At the Chicken Chaser's Ball

Words and Music by
VARDON and PERRY

Allegretto moderato
(Not too slow)

All the town boys gave a ball, and invited me to call,
Hardly get enough of the way we did "our stuff."

And bring a little chicken long with me and see,
Took the prizes for our grace and style, some style.

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dressed up nice and slick, took along a little chick, To their

time the band would play, we would do the "Barnyard Sway," And they

seventh yearly Chicken Jubilee, Oh gee! Ev'ry

said it had the "Shimmie" beat a mile, we'd smile, All the

chicken flew the coop, just to join the feathered troop.
young chicks broke their legs, just to join the hard boiled eggs.

CHORUS

When the jazz band started blowing, all the roosters started crowing, I
When the trombone started sliding, you should see those birds a-gliding, The
grab'd my self a wing and started danc-ing, and pranc-ing, She was
Bant-ams and the Game-cocks were a step-ping, some step-ping, You could

just a young "Buff Cochin," But she need-ed some ap-proachin';
see birds of a feath-er, How they love to flock to-geth-er, Old

way she look'd at me was so en-tranc-ing, while danc-ing, Now I
hens were brooding o'er their past and fret-ting, some set-ting, They had

knew her old-er sis-ter, So I bent right down and kiss'd her, Yes,
miss'd their ear-ly chanc-es, They had like-wise miss'd their dances, The
right up on her little downy neck, some "peck." She Wyndottes whined they couldn't get a drink, just think, Some

shook herself, and said "Gee wiz!" Wish I was as old as my birds were there, without their socks, Said they were a flock of old

 sis- ter Liz!" While dancing at the Chicken Chas- er's "Ply- mouth Rocks," While, dancing at the Chicken Chas- er's

Ball. When the Ball, some Ball! Ball. When the Ball, some Ball!

At the Chicken Chaser's Ball.