

WHEN RAGTIME ROSIE RAGGED THE ROSARY

WORDS BY
EDGAR LESLIE

MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MUIR



F.A. MILLS
52 WEST 34TH
NEW YORK

When You're Not Here

The man who wrote "The Lovin' Rag," the first and greatest of all the "rag" songs, has written a new one. It's his best; it's the best. It's the rage of the hour.

"When You're Not Here." Words and Music by
BERNIE ADLER.

CHORUS.

When you're not here I'm al-ways think-ing 'bout you

Don't ev-er fear my dear I'll nev-er doubt you When you're not near

I feel un-hap-py dar-ling Ev-'ry time you're leav-ing you

set my heart a griev-ing I love you dear

each day my love grows strong-er I am sin-cere

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“When Ragtime Rosie Ragged The Rosary”

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR.

Allegro moderato.

Old
Down

§ Till ready.

fz

p

Par-son Lee_ of Ten-nes-see, in ac-cents loud_ and clear_ Said
near the door_ sat Dea-con Moore, who, with rheu-mat - ic gout, For -

“folks, I’m awf’ - ly sor - ry, but__ our or - gan - ist__ ain’t here; Now I’d
got a - bout__ his troub - les and__ was hobb’-ling all__ a - bout,___ He

like to get_ some one to vol - un - teer!_ and help us out._ A
threw a - way_ his crut - ches with_ a shout_ the world am mine!_ Then

gal called Rag - time Rose got up_ and said that she_ Could play,_ The
short - ly af - ter when they passed_ the con - tri - bu - tion plate,_ Young

preach - er seemed de - light - ed and_ said "jes you come_ this way," And the
Broth - er Sau - ders saw the dough_ and said to Sis - ter Kate,_ "I'll

con - gre - ga - tion bowed their heads_ to pray._ Then came a shout. When
get my dice,_ so if you'll kind - ly wait,_ I'll shoot a dime?"

CHORUS.

Rag - time Ros - ie ragged the Ro - sa - ry, Dea - con Al - ex - an - der

p f

start - ed in to rep - ri - mand her; But he turned — a - round on - ly — to

see That, in - stead of pray - ing Ros - ie had the folks a sway - ing. That tune so

sweet, — wassuch a treat, — It charmed their feet and set them danc - ing,

pranc - ing Rag-time two - steps, till old Par - son Lee He for-got his ser-mon

And be-gan a-talk - ing Ger-man. List'-ning to — that old time mel - o - dy, — then

he — Said "I want you folks to know — That this ain't no minstrel show." When

Rag-time Ros - ie ragged the Ro - sa - ry. — ry. —

Steamboat Bill

Never did a song spring into such immediate popularity. It is the laughing hit of the year. We can't begin to print them fast enough.

"Steamboat Bill."

Words by
REN SHIELDS.

Music by
LEIGHTON PROS.

CHORUS

CHORUS

Steam - boat' Bill, { steam - ing down the Mis - sis - sip - pi,
he tore up the Mis - sis - sip - pi,
miss - ing on the Mis - sis - sip - pi,

Steam - boat Bill, { a migh - ty man was he.
the tide it made him swear.
is with an an - gel band,

Steam - boat Bill, { steam - ing down the Mis - sis - sip - pi,
he tore up the Mis - sis - sip - pi, the ex
miss - ing on the Mis - sis - sip - pi, he's a

going to beat the re - cord of the "Ro - bert E. Lee."
plosion of the boi - ler got him up in the air.
pi - lot on a fer - ry in that Pro - mised Land.

Way Back in Tennessee

When Mr. Shields wrote "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" and "The Good Old Summertime" we said "You'll not write anything better," but he did. Yes, he did when he wrote "Way Back in Tennessee." This is the jingley, quaint melody you hear everywhere.

"To Dave Ferguson."

"Way Back In Tennessee"

Words by
REN SHIELDS

Music by
CHARLES STRAIGHT

CHORUS

Way back in Ten-nes-see, with that gal I'm long-ing to be.

When I go to hug her my heart stops When I go to kiss her you can

hear gum - drops. Way back in Ten - nes - see,

That's the on - ly place for me. Oh what's the use, just

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II Ragtime

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