

SHOPPING,

Comic Song.

THE WORDS BY A **LADY** OF THIS CITY.

THE

Music by
E. C. RILEY.

NEW YORK.

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S H O P P I N G .

Words by a Lady.

Music by E. C. Riley.

Allegro Vivace.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegro Vivace*. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The music builds up to a forte (*fz*) dynamic by the end of the first system.

Pa - pa do put the pa - - - - per down Im

The vocal line starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth notes in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Pa - pa do put the pa - - - - per down Im".

sure you've read it through I

The vocal line continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth notes in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are: "sure you've read it through I".

want you see to go down town Now

Cres - - - - can - - - - do.

The vocal line continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth notes in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are: "want you see to go down town Now". The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*Cres*) and a decrescendo (*can*) marking.

lis - ten, lis - ten to me, do now lis - ten,

lis ten to me do! I must go out this ve - - ry

With impatience.

fz *f*

day, To shop, I mean, you know Give me some mo - - ney

p

then, I pray: - To Stewart's I must go, Must go to Stew - ar's, I must

f *f*

For the first five verses repeat from sign.

2

Some money!—that's the cry I hear,
 Morning, and noon, and night,—
 You really must retrench, my dear!
 Or I'll be ruined, quite.
 There never were such times as these:—
 (So hard, I mean, you know;)
 Go to the cheap stores, if you please,
 But don't to Stewart's, go!

3

Cheap stores!—oh yes—in Catherine Street,
 Or Grand Street, I suppose,—
 You'll bid me go to parties next,
 In shilling calicoes!—
 No! no—I want to buy a shawl,
 (Cashmere, I mean, you know:)
 And if I'd have it genuine,
 To Stewart's, I must go!

4

A Cashmere shawl!—the girl is mad,
 A real India too!
 When there's no money to be had,
 And Dobbs about to sneer!
 Go! get away, and do not tease,
 (For cash, I mean, you know:)
 I vow, in such hard times as these
 You shan't to Stewart's go!

5

Don't talk of times!—I'm sick of them!
 That's what you always say,
 It is your heart, that's hard, papa—
 To treat me in this way!
 Smith bought his daughters each a shawl:
 (Ben Smith, I mean, you know:)
 Three shawls, while I, your only child,
 To Stewart's may not go!

6

There, there—don't cry—buy what you like,
 My darling dry your eyes,
 I've won, in Popkins versus Pike,
 And cotton's on the rise.—
 Perhaps things may look up, again:
 (The stocks, I mean, you know:)
 Go child! and get your bonnet on;
 To Stewarts we will go!