


# Old Zip Coon

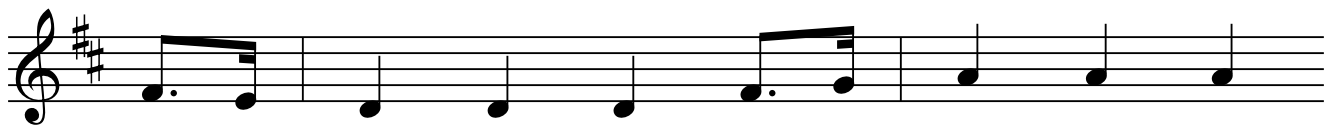
♩ = 200



There was once a man with a dou - ble chin,




Who per - formed with skill on a vi - - o - - lin:




And he played in time and he played in tune,




But he nev - er played an - y - thing but Old Zip Coon'.



"Old Zip Coon' he played all day



Un - - til he drove his friends a - - way;



He played all night by the light of the moon



And he would-n't play an - y-thing but 'Old Zip Coon'

There once was a man with a double chin,  
Who played with skill on a violin:  
And he played in time and he played in tune,  
But he never played anything but 'Old Zip Coon'.  
'Old Zip Coon' he played all day,  
Until he drove his friends away;  
He played all night by the light of the moon  
And wouldn't play anything but 'Old Zip Coon'.

So the neighbours said "Will you kindly play  
'Nellie Bly' or 'Where are the Flowers in May'?"  
Any tune will do if its not that tune,"  
But he wouldn't play anything but 'Old Zip Coon'.  
'Old Zip Coon' he played all night,  
Until the owls and bats took flight;  
His friends all begged for a different tune,  
But he wouldn't play anything but 'Old Zip Coon'.

So they took that man with the double chin,  
All his worldly goods and the violin.  
And they shipped him off to a foreign shore  
Where the natives had never heard the tune before.  
'Old Zip Coon' he played all day:  
He played until the natives ran away:  
He played and played by the light of the moon  
Till they wished they had never heard of 'Old Zip Coon'.

They have left him there by the deep blue sea,  
Where he lives alone in a hollow tree;  
And he played that tune and it never ends,  
So it isn't surprising that he has no friends.  
'Old Zip Coon' he plays all day,  
There's no one left to run away;  
And still he thinks it's a beautiful tune,  
And that is the history of 'Old Zip Coon'.