

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