By H. De Pierce, J. Young
and H. Norman.

Farmer Brown came from town last evening, With some music
Farmer Brown told his daughter Jane, Keep on playing

for his daughter Jane; When she started, started in a playing,
Reuben Rag all day, Suddenly a voice cried in the parlor,
Gosh, Oh! ding it, farm-er Brown thought sure-ly that he'd go in-sane. The
"Hi-ram dear, come to me here, and kiss me, Gosh, I'm feel-ing queer." Oh!

Tune she played it got him a danc-ing. He danced un-till he fell ex-
mother dear, tell me what you're do-ing? Poor Jane she cried as to her

Haunted by her side; When he came to he cried "Oh! darling daugh-ter
mother's side she ran; "Oh noth-ing child, go back and keep on play-ing."

Tell me what you're play-ing," and then to him she re-plied, "It's called the-
Then they start-ed dan-cing, pranc-ing to a strain that was en-tran-cing.

Reuben Rag 4
Oh, my loving pa, Reuben rag,

Oh, my darling ma, Farmer Brown said, "Daughter dear, I could
dance to that ever-loving strain all the year,
Don't stop, dear,
I'll get my fiddle here, Gosh! I'll help you drag;

Reuben Rag 4
Here we are, let 'er go, Gosh! oh, ding it, play it slow, And

start the begin - ing of the Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing,

Start the begin - ing of the Reu - ben, of the Reu - ben, Of that

ev - er - lov - ing Reu - ben rag. 

Reuben Rag 4