

# Poetry in Music: Lyrics Quoted in Class 6

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## W. S. Gilbert, from "The Mikado"

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,  
I've got a little list – I've got a little list  
Of society offenders who might well be underground,  
And who never would be missed – who never would be missed!

There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs –  
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs –  
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat  
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that –  
And all third persons who on spoiling tête-à-têtes insist –  
They'd none of 'em be missed – they'd none of 'em be missed!

There's the banjo serenader, and the others of his race,  
And the piano-organist – I've got him on the list!  
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,  
They never would be missed – they never would be missed!  
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,  
All centuries but this, and every country but his own;  
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,  
And who "doesn't think she dances, but would rather like to try";  
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist –  
I don't think she'd be missed – I'm sure she'd not be missed!

And that Nisi Prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife,  
The judicial humorist – I've got him on the list!  
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life –  
They'd none of 'em be missed – they'd none of 'em be missed.  
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,  
Such as – What d'ye call him – Thing'em-bob, and likewise – Never-mind,  
And Tut-tut-tut, and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who –  
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.  
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,  
For they'd none of 'em be missed – they'd none of 'em be missed!

## W. S. Gilbert, from "The Mikado"

The sun, whose rays  
Are all ablaze  
    With ever-living glory,  
Does not deny  
His majesty –  
    He scorns to tell a story!  
He don't exclaim,  
"I blush for shame,  
    So kindly be indulgent."  
But, fierce and bold,  
In fiery gold  
    He glories all effulgent!

    I mean to rule the earth,  
    As he the sky –  
    We really know our worth,  
    The sun and I!

Observe his flame,  
That placid dame,  
    The moon's Celestial Highness;  
There's not a trace  
Upon her face  
    Of diffidence or shyness:  
She borrows light  
That, through the night,  
    Mankind may all acclaim her!  
And, truth to tell,  
She lights up well,  
    So I, for one, don't blame her!

    Ah, pray make no mistake,  
    We are not shy;  
    We're very wide awake,  
    The moon and I.

## W. S. Gilbert, from "The Pirates of Penzance"

I am the very model of a modern Major-General,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news,  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;  
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;  
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox,  
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,  
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;  
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and Zoffanies,  
I know the croaking chorus from The Frogs of Aristophanes!  
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din afore,  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense Pinafore.

Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,  
And tell you ev'ry detail of Caractacus's uniform:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and "ravelin",  
When I can tell at sight a Mauser rifle from a javelin,  
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,  
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commissariat",  
When I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunnery,  
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery –  
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy –  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a gee.

For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;  
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

## Charles K. Harris: "After the Ball is Over"

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,  
Begged for a story — "Do, Uncle, please.  
Why are you single; why live alone?  
Have you no babies; have you no home?"  
"I had a sweetheart years, years ago;  
Where she is now pet, you will soon know.  
List to the story, I'll tell it all,  
I believed her faithless after the ball."

*After the ball is over,  
After the break of morn—  
After the dancers' leaving;  
After the stars are gone;  
Many a heart is aching,  
If you could read them all;  
Many the hopes that have vanished  
After the ball.*

Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom,  
Softly the music playing sweet tunes.  
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own—  
"I wish some water; leave me alone."  
When I returned dear there stood a man,  
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.  
Down fell the glass pet, broken, that's all,  
Just as my heart was after the ball.

Long years have passed child, I've never wed.  
True to my lost love though she is dead.  
She tried to tell me, tried to explain;  
I would not listen, pleadings were vain.  
One day a letter came from that man,  
He was her brother, the letter ran.  
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all;  
I broke her heart pet, after the ball.

## Yip Harburg: from "The Wizard of Oz"

Somewhere over the rainbow  
Way up high  
There's a land that I heard of  
Once in a lullaby

Somewhere over the rainbow  
Skies are blue  
And the dreams that you dare to dream  
Really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star  
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
Where troubles melt like lemon drops  
Away above the chimney tops  
That's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow  
Bluebirds fly  
Birds fly over the rainbow  
Why then, oh, why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly  
Beyond the rainbow  
Why, oh why can't I?

## Johnny Mercer: from "Breakfast at Tiffany's"

Moon river, wider than a mile  
I'm crossing you in style some day  
Oh, dream maker, you heart breaker  
Wherever you're goin', I'm goin' your way

Two drifters, off to see the world  
There's such a lot of world to see  
We're after the same rainbow's end  
Waitin' round the bend  
My huckleberry friend  
Moon river and me

## Stephen Sondheim: from "A Little Night Music"

Isn't it rich?  
Are we a pair?  
Me here at last on the ground,  
You in mid-air,  
Where are the clowns?

Isn't it bliss?  
Don't you approve?  
One who keeps tearing around,  
One who can't move,  
Where are the clowns?  
There ought to be clowns?

Just when I'd stopped opening doors,  
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours  
Making my entrance again with my usual flair  
Sure of my lines  
No one is there

Don't you love farce?  
My fault, I fear  
I thought that you'd want what I want  
Sorry, my dear!  
But where are the clowns  
Send in the clowns  
Don't bother, they're here

Isn't it rich?  
Isn't it queer?  
Losing my timing this late in my career  
But where are the clowns?  
There ought to be clowns  
Well, maybe next year

## George M. Cohan: "Over There"

Johnnie, get your gun  
Get your gun, get your gun  
Take it on the run  
On the run, on the run

Hear them calling, you and me  
Every son of liberty  
Hurry right away  
No delay, go today

Make your daddy glad  
To have had such a lad  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine  
To be proud her boy's in line

*Over there, over there  
Send the word, send the word over there  
That the Yanks are coming  
The drums rum tumming everywhere*

*So prepare, say a prayer  
Send the word, send the word to beware  
We'll be over, we're coming over  
And we won't come back till it's over, over there*

Johnnie, get your gun  
Get your gun, get your gun  
Johnnie show the Hun  
Who's a son of a gun

Hoist the flag and let her fly  
Yankee Doodle do or die  
Pack your little kit  
Show your grit, do your bit

Yankee to the ranks  
From the towns and the tanks  
Make your mother proud of you  
And the old red, white and blue

*Over there, over there  
Send the word, send the word over there  
That the Yanks are coming  
The drums rum tumming everywhere*

*So prepare, say a prayer  
Send the word, send the word to beware  
We'll be over, we're coming over  
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.*

## Yip Harburg: "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

Once I built a railroad, made it run  
Made it race against time  
Once I built a railroad, now it's done  
Brother can you spare a dime?

Once I built a tower to the sun  
Brick and rivet and lime  
Once I built a tower, now it's done  
Brother can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits  
Gee, we looked swell  
Full of that Yankee Doodle De Dum  
Half a million boots went slogging through hell  
I was the kid with the drum

Say don't you remember, they called me Al  
It was Al all the time  
Say don't you remember, I'm your pal!  
Brother can you spare a dime?

## Jack Yellen: from "Chasing Rainbows"

So long sad times  
Go 'long bad times  
We are rid of you at last  
Howdy gay times  
Cloudy gray times  
You are now a thing of the past

*Happy days are here again  
The skies above are clear again  
So let's sing a song of cheer again  
Happy days are here again*

All together shout it now  
There's no one who can doubt it now  
So let's tell the world about it now  
Happy days are here again



## Noel Coward: "There are bad times just around the corner"

They're out of sorts in Sunderland  
And terribly cross in Kent,  
    They're dull in Hull  
    And the Isle of Mull  
Is seething with discontent

They're nervous in Northumberland  
And Devon is down the drain,  
    They're filled with wrath  
    On the firth of Forth  
And sullen on Salisbury Plain,

In Dublin they're depressed, lads,  
Maybe because they're Celts  
For Drake is going West, lads,  
And so is everyone else.

*Hurray, hurray, hurray!*  
*Misery's here to stay.*

There are bad times just around the corner,  
There are dark clouds hurtling through the sky  
    And it's no good whining  
    About a silver lining  
For we know from experience that they won't roll by

With a scowl and a frown  
We'll keep our peckers down  
    And prepare for depression and doom and dread,  
We're going to unpack our troubles from our old kit bag  
    And wait until we drop down dead.

From Portland Bill to Scarborough  
They're querulous and subdued  
    And Shropshire lads  
    Have behaved like cads  
From Berwick-on-Tweed to Bude

They're mad at Market Harborough  
And livid at Leigh-on-Sea,  
    In Tunbridge Wells  
    You can hear the yells  
Of woe-begone bourgeoisie.

We all get bitched about, lads,  
Whoever our vote elects,  
We know we're up the spout, lads.  
And that's what England expects.

*Hurray, hurray, hurray!*  
*Trouble is on the way.*

There are bad times just around the corner,  
The horizon's gloomy as can be,  
    There are black birds over  
    The grayish cliffs of Dover  
And the rats are preparing to leave the BBC

We're an unhappy breed  
And very bored indeed  
    When reminded of something that Nelson said.  
While the press and the politicians nag nag nag  
    We'll wait until we drop down dead.

From Colwyn Bay to Kettering  
They're sobbing themselves to sleep,  
    The shrieks and wails  
    In the Yorkshire dales  
Have even depressed the sheep.

In rather vulgar lettering  
A very disgruntled group  
    Have posted bills  
    On the Cotswold Hills  
To prove that we're in the soup.

While begging Kipling's pardon  
There's one thing we know for sure  
If England is a garden  
We ought to have more manure.

*Hurray, hurray, hurray!*  
*Suffering and dismay.*

There are bad times just around the corner  
And the outlook's absolutely vile,  
    There are Home Fires smoking  
    From Windermere to Woking  
And we're not going to tighten our belts and smile, smile, smile

At the sound of a shot  
We'd just as soon as not  
    Take a hot water bottle and go to bed,  
We're going to un-tense our muscles till they sag sag sag  
    And wait until we drop down dead.

There are bad times just around the corner,  
We can all look forward to despair,  
    It's as clear as crystal  
    From Bridlington to Bristol  
That we can't save democracy and we don't much care

If the Reds and the Pinks  
Believe that England stinks  
    And that world revolution is bound to spread,  
We'd better all learn the lyrics of the old 'Red Flag'  
    And wait until we drop down dead.

*A likely story*  
*Land of Hope and Glory,*  
*Wait until we drop down dead.*