

At The Honky-Tonk Steppers' Ball

Words and Music by
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Moderato

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The Honk-y-Tonk Steppers are giv-ing a ball Next
The Dark-ie-town strut-ters once gave an af-fair Just

Vamp.

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

get your-self to that dance... You'd bet-ter have tax-i-cab fare, And hur-ry a-long and be there, 'Cause
stayed un-til broad day-light. — But this dance will be a knock-out; I know what I'm talk-ing a-bout, 'Cause

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CHORUS

I'm goin' to do a lit-tle cheat-in'; I'll wear my "Sun-day - go - to-meet-in'."
I'm goin' to be there with my hon - ey; You'll see me cir - cu - late my mon - ey.

p-f

Not a dance I'll lose _____ I'm gon-na step in pat-ent leather shoes (*corn pro-tec-tors.*)
All there is I'll see _____ And I'll be mess-in' in so-ci-e - ty— (*might-y stuck-up.*)

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

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

Ev - 'ry Honk - y - Tonk step - per will come strut - tin' in — (can't scorn 'em;)
 Go right to the box - of - fice - tick - ets are on sale — (go get 'em;)

All those high - toned "dick - ties" will be butt - in' in — (dog - gone 'em.)
 Pass up spec - u - la - tors they'll be thrown in jail — (dog - gone 'em.)

Bill Brown, the May - or of Dark - Town, fig - ures he's gon - na call, — Next
 Come, meet and greet the old tim - ers, they will be in the hall, — Next

Sat - ur - day night at the Honk - y - Tonk Step - pers' Ball. 1. Last
 Sat - ur - day night at the Honk - y - Tonk Step - pers' Ball. Fine

PATTER

Tail-or shops press - in' up fan - cy clothes, Ev - 'ry-one dress - in' up, good-ness knows;
 Fath-er John, Unc - 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, gon-na 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

D. S. to