

# McCarthy's Fancy Ball - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

McCarthy's fancy ball.

Of all the friends I vally, McCarthy has the floor,  
He lives on Castle alley, forninst Pat Grogan's store;  
A message he indited to me And Tom McCaull,  
In which we were invited to attend his fancy ball.  
Rutherford McKann, Belinda Jane Fogarty,  
Alonzo Hoolahan and Florence McAnall  
Were in a set together, they were the pride of all,  
They danced the glide and racquet at McCarthy's fancy ball.

Chorus.

While McCarthy, so gay, kep' smilin' away,  
"Welcome, gintlemen, all to the party!  
Clarence Milton, my dear, bring a can full of beer  
For the guests of the Hotel McCarthy!"

The supper was the finest that ever I did see,  
And to it I escorted Miss Inez Maud McGee;  
We had maccaroni fritters, and lobster fricasseed,  
With toast on ice and pickles, it was a glorious feed.  
Ham And lemon pie, fried beans And floating island,  
With champagne extra dry we gormandized them all;  
When I was full to bursting they laid me in the hall,  
I nearly got dyspepsia at McCarthy's fancy ball.

Chorus.

While McCarty, so sound, bossed the servants around,  
"Will yez hurry And wait on the party?  
Grace Louisa, I say, bring some pot pie this way  
For the guests of the Hotel McCarthy!"

The punch went 'round quite freely, the fun was loud and high,  
Till Grogan stuck his ringer in Colonel Dooly's eye;  
This caused a great disturbance, the ladies lost their wits.  
And Agnes Rose McN'ally went into gastric fits.  
Dooly hit McHugh, while I walked into Fagan,  
Then Peter McAdoo just paralyzed them all;  
We put it on McCarthy and sent him to the wall,  
'Twas quite a royal pic-nic at McCarthy's fancy ball.

Chorus.

While McCarthy did cry, as he picked up his eye,  
"Arrah, gintlemen, plaze lave the party!  
Douglass Tracv, I say, call a cop right away,  
There's a scrap at the Hotel McCarthy!"