

THE NEW ORLEANS

HOP. SCOP. BLUES

Words and Music

By

Geo. W. Thomas



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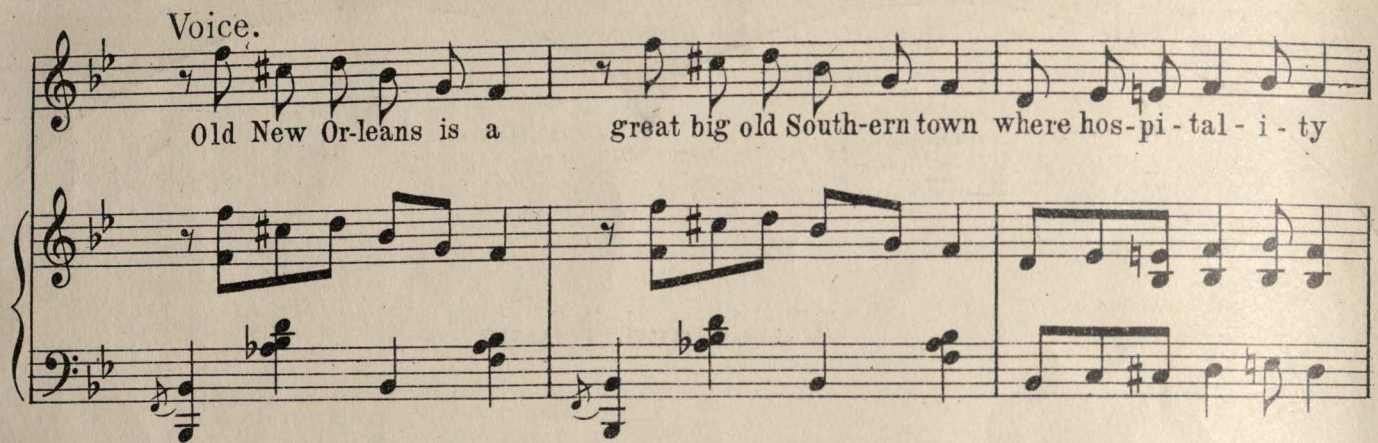
Moderato

Piano.

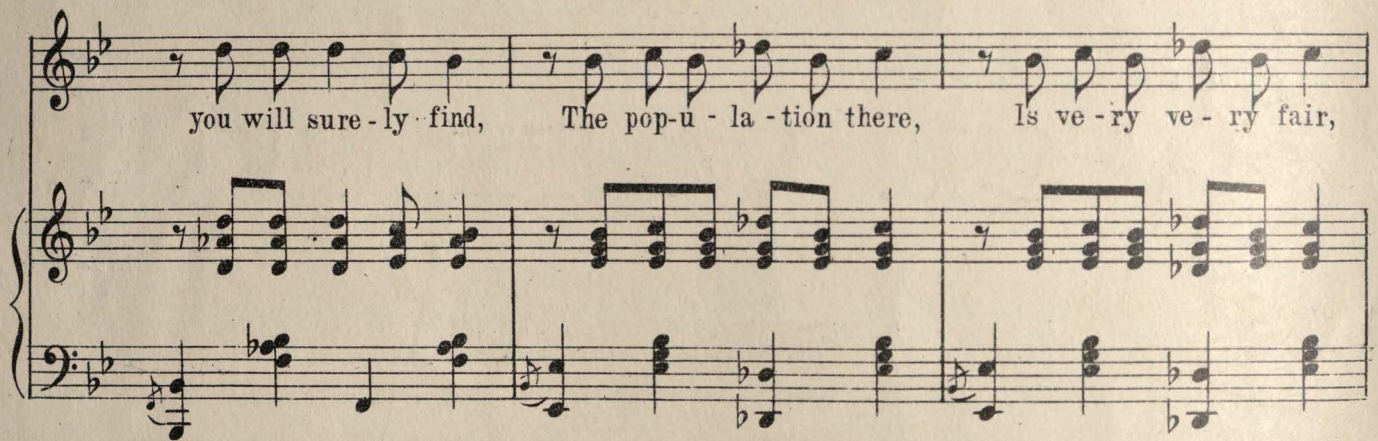


Voice.

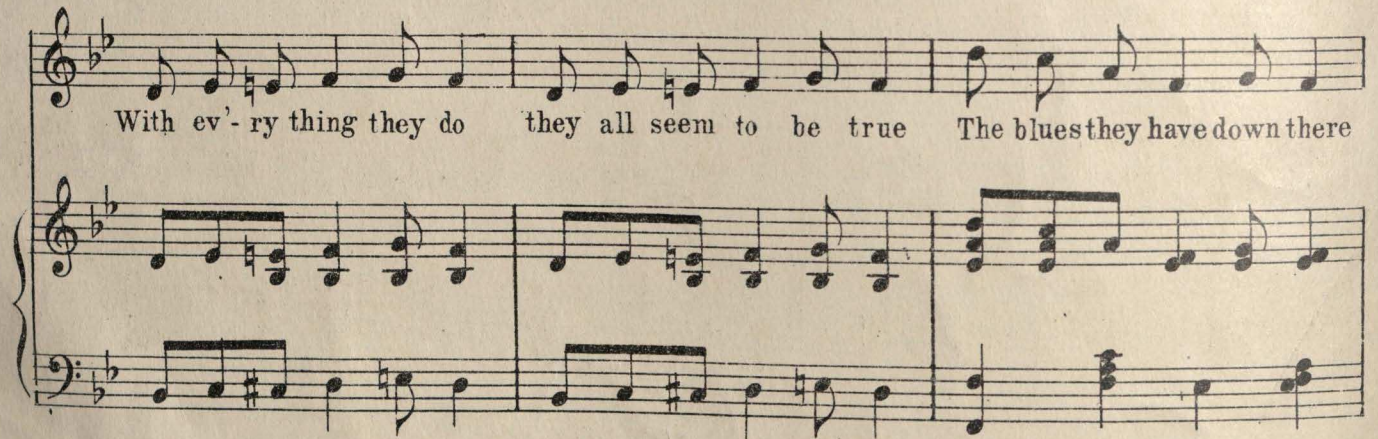
Old New Or-leans is a great big old South-ern town where hos-pi-tal-i-ty



you will sure-ly find, The pop-u-la-tion there, is ve-ry ve-ry fair,



With ev'-ry thing they do they all seem to be true The blues they have down there



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sure-ly is something rare there. Now lis-ten they sound so good to you,

It will make you dance the hop scop blues The girls in New Or-leans,

Just simp-ly are a dream, They all are Southern raised You got to give them praise

They have a dance that's late, They sure are up to date,

The New Orleans. 4

4

— Now hon - ey, you see them col - ored Folks, go - ing to that big old Lin - coln

L.H. L.H.

what I mean that big old Lin - coln Park. They dance the Hop Scop Blues,

They are the best old blues, The Whi Folks dance them to, Out at the Span - ish Fort,

They ev - er dance these blues, Down on the old Sid - ney Boat Right here you

Chorus. *Not fast.*

Glide, SPOKEN Slide, Dance, Prance, SPOKEN Hop,

obligato. obligato.

Stop, *um* **SPOKEN** *um.* I can nev-er get tired,

Danc-ing them Hop Scop Blues Girls, Boys. Once more you slide,

glide, Prance, Dance. The Hop Scop Blues will make,

obligato.

You do a love-ly shake, It make you feel so grand, When you join hand and hand,

Dancing them Hop Scop Blues, Down in old New Or-leans Town. Right here you town.

D.C.