

## George Cobb

### "Alabama Jubilee"

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Mandolins, violins,  
Hear the darkies tunin' up, the fun begins,  
Come this way, don't delay,  
Better hurry, honey dear, or you'll be missin'  
Music sweet, rag-time treat,  
Goes right to your head and trickles to your feet,  
It's a reminder, a memory finder  
Of nights down in old Alabam'.  
Hear that flute, it's a beaut,  
And the tunes it's tootin', tootsie, ain't they cute?  
Let's begin, it's a sin,  
To be missin' all this syncopated music!  
Oh, you Jane, once again  
Give your legs some exercise to that refrain,  
Boy, that's what makes me so dreamy and takes me  
Back home to my old Alabam'.

Chorus:

You ought to see deacon Jones  
When he rattles the bones,  
Old parson Brown foolin' 'roun like a clown,  
Aunt Jemima who is past eighty three,  
Shoutin' "I'm full o' pep!  
Watch yo' step!, watch yo' step!  
One legged Joe danced aroun' on his toe,  
Threw away his crutch and hollered, "let 'er go!"  
Oh, honey, hail! hail! the gang's all here  
For an Alabama jubilee

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