

(THAT)

The Dying Rag

Words by ♪ ♪
IRVING BERLIN

Music by ♪ ♪
BERNIE ADLER

5



TED SNYDER Co.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
112 WEST 38 St. NEW YORK.

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

"CANCEL THAT WEDDING MARCH."

Words by
BERT KALMAR.

Music by
TED SNYDER.

Moderato



Till Ready

1 Mis - ter
2 Jack - son

Eph - raim Jack - son was goin' to wed, So he
got an in - vite to please at - tend A re -

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That Dying Rag.

3

Words by
Irving Berlin.

Music by
Bernie Adler.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a descending pattern, while the left hand plays a steady bass line with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic support with chords and eighth notes. The tempo remains 'Moderato'.

Till Ready.

p

Hon-ey I'm sink-in' fast, Soon I will breathe my last,
Hon-ey don't hes-i-tate, Soon it may be too late,

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic support with chords and eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Till Ready' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

Fev-er is ve-ry high, Doc-tor said I will die;
Heav-en-ly gates I see, St. Pet-er's call-ing me;

The piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic support with chords and eighth notes.

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'Fore I take my long, long rest,— Grant me dear—
Thank the Lork I'm gwine to go,— Up a - bove—

one re - quest. 'Mem-ber that aft - er-noon, We heard that dream-y tune,
not be - low. Right on my tomb-stone dear, Put this in-script-ion clear,

When you re-marked to me, Who wrote that mel - o - dy; That's the air I
"Bur - ied with-out— dis-grace, Died with a smil - ing face;" Hon - ey say I

want to share,— Be - fore I die —
passed a - way,— With - out a care.

Chorus.

Hon-ey dear I must be go-ing I fear, I feel the

p-f

fin-ish is near, Please bring your cell-o in here.

While I see just play that sweet mel-o-dy And hon-ey call it for me,

That dy-ing rag. rag.

f *ff*

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

Dreams, Just Dreams.

Berlin and Snyder.

Chorus. *con espressione.*

Dreams, just dreams, My beau-ti-ful gold-en

dreams, It seems my dreams Are mis-sives of sweet con-so-

la-tion. Each dream I dream Turns gloom to a bright sun-

beam Since the love that I gave Found a grave, all I crave Is

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