THE CHICKEN'S BALL

Words by Al Jolson

Music by FRED. M. FAGAN

Tempo di Bear

Hon, I want to take you to a dead swell ball, the
All the San Francisco high society and

chicken's ball at Lyric hall Hon, I want to listen to the
you and me will jubilee anybody who is anybody

big brass band the best in the land they play simply grand I
body 'tall will be at the ball that chicken's ball I
want to hear the saxophone the trombone and fiddle

don't want anybody else's arm 'round about you

want to hear the cellist play his high a string Want to see the fellow saw the
otherwise with jealously I would be burned You have never given me a

bass in the middle want to hear some music with the real rag swing
reason to doubt you still I'm sort o' selfish Flo, where you're concerned

Go put on your dancing clothes and don't be slow please hurry Flo, I want to go
Just another little word and then I'm done, you look A. I, you're stunning hon

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Hon I want to hear the start ers whis tle blow I'm read y to do the 
Now we'll take a tax - i and a - way we'll run we've plen - ty of mon, we're 

Interlude 
Words ad lib. 
to - do - lo (Yo - ho you lit - tle chick, yo - ho, just hear your roost - er crow) 
out for fun (Yo - ho to Ly - ric hall, yo - ho, just let that gas - tank flow) 

CHORUS 
Ev - 'ry bo - dy does a lit - tle step a - lone for they 

have a lit - tle move - ment that is all their own, Then they 

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smuggle up in pairs and imitate the antics of a couple of bears Snap your fingers, honey, look me in the eye then "git over Sal, git over" throw your shoulders high There's a bear, I declare, there's a bear at the chicken's ball (I've got to go to Lyric, hall that's all) hall that's all)

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