SOCIETY BEAR

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Millionaires, so the papers tell, Learned a dance that we all know well,

Papers say, ev'rybody there Laughed out loud when an heirress fair,

Papers say that an extra swell affair Was
Kissed John D. where he has no hair at all, Then
given by a millionaire. The rich four hundred, one and all, had
cunningly began to call His head her loving billiard ball, a-
gathered there; Strange to say some reporter men, Happened there with a
round the hall. Carnegie did the Turkey Trot, For an hour with a
pad and pen, They wrote down what they saw, and when the news was
chick-en that Egged him on 'til he most forgot to care A
print-ed in the papers, people were reading every-where,
snap about his library, doing that rich So-ci-e-ty Bear.
Their shoulders up in the air, rocking like a big propeller, someone cried, "Cuddle up to your Vanderbilt, wrap me up in a beautiful diamond quilt."
Mister Schwab was on the job, In a high-toned manner,

playing the piano, Morgan cried, "I

don't give a care, Let me spend another dollar," Throwing

up his hands in the air; Mister Gould began to holler,
Stocks are going up, going up, going up,

Stocks are going up, going up, going up, So come on, let's dance that Society Bear.