Mr. Jazz, Himself.

By IRVING BERLIN.

I know a certain young fellow, Who's filling people with joy;
I never cared about discords, They never cared about me;

How would you like to say "hello!" To this remarkable boy?
But when I listen to his cords, We both agree to agree.

Everybody's talking about him, He's been the topic for days;
He's not a Wagner or Verdi, He's not a classy high-brow;

Win some gent, with an instrument, that plays:

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Chorus.

Shake hands with Mister Jazz, himself! He took the saxophone from off the shelf, And when you hear him play: You'll say that he's been taking lessons up in Heaven. That dreamy moan, is his own originality. He knows a strange sort of change in a minor key, I don't know how he does it: But when he starts to play the blues, He's like a messenger of happy news.

No one else could ever do it as, My friend, Mister Jazz.