OLD KING TUT

WAS A WISE OLD NUT

First Introduced by
LEO FITZPATRICK
The Merry Old Chief of the Kansas
City Stars Nighthawk Radio Club

Lyric by
Roger Lewis

Music by
Lucien Denni
writers of "Oceana Roll"

HE GOT INTO HIS ROYAL BED
THREE THOUSAND YEARS B.C.
AND LEFT A CALL FOR TWELVE O'CLOCK
IN NINETEEN TWENTY THREE

J.W. Jenkins Sons Music Co
Old King Tut
Was A Wise Old Nut

Words by
ROGER LEWIS

Music by
LUCIEN DENNI

Moderato

A-long the valley of the Nile, to-night a torch is flam-in' Be-

cause two excavators found the tomb of Tut Ankh Hamen. They

searched and searched for years and years at last they found the king And

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while they Jesse Jamesed his tomb, these royal ghouls would sing.

Old King Tut was a wise old nut to sleep three thousand years, He
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Old King Tut was a wise old nut to sleep three thousand years, He

never gave a check-room Jane six-bits to check a two bit cane, With-
never had to pawn his throne to buy a meal for some sal-o-mee, With-
ever had an ache or pain or had to ride an Er-i-e train, He
never had the chills or croup or gar-gle Kosh-er nood-le soup, With-

in a room they called a tomb he went a-way to sleep He
in a room next to his tomb he gam-boled for a lark In-
drank some old E-gyp-tian wine, it was his pri-va-te brew It
in a room next to his tomb one night he gave a ball The
Old King Tut was a wise old nut, To snooze away in peace
No doubt he had a great old time.

With the pyramids on top, He
store his tomb with beef and wine to help his journey on.

To-buried him and all the men were jealous of the King.

They got into his royal bed three thousand years B.C.

And day he died they stored a thousand jugs of wine away. With

Old King Tut, &c. 4-3
Old King Tut was a wise old nut,
So let the King sleep on.
Old King Tut was a wise old nut,
Oh, death! Where is thy sting?
Old King Tut was a wise old nut,
Oh, wouldst the King were me!

Old King Tut was a wise old nut,
Left him twenty dancing girls and they had everything;
Left a call for three o'clock in nineteen-twenty-three;
Moonshine twenty bucks a quart what's his stuff worth today?
REFRAIN
Let me linger in my memory's garden here,
Let me dream that you will love me some-
time, dear,
Dreams, just in dreams there I meet you,
You, if you could but care,
Let me linger in the past a little while,
Dreams of you will all my cares and pain
beguile,
In memory life is love's melody
In my memory's garden here,
Let me dream, dear.
Let me linger, dear.

MEMORY'S GARDEN

Lyric by
Gwyne Dennt

Made by
Lucien Denni

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