Brass Band Ephrahem Jones.

Words by
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Music by
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Marziale.

Old Eph-ra-ham
A coun-ty fair

from Al-a-bam
was held out there,
Was just a good for noth-ing
All kinds of bands ar-rived from
eaz-y man;
e-very where;

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No kind of work to him was interesting, Though Eph' was always on the play-

Their play-ing cer-tain-ly kept Ephram busy, He chased those bands around till

job suggest-ing, But folks confess, His laz-i-ness

he felt dizzy, They made him mad, But he was glad,

was never known to stand a cer-tain test; It seems that mel-o-dy

Cause mus-ic sim-ply could not make him sad, Those bands have left the town,

And Eph' can-not agree, Just start a band and he gets busy.

But Eph' don't wear a frown, He follows them around, He's happy.
CHORUS.

Every time a band starts playing, he just looks all around, all around, all around.

Then his body starts a swaying and he bows to the ground, to the ground, to the ground.

He stands there a while listening. Soon his lips they start a whistling,

Then he's gone, gone, gone, like a flash, with a dash, and a crash, Oh!
Makes no diff'nce where that band is an-y-where, he'll be there, he'll be there, he'll be there.

If there's people all a-round him ev-ry-where, he don't care, he don't care, he don't care.

Oth-er times he's dog-gone lazy, But it seems that music sets him crazy, And the folks all call him

Brass-band Ephraim Jones.