“EVERYBODY’S HAPPY WHEN THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH”

Words & Music by ERLE THRELKELD

Moderato

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chickens were close by. Now a hen house was a goosie was no more. Poor old Rufus said "My oftentimes he was sorry would sneeze he would fan the breeze And a goose would chase him home.

pleasant place where often he would fine old bird, I'm sorry that you're roam, If a chick would sneeze he would dead, But to save my life from all care and strife I hit you on the head."

Everybody's happy
CHORUS  

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Ev'-ry-bo-dy’s hap-py when the goose hangs high,
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Ev'-ry-bo-dy’s smil-ing and a wink in their eye,
The goose is in the ov-en with the pum-kin pie,
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Ev'-ry-bo-dy’s hap-py when the goose hangs high.
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Everybody’s happy