The Ragtime Pipe of Pan

Lyrics by Harold Atteridge

Music by Sigmund Romberg

Not too fast

Pan was quite a man, back in the ages,
And some boy in history's pages;
Oh, he was a shepherd king,

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Back in Arcady, he was a winner, And of rag-time the be-

ginner; When his reed pipe he would bring;

Oh, all the country crowned him when he would play.

They all would get a-round him to hear his lay.
REFRAIN

Oh that rag-time pipe of Pan

slow

Oh, how he

played that music man!
And when he played on his pipe, All the

animals came round too see. His little reed seemed to feed them up on melody.

On his reed when he'd lead, Most every one would start a dancing;
Oh, that ragtime Shepherd King! His pipe he'd bring and make it sing—most anything; He played the rag in a classical way, He was some rag-picker back in his day, When he played upon the rag-time pipe of Pan...