Yiddle, On Your Fiddle, Play Some Ragtime.

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN.

Moderato

Till ready

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

Yiddle swelled his chest 'way out, Everybody was
Then she jumped up on the floor, Put a quarter

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
bus-y, I'm diz-zy, I'm feel-ing two years young, Mine choco-late ba-by, if you'll

may-be play for Sa-die, Some more rag-time; Yid-dle, don't you stop, if you do, I'll drop, For I just can't make my eyes shut up, Yid-dle on your

fidd-lle, play some rag-time......................... rag-time,.............