BELOW ZERO
A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

Book and Lyrics by
E. L. McKinney

Music by
F. R. Hancock

Additional Lyrics by F. L. Allen
Additional Music by C. D. Clifton

Conducted by C. D. Clifton

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CAST

JAMES HIGDIG, President of the American Ice Trust ........................................ J. Munroe
ADOLPHUS CHALKSTONES, New York manager of the American Ice Trust ............ G. S. Silsbee
HENRY CHALKSTONES, his son .............................................................................. F. R. Hancock
DARDANELLES BIXBY, Ward of James Higdig and office man in Chalkstones' office  R. C. Benchley
PINKERING SNAFFLES, ex-roommate of Bixby and ex-bookseller of New York ...... P. M. Hollister
STOLID STEVE, Hugglesland manager of the American Ice Trust ...................... T. W. Barnes 2nd
ESKIMO PAT, Proprietor of the "Three Jolly Whalesbones" in Hugglesland .......... S. Nichols
CHIEF WUG, of the Hugglesland Eskimos which are related by marriage to the Wah-o-ah-Wahs H. T. Deane
ARIOVISTUS PATerson, uncle of Anne Higdig .................................................... K. S. Billings
Gloriana Griggs, one of the New York Griggs .................................................... E. P. Pierce
ANNE Higdig, daughter of James Higdig ............................................................. R. Clifford
ETTA Paterson, aunt of Anne Higdig ................................................................. J. Simpkins

Ticket Seller ................................................................................................... P. K. Houston
1st Gate Keeper ................................................................................................. H. C. Dewey
2nd Gate Keeper ............................................................................................... A. B. Richardson
Announcer ........................................................................................................ E. C. Sprague
Messenger ........................................................................................................ U. S. J. Sullivan
Red Cap ............................................................................................................ T. W. Barnes 2nd
Late Man ........................................................................................................... J. R. Pratt
Baggage Man ................................................................................................... A. Strong
Husband ............................................................................................................. H. Cutting
Wife ................................................................................................................... R. W. Bennett
Telephone Girl ................................................................................................. F. W. Hubbell
News Girl ......................................................................................................... O. W. Roosevelt
Chauffeur Eskimo ............................................................................................ F. Gooding
Interpreter ........................................................................................................ R. Asano
Leader of Tourists .......................................................................................... E. C. Sprague
Shinola ............................................................................................................. W. F. Philips
Polar Bear ......................................................................................................... W. P. Tobey


Aeroplane Soldiers:
H. Cutting, H. C. Dewey, J. R. Pratt, G. S. Silsbee

CONTENTS

ACT I

1. Opening Chorus .................................................. 5
2. Just the Thing to Have about the House  Etta, Chalkstones and Ariovistus 9
3. Nellie ................................................................. 14
4. Wonderful One ..................................................... 16
5. It Was Only a Joke .................................................. 19
6. Musical Comedy Travesty: ........................................ 22
   a) Opening Chorus .................................................. 24
   b) “In Madagascar” .................................................. 26
   c) “The Girl I Love” ................................................. 30
   d) “I’m the King” ..................................................... 32
   e) Love Waltz ......................................................... 34
   f) Final Chorus ....................................................... 36
7. Finale ............................................................... 38

ACT II

8. Opening and “I Am an Amazon” ................................ 44
   Anne and Eskimo Maidens
9. Work ................................................................. 48
   Bixby and Snaffles
10. My Leap Year Love ................................................. 51
   Anne
11. That Polar Roll-Poly Roll ....................................... 54
   Bixby and Anne
12. Three Desperate Men Are We ............................... 58
   Steve, Eskimo Pat and Wug
13. The Island of Me-and-You ..................................... 61
   Henry and Gloriana
14. It’s One of the Things I Gather as I go .................. 64
   Etta and Tourists
15. Finale ............................................................. 67
No. 1
Words by
E. L. McKinney

Opening Scene

Music by
F. R. Hancock

Maestoso

Piano

Curtain

tutti accel.

H. P.
Fare-well Anne! Fare-well Anne! When you are a missionary In the Arctic regions don't forget that those you've met are waiting in New York for you. And won't you take this with you dear To think of me when I'm not near To take a long to Hugglesland with
you. —— Fare-well, Anne Fare-well, Anne When you are a missionary In the Arctic regions merry Don't forget that those you've met are waiting in New York for you.

second time molto piu moto

Exit a tempo piu moto vivace

HP
Moderato

In these days of modern science one must

stop and wonder how One invents the many odd machines we see

From maz-stupidly above Then 'tis often that with Mar-jor-y I go

era-stwhile friend of mine Who was living in the suburbs far away He had

chimes that mix a cocktail down to those that milk a cow They are

wander in the garden while I murmur words of love And I

bade me come to see him, "Oh just come, drop in and dine And at

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all a source of interest to me. Just to take the vacuum cleaner, there's a

cast enamoured glasses at her so. And we sit up on the garden wall, we

any time, just walk right in and stay.” But he quite forgot to mention that he

wonderful affair, Made for dusting here and there and under neath — Getting

fill it rather full But 'twill hold two teaspoons quite enough you see, — And I

had a canine brute That went roaming here and there out-side the house — And I

cash from hubby's pockets, finding hairpins in your hair And it's

keep ONE arm all ready to resist a passing bull Oh, a

came It saw it conquered Well, I have an other suit And for
just the thing for pulling baby's teeth. 

garden wall is quite the place to be.  For it's just the thing to 
six weeks lay as quiet as a mouse.  

have about the house. It's an article distinctly indispensable 

usefulness about it; And you cannot do without it; Why the 

lack of it is simply indefensible. You can live without an 

H.P.
ice-chest or a wife, You can smile without a telephone or cook.

think a thing like that Should be seen in every flat. C For its
think that after all That a common garden wall. E For its
think that Hound Dogs should be most carefully tabooed. E For its

just the thing to have about A It's quite the thing to have about A
just the thing to have about A It's quite the thing to have about A
just the thing to have about C It's quite the thing to have about A

handy thing to have about the house. For it's house.

H.P.
No. 3

Nellie

Words by
E.L. McKINNEY

Music by
C.D. CLIFTON

Gloriana

1. Love such as mine will last forever While years roll on shall I
2. Days may go by and years may vanish Still shall I dream of my

mur - mur I love you I was wea - ry you found me lone - ly
dear one you dearest I'll be dream - ing with love thoughts throng - ing
Now you are near me, I want you only. My dreams come true sweet.

While moons are beams, I shall be longing. For you to come sweet.

Heart in you, Across the ocean bright.
Heart to me, Soshall I pine a part.

We'll sail away tonight. The moon above you I love you, Nellie.
While clearly shine dear heart. The stars above you I love you, Nellie.

deer dear, just you. you.
deer just you.
Wonderful One

Tempo di Valse

Lightly and with steady time

Henry 1. I have hunted from Iceland to
Gloriana 2. I have ambled about in this

Louisiana, From Aix-la-Chapelle to Cathay I have
terrible region For many and many a day And the

search'd all of Spain in a most careful manner I've wandered from Rome to Bom-
men that I meet on my journeys are legion And smile if I just look their

bay

But no matter wherever I travel there's never The
way

Ten proposals a season And each with the reason He
maiden I'm trying to find
But this old U.S.A. is the
loves me for all he is worth
But when you came in view then I

place I shall stay You're the one that I have in my mind.
For it's
knew 'twas but you That I want more than all on this earth.

many the time I have wandered all day Just looking

Gloriana

for you And its many an hour I have
squander'd a-way Just look-ing, look-ing for you And it's

ma-ny a song I have sung to you dear When day-light is

Both

molt o ritar d
done But it's all o-ver now And I feel that some-how I've dis-
molt o ritar d

cov-er'd you won-der-ful one For it's one
It Was Only a Joke

No. 5

Words by
F. L. ALLEN

Allegretto moderato

Music by
F. R. HANCOCK

till ready

PIANO

SNAFFLES
1. I'm really a terribly humorous bloke Though I
2. One day I was walking down Washington street When I
3. Some friends of mine once had a beautiful boy He was

mp with well marked rhythm

may be too subtle for you There is nothing I relish so
saw a big automobile It had gearable gears and a
just a year old, if you care They exhibited him with per-
much as a joke You would roar at the things that I do... But I
sittable seat And it steered with a circular wheel... So!
misssible joy And his bath was a social affair... They were

H. P.
Once knew a solemn and serious stiff
Who could never distinguish a jest.
So I sparked it and cranked it, and yanked it and such
While the populace gathered about.
Sure he'd be president after a while
That his bonnet was now in the ring.

But I led him way up to the edge of a cliff
And to illustrate wit at its best.
I pushed him right over the edge of the bluff
And he went down to the bottom of the well.

It ran down a couple of cripplers and popped its thing.
I took him away from his pa and his mam.

CHORUS
Tumbled right on to some granite and stuff.
'Twas only a joke, ha.
Clattered right into a jewelry shop.
Strangled the boy with my finger and thumb.

P.P.
Cho. Ha ha

You know it was simply absurd You'll laugh till you choke, ha.

Cho. Ha ha

The funniest thing I have heard. It was only a jest, ha.

Cho. Ha ha

And laugh, I thought I should croak And my sides fairly split, when they

told me of it But then it was only a joke. Huh! 'Twas joke. Huh!
Musical Comedy Travestey

Introductory Stanzas

No. 6

Words by
E. L. McKinney

Music by
F. R. Hancock

Allegro

Before (A)  It is
Before (B)  Then the
Before (C)  Then the
Before (D)  Then that
Before (E and F)  Then that

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Leslie and Ballou

Piano

often in the evening that you wander to a show To some
heroine approaches you have seen her smiling face On the
hero dressed becomingly by Hart, Schaffer and Marx With his
rousing Soldier chorus full of sprightliness and pep Which the
love duet, that love waltz, soft,delirious and sweet, Not a

tuneeful operetta, at most anywhere you know But you'll find if you are
postcard reproductions and the billboards of the place She comes tripping to the
patent-leather footwear emanating storms of sparks With a foot poised on a
chorus meanwhile echoes and salutes at every step And the king continues
musical creation without this would be complete With a humming,swaying

H.P.
watchful that these shows are all the same And for music, last year's catch-es just re-
footlights with her bel-la-don-na glance And in-dulges in a Song Hit while the 
chair rail, in the spot light glare he sings Of a bach-elor's ad- va-n-tages and 
mentioning that he is still the king, Just as if we could n't tell it long be-
chorus, and a clinch that's hard to break And the music is so an cient that it's 

modeled are the aim. At first the Op-ning Chor-us with its laughter and its 
chorus tries to dance. Ex-otic min- or mu-sic with a tom-tom and re-
ver-ies and things But what is more the cus-tom just a sim-pie tale of 
fore we heard him sing. We nev-er hear our sol-diers sing, Ca-
dets or Bat-
al-ways sure to take. And then that fin-al Chor-us of a ban-don and es-

shout Its light vi-vae-mu-sic, throw-ing flow-ers all a-bout. 
frain. 'Tis Zan-zib-ar, or Zu-land or Go-go once a-gain. 
woes. Of girls he's met and wor-shiped while the chor-us comes and goes. 
y But that's dra-mat-ic li-ence that you'll find in com- e dy. 
prit Its kick-ing heels un-tir-ing are the last thing that you see. 

H.P.
(a) Opening Chorus

Words by E.L. McKinney

Music by C.D. Clifton

Allegro vivace

Dew drops dance and rain drops dribble Soft the jelly-fishes nibble All the branches wave together

In the soporific weather Take my flowers, pretty flowers Take my flowers, pretty flowers Perfumed by the summer showers Gathered daily from the bowers

H.P.
In the iridescent hours of the early spring. We're here, we're here, Oh,

jolly, jolly isle. We're here, we're here, Oh, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly,

jolly, jolly isle. All hail, all hail,

all hail! H.P.
(b) In Madagascar

Words by
E. L. MCKINNEY

Music by
C. D. CLIFTON

When the baboons howl, And the tigers growl, And the cock-a-toos are tooss-ing in the trees. Lived a dus-ky maid Of a dus-ky shade And she sport-ed with the chim-pa-"}

Piano

H. P.
take his tom-tom light And beat it in a rhapsody of love— And the

monkey maid would listen while the stars were shining bright And the moon was where it always is above Beneath her tree he stood And vigorously cooed In Madagascar In Madagascar Lives a monkey

2nd time only piccolo 2 octaves higher
maid of brown
A - skip - ping fleet - ly

And swing-ing neat - ly She's the clas-si - est con - ce - tion of the
town. Her heart will tia - gle To my ju - gle jin - gle —
And the jangle jig will prove my love is true. And I shall ask her. In Madagascar To my bungalow for two. In Madagascar two.
(c) The Girl I Love

Words by
H. L. MCKINNEY

Music by
C. D. CLIFTON

There's the girl who is brainless and pretty,
There's the girl who is ugly and good,
And the one who is misunderstood;
There's the
The girl who is young and beguiling, There's the one who is sweet as can be;

But give me the one who is smiling From over the table at me,

But give me the one who is smiling From over the table at me.
(d) I Am King

Words by E. L. MCKINNEY

Music by C. D. CLIFTON

Tempo di Marcia

CHO. OF THIS ISLE

I am king of this cannibal isle. I'm a

CHO. GOOD AND GREAT

monarch good...and great. All the people rejoice at my

H. P.
Cho. at his smile

smile ______ At my frowns they pal-pi-tate ______ I'm the

Cho. once before

king, did I say that before? ______ Never mind, it's a fact worth

Cho. quite worthwhile

while ______ While the cro-co-diles roar On my bar-ba-rous shore I am

king of this can-ni-bal isle! ______

isle!

H. P.
(e) Love Waltz

Words by
E.L. McKinney

Music by
F.R. Hancock

Moon is beam-ing bright Crows are call-ing Snakes are craw-ling Snow is
Ov - er - pow -'ring love Comes a - muddling Hearts be-fudd -ling Like a
fall - ing light And my heart dear aches for you Soft-ly dear it breaks for
cuddling dove Then when you are near to me Sweetheart ev - er dear to
you While my voice dear shakes for you Through the si - lent night
me How your voice sounds clear to me Sing - ing from a - bove
CHORUS

Butterflies are sadly wailing In the morning skies

Nightingales are nightingaling While the walrus cries, "I love you"

Rosily your eyes are blushing and your lips of blue

Seem to say as soft we sway that I love you. You.
(f) Finale Chorus

MUSICAL COMEDY TRAVESTY

Words by
E. L. MCKINNEY

Music by
F. R. HANCOCK

VOICE
It's the musical comedy way--

PIANO

You will find at every show--

same at whatever the play--

And no

H.P.
matter where you go And you'll find in these

sense-less af-fairs Not an old thing ev-er

palls Lots of girls lack of plot dancing which is silly

rot They're all before the curtain falls Its the falls

H.P.
No. 7

Finale Act I

Words by
E.L. McKINNEY

Music by
C. D. CLIFTON

Ticket seller

Voice

Piano

Gatekeeper

Announcer

Boston and the North

Ten thirty four

Ten thirty four

Chorus

That's your train

 diminishendo

ritenuto poco

h.p.
Oh Gloriana
Fare thee well
Fare thee well and don't forget me
Though I never more may tell
Love's sharp darts do still be-
Gloriana
set me
Never fear and if you miss me No you
really really must not kiss me I shall telephone My numbers

Chorus

Bry-ant five five five Her num-ber's Bry - ant five five five And don't for-

get the way you go here you change here you change and here you take a boat

Andante espressivo

I shan't for-get

He's
off on his way and we are left to- geth- er

Gloriana

Long may he stay and fair may be the weath- er
Ah I a-dore you

Gloriana

Ah and I live for you and I live for

Henry

I love you tru- ly and I live for

you Neer will we part no nev- er nev- er more.

H.P.
Chorus

He is going he is going he is going he is going he is going

Red Cap Snaffles

O let me take your suitcase And take mine

tremolo crescendo
do

Chorus

going he is going he is going he is going he is going he is going he is going he is going

Bixby Gloriana Higdig

too And take mine too And don't forget to write me And don't forget the

Chorus

going he is going he is going he is going he is going he is going he is going he is going

Chalkstones and Henry

Ice trust And don't forget the strike

H.P.
Act II Opening Scene

No.8

Words by
E.L. McKinney

Music by
F.R. Hancock

I Am An Amazon

Moderato ma non troppo

PIANO

You can
When the

H.P.
have your little say Of the ladies of the day You con-
Snow Balls come around That is when we may be found For these

sider them a sort of senseless lot But now don't suppose these
Snow-Balls are most glorious affairs They are quite discrete none

es-kimos Are the same because distinctly they are not For they are
have cold feet They abound in Funny Hugs and Polar Bears And there's a

muscular and pretty and they dance divinely too When the
lot of fancy sliding on the ice bergs smooth and flat And the

H.P.
ice is really broken they will make it hot for you And you'll
supper's frozen pudding we are rather used to that And the

find that every ice girl is a singularly nice girl And they'll
floor is so entrancing For its ice we use for dancing And the

give a warm reception tho' they're cold so I'm told I am I am an
ice is just what it's cradled up to be don't you see

amazon Of this horrible terrible fearfully freezible zone There's

H.P.
not a girl you'll happen on With a physical culture development like my

own For I mingle grace with muscle In a most esthetic way And my

wrestling grip in waltzing Is a feature of the day As for spineless peepless man He won't

figure in this plan Take it from me take it from me me.
Work

No. 9

Words by
F. L. ALLEN

Music by
F. R. HANCOCK

With good swing
Not too fast

sniffles: They
sigh: Our
till ready

say that at college the struggle for knowledge is really a terrible
fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers say, "Wait just a couple of

f

Cho.

a cinch,

of years

cinch; We can sign off for a plausible cough and go off on a jag, in a
years You think you are grinding? You soon will be finding That life is not what it ap-
pinch. We really must ask you—we hope it won't task you To pears.
Just wait till your play-day must wait till your pay-day Your
get this thing out of your minds——To put to confusion this West-min-ster bats will be few;——It won't be so funny to

hope-less de-lu-sion The fact is we're all of us grinds.——For it's sweat for your mon-ey You'd better thank God you're not through!" It'll be  

f Chorus
Work, work, work all the day And it's work all night We

H. P.
can't get away from it never a day from it Our under-graduate

blight! For it's work, work, work till we're dead, Go to

bed, think our troubles are o'er; When a little clock rings And the

song that it sings Is work once more. For it's more.
My Leap Year Love

No. 10

Words by
E. L. McKinney

Music by
F. R. Hancock

Allegro

Not too fast

VOICE

Allegro

L.H.

Piano

Anne Have'n't you ever dream'd of
Sometimes I think he's come to

one When all the world seem'd very blue Some-one to hold you tight
me Out of the fairy land of dreams But he must always go

Someone that would be quite all to you. I've waited so
Even when ever so real he seems. And when I a

H. P.
long and yet he's not found me But still I love him well And
wake he's vanish'd before me Leaving the world so drear. But

leap year is my year so all unhinder'd My love I now can
some day returning he'll find me waiting My love for e'er sin-

tell; To my sweetheart I'll say. You're my

to my dream boy I'll say:

leap year love and I've waited these Four long years to say That I

H.P.
shall be true And I wait for you Won't you come to me and stay? For I've dreamed dreams of you while the moonbeams were Gleaming bright above And when you come in sight, my dreams come right, My leap year love. You're my love.
That Polar Rolly-Poly Roll

No.11

Words by E. L. McKinney

Music by F. R. Hancock

Moderato

1. Where the blue northern light
2. Up to some seal you'll go

Flash-es in stream-ers bright, There the lit-tle es-ki-mos-es
Wob-bl-ing to and fro, There's a spi-cy fas-ci-na-tion

Hop about up-on their toes-es Bun-ny hug so
To that icy syn-co-pa-tion Froz-en hops like

H.P.
warm and snug  Dances are siz - zly there worse than the grizz - ly bear
ice-cream drops  Keep your feet in the air just like a po - lar bear

Up in the ice and snow  That is the place to go
Es - ki - mos young and old  Prance a - bout in the cold

For night is long and ice is flat you bet you  Ere you're there a day
My glace squab come try a bit, don't leave me  Well have jol - ly fun

You'll be - gin to sway That rol - ly po - ly roll does that 'twill get you
'Neath the mid-night sun That rol - ly po - ly roll is it be - lieve me

H. P.
CHORUS

Come, come, come, come, let me take you to my palace
Underneath the

bright aurora borealis
We'll turky trot?

No!

We'd better not
Well!

Shall we grizzly bear?

Oh! well I don't care
When the wind blows sneezily and breezily

H.P
Seize me, squeeze me, snug-le up and freeze to me
Don't you look as-kance

Come and take a chance We will shake and we will shiv-er

We will quake and we will quiv-er Well reel and prance That seal skin dance that

1. po- lar rol- ly po- ly roll
2. roll

H.P.
Three Desperate Men Are We

No. 12

Words by E. L. MCKINNEY

Music by F. R. HANCOCK

Allegro Moderato

Steve: When you hear a tale of dynamite, Forty thousand men killed

Tavern Keeper: When you see the headlines glaring black, "Twenty people killed in

When you read about some famous dub, Died of indigestion

 overlit: When you want the one that set the light, We're the one you're

Hack-en-sack: Who mislaid the tree-trunks on the track? We're the men that

in his tub: Who put all the poison in his grub? We're the jolly
after And all we have to say Is that were built that way:
did it But still we must confess It was a great success.
party It was a coup détat He carried it too far.

CHORUS All

Three desperate men are we I, him, also me

Anywhere in a savage affair You'll find us together.

You hear of a shooting bee Ten to one you'll find its we
Desperado full of bravado I, him, and me.

Dance Ending:

DANCE L'istesso Tempo

H P.
The Island of Me and You

Words by
E. L. McKinney

Music by
F. R. Hancock

Henry Did you ever grow tired of this dreary world? Sweet...

Gloriana We can spoon without fear that behind yonder berg...

Did you ever imagine a land all your own...

And it's laughter and smiles that we constantly see...

Some one near? Just an island of happiness only for...

Never tears. For when ever you're bored the time hurries a...
you A land of serene delight Where whatever you wished for was long
And happy the clocks stand still While we're dancing together the
quickly at hand And the moon and the stars always bright? And there'll
waltz never stops When we motor there's never a hill: And so well
go, we two. To that Isle of Me and You. So we will
sail some day, To that Island far away.

So we will float, float away in sky of deepest blue when
float, float away, Up in the sky of deepest blue And when the
beaming moon is o'er me And with your big, brown eyes before me.

When all the

When the world softly sleeps Our 'plane for two

world softly sleeps Safe in our aeroplane for two And when the

ad lib.

Shadows float That Island of Me and You.

Shadows play, we'll float away To that Island of Me and You. So we will You.

H.P.
It's One of the Things I Gather as I Go

No. 14

Words by
E. L. MCKINNEY

Music by
F. R. HANCOCK

I'm a curious collector I may say
Pray
I've a set of tea-spoons from the table land
The

tell us is that a profession or a disease
And I
table land, oh, wasn't it rather flat?
And some

pick up little relics on my way,
Oh show us some of your relics if you
curtain poles from Poland, understand
Some poles from Poland, what do you think of

please
In my desultory travel here and there a bit of gravel Here a
that? Gold from mines in Asia Minor and some tea-cups too in China And a
fragenent of a pre-historic bone; Little twigs from famous bushes, I've
coconut pie I found on Mt. Desert And some Prussian blue from Prussia, And Bull-

cured by tips And they lend a sort of reminiscence. Oh it's
rushes straight from Russia And all genuine the connoisseurs as sert.

one of the things I gather as I go It seems to lend an

course it lends an air. A little thing will do just to ratify the

H. P.
view That once up-on my jour-neys I've been there. Some think it all trash

Oh,

no, not trash) but then It's just a thing to re-member things by you

know. Of course it's not ver-y much to see, But then it means a lot to me. That's

one of the reasons I gather them as I go. go.
Finale Act II

We are off, we are off, we are off, we are off, we are off, we are off. We are off for Manhattan, To dear old New York, We are off for the old U. S. A. This land may be cleaner but long greens are greener A-blooming along the white way. We will
leave these old ice-bergs to freeze by themselves Which so often we've
gingerly sat on, And we'll fly with a roar To America's
shore We are off for, we're off for Manhattan We are
off for we're off for Manhattan. We're tan.
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