

Alabama Jubilee

Ferlin Husky

You ought to see deacon Jones When he rattles the bones, Old parson Brown foolin' 'roun like a clown, Aunt Jemima who is past eighty three, Shoutin' "I'm full o' pep! Watch yo' step!, watch yo' step! One legged Joe danced aroun' on his toe, Threw away his crutch and hollered, "let 'er go!" Oh, honey, hail! hail! the gang's all here For an Alabama jubilee Mandolins, violins, Hear the darkies tunin' up, the fun begins, Come this way, don't delay, Better hurry, honey dear, or you'll be missin' Music sweet, rag-time treat, Goes right to your head and trickles to your feet, It's a reminder, a memory finder Of nights down in old Alabam'. Hear that flute, it's a beaut, And the tunes it's too tin', tootsie, ain't they cute? Let's begin, it's a sin, To be missin' all this syncopated music! Oh, you Jane, once again Give your legs some exercise to that refrain, Boy, that's what makes me so dreamy and takes me Back home to my old Alabam'.