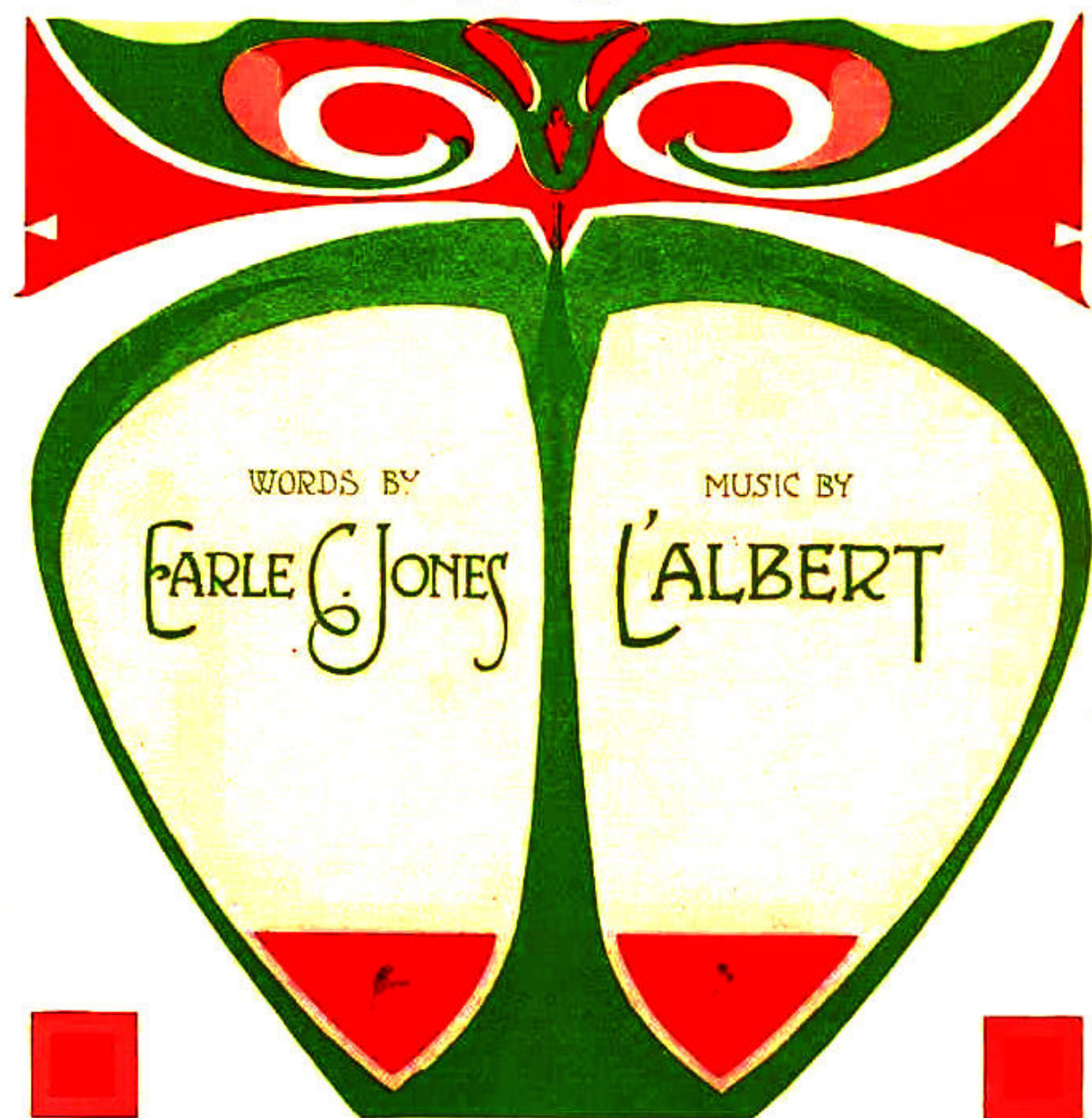


HONKA-TONK

RAG



JEROME H. REMICK & CO., NEW YORK - DETROIT

Honka-Tonk Rag

Words by
EARLE C. JONES

Music by
L' ALBERT



An-na-belle Jones, I'm sure get-tin' sore,
An-na-belle Jones, we heard Sou-sa's Band

Hear-in' you play that "Il Trov-a-tore;" It may be great, but
Play-in' that rag so lov-in' and grand, I had to yell: "Oh,

I've got to state, I hope you play it nev-er-more, And that's a long time, Hon-ey.
sweet An-na-belle!" I'd like to win your heart and hand, My heart's a big one, Hon-ey,

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a tempo

You on - ly tor - ture those iv - 'ry keys,
Yet you in - sist on Bach and Cho - pan,

Play - in' them "Palms" and sweet "Ros - a - ry's," Ren - der for me a
But they can't write for no col - ored man. Those tunes you play just

rag mel - o - dy, Oh, won't you, hon - ey, please!
turn my hair gray, I've stood it all I can.

Kind - ly play a lov - in' tune, Then you'll please your lov - in' coon.
An - na - belle right here we split, 'Less you play that rag - time hit.

f Both hands

CHORUS

Oh, Oh, Oh! Play that Honk-a-Tonk rag,

Oh, Oh, Oh! It's an old St. Lou-ie drag,

Play that Hu-la Hu-la, Boo-la Dance And the Fil-i-pi-no prance,

Oh, Oh, Oh! Play that Honk-a-Tonk rag. rag.