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1891

The Party At Odd Fellow's Hall

Ralph W Atkinson
Composer

J Wendell
Lyricist

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THE PARTY AT ODD FELLOWS HALL

THE
PARTY
AT
ODD
FELLOWS
HALL

Words by
J. Wendell, Jr.

WALTZ
SONG & CHORUS

Music by

R. W. Atkinson.

BOSTON.

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1891

PAR

THE PARTY AT ODD FELLOW'S HALL.

Words by J. Wendell Jr.

Music by R. W. Atkinson.

1. I met my friend Pa - trick Mc. Ken - na, One
 2. I paid fif - ty cents for the tick - et, Then I
 3. Mc. Ken - na he was floor - di - rec - tor, He

ev - 'ning on Wash - ing - ton street, He said to me "Hy, Tim my
 called on Miss Brid - get Mc. Cann, She said she would go to the
 wore a green badge on his chest, A pink neck - tie tucked in his

Doo - lan Here's a tick - et will give you a treat? I took up the
 par - ty, 'Cause I was such an el - e - gant man. So we went down and
 shirt - front, Be - gob, he was hand - some - ly dressed And when he waltzed

card that he of - fered,..... 'Twas not ver - y large, twas'n't small,..... It
jumped in a her - dic,..... The driv - er says: "Where shall I call?"..... Says
off wid Miss Brid - get,..... Sure, I was - n't in it at all,..... But says

said "Ad - mit a gent and a la - dy To the par - ty in Odd fel - low's Hall".....
I, in a dig - ni - fied manner: "You can take us to Odd Fel - low's Hall".....
I to me - self: "Whist, Mc. Kenna, There's more than one man in the Hall".....

CHORUS.

Waltz - es, Polk - - - as, Lan - cers, Gal - ops, Glides,.....

Port - - land Fan - - cy, Quad - rilles, and Reels, and Slides,.....

High - lows, Di - dos, how they danced 'em all, I'll nev- er for -

get the time, you can bet, I went down to Odd Fellow's Hall. Hall

4.

I waited until they had finished,
 Then up to him boldly goes,
 And says I to him: "Patsy Mc. Kenna,
 Say where did ye hire them clothes?"
 "You're a liar!" says Pat in a second,
 Says I: "What's that word that ye call?"
 And the next minute me and Mc. Kenna
 Were cleaning up Odd Fellow's Hall.

CHORUS.

5.

Next morning, before Justice Duffy,
 Mc. Kenna and me was brought in,
 "Ten dollars," says he, "or ten days, sir!"
 And me and Pat hadn't the tin.
 So we took a short sail down the harbor,
 Begob, we were feeling quite small,
 And we stayed for ten days on Deer Island,
 For scrapping in Odd Fellow's Hall.

CHORUS.