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## Chorus part: sopranos and altos. [189-?]

Kerker, Gustave, 1857-1923; Morton, Hugh, 1865-1916  
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*Mattie Savage*  
*Blanche*  
*Emerson*

Please do not  
bend or roll this part



# CHORUS PARTS

No.

Sonranos & Altos.

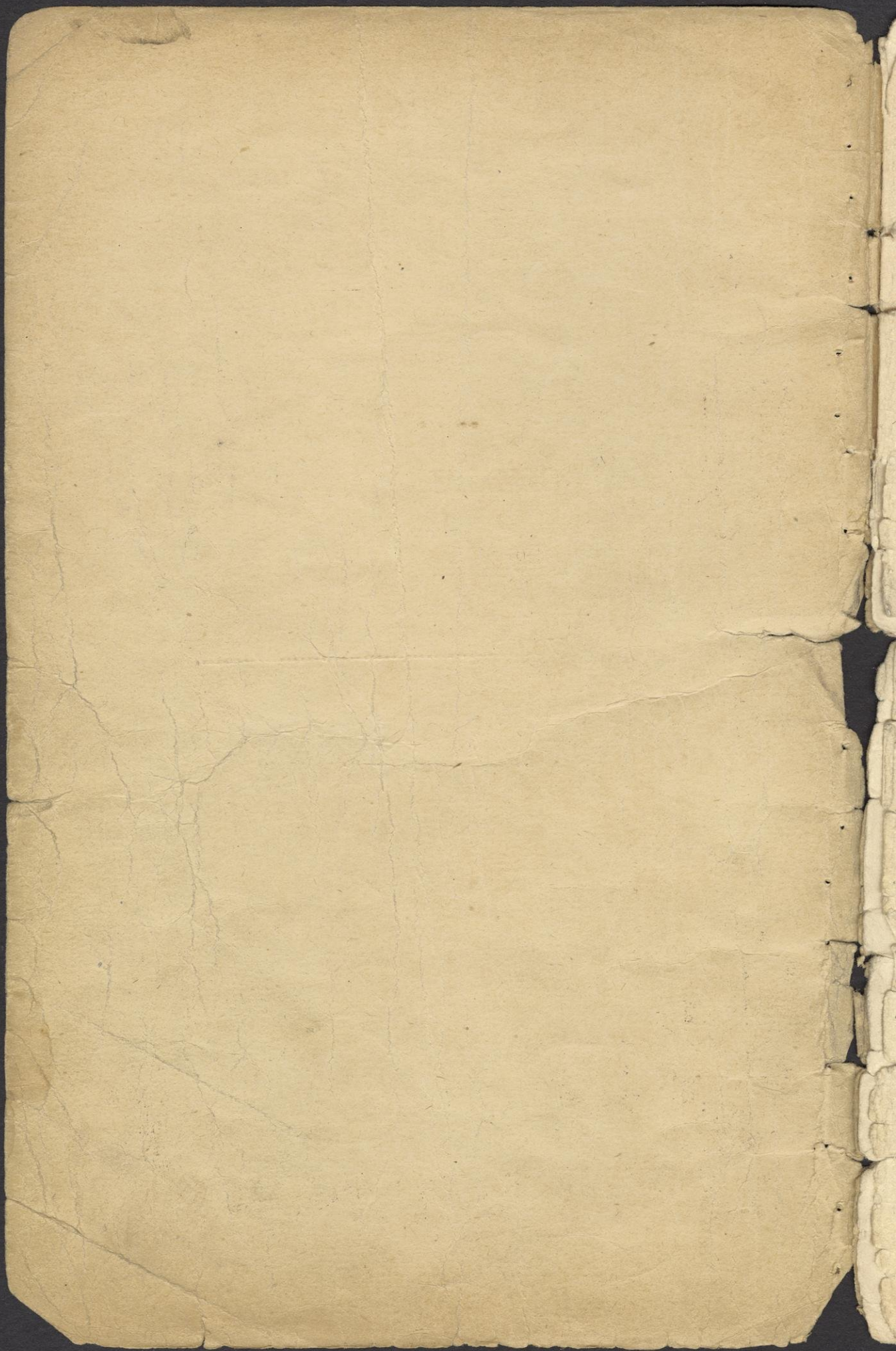
VOICE.....

Bella et NY

OPERA.....



*Arthur W. Tams*  
Music Library  
New York



# The Belle of New York.

Words by  
Hugh Morton.

Sopranos & Altos

Music by  
Gustave Herker.

## N<sup>o</sup> 1. Intro.<sup>m</sup> + Opening Chorus - "When a man is twenty one."

Moderato assai. 5 5 Ten + 12A.  
When a man is twenty one

Allegretto. 6 6 7 7  
Mod<sup>to</sup> 2 1 2 2  
let the tide -- die,

3/4 7 7  
Mod<sup>to</sup> 2 2  
let the tide, Ti -- dy, tide Ti -- dy, tide.  
Housemaids Oh,

All<sup>o</sup> agitato. 3/4 7 7  
Oh, maugh-ty Mis-ter Bron-son You hav -- n't been to bed, And  
in a -- no -- ther hour You're due, you know to read. The  
house is top -- sy -- two -- sy, And our dust -- ing is n't  
done, not done; The sweep -- ing and the o -- ther things n't

Sopranos + Altos

e-ven yet be-gun, No, not e-ven yet be-gun, No not  
 e-ven yet be-gun, Not be-gun, not be-gun, not be-  
 gun Oh, Fie, fie, fie! You  
 nau-gh-ty Mis-ter Bron-son, My, my, my! You're  
 such a dread-ful man! You'd bet-ter stop your tar-ry-ing, To  
 day's your day for mar-ry-ing, Oh nau-gh-ty Mis-ter  
 Har-ry Bron-son Fie, fie, fie! Oh  
 fie, fie, fie! You nau-gh-ty mis-ter Bron-son,  
 My, my, my! You're such a dread-ful man! You'd  
 bet-ter stop your tar-ry-ing, To day's your day, let  
 me-ry-ing Oh nau-gh-ty mis-ter Har-ry Bron-son  
 Fie, fie, fie! *All. to* *male Chorus*  
 For

Sopranos & Altos.

no - bo - dy will de - ny, which no - bo - dy will de - ny, yes, he's a good fel - low, yes, he's a jol - ly good fel - low, yes, he's a jol - ly good fel - low, and he'll nev - er be so - ber a - gain

N<sup>o</sup> 2. Song & Chorus.

All<sup>o</sup> con spirito.

When I was born, the stars won - der - ed, with won - der, and blink'd their eyes with fal - ter, to fal - ter I've nev - er been known to won - der - ed By the thun - der! By the fal - ter, the

Coro

Chos.

With 2/4

Sopranos + Altos.

A

thun-der! And his wife said, "Well, by the thun-der!"  
 al-tar, I be-gan my <sup>trips</sup> to the al-tar!"  
 Allegretto

And

now I am the pet

If he had to pay my sal-er-ee

chos.

And

now she is the pet you bet of

bank-ers, brewers and all that set; The

i-dol of the lit-tle boys that sit up in the

ga-ler-ee. When in her diam-onds she ap-pears, she

looks like a beau-ti-ful chan-de-lier, And

Henry Ford

Rus-sell Sage would fall down dead if he

had to pay her sal-er-ee.

pt. 7 Verse

D.B.

sal-er-ee.

Allegro.

No. 3. Song & Dance.

*Allegretto.*

Bill  
When

16 7

*Chorus*

The art of dance-ing Oh,

lit-tle Sis-ter His-sie's A jaun-ty lit-tle mis-sie,  
She can turn a so-mer-sault or hand-spring, Her  
pret-ty wink-y eyes goes, She's full of dink-y-di-dor,  
when she re-pre-sents the art of dance-ing. D.C.  
dance-ing.

*Dance after last verse.*

No. 4. Song. (Fiji)

*Moderato.*

*Fiji* *Gravioso Andantino*

to be the toy

15 3

*Chos.*

to fon-ale you, Oh teach me how to  
love Oh teach me how to kiss, dear,



Teach me how to squeeze, Teach me how to sit up on your  
 sym- pa -- the - tic knees; Teach me how to soo, dear,  
 Like a tur -- the dove; Teach me how to for - get you, Oh  
 teach me how to love.....!

*mf* *dim* *rit*

1° 2°  
 Fili Im DC.

No 5 March & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia Moderato.

Ten. & Ba<sup>2</sup> J. & A.

With state - ly With

state - ly treat, ... They come this way, With

dig - ni - fied de - mean - or With

boom of drum, Our souls they'll save, With

proud - ly fly - ing ban - ner, Snow - y plumes they

doff. To their chief they bow, To their chief doff

Snow - y plumes To their chief

Schabod. From

N<sup>o</sup> 6 Song. (Ichabod.) "The anti-cigarette society."

and in the field of moral

stick at us li-ci-tous

able to be

For in the field of

moral en-dear-our No com-festive can

shake a stick at us, In the

game of re-form there nev-er, no nev-er, were re-

form-ers that were so fel-li-ci-tous. Our

vic-ties con-tinue to strike us, As

qu-li-ties mag-ni-fi-cent to see,

Of course you could never be like us, But be as

like us as you're a-ble to be.

DC.

Soprano & Altos.

8.

# No. 7. Song & Chorus.

All. con spirito

Where'er you stray The  
Wine wo-men and  
song..... Wine wo-men and song..... It's

writ on the pa-ges Of life through the a-ges, That

love for them ne'er is wrong..... Night's turned into

day..... Win-ter's changed in-to May..... The

world is made bright, The heart is made light By

wine, wo-men and song..... The

world is made bright, The heart is made light By

wine, wo-men and song. Hail... All Hail, wine,

and song.....

No. 8 Song. (Fifi & Bridesmaids)

Moderato 15

Fifi

1. ze a - me - ri - can girl she

Bridesmaids

Pa - ree

Chorus

Oh, la

belle Pa - xi - si - enne, she do cap - ture all ze

belle " " " " " " " " " " " "

min - " " " " " " " " " " " "

Wiz ze nau - ty lit - the way she 'ave of

walk - ing; When a - - - cross ze street she

trav - el - ing; When a - - - round ze room she

go; She will kiss her last for so, Oh, no

go; She... will kiss " " " " " " " " " " " "

won - der that she sets the go - rips

lit - the kick it makes the dance ten - talk -

- ing. Oh, la - ing. fine. 2<sup>o</sup> ze DC

No. 10 Chorus.

Allegretto.

4 8 19

Chorus

Pret - ty lit - the chi - na gir - les vel - ly, vel - ly nice!

When she got a long way off, Ching! Ching!

Take a lit-tle chi-na gir-lic, put her on the ice,

Make a lit-tle chi-na gir--lic cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop py wagh-

Give her to the cop, cop, Send her up to Sing Sing.

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-py, chop,

Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing. Hei ya!

Hei ya! Kick a lit-tle foot up high, ah!

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No 11 Song. (Violet)

All. mod.<sup>to</sup>  
 Mod.<sup>to</sup>  
 rit  
 a tempo  
 Chas.  
 Tempo di marcia.  
 rit  
 a tempo  
 rit  
 a tempo

Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!  
 Oh, my!

For when those youths pre-  
 But young men

Oh, my!  
 Fol-low  
 on!  
 When the light of faith you  
 Fol-low on!  
 Fol-low  
 on!  
 When the light of faith you  
 Fol-low, Fol-low  
 Fol-low on!

And

No 12. Song & Chorus.

Tempo di marcia.  
 Chos.  
 Come take your hats off  
 The Jan-kee-men & -war

Hur-rah! Hur-rah!  
 Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

Soprano & Altos.  
Sisters tempo

6  $\frac{2}{4}$  10 rit. We'll

a tempo Chorus.

stand and die to-ge-ther. Then here's to good Old  
 Glo-ry and the dear old Uni-on Jack, In....  
 bat- - - - - the fierce and go- - - - - ry Let's fight, boys, back to  
 back, We won't for- - - - - get We're broth- - - - - ers get and  
 birds of a im- - - - - ghe sea - - - - - ther, With our  
 flags un- - - - - furled, a- - - - - gainst all the world, We'll  
 stand and die to-ge-ther. D.C.

N° 13 Song. (Blinky Bill)

Tempo di Valse

There's a great lit- - - - - tle  
 one that don't love her- - - - - Oh! She is the  
 Belle of New- - - - - York, . . . . . The sub- - - - - ject of



all the town talk;..... She makes the old  
 Bow - e - ry Fra-grant and flow - e - ry When she goes  
 out for a walk..... She's soft as a  
 snow-y white dove,.... She's simply cre-a-ted to love,--- The fel-lows all  
 sigh for her. They would all die for her - She is the  
 Belle of New - yock.....

Repeat Chorus for Dance after second Verse.

DC.

# N.º 14 FINALE ACT I

Mod. to. Schabod 6  
 your life, my lit - tle girl, in the

Viv. Piú mosso 5  
 Oh, air! Oh, air!

Harvy 6  
 want you to

Moderato. 15  
 a mil - lion -- air --- es  
 Everybody.  
 Oh! She's done ve-ry well up to

Ladies  
 now,.... As a sim-ple lit-tle girl, As a

qui-et lit-tle girl, And she real-ly would ne-ver know

how..... To con-duct her-self as an

heir-ess. She's lived in a mo-dest lit-tle

way Like a sim-ple lit-tle girl, Like a

qui-et lit-tle girl, And she feels it her du-ty to

say..... That she won't be a mil-lion

air-ess. No! She won't, no! She won't

No! No! No! No! No! She won't,

no! She won't, no! She won't be a mil-lion

air-ess. Galop the out of rol-ling

Chorus High They can go the pace, High hi!

High hi! They'll be in the race, High hi

Sopranos & Altos.

High hi! Hoop--la! High hi! Ruum ta-ra-ra-ra-  
 ra... Ruum ta-ra-ra-ra...  
 Ruum ta-ra-ra-ra... They are ne--ver  
 slow. High hi! High hi!  
 Keep you on the go High hi! High hi!  
 Hoop--la! High hi! Ruum ta-ra-ra--  
 -ra, If you want to spend your mo--ney here we  
 are, High hi! If you want a mil-lion-  
 -air--es, If you're look-ing for an  
 heir--es, Here's a lit-tle group of  
 la--dies that will mak your mo--ney  
 fly, We are free to say we han-ker To the

Sopranos & Altos.

chum my with your ban-ker, And we'd like to give you  
 les-sons in the art of roll-ing high, In the  
 art of roll-ing high, in the art of roll-ing  
 high, in the art of roll-ing  
 high...

vis  
 Well, I've changed my mind! I'll be your heir.

be his heir now is--n't that real  
 be his heir, she'll be his heir, now is--n't that real  
 kind of her? She'll be his heir now  
 kind of her? She'll be his heir, she'll be his heir, now  
 is--n't that re--fined of her? She'll be real

Sopranos & Altos.

*nice,* She'll make a sa---cri---fice She'll  
*rall.*

say good--bye to po---ter-ty and be his  
*Tro. di Marcia.*

heir. Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the  
*meno*

light Faith you see.  
*a tempo*

Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the  
*meno*

light of Faith you see.  
*rit.* *Tro. di Valse.*

Fol--low! Fol--low! Fol--low on. *cho?*

She is the belle of New York. *Oh,*

she is the belle of New York,..... The

sub--ject of all the town talk,..... She

makes the old Bow---e---ry Fra-grant and

flow---e---ry When she goes out for a walk

Sopranos & Altos.

She's soft as a snow - of white dove -  
 She's simply cre - a - ted to love -  
 The fel - lows all sigh for her, They would all  
 die for her, she is the belle of New York....

*Moderato.*

.....

Very slow Vals Tempo  $\frac{3}{4}$  rit.  $\frac{2}{4}$  a tempo  $\frac{2}{4}$  All Principal Ladies

belle The Belle of New York  
 belle of New York Ba  
 Chorus. (Bridesmaid) Lit - the mine, Lit - the mine, Hear her say,  
 Hear her say, she's the belle of gay New  
 York - - - The sub - ject of all  
 talk - - - she thinks she's the belle of New  
 York - - - Did you ev - er hear such sil -

Sopranos & Altos.

*rall.* *talk* ..... As to say she's the belle of New

York, *Yes,* They call her belle of New

York, *3* as my girl, She's

the belle of New York,

She's the belle

of New York,

She's the belle

of New York,

lit-tle dear Lit-tle dear, Hear her say

Hear her say, she's the belle of gay New

York ..... The sub- - - ject of town

talk ..... Oh Yes she's the belle of New

York, The sub-ject of all the town  
 talk..... Yes she is the belle of New York,  
 Oh she is the belle of New York  
 a sim-ple lit-tle shy Sal-va-tion  
 ar---my girl The sub-ject of all the town  
 talk..... And her poor stu-pid lit-tle  
 head is in a dread-ful whirl, She is the  
 belle of New York..... The sub-ject of  
 all the town talk..... She a  
 sim-ple shy--- Sal-va-tion  
 ar---my girl, Sal-va-tion ar---my  
 girl, Yes she a mere lit-tle shy Sal-



va-tion

my girl

ACT II.

No. 15. Opening Chorus.

Allegro Agitato.

27

Chorus.

Oh son-my, son-my, son-my, Can't you

work a lit-tle fast; Oh son-my, son-my, son-my, Don't you

leave me to the last. Oh I've got a fear-ful thirst, and I'm

just a-bout to burst-Why, lit-tle boy you're get-ting ve-ry

la-zy. Oh hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, And put

on a lot of steam, Oh hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, And put

in a lot of cream, Oh it's get-ting ve-ry late, And I

I have not time to wait Now then hur-ry up or you will drive me

Cra--gy, cra--gy, Oh hur-ry up or you will drive me

cra--gy, cra--gy,

*meno* *rall.* *Vivace* *Alto*

glass of rasp-ber-ries a lot of cream in each.

glass of rasp-ber-ries, and an-oth-er of va-

ri-ber-ries, and an-oth-er glass of orange, and an-

oth-er glass of peach Oh you want to make 'em

siz-gy, And you want to make 'em siz-gy, And you

want to serve 'em, son-ny, with a lot of cream in

each, Oh you want to serve them, son-ny, with a

lot of cream in each. *rall.*

Sopranos + Altos.

Moderato

Piu mosso

rit.

Barry.

Moderato

Interesso tempo.

Chorus.

When a man has no-thing but  
 young It man When I had lost my  
 mo -- ney. Oh he used to roll as high as the clouds When  
 he had plen -- ty of mo-ney, and he could number his  
 friends by crowds - and the world was al -- ways sun-ny. Allost  
 a -- ny girl would have been his bride They  
 thought him as sweet as hon-ny But oh he went right  
 out with the tide When he had lost his  
 mo-ney, But oh he went right out with the tide When  
 he had lost his mo-ney, When he had lost his  
 mo -- ney, When he had lost his mo-ney.

Sopranos & Altos.

*Vivace.* 3/4

A glass of sar-sa-ril-la And an-o-ther of wa-nil-la, And an-o-ther glass of o-range and an-o-ther glass of peach. Oh you want to make them fix-gy, And you want to make 'em fix-gy, and you want to serve 'em sou-ny, with a lot of cream in each, And you want to serve 'em sou-ny, with a lot of cream in each.

N° 17 (a) Song & Chorus. (Violet.)

*Violet* 3/4 *Andantino.* # #

I hope I do not shock my as it not as well to been my dress-... in her style-... We're the We're the Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty.

*Chorus. Tempo di marcia.*  
 (sing at 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> of verse only)  
 Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,  
 Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty  
 Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta, Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta, Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta,  
 Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta, Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta, Ta-ta-ta-ta,  
 Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,  
 Ra too-ty, too-ty, too-ty.  
 Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty,  
 too-ty, too-ty Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta too-ty  
 too-ty. We do our  
 du-ty just the same. D.C. We're the  
 or-na-men-tal fu-ri-ty Bri-gade, To our  
 fu-ri-ty - we add a lit-tle jash-ion, a

pret--ty rib--bon of the pro--per. shade Could  
no--ver hin--der real re--li-gious pas--sion, When we  
fight to con--quer vi--cious-ness and shame, Our...  
shin--y trum-pets go-ing too-ty, too-ty, We  
rea--ly do not think that we're to blame For  
dress-ing in a style that suits our beau-ty,  
We do our du--ty just the same....

No 18 Song & Chorus. (Violet.)

All.º con spirito

Violet

I'm

wear--my of be--ing so prime I want to be slum--my, I

do u there. Oh, she wants to see all the

ights, She wants to stay out at nights, She

I want to see ev-ry-thing dan-ing, She want to go ev-rywhere  
 tear-ing She's tir-ed of hum-drum things, ... She  
 feels as though she had wings, ... She  
 wants to be drum-my, She wants to be slum-my, She  
 do so there! D.C. there!

*Dance at  
 Soc. 1890*

N<sup>o</sup> 19. Song. (Bliskey Bill.)

All<sup>to</sup> 5/4

1 3 15

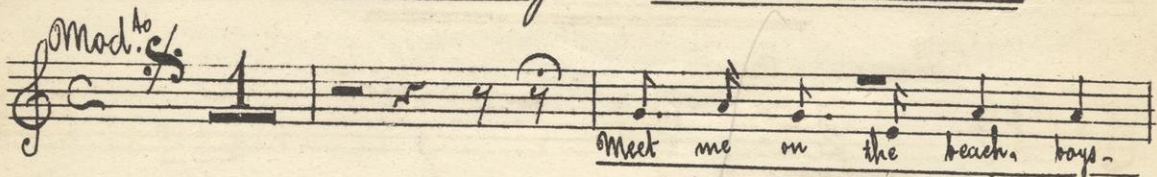
when I went, ma-mie

Chorus

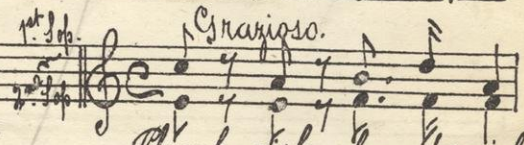
Clan-cy Oh I Lit-tle Ma-mie Clan-cy, Was the  
 girl that caught my fan-cy, Why Le-ti-tia Ann Ma-lo-ney was-n't  
 in the race at all; If you'd seen my lit-tle Ma-mie, I am  
 sure you couldn't blame me, When I said "Ma-lo-ney, She's the Belle of  
 Gos-gan's Fan-cy Ball." D.C. Gos-gan's Fan-cy Ball."

*1<sup>st</sup> verse* *1<sup>st</sup> verse* *Dance after 1<sup>st</sup> verse* *2<sup>nd</sup> verse*

No. 20. Song. (Schubert & others.)

*Mod.<sup>to</sup>*  
  
 Meet me on the beach, boys -

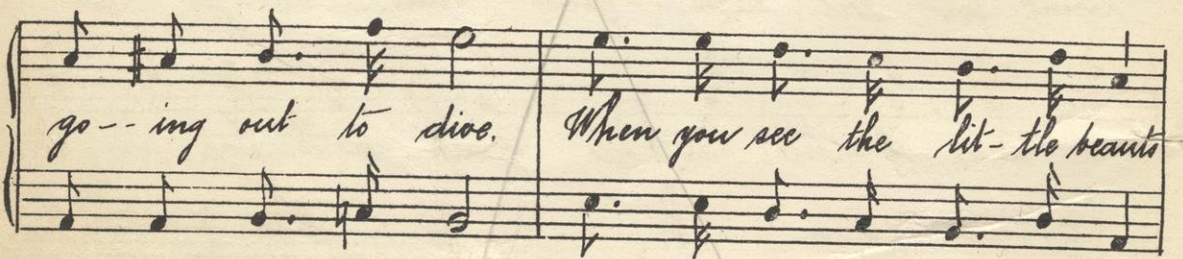
**18**  
 you'll be glad that you're a -- live.

*1st. Sop.* *Gravissimo.*  


*2nd*  
 So -- lid girls, and ten -- der girls, All sorts of dain -- ty girls

*2nd*  

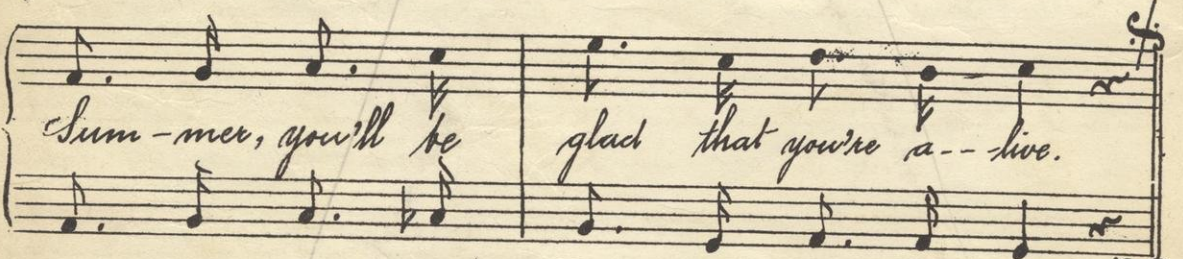

go -- ing out to dive. When you see the lit -- tle beauts



Trip -- ping in their bath -- ing suits, You'll be glad it's

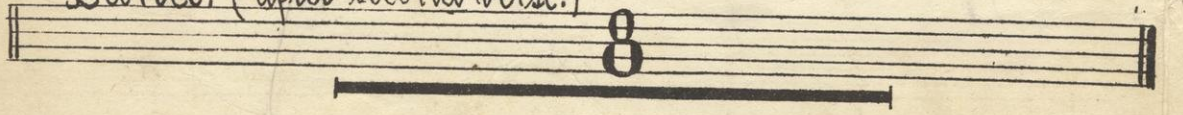


Sum -- mer, you'll be glad that you're a -- live.



Dance. (after second verse.)

D.C.





## No. 21. Chorus.

*Allegro con Spirito*

For the  
twen-ti--eth time we'll drink, We'll drink, We'll  
drink for the twen--tieth time,..... In  
o--ceans of nec--tar--ous drink we'll sink, For  
this is a night when to drink, we think, Is  
hap--pi--ness most sub--lime..... So  
as they sing on the Op--'ra stage, Come  
fill your glass and be mer--ry,..... In  
bump--ers of wine your thirst ras--uage, And  
float right o--ver the fer--ry, Over the

Sopranos & Altos.

fer-ry, Over the fer-ry... Oh  
float me, oh float me, In a riv-er of bright cham-  
-paigne, For we've got a right to get  
tight to night, If we ne-ver get tight a--  
gain. Oh float me, oh float me, In a  
riv-er of bright cham--paigne, For  
we've got a right to get tight to night, If we  
ne--ver get tight a---gain, If we  
ne--ver get tight a--gain....

No. 23. Finale-Act II.

(Schabed.)  
For in the field of a-ble to  
Chorus.  
Of course you could ne-ver be

Sopranos & Altos.

like us, But be as like us as you're a--ble to  
*Tempo di Valse.*  
 be. She is the Belle of New  
 York, ..... a... sim-ple lit-tle shy sal-va-tion  
 ar--- my girl, The sub-ject of all the town  
 talk ..... And her poor stu--pid lit--tle  
 head is in a dread---ful whirl. She is the  
 Belle of New York ..... The sub-ject of  
 all the town talk, ..... She a  
 sim--ple shy ..... sal-va-tion ar--- my  
 girl, sal-va-tion ar--- my girl, Yes  
 she a mere lit--tle shy sal-  
 va-tion ar--- my girl... End of Opera.

Sopranos & Altos.

# Appendix. N.º 27. Song & Chorus.

*Allegro con spirito.* Smilkins.

going to have a wed-ding here to day..... F. Chorus.

la--dy's going to mar-ry, a chap whose name is Bar-ry.  
of--ten times is rath-er, Se--vere up-on a fath-er.

There's the fa-ther of the hap-py fi-an-  
Yes, he hates to love his daughter when she's

---cee..... Her  
young..... He

ad-mir-a-ble gra-ces, One known in sun-dry pla-ces  
finds a heal-ing lo-tion, For his grief and his em-o-tion

If yes, Ed-ly where she tra-vels she's the  
this son-in-law's a mul-ti-mil-lion-  
a tempo. 16

rage..... I'll  
also..... Chorus.

Come a---round and meet an-oth-er time. Oh he's the

fa-ther of the Queen of Co-mic Op-er-a,.... As a

## Sopranos &amp; Altos.

35

pa-rent he's pe-cu-liar-by u-nique.... And you'll ad-  
 --mit a fa-ther's pride and fond-ness pro-per are...  
 .... When his daugh-ter earns a thous-and so-ry  
 week..... Since her in-fan-cy they've ne-ver been a-  
 part a day, Their af-fec-tion for each oth-er is sub-  
 --lime..... But a mil-lion-aire has sto-len Co-ra's  
 heart a-way, and he'll weep a-bout it  
 when he gets the time, s'mo' ther time, He'll  
 come a-gain and weep an-o-ther time.

1<sup>o</sup>  
 2<sup>o</sup>  
 Ch.

And now to stanching they  
Stop their snowy plumes

Few men there are that  
compare with him in  
fidelity

All will flee when he commands

Of the <sup>young</sup> trans-rescue league  
and anti Segarite Society

When a man is twenty one  
let him drink hot rain  
Let him drink hot and cold

When a man is twenty one  
let him make things hum

Let his life be free and bold  
For never will you be so gay  
again

and never will you see such fun  
as you will when the sparkling  
cup you drain

On the day when you are twenty  
one

I hear he's to the day when  
you're twenty one years old  
And you laugh in the face of sorrow  
When you don't fear liquor and  
you drink it hot and cold

And you don't care a hang for to-  
morrow  
~~you're just a damn bit wozzy~~

A little wo

A trifle wo

a little ty

ty ty ty

We guess he's just a wee bit wozzy

could not blame you if you

said he was boozzy

but he's just about to take a bride  
and he's twenty one years old besides

hence the brightness of his <sup>sublime</sup> ~~eyes~~  
lids

he's going to be married tomorrow  
he's got a big load to carry

