

Irving Berlin

"Whistling Rag The 31 Mar 1911"

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1st verse:]

Alexander Johnson had a music ear
He could whistle any tune he'd ever hear
Couldn't sing or hum, he was good as dumb
When it came to singing, but you bet he could whistle
some
Liza heard him whistling a ragtime air
"Me for you," she whispered to him then and there
Now he can't decline, be it rain or shine
Liza keeps a-shouting all the time

[chorus:]

Honey, whistle that whistling rag [whistle]
Fill your lungs with that whistling drag
Blessings upon the fairy who revealed my black canary
Honey, I can't reply, just 'cause my lips are dry
So, honey, whistle that whistling rag [whistle]
That's the whistling rag

[2nd verse:]

Alexander whistled till he caught a cold
Pretty soon the fever got a stranglehold
Doctor shook his head, looked at him and said
"Cut the whistle out," the doctor shouted, "And stay in
bed"
Liza heard the doctor and began to shout
"Doctor, if you're goin' to cut the whistle out
Won't you kindly wait e'er it's too late?
Let me say before you operate

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