

1869

Up in a Balloon

G. W. Hunt

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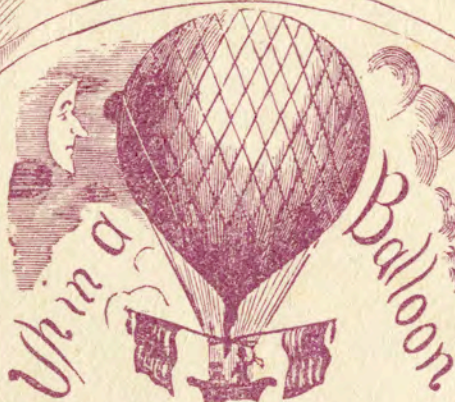
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No. 1.

THE VOCALIST

PRICE 5 CENTS



MUSIC, Piano.

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FISHER & DENISON.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

ONCE I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and
torn,
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn.
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
The girl that I loved, she was handsome:
I tried all I knew her to please;
But I could not please her one quarter so well
Like that man upon the Trapeze.

CHORUS.

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
A daring young man on the flying Trapeze:
His movements were graceful: all girls he
could please,
And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was: Signor Bona
Slang;
Tall, big, and handsome, as well made as
Chang!
Wher'er he appeared, the Hall loudly rang—
With ovation from all people there.
He'd smile from the bar on the people be-
low;
And, one night, he smiled on my love,
She winked back at him, and she shouted:
Bravo!
As he hung by his nose up above. CHOR.

Her father and mother were both on my side,
And very hard tried to make her my own
bride:
Her father he sighed, and her mother she
cried,

TOMMY DODD.

(Tommy Dodd is an expression used to sig-
nify: Toss up.)

LEAD a somewhat easy life,
Like most men about town;
But still I must submit to you,
I'm somewhat of renown.
A speculative turn of mind,
It may seem rather odd—
I have a weakness, and it is
A love for Tommy Dodd!

I'm always safe when I begin, Tommy Dodd,
Tommy Dodd!
Glasses round, cigars as well, Tommy Dodd,
Tommy Dodd!
Now, my boys, let's all go in, Tommy Dodd,
Tommy Dodd!
Head or tail, I'm safe to win, Hurray for
Tommy Dodd!

In town, now, if you meet a friend,
You cannot let him pass;
Of course, you must do something,
You, then, propose a glass.
Now, if I meet a chum or two,
I hail them with a nod,
Propose for each a full-grown dose,
But submitting Tommy Dodd.
I'm always safe, etc.

To see her throw herself away.
'Twas all no avail: she went there, every
night,
And would throw him bouquets on the
stage,
Which caused him to meet her: how he ran
me down,
To tell you would take a whole page. CHOR.

One night, I, as usual, went to her dear home,
Found there her mother and father alone;
I asked for my love: and soon they made
known,
To my horror, that she'd run away!
She'd packed up her box and eloped, in the
night,
With him, with the greatest of ease:
From two stories high, he had lowered her
down,
To the ground, on his flying Trapeze! CHOR.

Some months after this, I went to a Hall,
Was greatly surprised to see, on the wall,
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall—
That she was appearing with him!
He taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in
tights,
To help him to live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name!—
And now she goes on the Trapeze!

CHORUS.

She floats through the air with the greatest of
ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying Trapeze.
She does all the work, while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love!

You've no idea the run of luck,
Which I have found the rule,
Attends you if you go in "hot,"
Of course, remaining "cool."
A purse is just in case of need:
For, you can ride rough-shod,
And live like any fighting cock,
If you are *up* in Tommy Dodd?
I'm always safe, etc.

A friend of mine three daughters had;
He asked me home to tea.
I played and sung when, by-and-by,
They all spooned on to me:
I couldn't court the lot, you know:
For, that would seem so odd;
So, I proposed that they'd decide,
By way of Tommy Dodd!
I'm always safe when I begin, Tommy Dodd,
Tommy Dodd!
Glasses round or what you like, Tommy Dodd,
Tommy Dodd!
Now, my boys, once more go in, Tommy Dodd,
Tommy Dodd!
Head or tail, I'm sure to win, Hurrah for
Tommy Dodd!

CAPTAIN JENKS OF THE HORSE-MARINES.

I AM Captain Jinks of the Horse-Marines,
 I of-ten live beyond my means;
 I sport young La-dies in their teens,
 To cut a swell in the ar-my.
 I teach the La-dies how to dance,
 How to dance, how to dance,
 I teach the La-dies how to dance:
 For I'm their pet in the ar-my.

SPOKEN—Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS.

I'm Cap-tain Jenks of the Horse-Marines,
 I give my horse good corn and beans;
 Of course, it's quite beyond my means.
 Though a Captain in the ar-my.

I joined my corps when twenty-one;
 Of course, I thought it capital fun.
 When the enemy came, then off I run,
 I wasn't cut out for the ar-my.
 When I left home, mamma she cried,
 Mamma she cried, mamma she cried;
 When I left home, mamma she cried:
 "He ain't cut out for the army!"

SPOKEN—No, she thought I was too young.
 But then I said: Ah! mamma,

CHORUS—I'm Captain Jenks of the Horse-
 Marines, etc.

The first day I went out to drill,
 The bugle sound made me quite ill,
 At the balance-step my hat it fell,
 And that wouldn't do for the army.
 The officers they all did shout,
 They all cried out, they all did shout,
 The officers they all did shout:
 "Oh! that's the curse of the army!"

SPOKEN—Of course, my hat DID fall off: but,
 ah! nevertheless,

CHORUS—I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse-
 Marines, etc.

My Tailors' bills came in so fast,
 Forced me, one day, to leave at last,
 And ladies, too, no more did cast
 Sheep's eyes at me, in the army.
 My creditors at me did shout,
 At me did shout, at me did shout,
 My creditors at me did shout:
 "Why, kick him out of the army!"

SPOKEN—I said: ah! gentleman, ah! kick
 ME out of the army! Perhaps you are not
 aware that

I'm Captain Jenks of the, etc.

FIFTH AVENUE.

SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY W. H. LINGARD.

BEFORE you stands Frank Rifle,
 An Ensign in our corps:
 I'm not one of those trifles
 You've often met before;
 A free and easy fellow.
 On the battle-field I'm smart,
 But a darling little creature's
 Struck the bull's eye of my heart.

CHORUS—And I'll never, never leave her:
 Between both me and you,
 She's my darling little treasure,
 I met in Fifth Avenue.

'T was at her uncle's mansion:
 I met her at a ball,
 I paid her great attention:
 For, I loved her best of all.

What beauty did adorn her,
 As I danced her off her feet!
 And, in a quiet corner,
 We had a confab sweet.

SPOKEN—Yes, I told her I loved her; and
 just at that moment, up stepped her uncle,
 and said: Young man, what's your inten-
 tions towards my niece, and what's your for-
 tune? I told him I had a fine estate at
 Land's End, but that another fellow had an
 estate on the top of mine, and I couldn't
 get him to pull his off. He said: You are
 the man for me, but first promise me that
 you'll—

And I'll never, never leave her, etc.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

AS SUNG BY THE GREAT LINGARD.

GOOD evening to you, one and all;
 I hope I don't intrude,
 Dressed in this quiet fashion:
 Pray do not think me rude.

I always study *Le Follet*,
 The fashion to amend;
 So, I introduce you, ladies, too,
 This graceful Grecian Bend.

CHORUS—The Grecian Bend, as I now show,
 You must admit is all the go;
 The head well forward, and the body you
 extend,
 To be perfect in the Grecian Bend.

'T was raining hard, the other day:
 So I got into a stage.
 Some little boys began to shout,
 Which put me in a rage.
 The driver, too, said: Really, Miss,
 You've room enough for ten!
 And actually charged me double,
 On account of my Grecian Bend.

SPOKEN—I wouldn't mind it so much,
 only there was Ann Jenkins, who lives next
 door to me, in the same stage; she began to
 laugh at me; she's been practicing the Gre-
 cian Bend for three weeks, but she can't do
 it; she's jealous of me, because I took her
 young man away. One gent had the auda-
 city to tell me that the Grecian Bend was
 nothing more or less than a spasmodic
 movement of the third rib in connection
 with the left shoulder. In fact I need not
 tell you that—

The Grecian Bend, etc.

UP IN A BALLOON.

G. W. HUNT.

Allegretto moderato.

Introduction for piano, marked *Allegretto moderato* and *f*. The music is in 6/8 time and features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The piano part includes a *ff* dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "1. One night I went up / 2. Up, up I was borne with".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third and fourth lines of the song. The lyrics are: "in a bal-loon, On a voyage of dis-cov-'ry to vis-it the moon, Where an ter-ri-ble pow'r At the rate of ten thousand five hundred an hour, The".

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fifth and sixth lines of the song. The lyrics are: "old man dwells, so some peo-ple say, 'Through cut-ting of sticks on a air was cold,.... the wind blew loud, I narrowly es-cap'd be-ing".

Up in a Balloon—1.

THE VOCALIST.

Sun - - - day." Up went the bal-loon quick-ly, high-er and high-er, O-ver
chok'd by a cloud; Still up ... I went till sur-round-ed by stars, And such

house-top and chim-ney-pot, tow-er and spire; I knock'd off the Mon-u-ment's
Plan-ets as Ju-pi-ter, Ve-nus and Mars, The Big and the Lit-tle Bear

top, ve-ry nigh, And caught hold of the cross of St. Paul's, go-ing by.
loud-ly did growl, And the Dog-Star, on see-ing me, set up a howl.

CHORUS.

Up in a bal-loon,.. Up in a bal-loon,.. All a-mong the

f

THE VOCALIST.

lit - tle stars, Sail - ing round the moon: Up in a bal - loon,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature, a piano accompaniment line in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Up in a bal - loon, It's something aw - ful jol - ly to be up in a bal - loon.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the song. It follows the same three-staff format as the first system.

f

The third system of musical notation, which is an instrumental piece. It features a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature and a bass clef. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final chord.

3 I met shooting stars who were bent upon sport,
 But who "shot" in a very strange manner I thought,
 And one thing beat all by chalks, I must say,
 That was when I got into the Milky Way;
 I counted the stars, till at last I thought,
 I'd found out how much they were worth by the quart;
 An unpolite "Aerolite" who ran 'gainst my car,
 Would'nt give "*e'er a light*," to light my cigar.
 Up in a balloon, up in a balloon, &c.

4 Next a comet went by 'midst fire like hail,
 To give me a lift, I seized hold of his tail,
 To where he was going I didn't enquire,
 We'd gone past the moon, till we couldn't get higher,
 Yes, we'd got to the furthestmost!! don't think I joke—
 When somehow I felt a great shock—I awoke!
 When instead of balloon, moon and planets, I saw,
 I'd tumbled from off of my bed to the floor.
 And there was no balloon,—there was no balloon,
 There were not any planets, and there wasn't any moon,
 So never sup too heavy or by jingo very soon,
 You're like to fancy you are going up in a balloon.

UP IN A BALLOON—LADIES' VERSION.

I FELL quite in love with a gallant young man,
 And worried poor pa till he mentioned a plan,
 To get introduced and I thought—I am sure,
 That I ne'er met so charming a stranger before.
 Papa, too was charmed—in fact carried away,
 And invited him home to our Villa next day.
 The Captain agreed, said towards afternoon,
 He would take us sky-high in his giant balloon.

SPOKEN—Of course we declined, content to admire his light, graceful, and airy departure as he went—

Up in a balloon, girls, etc.

We found Captain George was all we could wish,
 So witty, so clever, and he said, "very rich—
 But his bankers they live such a distance from town,"
 That Pa lent him gladly five hundred pounds down.
 The Captain adored me—proposed, and I said,
 "You may ask dear Papa, his consent me to wed;"

THOSE TASSELS ON THE BOOTS

AS SUNG BY ELSIE HOLT, AT THE WAVERLEY.

I WAS at a fancy ball I met my charming fair,
 'Midst waltzing swells and dashing belles,
 The prettiest dancer there.
 I watch'd her while the music play'd
 The latest waltz of Coote's,
 And fell in love—no! not with her,
 With the tassels on her boots!—oh, yes!

SPOKEN—Yes, through those little peep-holes in that pretty white petticoat I could plainly see—

Those tassels on the boots,
 A style I'm sure that suits
 Our Yankee girls with hair in curls.
 Those tassels on the boots.

I watched her up the stairs, where we to supper went;
 Upon those tassels on her boots, my soul was so intent;
 They asked me to propose a health;
 Said I, here 's one that suits,
 So fill your glasses up and drink,
 "To the tassels on the boots."

Dear Dad he said "yes! and let your sweet honeymoon
 Be spent by a trip in his giant balloon."

SPOKEN—Yes, ladies, actually—
 Up in a balloon, girls, etc.

My Pa, who had business that day to decide,
 Asked the Captain some jewels to take to the bride;
 Of course he said "yes!" and soon hurried away
 To prepare for the blissful event of next day;
 The morning arrived, and I grew quite dismayed,
 No Captain, no jewels, their appearance had made,
 A message arrived, oh, sad was my gloom,
 He'd gone with my jewels to visit the moon.

SPOKEN—"What, gone!" I exclaimed, "and with Pa's five hundred pounds, and my jewels!" and turning round, I said to the Telegraph boy, "tell me, sir, where has this base Captain gone?" Imagine my indignation, when touching his cap, he said, why—

Up in a balloon, miss, up in a balloon,
 To pay a little visit to the man that 's in the moon
 Up in a balloon, miss, up in a balloon,
 Five hundred pounds and jewels, all are up in a balloon!

SPOKEN—I meant to drink the ladies' healths, but I could think of nothing else but—

Those tassels, etc.

I asked this girl "if I might call?" she said,
 "you may,
 But tell me why you gaze upon the ground in such a way?
 You're sad, perhaps, for life is full of very bitter fruits."
 "Oh no," I said, "I'm looking at those tassels on your boots."

SPOKEN—What is a more lovely sight, when you walk down Broadway, than to look at—

Those tassels, etc.

I called on her next day, and Cupid's cruel shoots,
 Soon made me throw myself before those tassels on her boots.
 Now when we're married and we've got a lot of little toots,
 I'll make them, whether boys or girls, wear tassels on their boots.

SPOKEN—If I were to have fifty children they should every one wear those pretty, pretty, pretty—

Those tassels, etc.

PROSPECTUS.

“Show me the songs of a country and I will read you its history,” has said a popular writer; and in no nation has this truth been better exemplified than in our own, during the last decade.

The fervor of political feeling, the clouds which enveloped our horizon on the opening of the late rebellion, the rage of battle and the horrors of war, the noble sacrifices and heroic incitement to bravery on the part of the gentler sex, the laments of the dying and the last messages of the dead, the prospects of peace and the re-establishment of union and concord, have all been enthroned in song. “The Star Spangled Banner,” “Yankee Doodle,” “The Marseillaise Hymn,” and “God Save the Queen,” are co-existent with the corner-stone of the nations of which they are the national airs.

Our aim in presenting to the public THE VOCALIST, of which this is the first number, is to supply a complete compendium of the most popular gems of vocal music of the times, at so low a figure as will place it within the reach of all.

We shall pursue a system in selection, which, eschewing songs characterized by broad vulgarity, or the slightest immoral tendency, will, it is hoped, adapt it as well to the drawing-room as the glee-club.

In our transitions from grave to gay, we shall endeavor to please both the sentimental and the merry.

In our effort to supply a desideratum long acknowledged by the lovers of song, we shall in addition give the pianoforte accompaniment of one of the most favorite airs, and occasionally a portrait of a leading vocalist, hoping thereby to gain the favor of the public, whose patronage we respectfully solicit.

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