He's A Rag Picker

by IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Down in Alabama where the Moses' father told me that up-
till ready

cotton grows, Lives a funny fellow by the name of Mose. He

on the morn, When his little piano playing boy was born, They

hasn't anybody he can pick upon, So he
didn't have a cradle they could put him in, So he
picks on a grand piano; Morning, noon and night you'll find him slept on the grand piano; In a week they found him there up-

pick-ing rags, I don't mean the kind of rags they put in bags, on his knees, Chewing on the highly polished piano keys,

He doesn't own a junk shop, That very day his father Loudly cried.

CHORUS

He's a Rag picker, a rag picker, All the live long

He's a Rag Picker.
day, He bangs upon the piano keys,

In search of raggy melodies, All day he's

at the ivories; And while he dozes he com-

poses, Mister Moses makes an ordinary ditty,

He's a Rag Picker.
sound so pretty. Like nobody can.

Most any time of the day, You'll find him

pick-ling a-way. He's a rag pick-er, a rag pick-er, A

Rag-time pick-ing man. He's a man.

He's a Rag Picker.