AT THE Shim-me-Sha-Wabblers' Ball

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEO A. LEWIS
AT THE SHIM-ME-SHA-WABBLER'S BALL

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By GEO. A. LEWIS

Moderato

They had a swell time down in old Memphisto In the Shim-me-sha-wabbler's

VAMP

There was some brown skin gals with high yellow paws In the Shim-me-sha-wabbler's

Ball, Al- ex- on- der and his big Jazz Band Made the music shake the ball. They

Old

Ball, There were chocolate brownies from near by towns That were gliding round the ball. Old

Danced all night till the broad daylight, And still they wanted to dance some more, They couldn't stop that

Deacon Lee he went wild with glee, And danced all round on that ball-room floor. He grabbed Sis Brown from

Far

Fanny hop, But continued to dance round the floor. Al- ex- on- der home to say, "The

Memphisto, And he called for some more and for more. For he learned it right a-way. And

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now the break of day. We'll play just one more tune for you. And then I'll say we're through.

then had this to say, "There'll be no service Sunday night. Instead we'll learn this right?"

CHORUS

All the boys were there, dressed in their best Sunday wear. Down at the Shim-oo-sha-wabbler's Ball. Some high brown short, some high brown tall. And high yellow's lean and small. They Shim-oo-sha-wabbled round the ball. Where the alligators wiggle and the turtles crawl. And they had a hot time one and all. At the Shim-oo-sha-wabbler's Ball. All the hall.
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