

# The Dirty Dozen

A Jazz Drag

Music by  
Clarence M. Foster

Moderato

5

VAMP

Old Ru - fus Ras - tus  
Those kids and cous - ins

9

John-son Lee was brag - gin' bout his fam - 'ly tree,  
by the score Were eat - in' and sleep - in' on the floor,

12

He said his un - cles all were dea - cons Down in Ten nes -  
And ev - 'ry day you'd see po - lice - men Knock - in' at the

15

- see; Said old black mam my Man - dy Bly, "I knew your folks in  
door; And no one ev - er thought of socks, their bare feet cut by

19

days gone by, And when we'd meet them on the street We'd look at them and  
glass and rocks, It's sure a fact that they were packed Like sar - dines in a

23

cry."  
box."

*fz*

24

## CHORUS

"Oh, the old dir - ty doz - en, the old dir - ty doz - en, Your broth - ers and cous - ins, all

*p*

28

liv - in'like a hive of bees, They all kept a - buz - zin', a - fus - sin' and mus - sin; There

31

was - n't a good one in the bunch, Be - lieve me that ain't no bluff,

*fz*

34

Guess that's e - nuff." (That's e - nuff) "Oh, the

1

37

nuff." (That's e - nuff.)

2

D.S.