

# The Little Bunch Of Whiskers On His Chin - song lyrics

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THE LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN.

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Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

A jay came to the city once to see the funny eights,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;  
He'd heard about the cable cars and grand electric lights.  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
Says he, "I'll take in ev'rything, have all the fun I can."  
As he got off the cars the sharpers after him they ran.  
And quickly then in tow they had this little country man,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

Chorus.

Reuben Glue thought he knew a thing or two,  
Said that he would surely like the place.  
Whoa! But he went back to the town of Hackensack,  
With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a restaurant to pet a bite to eat,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin:  
He was as welcome in there as he was out in the street,  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
he ate a plate of pork and beans, and when he went to pay.  
The man charged him five dollars "That's too much," old Rube did say.  
"I know it is," the man said, "but I need the cash to-day."  
And he pulled the little whiskers on his chin.

Chorus.

Reuben Glue pot the huckleberry doo,  
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.  
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,  
With a very funny look upon his face.

Into a Poker game he sat, to pass the time away,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;  
A "jackpot" it was opened and old Reuben says, "I'll Stay,"  
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.  
And when it came to drawing cards, old Reuben he took one;  
Says he, "I'll show these city sharps a little bit of fun."  
Old Reuben held four aces, but the sharper held a gun  
At the little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

Chorus.

Reuben Glue from the table quickly flew,  
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.  
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,  
With a very funny look upon his face.

he went into a beer saloon to try and quench his thirst,  
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;  
The gang inside got fighting about which one saw him first,  
With his little hunch of whiskers on his chin.  
They nailed his shoes down to the floor, he couldn't get away,  
For all the drinks they had that night old Reuben had to pay;  
They pulled his leg so hard, he had to buy a crutch next day,  
Also had to cut the whiskers off his chin.

Chorus.

Reuben Glue didn't do a thing to you,  
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.  
Whoa! Then he hopped back to the town of Hackensack,  
But he hadn't any whiskers on his face.