

Skidmore Fancy Ball - song lyrics

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SKIDMORE FANCY BALL.

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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

Oh, here we go so nobly, oh, de colored Belvederes,
A number one, we carry a gun, we beat de fusileers.
Talk about your dancers, when we hear de cornet call.
We wing And wing, de dust we sling, at de Skidmore fancy ball,
Den right And lef, hold your breff, we're bon ton darkies all;
Fat and lean, get in and scream, at de Skidmore fancy ball.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! glory, oh! balance down de middle;
I tell you what, que hay it's hot, like gravy in de griddle.
Forward four, hold on de floor, spread out Trough de hall;
Every coon's us warm as June, at de Skidmore fancy ball.

De supper's served at one G. M. by Brown, de catoroar:
Fat turk and goose, oh, cut me loose, just lem me in de door.
Chairs reserved for ladies, umbrellas in de hall-
Dar's etiquette in every set, at de Skidmore fancy ball.
Hands around, keep off de "round, we're bon ton darkies all:
Get in and sail, hold your trail, at de Skidmore fancy hall.- Cho.

Oh! every hat dat dey get at dis colored coterie.
Will cost a half-you needn't laugh, oh, help de Mil-lish-she.
We're gwine down to Newport, just next summer in de fall,
So foller suit and contribute to de Skidmore fancy ball.
Oh, waltz away-mazourkay, we're bon ton darkies all:
Sweet Caledone, It gives a tone to de Skidmore fancy ball.- Chorus.