

## Berlin Irving

### "Whistling Rag, The"

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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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