

THOSE IRVING BERLIN MELODIES

LYRICS &
MUSIC BY

GEO. M. COHAN

C678
117

as introduced in
COHAN & HARRIS'
musical revue
HELLO BROADWAY

— BARBELL —

PUBLISHED BY
IRVING BERLIN INC.
No 1571 B'WAY, NEW YORK

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Those Irving Berlin Melodies.

Solo and Chorus.

Words & Music by
GEO. M. COHAN.

Marcia.

Solo.

Ev-'ry bod-y's do-in' it, do-in' it, do-in' it, Ev-'ry bod-y

knows that tune; ————— And so they fid-dle it, fid-dle it,

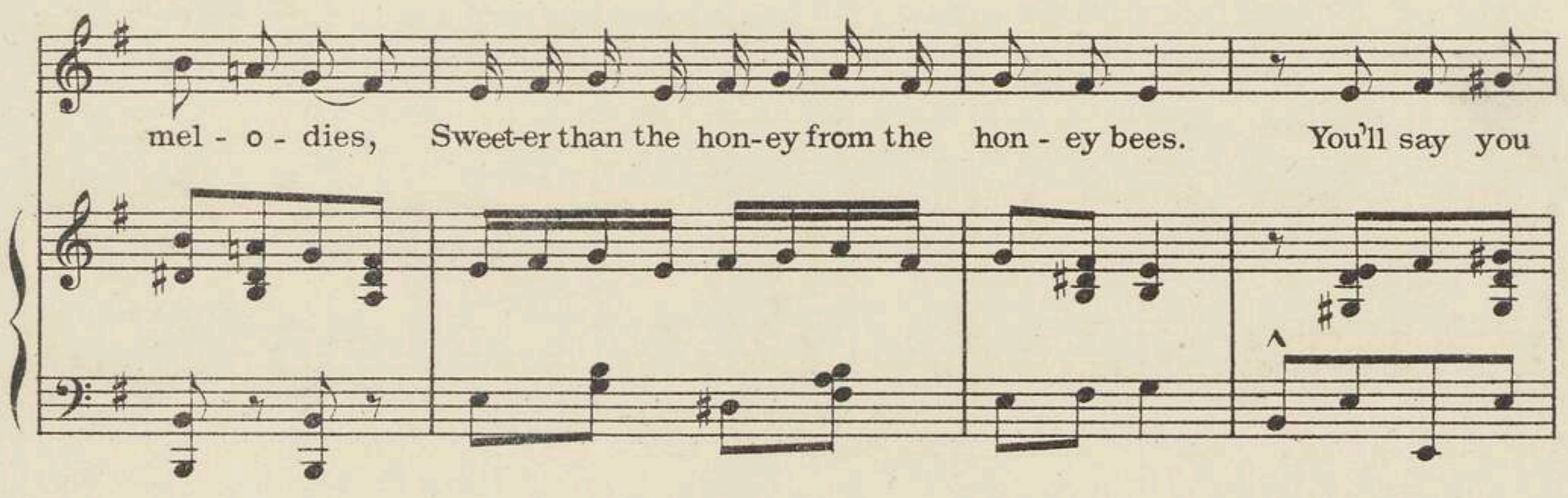
on their vi-o-lins morn-ing night and noon. —————

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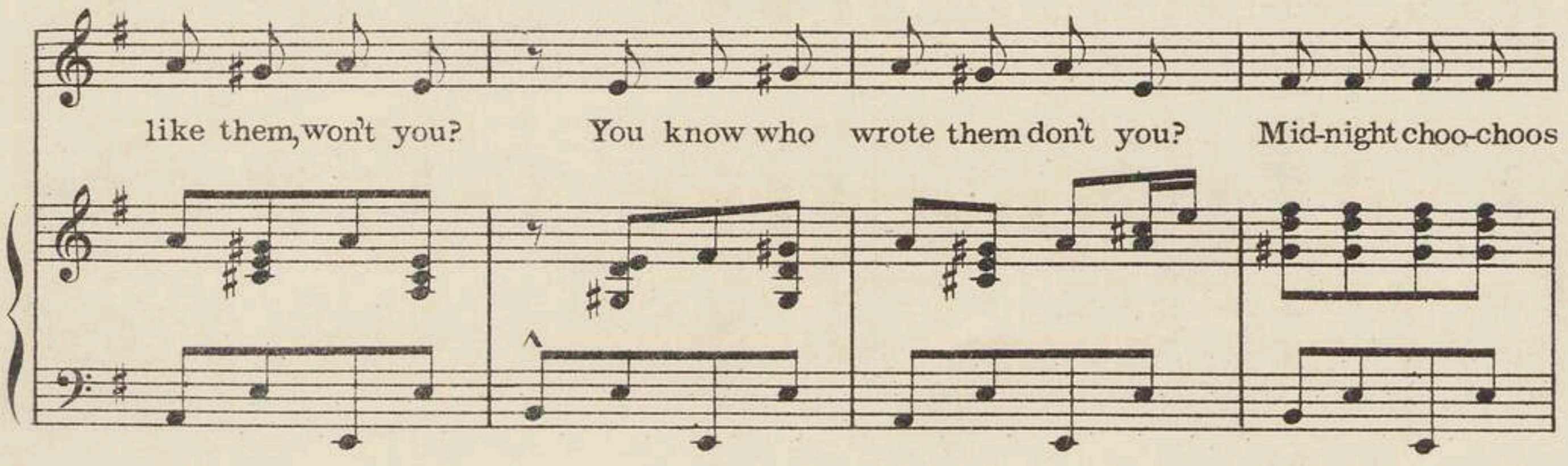
Chorus That _____ mys-te-ri-ous rag! _____ *Solo* And a thousand oth-er



mel - o - dies, Sweet-er than the hon-ey from the hon - ey bees. You'll say you



like them, won't you? You know who wrote them don't you? Mid-night choo-choos



play his mu - sic too, _____ Right through and through, _____



Chorus

Oh yes they do, too, — All night long I love to

Solo

hear it be near it so take — me where they play those

Ir - ving Ber - lin mel - o - dies! —

Chorus.

Oh, when the brass band plays those Ir-ving Ber-lin mel - o - dies; The


whole world sways with the Ir-ving Ber-lin mel-o-dies; The crowds go



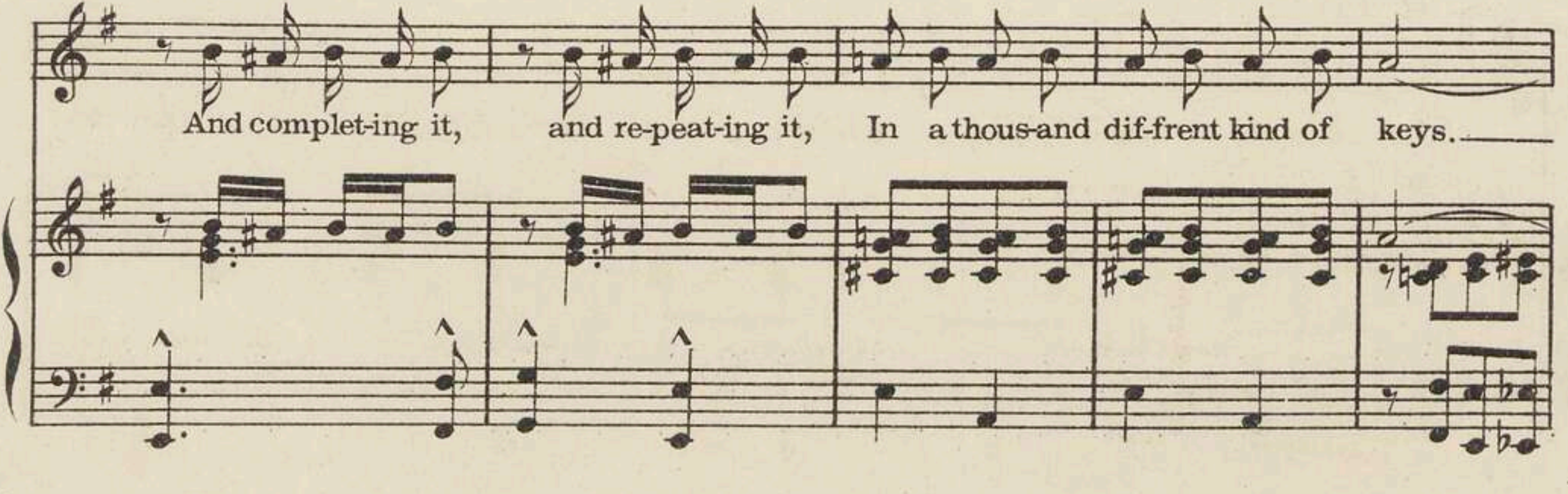
cra-zy and they shout hur-ray! That's the on-ly mu-sic that we



want you to play. Keep a beat-ing it, keep a beat-ing it,



And complet-ing it, and re-peat-ing it, In a thous-and dif-frent kind of keys.



— Come on and hear, — come on and hear — Al - ex -

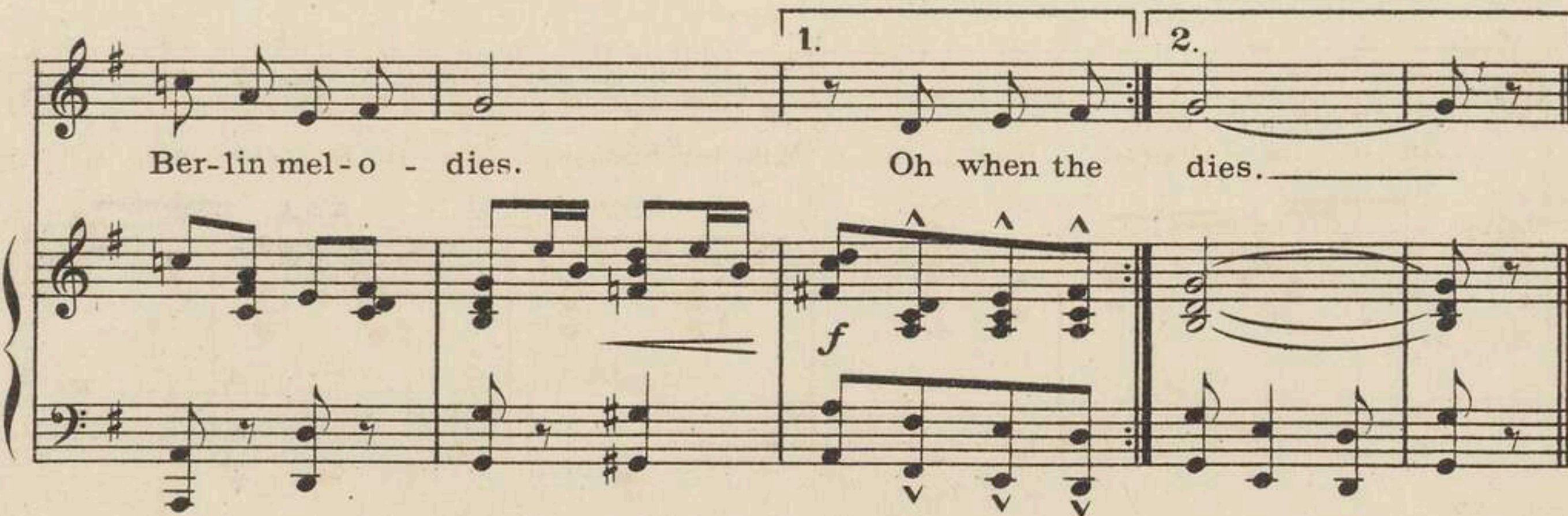


and - er's rag - time brass band play those Ir - ving



Ber - lin mel - o - dies. Oh when the dies. —

1. 2.



Solo
He's a dev - il, — he's a dev - il, — He's a



Chorus

dev - il with the rag time tunes. I - tal - ian op - 'ra sing - ers

have learned to snap their fin - gers, The world goes round to the sound of his

Solo

In - ter - na - tion - al Rag. — Mis - ter Sou - sa, Mis - ter Sou - sa, You're all

through; Mer - ry Wid - ow, Can - dy Kid - do, all through too;

8

He writes those mel-o-dies that seem to please, that seem to tease, Here

on my knees I ask you please, write an-oth-er for me.

Chorus
Tho' the high brows loud-ly hol-ler Cut 'em out, cut 'em out, cut 'em out!

Solo We just grab them by the col-lar *Chorus* Put 'em out, put 'em out, put 'em out! *Solo* We

love our lit - tle mus-ic kid, For you know what his mus-ic did.

Man and child he set them wild with his rag time fid-dle de - dee D - I -

Chorus

- X - I don't know how to spell it, But I'm going, yes I'm

Solo

going back to my home in Dix - ie land.

Chorus.

Oh, when the brass band plays those Ir-ving Ber-lin mel-o-dies; The

p-f

whole world sways with the Ir-ving Ber-lin mel-o-dies; The crowds go

cra-zy and they shout hur-ray! That's the on-ly mus-ic that we

want you to play. Keep a beat-ing it, keep a beat-ing it,

And completing it, and re-peat-ing it, In a thous-and dif-ferent kind of keys.

— Come on and hear, — come on and hear, — Al-ex-

- and - er's rag time brass band play those Ir - ving

1. Ber-lin mel-o - dies. 2. Oh when the dies.

R-29

This image shows a page of aged, yellowed paper with a faint musical score. The score is organized into two systems, each enclosed in a rectangular border. The first system contains five staves, and the second system contains six staves. The notation is extremely light and difficult to discern, but it appears to include notes, rests, and possibly some markings above the staves. At the top left of the page, the handwritten number 'R-29' is visible. The paper shows signs of wear, including creases and discoloration.