

HE'S A RAG PICKER

by IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

till ready

Down in A - la - ba - ma where the
Mos - es' fath - er told me that up -

cot - ton grows, — Lives a fun - ny fel - low by the name of Mose, — He
on the morn, — When his lit - tle pia - no play - ing boy was born, — They

has - n't an - y - bo - dy he can pick up - on, — So he
did - n't have a cra - dle they could put him in, — So he

picks on a grand pi - a - no; Morn - ing, noon and night you'll find him
slept on the grand pi - a - no; In a week they found him there up -

pick - ing rags, — I don't mean the kind of rags they put in bags, —
on his knees, — Chew - ing on the high - ly pol - ished pia - no keys, —

He does - n't own a junk shop, — Just the same. —
That ver - y day his fath - er Loud - ly cried. —

CHORUS

He's a Rag pick - er, a rag pick - er, All the live long

day, He bangs up - on the pia - no keys,

In search of rag - gy mel - o - dies, All day he's

at the i - vo - ries; And while he doz - es he com -

pos - es, Mis - ter Mos - es makes an or - di - na - ry dit - ty,

sound so pret-ty, Like no - bo - dy can.

Most an - y time of the day, — You'll find him

pick-ing a - way, — He's a rag pick-er, a rag pick-er, A

Rag - time pick - ing man. — He's a man. —

1. 2.

D.S.