

Jerome Kern & Jule Styne on Stage & Screen

Class 1 • Jerome Kern: Broadway, 1904-1919

Music by Jerome Kern • Authors of lyrics as noted

MUSICAL THEATRE

The Earl and the Girl (1905)

Lyrics by Edward Laska

“How’d You Like to Spoon with Me?”

Verse 1:

I don't know why I am so very shy,
I always was demure,
I never knew what silly lovers do,
No flirting I'd endure;
In all my life I've never kissed a man,
I've never winked my eye.
But now at last I'm going to break the ice
So how'd you like to try?

Refrain:

How'd you like to spoon with me? (I'd like to.)
How'd you like to spoon with me? (Well rather.)
Sit beneath an oak tree large and shady,
Call me little tootsie-wootsie, baby,
How'd you like to hug and squeeze? (Indeed I would.)
Dandle me upon your knees. (Oh if I could.)
How'd you like to be my lovey dovey?
How'd you like to spoon with me?

Verse 2:

Well I should say I'd spoon with you all day,
You fascinate me so,
You are so cute, you really are a beaut,
Through life with you I'd go.
If we were wed, our married life
Would be one steady honeymoon.
From six a.m. 'til twelve o'clock at night,
Why all we'd do is spoon.

The Red Petticoat (1912)

Lyrics by Paul West

“The Ragtime Restaurant”

BRICK:

Mose Magunder
Was a money-making wonder
On the search for something new.
When he saw the fashion
Was the ragtime passion
He declared “Here’s what I’ll do!
If the folks are crazy
For that syncopation hazy,
Well, I’ll give them what they want.”
So he rented a place on Broadway,
And he fitted him up a café
With electrical signs in letters gay
That you could read a mile away:
The ragtime restaurant!

DORA: A ragtime restaurant?

BRICK:

A regular ragtime,
Dally and dragtime
Ragtime restaurant!
Where—down the aisle
In ragtime style
The ragtime waiters fly.
A-getting ragtime orders
For the ragtime boarders
Like a chick-chick-chicken
And pup-pup-pie!

Ragtime coons
A-singing all the ragtime tunes
You want
And when you eat your ragtime thrill,
You’ll give a ragtime tip,
Pay your ragtime check
With a ragtime bill,
My that’s some ragtime restaurant!

ALL: Down the aisle . . .

BRICK:

Sometime later
Came an educated waiter

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And he thought he knew a lot,
Says he "I know 'em
And I'm going to show 'em
How to do the turkey trot!"
Well he tried to do it
But they wouldn't let him through it,
And they said, "You bet you can't!"
They ragged him all over the floor,
And his elegant clothing they tore,
Then they fired him out through the door,
Saying "Don't come here no more
To this ragtime restaurant!
This ragtime restaurant!
This regular ragtime, jolly and jagtime
Ragtime restaurant!

Where—down the aisle . . .

The Girl from Utah (1914)
Lyrics by Harry B. Smith

"They Didn't Believe Me"

BOY:
Got the cutest little way,
Like to watch you all the day,
And it certainly seems fine,
Just to think that you'll be mine.
When I see your pretty smile,
Makes the living worth the while,
So I've got to run around
Telling people what I've found.

And when I told them how beautiful you are,
They didn't believe me, they didn't believe
me.

Your lips, your eyes, your cheeks, your hair
Are in a class beyond compare.
You're the loveliest girl that one could see.
And when I tell them,
And I certainly am goin' to tell them,
That I'm the man whose wife one day you'll
be,
They'll never believe me, they'll never believe
me,
That from this great big world you've chosen
me.

GIRL: Don't know how it happened quite,
May have been the summer night,
May have been—well, who can say?
Things just happen any way.
All I know is I said "yes,"
Hesitating more or less,
And you kissed me where I stood,
Just like any fellow would.

And when I told them how wonderful you
are,
They didn't believe me, they didn't believe
me.

Your lips, your eyes, your curly hair
Are in a class beyond compare.
You're the loveliest thing that one could see.
And when I tell them,
And I'm certainly going to tell them,
That I'm the girl whose boy one day you'll
be,
They'll never believe me, they'll never believe
me,
That from this great big world you've chosen
me.

Very Good Eddie (1915)
Lyrics by Schuyler Greene

"Babes in the Wood"

EDDIE:
Little lady, don't be depressed and blue,
After all, we're both in the same canoe.
Have no fear; can't you see I'm here?
And till our journey is through,
Little lady, I will take care of you.

Give me your hand,
Here, where we stand,
We're off to slumberland.
Come, dry your eyes;
I'll sympathize
Like a father, mother, brother.
Moonlight is bright,
Kiss me goodnight,
Just like a sister should.
Then put on your little hood,
And we'll both be, oh, so good!
Like the babes in the wood.

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ELSIE:

When the babes were lost in the gloomy
wood,

It's no wonder they were so very good.
Fourteen angels were watching them,
So all the story books state,
Sandman's coming now, it is getting late.

Give me your hand,
I understand,
We're off to slumberland.
With you I'll go
Although we've no
Angel chorus watching o'er us.
Moonlight is bright,
Kiss me good night,
Just like a brother should.
I'll put on my little hood,
But we'll both be twice as good
As the babes in the wood.

BOTH:

Give me your hand . . .

Oh, Boy! (1917)

Lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse

"The Land Where the Good Songs Go"

Verse 1:

On the other side of the moon,
Ever so far,
Beyond the last little star,
There's a land, I know,
Where the good songs go,
Where it's always afternoon.
And snug in a haven of peace and rest,
Like the dear old songs that we love the
best,

Refrain:

It's a land of flowers
And April showers,
With sunshine in between.
With roses blowing and rivers flowing
'Mid rushes growing green.
Where no one hurries
And no one worries

And life runs calm and slow.

And I wish some day I could find my way
To the land where the good songs go.

Verse 2:

Dear old songs forgotten too soon,
They had their day,
And then we threw them away,
And without a sigh we would pass them by
For some other, newer tune.
So off to a happier home they flew,
Where they're always loved and they're
always new.

Repeat refrain.

"Till the Clouds Roll By"

(Lyric by Wodehouse, Guy Bolton & Jerome Kern)

JACKY:

I'm so sad to think that I have had to
Drive you from your home so coolly.

GEORGE:

I'd be gaining nothing by remaining,
What would Missus Grundy say?
Her conventions, kindly recollect them!
We must please respect them duly.

JACKY:

My intrusion needs explaining.
I felt my courage waning.

GEORGE:

Please, I beg, don't mention it!
I should not mind a bit,
But it has started raining.

BOTH:

Oh, the rain comes a-pitter-patter,
And I'd like to be safe in bed.
Skies are weeping
While the world is sleeping,
Trouble heaping
On our head.

It is vain to remain and chatter,
And to wait for a clearer sky;
Helter-skelter
I must fly for shelter
Till the clouds roll by.

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JACKY:
What bad luck, it's coming down in buckets,
Have you an umbrella handy?

GEORGE:
I've a warm coat, waterproof, a storm coat,
I shall be all right, I know.
Later on, too, I will ward the grippe off
With a little nip of brandy.

JACKY:
Or a glass of toddy draining,
You'll find that more sustaining.

GEORGE:
Don't be worried, I entreat,
I've rubbers for my feet,
So don't mind it raining.

BOTH:
Oh, the rain comes a -pitter-patter . . .

Oh, Lady! Lady!! (1918)
Lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse

“Bill” (original version)

Verse 1:
I used to dream that I would discover
The perfect lover someday.
I knew I'd recognize him
If ever he came 'round my way.
I always used to fancy then
He'd be one of the godlike kind of men,
With a giant brain and a noble head
Like the heroes bold in the books I read.

Refrain 1:
But along came Bill
Who's quite the opposite
Of all the men
In storybooks.
In grace and looks,
I know that Apollo
Would beat him all hollow,
And I can't explain,
It's surely not his brain
That makes me thrill.
I love him

Because he's wonderful,
Because he's just old Bill.

Verse 2:
He can't play golf or tennis or polo
Or sing a solo or row.
He isn't half as handsome
As dozens of men I know.
He isn't tall and straight and slim,
And he dresses far worse than Ted or Jim,
And I can't explain why he should be
Just the one, one man in the world for me.

Refrain 2:
He's just my Bill,
He has no gifts at all:
A motor car
He cannot steer,
And it seems clear
Whenever he dances,
His partner takes chances.
Oh, I can't explain,
It's surely not his brain
That makes me thrill.
I love him
Because he's—I don't know—
Because he's just my Bill.