

Berlin Irving

"He's A Rag Picker"

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[1st verse:]

Down in Alabama where the cotton grows
Lives a funny fellow by the name of Mose
He hasn't anybody he can pick upon
So he picks on a grand piano
Morning, noon and night you'll find him picking rags
I don't mean the kind of rags they put in bags
He doesn't own a junk shop
Just the same

[chorus:]

He's a rag picker, a rag picker
All the livelong day
He bangs upon the piano keys
In search of raggy melodies
All day he's at the ivories
And while he dozes, he composes
Mister Moses makes an ordinary ditty sound so pretty
Like nobody can
Most any time of the day
You'll find him picking away
He's a rag picker, a rag picker
A ragtime picking man

[2nd verse:]

Moses' father told me that upon the morn
When his little piano playing boy was born
They didn't have a cradle they could put him in
So he slept on the grand piano
In a week they found him there upon his knees
Chewing on the highly polished piano keys
That very day his father Loudly cried

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