The Puritan Prance.

Lyric by
DONAGHEY & BURKHARDT.

Music by
BEN M. JEROME.

See here, Ru-fus, we've been lovin' friends,
See here, Man-ny Jack-son, that will do,

But I warn you all this lovin' ends,
If you still insist that

Guess you're gettin' too good to be true,
Has some parson started

we attends,
An-ya shockin' good for nothin'
Show your stockin' tur-KEY trot-tin'

courtin' you?
With his preachin' and be-seechin'

All the time for your heart reach-in'
Grizzly bears and lambs like me am foes, For I got re-ligion
Grizzly bears and San Francisco slides, Ought to suit a face with

in my toes, Nothing jail-lish with this nig-ger goes,
colored hides, You can stick to Sun-day meet-in' gildes,

Nothing risk-y, nothing risk-y, San Francis-ky lead to whis-key.
But my mo-tion, of a mo-tion's Like the roll-in' of the o-cean.

Refrain.

Do that prudish, pi-ous Pur-itan Prance, cold-ly ad-vance,
Raise your eyes while up to Heaven you glance, as in a trance,

Say your prayers while you float and you dance, don't take a chance,

Sing a hymn as you lurch Think of go-in' to church, Nix on

any other movement but the Puritan Prance, Prance.

The Puritan Prance & Louisiana Lou.