Jazz Baby

Words by
BLANCHE MERRILL

Music by
M. K. JEROME

Moderato

Voice

My dad-dy was a rag-time trom-bone play-er,
My mammy was a rag-time cab-a- ret er,
They met one day at a

tan-go-tea,
There was a syn-co-pa-ted wed-ding and then came me;

Folks think the way I walk is a fad,
But it's a birth-day pres-ent from my Mam-my and Dad.

CHORUS

I'm a Jazz ba-by,
I want to be jazz-ing all the time;
There's something

in the tone of a sax-o-phone,
That makes me do a lit-tle wiggle all my own,
Cause I'm a Jazz

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Full of jazbo har-mony; That "walk the dog," and "ball the jack," that caused all the talk,

Is just a copy of the way I naturally walk; Cause I'm a Jazz baby,

Little Jazz baby, that's me.

PATTER

Rocked to sleep while the cradle went to and fro,

To and fro to the tune of the "tic-toc toe;"

Ever since I started in to grow, I'd love to hear the music play-in;

See my dear old mammy sway-in; Jazz, Jazz, Jazz, that's all I ever knew,

All day long I never would get thru;

Jazz, Jazz, Jazz, that's all I want to do; Play me a little Jazz,

"Cause I'm a Jazz baby;" Full of jazbo har-mony;

That "walk the dog," and "ball the jack," that caused all the talk,

Is just a copy of the way I naturally walk; Cause I'm a Jazz baby,

Little Jazz baby, that's me.