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THANK HEAVEN FOR YOU
(From “DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE”)

Moderately slow

Words and Music by MICKI GRANT

When I'm worried,
just a smile from you make them seem so few.

And when I'm failing,
just a touch from you makes the brow is filed.

When I'm tired,
you can make them so good as new.

And when troubles.
I'll succeed.

When I, and I'm multi-
Word ply, from you and you make them seem so few.

And some-

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A Tommy Valando Publication
how you make me believe there's nothing I can't do.

'Cause I've got you and your love to guide me,

You to lie beside me, Without you.

I don't know what I'd do, Thank Heaven for
When I'm B, -
fore you came along
everything went wrong, and it
didn't take much to make a mess of me.
Oh, but
now I'm stepping high—
my head's in the sky—
Nothing can get the best of me. 'Cause I've got you and your love to guide me, You to lie beside me, With out you.

I don't know what I'd do, Thank Heaven for you.
Moderately

Boy: "Summer lovin',
She swam by me;
Took her bowling
in the arcade.

Girl: "Summer lovin',
He ran by me;
Got my suit damp,"

Boy: "Met a girl,
Saved her life;
We made out
under the dock.

Girl: "Met a boy,
He showed off;
We stayed out
cute as can be,"

Sum-mer days
drift-ing a-way
Sum-mer sun,
someth-ing's be-gum
Sum-mer fling,
don't mean a thing.

Tacet

uh, oh, those Sum-mer Nights.
Well-a, well-a, well-a
uh. Tell me more. Tell me more. Did you get very far? Tell me more. Tell me more. Like, does he have a car?

uh. Tell me more. Tell me more. Was it love at first sight? Tell me more. Tell me more. Did she put up a fight?

Tell me more, tell me more. But you don't got to brag. Tell me more, tell me more. 'Cause he sounds like a drag.

Boy: "She got friendly, down in the sand."

Girl: "He was sweet; just turned eighteen."

Boy: She was good. You know what I mean.

Summer heat; boy and girl meet. But, uh, oh those Summer Nights.

Tell me more. Tell me more. How much dough did he spend? Tell me more. Tell me
more. Could she get me a friend?

Girl: "It turned colder; that's where it ends."

Boy: "So I told her we'd still be friends."

Girl: "Then we made our true love vow."

Boy: "Wonder what she's doin' now?"

Summer dreams ripped at the seams... But,

oh, those Summer Nights... Tell me more. Tell me more.
SEND IN THE CLOWNS
(From the Musical “A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC”)

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Slowly

Send in the clowns.
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground, you in mid-air...
Isn't it rich?

Send in the clowns.
Isn't it bliss?
Don't you ap-
prove?
One who keeps tearing around, one who can't move...
Where are the

Eb

Ebmaj9

Abmaj9

Ab6

Ab/Eb  Bb/Eb  Ab/Eb  Bb/Eb

Abmaj9

Ab6
clowns? Send in the clowns. Just when I'd stopped opening doors, Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours, Making my entrance again with my usual flair. Sure of my lines, No one is there.
Don't you love farce? 
rich, 
My fault, I queer, 
I thought that

you'd want what I want. Sorry, my dear. 
But where are the clowns? And where are the clowns? Quick, send in the clowns. 

clowns. Don't bother, they're here. isn't it

clowns. Well, maybe next year...
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Come on, babe, why don’t we paint the town,
And all that jazz! I’m gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down.

And all that jazz! Start the car, I know a whoop-ee spot where the
gin is cold but the piano's hot. It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl. And all that jazz!

Slick your hair and wear your loco.

And all that jazz! I hear that.
Fa-ther Dip is gon-na blow the blues
And all that jazz!

Hold on, hon', we're gon-na bun-ny hug, I bought some as-pi-rin__ down at U-

nit-ed Drug__ In case we shake a-part__ and want a brand new start__ to

do that jazz!

Oh,
I'm gonna see my Sheba shimmy shake. (And all that jazz!)

Oh, she's gonna shimmy 'til her garters break. (And

all that jazz!)

Show her where to park her girdle,

Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle if she'd hear her
b-a-by's queer for all that jazz!

Find a flask, we're playing fast and loose, And

Oh, you're gonna see your She-ba

all that jazz! Right up here is where I

shim-my shake, And all that jazz! Oh,
store the juice, And all that jazz!

I'm gonna shimmy till my garters break, And all that jazz!

G7

Come on, babe, we're gonna brush the sky. I betcha lucky Lindy never

Ab7

Show me where to park my girdle, Oh,

C

flew so high, 'Cause in the stratosphere how could he lend an ear to

C/B

my mother's blood'd curdle if she'd hear her baby's queer for

Gm6/Bb

A7
all that jazz!
No, I'm no-one's wife, but oh, I love my life and all that jazz!

That jazz!
One
(From "A CHORUS LINE")

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN

Moderately

One singular sensation every little step she takes.

One thrilling combination

Every move that she makes.

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One smile and suddenly nobody
else will do, You know you’ll
never be lonely with you know who.

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

son,

Ooh! Sigh! Give her your attention,

do I really have to mention she's the one?

Repeat and Fade.
From the Joseph Papp Production of Michael Bennett's "A CHORUS LINE"

WHAT I DID FOR LOVE

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN

Slowly

Kiss to-day, good-bye,

the sweetness and the sorrow.

We did what we had to do,

And I can't re-gret.

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What I did for love, What I did for love.

Look, my eyes are dry, the gift was ours to

borrow. It's as if we always

knew, But I won't forget What I did for love.
What I did for love.

Gone,

As we travel on,

mem - ber.

Kiss to-day, goodbye,
and point me t'ward tomorrow. Wish me luck, the same
to you. Won't forget, can't regret What I did for love. What I did for love.
TOMORROW
(From "ANNIE")

Lyric by MARTIN CHARNIN
Music by CHARLES STROUSE

Moderately slow

The sun'll come out tomorrow,

bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be

sun!

Just thinking about tomorrow
Am7    Om/C
clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow till there's

Bbmaj7
C
Fm
Ab

none. When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and

Db    Eb    Ab    Abmaj7

lone-ly, I just stick out my chin and grin and

C7sus
Oh! The
sun -'ll come out to - mor - row, (So you) got to hang on till to -

mor - row come what may!

mor - row, to - mor - row, I love ya to - mor - row, you're

{ always \on - ly \ a day away! \}

The
mor-row, mor-row, I love ya mor-row, you're always \(\text{only} \) a day away! To mor-row, to mor-row, I love ya mor-row, you're always \(\text{only} \) a day away!
IN A SIMPLE WAY I LOVE YOU

Moderately slow

Lyrics by GRETCHEN CRYER
Music by NANCY FORD

In a simple way I love you, that's all that I can
In a simple way I love you, when you're reaching out to

Dmaj7  G/D  A/D

I'll make music while you sing your song,
I will be there when you need a friend,

D  F#m  G

I understand what you're going through,
I'll help you be what you

F#m

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I hear your voice sing out,
just let it go.
I'll give you
room to breathe and room to grow.

In a simple way I love you,
I'm here to see you
through.

I'll make mu-sic while you sing your song

while you do what you have to do.  
I'll be be-side you

rain or shine. Love has many fac-es, and

one of them is mine.
Moderately slow

Cmaj7          D/C          Bm7          G/B          Cmaj7          D/C

Love is rare, life is strange. Nothing lasts,

Bm          G/B          Cmaj7          A/C#          Dsus D          C/D          D

people change.

time I've lost another lover, I call up my old

G          D/F#          Em          Gsus/D          G/D          C(add9)          C          G/B

friend. And I say let's get together, I'm under the weather,
Am7  D7  G  D/F#

Another love has come to an end. And he listens as I tell him my sad

story, and wonders at my taste in men. And we

ponder why I do it and the pain of getting through it, and he laughs and says, "You'll do it again."

And we sit in a bar and talk 'til two about
life and love as old friends do. And tell each other what

we've been through, how love is rare and life is strange,

nothing lasts and people change.

And I ask him if his life is ever lonely,
and if he ever feels despair,
And he says he's learned to love it 'cause that's really all part of it, and it helps him feel the good times when they're there.

And we wonder if I'll live with any lovers,
or spend my life alone, And the bartender is dozing, and it's

getting time for closin' and we figure that I'll go it on my own. But we'll

meet the year we're sixty-two, and travel the world as

old friends do, and tell each other what we've been through, how
love is rare and life is strange. Nothing lasts

and people change. Love is rare, life is strange.

Nothing lasts, people change. Oo

Oo.
DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA
(From the opera "EVITA")

Slowly

Lyric by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

It won't be easy, you'll think it strange
When I try to explain how I feel,
That I still need your love after all that I've done:
You won't believe me. All you will see is a

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MCA music publishing
girl you once knew

Although she's dressed up to the nines

at

six-es and sev-ens with you,

I had to let it

happen, I had to change;

Could-n't stay all my life down at

heel:

Looking out of the window, stay-ing out of the sun.
So I chose freedom
Running around trying
everything new, but nothing impressed me at all,
I never expected it to.
Don't cry for me Argentina

the truth is I never left you. All through my
G    Am    Cmaj7
wild days, my mad existence, I kept my promise, don't keep your

Fmaj7 To Coda
F6    F    C
distance.

And as for

F/C
fortune and as for fame— I never invited them

G7/C
in: Though it seemed to the world they were all desired.
They are illusions, they're not the solutions they promised to be, the answer was here all the time

love you and hope you love me.

Have I said too much? There's nothing more I can think of to say to you

But
all you have to do is look at me to know that every word is true.

Broadly

Dm C

Cmaj7
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

Lyrics and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Not to worry, not to worry, I may not be

smart, but I ain't dumb.

Let me do it, put me to it,

show me something I can overcome.

Not to worry,
Andante placido (\( \text{\( \frac{d}{4} \)} = 112)\)

chum.

Poco rubato

Nothing's gonna harm you, not while I'm around.

De-mons are prowling everywhere, now a-days.
I'll send 'em howling, I don't care, I got ways.

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' ill charm you with a smile

for a while, but in time noth-ing can harm you,

not while I'm a-round.

Noth-ing's gon-na harm you,
PRETTY WOMEN
(From "Sweeney Todd")

Languid but steady, non rubato \( \frac{J}{4} = 72 \)

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

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standing on the stair, something in them

cheers the air.

Pretty women... silhouetted... stay within you.

glancing... Stay forever, breathing lightly...
Pretty women, pretty women!
Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair,
even when they leave, they still are there.
They're there.
Ah,
Pret-ty wom-en at their mir-rors, in their gar-dens, let-ter writ-ing, flow-er pick-ing, weath-er watch-ing, as you're liv-ing.
They're Playing My Song
(From "They're Playing Our Song")

Words by CAROLE BAYER SAGER
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
own humble way, every perfect note of that was written by me.

Ah, ha, they're playing my song, that table's humming along. That couple half out the door is coming back to hear more of my music. At first, I thought this place was a dive, I chose it in haste, but they showed they got taste, as long as they're playing my song. Who would have known, nine months ago, I would give birth, at
my piano. In all honesty, I've got to admit, I

knew this song would be an international hit. Ah, ha, they're playing my tune;

too bad it's ending so soon. But when we all gotta go— it's good to know that they'll be

playing. oh, God, I'm praying. They'll be

playing. They'll be playing my song.
**IF YOU REALLY KNEW ME**

Words by CAROLE BAYER SAGER
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Softly, sensitively

\[ \text{Gadd9} ~ \text{G} ~ \text{C6} \]

If you really knew me, if you really, truly knew me,

\[ \text{Cadd9} ~ \text{Cmaj7} ~ \text{Gmaj7} \]

maybe you would see the other side of me I seldom see.

---

* Female singers may substitute "he" whenever "you" appears.
* Male singers may substitute "she" whenever "you" appears.

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If there was no music, if your melody stopped playing,

would you be the kind of man (girl) I'd want to see tonight? Does the man (girl)

make the music, or does the music make the man; and am I

everything I thought I'd be?
If you really knew me, if you'd take the time to understand,
stand, maybe you could find me, the part I left behind me,
may-be you'd re-mind me of who I am.
MEMORY
(From "CATS")

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

Freely

C

Midnight. Not a sound from the pavement. Has the moon lost her

F

memory? She is smiling alone. In the lamplight the withered leaves col-

Em
lect at my feet. And the wind begins to moan.

Dm7

G7

C

Memory. All alone in the moonlight I can smile at the old days, I was beau-

Am7

Am

F

tiful.
Em    Dm7    Am7

then    I re - mem - ber the time I knew what hap - pi - ness was. Let the

G7       C

mem - 'ry live a - gain. Ev - 'ry street lamp

Em       Em/F

seems to beat a fa - tal - is - tic warn - ing.

Em       A7

Some - one mut - ters and a street lamp gut - ters and soon it will be
I must wait for the sunrise, I must think of a new life And I mustn't give in. When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too And a new day will begin.

Burnt out ends of smoky days the stale cold smell of...
The street lamp dies another night is over.

Another day is dawning. Touch me. It's so easy to

leave me. All alone with the memory. Of my days in the sun. If you

touch me you'll understand what happiness is. Look a new day has be-

gun.
THE BEST OF TIMES
(From the Broadway Musical "La Cage Aux Folles")

Music and Lyric by
JERRY HERMAN

Simply

The best of times is now.

What's left of summer but a faded rose?

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The best of times is now.

As for tomorrow, well, who knows? Who knows? Who knows?

So hold this moment fast.

And live and love as hard as you know how.
And make this moment last

because the best of times is now.

not some forgotten yesterday.
Am7  Am6  Dm  Dm(+7)

Now:

Dm7  G7  Gm  Eb/G

tomorrow is too far away.

C7  F  C/E  Gdim  Gm(add 9)

So hold this moment fast.

a tempo (More spirited)

C9  Fdim  Fmaj7

and live and love as hard as you know how.
And make this moment last

because the best of times is now.

The best of times is now.

What's left of summer but a

Slower
The best of times is now.
As for tomorrow, well, who knows?
Who knows? Who knows? So hold this moment fast and live and love as hard as
a tempo
SONG ON THE SAND
(LA DA DA DA)
(From the Broadway musical “La Cage Aux Folles”)

Music and Lyric by JERRY HERMAN

Wistfully

Dm7

D7-5

Gm7

G7

D7-5

Do you re-call that wind-y lit-tle

beach we walked a-long? That af-ter-noon in fall, that af-ter-noon we met? A

fe-li-a with a con-cer-ti-na sang; what was the song? It's strange what we re-call, and
odd what we forget. I heard la da da da da da da da as we walked on the sand. I heard

la da da da. I believe it was early September. Through the

crash of the waves I could tell that the words were romantic, something about

sharing, something about always. Though the years race along, I still
think of our song on the sand
and I still try and search for the

words I can barely remember.
Tho' the time tumbles by, there is

one thing that I am forever certain of: I hear

la da da da da da da da da da da dum and I'm young and in love.
I believe it was early September.

Through the crash of the waves I could tell that the words were...}

...man·tic: some·thing a·bout shar·ing, some·thing a·bout al·ways.

Tho' the years race along, I still think of our song on the sand and I...
still try and search for the words I can barely remember. Though the

time tombles by, there is one thing that I am forever certain


da, and I'm young and in love.
I AM WHAT I AM
From the Broadway musical "La Cage Aux Folles"

Music and lyric by JERRY HERMAN

F'm

Freely

Flm

Esus

E7

A

C7m

own special creation
So come take a look
Give me the

Flm

Bm7

E7

A

C7f

Flm

hook or the ovation
It's my world that I want to have a little pride in

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my world, and it's not a place I have to hide in.
Life's not worth a damn, 'til you can

say

"Hey world, I am what I am."

I don't want praise,
I don't want pity,

I bang my own drum,

some think it's noise,
I think it's pretty.

And so it's my what if song and if
love each feather and each spangle, why not try and see things from a different angle?

Your life is a sham, 'til you can shout out loud, 'I am what I am.'

Twice as Fast

with drive.

and what I am needs no ex
Om G7

There's one life, and there's none.

Em D9sus

It's high time, and that I

Dm G7 C

dead my own

dec k some - times the ace, some - times, the

deuces. There's one life, and that I

Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 C Bm7-5 E7

deuces. There's one life, and that I

Am D9sus

no blow my horn and no sound my trumpet; one life, time.
D9   Dm7-5

do it's time to open up your closet.

C  Slower

Em

Life's not worth a damn 'til you can

Broadly

Am

Dm7sus Faster (in 2)

say

"Hey, world, am

G9

what

I am!"

F    Dm7
DANCING IS EVERYTHING

Words by ROBERT LORICK
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

With motion

mf

Freely, with motion

Bb(add9)  Bb  Cm/Bb  Eb/F  F

Everything.

Having nothing in my way.

Cm7

Dm7

Eb

Cm/F  F

Learning to do a real hard step that I couldn't do yesterday.

Dancing is

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Moderately, with a steady beat

M. maj7
Breathing,

Cm/Bb
Just sort a

Ab
floating around

Eb/F
Clapping my hands,

F
snapping my fingers,

Ab(add9)

Dm7

Leaving the ground,

Cm7
not making a sound,

Dm7
Just floating around.

Eb(add9)

Dm7

With a lilt

Cm/Bb

Ebmaj7
Dancing is feeling good all over like when
someone takes your hand,
Like when someone stops to listen and lets you

know they understand that dancing is easy.
Dancing is...

I don't know... If I could just explain the way it feels when I

shuffle off, when I click my heels. (Click) Then maybe everyone would see

ritard.
\textit{a tempo}
that dancing is beautiful. Dancing is everything.

Dancing is easy. Dancing is me. Dancing is beautiful. Dancing is everything.

Dancing is easy. Dancing is me.
RIVER IN THE RAIN
(From "BIG RIVER")

Music and Lyrics by ROGER MILLER

Slow

G

Huck: River in the rain,
some-times at night you look like a

D

long white train wind-in' your way away somewhere.

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River, I love you. Don't you care? If you're on the run, wind-in' some-place just tryin' to find the sun.

Whether the sunshine, whether the rain, river, I love you just the same. Jim: But sometimes in a time of trouble
when you're out of hand and your muddy bubbles roll across my floor

carryin' way the things I treasure; hell, there ain't no way to measure

why I love you more than I did the day before.

Both: River in the rain, sometimes at night you look like a
Don't you care?

But sometimes in a

Huck: River, I've never seen the sea.
TELL ME ON A SUNDAY

Moderately

C

G7

F

Bb

F

C

G7

Don't write a letter,
Let me down easy,

Dm

G

Em

Am

when you want to leave.
Don't call me at three A.M.
No long faces, no long looks,

F

Am7

Dm7

Em7

from a friend's apartment, I'd like to choose how I
no deep conversation, I know the way we should

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Bb  
\[ \text{hear the news,} \]
\[ \text{spend that day -} \]
\[ \text{take me to a park} \]
\[ \text{that's} \]

F  Bb  F  
\[ \text{covered with trees.} \]
\[ \text{got chimpanzees.} \]
\[ \text{Tell me on a Sunday} \]
\[ \text{Tell me on a Sunday} \]

C  
\[ \text{please.} \]
\[ \text{please.} \]
\[ \text{Don't} \]

F/A  
\[ \text{want to know.} \]
\[ \text{Instrumental solo} \]
\[ \text{who's to blame.} \]
\[ \text{it won't help knowing.} \]
\[ \text{Don't} \]
\[ \text{I don't} \]
F        Bb        Am        G
want to fight day and night bad e-nough you're going.

G/F C Dm G
Don't leave in silence with no word at all,

don't get drunk and slam the door. That's no way to end this. I

Dm7 Em7 Bb Eb Bb
know how I want you to say good-bye. Find a
To Coda

Cir - cus ring with a fly - ing tra - peze, tell me

on a Sun - day please.

CODA

on a Sun - day please.
ME AND MY GIRL

Words by DOUGLAS FURBER
Music by NOEL GAY

Moderately

\[ \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{Fm6} \quad \text{C/E} \quad \text{E} \]

Slowly

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm7/Eb} \quad \text{G7sus/D} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7/D} \quad \text{Cm/Eb} \]

Life's an empty thing.

\[ \text{Fdim} \quad \text{Ab/Eb} \quad \text{C7/E} \quad \text{Fm6} \quad \text{Cm/G} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G7sus/D} \quad \text{G7} \]

If you're always on your own some Life's an empty thing.
Life's a different thing When you've found your one and only,

Then you feel no longer lonely. Life's a happy thing.

Everything was topsy-turvy. Life seemed all wrong.

But it came all right as soon as you came along.
Relaxed Two-Beat

C  Cmaj7  C  G+  C6
Me and my girl,    Meant for each other.

C  G+  C6  Cdim  G7
sent for each other, and liking it so.

Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7
Me and my girl,    'Sno use pretending.

Dm7  Dm7-5  G7  G7+5  C
we knew the ending a long time ago.
Some little church with a big steeple,

Just a few people that both of us know And we'll have

love, laughter, be happy ever after, Me

and my girl. girl.
LAMBETH WALK
(From "ME AND MY GIRL")

Words by DOUGLAS FURBER
Music by NOEL GAY

Moderate 2-beat

C7
Gm7
C7
F/A
Abdim

Lambeth you've never seen,
The skies ain't blue
The grass ain't green.

Gm7
C7
Am7-5
D7
Gm7
Bbdim

It hasn't got the Mayfair touch, But that don't matter
very much. We play the Lambeth way,

Not like you but a bit more gay. And when we have a

bit of fun. Oh, Boy

Any time you're Lambeth way. Any evening
Gm7  D7  Gm7  C7
an - y day, You'll find us all do - in' the Lam - beth

F  Bb/C  C7  F  Bb/C  F
walk. Ev - ry lit - tle Lam - beth gal

D7+5  Gm7  Dm7  Gm7
with her lit - tle Lam - beth pal, You'll find 'em all

c7  F  Dm7  G7  C
do - in' the Lam - beth walk. Ev - ry - thing free and eas - y.
Do as you damn well please,
Why don't you make your
way there,
Go there, stay there,
Once you get down
Lambeth way,
Every evening, every day,
You'll find your self
do-in' the Lambeth walk.
LEANING ON A LAMP-POST
(From "ME AND MY GIRL")

Words and Music by NOEL GAY

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

F E7 Am Ab7-5 C/G G7 C

\[ \text{C \ Am \ Dm7 \ G7 \ C \ C#dim \ G7} \]

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

C Am7 D7 G7 C Eb dim Dm7 G7

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

C Am Dm7 G7 C6 C#dim G7

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

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

Oh me, Oh my, I hope the little lady comes by.

I don't know if she'll get away. She doesn't always get away. But
Om7  E7  Am  C  Dm7  G  F

anyway I know that she'll try.  Oh me,  Oh,

Em7  Am7  G/D  D7  G

my,  I hope the little lady comes by.  There's

G7  Dm7  G7  G+  C  G6  F/G

no other girl I could wait for,  But this one I'd break any

date for,  I won't have to ask what she's late for,  She'd
never leave me flat. She's not a girl like that. She's absolutely wonderful and marvelous and beautiful, And anyone can understand why I'm

leaning on a lamp-post at the corner of the street, In case a

certain little lady comes by. I'm by.
I DREAMED A DREAM
(From "LES MISERABLES")

Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG

Andante

Eb

Eb/D

Cm

Eb/G

Ab

Ab/Bb

I dreamed a dream in days gone by when hope was high and life worth living.

Fm7

Bb

Eb

Eb/D

Cm7

Eb/Bb

I dreamed that love would never die.

Ab

Ab/G

Fm7

Bb

Eb

Eb/D

I dreamed that God would be forgiving.

Then I was young and un

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fraid
and dreams were made and used and wasted.

There was no ransom to be paid,
no song unsung no wine uns-
tasted.

But the tigers come at night
poco piu mosso

with their voices soft as thunder.
As they tear your hope a-
As they turn your dream to shame.

He slept a summer by my side.

He filled my days with endless wonder.

But he was gone when autumn.
And still I dreamed (he'd) come to me, that we would live the years to-
gather.

But there are dreams that can't be,

and there are storms we can't weather.
I had a dream my life would be so dif-f'rent from this hell I'm liv-ing, so dif-f'rent now from what it seemed.

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
ON MY OWN
(From "LES MISERABLES")

Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL, HERBERT KRETZMER,
JOHN CAIRD, TREvor NUNN & JEAN-MARC NATEL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG

Andante

D Em D

G Em7

EPONINE:
On my

D Em/D D D/C#

own, rain,
pretend he's beside me.
All a -
All the

own, rain,
D
D

pavement shines like silver.

Bm E7 A A/G#

lone lights I walk with him 'til morning.
Without

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him I feel his arms around me. And darkness the trees are full of star·light. And

when I lose my way I close my eyes and he has found me. In the all I see is him and me for·ever and for·ever.

And I know it's only in my mind that I'm talk·ing to my·self and not to
And although I know that he is
blind, still I say there's a way for us. I
love him, but when the night is over,
he is gone, the river's just a river. With
out him the world around me changes. The trees are bare and everywhere the streets are full of strangers.

love him but every day I'm learning all my life I've only been pretending.
The world is full of happiness that I have never known.

I love him, but only on my own.
MAKE UP MY HEART

Words by RICHARD STILGOE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderately

It's time I chose between the two of them. You'd think two lovers would be twice the fun. I'd better make a

Some-one help me make up my heart.
Tell me how to make up my heart...

One of them is strong, one of them is good. Both could turn out wrong, so who gets the part? Make up my mind, make up my heart.
I don't want one to win and one to lose,
You'd think two lovers would be twice the fun.

It's time I chose between the two of them.

I can't tell them "yes" or "no".
I'd better make a start.

Choosing one means letting one go.

Can't face letting one of them know.
Some-one help me make up my heart.

Tell me how to make up my heart.

One can make me laugh, one can make me sigh. Why tear my-self in half?

So who gets the part? Make up my mind, please, make up my
One can make me laugh, one can make me sigh.
Why tear myself in half?
So who gets the part?
Make up my heart.
STARLIGHT EXPRESS
(From "STARLIGHT EXPRESS")

Lyrics by RICHARD STILGOE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderately slow

E♭ Fm/E♭
B♭/E♭
E♭maj7/Ab/E♭

When the night is dark - est, open up your mind,

E♭
Fm/E♭
E♭/B♭

the dream begins. It's be - com - ing clear - er.

Ab/B♭

Listen to the dis - tance.

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listen and you'll find
the midnight train is getting nearer.

Star-light Express,
are you real?
Yes or no?

Star-light Express,
an-swerm me "yes."

I don't want you to go.

Take me to the places...
I have never been. Bring me home safely before I
wake up. I believe in you completely.

though you may be unseen. This is not the kind of thing that an-
yone should make up. Starlight Express.
Starlight Express, are you real?

Yes or no?

Starlight Express, answer me "yes."

I don't want you to go.

E

Fm/Eb

Eb/Bb

Ab/Bb

Eb

E

Ftm/E

B/E

A6/E
And

if you're there and if you know then

cresc.

show me which way I must go...

Star-light Express, Star-light Express, are you real? Yes or
THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

Andante

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by CHARLES HART
Additional Lyrics by RICHARD STILGOE

Night time sharpens, heightens each sensation; darkness stirs and wakes imagination. Silently the senses abandon their defenses.

Slowly, gently.

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night unfurls its splendour; grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender.

Turn your face away from the garish light of day, turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling

light and listen to the music of the night. Close your eyes and surrender to your

darkest dreams! Purge your thoughts of the life you knew before! Close your
eyes let your spirit start to soar and you'll live as you've never lived before.

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you. Hear it, feel it.

secretly possess you. Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind in this
darkness which you know you cannot fight, the darkness of the music of the
night. Let your mind start a journey through a strange, new world; leave all
thoughts of the world you knew before. Let your soul take you where you long to be!
Only then can you belong to me.
Floating, falling, sweet intoxication. Touch me, trust me, savour each sensation.
Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in to the power of the music that I write, the power of the music of the night.

You alone can make my song take flight, help me make the music of the night.
Where in the world have you been hiding? Really, you were perfect.

I only wish I knew your secret; who is this new tutor?

Angels of Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, Lyrics by Charles Hart, Additional Lyrics by Richard Stilgoe.
CHRISTINE

Father once spoke of an angel, I used to dream he'd appear.

Now as I sing I can sense him and I know he's here.

Here in this room he calls me softly, somewhere inside hiding.

Somehow I know he's always with me; he, the unseen genius.
MEG Gm Eb Cm 1/C
distant through all the applause.

I watched your face from the shadows.

I hear your voice in the darkness, yet the words aren’t yours.

Angel of music, guide and guardian, grant to me your glory!

Angel of music, hide no longer, secret and strange angel. He’s
with me ev-en now, all a-round me, it fright-ens me.

Your hands are cold; your face, Christ-ine, it's white; don't be fright-en-ed!

In-so-lent boy, this slave of fash-ion, bask-ing in your glo-ry.

Ig-nor-ant fool, this brave young suit-or, shar-ing in my tri-umph.

An-gel, I hear you! Speak, I lis-ten. Stay by my side, guide me!
An - gel, my soul was weak; for-give me! En - ter at last, mas-ter!

Flat-ter - ing child, you shall know me, see why in sha-dow I hide.

Look at your face in the mir-ror! I am there in - side.

An - gel of mu - sic, guide and guar-dian, grant to me your glo - ry!
PHANTOM

PHANTOM

RAOUl. PHANTOM

mu-sic! Whose is that voice? Who is that in there? I am your an-gel of

segue

mu-sic; come to me, an-gel of mu-sic!
ALL I ASK OF YOU

Andante

RAOUL

No more talk of darkness, forget these wide-eyed fears; I'm

Dbmaj7 Gb6 Cb Ab/C

here, nothing can harm you, my words will warm and calm you.

Db

Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears; I'm

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here, with you, beside you, to guard you and to guide you.

All I ask is every waking moment, turn my head with talk of

summer-time.

Say you need me with you now and always;

promise me that all you say is true, that's all I ask of
a tempo

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

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

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

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

Christine, that's all I ask of you. All I ask for is one love, one lifetime; say the word and I will follow you...

Share each day with me, each night, each morning. Say you love me! You know I...
RAOUL &  
CHRISTINE  
molto rit.  
$a tempo$

Db/Ab  
Ebm7/Ab  
Ab  
Db/F  
Bbm7  
Ebm7  
Ebm7/Ab

Db  
Bbm7  
Ebm7  
Ab  
CHRISTINE  
&  
RAOUL  
largo  
Db/F  
Gb  

An-y-where you go, let me go

Db/Ab  
Ebm7/Ab  
Ab  
Ebm7/Ab  
Db  

too;  
love me, that’s all I ask of you.