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.

Compiled and Edited by Richard Walters
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Foreword

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Revised Edition adds eight musically diverse and attractive selections, making the volume more useful to more singers. The additions are: “I Am the Very Model,” “Marian the Librarian,” “Marry Me a Little,” “Reviewing the Situation,” “River in the Rain,” “Ten Minutes Ago,” “When I Was a Lad” and “When You’re Lying Awake.” The Sweeney Todd song “Johanna,” though very suitable to lyric baritones in its original key, has been moved to the Tenor volume at the request of tenors and teachers.

Richard Walters, editor
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ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 4/4/64, New York

Something of a “cult” musical, Anyone Can Whistle is an allegorical satire in which Angela Lansbury (in her first Broadway musical) played a corrupt mayor of a bankrupt town who comes up with a scheme to attract tourists: a fake miracle in which a stream of water appears to spout out of a solid rock. The town soon becomes a mecca for the gullible and the pious, but the hoax is exposed when the inmates of a mental institution called the Cookie Jar get mixed up with the pilgrims. Harry Guardino played a candidate for the booby hatch mistaken for the new doctor, and Lee Remick was the head nurse, so inhibited, she was unable to whistle.

BIG RIVER

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Roger Miller
BOOK: William Hauptman
DIRECTOR: Des McAnuff
CHOREOGRAPHER: Janet Watson
OPENED: 4/25/85, New York

The show is based on Mark Twain’s American classic, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, about an early 19th century Missouri boy who tries to help a runaway slave escape to the North, but accidentally winds up riding with him on a raft down the Mississippi into the deep South. Along the way they explore a country full of fraud and hate, but also full of innocence and even beauty. The Tony-winning show featured a score from country songwriter Roger Miller (“King of the Road”). As the title suggests, Big River (including even the set) evoked the river as constantly present, almost as character in the play. And in a reflective moment, Huck gazes out over the stormswept water and sings “River in the Rain,” wondering where it will carry him next.

CAMELOT

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 12/3/60, New York

Lerner and Loewe’s first Broadway production following their spectacular hit My Fair Lady, was another musical based on a highly esteemed work of British fiction, T.H. White’s novel, The Once and Future King. Again, too, they were joined by fair lady Julie Andrews and director Moss Hart for an opulently mounted retelling of the Arthurian legend, with its high-minded knights of the round table and its tragic romantic triangle involving King Arthur, his queen Guenevere, and his trusted knight, Sir Lancelot. Helped by a huge advance ticket sale, Camelot easily surmounted a divided press to become something of a Broadway legend itself—providing imagery (eventually all too apt) for the administration of President John F. Kennedy who used to play the cast album in the White House. In 1980, during a tour headed by Richard Burton (the original King Arthur), Camelot returned to New York to play the New York State Theatre for 56 performances. After Burton was succeeded on the road by Richard Harris, the musical came back again, this time to the Winter Garden for an additional 48 performances. In 1967 Joshua Logan directed Mr. Harris opposite Vanessa Redgrave in the Warner Bros. film version.
CAROUSEL

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 4/19/45, New York

The collaborators of Oklahoma! chose Ferenc Molnár’s Líliom as the basis for their second show. Oscar Hammerstein shifted Molnár’s Budapest locale to a late nineteenth century fishing village in New England. The two principal roles are Billy Bigelow, a shiftless carnival Barker, and Julie Jordan, an ordinary factory worker. This is not merely a simple boy meets girl plot, but contains a predominant theme of tragedy throughout most of the play. The score is rich with musical high points, the first coming with “If I Loved You,” sung by Julie and Billy at their first meeting. Billy’s famous “Soliloquy” is Richard Rodgers longest and most operatic song, and can truly be considered an aria. The show was presented in a major Broadway revival (a production which originated in London) in 1994.

CINDERELLA

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Ralph Nelson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jonathan Lucas
FIRST AIRED: 5/31/57 on CBS-TV

Ever the innovators, Rodgers and Hammerstein were among the first to explore the new medium of television with a full-length original TV musical. The original broadcast also was fortunate in securing the services of Julie Andrews, fresh from her triumph as the Cinderella-like heroine of My Fair Lady. In adapting the children’s fairy tale, Hammerstein was careful not to alter or update the familiar story about a young woman who collaborates with her Fairy Godmother to overcome the plots of her evil stepmother and stepsisters so she can go to an opulent ball and meet a handsome prince. Cinderella still loses her magical glass slipper, and the Prince proclaims that he will marry the girl whose foot fits the slipper. Because the original production was filmed live and could not be preserved except in black-and-white kinescope, a new production was captured on tape in 1965. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, this second version is the one that’s been aired numerous times and even released on video. A stage adaptation toured the U.S., and the musical finally made its New York stage debut in 1993 at New York City Opera, with Christa Moore as Cinderella. At the ball, the prince is stunned by how quickly he’s fallen in love with this ravishing stranger, and sings the waltzing “Ten Minutes Ago” (a duet with Cinderella in the original). An opulent new version was made for television in 1998, with pop singer Brandy in the title role and Bernadette Peters as the stepmother.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical, reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building, and their excessively protective feelings about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married, even though it’s clear their own marriages are far from perfect. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers of the time. Making a connection with another person, the show seems to say, is the key to happiness. Bobby’s fear of commitment is obvious in “Marry Me a Little,” in which he pleads for a relationship that goes only so deep and no deeper. The number was cut from the original production but restored as an Act I finale in the 1995 Broadway revival. An Off-Broadway revue of Sondheim songs also borrowed the song title as its overall title. “Sorry-Grateful” expresses the often ambivalent or caustic attitudes of sophisticated New Yorkers.
THE FANTASTICKS

MUSIC: Harvey Schmidt
LYRICS AND BOOK: Tom Jones
DIRECTOR: Word Baker
OPENED: 5/3/60, New York

The statistics alone are, well, fantastic. Since The Fantasticks opened over 40 years ago at a tiny Greenwich Village theatre, there have been, to date, many thousands of productions in the United States, fifteen touring companies, hundreds of productions in more than 66 foreign countries, and the backers have received more than 10,000% profit on their initial investment of $16,500. No other production, on or off Broadway, has ever enjoyed such a lengthy run. Curiously, the initial reviews were either mixed or negative, and producer Lore Noto seriously considered closing the show after its first discouraging week. But an Off-Broadway award, the popularity of the song “Try to Remember,” and, most important, word of mouth, all helped to turn the show’s fortunes around.

The fragile fantasy is concerned with the theme of seasonal rebirth, or the paradox of “why Spring is born out of Winter’s laboring pain.” In the story, adapted from Edmond Rostand’s play, Les Romanessques, the fathers of two youthful lovers, Luisa and Matt, feel they must show parental disapproval to make sure that their progenies remain together. When this deception is revealed, the lovers quarrel and Matt goes off to seek adventure. At the end, after a number of degrading experiences, he returns to Luisa’s waiting arms.

FOLLIES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Goldman
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett

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 elder 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, with a cast that suggests some of the vivid personalities of 1920s Broadway. The show was given two concert performances in September of 1985 at Avery Fisher Hall in New York City, with a cast that included Barbara Cook, George Hearn, Mandy Patinkin, Lee Remick, Carol Burnett and many others. A new recording of the musical was released as a result of these performances. A very complete new recording of the show, with all cut numbers, was released in 1996. At this writing, a Broadway revival is scheduled for 2001.

HMS PINAFORE

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: May 25, 1878, the Opera Comique, London

The beauty of satire is that it can mock both sides of an issue. Here the twin targets are the inviolable British class structure and the accompanying naïve pretensions of egalitarianism. The curtain rises on Her Majesty’s ship Pinafore, newly docked in Portsmouth and preparing for inspection by Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty. When Sir Joseph arrives on board, he tells of his rise from office boy to “the ruler of the Queen’s Navee” (“When I Was a Lad”). Captain Corcoran, commander of the Pinafore, has arranged for his daughter Josephine to wed Sir Joseph, though she is secretly in love with Ralph Rackstraw, a common sailor. Sir Joseph talks a good game about equality, but in the end—after numerous turns of plot and the obligatory cases of mistaken identity—he, along with everyone else, is constrained, even comforted, by the boundaries of class.

IOLANTHE

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: November 25, 1882, the Savoy Theatre, London

Iolanthe, a fairy, had committed the capital offense of marrying a mortal, but was granted exile rather than death. After twenty-five years, the fairy Queen allows her to rejoin elfin society. Meanwhile, Iolanthe’s son Strepphon, who is half fairy (from the waist up) has fallen in love with young Phyllis, ward of the Lord Chancellor. But the latter will not consent to their marriage. In fact, he’s been trying, unsuccessfully, to petition himself for her hand, and the turmoil is giving him nightmares (“When You’re Lying Awake”). In the end, Iolanthe clears the way for Strepphon and Phyllis to be wed by appealing to the Lord Chancellor, who turns out to be her husband, and who had believed her to be dead. When the entire fairy court reveals that they have married the House of Lords, the fairy Queen is in a quandary: she can’t sentence them all to death. Fortunately, the Lord Chancellor, experienced in these matters, changes fairy law with a quick bit of legislative chicanery, the Lords all sprout wings, and everyone flies off happily to Fairyland.
KISS ME, KATE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Samuel and Bella Spewack
DIRECTOR: John C. Wilson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 12/30/48, New York

The genesis of Cole Porter’s longest-running musical occurred in 1935 when producer Saint Subber, then a stagehand for the Theatre Guild’s production of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, became aware that its stars Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, quarreled almost as much in private as did the characters in the play. Years later he offered this parallel story as the basis for a musical comedy to the same writing trio, Porter and the Spewacks, who had already worked on the successful show, Leave It To Me! The entire action of Kiss Me, Kate occurs backstage and onstage at Ford’s Theatre, Baltimore, during a tryout of a musical version of The Taming of the Shrew. The main plot concerns the egotistical actor-producer Fred Graham and his temperamental ex-wife Lili Vanessi who—like Shakespeare’s Petruchio and Kate—fight and make up and eventually demonstrate their enduring affection for each other. One of the chief features of the score is the skillful way Cole Porter combined his own musical world (“So In Love,” “Too Darn Hot,” and “Why Can’t You Behave?”) with Shakespeare’s world (“I Hate Men”), while also tossing off a Viennese waltz parody (“Wunderbar”) and a comic view of the Bard’s plays (“Brush Up Your Shakespeare”). MGM’s 1953 screen version, under George Sidney’s direction, had a cast headed by Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson, and Ann Miller. The 1999 Broadway revival was highly acclaimed, plugging new life to the classic show.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 10/16/38, New York

In spite of its relatively short run, Knickerbocker Holiday is considered a significant milestone on Broadway. In one of the first musicals to use a historical subject to comment on contemporary political problems, its anti-fascist theme pitted democracy against totalitarianism in retelling the reign of Governor Stuyvesant in New Amsterdam in 1647. The story tells how the governor intervenes on behalf of an independent and troublesome knife sharpener, Brom Broeck, who has been arbitrarily selected by the council to be executed on a trumped up charge, mainly because they had no one to hang. When the father of Tina (Brom’s true love) offers his daughter’s hand in marriage to the governor, Stuyvesant reveals his feeling about love and growing old in the touching “September Song.” The reactionary governor proceeds to abolish whatever freedoms the town had previously enjoyed, and when Brom protests, throws him in jail. But Brom, the freedom loving “first American” escapes and steals the Governor’s intended bride. The musical was one of the earliest of Kurt Weill’s shows written in America, after his own flight from the totalitarianism of Nazi Germany.

LOST IN THE STARS

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 10/30/49, New York

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

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Elia Kazan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 10/7/48, New York

On hiatus from his partnership with composer Frederick Loewe, Alan Jay Lerner collaborated with Kurt Weill on this musical allegory. Love Life, termed by its authors as simply “a vaudeville,” chronicled the fluctuations of the archetypal Sam and Susan Cooper’s marriage through 157 years of American history from 1791 to 1948. The story shows how the growing tensions of modern life make it increasingly difficult for the couple to maintain their matrimonial equilibrium. This ambitious, surreal story is told through ragtime, blues, a madrigal, a ballet, clog dancing, ventriloquism, a minstrel show, and even tightrope walking. Fans have regarded the show as structurally innovative and ahead of its time.

MAN OF LA MANCHA

MUSIC: Mitch Leigh
LYRICS: Joe Darlon
BOOK: Dale Wasserman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
DIRECTOR: Albert Marre
OPENED: 11/22/65, New York

Cervantes’ great demented hero, Don Quixote, is the unlikely hero of this very popular musical of the ’60s. Although very much rooted in the Spanish novelist’s work, this musical version was adapted from Dale Wasserman’s television play, I, Don Quixote. The principal characters, besides Don Quixote, are Sancho Panza, the Don’s squire and sidekick, and Aldonza, who Quixote sees as his grand lady, Dulcinea. Richard Kiley was the original New York Don, certainly one of the best baritone roles in musical theatre literature. The film version, released in 1972, starred Peter O’Toole and Sophia Loren.

THE MUSIC MAN

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Meredith Willson
DIRECTOR: Morton Da Costa
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 12/19/57, New York

With The Music Man, composer-lyricist-librettist Meredith Willson recaptured the innocent charm of the middle American Iowa town where he grew up. It is the Fourth of July, 1912, and the abnormally charming “Professor” Harold Hill, actually a traveling con man, arrives in River City, Iowa ready to work his latest scam. He poses as a professor of music, collecting money for lessons and instruments on the promise that he can teach the town’s children how to play in a marching band through his fraudulent “Think System.” But his plans to pocket the cash and skip town are complicated by the presence of the temptingly pretty Marian Paroo, the librarian and music teacher. She sees through him immediately, but is soon won over by the palpable excitement he’s able to generate among the stuffy townspeople—and in her formerly withdrawn younger brother. The story ends with a touch of theatre magic. Just as the townspeople are about to tar and feather Hill, lo and behold, the Think System works, and the kids are able to play! The show, which took eight years and more than thirty rewrites before it was produced on Broadway, marked Willson’s auspicious debut in the theatre. It was also the first musical-stage appearance by Robert Preston, playing the role of Harold Hill, who went on to repeat his dynamic performance in the 1962 Warner Bros. screen version. A 1980 Broadway revival starred Dick Van Dyke, and Broadway had another visit from the professor in spring 2000. A sly, predatory rhythm underpins “Marian the Librarian,” Hill’s song of courtship as he stalks her among the shelves of her library.
OKLAHOMA!

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 3/31/43, New York

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

OLIVER!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Lionel Bart
DIRECTOR: Peter Coe
OPENED: 6/30/60, London
1/6/63, New York

Oliver! established Lionel Bart as Britain's outstanding musical theatre talent of the 1960s, at a time when the form was almost completely dominated by Americans. Until overtaken by Jesus Christ Superstar in the 1970s, Oliver! held the record as the longest-running musical in British history. Based on Charles Dickens' novel, the musical follows the orphan Oliver Twist and his adventures as a member of a pickpocket crew in the underworld of Victorian London, working for a wily old master thief named Fagin. Oliver! also had the longest run of any British musical presented in New York in the 1960s. The show was revived on Broadway in 1984. In 1968 it was made into an Academy Award-winning movie produced by Columbia. In the comic "Reviewing the Situation," Fagin tries to imagine the pleasures of the honest life—but upon closer examination they just don't seem to hold up.

PAINT YOUR WAGON

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
DIRECTOR: Daniel Mann
OPENED: 11/12/51, New York

Filling their musical play with authentic incidents and backgrounds, Lerner and Loewe struck it rich both musically and dramatically with a work that captured all the flavor of the roistering, robust California gold prospectors of 1853. James Barton, returning to the musical stage for the first time in twenty years, took the part of Ben Rumson, a grizzled prospector whose daughter Jennifer (Olga San Juan) discovers gold near their camp. Word of the strike quickly spreads and before long there are over 4,000 inhabitants in the new town of Rumson. Jennifer, who has fallen in love with Julio, a Mexican (Tony Bavaar), goes East to school but returns to Julio when the gold strike peters out. Rumson is virtually a ghost town, and Ben is left with nothing but his hopes and dreams. Paramount's 1969 screen version used a different story. In the leading roles were Clint Eastwood, Lee Marvin, and Jean Seberg, and Joshua Logan was the director.
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. 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 invocation 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.

PORGY AND BESS

MUSIC: George Gershwin
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin and DuBose Heyward
LIBRETTO: DuBose Heyward
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 10/10/35, New York

Universally recognized as the most esteemed and popular opera written by an American composer, Porgy and Bess began in 1925 as a novel called Porgy by DuBose Heyward. Heyward’s setting of Catfish Row in Charleston, South Carolina, and his emotional story of the cripple beggar Porgy, the seductive Bess, the menacing Crown, and the sly and cocaine dealer Sportin’ Life, fired Gershwin’s imagination even before Heyward and his wife, Dorothy, transformed the book into a play two years later. After many delays, Gershwin, with Heyward and the composer’s brother Ira, began writing the opera late in 1933, and completed it—including orchestrations—in twenty months. The initial Broadway production, with Todd Duncan and Anne Brown in the title roles, was not a commercial success, though many of the solos and duets—“Summertime,” “Bess, You Is My Woman Now,” “I Got Plenty O’ Nuttin’,” “It Ain’t Necessarily So” for example—quickly caught on. Four major revivals of Porgy and Bess have been mounted on Broadway since the first engagement. In 1942, again with Todd Duncan and Anne Brown, it ran 286 performances in a somewhat trimmed down version. In 1952, as part of a four-year international tour, it returned with William Warfield and Leontyne Price and ran for 305 performances. An acclaimed production in 1976 by the Houston Grand Opera Company featured Donnie Ray Albert as Porgy and Clamma Dale as Bess, and had a 122-performance run on Broadway. A 1983 production was based on the 1976 version and was the first dramatic work ever staged at the Radio City Music hall. It gave 45 performances. The Metropolitan Opera produced the work in 1985, the first performances ever given in that house.

SHENANDOAH

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

Shenandoah is a traditional musical concerned with a strong-willed Virginia widower and his determination to prevent his family from becoming involved in the Civil War. John Cullum’s robust performance and the play’s old-fashioned morality found favor with Broadway audiences for well over two years. The three selections in this volume are representative of the scope of the principal role of Charlie, and enormous baritone role that lies in the territory between musical theatre and full-fledged opera.
SHOW BOAT

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Zeke Colvan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Sammy Lee
OPENED: 12/27/27, New York

No show ever to hit Broadway was more historically important, and at the same time more beloved, than Show Boat, that landmark of the 1927 season. Edna Ferber’s novel of life on the Mississippi was the source for this musical/operetta, and provided a rich plot and characters which Kern and Hammerstein amplified to become some of the most memorable ever to grace the stage. Show Boat is not only a summing up of all that had come before it, both in the musical and operetta genres, but plants a seed of complete congruity which later further blossoms in the more adventurous shows of the ’30s, ’40s, and ’50s. Almost every song in the show is a familiar gem: “Make Believe”, “Can’t Help Lovin’ Dat Man”, “You Are Love”, “Why Do I Love You?”, “Bill”, and that most classic song of the musical stage, “Ol’ Man River.” A Hal Prince production of the show opened on Broadway in 1994, and later toured nationally.

SOUTH PACIFIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 4/7/49, New York

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

THE THREEPENNY OPERA

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
WORDS: Bertolt Brecht
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: Marc Blitzstein
OPENED: 1928 (Berlin), 3/10/54 (New York)

The premiere of The Threepenny Opera in 1928 marked the 200th anniversary of The Beggar’s Opera, and the earlier work is the basis for the famous Brecht-Weill collaboration. It revealed a revolutionary new style of German musical theatre, full of sardonic wit and political power. “Mack the Knife” has proven to be a durably popular product of the show, recorded and performed in widely varying styles and arrangements. Although the show had been performed in New York as early as the ’30s, it didn’t gain wide popularity until the famous 1954 production which starred Weill’s widow, Lotte Lenya. That production went on to boast one of the longest runs in New York theatrical history, and the show continues to frequently appear on stages around the world.
EVERYBODY SAYS DON'T
from Anyone Can Whistle

Words and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Allegro moderato

HAPGOOD:

Ev'-ry-bod-y says don't, Ev'-ry-bod-y says

don't, Ev'-ry-bod-y says don't, it is - n't right. Don't! It is - n't nice!

Ev'-ry-bod-y says don't, Ev'-ry-bod-y says don't, Ev'-ry-bod-y says: don't walk on the

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International Copyright Secured ALL RIGHTS RESERVED Printed in the U.S.A.
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Grass, don't disturb the peace, don't skate on the ice.

Well, I say do!

I say walk on the grass, it was meant to feel! I say sail!

Tilt at the windmill and if you fall, you fall!
Ev'ry-bod-y says don't, Ev'ry-bod-y says don't, Ev'ry-bod-y says: don't get out of line. When they say that, then, Lady, that's a sign: Nine times out of ten, Lady, you are doing just fine! Make just a ripple. Come on, be brave.
This time a ripple,

Next time a wave!

Sometimes you have to start small,

Climbing the tiniest wall,

Maybe you're going to fall,—

But it's better than not starting at all!

Everybody says no, Everybody says stop, Everybody says: mustn't rock the
boat!

Mustn't touch a thing!

Ev'rybody says

don't, Ev'rybody says wait, Ev'rybody says: can't fight City Hall. Can't.

upset the cart. Can't laugh at the King.

Well, I say try!
I say: Laugh at the kings or they'll make you cry!

Lose your poise! Fall if you have to,

(Spoken)

But, lady, make a noise!

Ev'-ry-bod-y says

(Sung)

don't, Ev'-ry-bod-y says can't, Ev'-ry-bod-y says: wait a-round for mir-a-cles.
That's the way the world is made! I insist on miracles, if you do them, miracles!

Nothing to them! I say don't— Don't be afraid!
C'EST MOI
from Camelot

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Tempo rubato
LANCELOT:

Camelot!

In far off France I heard your call.

Camelot!

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And here am I to give my all.

I know in my soul what you expect of me; And all that and

more I shall be! A knight of the table round should be in

soul of a knight should be a thing re-

vinci-ble; Suc-ceed where a less fan-tas-tic man would fail;

mark-a-ble: His heart and his mind as pure as morn-ing dew.
Climb a wall no one else can climb; Cleave a dragon in record time; Swim a moat in a coat of heavy iron mail. No matter the pain he easily work a miracle or two! To love and desire he ought to be unwincable, Impossible deeds should be his daily fare. But where in the world is there in the world A
man so extra - or - di - naire? C’est moi . . . C’est
man so un - touch’d and pure? *(Spoken modestly) C’est moi . . . C’est

P

moi! C’est moi, I’m forced to ad - mit! ’Tis I, I hum - bly re - ply. That
moi! C’est moi, I blush to dis - close, I’m far too no - ble to lie. That

mor - tal who These mar - vels can do, C’est moi, C’est moi, ’tis I! I’ve
man in whom These qual - i - ties bloom, C’est moi, C’est moi, ’tis I! I’ve

nev - er lost in bat - tle or game. I’m sim - ply the best by
nev - er stray’d From all I be - lieve. I’m bless’d with an i - ron

*2nd stanza only
When swords are cross'd
Had I been made
'Tis always the same,
The partner of Eve,
One far will.

C'est moi! C'est moi!
C'est moi! C'est moi!
So admirably fit;
A blow and au revoir!
be in Eden still.

French Prometheus unbound.
fight their battles below.

And here I stand with valor untold,
And here I stand as pure as a pray'r,
Incredibly brave, incredibly clean,

mazingly bold, To serve at the Table Round!

The know! C'est moi!
Moderato

ARTHUR:

It's true! It's true! The crown has made it clear: The climate must be

mf colla voce

Tempo giusto

perfect all the year. A law was made a distant moon a-

go here, July and August cannot be too hot;

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And there's a legal limit to the snow here.

In Camelot,
The winter is frozen,

Frozen till December,

And exits March the second on the dot.

By order summer lingers through September.
In Camelot.

Camelot!
Camelot!
I know it sounds a bit bizarre.

But in Camelot,
That's how conditions are.
The rain may never fall till after sundown. 

In short, there's simply not a more congenial spot For happily everlasting than here in Cамe lot. 

Poco meno mosso accel. Tempo giusto
Camelot!

I know it gives a person pause,

But in Camelot,

Camelot,

Those are the legal laws.
The snow may never slush upon the hillside.

In short, there's simply not

more congenial spot

For happily ever aftering than here

in

Camelot.

Poco meno mosso

accel.

Animato

accel.
HOW TO HANDLE A WOMAN
from Camelot

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Vivace

ARTHUR:

(He sings)

You swore that you had taught me every thing from A to Zed,

With nearly an omission in between.

Well, I shall tell you what you obviously forgot:

That's how a ruler rules a Queen!

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International Copyright Secured ALL RIGHTS RESERVED Printed in the U.S.A.
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And what of teaching me by turning me to animal and bird,
From beaver to the smallest bob-o-link!

I should have had a whirl At changing to a girl,
learn the way the creatures think!

wasn’t there a night, on a summer long gone by, We passed a couple wrangling away; And did I not say, Merlyn: What if that chap were I? And did he not give counsel and say... What
Moderato

How to handle a woman? There's a way, said the wise old man;
way known by every woman Since the whole rig-ma-role began.

Do I

...
brood or play the gay romancer? Said he, smiling: No in-

deed. How to handle a woman? Mark me well, I will tell you,

Sir: The way to handle a woman Is to love her...

— simply love her... Mere ly love her...
love her... love her.

(Ponders a moment, then says:) What's wrong, Jenny? Where are you these days? What are you thinking? I don't understand you. But no matter. Merlyn told me once: Never be too disturbed if you don't understand what a woman is thinking.

They don't do it often. But what do you do when they are doing it?
(He sings)

How to handle a woman? Mark me well, I will tell you,

Sir,

The way to handle a woman Is to

love her... simply love her

Mere-ly

love her... love her... love her.
IF EVER I WOULD LEAVE YOU
from Camelot

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Moderato

LANCELOT: (Sings a madrigal to GUENEVERE.)

Toujours j'ai eu le même vœux, Sur

terre une désespoir, au ciel un Dieu. Un homme désire pour être heureux Sur

terre une désespoir, au ciel un Dieu. Years may come; years may go;

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This, I know, will e'er be so: The reason to live is only to love A goddess on earth and a God above.

Con espressione

If ever I would leave you

It wouldn't be in
sum - mer; See - ing you in sum - mer, I nev - er would go. Your hair streaked with sun - light... Your lips red as flame... Your face with a lus - tre That puts gold to shame.

But if I'd ever leave you, it could n't be in
au - tumn.       How I'd leave in au - tumn,  I nev - er would know.       I've seen how you spar - kle     When fall nips the air.       I know you in au - tumn    And I must be there.       And could I leave you run - ning merri - ly through the
Or on a wintry evening when you catch the fire's glow?
If ever I would leave you, How could it be in springtime,
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by you
Oh, no, not in springtime! Summer, winter or...
spring-time,

Knowing how in spring I'm bewitch'd by you

so?

Oh, no, not in spring-time! Summer, winter or fall!

No, never could I leave you at all.

ten. poco allarg. cresc.

colla voce
RIVER IN THE RAIN
from Big River

Slowly

HUCK:

River in the rain,
sometimes at night you look, like a

long white train,
windin', your way, away somewhere.

Riv-er, 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. But sometimes in a time of trouble

when you're out of hand and your muddy bubbles roll across my
car-ryin' way the things I treas-ure;

hell, there ain't no way to meas-ure why I love you more than I

did the day be-fore. Riv-er in the rain.

som-times at night you look like a
long white train
wind-in' your way away some-where
wind-in' your way away from me.

Riv-er, I love you. Don't you care? But some-times in a

CODA
Riv-er, I've nev-er seen the sea.

D A7/D Gmaj7 A5 D5
IF I LOVED YOU
from Carousel

Allegretto moderato

BILLY: (speaks ad lib.) It’d be awful, I can just see myself.

Kind a scrawny and

pale, pickin’ at my food And love-sick like any other

Guy I’d throw away my sweater And dress up like a
dude In a dicky and a collar and a tie. If I

loved you! But

Broadly

somehow I can see Just exactly how I'd be.

Moderato espressivo

a tempo

If I loved you, Time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know,

If I loved you, Words wouldn't come in an easy way

'Round in circles I'd go!

Long in' to tell you, but afraid and shy.
I'd let my golden chances pass me by.

Soon you'd leave me, off you would go in the mist of day.

Never, never to know.

How I loved you, if I loved you!
SOLILOQUY
from Carousel

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Billy:

wonder what he'll think of me! I guess he'll call me "The old man!" I guess he'll

P(softly)

think I can lick Ev'ry other fel-ler's fa-ther; Well, I can!

bet that he'll turn out to be The spit-an' image Of his Dad... But he'll have
more common sense Than his puddin'head-ed father ev'er had.

Più mosso
teach him to wras-sle, And dive through a wave, When we go in the morn-in's for our

swim. His moth-er can teach him The way to be-have, But she

won't make a sis- sy out o' him. Not him! Not my boy! Not
Sunshine

\[\text{\textit{Speaks}}\]

Bill!

\[\text{\textit{Speaks}}\]

Bill!

\[\text{Allegro}\]

My boy, Bill! (I will see that he's named after me,)

\[\text{I will!}\]

My boy, Bill! He'll be tall, And as tough as a tree,

\[\text{Will Bill!}\]
Like a tree he'll grow, With his head held high And his feet planted firm on the ground, And you won't see nobody dare to try To boss him or toss him around! No pot-bellied, baggy eyed bully'll boss him a-

Poco allarg.
Con moto

As long as he does what he likes! He can sit on his tail, or

work on a rail With a hammer, a-hammer-in' spikes. He can

ferry a boat on a river, or peddle a pack on his
back. Or work up and down The streets of a town With a whip and a horse and a hack. He can haul a scow a-
long a can-al, Run a cow a-round a cor-ral, Or may-be bark for a
car-rus-sel Of course it takes tal-ent to do that well. He
might be a champ of the heavy-weights, Or a feller that sells you

Or President of the United States That'd be alright,

(Speaks ad lib.)

too.

His mother would like that. But he wouldn't be

(Sings)

President unless he wanted to be. Not Bill!
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall And as tough As a tree,

Will Bill! Like a tree he'll grow, With his

head held high, And his feet planted firm on the ground,

And you won't see nobody dare to try To
boss him or toss him a-round! No fat bottomed,

flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bastard 'll boss him a-

Poco più mosso

round. And I'm damned if he'll marry his

boss's daughter, A skinny lipped virgin with blood like water. Who'll
give him a peck And call it a kiss, And look in his eyes through a lorg-net
Say,

Why am I tak-in' on like this? My kid aint ev-en been born yet!

I can see him when he's sev-en - teen or so And start-in' in to
go with a girl I can give him Lots of point-ers,
ve-ry sound, On the way to get 'round an-y girl.

(Speaks)

I can tell him—Wait a min-ute!—Could it be? What the

(Speaks utterly heart-broken by the thought)

Bill — Oh, Bill!

Hell! What if he is a girl?

Original tempo

What would I do with her? What could I do for her? A bum with no money!

You can have
fun with a son, But you got to be a fa-ther To a girl!

She mightn't be so bad at that, A kid with ribbons In her hair! A kind o' neat and pet-i-tie Lit-tle

(Spoken) I can just hear myself bragging about her!

tin-type of her moth-er! What a pair!
Broader (with warmth)

My little girl, Pink and white As peaches and cream is she.

My little girl Is half again as bright As girls are meant to be!

Dozens of boys pursue her, Many a likely lad

Does what he can to woo her From her faithful dad.
She has a few Pink and white young fell-lers of two and three But

my little girl Gets hun-gry ev-ry night and she comes home to

Poco più mosso  
(Spoken) My little girl, my little girl!

me! I got to get read-y be-

fore she comes! I got to make cer-tain that she Won't be dragged up in slums Witha
with growing expression

lot of bums like me She's got to be sheltered And

con vigore

Quasi grandioso

fed and dressed In the best that money can buy! I never knew how to get

mon-ey. But I'll try, By God! I'll try! I'll go out and make it Or

sempre crescendo

rit.

a tempo

steal it, Or take it or die!

a tempo molto cres.
TEN MINUTES AGO
from Cinderella

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato, in 1

PRINCE: Waltz, in one

Ten minutes ago I saw you. I looked

The song is sung twice in the show, first by the Prince, then by Cinderella.
up when you came through the door. My head started
reeling. You gave me the feeling the room had no
ceiling or floor. Ten minutes ago I
met you. And we murmured our how-do-you-dos.
I wanted to ring out the bells
And fling out my arms and to sing out the news:

I have found her!
She's an angel,
With the dust of the

stars in her eyes.

We are dancing,
we are
Flying

And she's taking me back to the skies.

In the arms of my love I'm flying.

Over mountain and meadow and glen.

And I like it so well that for all I can tell I may
never come down again!

I may

ever come down to earth again.

gain.

Ten

gain!

s'va...
DO I LOVE YOU
BECAUSE YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL?
from Cinderella

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Espressivo

PRINCE:

Do I love you because you're beautiful? Or are you beautiful because I love you?

Am I making believe I see in you a girl too?

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Love-ly to be really true?

Do I want you because you’re won-der-ful?
Or are you won-der-ful be-cause I want you?
Are you the sweet in-ven-tion of a lov-er’s dream,

Largo

Or are you rea-ly as beau-ti-ful as you seem.
MARRY ME A LITTLE
from Company

Allegro appassionata (d = 80)

mp legato

mp espress.

Marry me a little, Love me just enough.

Cry, but not too often, Play, but not too rough.

Keep a tender distance, So we'll both be free.

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That's the way it ought to be.

I'm ready! Marry me a little,

Do it with a will. Make a few demands I'm able to fulfill.

Want me more than others,
Not exclusively.
That's the way it ought to be.
I'm ready!
I'm ready now!

dim.
You can be my best friend.

I can be your right arm.

We'll go through a fight or two. No harm.

No harm. We'll
look not too deep. We'll

go not too far. We

won't have to give up a thing. We'll

stay who we are. Right?
Okay, then.
I'm ready!

I'm ready now!
Someone,

Marry me a little,
Love me just enough.

Warm and sweet and easy,
Just the simple stuff. Keep a tender distance
So we'll both be free. That's the way it ought to be.
I'm ready!

Marry me a little, Body, heart and soul.
Passionate as hell, but always in control.

Want me first and foremost, keep me company.

That's the way it ought to be.

I'm ready! I'm ready!
now!

Oh, how gently we'll talk,

Oh, how softly we'll tread.

All the stings, The ugly things.
We'll keep unsaid.

We'll build a coon

Of love and respect.

You
prom isse what ever you like, I'll never collect.

Right?

Okay, then, I'm ready!
I'm ready now!

molto rall.  a tempo

Someone,  I'm ready!
SORRY-GRATEFUL
from Company

Words and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Rubato ($d = 60$)

HARRY:  You're always sorry,... You're always grateful,... You're

Strict rhythm

al-ways wond'-ring... what might have been... Then she walks in...

And

still you're sor-ry,  And still you're grate-ful,  And still you won-der

And

In the show Harry, Larry and David alternate verses in this song.

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still you doubt, And she goes out Ev'ry-thing's diff'rent,

Nothing's changed, Only may be slight-ly re-ar-ranged You're

sor-ry grate-ful, Regret-ful - hap-py; Why look for an-swers where

none oc-cur? You al-ways are what you al-ways were Which has
nothing to do with, All to do with her. You're

always sorry, You're always grateful, You hold her, thinking, “I'm

not alone.” You're still alone. You

don't live for her, You do live with her. You're scared she's starting to
drift away... And scared she'll stay... Good things get better,

Bad get worse... Wait, I think I meant that in reverse... You're

Tempo Iº

sorry grateful, Regretful happy. Why look for answers where

none occur? You'll always be what you always were... Which has
nothing to do with, All to do with her.

You'll al-ways be what you al-ways were, Which has nothing to do with, All to do with

Strict rhythm

her. Nothing to do with, All to do with

her.
WHEN I WAS A LAD
from HMS Pinafore

Words by W. S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro non troppo

SIR JOSEPH PORTER:

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy I made such a mark
That they of office boy to an Attorney's firm, I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, And I gave me the post of a junior clerk. I served the writs with a smile so bland, And I

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polished up the handle of the big front door.

copied all the letters in a big round hand.

I polished up that handle so carefully, That
I copied all the letters in a hand so free, That

now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!
now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!
In serving writs I made such a name
Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they

articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran' new suit
For the

took me into the partnership,
And that junior partnership I ween Was the

pass examination at the Institute.
That

only ship that I ever had seen.
But

pass examination did so well for me
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navy.
I grew so rich that I was sent by a
Now landsmen all, wherever you may be, if you
pocket borough into Parliament. I always voted at my
want to rise to the top of the tree, if your soul isn't fettered to an
party's call, and I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
ofice stool, be careful to be guided by this golden rule,
I thought so little, they rewarded me. By
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea. And you

making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee.
al all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.
TRY TO REMEMBER
from The Fantasticks

Words by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT

Rather slowly - In 3 (♩ = 126)

Keep pedal very light.

EL GALLO:

Try to remember the kind of September
When life was slow and oh so mellow.
Try to remember the kind of September
When grass was green and grain was
yellow.

Try to remember the kind of September when

you were a tender and callow fellow.

Try to remember and if you remember, then follow.

Try to remember when
life was so tender

Try to remember when life was so tender

dreams were kept beside your pillow.

Try to remember when love was an ember a.
Deep in December, it's nice to remember, although you know the snow will follow.

Deep in December, it's nice to remember, without a hurt the heart is hollow.
member, it's nice to re-member, The fire of Sep-
tem-ber that made us mel-low. Deep in De-cem-ber our
hearts should re-mem-ber, And fol-low._

pochissimo accel.
rall. al fine
THE ROAD YOU DIDN'T TAKE
from Follies

Words and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

(\( \text{\textit{d}} = 90 \))

BEN:

You're ei - ther a po - et

with pedal

or you're a lov - er Or you're the fa - mous Ben - ja - min Stone.

You take one road,
You try one door,
There isn't time for any more.

One's life consists of either / or. One has regrets which one forgets, And as the years go on, The
road you didn't take hardly comes to mind, Does it? The

doors you didn't try, Where could it have led? The

choice you didn't make never was defined, Was it?

Dreams you didn't dare are dead. Were they ever there? Who said? I
I don't remember. I don't remember at all.

The books I'll never read wouldn't change a thing. Would they?
girls I'll never know, I'm too tired for.

The lives I'll never lead couldn't make me sing.

Could they?

Could they? Chances that you miss, Ignore.

Ignorance is bliss; What's more, you won't remember, You
won't remember at all, Not at all.
You yearn for the women,

Long for the money, Envy the famous Benjamin Stones.

You take your road, The decades fly,
The yearnings fade, the longings die.
You learn to

Bid them all goodbye. And oh, the peace, the blessed peace.

At last you come to know,

The roads you never take go through rocky...
Don't they? The choices that you make aren't all that

ground,
grim.

The worlds you never see still will be a

round,

Won't they? The Ben I'll never be... Who remembers him?

molto ritard.
WHEN YOU'RE LYING AWAKE
from Iolanthe

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro ma non troppo \( \frac{d}{4} = 100 \)

LORD CHANCELLOR:

When you're lying awake with a dismal head-ache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety, I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, without impropriety; For your brain is on fire the bed-clothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you: First your
counterpane goes, and uncover your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you; Then the

blanketing tickles you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the prickling. And you're

hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the tickling. Then the

bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle; Next your
pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle! Well, you

get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eyeballs and head ever aching. But your

slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking; For you

dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in a steamer from Harwich—Which is
something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage—And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations—They're a ravenous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations. And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon); He's a
bit under siz'd, and you don't feel surpris'd when he tells you he's only eleven. Well, you're
driving like mad with this singular lad (by the bye, the ship's now a four-wheeler), And you're
playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the dealer;" But
this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle; In your
shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Sal's-bu-ty Plain on a bi-cy-cle; And

he and the crew are on bi-cy-cles too—which they've some-how or oth-er in-vest-in— And he's

tell-ing the tars all the par-tic-u-lars of a com-pa-ny he's in-ter-es-ted in— It's a

scheme of de-vic-es, to get at low pric-es all goods from cough mix-tures to ca-bles (Which
tickle the sailors, by treating retailers as though they were all vegetables.

You get a good spades-man to plant a small trades-man (first take off his boots with a boot-tree), And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree.

From the green-grocer tree you get grapes and green-pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries, While the
pas - try-cook plant cher-ry bran - dy will grant, ap - ple puffs, and three-cor - ners, and Ban-bur-ys— The
shares are a pen - ny, and ev - er so man - y are tak - en by Rothschild and Ba - ring. And
just as a few are al - lot - ted to you, you a - wake with a shud - der des - pair-ing— You’re a
accel. poco a poco
reg - u - lar wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no won - der you snore, for your head’s on the floor, and you’ve
needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep, and you've
cresc.

cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a
dim.

thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;
cresc.

\[ J = 120 \]

But the darkness has pass'd, and it's daylight at
last, and the night has been long-ditto, dit-to my

a piacere

song-

And thank goodness they're both of them o-

(Lord Chancellor falls exhausted on a seat.)

ver!

Con fuoco

ff
WERE THINE THAT SPECIAL FACE

from Kiss Me, Kate

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Andantino

Petruchio:

Were thine that special face,

The face which fills my dreaming.

Were thine the rhythm'd grace,

Were thine the form so

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lithe and slender, Were thine the arms so warm, so
tender, Were thine the kiss divine.

thine the love for me, The love which fills my
dreaming, When all these charms are thine,
Then you'll be mine, all mine.

Quasi recitativo and tenderly

I wrote a poem in classic style

p dolce

tongue in my cheek And my lips in a smile.

But of late my poem

poco sostenuto

Has a meaning so new, For, to my surprise, it suddenly applies to my darling.
Sunshine

Moderato a la beguine

you.
Were thine that

special face, The face which
fills my dreaming. Were thine the

rhythm'd grace. Were thine the
form so lithe and slender,
Were thine the

arms so warm, so tender,
Were thine the

kiss divine.
Were thine the

love for me.
The love which
fills my dreaming When all these
cresc.

charms are thine, Then you'll be mine,

a tempo

all mine,
cresc.

all mine.
WHERE IS THE LIFE THAT LATE I LED?
from Kiss Me, Kate

Allegro con fuoco

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

PETRUCHIO: Since I reached the charming age of puberty, I began to finger feminine curls. Like a
show that's typically Schubert, I have always had a multitude of girls.

But much broader ad lib

now that a married man, at last, am I, How a-

ware of my dear, departed past am I. Where is the

Tempo I
Refrain:

Where is it late I led?

now? To-tal-ly dead. Where is the

fun I used to find? Where has it

gone? Gone with the wind. A
married life may all be well But
raising an heir could never compare with raising a bit of
hell. So I repeat what first I said,

Where is the life that late I, in dear Mi-
Sanno, where are you, Momo, Still selling those pictures of the scriptures in the

Duo-mo? And Carolina, Where are you Lina, Still peddling your

pizza in the streets o’ Taormina? And in Firenze, where are you,

Alice, Still there in your pretty, itty-bitty Pitti palace? And sweet Luc-

* Pronounced “Caroleena”  ** “Leena”
retia, so young and gay—ee? What scandalous do-in's in the ruins of Pom-

pe-il! Where is the life that late led?

Where is it now? Totally dead. Where is the fun I used to
find? Where has it gone? Gone with the wind.
The marriage game is quite all right.
Yes, during the day it's easy to play, but oh, what a bore at night.
So I repeat what first I
said:
*Where is the life that late I Where is Re - bec - ca, my Beck - i - week - io?* Could still she be

cruis - ing that a - mus - ing Pon - te Vecch - io? *Where is Fe - do - ra, The wild vi -

ra - go? *It's luck - y I missed her gang - ster sis - ter from Chi - ca - go.* Where is Ve -
ne-tia, who loved to chat so? Could still she be drink-in' in her stink-in' pink pa-
lazzo? And love-ly *Lisa, Where are you Lisa? You gave a new
mean-ing to the lean-ing tow'r of Piza! Where is the life that
late I led? Where is it now?

*Pronounced “Leeza”
Totally dead.

Where is the fun I used to find?

Where has it gone?

Gone with the wind.

I've oft' been told of nuptial bliss,

But what do you do, at quarter to two, With
on ly a shrew to kiss? So I re peat what first I said:

Where is the life that late I led?
MARIAN THE LIBRARIAN
from Meredith Willson’s *The Music Man*

By MEREDITH WILLSON

Moderate 4

HAROLD:

Mar

simile

Madam I-an.

brar I-an.

What can I do, my dear, to
catch your ear? I love you madly, madly, Madam lib-

brarian, Marian. Heaven help us, if the library caught on

fire, and the volunteer hose brigade-men had to whisper the news to

Mar

ian,
What can I say, my dear, to make it clear?
I need you badly, badly, Madam librarian,

If I stumbled, and I bust-ed my what-you-ma-
call it, I could lie on your floor unnoticed, 'til my body had turned to

car ri-on,

Mad-am li-brar

an. Now in the
And a fellow would know that his darling had heard every word of his song with the
moon-light helping a long.

But when I try, in here, to tell you, dear, I

love you mad-ly, mad-ly, Mad-am li-brar-i-an,
Mar-i-an, it's a long lost cause I can

never win, for the civil-ized world ac-
cepts as un-for-giv-a-ble sin any talk-ing out
loud with any librarian, such as Madam li-

brarian.
SEPTEMBER SONG
from Knickerbocker Holiday

Moderato assai

STUYVESANT:

When I was a young man court-ing the girls I

played me a wait-ing game; If a maid re-fused me with toss-ing curls I

let the old earth take a cou-ple of whirls While I plied her with tears in place of pearls And as
time came around she came my way, As time came around she came.

But it's a long, long while From May to December.

And the days grow short When you reach September,

And I have lost one tooth and I walk a little lame,
And I have-n't got time _______ for the waiting game,

For the days turn to gold _______ as they grow few.

September, November,

d a tempo

And these few golden days I'd spend with you,
These golden days I'd spend with you.

When you meet with the young men early in spring They court you in song and rhyme,

They woo you with words and a clover ring But if you examine the goods they bring They have little to offer but the songs they sing And a plentiful waste of
time of day, A plentiful waste of time. And it's a long, long while

from May to December. Will a clover ring last

— till you reach September? I'm not quite equipped

for the waiting game, But I have a little money
and I have a little fame,  
And the days dwindle down

to a precious few,  
September,

November, And these few precious days I'd spend with

you. These precious days I'd spend with you.
LOST IN THE STARS
from *Lost in the Stars*

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

*Andante espressivo*

**STEPHEN:**

Before Lord God made the sea and the land,
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand,
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand,
And one little star fell alone.

Then the

---

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Lord God hunted through the wide night air For the little dark star on the wind down there. And he stated and promised he'd take special care So it wouldn't get lost again. Now a man don't mind if the stars grow dim And the clouds blow over and darken him, So
long as the Lord God's watching over them, Keeping track how it all goes on.

But I've been walking through the night and the day Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray, And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away, Forgetting the promise that we heard him say,
And we're lost out here in the stars,

Little stars, big stars,

bow-ing through the night,

And we're lost out here in the stars,

Little stars, big stars, bow-ing through the night,

And we're lost out here in the stars, in the stars.
THOUSANDS OF MILES
from Lost in the Stars

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

Stephen

How many miles to the heart of a child?

Thousands of miles, thousands of miles. When he

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lay on your breast, He looked up and smiled across tens of thousands, thousands of miles. Each lives alone in a world of dark, Crossing the skies in a lonely arc, Save when love leaps out like a leaping spark
Sunshine

over thousands, thousands of miles.

Not

miles, or walls, or length of days,

Nor the

cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.

For swifter than

wings of the morning, The pathways of the
How many miles to the heart of a son?

Thousands of miles, thousands of miles.

Farther off than the rails or the roadways run across tens of thousands, thousands of
The lines on the map stretch far and thin, To the streets and days that close him in,

But then as of old he turns 'round to grin o'er thousands, thousands of miles.
miles or walls or length of days, Nor the
cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart For
swift - er than wings of the morn - ing, The path - ways
allarg. f
of the heart o-ver tens of thou-sands of miles.
THIS IS THE LIFE
from Love Life

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by KURT WEILL

Allegro assai

This is the life,

the life for me!

This is the way that life should be!
I'm free!

I can be as sloppy as I

darn well please, I can sprawl on the bed at my leisure and ease, I can

throw my ashes all around the floor, I can read all night, I can
even snore. The closest's mine, every hanger in there. No more loaded hooks do I ever share. The tub is mine! The sink is mine! The chair is mine! The room is mine!

Yes, siree! This is the life.
I'm free.

Sure, I miss the kids I guess, I miss them more than I could ever say. But I am told that time will make it less and I'll grow...
used to having them away. Outside of that I'm glad I am a

lone. This is the sweetest living I have known. No more the

troubled over-anxious thought About her mood or what she's thinking

stringendo poco a poco

of. No more the hopeless feeling I am caught. Oh yes there's
peace in having not to love. Yes there is peace in hearing no one

sigh. Yes there is peace and that’s the reason why ......

Tempo I°

This is the life! The life for me!

This is the way it
ought to be! I'm free! (Speaks into telephone)

Room service! It's great when you're hungry to phone below And

not have to wait till your wife... Hello! My

name is Sam 'u'l Cooper in seventy-eight. I like to order dinner be-
fore it is too late.

I'll have shrimps and steak, make it

medium well, and the richest dessert in the whole hotel, But

(Spoken)

speed is important. Bring it on the run. I'm hungry!... What?

Yes, I said for one! You heard me! Damn it! Service for one!
Molto meno mosso

Why do they ask me ev’ry time I phone?

What’s so bizarre about a man alone?

Andante cantabile

Sure I know it’s not ideal, I still have

thoughts of her I can’t forget. But that’s a thing they say that time will heal. I wonder
why it hasn't done it yet. I wonder why the memories never
go
It even seems they're starting in to grow. Now cut it
out! Go out and have a whirl. You know the spots, go out and have a

spree. You've got a phone, go get yourself a girl! Go on you
dope! You're absolutely free!

Moderato assai  

I wish I were free of that dream I keep dreaming. The three of them swimming, then starting to drown. And I'm somewhere else and I don't hear them screaming...

And thousands of people just watch them go down.
Tempo I°

No! I'm not sitting in tonight.
I'm heading out where the lights are bright.

(Speaks into telephone) Room service! I've got my freedom, the thing is down.
But what's the sense if I don't have fun?

This is Sam-u'-l Coo-per! The order's dead! You've been too long! I'm going
I'm going out. I need a change of view. There must be something out there to do.

I got my freedom, the perfect life, don't have a family, a home, a wife. This is the life!
This is the way it ought to be! I'm free!
DULCINEA
from Man of La Mancha

Words by JOE DARION
Music by MITCH LEIGH

Moderately

DON QUIXOTE:

I have dreamed thee too

long,

Never seen thee or touched thee, but known thee with all of my heart.

Half a prayer, half a song,
Thou hast always been with me, though

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we have always apart, Dulcinea...

Dulcinea... I see heaven when I

see thee, Dulcinea, And thy name is like a

prayer an angel whispers... Dulcinea...
Sunshine

Dulcinea!

If I reach out to thee,
Do not tremble and shrink from the touch of my hand on thy hair,

Let my fingers but see
Thou art warm and alive, and no phantom to fade in the air.

Dulcinea...
Dulci-ne-a... I have sought thee, sung thee,

dreamed thee, Dulci-ne-a! Now I've found thee, and the

world shall know thy glory, Dulci-ne-a...

A tempo

Dulci-ne-a!
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM
(THE QUEST)
from Man of La Mancha

Not too slow (Tempo di Bolero)

DON QUIXOTE:

dream the im-pos-si-ble dream, To fight the un-beat-a-ble

foe, To bear with un-bear-a-ble sor-row, To

Words by JOE DARION
Music by MITCH LEIGH

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run where the brave dare not go; To right the un-right-a-ble
wrong, To love, pure and chaste, from a-
far, To try, when your arms are too wear-y, To
reach the un-reach-a-ble star! This is my
Quest to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless,
No matter how far,
To fight for the right without question or pause,
To be willing to

March into hell for a heavenly cause!
And I know, if I'll only be

True to this glorious Quest,
That my heart will lie peaceful and
And the world will be better for this,
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still

Allargando (in d)

To reach the unreachable

Allargando (in d)

a tempo

stars!
MAN OF LA MANCHA
(I, DON QUIXOTE)
from Man of La Mancha

Tempo Paso Doble

DON QUIXOTE:

Hear me now, oh thou bleak and unbearable

world, Thou art base and debauched as can be;

And a knight with his banners all bravely un-

In the show this is sung as a duet between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

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furled Now hurst down his gauntlet to thee!

I am I, Don Quijote, The Lord of La Mancha, My destiny calls and I go,

And the wild winds of fortune will carry me
onward, Oh whither so ever they blow.

Whither so ever they blow,

Onward to glory I go!

Hear me, heathens and wizards and
serpents of sin! All your das-

tardy doings are

past,

For a holy endeavor is

now to begin And virtue shall

triumph at last!
I am I, Don Quixote, The Lord of La Mancha, My destiny calls and I go,

And the wild winds of fortune will carry me onward, Oh whithersoever they blow!
Whither soever they blow,
Onward to glory I go!
LONELY ROOM
from Oklahoma!

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

The floor creaks, The door squeaks, There's a

p
cross hands

field-mouse a-nib-blin' on a broom And I set by my-self, like a

cob-web on a shelf, By my-self in a lone-ly room. But

L'istesso tempo

when there's a moon in my win-der And it
slants down a beam 'cross my bed,
Then the shad-der of a tree starts a-danc-in' on the wall And a
dream starts a-danc-in' in my head. And
all the things that I wish fer
Turn
out like I want them to be
And I'm better 'n that smart Al- eck cow- hand Who

thinks he is bet- ter 'n me!
And the
girl that I want ain't a- fraid of my arms, And her
own soft arms keep me warm. And her long, yell-er hair falls a-crost my face, Jist like the rain in a storm!

Moderato

The floor creaks, The door squeaks, And the mouse starts a-nib-blin' on the broom. And the sun flicks my eyes, It was
all a pack o' lies! I'm a-wake in a lone-ly room I

Ain't gon-na dream 'bout her arms no more! I ain't gon-na leave her a-

lone!

Go-in' out-side, Git my-self a bride,

Git me a wom-ern to call my own.
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN' from Oklahoma!

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto

CURLY:

There's a bright, golden haze on the meadow, There's a bright, golden
haze on the meadow, The corn is as high as an elephant's eye, An' it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the sky.

Moderato

Oh, what a beautiful mornin' Oh, what a beautiful day I got a beautiful feel -
in
Ev-'ry-thin's go-in' my way.

All the
cattle are stand-in' like statues,

All the
cattle are stand-in' like statues,

They
don't turn their heads as they see me ride by, But a 

little brown mav'rick is winkin' her eye.

Oh, what a beautiful mornin';

Oh, what a beautiful day,
I got a beautiful feeling,

Ev'ry thin's go-in' my way.

All the sounds of the earth are like music,
sounds of the earth are like music, The

breeze is so busy, it don't miss a tree, And an

ol' weeping willer is laughin' at me.

Oh, what a beautiful mornin',
Oh, what a beautiful day,
I got a beautiful feeling,
Everythin's goin' my way,
Oh, what a beautiful day.
REVIEWING THE SITUATION
from the Columbia Pictures-Romulus Film Oliver!

Words and Music by
LIONEL BART

Maestoso

FAGIN: a piacere

colla voce

man's got a heart, hasn't he?
Joking a-part— hasn't he? And tho'

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I'd be the first one to say that I wasn't a saint—

I'm finding it hard to be really as black as they paint. 

I'm reviewing the situation. 

Can a fellow be a villain all his life? 

All the trials
and tribulation. Better settle down and

get myself a wife. And a wife would cook and

sew for me, And come for me and go for me (And go for me), and

nag at me, The fingers she will wag at me, The money she will
take from me, A misery, she'll make from me—I think I'd better

think it out again.

wife you can keep, anyway. I'd rather sleep anyway, Left with-

out anyone in the world and I'm starting from now—

So
how to win friends and to influence people, so how? I'm reviewing the situation.

I must quickly look up everyone I know: Titled people with a station Who can

help me make a real impressive show. I will own a suite at

accel. poco a poco
Claridge's, And run a fleet of carriages, And wave at all the Duchesses with friendliness, as much as is befitting of my new estate. "Good morrow to you, Magistrate!" I think I'd better think it out again. So where shall I go? Somebod-y? Who do I know? Nobod- y! All my
dear-est com-pan-ions have al-ways been vil-lains and thieves—

So at

(my time of life) I should start turn-ing o-ver new leaves___ I'm re-view-ing___

the sit-u-a-tion.______ If you want to eat you've

got to earn a bob!________ Is it such a
_humiliation_ For a robber to perform an honest

accel. poco a poco

job? So a job I'm getting possibly, I wonder how the

accel. poco a poco

boss'll be? I wonder if he'll take to me? What bonuses he'll make to me? I'll

start at eight, and finish late, At normal rate and all, but wait! I think I'd better
think it out a - gain

What hap - pens when I'm

colla voce

sev - en - ty?

Must come a time-

Sev - en - ty

When you're

old and it's cold and who cares if you live or you die.

Your

one con-so-la-tion's the mon-ey you may have put by

I'm re-view-ing
the situation. I'm a bad 'un and a
bad 'un I shall stay! You'll be seeing
no transformation But it's wrong to be a
accel. poco a poco

rogue in ev'ry way. I don't want no-bod-y
accel. poco a poco
hurt for me, Or made to do the dirt for me. This rotten life is not for me. It's

meno mosso

going far too hot for me. Don't want no-one to rob for me, But who will find a

meno mosso

job for me? I don't care what they've got for me. But who will change the plot for me? I

rall.

Prestissimo

think I'll have to think it out again.

Hey!
I GOT PLENTY O' NUTTIN'
from Porgy and Bess

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
and DUBOSE HEYWARD
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto

Moderato con gioja (Banjo Song)

PORGY: happily

Oh, I got plenty o' nuttin',
An' nuttin's plenty fo' me. I got no car, got no mule, I got no misery.

De folks wid plenty o' plenty got a lock on day.

In the context of the opera this includes chorus.
'Fraid some-bod-y's a-go-in' to rob 'em while dey's out a mak-in' more.

What for? I got no lock on de door, (dat's no way to be).

Dey kin steal de rug from de floor, Dat's o-keh wid me, 'Cause de things dat I prize, Like de stars in de skies, all are free.

Oh, I got plen-ty o' nut-tin', An'...
nut-tin’s plen-ty fo’ me. I got my gal, got my song, got Hebben de whole day long. No use com-plain-in’! Got my gal, got my Lawd, got my song.

I got plen-ty o’ nut-tin’, An’ nut-tin’s plen-ty fo’
me. I got de sun, got de moon, got de deep blue sea.

De folks wid plen-ty o' plen-ty
Got to pray all de day.

Seems wid plen-ty you sure got to wor-ry how to keep de deb-ble a-way, a-way.

I ain't a-fret-tin' bout hell Till de time ar-rive.
Nev-er wor-ry long as I'm well,
Never one to strive to be good, to be bad, what de hell, I is glad I's alive. Oh, I got plenty o'

nut-tin', An' nut-tin's plenty fo' me. I got my gal, got my song, Got Hebben de whole day long. No use com-plain-in', Got my gal, got my Lawd,

(optional)

--- got my song! ---
THEY CALL THE WIND MARIA
from Paint Your Wagon

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Allegro Moderato

STEVE:

Away out here they got a name For

wind and rain and fire;

The rain is Tess, the

(simile)

fire's Jo, And they call the wind Maria.

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Maria blows the stars around and sends the clouds a-flyin'.
Maria makes the mountains sound like folks were up there dyin'.

Maria!
Maria!
ri-a! They call the wind Ma-

Più vivo

ri-a! Be-fore I knew Ma-

ri-a's name And heard her wall and whin-in', I

(simile)

had a girl and she had me, And the sun was al-

ways
Shinin' But then one day I left my girl, I left her far behind me; And now I'm lost, so god-durn lost, Not even God can find me. Maria!
Sunshine

They call the wind Ma -

Out

here they got a name for rain, For wind and fi -

on - ly.

But when you're lost and all a - lone, There.
ain't no word but lonely.

I'm a lost and lonely man

Without a star to guide me.

Maria, blow my love to me; I need my girl beside me.
Sunshine

Lento
Tempo I (perdendosi)

Blow my love to me.
Allegro vivace

I AM THE VERY MODEL
from *The Pirates of Penzance*

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

MAJOR-GENERAL:

I am the very model of a modern Major-General; I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral; I answer hard riddles; I've a pretty taste for paradox; I

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know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical, From Marathon to Waterloo, in
quote, in elegies, all the crimes of Heliogabalus; In conies I can floor peculiar

order categorical; I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical, I
arities parabolics; I can tell undoubted Raphael's from Gerard Dows and Zofanies I

understand equations, both the simple and quadratic, About binomial theorem I'm
know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of Aristophanes! Then I can hum a fugue of which I've

(Bothered for next rhyme—struck with an idea—joyfully)

teeming with a lot o' news, With many cheerful facts about the
heard the music's din afore, And whistle all the airs from that in

square of the hypo-}

Then

ernal non-sense, Pin-a-

ten tial cal-cu-lus; I

ver-y good at in-te-gral and dif-

erren-tial cal-cu-

is, I can write a wash-ing bill in Bab-

cy-lon-ic cu-

be-ings an-i-mal-cu-lous. In short, in mat-

ters veg-e-ta-

rac-tus's uni-form: In short, in mat-
ters veg-e-ta-

am the ver-y mod-el of a mod-

ters veg-e-ta-

ters veg-e-ta-

eral.

ters veg-e-ta-ble, an-

eral.

eral.

In fact, when I know what is meant by “mam-e-lon” and “rav-e-lin”, When

I can tell at sight a Mau-ser ri-fle from a jav-e-lin, When such af-fairs as sor-ties and sur-

pris-es I’m more wa-ry at, And when I know pre-cise-ly what is meant by “com-mis-sa-ri-at”, When
I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gunner-y, When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nursery. In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy,

(Bothered for a rhyme—struck with an idea)

You'll say a better Major General has never sat a gee-

For my military knowledge, tho' I'm
plucky and adventurous, Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century; But

still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a

modern Major General.
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE
from Shenandoah

Angrily - in 2 ($d = 92$)

CHRIS:

Stand and show your colors...
Let's all go to war.

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Lord will surely bless us. I've heard it all before.

I've heard it all before. They always got a holy cause to march you off to war.
Tyranny or justice, anarchy or law. We must defend our honor, I've heard it all before. I've heard it all a hundred times. They
always got a holy cause that's worth the dy-in' for.

Someone writes a slogan, raises up a flag.

Someone finds an enemy to
blame. The trumpet sounds the call to arms to leave the cities slower and the farms. And always the end-in' is the same, the same, the same, the same. The
Andante - rubato

dream has turned to ash-es, the wheat has turned to straw. And

someone asks the question: “What was the dy-in’ for? The

Stronger

liv-in’ can’t re-mem-ber, the dead no long-er care. But

Men

next time it won’t hap- pen. Up-on my soul I swear.
Angri ly (Tempo I)

I've heard it all a hun-dred times.
I've heard it all be-
cresc.
for.

Don't tell me “It’s dif-
rent now.”
I've heard it all,

sff

I've heard it all,
I've heard it all be-

cresc.

molto rit. ten.
a tempo

I've heard it all,

molto

rit.
sva

a tempo

ad

lib
MEDITATION I
from Shenandoah

Music by GARY GELD
Words by PETER UDELL

Moderato

CHARLIE: a tempo

They’ll say we made life here in Virgin-ia, and we owe the com-mon-wealth a thing or

(Talks:) Well, if anyone here owes anyone here: Virginia should be owin’ me and . . . . . . . . . you.

two.

Remember how it used to be when it was only you and me,
Sunshine

Martha?
Remember when we didn't know how to make potatoes grow, back a hundred years ago, Martha?

We settled in a corner of the Shenandoah Valley and we started on a penny and a crumb.

[Poco piu mosso]

[Ad lib]

You were sweet as clover, and I was green all over... Everywhere except my thumb.  

I
[Ad lib, slowly]

think of how it used to be, the way we strug-gled, Mar-tha, you and me.

(Spoken:)

I took an ax and I chopped us a clearin', hung us a door on a maple frame.

Raised up a roof, got us out of the weather; then came Jacob and James.

A little broader

(Sings:)

Jac - cob and James and Apr - il rains.

and frost and snow and grow - in’ pains.
(Spoken:) You brought me drink and I planted an acre, sowed us the seed we were countin' on.

(Sings:) Rubato - Colla voce

A little faster

Seems we could grow more than beans by the acre; Welcome Nathan and John.

a tempo

Jacob and James. Nathan and John. Blessed are

f a tempo

those heaven smiles upon. Root out the weeds, the stumps and the rocks;
Hook up the mule and the plow. Got a Jenny and a Henry Anderson now; An apple tree with a
broader (more deliberate) a tempo rall.
fruited bow; A lovin' wife with child again. And I'm thinkin' I should sleep with the cow, Martha,
slowly (slower than before) p a tempo rall.
(Spoken:) Now, send for the Doc, no, I best go and bring 'im. Pour me a drink and I'll
yonder in the barn with the cow.

accel. tempo I
(Sings:) lightly rit. molto rit.
drink for joy.
Get out the den-im, roll up the ging-ham, name him Robert, he's a boy.
Sunshine

Slowly

(Spoken:)

Henry and Robert... and then You were gone, Martha.

(Spoken:)

And... me... I got twenty-eight years in this farm,

My blood, my sweat and my

cresc. poco a poco

tears in this farm, and no one's gonna come along and say that I owe any part, not the
ti-ni-est part to an-y-one in an-y sin-gle way! This farm don’t be-long to Vir-gin-ia.

My sons bleed but not for the south. This land here is An-der-son land by the

strength of my hand and the sweat on my brow, for as long as the Lord will al-low!

Maestoso
L’istesso in 2
MEDITATION II
from Shenandoah

Rubato

CHARLIE:

The dream has turned to ashes. The wheat has turned to straw. And someone asks the question: "What was the dying for?"

The graves are filled with answers—each one just and true. — For

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[Meno]

all men fin - ly rea-son: _______ "What else could I do?"

[Passionately]

Rubato (accel. e cresc.)

rall.  a tempo

I heard the drums, the dis-tant drums,

I tried to turn a - way.______ But in the end the
price of peace was more than I could pay. I have no shame. I
lay the blame at someone else's door. And so the seeds of hate are sown that blow from war to
Sunshine

poco accel. e cresc.

war.  What for?  Oh.  Lord,  what

continue cresc. e accel.  f  accel.

for?

Maestoso

[Slowly]

North or South, they're all our children,

born of flesh in joy and in pain. They're yours and mine, our past and our future,
Sent to die in vain. Gray or Blue they're more than just numbers,

more than tally scores in a game. The face-less have names! They're Jacob and James!

Robert! and Anne! Our daughters and sons, yours and mine. All our children every one!
OL’ MAN RIVER
from Show Boat

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Poco lento

*JOE:

Dere's an ol' man called de Mis - sis - sip - pi, Dat's de ol' man dat I'd like to be.

What does he care if de world's got trou - bles? What does he care if de land ain't free?

Ol' man riv - er, Dat ol' man riv - er, He mus' know sump-in' But don't say nuth-in', He

*Joe is accompanied by chorus in this scene in the show.

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jes' keeps roll-in', He keeps on rollin' along.

don't plant ta-ters, He don't plant cot-ton An' dem dat plants'em Is soon forgot-ten, But

ol' man riv'er, He jes' keeps rollin' along.

You an' me, we sweat an' strain, Bod-y all ach-in'an' racked wid' pain.
Tote dat barge! Lift dat bale! Git a little drunk An' you land in jail.

I git weary An' sick of try-in', I'm tired of livin' An' skeered of dy-in'; But

ol' man river, He jes' keeps rollin' along!

Colored folks work on de Mississippi, Colored folks work while de
white folk play. Pul-lin' dem boats from de dawn to sunset,

Don't look up an'
don't look down, You don't dast make de white boss frown;

Bend yo' knees an' bow yo' head, an' pull dat rope un-
Let me go 'way from de Missisipi,
Let me go 'way from de white man boss.
Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,
Dat's de ol' stream dat I longs to cross!
Ol' man river, Dat ol' man river,
He mus' know sump-in' But
don't say nuth-in', He jes' keeps rol-lin', He keeps on rol-lin' a-
long.

He don't plant ta-ters, He
don't plant cot-ton An' dem dat plants'em Is soon for-got-ten, But

ol' man riv-er, He jes' keeps rol-lin' a-long.
You an' me, we sweat an' strain, Body all ach-in' an' wracked wid' pain.

Tote dat barge! An' lift dat bale! Git a little drunk an' you land in jail.

poco a poco cresc.

I git weary An' sick of tryin', I'm tired of livin' An'skeered of dyin'; But

[full] poco a poco cresc.

ol' man river He jes' keeps rollin' a long!
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
from South Pacific
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Slowly with expression
EMILE:

You may see a stranger, You may see a stranger
Across a crowded room And somehow you know,

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then... That some-where you'll see her a-gain and a-
gain. Some en-chant-ed eve-ning

Some one may be laugh-ing. You may hear her laugh-ing A-cross a
crowd-ed room And night af-ter night, As strange as it
The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams. Who can explain it, who can tell you why?

Fools give you reasons, wise men never try.

Some enchanted evening, when you find your true love,
When you feel her call you
Across a crowded room,
Then fly to her side
And make her your own,
Or all through your life you may
dream all alone.

Once you have found her, Never let her go!

Once you have found her, Never let her go!
EMILE:

One dream in my heart

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par • a • dis e
This nearly was mine.

Close to my heart she came
Only to fly away

way
Only to fly as day flies from

moon • light.
Now, now I'm a lone.

*Repeat can be started here.
Still dreaming of paradise,

Once nearly was mine.

So clear and deep are my fancies

Of things I wish were true.

I'll keep remembering.
evenings I wish I’d spent with you I’ll
keep remembering kisses From lips I’ll
never own And all the lovely ad-
ventures That we have never known.

D.S. al Fine
MACK THE KNIFE
from The Threepenny Opera

Moderato (d = 66)

Macheath:

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear
And he

shows them pearly white
Just a jack-knife

rolls start to spread
Fancy gloves, though

has Macheath, dear
And he keeps it

wears Macheath, dear
So there's not a trace of

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When the red sight
On the sidewalk Sunday morning
Lies a body oozing life;
Some one's sneaking 'round the corner.
Is the someone Mack the
Knife? From a tug boat by the river. A cement bag's dropping down; The cement's just for the weight dear. Bet you Mackie's back in town.
Louie Miller disappeared, dear

After drawing out his cash,
And Macheath spends

like a soldier
Did our boy do something

rash?

Suckey Tawdry, Jenny Diver,
Polly Peachum, Lucy Brown, Oh, the line forms on the right, dear Now that Mackie's back in town, Oh, the line forms on the right, dear Now that Mackie's back in town.
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