

## The Old Music Master

Johnny Mercer

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 coloured 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 nineteen seventeen  
Jazz'll come upon the scene  
Then about nineteen thirty-five  
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