This collection of forty-one songs represents my first thirty years as a professional songwriter, from my first song for a Broadway show, the title song from the play *Butterflies Are Free*, written in 1969, to a song from the original television musical *Geppetto*, which aired in 2000. I have tried to include the majority of my most often performed songs as well as many frequently requested songs that do not appear in any other published folio. I have rewritten many of the accompaniments of previously published songs to reflect more accurately the way I actually play them on the piano, and a few of the songs contain lyrics that have been revised (and I think improved) since their original publication. I have tried to tailor the songs with a solo singer in mind; accordingly, songs that were originally duets or choral numbers are arranged for a soloist, and longer instrumental breaks have been shortened. The songs appear in more or less chronological order.

They originally appeared in the following shows, movies, or albums:

*Butterflies Are Free* (1969)
*Godspell* (1971), including “Beautiful City,” originally from the film, but now often included in this rewritten form in productions of the show
*Pippin* (1972), including a revised lyric for “Extraordinary”
*The Baker’s Wife* (1976), including a revised lyric for “Chanson”
*Working* (1978), including a revised lyric for “It’s an Art”
“Manchild Lullaby” (1980), recorded by Jane Olivor on the album, *The Best Side of Goodbye*
*Rags* (1985)
*Children of Eden* (1991)
“Cold Enough to Snow” from the film *Life With Mikey* (1993)
*Pocahontas* (1995)
*The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1996)
*Reluctant Pilgrim*, CD of original songs (1997)
*The Prince of Egypt* (1998)
*Geppetto* (2000)

I thank my collaborators on these songs: Alan Menken, Dean Pitchford, Leida Snow, and Charles Strouse. I also would like to acknowledge the assistance of Michael Cole, John Angier, Joseph Wajda, and Sy Feldman in the preparation of this book.

Stephen Schwartz
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Flowing folk feel

G   C/G   G   C/G

Chorus:

G   C/G   G   C/G

knew the day you met me, I could love you if you let me,
On that velvet morning, when our love was forming.

Bm   Em   A7   C/D D

Though you touched my cheek and said how easy you'd forget me, you said,
I said it wouldn't hurt me if you left without warning. I said,
“Butterflies are free, and so are we.”
And you made me understand right from the start.
I could hold your gentle hand, but never hold your heart.
So why the crying?
Were our brave words lying when we both agreed there'd be no tears in our good-bye? But-ter-flies are free.

Why aren't we?
DAY BY DAY
From the musical "GODSPELL"

Music by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Lyrics by RICHARD OF CHICHESTER (1197-1253)

Easy pop waltz
Fmaj7   Gm(4)/F
Fmaj7   Gm(4)/F
Bbmaj7  Am7  Gmaj7
Em   A   Em   A

Day by day,

oh, dear Lord, three things I pray:

To see Thee more clearly, love Thee more dearly,

Day by Day - 3 - 1

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1.
Cmaj9
follow Thee more nearly, day by day.

2.
Light rock feeling
Cmaj9
Fmaj7
day by day.

Gm(4)/F
Fmaj7
Gm(4)/F
day by day.

Bbmaj7
Am7
Gmaj7
oh, dear Lord, three things I pray:

Day by Day - 3 - 2
PPFM0006
2nd time, repeat these 4 measures 4 times

Em    A    Em    A

to see Thee more clearly, love Thee more dearly.

Dm    G

follow Thee more nearly, day by day.

Cmaj9

Fmaj7

day by day.

Cmaj9    Fmaj7

Day by day—by day by day—by day.

Amaj7

rit.
ALL GOOD GIFTS
From the musical "GODSPELL"

Music by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Lyrics by MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1782); translated by JANE M. CAMPBELL (1861)

Moderate folk feel (molto legato)

Verse:

plow the fields and scatter the good seed on the land. But
thank Thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good.

it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand. He
seed time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.

All Good Gifts - 4 - 1
PFM0006

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D \quad Am \quad C \quad G

sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain.

The gifts have we to offer for all Thy love imparts but

Gm \quad Gm \quad Em7/A

breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing rain.

that which Thou desires: our humble, thankful hearts.

A \quad D \quad Gmaj7 \quad Cmaj9

Chorus: All good gifts around us

Fmaj7 \quad D \quad Gmaj7 \quad Cmaj9

are sent from heaven above.
So thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
for all His love.

We I really want to thank you, Lord...
thank you for all of your love. Oh, thank you, Lord.

I want to thank you, Lord, oh, thank you, Lord.

subito p

Am C G D
Moderately bright (♩ = 3/2)
A(9)/C#   Cm7    Dmaj7

can we see a ray of hope?

One

Now,

Cm7   Fm7   Dmaj9   Cm/E

pale thin ray, reaching for the day,

maybe now, we start learning how.

F#   F#2   Cm   B/E   F#   F#2

We can build a beautiful city, yes, we can,

F#   F#2   Cm   B/E   F#   F#2

yes, we can. We can build a beautiful city, not a
city of angels, but we can build a city of man.

man. When your trust is all but shattered, when your faith

is all but killed, you can give up, bitter and bat-

tered, or you can slowly start to build
a beautiful city, yes, we can,

yes, we can. We can build a beautiful city, not a
city of angels, but finally a city of

man.

Beautifull City - 4 - 4
PPM0006
CORNER OF THE SKY

From the musical “PIPPIN”

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Slightly martial

C	Bb/C	Fsus/C	F	C

C	F/A	Em/G	Dm/F	F	Fmaj7	Gsus

(Gflowing)

Gsus	C	Dm/C.

rall.
a tempo
dim.

C	Dm/C

C	Dm/C

1. Ev'rything has its season,
2. Ev'ry man has his day dreams,
(3.) So man-y men seem destined to

Corner of the Sky - 4 - 1

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ev'rything has its time,
ev'ry man has his goal,
settle for something small.

Show me a reason and I'll soon
people like the way dreams have of stick-
But I won't rest until I know

show you a rhyme,
ing to the soul,
I'll have it all.

cats fit on the window sill,
thunder clouds have their lightning
so don't ask where I'm going just

children fit in the snow,
night-gales have their song,
listen when I'm gone.

Why do I feel I don't fit in
and don't you see, I want my life to be
And far away you'll hear me singing
anywhere I go?

something more than long?

softly to the dawn:

Rivers belong where they can ram-

ble,

eagles belong where they can fly:

I've got to be where my

spirit can run free,

got to find my corner.
Corner of the Sky - 4 - 4
PFM0008
EXTRAORDINARY
From the musical "PIPPIN"

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Sassy shuffle

Patch-ing the roof__ and pitch-ing the hay__ is
I'm not the type__ who los-es sleep__

not my i-dea__ of the per-fect__ day__ When you're ex-tra-or-di-nar-
o-ver the size__ of the com-post__ heap__ When you're ex-tra-or-di-nar-

-y, you got-ta do ex-tra-or-di-nar-y things__
y, you think a-bout ex-tra-or-di-nar-y things__

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Oh I once knew a man, lived each day the same

safe and sane and swell. And on the day he died I

couldn't cry. All I could say was, "How could they tell?" Oh,

looking at life from deep in a rut, may
give you a view of the sunshine, but

it's unnecessary to some-

one who is very extraordinary like
More driving, a bit faster

Gm  C/G  Gm7  Gm  C/G  Gm7

me!

Gm  C/G  Gm7  Gm  C/G  Gm7

floor-boards are squeaking and the door-boards are leaking, and the

Ab  Ab6  Abm7  Ab  Ab6  Abm7

chimney's in need of repair, if the

Gb  Gbmaj7(6)  Gb6  Gb  Gbmaj7(6)  Gb6

garden has brambles and the yard is a shambles, well I'm
Cm7         F         Cm         Fsus
     ter - ri - bly sor - ry, but I don't____ care.____
     Fsus         F         F7sus         Bb/F         F

With a strong beat
Bb         Fm9         Bb         Fm9
     I've got to be____ fact that I'm dif - ferent is some - one who lives____ So
     Bb         Bb/Ab         Eb/G         Gbmaj7         Gb6
     all of his life____ in - su - per la - tives____ Why does n't an - y - bod - y know it but me?____ When you're
Extraordinary, you gotta do extraordinary things.

Every so often a man has a day he
truly can call his

Well, here I am to

seize my day if some-one will just tell me when the hell it is! Oh,

give me my chance, and give me my wings

And

don't make me think about every-day things. They're so sec-on-d ar-

Extraordinary - 8 - 7
PFM0006
to someone who is very
extraordinary
like me!
LOVE SONG
From the musical "PIPPIN"

Flowing, romantic

Pippin:

E7sus
E

Catherine:

Bm7

Sitting on the floor and talking 'til dawn,
Private little jokes and silly pet names,
How can you define a look or a touch?
Can-dles and con-fi-
lav-en-der soap and
How can you weigh a

E7sus
E

Pippin:

den-ces.
lo-tions.
feel-ing?

Trading old beliefs and humming old
All of the cliches and all of the
Taken by them-selves now, they don't mean

Bm

Catherine:

E7sus
E

Pippin:

songs and lower ing old defenses.
Games and all of the strange emo-tions.
Much. Together, they send you reel-ing into a

Love Song - 3 - 1
PFM0006

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Both:

A    Amaj7    B/A        G#m         C#m9 To Coda

love song,
la la la la la la la la

F#m7

1. A/B
2. A/B

E

Love song, la la la... la la la la la

Pippin:

E/A

Both:

They say the whole is greater than the

Dmaj7

Pippin:

E/A

sum of the parts... it's made of. Well, if it's true of an

Love Song · 3 · 2
PPM0006
MORNING GLOW
From the musical “PIPPIN”

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Nice steady rock tempo

Morn-ing glow, morn-ing glow,
fill the earth, starts to glimmer

when you know. Winds of change are set to blow and
all you’re worth. We’ll be present at the birth of

sweep this whole land through. Morn-ing glow is long
old faith look-ing new. Morn-ing glow is long

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O morning glow,
I'd like to help you grow.

We should have started long ago.
Absus  Ab   Abm  Abm9    Db   Ab/Db
So,  morning glow

Gb/Db   Db   Ab/Db   Gb/Db
all day long, while we sing tomorrow's song.

Ab  Ebm7  Ab  Bbm  Gb  Eb/G
Never knew we could be so strong, but now it's very clear.

Ab  Fm  Gb  Abm  Abm9
Morning glow is almost
here.

Broader

Morn-ing glow,

we can make the new day bright;

And the phan-toms

of the night will fade into the past.
Suddenly faster

Morning glow is here.

Am Am9 Ped.

at

D A/D G/D D A/D

last.

G/D G/D Em7/A D

rit. ff
NO TIME AT ALL  
From the musical "PIPPIN"

Music and Lyrics by  
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Ad lib. tempo

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{E7sus} & \text{E7} & \text{Am} & \text{Em/G} & \text{Fmaj7} \\
&Dm7 & \text{Am} & \text{Em} & \text{Am} & \text{Em/G} & \text{Fmaj7} \\
&\text{Dm7} & \text{G} & \text{Em7} & \text{Am} & \text{F} & \text{G} & \text{C(9)} \\
&\text{F} & \text{G/F} & \text{Em7} & \text{Am7} & \text{F} & \text{C/G} \\
&\text{No Time At All - 7 - 1} \\
\end{align*}
\]

hope that you never are... You will woe-fully wonder why, my dear, through your

cataracts and catarrh, you could squander away or sequester a

drop of a precious year... For, when your best days are yester, the
Jaunty, steady \( (i = 138) \) \( \left( \frac{3}{4} \right) \)

rest're twice as dear. What good is a field on a fine

I've never wondered if I

summer night, if you sit all alone with the weeds, or a suc-

was afraid, when there was a challenge to take. And I've

sim.

C

juicy bite, you spit out your teeth with the

never thought about how much I weighed, when there was still one piece of

G C/G G Am Em Am Em

seed? cake. Before it's too late, stop trying to wait for

Now, may be it's meant, the hours I've spent feeling
for-tune and fate you're se-cure of.
bro-ken and bent and un-well.
For, there's one thing to be sure.
But there's still no cure so heav-

of, mate: There's noth-ing to be sure
en-sent as the chance to raise some hell.

Oh, it's time to start liv-in;
time to take a lit-tle from the

world we're giv-en.
Time to take time, for spring will turn to fall.
[Repeat once only]

in just no time at all.

2. So
3. Now,

when the drear ies do attack or a siege of the sads begins,
sages tweet that age is sweet, good deeds and good works earn you lau-

I throw these regal shoulders back, and rels.
But what could make you feel more obsolete than being

lift these noble chins.

Give me a man who is hand-
not ed for your mor als?

Here is a secret I nev-

[2nd x gentler]
some and strong, someone who's stalwart and steady,

Give me a night that's romantic and long, Then give me a month to get

ready. Now, I could lay some aging route and per-

cuide him to play in some cranny, But it's hard

No Time At All - 7 - 5
PFM0006
to believe
I'm being
led astray
by a
thing
I'd trade
them for
is

man
who
calls
me
gran

six
ty
seven
more.

2nd x rall.

Broader

Oh,
there's
-
-
time
to keep
liv'in',

-
-
time
to keep
-
-
from
-
-
world
-
-
given.
You are my
-
-
So

No Time At All - 7 - 6
PFM0006
I'll throw off my shawl and watching your flings be flung all over makes me feel young.

all over, in just no time at all.

No Time At All - 7 - 7
PFM0006
WITH YOU
From the musical “PIPPIN”

Gently

G(no3)  C/G  G(no3)  C/G

(with pedal)

G  D/F♯  Em  Cmaj7  D

My days are brighter than morning air,
My nights are warmer than fire coals,

Bm  Bm7  Em  Gsus/E  F

au-tumn blue.
smoke bam-boo.

But all my days were twice as fair
But nights were warm beyond compare

Em  I could share my days with you
Am7  Dsus  D

I could share my
2. nights with you, to dance in my dreams, to

shine when I need the sun, with you to

hold me when dreams are done. And oh, my
dear-est love, if you will take my love,

With You - 3 - 2
PFM0006
then all my dreams are truly begun. And time weaves ribbons of

memory to sweeten life when youth is through.

But I would need no memories there, if I could share my

life with you.
LION TAMER
From the musical "THE MAGIC SHOW"

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Plaintively

I'd like to be a lion tamer, sequins and tights and silk top hats. I could'n't be a ballerina, I never could stand on my toes.

know I could be a lion tamer, I've always gotten along with cats. I couldn't be a Spanish dancer, I'd look ridiculous with a rose. But

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I'd have a whip but never use it, I'd simply hold it in my hand.
everyone has a special calling, something that only she can do.

I'd like to be a lion tamer. If I could be a lion tamer
I could be such a lion tamer. If I could be a lion tamer

a tempo

I would be someone grand.
I would be special too.

1.  
2.  

Lion Tamer 5-2
PFM0006
I could begin with baby leopards, move on to tiger cubs and then,

after I learn to handle lions, maybe I could work

up to men.
I never wanted fancy mansions, butlers and footmen living.

I never wanted lots of money, money can't buy what you really need.

I never prayed for any favors, but here I am on knobby knee.

Please let me be a lion tamer. If I could be a lion tamer,
WEST END AVENUE
From the musical “THE MAGIC SHOW”

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Not too fast, but with an urban drive (\(\mathcal{J} = \mathcal{J}\) throughout)

\[
\begin{align*}
&Bb \\
&\text{mp} \\
&Bbmaj7 \\
\text{All of your life___ you wake up to the} \\
\text{All of your life___ you watch the shrinks and} \\
&\text{tax—is and the chimes, to the bath-room with the roach-es and the} \\
&\text{law-yers on pa-rade, watch the bro-kers in their worst-ed and the}
\end{align*}
\]
break-fast with the Times. And you sub-way to school with kids whose folks all
ad men in their suede. While up stairs a so-pra no tries to sing the

live in twen-ty blocks in a high-rise rent-ed car-ton or a
waltz from "La Bo-hème." And you watch 'em and you lis-ten and you

co-op brown-stone box judge and you con-demn:
with dou-ble You're not like
West End Avenue

Avenue

Babies in carts and pool, dles bark ing.

Del is and laun - dro mats and gay bars,

Alt. Ca ble T Vs and ra dar ran ges

Av enue

Ebmaj7

End

End

Av enue

Av enue
Planning the day around the parking.
Only a block away from Zabar's.
But you were meant to really fly.

You tell yourself, "I will be free."
West End Avenue, West End Avenue,

you won't get good-bye, good-bye.
me. bye.
And then

suddenly you're out there on your own. But you for

subito P

got that freedom could also mean alone. And when

all that freedom gets too much for you.
Gm7(addC)
C
F

Ooh, what do you do?

G/C
F
G/C

You

Bbmaj7
Eb6/Bb

pack up your boots and blue jeans and your records and your pride, and you

Bbmaj7
Em7
G/A

tell yourself you ventured and you tell yourself you tried. And it's

West End Avenue - 9 - 6
PFM0005
back to the surly doormen and the canopies you go.
And the

buses seem to chuckle and the towers seem to crow:

"We told you so."
Em

Avenue,

find me a golden cage to perch in.

F

Ebmaj7

West End

Avenue,

Dm

C

open your arms to one more urchin who's crawl'in' back to mama's

Bb

Eb (11)

den.

West End Avenue.
you win again!
CHANSON
From the musical "THE BAKER'S WIFE"

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Gently

(2nd time:)

E          B7sus          E          B7sus

(jour est un jour comme les autres deux jours, le po-

E          B7sus          E          B7sus

tage, l'ouvrage, peut-être l'amour, le so-

Chanson - 9 - 1
PPM0008

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leil, il voy - a - ge, le monde fait un tour, ain - si c'est tou -

jours le mê - me. 1. Ev - 'ry
day as you do what you do ev - 'ry day, you see the same
wind chang - es course, and the moon chang - es phase, and the world spins a -

fac - es who fill the ca - fé; and if some of those
round with the greens and the grays, and you nev - er take
faces have new things to say, nothing is really

time out to think of the ways every thing might be

different

different

And then

one day, suddenly, something can happen... It
may be quite simple, it may be quite small... but

all of a sudden, your stew tastes different, and you

hear a gull cry in a different key, and you

see with new eyes, and the faces you see... are
people you don't know at all.

And the

rall.

molto rall.

someone who touches your hair every day,

a tempo

touches you now in a different way, and you

may want to run, or you may want to stay for...
A  F#m  B

ev - er.

And since life is the

cry of a gull and the taste of your stew and the

a tempo

way that you feel when he touches you.

molto rall.

Broader  A  B7sus  E  C#m

now your whole life is different
now your whole life is new.
Cé line

Esus (4)

Je

C

laisse

E

la
tes
dou

A

Chacun

B7sus

naisse

G
d'bonheur.

Au


Tempo I

E

jour

B7sus

est

E

un

B7sus

jour

comme les autres

doux

le

Chanson - 9 - 8

PFM0008
tagé, l'ouvrage, peut-être l'amour, le soleil, il voyage, le monde fait un tour, a

si c'est toujours le même.

rall. a tempo
GIFTS OF LOVE
From the musical "THE BAKER'S WIFE"
Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Moderato, tenderly

\( \text{Db7}(11) \quad \text{Dsus} \quad \text{Db7}(11) \quad \text{Dsus} \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{loc} \)

A fresh picked

(with pedal)

\( \text{Db} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Gb}(9) \quad \text{Fm7} \)

rose
cold,
be side my bed,
when nights were rough,
the coffee
I thought his

\( \text{Ebm7} \quad \text{Ebm7/Ab} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Dbmaj7} \)

pot there,
small ways
hot there
always
when I raise my head.
ought to be enough.
Each day the first thing that I see:

So now why should my smile be dim,

his little gifts of love for me.

When days were

1.

2.

Movendo

love from him?

Oh, it's time I stop to think,

time I start to
learn, time I gave him something in return.

I'll share his bed, return his touch,

let old dreams die now, by now I shouldn't mind so
much. And this I swear to God above:

col 8va loco

to give him

Dmaj7 G/D Dmaj7
gifts, he'll think they're gifts.
G/D  Em7  F#{m7}  G(9)

to him they'll seem my gifts

dim.

A

D(#11)  Dsus

of love.

p  rall.

mp

D(#11)  Dsus  F#D  D

poco rit.

dolce

poco rit.

pp
PROUD LADY

From the musical “THE BAKER’S WIFE”

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Rubato

Maestoso

G Am7/D G Am7/D

Ah, I’m in love, I’m in love again. I’m in

Faster, ad lib.

G D/F♯ G/F C(9)/E Cm6/E♭ G(9)/D Bm/F♯

love, I’m in love and isn’t it a crime? Isn’t it a crying shame that the

Am7(♭5)/E♭

G(9)/D Bm/F♯ C/E A♭7(♭11)/E♭

love of my life should have to be another man’s wife? But I’ve
Allegro ma non troppo

(Bm/E) G/C Am7 Cmaj7/D Bm/E

finally found the one true love of my life.

(rall.) mp

(Phrase vocal conversationally)

Bm/E

G/C

1. I see her Monday afternoon, she's buying eggs, I'm buying cheese and I decide it's none too

2. Next time I go to get the bread, I know exactly what to wear. My pants are tight, my shirt is

simile

Bm/E

G/C

soon to try my famous old technique I call "The Tease"

red and open just enough to show a little hair.

So I brush up against her skin and pat her like she was a child, and then I flash my secret

And when the bag is full and warm, the way I lift it, she can tell that any action I per-
grin and give my head that little toss that drives 'em wild.
form, I do it strong, I do it slow, I do it well.

She acts as though she doesn't even know I'm there, she leaves the instant that the eggs are in her wink, she gives a smile and in a voice as sweet as

clutch. She just ignores my touch... She likes me very much!
wine. She tells me I'm a swine... She's obviously mine!

And I'm singing, oh.
And I'm singing, oh.
You and I both know,
some day you will be
And we'll go to a place where the grass is cool and
and with a smile on your face, you'll come into my

You and I both know,

oh yes, you will be mine.

mine.

And we'll go to that place where the grass is cool and

and with a smile on your face, you'll come into my

mine.
1. Allegro

Am7(+5)

arms and love will flow like wine.

Bm/E

2. Am7(+5)

arms and love will flow like wine. I'm in

Bm/D Am/D Bm/D Am7/D

* Maestoso

G Am7/D G Am7/D G D/F#

love! I'm in love again. I'm in love, I'm in love and

G/F C(9)/E Cm6/Eb G(9)/D Bm/F# Am7(+5)/Eb

isn't it a crime? Isn't it a crying shame that the love of my life should
have to be another man's wife. Well, I'm sorry for the guy_

but there's nothing I won't try to win the one true love of

my whole life!

cresc.
Alternate ending

Maestoso

G  Am7/D  G  Am7/D  G  D/F#
love!  I'm in love a-again!  I'm in love, I'm in love, and

ff

accel.

G/F  C(9)/E  Cm6/Eb  G(9)/D  Bm/F#
is-n't it a crime?  Is-n't it a cry-ing shame that the

mf

Am7(15)/Eb  G(9)/D  Bm/F#  C/E  Ab7(11)/Eb
love of my life should have to be an-other man's wife? But I've
Finally found the one true love of my life

for the twenty third time!
MEADOWLARK
From the musical “THE BAKER’S WIFE”

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Light, childlike - grow more “adult” throughout

Emaj9

A(9)/E

When

I was a girl, I had a fav’rite story of the

Emaj9

A(9)/E

meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind.

Emaj9

A/D

Her

Meadowlark - 15 - 1

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voice could match the angels' in its glory, but she was

blind, the lark was blind. An

old king came and took her to his palace where the

walls were burnished bronze and golden braid. And he
fed her fruit and nuts from an i-v'ry chalice and he

prayed:

accelerando poco a poco

me, my meadow lark,

sing for me of the silver

fly with me on the silver
morn - ing. Set me free, Past the sea.

where the dol - phins bark, and I'll we will

buy you a price - less jew - el, and cloth of bro -cade and

dance on the cor - al beach-es, make a feast of the plums and

crew-el, and I'll love you for life if you will

peach-es, just as far as your vi - sion reaches
Emaj9

sing
fly
for
with
me.

To Coda

A maj7/E

Emaj9

Then one day as the lark

A maj7/E

sang
by the wa-
ter,

A/D

Emaj9

god of the sun
heard her in his
flight.
and her singing moved him so he came and

brought her the gift of sight.

He gave her sight and she

opened her eyes to the shimmer and the splendor.
of this beautiful young god, so proud and strong.

And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and tender.

“Come a long.”

2. Fly with
But the meadowlark said

no, for the old king loved her so,

she couldn't bear to wound his pride.

So the sungod flew away, and when the
king came down that day,
he found his
meadowlark had died.

Ev'ry time I heard that part,
I cried.

Meadowlark - 15 - 9
PFM0006
now I stand here starry eyed and stormy
(2.) what can I do if finally for the first time

oh, just when I thought my heart was finally
the one I'm burning for returns the

numb, a beautiful young love has come at

man appears before me, singing:
last, it's picked the worst time, still I
1. D(9)  F#m7/B
   "Come, oh, won't you come?"

2. G(9)  B7sus
   2. And know
   I've got to go! Fly away,

   Meadowlark, fly away,
way in the silver morning,

If I stay I'll grow to

curse the dark. So it's off where the days won't

bind me. I know I leave wounds behind me but I
F#m  G#m  Bm9  Emaj9

won't let tomorrow find me back this

D(9)/E  E/D  A/C#  E/B

way before my

A  G#m  Bm7(4)
past once again can blind me.

Broadly

Andantino

A/B  N.C.

Fly away.

rall.  a tempo  rall.

Col 8ve.
And we won't wait to say goodbye, my beautiful young man.

accelerando poco a poco

and

poco a poco accel.
WHERE IS THE WARMTH?
From the musical "THE BAKER'S WIFE"

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Wistfully ironic

A A maj7 D maj9 G maj7 C maj7

Look at him, that's a face; that's a profile to admire.
Look at us, don't you think we fit beautifully together?

A A maj7 D maj9 G maj7 C maj7

Where is the Warmth? - 7 - 1
PPM0006

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Look at him, that's a toro so that's rare.
Look at us, can't you see how we shine?

(2nd x)

When I
When you

F♯m

Bm7

C♯m

D G/D D

look at him, how I burn to be touching him; the fire is
look at us, do you notice I'm shivering? The weather is

A

Dmaj7

G

[1.

Em9

there.

fine.

But But

where is the

ritard.
Where is the Warmth?

Where is the warmth?

Since I grow feverish with the flush that comes every time he

a bit faster
Fmaj7  Bm7(b5)  E7(b9)  A
holds me.  naturally you'd suppose I'd be warm when I'm

D  G/D  D  Amaj7  Dm  G  C/E  A
hot.  Well, I'm not.  And just look at me, you would

poco rall.  a tempo

Dmaj7  Bm  Em  A
think this the cruel-est of Dec-embers.  Look at me, you would
Dmaj7  G  D/F♯  E  F♯m

think we'd had snow. Then he looks at me, and for a

Bm9  C₇m  D/A  G/B  D/A  A  Amaj7  D

moment I melt again: the embers do glow. But

G  Em9  A  Amaj7  D  A  Amaj7

oh, where is the warmth? The
FATHERS AND SONS
From the musical “Working”

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Gentle folk feel

\[\text{F}\#m(9)}\]
\[Bm\]
\[E7/C\#\]
\[F\#m(9)\]
\[\text{p legato}\]
\[\text{rit.}\]
\[\text{a tempo}\]

\[\text{Bm}\]
\[E7/C\#\]
\[F\#m(9)\]
\[\text{Bm/D}\]
\[E7(no3)/B\]
\[E7(no3)\]
\[F\#m\]
\[\text{rit.}\]
\[\text{a tempo}\]
\[\text{poco accel.}\]

\[\text{F}\#m(9)}\]
\[\text{E}\]
\[\text{Dmaj7}\]

I heard a lot-ta songs say, “Where you go-in’ my son?”
It seems to me that late-ly, I’ve been think-in’ a lot-
I heard a lot-ta songs say, “Where you go-in’ my son?”

\[\text{sim.}\]
Now I know they're true.
I think about my dad.
Now I know they're for real.

Boy, you never stop to think how fast the years run;
Lots of funny things come back I thought I'd forgot.
Boy, you never stop to think how fast the years run;

Now they've taken you,
Now they make me sad,
or the things they steal.

Remember you was three and a half,
your mom and me, we'd
High school and it used to be,
I didn't want him

Now it seems I always knew
why I do the
sit there after things got quiet.
such things I do, and the things I never did.

We'd laugh at some new word you said,
how tough you were to
Fur-ther back to summer nights:
Why I work my whole damn life so's I could give a

get to bed and we'd plan the night away.

neath the lights and sleeping in the car
better life than the one my dad could give me.

My

Plan-nin' dad-dy for our kid.
and his kid.
I was your hero then, I couldn't
He was my hero then, He couldn't

Do no wrong as far as you were concerned. You
Do no wrong as far as I was concerned. I

thought I was the best of men,
thought he was the wisest and the strongest and the best

of men, the tables hadn't turned, you hadn't
the tables hadn't turned, I hadn't
and daddies make mistakes.

D.S. % al Coda

a tempo

poco accel.

Rubato

I give it to my
colla voce

kid....

Fathers and Sons - 6 - 6
PFM0006
IT'S AN ART

From the musical "WORKING"

Music and Lyrics by

STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Verdi-esque (a la "Traviata")

There's some as don't care, when they put down the plate,...

(spoken) Not with me!
(sung) When they move a chair it will scrape with a grate... on the ground. (spoken) Not with me!

(sung) I will have my hand right when I place a glass. Notice how I stand right as customers...
Pass, serve a demitasse with a gesture so gentle or do it again till it's near Oriental.

It's an art; it's an art, to be a fine...
waitress, to see that your pleasure each guest. There's a twist to my wrist when I bring your steak in and

watch how I take in your liver and bacon, it all needs be stylish and smart.

cresc, poco a poco
That's what makes it an art!

I remember one day, as I do now and then, I had shakes. (spoken) Down I went!

There with my tray full of coffees and...
cor-dials and cakes—
(spoken) Down I went!

(sung) But I kept my poise,
not one guest heard me fall.

Never made a noise,
(spoken) Not one noise,
(sung) food and all.

If you have to crawl,
you give 'em what they like.

It's An Art - 15 - 6
PFM0006
carry your tray like it's almost ballet-like.

la la da dum da da da da da da da da

It's an art! It's an art! to

be a fine waitress—each evening I treasure the
Like tonight was a fight 'cause they hired this busboy
this hair, all a muss boy and guests heard him cuss--boy, did we have a quick "heart-to--
cresc. poco a poco

Even that was an art.
Faster (♩ = 72)

Tips! Hah! Tips are important to people like captains and bar- men! (spoken) To them it's a tip, see? To me, (sung) I'm a gypsy! Just toss me a coin and I suddenly feel like I'm Carmen!
Tempo I°

**A**
on through the ulcer, the back ache, the hot sweaty feet,

**Em7(#5)** **A** **E7(#5)** **A** **Cgm7**

(on spoken)

on you go.

Through: "Is your knife dull, sir?" and
"Madam wants... WHAT with her meat?" (sung) On you go...

Slower

Two a.m. approaches, the curtains descend. There among the

roaches, my act's at an end. Every night I tend to find myself
There's no work so trying or so satisfying!

It's An Art! It's An Art! To be a great waitress, to do without
leisure or rest. So I zoom through the

room with a flair, no one else has. An air no one

else has, I swear. No one else has my lilt when I
say, "A la carte." You can see it

(locos)

gives me a glow. Ev'rytime I

prove I'm a pro. Maybe I'm not
quite Michaelangelo, but I'm

sub. p very legato

not just a waitress, I'm a one woman

p cresc.

show.
MANCHILD LULLABY
Recorded by Jane Olivor
Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ and LEIDA SNOW

Soothingly, (like a lullaby, in fact)

(with pedal)

La lu la la, la lu la la lu la, baby.

La lu la la, la lu la la lu la, baby.
1. Come into my arms - now, my own sweet love._
2. Times when you were troubled, wasn't I your friend?_

Come and let me rock you to sleep._
Just remember all we've been through._

Rock you to sleep._
You've bruised your weary heart._
And even though our cas-

Against the world, I know._
Ties may have turned to sand,_
Don't talk I'm still
now, here, let it keep. I sing,
la lu la la, la lu la la, ba - by,
La lu la la, la lu let me sing you a lul la by,
a man-child
lullaby

And it's time for us to go now, our own separate ways.

We've just been growin' up, I guess.

I guess. It's nobody's fault.
now, we've drifted apart and it

doesn't mean we love each other less. I sing.

lullaby, la la la, baby, a man-child

lullaby, la la la, baby, a man-child lullaby.
BLAME IT ON THE SUMMER NIGHT
From the musical "RAGS"

Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Music by CHARLES STROUSE

Moderate bluesy 4 (Swing the vocal)

Am    Am(maj7)/E    Am7    D7    Am    Am(maj7)/E

Am7    D7    Am    Am(maj7)/E    Cm/A    F7    E7sus    E7

Oh, it's way past time when I should be home in bed,

E7sus    E7    Am    Am(maj7)/E    Cm/A    F7

but I'm standing here on this moon-lit street in -
I want to drink the breeze in
and bathe in lantern light.
Oh, my reason's gone and I blame it on the summer night.
I see let ring

(couples pass and their eyes are luminous,
(Instrumental 2nd time...
and they smile at me as if to say, “You’re one of us.”

What’s going on here? I’ve got to stop this. I never felt so

lunatics giddy. Why are the stars so bright? If we’re

here—till dawn, can we blame it on the summer

let ring
night? night.
I keep re - mem - b'ring his eyes,
May - be the sun _ will come soon.

cresc.

fi - er - y pale _ in the moon _ light,
may - be the morn - ing will save me.
spin - ning my heart _

clear - ing my mind _

in _ to an end _ less flight.
giv - ing me back _ my sight.

But I'm

not to blame; it's just the shame _ less
now, I'm stuck in the sweet seduc _ tive
summer night.

let ring
THE HARDEST PART OF LOVE
From the musical "CHILDREN OF EDEN"

Con moto (\(j = 92\))

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

C\(\text{\#m}\) G\(\text{\#m6/B}\) A F\(\text{\#m9}\) D Bm7(4) E5 D2/E

Rubato

C\(\text{\#m/E}\) D2/E rall. E5 D2/E

Oh, this son of mine I love so well, and

rall. pp

C\(\text{\#m/E}\) D5/E E C\(\text{\#m7}\)

oh, the toll it takes. I would give to him a garden and

(alt: build a bridge) of dreams for him, and

The Hardest Part of Love - 9 - 1
PFM0006

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keep it clear of snakes. But the one thing he most treasures is to
patch it when it breaks.)

make his own mistakes. Oh... He goes (alt: He goes)

charging up the cliffs of life, a reckless mountaineer. I could
bound for lands I've travelled, I remember them so clear.)

help him not to stumble, I could warn him what to fear... I could
shout un-til I'm breath-less, and he'd still re-fuse to hear. Oh...

But you can-not close the a-corn once the oak

begins to grow. And you can-not close your heart to what it

fears and needs to know: That the hard-est part of love is the let-ting
a tempo

C\#m  G\#m6/B  A  F\#m  D  Bm7(4)  E5  D2/E

go...

As a child, I found a sparrow that had

a tempo

C\#m/E  D2/E  E5

fallen from its nest, and I nursed it back to health till it was

F\#m9  D2  E  F\#m7  G\#m  A  C\#m

stronger than the rest. But when I tried to hold it then, it

B  C\#m  F\#m7  A\#m7  B

pecked and scratched my chest, till I let it go...

And I
watched it fly away from me with its bright and selfish song, And a

part of me was cursing I had helped it grow so strong And I

feared it might go hungry, and I feared it might go wrong, Oh...

But I could not close the acorn once the oak

The Hardest Part of Love - 9 - 5
PFM0006
began to grow, And I cannot close my heart to what it

fears and needs to know: That the hardest part of love...

...is the letting go...

The Hardest Part of Love - 9 - 6
PFM0006
rose without a thorn. And your children start to leave you on the

day that they are born. They will leave you there to cheer for them. They will

leave you there to mourn ever so. Like an ark

on uncharted seas, their lives will be tossed. And the
deeper is your love for them, the crueler is the cost. And

just when they start to find themselves is when you fear they're lost. Oh...

But you cannot close the acorn once the oak begins to grow, and you cannot close your heart to what it
fears and needs to know: That the hardest part of love... And the
rar-est part of love... And the true-est part of

love... Love is letting go.
LOST IN THE WILDERNESS
From the musical “CHILDREN OF EDEN”
Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Rock \( j = 120 \)

Verse:
Em Gmaj7/D C Dsus D/C

1. I nev - er made this world. I didn’t e - ven lose it.
2. You fol - low all the rules. you swal - low all the sto - ries

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G/B  C(9)  Am9  D
And I know no one said it was fair,
and every night you wish on a star,

Em  Gmaj7/D  C  Dsus  D/C
they had a garden once
dreaming your day will come,
They had the chance to choose it.

G/B  C5  D5  G5  G
They gave it away,
including my share.

Chorus:
Bm  C(9)  D  Em
lost in the wilderness
lost in the wilderness
Lost, Lost,
- slowly dying in the wilderness
With
- anyone's watching, it seems they couldn't care less, we're lost
no chance of living, boy, until you confess, you're lost

1. Em Gmaj7/D C Dsus D/C
- in the wilderness
- in the wilderness

2. Bridge:
Am11
- ness.
Don't you ever watch the eagle

Lost in the Wilderness - 6 - 3
PFM0008
D      Em      Bm      C(9)  

in the  

D      Em      Gmaj7/B      C(9)  

wil - der - ness? And where we are head - ed, boy, I  

D      Em      C(9)      G/B  

couldn't even guess. But off we go, without a warn - ing,  

p poco a poco cresc.  

Am7      G/B      C      G/B  

run - ning as we hit the ground, where our fu - ture lies a - born - ing.

Lost in the Wilderness - 6 - 5  
PFM02006
Am7 G/B C(9) G/B
where our hearts are outward bound... Till one bright and distant morning.

F(9) Bmaj7 Bm C(9)
we may stop and look around and there, in the

D Em rall. C Am7 Dsus rall. Em a tempo Gmaj7/D
wilderness, finally, we'll be found.

Broad rall. rall. f a tempo

C Dsus D/C G/B C F Bbmaj7 G C/G G
THE SPARK OF CREATION
From the musical "CHILDREN OF EDEN"

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Steady, driving tempo \( J = 176 \)

1. I've got an itching on the tips of my fingers.
2. I see a mountain and I want to climb it.

I've got a boiling in the back of my brain.
I see a river and I want to leave shore.

I've got a hunger.
Where there was nothing.

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burning inside me cannot be denied
let there be something, some thing made by me.

I've got a feeling that the Father who made us, when He was kindling the
There's things waiting for me to invent them. There's worlds waiting for me

pulse in my veins, He left a tiny spark of that fire
I am an echo of the eternal

smoldering inside. The spark of creation
cry of, "Let there be..." The spark of creation
The Spark of Creation - 6:3

PFM0006
The Spark of Creation: 6-4

PFM0006
keeper of the flame. We think all we want is a

time of leisure, each perfect day the same endless va-

cation. Well, that's all right, if you're a

kind of crustacean, but when you're born with an imagination,

The Spark of Creation - 6 - 5
PFM0006
sooner or later, you're feeling the fire
get hotter and higher...

The spark of
creation!

The Spark of Creation - 6 - 6
PFM0005
STRANGER TO THE RAIN
From the musical “CHILDREN OF EDEN”

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

With controlled emotion \( (j = 104) \) (\( \frac{4}{4} \))

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Db5} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \quad \text{Cm9} \\
\text{mf} \\
\text{Cm9} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \\
\text{Ch9} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \\
\text{Ch9} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \\
\end{array}
\]

(YONAH)

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Db} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \quad \text{Cm9} \\
\text{mp} \\
\text{Cm9} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \\
\text{Cm9} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Gm7/B} \\
\end{array}
\]

Shed no tears for me. There'll be rain enough to-

day. I'm wishing you goodbye as I
wave you on your way. This won’t be the first time I’ve stayed behind to face the bitter consequences of an ancient fall from grace. I’m a daughter of the race of...
I am not a stranger to the rain.

Orphan in the storm, that's a role I've played before.
fore. I've learned not to trem-ble when I hear the thun-der roar. I don't curse what I can't change, I just play the hand I'm dealt. And when they lighten up the ra-tions, I tighten up my
b lost in the rain.

I won't say I've never felt

But I am not a stranger
to the rain.

And
Bbm    Gmaj7    Ab2
for the boy who's given me the sweetest love I've

Fm7    Bbm    Gmaj7
known, I wish for him another love, so

Eb5    Eb    Ebm
he won't be alone. But I am bound to

Bbm    Gb    Ab
walk among the wounded and the slain. And
when the storm comes crashing on the plain, I will

dance before the lightning, to music sacred and pro-

Oh, shed no tears for me. Light no
drops fall where they may. If they finally wash away the stain from a daughter of the race of Cain I am not a
Stranger to the Rain - 10 - 10
PFM0006
IN WHATEVER TIME WE HAVE

From the musical “CHILDREN OF EDEN”

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Flowing, with sincerity and simplicity $J = 112$

In whatever time we have,
for as long as we are

living,
we can face whatever comes,
if we face it now as one.

I could make it on my own;

let me know that I don't have to.

No one really wants to be alone.

in whatever time we have.

1. If at times we are a
fraid;
mine

in a world that's so un-

lieve - cer -

Then, I feel your hand in

fraid; I will hold you in the dark.

and there's courage in my heart.

All we know for sure is this:

We could live a hundred years,
though the world could end tomorrow,
or the world could end tomorrow.

you and I will be together in what

ever time we have.

We know life can be a
battlefield, but we won't run and we won't yield.

You'll be my fortress, and I

will be your shield. No one really wants to be alone.

in whatever time we have. 2. There are times I've been a

In Whatever Time We Have - 7 - 5
PFM0006
But we know we'll be together in what

ever time...

forward, nights won't seem so black.

From this day forward, we will never look back.

\[ j = 116 \]
In whatever time we have,
we will make the most of
time, and at least we'll be together,
in whatever time
we have.
COLORS OF THE WIND
From the animated motion picture "POCAHONTAS"

Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Moderately

\(\text{Bb} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Eb}(9) \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{F} \)

\(m_f\)

(with pedal)

Verses 1 & 2:

\(\text{Ebmaj7} \quad \text{Ebmaj7/F} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Gm} \)

1. You think you own what ev’er land you land on;
   (2.) think the only people who are people are the

\(\text{rall.} \quad \text{a tempo}\)

\(\text{Bb} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Dm}\)

earth is just a dead thing you can claim.

But I know ev’ry rock and tree and

people who look and think like you.

But if you walk the footsteps of a

Colors of the Wind - 5-1
PFM0006

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1. creature has a life, has a spirit, has a name.

stranger, you'll learn

2. You

things you never knew, you never knew. Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the

blue corn moon or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned? Can you
sing with all the voices of the mountain? Can you paint with all the colors of the

wind? Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

3. Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest, come
(4.) rain-storm and the river are my brothers;

3. Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest, come
(4.) rain-storm and the river are my brothers;

taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth. Come roll in all the riches all a-
her-on and the other are my friends. And we are all connected to each
round you, and for once never wonder what they're worth.

2.
circle in a hoop that never ends. Have you

Coda

Bridge:

wind? How high does the sycamore grow? If you cut it down then you'll

ne'er know... rall. And you'll ne'er hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, for
whether we are white or copper-skinned,
we need to sing with all the voices of the

mountain, need to paint with all the colors of the wind.
You can

own the earth and still all you'll own is earth until you can paint with all the colors of the

wind.

Colors of the Wind - 5:5
PFM0006
IF I NEVER KNEW YOU

Love theme from “POCAHONTAS”

Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Romantic, but with motion

D(9) Bm D(9) Bm

with pedal

D(9) Bm D(9)

If I never knew you, if I never

Bm G Em9

felt this love, I would have no inkling of how
precious life can be. And if I nev\
er held you, I would nev\ner have a clue

how at last I'd find in you the missing part of

me. In this world so full of fear,

poco accel. più mosso
Dmaj7/E  A7sus  A7  F#m11  A7#m7
full of rage and lies, I can see the

Bm11  Bm7  G(9)  A  A7sus
truth so clear in your eyes, so dry your eyes. And

D(9)  Bm  D(9)
I'm so grateful to you. I'd have lived my

a tempo

G  Em7  F#m  G(9)  G/A
whole life through lost forever, if I never knew
you.

I thought our love would be so beautiful.

più mosso

Somehow we'd make the whole world bright.

I never knew that fear and

hate could be so strong, all they'd leave us were these whispers in the night, but
still my heart is saying we were right.

da tempo

There's no moment I regret since the moment

that we met. If our time has gone too fast I've

lived at last. And if I never
Dm        F          Fmaj7/C
knew you, I'd have lived my whole life

Gentler
Bb       Gm9  Am  Bb(9)  Gm9  Am
through empty as the sky, never knowing

Bb(9)   Gm7  Fmaj7/A  Bb(9)  C7sus  C7
why, lost forever, if I never knew

F          Dm     Bb(9)       F
you,
a tempo
rit.
OUT THERE
From the animated motion picture
"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Moderately with motion

C Fm/C C C7(no3) Fm/C C
Safe behind these windows and these parapets of stone,

Fm/C C C7(no3) Fm/C C Em Am/E Em E7(no3)
gazing at the people down below me. All my life I watch them as I

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hide up here a lone, hungry for the histories they show me.

All my life I memorize their faces, knowing them as they will never know me. All my life I wonder how it feels to pass a day, not above them, but part of them and

cresc.

rall.
out there living in the sun. Give me one day

out there. All I ask is one to hold forever.

Out there where they all live unaware what I'd

give, what I'd dare,
Slower

just to live one day out

Più mosso, pressing forward

c Fm/C C C7(no3) Fm/C C Fm/C C C7(no3) there.

Fm/C F > G/F F

Out there among the millers and the weavers and their wives, through the roofs and gables I can see them.

Out There - 7 - 4

PPM0028
Maestoso

If I were in their skin, I'd

treasure every instant out there.

strolling by the Seine, taste a morning
Out there like ordinary men
freely walk about there. Just one day, and
then I swear I'll be content

---

with my share, won't re-
sent, won't despair, old and bent, I won't pushing forward

care, I'll have spent one day out

there.
a tempo

rall.
COLD ENOUGH TO SNOW
From the motion picture "LIFE WITH MIKEY"
Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Moderate shuffle

Where did summer go?

with pedal

How'd I miss the change of season?

All at once that wind blows rough, it's cold enough to snow.
Cold Enough to Snow

In the street below,

people laugh, they got no reason.
Don't they know it's

cold enough to snow?

When we were to-

gather and you were stay
'in', funny, but the weather still felt like

May in November. Now the chill winds blow,

sunny skies, they're only teasin'. You won't show, and it's

cold enough to snow.
When we were to late December. On the radio there's a guy says it ain't freezin'. What's he know? He
Cm9  Eb/F  D/F♯  Gm  Gm/F

did - n't watch you go.  Now the

Rubato

Ebmaj9  Fsus/D  Cm9  Dm7  G7  G7

sun can shine    if it wants to,    fine,    but it's

Cm9  Cm/D  F7sus  F7(♯9)  Bb  B♭7

cold e - nough to snow.

Ebmaj7/B♭  Ebm6/B♭  B♭

rall.
CODE OF SILENCE
From the CD "RELUCTANT PILGRIM"

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Moderately, wistful

\[\text{Db, AbGb, Gb, Db, AbGb, Gb, Ebm, Ab, Fm} \]

(with pedal)

\[\text{Bbm, Ab/C, Ebm, Ab5, Db(9)} \]

1. She talks about the sidewalk sale and sits there with her herbal tea and he

\[\text{Gb(9), Ebm, Cmaj7} \]

what she's planned for supper. He reads the Times and rails against the
sips his cup of java, and they talk of friends and fashion trends and a
news of the day,
Seinfeld episode,
And they talk of home improvements and what's
And they steer through conversations like

playing at the movies,
And the more they talk,
And the more they hear the
soldiers in a minefield,
knowing one false turn or one true word,

things they never say,
whole thing might explode.

say, "Why don't you love me like you used to?"
say, "When did you turn into my jailer?"

She doesn't
He doesn't

He doesn't
She doesn't
ask, "Why can't you be the one I need?"
They stay a-
way from__talk of emptiness and longing.
Long but they
go, it seems__they tac-it-ly agreed to a code__of silence.

1. She

Code of Silence - 7:3
FFM0006
It's a code of silence.

strict as any mafia omerta. Pro simile

rect the family secrets and pretend it's unaware. A code of silence, strong as any L.A.P.D. station, stone-wall

Code of Silence - 7 - 4
PFM0008
all investigation into internal affairs, keep a

(with pedal)

way from those internal affairs. So, she's

simile rall.

got her golf and girl friends, and he's got his depressions, and there's

a tempo

always lots to talk about, there's always something new. And she
bottles up her anger, and he swallows his confessions, and a-

again the evening passes and again they've made it through.

She hasn't said, "Why can't you love me like you used to?" He hasn't

asked, "Why is this life a heavy load?" Turn down the bed for one more night of sep-rate

Code of Silence - 7 - 6
PPM0008
dreaming, knowing well they won't discuss it down the road.
For they may break their hearts, but they'll never break their code of silence.
DREAMSCAPE
From the CD "RELUCTANT PILGRIM"

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Softly driving
Gm

Eb\(\text{maj7}\)

F

Bb\(\text{maj7/D}\)

(R.H. may be played 8va)

(with pedal)

Eb(2) (sing 2nd time)

Gm

Eb\(\text{maj7}\)

1. I am dreaming of a riverbank.
Mists endless

(R.H. may be played 8va 1st x)

F

Bb\(\text{maj7/D}\)

Eb(2)

shroud the farther shore.
I am doors on either side.
I could

Dreamscape - 7 - 1
PFM0006

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standing in a wooden boat,
in my hands, an oar.
Will I row against the current?
Sometimes I pause there on a threshold,
let myself be carried out to sea?

Or
Or
Or
Or
Or
nothing but a dreamscape, and the dream is mine to choose.

I am waking in a forest glade, needles of pine are in my

(R.H. may be played 8va)
I see pathways through the underbrush

leading to I don't know where

I hear strange noises in the thicket, and I know

some trails may not lead where they seem.
Gm F6 F Dm7 Eb(9)

Pain may a-wait me, but I know if I stay here, I'll

Cm7 Bb/Eb Fsus F

sleep right through my dream Find a

Bb5(no3) Eb2(no3) F(4) Eb2(no3)

trail sail reluctant pilgrim reluctant pilgrims my our

Bb Eb2(no3) F(4) Eb2(no3) Dm Eb2(no3)

fear is all I've got to lose fear is all we've got to lose Life is nothing

Dreamscape - 7 - 6
PIM0006
noth-ing but a dream-scape, and the dream is mine to

choose. Let us dreams are ours

(R.H. may be played 8va)

Ours to choose...
CROWDED ISLAND
From the CD "RELUCTANT PILGRIM"

Moderately, triplet feel (\( \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} \) \( \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} \) \( \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} \))
(a la "Heart and Soul")

\( \text{D} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{A} \) \( \text{D} \) \( \text{Bm} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{G} \) \( \text{A} \) \( \text{D} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{A} \)

\( \text{Ev'-ry one I know, wants to be in love, with someone,} \)

\( \text{D} \) \( \text{Bm} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{A} \)

\( \text{just not with someone they know,} \)
Crowded Island - 10 - 2
PFRMD006
Em7  D/G  A/B
_________ at a banquet, with nothing to eat.

E  C#m7  E/A  B
__________ So, we hunger for the waiter or

E  C#m7  D(2)  F#m7/C#  B  B/A
__________ crave the operator on the telephone. Just try

G#m7  C#7(6-9)  F#m7  Ab/B
__________ ing not to be alone on this crowded is
E

land

D  Bm7  Gmaj7  A  Em/C#  D

Ev 'ry one I know  wants some one to hold them,

just not in too tight a grip.

D  Bm7  Gmaj9  F#sus7  F#7

Ev 'ry one I know believes that love will save them.
We're all closet romantics, the soundtrack in our head full of saxophone. Just trying not to be alone on this crowded island.
Optional improvisational solo
be in love with someone,
just not with someone they know.

Ev'ry one I know will meet some-

one at a party, and think: should I start plan-
ing my trou-

sau? Hope-

ful and horn-

y, I smile at you,
feeling I could use more charm. Then you smile on back.

and all I feel is a alarm. I don’t know if I want you but I’m putting on my black jeans and lime cologne, and tonight we won’t be alone on this crowded is-
C#m7  F#m/A  G#m/B  F#m/B  E  C#m7  F#m/A

- land...

On this crowd ed is land...

C#m  A  B

this lit tle crowd ed is land.

E  C#m  A  B  E  C#m

F#m  A# B A#dim(maj7)/B  E13(#11)

let ring
LIFE GOES ON
From the CD "RELUCTANT PILGRIM"
Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Moderately, dispassionately

I drove over the White stone Bridge. It was a looking
picture of you on an easel,

C13(#11) C9 Dsus2 D

(let ring)

a tempo

beautiful day for a ride, one of those glorious mornings in
just like you did on T. V., impossibly handsome, too tan to be

C13(#11) C9 D(9) D

Bm9
May, true, and your eyes were so blue and clearer than diamonds.
I drove up to the white stone building, I saw your

There were no bruises or tubes in your chest, there were no

mother and father outside, those dysfunctional people I used to de-

patches of skull in your hair. No hollow stare and no skeleton

spire. Now the tears in their eyes glittered like diamonds,

grin, the bones through your skin, brittle as diamonds,
while my eyes were dry,
as you struggled for air.

You were not a part of my life, really,
so I tell myself this numb-ness I feel isn't much.

Our roads went separate ways, and occasional days they would touch,
every day as so many fall, if we grieved for them all we'd go mad.

So why should it feel strange, nothing much should
Best to keep controlled, just a little
change cold, now that you are gone?
You were not a
You're no longer

part of my life, and life goes on.
part of this life, and life goes on.

Life goes on.
There was a

(let ring)

2.
Bbmaj7 Gm/A Bsus2 B Emaj7

goes on.
And we trooped out to the pret-ty lit-tle
more intensely rhythmic
grave when the speeches were done.

And we all

mumbled some pretty little prayer beneath the warm, in different sun. 

And I wanted some callous politician, or some cruel God.

I could blame.

It's all so unfair, and they don't seem to
I'm the same.

I drove back over the White stone Bridge. We had some days and the weeks have gone by, I am a

friends dropping by for a meal. And soon I was laughing and eating my mazed at how haunted I feel. Seems like this dry-eyed detachment I
franks, watching the Yanks stink up the dia-
choose, there’s something I lose, like a coun-
terfeit dia-
mond.

But as the mond that used to be

A bit slower

real. And some-place there’s a part of my life miss-

ing. Some-place there’s a piece of my heart that you kept. I know more will

Life Goes On – 8 - 7
PPM0008
G    A/G    F#m7    Bm7    Csus2
Die just like you, and what else can we do but accept?

C#m7(b5) F#7 Bm
Still I sing this song, just to say it feels all wrong knowing you are gone.

E/G# Gm6 F#m7 Fmaj7
And a slightly smaller part of my life goes on.
MORE THAN THIS
From the CD “RELUCTANT PILGRIM”
Music by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ
Lyrics by DEAN PITCHFORD

Flowing folk feel

Bm  Dmaj7/A  Gmaj7  
A  Bm  Dmaj7/A  Gmaj7  
A

Bm  Dmaj7/A  G  
A

D  Dsus  D  Dsus  D  Dsus  D  Dsus

D  G(9)/D  A/D  D  A/C#

1. Late-ly Lu-ann and me don’t speak too much.
2. Sum-mer’s up-on us now and these o-ver-head fans
I love her I guess, but that's on a decline.
Lu-
ain't too much good for cooling me down.
A

ann says I'm restless and once we get married,

brown flat bed truck and an old Greyhound Bus are the

D/G

Em11

Asus

A

only things movin' through town.

But I

Bm

Dmaj7/A

G

walked to the highway late last night.
The

walked to the highway before the sun rose. The
moon made me cry just by shining so bright
wind off the mountains cutting through my clothes,

I stood where the north wind could cool off my face.
and I wished it would take me and blow me away.

I looked like stars to me
shooting through space, and I

I know I'm not long for this place,
'Cause I know there's no way I can stay.
3. Lately Luan says I've for-
gotten her.
I tell her she's wrong, but I
know it's a lie.
And I wish I could tell her all the things

I've been thinking, but I don't want to cause her to

More Than This - 8 - 6
PPAM0008
And I swear I'll be gone by and by.

'Cause I know there's something more than this,

I know there is, I know there is,

I know there's gotta be more than this.

I know there's gotta be more than this,

More Than This - 8 - 7
PFM0006
know there is, I know there is more than this.

I know that there is...

A D Dsus D Dsus D Dsus D
PRESTIDIGITATION
From the CD "RELUCTANT PILGRIM"

g Prestidigation - 12 - 1
PFM0006

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floor late of a walk-up on Mac—
and two men jumped me

Doug - al Street a - bove a bar.
in the hall. They smelled of gin.

His name was Mar - i - o, and in his
One held me like a vice, one pulled a

prime, knife, he ran a trav'ling
and giggled as he
mag - ic - show, he was the
took a slice out of my

He talked of death and chess and of the
He pressed it to my throat, and I nev - er

times - knew he toured the na - tion,
knew such des - per - a - tion.

dis - play - ing pow - ers on - ly few pos - sess
Just like a sink - ing ship that's in dis - tress,

and work - ing with no one to
feats of pres
ti-di-gi-ta-
and no sa-
tion.

S O S

He wore a pur-ple robe
When all so sud-den-ly
with rhine-stone
we heard the

moons roar
of a beast with fur like

sil-ver-globe
He owned three cats.
and raz-or claws.
His room was full of screens and gypsy scarves filled with the sound of screams and yellow magazines and old silk hats. I'd bring him cigarettes and share my And then it disappeared into the
wine night
and conversa-
tion,
of its cre-
tation,

He paid me back with tricks a child could guess,
leaving behind a grim and bloody mess,
He called them to please the

Feats of през 
most grotesque 
imagination.

La la la la la la la la

Pressidigitation - 12 - 6
PPM0008
And why I'll never know, but right a
way, I ran upstairs to

Mario to tell my tale.

He lay there on the bed. The room was

dark, but I could see that
E+ (F♯+)

he was dead

He looked so

Ebm(9)

frail.

B (C♯)

And on his withered face,

there was a

C♯/B (D♭/C♯)

smile of such e-

cresc.
Bbm

Bbm7

la - tion._

Not e - ven death _ could dim his

Emaj11 (F#maj11)

hap - pi - ness _

at one last great

Db/Es

feat of _ pres

Ebm(9)

ti - di - gi - ta - tion. La la
SO FAR
From the CD "RELUCTANT PILGRIM"
Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Rock beat, triumphant & slightly martial

C2(no3)  F2(no3)  C2(no3)  F2(no3)  C2(no3)

Who'd've be-

F2(no3)  C2(no3)  F2(no3)

lieved we would make it so far?
Who'd've thought we would last so long?

C2(no3)  F2(no3)  C(9)/E

Trus-ter in fairy tale ends that you are,
me with my
slightly worn out rebel song. Sometimes I look in your eyes;

I see the pain in the corners; little be-

travails and lies, and a part of us dies, yeah, but call off the mourners.

We're here, so far, still holdin' tight, thru one more storm.
we can weather.
We get it wrong,
we set it right;

beat up but warm,
like my old guitar,
still

playin' sweet so far.

I still re-
Remember a girl with gold hair
And a husky catch in her voice.

We knew we made an improbable pair,
But our hearts didn't leave us much choice.

It seems too little to say,
Just to repeat: "I still love you."

And if not
Am7     F2(no3)     G7sus
quite the same way as I did that first day, we know life changes love too.

C     Cmaj7     F     Fmaj7
And still, so far from where we've been,

G     C/E     F2(no3)     G     C     Cmaj7     F
we walk that long road together. We don't give out,

(F)
Fmaj7     G     C/E     F2(no3)     G
we don't give in, battered but strong, like a kid's first
Em  F2(no3)  G(no3)  C2(no3)
car,    we're  cruis - in'  on so  far.  (Instrumental)

F2(no3)  C2(no3)  F2(no3)  C2(no3)

F2(no3)  C(9)/E  C/D  G
I see new

C/E  F2(no3)  C/D  G  C/E  F2(no3)  C/D
lines on your face; some of them, I know I put there.
Innocence, we can't replace. Still, we're winning the race somehow.

Foot after foot there. We've come so far, we got it made;

We just might go on forever. And this I know:

I would not trade a single blow that we have withstood.
even if we could, so
long as so far, so

good.

rall.
THROUGH HEAVEN’S EYES
From the animated motion picture "THE PRINCE OF EGYPT"

Rubato

E

\[ \text{Music and Lyrics by \ STEPHEN SCHWARTZ} \]

Fast and rhythmic - like a folk dance

E

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{single thread in a tapestry, though its color brightly shine, can} \\
a \text{tempo}
\end{align*} \]
neve-r see its pur-pose in the pat-t-ern of the grand de-sign.

And the stone that sits on the ver-y top of the

mountain's might-y face, does it think it's more im-port-ant than the

stones that form the base? So how can you see what your life is worth or
F®m7 Emaj7/G® # A Emaj7/G® C®m

where your value lies? You can never see through the eyes of man. You must

Moderately fast

B/D® E B/D® E E/G® A Dsus2(#4) Bm7 E

look at your life, look at your life through heaven's eyes.

D Bm G B®m7 Gsus2 E

Lai lai lai lai lai lai lai___ lai lai lee__ la lai lai lai lai lai lai

F Eb C®m A®b

Lai i' hai ai lee__ la lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai___ lai lai lai lee__ la lai

Through Heaven's Eyes - 8 - 3
PFM0006
lai lai lai lai lai lai.

A lake of gold in the desert sand is

less than a cool fresh spring.
And to one lost sheep, a shepherd boy is

greater than the richest king.

If a man lose every thing he owns, has he truly lost his worth?

Or
Tempo I

Bb  Gm7  Fmaj7/A  Bb  Gm7  Fmaj7/A  Bb  Fmaj7/A

how do you measure the worth of a man? In wealth or strength or size? In how much he gained or how much he gave?
The answer will come, the answer will come to him who tries to look at his life through heaven's eyes.

Dm  Bbmaj7  Gm7  F/A  A(no3)  D

tries to look at his life through heaven's eyes.
that's why we share all we have with you, though there's little to be found. When

all you've got is nothing, there's a lot to go around. No

life can escape being blown about by the winds of change and chance. And

though you never know all the steps, you must learn to join the dance.
what he builds or buys? You can never see with your eyes on Earth:

look through heaven's eyes. Look at your life. Look at your life.

Look at your life through heaven's eyes.

Through Heaven's Eyes - 8 - 8
PFM0008
WHEN YOU BELIEVE
From the animated motion picture “THE PRINCE OF EGYPT”

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHENV SCHWARTZ

Slowly
* Dm C/D Dm C/D
(with pedal)

Dm Am7/D Bk/D Dm
Many nights we’ve prayed
In this time of fear,
with no proof anyone could hear,
when prayer so often proved in vain,

Bbmaj7 Gm7 Am/C
in our hearts a hopeful song, we barely understood.
Hope seemed like the summer birds, too swiftly flown away.

*Recorded a half step higher

When You Believe - 7-1
FFM0008

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we are not afraid,
now I'm standing here
although we know there's much to fear.

We were moving mountains long
before we knew we could.
Seeking faith and speaking words
I

when you believe.
Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill.

Who knows what miracles you can achieve?
When you believe, some-

When You Believe - 7 - 2
PFM0006
how you will, you will when you believe.

nev - er thought I'd say. There can be mir - a - cles

when you believe. Though hope is frail, it's

hard to kill. Who knows what mir - a - cles you can a - chieve?
Broadly

A

shira, a-shira, a-shira.

There can be miracles

molto rit.

when you believe.

Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill.

When You Believe - 7 - 8

PFM0006
Who knows what miracles you can achieve, when you believe, somehow you will? Now you will. You will when you believe.
FORGIVENESS’ EMBRACE

Moderato

I have served a full life sentence as a prisoner of my past, as a victim of a victim. Seems my par...
ents' parents' parents left traps that held me fast, and they still catch me even when I think I've licked 'em. Well, I have blamed them, I have fought them, but I never understood. All they really did was did the best they could. Is there a way...
Ab     Ab/Bb     Ab/C     Ab     Eb/Bb     Ab

a tempo

rise    above,    if I look    at them    with love,    though I look

Fm     Bbm7/Db     Eb sus     Eb

at them    full honest    in    the    face?

Can I make

Ab     Ab/Bb     Ab/C     Ab     Eb/G     Fm

my peace    at last    with the pieces    of    my past and enfold

Db     Ab/Eb     Eb     Fm     Ab sus/Db     Eb     Ab/C     Ab sus/Db     Ab/Bb

them in    forgiveness's    embrace?    And enfold
them in forgiveness’s embrace.

I forgive my poor flawed parents for the things

they could not be. I forgive my valiant lovers for not

completing me. And the hardest thing of all now, I forgive

Forgiveness' Embrace - 8 - 4
PPM0006
myself the sin of not being all I planned and all I thought

I should have been. But there's an alchemy in time, transforms each

grief and loss and scar into the precious stuff of who we are.

And there's a way to rise above, if I look...
Ab   Eb/Bb   Ab   Fm   Bbm7/Db

--- at them with love. Though I don't deny that harm has taken

Ebsus  Eb   Ab   Absus/Bb   Ab/C

place. I can make my peace at last with the piece

ces of my past and enfold them in forgiveness's em-

(There's a

Ab   Eb/G   Fm   Db   Ab/Eb   Eb

brace. way to rise above, if we look at them with love.)

Some call it wis
dom, and some just call it grace. When we make

our peace at last with the pieces of the past and en-

fold them in forgiveness's embrace, and en-

fold them. I will enfold__
SINCE I GAVE MY HEART AWAY
From the television musical “GEPPETTO”

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Moderate ballad

\[ Ab \quad Db/Ab \quad Eb/Ab \quad Db/F \quad Ab \quad Db/Ab \quad Eb/Ab \quad Db/F \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ (\text{with pedal}) \]

\[ Ab \quad Eb/Ab \quad Db \quad Eb \quad Ab \quad Abmaj7 \]

You can take my fav’rite chair—
Go on, take it—

I don’t care.
There’s no possession I can’t spare—

Since I Gave My Heart Away - 6 - 1
PPM0008

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since I gave my heart a-way...

If I had a bank account, you could take the whole amount.

Things and riches, what are they? since I gave my heart a-way? Till I felt like this, I could not have understood.
Until you give your heart to someone else, you might as well be made of wood.
So take my home look, here's the key.

And all of value you might see. But if you take my love from me, that's a price I cannot
Since I Gave My Heart Away - 6 - 4
PFM008
late, but no regrets: the more of your heart you give to someone else,

the fuller that it gets.

So take my home look.

here's the key— and all of value you might see.

Since I Gave My Heart Away - 5 - 5
PFM0036
But never take your love from me,
That's a price I can not pay.

Since I gave my heart away.
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