

Examples of Verse and Intro

By the Light of the Silvery Moon
(Edward Madden, 1909)

Verse 1:

Place park,
Scene dark,
Silv'ry moon is shining through the trees.
Cast two.
Me, you,
Sound of kisses floating on the breeze.
Act one
Begun
Dialogue, "Where would you like to spoon?"
My cue
With you,
Underneath the silv'ry moon.

Refrain

By the light
Of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon,
To my honey I'll croon
Love's tune
Honeymoon.
Keep a-shining in June.
Your silv'ry beams
Will bring love's dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon,
By the silvery moon.

Verse 2:

Act two,
Scene new,
Roses blooming all around the place.
Cast three,
You, me,
Preacher with a solemn-looking face.
Choir sings,
Bell rings.
Preacher: "You are wed forevermore!"
Act two, all through,
Ev'ry night the same encore.

I've Got Rings on my Fingers
(R.P. Weston and F.J. Barnes, 1909)

Verse 1:

Jim O'Shea was cast away upon an Indian isle.
The natives there, they liked his hair,
They liked his Irish smile,
So they made him chief Panjundrum,
The nabob of them all.
They called him Ji-Ji-boo Jhi
And rigged him out so gay
So he wrote to Dublin Bay
To his sweetheart just to say:

Refrain:

"Sure, I've got rings on my fingers,
Bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon,
My little Irish rose.
So come to your nabob
And next Patrick's day,
Be Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo J. O'Shea."

Verse 2:

O'er the sea went Rose McGee to see her nabob
grand.
He sat within his palanquin and when she'd kissed
his hand
He led her to his harem, where he had wives galore.
She started shedding a tear;
Said he, "Now have no fear!
I'm keeping these wives here
Just for ornament, my dear."

Repeat Refrain

Verse 3:

Em'rald green he robed his queen to share with him
his throne,
'Mid eastern charms and waving palms
They'd shamrocks, Irish grown.
Sent all the way from Dublin to Nabob J. O'Shea.
But in his palace so fine,
Should Rose for Ireland pine,
With smiles her face will shine
When he murmurs, "Sweetheart mine."

I Walk a Little Faster
(Carolyn Leigh)

Verse:

Up Madison, down Park,
Ev'ry day and often after dark.

Refrain:

Pretending that we'll meet
Each time I turn a corner,
I walk a little faster.
Pretending life is sweet
'Cause love's around the corner,
I walk a little faster.
Can't begin to see my future shine as yet,
No sign as yet,
You're mine as yet.
Rushing t'ward a face I can't divine as yet,
Keep bumping into walls,
Talking lots of falls.
But even though I meet
At each and ev'ry corner
Without but disaster,
I set my chin a little higher,
Hope a little longer,
Build a little stronger
Castle in the air;
And thinking you'll be there,
I walk a little faster.

Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl
(Edgar Smith, 1910)

Verse 1:

A village maid was leaving home with tears,
her eyes was wet,
Her mother dear was standing near the spot.
She says, "Neuralgia dear, I hope you won't forget
That I'm the only mother you have got.
The city is a wicked place as anyone can see,
And cruel dangers 'round your path may hurl.
So every week you'd better send your wages back to
me,
For Heaven will protect a working girl."

Refrain 1:

You are going far away,
But remember what I say
When you are in the city's giddy whirl,
From temptations, crimes, and follies,
Villains, taxicabs and trolleys.
Oh! Heaven will protect a working girl.

Verse 2:

Her dear old mother's words proved true,
For soon the poor girl met
A man who on her ruin was intent.
He treated her respectful as those villains always do,
And she supposed he was a perfect gent.
But she found different when one night she went with
him to dine
Into a table d'hote so blithe and gay,
And he says to her, "After this we'll have a
demitasse."
Then to him these brave words the girl did say:

Refrain 2:

"Stand back, villain! Go away. Here I will no longer
stay,
Although you were a Marquis or an Earl.
You may tempt the upper classes
With your villainous demitasses,
But Heaven will protect a working girl.

Row, Row, Row
(William Jerome, 1912)

Verse 1:

Young Johnnie Jones, he had a cute little boat,
And all the girlies he would take for a float.
He had girlies on the shore,
Sweet little peaches by the score,
But Johnnie was a Weisenheimer, you know.
His steady girl was Flo,
And ev'ry Sunday afternoon
She'd jump in his boat and they would spoon.

Refrain:

And then he'd row, row, row,
Way up the river
He would row, row, row,
A hug he'd give her,
Then he'd kiss her now and then,
She would tell him when,
He'd fool around and fool around and then they'd kiss
again.
And then he'd row, row, row
A little further he would row
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Then he'd drop both his oars,
Take a few more encores,
And then he'd row, row, row.

Verse 2:

Right in his boat he had a cute little seat,
And every kiss he stole from Flo was so sweet,
And he knew just how to row,
He was a rowing Romeo,
He knew an island where the trees were so grant,
He knew just where to land.
Then tales of love he'd tell to Flo,
Until it was time for them to go.

Refrain:

And then he'd row, row, row,
Way up the river
He would row, row, row,
A hug he'd give her,
Then he'd kiss her now and then,
She would tell him when,
He'd fool around and fool around and then they'd kiss
again.
And then he'd row, row, row
A little further he would row
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
With her head on his breast,
Then there's twenty bars rest,
And then he'd row, row, row.

I Cain't Say No
(Oscar Hammerstein, *Oklahoma!*)

Verse 1:

It ain't so much a question of not knowin' hut to do
I knowed what's right an' wrong since I've been ten.
I heard a lot of stories an' I reckon they're true
About how girls are put upon by men.
I know I mustn't fall into the pit
But when I'm with a feller I fergit!

Refrain:

I'm just a girl who cain't say 'no'
I'm in a terrible fix!
I always say 'Come on, let's go' just when I aughta
say 'Nix.'
When a person tries to kiss a girl
I know she aughta give his face a smack!
But as soon as someone kisses me
I somehow sorta want to kiss him back!
I'm just a fool when lights are low
I cain't be prissy an' quaint
I ain't the type that can faint
How can I be what I ain't?
I cain't say 'no!'
Whatcha gonna do when a feller gets flirty
An' starts to talk purty
Whatcha gonna do?
S'pposin' that he says
That your lips are like cherrys,
Or roses, or berries
Whatcha gonna do?
S'pposin' that he says that yer sweeter than cream
And he's gotta have cream or die?
Whatcha gonna do when he talks that way?
Spit in his eye?

Refrain 2:

I'm jist a girl who cain't say no,
Cain't seem to say it at all
I hate to disserpoint a beau
When he is payin' a call!
Fer a while I ack refined and cool,
A settin on the velveteen setee
Nen I think of thet ol' golden rule,
And do fer him what he would do fer me!
I cain't resist a Romeo
In a sombrero and chaps
Soon as I sit on their laps
Somethin' inside of me snaps
I cain't say no!

When You're Good To Mama
(Fred Ebb, *Chicago*)

Verse 1:

Ask any of the chickies in my pen
They'll tell I'm the biggest mother hen
I love 'em all and all of them love me
Because the system works
The system called reciprocity...

Refrain:

Got a little motto
Always sees me through
When you're good to Mama
Mama's good to you!

There's a lot of favors
I'm prepared to do
You do one for Mama
She'll do one for you

Verse 2:

They say that life is tit for tat
And that's the way I live
So, I deserve a lot of tat
For what I've got to give
Don't you know that this hand
Washes that one too
When you're good to Mama
Mama's good to you!

Refrain:

If you want my gravy
Pepper my ragout
Spice it up for Mama
She'll get hot for you

When they pass that basket
Folks contribute to
You put in for Mama
She'll pull out for you

Verse 3:

The folks atop the ladder
Are the ones the world adores
So boost me up my ladder, kid
And I'll boost you up yours

Refrain:

Let's all stroke together
Like the Princeton crew

When you're strokin' Mama
Mama's strokin' you

So what's the one conclusion
I can bring this number to?
When you're good to Mama
Mama's good to you

Mr. Cellophane
(Fred Ebb, *Chicago*)

Verse 1:

If someone stood up in a crowd
And raised his voice up way out loud
And waved his arm and shook his leg
You'd notice him

If someone in the movie show
Yelled "Fire in the second row
This whole place is a powder keg!"
You'd notice him

And even without clucking like a hen
Everyone gets noticed, now and then,
Unless, of course, that personage should be
Invisible, inconsequential me!

Refrain:

Cellophane
Mister Cellophane
Shoulda been my name
Mister Cellophane
'Cause you can look right through me
Walk right by me
And never know I'm there...

I tell ya
Cellophane
Mister Cellophane
Shoulda been my name
Mister Cellophane
'Cause you can look right through me
Walk right by me
And never know I'm there...

Verse 2:

Suppose you was a little cat
Residin' in a person's flat
Who fed you fish and scratched your ears?
You'd notice him

Suppose you was a woman, wed
And sleepin' in a double bed
Beside one man, for seven years
You'd notice him

A human being's made of more than air
With all that bulk, you're bound to see him there
Unless that human bein' next to you
Is unimpressive, undistinguished

You know who...

Refrain:

Cellophane
Mister Cellophane
Shoulda been my name
Mister Cellophane
'Cause you can look right through me
Walk right by me
And never know I'm there...
I tell ya
Cellophane
Mister Cellophane
Shoulda been my name
Mister Cellophane
'Cause you can look right through me
Walk right by me
And never know I'm there
Never even know I'm there.

Hope I didn't take up too much of your time.

Looking Out the Window at the Rain
(Frank Loesser, 1933)

Verse 1:

It's been raining,
It's been pouring,
It's been thundering!
We've been sitting in the parlor
Kinda wondering
What party we'll go to,
what picture we'll see,
and it just occurs to me:

Refrain:

Oh, ain't you glad we stayed home tonight,
Looking out the window at the rain?
And when it thunders I'll hold you tight,
Looking out the window at the rain.
We could go out to dinner, I guess,
But let's stay high and dray,
And I'll call up the delicatess'
For a ham on white and a Swiss on rye.
If we'd gone walking we'd look a sight:
It's drenchin' ev'ry bench in Lovers' Lane.
I've got a million love words to write
Here upon the foggy windowpane.
Let's hope it showers ev'ry twenty-four hours
So we can be alone again.
Oh, ain't you glad we stayed home tonight
Looking out the window in the rain?

Oh Lady, Be Good
(Ira Gershwin)

Verse 1:

Listen to my tale of woe,
It's terribly sad, but true.
All dressed up, no place to go.
Each ev'ning I'm awf'ly blue.
I must win some winsome miss;
Can't go on like this.
I could blossom out, I know,
With somebody just like you.
So--

Refrain 1:

Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good.
Oh, lady, be good to me!
I am so awf'ly misunderstood,
So lady, be good to me.
Oh, please have some pity --
I'm all alone in this big city.
I tell you
I'm just a lonesome babe in the wood,
So lady, be good to me.

Verse 2:

Auburn and brunette and blonde:
I love 'em all, tall or small.
But somehow they don't grow fond;
They stagger but never fall.
Winter's gone, and now it's Spring!
Love! where is thy sting?
If somebody won't respond,
I'm going to end it all.
So --

Refrain 2:

Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good.
Oh lady, be good to me!
I am so awf'ly misunderstood,
So, lady, be good to me.
This is tulip weather --
So let's put two and two together.
I tell you
I'm just a lonesome baby in the wood,
So lady, be good to me.

I May Be Wrong
(Harry Ruskin, 1929)

Verse 1:

HE:
When I play roulette,
When I place a bet,
I have been a loser all my life.
Like a two-year-old
I pick 'em bad, I'm told.
Still I think I'd find in you the perfect wife.

Refrain 1:

I may be wrong, but
I think you're wonderful!
I may be wrong, but
I think you're swell!
I like your style, say,
I think it's marvelous.
I'm always wrong, so
How can I tell?
All of my shirts are unsightly,
All of my ties are a crime.
If, dear, in you I've picked rightly,
It's the very first time.
You came along, say,
I think you're wonderful!
I think you're grand, but
I may be wrong.

Verse 1:

SHE:
Though your lot is sad,
I am just as bad.
Mine is really quite a hopeless case.
Oculists advise
Glasses for my eyes,
Without them I can't even see your face.

Refrain 2:

I may be wrong, but
I think you're wonderful!
I may be wrong, but
I think you're swell!
I like your style, say,
I think it's marvelous.
But I can't see, so
How can I tell?
Deuces to me are all aces,
Life is to me just a bore,
Faces are all open spaces,
You might be John Barrymore.
You came along, say,
I think you're wonderful!
I think you're grand, but,
I may be wrong.

A Cottage for Sale
(Larry Conley, 1930)

Verse 1:

Love in a bungalow high on a hill,
That was the way we had planned it,
Now it's a bungalow empty and still,
Needing your love to command it.

Refrain 1:

Our little dream castle
With every dream gone
Is lonely and silent
The shades are all drawn.
And my heart is heavy
As I gaze upon
A cottage for sale.
The lawn we were proud of
Is waving in hay,
Our beautiful garden
Has withered away,
Where you planted roses
The weeds seem to say
"A Cottage for Sale."
From every single window,
I see your face,
But when I reach a window,
There's empty space.
The key's in the mailbox
The same as before,
But no one is waiting
For me anymore,
The end of our story
Is told on the door:
A cottage for sale.

Verse 2:

Do I imagine it or is it real,
Someone is standing beside me,
Sharing the sorrow and sadness I feel,
What is this new hope inside me?

Repeat Refrain

Little Tin Box

(Jerry Bock, *Fiorello*, 1959)

Verse 1:

Mr. "X," may we ask you a question?
It's amazing, is it not,
That the city pays you slightly less
Than fifty bucks a week
Yet you've purchased a private yacht!

Refrain 1:

I am positive Your Honor must be joking.
Any working man can do what I have done.
For a month or two I simply gave up smoking.
And I put my extra pennies one by one
Into
A little tin box,
A little tin box,
That a little tin key unlocks.
There is nothing unorthodox
About a little tin box.
There is honor and purity
Lots of security
In a little tin box.

Verse 2:

Mr. "Y," we've been told you don't feel well
And we know you've lost your voice.
But we wondered how you managed on the salary
you make
To acquire a new Rolls-Royce.

Refrain 2:

You're implying I'm a crook and I say, No sir!
There is nothing in my past I care to hide.
I've been taking empty bottles to the grocer
And each nickel that I got was put aside
Into
A little tin box,
A little tin box,
That a little tin key unlocks.
There is nothing unorthodox
About a little tin box.
In a little tin box,
A little tin box,
There's a cushion for life's rude shocks.
There is faith, hope, and charity,
Hard-won prosperity,
In a little tin box.

Verse 3:

Mr. "Z," you're a junior official

And your income's rather low.
Yet you've kept a dozen women
In the very best hotels.
Would you kindly explain how so?

Refrain 3:

I can see Your Honor doesn't pull his punches,
And it looks a trifle fishy, I'll admit,
But for one whole week I went without my lunches,
And it mounted up, Your Honor, bit by bit.
It's just
A little tin box,
A little tin box,
That a little tin key unlocks.
There is nothing unorthodox
About a little tin box.
In a little tin box,
A little tin box,
In
A little tin box,
A little tin box,
All a-glitter with blue chip stocks.
There is something delectable,
Almost respectable,
In a little tin box,
In a little tin box!

Sunrise, Sunset

(Sheldon Harnick, *Fiddler on the Roof*, 1964)

Verse 1:

Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?
I don't remember growing older.
When did they?
When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he grow to be so tall?
Wasn't it yesterday when they were small?

Refrain:

Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly flow the days;
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers,

Blossoming even as we gaze.

Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly fly the years;
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears.

Verse 2:

Now is the little boy a bridegroom,
Now is the little girl a bride.
Under the canopy I see them,
Side by side.
Place the gold ring around her finger,
Share the sweet wine and break the glass;
Soon the full circle will have come to pass.

Repeat Refrain.