

"ROO-TI-TOOT"

ON YOUR RAGTIME FLUTE

WORDS BY
DAVE OPPENHEIM
MUSIC BY
JOE COOPER



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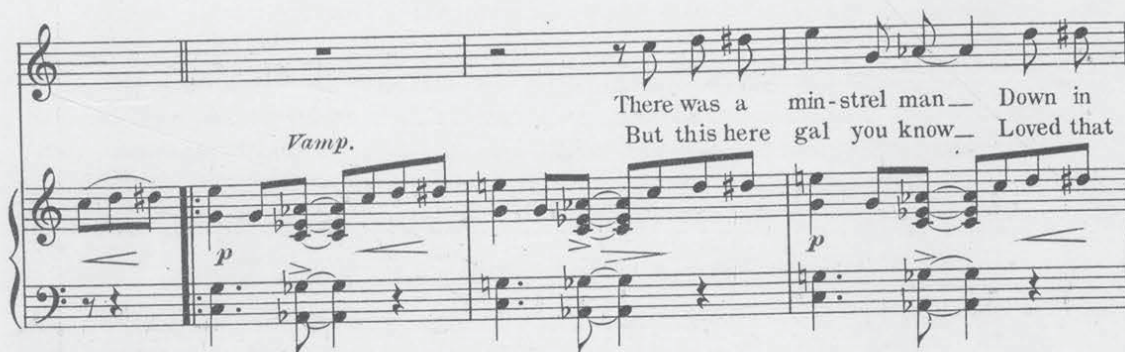
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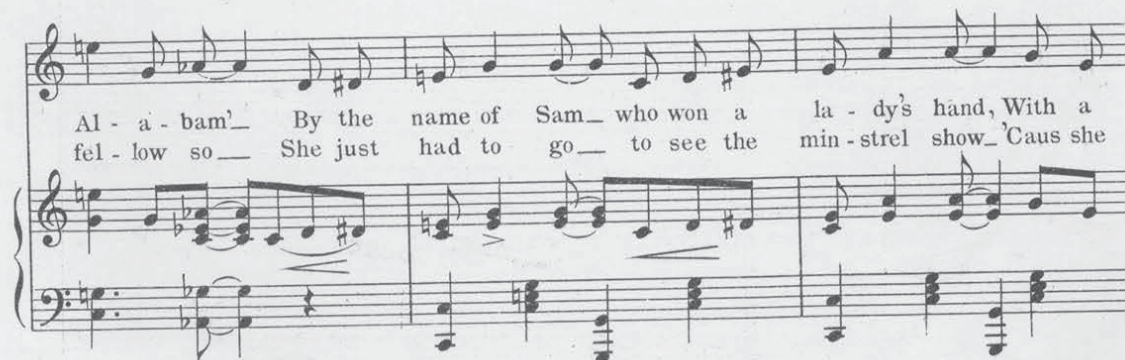
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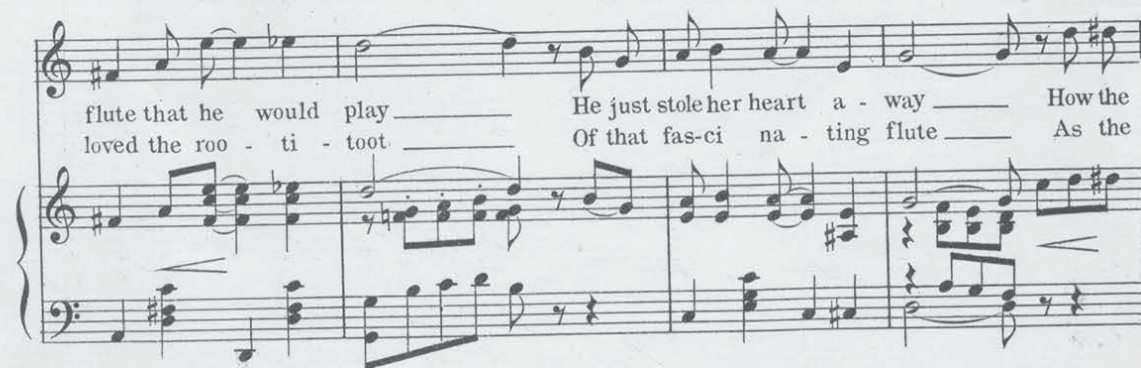
Vamp.



There was a min-strel man— Down in
But this here gal you know— Loved that



Al - a - bam'— By the name of Sam— who won a la - dy's hand, With a
fel - low so— She just had to go— to see the min - strel show, 'Caus she



flute that he would play— He just stole her heart a - way— How the
loved the roo - ti - toot. Of that fas-ci na - ting flute— As the

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notes would shoot_ When that boy would toot_ It would sound so cute_ up-on that
 notes would fly_ She would catch his eye_ But this boy knew why_ 'Cause he'd

rag-time flute_ It would make this gal_ so gay_ She'd just hug up close and
 hear her sigh_ She'd just moan and groan with joy_ To that lov-ing min-strel

REFRAIN.

say: Come on and roo - ti - toot_ Up - on your
 boy:

rag-time flute_ Oh, hon - ey I de - clare_ It

sounds so rare_ I love the roo - ti - too - tle of the Grizz - ly Bear_ It makes me

spoon - y, dear Have a feel - ing that I want you near;

So play that Roo - ti - toot, Roo - ti - toot, roo - ti - too - tle ti - too - ti - toot,

On your rag - time flute. Come on and flute.