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THIS IS HALLOWEEN

Music and Lyrics by DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately
Cm

Fm6/C

Fm6

G7

Em

Fm6/C

Cm

Shadow:

Boys and girls of every age, wouldn't you like to see something strange?

Siamese Shadow:

Come with us and you will see this, our town of Halloween!
Pumpkin Patch Chorus:

This is Halloween, this is Halloween! Pumpkins scream in the dead of night!

Ghosts:

This is Halloween, ev'rybody make a scene. Trick or treat 'til the neighbors gonna die of fright.

It's our town. Ev'rybody scream in this town of Halloween.

Creature under bed:

I am the one hiding under your bed, teeth ground sharp and eyes glowing red!
Man under the stairs:

I am the one hiding under your stairs, fingers like snakes and spiders in my hair!

Corpse Chorus:

This is Halloween, this is Halloween, Halloween! Halloween! Halloween! Halloween! Halloween!

Vampires:

In this town we call home,

Mayor:

ev’ryone hail to the pumpkin song! In this town, don’t we love it now.
Corpses Chorus:

Ev'-ry-bod-y's waiting for the next surprise. 'Round that corner, man, hiding in the trash can,

Harlequin Demon, Werewolf, Melting Man:
something's waiting now to pounce, and how you'll scream! This is Hal-loween, red and black and slimy green.

Werewolf: Witches:

Aren't you scared? Well, that's just fine! Say it once, say it twice, take a chance and roll the dice.

Hanging Tree:

Ride with the moon in the dead of night. Ev'-ry-bod-y scream, ev'-ry-bod-y scream
Cm   D7   Em
Hanged Men:  Clown:  I am the clown with the tear-a-way face.
            
In our town of Halloween!

mf

C#m   Em
Second Ghoul:

Here in a flash and gone without a trace.  I am the who when you call "Who's there?"

simile

C#m   Ebm
Oogie Boogie Shadow:

I am the wind blowing through your hair!  I am the shadow on the moon at night,

Bm   Abm   Fm
Corpse Chorus:

filling your dreams to the brim with fright!  This is Halloween, this is Halloween,
Child Corpse Trio:

Tender lumpings everywhere. Life's no fun without a good scare.

Parent Corpses:

That's our job, but we're not mean in our town of Halloween.

Corpse Chorus: Mayor: Mayor, Corpse Chorus:

In this town, don't we love it now? Everybody's waiting for the next surprise.
Corps Chorus:
Skele-ton Jack might catch you in the back and scream like a ban-shee, make you jump out of your

skin! This is Hal-low-een, ev-ry-bod-y scream! Won't ya please make way for a ver-y spe-cial guy!

Our man Jack is King of the pump-kin patch. Ev-ry-one hail to the Pump-kin King now.

Everyone:
This is Hal-low-een, this is Hal-low-een. Hal-low-een! Hal-low-een! Hal-low-een! Hal-low-een!
Corpse Child Trio:

In this town we call home, ev'-ry-one hail to the Pumpkin Song.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Halloween! Halloween!
La, la, la, la, la, la, Halloween! Halloween!

Bm

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, Halloween! Halloween!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

(wild laughter)
JACK'S LAMENT

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN

Mysteriously

There are few who'd deny what I do; I am the best, for my
talents are renowned far and wide. When it comes to surprises on a moonlit night, I ex-
cel without ever even trying. With the slightest little effort of my ghost-like charms I have

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scanned by BiobF9
seen grown men give out a shriek. With the wave of my hand and a well-placed moan I have swept the very bravest off their feet. Yet year after year, it's the same routine, and I grow so weary of the sound of screams. And I, Jack, the Pumpkin King, have grown so tired of the same old thing. Oh,
known. I'm a master of fright and a demon of light, and I'll

scare you right out of your pants. To a guy in Kentucky, I'm Mister Un-lucky and I'm

known throughout England and France. And since I am dead, I can take off my head to re-
cresc.

cite Shakespearean quotations. No animal, no man can scream like I can with the
But who here would ever understand that the

Pumpkin King with the skeleton grin would tire of his crown? If they only understood, he'd
give it all up if he only could. Oh,

there's an empty place in my bones that
calls out for something un-

known. The flame and praise come year after

eyear, does nothing for these empty

tears.

Tempo I

F#m
this? What's this? There's color everywhere. What's this? There's white things in the air. What's this? I can't believe my eyes. I must be dreaming. Wake up.

Jack, this isn't fair! What's this?
this? What's this? There's something very wrong. What's this? There's people singing songs.

What's this? The streets are lined with little creatures laughing. Everybody seems so happy. Have I possibly gone daft? What is this? What's

cresc.

this? There're children throwing snowballs in...
stead of throwing heads. They're bus- y build- ing toys and ab- so- lute- ly no one's dead. There's

frost on ev- ry win- dow. Oh, I can't be- lieve my eyes. And in my bones I feel the warmth that's

com- ing from in- side. Oh, look! What's this? They're hang- ing mis- tile-

toe. They kiss? Why, that looks so u- nique, in- spired! They're gath- er- ing a-
round to hear a story, roasting chestnuts on a fire. What's this?

In here they've got a little tree. How queer! And who would ever think, and why? They're covering it with tiny little things, they've got electric lights on strings and there's a
smile on ev'ry one. So now, correct me if I'm wrong. This looks like fun! This looks like fun! Oh, could it
be I got my wish? What's this?
Oh my, what now? The children are a-
sleep. But look, there's nothing underneath.
No ghouls, no witches here to
scream and scare them or en-snare them, only little cozy things secure inside their dream.
Slowly, tenderly
land.  (sigh)  What's this?  The

mon-sters are all miss-ing and the night-mares can't be found, and in their place there seems to be good

feeling all a-round.  In- stead of screams, I swear I can hear mu-sic in the air.  The

smell of cakes and pies are ab-so-lute ly ev-'ry-where.  The sights, the sounds, they're ev-'ry-where and
all around. I've never felt so good before. This empty place inside of me is filling up. I simply cannot get enough. I want it, oh, I want it. Oh, I want it for my own. I've got to know. I've got to know. What is this place that I have found? WHAT IS THIS?!

Christmas town? Hmm...
TOWN MEETING SONG

Music and Lyrics by DANNY ELFMAN

Jack:

Listen, everyone! There were objects so peculiar they were not to be believed. All a

round, things to tantalize my brain. It's a world unlike any

thing I've ever seen, and as hard as I try I can't seem to describe. Like a

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most improbable dream. But you

must believe when I tell you this, it's as

real as my skull, and it does exist.
cresc.

Here, let me show you!
This is a thing called a “present.” The whole thing starts with a box. A box? Is it steel? Are there locks? Is it filled with a pox? A pox! How delightful, a pox! If you please!

Just a box with bright colored paper, and the
whole thing's topped with a bow.
A bow? But why? How

ugly! What's in it? What's in it? That's the point of the thing, not to know! It's a

bat. Will it bend? It's a rat. Will it break? Perhaps it's the head that I

found in the lake! Listen now, you don't understand.
That's not the point of Christmasland. Now, pay attention!

Jack: We pick up an oversized sock and

hang it like this on the wall. Oh, yes! Does it still have a

foot? Let me see! Let me look! Is it rotted and covered with gook?
no chord

Jack:

Ah, let me explain. There's no foot inside, but there's candy.

Or

Cm/Ab C7 Fm

Mummy and Winged Demon: Winged Demon: Mummy: Winged Demon:
sometimes it's filled with small toys. Small toys! Do they bite? Do they snap? Or ex-

G Abdim7

Corpse Kid:

plode in the sack? Or perhaps they just spring out and scare girls and boys. What a

G Abdim7 G

Mayor:

splendid idea! This Christmas sounds fun! I fully endorse it! Let's
With bounce

Jack:

try it at once!

Ev'ry-one, please. Now, not so fast. There's

something here that you don't quite grasp.

Well, I may as well give them what they want.

Tempo I

And the best, I must confess, I have saved for the last. For the

ruler of this Christmas land is a fearsome king with a
deep mighty voice. Least, that is what I've come to understand.

And I've also heard it told that he's something to behold, like a lobster, huge and red.

When he sets out to slay with his rain gear on, carting bulging sacks with his big, great arms. That is, so I've heard it
said. And on a dark, cold night under full moonlight, he

flies into a fog like a vulture in the sky. And they

call him Sandy Claws. (Ominous laughter) Well at least they’re excited, but they
don’t understand that special kind of feeling in Christmastown. Oh well.
JACK'S OBSESSION

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately
G(no3rd)

Clocked-like

Vampires:

Cm/G

G

G (no3rd)

Something's up with Jack, something's up with Jack.

Ab

Cm/G

Don't know if we're ever going to get him back.

G7b9

Wolfman: G(no3rd)

He's all alone up there,

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Christmas-time is buzzing in my skull.
Will it let me be? I cannot tell.

There're so many things I cannot grasp.
When I think I've got it, then at last

through my bony fingers it does slip
like a snowflake in a

fiery grip.

Something here I'm not quite getting. Though I try, I keep forgetting.
Like a memory, long since past.
Here in an instant, gone in a flash.

What does it mean? What does it mean?
In these little bric-a-brac, a

secret's waiting to be cracked. These dolls and toys confuse me so, con

found it all, I love it though. Simple objects, nothing more. But
some-thing's hid-den through a door, though I do not have the key.

Some-thing's here I can-not see. What does it mean? What does it mean?

What does it mean?

I've read these Christ-mas books so man-y times.
know the stories and I know the rhymes. I know the Christmas carols all by heart. My
skull’s so full it’s tearing me a part. As often as I’ve read them, something’s wrong. So
hard to put my bony finger on. Or perhaps it’s really not as
deep as I’ve been led to think. Am I trying much too hard? Of
Of course! I've been too close to see! The answer's right in front of me! Right in front of me! It's simple, really. Very clear, like music drifting in the air, invisible but everywhere. Just because I can not see it, does not mean I can't believe it.

You know, I think this Christmas thing is not as tricky as it seems. And
why should they have all the fun? It should belong to anyone. Not

an - y one, in fact, but me! Why, I could make a Christmas tree. And

there's no reason I can find I couldn't handle Christmas-time. I

bet I could improve it too! And that's exactly what I'll do!

(Wild laughter)

"Eureka, I've got it!"
KIDNAP THE SANDY CLAWS

Music and Lyrics by DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately, with swagger

\( \text{Eb7} \)

\( pp \) lightly, detached

\( \text{Abm} \) \( \text{Eb7} \) \( \text{Abm} \) \( \text{Eb7} \)

\( mp \)

\( \text{Em} \) \( \text{Dbm} \) \( \text{Eb} \) \( \text{Dbm} \) \( \text{Am} \) \( \text{Bbm} \) \( \text{Gm} \)

\( \text{dim. e legato} \)

\( \text{Em} \) \( \text{Cm} \) \( \text{C+} \) \( \text{Abm} \)

Lock, Shock & Barrel:

Kidnap Mister Sandy Claws?

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scanned by Deb F9
Lock:
El

Barrel:

I wanna do it! Let's draw straws.

Shock:

Jack said we should work together.

Am
Gbm
All 3:

Dm

Three of a kind, birds of a feather, now and forever!

Am
Fm
Am

La, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la.

Wheee!

f marcato
La, la, la, la, la. Kid-nap the Sandy Claws, lock him up real tight.

Throw away the key and then turn off all the lights.

Shock:

First we're going to set some bait inside a nasty trap and wait.

When he comes a-sniffing we will snap the trap and close the gate.
Lock:

Wait! I've got a better plan to catch this big red lobster man. Let's pop him in a boiling pot and when he's done we'll butter him up!

All 3:

Kidnap the Sandy Claws, throw him in a box. Bury him for ninety years, then see if he talks.

Then Mister Oogie Boogie Man
Lock & Shock:

can take the whole thing over then.

He'll

Fm  Em  Ebm  Db  C  Db/Ab  Bbm  C
be so pleased, I do declare,

that

he will cook him rare! Wheee!

Dm  F#m  C#

Lock:

I say that we take a cannon, aim it at his door, and then
knock three times, and when he answers, Sandy Claws will be no more.

Shock:
You’re so stupid, think now. If we blow him up to smithereens,

we may lose some pieces and then Jack will beat us black and green.

All 3:
Kidnap the Sandy Claws, tie him in a bag. Throw him in the ocean, then
see if he is sad. Because Mister Oogie Boogie is the meanest guy around.

I were on his Boogie list, I'd get out of town!

He'll be so pleased by our success

that he'll reward us too, I'll bet.
Perhaps he'll make his special brew of snake and spider stew. Ummm! We're his little henchmen and we take our job with pride. We do our best to please him and stay on his good side.

I wish my cohorts weren't so dumb. I'm
not the dumb one! You're no fun. Shut up! Make me!

I've got something. Listen now, this one is real good, you'll see. We'll send a present to his door. Upon there'll be a note to read. Now, in the box we'll wait and hide until his curiosity ends.
tie-es him to look in-side. And then we'll have him, one, two, three!

Kid-nap the Sandy Claws, beat him with a stick.

Lock him up for ninety years, see what makes him tick.

Kid-nap the Sandy Claws, chop him into bits.
Mister Oogie Boogie is sure to get his kicks.

Kidnap the Sandy Claws, see what we will see.

Lock him in a cage and then throw away the key.

(Wild laughter)
MAKING CHRISTMAS

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN

Insistently
Bm

C# Bm Em6

time...

This time...

Bm

Ghosts: Accordian Player:

Making Christmas.
Making Christmas.

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Mayor:

Making Christmas, making Christmas

Clown, Corpse Mom:

Is so fine. It's ours this time, and won't the children

+Corpse Dad, Cyclops:

be surprised? It's ours this time!

+Mayor:

Em Bm/D C#

Corpse Kid:

Mummy:

Both:

Making Christmas, making Christmas, making Christmas.
Witches:

Time to give them something fun they'll talk about for years to come. Let's have a cheer from everyone. It's time to party! Making Christmas, making Christmas.

Dm

Vampires:

Snakes and mice get wrapped up so nice
Winged Demon:

with spider legs and pretty bows! It's

Corpse Father, Devil & Wolfman:

ours this time! All together,

that and this, with all our tricks we're making Christmas

Wolfman: Jack:

time! Here comes Jack!
A♭dim7  Cm/G  D/F♯

don't  be  lieve  what's  happen'ing  to

R.H. legato

Am/E  Dm6/F

me.  My  hopes,  my

Am/E

dreams...  my  fan-ta-

cresc.

A

Cm

sies.  (Wild laughter)
Harlequin Demon:

Won't they be impressed? I am a genius! See how I transformed this old rat into a most delightful hat. Hmmm! My compliments, from me to you, on this, your most intriguing hat. Con-

R.H. legato

mp playfully
sider, though, this substitute: A bat in place of this old rat.

No, no, no, now that's all wrong. This thing will never make a present. It's been dead for much too long. Try

something fresher, something pleasant. Try again! Don't give up! All together,

that and this, with all our tricks we're making Christmas
Making Christmas, making Christmas,

frantically

heavily

la, la, la! It's almost here and we can't wait, so

ring the bells and celebrate. 'Cause when the full moon

starts to climb we'll all sing out: It's Christmas time!
Bluesy shuffle (♩♩♩♩)
Bbm6

G♭7    Bbm6

Edim7   C♭m

Well, well, well! What have we here? Sandy Claws, huh? Oh, I'm really scared. So
you're the one ev'-ry-bod-y's talk-in' a-bout. Ha, ha, ha. You're

jok-in'! You're jok-in'! I can't believe my eyes. You're jok-in' me. You got-ta be. This

can't be the right guy. He's an cient! He's ug-ly! I don't know which is worse. I

might just split a seam now, if I don't die laugh-ing first. When
Mr. Oogie Boogie says there's trouble close at hand, you'd
if I'm feeling antsy and I've nothin' much to do, I

better pay attention now 'cause I'm the Boogie Man. And
might just cook a special batch of snake and spider stew. And

if you aren't shakin', there's something very wrong. 'Cause
don't ya know the one thing that would make it work so nice? A

this may be the last time you hear the Boogie song.
roly-poly Sandy Claws to add a little spice. Oh,
Three Bats:  Oogie Boogie:  Seven Lizards:  Together:

oh.  oh.  oh.  oh.  Oh,  oh.  oh.  I'm the

Ab7  G7  Cm  2

Together:

Oogie Boogie Man!

Well,  oh.  oh.  I'm the

Ab7  G7  Cm  C#dim

Santa:

Oogie Boogie Man!  Release me now or you must face the dire consequences. The

A7  Ab7  C#dim7  Ab7

Oogie Boogie:

children are expecting me, so please come to your senses. Ha! You're
Ebm

jok-in'! You're jok-in'! I can't believe my ears! Would

Ebm

someone shut this fella up? I'm drown-in' in my tears. It's

Abm

funny. I'm laughin'. You really are too much. And

Dim

now, with your permission, I'm going to do my stuff.
Santa: What are you going to do?
Oogie Boogie: I'm gonna do the best I can!

sound of rolling dice to me is music in the air, 'cause
I'm a gambling Boogie Man, although I don't play fair. It's
much more fun, I must confess, with lives on the line. Not
mine, of course, but yours, old boy. Now that'd be just fine. Re-

lease me fast or you will have to answer for this heinous act. Oh,
brother, you're somethin'. You put me in a spin. You
aren't comprehendin' the position that you're in.
It's hopeless! You're finished! You haven't got a prayer, 'cause I'm
Mister Oogie Boogie, and you ain't goin' nowhere!
SALLY'S SONG

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN

Wistfully
no chord

I sense there's

some-thing in the wind?
that feels like

tragedy's at hand.

And though I'd
like to stand by him,
can't in shake this

feeling that I have, The worst is

just around the bend. And does he
could be there last. And will we

no notice my feelings for him? ever
And will he see how much he means to me?
No, I think it's not to be.

What will become, for I am not the one.
POOR JACK

Music and Lyrics by DANNY ELFMAN

Slow

Bbm  Bbsus  Bbm  Bbsus  Bbm  Ab/Bb

What have I done? What have I done? How could I

Bbm  Ab/Bb  Em  Csus  Bbsus  Em  Fm/C

be so blind? All is lost. Where was I?

Bbm  Fm/C  Ab/Db  Bbm  Fm/C  Fm/Db  Gb/Bb  Fm/C

spoiled all, spoiled all, ev'rything's
gone all wrong. What have I done? What have I done?

Find a deep cave to hide in. In a million years they'll find me,

only dust and a plaque

that reads "Here lies poor old Jack!" But I never intended all this
madness, never. And nobody really under-

stood, (well how could they?) that all I ever wanted was to

bring them some thing great. Why does nothing ever turn out like it should? Well,

what the heck, I went and did my best. And, by God, I really tasted some thing
swell. Spoken: That's right! For a moment, why, I even touched the sky. And at least I left some stories they can tell. I did! And, for the first time since I don't remember when, I'd felt just like my old bony self again. And I, Jack, the Pumpkin King!
Spoken: That's right! I am the Pumpkin King!
And I just can't wait until next

Halloween 'cause I've got some new ideas that will really make them scream. And, by

God, I'm really gonna give it all my might! Spoken: Uh-oh!

hope there's still time to set thing's right! Spoken: Sandy Claws... rrrrrrrrrrrr
FINALE/REPRISE

Music and Lyrics by
DAMNDBY ELPWAN

Briskly
F♯7

Chorus:
B

La la la la la la la la la.

mf cresc.

A

A♯7

D

F♯7/C♯

La la la la la la la la.

mf

B♭m

G

Cm

Fm

Child Corpse
& Chorus:

Jack’s o - kay and he’s back, o - kay! He’s al -

Em

Mayor
& Chorus:

Fm

G

Ab

Db

Chorus:

right. Let’s shout, make a fuss, scream it out. Wheee!

Jack is back, now, ev’ry-one sing

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in our town of Halloween.

Child Corpse: Cyclops: Harlequin Demon:
What's this? What's this? I have n't got a
poco cresc.

Mr. Hyde: Clown: B Off-screen Voice: Wolfman:
clue! What's this? Why, it's completely new. What's this? Must be a Christ-mas
Off-screen Mayor: Voice:

thing! What's this? It's really very strange.

G#m

E C# C#m D Bm G Cm

Chorus:

This is Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, What's this? What's this? What's this?

mysteriously

G Bm Em6
this?  What's this?

SALLY'S SONG REPRISE
Moderately

G#7

C

D

rit.

mp

legato

With pedal

Slower, warmly

Jack:

My dearest friend...

Bm  E/G#

D

G#7

if you don't mind,

I'd like to join you by your
side, where we can gaze into the stars and sit to-
gather, now and forever. For it is

plain as anyone can see, we're simply meant to be.

slowly
THIS IS HALLOWEEN
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