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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Revised Edition adds four attractive songs to Tenor Volume 1: "King Herod's Song," "A Wand'ring Minstrel I," "Seeing Is Believing" and "Johanna." The last was previously in the Baritone/Bass Volume 1 because the range of the song suits a lyric baritone. However, since Anthony is a tenor role, I've been persuaded this is the more appropriate volume for "Johanna," despite its rather low tessitura.

Richard Walters, editor
THE SINGER’S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

Tenor

Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ALLEGRO</th>
<th>14 You Are Never Away</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ASPECTS OF LOVE</td>
<td>20 Seeing Is Believing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE</td>
<td>26 Come With Me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CABARET</td>
<td>42 If You Could See Her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAN-CAN</td>
<td>46 I Am in Love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CAT AND THE FIDDLER</td>
<td>54 The Breeze Kissed Your Hair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OKLAHOMA!</td>
<td>156 Kansas City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CATS</td>
<td>72 Someone Is Waiting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CELEBRATION</td>
<td>76 Fifty Million Years Ago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ONCE UPON A MATTRESS</td>
<td>162 Many Moons Ago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COMPANY</td>
<td>64 Being Alive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHENANDOAH</td>
<td>181 The Only Home I Know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DO RE MI</td>
<td>81 Make Someone Happy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ENEMY</td>
<td>88 Fanny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FINIAN’S RAINBOW</td>
<td>91 When I’m Not Near the Girl I Love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE FLOWER DRUM SONG</td>
<td>98 You Are Beautiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTH PACIFIC</td>
<td>184 You’ve Got To Be Carefully Taught</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON</td>
<td>187 Younger than Springtime</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WAY TO THE FORUM</td>
<td>103 Love, I Hear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STREET SCENE</td>
<td>192 Lonely House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR</td>
<td>118 King Herod’s Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE</td>
<td>196 Finishing the Hat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GYPSY</td>
<td>108 All I Need Is the Girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SWENEY TODD</td>
<td>204 Johanna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWO BY TWO</td>
<td>207 Not While I’m Around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR</td>
<td>222 I Do Not Know a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KISMET</td>
<td>216 Wish You Were Here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ME AND JULIET</td>
<td>132 The Big Black Giant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WISH YOU WERE HERE</td>
<td>138 That’s the Way It Happens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE MIKADO</td>
<td>142 A Wand’ring Minstrel I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OKLAHOMA!</td>
<td>149 On the Street Where You Live</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAL JOEY</td>
<td>162 Many Moons Ago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIPE DREAM</td>
<td>172 All Kinds of People</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBERTA</td>
<td>178 You’re Devastating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHENANDOAH</td>
<td>181 The Only Home I Know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTHERN PACIFIC</td>
<td>184 You’ve Got To Be Carefully Taught</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STREET SCENE</td>
<td>192 Lonely House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE</td>
<td>196 Finishing the Hat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SWENEY TODD</td>
<td>204 Johanna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WISH YOU WERE HERE</td>
<td>216 Wish You Were Here</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

ALLEGRO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 10/10/47, New York; a run of 315 performances

*Allegro* was the third Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on Broadway and the first with a story that had not been based on a previous source. It was a particularly ambitious undertaking, with its theme of the corrupting effect of big institutions told through the life of a doctor, Joseph Taylor, Jr. (John Battles), from his birth in a small American town to his thirty-fifth year. Joe grows up, goes to school, marries a local belle (Roberta Jonay), joins the staff of a large Chicago hospital that panders to wealthy patients, discovers that his wife is unfaithful, and, in the end, returns to his home town with his adoring nurse (Lisa Kirk) to dedicate himself to healing the sick and helping the needy. One innovation in the musical was the use of a Greek chorus to comment on the action and sing directly to the actors and the audience.

ASPECTS OF LOVE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black and Charles Hart
BOOK: Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: 4/8/90, New York; a run of 377 performances

The musical is based on an autobiographical novel by David Garnett, a nephew of Virginia Woolf's. While certainly not an outright failure by most standards, *Aspects* remains (as of 2/00) the least successful of Andrew Lloyd Webber's musicals on Broadway. The show had an intimate production style, with orchestrations that threw out the brass in favor of a chamber music sound. The show follows a group of characters over nearly two decades of interweaving relationships. The story begins with a 17-year-old boy who conceives an infatuation with an actress in her mid-20s. The actress already has an older lover, and he has a daughter, and along the way almost everyone winds up in love with, or broken-hearted by, all the others. The plot is emotionally complex, as are the characters and their relationships. Early in the show, when it appears that the young man has successfully persuaded his goddess to run away with him for a tryst, he sings the triumphant "Seeing Is Believing."

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
BOOK: George Abbott
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Balanchine
OPENED: 11/23/38, New York; a run of 235 performances

The idea for *The Boys from Syracuse* began when Rodgers and Hart, while working on another show, were discussing the fact that no one had yet done a musical based on a play by Shakespeare. Their obvious choice was *The Comedy of Errors* chiefly because Lorenz Hart's brother Teddy Hart was always being confused with another comic actor, Jimmy Savo. Set in Ephesus in ancient Asia Minor, the ribald tale concerns the efforts of two boys from Syracuse, Antipholus and his servant Dronio (Eddie Albert and Jimmy Savo) to find their long-lost twins, also named Antipholus and Dronio (Ronald Graham and Teddy Hart). Complications arise when the wives of the Ephesians, Adriana (Muriel Angelus) and her servant Luce (Wynn Murray), mistake the two strangers for their husbands. A highly successful Off-Broadway revival of *The Boys from Syracuse* was presented in 1963 and ran for 502 performances. The movie version, which RKO-Radio released in 1940, starred Allan Jones and Joe Penner (both in dual roles). It was directed by A. Edward Sutherland.
CABARET

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

This moody musical captures the morally corrupt world of Berlin's demimonde just as the Nazis were coming to power. American writer Cliff Bradshaw moves in with Sally Bowles, the hedonistic star singer at a seedy nightclub. Soon, he comes to see all of Germany through the dark lens of that increasingly menacing cabaret, which is ruled over by a ghostly Emcee.

CAN-CAN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Abe Burrows
DIRECTOR: Abe Burrows
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 5/7/53, New York, a run of 892 performances

Next to Kiss Me, Kate, Can-Can was Cole Porter's most successful Broadway musical. To make sure that his script would be grounded on the true origins of the scandalous dance known as the Can-Can, librettist Abe Burrows traveled to Paris where he studied the records of the courts, the police, and the Chamber of Deputies. In Burrows' story, set in 1893, La Mome Pistache, owner of the Bal du Paradis, is distressed about the investigation of her establishment because of the Can-Can. She uses her wiles to attract the stern Judge Aristide Forestier, who has been appointed to investigate, but they eventually fall in love and Forestier himself takes over the defense and wins acquittal. The musical, originally intended for Carol Channing, starred the French actress Lilo (who sang the hit ballad, "I Love Paris"), but most of the kudos were for dancer Gwen Verdon in her first major Broadway role. A film version with a much altered story was made by Twentieth Century-Fox in 1960. Walter Lang directed, and the cast was headed by Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Otto Harbach
DIRECTOR: José Ruben
CHOREOGRAPHER: Albertina Rasch
OPENED: 10/15/31, New York; a run of 395 performances

Called "A Musical Romance," The Cat and the Fiddle is a gentle, intimate mixture of operetta and musical comedy. The story focuses on the relationship between Victor, a serious Romanian composer of operettas, and Shirley, a fun-loving composer of upbeat American jazz. Kern's clever score reflects the tension and eventual marriage of those two musical styles represented by Victor and Shirley. A movie version was made in 1934, starring Jeanette MacDonald.

CATS

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: T.S. Eliot
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: London, 5/11/81; New York, 10/7/82; a run of 7,485 performances

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

MUSIC: Harvey Schmidt
LYRICS AND BOOK: Tom Jones
DIRECTOR: Tom Jones
OPENED: 1/22/69, New York

The setting is New Year’s Eve, that most hopeful of holidays; the theme is of personal renewal and growth. Typically, using a minimum of characters, Schmidt and Jones tell their story with moving simplicity.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York; a run of 706 performances

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical, reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building, and their excessively protective feelings about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married, even though it’s clear their own marriages are far from perfect. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers of the time. Making a connection with another person, the show seems to say, is the key to happiness. An Off-Broadway revue of Sondheim songs also borrowed the song title as its overall title. The show was revived on Broadway in 1998.

DO RE MI

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Garson Kanin
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Marc Breaux and Deedee Wood
OPENED: 12/26/60, New York; a run of 400 performances

A wild satire on the ways in which the underworld muscled in on the jukebox business, Do Re Mi was adapted by Kanin from his own novel. With characters reminiscent of the raffish Runyonland denizens of Guys and Dolls, the show offered two of Broadway’s top clowns of the era: Phil Silvers as a fast-talking would-be big shot, and Nancy Walker as his long-suffering spouse. Nathan Lane and Randy Graff starred in a 1999 “Encores!” revival of the show (recorded by DRG).

FANNY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: S.N. Behrman and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 11/4/54, New York; a run of 888 performances

Marcel Pagnol’s French film trilogy, Marius, Fanny, and Cesar were combined into one tale as the basis for Fanny, the musical. Marseilles is the setting for the intricate plot. It is a soaring, emotional score, well tailored for the talents of a performer such as Ezio Pinza, an opera star who headed the original cast. A film version of the Broadway Fanny was made in 1960, starring Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer; however no songs from the musical were included.
FINIAN'S RAINBOW

MUSIC: Burton Lane
BOOK: E.Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy
LYRICS: E.Y. Harburg
DIRECTOR: Bretaigne Windust
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 1/10/47, New York; a run of 725 performances

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

FLOWER DRUM SONG

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

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

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
OPENED: 5/8/62, New York; a run of 555 performances

Full of sight gags, pratfalls, mistaken identity, leggy girls, and other familiar vaudeville ingredients, this was a bawdy, farcical, pellinell musical whose likes have seldom been seen on Broadway. Originally intended as a vehicle first for Phil Silvers and then for Milton Berle, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum opened on Broadway with Zero Mostel as Pseudolus the slave, who is forced to go through a series of mad-cap adventures before being allowed his freedom. Though the show was a hit, things had not looked very promising during the pre-Broadway tryout, and director Jerome Robbins was called in. The most important change: beginning the musical with the song "Comedy Tonight," which set the right mood for the wacky doings that followed. To come up with a script, the librettists researched all twenty-one surviving comedies by the Roman playwright Plautus (254-184 BC), then wrote an original book incorporating such typical Plautus characters as the conniving servants, the lascivious master, the domineering mistress, the officious warrior, the simple-minded hero (called Hero), and the senile old man. One situation, regarding the senile old man who is kept from entering his house because he believes it is haunted, was, in truth, originally discovered in a play titled Mostellaria. In 1972, Phil Silvers at last got his chance to appear as Pseudolus in a well-received revival whose run was curtailed by the star's illness. Both Mostel (as Pseudolus) and Silvers (as Marcus Lycus) were in the 1966 United Artists screen version, along with Jack Gilford and Buster Keaton. Richard Lester was the director. The Broadway revival of 1997 starred Nathan Lane as Pseudolus; the role was later played by Whoopi Goldberg, among others.
GYPSY

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

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

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Tom O’Horgan
OPENED: 10/12/71, New York; a run of 711 performances

This was the show that boosted Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice to international prominence, a musical that presumed to make a Broadway musical star out of Jesus and to make the last weeks of his life sing and dance. Though Superstar was conceived as a theatre piece, Lloyd Webber and Rice couldn’t convince producers that their “rock opera” had the slightest chance. Instead, they recorded it as a rock album, and it immediately became a smash hit, the first such “concept album” of a show in development. Concert tours of the show followed, and soon producers didn’t need any more convincing that this would fly in the theatre. Despite some mixed press about the production, and some outcries and picketing from religious groups, the piece had its appeal, particularly among the young. The show broke all records in London, and pioneered the concept of a “through-sung” opera-like musical, which had its effect on shows to follow, including Evita, Cats, Les Misérables, Miss Saigon and The Phantom of the Opera. “King Herod’s Song” turns Herod’s taunting of the imprisoned Jesus into a campy vaudeville two-beat. A 1974 film followed. A Broadway revival opened in the year 2000.

KISMET

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Robert Wright and George Forrest (Based on music by Alexander Borodin)
BOOK: Charles Lederer and Luther Davis
DIRECTOR: Albert Marre
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
OPENED: 12/3/53, New York; a run of 583 performances

The story of Kismet was adapted from Edward Knoblock’s play, first presented in New York in 1911 as a vehicle for Otis Skinner. The music of Kismet was adapted from themes by Alexander Borodin first heard in such works as the “Polovetzian Dances,” (“He’s in Love,” “Stranger in Paradise”) and in “Steppes of Central Asia,” (“Sands of Time”). The action of the musical occurs within a twenty-four hour period, in and around ancient Baghdad. A Public Poet (Alfred Drake) assumes the identity of Hajj the beggar and gets into all sorts of Arabian Nights adventures. His schemes get him elevated to the position of emir of Baghdad and get his beautiful daughter Marsinah (Doretta Morrow) wed to the handsome young Caliph (Richard Kiley). The film version was made by MGM in 1955, with Howard Keel as Hajj. Vincente Minnelli directed.
LOST IN THE STARS

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 10/30/49, New York; a run of 273 performances

Kurt Weill’s final Broadway musical (his second in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson) was written to convey “a message of hope that people, through a personal approach, will solve whatever racial problems that exist.” In the idealistic story, adapted from Alan Paton’s *Cry, the Beloved Country*, the action is set in and around Johannesburg, South Africa. Absalom Kumalo, the errant son of a black minister, Stephen Kumalo, accidentally kills a white man in a robbery attempt and is condemned to hang. The tragedy, however, leads to a sympathetic bond between Stephen and James Jarvis, the dead man’s father, which gives some indication that understanding between the races can be achieved in the land of apartheid. A newer version, presented by Ely Landau’s American Film theatre, was shown in 1974 with a cast headed by Brock Peters and Melba Moore.

ME AND JULIET

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Blake Edwards
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 5/28/53, New York; a run of 358 performances

*Me and Juliet* was Rodgers and Hammerstein’s Valentine to show business, with its action—in *Kiss Me, Kate* style—taking place both backstage in a theatre and onstage during the performance of a play. Here, the tale concerns a romance between a singer in the chorus and the assistant stage manager, whose newfound bliss is seriously threatened by the jealous electrician. A comic subplot involves the stage manager and the principal dancer.

THE MIKADO

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: March 14, 1885, London

Into the town of Titipu rushes Nanki-Poo, who introduces himself to the populace before stating his business: he seeks news of Yum-Yum, his true love. Alas, she is to be married that very afternoon to Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner. Ko-Ko enters to general acclaim. He has no intention of executing anyone, ever, for in truth he is next in line for the chopping block. Unfortunately for him, that day has arrived, for word comes from the Mikado, the emperor of Japan, that someone must be executed, and soon. Ko-Ko finds a willing subject in Nanki-Poo, who, contemplating suicide rather than life without Yum-Yum, agrees to be beheaded instead, under the condition that he first be allowed a month as Yum-Yum’s husband. The young lovers wed, and Ko-Ko ultimately agrees to pretend the execution has taken place without actually performing it. All seems well until the Mikado himself appears, accompanied by the spinster Katisha. She’s long had her sights set on Nanki-Poo, who it turns out is no troubadour, but the Mikado’s son. The only way to avert her wrath is for Ko-Ko to woo her, which, reluctantly, he does, and marry her himself. In this lampoon of corruption in government, even underhanded officials can eventually bring about a happy ending.
MY FAIR LADY

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 3/15/56, New York; a run of 2,717 performances

The most celebrated musical of the 1950s began as an idea of Hungarian film producer Gabriel Pascal, who devoted the last two years of his life trying to find writers to adapt George Bernard Shaw’s play, *Pygmalion*, into a stage musical. The team of Lerner and Loewe also saw the possibilities, particularly when they realized that they could use most of the original dialogue and simply expand the action to include scenes at the Ascot Races and Embassy Ball. They were also scrupulous in maintaining the Shavian flavor in their songs, most apparent in such pieces as “Get Me to the Church on Time,” “Why Can’t the English?,” “Show Me” and “Without You.” Shaw was concerned that British society had become so stratified and segregated that different classes had developed their own separate accents. His concern was dramatized in the story of Eliza Doolittle (originated in the musical) by Julie Andrews, a scruffy flower seller in London’s Covent Garden, who takes speech lessons from Prof. Henry Higgins (Rex Harrison) so that she might qualify for the position of a florist in a shop. Eliza succeeds so well that she outgrows her social station and, in a development added by librettist Lerner, even makes Higgins fall in love with her. *My Fair Lady* became the longest running production in Broadway history, and remained so for nearly seven years. Three major revivals have been mounted in New York since then. In 1976, the musical ran for 377 performance with Jan Richardson and Christine Andreas as Higgins and Eliza. Harrison returned in 1981 with Nancy Ringham as his Fair Lady. Richard Chamberlain and Melissa Errico brought a radically redesigned version to Broadway in 1993. Harrison and Audrey Hepburn (whose singing was dubbed by Marni Nixon) were seen in the 1964 Warner Bros. movie version, which was directed by George Cukor.

OKLAHOMA!

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 3/31/43, New York; a run of 2,212 performances

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

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

MUSIC: Mary Rodgers
BOOK: Jay Thompson, Dean Fuller and Marshall Barer
LYRICS: Marshall Barer
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 5/11/59, New York; a run of 460 performances

Based on the fairy tale “The Princess and the Pea,” the musical tells the story of a domineering queen’s search for a true princess suitable for marrying her son, the prince. The test involves sleeping on a pile of mattresses while detecting the uncomfortable presence of a pea at the bottom of the pile. Winnifred passes the test with the aid of a mischievous minstrel. The show is notable as the stage debut of Carol Burnett playing Winnifred. Mary Rodgers, the show’s composer, is the daughter of Richard Rodgers.
PAL JOEY

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
BOOK: John O'Hara
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 12/25/40, New York; a run of 374 performances

With its heel for a hero, its smoky night-club atmosphere, and its true-to-life characthers, Pal Joey was a major breakthrough in bringing about a more adult form of musical theatre. Adapted by John O’Hara from his own New Yorker short stories, the show is about Joe Evans, an entertainer at a small Chicago night club, who is attracted to the innocent Linda English, but drops her in favor of a wealthy, middle-aged Vera Simpson. Vera builds a glittering night club, the Chez Joey, for her paramour but she soon grows tired of him, and Joey, at the end, is on his way to other conquests. In his only major Broadway role, Gene Kelly got the chance to sing “I Could Write a Book,” and Vivienne Segal, as Vera, introduced “Bewitched.” Though it had a respectable run, Pal Joey was considered somewhat ahead of its time when it was first produced. A 1952 Broadway revival, with Miss Segal repeating her original role and Harold Lang as Joey, received a more appreciative reception and went on to a run of 542 performances. In 1957, Columbia made a film version, with George Sidney directing, which starred Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak, and Rita Hayworth.

PIPE DREAM

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Harold Clurman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Boris Runanin
OPENED: 11/30/55, New York; a run of 246 performances

A Rodgers and Hammerstein musical set in a brothel? Sounds crazy, no? But in John Steinbeck’s little village of Cannery Row, they created a collection of soft-centered sinners and sent them about their business in this leisurely paced musical with little conflict. Pipe Dream was adapted from John Steinbeck’s Sweet Thursday, and took a sympathetic look at the inhabitants of skid row in California’s Monterey peninsula. The plot is mostly about Doc, a marine biologist, whose romance with a pretty vagrant named Suzy is abetted by Fauna, the warmhearted madam of a local brothel.

ROBERTA

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Otto Harbach
DIRECTOR: Hassard Short
CHOREOGRAPHER: José Limón
OPENED: 11/18/33, New York; a run of 295 performances

The musical was adapted from Alice Duer Miller’s novel Gowns by Roberta, but in the end the little plot that remained in the show seems to be a scant framework for some first-rate songs. Roberta is probably best remembered as the source for its most famous song, “Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.” Two film versions were made of the play, the first one in 1953 and starring Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

SHENANDOAH

MUSIC: Gary Geld
LYRICS: Peter Udell
BOOK: James Lee Barrett, Peter Udell and Philip Rose (Based on a screenplay by James Lee Barrett)
DIRECTOR: Philip Rose
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Tucker
OPENED: 1/7/75, New York; a run of 1,080 performances

Shenandoah is a traditional musical concerned with a strong-willed Virginia widower and his determination to prevent his family from becoming involved in the Civil War. John Cullum’s robust performance and the play’s old-fashioned morality found favor with Broadway audiences for well over two years.
SOUTH PACIFIC

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

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

STREET SCENE

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS: Langston Hughes
BOOK: Elmer Rice
DIRECTOR: Charles Friedman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Anna Sokolow
OPENED: 1/9/47, New York; a run of 148 performances

Kurt Weill persuaded Elmer Rice to write the libretto based on his own Pulitzer Prize-winning play with poet Langston Hughes supplying the powerful and imaginative lyrics. Billed as "a dramatic musical," the blending of drama and music was very close to genuine opera. In fact, the play went on in 1966 to become part of the repertory of the New York City Opera Company. The story deals principally with the brief, star-crossed romance of Sam Kaplan (Brian Sullivan) and Rose Maurrant (Anne Jeffreys) and the tragic consequences of the infidelity of Rose's mother (Polya Stoska). This plot loosely frames a series of vignettes, each depicting one of the colorful characters inhabiting the seedy tenement of the setting.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Lapine
DIRECTOR: James Lapine
OPENED: 5/2/84, New York; a run of 604 performances

The centerpiece of the ambitious show is George Seurat's great painting "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte." It is an intimate and personal musical concerned with the creative process itself, its obsessions and consequences. The song included in this volume, "Finishing the Hat," shows us George's inner conflict between his undaunted commitment to his work and his love for a woman. The second act of the show deals with the same artistic tensions (plus a few more) in a present day setting. The piece received the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1985. An adaptation of the Broadway production (starring Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters) was made for television, and has been broadcast several times.
Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street

**MUSIC AND LYRICS:** Stephen Sondheim  
**BOOK:** Hugh Wheeler  
**DIRECTOR:** Harold Prince  
**OPENED:** 3/1/79, New York; a run of 357 performances

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

**TWO BY TWO**

**MUSIC:** Richard Rodgers  
**LYRICS:** Martin Charnin  
**BOOK:** Peter Stone  
**DIRECTOR:** Joe Layton  
**OPENED:** 1/10/70, New York; a run of 343 performances

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

**WISH YOU WERE HERE**

**MUSIC AND LYRICS:** Harold Rome  
**BOOK:** Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan  
**DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER:** Joshua Logan  
**OPENED:** 6/25/52, New York; a run of 598 performances

It was known as the musical with the swimming pool, but *Wish You Were Here* had other things going for it, including a castful of ingratiating performers, a warm and witty score by Harold Rome, and a director who wouldn’t stop making improvements even after the Broadway opening (among them were new dances choreographed by Jerome Robbins). The musical was adapted by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan from Kober’s own play, *Having a Wonderful Time*, and was concerned with a group of middle-class New Yorkers trying to make the most of a two-week vacation at an adult summer camp in the mountains.
YOU ARE NEVER AWAY
from Allegro

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Vivace

JOO: (softly)

You are never away From your home in my heart;

There is never a day when you don't play

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free. You're the

mf a tempo

smile on my face, or a song that I sing! You're a

rainbow I chase on a morning in spring. You're a

star in the lace of a wild willow tree, In the
green leafy lace of a wild willow tree!

fp a tempo

night you're no star, Nor a

song that I sing, In my
arms, where you are, You are, sweeter than spring.

In my arms, where you are,

Clinging closely to me

You are lovelier by far than I dreamed you could
You are love - li - er, my dar - ling, than I dreamed

you could be!

Ped.
SEEING IS BELIEVING
from Aspects of Love

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK and CHARLES HART

Andante con moto

G
Am/G
G
Am/G

See ing is be lie v ing, and in my arms I see her: she's
See ing is be lie v ing, I dreamt that it would be her: at

ALEX

G
Am/G
G
Am/G

here, real ly here, real ly mine now she seems at home here...
life is full, life is fine now.

G
Em
Bm
Am7
Bm

I. poco meno

2. poco più mosso

Am
Em
Am

What ever happens, one thing is cer tain: each time I see a
train go by, I'll think of us, the night, the sky forever.

A7

rit. C/D D7 G Am/G

ever.

G Am/G G Em

Bm

Am Am7/D D7
ROSE

[MALE] Alternative: She's

young, very young, warm and she's wild but appealing I feel I know him...

See ing is believing, and I like what I see here. I

like where I am, what I'm feeling. What are we doing?
Can you believe it? A starving actress and a star struck boy (oh who

Fm Gm F7 Ab/Bb Bb7

well, I might as well, well, I might as well, I might as well) enjoy the moment.
poco rit.

a tempo

Gb Abm/Gb Gb Abm/Gb

Gb Ebm Bbm Abm Bbm/Db

Can you believe it?
Seeing is believing. I never thought I'd be here is

this really me, am I dreaming?

poco più

No way of knowing where this is leading, it's fun forgetting

who we are. Who cares when now the world is far behind
Sounding is believing! My life is just beginning!
We touched, and my head won't stop spinning
from winning your love!
COME WITH ME
from The Boys from Syracuse
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately bright - In 2

Come with me where the food is free, Where the landlord never comes near you. Be a guest in a house of rest, Where the best of fellows can cheer.
you. There's your own little room So cool, not too much light, Where you're one man for whom No wife waits up at night. When day ends you have lots of
friends Who will guard you well while you slumber,

Safe from battle and strife, Safe from the

wind and gale.

Come with

me to jail.
Much slower - In 2

You never have to fetch the milk Or
walk the dog at early dawn. There's no "get up, you're late for work!" While

you rest in the pearl-y dawn. You're never bored by pol-i-tics. You're

(sempre stacc.)

privileged to miss a row of tragedies by Sopho-cles And
di-a-tribes by Cic-e-ro. Your broth-er’s wife will nev-er come On

Rubato

Sun-day noon to bring to you Her lit-tle son, who plays the lute, Her

In tempo

lit-tle girl to sing to you. You can com-mit your lit-tle sins And rel-a-tives won’t

simile

yell “fie!” You needn’t take that an-nu-al trip To the or-a-cle at
Delphi. You snore and swear and stretch and yawn in this, your strictly male house. The
only way that sinners go to heaven is in the jailhouse.

Tempo I

Come with me where the food is free, Where the
landlord never comes near you.

Be a guest in a house of rest, Where the

best of fellows can cheer you.

There's your own little room, So
cool, not too much light,

Where you're one man for whom No

wife waits up at night.

When day ends you have lots of friends Who will
guard you well while you slumber,
Safe from battle and strife,
Safe from the wind and gale.

Come with me to jail.
SITTING PRETTY
(THE MONEY SONG)
from Cabaret

Lyric by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Frantic (in 2)

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father needs money. My uncle needs money. My

mother is thin as a reed. But me,

I'm sitting pretty. I've got all the money I
need. My dearest friend Fritzzy is out of his wits, He has four starv-ing chil-dren to feed. But me, I'm sitting pret-ty, I've got all the mon-ey I need. I know my
little cousin Eric has his creditors hysterical, And also cousin Herman had to
pawn his mother's ermine And my sister and my brother took to hocking one another
too.

But I've got some talents which
build up my balance, So even my banker's a -
gred
That me,
I'm sit-

pret-
I've got all the mon-

need.
I know my lit-
ing Eric has his

cred-i-tors hys-
ter-ic-al, And al-
so cousin Herman had to pawn his moth-er's er-
mine, and my
sister and my brother took to hocking one another too.

But

I'm not a nincompoop, I've got an income you

put in the bank to accrue.

Yes,

me,

I'm sitting pretty.
Lebhaft!

Life is

Brightly - in 2

pretty sitting with, pretty sitting with,

Pretty sitting with

you!
IF YOU COULD SEE HER
from Cabaret

Lyric by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderato

[Vamp till ready]  
M.C.:

I know what you're thinking: You

won-der why I chose her Out of all the

la-dies in the world That's

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just a first impression,

What good's a first impression? If you

knew her like I do It would change your point of view.

[Schottische]

If you could see her through my eyes, You wouldn't wonder at

How can I speak of her virtues? I don't know where to be all.

gin. If you could see her through my eyes,

She's clever, she's smart, she reads music,
I guarantee you would fall (like I did.) When we're in public to-
gather, They I hear society moan. But

gather, They sneer if I'm holding her hand. But

if they could see her through my eyes May-be they'd leave us a-

lone.
I understand your objection. I grant you the problem's not small.

But if you could see her through my eyes, (alt.:) She isn't a mis-ake at all.

She wouldn't look Jew-ish at all.
Why this elation—Mixed with deflation?

What explanation? I am in love!

Such conflicting questions ride Around in my brain,

Should I order cyanide, Or order champagne?

Oh what is this sudden jolt? I feel like a fright-end colt,
Just hit by a thunderbolt, I am in love.

I knew the odds were against me before,

had no flair for fluming desire, But

since the Gods gave me you to adore, I may lose but I re-

fuse to fight the fire! So come and enlighten my days
And never depart,
You only can brighten the blaze

That burns in my heart,
For I am wildly in

love with you,
And so in need of a stampede of love

And so in need of a stampede of

love.
A NEW LOVE IS OLD
from The Cat and the Fiddle

Music by JEROME KERN
Words by OTTO HARBACH

She brings you a new smile, For new lovers do smile;

She tempts you and you smile, A new love is told.

She brings you some new thrills, Some tender and true thrills;
But after a few thrills
A new love is
old.

Più mosso

When two alluring eyes, When
two reassuring eyes implore you;

And when you understand Sweet arms full of wonder stand before you,
Take what she offers and be gay;

Love hates a man who runs away.

Hot, eager lips can smother

Thoughts, that recall another day.

She brings you a

molto espr.

new smile, For new lovers do smile.

molto espr.
She tempts you and you smile; A new love is told.

She brings you some new thrills,

Some tender and true thrills, But after a few thrills Your new love is old.
THE BREEZE KISSED YOUR HAIR
from *The Cat and the Fiddle*

Music by JEROME KERN
Words by OTTO HARBACH

VICTOR:

The breeze kissed your hair knowing you were fair.
And all the night seemed to woo,

I wanted to, But I did not dare,
You filled me with de-

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Allargando

One moment there I sat with spair.

ff

Vivo

mf (Come una danzatrice)

pp (ad lib)

You then vanished from your view.

accel.

p

Valse lente

One moment alone! That's

sost.
all we have known And yet it seemed Para-

disc. Had o - pened its Gold - en Por-

tal. There in your love - ly eyes. One

moment a - lone. 'Twas then I was shown a glimpse of an

accel.

espr.
angel fair, Too much for a lowly mortal. That's why it ended there. One word or two tenderly spoken, Gay little laugh,

smile

sad little sigh, Then all old dreams sud-dep-ly
broke,
Every thing changed under the sky. One

moment alone is all that we own. And yet in that

instant rare. Life fashioned her one per-

simplce

That's why it ended there.
THE BALLAD OF BILLY M’CAW

from Cats

Words by T.S. ELIOT
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

SOLO [GROWLTIGER]

Oh, how well I re-mem-ber the

old Bull and Bush, Where we used to go down of a Sat-ta-day night, Where, when

a-ny-think hap-pened, it come with a rush, For the boss, Mr Clark, he was ve-ry po-lite; A

sim. legato

ve-ry nice House, from base-ment to gar-ret A ve-ry nice House. Ah, but it was the par-ret, The
par-ret, the par-ret named Bil-ly M’Caw, that brought all those folk to the bar. Ah!

freely

he was the life of the bar. Of a sat-ta-day night, we was all feel-ing bright, And
colla voce

a tempo

Li-ly La Rose, the barmaid that was, she’d say ‘Bil-ly! Bil-ly M’-Caw!’ Come

a tempo

give us, come give us a dance on the bar. And Bil-ly would dance on the bar, and
Bil-ly would dance on the bar. And then we’d feel bal-my, in

each eye a tear, And e-mo-tion would make us all or-der more beer. Li-ly,
a tempo

she was a girl what had brains in her head; She would’n’t have no-think, no

not that much said. If it come to an ar-gu-ment, or a dis-pute, She’d set-tle it off-hand with the
toe of her boot Or as like-ly as not put her fist through your eye. But
when we was hap-py, and just a bit dry, Or when we was thir-sty, and
just a bit sad, She would rap on the bar with that cork-screw she had And say

a tempo

‘Bil-ly! Bil-ly M’-Caw!’ Come give us a tune on your pas-to-ral flute!’ And
‘Bil-ly! Bil-ly M’-Caw!’ Come give us a tune on your mo-ley gui-tar!’ And
Bil-ly'd strike up on his pastoral flute, and Bil-ly'd strike up on his pastoral flute.

Bil-ly'd strike up on his mo-ley gui-tar, and Bil-ly'd strike up on his mo-ley gui-tar.

And then we'd feel bal-my, in each eye a tear, and emo-tion would make us all

rall.

rall.

1
2

or-der more beer.
or-der more beer.

a tempo

'Bil-ly! Bil-ly M'-Caw!

Come
give us a tune on your mo-ley gui-tar!'

Ah! He was the Life of the bar.
BEING ALIVE
from Company

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Moderato ($d = 112$)

ROBERT:

Someone to hold you too close,

Someone to hurt you too deep,

Someone to sit in your chair,

To ruin your sleep,

To make you aware of being alive,

Being a

This song appears in a slightly different form in the context of the show.
live, someone to need you too much,

someone to know you too well, someone to pull you up short, to put you through

hell, to give you support is being alive, being a

live, being alive.
Some-one you have to let in,
Some-one whose feel-ings you spare,

Some-one who like it or not,
Will want you to share
A lit-tle, a lot,
Is be-ing a-

live,
Be-ing a-
live.

Some-one to crowd you with love,
Some-one to force you to care.
Some-one to make you come through, Who'll al-ways be there, as fright-en-ed as you of be-ing a-

live,

Be-ing a-live,

Be-ing a-

live,

Be-ing a-

live.

Be-ing a-

live.

Some-bod-y hold me too close,

Some-bod-y hurt me too
deep, Some-bod-y sit in my chair And ru-in my

sleep and make me a-ware Of be-ing a-live.

Some-bod-y need me too much, Some-bod-y know me too
well; Somebody pull me up short And put me through

hell and give me support For being alive.

Make me alive, Make me alive, Make me alive,

Make me confused, Mock me with
Some-body force me to care.  
Some-body let me come through, I'll always be
there as frightened as you. To help us survive.
Being alive, Being alive, Being alive!

8 bassa............
SOMEONE IS WAITING
from Company

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Slowly \( \frac{j}{\text{quarter}} = 92 \)

ROBERT:

Some-one is wait-ing, Cool as Sar-ah, Eas-y and lov-ing as

Sus-an, Jen-ny, Some-one is wait-ing,

Warm as Sus-an, Fran-tic and touch-ing as Amy, Jo -
anne.
Would I know her even if I met her?

Have I missed her? Did I let her go?
A Susan sort of Sarah,

Jenny-ish Jo-anne.
Wait for me, I'm ready now. I'll find you if I can!

poco rall. a tempo

Some-one will hold me,
Soft as Jenny, Skinny and blue-eyed as Amy,

Susan. Someone will wake me, Sweet as Amy,

Tender and foolish as Sarah, Joanne.

Did I know her, Have I waited too long?
Maybe so, but maybe so has she. My

Rubato
blue-eyed Sarah Warm Joanne Sweet Jenny Loving Susan Crazy Amy,
FIFTY MILLION YEARS AGO

From Celebration

Words by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT

ORPHAN:

Fifty million years ago.

Something in the sea

Reached above the

simile

water eagerly!

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Fifty thousand years ago, Something on the
land Suddenly decided it could stand!

Does this lonely road just go to nowhere?
Can it be that there's no reason why,

When, in spite of all the strife,

And the endless dying,

Life keeps reaching higher for the sky?
Fifty seconds from right now
Anything can be!
I’m the future. Please believe in me!
Anything we need,
Anything we long for, Anything we dream can come to
a tempo

be.

Be - lieve!

You

will

see!

It
can

come
to
dim. e rit.

be!

8va

f

molto rit.

sffz
MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY
from *Do Re Mi*
Words by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Slowly

Colla voce (in 4)

sound of applause is delicious. It's a thrill to have the world at your feet.
The praise of the crowd is exciting. But I've...
learned what makes a life complete. There's one thing you can do
for the rest of your days. That's worth more than applause.

The screaming crowd. The bouquets. Make some-one happy.

Make just one some-one happy. Make just one
heart the heart you sing to.

One smile that cheers you, One face that

lights when it nears you, One man you’re ev’ry

thing to. Fame,

poco rit. a tempo
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, Build your world around him.

Make someone happy, Make just one

someone happy, And you will be happy

Lento

too.

Fame,
if you win it, Comes and goes in a minute.

Where's the real stuff in life to cling

Poco meno mosso
to?
Love is the answer,

Colla voce In tempo

Someone to love is the answer. Once you've

sub. FP
found him, Build your world around him.

Make someone happy, Make just one

some-one hap-py, And you will be hap-py

Più mosso (in 4) Marcato

too.
Only you, long as I may live, Fanny,

Fanny, Fanny,

You, long as

I may live, Fanny.

If I could love,

that's what I would say.

But my heart isn't

mine to give, Fanny,

Fanny, Fanny, Fanny.
No, no, not mine to give, Fanny,

For it is gone, given long away.

Più mosso (with great urgency)

To the sea, my one love, In her gray green

clothes, Deep with wonders beyond the shore.

To the isles 'neath the winds Where the spice wood
grows. I must know them all, or sleep no more!

(He turns to her)

Tempo I°

Here's a boy with no heart to give, Fanny,

Fanny, Fanny.

Not worth one

opt.
tear you'll cry, Fanny!

Oh,

poco rit. a tempo

Maestoso

Fanny, goodbye!
WHERE I'M NOT NEAR THE GIRL I LOVE
from Finian's Rainbow

Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE

Slow

OG:

Oh, my heart is beating wildly, and it's

all because you're here. When I'm not

near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm
Every femme that flutters by me,

is a flame that must be fanned.

I can’t fondle the hand I’m fond of, I fondle the hand at hand.

My heart’s in a pickle, it’s
constantly fickle and not too particular, I fear.

When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl I'm near.

a tempo

What if they're tall and tender; What if they're small and
slen - der;  Long as they've got that gen - der, I

s'rrender.  Al - ways I can't re -

fuse  'em;  Al - ways my feet pur - sues 'em;

poco accel.

Long as they've got a bo - som, I woo's 'em.
I'm confessing a confession

and I hope I'm not verbose. When
I'm not close to the kiss that I cling to, I cling to, I
kiss that's close. As I'm more and more a
mortal. I am more and more a case.

When I'm not facing the face that I fancy, I
fancy the face I face. For Sharon I'm car-in'; But

Su-zan I'm choosin', I'm faithful to who's'n is here. When

I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl

I'm near.
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
from Flower Drum Song

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

WANG TA:

Moderato

Along the Hwang-ho valley
Where young men walk and dream,
A flower boat with singing girls came

Drifting down the stream.
I saw the face of 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. You are the girl whose laugh I heard,

Silver and soft and bright; Soft as the fall of lotus leaves

Brushing 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 are the girl whose laugh I heard, Silver and soft and bright;
Soft as the fall of lotus leaves,
Brushing 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.”
LOVE, I HEAR
from *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*

Freely
HERO:

Now that we're a - lone, - May I tell you I've been feeling ver - y

strange?
Ei - ther some - thing's in the air Or else a change is

happening in me. I think I know the cause, I

hope I know the cause. From ev - ry - thing I've heard There's only one - cause it can be.

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Moderately - In 4

Love, I hear, Makes you sigh a lot. Also,

Love, I hear, Leaves you weak.

Love, I hear, Makes you blush and turns you ashen. You

try to speak with passion and squeak, I hear.
Love, they say, makes you pine away. But you pine away with an idiotic grin.

I pine, I blush, I squeak, I squawk. Today I woke too weak to walk. What's love, I hear, I feel... I fear I'm in.
(sigh)

Ah

See what I mean?

Da-da-da-da-da-da (I hum a lot too.)

I'm dazed, I'm pale, I'm sick, I'm sore; I've never felt so well before! What's love, I hear, I feel, I fear, I
know I am, I'm sure. I mean, I hope I trust. I pray. I must. Be

in!

Tempo primo

give me if I shout. Forgive me if I crow. I've

cen-ly just found out. And, well, I thought you ought to know.
ALL I NEED IS THE GIRL
from Gypsy

Moderato (d = 92)

TULSA:

Once my clothes were shabby.

Tailors called me “cab-bie”. So I took a vow,

Said, “This bum’ll be beau Brummell.” Now I’m smooth and snappy.
Now my tailor's happy, I'm the cat's meow! My wardrobe is a wow!

Paris silk, Harris tweed. There's only one thing I need.

A little slower ($d = 88$)

Got my tweed pressed, Got my
best vest, All I need now is the
girl! Got my striped tie, Got my
hopes high, Got the time and the place And I got rhythm,
Now all I need's the girl to go with 'em. If she'll just ap
We'll take this big town for a whirl.

And if she'll say, "My darling, I'm yours," I'll throw away my striped tie. And my best pressed tweed.

All I really need is the girl!
STRANGER IN PARADISE
from Kismet
Words and Music by ROBERT WRIGHT and GEORGE FORREST
(Based on themes of A. BORODIN)

Moderato

Broadly

CALIPH:

Take my hand, I'm a stranger in Paradise, All lost in a

wonder-land, A stranger in Paradise. If I stand

starry-eyed, That's a danger in Paradise For mortals who

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stand beside An angel like you.

Più mosso

I saw your face. And I ascended

Out of the commonplace Into the rare!

Somewhere in space I hang suspended
Until I know. There's a chance that you care:

A tempo

Won't you answer the fervent pray'r. Of a stranger in Paradise?

Don't send me in despair. From all that I hunger for,

But open your angel's arms. To the stranger in Paradise
And tell him that he need be ______ A stranger no more.

Tempo as in first refrain

face ______ And I ascended ______ Out of the
commonplace

In to the rare!

Some where in

space

I hang suspended

Until I

know

There's a chance that you care;

Won't you answer the fervent pray'r

Of a stranger in Paradise?
Don't send me in dark despair

From all that I hunger for,

But open your angel's arms

To the stranger in Paradise

And tell me that I need be

A stranger no more!
KING HEROD'S SONG
from Jesus Christ Superstar

Words by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato, ad lib.

F#m  F#m/E  D  A
Jesus, I am over-joyed to meet you face to face.

mp  colla voce

F#m  F#m/E  D  A  F#m  C#m
You've been getting quite a name all around the place,
Healing cripples,

D  A  D  A/C#  Bm  A
raising from the dead,
And now I understand you're God, at

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least that’s what you’ve said.

So you are the Christ.

you’re the Christ.

you’re the

great Jesus Christ.

Prove to me that you’re divine.

great Jesus Christ.

Prove to me that you’re no fool.

Change my water into wine.

That’s all you need do.

Walk across my swimming pool.

If you do that for me.

then I’ll

know it’s all true.

C’m’on, let you go free.

C’m’on, King of the
Jews. Jesus, you just won’t believe the
hit you’ve made ’round here. You are all we talk about, the
wonder of the year. Oh what a pity
if it’s all a lie. Still I’m sure that you can rock the
CODA

A

F7

Gm

Jews.

I only

Gm/F

Eb

Bb

ask things I’d ask any superstar.

Gm

Gm/F

Eb

Bb

What is it that you have got that puts you where you are?
I am waiting, yes I'm a captive fan.

dying to be shown that you are not just any man.

So if you are the Christ, yes the great Jesus Christ,

Feed my household with this bread; you can do it
on your head. Or has something gone wrong? Why do you take so long?

C'mon King of the Jews.

Hey! Aren't you scared of me Christ. Mister Wonderful Christ?

You're a joke, you're not the Lord. You're nothing but a fraud.
Moderato, Ragtime style

C

Take him away, he's got nothing to say!

G6

B/G G7 N.C.

Get out you King of the, Shouted: get out,

Sung: get out you King of the Jews! Shouted: Get out you King of the Jews!

D7

G7 C

Get out of my life!
THE WILD JUSTICE
from Lost in the Stars

Moderato assai, quasi sostenuto

LEADER: nobilmente

Have you fished for a fixed star with the lines of its light?
Have you dipped the moon from the sea

with the cup of night?
Have you caught the rain's bow in a pool and shut it in?

This scene is performed with chorus in the show.
Go, hunt the wild justice down to walk with men.

mf Poco piu mosso

Have you plotted the high cold course of a heron’s flying,
Or the

pp

simile

thought of an old man dying,
Or the covered labyrinth of

p espr.

why you love where you love
Or, if one love you, why your love is
true? poco rit. Only for a little, then, Tease the wild justice down to dwell with men

When the

first sails were set on a small boat, among the Cyclades, And a stranger's knife was wet With the blood of a King proclaiming freedom and ease And justice in everything But not quite

Allegro agitato

f martellato
yet, not yet And the son of the King, reveng-ing, struck the strang-er down And

there was re-joic-ing in the Is-land Town, And the son of the King reigned ov-er hap-py

slaves Till the son of the strang-er, re-veng-ing put out ov-er the waves to

ff allargando Tempo I°

strike down the son of the King. Were the ends of jus-tice

ff allargando Tempo I°
P subito
met?

Not yet, No, not quite yet...

Yet...

When the first judge sat in his place
And the murderer held his breath
With fear of death in his face,
fear of death for death.

And all that could be said, for or against was said,
And the
books were balanced and two, not one, were
dead,

Was justice caught in this net? Not

yet, no, not quite yet... Not yet...

(warmly)
No, tug first at the fixed star on the line of its light
Sieve the moon up out of the sea

With the black scene of night
Snare first the rain's bow in a pool and close it in.

The wild justice is not found in the haunts of men.
THE BIG BLACK GIANT
from Me and Juliet

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Moderato

LARRY:

The water in a river is changed every day As it flows from the hills to the sea. But to

people on the shore the river is the same, Or, at least it appears to be.

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International Copyright Secured ALL RIGHTS RESERVED Printed in the U.S.A.
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The audience in a theatre is changed ev'ry night. As a show runs along on its way.

But to people on the stage the audience looks the same. Ev'ry night, ev'ry matter.

Con moto

A big black giant Who looks and listens With thousands of eyes and
ears. A big black mass Of love and pity And
troubles and hopes and fears; And ev'ry night The
mixture's different Although it may look the same. To
feel his way With ev'ry mixture is part of the actor's
Tempo giusto

One night—it's a laughing giant, Another night a weeping giant. One night—it's a coughing giant, Another night a sleeping giant.

Più mosso

Every night you fight the giant And may be, if you win, You
Menos mosso

send him out a nic - er gi - ant Than he was when he came in. But

Tempo Iº

if he does - n’t like you, then all you can do Is to pack up your make - up and
go. For an act - or in a flop there is - n’t an - y choice But to look for an - oth - er

Con moto

That big black gi - ant Who
looks and listens With thousands of eyes and ears,

That

big black mass Of love and pity And troubles and hopes and

Meno mosso (deliberately)

fears,

Will sit out there And rule your life. For

colla voce

 rall. poco a poco

all your living years.
THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENS
from Me and Juliet

Moderato

mf leggiero

LARRY:
You're a guy in New Haven on the road with a show. There's a girl in the comp'ny that you hardly know. You watch her and you wonder if she'd like to partake. Of

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French fried potatoes and a T bone steak.

Then along comes a fellow who is quicker than you, And he does what you thought that you would like to do. He takes her to a bistro where they give you a break With French fried potatoes and a
Now you see them together and you know in your heart That you lost what you wanted from the very start, Because you didn't ask her if she'd like to partake Of French fried potatoes and a T bone steak. That's the way it happens,
That's the way it happens,
That's the way it happened to me!
A WAND’RING MINSTREL I
from The Mikado

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegretto con grazia (\( \dot{q} = 72 \))

NANKI-POO:

wan-d’ring min-strel I— A thing of shreds and patch-es,

snatch-es And dream-y lull-a-by! My cata-logue is long, Thro’ ev’ry

pas-sion rang-ing, And to your hu-mours chang-ing I tune my sup-

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I tune my simple song!

Are you in sentimental mood? I'll sigh with you,

Oh, sorrow! On maiden's coldness do you brood? I'll do so, too.

Oh, sorrow, sorrow! I'll charm your willing
ears with songs of lovers' fears, While sympathetic

tears My cheeks dew Oh, sorrow sorrow!

Allegro marziale ($\text{\textit{\textbf{\textit{j} = 144}}$)}

But if patriotic sentiment is

wanted, I've patriotic ballads cut and dried; For wher-
e'er our country banner may be planted,
All other local banners are destroyed!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops, the troops of Tippu!
Allegro pesante, non troppo vivo ($= 160$)

And if you call for a song of the sea, We'll heave the capstan round,

With a yea heave-ho, for the wind is free, Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's alee, Hurrah for the home-ward
bound!
lay a - loft in a howl - ing breeze May tick - le a lands-man's taste, But the hap - piest hour a _
sail - or_ sees Is when he's down At an in - land - town, With his Nan - cy on his _

knees, yea - ho! And his arm _ a-round her waist!
Allegretto come 1°

wan-d'ring min-strel I— A thing of shreds and patch-es, Of bal-lads, songs, and

snatch-es, And dream-y lull-a- by, And dream-y

lull-a-lull-a- by, lull-a- by!
ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE
from My Fair Lady

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

FREDDY: Con moto

When she mentioned how her aunt bit off the spoon,
She completely done me in.
And my heart went on a journey to the moon,
When she told about her father and the gin.
And I
never saw a more enchanting farce, Than the moment when she shouted, “Move your bloom-in’ . . .”

Allegro moderato

I have often walked

* In the show Freddy is interrupted at this point. The editor suggests a chuckle here in this “stand-alone” edition of the song.
down this street before; But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before. All at once am I several stories high, Knowing I'm on the street where you live. Are there lilac trees?
Can you hear a lark in the heart of town?

Does enchantment pour

out of ev'ry door?

No, it's just on the street where you live.

And oh,
the towering feeling
Just to know

somehow you are near!
The

overpowering feeling
That any second you may

suddenly appear!
People stop and stare.
They don't bother me, for there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.

Let the time go by:

I won't care if I can be here on the street where you live.

People stop and stare.
They don't bother me. For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be. Let the time go by.

I won't care if I can be here on the street where you live.
KANSAS CITY
from Oklahoma!

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Brightly (allegretto)
WILL PARKER: (starts speaking and gradually goes into melody)

I got to Kansas City on a Friday

Saturday I learned a thing or two

Up to then I didn’t have an idea of

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Oh, what the modern world was comin' to!

Counted twenty gas buggies goin' by their sel's

Almost ev'ry time I took a walk

'Nen I put my ear to a Bell Telephone And a
strange women started in to talk!

Refrain

Ev'ry-thin's up to date in Kansas City
They've

gone a-bout as fur as they c'n go!
They
Went and built a sky-scrap-er seven stories high.
Fer' fifty cents you c'n see a dandy show.
Ev'ry-thing's like a dream in Kansas.
It's better than a
grow.
About as high as a build-in' fort a
One of the gals was fat and pink and
As round above as
magic lantern show! Y'c'n I could

she was round below.

turn the radiator on whenever you want some

swear that she was padded from her shoulder to her

heat heel With every kind o' comfort every

But latter in the second act when

house is all complete. You c'n walk to privies she begun to peel. She proved that every

in the rain and never wet your feet! They've
thin she had was absolutely real! She

gone about as fur as they can go!
went about as fur as she could go!
They've She

gone about as fur as they can go!
went about as fur as she could
go!
MANY MOONS AGO
from Once Upon a Mattress

Music by MARY RODGERS
Words by MARSHALL BARER

**MINSTREL:**

Freely - in 2

Many moons ago in a far off place Lived a

handsome prince with a gloomy face, For he did not have a bride. Oh, he

sighed "alas" And he pined alas, But alas, the prince couldn't
find a lass Who would suit his mother's pride. For a

princess is a delicate thing, Delicate and dainty as a

(dolce)

dragonfly's wing. You can recognize a lady by her elegant air, But a

Keep moving

gen-uine princess is exceedingly rare.
On a stormy night, to the castle door, Came the lass the prince had been waiting for. "I'm a princess lost" quoth she. But the queen was cool and remained aloof. And she said: "Perhaps, but she'll need some proof. I'll prepare a test and see." I will
test her thus," the old queen said: I'll put twenty down-y mat-tress-
es up-on her bed And be-tween those twenty mat-tress-es I'll place a ti-ny pea. If that

pea dis-turbs her slum-ber, then a true prin-cess is she.
Now, the bed was soft and extremely tall, But the
dainty lass didn't sleep at all. And she told them so next
day. Said the queen: "My dear, if you felt that pea, Then we've
proof enough of your royalty. Let the wedding music
Slowly

play."
And the people shouted quietly: "Hoo-ray!"

For a

Tempo I°

princess is a delicate thing.
Delicate and daintiness as a
dragon fly's wing. You can recognize a lady by her elegant air, but a

Slowly

genuine princess is exceedingly rare.
I COULD WRITE A BOOK
from Pal Joey

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto - In 2

JOEY:

A B C D E F G, I never learned to

spell, at least not well. One, two, three, four,

five, six, seven, I never learned to count a great a-

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mount. But my busy mind is burning to use what learning I've got.

I won't waste any time, I'll strike while the iron is hot. If they asked me I could write a book.
About the way you walk and whisper and look.

I could write a preface on how we met, so the world would never forget.

And the simple secret of the plot.
Is just to tell them that I love you a lot.

Then the world discovers, as my book ends, How to make two lovers of friends.
ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE
from Pipe Dream

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Allegretto (in 4)

The star-fish may look unimportant, lying

mp

limply on his under-water shelf. He may look unimportant to you, but he's

In 2 (not too fast)

very interesting to himself. It takes all kinds of

colla voce

(crossing hands)

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people to make up a world,

people and things. They crawl on the earth,

They swim in the sea, and they fly through the sky on wings; All kinds of people and things. They crawl on the earth, they swim in the sea, and they fly through the sky on wings.
things. And brother, I'll tell you my hunch:

Whether you like them or whether you don't, You're stuck with the whole damn bunch! I

don't think so much of the buzzard, He is something I would never like to be, But
who knows what goes on in his mind? He may think he is superior to me. You may not admire armadillos, They're progressive and they lead peculiar lives. They may not look attractive to you, But they're very interesting to their wives. It takes
all kinds of people to make up a world,

All kinds of people and things. They
crawl on the earth, They swim in the sea, and they

fly through the sky on wings;
All kinds of people and things.

And brother, I'll tell you my hunch:

Whether you like them or whether you don't,
You're stuck with the whole damn bunch.

poco rit.

opt.
a tempo
YOU’RE DEVASTATING
from Roberta

Words by OTTO HARBACH
Music by JEROME KERN

When I think of you who are, What a gem true blue you are,
rings, That grace the hands of Kings.

You're devastating, And so far above me

So think of mating I never could dare. You couldn't

ever be lowly and love me, You're much too clever to
care how I care. You were destined for purple-hued

throne rooms, You were fashioned for princes to

slowly

see, Still, I keep dreaming of you in my own rooms,

slowly

opt. 8va

And there you whisper "I love you" to me.
THE ONLY HOME I KNOW
from *Shenandoah*

Music by GARY GELD
Words by PETER UDELL

Andante Rubato

**CORPORAL:**

The willow that I used to climb may bend a little more. The

paint may all be peelin' off the front porch and the door. No matter what, I'm headin' back and

whistlin' as I go. For better or for worse, it's still the only home I know. The

This song is sung with chorus in the show.

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Garden Mama used to tend may now be overgrown. Our friends and neighbors moved away to distant parts unknown. It could be no one's waitin' there to smile and say "Hello."

Still my heart is yearnin' for the only home I know. The memories I left behind may all have turned to dust. A
penny in a wishing well, copper turned rust. I can’t remember why I left or what I hoped to find. I only know that more and more I’m back there in my mind.

A fire-place, a gentle face, a warm and friendly glow. Please let it be the way it was. The only home I know. The only home I know.
YOU’VE GOT TO BE CAREFULLY TAUGHT
from South Pacific

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegro

You’ve got to be taught to hate and fear,
You’ve got to be taught from year to year,
It’s got to be drummed in your dear little
You've got to be carefully taught. You've got to be afraid of people. Whose eyes are oddly made, And people whose skin is a different shade. You've got to be carefully taught.
You've got to be taught before it's too late. Before you are six or seven or eight. To hate all the people your relatives hate. You've got to be carefully taught!
YOUnger Than SpringTime
from South Pacific
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderate e tranquillo
CABLE:
I touch your hand And my arms grow strong.
Like a pair of birds That burst with song.
My eyes look down At your lovely face.

And I hold the world In my embrace.

Younger than Spring-time are you Soft-ter than star-light are you.

Warmer then winds of June are the gentle lips you gave me.
Gay-er than laughter are you
Sweet-er than music are you

Angel and lover, heaven and earth are you to me. And when your

youth and joy invade my arms And fill my

heart as they do... then...
Younger than Spring-time am I
Gay-er than laugh-ter am I

An-gel and lov-er, heav-en and earth am I
with

you.

And when your youth and joy in-vade my
arms And fill my heart as now they do...

then... Younger than Spring-time am I Gay-er than laughter

am I Angel and lover, heaven and earth am I

with you.
LONELY HOUSE
from Street Scene

Words by LANGSTON HUGHES
Music by KURT WEILL

Moderato assai \( \frac{1}{4} = 69 \)

SAM: \( \quad \quad p \)

\( \text{(dolce)} \)

At

\( \text{p} \)
\( (\text{secco}) \)

night when ev-ry-thing is qui-et
This old house seems to breathe a

cresc. poco a poco

sigh. Som-times I hear a neigh-bor snor-ing.

cresc poco a poco

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Sometimes I hear a baby cry.

Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking,

Sometimes a distant telephone.

Then the quiet settles down again...

The house and I are all alone.

L'estesso tempo

P with soft expression

Lone-ly house, lone-ly me!
Funny... with so many neighbors, How lonely it can be!

Oh lonely street! Lonely

Town! Funny... you can be so lonely with all these folks a-

Poco animato

round. I guess there must be something I don't com...
Hend.  Sparrows have companions, Even stray dogs find a friend.

The night for me is not romantic.

Unhook the stars and take them down. I'm lonely in this lonely house. In this lonely town.
FINISHING THE HAT
from Sunday in the Park With George

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Moderato, rubato

GEORGE:

p Yes, she looks for me-

goood. Let her look for me to

p

Con moto, poco rubato (\( \text{\( \downarrow \)} = 132 \))

tell me why she left me... as I al-

ways knew she would. I had

thought she un-

der-
stood. They have nev-
ever un-
der-

stood, and no
reason that they should__

But if an- y- bod- y could__

Fin- ish- ing the hat, how you have to

fin- ish the hat_.

How you watch the rest of the world from a
window while you finish the hat. Mapping out a sky,
what you feel like, planning a sky.

What you feel when voices that come through the window go until they
distance and die, until there's nothing but sky.
And how you're always turning back too late from the grass or the stick— or the dog— or the light— How the kind of woman willing to wait’s— not the kind that you want to find waiting to return you to the night, dizzy from the height,
com-ing from the hat,

studi- ing the

hat,

en- ter- ing the world of the hat,

reach- ing through the world of the hat like a win- dow, back to

ten.

ten.

ten.

this one from that....

Stud- y- ing a face,
stepping back to look at a face, leaves a little

space in the way like a window, but to see

It's the only way to see.

And when the

woman that you wanted goes, you can say to yourself, "Well, I give..."
But the woman who won't wait for you knows that, however you live, there's a part of you always standing by, mapping out the sky, finishing a hat...
Start- ing on a hat...

Fin- ish- ing a hat...

Look, I made a hat...

poco cresc.

Where there nev- er was a hat...

(cresc.)
JOHANNA
from Sweeney Todd

Lyric and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Tranquillo \( \frac{d}{66} \)

ANTHONY: \( \text{mp} \)

I feel you, Johanna, I feel you. I was half convinced I'd waken, satisfied enough to dream you. Happily, I was mistaken, Johanna, I feel you.
Maestoso (d = 66)

I'll steal you, Johanna, I'll steal you.

Con poco moto

Do they think that walls can hide you? Even now I'm at your window.

I am in the dark beside you, Buried sweetly in your yellow hair...
I feel you, Jo.

hannah, And one day I’ll steal you.

Till I’m with you then, I’m with you there,
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair.
NOT WHILE I’M AROUND
from Sweeney Todd

Molto rubato ($\dot{=} 112$)

TOBIAS:

Nothing’s gonna harm you,

Not while I’m around.

Nothing’s gonna harm you, no sir,

Not while I’m around.

Demons are prowling everywhere

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now-a-days. I'll send 'em howling, I don't care...

I got ways. l.H. P poco accel. rit.

No one's gonna hurt you, No one's gonna dare.

Others can desert you, Not to worry, Whistle, I'll be there.
De-mons'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

Nothing can harm you, Not while I'm around.

Piu mosso, sempre rubato

Not to worry, Not to worry.

I may not be smart but I ain't dumb. I can do it,
Put me to it, Show me something I can overcome.

Not to worry, mum. Being close and being clever

ain't like being true. I don't need to, I won't never

hide a thing from you, Like some.
No one's gonna hurt you, No one's gonna dare.

Others can desert you, Not to worry, Whistle, I'll be there.

Demons'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time

Nothing's gonna harm you, Not while I'm around.
LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES
from Sweeney Todd

Music and Words by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Allegretto grazioso (♩= 144)

BEADLE:

Ex -
cuse me, my lord, May I re-quest, my lord, Per-
mis-sion, my lord, to speak? For-
give me if I sug-
-gest, my lord, You're look-
-ing less than your best, my lord, There's

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pow·der up·on your vest, my lord, And stub·ble up·on your cheek.

And la·dies, my lord, are weak.

Larghetto ($\text{d} = 80$)
(\textit{Wincing delicately})

La·dies in their sen·si·tivi·ties, my lord,

Have a frag·ile sen·si·bil·i·ty. When a girl's e·mer·gent,
Probably it's urgent You defer to her gentility, my lord.

Personal disorder cannot be ignored, Given their gentle pro-

clivities. Meaning no offense, it happens they resents it,

Ladies in their sensitivities, my lord. Fret not, though, my lord.
Know a place, my lord, A barber, my lord, of skill. Thus armed with a shaven face, my lord, Some eau de cologne to brace my lord. All musk to enhance the chase, my lord, You'll dazzle the girl until she bows to your every will.
WISH YOU WERE HERE
from Wish You Were Here

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROME

Dramatically

CHICK:

Where is it gone?

They’re not

Refrain (in dreamy Beguine tempo)

making the skies as blue this year. Wish you were here!

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blue as they used to when you were near. Wish you were here! And the
mornings don't seem as new, Brand new as they did with you. Wish you were
here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here! Some-one's
painting the leaves all wrong this year. Wish you were
here! And why did the birds change their song this year? Wish you were here! They’re not shining the stars as bright. They’ve stolen the joy from the night! Wish you were here!

Wish you were here!

Wish you were here!
Verse

Where ______ is the wonder as each ______ day would

start

That sang ______ with the dawn, ______ ran a -

way ______ with my heart? Where is it gone?

They're not
making the skies as blue this year. Wish you were here! As

blue as they used to when you were near. Wish you were here! And the

mornings don’t seem as new, Brand new as they did with you. Wish you were

here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here! Some-one’s
painting the leaves all wrong this year. Wish you were here! And

why did the birds change their song This year? Wish you were here! They’re not

Very slowly

shining the stars as bright. They’ve stolen the joy from the night.

Wish you were here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here!
I DO NOT KNOW A DAY
I DID NOT LOVE YOU
from Two by Two

Words by MARTIN CHARNIN
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately slow

JAPHETh:

I do not know a day I did not love you.

can't remember love not being there.

planting, when the earth ran through your fingers,

The

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Unauthorized copying, arranging, adapting, recording or public performance is an infringement of copyright.
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har - vest when the sun danced in your hair. I
do not know a day I did not need you. For

sharing ev'ry moment that I spent. I

needed you before I ever knew you, Before I
knew what needing someone meant. And if we ever
were to have tomorrow, One fact alone is full (and filled with
song) You will not know a day I do not love you

The way that I have loved you all along.