That Spanish-American Rag.

Lyric by
RAYMOND A. BROWNE

Music by
WILLIAM H. PENN.

Tempo di Spanio Rago.

Espanola.

took a notion in her head one day
-off to Spain-

showed them how to do the "Mobile Buck"

"Bom-ba-shay"

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she'd go sail-ing a-way,
and the "Dix-ie-land" Buck,
Saw a dance
Next to take

— that for ag-es they have liked to prance,
— was the prom-en-ad-ing for a cake
But its charm with her had-n't a
Step-ping high— how their feet they did

chance
shake
You've all seen — Carmen-ci-ta do the dance I mean,
Now they're all — sing-ing coon songs of the Barber's Ball

Tranquillo.

Of its kind — it is cer-tain-ly Queen,
Never for — "La Ca-chu-ca" they call,
But Miss May had brought with her from the U. S. A. Something that
Music played to a Donna from behind a shade. Now a days

makes them all fade away. And she had the population of that
is a rag serenade. All the bands are playing fragments of the

olive colored nation. In a state that was a humming, in the
very latest fragments. Stead of old Castilian tune songs, Every-

cresc.

course of just one Summer. body's singing coon songs.

The Spanish American Rag. 5
CHORUS.

Moderato.

Oh! that Spanish American Ragtime.

Oh! those Spanish American Rags,

All the natives there in Sunny Spain,

Never, never'll be the same again, They're unrelated syncopated jags; Oh, Baby!