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THE JUNK MAN RAG.

Words by
CHRIS. SMITH &
FERD. E. MIERISCH.

Music by
C. LUCKYTH ROBERTS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

f

Vamp.

fz

p

Have you heard of Pe-ter Jones, The man who sells old rags and bones?
Pe-ter played a fid-dle grand, In fact he was the "One-man Band."

p

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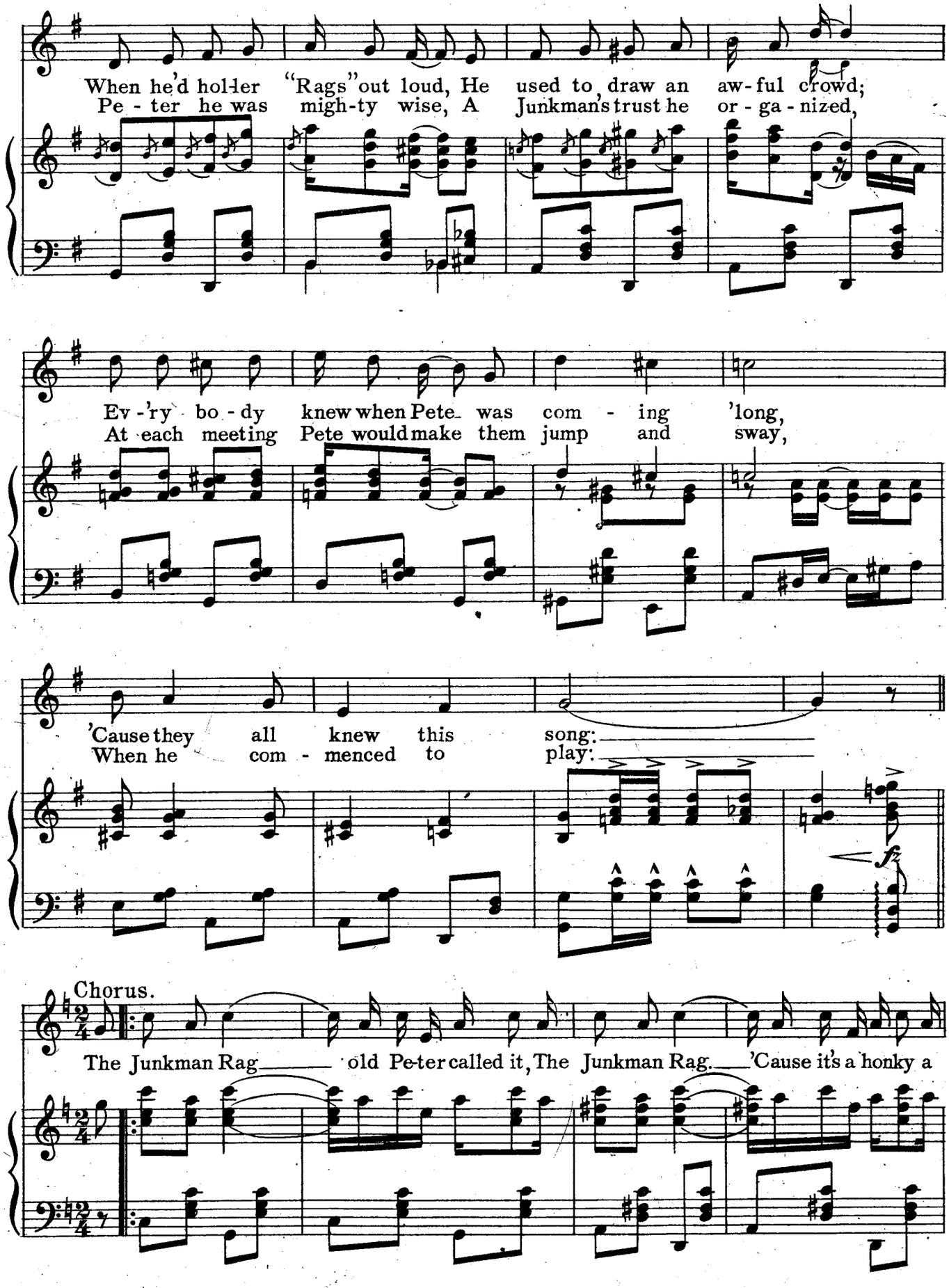
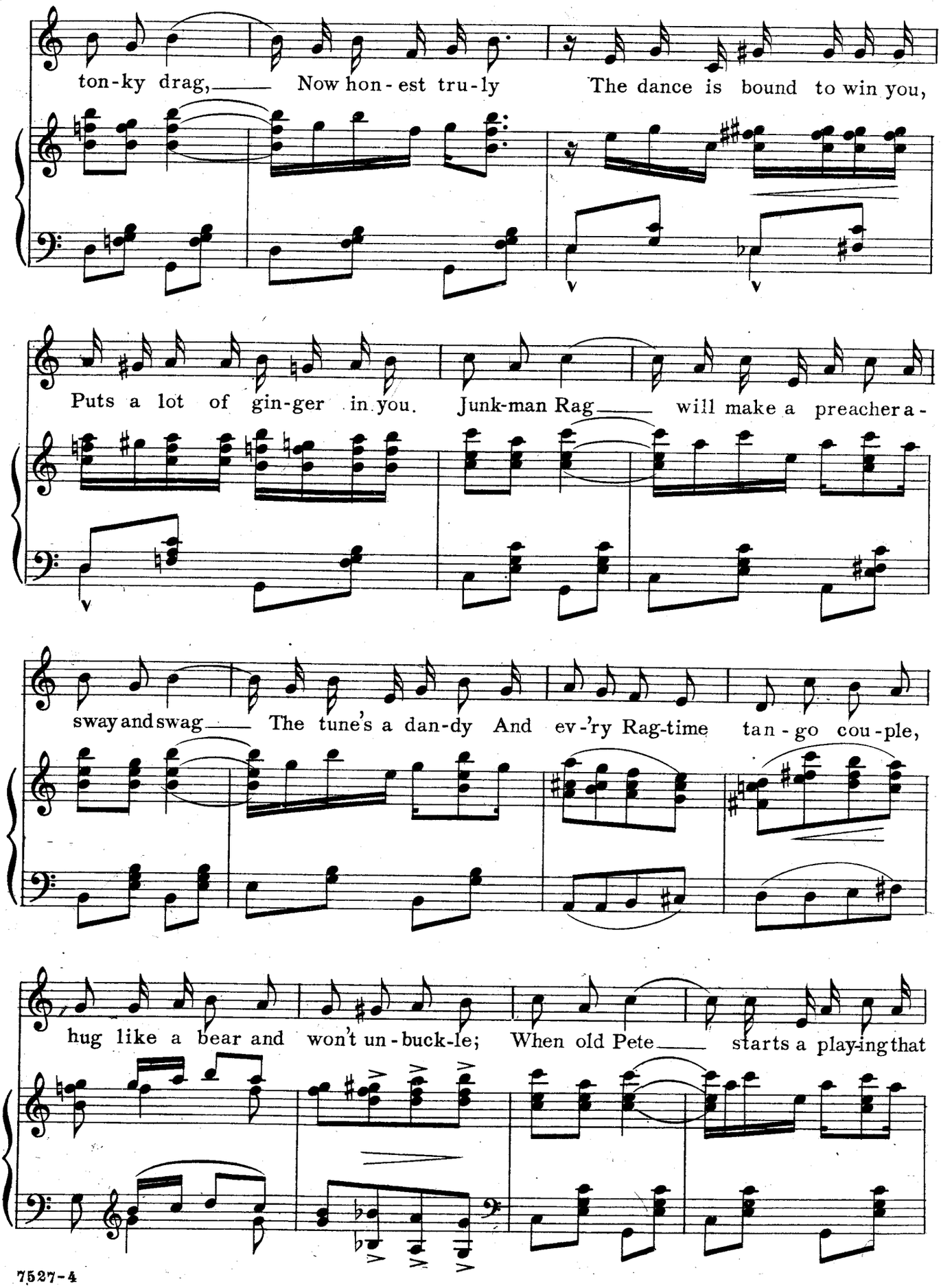
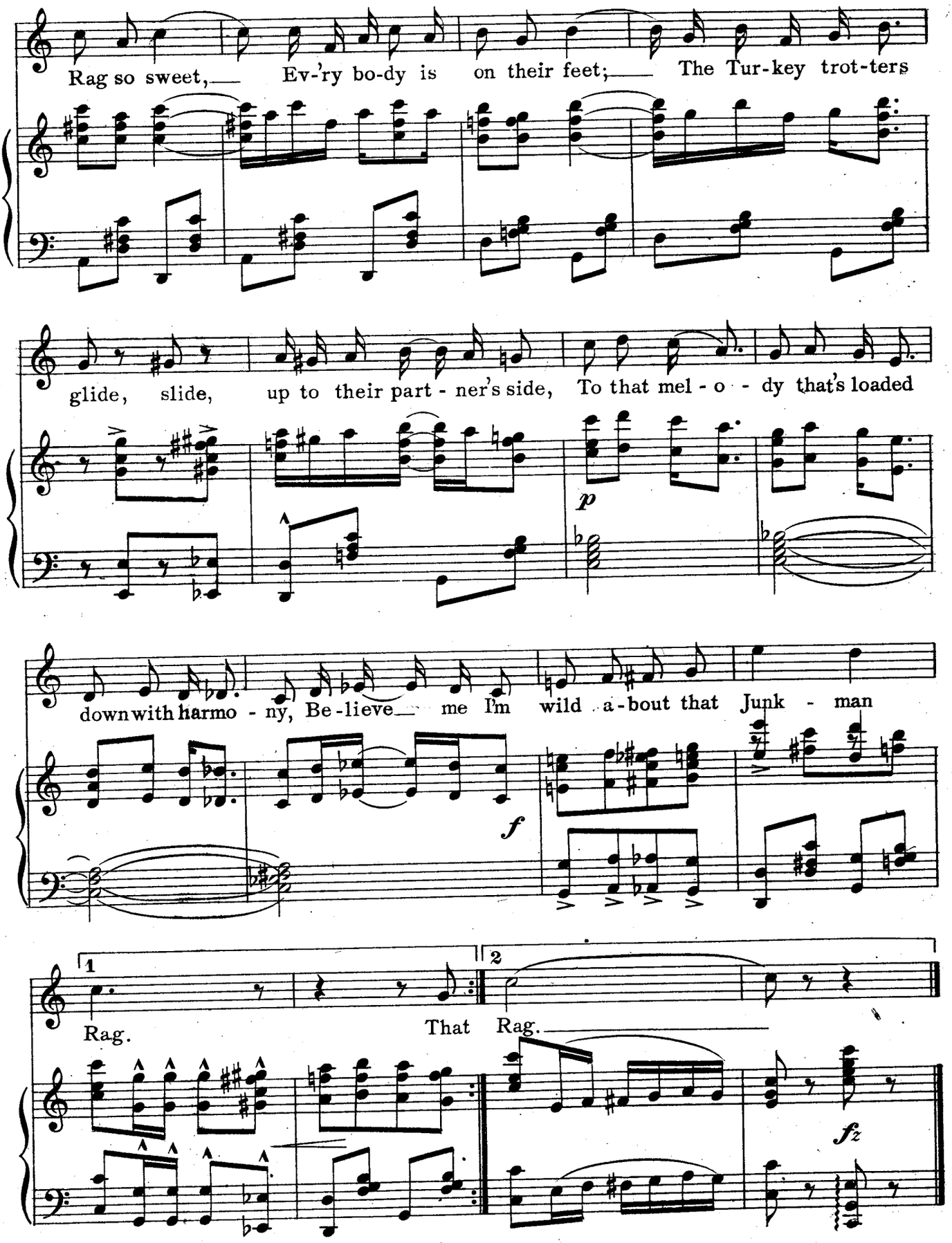

When he'd hol-ler "Rags" out loud, He used to draw an aw-ful crowd;
Pe - ter he was migh-ty wise, A Junkman's trust he or - ga - nized,
Ev - 'ry bo - dy knew when Pete was com - ing 'long,
At each meeting Pete would make them jump and sway,
'Cause they all knew this song:
When he com - menced to play:
fz
Chorus.
The Junkman Rag old Pe-ter called it, The Junkman Rag. 'Cause it's a honky a


ton-ky drag, Now hon-est tru-ly The dance is bound to win you,
Puts a lot of gin-ger in you. Junk-man Rag will make a preacher a-
sway and swag The tune's a dan-dy And ev-'ry Rag-time tan-go cou-ple,
hug like a bear and won't un-buck-le; When old Pete starts a play-ing that


Rag so sweet, Ev-'ry bo-dy is on their feet; The Tur-key trot-ters
glide, slide, up to their part - ner's side, To that mel - o - dy that's loaded
p
down with harmo - ny, Be - lieve me I'm wild a - bout that Junk - man
f
1
2
Rag.
That Rag.
fz