ALL THE QUAKERS ARE SHOULDER SHAKERS
(DOWN IN QUAKER TOWN)

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MUSIC BY
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Music by PETE WENDLING

Moderato

Piano

Voice

Oh! I just got back to-day,— From a town not far a-way, — I've been
It's a most pec-u-liar sight,— And it doesn't seem quite right,— To see
looking at the Quakers, In their clothes of gray,— And it struck me mighty strange; Cause there's
all the Quakers dancing, Way into the night; —When the curfew starts to ring,— Every-

been an awful change; — If you think those folks are slow, — There's a lot that you don't know.
bod-y starts to sing; — And they grab their dancing shoes, While they hum a Quaker blues.

Chorus

All the Quakers are shoulder shakers, Down in Quaker town, Things are upside

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down—The Jazz Bug bit 'em, How it hit 'em; Ev'ry wiggle just makes you giggle,

At the meeting hall; Bands are play-ing, Folks are sway-ing, To the lov-in' "Strutters Ball!"

Of a wick-ed knee; Ha- by brother, Dad and Moth-er, Do the "Memphis Shiver-ee!"

Broth-er Hal-sey, with the pal-sy, You re-mem-ber him, He's the man who first be-gan to
Broth-er Mor-gan at the or-gan, Jazz-es all the notes, Gee it's sim-ply great to watch them

teach them how to "shim?"—Oh! the home of Will-i-am Penn, Won't be quite the same a-
sow their Quak-er oats; —You should see how Sis-ter Birch, Does a fox-trot down to

—gain, 'Cause all the Quakers are shoulder-shakers, Down in Quaker Town.


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