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

Moderato

Voice

A - long the val - ley of the Nile, to - night a torch is flam-in' Be-
cause two ex - ca - va - tors 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.

CHORUS

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-
Old King Tut was a wise old nut to sleep three thousand years, He never had to pawn his throne to buy a meal for some salome, With-
Old King Tut was a wise old nut to sleep three thousand years, He never had an ache or pain or had to ride an Erie train, He
Old King Tut was a wise old nut to sleep three thousand years, He never had the chills or croup or gargle Kosher noodle soup, With-

in a room they called a tomb he went away to sleep He in a room next to his tomb he gamboled for a lark In drank some old Egyptian wine, it was his private 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
Old King Tut was a wise old nut, There's not the slightest doubt The
Old King Tut was a wise old nut, He had a great old time Three
Old King Tut was a wise old nut, With the pyramids on top He

landlord ever chased him there, he had a good long lease. They
tomb was not to keep him in but keep the pikers out. They
thousand years up on the Nile, And never spent a dime. He
had a show there every night no Klux Klan could stop The

stored 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 Kiriff Tut was a wise old nut, So let the King sleep on.
Old Kiriff Tut was a wise old nut, Oh, death! Where is thy sting?
Old Kiriff Tut was a wise old nut, Oh, wouldst the King were me!
Old Kiriff Tut was a wise old nut, Come where the Yits Yoks play.
STORIES

Try These Few Bars of the New Wonder Song

STORIES

on Your Piano

An Overnight Hit

A Lyric That Means Something
and a Haunting Never-to-be-Forgotten Melody

MARTHA

Back to the Old Melodious Tunes
A Few Bars of

MARTHA

The Song That Is Captivating The Entire Country
With It’s Beautiful, Seductive Melody And Appealing Lyric