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SHIMMY MOON

Lyric by
JACK FROST

Music by
F. HENRI KLICKMANN

With "Pep"

f *fz*

VAMP *p*

mp *p*

Talk a-bout news!—I've got a real sen - sa - tion,
Talk a-bout moons! here's one that starts you danc - ing,

I just can't hold — it now, just wait till I've told — it; You can talk of your blues — and jaz - zy
You'll hol - ler, "Gim - me just a lit - tle more shim - my!" You can talk a - bout tunes, here's one that

syn - co - pa - tion, I'll put you wise, — I mean I'll o - pen your eyes. — Something has hap -
starts you pranc - ing, Shaking your feet — to jaz - zy music so sweet. — Old hon - ey moons

— pened to the moon of Dix - ie, Since jazz time came — some how it don't act the same; — It seems to
— you nev - er see them shin - ing, Old Un - cle Joe — is lov - in' old mammy Chloe; You'll see 'em

mf

shiv-er, quiv-er by the Swanee Riv-er, And there's no one seems to blame.
sing-ing, swinging to the ban-jos ring-ing While they holler out, "Let's go!"

mf

CHORUS

p-f

See that Shim-my Moon a-shining down, — Shimmy moon-beams dancing all a-round,

p-f

— my hon-ey. Darkies danc-ing till they shake the ground, — I got to go, oh!

hur-ry back to Dix-ie. Those shim-my-ing ba-bies with those shim-my-ing eyes

(lightly)

Wait-ing to spread some shimmy joy; boy! Good-bye, ev-'ry-one I'll see you soon

— in Dix-ie Un-der-neath the Shimmy Moon. Moon.

fz

D.S.