

RAAGTIME MOSE'S OLDTIME
BOMBOSHAY

SONG

LYRIC BY
VAN AND SCHENCK

MUSIC BY
MALVIN M. FRANKLIN



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DETROIT

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.

NEW YORK

Ragtime Mose's Oldtime Bomboshay

SONG

Lyric by
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PIANO

Moderato

f

ff

fz

Vamp

mf

VOICE

Come on down_ to the southern end of this here town_ Wear your Sun-day go to
Hear that coon_ play the clar-i-net in min-or tune_ Lórd I love to hear that

p

meet-ing gown_ Swell your chest to-night you min-gle with the best_ Folks in town_
old trom-bone_ Sad-ly moan just lis-ten to that sax-o-phone_ Ain't it grand_

Are com-ing in from man-y miles a-round_ They're going to pick 'em up and lay 'em down_
It's bet-ter than Old A-lex-an-der's band_ But let us not for-get the one best bet_ The

at the sound_ of a real jazz band We'll all swing and sway At Mos-e's Bom-bo-shay
old cor-net_ The jazzband's greatest pet You can't help but sway When you hear them play

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CHORUS

All you dark - skin ba-bies grab a yel-low gal All you

mf-ff

high brown la-dies grab a yel-low pal Swing your la-dy to the left and to the right

fz

Do the Chemise round the floor with all your might Just see those dusk - y ba-bies go

fz

Oh! Side step Nig-gars let slow - foot Pete do the Pigeon Wing Look at his

(SPOKEN)

girl daw gone Aint she the pretty thing Coons check your razors at the door They don't cut up down

there no more At Rag-time Mos-es Old-time Bom-bo - shay - shay D.C.

ff *fz D.C.*