The Last Part Of Ev’ry Party

Lyric by
JOSEPH MCCARTHY

Music by
HARRY TIERNEY

Moderato

When the hands on the clock, are

pointing to the top, Our joy begins, we never want to stop, We romp, we

run, There’s no one near to spoil our fun, Only once in an age that we can ever meet, When we

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do it's a rage to cel-e-brate the feat, We're here 'till day-light dawns, we won't go home.

REFRAIN

Oh, the last part of ev-ry par-ty, Is the real part, the best of all, Those who tar-ry,

raise old Har-ry, As the wee hours are grow-ing
small; Tell-ing first names; playing love games,

Fan-cies chang-ing at beck and call, Oft-times a

faint heart, Will make a late start, And make the last part

best of all. Oh, the all.