

November 1, 2017: Vaudeville and Tin Pan Alley: early theater and popular music in the US

Vaudeville, 1880-1930

- Variety shows with dancing, slapstick comedy, burlesque, Yiddish theatre, freak shows, singing, and animal acts



Tin Pan Alley: popular songwriting based in New York City, 1885-1930s

- Sheet music publishing
- “Song pluggers” performed songs in the streets to entice people to buy music
- Songs were often funny, light, and comic and incorporated other popular music styles (cakewalk, ragtime, jazz, blues)
- Members formed the Music Publishers Association of the United States (1895) and American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (1914) to protect copyright and interests of composers
- Common forms:
 - Verse-Chorus
 - 32-bar form: AABA – could be used for the entire song (verse, verse, bridge, verse) or just the chorus/refrain

Ida Emerson and Joe Howard, “Hello! Ma Baby” (1899)



Introduction: Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello

Verse 1

I've got a little baby, but she's out of sight,
I talk to her across the telephone.
I've never seen my honey but she's mine all right,
So take my tip and leave this gal alone.
Every single morning you will hear me yell,
"Hey Central! Fix me up along the line."
He connects me with ma honey, then I rings the bell,
And this is what I say to baby mine,

Chorus

Hello! ma baby, Hello! Ma honey, Hello! ma ragtime gal.
Send me a kiss by wire, baby my heart's on fire!
If you refuse me, Honey, you'll lose me, then you'll be left alone;
Oh baby, telephone and tell me I'm your own.
Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello there.

Verse 2

This morning through the phone she said her name was Bess,
And now I kind of know where I am at.
I'm satisfied because I've got my babe's address
Here pasted in the lining of my hat.
I am mighty scared, 'cause if the wires get crossed,
'Twill separate me from ma baby mine,
Then some other man will win her, and my game is lost,
And so each day I shout along the line,
Hello, hello, hello.
Hello, hello, hello.

Chorus

Hello! ma baby, Hello! Ma honey, Hello! ma ragtime gal.
Send me a kiss by wire, baby my heart's on fire!
If you refuse me, Honey, you'll lose me, then you'll be left alone;
Oh baby, telephone and tell me I'm your own.

Arthur Collins, 1899



Al Jolson, 1937



George M. Cohan, "Give My Regards to Broadway" from *Little Johnny Jones* (1904)



Verse 1

Did you ever see two Yankees part
Upon a foreign shore
When the good ship's just about to start
For old New York once more?
With tear-dimmed eye they say goodbye
They're friends without a doubt
When the man on the pier
Shouts, "Let them clear"
As the ship strikes out

Chorus

Give my regards to Broadway
Remember me to Herald Square
Tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street
That I will soon be there
Whisper of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old time throng
Give my regards to old Broadway
And say that I'll be there e'er long

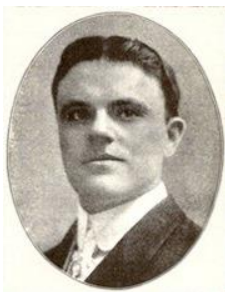
Verse 2

Say hello to dear old Coney Isle
If there you chance to be
When you're at the Waldorf have a smile
And charge it up to me
Mention my name ev'ry place you go
As 'round the town you roam
Wish you'd call on my gal
Now remember, old pal
When you get back home

Chorus

Give my regards to Broadway
Remember me to Herald Square
Tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street
That I will soon be there
Whisper of how I'm yearning
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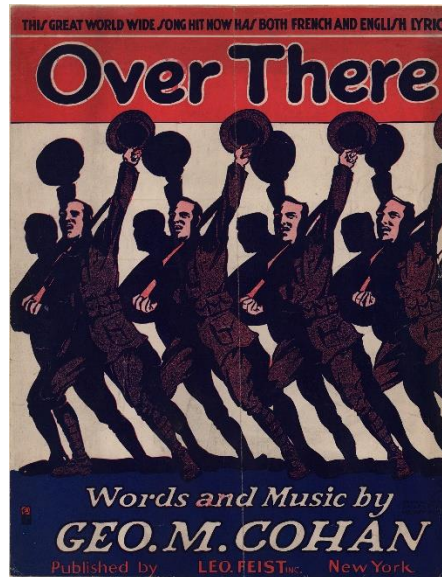
Billy Murray, 1905



S. H. Dudley (Samuel Holland Rous), 1905



George M. Cohan, "Over There" (1917)



Verse 1

Johnny, 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.

Verse 2

Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
 Johnny, show the "Hun" you're 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

Chorus

Over there, over there,
 Send the word, send the word over there
 That the Yanks are coming, 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.

- Billy Murray, 1917
- Nora Bayes, 1917



Milton Ager and Jack Yellen, "Ain't She Sweet" (1927)



Oh ain't she sweet,
Well see her walking down that street.
Yes I ask you very confidentially,
Ain't she sweet?

Oh ain't she nice,
Well look her over once or twice.
Yes I ask you very confidentially,
Ain't she nice?

Just cast an eye
In her direction.
Oh me oh my,
Ain't that perfection?

Oh I repeat
Well don't you think that's kind of neat?

Yes I ask you very confidentially,
Ain't she sweet?

Oh ain't she sweet,
Well see her walking down that street.
Well I ask you very confidentially,
Ain't she sweet?

Oh ain't that nice,
Well look it over once or twice.
Yes I ask you very confidentially,
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Just cast an eye
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Oh me oh my,
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Well don't you think that's kind of neat?
Yes I ask you very confidentially,
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Gene Austin, 1927

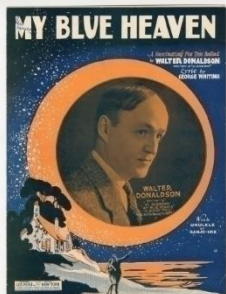


Oh ain't she sweet,
Well see her walking down that street.
Well I ask you very confidentially,
Ain't she sweet?
Well I ask you very confidentially,
Ain't she sweet?

Lillian Roth, 1933 (animation)



Walter Donaldson and George A. Whiting, "My Blue Heaven" (1927)



Day is ending, birds are
wending
Back to the shelter of each
little nest they love
Night shades falling, love
birds calling
What makes the world go
round? Nothing but love

And baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven

A smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the roses
bloom
Just Molly and me
And baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven

When whippoorwill calls
And evening is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven
I turn to the right
A little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven

Fly birdie back home

I turn to the right
Honey, at night
That little road to
My blue heaven

A smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the roses
bloom
Just Molly and me

A smiling face, a fireplace, a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the roses
bloom

Just Molly and me
And baby makes three
We're hurry to my blue heaven

- Gene Austin, 1927
- Paul Whiteman and Bing Crosby, 1927



Milton Ager and Jack Yellen, "Happy Days Are Here Again" (1929)



- Annette Hanshaw, 1930

Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are here again
Altogether 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
Your cares and troubles are gone
They're be no more from now on
Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Let us sing a song of cheer again

Happy days are here again
So long sad time, so long bad time
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
Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are here again
Altogether 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
Your cares and troubles are gone

They're be no more from now on
Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are here again

Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Let us sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are here again

George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin, "I Got Rhythm" (1930)



Verse
Days can be sunny with never a sigh
Don't need what money can buy
Birds in the trees sing their dayful of songs
Why shouldn't we sing along
I'm chipper all the day
Happy with my lot
How do I get that way
Look at what I've got

A
I got rhythm, I got music, I got my man
Who could ask for anything more?

A
I've got daisies in green pastures
I've got my man
Who could ask for anything more?

B
Old man trouble I don't mind him
You won't find him 'round my door

I've got starlight
I've got sweet dreams
I've got my man
Who could ask for anything more

Ba ba da da da ah

Old man trouble, I don't mind him
You won't find him 'round my door

A
I've got starlight
I've got sweet dreams
I've got my man
Who could ask for anything more?

I've got rhythm, I've got music
I've got daisies in green pastures
I've got starlight
I've got sweet dreams
I've got my man
Who could ask for anything more

Kate Smith, 1930



George Gershwin, 1931



Ella Fitzgerald, 1959



John Coltrane



Tin Pan Alley and vaudeville in cartoons

I Love to Singa (1936)



One Froggy Evening (1955)

