At That Reuben Tango Huskin' Bee.

Words by Joe Young and Harry Williams.

Music by Bert Grant.

Allegro Moderato.

Piano.

Some-thin' goin' ta happen a-roun'; Ez-ra's got his fid-dle all clean,

Down in the barn of Farmer Brown: Come a-long, Hi-ram,
Zeke's goin' to play the a-cordeen; Tim-o-thy, Hay-seeds

Come a-long, Bill, Gosh! we won't get home un-till The
goin' ta in-sist, "Strap your time-piece to your wrist? They

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wee small hours of the morn,
do say still I can't believe,

There
He'll

ain't been no such night since you were born.
wear his red bandanna up his sleeve.

Chorus.

At That Reuben Tango Husk-in' Bee (Heel!)
Jim-min-

y, by crick-y, John-ny, get your hair cut, Get ready! Bring a-

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long a pair of tango shoes; Let the turkeys be for goats'kin;

We'll do all the turkey trot-tin'; Lock the hens and roost-ers

in the barn, (Whoo!) There'll be broil-ers pretty, comin'

from the city; Farmer Brown came from town, brought a load of chickens down to

dance at that Reuben Tango Husk-in' Bee. Bee.

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