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That Coontown Quartette

Words by GRANT CLARKE

Music by JEAN SCHWARTZ

Moderato

Last night I heard some sing-in' real
Till ready

They sang a song so funny, so

Sing-in' great sing-in' And there were voices ring-in' to

Fun-ny, oh hon-ey I threw a-way my mon-ey it

Good old South-ern tunes; I heard some colored fellers swell

Tick-led me to death; Then Billy sang a bal-lad sweet

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fellers, four fellers And I've seen some Rathskellers and
bal-lad fine bal-lad I choked on chick-en sal-ad un-

en-ter-tain-in' coons: I might- y near- ly
en-ter-tain-in' coons: I might- y near- ly
til I lost my breath: No soon- er would the

went in-sane When they start-ed sing-in' this re-frain
won-ey mene-lyWhen they start-ed sing-in' this re-frain
boys be-gin Then I found my-self a join-in' in

Way down yon-der in the old corn-field.
Way down yon-der in the old corn-field.

That Coontown Quartet 4
CHORUS

You don't mean to tell me that you never met That

Coon-town Quartette? You don't mean to say you never

heard'em yet? That Coon-town Quartette Timmy's the tenon,

Bil ly's the bass Barry sings the baritone all around the place;

That Coontown Quartette - 4
Most surprising, harmonizing, Have you heard 'em?

go and hear 'em sing-in' "Lindy, Lindy,
sweet little sugar pet" Throw a nickel on the drum

Bumpy bum, To that Coontown Quartette. You tette.