Louis Rubenstein

RASTUS ON PARADE

A SONG OF COLOR.

WORDS BY

George F. Marion.

MUSIC BY

Kerry Mills.

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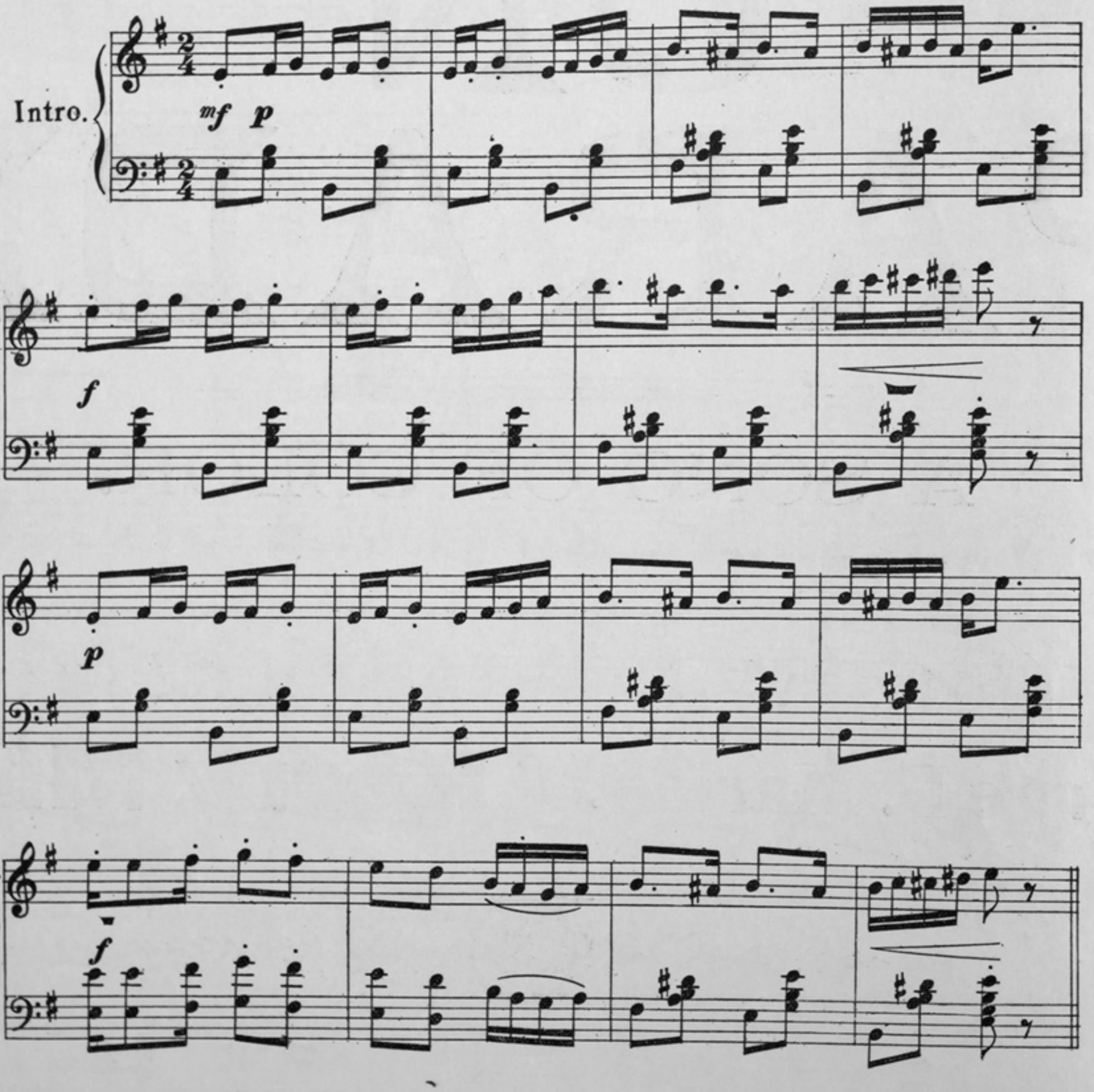

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My! My! hon ey boy don't you cut a swell
Hi dar fight ing coons keep you dis - tace wide

Who can re - sist you child, just hear those wench - es yell.
Gaze on dat black cloud come and get you place to hide.

No use to ar - gu - fie ev' ry one can tell
Each col ored gent has got a ra - zor by his side.

You're my hot stuff my Jim dan - - - - dy. So
My hon - ey Ras tus you're a dan - - - - dy. So

Hi there 'ten - tion now am - bling down the . way Comes
How 'dy col - ored folks crowd a - long the street

mf

Ras - tus my sol - dier boy he leads the band to - day.
Just watch them nig - gers fan de pave - ment wid der feet.

Tie loose that mu - sic now just give us room to shout.
Grab ground Oh! sol - dier boy you'se sweet e - nough to eat

Hey Lord - ie Ras - tus you're my Lu - - - lu.
Ras - tus come say you loves you Man - - - dy.

Keep on a shout - ing fall in line,

Chorus.

f

Umph: umph: just clear the way.

Slap down your flat feet Keep on the move. My

Ras - tus is out to day. day.

1. 2.