

EMMA CARUS'S SENSATIONAL NOVELTY HIT!

WOPS! MY DEAR.

WORDS BY
EDGAR LESLIE

MUSIC BY
AL. PIANTADOSI



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Wops, My Dear!

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Music by
AL PIANTADOSI

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'Last night I go to the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The third system contains the lyrics 'I stand-a up and I'. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'five - a cent - a show, When a man he come out, he was dressed up a - so, He shake - a da - fist, He - say, sit down, wop, or I'll slap you on the wrist,'. The fifth system contains the lyrics 'wear red neck-tie and a big - a blond - a curl, He's got - a paint on the face and he When he say dis, why - I - was a laugh, With - one slap I could'. The piano accompaniment provides a consistent harmonic and rhythmic foundation throughout the piece.

mf *f*

p con dolore *p*

Last night I go to the
I stand-a up and I

five - a cent - a show, When a man he come out, he was dressed up a - so, He
shake - a da - fist, He - say, sit down, wop, or I'll slap you on the wrist,

wear red neck-tie and a big - a blond - a curl, He's got - a paint on the face and he
When he say dis, why - I - was a laugh, With - one slap I could

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walk - a like - a girl; Then he sing a song what-a go way up - a high, like
break this man in half; Then he was a-dance and soon he did ex-claim,

Miss Tet - re - zin he reach way up to the sky I don't mind just
How we poor girls suf - fer, it's a great - a shame; I say, you Lizz, you'll

what I hear, Till he look down and he shout in my ear:—
suf - fer some more, When I catch you at the back stage door.

CHORUS

Wops, my dear, He's a call - a me name, Wops, my dear, That's a one a great shame,

When he was a-talk a-bout this fa - i - ry queen, Be - lieve-a me, boss, I don't know

what he's a-mean; But, wops my dear, I'm goin a-craze, Eve-ry time I hear, If he

asked who build the sub-way, or who run the bar-ber-shop, Who make-a shoe - shine for the

cresc

big - a Ir - ish cop, All right, Then I shout out my-self, Wops, my dear!