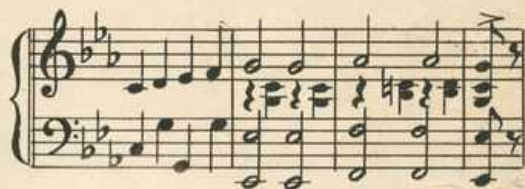
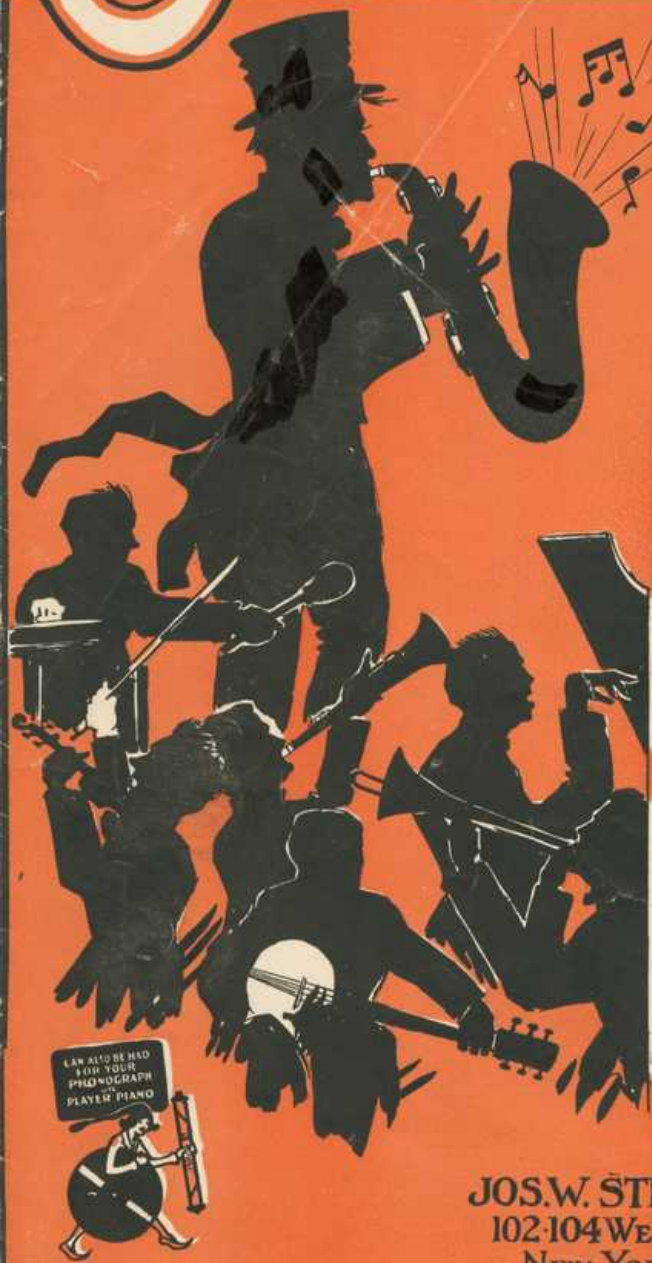


Old Man Jazz



AN ECCENTRIC
FOX-TROT SONG

BY

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102-104 WEST 38TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

Old Man Jazz

(An Eccentric Fox Trot Song)

By GENE QUAW

Moderato

Old Man Jazz has just ar -
Lis-ten to that moan-ing

rived in town,
Sax - o - phone,

Ev - 'ry lit - tle thing is up side down,
Hear that fel - low play that Slide Trom - bone,

Ev - ry bod - y's got a lot of pep, All the young and
Watch the bus - y Drum - mer throw his sticks, See the lit - tle

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old be - gin to his step No one cares a bit a - bout his
Fid - dler do his tricks Now the whole "She - bang" be - gins to

(Spoken)

rep mix Bring on the Band!
I'll say she's wild!

ff cresc. ff

Old Man Jazz, just wake'em up Old Man
Old Man Jazz, just treat em rough, Old Man

f:ff

Jazz, just shake'em up, Play a flock of wick-ed blues for Mar-y Ann and Jim - mie
Jazz, they like the stuff, Ev - 'ry time the band be-gins to play those fun - ny blue notes

They will start to shiv-er - ee and shake the shim-mie Old Man
 Ev-'ry bod - y in the hall will sway like "U" boats Old Man

Jazz, The mu-sic's great, Old Man Jazz, Don't hes-i-tate,
 Jazz, You've made a hit, Old Man Jazz, Don't dare to quit,

Ev-'ry bod - y likes to do the Razz - ma - Tazz, Old Man
 No one else can play a rag so pret - ty as Old Man

lh.

Jazz. Some Jazz! Old Man Jazz has gone a
 Jazz.

sfz *mf* *mf*

D.C.

way from town, That's why ev-ry bod-y

p

wears a frown. No more pretty rags or

pp

mean old blues, Bet-ter put a-way your danc-ing shoes, Guess he's gone a-

pp

(spoken)

way with Mis-ter Boozel! That's all there is!

pp dim.

pp