

THE NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN COMPANY PRESENTS

# THE RED BANDANNA RAG

WORDS BY

JEFF BRANEN

MUSIC BY

ARTHUR LANGE



AS INTRODUCED  
IN THE GREAT  
WINTER  
GARDEN  
SUCCESS  
"THE  
PASSING  
SHOW  
OF 1913"

BOOK & LYRICS BY  
HAROLD R. ATTERIDGE  
MUSIC BY  
AL W. BROWN

ARTIE MEHLINGER

JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO  
145 W. 45TH ST. NEW YORK



# The Red Bandanna Rag.

Words by  
Jeff. Branen.

Music by  
Arthur Lange.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked *f* and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a final chord.

The vamp section begins with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics: "Not so awf'-ly, awf'-ly long a - go," and "Mex-i - co was might-y good - to me,". The piano accompaniment is marked *Vamp.* and *mf* in the first system, and *p* in the second system. The melody in the right hand is a simple, repetitive pattern, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

The final section of the piece features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics: "Spent some years way down in Mex - i - co, One, two, three, four," and "Gave to me a wife and fam - i - ly, One, two, three, four,". The piano accompaniment continues the melody and bass line from the previous section, ending with a final chord.

May-be it's more, — May-be it's more, — Came up north a -  
 May-be some-more, — May-be some-more, — Wife's first hus-band

board a cat - tle train, Land-ed back in my old state\_ a - gain  
 fixed it up\_ for me, When he tried to fight a bull, — you see,

Dead broke, some joke, Gee! but was - n't I sore.  
 He died, she cried, "Good - bye Tor - e - a - dor."

**Chorus.**  
*Slower.*  
*p-f*  
 Some-day\_ I'm goin' to pack my red ban - dan -

na, I'm get - tin' might-y tired of In - di -

an - a, I love the land of

se - nor - i - tas, where kiss-es are the sweet-est, I'm goin' to shoot,

I'm goin' to shoot, shoot the bull in Mex-i-can-a; I'm goin' to count the

ties in that di-rec - - - tion, And then I'm goin' to

stop that in-sur-rec - - - tion, Some-where I'm goin' to

flag a train, — And beat it back a - gain, — To the land, to the

land, to the land, of the red ban-dan-na rag. rag.