

by the writers of BALLIN' THE JACK

AT THE FOX-TROT BALL

Lyric by JIM BURRIS
Music by CHRIS SMITH



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Moderato.

Now get yoursilks and sat-ins on and
I've got to get a tick-et cause the

come and go with me; You are in - vit - ed,
place is get - ting packed, With ea - gle rock - ers

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Depositado en el año MCMXIV por Jos. W. Stern y Cia., Proprietarios Nueva York.

And I'm de-light-ed No one is slight-ed at the
And fan-cy squat-ers And turk-ey trot-ers for the

Fox Trot ball; They have the lat-est danc-es there Now just you wait and see
fox trot prance, Now just as soon's the band be-gins to play the Ball the Jack

I nev-er miss-'em So you can risk-'em
You start a dipp-in' The tunes a pipp-in'

You can't re-sist 'em when you're in the hall. Syn-co-pa-tion there
It's real-ly gripp-in' when you do that dance. Hear that drum-mer man

Seems to fill the air Come a-long you need-n't have a fear, dear!
 Keep - ing time so grand It's the lat - est thing that's in the land and

CHORUS.

When you start to fox trot a - round the floor, If the band stops a - playing You'll ap

p-f

plaud for more. Ev - 'ry - bod - y there will yell "En - core" If it's

kind o' "Honk - y Tonk - y" Some thing like the "Monk - ey" You hes - it - ate a bit, Then you

hop and skip— 'Cause when you get a-go-ing Gee! you hate to quit—

Oh! hon - ey Loop it up! Loop it up! Oh! ba - by

Whoop it up! Whoop it up! Old folks, young folks one and all—

Ev - 'ry - bod - y's hap - py at the fox trot ball. fox trot ball.