

## Old Music Master

Hoagy Carmichael

One night long ago by the light of the moon  
An old music master sat composing a tune  
His spirit was soaring and his heart full of joy  
When right out of nowhere stepped  
A little colored boy

You gotta jump it, music master  
You gotta play that rhythm faster  
You're never gonna get it played  
On the Happy Cat Hit Parade

You better tell your friend Beethoven  
And Mister Reginald De Koven  
They better do the same as you  
Or they're gonna be corny too

Long about 1917  
Jazz'll come upon the scene  
Then about 1935  
You'll begin to hear swing  
Boogie woogie and jive

You gotta show that big broadcaster  
That you're a solid music master  
And you'll achieve posterity  
That's a bit of advice from me

The old music master  
Simply sat there amazed  
As wide-eyed and open-mouthed  
He gazed and he gazed

How can you be certain little boy  
Tell me how?  
Because I was born, my friend  
A hundred years from now

He hit a chord that rocked the spinet  
And disappeared into the infinite  
And up until the present day  
You can take it from me  
He's as right as can be  
Ev'rything has happened that-a-way