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.

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ISBN 0-634-00976-1
Foreword

The lively and ongoing interest in musical theatre may appear to be ironic in an age seemingly ruled by the media. The movie musical is dead (thank goodness for video and those classic movie channels!), show music is rarely ever broadcast on radio, and hoping to see any musical theatre on television—except for old movies—is usually like waiting for Godot. In such a world it takes a little effort to acquire a taste for musical theatre and a knowledge of shows, though to the devoted conoscenti it hardly feels like effort. As Volume 3 of The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology proves, there is an amazing heritage of theatre repertoire and a growing appetite for it among singers of all descriptions.

As in the first two volumes for each voice type of The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology, the editions of almost all the songs have been created from the piano/conductor score (or vocal score) of a show, allowing a more authentic rendition than standard piano/vocal sheet music. Original keys have been preserved whenever possible; occasionally either the original performing key is not known, or I chose to alter it for specific reasons. Common issues faced in creating solo editions of theatre music are removing chorus parts, eliminating other characters’ lines, creating or deleting repeats, wrestling with musical form, and finding appropriate beginnings and endings. My aim is to present a performable excerpt from the show that stands alone musically, though is true to its context.

Categorizing musical theatre selections by conventional voice type remains a challenge.

For instance, where do you throw those “bari-tenor” songs that straddle those two ranges and could go either way? I have tried to be conservative in my criteria on this front. I quickly point out to singers and teachers that there is no exact science to this. In comparison, opera fachs are far more definite. In theatre music, it’s not only about range, but also about vocal timbre and singing style. Many high baritones or versatile tenors have told me they use both the Tenor and Baritone/Bass volumes.

I included several numbers written for musical films rather than theatre. Most important, they are terrific songs. I also think they reflect a theatre sensibility, with an implied character in them. Fred Astaire had more great songs written for him than any other performer of the 20th century. Vocally he could be considered either a tenor or a lyric baritone, but I opted for tenor because of his light touch and ease in a higher tessitura. Thus, in this volume we have “Isn't It a Lovely Day,” “Steppin' Out with My Baby,” “I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket,” “Easy to Love,” sung by the surprisingly high tenor of Jimmy Stewart in the film Born to Dance, is included here, and an unusually dramatic song from a Disney film, “Go the Distance” from Hercules (with a show lyric more character-driven than the popular version of the song recorded by Michael Bolton). For Mandy Patinkin in the film Dick Tracy, Stephen Sondheim wrote “What Can You Lose?” I'm more than happy to have a chance to include it in a tenor theatre collection.

The theatre material included in this volume ranges from romantic leads to character songs, from the comic to the most dramatic, from the 1930s to 1998. Not every song is for every singer. I compile these collections with the needs of many different types of talent in mind. But everyone should be able to find more than a few terrific choices.

The twelve solo volumes of The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology now total nearly 500 songs! The three volumes for any voice type offer a huge number of choices. The tenor books have 118 songs to choose from! Happy hunting.

Richard Walters, editor
August, 2000
THE SINGERS MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY
Tenor Volume 3

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BORN TO DANCE

(film)

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
DIRECTOR: Roy Del Ruth
SCREENPLAY: Jack McGowan, B.G. DeSylva and Sid Silvers
CHOREOGRAPHER: David Gould
RELEASED: 1936, MGM

Although there had been film adaptations of his stage musicals, this was Cole Porter's first original screen score. It has a large cast of characters in a story that mixes sailors and show biz, culminating in the star of a show being replaced by an inexperienced young talent (Eleanor Powell), an all too obvious steal from the big Warner hit 42nd Street of 1933. "Easy to Love" had been dropped from the score of the 1934 Broadway musical Anything Goes. After some rewriting it was heard in Born to Dance. James Stewart, in an early and uncharacteristic role, sings the song to Eleanor Powell in Central Park in the moonlight in his sweet, high tenor voice. (It's later reprised by Frances Langford.) The big finale of the movie, one of the most excessive numbers ever filmed, features Powell and a thousand chorus girls tapping away on a battlehip.

BRIGADOON

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 3/13/47, New York; a run of 581 performances

Two American tourists, Tommy Albright and Jeff Douglas, stumble upon a mist-shrouded Scottish town which, as they eventually discover, reawakens only one day every hundred years. Tommy, who enjoys wandering through the heather on the hill with a local lass, Fiona MacLaren, returns to New York after learning of the curse that has caused the town's excessively somnolent condition. True love, however, pulls him back to the highlands. The tale was made believable not only through its evocative score, but also through de Mille's emotion-charged ballets. During one of their sojourns, Tommy and Fiona find themselves swept up in a strange, sweet emotion that they agree is "Almost Like Being in Love."

CABARET

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

This moody musical captures the morally corrupt world of Berlin's demimonde just as the Nazis were coming to power. American writer Cliff Bradshaw moves in with Sally Bowles, the hedonistic star singer at a seedy nightclub. Soon, he comes to see all of Germany through the dark lens of that increasingly menacing cabaret, which is ruled over by a ghostly Emcee. Kander and Ebb cut "I Don't Care Much" from the original production, possibly because of its similarity to "So What," but restored it for the 1998 Broadway revival as a number for the Emcee to express the emotional numbness of his world. Contrast that with the anthem "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," whose soaring lyrics turned chilling when the audience realized that the young men singing it were Nazis.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/5/75, New York; a run of 872 performances

Based on Maureen Dallas Watkins' 1926 play Roxie Hart, this tough, flat-hearted musical tells the story of Roxie (Gwen Verdon), a married chorus girl who kills her faithless lover and almost manages to convince her geeky husband that it was all an innocent mistake. Roxie wins release from prison through the histrionic efforts of razzle-dazzle lawyer Billy Flynn (Jerry Orbach), and ends up as a vaudeville headliner with another "scintillating sinner," Velma Kelly (Chita Rivera). This scathing indictment of the American legal system, political system, media and morals may have been ahead of its time in its original 1975 production. It was also overshadowed by the opening of A Chorus Line the same season. But it came roaring back for a stylish, Tony-winning 1996 revival that has already run longer than the original. Roxie's husband Amos gets one solo, "Mister Cellophane," an emotional lament that all his life he's been the kind of man that people could look right through and pass right by. At the end, he even apologizes for taking up the audience's time.
DIAMONDS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Various Writers

This was an Off-Broadway revue about baseball and included material from several writers. “What You’d Call a Dream,” written by Craig Carnelia, has been most memorably sung by the songwriter himself.

DICK TRACY
(film)

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim (songs only; score by Danny Elfman)
SCREENPLAY: Jim Cash and Jack Epps Jr., based on the comic strip by Chester Gould
DIRECTOR: Warren Beatty
RELEASE: 1990

Dick Tracy is a colorful, highly stylish cinematic treatment of the classic comic strip. Dick is the heroic police detective fighting a sea of eccentric criminals. The film adds an interesting dimension to the character, as if Tracy is both repelled and fascinated by hoodlums. One of the recurring locations in the movie is a nightclub, which affords several prime opportunities for songs by Stephen Sondheim. The most famous of these is “Soon or Later (I Always Get My Man),” sung by the vampy platinum blonde Breathless Mahoney (played by Madonna). “What Can You Lose” is sung in the empty nightclub by 88 Keys (Mandy Patinkin), joined by Breathless. It’s a commentary on the yearning in the relationships among the film’s principals, 88 Keys’ unstated love for Breathless, her love for Tracy, Tess’ love for Tracy. In the editor’s opinion, the song ranks up at the top level of Sondheim’s best work.

EASTER PARADE
(film)

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
DIRECTOR: Charles Walters
SCREENPLAY: Sidney Sheldon, Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton (Fred Astaire, uncredited)
RELEASE: 1948, MGM

Yet another “songbag” picture, taking some proven Berlin hits, using a hit song as a title, adding a few new songs, two major movie stars, and whatever plot will hold it together. The picture was originally to have starred Gene Kelly opposite Judy Garland, but he withdrew from the production with a broken ankle. Fred Astaire, who had retired from the screen in 1946, was coaxed into taking Kelly’s place and saving the production, and the result is the only teaming of Astaire and Garland. It’s a nostalgic, theatrical story of vaudeville and Broadway in the year 1912. The movie is in the big-MGM-wholesome-holiday-family-picture tradition. “Steppin’ Out with My Baby” is another in the large body of terrific songs written for Astaire, filmed with the chorus in the background at regular speed and the star in the foreground in graceful slow motion.

FOLLIES

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

Taking place at a reunion of former Ziegfeld Follies-type showgirls, the musical deals with the reality of life as contrasted with the unreality of the theatre. Follies explores this theme through the lives of two couples, the upper-class, unhappy, Phyllis and Benjamin Stone, and the middle-class, also unhappy, Sally and Buddy Plummer. Follies also shows us these four as they were in their pre-marital youth. The young actors appear as ghosts to haunt their older selves. Because the show is about the past, and often in flashback, Sondheim styled his songs to evoke some of the theatre’s great composers and lyricists of the past. A revised version of the show was presented in London in 1987, with some songs replaced with new numbers. “Make the Most of Your Music,” Ben’s song expressing the sunny philosophy of life he aspires to, comes from the London version. “Buddy’s Blues” is an exercise in comic desperation, as he finds himself torn between his wife (whom he adores but who is indifferent to him) and his mistress (who worships him), whom he can’t stand.
FOLLOW THE FLEET  
(film)

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin  
DIRECTOR: Mark Sandrich  
SCREENPLAY: Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott  
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hermes Pan (Fred Astaire, uncredited)  
RELEASED: 1936, RKO Radio Pictures

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers had been first paired as supporting players in the 1933 musical *Flying Down to Rio*. In quick succession came *The Gay Divorcee*, *Roberta*, *Top Hat* and their fifth of nine RKO films together, *Follow the Fleet*. These movies are among the most entertaining and satisfying musical-comedy-fantasies ever made. *Follow the Fleet* is one of the most uncharacteristic of the pair’s films. Rather than playing glamorous, wealthy, well-dressed characters in Art Deco settings, Ginger plays a gum-popping dance hall hostess and Fred, a common sailor. Rather than leaving the audience feeling short-changed, it gives us the duo in their most boisterous spirits. Typical of the rowdy, tap-dancing, good-time tunes is “I’m Putting All My Eggs in One Basket.”

FOOTLOOSE

MUSIC: Tom Snow (additional songs by Eric Carmen, Sammy Hagar, Kenny Loggins and Jim Steinman)  
LYRICS: Dean Pitchford  
BOOK: Dean Pitchford and Walter Bobbie  
DIRECTOR: Walter Bobbie  
CHOREOGRAPHER: A.C. Ciulla  
OPENED: 10/22/98, New York; still running as of 2/1/00

Based on the hit 1984 film musical of the same title, *Footloose* tells the story of a tiny midwest town where dancing is illegal. It seems the son of town preacher Rev. Shaw Moore was killed in a car accident after a dance some years back, and, in the aftermath, Rev. Moore moved the town council to enact the ban. Enter town newcomer Ren McCormack, who quickly becomes a rebel with a cause: he works to overturn the ban even as he courts Rev. Moore’s pretty daughter Ariel. Despite mixed reviews, the show quickly became a favorite with younger audiences, partly because of its subject matter, and partly because of the pervasive high-energy dancing that broke the town’s ordinances left and right. Ren has gotta dance! He expresses his compulsion in the restless “I Can’t Stand Still.” Comedy is supplied by his best friend in the new town, the goofy and likable Willard Hewitt. Willard isn’t always sure what’s the right thing to do, but always knows where to find out, as he explains in the country-style “Mama Says.”

THE GONDOLIERS

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan  
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert  
OPENED: December 7, 1889, London

The Duke of Plaza-Toro arrives in Venice in desperate financial circumstances. He reveals to his daughter Casilda that she was wed to the son of the King of Barataria when the two were still infants. Furthermore, the boy in question must now assume the throne, since an uprising has killed his father. This is all good news to the Duke, but not to Casilda, for she and her father’s drummer Luiz are in love. More bad news follows: The king in question is one of two gondoliers, Marco and Giuseppe, who were raised as brothers—but the woman who was their nursemaid must be obtained to determine which is which. As if this weren’t enough, both young men are newly married to a couple of nice Venetian girls. While all wait for the return of the nursemaid, Marco and Giuseppe go to Barataria to rule jointly. There they quickly miss their wives, Marco sings of the delights of female companionship (“Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes”). And by and by, everyone converges on Barataria—the young brides, the Duke and his retinue, and the nursemaid, who reveals that she had done some baby-swapping of her own, and that the real king is neither Marco nor Giuseppe, but the boy she raised as her son: Luiz! General rejoicing ensues, mixed with some regret as the two gondoliers leave their kingdom and return to the canals of Venice.

HERCULES  
(film)

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Alan Menken and David Zippel  
SCREENPLAY: Ron Clements, Donald McEnery, Bob Shaw and Irene Mecchi  
DIRECTORS: John Musker and Ron Clements  
RELEASED: 1997, Walt Disney

*Hercules* marked Disney’s return to the lighter musical comedy of its earlier animated musicals. In this snappy romp through Greek mythology *Hercules* tells the story of the Greek hero, born of the gods but not quite immortal. As half man/half deity and all teenager he tries to fit in, but it’s painfully obvious to everyone, including himself, that he doesn’t and never will. He sets out to find his “place” in the world, at whatever cost (“Go the Distance”). Learning that he is the son of Zeus and must prove himself a “true hero” to regain his place among the deities, he enlists the help of a doting Pegasus and a satyr named Phil. He becomes a famous hero, battling monsters, Hades, the Titans, and even saving Mt. Olympus, but in the end it is his love for Meg and his self-sacrifice to save her which makes him a true hero. Having regained his birthright he then gives it up to remain on earth with her. “Go the Distance” earned an Oscar nomination for Menken and Zippel and was also a hit for Michael Bolton, who sang it (with adapted pop lyrics) during the end credits.
JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS

MUSIC: Jacques Brel
LYRICS: Jacques Brel, others (in French); English lyrics by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman
OPENED: 1968, New York

A long running intimate Off-Broadway hit, the revue is a collection of some 25 songs by French songwriter Jacques Brel (he wrote both music and lyrics for some, lyrics only for others). The show is conceived for 4 players (2 men, 2 women), and the songs are full of contrasts in subject matter, from the draft, to old age, to bullfights, to death, to love. A film version was released in the early ’70s.

JEKYLL & HYDE

MUSIC: Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse
DIRECTOR: Robin Phillips
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey Pizzi
OPENED: 4/28/97, New York; still running as of 5/1/00

Based on Robert Louis Stevenson’s 1886 novella Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, this show took nearly a decade to arrive on Broadway. However, the first full score by pop composer Frank Wildhorn was already familiar to most lovers of musical theatre from two widely circulated concept albums. These proved especially popular among professional skaters for the background music of their routines. A North American tour also helped make the show familiar to most of the rest of America before arriving in New York. As in the Stevenson book, a well-meaning scientist, Dr. Henry Jekyll, invents a potion that separates the noble side of man’s nature from the evil, bestial side. Using himself as guinea pig, Jekyll soon finds he has unleashed an uncontrollable monster, Mr. Hyde, who cuts a murderous swath through London. The first time Hyde emerges from the midnight recesses of Jekyll’s psyche, he exults in the power of his newly liberated menace, in “Alive!”

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR® DREAMCOAT

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
OPENED: Premiered 5/12/68, London; first revision 1973, London; Broadway debut: 11/18/81, a run of 824 performances

The musical lasted all of 15 minutes in its first form, written for a school production in 1968, the first produced collaboration by the young Lloyd Webber (who was 20 at the time) and Rice. By 1973 the piece had been expanded to about 90 minutes, and was staged in the West End. The first New York performance took place at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1976, and a Broadway run finally commenced in 1981. Somewhat of a forerunner to Jesus Christ Superstar, which is also based on Biblical sources, Joseph is told entirely in an eclectic mix of rock, country, vaudeville and calypso song styles. Drawn from the Old Testament, the musical tells the story of Joseph, Jacob’s favorite of 12 sons, who is given a remarkable coat of many colors. His jealous brothers sell him into slavery, and he is taken to Egypt, where he interprets the dream of Pharaoh. His wise prophecy so impresses Pharaoh that Joseph is elevated in honor and position, and put in charge of saving the country from famine. At the joyous climax of the show, Joseph leads his reunited (and forgiven) family in an homage to optimism and faith, “Any Dream Will Do.”

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 Riley). The film version was made by MGM in 1955, with Howard Keel as Hajj. Vincente Minnelli directed. On the eve of his wedding, the Caliph calls for the finest of everything to be spread before his bride to celebrate the “Night of My Nights.”
MARTIN GUERRE

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
BOOK: Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Alain Boublil and Stephen Clark
DIRECTOR: Conall Morrison
MUSICAL STAGING AND CHOREOGRAPHY: David Bolger
OPENED: June, 1996, London; a run of over 700 performances

There have been several major revisions of the Boublil/Schönberg musical since its inception in 1991. Besides the musical, the 16th century legend inspired the books *The Wife of Martin Guerre* by Janet Lewis, and *The Return of Martin Guerre* by Natalie Zemon Davis. The 1982 film *The Return of Martin Guerre*, starring Gerard Depardieu, is based on the Davis novel. In 1560 the French Catholic mercenary Martin Guerre tells his friend, Arnaud du Thil, of his childhood in the village of Artigat, and of his arranged marriage to Bertrande du Rol. The villainous Guillaume, rebuffed by Bertrande, had convinced the superstitious villagers that Martin’s failure to conceive an heir brought on their crop failures. Martin was exiled, later to join the mercenary corps (“I’m Martin Guerre”). Martin is stabbed while saving Arnaud’s life. Arnaud escapes and goes to Artigat, where he is mysteriously believed to be Martin Guerre returning after seven years. Bertrande falls in love with Arnaud, even though she knows he is not Martin. Guillaume, still hoping for Bertrande, charges Arnaud with fraud for impersonating Martin Guerre. At a dramatic moment the real Martin Guerre returns and denounces Arnaud. Learning of the true love between Bertrande and Arnaud, in the spirit of friendship Martin decides to let them go. Protecting Martin from Guillaume’s knife, Arnaud is stabbed and dies.

THE PAJAMA GAME

MUSIC: Richard Adler
LYRICS: Jerry Ross
BOOK: George Abbott and Richard Bissell
DIRECTORS: George Abbott and Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 5/13/54, New York; a run of 1,063 performances

When Frank Loesser was approached to write the score of a musical adaptation of Richard Bissell’s novel *7 1/2 Cents*, he had to turn it down. But he did recommend a young team, Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, who had never before written songs for a book musical. They quickly went to work with Bissell, another Broadway newcomer, in collaboration with veteran director George Abbott. (Other neophytes involved were co-director Jerome Robbins, choreographer Bob Fosse, and the trio of producers.) *The Pajama Game* follows the hijinks at the Sleep-Tite Pajama Factory in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where Sid Sorokin, the new plant superintendent, has taken a shine to Babe Williams, a union activist. Their romance suffers a setback when the workers go on strike for a seven-and-a-half cents hourly raise. But eventually management and labor are again singing in harmony. Stars John Raitt and Eddie Foy, Jr. repeated their roles in the 1957 movie version, which also starred Doris Day. The show was revived on Broadway in 1973 with Hal Linden, Babara McNair and Cab Calloway. The show produced several standards, most notably “Hey There,” in which Sid warns himself against falling in love.

PARADE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
BOOK: Alfred Uhry
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 12/17/98, New York; a run of 84 performances

The musical that opened at New York’s Lincoln Center got mostly negative reviews for its relentlessly downbeat subject matter: the true story of Leo Frank, a Jewish factory manager accused of—and lynched for—the murder of Mary Phagan, an underage female worker, in 1913 Atlanta. But the sterling cast album released a few months later helped build a cult of devoted fans for this short-run musical, which went on to win the 1999 Tony Awards for Best Score and Best Book of a Musical. The song’s opening number, “The Old Red Hills of Home,” sets the scene, as a young Confederate soldier heads off to war for the land he loves, and later, as a one-legged veteran, bitterly looks back on what was lost. In Act II, with Leo under a death sentence, his faithful wife Lucille discovers a piece of evidence that could exculpate him. Wild with joy, Leo sings of his new lease on life—and his debt to Lucille—in “This Is Not Over Yet.”
PIPPIN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz
BOOK: Roger O. Hirson
DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 10/23/72, New York; a run of 1,944 performances

Stephen Schwartz collaborated on the original version of Pippin—then titled Pippin Pippin—when he was still a student at Carnegie Tech. But it was not until the success of Godspell and his collaboration with Leonard Bernstein on Mass that a producer was willing to take a chance on him or his work. As insurance, Stuart Ostrow brought in playwright Roger O. Hirson to rewrite the book and, most significantly, Bob Fosse to serve as director-choreographer (and, eventually, uncredited co-librettist). Like many young people in the early 1970s, Pippin, son of the medieval emperor Charlemagne, experiments with a series of different lifestyles, seeking glory first in war, then as a lover, and finally as a leader of social causes. Failing at all three, he is happy to compromise by settling down to middle-class domesticity with a pretty and understanding widow. Fosse took this little parable and put his conceptual stamp on it by expanding it into a razzle-dazzle magic show within the framework of a commedia dell’arte performance. Helping to give the production a unifying concept was another Fosse touch, a half-God, half-Devil “Leading Player,” a character developed from the Emcee in Cabaret. The audience is introduced to Pippin with a song in which he claims a special “Corner of the Sky” as his birthright.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: December 31, 1879, New York

The only one of Gilbert and Sullivan’s works to have its official premiere outside London, it did in fact receive one prior performance in England for purposes of copyright registration. Twenty-one-year-old Frederic, bound by his sense of duty to serve out his apprenticeship to a band of pirates, has reached the end of his indentures and decides henceforth to oppose the cutthroat crew rather than join them. After leaving the pirates, Frederic happens upon a party of young women and appeals to them for pity (“Oh, Is There Not One Maiden Breast?”). The pirates then arrive on the scene, determined to marry the young ladies, but the girls’ father, Major-General Stanley, enters just in time and wins clemency by claiming to be an orphan. Frederic, at first duty-bound to destroy his former comrades, rejoins them when he finds that his apprenticeship extends to his twenty-first birthday, and, having been born on February 29, he has so far had only five birthdays. But in the end, the pirates yield to the police at the invitation of Queen Victoria’s name, and when it is revealed that they are actually wayward noblemen, they earn their pardon and permission to marry the Major-General’s daughters.

RENT

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jonathan Larson
DIRECTOR: Michael Greif
CHOREOGRAPHER: Marlo Yearby
OPENED: 2/29/96, New York; still running as of 2/01/00

One of the emblematic Broadway shows of the 1990s, Jonathan Larson’s alternative-rock musical relocates the story of opera’s La Bohème to the ’90s in New York’s Bohemian East Village. Instead of dying of consumption, the central character, also named Mimi, is dying of AIDS. The characters are a mix of various types of contemporary artists: a filmmaker, an HIV-positive musician, a drug-addicted dancer, a drag queen. Despite struggles, the friends remain devoted to one another. The compelling alternate-rock score has a gritty realism that had special appeal for young theatre-goers. A parable of hope, love and loyalty, Rent received great acclaim, winning the Pulitzer Prize for Drama, a Tony Award for Best Musical, and many other awards. It quickly transferred from Off-Broadway’s New York Theatre Workshop to a Broadway theatre that was redesigned especially for the show, to capture its East Village atmosphere. Bound up with the show’s message of the preciousness of life is the tragic real-life story of its composer/librettist Jonathan Larson, who died suddenly the night of the final dress rehearsal before the first Off-Broadway performance. In “One Song Glory,” the musician, Roger, sings of his dream of writing one great song. Near the end of the show, as Roger holds a dying Mimi in his arms, he tries to tell her what he really feels for her, in “Your Eyes.”

70, GIRLS, 70

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Norman L. Martin
DIRECTORS: Paul Aaron and Stanley Prager
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 8/15/71, New York; a run of 36 performances

After the dark subject matter of their Cabaret and Zorba, Kander and Ebb chose a farcical story for their 1971 musical: A group of aging but spry New Yorkers plot a big robbery to save the residence hotel where they live. The musical was structured as a series of vaudeville turns to show off the talents of the original stars, who included Hans Conried and Mildred Natwick. The oldsters blow a heartfelt raspberry in “Coffee in a Cardboard Cup,” which they see as a symbol of everything that’s wrong with modern life.
**SUNSET BOULEVARD**

**MUSIC:** Andrew Lloyd Webber  
**LYRICS AND BOOK:** Don Black and Christopher Hampton  
**DIRECTOR:** Trevor Nunn  
**CHOREOGRAPHER:** Bob Avian  
**OPENED:** 11/17/94, New York; a run of 977 performances

"Sunset Boulevard," based on the 1950 Billy Wilder film, provided Broadway and the West End with one of the greatest diva vehicles ever. Dealing with a tortured woman whose advancing age leads to rejection and madness, this musical shows the debilitating aftereffects of Hollywood stardom in all their gothic glory. The show premiered in London in 1993 with Patti LuPone as the former silent screen star Norma Desmond who is desperate to make a comeback (though she loathes that word). After several lawsuits, the Broadway role went to Glenn Close, who had played the role in Los Angeles. The story involves young screenwriter Joe Gillis who stumbles into Norma Desmond’s life. She falls in love with him, and he accepts her lavish attention. Miss Desmond has a pathetic plan to return to the screen with her own hopelessly overwritten adaptation of Salome. She thrills when the studio invites her to come by. But she’s then crushed when she learns they don’t want her—they want her vintage car, as an antique prop. Her life and sanity quickly fly apart, with tragic consequences for all. In a solo addressed directly to the audience, Joe tries to explain his decision to embrace all the phoniness and rotted dreams of Hollywood in the show’s lurching title song.

**TITANIC**

**MUSIC AND LYRICS:** Maury Yeston  
**BOOK:** Peter Stone  
**DIRECTOR:** Richard Jones  
**CHOREOGRAPHER:** Lynne Taylor-Corbett  
**OPENED:** 4/23/97, New York; a run of 804 performances

The whole idea of a musical about the sinking of the luxury liner Titanic was unsettling to many Broadwaygoers. Few thought Yeston, Stone and company could pull it off. And reports of technological glitches during the early previews threatened to turn the whole project into a joke. And yet, when they finished counting the Tony ballots in 1997, Titanic won for Best Musical. Credit the strength of Yeston’s score that explored the emotional nuances of a whole tapestry of characters and situations. The music takes theatre goers inside the head of the captain, the shipbuilder, the millionaires, the social climbers and the illiterate immigrants, each with their dreams and worries that are changed forever by the events of that fateful journey. In "Barrett’s Song," a man who shovels coal into the mighty ship’s boilers wonders how a simple country lad like himself has come to be in such a hellish place, and worries that perhaps he knows more about safety than the men on the bridge. Discovering the magic of the newly-invented wireless radio, Barrett uses it to propose to his sweetheart Darlene, bittersweetly promising in this Irish air ("The Proposal") that he’ll be in her arms soon. A sense of foreboding also fills the edgy waltz “No Moon,” sung by the lookout who’s supposed to be watching for icebergs, but who cannot see a thing in the impenetrable darkness.

**TOP HAT**

*(film)*

**MUSIC AND LYRICS:** Irving Berlin  
**DIRECTOR:** Mark Sandrich  
**SCREENPLAY:** Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott  
**CHOREOGRAPHER:** Hermes Pan (Fred Astaire, uncredited)  
**RELEASED:** 1935, RKO Radio Pictures

This is the movie that forever clinched the image of Fred Astaire in a top hat and tuxedo. It’s the fourth movie starring Astaire and Ginger Rogers (preceded by Flying Down to Rio, The Gay Divorcée and Roberta). Top Hat follows the same look and characters established in The Gay Divorcée—sophisticated, light in tone, well-dressed characters, an irreverent script, romantic sparks, all in smart Art Deco. The movie contains the classic Astaire-Rogers number “Cheek to Cheek.” On the lighter side is Astaire’s “Isn’t This a Lovely Day (To Be Caught in the Rain?).” Movie musicals of the ’30s don’t get any better than this one.
WHEN PIGS FLY

MUSIC: Dick Gallagher
SKETCHES AND LYRICS: Mark Waldrop
CONCEIVED BY: Howard Crabtree and Mark Waldrop
OPENED: 8/14/96, New York; a run of 840 performances

As in his previous campy, satirical musical comedy revue Whoop Dee Doo!, writer/designer Howard Crabtree takes an incident from his past and pumps it full of laughing gas. Central character “Howard,” who not coincidentally resembles Crabtree, is trying to put together a satirical, gay-themed revue, not unlike the one we’re watching. Naturally, everything goes wrong. The title refers to a cutting comment made by young Crabtree’s guidance counselor, that he’d be working on Broadway “when pigs fly.” The counselor’s spirit appears in the show, persistently belittling Howard’s determination to get the show on its feet. Sadly, Crabtree died just days before the opening of this Off-Broadway hit. “Quasimodo” is the show’s send-up of community theatre attempts to musicalize unmusical subjects, in this case The Hunchback of Notre Dame. It also parodies the Disney musical. The song includes the ineffable line, “I’ve got a hunch—I’m in love!”

WORKING

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz, Craig Carnelio, James Taylor, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers and Susan Birkenhead
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Stephen Schwartz
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 5/14/78, New York; a run of 25 performances

Adapted from Studs Terkel’s Pulitzer-winning book of interviews with all walks of working men and women, this revue-type musical followed a typical work day around the clock. We meet a waitress, a fireman, a builder, a teacher, a retiree, a cleaning lady, a parking lot attendant, a millworker, and many more, offering a cross-section of attitudes about the kind of work people do and why they do it. Some of their stories are funny, some stoic, some deeply touching. As Terkel put it, “Its theme is about a search for daily meaning as well as daily bread, for recognition as well as cash.” To express its eclectic characters, Working had a score made up of songs by an assortment of writers with a variety of distinctive styles and ethnic backgrounds. In the wake of A Chorus Line, the doors seemed open for this group-character type of show. But its quick failure was devastating to Schwartz, who had already written three of the longest-running musicals of the 1970s, Pippin, Godspell and The Magic Show. So far, Schwartz has never returned to Broadway as a composer. On April 14, 1982, a TV version of Working aired on PBS. In “The Mason,” a bricklayer looks up at the edifice he helped erect, and sees a monument to himself.
ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE
from Brigadoon

Moderato

TOMMY:

May - be the sun gave me the pow’r, for

I could swim Loch Lo - mond and be home in half an hour. May - be the air
gave me the drive, for I’m all a - glow and a - live! What a
Allegro con spirito

day this has been! What a rare mood I'm in! Why, it's

almost like being in love! There's a

smile on my face for the whole human race! Why, it's

almost like being in love! All the
music of life seems to be like a
poco rit.
bell that is ringing for me!
And from the
cresc. poco a poco
poco rit.
f marcato
way that I feel when that bell starts to peal, I would
mf
swear I was falling. I could swear I was falling.
It's
Andante

almost like being in love.

When we walked up the brae,
not a word did we say.

It was almost like be-in' in love.

But your arm link'd in
mine made the world kind o' fine. It was

Più mosso

almost like being in love!

All the

Tempo I

music of life seems to be

like a bell that is ringing for
me!
And from the way that I feel when that bell starts to peal, I would swear I was fall-in', I could swear I was fall-ing, It's almost like being in love.
EASY TO LOVE
(You’d Be So Easy to Love)
from Born to Dance

Andantino

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Ebm7    Ebm7/Db    Cm7b5    Adim7    Bb    Dbm/Ab    Gdim    Ebm7/Gb    Ab7sus    Ab7    Db
(with tender expression and not fast)

I know too

Bbm

Db

Bbm

Ebm7

well that I’m just wasting precious time in thinking such a

Ab7

Db

Ebm

Ebm7/Ab    Ab

Db

thing could be, That you could ever care for me, I’m sure you
Refrain (slowly, with much expression)

hate to hear That I adore you, dear. But grant me, just the

same, I'm not entirely to blame, For You'd be so

easy to love. So easy to idolize, all others above,

So worth the yearning for. So swell to
keep ev'ry home-fire burning for, We'd be so grand at the game, So care-free together, that it does seem a shame, That you can't see Your future with me, 'Cause you'd be oh, so easy to love!
TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME
from the musical *Cabaret*

Words by FRDD EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly, with freedom

The sun on the meadow is summer warm, The stag in the

PP (a cappella - play only if needed)

forest runs free. But gather together to greet the

storm, Tomorrow belongs to me.

*The tenor soloist sings with a male chorus in the show.*
The branch of the linden is leafy and green, The Rhine gives its gold to the sea. But somewhere a glory awaits unseen, Tomorrow belongs to me. Oh, father-land, father-land
show us the sign your children have waited to see.

The morning will come when the world is mine. Tomorrow belongs to me.

To mor-row be-long s to me.
I DON'T CARE MUCH
from the musical Cabaret

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderate Waltz

\[ \text{Gm} \quad \text{Gm(add9)} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm6} \]

\( p \) sempre legato

\[ \text{Gm} \quad \text{Gm(add9)} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm6} \]

\[ \text{Gm(add9)} \quad \text{Cm6} \quad \text{Cm} \]

I don't care much.

\[ \text{Gm(add9)} \quad \text{G9} \]

Go or stay...

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I don't care very much either way.

Hearts grow hard on a windy street.
Lips grow cold

With the

B♭(add9)

rent
to
meet.
So

E♭(add9)

if
you
kiss
me,

mp

Cm7

F9sus

F7

Dm7♭5

G7

If
we
touch.

Warm-ing's
fair,
I don't care very much.

Gm(add9)  Cm6  Cm

Gm(add9)  G9

Cm7  Cm9  F13  F7

Bb(add9)  Am7b5  D7
Words sound false When your coat’s too thin.

Feet don’t waltz When the
B♭(add9)  B♭7
roof caves in So

E♭(add9)  E♭m  B♭/F  Dm
if you kiss me,

Cm7  F9sus  F7  Dm7♭5  G7
If we touch, Warning's
fair, I don't care very

much.

a tempo

Gm(add9)
MISTER CELLOPHANE
from Chicago

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderately

If

some-one stood up in a crowd and raised his voice up way out loud and
pose you was a little cat resid’in’ in a person’s flat, who

waved his arm and shook his leg, you’d no- tice him.
fed you fish and scratched your ears; you’d no- tice him.

Sup -
some-one in the mov-ie show yelled "Fire in the sec-ond row! This
pose you was a wom-an, wed and sleep-in' in a dou-ble bed be-

whole place is a pow-der keg!! You'd no-tice him.
side one man for sev-en years: You'd no-tice him.
And

e-ven with-out cluck-ing like a hen,
hu-man be-ing's made of more than air.
ev-ry-one gets no-ticed now and
_with all that bulk you're bound to see him

then, Un-less, of course, that per-son-age should be in-
there, Un-less that hu-man be-ing next to you

poco rit.
visible, inconsequential me.

Cel-lo-phant, Mis-ter

Cel-lo-phant should have been my name, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, 'cause you can

look right thru me, walk with by me and nev-er know I'm

there. I tell ya Cel-lo-phant, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant should have
been my name, _Mister Cel-lo-phrase,_'cause you can see right thru me,
walk right by me and never know I'm there.
CODA
you know who.
(Should have)
been my name, _Mister Cel-lo-phrase,_'cause you can look right thru me, walk with by me.
and never know I'm there. I tell ya Cel-lo- phane, Mis-ter Cel- lo- phane should have been my name. Mis-ter Cel- lo- phane, 'cause you can walk right by me, 8va 3

look right thru me, never know I'm there. Nev-er e-ven know I'm there. 8va 1

Spoken: I hope I didn't take up too much of your time.
WHAT YOU’D CALL A DREAM
from the Off-Broadway revue Diamonds

Music and Lyric by
CRAIG CARNELIA

Slowly and simply (\( \dot{\text{c}} = 80 \))

There are two men out,

and it’s in the ninth,

and the score is

four to three.

There’s a man on first,
and a man at bat, and the man at bat.

is me. And I'm sort - a scared.

and I'm sort - a proud, and I'm

strong - er than I seem. And I
Ab to Abmaj7 to Ebm7

take a swing, and my dad is there,

Em to Em7 to Db to Dmaj7 to Ab

and it's what you'd call a dream

Ab/G to Fm7 (add D) to Bb7 to D to Dom

For the ball flies in the sun,

Ab/Eb to Ab/G to Fm7 (add D) to Bb7 to Gb Gb/Ab Gbs/Bbs Gbs7/C

and it sails off as I run.
The crowd is roaring, cheering as I go.
So are all the guys on the team.

And I run for home, and we win the game.

and it's what you'd call a dream.
And the sun shines like diamonds.

The summer sun shines like diamonds.
The summer sun, high in a
baseball sky, shines like diamonds.

And the sun shines like diamonds.
There are two men out.

And it's in the ninth,

And the score is

Four to three.

There's a man on first,

And a man at bat,

And the man at bat.
And it's what you'd call a dream.
WHAT CAN YOU LOSE
from the film Dick Tracy

Lazy Blues ($ \dot{=} 108$)

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

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feeling? Say it to her... What can you lose? May-be it shows,

She's had clues, which she chose to ignore.

May-be, though, she knows, And just wants to go on as before.

As a friend, nothing more.
So she closes the door. Well, if she does, 

Those are the dues. 

Once the words are spoken, Something may be broken. Still, you love her... 

What can you lose? But what if she goes? At least now,
you have part of her. What if she had to choose? Leave it alone.

Hold it all in.

Better a bone. Don't even begin. With so much to

win, There's too much to lose.
STEPPIN’ OUT WITH MY BABY
from the motion picture Irving Berlin’s *Easter Parade*

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Medium Jump tempo

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Fm7/C} & \quad \text{Cbdim7} & \quad \text{Bbm7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Fm7/C} & \quad \text{Cbdim7} & \quad \text{Bbm7} & \quad \text{Eb7} \\
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Ab/C} & \quad \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Ab6} & \quad \text{Ab/C} & \quad \text{Eb/Bb} \\
\text{Ab6} & \quad \text{Cb/Eb} & \quad \text{Gb7/Db} & \quad \text{Gb7} & \quad \text{Cb6} \\
\text{Cb/Eb} & \quad \text{Gb7/Db} & \quad \text{Gb7} & \quad \text{Cb6} & \quad \text{Eb/G} & \quad \text{Bb7} \\
\end{align*} \]

If I seem to scintillate, it’s because I’ve got a date.

A date with a package of the good things that come with love.

You don’t have to
ask me, I won’t waste your time. But if you should

ask me why I feel sublime, I’m step-pin’ out

with my baby. Can’t go wrong ’cause I’m in right. It’s for sure.

not for maybe, that I’m all dressed up to-night.
Step-pin' out with my honey, can't be bad to feel so good.

Never felt quite so sunny.

And I keep on knock-in' wood, there'll be smooth sail-in' 'cause I'm trimmin' my sails. In my
F6  Fmaj7  F6  Fmaj7  F6  Gm7/C  C7  Gm7  C7

top hat and my white tie and my tails

Fm  Fm/Eb  Bbm/Db  C7  Fm  Fm/Eb
step-pin' out with my baby, can't go wrong 'cause

Bbm/Db  C7  Fm  Fm/Eb  Bbm/Db  Gm7b5
I'm in right. Ask me when will the day be,

F/A  Abdim7  1  Gm7  Gb7  F6  2  Gm7  Gb7  F6  F6/9
the big day may be tonight.

be tonight.
I'M PUTTING ALL MY EGGS IN ONE BASKET
from the motion picture Follow the Fleet

Moderately (Swing beat)

Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN

Moderately (Swing beat)

C/G Em/G C/G G7 C Am Dm G7

I've been a roaming Romeo, my Julies have been

Cmaj7 Ebdim7 Dm G7 G7#5

Many But now my roaming days have

c(add9) Am7 Dm9 G7 C C6/G
gone. Too many irons

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in the fire is worse than not having any.

I've had my share and from now on

I'm putting all my eggs in one

basket. I'm betting everything I've got on you.
I'm giving all my love to one baby. Lord help me if my baby don't come through. I've got a great big amount saved up in my love account, honey, and
I've decided love divided in two won't do. So

C F/G G7 C Cmaj7 C9
I'm putting all my eggs in one

F Dm7b5 C/G G7
basket. I'm betting everything I've got on you.

1 C Am Dm G7
2 C Dm7/G C6
BUDDY'S BLUES
from Follies

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Brightly - In 2 (\(\text{d} = 92\))

BUDDY:

Hello, folks, we're

into the Follies! First, though, folks, we'll pause for a mo'.

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No, no, folks, you'll still get your jollies. It's just I got a problem that I think you should know.

See, I've been very perturbed of late, very upset, very betwixt and between.
The things that I want I don't seem to get.

[A la “Looney Tunes”]

things that I get... You know what I mean?
I've got those

"God, why don't you love me, oh you do, I'll see you

later"

Blues.

That

"Long as you ignore me, you're the only thing that matters"

Feeling.

That

"If I'm good enough for you, you're
not good e-nough" And "Thank you for the present, but what's wrong with it?" stuff... Those "Don't come any closer 'cause you know how much I love you"

Feelings, Those "Tell me that you love me, oh you did, I gotta run now" Blues.
Swingy Four

Spoken: Margie?

She says she really loves me, She says. She says she really cares.

* Margie:

I love you.

She says that I'm her hero, She says. I'm perfect, she swears.

care. I care. My hero. You're

* It has become customary in stand-alone performances of the song (outside a production) for Buddy to also do “Margie’s” part, in falsetto.
She says that if we parted,

per-fect, god-darn it.

If we parted --

She says, She says that she'd be sick.

She says she's mine for-er-

Bleah.

For-ev-er.

Tempo primo

I gotta get out-

I've got those
"Whisper how I'm better than I think, but what do you know?"

That "Why do you keep telling me I stink when I adore you?"

That "Say I'm all the world to you, you're out of your mind."

"I know there's someone
else and I could kiss your behind,' I say I'm terrific but your

taste was always rotten.' Feelings, ____________ Those

"Go away, I need you," "Come to me, I'll kill you," "Darling, I'll do anything to

keep you with me till you tell me that you love me, oh you
did, now beat it, will you?"  

**Blues.**

---

Tempo II°

Spoken: Sally...  
Oh, Sally...  
She says she loves another,

* Sally:

---

She says, A fel-la she pre-fers.  
She says that he’s her i-dol.

---

*As before, Buddy can do Sally's part in falsetto.*
She says. "I-deal," she a-vers.
I-dol-i-dol-i-dol.

You deal... A-vers?!

She says that an-y-bod-y.

Would suit her more than I.

Bud-dy. Bleah!

Aye, aye, aye.

Tempo primo

says that I'm a wash-out,

She say. I love her so much... I could

A wash-out!
die!

I’ve got those

“God, why don’t you love me, oh you do, I’ll see you later”

Blues,

R.H.

* Girls: *(falsetto)*

Bla blu blues.

Buddy:

That "Long as you ignore me, you’re the

(R.H.)

* Girls: *(falsetto)* Feeling.

only thing that matters" Feeling.

(L.H.)

* These “Girls” lines in falsetto are optional.
Buddy:

That “If I’m good enough for you, you’re not good enough” — And

“Thank you for the present but what’s wrong with it?” stuff, Those “Don’t come any closer ’cause you know how much I love you” Feelings, ______

Those “If you will, then I can’t,” “If you don’t, then I got to,”
"Give it to me, I don't want it," "If you won't I gotta have it.", High, low,

Wrong, right, Yes, no, Black, white, "God why don't you love me, oh you
do, I'll see you later" Blues!
MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MUSIC

from Follies

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Allegro moderato, rubato ($\dot{\text{d}} = 100$)

Em

Am7/B  B7

How do you come out of numb-ing-ly hum-ble be-ginn-ings and get to be

8va

ff

Em

me?

How do a few lit-tle

8va

8va

mf cresc.

Am7/B  A9

do-di-y doo-dles turn in-to a beau-ti-ful sym-pho-ny?

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Can you make what is merely so so into something big

League?

Take a tip from a virtuoso (Me, Tchai-kov-sky and

Grieg):

What you do is construct yourself by the way you conduct

yourself.

You don’t have to disclose yourself. Compose yourself.
Easy, legato ($d = 88$) – with suavity

Find your tune, _ set your key, _ “Clair de Lune” _ it may

never be, _ but make the most _ of the music that is yours.

If your range _ isn’t great, _ you can change it, just

modulate. _ Make the most _ of the music that is yours,
certain flair. Compose! Blend it like

cream till it flows! Gathering

steam with a note of success—flaunt your talents.

A note of distress, though, to stress the balance—
compose! Don't lose the pace of your bass notes. And when you have to erase notes, replace them with grace notes:

Like a note of wit to give it style, a note of glitter, a
note of guile,

a note of tact, _ a note of friction, a note of fact in a

cresc. poco a poco

mongst the fiction, and to counteract _ any contradiction, a note or two of com-

plete conviction - Compose! Compose!
Luscious harp, soft hi-hat, if you’re sharp, then you

won’t fall flat. Make the most of the music that is yours.

Give it sweep, add a fill. Give the people a

great big trill, make the most of your music till it soars,

poco cresc.
climbing.
Up-scale, up-street, ev’rything is
poco cresc.

timing...
cresc.

Comes the day, all too soon.

when you may have to trust your tune.
Make the most of your music and, who knows?
You may even get to like what you compose!
MAMA SAYS
from the Broadway musical Footloose

Freely

Words by DEAN PITCHFORD
Music by TOM SNOW

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With a bayou beat

Eb7  Adim  A♭m

(Spoken:) Now, Mama ain't been wrong yet, and I'm living proof.

Eb/G  Eb7/B♭  Adim

Ma-ma says don't use a toaster while standing in the shower.

Ma-ma says don't drink hot coffee while lying down in bed.

A♭m  Eb/G  Eb7/B♭

Now who can argue with that? Don't even give it a thought.

Ma-ma says don't hold your breath for

Ma-ma says never eat anything for

Adim  B♭7  A♭sus2/C  B♭m7♭5/Db  B♭7/D

longer than an hour.

The woman knows where it's at!

bigger than your head.

Is she a whiz or what?

And Ma-ma says...
Ab7  Db/Ab  Ab7  Eb  Ab/Eb  Eb  Ab7  Db/Ab  Ab6/Bb

it doesn’t matter if you’re a king or you’re a clown.

Once you drive up a mountain, you can’t back down.

Mama makes a lotta sense; if you know how to listen, she is...
clear and concise. Dad-dy says, "I love her, son, but she's got marbles missin'." But I say, "Hey! It's free advice... and what d' you expect at that price?"

Mama says what you believe in is all you really own... and I believe that she's right. Mama says if you've got doubts, well then,
A tempo

Dm(add2)/A  Dm/A  G7  C7

boy, you're not a - lone... Just means you're read - y to fight... And Ma-ma says...

Bb  Eb/Bb  Bbb  Bb/C  F

...it does - n't mat - ter if you're a king or you're a clown.

F  Gm7  G♭dim7  F/A  Bb  Bbdim7  F/C  A7/C#  Dm

Once you drive up a moun-tain,

G7  Bb/C  F

you can't back down. You can turn up the heat, you can
Bdim7  F/C  D7#9

turn up the road,... you can carry a beat, you can carry a load,... you can

G7  Fsus2/A  Gm7b5/Bb  G7/B  C7  Bb sus2/D

throw a fit, you can throw a punch, you can bring up a child,... you can

poco rall.

Cm7b5/Eb  C7/E  N.C.  Bb  Eb/Bb  Bb  Bb/C

bring up your lunch! Mama says it doesn't

ff

F  Bb  Am7b5

matter if you drive a hard bargain or drive around town.
Once you drive up a mountain,
you can't back down.

Once you drive up a mountain,
you can't back down!

F/D F/Db F/C C F
I CAN'T STAND STILL
from the Broadway musical Footloose

Moderate 16th note Funk

Words by DEAN PITCHFORD
Music by TOM SNOW

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kick back and chill, but I can’t stand

still!

I can’t stand still.
Back where I come from, life's never humdrum.

I wish I could take you there. Oh,

we had the world at our feet. Life was
sweet, ain't no doubt. Grab a seat, check it out.

Oh,

I thought it never would end. But I lost it somehow. Would you
look at me now?

I’m tryin’ hard to tone it down.

Gotta watch my P’s and Q’s, may-be look before I leap.

and then I think, “Hey, what’s the use?”

Ain’t done it yet.

and I can’t forget how it feels when you dance till you drop, so
Freely

don't e-ven start to sug-gest that I stop. I nev-er will. I can't...

No, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no.

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
I can't stand

A tempo
(falsetto) N.C.

still!
TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES
from The Gondoliers

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegretto moderato

1. Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
   Hid-den, ev-er and anon,
   In a pret-ty lit-tle cot-
   Quite a min-i-a-ture af-fair
   Hung a-bout with trellised vine.
   Do not heed their mild sur-

2. Take a merciful eclipse.
   Furnish it up-on the
   pris-e, hav-ing passed the Ru-
   bi-con. I've en-deav-oured to de-

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lips. Take a figure trimly planned. Such as
fine. Live to love and love to live— You will

admiration whets (Be particular in this); Take a
ripen at your ease, Growing on the sunny side— Fate has

ten-der lit-tle hand. Fringed with dainty frin-gerettes, Press
noth-ing more to give. You're a dainty man to please if

you're not satisfied, in parenthe-sis— Ah!

you're not satisfied. Ah!
Take all these, you lucky man;
Take my counsel, happy man;
Take and keep them, if you can,
Act upon it, if you can!
Take all these, you lucky man;
Take my counsel, happy man;
Take and keep them, if you can!
Act upon it, if you can!
Take my counsel, happy man!

Act upon it, if you can, if you can, if you can.

Act upon it, if you can, happy man.

If you can!
GO THE DISTANCE
from Walt Disney Pictures’ Hercules

Moderate Ballad

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by DAVID ZIPPEL

Young Hercules: I often dreamed of a
far-off place where a great warm welcome will be waiting for me. Where the

crowds will cheer when they see my face, and a voice keeps saying this is

where I'm meant to be. I will find my way. I can go the distance. I'll be

there someday if I can be strong. I know every mile will be
worth my while.

I would go most any-where to

feel like I belong.

poco rall.
I am on my way, I can go the distance. I don’t care how far, somehow I’ll be strong. I know every mile will be worth my while. I would go most anywhere to find where I belong.
AMSTERDAM
from Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris

French Words and Music by JACQUES BREL
English Words by MORT SHUMAN
and ERIC BLAU

Sustained, quiet

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{ad lib.} \]

In the port of Amsterdam, there's a
colla voce

\[ \text{Em} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{E7} \]
sailor who sings of the dreams that he brings from the wide open sea.

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{E7} \]
port of Amsterdam there's a sailor who sleeps, while the river bank weeps to the

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{E7/G\#} \]
old willow tree. In the port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who dies, full of
beer, full of cries, in a drunken down fight. And in the port of Amsterdam, there's a

sailor who's born on a muggy hot morn, by the dawn's early light. In the

port of Amsterdam, where the sailors all meet, there's a sailor who eats only

fish-heads and tails. He will show you his teeth, that have rotted too soon, that can
swallow the moon, that can haul up the sails. And he yells to the cook with his arms open wide, "Bring me more fish, put it down by my side." He wants so to belch, but he's too full to try, so he gets up and laughs and he zips up his fly. In the port at Amsterdam, you can see sailors dance, paunch-es
bursting their pants, grinding woman to paunch. They've forgotten the tune that their

whiskey voice croaks, splitting the night with the roar of their jokes. And they

turn and then dance, and they laugh and they lust, till the rancid sound of the ac-

cor-di-on busts. Then out to the night, with their
pride in their pants, with the slut that they tow under-neath the street lamps. In the
molto cresc. gliss.

port of Amsterdam, there's a sailor who drinks, and he drinks and he drinks and he

8va.

ff

drinks once again. He drinks to the health of the whores of Amsterdam, who have

promised their love to a thousand other men. They've
bargained their bodies and their virtue long gone, for a few dirty coins. When
he can't go on, he plants his nose in the sky and he wipes it up above. And he
pisses like I cry, for an unfaithful love. In the port of Amsterdam, in the
port of Amsterdam.
ALIVE!
from Jekyll & Hyde

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Moderately, with rhythm

Am/E Dm7b5/E Am/E Dm7b5/E Am/E Dm7b5/E Am/E Dm7b5/E

What

Am Dm7b5 Am Dm7b5 Am Dm7b5 Am

Is this feeling of power and drive I’ve never known? I feel alive!

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Am  Dm7b5  Am  Dm7b5  Am  Dm7b5  Am
Where does this feeling of power derive, making me know why I’m alive?

Dm7b5  Am(add2)  Dm7b5  Am(add2)
Like the night, it’s a secret sinister dark and unknown.

Dm7b5  Am  Dm7b5
I don’t know what I seek, yet I’ll seek it a-

Esus  N.C.
lone! What is this feeling of power and drive
I've never known? I feel alive! Where does this feeling of power derive,

making me know why I'm alive? Like the moon an enigma,

lost and alone in the night. Damned by some heavenly stigma but

blazing with light. It's the feeling of
Am | Am/G | Am/F
---|---|---
being alive! | Filled with evil, but truly alive!

E | Am | Am/G
---|---|---
It's a truth that cannot be denied! | It's the feeling of

Am/F | G | Am | Bb/D Am/E Gm | Am | Bb/D Am/E Gm
---|---|---|---|---|---
being Edward Hyde!

Am | Bb/D Am/E Gm | Am | Bb/A | N.C.
---|---|---|---|---

Δv♭
ANY DREAM WILL DO
from Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor® Dreamcoat

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Joseph:

I closed my eyes
drew back the curtain
to see for certain
what I thought I

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knew.

Far far away someone was weeping.

but the world was sleeping.

any dream will do.

I wore my coat with golden lining.

bright colours
shining wonderful and new.
And in the east the dawn was breaking,
and the world was waking, any dream will do.
A crash of drums — a flash of light, my
golden coat flew out of sight.
The colours faded into darkness,
I was left alone.
May I return,
to the beginning,
the light is

dimming and the dream is too,
the world and I, we are still waiting.

still hesitating any dream will do,

any dream will do.
They say they follow the Lord's will, still they torture, still they'd kill to make a young man reach his prime. They say he's cursed, he's Satan's child, I'm just a boy, betrayed, defiled, all a young man needs is time. Damn them.
Allegro

Db

all, while they run with the pack.

Dm Am Gm

They will pay for the scars on my

rall.

Agitato non troppo

back.

They want my blood, they’re ready to feed. They don’t even know the man that they bleed. As if a man can love on de-
mand, accept his life is already planned. There's no demon inside, just a man full of

Dm/A pride, for my hopes have'n't died. Look...

Dm/A

Look....

D A/D D A/D D A/D

Look, I'm Martin

D A/D Bm G A

Guerre, too young to love but still above the lie they live.
Yes! I'm Martin Guerre, a man who knows how evil grows and can't for-

give. Soon they will see a

man can choose to be free. They all look for someone to

blame but I swear it aloud, I will be proud that Martin Guerre is my
Molto meno mosso

Dm

name.

Bm B9(#5)

First I trust-ed Pier-re,

Bm B9(#5) B B9(#5) B

I was sold at the shrine. Then I trust-ed the priest, now my blood runs like wine. And

f

f

rit.

G Am F G A

then there was Ber-trande. It seems all love must turn to dust, there must be some-one I can trust.

Poco meno mosso cbe prima

D A/D D A/D D A/D

Look, I'm Mar-tin
Guerre, father I'm brave, and from your grave you'll keep me strong.

Yes, I'm Martin Guerre, for they will learn when I return that I be-

long. Soon you will see that

I can choose to be free. They all look for someone to
They blame but I swear it aloud, I will be proud I'm Martin Guerre.

All look for some-one to blame but I swear it aloud, I will be proud that Martin

Guerre is my name!
NIGHT OF MY NIGHTS
from Kismet

Words and Music by ROBERT WRIGHT
and GEORGE FORREST
(Music Based on Themes by A. Borodin)

Moderato

CALIPH:

Play on the

cymbal, the timbal, the lyre,
Play with appropriate passion;
fashion Songs of de

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light and delicious desire. For the

night of my nights!

Come where the so well beloved is

waiting, where the rose and the jasmine
 mingle, while I tell her the moon is for

mating and 'tis sin to be sin-

gle!

Let peacocks and

monkeys in purple adornings show her the
way to my bridal chamber, then get you gone

till the morn of my mornings after the

night of my nights. After the

night of my nights! 'Tis the
night of my nights! Ah!

Fashion songs of desire.

light and delicious desire.
For the night of my nights!

Come where the so well beloved is waiting,

where the rose and the jasmine mingle

While I tell her the moon is for mating.
And 'tis sin to be single!

Let peacocks and monkeys in purple armor

Show her the way to my bridal chamber,

Then get you gone till the morn of my mornings
After the night of my nights!

'Tis the night of my nights!

(TPP)

'Tis the night of my nights!

(dim. al fine)
Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes,
Love never made a fool of you,
You used to be too wise!

Hey there, you on that high flying cloud.
Though she won’t throw a
crumb to you, You think some-day, she'll come to you: Better for

get her, Her with her nose in the air. She has you danc-ing

on a string, Break it and she won't care! Won't you

take this ad-vice I hand you like a broth-er Or are you
not seeing things too clear, Are you just too far gone to hear, Is it

all going in one ear and out the other
Better for -

get her, Her with her nose in the air!

A puppet on a string! She won't
care for me! Take this advice I hand you like a brother?

Or are you not seeing things too clear? Are you too much in love to hear?

Is it all going in one ear and out the other?

*gliss. black keys*
THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME
from Parade

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Steadily, with passion \( j = 88 \)

\( \text{F} \text{[11]} \)

Farewell, my Lila. I'll write every evening.

\( \text{B} \text{[add9]/F} \) \( \text{F} \text{[11]} \)

I've carved our names in the
trunk of this tree.

Farewell, my

Lil-la. I miss you al-read-y.

and

dream of the day when I'll hold you a-

gain, in a home safe from fear, when the
Southland is free.

I go to fight for these old hills behind me, these Old Red Hills of Home.
to
re-mind me of a way
of life that's pure, of the truth
Gm
---that must endure, in a town---

called Marietta, in the

Old Red Hills of Home.

Pray on this day! As I journey beyond

them, these Old Red Hills of Home...

Let all the blood of the North spill upon them, 'til they've paid for what they've wrought, taken back.
G

the lies they’ve taught,

and there's

Gm7

peace in Marietta, and we’re

mp legato

Gm7

safe again in Georgia, in the land

F/A

Bb

where Honor lives and breathes:

G7/B

mf build...
Old Red Hills of

F♯(11)

ff

Home!

Fare...

(falsetto)

well, my Lila...

Fare...

mp

well...

poco rit.

molto rit. al fine
THIS IS NOT OVER YET
from Parade

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Molto vivace \( (j = 136) \)

\[\text{It means cancel all your parties, forget your big parade...}\]

\[\text{It means the crowds will not be cheering, so despite...}\]

* This is a duet in the show.

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what you’ve been hear-ing, you can lay down your spade.  It means my moth-er can stop
cry-ing.  My rab- bi’s eu-lo-gy can wait.
It means that Dor-sey can stop beam-ing, and my cous-in can stop dream-ing of his por-
tion of my es-tate.  It means no, this is n’t o-
ver!
No, the date’s not set!

No, I won’t wake up tomorrow, drowning in my sweat!

It means I’ve got the greatest partner.

any man can get! It means I’ll never, ever, ever understand.
es-ti-mate that woman 'cause this is not over

Amaj7

yet!

Asus2

mp

Tell my uncle not to worry! Tell the reaper not to

A

A6(sus2)

hurry! Make the hangman stop his drumming 'cause I'm coming into town...
to win the day! Somehow I haven’t, with my scheming, screwed things up beyond redeeming, and we’re finally on our way!

And no, this isn’t over!

Hell, it’s just begun! Hail the resur rec-
tion of the South's least favorite son! It means I

D♭  A(add9)/C♯

made a vow for better! Two is better than

Bm7(add11)  Gmaj13

one! It means the journey ahead might get shorter! I

Bm7(add11)  Fmaj9

might reach the end of my rope! But
suddenly, loud as a mortar, there is hope! Finally,

hope! And

no, this isn't over!
No, we aren’t through!

No, there’s still a million things that

you and I can do! And I would

never have believed it the
things I see in you! It means a

man who isn't guilty doesn't have to walk the plank! It means the

man who isn't guilty doesn't have to walk the plank! It means the

gallows still are vacant, and we've got my wife to thank! It means you

shouldn't underestimate Lucille and Leo
Frank! 'Cause this is not
over yet!

Gmaj7 Fmaj9

A(add2)
CORNER OF THE SKY
from Pippin

Moderately fast

Pippin:

Ev'-ry-thing has its sea - son, ______ ev'-ry-thing has its time.

Show me a rea - son and _ I'll soon _ show you _ a _ rhyme.

Cats sit on the win - dow-sill, ______ chil - dren sit in the show.

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

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Why do I feel I don’t fit in anywhere I go?

Rivers belong where they can ramble;

ea - gles be - long where they can fly.

I’ve got to be where my spirit can run free,
got to find my corner
of the sky.

Ev'ry man has his day dreams,
ev'ry man has his goal.

People like the way, dreams have of sticking to the soul.
Thunder clouds have their lightning,
Nightingales have their song and

Don't you see I want my life to be something more than long.

Rivers belong where they can ramble;

Eagles belong where they can fly.
I've got to be where my spirit can run free,
got to find my corner of the sky.

So many men seem destined to settle for something small,
but I won't rest until I know I have it all. So

don't ask when I'm going but listen when I'm gone and

far away you'll hear me singing softly to the dawn.

Rivers belong where they can ramble:
Eagles belong where they can fly

I've got to be where my spirit can run free

got to find my corner

of the sky.
OH, IS THERE NOT ONE MAIDEN BREAST
from The Pirates of Penzance

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante

FREDERIC:

Oh,

is there not one maiden breast Which does not feel the moral

beauty Of making worldly interest Sub-

ordinate to sense of duty? Who would not give up
willingly All matrimonial ambition, To

rescue such an one as I From his unfortunate posi-

rall. a tempo

si-tion, From his pos-si-tion, To rescue such an

erall. dolce

one as I From his unfor-tu-nate posi-

cresc. dim.
tation?

Oh,

is there not one maiden here Whose homely face and bad complexion Have

caused all hope to disappear Of ever winning man's affection? To

such an one, If such there be, I swear, by heaven's arch above you, If
you will cast your eyes on me, however plain you be, I'll love you, however plain you be, if

a tempo

you will cast your eyes on me, however plain you be, I'll love you, I'll love you, I'll love you!
ONE SONG GLORY
from Rent

Words and Music by
JONATHAN LARSON

Moderately

G

mp

Em

C

D

Em

G

One song

glo - ry. One song be - fore I

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C         D         Em

glo.
go.  Glory,  one  song  to  leave  be-

Find  one  song,  one  last  re-

Em         C

Glo-

Glo-

Em         D

who  wast-

C         Em

ry  from  the  pret-

ty  boy  front  man

ry  from  the  pret-

ry  from  the  pret-

D         Em

ty  boy  front  man

ty  boy  front  man

D         Em

ty  boy  front  man

D         Em

ty  boy  front  man
One song, he had the world at his feet. Glory

in the eyes of a young girl, a young girl. Find glory

beyond the cheap colored lights, one song before the sun sets.
Glo-ry on an-oth-er emp-
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C
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G

one blaze of glo

C    G

d r y.       One blaze of

Am    C    G

glo        r y.

D/F#    Em

Glo r y.
love. Glory from the soul of a young man.

Find a young man.

the one song before the virus takes hold, glory

like a sunset. One song to redeem...
this empty life.

flies.

and then no need

to endure any more.

dies.
YOUR EYES
from Rent

Words and Music by
JONATHAN LARSON

Moderately

F/A          G/B          F/A
mf

Your eyes,

as we said our good-

byes,

Can’t get them out of my mind.

And I

find

I can hide

from your

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something I should have told you. There's something I should have told you when I looked into your eyes. Why does distance make us wise? You were the song all along. And before the song dies, I should tell you, I should tell you I have
always loved you. You can see it in my eyes.

Mi - mi.
SUNSET BOULEVARD
from Sunset Boulevard

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

Dm

Bb/D

G/D

Gm/D

mp

Dm

Fm

Db/F

mfd

Bb/F

Db/F

Fm

Sure, I came out here to make my name, wanted my pool, my dose of

mf

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fame, wanted my parking space at Warners.

But after a year, a one room hell, a Murphy bed, a rancid smell, wallpaper peeling at the corners.

Sunset Boulevard, twisting Boulevard, secretive and
rich, a lit-tle sce-ary.  
Sun-set Bou-le-vard,

tempt-ing bou-le-vard, wait-ing there to swal-low the un-wa-ry.

Dread are not e-nough to win a war, out here they’re al-ways keep-ing

score, be-neath the tan the bat-tle ra-ges.
Smile a rented smile, fill someone's glass, kiss someone's wife, kiss someone's ass, we do whatever pays the wages.

Sunset Boulevard, headline boulevard, getting here is only the beginning.
Sunset Boulevard, jackpot boulevard,

You think I've sold out? Dead right, I've sold out, I've just been waiting

for the right offer, comfortable quarters, regular rations, twenty-four hour...
five star room service. And if I'm honest I like the lady.

I can't help being touched by her folly. I'm treading water,

taking the money, watching her sunset. Well, I'm a writer.

L. A.'s changed a lot over the years since those brave
gold-rush pioneers came in their creaky covered wagons.

Far as they could go, end of the line, their dreams were yours, their dreams were mine, but in those dreams were hidden dragons.

Sunset Boulevard, frenzied boulevard,
swamped with ev'ry kind of false emotion.

Sunset Boulevard, brutal boulevard,

just like you we'll wind up in the ocean.

She was sinking fast, I threw a rope, now I have suits and she has
hope, it seemed an elegant solution.

One day this must end, it isn’t real, still I’ll enjoy a hearty meal before tomorrow’s execution.

Sunset Boulevard, ruthless boulevard, destination
ISN'T THIS A LOVELY DAY
(To Be Caught in the Rain?)
from the RKO Radio Motion Picture Top Hat

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Slow Swing
C C6 Cm6 D7 G C6/G G

The weather is fright'ning, the thunder and lightning seem to be having their way.

But as far as I'm concerned, it's a lovely day.

G G#dim
Fm6/Ab Am9 C/D D7 G G#dim

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Am7  D7  G6  G#dim7

The turn in the weather will keep us together.

D7/A  D9  G  Bm
so I can honestly say that as far as I'm concerned, it's a lovely

Bm  E7  Am  D7  G  G6  G6  Dm/G G7

day and everything's O.K.

C  D7  G

Isn't this a lovely day to be caught in the rain?
You were going your way, now you’ve got to remain.

Just as you were going leaving me all at sea,

the clouds broke. They broke and oh, what a break for

me. I can see the sun up high, tho’ we’re caught in the storm.
I can see where you and I could be cozy and warm.

Let the rain pitter patter but it really doesn't matter if the skies are gray.

Long as I can be with you, it's a lovely day.
QUASIMODO
from Howard Crabtree’s When Pigs Fly

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP

Slowly
N.C.

Moderato

C    Am    Dm    Bb    C    Am

Quasimodo: Bong, bong, bong, bong.

Dm    Bb    C    Dm    C

Hark, Esmeralda, the bells are pealing: bong, bong.

Bb    A7    Dm    Dm/C    Bb    A7

bong, bong. Somehow that gives me a funny feeling.

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Brightly, with a swing feel (♩♩♩♩♩)

Now I’ve got you in my pow – er
high a – top this

Gothic tower.
There’s death be – low and heav – en a –

bove!

While the gates of

Hell are yawn – ing,
still I think the
truth is dawning: I've got a hunch — I'm in love!

Go tell Mister Victor Hugo, kid, where I go, that's where you go!
We're flying on the wings of a dove!

What about that Esmeralda?

She's a brassy Broadway "belt-ah." I've got a hunch.

I'm in love!
THE MASON
from the Broadway musical Working

Simply \( j = 64 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Am(addF)} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{F} \\
\text{He builds a house} & \\
\text{poco rit.} & \\
\text{a tempo} & \\
\text{with his hands} & \\
\text{Thirty years} & \\
\text{go by} & \\
\text{it stands} & \\
\text{It stands where nothing stood} & \\
\text{a house of stone} & \\
\text{The mason sleeps real good} &
\end{align*}
\]

Music and Lyric by
CRAIG CARNELIA

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C7sus4(no5) F Am7 Eb (add9)

He does his work. His work - day flies.

Bb Bm7(b5) E7(b9) E7 Am7 (addD)

Quit - tin' time's a big sur - prise.

F9 F7 Bb G7/B E7(b9) E7 Am7 (addD)

And then it's one more stone to get just right.

F9 F7 Bb C7sus4

It's al - ways one more stone be - fore the night.
Ev'ry house he builds, ev'ry stone he lays,
it's not just mak-in' mon-ey and count-in' off the days.
He builds a house with his hands.
A hundred years go by, it stands.
Am7 (addD) F9 F7 Bb G7/B E7(b9) E7

It tells you who he was. A life goes

fast. But the work a mason does, it's made to last.

Am7 (addD) F9 F7 Bb G7/B E7(b10) E7(b9)

The work a mason does,

rit.
Gb7maj7 C7sus4 F Am7 Am(addF) G7/B Bb F

it's made to last.

a tempo

rit.

a tempo

rit.
COFFEE (IN A CARDBOARD CUP)
from 70, Girls, 70

Words and Music by FRED EBB and JOHN KANDER

Brightly

The trouble with the world today it seems to me
The trouble with the heller skelter life we lead

Coffee in a cardboard cup.

Coffee in a cardboard cup.

The trouble with the affluent society
The trouble the psychologists have

Coffee in a cardboard cup.

Coffee in a cardboard cup.

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No one's ever casual and nonchalant,
Tell me what could possibly be drearier,

No one wastes a minute in a restaurant,
Seems to me a gentleman would

No one wants a waitress passing
sea-board from the Bel-nord cafeteria,

pleasanties, much prefer
like "Hi-yo Miss, Hi-ya sir, May I take your order please?"

trouble with the world today, it's plain to see,
trouble with the world today, it's plain to see,
ev'-ry-thing is hur-ry up.
It's "Rush it through. Don't be slow.
ev'-ry-thing is hur-ry up.
There's Read-y Whip, in-stant tea,

B. L. T. on rye to go, and cof-fee"
Min-ute Rice and, my oh me, there's cof-fee"
I think _ she said
I think _ she said

"cof-fee"
"cof-fee"
I know _ she said
I know _ she said
"cof-fee _ in a card-board cup."
"cof-fee _ in a card-board

Cm7/F Bb13
Bb13
Eb7

The cup."

Hur-ry up!
THE PROPOSAL
from Titanic

Brooding, in 2 \( \frac{d}{d} = 80 \)

N.C.

Freely \( \frac{d}{d} = 66 \)

Am

D/A

I'll be coming back to you, Darlene,

* \( \hat{\text{Bb}} \)  

* \( \hat{\text{Bb}} \)

F

back to your dark eyes  

and

rit.  
a tempo  

* \( \hat{\text{Bb}} \)

In the show this number moves into a duet with the telegraph operator; it has been adapted as a solo here.

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Am

Marry me when I return, Dar

Sim.

D

And until that day, my love, take

Decresc. Rit.

G

Slower $d = 63$

C

care.

Be thee well.

Am

May the Lord who watches all watch o-ver thee.

C/G

F
May God’s heaven be your blanket as you softly sleep.

Marry me! When you’re finally in my arms you’ll plainly see this devoted sailor’s heart and soul are yours to keep.
yours to keep...

Marry me!

May the Lord

who watches all

watch over thee.

Marry

me!

May God's heaven be your blan-
kett as you sleep.

Marry me!

Very Slowly
BARRETT'S SONG
from Titanic

Music and Lyrics by
MAURY YESTON

Slowly \( \frac{4}{4} \) = 84

\[ \text{Gmaj7/A} \quad \text{Dadd2/A} \quad \text{Gmaj7/A} \quad \text{Dadd2/A} \]

\[ \text{Gmaj7/A} \quad \text{Dadd2/A} \quad \text{Gmaj7/A} \quad \text{Dadd2/A} \]

Quasi parlando, with bemusement

\[ \text{Gmaj7/A} \quad \text{Dadd2/A} \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{Dmaj/Dm} \quad \text{Em11} \]

\[ \text{spark - ling clean, this new - born ship, but one old thing is clear: the} \]

\[ \text{F6/9(\#11)} \quad \text{Em9} \]

\[ \text{or - ders they pro - pose a - bove - we exe - cu - te down} \]

\[ \text{\# sm.} \]

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here. We'll watch from here as up above they'll catch a whiff of glory. This Wonder Ship may be brand new!

But it's the same old story. Stoke the fire in the hold as the men draw back.

Allegro, with intensity $\mathbf{\frac{x}{x-1}} = 126$
heat in the hold as the men draw back. And the dust of the coal in the air is black, and a

trickle of sweat runs down your back.

And what are the boys from the Midlands doing here?
Coal it is that makes the steam that runs the machines that run the world that sends the men below the ground to mine...
From Leices-ter-shire and Not-ting-ham, us lads who worked down in the pit—knew if you got above the ground... you'd save... your
Get some soul, and westward I knew I could run and ship out to sea, and there my new life was be...
And the screws were turning at seventy-one.
It became my dream to go out to sea.

Out from the mine you couldn't be.

But
born to the coal, there's no place for you else...

where...

trade a life of dank and gloom to shovel in the boiler room. But

now you're seven decks below a lady's dain
ty feet! And nothing has changed. There's nothing a miner can do.

The pit and your mates turned into the hold and the crew.
And the screws are turning at seventy two.

F♯/A

Faster and faster we watch as we gain ever more.

Dm7

Seventy three and too
soon it is seventy-four.

For a record speed I believe we strive!

For the maiden trip that's too hard to drive.

if you push her faster than seventy-five!
That is the truth.

I swear!
NO MOON
from Titanic

Hauntingly \( \cdot = 52 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{B/A} & \quad \text{E/A} & \quad \text{Am} & \quad \text{A7} & \quad \text{Dm/A} \\
\text{Am/E} & \quad \text{E7} & \quad \text{A5} & \quad \text{A sus4} & \quad \text{A5} & \quad \text{A sus2} \\
\text{Am9} & \quad \text{Am/E} & \quad \text{Cmaj7/F} & \quad \text{Fmaj7/C} & \quad \text{Bm7\textsuperscript{b5}}
\end{align*}
\]

No moon, no wind, nothing to

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spy things by.

No wave,

no swell, no line where sea meets sky.

Stillness, darkness. “Can’t see a thing.” says I. No reflection, not a
Am F#m7b5 B7 Am/E E7 Am A7
shad-ow, not a glint of light meets the eye.

A5 A sus4 A sus2 A Asus4 Em7
And we go sail-ing.

C/E Dm7 Bm7b5/D E Am
ing ev-er west-ward on the sea. We go

Fmaj7 G7 C F Bm7b5
sail-ing, sail-ing, ev-er
on go we...

A7 Dm/A Am/E E7 To Coda

A5 A\(\text{sus}^4\) Dm6/A Amadd2

A - head we plow

Dm/A Amadd2

in - to the dark - en - ing night Can't
G9
Amadd2

How then to see the bow...

cresc.

Fmaj7sus5 F7 Am/E Esus4

search with only

Am/E

Fmaj9 E7b9 D.S. al Coda

star light?

Coda A5

A sus4 Am

poco rit.