Chicken Reel.
Song.

Words by JOS. MITTENTHAL.  
Music by JOS. M. DALY.

Way down in Carolina where the
One night when from a party she was

sweet potatoes grow, There lives a dusky maiden by the
walkin' home with Bill, Now she's her steady feller and the

name of Liza Snow. She used to go to parties where they'd
night was dark and still. It seems he stole a chicken, and when

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always make her sing, But say you ought to see that Baby
Li - za looked at that. She said I'm goin' to wear it on my

do the pigeon wing. They held a dancing contest and were
go-to-meet-in' hat. I guess you're goin' crazy answered
goin' to give a prize. They all had on their finest and it
William with a smile, But Li - za said "Go on you haven't

now was up to Lize. Just who was goin' to win it ev'ry-
heard the latest style." When first she wore it out the peo-

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bod-y there could feel. When Li-za holl-ered to the band to play the Chick-en Reel. asked her to ex-plain, But Li-za sim-ply said Why I have chick-en on the brain.

Clear the crowd a-way Tell the band to play, When yer hear me say "GO" My hon-ey Clear the crowd a-way Tell the band to play, When yer hear me say "GO" My hon-ey

CHORUS

Oh you Chick-en Reel how you make me feel Say it's real-ly so en-trance-in'

Who could ev-er keep from danc-in', That's the mu-sic sweet
like the chicken meat, Give it to me with the dress-in'

I don't need no dance-in' lesson. Put all the other fine selections right away

That is the only tune I want to hear you play When I get married if there's

music I will say "Hey boss keep a-play-in' Chicken Reel all day." Reel all day."