SELECTIONS FROM
Muppet
Treasure Island™
PIANO
VOCAL
GUITAR

Selections from Muppet Treasure Island
zang, piano, akkoorden
SHIVER MY TIMBERS

Moderately

Fm

\[\text{\textit{p cresc. poco a poco}}\]

Eb  Fm  Eb

Men’s Chorus:

Shiv-er my tim-ber-s, shiv-er my soul. YO-oh, heave

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ho!
There are men whose hearts are as black as coal.

Yo - oh, heave ho!
2 Inkspots: And they sailed their ship 'cross the

ocean blue, a blood-thirsty captain and a cut-throat crew. It's as

dark a tale as was ever told of the lust for treasure and the
love of gold!  

Men’s Chorus: Shiver my timbers,

shiver my sides.  Yo—oh, heave ho!  There are

hungers as strong as the wind and tides.  Yo—oh, heave

ho!  2 Weasels: And those buccaneers drowned their sins in rum; the

Monkey:
devil himself would have to call them scum! Ev'ry man aboard would have

killed his mate for a bag of guineas or a piece of eight!

Alligator: A

piece of eight!

Octopus: A piece of eight! Mosquitos: Five, six, seven, eight!

Men's Chorus & Tiki Poles:

Hulla wack-a, ul-la wack-a, something not right! Man-y
wick-ed ick-y things gon-na hap-pen to-night!

Hul-la wack-a, ul-la wack-a, sail-or man be-ware! When the

mon-ey’s in the ground, there’s mur-der in the air!

N.C.

Tiki Poles:
Mur-der in the air!

1 Tiki: One more time now!
Men's Chorus:

Shiver my timbers, shiver my bones.
Yo-ho, heave ho!

There are secrets that sit with old Davy Jones!

Yo-ho, heave ho!
2 Snakes: When the main sail's set and the anchor's weighed, there's no turning back from any course that's laid! And when
greed and villainy sail the sea, you can bet your boots there'll be

treachery! Treachery!

Men's Chorus:

Shiver my timbers, shiver my sails.

Dead men tell no tales!
Jim: I wake up each day and wonder “what for?”
It seems to me there must be something
look around here and I want to cry.
I feel like the world is passing me

more, something more than stacks of dishes and washing this old floor.
by. And I just can’t help but wonder: Am I doomed to wash and dry?

If I had my pick of wishes I’d wish me out that door.
And is it a curse I’m under to do it ’til I die? ’Cause I’m

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hungry for adventure, and I'm fed up with this grind. If I could be an explorer, sailing off to distant lands, 'stead of

don't have some excitement soon, I'm gonna lose my mind. I spending ev'ry afternoon just getting dishpan hands. My

want a life that's filled with thrills, that's wild and free. There's got to be some-thing bet-ter,

some-thing bet-ter! There's gotta be some-thing bet-ter than this for me!
gonz: If it's weird and wild, let's go and find it! Ha ha ha ha. The
crazier the better is what I say! To
tell the truth, I really wouldn't mind it if we
found some place with ten square meals a day! *Jim and Gonzo:* Let danger call my name! *Rizzo:* If it does I'm gonna hide! *Jim:* I'll put my courage to the test and Maestoso

*I'll be by your side.* *Jim:* There's gotta be something better than this. I know that there's so much out there to see! And I
know this life I’m living can’t be my destiny. There’s

gotta be something better,
something better! There’s

gotta be something better than this for me!

something better than this for you and me!
When the course is laid and the anchor’s weighed, a
walks the deck, we say what the heck! We
Distant lands with burning sands that

Sailor’s blood begins racing. With our hearts unbound and our flag unfurled, we’re
laugh at the perils we’re facing. Every storm we ride is its own reward, and
call across the oceans. There are bingo games every fun-filled day! And

Under way and off to see the world! Under way and off to
people die by falling overboard! People die by falling
margueritas at the midnight buffet! Margueritas at the
see the world! Hey, ho! We'll go any-where the
over-board! Hey, ho! We'll go any-where the
mid-night buf-fet! Hey, ho! We'll go any-where the

wind is blow-ing! Man-ly men are we,
wind is blow-ing! Hoist the sails and sing,
wind is blow-ing! Should have took a train,

sail-ing for ad-ven-ture on the deep blue sea!

Dan-ger big blue wet thing!
Freely
Bbm/F

I love to see 'em cry when they walk the plank! I pre-

rall.

Bbm/F Edim/F F Gb

fer to cut a throat! I love to hang 'em high and watch their lit-tle feet try to walk in the air

Db/F

while their fac-es turn blue! It's a good life on a boat! There are

N.C.

CODA F

bound - ing main! The salt - y breez - es whis - per: Who
knows what lies ahead? I just know I was born to lead the
life my father led. The stars will be our compass where
ever we may roam, and our mates will always be just
like a family. And though we may put into port, the
sea is always home!

We’ll chase our dreams standing on our own,

over the horizon to the great unknown!

Hey, ho!

We’ll go anywhere the wind is blowing! Bold and
brave and free...
Sailing for adventure,
sailing for adventure,
on the deep blue sea!
CABIN FEVER

Rhumba
Bb7

I got cabin fever, it's burning in my brain. I got cabin fever, it's

driving me insane! We got cabin fever, we're flipping our bandanas! Been

stuck at sea so long that we have simply gone bananas!

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Chi-ca, chi-ca boom, boom chi-ca, chi-ca boom, boom chic.

We, we, we got cabin fever, we've lost what sense we had! We got cabin fever,

we're all going mad! My sanity is hanging by a thread.
Since we're going nowhere, I've gone out of my head. We were sailing, sailing

over the bounding main, and now we're not!

Bright Country

Grab your partner by the ears, lash 'em to the wheel. Do si do, step on his toe,

listen to him squeal. Al-lemande left, al-lemande right. It's
time to sail or sink. Swing your partner over the side;

Bright Samba

drop him in the drink. (Spoken:) We’ve got cabin fever, no if’s and’s or but’s.

German March

We’re disoriented and demented and a little nuts! (Sung:) Ach du lieber

volks - va - gen kar. Sa - ur - brat - en, vien - er schni - zel
Bright Samba

und a vun-der-bar! We were sail-ing, sail-ing; the wind was on our side...

(Spoken:) and then it died! I got cab-in fe-ver, I mysteriously

think I’ve lost my grip. I’d like to get my hands on who-ev-er wrote this script! Si!

I was float-ing ’neath a trop-ic
moon and dreaming of a blue la-
goon. Now I’m as crazy as a

D F♯/D Ab/C Db Ab/C Ab

loon! Cabin fever has ravaged all aboard. This

Eb7 Ab

once proud vessel has become a floating psycho ward! We were
sailing, sailing, headed who knows where. And now, tho’ we’re all

Big Band Swing ($\frac{3}{4}$)

here, we’re not all there!

N.C.

Cabin fever! Ha!
Lustily

When I was just a lad, looking for my true vocation,
I took Sir Francis Drake, the Spanish all despised and feared.

D

But to the British he's a hero, and they idolized him!
I say we're victims of bad press; it's all exaggeration.

D/B#

Though you could be a doctor or perhaps a financier at all,
It's how you look at buccaneers that makes them bad or good.

Em

We'd never stab you in the back; we'd never lie or deceive.

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To Coda

Hey, ho, ho! You'll cruise to foreign shores! And you'll meet!

keep your mind and body sound by working out of doors! True friendship and adventure are what we can't live without, and
cession there may be someone you have to execute, but
when you're a professional pirate...
that's you don't

what the job's about!
have to wear a suit!

Now slowing

What? I could have been a surgeon, I like taking things a
part!
I could have been a lawyer, but I just had too much

Slower

heart!
I could have been in politics ’cause I’ve always been a big spender. And

Tempo I

me... I could have been a contender!

CODA

Hmm, hmm.
Hmm,  

hmm.

D  

G  

C  

D  

G  

Am  

Em  

D  

G  

Am  

G/B  

C  

G/D  

D  

G  

B  

Em  

Bm7  

Em  

D/F#  

Hey, ho, ho!  
It's one for all for
one!  And we'll share and share a-like with you and love you like a son!  We're gentlemen of fortune and that's what we're proud to be, and when you're a professional pirate... you'll be honest, brave and free, the soul of decency.  You'll be
loyal and fair and on the square, and most importantly,

when you're a professional pirate, you're always

in the best of company.
LOVE LED US HERE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL
Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately slow
G(add9)  Am  G/B

With pedal
D/C  C  G/D  D  G(add9)

G(add9)  Am7  G/B

Smallest:
Was I dumb or was I blind, or did my heart just

C  G/D  A7/C#

lose its mind? Why'd I go and throw our perfect dream.
Am7  D7sus  D7  G(add9)  
— away? —  Benjamina: looking back, I'll

Am7  G/B  C  
never know how I ever let you go, but

G/D  A7/C#  Am7  
destiny could see we deserved to have another day.

D7sus  D7  C/E  D/F#  G  D/F#  
Both: love led us here,
Benjamina:

Did this happen to us,
Both: or are we just dream ing?

Love led us here,

right back to where we be long.
Fm  Ab/Eb  Db(add9)  Ab/C

followed a star and here we are; now heaven seems so near.

Bbm7  Eb7sus  Ab

Love led us here.

Gb/Ab  Ab

Smalt: So take my hand,  Benjamina: and have no fear.

Gb/Ab  Ab

Both: We'll be all right. Love led us here.

molto rall.