

SONG HITS OF
BOYLE WOOLFOLK'S
20th CENTURY WHIRL

THE REVUE EXTRAORDINARY



Book By
JOHN P. MULGREN

Songs By
BOYLE WOOLFOLK and
TED S. BARRON



**-WHEN THE JAZZ BAND PLAYS
ON THE RIVER NILE.**

My Lady Of The Nile.

METROPOLIS MUSIC CO - NEW YORK

When The Jazz Band Plays On The River Nile.

Words by
John Mulgrew &
Boyle Woolfolk.

Music by
Boyle Woolfolk.

Moderato.

Piano.

ff

p

Do you know that syn-co - pa - tion, — Which for years has ruled our
Each ev-'ning just at 'lev-en, — These — jaz mu - si - cians

Vamp.

p

na - tion — Has stretched it - self a - cross to dis - tant seas,
sev - en — Start tun - ing up to en - ter - tain the crowd,

— In that old Sa - har - ah "Des," — In the coun try of — the
— Each — par - rot that's a pet, — Im - i - tates the clar - i -

Fez ——— It's ev - en spread to E - gypt if — you please. ———
 net ——— And join in when the Jaz band plays out loud. ———

——— Would you be - lieve it if — I'd men - tion, That the Jazz-bands' queer in
 ——— Now when the trom-bone with it's slid - ing, Brought the li - ons out from

ven - tion, — Has ragged it - self — be - yond the riv - er Nile, ——
 hid - ing, — Such soc - ial li - ons made it a de - light, ——

——— In that land with mys - 'try la - den —— Each and ev - 'ry dus - ky
 ——— The — sax - a - phones low whin - ing —— Set the monkeys "mon - key

maid - en, ——— To hear a sax - a - phone would tramp a mile. ———
shin - ing?' ——— And all the fish were in the swim that night. ———

Chorus.

p-f

When that Jazz band plays on the riv - er Nile, All E - gypt's maids are

p-f

there in style, The old jinks Sphynx winks at maid - ens trim, He thinks they are rag - ging there

just for him, Oh they've learnt each kind of step we do, From "walk the dog" to

"hitch-y - coo;" They learn new ways when the Jazz band plays, Down on the riv-er Nile. —

Fine.

pp

The crock-a - dile comes up and then for-gets a-bout his cares, He lin-gers all the ev-'ning just to nev-er catch an ost-rich therefor ma-ny, ma-ny moons, He does-n't hide his head no more for

pp

hear those fun-ny airs, The pel - i - can then op-ens up his bill in wide sur-prise The fear he'll miss the tunes, That syn-co - pa - ted mu-sic turns the li - on to a lamb The

fish he saved for mid-night lunch all leave be-fore he's wise, They'll When that lamb gets so fer-oc-ious that he does-n't give a slam.

D. S. al Fine.