

# Yes, 'tis The Impresario - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

YES, 'TIS THE IMPRESARIO.

From the opera of "Poor Jonathan."

Yes 'tis the Impresario who always lives exactly so;  
Scarce is he here when elsewhere too, by lightning onward whirled;  
And thus I say: Dexterity, dexterity, celerity,  
Without the least temerity, 'tis thus they rule the world.  
First I music copied, then I bears instructed;  
Elephants I trained and crocodiles subjected,  
Hercules depicted, five-hundred weight I lifted,  
India rubber one-'twas easier done;  
Famous singers I engaged, And dancers also,  
Great and small, on every kind I laid embargo;  
Or a tenor, new, "di grazia" or "robusto"-  
What sure would please I always know.  
So I journeys take over land And sea,  
Seeking novelties where'er they may be.  
One day in Berlin, next Vienna, see;  
Hustle, bustle, din always sure to be.  
New York, Boston, too, New Orleans we do,  
Everybody knows when I come-  
Ra-ta-ta zin, ra-ta-ta zin, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum;  
Thus with my life exactly so, a genuine Impresario.  
Scarce is he here When elsewhere too, by lightning onward whirled.  
And thus I say: Dexterity, dexterity, celerity,  
Without the least temerity, 'tis thus they rule the world.

Now I've ne'er found, upon my honor, in all my managerial-ship,  
The singer yet, And 'tis a wonder, who would a contract strictly keep.  
'Tis always thus with prima-donnas,  
And tenors, basses, just the same,  
They're very like to prove tormentors  
At limes that are inopportune;  
While at table sitting, I, perhaps, am dining,  
At the door a rapping comes with moans and whining;  
'Tis the Diva's husband sent to tell me off hand:  
Diva hoarse, sir; not a note.  
I rush forth inslanter.  
At her suite I find her  
Weeping, wailing, frightful-  
Still in voice delightful,  
Poodle had the colic;  
Diva almost frantic.  
Gripping, moaning, wildly confusing.  
All, but you must sing;  
Oh, the poor, dear thing;  
I've the contract here;  
Ah! my poor, poor dear;  
Full the hall will be,  
All the same to me;  
Every seat is sold.  
That need not be told;  
Fiercer then I shout,  
She begins to flout.  
Poodle howls and growls;  
Ah, me! oh, woe! ah, me! oh, woe!  
Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.  
Thus with my life exactly so, a genuine Impresario,  
Scarce is he here when elsewhere too, by lightning onward whirled.  
And thus I say: Dexterity, dexterity, celerity,  
Without the least temerity, 'tis thus they rule the world.