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
This Fake Book has been assembled with tunes that have all been written prior to 1923. Therefore these are all out of copyright in the USA. I hope you enjoy the tunes.

This fakebook has been produced in the following versions:

C Treble
B♭ Treble
E♭ Treble
Bass Clef
Tuba (Bass Clef one octave lower)

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

Kevin Yeates
The Creole Jazz Band
kyeates@yahoo.com
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12TH STREET RAG

Euday L. Bowman - 1914

Back to top with Intro

Standard Doo Wack-a-doo chorus

Etc
My heart's sad and I am all alone

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 foolin' "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 plenty lovin' treat him right cuz a

good man nowadays is hard to find, so hard to find.
Afghanistan

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

She swore by the stars up 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.
Now won't you listen honey while I say
How could you tell me that you're
goin' a-way? Don't say that we must part,
Don't you break your
baby's heart. You know that I've loved you for these many years,
Loved you both night and Day
Oh honey baby can't you
see my tears? Listen while I say.
After you've gone, and left me cryin' After you've gone,

there's no denyin' 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 forget 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 only

After you've gone. After you've gone A-way.

Solos at "B"
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 unpaid, 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 surer, the rich get rich and the poor get poorer

In the meantime, in between time, Ain't We Got Fun!
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

"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 messin' '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!

Aggravatin' papa, I'll do any-thing you say, yes, any-thing you say.

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

Stop Time - Play beats 1 & 4 as marked

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

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-macan't de-pend on you,

Aggravatin' papa, Don't you try to two-time me!
Alcoholic Blues

Prohibition, that's the name, prohibition drives me insane.

I'm so thirsty soon I'll die, I'm simply gonna 'vaporate 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 coal, but now they've cut deep inside my soul. I've got the
I've got the Blues, I've got the alcoholic blues. There's no more beer — my heart to cheer, goodbye whiskey
Bars are closed and night clubs too, lordy lordy
used to make me frisky — So long hiball, goodbye gin, what to do — So long hiball, goodbye gin,
tell me when you're comin' back again.
tell me when you're comin' back again.
Oh, ma honey, Oh, ma honey, Better hurry and
Oh, ma honey, Oh, ma honey, There's a fiddle with
let's meander, Ain't you goin', Ain't you goin'
notes that screeches, Like a chicken, Like a chicken,

To the leader man, raggedy-terman? Oh, ma honey,
And the clarinet is a colored pet, Come and listen,

Oh, ma honey, Let me take you to Alexander's
Come and listen, To a classical band what's peachies,

grandstand, brass band, Ain't you comin' along? Come on and
come now, somehow, Better hurry a long.
Come on and hear, Alexander's Ragtime 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 a long. Come on a long. Let me take you by the hand. Up to the man. Up to the man! Who's the leader of the band. And if you care to hear the Swannee River played in rag time. Come on and hear. Come on and hear, Alexander's Ragtime Band,
All The Girls Go Crazy

Girls go crazy 'bout the way that I walk. The way that I walk,
on their knees sayin' "Baby," sayin' "Baby,"
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,
hon'ey 'bout the way I walk. They fall
Chorus: 1st Time Soft:

C Treble

The Girls go Crazy 'bout the Way I Walk

Climax Chorus: ad lib:
In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
When I first wandered down into town,
I was both proud and shy,
As I felt every eye,
But in every 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.
Amazing Grace

A-ma-zing grace, how sweet the sound,
That grace taught my heart to fear,
And grace, through many dangers toils and snares,
We saved a wretch like me.
I have al-ready come.
How was grace once lost but now am found, was precious did that grace appear, the grace that brought us safe thus far, and blind hour I first believed.
Grace will lead us home.
Man-dolins, vi-o-lins,— Ev-ry-bod-y tun-in' up, the fun be-gins.—

Com eth this way, don't de-lay,— Bet-ter 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

night 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-ma who is past eight-y three

Shout-in' "I'm full o'pep! Wtach yo' step, watch yo' step!" One leg-ged Joe danced a-

round on his toe. — E-b Threw it way his cane and hol-ed, Let her go! — Oh Hon-ey

Hail, Hail, the gang's all here for an Al-a-bam-a Jub-i-lee.
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 honey comb, 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
fine spring chickens 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.
Any Time

Any time you're feeling lonely, Any time you're feeling blue, Any time you feel downhearted, That will prove your love for me is true. Any time you're thinking 'bout me, That's the time I'll be thinking of you, So any time you say you want me back again, that's the time I'll come back home to you. An - y you.
April Showers

Tho' April Showers may come your way, they bring the flowers—

That bloom in May. So if it's raining—have no regrets—

Be cause it isn't raining, you know, it's raining violets. And where you

See clouds up on the hills— you soon will see crowds of daffodils—

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

Song, when ever April Showers come a-long.
AT A GEORGIA CAMP MEETING

CTREBLE

Bb 2 bars unison w/ clarinet trill

F7

Bb

C7  F7  Bb  Bb7  Eb  Bb

Bb

F7

Bb

Gdim  Bb  F7

Bb  Bb  Bb7

E6  Edim  Bb  G7  C7  F7  Bb

Back to "B" for solos. After last solo play "A" once
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, Where the Devil was giving a Ball.

I checked my coat and hat and started gaz-ing at the mer-ry crowd that came to wit-ness the show. And I must con-fess to you, There were man-ny there I knew. At the
At The Devil's Ball

Devil's Ball, At the Devil's Ball, I saw the cute Mrs. Devil, so pretty and fat, Dressed in a little red fireman's hat.

Ephreham, the leader man, who led the band last Fall, He played the music at the Devil's Ball, In the Devil's Hall. I saw the funniest devil that I ever saw, Taking the tickets from folks at the door,

I caught a glimpse of my mother-in-law, Dancing with the Devil, Oh! the little Devil,

Dancing at the Devil's Ball. At the
AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL

Original Dixieland Jazz band - 1918

C TREBLE

\[ J = 180 \]

\[ Gm \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ Bb \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ Gm \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ Bb \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ G7 \]

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\[ Bb \]

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\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ Bb \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ F7 \]

\[ Bb \]
AUNT HAGAR'S BLUES

W.C. HANKEY 1921

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

Said he "No swing in', No rag-time sing-in' to-night".

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

"Why all this razz-in', about the jazz-in'? 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 preachin', Oh, 'tain't no use o'teachin' Such jazz-apa|tion 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.
Go-in’ back to Story-ville, that’s where I long to be,

Ain’t no time to ask me why.

Ev’ry-thing’bout Story-ville is just a part of me, Since I was just this high.

Go-in’ back to ol’ De-sire, I know my way a-round, Friends I know will shake my hand.

Noth-in’ changes on De-sire, that street of my home town, the street where I’ll take my stand.

There’s a
A cafe called "The Pup" that's never shut, so you can drop a round most any-time you choose. There's a lady tailored-up in some-thin' cut low, she rolls the ol' piano with the "Jelly Roll Blues". Goin' back to Storyville, I'm gon-na take my horn, my nifty suit, my brush and comb. Oh I just can't wait un-til I'm back where I was born.

My Storyville, my home.
I've got the blues, I feel so lonely. I'd give the world if I could only make you understand. It surely would be grand.

I'm goin' to te-le-graph you baby, As you won't you please come home, "Cause when you're gone, I'm all forlorn. I worry all day long.

Baby won't you please come home, 'cause your mamma's all alone. I have tried in vain, never no more to call your name.

When you left you broke my heart, Because I never thought we'd part. Every hour in the day you will hear me say, Baby won't you please come home.
Blue (And Broken Hearted)

Blue, because we're parted,

Blue, and broken hearted.

There was a time I was jolly,

You know the reason I'm melancholy.

Blue, and oh! so lonely,

True, I want you only.

We made a blunder and lots of time I wonder if

you're blue too.
Folks in Georgia's 'bout to go insane Since that new dance
down in Georgia came: I'm the only person who's to blame,
now 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
Play some good Rag that will make you prance; Old folks, young folks,
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 lovin’ 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”.

Solo at “C”
You'll see pretty Browns in beautiful gowns. You'll see
see Hog-Nose rest'rans and Chit-lin Cafe's. You'll see
Beale Street Could talk._ If Beale Street could talk._ Married

tail - or - mades and hand - me - downs. You'll meet hon - est men._ And
Jugs that tell of by-gone days._ And plac-es, once plac-es,
men would have to pack their bags and walk._ Ex - cept one or two._ Who

pick - pock - ets skilled._ You'll find that bus'ness nev - er closes 'til some-
Now just a sham._ You'll see Gold-en balls e - nough to pave the
nev - er drink booz - e, And the blind man on the corner who sings these

bod - y hets killed._ You'll Beale Street Blues._ Well I'd
New Je - ru - sa - lem. If
Beale St. Blues

rather be here, Than any place I know.
I'd
goin' to the river, May-be bye and bye.
I said I'm
rather be there, Than any place I know.
I said I'd

rather be here, Than any place I know.
It's gonna
goin' to the river, And there's a reason why.
Because the
rather be there, Than any place I know.
New

take the sergeant.
For to make me go.
river's wet and.
Beale Street's done gone dry.
York may be all right, but
Beale Street's paved with gold.

Well I'm
I'd
C TREBLE

Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

There are Blues that you get from worry,
Blues that you get when single,
Blues that you get from sweetie,
When she phones.

And there are Blues when you're lonely,
For that you get from pain,
And there are Blues when you're lonely
For that will give you pain,
And there are Blues when your honey spends your one and only,
The Blues you can never explain;
And there are Blues when she tells you a lie;
All of your money, And Blues when you're alone;

But the bluest Blues that be,
To hold some one on your knee;
Wishing that you could be free,

Are the sort of Blues that's on my mind,
They're the very meanest kind,
The Blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.

But the kind of Blues that always stabs,
Come from having taxicabs,
The Blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.

But the kind of Blues that's good and blue,
 Comes from having wine for two,
The kind of Blues my sweetie gives to me.

There are Blues that you get from worry,
Blues that you get when single,
Blues that you get from sweetie,
This page has been intentionally left blank. You have not been ripped off. This had to be done in order to avoid page turns in the middle of a tune. You might think this would be a good to place to make jokes or witty observations such, “Did you ever notice that Peter O’Toole is the only Hollywood actor to have a first and last name with a phallic reference?” But I won’t be doing any such thing. So stop reading this. It is a waste of your time.

I won’t waste your time with other foolish jokes. It is just a blank page. So why are you reading this? I told you earlier to stop. You are wasting your time.

Well since you can’t just turn the page, then I will take advantage of your reading interest to see if you might be interested in buying my time machine. It is 100% operational and fully functioning. Everything works just fine and it runs very smoothly. The unit has a minor design flaw in that it plugs into the wall to operate. As a result, when the time travel starts the machine immediately loses its power source and you land back in the present.

I have been developing this time traveling machine for years and am now too tired to do the work involved in converting it to run off batteries. It should be an easy fix for a home handyman.
By the Light of the Silvery Moon

C Treble

Place park scene dark, Sil’v’ry moon is shin-ing thru the trees,
Act two, scene new, Ros-es bloom-ing all around the place.

Cast two, me, you, Sound of kisses float-ing on the breeze.
Cast three, you, me Preach-er with a sol-emn look-ing face.

Act one, be-gun 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, Un-der-neath the sil-v’ry moon. By the
more." Act two, all through, Ev’ry night the same en-core.
By the Light of the Silvery Moon

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 cud-dling soon, By the sil-ve-ry Moon.

C D7 E7

C C#0 G7

F A7 Dm

C C7 D7 Fm Am

E7 A7 D7 C G7 C

C
Careless Love

A F C7 F F F F
Love, oh love oh care-less love. You fly right
D7 G7 C7 F F7 #
thru my head like wine. You've broke the heart of
Bb Bbm F C7 F C7
man-y a gal, and you near-ly broke this heart of mine.
F C7
If I were a lit-tle bird, I'd fly from tree to tree.
C7 F F7 # Bb Bbm
— I'd build my nest way up in the air where the
F C7
bad boys could not both-er me.
F C7
Now I wear my a-pron high. Now I wear my a-pron high. —
C7 F F7 # Bb Bbm
Now I wear my a-pron high, and he
F C7 F C7
nev-er, nev-er passes by.
Chicago, Chicago, That tod-dlin’ town, tod dlin’ town, Chicago, Chicago, I’ll show you around, I love it,

Bet your bottom dollar you lose the blues in Chicago, Chicago, The town that Billy Sunday could not shut down!

On State Street, that great street, I just want to say, just want to say, They do things they don’t do on Broadway, Say,

They have the time the time of their life, I saw a man, he danced with his wife, In Chicago, Chicago, my home town!
When the town is fast asleep,
And it's midnight in the sky,
That's the time the festive Chink,
Starts to wink his other eye.

Starts to wink his dreamy eye.

La-zi-ly you'll hear him sigh:
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,
In dreamy Chinatown.
Chi - na boy go sleep,

Close your eyes don't peep,

Sand - man soon will come,

While I softly hum.

Bud - dha smiles on you,

Moon - man loves you too. So,

while their watch they keep,

Chi - na boy go sleep.
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.
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
Cleopatra Had A Jazz Band

jazz band, In her castle on the Nile. Ev’ry night she gave a

jazz dance, In her queer Egyptian style. She won Marc

An- to- ny, With her syn- co- pa- ted har- mo- ny. And while they

played, She swayed. She knew she had him all the while. In the sha- dow of the

pyr- a- mids, 'Neath the old Egyptian moon, A Sphinx was

look- ing on and said: "There’ll be a wed- ding soon". But the

real his- tor- ic scan- dal, was Cle- o lost her san- dal as she

danced to the strains of the Egyptian jazz band tune.
My Cre-ole
When stars
shine
I love her well,
my dar-lin' ba-by
my Cre-ole
Belle.

My Cre-ole belle
When stars shine
I'll call her mine,
my lit-tle
dar-lin'
my Cre-ole
Belle.

Interlude

Solos at "C": Out Chorus use Melody from "A."
Down beside the Dardanella Bay, Where Oriental breezes play,

There lives a lone-some maid Ar- me-ni-an

By the Dardanelles with glow-ing- eyes, She looks a-cross the seas and sighs, And weaves her love spell so si-re-ni-an.

Soon I shall re-turn to Turk-e-stan.

I will ask for her heart and hand.
Oh, sweet Dardanella, I love your harem eyes.

I'm a lucky fellow To capture such a prize. Oh Allah

knows my love for you, And he tells you to be true, Dardanella, oh hear my sigh, My Oriental,

Oh, sweet Dardanella, Preparing the wedding wine, There'll be one girl in my harem when you're mine. We'll build a tent just like the children of the Orient.

Oh, sweet Dardanella, My star of love divine.
I've got some good news honey, An invitation to the
We'll meet our high-toned neighbors, An exhibition of the

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

"highbrows" will be there. I'll wear my high silk hat and a fracktail coat, You
out-class all the rest. And there'll be dancers from ev'ry for eign 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 bout half past eight.

Now dear-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’Jel-ly Roll Blues” To-
mor-row night at the Dar-town Strutter’s Ball. I’ll be
I want to stray to the town I was born, My home town, My lit-tle home town.

I want to play in the cot-ton and corn, To feel it, I used to steal it.

I want to hear dear old Moth-er-each morn, Tuba
say-ing "Go long, go long, go long, go long to school".

Dear, Dear Old Southland, I
Dear Old Southland, for
hear you call-ing to me. And I
you my heart is yearn-ing. And I
long, how I long to roam back
long just to see once more the

Dear Old Southland
Henry Creamer & Turner Layton - 1921

C TREBLE

58
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.
2. Gonna stick my sword in the golden sand
3. Gonna put on my long white robe
4. Gonna put on my starry crown
5. Gonna shake hands around the world
Down In Borneo Isle

Herny Creamer & J. Turner Layton - 1917

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

Jungle, Jungle, 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

ev'rybody does the Boo-la Boo-la.

And they say that monkey band,

Tumbles, Stumbles, As they bungle thru the jungle.
Down In Borneo Isle

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, Oh! How they toad-al-o,

To the music slow, Down in Borneo Isle.
Down Home Rag

Wilbur C. Sweatman - 1911

Play "A" once and end.
**Down in Jungle Town**

*Edward Madden and Theodore Morse - 1908*

**CTREBLE VERSE**

**A**

\[Gm\]

\[A7\] \[A7b5\] \[D7\]

\[F7\] \[Bb\]

\[9\]

\[17\]

\[D\] \[A7\] \[D\] \[A7\] \[F\] \[C7\] \[F7\] \[F7+\]

**CHORUS**

**B**

\[Gb\]

\[C7\] \[F7\]

Down in jungle town, A honey-moon is coming soon.

Then you'll hear a serenade, To a pretty monkey maid.

\[Gb\] \[Gb0\] \[F7\]

\[F7\]

When that chimpanzee up in the tree,

Sings that melody.

\[F7\] \[Cm7\] \[D7\]

\[Gb\]

\[F7\] \[C7\] \[F7\] \[Gb\]

I'll be true to my monkey doodle-doo way Down In Jungle Town.
Bill Johnson said one day, To his Eliza May,

"We've been to nearly every place in town.

If you suggest to me, some other novelty,

We both will go and do the thing up brown!"

His sweet-tie said, "My Dear, there is this place I hear,

I got it straight from Mose, who brings the clothes.

It's Honky Tonky 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, dancing with a donkey,

Down in Honky Tonky Town.
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

Down yonder some-one beck-ons to me,

reck-ons on me. I seem to see a race in mem-o-ry,

Be-tween the Natch-ez and the Robert 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.
EASY RIDER'S GONE

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

can't speak French, not in a pinch, so I don't know what it means.

Or - y sang that Ca - jun French in a fine ol' Creole way.

But it sounds real good, like I knew it would, like down in New Or - leans,

but the only Ca - jun I can say is Lais - sez les bon temps rou - lez!

I love to hear that clarinet burn and hear them trom - bone

So let the good times roll my friends, and let the mus -

gliss es I'd like to sing French when I

play.

To - mor - row may nev - er take my turn but that ain't the kinda band that this is

come to be, so let's love it up to - day.

VOCAL BACK TO TOP
Solos Begin Here first time

After last solo play "C" as written then on to "D"
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!
Half past four, Dan McGraw,

He came a' creep-in' to his wifey's door.

She had been waitin' up half the night

For Dan to come home and go to bed.

Dan - ny smiled, like a child,

But then his wife's eyes grew very wild!

"Where have you been all night?" she cried,

this is what Danny replied:

I've been
I just dropped in to see you all and say, I
leave today, I'm on my way.

I'm goin' back to sunny Dixie-land.

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:
Floatin' down, my honey, floatin' down,

Floatin' on the river down to Cotton Town. Just hear that whistle toot! toot! tootin' away, And those darkies singin', 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,

Floatin' Down To Cotton Town.
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 avenger 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.
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 lovingest man been here?
He was her man, But he done her wrong.
He was my man, But he's done me wrong".
I just dropped in to see you all and say, I
leave today, I’m on my way.

I’m go’in’ 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:
Floatin' Down To Cotton Town

Floatin' down, my honey, floatin' down,
Floatin' on the river down to Cotton Town. Just hear that whistle toot! toot! tootin' away, And those darkies singin', banjos ringin' 'til 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,

Floatin' Down To Cotton Town.
Now you've let's say Foolish Questions

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 to tumble down, let's say forty seven floors. And when you take your girl some candy, say just after tea, The as you give your razor its preliminary wave. You when you hit the bottom and you're lying there inert. Some first thing she'll do is wrinkle up her nose and ask "Is it for me?" you know that you'll come up to you and ask "Are you gonna shave?" Fool will stick his stick down the shaft and ask, "Are you hurt?"
Foolish Questions

Foolish question no doubt you reply
No it's for your reply is I hope
No I'm not pre-
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 ori-
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

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 ring ing out your hank ie he'll ask "Is Ned dead?"
Grizzly Bear Rag

37 F C F7 C7 F

41 F C C7 D7 G7 C7

45 F C C7 D7 G7 C7 F

49 F C C7 D7 G7 C7 F

53 F D7 G7 C7

57 F7 F F7 Bb Break

61 Bb Bb7 G7 C7 Eb Gb7

Stop time as marked

65 Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb Eb Bb F7 C7 F7 Bb F7 Bb Break

Back to "B" - Play to Fine
C TREBLE

HE MAY BE YOUR MAN
(BUT HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES)

LEMUEL FOWLER - 1922

Miss Minnie Lee from Tennessee was known to be quite rough.
Lu-dy Green was some l'il queen, and jealous as could be.

Minnie Lee

Min

An
ty
time

and

any

place

She

would

always

strut

stuff.

Now

When

her

man

went

out

at

night

They

would

always

disagree.

Down

Sadie Snow, she had a beau

she loved him night and day.

Sa
die

Snow,

she

had

a

beau,

she

loved

him

night

and

day.

Sadie

Snow,

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beau,
He May Be Your Man

25  \( E^b \) \( F^7 \) \( Bb^7 \) \( E^b \) \( E^b^7 \)

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

29  \( A^b \) \( A^b^7 \) \( Bb^7 \) \( E^b \) \( A^b^7 \) \( E^b \)

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

33  \( G^7 \) \( C\flat \)

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

37  \( Bb^7 \) \( E^b \) \( Bb^7 \) \( E^b \)

My wicked smile, My wicked walk, I’ve got the kind of eyes that seem to talk, It’s

41  \( C \) \( E^b \) \( F^7 \) \( Bb^7 \) \( E^b \) \( E^b^7 \)

no need of cryin’ and it’s no use to weep and mourn.

45  \( A^b \) \( G^7 \)

I love you man and I’m gon-na take him for my own, my own.

49  \( C^7 \) \( F^7 \) \( Bb^+ \)

I don’t mean, to be so bold, but I just want, to get you told, He

53  \( E^b \) \( F^7 \) \( Bb^7 \) \( E^b \) \( A^b^7 \) \( E^b \) \( Bb^7 \)

may be your man but he comes to see me sometimes.
Hello Central what's the matter with this line?
Sunday night my beau proposed to me.
If I was whiskey, and you were a cup, I'd

I want to talk to that High Brown mine. Tell me how long
Said she'd be happy if his wif-ie I'd be. Said he, "How long
dive to the bottom and never come up. Oh, How long

will I have to wait? Please give me
will I have to wait? Come be my
do I have to wait? Can I

2-9-8 Why do you hesitate?
wife my Kate, Why do you hesitate?
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? Will he
par—a-sol. Oh, How long do I have to wait? Can I
tell me now, Why do you hes—i—tate? Pro—cras—ti—
come back now, or will he hes—i—tate? 
get it now, do I have to hes—i—tate?
na—tion is the thief of time, So all the wise owls say, “one stitch in time
may save nine”, To—mor—row’s not to—day. And if you
put off— Some—bod—y’s bound to lose.
I’d be his, He’d be mine, And I’d be feel—ing gay. Left a—
to grieve and pine, My best friend’s gone a—way, He’s gone and
left me The Hes—i—ta—ting Blues.
G7 C7 F

Bb F Bb

Bº F D7

G7 C7 F

C7 F C7 F

Bb Clarinet Solo as played By Alphonse Picou
Hindustan

Oliver Wallace & Harold Weeks 1918

\( \text{\textit{Hindustan}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Hindustan}} \)

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
There's a boy that's in our band, And how he blows that horn,

Finest 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 boy is there, with two hot lips.
His sister Tilly Green was really mean, and very stingy, too.

He always wanted lots of kids—just to keep him company. One day his mom bought him a Tootsie Roll, the best candy that was made.

When her mom bought her a jelly roll—to hide it she would try.

When the kids began to hang around, little Willy said: I

When the kids would ask her for a bite, you’d hear Tilly cry: I

I ain’t gon’ give no body none of my Tootsie Roll—(Tootsie Roll)—I

I ain’t gon’ give no body none of my jelly roll—(jelly roll)—I

wouldn’t give you a piece of my sweet, not to save your soul! (save your soul)
I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll

Mom dy told me to day, Just be fore she went a way:

If I'd be a good boy, He'd bring me a toy: And I'm my Dad-dy's pride and joy! You

know there ain't no need in your just hang-in' a-round, (hang-in'-a-round) I

know you want it, but I'm-a gon-na' turn you down.

Toot sic Roll is sweet! And you know it can't be beat!

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

Interlude to Second Verse

Two Bar Break

If I'd be a good little girl, She might put my hair in curls! You

if I'd good a be boy, He'd bring me a toy; And I'm my Dad-dy's pride and joy! You
C TREBLE

I Can't Let 'Em Suffer

Henry Creamer & Turner Layton - 1918

I love to see the fellows happy all the while.

Love to see them smile. That shows they're jolly and everything.

I love to see the fellows happy all the while.

It's cruel, So cruel, To let them plead. Oh, I
I Can't Let 'Em Suffer

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 lovin' arms, Got to keep 'em out of harm. Then I've

just got to make 'em be my turtle dove, My honey love.

Lovin' kisses I'll provide, Until they're satisfied. 'Cause I

can't let 'em suffer, For the want of love!
I NEVER KNEW I COULD LOVE ANYBODY
Miss Sadie Hall went to a balmy 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 snappy. It makes you happy. You feel you want to dance! Oh profess or keep it up, keep it up, keep it up, 'cause I want to do the Bear Cat dance.
Went to a dance with my sister Kate, everyone there said she danced so great.

I realized a thing or two, then I got wise to something new,

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

All the boys are going wild over Katie's dancing style.

wish I could shimmy like my sister Kate, she shivers like the jelly on a plate.

My mamma wanted to know last night, why all the boys treat sister Kate so nice.
I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate

Ev’ry boy in our neighborhood, knows that she can shimmy and it’s understood. I know I’m late, but I’ll be up to date, when I can shimmy like my sister Kate, I mean, Shimmy like my sister Kate.

solos here: Play as Written for out-chorus

2 bar break

Trombone solo here: Play as Written for out-chorus
In the region where the roses always bloom,

Breathing out upon 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 sinkin' in that golden West,

Little Robin Red Breast gone to seek their nests.

Then I sneak down to that place I love the best,

Ev'ry ev'n'ing there alone I sigh:
Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider

Ida, Sweet as apple cider,

Sweet than all I know.

Come out, in the silvery moonlight, of love we’ll whisper, so soft and low.

Seems tho’, can’t live without you,

Listen Oh, Honey do!


Solos at "C"
I have always been a wanderer.

Over land and sea.

Yet a moonbeam on the water.

Casts a spell o'er me.

Vision fair I see.

Gain I seem to be.
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 Wabash then I long for my Indiana home.
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,
And 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.
It's so soothing and appealing to me. It goes
My daddy was a rag-time trombone player,
My mammy 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 mammy 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

naturally walk! 'Cause I’m a Jazz Baby, Little Jazz Baby that’s me!
Jazz Baby

Rocked to sleep while the cradle went to and fro, To and fro to the tune of the "Tickle 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 Jazz Baby, Full of jazzbo harmony. That "Walk the Dog" and "Ball the Jack" that caused all the talk, is just a copy of the way I naturally walk! 'Cause I'm a Jazz Baby, Little Jazz Baby that's me!

After last solo play "C" to end
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 it's 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.
The Jazz Me Blues

Ev’ry one that’s night 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.
JELLY ROLL BLUES

JELLY ROLL MORTON - 1905

Stop Time Banjo Solo - 7 beats

Ensemble

Trombone Solo

Stop Time 3 bars - ad lib breaks

Ensemble
JELLY ROLL BLUES

STOP TIME 3 BARS - AD LIB BREAKS

BACK TO "D" FOR SOLOS
Here's the Japanese Sandman, Sneaking in with the dew. Just an old second hand man, He'll buy your old day from you. He will take ev'ry 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 Sandman, Trade him silver for Just an old second hand man, trading new days for old.
Just a little while to stay here, Just a little while to
Soon this life will all be over, And our travels here will
wait.

Just a little while to
end.

Soon we’ll take our heaven journey

bor, in the path that’s narrow and straight.

ney, Be at home again with friends.

Just a little more hard trouble In this low and sinful
Heaven’s gates are standing open, Waiting for our entrance

state.

Then we’ll all go marching over there.

Some sweet day we’ll all go over,

marching thru the Pearl y Gate.

All the beauties there to share.
Trombone Solo - 16 Bars

**CHORUS:**

Solos at "E:"
Lasses Candy
Nick LaRocca - 1919

C TREBLE

Ab | Ab | Eb7

F7 | Bbm | Bb | Bbm

E7 | Eb7

Ab | Ab | Eb7

F7 | Bbm | Bb | Bbm

E7 | G7 | Gb7 | F7

Bb7 | Eb7 | Ab | Ab | Bbm7 | Eb7
Lazy Daddy

Bb | Bb Eb | Bb F7 | Bb
C7 | CC CC | G7 C7 | F7 Bb Ebm6 | Bb
44 | Eb Ebº | Bb7 Eb Eº Bb Bb7 | DD DD | 49
53 | Eb Eb | Eb Bb7 | EE EE | 58
63 | Eb F7 Bb7 | Eb F7 | Eb Bb7 | 66
66 | Eb/Bb C+ F7 Bb7 | Eb F7 | Back to "B" al fine

Clarinet Break - 2 Bars

Trombone Break

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 China 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! Limehouse kid, Oh! Oh! Oh! Limehouse kid.

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

No-bod-y’s child Haunt-ing and taunt-ing you’re just kind o’ wild Oh! Oh!

Oh! Limehouse blues I’ve the real Limehouse blues.

Learned from the chinkies those sad Chin-a blues Rings on your fingers and

A♭ for repeat
tears for your crown That is the story of old Chin-a town.
Way down in Alabama, It was in Birmingham, There was a lazy colored fellow named Lee,

Instead of working all day, upon the stable brush he play, to the horses he'd sing, and play up-

on one string, this sad and lonesome melody,
LIVERY STABLE BLUES (VOCAL)

Oh honey, listen here, Oh honey listen here I've got those mean old liv'ry stable blues. Oh how I miss your kiss, I wasn't born for this, honey you know why I have got those blues, baby mine, I've got those liv'ry stable blues.

Oh, lawdy me, I've lost my pep complete, I seg'wine back to my Alabama baby, she promised that she'd marry-me some day, she'll drive away Those liv'ry stable blues they're the bluest kind of blues!
Break 3 Bars

Harmonize
Clarinet Break
Cornet 'Horse Whinny'

Eb

Ab

CC CC

F7

3

1

Eb

F

7

3

7

Trombone

Ebº Bb7 Eb

4

0

Eb C7 F7 Bb7 Eb Ebº Bb Eb

49

Bb7 Eb Ebº Bb7 Eb

55

1 X Only - Trombone

Solos

Eb

Eb7 A7

43

Eb C7 F7 Bb7 Eb Ebo Bb Eb

49

Back to 'B' - Take CODA:
Long Gone

Did you ever hear the story of Long John Dean? A bold bank robber from Bowling Green. Was Long John stood on the railroad tie, Waitin' for freight train to come by.

sent to the jail-house yesterday, Late last night he made his getaway. He was Freight train came just puffin' and flyin', Ought'a seen Long John grabbin' that blind.

Long Gone from Kentucky, Long Gone, ain't he lucky?

Long gone, and what I mean, Long Gone John from Bowling Green.

Interlude
They offered a reward to bring him back, Even put bloodhounds on his track.

They caught him in Frisco, and to seal his fate, San Quentin jailed one evening late. But

Dog-gone bloodhounds lost his scent, Now nobody knows where Long John went. He was out on the ocean John escaped, The guard forgot to close the Golden gate.

Long Gone from Kentuck-y, Long Gone, Ain’t he lucky.
Long Gone from San Quentin,- Long Gone and still a’ sprintin’.

Long gone, and what I mean, Long Gone John from Bowl-ing Green.
Long Gone I’m tell-ing you, Shut your mouth and shut mine too.
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 ‘bout a man I know:
Then here’s my warnin’ and you can pass it on:

He’s the greatest of lovers, Ev’er 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,
Who wouldn’t throw her daddy down Then you is out and Sam is in!

To be the bride of this colored Romeo.
And in the mornin’ your lovin’ ma-ma’s gone! People
Lovin' Sam (The Sheik of Alabam')

call him Lovin' Sam, He's the Sheik of Alabam'. 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 Lovin' Sam, You could have your eggs and ham, In the fin-est kit-chens
down in Alabam'. You'd make the high-brown babies cry for you like babies cry for Cas-tor-ia! They all love Lovin' Sam,
The Sheik of Alabam'. People
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, tea set 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.
Little Lily was oh! So silly and shy, And all the fellows knew, She wouldn’t
bill and coo. Ev’ry single-night some smart fellow would
try, to cuddle up to her, But she would cry:

“Ma, he’s making eyes at me! Ma, he’s awful nice to me! Ma he’s
almost breaking my heart, I’m beside him, Mercy! Let his conscience guide him
If you peek in, Can’t you see I’m goin’ to weaken?

Ma, he wants to marry me, Be my honey bee.

Ev’ry minute he gets bolder, Now he’s leaning
Me, I’m meeting with resistance I shall holder
on my shoulder, Ma, he’s kissing me! for assistance!
Mama Don't Allow

Ma-ma-don't 'low no cor-net play'n 'round here! No She Don't

We don't care what Ma-ma-don't 'low, he's gon-na'- play that cor-net an-y how. Ma-ma don't 'low no cor net play' n 'round here! No She Don't
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? Come along let the wedding chimes bring happy times far Mandy and me.
You can talk about your love affairs,

Here's one I must tell to you:

All night long they sit upon the stairs,

He holds her close and starts to coo:

Margie, I'm always thinking of you

Margie, I'll tell the world I love you,

Don't forget your promise to me,

I have bought a home and ring and every thing, For
Mar - gie, You’ve been my in - spir - a - tion,

Days are nev - er blue.

all is said and done, There is real - ly only one, Oh!

Mar - gie, Mar - gie it’s you." "My lit - tle
Midnight in Moscow

\[ j = 160 \]

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Cm} \]

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \]

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

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Gm6} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm} \]

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \]

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \]

Stop time - first beat of bar only
Missouri Waltz
John Eppel & J.R. Shannon
1914

F C7 F

Hush - a - bye, my ba - by, slum - ber time is com - in' soon;

F C7 F

Rest your head up - on my breast while mom - my hums a tune; The

F G7

sand - man is call - in' where shad - ows are fall - in' while the soft breezes

G7 C7 F

sigh as in days long gone by. Way down in Miss - our - i where I

F C7 F

heard this mel - o - dy. When I was a tin - y child up - on my mom - my's knee; The

G7 C7 F

old folks were hum - min', their ban - jos were strum - min' so - o sweet and low.

Dm Cm A7 Dm

Strum, strum, strum, strum, strum, seems I hear those ban - jo's play - in' once a - gain.

Dm Dm A7 Dm

Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, Tha - t same old plaint - ive 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 Dixieland in dreams again with me; It seems like your mom-my was there once again, and the old folks were strummin’ that same old refrain. Way down in Missouri, where I learned this lullaby, when the stars were blinkin’ and the moon was climbin’ high, and I hear Mom-my Chloe, as in days long ago, singin’ "Hush a bye."
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 every night you'll find us there. I'm on his knee, while he rocks me to a rocky melody. My baby rocks me with one steady roll. My baby
21 Fm Fm7/Eb D7 C7 Fm/C C7 Fm/c C7

rocks me with all his heart and soul.

25 Fm Gm7 C7 Fm Fm7/Eb Dº Bb/Dº

We'll always spoon while the lights are low...
He hates to leave me when it's
Wrap'd in a blanket of love and charms,
I'm sitting pretty when I'm
Most every evening at half past nine,
We get together and the
Talk about rowboats and birch canoes,
You need a chair to rock a-

time to go. My baby rocks me with one steady
in his arms.
world is mine.
way your blues.

31 Fm Gº C7 Fm C7 Fm

roll.
roll.
You've heard lovers, love-sick lovers fret about their pet; They always get romantic, drive you frantic.

I'm so diff'rent, Oh, so diff'rent now; While I'm in love I know I simply go and whisper low to Honey Baby:
I love your lovin' arms,
They hold a world of charms,
A place to nestle when I am lonely.
A comfy cozy 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 Honey's Lovin'
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.

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS
Well his head was in the market, his feet were in the street. All the girls came running by said: "Look at that market meat!" Oh didn't he ramble, Didn't he ramble? He rambled all around, All around the town. Didn't he ramble, Didn't he ramble? He rambled 'til the women cut him down. Didn't he
Oh, by Gee! by Gosh, by Gum. By Juv. Oh! by Jingo, won’t you hear our love?

We will build for you a hut. You will be our fav’rite nut,

We’ll have a lot of little Oh! by Gol-lies, Then we’ll put them in the Follies,

Oh, by Jingo said, by Gosh, by Gee. "By Jim-in-y, Please don’t bother me."

So they all went a way singing Oh! By Gee, By Gosh by Gum, by Juv, by Jingo, By Gee, you’re the only girl for me.
Byron Gay / Arnold Johnson - 1919

Oh!

Break: 2 Bars

C TREBLE
Back to "D" for Solos
Then Play "C" and "D out."
The Old Rugged Cross

George Bernard - 1913

C TREBLE

A C C C+ F F Fm

G7 C F Fm C

Ritard

C Cº C C7 F Fº F G7

B C Cº F C C7 F Fº F G7

C Cº C C7

F Fº D7 G7 C

19

F Fº G7 C F7 C

G7 C F Fº F6 G7

C Cº C C7

F Fº D7 G7 C

25

C G7 C G7 C F C F Fº F6 G7

C Bb7 A7 D

31

C C G7 C F Fm C

36
On The Alamo

Isham Jones & Gus Kahn - 1922

Where the moon swings

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.
Ory's Creole Trombone
C TREBLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Staff</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Chords</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>C  Bb</td>
<td>C7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Bb  C#0  Cm</td>
<td>F7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>C7</td>
<td>F7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>D7</td>
<td>Trombone Solo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Gm C7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Trombone Solo</td>
<td>F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Bb C7</td>
<td>F7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Bb C#0 Cm F7 Bb</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>Bb</td>
<td>C7</td>
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<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>F7</td>
<td>Bb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>Bb C7 F7 Bb</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

After last solo play 'D' to end and then TAG
Over The Waves
Poor Butterfly

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
The Pearls
Jelly Roll Morton - 1919

G E¨ D7 G A

E¨ E7 A‹ E7 A‹

6 A7 D7 G E¨

G7 C7 B

21 G7 Gº G7

33 Break - 2 bars

G D7 G E¨

G7 C7 B
The Pearls

41 C Tuba Only  All  G7  Cmaj7  Em7

45 Am  Em  Eb  Dm7  G7

49 Dm7  G7  C

53 Dm  E7  A7  Dm7  G  B7  Em  Dm  C  D  E  G7

57 Tuba only  All  Cmaj7

61 Gm7  C  F  A7  Dm

65 F  Cm  C  A7

69 Dm7  G7  C  G0  G7

73 Tuba Only  G7  C0
Ev’rybody loves a baby that’s why I’m in love with you, Pretty Baby,
And I’d like to be your sister, brother, dad and mother too, Pretty Baby.
Won’t you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love, And we’ll cuddle all the time.

Want a lovin’ baby and it might as well be you, Pretty Baby of mine.
Riverside Blues

Thomas A. Dorsey & Richard M. Jones

C Treble

Cm G7 Cm G7 Cm Fm Eb Bb7

[4] A Eb

Ab7 Eb Ab Eb Eb Abm Eb Bb7

Eb 2 bar unison break

Everybody plays this figure behind clarinet lead

Eb Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb7 Eb Abm


[8] Eb Bb7 Eb G7

[22] Ab Abm Eb

[26] Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb7 Eb Abm Eb Bb7

2 bar clarinet break

[30] C Eb

[34] Ab

[38] Bb
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, Lis-ten Mam-my mine:
Rock-a-Bye Your Baby

Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody,

when you croon, croon a tune from the heart of Dixie.

Just hang my cradle, Mammy mine, Right on that Mason-Dixon Line,

And swing it from Virginia, To Tennessee with all the love that's in ya'

Weep no more my lady, sing that song again for me, And

Old Black Joe, just as though you had me on your knee.

A million baby kisses I'll deliver, The minute that you sing the Swanee River,

Rock-a-bye your rock-a-bye baby with a Dixie melody.
C TREBLE

ROSE OF PICARDY

Hayon Wood - 1916

Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew.

Roses are flow'ring in Picardy, but there's never a rose like you! And the roses will die with the summer time, And our roads may be far apart, But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy! 'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!
In sunny Rose-land, Where summer breezes are playing, Where the honey bees are "A May-ing".

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, Pinning to be sweetly reclining, Somewhere in

Rose-land Beside a beautiful rose.
A garden that never knows shine
Once sheltered a beautiful rose.
In the shadow it grew without sunlight or dew,
as a child of the city grows.

Butterfly flew to the garden,
From out of the blue sky above,

He whispered,

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.
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 sparkle with dew my

Rose of Washington Square.
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,

Down in Savannah—G. A. When
When he plays ’Mancipation Day, The

they parade each holiday, You’ll hear the people say:
horse and mules they act like fools— You almost hear them say:
Here they come, Just listen to that drum, Boy ain't he
beat-in' some, He's going rump, rump, rump, rump.

Listen to that dog-gone flute, Root-te-toot, toot-te-toot,
toot-te-toot toot-te-toot. Say Hon, ain't that trombone moaning, hear it groaning,

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

He's got a worldwide reputation For playing syncopation,

Old Rufus Johnson's Harmony Band

Rufe Johnson's Harmony Band
When 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 started acting mean. Like gonna show her she's all wrong no lonesome stuff for me. I Mary led her little lamb she led me all the time. Un-

won't sit home all alone. She'll soon find that I'm Runnin' wild, 'til the worm had to turn, that's the reason I'm Runnin' wild.

[Patter, sung/spoken after chorus]

No gal will ever make a fool of me, No gal! I mean just what I say; I ain't the simpleton I used to be, Wonder how I got that way. Once I was full of sentiment, it's true, But now I got a cruel heart; With all that other foolishness I'm through, Gonna play the villain.
Runnin' Wild

**Chorus**

lost control, Runnin' wild, mighty bold.

Feelin' gay, Reckless too, Care-free mind,

all the time, never blue. Always goin',

don't know where, Always showin' I don't care,

Don't love nobody It's not worthwhile,

All alone Runnin' Wild.
Royal Garden Blues

CLARENCE & SPENCER WILLIAMS - 1919

C TREBLE

F

Ab° C7

F F7

A A

F7 F7 F7

Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb F7

C7 D7 C7 F Bb7 F

C7

Bb F7 C7 F Bb7 F C7

Stop time - Play downbeats 4 bars

F7 CORNET

F7 CLARINET

F7 TROMBONE - AD LIB 2 BARS

Bb C7

Db7 C7 F Bb7 F C7

C7

C F7 Bb Bbm F F7

Bb

Db7 C7 F Ab°

C7

F Bb7 F C7

F7

Bb Eb7 G7

C7 F7 Bb Eb7 Bb Eb7 Bb

Back to "D" for Solos
Satanic Blues

C TREBLE

F7 Fdim F7

q = 154

A

Bb

Bb7

AA AA

5

Bb

Eb7

G7

9

6

Eb

G7

13

Bb

Eb

C7

17

Bb

F7

Bb

G7

22

Edim

Bb

C7

11

F7

27

Bb

C7

28

Eb

G7

7

C7

32

Bb

E6

46

C7

38

C7

42

C7

47

C7

From "A" to Fine

48

From "A" to Fine

49

From "A" to Fine

50

From "A" to Fine

51

From "A" to Fine

52

From "A" to Fine

53

From "A" to Fine

54

From "A" to Fine

55

From "A" to Fine

56
Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay

Verses

Come on Nancy put your best dress on, Come on Nancy fore the steam-boat's gone.
Ev'ry-thing is love-ly on the Ches-a-peek Bay.

All a-board for Bal- ti-more, If we're late we'll all be sore.

Come on Cap-'n let us catch that boat, 'Cause we can't swim, Mis-ter,
we can't float. Ban-jos ring-in' a good old tune, Up on deck there's a place to spoon.
Set-tle down close 'neath the sil-v'ry moon, A Sail-in' down Ches-a-peek, All a-board for

Ches-a-peek, Sail-in' down Ches-a-peek Bay.
'Round the bend I think I see a steamer, Dear,
Headin' here, to this pier. And
we can make it if we hurry, Never fear, It's the
Old Dominion Line.
Say, don't she look pretty as she hugs the shore,
Headin' for Baltimore. Just
hear the paddles turnin', Hear my heart a yearnin', She's the
Queen of the Chesapeake Bay!
King San of Senegal one day the queen came home,

Sat on the shore at Bulamay, saw San in sadness on the shore,

Sing a sad refrain

To his dear queen who’d gone away, his only love San she would a way.

This was his lay:

Then came his lore:
Oh, sweet-heart Lo-nna,
My dar-ling Lo-nna,

Why have you gone a-way?
Have you come back to stay?

You said you loved me,
But if you loved me

Why did you act this way?
I knew you’d come some day.

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,
And it will break dear,

But now you’re mine dear,
For all the time dear.

If you don’t come back home a-gain to San.
And you’re for-giv-en by your lov-ing San.
Second Hand Rose

James F. Hanley & Grant Clarke - 1921

F Gm G7 C7
F Gm G7 C7

Father has a business, Strictly second hand, Ev'ry thing from toothpicks, To a baby grand.

F Gm D7 Gm

Stuff in our apartment, came from father's store, Even things I'm wearing, Someone wore before.

Gm

It's no wonder that I feel abused, I never have a thing that ain't been used: I'm wearing

A F F0 C7 F

Second hand hats, Second hand clothes,
Second hand shoes, Second hand hose,

C7

That's why they call me Second Hand Rose.

G7

All the girls hand me their second hand beaux.

F F#0 Gm7 C7

Even our piano in the parlor,
Even my pajamas when I don 'em,

Gm

Father bought for ten cents on the dollar.
Have somebody else's 'initials on 'em.
Second Hand Rose

Second hand pearls, I'm wearing second hand curls, I
Second hand rings, I'm sick of second hand things I

never get a single thing that's new,
never get what other girls do.

ven Jake the plumber, he's the man I adore,
Once while strolling thru the Ritz a girl got my goat,
He had the nerve to tell me he's been married before!
nudged her friend and said "Oh look! There's my old fur coat!"

Ev'ryone knows, that I'm just Second Hand Rose,
Ev'ryone knows, that I'm just Second Hand Rose,

Second Av-

 nue.
From
From

I'm wear-

ing

Second Av-
y

ue.
Shake It & Break It

CTREBLE

F7

Clarinet Break: 2 bars

Artie Matthews - 1915
Play "D" as written - repeat for solos

After last solo
play "D" once as written then go on

Break: 2 bars

Fine
Singin' The Blues

Con Conrad 1920

\[= 120\]

\[\text{Ab} \quad \text{Ebmaj7} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb}\]

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

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

\[\text{F7} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7}\]

\[\text{Fm7} \quad \text{Cdim} \quad \text{G7dim}\]

\[\text{Eb}\]

\[\text{C7} \quad \text{F7}\]

\[\text{Fm}\]

\[\text{C7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7}\]

\[\text{Eb}\]

\[\text{C7} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb}\]
O - ver the des - ert wild and free_____

Rides the bold Sheik of Ar - a - by

His ar - ab band At his com - mand

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

Un - der the shad - ow of the palms,_____

He sings to call her to his arms._____

I'm the
Sheik of Araby

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 Araby
Skeleton Jangle

2

37

C7

F7

41

Bb7

Eb7

Ab

Unison for 2 bars

45

C7

F7

49

Bb7

Eb7

Ab

Unison 2 Bars

53

[Unison]

C7

F7

57

Bb7

Eb7

Ab

A0

Eb7/Bb

61

C7

F7

65

Bb7

Eb7

Ab

Eb7

Ab

Eb7

Ab
Sobbin' Blues

Kassel and Berton - 1922

Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written. Horns harmonize melody - 8 bars

Swing
Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written. Horns harmonize melody - 8 bars.

Solos on "B" & "C" section:
After last solo play to bottom.
Some of These Days

Some of these days your gonna miss me honey. Some of these days you’ll feel so lonely, you’ll miss my hugging, you’ll miss my kissing.

You’ll miss me honey when you’re away. You’ll be so lonely just for me only, cuz you know honey you always got your way.

And when you leave me I know you’ll grieve me you know you’ll miss your baby oh some of these days.
Some Sweet Day

Although it's spring the birds don't sing, You're leaving me today. It's not the first time my poor heart has been in pain this way. In winter time you're good and kind, Forever by my side, But when summer's near you disappear. Don't even say goodbye. You're going to long for me some day, But I'll be far away. 'Cause when the 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.)
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. Some-day Sweet-
heart, you may be sorry for what you've done to my poor heart. You may regret the vows you've broken, The things you did that made us drift apart, You're happy now, and can't see how, the weary blues will ever come to you. But as you sow so shall you reap, dear, and what you reap will make you weep some-day, sweetheart. Some-day Sweethe-
Somebody Stole My Gal

Leo Wood - 1918

Somebody stole my gal.

Somebody stole my pal.

Somebody came and took her away.

She didn't even say she was leavin'.

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 pal. Some body stole my gal!
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 heartbroken. What am I living 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 ever she may be. She can out on a cold marble table. Well, I looked and I turned away. "Boy, by six o’clock this eve nin. She’ll be playin’ her gold harp. Let her hunt this wide world over. But she’ll never find a man like me."
Stock Yard Strut
St. Louis Blues

St. Louis Woman
There with her diamond rings,
Pulls that man around,
by her apron strings.
Except for powder and for storebought hair.
You know the man I love, would not have gone no-where, no-where.
O-h,
I hate to see the evenin' sun go down.
I hate to see tomorrow like I feel to-day.
The evenin' sun go down.
Be-cause my baby
I'll pack my trunk.

He done left this town.
Make my get-a-way.
Feel got the
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.

[Counted bars: 36, Noted bars: 36]
Strut Miss Lizzie

Turner Layton & Henry Creamer - 1921

Won't you strut Miss Liz-zie
Get bu-sy I want to see you walk,
for the folks all state the way you syn-co-pate
Is the whole town talk. When you
move so pret-ty, It's a pi-ty. The oth-er girl-ies frown._ But the men you
meet like the way you shake your feet, Oh, you knock 'em diz-zy,

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

Strut your stuff, use your "Kerch", Trot your tootsies by the church.

Thru the alley, Dodge the cans, Shake Miss Sally's pots and pans.

Cool your dogs we're comin' thru, Get set for Lenox Avenue. Won't you
Stumbling

Zez Confrey - 1922

Stumbling all around, Stumbling all around, Stumbling all around so funny,

Stumbling here and there, Stumbling everywhere, And I must declare: I stepped right on her toes,

And when she bumped my nose, I fell and when I rose, I felt ashamed. And told her:

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

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

blinking, tho' you are stumbling, I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite a little bit.
Swanee

Swanee How I love you How I love you My dear old Swanee.

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

Waitin' for me 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.
I'm blue, Thru and thru, 'Cause they're gonna take jazz away.

On my knees, I'm asking you please, Just to pay attention to me while I say:

Can't you see it's wrong to condemn a song. Jazz has simply got to stay. Now!

High-brow music really is a treat, In an opera house it can't be beat.

But what makes you wanta shake your feet? 'Tain't nothin' else but jazz, Babe!

In society of style and grace, Ev'ry little movement has just a little bit of wobbin', Little bit of tod-dlin'. Waltz-in' round is might-y fine.

Gli-din' sure-ly is de-vine. Still what makes you shiver any time? 'Tain't nothin' else but jazz, Babe! 'Tain't nothin' else but jazz.
There ain't nothin' I can do, nor nothin' I can say,
Aft- er all, the way to do is do just as you please.

That folks don't crit- i cize me
Re- gard- less of their talk- in'.

But I'm gon- na' do just as I want to an- y- way,
Of- ten times the ones that talk will get down on their knees,

And don't care if they all de- spise me.
And beg your par- don for their squawk- 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.
Rather than persecute me, I choose that you would shoot me,

If I go to church on Sunday, Then cabaret on Monday,

Tain't nobody's biz-ness if I do.

If I should get the feelin' To dance upon the ceilin',

If my friend ain't got no money And I say "Take all mine, Hon-ey",

'Tain't Nobod'y's Biz-ness If I Do.

I let my best companion Drive me right into the can-yon,

I give him my last nick-el And it leaves me in a pick-ly,
There’s music in the breeze, and trombones grow on trees. You hear
moanin’ and groanin’ and tuneful harmonies. In
ev’ry 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:
Take Me To the Land of Jazz

Chorus:

Take me to the land of jazz, Play the kind-a' blues like Memphis has,
Take me to the land of Jazz, Let me hear the music New Orleans has,

I wan' na step, to a tune that's full of genu-ine pep!
I like it hot, and you know that's what that city's got!

Pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down, Teach them how all over town,
Come and take the latest dare, Learn to do the "Griz-zy-Bear". I

I'll give you fair warnin', I won't be home 'til mornin'. I'll be
love that syn-co-pa-tion, At my des-ti-na-tion! Just

dancin' 'til the sun comes up, In the lov-in' land of jazz.
runnin' wild and livin' it up, In the lov-in' land of jazz.
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 Dixie Jazz

That Dixie jazz!

My how I love to hear that Dix-ie jazz!

Oh, just see 'em sway-ing when they're play-ing.

From left to right,

Hold to me tight. It makes me

want to do the shuf-fle and the tick-le toe. Oh, Hon-ey! Come, let's go!

Listen can't you hear that man just coax a moan from his trom-bone.

Listen to that syn-co-pa-tion It's the best I've ev-er known.

That Dixie jazz!

My how I love to hear that dear old Dix-ie jazz. That Dix-ie Jazz!
That's A Plenty

**Solos - ad lib:**

77
\[ E \quad \text{G}^b \quad A^7 \quad A^b^7 \quad G^7 \]

81
\[ C^7 \quad F^7 \quad G^b \quad G^b^0 \quad C^m _1 \quad F^7 \quad G^b \quad E^b^7 \]

86
\[ F \quad A^7 \quad A^b^7 \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \quad \text{Continue after last solo} \quad G^b \quad E^b^7 \]

92
\[ G^b \quad F^7 \quad D \quad \text{FINE} \]

98
\[ G^b \quad F^7 \quad \]

mp

105
\[ \text{Soft "Shuffle Chorus"} \quad G^7 \]

109
\[ C^7 \quad F^7 \quad B^b \quad C^m _1 ^7 \quad F^7 \]

After "shuffle chorus" Play E (16 bars) Once as out chorus:
That Da Da Strain

Smith and Medina - 1922

Solo on "B"
Tiger Rag

42

46

50

54

58

62

66

73

77

Solo Break

Solos at "E"
There'll Be Some Changes Made

Forthere's a 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 different, my talk and my name,
Nothin' about 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
nobody wants you when you're old and gray,
There'll Be Some Changes Made today,
There'll Be Some Changes Made.
'Til We Meet Again

Smile the while you kiss me sad a-dieu 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 so merrily, Every tear will be a memory. So wait and pray each night for me, 'Til we meet again.
Oh Mis-si-sip-pi, Oh Mis-si-sip-pi, My heart cries out for you in sadness,
To-night I'm Pray-in', To-night I'm say in' I want to be where, the win-try winds don't blow.
My Lord please bless the train that takes me, To Tish-o-min-go way down old Dix-ie way,
you in sadness, I want to be where, the win-try winds don't blow.

Down where the South-ern moon swings low, That's where I want to go. I'm goin' to Tish-o-min-go because I'm sad to-day.
Where South-ern folks are al-ways gay, That's why you hear me say, I'm goin' to Tish-o-min-go because I'm sad to-day.

I wish to linger, I wish to linger,
way down old Dix-ie way. Oh my wea-ry heart cries way down old Dix-ie way.
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 Mississippi, Among the cypress trees.

They get you dippy, with their strange melodies. To resist temptation, I just can't refuse. In Tishomingo,

I wish to linger, Where they play the weary blues.
Toot, Toot, Tootsie

Gus Kahn, Ted Fiorito - 1922

Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Good-Bye!

The choo choo train that takes me, away from you no words can tell how sad it makes me.

Kiss me, Tootsie and then, Do it over again.

Watch for the mail, I'll never fail, If you don't get a letter then you know I'm in jail.

Tut, Tut, Tootsie don't cry.

Toot, toot, Tootsie, Good-bye.
Tuck Me To Sleep In My Old 'Tucky Home

George W. Meyer - 1921

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,
cover me with Dixie skies and leave me there alone.

Just let the sun kiss my cheeks ev'ry dawn, like the
kissin' I've been missin' from my mammy since I'm gone.

I ain't had a bit of rest, since I left my mammy's nest.
I can always rest the best in her lov'ing arms.

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home, let me
lay there stay there never no more to roam.
Under The Bamboo Tree

Bob Cole - 1902

Down in the jungles lived a maid, of royal blood though dusk-y shade.

a marked impression once she made, up-on a Zulu from Mata-boo-loo

And ev-ry morn-ing he would be_ down underneath a bam-boo tree,

a-wait-ing 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 ve-ry day, I like-a chnage your name. ‘Cause

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

One live as two, two live as one, under the bam-boo tree.
Now listen honey 'bout a new dance craze,
You all were crazy 'bout the "Bunny 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 dancing hall,
In ev'ry pri-va-ty home this dance is known.
I called a friend of mine up
one and all. If you'll just give me a chance, I'll intro-duce this dance:
on the phone. Hear-ing on his Gram-o phone: This "Dog-gone" rag-ty tone:

Get 'way back, and snap your fin-gers, Get o-ver Sal-ly, one and all.
Grab your gal, and don't you lin-ger, Do that slow drag 'round the hall.

Do that step, the "Tex-as Tom-my", Drop!
Like you're sit-ting on a log, Rise slow, that will show, the dance called "Walk-in' the Dog".
Nearly broken hearted since the day that I once started from my Wabash home, Indiana's sweet and it's a place that's hard to beat but then I longed to roam, My old homestead I now can see, I had a girl was as sweet as could be, Now every day I'm so lonely it's misery.

Oh, those Wabash Blues I know I got my dues. A lonely soul am I, I
feel that I could die.

Candle light that gleams.

Haunts me in my dreams, I'll pack my walkin'

shoes To lose those Wabash Blues.

Thru the sycamore the candle light is shining bright, 'Xpect to see the moonshine on the Wabash any night,

Mem'ry brings the scent of new mown hay to me each night, Seems that such a picture's bound to turn me to the right,

I am starting for that spot no need to ask me when, Making up my mind to see that home so far away,

I'll be leaving hoof prints toward the old home road again, But until that happens here's the best that I can say:
Waitin' For The Robert E Lee

Lewis F. Muir & L. Wolfe Gilbert - 1912

Way down on the levee in old Alabam-y, There's
The whistles are blowin', the smoke-stacks are showin', The
Daddy and Mammy, and Ephriam and Sammy, On a
ropes they are throwin', excuse me, I'm goin' to the
moon light night you can find them all,
place where all is harmonious,
While they are waitin', the banjos are synaptic
even the preacher, He is the dancing teacher.
What's that they're sayin'? What's that they're sayin'? Have you been down there? Were you around there? If
While they keep playin', hummin' and swayin', U's the
you ever go there you'll always be found there, Why,
good ship Robert Lee that's come to
doggone, Here comes my baby on the
carry the cotton away.
good old Robert E. Lee.
Watch them shufflin' along.

See them shufflin' along. Go take your best gal real pal, Go down to the levee, I said to the levee, And join that shufflin' throng.

Hear that music and song. It's simply great, mate, Waitin' on the levee, For Repeat: Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.
Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

Henry Creamer & J. Turner Layton - 1922

Guess! Where do you think I'm go—in' when the winds start blow in' strong?

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

Guess! Where do you think I'm go—in' when the nights start grow in' long? I

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

ain't go in' East, I ain't go in' West, I ain't go in' o ver the cuck oo'snest. I'm

ain't think in' this, I ain't think in' that, I can not be think in' a bout 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 un less I hear this song;
Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

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 whispering 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, with those beautiful queens,

They've got angels right here on earth, wearing little blue jeans,

way down yonder in New Orleans.
I am just a weary pilgrim, Plodding thru this land of sin; 
Well I pray each day to heav'n, For the strength to help me win, 
Want to join the heav'nly band, Want to play in the angel band, 
Want to hear the trumpets blowing, 

When the saints come marching in. Oh when the saints go marching in.

Oh lord I want to be in that number. When the saints go marching in.

I want to be in that procession. When the saints come marching in.
C TREBLE

When Ragtime Rosie Ragged the Rosary

Lewis Muir & Edgar Leslie - 1911

Verse:

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 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 Rosary.

Deacon Alexander started in to reprimand her.

Then he turned around only 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 dancin' and prancin' to the

Rag-time two-step 'til that Parson Lee,

Why, he forgot the sermon and began to speak in German.

Listening to that low-down melody.

Then he said "I want you folks to know that this ain't no minstrel show."

When Ragtime Rosie Ragged The Rosary
I've had a might-y bu-sy-day, I've had to pack my things a-way. Now I'H

The minute that I reach the place, I'm goin' to ov-er- feed my face, 'Cause I

give the land-lord back his rust-y key. The ver-y key, That opened

have n't had a good meal since the day I went a-way. I'm goin' to

up my drear-y-flat, Where ma-n-y wear-y nights I sat, Think-ing

kiss my Pa and Ma, a doz-en times for ev'-ry star, Shin-ing

of the folks down home who think of me. That is

o-ver Al-a-ba- ma's newmown hay. I'll be

why you'll hear me sing-ing mer-ri-ly; When that

grad e-nough to throw my-self a-way.
When The Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves For Alabam'
When 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 sweet-er than julep, when you wore that tulip and
I wore a big red rose.
When You’re A Million Miles From Nowhere

WALTER DONALDSON - 1919

CTREBLE

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.
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 till Friday, but
Saturday night it was shut.

Verse

Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?

Young/Lewis/Meyer - 1916
Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?

Where did Robin - son Crus - oe go? With Fri - day on Sat - ur day night?

Then on Sun - day morn - ing they'd come stag - ger - ing home. On this

is - land lived wild men in can - ni - bal trim - min' and

where there are wild men there must be wild wom - men, so

Where did Robin - son Crus - oe go? With Fri - day on Sat - ur day night?
We're poor little lambs who have lost our way.

Baa! Baa! 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!
WHISPERING

Whispering while you cuddle near me,

Whispering so no one can hear me,

Each little whisper seems to cheer me,

I know it's true, there's no one dear, but you, You're whispering why you'll never leave me,

Whispering why you'll never grieve me,

Whisper and say that you believe me,

Whispering that I love you.
Wild Cherries Rag

Ted Snyder - 1909

C TREBLE

[A] C E7 Am Em F A7 Dm

5 G7 C Cº C G7 C G7 C

9 C E7 Am Em F A7 Dm

13 G7 C Cº C G7 C G7 C

B

17 A7 Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm

21 G7 C G7 C G7 C

25 A7 Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm

29 F C G7 C
Wild Cherries Rag

Bass Solo - Stop Time

D.S Back to "C" al Coda
The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise

Eugene Lockhart & Ernest Seity - 1919

Dear one, the world is waiting for the sunrise,

Every rose is heavy with dew. The thrush on high,

Sleepy mate is calling,

And my heart is calling you.
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,

Some big Yarna 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 Yama man, Ter- ri- ble eyes and a long bo- ney hand.

If you don’t watch out he’ll get you without a doubt, If he can!

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

Run to your Ma- ma cuz’ here comes the Yama Ya- ma man!
E'er since Miss Susan John son lost her Jockey Lee, There has been much excitement, Yellow Dog District like a book, Indeed I know the route that

more to be: You can hear her moaning night and morn. Rider took. Every cross tie bayou, burg and bog.

Wonder where my Easy Rider's gone? Way down where the Southern cross the Dog.

Cable grams come of sympathy Telephone grams go of inquiry Money don't exactly grow on trees, On cotton stalks it grows with ease No

Letters come from down in "Bam" And every where that Uncle Sam race horse, race track no grand stand Is like Old Back an' Buck-shot land.

Has even a rural delivery All day the Down where the Southern cross the Dog. Every
Yellow Dog Blues

Phone rings But it's not for me,
A cabaret,
But it's not for me.

F C7 F
At last good tidings,
Down where the boll we'll works

G C G7 C7
Fill our hearts with glee,
This message comes,
This Yellow Dog Blues

D7
While the farmers play.

G F C G7 C7
From Tennessee.
Dear Sue your

D7
The livelong day.

D D D
Easy Rider struck this burg today.
On a south bound rattler

Bb7 F F7 Bb Bdim F
Side door Pullman car.
Seen him here and he was on the

F C7 F Ab7 Bb Bdim F F7
Hog.
Easy Rider's got a stay away, so he

Bb7
Had to vamp it but the hike ain't far.
He's

C7
Gone where the Southern cross the Yellow Dog.

Solo at D
Daddy dear listen here your mamma's feelin' blue.

I don't see much of you, and that will never do.

Once a week Mama's cheek Needs a kiss or two.

I'm not showin' you the door but I must lay down the law. You've got to see Mama ev'ry night, Or you can't see Mama at all. You've got to kiss Mama, Treat her right, Or she won't be home when you call.

If you want my company, You can't fifty fifty me. You've got to see Mama ev'ry night, Or you can't see Mama at all.
You’ve Got To See Your Mama Everynight

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-pa-ny you’ve got to

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

I don’t want the kind of man who gives his love on the in-stal-ment plan you’ve got to

see your ma-ma ev-er-y night or you can’t see your ma-ma at all