

1912

# That Draggy-Rag / music by Fred Theberge; words by Leora Ladocia Theberge

Fred Theberge

Leora Ladocia Theberge

Frank Harding (New York)

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*Mrs. W. Archer*

THAT  
**Draggy-Rag**

Written By  
**Leora Ladocia  
THEBERGE.**



Music By  
**FRED  
THEBERGE**

**BERT GIBBONS, Comedian & Vocalist.**

Price 50.

Published for the Composer, by

**FRANK HARDING,**  
228 East 22nd Street, New York.

# Try This On Your Piano

## THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK

Words & Music by JAMES MCGUIRE

Andante

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, while the left hand plays a steady, rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

1. When leav-ing dear old Ireland, in the mer-ry month of  
2. Tell him since he went a-way how bit-ter was our

The first two lines of the song are set in 2/4 time. The right hand carries the melody, and the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

June, The birds were sweet-ly sing-ing and all na-ture seem'd in  
lot, The land-lord came, one win-ter day and turned us from our

The next two lines of the song continue the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent harmonic pattern in the left hand.

tune; An I-rish girl ac-cost-ed me, with a sad tear in her  
cot. Our troubles were so ma - - ny, and our friends so ve-ry

The final two lines of the song conclude the piece. The piano accompaniment remains steady throughout.

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For Sale at all Music Stores

# DRAG-GY RAG.

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Words by  
Leora Ladocia Theberge.

Music by  
Fred Theberge.

Not fast.

Piano.

*Vamp.*

Hear - ing the band,                      play - ing so grand,  
Mis - ter Mea - der,                      is the lea - der,

From the ball - room — one night in June, The mus - ic  
Of this rag band — that's dressd in blue, The men are

sound - ed so sweet, we could' - ent keep on our feet, - We start - ed  
all so well trained that when they play that nice strain, There comes a

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Copyright 1912 by Fred Theberge.

dance-ing prance-ing, to that rag tune, There was Sam Jones,  
 feel-ing steel-ing, go-ing throught you, There are cor-nets,

play-ing trom-bone, — he would play rag — up — on the  
 and clar-i-nets, — and a big bass — that is in

slide his play-ing was in-trance-ing, — we would all  
 tune it is so har-mo-niz-ing, — and it's so

start a dance-ing, — O! when they play that drag-gy rag tune.  
 mis-ma-riz-ing, — O! when they play that drag-gy rag tune.

Chorus.

When they start a play - ing — that rag we then start a dance - ing right a -

way, There is some - thing a - bout it that we all un - der - stand, when the

mus - ic starts a — play - ing why it's some - thing grand, Keep on

play - ing that drag - gy - rag, I could keep dance - ing un - til noon, For we are

sway - ing say - ing keep on play - ing, That drag - gy rag tune.

THE IRISH EXILE  
OR  
LAY ME ON THE HILLSIDE

Written and Composed by J. F. MITCHELL.  
Arr. by C. M. CONNOLLY.

Moderato

1. Be - neath a far Aus - tra - lian sky, An I - rish Ex - ile lay, The  
2. E - vic - tion, find and cru - el, sent him far a - cross the beam, From  
3. Each eye was wet with bri - ny tears His words had touch'd the heart, Tho'

sand from out his glass of life, Was shi - ing fast a - way, Tho'  
that sweet spot which I - rish men, Where'er they be, call home! Tho'  
they were ex - ilee too, and time had fail'd to heal their smart. In

friends that stood a - round his bed His eyes could weep - ly see, His  
land whose hills have fill the tread Of prin - ce and of king, Whose  
ev - ry clime be - neath the sky, The I - rish men are seen, Yet

Smiling Smiling Almost All The Time

Words by  
ARTHUR A. CHIEF

Music by  
E. F. NIEL

There is a girl, a - thers - ing  
She has a - way to make you

post She's the sweet - est maid I know She  
guy When you're feel - ing sad and blue She's

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Roll Your Eyes, Mr. Moon Man.

Words and Music by  
ED. WESDORF

Allergo

I've been a - lone these eve - nings,  
I just can't wait till eve - ning.

I've been a - lone these nice eve - nings; But you can't guess what you  
I nev - er had such strange feel - ing; Oh, Mis - ter moon, come soon!

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"THROW HIM DOWN M'CLOSKEY."

(M'CLOSKEY'S GREAT FIGHT.)

Song & Chorus.

Words and Music by J. W. KELLY

INTRO.  
Allegretto.

1. 'Twas down at Dan Mc Devill's at the  
2. The fighters were to start in at a  
3. They fought like tuck - y - e - ass 'till the

ear - ner of this street, There was to be a prize fight and both parties were in  
quarter of - the - eight, But the us - gur did not show up and the hour was get - ting  
fur - ty sev - enth round, They scattered blood enough around by gosh, to paint the

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