Revised Edition

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

A collection of songs from the musical stage, categorized by voice type. The selections are presented in their authentic settings, excerpted from the original vocal scores.

Compiled and Edited by Richard Walters

Foreword

The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology is the most comprehensive series of its kind ever to appear in print. Its unique perspective is in looking at the field of musical theatre in terms of vocal literature. One of the prime parameters in choosing the songs for this series was that they should all be, in some way, particularly vocally gratifying.

Many of the songs included here are very familiar to us, yet we seldom see them printed as they were originally written and performed. The long tradition in sheet music throughout this century has been to adapt a song in several ways to conform to a format which makes it accessible to the average pianist. This type of arrangement is what one finds in vocal selections, or in any piano/vocal collection of show music. These sheet arrangements serve their purpose very well, but aren't really the best performing editions for a singer. In contrast, the selections in this series have been excerpted from the original vocal scores. One of the many benefits of this is a much more satisfying piano accompaniment. In addition, many songs here have never been available separately from the full vocal scores.

In some cases, a song has required some adaptation in order to be excerpted from a show's vocal score. The practice of performing arias as removed from their operatic context gives many precedents for making such adjustments. In many ways, one could view this anthology as a "performing edition." Significant editorial adjustments are indicated by footnotes in some instances.

The original keys of this literature (which are used here) can give important information to a singer about the nature of a song and how it should sound, and in most cases they will work very well for most singers. But, unlike opera, these original keys do not necessarily need to be reverently maintained. With some musical theatre literature, a singer should not rule out transposing a song up or down for vocal comfort.

There is certainly no codified system for classifying theatre music as to voice type. With some roles the classification is obvious. With others there is a good deal of ambiguity. As a result, a particular singer might find suitable literature in this anthology in both volumes of his/her gender.

Any performer of these songs will benefit greatly by a careful study of the show and role from which any given song is taken. This type of approach is taken for granted with an actor preparing a monologue or an opera singer preparing an aria. But because much theatre music has been the popular music of its time, we sometimes easily lose awareness of its dramatic context.

The selections in *The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology* will certainly be significant additions to a singer's repertory, but no anthology can include every wonderful song. There is a vast body of literature, some of it virtually unknown, waiting to be discovered and brought to life.

The substantially altered Revised Edition of Mezzo-Soprano/Belter Volume 1 answers a criticism made of the selections included in the original edition. An earnest attempt was made in the original edition to accommodate a classical mezzo-soprano range and a theatre belting range all in one collection. The Revised Edition confines the repertoire to a theatre range; some selections have, therefore, been moved to Soprano volumes. Classically defined mezzo-sopranos will still find many of the songs in this volume comfortable, but also may wish to consult the Soprano volumes for further options. Additionally, there was an attempt to add many terrific songs not previously in *The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology*: "I Got the Sun in the Morning," "Cabaret," "Some People," "Stepsisters' Lament," "Broadway Baby" and "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" are among the great new choices in the revision.

Richard Walters, editor

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Mezzo-Soprano/Belter

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

The material in this section is by Stanley Green, Richard Walters, and Robert Viagas, some of which was previously published elsewhere.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
BOOK: Herbert and Dorothy Fields
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 5/16/46, New York; a run of 1,147 performances

Irving Berlin's musical biography of scrappy gal sharpshooter Annie Oakley earned standing ovations for Broadway stars of two generations: the original, Ethel Merman, in the 1940s; and Bernadette Peters in the 1990s. The tune-packed musical traces Annie's rise from illiterate hillbilly to international marksmanship star as she's discovered and developed in the traveling "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." She falls hard for the show's chauvinistic male star, Frank Butler. And romance blossoms, right up until Annie begins to outshine Frank. Annie gets two chances to express her folksy philosophies in song. She proclaims the glories of the simple life in "I Got the Sun in the Morning," and the comically bawdy pleasures of that life in "Doin' What Comes Natur'lly."

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 4/4/64

Something of a "cult" musical, *Anyone Can Whistle* is an allegorical satire in which Angela Lansbury (in her first Broadway musical) played a corrupt mayor of a bankrupt town who comes up with a scheme to attract tourists: a fake miracle in which a stream of water appears to spout out of solid rock. The town soon becomes a mecca for the gullible and the pious, but the hoax is exposed when the inmates of a mental institution called the Cookie Jar get mixed up with the pilgrims. Harry Guardino played a candidate for the booby hatch, mistaken for the new doctor, and Lee Remick was the head nurse, so inhibited, she was unable to whistle.

BABES IN ARMS

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
BOOK: Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Balanchine
DIRECTOR: Robert Sinclair
OPENED: 4/14/37

With such songs as "I Wish I Were in Love Again," "Johnny One Note," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "My Funny Valentine," and "Where or When," *Babes in Arms* boasted more hits than any of Rodgers and Hart's twenty-nine stage musicals. In the high-spirited, youthful show, a group of youngsters, whose parents are out-of-work vaudevillians, stage a revue to keep from being sent to a work farm. Unfortunately, the show is not a success. Later, when a transatlantic French flyer lands nearby, they attract enough publicity to put on a successful show and have their own youth center. Among the cast's babes in arms were such future stars as Alfred Drake and Dan Dailey, both appearing in their first Broadway roles. MGM's 1939 film version, starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, retained only two of the Rodgers and Hart songs. The director was Busby Berkeley.

CABARET

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Joe Masteroff
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ron Field
OPENED: 11/20/66, New York; a run of 1,165 performances

This moody musical captures the morally corrupt world of Berlin's demimonde just as the Nazis were coming to power. American writer Cliff Bradshaw moves in with Sally Bowles, the hedonistic star singer at a seedy nightclub. Soon, he comes to see all of Germany through the dark lens of that increasingly menacing cabaret, which is ruled over by a ghostly Emcee. Sally is introduced when she bounds onto the cabaret stage to sing the finger-wagging "Don't Tell Mama," the comic account of her scandalous fall into life as a chorus cutie. She explains her hell-bent philosophy of life in the show's title song, "Cabaret." And on a much more somber note, her landlady tries to rationalize why she broke off her engagement to a nice Jewish man in "What Would You Do?".

CALL ME MADAM

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
BOOK: Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 10/12/50, New York; a run of 644 performances

Annie Get Your Gun provided the biggest hit of two big careers: Irving Berlin's and Ethel Merman's. Small wonder that just four years later they were collaborating again on a musical about another vivid real-life character. This time, they developed a tale of Sally, a former Washington party-giver, who gets named ambassador to a tiny European country, "Lichtenburg." The story is based on the life of Perle Mesta, whom President Harry Truman had appointed ambassador to Luxembourg two years earlier. The show pokes fun at politics, foreign affairs, and the familiar sight of comically gauche Americans abroad. Never heard of Sally? No problem: She bounds downstage with typical Merman directness to tell the audience exactly who she is: "The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball." Other characters include Sally's young aide who falls in love with Lichtenburg's prince. A rarely-seen film version of the musical was released in 1953, also starring Merman.

CATS

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: T.S. Eliot
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: London, 5/11/81; New York, 10/7/82

Cats opened at the New London Theatre in London, on May 11, 1981, and, at this writing, is still playing there. Charged with energy, flair and imagination, this feline fantasy has proven to be equally successful on Broadway where it is even more of an environmental experience than in the West End. With the entire Winter Garden theatre transformed into one enormous junkyard, a theatregoer is confronted with such unexpected sights as outsized garbagy objects spilling into the audience, the elimination of the proscenium arch, and a ceiling that has been lowered and transformed into a twinkling canopy suggesting both cats' eyes and stars. Adapted from T.S. Eliot's collection of poems, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, the song-and-dance spectacle introduces such whimsical characters as the mysterious Mr. Mistoffelees, the patriarchal Old Deuteronomy, Skimbleshanks the Railway Cat, and Jennyanydots, the Old Gumbie Cat who sits all day and becomes active only at night. The musical's song hit, "Memory," is sung by Grizabella, the faded Glamour Cat, who, at the evening's end, ascends to the cats' heaven known as the Heaviside Layer.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York; a run of 872 performances

Based on Maureen Dallas Watkins' 1926 play *Roxie Hart*, this tough, flint-hearted musical tells the story of Roxie, a married chorus girl who kills her faithless lover. She manages to win release from prison through the histrionic efforts of razzle-dazzle lawyer Billy Flynn, and ends up as a vaudeville headliner with another "scintillating sinner," Velma Kelly. This scathing indictment of the American legal system, political system, media and morals may have been ahead of its time in its original 1975 production (it was also overshadowed by the opening of *A Chorus Line* the same season). But it came roaring back for a stylish, Tony-winning 1996 revival that has already run longer than the original. Roxie expresses her complete lack of conscience in song. In "Funny Honey," she sings the praises of her ever-loyal and slightly dim husband—until he starts to figure out what's going on.

A CHORUS LINE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Ed Kleban
BOOK: James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
DIRECTOR: Michael Bennett
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett and Bob Avian
OPENED: 7/25/76, New York; a run of 6,137 performances

Until overtaken by *Cats*, this musical stood for years as the longest-running show in Broadway history. It also won numerous Tony Awards, including Best Musical, plus the Pulitzer Prize for drama. The plot is simple: seventeen dancers reveal their life stories as they audition and compete for eight chorus parts in an unnamed Broadway musical. The show concentrates on the joys and troubles of their childhood and the teen years. One of the pretty female dancers is very proud of her body, and she should be: she designed and paid for it. Her "Dance: Ten; Looks: Three" is a joyous, extroverted paean to the benefits of plastic surgery. The song contains some PG-13 language.

CINDERELLA

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Ralph Nelson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jonathan Lucas
FIRST AIRED: 3/31/57 on CBS-TV

Ever the innovators, Rodgers and Hammerstein were among the first to explore the new medium of television with a full-length original TV musical. The original broadcast also was fortunate in securing the services of Julie Andrews, fresh from her triumph as the Cinderella-like heroine of *My Fair Lady*. In adapting the children's fairy tale, Hammerstein was careful not to alter or update the familiar story about a young woman who collaborates with her Fairy Godmother to overcome the plots of her evil stepmother and stepsisters so she can go to an opulent ball and meet a handsome prince. Cinderella still loses her magical glass slipper, and the Prince still proclaims that he will marry the girl whose foot fits the slipper. Because the original production was filmed live and could not be preserved except in black-and-white kinescope, a new production was captured on tape in 1965. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, this second version is the one that's been aired numerous times and even released on video. A stage adaptation toured the U.S., and the musical finally made its New York stage debut in 1993 at New York City Opera, with Christa Moore as Cinderella. At the ball, the prince is stunned by how quickly he's fallen in love with this ravishing stranger. Jealously watching him from the sidelines, the unpalatable sing the comic "Stepsisters' Lament," in which they gripe about the unfair way pleasant, attractive women have of getting all the best guys.

EVITA

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS AND BOOK: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Larry Fuller
OPENED: London, 6/23/78; New York, 9/25/79

Because of its great success in London (where it opened at the Prince Edward Theatre in June, 1978, and is, at this writing, still playing), *Evita* was practically a pre-sold hit when it began its run on Broadway. Based on events in the life of Argentina's strong-willed leader, Eva Peron, the musical—with Patti LuPone in the title role—traced her rise from struggling actress to wife of dictator Juan Peron (Bob Gunton), and virtual co-ruler of the country. Though the plot was told entirely through song and had orginally been conceived as a project for records, the razzle-dazzle staging of Harold Prince turned *Evita* into an exciting theatrical concept that has been hailed throughout the world. Of no little help, of course, has been the universal popularity of the haunting melody, "Don't Cry for Me Argentina."

FINIAN'S RAINBOW

MUSIC: Burton Lane
LYRICS: E.Y. Harburg
BOOK: E.Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy
DIRECTOR: Bretaigne Windust
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 1/10/47

Finian's Rainbow evolved out of co-librettist E.Y. Harburg's desire to satirize an economic system that requires gold reserves to be buried in the ground at Fort Knox. This led to the idea of leprechauns and the crock of gold that, according to legend, could grant three wishes. The story takes place in Rainbow Valley, Missitucky, and involves Finian McLonergan, an Irish immigrant, and his efforts to bury a crock of gold which, he is sure, will grow and make him rich. Also involved are Og, a leprechaun from whom the crock has been stolen, Finian's daughter, Sharon, who dreams wistfully of Glocca Morra, and Woody Mahony, a labor organizer who blames that "Old Devil Moon" for the way he feels about Sharon. In the 1968 Warner Bros. adaptation, Fred Astaire played Finian, Petula Clark was his daughter, and Tommy Steele was the leprechaun. The director was Francis Coppola.

FLOWER DRUM SONG

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joseph Fields
DIRECTOR: Gene Kelly
CHOREOGRAPHER: Carol Haney
OPENED: 12/1/58, New York; a run of 600 performances

It was librettist Joseph Fields who first secured the rights to C.Y. Lee's novel and then approached Rodgers and Hammerstein to join him as collaborators. To dramatize the conflict between traditionalist older Chinese-Americans living in San Francisco and their thoroughly Americanized offspring, the musical tells the story of Mei Li, a timid "picture bride" from China, who arrives to fulfill her contract to marry nightclub owner Sammy Fong. Sammy, however, prefers dancer Linda Low. The problem is resolved when Sammy's friend Wang Ta discovers that Mei Li really is the bride for him. Linda sings a bouncy tribute to the life of lipstick, lace and flowers in "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

FOLLIES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Goldman
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/4/71, New York; a run of 522 performances

Taking place at a reunion of former Ziegfeld Follies-type showgirls, the musical deals with the reality of life as contrasted with the unreality of the theatre. *Follies* explores this theme through the lives of two couples, the upper-class, unhappy, Phyllis and Benjamin Stone, and the middle-class, also unhappy, Sally and Buddy Plummer. *Follies* also shows us these four as they were in their pre-marital youth. The young actors appear as ghosts to haunt their elder selves. Because the show is about the past, and often in flashback, Sondheim styled his songs to evoke some of the theatre's great composers and lyricists of the past, with a cast that suggests some of the vivid personalities of 1920s Broadway. In the showstopping anthem "Broadway Baby," veteran actress Hattie Walker evokes the innocence and gutsy determination of herself when she was just starting out.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Leo Robin
BOOK: Joseph Stein and Anita Loos
DIRECTOR: John C. Wilson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 12/8/49, New York; a run of 740 performances

Based on Anita Loos' popular 1926 novel and play of the same name, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* took a satirical look at the wacky, gold-digging world of 1920s flappers. Playing Lorelei Lee, the husband-hunting "Little Girl from Little Rock," Carol Channing scored a star-making success in her first major role. The show's action takes place mostly aboard the liner *Ile de France*, which is taking Lorelei and her chum Dorothy Paris, courtesy of Lorelei's generous friend, button tycoon Gus Esmond. En route, the girls meet a number of accommodating gentlemen, and romantic complications ensue. Lorelei rolls out her philosophy of life in the march "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." A 1953 film version (minus much of the score) starred Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell. The song "Ain't There Anyone Here for Love?" was written for the film version, a memorable number with Jane Russell in a gym full of men totally ignoring her. A new Broadway version in 1973 extensively changed the score, and was retitled *Lorelei*.

GODSPELL

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz
BOOK AND DIRECTION: John-Michael Tebelak
OPENED: 5/17/71, New York; a run of 2,124 Off-Broadway, then 527 on Broadway

With its rock-flavored score, *Godspell* is a contemporary, flower-child view of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Christ, depicted as a clown-faced innocent with a Superman "S" on his shirt, leads a band of followers in dramatized parables, including the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, the Pharisee and the Tax Collector. Originating as a nonmusical play at the experimental Café La Mama, the show added words and music by Stephen Schwartz and began its Off-Broadway run at the Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village. It soon transferred to the Promenade, where it remained for more than five years. Beginning in June 1976, it also had a Broadway run. The show was a hit in London as well, and was filmed by Columbia. The funky "Turn Back, O Man" was sung by the troupe's scarlet woman, who bumped her way up and down the aisles of the theatre during her rendition.

GUYS AND DOLLS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Frank Loesser
BOOK: Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling
DIRECTOR: George S. Kaufman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 11/24/50, New York; a run of 1,200 performances

Populated by the hard-shelled but soft-centered characters who inhabit the world of writer Damon Runyon, this "Musical Fable of Broadway" tells the tale of how Miss Sarah Brown of the Save-A-Soul Mission saves the souls of assorted Times Square riff-raff while losing her heart to the smooth-talking gambler, Sky Masterson. A more comic romance involves Nathan Detroit, who runs the "oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York," and Miss Adelaide, the star of the Hot Box nightclub to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years. As part of her club act, Miss Adelaide sings "Take Back Your Mink," expressing mock outrage to an unseen swain who has presumed to think she's "that kind of a girl." As she pulls off his gifts of clothing and fur and throws them back in his face, she's actually doing an elegant striptease.

GYPSY

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 5/21/59, New York; a run of 702 performances

Written for Ethel Merman, who gave the performance of her career as Gypsy Rose Lee's ruthless, domineering mother, *Gypsy* is one of the great scores in the mature musical comedy tradition. The idea for the musical began with producer David Merrick, who needed to read only one chapter in Miss Lee's autobiography to convince him of its stage potential. Originally, Stephen Sondheim was to have supplied the music as well as the lyrics, but Miss Merman, who had just come from a lukewarm production on Broadway, wanted the more experienced Jule Styne. In the story, Mama Rose is determined to escape from her humdrum life by pushing the vaudeville career of her daughter, June. After June runs away to get married, Mama focuses all her attention on her other daughter, the previously neglected Louise. As vaudeville declines, so do their fortunes, until an accidental booking at a burlesque theatre and Louise's ad-libbed striptease turn Louise into a star—the legendary Gypsy Rose Lee. Rose achieves a version of her dream, but suffers a breakdown when she realizes that she is no longer needed in her daughter's career. Several major stars have played Mama Rose. Rosalind Russell won the role in the 1962 film. Angela Lansbury toplined a successful mid-1970s revival in London and in New York. Tyne Daly gave the role a new spin in 1989. Bette Midler brought the show to a wider audience in a mid-1990s TV adaptation. Coming near the top of the show, "Some People" is Rose's indictment of all that is dull, boring and ordinary in life, and expresses her resolution to grab for more.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Frank Loesser
BOOK: Abe Burrows, based on a play by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert
DIRECTOR: Abe Burrows
CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse and Hugh Lambert
OPENED: 10/14/61, New York; a run of 1,417 performances

Based on the book by Shepherd Mead, *Business* traces the career of J. Pierpont Finch as he climbs from the mailroom to CEO in a few easy steps—not by hard work, but by explicitly following the advice of a book called "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." Finch is a boyish, charming, but ruthless character, a satirical twist on the Horatio Alger-ish American myth. The show takes swipes at such business mainstays as Yes Men, coffee breaks, nepotism, office parties, and boardroom presentations. Looking for a bright young exec on his way up, Rosemary sets her cap for Finch, outlining her vision for contented housewifehood in "Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm." The show won the Pulitzer Prize for drama, only the fourth musical to do so. A movie version, virtually a filming of the staged production, was released in 1967, again with Robert Morse in the role of Finch.

KISS ME, KATE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Samuel and Bella Spewack
DIRECTOR: John C. Wilson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 12/30/48

The genesis of Cole Porter's longest-running musical occurred in 1935 when producer Saint Subber, then a stagehand for the Theatre Guild's production of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, became aware that its stars Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, quarreled almost as much in private as did the characters in the play. Years later he offered this parallel story as the basis for a musical comedy to the same writing trio, Porter and the Spewacks, who had already worked on the successful show, *Leave It to Me!* The entire action of *Kiss Me, Kate* occurs backstage and onstage at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore during a tryout of a musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The main plot concerns the egotistical actor-producer Fred Graham (Alfred Drake) and his temperamental ex-wife Lili Vanessi (Patricia Morison) who—like Shakespeare's Petruchio and Kate—fight and make up and eventually demonstrate their enduring affection for each other. One of the chief features of the score is the skillful way Cole Porter combined his own musical world ("So in Love," "Too Darn Hot," and "Why Can't You Behave?") with Shakespeare's world ("I Hate Men"), while also tossing off a Viennese waltz parody ("Wunderbar") and a comic view of the Bard's plays ("Brush Up Your Shakespeare").

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Hugh Wheeler
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 2/25/73

Based on Ingmar Bergman's 1955 film, *Smiles of a Summer Night, A Little Night Music* could claim two musical distinctions: the entire Stephen Sondheim score was composed in 3/4 time (or multiples thereof) and it contained, in "Send in the Clowns," the biggest song hit that Sondheim ever wrote. The musical took a somewhat jaded look at a group of well-to-do Swedes at the turn of the century, among them a lawyer, Fredrick Egerman, his virginal child bride, Anne, his former mistress, the actress Desirée Armfeldt, Desirée's current lover, the aristocratic Count Carl-Magnun Malcolm, and the count's suicidal wife, Charlotte. Eventually, the proper partners are sorted out during a weekend at the country house of Desirée's mother, a former concubine of European nobility. A film version was released by New World Pictures in 1978, with Elizabeth Taylor (Desirée), Len Cariou, Diana Rigg (Charlotte), and Hermione Gingold. The director was Harold Prince and the locale switched to Vienna.

OKLAHOMA!

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 3/31/43

There are many reasons why *Oklahoma!* is a recognized landmark in the history of American musical theatre. In the initial collaboration between Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, it not only expertly fused the major elements in the production—story, songs and dances—it also utilized dream ballets to reveal hidden desires and fears of the principals. In addition, the musical, based on Lynn Riggs' play, *Green Grow the Lilacs*, was the first with a book that honestly depicted the kind of rugged pioneers who had once tilled the land and tended the cattle. Set in Indian Territory soon after the turn of the century, *Oklahoma!* spins a simple tale mostly concerned with whether the decent Curly (Alfred Drake) or the menacing Jud (Howard Da Silva) gets to take Laurey (Joan Roberts) to the box social. Though she chooses Jud in a fit of pique, Laurey really loves Curly and they soon make plans to marry. At their wedding they join in celebrating Oklahoma's impending statehood, then—after Jud is accidentally killed in a fight with Curly—the couple rides off in their surrey with the fringe on top. With its Broadway run of five years, nine months, *Oklahoma!* established a long-run record that it held for fifteen years. It also toured the United States and Canada for over a decade. In 1979, the musical was revived on Broadway with a cast headed by Laurence Guittard and Christine Andreas, and ran for 293 performances. The film version, the first in Todd-AO, was released by Magna in 1955. Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones and Charlotte Greenwood were in it, and the director was Fred Zinnemann.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

MUSIC: Burton Lane
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
BOOK: Alfred Uhry
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 10/17/65, New York; a run of 280 performances

Alan Jay Lerner's fascination with the phenomenon of extrasensory perception led to his teaming with composer Richard Rodgers in 1962 to write a musical to be called *I Picked a Daisy*. When that didn't work out, Lerner turned to composer Burton Lane, with whom he'd worked in Hollywood years before. The result is a show about Daisy Gamble, who not only predicts the future, but under hypnosis by Dr. Mark Bruckner, can recall her past life as Melinda Wells in 18th century London. Mark discovers her powers of ESP and quickly assures her she isn't abnormal, simply "ahead" in that department. Mark becomes infatuated with Melinda, who becomes a romantic rival to the present-day Daisy. They split up, but he persuades her to "Come Back to Me" in the up-tempo entreaty of the same title. Barbra Streisand starred in the 1970 Vincente Minnelli filmed version of the musical.

SOUTH PACIFIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 4/7/49, New York; a run of 1,925 performances

South Pacific had the second longest Broadway run of the nine musicals with songs by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Director Joshua Logan first urged the partners to adapt a short story, "Fo' Dolla," contained in James Michener's book about World War II, *Tales of the South Pacific*. Rodgers and Hammerstein, however, felt that the story—about Lt. Joe Cable's tender romance with Liat, a Polynesian girl—was a bit too much like *Madame Butterfly*, and they suggested that another story in the collection, "Our Heroine," should provide the main plot. This one was about the unlikely attraction between Nellie Forbush, a naive Navy nurse from Little Rock, and Emile de Becque, a sophisticated French planter living on a Pacific island. The tales were combined by having Cable and de Becque go on a dangerous mission together behind Japanese lines. Coming just a few years after the war, and featuring several veterans in the cast, the show was enormously resonant with 1949 audiences. But there has not so far been a major Broadway revival. Perhaps because of its daring (for the time) theme of the evils of racial prejudice, it was also the second musical to be awarded the prestigious Pulitzer Prize for Drama. This production was the first of two musicals (the other was *The Sound of Music*) in which Mary Martin, who played Nellie, was seen as a Rodgers and Hammerstein heroine. It also marked the Broadway debut of famed Metropolitan Opera basso, Ezio Pinza, who played de Becque. Mitzi Gaynor and Rossano Brazzi starred in 20th Century-Fox's 1958 film version, also directed by Logan.

SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Hugh Wheeler
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
OPENED: 3/1/79

Despite the sordidness of its main plot—a half mad, vengeance-obsessed barber in Victorian London slits the throats of his customers whose corpses are then turned into meat pies by his accomplice, Mrs. Lovett—this near-operatic musical is a bold and often brilliant depiction of the cannibalizing effects of the Industrial Revolution. Sweeney Todd first appeared on the London stage in 1842 in a play called *A String of Pearls*, or *The Fiend of Fleet Street*. Other versions followed, the most recent being Christopher Bond's *Sweeney Todd*, produced in 1973, which served as the basis of the musical. Sondheim's masterwork is quickly gaining a foothold in the operatic repertory, with prominent productions at Houston and the New York City Opera.

TWO BY TWO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Martin Charnin
BOOK: Peter Stone
DIRECTOR: Joe Layton
OPENED: 1/10/70

After an absence of almost thirty years, Danny Kaye returned to Broadway in a musical based on the legend of Noah and the Ark. Adapted from Clifford Odets' play, *The Flowering Peach*, *Two by Two* dealt primarily with Noah's rejuvenation and his relationship with his wife and family as he undertakes the formidable task that God has commanded. During the run, Kaye suffered a torn ligament in his left leg and was briefly hospitalized. He returned hobbling on a crutch with his leg in a cast, a situation he used as an excuse to depart from the script by cutting up and clowning around. For his third musical following Oscar Hammerstein's death, composer Richard Rodgers joined lyricist Martin Charnin (later to be responsible for *Annie*) to create a melodious score that included "An Old Man."

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Meredith Willson
BOOK: Richard Morris
DIRECTOR: Dore Schary
CHOREOGRAPHER: Peter Gennaro
OPENED: 11/3/60, New York; a run of 532 performances

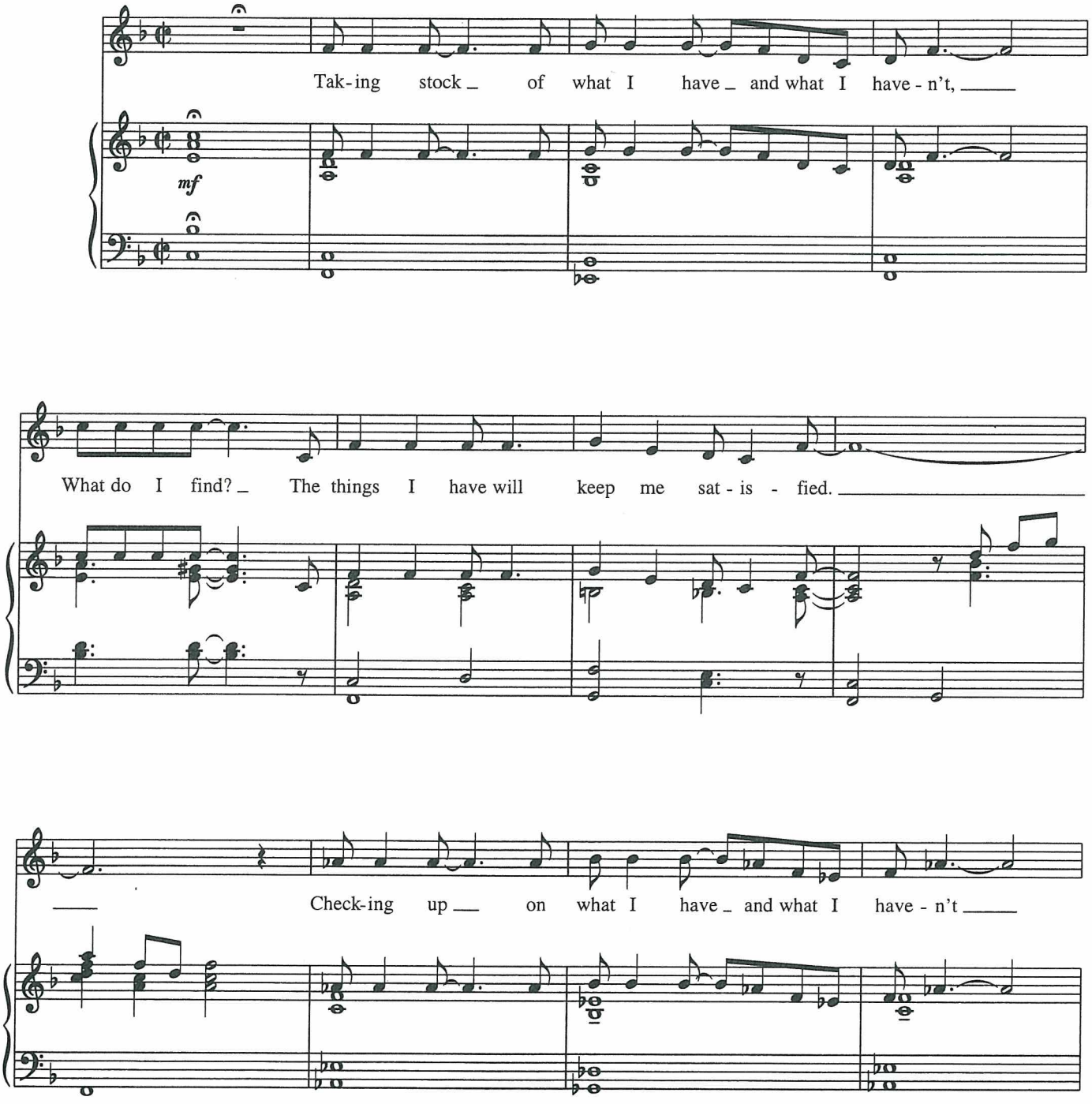
Having made his Broadway bow with *The Music Man*, composer Meredith Willson had a tough act to follow. He chose another rural American subject, real-life feisty Colorado mining millionairess Molly Brown, whose life is also changed in 1912. Determined to leave the poverty of her girlhood far behind, she meets and marries rough-hewn mining wunderkind Leadville Johnny Brown, rises to the top of Denver society, then sets out to conquer Europe. Her odyssey lands her on the Titanic, where once again her determination literally to rise above it all stands her in very good stead, and earns her the nickname of the title. Having created, in "Seventy Six Trombones," the most memorable American march since the age of John Phillip Sousa, Willson tried again, coming up with the infectious "I Ain't Down Yet," which bursts with Molly's unique brand of spunk.

I GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING
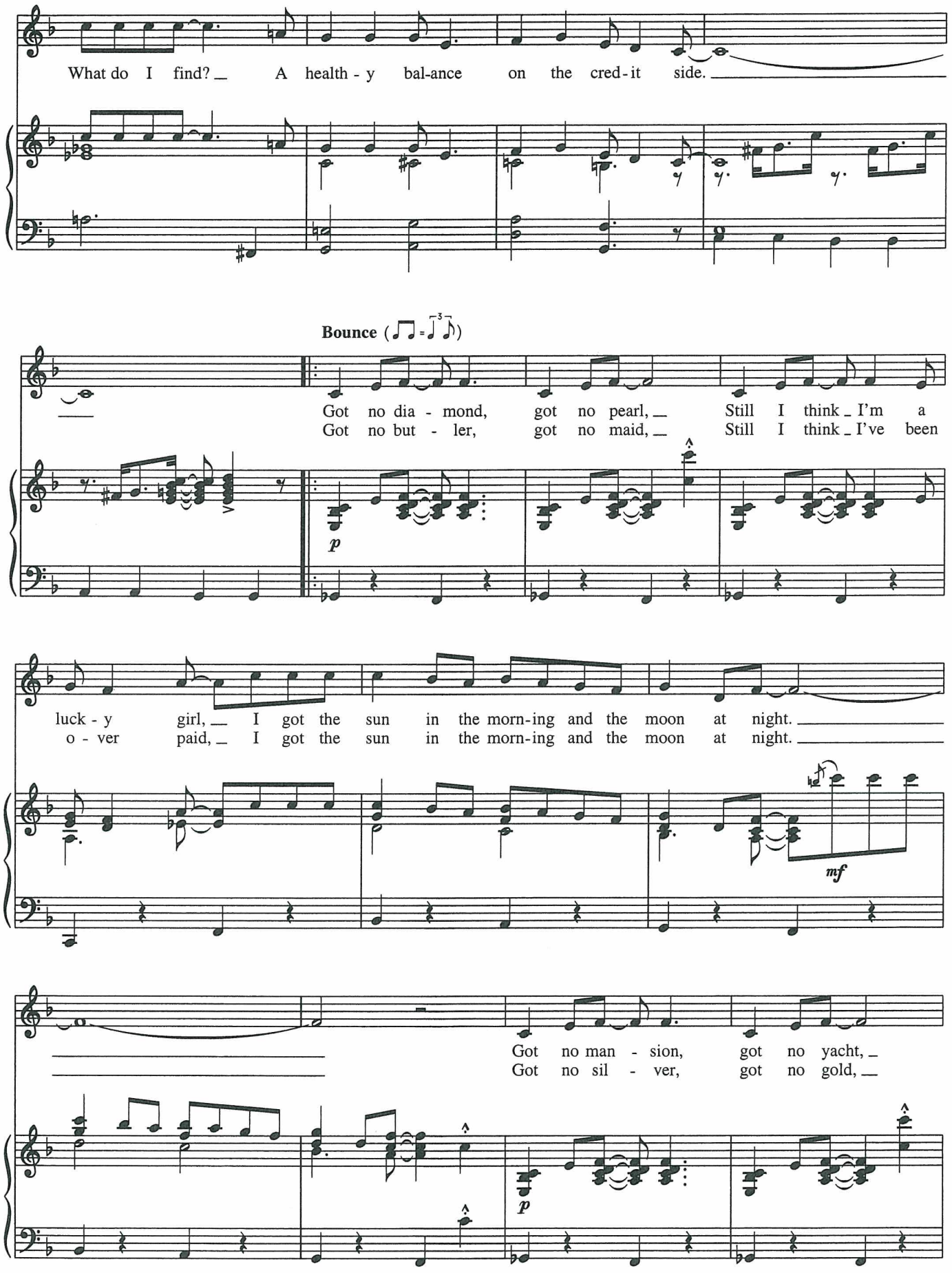
from the stage production *Annie Get Your Gun*
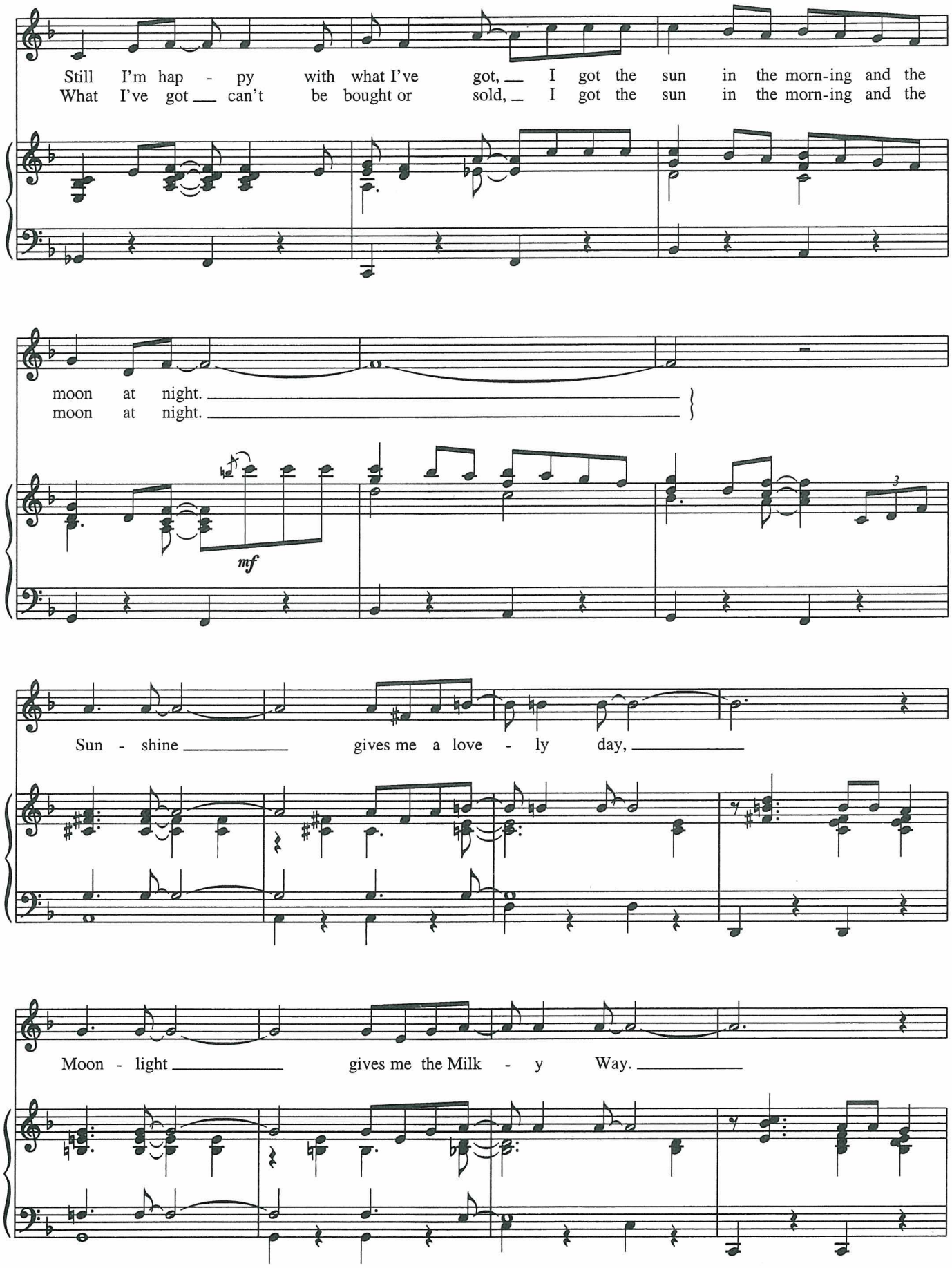
Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN
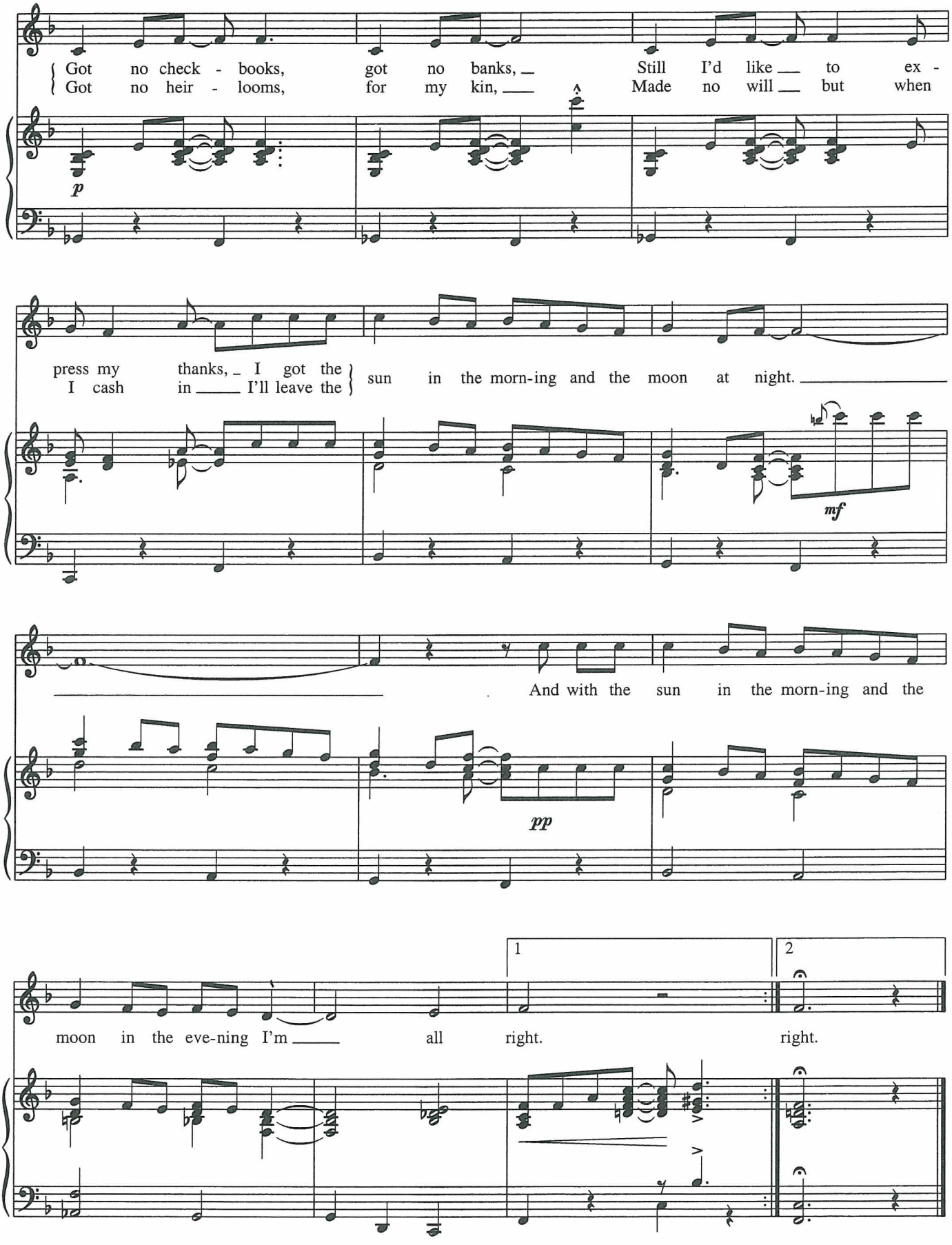
Allegro moderato



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What do I find? A health - y bal-ance on the cred - it side.
Bounce
Got no dia - mond, got no pearl, Still I think I'm a
Got no but - ler, got no maid, Still I think I've been
luck - y girl, I got the sun in the morn-ing and the moon at night.
o - ver paid, I got the sun in the morn-ing and the moon at night.
Got no man - sion, got no yacht,
Got no sil - ver, got no gold,
p
mf
p
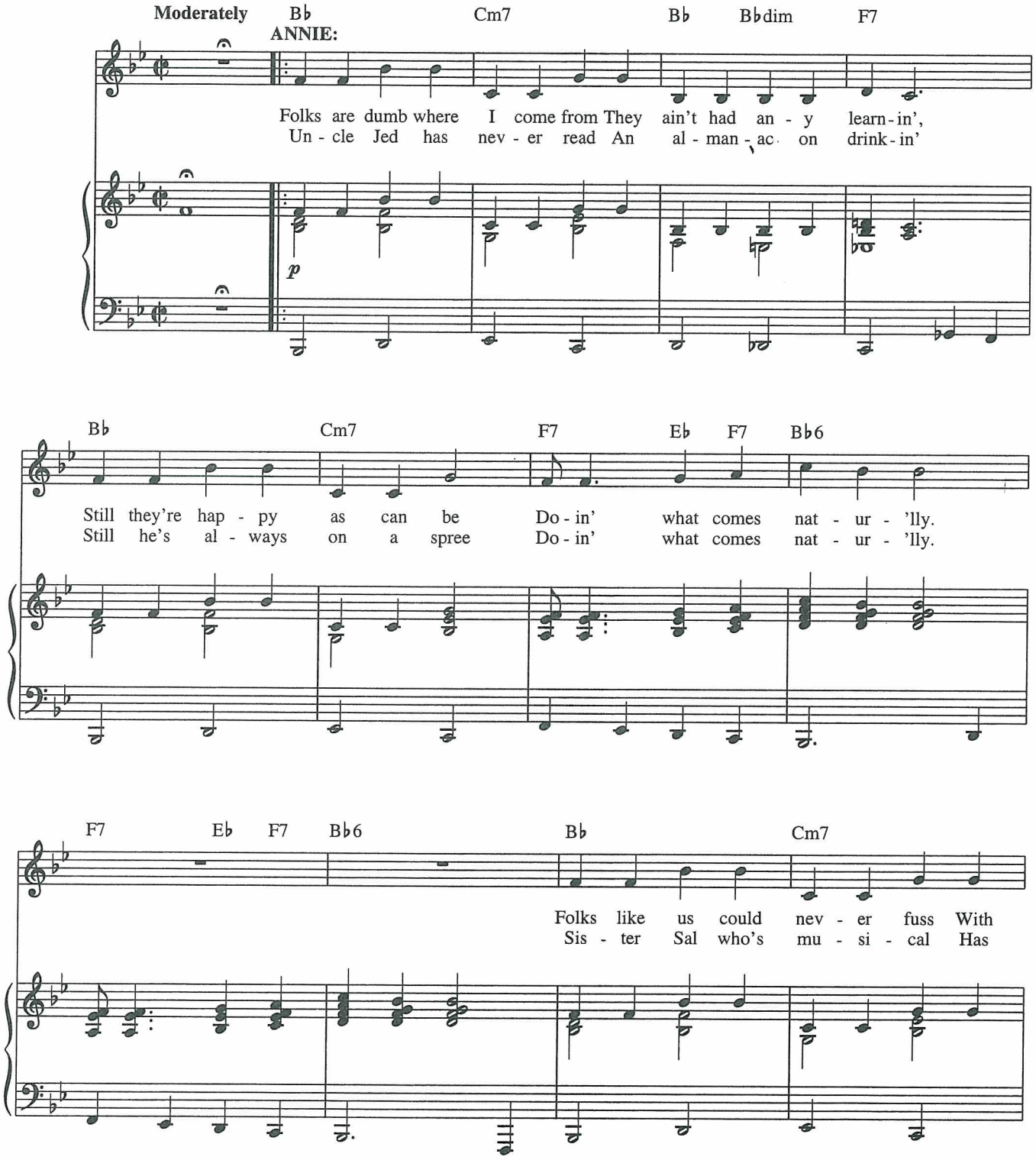

Still I'm hap - py with what I've got, I got the sun in the morn-ing and the
What I've got can't be bought or sold, I got the sun in the morn-ing and the
moon at night.
moon at night.
mf
3
Sun - shine gives me a love - ly day,
Moon - light gives me the Milk - y Way.


Got no check - books, got no banks, Still I'd like to ex -
Got no heir - looms, for my kin, Made no will but when
p
press my thanks, I got the
I cash in I'll leave the
sun in the morn-ing and the moon at night.
mf
And with the sun in the morn-ing and the
pp
1
2
moon in the eve-ning I'm all right. right.
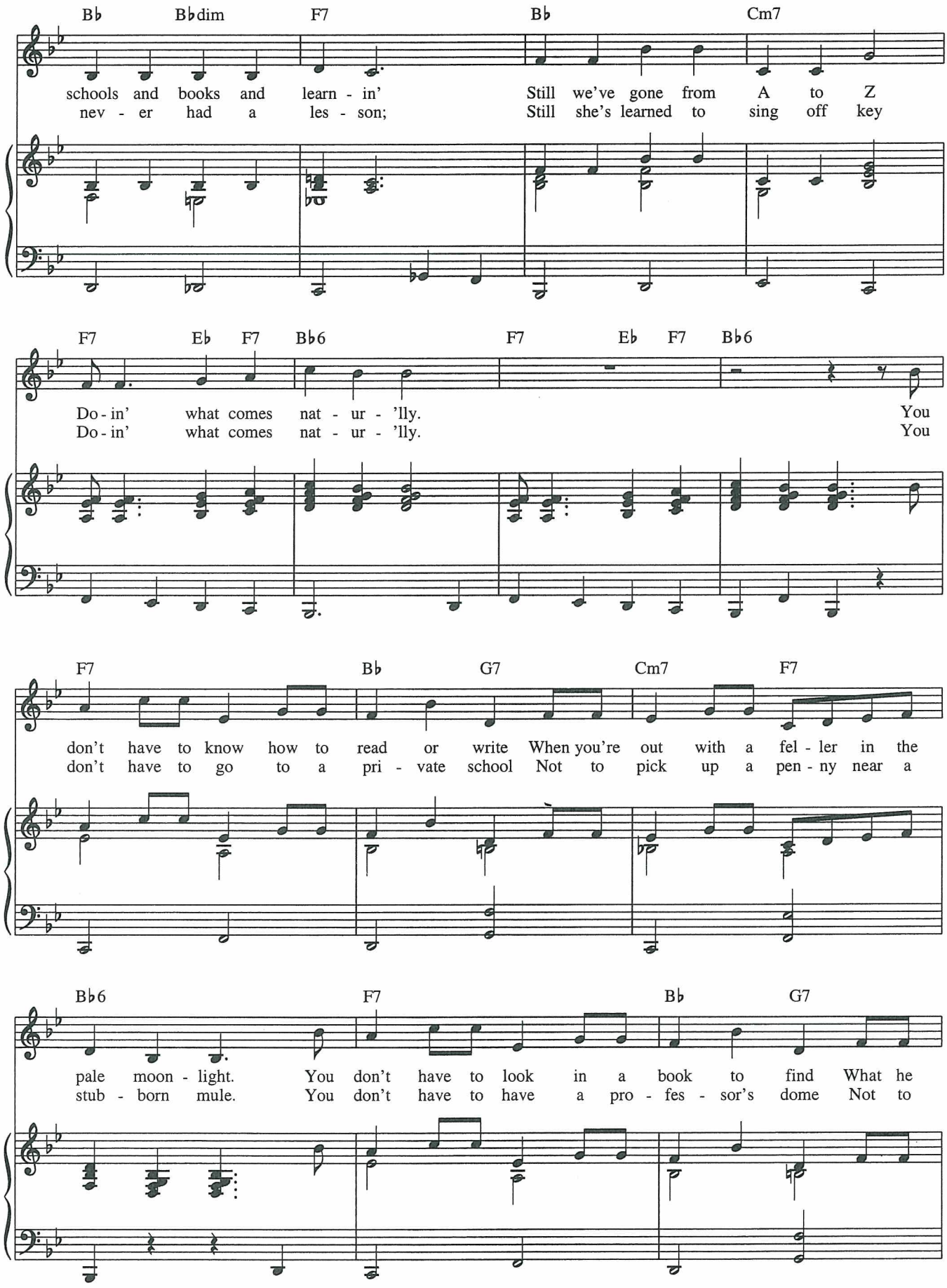
DOIN' WHAT COMES NATUR'LLY
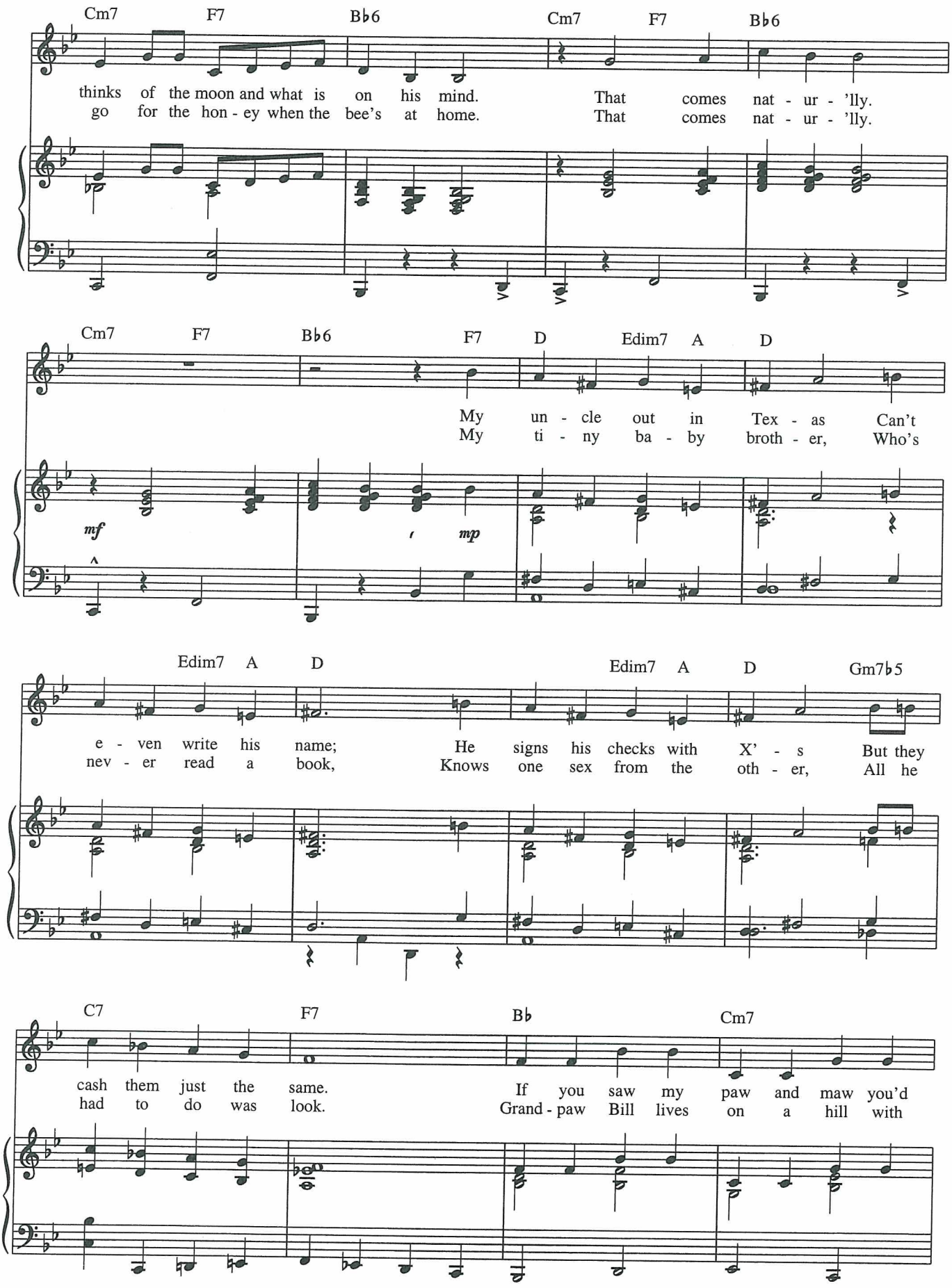
from the stage production *Annie Get Your Gun*
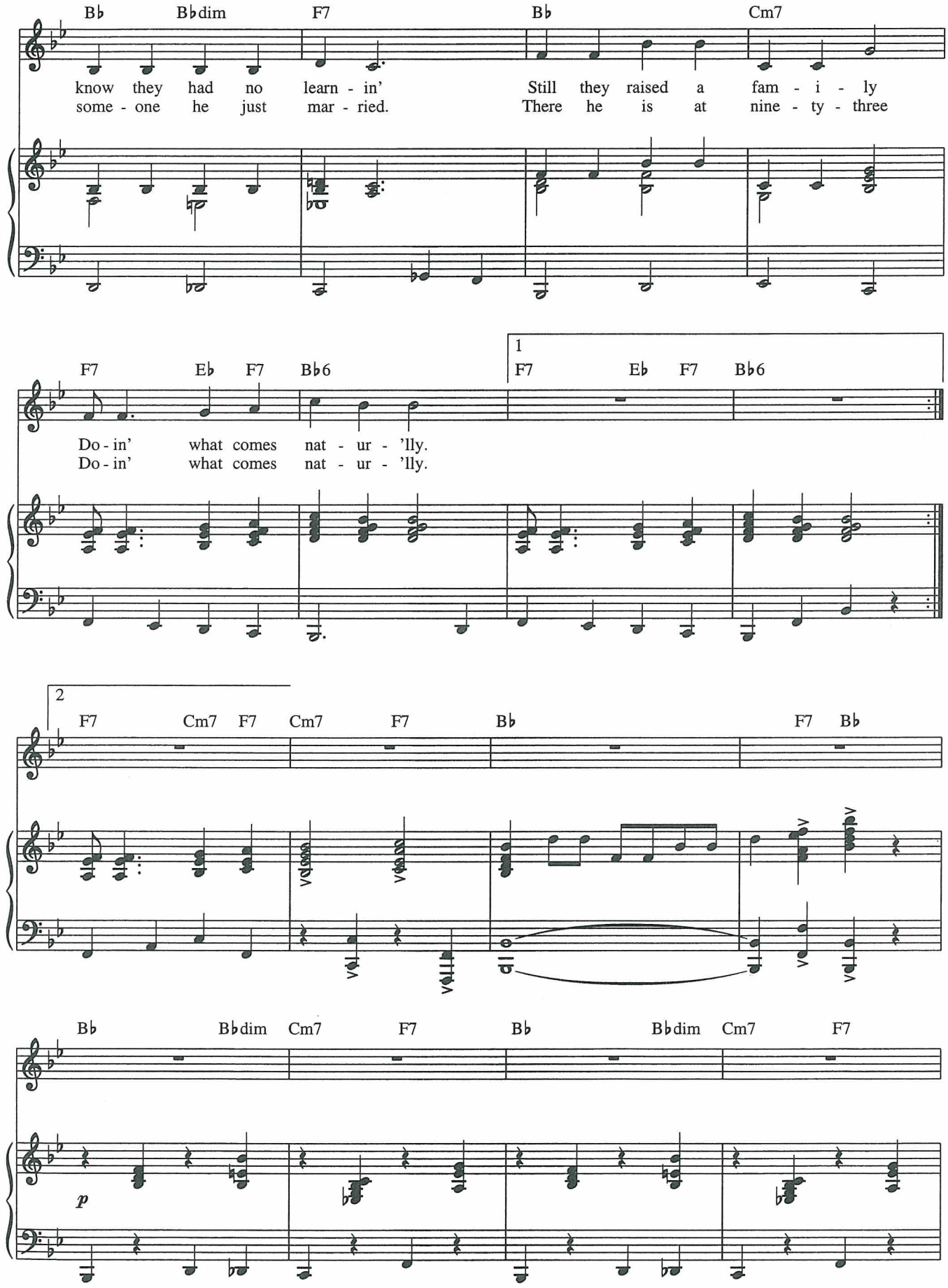
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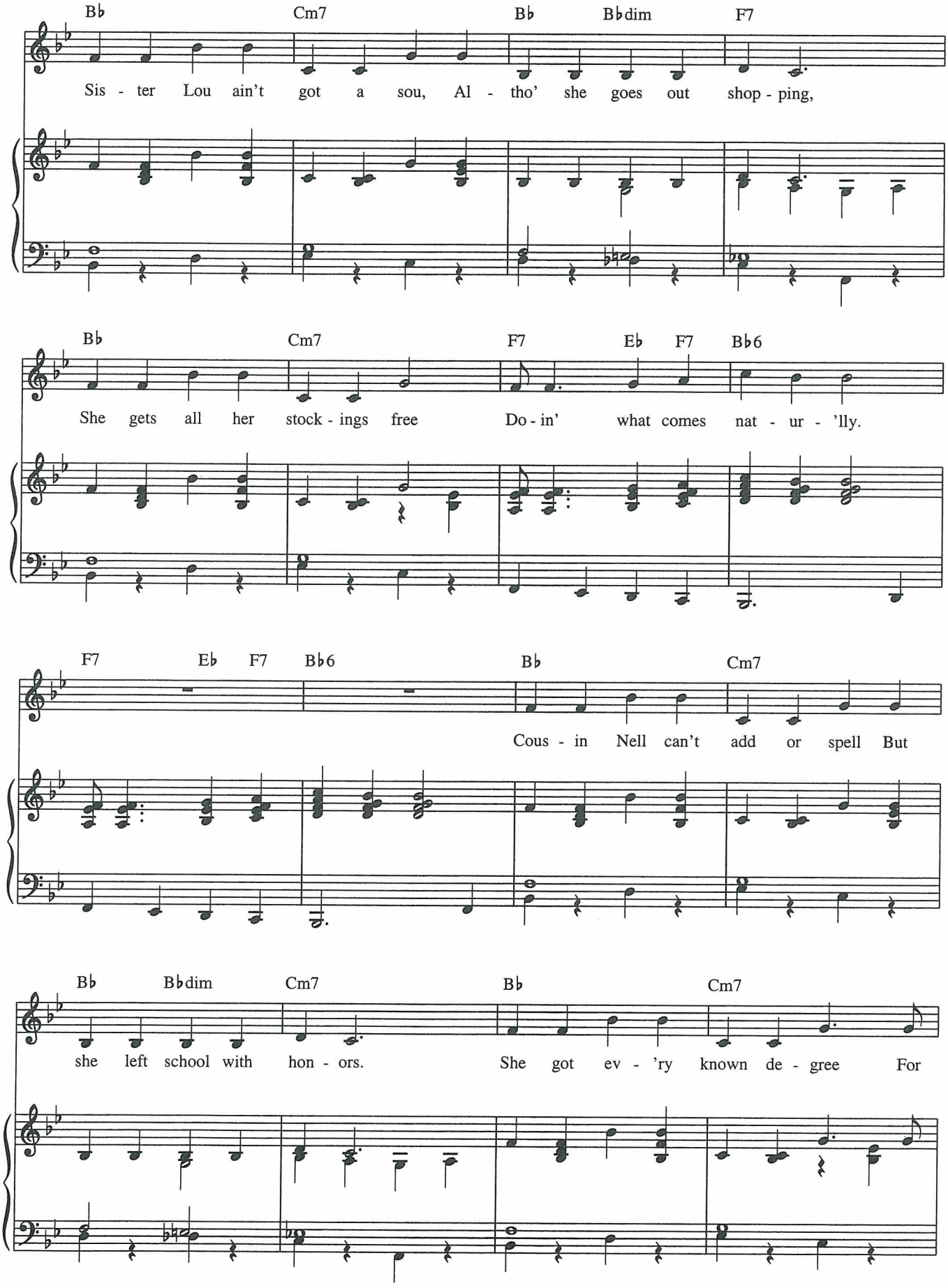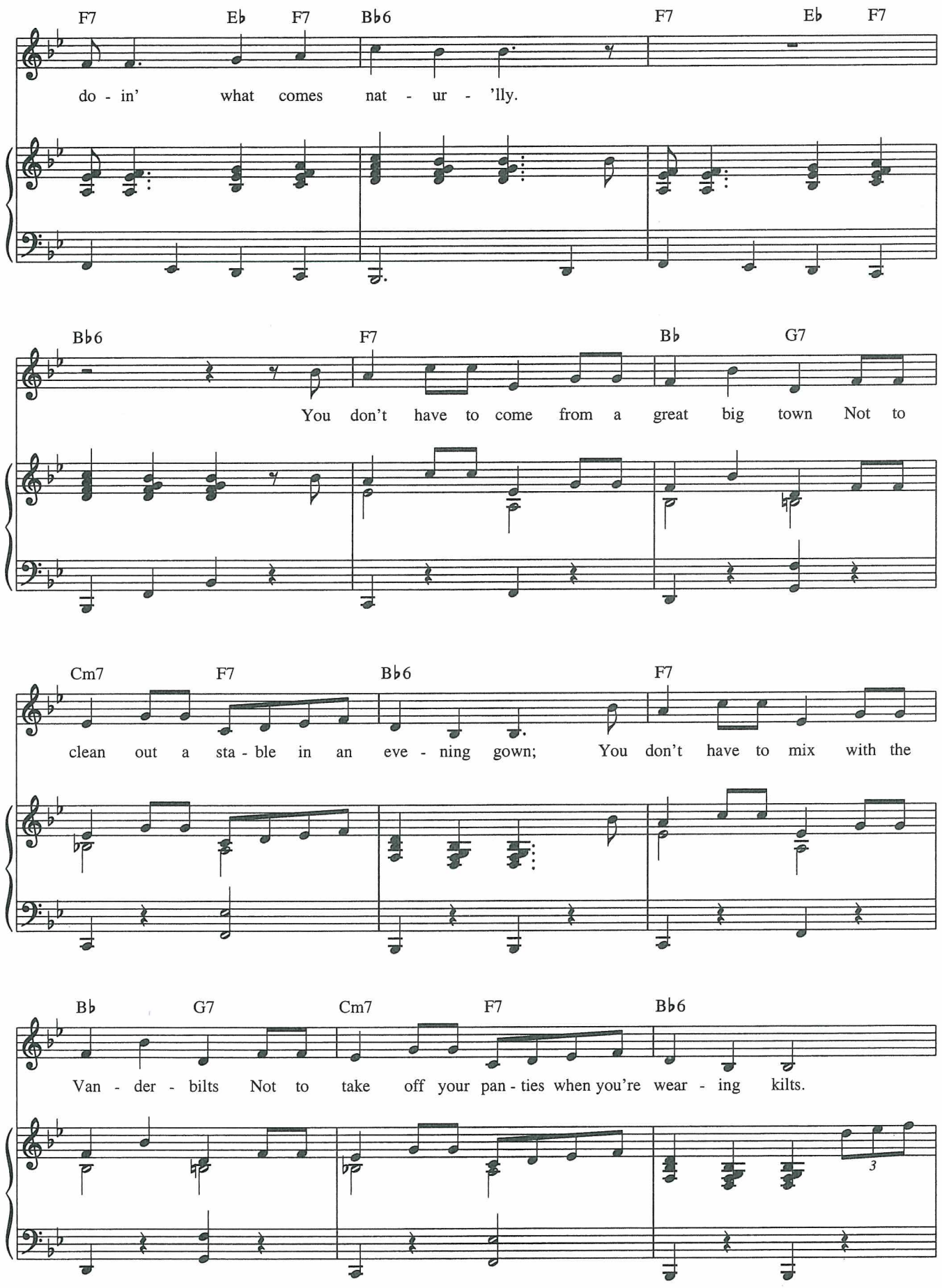


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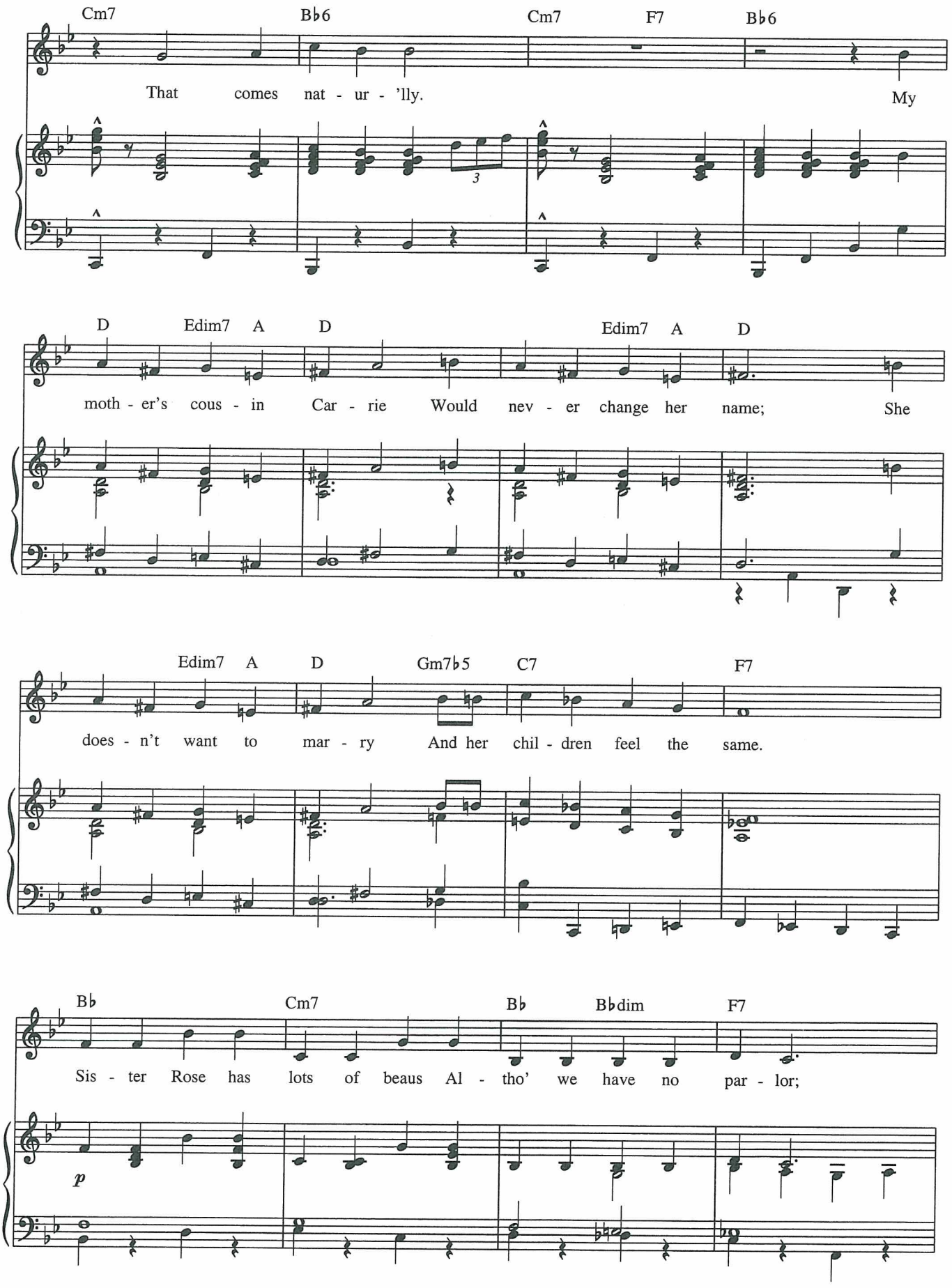

B♭ B♭dim F7 B♭ Cm7
schools and books and learn - in' Still we've gone from A to Z
nev - er had a les - son; Still she's learned to sing off key
F7 E♭ F7 B♭6 F7 E♭ F7 B♭6
Do - in' what comes nat - ur - 'lly. You
Do - in' what comes nat - ur - 'lly. You
F7 B♭ G7 Cm7 F7
don't have to know how to read or write When you're out with a fel - ler in the
don't have to go to a pri - vate school Not to pick up a pen - ny near a
B♭6 F7 B♭ G7
pale moon - light. You don't have to look in a book to find What he
stub - born mule. You don't have to have a pro - fes - sor's dome Not to
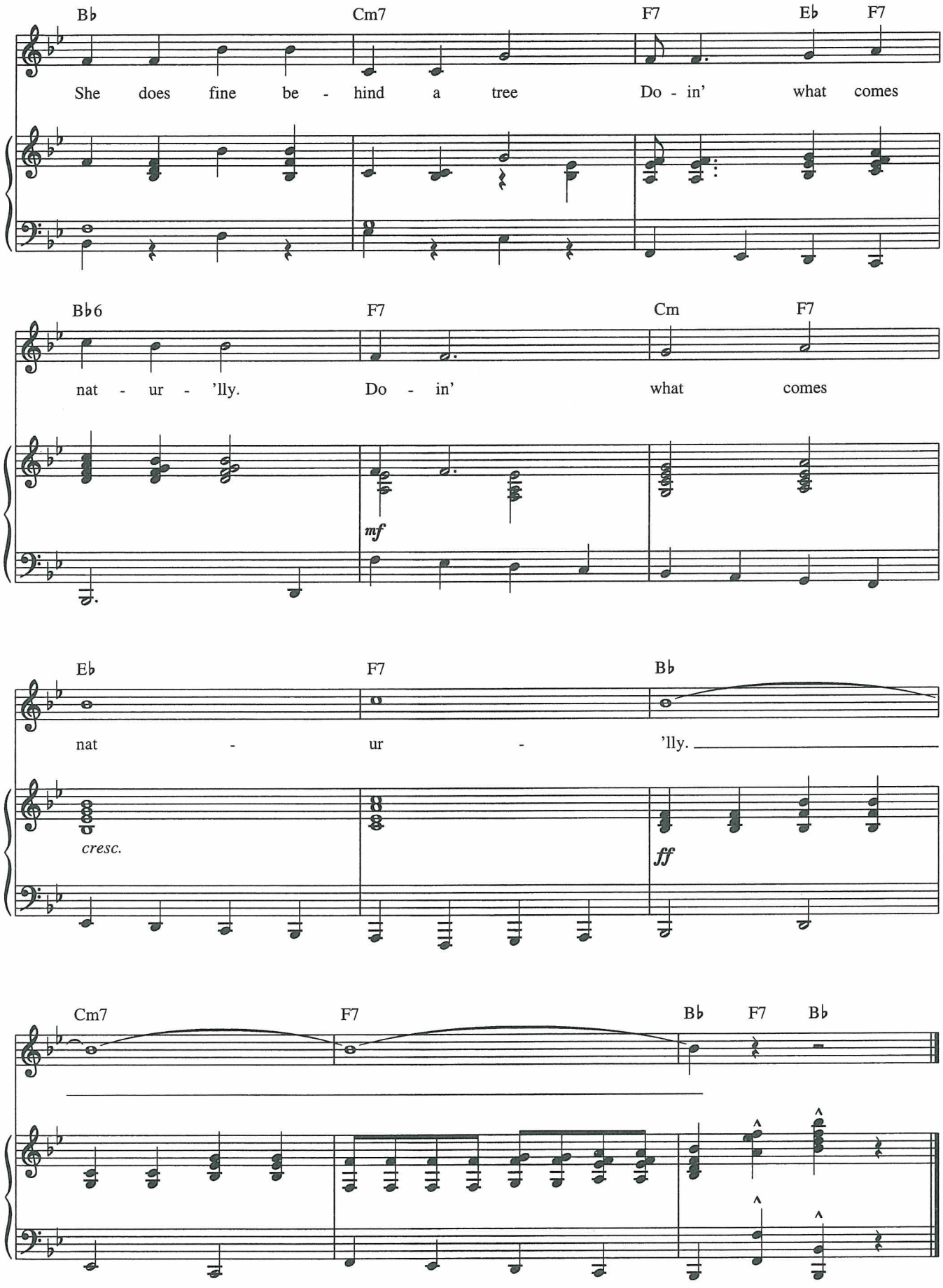

Cm7 F7 B♭6 Cm7 F7 B♭6
thinks of the moon and what is on his mind. That comes nat - ur - 'lly.
go for the hon - ey when the bee's at home. That comes nat - ur - 'lly.
Cm7 F7 B♭6 F7 D Edim7 A D
My un - cle out in Tex - as Can't
My ti - ny ba - by broth - er, Who's
mf mp
Edim7 A D Edim7 A D Gm7♭5
e - ven write his name; He signs his checks with X' - s But they
nev - er read a book, Knows one sex from the oth - er, All he
C7 F7 B♭ Cm7
cash them just the same. If you saw my paw and maw you'd
had to do was look. Grand - paw Bill lives on a hill with


B♭ B♭dim F7 B♭ Cm7
know they had no learn - in' Still they raised a fam - i - ly
some - one he just mar - ried. There he is at nine - ty - three
F7 E♭ F7 B♭6
1
F7 E♭ F7 B♭6
Do - in' what comes nat - ur - 'lly.
Do - in' what comes nat - ur - 'lly.
2
F7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 B♭ F7 B♭
B♭ B♭dim Cm7 F7 B♭ B♭dim Cm7 F7
p


B♭ Cm7 B♭ B♭dim F7
Sis - ter Lou ain't got a sou, Al - tho' she goes out shop - ping,
B♭ Cm7 F7 E♭ F7 B♭6
She gets all her stock - ings free Do - in' what comes nat - ur - 'lly.
F7 E♭ F7 B♭6 B♭ Cm7
Cous - in Nell can't add or spell But
B♭ B♭dim Cm7 B♭ Cm7
she left school with hon - ors. She got ev - 'ry known de - gree For


F7 Eb F7 Bb6 F7 Eb F7
do - in' what comes nat - ur - 'lly.
Bb6 F7 Bb G7
You don't have to come from a great big town Not to
Cm7 F7 Bb6 F7
clean out a sta - ble in an eve - ning gown; You don't have to mix with the
Bb G7 Cm7 F7 Bb6
Van - der - bilts Not to take off your pan - ties when you're wear - ing kilts.
3

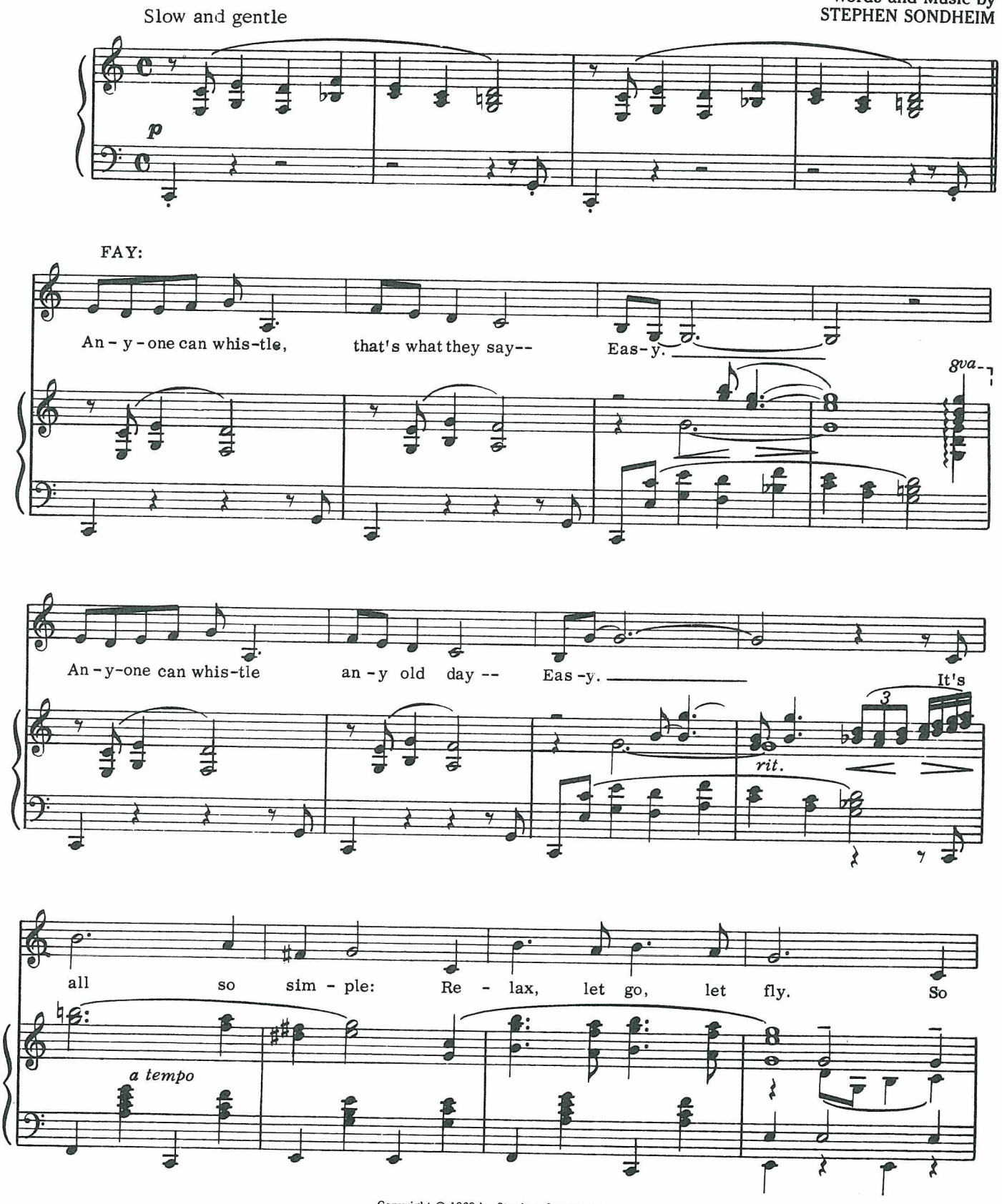

Cm7 B♭6 Cm7 F7 B♭6
That comes nat - ur - 'lly. My
D Edim7 A D Edim7 A D
moth - er's cous - in Car - rie Would nev - er change her name; She
Edim7 A D Gm7♭5 C7 F7
does - n't want to mar - ry And her chil - dren feel the same.
B♭ Cm7 B♭ B♭dim F7
Sis - ter Rose has lots of beaus Al - tho' we have no par - lor;
p


B♭ Cm7 F7 E♭ F7
She does fine be - hind a tree Do - in' what comes
B♭6 F7 Cm F7
nat - ur - 'lly. Do - in' what comes
mf
E♭ F7 B♭
nat - ur - 'lly.
cresc.
ff
Cm7 F7 B♭ F7 B♭
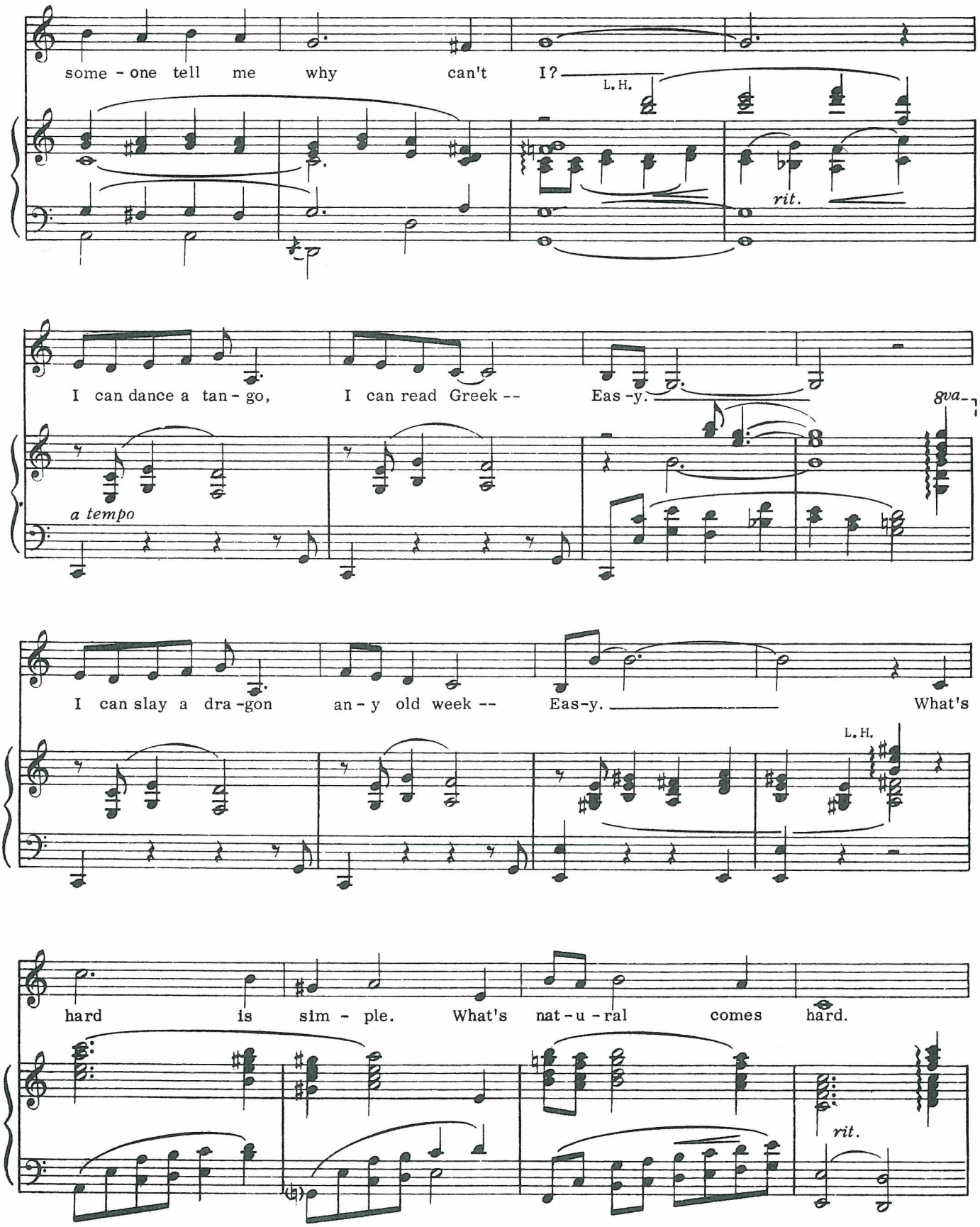
ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

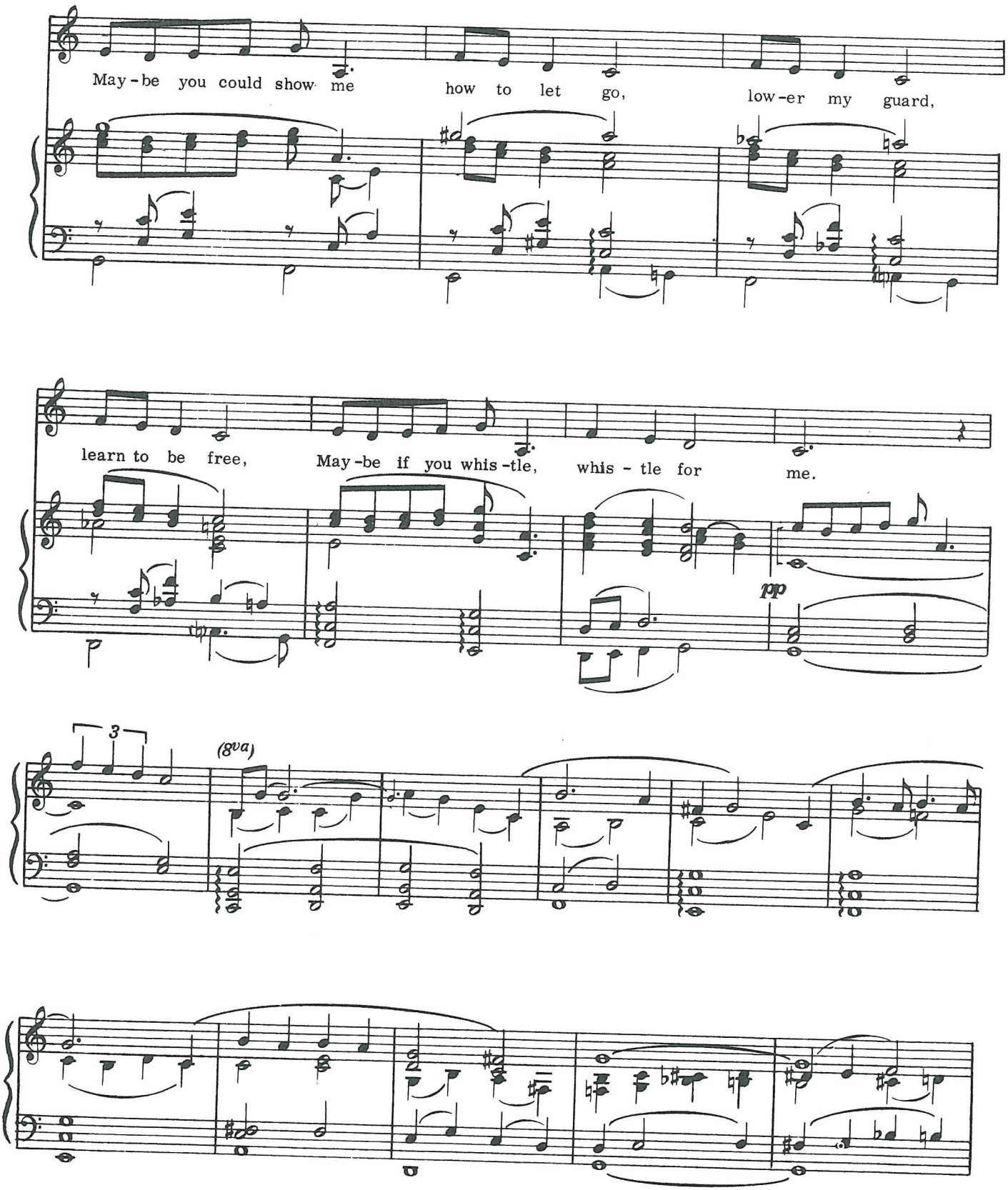
from *Anyone Can Whistle*

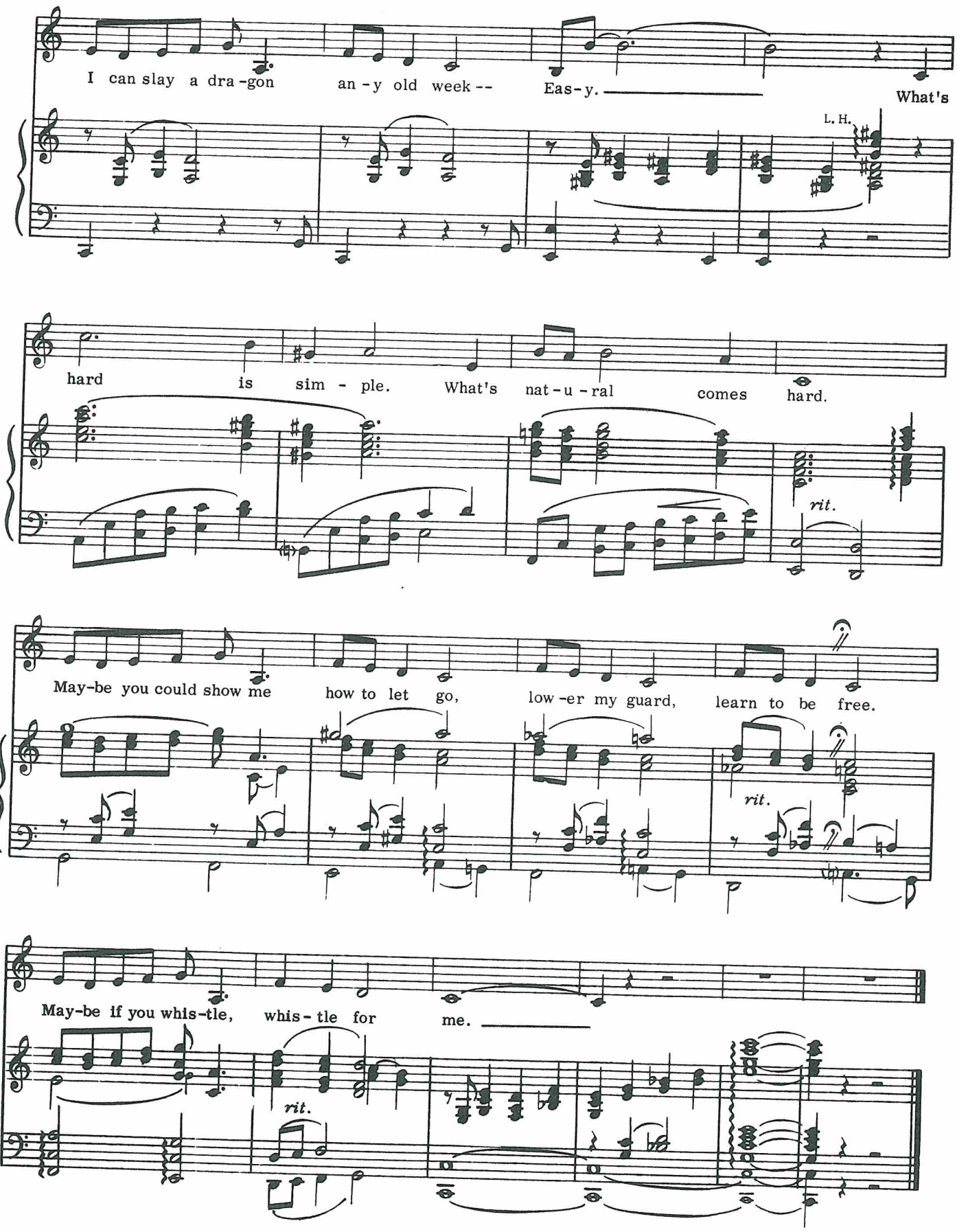
Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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some - one tell me why can't I?
L. H.
rit.
I can dance a tan - go, I can read Greek -- Eas - y.
8va
a tempo
I can slay a dra - gon an - y old week -- Eas - y. What's
L. H.
hard is sim - ple. What's nat - u - ral comes hard.
rit.
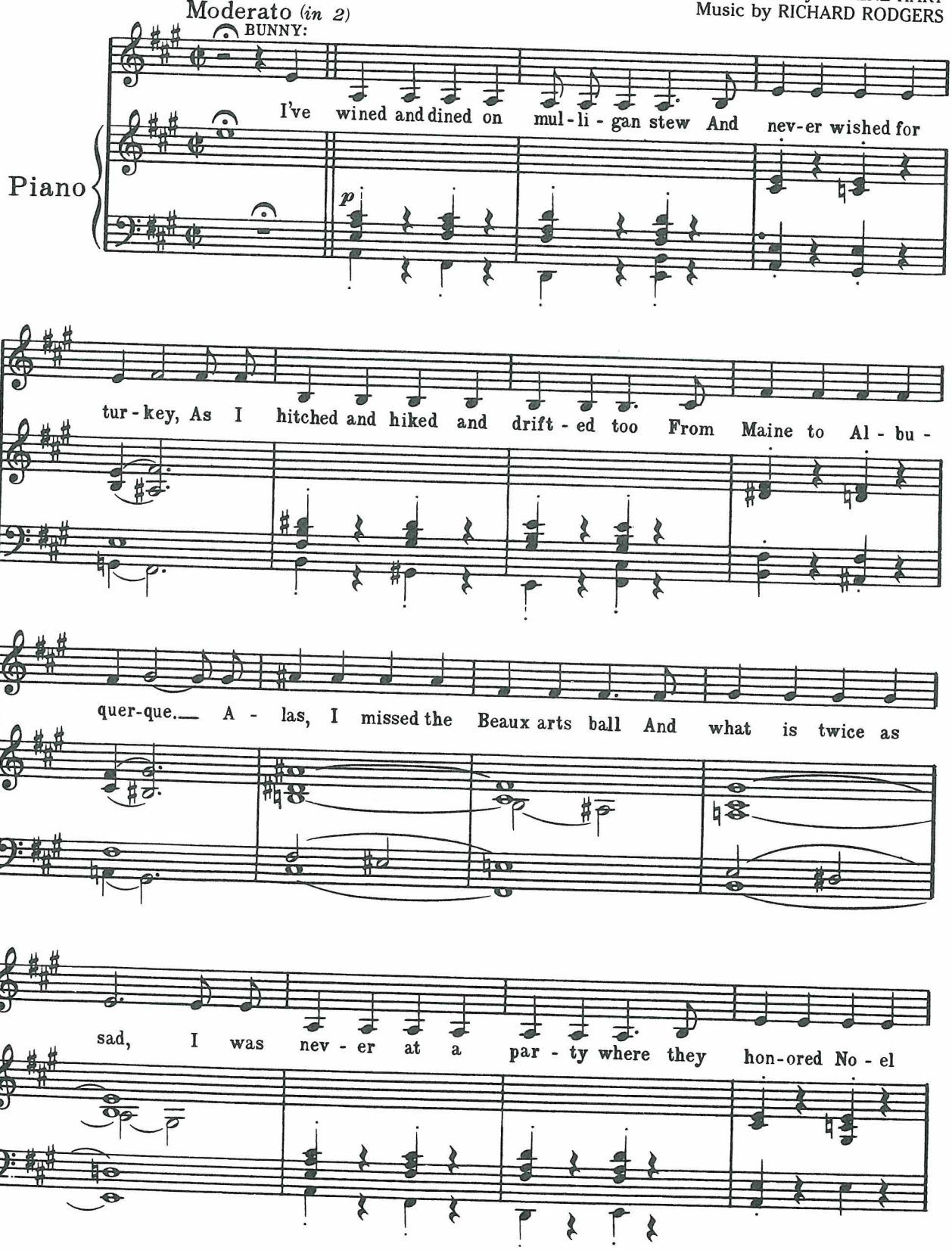

May-be you could show me how to let go, low-er my guard,
learn to be free, May-be if you whis-tle, whis - tle for me.
pp
3
(8va)


I can slay a dra-gon
an-y old week--
Eas-y.
What's
L. H.
hard
is sim-ple.
What's nat-u-ral
comes
hard.
rit.
May-be you could show me
how to let go,
low-er my guard,
learn to be free.
rit.
May-be if you whis-tle,
whis-tle for
me.
rit.
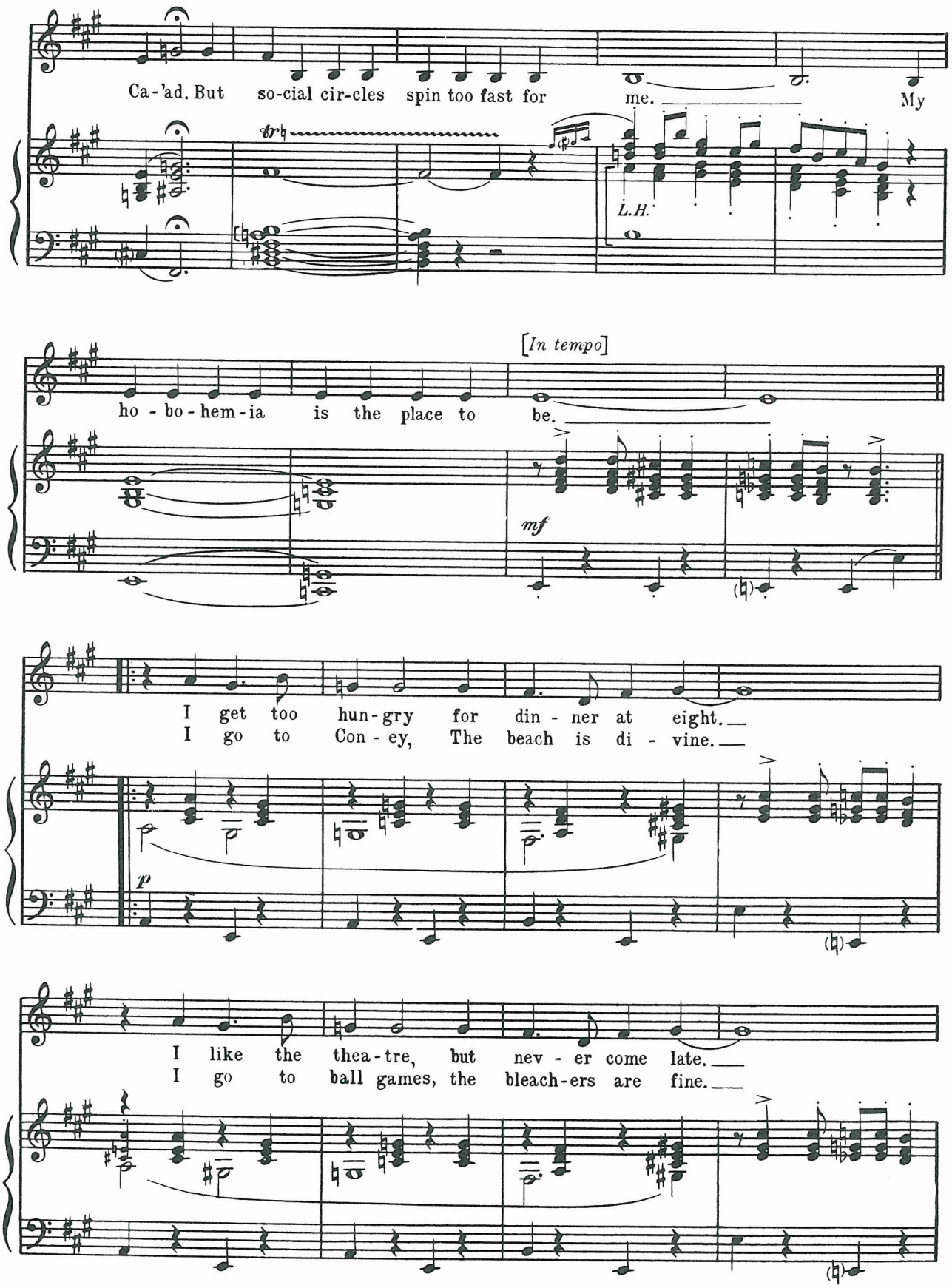
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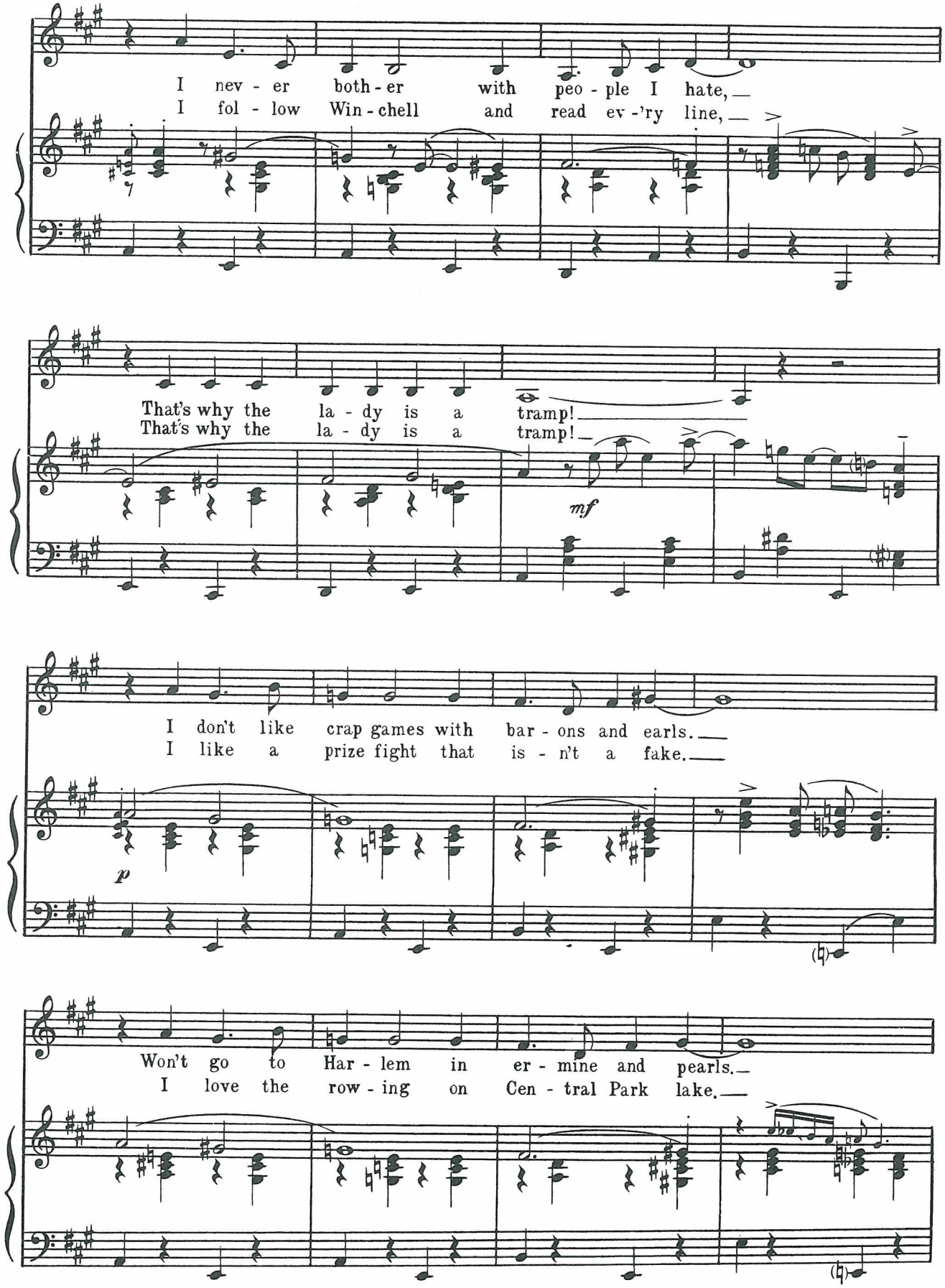
from *Babes in Arms*
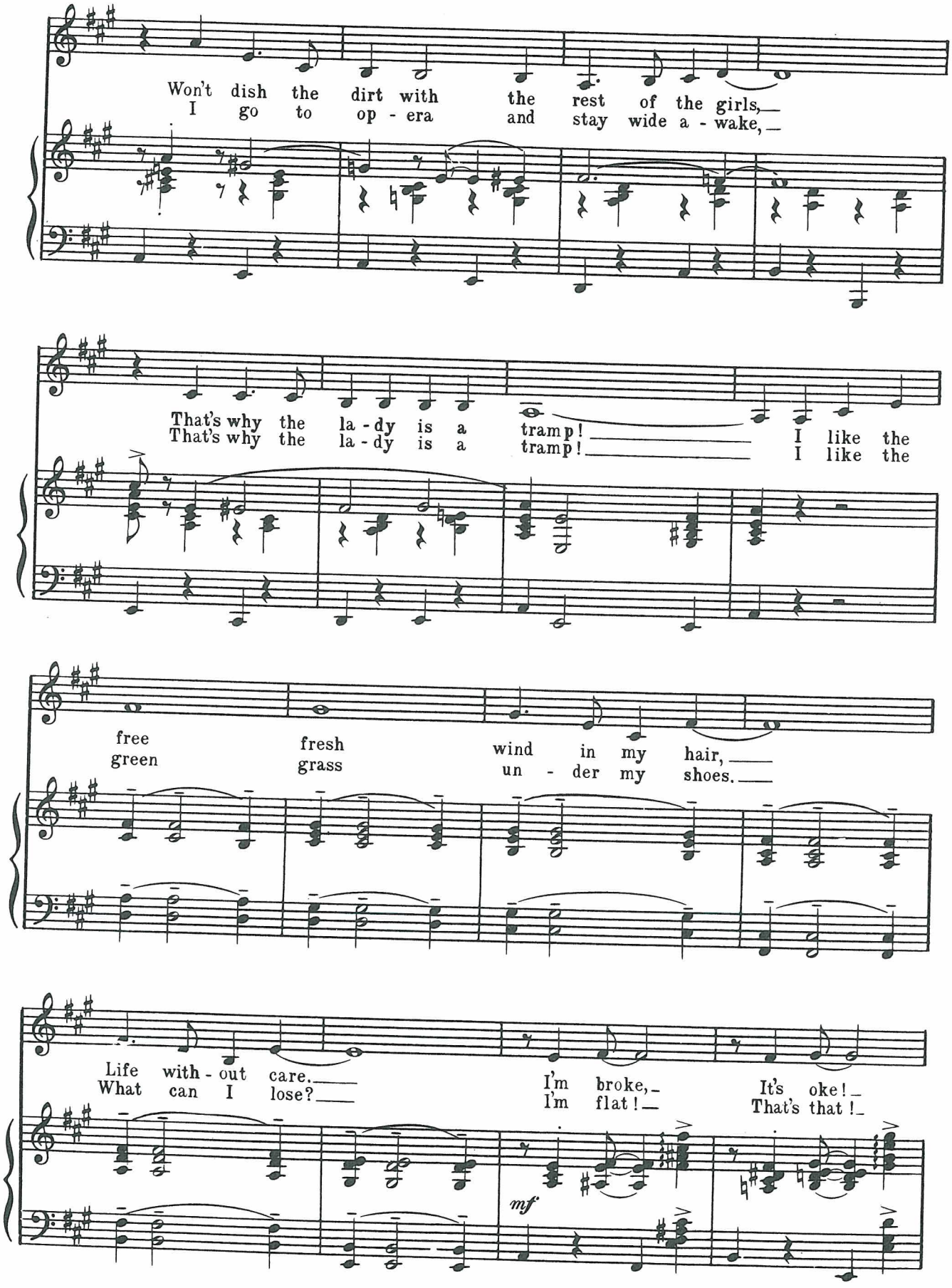
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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
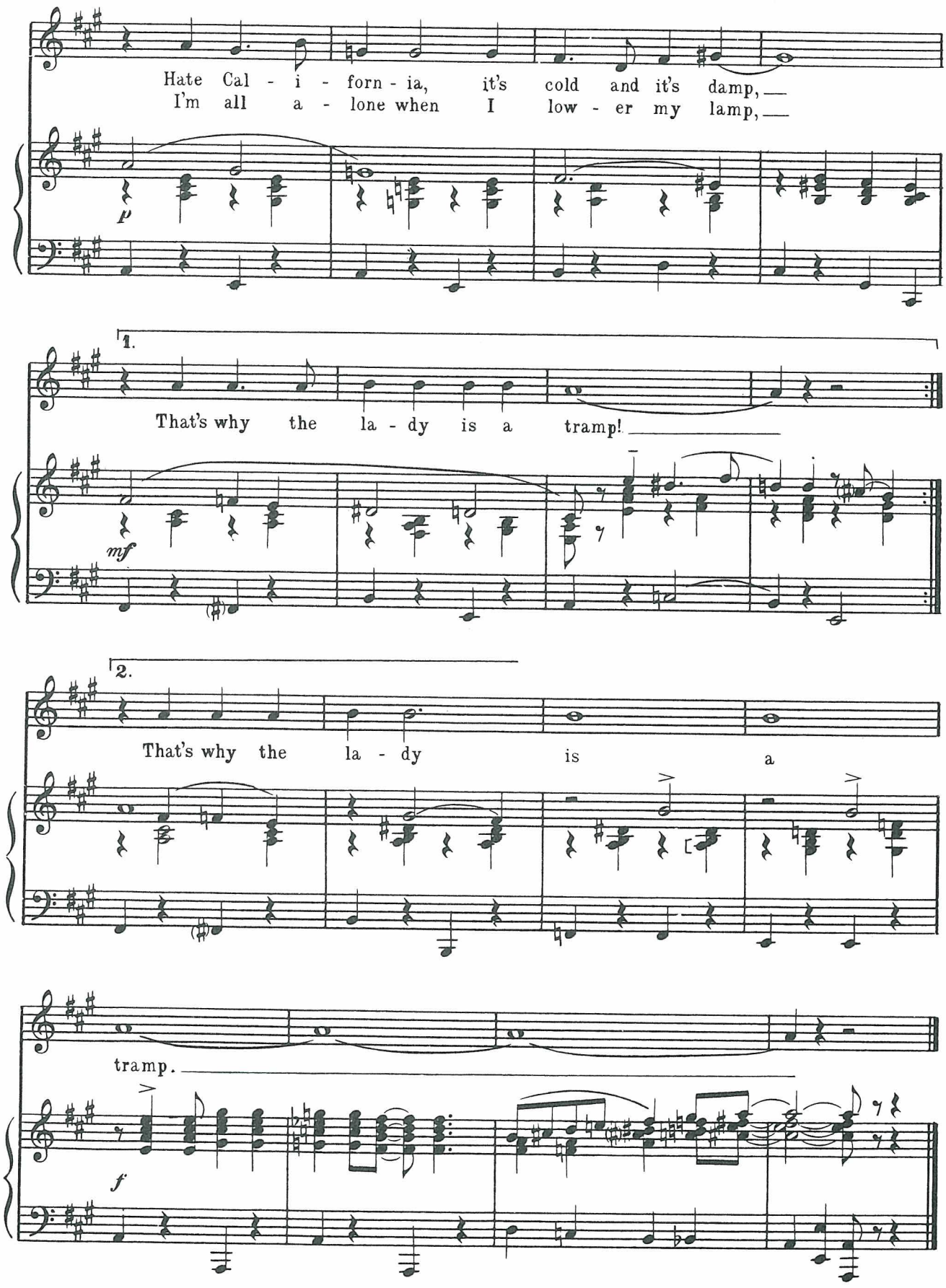


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Ca-'ad. But so-cial cir-cles spin too fast for me. My
L.H.
[In tempo]
ho - bo - hem - ia is the place to be.
mf
I get too hun-gry for din - ner at eight.
I go to Con - ey, The beach is di - vine.
p
I like the thea-tre, but nev - er come late.
I go to ball games, the bleach-ers are fine.


I nev - er both - er with peo - ple I hate,
I fol - low Win - chell and read ev -'ry line,
That's why the la - dy is a tramp!
That's why the la - dy is a tramp!
mf
I don't like crap games with bar - ons and earls.
I like a prize fight that is - n't a fake.
p
Won't go to Har - lem in er - mine and pearls.
I love the row - ing on Cen - tral Park lake.
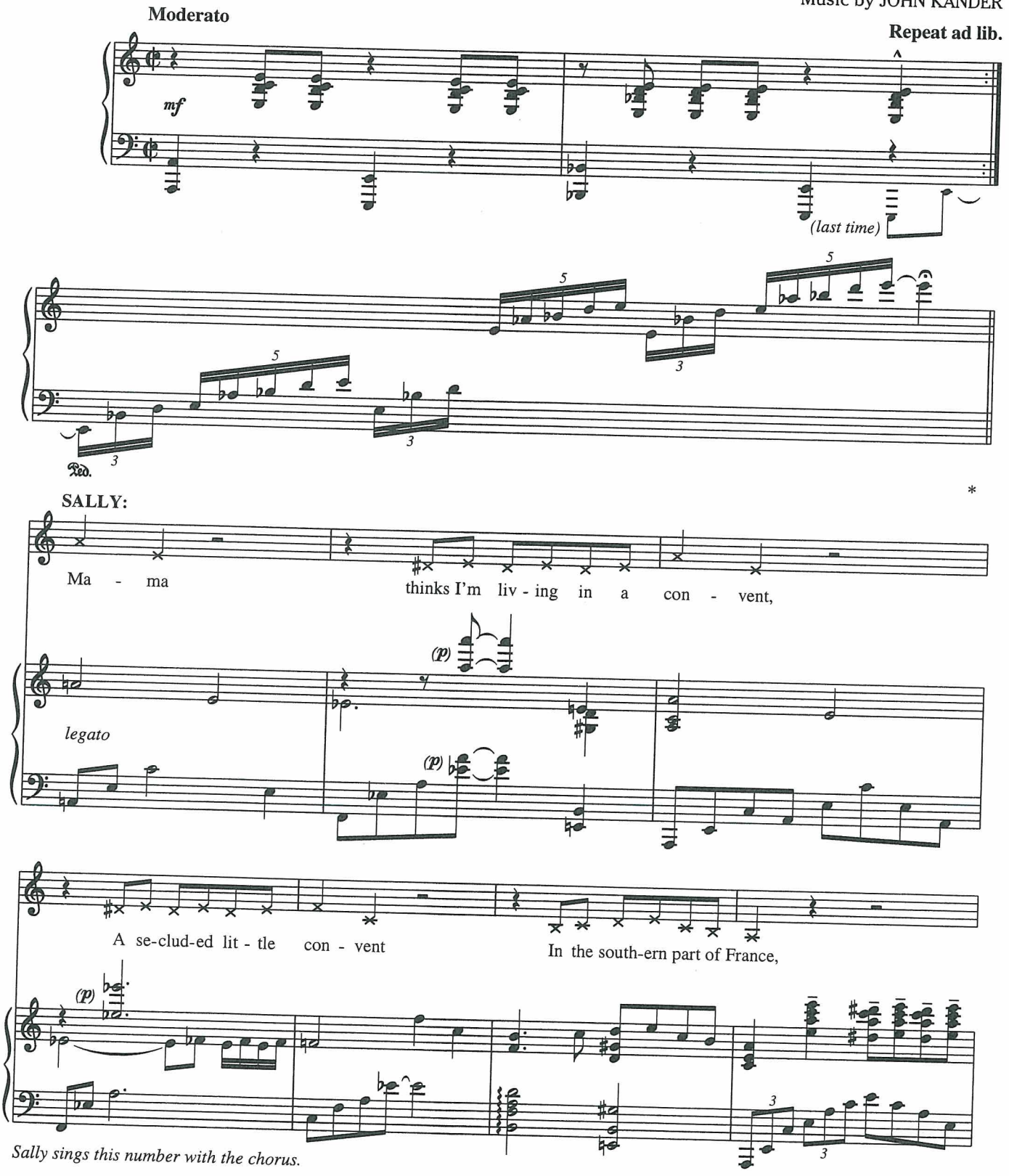

Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls,
I go to op - era and stay wide a - wake,
That's why the la - dy is a tramp!
That's why the la - dy is a tramp!
I like the
I like the
free
green
fresh
grass
wind in my hair,
un - der my shoes.
Life with - out care.
What can I lose?
I'm broke,
I'm flat!
It's oke!
That's that!
mf


Hate Cal - i - forn - ia, it's cold and it's damp,
I'm all a - lone when I low - er my lamp,
p
1.
That's why the la - dy is a tramp!
mf
2.
That's why the la - dy is a
tramp.
f
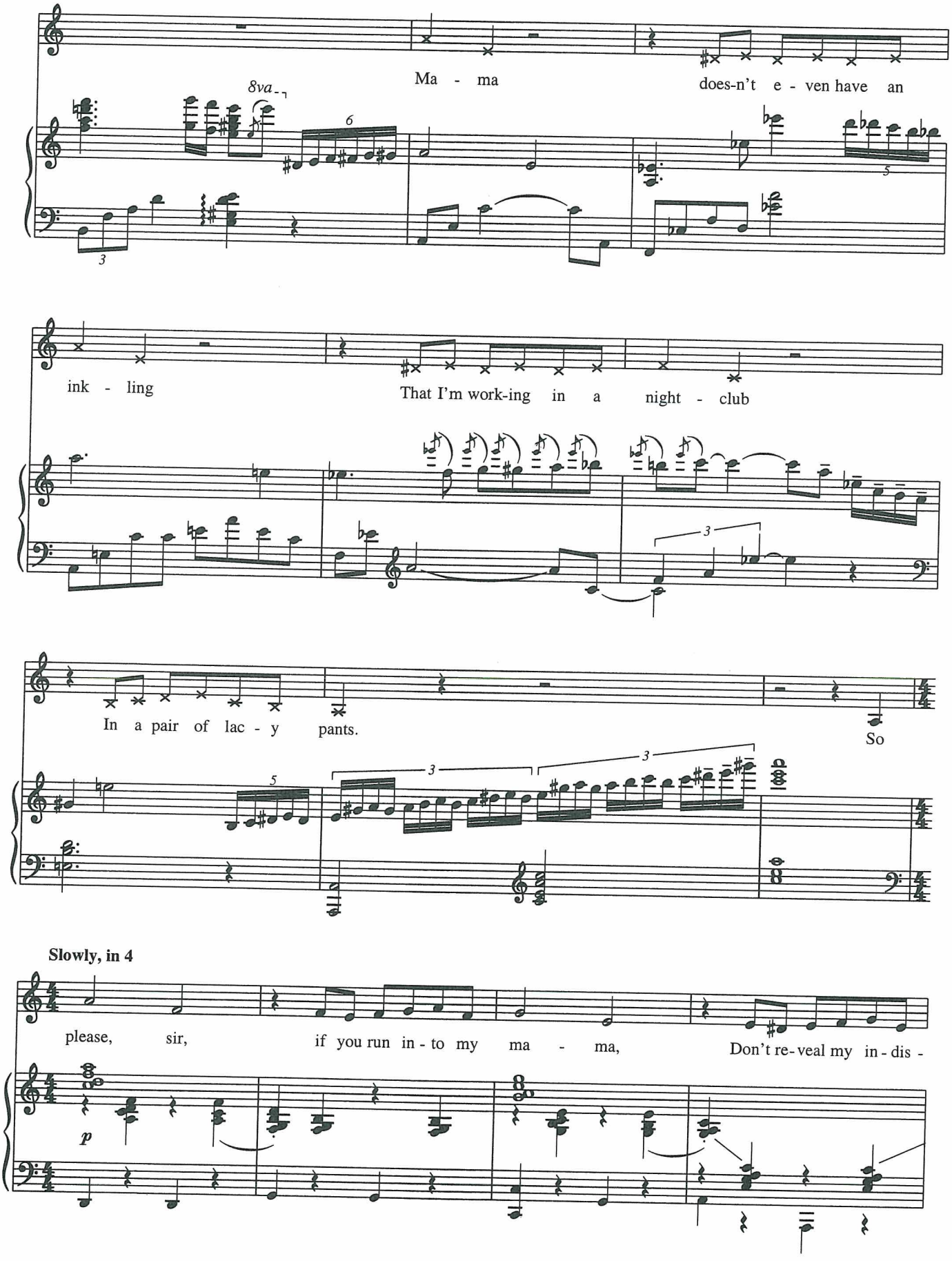
DON'T TELL MAMA
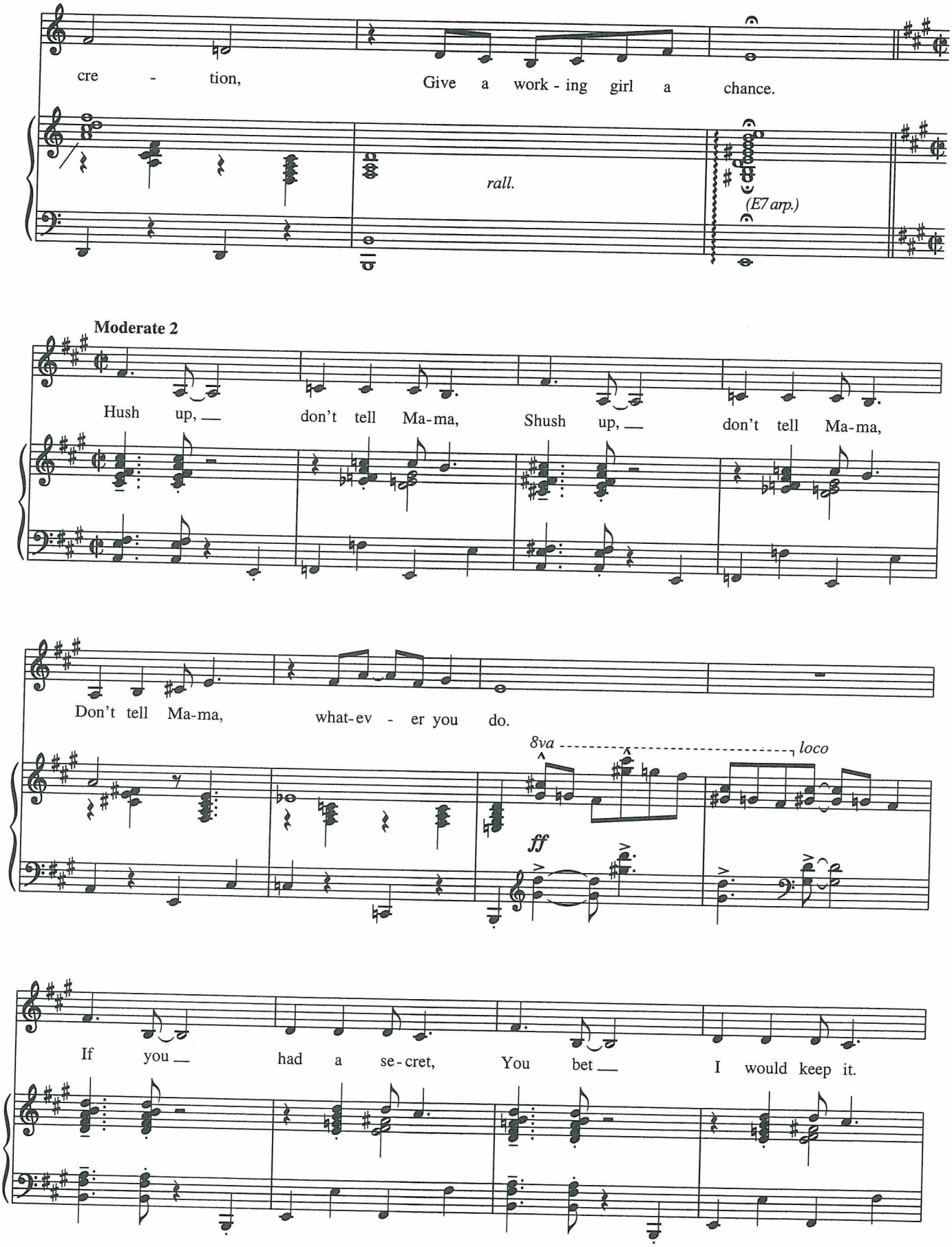
from the musical *Cabaret*
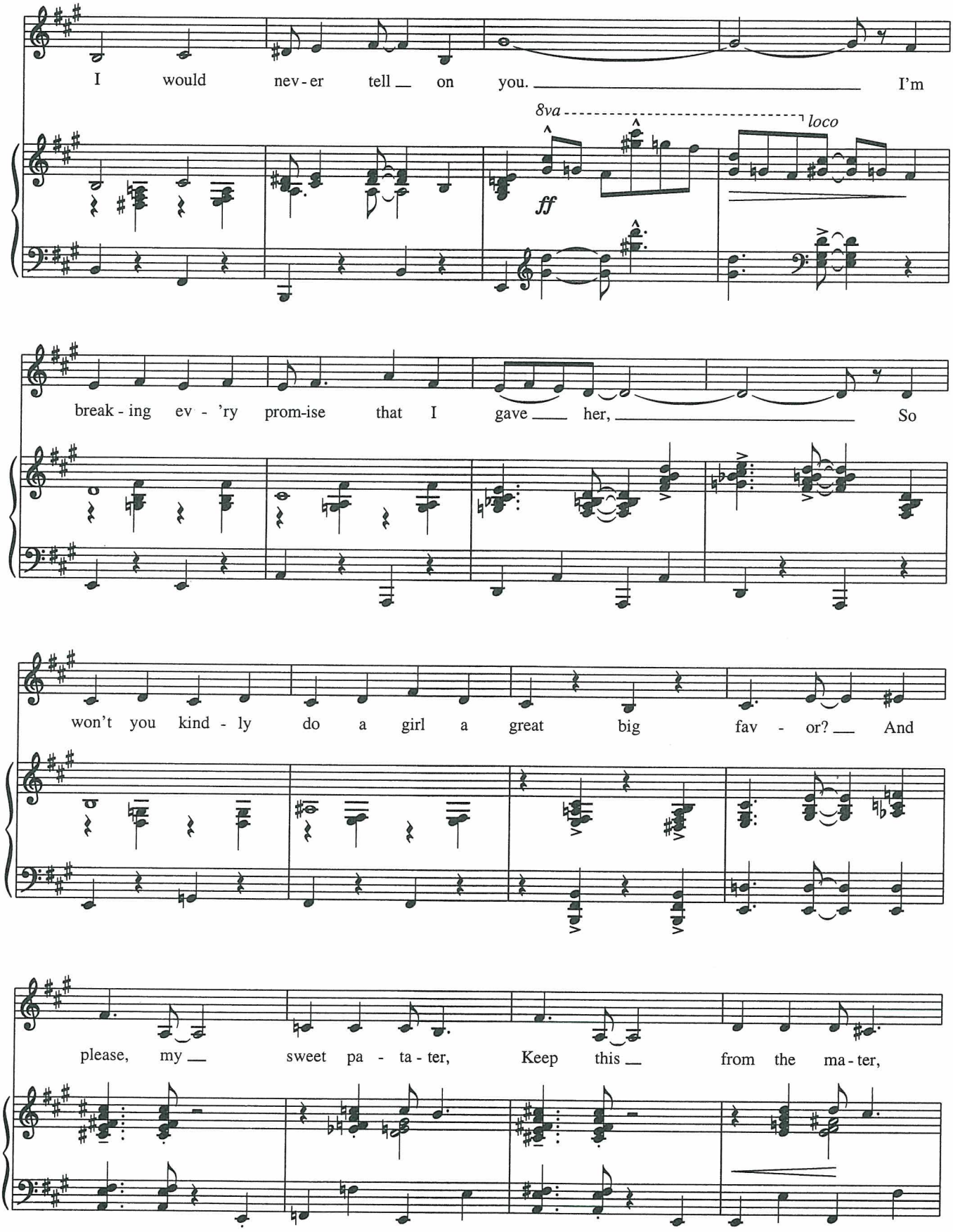
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Music by JOHN KANDER
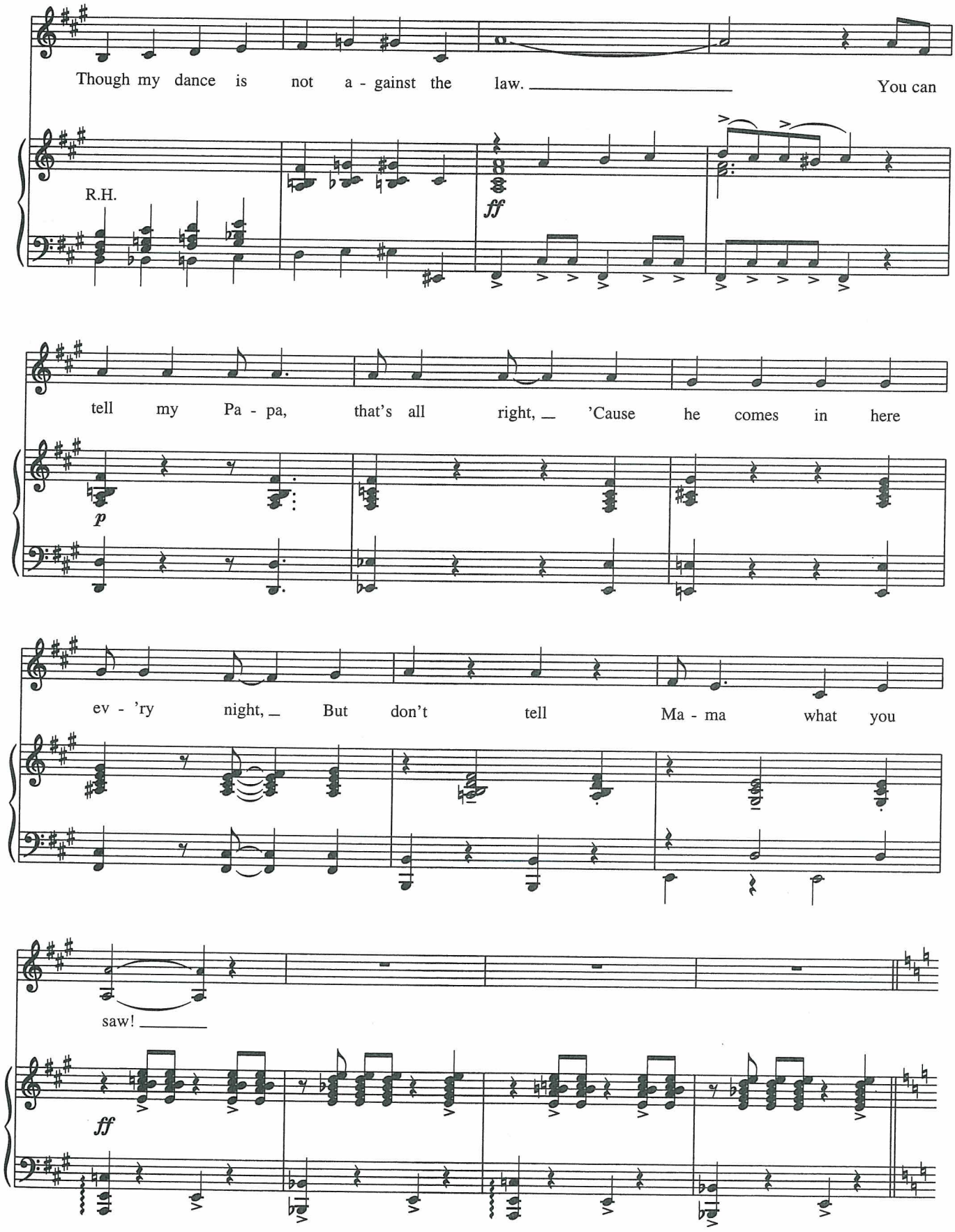


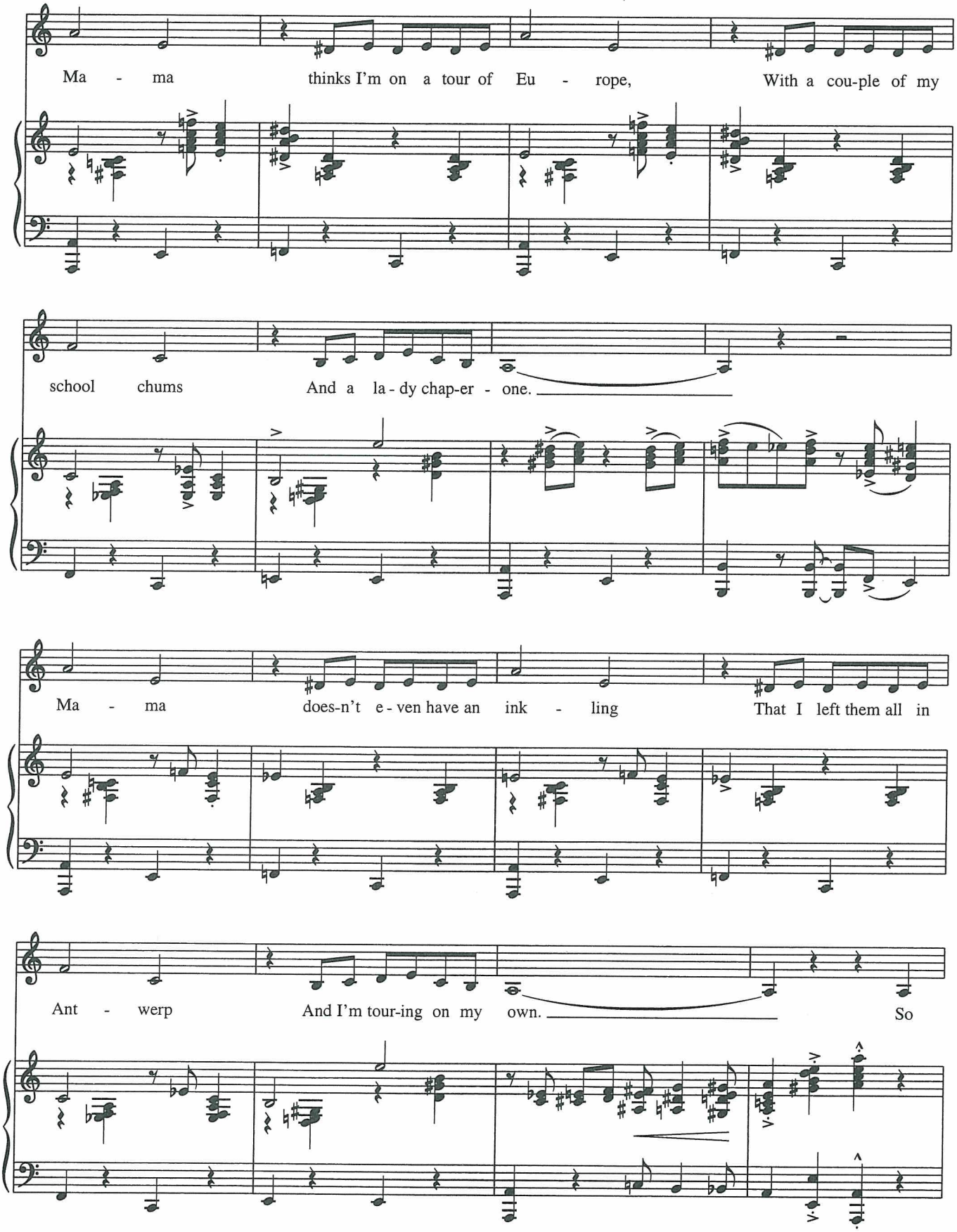
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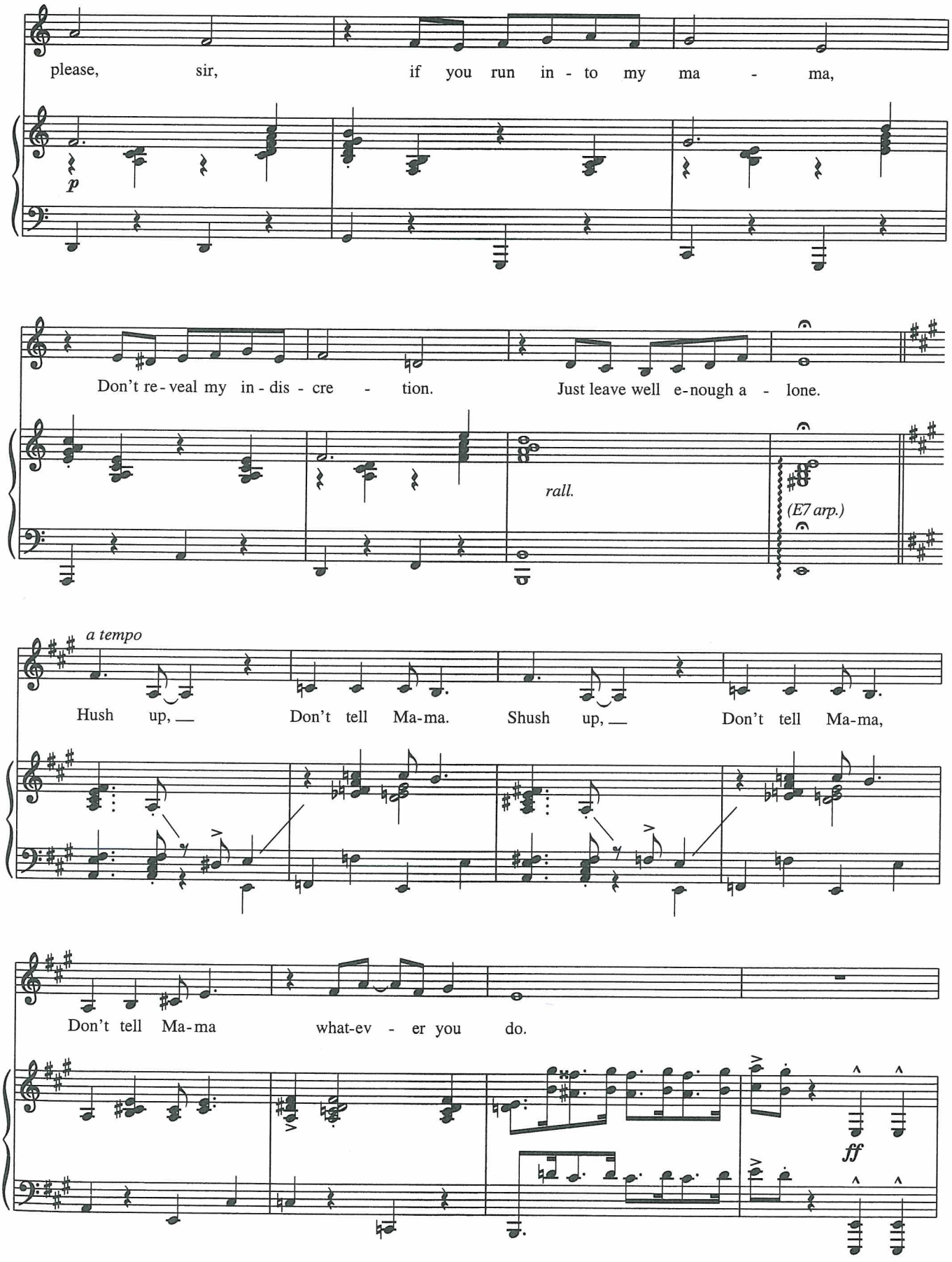

Ma - ma does-n't e - ven have an
8va
ink - ling That I'm work-ing in a night - club
In a pair of lac - y pants. So
Slowly, in 4
please, sir, if you run in - to my ma - ma, Don't re - veal my in - dis -
p
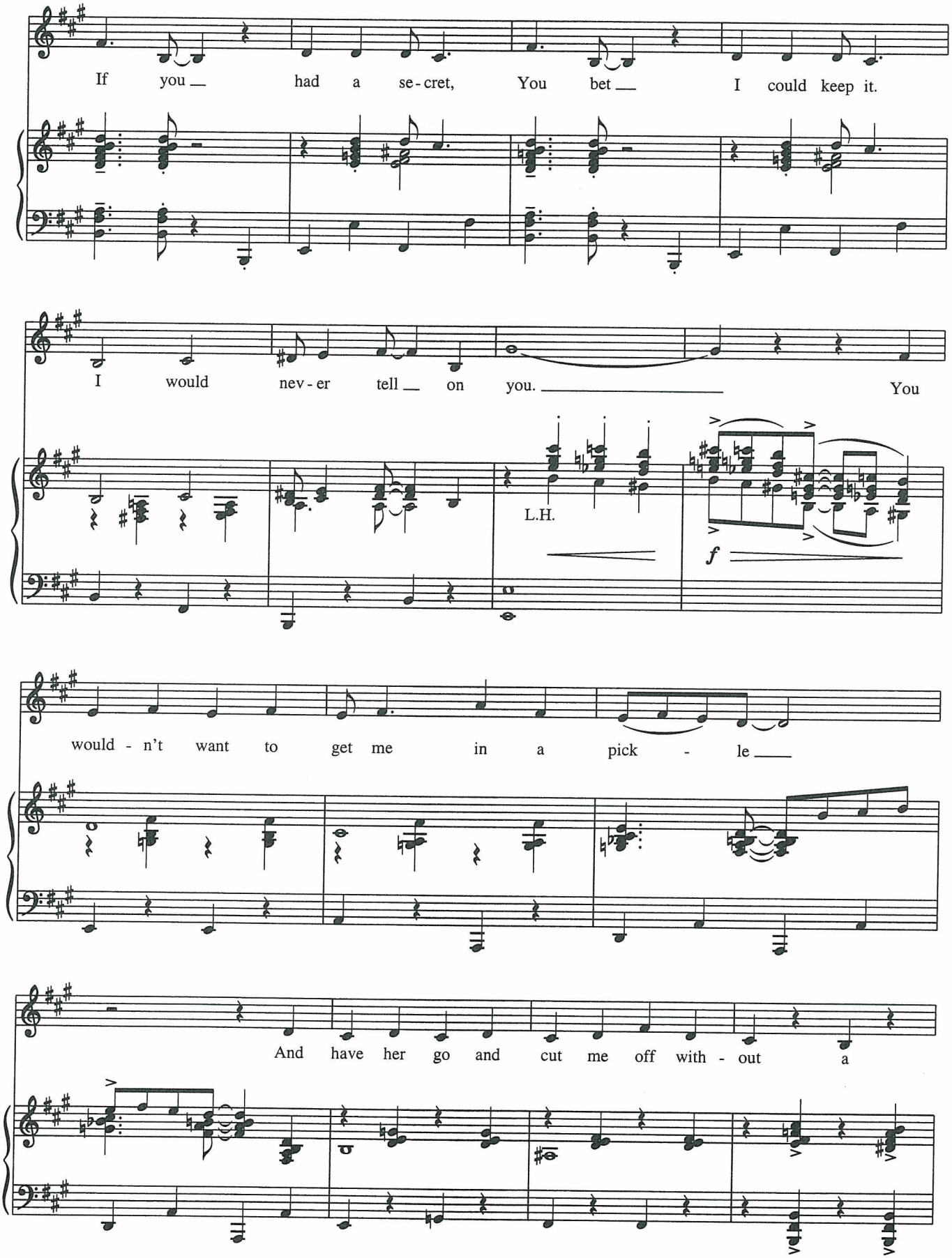

cre - tion,
Give a work - ing girl a chance.
rall.
(E7 arp.)
Moderate 2
Hush up, — don't tell Ma-ma,
Shush up, — don't tell Ma-ma,
Don't tell Ma-ma, what-ev - er you do.
8va
loco
ff
If you — had a se-cret,
You bet — I would keep it.

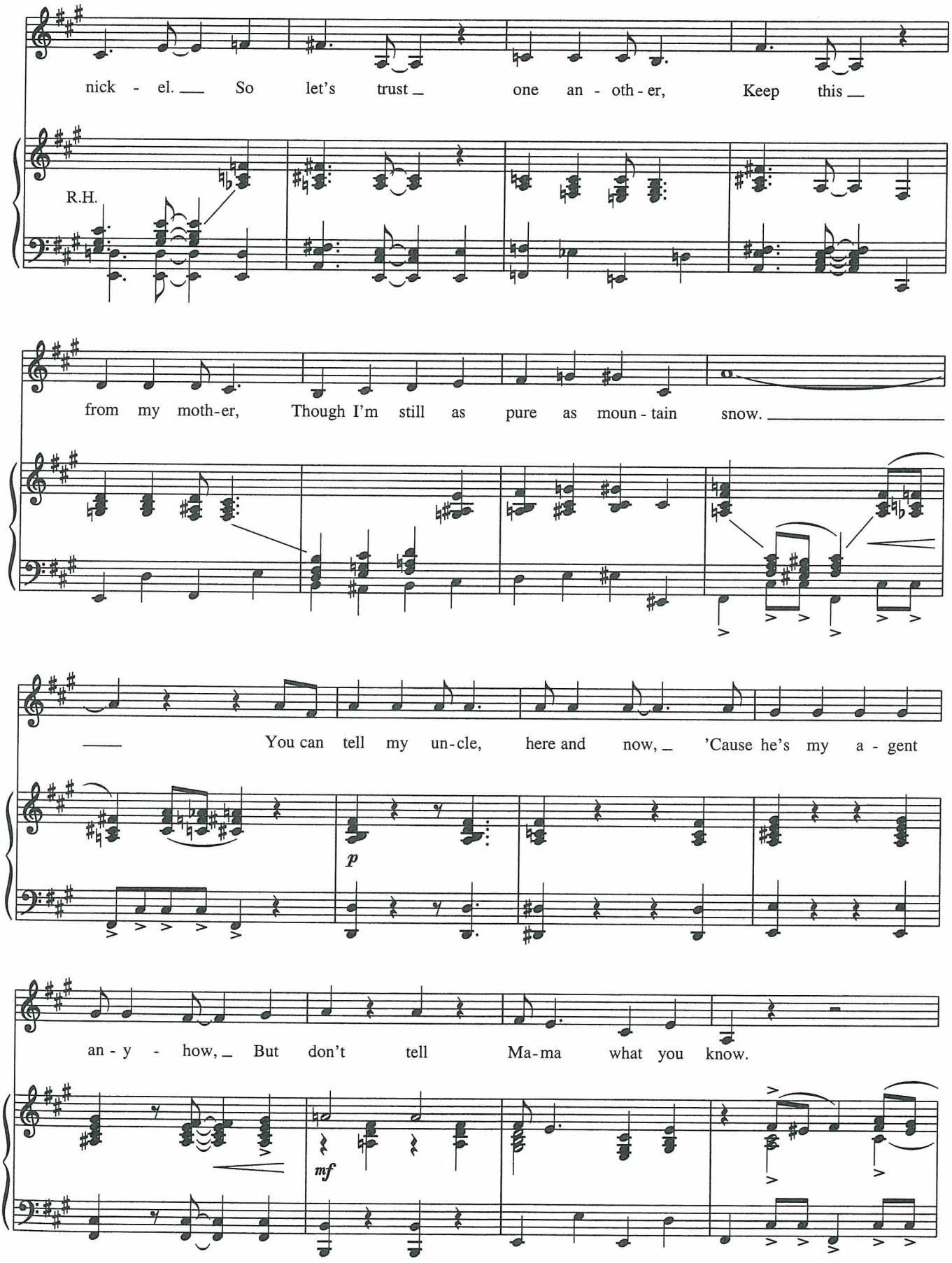

I would nev - er tell on you. I'm
8va
loco
ff
break - ing ev - 'ry prom-ise that I gave her, So
won't you kind - ly do a girl a great big fav - or? And
please, my sweet pa - ta - ter, Keep this from the ma - ter,

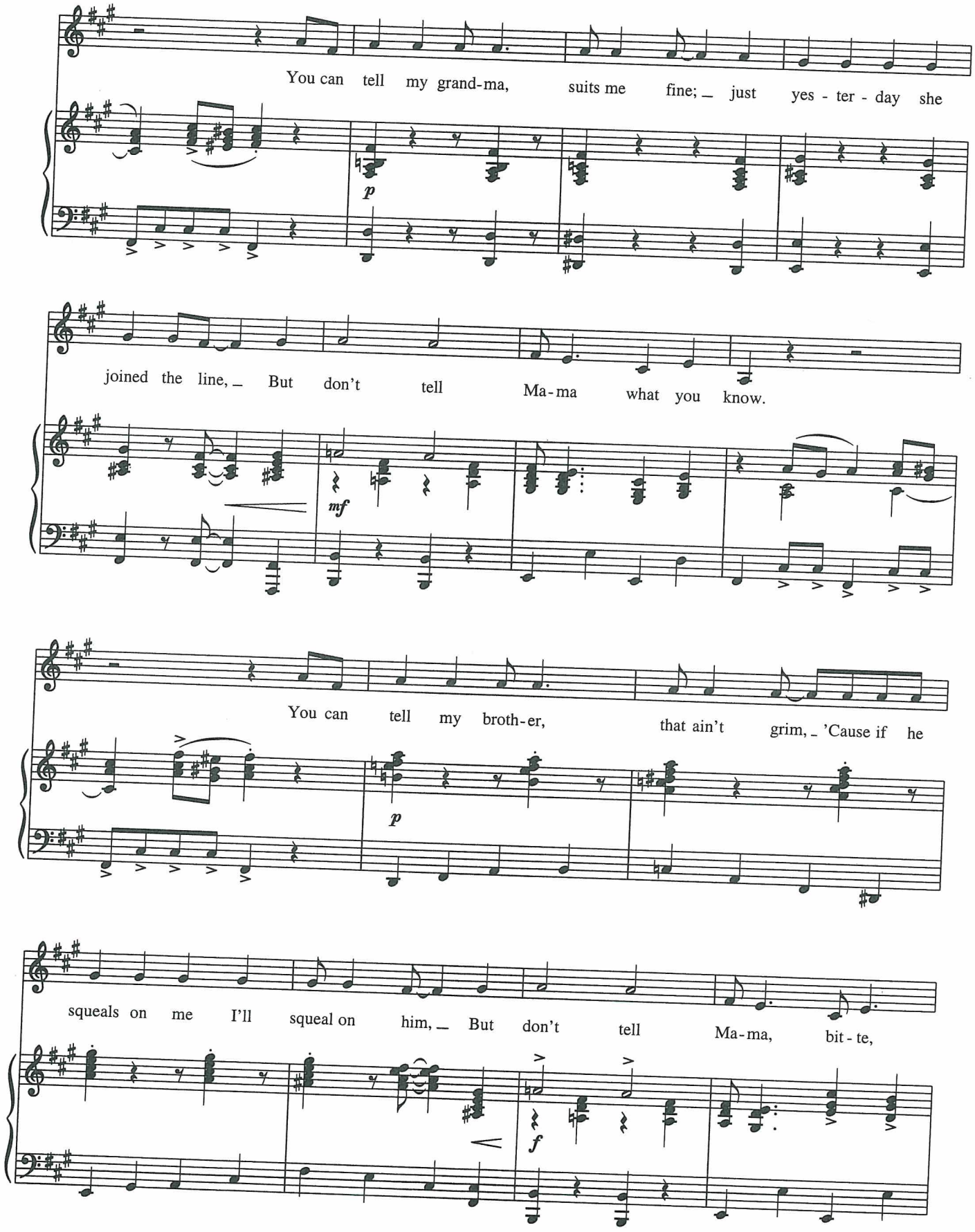

Though my dance is not a - gainst the law. You can
R.H.
ff
tell my Pa - pa, that's all right, 'Cause he comes in here
p
ev - 'ry night, But don't tell Ma - ma what you
saw!
ff
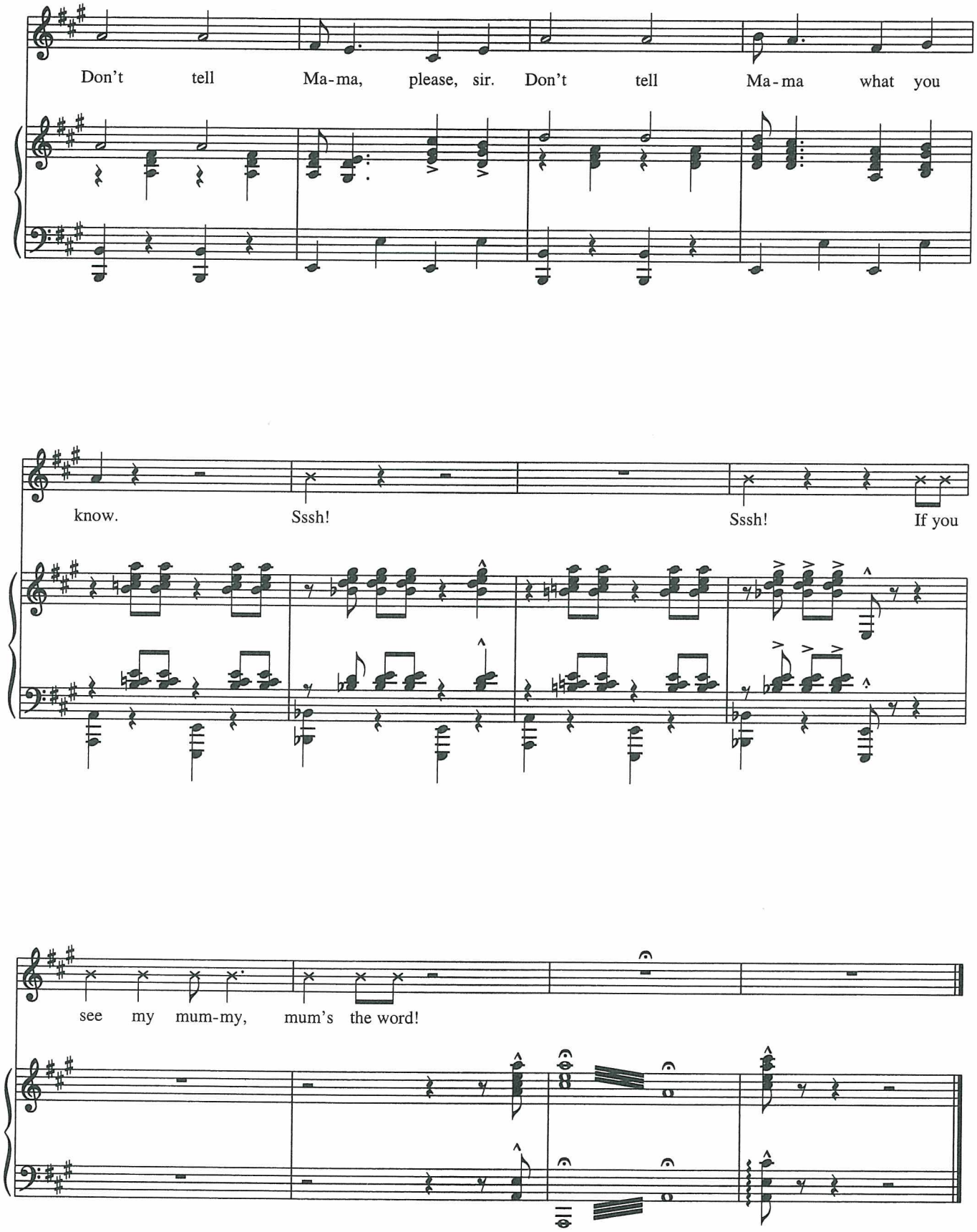

Ma - ma thinks I'm on a tour of Eu - rope, With a cou-ple of my
school chums And a la - dy chap-er - one.
Ma - ma does-n't e - ven have an ink - ling That I left them all in
Ant - werp And I'm tour-ing on my own. So


please, sir, if you run in - to my ma - ma,
p
Don't re - veal my in - dis - cre - tion. Just leave well e-nough a - lone.
rall.
(E7 arp.)
a tempo
Hush up, — Don't tell Ma-ma. Shush up, — Don't tell Ma-ma,
Don't tell Ma-ma what-ev - er you do.
ff


If you had a se-cret, You bet I could keep it.
I would nev-er tell on you. You
L.H.
f
would-n't want to get me in a pick-le
And have her go and cut me off with-out a


nick - el. So let's trust one an - oth - er, Keep this
R.H.
from my moth-er, Though I'm still as pure as moun - tain snow.
You can tell my un-cle, here and now, 'Cause he's my a - gent
p
an - y - how, But don't tell Ma-ma what you know.
mf


You can tell my grand-ma, suits me fine; just yes - ter - day she
p
joined the line, But don't tell Ma-ma what you know.
mf
You can tell my broth-er, that ain't grim, 'Cause if he
p
squeals on me I'll squeal on him, But don't tell Ma-ma, bit - te,
f
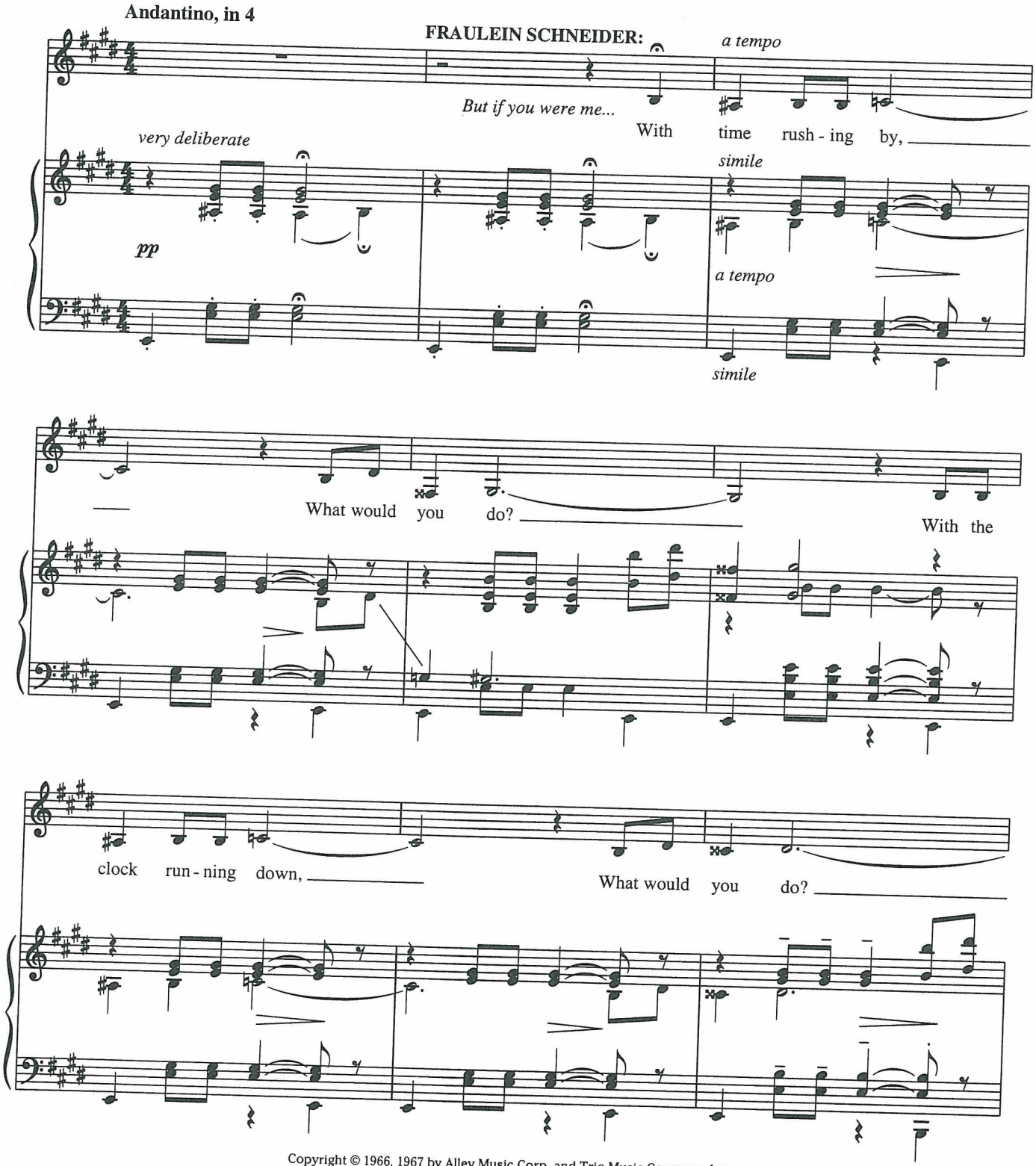

Don't tell Ma-ma, please, sir. Don't tell Ma-ma what you
know. Sssh! Sssh! If you
see my mum-my, mum's the word!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
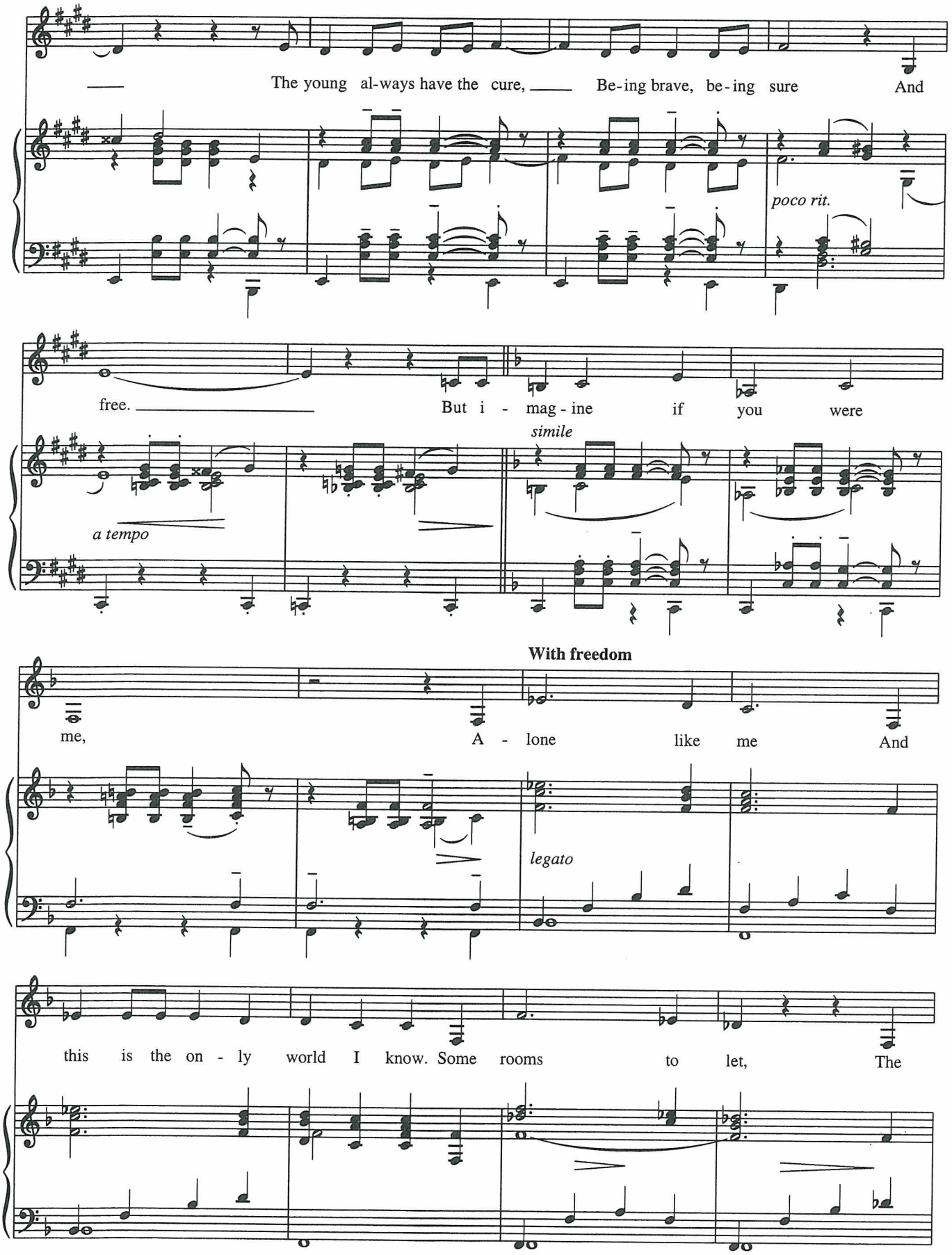
from the musical *Cabaret*
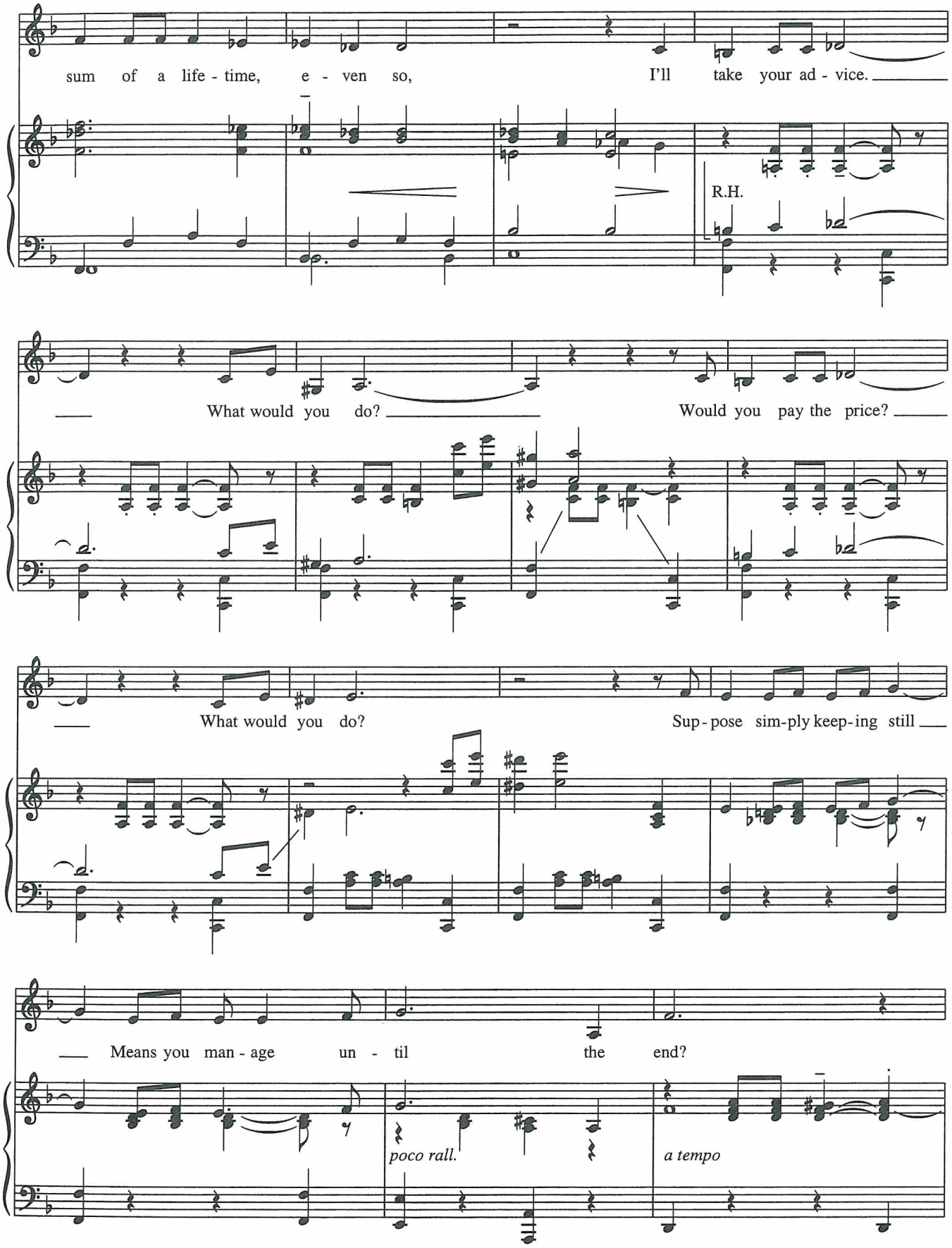
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Music by JOHN KANDER
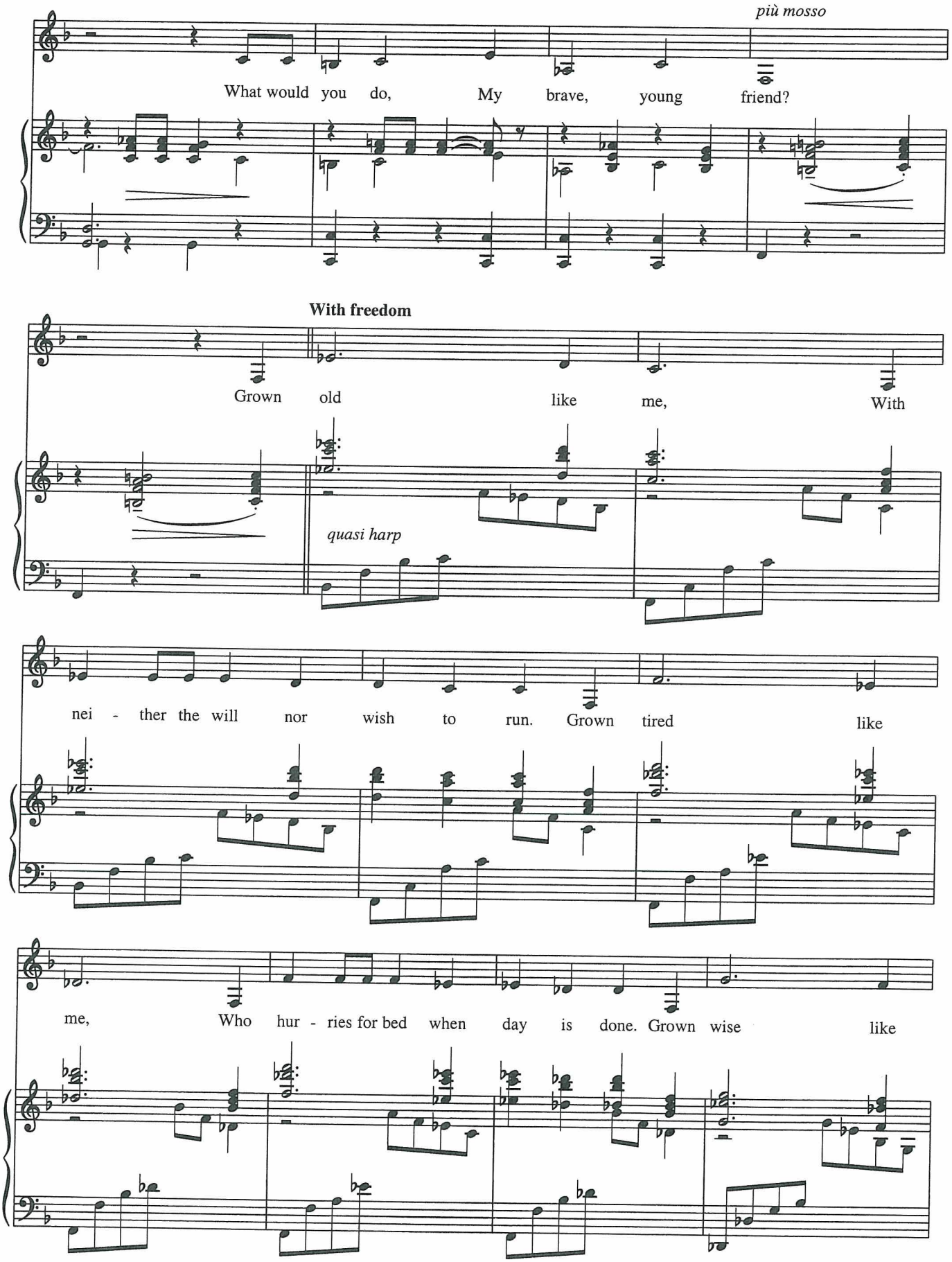
Spoken before introduction: It's easy for you to say "fight"! (intro starts)
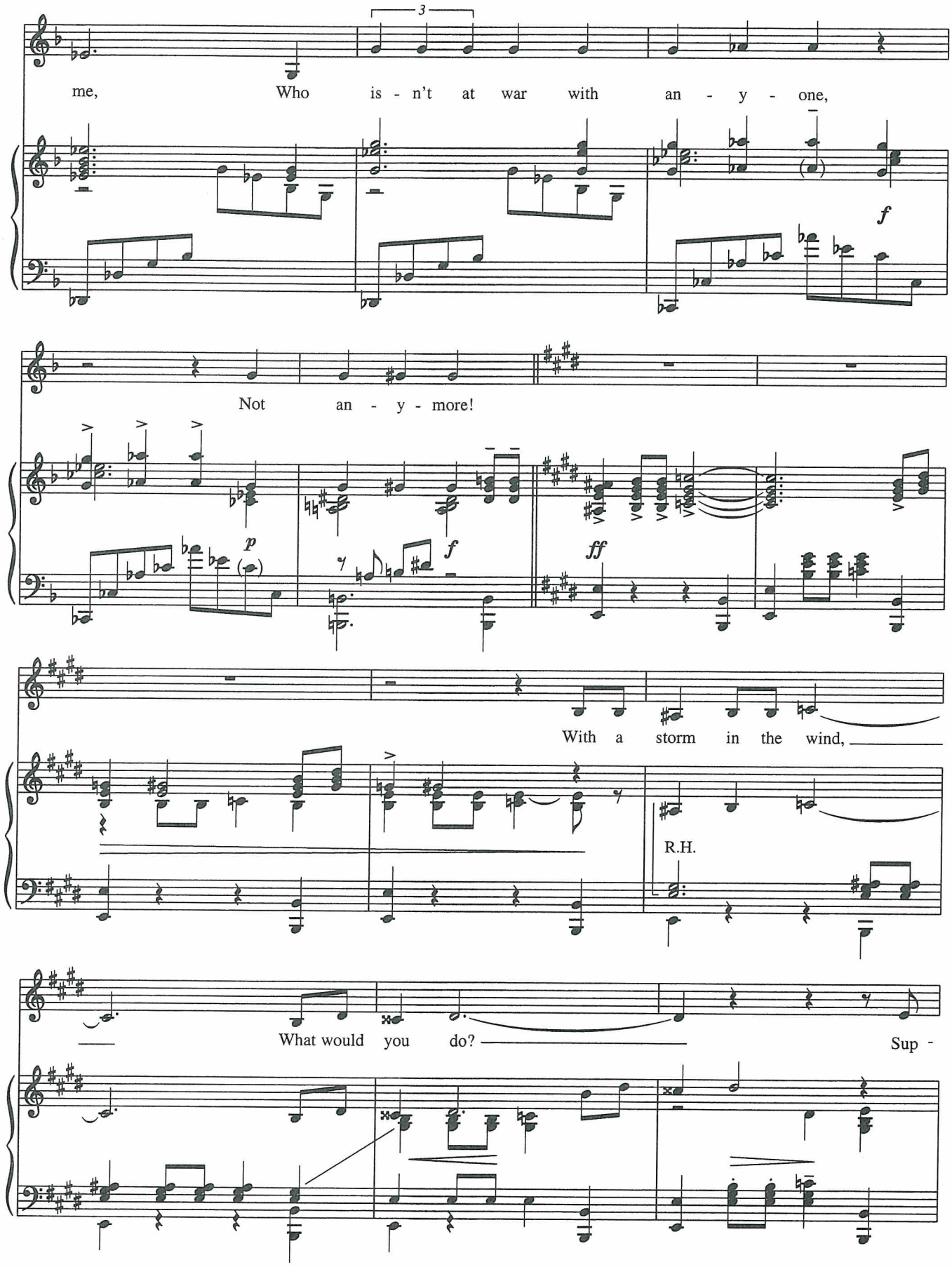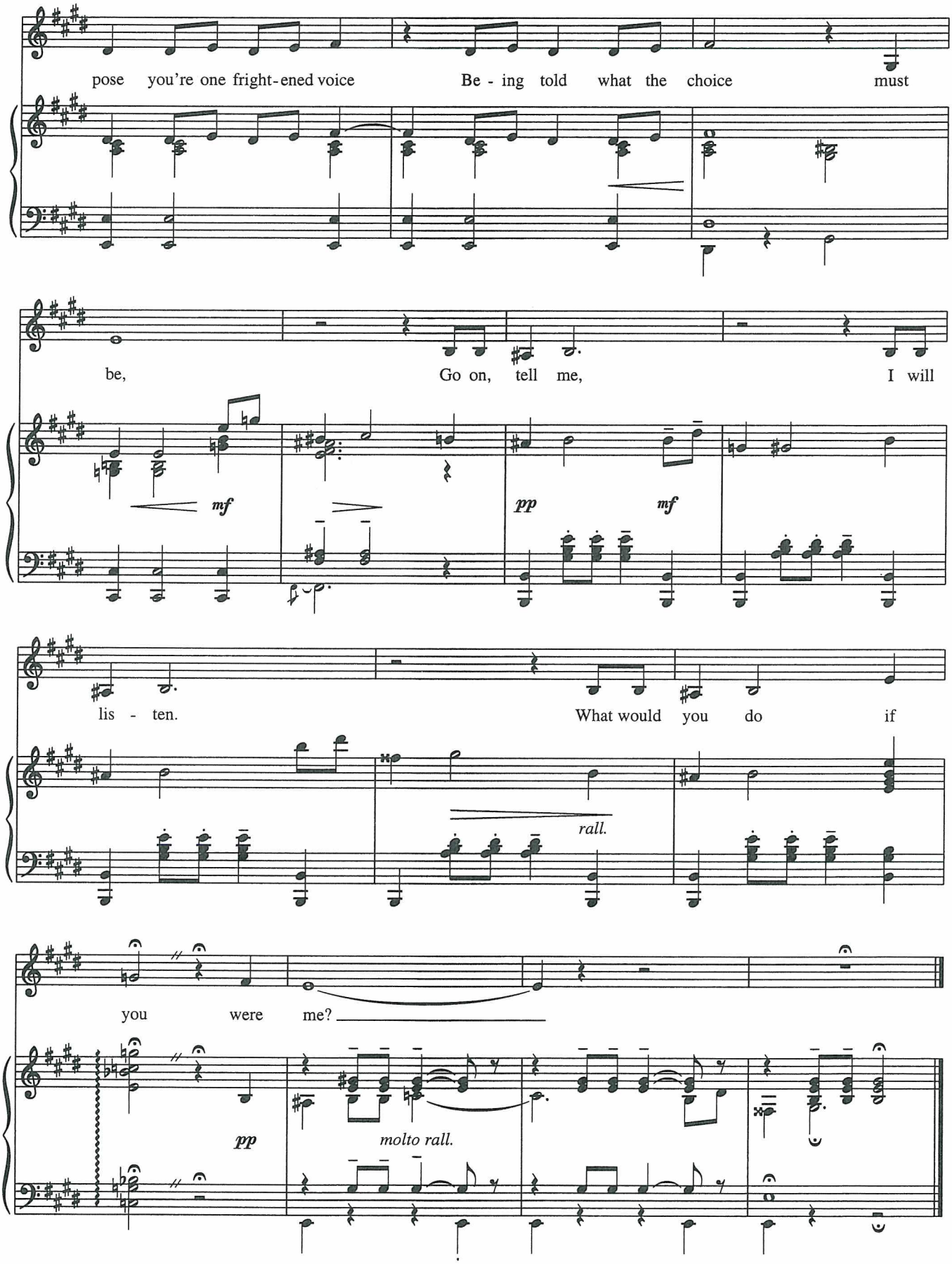


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The young al-ways have the cure, Be-ing brave, be-ing sure And
poco rit.
free. But i - mag - ine if you were
simile
a tempo
With freedom
me, A - lone like me And
legato
this is the on - ly world I know. Some rooms to let, The


sum of a life - time, e - ven so, I'll take your ad - vice.
R.H.
What would you do? Would you pay the price?
What would you do? Sup - pose sim-ply keep-ing still
Means you man - age un - til the end?
poco rall.
a tempo


più mosso
What would you do, My brave, young friend?
With freedom
Grown old like me, With
quasi harp
nei - ther the will nor wish to run. Grown tired like
me, Who hur - ries for bed when day is done. Grown wise like
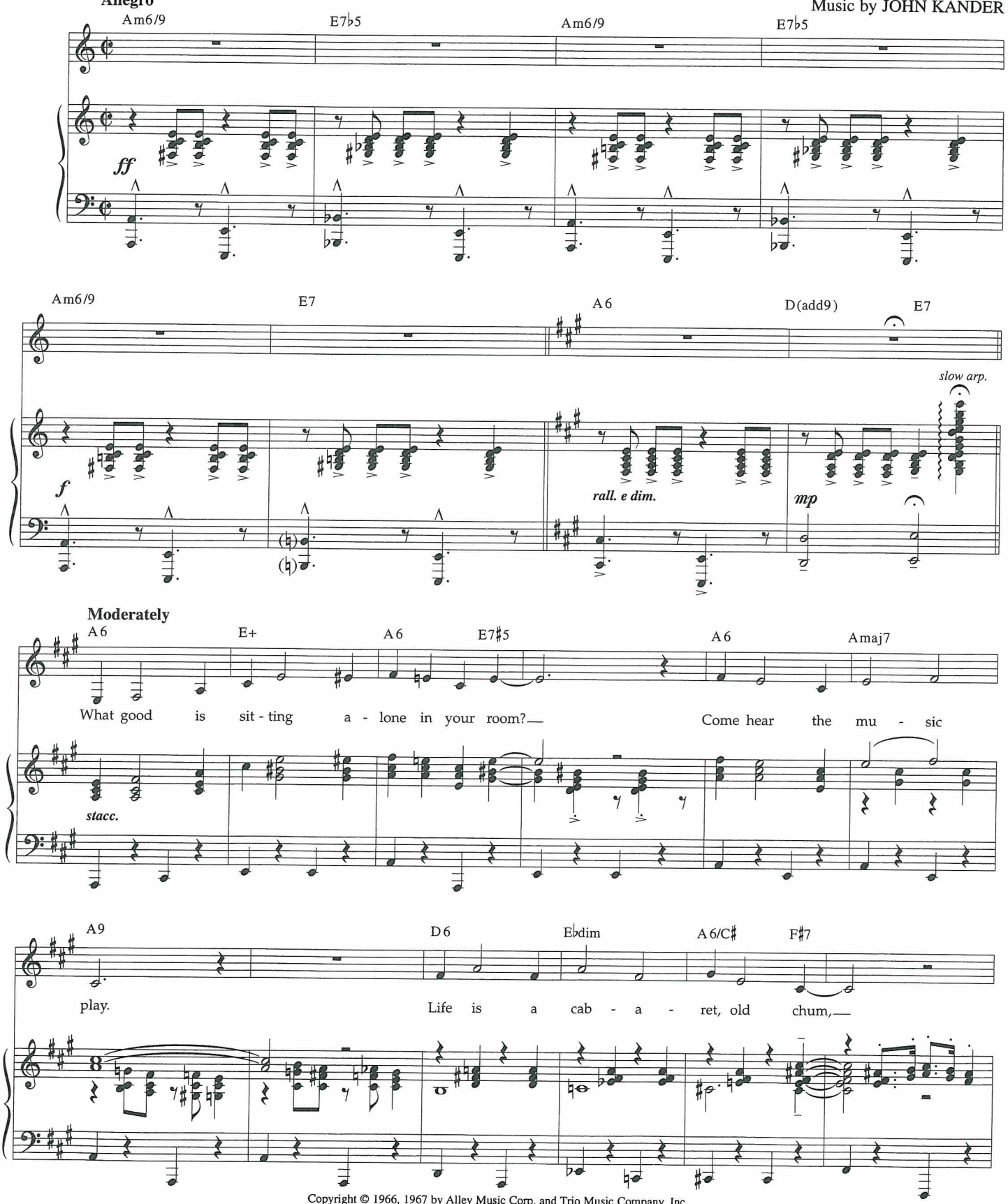

3
me, Who is - n't at war with an - y - one,
f
Not an - y - more!
p
f
ff
With a storm in the wind,
R.H.
What would you do?
Sup -


pose you're one fright-ened voice Be - ing told what the choice must
be, Go on, tell me, I will
mf
pp
mf
lis - ten. What would you do if
rall.
you were me?
pp
molto rall.
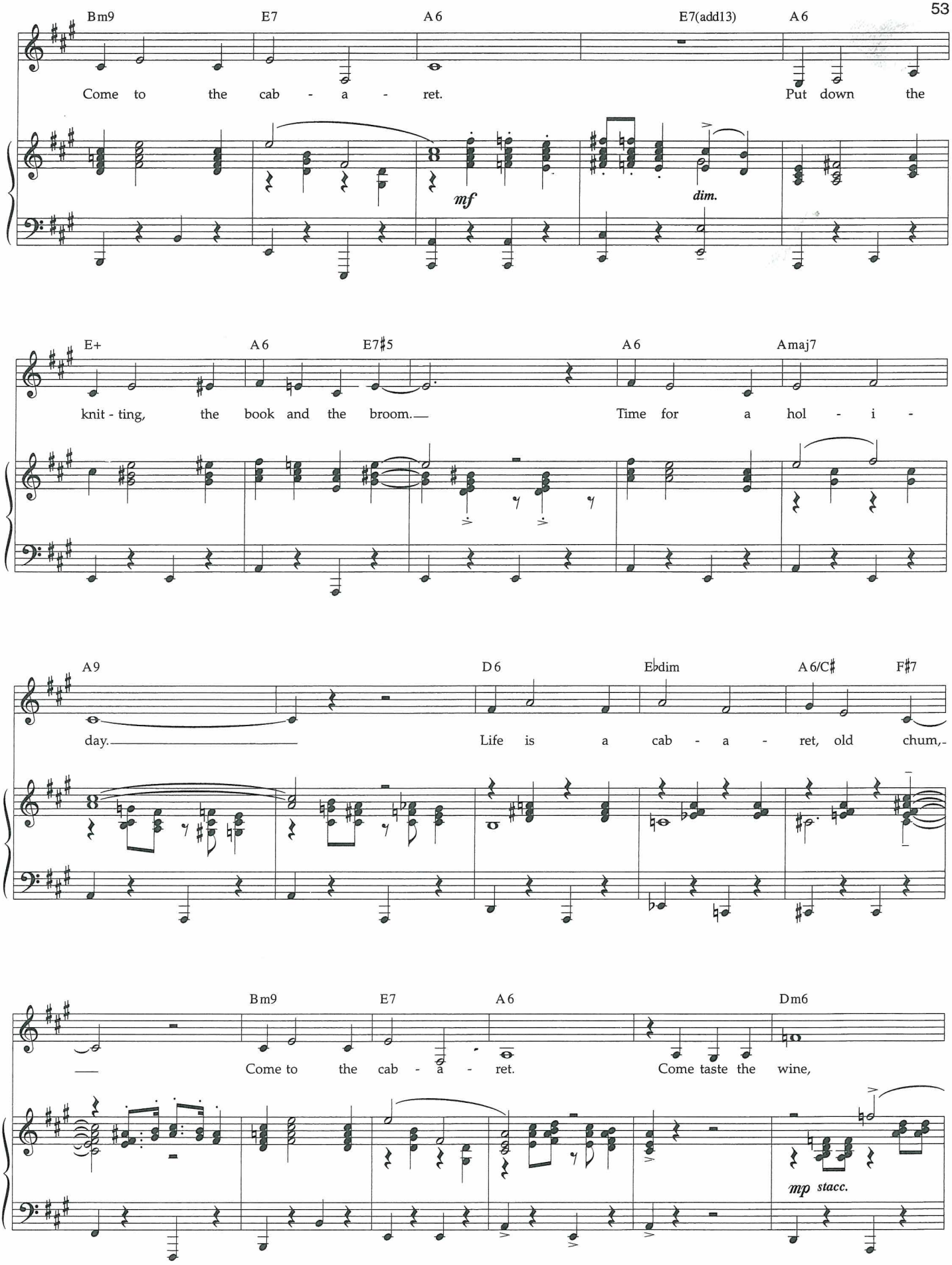
CABARET
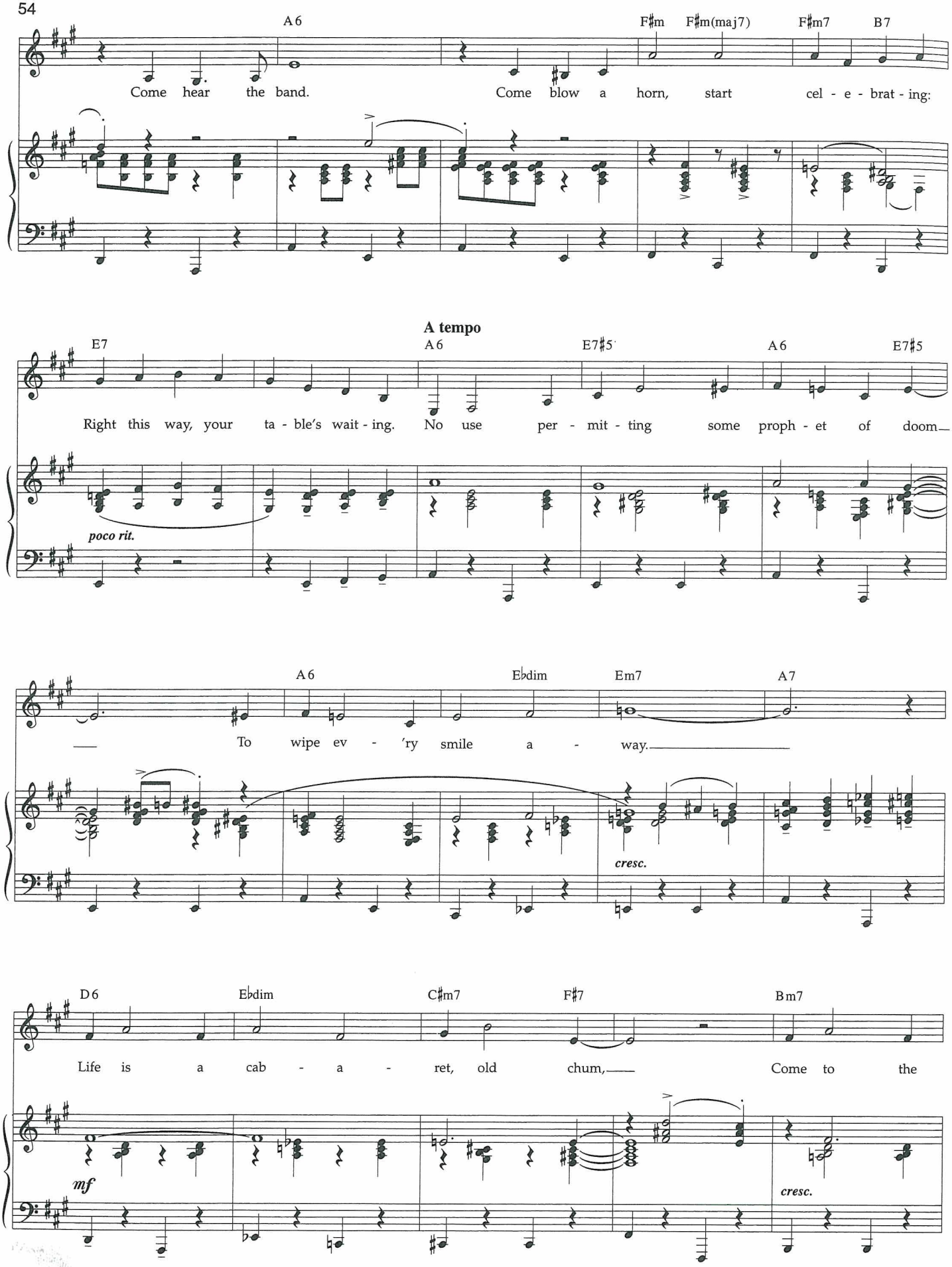
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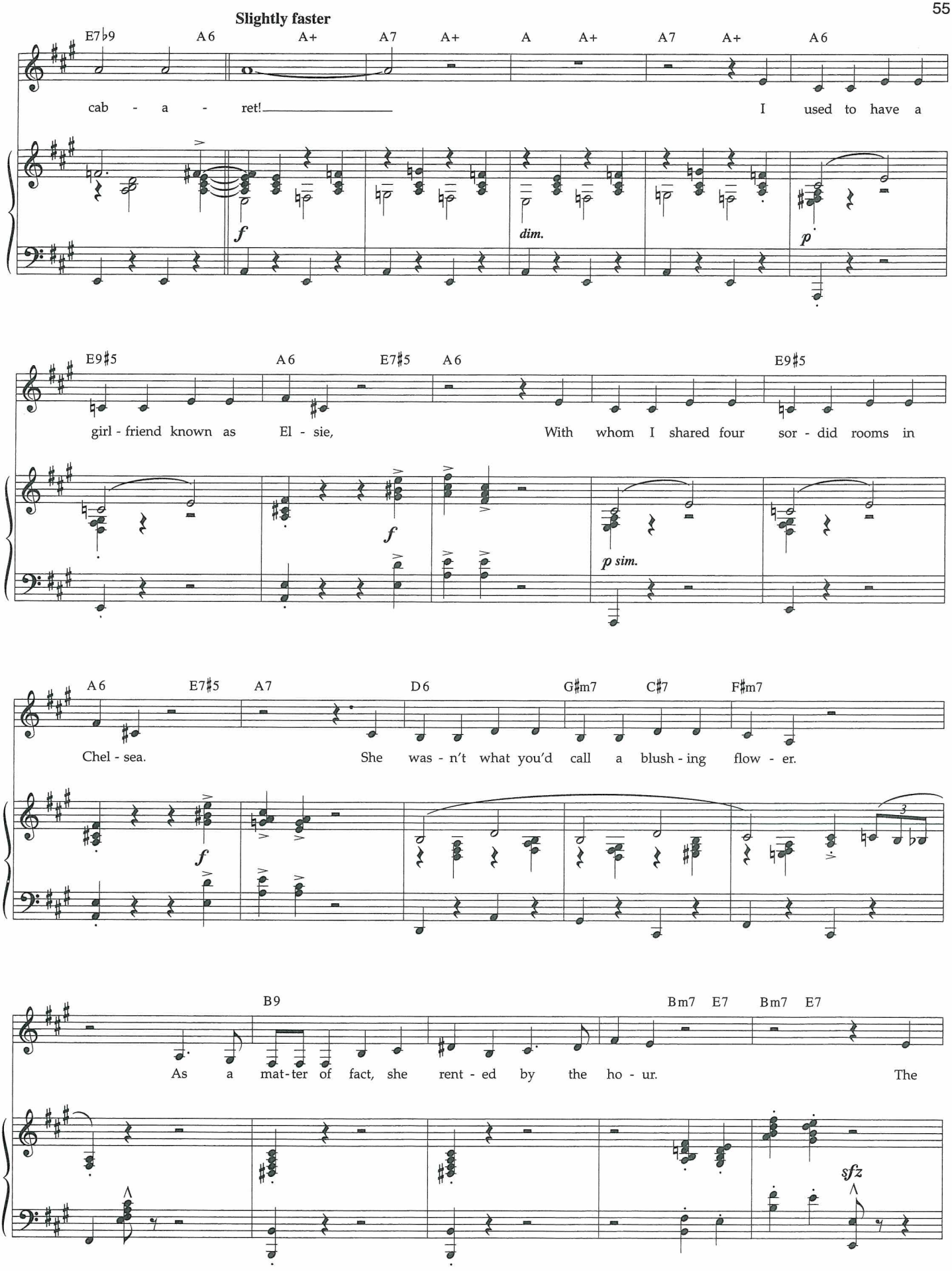
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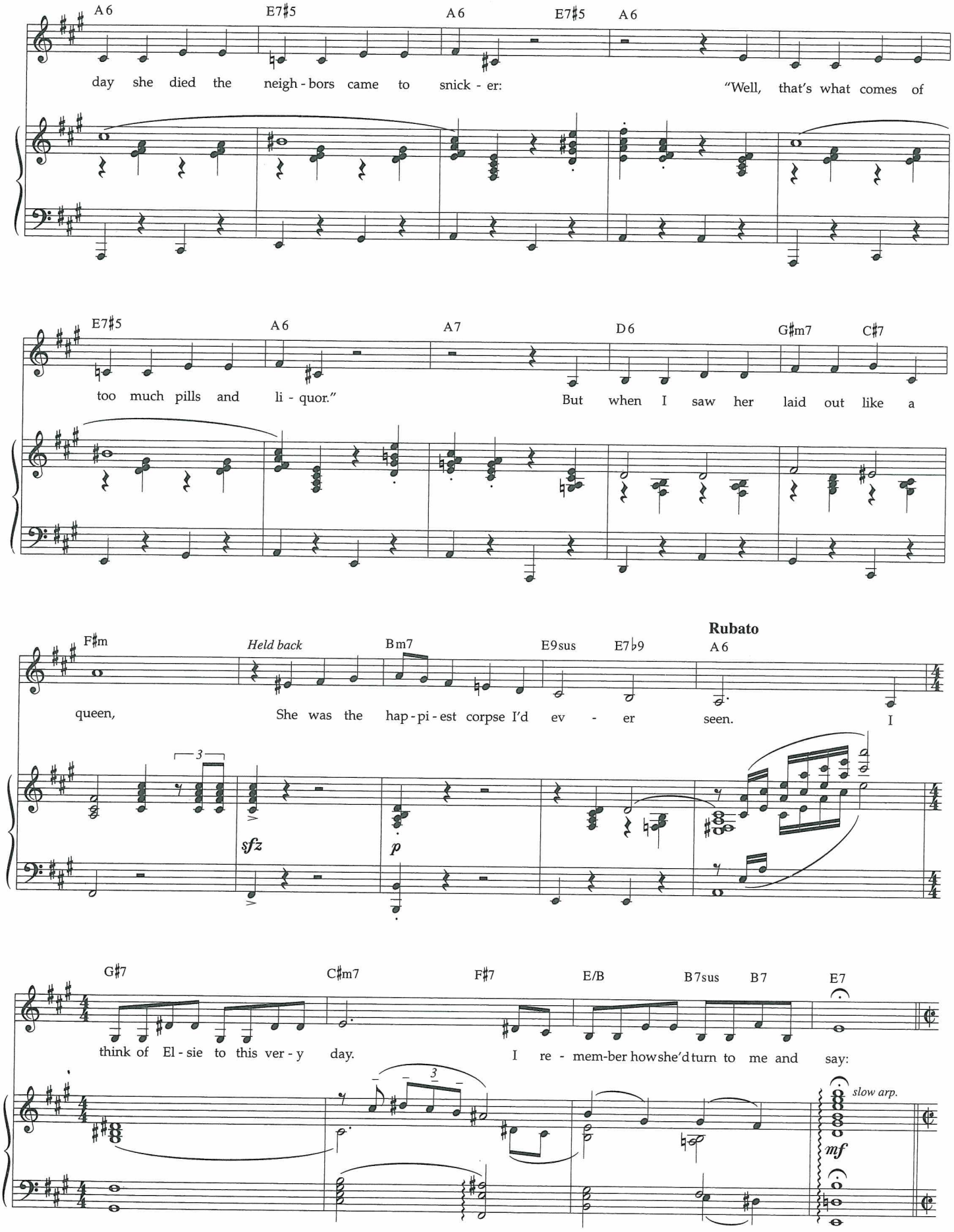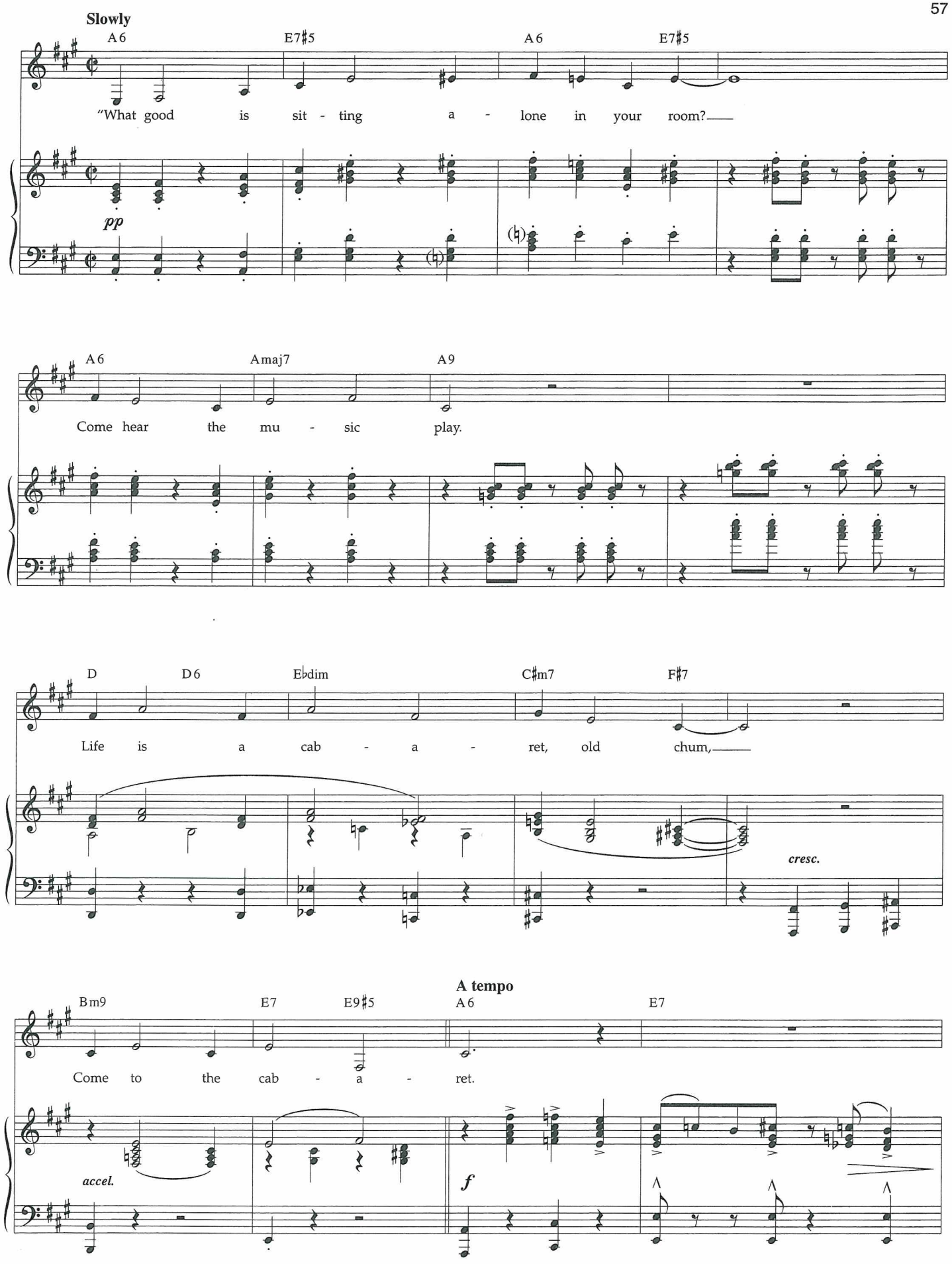


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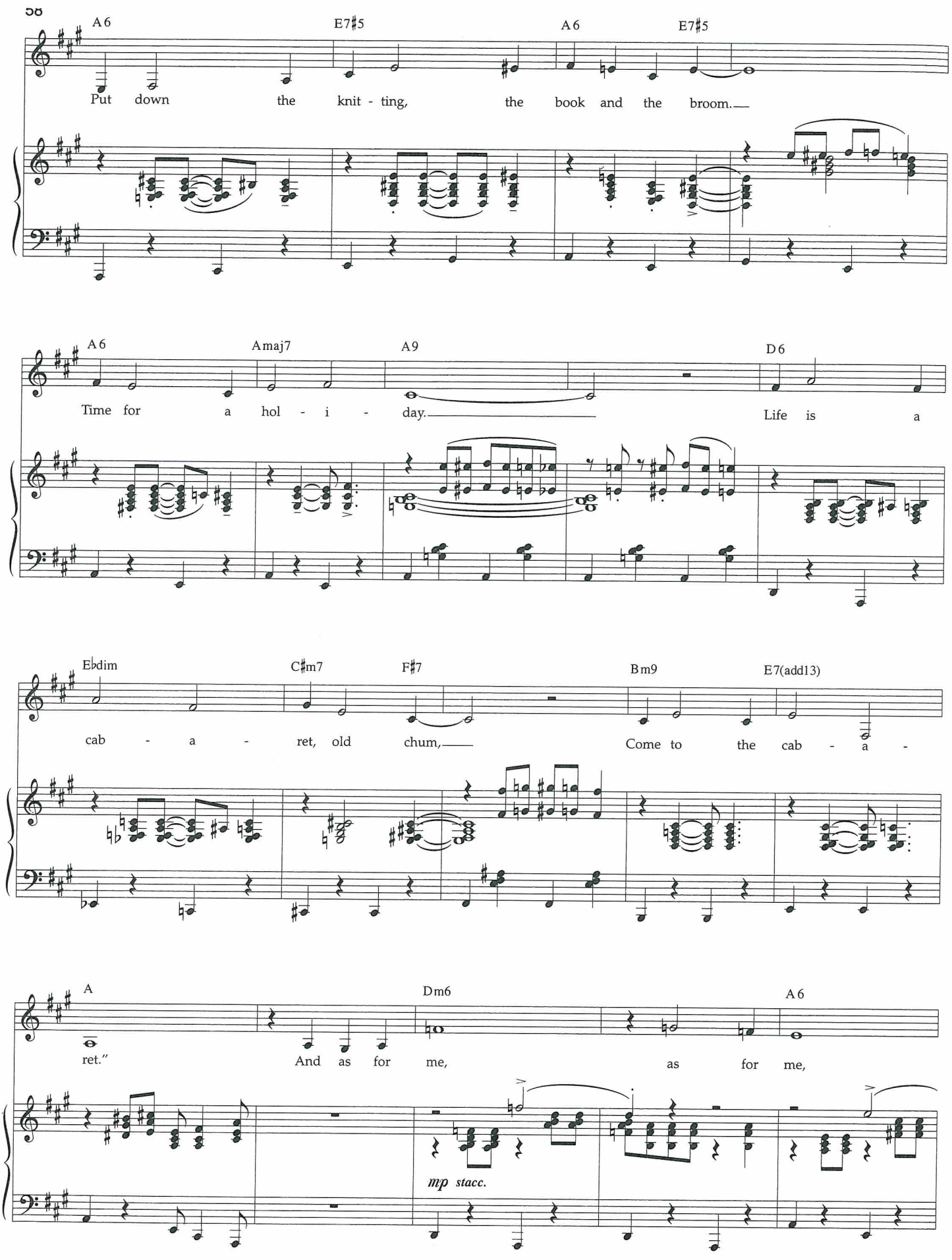

Bm9
E7
A6
E7(add13)
A6
Come to the cab - a - ret.
Put down the
mf
dim.
E+
A6
E7♯5
A6
Amaj7
knit - ting, the book and the broom.—
Time for a hol - i -
A9
D6
E♭dim
A6/C♯
F♯7
day.—
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,-
Bm9
E7
A6
Dm6
—
Come to the cab - a - ret.
Come taste the wine,
mp stacc.
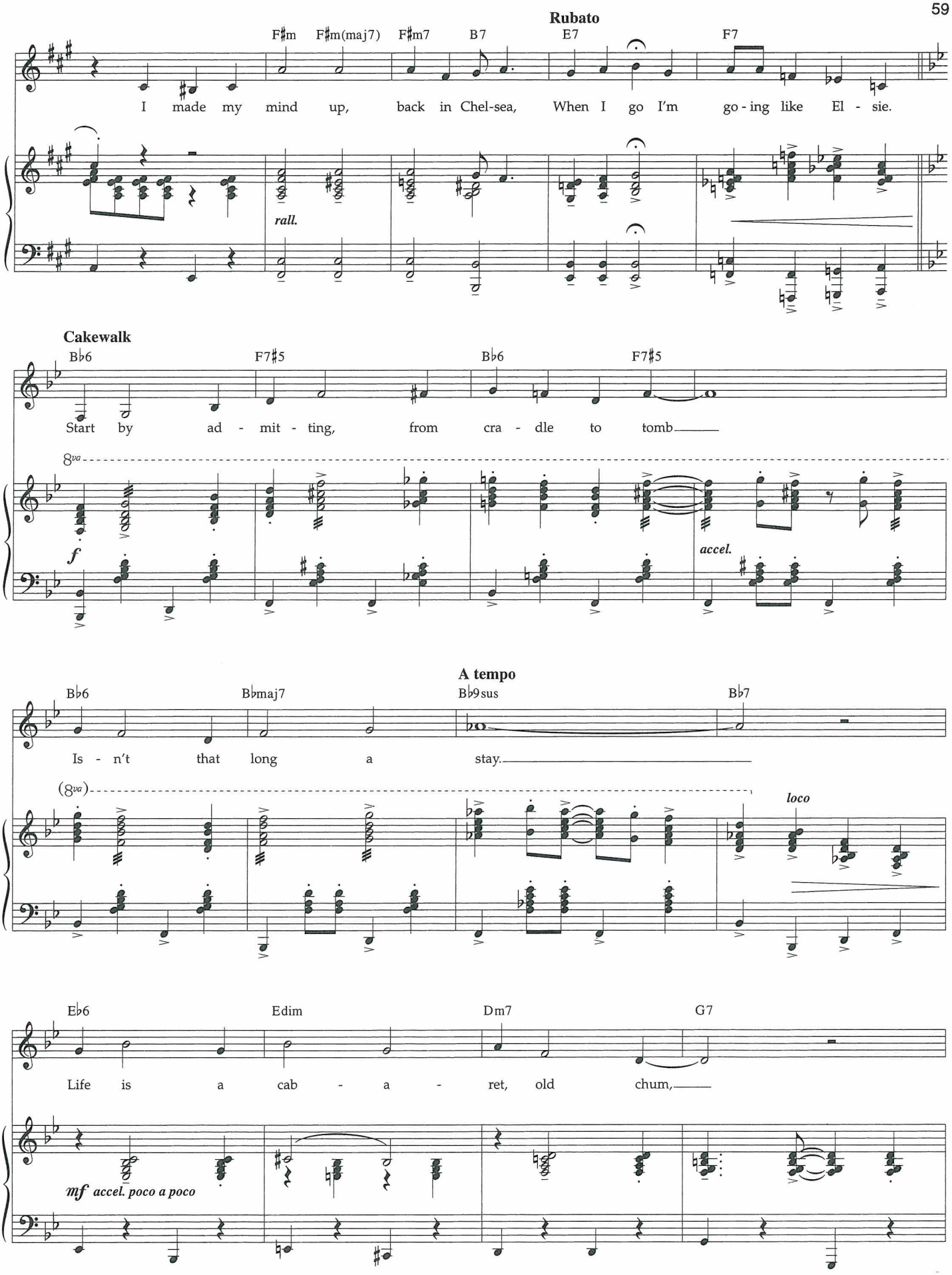

A6
F♯m
F♯m(maj7)
F♯m7
B7
Come hear the band.
Come blow a horn, start cel - e - brat - ing:
A tempo
E7
A6
E7♯5
A6
E7♯5
Right this way, your ta - ble's wait - ing.
No use per - mit - ting some proph - et of doom—
poco rit.
A6
E♭dim
Em7
A7
— To wipe ev - 'ry smile a - way.—
cresc.
D6
E♭dim
C♯m7
F♯7
Bm7
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,—
Come to the
mf
cresc.
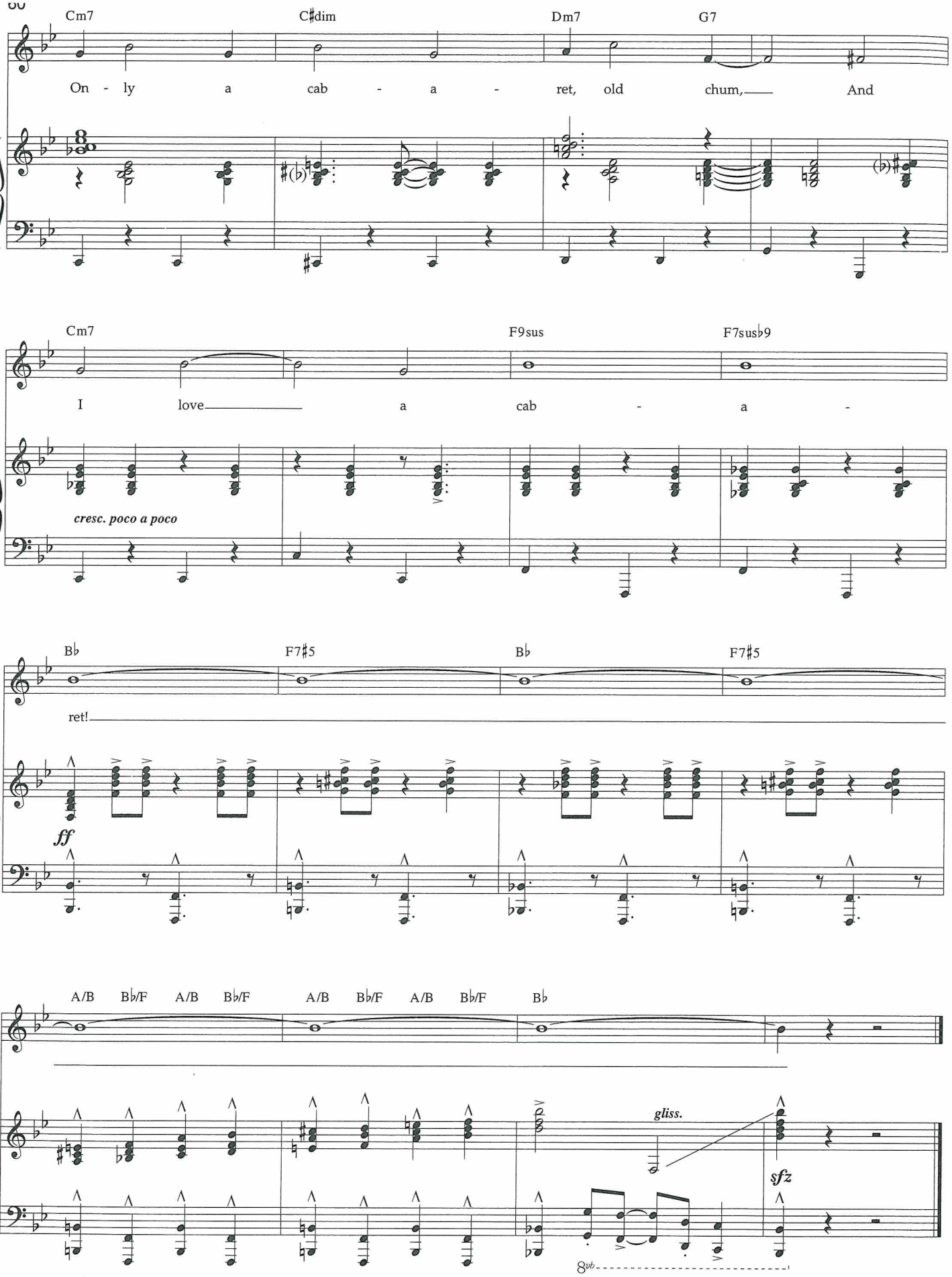

Slightly faster
E7♭9 A6 A+ A7 A+ A A+ A7 A+ A6
cab - a - ret! I used to have a
f dim. p
E9♯5 A6 E7♯5 A6 E9♯5
girl - friend known as El - sie, With whom I shared four sor - did rooms in
f p sim.
A6 E7♯5 A7 D6 G♯m7 C♯7 F♯m7
Chel - sea. She was - n't what you'd call a blush - ing flow - er.
f
B9 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
As a mat - ter of fact, she rent - ed by the ho - ur. The
sfz


A6 E7♯5 A6 E7♯5 A6
day she died the neigh - bors came to snick - er: "Well, that's what comes of
E7♯5 A6 A7 D6 G♯m7 C♯7
too much pills and li - quor." But when I saw her laid out like a
F♯m Held back B m7 E9sus E7♭9 A6 Rubato
queen, She was the hap - pi - est corpse I'd ev - er seen. I
3
sfz
p
G♯7 C♯m7 F♯7 E/B B7sus B7 E7
think of El - sie to this ver - y day. I re - mem-ber how she'd turn to me and say:
3
slow arp.
mf


Slowly
A6
E7♯5
A6
E7♯5
"What good is sit - ting a - lone in your room?
pp
A6
Amaj7
A9
Come hear the mu - sic play.
D
D6
E♭dim
C♯m7
F♯7
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,
cresc.
A tempo
B m9
E7
E9♯5
A6
E7
Come to the cab - a - ret.
accel.
f


A6
E7♯5
A6
E7♯5
Put down the knit - ting, the book and the broom.
A6
Amaj7
A9
D6
Time for a hol - i - day.
Life is a
E♭dim
C♯m7
F♯7
Bm9
E7(add13)
cab - a - ret, old chum,
Come to the cab - a -
A
Dm6
A6
ret."
And as for me,
as for me,
mp stacc.
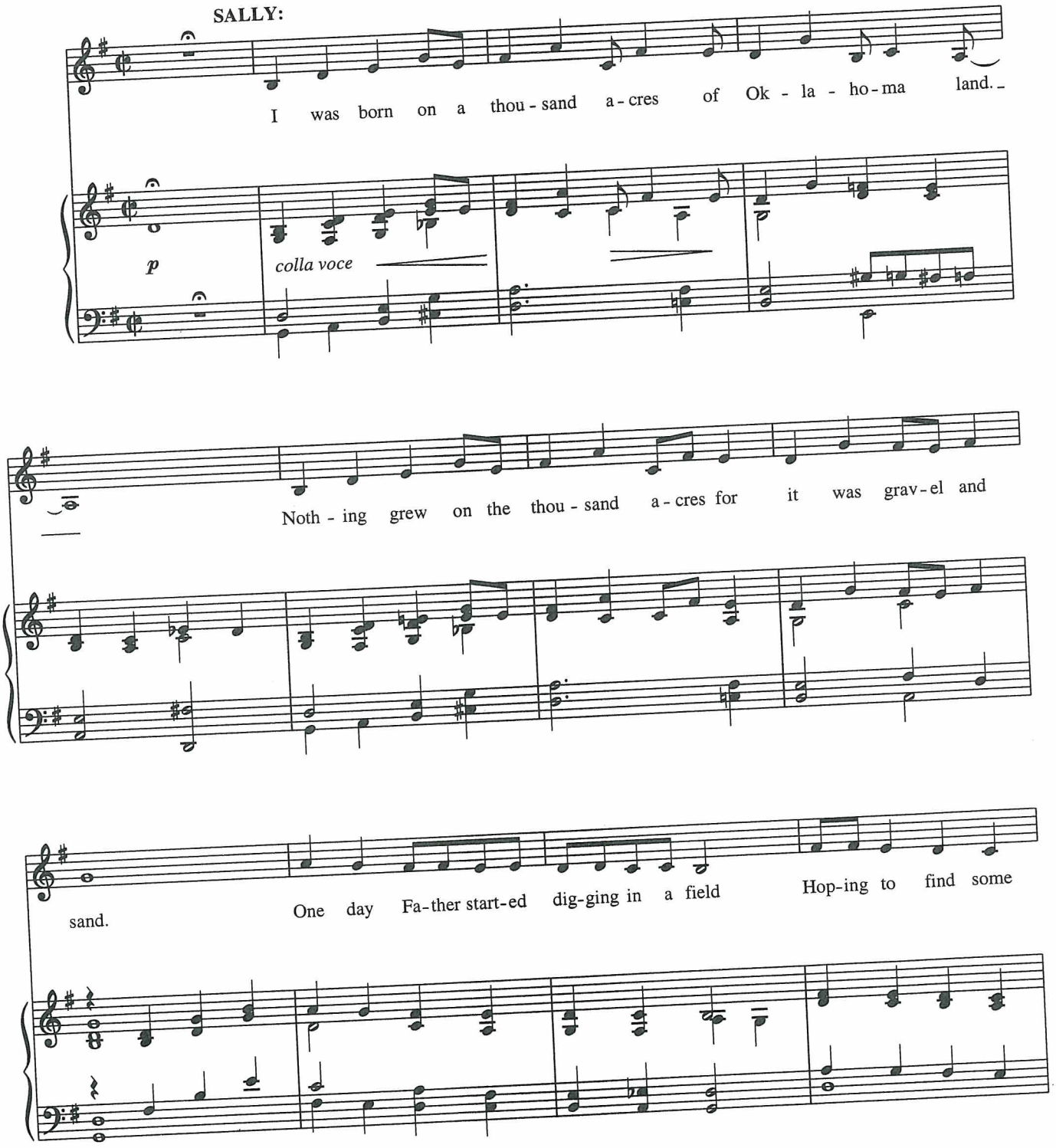

Rubato
F♯m F♯m(maj7) F♯m7 B7 E7 F7
I made my mind up, back in Chel-sea, When I go I'm go - ing like El - sie.
rall.
Cakewalk
B♭6 F7♯5 B♭6 F7♯5
Start by ad - mit - ting, from cra - dle to tomb
8va
f
accel.
A tempo
B♭6 B♭maj7 B♭9sus B♭7
Is - n't that long a stay.
(8va)
loco
E♭6 Edim Dm7 G7
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,
mf accel. poco a poco


Cm7
C♯dim
Dm7
G7
On - ly a cab - a - ret, old chum, And
Cm7
F9sus
F7sus♭9
I love a cab - a -
cresc. poco a poco
B♭
F7♯5
B♭
F7♯5
ret!
ff
A/B
B♭/F
A/B
B♭/F
A/B
B♭/F
A/B
B♭/F
B♭
gliss.
sfz
8vb
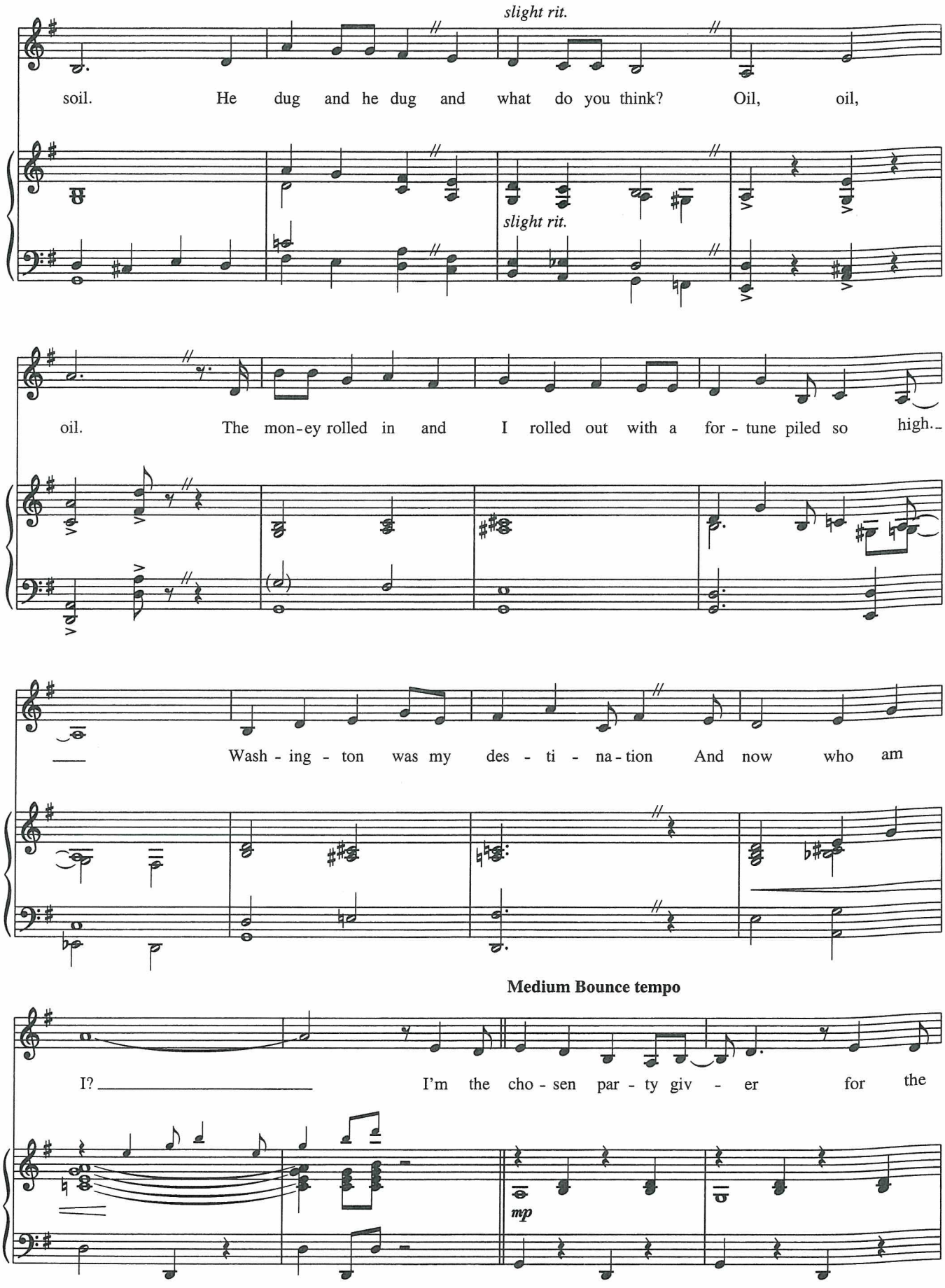
THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTES' ON THE BALL
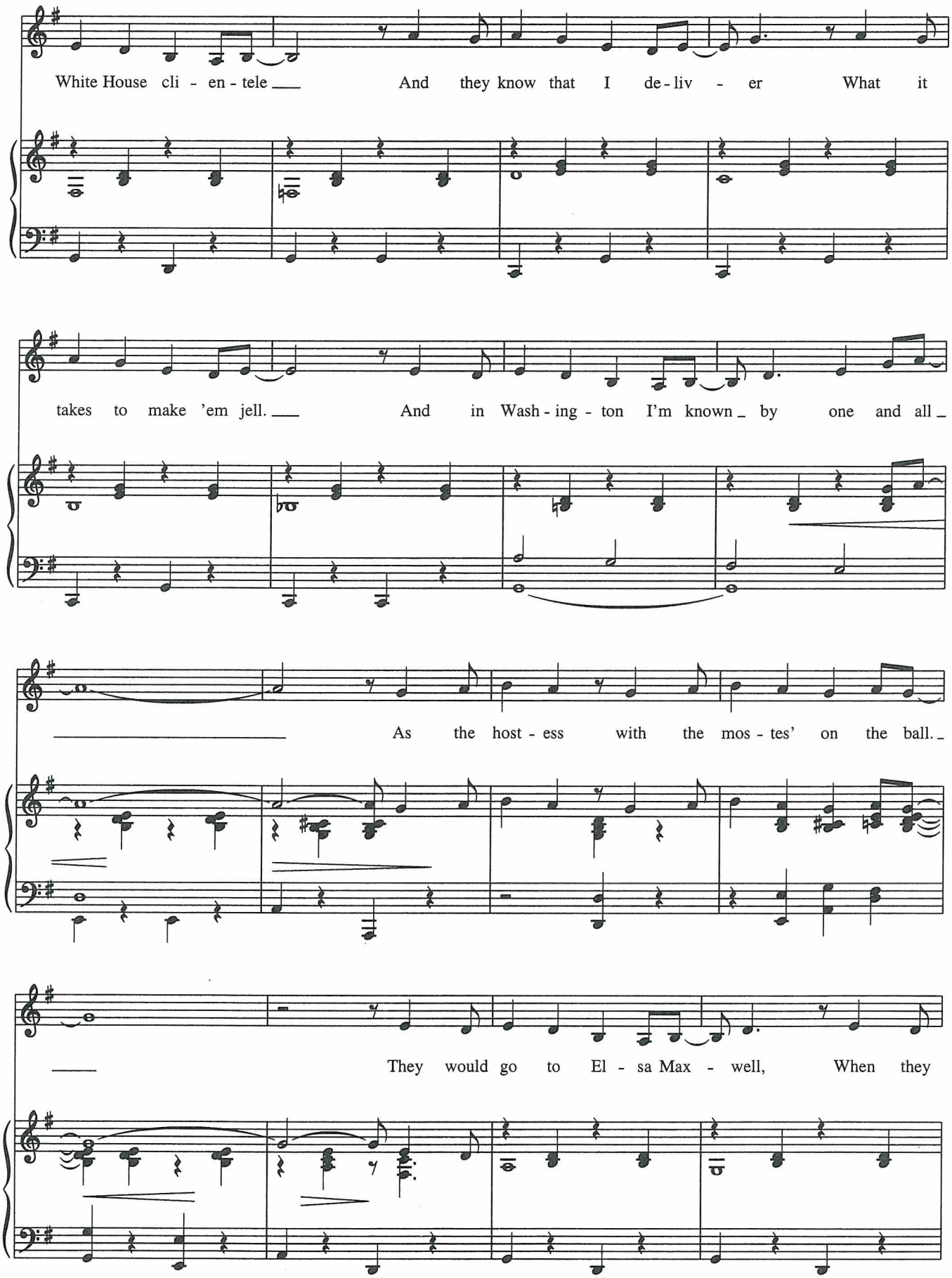
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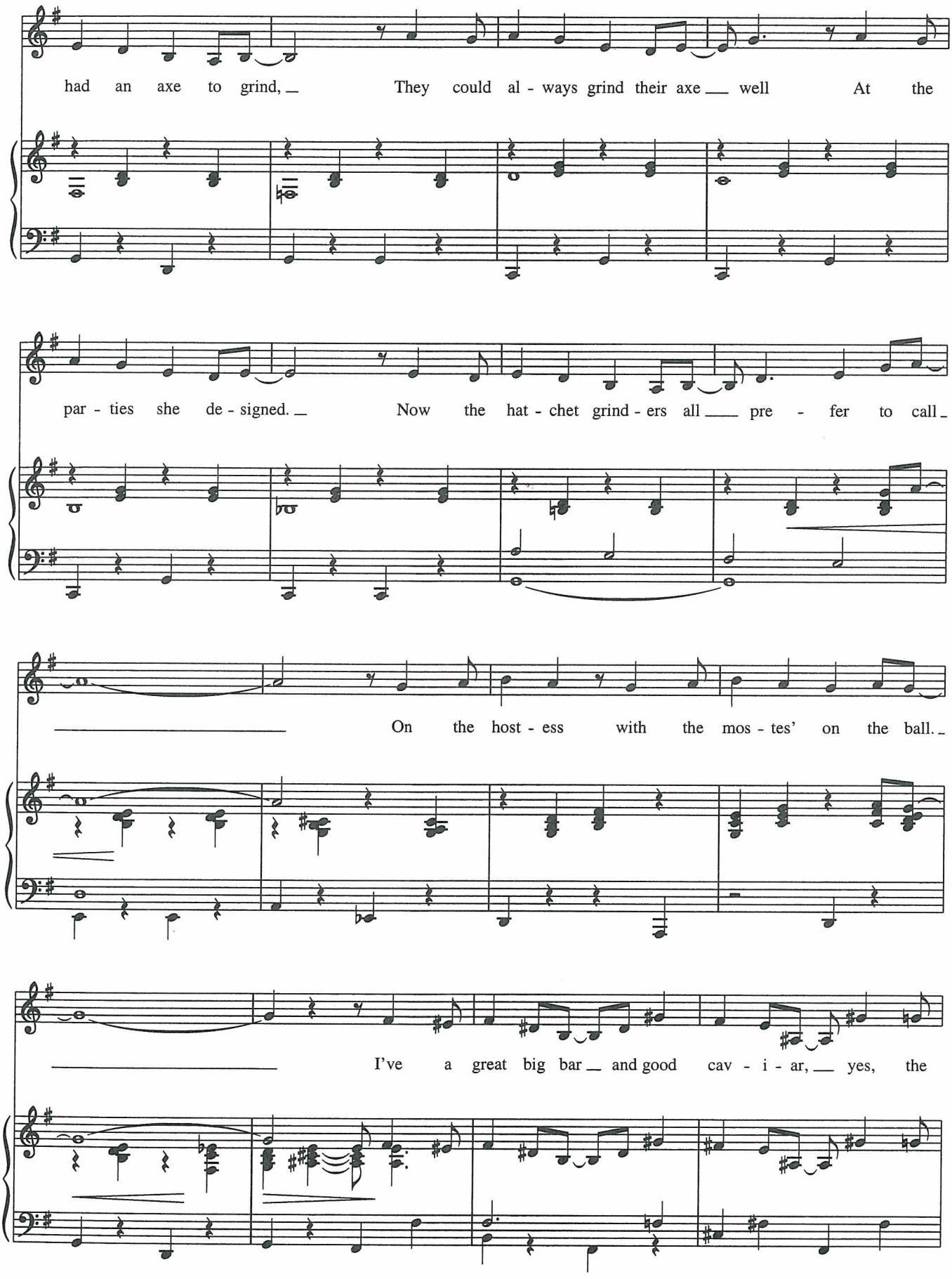
Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN
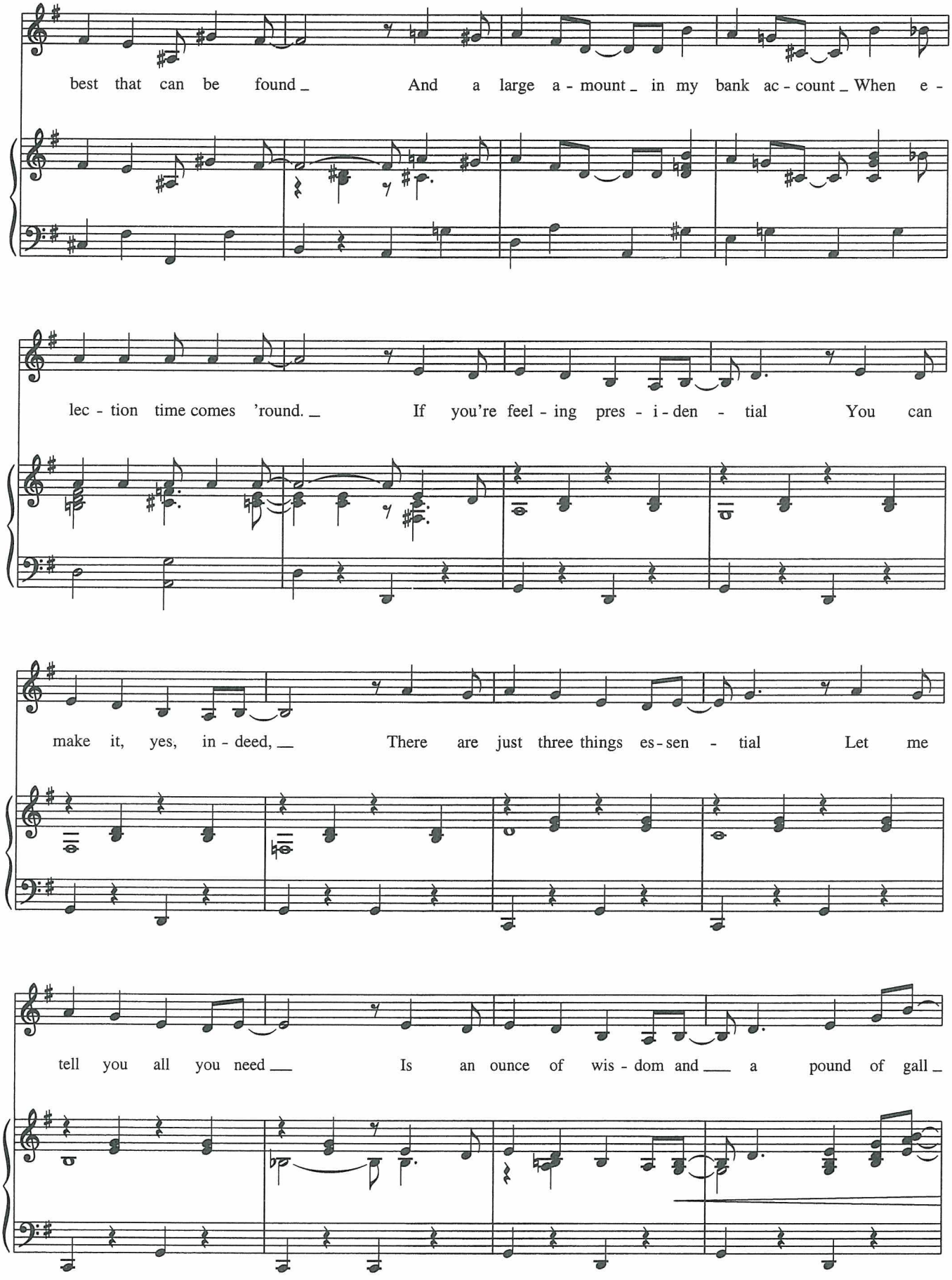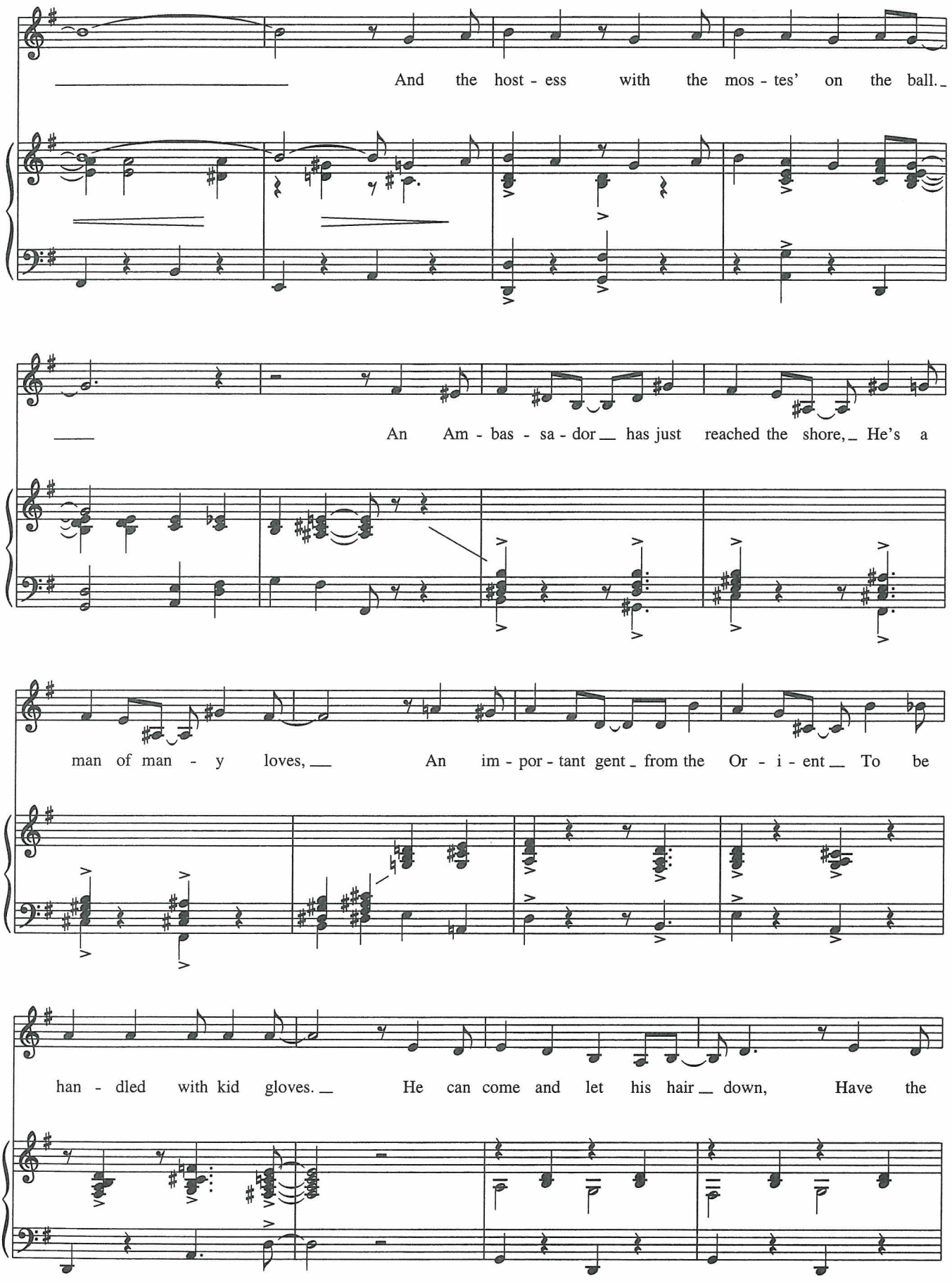


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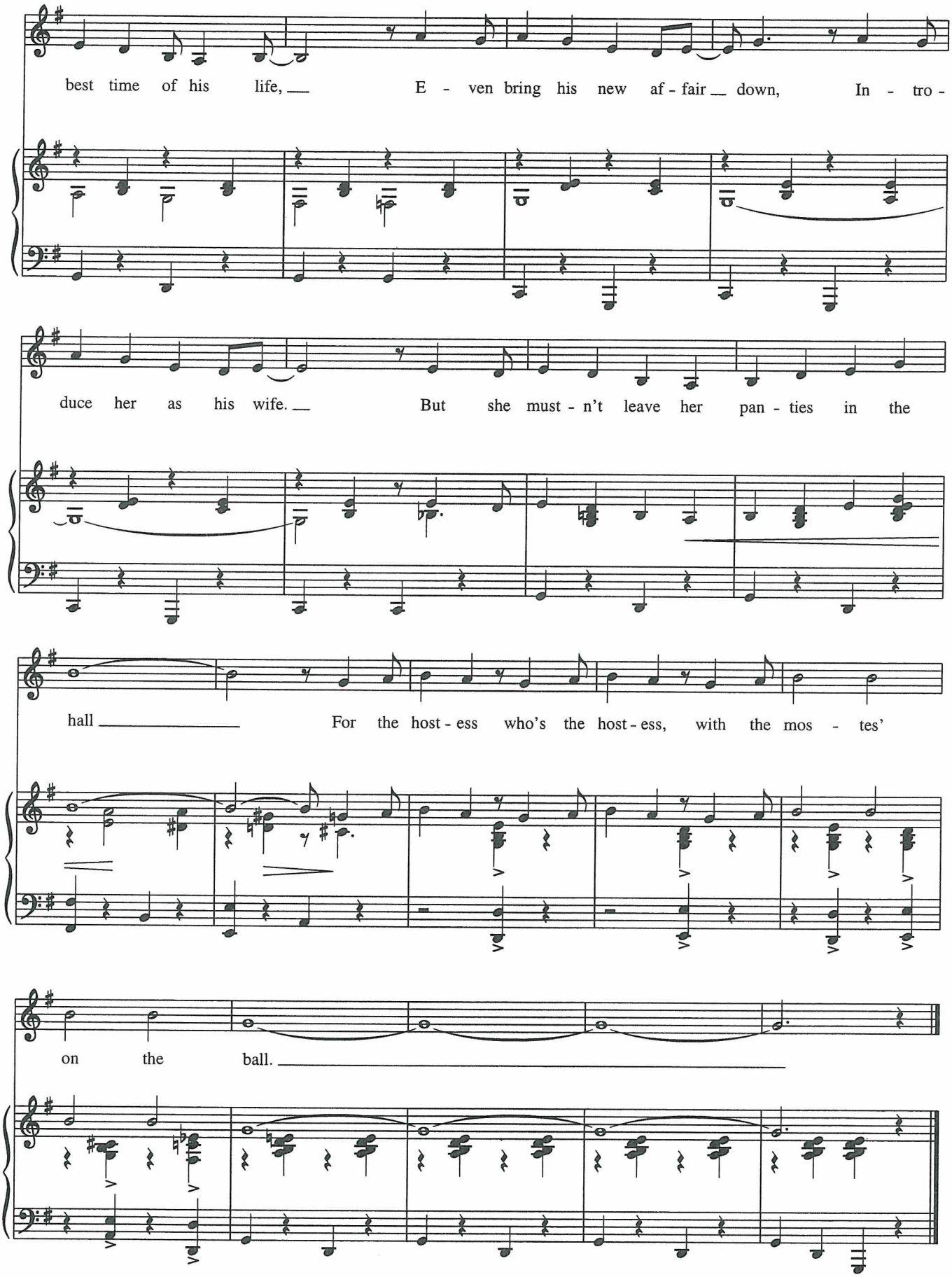

slight rit.
soil. He dug and he dug and what do you think? Oil, oil,
slight rit.
oil. The mon-ey rolled in and I rolled out with a for-tune piled so high.
Wash-ing-ton was my des-ti-na-tion And now who am
Medium Bounce tempo
I? I'm the cho-sen par-ty giv-er for the
mp


White House cli - en - tele
And they know that I de - liv - er What it
takes to make 'em jell.
And in Wash - ing - ton I'm known by one and all
As the host - ess with the mos - tes' on the ball.
They would go to El - sa Max - well, When they


had an axe to grind, They could al - ways grind their axe well At the
par - ties she de - signed. Now the hat - chet grind - ers all pre - fer to call
On the host - ess with the mos - tes' on the ball.
I've a great big bar and good cav - i - ar, yes, the


best that can be found _ And a large a - mount _ in my bank ac - count _ When e -
lec - tion time comes 'round. _ If you're feel - ing pres - i - den - tial You can
make it, yes, in - deed, __ There are just three things es - sen - tial Let me
tell you all you need __ Is an ounce of wis - dom and __ a pound of gall _
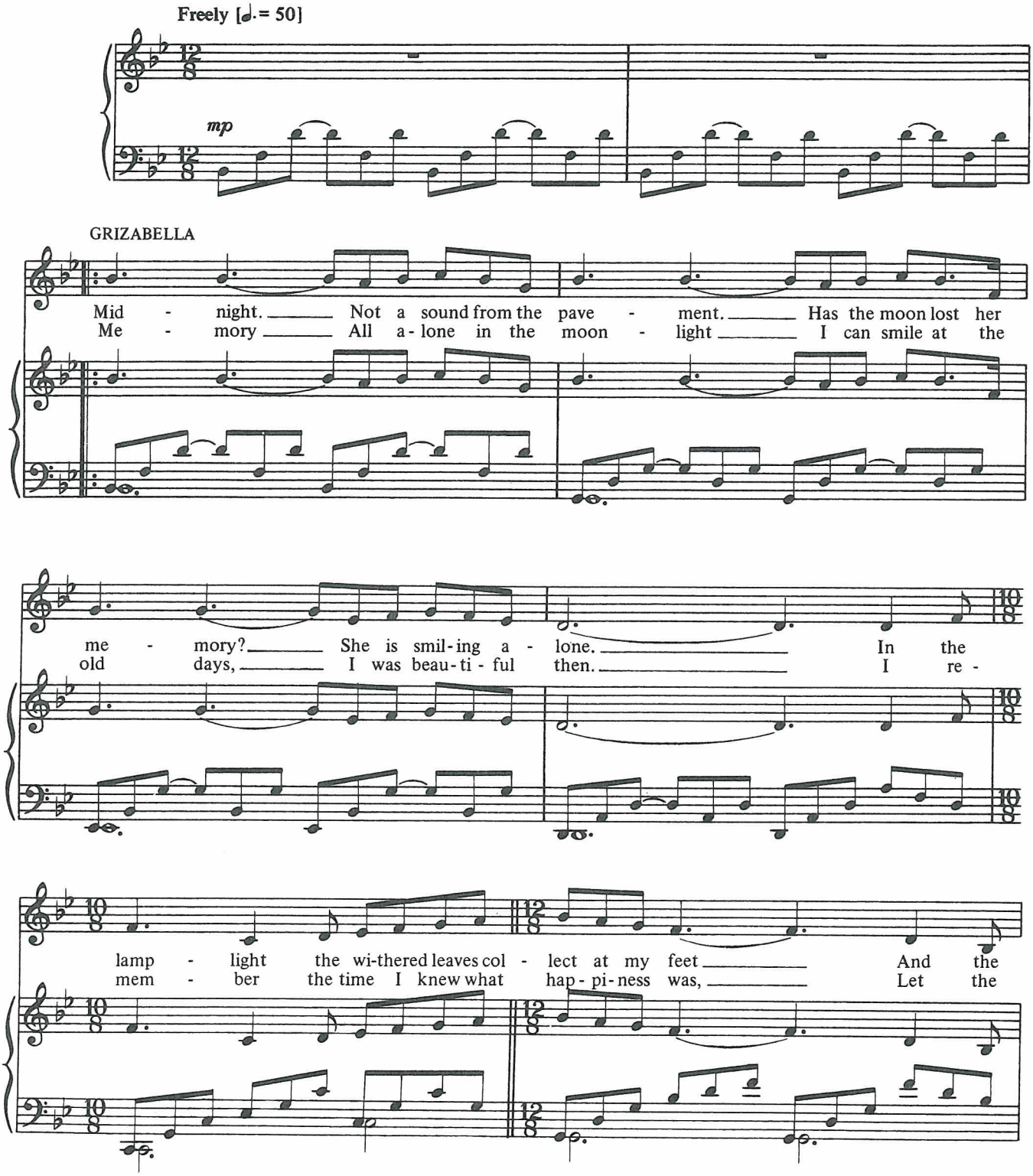

And the host - ess with the mos - tes' on the ball.
An Am - bas - sa - dor has just reached the shore, He's a
man of man - y loves, An im - por - tant gent from the Or - i - ent To be
han - dled with kid gloves. He can come and let his hair down, Have the


best time of his life, E - ven bring his new af - fair down, In - tro -
duce her as his wife. But she must - n't leave her pan - ties in the
hall For the host - ess who's the host - ess, with the mos - tes'
on the ball.

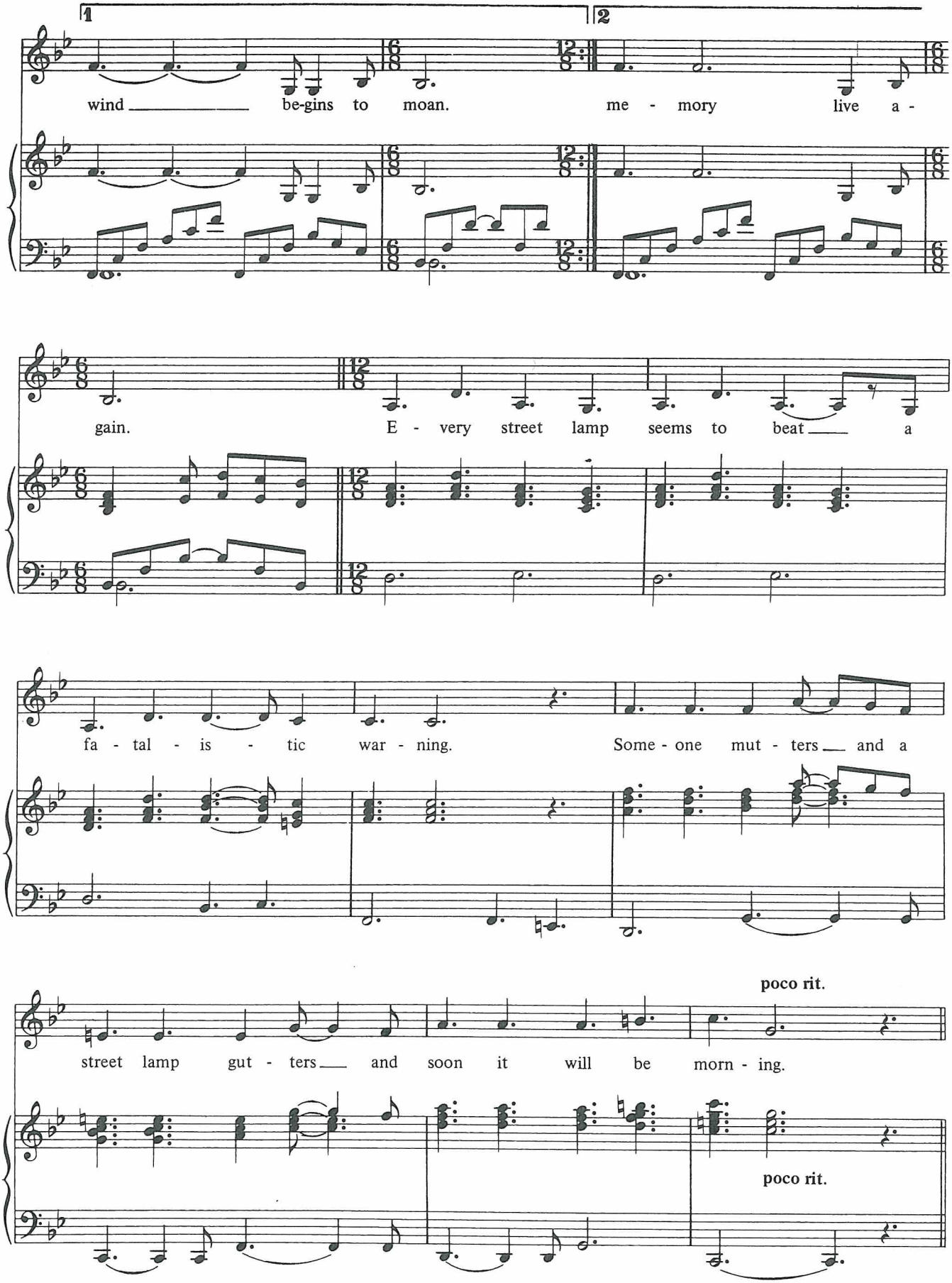
MEMORY
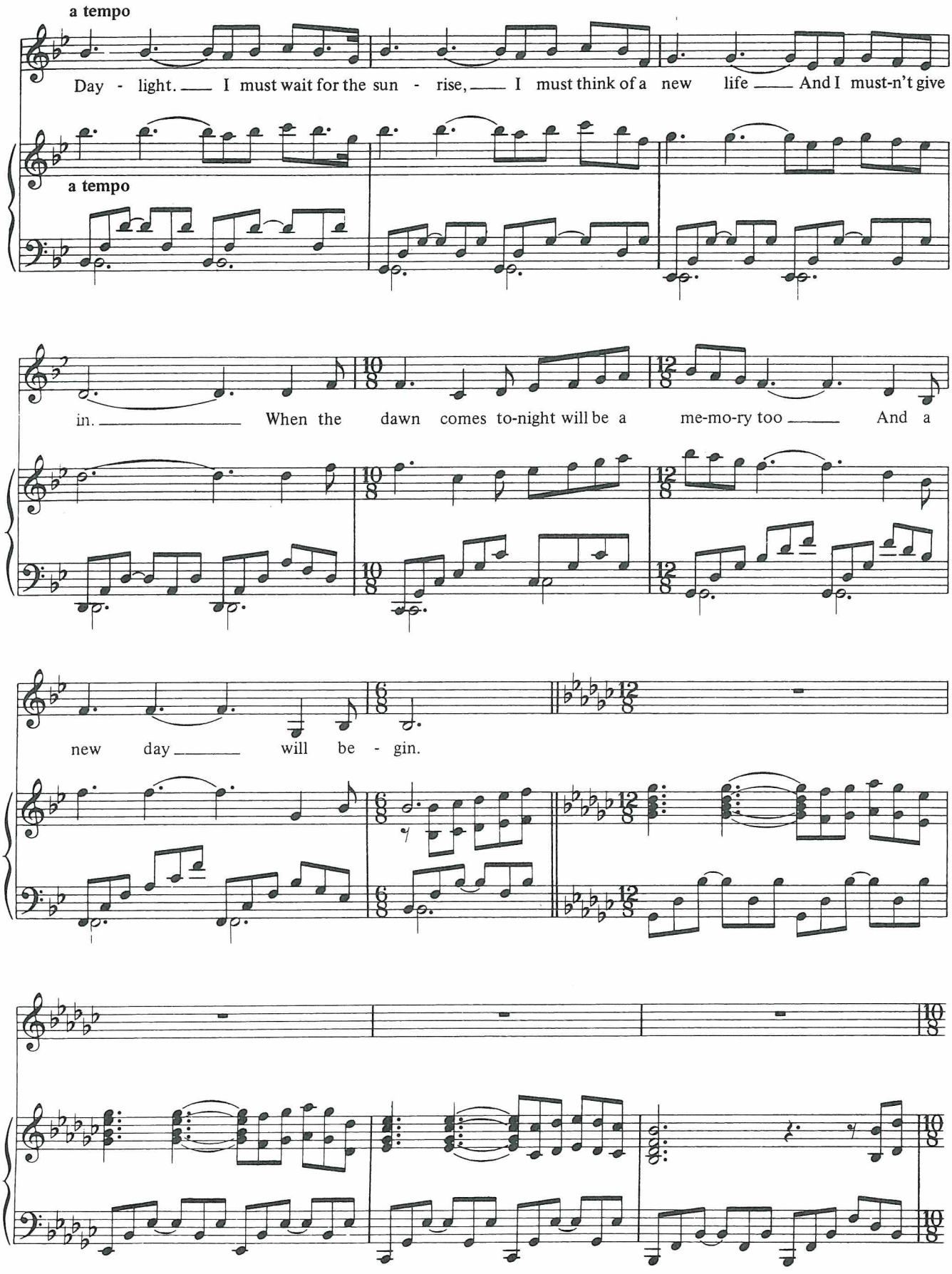
from *Cats*
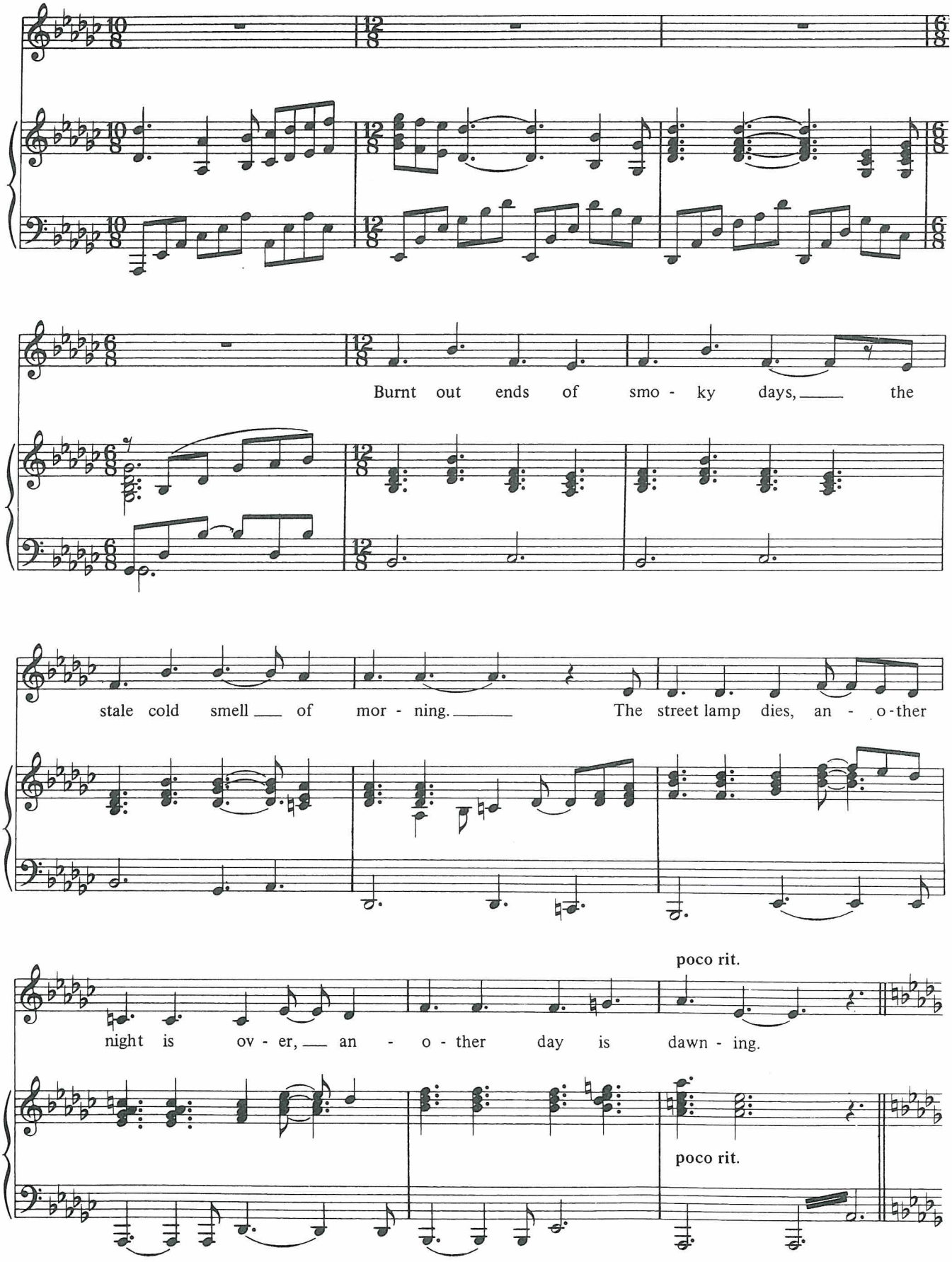
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Text by TREVOR NUNN after T.S. ELIOT

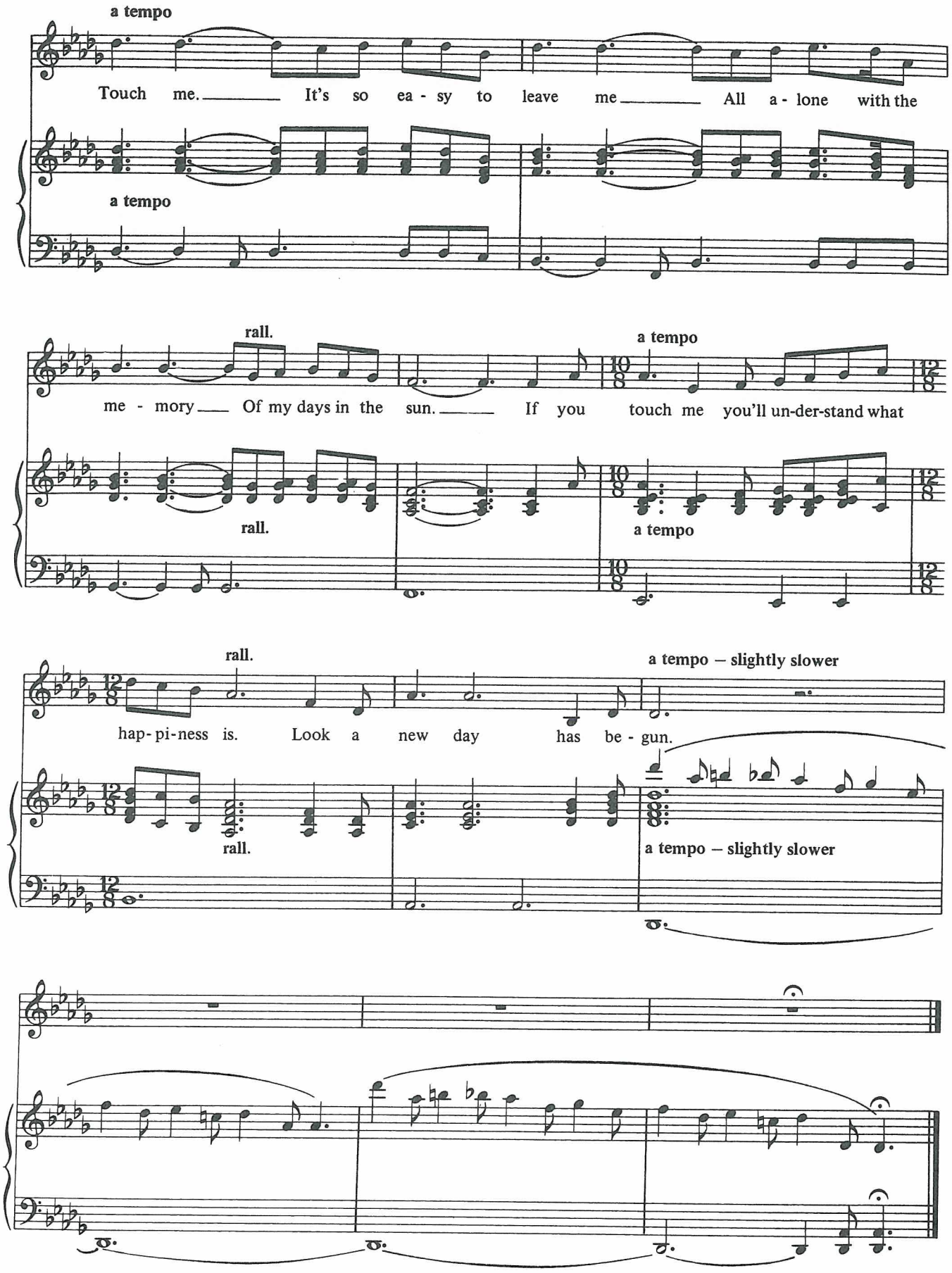


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1
2
wind be-gins to moan.
me - mory live a -
gain.
E - very street lamp seems to beat a
fa - tal - is - tic war - ning.
Some - one mut - ters and a
poco rit.
street lamp gut - ters and soon it will be morn - ing.
poco rit.


a tempo
Day - light. I must wait for the sun - rise, I must think of a new life And I must-n't give
a tempo
in. When the dawn comes to-night will be a me-mo-ry too And a
new day will be - gin.


Burnt out ends of smo - ky days, the
stale cold smell of mor - ning. The street lamp dies, an - o-ther
poco rit.
night is ov - er, an - o - ther day is dawn - ing.
poco rit.

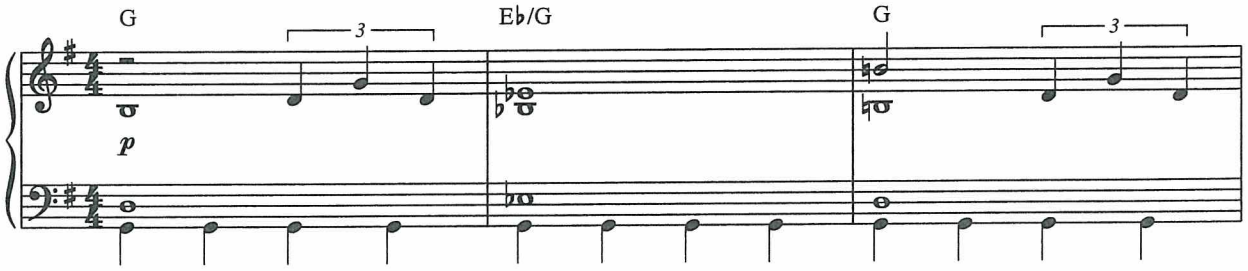

a tempo
Touch me. It's so ea - sy to leave me All a - lone with the
a tempo
rall.
me - mory Of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll un-der-stand what
rall.
a tempo
rall.
hap- pi-ness is. Look a new day has be - gun.
rall.
a tempo – slightly slower
a tempo – slightly slower

FUNNY HONEY

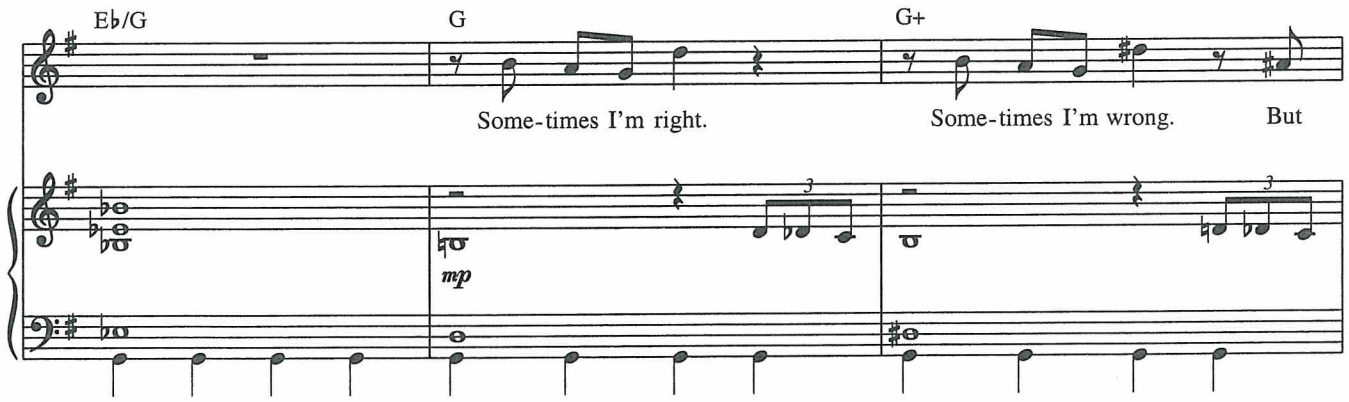
from *Chicago*

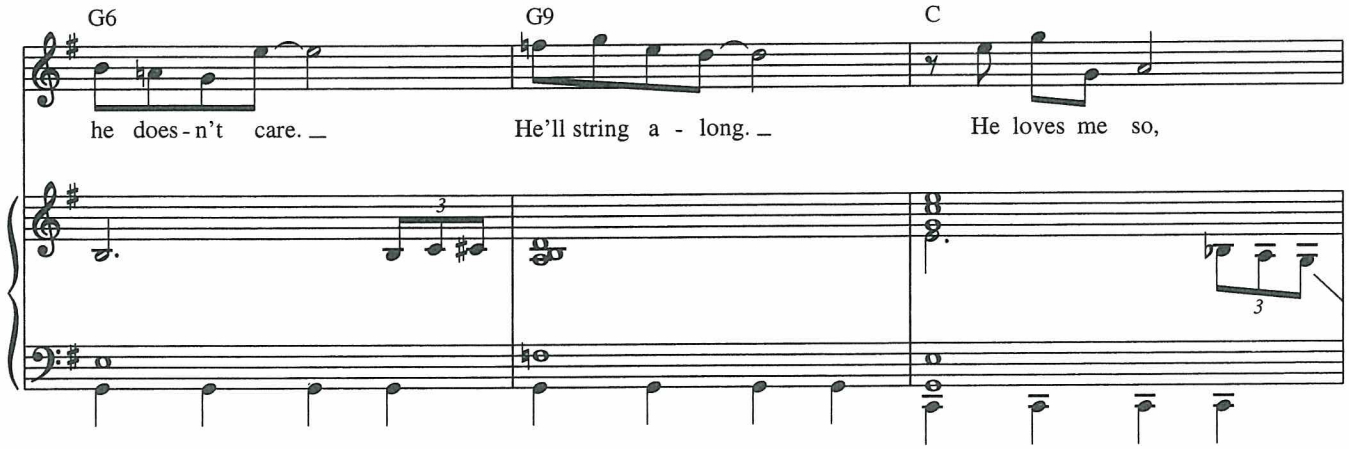
Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Tempo di Blues
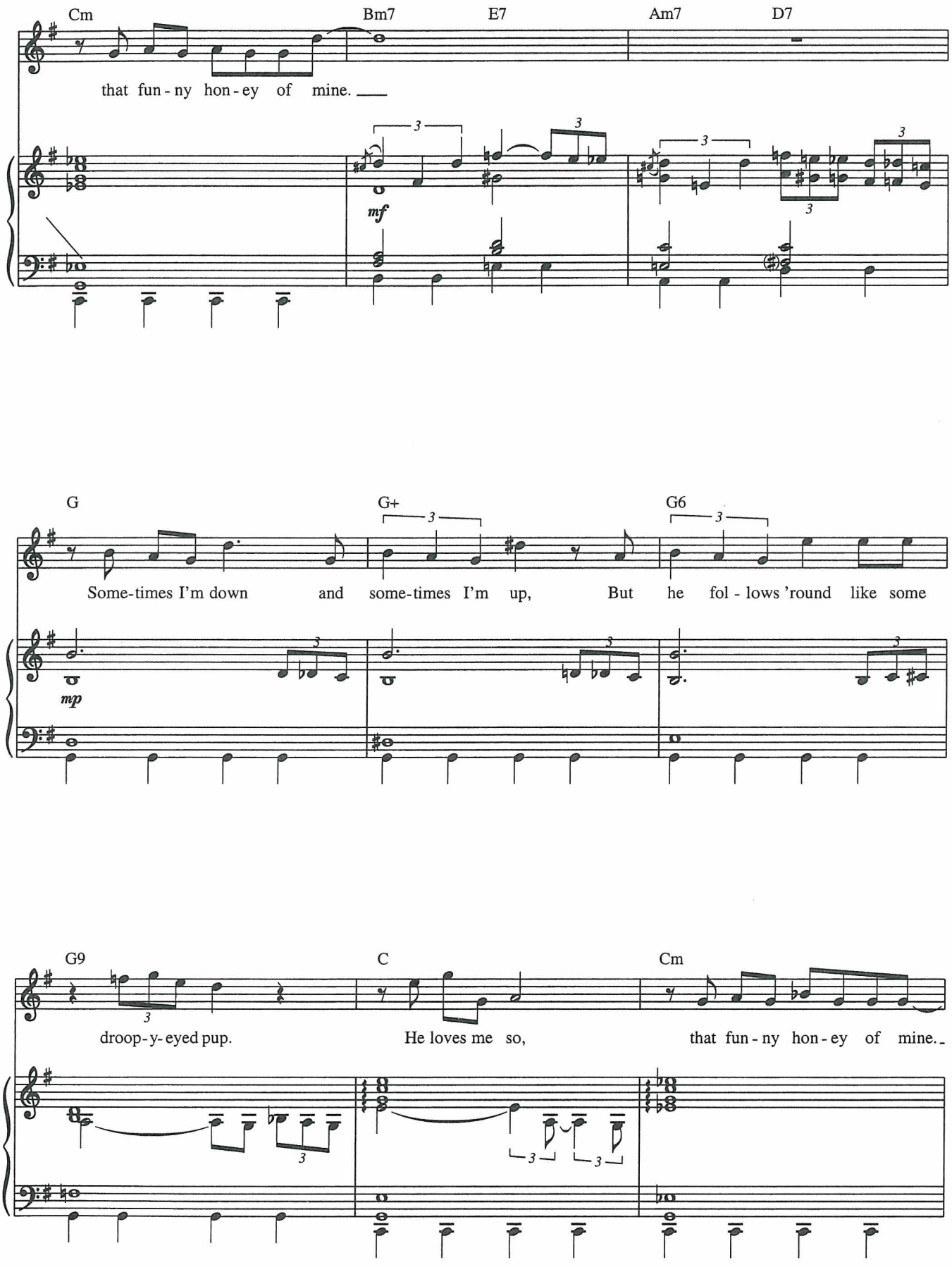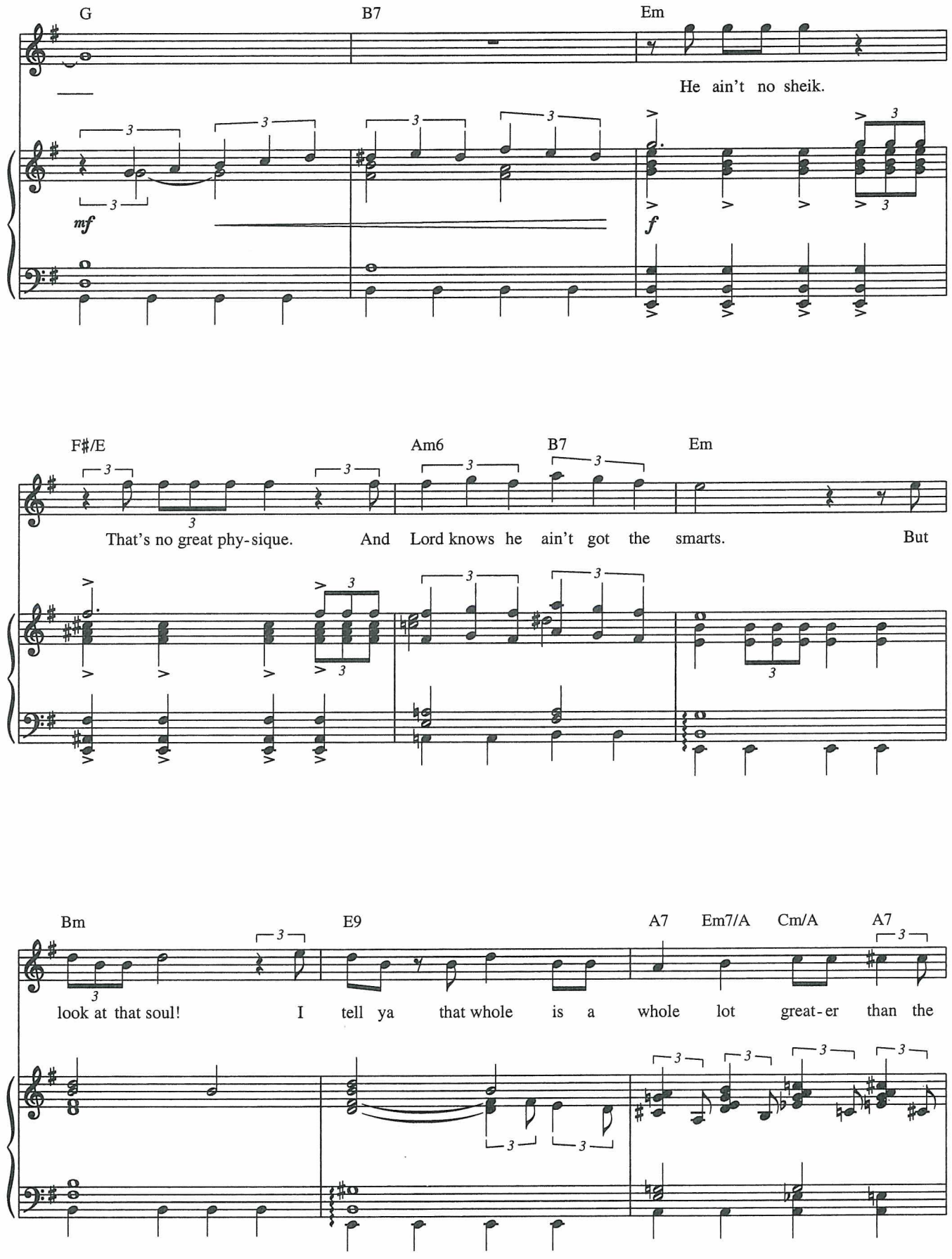


ROXIE:
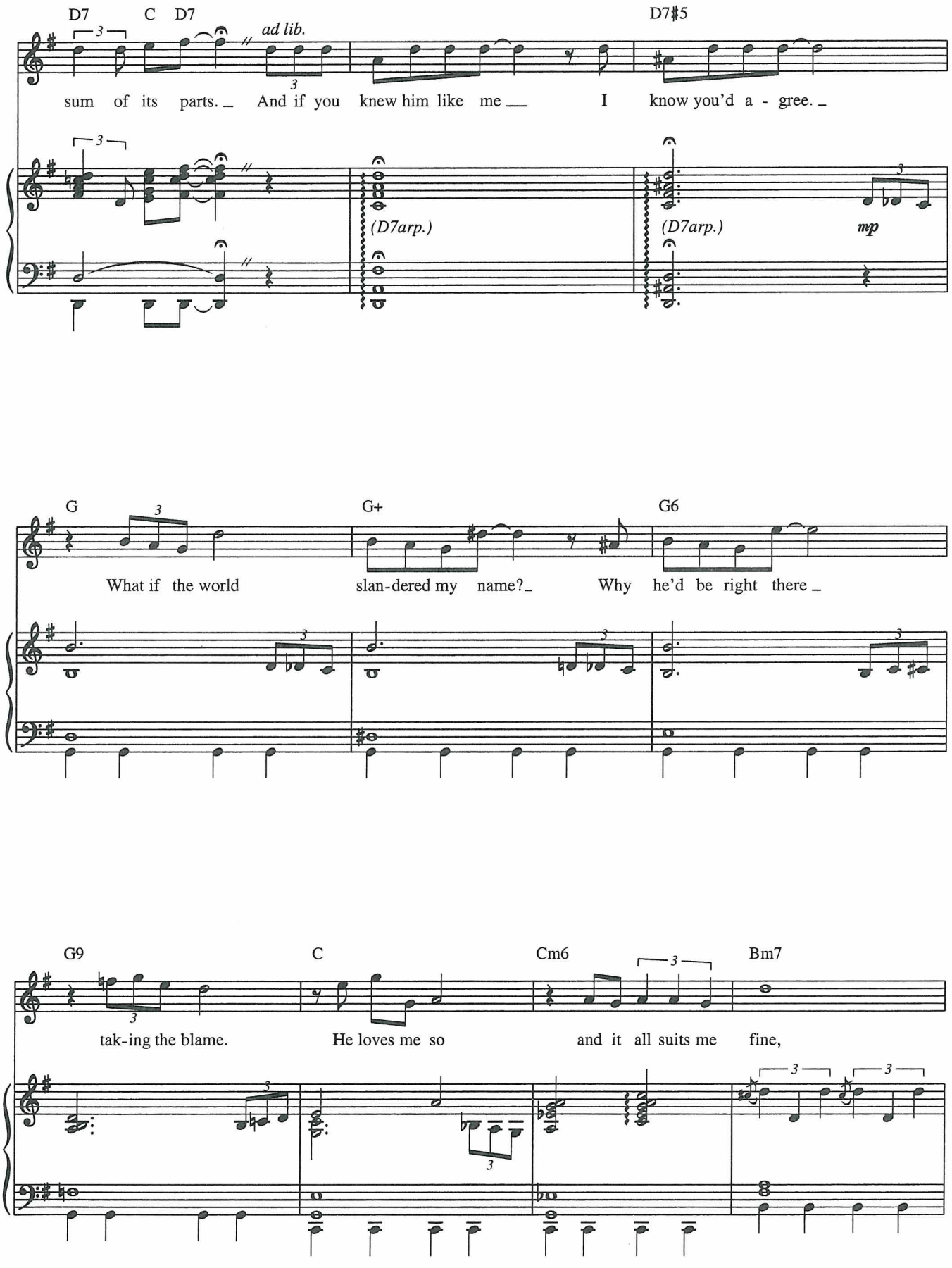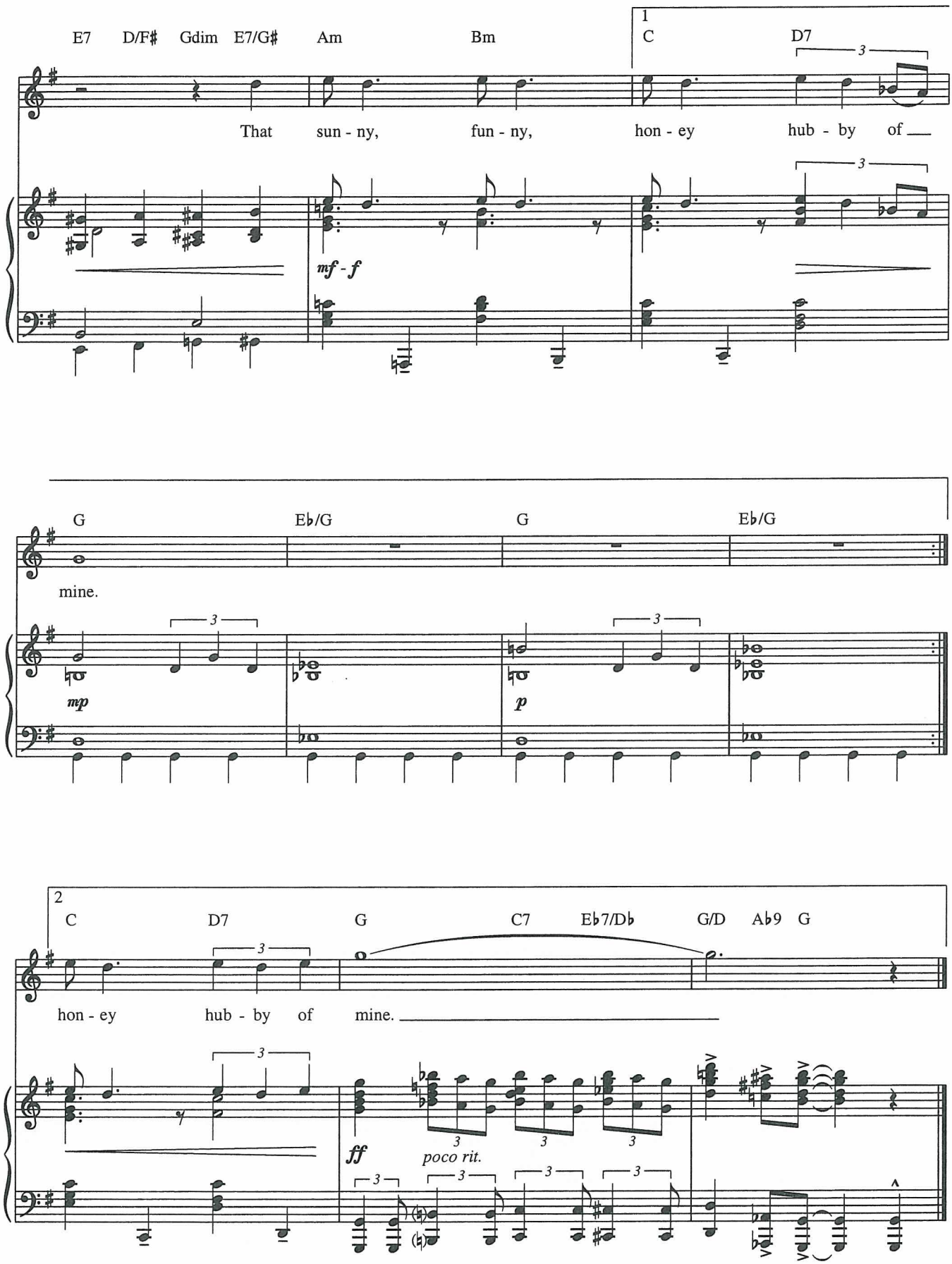




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Cm
Bm7
E7
Am7
D7
that fun - ny hon - ey of mine.
mf
G
G+
G6
Some-times I'm down and some-times I'm up, But he fol - lows 'round like some
mp
G9
C
Cm
droop - y - eyed pup.
He loves me so,
that fun - ny hon - ey of mine.


G
B7
Em
He ain't no sheik.
mf
f
F♯/E
Am6
B7
Em
That's no great phy-sique.
And Lord knows he ain't got the smarts.
But
Bm
E9
A7
Em7/A
Cm/A
A7
look at that soul!
I tell ya that whole is a whole lot great-er than the

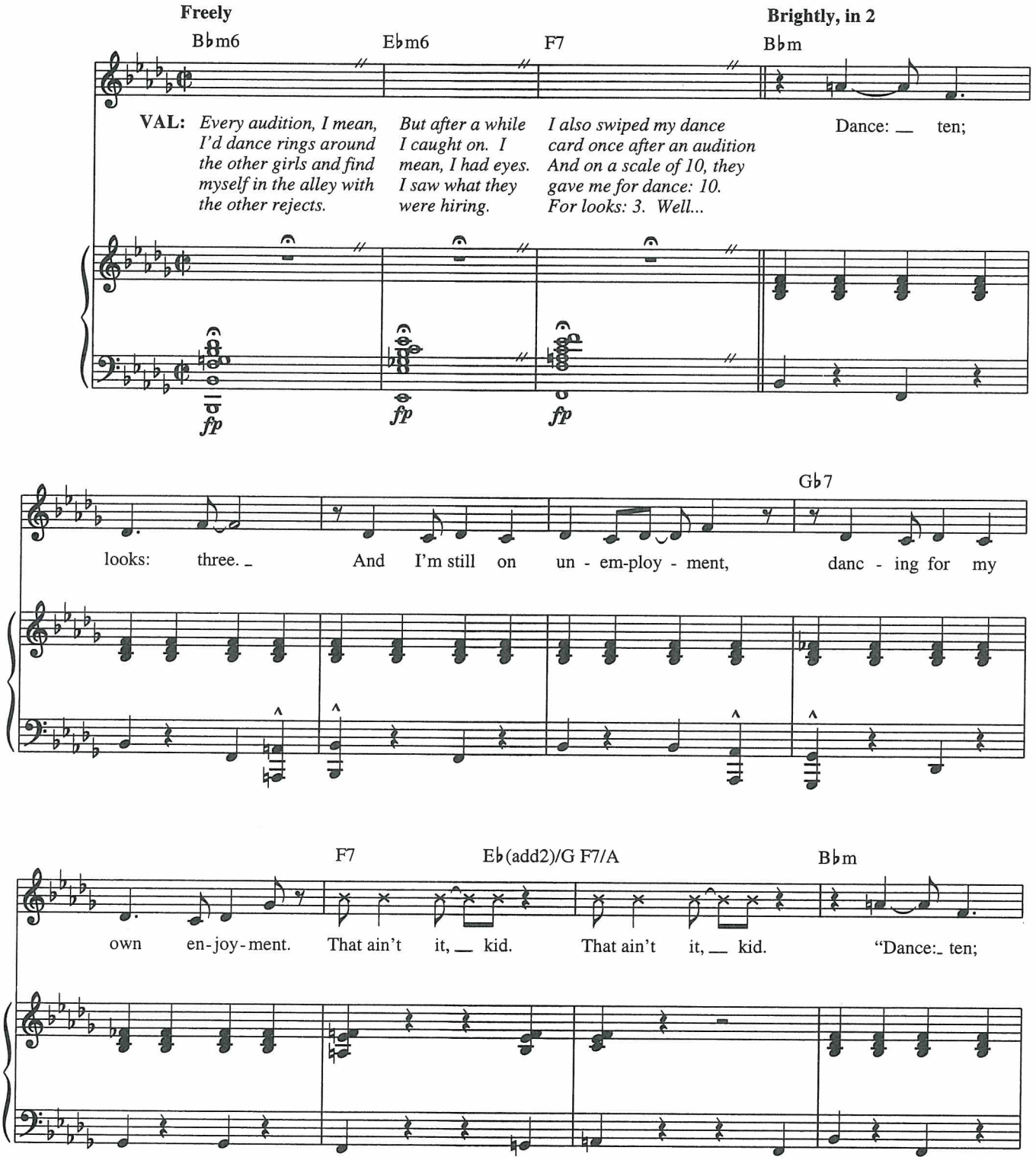

D7
C
D7
ad lib.
D7♯5
sum of its parts. And if you knew him like me I know you'd a - gree.
(D7arp.)
(D7arp.)
mp
G
G+
G6
What if the world slan-dered my name? Why he'd be right there
G9
C
Cm6
Bm7
tak-ing the blame. He loves me so and it all suits me fine,


E7 D/F♯ Gdim E7/G♯ Am Bm
1
C D7
That sun - ny, fun - ny, hon - ey hub - by of
mf - f
G E♭/G G E♭/G
mine.
mp
p
2
C D7 G C7 E♭7/D♭ G/D A♭9 G
hon - ey hub - by of mine.
ff
poco rit.

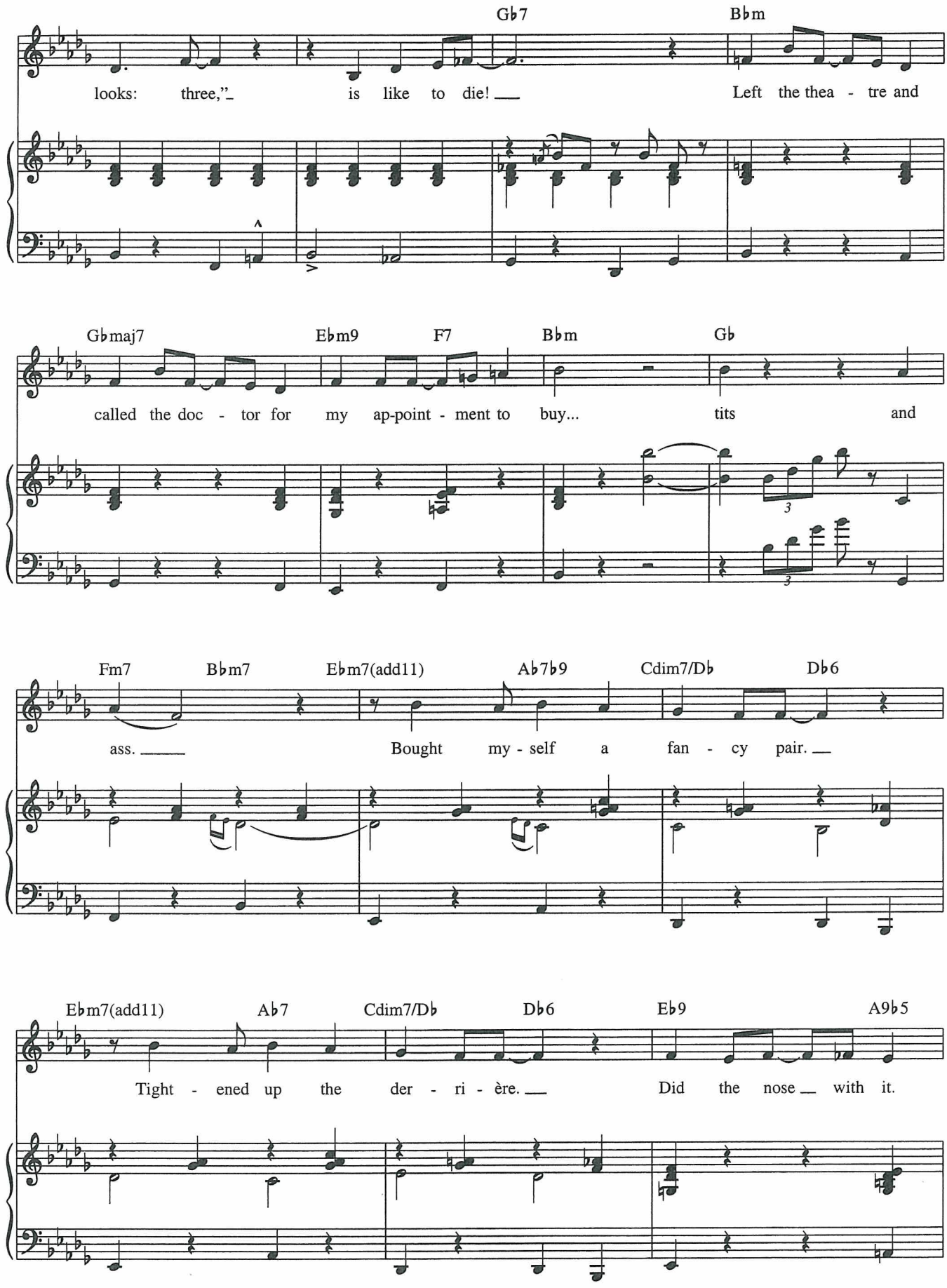
DANCE: TEN; LOOKS: THREE
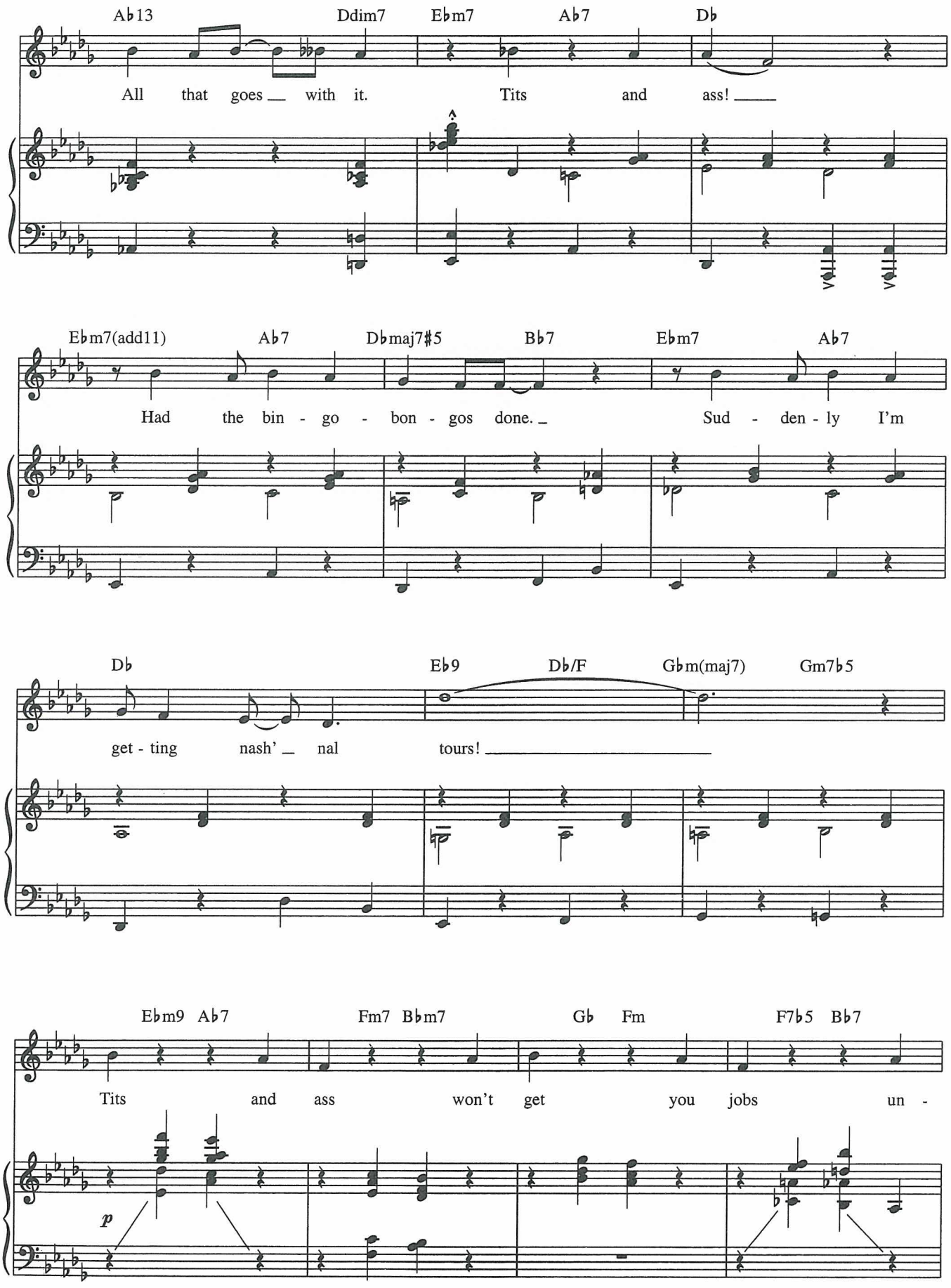
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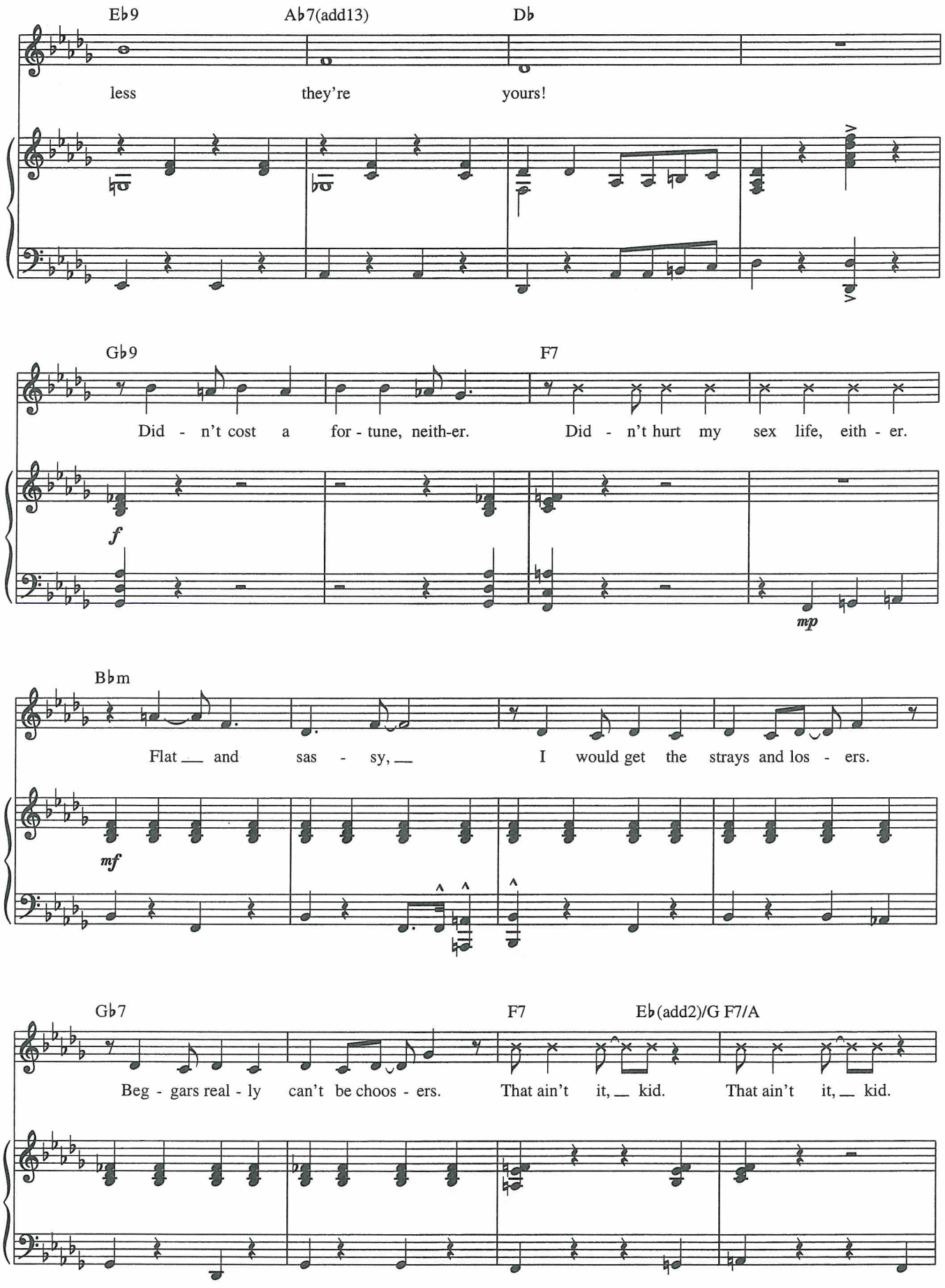
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN
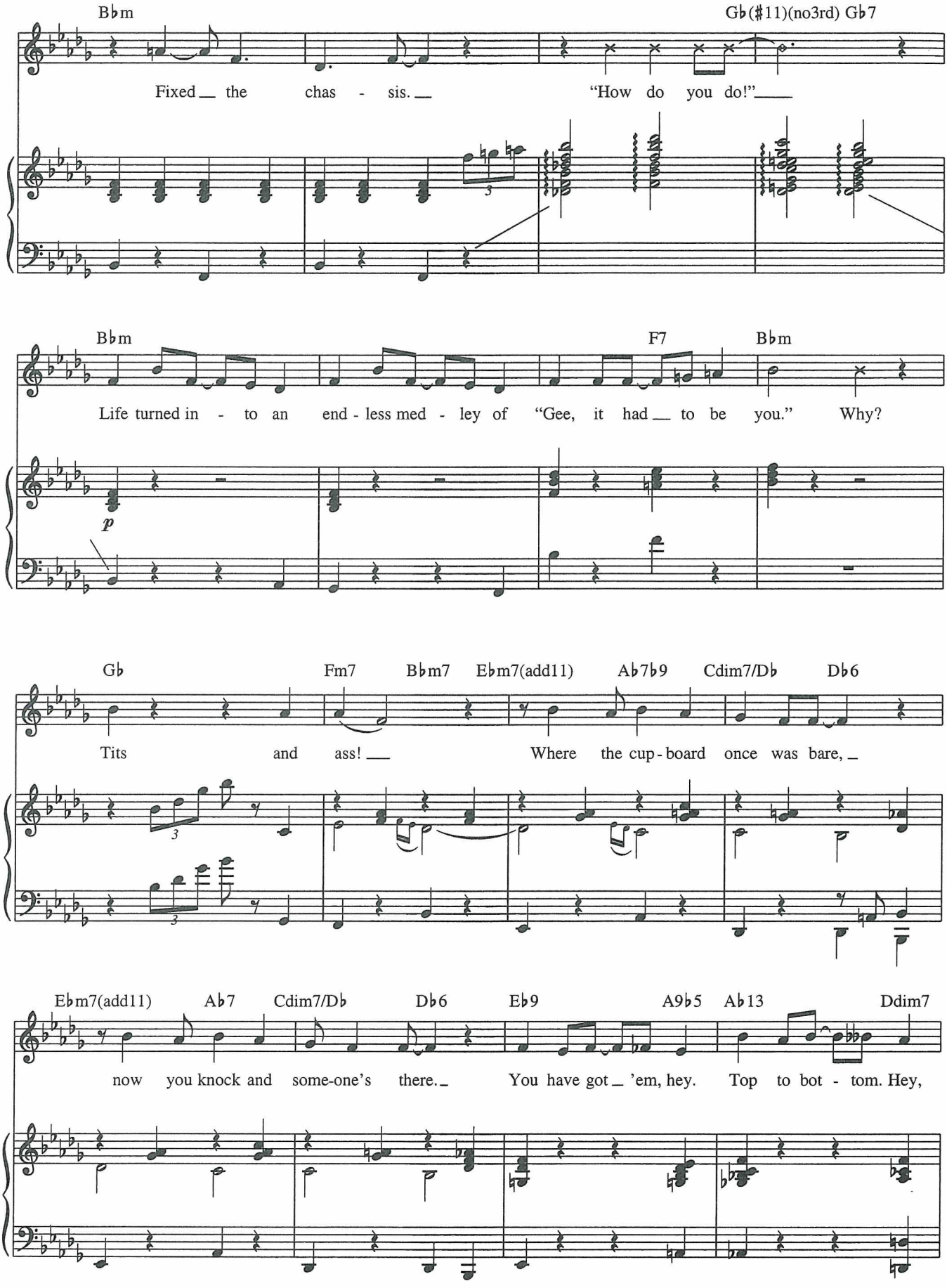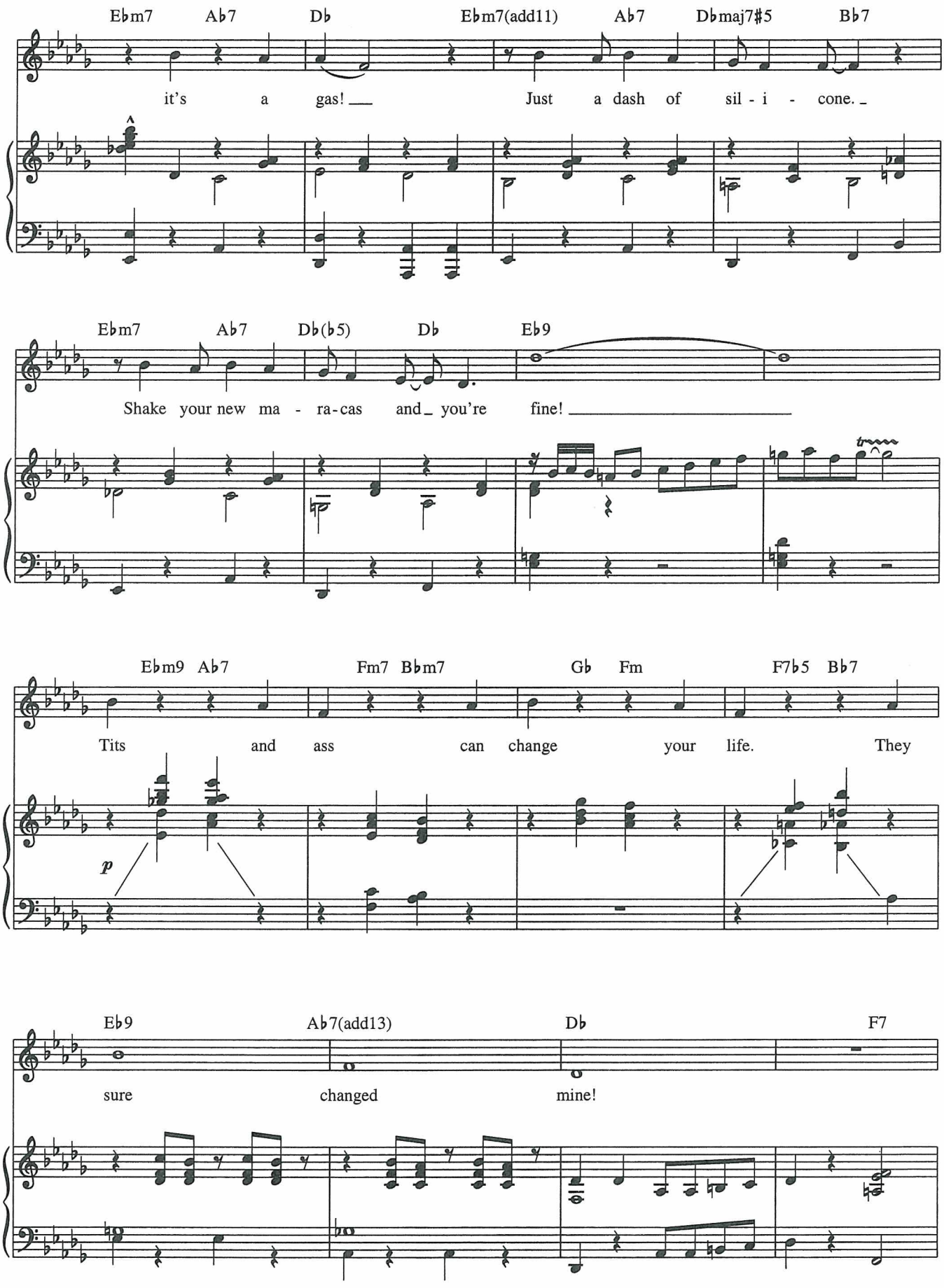


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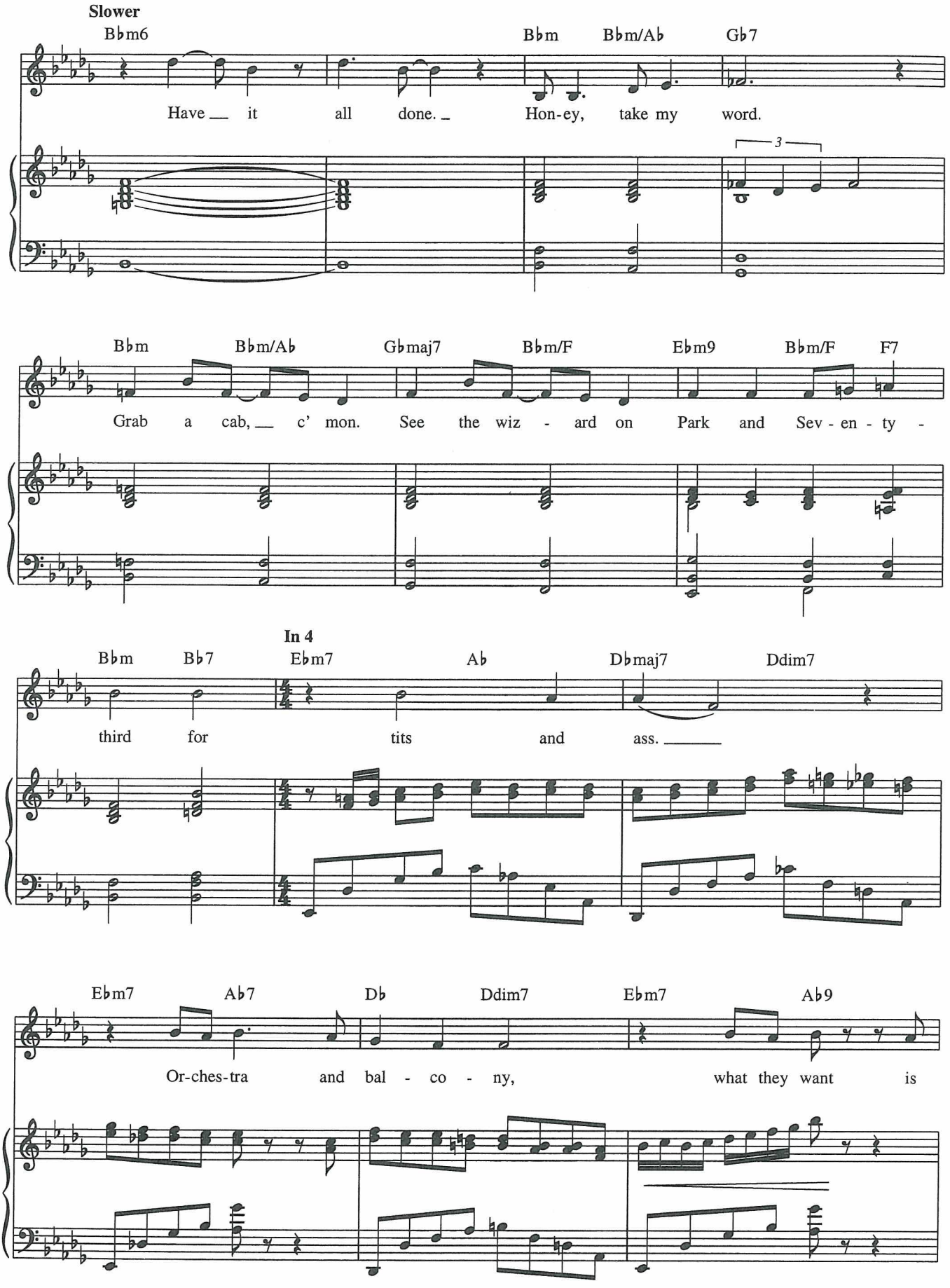

Gb7
Bbm
looks: three,"_ is like to die! __ Left the thea - tre and
Gbmaj7
Ebm9
F7
Bbm
Gb
called the doc - tor for my ap-point - ment to buy... tits and
Fm7
Bbm7
Ebm7(add11)
Ab7b9
Cdim7/Db
Db6
ass. ____ Bought my - self a fan - cy pair. __
Ebm7(add11)
Ab7
Cdim7/Db
Db6
Eb9
A9b5
Tight - ened up the der - ri - ère. __ Did the nose __ with it.
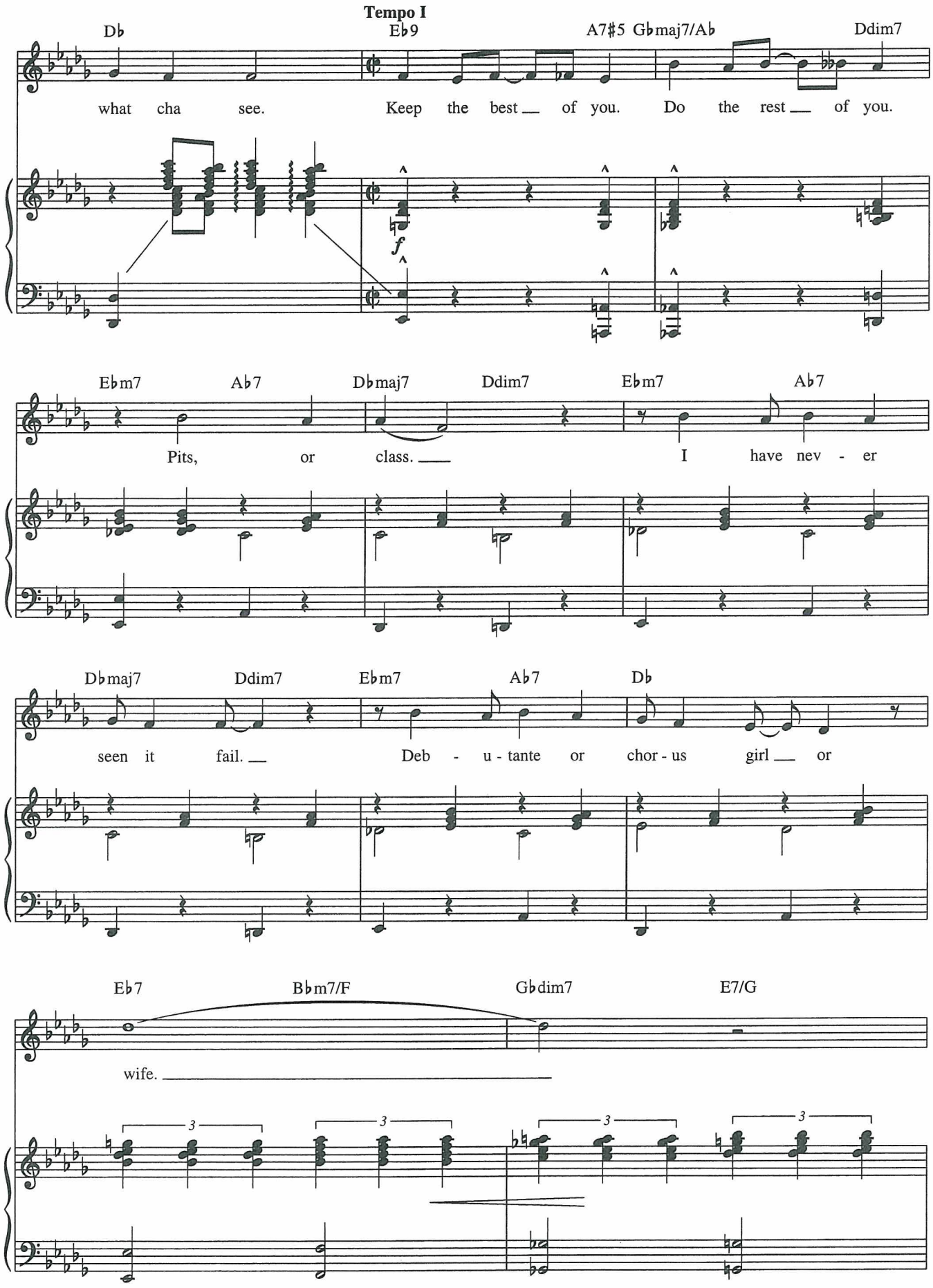

Ab13 Ddim7 Ebm7 Ab7 Db
All that goes with it. Tits and ass!
Ebm7(add11) Ab7 Dbmaj7#5 Bb7 Ebm7 Ab7
Had the bin - go - bon - gos done. Sud - den - ly I'm
Db Eb9 Db/F Gbm(maj7) Gm7b5
get - ting nash' nal tours!
Ebm9 Ab7 Fm7 Bbm7 Gb Fm F7b5 Bb7
Tits and ass won't get you jobs un -
p
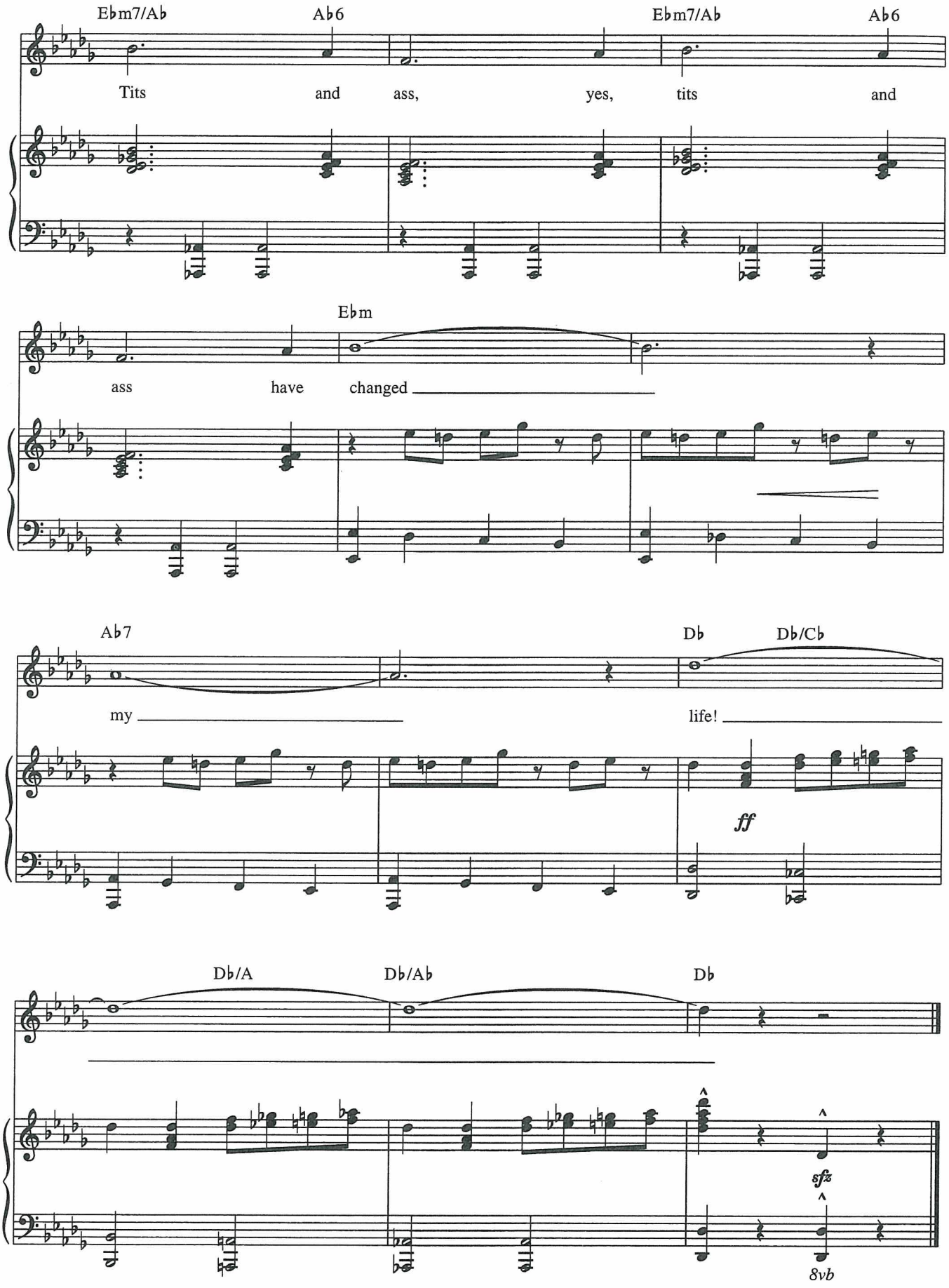

Eb9
Ab7(add13)
Db
less
they're
yours!
Gb9
F7
Did - n't cost a for - tune, neith-er.
Did - n't hurt my sex life, eith - er.
f
mp
Bbm
Flat ___ and sas - sy, ___
I would get the strays and los - ers.
mf
Gb7
F7
Eb(add2)/G F7/A
Beg - gars real - ly can't be choos - ers.
That ain't it, ___ kid.
That ain't it, ___ kid.


Bbm
Gb(#11)(no3rd) Gb7
Fixed__ the chas - sis.__
"How do you do!"____
Bbm
F7
Bbm
Life turned in - to an end - less med - ley of "Gee, it had__ to be you." Why?
p
Gb
Fm7
Bbm7
Ebm7(add11)
Ab7b9
Cdim7/Db
Db6
Tits and ass!___
Where the cup - board once was bare,_
Ebm7(add11)
Ab7
Cdim7/Db
Db6
Eb9
A9b5
Ab13
Ddim7
now you knock and some-one's there._
You have got_ 'em, hey.
Top to bot - tom. Hey,


Ebm7 Ab7 Db Ebm7(add11) Ab7 Dbmaj7#5 Bb7
it's a gas! Just a dash of sil - i - cone.
Ebm7 Ab7 Db(b5) Db Eb9
Shake your new ma - ra-cas and you're fine!
Ebm9 Ab7 Fm7 Bbm7 Gb Fm F7b5 Bb7
Tits and ass can change your life. They
p
Eb9 Ab7(add13) Db F7
sure changed mine!


Slower
Bbm6
Bbm
Bbm/Ab
Gb7
Have it all done. Hon-ey, take my word.
3
Bbm
Bbm/Ab
Gbmaj7
Bbm/F
Ebm9
Bbm/F
F7
Grab a cab, c' mon. See the wiz - ard on Park and Sev - en - ty -
In 4
Bbm
Bb7
Ebm7
Ab
Dbmaj7
Ddim7
third for tits and ass.
Ebm7
Ab7
Db
Ddim7
Ebm7
Ab9
Or-ches-tra and bal - co - ny, what they want is
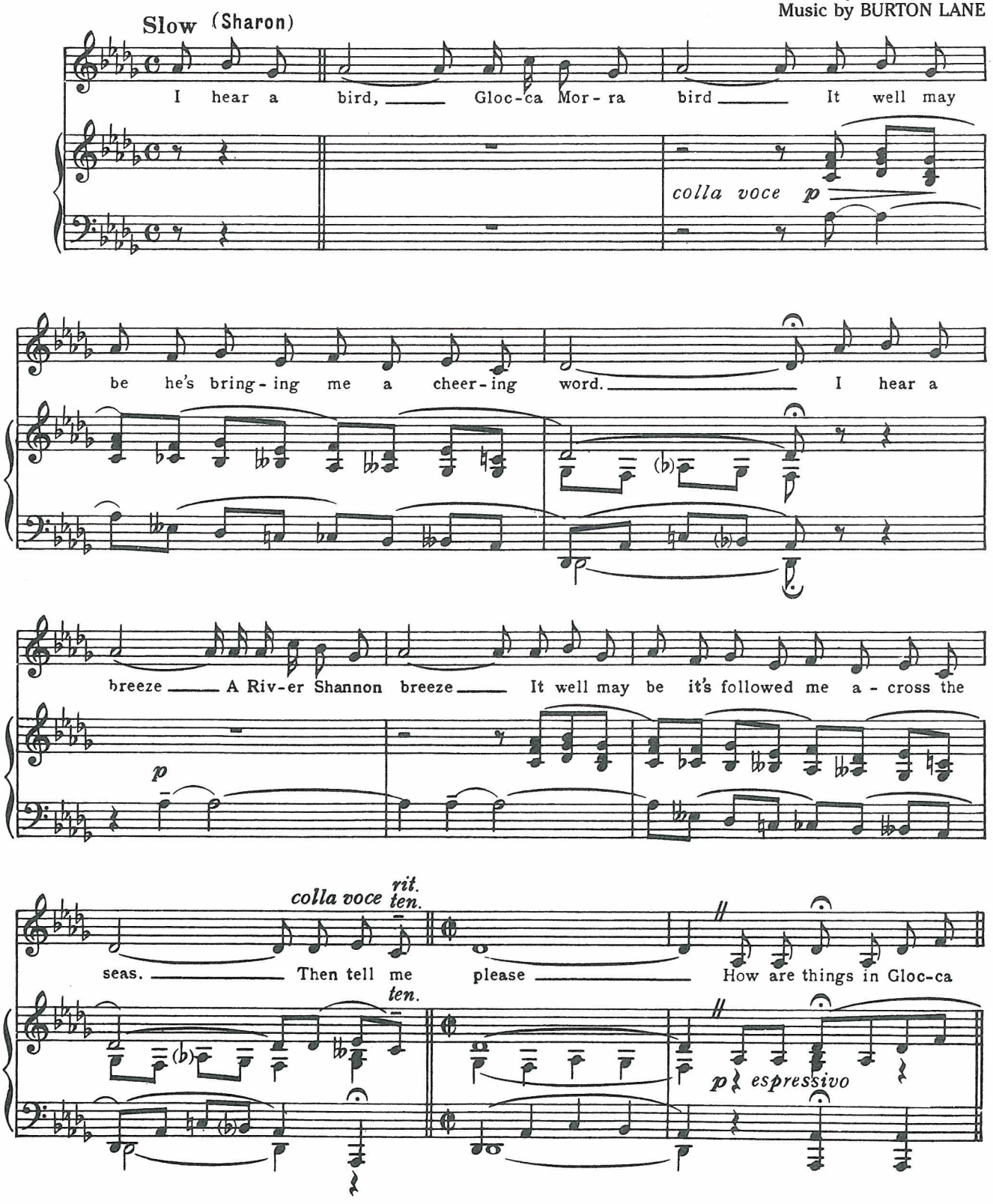

Tempo I
Db
Eb9
A7#5
Gbmaj7/Ab
Ddim7
what cha see. Keep the best of you. Do the rest of you.
f
Ebm7
Ab7
Dbmaj7
Ddim7
Ebm7
Ab7
Pits, or class. I have nev - er
Dbmaj7
Ddim7
Ebm7
Ab7
Db
seen it fail. Deb - u - tante or chor - us girl or
Eb7
Bbm7/F
Gbdim7
E7/G
wife.
3
3
3
3


Ebm7/Ab
Ab6
Ebm7/Ab
Ab6
Tits and ass, yes, tits and
Ebm
ass have changed
Ab7
Db
Db/Cb
my
life!
ff
Db/A
Db/Ab
Db
sfz
8vb
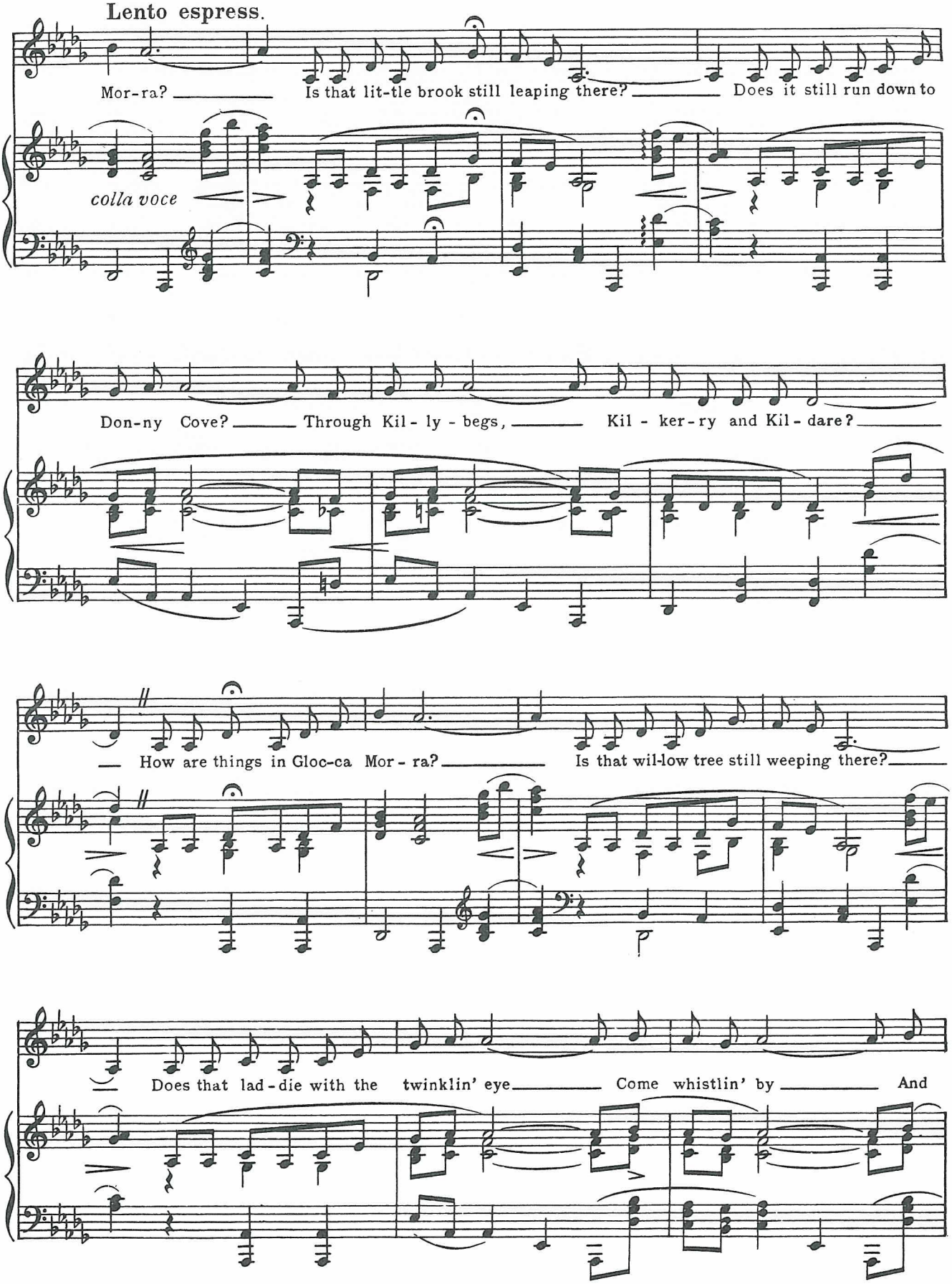
HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA?

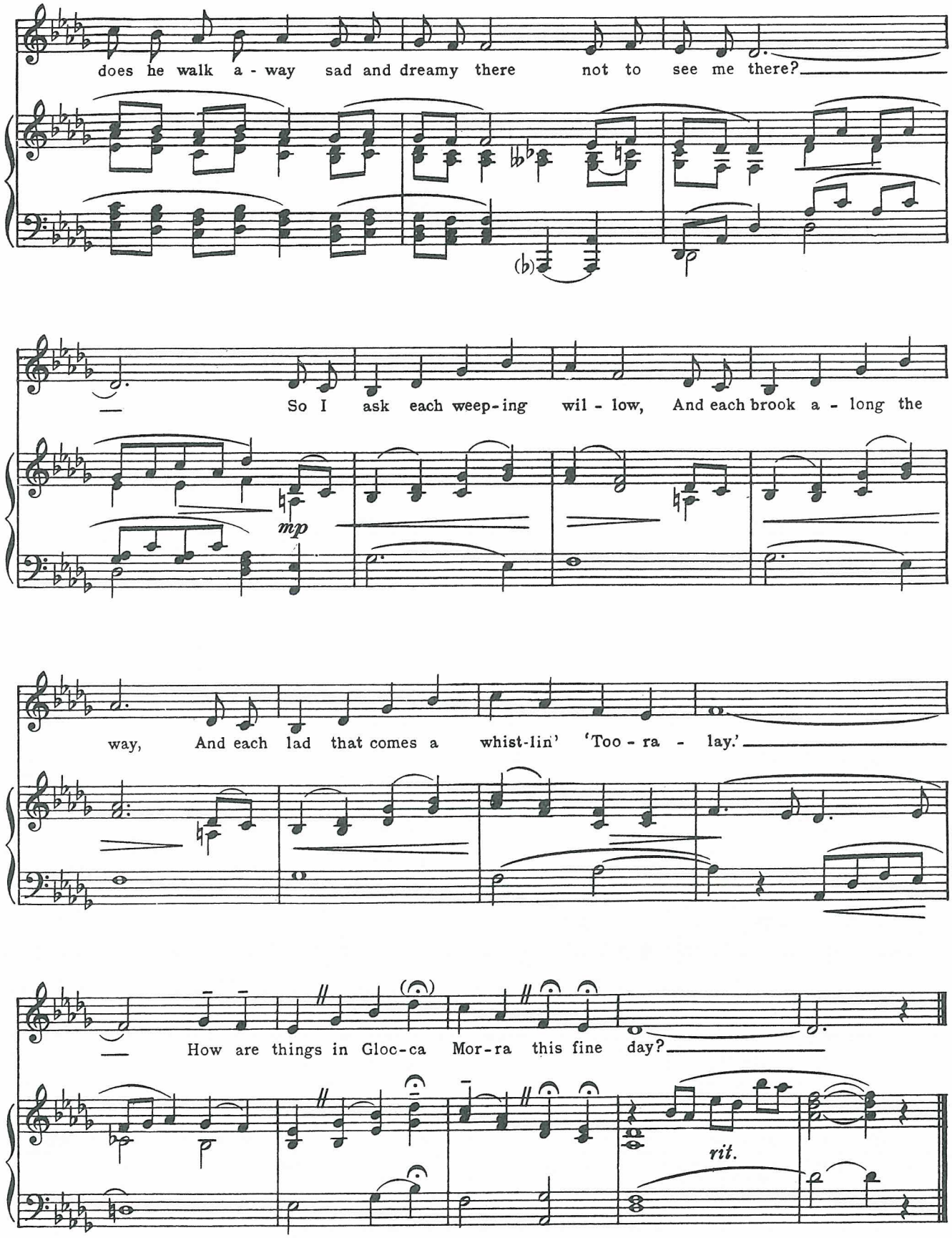
from *Finian's Rainbow*

Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE



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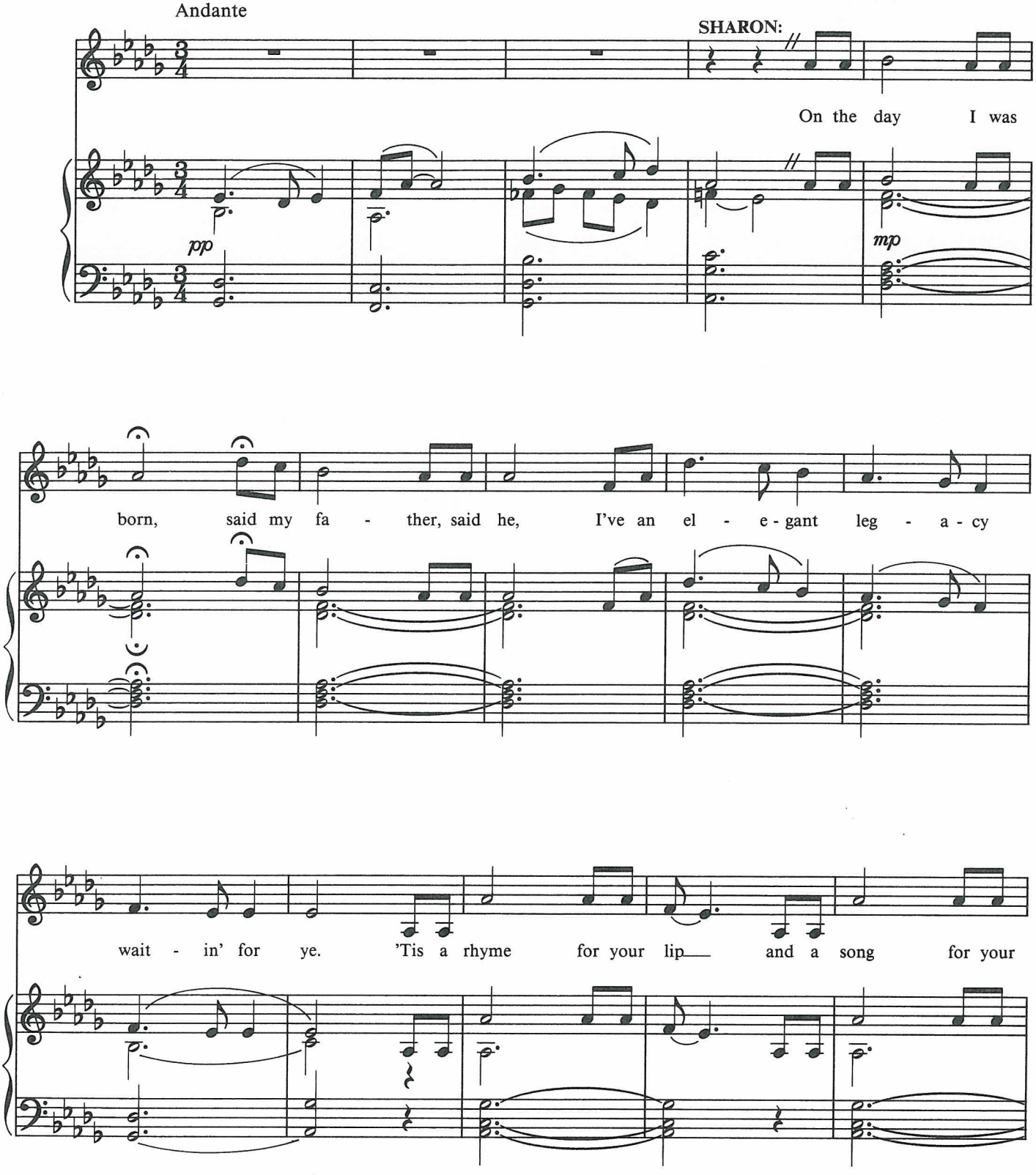

Lento espress.
Mor-ra? Is that lit-tle brook still leaping there? Does it still run down to
colla voce
Don-ny Cove? Through Kil-ly-begs, Kil-ker-ry and Kil-dare?
How are things in Gloc-ca Mor-ra? Is that wil-low tree still weeping there?
Does that lad-die with the twinklin' eye Come whistlin' by And


does he walk a - way sad and dreamy there not to see me there?
So I ask each weep-ing wil - low, And each brook a - long the
mp
way, And each lad that comes a whist-lin' 'Too - ra - lay.'
How are things in Gloc-ca Mor-ra this fine day?
rit.
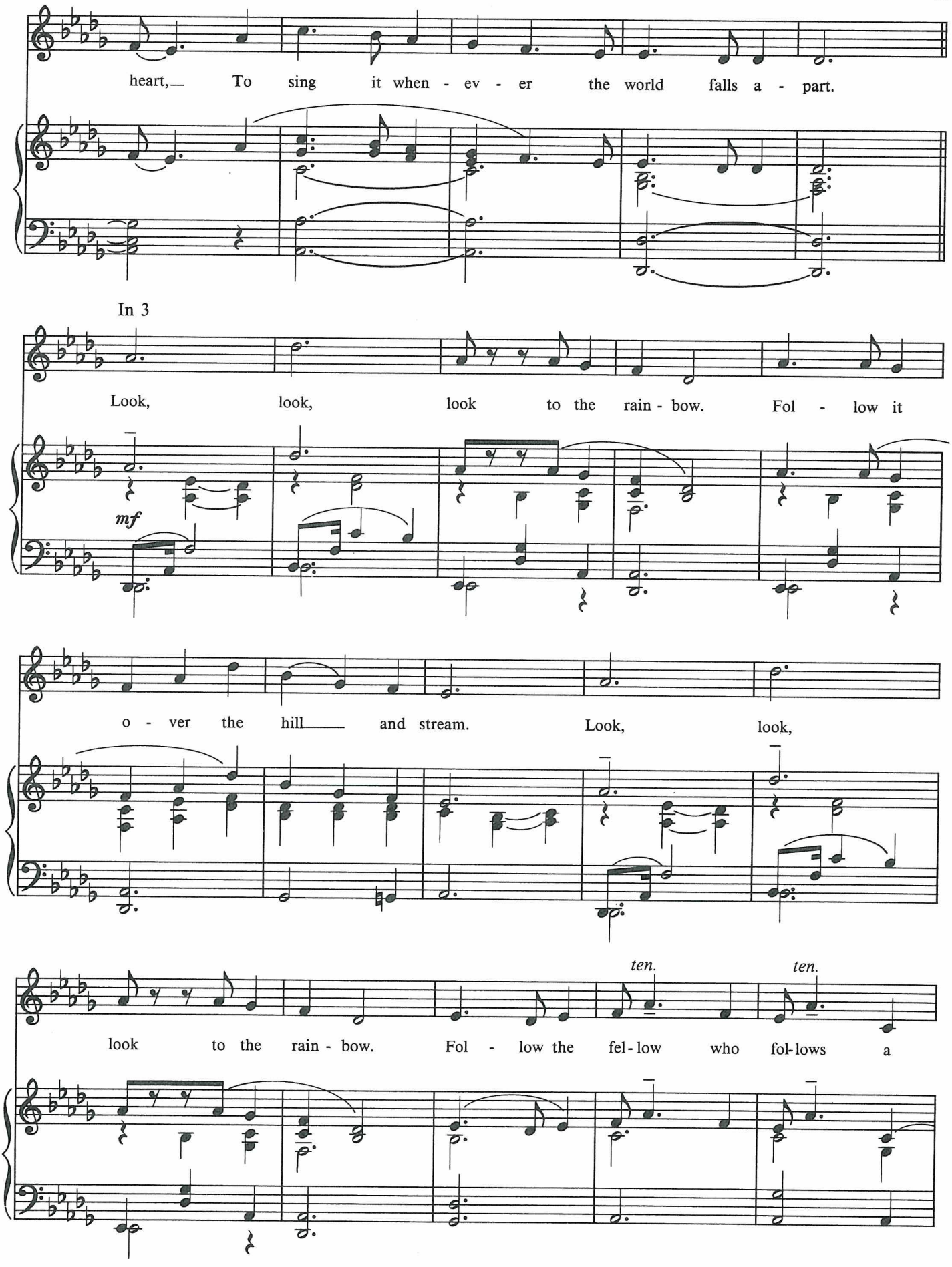
LOOK TO THE RAINBOW
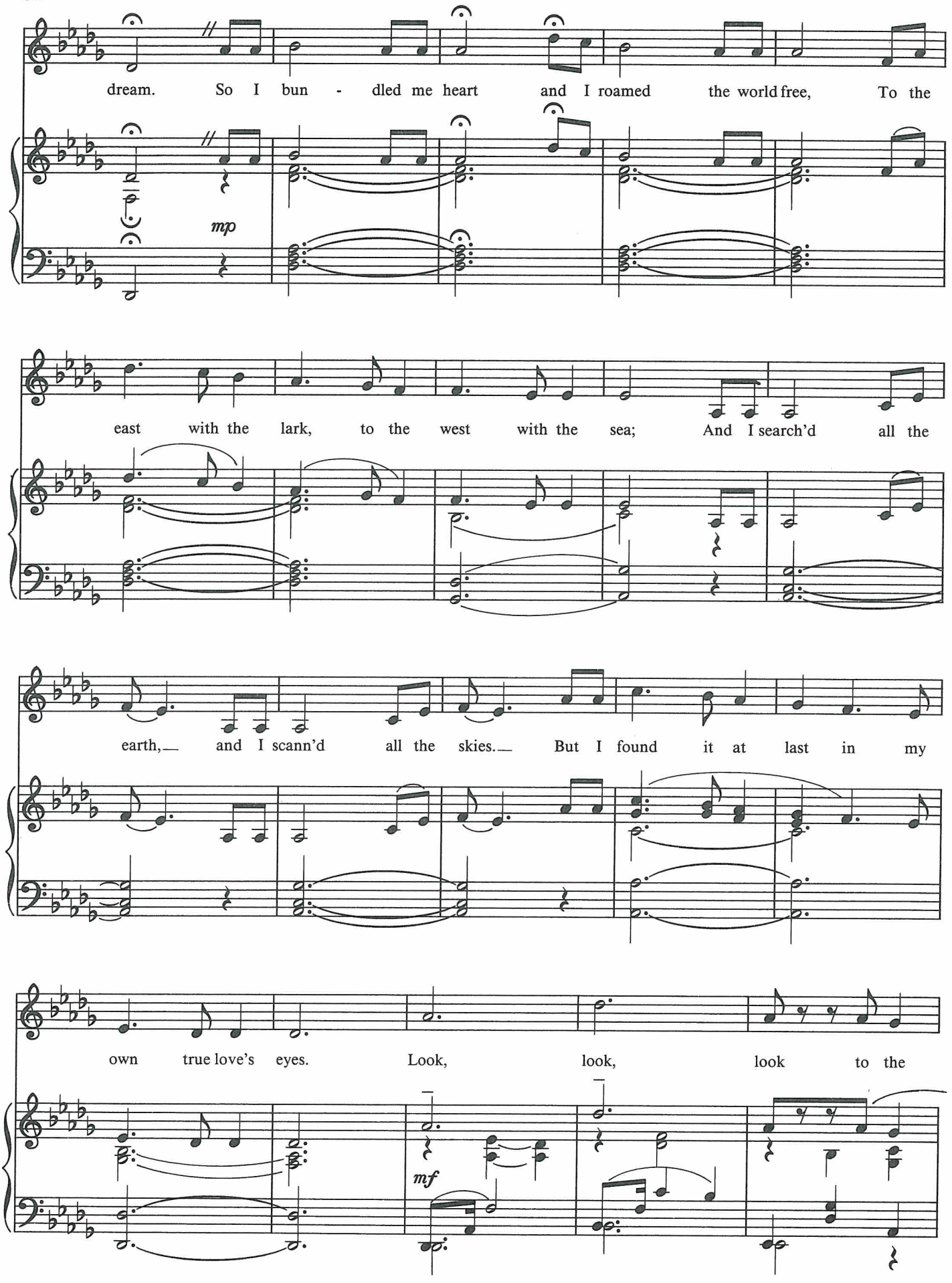
from *Finian's Rainbow*
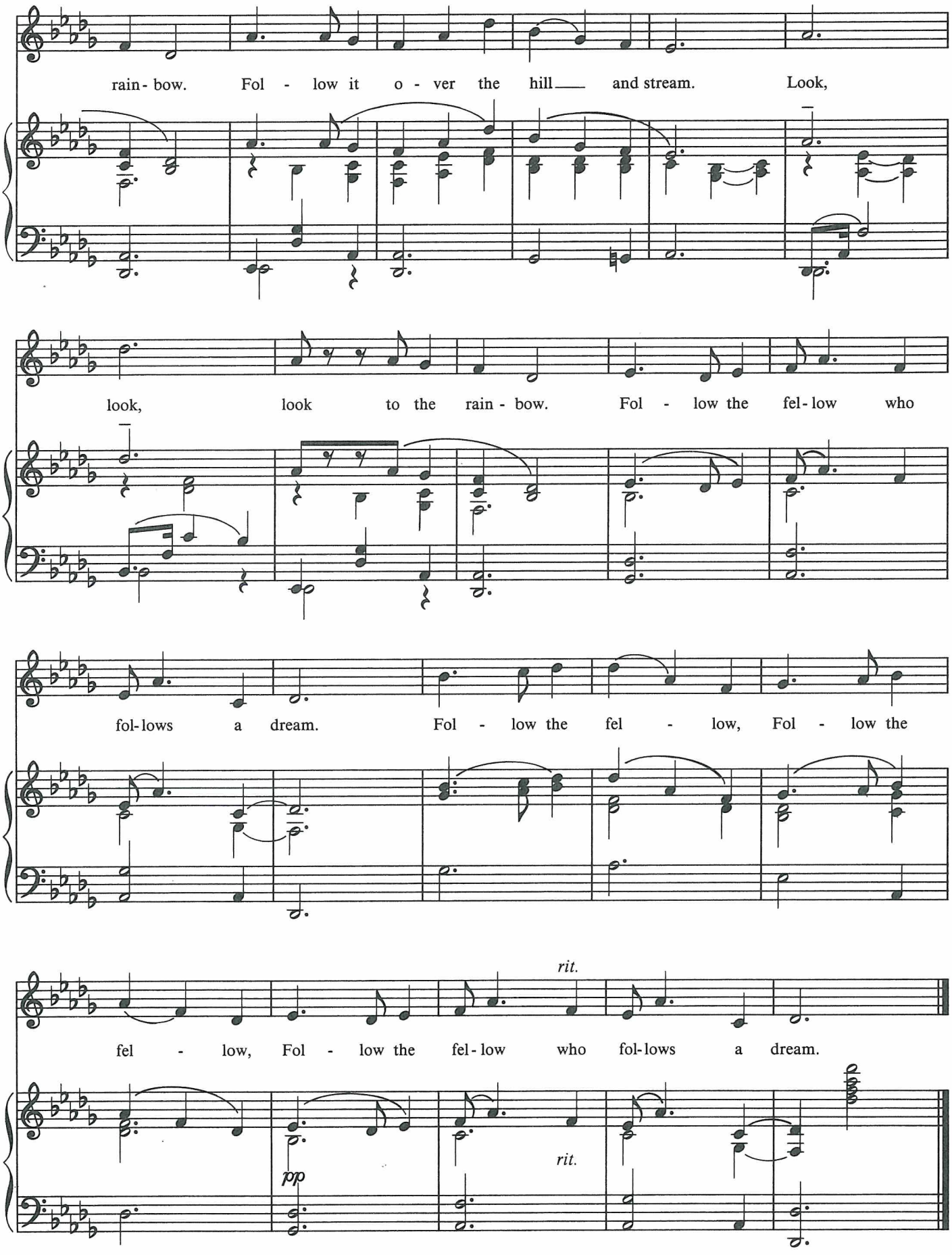
Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE



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heart, To sing it when - ev - er the world falls a - part.
In 3
Look, look, look to the rain - bow. Fol - low it
mf
o - ver the hill and stream. Look, look,
ten.
ten.
look to the rain - bow. Fol - low the fel - low who fol - lows a


dream. So I bun - dled me heart and I roamed the world free, To the
mp
east with the lark, to the west with the sea; And I search'd all the
earth, and I scann'd all the skies. But I found it at last in my
own true love's eyes. Look, look, look to the
mf

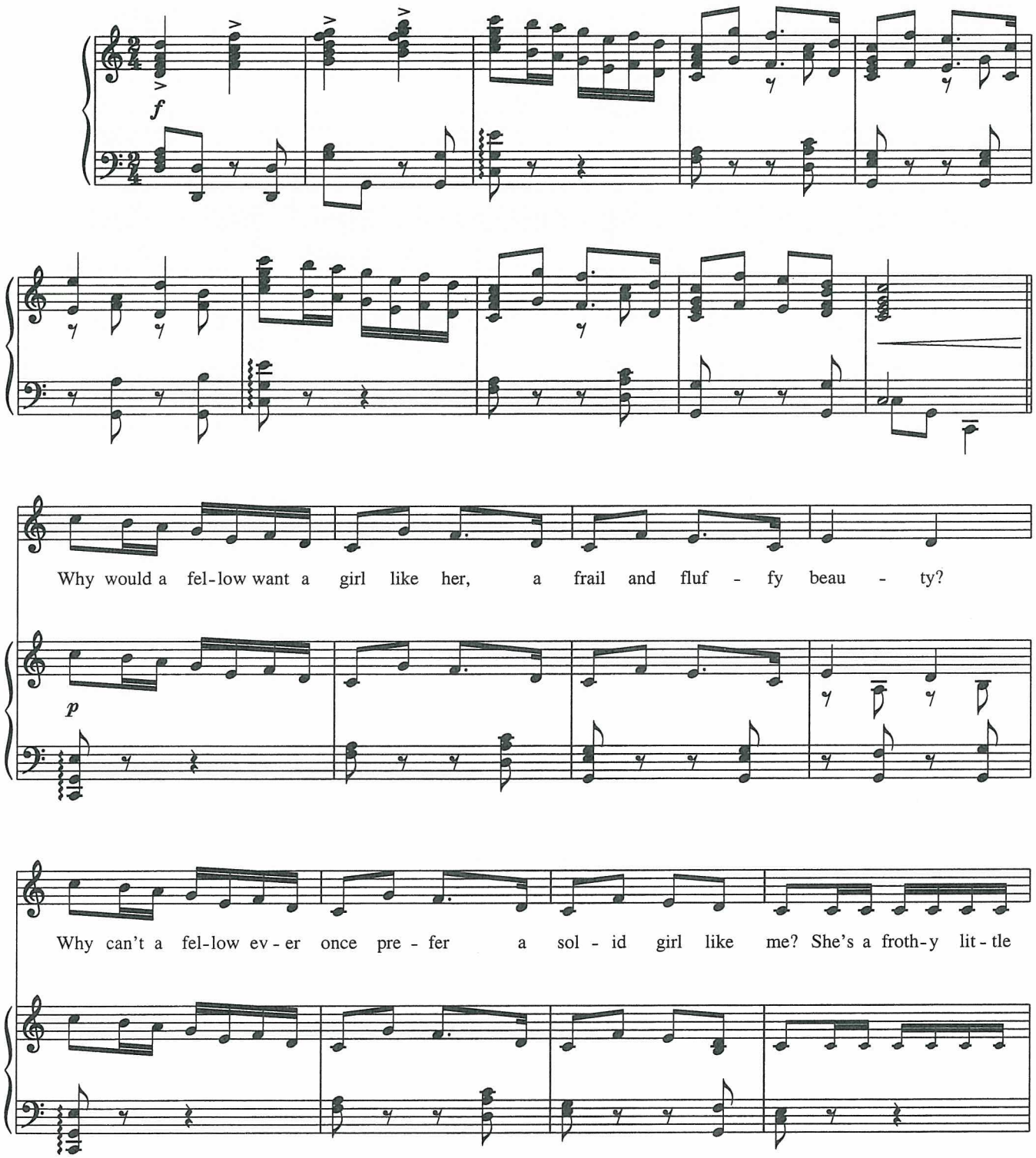

rain - bow. Fol - low it o - ver the hill and stream. Look,
look, look to the rain - bow. Fol - low the fel - low who
fol - lows a dream. Fol - low the fel - low, Fol - low the
rit.
fel - low, Fol - low the fel - low who fol - lows a dream.
pp
rit.

STEPSISTERS' LAMENT

from *Cinderella*

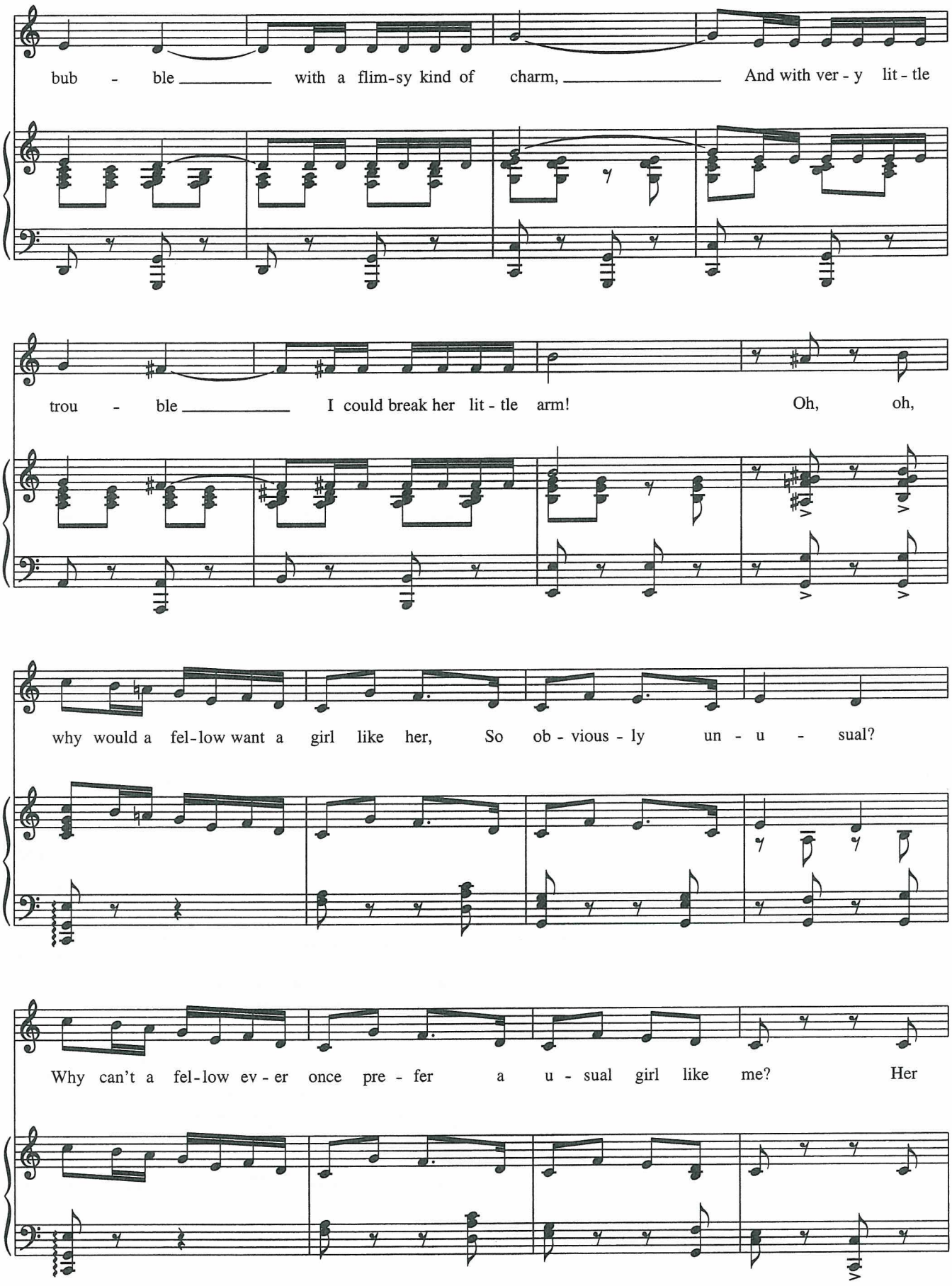
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
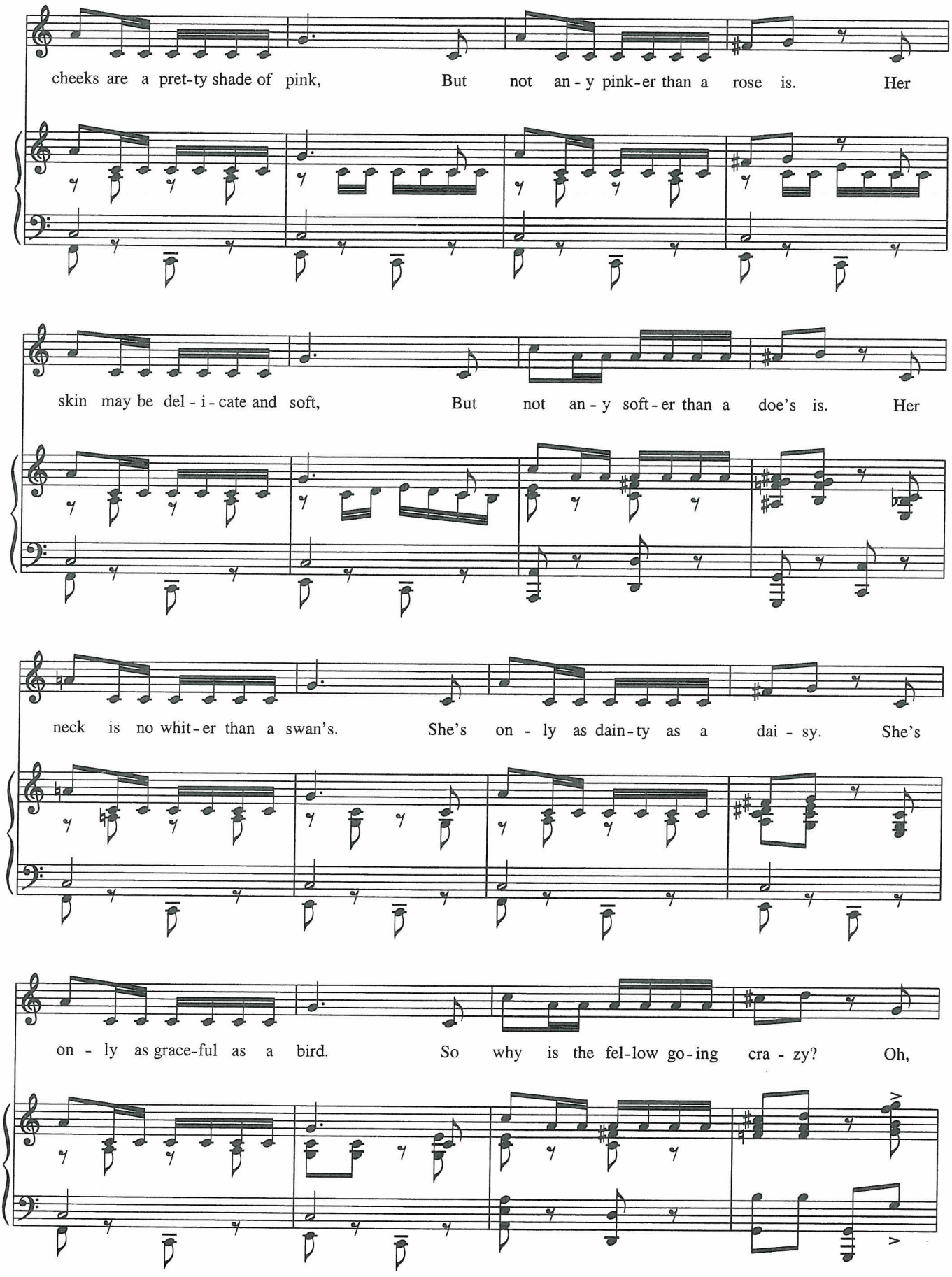
March
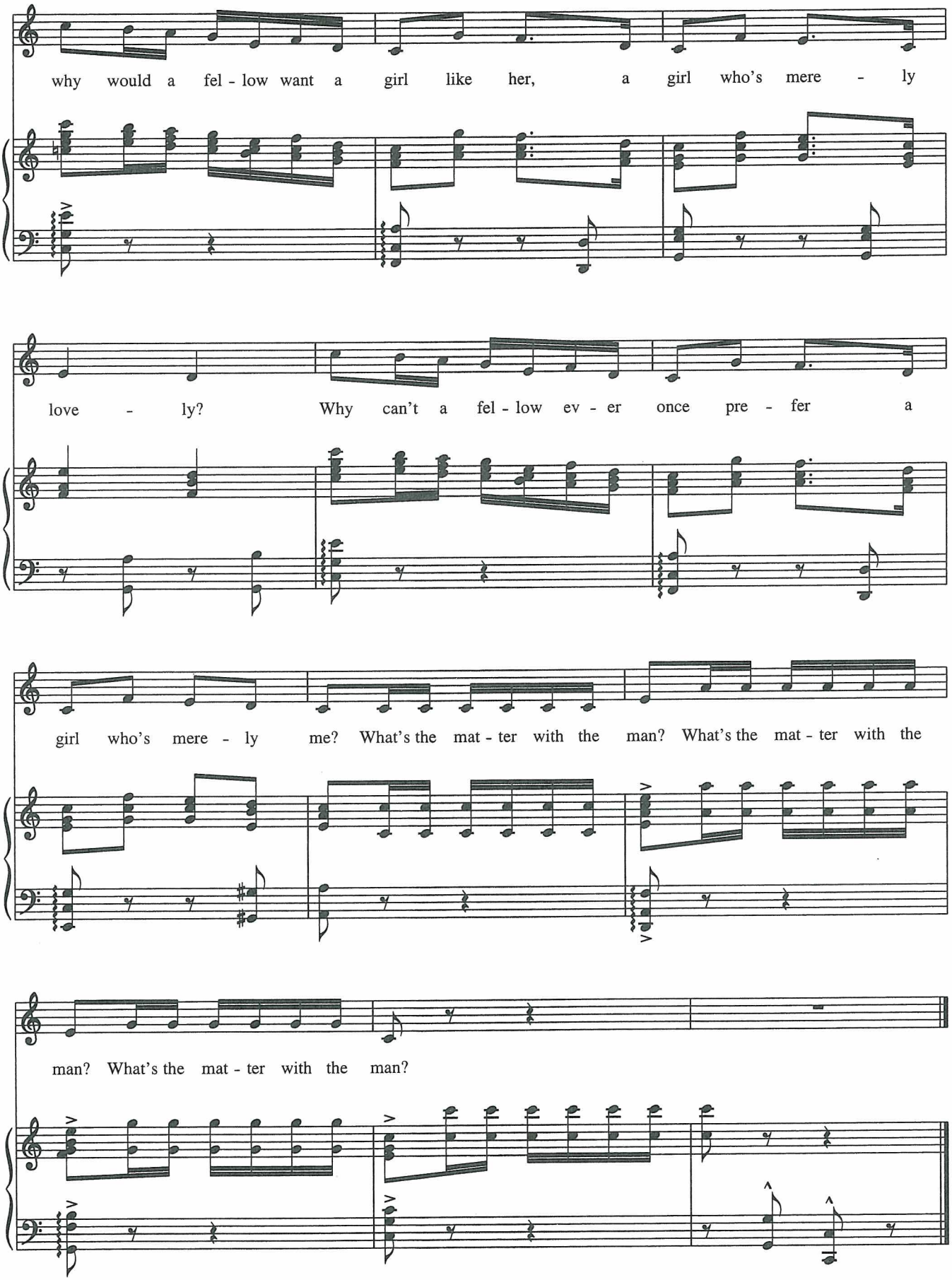


Note: In the show this is sung by both sisters.

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bub - ble with a flim-sy kind of charm, And with ver - y lit - tle
trou - ble I could break her lit - tle arm! Oh, oh,
why would a fel-low want a girl like her, So ob - vious - ly un - u - sual?
Why can't a fel-low ev - er once pre - fer a u - sual girl like me? Her
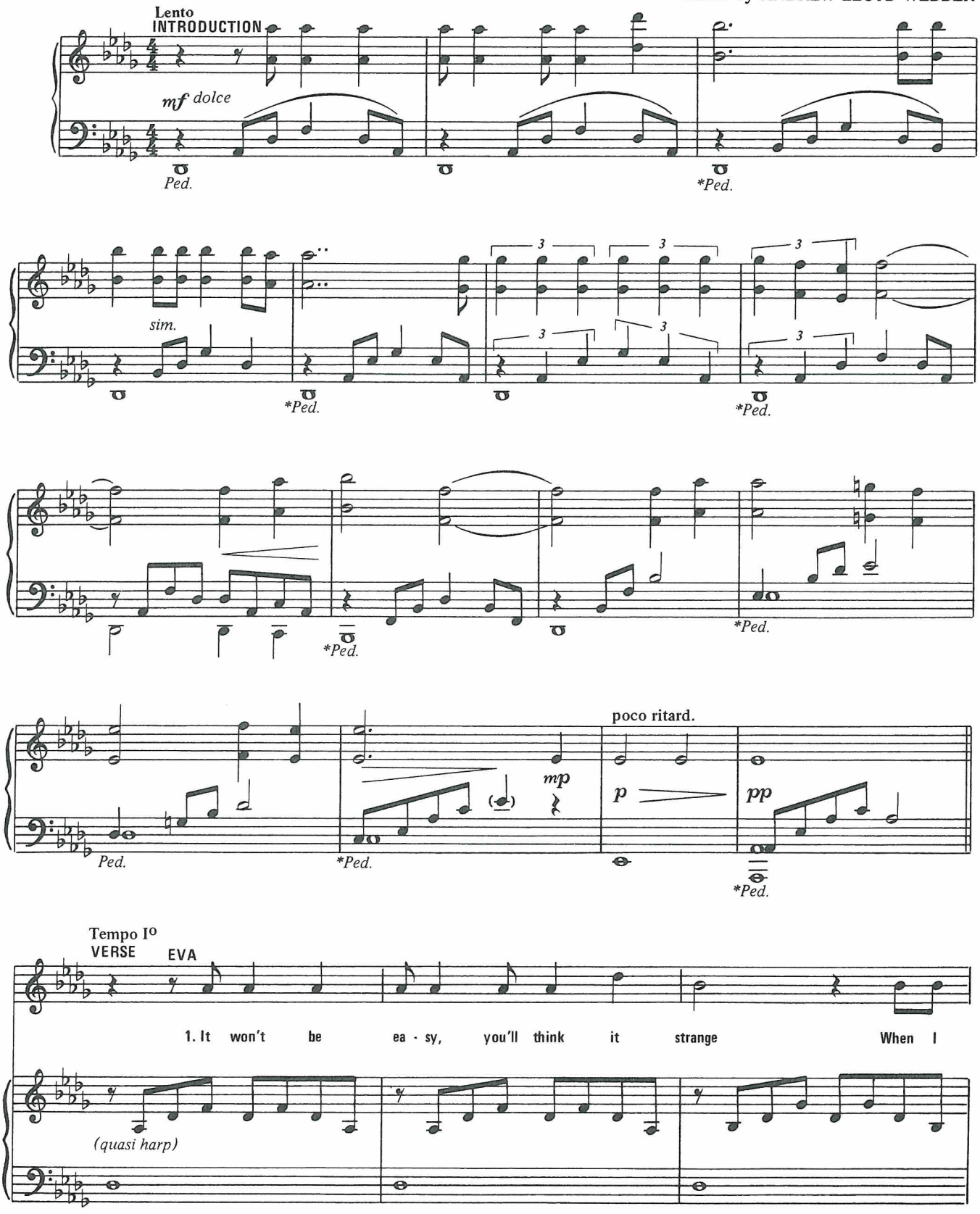

cheeks are a pret-ty shade of pink, But not an-y pink-er than a rose is. Her
skin may be del-i-cate and soft, But not an-y soft-er than a doe's is. Her
neck is no whit-er than a swan's. She's on-ly as dain-ty as a dai-sy. She's
on-ly as grace-ful as a bird. So why is the fel-low go-ing cra-zy? Oh,


why would a fel - low want a girl like her, a girl who's mere - ly
love - ly? Why can't a fel - low ev - er once pre - fer a
girl who's mere - ly me? What's the mat - ter with the man? What's the mat - ter with the
man? What's the mat - ter with the man?
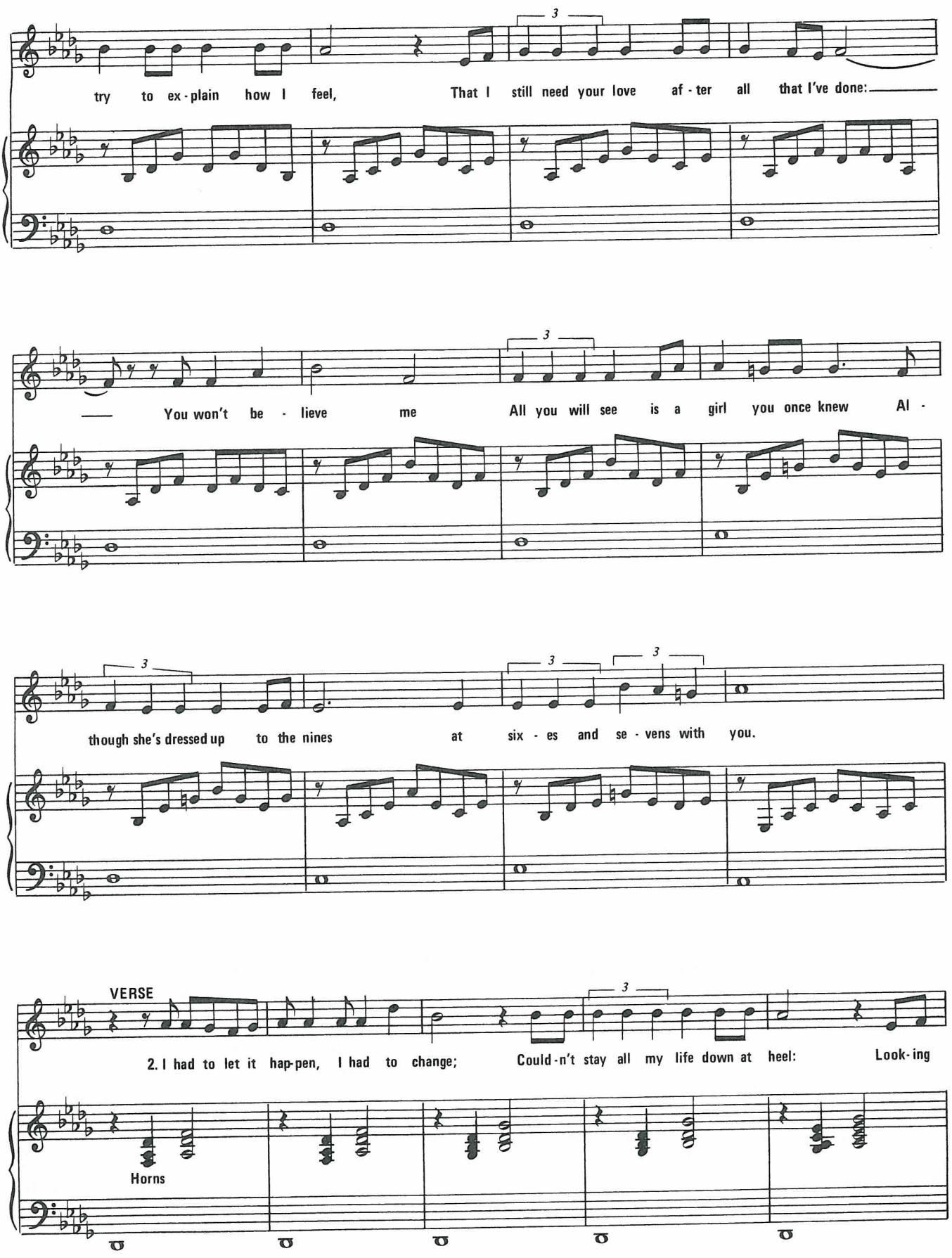
DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA
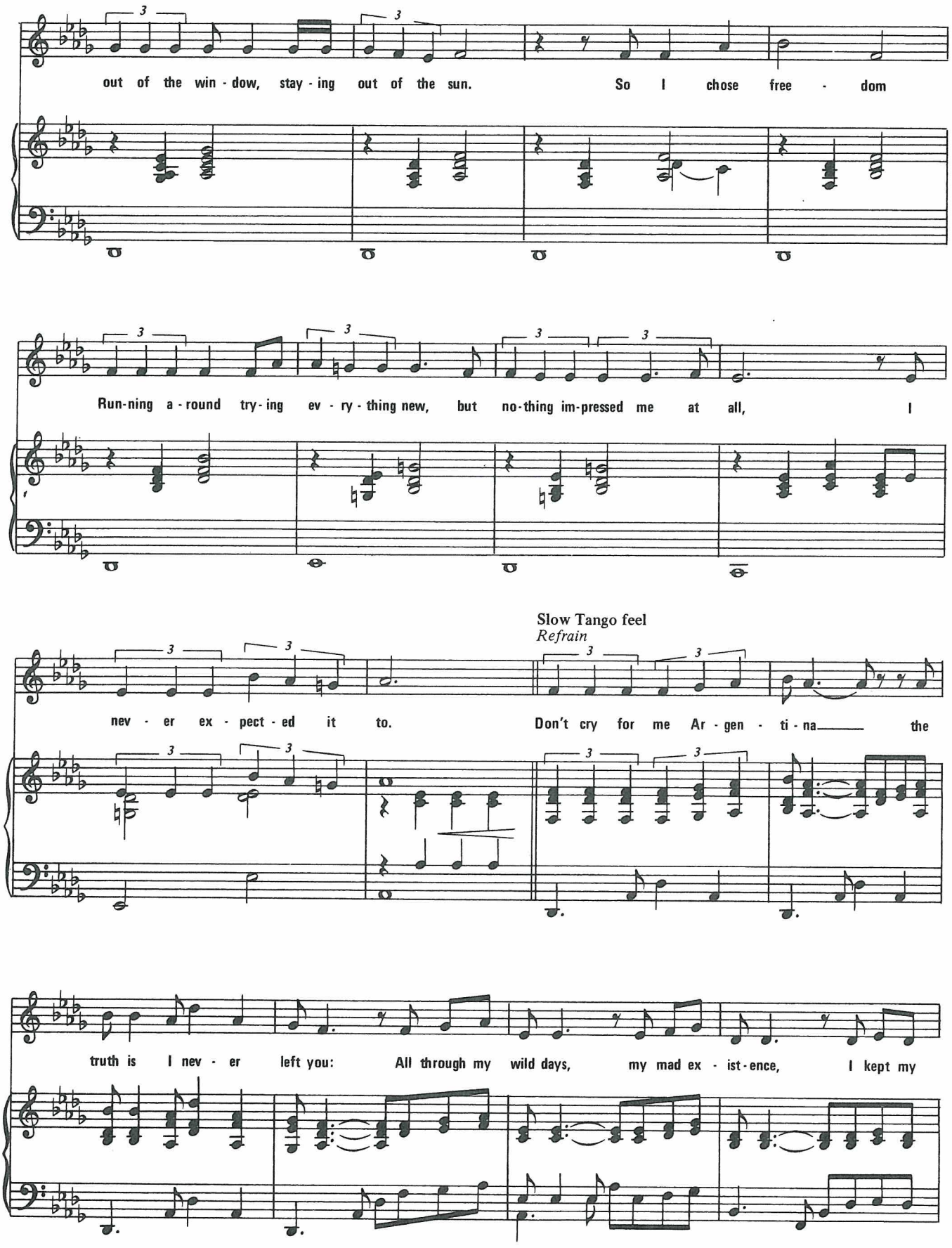
from *Evita*
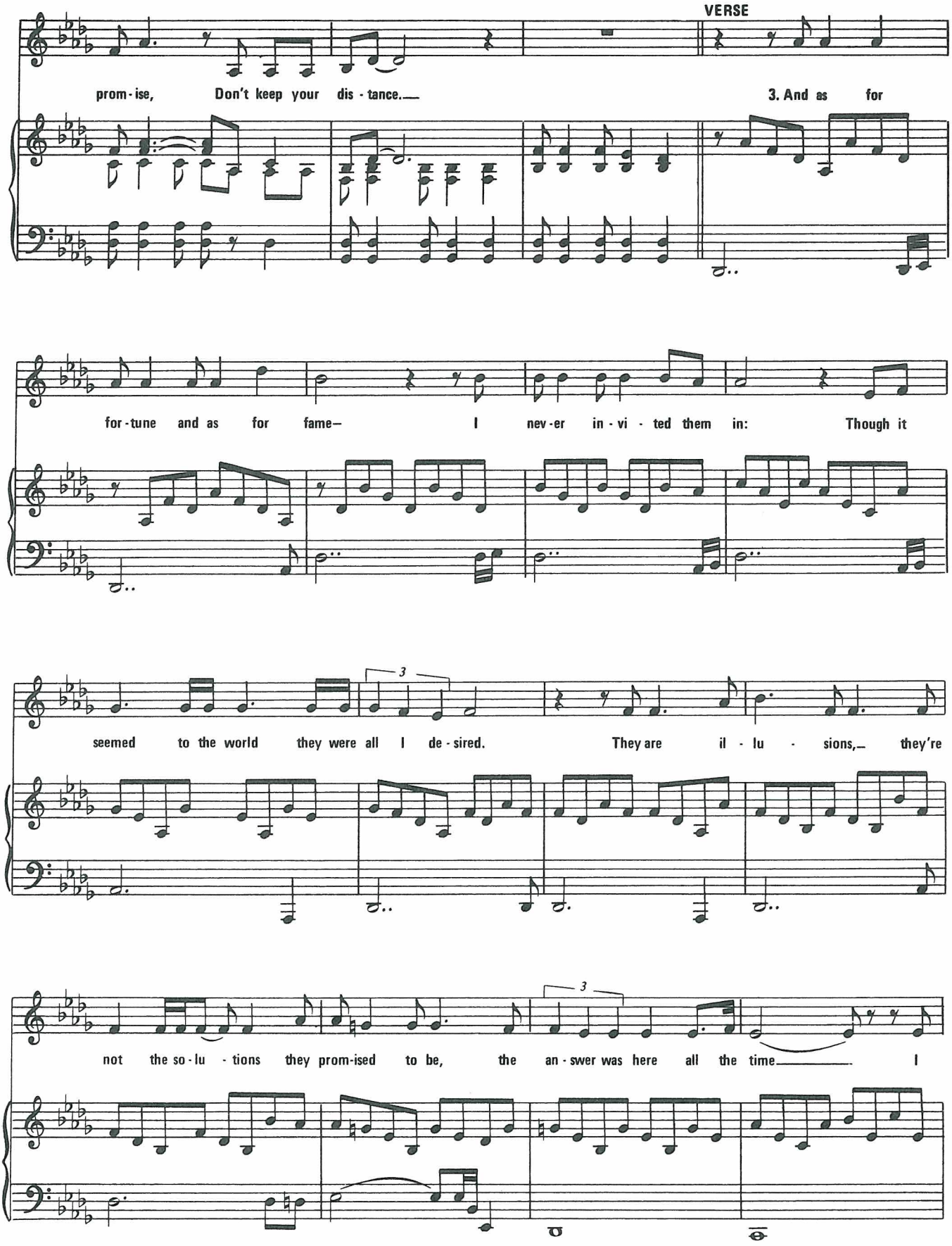
Lyric by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
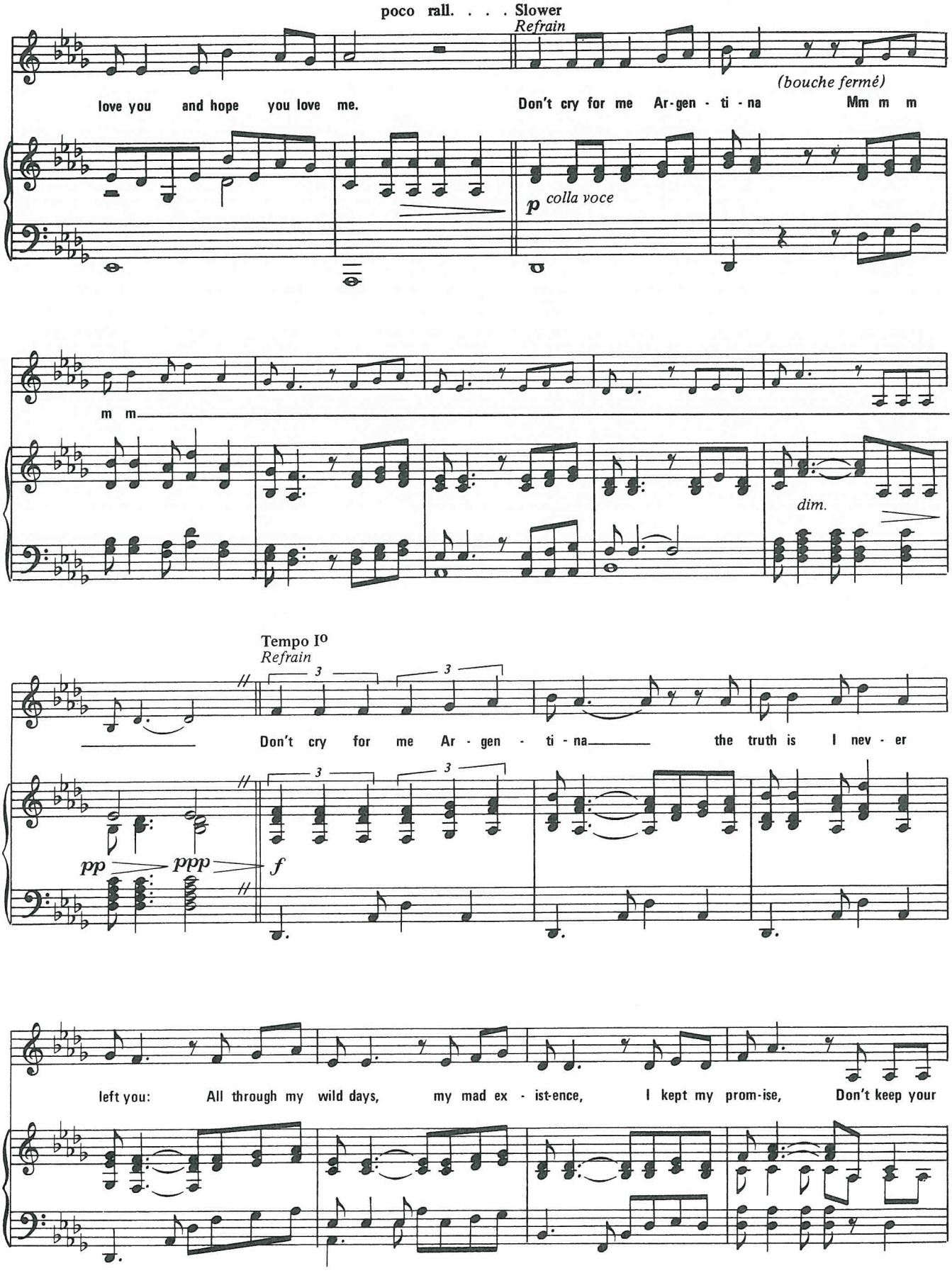


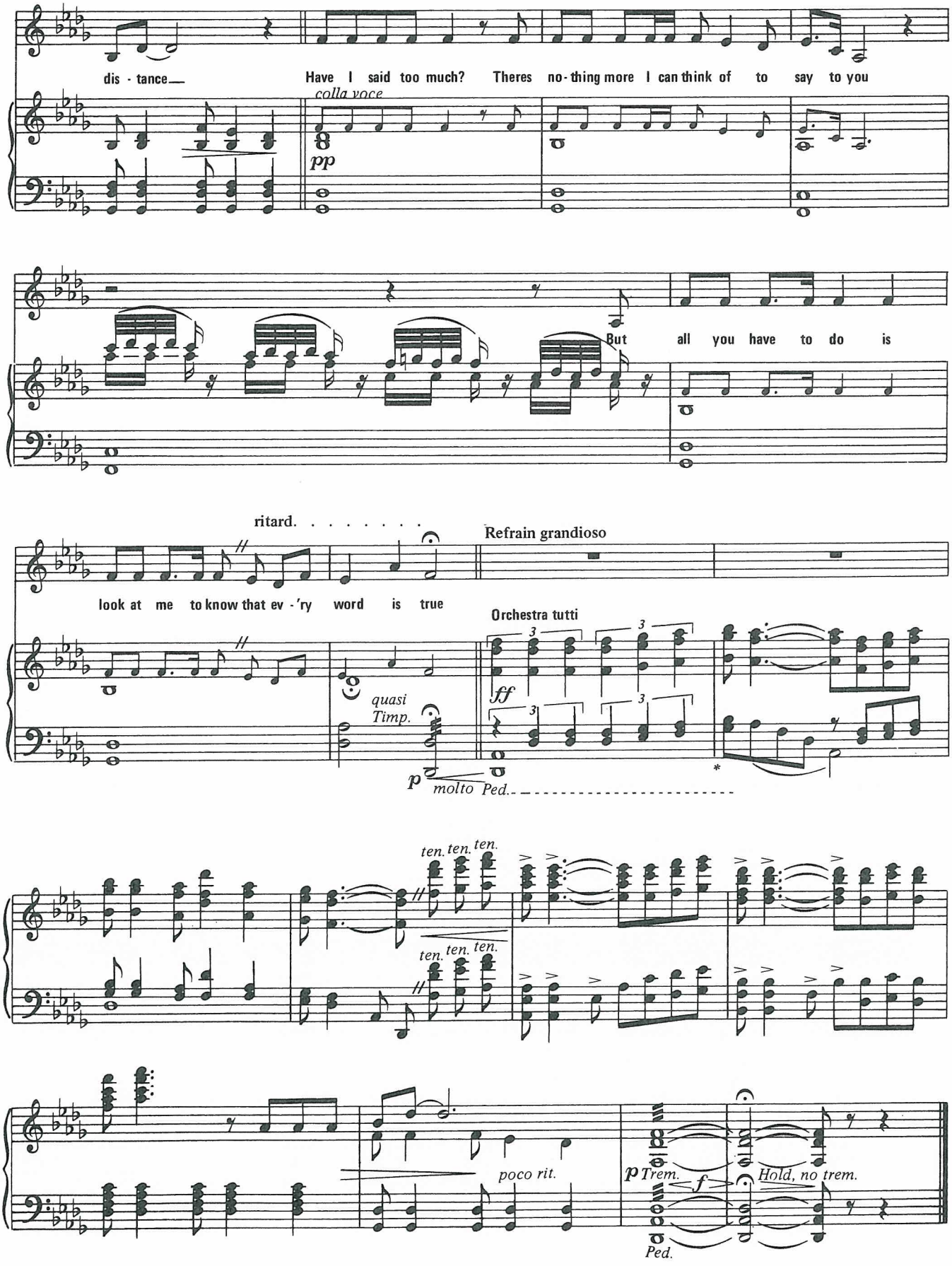
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try to ex-plain how I feel, That I still need your love af-ter all that I've done:
You won't be-lieve me All you will see is a girl you once knew Al-
though she's dressed up to the nines at six-es and se-vens with you.
VERSE
2. I had to let it hap-pen, I had to change; Could-n't stay all my life down at heel: Look-ing
Horns


out of the win - dow, stay - ing out of the sun. So I chose free - dom
Run-ning a - round try - ing ev - ry - thing new, but no-thing im-pressed me at all, I
Slow Tango feel
Refrain
nev - er ex - pect - ed it to. Don't cry for me Ar - gen - ti - na the
truth is I nev - er left you: All through my wild days, my mad ex - ist - ence, I kept my


VERSE
prom - ise, Don't keep your dis - tance.
3. And as for
for - tune and as for fame— I nev - er in - vi - ted them in: Though it
seemed to the world they were all I de - sired. They are il - lu - sions,— they're
not the so - lu - tions they prom-ised to be, the an - swer was here all the time I

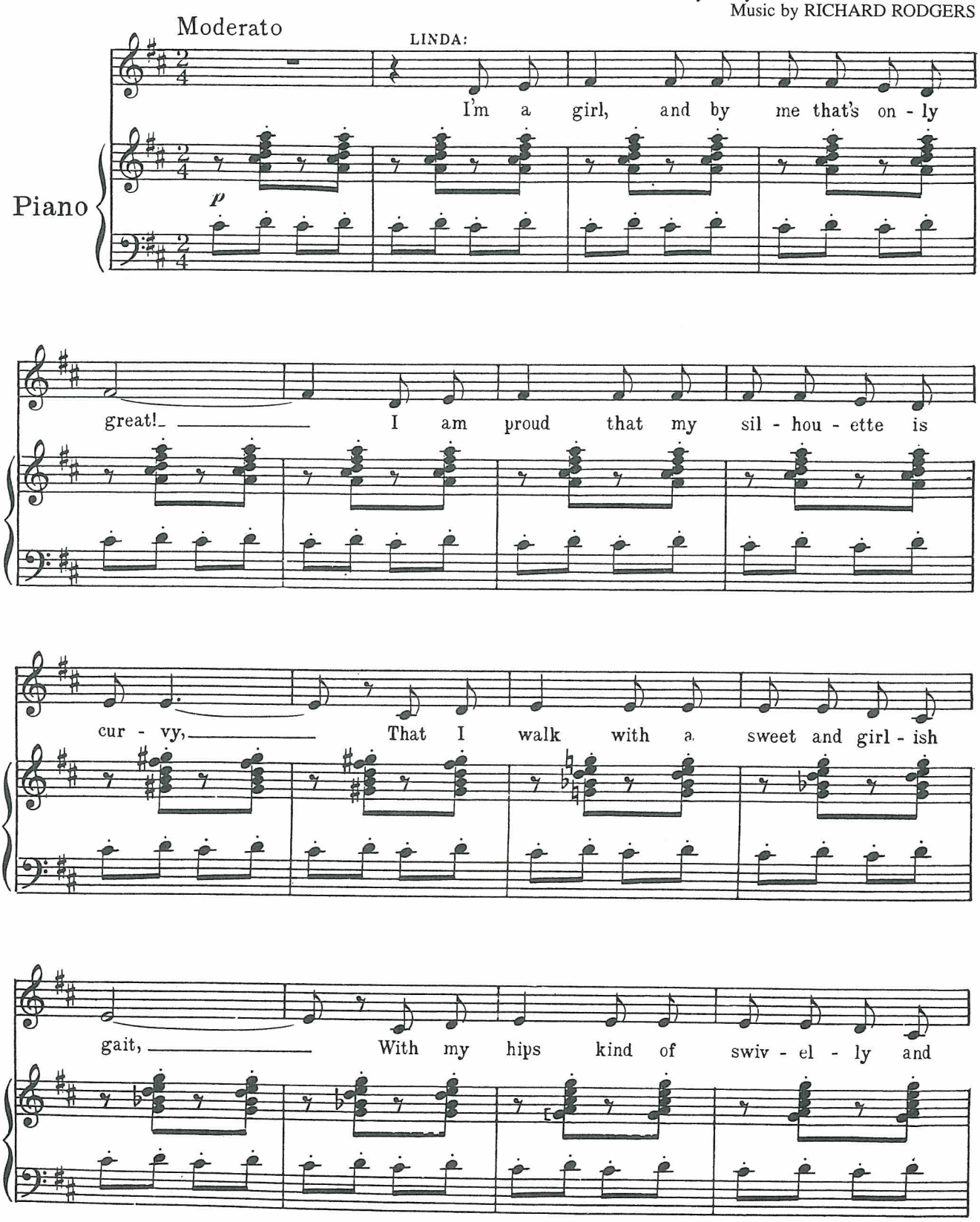

poco rall. . . . Slower
Refrain
love you and hope you love me.
Don't cry for me Ar-gen - ti - na
(bouche fermé)
Mm m m
p colla voce
m m
dim.
Tempo Io
Refrain
Don't cry for me Ar - gen - ti - na
the truth is I nev - er
pp
ppp
f
left you: All through my wild days, my mad ex - ist-ence, I kept my prom-ise, Don't keep your


dis - tance—
Have I said too much? Theres no-thing more I can think of to say to you
colla voce
pp
But all you have to do is
ritard.
Refrain grandioso
look at me to know that ev -'ry word is true
Orchestra tutti
ff
quasi Timp.
p molto Ped.
ten. ten. ten.
ten. ten. ten.
poco rit.
p Trem. f Hold, no trem.
Ped.
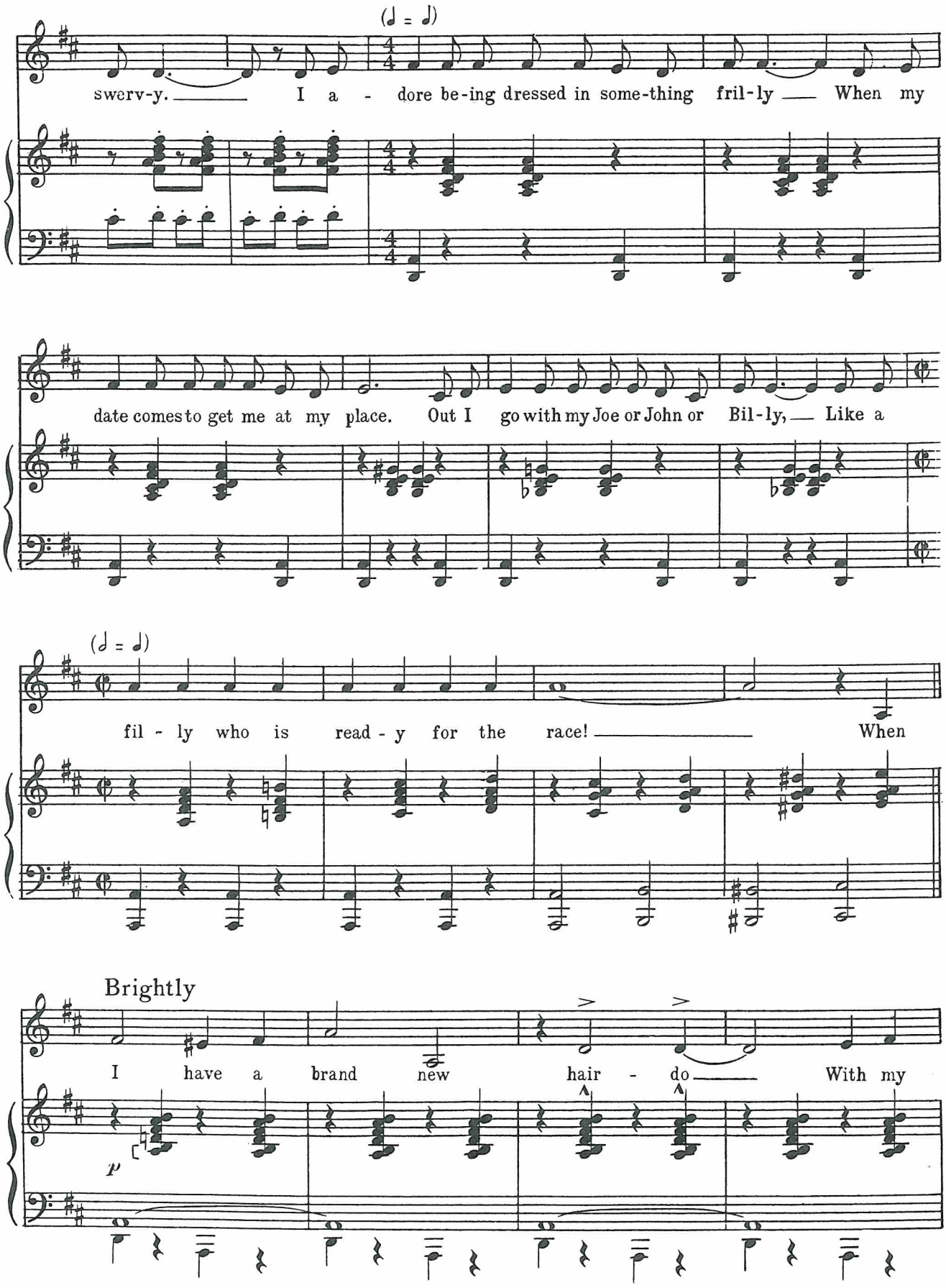
I ENJOY BEING A GIRL

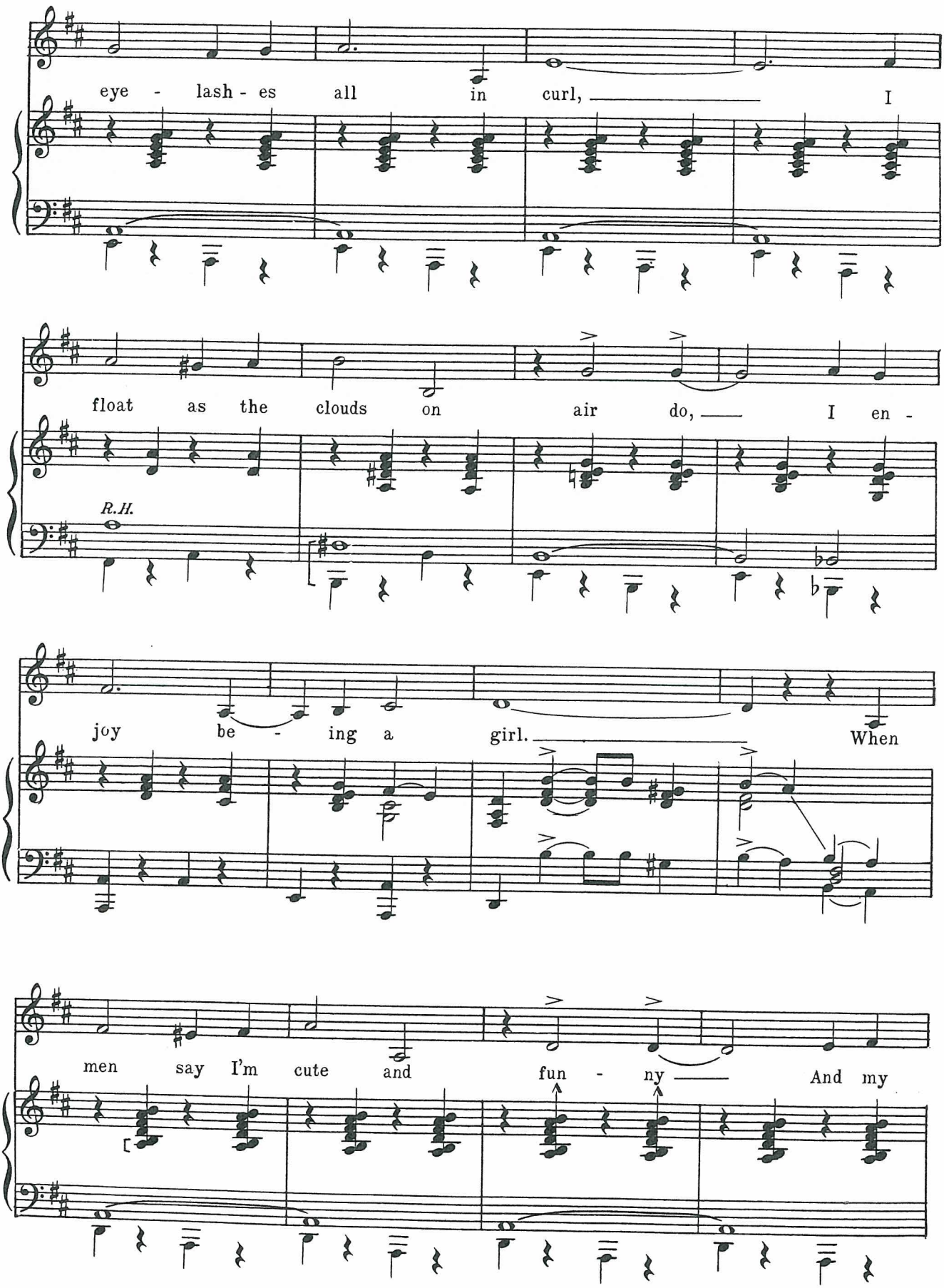
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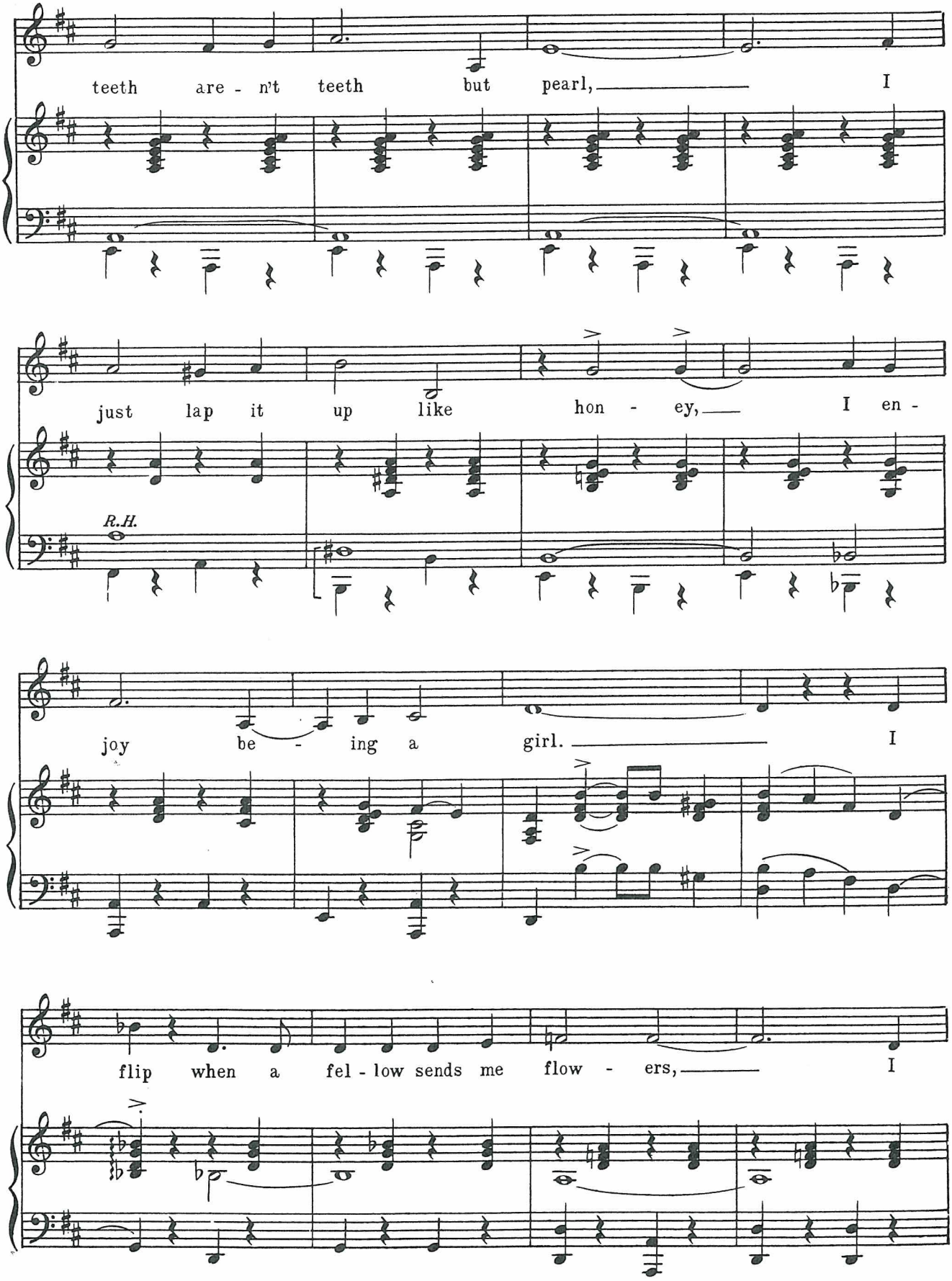
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

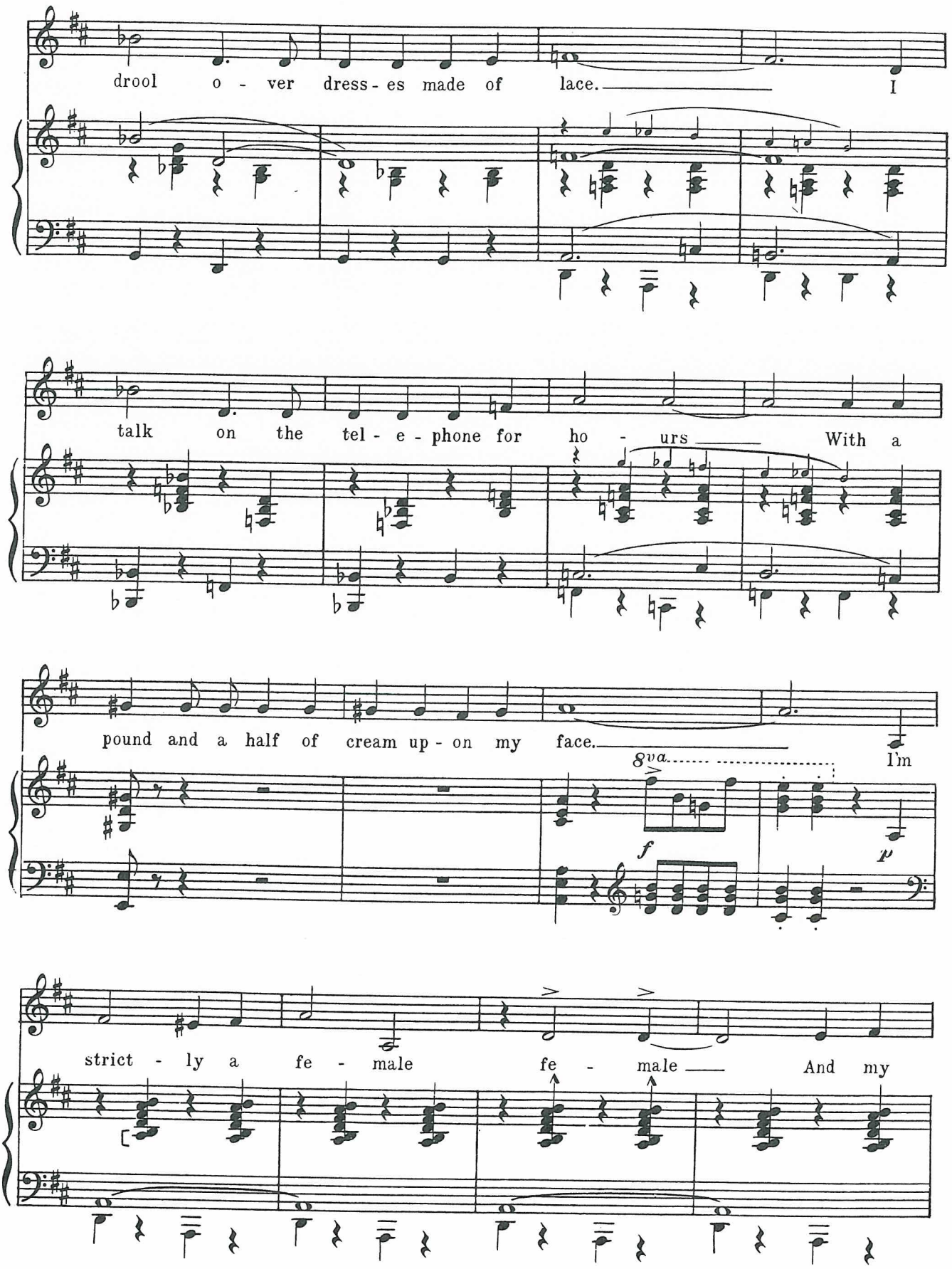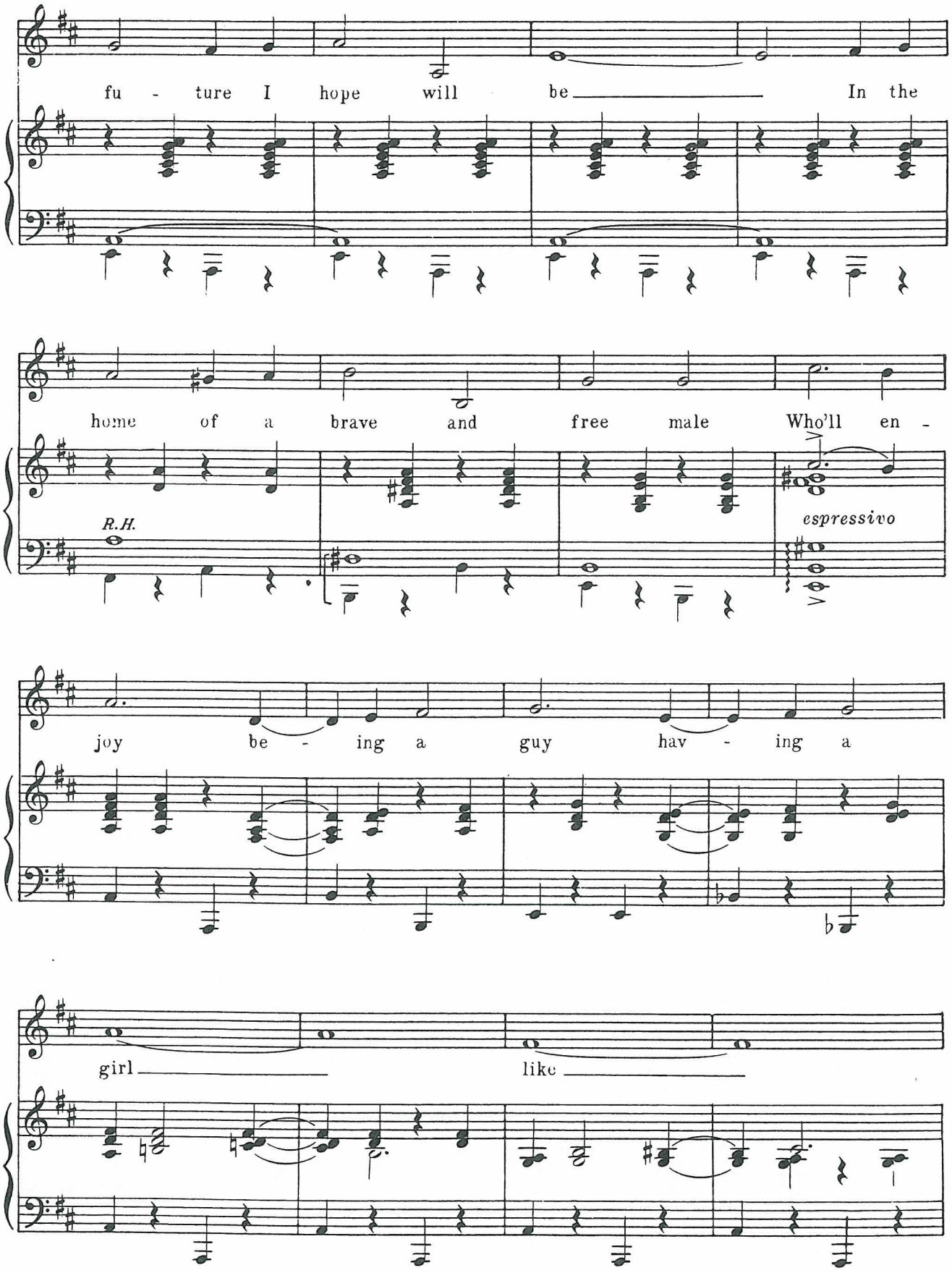


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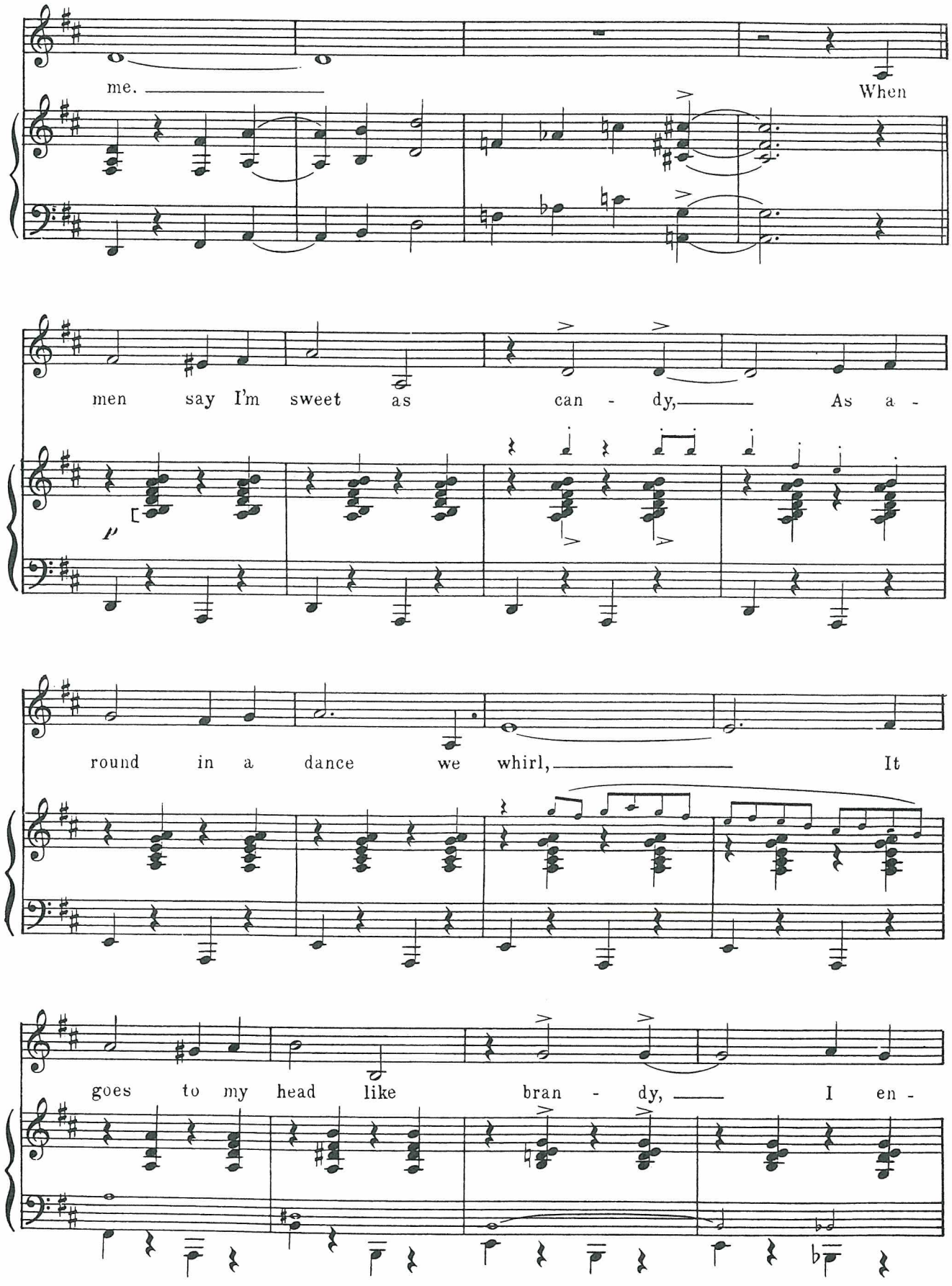

(♩ = ♩)
swerv-y. I a - dore be-ing dressed in some-thing fril-ly When my
date comes to get me at my place. Out I go with my Joe or John or Bil-ly, Like a
(♩ = ♩)
fil - ly who is read - y for the race! When
Brightly
I have a brand new hair - do With my
p
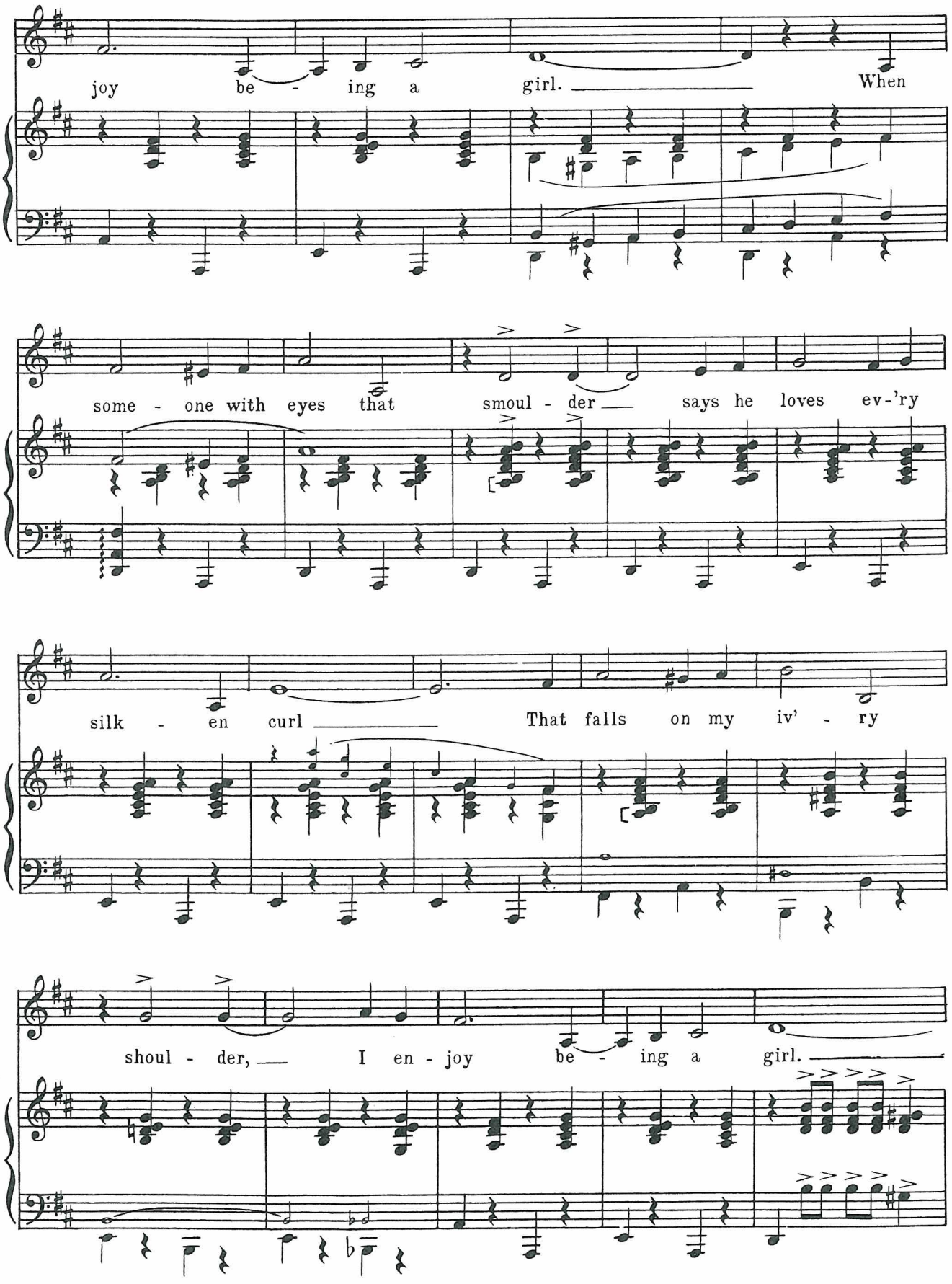

eye - lash - es all in curl, I
float as the clouds on air do, I en -
R.H.
joy be - ing a girl. When
men say I'm cute and fun - ny And my
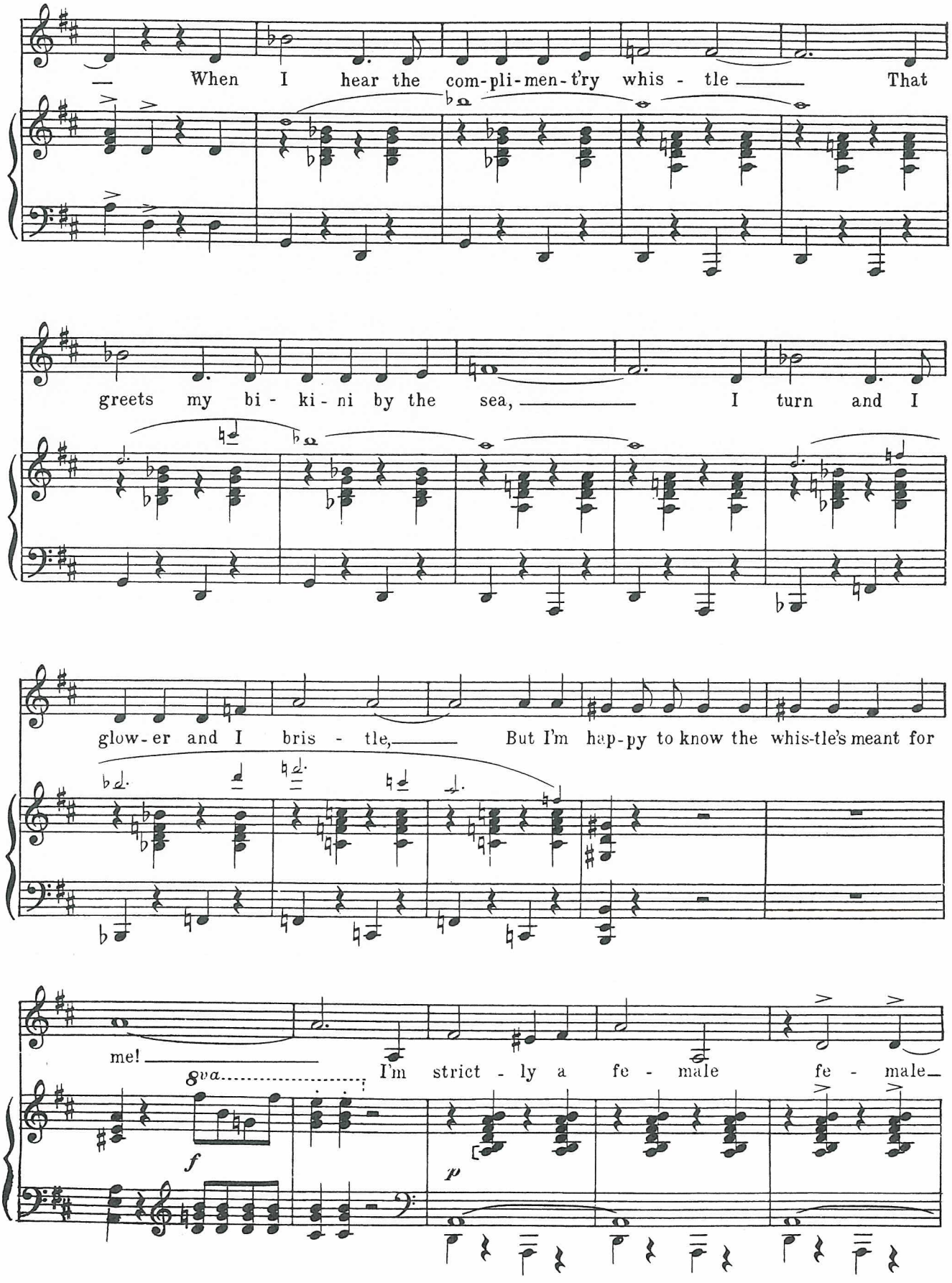

teeth are - n't teeth but pearl, I
just lap it up like hon - ey, I en -
R.H.
joy be - ing a girl. I
flip when a fel - low sends me flow - ers, I
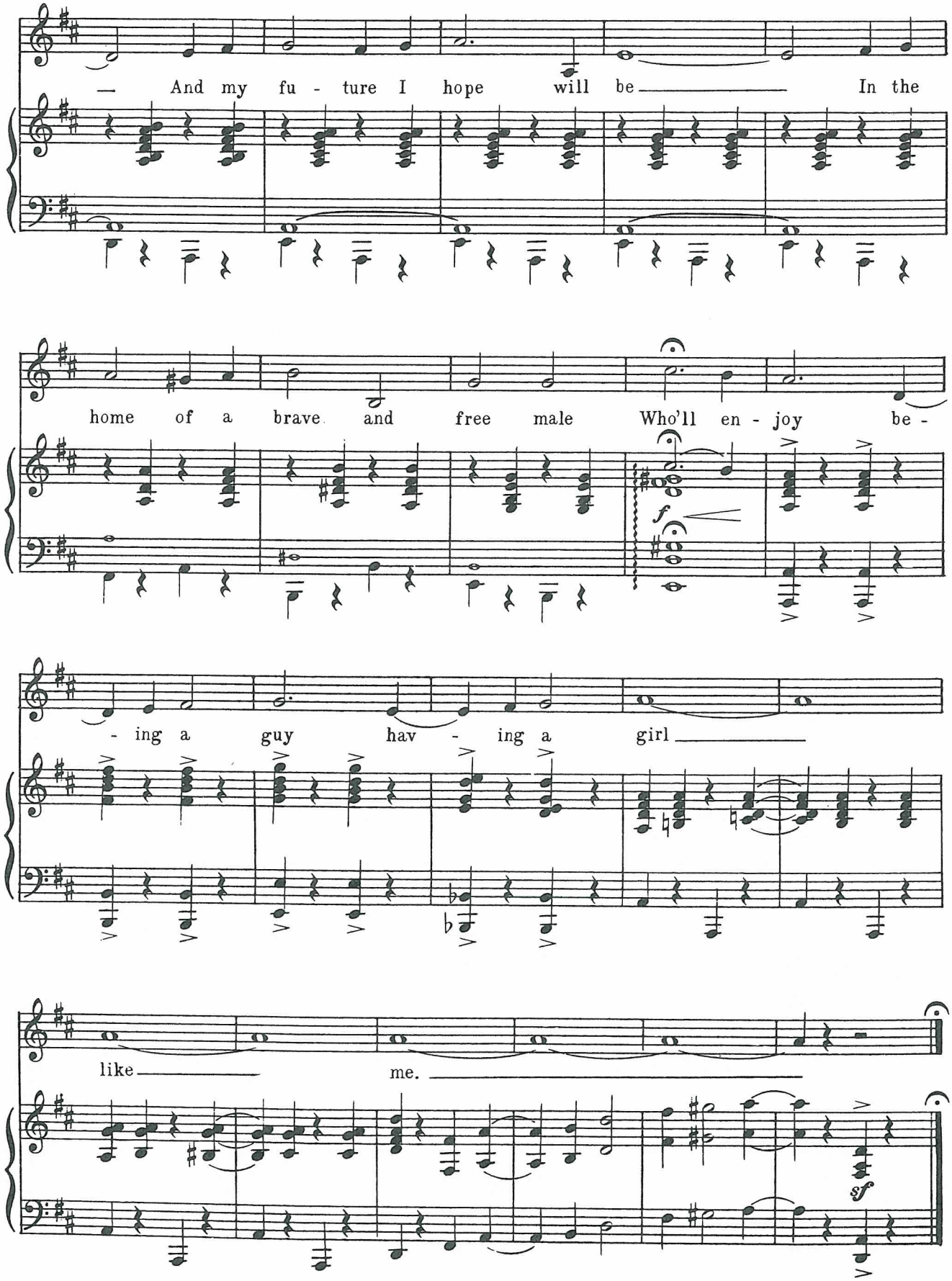

drool o - ver dress - es made of lace. I
talk on the tel - e - phone for ho - urs With a
pound and a half of cream up - on my face. I'm
8va
f
p
strict - ly a fe - male fe - male And my


fu - ture I hope will be In the
home of a brave and free male Who'll en -
R.H.
espressivo
joy be - ing a guy hav - ing a
girl like


me.
When
men say I'm sweet as can - dy, As a -
p
round in a dance we whirl, It
goes to my head like bran - dy, I en -


joy be - ing a girl. When
some - one with eyes that smoul - der says he loves ev-'ry
silk - en curl That falls on my iv' - ry
shoul - der, I en - joy be - ing a girl.
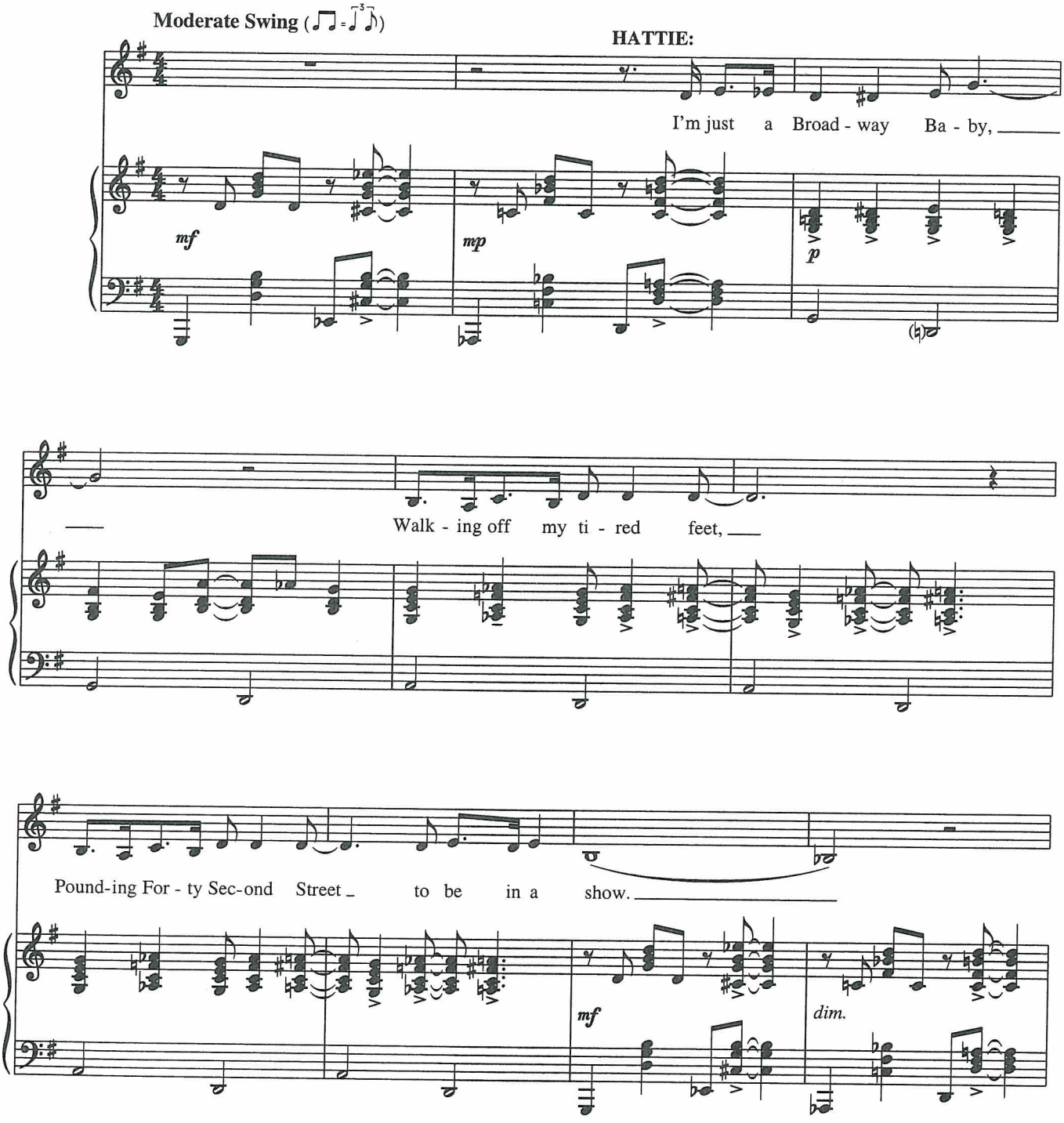

When I hear the com-pli-men-t'ry whis - tle That
greets my bi - ki - ni by the sea, I turn and I
glow-er and I bris - tle, But I'm hap-py to know the whis-tle's meant for
me! I'm strict - ly a fe - male fe - male
8va
f
p


— And my fu - ture I hope will be In the
home of a brave and free male Who'll en - joy be -
f
- ing a guy hav - ing a girl
like me.
sf

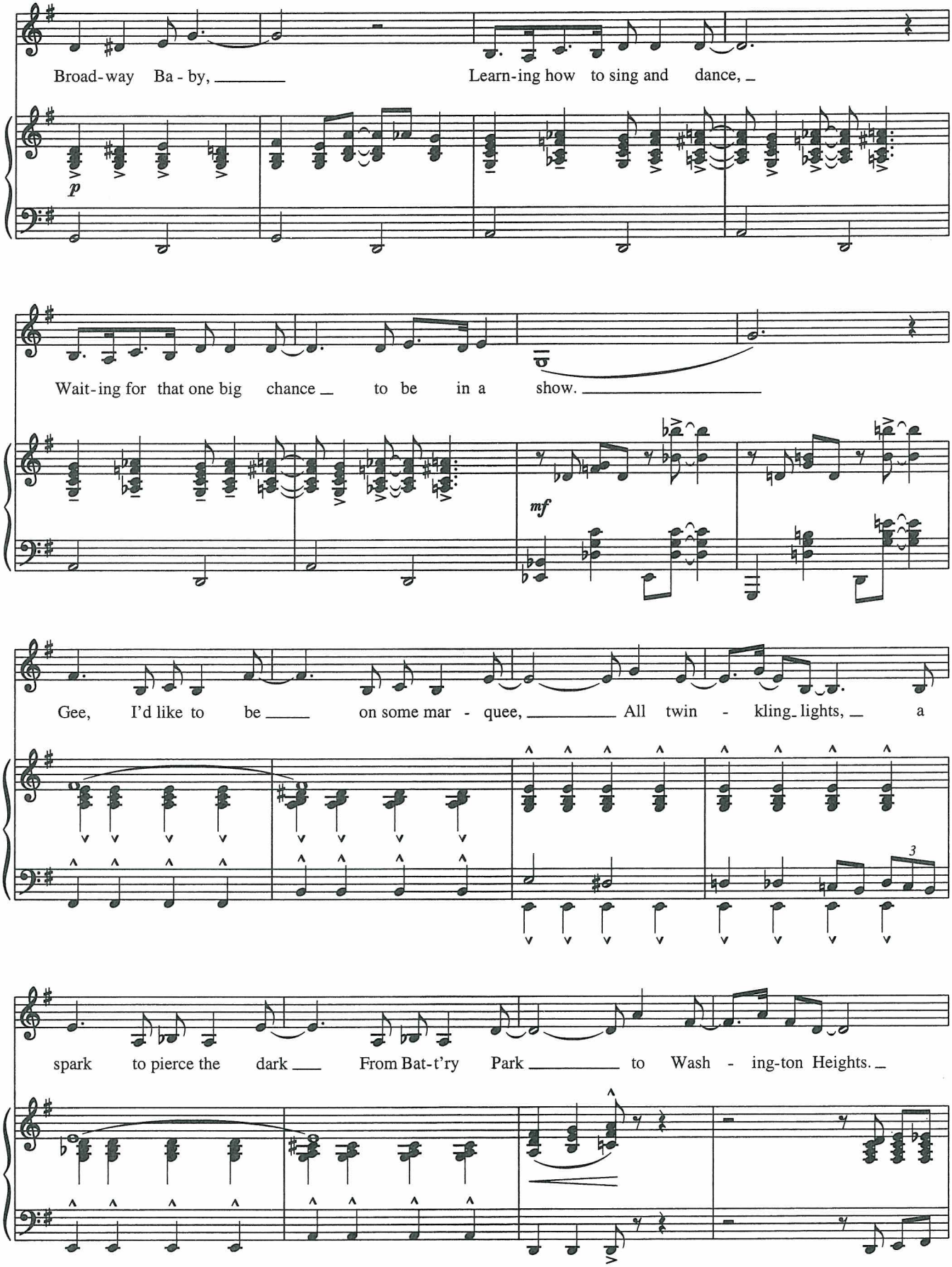
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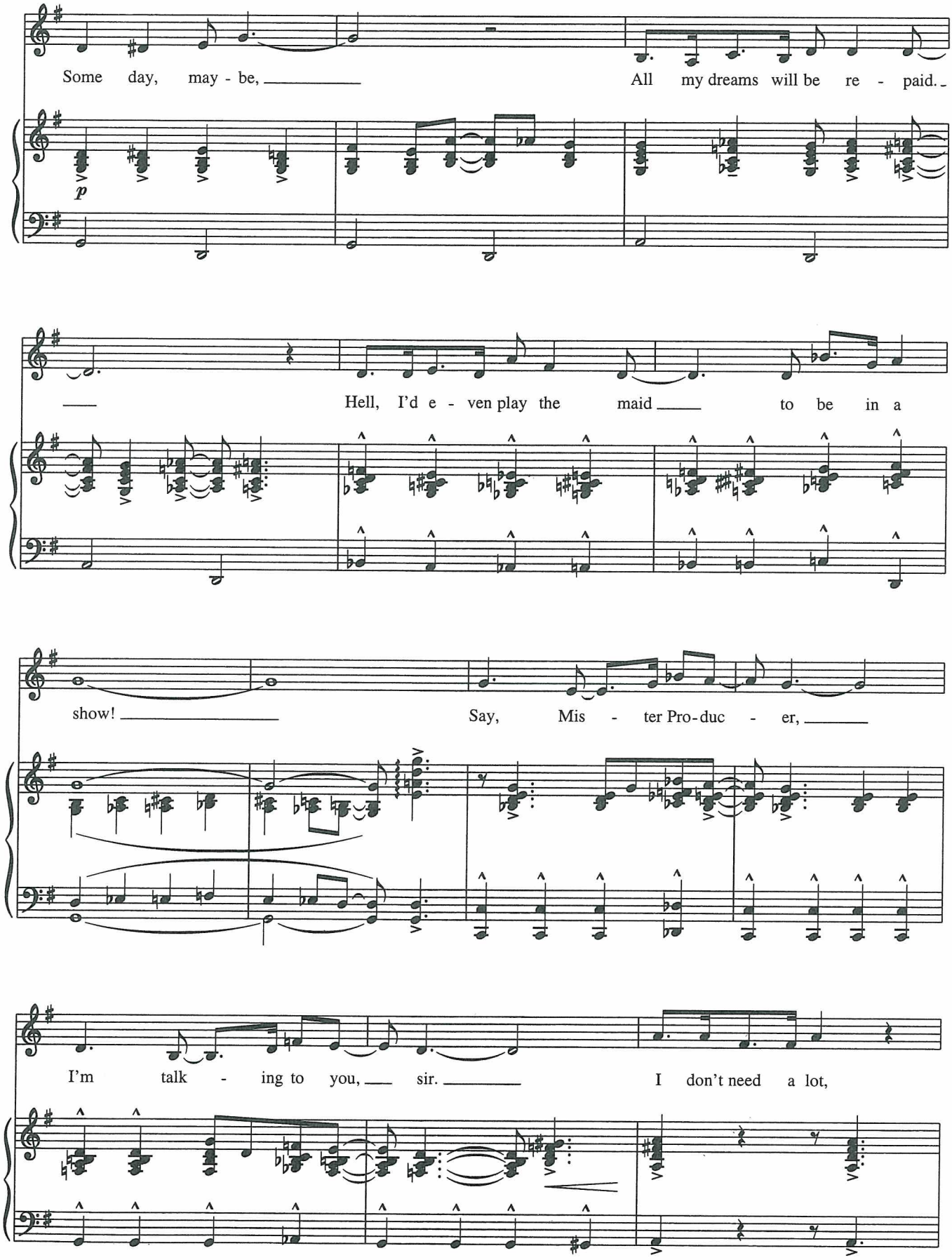
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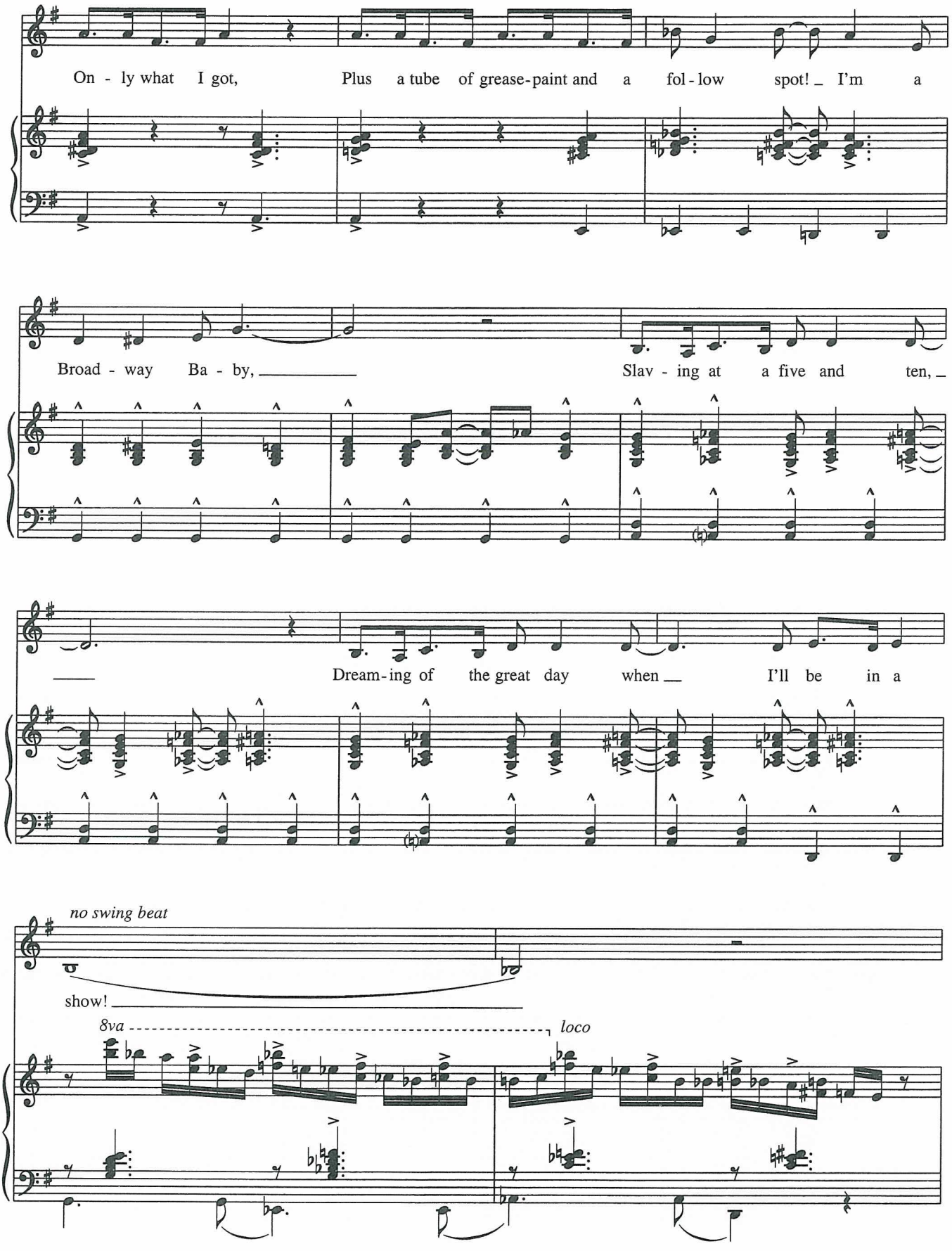
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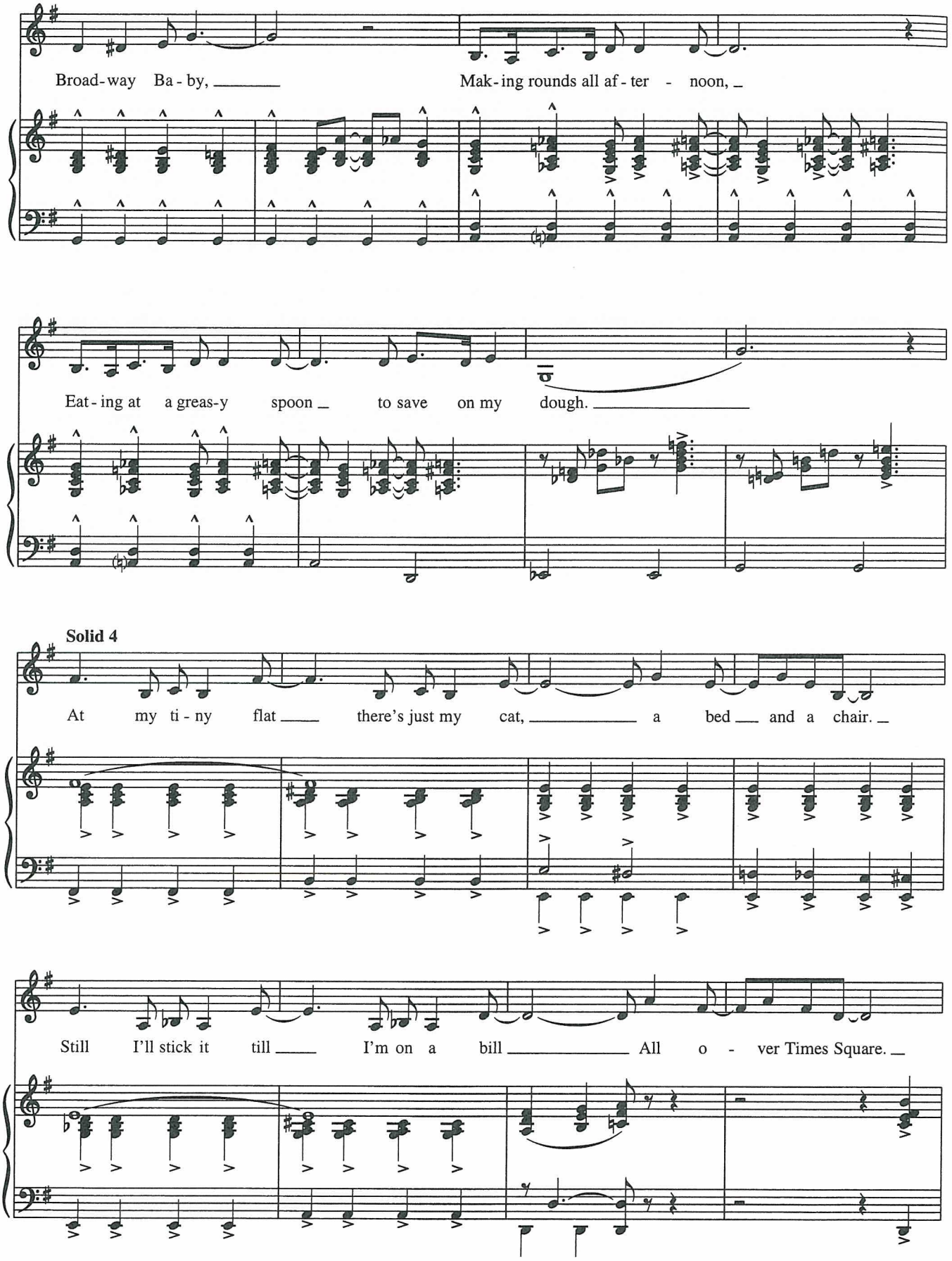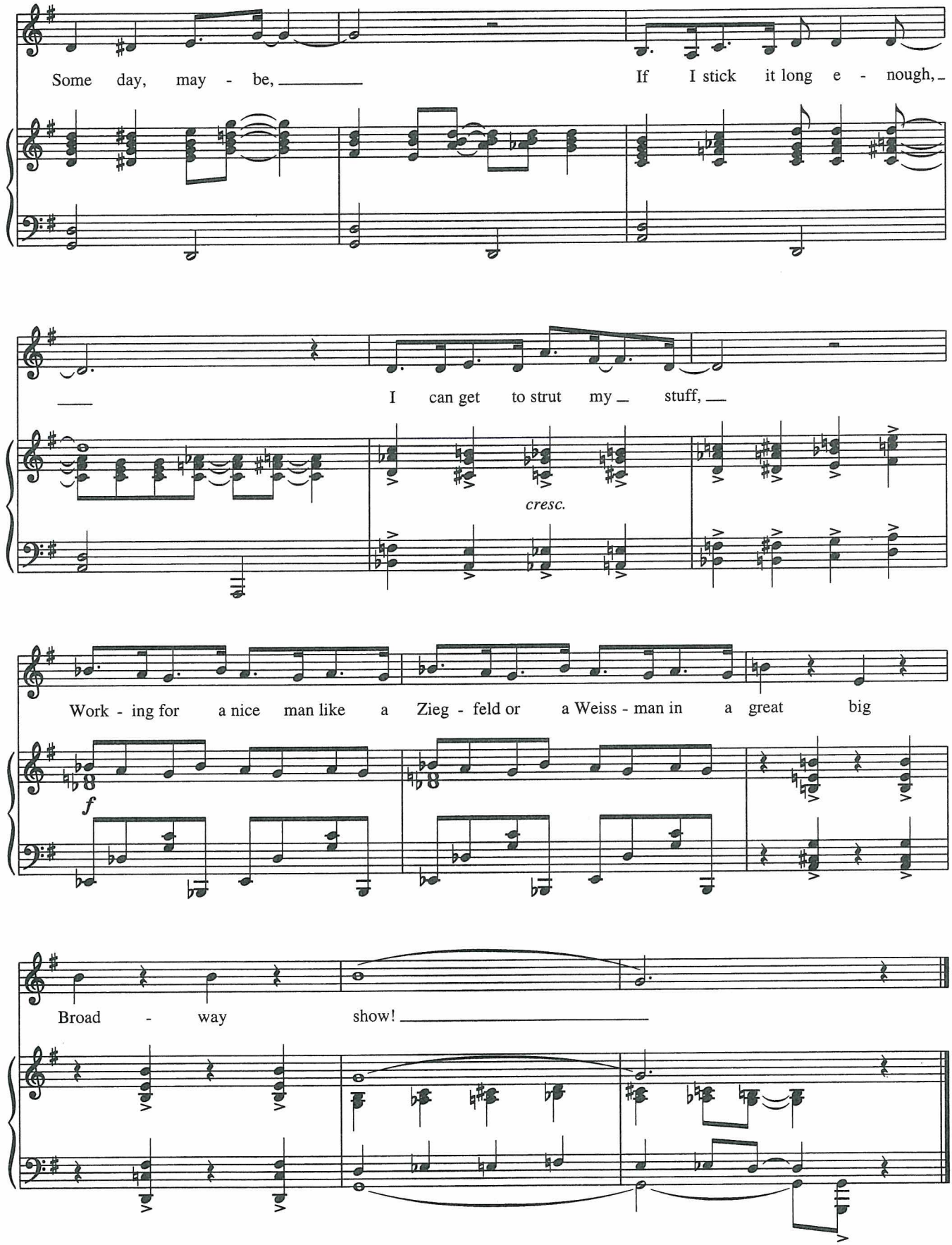


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Broad-way Ba - by, _____ Learn-ing how to sing and dance, _
p
Wait-ing for that one big chance _ to be in a show. _____
mf
Gee, I'd like to be ____ on some mar - quee, _____ All twin - kling_ lights, _ a
3
spark to pierce the dark ___ From Bat-t'ry Park _____ to Wash - ing-ton Heights. _


Some day, may - be, ___ All my dreams will be re - paid. _
p
___ Hell, I'd e - ven play the maid ___ to be in a
show! ___ Say, Mis - ter Pro-duc - er, ___
I'm talk - ing to you, ___ sir. ___ I don't need a lot,


On - ly what I got, Plus a tube of grease-paint and a fol - low spot! _ I'm a
Broad - way Ba - by, _____ Slav - ing at a five and ten, _
_____ Dream-ing of the great day when __ I'll be in a
no swing beat
show! _____
8va
loco
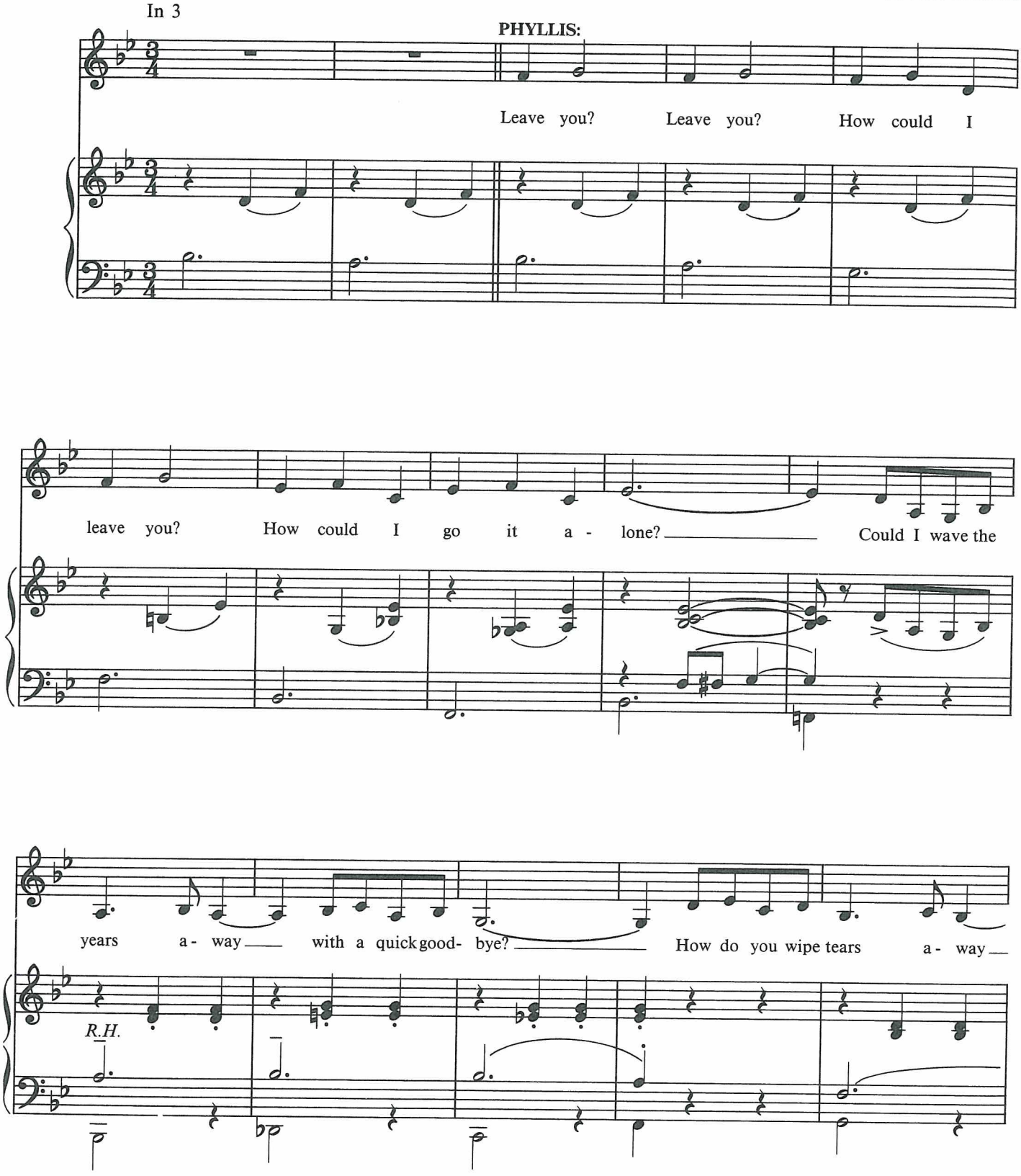

Broad-way Ba-by,
Mak-ing rounds all af-ter - noon,
Eat-ing at a greas-y spoon to save on my dough.
Solid 4
At my ti-ny flat there's just my cat, a bed and a chair.
Still I'll stick it till I'm on a bill All o - ver Times Square.


Some day, may - be,
If I stick it long e - nough,
I can get to strut my stuff,
cresc.
Work - ing for a nice man like a Zieg - feld or a Weiss - man in a great big
f
Broad - way
show!
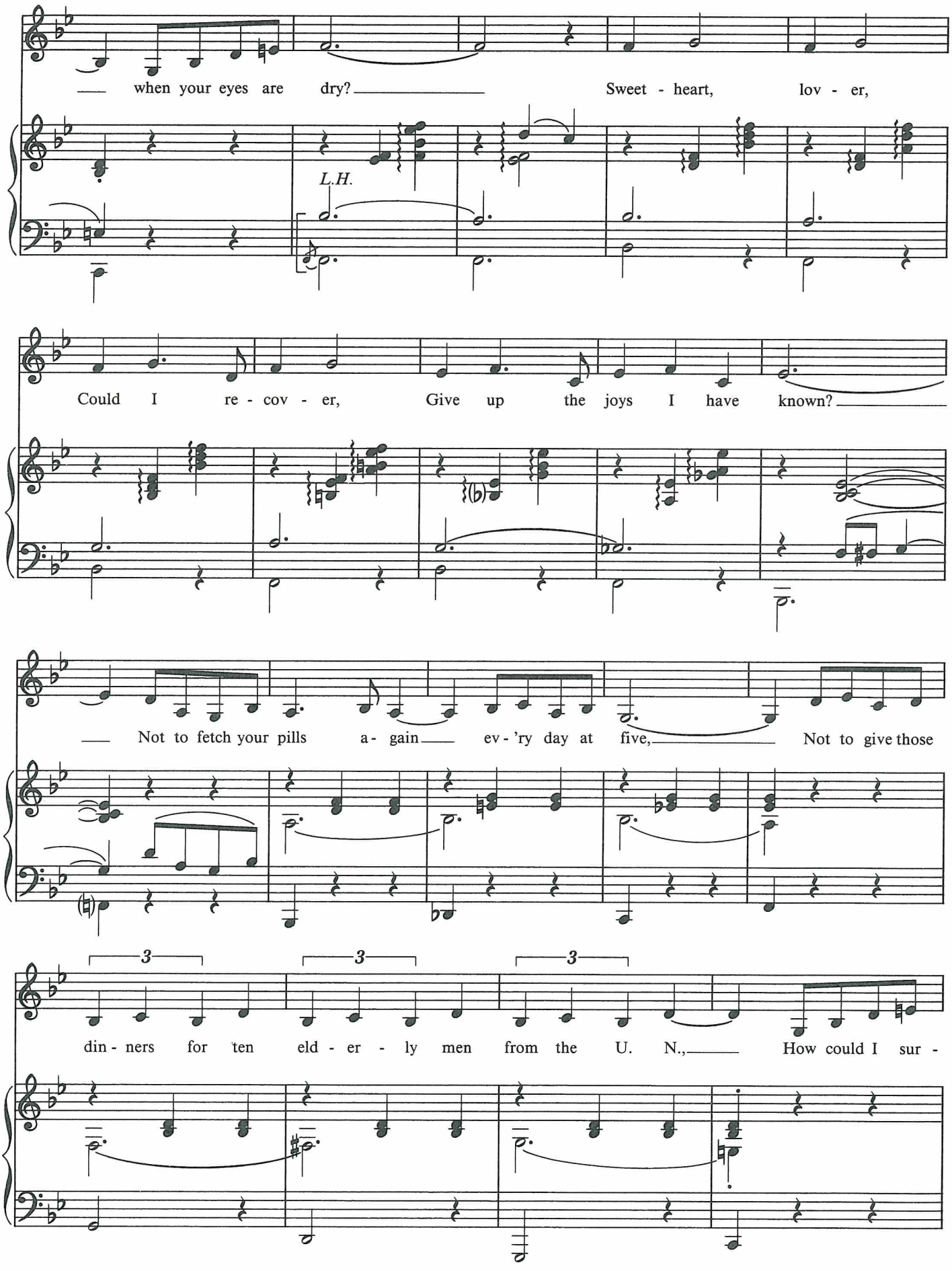
COULD I LEAVE YOU
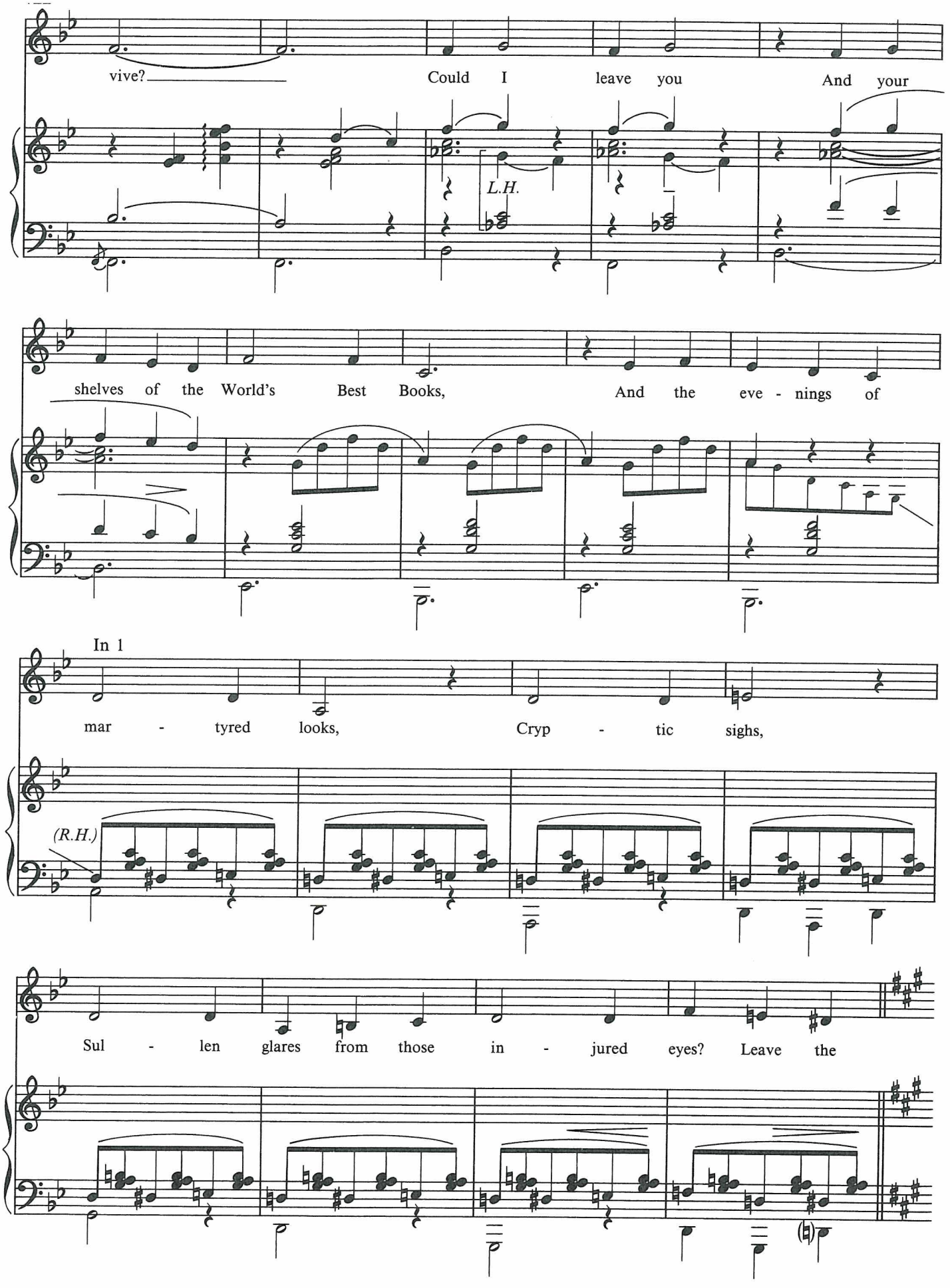
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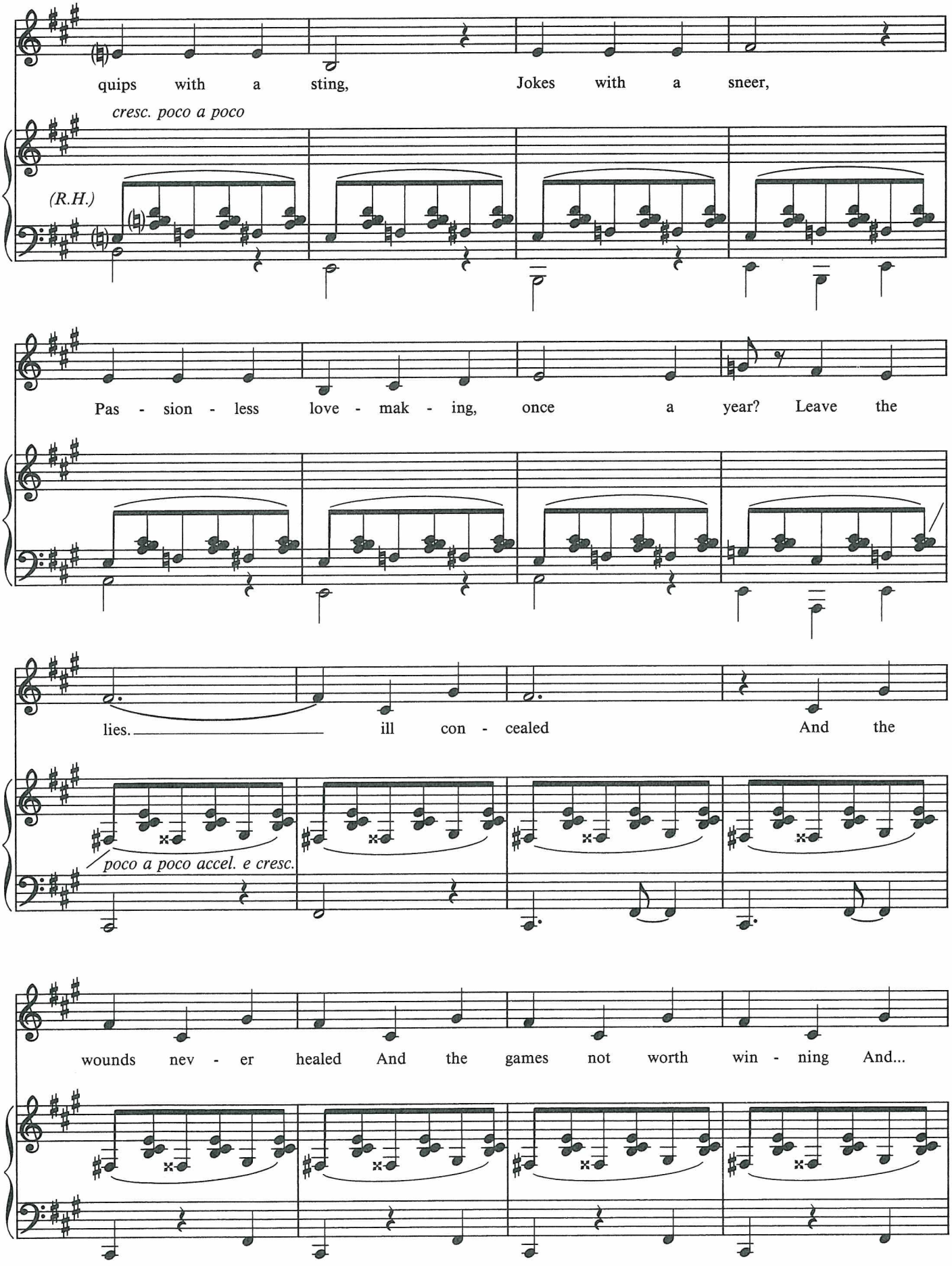
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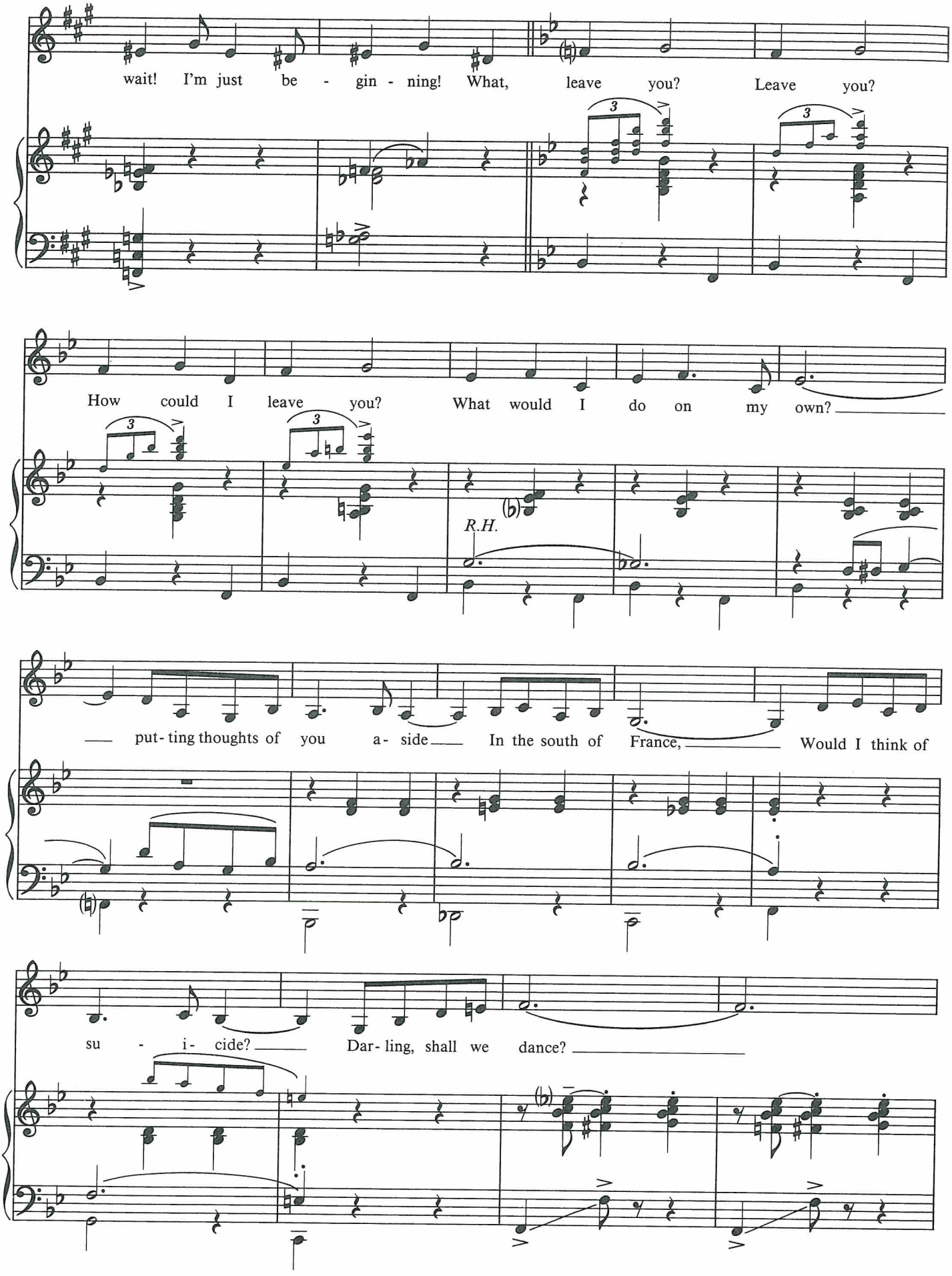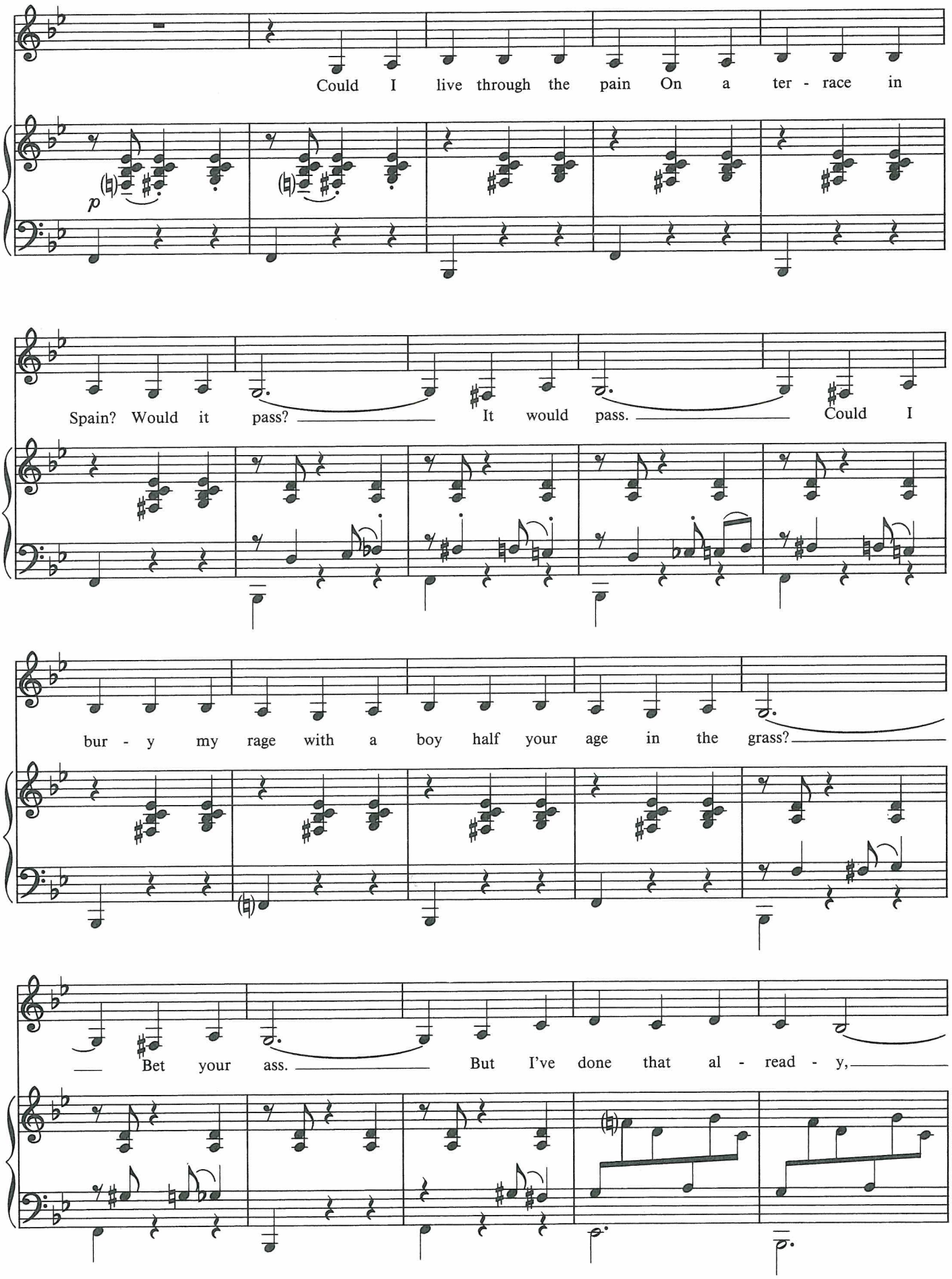


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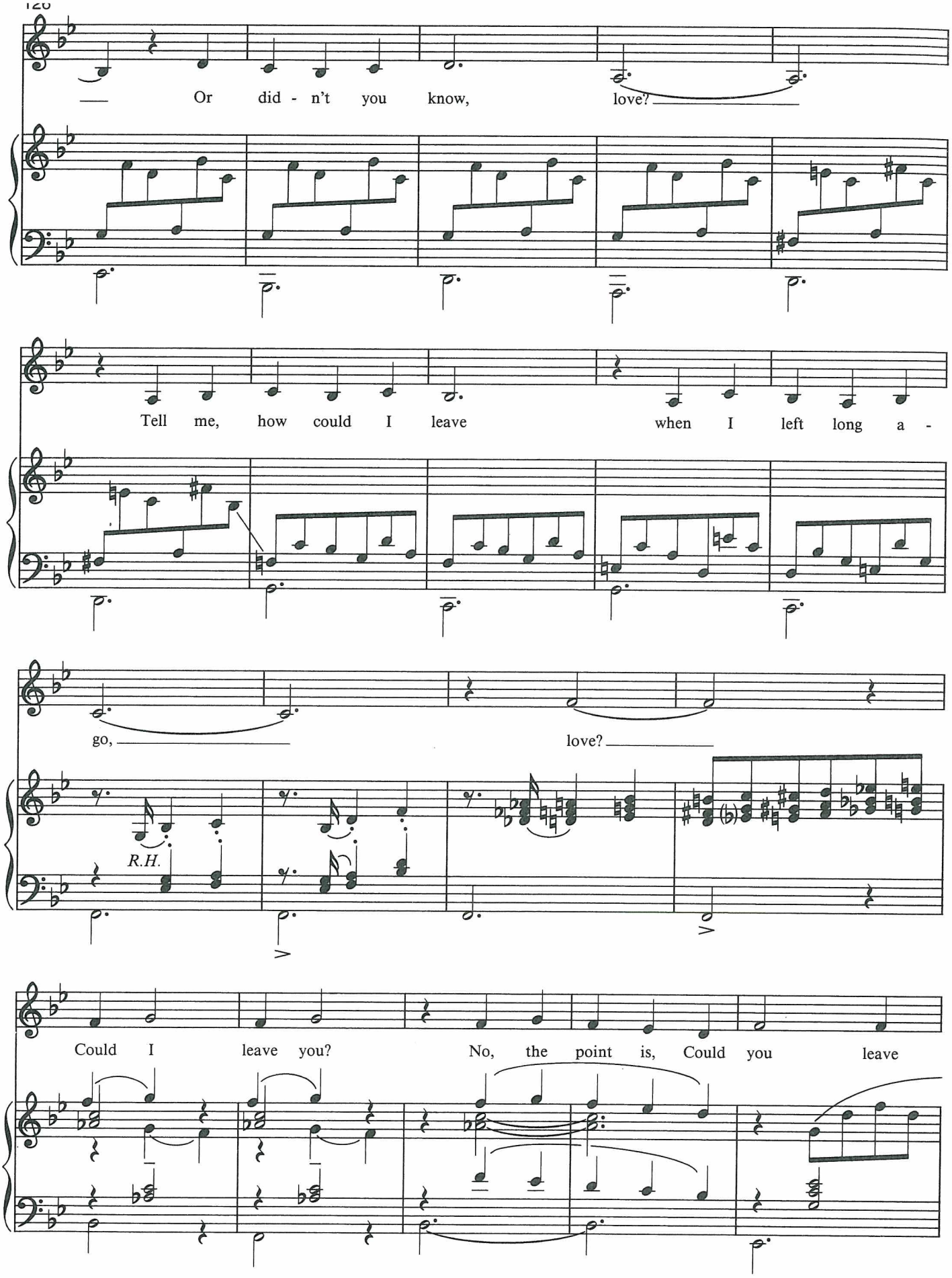

when your eyes are dry? Sweet - heart, lov - er,
L.H.
Could I re - cov - er, Give up the joys I have known?
Not to fetch your pills a - gain ev - 'ry day at five, Not to give those
3
3
3
din - ners for ten eld - er - ly men from the U. N., How could I sur -
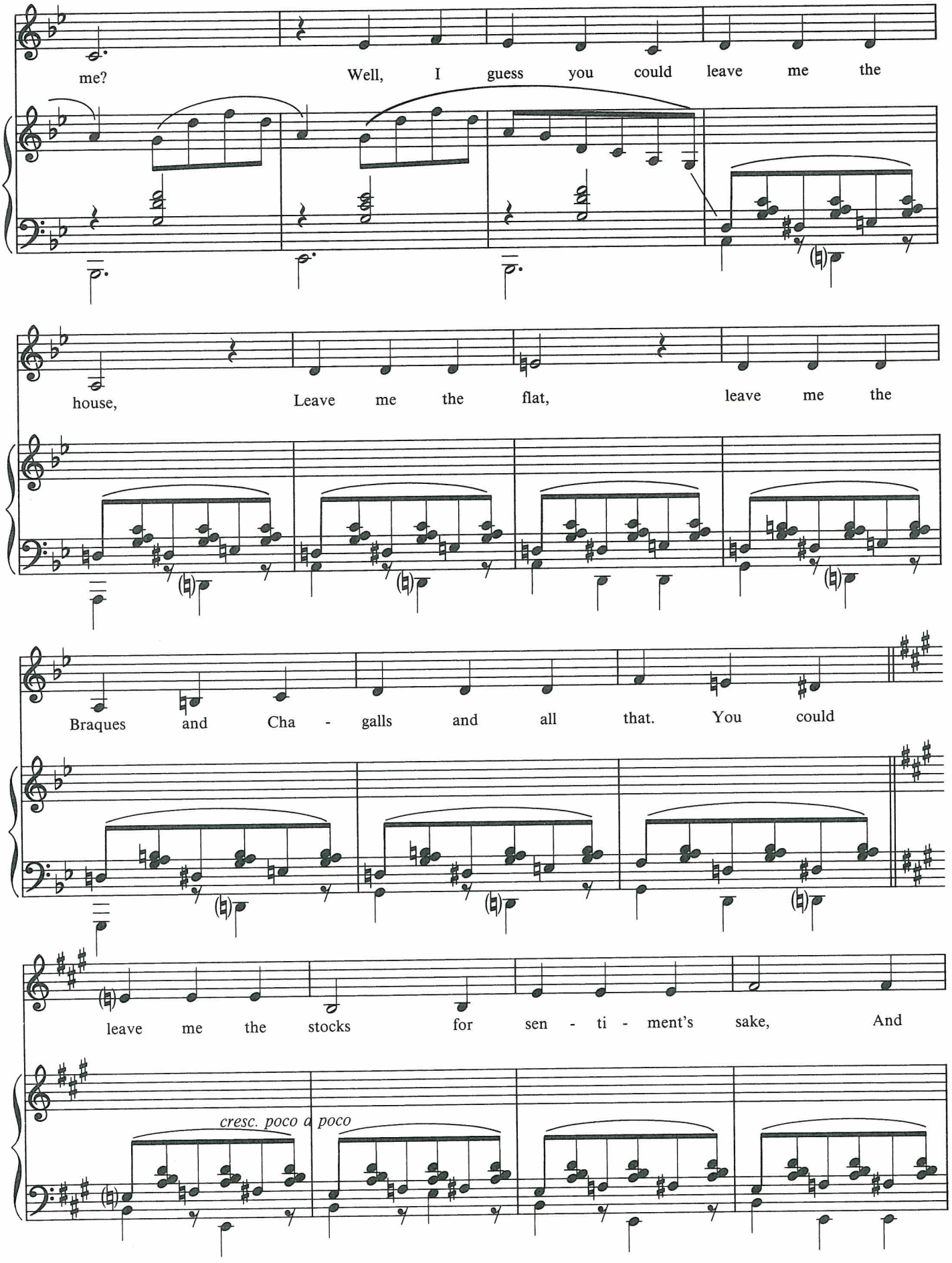

vive?
Could I leave you And your
L.H.
shelves of the World's Best Books, And the eve - nings of
In 1
mar - tyred looks, Cryp - tic sighs,
(R.H.)
Sul - len glares from those in - jured eyes? Leave the
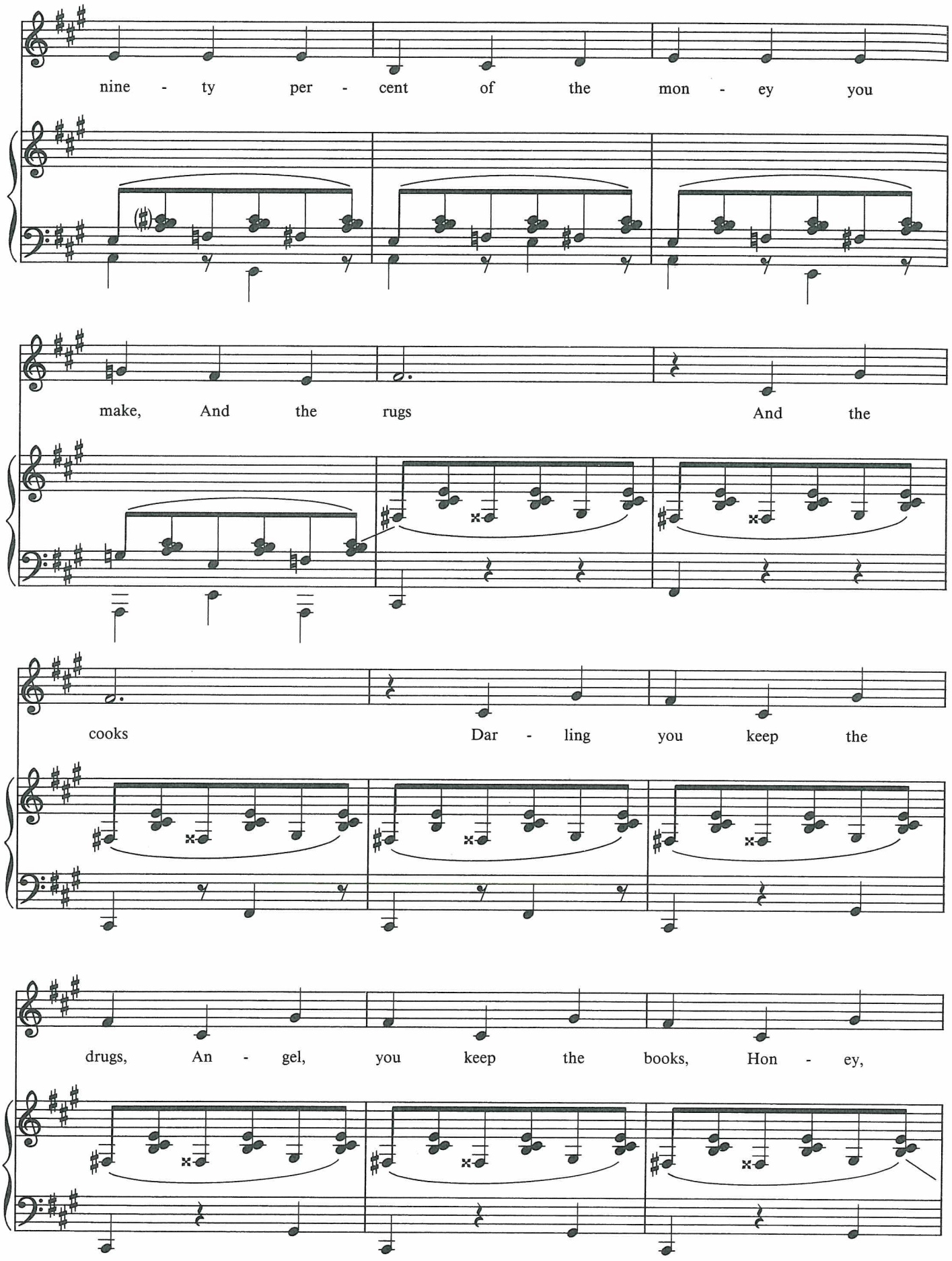

quips with a sting, Jokes with a sneer,
cresc. poco a poco
(R.H.)
Pas - sion - less love - mak - ing, once a year? Leave the
lies. ill con - cealed And the
poco a poco accel. e cresc.
wounds nev - er healed And the games not worth win - ning And...
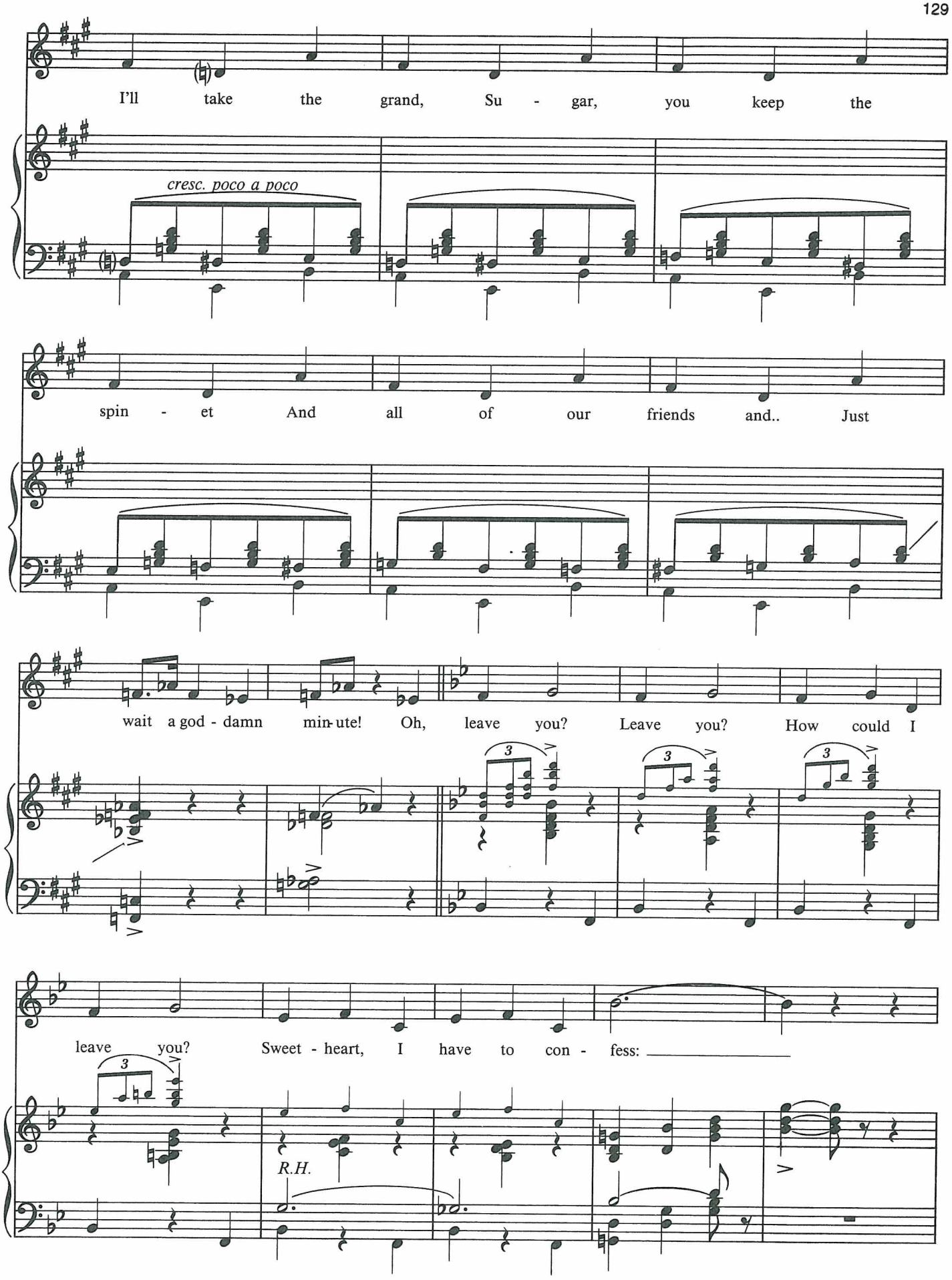

wait! I'm just be - gin - ning! What, leave you? Leave you?
How could I leave you? What would I do on my own?
R.H.
put-ting thoughts of you a- side In the south of France, Would I think of
su - i- cide? Dar- ling, shall we dance?
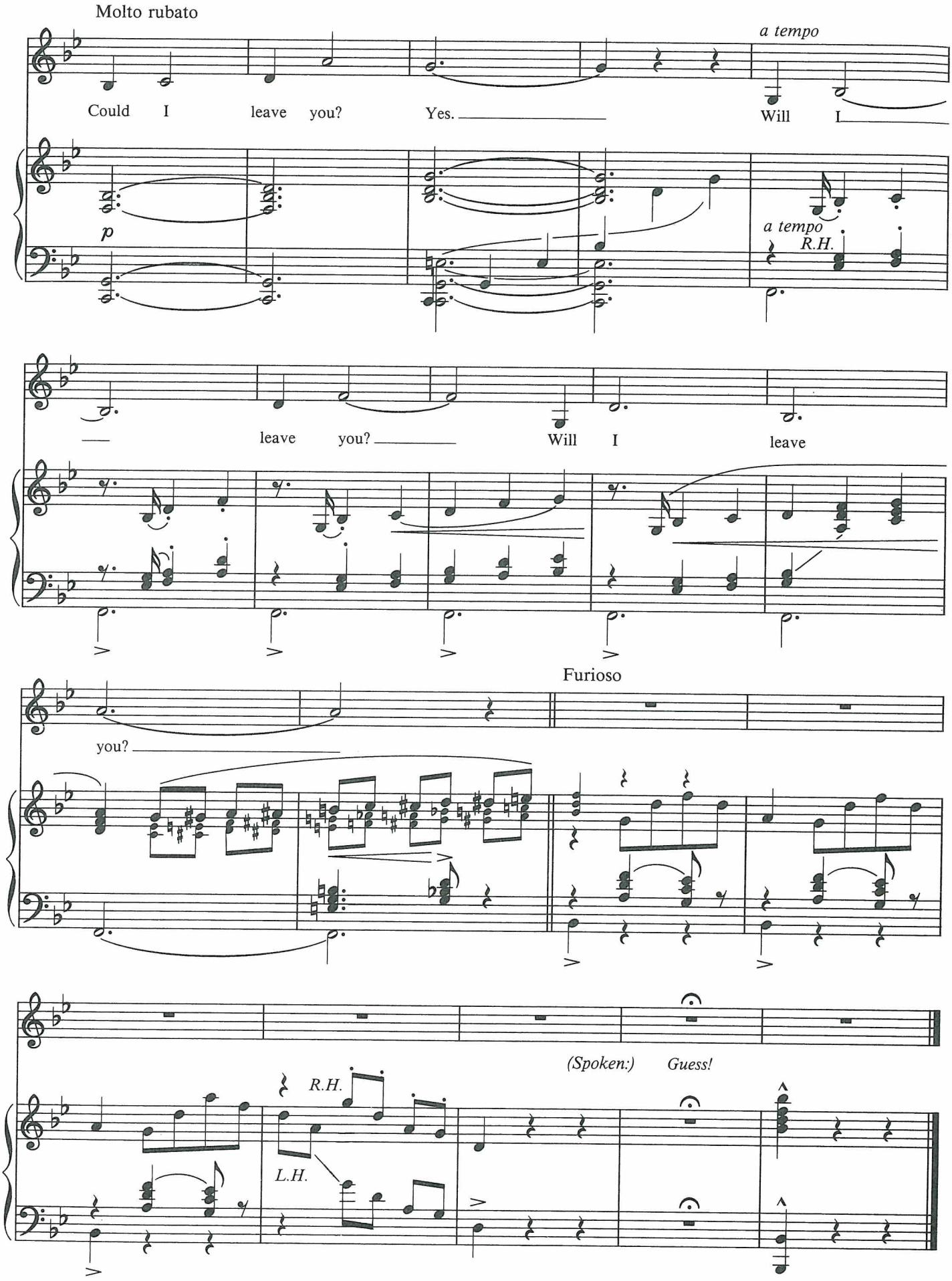

Could I live through the pain On a ter - race in
p
Spain? Would it pass? It would pass. Could I
bur - y my rage with a boy half your age in the grass?
Bet your ass. But I've done that al - read - y,


Or did - n't you know, love?
Tell me, how could I leave when I left long a -
go, love?
R.H.
Could I leave you? No, the point is, Could you leave


me? Well, I guess you could leave me the
house, Leave me the flat, leave me the
Braques and Cha - galls and all that. You could
leave me the stocks for sen - ti - ment's sake, And
cresc. poco a poco


nine - ty per - cent of the mon - ey you
make, And the rugs And the
cooks Dar - ling you keep the
drugs, An - gel, you keep the books, Hon - ey,
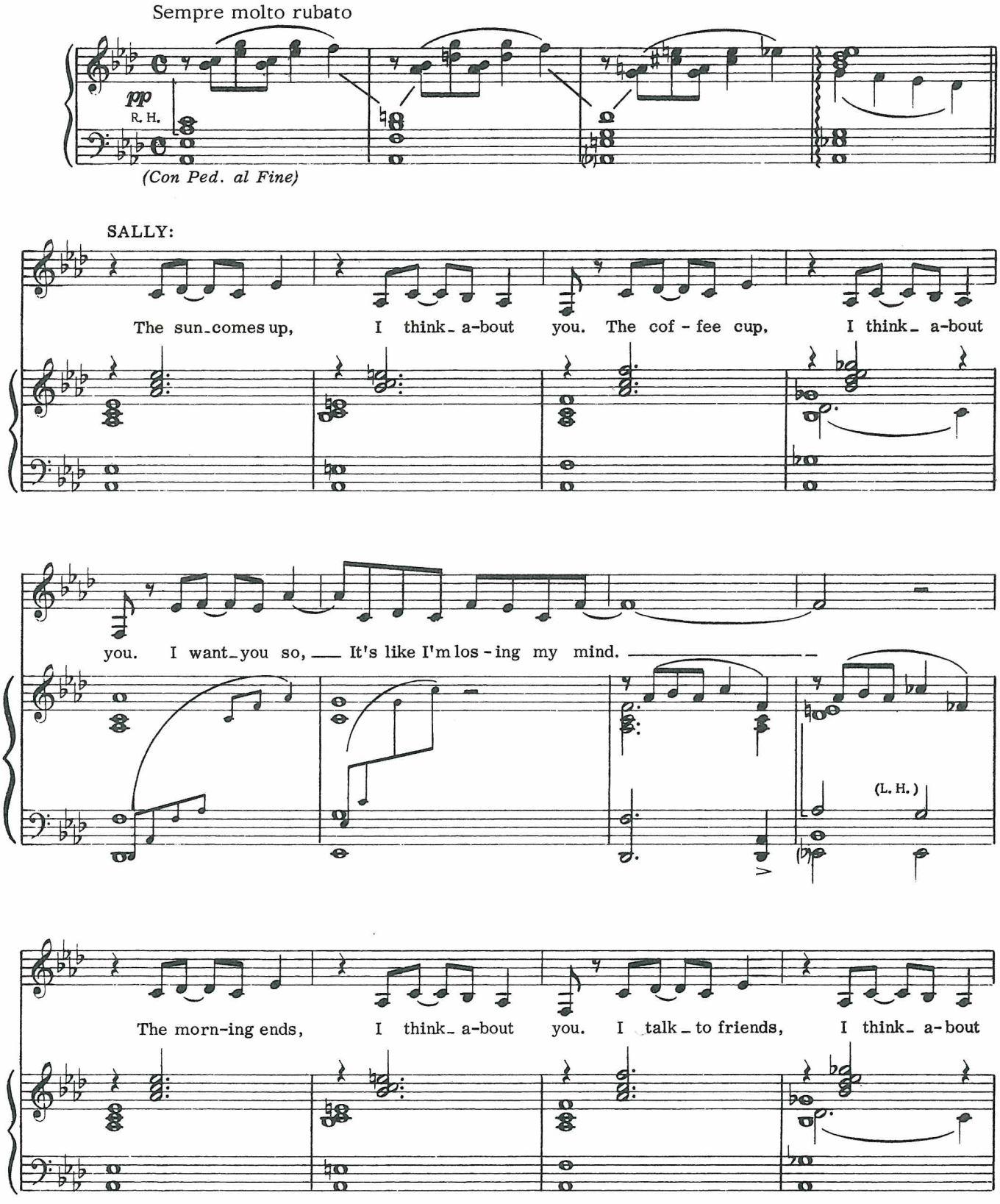

I'll take the grand, Su - gar, you keep the
cresc. poco a poco
spin - et And all of our friends and.. Just
wait a god - damn min-ute! Oh, leave you? Leave you? How could I
leave you? Sweet - heart, I have to con - fess: _____
R.H.


Molto rubato
a tempo
Could I leave you? Yes. Will I
p
a tempo
R.H.
leave you? Will I leave
Furioso
you?
(Spoken:) Guess!
R.H.
L.H.
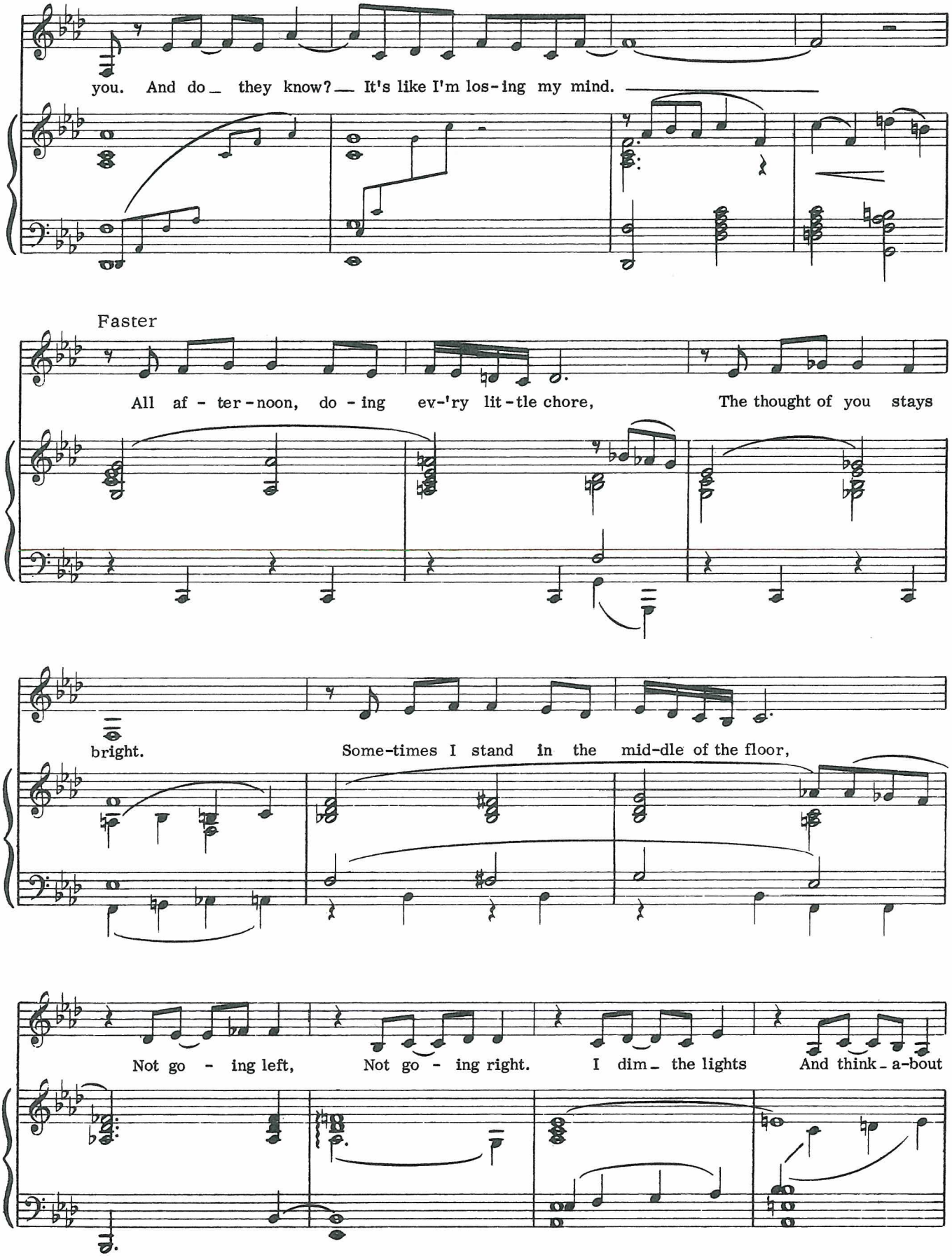
LOSING MY MIND
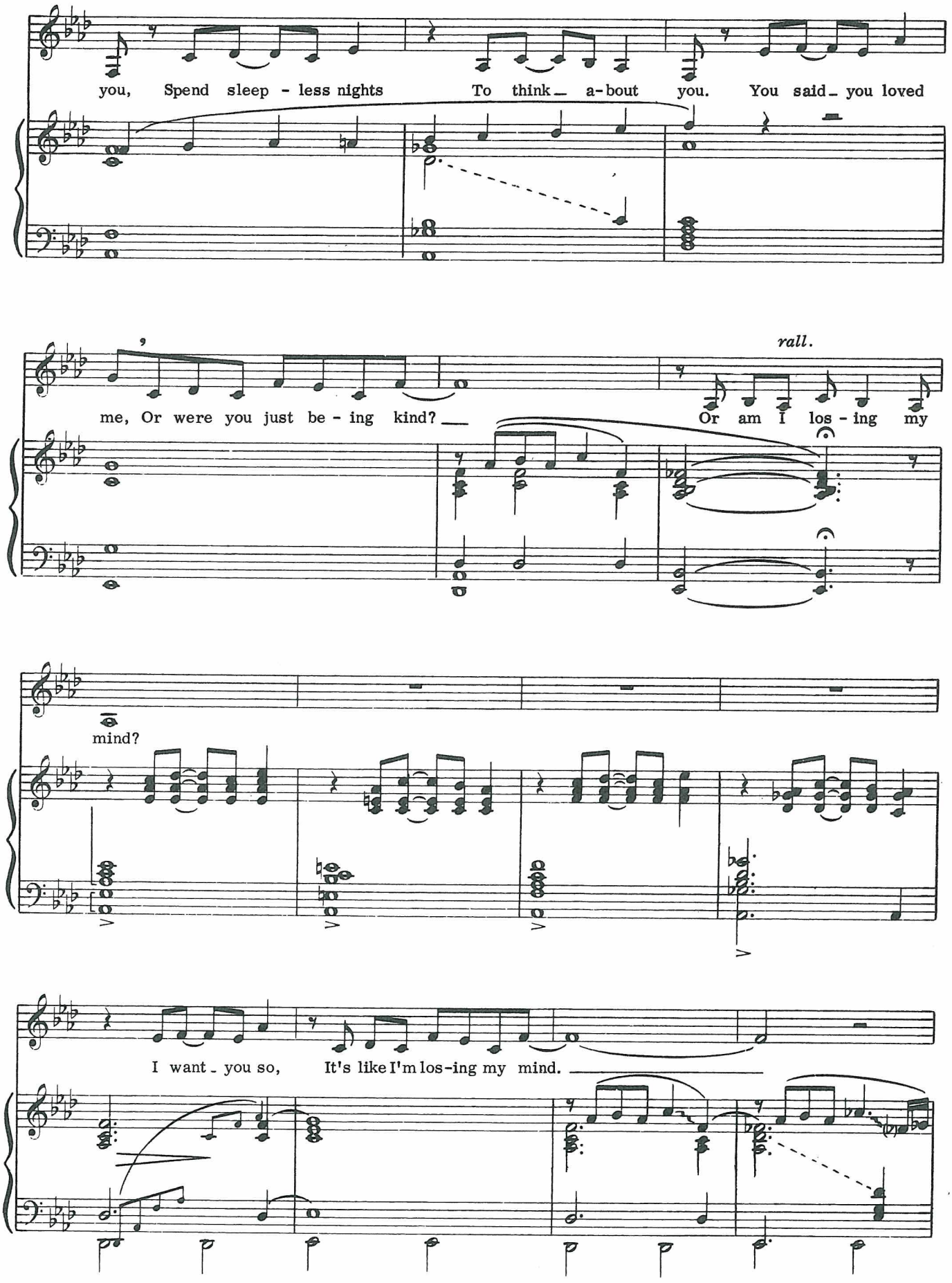
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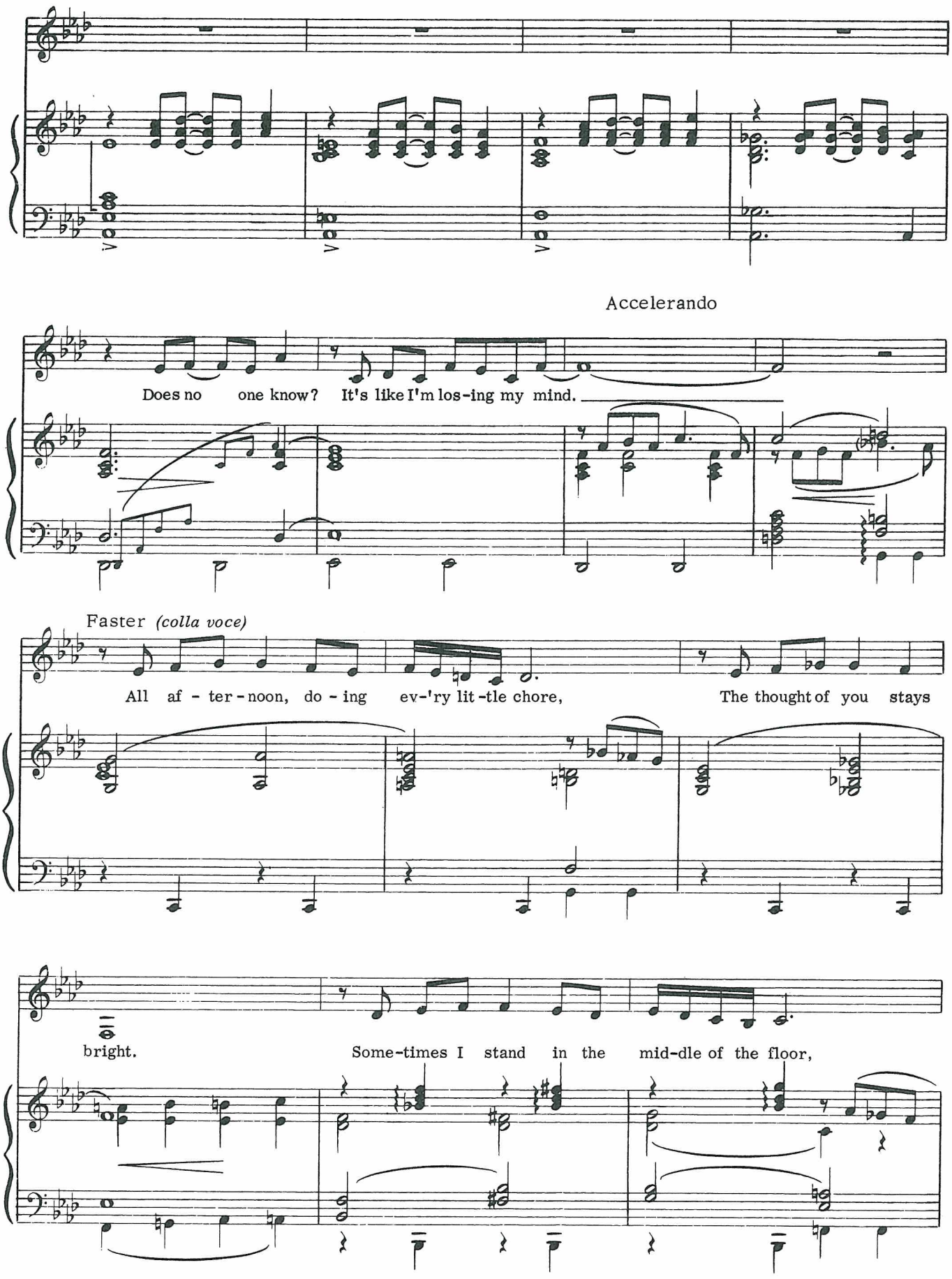
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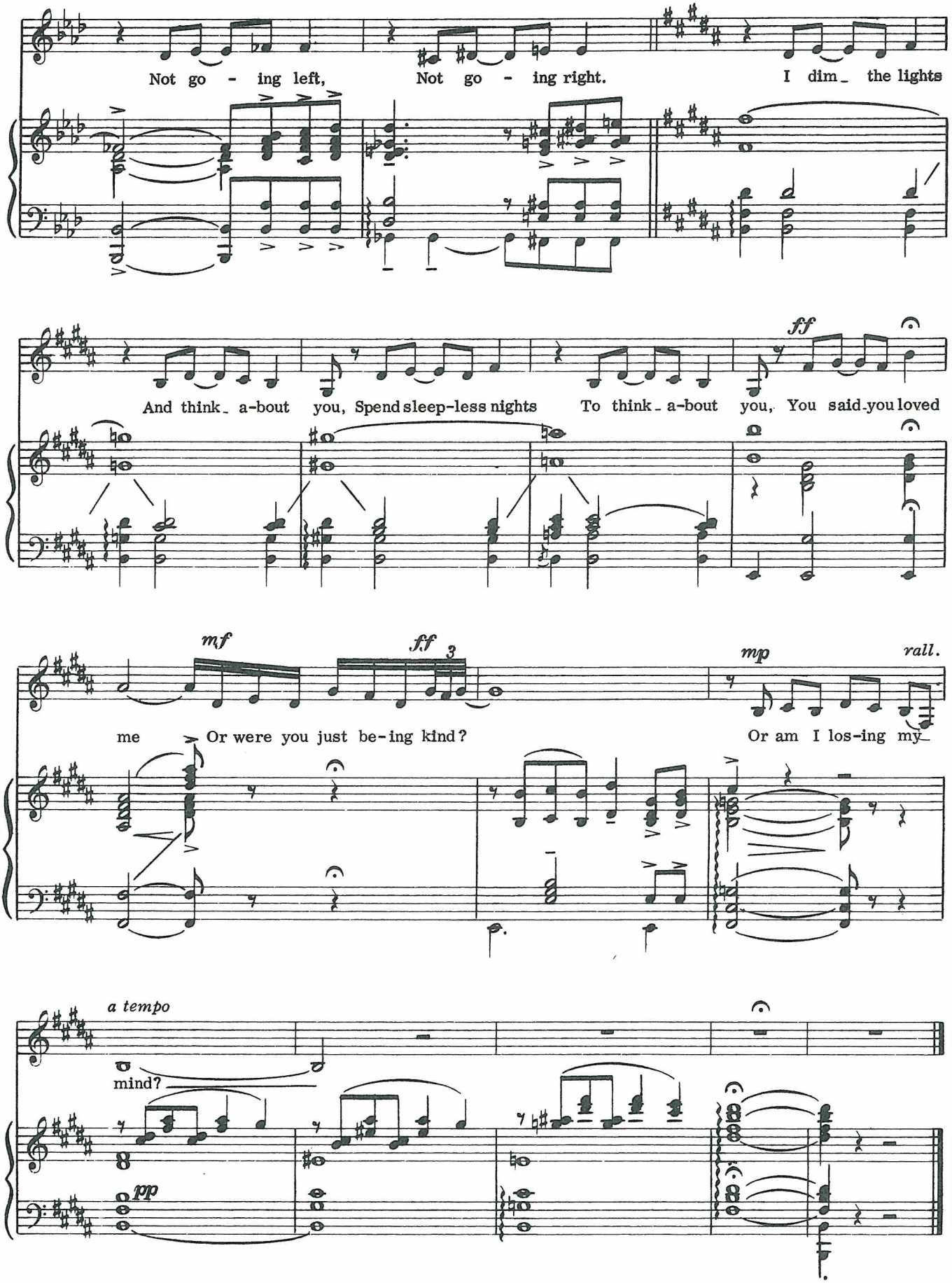


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you. And do_ they know?_ It's like I'm los-ing my mind.
Faster
All af - ter-noon, do - ing ev-'ry lit-tle chore, The thought of you stays
bright. Some-times I stand in the mid-dle of the floor,
Not go - ing left, Not go - ing right. I dim_ the lights And think_a-bout


you, Spend sleep - less nights To think_ a-bout you. You said_ you loved
me, Or were you just be - ing kind?___
rall.
Or am I los - ing my
mind?
I want_ you so, It's like I'm los-ing my mind.___


Accelerando
Does no one know? It's like I'm los-ing my mind.
Faster (colla voce)
All af - ter - noon, do - ing ev-'ry lit-tle chore, The thought of you stays
bright. Some-times I stand in the mid-dle of the floor,
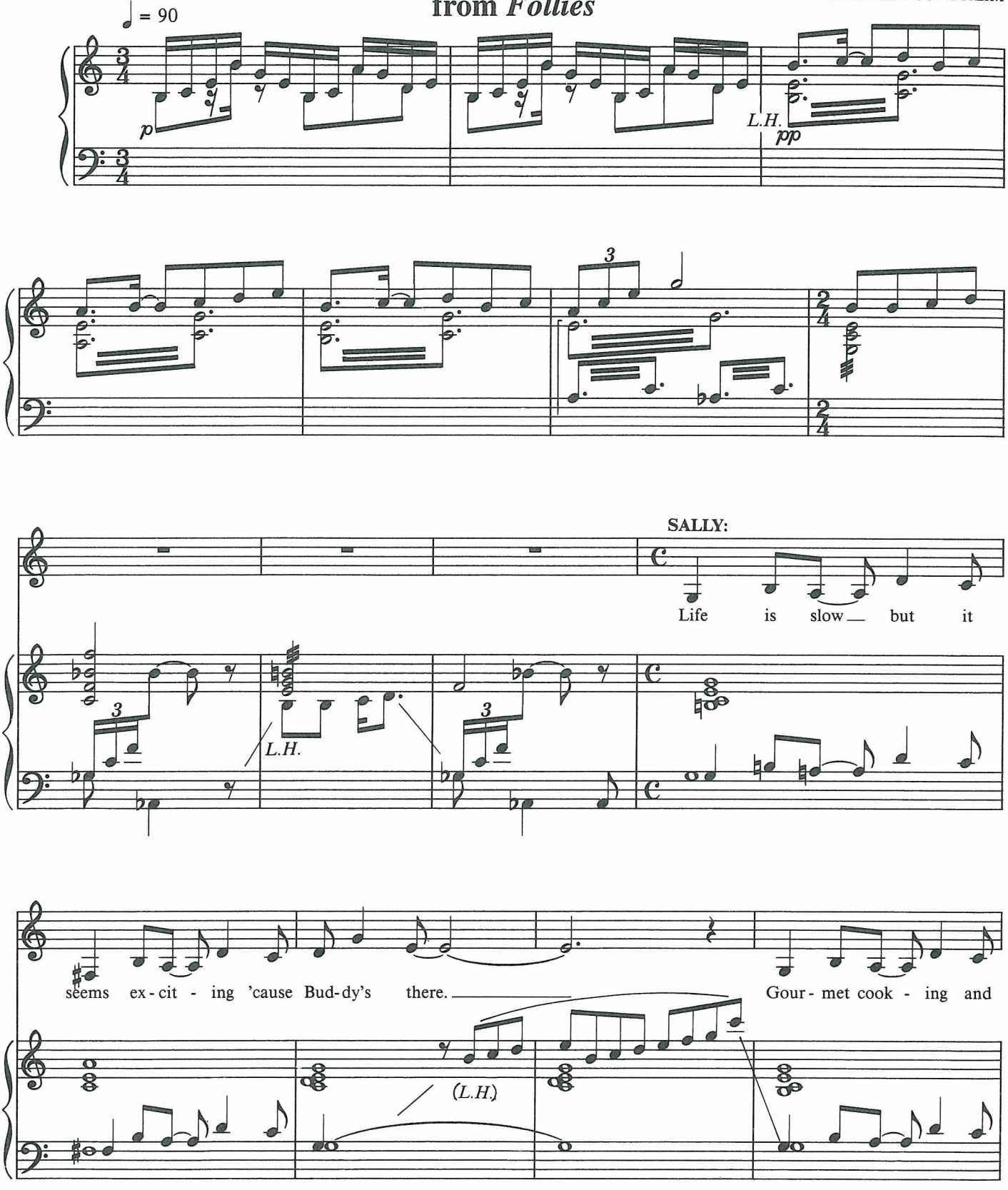

Not go - ing left,
Not go - ing right.
I dim_ the lights
And think_ a-bout you, Spend sleep-less nights
To think_ a-bout you, You said you loved
ff
me
Or were you just be-ing kind?
Or am I los-ing my_
mf
ff
3
mp
rall.
a tempo
mind?
pp

IN BUDDY'S EYES
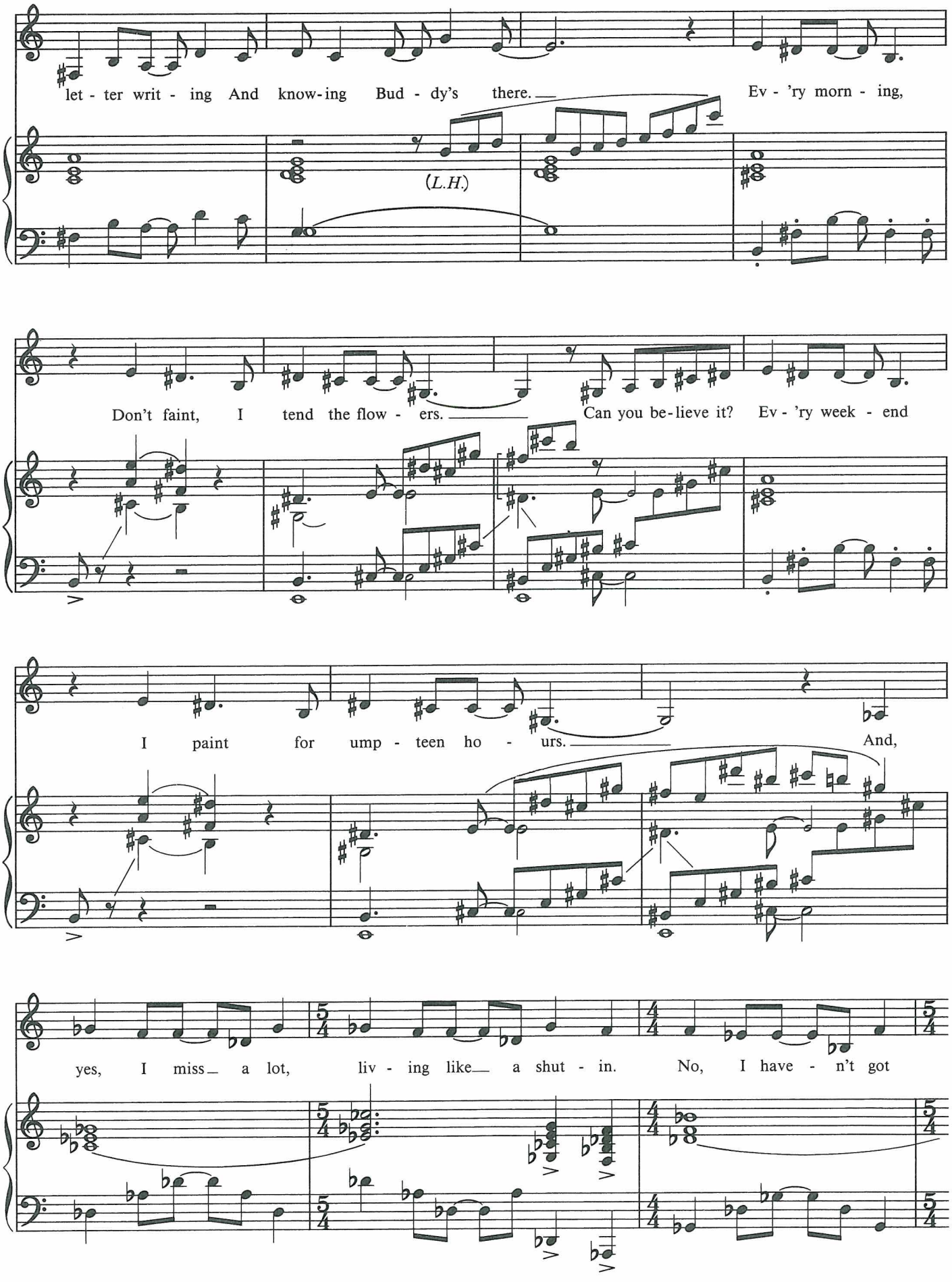
(Buddy's There)
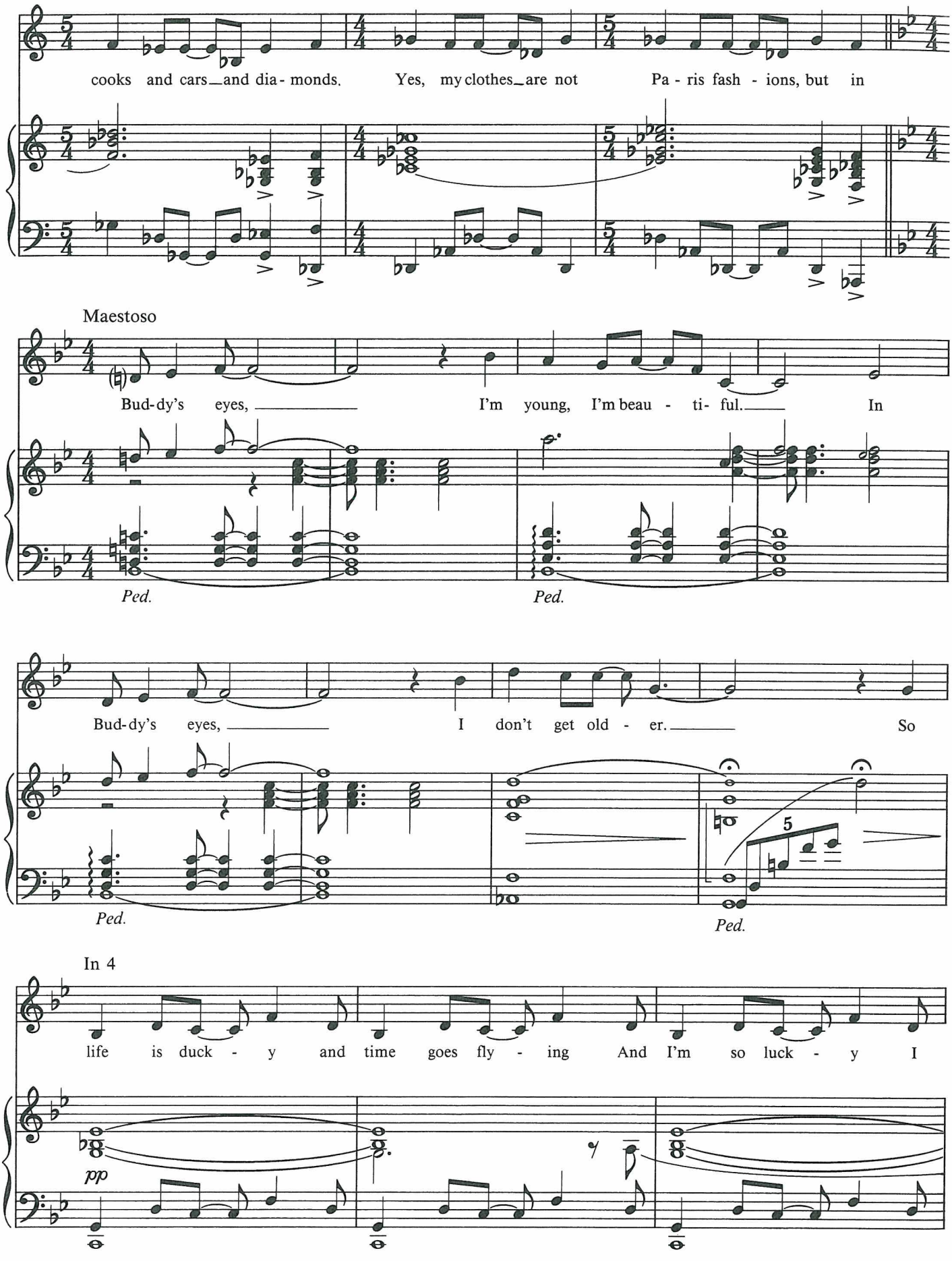
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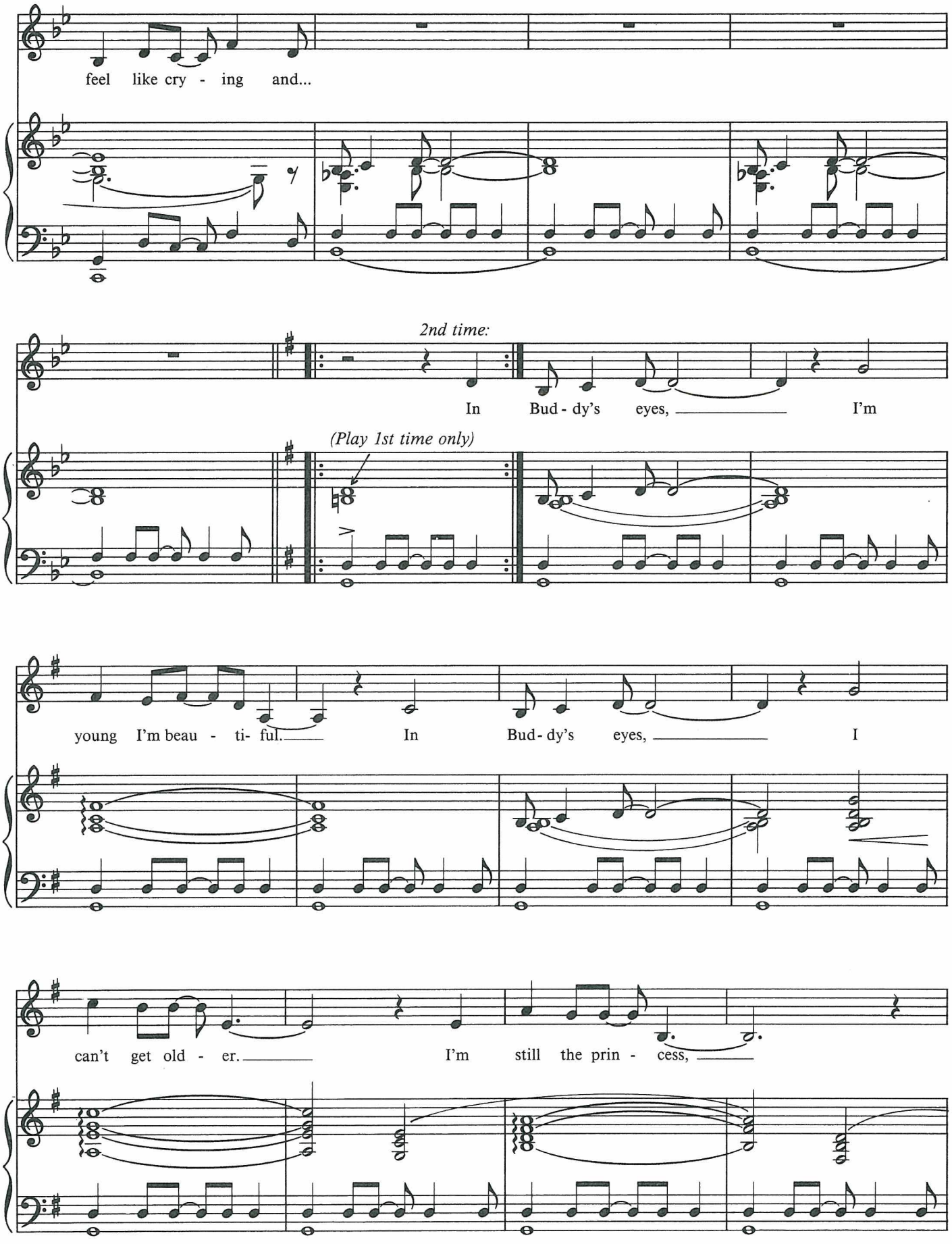
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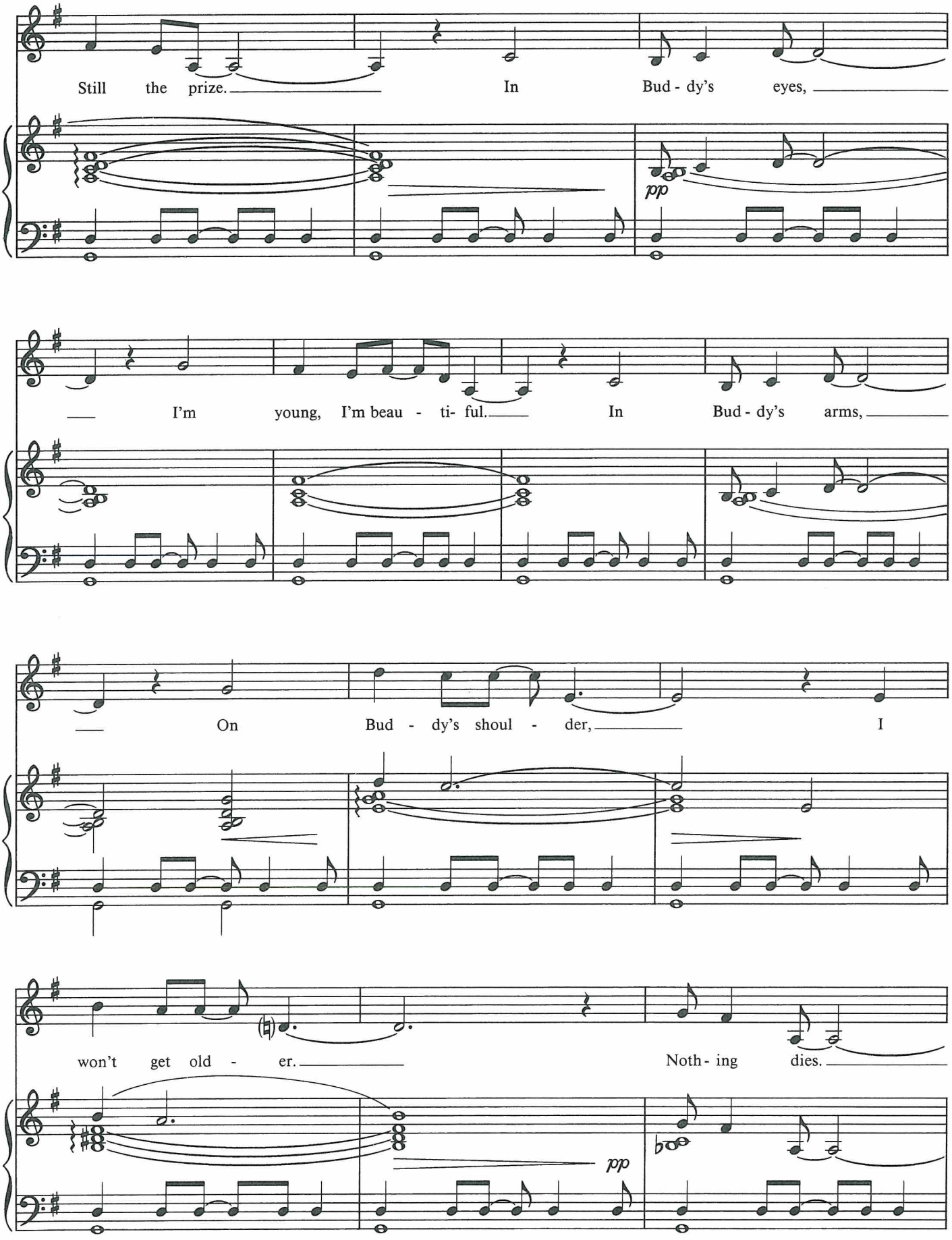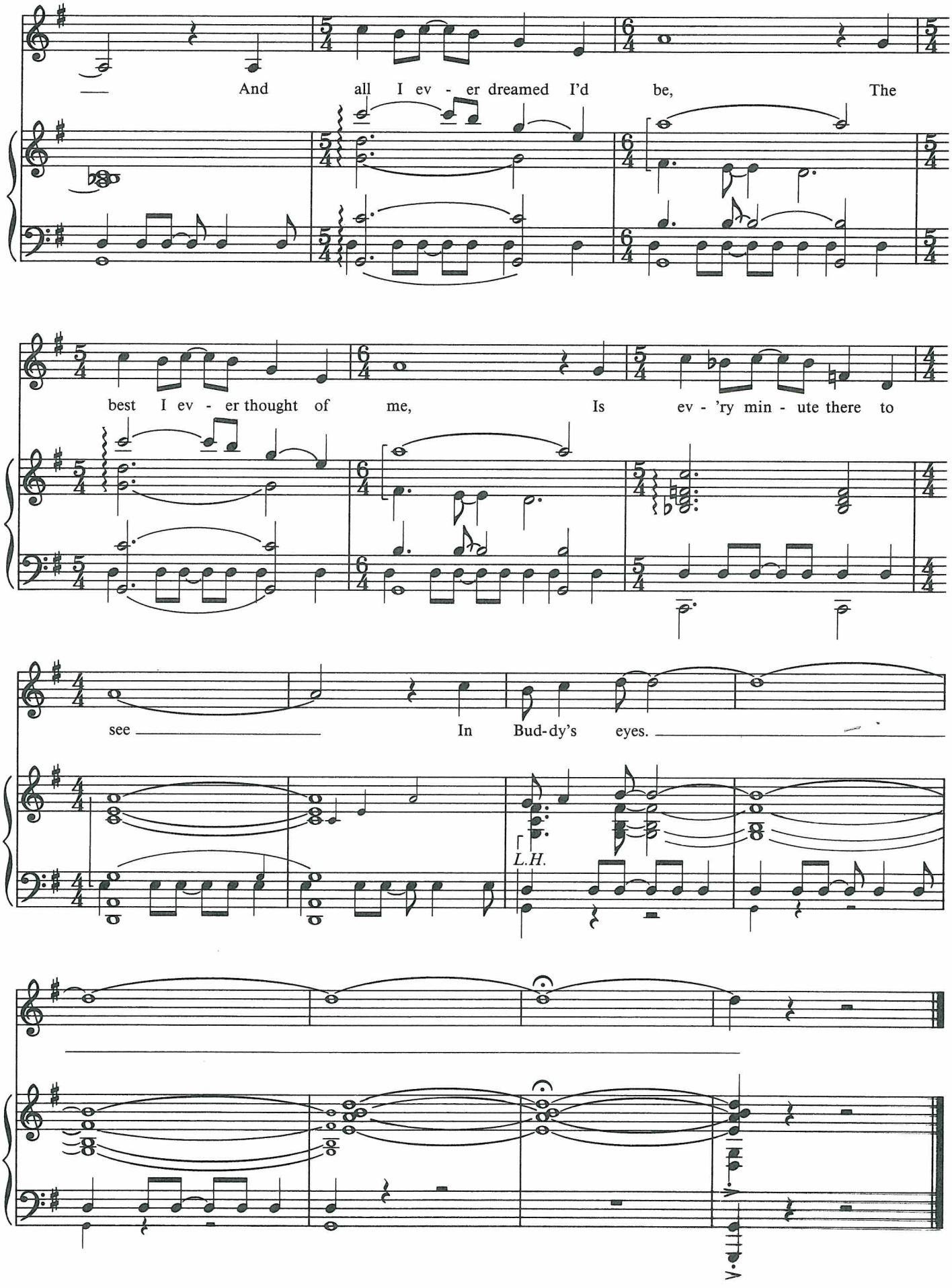


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let - ter writ - ing And know-ing Bud - dy's there.
Ev - 'ry morn - ing,
(L.H.)
Don't faint, I tend the flow - ers.
Can you be-lieve it? Ev - 'ry week - end
I paint for ump - teen ho - urs.
And,
yes, I miss a lot, liv - ing like a shut - in.
No, I have - n't got


cooks and cars and dia - monds. Yes, my clothes are not Pa - ris fash - ions, but in
Maestoso
Bud-dy's eyes, I'm young, I'm beau - ti- ful. In
Ped.
Ped.
Bud-dy's eyes, I don't get old - er. So
Ped.
Ped.
In 4
life is duck - y and time goes fly - ing And I'm so luck - y I
pp


feel like cry - ing and...
2nd time:
In Bud - dy's eyes, I'm
(Play 1st time only)
young I'm beau - ti- ful. In Bud - dy's eyes, I
can't get old - er. I'm still the prin - cess,
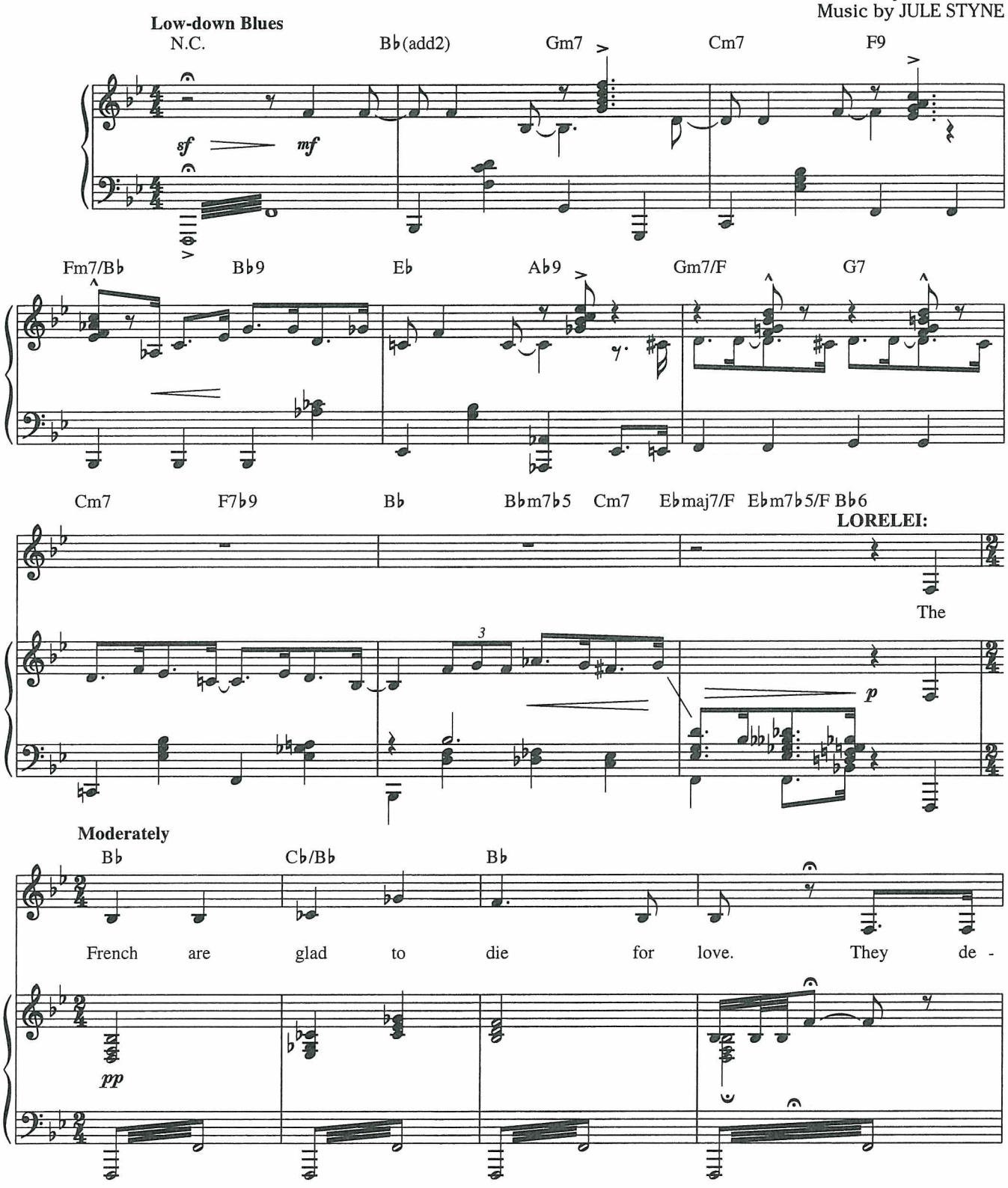

Still the prize. In Bud - dy's eyes,
pp
I'm young, I'm beau - ti- ful. In Bud - dy's arms,
On Bud - dy's shoul - der, I
won't get old - er. Noth - ing dies.
pp


And all I ev - er dreamed I'd be, The
best I ev - er thought of me, Is ev - 'ry min - ute there to
see In Bud-dy's eyes.
L.H.
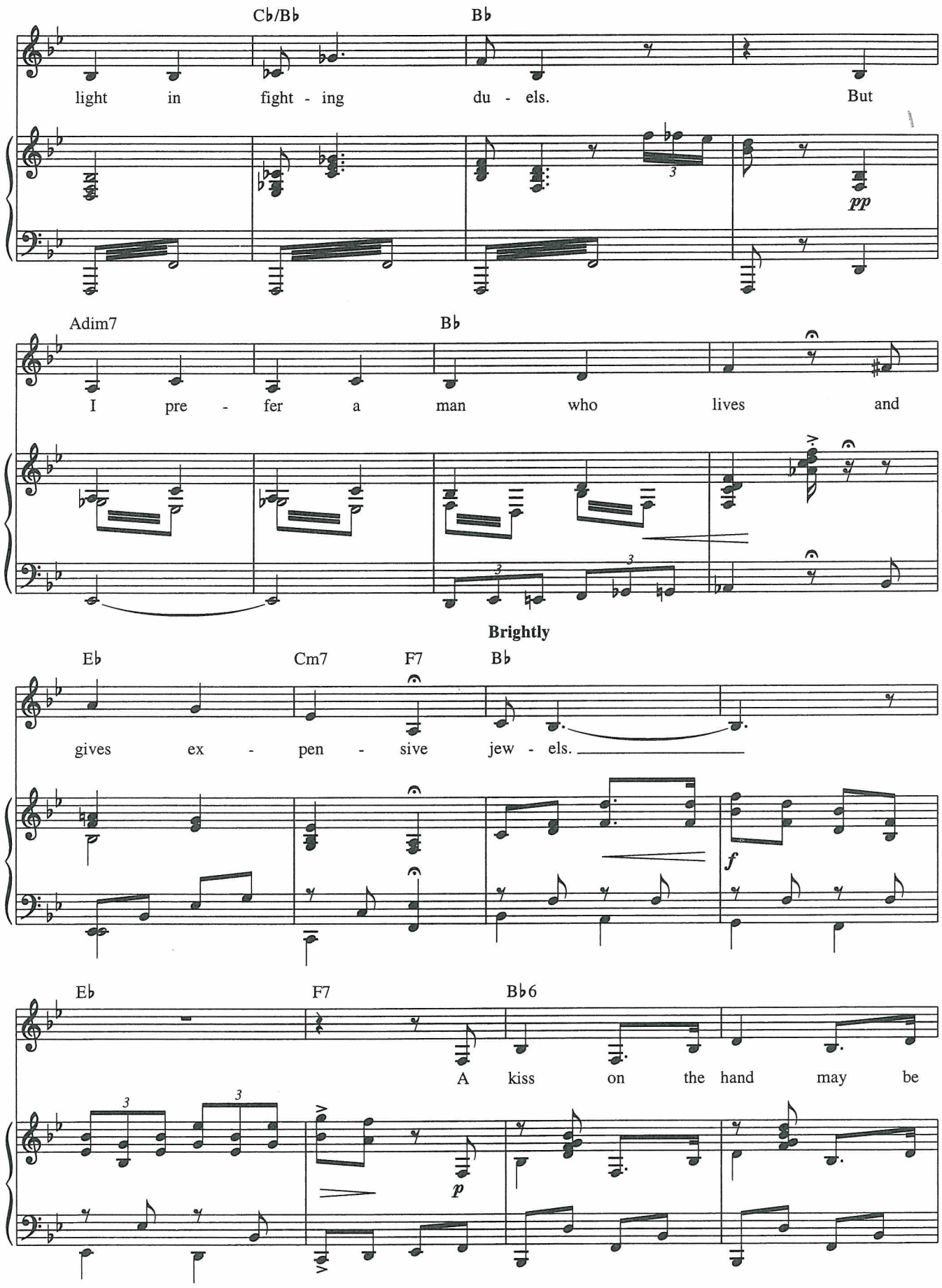
DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

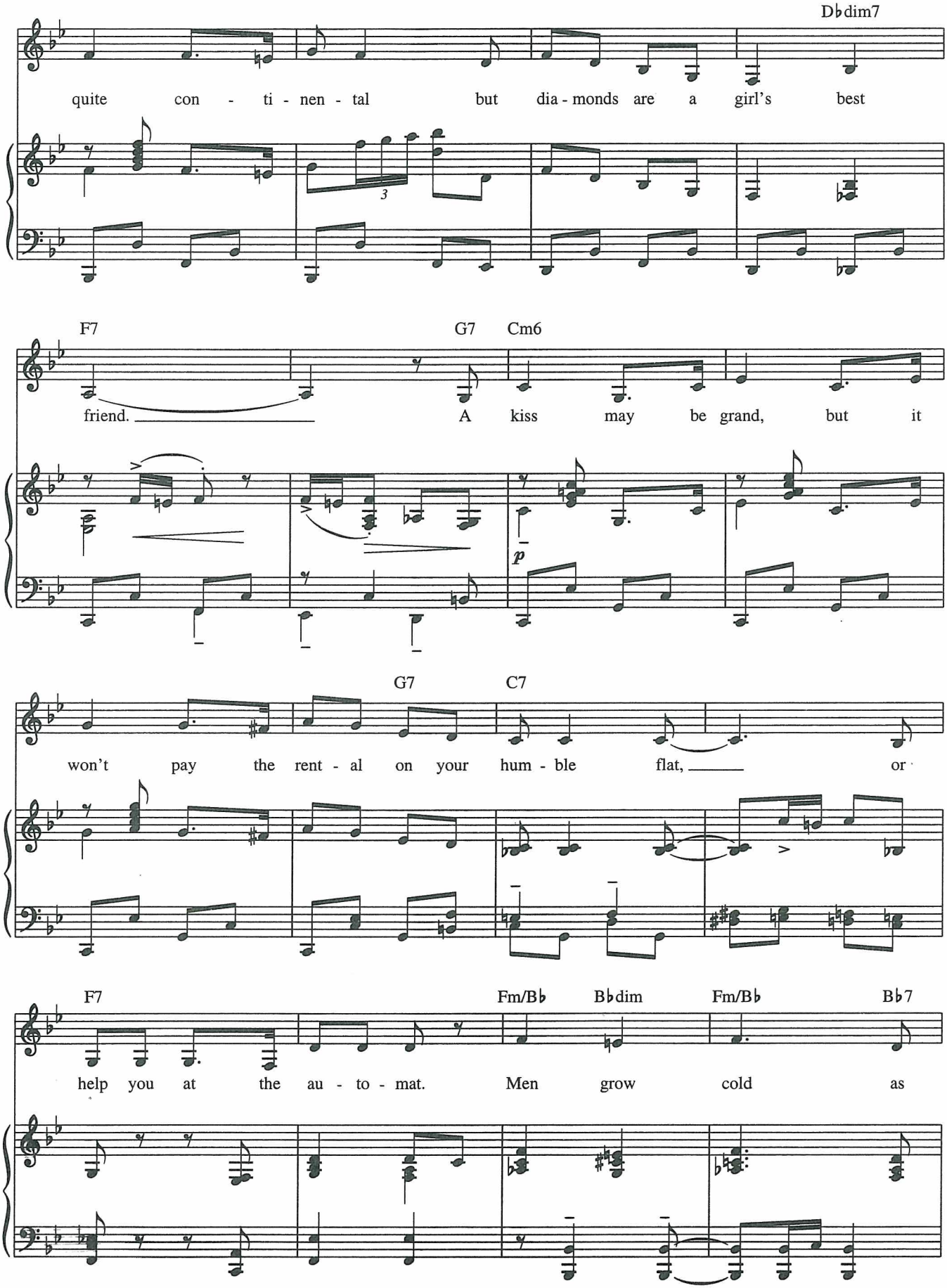
from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*
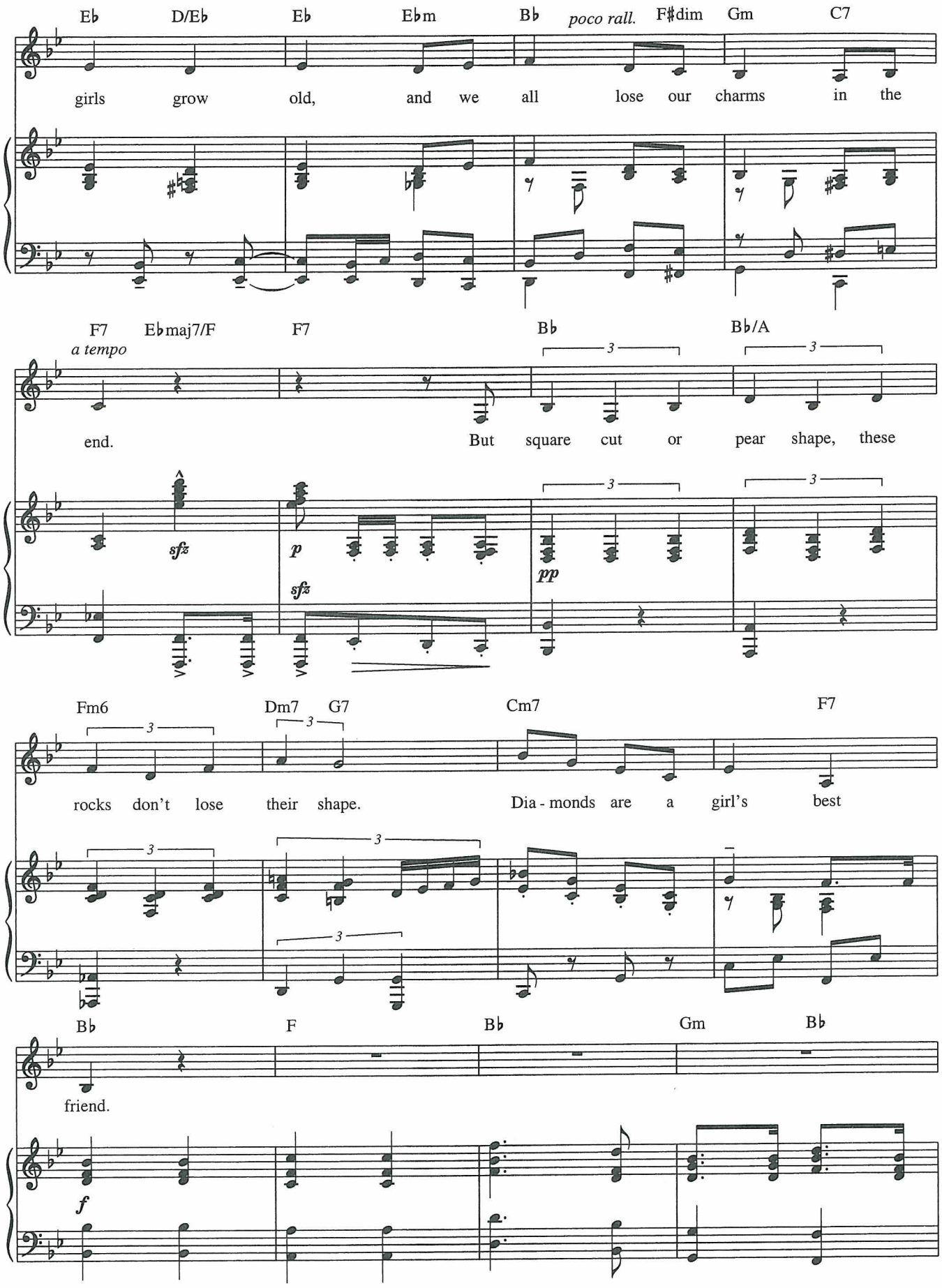
Words by LEO ROBIN
Music by JULE STYNE
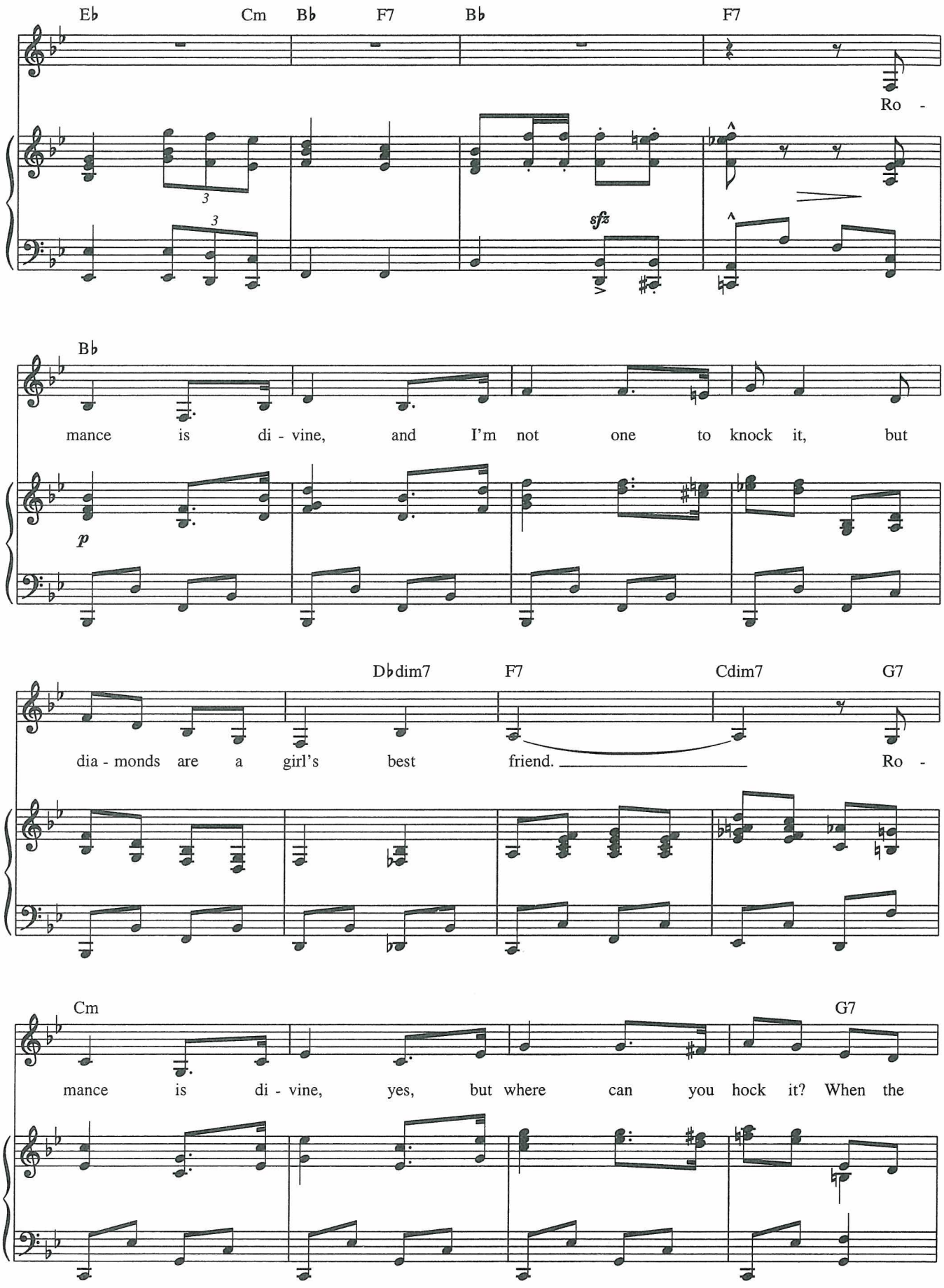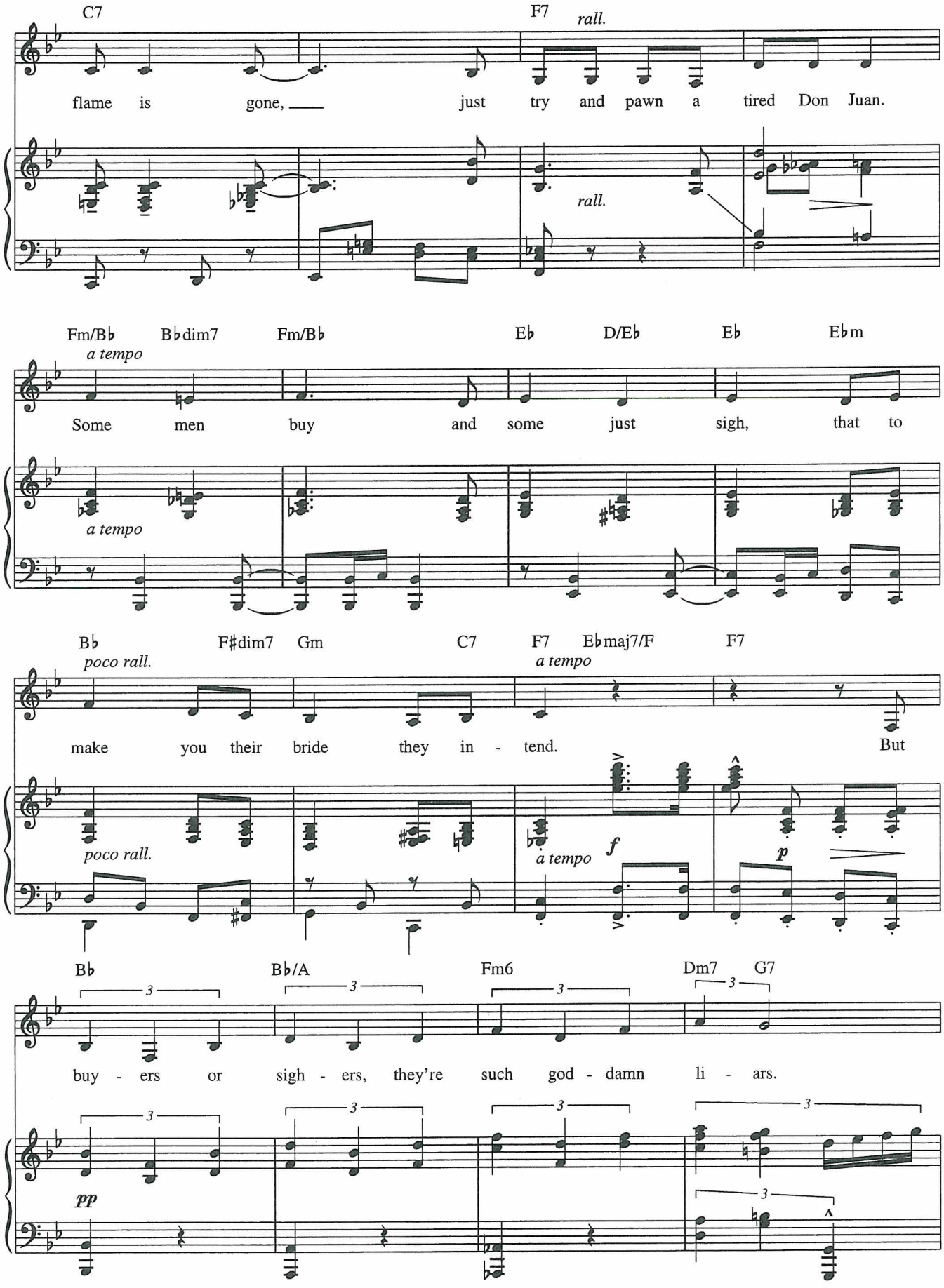


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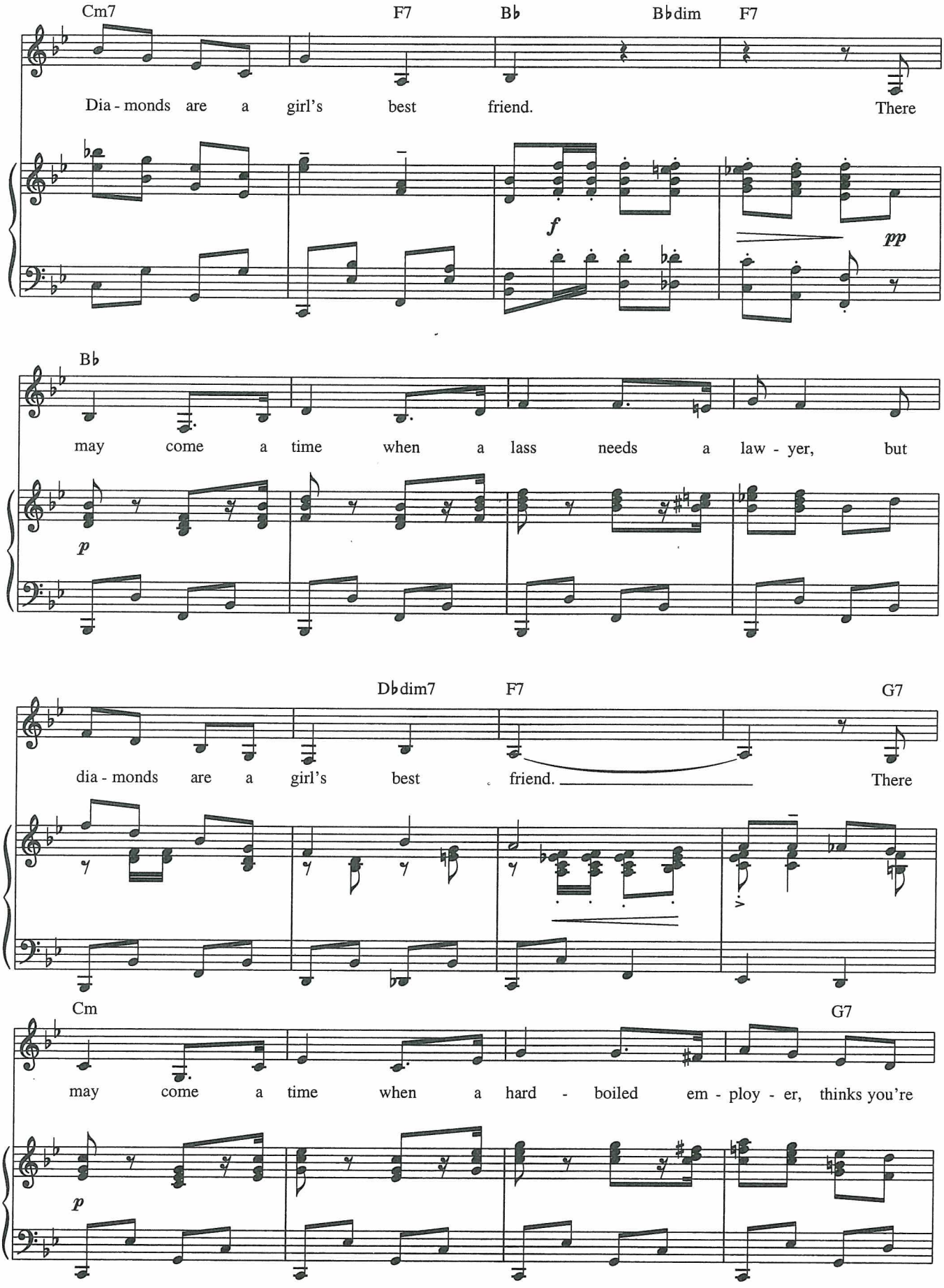

Cb/Bb
Bb
light in fight - ing du - els. But
pp
Adim7
Bb
I pre - fer a man who lives and
Brightly
Eb
Cm7
F7
Bb
gives ex - pen - sive jew - els.
f
Eb
F7
Bb6
A kiss on the hand may be
p
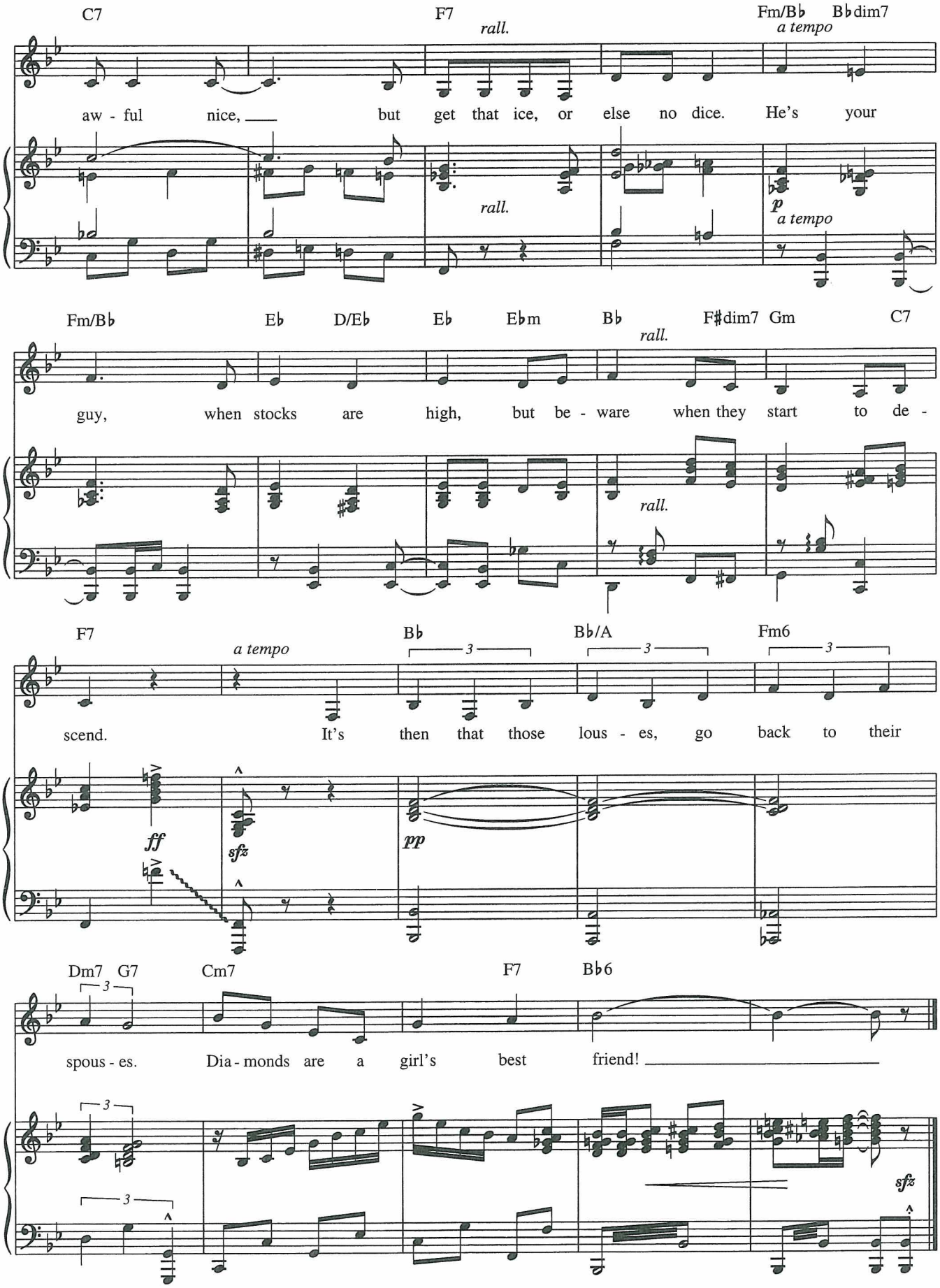

Dbdim7
quite con - ti - nen - tal but dia - monds are a girl's best
F7 G7 Cm6
friend. A kiss may be grand, but it
G7 C7
won't pay the rent - al on your hum - ble flat, or
F7 Fm/Bb Bbdim Fm/Bb Bb7
help you at the au - to - mat. Men grow cold as


E♭ D/E♭ E♭ E♭m B♭ poco rall. F♯dim Gm C7
girls grow old, and we all lose our charms in the
F7 E♭maj7/F F7 B♭ B♭/A
a tempo
end. But square cut or pear shape, these
sfz p sfz pp
Fm6 Dm7 G7 Cm7 F7
rocks don't lose their shape. Dia - monds are a girl's best
B♭ F B♭ Gm B♭
friend.
f


E♭
Cm
B♭
F7
B♭
F7
Ro -
sfz
B♭
mance is di - vine, and I'm not one to knock it, but
p
D♭dim7
F7
Cdim7
G7
dia - monds are a girl's best friend.
Ro -
Cm
G7
mance is di - vine, yes, but where can you hock it? When the


C7
F7
rall.
flame is gone, just try and pawn a tired Don Juan.
rall.
Fm/B♭ B♭dim7 Fm/B♭ E♭ D/E♭ E♭ E♭m
a tempo
Some men buy and some just sigh, that to
a tempo
B♭ F♯dim7 Gm C7 F7 E♭maj7/F F7
poco rall.
a tempo
make you their bride they in - tend. But
poco rall.
a tempo
f
p
B♭ B♭/A Fm6 Dm7 G7
buy - ers or sigh - ers, they're such god - damn li - ars.
pp
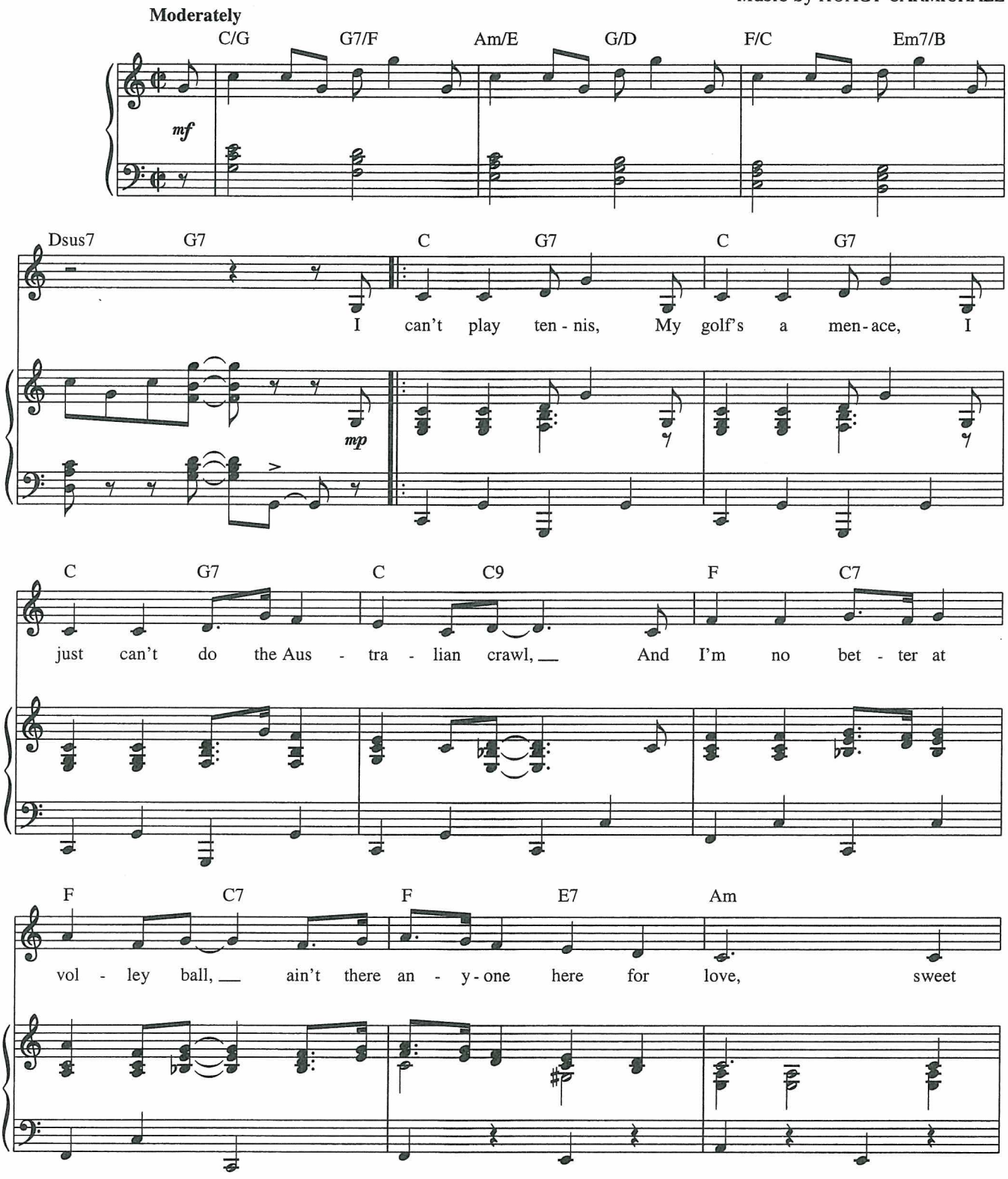

Cm7
F7
B♭
B♭dim
F7
Dia - monds are a girl's best friend. There
f
pp
B♭
may come a time when a lass needs a law - yer, but
p
D♭dim7
F7
G7
dia - monds are a girl's best friend. There
Cm
G7
may come a time when a hard - boiled em - ploy - er, thinks you're
p


C7
F7
rall.
Fm/B♭
B♭dim7
a tempo
aw - ful nice, but get that ice, or else no dice. He's your
rall.
p
a tempo
Fm/B♭
E♭
D/E♭
E♭
E♭m
B♭
F♯dim7
Gm
C7
rall.
guy, when stocks are high, but be - ware when they start to de -
rall.
F7
a tempo
B♭
B♭/A
Fm6
scend. It's then that those lous - es, go back to their
ff
sfz
pp
Dm7
G7
Cm7
F7
B♭6
spous - es. Dia - monds are a girl's best friend!
sfz
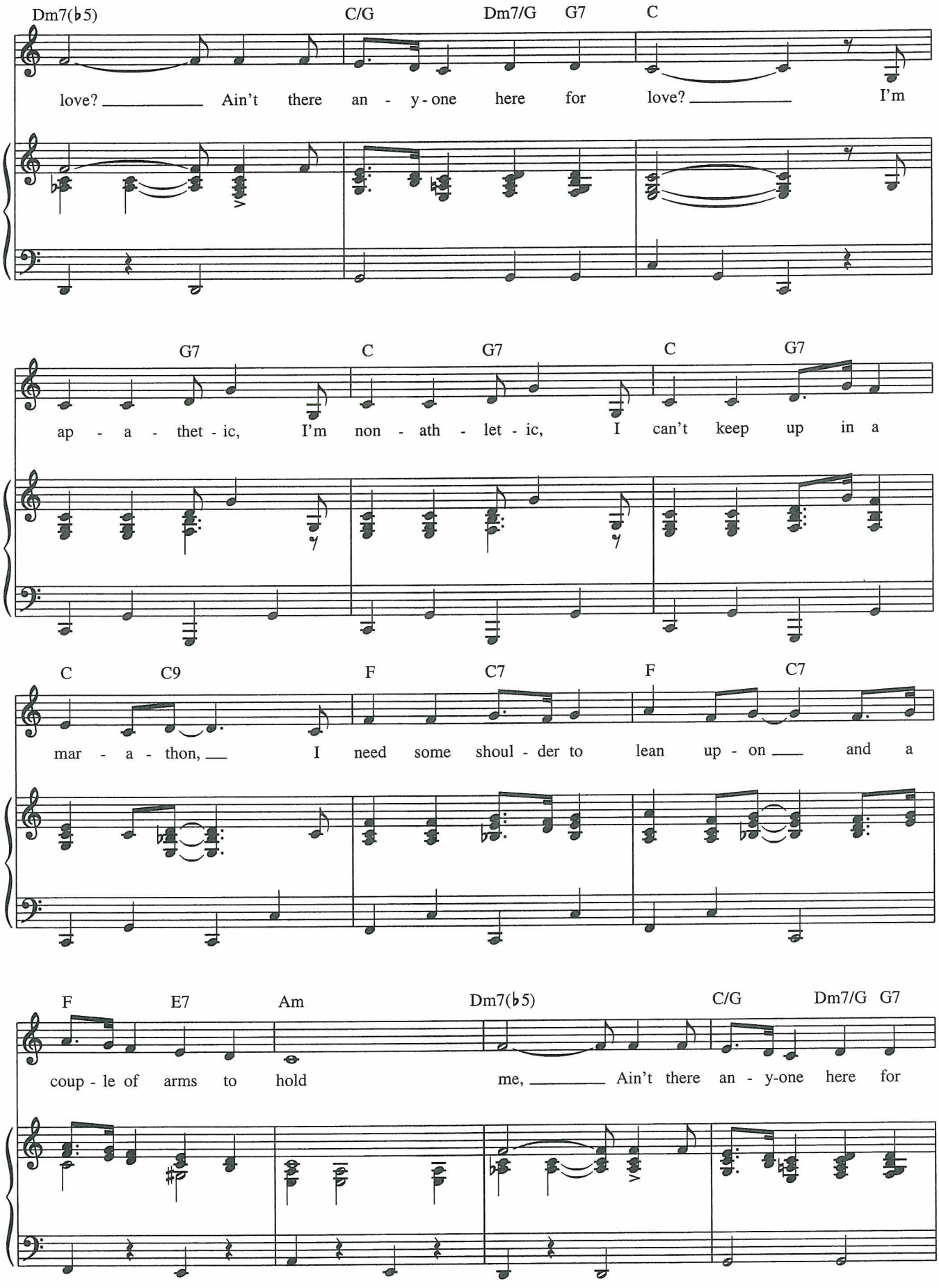
AIN'T THERE ANYONE HERE FOR LOVE?
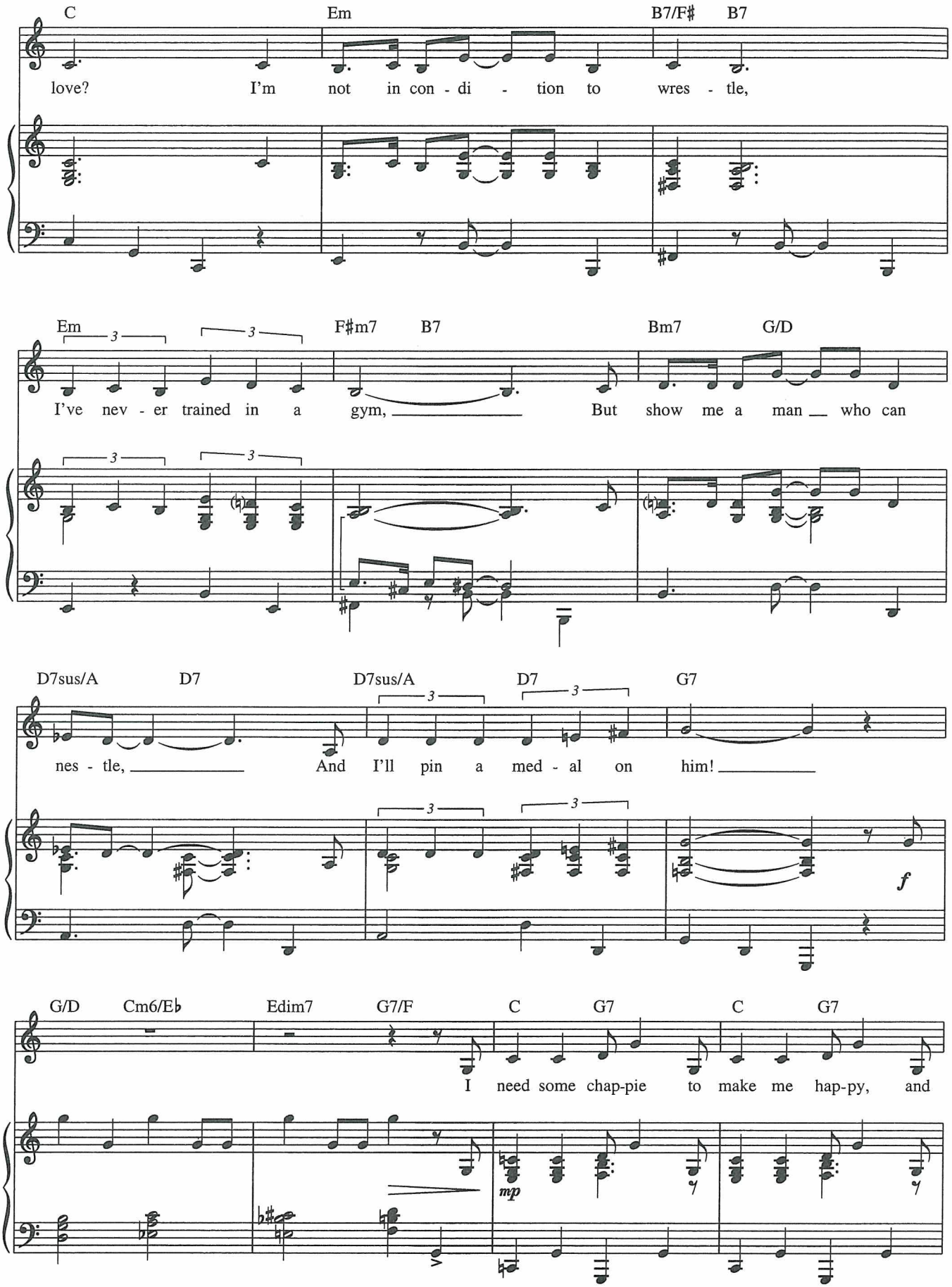
from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*
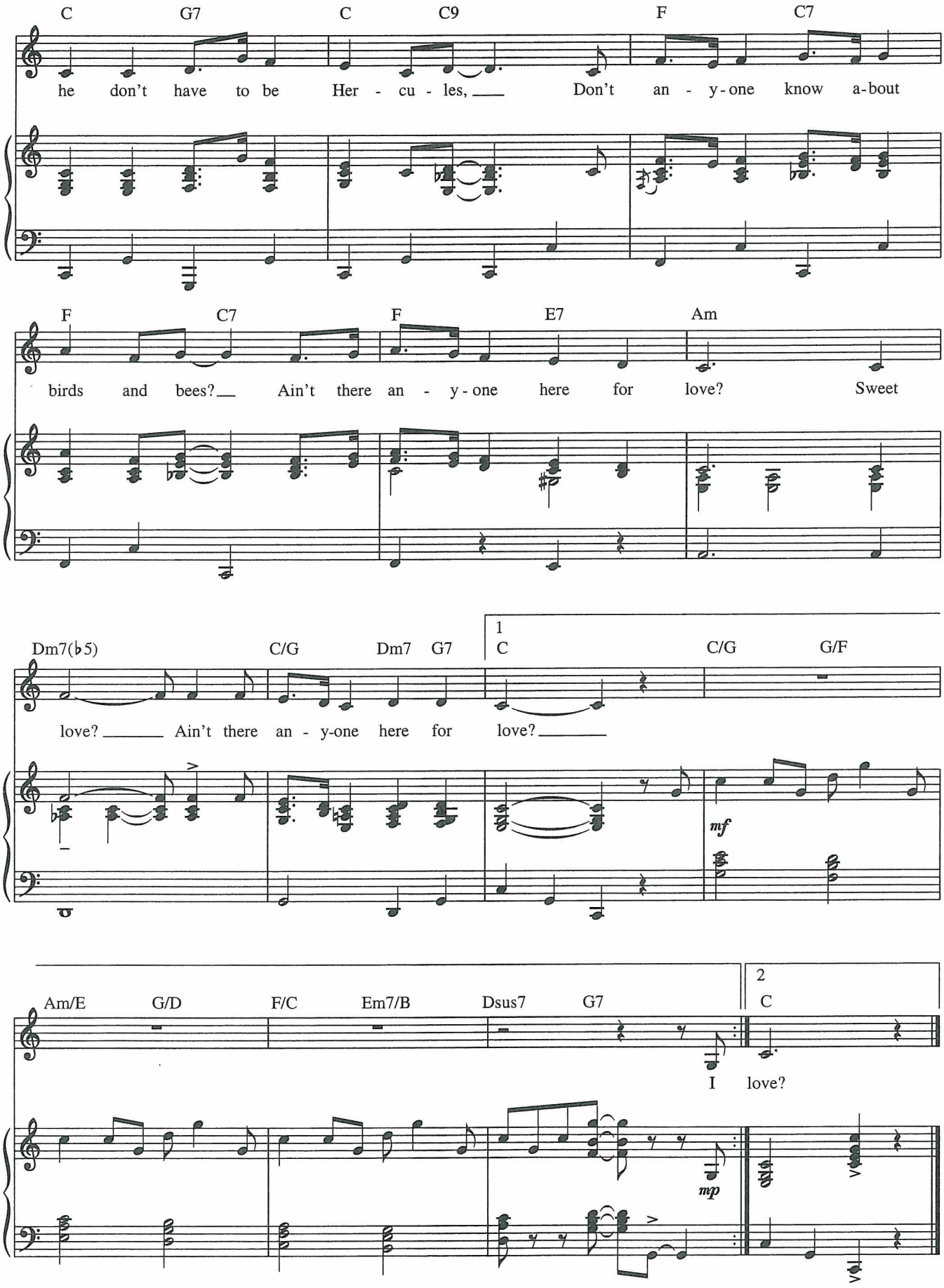
Lyric by HAROLD ADAMSON
Music by HOAGY CARMICHAEL



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Dm7(♭5) C/G Dm7/G G7 C
love? Ain't there an - y-one here for love? I'm
G7 C G7 C G7
ap - a - thet - ic, I'm non - ath - let - ic, I can't keep up in a
C C9 F C7 F C7
mar - a - thon, I need some shoul - der to lean up - on and a
F E7 Am Dm7(♭5) C/G Dm7/G G7
coup - le of arms to hold me, Ain't there an - y-one here for
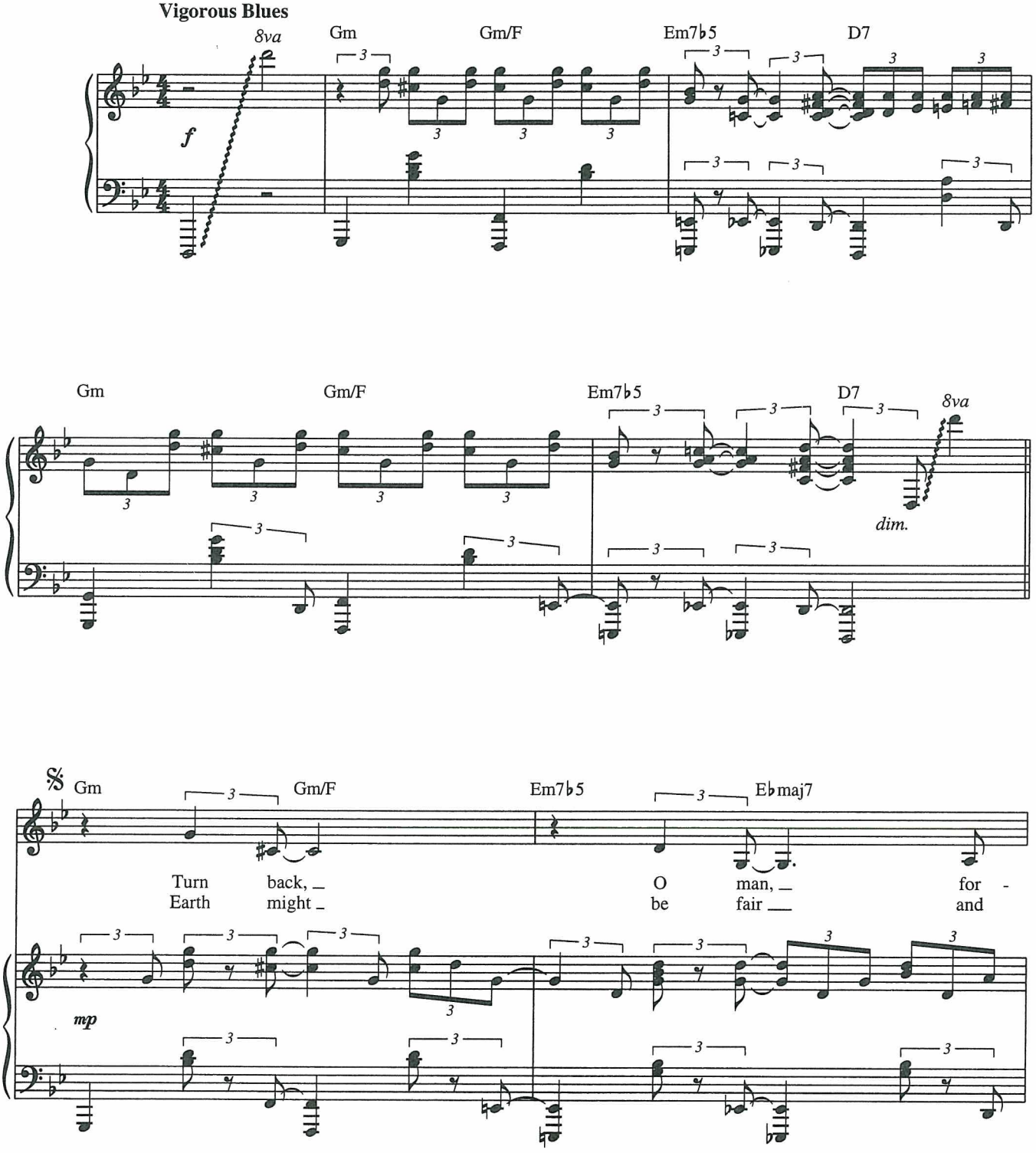

C
Em
B7/F♯
B7
love? I'm not in con - di - tion to wres - tle,
Em
F♯m7
B7
Bm7
G/D
I've nev - er trained in a gym, But show me a man who can
D7sus/A
D7
D7sus/A
D7
G7
nes - tle, And I'll pin a med - al on him!
f
G/D
Cm6/E♭
Edim7
G7/F
C
G7
C
G7
I need some chap-pie to make me hap-py, and
mp


C G7 C C9 F C7
he don't have to be Her - cu - les, Don't an - y-one know a-bout
F C7 F E7 Am
birds and bees? Ain't there an - y-one here for love? Sweet
Dm7(♭5) C/G Dm7 G7 1 C C/G G/F
love? Ain't there an - y-one here for love?
mf
Am/E G/D F/C Em7/B Dsus7 G7 2 C
I love?
mp
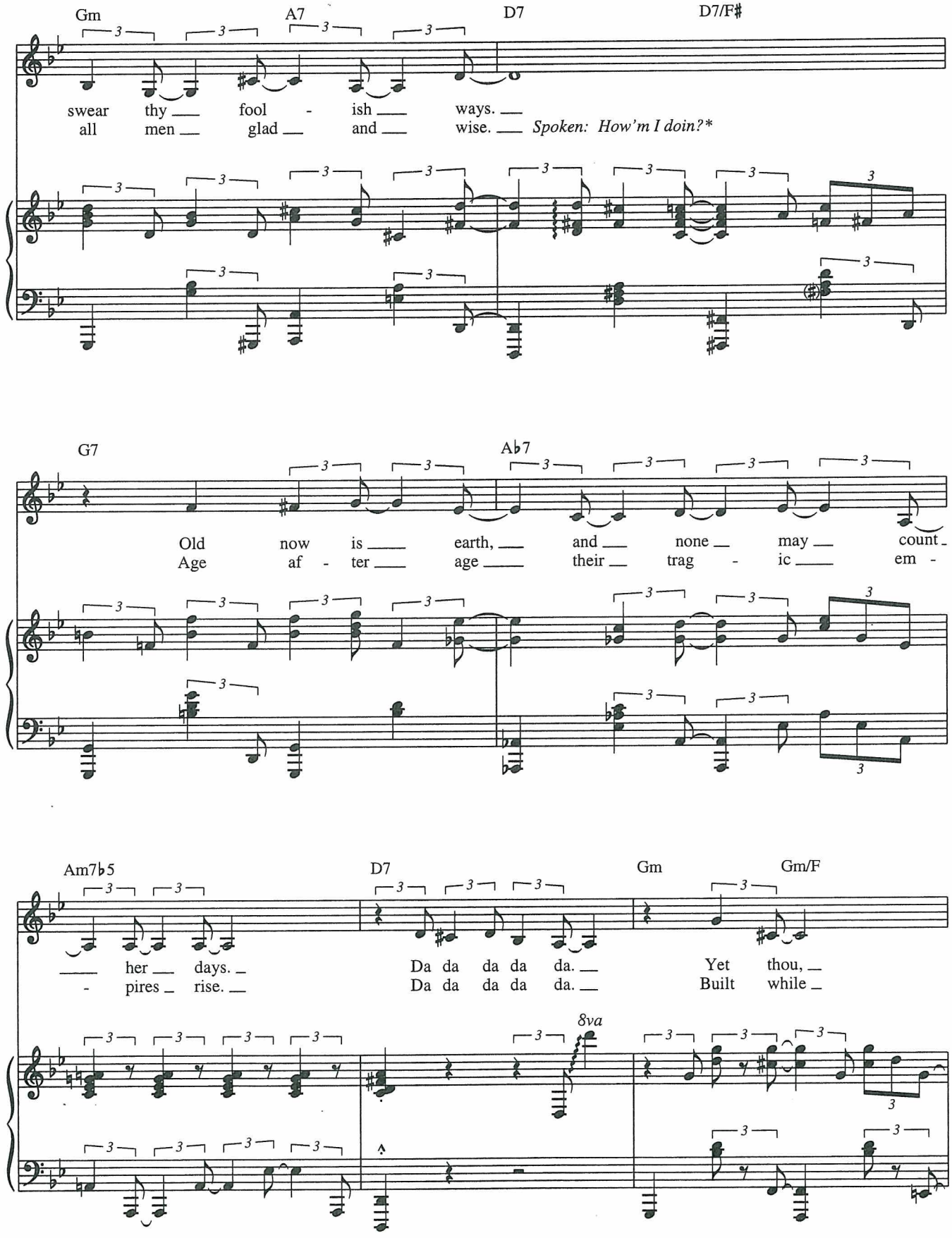
TURN BACK, O MAN

from the musical *Godspell*

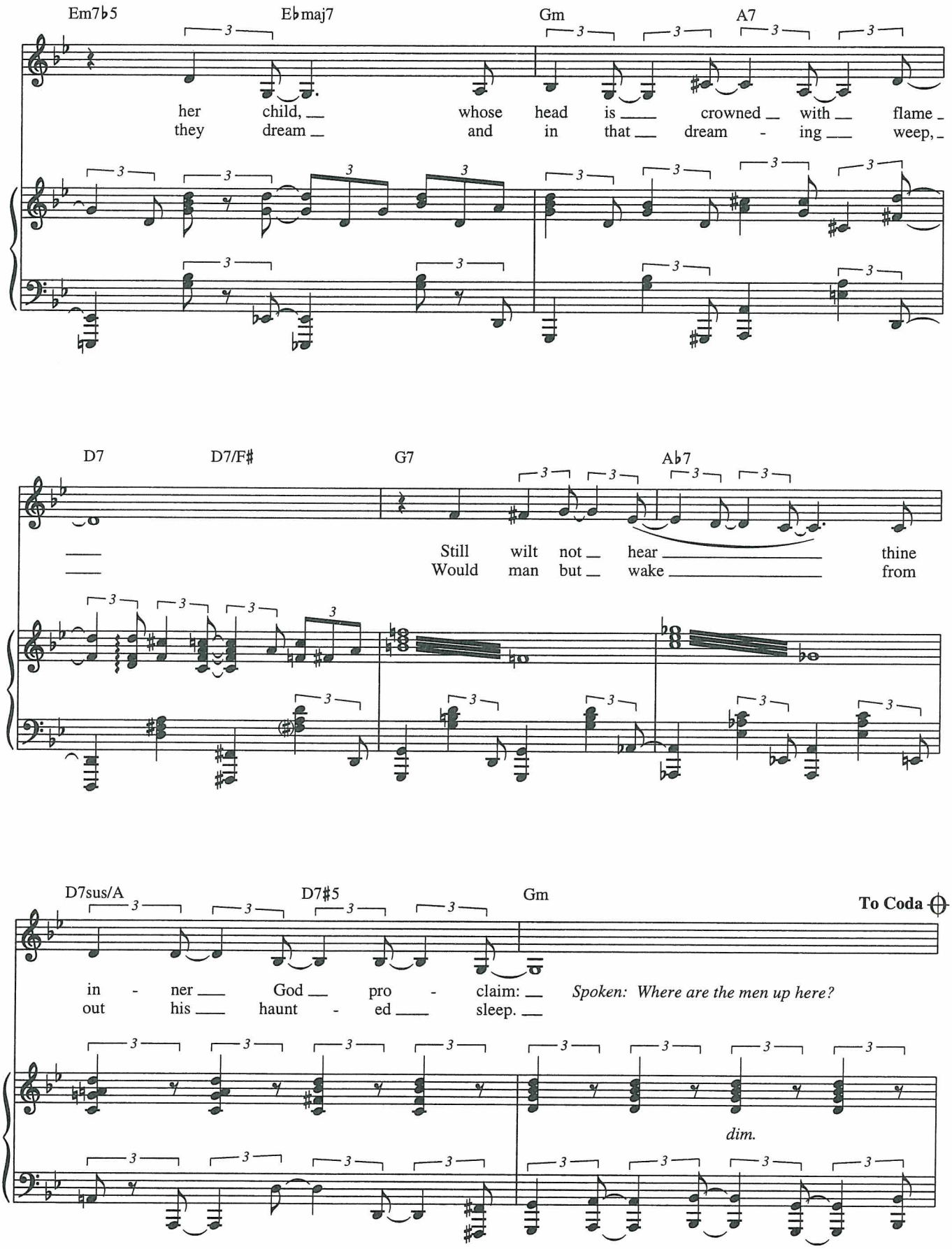
Words and Music by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

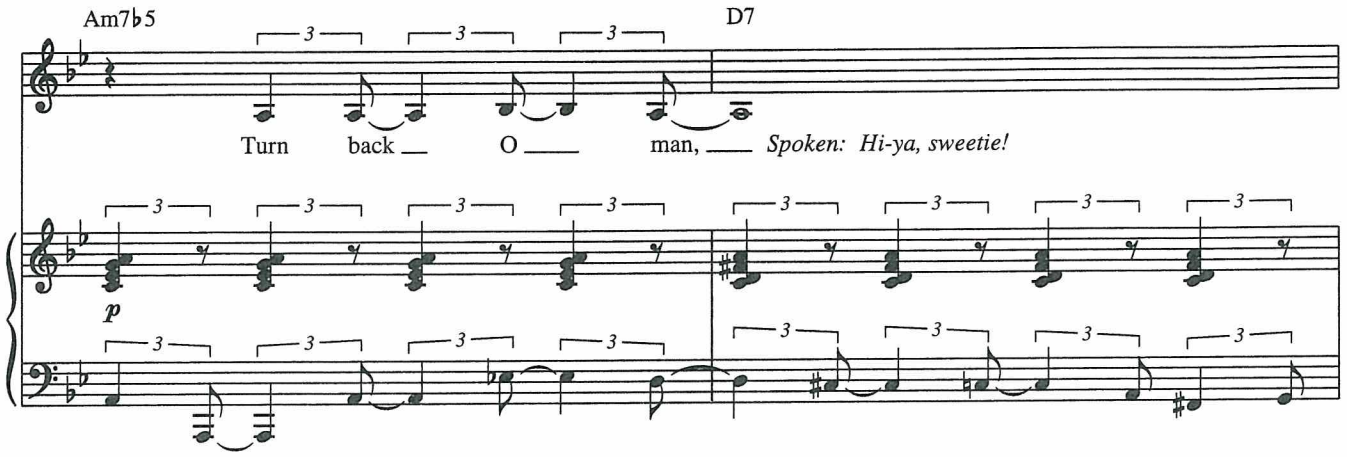


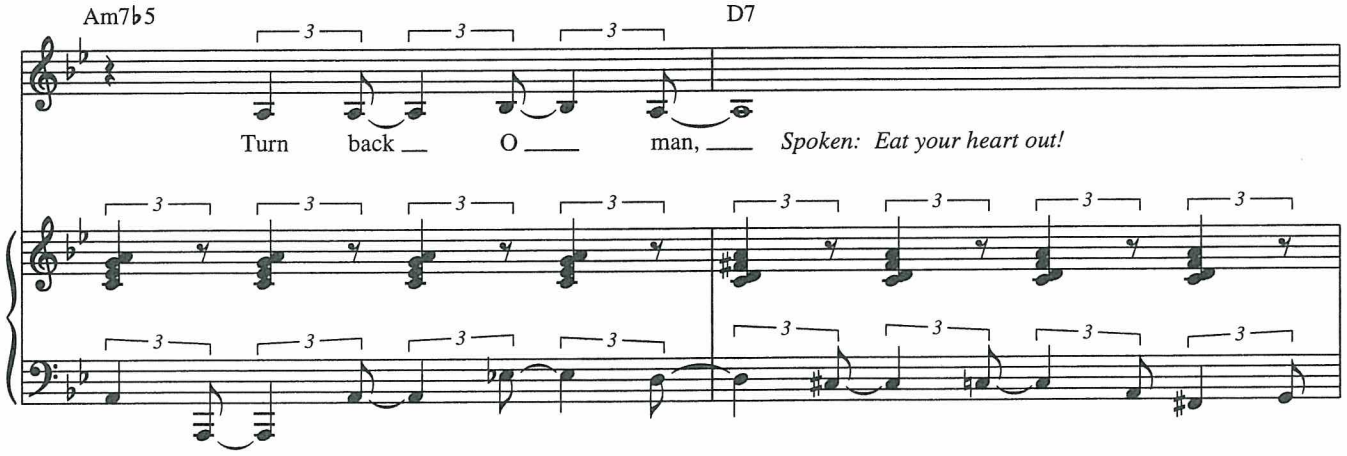
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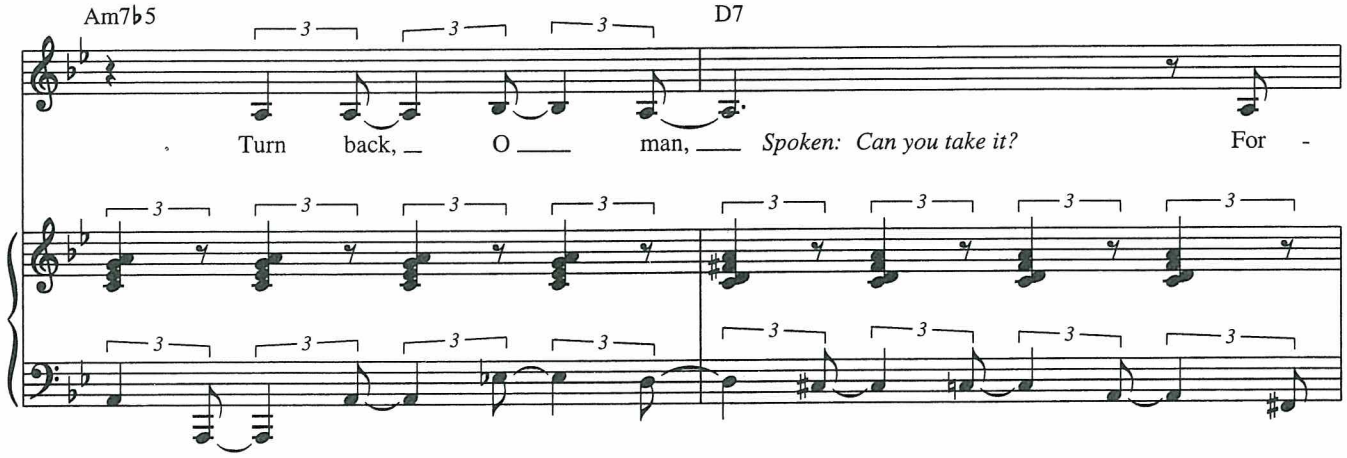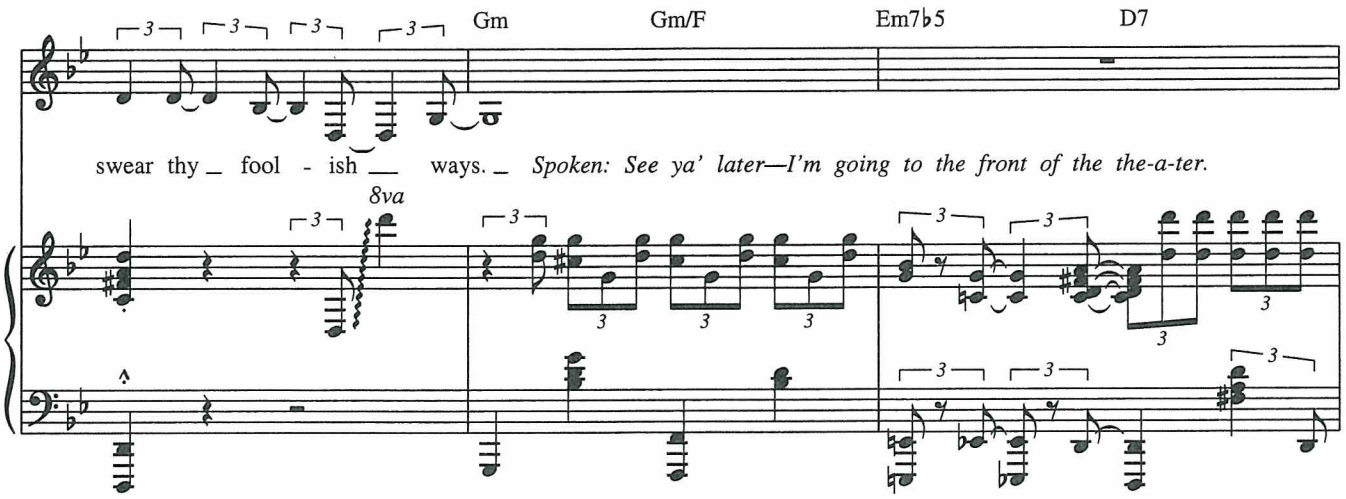


*The ad libs. (in parentheses) are merely suggestions, not necessarily the lines you will want to use.
Ad libs., when possible, should be based on the actual audience members (for instance: "Hiya, Curly" to a bald man, etc.)

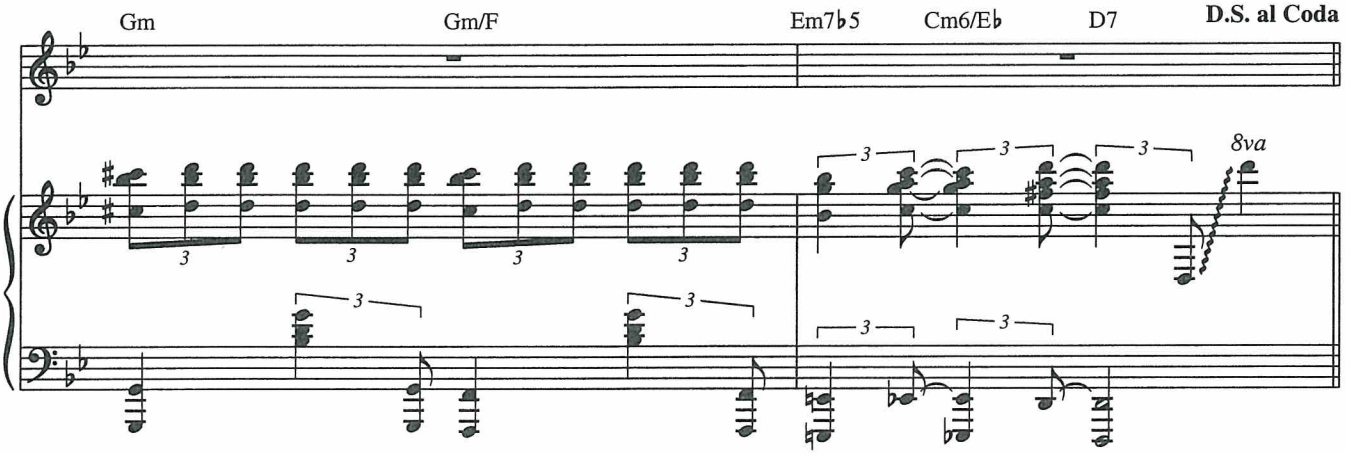

Em7♭5
E♭maj7
Gm
A7
her child, whose head is crowned with flame
they dream and in that dream - ing weep,
D7
D7/F#
G7
A♭7
Still wilt not hear thine
Would man but wake from
D7sus/A
D7♯5
Gm
To Coda
in - ner God pro - claim:
out his haunt - ed sleep.
Spoken: Where are the men up here?
dim.

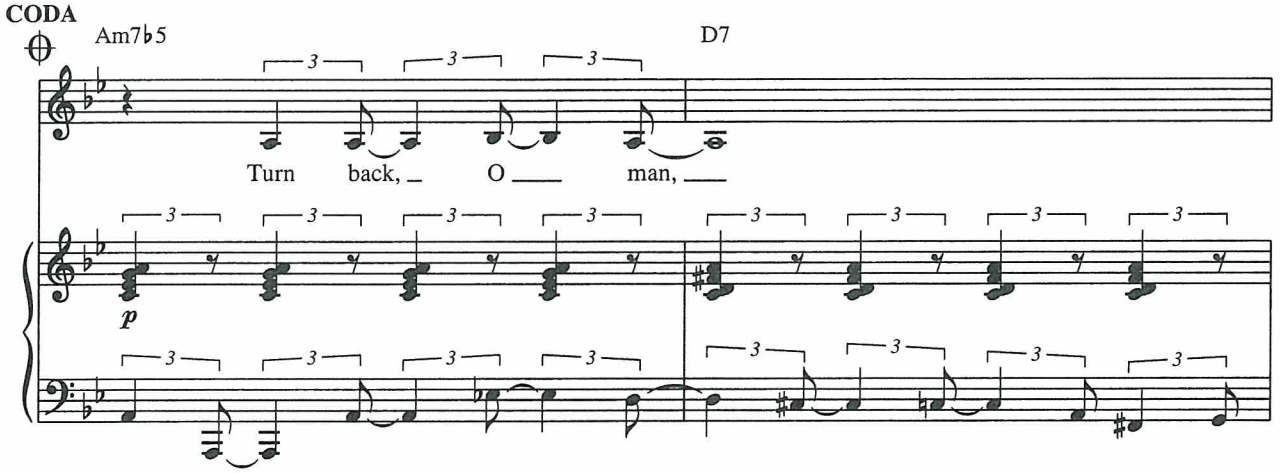

Am7♭5
D7
Turn back O man, Spoken: Hi-ya, sweetie!
p
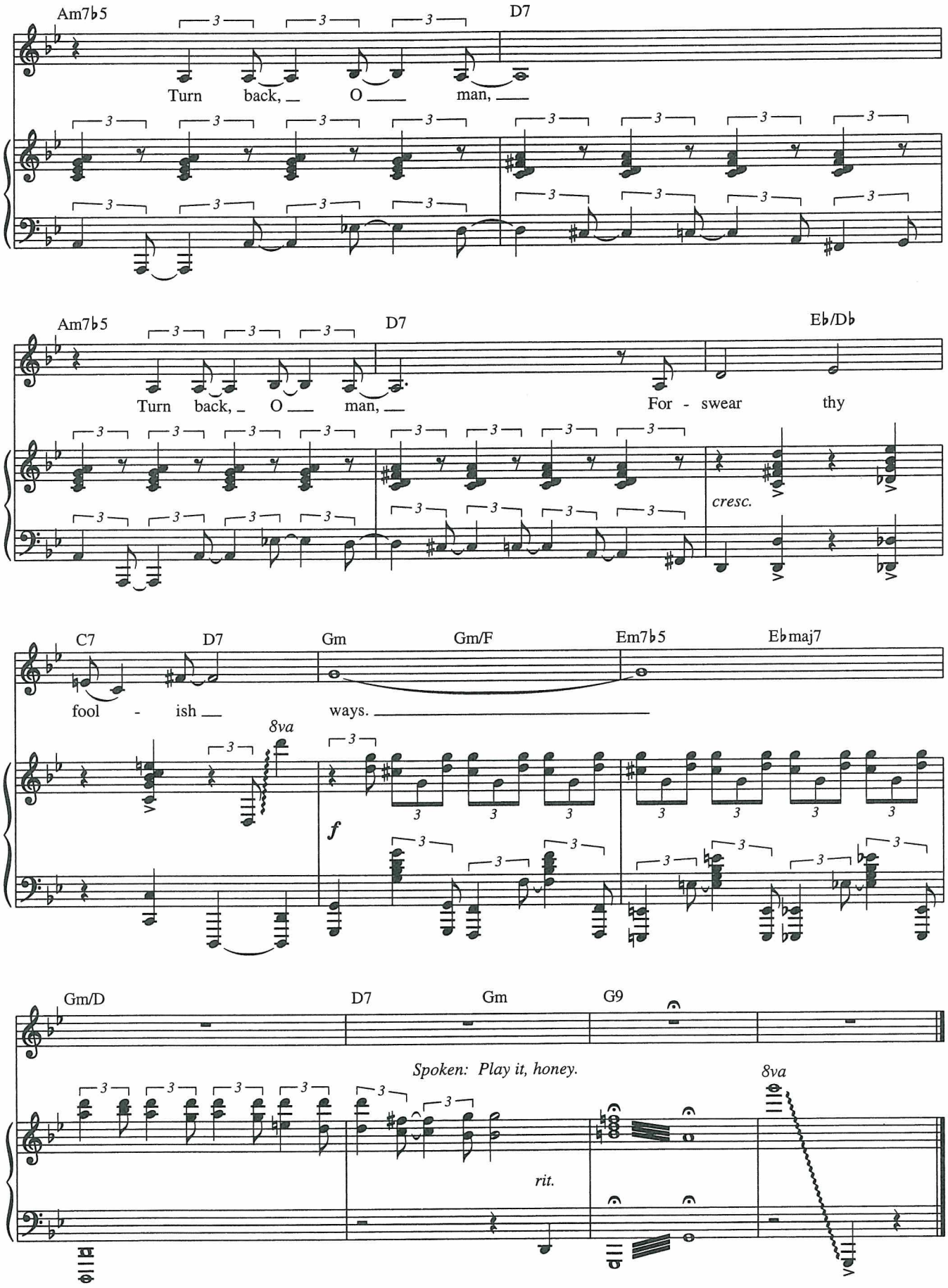

Am7♭5
D7
Turn back O man, Spoken: Eat your heart out!


Am7♭5
D7
Turn back, O man, Spoken: Can you take it? For -


Gm
Gm/F
Em7♭5
D7
swear thy _ fool - ish __ ways. _ Spoken: See ya' later—I'm going to the front of the the-a-ter.
8va


Gm
Gm/F
Em7♭5
Cm6/E♭
D7
D.S. al Coda
8va


CODA
Am7♭5
D7
Turn back, _ O ___ man, ___
p
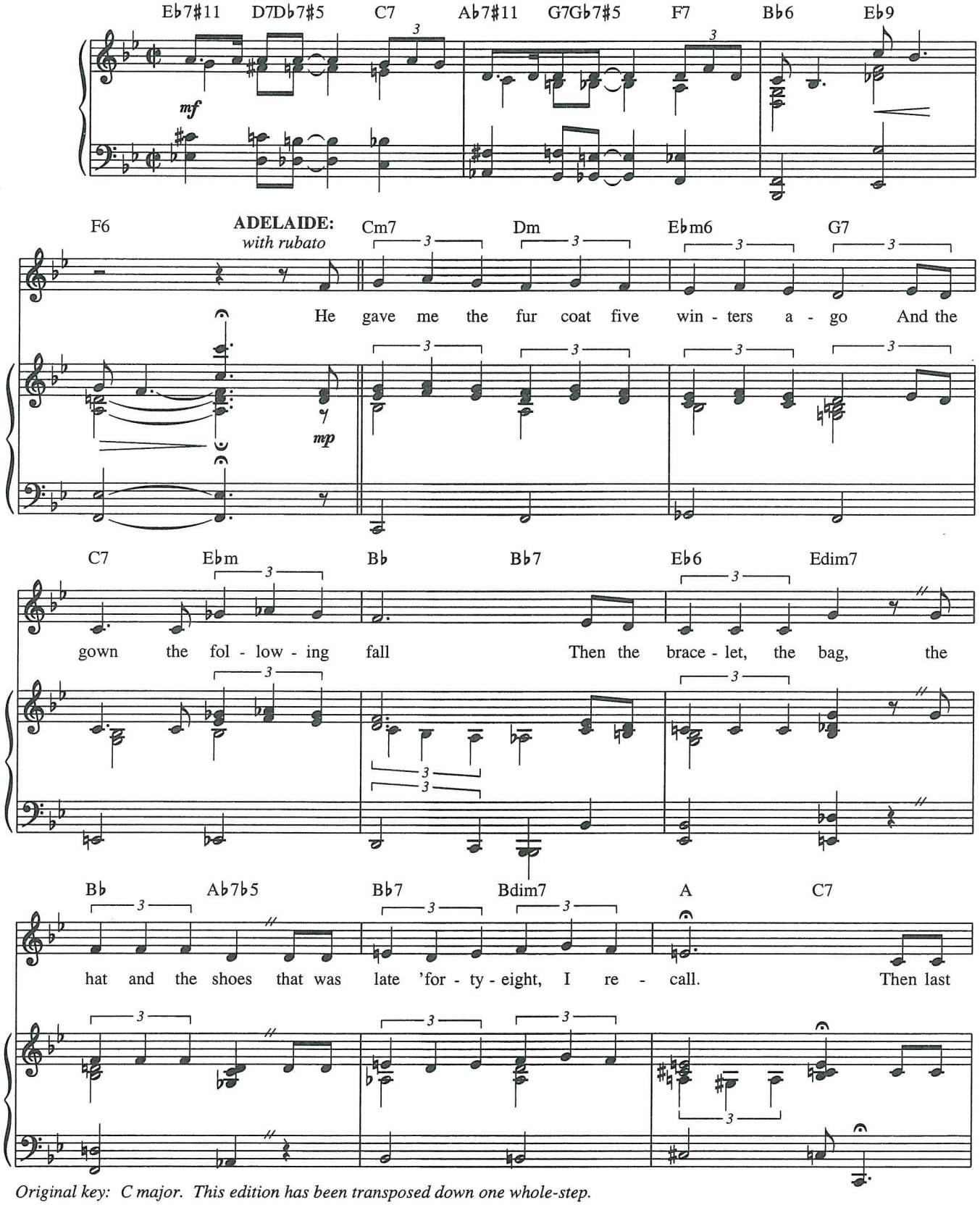

Am7♭5
D7
Turn back, O man,
Am7♭5
D7
E♭/D♭
Turn back, O man,
For - swear thy
cresc.
C7
D7
Gm
Gm/F
Em7♭5
E♭maj7
fool - ish
ways.
8va
f
Gm/D
D7
Gm
G9
Spoken: Play it, honey.
8va
rit.

TAKE BACK YOUR MINK

from *Guys and Dolls*
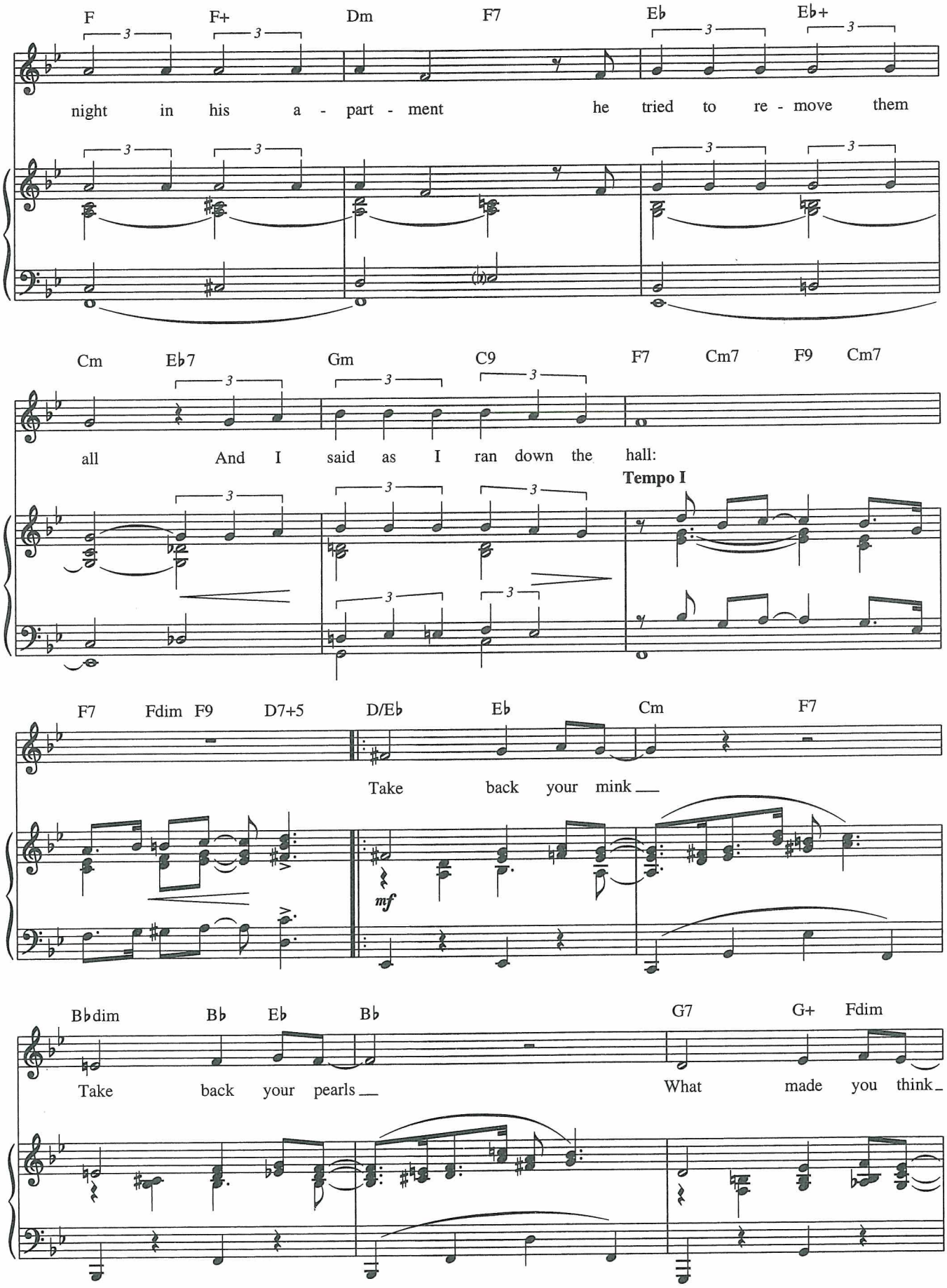
Medium bounce
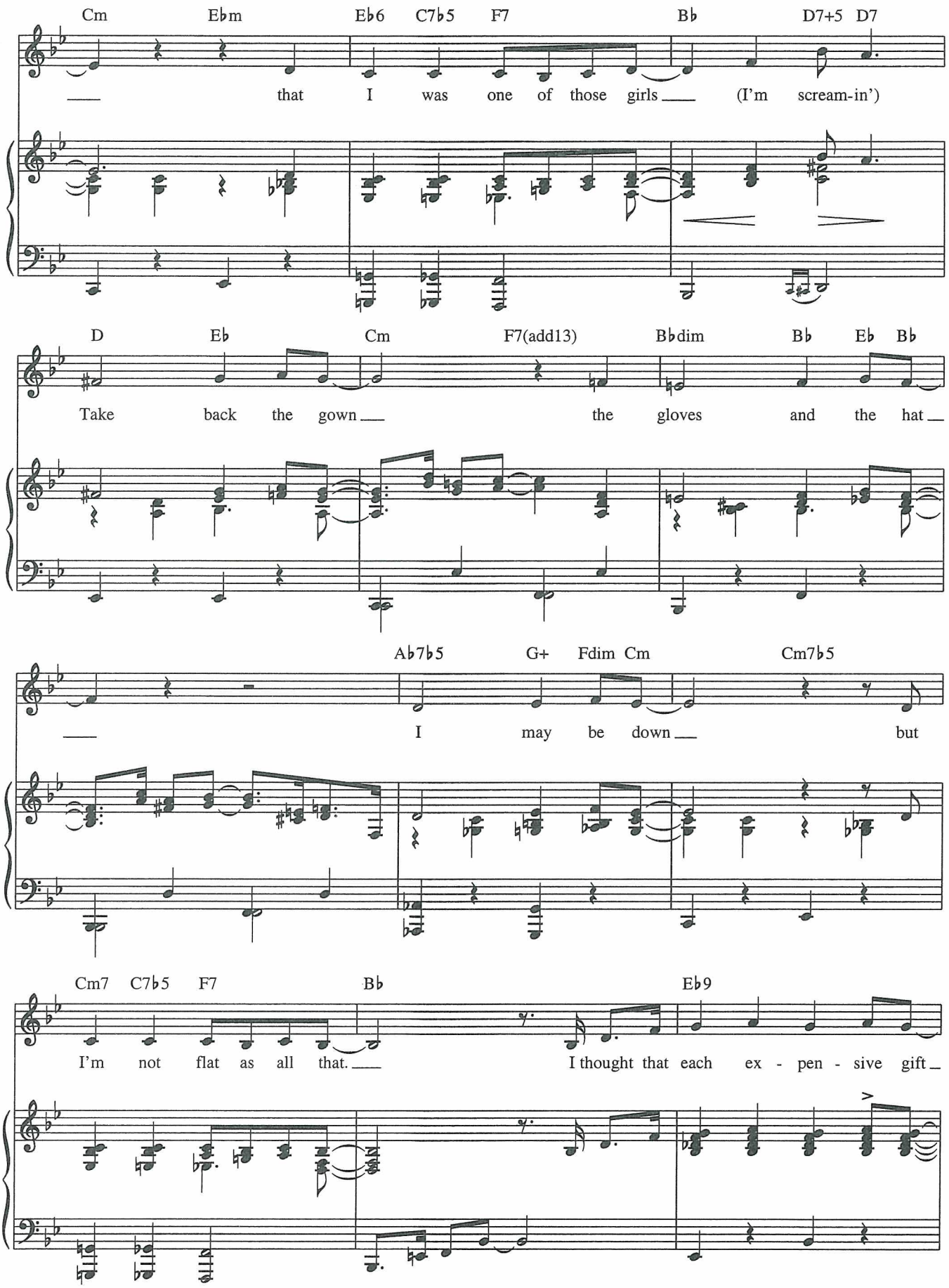
By FRANK LOESSER
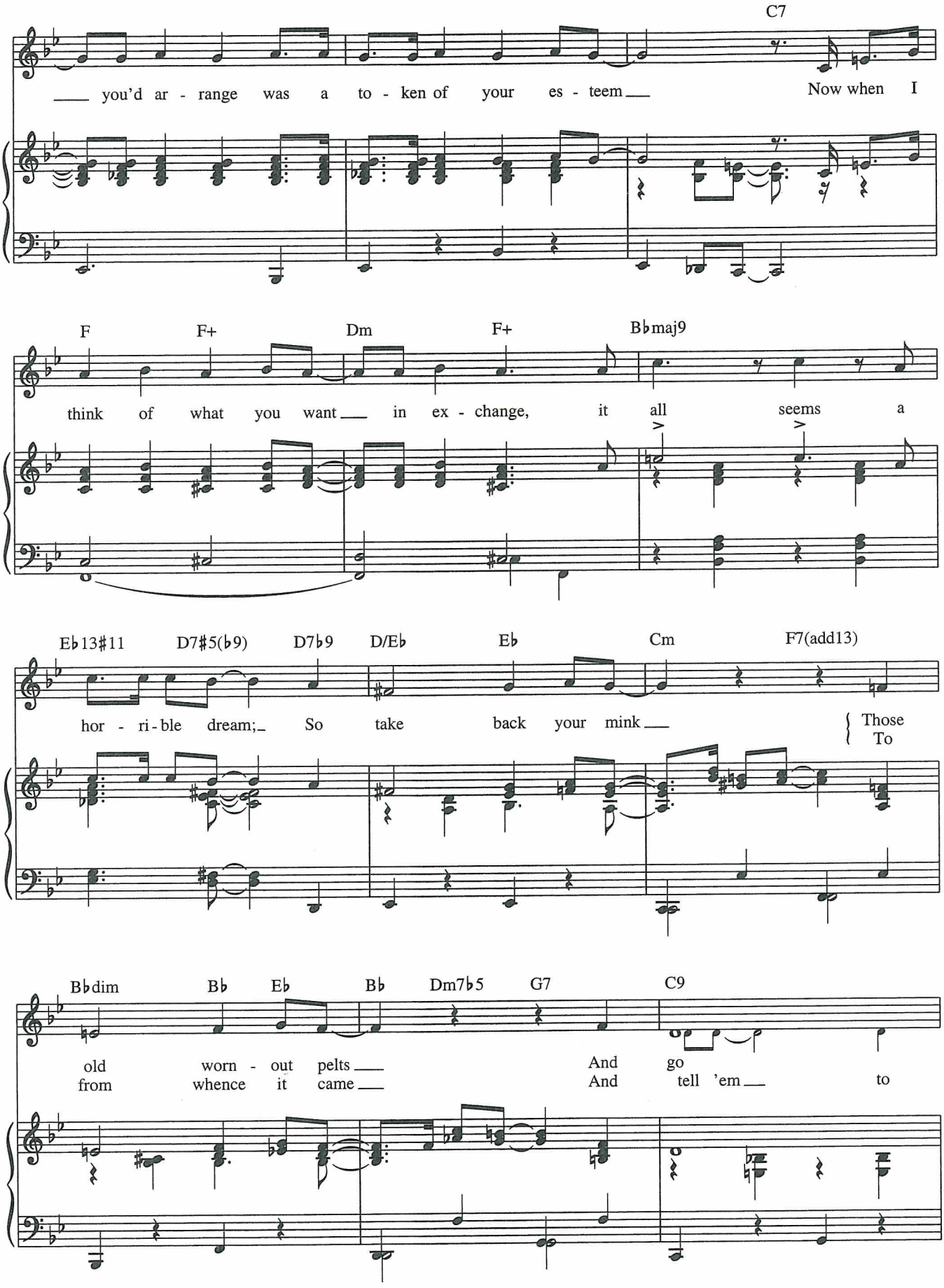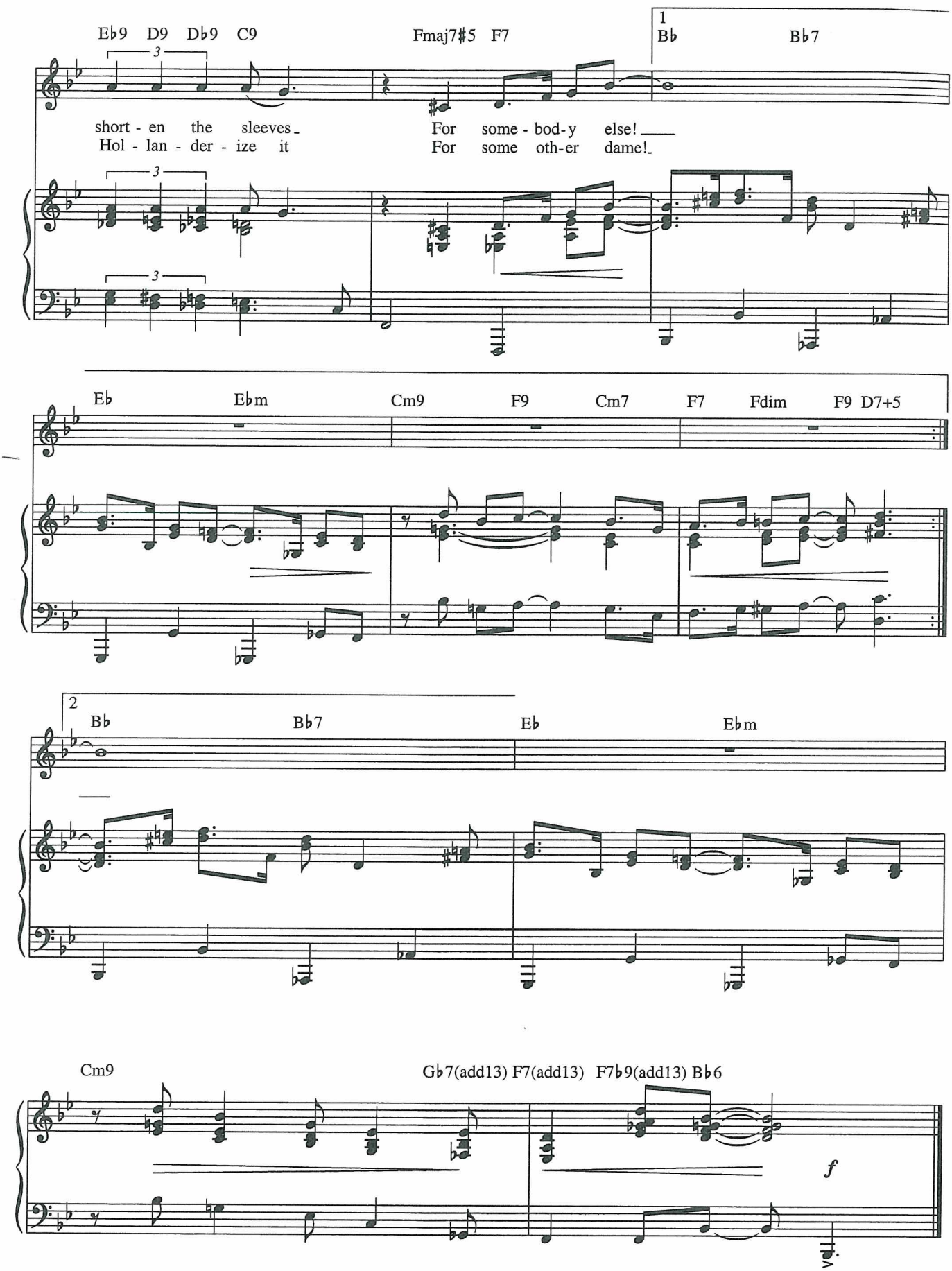


Original key: C major. This edition has been transposed down one whole-step.

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F F+ Dm F7 Eb Eb+
night in his a - part - ment he tried to re - move them
Cm Eb7 Gm C9 F7 Cm7 F9 Cm7
all And I said as I ran down the hall:
Tempo I
F7 Fdim F9 D7+5 D/Eb Eb Cm F7
Take back your mink
mf
Bbdim Bb Eb Bb G7 G+ Fdim
Take back your pearls
What made you think


Cm Ebm Eb6 C7b5 F7 Bb D7+5 D7
that I was one of those girls (I'm scream-in')
D Eb Cm F7(add13) Bbdim Bb Eb Bb
Take back the gown the gloves and the hat
Ab7b5 G+ Fdim Cm Cm7b5
I may be down but
Cm7 C7b5 F7 Bb Eb9
I'm not flat as all that. I thought that each ex - pen - sive gift
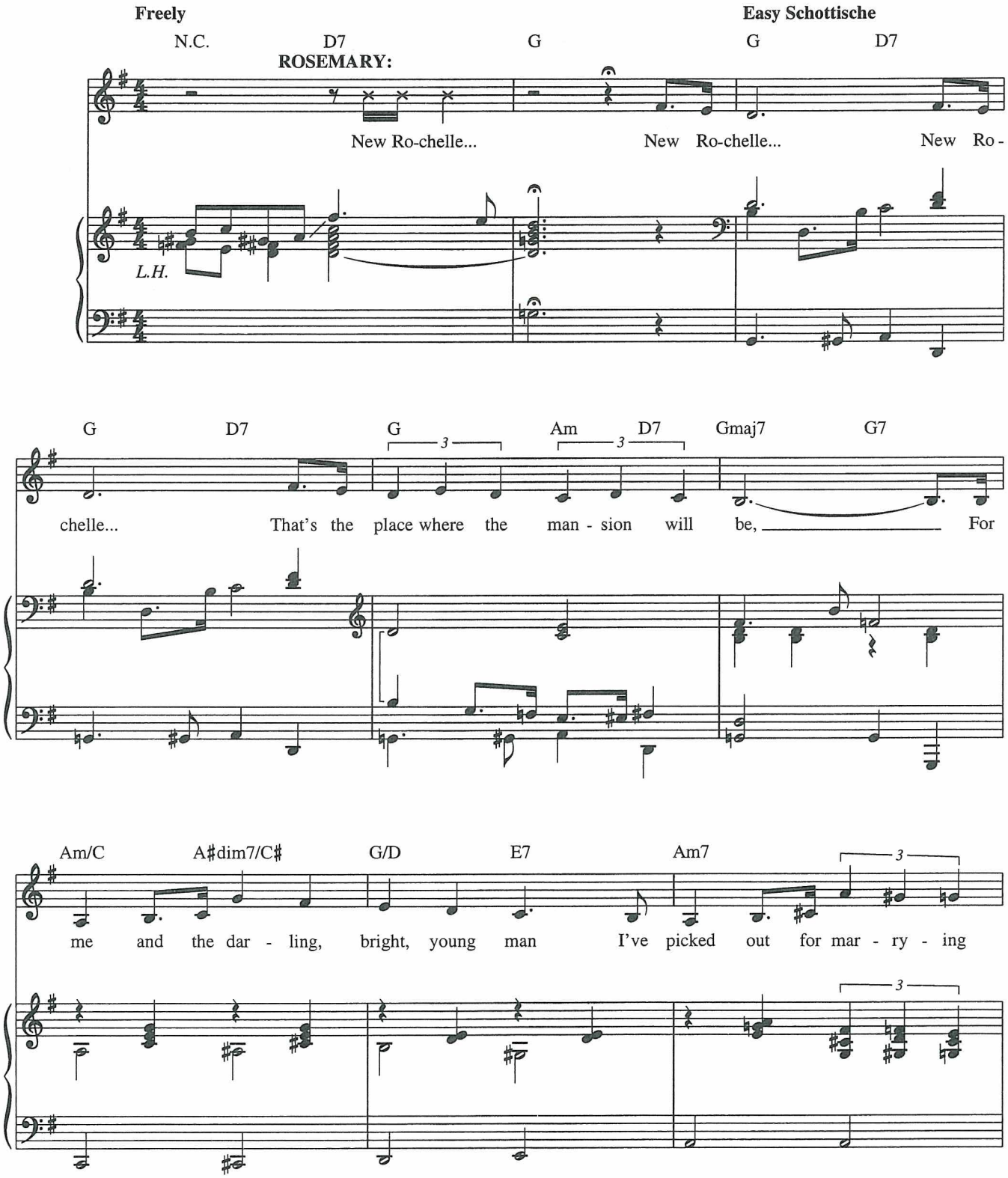

C7
you'd ar - range was a to - ken of your es - teem
Now when I
F
F+
Dm
F+
B♭maj9
think of what you want in ex - change, it all seems a
E♭13♯11
D7♯5(♭9)
D7♭9
D/E♭
E♭
Cm
F7(add13)
hor - ri - ble dream; So take back your mink
Those
To
B♭dim
B♭
E♭
B♭
Dm7♭5
G7
C9
old worn - out pelts
from whence it came
And go
And tell 'em to


Eb9 D9 Db9 C9
Fmaj7#5 F7
1
Bb
Bb7
short - en the sleeves
Hol - lan - der - ize it
For some - bod-y else!
For some oth-er dame!
Eb
Ebm
Cm9
F9
Cm7
F7
Fdim
F9 D7+5
2
Bb
Bb7
Eb
Ebm
Cm9
Gb7(add13) F7(add13) F7b9(add13) Bb6
f
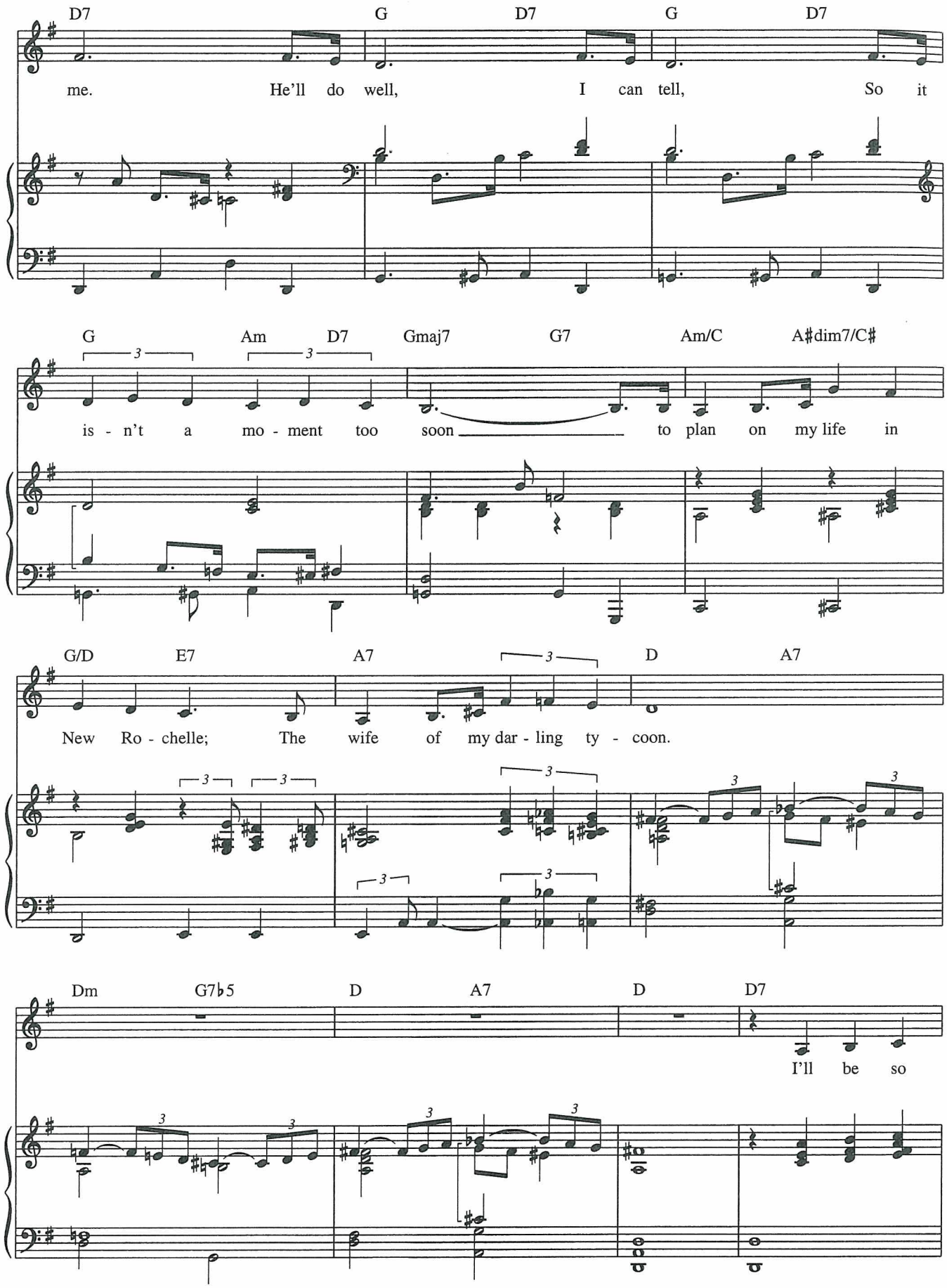
HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM
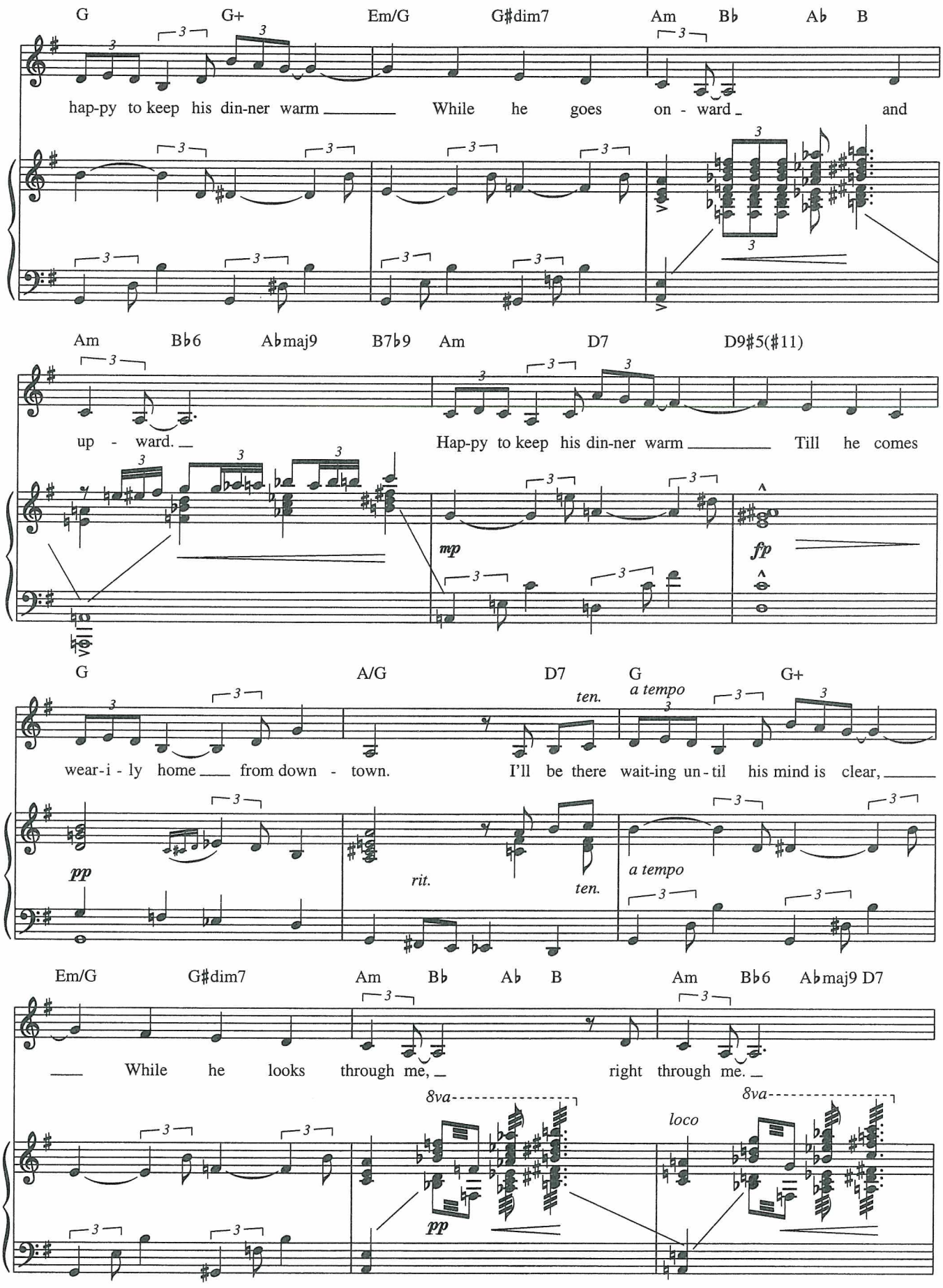
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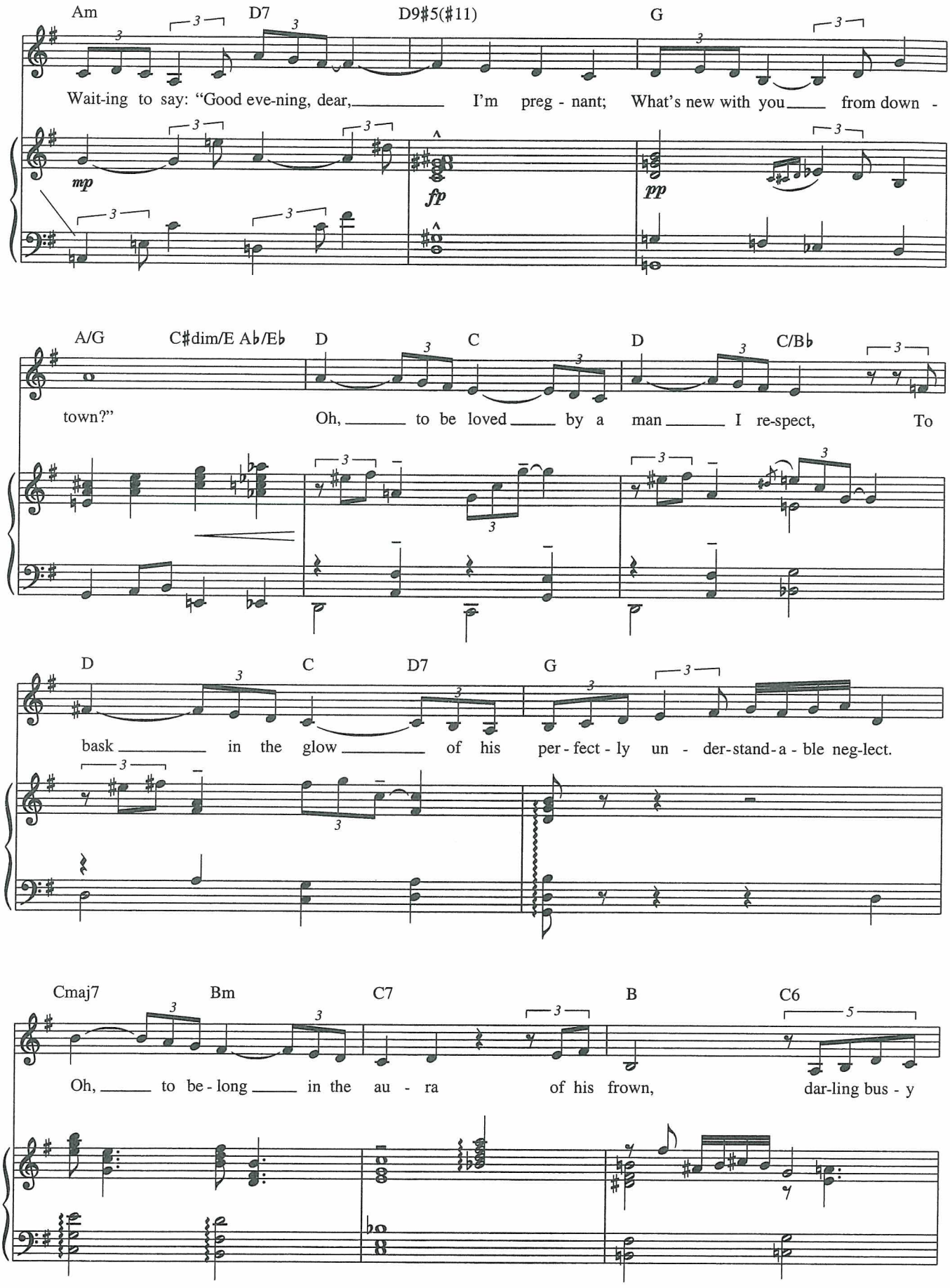
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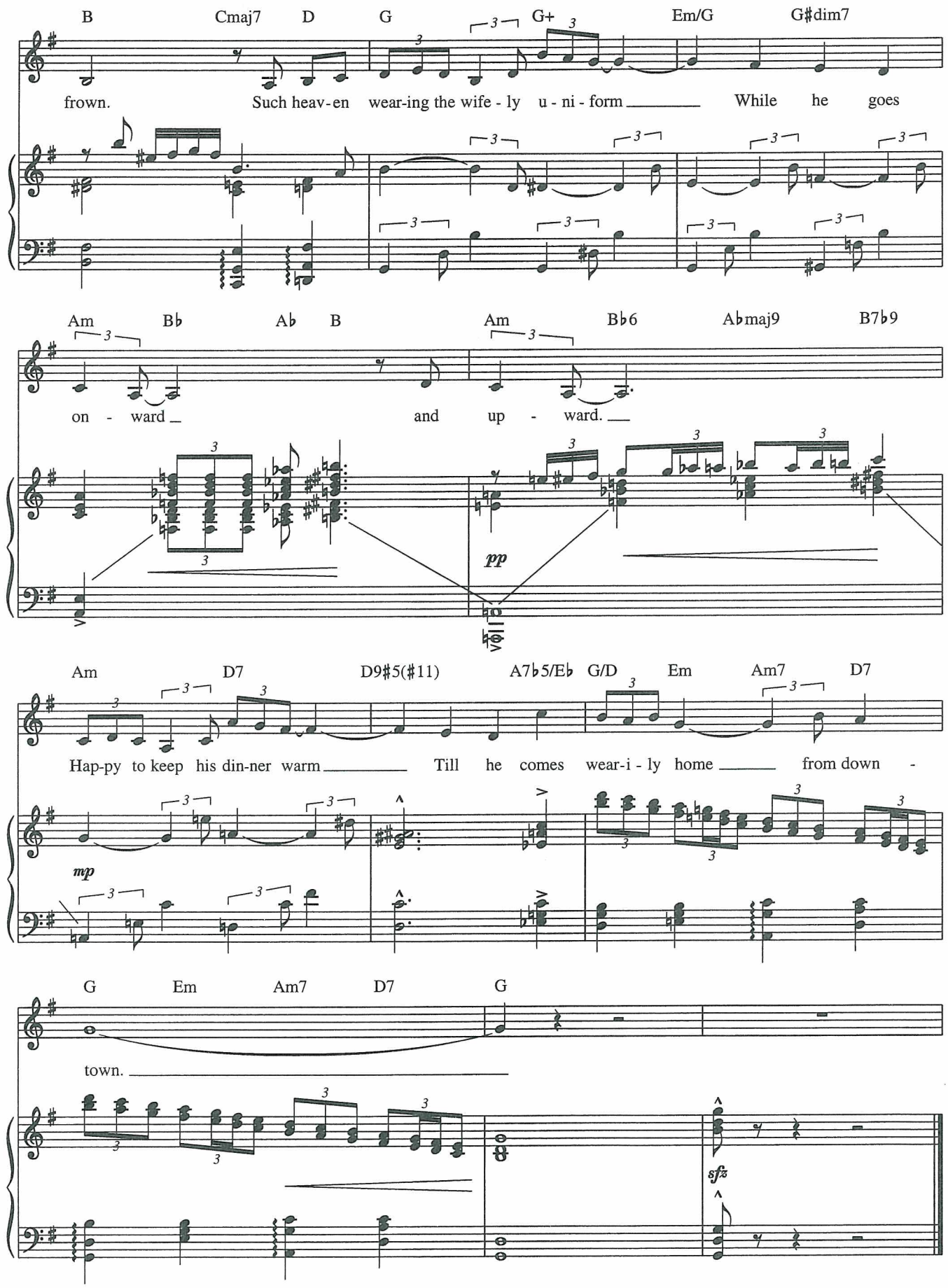


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D7 G D7 G D7
me. He'll do well, I can tell, So it
G Am D7 Gmaj7 G7 Am/C A♯dim7/C♯
is - n't a mo - ment too soon to plan on my life in
G/D E7 A7 D A7
New Ro - chelle; The wife of my dar - ling ty - coon.
Dm G7♭5 D A7 D D7
I'll be so


G G+ Em/G G♯dim7 Am B♭ A♭ B
hap-py to keep his din-ner warm While he goes on - ward and
Am B♭6 A♭maj9 B7♭9 Am D7 D9♯5(♯11)
up - ward. Hap-py to keep his din-ner warm Till he comes
mp
fp
G A/G D7 G G+
ten.
a tempo
wear-i - ly home from down - town. I'll be there wait-ing un-til his mind is clear,
pp
rit.
ten.
a tempo
Em/G G♯dim7 Am B♭ A♭ B Am B♭6 A♭maj9 D7
While he looks through me, right through me.
8va
pp
8va
loco

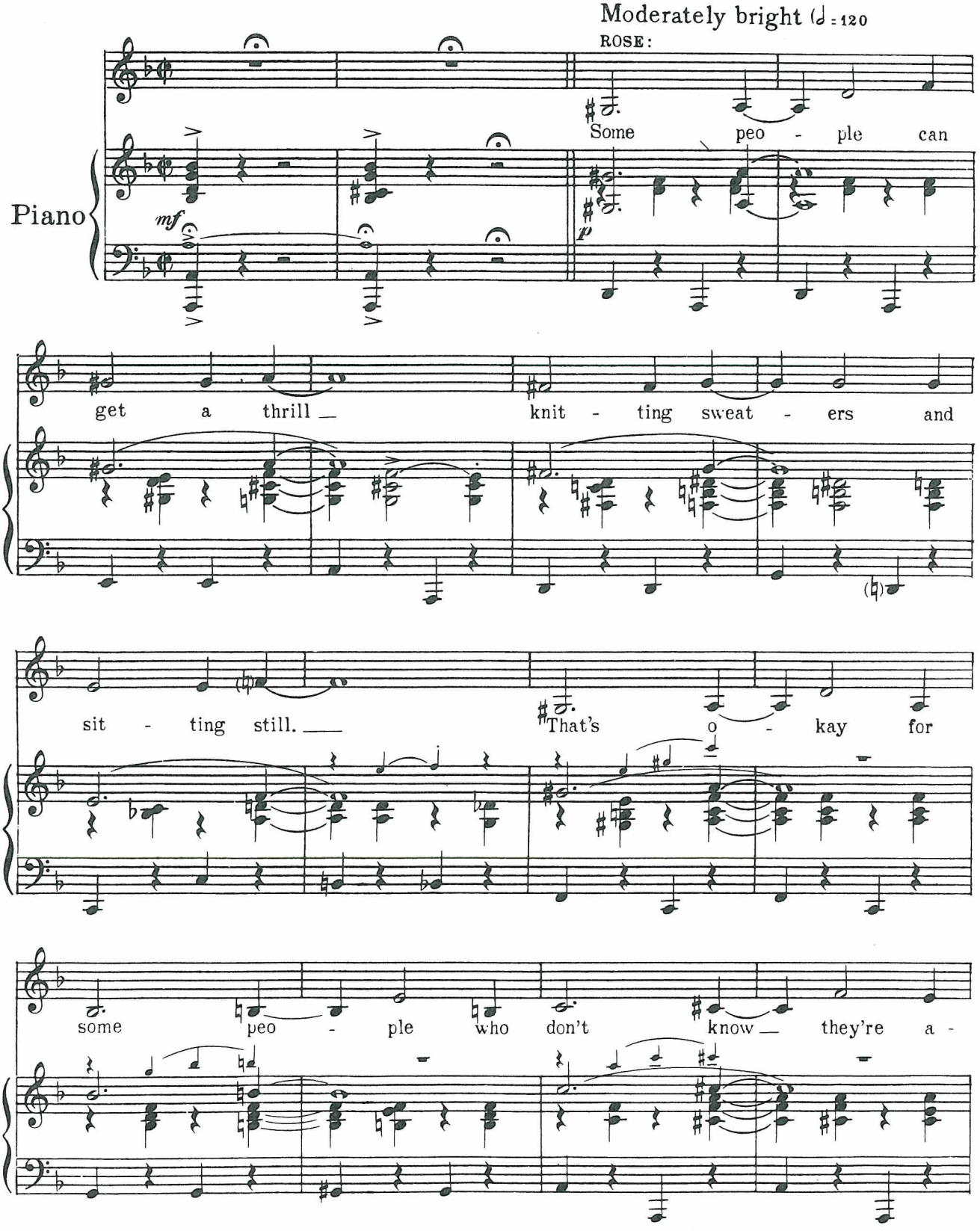

Am D7 D9♯5(♯11) G
Wait-ing to say: "Good eve-ning, dear, I'm preg - nant; What's new with you from down -
mp fp pp
A/G C♯dim/E A♭/E♭ D C D C/B♭
town?" Oh, to be loved by a man I re-spect, To
D C D7 G
bask in the glow of his per - fect - ly un - der-stand-a - ble neg-lect.
Cmaj7 Bm C7 B C6
Oh, to be - long in the au - ra of his frown, dar-ling bus - y


B Cmaj7 D G G+ Em/G G♯dim7
frown. Such heav-en wear-ing the wife - ly u - ni - form While he goes
Am B♭ A♭ B Am B♭6 A♭maj9 B7♭9
on - ward and up - ward.
pp
Am D7 D9♯5(♯11) A7♭5/E♭ G/D Em Am7 D7
Hap-py to keep his din-ner warm Till he comes wear-i - ly home from down -
mp
G Em Am7 D7 G
town.
sfz
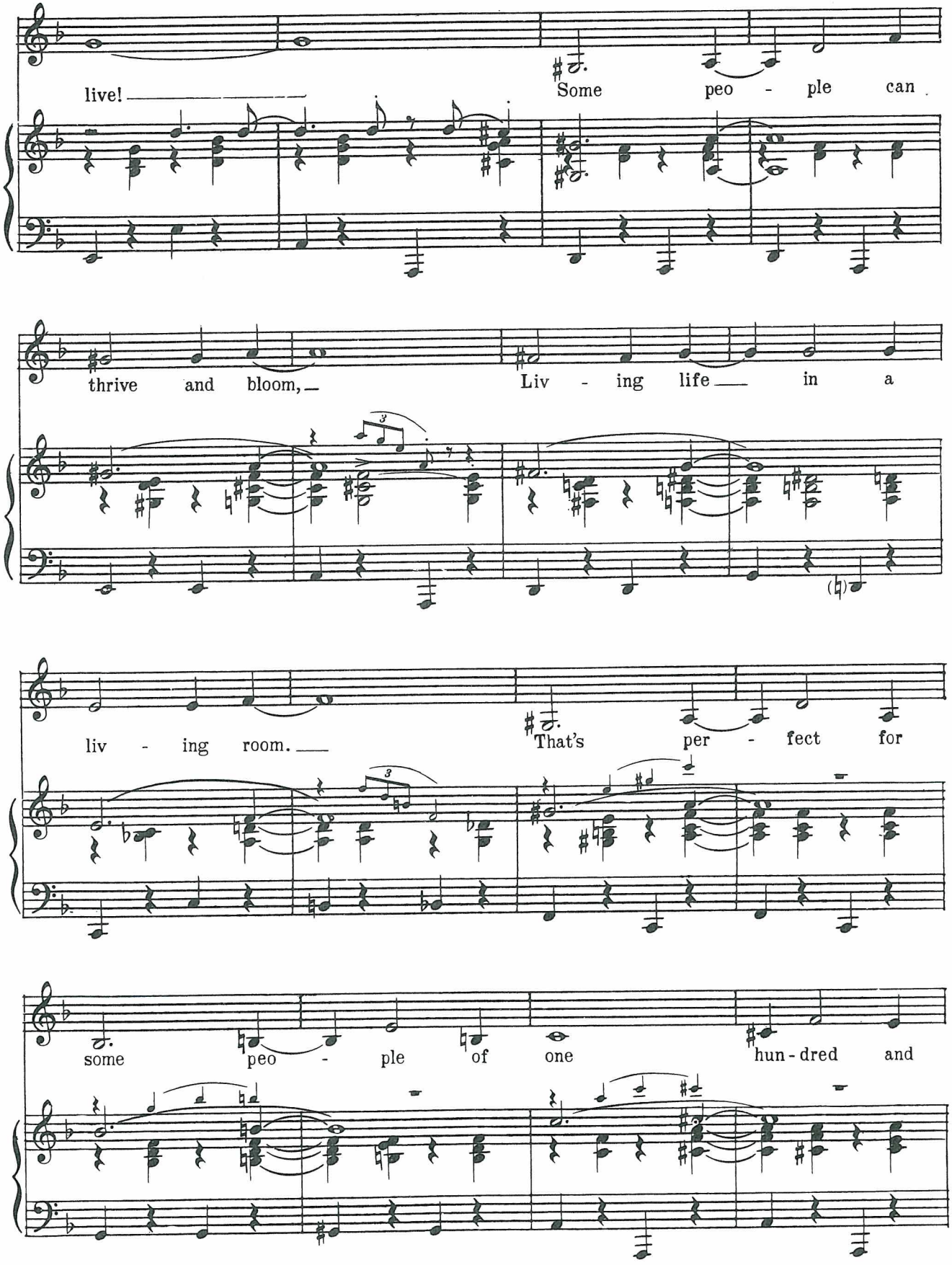
SOME PEOPLE
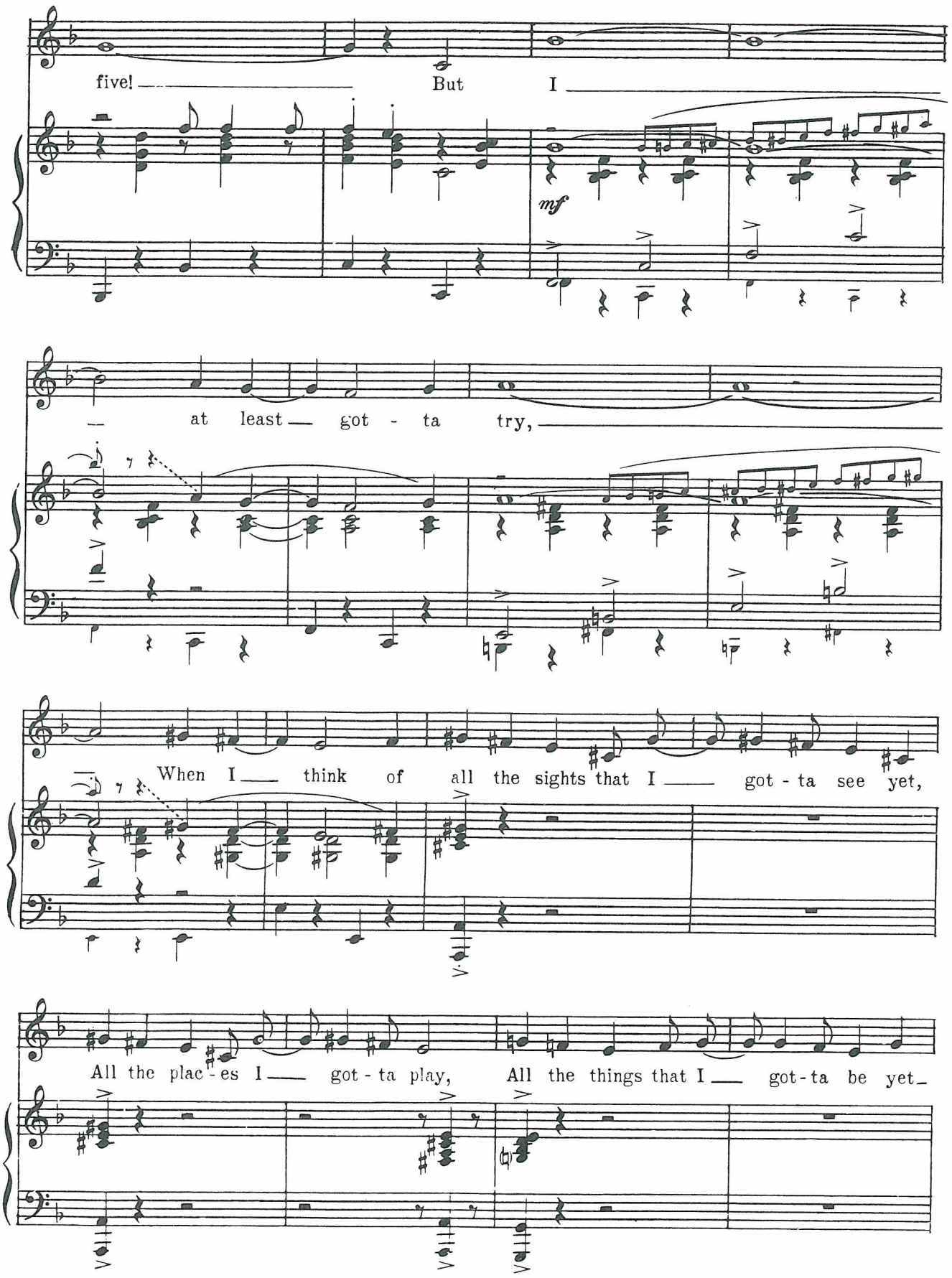
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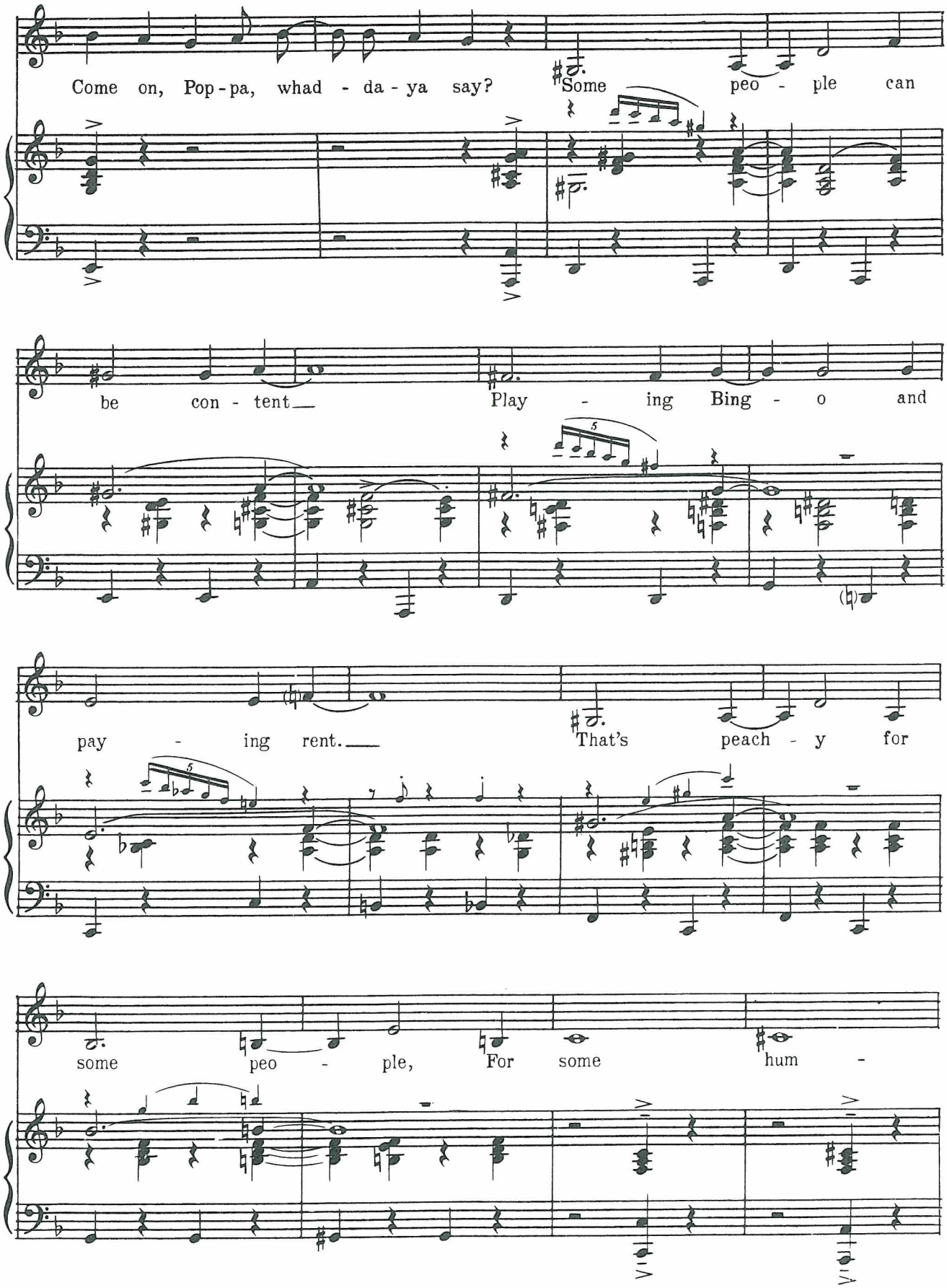
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Music by JULE STYNE

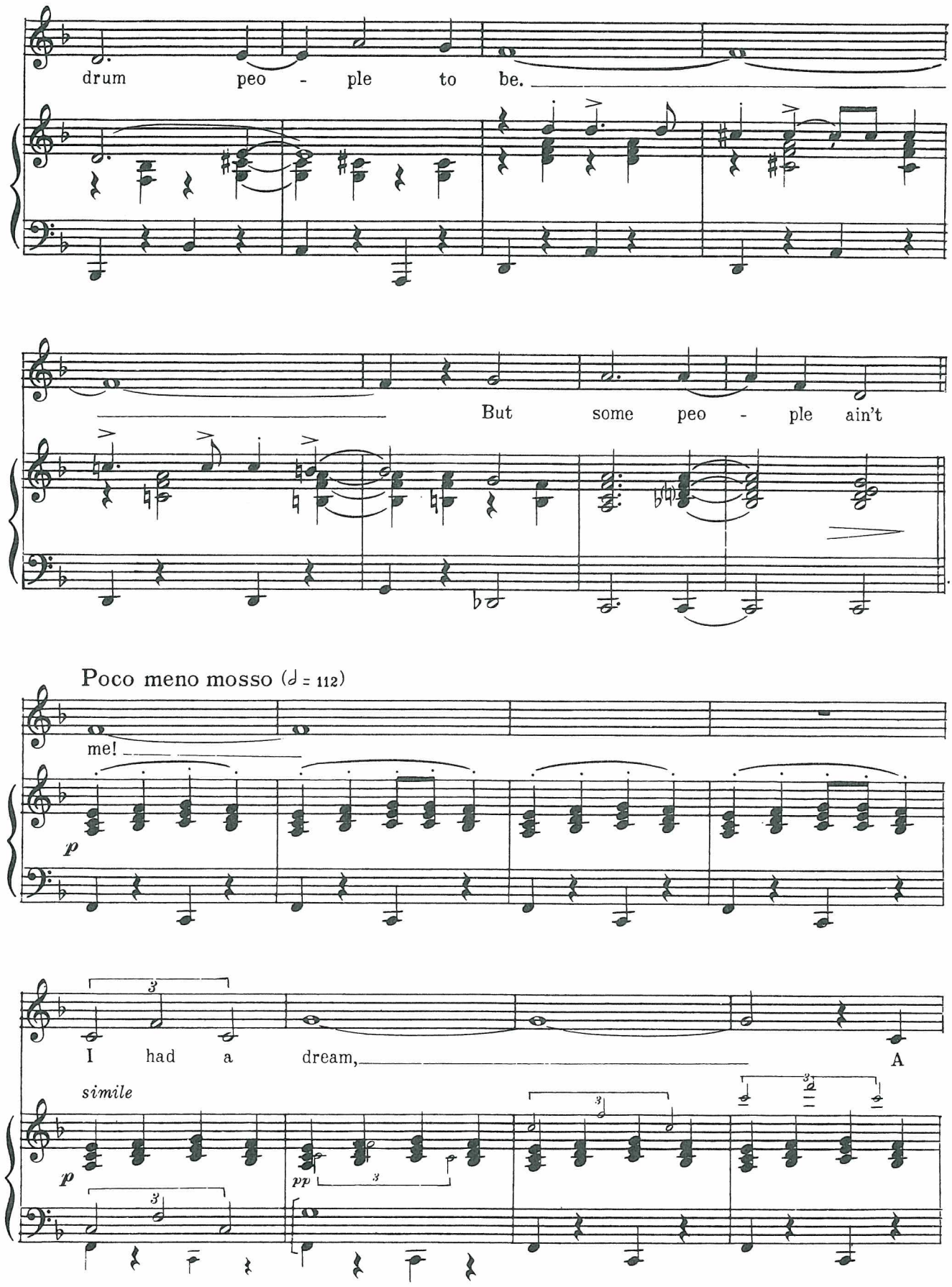


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live!
Some peo - ple can
thrive and bloom,
Liv - ing life in a
liv - ing room.
That's per - fect for
some peo - ple of one hun - dred and


five! But I
mf
at least got - ta try,
When I think of all the sights that I got - ta see yet,
All the plac - es I got - ta play, All the things that I got - ta be yet


Come on, Pop-pa, whad - da - ya say? Some peo - ple can
be con - tent Play - ing Bing - o and
pay - ing rent. That's peach - y for
some peo - ple, For some hum -


drum peo - ple to be.
But some peo - ple ain't
Poco meno mosso (♩ = 112)
me!
p
I had a dream, A
simile
p
pp
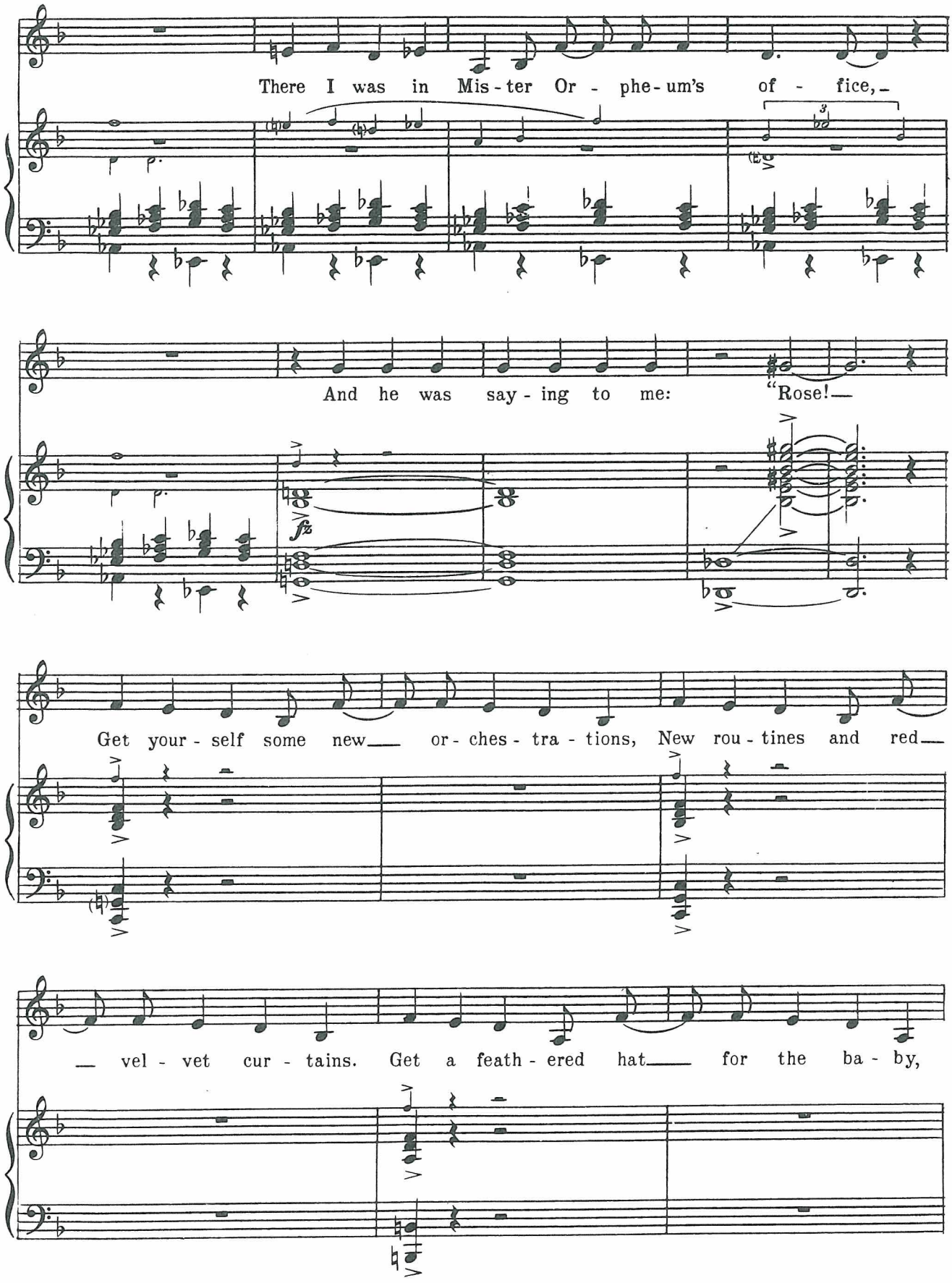
won - der - ful dream, Pop - pa!
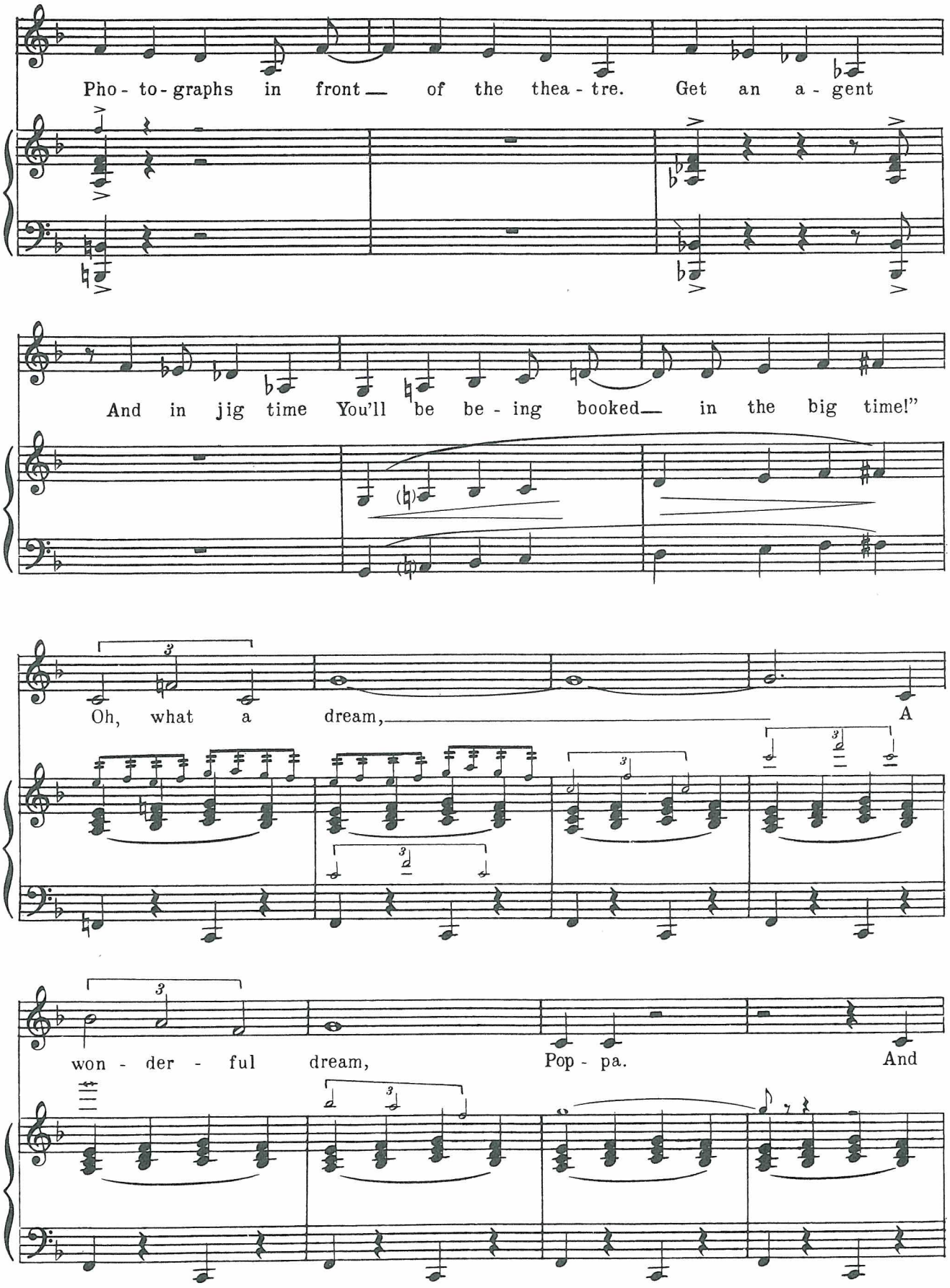
All a - bout June and the Or - phe - um cir - cuit_ Give me a chance and I
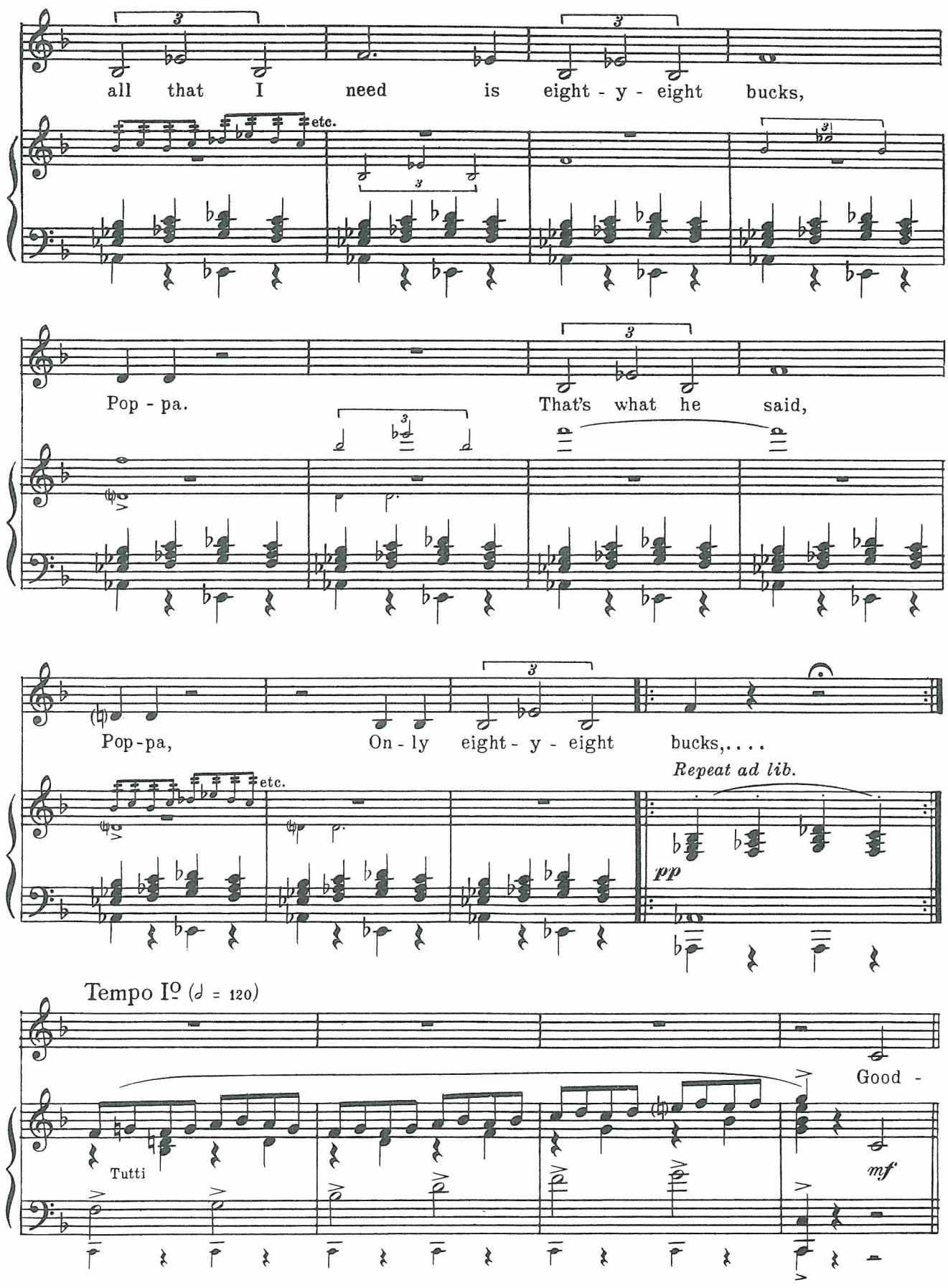
know I can work it! I had a dream,
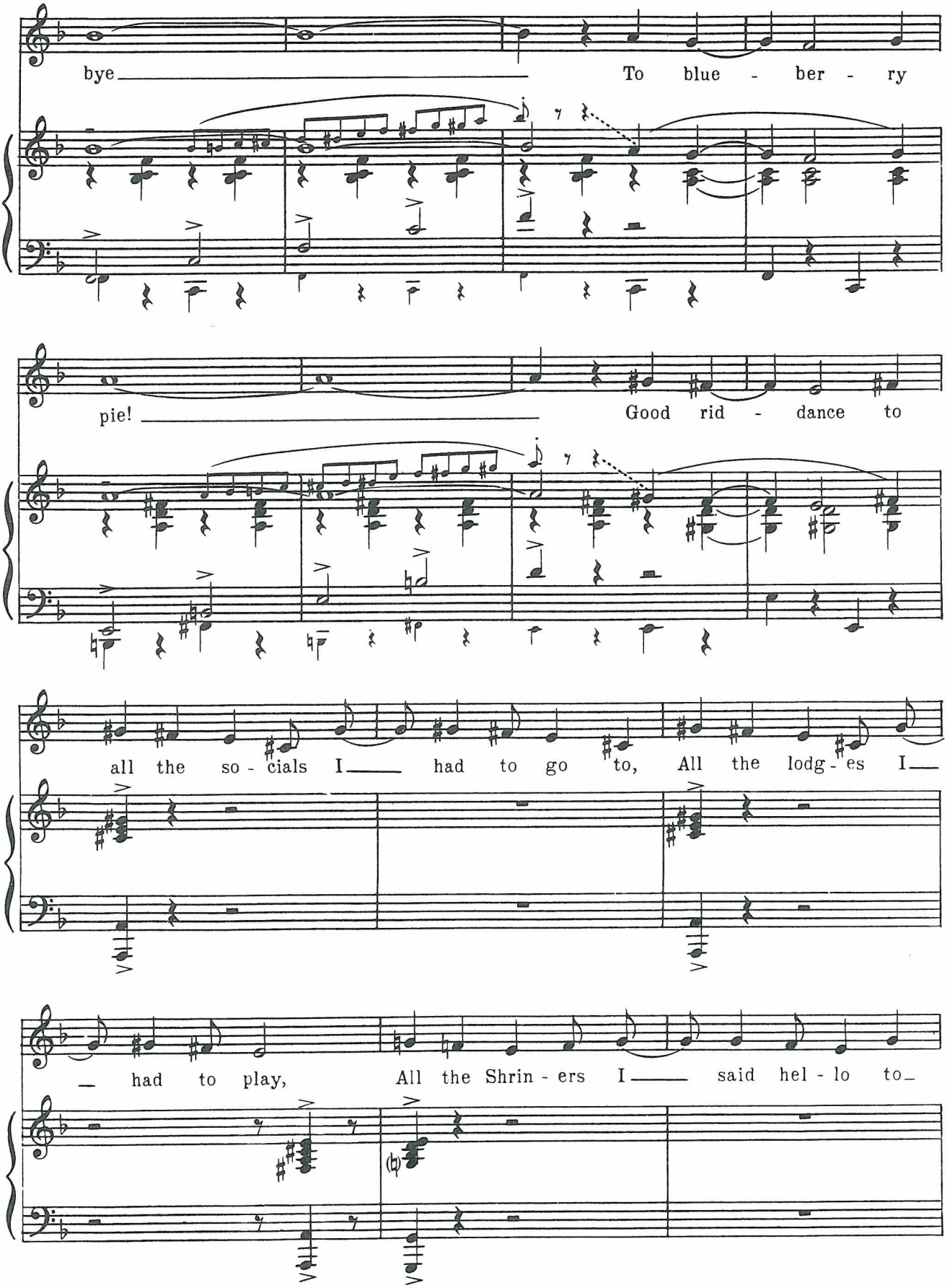
Just as re - al as can be, Pop - pa!
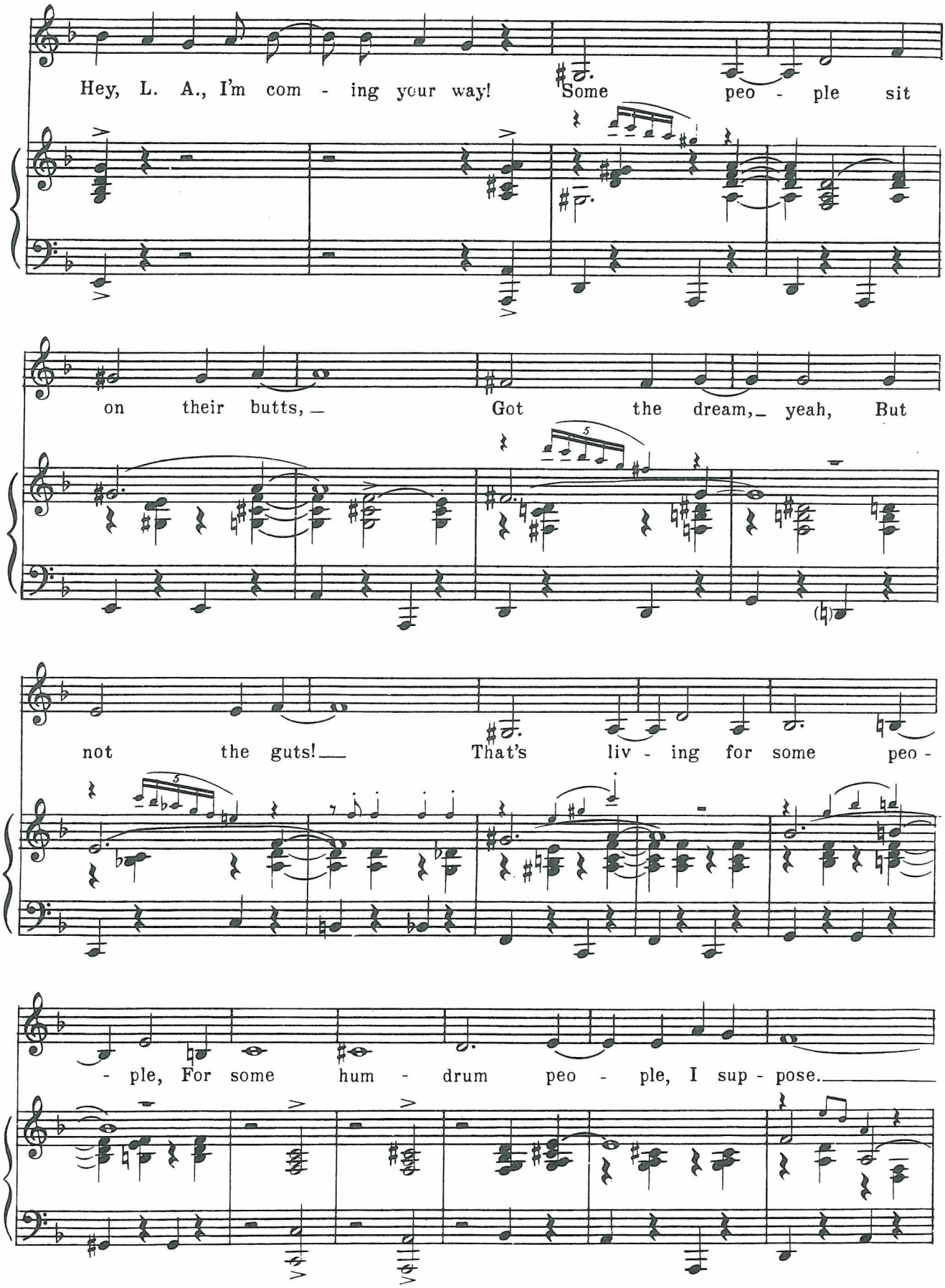
Fl.

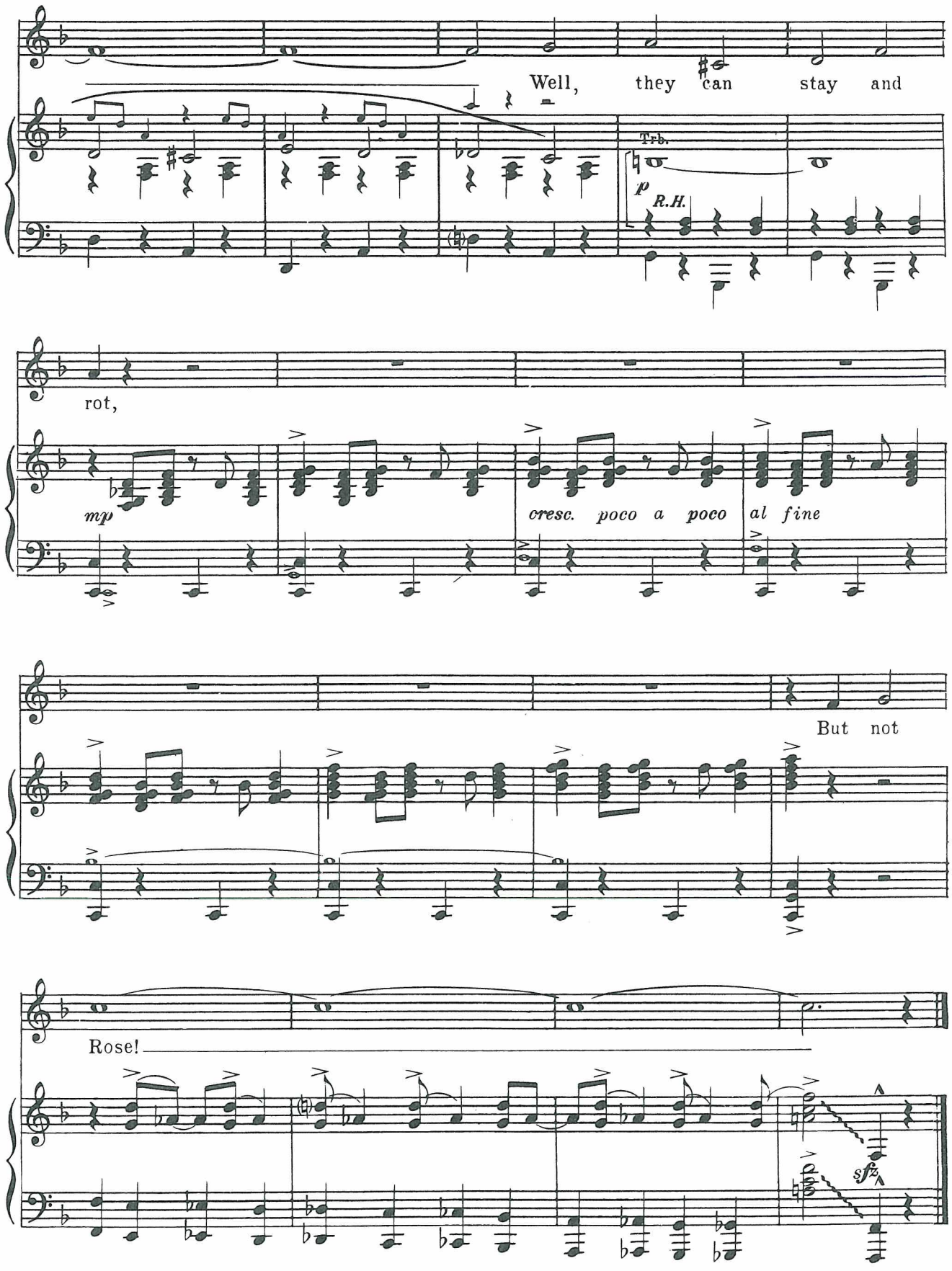

There I was in Mis - ter Or - phe - um's of - fice,
And he was say - ing to me: "Rose!
Get your - self some new or - ches - tra - tions, New rou - tines and red
vel - vet cur - tains. Get a feath - ered hat for the ba - by,


Pho - to - graphs in front — of the thea - tre. Get an a - gent
And in jig time You'll be be - ing booked — in the big time!"
Oh, what a dream, A
won - der - ful dream, Pop - pa. And


all that I need is eight - y - eight bucks,
etc.
Pop - pa.
That's what he said,
Pop-pa,
On - ly eight - y - eight bucks,....
Repeat ad lib.
etc.
pp
Tempo Iº (♩ = 120)
Tutti
Good -
mf


bye
To blue - ber - ry
pie!
Good rid - dance to
all the so - cials I
had to go to,
All the lodg - es I
had to play,
All the Shrin - ers I
said hel - lo to

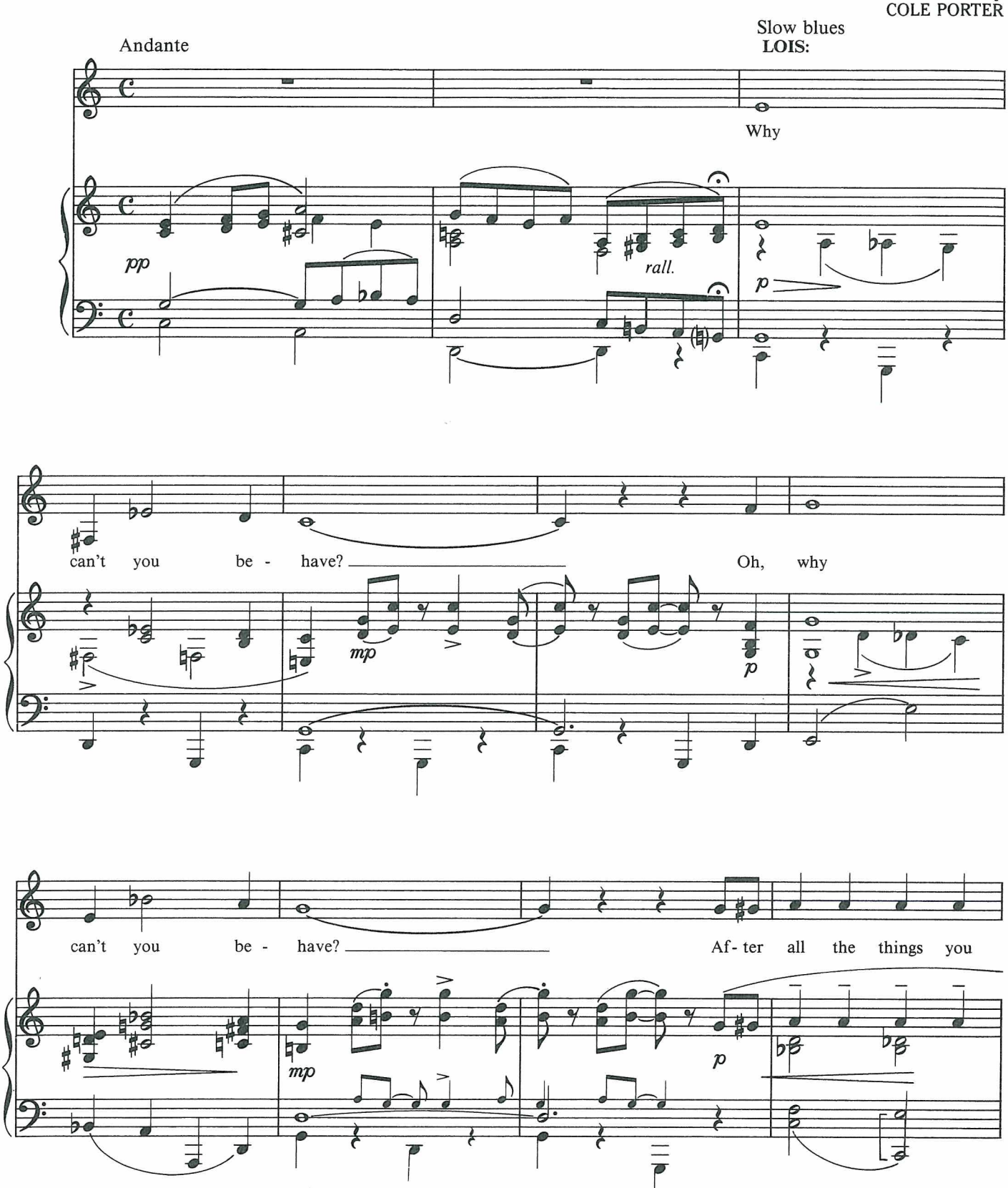

Hey, L. A., I'm com - ing your way! Some peo - ple sit
on their butts, Got the dream, yeah, But
not the guts! That's liv - ing for some peo -
- ple, For some hum - drum peo - ple, I sup - pose.


Well, they can stay and
Trb.
p
R.H.
rot,
mp
cresc. poco a poco al fine
But not
Rose!
sfz
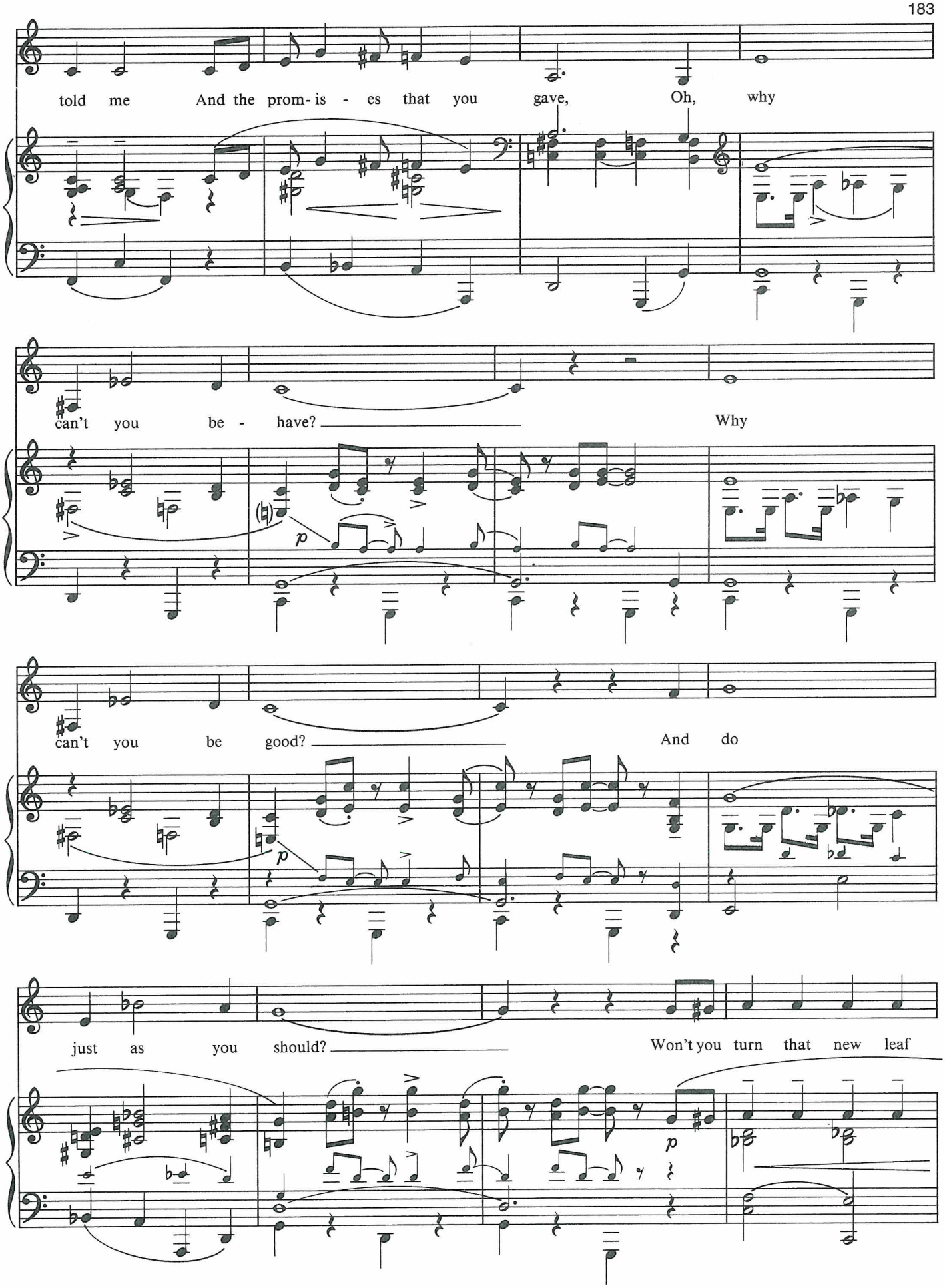
WHY CAN'T YOU BEHAVE?

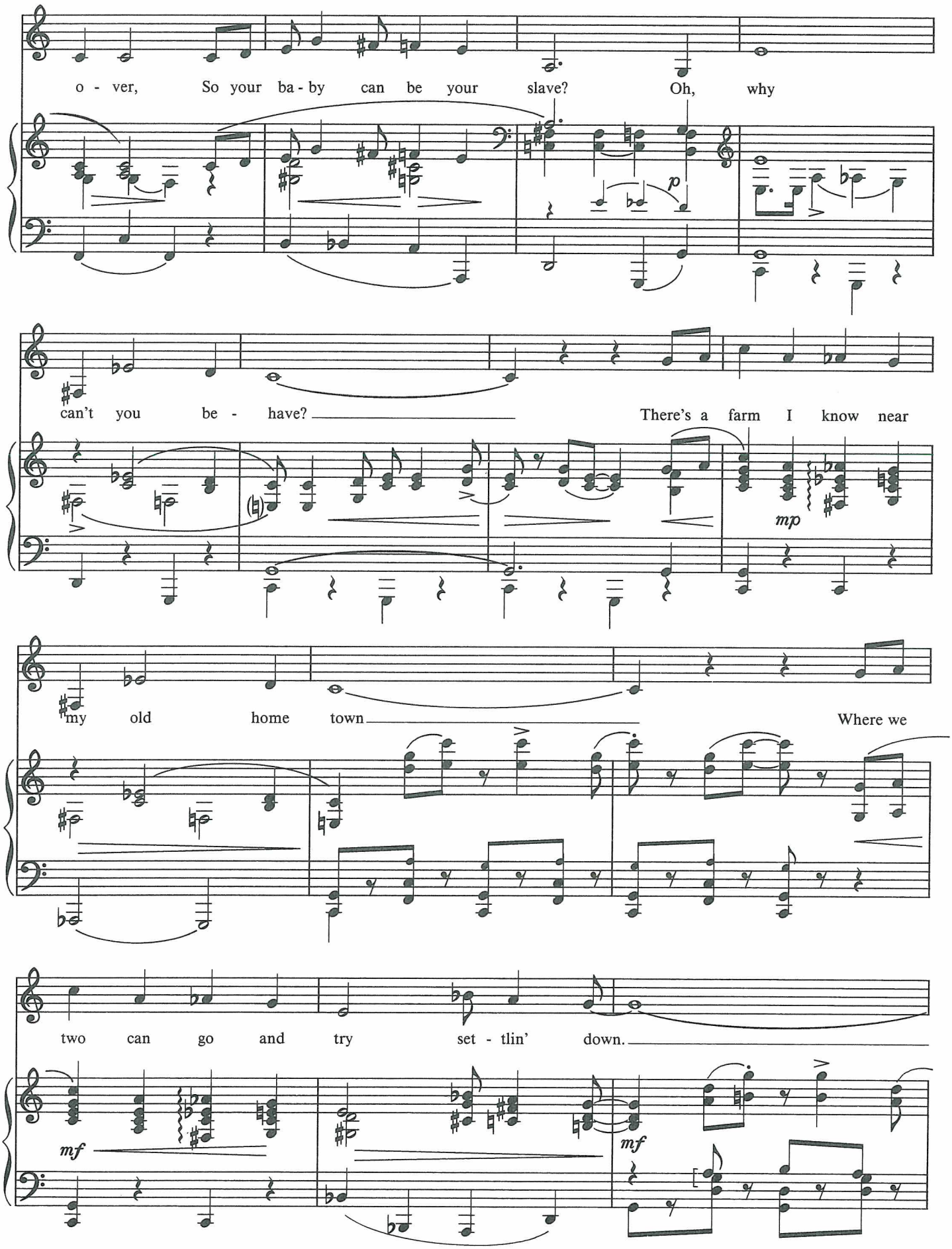
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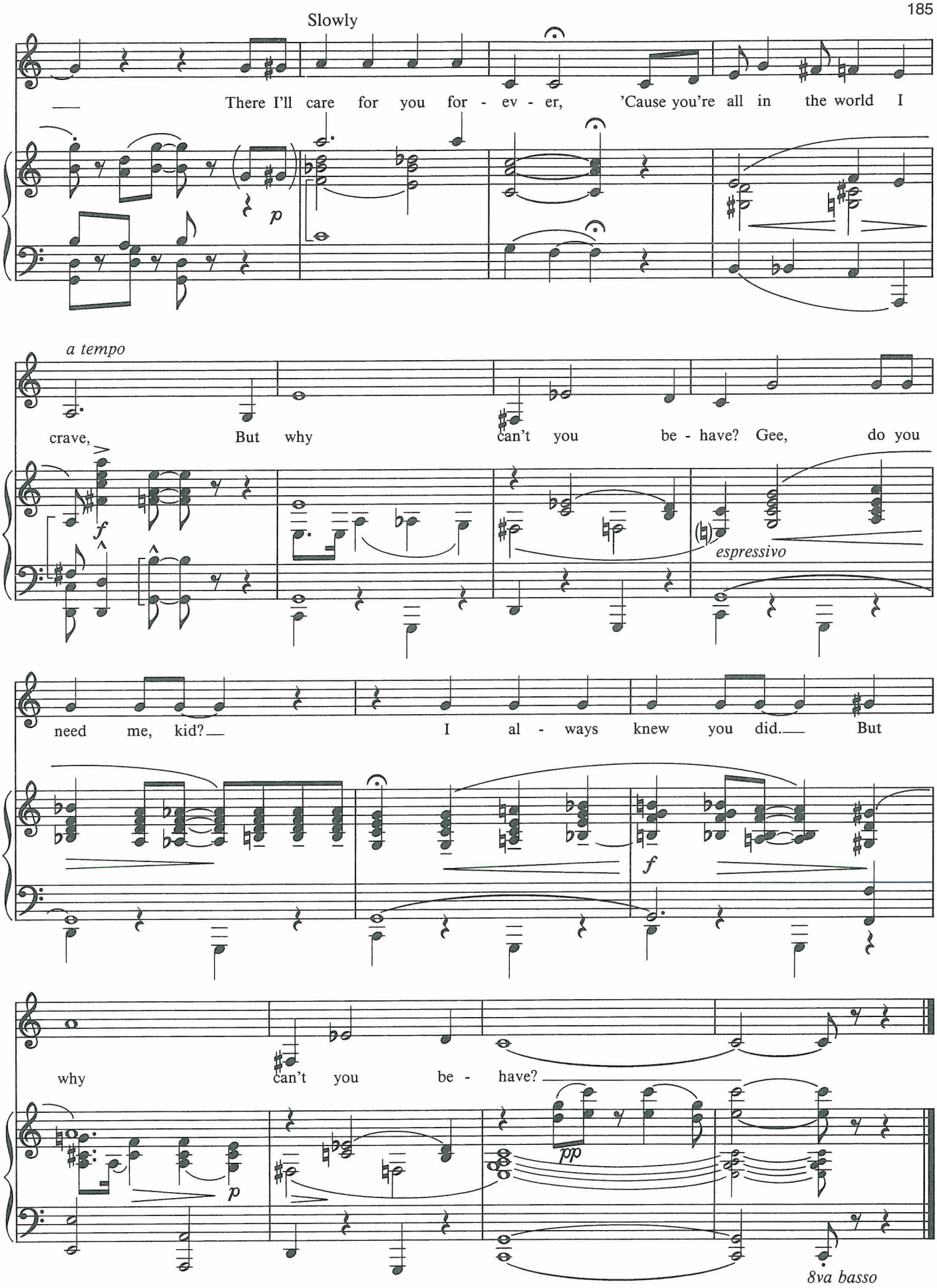
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COLE PORTER



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told me And the prom- is - es that you gave, Oh, why
can't you be - have? Why
can't you be good? And do
just as you should? Won't you turn that new leaf
p
p
p

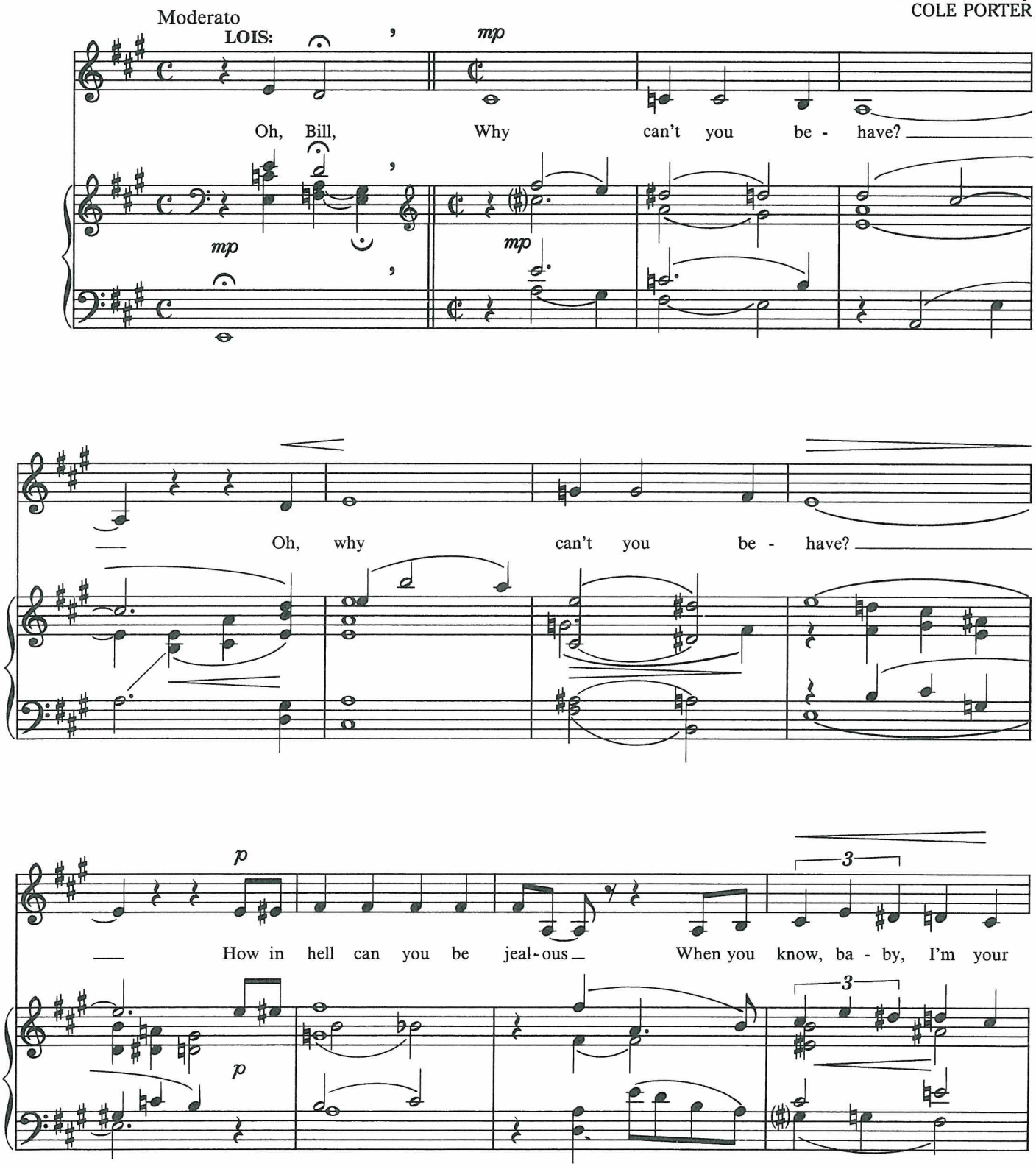

o - ver, So your ba - by can be your slave? Oh, why
p
can't you be - have?
There's a farm I know near
mp
my old home town
Where we
two can go and try set - tlin' down.
mf
mf


Slowly
There I'll care for you for - ev - er, 'Cause you're all in the world I
p
a tempo
crave, But why can't you be - have? Gee, do you
f
espressivo
need me, kid? I al - ways knew you did. But
f
why can't you be - have?
p
pp
8va basso
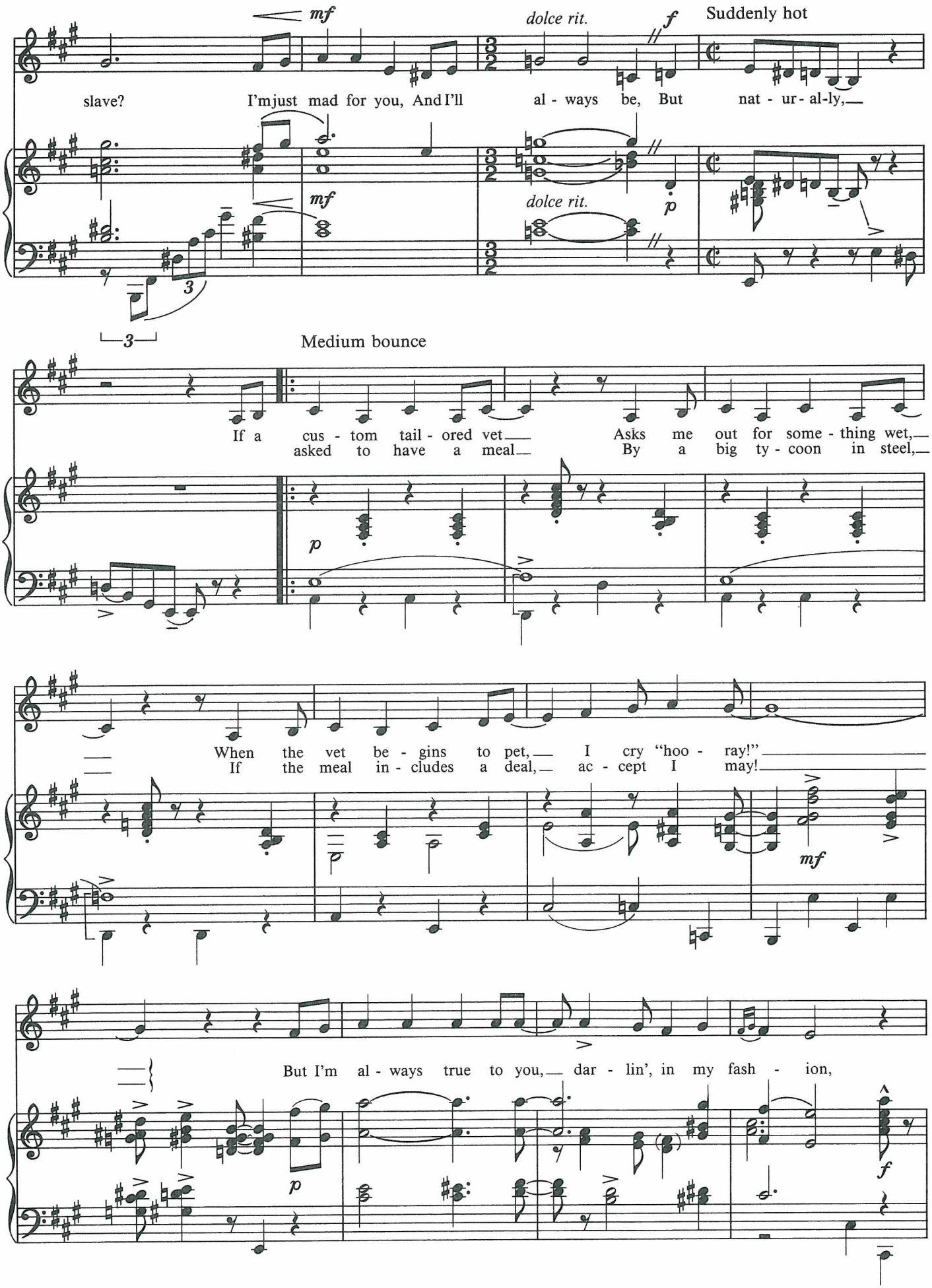
ALWAYS TRUE TO YOU IN MY FASHION
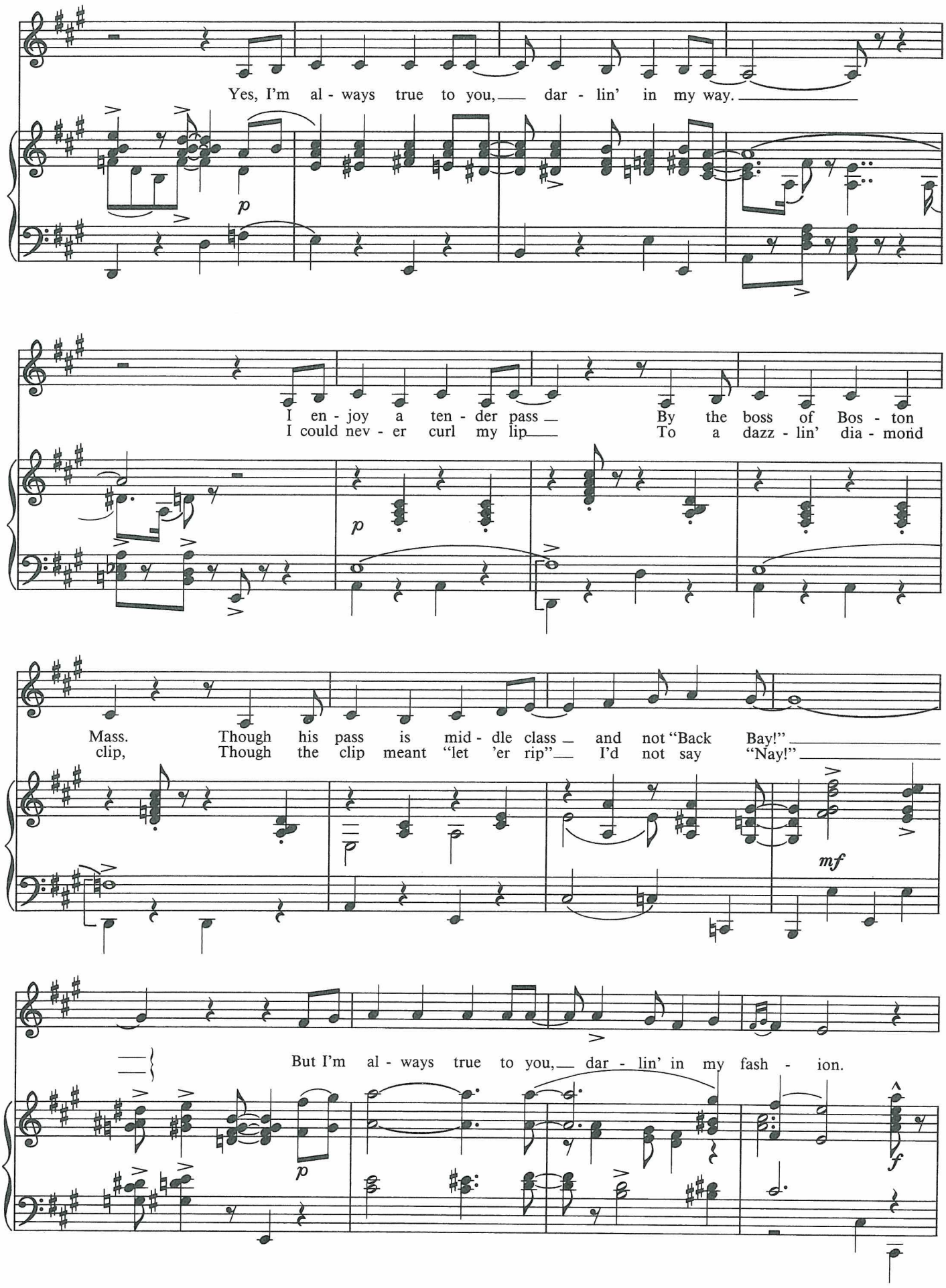
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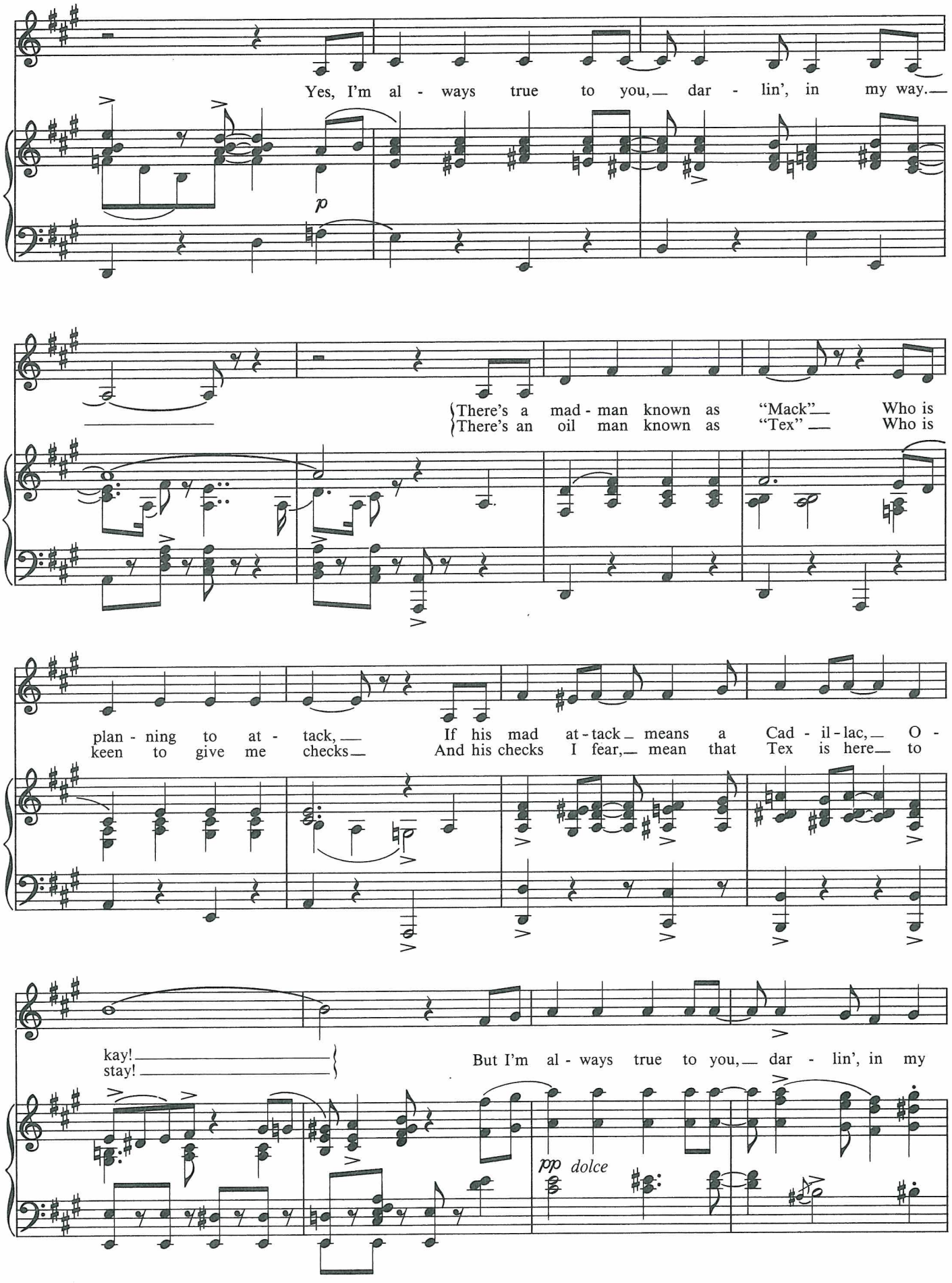
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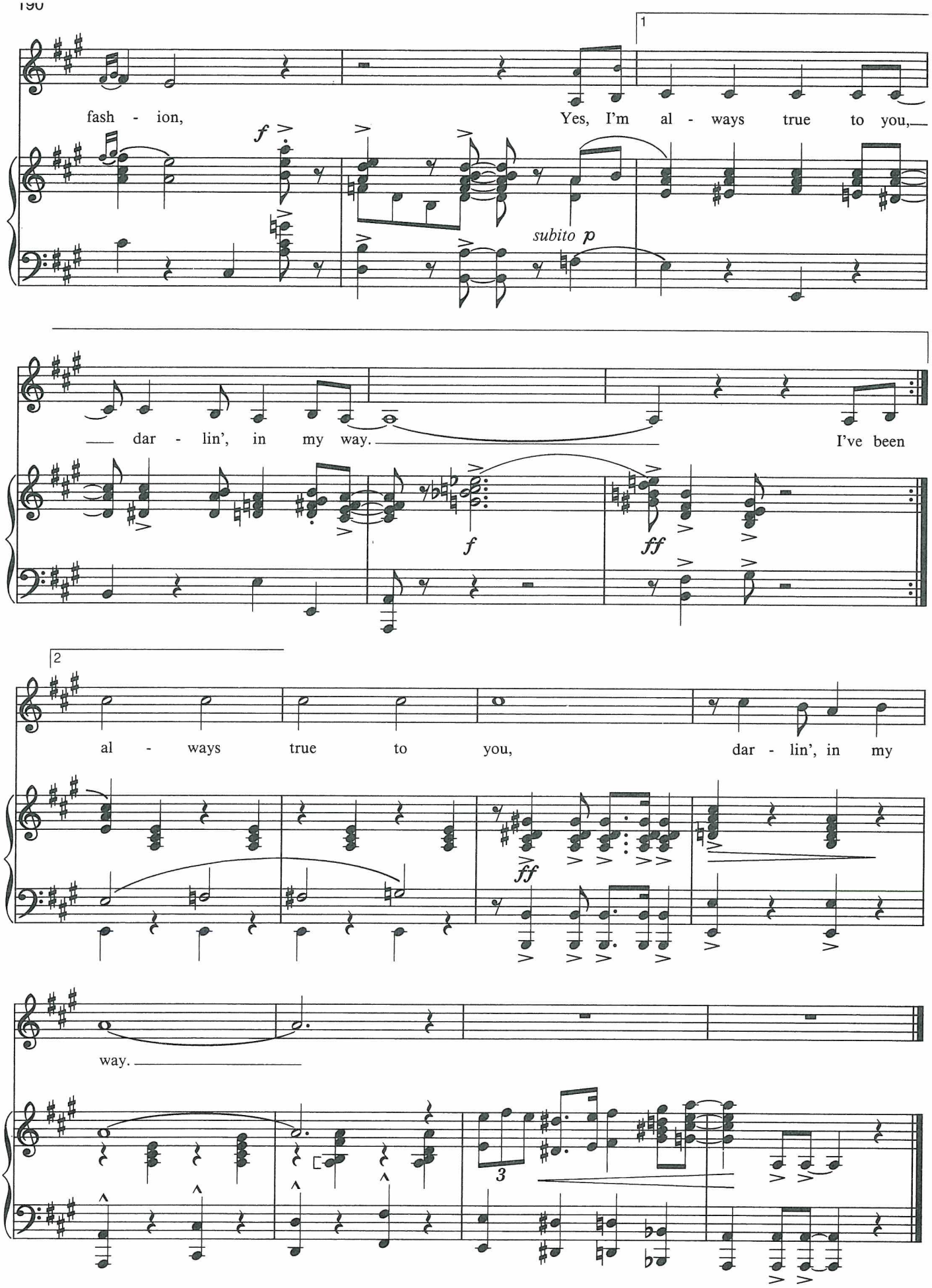


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mf
dolce rit.
f
Suddenly hot
slave?
I'm just mad for you, And I'll al - ways be, But nat - ur - al-ly,
mf
dolce rit.
p
3
3
Medium bounce
If a cus - tom tail - ored vet
asked to have a meal
Asks me out for some - thing wet,
By a big ty - coon in steel,
p
When the vet be - gins to pet,
If the meal in - cludes a deal,
I cry "hoo - ray!"
ac - cept I may!
mf
But I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my fash - ion,
p
f


Yes, I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin' in my way.
p
I en - joy a ten - der pass By the boss of Bos - ton
I could nev - er curl my lip To a dazz - lin' dia - mond
p
Mass. Though his pass is mid - dle class and not "Back Bay!"
clip, Though the clip meant "let 'er rip" I'd not say "Nay!"
mf
But I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin' in my fash - ion.
p
f

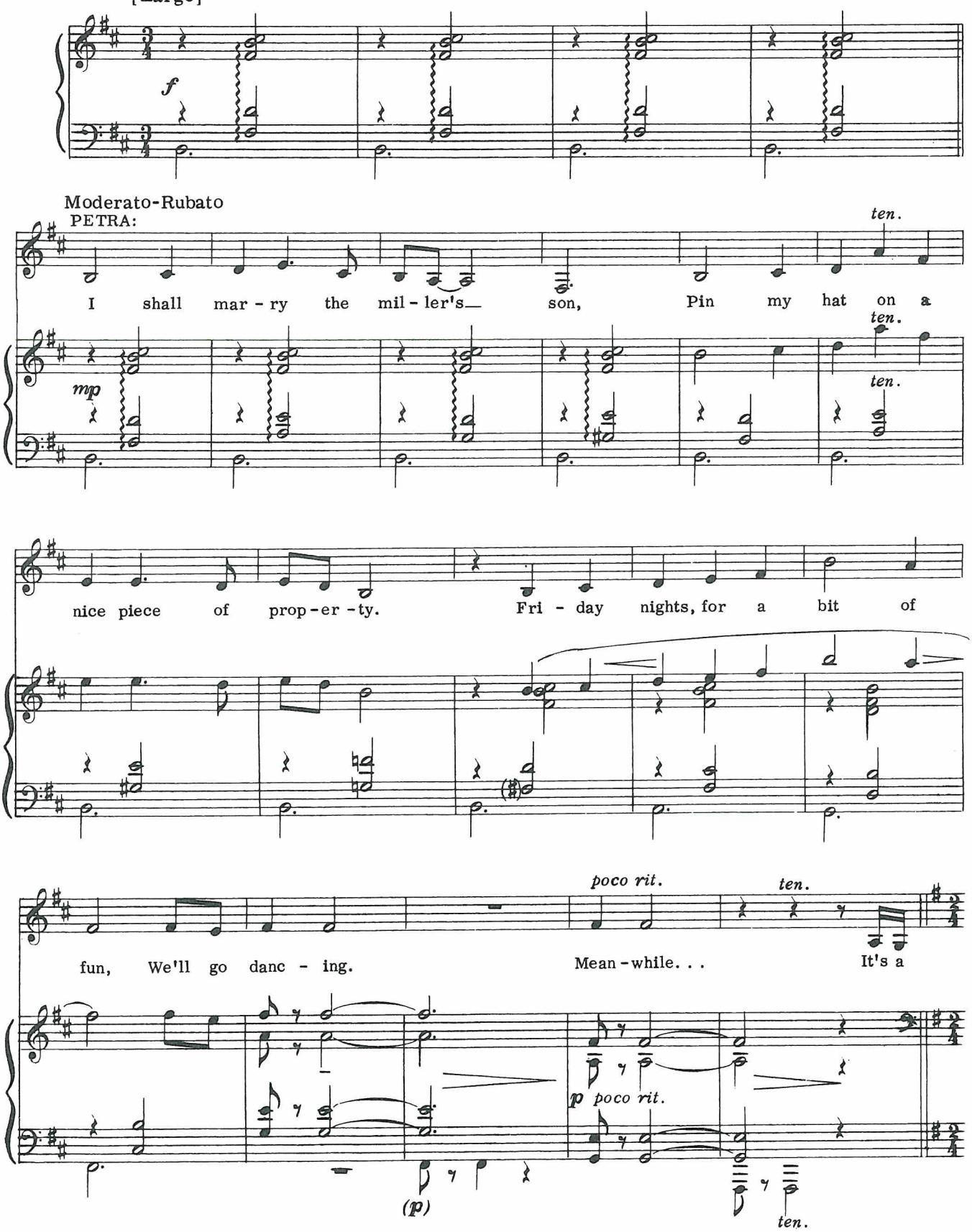

Yes, I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my way.
p
There's a mad - man known as "Mack" Who is
There's an oil man known as "Tex" Who is
plan - ning to at - tack, If his mad at - tack means a Cad - il - lac, O -
keen to give me checks And his checks I fear, mean that Tex is here to
kay!
stay!
But I'm al - ways true to you, dar - lin', in my
pp dolce


1
fash - ion,
Yes, I'm al - ways true to you,
f
subito p
dar - lin', in my way.
I've been
f
ff
2
al - ways true to you,
dar - lin', in my
ff
way.
3
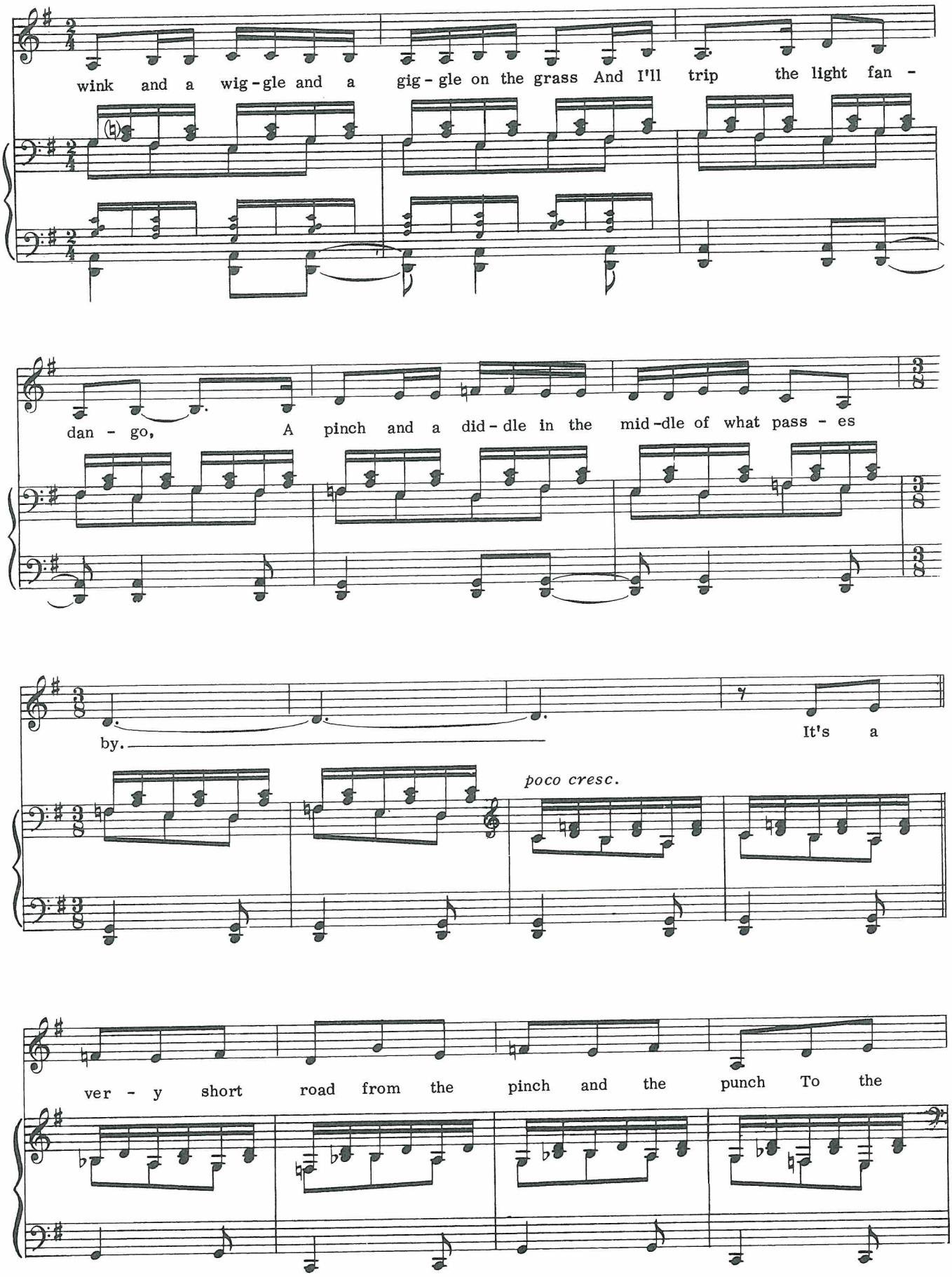
THE MILLER'S SON
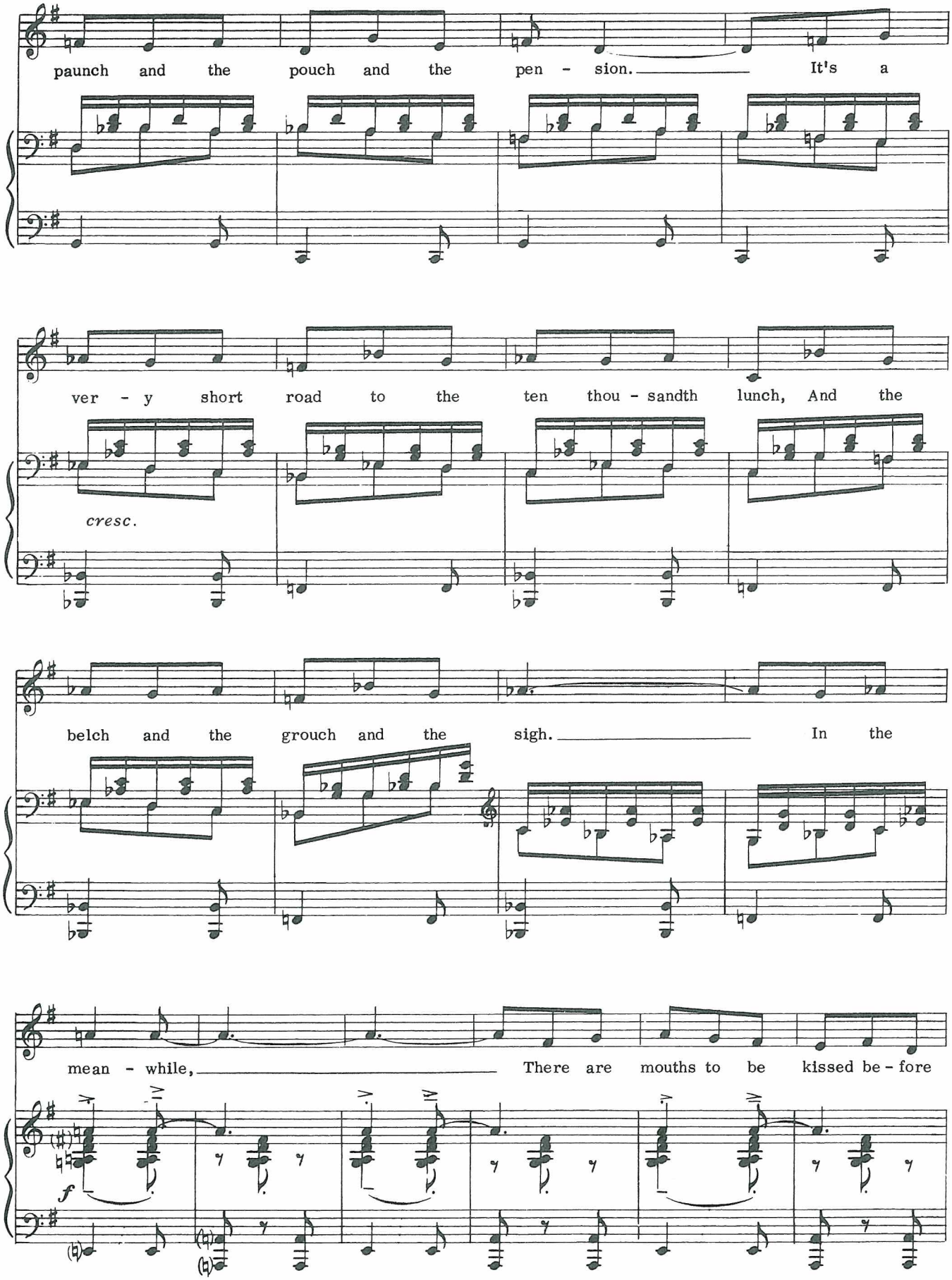
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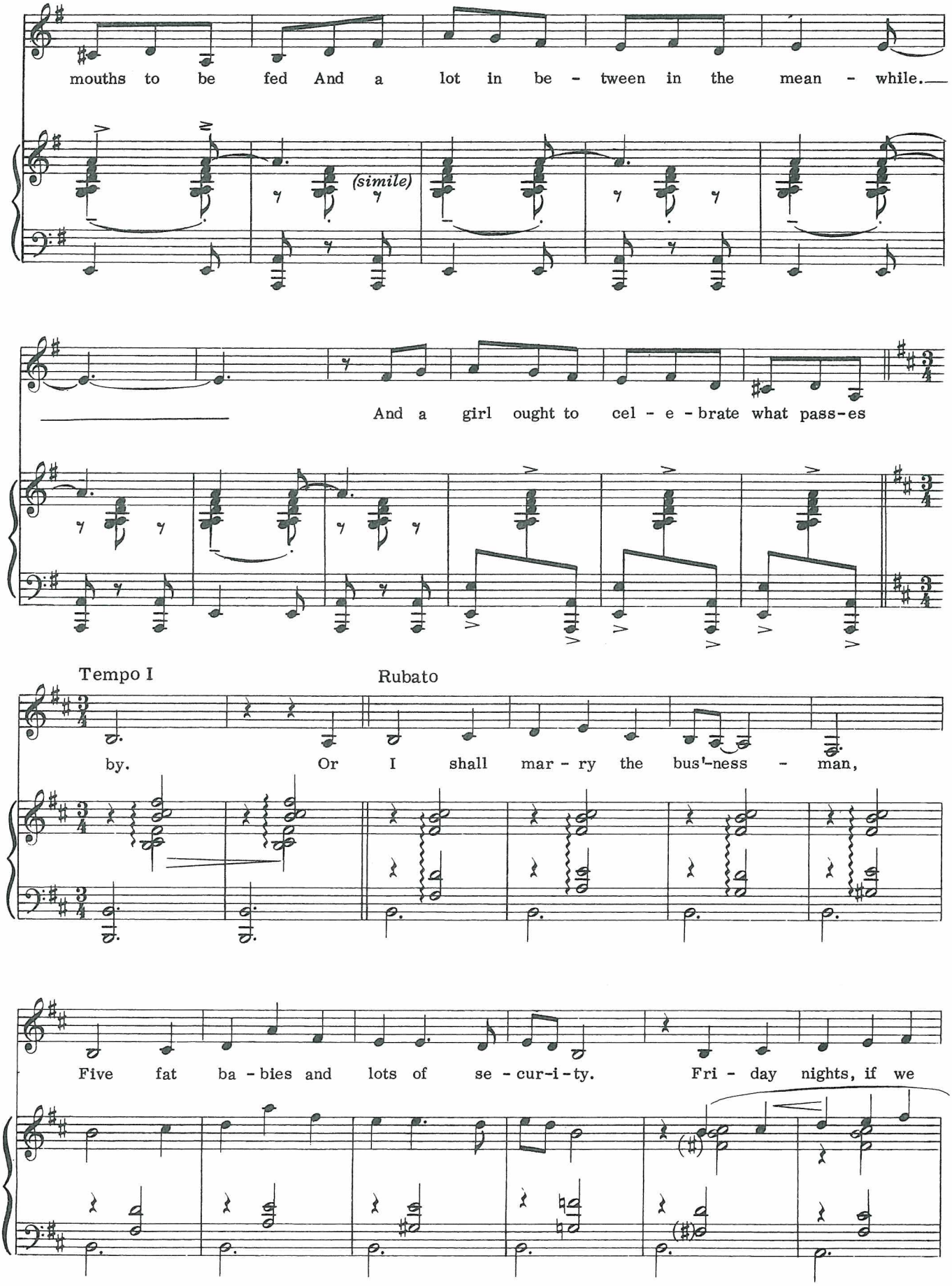
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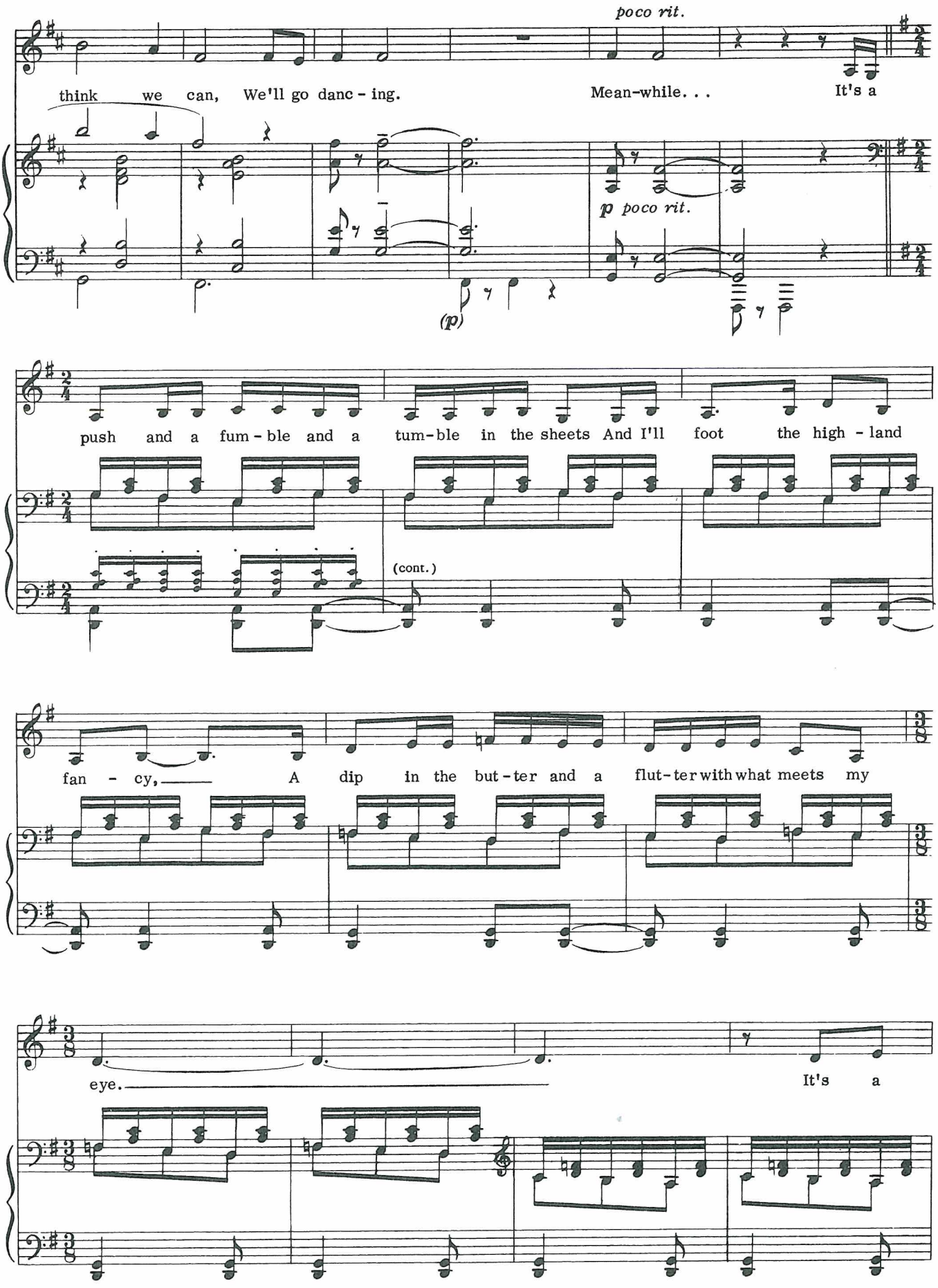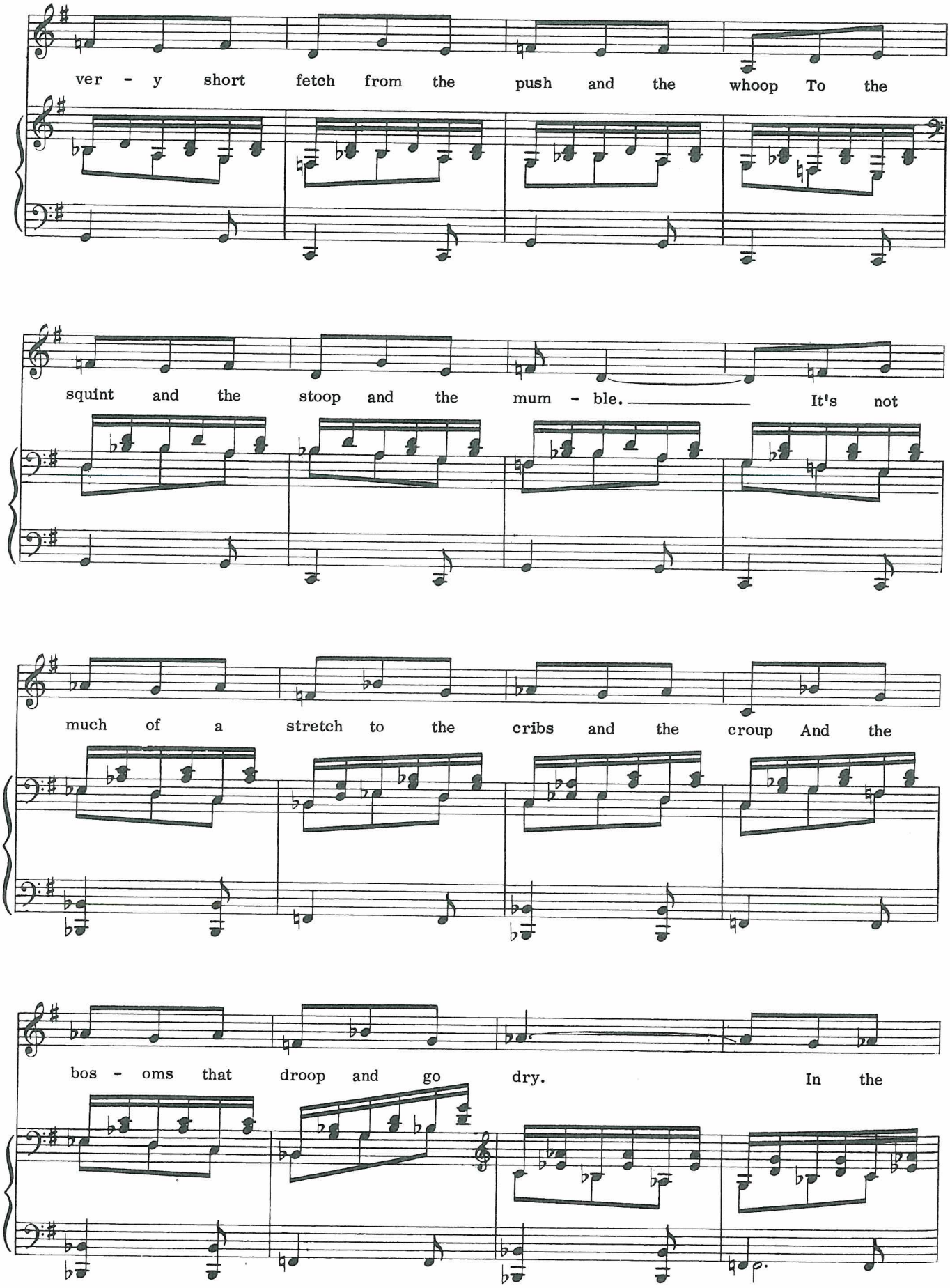


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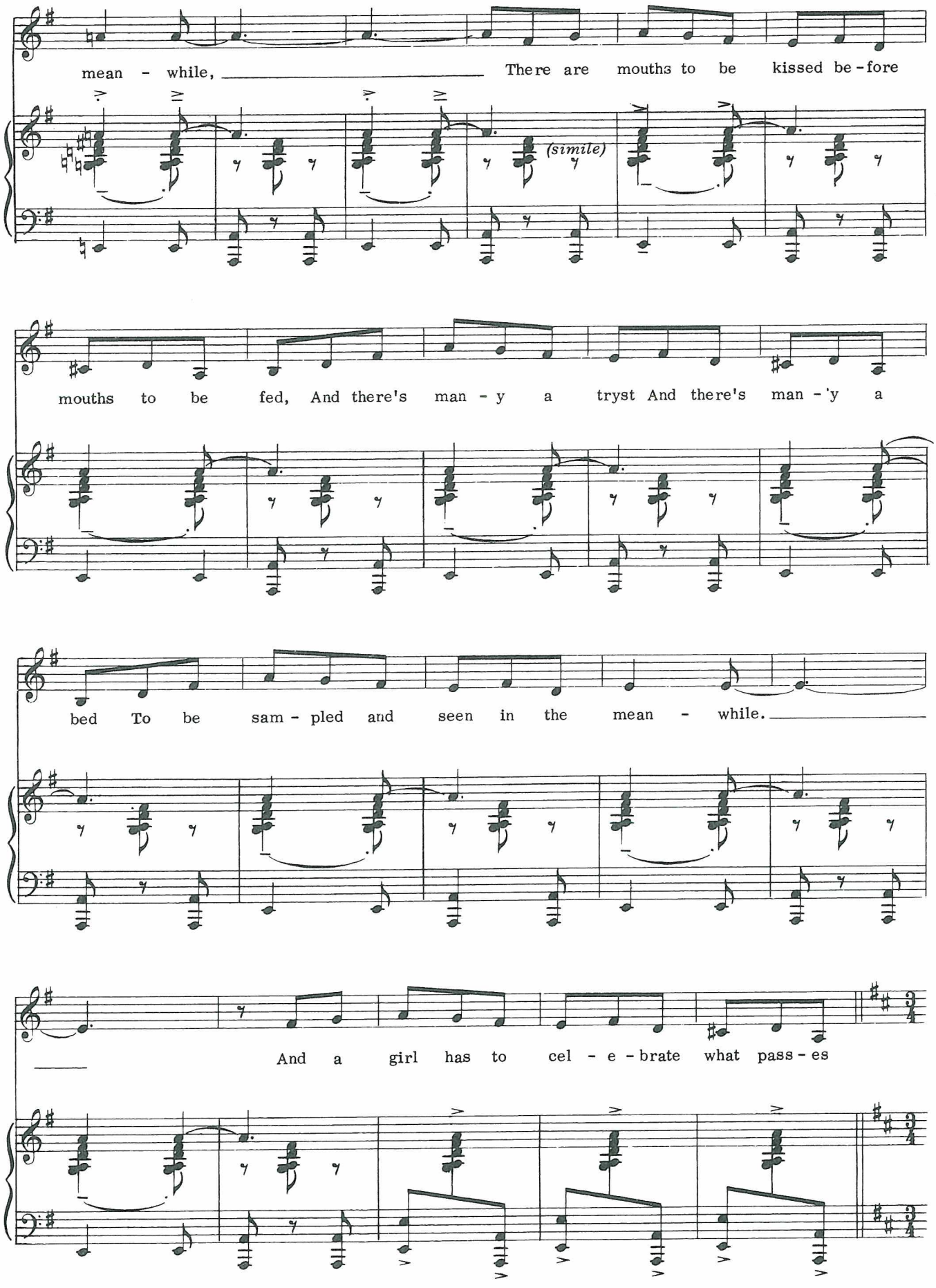

wink and a wig-gle and a gig-gle on the grass And I'll trip the light fan -
dan - go, A pinch and a did-dle in the mid-dle of what pass - es
by.
It's a
poco cresc.
ver - y short road from the pinch and the punch To the


paunch and the pouch and the pen - sion. It's a
ver - y short road to the ten thou - sandth lunch, And the
cresc.
belch and the grouch and the sigh. In the
mean - while, There are mouths to be kissed be - fore
f


mouths to be fed And a lot in be - tween in the mean - while.
(simile)
And a girl ought to cel - e - brate what pass-es
Tempo I
Rubato
by. Or I shall mar - ry the bus'-ness - man,
Five fat ba - bies and lots of se - cur-i-ty. Fri - day nights, if we


poco rit.
think we can, We'll go danc - ing.
Mean-while. . .
It's a
p poco rit.
(p)
push and a fum - ble and a tum - ble in the sheets And I'll foot the high - land
(cont.)
fan - cy, A dip in the but - ter and a flut - ter with what meets my
eye.
It's a


ver - y short fetch from the push and the whoop To the
squint and the stoop and the mum - ble. It's not
much of a stretch to the cribs and the croup And the
bos - oms that droop and go dry. In the


mean - while, There are mouths to be kissed be - fore
(simile)
mouths to be fed, And there's man - y a tryst And there's man - y a
bed To be sam - pled and seen in the mean - while.
And a girl has to cel - e - brate what pass - es

Tempo I

Rubato

by. Or I shall mar - ry the Prince of Wales,
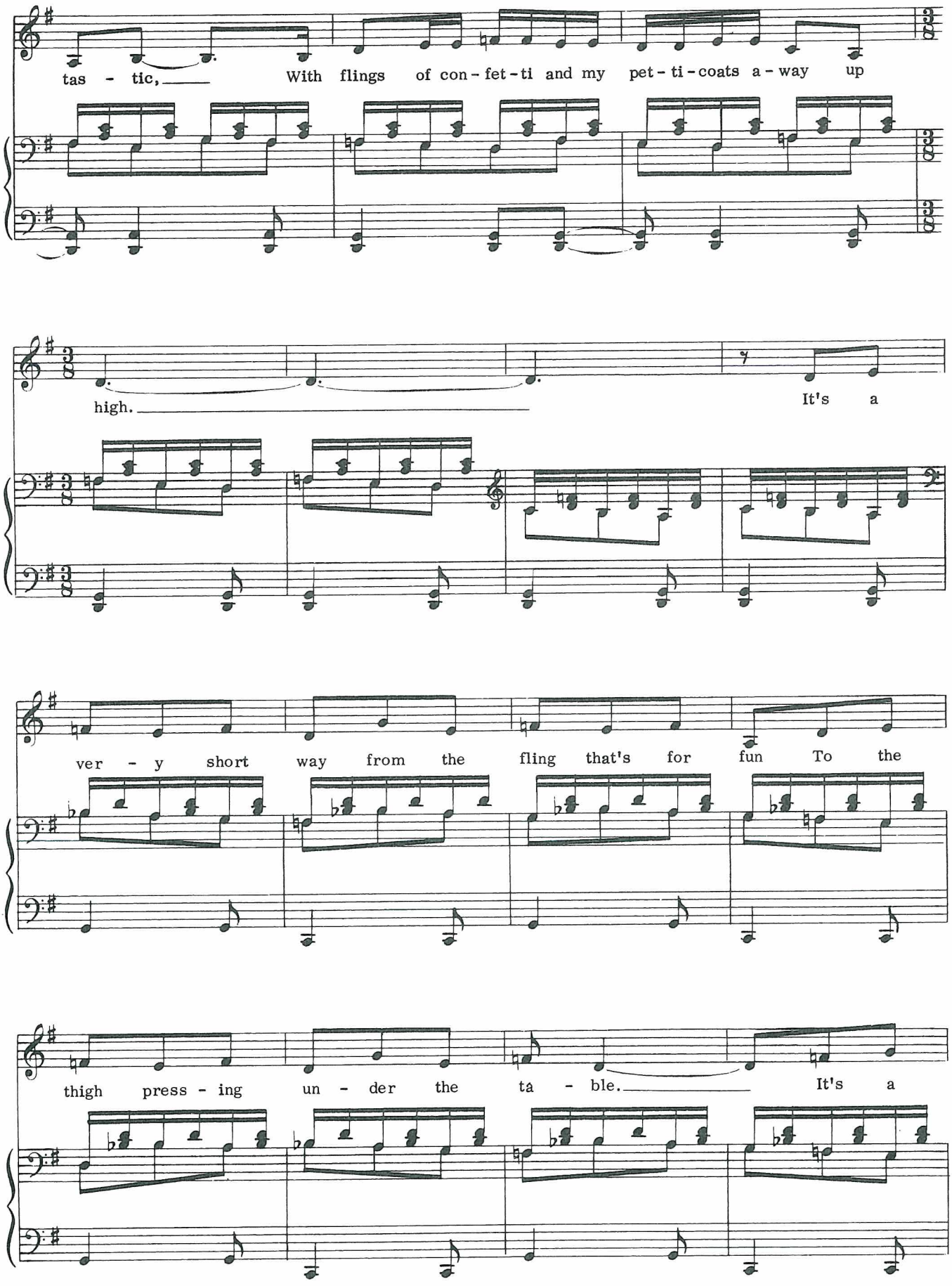
Pearls and ser-vants and dress-ing for fes - ti-vals. Fri - day nights, with him
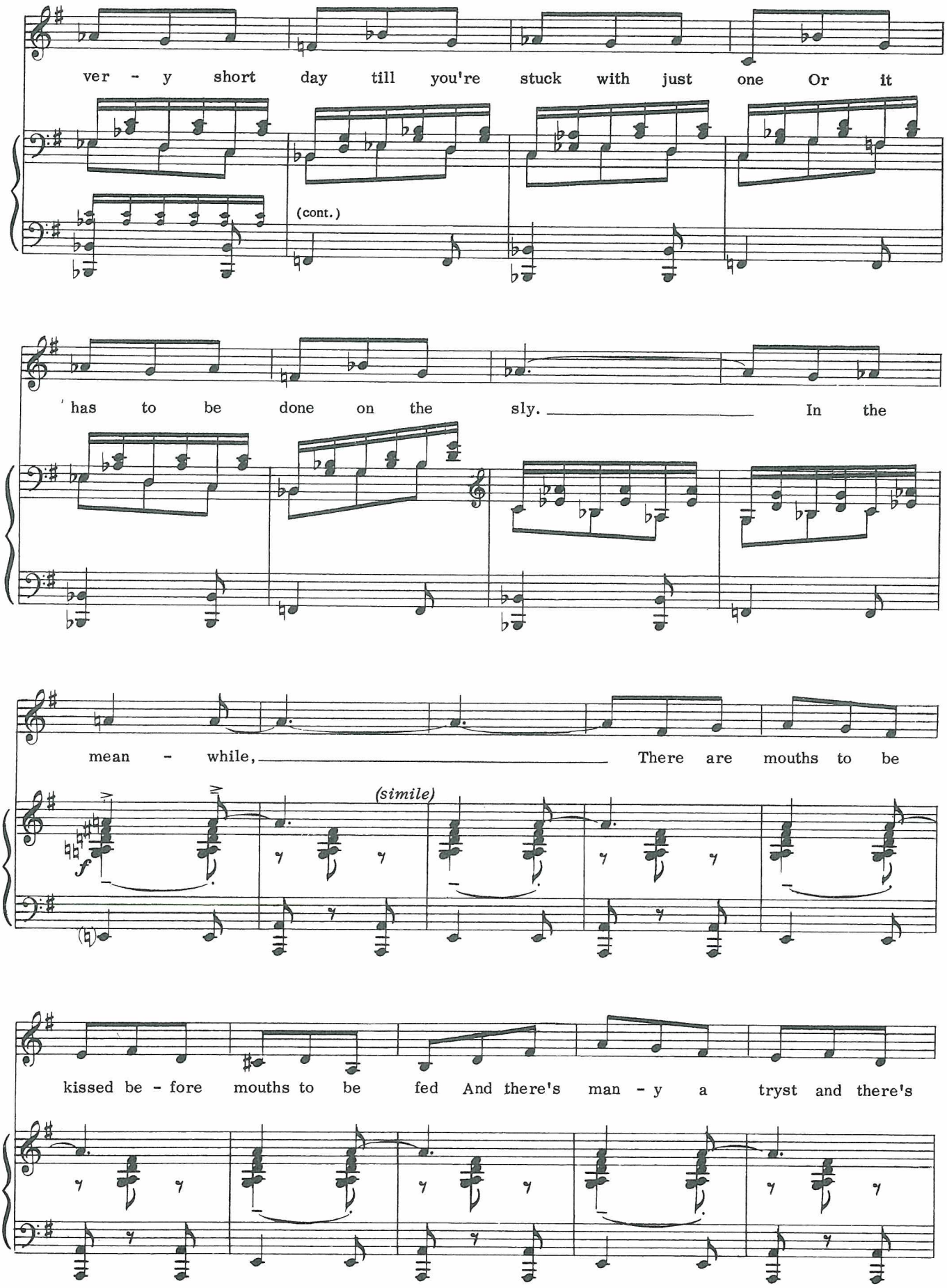
poco rit.
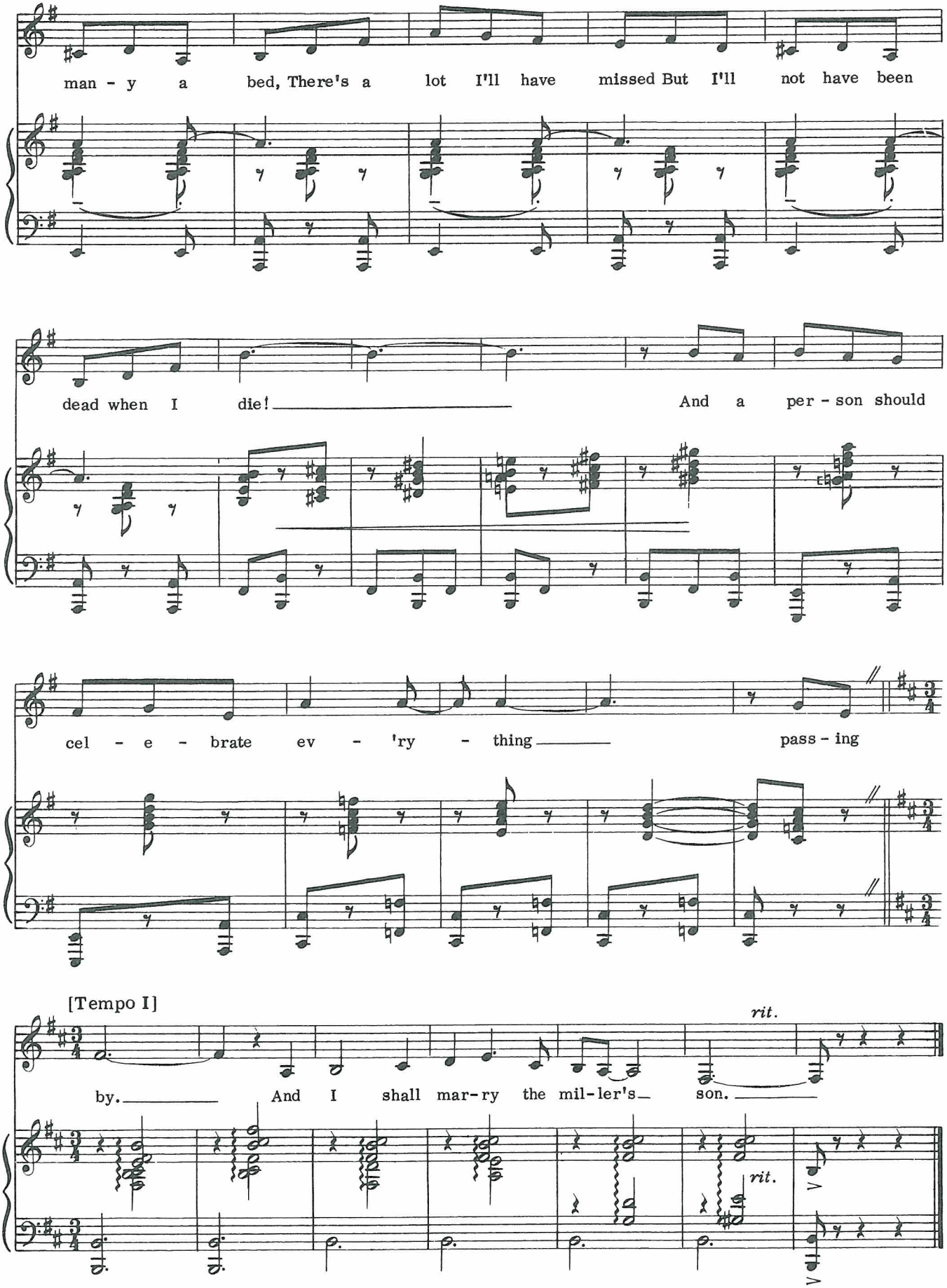
all in tails, We'll have danc - ing. Mean - while. . . It's a

poco rit.

rip in the bus - tle and a rus - tle in the hay And I'll pitch the quick fan -


tas - tic, With flings of con - fet - ti and my pet - ti - coats a - way up
high. It's a
ver - y short way from the fling that's for fun To the
thigh press - ing un - der the ta - ble. It's a


ver - y short day till you're stuck with just one Or it
(cont.)
has to be done on the sly. In the
mean - while, There are mouths to be
(simile)
kissed be - fore mouths to be fed And there's man - y a tryst and there's
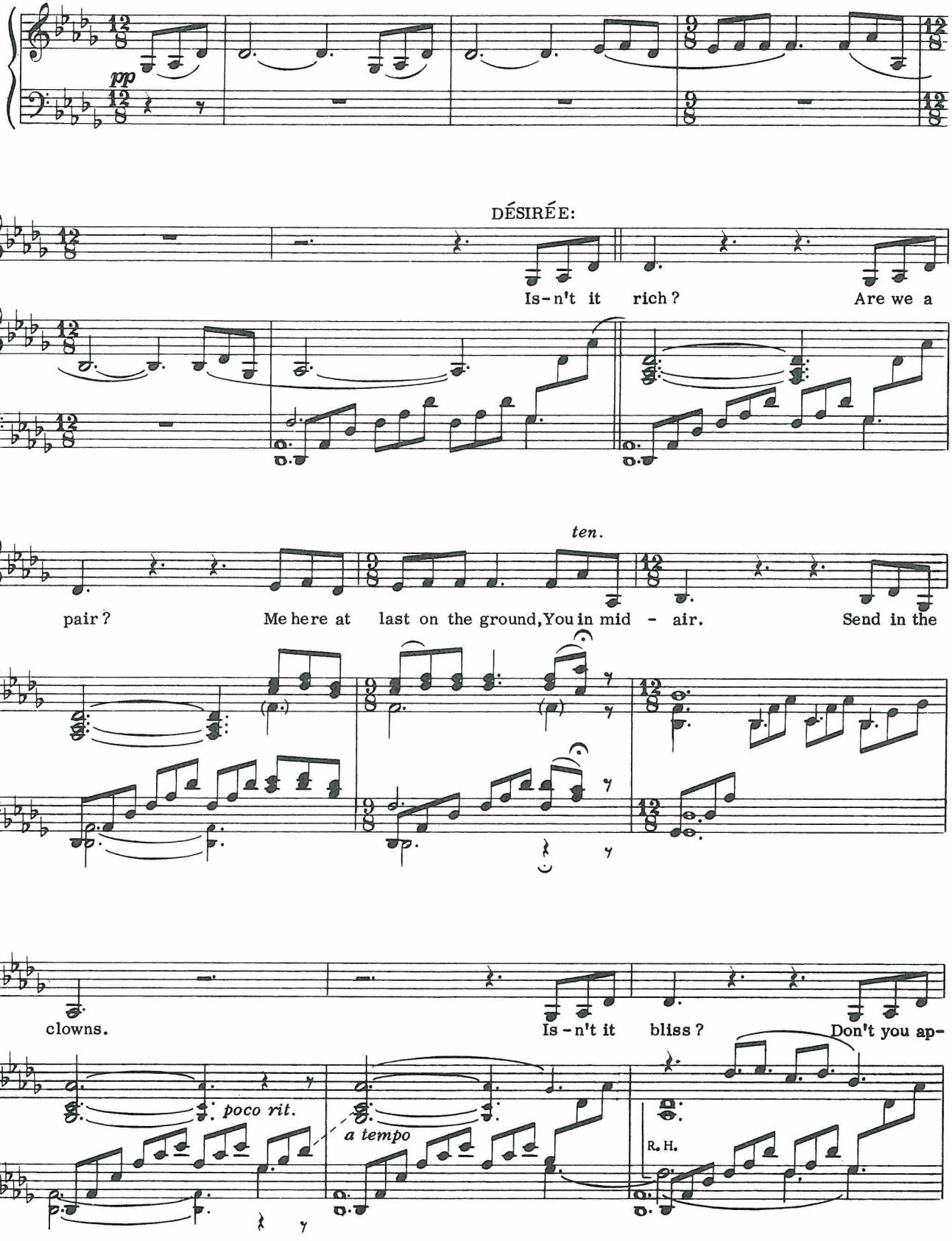

man - y a bed, There's a lot I'll have missed But I'll not have been
dead when I die! And a per - son should
cel - e - brate ev - 'ry - thing pass - ing
[Tempo I]
rit.
by. And I shall mar-ry the mil-ler's son.
rit.

SEND IN THE CLOWNS
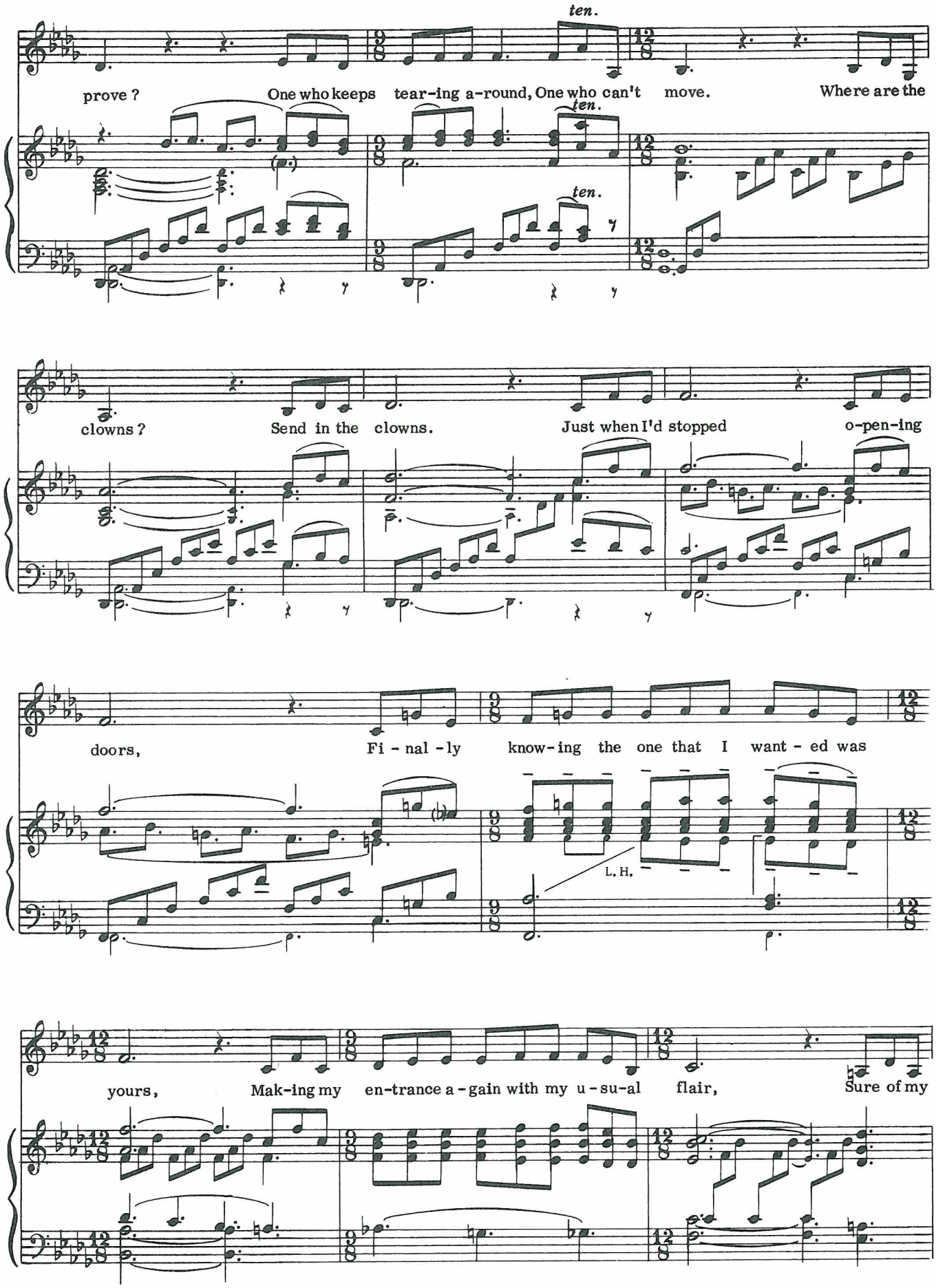
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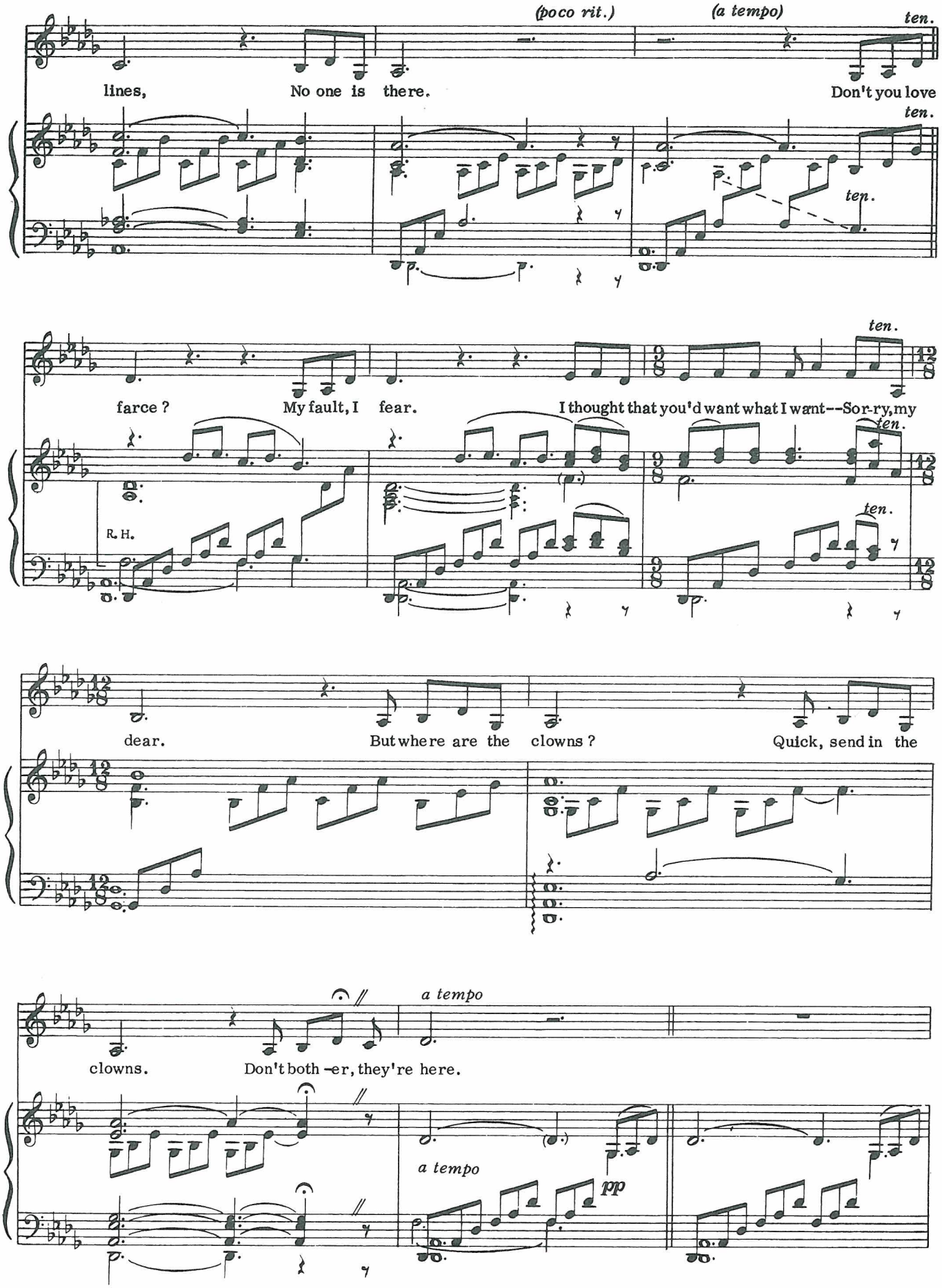
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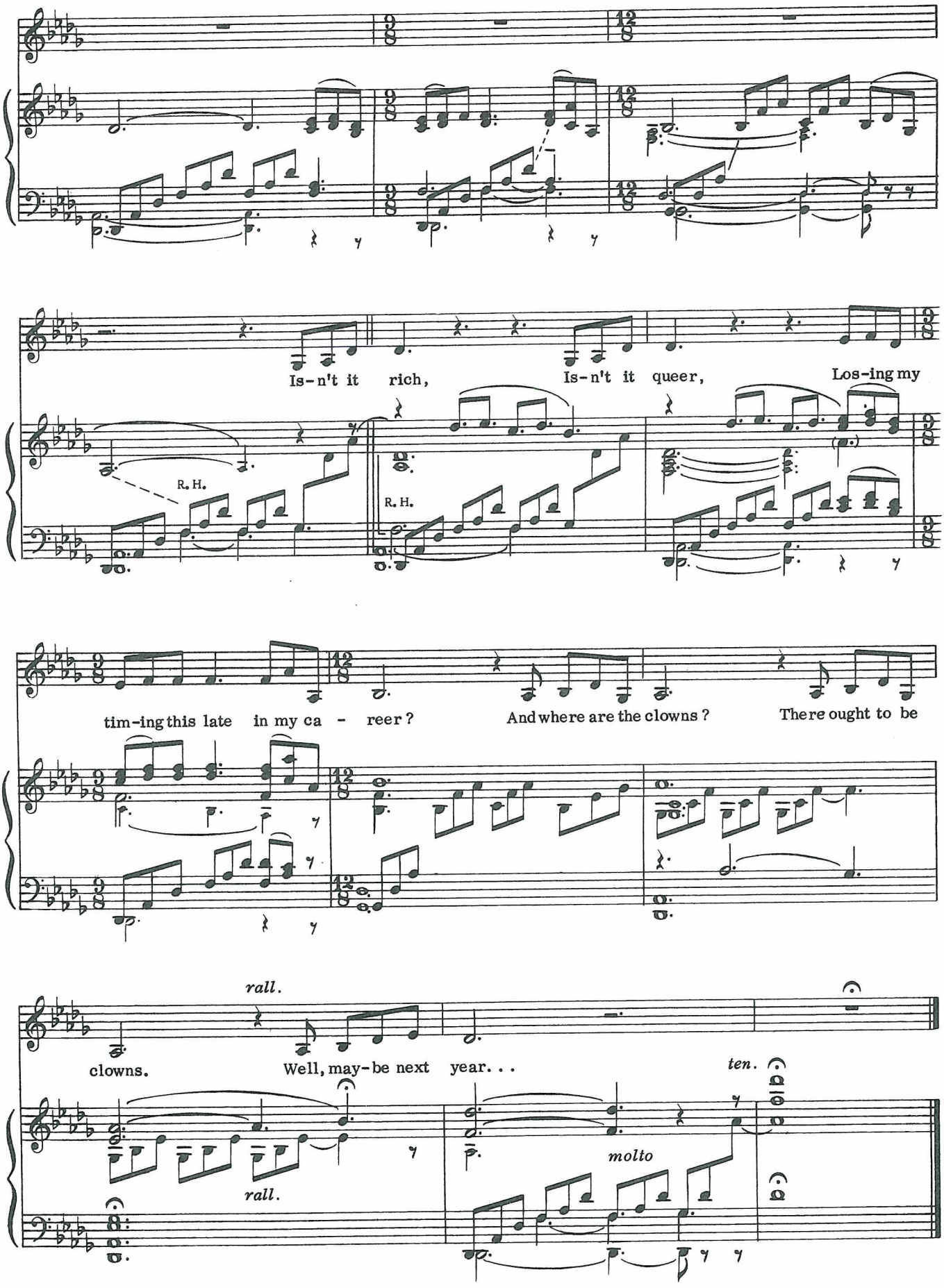
Lento



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ten.
prove ?
One who keeps tear-ing a-round, One who can't move.
Where are the
clowns ?
Send in the clowns.
Just when I'd stopped
o-pen-ing
doors,
Fi - nal - ly
know-ing the one that I want - ed was
L. H.
yours,
Mak-ing my en-trance a - gain with my u - su-al
flair,
Sure of my


(poco rit.)
(a tempo)
ten.
lines, No one is there. Don't you love
ten.
ten.
farce ? My fault, I fear. I thought that you'd want what I want--Sor-ry, my
ten.
ten.
R. H.
dear. But where are the clowns ? Quick, send in the
a tempo
clowns. Don't both -er, they're here.
a tempo
pp


Is-n't it rich,
Is-n't it queer,
Los-ing my
R. H.
R. H.
tim-ing this late in my ca - reer?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be
rall.
clowns.
Well, may-be next year. . .
ten.
rall.
molto
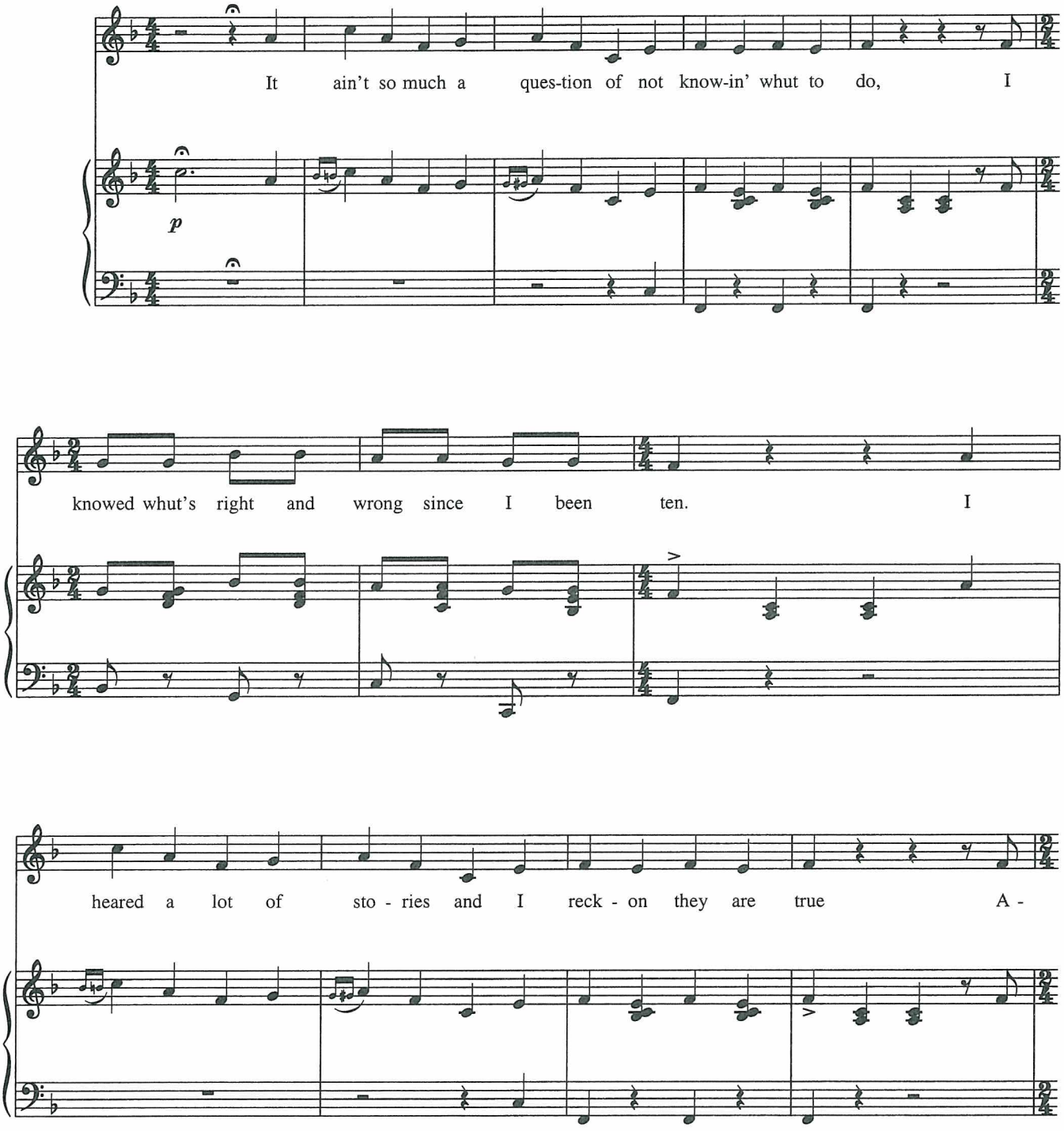
I CAIN'T SAY NO

from *Oklahoma!*
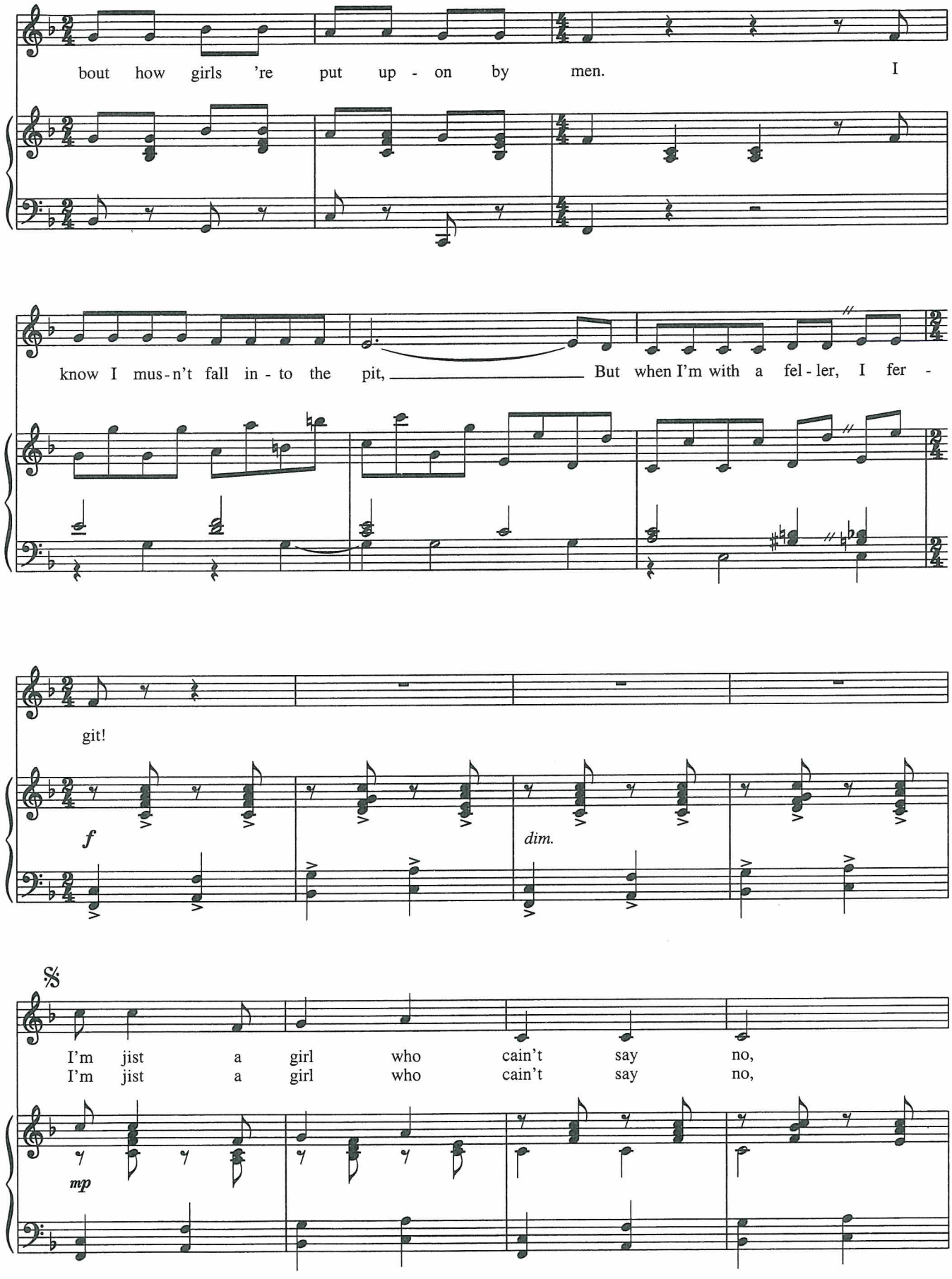
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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
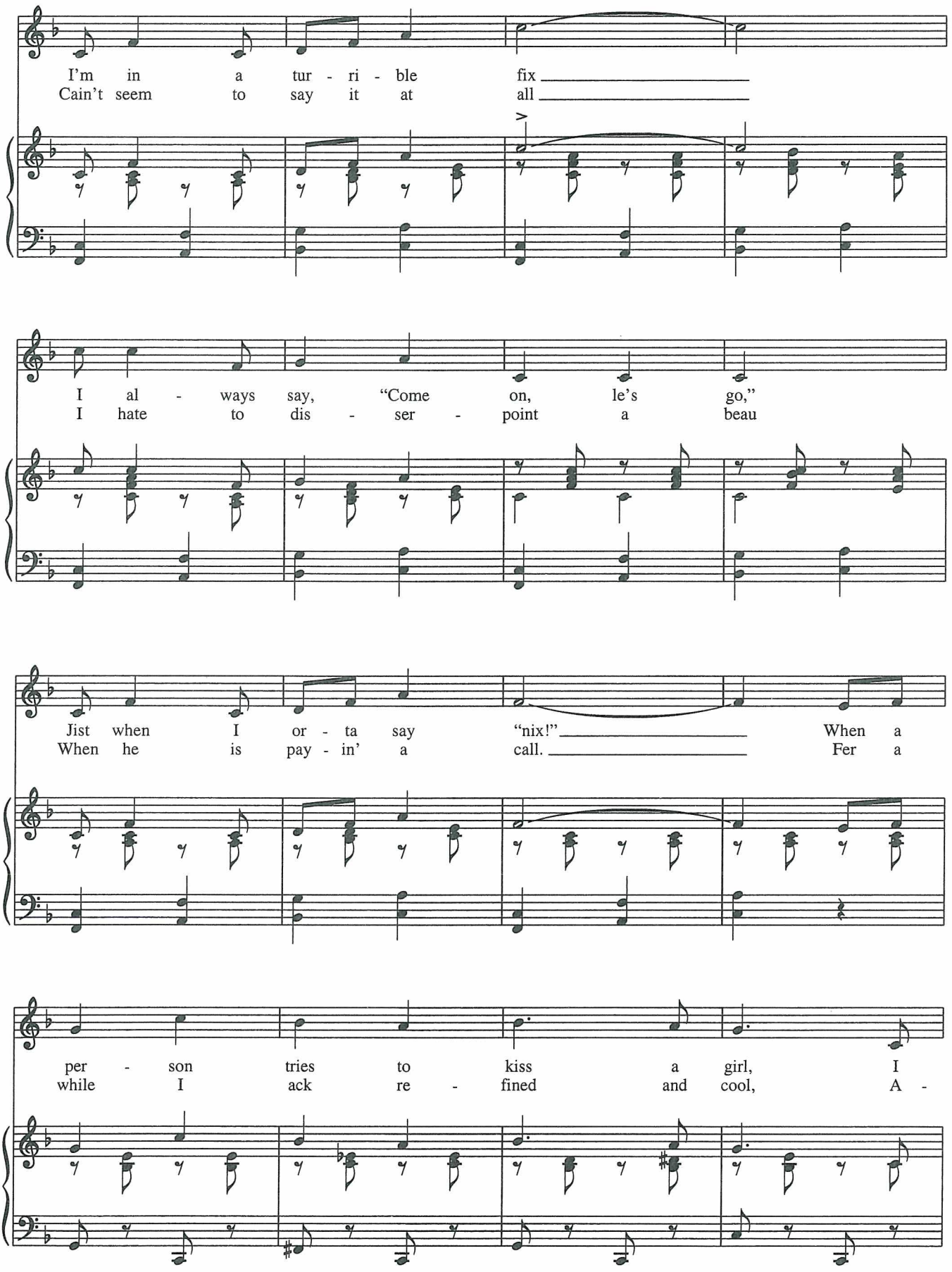
Moderately
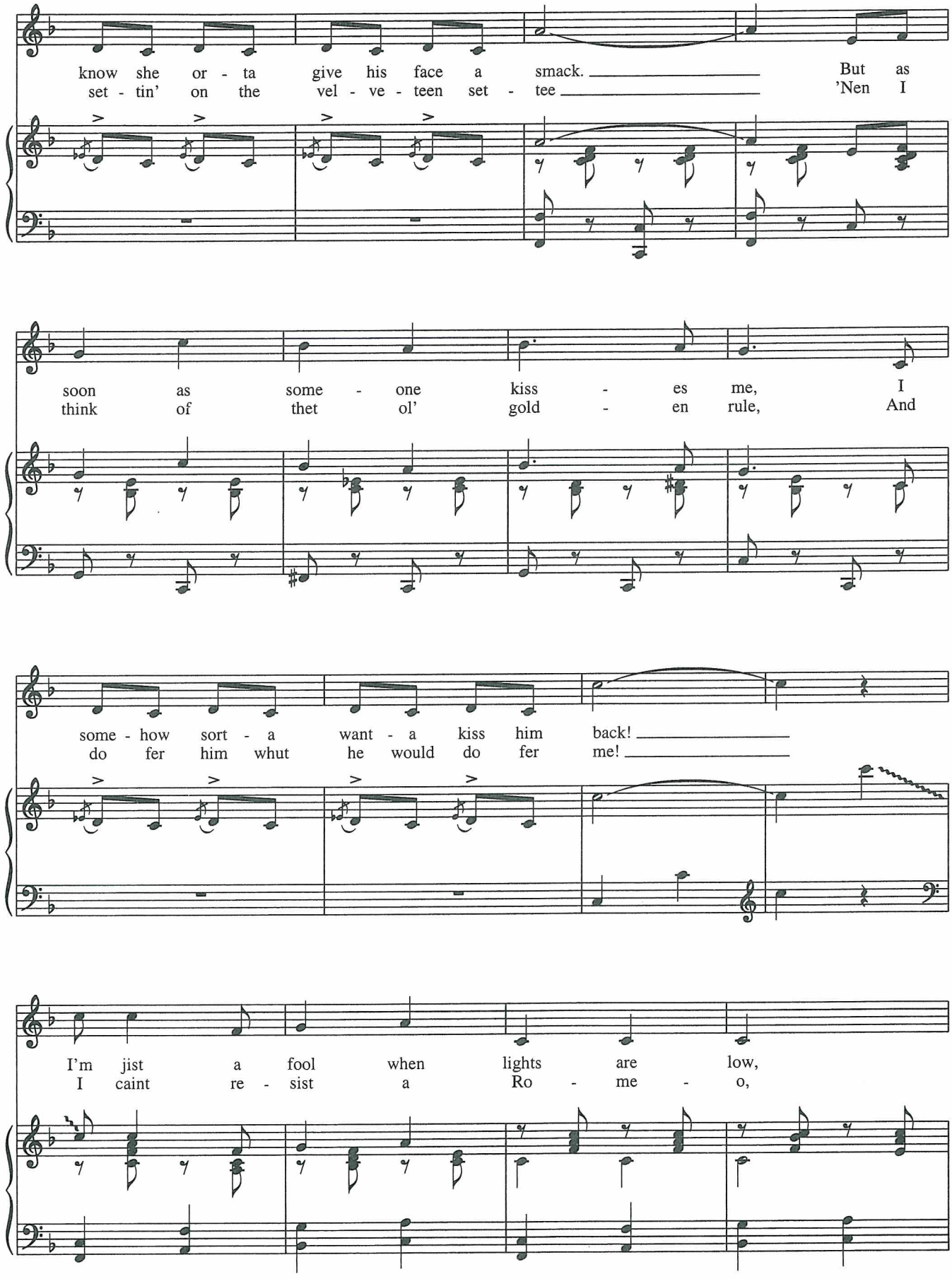
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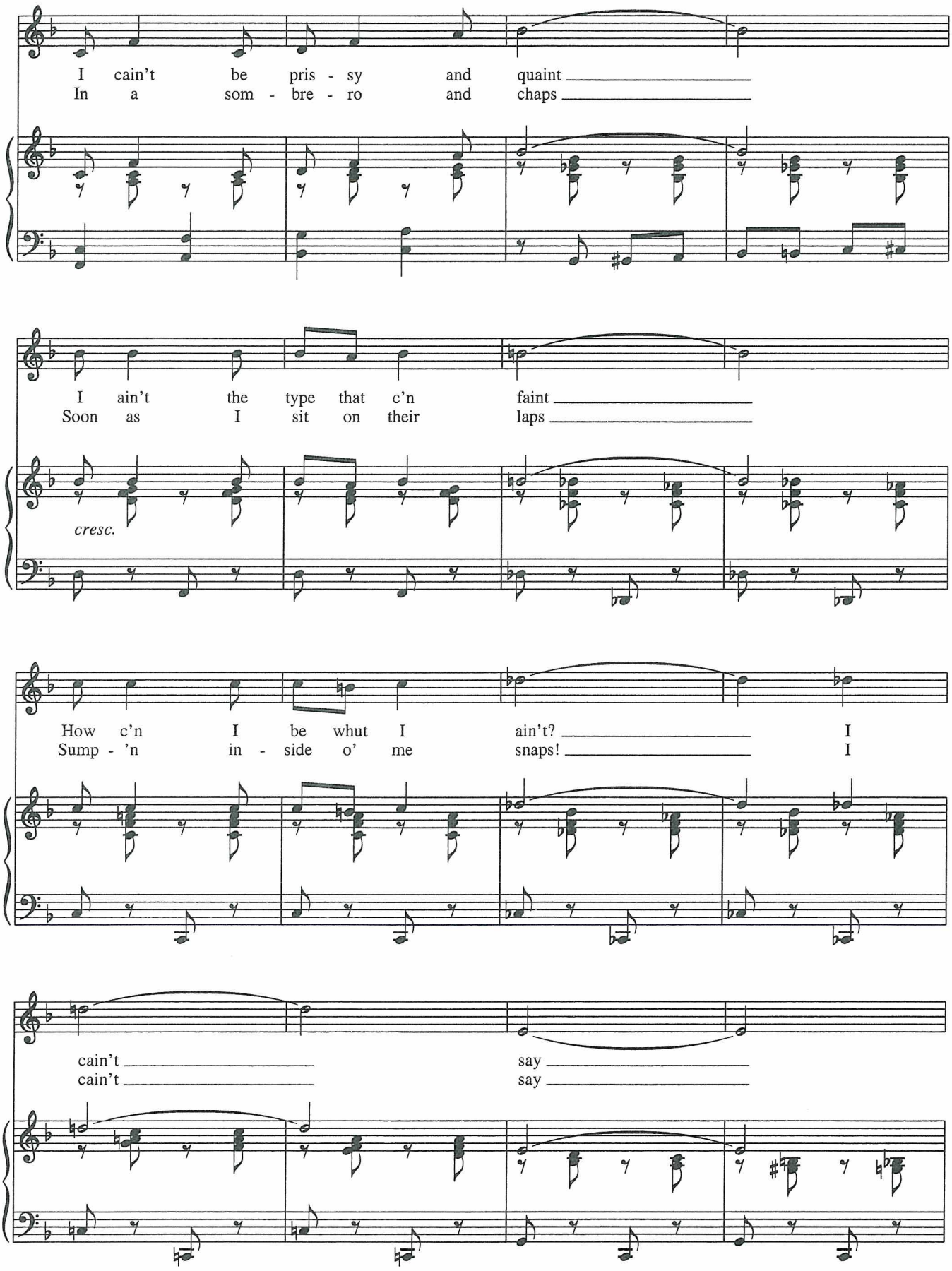


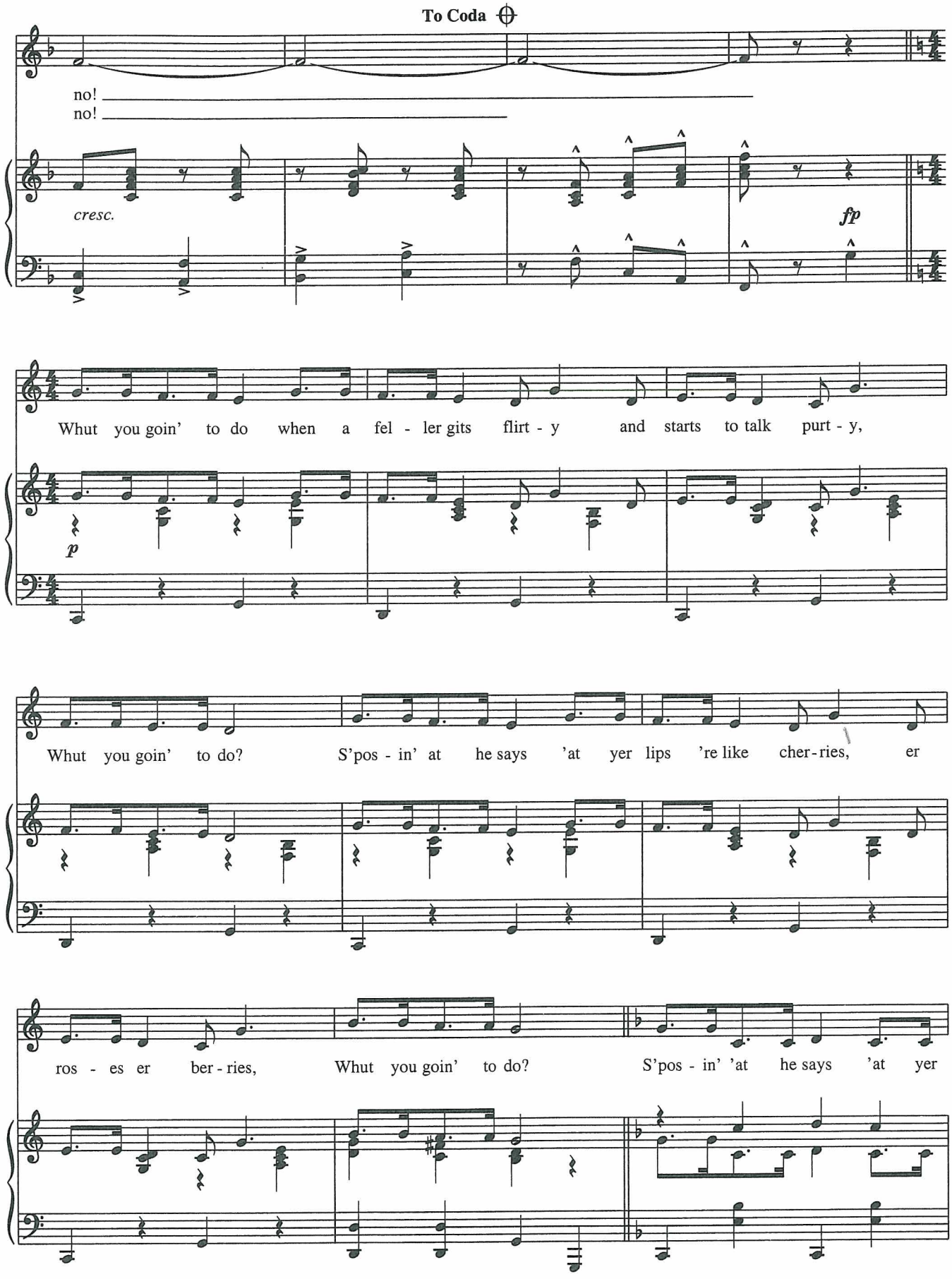
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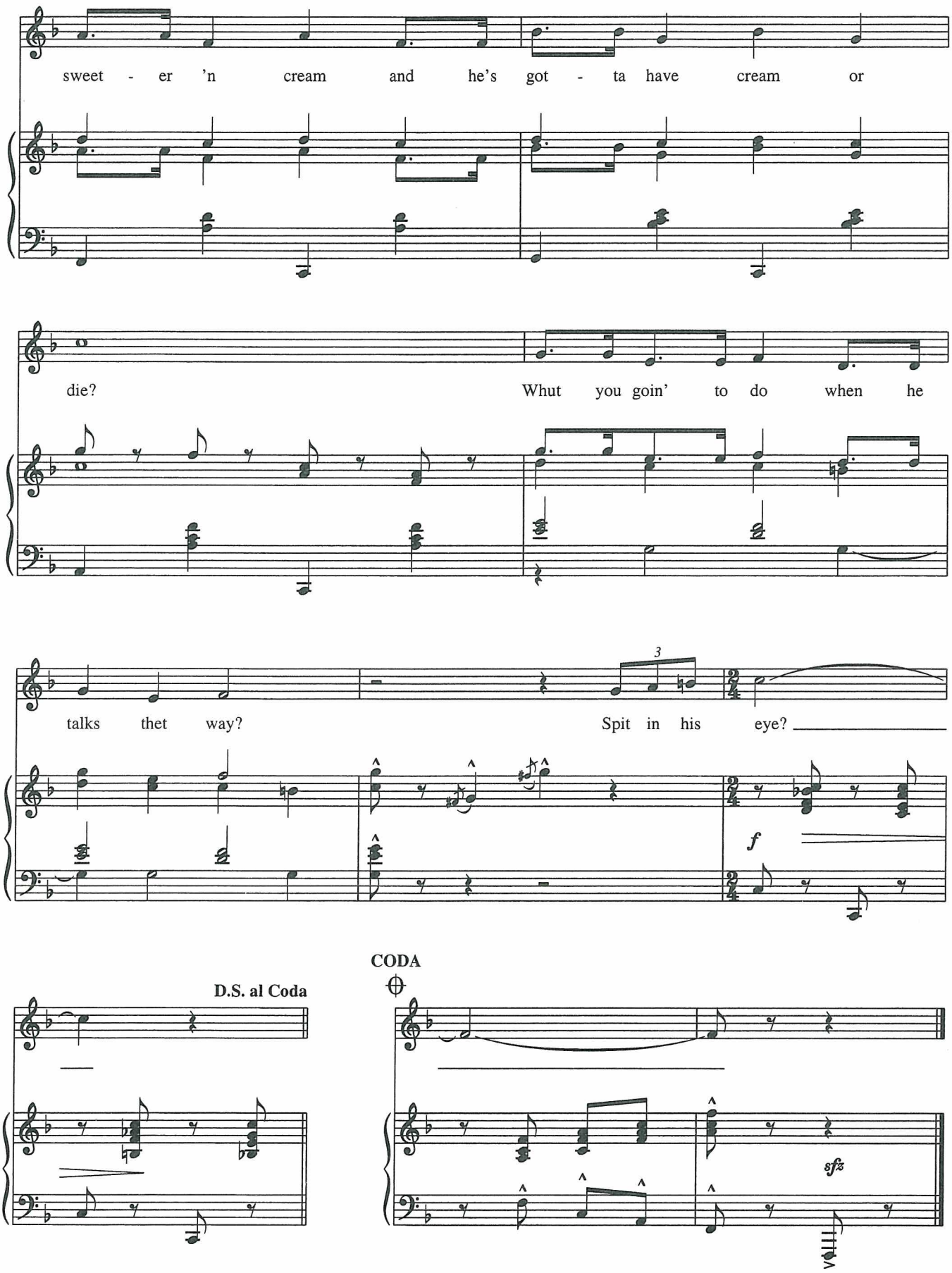

bout how girls 're put up - on by men. I
know I mus-n't fall in - to the pit, But when I'm with a fel - ler, I fer -
git!
f
dim.
𝄋
I'm jist a girl who cain't say no,
I'm jist a girl who cain't say no,
mp


I'm in a tur - ri - ble fix
Cain't seem to say it at all
I al - ways say, "Come on, le's go,"
I hate to dis - ser - point a beau
Jist when I or - ta say "nix!" When a
When he is pay - in' a call. Fer a
per - son tries to kiss a girl, I
while I ack re - fined and cool, A -


know she or - ta give his face a smack. But as
set - tin' on the vel - ve - teen set - tee 'Nen I
soon as some - one kiss - es me, I
think of thet ol' gold - en rule, And
some - how sort - a want - a kiss him back!
do fer him whut he would do fer me!
I'm jist a fool when lights are low,
I caint re - sist a Ro - me - o,


I cain't be pris - sy and quaint
In a som - bre - ro and chaps
I ain't the type that c'n faint
Soon as I sit on their laps
cresc.
How c'n I be whut I ain't? I
Sump - 'n in - side o' me snaps! I
cain't say
cain't say
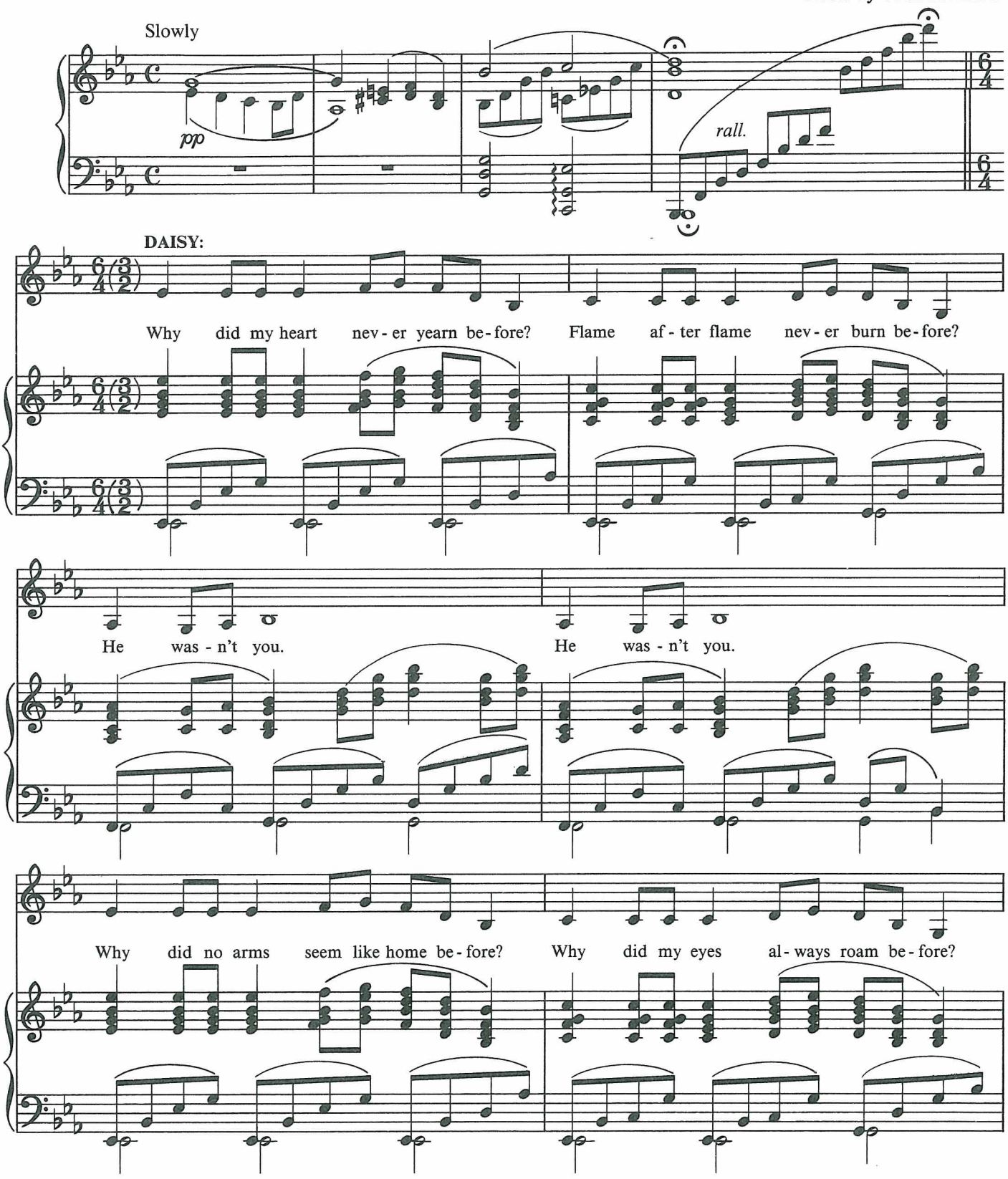

To Coda
no!
no!
cresc.
fp
Whut you goin' to do when a fel - ler gits flirt - y and starts to talk purt - y,
p
Whut you goin' to do? S'pos - in' at he says 'at yer lips 're like cher - ries, er
ros - es er ber - ries, Whut you goin' to do? S'pos - in' 'at he says 'at yer


sweet - er 'n cream and he's got - ta have cream or
die?
Whut you goin' to do when he
talks thet way?
Spit in his eye?
3
f
D.S. al Coda
CODA
sfz

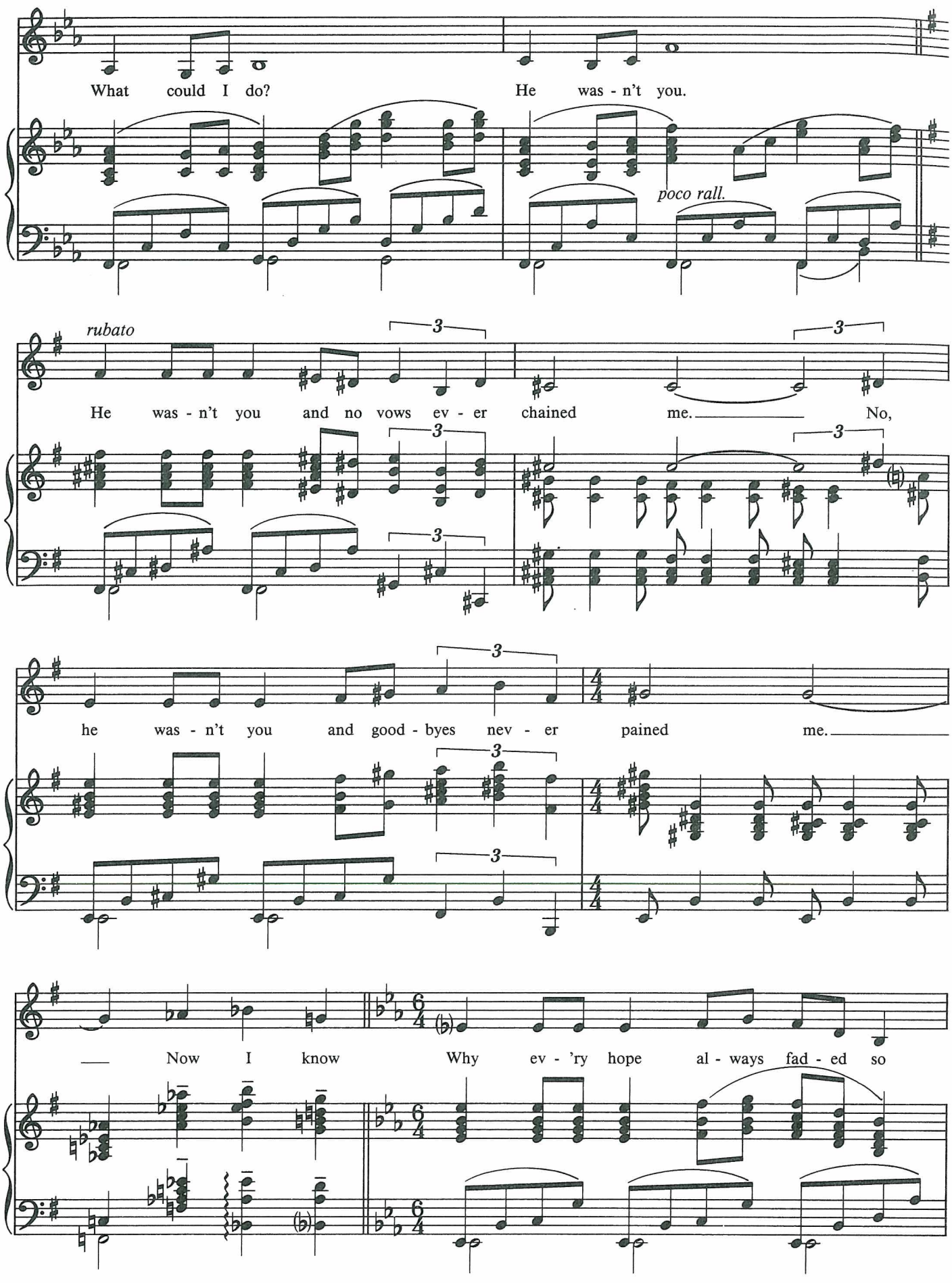
HE WASN'T YOU
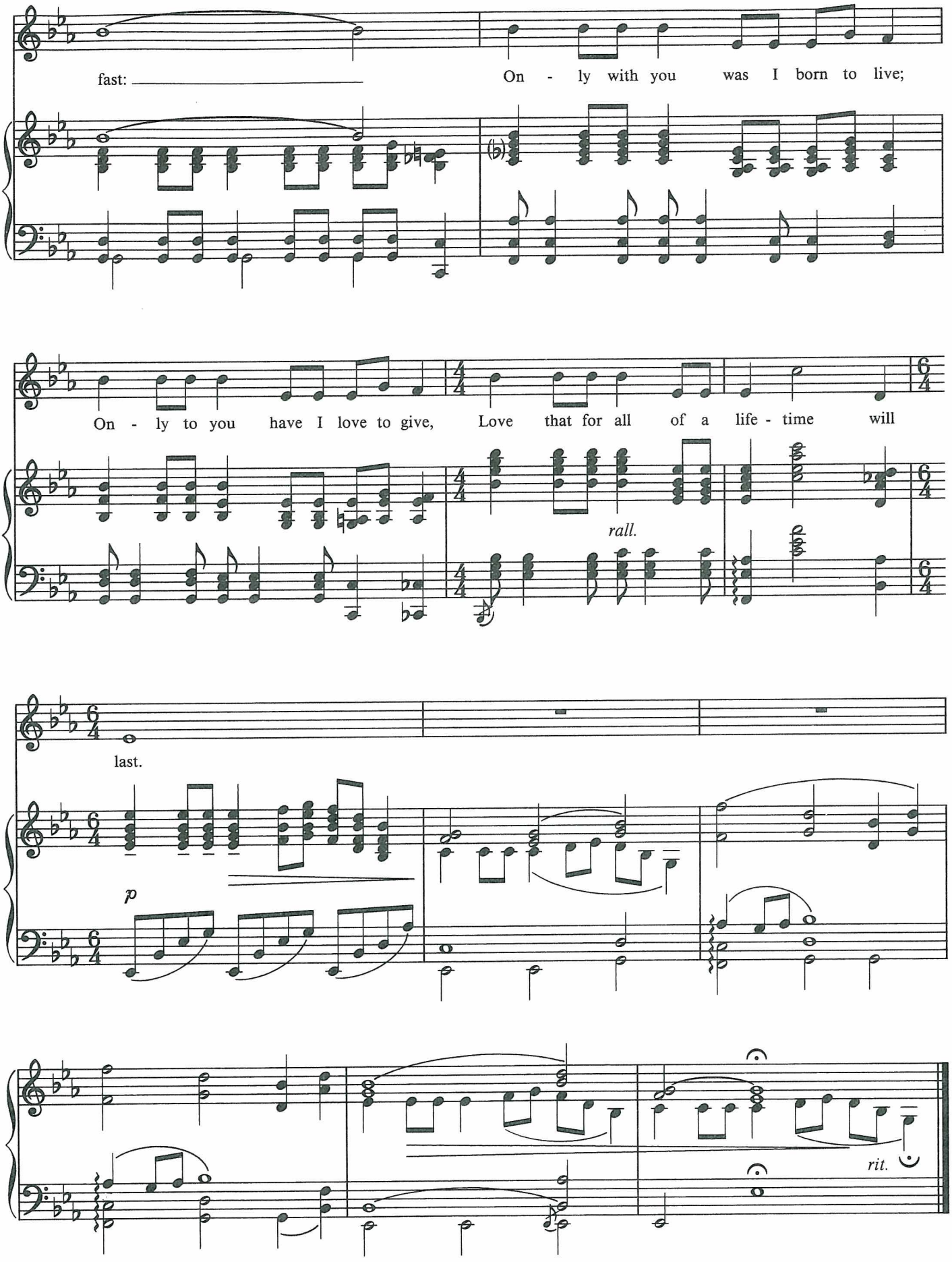
from *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE



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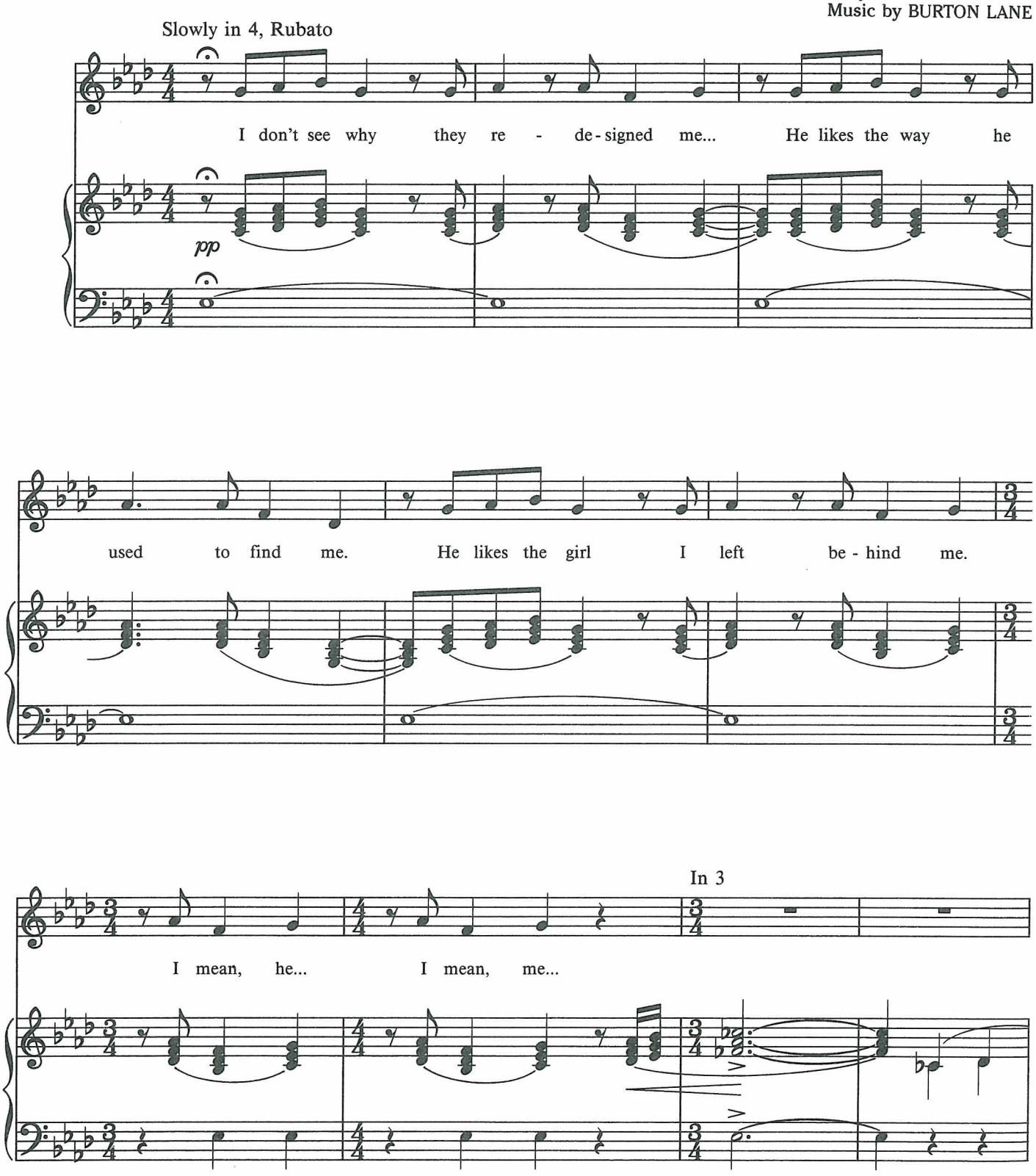

What could I do?
He was - n't you.
poco rall.
rubato
He was - n't you and no vows ev - er chained me. No,
he was - n't you and good - byes nev - er pained me.
Now I know
Why ev - 'ry hope al - ways fad - ed so


fast:
On - ly with you was I born to live;
On - ly to you have I love to give, Love that for all of a life - time will
rall.
last.
p
rit.
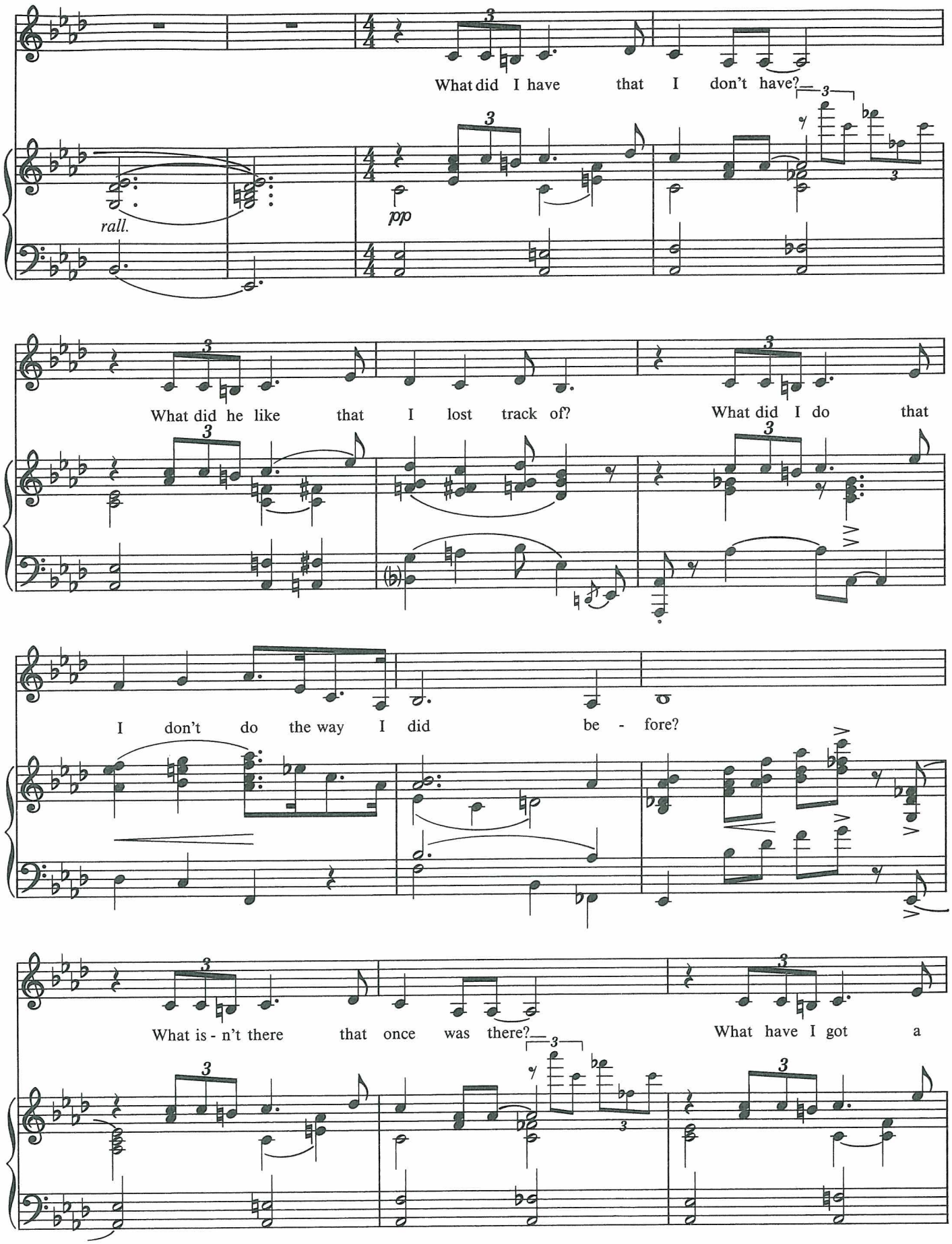
WHAT DID I HAVE THAT I DON'T HAVE?
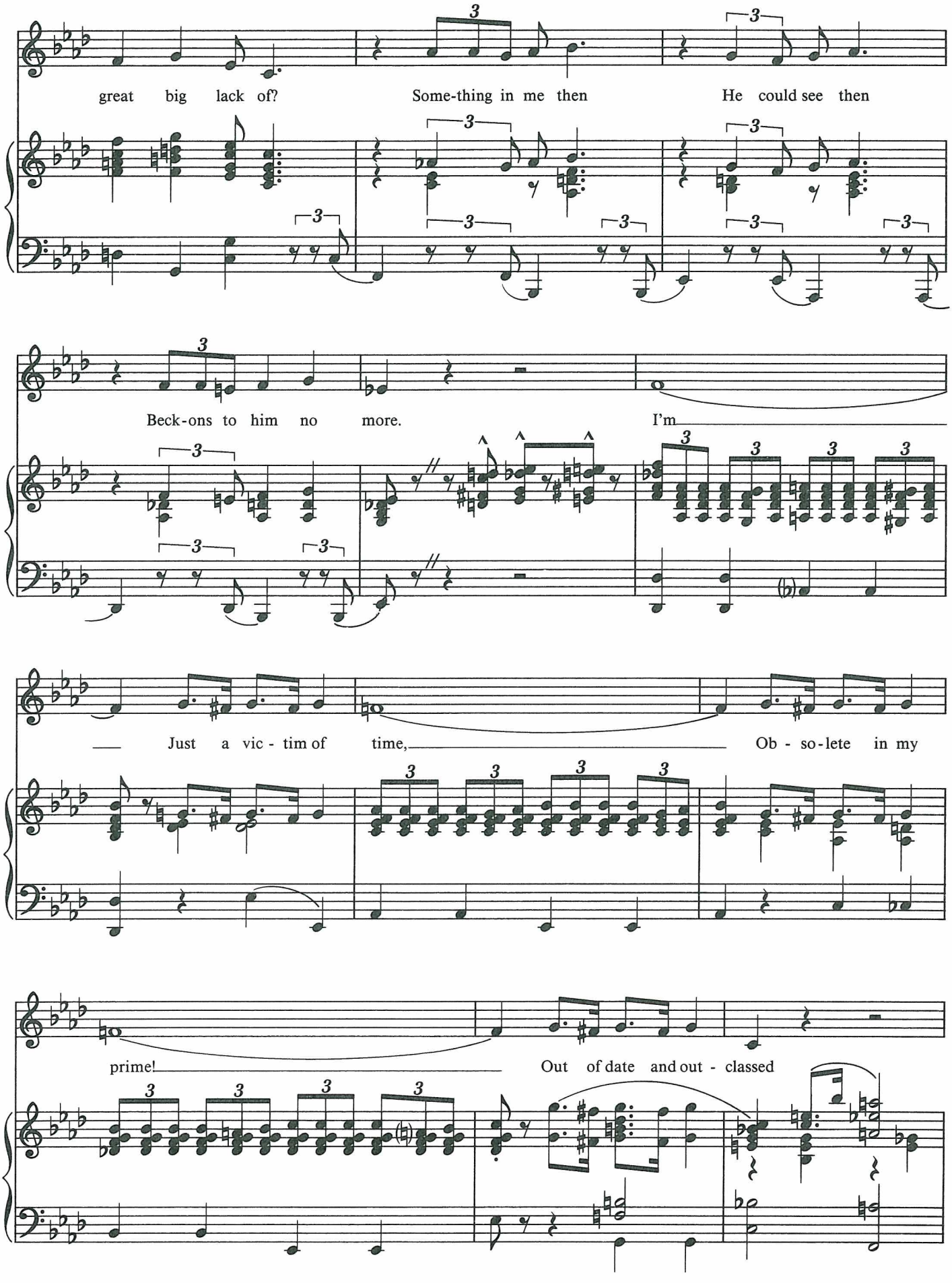
from *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*
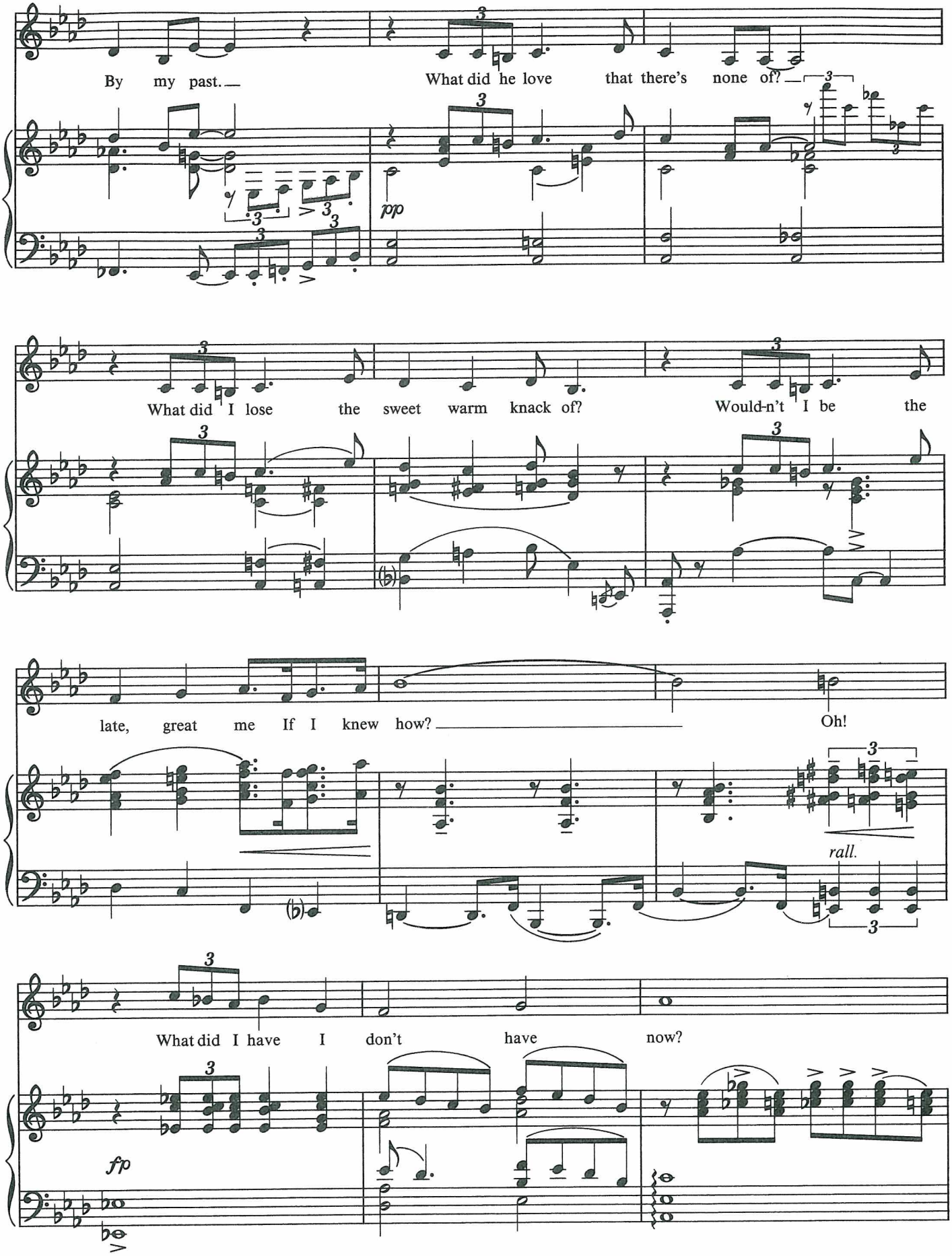
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Music by BURTON LANE
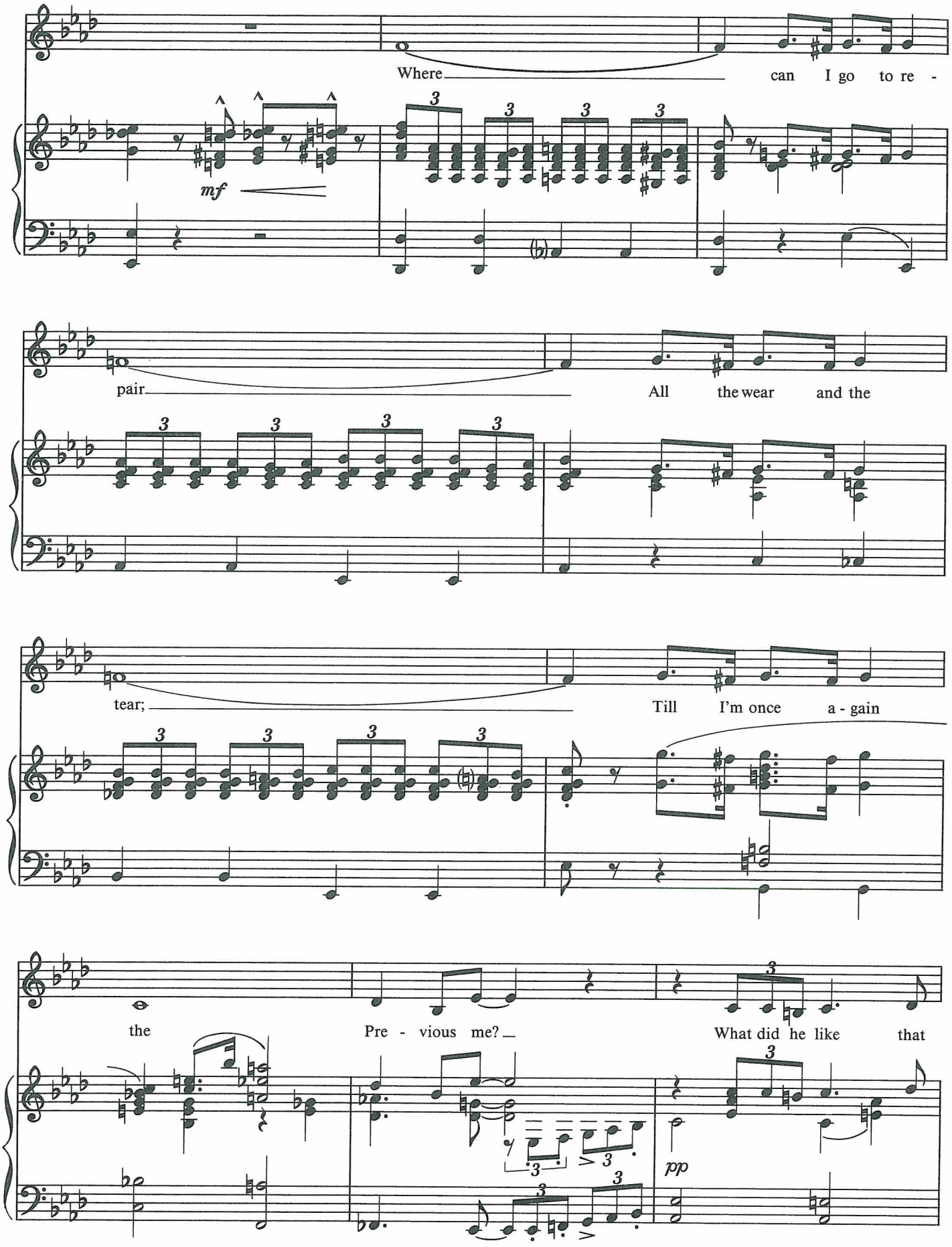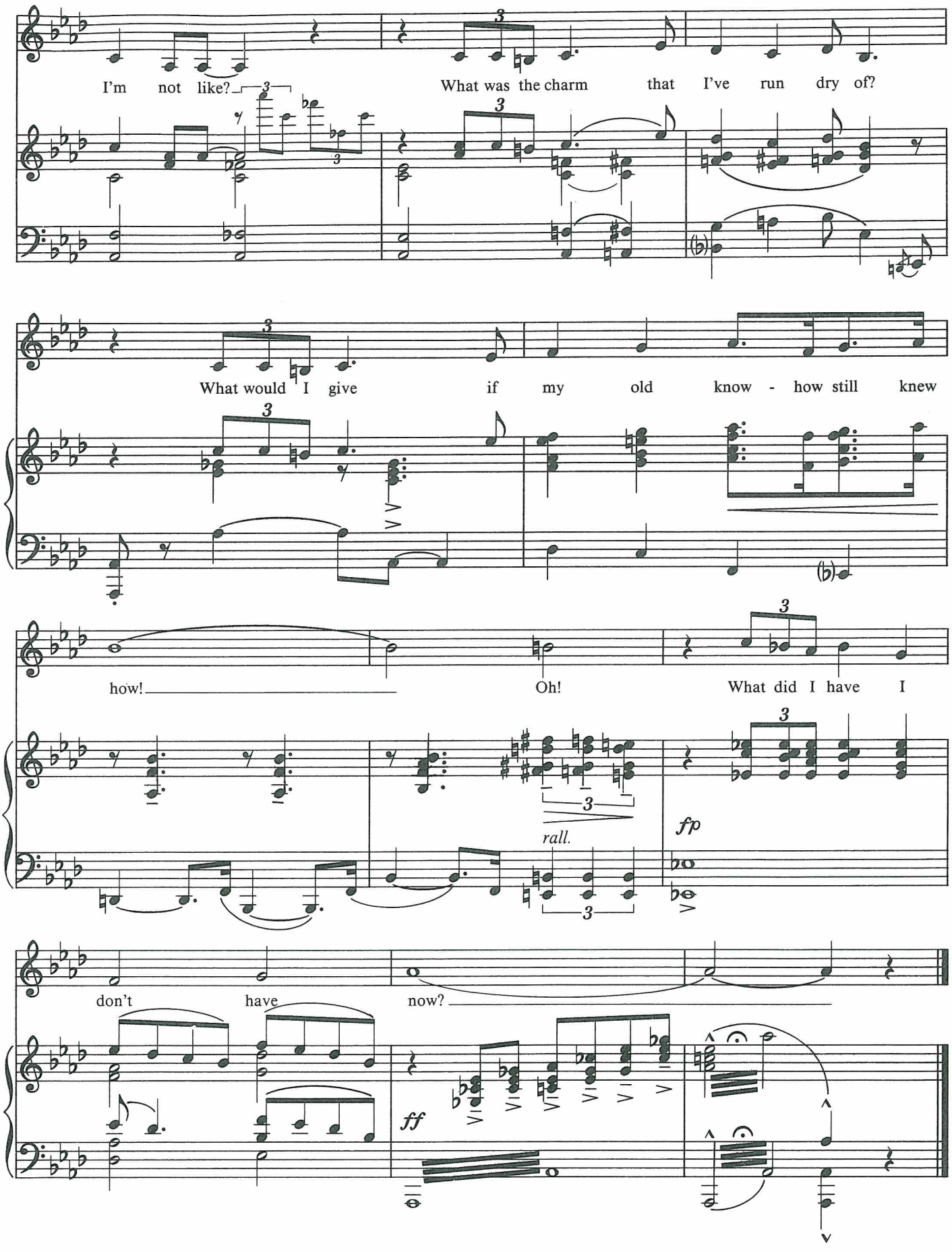


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What did I have that I don't have?
rall.
pp
What did he like that I lost track of?
What did I do that
I don't do the way I did be - fore?
What is - n't there that once was there?
What have I got a


great big lack of?
Some-thing in me then
He could see then
Beck-ons to him no more.
I'm
Just a vic - tim of time,
Ob - so-lete in my
prime!
Out of date and out - classed


By my past.
What did he love that there's none of?
pp
What did I lose the sweet warm knack of?
Would-n't I be the
late, great me If I knew how?
Oh!
rall.
What did I have I don't have now?
fp

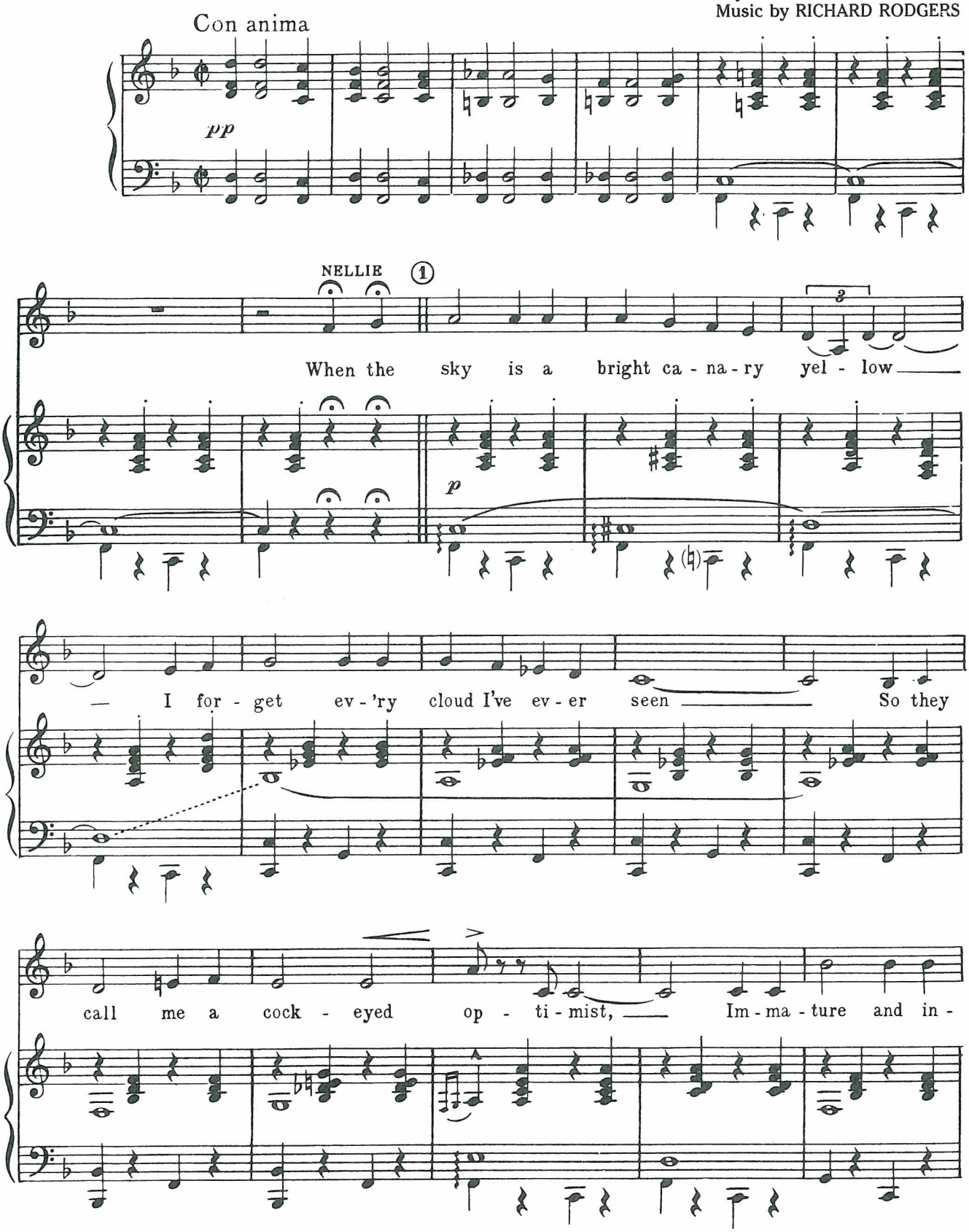

Where can I go to re -
mf
pair All the wear and the
tear; Till I'm once a - gain
the Pre - vious me? What did he like that
pp


I'm not like?
What was the charm that I've run dry of?
What would I give if my old know - how still knew
how!
Oh!
What did I have I
rall.
fp
don't have
now?
ff
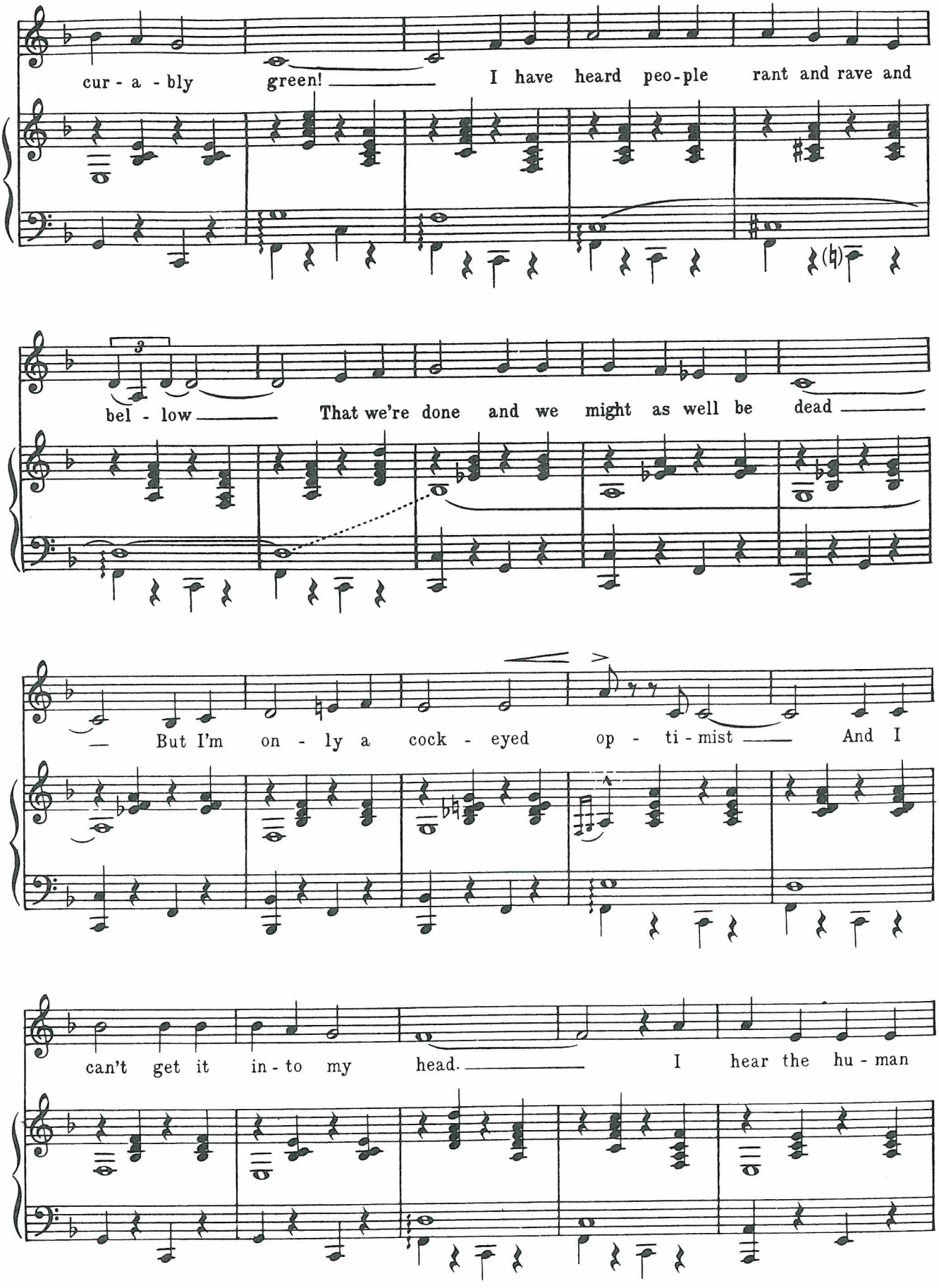
A COCKEYED OPTIMIST

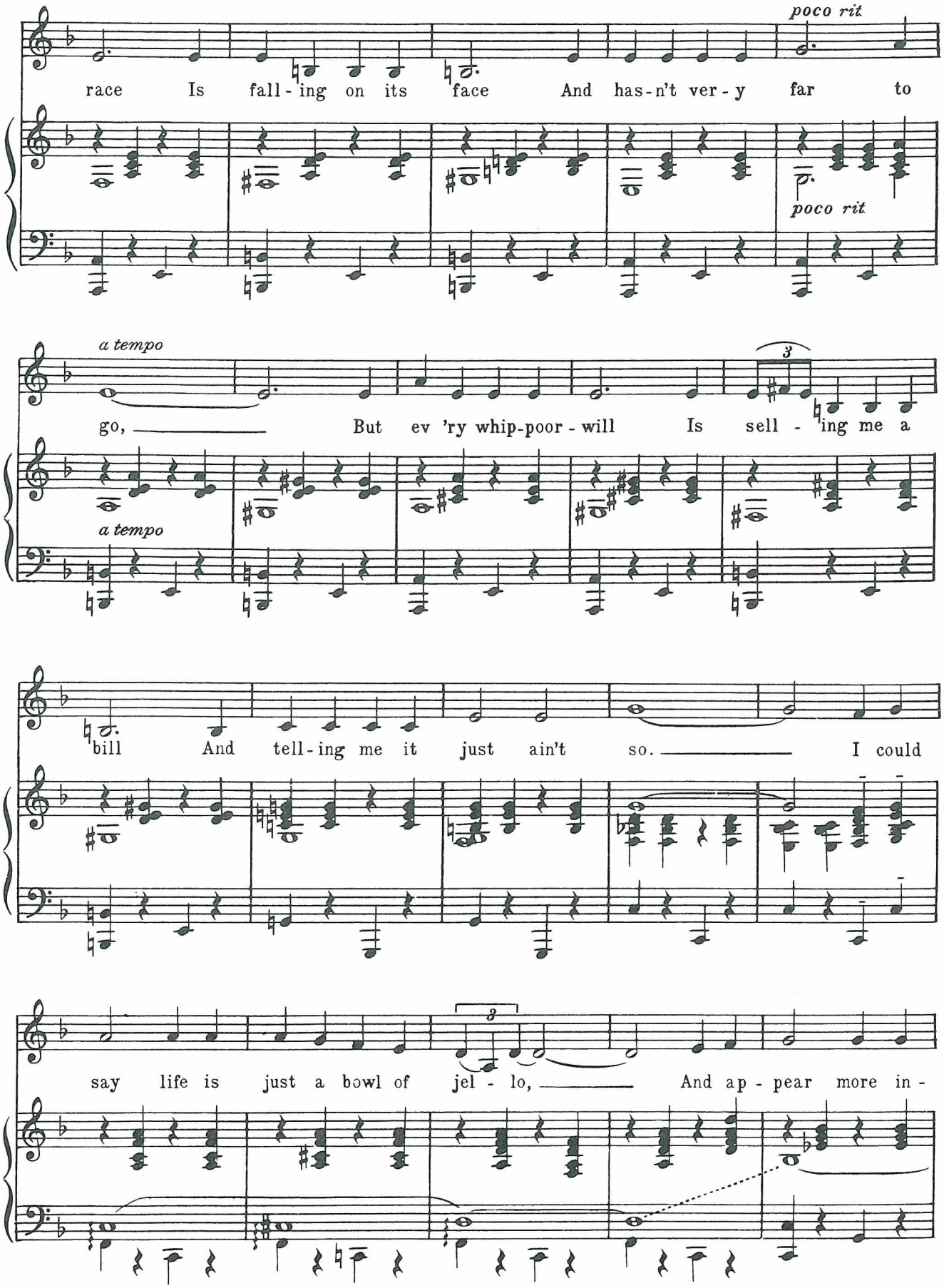
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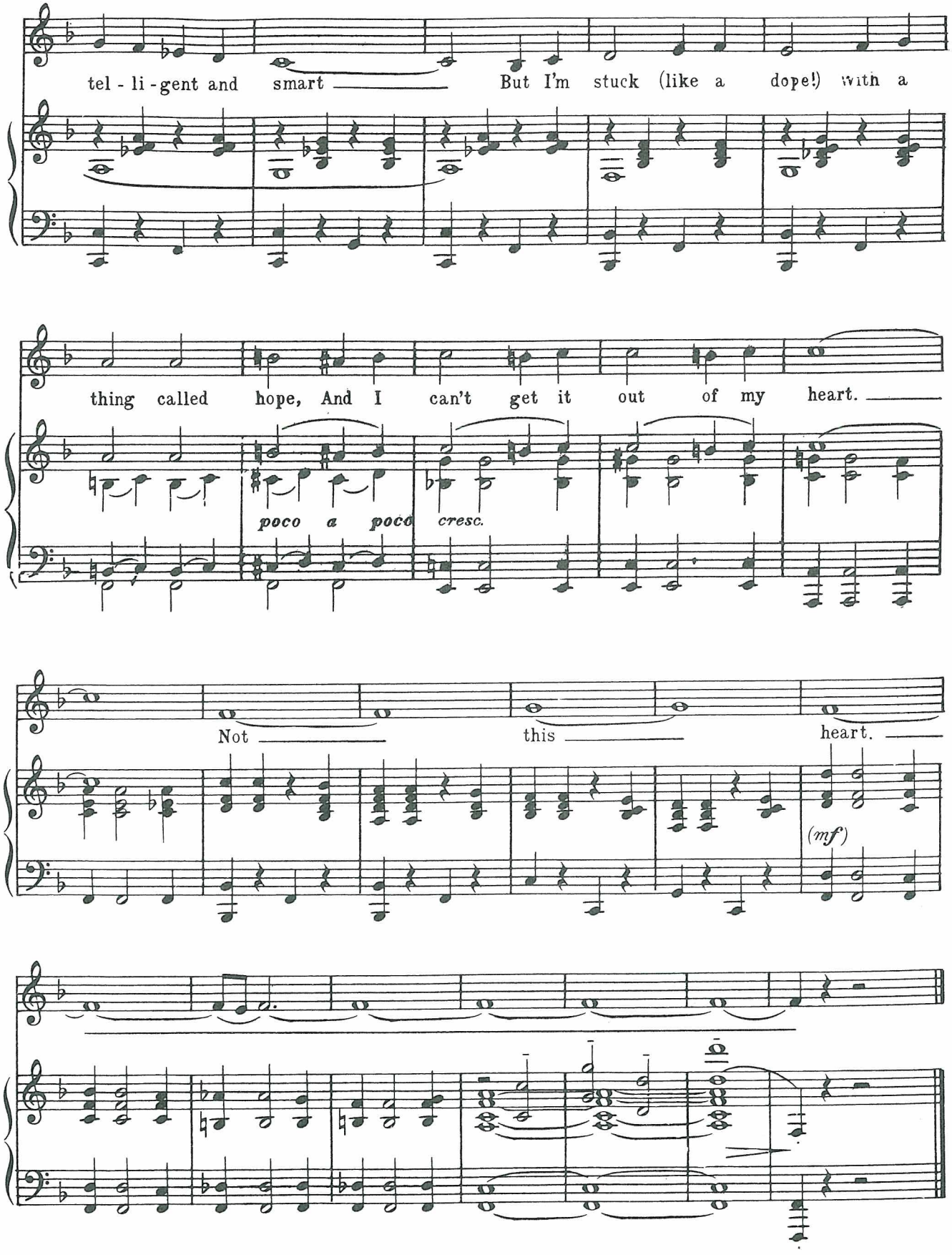
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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cur - a - bly green! I have heard peo-ple rant and rave and
bel - low That we're done and we might as well be dead
But I'm on - ly a cock - eyed op - ti - mist And I
can't get it in - to my head. I hear the hu - man

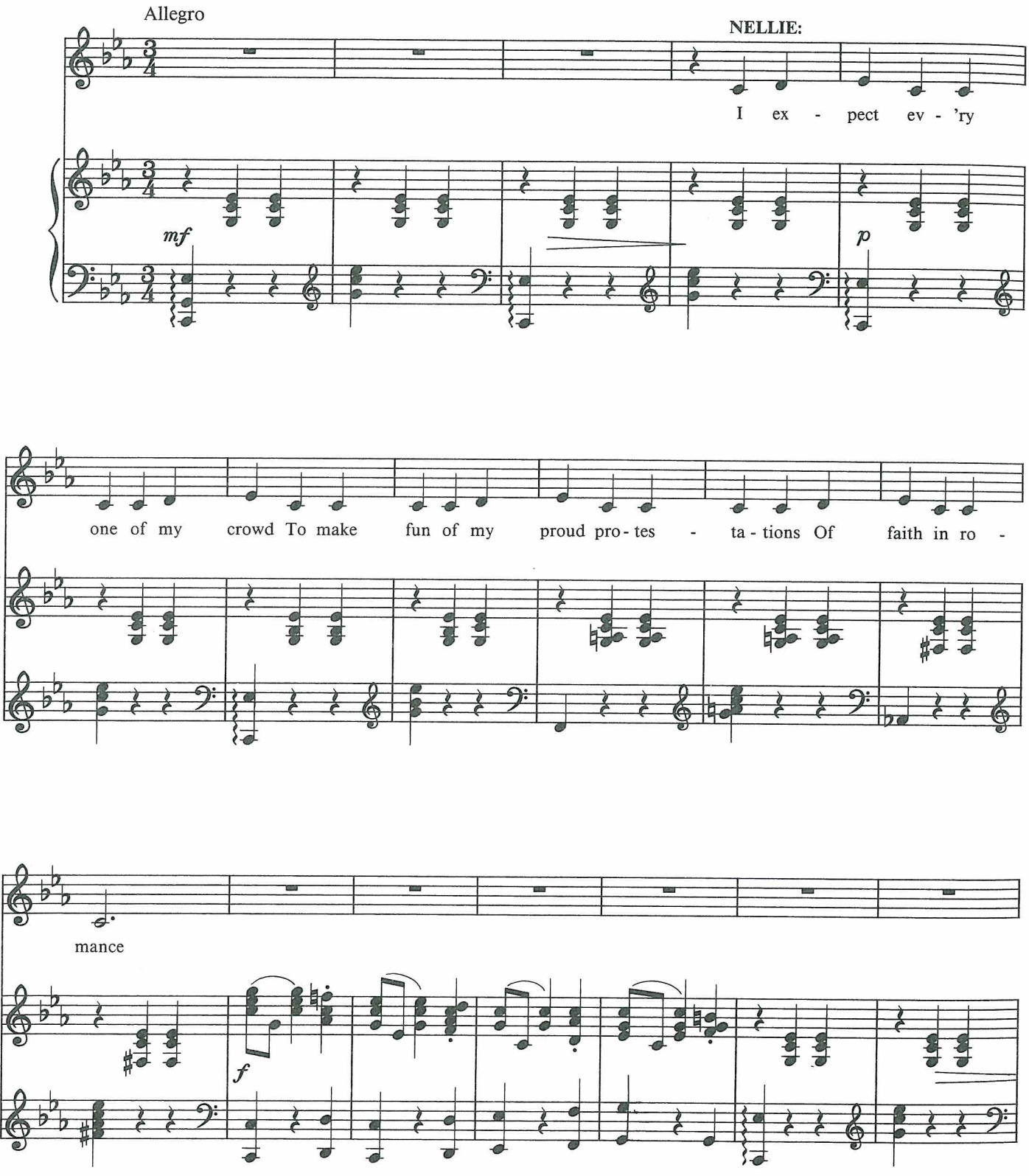

poco rit
race Is fall - ing on its face And has-n't ver - y far to
poco rit
a tempo
go, But ev 'ry whip-poor - will Is sell - ing me a
a tempo
bill And tell - ing me it just ain't so. I could
say life is just a bowl of jel - lo, And ap - pear more in -


tel - li - gent and smart
But I'm stuck (like a dope!) with a
thing called hope, And I can't get it out of my heart.
poco a poco cresc.
Not
this
heart.
(mf)

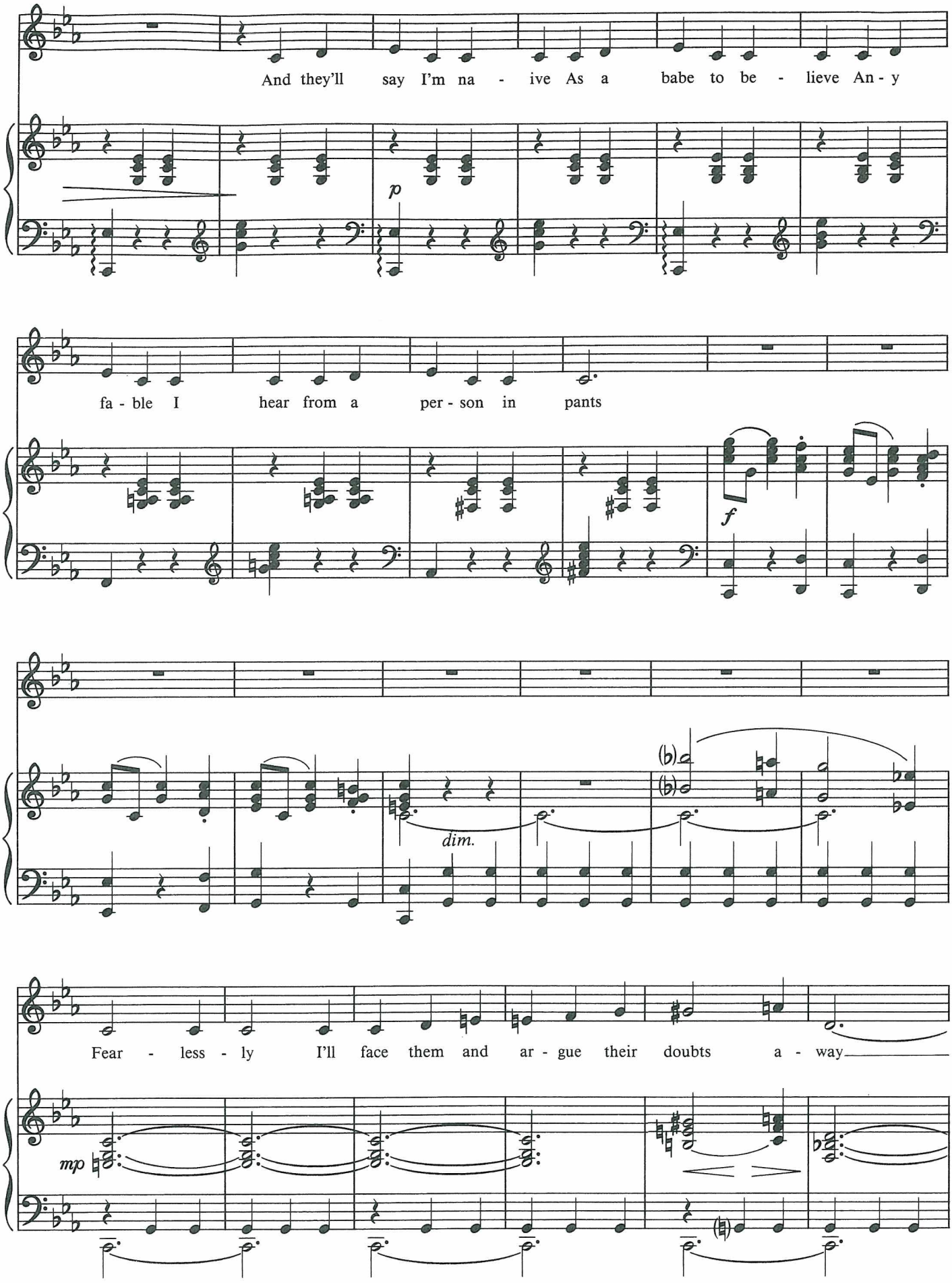
I'M IN LOVE WITH A WONDERFUL GUY
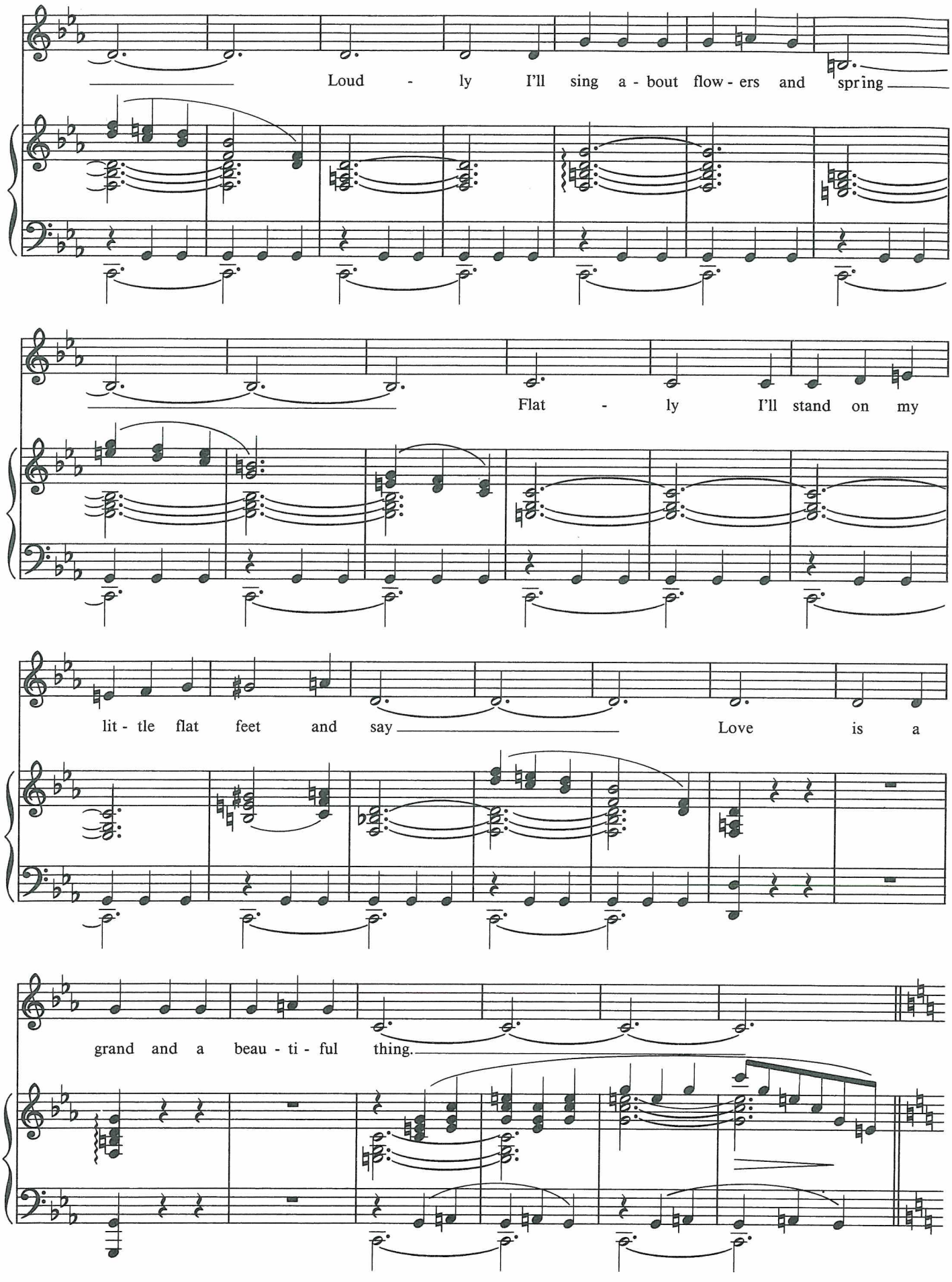
from *South Pacific*
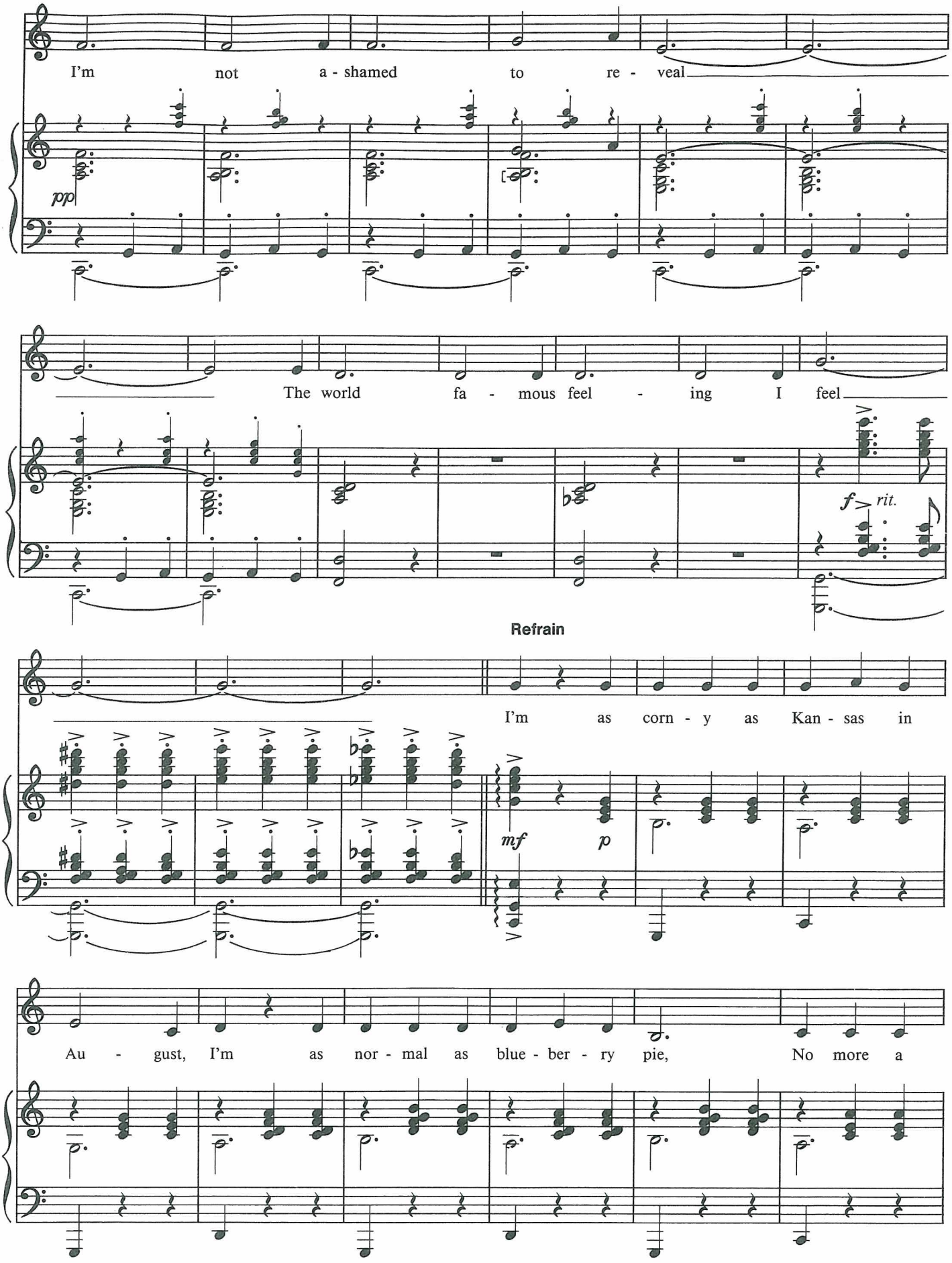
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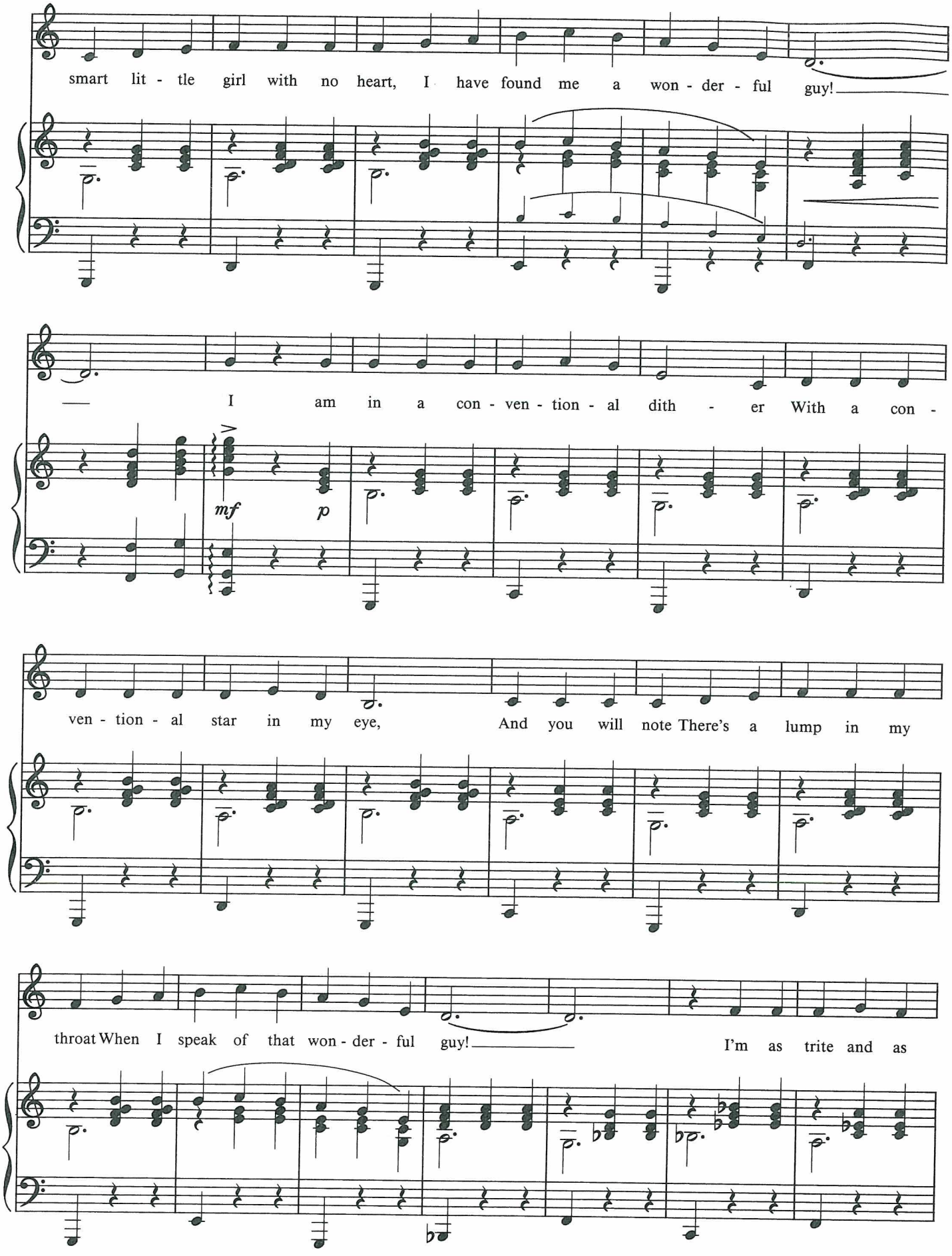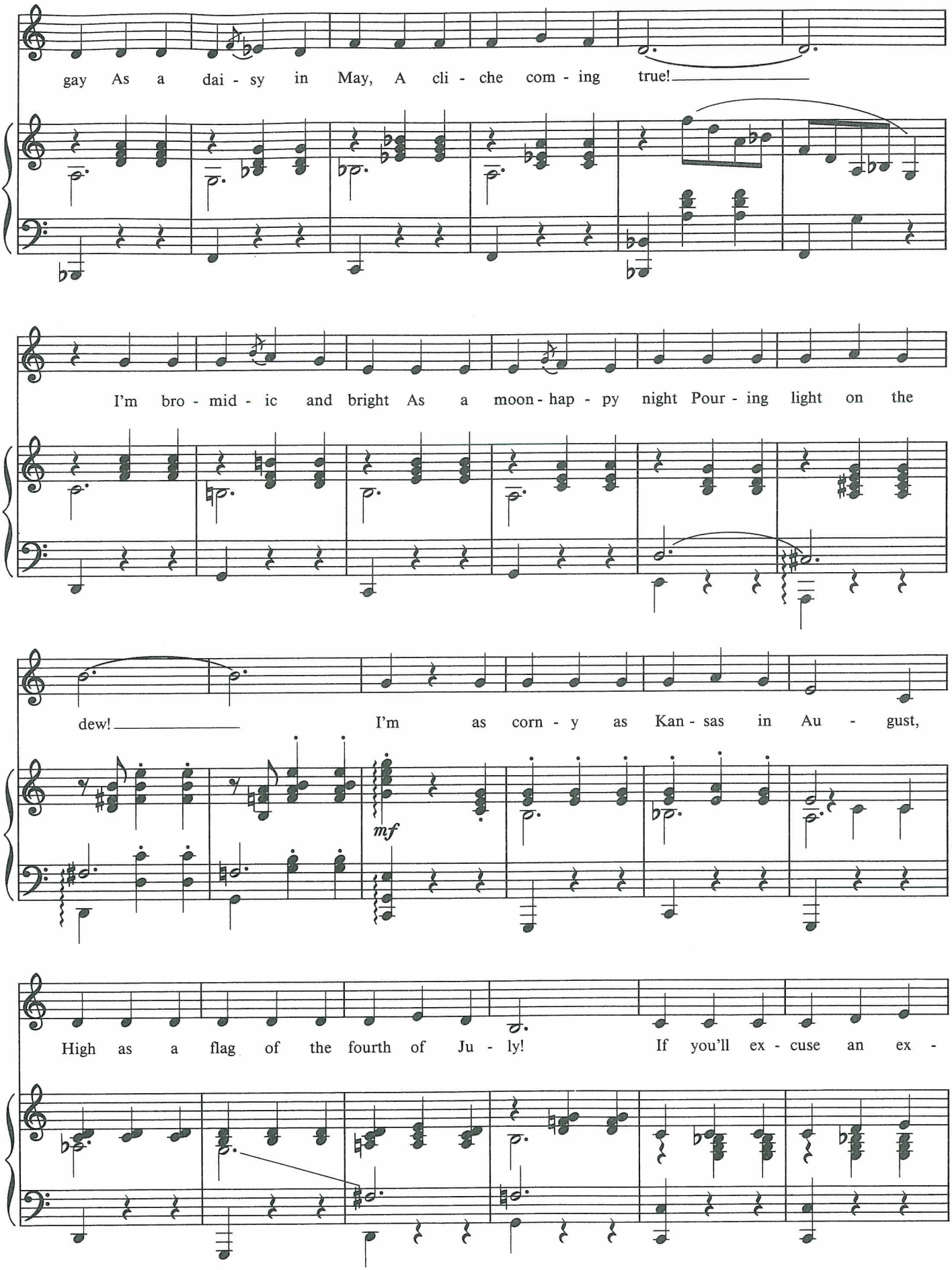


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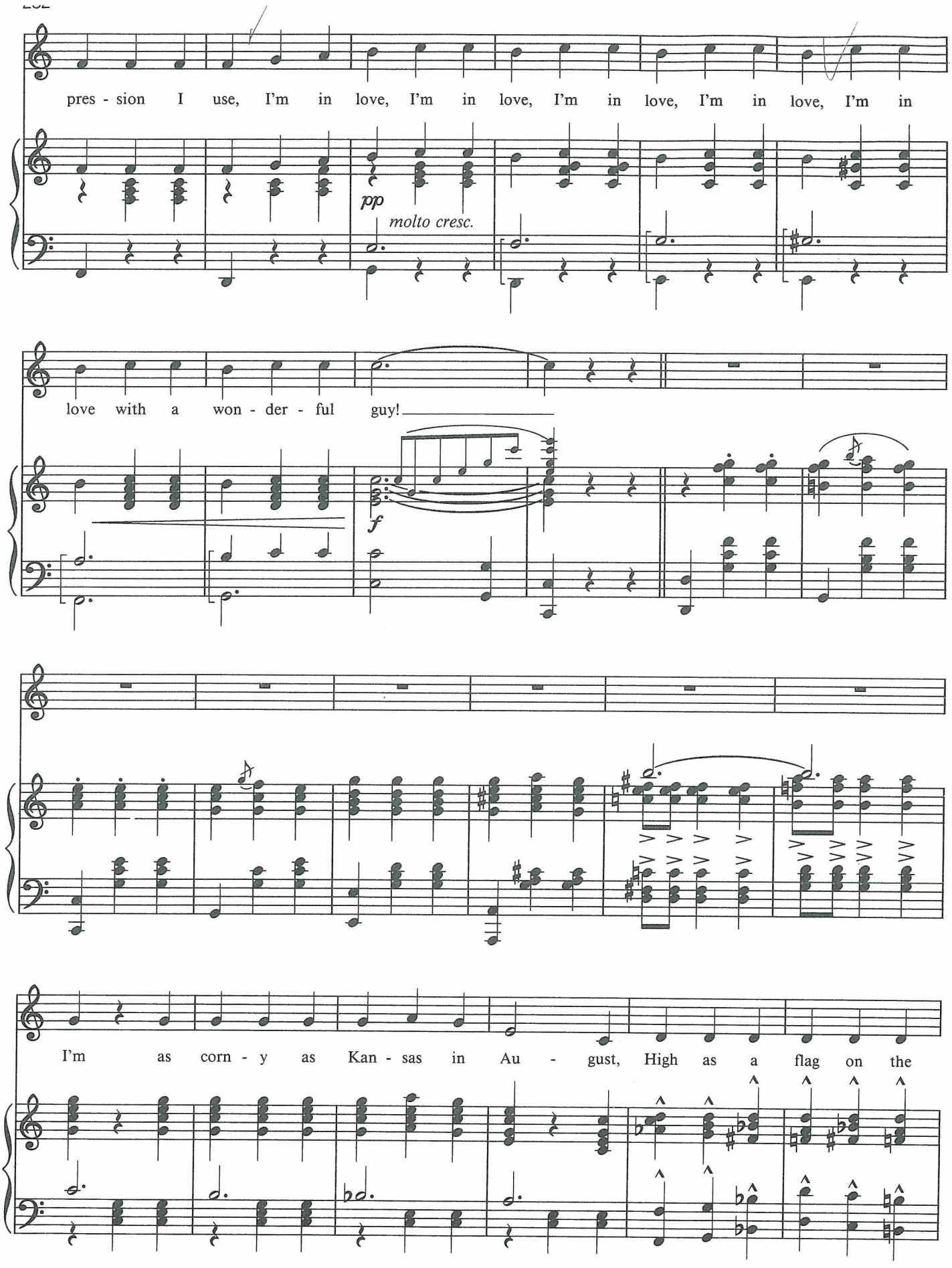

And they'll say I'm na - ive As a babe to be - lieve An - y
p
fa - ble I hear from a per - son in pants
f
dim.
Fear - less - ly I'll face them and ar - gue their doubts a - way
mp
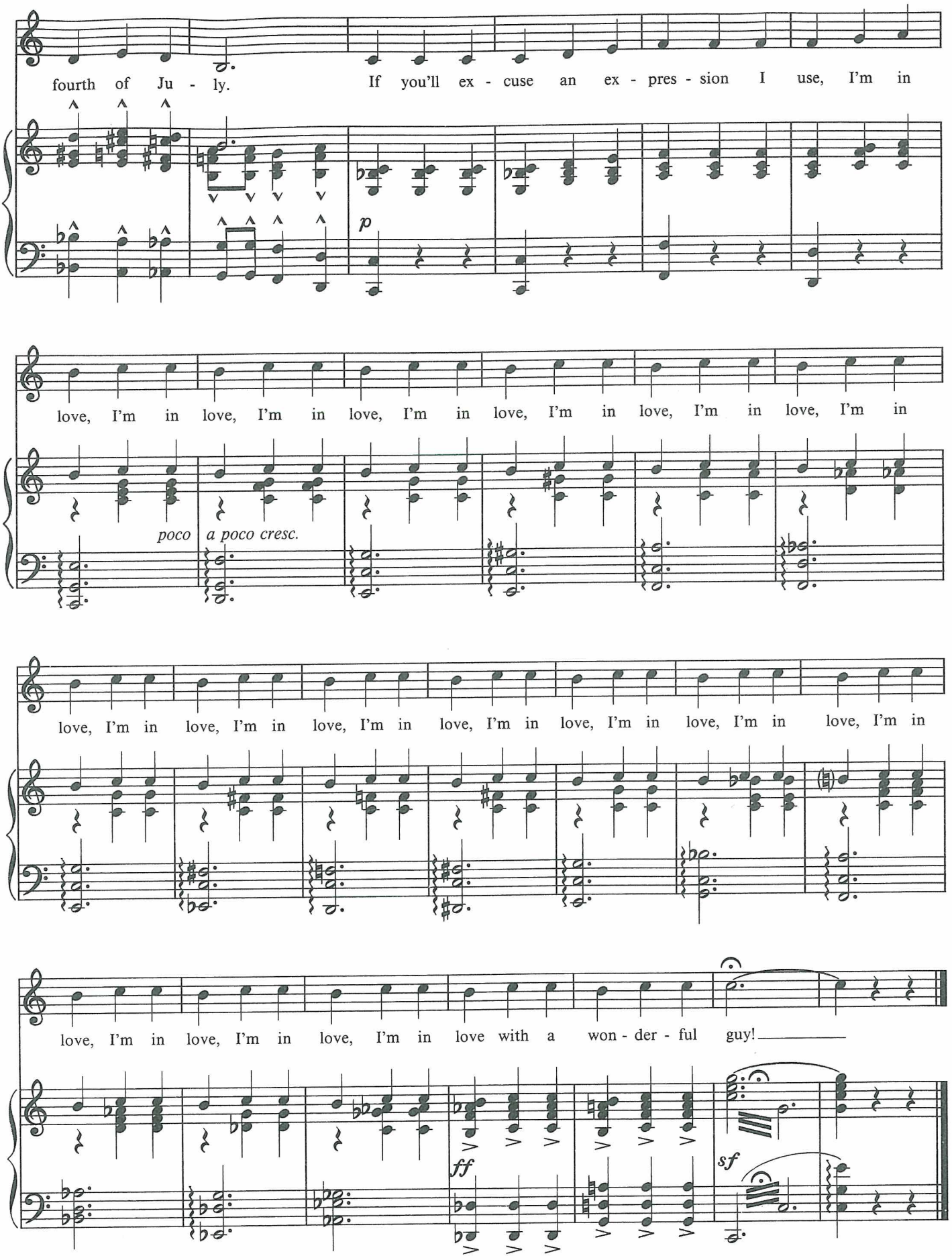

Loud - ly I'll sing a - bout flow - ers and spring
Flat - ly I'll stand on my
lit - tle flat feet and say
Love is a
grand and a beau - ti - ful thing.


I'm not a - shamed to re - veal
pp
The world fa - mous feel - ing I feel
f
rit.
Refrain
I'm as corn - y as Kan - sas in
mf
p
Au - gust, I'm as nor - mal as blue - ber - ry pie, No more a


smart lit - tle girl with no heart, I have found me a won - der - ful guy!
I am in a con - ven - tion - al dith - er With a con -
mf
p
ven - tion - al star in my eye, And you will note There's a lump in my
throat When I speak of that won - der - ful guy! I'm as trite and as


gay As a dai - sy in May, A cli - che com - ing true!
I'm bro - mid - ic and bright As a moon - hap - py night Pour - ing light on the
dew!
I'm as corn - y as Kan - sas in Au - gust,
mf
High as a flag of the fourth of Ju - ly!
If you'll ex - cuse an ex -


pres - sion I use, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in
pp
molto cresc.
love with a won - der - ful guy!
f
I'm as corn - y as Kan - sas in Au - gust, High as a flag on the


fourth of Ju - ly. If you'll ex - cuse an ex - pres - sion I use, I'm in
p
love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in
poco a poco cresc.
love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in
love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with a won - der - ful guy!
ff
sf

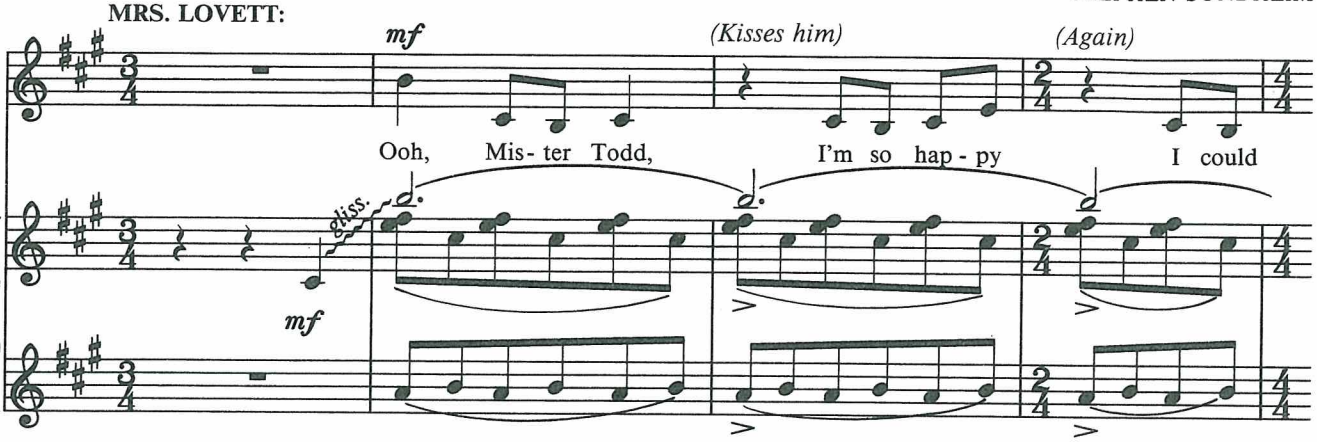
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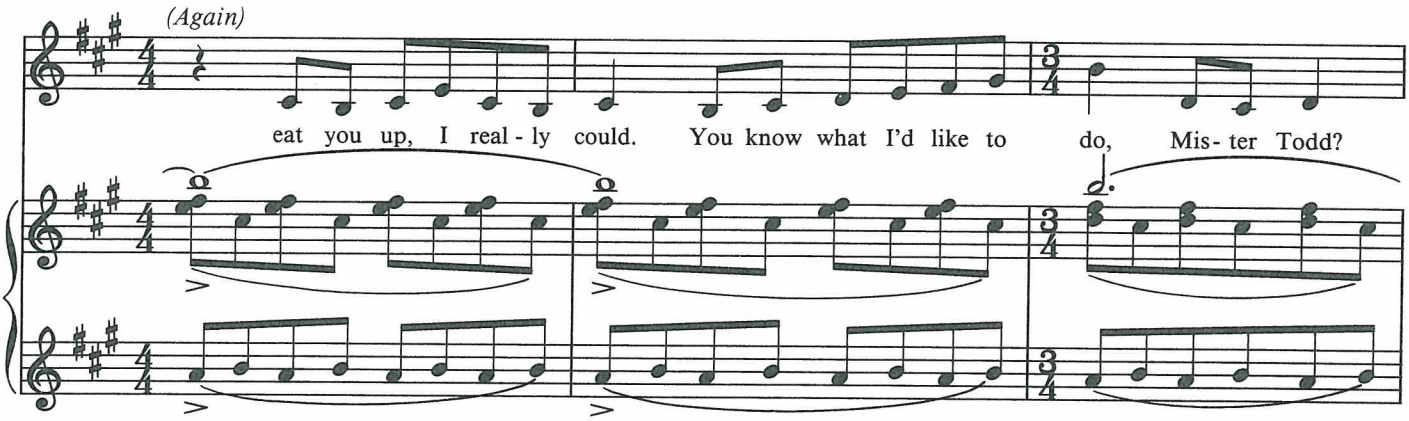
from *Sweeney Todd*

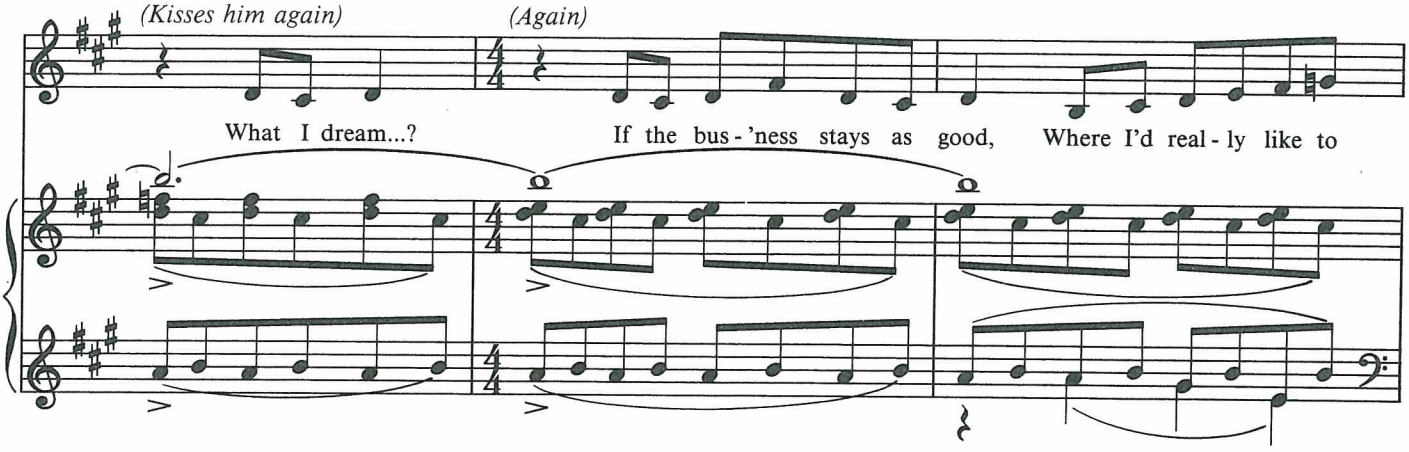
Moderato (= 84)

Lyrics and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

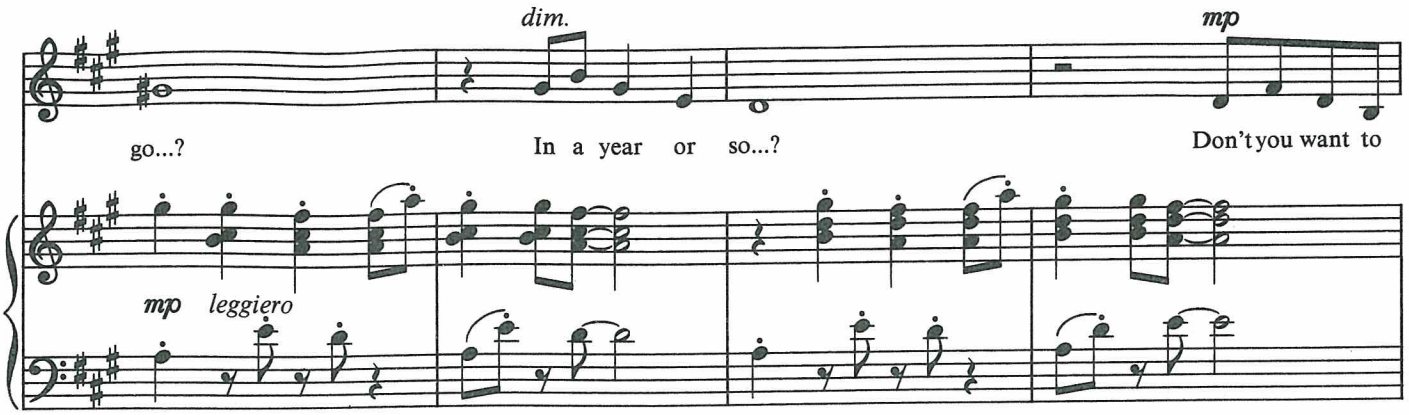
MRS. LOVETT:

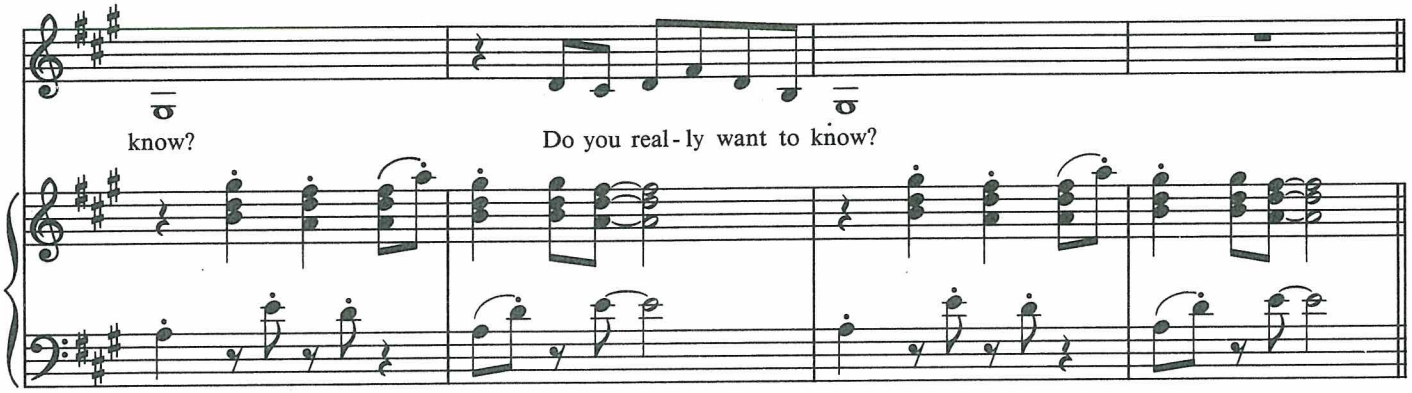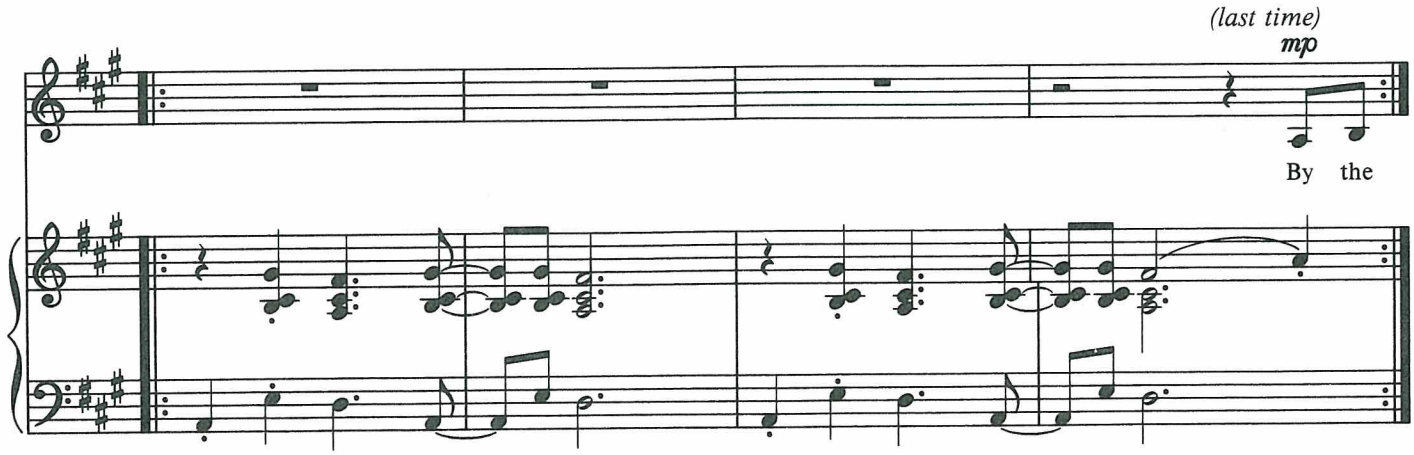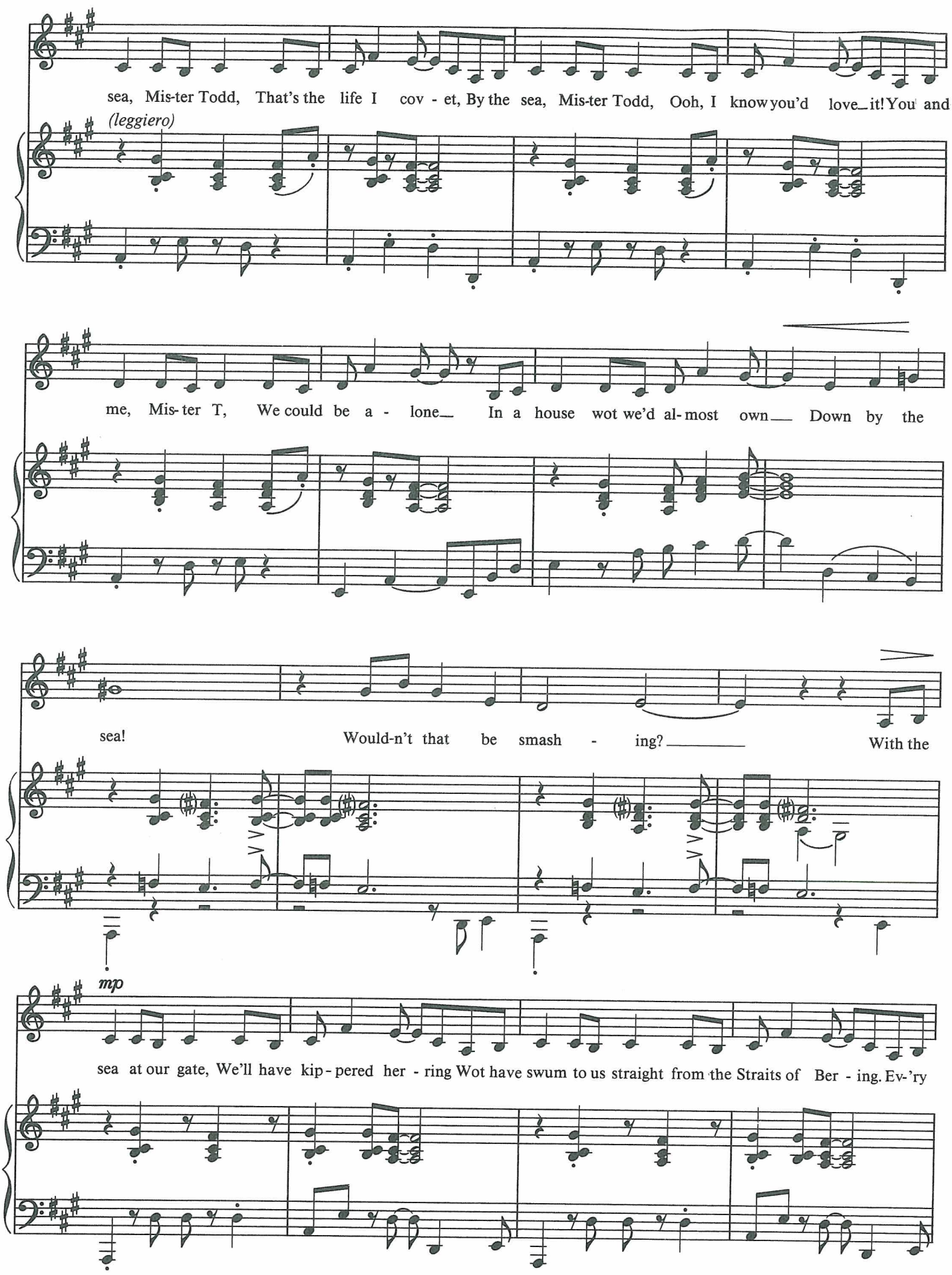






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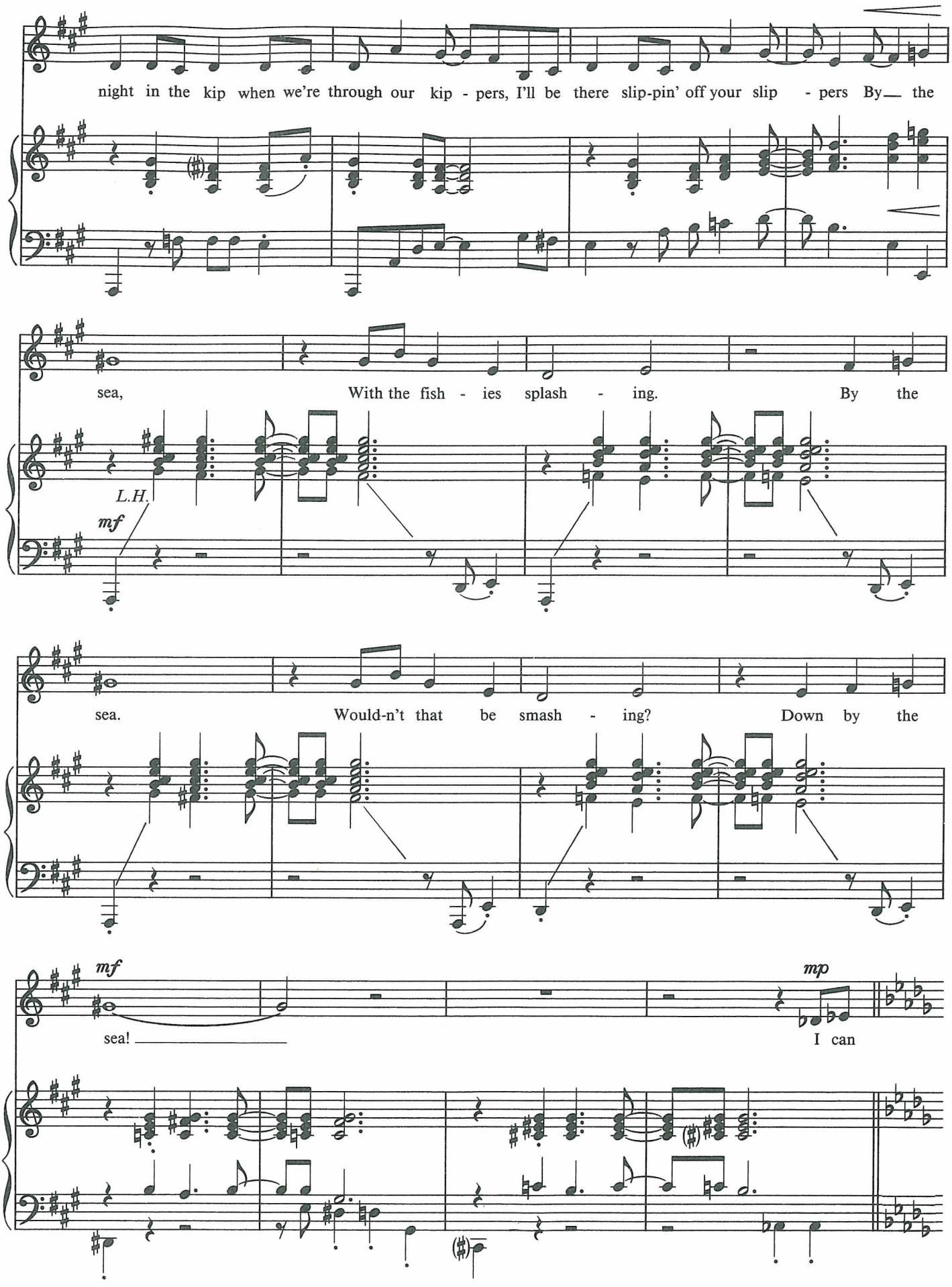


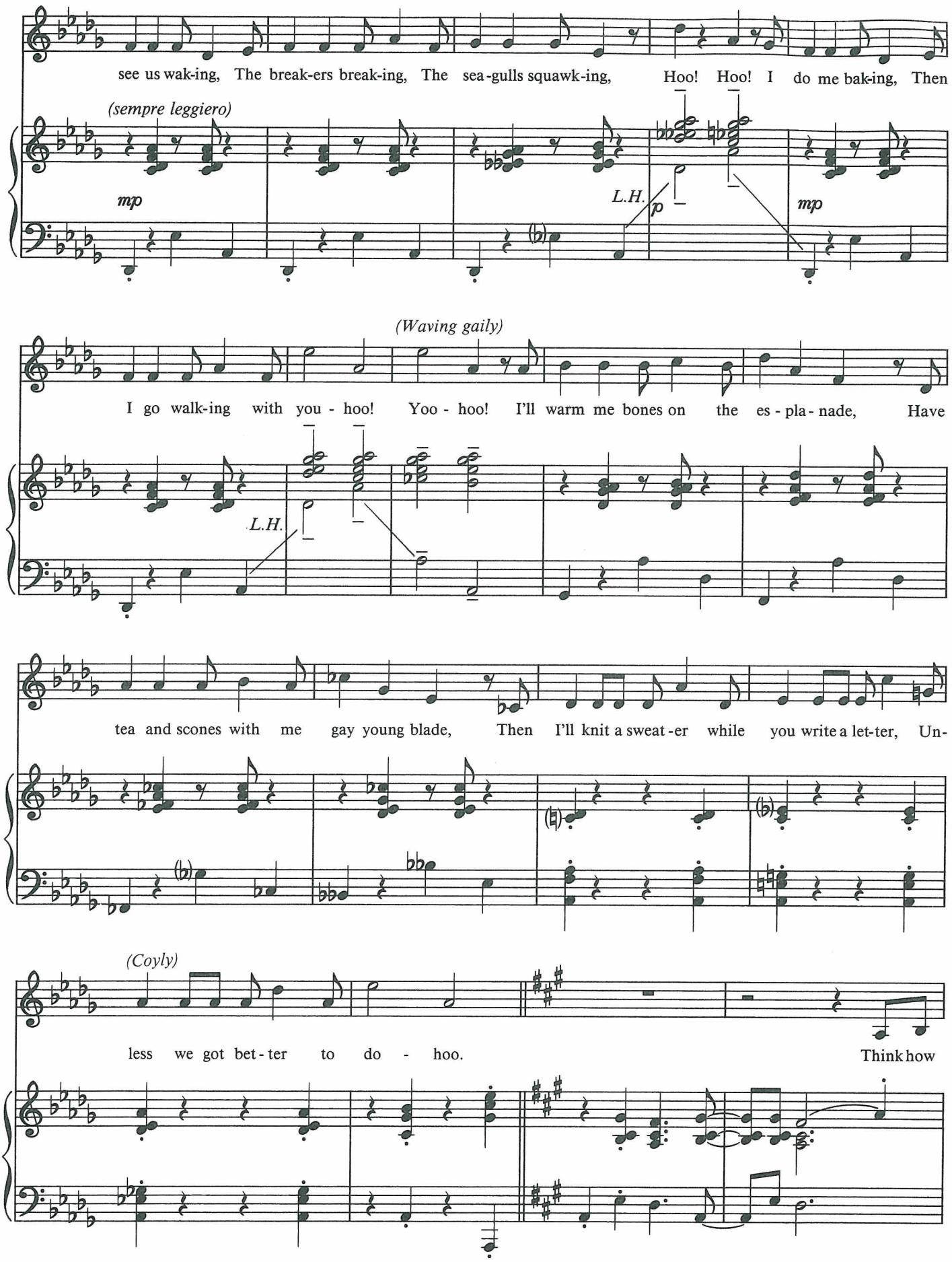


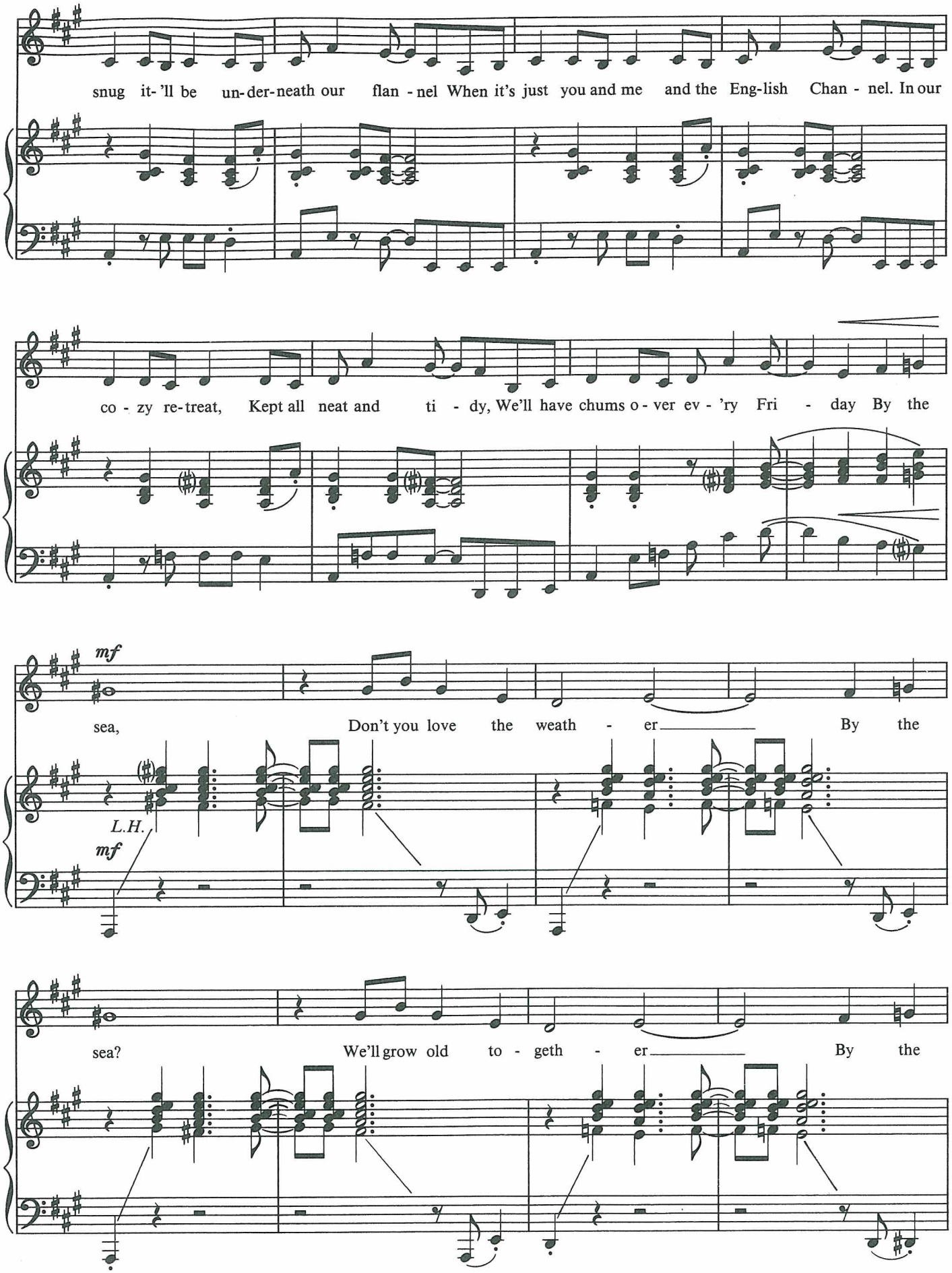
(Settling back) I've always had a dream -- ever since I was a skinny little slip of a thing and my rich Aunt Nettie used to take me to the seaside August Bank Holiday . . . the pier . . . making little castles in the sand. I can still feel me toes wiggling around in the briny.
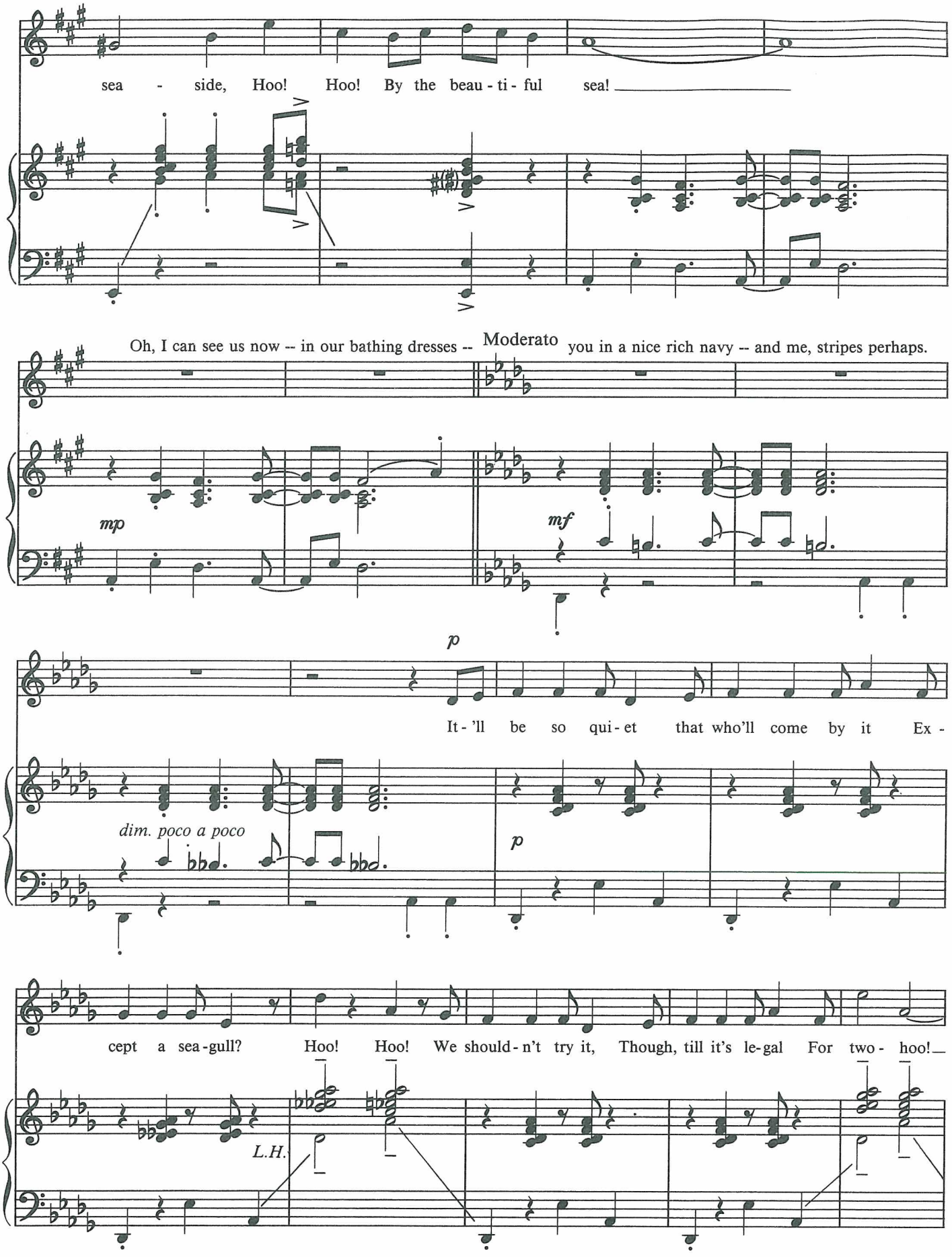


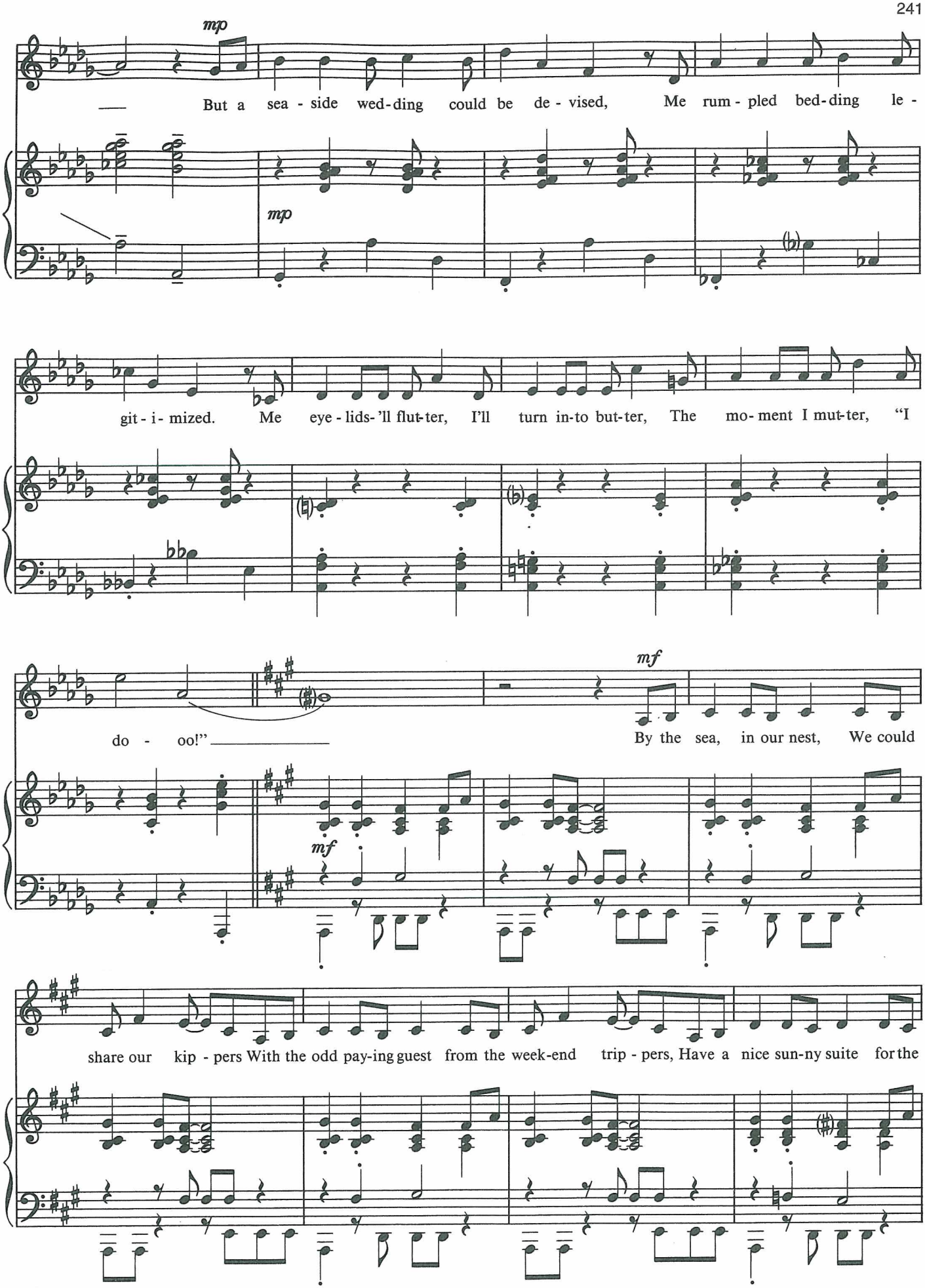

sea, Mis-ter Todd, That's the life I cov - et, By the sea, Mis-ter Todd, Ooh, I know you'd love it! You and
(leggiero)
me, Mis-ter T, We could be a - lone In a house wot we'd al-most own Down by the
sea! Would-n't that be smash - ing? With the
mp
sea at our gate, We'll have kip-pered her - ring Wot have swum to us straight from the Straits of Ber - ing. Ev-'ry
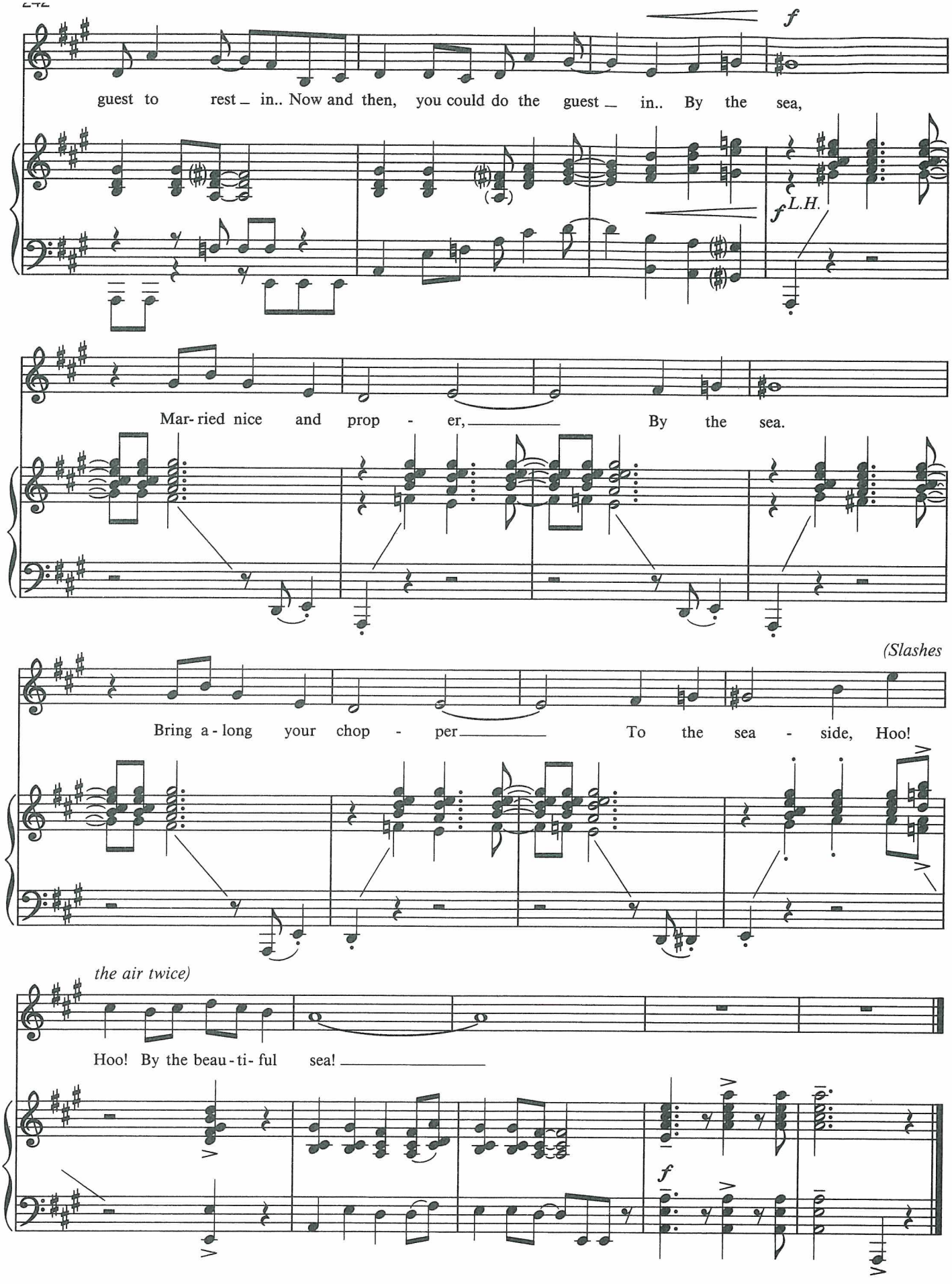

night in the kip when we're through our kip - pers, I'll be there slip-pin' off your slip - pers By the
sea, With the fish - ies splash - ing. By the
L.H.
mf
sea. Would-n't that be smash - ing? Down by the
mf
sea!
mp
I can


see us wak-ing, The break-ers break-ing, The sea-gulls squawk-ing, Hoo! Hoo! I do me bak-ing, Then
(sempre leggiero)
mp
L.H.
p
mp
(Waving gaily)
I go walk-ing with you - hoo! Yoo - hoo! I'll warm me bones on the es - pla - nade, Have
L.H.
tea and scones with me gay young blade, Then I'll knit a sweat - er while you write a let-ter, Un-
(Coyly)
less we got bet - ter to do - hoo. Think how


snug it-'ll be un-der-neath our flan-nel When it's just you and me and the Eng-lish Chan-nel. In our
co-zy re-treat, Kept all neat and ti-dy, We'll have chums o-ver ev-'ry Fri-day By the
mf
sea, Don't you love the weath-er By the
L.H.
mf
sea? We'll grow old to-geth-er By the


sea - side, Hoo! Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful sea!
Oh, I can see us now -- in our bathing dresses -- Moderato you in a nice rich navy -- and me, stripes perhaps.
mp
mf
p
It - 'll be so qui - et that who'll come by it Ex -
dim. poco a poco
p
cept a sea - gull? Hoo! Hoo! We should - n't try it, Though, till it's le - gal For two - hoo!
L.H.
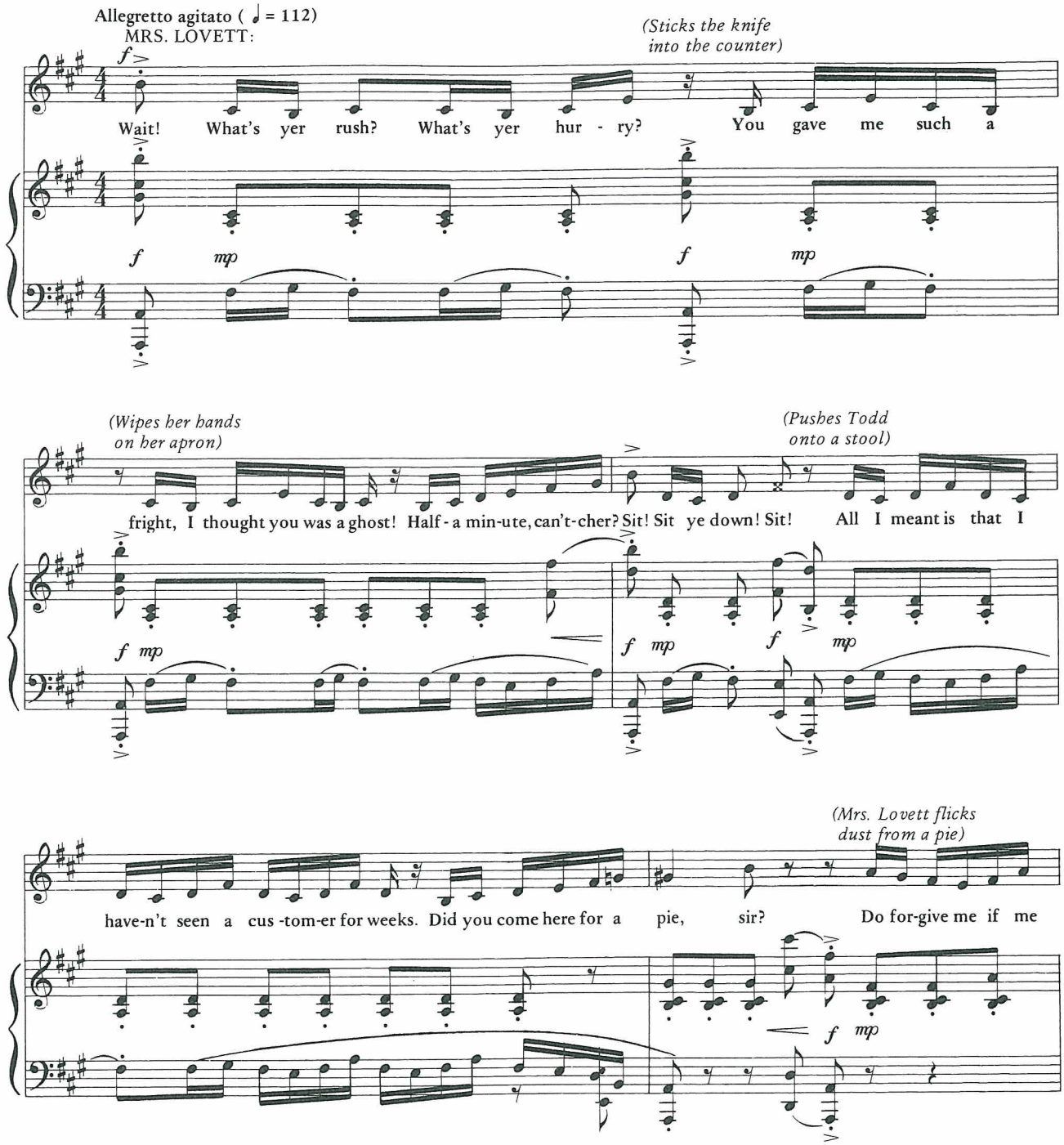

mp
But a sea - side wed-ding could be de - vised, Me rum - pled bed-ding le -
mp
git - i - mized. Me eye - lids-'ll flut-ter, I'll turn in-to but-ter, The mo- ment I mut-ter, "I
mf
do - oo!"
By the sea, in our nest, We could
mf
share our kip - pers With the odd pay-ing guest from the week-end trip - pers, Have a nice sun-ny suite for the


f
guest to rest _ in.. Now and then, you could do the guest _ in.. By the sea,
f L.H.
Mar- ried nice and prop - er, _____ By the sea.
(Slashes
Bring a - long your chop - per _____ To the sea - side, Hoo!
the air twice)
Hoo! By the beau - ti - ful sea! _____
f
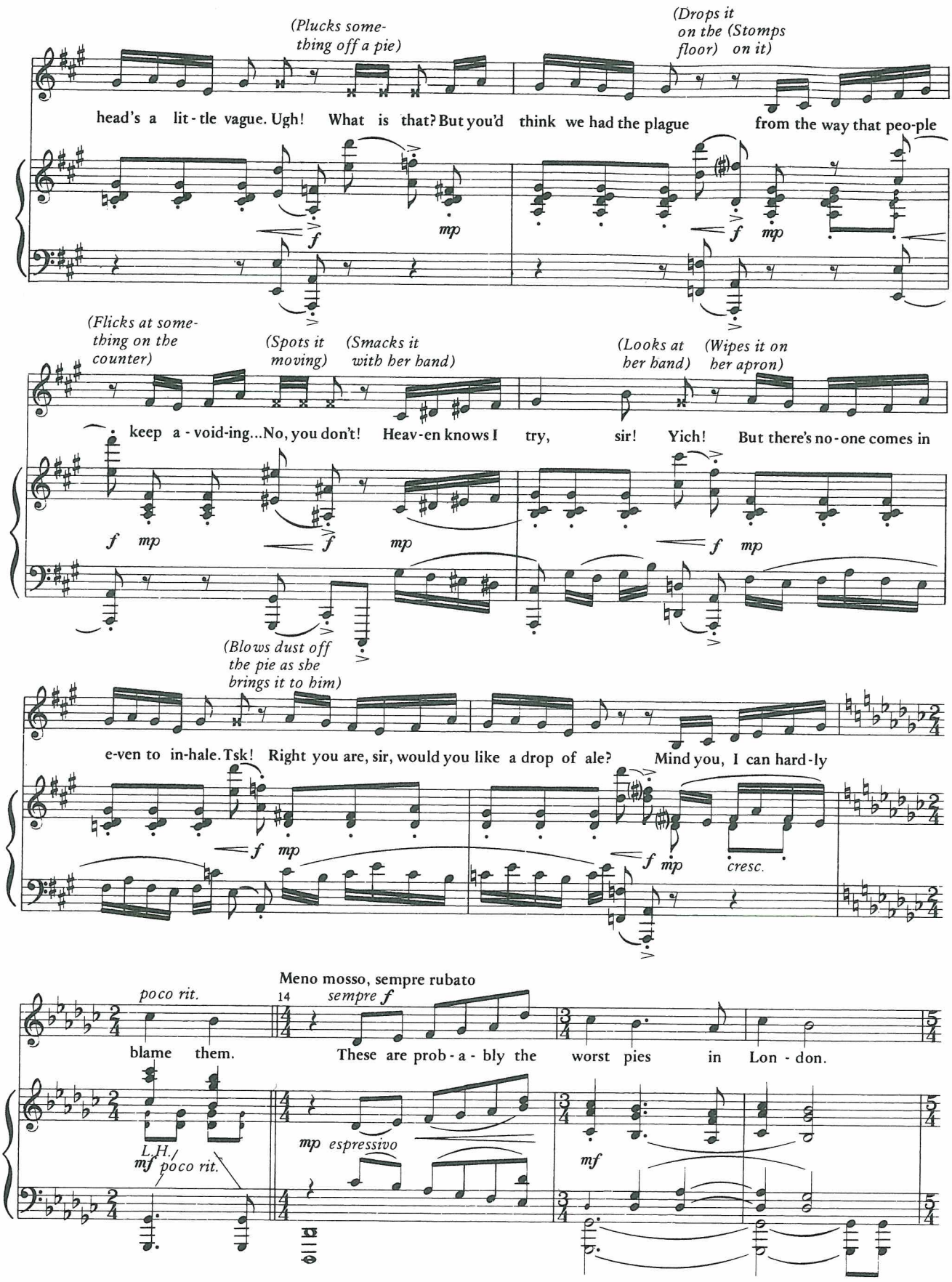
THE WORST PIES IN LONDON
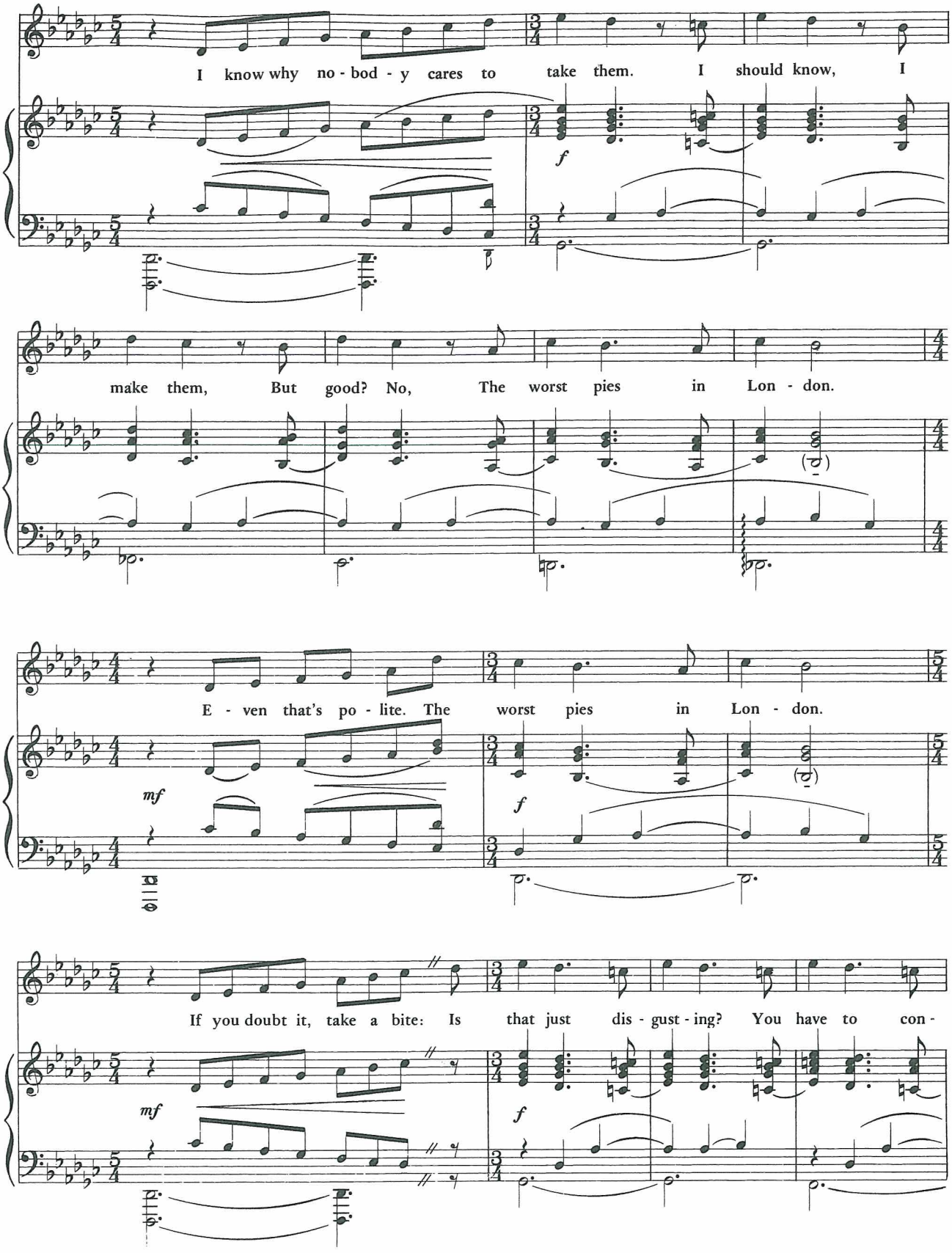
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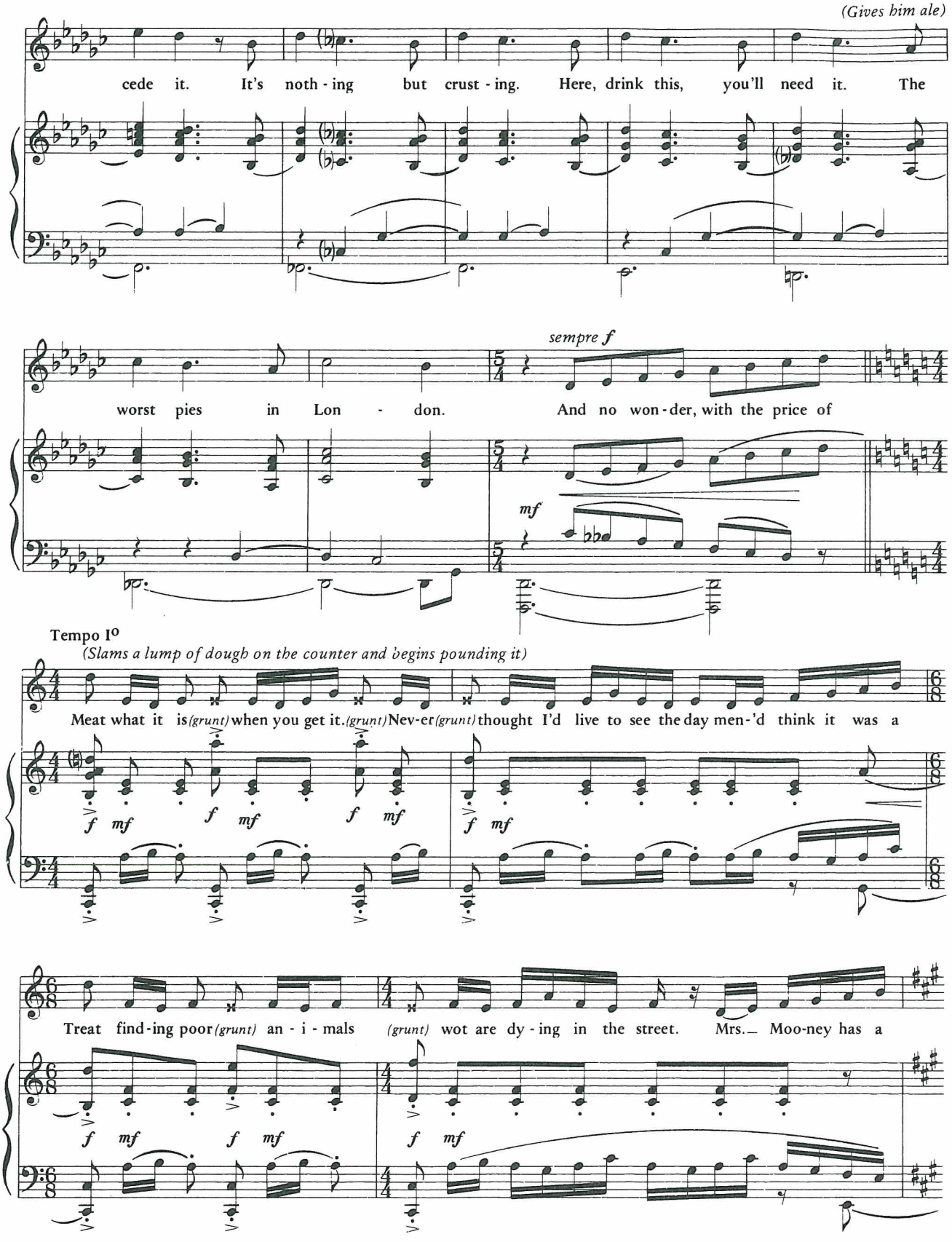
Lyrics and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM
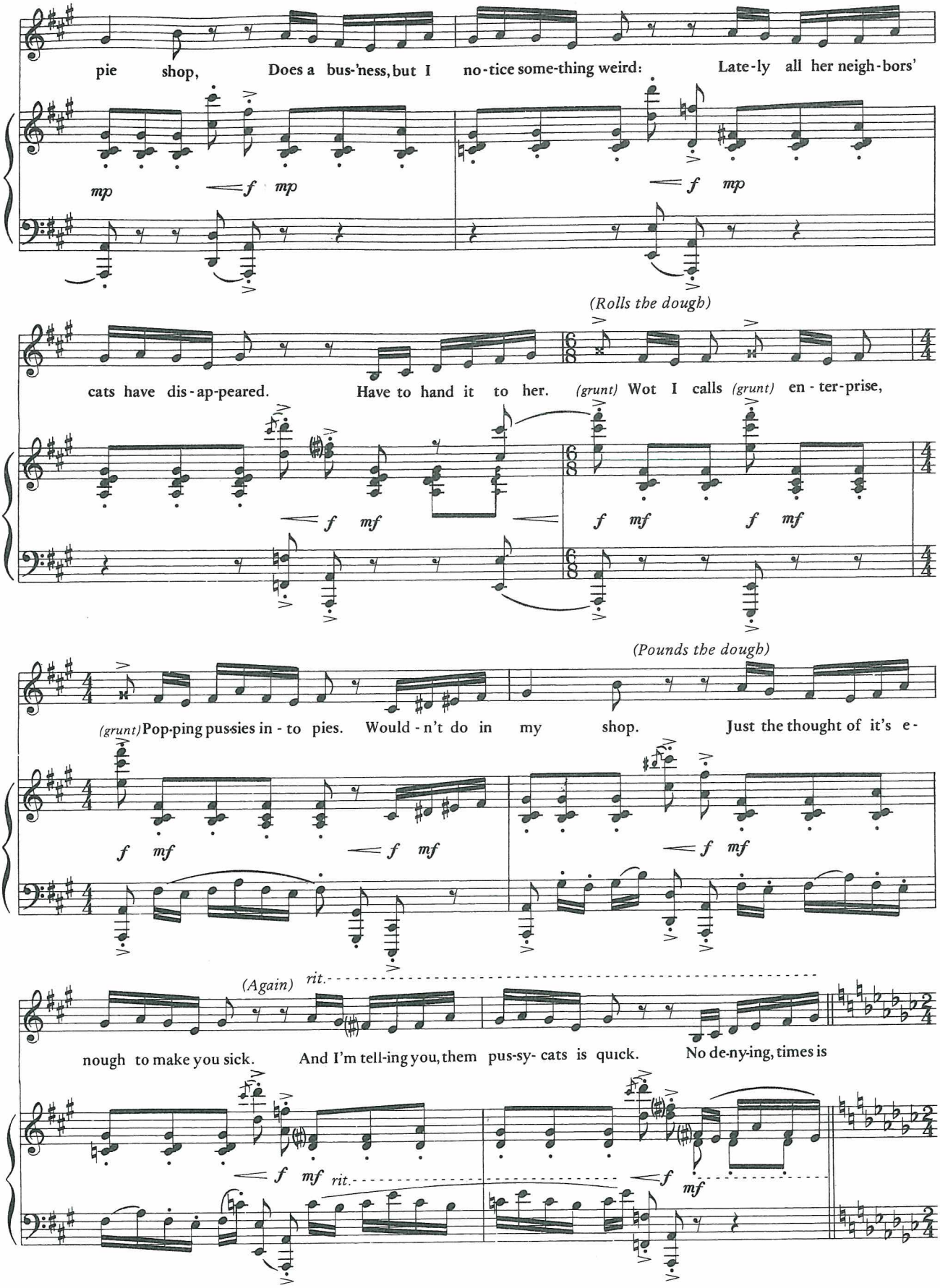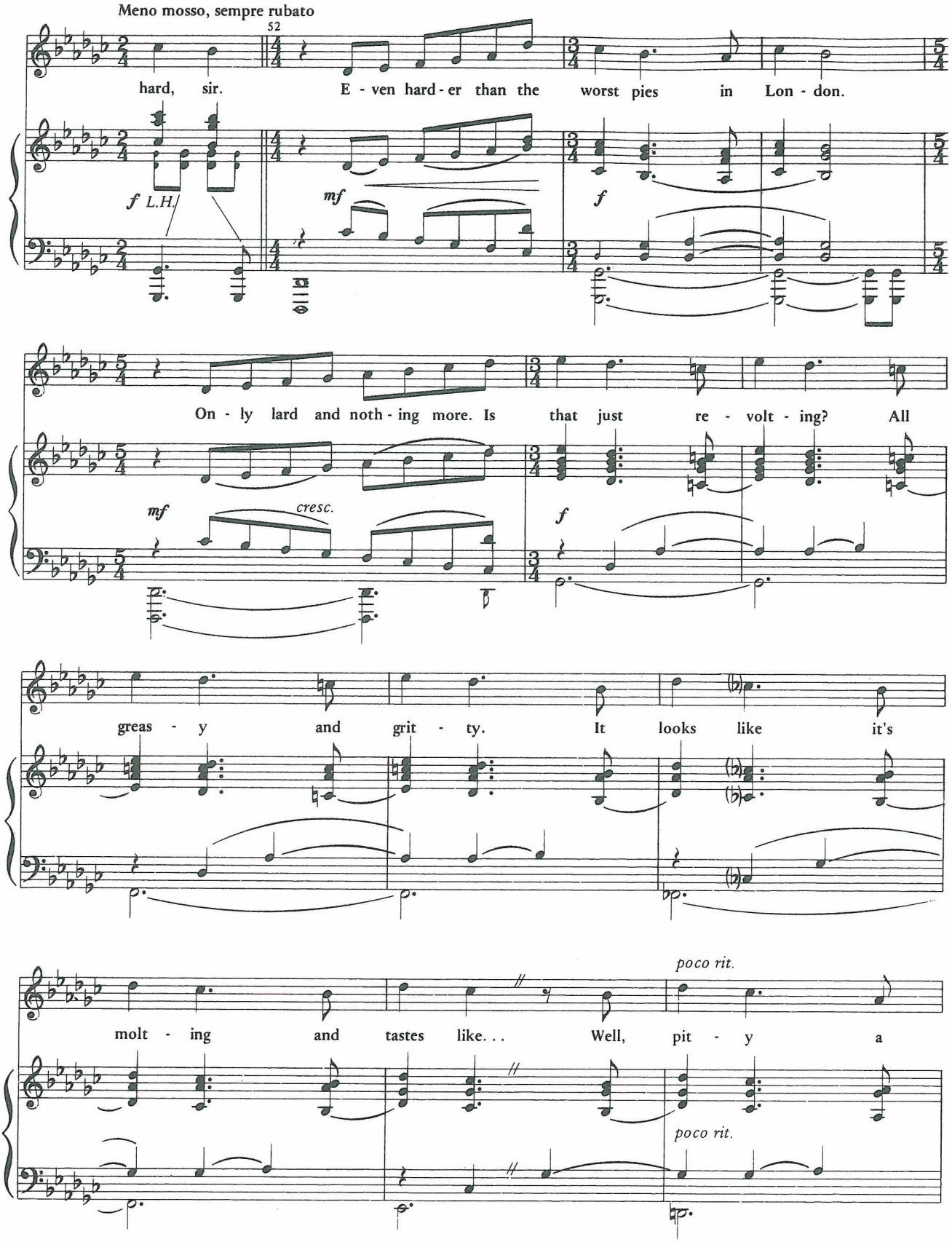


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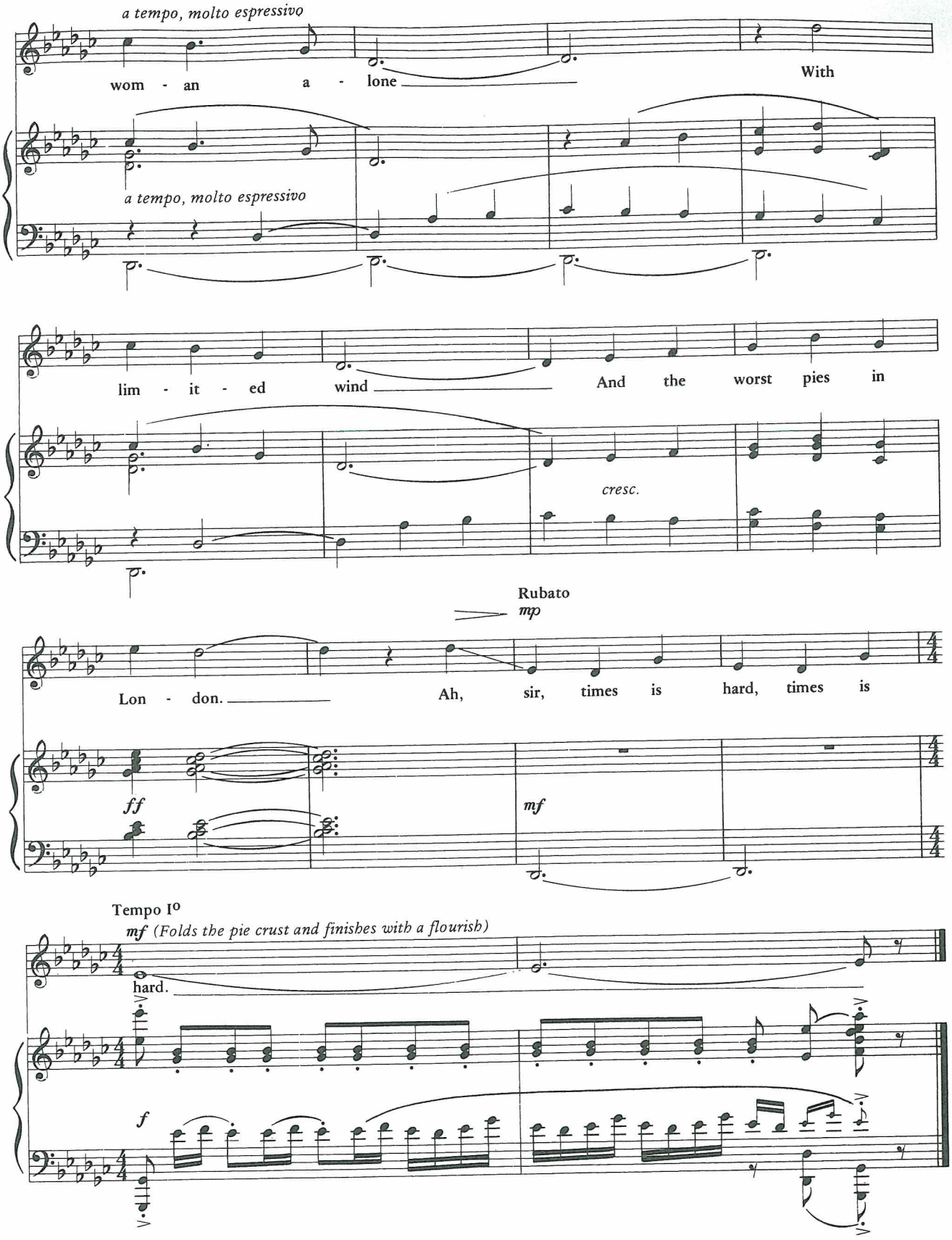

(Plucks some-thing off a pie)
(Drops it on the floor) (Stomps on it)
head's a lit-tle vague. Ugh! What is that? But you'd think we had the plague from the way that peo-ple
(Flicks at some-thing on the counter)
(Spots it moving)
(Smacks it with her hand)
(Looks at her hand)
(Wipes it on her apron)
keep a-void-ing...No, you don't! Heav-en knows I try, sir! Yich! But there's no-one comes in
(Blows dust off the pie as she brings it to him)
e-ven to in-hale. Tsk! Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale? Mind you, I can hard-ly
cresc.
poco rit.
Meno mosso, sempre rubato
14
sempre f
blame them. These are prob-a-bly the worst pies in Lon-don.
L.H.
mf poco rit.
mp espressivo
mf


I know why no - bod - y cares to take them. I should know, I
f
make them, But good? No, The worst pies in Lon - don.
E - ven that's po - lite. The worst pies in Lon - don.
mf
f
If you doubt it, take a bite: Is that just dis - gust - ing? You have to con -
mf
f


(Gives him ale)
cede it. It's noth - ing but crust - ing. Here, drink this, you'll need it. The
sempre f
worst pies in Lon - don. And no won - der, with the price of
mf
Tempo I°
(Slams a lump of dough on the counter and begins pounding it)
Meat what it is (grunt) when you get it. (grunt) Nev-er (grunt) thought I'd live to see the day men-'d think it was a
f mf f mf f mf
f mf
Treat find-ing poor (grunt) an - i - mals (grunt) wot are dy - ing in the street. Mrs.— Moo-ney has a
f mf f mf
f mf


pie shop, Does a bus-'ness, but I no-tice some-thing weird: Late-ly all her neigh-bors'
mp f mp f mp
(Rolls the dough)
cats have dis-ap-peared. Have to hand it to her. (grunt) Wot I calls (grunt) en-ter-prise,
f mf f mf f mf
(Pounds the dough)
(grunt) Pop-ping pussies in-to pies. Would-n't do in my shop. Just the thought of it's e-
f mf f mf f mf
(Again) rit.
nough to make you sick. And I'm tell-ing you, them pus-sy-cats is quick. No de-ny-ing, times is
f mf rit. f mf


Meno mosso, sempre rubato
52
hard, sir. E - ven hard - er than the worst pies in Lon - don.
f L.H.
mf
f
On - ly lard and noth - ing more. Is that just re - volt - ing? All
mf
cresc.
f
greas - y and grit - ty. It looks like it's
molt - ing and tastes like. . . Well, pit - y a
poco rit.
poco rit.

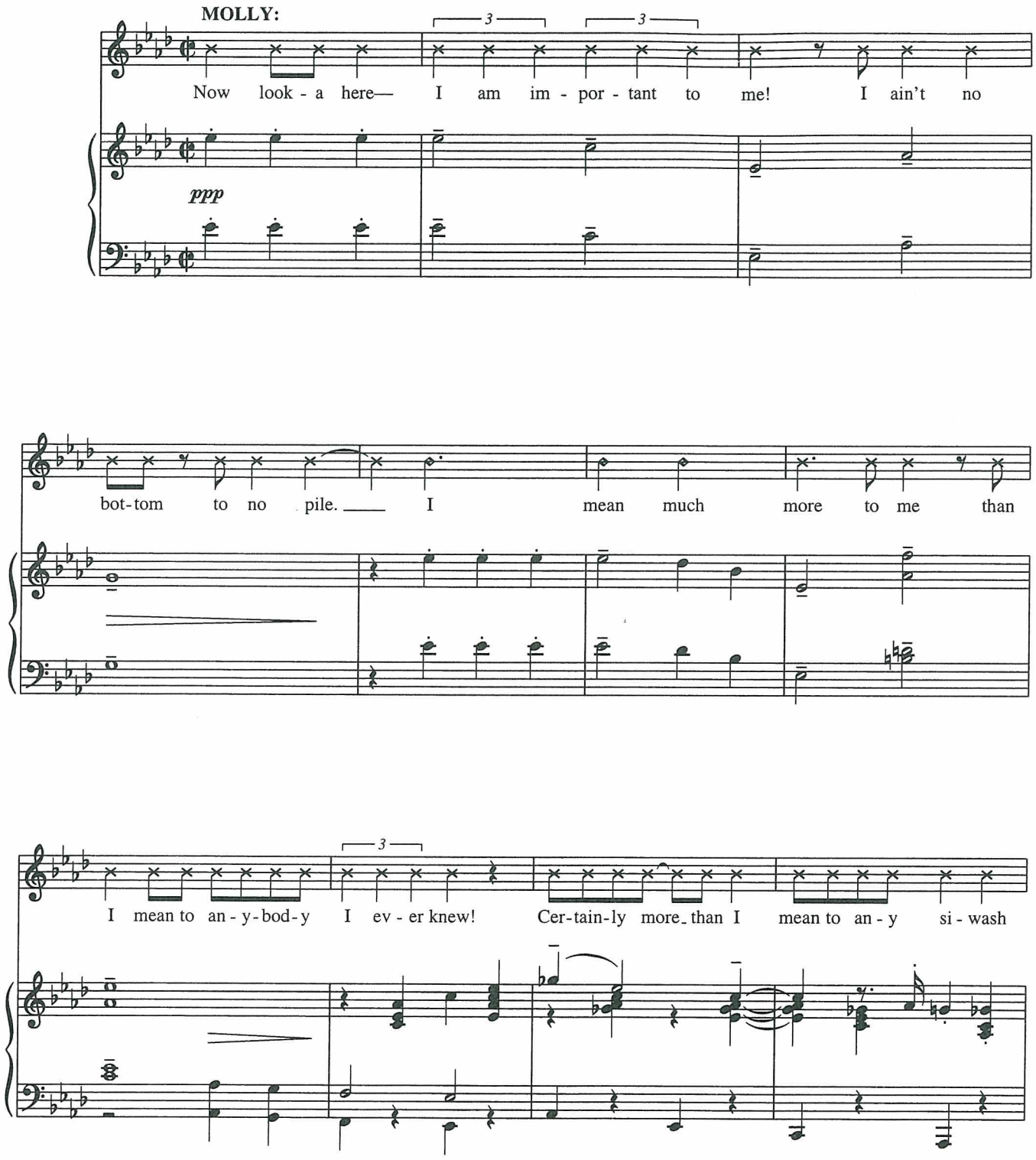

a tempo, molto espressivo
wom - an a - lone
With
a tempo, molto espressivo
lim - it - ed wind
And the worst pies in
cresc.
Rubato
mp
Lon - don.
Ah, sir, times is hard, times is
ff
mf
Tempo I°
mf (Folds the pie crust and finishes with a flourish)
hard.
f

I AIN'T DOWN YET
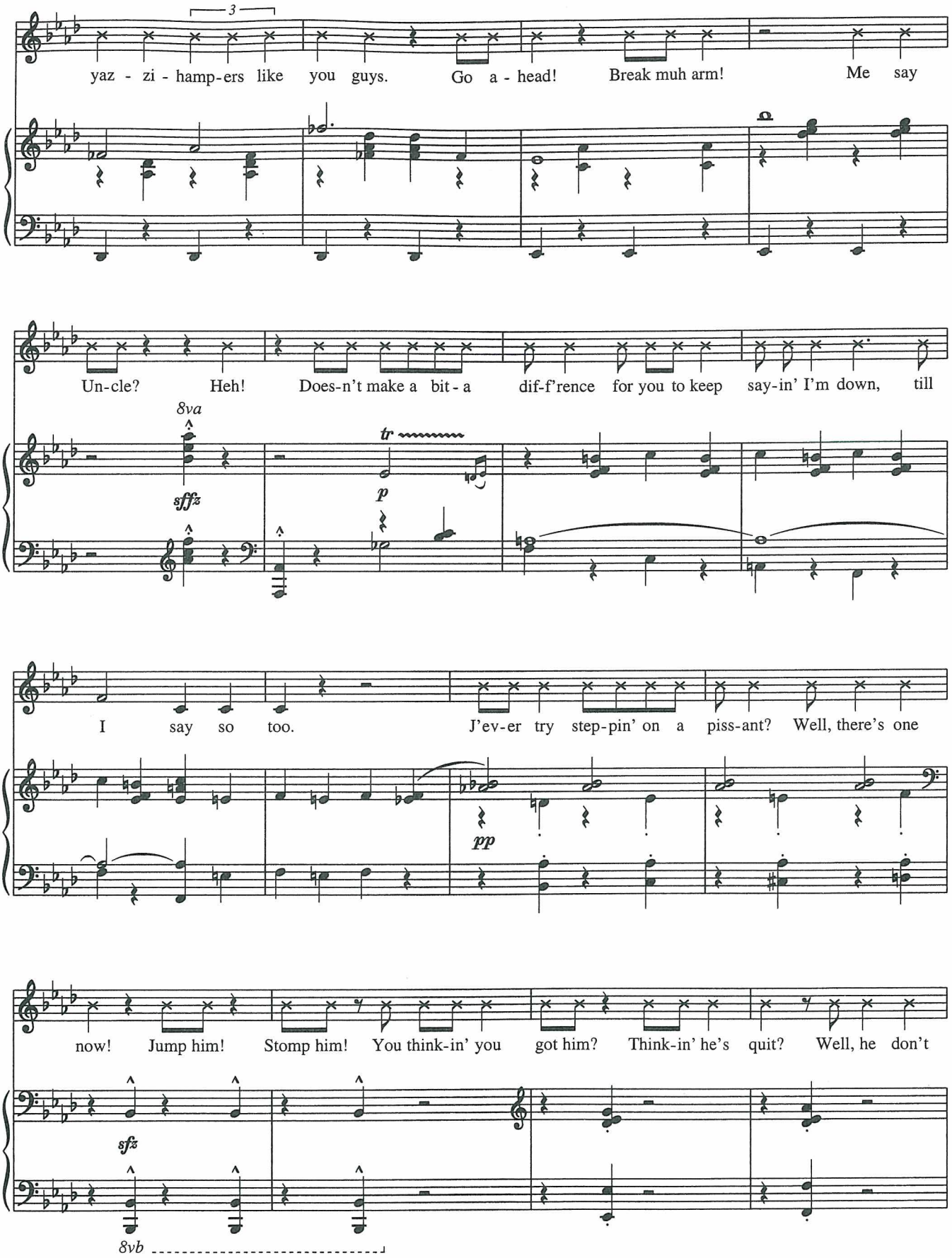
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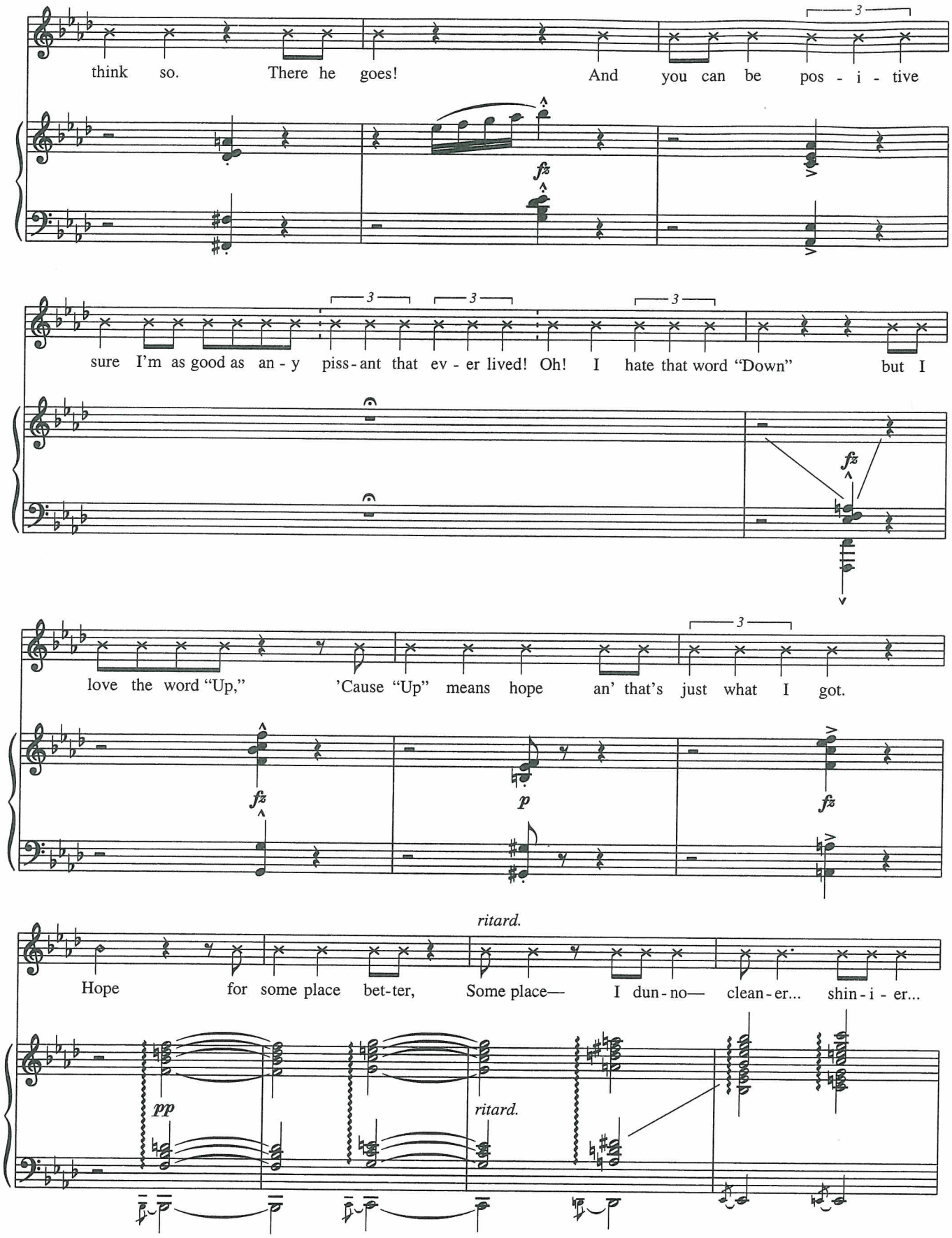
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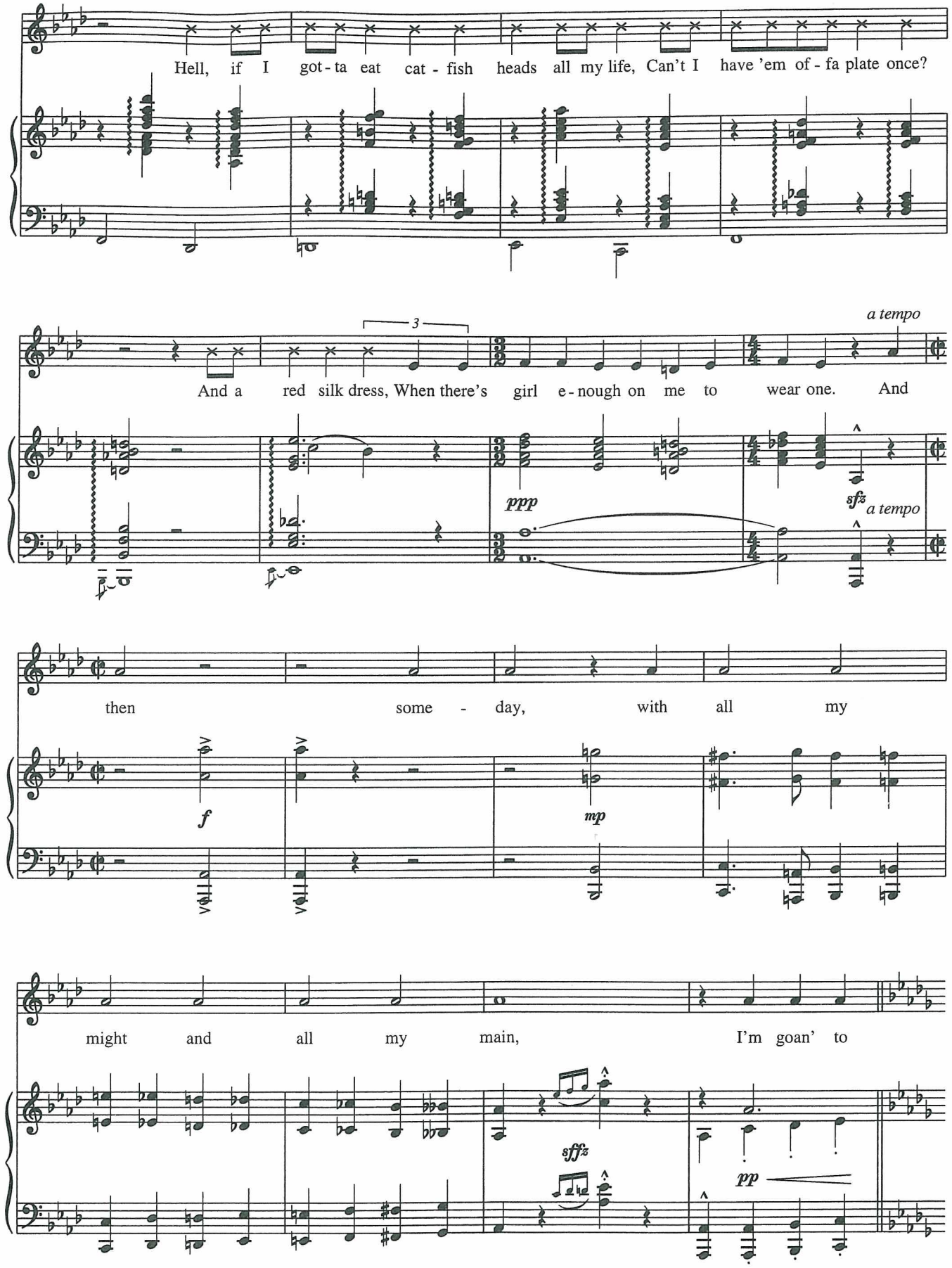
Allegro vigoroso
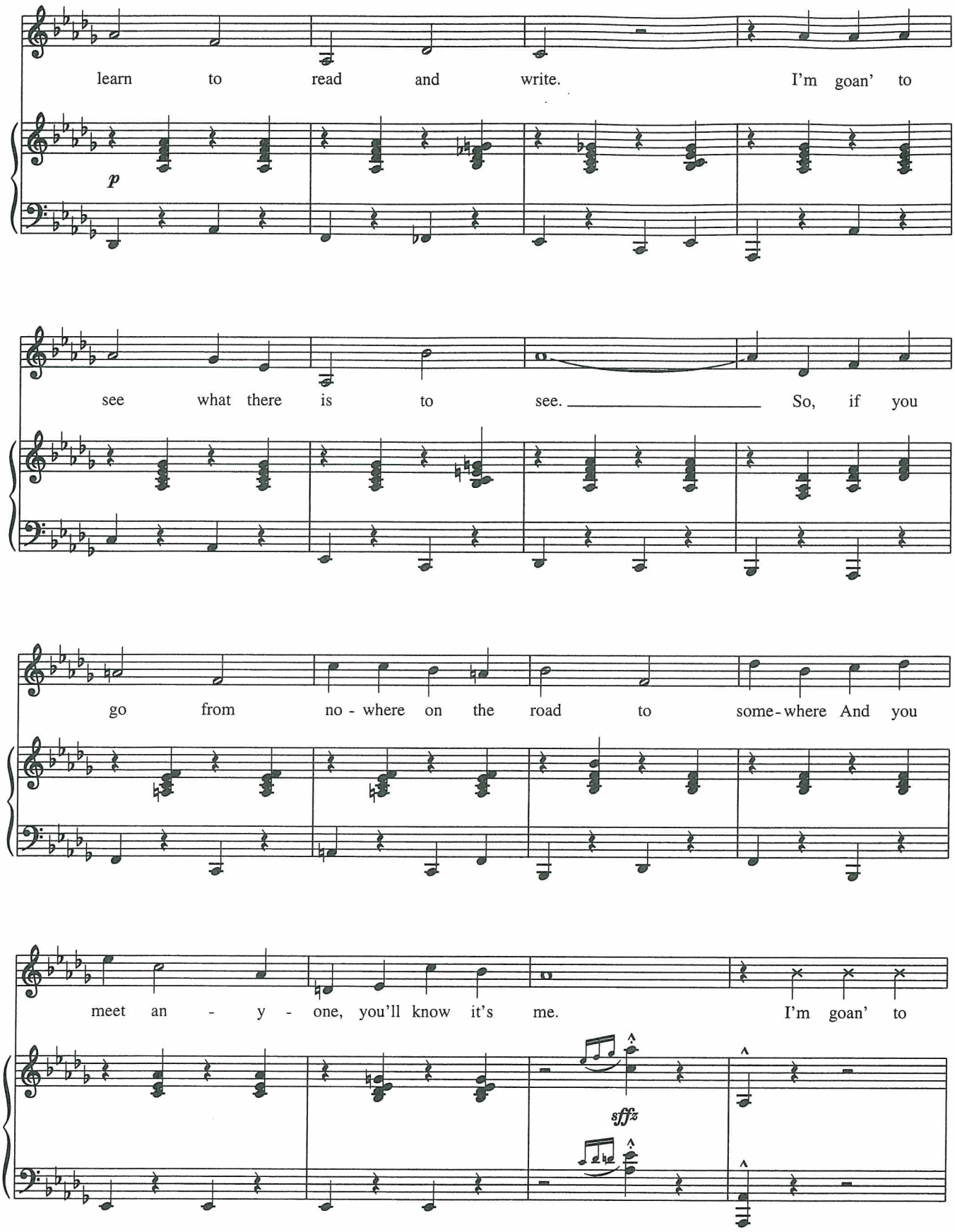


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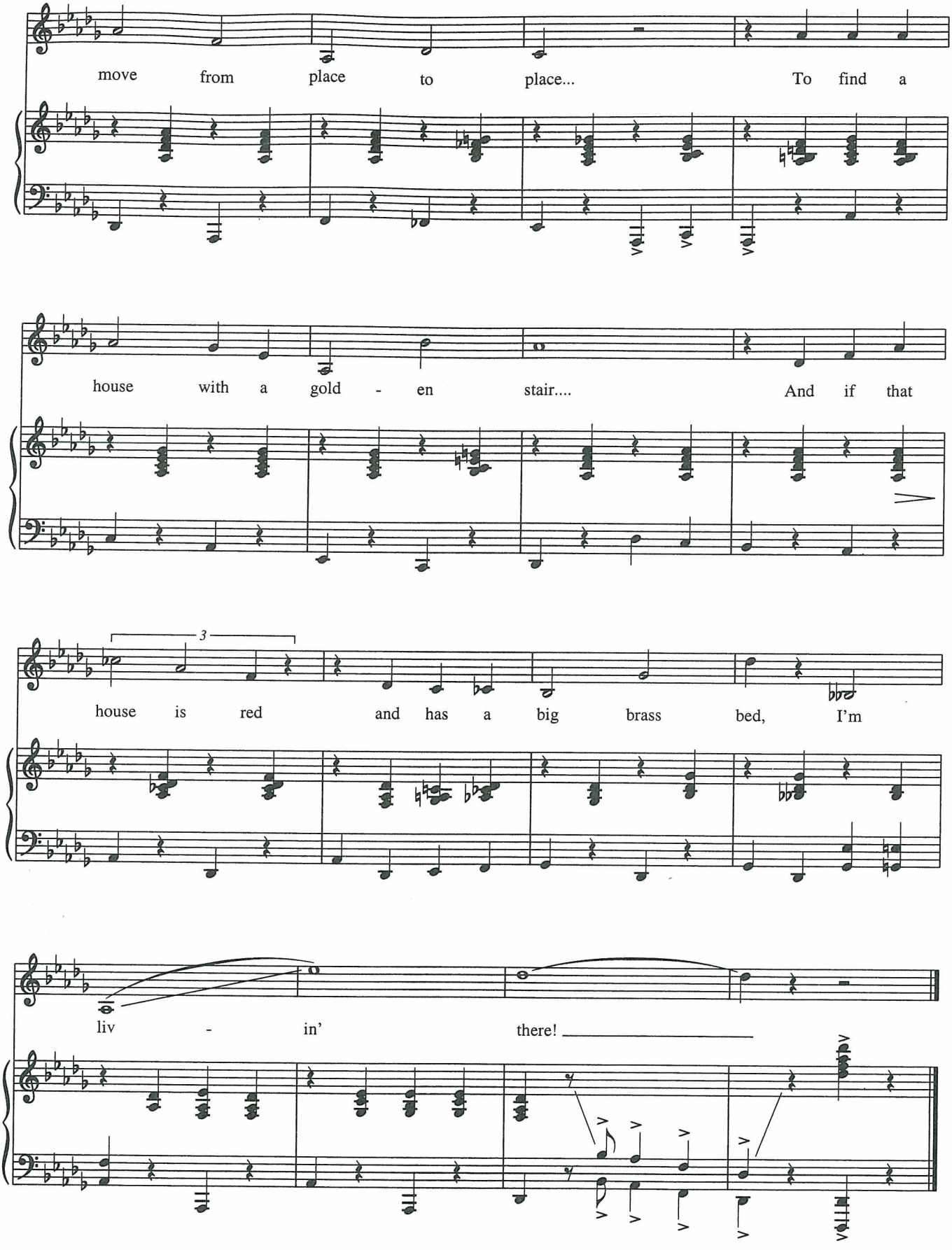

3
yaz - zi - hamp-ers like you guys. Go a - head! Break muh arm! Me say
Un-cle? Heh! Does-n't make a bit - a dif-f'rence for you to keep say-in' I'm down, till
8va
sffz
tr
p
I say so too. J'ev-er try step-pin' on a piss-ant? Well, there's one
pp
now! Jump him! Stomp him! You think-in' you got him? Think-in' he's quit? Well, he don't
sfz
8vb


think so. There he goes! And you can be pos - i - tive
sure I'm as good as an - y piss - ant that ev - er lived! Oh! I hate that word "Down" but I
love the word "Up," 'Cause "Up" means hope an' that's just what I got.
Hope for some place bet-ter, Some place— I dun - no— clean - er... shin - i - er...
ritard.
ritard.


Hell, if I got-ta eat cat-fish heads all my life, Can't I have 'em of-fa plate once?
3
a tempo
And a red silk dress, When there's girl e-nough on me to wear one. And
ppp
sfz
a tempo
then some - day, with all my
f
mp
might and all my main, I'm goan' to
sffz
pp

March
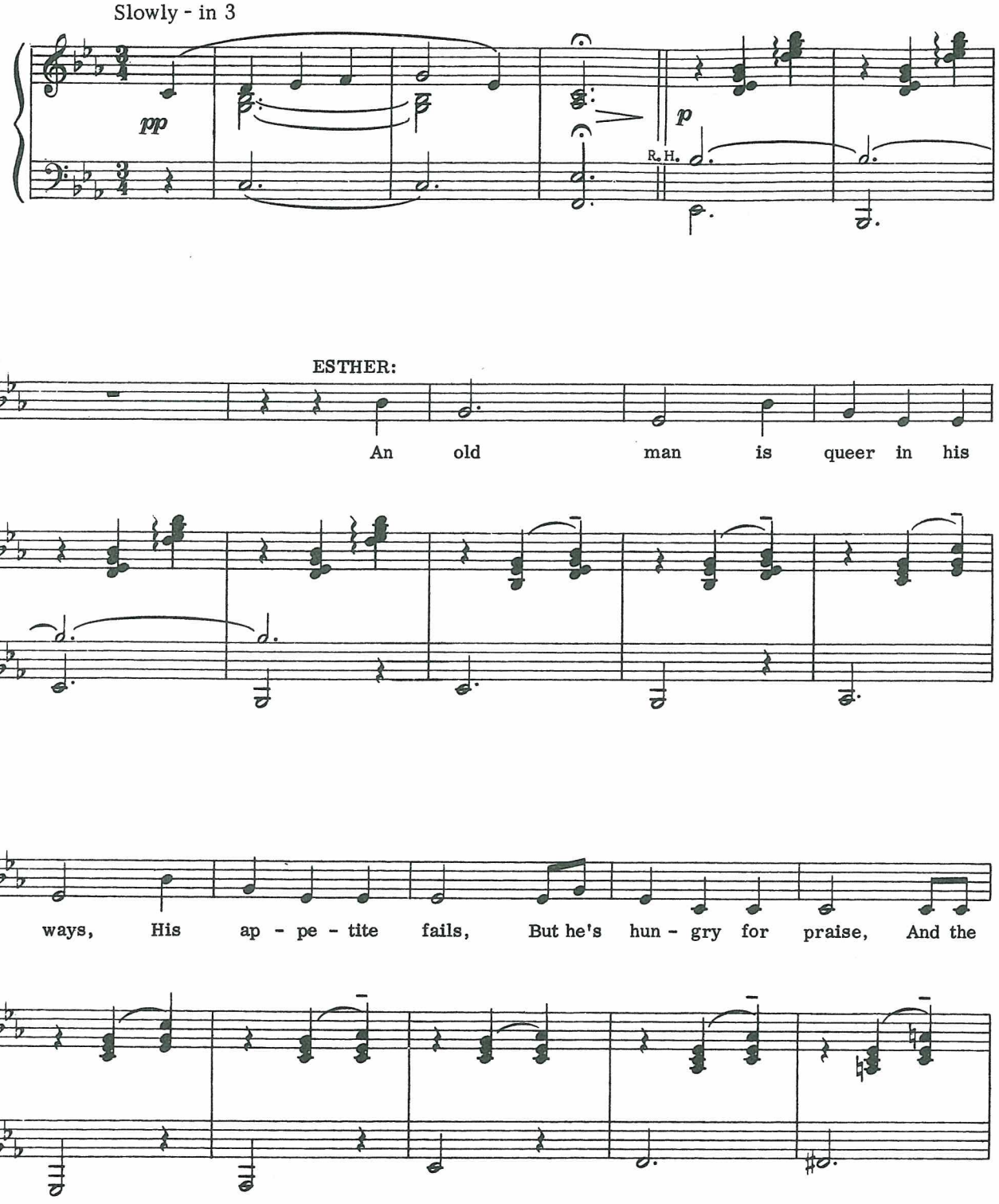

learn to read and write. I'm goan' to
p
see what there is to see. So, if you
go from no - where on the road to some - where And you
meet an - y - one, you'll know it's me. I'm goan' to
sffz


move from place to place... To find a
house with a gold - en stair.... And if that
3
house is red and has a big brass bed, I'm
liv - in' there!
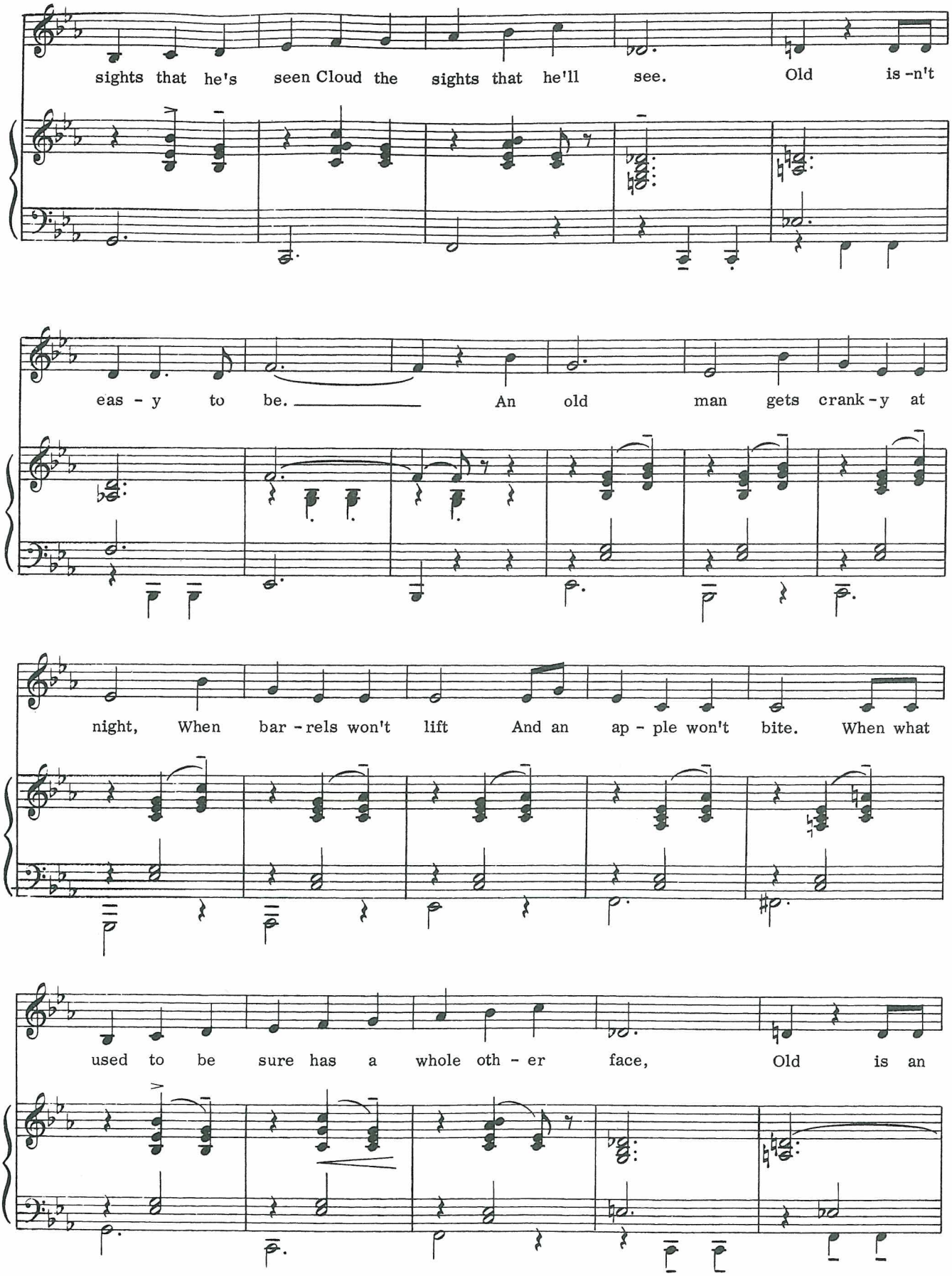
AN OLD MAN

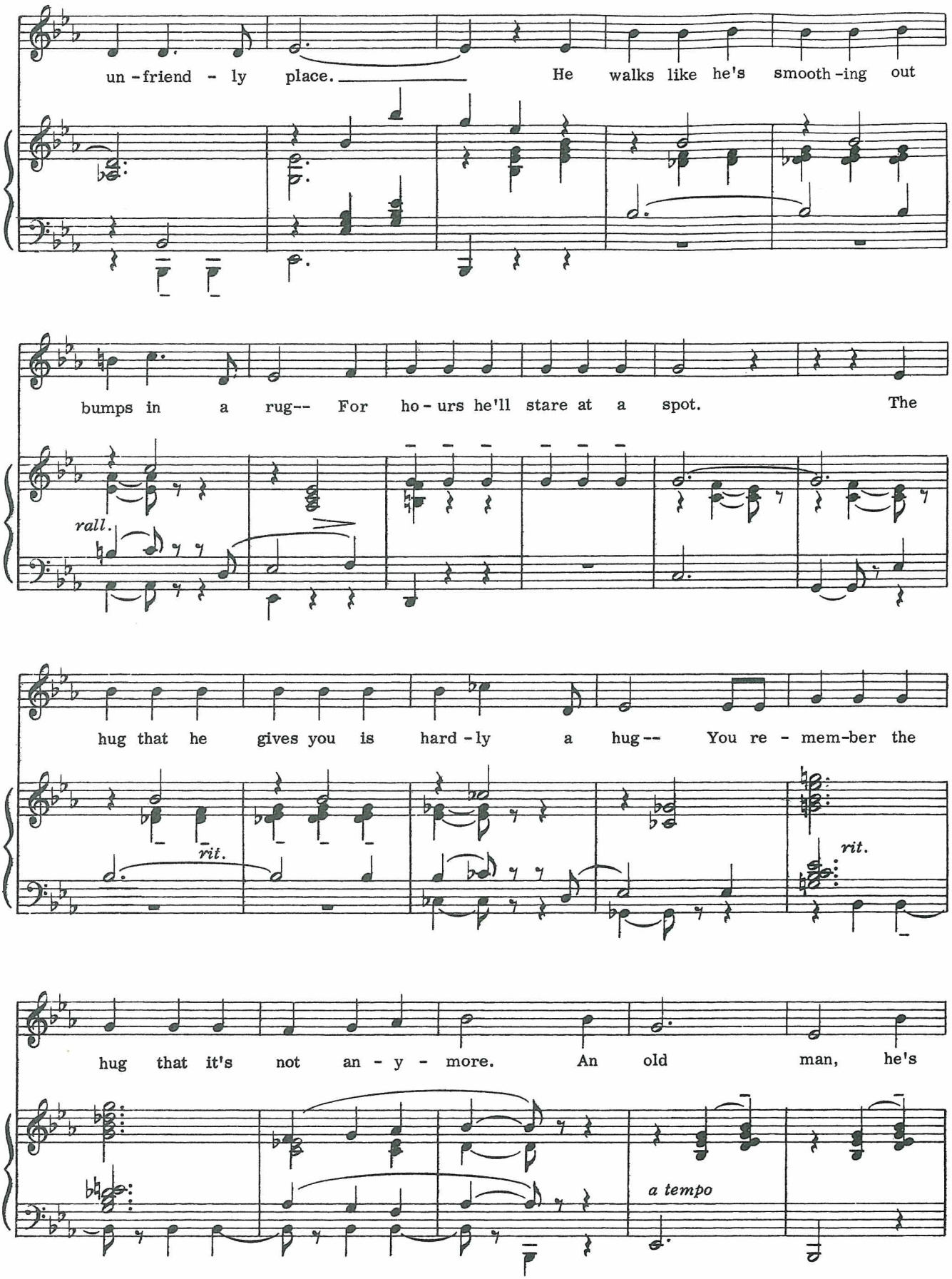
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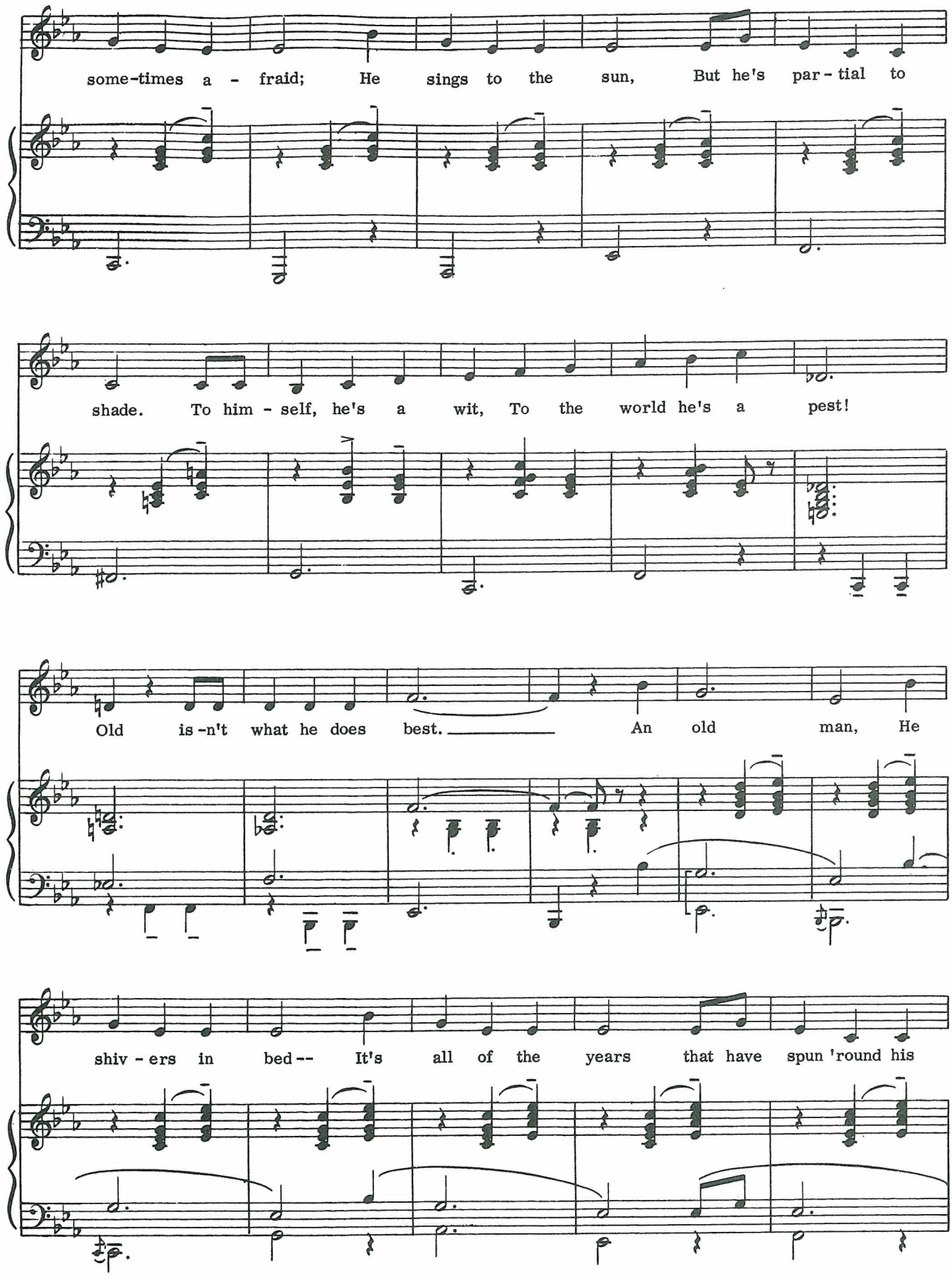
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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
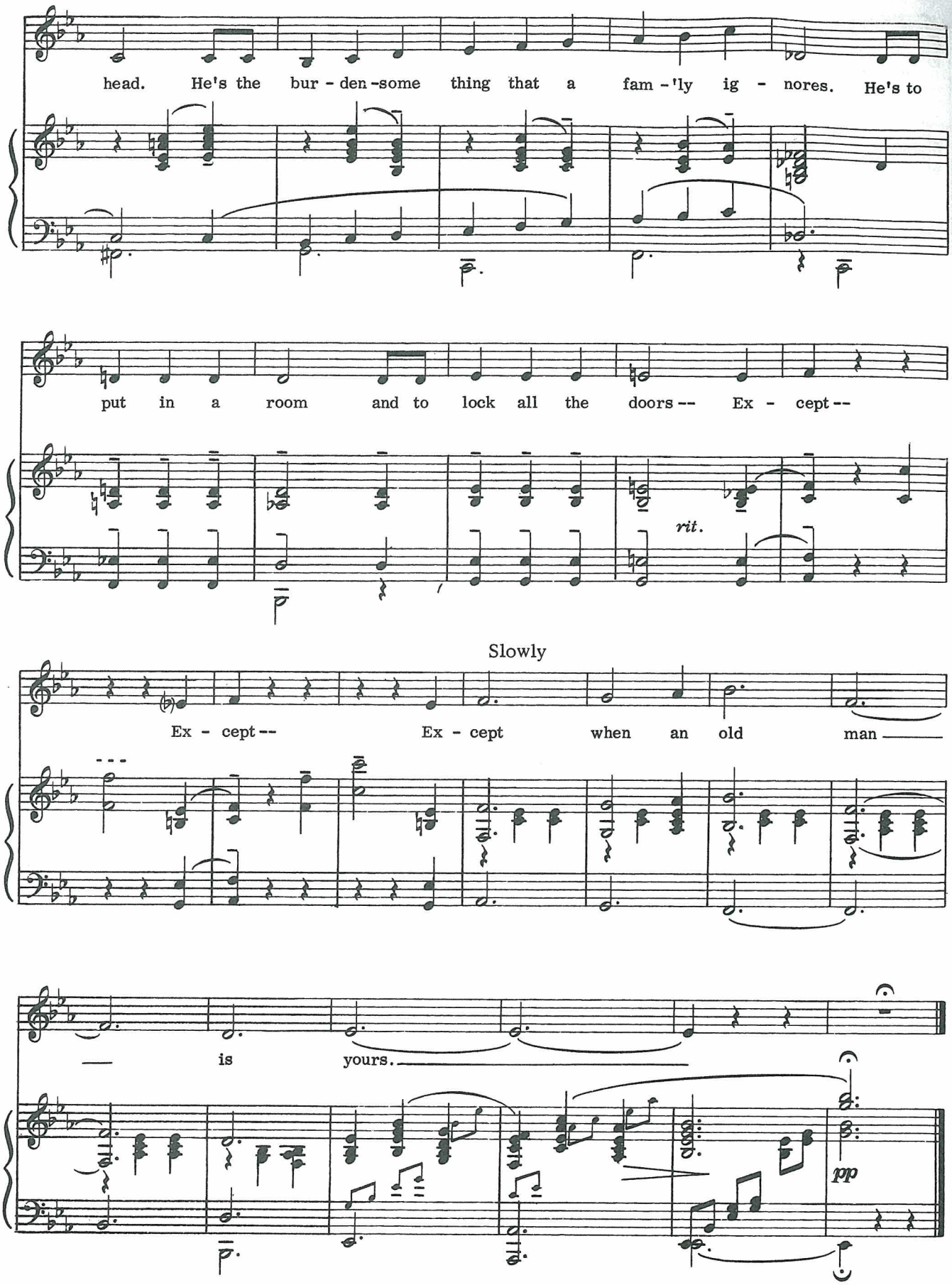


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sights that he's seen Cloud the sights that he'll see. Old is -n't
eas - y to be. An old man gets crank - y at
night, When bar - rels won't lift And an ap - ple won't bite. When what
used to be sure has a whole oth - er face, Old is an


un - friend - ly place. He walks like he's smooth - ing out
bumps in a rug-- For ho - urs he'll stare at a spot. The
rall.
hug that he gives you is hard - ly a hug-- You re - mem-ber the
rit.
rit.
hug that it's not an - y - more. An old man, he's
a tempo


some-times a - fraid; He sings to the sun, But he's par - tial to
shade. To him - self, he's a wit, To the world he's a pest!
Old is-n't what he does best. An old man, He
shiv - ers in bed -- It's all of the years that have spun 'round his


head. He's the bur - den - some thing that a fam - 'ly ig - nores. He's to
put in a room and to lock all the doors -- Ex - cept --
rit.
Slowly
Ex - cept -- Ex - cept when an old man
is yours.
pp