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

Music by
C. LUCKYTH ROBERTS.

THE JUNK MAN RAG.

Moderato.

Have you heard of Peter Jones, the man who sells old rags and bones? Peter played a fiddle grand, in fact he was the "One-man Band."

Copyright MCMXIII by Jos. W. Stern & Co.
British Copyright Secured.
English Theatre and Music Hall rights strictly reserved.
Deposito conforme a la ley de Republica Mexicana, en el ano MCMXIII por Jos. W. Stern y Cia., Propietarios Nueva York y Mexico.
When he'd hold'er "Rags" out loud, He used to draw an awful crowd;
Peter he was mighty wise, A Junkman's trust he organized.

Everybody knew when Pete was coming 'long,
At each meeting Pete would make them jump and sway,

'Cause they all knew this song:
When he commenced to play:

Chorus.
The Junkman Rag — old Peter 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-

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 body is on their feet; The Turkey trotters glide, slide, up to their partner's side, To that melody that's loaded down with harmony, Believe me I'm wild about that Junk man.

Rag. That Rag.