ev'ry time I hear those dang'rous blues I want to sink,

Oh, I've got those dang'rous blues.
Tishomingo Blues

Spencer Williams - 1917

\[= 132\]

\[\text{Ab} \text{ Eb7} \text{ Bb7} \text{ Eb7} \text{ Ab} \]

\[\text{Ab} \text{ Eb7} \text{ Ab7} \]

Oh Miss-i-sip-pi,
To-night I'm Pray-in',
My heart cries out for

\[\text{Db} \text{ Dbm} \text{ Ab} \]

Oh Mis-si-sip-pi,
To-night I'm say-in'
Oh Lord please bless the

\[\text{Db} \text{ Dbm} \text{ Ab} \]

you in sad ness,
I want to be where,
the win-try winds don't blow.

\[\text{Ab} \text{ Eb7} \text{ Ab} \]

train that takes me,
To Tish-o-min-go,
way down old Dix-ie way,

\[\text{Ab} \text{ Ab7} \text{ Db} \text{ Ab} \text{ Ab7} \]

Down where the South-ern
Where South-ern folks are

\[\text{Eb7} \text{ Bb7} \text{ Eb7} \text{ Eb7} \text{ Eb7} \]

moon swings low,
That's where I want to go.
I'm

\[\text{Ab} \text{ Ab7} \text{ Db} \text{ Ab} \text{ Ab7} \]

goin' to Tish-o-min-go
be-cause I'm sad to-day.
I wish to linger, way down old Dix-ie way.

Oh my weary heart cries out in pain, Oh how I wish that I was back again,

with a race, in a place, where they make you welcome all the time. Way

down in Mis-sis-sip-pi, A-mong the cy-press trees.

They get you dip-py, with their stange mel-o-dies.

To resist temptation, I just can't refuse In Tish-o-min-go

I wish to linger, Where they play the wea-ry blues.
Memphis Blues

W.C Handy - 1912

A

Bb7 ||

F7

Bb7

Eb

Eb7

Ab

Abm6

Bb7

Bb7

C7

F7

Bb7

F7

Bb7

Eb

Eb7

D7

Db7

Ab

Db7

Ab

Db7

Ab

Ab7

Db7

Dbm

Ab
The Storyville Blues

\[ \text{Trad.} \]

\[ \text{\( J = 132 \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb}\text{7} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab}\text{7} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Db}\text{m} \quad \text{Ab} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{A} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab}\text{7} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb}\text{7} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab}\text{7} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb}\text{7} \quad \text{Eb}\text{7} \)} \]
Drum and Piano Roll  
Sustained Bass  

Tag  

rit....
Strut Miss Lizzie

Turner Layton & Henry Creamer - 1921

A

Bb

Bb

Bb

Bb

Gm D7 Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm F7

C7

F7

Bb Eb7 Bb Bb7

Bb

Eb

Gm

C7

F7

Bb

Bb0

Bb

Bb7

Bb

F7

Bb

Gm

D7 Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm F7

Gm

F7

Bb

Gm

Cm

Gm

D7

Gm

F7

Bb

C7

F7

Bb Bb7 Eb EbM Bb

Strut Miss Liz-zie Brown. (I'll bet you've got the cut-est lit-tle strut in town!) Go
C down the street, By the school, Pat your feet you step-pin' fool.

Strut your stuff, use your "Kerch", Trot your toot-sies by the church.

Thru the al-ley, Dodge the cans, Shake Miss Sal-ly’s pots and pans.

Cool your dogs we’re com-in’ thru, Get set for Len-ox Av-en-ue— Won’t you
Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do
Porter Grainger & Everett Robbins - 1922

There ain't noth-in' I can do, nor noth-in' I can say.
That folks don't crit-i cize me.

But I'm gon-na' do just as I of their talk-in'.

Of- ten times the ones that talk will want to an- y-way.
And don't care if they all de- spise me.

get down on their knees.
And beg your par-don for theirsquawk-in'.

If I should take a no-tion
To jump in to the o-cean,

If I dis-like my lov-er
And leave him for an-oth-er,

'Tain't No-bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do.
Rath-er than

If I go to
persecute me, I choose that you would shoot me, church on Sunday, Then cabaret on Monday,

Tain't nobody's business if I do.

If I should get the feelin' To dance up on the ceilin',
If my friend ain't got no mon-ey And I say "Take all mine, Hon-ey";

'Tain't No-bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do. If I let my
If I give him

best companion Drive me right into the can-yon,
my last nick-el And it leaves me in a pick-le,
I'm blue, Thru and thru, 'Cause they're gon- na take jazz a- way.

On my knees, I'm ask- ing you please, Just to pay at- ten- tion to me while I say:

Can't you see it's wrong to con-demn a song. Jazz has sim- ply got to stay, Now!

High-brow mu- sic real- ly is a treat, In an op'- ra house it can't be beat.

But what makes you wan-na shake yo' feet? 'Tain't noth- in' else but jazz, Babe!

In so- ci- e- ty of style and grace, Ev'- ry lit- tle move- ment has just a

lit- tle bit of wob- blin', Lit- tle bit of tod- dlin'. Waltz-in' round is might- y fine, Gli- din' sure- ly is de- vine. Still what makes you shiv- er an- y time?

'Tain't noth- in' else but jazz, Babe! 'Tain't noth- in' else but jazz.
Maitland

Same Melody as "Take My Hand, Precious Lord"
Alcoholic Blues

A

Albert Von Tilzer 1919

F7 Bb

Bbm

F

C7

Pro-hi-bi-tion, that's the name, pro-a-bi-tion drives me insane.

Gm

I'm so thirsty soon I'll die, I'm sim-ply gon-na 'vap-o-rate or just run dry. When
Mister Hoover said to cut my dinner down, I didn't hesitate I didn't frown.

I cut my sugar I cut my coal,

but now they've cut deep inside my soul. I've got the blues.

blues, I've got the Blues, I've got the alcoholic blues. There's blues, I've got the Blues, since they amputated booze.

no more beer my heart to cheer, goodbye whiskey used to make me frisky.
Bars are closed and night clubs too, lordy lordy what to do.

So long hi-ball, goodbye gin, tell me when you're comin' back again.
So long hi-ball, goodbye gin, tell me when you're comin' back again.
Alexander's Ragtime Band

VERSE

Oh, ma hon-ey, Oh, ma hon-ey, Bet-ter hur-ry and let's me-an-der,
Oh, ma hon-ey, Oh, ma hon-ey, There's a fid-dle with notes that scrreech-es,

Ain't you go-in', Ain't you go-in' To thdead-er man, rag-gedne-teman?
Like a chick-en, Like a chick-en, And the clar i-net is a col-ored pet,

Oh, ma hon-ey, Oh, ma hon-ey, Let me take you to Alex-an-der's
Come and lis-ten, Come and lis-ten, To a class-i-cal band what's peach-es,

grand-stand, brass band, Ain't you com-in'a-long? Come on and
come now, some-how, Bet-ter hur-ry a-long.
hear, Come on and hear, Alexander's Rag time Band. Come on and hear, Come on and hear! It's the best band in the land. They can play a bugle call like you never heard before. So natural that you want to go to war. That's just the bestest band what am, honey lamb. Come on along. Come on along. Let me take you by the hand. Up to theman. Up to the man! Who's the leader of the band. And if you are to hear the Swannee River played in rag time. Come on and hear, Come on and hear, Alexander's Rag-time Band,
Riverside Blues

Thomas A. Dorsey & Richard M. Jones

Cm G7

2 bar unison break

Ab7 Eb

everybody plays this figure behind clarinet lead

Bb7

2 bar clarinet break

Abm

2 bar unison on out-chorus

Ab

Play 2 bar unison on out-chorus

Bb

Solos at "C"
My Bucket's Got a Hole In It

Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
I can't buy no beer.

Well I'm standin' on a corner - With a bucket in my hand
I'm waitin' for a woman - That ain't got no man.

Well, I went upon the mountain - I looked down in the sea
I seen the crabs and the fishes - Doin' the be-bop- bee.

Well, there ain't no use - of me workin' so hard
When I got a woman - in the boss man's yard.

Well, me and my baby - we just bought a Ford
And now we sit together - on the running board.

CHORUS
I Can't Let 'Em Suffer

Henry Creamer & Turner Layton - 1918

A Eb    Fm7    Bb7    Eb    Bb    Eb
I love to see the fellows happy all the while.

Fm    Bb7    Eb    Gb°    B7/F
Love to see them smile.

That shows they’re jolly and every thing.

Eb    Fm7    Bb7    Eb    Bb    Eb
I love to see the fellows happy all the while.

Gm    D7    Gm    E°    Bb/F    Bb7
It's cruel, So cruel, To let them plead. Oh, I
can't let 'em suffer for the want of love. It's a shame to let 'em
plead. No I shan't let 'em suffer for the want of love, When I know just what they
need. Now there's no use tryin' to stall, I just can't save them all! But when they
cry: "Oh, Come and kiss me, Sweet- ie", I'm bound to fall. Then I've
just got to take 'em in my lov' in' arms, Got to keep 'em out of harm. Then I've
just got to make 'em be my tur- tle dove, My hon- ey love. Lov- in' kiss-es
I'll pro- vide, Un- til they're sat- is- fied. 'Cause I
can't let 'em suf- fer, For the want of love!
Oh By Jingo

Albert von Tizler
1919

\[ \text{\( \text{Oh, by Gee! by Gosh, by Gum By Juv, } \)} \text{ Oh! by Jingo, won't you hear our love? We will build for you a hut.} \text{ You will be our fav'rite nut,} \]

\[ \text{We'll have a lot of little Oh! by Gol-lies, Then we'll put them in the Fol-lies,} \]

\[ \text{Oh, by Jingo said, by Gosh, by Gee.} \]

\[ \text{"By Jim-in-y, Please don't bother me." So they all went a-way sing-ing Oh! By Gee, By Gosh by Gum, by Juv, by Jingo,} \]

\[ \text{By Gee, you're the only girl for me.} \]
Down By The Riverside

\[ \text{\textcopyright 1964 by Harmonies Press, Inc.} \]

A F F F F

\begin{align*}
\text{Gon-na lay down my sword and shield down by the river-side,} \\
\text{down by the river-side, Down by the river-side. Gon-na} \\
\text{lay down my sword and shield down by the river-side} \\
\text{down by the river-side. A\text{\textquotesingle}nt gon-na} \\
\text{stu\text{-}dy war no more I \text{\textquotesingle}nt gon-na stu\text{-}dy war no more I \text{\textquotesingle}nt gon-na} \\
\text{stu\text{-}dy that war no more I \text{\textquotesingle}nt gon-na stu\text{-}dy war no more} \\
\text{I \text{\textquotesingle}nt gon-na stu\text{-}dy war no more you know I\text{\textquotesingle}ll} \\
\text{stu\text{-}dy war no more.}
\end{align*}
Wabash Blues

\[ \text{\textit{A}} \]

\[ B_{b} \]

\[ G_{m} \]

\[ B_{b} \]

Near-ly bro-ken heart-ed since the day that I once start-ed from my

\[ C_{7} \]

\[ F_{7} \]

\[ B_{b} \]

Wa-bask home,

\[ B_{b} \]

\[ D_{7} \]

In-di-an-na's sweet and it's a

place that's hard to beat but then I longed to roam,

\[ G_{m} \]

\[ B_{b} \]

\[ C_{7} \]

\[ F_{7} \]

\[ B_{b} \]

My old home-stead

\[ B_{b}^{7} \]

\[ E_{b} \]

\[ F_{b}^{7} \]

I now can see, I had a girl was as sweet as could be,

\[ B_{b} \]

\[ B_{b}^{7} \]

\[ G \]

\[ C \]

\[ F_{7} \]

\[ B_{b} \]

Now ev-ry day I'm so lone some it's mis-er-y.
Oh, those Wa-bash Blues I know I got my dues.

A lonesome soul am I, I feel that I could die. Candle light that gleams.

Haunts me in my dreams, I'll pack my walk-in'

shoes To lose those Wa-bash Blues.

Thru the syc-a-more the candlelight is shin-ing bright, Mem'ry brings the scent of new-mown hay to me each night, I am start-ing for that spot no need to ask me when,

I'll be leav-ing hoof-printst'ward the old home road a-gain.
Poor Butterfly

Golden/Hubbel - 1916

Poor Butterfly 'neath the blossoms waiting Poor Butterfly

for she loved him so.

The moments pass into hours, The hours pass into years, And as she

smiles thru her tears, She murmurs low, The moon and

I know that he be faithful, I'm sure he

come to me by and by. But if

he don't come back Then I never sigh or cry, I just must

die. Poor Butterfly.
King Chanticleer
Nat D Ayer & Seymour Brown, 1910

Play cues 1x for Repeat:

B

C

C"
Trombone Solo - 16 Bars

CHORUS:

Ab F7 Bb7 Eb Ab7 Eb

Solos at "E":

Ab F7 Bb7 Eb Ab7 Eb
C7 F  C/E  Dm  Db7  C7  F

C7  F  C7  F  C7  F  C/E  Dm  Db7

Db7  C7  F  C7  F  A7

Bass Solo - Stop Time

C  Db7  C7  C  Db7  C  C7  C7

F  F  G7  G7  C  G7  C7

D.S Back to "C" al Coda

Coda
Ory's Creole Trombone

Trombone solo

A

B

1.

2.

G7 C7 F C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F

G7 C7 F
After last solo play "D" to end and then tag
Ja Da

Bob Carlton - 1918

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That Da Da Strain

\( \textbf{q} = 152 \)

Smith and Medina - 1922

\( \textbf{G} \)

\( \textbf{B} \)

\( \textbf{F} \)

\( \textbf{C} \)

\( \textbf{E} \)

\( \textbf{D} \)

\( \textbf{A} \)

\( \textbf{G} \)

\( \textbf{C} \)

\( \textbf{F} \)

\( \textbf{B} \)

Solos on B
C  Bb

Bb  Clarinet Break - 2 Bars

Bb  Clarinet Break - 2 Bars  F7

Bb  G7  C7  F7

Bb  Eb  Eb°  Bb7  Eb  Eb  E°  Bb  Bb7

fine

E  Eb

Eb Trombone Break  Eb

Eb Trombone Break  Bb7

Eb  F7

Eb  F7

Eb / Bb  C+  F7

Back to "B" al fine
Limehouse Blues

In Limehouse Where yellow Chin-kies love to play.
Oh Dear Oh Dear, Right here in orange blossom land.

In Limehouse, Where you can hear those blues all day.
I'm weary 'Cause no one seems to understand.

And they seem all around, Like a long, long sigh.
And Those weird Chi-na blues, Never go away.

Queer sob sound, Oh, Honey lamb they seem to say:
Sad, mad blues, For all the while they seem to say:
Oh! Lime-house kid— Oh! Oh! Oh! Lime-house kid—

Going the way That the rest of them did— Poor broken blossom and

no-body’s child— Haunting and taunting you’re just kind o’ wild— Oh! Oh!

Oh! Lime-house blues— I’ve the real Lime-house blues—

Learned from the chink-ies those sad Chin-a blues— Rings on your fingers and

tears for your crown, That is the story of old Chin-a town.
Livery Stable Blues (Vocal)

Way down in Al- a- bam, It was in Bir- ming- ham, There was a

la- zy color-ed- fel-low named Lee,- In- stead of work- ing all day, up- on the

sta- ble brush he play, to the hor- ses he’d sing, and play up-

on one string, this sad and lone- some- mel- o- dy,
Oh hon-ey, lis-ten here, Oh hon-ey lis-ten here
I’ve got those mean old liv’ry sta-ble blues.

Oh how I miss your kiss, I was’n’t born for this,
I have got those blues, ba-by mine,

I’ve got those liv’ry sta-ble blues.

Oh, law-dy-me, I’ve lost my pep com-plete,
I’se g’wine back to my Al-a-bam-a ba-by,
she prom-is-ed that she’d mar-ry-me some-day,

she’ll drive a-way Those liv’ry sta-ble blues—They’re the blu-est kinfd of blues!
Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?

Verse

Thousands of years ago or maybe more, out on an island on a southern shore, Robinson Crusoe landed on fine day,

— no rent to pay and no wife to obey,

His good man Friday was his only friend, they didn’t borrow or lend,

They built a little hut, lived there ’til Friday,

day, but Saturday night it was shut.
Where did Robinson Crusoe go With Friday on Saturday night?

Ev'ry Saturday night they would start in to roam.

Then on Sunday morning they'd come staggering home.

On this island lived wild men in cannibal trimmin' and where there are wild men there must be wild women, so Where did Robinson Crusoe go—

Solos at "B"— With Friday on Saturday night?
Oh, Didn't He Ramble

Traditional

To Dixieland 2-beat swing feel

Well his

head was in the mar- ket, his feet were in the street. All the

girls came run- ning by said: "Look at that mar- ket meat!" Oh didn't he

ram-ble, Didn't he ram-ble? He ram-bled all a-round,

All a-round the town. Didn't he ram-ble, Didn't he ram-

ble? He ram-bled'til the wo-men cut him down. Didn't the
Mama Don't Allow

Mama don't low no cornet play'n'round here! No She Don't

Mama don't low no cornet play'n'round here! No She Don't

We don't care what Mama don't low, he's gon-na' play that cornet any how.

Mama don't low no cornet play'n'round here! No She Don't
That Dixie Jazz

James P. Maguire & Warren DeWitt - 1919

Have you heard the latest strain? It will linger in your brain. For it’s a

raggy new melody, So full of harmony, You’ll want to hear it again.

It’s a brand new Southern drag, It’s a dandy Dixie rag.

Oh, babe, What do you say? Come let us hear the band play.
That Dix-ie jazz! That Dix-ie jazz! My how I love to hear that Dix-ie jazz!

Oh, just see’em sway-ing when they’re playing. From left to right, Hold to me tight. It makes me want to do the shuffle and the tickle toe. Oh, Honey! Come, let’s go!

Listen can’t you hear that man just coax a moan from his trombone. Listen to that syncopation It’s the best I’ve ever known.

That Dix-ie jazz! That Dix-ie jazz! My how I love to hear that dear old Dix-ie jazz. That Dix-ie Jazz!
Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

Henry Creamer & J. Turner Layton - 1922

Guess! Where do you think I'm goin' when the winds start blowin' strong?

Guess! What do you think I'm thinkin' when you think I'm thinkin' wrong?

Guess! Where do you think I'm goin' when the nights start growin' long?

Guess! What do you think I'm thinkin' when I'm thinkin' all night long?

Ain't goin' East, I ain't goin' West, I ain't goin' over the cuckoo's nest. I'm ain't thinkin' this, I ain't thinkin' that, I can't be thinkin' about your hat. My bound for the town that I love best, Where life is one sweet song; heart does not start to pit a pat—unless I hear this song;
Way down yonder in New Orleans,
in the land of dreamy scenes,

there's a garden of Eden,
that's what I mean.

Creole babies with

flashing eyes, softly whisper with tender sighs,
Stop! Oh won't you

give your lady fair, a little smile.
Stop! You bet your life you'll linger there,

____ a little while.

There is heaven right here on earth,

They've got angels right here on earth,

with those beautiful queens, way down yonder in New Orleans.

wearing little blue jeans,
When Ragtime Rosie Ragged The Rosary

Lewis Muir & Edgar Leslie - 1911

Verse:

A

Parson Lee in Tennessee in accents loud and clear, said "Folks I'm awful sorry but our organ man ain't here. Now I'd like someone to stand up and volunteer to help us out". When a

B

gal named Ragtime Rosie stood up and said that she could play, The parson seemed delighted and he said "Just step this way", And the congregation all sat down to pray, Then came a shout! When
Rag-time Rosie ragged the Ros-ary, Deacon Alexander Started in to reprimand her

Then he turned a-round on-ly to see: That instead of prayin' Rosie got the folks to swayin'

To that tune so sweet, It was such a treat,

It charmed their feet and set'em danc-in' and pran-cin' to the

Rag-time two-step 'til that Par-son Lee, Why, he forgot the sermon and began to speak in German

List-nin' to that low-down mel-o-dy. Then he said "I want you folks to know that this ain't no min-strel show" When

Rag-time Rosie ragged the ros-a-ry.
I've been floatin' down that old Green River on the good ship "Rock and Rye,"

But I waded too far, I got stuck on a bar I was there all alone, Wishin' that I was home. The ship got wrecked with the captain and crew, And there was only one thing I could do; I had to drink that whole Green River dry to get back home to you!

No Repeat First Time - On To Vocal

Solos at "A"
Verse Interlude:

F F° C7 F F° C7

Verse - Vocal:

F F° C7 F F° C7 F F° C7

Half past four, Dan Mc Graw, He came a' creep'in' to his wif ey's door.

G7 C7 G7 C7 G7

She had been waitin' up half the night For Dan to come home and go to bed.

C7 F F° C7 F F° C7 F

Dan ny smiled, like a child, But then his wife's eyes grew very wild! "Where have you been all night?" she cried,

G7 C7 G7 C7

And this is what Dan ny re plied: I've been

Back to "A"
I just dropped in to see you all and say, I leave today, I'm on my way. I'm going back to sunny Dixieland,

That's why I came to shake you by the hand.

The minute when I cross that Dixie Line, No more I'll pine, won't that be fine? Mister Captain, don't fail me, just

hurry and sail me, To that gal of mine:
Float-in' down, my honey, float-in' down,

Float-in' on the river down to Cotton Town. Just hear that whistle toot! toot! toot-in' away, And those darkies sing-in', banjos ring-in' till the break of day.

Honey lamb, my little honey lamb, I'll come back to you and Alabama; While fields of sugar cane seem to welcome me again, Float-in' Down To Cotton Town.
A
Verse

Come on Nancy put your best dress on,

Come on Nancy 'fore the steamboat's gone.

everything is lovely on the Chesapeake Bay,

All aboard for Baltimore, If we're late we'll all be sore.

Come on Cap'n let us catch that boat, 'Cause we can't swim, Mister,

we can't float. Banjos ringin' a good old tune, Up on deck

there's a place to spoon. Settled down close 'neath the silver moon,

A Sailin' down Chesapeake, All aboard for

Chesapeake, Sailin' down Chesapeake Bay.

No Repeat 1st time
'Round the bend I think I see a steam-er, Dear, Head-in' here, 

to this pier. And we can make it if we hur-ry, Nev-er fear, 

It’s the Old Dom- in- ion Line. 

Say, don’t she look pret-ty as she hugs the shore, Head-in' for 

Bal- ti-more. Just hear the paddles turn- in', Hear my heart a' 

yearn- in' She’s the Queen of the Ches- a-peake Bay!
Easy Rider's Gone

Shelton Brooks

\( \text{I wonder where my Easy Rider's gone today} \)
\( \text{He never told me he was goin' a way.} \)
\( \text{If he was here he'd win the race} \)
\( \text{If not first he'd get a place.} \)
\( \text{Cash in our tickets for a jolly joy ride right away} \)
\( \text{I'm losing all my money that is why I'm blue.} \)
\( \text{To win a race he knows just what to do.} \)
\( \text{I'd put all my junk in pawn to bet on any horse that Jockey's on,} \)
\( \text{Oh I wonder where my Easy Rider's gone.} \)
Eh La Bas

Eh la bas, (band sings echo) Eh la Bas, Eh la bas,

Eh la bas, Tra la la Sis Boom Bah

Eh la bas, Eh la bas, Well I

Solos here after Vocal

can’t speak French, not in a pinch so I don’t know what it means. But it
Or - y sang that Ca-jun French in a fine ol’ Cre-ole way, but the

sounds real good, like I knew it would, like down in New Or-leans. I
on - ly Ca-jun I can say is Lais-sez les bon temps rou-lez!

So

love to hear that clarinet burn and hear them trombone gliss-es I’d
let the good times roll my friends, and let the music play.

To-

like to sing French when I take my turn but that ain’t the kinda band that this is Eh la
mor-row may nev-er come to be, so let’s love it up to-day Eh la

Vocal Back to Top
Fidgety Feet
The Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1918

A

B

2 Bar break

Stop time

B
Waitin' For The Robert E Lee

Lewis F. Muir & L. Wolfe Gilbert - 1912

Way down on the levee in old Alabama, There's

The whistles are blowin', the smoke-stacks are showin', The

Dad-dy and Mam-my, and Eph-riam and Sammy, On a moonlight

ropes they are throwin', excuse me, I'm goin' to the place where

night you can find them all, While they are waitin', the banjos are syncopatin'.

all is harmonious, Even the preacher, He is the dancing teacher.

What's that they're sayin'? What's that they're sayin'? While they keep playin',

Have you been down there? Were you around there? If you ever go in', hummin' and swayin', it's the good ship Robert Lee

there you'll always be found there, Why, dog-gone, Here comes my ba-

that's come to carry the cotton away.

by on the good old Robert E. Lee.
Watch them shuffling along. See them shuffling along.

Go take your best gal real pal, Go

down to the levee, I said to the levee, And

join that shuffling throng. Hear that music and song.

It’s simply great, mate, Waitin’ on the levee,

Now listen hon-ey ’bout a new dance craze,
You all were craz-y ’bout the "Bunn-ny Hug",
Most ev-ry bod-y was a
bout ten days, It's these, It's a bear!,
"Tan-go bug!" But now, and some-how,
The fun-ny Dog walk is all the town talk.

In ev-ry cab-a-ret and danc-ing hall,
In ev-ry pri-va-te home this dance is known,
You see them do-ing it, yes,
I called a friend of mine up

one and all. If you'll just give me a chance,
I'll in-tro-duce this dance:
on the phone, Hear-ing on his Gram-o-phone: This "Dog-gone" rag-gy tone:
Get way back, and snap your fingers, Get over Sally, one and all.

Grab your gal, and don't you linger Do that slow drag around the hall. Do that step,

the "Tex-as Tommy", Drop! Like you're sitting on a log, Rise

slow, that will show, the dance called "Walk in' the Dog".
When you are in love, It's the love-li-est night of the year. Stars

When you are in love, It's the love-li-est time of the year.

Waltz-ing a-long in the blue like a breeze drift-ing

Over the sand
Thrilled be the won-der of

My heart starts to beat like a child when a birth-day is near.

So kiss me my sweet— It's the lov-li-est night of the year.
Royal Garden Blues
Clarence & Spencer Williams - 1919

A

B

C

D

F7 Cornet
F7 Clarinet
F7 Trombone
F7 Tuba

Stop time - Play downbeats 4 bars

Back to "D" for Solos
Did you ever hear the story of Long John Dean? A bold bank robber from Long John stood on the railroad tie, Waitin' for freight train Bowl-ing Green, Was sent to the jail-house yes- ter- day, to come by. Freight train came just puffin' and flyin', Late last night he made his get- away. He was Ought'a seen Long John grabbin' that blind.

Long Gone from Ken-tuck-y, Long Gone, ain't he luck-y?

Long gone, and what I mean, Long Gone John from Bowl-ing Green.

Interlude
offered a reward to bring him back, Even put bloodhounds on his track. Caught him in Frisco, and to seal his fate, San Quentin jailed one ev'ning late. But

Dog-gone blood-hounds lost his scent, Out on the ocean John escaped, The

Now nobody knows where Long John went. He was guard forgot to close the Golden gate. John's

Long Gone from Kentucky, Long Gone, Ain't he lucky. Long Gone from San Quentin, Long Gone and still a' sprint-in'.

Long gone, and what I mean, Long Gone John from Bowling Green. Long Gone I'm telling you, Shut your mouth and shut mine too.
A Good Man is Hard to Find

\[ j = 100 \]

My heart's sad and I am all alone
my man treats me mean.

I regret the day that I was born,
and that man I ever seen oh

my happiness is less today,
my heart is broke and that is why I say. Lord a
good man is hard to find you always get the other kind just when you think that

he's your pal, you look to find him fool-in"round with some other gal then you

rave and you all crave you wanna see him in his grave so if your man is nice take

my advice and hug him in the mornin' kiss him ev'ry night give him plen-ty lovin'

treat him right cuz a good man now-a-days is hard to find, so hard to find.
Get Out Of Here
(And Go On Home)

\[ J = 180 \]
Chinatown, My Chinatown

Jean Schwartz & William Jerome - 1906

When the town is fast asleep, And it’s mid-night in the sky,

That’s the time the festive Chink, Starts to wink his other eye.

Chinatown, my Chinatown, Where the lights are low,

Hearts that know no other land Drifting to and fro.

Dreamy, dreamy, Chinatown, Almond eyes of brown,

Hearts seem light and life seems bright, Indreamy Chinatown.
Cleopatra Had A Jazz Band

Jack Coogan & Jimmy Morgan - 1917

History repeats itself, So the wise men say. I believe they’re right because last night I heard peculiar music play.

In a dream it takes me back two thousand years ago. Which only goes to prove that Egyptians were not slow. Cleopatra had a
A7  D7   Jazz band, In her cas-tle on the Nile. Ev'ry night she gave a jazz dance,
G             Bm    Bb   A7

D7              G7     E+    E7    A7             Em6     Eb7
In her queer E-gyp-tian style. She won Marc An-to-ny,

D7               G/8     Am    G     Bm/F#  Em7   D7    F0
With her syn-co-pa-ted har-mo-ny. And while they played, She

A7/E   A7   D7     Bm     Bb
swayed. She knew she had him all the while. In the sha-dow of the

C      A7   D7   G    Bbº     Am7    D7
pyr-a-mids, 'Neath the old E-gyp-tian moon, A Sphinx was look-ing on and

G7   F#7(b5)     B    Bº    B7    C7    B7    E7   A7
said "There'll be a wed-ding soon". But the real his-tor-ic scan-dal, was

D7    G    Bm    Bb     Am6   D7   Am6   D7   G
Cle-o lost her san-dal as she danced to the strains of the E-gyp-tian jazz band-tune.
Aunt Hagar's Blues

W.C. HANDY 1921

Old deacon Splivin', His flock was givin' the way of livin' right.

Said he "No swingin', No rag-time singin' to-night".

Up jumped Aunt Hagar and shouted out with all her might:

"Why all this razzin', about the jazzin'? My boys have just come home,

With latest music, They play it on the saxophone".

Oh my, just listen!" the deacon shouted with a moan.
Hear Aunt Hagar's children harmonizing. Hear that sweet melody, it's like a choir from on high broke loose. If the devil brought it, the good Lawd sent it right down to me. Let the congregation join while I sing those lovin' Aunt Hagar's Blues.

Oh, 'tain't no use you preach-in', Oh, 'tain't no use o'teach-in'

Such jazz-a-pation such modulation, When my feet say dance I just can't refuse, When I hear that melody they call the blues, Aunt Hagar's Children Blues.
I found my love in Avalon, Beside the bay,

I left my love in Avalon, and sailed away. I dream of her and Avalon from dusk 'til dawn. And so I think I'll travel on, to Avalon.

Amazing Grace

F F7 Bb F F C7
Singin' The Blues

Con Conrod 1920

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb Maj}^7 \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Fm}^7 \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{C7} \]

\[ \text{F7} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{2 - Bar Break} \quad \text{Eb Dim} \]

\[ \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{C7} \]

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{Fm7 Dim} \quad \text{Gb Dim} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{C7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]
Second Hand Rose

Father has a business, Strictly second hand, Ev'rything from toothpicks,

To a baby grand. Stuff in our apartment, came from father's store,

Even things I'm wearing, Someone wore before. It's no wonder that I feel abused,

I never have a thing that ain't been used: I'm wearing

Second hand hats, Second hand clothes, That's why they call

Second hand shoes, Second hand hose, All the girls hand

me Second Hand Rose. Even our piano in the

me their second hand beauxs. Even my pajamas when I

parlor, Father bought for ten cents on the dollar.

don 'em, Have somebody else's initials on 'em.
Second hand pearls, I'm wearing second hand curls, I never get a
second hand rings, I'm sick of second hand things I never get what

single thing that's new. Even Jake the plumber, he's the other girlies do. Once while strolling thru the Ritz a

man I adore, He had the nerve to tell me he's been married before! girl got my goat, Shenugged her friend and said "Oh look! There's my old fur coat!"

everyone knows, that I'm just Second Hand Rose,
everyone knows, that I'm just Second Hand Rose,

From Second Avenue. I'm wearing
From Second Avenue.
Lovin' Sam
(The Sheik of Alabam')

Listen sisters and brothers, I suppose you've heard of the Sheik.
Ev'ry husband and lover, Better take a bit of advice.

They say that he's the lovin' champ, There ain't a woman he can't vamp,
Of course they say advice is cheap, But if your gal you aim to keep,

But let me tell you a-bout a man I know:
Then here's my warn-in' and you can pass it on:

He's the greatest of lovers, Ever kissed a girl on the cheek,
Keep your gal under cover, Sure as there's a deuce on the dice,

There ain't a high-brown gal in town,
If Lovin' Sam gives her the grin,
Then you is out and Sam is in!

To be the bride of this colored Rome-o,
And in the morn-in' your lovin' ma-ma's gone!

People
call him Lov-in' Sam, He's the Sheik of Al-a-bam'. He's a mean love mak-in' a heart break-in' man! And when the
gals go stroll-in' by, Boy! He rolls a wick-ed eye!

Does he step? Does he strut? That's what he does-n't do noth-in' else but! Could you love like Lov-in' Sam, You could have your eggs and ham, In the fin-est kit-chens
down in Al-a-bam'. You'd make the high-brown ba-bies cry for you like ba-bies cry for Cas-tor-ia! They all love Lov-in' Sam,
The Sheik of Al-a-bam'. People
Ma He's Making Eyes At Me

Lit-tle Lil-ly was oh! So sil-ly and shy, And all the fel-lows knew,
She would-n't bill and coo. Ev-'ry sin-gle-night some smart fel-low would try,
to cud-dle up to her, But she would cry:
"Ma, he's mak-ing eyes at me! Ma, he's aw-ful nice to me!
Mahe's al most break-ing my heart, I'm be-side him, Mer-cy! Let his con science guide him
If you peek in, Can't you see I'm goin' to weak-en?
Ma, he wants to mar-ry me, Be my hon-ey bee.

Ev-'ry min-ute he gets bold-er, Now he's lean-ing
Me, I'm meet-ing with re-sis-tance I shall hol-er
on my should-er, Ma, he's kiss-ing me!"
for as-sis-tance!
When You're A Million Miles From Nowhere

Walter Donaldson - 1919

You're a million miles from nowhere, when you're one little mile from home. It's the song of mother's tears,

That keeps ringing in your ears. You just leave the gates of heaven, When you leave Mother's arms to roam.

You're a million miles from nowhere, When you're one little mile from home.
My Honey's Lovin' Arms

Herman Ruby/Joseph Meyer - 1922

A

You've heard lovers, Love-sick lovers fret About their pet; They always get romantic, Drive you frantic.

B

I'm so diff'-rent, Oh, so diff'-rent-now; While I'm in love I know I simply go and whisper low to Hon-ey Ba-by:

I love your lovin' arms, They hold a world of charms, A place to nestle when I am lonely.

A comfy co-zy chair, Oh, what a happy pair!

One caress, Happiness, Seems to bless my little honey.
I love you more each day, When years have passed away

You’ll find my love belongs to you only:

’Cause when the world seems wrong, I know that

I belong Right in my Hon-ey’s Lov-in'
St. James Infirmary

When will I ever stop moanin'? When will I ever smile? My baby went and left me. She'll be gone a long long while. I feel so blue and heart-broken. What am I livin' for? My baby went and left me. Never to come back no more. I went down to the Saint James Infirmary - My baby there she lay, Laid "What is my baby's chances" - I asked old Doctor Sharp, go, let her go - God bless her - Wher ev'ry she may be. She can out on a cold marble table - Well, I looked and I turned a-way. "Boy, by six o'clock this eve' nin', - She'll be playin' her gol den harp. Let her hunt this-wide-world o-ver But she'll ne-ver find a man like me.
Down Home Rag
Wilbur C. Sweatman - 1911

Play "A" Once and end
Shake It & Break It

Artie Matthews - 1915

A

F

F7 Clarinet Break: 2 bars

Bb

F

F7 Bb Bbm F

C7

F F7 Bb Bbm F

B

C7 F F7 Bb Bbm F

C7

F C7 F

C7 F F7

Break: 2 bars

Bb7

F

F C7 F F7 Bb Bbm F

C

F7 Break: 2 bars

Bb7

F

F C7 F F7 Bb Bbm F

C7

F F7 Bb Bbm F

F7
Play "D" As Written - Repeat for Solos

After Last Solo
play "D" once as written then go on

Break: 2 bars

Fine
Dixieland Jazz Band One Step

\[ \text{\( j = 200 \)} \]

\[ \text{\( A \)} \]

\[ \text{\( B \)} \]

\[ \text{\( C \)} \]

\[ \text{\( D \)} \]

\[ \text{\( E \)} \]

\[ \text{\( F \)} \]

\[ \text{\( G \)} \]

\[ \text{\( H \)} \]

\[ \text{\( I \)} \]

\[ \text{\( J \)} \]

\[ \text{\( K \)} \]

\[ \text{\( L \)} \]

\[ \text{\( M \)} \]

\[ \text{\( N \)} \]

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\[ \text{\( U \)} \]

\[ \text{\( V \)} \]

\[ \text{\( W \)} \]

\[ \text{\( X \)} \]

\[ \text{\( Y \)} \]

\[ \text{\( Z \)} \]
Rufe Johnson's Harmony Band

Shleton Brooks &
Maurice Abraham - 1914

Rufe Johnson leads a band, He's one grand leader man,

When he comes down the street, The people shake their feet,

Down in Savannah, Down in Savannah.

They all keep swaying, While Rufe is playing.

He really can't be beat, Plays rag-time music sweet,

Old Rufe can't read a note, but he will get your goat,

When he plays Savannah-G.A.

When they parade each 'Mancipation Day. The horse and mules they

hol-iday, You'll hear the people say:

act like fools. You almost hear them say:
Here they come, Just listen to that drum, Boy ain't he beatin' some, He's going rump, rump, rump, rump.

Listen to that dog-gone flute, Root-te-toot, toot-te-toot, toot-te-toot.

Say Hon, ain't that trom-bone moan-ing, hear it groan-ing,

Listen to that old cornet, It's played by that leader man.

He's got a world wide rep-u-ta-tion For play-ing syn-co-pa-tion;

Solos at "C"

Old Ruf-us John-son's Har-mon-y Band
Runnin' Wild

A

My

gal and I we had a fight and I'm all by myself. I first met that gal of mine, it seemed just like a dream. But guess she thinks now that she's gone. I'll lay right on the shelf. I'm when she thought she had me right she start-ed act-in' mean. Like gon-na show her she's all wrong no lone-some stuff for me I Mary led her lit-tle lamb she led me all the time, Un-

won't sit home all a-lone She'll soon find that I'm Runn-in' wild, 
til the worm had to turn, that's the rea-son I'm Runn-in' wild
Chorus

lost control, Runnin' wild, might-y bold.

Feel-in' gay, Reck-less too, Care-free mind,

all the time, nev-er blue, Al-ways goin',

don't know where, Al-ways showin',

I don't care, Don't love no-bod-y It's not worth-

while, All a-lone Runnin' Wild.
Alabama Jubilee

Man-do-lins, vi-o-lins, Ev'-ry-bod-y tun-in' up, the fun begins.

Comethis way, don't de-lay, Better hur-ry hon-ey dear, or you'll be miss in'

Mu-sic sweet, rag-time treat, Goes right to you head and trick-les to your feet.

It's a re-mind-er a mem-ory find-er of nights down in old Al-a-bam: You ought to

see Dea-con Jones when he rat-tles them bones, Old Par-son Brown danc-in'

'round like a clown, Aunt Jem-i-mawho is past eight-y three Shout-in'I'm full_ o' pep!

Wtach yo' step, watch yo' stepl One leg-ged Joe-danced a-round on his toe-

Threw a-way his cane and hol-lered,"Let her go!" Oh Hon-ey Hail, Hail, the

gang's all here for an Al-a-bam-a Jub-i-lee.
This Little Light of Mine

This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine. This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine.

Ev'ry day I'm gonna let my little light shine.

Won't I'll take this light all around the world, I'm gonna let it shine.

Won't let anyone blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine. I'll take this light all around the world, I'm gonna let it shine.

Won't let anyone blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine. I'll take this light all around the world, I'm gonna let it shine.

Won't let anyone blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine. I'll take this light all around the world, I'm gonna let it shine. Let it shine, Let it shine, I'm gonna let my little light shine.
There's a boy that's in our band, And how he blows that horn.

Fin-est since you're born, When he starts you're gone.

They all call him Hot lips for, He blows real red hot notes, And

ev'ry body on the floor just floats that's what they say: He's got hot
lips, when he plays jazz. He draws out steps, like no one has.

You're on your toes and shakes your shoes. Boy how he goes, When he plays Blues.

I watch the crowd, until he's through, He can be proud, They're cuckoo too. his music's rare you must declare you know the

Stop Time

Solos at "B"

Boy is there, with two hot lips.
St. Louis Blues

St. Louis Woman, There with her diamond rings, Pulls that man a-round,

by her a-pron strings. Ex-cept for pow-der and for store bought hair. You know the man I love, would not have gone no-where, no-where. O-h,

I hate to see, the eve-nin’ sun go down. I hate to see to mor-row like— I feel to-day.

the eve-nin’ sun go down. Be-’cause my ba-by like I feel to-day. I’ll pack my trunk-

he done left this town. Make my get-a-way. Feel—

W.C. Handy 1914
St. Louis Blues, just as blue as I can be.

That man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea.

Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

Got the me.
Love, oh love oh care-less love. You fly right thru my head like wine.
You've broke the heart of many a gal, and you nearly broke this heart of mine.

If I were a little bird, I'd fly from tree to tree. I'd build my nest way up in the air where the bad boys could not bother me.

Now I wear my apron high. Now I wear my apron high, and he never passes by.
Tuck Me To Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home

George Meyer - 1921

A

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,

C7

cover me with Dixie skies. and leave me there alone.

F

Just let the sun kiss my cheeks ev'ry dawn, like the

C

kissin' I've been missin' from my mammy since I'm gone.

B

I ain't had a bit of rest,. since I left my mammy's nest.

G7

I can always rest the best,. in her lovin' arms.

F

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home, let me

C7

lay there stay there ne'er no more. to roam.
The Sheik of Araby

\[ \text{A} \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{G}_7^\text{b} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{C}_7 \]

O - ver the des - ert wild and free

\[ \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{G}_7^\text{b} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{C}_7 \]

Rides the bold Sheik of Ar - a - by

\[ \text{E}_\text{b} \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_\text{m} \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_\text{m} \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_\text{m} \]

His ar - ab band At his com - mand

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \]

Fol - low his love's car - a - van.

\[ \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{G}_7^\text{b} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{Bb}_\text{m} \quad \text{C}_7 \]

Un - der the shad - ow of the palms

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \quad \text{F}_7 \]

He sings to call her to his arms I'm the
Your love belongs to me.

In to your tent I'll creep.

At night when you're asleep.

The stars that shine above.

Will light our way to love.

You'll rule this land with me.

The Sheik of Arabia.
Sister Kate

A.J. PIRON - 1919

I

Went to a dance with my sister Kate, ev'ry one there said she danced so great.

I realized a thing or two and I got wise to something new.

I looked at Kate, she was in a trance, and then I knew it was in her dance.

all the boys are going wild just over Katie's dancing style.
Chorus

Bb7          F7          Eb          Eb7
wish I could shim my like my sis-ter Kate, she shi-vers like the jel-ly on a plate.

Bb7          Bb7          Bb7          Eb
my ma-ma want-ed to know last night, why all the boys treat sis-ter

Eb          Bb7          Bb7
Kate so nice... ev’ry boy in our neigh-bor-hood_

Eb          Eb7          Eb7          Ab          Aº
knows that she can shim-my and it’s un-der-stood I know I’m late... but I’ll

Eb          C7          Fm          Bb7
be up to date... when I can shim-my like my sis-ter

Eb          C7          Cb7          Bb7          Eb
Kate I mean Shim-my like my sis-ter Kate.
The Love Nest

Louis A. Hirsch & Otto Harbach - 1920

Many builders there have been Since the world began.

Palace, cottage mansion, Inn, They have built for man.

Some were small, and some were tall Long or wide or low.

But the best one of them all Jack built long ago. 'Twas

built in by-gone days, Yet millions sing its praise. Just a
love nest, cozy and warm. Like a dove nest, down on a farm. A veranda with some sort of clinging vine,

Then a kitchen where some rambler roses twine. Then a small room, teaset of blue. Best of all room, dream room for two. Better than a palace with a gilded dome,

is a love nest, You can call home.
There's music in the breeze, and trombones grow on trees.

You hear moanin' and groanin' and tuneful harmonies. In every cabaret, it's the only thing they play! Well, I long to hear it, I must be near it, and that's why I say:
Chorus:

Take me to the land of jazz,  Play the kind-a’blues like Mem-phis has,
Take me to the land of Jazz,  Let me hear the music New Or-leans has,

I wan’na step, to a tune that’s full of gen-u-ine pep!
I like it hot, and you know that’s what that ci-ty’s got!

Pickin’em up and layin’em down, Teach them how all o-ver town,
Come and take the lat-est dare, Learn to do the "Griz-zy-Bear". I

I’ll give you fair warn-in’, I won’t be home-till morn-in’. I’ll be
love that syn-co-pa-tion, At my des-tin-a-tion! Just

dan-cin’ ’til the sun comes up,— In the lov-in’land of jazz.
run-nin’ wild and livin’ it up,— In the lov-in’land of jazz.
Down In Borneo Isle

Herny Creamer & J. Turner Layton - 1917

Far away in Jungle land, Jungle, Jungle,
Tuba-Toms- etc.

Jungle land, Tuba-Toms

Where they play upon the sand,

Tuba-Toms- etc

Jungle, Jungle, Jungle sand.

In the evening when the day is cooler everybody

does the Boo-la Boo-la. And they say that monkey band,

Tumbles, Stumbles, As they bungle through the jungle.
Down in Borneo, Down in Borneo, Down in Borneo Isle.

I love to see those wild men dancing around,

And those real wild women in swimmin’!

Down in Borneo, Where I want to go, All they wear is a smile,

And every evening when the lights are low, Oh, Oh,

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, How they toad-al-o,

To the music slow, Down in Borneo Isle.
The Jazz Me Blues

Down in Louisiana in that sunny clime - They play a class of music that is super fine - And it makes no difference if it's rain or shine - You can hear that jazz band music playing all the time - it sounds so peculiar 'cause the music's queer - How its sweet vibration seems to fill the air.

Then to you the whole world seems to be in rhyme. You want nothing else but jazz-band music all the time.
Ev'ry one that's nigh never seems to sigh. Hear them loudly cry: Oh!

Jazz man—Don't stop the music it's Jazz man—(Jazz man!) You know I want to hear it both day and night and if you don't blow it hot then I don't feel right. Now if it's rag-time. Please Sir will you play it in jazz-time.

(Jazz Time) Don't want it fast. Don't want it slow. Take your time don't rush it play it sweet and low. I've got those dog-gone real-gone jazz-band "Jazz Me" blues.

Solos at "C"
Stop time 3 bars - ad lib breaks

4 bar interlude - clarinet trill, drum roll

Back to "D" for Solos
Back to "D" for Solos
Then Play "C" and "D out."
Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

\[ \text{There are} \quad \text{Blues that you get from worry} \quad \text{There are} \quad \text{Blues that you get when single} \quad \text{There are} \quad \text{Blues that you get from sweetie} \quad \text{When she phones} \]

\[ \text{— that you get from pain,} \quad \text{And there are} \quad \text{Blues when you're lonely} \quad \text{For} \]
\[ \text{— that will give you pain,} \quad \text{And there are} \quad \text{Blues when you're lonely} \quad \text{For} \]
\[ \text{— to another guy,} \quad \text{And there are} \quad \text{Blues when your honey spends your one and only,} \quad \text{The Blues you can never explain;} \quad \text{There are} \]
\[ \text{your one and only,} \quad \text{The Blues you can never explain;} \quad \text{There are} \]
\[ \text{all of your money,} \quad \text{And Blues when she tells you a lie;} \quad \text{There are} \]
\[ \text{Blues that you get from longing} \quad \text{But the bluest Blues that be} \]
\[ \text{Blues that you get from longing} \quad \text{To hold someone on your knee,} \quad \text{—} \]
\[ \text{Blues that you get when married} \quad \text{Wishing that you could be free,} \quad \text{—} \]
\[ \text{— Are the sort of Blues that's on my mind,} \quad \text{They're the very —} \]
\[ \text{— But the kind of Blues that alway stabs,} \quad \text{Come from hiring} \]
\[ \text{But the kind of Blues that's good and blue,} \quad \text{Comes from having meanest kind.} \quad \text{The Blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.} \quad \text{There are} \]
\[ \text{taxi cabs, The Blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.} \quad \text{There are} \]
\[ \text{wine for two.} \quad \text{The kind of Blues my sweetie gives to me.} \quad \text{There are} \]
I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody

\[\text{\textbf{A}}\ G \qquad G+ \qquad C^{6/G} \qquad F^{6} \qquad E^{7} \qquad A^{7} \qquad D^{7}\]

I never knew I could love anybody, Honey, like I'm loving you; I couldn't realize what a pair of eyes and a baby smile could do:

\[\text{\textbf{B}}\ G^{6} \qquad G^{7} \qquad C\]

I can't sleep, I can't eat, I never knew a single could could be so sweet,

\[\text{\textbf{C}}\ G \qquad G+ \qquad C^{6/G} \qquad F^{6} \qquad E^{7} \]

I never knew I could love anybody, Honey like I'm loving you.
The Curse of An Aching Heart

Al Piantadosi - 1913

You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied. You dragged me down and down until the soul within me died.

You shattered each and every dream, You fooled me from the start. And though you're not true I still love you, That's the curse of an aching heart.
Some of These Days

Some of these days your gon-na miss me hon-ey. Some of these days

you'll feel so lone-ly, you'll miss my hug-gin' you'll miss my

kiss-in' you'll miss me hon-ey when you're a-way. You'll be so

lonely just for me on-ly, cuz you know hon-ey

you al-ways got your way, And when you leave me I know you'll

grieve me you know you'll miss your ba-by oh some of these days.
Rose of Washington Square

James F. Halnley - 1919

A garden that never knows sunshine
Once sheltered a beautiful rose.

In the

shadows it grew without sunlight or dew, as a child of the city grows.

A

butterfly flew to the garden, from out of the blue sky above, the heart of the rose set a-

flutter, with a wonderful tale of love, He told her of birds and of

bees, of the brooks and of meadows and trees. He whispered,
Rose, of Washington Square a flower so Fair should blossom

where the sun shines, Rose, for Nature did not mean

that you should blush unseen but be the queen of some fair garden,

Rose, I'll never depart, but dwell in your heart, your love to care,

I'll bring the sun-beams from the Heavens to you, and give you kisses that

spar-kle with dew my Rose of Wash-ing-ton Square.
The Old Rugged Cross

George Bernard - 1913

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G}^7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{C} \)

\( \text{Ritard} \)

\( \text{A} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C}^7 \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F}^7 \quad \text{G}^7 \)

\( \text{B} \quad \text{G}^7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F}^7 \quad \text{C} \)

\( \text{C} \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{D} \)

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G}^7 \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{C} \)
Dear Old Southland

Henry Creamer & Turner Layton - 1921

I want to stray to the town I was born, My home town, My little home town.

I want to play in the cotton and corn, To feel it, I used to steal it.

I want to hear dear old Mother each morn, saying "Go long, go long, go long, go long to school".

Dear, Dear Old South land, I hear you calling to me.

Dear, Dear Old South-land, for you my heart is yearning.

And I long, how I long to roam back just to see once more the

to my old Kentucky home.

land I love that Swan ee shore.
Now you've
Now you've
Now let's

all heard foolish questions and you no doubt wonder why
then there's that person who's always hanging around the place
say the elevator person should forget to close the door,
And

one will ask you a foolish question but expect a sensible reply
Like
he watches you take your shaving brush and start to lather up your face.
And
you should happen tumbling down, let's say forty seven floors.
And

when you take your girl some candy
Say just after tea
as you give your razor its preliminary wave
You
when you hit the bottom and you're lying there in the elevator
Some

first thing she'll do is wrinkle up her nose and ask "Is it for me?"
know that foolish will come up to you and ask "Are you gonna shave?"
fool will stick his stick his down the shaft and ask, "Are you hurt?"
Foolish question no doubt you reply
your reply is I hope
I hope that you reply
No, he just though
You utter your dying moan
No, I was in

Ma or your Pa or it's for some other guy
I just wanted you to pared for shaving
I just love the taste of soap.
I like to take my shaving
he'd have the funeral now and then die later on.
Ned was always so original
he would have wanted it that way.
an awful hurry and this elevator's just too slow.
It usually saves a lot

see it And now I'll take it away.
Another foolish question
You'll ing brush and paint myself up this way.
genuine
of time coming down this way.

hear them ev'ry day.
Then there's this fellow who meets you on your

way, And he asks you why you're all dressed up and this is what you say.
You're just returning from the funeral of dear old brother

Ned And as you're ringing out your hankie he'll ask "Is Ned dead?"
I know a triflin' man,
They call him "Triflin' Sam".

He lives in Birmingham, 'Way down in Alabama. Now the

Other night, He had a fight with a gal named Mandy Brymm, And she

Plainly stated she was aggravated, An she shouted out to him:

"Aggravatin' papa, Don't you try to two-time me, I said don't two-time me.

Aggravatin' papa, Treat me kind or let me be, I mean just let me be.
Listen while I get you told, Stop mess-in' round, sweet jelly roll. If

you step out with a high brown baby, I'll smack you down and I don't mean may-be!

Ag-gra-vatin' pa-pa, I'll do any-thing you say, yes, any-thing you say.

But when you go strut-tin', Doyour strut-tin' round my way.

So pa-pa, Now pa-pa, Now pa-pa,

Stop Time - Play beats 1 & 4 as marked

Just treat me pretty, Be nice and sweet,'Cause I posses a fort y four that don't re-peat!

You best be care-ful,- As you can be, 'Cause I can beat you do in'what you're doin to me,

Once you were steady - Once you were true, But pa-pa, now sweet ma-ma can't de-pend on you,

Ag-gra-vatin' pa-pa, Don't you try to two-time me!
I want to take you to a little room, A little room where all the roses bloom. I want to lead you into Nature's Hall,

Where ev'ry year the roses give a ball. They have an orchestra up in the trees, For their musicians are the birds and bees. And the will sing us a song As we are strolling along. In sunny
Rose-land, Where summer breezes are playing,

Where the honey bees are "A Maying".

There all the roses are swaying,

Dancing while the meadow brook flows.

The moon when shining is more than ever designing

For 'tis ever then I am pinning,

Pining to be sweetly reclining, Somewhere in

Rose-land, Beside a beautiful rose.
High Society

A

B

C

Solos Here
American Patrol

F.W. Meacham - 1891

A F C7

F G7 C7 F

F F7 Bb Gm7 C7 F

C7 F C7 F

B C7

F F7 Bb F F C#0

Dm Bb F F C7 F
**Tiger Rag**

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1917

1. 

2. 

Cues are Trombone/Tuba

E♭7 Solo Break

Solo Break

Solo Break

Solo Break
I had a dream last night, That filled me full of fright: I dreamt that I was with the Devil below. In his great big fiery hall,

Devil was giving a Ball. I checked my coat and hat and started-
gazing at the merry crowd that came to witness the show. And I

must confess to you, There were many there I knew. At the
Dev-il’s Ball, At the Dev-il’s Ball, I saw the cute Mrs. Dev-il, so pretty and fat, Dressed in a little red fire-man’s hat.

Eph-re-ham, the lead-er man, who led the band last Fall, He played the mu-sic at the Dev-il’s Ball, In the Dev-il’s Hall. I saw the fun-niest dev-il that I ever saw, Taking the tick-ets from folks at the door.

I caught a glimpse of my moth-er in-law, Danc-ing with the Dev-il, Oh! the lit-tle Dev-il, Danc-ing at the Dev-il’s Ball. At the
At The Jazz Band Ball

Original Dixieland Jazz band - 1918

\[ q = 180 \]

\[ \text{At The Jazz Band Ball} \]

\[ \text{Original Dixieland Jazz band - 1918} \]
Under The Bamboo Tree

Bob Cole - 1902

Down in the jungles lived a maid, of royal blood though dusky shade.

And every morning he would be down underneath a bamboo tree,

waiting there his love to see... and then to her he'd sing: If

you like-a me like I like-a you and we like-a both the same,

I like-a say, this very day, I like-a change your name. 'Cause

I love-a you and love-a you true and if you love-a me,

One live as two, two live as one, under the bamboo tree.
I've got some good news honey, An invitation to the
We'll meet our high-toned neighbors, An exhibition of the

Darktown Ball. It's a very swell affair. All the
"baby Dolls", And each one will do their best. Just to

"high-brows" will be there. I'll wear my high silk hat and a frock tail coat, You
outclass all the rest. And there'll be dancers from every foreign land. The

wear your Paris gown and your new silk shawl, There ain't no doubt a
classic, buck and wing, and the wooden clog. We'll win that fifty

bout it, babe. We'll be the best dressed in the hall. I'll be
dollar prize. When we step out and "Walk the Dog".
down to get you in a tax-i hon-ey, You'd bet-ter be read y a-bouthalf past eight.

Nowdear ie don't be late, I want to be there when the band starts play-ing, Re-

mem-ber when we get there hon-ey, The two steps I'm goin' to have 'em all. Goin' to
dance out both my shoes, When they play the "Je-ly Roll Blues" To-

mor-row night at the Dar-town Strut-ter's Ball. I'll be
Japanese Sandman

Raymond Egan & Richard Whiting - 1920

Won't you stretch imagina-tion for the mo-ment and come with me. Let us

hast-en to a na-tion ly-ing o-ver the west ern sea. Hide be

hind the cher-ry blos-soms here's a sight that will please your eyes.

There's a ba-by with a la-dy of Ja-pansing-ing lu-la-bies.

Night winds breathe her sighs. Here's the Jap-an-ese
Sand man, Sneaking in with the dew. Just an old second hand man,

He’ll buy your old day from you. He will take every sorrow of the day that is through, And he’ll give you tomorrow Just to start life a new.

Then you’ll be a bit older In the dawn when you wake, And you’ll be a bit bolder with the new day you make. Here’s the Japanese Sand man,

Trade him silver for Just an old second hand man, trading new days for old.
April Showers

Louis Silvers & Bud DeSylva

1921

Tho' April Showers may come your way, ______ They bring the flowers ______

that bloom in May ______ So if its raining ______ have no regrets ______

Because it isn't raining rain you know, it's raining violets. And where you

see clouds up on the hills ______ you soon will see crowds ______

dils ______ So keep on looking for a blue-bird, and listening for his

song ______ when ever April Showers come along ______
The Whiffenpoof Song

Tod B. Galloway - 1909

We’re poor little lambs who have lost our way. Baa!

We’re little black sheep who have gone astray, Baa! Baa! Baa.

Gentlemen songsters Off on a spree, Doomed from here to eternity.

Lord have mercy on such as we, Baa! Baa! Baa!
Cornet "Horse Whinny"

1 X Only - Trombone

Back to "B" - Take CODA:
Somebody Stole My Gal
Leo Wood 1918

Gee but I'm lone-some, lone-some and blue, I've found out some-thing
I nev-er knew.

I know now what it means to be sad. For I've lost the best gal I
ever had.

She on-ly left yes-ter-day, Some-bo-dy stole her a-way. Bass
Pickups

Some-bod-y stole my gal. Some-bod-y stole my pal.

Some-bod-y came and took her a-way. She didn't ev-en, say she
was leav-in'.

The kis-ses I love so, He's get-tin' now I know. But

Gee! I know that she, would come to me, if she could see, her

bro-ken heart-ed, lone-some pal. Some bod-y stole my

gal!
Somebody Stole My Gal
(Foxtrot Version)

Leo Wood - 1918

A

Somebody stole my gal.

Bass Pickups

B

Somebody stole my pal.

F7

Somebody came and took her away.

F7

She didn't even, say she was leavin'.

Ab

The kisses I love so, He's gettin' now I know.

But Gee! I know that she, would come to me, if she could see,

her broken hearted, lonely some pal.

Somebody stole my gal!
Beale St. Blues

You'll see pretty Browns in beautiful gowns,
You'll see
see Hog-Nose rest’rants and Chit-lin Cafe’s,
You'll see
Beale Street Could talk,
If Beale Street could talk, Married

Tail-ors and hand-me-downs. You’ll meet honest men,
And
Jugs that tell of by-gone days,
And places, once places,
men would have to pack their bags and walk,
Expect one or two, Who

pick-pock-ets skilled, You’ll find that bus’ness never closes ’til some-
Now just a sham,
You’ll see Golden balls enough to pave the
never drink booze,
And the blind man on the corner who sings these

bod-y hets killed,
You’ll Beale Street Blues.
Well I’d

New Jerusalem.
If
rath-er be here, Than an-ty place I know.

goin' to the river, May-be bye and bye.

rath-er be there, Than an-ty place I know.

I’d rath-er be here, Than an-ty place I know.

I said I’m goin’ to the river, And there’s a rea-son why:

I said I’d rath-er be there, Than an-ty place I know.

It’s gon-na take the ser-geant

Be-cause the New riv-er’s wet and

New York may be all right, but

For to make me go. Well I’m

Beale Street’s done gone dry. I’d

Beale Street’s paved with gold.
Stock Yard Strut

\[ J = 195 \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Ab7} \]

\[ \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab7} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab7} \]

\[ \text{Ab7} \]

\[ \text{Ab7} \]

\[ \text{Db} \]

\[ \text{Db} \]

\[ \text{Db} \]
Rhythm section plays charleston rhythm
On The Alamo

Isham Jones & Gus Kahn - 1922

Where the moon swings low
On the Alamo,
In a garden fair
where roses grow,
In the tender light
of the summer night,
I can hear her wander to and fro.

For she said I'll wait
by the garden gate,
On the night I said "I love you so".
And in all my dreams it seems
I go
Where the moon swings low,
On the Alamo.
When The Saints

I am just a weary pilgrim
Well I pray each day to heaven,
Want to join the heavenly band,
land of sin;
help me win,
angels band,
city,
When the saints come marching in.

Gett'ing ready for that
I want to be in that
Want to hear the trumpets

When the saints come marching in.
When the saints come marching in.
When the saints come marching in.

Gett'ing ready for that
I want to be in that
Want to hear the trumpets

When the saints come marching in.
When the saints come marching in.
When the saints come marching in.
Some Sweet Day

Tony Jackson

Ed Rose - Abe Olman - 1917

\[ \text{Al - though it's spring the birds don't sing. You're leaving me today. It's} \]

\[ \text{not the first time my poor heart has been in pain this way. In} \]

\[ \text{winter time you're good and kind. Forever by my side. But when} \]

\[ \text{summer's near you disappear, Don't even say good-bye. You're going to} \]

\[ \text{long for me some-day, But I'll be far away. 'Cause when the} \]

\[ \text{=} 146 \]

\[ \text{C/E} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{G7/D} \quad \text{C#o} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C#o G7} \]

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{G} \]

\[ \text{G/D} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \]

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{G7} \]
cold wind does blow with its ice and its snow. Then your heart soon will melt for each sorrow I have felt. And when your friends turn away, time will prove what I say. Now's your time, I'll have mine. Some Sweet Day. (Yes, Some Sweet Day.)
In the region where the roses always bloom, Breathing out up-
on the air their sweet perfume, Lives a dusky maid I long to
call my own, For I know my love for her will never die;

When the sun is sink'in' in that golden West, Lit-tle Rob-
Red Breast gone to seek their nests. Then I sneak down to that place I
love the best, Ev'ry ev'ning there alone I sigh:
I-da, Sweet as apple ci-der, Sweet-er than all I know.

Come out, in the silv-ry moon-light,

of love we'll whis- per, so soft and low.

Seems tho', can't live with-out you, Listen Oh, Hon-ey do!

I-da, I i-dol-ize ya, I love you I-da, 'deed I do. Solos at "C"
Someday Sweetheart

Spike Brothers & Carter - 1919

You told me that you loved me true, and I believed in you. You

broke your vow and now somehow it seems I’m always blue. But there’ll come a day

When you’re far away. You’ll sit alone and cry for

me you’ll sigh and the days that have gone by. Someday Sweet-
heart, you may be sor-
ry for what you've
done to my poor heart. You may re-
gret the vows you've bro-
ken, The things you did that made us drift a-
part, You're hap-
py now, and can't see how, the wear-
y blues will ev-
er come to you. But as you
sow so shall you reap, dear, and what you reap will make you
weep some-
day, sweet-
heart. Some-
day Sweet-
Til We Meet Again

There's a song in the land of the lily. Each sweet-heart has heard with a sigh.

Over high garden walls this sweet echo

And the smile will erase the tear blighting

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu. When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.

Then the skies will seem more blue, down in lovers' land my dearie

Wedding bells will ring somberly. Every tear will be a memory.

So wait and pray each night for me, 'Til we meet again.
Just A Closer Walk
After The Ball

Charles K Harris - 1891

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Music Symbols</th>
<th>Chords</th>
<th>Lyrics</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>Ab</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A little maiden climbed an old man's knee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eb7</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Begged for a story &quot;Do uncle please&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>Ab</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Why are you single, why live alone?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C7</td>
<td>Fm</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Have you no babies, have you no home?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>Fm</td>
<td>C7</td>
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<td>D</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
List to the sorry, I'll tell it all.

I believed her faithless, after the ball.

After the ball is over After the break of morn,

After the dancers leaving, after the stars are gone.

Many a heart is breaking if you could read them all

Many the hopes that have vanished After the ball.
When The Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves For Alabam'

Irving Berlin - 1912

I've had a mighty busy day, I've had to pack my things away. Now I"H
The minute that I reach the place, I'm goin' to over-feed my face.'Cause I

give the land-lord back his rusty key. The very key. That opened
have'n't had a good meal since the day I went away. I'm goin'to

up my dreary flat, Where many weary nights I sat, Thinking of the folks down
kiss my Pa and Ma, a dozen times for ev'ry star, Shining over Al-

home who think of me. That is why you'll hear me
bama's new mown hay. I'll be glad enough to

sing-ing merrily; When that
throw myself away.
mid-night choo-choo leaves for Alabama', I'll be right there, I've got my fare. When I see that dusty haired conductor, I'll grab him by the collar and I'll holler, "Alabama! Alabama!" That's where you stop this train, That's takin' me home again. Back home where I'll remain, Where my honey-lamb am. I will be right there with bells, When that old conductor yells, "All a-board! All a-board! All a-board for Alabama'. When that
All The Girls Go Crazy

Kid Ory    1916

Stop Time 2 bars

Solos Begin Here

All the girls go crazy 'bout the way that I walk—

The way that I walk—

Hon-ey 'bout the way I walk__________ Yes, all the girls go
crazy 'bout the way I walk__________ Yes, they fall on their

crazy 'bout the way that I walk, ‘Bout the way that I walk,
knees plead-in' "Ba-by," Sayin' "Ba-by,"

Hon-ey 'bout the way I walk__________ They fall
Craz-y 'bout the way I walk__________ On to "C" after last solo:
Chorus: 1st Time Soft:

C

Eb

Bb

F7

Bb7

E7

Bb

F7

Bb7

Climax Chorus: ad lib:

D

Eb

Bb

F7

Bb

Bb7

Eb

Bb

Bb7

Bb
By the Light of the Silvery Moon

Gus Edwards & Edward Madden
1909

Place park scene dark, Sil-v’ry moon is shin-ing thru the trees,

Act two, scene new, Ros-es bloom-ing all a-round the place.

Cast two, me, you, Sound of kiss-es float-ing on the breeze.

Cast three, you, me Preach-er with a sol-emn look-ing face.

Act one, begun Di-a-logue,”where woud you like to

Choir sings, bell rings Preach-er,”You are wed for e-ver

spoon?” My cue, with you, Underneath the sil-v’ry moon. By the

more.” Act two, all through, Ev-r’y night the same en-core.
Light of the sil-ve-ry Moon, I want to

spoon, to my ho-ney I'll croon love's tune; Ho-ney

moon, Keep a shin-in' in June, Your sil-v'ry

beams will bring love's dreams, we'll be cuddling

soon, By the sil-ve-ry Moon.
Ballin' The Jack

Folks in Georgia's 'bout to go insane Since that new dance has got the craze, It's the best dance done in modern days,

I'm the party introduced it there, so! That is why I rave about it so!

Give me credit to know a thing or two, Give me credit for springing something new; I will show this little dance to you,

all try to do the dance, Join right in now while you got the chance,

When I do you'll say that it's a bear! Once again the steps to you I'll show:
First you put your two knees close up tight, Then you sway’em to the left then you sway’em to the right, Step a-round the floor kind of nice and light, Then you twist a-round and twist a-round with all your might,

Stretch lov’in’arms straight out in space, Then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace Swing your foot way ‘round then bring it back, Now that’s what I call “Ball-in the Jack”.

Solos at "C"
Bluin' The Blues

Henry Ragas 1918

\[ \text{\( J = 120 \)} \]

\[ \text{\( Bb \)} \quad \text{\( Bb7 \)} \quad \text{\( Eb \)} \quad \text{\( F7 \)} \quad \text{\( pp \)} \quad \text{\( f \)} \]

\[ \text{\( A \)} \quad \text{\( Bb \)} \quad \text{\( Bb7 \)} \quad \text{\( Eb7 \)} \quad \text{\( Gb7 \)} \quad \text{\( Bb \) \( A7 \) \( Ab7 \) \( G7 \)} \]

\[ \text{\( C7 \) \( F7 \) \( Bb \) \( F \) \( Bb \)} \quad \text{\( pp \)} \quad \text{\( f \)} \]

\[ \text{\( Bb \) \( Gb7 \) \( Bb \) \( Bb7 \)} \]

\[ \text{\( C7 \) \( F7 \) \( Bb \) \( F7 \) \( Bb \)} \]
In the Sweet By and By

1. There’s a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a
far; For the Father waits o-ver the way To pre
blessed; And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a
praise For the glori-ous gift of His love And the

pare us a dwell-ing place there. In the
sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal-low our days.

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore; In the

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
Any Time

Herbert Lawson 1921

Any time you’re feeling lonely, Any time you’re feeling blue,
An-y time you feel down heart-ed, That will prove your love for me is true.
An-y time you’re thinking 'bout me, That’s the time I’ll be think-ing of you,
So an-y time you say you want me back a-gain, that’s the time I’ll come back home to you.

Any time you’re feel-ing lon-ly, Any time you’re feel-ing blue,
An-y time you feel down heart-ed, That will prove your love for me is true.
An-y time you’re thinking 'bout me, That’s the time I’ll be think-ing of you,
So an-y time you say you want me back a-gain, that’s the time I’ll come back home to you.

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So an-y time you say you want me back a-gain, that’s the time I’ll come back home to you.

Any time you’re feel-ing lon-ly, Any time you’re feel-ing blue,
An-y time you feel down heart-ed, That will prove your love for me is true.
An-y time you’re thinking 'bout me, That’s the time I’ll be think-ing of you,
So an-y time you say you want me back a-gain, that’s the time I’ll come back home to you.
And They Called It Dixieland

Raymond Egan & Richard Whiting - 1916

They built a little garden for the rose, And they called it Dixie-land. They built a

summer breeze to keep the snows far away from Dixie-land. They built the

finest place I've known, When they built my home sweet home, Nothing was forgotten in the

land of cotton, from the clover to the honeycomb, And then they

took an angel from the skies, And they gave her heart to me. She had a

bit of heaven in her eyes, Just as blue as blue can be. They put some

finespringchickens in the land, And taught my Mam my how to use a frying pan. They made it

twice as nice as Paradise, And they called it Dixie-land.
Toot, Toot, Tootsie

Gus Kahn, Ted Fiorito - 1922

Toot, Toot, Toot-sie, Good-Bye!

Toot, Toot, Toot-sie, don't cry, The choo choo train that
takes me, a-way from you no words can tell how sad it makes me

Kiss me, Toot-sie and then, Do it o-ver a-gain.

Watch for the mail, I'll nev-er fail, If

you don't get a let-ter then you know I'm in jail,

Tut, Tut, Toot-sie don't cry.

Toot, toot, Toot-sie, Good-bye.
Ostrich Walk

Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1918

Stop Time 4 bars

F Trombone F7 Cornet Bb Clarinet Bbm Trombone

C7 Break F Break F F# C7

C7 Break F Break F F# C7
Stop Time 4 bars

F Trombone  F7 Cornet  Bb Clarinet  Bbm Trombone

F  D7  Gm7  C7  F

F  D7  C7  C+7  F

F  Fº  Gm  C7  F  Fº

Fº  C7  F  Unison

F  F  Fº  C+7  F
Missouri Waltz

John Eppel & J.R. Shannon
1914

Hush-a-bye, my baby, slumber time is comin' soon;
Rest your head upon my breast while mom—my hums a tune:
The sand-man is callin' where shadows are fallin' while the soft breezes
sigh as in days long gone by. Way down in Missouri where I
heard this melody. When I was a tiny child upon my mom-my's knee; The
old folks were hummin', their banjos were strummin' so—so sweet and low.

Strum, strum, strum, strum, strum, seems I hear those banjo's playin' once again.
Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, That same old plaintive strain.
Hear that mournful melody, It just haunts you the whole day long.

And you wander in dreams back to Dixie it seems when you hear that old time song.

Hush-a-bye my baby, go to sleep on mom-my's knee.

Journey back to Dixie-land in dreams again with me; It seems like your mom-my was there once again, and the old folks were strum-min'.

Same old refrain. Way down in Missouri, where I learned this lullaby, when the stars were blink-in' and the moon was climbin' high, and I hear Mom-my Chloe, as in days long ago, singin' "Hush a bye."
I Want To Do the Bear Cat Dance

Shelton Brooks (1913)

Miss Sadie hall went to a ball— one balm-y night in June. Just

as she entered in the hall they played a rag-time tune. They were

teaching all the scholars how to do the Bear Cat Dance. Miss

Sadie watched them for a while then thought she’d take a chance. So she

walked out on the floor, then she began to roar,
I want to do it  I want to do it  I want to do it now! It’s a bear, it’s a bear, but I don’t care. I want to do it any how.

That tune is snap-py  It makes you hap-py  You feel you want to dance! Oh pro

fess-or keep it up, keep it up, keep it up, ’cause I want to do the Bear Cat dance.
After You've Gone

Now won't you listen hon-ey while I say
How could you tell me that you're
go- in' a-way?
Don't say that we must part,
Don't you break your

ba-by's heart.
You know that I've loved you for these ma-ny years,

Loved you both night and Day
Oh hon-ey ba-by can't you

see my tears?
List- en while I say.
Af-ter you've gone, and left me cry-in'
Af-ter you've gone,
there's no de-ny-in' You'll feel blue_ You'll feel sad_
you'll miss the dear-est pal you've ev-er had._ There'll come a time_
now don't for-get it, There'll come a time, when you'll re-gret it. Some day
When you grow lone-ly Your heart will break like mine and you'll want me on-ly
Af-ter you've gone Af-ter you've gone A-way.

Solos at "B"
Dardanella

Felix Bernard & Johnny Black - 1919

Down beside the Dardanella Bay, Where Oriental breezes play,

There lives a lonesome maid Armenian

By the Dardanelles with glowing eyes, She looks across the seas and sighs, And weaves her love spell so re-ni-an.

Soon I shall return to Turkestan.

I will ask for her heart and hand.
Oh, sweet Dar- da- nel -la, I love your ha- rem eyes.

I'm a luck -y fel -low To cap -ture -such a prize. Oh Al -lah

knows my love for you, And he tells you to be true, Dar- da-

nel -la, oh hear my sigh, My Or -ien -tal,

Oh, sweet Dar- da- nel -la, Pre-pare the wed-ding wine, There'll be

one girl in my ha- rem when you're mine. We'll build a
tent just like the child -ren - of the Or -ien -tal.

Oh, sweet Dar- da -nel-la, My star of love di - vine.
Down Yonder

L. Wolfe Gilbert - 1921

Railroad train, Railroad train, Hurry some more.

Put a little steam on just like never before.

Hustle on, Hustle on, I've got the blues.

Yearning for my Swanee shore,

Brother if you only knew,

You'd want to hurry up too.
Down yonder some-one beck-ons to me,  Down yonder some-one

reck-ons on me.  I seem to see a race in mem-o-ry,

Be-tween the Natch-ez and the Rob-ert E. Lee.  Swan-ee shore I miss you

more and more,  Ev-’ry day, my mam-my land, You’re sim- ply grand.

Down Yon-der when the folks get the news,  Don’t won-der at the Hul-la-ba-loos.

There’s dad-dy and mam-my,  There’s Eph-raim and Sam-

my,  Wait- in’ down yon- der or me.
Chicago, Chicago, That tod-l’-in’ town, tod-l’ in’ town, Chicago, Chicago, I’ll show you a-round, I love it.

Bet your bot-tom dol-lar you lose the blues in Chicago, Chicago, The town that Bil-ly Sun-day could not put down!

On State Street, that great street, I just want to say, just want to say, They do things they don’t do on Broad-way, Say, They have the time the time of their life, I saw a man, he danced with his wife, In Chicago they love Chicago my home town!
Baby Won't You Please Come Home

Clarence Williams and
Charles Warfield - 1919

I've got the blues, I feel so loney, I'd give the world if
I could only make you understand. It surely would be grand.

I'm goin' to telegraph you baby, As you won't you please come home, "Cause
when you're gone, I'm all lorn, I worry all day long.

Baby won't you please come home, "Cause your mamma's all alone. I have tried in vain, never more to call your name.

When you left you broke my heart, Because I never thought we'd part. Ev'ry hour in the day, you will hear me say, Baby won't you please come home.
When You Wore A Tulip

Percy Wenrich & Jack Mahoney - 1914

I met you in a garden in an old Kentucky town, The sun was shining down, you wore a ging-han gown. I kissed you as I placed a yellow tulip in your hair, Up on my coat you pinned a rose so rare. Time has not changed your loveliness, you're just as sweet to me, I love you yet I can't forget the days that used to be.
you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip, and

I wore a big red rose,

When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed me, what a blessing no one knows.

You made life cheery, when you called me dearie, 'twas down where the blue grass grows, Your lips were

sweeter than julep, when you wore that tulip and

I wore a big red rose.
Ain't We Got Fun

Kahn & Egan Whiting
1921

Bill collectors gather 'Round an rather Haunt the cottage next door.

Men the grocer and butcher sent Men who call for the rent. But with

in a happy chappy And his bride of only a year, Seem to

be so cheerful Here's an earful Of the chatter you hear.
Ev'ry morning, Ev'ry evening,— Ain't we got fun! Not much money,

Oh, but honey— Ain't we got fun!— The rent's un-paid, dear,—

— We haven't a car,— But any way, dear.— We'll stay as we are,—

Even if we owe the grocer Don't we have fun?

Tax collector's getting closer— Still we have fun!

There's nothing sur-er, the rich get rich and the poor get poorer

In the mean-time— in between time— Ain't We Got Fun!
If You Were The Only Girl In The World

Clifford & Nat Ayer - 1916

If you were the only girl in the world, And I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today.

We could go on loving in the same old way.

I would say such wonderful things to you,
There would be such wonderful things to do.

If you were the only girl in the world, and
I were the only boy.
Lassus Trombone
D.S. al Coda ending

TRIO

1. F

2. F

1. F

2. F
Now I've got a home prepared where the saints abide, Over in that Glory Land.
What a joyous thought that my Lord I'll see, Now if you get there, before I do,

And I long to be by my Savior's side, Over in that Glory Land. I'm singing in,
And with kindred saved there forever,
You just tell them all that I'm coming,

Over in that Glory Land. Yes, Over in that
Glor-y Land. Over in that Glor- y Land. Glor-y-ha- le lu- ia Over in that

Glor-y Land. Yes, Over in that Glor- y
Land, Over in that Glory Land.