Words by
BILLY FORAN.

Music by
EDNA WILLIAMS.

That Epidemic Rag.

Have you heard about the new disease,
That's spreadin' round the

When the symptom of that chronic craze,
Once fond'less and em -

universe? It's nothing like the influenza sneeze,
It's

braces you, You're quarantined with joy for sixty days,
No

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en el ano MCMXI por Jos. W. Stern y Cia., Propietarios Nueva York y Mexico.
not the epi-zu-dy, but it's twice as worse. Folks are stricken with it ev-ry
matter where you go this microbe chases you; And your eyes begin to shake and

where, The germ is in the at-mos-phere; You can
roll, Your heart longs for your tur-tle dove, It goes

fum-i-gate, cam- phor-ate, vac-ci-nate, em-i-grate,
pump-in' and bump-in' and thump-in' and jump-in' and

But it's bound to over-take and sting you in the ear.
Law-dy, Law-dy, Lawdy, how it makes you spoon and love.
CHORUS.
a tempo.

It's that epidemic rag,
That contagious

p a tempo.

melody,
That delirious drag,

That makes you dance, makes you prance, In a feverish trance; It's

raging, that raving ragtime, Oh! Doctor
joyous convulsions of melodious pain, oh,

spasms of ecstasy come get me again, I'm

(Spoken.) Oh! lawdy come and

passing away, let me swoon to the tune of that strain,

get me.

Oh that epidemic rag.

Oh that epidemic rag.