The Big Book of Broadway

Piano Vocal Guitar

29 Songs from 40 Shows, Including

Aida - Cabaret - A Chorus Line - The Full Monty - Hamilton - Kiss Me, Kate - Les Misérables - The Phantom of the Opera - The Producers - South Pacific - Thoroughly Modern Millie

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Andante

RAOUL:

No more talk of darkness, forget these wide-eyed fears: I'm here, nothing can harm you, my words will warm and calm you.

Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears: I'm
here, with you, beside you, to guard you and to guide you.

CHRISTINE:

Say you love me every waking moment, turn my head with talk of

summer-time. Say you need me with you now and always;

promise me that all you say is true, that's all I ask of
RAOUl:

Let me be your shelter, let me be your light; you're safe, no one will find you your

a tempo

ms

CHRISTINE:

fears are far behind you. All I want is freedom, a world with no more night; and

you, always beside me, to hold me and to hide me. Then say you'll share with me one

love, one lifetime; let me lead you from your solitude.
Say you need me with you, here beside you, anywhere you go, let me go

Db Ab Ebm7 Ab6 Ebm7/Ab Db Bbm7

CHRISTINE: too. Christine, that's all I ask of you. Say you'll share with me one

Db/Ab Ebm7/Ab Ab6 Ebm7/Ab Db Bbm7

love, one lifetime; say the word and I will follow you.

Db Bbm7 Ebm7 Ab Ab7

TOGETHER: CHRISTINE:

Share each day with me, each night, each morning. Say you love me!

Db Bbm7 Ebm7 Ab Ab7

RAOUl:

You know I
RAOUL & CHRISTINE:

do.

Love me, that's all I ask of you.

CHRIStINE & RAOUL:

An - y - where you go, let me go

RAOUL & CHRISTINE:

too;

love me, that's all I ask of you.
Freely
Ebm

MAX: Ebm/Bb

The time has come
to be a lover from the

fp > p
mf colla voce

E/G♯

Argentina,
to slick my hair down with Brilliantine.

Ebm

E♭7

and gargle heavily with Listerine.

It's

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time for Max to put his back-ers on their backs

and thrill them with amaz-ing acts, those aging nympho-mani-

Tango

Ebm

acis. Ah! Ah!

Bb7

They were help-less, they were hope-less then a long came Bi-
al-y! They were joy less, they were boy less, then a-

long came Bi-al-y! They’re my an-gels I’m their

dev-il, and I keep those em-bers a-glow._ When I woo ‘em, I can’t

lose ‘em, ‘cause I cast my spell ‘n’ they start yel-lin’ fi-re down be-low! They were
listing they were sinking then along came Bialy! They were desperate they were drinking then along came Bialy! So romantic they were frantic then their prayers were heard up above. Heaven sent them their Bialy! I'm the
cel - e - bra - tion of love!

Life had passed us by and

love had sto - len a - way.

At the end of our rope, we’d giv-en up hope of one last roll in the hay.

Dis -

card-ed dolls, a - ban - doned wrecks con - demned to a life of sit - ting and knit - ting, when

Faster, in 4

all we real - ly wanted was sex!
We were listening, we were sinking, then along came Bially!

We were desperate, we were drinking, then along came Bially!

So romantic, we were
frantic, then our prayers were heard up above.

It's Bi-
al-y, hail Bi-al-y! He's the culmi-
na-tion, the re-
sto-ra-tion, the
con-sum-
ma-
tion, the tit-
la-
tion, e-jac-
ua-
tion, he's the cel-
e-
bra-
tion of love!
Annie: Anything you can do, I can do better.
Annie: Anything you can buy, I can buy cheaper.
Annie: Anything you can lick, I can lick faster.

Frank: No you can't.
Frank: Fifty cents.
Frank: With your fist.

Annie: Yes I can.
Frank: No you can't.
Annie: Forty cents.
Frank: Thirty cents.
Annie: With my feet.
Frank: With your feet.
Annie: With an axe.
Frank: No you can't.
Annie: Yes I can, yes I can.
Annie: Yes I can, yes I can.
Annie: Yes I can, yes I can.

Anything you can be, I can be greater.
Anything you can dig, I can dig deeper.
Any school where you went I could be master.

Sooner or later, I'm greater than you.
Frank: No you're not.
I can dig anything deeper than you.
Frank: Thirty feet.
I could be master much faster than you.
Frank: Can you spell...
Annie: Yes I am. Frank: No you’re not. Annie: Yes I am. Frank: No you’re not.
Annie: No I can’t. Frank: Can you add. Annie: No I can’t. Frank: Can you teach.

Dm7/G

G7

C

Annie: Yes I am, yes I am.
Annie: Yes I can, yes I can.
Annie: Yes I can, yes I can.

Em

Em6

Dm

Frank: I can shoot a partridge with a single cartridge. Annie: I
Frank: I can drink my liquor faster than a flicker. Annie: I
Frank: I could be a racer quite a steeple chaser. Annie: I
can get a sparrow with a bow and arrow.
Frank: I can do most

can do it quicker and get even sicker.
Frank: I can live on

can jump a hurdle even with my girdle.
Frank: I can open

D7

Annie: Can you bake a pie?
Frank: No.

G7

Annie: And only on that?
Frank: Yes.

Annie: Can you bake a pie? Frank: No.
Annie: And only on that? Frank: Yes.

Annie: Can you bake a pie? Frank: No.
Annie: And only on that? Frank: Yes.

Dm7

Annie: Neither can I.

G9

Annie: Any thing you can sing I can sing louder.

G7

Annie: So can a rat.

C

Annie: Any note you can reach, I can go higher.

G7

Annie: That's what I thought.

C

Annie: Any note you can hold I can hold longer.
I can sing anything louder than you. Frank: No you can't.
I can sing anything higher than you. Frank: No you can't.
I can hold any note longer than you. Frank: No you can't.

Annie: Yes I can. Frank: No you can't. Annie: Yes I can. Frank: No you can't.
Annie: Yes I can. Frank: No you can't. Annie: Yes I can. Frank: No you can't.
Annie: Yes I can. Frank: No you can't. Annie: Yes I can. Frank: No you can't.

Annie: Yes I can. Yes I can.
Annie: Yes I can. Yes I can.
Annie: Yes I can. Yes I can.
Moderato

Most people live on a lonely island

Lost in the middle of a foggy sea.

Most people long for another island
One where they know they would like to be.

**Refrain (slowly)**

Fdim  Fdim  F  F

Ha’i may call you any night, Any day. In your

p-mf

E/F  Db7/F  F

heart you’ll hear it call you: “Come away, Come away.”

Ba-li

Fdim  Fdim  F  F

Ha’i will whisper On the wind of the sea: “Here am
I. Your special island! Come to me, come to me!" Your
own special hopes, Your own special dreams
Bloom on the hillside And shine in the streams. If you
try, You'll find me, Where the sky Meets the sea. "Here am
Your special island!

Come to me,

Bali Hai!

Some day you'll see me,

Floating in the sunshine,

My head sticking out from a low-flying
cloud.
You'll hear me call you,

Singing through the sunshine,
Sweet and clear as can be.

"Come to me, Here am I, come to me!"
Bali Ha'i!
ANOTHER HUNDRED PEOPLErom Company

Allegretto \( \left( \text{d} \right) = 112 \)
(dolce e leggero)

Another hundred people just got off of the train and came up through the ground while an-

other hundred people just got off of the bus and are looking around at an-

other hundred people who got off of the plane and are looking at us who got

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off of the train and the plane and the bus may be yes-ter-day.

It's a ci-ty of strang-ers.

Some come to work, some to play. A ci-ty of strang-ers.

Some come to stare, some to stay. And
Every day
the ones who stay

(poco cresc.)

can find each other in the crowded streets and the

guarded parks.
By the rusty fountains and the
dusty trees with the battered barks.
And they
walk together past the poster'd walls with the crude remarks.

And they

cresc.

meet at parties through the friends of friends who they never know.

Will you pick me up or do I meet you there or shall we

let it go?

Did you get my message 'cause I
looked in vain? Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain? Look, I'll call you in the morning or my service will explain.

And another hundred people just got off the train.
Barely even friends, then somebody bends unexpectedly.

Just a little change.

Small, to say the least. Both a little scared.

neither one prepared. Beauty and the
Beast.

a tempo, tenderly

A7sus

F#m

G(add9)

Ever just the same.

Ever a prise.

Ever as before,

Ever just as sure as the sun will rise.

Tale as old as
time,

tune as old as song.

Bitter-sweet and strange,

finding you can

change,

learning you were wrong.

Certain as the

sun

rising in the East,

tale as old as
time, song as old as rhyme, Beauty and the Beast.

Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme, Beauty and the Beast.
my show life, I'm ready to move out in front,
All of those lights over there,

Gm7 C7 F Fm
I've had enough of just passing by life;
Seem to be telling me where I'm going;
When the

C C+ C6
rest of them, With the best of them,
whistles blow And the cymbals crash
And the sparklers

Em Am D7 Cdim C6
head up the sky. For I've got a goal again,
high. I'm gonna raise the roof.
I've got a
drive a-gain,
I'm gon-na feel my heart,
com-in' a-live a-gain.

Gim-me an old trom-bone,
gim-me an old ba-ton,

Before The Pa-rade
Pass-es

By,

2. Look at the
ROBERT:

Someone to hold you too close,
Someone to need you too much,
Someone to hurt you too deep,
Someone to sit in your chair,
To ruin your well,
Someone to pull you up short,
To put you through sleep,
To make you aware
Of being alive.

hell, and give you support
Is being alive.
Being alive.

2nd time
cresc. poco a poco

Being alive.

(cresc. poco a poco)

Someone you have to let in,

sub. p

Someone whose feelings you spare,

Someone who, like it or
not, Will want you to share A little a lot, is being a

live, Being alive.

Someone to crowd you with love,

Someone to force you to care, Someone to make you come
live.

Somebody hold me too close,
Somebody need me too much,
Somebody hurt me too well;
Somebody know me too short
And ruin my
don't leave me

* Add notes in parentheses 2nd time only.
sleep
and make me aware
Of being alive,

hell
and give me support
For being alive,

Being alive.

Make me a-

live,

2nd time
cresc. poco a poco

live,

Make me a-

live.

Make me con-
fused, Mock me with praise,

Let me be used, Var y my

days. But a lone

is a lone. Not a
live.

Somebody crowd me with love.

Somebody force me to care.  Somebody let me come through,  I’ll always be there as frightened as you.  To help us sur-
vive
Being alive,

Being alive,
Being alive,

live.

live.
BRING HIM HOME
from LES MISÉRABLES

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL
and HERBERT KRETZMER

Andante

L.H. over R.H.

VALJEAN:

God on high, hear my prayer.

In my need You have always been there.

He is young, he's afraid. Let him
rest
heaven blessed.
Bring him

poco più mosso
home.
bring him home.
bring him

più mosso
home.
He’s like the son I might have known
if God had granted me a

son.
The summers die
one by one.
How soon they fly
on and
on. And I am old and will be gone. Bring him

dim.

a tempo primo

peace, bring him joy. He is

p

sim.

young, he is only a boy. You can

You can
take, you can give. Let him
be, let him live. If I
die, let me die, let him
live. Bring him home, bring him
home, bring him home.
Handclapping Spiritual Feel

By FRANK LOESSER

There is a

Brotherhood Of Man, is free,
Keep a-giving each

Brotherhood all Of you Man, you can.
Oh aren't you
tie that binds
proud to be
all human hearts and minds

in that fraternity
into one

brotherhood of man.
your lifelong

brotherhood of man?

man?
BRUSH UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE
from KISS ME, KATE

Bowery Waltz

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

The girls today in society
Go for classical poetry.

So, to win their hearts, one must quote with
ease Aeschylus and Euphues.

des. One must know Homer and b'lieve me,

bo, Sophocles, also Sappho.

bo, Unless you know Shelley and Keats and
Pope.

Dainty debbies will call you a
dope.

But the poet of them all

Who will start ’em simply ravin’

Is the poet people call
C/G
The bard of Stratford-on-Avon.

Refrain

F
D7♯5
D7
G7

Brush up your Shakespeare,
Brush up your Shakespeare,
Brush up your Shakespeare,

mf

C7

Start quoting him now
Start quoting him now
Start quoting him now

F

B♭

Brush up your Shakespeare
Brush up your Shakespeare
Brush up your Shakespeare

G7

And the women
And the women
And the women
you will wow.
you will wow.
you will wow.

Just de - claim a few lines from O - 
thel - la
Heights dream,
Ham - let

And they’ll think you’re a
Heck - uv - a fel - la.
Treat the kid to A
Mid - sum - mer Night’s

If your goil is a
Wash - ing - ton
Ham - let
They will not give a
damn or a
damn - let.

If you can’t be a
ham and do

If your blonde won’t re - spond when you
With the wife of the Brit - ish em - bes - si - da
Just re - cite an oc - ca - sion - al

Tell her
Try a

Son - net, and your

What To - ny told Cle - o - pa - ter - er.
And if still to be
crack out of Troi - lus and Cres - si - da.
If she says she won’t
lap - ’ll have Hon - ey up - on it.
When your ba - by is
shocked she pretends, well, Just remind her that All’s Well That
buy it or take* it, Make her take it, what’s more, As You
pleading for pleasure Let her sample your Measure for

F/A
C G7/D C7/E F D7#5 D7 G7

Ends Well. Brush up your Shakespeare
Like It. Brush up your Shakespeare
Measure. Brush up your Shakespeare

F
C7

And they’ll all kow tow!
And they’ll all kow tow!
And they’ll all kow tow!

F G9 C7 F C7 F

cockney for “take”
Moderato

A law was made a distant moon ago here

July and August cannot be too hot;

And there's a legal
limit to the snow here

Camelot.

The winter is forbidden till December

and exits March the

The winter is forbidden till December

and exits March the
second on the dot.

order summeringers through September

in Camelot.

Camelot!
are.
laws.

rain may never fall till after sundown.

snow may never slush upon the hillside.

eight the morning fog must disappear.
nine P.M. the moonlight must appear.

short, there's simply not a more congenial spot for
happily ever after than here in poco rit.
a tempo

Cam... lot!
accel.

The lot!
mf

rall. e dim.

p
f
Expressively

Close ev'ry door to me,
hide all the world from me. Bar all the windows and shut out the light.

Do what you want with me, hate me and laugh at me. Darken my daytime and
I do not matter, I'm only one person. Destroy me completely and

torture my night. If my life were important I would ask will I live or die. But

throw me away.
I know the answers lie far from this world. Close ev’ry door to me, keep those I love from me. Children of Israel are never alone. For I know I shall find, my own peace of mind. For I have been promised a land of my own.

CHORUS
Close ev’ry door to me, hide all the world from me. Bar all the
Just give me a number instead of a
name. Forget all about me and let me decay.

Close ev'ry door to me, hide those I love from me. Children of

Israel are never alone. For we know we shall find our

own peace of mind. For we have been promised a land of our own.
ELABORATE LIVES
from Walt Disney Theatrical Productions' AIDA

Moderately, with rubato

We all lead such elaborate lives.

Wild ambitions

in our sights

How an affair
of the heart survives

Days apart

and hurried nights

With strict rhythm

Seems quite unbelievable to me

I don't want to live like that

Seems quite unbelievable
lievable to me
I don’t want to love like that

I just want our time to be
Slow-er and

colla voce

gen-tler, wis-er, free

We all live
in ex-trav-a-gant times.
Playing games
we can’t all win

Unintended
emotion crimes
Take some out

take others in
I'm so tired of all we're going through
I don't want to

live like that
I'm so tired of all we're going through

I don't want to love like that
I just want to be with you

Now and forever, peaceful.
This may not be the moment
to tell you face to face
But I could wait for ever
for the perfect time and place

RADAMES:

AIDA:
We all lead such elaborate lives
We don't know whose words are true

Strangers, lovers, husbands,

wives

Hard to know who's loving

Too many choices tear us apart
I don’t want to live like that
Too many choices
tear us apart
I don’t want to love like that

I just want to touch your heart
May this confession

colla voce

RADAMES:

AIDA:

be the start
EVE'RYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES
from GYPSY

Words by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Music by JULE STYNE

Briskly

Cdim  Dm7  G7+5  C6  Cm

Things look swell, Things look great, Gonna

mf

Dm7  G7  C  B7+5(b9)  B7  Em

have the whole world on a plate, Starting here,

C7  Fmaj7  C

Starting now, honey, Ev'rything's
Coming up roses!

Clear the decks, Clear the tracks, We got nothing to do but relax, Blow a kiss, Take a bow, honey, Ev'rything's coming...
up, Light the lights, We got nothing to hit
but the heights! We'll be swell, We'll be
great! I can tell, Just you wait!
That lucky star I talk about is
THE GIRL THAT I MARRY
from the Stage Production ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN

Moderate Waltz

Bb

Bb/F

Bdim7

F7/C

F7

Gm/F

F7

Eb/F

F7

Bb/D

Cm7/Eb

F7

Bb

The girl that I

marry will have to be as soft and as
pink as a nursery.
The girl I call my own will wear satins and laces and smell of cologne. Her nails will be polished and
in her hair, she'll wear a gardenia. And

I'll be there, 'stead of flittin' I'll be

sittin' next to her and she'll

purr like a kitten.
Medium Strut

from HELLO, DOLLY!

Music and Lyric by JERRY HERMAN

C₁₃  C⁹#₅  C₇  F₉  B♭  B♭₇

Cm₇(add₁₁)  F₆  B♭  Gm

Hello, Dolly, well, hello,

B♭maj₇/D  D♭₇  Cm₇(add₁₁)

Dolly, it's so nice to have you back where you belong.

F₇  Cm  Cm(maj₇)  Cm₇  Ab/C

You're looking swell, Dolly, we can tell.
Dolly, you're still glowin', you're still crowin', you're still goin'
strong. We feel the room swayin', for the band's
playin' one of your old fav'rite songs from 'way back when.

So,

| take her wrap, fellas, Find her an empty |
| gol - ly gee, fellas, find her a va - cant |
Dolly's going away again!

Dolly's going away again!

Dolly's going away again!
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS
from THE KING AND I

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Molto moderato

Slowly

When I think of Tom I think about a night When the earth smelled of summer, And the sky was streaked with white, And the soft mist of England was sleeping on a hill; I remember this And I always
There are new lovers now on the same silent hill, Looking on the same blue sea. And I know Tom and I are a part of them all, And they’re all a part of Tom

Gracefully

and me.
lo, young lovers, whatever you are,

hope your troubles are few

All my good

wishes go with you tonight—

I've been in love like

you.

Be brave, young lovers, and follow your
star, Be brave and faithful and true.

Cling very close to each other tonight—I've been in

love like you. I know how it feels to have

wings on your heels, And to fly down a street in a trance.
You fly down a street on a chance that you’ll meet, And you

Dm7

meet— not really by chance. Don’t

Dm7/G

C(add9)

C

cry, young lovers, Whatever you do, Don’t cry be-

Cmaj7

C6

Cmaj7

cause I’m alone. All of my memories are

G7/B

Fm/C

G7/B
I'm goan' to learn to read and write,
I'm goan' to see what there is to see,
So if you go from no-where on the road
to some-where and you meet any-one you'll know it's
You'll see me carried shoulder high,
By famous people I've never met,
But till I leave the rear,
It's from the rear you'll hear, "I Ain't Down Yet."
To show that you know, you got to show you know you know!
I'm goan' to Yet."
Fantine: I dreamed a dream in days gone by,
when hope was high and life worth living.
I dreamed that love would never
I dreamed that God would be forgiving.

Then I was young and unafraid.

and dreams were made and used and wasted.

There was no ransom to be
paid, no song unsung, no wine untasted.

But the tigers come at night with their voices soft as poco piu mosso

thunder, as they tear your hope apart.

as they turn your dream to shame.
He slept a summer by my roll.

Cm  Eb/Bb  Ab  Ab/G  Fm7  Bb6
side.

He filled my days with endless wonder.

Eb  Eb/D  Cm7  Eb/Bb  Ab  Bb6
He took my childhood in his stride,
She took my childhood in her stride,
but he was gone when autumn

Eb  Bb/D  Bb/m6/Db  C
came.

poco accel. e cresc.
And still I dreamed (he'd) come to me,
that we would live the years together.

But there are dreams that cannot be,
and there are storms we cannot weather.

I had a dream my life would
be so dif-f'rent from this hell I'm living, so dif-f'rent now from what it seemed.

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
I GET THE SUN IN THE MORNING
from the Stage Production ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Light bounce

C13

C6/9

Gm7

mf

Takin' stock of what I have and what I haven't, what do I find? The things I've got will keep me satisfied.
Checking up on what I have and what I haven't.

Adim7 C/G A7 Dm7 G7 C7
what do I find? A healthy balance on the credit side.

Moderate jump tempo

C7b5/Gb F6
Got no diamond,
poco accel.

C7b5/Gb F6 C7b5/Gb F6 Fmaj7 F7
got no pearl, still I think I'm a lucky girl. I got the
sun in the morning and the moon at night,

Got no mansion, got no yacht,

still I’m happy with what I’ve got. I got the sun in the morning and the moon at night.
Sunshine gives me a lovely day.

Moonlight gives me the Milky Way.

Got no checkbooks,

got no banks,
still I'd like to ex-
press my thanks. I got the sun in the morn- ing and the
moon at night.

And with the sun in the morn- ing and the moon in the eve- ning, I'm all right.
I’VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE
from GUYS AND DOLLS

By FRANK LOESSI

Slowly

F7  Bb  Gm  Cm7  F7  F7+5  Bbmaj7
I’ve  Nev  er  Been  In  Love  Be  fore
Now

Dm7/G  G7  Cm  F7
all  at  my  once  it’s  you
thought  was  safe
the

1  Bb  Db9  Gb  B9-5  F7
more.

2  Bb  Bbmaj7  Bb9  Bb7-5  Bb7+5
I’ve  score.

But  this  is

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wine that's all too strange and strong I'm full of foolish

song and out my song must pour So please for

give this helpless haze I'm in I've really never

been in love before.
If He Walked Into My Life
from MAME

Music and Lyrics by
JERRY HERMAN

Abmaj7
Abdim

Slow (Ad lib)

Where's that boy with the bugle?
Where's that girl with the promise?
My little love who was always my big romance;
The girl who tried to show me what love could be;

Gm9  C7-9  Fmaj7  F6  Gm7  C7sus  C7-9  F6

Where's that boy with the bugle? And why did I ever buy him those damn long pants?
Where's that girl with the promise? And why do I feel the someone to blame is me?

Slowly in tempo

Guitar Tab

Did he need a stronger hand? Did she need a lighter touch?

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Was I soft or was I tough? Did I give enough? Did I give too much?

At the moment that she needed me, Did I ever turn away?

Would I be there when she called, If she walked into my life today.

Were his days a little dull? Did she mind the lonely nights?

Guitar Tab

Were his nights a little wild? Did she count the empty days? Did I overstate my
Did I stress the man?  And forgot the child.
Was I quick to scold?  Was I slow to praise?

And there must have been a million things,
That my heart forgot to say.

Would I think of one or two,
If she walked into my life today.

Guitar Tab
Db  Db6  Dbmaj7  Db6  Ebm7

Should I blame the times I pampered him,
Or blame the times I bossed her?

Ab7  Db  Db6  Dbmaj7  Db6  Gm7

What a shame I never really found the boy,
Before I lost him.
Were the years a little fast.
Was his world a little free?

Was there too much of a crowd?
All too lush and loud and not enough of me.

Though I'll ask myself my whole life long,
What went wrong along the way:

Would I make the same mistakes
If (She) walked into my life today?

If that boy/girl with the bugle
walked into my life today.
IF I CAN'T LOVE HER
from Walt Disney's BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: THE BROADWAY MUSICAL

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Freely
C

F C/G G7 C
Am C/G

Beast: And in my twisted face
there's not the slightest trace
of anything that even hints of kindness.

And from my tortured shape,
no comfort, no escape. I see, but deep within is

With more motion

utter blindness. Hopeless, as my

rall.

dream dies. As the time flies, love a

lost illusion. Helpless, unfor...
Given... Cold and driven... to this

Sad conclusion. No beauty could

Moderately

Dm/F Em/G F/A G/B C Dm7(add4)

Rit. Dim. Mpt tenderly

C/E Fmaj7 F6 C/G F/A G/B C G/B

Move me, no goodness improve me.

Am Dm7 C/E F Fmaj7/G Fmaj7/A

No power on Earth, if I can’t love
No passion could reach me, no lesson could teach me how I could have loved her and make her love me too. If I can't love her, then who?
Long ago, I should have seen all the things I could have been. Careless and unthinking, I moved onward!
No pain could be deeper. No life could be cheaper.
No point anymore, if I can’t love her.
No spirit could win me.
No hope left within me.
Hope I could have loved her and that she’d
set me free. But it's not to be. If I can't love her, let the world be done with me.

rall. e cresc.  ff  a tempo  broadening
IF I LOVED YOU
from CAROUSEL

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto moderato

When I worked in the mill,
Kind-a scrawny and pale,
I'd gaze absent-minded at the roof
And half the time the shuttle 'd tangle in the threads,
And the warp 'd get mixed with the woof.

Weav'n' at the loom,
Pick-in' at my food
And any other guy
And the warp 'd get mixed with the woof.

And love-sick like
And the warp 'd get mixed with the woof.
If I loved you! If I loved you!

some-how I can see just ex-acl-ly how I’d be.

Refrain (with great warmth and slowly)

If I loved you. Time and again I would try to say

All I’d want you to know.
If I loved you, Words wouldn’t come in an easy way, ’Round in circles I’d go.

Long in’ to tell you, but afraid and shy, I’d let my golden chances pass me.
by! Soon you'd leave me, off you would go in the mist of day, Never, never to know

How I loved you, If I loved you.

C Dm/F D#dim7 C/G Em C Em Dm/F C/E Dm7 Dm7/G G7

C Dm7/G G7 C

a tempo L.H.
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM
(The Quest)
from MAN OF LA MANCHA

Lyric by JOE DARION
Music by MITCH LEIGH

Tempo di Bolero

Abmaj9

1. To dream the impossible dream,
(2. To right
the un-right-able wrong,

Dbmaj9

fight the unbeatable foe,
love pure and chaste from afar,

Cm Cm7 Db6

bear with unbearable sorrow,
try when your arms are too weary,
run where the brave dare not go.  

reach the unreachable star!  

quest, to follow that star,  

hopeless, no matter how far;  

This is my

No matter how

To fight for the
right without question or pause. To be willing to

march into hell for a heavenly cause! And I

know, if I'll only be true. To this glorious

quest, that my heart will lie peaceful and
calm, When I'm laid to my rest.
And the world will be better for this;
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove with his last ounce of courage.
To reach the unreachable stars.
They say it's a man's world. Well, that cannot be denied.
A king ain't a king without the pow'r behind the throne.
Just like Frankie Avalon has his fav'rite Mouse-ke-teen.

But what good's a man's world without a woman by his side?
A prince is a pauper, babe, without a chick to call his own.
I dream of a lover, babe, to say the things I long to hear.
And so I will wait until that moment you decide
So please, darling, choose me. I don’t wanna rule a lone.
So come closer, baby, oh, and whisper in my ear
cide that I’m your man and you’re my girl, that
lone. Tell me I’m your king and you’re my queen, that
car that you’re my girl and I’m your boy, that

I’m the sea and you’re the pearl. It takes two, baby, it takes
no one else can come between. It takes two, baby, it takes
you’re my pride and I’m your joy, that

1
2

E
Bm/A
A
E
Bm/A
A
A7

A
D
To Coda A
E
E7
C#m/E

A
D

To Coda A
E
E7
C#m/E
Lancelot had Guinevere.
Missus Claus had old Saint Nick.

Romeo had Juliet, and Liz, well, she has her Dick.
They

say it takes two to tango,
but that tango’s child’s play.

So
I'm the sand and you're the tide. I'll be the groom if you'll be my bride. It takes two, baby, it takes two.

It takes two, baby, it takes two.

two, baby, it takes two.
THE JOINT IS JUMPIN'
from AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

Tempo di-sturb de neighbors

They have a new expression along old Harlem way that
tells you when a party is ten times more than gay. To

say that things are jumpin' leaves not a single doubt that
ev'rything is in full swing when you hear somebod-y shout: (Here 'tis)

This joint is jump-in', it's really jump-in'.
This joint is jump-in', it's really jump-in'.

Come in cats an' check your hats, I mean this joint is jump-in'.
Ev'ry Mose is on his toes, I mean the joint is jump-in'.

The piano's thumpin', the dancers bumpin'.
No time for talkin', it's time for walkin'. (Yes!)
This here spot is more than hot, in fact the joint is jumpin'.
Grab a jug and cut the rug, I mean this joint is jumpin'.

Check your weapons at the door, be sure to pay your quarter.
Get your pig feet, beer and gin, there's plenty in the kitchen.

Burn your leather on the floor, grab anybody's daughter.
Who is that that just came in? Just look at the way he's switchin'.

The roof is rockin', the neighbor's knockin'.
Don't mind the hour, 'cause I'm in power.
We're all bums when the wagon comes. I mean, this joint is jump-in'. Let it beat!

2. This joint is jump-in'.

Don't give your right name. No, No, No!
KIDS!  
from BYE BYE BIRDIE

Charleston tempo (not too fast)

Refrain  

C  C6  Cm7  C6

KIDS! I don't know what's wrong with these KIDS today!

C  C6  G9  G7

KIDS! Who can understand anything they say? Even I don't understand what they say!

E7  A7

KIDS! They are disobedient, disrespectful oafs!
KIDS! They are so ridiculous and so immature!
1. While we're on the subject: KIDS! You can talk and talk till your face is blue!
2. Why are they so dreadful? KIDS! They are just impossi-ble to control!
3. Why are they so dreadful? KIDS! What the devil's wrong with these KIDS today?

KIDS! But they still do just what they want to do!
KIDS! With their awful clothes and their rock and roll!
KIDS! Who could guess that they would turn out that way!

Why can't they be like we were, Perfect in every way? What's the matter with

KIDS today?
LEANING ON A LAMP POST
from ME AND MY GIRL

By NOEL GAY

Moderately, with a lilting swing (\(\frac{2}{4}\) \(\frac{3}{4}\))

Bb  Gm  Cm7  F7  Bb  Bdim  F7

Lean - ing on a lamp,  May - be you think  I look a tramp,  Or you may

Bb  Gm7  C7  F7  Bb  Dbdim  Cm7  F7

think I’m hang - ing ’round to steal a car.  But

Bb  Gm  Cm7  F7  Bb6  Bdim  F7

no,  I’m not a crook,  And if you think that’s what I look,  I’ll tell you
why I'm here and what my motives are.

leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street. In case a certain little lady comes by.

Oh me, Oh my,

I hope the little lady comes by. I don’t know if she’ll get away. She
doesn’t always get away, But anyway I know that she’ll try. Oh me,
Oh my, I hope the little lady comes by. There’s no other girl I could wait for, But
this one I’d break any date for, I won’t have to ask what she’s
She'd never leave me flat, She's not a girl like that, She's absolutely wonderful and marvelous and beautiful. And anyone can understand why I'm leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street. In case a certain little lady comes by. I'm by.
A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO
from BYE BYE BIRDIE

Lyric by LEE ADAMS
Music by CHARLES STROUSE

With a steady growing drive

Refrain

There are just ripe, for some kiss
And I

mean to kiss. me a few!
Oh, those

sempre stacc.

girls, guys don't know. what they're miss
I've

girls, guys
got A LOT OF LIV-IN' TO DO!

wine | all read-y for tast-in' |
steaks | And there's |

Cad-il-lacs | all shin-y and new!

move, 'cause time is a-wast-in'.

such A LOT OF LIV-IN' TO DO!
With a steady growing drive

Refrain

There are girls just ripe for some kiss - in'. And I
guys

mean to kiss me a few! Oh, those

sempre stacc.

girls
guys
don't know what they're miss - in'. I've
got A LOT OF LIV-IN' TO DO!

And there's 'Siz-zila'

wine steaks all ready for tast-in'.

And there's

Cad-illacs all shiny and new!

Gotta

move, 'cause time is a-wast-in',

There's

such A LOT OF LIV-IN' TO DO!
There's music to play, places to go!

People to see!

For you and me!

Life's a ball,

If only you knew it!

And it's all just waitin' for

...
You're alive,

so come on and show it.

There's such a lot of livin' to do!

There are livin',

Such a lot of livin'

What a lot of livin' to do!
LOVE, LOOK AWAY
from FLOWER DRUM SONG

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lento

C

I have wished before. I will wish no

G7sus

Moderato espressivo
Refrain

G7

Cmaj7

more.

F6

Love, look away!

more.

Love, look away from

C(add9)

C

Bdim

E7b9

Am

F6

Dm7

me.

Fly, when you pass my door.

Fly and get lost at
sea. Call it a day. Love, let us say we're through.

No good are you for me, No good am I for you.

Wanting you so, I try too much.

After you go, I cry too much.
Love, look away.

Lonely though I may be, Leave me and set me free.

Look away, look away, look away from me.

1 C F G7 2 C Fmaj7 Dm7 C
LUCK BE A LADY
from GUYS AND DOLLS

By FRANK LOESSE

Moderately

They call you Lady Luck but there is room for doubt
At times you have a very unlady like way of running out
You're on a date with me the pickings have been lush
And yet before this evening is over you might give me the brush
You might forget your manners, you might refuse to stay
And so the best that I can do is
Luck Be A Lady tonight

if you've ever been a lady to begin with

Luck Be A
Lady tonight.

Db D7 Dm7 C

Luck, let a gentleman see.

Db D7 Dm7 C

How nice a dame you can be.

Db D7 Dm7 C

I know you've treated other guys you've been with.

Db D7 Dm7 C
Lady with me.

Lady doesn't leave her escort. It isn't fair. It isn't nice!

Lady doesn't wander all over the room and blow on some other guy's dice. So,
let's keep the party polite

Never get out of my sight

Stick with me

baby I'm the fellow you came in with. Luck Be A Lady,

Luck Be A Lady, Luck Be A Lady to-night
MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY
from DO RE MI

Moderately

Make someone happy, Make just one

Make someone happy, Make just one heart the heart you

sing to. One smile that cheers you,
One face that lights when it nears you,
You're

Every thing to.

If you win it,
Comes and goes in a minute.
Where's the real

 stuff in life to cling to?

Love.
is the answer, Someone to love is the answer.

Once you've found him, her, Build your world around him, her,

Make someone happy, Make just one someone happy

And you will be happy too.
With a lilt

You coax the blues right out of the horn,
You've brought the cake-walk back in to style,
You charm the husk right off of the corn,
You make the weep-in' willow tree smile,
You've got the banjos strummin' and Dixie satin,
Your skin is plumb-in out a tune to beat the rebel in your manner and your
band, speech,
The whole plantation's humming since
You may be from Manhattan, but

you brought Dixie back to Dixie-land.
Georgia never had a sweeter peach.
You make the
You make our

You give my
Seem like the

old mint julep a kick,
Ritz,
Mame,
Mame,
You make the
You came, you

black-eyed peas and our grits,
You give my
Seem like the
old saw, magnolia tree blossom at the mention of your name, you conquered and absolutely nothing is the same.

You've made us feel alive again, You've given
Your special fascination life

us inspirational, To make the South revive again, We think you're just sensational,

Mame, Mame.
MAYBE THIS TIME
from the Musical CABARET

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

G

G# G6

G9

Maybe this time
I'll be lucky.
Maybe this time, he'll stay.

C C+

Am/C

Maybe this time,
For the first time,
love won't hurry a way.

C#dim D7

E+

He will hold me fast.
I'll be home at last. Not a loser anymore like the last time and the time before. Everybody loves a winner.

So nobody loved me. Lady Peaceful. Lady Happy.

That's what I long to be. All the odds are in my favor.
Something's bound to begin.

It's got to happen.

Happen sometime.

Maybe this time I'll win.

Everybody loves a winner.

So nobody loved me.

Lady Peaceful.

Lady Happy.
That's what I long to be.

All the odds are

in my favor.

Something's bound to begin.

It's got to happen,

happen sometime.

Maybe this time.

May be this time I'll win.
MEMORY
from CATS

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Text by TREVOR NUNN after T.S. ELIOT

Freely

GRIZABELLA:

Midnight. Not a sound from the pavement. Has the moon lost her
Memory. all alone in the moonlight. I can smile at the

memory? She is smiling alone. In the
old days. I was beautiful then. I re-
lamp - light the with - ered leaves col - lect at my feet and the
mem - ber the time I knew what hap - pi - ness was, let the

wind be - gins to moan.

mem - ory live a - gain.

Ev - 'ry street lamp seems to beat a
fatalistic warning.

Someone mutters and a street lamp gutters and

soon it will be morning.

poco rit.

daylight. I must wait for the sunrise, I must think of a
new life and I mustn’t give in.

When the
dawn comes tonight will be a memory too

and a

new day will begin.

Gb

Ebm
Abm7

Bbm

Bbm/Cb Abm/Cb

Bbm

Bbm/Cb Abm/Cb

Bbm

Gb

Ab7

Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of
morn-ing. The street lamp dies, an-oth-er

night is o-ver, an-oth-er day is
dawn-ing. Touch me. It's so eas-y to

leave me all a-lone with the mem-ory of my days in the
sun. If you touch me you'll understand what happiness is. Look a new day has begun.

a tempo - slightly slower
MY HEART STOOD STILL
from A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

F/A  Gdim7  Gm7  C7  F/A  Gdim7

Martin: I laughed at sweet hearts
Sandy: Through all my school days

F  Eb  Db

I met at schools; All indiscreet hearts
I hated boys; Those April Fool days

Gm7  C7  F

Seemed romantic fools.
Brought me loveless joys.

A house in
I read my
Ice land, Was my heart's domain.
Plato, Love, I thought a sin;

But I saw your eyes; Now castles rise in Spain!
Since your kiss, I'm reading Missus Glyn!

I took one look at you,

That's all I meant to do; And then my
heart stood still! My feet could step and walk, My lips could move and talk.

And yet my heart stood still! Though not a single word was spoken, I could tell you knew, That un-felt
clasp of hands Told me so well you knew.

I never lived at all Un till the

thrill of that moment when My heart stood

still.

still.
Moderately

C7

Brand new state! Brand new

F G7 C F G7

C F G7 F

state, gonna treat you great! gonna give you

C7(add4)

bar - ley, car - rots and per - ta - ters, pas - tures for the
cattle, spinach and turnipsters! Flowers on the
prairie where the June bugs zoom, plenty of
air and plenty of room, plenty of
room to swing a rope! Plenty of
heart and plen’ y of hope.

k - la - hom - a where the wind comes

sweep - in’ down the plain, and the wav - in’
wheat can sure smell sweet when the wind comes
right behind the rain.

k - la - hom - a ev 'ry night my

hon - ey lamb and I, sit a - lone and
talk and watch a hawk makin' lazy

circles in the sky. We know we be-

long to the land and the land we be-

long to is grand! And when we say

We know we be -
(Yell)

Yeeow! Ayip io ee ay!

We're only sayin' you're doin'

Fine, Oklahom-a! Oklahom-a

1

O. K.

C

2

K.

C
ONCE YOU LOSE YOUR HEART
from ME AND MY GIRL

Slowly, with expression

Words and Music by NOEL GAY

Once you lose your heart, Once some-body takes it,

From the place it rested in before.

Once you lose your heart,

Once some-body wakes it, Then it isn't your heart any more.

It's
gone before you knew it could ever go that way,
And

now you must pursue it forever and a day.
Once you lose your heart,

Once somebody takes it,
There's one thing certain from the start,

You'll find forever,
You've got to

To Coda (†)
follow your heart. They say a girl should never be with...

out love, And all the joy that love alone can bring.

All that I have ever learnt about love, Tells me it's a very funny thing.
when your heart is fancy free, You hope some man will choose it, But

on the spin you find you're in, The very moment that you lose it.

CODA

There's one thing certain from the start, You've got to follow. You've got to

follow your heart.
ONE
from A CHORUS LINE

Moderately

One singular sensation every little step she takes.

One thrilling combination every move that she makes.

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN
One smile and suddenly nobody
else will do.
You know you'll never be lonely with you know who.

One moment in her presence
and you can forget the rest.
For the girl is second best to none.

Ooh! Sigh! Give her your attention.

do I really have to mention she's the one?
PEOPLE
from FUNNY GIRL

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderately

People, people who need people

Are the luckiest people in the world.

We're children
need - ing oth - er child - ren

And yet,

let - ting our grown up pride
Hide all the need in

side,
Act - ing more like child - ren,

than

child - ren,

Lovers

rit.
mp a tempo
They're the very special people,
luckiest people in the world.
With one person, one very special

person,
A feeling deep in your soul.
Says: you were half, now you’re whole. No more hunger and thirst. But

first, be a person who needs people. People who need people. Are the luckiest people in the world.

world.
PUT ON A HAPPY FACE
from BYE BYE BIRDIE

Rhythmically (lightly)

Gray skies are gonna clear up. put on a happy face;

Brush off the clouds and cheer up.

put on a happy face. Take off the gloomy
mask of tragedy, it's not your style;

You'll look so good that you'll be glad ya' decided to smile!

Pick out a pleasant outlook,

stick out that noble chin;

Wipe off that "full of
doubt look, slap on a happy grin!

spread sunshine all over the place, just put on a happy face!
SEASONS OF LOVE
from RENT

Words and Music by JONATHAN LARSON

Moderately

Bb\sus2  Am7  Gm7  C7sus  F  C  Dm  Am  Bb\sus2  Am7

Gm7  C7sus  Dm  Am  Bb\sus2  Am7  Gm7  C7sus  F  C  Dm  Am

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes,

Bb\sus2  Am7  Gm7  C7sus  Dm  Am  Bb\sus2  Am7

five hundred twenty-five thousand moments so dear.

Five hundred twenty-five thousand

Gm7  C7sus  F  C  Dm  Am  Bb\sus2  Am7  Gm7  C7sus  Dm  Am

six hundred minutes.

How do you measure, measure a year?

In
love?

Measure in love.

 Seasons of love, sea-sons of

Five hundred twenty five thou-sand

Six hundred min-utes five hundred twenty five thou-sand jour-neys to plan...
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes. How do you measure the life of a woman or a man?

In truth that she learned or in times that he cried, in bridges he burned or the way that she died. It's time now to sing out, though the story never ends. Let's celebrate, remember a year in the life of friends. Remember the
**SHADOWLAND**

Disney Presents THE LION KING: THE BROADWAY MUSICAL

Music by LEBO M and HANS ZIMMER
Lyrics by MARK MANCINA and LEBO M

Emotionally, slowly

\[ \text{Chorus:} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Fat} & \quad \text{she} \quad \text{le} \quad \text{so} \quad \text{le} \quad \text{a} \\
\text{ha} & \quad \text{la} \quad \text{le} \quad \text{la} \quad \text{Fat} & \quad \text{she} \quad \text{le} \quad \text{so} \\
\text{le} & \quad \text{a} \\
\text{ha} & \quad \text{la} \quad \text{le} \quad \text{la} \\
\text{Shad} & \quad \text{ow} -
\end{align*} \]
The leaves have fallen.
This shadowed land,
this was our home.
The river's...
dry, the ground has

F broken. So I must

C go. now I must

E7sus go. And where the
journey may lead me, let your prayers be my guide. I cannot stay here, my family, but I'll remember my pride. I have no choice. I will find my way. Let a hail hail hail hail. Take this prayer, tear-stained dry land. Take this
Chorus:

And where the journey may

lead you, let this prayer be your guide. Though it may

take you so far away, always remember your
lead you, let this prayer be your guide. Though it may

take you so far-a-way, always re-mem-ber your

pride. (ad lib.)

Nala: Mm. Gi

gi-za bu-ya-bo. Be-si-bo, my peo-ple, be-si-bo.
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
from SOUTH PACIFIC

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

C/E
E+
F F/E Dm7 G7

Some enchanted evening
You may see a stranger

C
G7

p a tempo

You may see a stranger
Across a
crowded room And somehow you know, You know even
then That somewhere you'll see her again and again.

Some enchanted evening

Someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing
Across a crowded room

And night after night,
As strange as it seems,

The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams.

Who can explain it? Who can tell you why?

tenderly and legato
Fools give you reasons, Wise men never try.

Some enchanted evening,

When you find your true love,

Across a crowded room,

When you feel her call you,

Then fly to her
side. And make her your own. Or all through your life you may dream all alone.

Once you have found her, never let her go. Once you have found her,

Never let her go!
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
from JEKYLL & HYDE

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Slowly, with expression

I peered through windows, watched life go by. Dreamed of tomorrow,
It's like you took my dreams, made each one real. You reached inside of me

but stayed inside. The past was holding me,
and made me feel. And now I see a world
keep-ing life at bay,
I've never seen be-fore.

Your love has o-pened ev'-ry
cresc.

day,
want-ing to fly,
You've set me free,
but scared to try.

Then For

some-one like you found some-one like me,
and You

some-one like you found some-one like me.

F

Gm7

sud-den-ly

F/A

Bb

Gm7b5

touched my heart.

nothing is the same.
My

There's a
heart's taken wing, and I feel so alive, 'cause
new way to live, a new way to love, 'cause

someone like you found me.

someone like you found me.

someone like you found someone like me, and
suddenly nothing will ever be the same. My heart’s taken wing, and I feel so alive, 'cause someone like you loves me.

much slower, freely

Bm7

loves me.
THE SWEETEST SOUNDS
from NO STRINGS

Lyrics and Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

What do I really hear_________ And what is in the ear of my mind?

Which sounds are true and clear_________ And which will never be defined?

The sweetest sounds I'll ever
hear
Are still inside my head...

The kind- est words I'll ever know
Are wait- ing to be said.

The most en- tranc- ing sight of
all is yet for me to see.
And the dearest love in all the world
Is waiting somewhere for me.

Is waiting somewhere, somewhere for me.

The
TELL ME ON A SUNDAY
from SONG AND DANCE

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK

Slowly \( \text{\( \dot{q} \) = 126} \)

C G7 F Bb F C G7

\( mp\text{ espressivo} \)

C G7 C Dm G

Don’t write a letter when you want to leave.

Em Am F Am Dm7 Em7

don’t call me at 3 a.m. from a friend’s apartment; I’d like to choose how I

hear the news; take me to a park that's covered with trees; tell me

on a Sunday please. Let me down easy.

no big song and dance, no long faces no long looks.

no deep conversations I know the way we should
spend the day; take me to a zoo that's got chimpanzees, tell me

poco animato

on a Sunday please. Don't want to know who's to blame,

it won't help knowing. Don't want to fight day and night, bad enough you're going,

Don't leave in silence with no words at all.
Don’t get drunk and slam the door;
that’s no way to end this;
I know how I want you to say goodbye;
find a circus ring with a flying trapeze,
tell me on a Sunday please.
I don’t want to fight day and night;
better you’re going.
Don’t leave in silence
with no words at all; don’t get drunk and slam the door, that’s no way to end this; I

know how I want you to say good-bye; don’t run off in the pouring rain; don’t call

me as they call your plane; take the hurt out of all the pain! Take me

to a park that’s covered with trees, tell me on a Sunday please.
Moderately

I work at the Palace Ballroom, but, gee, that palace is cheap.

When I get back to my chilly hall room I'm much too tired to sleep.

I'm one of those lady teachers, a beautiful hostess, you
know; one that the palace features at exactly a dime a

Slowly, quasi rubato

throw. Ten cents a dance, that’s what they pay me. Gosh, how they weigh me

poco rit.

down! Ten cents a dance, pansies and rough guys,

tough guys who tear my gown! Seven to midnight, I hear drums,
loudly the saxophone blows, trumpets are tearing my ear-drums.

Customers crush my toes. Sometimes I think I've found my hero.

but it's a queer romance. All that you need is a ticket;

come on, big boy. ten cents a dance! ten cents a dance!
Fight-ers and sail-ors and bow-leg-ged tail-ors can pay for their tick-ets and rent me!

Butch-ers and bar-bers and rats from the har-bors are sweet-hearts my good luck has sent me.

Though I've a cho-rus of el-de-ry beaux, stock-ings are por-ous with holes at the toes.
I'm here till closing time, dance and be merry, it's only a dime. Sometimes I think I've found my hero.

but it's a queer romance. All that you need is a ticket! Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance!
THERE IS NOTHIN' LIKE A DAME
from SOUTH PACIFIC

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegro

We got sunlight on the sand,
We got moonlight on the sea,
We got mangoes and bananas,
You can pick right off a tree,
We got volleyball and ping-pong,
And a lot of dandy games!

What ain't we got?
We
ain't got dames! We get
pack-ages from home, We get mov-ies, we get shows, We get speech-es from our
rest-less, we feel blue, We feel lone-ly and, in brief We feel ev-ery kind of
skip-per And ad-vice from Tok-yo Rose, We get let-ters doused with per-fume, We get
feel-ing but the feel-ing of re-lief. We feel hun-gry as the wolf felt When he
diz-zy from the smell! What don't we get? You know darn well!
met Red Rid-ing Hood. What don't we feel? We don't feel good!
We got nothin’ to put on a clean white suit for.
Lots of things in life are beautiful, but brother,

What we need is what there ain’t no substitute for.
There is one particular thing that is nothin’ whatsoever in any way, shape or form like any other.

There is nothin’ like a dame,
Nothin’ in the world,

There is nothin’ you can name
That is anythin’ like a dame!

We feel
There are no books like a dame.

And nothin’ looks like a dame.

There are no drinks like a dame.

And nothin’ thinks like a dame.

Nothin’ acts like a dame.

Or at- 

poco a poco cresc.
tracts like a dame.
There ain't a thing that's
wrong with any man here
That can't be cured by
puttin' him near
A girl'y, womanly, female,
feminine dame!

Gm7  Am  Gm7  Am  Gm7  Am
Gm7  C7  F
THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL
from ON YOUR TOES

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Am7 D7/A D7/F# Am/G Am7/C D7

Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 G6 G

There's a small hotel With a wishing well; I

Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 G6

wish that we were there together.

Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 G6 G

There's a bridal suite; One room bright and neat, Com-

poco rit.
plete for us to share together.

Looking through the window you can

see a distant steeple; Not a sign of

people, Who wants people? When the
steeple bell says, “Good night, sleep well,” we’ll

Am7
1
D7 Gmaj7 G6 Am7 D7

thank the small hotel together.

2
D7
Bb
Cm7 F7

tel. We’ll creep into our little shell And we will

G Am7 D7 Gmaj7

thank the small hotel together.
Spiritually, steadily

Music and Lyrics by MARK MANCINA, JAY RIFKIN and LEBO M

Disney Presents THE LION KING: THE BROADWAY MUSICAL

In-gon-yama nengw'en-a-ma-bala.

In-gon-yama nengw'en-a-ma-bala. Night

and the spirit of life calling.
Chorus:

Oh oh i-yo.

Mufasa: Oh oh i-yo.

And a voice with the

E2

fear of a child asking. Oh oh i-yo.

Mufasa:

Oh ma-me-la. Oh oh i-yo.
Chorus:

Ma-me-la ma-me-la iyo. He-la.

Mufasa:

Wait, there's no mountain too great.

Hear these words and have faith. Oh

Oh oh i-yo.

Have faith. He-la hey ma-me-la.
He-la hey ma-me-la. He-la hey ma-me-la. He-la. They live in you.

D
Chorus:
A
Mufasa:
E
Chorus:
He-la hey ma-me-la he-la. They live in me. He-la hey ma-me-la

Mufasa:
D
Chorus:
A
Mufasa:
he-la. They’re watching o-ver. He-la hey ma-me-la. Ev’ry-thing we see.

E
Chorus:
F#m
Mufasa:
E
D
Chorus:
He-la hey ma-me-la. In ev’ry creature. He-la hey ma-me-la.
In every star. Hel-ah-hey ma-me-la. In your reflection

They live in you. Hel-ah-hey ma-me-la

Hel-ah. They live in me. Hel-ah-hey ma-me-la hel-ah. They're watching o-
Chorus: Hey ma-me-la. Ev-ry-thing we see. He-la hey ma-me-la.

Mufasa: In ev-ry crea-ture. He-la hey ma-me-la. In ev-ry star.

Chorus: He-la hey ma-me-la. In your re-flec-tion. They live in you.

Chorus: In-gon-ya-ma nengw’en-a-ma-ba-la. In-gon-ya-ma nengw’en-a-ma-ba-la.
THIS IS THE MOMENT
from JEKYLL & HYDE

Slowly

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

This is the moment, this is the day, when I send all my doubts and demons on their way.

Ev'ry en-deavour, I have made ever is
coming into play, is here and now today. This is the moment, this is the time when the momentum and the moment are in rhyme. Give me this moment, this precious chance. I'll gather up my past and make some sense at last. This is the
moment, when all I've done,

my final test. all of the

Des - tine - ny

dreaming, scheming and screaming
become one!

be - coned, I nev - er reck - oned
second best.

This is the

I won't look

day, down,

see it spar - kle and shine,

I must not fall.

This is the

lived for

becomes mine!

For all these years I've
faced the world— alone,

and now the time has come— to

prove to them— I made it— on my own.

This is the

moment, the sweet-est moment of them all!

This is the

moment.

Damn all the odds.

This day or
never, I'll sit forever with the gods!

When I look back, I will always recall a moment for

moment, this was the moment the greatest moment of them all.


gm7

f/a

bb

f/a

gm7

bb/c

c7

gm7/f

G7/F

Gm7/F

Gm7/C

F
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE
from THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

Words by SAMMY CAHN
Music by JAMES VAN HEUSEN

Hot Dixieland (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

A6

A7

A6

E♭9b5

B♭7♯5/D

D♭9♯7 _5

F/C

C+add2

F6/C

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gm7/C</th>
<th>C7♭9</th>
<th>Gm7/C</th>
<th>Dm/C</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B♭9</td>
<td>C♭</td>
<td>G♭</td>
<td>C♭</td>
</tr>
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<td>G♭7/C</td>
<td>C♭</td>
<td>G♭</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>B♭9/C</td>
<td>C♭</td>
<td>G♭</td>
<td>C♭</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There are those,

I suppose,

think we're mad,

think we're mad,

heaven knows,

heaven knows,
heaven knows, the world has gone to rack and to

ruin.

What we

think is chic, unique, and quite adorable,
they think is odd and Sod-om and Go-
mor-rah-ble!

But the fact is ev'-ry-thing to-day is thor-ough-ly

mod-ern._  (Check your per-son-al-i-ty.) Ev'-ry-thing to-
day makes yes-ter-day slow. (Bet-ter face re-al-i-ty.)

It’s not in-san-i-ty, says Van-i-ty.

Fair. In fact, it’s styl-ish to.

raise your skirts and bob your hair.
Raise your skirts and bob your hair.
bob your hair! Have you seen the way they kiss in the movies?
(Isn’t it delectable?) Painting lips and pencilling your brow now is quite respectable.

Goodbye, good good girl, I’m changing, and
B9  Em7  A  Em7  A7  Em7  A7  Em7

how.  So beat the drums 'cause here comes Thoroughly Modern

G/A  A7  D6  Bb7  D  Bb7

Millie now!

F#7  Bm  Bm(maj7)

What we think is chic, unique, and quite a

dorable,

Bm7  E9  Bm

they think is odd and
Sodom and Gomorrah! But the fact is,

ev'rything today is thoroughly modern.

(Bands are get-tin' jazzier.) Ev'rything today is start-ing to
go.

(Cars are get-tin' snazzi-er.) Men say
it's criminal what women'll do.

What they're forgetting is this is nineteen twenty-two!

G9       N.C.       C7

F

G7       Am7       Bbm6       G7/B       C9
Good-bye,
good good
y girl.
I'm changing, and how!
I'm changing, and how!
So
beat the drums 'cause here comes thoroughly Hot off the press! One step ahead! Jazz Age! Whooppee, baby! We're so thoroughly

Gm7

Tacet

Modern

Modern Millie

F now!

Db7

F6
'TIL HIM
from THE PRODUCERS

Music and Lyrics by
MEL BROOKS

Moderate Ballad
Fadd9  Fsus  Fadd9  Fsus

F
LEO:
Bb/F  C7/F  F(add9)  C7/F

No one ever made me feel like someone 'til him.

Fadd9  C7/F  Am7b5  D7

Life was really nothing but a glum one 'til him.

Gm7  C7  C7/Bb  Am7

My existence bordered on the tragic, always timid, never took a
chance, then I felt his magic and my heart began to dance!

I was always frightened, fraught with worry 'til him.

I was going nowhere in a hurry 'til him.

He filled up my empty life.
filled it to the brim.

There could never ever be another one like

him.

No one ever ever really knew me 'til

ev-'ry-one was always out to screw me 'til
him. Never met a man I ever trusted, always dealt with shysters in the past.

Now I'm well-adjusted 'cause I've got a friend at last.

poco rall.

A Tempo

Always playing singles, never doubles 'til
him.

Never had a pal to share my troubles 'til

him.

He filled up my empty life

Filled it to the brim There could never ever be another one

poco rit.

poco rit.

Slowly

like him.
TILL THERE WAS YOU
Meredith Willson’s THE MUSIC MAN

By MEREDITH WILLSON

Moderately

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard them

ringing, No, I never heard them at all till there was

you. There were birds in the sky, but I
never saw them winging. No, I never saw them at

all till there was you. And there was

music and there were wonderful roses, they

tell me in sweet fragrant meadows of
dawn, and dew, There was love all a-
round, but I never heard it singing. No, I
never heard it at all till there was you.

And there was you.
TIMELESS TO ME
from HAIRSPRAY

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Easy Swing tempo (♩= 3⁄4)

\[
\begin{align*}
E & \quad C#m7 & \quad F#m7 & \quad F#m7/B \\
E & \quad C#m7 & \quad F#m7 & \quad B13#9 \\
E6 & \quad Gdim7#5 & \quad Gdim7 \\
WILBUR: & \quad \text{Styles keep a-changin'}. & \quad \text{The world's rearrangin', but}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
F#m7 & \quad Bdim7 & \quad F#m/A & \quad Fdim7 \\
\text{Edna, you're timeless to me.} & \\
\end{align*}
\]
Hem-lines are shorter. A beer costs a quarter, but

time cannot take what comes free.

You’re like a stinky old cheese, babe, just gettin’ ri-per with age.

You’re like a fatal disease, babe. But
there’s no cure, so let this fever rage. Some folks can’t stand it, say,

time is a bandit, but I take the opposite view.

’Cause when I need a lift, time brings a gift: another day with you.

A twist or a waltz, it’s
all the same schmaltz with just a change in the scenery.

You’ll never be old hat. That’s that! You’re timeless to me.

EDNA: Fads keep a-fadin’.

Castro’s invading! But Wilbur, you’re timeless to me.
Hairdos are higher. Mine feels like barbed wire, but you say I'm chic as can be!

You're like a rare vintage

Ripple, a vintage they'll never forget. So
Pour me a teen-y weeny triple and we can toast the fact we ain't dead yet!
I can't stop eating. Your hair line's receding.

Soon there'll be nothing at all.
So,

you'll wear a wig while I roast a pig.
Hey! Pass that Geritol!
Glenn Miller had class. That Chubby Checker’s a gas, but they all pass eventually. You’ll never be passé. Hip hooray!

You’re timeless to me.
EDNA: You're like a broken down

Chevy. All you need is a fresh coat of paint. WILBUR: And Edna,

you got me goin' hot and heavy. You're fat and old, but baby.
boring you ain't!

BOTH: Some folks don't get it, but
we never fret 'cause we know that time is our friend.

And it's plain to see that
you're stuck with me until the bitter end.
And we got a kid who's

blow in' the lid off the Turnblad family tree.

EDNA: You'll always

hit the spot, big shot! You're timeless to me.

WILBUR: You'll always be du jour, mon amour. You're timeless to
EDNA: You’ll always be first string. Ring-a-ding-ding!

Swing tempo again \( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \) = \( \frac{3}{4} \) } \)

BOTH: You’re time-less to me.

EDNA: You’re time-less to me.

WILBUR: You’re time-less to me.

Am7 A9

Slowly

D6

BOTH: You’re time-less to me!!

allargando colla voce
TOMORROW
from the Musical Production ANNIE

Moderately slow

Music by CHARLES STROUSE
Lyric by MARTIN CHARNIN

The sun'll come out tomorrow,

bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be

sun!

Jus' thinking about tomorrow
clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow

none.

When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and lonely,

I just stick out my chin and grin and say:

Oh! the
sun'll come out tomorrow, So you got to hang on till to-
morrow come what may! To-

I (small notes are optional harmony)
morrow, tomorrow, I love ya tomorrow, you're

always) a day away!

The
morrow, tomorrow, I love ya tomorrow, you're

(always) a day away! Tomorrow, tomorrow, I

love ya tomorrow, you're (always) a day a

way!
UNUSUAL WAY
(In a Very Unusual Way)
from NINE

Flowing (♩=84)

C#m G#C♯ C#m G#C♯ mp

In a

C#m G#7/D♯ C#m/E C#7/E♯ Fm Fm/G♯

very unusual way one time I need ed you.

ver y un u su al way I think I'm in love with you.

ver y un u su al way

In a

Fm Fm/E B7/D♯ B7 E E/D♯ G#D♯

very unusual way you were my friend.

ver y un u su al way I want to cry.
May be it lasted a day, maybe it lasted an hour,
Something inside me goes weak, something inside me surrenders,

1. A    D    Bm7/E    Em7/A

but somehow it will never end...

In a

2. A    D    Bm7/E    E7    E/D    C#m    C#m/B    F#m/A

and you’re the reason why, you’re the reason why

D#m7/G♯
You don't know what you do to me.

you don't have a clue.

You can't tell what it's like to be me.

looking at you.
In a very unusual way I owe what I am to you.

Though at times it appears I won’t stay, I never go.

Special to me in my life since the first day that I met you.
how could I ev - er for - get you once you had touched my soul?

In a ver - y un - u - su - al way

you've made me whole.
WE CAN DO IT
from THE PRODUCERS

Music and Lyrics by MEL BROOKS

MAX:

Dbadd9 recit.

What did Lewis say to Clark when everything looked bleak?

Dbadd9

3 G/D

What did Sir Edmund say to Tenzing as they struggled t’ward Everest’s peak?

Eadd9

3

What did Washington say to his troops before they crossed the Delaware?
LEO: What did they say?

Moderately slow

I'm sure you're well aware!

We can do it!

We can do it!

We can do it, me and you!

We can do it!

We can do it!

We can make our dreams come true!

Do it!

Every

A Tempo - Moderately

thing you've ever wanted is just waiting to be had.
Beautiful girls wearing nothing but pearls

Gm11
C9
F
F7
subito p

pressing you undressing you and driving you mad!

Gm11
C9
F
F7
subito p

We can

Bb
Bb+
Bb6
Bb+
Bb

do it!

Bb
Bb+
Bb6
Bb+
Bb

We can do it!

Bb
Bb+
Bb6
Bb+
Bb

This is not the

Bb
Bb+
Bb6
Bb+
Bb

Fm9
Bb7b9
Eb
Eb+

time to shirk!

Fm9
Bb7b9
Eb
Eb+

We can do it!

Fm9
Bb7b9
Eb
Eb+

You won't
true it say "good-bye" to petty clerk!

Hi, producer! Yes producer! I mean

you sir, go berserk! We can do it! We can

do it! And I know it's gonna
MAX: Whatchya say, Bloom?

LEG: recit.

Bb

What do I say? Fin-"lly a chance to be a Broad-way pro-
colla voce

duc-er.

What do I say? Fin-"lly a chance to make my dreams come true sir.

F/E F#/E F13#11

What do I say? What do I say? Here’s what I say to you sir... I can’t

A tempo

Bb Bb+ Bb6 Bb+ Bb

do it, I can’t do it, I can’t do it,
that's not me. I'm a loser, I'm a coward.
I'm a chicken, don't you see?

When it comes to wooing women there's a few things that I lack.
MAX: You miserable, cowardly, wretched little caterpillar. Don’t you ever want to become a butterfly? Don’t you want to spread your wings... brace me! I’d have an attack!

...and flap your way to glory?

MAX: Mister Bialystock, please we can do it, we can
stop the song, you got me wrong. I'll say “so long,” I'm not as strong a do it, we can grab that Holly

person as you think. Mister Bialy-stock, just
Grail. We can do it, we can

take a look, I'm not a crook. I'm just a shnook, the bottom line is do it, drink champagne, not ginger
that I stink!
I can't do

Come on, Leo, can't you see-o?

it. You see, R-ii-o, I see jail.

Ow!

We can do it.
LEO:
B6/F#   D#m/F#   B/F#   G#m
I can’t do it    I can not, can not,

MAX:
we can do it,
can not, can not, do it ’cause I know it’s gonna

C#m7   D#dim7   C#m7/F#   F#9

B   B+   B6   B+   (B)
fail!    It’s gonna fail!

We can do it, I know we can not fail!
WELCOME TO THE 60's
from HAIRSPRAY

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Bright and loads of fun (♩= 3⁄4)

C

Em7

Dm7

F

1

C/F Dm7/G

2

F/G

TRACY

Hey mama, hey mama,

Hey mama, hey mama,

Hey mama, hey mama,

Hey mama, hey mama,

look around!

take my hand.

EDNA: First let's make a pit-stop at the wiener stand.

T: Hey

ma-ma, hey ma-ma, follow me!

ma-ma, hey ma-ma, take a chance.

I know something's in you that you

E: Oh Tracy, it's been years since someone
wanna set free. So let go, go, go of the past. now. Say hello.
asked me to dance. T: So let go, go, go of the past. now. Say hello.

to the love in your heart. Yes, I know that the world's spinning fast.
to the light in your eyes. Yes, I know that the world's spinning fast.

now. You gotta get yourself a brand new start. Hey ma-ma, welcome to the
now, but you gotta run the race to win the prize.

sixties! Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh.
Ma-ma, welcome to the sixties! Oh oh oh oh oh oh.

Go ma-ma, go, go, go!

Welcome to the sixties! Woe oh oh oh oh oh. Hey a ma-

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Yeah, yeah, yeah! Hey-
_yeah, yeah! Welcome to the rhythm of a brand new day._ Take your old-
fashioned fears and just throw them away._ You should add some color and a
fresh new "do" 'cause it's time for a star who looks just like you._

Don't-cha let nobody try to
steal your fun, ’cause a little touch of lipstick never hurt no one.

future’s got a million roads for you to choose, but you’ll walk

a little taller in some high-heeled shoes.

once you find the style that make you feel like you, something fresh,
something new. Step on out! Hear us shout! Mama, that's your cue!

Yeah, yeah, yeah! Hey, Tracy, hey baby, look at me! I'm the cutest chick-ie that you ever did see. Hey...
Tracy, hey baby, look at us!

Is there a team that's half as fabulous?! I let go, go, go of the past.

Now, said hello to this red carpet ride. Yes, I know.

That the world's spinning fast now. Tell Lola-brigida to step aside!
Your mama's welcoming the sixties! Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh.

Oh your mama's welcoming the sixties! Oh oh oh oh oh.

oh oh oh oh oh. Go, ma-ma, go go go!

Ensemble

Welcome to the sixties!
O - pen the door _ for the girl _

who has more, _ she's a star!_ Tra - cy, go, go, go!

Hey, ma - ma, wel - come to the six - ties!_ Oh _ oh _ oh _ oh _ oh _

Oh _ ma - ma, wel - come to the six - ties!_ Oh -
oh - oh - oh - oh. Go, ma - ma, go, go - go!

Wel - come to the six - ties!

Go, ma - ma! Woh - oh - oh - oh - woh

oh - oh. Go, ma - ma, go, go, go!
WHAT I DID FOR LOVE
from A CHORUS LINE

Slowly

Kiss to-day good-bye,

the sweetness and the sorrow

We did what we had to do,

And I can't re-gret

What I did for love,
Look, my eyes are dry, the gift was yours to borrow.

It's as if we always knew.

But I won't forget what I did for love. What I did for love.

Gone, love is never gone.

As we travel on,
love's what we'll remember. Kiss to-day good-by

and point me t'ward tomorrow.

Wish me luck, the same to you.

Won't forget can't regret What I did for love.

What I did for love. What I did for love.
WHEN YOU GOT IT, FLAUNT IT
from THE PRODUCERS

Music and Lyrics by
MEL BROOKS

Moderate Swing (D\(\downarrow\)\(\downarrow\)\(\downarrow\)\(\downarrow\))

C7

ULLA:

Ven you got it, flaunt it.

elaborate C7 arpeggio

C9

F\#dim7  Gm7  C+  F6

Step right up and strut your stuff. People tell you modesty's a

Gm7 C7/G  Gm11  C13  (F)

virtue, but in the theater modesty can hurt you. Ven you
got it, flaunt it.
Show your assets let ’em know you’re proud.
Your goodies you must push, stick your chest out, shake your tush, ven you got it, shout it out loud! Ven you got it
show it put your hidden treasures on display
Violinists love to play an E-string. But audiences really love a G-string. Ven you got it, shout it.

Let the whole world hear vat you’re about. Clothes may make the man, all a

girl needs is a tan ven you got it let it hang out. Ven
I was just a little girl in Sweden, my thoughtful mother gave me this advice:

If nature blesses you from top to bottom,

show that top to bottom, don’t think twice.

Don’t think twice.
Broad swing

G6   G6/F#   Em7   G6/D   A13   A13/G   A13/F#   A13/E

got it

ff

D7   D9   G6   E7/G#   Am7   D9

Let the public feast upon your charms.

G   G/F#   Em7   G/D   Am11   D7   Am11   D13

People say that being prim is proper.

But every show-girl knows that "prim" will

mf

G   Eb9

stop her.

Ven you got it.

Ab   Ab/G   Fm9   Ab/Eb
Bb7

Don’t be selfish, give it all away!

Bb add9/D

Eb dim7

C7/E

Don’t be shy, be bold and cute,

show the boys that birthday suit

ven you
"Going home"

Bbm9

\begin{music}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Bbm9}
\end{flelag}

\begin{music}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Ab6/Eb}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Bb9/Eb}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Eb13}
\end{flelag}

\begin{music}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Ab/Gb}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Db/F}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Dbm/Fb}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Eb7sus}
\end{flelag}
\end{music}

Samba-straight 8ths

\begin{music}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Eb7}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Ab}
\end{flelag}

\begin{music}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Ab6/F}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Dbm/Fb}
\end{flelag}
\begin{flelag}
\textbf{Eb7sus}
\end{flelag}
\end{music}

\textit{ray!}

\textit{Somebody’s down on his luck}

\textit{Oh, you just got it}

\textit{shout out hoo-}

\textit{gliss.}

\textit{Samba-straight 8ths}

\textit{ray!}

\textit{Somebody’s down on his luck}

\textit{Oh, you just got it}

\textit{shout out hoo-}

\textit{gliss.}
WHO WILL LOVE ME AS I AM?
from SIDE SHOW

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

Ballad
Ab
Ab/Gb
Fm
Ab/Eb

Like a

Db(add9)
Ab/C
Eb/Bb
Ab

fish plucked from the ocean Tossed into a foreign stream. Always

Cm
Db
Bbm7
Eb sus
Eb

knew that I was different Of ten fled into a dream. I ig

Daisy and Violet sing this number as a duet in the show; adapted as a solo for this edition.
nored the raging currents. Right against the tide I swam. But I

float ed with the question Who will love me as I am?

Like an odd exotic creature On display inside a zoo.

Hearing children asking questions Makes me ask some questions too.
Could we bend the laws of nature? Could a lion love a lamb?

Who could see beyond this surface? Who will love me as I am?

Who will ever call to say “I love you”? Send me flowers or a telegram.

Who could proudly stand beside...
Who will love me as I am? Like a clown whose tears cause laughter. Trapped inside the center ring. Even seeing smiling faces I am lonely pondering. Who would want to join this madness? Who would
change my monogram? Who will be part of my circus?

Who will love me as I am? Who will ever call to say “I love you”?

Send me flowers or a telegram?

Who could proudly stand beside me? Who will
Db(add9)  Db/Eb  Eb  Ab(add9)  Ab/C

love me as I am?

Db(add9)  Db/Eb  Ab(add9)  Db(add9)  Db/Eb  Ab(add9)

Who could

Cb  Bbm7  Ab  Eb sus  Db/Eb  Eb

proudly stand beside me?  Who will love me as I

Ab  Ab/C  Db(add9)  Dbmaj7/Eb  Ab

am?

allargando
WITH A SONG IN MY HEART
from SPRING IS HERE

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

\[\begin{array}{cccccc}
Eb & Cm & Fm7 & Bb7 & Cm & Fm7 \\
 & & & & & \\
\end{array}\]

\[\begin{array}{cccccc}
Bb7sus & Bb7 & Eb & Bb7m7 & Eb7 \\
 & & & & & \\
\end{array}\]

Stacy: Though I know that we meet every night
And we

Betty: Oh, the moon’s not a moon for a night;
And these

Ab

\[\begin{array}{cccccc}
Ab & Bb7m7 & Eb/Bb & Cm \\
 & & & & & \\
\end{array}\]

couldn’t have changed since the last time,
To my joy and delight it’s a

stars will not twinkle and fade out!
And the words in my ears will re-

\[\begin{array}{cccccc}
Fm7 & Bb7 & Eb & Ab & Ab/Eb & Eb & Bb7 & Eb \\
 & & & & & & & \\
\end{array}\]

new kind of love at first sight.
Though it’s you and it’s I all the

sound for the rest of my years.
In the morning I’ll find with de-
time
light
Not a note of our music is played out,
You're in-
creasingly sweet, So when- ever we hap- pen to meet
be just as sweet, And an air that I'll live to re-
pea-
__

I greet you With a song in my heart.

I be-hold your ad-or-a-ble face, Just a song at the start,
But it soon is a hymn to your grace.

Am7♭5  
Ab  Fm7  Eb6  D7

swells  I'm touching your hand;

Fm  D7  G7  C7  Fm  Bb7  Eb

standing near,  and  At the sound of your

dim.

Bb7  Eb  Bb7

voice  Heaven opens its portals to me.
Can I help but rejoice
That a song such as ours came to be?
But I always knew I would live life through
With a song in my heart for you.

a tempo
WITH ONE LOOK
from SUNSET BOULEVARD

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK,
and CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON,
with contributions by AMY POWERS

Lento moderato

NORMA With one look I can break your heart, with one look I play every part.

I can make your sad heart sing, with one look you'll know all you need to know.

With one smile I'm the girl next door or the love that you've hungered for.
When I speak it's with my soul
I can play any role.

No words can tell the stories my eyes tell, watch me when I frown, you can't write that down.

You know I'm right, it's there in black and white, when I look your way you'll hear what I say.

Yes, with one look I put words to shame, just one look sets the screen a-flame.
Silent music starts to play, one tear in my eye makes the whole world cry.

With one look they'll forgive the past, they'll rejoice I've returned at last.

to my people in the dark, still out there in the dark.
Silent music starts to play. With one look you'll know all you need to know.

With one look I'll ignite a blaze, I'll return to my glory days.

They'll say Norma's back at last. This time I am staying, I'm staying for good, I'll be back where I was born to be, with one look I'll be me.
WITHOUT YOU
from RENT

Words and Music by
JONATHAN LARSON

Moderately flowing

Dsus2

\[mf\]

D

Dsus2

D

With pedal

Without you, you, you,

Without the the the

Dsus2

ground
breeze
hand

thaws,
warms,
gropes,

the rain
the girl
the ear

falls,
smiles,
hears,

Dsus2

D

Dsus2

D

the grass
the cloud
the pulse

grows.
moves.
beats.

With
With
With
out you, the seeds root,
out you, the tides change,
out you, the eyes gaze.

the flowers bloom,
the boys run,
the legs walk,

the children play,
the oceans crash,
the lungs breathe,

the stars gleam,
the crowds roar,
the mind churns,

the poets dream,
the days soar,
the heart yearns,
Dsus2  Bb sus2/D  Dsus2  Bb sus2/D
vives,   colors   renew,   but I know

A/C#  Am/C  G/B  Gm/Bb
blue,  only  blue,  lonely

D/A  Gm/Bb  Asus  A
blue,  within  me  blue
CODA

Bm7

Gsus2

F#m

Gsus2

I'm gone 'cause I die without

Dsus2

D

Dsus2

D

you, without you.

Dsus2

D

Dsus2

D(add2)

you, without you.
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
from FLOWER DRUM SONG

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

G\(\text{b}_5\)

A long the Hwang Ho

G
Dmaj7

Val le where young men walk and dream, A flow er boat with

D
G\(\text{b}_5\)

sing ing girls came drifting down the stream. I saw the face of

Am7
B(add9)

legato e rit.
Only one come drifting down the stream.

You are beautiful, small and shy.

You are the girl whose eyes met mine just as your boat sailed by.

This I know of you.
nothing more,
You are the girl whose

eyes met mine
Passing the river shore.

G

D

G

You are the girl whose laugh I heard,
Silver and soft and bright;
Soft as the fall of lotus leaves
Brush-in' the air of night. While your flower boat sailed away,
Gently your eyes looked back on mine.

Clearly you heard me say:
“You are the girl I will love some day.”
YOU WALK WITH ME
from THE FULL MONTY

Words and Music by DAVID YAZBEK

Moderately slow, but moving ahead

MALCOLM:

Is it the wind—

o- ver my shoul- der?—

Is it the wind that I hear gen- tly whis- per- ing

poco rit.

“Are you a- lone—

there in the val- ley?”——

a tempo

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No, not alone for you walk, you walk with me.

Is it the wind there over my shoulder?

Is it your voice calling quietly? Over the hill-top, down in the valley,

never alone for you walk with me. When evening falls
and the air gets colder, when shadows cover the road I am following poco rit.

will I be alone there in the darkness? a tempo

No, not alone, not alone and I’ll never be... Never alone. You are walking, you’re walking with rit. a tempo

me.

Is it the wind there over my shoulder?

*Sing the top line melody in this section for a solo version of the song.
Is it your voice calling quietly?
Over the hill-top, down in the valley,

never alone for you walk with me.
Over the hill-top, down in the valley.

Never alone for you walk with me.
YOU’RE JUST IN LOVE
from the Stage Production CALL ME MADAM

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Moderately
F:

I hear singing and there's no one there.

C7

I smell blossoms and the trees are bare.

All day long I seem to walk on air. I wonder
why?

I wonder why?

I keep tossing in my sleep at night.

And what's more I've lost my appetite.

Stars that used to twinkle in the skies are twinkling
in my eyes, I wonder why?

You don't need analyzing,

it is not so surprising that you feel

very strange... but nice.
Your heart goes pit-ter pat-ter. I know just

what's the mat-ter, be-cause I've been there once or twice.

Put your head

on my shoul-der. You need some-one who's older.
A rub-down with a velvet glove.

There is nothing you can take to relieve that pleasant ache. You're not sick you're just in love.
I hear singing and there’s no one there.  
You don’t need analyzing, it is not  

I smell blossoms and the  
so surprising that you feel very strange but nice.  

trees are bare.  
All day long I seem to  

Your heart goes pitter patter.
walk on air I wonder why?
I know just what's the matter, because I've

I wonder why? I keep been there once or twice.

Put your head tossing in my sleep at night.
on my shoulder, You need someone who's older.
And what's more I've lost my appetite.
A rub-down with a velvet glove.

Stars that used to twinkle in the skies are twinkling
There is nothing you can take to relieve that pleasant ache.

in my eyes, I wonder why?
You're not sick, you're just in love.