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At The Honky-Tonk Steppers' Ball

Words and Music by CHRIS. SMITH & JIMMIE DURANTE

Moderato

The Honky-Tonk Steppers are giving a ball Next The Dark-ie-town strutters once gave an affaire Just

Saturday night at the old Town Hall; Old folks, young folks take a chance And one year ago, yes, and I was there. What a time was had that night, We

get yourself to that dance... You'd better have taxicab fare, And hurry along and be there, 'cause stayed until broad day-light... But this dance will be a knock-out; I know what I'm talking about, 'cause

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CHORUS

I'm goin' to do a little cheat-in',
I'll wear my "Sunday-go-to-meet-in."
I'm goin' to be there with my hon-ey,
You'll see me circu-late my mon-ey.

Not a dance I'll lose
Im gon-na step in patent lea-ther shoes
(orn pro-tec-tors.)
All there is I'll see
And I'll be mess-in' in so-ci-e-ty
(mighty stuck-up.)

Sam Green plays a mean pi-an-o,
His Jazz hounds can't be beat;
One thing I forgot to men- tion,
Just throw your watch a-way;
You're gon-na

-pa-tors they're hot po-ta-tors,
A real treat, they play so sweet,
stay round, and you'll be home-bound
On Sunday or on Monday.

At The Honky-Tonk etc.- 4
Every Honky-Tonk stepper will come strut-tin' in (can't scorn 'em;)
Go right to the box-office, tickets are on sale (go get 'em;)

All those high-toned 'dick-ties' will be butt-in' in (dog-gone 'em;)
Pass up speculators they'll be thrown in jail (dig-gone 'em;)

Bill Brown, the Mayor of Dark-Town, figures he's gonna call,
Next
Come, meet and greet the old timers, they will be in the hall,
Next

Saturday night at the Honky-Tonk Steppers' Ball,
Saturday night at the Honky-Tonk Steppers' Ball

At The Honky-Tonk etc.-4
PATTER

Tail-or shops press in' up fancy clothes, Ev'ry one dress in' up, good-ness knows; Fath' er John, Une le Tom, Old Aunt Jane,_ Strut in' by step-pin' high, rais in' cain._

Clean-ers get-ting bu-sy, slick-in' old plug hats, All the cops shin ing up clubs and' Gats: Mix-ing up with Bul-ly Mose, the jazz-in' houn', Danc in'est, pranc in'est man in' town;

Butch'er men, bak-er men sell-ing out— Food is goin' to the hall, there's no doubt, Where all the Mam-my Smith danc-ing with old man Jake, Heard 'em talk, gonna walk for the cake. Come all you

eats are free, and I can plain-ly see.—The first one in line will be me. Cause step-pin hounds, from all the near-by towns, And mix with the 'Yal-lers' and 'Browns; Cause

At The Honky-Tonk etc.—4

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