RAGTIME VIOLIN!

Words and Music
by IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

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Lawdy, how he play'd it, sway'd it, made it moan so
Would n't take a chance to dance, because the band was

beautiful, Anna Lize, Anna Lize heard his violin, Roll'd her
terrible, Anna Lize, Anna Lize hit upon a plan, Roll'd her

eyes, roll'd her eyes at his violin, Lawdy, how he lov'd 'er,
eyes, roll'd her eyes at the leader man, Took his fiddle down to

turtled doved 'er, When Anna would cry.
Mister Brown, to Just kiss him and cry.

Ragtime Violin 4
Fiddle up, fiddle up on your violin,

Lay right on it, rest your chin up on it,

Dog-gone you better begin, And

play an overture up on your violin;
Hurry up, hurry up with your violin,

Make it sooner, don’t you stop to tune her,

Fid, fid, fid, fiddle the middle of your rag-time violin.