The Raggity Man

Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Moderato

Ding, dong, don't spoil,
Hear him coming down the street,
ev'ry little thing you can,

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Oh my, run, fly, Hurry with your little feet;
Old things, old strings, Save 'em for the old rag man;

Bad boys, bad girls, With your little ragged clothes, Hide a-
Clink, clink, just think, Of a penny saved each day, You'll be

way, or I say You'll be sorry, goodness knows, for
glad, never sad, When you hear the children say—oh!
CHORUS

Here comes that rag-gi-ty man With his rags, rags, rags;

He'll get you sure if he can In his old junk bags; So

save your bot-tles, rags and shoes, Or an-v-thing that he can use,

Hell give a pen-ny or two For your rags, rags, rags... rags...

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