Play That Barber Shop Chord.

Words by
Wm. TRACEY.

Music by
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Down in a great big saloon,
Where a swell colored fellow
By the name of Bill Jefferson Lord,
Played piano while he'd
tune she requested,
every time she went into the place;
Just as soon as she sat

sang a song;

He just sung and played the whole night long;

Till one night,

Oh! I'm going to
kin-ky haired la-dy, they called Choc-o-late Sad-ic, Heard him play-ing that Bar-ber shop stick like a plas-ter to my new mu-sic mast-er, For I sure-ly go off of my

chord, When he finished Sad-ic drew a sigh, Ev'ry time that she would catch his eye, she'd cry, base, When I listen to that mel-o-dy, There's no oth-er mu-sic I can see, that's me!

CHORUS.
ap tempo

"Mis-ter Jeffer-son Lord play that Bar-ber shop chord,

That soothing harm-o-ny; It makes an aw-ful, aw-ful,

Play that barber shop chord x 3
awful, hit with me; Play that strain,

Just to please me again.

Cause, mister, when you start that minor part, I

feel your fingers slipping and a gripping at my heart Oh! Lord!

play that Barber shop chord!

"Mister Jefferson chord!"

Play that barber shop chord = 3