

THEY WERE ALL OUT OF STEP BUT JIM



BY
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2 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; ——— In his un-i-form and with his gun, What a
Buy-ing the drinks for the crowd; ——— You could tell that he was feel-ing good, He was

love-ly pic-ture he made. ——— She came home that ev-'ning, Filled up with de-
talk-ing ter-rib-ly loud. ——— Twen-ty times he treat-ed, My! but he was

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

Chorus.

"Did you see my lit - tle Jim - my march - ing, With the sol - diers up the av - en -

p-f

ue? — There was Jim - my just as stiff as starch, Like his Dad - dy on the

sev - en - teenth of March. Did you no - tice all the love - ly la - dies, Cast - ing their eyes on

him? — A - way he went, To live in a tent; O - ver in France with his reg - i - ment. Were you
It made me glad, To gaze at the lad; Lord help the Kais - er if he's like his Dad.

there, and tell me, did you no - tice? They were all out of step but Jim? — Did you Jim? —

f *D.S.*