The Salvation Glide.

Lyric by
COLLIN DAVIS.

Music by
JOS. E. HOWARD.

Allegretto moderato.

Rag-times here, and
Turkey Trot, don't

more rags coming
Everybody now is humming,
Turkey trots and be a coward, I am with you says Joe Howard, Go ahead and

Turkey night and day; Doctors lawyers bankers bakers
do it, it is great; Even Wilson now is tryin'

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The Broadway Honeymoon.
Even staid old undertakers, Bunny Hug to pass the time away.
With the help of William Bryan, To introduce it in affairs of state.

What if our Salvation army, Should take up the John D. Rockefeller does it. Then he says "By rag-time blarney They will do it soon I've not a doubt.
Gosh what was it makes me feel as if I was a boy.

Flap their wings just like a pigeon When they say "Come get re-
Little babies start it crowing Turkey Trot while they are
Refrain.

Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah; Sings Sal-va-tion Jul-ia, Don't let

old Saint Pe-ter fool yer, Hal-le-lu-jah Shake your tam-bo as you

do the Tan-go, Oh you sin-ners do not lag come a-long come a-
long to glory! Every boy and girlie Up the steps so pearly Do that Heav'nly slide, Get a move, get a move, you sinners; Never mind your station, we're a rag-time Nation,

Comedo the Salvation Glide, Glide.