

THE RIVETER'S RAG

SONG

Lyric by
RICHARD COBURN
Music by
VINCENT ROSE



JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT

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Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

ff *p*

I saw the
Now ev-'ry

big-gest or-ches-tra the oth-er day— When they be-gan to play— it took my
morn-ing when— you hear the whis-tles blow— You'll have to' hur-ry so— you'll hear them

breath a-way— Ten thou-sand men all play-ing— The grand-est mus-ic ev-er heard in this old
start the show— No need of their re-hears-ing— Be-cause there's on-ly just one snap-py tune they

U S A— They on-ly use one in-stru-ment in this whole band. And there's no lead-er with— a ba-ton
have to know Their har-mo-ny is sure-ly pleas-in' to the ear— Yet if you're stand-ing near— some-times it's

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in his hand. Why they don't ev - en keep time. And yet the mel - o - dy is known thru - out the land -
 hard to hear. This or - ches - tra's been play - ing - This nois - y mel - o - dy for just a - bout a year -

CHORUS

They play a rag that's new - It will ap - peal to you - A might - y pleas - in' re - frain -

p ff

It's got a jazz - y sway - That car - ries you a - way - You'll want to hear it a - gain -

And when you've heard it thru - You'll zig - zag Rat - tat - tat Tat - tat - tat Rat - tat - tat Tat - tat - tat

Down at the ship yards It's call'd the Riv - et - er's Rag Rag *D.C.*