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.

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

Fake Book 1
pre 1923
ver. 1.1

† C Treble
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12TH STREET RAG

Euday L. Bowman - 1914

C TREBLE

Flat 5th

5

A
Eb

9

Bb7

13

Eb

17

F7

21

Bb7

25

Bb7

29

Eb

33

Eb

37

A
Eb

Standard Doo Wack-a-doo chorus

Back to top with intro

Etc
A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

Music:

A Good Man is Hard to Find

Words:

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 morn' in' kiss him ev'ry night give him plenty love in' treat him right cuz a

good man nowadays is hard to find, so hard to find.
In the land of Afghanistan,
There’s a Hindu maid and a man.

She swore by the stars above 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.

William Wilander & Harry Donelly - 1920
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

ba-by'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 dearest pal you've ever had.  
There'll come a time  

now don't forget it.  
There'll come a time, when you'll regret it.  
Some day  

When you grow lonely  
Your heart will break like mine and you'll want me only  

After you've gone.  
After you've gone Away.  

Solos at "B"
CTREBLE

AFTER THE BALL

Charles K Harris - 1891
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, 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!

But when you go struttin', Do your struttin' round my way. So papa,

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 stead-ly 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
Albert von Tilzer 1919

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 Mr. 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, 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
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 coming back again.
tell me when you’re comin’ back again.
Oh, ma hon-ey, Oh, ma hon-ey, Bet-ter hur-ry and let’s me-an-der, Ain’t you go-in’, Ain’t you go-in’ notes that screech-es, Like a chick-en, Like a chick-en,

To the lead-er man, rag-gedme-terman? Oh, ma hon-ey, And the clar i-net is a col-ored pet, Come and lis-ten,

Oh, ma hon-ey, Let me take you to Al-ex-an-der’s 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.
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

All the girls go crazy 'bout the way that I walk, The way that I walk,
on their knees say-in' "Ba - by," Sayin' "Ba - by," -

Hone-y'bout the way I walk, Yes, all the girls go
craz-y'bout the way I walk, Yes, they fall on their
craz-y'bout the way that walk, 'Bout the way that I walk,
knees plead-in' "Ba - by," Say - in' "Ba - by,"

Hone-y'bout the way I walk They fall
Craz-y'bout the way I walk On to 'C' after last solo:
The Girls go Crazy 'bout the Way I Walk

C Treble

Chorus: 1st Time Soft:

C Eb

F7 Bb Bb7 Eb

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

Twas through grace that taught my heart to fear, And through many dangers toils and snares, we saved a wretch like me.

I have all ready come. How T'was once lost but now am found, was precious did that grace appear, the grace that brought us safe thus far, and blind but now I see.

Dm
Alabama Jubilee

George Cobb - 1915

C TREBLE  \( j = 160 \)

Man\-do\-lins, 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\'-o-ry 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\'s toe, Eb Threw\-way his cane and hol-ed\"Let her \( \text{Eb} \) 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 Mammy how to use a frying pan. They made it twice as nice as Paradise, And they called it Dixie-land.
Any Time

An-ny time you're feeling lonely, An-ny time you're feeling blue, An-ny time you're feeling downhearted, That will prove your love for me is true. An-ny time you're thinking 'bout me, That's the time I'll be-thinking of you, So an-ny time you say you want me back a-gain, that's the time I'll come back home to you.________ An-ny 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, because 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 listen for his song, when ever April showers come along.
AT A GEORGIA CAMP MEETING

C TREBLE

2 BARS UNISON W/ CLARINET TRILL

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 merry crowd that came to witness the show. And I must confess to you, There were many there I knew. At the
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

\[ J = 180 \]

\[ A \quad Gm \]

\[ Bb \quad G7 \quad C7 \quad F7 \]

\[ Gm \]

\[ C7 \quad F7 \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \quad F7 \]

\[ Bb \quad G7 \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \quad F7 \]

\[ E^b \quad Edim \]

\[ Bb \quad G7 \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \]

\[ G7 \]
Old deacon Splivin', His flock was givin' the way of livin' right.

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

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-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.

Dream of her and Avalon from dusk till dawn. And so I think I’ll travel on to Avalon.
Go-in' back to Storyville, that's where I long to be,

Ain't no time to ask me why. Ev'rything 'bout Storyville is just a part of me, Since I was just this high. Go-in' back to ol' Desire, I know my way a-round, Friends I know will shake my hand.

Nothin' changes on Desire, that street of my home town, the street where I'll take my stand. There's a
ca-fe-called "The Pup" that's nev-er-shut, so you can
drop a round most any-time you choose. There's a
la-dy tailored-up in some-thin' cut low, she
rolls the ol' pi-an-o with the"Jel-ly-Roll Blues". Goin'
back to Sto-ry-ville, I'm gon-na' take my horn, my nif-ty suit, my brush and comb.
Oh I just can't wait un-til I'm back where I was born,
My Sto-ry-ville, 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 telegraph 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, 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
It's being done at all the cabarets, All society

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:
Ballin' The Jack

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".

Solos at "C"
You'll see pretty Browns in beautiful gowns. You'll see
see Hog-Nose rest'rans and Chit-lin Ca-fe'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 clos - es 'til some-
Now just a sham._ You'll see Gold - en balls e - nough to pave the nev - er 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 Je - ru- sa - lem. If
rather be here, Than any place I know. I'd
go in' 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
go in' 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
Bluin' The Blues

Henry Ragas 1918

C TREBLE

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There are Blues that you get from worry.
There are Blues that you get when single.
There are Blues that you get from sweet.
When she phones you get Ebdim from when Gm is longing.

And there are Blues when you're lonely. For blues, Ebdim, and CM.
And there are Blues when you're lonely. For blues, Ebdim, and CM.
And there are Blues when your honey spends your one and only. The blues Cm spend.
And there are Blues when she tells you a lie. The blues Cm spend.

Blues that you get from longing. But the blue-est Blues that be F7.
Blues that you get from longing. To hold someone on your knee C7.
Blues that you get when married. Wishing that you could be free.

Are the sort of blues that's on my mind. They're the very mean-est kind.
But the kind of Blues that always stabs, Come from hiring, tax-i cabs.
But the kind of Blues that's good and blue, Comes from having wine for two.
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.
CTREBLE

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, Roses bloom-ing all a-round 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, Under-neath the sil-v'ry moon. By the
more." Act two, all through, Ev-r'y 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.
Careless Love

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, never passes by.
Chicago

Fred Fisher - 1922

Sung by Fred Fisher

Chicago, Chicago, That toddlin' town,

Chicago, Chicago, I'll show you around,

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,

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 oth- er eye.

Starts to wink his dream-y eye,

La- zi- ly you'll hear him sigh:

Chinatown, My Chinatown

Jean Schwartz & William Jerome - 1906
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.
China Boy

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.
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.
C Cleopatra Had A Jazz Band

Jack Coogan & Jimmy Morgan - 1917

His- to- ry re- peats it- self, So the wise men say. I be-
lieve they're right be- cause last night I heard pecu- liar mus- ic play.

In a dream it takes me back two thou- sand years a- go. Which

on- ly goes to prove that Egyp- tians were not slow. Cle- o- pa- tra had a
Cleopatra Had A Jazz Band

In her castle on the Nile. Ev'ry night she gave a jazz dance, In her queer Egyptian style. She won Marc Antony, With her syncopated harmony. And while they played, She swayed. She knew she had him all the while. In the shadow of the pyramids, 'Neath the old Egyptian moon, A Sphinx was looking on and said: "There'll be a wedding soon". But the real historic scandal, was Cleo lost her sandal as she danced to the strains of the Egyptian jazz band tune.
My Creole Belle

When stars shine
Belle I love her well
My little darling
my Creole Belle

My Creole belle
When stars shine
I'll call her mine,
my little darling
my Creole Belle.

Solos at "C": Out Chorus use melody from "A."
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 sirenian.

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-i-ental,

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 chil-dren-of the Or-i-ent.

Oh, sweet Dar-da-nel-la, My star of love di-vine.
C TREBLE

_DARKTOWN STRUTTER’S BALL_  
SHELDON BROOKS - 1917

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

"highbrows" will be there. I’ll wear my high silk hat and a frock tail 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”.

4 F7 F7 F7 Eb7 D7

5 Gm C7 F7 Bb Bbø F7

11 D7 Gm F F+7

14 Dm F7 Gm C7 F7
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
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 Southland, I
Dear Old Suthland, for
hear you calling to me. And I
you my heart is yearning. And I
long, how I long to roam back
long just to see once more the

to my old Kentucky home.

land I love that Swannee shore.
Down Among the Sheltering Palms

Down among the sheltering palms, 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.
Gonna lay down my sword and shield down by the riverside,
down by the riverside, Down by the riverside. Gonna
lay down my sword and shield down by the riverside down by the
riv - er side. Ain't gon - na stu - dy war no more I ain't gon - na
stu - dy war no more I ain't gon - na stu - dy that war no more
I ain't gon - na stu - dy war no more I ain't gon - na stu - dy war no
more you know I'll stu - dy war no more.

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,
Jungle, Jungle, Jungle land,
Where they play upon the sand,
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 thru 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, 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

Gm A7 A7♭5 D7

D A7 D A7 F C7 F7 F7+

Down in jungle town, A honey-moon is coming soon.
Then you'll hear a serenade, To a pretty monkey maid.
When that chimpanzee up in the tree,
Sings that melody.
I'll be true to my monkey doodle-doo
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, Hon-ey, let's go down to Hon-ky Ton-ky Town,
it's un-derneath the ground, where all the fun is found.
There'll be sing-ing wait-ers, sing-ing syn-co-pa-ters,
danc-in' to pi-a-no played by Mis-ter Brown.
He plays pi-a-no queer, He on-ly plays by ear,
You want to stay a year, The mu-sic that you hear, would
ev-en start a mon-key, danc-ing with a don-key,
Down in Hon-key Ton-ky Town.
Rail-road train, Rail-road 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,
Some-one beck-ons to me.

I seem to see a race in mem-o-ry.
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-

Wait-in’ down yon-der or me.
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.
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 Orleans.

but the only Ca-jun I can say is Laissez les bon temps roulez!

I love to hear that clarinet burn and hear them trombone

So let the good times roll my friends, and let the music

gliss - es I'd like to sing French when I

play. Tomorrow may never

take my turn but that ain't the kinda band that this is Eh la

come to be, so let's love it up today Eh la
Solos Begin Here first time

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

Tag

pp

f
Fidgety Feet

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1918

C TREBLE

F7

B♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭ B♭ F7

AA AA

B♭ B♭ C7 F7

9

B♭ B♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭ B♭

13

B♭ C7 F7 B♭ B♭ B♭7

17

E♭ G7 A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭ C7

22

Stop time - 4 bars

F7

28

F7

33

E♭ B♭7 E♭ C7 F7 B♭7 E♭ E♭
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 Mc Graw,

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.

Danny smiled, like a child,

But then his wife's eyes grew very wild!

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

this is what Danny replied:

D.S. to "A"

I've been
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 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 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.
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
Frank-ie went down to the cor-ner, Just for a buck-et of beer. She
swore to be true to each oth-er, Just as true as the stars a- bove.
said to the fat bar- ten- der, "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".
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 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' 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.
Now you've let's say the elevator person should forget to close the door, 
And one will ask you a foolish question but expect a sensible reply 
Like when you take your girl some candy Say just after tea 
You know that fool will come up to you and ask "Are you gonna shave?"

Foolish Questions

1915
Foolish Questions

21

Foolish question no doubt you reply No it's for your
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

26

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 shav-
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
ing brush and paint myself up this way.
gi-nal he would have wanted it that way.
of time coming down this way.

30

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

35

just returning from the funeral of dear old brother

40

Dm

44

Dm

47

Dm

Ned And as you're ringing out your hankie he'll ask "Is Ned dead?"

Back To "B"
C TREBLE

GRIZZLY BEAR RAG

George Botsford - 1910

F D7
G7
C7
F

F C7
F

AA AA
5

F C
D7 G7
C7
9

F C7
F
13

F D7
G7
C7
F
17

C7 F

21

BB BB

25

C7

29

C7

33

Bb

8º

F C7

Fine
Grizzly Bear Rag

Stop time as Marked

Back to "B" - Play to Fine
He May Be Your Man
(BUT HE COMES TO SEE ME SOMETIMES)

Lemuel Fowler - 1922

Min-nie Lee from Tennes-see was known to be quite rough.
Lu-dy Green was some l'il queen, and jeal-ous as could be.

An-y-time and an-y-where She would al-ways stru-ther stuff. Now
When her man went out at night They would al-ways dis-a-gree. Down

Sadie Snow, she had a beau she loved him night and day.
at the ball, at Moon-shine Hall, where ev'-ry-bod-y'd go,

Un-til Min-nie shook a shim-my and stole his heart a-way.
Was Miss Min-nie, drink'in' plen-ty and hug-gin' Lu-dy's beau.

Poor Sadie near-ly dies, but Min-nie only sighed, then I heard her say: He
Lu-dy was mad as well, Min-nie said "I will tell you now so you'll know"
He May Be Your Man

25

Eb   F7   Bb7   Eb   Eb7
may be your man but he comes to see me—sometimes.

29

Ab   Ab7   Bb7   Eb   Ab7   Eb
And when he’s with you he’s always got me on his mind.

33

G7   Cm
ain’t no vampire that is true, But I can cert’nly take you man from you.

37

Bb7   Eb   Bb7   Eb
My wicked smile, My wicked walk, I’ve got the kind of eyes that seem to talk, It’s

41

C   Eb   F7   Bb7   Eb   Eb7
no need of cry-in’ and it’s no use to weep and mourn.

45

Ab   G7
I love you man and I’m gonna take him for my own, my own.

49

C7   F7
I don’t mean, to be so bold, but I just want, to get you told, He

53

Eb   F7   Bb7   Eb   Ab7   Eb   Bb7
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 wife 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 blowed 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-crasi-
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-lone
to grieve and pine, My best friend’s gone a-way, He’s gone and
left me The Hes-i-ta-ting Blues.
Hindustan

Oliver Wallace & Harold Weeks 1918

\[ \text{C TREBLE} \]

\[ \text{Hindustan, where we} \]

\[ \text{stopped to rest our tired caravan,} \]

\[ \text{Hindustan, where the} \]

\[ \text{painted peacock proudly spreads his fan} \]

\[ \text{Hindustan, where the} \]

\[ \text{purple sunbird flashed across the sand,} \]

\[ \text{Hindustan, where I} \]

\[ \text{met her and the world began} \]
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, un - til he's through. He can be

proud, They're cu - ckoo too. his musi - c's

Stop Time

rare you must de - clare you know the

boy is there, with two hot lips.

[SOLOS AT "B"]
Little Willy Green, from New Orleans, a greedy boy was he.

His sister Til ly 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 ain’t gon na give no body none of my Tootsie Roll. (Toot sic Roll). I ain’t gon na 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)
Mom dy told me to day, Just be fore he went a way, If I'd
Dad 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 and joy! You
If I'd be a good lit tle girl, She might put my hair in curls! 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. 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!
I love to see the fellows happy all the while.

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

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

C TREBLE

I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody

C G G+ G6 F6 E7

A7 D7 G

C Cm G F7 E7

A7 A7 D7 D7

G7 G7 G7 G7

C C Cm Cm

G G+ G6 F6 E7

A7 D7 G

1920

I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody

C G G+ G6 F6 E7

A7 D7 G

C Cm G F7 E7

A7 A7 D7 D7

G7 G7 G7 G7

C C Cm Cm

G G+ G6 F6 E7

A7 D7 G
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, every one 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. I

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.
Every 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

eb trombone, all

sfz sfz sfz

I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate
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 silv'ry moonlight, of love we'll whisper, so soft and low.

Seems tho', can't live without you,

Listen Oh, Honey do!

Ida, I idolize ya, I love you Ida, 'deed I 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

Again I seem to be, Back home a-
gain in Indiana

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.

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. A
garden of Eden just made for two, With nothing to mar our joy.

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.
Ja Da

That's a funny little bit of melody, It's so soothing and appealing to me, It goes

Jing, Oh yeah! Ja-da Ja-da Jing, Jing!
Jazz Baby

M.K. Jerome & Blanche Merrill - 1918

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 jazzy 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 jazzy bo harmony. That

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

motor like 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 "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 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

Solos at "D"

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 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 -
The Jazz Me Blues

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.
Stop Time Banjo Solo - 7 beats

Ensemble

Trombone Solo

3 Beats

Stop Time 3 bars - ad lib breaks

F7 C7 F7 Bb Bb7 E7 E7 Bb F7

Jelly Roll Blues

Jelly Roll Morton - 1905

CTREBLE
JELLY ROLL BLUES

STOP TIME 3 BARS - AD LIB BREAKS

33

A 4 BAR INTERLUDE - CLARINET TRILL, DRUM ROLL

45

49

53

55

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 anew.

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

Soon we'll take our heav'nly journey, Be at home again with friends.

Just a little more hard trouble In this low and sinful state. Then we'll all go marching over there.

Heaven's gates are standing open, Waiting for our entrance. Some sweet day we'll all go over,

Marching thru the Pearl'y Gate. All the beauties there to share.
King Chanticleer

NAT D AYER & SEYMOUR BROWN, 1910

CTREBLE

A Cm  B+ Cm/Bb Cm/A  A♭  Cm/G

A♭/G♭  Cm/G  D7  G7

Cm  Cm  D7  G7

Play cues 1x for repeat:

4  [Cm  B+  Cm/Bb  Cm/A  A♭  Cm/G]

[Ab7/G♭  Cm/G  D7  G7]

[4-5]

9  G  D7  G

[9-15]

15  D7  G

[15-19]

19  D7  D7  D7♭  G7

[19-25]

25  C  Cm  B+  Cm/Bb  Cm/A  A♭  Cm/G

[Ab7/G♭  Cm/G  D7  G7]

[25-28]

28
CHORUS:

TROMBONE SOLO - 16 BARS

Solos at "E:"
LASSUS TROMBONE

Henry Filmore - 1915

Solos Here

After Solos Play "A" once
Limehouse Blues

In Limehouse Where yellow Chinkies 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:
Limehouse Blues

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 chinkies__ those sad Ch'na blues__ Rings on your fingers and

Rings on your fingers and tears for your crown, That is the story of old Ch'na 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 hon- ey lis ten 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 sta-ble blues.

Oh, law-dy- me, I've lost my pep com-plete,

I'se'wine back to my Al-a- bam-a ba-by, she prom-ised 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!
Harmonize

Break: 3 Bars

Clarinet Break

Cornet "Horse Whinny"

A♭

Trombone

1 X Only - Trombone

Solos

---

Back to 'B' - Take CODA:
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.

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 ev'ning late. But

Dog-gone bloodhounds lost his scent, Now no-bod-y knows where Long John went. He was out on the ocean John escaped, The guard forgot to close the Golden gate. John's

Long Gone from Ken- tuck-y, Long Gone, Ain't he luck-y.
Long Gone from San Quen- tin,- Long Gone and still a' sprint-in'.

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 about a man I know:
Then here's my warnin' 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 Who wouldn't throw her daddy down
If Lovin' Sam gives her the grin Then you is out and Sam is in!

To be the bride of this colored Romeo. People
And in the mornin' your lovin' ma-ma's gone!
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 ba-bies cry for you like ba-bies 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 ver-
an-da with some sort of cling-ing vine, Then a
kit-chen where some ramb-ler roses twine. Then a
small room, tea set of blue. Best of
all room, dream room for two. Bet-
ter than a pal-ace with a gild-ed dome, is a
love nest, You can call home.
Ma He's Making Eyes At Me

Con Conrad - 1921

Little Lily was oh! So silly and shy, And all the fellows knew, She wouldn't bill and coo.

Every 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.

Every minute he gets bolder, Now he's leaning Me, I'm meeting with resistance I shall hold 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 any 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 Man dy, there's a minister hand y, 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 and let the wed ding chimes bring happy times far Man dy 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
Margie,
You've been my inspiration,
Days are never blue.

All is said and done, There is really only one, Oh!

Margie, Margie it's you. "My little
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 mommy’s knee; The old folks were hummin’, their banjos were strummin’ so-o 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-by 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’ that same old refrain. Way down in Missouri, where I learned this lullaby, when the stars were blink-in’ and the moon was climb-in’ high, and I hear Mom-my Chloe, as in days long ago, sing-in’ "Hush a bye."
My Daddy Rocks Me

I've got a Sweetie, 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 rocking melody. My baby

rocks me with one steady roll. My baby
My Daddy Rocks Me

21  Fm  Fm7/Eb  D7b  C7  Fm/C  C7  Fm/c  C7  
  rocks me with all his heart and soul.

25  Fm  Gm7  C7  Fm  Fm7/Eb  Dº  Bb7/Db  
  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 charns,  I'm sitting pretty when I'm
  Most ev'ry evening at half past nine,  We get together and the
  Talk a-bout row-boats and birch canoes,  You need a chair to rock a-

28  C7  Gm7/D  C7/E  Fm  Fm/Eb  Fm/Db  C7  
  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
glove?____ 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 Fol- lies,

Oh, by Jingo said, by Gosh, by Gee.___ "By Jiminy, Please don’t both-er

me."____ So they all went a way sing ing Oh! By Gee, By Gosh by Gum, by

Juv, by Jingo, By Gee, you’re the only girl for me.
C TREBLE

OH!

BYRON GAY/ARNOLD JOHNSON - 1919

F7

Bb

F7

Bb

F7

Bb

F7

Bb

F7

Bb

F7

Bb

F7

Bb

F7

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

George Bernard - 1913
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.
Dry's Creole Trombone
C TREBLE

39
\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Bb} \]

44
\[ \text{Bb} \quad \text{C#} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \]

49
\[ \text{C7} \quad \text{F7} \]

55
\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{Trombone Solo} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{C7} \]

60
\[ \text{Trombone Solo} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{2} \quad \text{F7} \]

67
\[ \text{Solos} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F7} \]

73
\[ \text{Bb} \quad \text{C#} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \]

79
\[ \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \]

83
\[ \text{TAG} \quad \text{Trombone} \quad \text{After last solo play 'D' to end and then TAG} \]

C TREBLE
Ostrich Walk

Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1918

Stop Time 4 bars

Trombone

Cornet

Clarinet

Trombone
**C TREBLE**

**Over The Waves**

\[ \text{F7} \]

\[ 10 \text{ F7} \]

\[ 19 \text{ Bb} \]

\[ 26 \text{ Eb} \]

\[ 33 \text{ Eb} \]

\[ 41 \text{ Bb7} \]

\[ 49 \text{ Eb} \]

\[ 57 \text{ Ab} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

\[ \text{Gb7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Gb7} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

\[ \text{F7} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

\[ \text{Gb} \]

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\[ \text{Gb} \]
Poor Butterfly

Poor Butterfly 'neath the blossoms waiting Poor Butterfly

C+7

fly for she loved him so. The moments

G7

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

C7

smiles thru her tears She murmurs low, The moon and

F9

I know that he be faithful I'm sure he

Bb7

come to me by and by But if

C+7

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

Bb7

die Poor Butterfly
Everybody 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.
RIVERSIDE BLUES

Thomas A. Dorsey & Richard M. Jones

1. Everybody plays this figure behind clarinet lead

2. 2 bar unison break

3. 2 bar clarinet break

4. Play 2 bar unison on out-chorus

5. Solos at "C"
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 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- Dixon 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 your knee.

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

Roses are flowing 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,

Pining to be sweetly reclining, Somewhere in

Rose-land Beside a beautiful rose.
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.

Butterfly flew to the garden, from out of the blue sky above, the heart of the rose set aflutter,
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 sparkle with dew my Rose of Washington Square.
Rufe Johnson's Harmony Band

When 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 'Mancipation Day,
The people say:

Old Rufe can't read a note,
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 trombone moan-ing, hear it groan-ing,

Listen to that old cornet, It's played by that leader man. He's got a world wide reputation For playing syncopation;

Old Rufus Johnson's Harmony Band
Runnin' Wild

Verse

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 running wild, til the worm had to turn, that's the reason I'm running 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

Stop time - Play downbeats 4 bars

Cornet
Clarinet
Trombone - ad lib 2 bars

Back to "D" for solos
CTREBLE

**Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay**

_Havez - Batsford - 1913_

_Come on Nancy put your best dress on, Come on Nancy' fore the steam-boat's gone._

_Everything is lovely on the Chesapeake Bay._

_All a-board 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 ring-in' a good old tune, Up on deck there's a place to spoon._

_Settle down close 'neath the silvery moon, A Sailin' down Chesapeake, All a-board for Chesapeake, Sailin' down Chesapeake Bay._

No Repeat 1st Time
'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 One day the queen came home,
Sat on the shore at Bulamay.
Saw San in sadness on the shore,
Sing a sad refrain
Told him she'd no more roam.

To his dear queen who'd gone away.
On only her San she would a way.
This was his lay:
Then came his lore:
Oh, sweet-heart Lona,
My darling Lona,
Why have you gone away?
Have you come back to stay?
You said you loved me,
But if you loved me
I knew you loved me,
Why did you act this way?
I knew you’d come some day.
If I had ever been untrue 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 again to San.
And you’re forgiven by your loving San.
Father has a business, strictly second hand, everything 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,
Second hand shoes, second hand hose,

That's why they call me second Hand Rose.
All the girls hand me their second hand beaux.

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

Father bought for ten cents on the dollar.
Have somebody else's 'nitials 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 girlies do.

Once while strolling thru the Ritz a girl got my goat,
She

had the nerve to tell me he's been married before!
nudged her friend and said "Oh look! There's my old fur coat!"

 Everyone knows, that I'm just Second Hand Rose,
From
Everyone knows, that I'm just Second Hand Rose,
From

Second Avenue. I'm wearing
Second Avenue.
Shake It & Break It

Artie Matthews - 1915

F7

Clarinet Break: 2 bars
Shake It & Break It

Play "D" AS WRITTEN - REPEAT FOR SOLOS

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

Break: 2 bars
CTREBLE

The Sheik of Araby

\( \text{Cm7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Gb7} \) \( \text{C7} \) \( \text{F7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Cm7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Cm7} \)

O - ver the des - ert wild and free_____

\( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Gb7} \) \( \text{C7} \) \( \text{F7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Cm7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Cm7} \)

Rides the bold Sheik of Ar - a - by

\( \text{Ebm} \) \( \text{Ebm} \) \( \text{Ebm} \) \( \text{Ebm} \)

His ar - ab band At his com - mand

\( \text{F} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{F} \)

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

\( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Gb7} \) \( \text{C7} \) \( \text{F7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Cm7} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{Cm7} \)

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

\( \text{F} \) \( \text{C7} \) \( \text{F7} \) \( \text{F7} \)

He sings to call her to his arms.______ I'm the
The Sheik of Araby

CTREBLE

25 A Gb

Sheik of Ar - a - by

29 F7

Your love be - longs to me

In -

33 Dm Dbdim

to your tent I'll creep

At

37 Cm F7 F+

night when you're a - sleep

The

41 Gb Gb Dbdim Cm Cm

stars that shine a - bove

will

45 F7 D+ D7 D+ D7

light our way to love

you'll

49 G G C7 C7

rule this land with me

the

53 F7 F7 Gb Gb

Sheik of Ar - a - by
Skeleton Jangle

37 C7  F7

41 Bb7  Eb7  Ab

45 C7  F7

49 Bb7  Eb7  Ab

53 C7  F7

57 Bb7  Eb7  Ab  A\^7  Eb7/Bb

61 C7  F7

65 Bb7  Eb7  Ab  Eb7  Ab  Eb7  Ab
Sobbin' Blues
Kassel and Berton - 1922

C TREBLE

\[ j = 164 \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{Sobbin' Blues} \]

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

Swing

\[ \text{Sobbin' Blues} \]
Sobbin' Blues

Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written. Horns harmonize melody - 3 bars.

Swing

Repeat only for solos

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

C7 G7 Cm G7
Some of these days your gonna miss me honey.

G7 Cm Cm Fm C7 F7
you'll feel so lonely, you'll miss my huggin' you'll miss my kissin'

F7 F7 F7 Bb7 Bb7 Eb7
you'll miss me honey when you're away. You'll be so lonely

Eb7 Ab Ab C7 C7 Fm
just for me only, cuz you know honey you always got your way.

Fm Ab Adim Eb
And when you leave me I know you'll grieve me

C7 F7 Bb7 Eb
you know you'll miss your baby oh some of these days.
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 goin' long for me someday, 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 wear-y 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 sweetheart.
Somebody Stole My Gal

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,

broken hearted, lonely some pal. Some body stole my gall!
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 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 It 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.
C TREBLE

\[ J = 195 \]

\[ \text{Stock Yard Strut} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Bb7} & \quad \text{Bb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} \\
\text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Eb7} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Bb7} & \quad \text{Bb7} \\
\text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} \\
\text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} \\
\text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Break} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Ddim} \\
\end{align*} \]
Stock Yard Strut

44  Ddim  Ab  F7  Bb7

48  Eb7  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab

53  Fm  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Adim  Eb7  Eb7

59  Eb7  Eb7  Eb7  Eb7  Eb7  Eb7

64  Eb7  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab

69  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Ab  Db

74  Db  Ddim  Ddim

78  F7  Bb7  Eb7  Ab  Ab  Eb7
St. Louis Blues

W.C. Handy 1914

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 nowhere, nowhere.
Oh,
I hate to see the evenin' sun go down.
I hate to see to morrow.
like I feel to day.
Feel to mor row.

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.
Strut Miss Lizzie

Turner Layton & Henry Creamer - 1921

Vocal to "C"

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 Sal-ly's pots and pans.

Cool your dogs we're com-in' thru, Get set for lenox Avenue. Won't you
The Storyville Blues

CTREBLE

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \]

\[ A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \]

\[ B^b_7 \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \]

\[ A^\flat \quad D^b \quad F^7 \quad B^b_7 \quad E^b_7 \]

\[ A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \]

\[ B^b_7 \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \]

\[ A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \]

\[ C \] \[ A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \quad A^\flat \quad A^\flat \quad F^7 \quad B^b_7 \quad E^b_7 \]

\[ \text{Drum Roll - Piano Roll - Sustained Bass} \]

\[ A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \]

\[ A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \quad A^\flat \quad E^b_7 \]

\[ \text{Tag} \]

\[ A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad A^\flat \quad D^b \quad A^\flat \quad A^b_7 \quad D^b \quad D^b_m \quad A^\flat \]

\[ \text{Back to 'B' for Solos} \]

\[ \text{RIT.} \]
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, though you are stumbling, I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite a little bit.
RHYTHM VAMP 4 BARS

5  Gm  Eb  Gm  D7

9  [A]  Gm  D7  Gm  Cm

13  Gm  D7  Gm  RHYTHM VAMP

17  Gm  D7  Gm  Cm

21  Gm  D7  Gm  D7  Gm

25  [B]  Gm  D7  Gm  Cm

29  Gm  D7  Gm  RHYTHM VAMP:

33  Gm  D7  Gm  G
Swanee

How I love you How I love you My dear old 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.
Taint Nothin Else But Jazz

Maceo Pinkard - 1921

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 wanna shake yo' 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 todlin'. Waltz-in' round is mighty 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,
After all, the way to do is do just as you please,

That folks don't criticize me
Regardless of their talkin'.

But I'm gonna' do just as I want to any way,
Often times the ones that talk will get down on their knees,

And don't care if they all despise me.
And beg your pardon for their squawkin'.

If I should take a notion To jump into the ocean,
If I dislike my lover And leave him for another,

'Tain't Nobody's Business 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 business 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, Honey",

'Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do.

If

I let my best companion Drive me right into the can-yon,
I give him my last nickel And it leaves me in a pick-ey,

'Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do.
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 gen-u-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 "Grizzly Bear".

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

dancin' 'til the sun comes up, In the lovin' land of jazz.
runnin' wild and livin' it up, In the lovin' land of jazz.
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 Dixie jazz!

Oh, just see ‘em swaying 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, Hon-ey! 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 ev-er known.

That Dixie jazz!

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

Lew Pollack / Ray Gilbert 1914

C TREBLE

222

Dmi

A7

5

Dmi

A7

9

Dmi

A7

13

A7

C7

F

F#º

17

[A] C7

F

F#º

21

C7

F

2 bar break

C7

26

C7

F

F7

Bb

Bº

30

F

D7

G7

C7

F

A7
That's A Plenty
That's A Plenty

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That Da Da Strain

Smith and Medina - 1922

Solos on "B"
Solo Break

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

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 dif'rent, 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.
CTREBLE

'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 dear-ie

Wedding bells will ring so merrily, Every tear will be a memory. So wait and pray each night for me, 'Til we meet again.
Tishomingo Blues

Oh Mis-si-sip-pi, Oh Mis-si-sip-pi, My heart cries out
To-night I'm Pray-in', To-night I'm say in', Oh Lord please bless the

you in sad-ness, I want to be where, the win-try winds don't blow,
train that takes me, To Tish-o-min-go way down old Dix-ie way,

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

go'in' to Tish-o-min-go be-cause I'm sad to-day. I wish to lin-ger,

way down old Dix-ie way. Oh my wea-ry 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 Mississippi, Among the cypress trees.
They get you dip-py, 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

(too 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.)
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 lovin' arms.

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home, let me lay there stay there never no more to roam.
Down in the jungles lived a maid, of royal blood though dusky shade.

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

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

Awaiting 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 a love a me,

One live as two, two live as one, under the bamboo tree.
Now listen honey 'bout a new dance craze, Been 'rig-i-na-ted for a-

You all were crazy 'bout the "Bun-ny Hug"... Most ev'ry bod-y was a

bout ten days... It's these, It's a bear!, And it's a new step a funny two step.

"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,_ You see them do-ing it, yes,

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 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 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 sitting 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 home-stead
I now can see, I had a girl was as sweet as could be,
Now every day I'm so lonesome it's misery.

Oh, those Wabash Blues I know I got my

dues. A lonesome soul am I, I
feel that I could die.

Can - dle 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 candle light is shining bright,

'Xpect to see the moon-shine on the Wa-bash any night,

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 prints t'ward the old home road a-gain.

But un-til that hap-pens here's the best that I can say:
The Way whis- down tles on C are the blow- lev- in', the smoke-stacks are show- in', The

Dad- dy and Mam- my, and Eph- riam and Sam- my, On a
ropes they are throw- in', ex- cuse me, I'm go- in' to the

moon light night you can find them all,

While they are wait- in', the ban- jos arc syn- co- pa- tin'.

What's that they're say- in'? What's that they're say- in'?
Have you been down there? Were you a- round there? If

While they keep play- in', hum- min' and sway- in', U's the
you ev- er go there you'll al- ways be found there, Why,

good ship Robert Lee that's come to
dog- gone, Here comes my ba- by on the
car- ry the cot- ton a- way.
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.

Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.
Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

C TREBLE

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 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, with those beautiful queens,

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

way down yonder in New Orleans.
When The Saints

I am just a weary pilgrim, plodding thru this land of sin;
Getting ready for that city,

Well I pray each day to heav’n, for the strength to help me win,
I want to be in that procession,

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.

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.
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 Ragtime Rosie Ragged the Rosary

Rag-time Ros- ie ragged the Ros- a- ry.

Then he turned a- round on- ly to see:

To that tune so sweet,

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

Rag-time two-step 'til that Par- son Lee,

List- nin' to that low- down mel- o- dy.

want you folks to know that this ain't no min- strel show

Rag- time Ro- sie ragged the ros- a- ry.
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 over- 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 many wear-y nights I sat, Think-ing
kiss my Pa and Ma, a dozen times for ev'-ry star, Shin-ing

of the folks down home who think of me. That is
over Al- a- ba-ma's newmown hay. I'll be

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

When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed me, what a

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

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 'til Friday, but
Saturday night it was shut.
And
Where did Robinson Crusoe go?

With Friday on Saturday night?

Every Saturday night they would start in to roam,

Then on Sunday morning they'd come stagger-ing home.

On this island lived wild men in can-ni-bal trim-min' and

Where there are wild men there must be wild wom-en, so

Where did Robinson Crusoe go? With Friday on Saturday night?

Solos at "B"
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 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

[A] C E7 Am Em F A7 Dm

G7 C E7 A‹ E‹ F A7 D‹ A

G7 C E7 A‹ E‹ F A7 D‹ A

G7 C E7 A‹ E‹ F A7 D‹ A

G7 C E7 A‹ E‹ F A7 D‹ A

B17 A7 Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm

G7 C G7 C

G7 C G7 C

G7 C G7 C

G7 C G7 C
Wild Cherries Rag

Bass Solo - Stop Time

D.S Back to "C" al Coda
Dear one, the world is waiting for the sunrise.

Every rose is heavy with dew. The thrush on high, His sleepy mate is calling.

And my heart is calling you.
Ev 'ry little tot at night is a fraid 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 side 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’ behind the chair, Read- y- to spring out at you un- a- ware!
Run to your Ma- ma cuz’ here comes the Ya- ma 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 'xactly grow on trees, On cotton stalks it grows with ease.

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
Phone rings But it's not for me, At last good tidings, Down where the boll we'll works

Kit chen there is a cabaret,

Fill our hearts with glee, This message comes, This Yellow Dog Blues

While the farmers play. from Tennessee.

From the live-long day. Dear Sue your

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.
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.
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

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 instal-ment plan you’ve got to

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