THE
SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE
ANTHOLOGY
Duets Volume 2

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

AIDA

MUSIC: Elton John
LYRICS: Tim Rice
BOOK: Linda Woolverton, Robert Falls and David Henry Hwang
DIRECTOR: Robert Falls
CHOREOGRAPHER: Wayne Cilento
OPENED: 3/23/00, New York; a run of 1,852 performances

Aida is based on the 1871 opera by Giuseppe Verdi (libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni) about an Ethiopian princess who is captured during wartime by the enemy Egyptians. Radames, an Egyptian general, and Aida fall in love. Aida is the object of scorn by the daughter of the Egyptian King, Amneris, who is also in love with Radames. Radames first professes his love for Aida in “Elaborate Lives,” where they decide that circumstances can no longer keep them apart. Much later, Radames plans to call off his wedding to Amneris, but Aida convinces him to keep up appearances so she can flee from captivity with her father. At their parting, they wonder if their love was doomed at the outset – “Written in the Stars.” The story ends tragically with the death of the two lovers.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
BOOK: Herbert and Dorothy Fields
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 5/16/46, New York; a run of 1,147 performances

Irving Berlin’s musical biography of scrappy gal sharpshooter Annie Oakley earned standing ovations for Broadway stars of two generations; the original, Ethel Merman, in the 1940s; and Bernadette Peters in the 1990s. The tune-packed musical traces Annie’s rise from illiterate hillbilly to international marksmanship star as she’s discovered and developed in the traveling “Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show.” She falls hard for the show’s chauvinistic male star, Frank Butler. And romance blossoms — right up until Annie begins to outshine Frank. When Berlin revised the show in 1966, he dropped a second love story, and added “An Old Fashioned Wedding” for Frank and Annie to dream about their future together. Rivalry breaks up the two lovers again, and the show ends with a shooting contest, “Anything You Can Do,” which will ultimately lead to the marriage of the Annie and Frank. The movie version was originally to have starred Judy Garland, but after she was fired from the set, Betty Hutton played the role on screen opposite Howard Keel in the 1950 release. A new recording of the musical was released in 1990. Bernadette Peters starred in a major Broadway revival that opened in 1999; Reba McEntire also enjoyed special acclaim as Annie in that production.

CABARET

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

Adapted from Christopher Isherwood’s Berlin Stories and John van Druten’s dramatization, I Am a Camera, the musical Cabaret uses a sleazy Berlin night club as a metaphor for the decadent world of pre-Hitler Germany of the 1930s. Though the story focuses on Sally Bowles, a British expatriate, and her ill-fated affair with Clifford Bradshaw, an American writer, the symbolism of the show is conveyed through an epicene Master of Ceremonies who recreates the tawdry atmosphere of the period through a series of musical numbers at the Kit Kat Club. The score is purposely reminiscent of Weill and Brecht, and starred Weill’s widow, Lotte Lenya, in an important role. In 1972 Bob Fosse directed a movie version, which reversed the nationalities of the principals, and used a different storyline, with additional songs by Kander & Ebb. The enormously successful 1998 Broadway revival integrated aspects of the film script, as well as the songs from the film into the stage production. Fraulein Schneider, an upstanding old woman who runs the house where Bradshaw rents a room, and Herr Schulz, a warmhearted fruitier, had a friendship with romantic potential. His modest gift of a pineapple to her starts the love duet “It Couldn’t Please Me More.”
CALL ME MADAM

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
BOOK: Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 10/12/50, New York; a run of 644 performances

Annie Get Your Gun provided the biggest hit of two big careers: Irving Berlin’s and Ethel Merman’s. Small wonder that just four years later they were collaborating again on a musical about another vivid real-life character. This time, they developed a tale of Sally, a former Washington party-giver, who gets named ambassador to a tiny fictitious European country, “Lichtenburg.” This story is based on the life of Perle Mesta, whom President Harry Truman had appointed ambassador to Luxembourg two years earlier. The show satirizes politics, foreign affairs, and also the familiar sight of comically gauche Americans abroad. The film version, starring Merman and Donald O’Conner, was released in 1953. Kenneth Gibson is Sally’s young aide; he pines for the Princess of Lichtenburg, but old world propriety does not allow him to pursue her. He laments to Sally about his strong feelings; she matter-of-factly responds. “You’re Just in Love.”

CHESS

MUSIC: Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus
LYRICS: Tim Rice
BOOK: Richard Nelson, based on an idea by Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Lynne Taylor-Corbett
OPENED: 4/28/88, New York; a run of 68 performances

There have been musicals about the cold war (Leave it to Me!, Silk Stockings), but Chess was the first to treat the conflict seriously, using an international chess match as a metaphor. The idea originated with Tim Rice who first tried to interest his former partner, Andrew Lloyd Webber, in the project. When that failed, he approached Andersson and Ulvaeus, writers and singers with the Swedish pop group ABBA. Like Jesus Christ Superstar and Evita, Chess originated as a successful concept album before it became a stage production. The London production was a high-tech spectacle, rock opera type presentation. The libretto was revised for New York, and a different production approach was tried. The story is a romantic triangle with a Bobby Fischer type American chess champion, a Russian opponent who defects to the West, and the Hungarian born American, Florence, who transfers her affections from the American to the Russian without bringing happiness to anyone. Florence and the Russian share their love for each other in “You and I,” a song which also recognizes the futility of their situation.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York, for a run of 936 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 American hucksterism, vulgarity and decadence 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 spare and stylish smash 1996 Broadway revival, one of the longest running productions in Broadway history. A more lavish movie treatment, released in 2002, starred Renée Zellweger, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Richard Gere in the lead roles. Against the odds for a new movie musical, it was a critical and popular hit. Gruff, corrupt prison matron Mama Morton and murderess Velma ironically lament in “Class” the passing of good manners.
COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York; a run of 705 performances

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical, reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building, and their excessively protective feelings about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married, even though it's clear their own marriages are far from perfect. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers of the time. Making a connection with another person, the show seems to say, is the key to happiness. An Off-Broadway revue of Sondheim songs also borrowed the song title as its overall title. The show was revived on Broadway in 1995. “Barcelona” takes place on the morning after a casual one-night affair between Bobby and a flight attendant.

THE FANTASTICKS

MUSIC: Harvey Schmidt
LYRICS AND BOOK: Tom Jones
DIRECTOR: Ward Baker
OPENED: 5/3/60, New York; a run of 17,162 performances

The statistics alone are, well, fantastic. With a run of over 40 years at a tiny Off-Broadway Greenwich Village theatre, The Fantastics is, to date, the longest running American musical. The fragile allegorical fantasy is concerned with the theme of seasonal rebirth, or the paradox of “why Spring is born out of Winter’s laboring pain.” In the story, adapted from Edmond Rostand’s play, Les Romanesques, the fathers of two youthful lovers, Luisa and Matt, feel they must show parental disapproval to make sure that their progenies remain together. When this deception is revealed, the lovers quarrel and Matt goes off to seek adventure. At the end, after a number of degrading experiences, he returns to Luisa’s waiting arms, proclaiming that everything he encountered in the world reminded him of her; “They Were You.” A film version was released in 2000.

THE FULL MONTY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: David Yazbek
BOOK: Terrence McNally
DIRECTOR: Jack O’Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: 10/26/00, New York; a run of 770 performances

Based on the successful British movie of the same name, “The Full Monty” is David Yazbek’s first foray into Broadway. The scene for the stage musical is changed to Buffalo, New York. The men in the story are unemployed factory workers. Determined to support themselves and families, the decidedly average group form a Chippendale’s type strip act, baring everything (as the British phrase “the full monty” implies) for entertainment. Each of the guys has a personal obstacle to overcome, and the act of baring it publicly is a symbol of personal freedom. Dave and Harold, a former factory manager sing an unlikely duet in “You Rule My World.” Each is seen sitting on the edge of the bed next to a sleeping wife. The overweight Dave sings to his stomach. Harold, who can’t face revealing that he’s lost his job, sings to his adored wife.
FUNNY GIRL

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Bob Merrill
BOOK: Isobel Lennart
DIRECTION: Garson Kanin and Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Marc Breaux and Deedee Wood
OPENED: 3/26/64, New York; a run of 1,348 performances

The funny girl of the title refers to Fanny Brice, one of Broadway’s legendary clowns. Her story, told mostly in flashback, covers her discovery by impresario Florenz Ziegfeld, her triumphs in the Ziegfeld Follies, her stormy marriage to smooth talking con man Nick Arnstein, and the breakup of the couple after Nick has served time for stock swindling. Film producer Ray Stark, Miss Brice’s son-in-law, had long wanted to make a movie based on the Fanny Brice story, but the original screenplay convinced him that it should first be done on the stage. At one time or another Mary Martin, Carol Burnett and Anne Bancroft were announced for the leading role, but the assignment went to 22-year-old Barbra Streisand, whose only other Broadway experience had been in a supporting part in I Can Get It for You Wholesale. However, Streisand, through performances in clubs and on television and on record, had already begun her fast ascent to stardom. She was hardly an unknown on the opening night of Funny Girl. The 1968 movie version, directed by William Wyler and Herbert Ross, was Miss Streisand’s auspicious film debut (She won an Oscar for the performance). Nick has invited Fanny to a fancy restaurant. Uncomfortable with the ambience and romantic tension, Fanny says she doesn’t know when he might make a pass at her, but he tells her she’ll know in the duet, “You Are Woman, I Am Man.”

GIGI

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Joseph Hardy
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna 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, even on film, 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. Set in Paris, the fin-de-siècle tale concerns a French girl who shocks her grandmother and aunt, two former upscale courtesans, by her determination to get the dashing but bored Gaston Lachailles to propose marriage. Eventually, of course, he does. The story originated in a 60-page novella by Colette, which was then turned into a 1950 French film (with Danielle Darrieux) and a 1954 Broadway play (with Audrey Hepburn). Gigi’s aunt, Mme. Alvarez, and the libidinous Honore Lachaille sing of a romantic liaison in days past in the nostalgic duet “I Remember It Well.”

GUYS AND DOLLS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Frank Loesser
BOOK: Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling
DIRECTOR: George S. Kaufman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 11/24/50, New York; a run of 1,200 performances

Populated by the hard-shelled but soft-centered characters who inhabit the world of writer Damon Runyon, this “Musical Fable of Broadway” tells the tale of how Miss Sarah Brown of the Save-a-Soul Mission saves the souls of assorted Times Square riff-raff while losing her heart to the smooth-talking gambler, Sky Masterson. A more comic romance involves Nathan Detroit, who runs the “oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York,” and Miss Adelaide, the star of the Hot Box night club, to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years. In 1992, a successful revival opened in New York, and a new cast recording was made of the show. The 1955 film version starred Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, and Vivian Blaine (the original Miss Adelaide). Marginally offended by Sky’s seemingly offhand morals, Sarah tells him her idea of whom she’ll fall for in “I’ll Know.” Seeing their friends mixed up with dames, two gamblers, Nicely-Nicely Johnson and Benny Southstreet, list what happens when fraternizing takes place between the sexes in “Guys and Dolls.” Minutes before their license to get married expires, Nathan seemingly is backing out again. Adelaide thinks that he is lying that he must go to a prayer meeting. When in fact he is doing just that. He pleads his case to no avail in “Sue Me.”
HAIRSPRAY

MUSIC: Marc Shaiman
LYRICS: Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman
BOOK: Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan
DIRECTOR: Jack O'Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: 8/15/02, still running as of October 2005

Versatile film composer Marc Shaiman decided that John Waters’ campy 1988 movie Hairspray was perfect fodder for a new Broadway musical – teenage angst, racial integration, a lot of dancing and a whole lot of hair. Set in Baltimore in the early 1960’s, Hairspray’s plump heroine Tracy Turnblad dreams of dancing on the Corny Collins TV show, but is upstaged by the prettier, but less talented, current “It-girl” Amber Von Tussle. Tracy eventually dances her way onto the show and gains acceptance for all teens of every size, shape and color. “Timeless to Me” is the duet of staying love sung by Tracy’s parents, Wilbur and Edna Turnblad. As in the movie, on stage Edna is played by a man, croaked out endearingly in the original Broadway cast by Harvey Fierstein.

I LOVE YOU, YOU’RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE

MUSIC: Jimmy Roberts
LYRICS AND BOOK: Joe DiPietro
DIRECTOR: Joel Bishoff
OPENED: 8/1/96, New York; still running as of October 2005

This sleeper hit Off-Broadway revue turns a gently 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. A couple anticipates an upcoming late-night tryst, listing the obstacles inherent in family life to making love in “Marriage Tango.”

JEKYLL & HYDE

MUSIC: Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse
DIRECTOR: Robin Phillips
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey Pizzi
OPENED: 4/28/97, New York; a run of 1,543 performances

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. A North American tour helped make the show known 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. Jekyll and his betrothed Emma sing of their love in “Take Me As I Am;” there is a certain irony in Jekyll’s verse, since we know what lurks inside him.

THE LAST FIVE YEARS

MUSIC: Jason Robert Brown
LYRICS AND BOOK: Jason Robert Brown
DIRECTOR: Daisy Prince
OPENED: 3/30/02, New York

The Last Five Years paired writer Jason Robert Brown and director Daisy Prince together again after their collaboration on the revue Songs for a New World. This two-person show chronicles the beginning, middle and end of a relationship between a successful writer and a struggling actress. The show’s form is what makes it unique: the woman starts at the end of the relationship, and tells her story backwards, and the man starts at the beginning. The only point of intersection is the middle at their engagement, in the song “The Next Ten Minutes”. The two original actors Off-Broadway were Norbert Leo Butz and Sherie Rene Scott.
MAME

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jerry Herman
BOOK: Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee
DIRECTOR: Gene Saks
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 5/24/66, New York; a run of 1,508 performances

Ten years after premiering the comedy based on Patrick Dennis’ fictional account of his free-wheeling Auntie Mame in the 1920s and 1930s, playwrights Lawrence and Lee joined forces with Jerry Herman to transform their play into a hit musical. Angela Lansbury, after years of stage and screen performances, finally achieved her stardom in the title role. A film version, virtually the last old-fashioned musical movie made, was released in 1974, starring Lucille Ball and Robert Preston, and from the original cast, Bea Arthur. The non-musical film of the story, Auntie Mame, was released in 1957 and starred Rosalind Russel. One person who has seen Mame through her wealth and poverty and wealth again is Vera Charles; they sing of their long-term friendship in “Bosom Buddies.”

MISS SAIGON

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby, Jr.
DIRECTOR: Nicholas Hytner
MUSICAL STAGING: Bob Avian
OPENED: 9/20/89, London, a run of 4,263 performances
4/11/91, New York; a run of 4,092 performances

A follow up to their hit Les Misérables, Miss Saigon is somewhat of an updated telling on the general lines of the Belasco-Puccini tale of Madame Butterfly; only this time the setting is Vietnam during the fall of Saigon at the end of the war. The writers cite a news photograph of a Vietnamese woman giving up her child to an American G.I. as the genesis of the idea. The production was noted for a life-size helicopter that descended over the audience. Chris is an American G.I. who falls in love with the beautiful Kim at a nightclub in Saigon. After scaring off Thuy, who was to be Kim’s husband through arranged marriage, Chris holds her tightly and they sing “The Last Night of the World.”

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Charles Hart, Richard Stilgoe
BOOK: Richard Stilgoe and Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: 10/9/86, London, still running as of October 2005
1/26/88, New York, still running as of October 2005

Turn-of-the-century French novelist Gaston Leroux wrote Le Fantôme de l’Opéra after visiting the subterranean depths of the Paris Opera House, including its man-made lake. Though not a success when published in 1911, the ghoulrish tale of the mad, disfigured Phantom who lives in the bowels of the theatre and does away with those who would thwart the operatic career of his beloved Christine, became internationally celebrated in 1925 when it served as a movie vehicle for Lon Chaney. In 1984 Ken Hill’s stage production playing in London was seen by Lloyd Webber, who, after reading the novel decided he would make The Phantom of the Opera his next musical. Richard Stilgoe wrote some of the lyrics, but was later replaced by Charles Hart (though Lloyd Webber had tried to get Alan Jay Lerner or Tim Rice as collaborators). A film version was released in 2004. Escaping to the roof of the Paris Opera House after a performance sabotaged by the Phantom, Christine and Raoul profess their mutual love in “All I Ask of You.”

THE PRODUCERS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Mel Brooks
BOOK: Mel Brooks and Thomas Meehan
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Susan Stroman
OPENED: 4/19/01, still running as of October 2005

Mel Brooks swept critics and audiences off their feet in New York with this new show with a primarily new score, adapted from his 1968 movie The Producers. The story concerns washed-up Broadway producer Max Bialystock and his accountant Leo Bloom. During an audit of Max’s books, Leo offhandedly remarks that one could make more money producing a flop than a hit. The two eventually produce the show “Springtime for Hitler,” which seems on paper like it will be the biggest flop ever. It’s a hit and Bialystock and Bloom are in trouble. All ends well, after a brief prison detour. The original cast included Broadway stars Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick. In “We Can Do It,” Max convinces Leo to follow through with his idea to produce a flop, tapping into Leo’s timid fear as well as a secret desire to produce for the stage.
SATURDAY NIGHT

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Julius J. Epstein, based on the play Front Porch in Flatbush by Julius J. Epstein and Phillip G. Epstein
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Kathleen Marshall
OPENED: 12/11/97, London
2/14/00, New York

Saturday Night goes down in a 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 Lewel 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. A married couple reminisces about their first date in “I Remember That.”

SHOW BOAT

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Zeke Colvan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Sammy Lee
OPENED: 12/27/27, New York. a run of 572 performances

No show ever to hit Broadway was more historically important, and at the same time more beloved than Show Boat, that landmark of the 1927 season. Edna Ferber’s novel of life on the Mississippi was the source for this musical/opera, and provided a rich plot and characters which Kern and Hammerstein amplified to become some of the most memorable ever to grace the stage. Show Boat not only summed up all that had come before it, both in the musical and operetta genres, but additionally planted a seed of complete congruity which later would blossom in the more adventurous shows of the ’30s, ’40s and ’50s. Since its premiere in 1927 the show has been in constant revival in some way or another, whether in its three film versions, in New York productions, in touring companies, in operatic repertories, or in the many, many amateur productions. A major Broadway revival opened in 1994. “Why Do I Love You?” is the opening number of the second act. The incredible newlyweds Ravenel and Magnolia are brimming with love for each other.

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 offbeat story of this fictionalized biography of real-life conjoined twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who climb from the carnival freak show through vaudeville to the Ziegfeld Folies 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 the sisters’ inescapable predicament. The show and its strong score attracted a small but devoted cult that was unable to keep it running more than three months. Closing out Act One, Daisy and Violet, worried about their prospects for normal love lives, sing the ballad “Who Will Love Me As I Am?”

SONGS FOR A NEW WORLD

MUSIC: Jason Robert Brown
BOOK AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
DIRECTOR: Daisy Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Arnold
OPENED: 10/26/95, New York; a run of 28 performances

In 1994, Daisy Prince, daughter of Broadway legend Harold Prince, went to hear a 24-year-old Greenwich Village coffeehouse pianist named Jason Robert Brown play some of his original compositions. When she heard he was working on a concert evening of songs that played like offbeat short stories, a collaboration and a friendship were born. Titled Songs for a New World, the piece was developed at a summer festival in Toronto. Musically distinctive and precocious, the songs look at contemporary life from highly unusual angles. Not bad for a composer who had just turned 25. In the plotless revue, a man and a woman talk about how their seemingly great lives apart seem empty without each other in “I’d Give It All for You.”
MONTY PYTHON’S SPAMALOT

MUSIC: John Du Prez and Eric Idle
LYRICS: Eric Idle
BOOK: Eric Idle, "lovingly ripped off" from the motion picture “Monty Python and the Holy Grail"
DIRECTOR: Mike Nichols
CHOREOGRAPHER: Casey Nicholaw
OPENED: 3/17/05, New York, still running as of October 2005

Eric Idle, one of the founding members of the British comedy troupe “Monty Python’s Flying Circus,” makes his Broadway writing debut with Monty Python’s Spamalot, billed as “a new musical lovingly ripped off from the motion picture ‘Monty Python and the Holy Grail.’” As in the movie, the show involves the adventures of King Arthur and his band of knights in their search for the Holy Grail, shrubbery, and in the musical, success on the Great White Way. Spamalot is a lavish production, featuring a large cast and sets, and directed by luminary Broadway and movie director Mike Nichols. The score includes the few songs from the film, plus many new songs. The original cast starred Tim Curry, Hank Azaria, and David Hyde Pierce. True to characteristic Python irreverence and silliness, Spamalot lambasts the Broadway musical genre at every step, one such example being the aptly named “The Song That Goes Like This,” sung by The Lady of the Lake and Sir Dennis Galahad.

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” Toddy. 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. (S)he’s a smash, and attracts the attentions of King Marchan, a Chicago gangster who feels strangely attracted to “Victor.” Added for the Broadway run by Mancini and Bricusse, “Almost a Love Song” has King and Victoria standing on the precipice of a great love.

WICKED

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz
BOOK: Winnie Holzman, based on the novel “Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West” by Gregory Maguire
DIRECTOR: Joe Mantello
CHOREOGRAPHER: Wayne Cienllo
OPENED: 10/30/03, New York, still running as of October 2005

Stephen Schwartz’s triumphant return to Broadway came with Wicked, taking New York by storm in 2003. Based on Gregory Maguire’s 1995 book, the show chronicles the backstory of the Wicked Witch of the West, Elphaba, and Good Witch of the North, Glinda (Galinda), before their story threads are picked up in The Wizard of Oz. At times a dark show, the original production was characterized by lavish production and had stellar cast, including Kristin Chenoweth, Idina Menzel, Norbert Leo Butz, and Broadway immortal Joel Grey. The two witches first cross paths back in school as unlikely roommates. Their initial impressions are made clear in “What Is This Feeling?”
ELABORATE LIVES
from Elton John and Tim Rice’s Aida

Music by ELTON JOHN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Moderately, with rubato

Gb5

Gbm

Cb5(add9)

Gb/Db

Db

RADAMES:

Gb

Cb/Gb

Gb

We all lead

such e-lab-o-rate lives

Cb

Fb/Cb

Cb

Db

Gb/Db

Wild am-bi-tions

Db

Gb

Cb/Gb

Gb

in our sights

How an af-fair

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of the heart survives

Days apart
and hurried nights

With strict rhythm

Seems quite unbelievable to me

I don't want to live like that
Seems quite unbelievable
I don't want to love like that

I just want our time to be

slower and

colla voce

gentler, wiser, free

We all live in extravagant times.
I'm so tired of all we're going through
I don't want to

live like that

I'm so tired of all we're going through

I don't want to love like that
I just want to be with you

Now and forever, peaceful.
This may not be the moment

to tell you face to face

But I could wait for

ev-er for the perfect time and place

AIDA: We all lead

such e-lab- orate lives
We don't know whose words are true

Strangers, lovers, husbands,
wives

Hard to know who's loving

AIDA: Too many choices tear us apart
RADAMES:

I don't want to live like that
Too many choices

tear us apart
I don't want to love like that

I just want to touch your heart
May this confession

colla voce

RADAMES:

be the start

AIDA:
WRITTEN IN THE STARS
from Elton John and Tim Rice’s Aida

Music by ELTON JOHN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Moderate Ballad
Bb sus2    F/Bb Eb/Bb    Bb sus2    F/Bb Eb/Bb    Gb(add2)    Ab(add2)

AIDA: Bb
F/Bb Eb/Bb
Bb
D/F#

I am here to tell you we can never meet again

Gm
Gm/F
Ebm
Fsus
F

Simple really isn’t it? A word or two and then a

Bb
F/Bb Eb/Bb
Bb
D/F#

lifetime of not knowing where or how or why or when

You

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think of me
or speak of me
and wonder what befell
The

someone you once loved
so long ago,
so well!

RADAMES:

Never wonder what I'll feel
as living shuffles by

You don't have to ask me
and I need not reply
Ev'ry moment of my life— from now until I die—

I will think of you and fail to understand— How a perfect love can be confounded out—

Of hand— Is it written in the stars?— Are we paying for some crime?— Is (that)

all that we are good for just a stretch of mortal time?— Or some God's experiment—
which we have no say?

In which we're give-n par-a-dise but on-ly for a day

AIDA:

(Spoken:) Marry the princess, Radames. You can help my people. This could be our chance to do something important. Don't you see?

Nothing can be altered, there is noth-ing to de-cide

--- escape, no change of heart, nor an-y place to hide

Fm

Fm/Eb

Db

Db/Eb
Ab G/E
RADAMES:

You are all I'll ever want but this I am denied

Fm

RADAMES:

Sometimes in my darkest thoughts I wish I'd never learned AIDA: What it

Bbm

AIDA:
is to be in love and have that love returned Is it

Eb(add2)

Db(add2)

written in the stars? Are we paying for some crime? Is (that)

sub. p

Bbm7
RADAMES:

all that we are good for just a stretch of mortal time? Or some
cresc.

AIDA:

God's experiment In which we have no say?

In

which we're given paradise But only for a day

dim.
AN OLD FASHIONED WEDDING
from the Stage Production Annie Get Your Gun

Moderato (\(\frac{3}{4}\))

FRANK:

We'll have an old fashioned wedding.

Blessed in the good old fashioned way.
I'll vow to love you forever, you'll vow to

love and honor and obey.

Some where in some little chapel,

Some day when orange blossoms bloom.
We'll have an old fashioned wedding, a simple wedding for an old fashioned bride and groom.

ANNIE:
I wanna wedding in a big church with bridesmaids and flower girls. A lot of ushers in tailcoats, reporters and pho-
tographs._ A ceremony with a bishop who will tie the knot and

say:  
“Do you agree to love and honor,” Love and honor, yes, but

not obey._ I wanna wedding ring surrounded by diamonds and

platinum._ A big reception at the Waldorf with champagne and
caviar.

I wanna wed-ding like the Van-der-bilts have, ev-ry-thing big, not small.

If I can’t have that kind of a wed-ding I don’t wanna get mar-ried at all.

I wanna wed-ding in a big church with

FRANK:

We’ll have an old fash-ioned
bridesmaids and flower girls, A lot of ushers in tailcoats, wedding.

Blessed in the good old fashioned

porters and photographers, a ceremony with a bishop who will

way. I’ll vow to love you for

tie the knot and say: “Do you agree to love and honor,” Love and

ever, you’ll vow to love and honor and o
hon- or, yes, but not o- bey...
I wan-na wed-ding ring sur- round- ed by
bey.

Some- where in some lit- tle
dia- monds and plat- i- num...
A big re- cep tion at the Wal- dorf with
chap- el...
Some- day when or- ange blos- soms

cham- pagne and can- vi- ar...
I wan-na wed-ding like the Van- der- bihts have...
bloom...
We'll have an old fash- ioned
ev'-ry-thing big, not small. If it's not a big wed-ding I don't wan-na get mar-ried at
wed-ding. A sim-ple wed-ding for an old fash-ioned bride and

all. If it's not a big wed-ding I don't wan-na get mar-ried at
groom. We'll have an old fash-ioned

all.

wed-ding
ANYTHING YOU CAN DO
from the Stage Production Annie Get Your Gun

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Moderato \( \frac{\text{dotted notes}}{\text{dotted notes}} \)

ANNIE:

Music notation:

FRANK:

ANNIE:

FRANK:

ANNIE:

FRANK:

Anything you can do, I can do better.

I can do anything better than you! No you can't. Yes I can. No you can't.

Yes I can. No you can't. Yes I can! Yes I can!

Anything you can be, I can be greater. Sooner or later I'm great.

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ANNIE: er than you. No you're not. Yes I am. No you're not. Yes I am. No you're not.

FRANK: Yes I am! Yes I am! I can shoot a partridge with.

ANNIE: a single cartridge. I can get a sparrow with a bow and arrow.

FRANK: I can live on bread and cheese. And only that? Yes!

FRANK: (optional tacet)
ANNIE:  So can a rat!  
FRANK:  An-y-thing you can sing, I can sing higher.

ANNIE:  I can sing an-y-thing higher than you.  
FRANK:  No you can't.  Yes I can.  No you can't.

ANNIE:  Yes I can. No you can't. Yes I can. No you can't.

ANNIE:  Yes I can.

FRANK:  ad lib. repeat
ANNIE: An - y-thing you can buy, I can buy cheap - er. I can buy an - y-thing cheap -


ANNIE: Yes I can! Yes I can! An - y-thing you can say, I

FRANK: can say soft - er. I can say an - y-thing soft - er than you. No you can't.

molto dim.
ANNIE: Yes I can. No you can’t. Yes I can! No you can’t. Yes I can! Yes I can!

FRANK: I can drink my liquor faster than a flicker.

ANNIE: I can drink it quicker and get even sicker. I can open

FRANK: any safe. Without being caught? Sure. That’s what I thought, you crook!

ANNIE: (optional tacet)
ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.

ANNE: Yes, I can.

FRANK: Yes, you can. No, you can't.
Freely

FRANK:  a tempo

Yes you can!

colla voce

a tempo

Any thing you can wear, I can wear better.

FRANK:  ANNIE:  FRANK:

In what you wear I'd look better than you. In my coat? In your vest. In my shoes?

ANNIE:  FRANK:  ANNIE:

In your hat. No you can't. Yes I can! Yes I can!
FRANK: Anything you can say, I can say faster, I can say anything faster.

ANNIE: FRANK: er than you. No you can’t. Yes I can. No you can’t. Yes I can! No you can’t.

FRANK: ANNIE: FRANK: 

ANNIE: FRANK: 

FRANK: ANNIE: I can jump a hurdle. I can wear a girdle. I can knit a sweater. I can fill it better.
FRANK:
I can do most anything. Can you bake a pie? No.

ANNIE:
Neither can I. Any note you can sing, I can sing sweeter.

FRANK:

ANNIE:
I can sing anything sweeter than you. No you can't.

FRANK:

ANNIE:
Yes I can. No you can't.
ANNIE:
Yes I can.
FRANK:
No you can't. Yes I can.

FRANK:
No you can't. Yes I can.
ANNIE:

FRANK:

ANNIE:
Can't, can't, can't. Yes I can, can, can.

BOTH:
Yes I can, can, can. Yes I can.

FRANK:
Can.

can't.
IT COULDN'T PLEASE ME MORE
from the Musical Cabaret

Moderately

FRÄULEIN SCHNEIDER:

If you brought me

Strict tempo

Eb6    Bb7#5    Eb6    Bb7#5

If you brought me pearls,

p legato

Eb6    Edim    Bb7/F    Bb9    Bb7/F    Es7#5

If you brought me diamonds,

roses Like some other gents might bring to other girls,

It couldn't please me

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more. Than the gift I see.

pine-apple for me.

cresc.

motion You began to sway. Went to get some

air Or grabbed a chair To keep from fainting dead away. It could n't please me
Ah — I can hear Hawaiian breezes blow.

Ah — It's from California. Even so, How am I to
thank you?

Kindly let it pass. Would you like a slice? That might be nice. But frankly, it would give me gas. Then we shall leave it here. Not to eat, but see.

pineapple For me. From me.
Slower

Fm9

Bb9sus

Bb9

HERR S.

Gm7

FRAU. S.

pine - ap - ple

for you.

From

C9

Fm7

BOTH:

Bb7

you.

Ah

Bb7

Fm7

Ah

Fm7

Bb7

Fm7

Ah

Very slowly

Bb7

Eb

pp
Moderato, dreamily

KENNETH:

I hear singing and there's no one there.

I smell blossoms and the trees are bare.

All day long I seem to walk on air — I wonder
why I wonder why

I keep tossing in my sleep at night

And what's more I've lost my appetite

Stars that used to twinkle in the skies are twinkling
SALLY:
You don’t need analyzing. It is not so surprising.
That you feel very strange but nice.
Your heart goes pitter patter. I know just what’s the matter.
Because I've been there once or twice.

Put your head on my shoulder. You need someone who's older

A rub-down with a velvet glove.

There is nothing you can take To relieve that pleasant ache.
SALLY:
You don't need analyzing It is not so surprising

KENNETH:
I hear singing and there's no one there

That you feel very strange but nice.

I smell blossoms and the trees are bare.
Your heart goes pit-ter, pat-tter. I know just what's the mat-tter
All day long I seem to walk on air— I won-dre

Be-cause I've been there once or twice.

why— I won-dre why.

Put your head on my shoul-der. You need some-one who's old-er
I keep toss-ing in my sleep at night—
A rub-down with a velvet glove.

And what's more I've lost my appetite.

you can take.

To relieve that pleasant ache.

used to twinkle in the skies.

just in love.

I wonder why.
I've been a fool to about you.

low dreams to become great expectations.

How can I love you so much yet make no move? I pray the
days and nights in their endless
weary procession soon overwhelm

my sad obsession.
You
and I we've seen it all

and I we've seen it all

chasing our hearts' desire,

but we go on pretend-

chasing our hearts' desire,

but we go on pretend-

ing stories like ours

have happy

ing stories like ours

have happy
You could not give me more than you gave me.
Why should there be something in
me still discontented?

won't look back any more, and if I do—just for a moment.

I'll soon be happy to say I knew her
But if you hear today, I'm no
when.

longer quite so devoted

longer quite so devoted

poco rit.

to this affair, I've been misquoted.

to this affair, I've been misquoted.
You and I we've seen it
You and I we've seen it

all chasing our hearts' desire,
all chasing our hearts' desire,

but we go on pretending
but we go on pretending
CLASS
from Chicago

Moderately slow, in 2

VELMA:

Whatever happened to fair dealing and

pure ethics and nice manners?

Why is it everyone now

is a pain in the ass?

What-ever happened to class?

MATRON:

Class?

Whatever happened to "please, may I?" and "yes, thank you" and

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“how charming!”

Now ev’ry son-of-a-bitch is a snake in the grass.

What-ev-er hap-pened to class?

Class!

VELMA:

MATRON: Ah, there ain’t no gentlemen to open up the doors. there ain’t no

loco

la-dies now there’s only pigs and whores and even kids’l knock ya down so’s they can
Am D7 Gm7 Gm7/C C7 Db

No body's got no class.

VELMA:

What ever happened to old values and fine morals and good breeding?

MATRON:

Now no one even says "oops" when they're passing their gas.

BOTH:

What ever happened to class?

VELMA:

Class!

MATRON:

Ah, there ain't no
Ain't there no decency left? No-body's got no

class. Ev'-ry-bod-y you watch s'got his brains in his
crotch. Ho-ly crap, ho-ly crap, what a shame, what a shame. What's become of

class?
THEY WERE YOU
from The Fantasticks

Words by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT

Simple and pristine

When the moon was young.
When the month was May.
When the stage was hung for my holiday, I saw

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shining lights But I never knew They were

you, They were you, They were you. When the
dance was done, When I went my way. When I

tried to find rainbows far away, All the
lovely lights seemed to fade from view. They were

LUISA:

you. They were you. They were you. With

con moto

out you near me.

mp con moto

I can’t see.
When you're near me

poco a poco cresc.

Wonderful things come to be.

Ev'ry

mf
decresc.
pochiss. rit.
a tempo

secret prayer.

Ev'ry fancy free.

Ev'ry-

BOTH:

thing I dared for both you and me. All my
LUISA:

wildest dreams multiplied by

MATT:

two.

They were you.

LUISA:

They were you.

MATT:

They were

BOTH:

They were

Slower

LUISA:

you.

MATT:

They were you.

BOTH:

They were you.

rall.

They were you.

a tempo

poco rit.
BARCELONA
from Company

Slowly (\( \text{\textit{d}} = 30 \))

ROBERT: APRIL: ROBERT: APRIL:
Where you going? Barcelona. Oh— Don't get up.

ROBERT: APRIL: ROBERT: APRIL: \( \text{\textit{rit.}} \)
Do you have to? Yes, I have to. Oh— Don't get up.

ROBERT: APRIL: ROBERT:
Now you're angry. No, I'm not. Yes, you are. No, I'm not. Put your things down.
See, you’re angry... No, I’m not. Yes, you are. No, I’m not. Put your wings down and stay. I’m leaving. Why? To go to. Stay. I have to. Fly. I know. To Barcelona.

Look.

you’re a very special girl.
Not just over night. No.

You're a very special girl And

not because you're bright. Not

Just because you're bright. You're
just a very special girl.

APRIL:

June.

April.

ROBERT:

A pril.

A pril.

APRIL: roll.

Thank you.

sub. p

roll.

a tempo

sempre p

79
APRIL: Oh— Flight Eighteen.

ROBERT: Stay a min ute. I would like to.
APRIL: So?... Don’t be mean.

ROBERT: Stay a min ute. No, I can’t. Yes, you can.
APRIL: No, I can’t. Where you go ing?

APRIL: Bar ce lo na... So you said. And Ma drid. Bon voy age. On a Boe ing. Good
April: night. You're angry. No. I've got to— Right. Report to—

Robert: April:

Go. That's not to say_ That if I had my way...

April:

Robert: April:

Oh, well, I guess okay. What? I'll stay.

Robert:

But... Oh, God!
YOU RULE MY WORLD
from The Full Monty

Words and Music by
DAVID YAZBEK

Slow ballad

G

G+

G

DAVE: G

Look at you. ____ You're lying there. ____

G+

Em/G

G7

feel your milky skin, caress your silky hair.

For

C

Eb

F7

all these years you've been with me. I tilt my chin and what I see is
G

only you... not feet or knees. You

Em/G

grumble and I stumble towards the Munster cheese...

C

in your spell, a chubby fool and anyone can tell you rule my

Bb

world my world no matter what I do you rule my
DAVE:

world.

HAROLD:

Look at you, my life, my dream,
my lady with the eighty dollar

slumber dream,
the hundred dollar haircuts,
the novelty appliances we never use,
and all

those shoes you bought for when we go on the Allas
G7

- kan cruise._

C

My boat is sink - ing. I don’t care. You’re ev-

Eb  F7  Bb  Gm  G

- ry - thing I want, you rule my world, my world, You’re ev-

Eb  Gbmaj7  DAVE:  Ab7

- ry - thing I need. An - y where you go I’ll fol - low.

Bb  C  D  Eb  F

follow. An - y - thing you want I’ll give.

HAROLD:

An - y where I’ll fol - low you.
Gb7          Ab          Db          Eb
___    ___     ___          ___    ___     ___
you       An - y - time       you       feel       hol - 
          ___                ___          ___          ___
An - y - thing at all.       Don't feel       hol - 

Ab          Ab/G          Ab7/Gb          F7sus
- low,       don't       wor - ry.        I'll       swal - low       it       whole.        ___
          ___                ___          ___          ___
- low,       don't       wor - ry.        I'll       make       you       whole.        ___

G          G+
Just take a       look       at       me.        You       nev - er       leave       my       side.
          ___    ___          ___          ___    ___
Look       at       me       ___        and       hold       me       hard.        A   mo -
Em/G

C

G7

G7

Why can't I let you go?

ment please, before they seize the Visa card!

'Cause

Why can't I just lose— you rule my

I'd do anything to keep you.

You rule my

C

Eb

F7

Em/G

C

G7

Bb

A

Ab

DAVE:

world.

my

Though I'm

world.

my

world.
Cm    HAROLD: Cm/D
un-em-plored, an tad de-pressed.

DAVE: Eb
I'm over-weight.

HAROLD: F
I'm over-dressed. There's

Bb    Dm/A    G7
no-thing I can do, you rule my world.

DAVE:
There's

Slower
Cm7    F7    Bb    Bb+
no-thing I can do...

Gm    molto rit.    Bb\#11
molto rit.

8vb...
YOU ARE WOMAN, I AM MAN
from Funny Girl

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderately, in 4

NICK:

You!
Are wom - an,
I am
man.

You are small - er
So

I can be tall - er than.

You are

soft - er to the touch.

It's a feel - ing

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I like feeling very much.

You are someone

I've admired. Still our

friendship Leaves something to be desired.
Does it take more explanation than this?

You are woman, I am man. Let's kiss!
FANNY:
Is - n't this the height of non - cha - lance. Furn - nish - ing a
bed in res - tau - rants? Well, a bit of din - ner nev - er hurt.
But guess who is gon - na be__ des - sert? Do good girls do
just what ma - ma says When ma - ma's not a - round? It's a feel - ing
NICK: (Spoken)

Oy vey.

What a feeling!

A bit of paté?

I

(Sung)

drink it all day.

Should I do the things he'll tell me to?

In the pickle what would Nellie do?

In my soul I

feel an inner lack.

Just suppose he wants his dinner back!
FANNY:

Does it take more explanation than this?

FANNY:

Just some dried out toast in a sliver.

On the top a little chopped liver;

How
many girls become a sinner while waiting for a

roast-beef dinner? Though most girls slip in ordinary ways,

I got style. I do it bordelaise. Well, at least he

thinks I'm special. He ordered à la carte. It's a feeling
I like feeling very
I feel the feeling
down to my toes.
Now, I feel like there’s a fire here;

Try that once a little higher, dear. What a beast to

ruin such a pearl. Would a convent take a Jewish girl?
NICK: Does it take more explanation than this?

Freely

FANNY:

Ooh! The thrills and chills going through me.

rit.

mp colla voce

Very slow

NICK: FANNY:

If I stop him now—Can he sue me? You are woman you are

NICK:

man. Let's

p

moto rit.

mf
I REMEMBER IT WELL
from Gigi

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Moderato

HONORÉ: (quasi parlando sempre)

We met at

MAMITA:

nine. We met at eight. I was on time. No, you were late. Ah,

HONORÉ:

I remember it well.

MAMITA:

We dined with

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MAMITA:
friends. We dined a lone. A tenor sang. A baritone. Ah.

HONORÉ:
yes! I remember it well. That

MAMITA:
dazzling April moon! There was none that night.

HONORÉ:
And the month was June. That’s right! That’s right! It warms my
colla voce
heart to know that you remember still the way you

HONORÉ:
do. Ah. yes! I remember it

well.

Più mosso (in 1) (\( \triangleright = \triangleright \))

MAMITA: HONORÉ:
of ten I’ve thought of that Friday... Monday... night When

colla voce a tempo
we had our last rendezvous. And

some how I've foolishly wondered if you might By

some chance be thinking of it, too. That carriage

Tempo I

MAMITA: HONORÉ: MAMITA: HONORÉ:

ride... You walked me home. You lost a glove. I lost a comb. Ah.
cantabile
yes! I remember it well.  That brilliant

MAMITA: HONORÉ: MAMITA: HONORÉ:
sky... We had some rain. Those Russian songs... From sunny Spain...! Ah,

yes! I remember it well. You

MAMITA:

wore a gown of gold. I was all in blue.
I'LL KNOW
from *Guys and Dolls*

By FRANK LOESSER

Freely

SARAH: For I've imagined ev'ry bit of him, From his strong moral fibre to the wisdom in his head. To the

Faster

SKY: You have wished yourself a home-y aroma of his pipe———
Scarsdale Gal-a-had—The breakfast-eating Brooks Brothers type!

And

Slow

I shall meet him when the time is ripe

I’ll know when my love comes a-long, I won’t take a chance.

For

oh he’ll be just what I need. Not some fly-by-night Broadway ro-

rit.

accel.
SKY:

mance
And you'll know at a glance by the two pair of pants I'll

SARAH:

indignantly

know
By the calm steady voice, those feet on the ground I'll

know
as I run to his arms That at last I've come home safe and

dolce
(with mounting determination)

sound
And till then I shall wait And till
then I'll be strong For I'll know when my love comes a-
long.

SKY:
Mine will come as a surprise to me Mine I leave to chance, and

Flowing
chemistry Suddenly I'll know when my love comes along I'll know then and
there I'll know at the sight of her face. How I care, how I care, How I care! And I'll stop And I'll stare And I'll know long before we can speak. I'll know In my heart I'll know And I won't ever ask "Am I right? Am I wise? Am I
smart?"
But I'll stop
And I'll stare
At that

SARAH:
I'll
face in the throng
Yes I'll know
when my love
comes a-

know when my love
comes a long.

long when my love
comes a long.
GUYS AND DOLLS
from Guys and Dolls

By FRANK LOESSER

NICELY:
Ad lib. conversationally

What’s playing at the Roxy? I’ll tell you what’s playing at the Roxy. A

picture about a Minnesota man, so in love with a Mississippi girl that he sacrifices

everything and moves all the way to Biloxi. That’s what’s playing at the Roxy.

BENNY:


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story about a guy who bought his wife a small ruby with what otherwise would have been his union dues. That's what's in the Daily News.

NICELY:

What's happening all over? I'll tell you what's happening all over.

Guys sitting home by a television set, who once used to be something of a rover.
BOTH:

That's what's happening all over. Love is the thing that has

lick'd 'em. And it looks like Nathan's just another victim. Yes sir! When you

NICELY:

(1) see a guy, reach for stars in the sky. You can

BENNY: (2) see a Joe saving half of his dough. You can

bet that he's doing it for some doll. 

bet there'll be mink in it for some doll. 

BENNY: When you

NICELY: When a
spot a John waiting out in the rain
bum buys wine like a bum can't afford
Chances are he's insane as only a John can be for a Jane.

NICELY: When you cinch that the bum is under the thumb of some little broad.

BENNY: When you meet a gent paying all kinds of rent,
meet a mugg lately out of the jug,

For a flat that could flatten the Taj Mahal.

And he's still lifting platinum fol-de-rol.

NICELY: Call it

BENNY: Call it
sad, call it funny, But it's better than even money That the
hell, call it heaven, It's a probable twelve to seven That the

BOTH:
guy's only doing it for some doll.
guy's only doing it for some

BENNY:
When you

doll.
When you see a sport and his

cash has run short Make a bet that he's banking it with some
NICELY:

When a guy wears tails with the doll

front gleaming white

Who the hell do you think he's tickling pink on

BENNY:

Saturday night? When a lazy slob takes a

good steady job

And he smells from Vitalis and Barb-
NICELY:

Call it dumb, call it clever, Ah, but

BOTH:

you can give odds for ever that the guy’s only doing it For some
doll some doll some doll The guy’s only doing it for some
doll.
SUE ME
from Guys and Dolls

By FRANK LOESSER

Freely

Quite fast

ADELAIDE: (Spoken first time)  
You promise me this You promise me that You gamble it there You gamble on every thing

under the sun then you give me a kiss And you're grab-bing your hat and you're off to the races all except me And I'm sick of you keep-ing me up in the air till you're back in the mon-ey a-

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gain when I think of the time

NATHAN:

Ad - e-laide! Ad - e-laide!

And I think of the way I try

Ad - e-laide!

I could honestly die.

Call a lawyer and Sue me, I

Serve a paper and Sue me, I

subito rit.

Slowly and plaintively
NATHAN:
Sue me, What can you do me? I love you
Give a

ADELAIDE:
The best years of my
When you wind up in

NATHAN:
hol-ler and hate me, hate me Go a-head hate me I love you

life I was a fool to give to you.
jail don't come to me to bail you out.

{Al-right, al-ready I'm
{Al-right, al-ready so
NATHAN:

just a no good-nick,
call a police-man,
Al-right al-ready it's true, so

nu? So Sue me, Sue me
What can you do me? I

Tempo Primo

ADELAIDE:

(2) You gamble it here You
(3) You're at it a-gain You're run-ning the game I'm not gon-na play se-cond

love you.

ADELAIDE:

fid-dle to that, and I'm sick and I'm tir-ed of stall-ing a-round And I'm
telling you now that we're through

When I think of the time... Gone

by

And I think of the way... I

ADELAIDE:

Adelaide! Adelaide!

NATHAN:

try

I could honestly die.

Adelaide!

Sue me. Sue me.

NATHAN:

molto rit.

Shoot bullets through me I love you.
TIMELESS TO ME
from Hairspray

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Easy Swing tempo ($\frac{3}{4}$)

\[ \text{E} \quad \text{C#m7} \quad \text{F#m7} \quad \text{F#m7/B} \]

\[ \text{E} \quad \text{C#m7} \quad \text{F#m7} \quad \text{B13#9} \]

\[ \text{E6} \quad \text{Gdim7#5} \quad \text{Gdim7} \]

WILBUR:
Styles keep a-chang-in’. The world’s re-arrang-in’, but

\[ \text{F#m7} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{F#m/A} \quad \text{Fdim7} \]

Edna, you’re timeless to me.

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Hemlines are shorter. A beer costs a quarter, but

time cannot take what comes free.

You're like a stinky old cheese, babe, just gettin' ripper with age.

You're like a fatal disease, babe. But
there’s no cure, so let this fever rage. Some folks can’t stand it, say
time is a bandit, but I take the opposite view...

'Cause when I need a lift, time brings a gift: an-
other day with you. A twist or a waltz, it’s
all the same schmaltz with just a change in the scenery.

You'll never be old hat. That's that! You're timeless to me.

Fads keep a fading.

Castro's invading! But Wilbur, you're timeless to me.
Hair - dos are higher. Mine feels like barbed wire, but you say I'm chic as can be!

You're like a rare vintage Ripple, a vintage they'll never forget. So
pour me a teen-y ween-y triple__ and we can toast the fact we
ain’t dead yet! I can’t stop eating. Your hair-line’s rec-ced-ing.

Soon there’ll be noth-ing at all. So,

you’ll wear a wig while I roast a pig. Hey! Pass that Ger-i-tol!
Glenn Miller had class. That Chubby Checker's a gas, but they all pass eventually. You'll never be passé. Hip hooray!

You're timeless to me.
You're like a broken down

Chevy. All you need is a fresh coat of paint. And Edna,

you got me goin' hot and heavy. You're fat and old, but baby.
A9\#5  Ab9  A13  D13
boring you ain’t!  Some folks don’t get it, but

Bb7/F  Em7
we never fret it ’cause we know that time is our friend.

C#m7b5
And it’s plain to see that

F#7  Bm7  A#m7  Am7
you’re stuck with me until the bitter end.
And we got a kid who's blowin' the lid off the Turnblad family tree. You'll always hit the spot, big shot! You're time-less to me.

You'll always be du jour, mon amour. You're time-less to
Andante espressivo (straight 8ths)

D6

F#m7/B

B9

EDNA:

Am7

You'll always be first string. Ring-a-ding-ding!

Swing tempo again (\( \text{\textsuperscript{\text{\textfrac{3}{4}}} = \frac{J}{4} \text{\textfrac{3}{4}}} \))

Em7

BOTH:

A9

D6

Bm7

Em7

EDNA:

D6

Bm7

You're time-less to me.

You're time-less to me.

WILBUR:

Em7

D6

Bm7

You're time-less to me.

You're time-less to me!!

Am7

BOTH:

A9

D6

Slowly

(straight 8ths)

allargando colla voce
MARRIAGE TANGO
from I Love You, You’re Perfect, Now Change

With a dramatic Tango feel $\bullet = 120$

Dave:

I tucked in both the boys, and I

put a-way their toys, so to-night I’ll feel the joys of being wed.

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put away each Smurf, and the footballs made of Nerf, so to-

night this Dad- dy's turf will be his bed! I cleaned up

Leg-os and gor-il-las, Nin-ja Tur-tles and God-zil-las, and one

large tyr-an-no-saur-us rex.

Now
who would have guessed, but soon I'll be undressed: I'm married, and I'm gonna have sex!

MARLENE:

I laid out their school clothes, and the leftovers I froze, so I'm
ready to expose my aching bust. I walked the Saint Bernard, let the

(8')

Dm F6dim7 Gm A7 Dm
cat out in the yard; now watch Mom-my work real hard with lots of

lust.

glis.

D Gm
I picked up Batman, Pez, and Slinkies, Power

Dm/F Gm/Bb A7
Rangers, trolls, and Twin-kies, G. I. Joes with muscles that
Now who would have known, but soon I'll hear me moan; I'm married.

and I'm gonna have sex!

MARLENE:

Calmer, but with a beat $\frac{d}{t} = 116$
DAVE: there was a time

BOTH: when our nights were filled with

A tempo

With passion

Gm

passion so deep.

Oh, the heights we would climb; but

C7

now when it's dark, we'd much rather sleep.

B lustfully

Tempo 1 $= 120$

DAVE:

But not tonight!
car's in the garage, my libido's growing large, and soon I will discharge my manly

spell.

I cooked dinner in the wok, I washed
ev'ry shirt and sock, so tonight I'm gonna rock 'n' roll like hell!

DAVE:

MARLENE: We played with Play-doh and Nintendo, we watched
"Dumbo" to the end, oh now it's time for fun—that's rated

"X."
We almost didn't make it, but

soon we'll both be naked. We're married, we're married,

and we're gonna have burning, yearning,
Build gradually
wheezing, squeezing, gaudy, naughty.

With emphasis
F B7
heaving, cleaving, good old-fashioned...

With abandon
Em F B7b5 Em
sex!
T AKE M E A S I A M  
from *Jekyll & Hyde*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE  
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Moderately slow

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B♭maj7</th>
<th>G♭</th>
<th>B♭maj7</th>
<th>Eb(maj7)</th>
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B♭add2

<table>
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<th>F/G</th>
<th>Gm9</th>
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*Jekyll: Some - times I see__
past the ho - ri - zon,

*Emma: Look in my eyes__,
who do you see__ there?*

Cm7

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<tr>
<th>Cm7♭5</th>
<th>F7sus4</th>
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*sure of my way__,
where I am go - ing,

*Someone you know__,
or just a stran - ger?*
But where's the prize—
If you are wise—
I have my eyes—
on?

If you are wise, you will see me there!

Where?
Love
There is just no knowing!
And when despair—

Love, meaning me:

Who can I turn to but you?

We'll make that one dream come true!

Tears me in two, love, meaning you.
You know who I am:
You know who I am:

1. Bbadd2        Eb/F
   am.          am.
   a tempo

Both: Though

fate won't always do what we desire.

still we can set the world on fire!
Badd2

G-

Cfm7

Give me your hand;— give me your heart. — Jekyll: Swear to me we'll never part!

Cfm7b5/G

Badd2/F♯

You know who I am; You know who I

Em6

Badd2/F♯ Em6/G Em6

am; this is who I am. this is who I am.

Tacet B E/B F♯/B B

Both: Take me as I am.
THE NEXT TEN MINUTES
from The Last Five Years

Flowing (\( \frac{q}{\text{m}} = 64 - 66 \))

JAMIE:

Will you share your life with me For the next ten minutes? For the next ten minutes: We can handle that. We could watch the waves, We could watch the sky. Or just sit and wait As the time ticks by. And if we make it 'til then... Can I

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ask you... again. For another ten?...
And if

a tempo

you in turn agree To the next ten minutes. And the next ten minutes... 'til the

morning comes. Then just holding you... Might compel me to... Ask...you for

more.

There are so many lives I want to share
with you: I will never be complete until I

CATHY:

always on time. Please don’t expect that from me. I will be

late. But if you can just wait, I will make it eventually. Not like it’s
in my control, Not like I’m proud of the fact, But anything

other than being exactly on time I can do I don’t know

why people run. I don’t know why things fall through. I don’t know

how anybody survives in this life Without someone like you. I could pro-
tect and pre-serve. I could say no and good-bye. But

why. Ja-mie, why? I want to be your

wife. I want to bear your

child. I want to
Dmin7  Cmin7  BMaj7  F♯3/A♯

die  Knowing I had a long, full life in your

G7sus  AMaj7(#11)

arms.  That I can

DMaj7  D/E

do.  For ever with

JAMIE:

Will you

a tempo  A6  A7  AMaj7

you.  For ever.  For ever.  Jamie, 'til the

share your life with me For the next ten life-tomes? For a million summers 'til the

a tempo

mf (strong!)
world explodes, 'til there's no one left. Who has ever known us a-

world explodes, 'til there's no one left. Who has ever known us a-

F#7sus B min7 A/C# D A/E

There are

part!

There are so many dreams I need to see

F#7sus B7sus A/C# B7sus A/C#

so many years I need to be with you... I will never be alive...

with you... I will never be complete...

I will
BOSOM BUDDIES
from Mame

Music and Lyrics by JERRY HERMAN

Easy 2

MAME and VERA:

We’ll always be

bosom buddies,
Friends, sisters and

pals.

We’ll always be
bos - om bud - dies. If life should re - ject you, There's

VERA:

me to pro - tect you. If I say that your

MAME:

tongue is vi - cious, If I call you un -

BOTH:

couth. It's sim - ply that Who else but a
bosom buddy Will sit down and tell you the

Slower

VERA:

truth?

Though now and again I'm aware that my candid o-

MAME:

pinion may sting; Tho' often my frank observation might

scald,

I've been meaning to tell you for years you should keep your hair
VERA:

natural, like mine. If I kept my hair natural like yours, I'd be

BOTH:

bald! But, darling. We'll always be

VERA:


MAME:

VERA:

We'll always be harmonizing. Orphan
Annie and Sandy, Like Amos and Andy. If I say that your sense of style's as far off as your youth: It's only that Who else

but a bosom buddy Will tell you the whole
Slower

MAME:

— stink-in' truth?

Each time that a critic has

written: “Your voice is the voice of a frog.”

Straight to your side to defend you I rush.

You know that I’m there every time that the world makes an unkind remark. When they say: “Ver-a Charles is the
Slowly

Tempo I

VERA:

world’s greatest lush... It hurts me.

And

If I say your fangs are showing:

Mame. pull in your claws. It’s simply that

Who else but a bosom buddy Would
Slower

MAME:

notice the obvious flaws.

feel it's my duty to tell you it's time to adjust to your age. You

try to be "Peg O' My Heart" when you're Lady Macbeth!

Ex -

VERA:

act - ly how old are you, Ver - a? The truth! Well, how old do you think? I'd say
Some-where in be-tween for-ty and death! But sweet-ie.

Tempo I

VERA:

I’ll al-ways be Al-ice Tok-las if

you’ll be Ger-trude Stein.

And tho’ I’ll ad-mit I’ve dished you, I’ve
MAME:
(spoken)

gossiped and gloated. But I'm so devoted. And

(sung)

if I say that sex and guts made

you into a star. Remember that

Who else but a bosom buddy Will
tell you how rotten you are?

BOTH:

Just turn to your bosom buddy For

aid and affection. For help and direction. For

loyalty, love and forsooth. Remember that
Who else but a bosom buddy Will
sit down and level
And give you the devil, Will
sit down and tell you the
truth?!
THE LAST NIGHT OF THE WORLD
from Miss Saigon

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by RICHARD MALTBY JR. and ALAIN BOUBLIL
Adapted from original French Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL

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E/F#  
B  
B+

I have found you.  

In a world that's moving too fast,  
in a world where nothing can last.

B+

B  

KIM:

Em7

I will hold you.

B+

Em7

E/F#

I will hold

B

CHRIS:

C#m

Our lives will change when tomorrow comes.  

KIM:

C#m/B

To-night our
hearts dream the distant drums. And we have

music alright tearing the night. KIM: A song

played on a solo saxophone.

crazy sound, a lonely sound, a cry that tells us love.
F#7
___
goes on and on._
B

Cdim7
Played on a

F#
C#dim7
so-lo sax-o-phone,
B

F#  
B

it's tell-ing me to

Cdim7
hold you tight__
C#m7
and dance like it's the last
F#7
night of the

B
B+
CHRIS: B

world.

On the oth-er side of the earth.
song played on a solo saxophone.

A crazy sound, a lonely sound, a cry that tells us love goes on and on. 

Played on a solo saxophone. It's
B    G#7    C#m

tell-ing me to hold you tight and dance like it's the last

F#    B

night of the world. Dreams were all I

KIM:

D#m

CHRIS:

ever knew. Dreams you won't need when I'm through.

G#m    D#m

E BOTH: B/D#    CHRIS: A

An-where we may be KIM: I will sing with

B/D#
F#  A  Maestoso  
D  D#dim7

you  our  song.

Em  A7  CHRI$:  D/A
KIM:  So  stay  with  me__  and

B7/A  Em/A
hold  me  tight___  and  dance  like  it’s  the

A7b9  A7  D  Em/D
last  night  of  the  world.
No more talk of darkness, forget these wide-eyed fears: I'm
here, nothing can harm you, my words will warm and calm you.

Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears: I'm
here. with you, be-side you, to guard you and to guide you.

Say you love me ev-ery wak-ing mo-ment, turn my head with talk of

sum-mer-time. Say you need me with you now and al-ways;

pro-mise me that all you say is true, that’s all I ask of
RAOUL:

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

CHRISTINE:

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

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

love, one lifetime; let me lead you from your solitude.
Db  Bbm7  Ebm7  Ab  Db/F  Gb
Say you need me with you, here beside you, anywhere you go, let me go.

Db/Ab  Ebm7/Ab  Ab6  Ebm7/Ab  Db

CHRISTINE:

too.
Christine, that's all I ask of you.

Ab  Db/F  Bbm7  Ebm7  Ab  Ab7

love, one lifetime: say the word and I will follow you.

Db  Bbm7  Ebm7  Ab  Db/F  Gb

TOGETHER:

Share each day with me, each night, each morning. Say

CHRISTINE:

RAOUl:
you love me!

You know 1
RAOUL: do.
CHRISTINE: Love me, that's all I ask of you.

RAOUL: Anywhere you go, let me go too;
CHRISTINE: love me, that's all I ask of you.
WE CAN DO IT
from *The Producers*

Music and Lyrics by MEL BROOKS

MAX:

Dbadd9 recit.

What did Lewis say to Clark when every thing looked bleak?

f colla voce

gliss.

Dbadd9

What did Sir Edmund say to Tenzing as they strug-gled t'ward Everest's peak?

gliss.

Eadd9

What did Washing-ton say to his troops be fore they crossed the Del-a-ware?
Moderately Slow 2

LEO: What did they say?

I'm sure you're well aware! We can do it! We can do it!

We can do it, me and you! We can do it! We can do it!

We can make our dreams come true! Everyone...

A Tempo-Mod. \( \frac{3}{4} = 146 \)

thing you've ever wanted is just waiting to be had.
Beautiful girls wearing nothing but pearls

pressing you undressing you and driving you mad!

We can do it! We can do it! This is not the time to shirk!

We can do it! You won't
true it say "good-bye" to petty clerk!

Hi, producer! Yes producer! I mean you sir, go berserk! We can do it! We can do it!

And I know it's gonna
MAX: Whataya say, Bloom?  LEO

Bb  Bb  recit.

work!

colla voce

What do I say?  Fin'-ly a chance to be a Broadway pro-

duc-er.

What do I say?  Fin'-ly a chance to make my dreams come true sir.

E  F/E  F#/E  F13#11

What do I say?  What do I say?  Here's what I say to you sir... I can't

A tempo

Bb  Bb+  Bb6  Bb+  Bb

do it,  I can't do it,  I can't do it,
that's not me. I'm a loser. I'm a coward, I'm a chicken. don't you see?

When it comes to wooing women there's a few things that I lack
Beautiful girls, wearing nothing but pearls, chasing me, em-

MAX: You miserable, cowardly, wretched little caterpillar.
Don't you ever want to become a butterfly?
Don't you want to spread your wings...

bra-cing me - I'd have an at-tack!

cresc. (dialogue continues)

...and flap your way to glory?

LEO:

MAX: Mister Billy-stock, please
We can do it, we can
B6 B+ B B6
stop the song, you got me wrong. I'll say "so long," I'm not as strong a
do it.
F#m7 B13 E E+
person as you think. Mister Bi-al-y-stock, just
Grail.
E6 E+ E
take a look, I'm not a crook. I'm just a shnook, the bot-tom line is
do it, drink cham-pagne, not gin-ger
that I stink! I can't do

Come on, Leo, can't you see-o?

C#7 LEO: You see Rio, I see jail.

Ow!

MAX: We can do it.
LEO:
B6/F#  D#m/F#  B/F#  G#m
I can't do it I can not, can not.

MAX:

we can do it.

C#m7  D#dim7  C#m7/F#  F#9
can not, can not, do it 'cause I know it's gonna

B  B+  B6  B+  (B)
fail! It's gonna fail!

We can do it. I know we can not fail!
I REMEMBER THAT
from Saturday Night

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Ruminatively, rubato  $=56$

Hank:

I have a memory for small details. I have a memory that never fails.

I can remember names, dates and places And even faces of people whose faces I don't want to know. I know the date of the Parthenon, But there's a date that I'm

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hazy on: That was the date we had, I remember, in early September. Or was it November, three years ago? Up to a certain point my mind is clear. Every detail of that date that fateful year. I arrived at seven;
I'd stopped along the way To buy a big bouquet for you. I remember that.

In a French-type restaurant, Run by a guy named Jake,

We had a sirloin steak for two. I remember that. I remember we

sat out in Prospect Park in the glow of moonlight. After that, we went back to
your house and danced till dawn.
I was pouring coffee,
You lit a cigarette.

From then on I forget What I said, What I did and where I was at!

For I'd fallen in love with you, I remember I'd fallen in love with

you. That's the one thing I do remember. I remember that.
Celeste:
Up to a point your mind is clear, no doubt.
But I can remember some things that you left out.
I was dressed at seven,
But you arrived at eight.
And you were never late again.
I remember that.
Since you'd bought me
flow - ers, You could - n't pay the check. You were a ner - vous wreck by then I re - mem - ber that I re - mem - ber we sat in the park In the glow of a p'lice-man's flash - light. Af - ter that we went back to my house and sat some more You were pour - ing
Coffee all over my new dress.
From then on I confess I forgot what I said and where I was at!
But I did fall in love with you, I remember I did fall in love with you. That's the one thing I do remember, I remember that.
WHY DO I LOVE YOU?
from Show Boat

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderately

MAGNOLIA:

\[ P \] I'm walking on the

air, dear. For life is fair, dear, to

lovers. I'm in the seventh
heaven (There's more than seven, my heart dis-
covers.) In this sweet improbable and unreal
world, Finding you has given me my ideal world.

RAVENAL:

MAGNOLIA:

Why do I love you? Why do you love me?
BOTH:
Why should there be two
Happy as we?

RAVENAL:
Can you see the why or wherefore
I should be the one you care for?

MAGNOLIA:
You’re a lucky boy.
I am lucky too.
BOTH:

All our dreams of joy
Seem to come true.

Maybe that's because you love me.

Maybe that's why I love you.

RAVENAL:

Darling, I have only just an hour to play.
MAGNOLIA:

I am always lonely when you go away.

BOTH:

Hours are not like years, So dry your tears.

RAVENAL:

What a pair of love-birds! My darling.

I'll come home as early as I can.
Meanwhile be good and patient with your man.

Why do I love you? Why do you love me?

MAGNOLIA:

Why should there be two happy as we?

BOTH:

Can you see the why or wherefore?
MAGNOLIA:

I should be the one you care for?

You're a lucky boy.

BOTH:

I am lucky too;

All our dreams of joy seem to come true.

May be that's because you love me,

Maybe that's why I love you.
WHO WILL LOVE ME AS I AM?
from Side Show

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

Ballad

Ab
Ab/Gb
Fm
Ab/Eb

VIOLET:
Like a

Db(add9) Ab/C Eb/Bb Ab

fish plucked from the ocean Tossed into a foreign stream.
Always

Cm Db Bbm7 Eb sus Eb

knew that I was different Often fled into a dream. I ig
nored the raging currents, Right against the tide I swam. But I

floated with the question Who will love me as I am?

DAISY: Like an odd exotic creature On display inside a zoo.

Hearing children asking questions Makes me ask some questions too.
Could we bend the laws of nature? Could a lion love a lamb?

Who could see beyond this surface? Who will love me as I am?

BOTH:
Who will ever call to say "I love you"? Send me

flowers or a telegram. Who could proudly stand beside.
DAISY:

Who will love me as I am? Like a clown whose tears cause laughter, Trapped inside the center ring.

VIOLET:

Even seeing smiling faces, I am lonely pondering.

BOTH:

Who would want to join this madness? Who would
Db(add9)   Db/Eb   Ab(add9)   Cb(add9)   Bbm7
change my monogram?
Who will be part of my circle?

Ab   Db/Eb   Eb
Who will love me as I am?
Who will ever

Db(add9)   Db/Eb   Ab  D(b(add9))   Eb(add9)
call to say "I love you"?
Send me flowers or a telegram?

Ab(add9)   D(b(add9))   Eb   Fm7   Ab/Eb
Who could proudly stand beside me?
Who will
Db(add9)  Db/Eb  Eb  Ab(add9)  Ab/C

love me as I am?

Db(add9)  Db/Eb  Ab(add9)  Db(add9)  Db/Eb  Ab(add9)  BOTH:

Who could

Cb  Bbm7  Ab  Eb sus  Db/Eb  Eb

proudly stand beside me?  Who will love me as I

Ab  Ab/C  Db(add9)  Dbmaj7/Eb  Ab

am?

f  allargando

ff
I'D GIVE IT ALL FOR YOU
from Songs for a New World

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

I had a house while you were gone...
The week after you left me, I found a couple acres

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near Severna Park...

I had a house while you were gone,

a house with silver shutters and a driveway laid in marble and

thousands of rooms to fill

and miles of space to

fly...

And I tried to believe it.
It was better without you; I was safer alone.

No, I'd give it all for you.

I'd give it all for you by my side once more.

Oh, I'd give it all for you. I'd give it all to hold you again to feel
I'm completed, to know there and then that all that I needed was you to fight the fear...

And now you're here.

I took a trip while I was gone.
I cashed in all my savings and bought an Eldorado.

drove to Tennessee.
I took a trip while I was gone.

I drove across the country and I stopped at lots of diners and

stared at a million stars and thought I could touch the
sky...

And I tried to believe it.

It was better without you.

I was finally free.

No, I'd give it all for you.

I'd give it all for you by my side once more.
Oh, I'd give it all for you. I'd give it 'cause the mountains I climb get higher and higher. I'm running from time and walking through fire, and dreams just don't come true...

But now there's you.
God knows it's easy to hide,

easy to hide from the

things that you feel and harder to blindly trust what you don't understand.

God knows it's easy to run,

easy to run from the people you love and
harder to stand and fight for the things you believe.

Nothing about us was perfect or clear, but when

Paradise calls me, I'd rather be here. There's something between us that

no body else needs to see... There were
oceans to cross... MAN:
and I stood on the shore...

There were mountains to conquer...

And I

and the second before I jumped, I knew where I stood on the cliff... and the second before I jumped, I knew where I

need to be!

need to be!
MAN: ^A^e^f^g^h^i^j^k^l\na\nb\nc\nd\ne\nf\ng\nh\ni\nj\nk\nl

WOMAN: Oh, I gave it all for you. I gave it all for you... by my side once

G/D D A/C# Bm7 A2 Bm7

more. Oh... I gave it all for you. I gave it 'cause it's

G Em7 A/E

hard-er to touch... the things... that are... dear-er. I love you too much to

mp poco ^<^d^e^f^g^h^i^j^k^l\na\nb\nc\nd\ne\nf\ng\nh\ni\nj\nk\nl

A/D D/C G/B

trust some-thing clear-er. I know... I fell... too...
Am7

far...

G

but, here you are...

Am7

G/B

C

rit.

Bb6

F2/A

G
THE SONG THAT GOES LIKE THIS
from Monty Python’s Spamalot

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Sweetly

DENNIS:

Once in every show,
there comes a song like this.

It starts out soft and low,
and ends up with a kiss.
Oh, where is the

LADY:

song that goes like this?

Spoken: Where is it? Where? Where? A
sentimental song that casts a magic spell. They all will hum along. We'll

overact like hell. Oh, this is the song that goes like

Spoken: L: Yes, it is. Yes. DENNIS: this. Spoken: D: Yes, it is. Yes, it is. Now we can go straight in-

to the middle eight, a bridge that is too far for me. I'll
BOTH:
sing it in your face
while we both em-brace,
and then we change the

DENNIS:  
(Opt. 8va)
key!
Now we're in to E.
That's aw-fully high for me
But

LADY:  

BOTH:
ev-ry-one can see
we should have stayed in D.
For this is our

DENNIS:  

song that goes like this.
I'm
LADY: feeling very proud
DENNIS: You're singing far too loud.
LADY: That's the way this song goes.
DENNIS: You're

BOTH: standing on my toes.
Sing ing the song that goes like

LADY: this.
DENNIS: I can't believe there's more.

LADY: far too long, I'm sure.
DENNIS: That's the trouble with this song.
BOTH: it goes on and on and on.

Bring out L.H.
DENNIS:
this is our song that is too long.

LADY:
We'll be singing this 'til dawn.
You'll wish that you weren't born.
Let's for-

dis: get this damn refrain
before we go insane.
The song always
ends like this!

unison

molto rit.
ALMOST A LOVE SONG
from Victor/Victoria

Words and Music by LESLIE BRICUSSE
and HENRY MANCINI

Moderately slow

What we have here is almost a love song.

I'm perfect for you, you're perfect for me.

Ev'-ry-thing they sing about we have in profusion:

the same sense of

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humor, a romance more than mere illusion.

So why are we almost a love song? Why aren't we the

song of the year? Does the moment go by; are we

frightened to try? If we are, more's the pity, for the
Idea seems too pretty to be almost a love song.

You owe me a love song. So

Where is my love song, my dear?

One thing's
It's clear, we're almost a love song.

clear here: we're almost a love song. She's so good for

I'm no good for him, he's so good for me. I imagined

me,

I'm no good for her.

somebody who'd look at things my way.

I saw someone.

We'll travel life's
Whatever the weather,
the highway.
But I wonder whether the

two of us should be together.
So why are we
two of us should be together.

almost a love song, instead of the song of the year?
Are we a love song? Not a
Will I lose him? Are we good one, I fear. Will the moment go by?

frightened to try? If we are then it's

Mustn't lose her. If I do, then it's

tragic; he and I have too much magic.

tragic; she and I have too much magic.
to be almost a love song. You

Hell, I might as well face it.

owe me a love song. So where is our love song,

I could never replace it. Where is our love song.

my dear?

my dear?
WHAT IS THIS FEELING?
from Wicked

Allegro, jauntily pugnacious

Music and Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

C5

GALINDA:

What is this feel-ing, so sud-den and new?

Fsus2

ELPHABA:

I felt the mo-ment I

Csus/D

GALINDA:
laid eyes on you...

Gsus

ELPHABA:

My pulse is rush-ing...

Dsus/E

My head is ree-ling...

GALINDA:

My face is flush-ing...

A

What is this feel-ing, fer-vid as a flame?

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Does it have a name?

Yes!

Loathing! Unadulterated loathing... For your face... Your voice... Your clothing...

Let's just say I loathe it all!
Every little trait, however small makes my very
flesh begin to crawl with simple utter loathing!
There's
a strange exhilaration in such total detes-
ta tion
It's so pure! So strong!
smile
Though I do admit it came on fast, Still I do believe that it can last. And I will be loathing, loathing you my whole life...

What is this feeling, so sudden and new? I felt the moment I

Loathing! Unadulterated loathing! For...
laid eyes on you— My pulse is rush-ing, My head is reel-ing.
— your face, your voice, your cloth-ing! Let’s— just say:

Oh, what is this feel-ing?
I loathe it all! Ev’ry lit-tle trait how-ev-er small

Does it have a name?— Yes...
— makes my ver-y flesh be-gin to crawl!
Ahhh... Looth-ing! There's... a strange ex-hila-ra-tion in such to-tal de-tes-ta-tion So pure, so strong!

Though I do ad-mit it came on fast, still I do be...
believe that it can last,
And I will be loathing,

forever loathing,
Truly, deeply

loathing you
my whole life

long!