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

Compiled and Edited by Richard Walters
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Foreword

It is apparent to me that the most important and lasting body of performable American music for singers has come from the musical theatre and musical film. The classical tradition as it has been continued in the United States has produced few major composers who have written extensively for the voice, composing a relatively small body of sometimes profound and beautiful literature, but often relevant only to specialized audiences.

In pre-rock era popular traditions, the songs that were not written for the stage or film are largely inferior in quality to those written for Broadway and Hollywood (although there are plenty of exceptions to this general rule). Perhaps the reason is simply that the top talent was attracted and nurtured by those two venues, and inspired by the best performers. But it's also possible that writing for a character playing some sort of scene, no matter how thin the dramatic context (sometimes undetectable), has inherently produced better songs. Compare a Rodgers and Hart ballad from the 1930s (which are all from musicals) to just an average pop ballad from that time not from the stage or screen, if you can dig one up, and you might see what I mean. Popular music of the rock era, primarily performers writing dance music for themselves to record, is almost a completely different aesthetic, and is most often ungratifying for the average singer to present in a typical performance with piano accompaniment.

The five volumes that comprise the original edition of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology, released in 1986, contain many of the most famous songs for a voice type, as well as being peppered with some more unusual choices. Volume Two of the series allows a deeper investigation into the available literature. This revised edition (2000) adds some significant songs. I have attempted to include a wide range of music, appealing to many different tastes and musical and vocal needs. As in the first volumes, whenever possible the songs are presented in what is their most authentic setting, excerpted from the vocal score or piano/rehearsal score, in the key originally performed and with the original piano accompaniment arrangement (which is really a representation of the orchestra, of course, although Kurt Weill was practically the only Broadway composer to orchestrate his own shows). A student of this subject will notice that these accommodations are quite a bit different from the standard sheet music arrangements that were published of many of these songs, where the melody is put into a simplified piano part and moved into a convenient and easy piano key, without much regard to vocal range.

In the mezzo-soprano/belter volumes, I have restricted the choices to songs for a belting range, although they don’t necessarily need to be belted, and put any songs sung in what theatre people call “head voice” or “soprano voice” in the soprano volumes. Classically trained mezzo-sopranos will be comfortable with many of the songs in the soprano books.

The “original” keys are presented here, although that often means only the most comfortable key for the original performer. Transpositions for this music are perfectly acceptable. Some songs in these volumes might be successfully sung by any voice type. Classical singers and teachers using these books should remember that the soprano tessitura of this style of material, which often seems very low, was a deliberate aesthetic choice, aimed at clarity of diction, often done to avoid a cultured sound in a singing voice inappropriate to the desired character of the song and role, keeping what I term a Broadway ingénue range. Barbara Cook and Julie Andrews are famous examples of this kind of soprano, with singing concentrated in an expressive and strong middle voice.

Richard Walters, editor
May, 2000
ABOUT THE SHOWS

ALLEGRO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 10/10/47, New York; a run of 315 performances

The third Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway musical, Allegro was their first with a story that had not been based on a previous source. It was a particularly ambitious undertaking, with a theme dealing with the corrupting effect of big institutions on the young and idealistic. The saga is told through the life of a doctor, Joseph Taylor Jr., from his birth in a small midwestern town to his 35th year. We follow Joe's progress as he grows up, goes to school, marries a local belle, joins the staff of a large Chicago hospital that panders to wealthy hypochondriacs, discovers that his wife is unfaithful, and, in the end, returns to his home town with his adoring nurse, Emily, to recommit his life to healing the sick and helping the needy. The show's innovations included a Greek chorus to comment on the action both to the actors and the audience, and the use of multi-level performing areas with abstract sets. "The Gentleman Is a Dope" is sung by Emily about Joe near the end of the show, just before they declare their affection for one another.

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 4/4/64, New York; a run of 9 performances

Something of a "cult" musical, Anyone Can Whistle is an allegorical satire about a corrupt mayor of a bankrupt town who comes up with a scheme to attract tourists: a fake miracle in which a stream of water appears to spout out of a solid rock. The town soon becomes a mecca for the gullible and the pious, but the hoax is exposed when the inmates of a mental institution called the Cookie Jar get mixed up with the pilgrims. Fay is the head nurse at the Cookie Jar, so inhibited that she can't whistle. She sings "There Won't Be Trumpets" about an expectant hero to rescue both her and the situation. The song was cut from the show while on the road and wasn't heard on Broadway. The New York run featured Angela Lansbury in her first Broadway musical, Lee Remick and Harry Guardino.

ANYTHING GOES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Guy Bolton & P.G. Wodehouse, Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
DIRECTOR: Howard Lindsay
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 11/21/34, New York; a run of 420 performances

Cole Porter's best score of the 1930s is a fun-filled story taking place on an ocean liner about a group of oddball characters, including a nightclub singer, an enamoured stowaway, a debutante, and an underworld criminal disguised as a clergyman. Featuring a fresh, young Ethel Merman, the show was one of the biggest hits of its time, containing such hits as the title song, "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," and "All Through the Night." Anything Goes played Off Broadway in a 1962 production (239 performances), and enjoyed its biggest success in a 1987 Broadway revival starring Patti LuPone (804 performances). There is a 1936 filmed version, and another movie from 1956 with the title Anything Goes, but which bears little resemblance to the original. An excellent new recording, faithful to the 1934 original production, was released in the 1980s featuring Frederica Von Stade, Cris Groenendaal, and Kim Criswell.

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

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
BOOK: Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart
DIRECTOR: Robert Sinclair
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Balanchine
OPENED: 4/14/37, New York; a run of 289 performances

With such songs as “I Wish I Were in Love Again,” “Johnny One Note,” “The Lady Is a Tramp,” “My Funny Valentine,” and “Where or When,” Babes in Arms could claim more hits than any other Rodgers and Hart musical. In the high-spirited, youthful show, a group of teenagers, whose parents are out-of-work vaudevillians, stage a revue to keep from being sent to a work farm. Unfortunately, the show is a bomb. Later, when a transatlantic flyer lands nearby, they are able to attract enough publicity to put on a successful show and build their own youth center. Because the sets were modest and the cast boasted no stellar names, producer Dwight Deere Wiman priced his tickets at a bargain $3.85 top. In 1959 the plot of the show was revised, the characters names were changed, and the song list slightly altered. (There was never much plot anyway.) The 1939 movie version featured Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.

BALLROOM

MUSIC: Billy Goldenberg
LYRICS: Alan and Marilyn Bergman
BOOK: Jerome Kass
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett

Ballroom, an extravagant Michael Bennett production, was one of the most expensive productions ever to reach Broadway, highly fanfareed before its New York opening, then closed after a very brief run. The spirit of the show rode on the nostalgia wave of the 1970s. “Fifty Percent” was the show’s standout song, and has become a standard of sorts in theatre circles.

BELLS ARE RINGING

MUSIC: Jule Styne
BOOK AND LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR: Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse
OPENED: 11/29/56, New York; a run of 924 performances

Ever since appearing together in a nightclub revue, Betty Comden and Adolph Green had wanted to write a musical for their friend, Judy Holliday. The idea they eventually hit upon was to cast Miss Holliday as a maddlesome operator at a telephone answering service who gets involved with her clients’ lives. She is in fact so helpful to one, a playwright in need of inspiration, that they meet, fall in love—though through it all she conceals her true identity—dance and sing in the subway, and entertain fellow New Yorkers in Central Park. At last she confesses that she’s the operator, and they go off to loveland. “The Party’s Over” is sung when she realizes she has to tell Jeff who she is, and she believes he’ll dump her. A film version was made that is virtually the stage show on film, with Dean Martin playing opposite Miss Holliday.

CHESS

MUSIC: Benny Andersson and Bjorn 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 record album before it became a stage production. Trevor Nunn took over directing the show when Michael Bennett withdrew because of illness. 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. “Someone Else’s Story” was added for the Broadway run. 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 woman who transfers her affections from the American to the Russian without bringing happiness to anyone. Though the show ran three years in London, it never made back its initial investment there. It lost $6,000,000 in New York.
A CHORUS LINE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Edward Kleban
BOOK: James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/15/75, New York

Beginning with the deceptively simple premise of an audition for chorus dancers, A Chorus Line eventually proves to be an interesting examination of the dancer’s thoughts and feelings, shown in monologues, dialogues, solo songs, and ensembles. Created as a workshop production in Joseph Papp’s Public Theatre, the show, like Company and Follies before it, has no traditional plot, and has been widely imitated. A Chorus Line is the longest running production in Broadway history (exceeded only by the Off-Broadway institution, The Fantasticks), with a run of 15 years.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York; a run of 706 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 feeling about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married. 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.

EVITA

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Larry Fuller

Because of its great success in London, Evita was practically a pre-sold hit when it began its run on Broadway. Based on the events in the life of Argentina’s strong-willed leader, Eva Peron, the musical—with Patti LuPone in the title role in New York—traced her rise from struggling actress to wife of dictator Juan Peron (Bob Gunton), and virtual co-ruler of the country. Part of the concept of the show is to have a slightly misplaced Che Guevara (played by Mandy Patinkin) as a narrator and conscience to the story of Eva’s quick, greedy rise to power and her early death from cancer. “I’d Be Surprisingly Good for You” is what Eva sings to Peron just a minute after their first meeting.

FUNNY GIRL

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Bob Merrill
BOOK: Isabel Lennart
DIRECTORS: Garson Kanin and Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHER: Carol Haney
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, and the 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 recording had already begun her fast ascent to stardom, and 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.
GOOD NEWS

MUSIC: Ray Henderson
LYRICS: B. G. DeSylva and Lew Brown
BOOK: Laurence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva
DIRECTOR: Edgar MacGregor
CHOREOGRAPHER: Bobby Connolly
OPENED: 9/6/27, New York; a run of 557 performances

Good News inaugurated a series of bright and breezy DeSylva, Brown and Henderson musical comedies that captured the fast-paced spirit of America’s flaming youth of the 1920s. In this collegiate caper, the setting is Tait College where the student body is composed of flappers and sheiks, and where the biggest issue is whether the school’s football hero will be allowed to play in the big game against Colton despite his failing grade in astronomy. It’s all silly, good-natured fun. There was an unsuccessful revival on Broadway in 1974 with Alice Faye and Gene Nelson. The MGM movie version of 1947 starred June Allyson, Peter Lawford and Mel Tormé.

GREASE

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
DIRECTOR: Tom Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 2/14/72, New York; a run of 3,388 performances

A surprise runaway hit reflecting the nostalgia fashion of the 1970s, Grease is the story of hip greaser Danny and his wholesome girl Sandy Dumbrowski; a loose plot that serves as an excuse for a light-hearted ride through the early rock ‘n’ roll of the 1950s. The show is currently the third longest running Broadway musical in history, after A Chorus Line and Cats. The 1978 movie version, starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, is one of the top grossing musical movies of all time.

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 nightclub (where she sings “Take Back Your Mink”), to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years, which explains her famous song, “Adelaide’s Lament.”

Guys and Dolls played on Broadway for 239 performances with an all black cast in 1976. In 1992, an enormously successful revival opened in New York, and a new cast recording was made of the show, with Faith Prince as Miss Adelaide. The 1955 film version stars Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, and Vivian Blaine (the original Miss Adelaide).
GYPSY

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 5/21/59, New York; a run of 702 performances

Written for Ethel Merman, who gave the performance of her career as Gypsy Rose Lee's ruthless, domineering mother, Gypsy is one of the great scores in the mature musical comedy tradition. The idea for the musical began with producer David Merrick, who needed to read only one chapter in Miss Lee's autobiography to convince him of its stage potential. Originally, Stephen Sondheim was to have supplied the music as well as the lyrics, but Miss Merman, who had just come from a lukewarm production on Broadway, wanted the more experienced Jule Styne. In the story, Mama Rose is determined to escape from her humdrum life by pushing the vaudeville career of her daughter June. After June runs away to get married, she focuses all her attention on her other daughter, the previously neglected Louise. After a few years Louise turns into celebrated burlesque stripper Gypsy Rose Lee, and Rose suffers a breakdown when she realizes that she is no longer needed in her daughter's career (“Rose’s Turn”).

Gypsy also enjoyed a successful London engagement in 1973 with Angela Lansbury as Rose. This production opened in New York the following year and ran for 120 performances. Another revival, celebrating the 30th anniversary of the musical, with Tyne Daly in the Merman role, played in New York beginning in 1989 for 477 performances. (A new cast recording was released). A 1962 film version starred, alas, not Merman but Rosalind Russell.

HOUSE OF FLOWERS

MUSIC: Harold Arlen
BOOK LYRICS: Truman Capote
DIRECTOR: Peter Brook
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 12/20/54, New York; a run of 165 performances

This "musical Mardi Gras" provided a showcase for the talents of Pearl Bailey as Madame Fleur; a Caribbean island madame whose "house of flowers" competed with the house of Madame Tango for the patronage of visiting sailors. Complications result when the girl Violet displays a preference for marrying her sweetheart to being sold to one of Fleur’s wealthy clients. Capote wrote a short story based on his visits to the lively bordellos at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, which became the libretto for his only Broadway musical. Ottie, originally played by Diann Carrol, is the innocent girl who leaves the temptations of bordellos life.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: Jerome Weidman
DIRECTOR: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 3/22/62, New York; a run of 300 performances

Harry Bogen, the leading character in the show, is an unscrupulous con man who uses and misuses people on his way to the top. Based on Jerome Weidman’s bestselling novel, which the author adapted for the stage, the musical helped two young actors on their way to the top: Elliott Gould, who played Harry, and Barbra Streisand as the comedic, underappreciated secretary, Miss Marmelstein, in a supporting role and her Broadway debut. Set in New York’s garment district in the 1930s, Harry rises in the business world through some shady deals until he finally outsmarts himself. At the end, though, there is a hint of redemption when he gets a new job and his estranged sweetheart, Ruthie, comes back to him. In “Who Knows” Ruthie is obviously trying to nudge her relationship with Harry along a bit.
MAME

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jerry Herman
BOOK: Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee
DIRECTOR: Gene Sachs
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, 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. The show’s big ballad, “If He Walked into My Life,” is sung by Mame as she thinks that she’s damaged her relationship with her now-grown nephew. A 1983 revival, also starring Miss Lansbury, had a brief run on Broadway. 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 Russell.

ME AND JULIET

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 5/28/53, New York; a run of 358 performances

Me and Juliet was Rodgers and Hammerstein’s valentine to show business, with its action—in Kiss Me, Kate fashion—taking place both backstage in a theatre and onstage during the performance of a play. Here the tale concerns a romance between a singer in the chorus and the assistant stage manager, whose newfound bliss is seriously threatened by the jealous electrician. A comic romantic subplot involves the stage manager and the principal dancer. “We Deserve Each Other” is from the play portion of the show, with contemporary Carmen and Don José characters.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Larry Fuller
OPENED: 11/16/81, New York; a run of 16 performances

Founded on the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play of the same name, Merrily We Roll Along is an innovative conception in that it tells its tale backwards—from the present when Franklin Shepard is a rich, famous, but morally compromised film producer and composer, to his idealistic youth when he graduated from high school. The story centers around the enduring and changing friendship between three people. The Broadway production was not a success, but the tuneful score has gained a following.

LES MISÉRABLES

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Herbert Kretzmer and Alain Boublil
ORIGINAL FRENCH TEXT: Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel
DIRECTORS: Trevor Nunn and John Caird
CHOREOGRAPHER: Kate Flatt
OPENED: 9/80, Paris; an initial run of 3 months; 10/8/85 , London; still running as of 6/1/93; 3/12/87, New York; still running as of 6/1/93

Les Misérables lends a pop opera texture to the 1200 page Victor Hugo epic novel of social injustice and the plight of the downtrodden. The original Parisian version contained only a few songs, and many more were added when the show opened in London. Thus, most of the show’s songs were originally written in English. The plot is too rich to capsule, but centers on Jean Valjean, who has gone to prison in previous years for stealing a loaf of bread, and takes place over several years in the first half of the 19th century. “I Dreamed a Dream” is sung by Fantine, ill and dying. Cosette, secretly in love with Marius, sings “On My Own.”
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Rupert Holmes
DIRECTOR: Wilford Leach
CHOREOGRAPHER: Graciela Daniele
OPENED: 12/2/85, New York; a run of 608 performances

Rupert Holmes' lifelong fascination with Charles Dickens' unfinished novel was the catalyst for the play. Since there were no clues as to Drood's murderer or even if a murder had been committed, Holmes decided to let the audience provide the show's ending by voting how it turns out. The writer's second major decision was to offer the musical as if it were being performed by an acting company at London's Music Hall Royal in 1873, complete with such conventions as a Chairman (George Rose) to comment on the action and a woman (Betty Buckley) to play the part of Edwin Drood. The show was notable for the appearance of jazz legend Cleo Laine as the eccentric and mysterious Princess Fuffer. On November 13, 1986, in an attempt to attract more theatre-goers, the musical's title was changed to Drood.

NINE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Maury Yeston
BOOK: Arthur Kopit, Mario Fratti
DIRECTOR: Tommy Tune
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Tommy Tune and Thommie Walsh
OPENED: 5/9/82, New York; a run of 732 performances

The influence of the director-choreographer was emphasized again with Tommy Tune's highly stylized, visually striking production of Nine, which, besides being a feast for the eyes is also one of the very few non-Sondheim Broadway scores to have true musical substance and merit from the 1970s and 1980s. The musical evolved from Yeston's fascination with Federico Fellini's semi-autobiographical 1963 film 8 1/2. The story spotlights Guido Contini, a celebrated but tormented director in a mid-life crisis who has come to a Venetian spa for a rest, and his relationships with his wife, his mistress, his protégé, his producer, and his mother. Luisa, Guido's wife, sings about her unusual husband near the beginning of the show in "My Husband Makes Movies."

NO STRINGS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Richard Rodgers
BOOK: Samuel Taylor
DIRECTOR & CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 3/15/62, New York; a run of 580 performances

Richard Rodgers' first musical after the death of his partner, Oscar Hammerstein II, and the only Broadway production in his long career for which the composer also served as his own lyricist. No Strings offered such innovations as hiding the orchestra backstage, featuring instrumentalists onstage to accompany the singers, having the principals and chorus move scenery and props in full view of the audience, and—to conform to the play's title—eliminating the orchestra's string section. The libretto is of a love affair between a fashion model (Diahann Carroll), and a former Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, now a "Europe bum" (Richard Kiley). In the end, after enjoying the good life in Monte Carlo, Honfleur, Deauville, and St. Tropez, the writer, with no strings attached, returns home to the U.S. Though because of casting, the show was about an interracial romance, this was never commented on in the script. "The Sweetest Sounds" opens the show, sung as a kind of an overture to the evening.

OLIVER!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Lionel Bart
DIRECTOR: Peter Coe
OPENED: 6/30/60, London; a run of 2,618 performances; 1/6/63, New York; a run of 744 performances

Oliver! established Lionel Bart as Britain's outstanding musical theatre talent of the 1960s when the musical opened in London. Until overtaken by Jesus Christ Superstar, Oliver! set the record as the longest-running musical in British history. Based on Charles Dickens' novel about the orphan Oliver Twist and his adventures as one of Fagin's pickpocketing crew, Oliver! also had the longest run of any British musical presented in New York in the 1960s. The show was revived on Broadway in 1984. In 1968, it was made into an Academy Award-winning movie produced by Columbia. "As Long As He Needs Me" is Nancy's song about her rough and abusive man, Bill Sykes.
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. One of the boys, Chip, meets a cab driver named Hildy. They hit it off. Hildy brings Chip to her apartment, and is anxious to show off her relationship qualifications, and by the way, she can cook too. The 1949 film version largely replaced Bernstein's score.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

MUSIC: Mary Rodgers
LYRICS: Marshall Barer
BOOK: Jay Thompson, Dean Fuller and Marshall Barer
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 5/11/59, New York; a run of 460 performances

*Once Upon a Mattress* was first created as a one act musical by Mary Rodgers (daughter of Richard Rodgers) and Marshall Barer at an adult summer camp. They expanded the work, based on the fairy tale “The Princess and the Pea,” into a full evening’s entertainment that is notable as the stage debut of Carol Burnett as Princess Winnifred. Queen Agravan has ruled that her son will only marry someone of royal blood. Winnifred spends a sleepless night, disturbed by one lone pea, planted by the queen, under a pile of mattresses. Actually, an accomplice had secretly stuffed the bed with an arsenal of uncomfortability. In “Shy” Princess Winnifred introduces herself.

PETER PAN

MUSIC: Mark Charlap, additional music by Jule Styne
LYRICS: Carolyn Leigh, additional lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 10/20/54, New York; a run of 152 performances

Although many actresses have portrayed Peter Pan in almost as many productions, Mary Martin and this version of the story are perhaps the best known and loved. In spite of a modest run on Broadway, this production found a vast new audience through numerous television broadcasts. Peter Pan was first presented in New York in 1905 with Maude Adams as Peter, revived in 1924 with Marilyn Miller, who added two Jerome Kern songs to the show. In 1950 Jean Arthur played Peter to Boris Karloff’s Captain Hook, with five songs by Leonard Bernstein. A 1979 revival of the 1954 musical ran 551 performances and starred Sandy Duncan.

PLAIN AND FANCY

MUSIC: Albert Hague
LYRICS: Arnold B. Horwitt
BOOK: Joseph Stein and Will Glickman
DIRECTOR: Morton Da Costa
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 1/27/55, New York; a run of 461 performances

The setting of *Plain and Fancy* was Amish country in Pennsylvania, where two worldly New Yorkers (Richard Derr and Shirl Conway) have gone to sell a farm they had inherited—but not before they had a chance to meet the God-fearing people and appreciate their simple but unyielding way of living. The warm and atmospheric score was composed by Albert Hague, familiar to television viewers as the bearded music teacher in the series *Fame*.
THE SECRET GARDEN

MUSIC: Lucy Simon
LYRICS AND BOOK: Marsha Norman
DIRECTOR: Susan H. Schulman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Lichtefeld
OPENED: 4/25/91, New York; 706 performances

Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the story is of an orphaned child, Mary Lennox, who is sent to live with her uncle Archibald in Yorkshire in the nineteenth century. He is absorbed in grief over the death of his young wife ten years earlier, and the house is gloomy and mysterious. Mary finds her dead aunt’s “secret garden,” passionately nurtures it to life, and Archie also comes back to life once he can let go of his grief. The song “Hold On” is sung by the warm and caring servant Martha, in her local Yorkshire accent, to the frightened and insecure Mary.

SHE LOVES ME

MUSIC: Jerry Bock
LYRICS: Sheldon Harnick
BOOK: Joe Masteroff
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Carol Haney
OPENED: 4/23/63, New York; a run of 301 performances

The closely integrated, melody drenched score of She Loves Me is certainly one of the best ever written for a musical comedy. It was based on a Hungarian play, Parfumerie, by Miklos Laszlo, that had already been used as the basis for two films, The Shop Around the Corner and In the Good Old Summertime (with a change of locale to the U.S.) Set in the 1930s in what could only be Budapest, the tale is of the people who work in Maraczek’s Parfumerie, principally the constantly quabbling sales clerk Amalia Balash (Barbara Cook) and the manager Georg Nowack (Daniel Massey). It is soon revealed that they are anonymous pen pals who agree to meet one night at the Café Imperial, though neither knows the other’s identity. Ilona is an illiterate clerk at the store, a comic but attractive recipient of the attention of men. Taking the advice of her friend, Amalia, she makes a trip to the library, and well...The musical is well represented on the original cast album, which on two disks preserves practically every note of the show’s music.

SONG AND DANCE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black, Richard Maltby Jr.
ADAPTATION: Richard Maltby Jr.
DIRECTOR: Richard Maltby Jr.
CHOREOGRAPHER: Peter Martins
OPENED: 9/18/85, New York; a run of 474 performances

The “Dance” of the title originated in 1979 when Andrew Lloyd Webber composed a set of variations on Paganini’s A minor Capriccio that seemed to him to be perfect for a ballet. The “Song” originated a year later with a one-woman television show, Tell Me on a Sunday, which consisted entirely of musical pieces. Two years after that both works were presented together in London as a full evening’s entertainment, now connected with a bit of plot. In New York, this unconventional package won high praise for Bernadette Peters, whose task in Act I was to create, without dialogue or other actors, the character of a free-spirited English girl who has dalliances in America with four men.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK AND DIRECTION: James Lapine
OPENED: 5/2/84, New York; a run of 604 performances

The centerpiece of this ambitious show is George Seurat’s great painting “A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte.” It is an intimate and personal musical concerned with the creative process itself, its obsessions, consequences, and rewards. The piece received the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1985. An adaptation of the Broadway production (starring Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters) was made for television, and is available for purchase on videotape. “Everybody Loves Louis,” sung by Dot after she and George have split up, is about her new beau, Louis, the baker.
THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch  
LYRICS: Carole Bayer Sager  
BOOK: Neil Simon  
DIRECTOR: Robert Moore  
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch  
OPENED: 2/11/79, New York; a run of 1,082 performances

They're Playing Our Song was based in part on composer Marvin Hamlisch’s often tempestuous romance with lyricist Carole Bayer Sager. In the quasi-drame à clef musical, Vernon Gersch, a wise-cracking neurotic song writer, and Sonia Walsk, a wise-cracking, neurotic lyric writer, try to have both a professional and personal relationship, despite constant interruptions caused by telephone calls from Sonia’s former lover. To tell their story, the authors hit upon the notion of having only two real characters in the musical, though each has three singing alter egos, and their songs express how they feel about their work as well as about each other.

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) is persuaded by her friend, the aging self-described “drag queen” Toddy, 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 a Chicago gangster who feels strangely attracted to “Victor.” The gangster’s randy girlfriend tries to rekindle his interest with the comically bawdy “Paris Makes Me Horny,” running down a list of other cities and what they’re good for—but always returning to the title refrain.
THERE WON'T BE TRUMPETS
from Anyone Can Whistle

Furioso \(d = 144\)

Those smug little men with their smug little schemes, They forgot one thing:
The play isn't over by a long shot yet!

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There are heroes in the world;

Princes and

heroes in the world,

And one of them will

save us.

Wait and see!

Wait and
There won't be trumpets or bolts of fire To say he's coming.

No Roman candles, No angels' choir, No sound of distant drumming.
He may not be the cavalier, Tall and__

graceful, Fair and strong. Doesn't matter__

just as long as he comes along! But

Marcia (accel. poco ma non troppo)

not with trumpets or lightning flashes Or
shining armor.  He may be

daring. He may be dashing. Or maybe he's a

farmer. We can wait.

What's another day? He has lots of
hills to climb, And a hero doesn't come till the nick of time! Don't

Brightly ($d = 96$)

look for trum-pets or whis- tles toot-ing to

guar-an-tee him! There
won't be trumpets, but sure as shooting, You'll know him when you see him!

Faster ($d_\text{\text{}=} 88$)

Don't know when, Don't know where, And I can't even say that I care!

All I know is, the
minute you turn and he's suddenly there,

Faster ($d = 88$)

You won't need trumpets!

There are no trumpets!

Who needs trumpets?
Moderato

RENO:

My story is

much too sad to be told,

But practically

everything leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case when I'm out on a quiet spree.

Fighting vainly the old ennui, and I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.
Refrain

I get no kick from champagne,

Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,

So tell me why should it be true

That I get a kick out of you?
Some get a kick from cocaine.

I'm sure that if I took even one sniff That would bore me terribly too, Yet I get a kick out of you. I get a kick ev'ry
time I see you're standing there before
me.
I get a kick tho' it's clear to me You
obviously don't adore me.
I get no
kick in a plane. Fly ing too high with some
guy in the sky Is my idea of nothing to do, Yet I get a kick out of colla voce you.
THE GENTLEMAN IS A DOPE
from Allegro

Moderato

The boss gets on my nerves, I've got a good mind to quit. I've taken all I can, It's time to get up and git. And move to another job, Or maybe another

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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town! The gentle-man burns me up! The gentle-man gets me down.

The gentleman is a dope—a man of many faults—A clumsy Joe who wouldn't know a rhumba from a
waltz. The gentleman is a dope and

not my cup of tea. Why do I get in a dither? He
doesn't belong to me! The

gentleman isn't bright he doesn't know the score:
A cake will come, he'll take a crumb and never ask for more. The gentleman's eyes are blue, but little do they see.

Why am I beating my brains out? He doesn't belong to me! He's somebody.
else's problem, She's welcome
to the guy! Shall never
understand him half as well
as I. The gentleman is a dope.
He isn't very smart— He's just a lug, you'd like to hug and hold against your heart. The gentleman doesn't know—

R.H. How happy he could be— Look at me! Crying my eyes out, As if he belonged to me!— He'll
NEVER BELONG TO ME.

EMILY: (spoken) Taxi!

The gentleman is a dope.

(spoken) Taxi!

The gentleman is a dope.

(spoken) Oh, hell, I'll walk!
I WISH I WERE IN LOVE AGAIN

from Babes in Arms

Lyrics by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

TEERRY:

The sleep-less nights, The dai - ly fights, The

quick to - bog - gan when you reach the heights, I miss the kiss-es and I miss the bites. I

wish I were in love a-gain! The bro - ken dates, The end - less waits, The

This is a duet in the show.
lovely loving and the hateful hates, The conversation with the flying plates, I

wish I were in love again! No more pain, No more strain,
Now I'm sane but I would rather be gaga! The

pulled out fur of cat and cur, The fine mismatch of him and her, I've
With freedom

learned my lesson, but I wish I were in love again.

You don't know that I felt good when we up and parted.

You don't know I knocked on wood, gladly broken hearted.

Worrying is through, I sleep all night.

Appetite and health restored.

You don't know how much I'm bored!
(Tempo primo)

The furtive sigh,  The blackened eye,  The words "I'll love you till the
day I die,"  The self deception that believes the lie,  I wish I were in

love again!  When love congeals it soon reveals the faint aroma of per-

forming seals,  The double crossing of a pair of heels,  I wish I were in
love again! No more care, No despair,

I'm all there now, But I'd rather be punch drunk! Be-

lieve me, sir, I much prefer the classic battle of a him and her, I

don't like quiet and I wish I were in love again!
JOHNNY ONE NOTE
from Babes in Arms

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Brightly

BUNNY:

Johnny could only

sing one note And the note he sang was this:

Ah - h - h - h!

(F1)

Poor Johnny one note Sang out with gusto And

(Cls., Vln.)
just o - ver - lord - ed the place.

Poor John - ny one note. Yelled wil - ly nil - ly un -

til he was blue in the face,

hold - ing one note was his ace. Could - n't hear the
brass, couldn't hear the drum. He was in a class by himself, by gum!

Poor Johnny one note got in Aida, in deed a great chance to be brave.
He took his one note—Howled like the north wind—Brought forth wind that made critics rave. While

Verdi turned round in his grave. Could'n't hear the

flute. Or the big trombone. Every one was
mute.

Johnny stood alone.

Cats and dogs stopped yapping, Lions in the

(zoo all were jealous at Johnny's big

trill: Thunder claps

(w.w.) w.w.
stopped clapping, Traffic ceased its roar And they
tell us Niagara stood still! He stopped the

train whistles, boat whistles, steam whistles, cop whistles,
(w.W. quasi train whistle)

All whistles bowed to his skill. (Br.,) (Vin.)
Sing, Johnny one note, Sing out with
gusto, And just overwhelm all the crowd.

Ah!

(W.W. unis.)

(Br. simile)
So sing, Johnny one note, out loud!

Sing, Johnny one note, out loud!
FIFTY PERCENT
from Ballroom

Lyrics by ALAN and MARILYN BERGMAN
Music by BILLY GOLDENBERG

Moderately

Gb6/Ab Dmaj7 Gb/Db Dmaj7

I don’t i-ron his shirts. I don’t sew on his but-tons.

Gb/Db Dmaj7 Db6 Db Cb/Db Db7

I don’t know all the jokes he tells or the songs he hums. Though I may

Gb maj7 Ab/Gb Fm7 Bbm7 Ebm7

hold him all through the night, he may not be here

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when the morning comes.
I don't pick out his ties

or expect his tomorrows,
but I feel when he's in my arms he's

where he wants to be.
We have no memories, bitter-sweet with

time, and I doubt if he'll spend
New Year's Eve with me.
I don’t share his name.  
I don’t share his ring.  
There’s no piece of

paper saying that he’s mine.  
But he says he loves me

and I believe it’s true.  
Doesn’t that make someone belong to you?

So I don’t share his name.  
So I don’t wear his ring.
Gb/Db  Dbmaj7  Db6  Db  Cb/Db
So there's no piece of paper saying that he's mine.

Db9  Db7-9  Gbmaj7  Gbm6  Db/F
So we don't have the memories.  I have enough memories.

Bbm7  Ebm7  Bb/Ab
I've washed enough mornings, I've dried enough evenings, I've had enough

Db/F  C/Bb
birthdays to know what I want!  Life is anyone's
guess.

It's a constant surprise.

Though you don't plan to

fall in love, when you fall you fall.

I'd rather have

fifty percent of him, or any percent of him, than all of

anybody else at all!
THE PARTY'S OVER
from Bells Are Ringing

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

He's in love with Mel - i - sande Scott,
A girl who doesn't exist.
He's in love with someone you're not, and
so, remember, it was never you he kissed.
The party's

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o-ver. It's time to call it a day. No mat-ter

how you pre-tend, you knew it would end this way. It's time to wind up

the mas-quer-ade. Just make your mind up the pi-per

must be paid. The par-ty's o-ver, The can-dles flick-er and dim.

poco rit. a tempo
You danced and dreamed through the night; It seemed to be right, just being with him.

Now you must wake up; All dreams must end.

Take off your make-up. The party's over; It's all over, my friend.
LONG BEFORE I KNEW YOU
from Bells Are Ringing

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderately

Dear-est, dear-est, One thing I know:

Ev'-ry-thing I feel for you start-ed man-y a-ges a-go.

Long be-fore I knew you, Long be-fore I met you,

*In the show Ella sings portions of this song, but never the entire number.
I was sure I’d find you—some day, somehow.

I pictured someone who’d walk and talk and smile as you do, who’d

make me feel as you do right now. All that was

long before I held you, long before I kissed you,
Long before I touched you and felt this glow...

But now you really are here and

now at last I know That long before I knew you,

I loved you so.
SOMEONE ELSE’S STORY
from Chess

Words and Music by
BENNY ANDERSSON, TIM RICE
and BJORN ULVAEUS

Slow 8 - Beat Ballad

Gb

Florence:

Long ago

in

Cb

Db sus

Db

Gb

Ebm(sus)

Ebm

Cb

Gb/Bb

Abm

Db

someone else’s lifetime,
someone with my name
who looked a lot like me

came to know

a man and made a promise. He

only had to say and
that's where she would be. Late-ly al-though her feel-ings run just as deep, the
promise she made has grown im-possible to keep, and yet I
wish it wasn't so. Will he miss me if I go?

In a way it's some-one el-se's stor-y.
I don't see myself as taking part at all. Yesterday a
girl that I was fond of finally could see the writing on the wall.
Sad-ly she re-al-ized she'd left him be-hind, and sad-der than that she knew she
wouldn't even mind, and though there's no-thing left to say,
would he listen if I stay? All very well to say you

fool it's now or never. I could be choosing no choices whatsoever.

I could be in someone else's story, in someone else's life and he.

could be in mine. I don't see a reason to be lonely.
I should take my chances further down the line. And if that girl I knew should ask my advice, oh, I wouldn't hesitate. She needn't ask me twice, Go now! I'd tell her that for free. Trouble is the girl is me.

The story is the girl is me.
WHAT I DID FOR LOVE
from A Chorus Line

Lyrics by EDWARD KLEBAN
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Slowly

DIANA:
Kiss to-day goodbye,

Tempo - Easy Rock

bye, the sweetness and the sorrow,
Wish me luck, the

Ab add9  Ab  Cm7/F  F7(b9)  Bbm7  Dbm6

same to you, but I can't re-

Ab  Eb/G  Fm6

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gret what I did for love, what I did for love.

D♭m6/9(maj7) D♭m/C♭ D♭m/B♭ E♭7

Tempo

Look, my eyes are dry. The gift was ours to borrow.

E♭9/E♭9 Ab(add 9) Cm7/F F7(b9)

It's as if we always knew.

B♭m7 D♭m6 A♭(add 9) E♭/G

and I won't forget what I did for love.
what I did for love.

Dbm/Bb  Eb  Eb/Db  Cm7  Eb7

Gone, love is never gone.

Fm  Fm/Eb  Dbmaj7  C7(b9)  Fm  Fm/Eb

As we travel on, love's what we'll remember.

Fm/D  Abm6/G  G7(b9)  C(add 9)  C6  Cm7/F  F7(b9)

Kiss today goodbye.

Dbm/Bb  Eb9
bye,  and point me t'ward to mor-row.

We did what we had to do.

Won't forget, can't regret what I did for love.

What I did for love.
love. Love is never gone. As we travel

mp
Fm Fm/Eb Db maj7 C7(b9) Fm Fm/Eb Fm/D Abm6 G7(b9)

on, love's what we'll remember. Kiss today good

C(add9) C6 Cm7/F F7(b9) Dbm9/Bb Eb7/Bb Eb9

bye, and point me 'ward tomorrow.

f
Bmaj9 B6 D#m7/G# G7(b9) C#m7

We did what we had to

Em6 Bmaj9 D#m7/A#
do.
Won't for-get, can't re-gret what I

G₇m G₇m/F♯ G₇m/E♯ G₇m/C♯ Emaj7 B/D♯

8va bassa

**
molto rall. e dim. (softly)

did for love. Won't for-get,

Emaj7/C♯ A₇m7/D♯ D₇(♯9) G₇m G₇m/F♯ G₇m/E♯

8va bassa

can't re-gret, what I did for

Emaj7

8va

8va

8va

Emaj7

B/D♯ C♯m9 F♯7(♯9)

L.H.
ANOTHER HUNDRED PEOPLE
from Company

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Allegretto \( \text{d} = 112 \)  
\( \text{dolce e leggero} \)

Another hundred people just got off of the train and came up through the ground while an-

other hundred people just got off of the bus and are looking around at an-

other hundred people who got off of the plane and are looking at us who got

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off of the train and the plane and the bus may be yesterday.

It's a city of strangers.

Some come to work, some to play. A city of strangers,

Some come to stare, some to stay. And
every day the ones who stay (poco cresc.)
can find each other in the crowded streets and the

guarded parks, By the rusty fountains and the
dusty trees with the battered barks,

And they
walk together past the posted walls with the crude remarks.

And they

cresc.

meet at parties through the friends of friends who they never know.

Will you pick me up or do I meet you there or shall we

let it go? Did you get my message 'cause I
looked in vain? Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain? Look, I'll

call you in the morning or my service will explain.

(dim.)

poco cresc.

And another hundred people just got off of the train.

dim. poco a poco

molto rit.
THE MUSIC THAT MAKES ME
DANCE
from Funny Girl

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE

FANNY: Ad lib.

I add two and two. The most simple addition. Then

swear that the figures are lying. I'm a much better comic than

mathematician. 'Cause I'm better on stage than at intermission. And as
far as the man is concerned.
If I've been burned, I haven't learned.

Slowly - In tempo

I know he's around when the sky and the ground start in ringing.

Moderately slow 4

I know when he's near by the thunder I hear in ad
vance. His words and his words a-lone are the words that can start my heart sing-ing.

And his is the on-ly mu-sic that makes me dance.

He'll sleep and he'll rise in the light of two eyes that a-
dore him. Bore him it might, But he

won't leave my sight for a glance. In ev'ry

way, ev'ry day, I need less of my-self And need more him.
Ad lib.

more him. 'Cause his is the only music that makes me
colla voce
dance.

'Cause his is the only

music that makes me dance!
I'D BE SURPRISINGLY GOOD FOR YOU
from Evita

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato, Latin beat

It seems crazy but you must believe
in like this,
hurried night,

there's nothing calculated,
no-thing planned,
Please forgive me if I
telling strangers I'm too
Creeping home before it

I would never want to force your hand:
If I'm wrong I hope you'll tell me so:
But you
That's not the reason that I caught your eye,

The accompaniment has been written out as a simple suggestion of the style.
It's most appropriate for the pianist to improvise in a gentle Latin style.

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please un-der-stand, I'd be good for you. I don't al-ways rush
real-ly should know, I'd be good for you.
has to im-ply I'd be good for you.

I'd be sur-pris-ing-ly good for you. I won't go on if I'm bor-ing you:
I'd be sur-pris-ing-ly good for you.

un-der-stand my point of view? Do you like what you hear, what you see, and would you

be good for me too?

I'm not talk-ing of a
I WANT TO BE BAD
from Good News

Lyrics and Music by
B.G. DeSylva, Lew Brown
and Ray Henderson

Moderato

To be or not to be—That is not the question

I decided long ago to be—With

me it's what to be—Make me some suggestion
Good or bad which is the best for me?

When you're after fun and laughter This aggravates you

Some reformer says a warmer climate awaits you.

Refrain

If it's naught-y to rouge your lips Shake your shoulders and twist your hips

P-f rhythmic
Let a lady confess I want to be bad.

If it's naught-y to vamp the men, Sleep each morn-ing till after ten.

Then the answer is "yes, I want to be bad." This thing of

being a good little "Good-ie" is all very well.
What can you do if your loaded with plenty of
health and vigor? When you're learning what lips are for

If it's naughty to ask for more, let a lady confess I want to be

1. bad.

2. bad.
LOOK AT ME, I'M SANDRA DEE
from Grease

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY
and JIM JACOBS

Moderate 3 (d = 58)

Look at me, I'm Sandra Dee,

Lousy with virginity,

Won't go to bed till I'm legally wed, I

* Sung an octave lower than written

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can't,

I'm Sandra Dee.

Watch it, hey,

I'm Doris Day,

I was not brought up that way,

won't come across, even Rock Hudson lost his
heart to Dor - is Day. I don't

A E7 A A7

drink or swear, I don't rat my hair, I get

(Tenor Saxes)

Dm7 G7 C Am

ill from one cig - a - rette, keep your

(Gtrs. and Saxes)

Bm7 E7 A A7
filth - y paws off my silky drawers, would you pull that
(Saxes)

loco

Dm7    G7    A    F#    B7

stuff with An - nette?

As for you, Troy

E       E7       A

Don - a - hue, I know what you wan - na
do, you got your crust, I'm no object of

E7 A7 D

scream loco

lust, I'm just plain Sandra Dee.

E7 A7 F7

No, no, no, Sal Mineo, I would

Bb Eb C 3
never stoop so low, please keep your cool, now you’re

starting to drool, fongool, I’m Sandra Dee.
ADELAIDE'S LAMENT
from Guys and Dolls

By FRANK LOESSER

Slowly

Adelaide

The average unmarried female

remaining single
basically insecure

Due to some long frustration may react

Shows a neurotic tendency. See note (Spoken) Note:

With psychosomatic

chronic, organic

accel.

2nd time accel.

symptoms
difficult to endure

a tempo

afflicting the upper respiratory

(Adeleade reacts)

tract.

in o ther words, just from waiting around for that plain little band of gold

A

th o rash.

in o ther words, just from worrying whether the wedding is on or off

A
person can develop a cold. You can spray her wherever you figure the strep-o-
person can develop a cough. You can feed her all day with the Vi-ta-min A and the

-coo-cei lurk. You can give her a shot for whatever she's got but it just won't work. If she's
Bro-mo Fizz. But the medicine never gets anywhere where the trouble is. If she's

tired of getting the fish-eye from the ho-tel clerk. A
getting a kind of a name for herself and the name ain't "his". A

(person resumes reading)

person can develop a cold. (It says here) The cough. And
Furthermore, just from stalling and stalling and stalling the wedding trip,

With sweet meditation, person can develop La gripe. When they get on the train for Niagara and she can hear suddenly angry

Church bells chime. The compartment is air conditioned and the mood sublime. Then they

Get off at Saratoga for the fourteenth time. Person can develop La
grippe, (Hm!) La grippe, La post na-sal drip With the whee-zes and the sneezes and a

poco rit. a tempo

si-nus that's real-ly a pip! From a lack of com-mu-ni-ty pro-pri-ty and a

poco rit. a tempo

feel-ing she's get-ting too old, A per-son can de-vel-op a

(opt.)

bad bad cold.
SMALL WORLD
from Gypsy

Words by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Music by JULE STYNE

Slowly

(4 = 76)

ROSE:

Funny, you're a stranger who's come here,

Come from another town.

Funny, I'm a stranger myself here.

Small world, Isn't it?

Funny, You're a man who goes traveling.

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Rather than settling down...

Funny, 'Cause I love to go traveling.

Small world, Isn't it? We have so much in common,

It's a phenomenon. We could pool our resources

By joining forces from now on... Lucky, You're a man who likes children,
That's an important sign.

Lucky, I'm a woman with children.

Small world, Isn't it? Funny, Isn't it?

Small and funny and fine.

Str. W.W. rall. Tutti

Hp. piu vall.
PARIS MAKES ME HORNY
from Victor/Victoria

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by HENRY MANCINI

With a moderate swing \( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \)
Rid-in' in a taxi
loosens my libido
like a big torpedo.

Been ta Lisbon, an' Lisbon is a has-been.
Schlepped ta Stockholm, an'
Seen Geneva, it's hardy jungle fever.
Been ta Brussels, could

brought a lot of schlock home.
Also Oslo, an' Oslo really was slow.
Tried Toronto, departed molotow.

Paris makes me horny;
it's not like California.
Paris is so dizzy; Jack, it's such an aphrodisiac! Ooh!

It's true.

When I see the Eiffel Tower, I have to go and take a shower. It's true,
C7  Bb/D  Eb(maj7)  Em7b5  F6(#9)  F7

knew me,
and it makes me sex-y.

Coda
F7  F#7

Par-is makes me tingle;
makes me glad I'm single.

F#7  B7

London's o-kay, if it's for one day.
Par-is gets me sex-y

F#7

in the so-lar plex-y.
Been ta Munich where ev'-ry guy's a eunuch.

An' ta Dublin, things ain't exactly bubblin'. Hate Helsinki, the

Finns are kind-a kink-y! But Paris,

Paris, Paris makes me... ooh, Pooky!
Broadly

I NEVER HAS SEEN SNOW
from House of Flowers

Lyrics by TRUMAN CAPOTE
and HAROLD ARLEN
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

I done

lost my ugly spell, I am cheerful now. Got the warm all overs a-smooth in’ my worried brow.

Oh, the girl I used to be, she ain’t me no more, I

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closed the door on the girl I was before.

Feel-in' fine and full o' bliss, what I really wants to say is this:

never has seen snow, all the same I know,
Snow ain't so beau-ti-ful, C'ain' be so beau-ti-ful like my

love is, Like my love is.

Noth-in' do com-pare Noth-in' an-y-where with

my love.

A hun-dred things I see,
- A twilight sky that's free,

but none so beautiful, not one so beautiful, like my love is, like my love is.

Once you see his face, none can take the place of my love.
A stone rolled off my heart when I laid my eyes on that near to me boy with that far away look, and right from the start, I saw a new horizon and a road to take me where I wanted to be took, needed to be took,
espr.

and a tempo
though I never has seen snow.

All the same I know noth-in' will ev-er be, noth-in' can ev-er be

beau-ti-ful as my love is, like my love is to

me.
WHO KNOWS
from I Can Get It For You Wholesale

Freely
RUTHIE:

Bell New York is a wonder-ful town, A ver-y stim-u-la-t-ing place to

colla voce

be. It's full of gal-ler-ies and ex-hi-bi-tions, Most are ab-so-lute-ly

free, And con-certs like at Lew-is-ohn sta-di-um, plus at Car-ne-gie

hall. We sit 'way up top, but it's won-der-ful a-cous-tics. That's where it sounds best of

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art lectures at the Metropolitan. I attended ancient Greece the other day. The modern dance and ballet at the Y.M.C.A. and legitimate plays on Broadway. Don't you think Odets is great? Not down stairs, of course, We get
last minute balcony down at Gray's Cut Rate. What better way can a

single girl, with leisure spare time find, Than to go around, broaden

out her background, Also improve her mind? Plus it gives more chance for

meeting up with people, wouldn't you say? Such as certain members of the
opposite sex she hopes to get involved with some day. And who can

In 2

tell? Who knows when they might

Tempo - In 4

come one's way? Who

knows when I'll see him, who knows? Or
why it will be him, who knows?

Perfect he doesn't have to be, good looking or rich and smart.

Long as he's crazy after me, And we see heart to heart. Who

knows when he'll be there, who knows? 

One

a tempo
Tempo rubato

First he'll kiss me, Say he loves me. And then propose! But

why, where, when, Who knows?
buy him those damn long pants? Did he need a stronger hand?

Did he need a lighter touch? Was I soft or was I tough? Did I give enough? Did I give too much?

At the moment when he needed me, Did I ever turn a-
Celeste, Bells

Way?

Would I be there when he called,
If he walked into my life
today?

Were his days a little dull?

Were his nights a little wild?

Did I overstate my plan?

Did I stress the man

And forget the
child?

And there must have been a million things

That my heart forgot to say.

Would I think of one or two if he walked into my life today?

Should I blame the times I pampered him or blame the times I
bossed him?

What a shame I never really found the

t poco accel.

boy before I lost him. Were the years a little

tallis.

Tpt.

Trbs.

p W.W., Tbn's.

fast? Str'gs E, H, (or Cl.) Was his world a little free?

Hp., Guit.
Was there too much of a crowd, All too lush and loud And not enough of me?

Tho' I'll ask myself my whole life long,

What went wrong along the way? Would I make the same mis-
takes If he walked into my life today? If that

boy with the bugle Walked into my life, to-

Faster
WE DESERVE EACH OTHER
from *Me and Juliet*

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

We des-erve each oth-er, We des-erve each oth-er,

I'll tell the world that we do
You and your min-ia-ture

spar-row brain, I and my ti-ny I. Q. We des-erve each oth-er,
Let me tell you, brother, I am a difficult girl.

You're an impossible character, Why don't we give it a whirl?

I don't want to reform you, To make your mistakes you are free.

But I just want to be
certain that your greatest mistake will be me!

If you want to wrestle, I'm the weaker vessel, And I'll be easy to swerve.

We deserve each other, So

let us take what we deserve.
NOW YOU KNOW
from Merrily We Roll Along

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

\( \text{MARRY:} \)

\( \text{All right, now you know:} \)

\( \text{Life is crummy. Well, now you know:} \)

\( \text{big surprise: People love you and tell you lies.} \)
Bricks can fall out of clear blue skies. Put your dimple down,

Now you know. Okay, there you go——

Learn to live with it, Now you know. It's called

flow — ers wilt, It’s called apples rot, It’s called thieves get rich and
saints get shot. It's called God don't answer prayers a lot. Okay,

now you know.

Okay, now you know. Now forget it. Don't

fall apart at the seams. It's called letting go your il
lu-sions, And don't con-fuse them with dreams. Yes-sir,

quite a blow— Don't re-gret it, And don't let's go to ex-

tremes. It's called, what's your choice? It's called count to ten. It's called

burn your bridg-es, start a-gain. You should burn them ev'y

cresc. poco a poco
now and then— Or you’ll never grow! Because

now you grow. That’s the killer is, Now you grow.

You’re right, nothing’s fair. And it’s all a plot, And to-

mor - row does - n’t look too hot. Right, you bet - ter look at
(Pause, as he doesn’t respond.)

what you’ve got:

Over

(Frank looks at her, smiles for the first time.)

here, hello?

Okay, now you know.

Right?
I DREAMED A DREAM
from Les Misérables

Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG

Andante

FANTINE:

There was a time when men were kind,
When their voices were soft

And their words inviting.
There was a time when love was blind
And the world was a song

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And the song was ex-cit-ing. There was a time. Then it all went wrong.

Andante

FANTINE:

I dreamed a dream in time gone by When hope was high and life worth liv-ing. I dreamed that love would nev-er die,
I dreamed that God would be forgiving.

Then I was young and unafraid

And dreams were made and used and wasted.

There was no ransom to be paid,

No song unsung, no wine un tasted.

But the tigers come at night.
With their voices soft as thunder,
As they tear your hope apart,
As they turn your dream to shame.
He slept a summer by my side,
He filled my days with endless wonder,
He took my childhood in his stride
But he was gone when autumn

poco accel.
came.

Più mosso

And still I dreamed he'd come to

cresc.

(8vb ad lib.)

me.

That we would live the years together.

But there are dreams that cannot be

And there are storms we cannot
weather.

I had a dream my life would be so dif-ferent from this hell I'm liv-ing... So dif-ferent now from what it seemed.

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
ON MY OWN
from *Les Misérables*

Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER, JOHN CAIRD and TREVOR NUNN
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG

Moderato

And now I'm all alone again, nowhere to go, no one to turn to.

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I did not want your mon-ey sir, I came out here 'cos I was told to,
And now the night is near,
Now I can make be-lieve he's here.

Some-times I walk a-lone at night when ev-ery-bod-y else is sleep-ing,

I think of him and then I'm hap-py with the com-pa-ny I'm keep-ing.
The ci-ty goes to
bed And I can live inside my head.

On my own, pretending he's been
side me, silver,
All alone I walk with him 'til
morning.
Without him, I feel his arms a-

ring, rain, the pavement shines like
All the lights are misty in the
river.
In the darkness, the trees are full of
round me. And when I lose my way I close my eyes and he has star - light.

found me. In the know it’s on - ly in my ev - er.

Più mosso

And I know mind That I’m talk - ing to my - self and not to him. And al -

though I know that he is blind, Still I say there’s a way for us. I
love him, but when the night is over he is gone, the river's just a river.

With out him the world around me changes. The trees are bare and everywhere the streets are full of strangers.
love him, but every day I'm learning, all my life I've only been pre-
tending. Without me his world will go on turning, The
world is full of happiness that I have never known. I love him, I

rall.
love him, I love him, but only on my own.
THE WAGES OF SIN
from The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Words and Music by
RUPERT HOLMES

Moderato

PUFFER:

Narrative, Moderato con moto

"Crime don't pay!" That's wot I

tells 'em, if it did, would I be here mix-in' pipes. wot then I

sells 'em for a pint of rot-ten beer, throats you cut to pock-et
thrup-pence, or you slut to cop some sleep, bash a face for bleed-in'

tup-pence... pure disgrace to work so cheap. So I say, don't be a

sinner for the price of London gin. You can't pay for one square

dinner with the wages of sin; sell my soul? 'Cor love, come
Rubato

off it! Who would buy this sack of skin? On the whole there ain't much profit in the wages of sin, in the wages of sin, in the wages of sin! I’ve seen

Tempo I
girls from gutter families trap rich men wiv flut'ry ways, and they
coo, "Cor, pass the jam, please" over nuptial breakfast trays. Over

there, in bed eleven sleeps a bleeding hypocrite, spends his

days eyes cast to 'eaven: spends his nights amongst this shit — S'why I

say, don't take half-measures. Do things right and dig right in. In this
world, there's greater treasures than the wages of sin. I get

threats, but seldom offers, if I did, I'd pack it in. You can't

fill that many coffers with the wages of sin, with the

wages of sin, with the wages of sin.
MY HUSBAND MAKES MOVIES
from *Nine*

Lyrics and Music by
MAURY YESTON

Briskly (♩ = 84)

My husband spins fantasies.
He makes them, he lives a kind of dream in which his actions aren't always what they seem, he may be working on the film on ancient Rome, he made the

make them, then gives them to you all.

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on to some unique romantic theme.
slave girls take the glad actors home!

Some men catch fish,
Some men buy stocks,
some men flies,
some men punch clocks,

some earn their living baking bread.
some leap where others fear to tread.

husband... he goes a little crazy making
husband, as author and director, makes up
movies, instead. My

stories in his head.

ritard.

mp ritard.
Tempo II (d = 68)

Guido Continii, Luisa Continii; number one genius and number one fan.

Guido Continii, Luisa Continii; daughter of well-to-do Florentine clan long ago.

Twenty years ago. Once the names were

a tempo

Guido Continii, Luisa Del For-no; actress with dreams and a life of her own.
Passionate, wild, and in love in Livorno, singing with Guido all night on the phone long ago.

How he needs me

so, and he'll be the last to know it. My

Tempo I

husband makes movies.

To
make them, he makes himself obsessed.

He works for weeks on end without a bit of rest no other way can he achieve his level best.

Some men read books, some shine their shoes,
some retire early when they’ve seen the evening news. My
husband only rarely comes to bed my
husband makes movies, instead. My

Tempo II
husband makes movies...

Sva bassa
Barbara:

What do I really hear and

What is in the ear of my mind?
Which sounds are true and

And which will never be defined?

The verse does not appear in the show, but was written by Mr. Rodgers for the song to stand alone.
sweetest sounds I'll ever hear Are still inside my head.
The kindest words I'll ever know Are waiting to be said.
The most entrancing sight of all is yet for me to see.
And the
dearest love in all the world is waiting somewhere for me,
is waiting somewhere, somewhere for me.

The sweetest sounds I'll
ever hear Are still inside my head.
The kindest words I'll ever know Are
waiting to be said.
The most entrancing sight of all Is yet for
me to see. And the dear-est love in all the
world Is wait-ing some-where for me, Is wait-ing
some-where, some-where for me.
I CAN COOK TOO
from *On the Town*

Words and Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Additional Choruses by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Hot and fast \( \dot{\text{d}} = 80 \)

Oh, I can cook, too, on top of the rest, My

sea-food's the best in the town. Yes, I can cook, too, My

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fish can't be beat,... My sugar's the sweetest around. I'm a

man's ideal of a perfect meal,... Right down to the demitasse.

I'm a pot of joy for a hungry boy,
Baby, I'm cook-in' with gas. Oh, I'm a gum-drop.

sweet lol-li-pop, A brook-trout right out of the brock. And

what's more, baby, I can cook!
Some girls make magazine covers,
Some girls make wonderful jivers,
Some girls make wonderful lovers,
Some girls make good taxi drivers,

But what a lucky find I'm,
But what a genius I am,
I'd make a magazine cover,
I'd make a wonderful jiver,

I do keep lightly,
I even house on a dime,
I make the best taxi driver,
I make a wonderful lover,
I should be paid over-time, 'Cause I can bake, too, on
I rate a big Na- vy "E," 'Cause I can fry, too, on

C6

G

D9/F#

E7/G#

top of the lot, My ov- en's the hot- test you'll
top of the heap, My Cris-co's as deep as a

D7/A

[Tacet]

G6

C6

find. Yes, I can roast, too, my chick-ens just ooze, My
pool. Yes, I can broil, too, my ribs win ap- plause, My

G/D

D7

G

gra- vy will lose you your mind. I'm a
lamb chops will cause you to drool. For a
brand new note on a table d'hote,
but can died sweet, or a pickled beet,
step

just try me a la carte,
with a

up to my smorgasbord.
walk a

single course, you could choke a horse,
sround until you'll get your fill,
Baby, you won't know where to start. Oh, I'm an hors d'oeuvre, A jelly preserve, A
Baby, you'll never be bored. Oh, I'm a paté, A marbré glacé, A
Not in the recipe book, And what's more, And what's more,
Dish you will wish you had took,
[Interlude]

Ba - by, I'm cook-in' with gas. Oh, I'm a
gum-drop,
A sweet lollipop,
A brook-trout right out of the brook,
And what's more, baby, I can cook!

1.
[C G C7 F Dm7 D7 C7] to p.40

2.
[G]

cook!
AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME
from the Columbia Pictures-Romulus film Oliver!

Words and Music by
LIONEL BART

[Andante]  
Nancy  

As long as he needs me—Oh yes he does need  
colla voce  

me—In spite of what you see—I'm sure that he needs me—Who else would  

love him still—When they've been used so ill—He knows I always  

will—As long as he needs me. I miss him so much when he is  

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But when he's near me, I don't let on. The way I feel inside. The love I have to hide, the hell I've got my pride. As long as he needs me. He doesn't say the things he should. He acts the way he thinks he should. But all the same I'll
play This game his way As long as

he needs me I know where I must be I'll cling on steadfastly As long as he needs me As long as life is long I'll love him

right or wrong And somehow I'll be strong As long as he needs
If you are lonely

then you will know

When someone needs you,
you love them so

I won't betray his trust.

Tho' people say I must,
I've got to stay true

just as long as he
needs me.
SHY
from Once Upon a Mattress

Words by MARSHALL BARER
Music by MARY RODGERS

Moderate 2

WINNIFRED:

Some - one's

be - ing bash - ful. Tha - ts no way to be,

Not with me. Can't you see that

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I am just as embarrassed as you? And I can understand your point of view: I've always been

Moderately fast 4

Shy, I confess it, I'm shy! Can't you guess that this

confident air is a mask that I wear, 'cause I'm shy?
And you may be sure: way down deep I'm demure.

Though some people I know might deny it, at bottom I'm quiet and pure!

I'm aware that it's wrong to be meek as I am; My chances may pass me by. I pretend to be
strong but as weak as I am, All I can do is try. God knows I try! Though I'm frightened and shy.

And despite the impression I give, I confess that I'm living a lie, Because I'm actually terribly timid and horribly
Though a lady may be dripping with glamour, as often as not she'll stumble and stammer when suddenly confronted with romance. And she's
likely to fall on her face

finally face to face with a pair of pants.

Quite often the lady's not as hard to please as she seems.
Oft en she'll settle for some thing less than the man of her dreams.

I'm going fishing for a mate.

I'm gonna look in ev'ry nook.
But how much longer must I wait
With baited breath and hook?
And that is why,
Though I'm painfully shy,
I'm insane to know

Più mosso - Charleston beat

Which sir? You, sir Not you, sir. Then who, sir?
Where, sir? And when, sir? I couldn’t be tenser. So

Let’s get this done, man. Get on with the fun, man.

I am one man shy.

Jazz 4
IT'S A HELLUVA WAY TO RUN A LOVE AFFAIR
from Plain and Fancy

Words by ARNOLD B. HORWITT
Music by ALBERT HAGUE

Moderato (in 2)  Ruth rubato

In nat-ral history ev'-ry he When wan-ning a par-tic-u-lar she, Can

always find a way to tell her so... The cricket chirps, the pen-guin struts, The

mon-ky toss-es co-co-nuts, The bull-frog makes a noise like Vaughn Mon-roe. What's

true of bird and beast and bee Ap-pies to peo-ple e-qual-ly, Ex-cept for my par-tic-u-lar Rom-e-
Bounce tempo

-o!

He may adore me how would I know?

If I'm the light of his life it doesn't show I go through the motions but I'm well aware it's a hell-u-va way to run a love af-

-fair

He doesn't tingle when ever we meet
Our love has all of the thrill of shredded wheat. We
never run barefoot through each other's hair. It's a helluva way to
run a love affair!

1. Some lucky lovers have a
talent for romance, Hackensack can seem like Paris.
2. One enchanted evening in my
quiet living room, Candle lit and heavy with perfume.
I have a true love with a different kind of knack
Love songs I played him that sent shivers down his spine, And

He turns Paris into Hackensack!
I'm not suggesting he isn't American
He has a character like George Washington
There must be some other fish that can be found.

But when will my Georgie cross the Delaware?
I'm stuck with the one I'm stuck on.
-ware? It's a hell-u-va way to run a love af-fair.

(Coda)

C'est la guerre! My trust-worth-y, loy-al, help-ful, friend-ly,

square, It's a hell-u-va way to run a love af-

-fair!
NEVER NEVER LAND
from Peter Pan

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderato

PP

PETER:

I know a place where

dreams are born, and time is never planned.

It's not on any chart, you must
find it with your heart. Never Never Land. It might be miles bey-
yond the moon or right there where you stand. Just keep an open mind, and then
suddenly you'll find Never Never Land. You'll have a treasure if you stay there, more precious far than gold. For once you have found your
way there, you can never, never grow old. And that's my home where
dreams are born and time is never planned. Just think of lovely things, and your
heart will fly on wings, forever in Never, Never Land. You'll
have a treasure if you stay there, more precious far than gold. For
once you have found your way there, you can never never grow old.

So come with me where dreams are born, and time is never

planned. Just think of love-ly things, and your heart will fly on wings for ever in

Never, Never Land.
HOLD ON
from The Secret Garden

Lyrics by MARSHA NORMAN
Music by LUCY SIMON

Urgently

MARTHA:
What you've got to do is finish what you have begun.

I don't know just how, but it's not over 'til you've won. When you

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Resolutely

see the storm is com-in', see the light-ning part the skies, it's too late to run, there's

ter-ror in your eyes, what you do then is re-mem-ber this old thing you heard me

say: It's the storm, not you, that's bound to blow a-way.

Hold on, hold on to some-one stand-ing by. Hold on, don't e-ven
ask how long or why, child, hold on to what you know is true, hold on 'til you get through.

Child, oh child, hold on.

When you feel your heart is pound-in', fear a dev-il's at your door,

there's no place to hide, you're fro-zen to the floor, what you
do then, is you force you - self to wake up, and you say: It's this
dream, not me, that's bound to go a - way. Hold on, hold on, the
night will soon be by. Hold on, and think of some-thing else to try. Child, hold
on, there's an-gels on their way. Hold on and hear them say: Child, oh child, and it
doesn't even matter if the danger and the doom come from up above, or down below, or just come flyin' at you from a-
cresc. poco a poco

Heavier
cross the room. When you see a man who's rarin', and he's poco rall.

jealous, and he fears that you've walked through walls he's hid behind for
years, what you do then is you tell yourself to wait it out. You say:

It's this day, not me, that's bound to go a-

way. Child, hold on, it's this day, not you, that's

bound to go a-way.

molto rall.

a tempo rall.
MISS RITTER: *(Spoken before the introduction)* Let me tell you, you've never seen anything like that library. So many books... so much marble... so quiet!

suddenly all of my confidence dribbled away with a pitiful plop.

head was beginning to swim and my forehead was covered with cold perspiration.
started to reach for a book and my hand automatically came to a stop.

I don't know how long I stood frozen, a victim of panic and mortification.

With Freedom

Oh, how I wanted to flee when a kindly voice, a gentle voice whispered "Pardon me."
And there was this dear, sweet, clearly respectable thickly bespectacled man who stood by my side and quietly said to me "Ma'am, Don't mean to intrude, but I was just wondering are you in need of some help?" I said "no... Yes, I am!"
The next thing I know I'm sipping hot chocolate and
telling my troubles to Paul, whose tender brown eyes kept sending compassionate looks.
A trip to the library has made a new girl of me, for suddenly I can see the magic of
books.

have to admit in the back of my mind, I was praying he wouldn't get fresh.

all of the while I was wondering why an illiterate girl should attract him.

all of a sudden he said that I couldn't go wrong with "The Way of All Flesh."
course, it's a novel, but I didn't know or I certainly wouldn't have smacked him. Well, he gave me a

smile, that I couldn't resist, and I knew at once how

rall. Moderato

much I liked this optimist.

You know. what this dear, sweet, slightly bespectacled gentleman said to me
next? He said he could solve this problem of mine. I said “How?”

He said if I’d like he’d willingly read to me some of his favorite things. I said “When?”

He said “Now.” His novel approach seemed highly suspicious and possibly dangerous too. I told myself
wait, think, dare you go up to his flat. What happens if

things go wrong? It's obvious he's quite strong. He read to me

all night long, now how about that! It's hard to believe how

truly domestic and happily hopeful I feel. I picture my Paul there
reading aloud, as I cook.
As long as he's there to read, there's quite a good chance indeed, a chance that I'll never need to open a book!
Unlike some-one else some-one I dim-ly re-call.

I know he'll only have eyes for me, my op-tom-e-trist Paul.
TELL ME ON A SUNDAY
from Song and Dance

Lyrics by DON BLACK
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Slowly

EMMA:

Don't write a letter when you want to leave.

Don't call me at 3 A.M. from a friend's apartment. I'd

like to choose how I hear the news. Take me to a park that's

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covered with trees. Tell me on a Sunday please.

Let me down easy, no big song and dance. No long faces, no long looks,

no deep conversation. I know the way we should spend the day. Take me

to a zoo that's got chimpanzees. Tell me
on a Sunday please. Don't want to know who's to blame,

it won't help knowing. Don't want to fight day and night bad enough you're going,

Don't leave in silence with no words at all. Don't get drunk and slam the door,

that's no way to end this. I know how I want you to say good-bye. Find a
circus ring with a flying trapeze. Tell me on a Sunday please.

I don't want to fight day and night, bad enough you're going.

Don't leave in silence with no words at all.
Don't get drunk and slam the door, that's no way to end this. I know how I want you to say goodbye. Don't run off in the pouring rain. Don't call me as they call your plane. Take the hurt out of all the pain. Take me to a park that's covered with trees. Tell me on a Sunday please.
EVERYBODY LOVES LOUIS
from Sunday in the Park with George

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Rubato $d = 144$

 DOT:

Hello, George... Where did you go, George? I know you're near, George. I caught your eyes, George. I want your ear, George. I've a surprise, leggiero

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George...

Ev'rybody loves Louis,

Lou- is' sim- ple and kind. Ev'rybody loves Louis,

Lou- is' lov- ab- le. Seems we nev- er know, do we,
(tenderly) Freely

Who we’re going to find. And Louis the baker is

A tempo

But... Louis, really an artist:

Louis’ cakes, are an art. Louis isn’t the smartest...

Louis’ popular. Everybody loves...
Lou - is:       Lou - is bakes from the heart... The

Rubato (d = 144)

bread,     George. I mean the bread, George. And then in

mp

bed,     George... I mean he kneads me - I mean like

mf

A tempo (d = 120)
dough,     George... Hel -
Lo, George...

Lou is' always so pleasant,

Lou is' always so fair. Lou is makes you feel present,

Lou is' generous. That's the thing about Lou is:
Louis always is "there". Louis' thoughts are not hard to follow, Louis' art is not hard to swallow.

Not that Louis' perfection— That's what makes him ideal. Hardly anything worth objection:
Louis drinks a bit, Louis blinks a bit. Louis makes a connection.

That's the thing that you feel... We lose things. And then we choose things. And there are

Louis's And there are Georges— Well,
Everybody loves Louis,
Him as well as his cakes.

Everybody loves Louis,
Me included, George.

Not afraid to be gooey,
Louis sells, what he makes.
Everybody gets along with him. That's the trouble, nothing's wrong with him.

A tempo

Louis has to bake his way, George can only bake his...

(She licks a pastry)*

Louis it is!

*Actually, in the New York production, Dot stuffed her mouth with bread here, saying the last line with her mouth full.
IF HE REALLY KNEW ME
from They're Playing Our Song

Words by CAROLE BAYER SAGER
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Softly, sensitively
Gmaj9 Am/G Gmaj9 Am/G

SONIA:
Gmaj9 Cmaj7 Gmaj9 Cmaj7
If he really knew me, if he really, truly knew me,

Bm7 Em7 Am7sus4 D7sus4 Gmaj9 G C/D D7
maybe he would see the other side of me I seldom see.
If there were no music, he had no melody to tell, who would he be the kind of man I'd want to see tonight? Does the man make the music or does the music make the man, and is he everything I thought he'd be?
If he really knew me, if he'd take the time to understand,
may be he could find me, the part I left behind,
may be he'd remind me of who I am.