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Lyrics by
JOE McCARTHY.

Music by
HARRY PIANI.

At The Yiddisher Ball.

In our neighbor-hood
I have tick-ets here

we have, what you call,
Once a year a soc-i-a-ble ball,

I don't want to keep,
Say you'll come, I'll give you them cheap;

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What a time, there's every thing you wish, Ev'ry one is
dressed from soup to fish; You take Rif-ky, she looks pret-ty nifty,
Chill-i-bom-bom; A the-a-tre won't be half so good,
Don't you mind to bring the lunch, it on-ly costs you fif-ty; There'll be wine and
Don't stay a-way treat your-self just like you should; Once a year, you
ev'ry thing that's fine At the yid-dish soci-a-ble ball
know, you should ap-pear At the yid-dish soci-a-ble ball.
CHORUS

At the ball, at the ball, at the yid-dish-er ball, There'll be on-ly class, or there'll be nothing at all.

And when that or-ches-tra plays

Yid-dish kaz-ots-kys and Bom-ber-shays; At the ball, at the ball, at the yid-dish-er ball.

Well make mon-key-dood-les 'round the hall,
Out upon the floor I'll be Jak-ey on the spot, Do-ing the kos-her
tur-key trot, At that first class yid-dish-er so-cia-ble, (Re-
(Spoken)
mem-ber, fif-ty cents ad-mits the la-dies and the gents) At that first class
yid-dish-er so-cia-ble ball. At the ball.