They Were All Out Of Step But Jim

By IRVING BERLIN

Marcia

Piano

Voice

Till Ready

Jim-my's moth-er went to see her son,
That night lit-tle Jim-my's fa-ther stood,

March-ing a-long on pa-rade;
Buy-ing the drinks for the crowd;

love-ly pic-ture he made.
talk-ing ter-rib-ly loud.

She came home that ev-ning,
Twenty times he treat-ed,

And to all the neigh-bors, She would yell with all her might:
When his glass was emp-ty, He would treat a-gain and cry:

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Chorus.

"Did you see my little Jimmy marching, With the soldiers up the avenue?
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch, Like his Daddy on the
seventeenth of March. Did you notice all the lovely ladies, Cast their eyes on

him? Away he went, To live in a tent; Over in France with his regiment. Were you
It made me glad, To gaze at the lad; Lord help the Kaiser if he's like his Dad.

there, and tell me, did you notice? They were all out of step but Jim. Did you Jim?"