

Between the Sheets: Images of Women in Early Twentieth-Century Popular Song

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Girl of Mine (1917; A.J. Stasny)

Words and Music by Harold B. Freeman; also authored "The Land of Make Believe," "A Letter from No Man's Land" and "Just a Girl Like You." Started his own publishing firm circa 1919 after leaving Stasny.

- Verse 1 *I know a garden filled with **roses** rare, roses fair grow ev'rywhere,
A land of peaches cream and honeymoon, love breezes blowing,
That's where I'm going, I know a **little girl** whom I adore,
Day by day, I love her more
When Mister Moon shines, why I want to **spoon**, and softly to her this tale croon:*
- Verse 2 You ought to see my little **moonlight** Rose, I love her from head to toes,
You ought to see those **golden** braids of hair,
A smile like sunshine, it makes your heart pine,
You ought to see those light blue **angel eyes**,
Just like **stars in paradise**
- Chorus Then you'd be waiting just the same as I, to sing this little lullaby:
Rose of my moonlight dreams, dear, I'm waiting just for you;
To me this whole world seems, dear, a **paradise** for two,
You know not how I love you, I swear by stars above you,
You know my heart is mighty lonely dear, all day I wish that you were only here,
Rose of my moonlight dreams, dear, dear little girl of mine.

He'd Have To Get Under—Get Out And Get Under (1913; Maurice Abrahams Music Co., Inc.)

Words by Grant Clarke (1891-1931) and Edgar Leslie (1885-1976); Music by Maurice Abrahams (1883-1931). Song was popularized by Al Jolson in 1913, later recorded by Billy Murray (1914) and Bobby North (1920). North's version was featured in Ken Burns' 2003 documentary on the first transcontinental trip by automobile, *Horatio's Drive*. Clarke wrote for Bert Williams ("Am I Blue?") and Fanny Brice (Second Hand Rose). Leslie also authored For Me and My Gal, Oh What a Pal Was Mary, but his trademarks were "place name songs" – "Kansas City Kitty," "Rose of the Rio Grande," "California and You" – and humorous songs – "When Ragtime Rosie Ragged the Rosary," and "Where Was Moses When the Lights Went Out?"

- Verse 1 Johnny O'Connor bought an automobile, he took his sweetheart for ride one Sunday,
Johnny was togged up in his best Sunday clothes, she nestled close to his side,
Things went just dandy 'till he got down the road, then something happened to the old machinery,
That engine got his goat, off went his hat and coat, ev'rything needed repairs.
- Verse 2 *Millionaire Wilson said to Johnny one day, your little sweetheart don't appreciate you,
I have a daughter who is hungry for love, she likes to ride by the way,
Johnny had visions of a million in gold, he took her riding in his little auto
But ev'ry time that he went to say "marry me," 'twas the old story again.*
- Chorus He'd have to get under, get out and get under to fix his little machine,
He was just dying to cuddle his queen, but ev'ry minute when he'd begin it,
He'd have to get under, get out and get under,
Then he'd get back at the wheel a dozen times they'd start to
Hug and kiss and then the darned old engine, it would miss,
And then he'd have to get under, get out and get under and fix up his automobile.

Some of These Days (1910; Will Rossiter)

Words and Music by Shelton Brooks (1886-1975); also authored "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "Walkin' the Dog," "There'll Come a Time, Jean." Adopted by Sophie Tucker as her theme song, "Some of These Days" was originally performed by the composer in *Plantation* (1922) and *Dixie to Broadway* (1924).

Verse 1 Two sweethearts courted happily for quite a while 'midst simple life of **country** folk,
When the lad told **girlie** he must go away, her little heart with grief 'most broke.
She said you know it's true I love you best of all,
So honey don't you go away, just as he went to go,
It grieved the girlie so these words he heard her say:

Verse 2 The little girlie **feeling blue** said "I'll go too and show him two can play this game."
When her honey heard this melancholy news, he quickly came back home again.
But when he reached the house he found his girl was gone,
So down he rushes to the train while it was pulling out,
He heard his girlie shout this loving sweet refrain:

Chorus Some of these days you'll miss me honey, some of these days you'll feel so lonely
You'll miss my hugging, you'll miss my kissing, you'll miss me honey when you go away
I feel so lonely just for you only, for you know honey, you've had your way
And when you leave me I know 'twill grieve me, you'll miss your **little baby**,
Yes, some of these days.

If I Can't Get the Sweetie I Want I Pity the Sweetie I Get (1923; Irving Berlin, Inc.)

Words by Joe Young (1889-1939) and Sam M. Lewis (1885-1959); music by Jean Schwartz (1878-1956). Young also co-authored (with Lewis) "Don't Blame It All on Broadway"; "Yaaka Hula, Hickey Dula"; and Al Jolson favorite, "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go With Friday on Saturday Night?" Lewis collaborated with Walter Donaldson, Harry Warren and Ray Henderson, producing the well known "Rock-A-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody," "Dinah," "Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue," and "I'm Sitting on Top of the World." Schwartz worked as a sheet music demonstrator, and at Coney Island with his own ensemble while still a teenager. Collaborated with Jerome Kern, William Jerome and Milton Ager on "Don't Put Me Off at Buffalo Anymore," "Rip Van Winkle Was a Lucky Man," "Hamlet Was a Melancholy Dane," and another Al Jolson favorite, "Why Do They Take the All Night Boat to Albany?"

Verse 1 I know what I want when I want it, and I get what I want when I want it,
Just point me out and say, there's somebody that has her own way
I fall for no fool conversation, say my brain isn't on a vacation
Love never turns my head, here's a baby that always said:

Chorus 1 If I can't get the sweetie I want, I pity the sweetie I get,
I'll either stay home or start in to roam, it's up to **the cutie I pet**,
And what do I care if it doesn't turn out so nice,
I may be stung once, but they never can sting me twice
And if I can't get the lovin' I want, I don't want the lovin' I get
I've got some ideas, I've had them for years,
They've never gone wrong on me yet
Now you can speak your heart, say what you think
But don't **get smart** with pencil and ink
So if I can't get the sweetie I want, I pity the sweetie I get.

Verse 2 I know where to go to be happy, and I tell ev'ry beau **make it snappy**,
Here's my philosophy, I chase no one that doesn't chase me
Give me the smile and the laughter, I don't **give a rap** what comes after,
I studied life that's true, that's the reason I'm telling you.

Chorus 2 If I can't get the sweetie I want, I pity the sweetie I get,
I'll make a home run with somebody's son, if his little heart is to let
He'll promise of course that he never will treat me cruel
I'll work like a horse but I won't be nobody's fool
And if I can't get the pettin' I crave I don't want the pettin' I get
I'm not the fool kind that go off their mind
'Cause I never worry or fret, oh, I don't want a Sheik no,
They're much too dumb, they think your cheek
Is just chewing gum so if I can't get the sweetie I want
I pity the sweetie I get.

America, Here's My Boy (1917; Joe Morris Music Co.)

Words by Andrew D. Sterling (1874-1955); Music by Arthur Lange (1889-1956). Sterling is considered one of the greatest song writers of the period, doing his most successful work with Harry Von Tilzer, most notably, "My Old New Hampshire Home," "Wait 'till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "On the Old Fall River Line," "When My Baby Smiles at Me," and "Meet Me in St. Louis." Lange was a popular bandleader in addition to being a successful composer and arranger. A prolific film composer, he was nominated for an Academy Award on four occasions, but never won. He lived in Hollywood for a time with Ray Heindorf, who won three Oscars.

Verse 1 There's a million mothers knocking at the nation's door,
 A million mothers, yes and there'll be millions more,
 And while within each mother heart they pray
 Just hark what one brave mother has to say.

Verse 2 There's a million mothers waiting by the **fireside** bright,
 A million mothers, waiting for the call tonight.
 And while within each heart there'll be a tear,
 She'll watch her boy go marching with a cheer.

Chorus America, I raised a boy for you, America, you'll find him staunch and true,
 Place a gun upon his shoulder, he is ready to die or do
 America, he is my only one, my hope, my pride and joy,
 But if I had another, he would march beside his brother.
 America, here's my boy.