Yiddle, On Your Fiddle, Play Some Ragtime.

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN.

Moderato

Till ready

Ev'ry one was singing,
At the supper table

dancing, springing,
At a wedding yesterday,
Sadie thought, Yiddle must have flew the coop;

Yiddle, on his fiddle played some rag-time,
And when Sadie heard him she looked all around, but could not find him,
'Till she heard him drinking

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play. She jumped up and looked him in the eyes,
soup. Sadie waited till they served the fish,

Yiddle swelled his chest 'way out,
Then she jumped up on the floor,

Ev'ryone was taken by surprise,
When they heard Sadie shout,

right on Yiddle's dish, And yelled to him once more.

CHORUS

Yiddle in the middle of your fiddle, play some rag-time, Get
busy, I'm dizzy, I'm feeling two years young, Mine chocolate baby, if you'll

maybe play for Sadie, Some more rag-time; Yiddle, don't you stop, if you

do, I'll drop, For I just can't make my eyes shut up, Yiddle on your

fiddle, play some rag-time, Yiddle, play some rag-time,