

THAT SHAKESPERIAN RAG

LYRIC BY
GENE BUCK
AND
HERMAN RUBY
MUSIC BY
DAVE STAMPER



That Shakespearian Rag.

Words by
GENE BUCK and HERMAN RUBY

Music by
DAVID STAMPER

Moderato

Not fast

"Friends, Rom - ans, Coun - try - men, I
"My King - dom for a horse, Was

come not here to praise," But lend an ear — and
what they used to say," It's diff - 'rent now, — you

you will hear A — rag, yes, a rag that is grand, and
will al - low, A — tune, play a tune, start to croon, soon,

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Bill Shakespeare nev-er knew Of rag-time in his days, But the
 "As you like it" Bru - tus, We'll play a rag to - day. Then old

high browed rhymes, Of his syn-co-pat-ed lines, You'll ad-mit, sure-ly fit, an - y
 Shy - lock danced, And the Moor, O - thel-lo pranced, Feel-ing gay, he would say, as he

song that's now a hit, So this rag, I sub - mit.
 start-ed in to sway, "Bring the rag, right a - way."

CHORUS. Not fast

That Shakes - pea - ri - an rag, — Most in - tel - li - gent, ve - ry

p-f

el- e-gant, That old clas-sic-al drag, Has the proper stuff, the line Lay

on Macduff," Des - de - mon - a was the col-ored pet,-

Ro - me - o _____ loved his Ju - li - et _____ And they were some

lov-ers, you can bet, _____ and yet, I know _____

— if they were here to - day, They'd Grizz -

- ly Bear in a diff'-rent way, And you'd hear old

Ham-let say, "To be or not to be," That —

— Shakespea-ri-an Rag. —