

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

(After They've Seem Paree?)

(ladies) Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, said his wif-ey dear;
 Now that all is peace-ful and calm,
 The boys will soon be back on the farm.
 Mister Reu-ben start-ed wink-ing,
 And slow-ly rubbed his chin;
 He pulled his chair up close to moth-er,
 And he asked her with a grin:

(all)

(Chorus) How ya gon-na keep 'em down on the farm,
 After they've seen pa-ree?
 How ya gon-na keep 'em a-way from Broad-way,
 Jazz-in' a-roun', and paint-in' the town?
 How ya gon-na keep 'em a-way from harm?
 That's a mys-ter-y?

(men) They'll nev-er want to see a rake or plow;
 And who the deuce can par-ley-vous a cow?
 How ya gon-na keep 'em down on the farm,
 Af-ter they've seen pa-ree?

(all) (Chorus)

(men) Im-ag-ine Reu-ben when he meets his pa,
 He'll kiss his cheek and hol-ler "oo-la-la!"
 How ya gon-na keep 'em down on the farm,
 Af-ter they've seen pa-ree?

(ladies) Reu-ben, Reu-ben, you're mis-tak-en, said his wif-ey dear;
 Once a farm-er, al-ways a jay,
 And farm-ers al-ways stick to the hay.

(men)

 Moth-er Reu-ben, I'm not fak-in', Tho you may think it strange;
 But wine and wo-men play the mis-chief,
 With a boy who's loose with change.

(all) (Chorus)