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 boyYou gotta jump it, music master
You gotta play that rhythm faster
You're never gonna get it played
On the Happy Cat Hit ParadeYou better tell your friend Beethoven
And Mister Reginald De Koven
They gotta do the same as you
Or they're gonna be corny tooAlong about nineteen-seventeen
Jazz'll come upon the scene
Then about nineteen-thirty-five
You'll begin to hear swing, boogie-woogie and jiveYou better tell the big broadcaster
That you're a solid music master
And you'll achieve posterity
That's a bit of advice from meThe old music master simply sat there amazed
As wide-eyed and open-mouthed he gazed and he gazedHow can you be certain little boy, tell me how?
Because I was born, he said, hundred years from nowHe 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
Everything has happened that-a-wayAlong about nineteen-seventeen
Jazz'll come upon the scene
Then about nineteen-thirty-five
You'll begin to hear swing, boogie-woogie and jiveHe 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
Everything has happened that-a-way, yeah

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