A collection of songs from the musical stage, categorized by voice type. The selections are presented in their authentic settings, excerpted from the original vocal scores.

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Mark Carlstein and Milton Granger, Assistant Editors

Foreword

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

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

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

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

Some of the Volumes 1 and 2 of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology have been revised. Two songs formerly in Baritone/Bass Volume 1 are now found in Volume 3 (“Come Back to Me” and “On a Clear Day”).

Two songs written for musical film are found here because they fit nicely with this collection. “Santa Fe” is a little known and unusual scena for a young lyric baritone from the Disney musical Newsies. I couldn’t resist including the richly funny “Les Poissons” from The Little Mermaid.

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

The twelve solo volumes of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology now total nearly 500 songs! The three volumes for any voice type offer a huge number of choices. The baritone/bass books have 120 songs to choose from! Happy hunting.

Richard Walters, editor
August, 2000
THE SINGER’S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY
Baritone/Bass Volume 3

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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.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

MUSIC: Alan Menken
LYRICS: Howard Ashman and Tim Rice
BOOK: Linda Woolverton
DIRECTOR: Robert Jess Roth
CHOREOGRAPHER: Matt West
OPENED: 4/18/94, New York; still running as of 2/1/00

Disney made its Broadway debut with a big-budget adaptation of its own Oscar-nominated animated film musical. Like the classic fairy tale on which it is based, Beauty and the Beast tells the story of a witch who transforms a haughty prince into a fearsome Beast (and his retainers into household objects). Her spell can be broken only when the prince learns how to love, and how to inspire love. Lyricalist Ashman died in 1991 just as the film was coming out. The stage score includes several trunk songs written for the film, but not used, plus five new songs with lyrics by Broadway veteran Rice. In a nearby village, headstrong heroine Belle finds herself beset by the town stud, Gaston, who believes he's God's gift to womanhood. Gaston shares his glowing—and colossally self-centered—vision of their future life together, in "Me." Belle rejects him anyway, and it's up to Gaston's drinking buddies to comfort him with the comic ego massage, "Gaston." Is there any wonder the Beast starts to look pretty good to her, even after he takes her prisoner in his enchanted castle? Belle soon finds herself adopted by the various living clocks, teapots, candlesticks and cutlery who strive to matchmake their beastly boss and the eligible but understandably resistant maiden. The Beast can't help his insensitivity toward Belle, but he knows she's his last chance for humanity—in several senses—as he sings in his soliloquy "If I Can't Love Her."

CABARET

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

This moody musical captures the morally corrupt world of Berlin's demimonde just as the Nazis were coming to power. American writer Cliff Bradshaw shares a tiny apartment with Sally Bowles, the hedonistic star singer at a seedy nightclub. Soon, he comes to see all of Germany through the dark lens of that increasingly menacing cabaret, which is ruled over by a ghostly Emcee. Songwriters Kander and Ebb changed the score extensively for the film version, and made further changes for the show's Broadway revivals in 1987 and 1998. For the 1987 revival they wrote an extra song for Cliff. Early in the show, Sally descends on Cliff in his apartment, hoping that he'll welcome her. When he's less than thrilled, she's crushed and offers to leave. In the tender "Don't Go," he finds himself changing his mind.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York; a run of 872 performances

Based on Maureen Dallas Watkins' 1926 play Roxie Hart, this tough, flint-hearted musical tells the story of Roxie (Gwen Verdon), a married chorus girl who kills her faithless lover. She manages to win release from prison through the histrionic efforts of razzle-dazzle lawyer Billy Flynn (Jerry Orbach), and ends up as a vaudeville headliner with another "scintillating sinner," Velma Kelly (Chita Rivera). This scathing indictment of the American legal system, political system, media and morals may have been ahead of its time in its original 1975 production (it was also overshadowed by the opening of A Chorus Line the same season). But it came roaring back for a stylish, Tony-winning 1996 revival that has already run longer than the original. Lawyer Flynn is introduced with "All I Care About," in which he protests ingenuously that money, fame and sex aren't his goals in life—all he cares about is "love."
CLOSE THAN EVER

MUSIC: David Shire
LYRICS: Richard Maltby, Jr.
OPENED: 11/6/89, New York; a run of 252 performances

This revue about urban life began as a file of unused songs by the writers. In 1987 six Maltby/Shire songs were used in a production entitled Urban Blight. Two years later an hour long revue featuring these songs, plus others from the writers, was done in cabaret in Greenwich Village. The revue was expanded to two acts, workshoped, and opened for a brief run in November of 1989. It is structured for four singers (two men, two women) as well as an onstage pianist and bass player. Both writers' fathers were orchestra leaders, and "If I Sing" was written as an autobiographical account of dealing with an aging parent.

THE FIREBRAND OF FLORENCE

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
BOOK: Edwin Justus Mayer
DIRECTORS: John Murray Anderson and John Haggott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Catherine Littlefield
OPENED: 3/22/45, New York; a run of 45 performances

Kurt Weill's rich score embellished Ira Gershwin and Edwin Justus Mayer's musical comedy adaptation of Mayer's 1924 hit play Firebrand, a comic romance about the adventures of Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Italian Renaissance sculptor and goldsmith. In the story, Cellini not only must outwit his patron, the bumbling Duke of Florence, who lusts after Angela, Cellini's model, but also the Duchess, who lusts after Cellini. "A Rhyme for Angela" is a romantic tribute to the ingenue.

FOOTLOOSE

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

Based on the hit 1984 film musical of the same title, Footloose tells the story of a tiny midwest town where dancing is illegal. It seems the son of town preacher Rev. Shaw Moore was killed in a car accident after a dance some years back, and, in the aftermath, Rev. Moore moved the town council to enact the ban. Enter town newcomer Ren McCormack, who quickly becomes a rebel with a cause: he works to overturn the ban even as he courts Rev. Moore's pretty daughter Ariel. Despite mixed reviews, the show quickly became a favorite with younger audiences, partly because of its subject matter, and partly because of the pervasive high-energy dancing that broke the town's ordinances left and right. Ren has gotta dance! Eventually, Ren's persistence begins to melt the reverend, who comes to the realization that a dancing ban isn't the most fitting of memorials to his lost boy, as he expresses in his soul-searching soliloquy, "I Confess."

GIGI

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Joseph Hardy
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ohnà White
OPENED: 11/13/73, New York; a run of 103 performances

Lerner and Loewe wrote the score to the opulent MGM musical Gigi in 1958, during the high tide of their collaboration after My Fair Lady and before Camelot. It felt strongly like a stage musical, and in 1973, it became one. Along the way, it earned the distinction of being the first Broadway version of a Hollywood musical to use virtually the entire original score—including "I Remember It Well," "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and "The Night They Invented Champagne." Set in Paris, the fin-de-siecle tale concerned a French girl who shocks her grandmother and aunt, two elegant cocottes, by her determination to get the dashing but bored Gaston Lachaille to propose marriage. Eventually, of course, he does. The story originated in a 60-page novella by Colette, which was then turned into a 1930 French film (with Danielle Delorme) and a 1954 Broadway play (with Audrey Hepburn). The 1958 MGM film musical incarnation starred Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier. The 1973 Broadway adaptation starred Karin Wolfe, Daniel Massey and Alfred Drake. The title song comes near the end of the piece, when Gaston, who always thought of Gigi as a sweet child, suddenly realizes that she has blossomed into a woman of considerable allure.
THE HAPPY TIME

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: N. Richard Nash
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Gower Champion
OPENED: 1/18/68, New York; a run of 286 performances

A gentle, nostalgic look at a French-Canadian family in a small town. The Happy Time was adapted from the novel by Robert Fontaine and the play by Samuel Taylor, which Rodgers and Hammerstein had produced in 1950. The musical was primarily concerned with the coming of age of a young member of the Bonnard family (played by Michael Rupert) and his desire to see the world with his uncle Jacques (Robert Goulet), a footloose photographer who has returned to his family for a brief visit. The use of projected slides to establish the mood for the various scenes was one of the controversial (at the time) but highly effective touches introduced by director Gower Champion. “I Don’t Remember You” is one of the score’s gentle, bittersweet songs.

I LOVE YOU, YOU’RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE

MUSIC: Jimmy Roberts
LYRICS AND BOOK: Joe DiPietro
DIRECTOR: Joel Bishoff
OPENED: 8/1/95, New York; still running as of 02/01/00

This sleeper hit Off-Broadway revue turns a satirical eye on the whole messy process of being single, dating, finding romance, picking a mate, marrying, having children, having affairs, trying to rekindle the spark in marriage, etc. Though simple in its conception, the show truly found its niche as a good “date” musical, sailing past 1400 performances as of New Year 2000, and seeing productions in cities around the world. “The Baby Song” chronicles one of the lesser-known perils of parenthood: babbletalk taking over your conversation.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Craig Carnelia
BOOK: Jeffrey Kindley
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Nigro
OPENED: 5/7/82, New York; a run of 12 performances

Based on a 1976 book of the same title, the revue-like Is There Life After High School? introduces us to a group of grownups who relive with nostalgia and horror the agonies and ecstasies of their high school years. In the show’s opening number, the cast invites the audience to remember with them, and meet “The Kid Inside” who still embarrasses—and inspires—they.

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS

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

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

JEKYLL & HYDE

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

Based on Robert Louis Stevenson’s 1886 novella “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” this show took nearly a decade to arrive on Broadway. However, the first full score by pop composer Frank Wildhorn was already familiar to most lovers of musical theatre from two widely circulated concept albums. These proved especially popular among professional skaters for the background music of their programs. A North American tour also helped make the show familiar to most of the rest of America before arriving in New York. As in the Stevenson book, a well-meaning scientist, Dr. Henry Jekyll, invents a potion that separates the noble side of man’s nature from the evil, bestial side. Using himself as guinea pig, Jekyll soon finds he has unleashed an uncontrollable monster, Mr. Hyde, who cuts a murderous swath through London. In the show’s opening number, the young Jekyll is grieving over his father’s hopeless mental illness in the song “Lost in the Darkness,” which sets him on the road to his own fateful experiment.
THE LITTLE MERMAID
(film)

MUSIC: Alan Menken
LYRICS: Howard Ashman
DIRECTORS: John Musker and Ron Clements
SCREENPLAY: John Musker and Ron Clements
RELEASED: 1989, Walt Disney

Based on the Hans Christian Andersen tale, The Little Mermaid marked the Disney studio's triumphant return to the animated screen musical. Ariel, a young, sea-dwelling mermaid, longs to be human. She falls in love with the human prince and, aided by some magic, gets her wish. The phenomenal artistic and commercial success of this film spawned a renaissance of big-budget feature films made for children. Besides the theatrical income and merchandising, The Little Mermaid and its Disney successors have gone on to become the bestselling videocassettes in history. "Les Poissons" is the palace chef's bright waltz in honor of his favorite dish, not something to be taken lightly when half the cast of the movie is of that variety.

MARRY ME A LITTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
DIRECTOR: Norman Rene
CHOREOGRAPHER: Don Johnson
OPENED: 3/12/81, New York; a run of 96 performances

This little Off-Off-Broadway revue (which quickly moved up to Off-Broadway) took a pile of Stephen Sondheim trunk songs, orphaned when they were cut from his well-known shows, or written for shows never produced, and gave them a narrative home. In director Norman Rene's elegantly simple concept, a man and a woman who are living alone in separate apartments, but share the same stage space, à la Alan Ayckbourn, sing about the misfortunes of their love lives that have brought them to these lonely places. The implication is that if they were to meet, they might find happiness. "Happily Ever After," which was dropped from Company to make room for "Being Alive" (with which it shares several themes) reflects the man's scalding view of marriage: "happily ever after in hell."

MARTIN GUERRE

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

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

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: March 14, 1885, London

Into the town of Titipu rushes Nanki-Poo, who introduces himself to the populace before stating his business: he seeks news of Yum-Yum, his true love. Alas, she is to be married that very afternoon to Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner. Ko-Ko enters to general acclaim. He has no intention of executing anyone, ever, for in truth he is next in line for the chopping block. Nevertheless, if a victim were needed, he’s “got a little list” of annoying candidates (“As Some Day It May Happen”). Unfortunately for him, that day has arrived, for word comes from the Mikado, the emperor of Japan, that someone must be executed, and soon. Ko-Ko finds a willing subject in Nanki-Poo, who, contemplating suicide rather than life without Yum-Yum, agrees to be beheaded instead, under the condition that he first be allowed a month as Yum-Yum’s husband. The young lovers wed, and Ko-Ko ultimately agrees to pretend the execution has taken place without actually performing it. All seems well until the Mikado himself appears, accompanied by the spinster Katisha. She’s long had her sights set on Nanki-Poo, who it turns out is no troubadour, but the Mikado’s son. The only way to avert her wrath is for Ko-Ko to woo her, which, reluctantly, he does, and marry her himself. In this lampoon of corruption in government, even underhanded officials can eventually bring about a happy ending.

Minnie’s Boys

MUSIC: Larry Grossman
LYRICS: Hal Hackady
BOOK: Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher
DIRECTOR: Stanley Prager
CHOREOGRAPHER: Marc Breaux
OPENED: 3/26/70, New York; a run of 80 performances

Minnie’s boys were the Marx Brothers—Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo and the quickly eliminated Gummo—and the musical was concerned with the way Mama Marx (Shelly Winters) pushed and shoved her brood up the show business ladder. The musical ended with the team, after many false starts, finally assuming the characteristic trademarks (Groucho’s mustache and cigar, Harpo’s wig and “dumb” act, Chico’s cone-shaped hat and Italian dialect) that would later help win them immortality on the screen. The book was co-authored by Groucho’s son, Arthur, and Groucho himself served as consultant. But despite some fun that anticipated scenes in their films, the show’s resemblance to Gypsy didn’t help it. Among the score’s brightest moments: the comedy song “Where Was I When They Passed Out the Luck?,” in which the brothers ruefully catalog their many strengths—with the failure to possess luck always canceling them out. Audiences everywhere know Harpo as the mute brother; it was perhaps inevitable that he was cast with the show’s finest voice and given the heartbreaking “Mama a Rainbow” to sing to Mama on her birthday. They may not have any money to buy her a present, but they give her love in the form of beautiful wishes.

THE MUSIC MAN

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Meredith Willson
DIRECTOR: Morton Da Costa
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 12/19/57, New York; a run of 1,375 performances

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 abundantly charming “Professor” Harold Hill, actually a travelling 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, Jo 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 was preparing for another visit from the professor in spring, 2000. In “The Sadder But Wiser Girl,” Hill explains to his friend Marcellus why he’s attracted to women with experience.
NEWSIES
(film)

MUSIC: Alan Menken
LYRICS: Jack Feldman
SCREENPLAY: Bob Tzudiker and Noni White
DIRECTOR: Kenny Ortega
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Kenny Ortega and Peggy Holmes
RELEASED: 1992, Walt Disney Pictures

Newsies is an old-fashioned, sing-and-dance-in-the-streets kind of movie musical. Set in New York City in 1900, the story is based on actual events involving the organized solidarity of all the newsboys of the city in standing up to the newspaper publishers. Their teenage leader, streetwise but soft-hearted orphan Jack Kelly (Christian Bale), inspires the movement, with the help of his more taciturn and intellectual friend David (Bet Moscow). Ann-Margret has a featured role as a kindly vaudevillian who befriends the boys, and Robert Duvall plays publisher Joseph Pulitzer as a typical Disney greedy bad guy. Brian Denon is the only reporter in New York to cover the story, and helps the boys publish their own paper to state their views when all the papers in town cooperate to stonewall the newies. The movie is full of the little roughians singing and dancing in lavish production numbers on the streets of the city. The style looks like a combination of West Side Story and Oliver! Typical of the live action Disney movies of the '60s, the unfairly oppressed kids are pitted against the mean adults. Of course, the kids win. Film-goers of the '90s were reluctant to embrace this throwback style of film, and it fizzled at the box office. “Santa Fe” is sung by Kelly after he has just visited a normal family’s home for the first time in his life.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

MUSIC: Burton Lane
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
BOOK: Alfred Uhry
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 10/17/65, New York; a run of 280 performances

Alan Jay Lerner’s fascination with the phenomenon of extrasensory perception led to his teaming with composer Richard Rodgers in 1962 to write a musical to be called I Picked a Daisy. When that didn’t work out, Lerner turned to composer Burton Lane, with whom he’d worked in Hollywood years before. The result is a show about Daisy Gamble, who not only predicts the future, but under hypnosis by Dr. Mark Bruckner, can recall her past life as Melinda Wells in 18th century London. Mark discovers her prowess of ESP and quickly assures her she isn’t abnormal, simply “ahead” in that department (“On a Clear Day You Can See Forever”). Mark becomes infatuated with Melinda, who becomes a romantic rival to the present-day Daisy. They split up, but he persuades her to “Come Back to Me” in the up tempo entreaty of the same title. Barbra Streisand starred in the 1970 Vincente Minnelli filmed version of the musical.

ON THE TOWN

MUSIC: Leonard Bernstein
BOOK AND LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 12/28/44, New York; a run of 463 performances

This major show was the Broadway debut of some very major talents: composer Leonard Bernstein, choreographer Jerome Robbins, and writers Betty Comden and Adolph Green. It was based on the Robbins-Bernstein ballet from the previous year, Fancy Free. The story is of three sailors on a 24-hour leave in New York City. They each meet a girl, of course. The soulful sailor, Gabey, embarks on the seemingly hopeless quest to track down Ivy Smith, that month’s Miss Turnstiles, whose picture on the subway has captured his heart. When he surprisingly succeeds, he erupts in a little flash of joy, “Lucky to Be Me.”

PARADE

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

The musical that opened at New York’s Lincoln Center got mostly negative reviews for its relentlessly downbeat subject matter: the true story of Leo Frank, a Jewish factory manager accused of—and lynched for—the murder of Mary Phagan, an underage female worker, in 1913 Atlanta. But the sterling cast album released a few months later helped build a cult of devoted fans for this short-run musical, which went on to win the 1999 Tony Awards for Best Score and Best Book of a Musical. The doomed Leo sings two dramatic solos during his trial. In the jazzy “Come Up to My Office” he portrays himself as the prosecution has pictured him: a cartoonishly smirking lecher luring young girls behind locked doors and closed blinds. Later, at his lawyer’s urging, Leo takes the stand to speak in his own defense. “It’s Hard to Speak My Heart,” reveals his true feelings, insisting, to the song’s heartbeat rhythm, “I never touched that child.”
RUTHLESS!

MUSIC: Marvin Laird
BOOK, LYRICS AND DIRECTION: Joel Paley
OPENED: 5/6/92, New York; a run of 302 performances

This campy Off-Broadway musical is the story of 8-year-old enfant terrible Tina Denmark, who is willing to do anything, anything, to be a star. Driven by a ferocious stage mother, Tina claws her way through the seamy underside of show business—adding no small measure of seaminess of her own. The show spoofs every cliché of show business in every back-stage film and stage musical ever. In the comedy number, "I Hate Musicals," a snobby theatre critic takes a hatchet to our favorite theatrical form, listing everything he detests about song and dance shows. He reveals that he even hates this very song, the one he's singing!

SATURDAY NIGHT

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Julius J. Epstein, based on the play Front Porch in Flatbush by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Kathleen Marshall
OPENED: 2/14/60, New York; still running as of 02/15/00

Saturday Night goes down in musical theatre history as having had one of the longest gestation periods on record: 46 years. The story of a group of buddies trying to get dates (and make their fortune) in 1920s Brooklyn, was written by Sondheim in 1954 when the composer was just 24. When the original producer Lemuel Ayers died, so did plans for a Broadway production, and the manuscript sat in Sondheim's trunk for four decades, dismissed (by the composer) as juvenilia. Over the years, several of the songs surfaced in Sondheim anthologies, including "Sondheim: A Celebration." Varese Sarabande's "Unsung Sondheim" album recorded most of the score for the first time. Following a 1996 reading that pleased Sondheim, the show had a successful London production at Bridewell Theatre in 1997. Chicago's Pegasus Players gave the show its U.S. premiere in spring, 1999. An Off-Broadway premiere was finally arranged at Second Stage on Valentine's Day, 2000. Gene is a runner on Wall Street in the spring of 1929, the stock market's manic heyday before the crash later that year. He crashes at the Plaza Hotel and meets another party crasher, Helen. They sing "Isn't It?" in their first minutes of attraction to one another, hesitant and nervous in declaring their feelings. (The song is adapted as a solo for this edition.)

SIDE SHOW

MUSIC: Henry Krieger
LYRICS AND BOOK: Bill Russell
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Longbottom
OPENED: 10/16/97, New York; a run of 91 performances

She's Daisy; she's Violet. They're Siamese twins. That's the oftbeat story of this fictionalized biography of real-life conjoined twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who climb from carnival freak show through vaudeville to the Ziegfeld Follies in the early decades of the 20th century. The musical concentrates on their doomed romance with two men, Terry and Buddy, who act as their coach and agent, but who ultimately can't get over what they see as the sisters' deformity. The show attracted a small but devoted cult that was unable to keep the show running more than three months. Stars Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley, who suggested their conjoined state simply by pressing together one hip each, have appeared together repeatedly since, including James Joyce's The Dead (2000). Before Terry and Buddy pluck the sisters out of clutches of the sadistic freak show manager, fellow freak Jake warns them "The Devil You Know" may be safer than the devil they don't. His words prove prophetic, because Terry finds the only way he can allow his feelings of love to blossom is when he imagines the sisters as whole, separated women, as he explains in "Private Conversation." When Jake finds that the sisters' love is going unrequited, he reveals his own hitherto hidden feelings, in "You Should Be Loved."

SMILE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS, BOOK AND DIRECTION: Howard Ashman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Mary Kyte
OPENED: 11/24/86, New York; a run of 48 performances

Based on the 1975 Jerry Belson film of the same name, Smile arrived on Broadway loaded with expectations it could never meet. First, it was the first new musical on Broadway for composer Marvin Hamlisch since his triumphs with A Chorus Line and They're Playing Our Song. It was also the first new musical for lyricist Howard Ashman since his smash Little Shop of Horrors. But just to make things a little tenser, the whole process of preparing the show for Broadway was being clocked by TV's "60 Minutes," which filed a series of reports about its progress. After all, how could you miss with a musical spoof of American beauty pageants? The story follows two of the young hopefuls: Doria, a loser who hopes to transform her life, and Robin, who isn't quite sure how she got into all this. Perhaps the unsentimental tone of the material didn't jibe with audiences expectations, but the show flopped very publicly. Several of its lovely songs have been recorded over the years, and Ashman took time to do a rewrite for stock productions that solved many of the problems. However, it was his last Broadway show. He headed to Hollywood where he helped revitalize Disney with his scores (with Alan Menken) to The Little Mermaid, Beauty and the Beast and Aladdin. He brought along Jodi Benson, who originated the role of Doria, to supply the voice of the Little Mermaid. In the title song, a photographer flatters and coos over the contestants as they pose for the coming pageant.
STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley
DIRECTOR: Anthony Newley
CHOREOGRAPHER: Virginia Mason
OPENED: 10/3/62, New York; a run of 555 performances

Anthony Newley, who also directed and starred in the original London production (July 20, 1961), played the lead on Broadway in this colorful and imaginative allegorical musical about the absurdity of ambition and the constriction of middle-class life. Littlechap, a clown version of Everyman, marries the boss’ daughter (Anna Quayle). As his life progresses and he becomes successful in business and politics, he begins having affairs with girls of various foreign nationalities (all played by Quayle). Singing “What Kind of Fool Am I?” (which became Newley’s signature tune), Littlechap ends his days reflecting on the emptiness of a life of lovelessness and lies. The 1966 Warner Bros. screen version, directed by Philip Saville, featured Tony Tanner and Millicent Martin. The stage production, somewhat revised, came back to Broadway in 1978 starring Sammy Davis Jr. That same year Davis also appeared in a film version of this revival, titled Sammy Stops the World, directed by Mel Shapiro.

SUNSET BOULEVARD

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

Sunset Boulevard, based on the 1950 Billy Wilder film, provided Broadway and the West End with one of the greatest diva vehicles ever. Dealing with a tortured woman whose advancing age leads to rejection and madness, this musical shows the debilitating aftereffects of Hollywood stardom in all their gothic glory. The show premiered in London in 1993 with Patti LuPone as the former silent screen star Norma Desmond who is desperate to make a comeback (though she loathes that word). After several lawsuits, the Broadway role went to Glenn Close, who had played the show in Los Angeles. The story involves a young screenwriter who stumbles into Norma Desmond’s life. She falls in love with him, and he accepts her lavish attention. Miss Desmond has a pathetic plan to return to the screen with her own hopelessly overwritten adaptation of Salome. She thrills when the studio invites her to come by. But she’s then crushed when she learns they don’t want her— they want her vintage car, as an antique prop. Her life and sanity quickly fly apart, with tragic consequences for all. In a song for Miss Desmond’s butler (who turns out to be her husband!), her greatest fan cautions Joe that he must show the godess the ultimate respect because, after all, she was once “The Greatest Star of All.”

TITANIC

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

The whole idea of a musical about the sinking of the luxury liner Titanic was unsettling to many Broadwayites. Few thought Yeston, Stone and company could pull it off. And reports of technological glitches during the early previews threatened to turn the whole project into a joke. And yet, when they finished counting the Tony ballots in 1997, Titanic won for Best Musical. Credit the strength of Yeston’s score that explored the emotional nuances of a whole tapestry of characters and situations. The music takes theatre-goers inside the head of the captain, the shipbuilder, the millionaires, the social climbers and the illiterate immigrants—each with their dreams and worries that are changed forever by the events of that fateful journey. In its opening number, “In Every Age,” the musical reminds us that tragedy of the sinking has overshadowed the incredible pride (and hubris) of the Titanic’s sheer technical achievement. The song offers a tribute to human ambition and determination. Similarly, “There She Is” captures the awe that both passengers and crew felt when they first glimpsed the “ship of dreams.”

VICTOR/VICTORIA

MUSIC: Henry Mancini; additional musical material by Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS: Leslie Bricusse
BOOK: Blake Edwards
DIRECTOR: Blake Edwards
CHOREOGRAPHER: Rob Marshall
OPENED: 10/25/95, New York; a run of 734 performances

After a 35-year absence, Julie Andrews made her ballyhooed return to Broadway in this stage adaptation of her 1982 film musical, directed and co-written by her husband, Blake Edwards. Desperate for a job in Depression-era Paris, singer Victoria (Andrews) turns to her friend, the aging self-described “drag queen” Teddy, who sings to her of the glories of their city, “Paris by Night.” Then, Teddy has a brainstorm: He convinces Victoria to pose as a female impersonator named Victor—making her a woman pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman. (She’s a smash, and attracts the attentions of King Marchan, a Chicago gangster who feels strangely attracted to “Victor.” King tries to work his way through his sudden doubts about his own masculinity in the comic soliloquy, “King’s Dilemma.”)
WHEN PIGS FLY

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

As in his previous campy, satirical musical comedy revue *Whoop Dee Doo!*, writer/designer Howard Crabtree takes an incident from his past and pumps it full of laughing gas. Central character "Howard," who not coincidentally resembles Crabtree, is trying to put together a satirical, gay-themed revue, not unlike the one we're watching. Naturally, everything goes wrong. The title refers to a cutting comment made by young Crabtree's guidance counselor, that he'd be working on Broadway "when pigs fly." The counselor's spirit appears in the show, persistently belittling Howard's determination to get the show on its feet. Sadly, Crabtree died just days before the opening of this Off-Broadway hit. The songs "Sam and Me" and "Laughing Matters" emerge from battles backstage and onstage in the resulting show-within-a-show.

WHOOP DEE DOO!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND SKETCHES: Dick Gallagher, Peter Morris, Mark Waldrop and Howard Crabtree
DIRECTOR: Phillip George
OPENED: 6/29/93, New York; a run of 258 performances

This campy Off-Broadway revue offers a gay view of the world told entirely through a *Follies*-like extravaganza—though on a miniscule budget, showcasing Howard Crabtree's wildly imaginative costumes. In addition to the "on stage" songs, we get a "back stage" saga of a temperamental prima donna. Steve is incensed at virtually everything about the proceedings and makes life very difficult for the harried stage manager, played by Crabtree. Even Steve's complaints become the launching points for more crazy numbers. Example: when Steve gripes about bugs backstage, a huge pest strip appears, festooned with actors dressed as flies, who sing "Stuck on You." Waldrop and Gallagher's "Last One Picked" is another punning number about being gay in a sports-obsessed world.
ME
from Walt Disney’s Beauty and the Beast:
The Broadway Musical

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Steadily

E Emaj7 E6 Emaj7 E Emaj7 E7 D/F# Gm E7/G#

GASTON:

You’ve been dreaming, just one dream, nearly all your life.
This equation, girl plus man, doesn’t help just you.

A Amaj7 A6 Amaj7 A Amaj7 A&m7b5

Hoping, scheming, just one theme: Will you be a wife?
On occasion women can have their uses too.

G#m F&m7 B7 G C#7 B/D# Em C#7/E#

Will you be some man’s property?
Mainly, to extend the family tree.
Good news! That he-man's with me!

Pumpkin, extend with me!

We'll be raising sons galore,
each built six-foot-four!

Each one stuffed with every Gaston gene!

You'll be
keep-ing house with pride. Each day, grat-i-fied

you are part of this i-dyl-lic scene.

(Spoken:) Picture this: A rustic hunting lodge... my latest kill, roasting over the fire... my little wife massaging my feet...

while the little ones play on the floor with the dogs. Oh, we'll have six or seven!
Strapping boys... like me!

I can see that we will share all that love implies.

We shall be the perfect pair; rather like my thighs.

You are face to face with destiny!

All roads
lead to... The best things in life are... All’s well that ends with me!
  Es - cape me? There’s no way. Cer - tain as
Do Re, Belle, when you mar - ry (Spoken:) So, Belle, what’ll it be?
  Is it “yes,” or is it... “Ohhh, yes!”
me!
GASTON
from Walt Disney’s Beauty and the Beast:
The Broadway Musical

Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Rowdy barroom Waltz

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LeFou:
Gosh, it disturbs me to see you, Gaston, looking so

Asus    Am

down in the dumps.       Ev’ry guy here’d like to be you, Gaston,

Bm7b5/A  Asus  Am

even when taking your lumps.   There’s
no man in town as admired as you. You're everyone's favorite guy.
Everyone's awed and in
spoken by you, and it's not very hard to see why.
A Tempo
No one's slick as Gaston. No one's fights like Gaston, douses
quick as Gaston. No one’s neck’s as incredibly
lights like Gaston. In a wrestling match, nobody

thick as Gaston’s. For there’s no man in town half as
bites like Gaston. For there’s no one as burly and

manly. brawny. As you see, he’s got biceps to spare.

You can ask any Tom, Dick or Stanley.
Not a bit of him’s scraggly or scrawny. That’s
and they'll tell you whose team they prefer to play on. No
And every last inch of him covered with hair. No

one's been like Gaston, a kingpin like Gaston No one's got a swell
one hits like Gaston, matches wits like Gaston In a spitting match,

cleft in his chin like Gaston. As a specimen, yes, he's in
no body spits like Gaston. He's especially good at ex

timidating! My, what a guy, that Gaston!
pectorating. Ptoooey! Ten points for Gaston!
N.C.

Give five "hur-rah's!" Give twelve "hip - hips!" Gas-

A/G

A/G Bb/G G7 N.C. G G7#5(b9)
ton is the best and the rest is all drips! No one
ton!

C N.C. E7sus E7 Am/E
When he was a lad he ate four doz - en

D7sus D7 G/D
eggs ev - 'ry morn - ing to help him get large.

And
now that he’s grown, he eats five dozen eggs so he’s roughly the
crescendo
moto rall.

size of a barge!
No one

shoots like Gaston, makes those beauts like Gaston. Then goes tromping a-
a tempo

round in his boots like Gaston. I use antlers in all of my
D9  D7  C/G  F/G

dec - o - rat - ing! My, what a guy,

Em/G  F/G  F#7/G  G  G7

Gas

locO

C  Cmaj7  C6  C

ton!

Ab7  G7  C
IF I CAN’T LOVE HER
from Walt Disney’s Beauty and the Beast: The Broadway Musical

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Freely

C  Am

pp

F  C/G  G7  C

Beast: And in my twisted face

Am  C/G

there’s not the slightest trace

F  Fmaj7/G  G  Eb

hints of kindness. And from my tortured shape,

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no comfort, no escape.

With more motion

utter blindness. Hopeless, as my

dream dies. As the time flies, love a

lost illusion. Helpless, unf or -
her. No passion could reach me,
no lesson could teach me how I could have
loved her and make her love me too. If I

Agitated

F/A  Fm/Ab  G7  Am

can’t love her, then who?
Long ago, I should have seen
all the things I could have been.
Careless and unthinking, I moved
onward!
No pain could be deeper. No life could be cheaper.
No point anymore, if I can’t love her.

No spirit could win me.

No hope left with in me, hope I could have loved her and that she’d
DON'T GO
from the musical Cabaret

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderately
Gmaj9  Am7/G  Gmaj9  Am7/G

If you're
pp legato

Gmaj9  Am7/G  Gmaj9  Am7/G

running away,  I can't stop you, I know.  Don't go.

Gmaj9  Am7/G  Gmaj9  Am7/G

Have you
I noticed I wear my heart on my sleeve? Don’t leave.

To you, I’m just another face, This har - um, scar - um

life, this giddy, hectic life, A warm con - ven - ient

place, A cas - u - al romance. But to

But
Sal-ly, stay. You may think I'll be glad if von Schwartz-zen-baum calls, but
Sal-ly, stay. You may think that in time I'll for-get how it was, but

That's not so, don't go, Sal-ly.

To Coda
Coda

Don’t go, Sally, Don’t go.
I CONFESS
from the Broadway musical Footloose

Words by DEAN PITCHFORD
Music by TOM SNOW

Freely, but agitated
Em(add2) REV. MOORE:
Oh, yes! He has all the answers.

He’s gonna set me straight. How can he presume to know what

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less they've had a son?

Moderately

B(add2)

perfect as a child could be, the best of all the best in me, my

brush with immor-tal-i-ty, my kid. For six-teen

B(add2)

winters and fifteen springs, I had a son, and still it stings when

G/F
I remember all the things we did,

me and my kid.

Simple things like fishing at the lake,
tiptoeing out before dawn,

Bobby would worry if
we didn't hurry, all of the fish would be gone.

We would sit and huddle in the boat, waiting for something to bite.

And I'd watch the sunrise in my own son's eyes.

And the world would fill up with light.
Moderately fast

And Bobby would ask a million questions. "Daddy,

how many is the biggest number?" Or "Daddy, why do I have a thumb?"

And I con-

fess I didn't always have the answers, I didn't always know which way was

espressivo

ture.

Never the less, I've always tried to lead with love. That's
all that any father can do. As the years went by, we had our
dif'rences. But then who doesn't? Even if the friendship wasn't all it was before, we shared a
lot, and who'd have thought that so much joy could vanish in a blink? Who

ev'er stops to think? And in that final moment who knows what went wrong? The
questions come too late and linger far too long. And I confess I don’t

always have the answers, I don’t always know which way is true. Never the-

less, I’ve always tried to lead with love. That’s all that any father can do...

And then look... look, what do I do?
With growing intensity

This boy comes to me, this fatherless child. I

poco rall.          mp a tempo

scoff at his pain and I send him away! My daughter speaks up and I

mf

_ shout her down, _ I won’t hear a word of what she has to say! My

wife reaches out _ and I turn my back. I send her to bed _ without
even a kiss! Can my God forgive the things I have done while

appassionato

I've tried forgetting how much I'm still missing my son?

rall.

I'm tired of feeling nothing but numb.

May - be the time has come to fin - al - ly let the world in.
Moderately

G/B  C  F/C  C  G/C  C

But how do I begin?

F/C  C  C/F  G  F(add2)  G  Am

Give me strength and maybe then

F(add2)  G  Em7  F  C/E  G/D  C

I can reach my fellow men so we all may

G  E/G#  Am  Dm7  F/G  C#m7  F#7

rise again.

pp  mp  cresc.  rit.
fess  I don’t al - ways have the an - swers,  I

_f a tempo_

don’t al - ways know which way is true.  Ne - ver - the-less, I’ve al - ways tried to
rail.

lead with love.
That’s

Faster

all that an - y fa - ther can do.
ALL I CARE ABOUT
from Chicago

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderately

\[\text{Music notation}\]

BILLY:

I don’t care a-bout ex-pen-sive things,
I don’t care for wear-ing silk cra-vats,

cash-mere coats,
ru-by studs,
dia-mond rings,
sat-in spats.

don’t mean a thing.

All I care a-bout is love.
That’s what I’m here for.
Give me two
Show me long

eyes of blue,
softly saying
I need you,

Let me see her standing there.
And honest, Mister, I'm a
Keep your money, that's e-

millionaire.
I don't care for any fine attire.
Vanderbilt might admire, No, no, not me,

All I care about is love.

Enough for me.

I don't care for having Packard cars or
smoking long black cigars.
No, no, not me,

All I care about is doin' a guy in who's

pickin' on you. Twistin' the wrist that's turnin' the screw.

All I care about is love!
IF I SING
from Closer Than Ever

Freely and reflectively

A tempo, moderato (♩ = c. 92)

My father's pride

was in his hands. The piano was his soul.

I watched in wonder as he played show tunes, Miles off from rock and
roll.

What he loved he taught me.

Now music's what I

do.

And often when I'm writing,

In my hands Dad's there

too.

If I sing, you are the music.

If I fly, you're why I'm

good.

If my hands can find some magic,

You're the
one who said they could. When the child who's still in
side me, finds a song in empty air, when there is
joy in making music, it is you who put it there. My dad grew old.
His hands grew numb. And now he cannot play.

I came to visit it. He sat and asked me, "How could it be this way?"

I couldn't find an answer.

I played this tune for him instead. My father sat there smiling. For he
I knew what it said.
If I sing, you are the music. If I
love, you taught me how.
Every day your heart is beating in the
man that I am now.
If my ears are tuned to wonder, if when I
reach, the chords are there, if there is joy in making
music, It's a joy that we both share. I never told you. It took time till I could see. That if I sing, You are the music. And you'll always sing in me. Yes, you'll and more freely always live in me.
A RHYME FOR ANGELA
from the musical production The Firebrand of Florence
Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by KURT WEILL

Moderato amoroso

Verse:

C

It’s always been a

Em Dm7

pleasure to dedicate a measure to the lady who

Dm7/G C E7♯5 E7

trigued me at the time. Diana and Ros-

A7(add6) D7(add6) G7(add6) C7(add6)

anna and Lanna and Susannah were names I sang in
rhythm and in rhyme. Cornelia and Aurelia, Cecilia and Ophelia inspired lovely lyrics from my pen. But Angela is something else again. I can
Fmaj7   F6   Gm7   C9   Fsus9
find a rhyme for Luc-y, for

Gm9   Gm7   Cm7   F9   D7
instance, her kiss is juic-y but

Gm7   C7sus6   C7   F   Dm(sus4)   Dm7
I must confess, I'm lost, more or less, with

poco cresc.

G7   C7   Am   Gm   Fmaj7   F6
Angel-a; Angel-a; I can find a
rhyme for Chloe, for instance, her

breast is snowy but rhyming is

lame when you get a name like Angela.

Angela. If only her name were O-
liv - i - a
she could be a cute bit of

triv - i - a
if she were called Ma - ri - a, or

e - ven Dor - oth - e - a, she'd be my So - le Mi - a di

vine.
I can find a rhyme for
F9
Irm-a, she's heav-en on ter-ra

Am7 D7 G D7 G
firm-a but Ange-la has no pat-ter and

Eb9 Dm7 Gm7 C7
yet, what does it mat-ter if An-gel-a's heart rhymes with

1 F C7 2 F Gm7 F
mine. I can mine.
GIGI
from Gigi

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Allegro furioso

GASTON:

She's a babe!

Just a babe!

Still cavorting in her crib; Eating

breakfast with a bib; With her baby teeth and all her baby curls.
She's a tot! Just a tot! Good for bouncing on your knee. I am positive that she doesn't even know that boys aren't girls. She's a snip! Just a snip!

Making dreadful baby noise; Having fun with all her toys; Just a
chick-a-dee who needs her mother hen. She's a cub! A pa-
pose! You could never turn her loose. She's too infantile to take her from her pen.

Of course, that

Moderato (Soft-shoe)

week-end in Trouville. In spite of all her youthful zeal. She was ex-
ceedingly polite, And on the whole a sheer delight. And if it was not joy ga-lore, At least not once was she a bore That I re-

call. No, not at all. Spoken: Hah! She’s a child! A sil-ly

ten. poco rall. ten. mf

child! Ad-oles-cent to her toes, And good
heaven, how it shows. Sticky thumbs are all the fingers she has got.

She's a child! A clumsy child!

She's as swollen as a grape. And she doesn't have a shape. Where her figure ought to be it is
not.

Just a child! A growing child!

But so backward for her years. If a boy her age appears, I am

certain he will never call again. She's a scamp and a

brat! Doesn't know where she is at. Unequipped and undesirable to
Moderato

Of course, I must in truth confess, That in that

brand new little dress, She looked surprisingly mature And had a

definite allure. It was a shock, in fact, to me, A most a-

mazing shock to see The way it clung On one so young. Spoken: Ah! She's a
girl! A little girl! Getting older, it is true.
Which is what they always do; Till that unexpected hour When they
Andante, molto rubato
blossom like a flower... Oh no!
Oh, no...! Sung: There's sweeter music when she speaks.

Isn't there? A different bloom about her cheeks, Isn't there? Could I be
wrong? Could it be so? Oh, where, oh, where did Gi - gi go?

Allegro moderato (sempre rubato)

Gi - gi, am I a fool without a mind, Or have I merely been too blind to realize? Oh, Gi - gi, why you’ve been growing up before my eyes.

Gi - gi, you’re not at
all that fun-ny, awk-ward lit-tle girl I knew! Oh,

no! O-ver night there’s been a breath-less change in
cresc.

dim.

you. Oh, Gi-gi, while you were trem-bling on the brink Was I out

p

yon-der some-where blink-ing at a star? Oh, Gi-gi, have I been
standing up too close or back too far?

When did your splendid turn to fire? And your warmth become desire? Oh, what miracle has made you the way you are?

Tempo I, molto appassionato

Gigi...!
Gigi...

Gigi...

Oh, no! I was mad not to have seen the change in you! Oh, Gigi, while you were trembling on the brink. Was I out
yon-der some-where blink-ing at a star?  Oh, Gi-gi, have I been
standing up too close or back to far?  When did your
spar-kle turn to fi-re?  And your warmth be-come de-si-re?  Oh, what
mir-a-cle had made you the way you are?
I DON'T REMEMBER YOU
from The Happy Time

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly

mp

I don't remember you. I don't remember you.

mp

I don't recall a single thing we used to say or do.

What dancing in the park? What laughter in the dark?

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What smoul-d’ring fireplace that lit your face with every spark?

And if I left you once before,

Some-how I can’t recall it any-more. That was an-

other girl, You’re not at all like her. Tho’ for an
in - stant, when you touched me, I be - lieved you were. But I was
bear a faint re - sem - blance you’re an - oth - er face. Yes, I was

This mo - ment is new be - cause I can’t, I won’t, I

1
F#m G G/A A13 D a tempo
D
A7
don’t re - mem - ber you.
That was an -

2
F#m G Em7 A9 D a tempo
D
A7
don’t re - mem - ber you.

a tempo
THE BABY SONG
from *I Love You, You’re Perfect, Now Change*

Lyrics by JOE DIPIETRO
Music by JIMMY ROBERTS

Delicately; like a music box $$ \text{D} = 120$$  (last time only)

Freely

“Ah, de wittle baby! - Ah, de bittle waby!”

Well, I dread that I’m regressing, with my

(hold last time only)

mp

colla voce (playfully)

A+ C#\n
head this baby’s messin’;

wee-ba, dwee-ba, doo-ba, dab-by doo.

Bm

Once

E/ G\n
A/ G

A7

I became a parent, I became quite incoherent;

ma-ma, ma-ma, da-da, woo-hoo-
When I'm hurt, I get a boo-boo, when I sleep, I take a su-su;
nap-py, nap-py, nap-py, swee-py-swoo. In the car I go, "Vroom, vroom, vroom!" ...In the
john I make a boom-boom; wop-pa, wop-pa, wop-pa, poo-poo-poo. Can I
stop this? God, I wish it, 'cause I sound just like a dip-shit! Yee-ha, yee-ha, yee-ha, boob-y
Boo!

Tenderly and freely

Now I

Bm

Slowly

A/C\#4

D

A7/E

D/F\#4

Doo-ba, dab-by, dee-by, dub-by,

hearing my baby cry-cry; so it's time that I go bye-bye.

Softly, tenderly

wee-ba, wee-ba, woo-zy, woo-

slowly rit.
LOST IN THE DARKNESS
from Jekyll & Hyde

Moderately slow, sustained

G#m(add2)  G#m  D#m(add2)

Lost in the darkness,

E E E E
B B B B
C#m C#m C#m C#m

silence surrounds you. Once there was morning,

C#m D#5 G#m D#m(add2)

now endless night. If I could reach you, I’d
guide you and teach you to walk from the darkness back

into the light. Deep in the silence, please try to hear me. I'll keep you

near me till night passes by. I
will find the answer.
I’ll never des-
D(add2) Em Bm
sert you. I promise you this till the
day that I die.
Em7 A/C# Bm

THE KID INSIDE
from the Broadway musical *Is There Life After High School?*

A strong, rhythmic 2 (\( \frac{4}{4} \) = 72)

\[\text{G} \quad \text{C/G} \quad \text{C\text{dim}/G}\]

\[\text{D(no5)/G} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C/G}\]

There's a kid inside...

\[\text{C\text{dim}/G} \quad \text{D(no5)/G} \quad \text{G}\]

and I have (him/her) with me always. There's a kid inside...

\[\text{C/G} \quad \text{C\text{dim}/G} \quad \text{D(no5)/G}\]

walking down old high-school hall-ways.

Music and Lyric by CRAIG CARNELIA

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There's a kid inside, at a desk, at a dance, in the halls, in the showers. There's a kid inside to this very day. And (he) makes a try for the high pop fly that I fumbled one September.
And (she) makes a fuss over some A+ that I shouldn't still remember.
And (he) goes along, getting hurt, getting mad, fighting fights that are over.
And unless I'm strong, all my senses are carried away.
I can feel my hand, (my) trembling hand,
on Michèle's angora sweater. I can hear my band,
that awful band. Only now it sounds much better.
I can see the kid, the kid I used to be, on the stage, on the
field, on the lunch line. I can feel\(\text{him}\) tugging at me. Ev-'ry

A bit broader \(\text{(} \frac{1}{4} = 76\) )

time I think I don’t care, I blink and \(\text{he’s}\) there again,

(he’s there again,

fight-ing

ancient wrongs, humming old hit songs in my head.

\(\text{sva bassa}\)
Sing-ing, “Come a-long, come a-long, come a-long.”

for the ride,” to a time and place I could not forget if I tried.

Tempo 1

$C$ $G$ $G$ $Bm7$ (add$G$)

$C$ $C$ $Cmaj7$ $C$ $G$

$C(9)$

$Sva bassa$

$Bm7$

$C(9)$ $C$ $Cmaj7$ $C$

$Sva bassa$
There again, (he’s there)

Somewhat faster

Again.

And I never know

when the breeze’ll blow

with a rush of old sensations.

Why the kid should wake

and my heart should ache
every time I smell
D/G (add6) G C/G

_ carn-a-tions._ 
_Some-thing rings a bell,_
_an-y-thing at all._

F#m7 B9sus B7b5 B7 Em7

_All it takes is the slam of a lock-er,_
or the switch from

G7 C C(add5) C/B A7 A7/F# A7b5/G

_sum-mer to fall._ 
_A change of sea-son seems bare-ly rea-son, but

A bit broader
G(9) G Bm7 (addG) C(9) C

_there_ (he) _goes_ _a-gain._
hum-min' (his) songs, fighting ancient wrongs, humming old hit songs in my head.

Sing-ing, “Come a-long, come a-long for the ride,”

time and place I could not forget if I tried.
Cmaj7 C G

There (he she) goes again,

Cmaj7 C C G

hum-min' (his her) songs.

Cmaj7 C C G

(He's) there again.

There again,

Cmaj7 C G

there's a kid inside.

molto, rit.

(addG) (opt.)

(addG) C(9) C

S va bassa

Bm7
THE BULLS
(Les Toros)
from Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris

Freely, fanfare-like

Fast Paso Doble (\( \text{d} = 144 \))

Tango (\( \text{d} = 126 \))

On Sundays the bulls get so bored when they are

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asked to show off for us. There is the sun, the sand and the a-

re-na, There are the bulls read-y to bleed for us. It's the
time when gro-c'ry clerks be-come Don Juan, It's the time when all ug-ly girls

turn in-to swans. Aahh. Who can say of what he's found, that bull who turns and paws the ground, And
suddenly he sees himself all nude. Aahh
Who can say of what he dreams, that

bull who hears the silent screams from the open mouths of multitudes.

On Sundays the

bulls get so bored when they are asked to suffer for us. There are the
pic-a-dors and the mob's revenge.

There are the to-re-ros and the mob kneels for

us.

It's the time when gro-c'ry clerks be-come Gar-ci-a Lor-ca,

And the girls put ros-es in their teeth like Car-men.
On Sundays

bulls get so bored when they are asked to drop dead for us. The sword will

plunge down and the mob will drool. The blood will pour down and turn the sand to

mud. The moment of triumph when gro-c’ry clerks become Nero, The moment of
D/E F♯dim7/E A B♭dim7 Dm

triumph when the girls scream and shout the name of their hero. Aahh And when finally they fell,

Am Bm7♭5 E7 Am B♭dim7

did the bulls dream of a hell, where men and worn out matadors still burn. Aahh

Dm Am Bm7♭5 E7

Or perhaps with their last breaths, would not they pardon us their deaths, Knowing what we did at Carthage,

f cresc. poco a poco

Waterloo, Verdun, Stalingrad, Iwo Jima, Hiroshima, Saigon.
FUNERAL TANGO
(Le Tango Funebre)
from Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris

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

Moderate Tango

Am

E7

simile

Am E7 Am

G7/B

C/G

G7/F

8va

8va

8va

C/E

Fmaj7

Em7

Dm7

Fmaj9

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Ah, I can see them now, clutching a hand-ker-chief, And blowing me a

kiss, discreetly asking how; arms at the Police-men's Ball; How come he died so

young, or was he very old, is the body still warm, is it already

pushing to be the first in line, Their hearts upon their sleeves, like a ten-cent Valen-

cold? All doors are open wide, they poke around in

time. The old women are there, too old to give a
Em C7 F Fm C/E
side, My desk, my drawers, my trunk, There's nothing left to hide. Some love letters are
damn, They even brought the kids, Who don't know who I am. They're talking 'bout the

Eb dim Dm G7
there and an old photograph, They've laid my poor soul bare, and all they do is price of my funeral bouquet, What they're thinking isn't nice, 'cause now they'll have to

laugh, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ah, I can see them

C ad lib. N.C.
pay. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ah, I see all of

C6 F6 Fm6
you, all of my phony friends, Who can't wait till it ends, who can't wait till it's

8th
Ah, I see all of you, you’ve been laughing all these years. And now all that you have left are a few crocodile tears.

Ah, you don’t even know that you’re entering your hell. As you leave my cemetery and you think you’re doing well, With that one who’s at your side, you’re as proud as you can
be. Oh, she's going to make you cry, but not the way you cried for me. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ah, I can see me now, so cold and so alone, As the flowers slowly
die in my field of little bones:

now, I can see me at the end, Of this voyage that I'm
on, without a love without a friend.

Am poco meno mosso Em C7 F Fm
see is not what I deserve, They really have a nerve to say these things to me:

C Ebdim Dm
No girls, just bread and water, all your money you must save, Or there'll be nothing left for us

G7 C
When you're dead and in your grave. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Les Poissons, les poissons, how I love les poissons, love to chop and to serve little fish. First I cut off their heads, then I
pull out their bones. Ah mais oui, ça c'est toujours délicieux.

Les poissons, les poissons, hee hee hee, hah hah hah...

With the cleaver I hack them in two. I pull

out what's inside and I serve it up fried. God, I
love little fishes, don't you?

something for tempting the palate,

prepared in the classic technique.

First you pound the fish flat with a mallet. Then you slash through the skin, give the belly a
slice, then you rub some salt in 'cause that makes it taste nice. Sacré bleu! What is this? How on earth could I miss such a sweet little succulent crab. Quel dommage. What a loss. Here we go in the sauce. Now some
flour. I think, just a dab. Now I stuff you with bread. It don’t hurt ’cause you’re dead. And you’re certainly lucky you are. ’Cause it’s gonna be hot in my big silver pot. Toodle-oo, mon poisson, au revoir!
HAPPILY EVER AFTER
from Marry Me a Little

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Con moto (\( \dot{Q} = 100 \))

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mp} & \\
\text{Someone to hold you too close, } & \text{Someone to hurt you too deep, } \\
\text{Someone to love you too hard, } & \text{Happily ever after. }
\end{align*}
\]

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Someone to need you too much,  Someone to read you too well,  

Someone to bleed you of all  The things you don't want to tell  

That's happily ever after,  

Ever, ever, ever after— In hell.

*The middle C is optional on these two chords.
With a little easier swing

Some body always there Sitting in the

dim.

chair Where you want to sit Al ways,

Al ways. Some body always there Want ing you to

share Just a little bit - Al ways,

R.H. L.H. R.H.

L.H. L.H.
Always. Then see the pretty girls Smiling every

cresc.

where From the ads and the T. V.

cresc.

set, And why should you sweat?

mf

What do you get? One day of grateful for
As before

six _ of re-gret!

With

someone to hold you too close,

Someone to hurt you too deep,

Someone to bore you to death,

Hap-pi-ly ev-er af-ter.

Someone you have to know well,

Someone you have to show how,
Someone you have to allow
The things you'd never allow
That's happily ever after,

Ever, ever, ever after
Till now.

So
quick, Get a little car, Take a little drive, Make a little love, See a little flick, Do a little work, Take a little walk, Watch a little T. V. And click! Make a little love, Do a little work, Get a little drunk, You've got one little trip, Seventy years, Spread it around! Take your
pick: Buy a little here, Spend a little there, Smoke a little pot
For a little kick, Waste a little time, Make a little love, Show a little feeling, But why Should you try? Why not, sure, feel a little lonely But
fly,  Why not fly  With

no one to hold you too close,  No one to hurt you too

deep,  No one to love you too hard

Hap-pi-ly ev-er af-ter?  No one you have to know
well, No one you have to show how,  

No one you have to allow The things you’d never allow.  

That’s happily ever after.  

Ever, ever, ever after For now!
dim. poco a poco

Ever, ever, ever

af-ter,

Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever

af-ter

Ever, ever, ever

p

af-ter, p

Ever, ever, ever

af-ter...

rit.
Justice will be done
from Martin Guerre

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL and STEPHEN CLARK

Moderato

B♭  F/B♭  B♭  F/B♭  B♭  F/B♭
Guillaume

Think of all our fathers

mf

B♭  F/B♭  B♭  F/B♭  B♭  F/B♭

fighting for these lands. Think of all your children, their future in our hands.

Dm  G  Cm  Ab  Db  F  B♭

Shall they'll all be poisoned? Will you tell them why? Have we lost our courage? Will we let them die?
Stand up for your home-land, proud be-neath the sun. In the heat of bat-tle, just-ice will be done.

All that you have loved here, re-mem-ber what you’re worth. All that you have worked for;

grown within this earth. Fields where you have la-boured, soon they’ll be de-filed.

Plagues of sin will spread through the blood of ev’ry child. Come the day of glo-ry.
fight un - til we've won. If you love your coun - try, just - ice will be done.

It is here, by your hands that the fu - ture is made.

We must claim what is ours by the stroke of the blade.

They will die for their trea - son, they will die for their shame.
They will die by the sword, they will die by the flame!

Bring them to the streets now, soon they'll run with blood.

Then we'll see they have no souls, red rivers bursting, see them flood.

Feel the touch of evil, this is how it starts. Satan's here within us.
fighting for our hearts. Let us join together, stand up one by one.

In the name of Jesus justice will be

a tempo

done!
As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—
I've got a little list of society offenders who might well be underground,
And who got him on the list! And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face.

They never would be missed—
they never would be missed! There's the pestilential nuisances who
never would be missed—
who they never would be missed! Then the idiot who prays, with en-

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write for autographs --- All people who have flabby hands and
thustastic tone; All centuries but this, and every

irrational laughs --- All children who are up in dates, and
country but his own; And the lady from the provinces, who

dress es like a guy, And "who doesn't think she dances, but would
floor you with 'em flat --- All persons who in shaking hands, shake

hands with you like that --- And all third persons who on spoiling
rather like to try; And that singular anomaly, the
got him on the list! All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—They’d

none of ‘em be missed—they’d none of ‘em be missed! And apologetic statesmen of a

compromising kind. Such as—What d’ye call him—Thing-em-bob, and likewise—Never mind, And

colla voce

St—st—st—and What’s-his-name, and also You-know-who—The task of filling up the blanks I’d
rather leave to you. But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list. For they'd none of 'em be missed— they'd none of 'em be missed! You may put 'em on the list— you may put 'em on the list; And they'll none of 'em be missed— they'll none of 'em be missed!
MAMA, A RAINBOW
from Minnie’s Boys

Lyrics by HAL HACKADY
Music by LARRY GROSSMAN

Slowly

Rubato
Amaj9
C#m
Bm7/E

What do you give to the lady who has given all her life and

E7b9
Amaj9
C#m

love to you? What do you give to the reasons you are livin’? I could

F#m
Bm7/E

window-shop the world before I’m through.
Tempo (with tenderness)

Chorus:
A D6/A Amaj7 D6/A Amaj7

Ma-ma, a rain-bow, Ma-ma, a sun-rise,
n
mp molto legato

D6/A Amaj7 Amaj9 A Bm7/E

Ma-ma, the moon to wear. That's not good_e-nough,

Amaj9 F#m Bm7/E E9 Bm7/E E9

no, not good_e-nough. Not for Ma-ma.

A D6/A Amaj7 D6/A Amaj7 D6/A Amaj7

Ma-ma, a pal-ace. Dia-monds like door-knobs. Moun-tains of gold to
sare.

That's not rich enough, no, not rich enough,

Bm7/E E7b9 F#m C#m9/E

not for Ma-ma. Ma-ma, a life-time, crowded with laughter,

Bm7/E E13 C Dm7/C Cmaj7 F/G

that's not long enough, not half long enough. What can I give you

C Dm7/C Cmaj7 F/G C Dm7/C Cmaj7 Cmaj7/G Cmaj9

that I can give you? What will your present be?
Ma-ma young and beau-ti-ful, al-ways young.

and beau-ti-ful. That’s the Ma-ma I’ll al-ways see.

That’s for Ma-ma

with love from me.
WHERE WAS I WHEN THEY PASSED OUT THE LUCK?

from Minnie’s Boys

Lyrics by HAL HACKADY
Music by LARRY GROSSMAN

Funky Gospel Waltz (Swing beat)

G    Gmaj7    G6    Gmaj7/D

Where was I when they passed out brains?
Right at the

Em    D7sus    D7    G    Gmaj7

head of the line.
Where was I when they

G6    Em    Fmaj9    F    Fmaj7    D7sus

passed out talent?
Right up front getting mine
But when it came to the line where they handed out luck
Where was your smart, clever friend?
Back, showin’ off my talent and brains to the
bums lin’ up at the end.
Where was I when they passed out looks?

Need - less to

say I was there.

Who’ll de - ny

in the charm de - part - ment I got more than my

share.

But when the time rolled a-round and they hand-ed out
luck
Where was your good-looking clown?

Off, tryin’ out my profile and charm on a
girl in a neighboring town!

sure got a great sense of humor A-ha-ha!
The
day they were passing the pot.

sure got a great sense of humor A-ha-ha!

And I need all I got!

Where was I when they passed out guts? Mister, I
Gm         F11sus         F7         Bb         Bb maj7
opened the store! I'm the guy who in-

vent-ed chutz-pah Show me a guy who's got more!

F7         Bb         Bb maj7         Bb6
But when they yelled, "Get your luck 'cause it's runnin' out

Bb7         Eb maj7         C9
fast! Step up and get your supply!"
Me, with my brains and talent and
looks
Blew the one thing you need to get by!
Where was I? Where was I? Where was I?
Where was I?
SANTA FE
from Walt Disney’s Newsies

Lyrics by JACK FELDMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Freely
Bb  C/Bb  Bb  C/Bb  Fm7  F9

So that’s what they call—a fam-

Bb(add9)  Bb  Fm7  F9  Bb(add9)  Gm7

—ly—mother, daughter, father, son. Guess that

Cm9  F7sus  F7  Bb  C/Bb

everything you heard about is true.
So you ain’t got any family. Well, who said you needed one? Ain’t ya glad nobody’s waitin’ up for you? When I dream on my own I’m alone but I ain’t
lonely.
For a dreamer, night's the only time of day.

When the city's finally sleeping
in all my thoughts begin to stray

on the train that's bound for Santa Fe.
And I'm free like the wind, gonna live forever. It's a feeling time can never take away. All I need's a few more dollars and I'm outta here to stay.
Dreams come true. Yes, they do in Santa Fe.

Where does it say you gotta live and die here?

Where does it say a guy can’t catch a break?
Why should you only take what you're given?

Why should you spend your whole life livin' trapped where there ain't no future. Even at seventeen breakin' your back for someone else's sake.
If the life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene
far from the lousy headlines and the deadlines in between.

Broadly
Santa Fe, are you there? Do you
swear you won’t forget me? If I found you would you

let me come and stay? I ain’t

going any younger. And before my dyin’

day I want space, not just air. Let ‘em
laugh in my face, I don’t care. Save a place I’ll be there.

So that’s what they call a fam-

Ain’t you glad you ain’t that way? Ain’t you glad you got a

dream called Santa Fe?
THE Sadder but wiser girl
from Meredith Willson’s The Music Man

By MEREDITH WILLSON

Rubato

HAROLD:

Spi - der ever... lis - ten, boy. A girl who trades on all that

pur - i - ty mere - ly wants to trade my in - de - pend - ence for her se - cur - i - ty. The

colla voce

Moderate 2

on - ly af - firm - a - tive she will file _ re - fers to march - ing down the aisle. No
golden, glorious, gleaming, pristine goddess, No, sir! For

no Diana do I play faun. I can tell you that right now. I

snarl, I hiss. How can ignorance be compared to bliss? I

spark, I fizz, for the lady who knows what time it is. I
cheer, I rave, for the virtue I'm too late to save. The
sadder but wiser girl for me.

No bright-eyed, blushing, breathless baby doll
baby

No, Sir! That kind of a child ties knots no sailor ever knew.

I prefer to take a chance on a

more adult romance. No dewy young miss who keeps resisting

all the time she keeps insisting. No wide-eyed
whole-some in-no-cent fe-male. No, Sir! Why,
she’s the fish-er-man, I’m the fish, you see? Plop! I
flinch, I shy, when the lass with the del-i-cate air goes by. I
smile, I grin, when the gal with a touch of sin walks in. I
hope, I pray, for Hester to win just onemore “A.” The
sadder but wiser girl’s the girl for me.

The sadder but wiser girl for me.
COME BACK TO ME
from On a Clear Day You Can See Forever

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE

Lively - in 4

MARK:

Hear my voice where you are!
Take a train; steal a car;
Hop a freight; grab a star;
Come back to me!

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Catch a plane; catch a breeze; On your hands; on your knees; Swim or fly, only please, Come back to me. On a mule; in a jet; With your hair in a net, in a
toweling wet, I don't care, this is where You should be. From the hills, from the shore, Ride the wind to my door. Turn the highway to dust! Break the law if you must!
Move the world, only just

Come back to me!

(sung)

Blast your hide!  Hear me call!

Must I
fight
City Hall? Here and now, damn it

(all)
Come back to me! What on

earth must I do,
Scream and yell till I’m

(blue?)
Curse your soul,
when will you

(Come)
back to me? Have you gone to the moon,
Or the corner saloon And to rack and to "roon?" Mad'moiselle,
Where the hell can you be?
In a crate; in a trunk; On a
horse;  on a drunk;  In a Rolls or a van  

Wrapped in mink or Saran:  

Any way that you can  

Come back to me!  

Come back to me!

poco rall.
ON A CLEAR DAY
(You Can See Forever)
from On a Clear Day You Can See Forever

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE

Could anyone among us have an inkling or a
clue What magic feats of wizardry and voodoo you can

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And who would have the sense to change his views,

And start to mind his E. S. P’s and Q’s?

For who would ever dream of hearing phones before they ring,

Or ordering the earth to send you up a little
spring? Or finding you’ve been crowned The queen of lost and
found? And who would not be stunned to see you prove—

There’s more to us than surgeons can remove? So much

more than we ever knew, So much more were we born to do. Should you
draw back the curtain, This I am certain, You'll be impressed with you.

Moderately - in 2

On a clear day, Rise and look around you And you'll see who you are.

On a clear day, How it will as-
tound you. That the glow of your being Out-
shines ev'ry star! You feel part of Ev'ry
moutain, sea and shore. You can hear From far and near A world you've
nev'er heard before. And on a clear day, On that
clear day, You can see forever and ever more.

poco rall.
cresc.

You feel part of every freely

mountain, sea and shore, You can hear, From far and near, A world you've
In tempo

never heard before.
And on a clear day,

On that
rall.

clear day,
You can see for ever and
cresc.

ever and ever and ever
rall.

more.

Faster
LUCKY TO BE ME
from On the Town

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Freely
F
GABEY:

Bb9
D

I used to think it might be fun to be any-one else but me.

mp colla voce

F
Bb9
D

I thought that it would be a pleasant sur-prise... To wake up as a couple of

D9
Cm7
Dm7
Cm7
Eb13

other guys... But now that I've found you, I've changed my point of view,
And now I wouldn’t give a dime to be anyone else but me.

Gently ($d = 60$)

What a day, Fortune smiled and came my way, Bringing love I never thought I’d see, I’m so lucky to be me.

What a night, Suddenly you came in sight, Looking just the
way I'd hoped you'd be, I'm so lucky to be me.

I am simply thunderstruck At the change in my luck:

Knew at once I wanted you, Never dreamed you'd want me too.

I'm so proud you chose me from all the crowd, There's no other
Dm  Dm7/C  G9/B  G9  C7

guy I'd rather be, I could laugh out loud, I'm so lucky to be me.

F  Bb  C7  F  Gm  A7

Dm  Dm7/C  G9/B  G9  Gm  F6  F7

I'm so lucky to be me.

C  Fm6  Dm  Gm7  G7/D  C/E

I am simply thunderstruck At the change in my luck.
Knew at once I wanted you, Never dreamed you’d want me too.

I’m so proud you chose me from all the crowd,

There’s no other guy I’d rather be.

Laugh out loud, I’m so lucky to be me.
IT'S HARD TO SPEAK MY HEART
from \textit{Parade}

With a sense of stillness $(\text{i} = 69)$

\begin{align*}
\text{It's hard to speak my heart.} & \quad \text{I'm not a man who} \\
\text{bears his soul.} & \quad \text{I let the moment pass me by; I stay where I am.} \\
\text{in control.} & \quad \text{I hide behind my work, safe and sure of what to}
\end{align*}

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(falsetto)

say. I know I must seem hard. I know I must seem—

— cold... I nev-er touched that girl.

colla voce

You think I’d hurt a child yet?

I’d hard-ly seen her face be-fore. I
swear, I swore, we'd barely met.

These people try to scare you.

with things I've never said.

I know it makes no sense. I swear I don't know
\[ \text{why...} \quad \text{You see me as I am,} \quad \text{You can't believe I'd lie.} \]

\[ \text{You can't believe I'd do these deeds,} \]

\[ \text{a little man who's scared and blind, too} \]

\[ \text{lost to find the words he needs.} \]
I nev-er touched that child.
God!

I nev-er raised my hand!

Still again

I stand be-fore you now, in-cred-i-ly a-fraid.

colla voce

I pray you un-der-stand.

colla voce
I HATE MUSICALS
from Ruthless

Lyric by JOEL PALEY
Music by MARVIN LAIRD

Brisk, driving 2
Amaj7
C/E
Amaj7
C/E

LITA: Spoken: I must be in the wrong house!

If I

C7/G
E/G#
F/C
E
C#m

want to see thea-tre I go see a play with no sing-in’ or dan-cin’ to get in the way.

Bbm11b5
Gmaj7#11
Bmaj7/F#
F9
C9/G

Thea-tre is lan-guage and that should be all. Mu-sic be-longs at the
Carnegie Hall, Not a reason on earth as far as I know to write, mount, and open a

Driving show 2
Amaj7
E7#9(b13)

spoken: Honey, I've been a theatre critic for a hundred years, and it's always the same...

(safety repeat as needed)

Amaj7
E7#9(b13)
Amaj7

story is moving, chock-full of suspense.

C/E
Amaj7
E7#9(b13)

The plot takes a twist and the
Mood is intense. Then someone sings a song like this it doesn’t make sense. Spoken: Puh-leeze...

I hate musicals! I hate the new shows, they’re nothing but sets.
Amaj7 E7#9(b13) Amaj7
test the Von Trapp kids, the Sharks and the

Amaj7/E Eb11 Dmaj7 Dm7 Amaj9 G13 F#9(b13)
Jets. Un-plug those key-boards, give me real clar-i-nets.

B9#5
__ Miss Otis says with no re-grets__

Bm9 E9b5 A6/9 Bm7 E7 A6
I hate mu-si-cals!

A gliss.
show may stink and only run a couple of days, but

still they sell the tee-shirts with their logos ablaze.

They’re not concerned that the musical’s flopping as long as the crowd’s busy drinking and shop-
I hate the genre it's all second rate. When forced to see this stuff, I always come late. From overture to curtain call, it all turns me off. I sit there and cough the whole night.
Dm11  G7b13  Gm7b13  Cm7  C#m7
long 'cause I hate

Bb(add9)/D  G9sus  G7b9  Cm11  Dm7  Ebmaj9  E9
musicals, but not as much as

Eb6/F  F7(#5/11)  Bb13#9  Bb13#9/Ab  Bb13#9/G  Bb13#9/Gb
I hate this song!

Bb13#9/F  Bb6  opt. ending  D/Eb  Eb  D/Eb  Eb  Em  C/E  Edim
How I hated "Phantom" down to
each candelabra. I took the book along and read through

“Les Misérables” When it comes to subtlety the

Brits fall a hair short. If I want helicopters

I’ll go to the airport. So keep your
"Chorus lines" of "Gypsy" and "Mames,"

I'd rather see a flick or bowl a few frames.

Matter who is starring, I'm never enticed.

It's way over-priced and I won't pay.

I hate musicals,
but I fear they're here to stay.

Yes! I hate musicals.

but not as much as I hate bal-

let!
YOU SHOULD BE LOVED
from Side Show

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

D

Jake:

You should be loved by someone who knows you, wants you to blossom,

D6      F#m/A      D      Em7      A
always is true. You should be cherished like the first sign of spring-time.

Em7    Em7/A    A7    D
You should be loved
You should be loved with
constant devotion, heart-pounding passion, flooding you through.

You should be treasured like a ruby or a diamond. You should be loved in the way I love you.
All through the years I've held oceans inside... Held back the tears and the waves and the tide...
The dam had to burst and the currents collide... With the flood of emotion I can no longer hide.

We should be close as stars are to heaven,
shoreline to ocean, birds to the blue. We should be coupled with a

 lifetime connection. We should be joined like we’re one and not two. Yes.

you should be loved in the way I love you.

You should be loved by someone who wants you,

poco rall.  mf
tries to protect you, always comes through. You should have chosen the

one who supports you, always supports you whatever you do. Yes.

you should be loved in the way I love you
PRIVATE CONVERSATION
from Side Show

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

Steady

\[ \text{Ab} \]
\[ \text{Bs/Ab} \]
\[ \text{Ab} \]
\[ \text{Bs/Ab} \]

Nervously

Terry:

\[ \text{An} \]

ob-vi-ous con-nec-tion.

I tried so hard to hide.

Could-n’t ev-en say it to my-self.

ob-vi-ous con-nec-tion. I tried to push a-side, into a cor-ner on the dark-est

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Cm

We’ll nev - er be a -

Cm

lone. And my feel - ings can’t be shown. So I

try to i - ma - gine and re - play. All the things. I’ll

Fm9

Cm

You’re wrapped up with a -
no-ther, tangled and entwined. I invent a separation in the private conversation in my mind.

I resolve to say it all. Then I hem and haw and stall. For how could I come clean or confide? Someone else is al-
Always at your side... I want, I want,
I want to tell you. I want, I want to get you alone...
I need, I need, I need to tell you I want you for my own. I imagine us so well.
How you’d dance and taste and smell.
I can imagine me with you... but I don't have the guts to follow through.

You're one half of a couple. That's how you are defined. And my only consolation is the private conversation in my mind.
THE DEVIL YOU KNOW
from Side Show

Freely
Fin7

JAKE:
Cm7

I'm not gonna tell you you're making a mistake,

Ab6
Bb7
Ebd(add9)
Eb

Tell you not to go, no, I won't.
I'll only say what I've

Ab

learned along my way. The devil you know beats the devil you don't.

Cm
Ab9
G7

This version has been adapted as a solo.

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

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Bluesy Swing

Cm  Cm/Bb  Ab7  G7  Cm  Cm/Bb
We don’t work in the best

Ab7  G7  Cm  Cm/Bb  Ab7  G7
of situations. We don’t live very well.

Ab  Eb(add9)/G  Gsus
We don’t live in the neighborhood of heaven. We live somewhere

G7  Cm  Cm/Bb  Ab7  G7
closer to hell. We have learned to work around this situation.
Learned to hide till the heat has passed.

You will learn a

promise of salvation can mask another inferno's blast.

The

devil you know beats the devil you don't.

That promised land could turn out to be dry.
Cm    Bb    Cm     Bb    Cm     Fm7
          Once you're gone you might ask

Gm7    Ab6
       your-selves why.       May-be you will or may-be you won't. But the

Ab7    G7
     devil you know beats the devil you don't.

Ab7    G7

Am    Am/G    F7    E7

8vb
Now, we could argue all night, because we care about you two. Maybe you will go or maybe you won’t. But I hope you will remember that that mean old, money-grubbin’, guzzlin’, name-callin’ devil you know. Might be better than a smooth-talkin’, fine-lookin’...
A(add9)/C#  D7

dream-spinnin', promise-makin' devil

C#7  F#m7  F#m7/E  D6  C#7#5

Bluesy Swing

you don't. Beats the devil you don't.

F#m7  F#m7/E  D6  C#7#5  F#m7  F#m7/E

Beats the devil you don't.

D6  C#7#5  F#m

Beats the devil you don't.
SMILE
from Smile

Words by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Soft shoe shuffle

Hold that pose.  Wanna picture of eyes like those.  Wanna capture that turned up nose, that remarkable chin.

Hold that, please.  Face the camera and say, "Swiss cheese."  Watch the birdie. That's
great, now freeze that incredible grin!

When you've got two deep dimples, it's sinful not to

have 'em photographed, grab a shot to knock 'em flat in the aisle.

So hold real still, give m' little old
lens a thrill. Focus here and my camera will record that

smile. I want that smile. I love that

smile.

Walk with me through the hall-ways of memory, a pictorial
gallery of this marvelous year.

Come and see each fleeting instant of glory:

fashion shows and dinners, Donny Osmond meets the winners,

costume balls and opening shopping malls.
Film re-calls your triumphs bright and clear.

True they dis-ap-pear, ah, but nev-er fear, Jo-anne. Ev-ry

pre-cious mo-ment’s cap-tured here.
Hold that pose. Take a picture, a shot that shows every one of you thank me then, you put this moment on file. So

hold that pose, and if ever a cold wind blows, you can turn to your long ago to find that smile. C'mon kid,
smile. O-kay kid, smile.

I want that,

I need that,

I love that smile!

---
WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?

from the musical production Stop the World—I Want to Get Off

Words and Music by LESLIE BRICUSSE
and ANTHONY NEWLEY

Slow 4

Spoken: I was only ever really in love with one person...and that was me.

What kind of fool am I, who never fell in love?

It seems that I'm the only one that I have been thinking of.
What kind of man is this? An empty shell,

a lonely cell in which an empty heart must dwell.

What kind of clown am I? What do I know of life?

Why can't I cast away the mask of play and live my life?
Why can’t I fall in love like any other man?

And maybe then I’ll know what kind of fool I am.

Spoken: Perhaps I wasn’t cut out to be a husband or a father.
What kind of lips are these that lied with every kiss, that whispered empty words of love that left me alone like this?

What kind of eyes are these that could not see what could be seen by everybody else but me? What kind of
rubato (stringendo)

clown am I? What do I know of life? Why can’t I

cresc. poco a poco

cast a-way the mask of play and live my life? Why can’t I

rall.

Slow 4

fall in love ’til I don’t give a damn? And may-be

8va

Slow 4

Grandioso opt. Maestoso

then I’ll know what kind of fool I am.
THE GREATEST STAR OF ALL
from Sunset Boulevard

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK and CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON,
with arrangements by ANDY FRYER

Eadd9

MAX:

Am6/E          Eadd9
Once you won't remember if you said

p

E+ E            E+ B7/B B9 B7/B
Hollywood, hers was the face you'd think of. Her

mp

E Am6/E E+ E
face on every billboard. In just a

p

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Single week she'd get ten thousand letters.

Men would offer fortunes

for a bloom from her corsage or a few strands from her hair.

To
E

Am6
E
E

-day
she's half for-got-ten,

E

Am6/E

but it's the pic-tures that got small, she is the

great-est star of all.

A/B
Bbm/G
B
E

F
Bbm6/F
F
F

Then you can't ima-gine the way fans
sacrificed themselves to touch her shadow. There was a Maharajah who hanged himself with one of her discarded stockings.

She's immortal, caught in
side that flickering light beam is a

youth which cannot fade. Ma-

dame's a living legend, I've seen so many idols

fall, she is the greatest star of all. rall.
THERE SHE IS
from Titanic

With a sense of wonder \( \frac{d}{d} = 92 \)

\[ \text{G/F} \]

\[ \text{G/F} \]

\[ \text{Fadd2} \]

Adapted by the composer for this edition.
Broad and grand...

Ship of dreams!
Sailing day!

Morning bright!

Take your flight,

ship of
G    Gmaj9    G    A/G

dreams!

lyrically  Ebmaj9  Eb  Ebadd2

She strains at her lines, the

mp legato

Ebmaj9  Eb  Ebadd2

smoke from her funnels trail

grad. cresc.
ing.

prow like a knife, she'll cut through the waves un - fail - ing.

grad. cresc.
Soon to be

B♭/F

underway

B♭/F

size and speed

C7/F
unexplored...

And I'll be aboard that ship of dreams!
IN EVERY AGE
from Titanic

Music and Lyrics by MAURY YESTON

Stately \( \text{\textit{J.}} = 92 \)

\[
\text{Dm}
\]

\( \text{mp} \)

\[\text{Am/C}\]

\( \text{ev-ry age, man-kind at-tempts to fab-
ri-cate great works at once mag-}\]

\[\text{Gm6}\quad \text{Asus4}\quad \text{A7}\]

\( \text{nif} - \text{i-cent and im} - \text{pos} - \text{sible...} \)

\( \text{On sim.} \)
Miracles, them all!

China’s endless wall... Stonehenge, the Parthenon, the Duomo...

The aqueducts of Rome!

We did not attempt to make with
mammoth blocks of stone a giant pyramid.

Nor Gothic walls that radiate with light...

Our task was to dream upon and then create a
Tempo I (d = 92)
Very slow, grand

C/B♭

B♭

D/B♭

Gm/D

float ing
city!

C/F

G/F

F

Float ing
city!

sim.

C6/9(#11)

A human metropolis...

A complete civilization.

mp subito

mf

zation.
sleek and
At once a poem
and the perfection of physical engineering...

At once a poem
and the perfection of physical engineering.
KING'S DILEMMA
from Victor/Victoria

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by HENRY MANCINI

Moderately, with a swing (♩♩♩♩♩)

N.C.

(Spoken:) I'm
gon-na have din-ner with her, with him, to-night. So
what's the big deal? It's not a big deal, all right?—

All right!—

So why am I shy as a spot-y-faced kid at a

high school prom?—

Why?

I'll tell you why!—

It's be-cause I don't know where this
E7   F7   Gb7  F7   Gb7   F7

cra - zy dame, this Vic - tor guy, who - ev - er he is, is

E7   F7   F#7   N.C.
com - ing from, that's why!

I am a guy who knows him - self, so I

real - ly don't give a damn! I nev - er could be in
love with a man, but what if I am? I mean, me? Ha! Gay? Ha! If I know that I'm not, what's the problem I've got? And why do I feel this way? The only logical answer is that he's a dame!
I know that I'm right. I can tell from the way that I feel. Yeah! So maybe the way to play it is to go along with the game. If for some dumb reason I'm wrong, is it such a big deal? (He thinks about it.) Yeah! (Sung:) I've
If I've never been wrong about dames, not once in my life,

had been, you can bet I'd be stuck with a wife. But not

me, not King! My life has been one sweet perpetual

Moderately fast Waltz

fling.

I've
played so many games. fanned the

flames with loads-a dames. And I've landed the blame from

each dame who claims I've tricked her.
Moderately, with a swing (½-¾)

Victor!

Maybe I should see a doctor, or concoct a cock-a-mamie tale to get me out of town. Maybe take a long vacation with some appetizing chick to lift me up when I am down. (Sung) Or
Moderately (no swing)

F$^\flat$m7$^b_5$ B7$^b_9$ Em F$^\flat$m7$^b_5$ B7$^b_9$

maybe I should face the music, give up dames like Mame an'

Em7 Em7$^b_5$ A7$^b_9$ Dm Dm/C Bm7$^b_5$

Margot; take on board this strange new cargo. Did O-

Bb7$^b_5$ A7$^b_5$

thel-lo fancy I-a-go? I'll take Victor to Chicago, and we'll

C$^\flat$m7$^b_5$ F$^\flat$7 Bm A/E E$^\flat$7

see what happens then, when I'm out with him and eight or ten of the
world's no question, most obnoxious men.

“I’d like you to meet my beautiful boyfriend Victor.” How will it sound, down at the stadium? How will it look, out at the race-track? I can just
see, out at the ball-park,
Tony Palermo give me the eye when
I waltz in with a guy!
Of all God's gorgeous creatures who play tag with my libido,
I have to pick the queen of drag, who dresses in a tux...
“I’d like you to meet my lover, not Norma, Victor!” What would they think, out at the golf club? What would they say, down at the night club? Here’s what they’d say in Guido’s Steak House the moment we were seen: “Hey! Did you guys know that King Marchan is a
Moderately, with a swing \(\frac{4}{4}\) \(\frac{3}{4}\)

E\textsubscript{b} – Cm6 – Dm7\textsubscript{b5}

queen?"

(Spoken:) It's a trick and a trap; I'm not

Am7\textsubscript{b5}/E\textsubscript{b} – Dm7\textsubscript{b5}/F

N.C.

tak - in’ the rap for a crime I did - n’t do I’ve

Cm6 – Dm7\textsubscript{b5} – Am7\textsubscript{b5}/E\textsubscript{b} – Dm7\textsubscript{b5}/F

N.C.

got - ta make cer - tain that he is a she; if I don’t, all my night - mare’s could

Gm7add4

end up true! There’s on - ly one way to find out for sure, but I
Am7add4                                Bm7add4                                Cm7add4

haven't got the guts to try.                Or have I?                If I'm right, I'll throw a

Cm7add4                                Dm7add4                                A9                                F7/B                                F#m7/B

party to-night! If I'm wrong, I think I'll die! (Sung:) But


Moderately (no swing)

Em7                                A13                                Em7                                A13

yes, I guess I gotta do it! Hell, there isn't that much to it!


F#m7                                B9                                Emaj7                                F#m7

I can't sit here one more minute lettin' time go by.


I need to put an end to all this how and why!
I need to know like most guys need an alibi.
I'll go my self!
I just can't ask a private eye, "Is the girl I'm in love with a guy?"
PARIS BY NIGHT
from Victor/Victoria

Moderately

Cm6

G7♭9/C

Cm6

G7♭9/C

Cm6

G7/C

No-where I know, no mat- ter where I go, se-

Cm6

Ab7/Eb

Dm♭5

G7♭9

Cm6

duc-es men like Par-is does en masse. The streets of Pi-galle, the
bars of Les Halles, the brass-eries and the cafés of Montparnasse. The

cabarets and bistros where the writer or artiste goes are as

much a part of Paris as La Tour Eiffel! The restaurants for the purists, the

night-clubs for the tourists, we have those in abundance as well!
Par-ee can be a dan-ger-ous af-fair. She of-fers far more fol-lies than the

Fo-lies Ber-geres! For sheer so-phis-ti-ca-tion, plus some high-er edu-ca-tion, the

smart-er set can't wait to step this way. For here at club “Chez Lui,” as you're

all a-bout to see, we'll tell you straight why Gay Par-ee is
Medium cut time

Gm7/add4  Gm7/C  C13  B♭/C

gay.

Fmaj7  F6  Fmaj7  E7  F6  Fmaj7  E7  Emaj7

Paris by night, Par-ee la nuit, se-

E♭maj9  E♭6  E♭maj7  E♭6  D7sus4  D7  D7sus4  D7  Dmaj7

duces us in ways we don’t expect to be. She has

Dbmaj9  Dm7  G7

mag-ic from which ev’n a Hou-di-ni can’t be
C

Eb9

Eb13

Db/Eb

free.

'Cause

Abmaj7 Ab6 Abmaj7 G7 Ab6 Abmaj7 G7 Gmaj7

Paris by night has mystery that's

Gb7 Gb6 Gbmaj7 Gb6 F7sus4 F7 F7sus4 F7 Fmaj7

haunted us and taunted us through history Shady

Emaj7

Cm/E Fm7

secrets she is all too a
ware we long to share.

That's why it is, I guess, we

all adore her and hunger to ex -

plore her hidden charms.

She
fools us all because she's so capricious, but

nothing's more delicious than to sleep in her arms.

For Paris by night's the only way
can't condemn; they say she's really at her best from
night time, not the day that sets her apart,
two to six a.m! C'est vrai, she's so far,

wins every heart, and makes all our dreams take flight,

There's no dream you can't find in Paris, Paris by

D.S. al Coda
lime.

Night-time's the time when all of our dreams take flight.

There's no dream you can't find in Paris, Par - ee by night!
SAM AND ME
from Howard Crabtree’s *When Pigs Fly*

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP

David: I live out in suburbia:

cookie-cutter houses, cookie-cutter lives going on inside. My split-level’s like all the rest:

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Fast
C   Bb   C   Bbmaj7   C   Bb   C   Bbmaj7
grass mowed, two-car garage, flag-stone walk, fresh paint. But

Slow
Am   Am(maj7)   Am7   D7   C/G   G9sus
I can guarantee you if the neighbors knew the truth, half of them would cut me dead, the

Fast
Cm   Slow
Am   Am(maj7)
other half would faint! Who would think to look at me, con-

Am7   D7   C/G   Dm7   D7
servative as I am, that in my little tract house, happiness is just a thing called

rit.
Moderately fast, with a Latin feel

G    Dm7/G    Play 3 times    G7

Cmaj7    C6

Sam?

*Spoken:* After all, it's 1967.
Attitudes are changing, but not that fast!

Dm(maj7)    F/G    G    C

Cmaj7    F/C
C    Dm

G11    C7

Keeping them is stressful. Still, the thrill has helped to make our partnership successful. We've

F
F#dim7    C/G

A    D9

Dm9

chosen a lifestyle husband and wife style... Well, it works for Sam...

G    Cmaj7    C6    C#dim7    Dm(maj7)

F/G    G

—and me! It's life on a tight-rope; exposure seems to hover.
Feels like nearly every week we almost blow our cover. But somehow the tension gives love a new dimension. Well, it works for Sam.

—and me! I go to work—Sam cleans and cooks. That’s our deal, and it works out great. I’m a stickler for
how things “look,” so when the boss comes to dinner,

Sam plays it “straight.” Sam’s pals pop in often; they’re gaudy and they’re reckless. If

pearls are caused by irritation, I should be a necklace! Don’t know why on earth it should

feel like it’s worth it... But it works for Sam and me.
Spoken: I say, “Sam, please, the caftans, the bitchery! Can’t they tone it down a little?” “Hey, they’re family,” Sam says. Ha! Some family! Talk about your crazy aunts and funny uncles!

The mail-man snoops, the neighbors peek, but we keep the curtains drawn. My mom and dad would really freak if they ever figured out

F/G G F/G G F/G G

C Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7

Am7 D7

Am7 D7 G A
what's going on. Hey, don't rush to judgment! Don't call our choices tragic! We
may be in the closet, but the chemistry is magic! For us, it's the right life, a
wild Nick-at-Night life. That's the kicker, you see. In
spite of all the fits I've pitched, the course of true love
can't be switched... Though I'm bothered, bewildered, be-deviled to a de-
gree...

I'm still bewitched!

And it works for Samantha and me!

Spoken: Oh, shut up, Durwood! Mortals! And he's not even the original one!
LAUGHING MATTERS
from Howard Crabtree’s *When Pigs Fly*

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP

Freely
F13

Bb  Bb:maj7  Bb6  Bb

Jay: Live At Five and C N N keep us all a-breast of

8va

Cm  Cm(maj7)  Cm7  F7  D7  Gm

breaking stories that can tend to make us anxious and depressed. Problems with no answers hang on

Bb/F  Eb  C7  F7sus  F7

like some nagging cough, and every day some brand new “issue” rears its head to piss you off.

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Slowly

Bad guys win, optimism’s wearing thin.
Things are spinning out of control.

Time-bombs tick, people keep getting sick.
A nickel’s not worth a cent.

Cynicism’s all the fad.
World events could make us mad as hell.

Wickedness and greed abound;
Just as peace is gaining ground it shatters.

Almost every day some underpinning slips away.
Hate is here to stay, and justice goes to those who pay.

These aren’t laughing matters.
These aren’t laughing matters.
matters. The truth is scarier by far than anything that Stephen King could write. The stories in the paper are a daily small decline and fall spelled out in black and white.

What to do? How to take a brighter view.
when your noodle’s totally fried?

leavened by some lev-ity... so take those blues and bounce them off the wall.

Keep your humor, please. ’Cause, don’t you know, it’s times like these that laughing matters most of all.
LAST ONE PICKED
from Howard Crabtree’s Whoop Dee Doo!

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP

Moderately fast

F Bb F/A Gm7 F Bb F/C C F/C Dm Gm7 C7sus C7

F Bb/F F/C Gm A7 Dm

Clink a glass and wipe your eye for my by-gone days at Spring-brook High and the

C/G G7sus G7 C/G G7 C G7

class I learned to dread, the e-go bust-er they called phys.

C7 Gm7 C9 Gm7 C9 C#m7 F#7 C#m7 F#7

ed...

Basket-ball, base-ball, foot-ball, stick-ball, vol-ley-ball, dodge-ball, tether-ball, kick-ball;

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playing was hell, the worst of all was the ritual that came first of all.

Deliberate 4

Last one picked, non-athletic. Last one picked at

sports I was pathetic. Other kids could tumble and run but
my coordination was totally "un." Six guys left.

stomach sinking, three guys left, my self esteem was shrinking.

Felt so ashamed I could have cried nobody wanted me on their side.

How many notes did I forge to say, *Please excuse Alan from

* Use your own name.
gym today he wrenched his back his colon’s spastic, he’s

got meningitis and his knee-caps are plastic.” I was the last one picked, rejected by the rabble. Last one picked (I could beat ’em all at scrabble!) My

brains didn’t do me a bit of good; the bottom of the barrel was
where I stood. But time went by and I met you and

learned a team could consist of two; the way I was was

A - O - K and who cares about kids’ games anyway!

Last one picked the past is past now: last one picked at
last I'm not the last now, I'm first draft choice on a winning team.

like I always dreamed I'd be. I imagine my surprise when

out of all those other guys, you picked me.
ISN'T IT?
from Saturday Night

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Moderately fast, brightly \( (d. = 64) \)

mp

This is nice, Isn't it? I mean, the

mp

music.

This is nice, Isn't it? I mean, the
band. Don’t you think We make natural partners?

I mean, like food and drink Or supply and demand.
We're so right,  Are n't we?  I mean, for

dancing.  Hold me

tight,  Cling to me -  I mean, my hand.

cresc.

I feel fine.  I'm a -

cresc.
glow with a Sunday shine. Could I be falling in - I

colla voce

mean to say, Well, any - way, Isn’t it

grand?

f

p

mf