At The Yiddisher Ball.

Lyrics by
JOE McCARTHY.

Music by
HARRY PIANI.

In our neighborhood
I have tickets here

we have, what you call,
Once a year a sociable ball,
I don't want to keep,
Say you'll come, I'll give you them cheap;
What a time, there's eve-ry-thing you wish, Ev-ery one is
dressed from soup to fish; You take Rif-ky, she looks pre-tty nif-ty,
Chill-i-bom-bom; A the-at-re 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 know, you should ap-pear At the yid-dish soc-ia-ble ball,
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-ch-es-tra plays Yid-dish kaz-ots-kys and Bom-ber-shays, At the ball, at the ball, at the yid-dish-er ball.

We'll make mon-key-dood-les 'round the hall,
Out upon the floor’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.