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

When I conceived and compiled the first volumes of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology, released in 1987, I couldn’t have possibly imagined the day when I would be writing the foreword for Volume 4. Such a venture is made possible only by the lively and sustained interest of singing actors of all descriptions, be they students or professionals. As a researcher I can only present you with practical choices from existing theatre literature. Without the dedicated pursuit of that music by people such as you, dear reader, these collections would remain on a shelf, unopened.

Volume 4 allows inclusion of songs from shows opened since Volume 3 (released in 2000), as well as a continuing, deeper look into both classic and contemporary musical theatre repertory. As has been the case with each of the solo voice volumes in this series, songs are chosen with many types of talent in mind. All songs do not suit all singers. It is good and natural for any performer to stretch as far as possible, attempting diverse material. But it is also very important ultimately to know what you do well. That is an individual answer, based on your voice, your temperament and your look. This collection has enough variety of songs that any interested performer should be able to find several viable choices.

You will come up with a more individual interpretation, conjured from the ground up in the manner that all the best actors work, if you learn a song on your own, building it into your unique singing voice, without imitating a recorded performance. Particularly try to avoid copying especially famous renditions of a song, because you can probably only suffer in the comparison. Would you learn a role from Shakespeare, Shaw or Edward Albee solely by mimicking a recording, film or video/DVD of it? Your answer had better be of course not! The same needs to be true of theatre music. After you know the notes and lyrics very well, study the character’s stated and unstated motivations and thoughts to come up with your own performance. Explore your own ideas about musical and vocal phrasing to express the character’s emotions. In other words, make a song your own, and no one can take it away from you. It’s yours for life.

Original keys are used exclusively in this edition. Sometimes these reflect the composer’s musical/vocal concept, and sometimes they are merely the keys best suited to the original performers. Still, they give a singer a very good idea of the desired vocal timbre for a song as presented in its authentic theatre context. There are general vocal guidelines for voice types in theatre music, but these are not in stone. A soprano with a good belt will be able to sing songs from the soprano volumes as well as the mezzo-soprano/belter volumes. Belters may decide to work on their “head voice” in soprano songs. Men who have voices that lie between tenor and baritone, commonly called “baritones” (a common range in contemporary musical theatre), may find songs in both the tenor and baritone/bass volumes.

In my foreword for Volume 3 of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology, written in 2000, I stated that the movie musical was dead. What a difference five years makes! The genre appears to be gaining a little steam at this writing, evidence of the continued relevance of musical theatre to a wider audience.

The books comprising Volume 4 of this series would not have been possible without the enthusiastic help of Brian Dean as assistant editor, and I thank him heartily.

All the selections from all volumes of this series, including duets, total nearly 700 songs. A marathon performance of all the songs in all volumes of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology would take more than 40 hours. What fun that would be!

Richard Walters,
December, 2005
## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>AIDA</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 The Past Is Another Land</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 I Know the Truth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ANNIE GET YOUR GUN</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22 I Got Lost in His Arms</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ASPECTS OF LOVE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 Anything But Lonely</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>AVENUE Q</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 There's a Fine, Fine Line</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE BEAUTIFUL GAME</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 Our Kind of Love</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BELLS ARE RINGING</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34 I'm Going Back</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42 Hard Candy Christmas</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE BOY FROM OZ</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46 Don't Cry Out Loud</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CHESS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64 Heaven Help My Heart</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CHICAGO</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55 Nowadays</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58 Roxie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A CHORUS LINE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70 The Music and the Mirror</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ELEGIES FOR ANGELS, PUNKS, AND RAGING QUEENS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78 Angels, Punks, and Raging Queens</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FOLLIES</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84 I'm Still Here</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE FULL MONTY</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98 Life with Harold</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GRAND HOTEL</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105 I Want to Go to Hollywood</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GREASE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114 There Are Worse Things I Could Do</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HAIRSPRAY</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118 I Can Hear the Bells</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127 Miss Baltimore Crabs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138 I Will Be Loved Tonight</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132 I Don't Know How to Love Him</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE LAST FIVE YEARS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143 Still Hurting</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>150 See I'm Smiling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE LION KING</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160 Shadowland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>167 Whatever Happened to My Part?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE PRODUCERS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>172 When You Got It, Flaunt It</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SONGS FOR NEW WORLD</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>179 Just One Step</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A STAR IS BORN</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192 The Man that Got Away</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>198 Gimme Gimme</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WICKED</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>205 Popular</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>214 I'm Not that Girl</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>219 The Wizard and I</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>THE WILD PARTY</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230 Look at Me Now</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>237 How Did We Come to This?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WISH YOU WERE HERE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>248 Shopping Around</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WONDERFUL TOWN</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242 One Hundred Easy Ways</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ABOUT THE SHOWS

The material in this section is by Stanley Green, Richard Walters, Brian Dean, 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: 3/25/00, New York; a run of 1,852 performances

Aida is based on the story of the 1871 opera by Giuseppe Verdi (libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni) about an Ethiopian princess (Aida) who is captured during wartime by the enemy Egyptians. Radames, an Egyptian general, and Aida fall in love (“The Past is Another Land”). Aida is scorned by the daughter of the Egyptian King, Amneris, who is also in love with Radames. Much later, Radames plans to pull off his wedding to Amneris to be with Aida, but Aida convinces him to keep up appearances so she can flee from captivity with her father. Amneris overhears their exchange, and realizes that their marriage is a sham (“I Know the Truth!”). At their parting, Radames and Aida wonder if their love was doomed at the outset. The story ends tragically with the death of the two lovers.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
BOOK: Herbert Fields 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 is discovered and developed in the traveling “Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show.” Annie falls hard for the show’s chauvinistic male star, Frank Butler; and romance blossoms, right up until she begins to outshine Frank. “I Got Lost in His Arms” sees Annie dreaming of her future with Frank. In the end, after quarrelling, the two fall into each other’s arms in marriage. The movie version was originally to have starred Judy Garland, but after she was fired from the set, Betty Hutton played the role opposite Howard Keel in the 1950 release. The major Broadway revival starring Peters opened in 1999; Reba McEntire also enjoyed special acclaim as Annie in that production.

ASPECTS OF LOVE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black and Charles Hart
BOOK: Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: 4/6/90, New York; a run of 377 performances

Aspects of Love is based on an autobiographical novel by David Garnett, a nephew of Virginia Woolf. The show had an intimate production style, with orchestrations that threw out the brass in favor of a chamber music sound. It follows a group of characters over nearly two decades of interwoven relationships. The story begins with a 17-year-old boy, Alex, who is infatuated with an actress, Rose, in her mid-20s. The actress eventually has a love affair with Alex’s uncle, and they marry. Along the way almost everyone winds up in love with, or broken-hearted by, all the others. The plot is emotionally complex, as are the characters and their relationships. Rose begs Alex to stay with her in “Anything But Lonely,” but as she left him years before, too well Alex turn her down.

AVENUE Q

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx
BOOK: Jeff Whitty
DIRECTOR: Jason Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ken Roberson
OPENED: 7/31/03, New York; still running as of January 2009

Avenue Q is an ironic homage to Sesame Street, though the puppet characters are much more adult, dealing with topics such as loud loving, closeted homosexuality, and internet porn addiction. The puppets are onstage, acting and singing for their characters, but there are also humans in the production. The story deals with a young college graduate. Princeton, who learns how to live life and find love in New York. Along the way we meet the many tenants in his apartment building on Avenue Q. Princeton and his love interest Kate Monster hit some rocky times, and as they
THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS AND BOOK: Ben Elton
DIRECTOR: Robert Carsen
CHOREOGRAPHER: Meryl Tankard
OPENED: 9/26/00, London, closed 9/1/01

The “beautiful game” of the title is football (soccer) (“The Beautiful Game” is a common phrase used to describe soccer in the world outside the U.S.) Lloyd Webber and playwright Ben Elton’s original story is a tale of teenagers coming of age in Belfast, Ireland, from 1969-1972, a battleground between warring factions of Catholics and Protestants. The teenagers are caught up in that atmosphere at first competitively on the football field, but eventually their clashes occur on the street as they transition from sweet youths to angry adults. Carried away in Nationalistic fever, capable of murder. Star-crossed lovers, Del, a Protestant, and Christine, a Catholic, eventually escape to New York to have a life together. Christine explains her relationship with Del to one of her Catholic friends in “Our Kind of Love,” an anthem of love knowing no boundaries.

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

Since appearing together in a nightclub revue, Comden and 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 meddlesome operator at the Susanswerphone telephone answering service (a now out-of-date type of business later replaced by answering machines, voice mail and cell phones) who gets involved with her client’s 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 occupation), dance and sing in the subway, and entertain fellow New Yorkers in Central Park. At last she confesses that she’s the operator, and after some adjustment they happily couple up. Right before the happy conclusion, a dejected Ella exclaims “I’m Going Back,” leaving Susanswerphone and her problems, and returning to her former job at the switchboard of the Bonjour Tristesse Brasserie Company in upstate New York. A film version, directed by Vincent Minnelli, was made in 1960 that is virtually the stage show on film, with Dean Martin opposite Miss Holliday.

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Carol Hall
BOOK: Larry King and Peter Masterson
DIRECTOR: Peter Masterson and Tommy Tune
CHOREOGRAPHER: Tommy Tune
OPENED: 6/19/78, New York; a run of 1,584 performances

The Chicken Ranch, a bordello in rural Texas, was a well attended institution for years. A friendly place, it derived its name from the fact that in the Depression clients were able to pay for their visits with poultry. This musical, based on the true story of the crusade by a conservative radio personality to shut down the Chicken Ranch, was brought to Broadway due to the efforts of Texans Carol Hall. Peter Masterson, Tommy Tune and Larry King—yes, that Larry King. Masterson was prompted to write the show after reading an article by King about the Chicken Ranch in a 1974 issue of Playboy. A surprisingly sweet and funny show, The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas immortalized the debate over the house, the rabid vigilante actions of the radio commentator Melvin P. Thorpe, and the two-faced politicians who publicly decried the institution, while privately being clients for many years. A sequel, The Best Little Whorehouse Goes Public, flopped on Broadway in 1994. A successful film was released in 1982, starring Dolly Parton and Burt Reynolds. Eventually evicted from the Chicken Ranch, the girls sing with worry and hope of their futures in “Hard Candy Christmas.”

THE BOY FROM OZ

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Peter Allen
BOOK: Martin Sherman
DIRECTOR: Phillip William McKinley
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey McSweeney
OPENED: 3/5/98, Sydney
10/16/03, New York; a run of 364 performances

Australian-born Peter Allen was a quintessential 1970s performer, a rag to riches, Australian bush country to Radio City Music Hall story. This musical biography uses the songs that Allen wrote throughout his life, many of which were already autobiographical, to weave together the story of this flamboyant performer from meager beginnings, to marriage with Liza Minnelli, to his own death of AIDS. “Don’t Cry Out Loud” appears late in the show, sung by Peter’s mother Marion. This ballad shows Peter’s compulsion to hide his feelings deep within himself, while putting forward a flashy, untouchable personality outside. Drawing on the success of the Sydney production, The Boy from Oz came to Broadway in 2003 as a star vehicle for another Aussie, movie star Hugh Jackman.
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
4/28/86, 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 musical. 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. It is ironic that the musical opened on Broadway at the tail end of the Cold War era, which may have made the subject matter seem less than current. 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. Realizing early on the futility of her love for the Russian, Florence sings of her predicament in the ballad “Heaven Help My Heart”.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTION AND CHOREOGRAPHY: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York; 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 in gangster-ridden Chicago of the 1920s. 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), performing “Nowadays” every night. This scathing indictment of the American legal system, political system, media and morals may have been ahead of its time in its original 1975 production. It came roaring back for a spare and stylish smash 1996 revival Broadway revival, one of the longest running productions on Broadway. History. A more lavish movie treatment, directed by Broadway choreographer Rob Marshall, was released in 2002, starring Renée Zellweger, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Richard Gere in the lead roles. Against all odds for a new movie musical, it was a critical and popular hit. As soon as slick Billy Flynn agrees to take Roxie’s case, her name is plastered all over the papers, and she is the talk of the town. This pleases her greatly, and fuels her self-delusion, as she sings in “Roxie”.

A CHORUS LINE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Edward Kleban
BOOK: James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
DIRECTOR: Michael Bennett
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett and Bob Avian
OPENED: 7/25/75, New York; a run of 6.137 performances

Until overtaken by Cats, this musical stood for years as the longest-running show in Broadway history. It also won numerous Tony Awards, including Best Musical, plus the Pulitzer Prize for drama. The story is simple: seventeen dancers reveal their life stories as they audition for eight chorus parts in an unnamed Broadway musical. The show concentrates on the joys and troubles of their childhood and teen years. Cassie is singled out early by name, and we learn that she has already had success as a leading lady, when she was involved with producer Zach years before. Their love and her opportunities faded, and now she needs to start over again, even in the chorus, just for the chance to dance (“The Music and the Mirror”).
ELEGIES FOR ANGELS, PUNKS AND RAGING QUEENS

MUSIC: Janet Hood
LYRICS AND BOOK: Bill Russell
DIRECTION AND STAGING: Bill Russell
OPENED: first performance 5/89, New York

Composer/lyricist Bill Russell was extremely moved when the Names Project Quilt was unveiled in Washington, DC in 1987, memorializing those dead from AIDS. A fan of the Edgar Lee Masters' collection of poems, Spoon River Anthology, where members in a cemetery recite their own epitaphs, Russell set out to create his own show, told in the words and stories of AIDS patients, which celebrates life and love, struggle and hope. The show, often given in conjunction with AIDS awareness and fundraising, has been performed in several countries, including the U.K., Germany, Sweden, Israel and Australia. A recording was made of the all-star performance given in New York in April, 2001, to benefit the Momentum AIDS Project. Some of the songs have a gospel feel to them, including the number "Angels, Punks and Raging Queens."

FOLLIES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Goldman
DIRECTION: Harold Prince and Michael Bennett
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/4/71, New York; a run of 522 performances

Follies takes place at a reunion of former Ziegfeld Follies-type showgirls on the night before the destruction of the theatre where they all once played. The musical deals with the reality of life as contrasted with the unreality of the theatre and the past. Follies explores this theme through the lives of two couples, the upper-class, unhappy, Phyllis and Benjamin Stone, and the middle-class, also unhappy, Sally and Buddy Plummer. The show also shows us these four as they were in their pre-marital youth. The young actors appear as ghosts to haunt their elder selves. Because the show is about the past, and often in cinematically inspired flashback, Sondheim styled his songs to evoke some of the theatre's great composers and lyricists of the past. In a show of often melancholy recollections, former chorus girl and showbiz veteran Carlotta Campion is happy to have survived the good and the bad times, singing "I'm Still Here." Since the show is set in 1971, Carlotta's survivor list includes many specific references to the 1920s through the 1930s.

THE FULL MONTY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: David Yazbek
BOOK: Terrence McNally
DIRECTOR: Jack O'Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: 10/25/03, New York; a run of 770 performances

Based on the successful British movie of the same name, The Full Monty was 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 their families, the decidedly average group form a Chippendale's type strip act, baring everything (as the British phrase "the full monty" implies) for entertainment and cash. Each of the guys has a personal obstacle to overcome, and the act of stripping publicly becomes a symbol of freedom and pride, rather than the embarrassment it once seemed. Harold, a former factory manager, has not been able to admit to his wife Vicki that he has lost his job. They continue to keep up appearances, attending a dance-class regularly. In "Life with Harold" she mambos to the many ways she loves her doting husband.

GRAND HOTEL

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Maury Yeston; and Robert Wright and George Forrest
BOOK: Luther Davis
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Tommy Tune
OPENED: 11/12/89, New York; a run of 1,018 performances

Based on a novel by Vicki Baum, Grand Hotel intertwines the staff and guests at a posh Berlin hotel of 1930, just as the star-studded film of 1932 mixed the stories of Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford and a host of others. On Broadway, the stories included the penniless Baron's plans to steal the aging ballerina's jewels (he instead falls in love with her), the businessman who wrestles with his conscience, an aspiring actress who reluctantly peddles her flesh and the accountant with a zeal for living in the face of a fatal disease. The sub-plots intermingled and intersected predominantly through dance in the Tommy Tune production. Aspiring actress, but current typist, Flammkuchen confides to the girl in the mirror "I Want to Go to Hollywood."
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 Zuko and his wholesome girl Sandy Dumbrowski, a loose plot that serves as an excuse for a light-hearted ride through the early rock and roll of the 1950s. The 1978 movie version, starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, is one of the top grossing movie musicals of all time. A hit revival opened in 1994, with a revolving Rizzo, played by Rosie O'Donnell. Brook Shields, Lucy Lawless and Debbie Gibson, among others. Tough girl Rizzo fears she might be pregnant. When consoled by chaste Sandy, Rizzo angrily lashes out at her, saying, "There Are Worse Things I Can Do."

HAIRESPRAY

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, New York; a run of 2,642 performances

Film composer Marc Shaiman helped turn John Waters' campy 1988 movie Hairspray into perfect fodder for a new Broadway musical—teenage angst, racial integration, a lot of dancing and a whole lot of hair. Flump 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 envisions good things for herself, as she knows she can take down Amber in "I Can Hear the Bells." Amber has the support of her overbearing mother, Velma, who is also the producer for Corny Collins. Velma, a former child star, waxes poetic on her fame, and rages that Tracy will never reach the heights Velma did when she was "Missi Baltimore Crabs." Tracy eventually dances her way onto the show and gains acceptance for all teens of every size, shape and color.

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE

MUSIC: Jimmy Roberts
LYRICS AND BOOK: Joe DiPietro
DIRECTOR: Joel Bishoff
OPENED: 8/1/95, New York; a run of 5,003 performances

This sleeper hit Off-Broadway revue addresses 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 found its niche as a good "date" musical, selling past 3,000 performances in 2005, and seeing productions in cities around the world. A woman prepares for a date in "I Will Be Loved Tonight."

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Tom O'Horgan
OPENED: 10/21/71, New York; a run of 711 performances

Through conceived as a theatre piece about the final week in the life of Jesus, the young team of Lloyd Webber and Rice could not find a producer interested in a "rock opera." Instead, they recorded it as an album, which became a smash hit. Concert tours of the show followed. It didn't take any more convincing that this would fly in the theatre. The concept of a "rock opera" caused quite a stir at the time. "I Don't Know How to Love Him" is Mary Magdalene's big ballad. In it she wrestles with how to deal with the emotions she feels for Jesus, and her own suddenly changed feelings about herself.
THE LAST FIVE YEARS

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

The Off-Broadway musical *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 deterioration of a relationship between a successful writer and a struggling actress. The show’s form is unique. Cathy starts at the end of the relationship, and tells her story backwards, while Jamie starts at the beginning. The only point of intersection is the middle at their engagement. In “See I’m Smiling,” Cathy senses the marriage is crumbling and tries to reconcile with Jamie one more time, but conversation dissolves into argument once again. The relationship has taken its toll on Cathy; she is “Still Hurting” after the break-up (the show’s opening song), wondering about the love and the lies that Jamie gave her. The two original actors Off-Broadway were Norbert Leo Butz and Sherie René Scott.

THE LION KING

MUSIC: Elton John
LYRICS: Tim Rice
BOOK: Roger Allers and Irene Mecchi
DIRECTOR: Julie Taymor
CHOREOGRAPHER: Garth Fagan
OPENED: 11/15/97, New York; still running as of January 2009

A fantastic triumph of art design and choreography, Julie Taymor’s adaptation to the stage of the 1994 Disney movie won both critical and popular praise. Lavish sets and costumes, including actors on stilts, set this production high above other movie-to-stage adaptations. The Broadway score incorporates all the music from the original movie, along with new material. Mufasa, king of the lions, is murdered by his brother Scar. Young Simba is led to believe he killed his father and runs away to exile. As an adult, Simba returns to overthrow the evil Scar and claim his birthright as king. Childhood friend and fellow lion Nala stays, and endures the evil Scar’s reign over the pride. She decides she can no longer bear her circumstances, and must pass into the jungle to find a new life in “Shadowland.”

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, a run of 1,575 performances

Eric Idle, one of the founding members of the British television comedy troupe “Monty Python’s Flying Circus,” made 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 wacky 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. The lavish *Spamalot* was directed by luminary Broadway and movie director Mike Nichols. The original cast starred Tim Curry, Hank Azaria, and David Hyde Pierce. True to characteristic Python irreverence and silliness, *Spamalot* lampoons the musical genre at every step, one such example being “Whatever Happened to My Part?” where the Lady of the Lake wonders why she is underused in the second act.

THE PRODUCERS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Mel Brooks
BOOK: Mel Brooks and Thomas Meehan
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Susan Stroman
OPENED: 4/19/01, New York; a run of 2,502 performances

Mel Brooks swept critics and audiences off their feet in New York with this show, adapted from his 1968 movie *The Producers*. A couple songs from the movie were incorporated into the otherwise new stage score. The story concerns washed-up Broadway producer Max Bialystock and his nerdy accountant Leo Bloom, who has dreams of being a producer himself. 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 surprise hit and Bialystock and Bloom are in trouble. All ends well, after a brief prison detour. Svelte, sexy Swede Ulla comes to the offices of Bialystock and Bloom to audition (she is hired as secretary), her only talent being “When You Got It, Flaunt It.” The original cast included Broadway stars Nathan Lane (Max) and Matthew Broderick (Leo). The director and most of the lead actors from Broadway were in the 2005 movie musical.
SONGS FOR A NEW WORLD

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
DIRECTOR: Daisy Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Arnold
OPENED: 10/26/95. New York; a run of 27 performances

In 1994, Daisy Prince, daughter of Broadway legend Harold Prince, went to see a 24-year-old Greenwich Village coffeehouse pianist named Jason Robert Brown play some of his original compositions. A collaboration and a friendship were born when she heard he was working on a concert evening of songs that played like offbeat short stories. 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 unusual angles. In the plotless, Off-Broadway revue, a thrill wife at the end of her rope, unloved and cheated on, threatens her husband from a high ledge. She'll end it all with "Just One Step"—just you watch!

A STAR IS BORN (film)

MUSIC: Harold Arlen
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
SCREENPLAY: William Wellman, Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, Moss Hart
DIRECTOR: George Cukor
CHOREOGRAPHER: Richard Barstow

This movie musical about the rise and fall in show business chronicles the alcoholic, waning star Norman Maine (James Mason) and his new romance, the ascending showgirl Esther Blodgett (Judy Garland). Esther's career as a musical movie star wins her an Oscar, while Norman hits the skids. Though they love one another, his self-destruction takes over and he drowns himself. Judy Garland belts out many show-stopping numbers in her big comeback movie, a few years after being fired from MGM. Early in the story, she sings "The Man That Got Away" in an after-hours rehearsal in a nightclub, overheard by movie star Norman. The Gershwin/Arlen torch song became a signature Garland number. Two other movies have been made using the same storyline but different music; a 1937 version, and the 1976 star vehicle for Barbra Streisand.

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

MUSIC: Jeanine Tesori
LYRICS: Dick Scanlan
BOOK: Dick Scanlan and Richard Morris
DIRECTOR: Michael Mayer
CHOREOGRAPHER: Rob Ashford
OPENED: 4/18/02. New York; a run of 903 performances

Based on the 1967 movie starring Julie Andrews, Thoroughly Modern Millie is a new musical, retaining only three of the songs from the movie (including the title song), with a score by Jeanine Tesori. It chronicles the life of Millie, a transplanted Kansas girl trying to make it big in New York in the flapper days of the 1920s. She stays at the Hotel Priscilla, along with other young starlets, which is run by the sinister Mrs. Meers, who actually is running a white slave trade on the side. The madcap plot has many twists and turns, and shows a cheery slice of life in New York during the jazz age. Millie decides in the end that it is only love she is interested in. She belts this sentiment high and loud in "Gimme Gimme!"

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 Cilemato
OPENED: 10/30/03. New York; still running as of January 2009

Stephen Schwartz's return to Broadway came with Wicked, a hit from 2003. Based on Gregory Maguire's 1995 book, the musical 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 L. Frank Baum's The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. At times a dark show, the original production was characterized by lavish sets and a 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. Elphaba, shy, and green, learns from radiant Galinda just what it takes to be "Popular." Feeling unloved and left out, Elphaba laments her fate in "I'm Not That Girl." Ignored by her own father, Elphaba envisions a strong relationship with the Wizard, and a new exciting life for herself in "The Wizard and I."
THE WILD PARTY

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Andrew Lippa
DIRECTOR: Gabriel Burre
Choreographer: Mark Dendy
OPENED: 2/24/00, New York; a run of 54 performances

Two productions of The Wild Party hit New York in 2000, the unsuccessful Broadway show by Michael John LaChiusa, and the Off-Broadway, and now more popular Andrew Lippa musical. Both were based on the scandalous 1928 poem by The New Yorker editor Joseph Moncure March. This jazz age drama, depicting a night of decadence and debauchery at a party thrown by lusty showgirl Queenie and her abusive lover, vaudeville clown Burrell, was inspiration for Lippa’s accomplished score. Kate, a semi-reformed hooker, arrives with her squeeze, Mr. Black. She belts of her humble beginnings in “Look at Me Now.” After the wonton night of excessive partying and drama, Queenie surveys the scene in “How Did We Come to This?” to end the show.

WISH YOU WERE HERE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 6/25/52, New York; a run of 598 performances

It was known as the musical with the swimming pool. But Wish You Were Here had other things going for it, including a cast full of ingratiating performers, a warm and witty score by Harold Rome, and a director who wouldn’t stop making improvements even after the Broadway opening (among them were new dances choreographed by Jerome Robbins). The musical was adapted by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan from Kober’s own play, Having a Wonderful Time, and is about a group of middle-class New Yorkers trying to make the most of a two-week vacation at an adult summer camp in the mountains (of upstate New York or New England). “Shopping Around” is an outrageous number sung by vampy Fay, who will find what she wants, trying out one man at a time.

WONDERFUL TOWN

MUSIC: Leonard Bernstein
LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
BOOK: Joseph A. Fields and Jerome Chodorov
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
Choreographer: Donald Saddler
OPENED: 2/25/53, New York; a run of 559 performances

Wonderful Town reunited the creative team that made 1944’s On the Town so successful: Bernstein, Comden and Green, and director George Abbott. Set in New York, this show is not a sequel; rather it is based on the hit Broadway play My Sister Eileen, which itself was based on Ruth McKinney’s semi-autobiographical New Yorker short stories. The musical was conceived as a showcase for Rosalind Russell as Ruth. Ruth and Eileen are two sisters making their way in Greenwich Village, originally from a small town in Ohio. Ruth is a writer and Eileen is well, pretty. The tomboyish, assertive Ruth describes her failures at dating in “One Hundred Easy Ways to Lose a Man.” As Ruth chases the story, Eileen is chased by suitor after suitor. Ruth’s editor, Bob Baker, comes over to apologize for being curt with Ruth, and Eileen immediately falls in love with him. After a raucous night with seven amorous. Conga-dancing Brazilian naval cadets that lands Eileen in jail. all is well in the end as she realizes that Ruth and Bob love one another, and Eileen finds a singing career. A revival came to Broadway in 2002, with Donna Murphy as Ruth.
THE PAST IS ANOTHER LAND
from Elton John and Tim Rice's Aida

Gently, moderately

AIDA: Em F#/E B/D# Bm/D A/C# Am/C

You know nothing about me and care even less How could you understand our

mf colla voce

B5 Em F#/E B/D# E

emptiness? You plundered our wisdom, our knowledge, our wealth In

Am Em F#sus B7 C(add2) Bsus

bleeding us dry You long for our spirit But that you will never pos-

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The past is now another land

far beyond my reach. Invaded by insidious foreign bodies foreign speech Where the timeless joys of childhood Lie broken on the beach.
present is an empty space Between the good and bad

moment leading nowhere Too pointless to be sad

time enough to lay to waste Every certainty I had

The future is a barren world from

poco cresc sub p rit

subito
which I can't return
Both heartless and material

wretched spoils, not my concern
Shining like an evil sun As my

childhood treasures burn
Shining like an evil sun As my

childhood treasures burn
I KNOW THE TRUTH
from Elton John and Tim Rice’s *Aida*

Music by ELTON JOHN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Moderately

Em \( \text{AMNERIS:} \) Am7 D

How have I come to this? How did I

G C/E D

slip and fall? How did I throw half a lifetime away without an-

G C/G G Em

y thought at all? This should have
been my time
It's o-ver it nev-er be-gan

I closed my eyes to so much for so long and I no

long-er can
I try to blame it on

for-tune
Somekind of shift in a star
But I know the truth and it haunts me
It's flown __ just a little too

far
I know the truth and it mocks me

I know the truth and it shocks me

It's flown __ just a little too
Why do I want him still?

Why when there's nothing there?

How to go on with the rest of my life

To pretend I don't care?

This should have been my time

It's
Over it never began
I closed my eyes to so

much for so long and I no longer can
I try to blame it on

fortune

Some kind of twist in my fate

But I know the truth and it haunts me
I learned it a little too
late
I know the truth and it mocks me

D/C
Bsus
B
Em
I know the truth and it shocks me

Rubato
Am7
Dsus
D
Csus2
Gmaj7/B
learned it a little too late

C(add2)
D
G(add2)
Too late
I GOT LOST IN HIS ARMS
from Annie Get Your Gun

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Don’t ask me just how it happened, I wish I knew.

I can’t believe that it happened, and still it’s true I got
Con anima

lost in his arms and I had to stay.

It was dark in his arms and I lost my way.

From the

dark came a voice and it seemed to say,

"There you go."

There you go."
felt as I fell I just can’t recall. But his arms held me fast and it broke the fall. And I said to my heart as it
foolishly kept jumping all around. “I got lost, but look what I found.”
THERE'S A FINE, FINE LINE
from the Broadway Musical Avenue Q

Music and Lyrics by ROBERT LOPEZ
and JEFF MARX

Moderate Folk Rock

KATE: G   D/F#   Em   Am7
There's a fine, fine line be-tween a lover and a friend

D7sus   D7   G   D/F#   Em   Am7
There's a fine, fine line be-tween re-al-i-ty and pre-tend

And you nev-er know till you reach the top if it was worth the up-hill climb

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There's a fine, fine line between love.

and a waste of time.

There's a fine, fine line.

be-tween a fairy tale and a lie.

And there's a fine, fine line.

be-tween "you're won-der-ful" and "good-bye."

I guess if some-one doesn't love.
you back, it isn't such a crime, but there's a fine, fine line

between love and a waste of your time

And I don't have the time to waste on you anymore

I don't think that you even know what you're looking for
For my own sanity, I’ve got to close the door.

and walk away.

Whoa

There’s a fine, fine line between together and not.

And there’s a fine, fine line between what you wanted and what you
D  C/D  D  G  G/F#
got
You gotta go after the things

Em7  G/D  Cmaj7  Cm  Eb  F/Eb  Eb
you want while you're still in your prime

F/Eb  F  G  G/F#  Em7  G/D  C  Cmaj7
There's a fine, fine line between love

D7(add3)  G  G/B  Cmaj7  D7  G
and a waste of time

8vb 1
8vb 1
ANYTHING BUT LONELY
from Aspects of Love

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK and CHARLES HART

Rubato

I hear you're leaving us, our lives are changing once again.

I came to say goodbye. Good luck, come back and see us now and then.

Anything but lonely, anything but empty rooms.

Anything but lonely, anything but only me.
There's so much in life to share—
quiet years in too much space—
what's the sense when no one else is there?

You have a right to go,
but you should also know
that I won't be alone for long

Long days with nothing said
are not what lie ahead—

I'm sorry but I'm not that strong
anything but lonely,
anything but passing time
Lonely's what I'll never be,

while there's still some life in me, and
I'm still young, don't forget, it isn't over yet-

so many hearts for me to thrill
If you're not here to say

how good I look each day,
I'll have to find some-one who will
Anything but lonely, anything but empty rooms.

There's so much in life to share—what's the sense when no one else is there?

What's the sense when no one else is there?
I'M GOING BACK
from Bells Are Ringing

Words by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Very free

ELLA:
I know you, your name is Sue
But who am I?
I've got to find out
At least I'm gonna try
I'm going back
where I can be

Tempo

In rhythm (with great sincerity) (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

me.
at the Bon jour Tris tesse

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Brassiere Company
They've got a
great big switch-board there
Where it's just "Hello, good-bye."

It may be dull. But there I can be just

me, myself and I A little modelling on the side
Yes, that’s where I’ll be at the

Bonjour Tristesse Brassiere Company

And if anyone asks for Ella, Mel or Mom,
tell them that I’m going back where I came from to the B T Brassiere
Company

Free ($J = \frac{3}{2}$)

Good - bye, ev - ry - bod - y; good - bye, Ma - dame Grim - al - di;

Broad and steady (Sarah Vaughn style) ($J = \frac{3}{2}$)

good - bye, Jun - ior Mal - let, San - ta Claus is hit - tin' the road;

Listen to your ma - ma, ma - ma, ma - ma. Eat your spin - ach, ba - by,
Valse Francaise (in three) ($\frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$)

Eat your spinach, baby, by the load  
(Spoken.) La Petite Bergère Restaurant...

adieu  
Je ne reviendrai jamais, jamais, jamais  
C'est

Allegro

tous fini, Adieu to you So, (Sung) Good-bye. Max. To your dogs and your

cats. To the Duke of Windsor and his Duchess.
Goodbye, Barton, Kitchell and Hastings. At last you're

out of my clutches. I'll miss you, but you'll carry

on. You'll never know that I'm gone.

In tempo (with great energy, like a jazzy strut) (\( \frac{3}{8} \))

I'm going back where I can be
me, To the Bon-jour Tris-tesse

Bras-siere Com-pa-ny And

while I'm sit-tin' there I hope that I'll find out Just what El-la Pe-ter-son is

all a-bout... In that Shang-ri-la of lacy lin-gerie...
Slow

Molto marcato

A little mod'ling on the side, At the Bon-jour Tris-tesse

(Shouted-like Jolson or Harry Richman) (Sung)

Bras-siere Com-pa-ny

Send me my mail there, To the

Bon-jour Tris-tesse Com-pa-ny
DON'T CRY OUT LOUD
(We Don't Cry Out Loud)
from The Boy from Oz

Words and Music by PETER ALLEN
and CAROLE BAYER SAGER

Freely

MARION:

Ba-by cried the day the cir-cus came to town 'cause she
didn't like parades just pass-ing by her.
paint-ed on a smile and took up with some clown, and she
danced without a net up on the wire.

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know a lot about her 'cause you see,

baby is an awful lot like me

Don't cry out loud.

Just keep it inside, learn how to hide our feelings.

Fly high and proud, and if you should fall, remember you
al-most had it all

Spoken Whatever goes on inside us is nobody's business It's private

Don't you ever forget that Remember you almost had it

Don't cry out loud just keep it inside learn how to
hide our feelings
Fly high and proud, and if you should
fall
remember you almost had it all,

---
you almost had it all

a tempo

---
OUR KIND OF LOVE
from The Beautiful Game

CHRISTINE:

C Am/C Dm/C G7/C C G/C
Our kind of love, our kind of passion Burns with a heat so

Dm/C Em/C C C Am Dm G
hard to bear it's not a game, no fade or fashion

C/E G Dm C C Am
Our kind of love's for those who dare I must be strong,
I must be bolder
Cling to my dream and never tire

Each love denied,
leaves people colder
New love rekindles

Every fire
I shan’t betray my heart’s desire

Even though we come from different sides
We won’t
hide I am in love, no one can blame me

Such is my story and my fate My kind of love,

will never shame me My love is stronger than their

hate My love is stronger than their hate
I shall cling to him with all my might.

It's my right.
All kinds of love, bring us together. Causes the broken hearts to mend. People must love.

Now and forever. There's only one love in the end.
NOWADAYS
from Chicago

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly

It's good, isn't it? Grand, isn't it?
men everywhere, Jazz everywhere,

1st time \( p \)

Great, isn't it? Swell, isn't it? Fun, isn't it?
Booze everywhere, Life everywhere, Joy everywhere,

2nd time mp

Nowadays

There's

This song is a duet for Velma and Roxie in the show, adapted here as a solo.
Nowadays, you can live the life you like. You can even marry Harry, but mess around with Ike. And that's good, isn't it?
Grand, isn't it? Great, isn't it? Swell isn't it?

Fun, isn't it? But nothing stays
In fifty

years or so
it's gonna change you know
But oh, it's

heaven nowadays.
ROXIE
from Chicago

Moderate four (♩=3/2)

NC.

Gb
ROXIE:

The name on ev'rybody's lips is gonna be

Gb6
Edim7/G

Db7/Ab
Db7
Gb

Roxie, The lady rak'in' in the

Gbdim
Db7/Ab
Db7
Bb

chips is gonna be Roxie I'm gonna be a ce-
leb·ri·ty that means some·bod·y ev·ry·one knows.

They're gon·na rec·og·nize my eyes, my hair, my teeth, my

boobs, my nose.

From just some
dumb mech·an·ic's wife I'm gon·na be Rox·ie
Gb7

Who says that murder’s not an art? And

D7♯11

Gb/Db  Ab9

who in case she doesn’t hang can say she started with a bang?

cresc

Gb/Db  Am/Db  Db7  N.C.

[Foxy]  Roxie Hart
They're gonna wait outside in line to get to see

Roxie, Think of those autographs I'll sign: "Good luck to you, Roxie." And I'll appear in a

lavaliere that goes all the way down to my waist
Here a ring, there a ring, every-where a ring-along, but always in the
cresc

best of taste Spoken I'm a star And they love me, and I love them And they
love me for loving them and I love them for loving me. And
we love each other. That's because none of us got enough
love in our childhood And that's show biz, kid

up my hum-drum life, I'm gonna be Roxie

I made a scandal and a star
And Sophie Tucker'll shit, I know, to see her name get billed below Foxy Roxie.
HEAVEN HELP MY HEART
from *Chess*

Words and Music by BENNY ANDERSSON, TIM RICE and BJÖRN ULvaeUS

Sweetly

\[
\begin{align*}
& D & & D/F# & & G & & A7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& D & & A/D & & G/B & & D/A & & G & & D/F# \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& G & & A/C\# & & D & & A/D & & G/B & & A & & A7 \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& D & & A/D & & G/B & & G & & D/F# \\
\end{align*}
\]

If it were love I would give that love—every second I had, and I...
Did I know where he’d lead me to?

Well, I let it happen anyway and what I’m feeling now

Reason plays no part.
heaven, help my heart.

love him too much

What if he saw my whole existence

turning around a word, a smile, a

touch?
One of these days, and it won't be long, he'll know
more about me than he should
All my dreams will be understood.

stood, no surprise, nothing more to learn from the

look in my eyes Don't you know that time is not my friend, I'll
fight it to the end, hoping to keep that best of moments
when the passions start Heaven, help my heart
the day that I find
suddenly I've run out of secrets, suddenly I'm not always
on his mind.

Maybe it's best to love a stranger, well, that's what I've done—

help my heart

Heaven, help my heart
THE MUSIC AND THE MIRROR
from A Chorus Line

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN

Slowly (in 2)

CASSIE:

Give me some-bod - y to dance for
Give me some-bod - y to show.

Let me wake up in the morn - ing to find
I have some - where ex - cit - ing to go -

To have some-thing that I can be-lieve in

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To have someone to be

Use me Choose me.

rall.

God, I'm a dancer, a dancer dances!
Give me some-body to dance with.

rall.

a tempo

Give me a place to fit in.
Help me return to the world of the living by

Moderate 4

showing me how to begin
accel

Play me the music. Give me the chance to come

through

All I ever needed was the music, and the mirror, and the chance to

dance for you.
Give me a job, and you instantly get me involved

If you give me a job then the rest of the crap will get solved

Put me to work, you would think

that by now I'm allowed

I'll
do you proud!

Throw me a rope to grab on to Help me to prove that I'm strong

Give me the chance to look forward to sayin': "Hey,
listen, they're play - in' my song.
Play me the

mu - sic.
Give me the chance to come through

All I ever needed was the mu - sic, and the mir -
ror, and the chance to
dance. Play me the music.

music. Play me the music. Play me the music.

Give me the chance to come through. All I ever need...
-ed was' the music, and the mirror, and the chance to dance for you
ANGELS, PUNKS AND RAGING QUEENS
from Elegies for Angels, Punks and Raging Queens

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by JANET HOOD

Moderately \( J = 104 \)

\( \text{Eb(add2)} \)

\( \text{mp} \) We

\( \text{mp Vamp} \)

played this dive...
in the village...
somewhere on the

\( \text{sin.} \)

edge

During the breaks...
we’d hang...
outside...
have a
smoke sit-tin' on a ledge — I'd watch the parade as it — passed by — the junk-ies and ho-to-trot teens — And it felt so right — to be shar-ing the night — with an-gels, punks and — rag- ing queens —
played that gig— for a long time.
Got to know some folks
Gave them some change... or took... their cards... heard their schemes,...

listened to their jokes
Sometimes, they'd stop and

hear my song... en route to their fabulous scenes...
And I
still get laughs from old photographs with angels, punks and
raging queens

loved that time in the village Though I still don’t know what it
means Matrons and whores intellectual bores
angels, punks and reigning queens.

I pass that place like a phantom.

Everything has changed. That lousy dive is a sleek boutique, priorities rearranged.
long for the mix of the bad old days, the ball gowns and torn up jeans

And I sing this song for the souls who’ve gone; sweet angels, punks and raging queens

Oo
I'M STILL HERE
from Follies

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Easy blues ($\dot{J} = 80$)

CARLOTTA:

Good times and bum times,

I've seen them all and, my dear, I'm still here

Plush velvet sometimes, sometimes just pretzels and beer, But I'm here
I've stuffed the dailies, in my shoes,
Strummed uke-les, sung the blues, seen all my dreams dis-appear,
But I'm here

I've slept in shanties, guest of the WPA, but I'm here—
Danced in my scanties, Three bucks a night was the pay.

But I'm here I've stood in bread-lines

With the best Watched while the headlines Did the rest
In the Depression was I depressed? No where near.

I met a big financier. And I'm here.
I've been through Gandhi,
Windsor and Wally's affair,
And I'm here.

Amos 'n' Andy,
Mah-jongg and platinum hair,
And I'm here.
I got through Abie's.

Irish Rose,
Five Dionne babies,
Major Bowes.
Had heebie-jeebies, For Bee-be's, Bath-y-sphere

I lived through Brenda Frazier, And I'm here.

I've gotten through Herbert and I Edgar Hoo-ve-r,
Gee, that was fun— and a half. When you've been through

Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover.

Anything else is a laugh.

I've been through Reno.
I've been through Beverly Hills, And I'm here

Reef - ers and vin - o, Rest cures, re - li - gion and pills,

But I'm here

Been called a pink - o Com - mie tool, Got through it stink - o
By my pool
I should have gone to an acting school.
That seems clear
Still someone said, "She's sincere."

So I'm here

Black sable one day,
Next day it goes into hock,
But I'm here

Top billing Monday,

Tuesday you're touring in stock,

But I'm here

First you're another

Sloey-eyed vamp,

Then someone's mother,

Then you're camp

Then you ca-reeer from ca-reeer
to career

I'm almost through my memoirs, And I'm

here

I've gotten through

"Hey, lady, aren't you whooozis?"
Wow! What a look-er you were.”

Or, bet-ter yet,

“Sor-ry, I thought you were whoo-

zis____

What-ev-er hap-pened to her?”

Good times and burn times,—I’ve seen ’em all and, my dear,—I’m still here—
Plush velvet sometimes, sometimes just pretzels and beer,

But I'm here I've run the gamut,

A to Z Three cheers and dammit, C'est la vie

I got through all of last year, And I'm here
Lord knows, at least I've been there. And I'm here!

Look who's here! I'm still here!
LIFE WITH HAROLD
from The Full Monty

Words and Music by
DAVID YAZBEK

Mambo

VICKI:

Dm7

G9

You gotta love that man

He's like my personal

C6

Dm7

angel

I've always wanted the kind of life

G9

C6

that I've been having as Harold's wife

What a
catch
I have caught
He would buy me the moon if the
moon could be bought. I'm tellin' you:
You gotta love that
man.
I really love
that man.
He likes me dressed to the nines.
I say two words and then "Ta-da!"
There's me completely in

Prada
And I've got the boots that go with the

belt that goes with the bag that goes with my wonderful life with

Harold
You gotta love that man
God, I love that man. But lately he's working too hard. I keep on telling him how we should take a few weeks in
C6

Mau - ii
And we’ll feel the breeze and sump - le the

Bb9

Bao and go see Don Ho and I’ll say, “Oh boy, how I love you,

Dm7

Dm - old” I hit the jack - pot with Har - ry - y y

G9

A7

y! He’s a gem, he’s a beaut He looks
cute in a suit and he loves me to boot. I’m telling you,

You gotta love that man. Love that man.

I love that man.
I WANT TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD
from the Broadway Musical Grand Hotel

Words and Music by
MAURY YESTON

Parlando
D9
FLAEMMCHEN:

E7#5
E7#5/A
A

What did he see in me?
What's my attraction?
Could

D7
B7
E7
A7
C#m7b5

that face make a million men adore me?
And make a hundred

F#7
Edim7/B
Bm(add2)
Bm
B7
B7/D#

cam'ra men explore me?
Is that the girl I see there right be-

E7#5
E13
A
E+
Em/A
E+

With a swing \( j = 92 \)
fore me?

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I wanna be that girl in the mirror there. I wanna be that girl with golden hair.

Up on a silver screen, most everywhere in the world.

I want to go to Hollywood! Talkies! I mean the pictures.

I wanna have a hot time every night, get out and raise a little Fahrenheit.
knock ev'ry Duke and Count and Baron right off his feet!

I'll be that girl that's understood! Oh!

I want to go to Hollywood. I wanna sing the blues. I wanna wear nice shoes and drink illegal
B7  G7  E9\#5

booze    in ev'ry later-night spot for "Le Jazz Hot."

A  E+  Em/A  E+  A  E+  Em/A  E+

I wanna breakfast, lunch and dinner there, if I'm a big box office winner there.

A  E+  Em/A  E+  F\#7  E(add2)/G\#  F\#7

I'll be the most well-known Berliner there ever was!

B7(add4)  E7sus  E7  A(add2)  G\#  Em/G  F\#7  F\#7/A#

I want to go to Hollywood, so
I can get far away from:

Fried - rich - stras - se My cold wa - ter flat. The so - fa

that I sleep on be - hind the screen The nois - y lodg - er in the

next room My brok - en hand mir - ror. My brok - en cof - fee pot
If things get broken, they stay broken in Friedrichstrasse.

The worn-out bristles on your hairbrush, the pennies needed for the heat every hour. And when you get sick, you stay sick in Friedrichstrasse. Where you live with little...
soap and with hardly any hope.

I wanna be that girl in the mirror there I wanna be that
girl with golden hair. Up on a silver screen, most everywhere in the world.

I want to go to Hollywood. I want to go. I want...
to go, I want to go, I want to go. I want to go. I have to go, I have... to go, I have to go, I have to go I have to go to Hol...

ly wood, Hol... ly wood. I swear that girl in the
mirror, girl in the mirror, that girl in the

mirror is going to go to Hol

ly wood!

a tempo accel
THERE ARE WORSE THINGS
I COULD DO
from Grease

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY
and JIM JACOBS

Ad lib.

There are worse things I could do
than go with a boy or two,
even though the neighborhood thinks I'm trashy and no good, I suppose it could be true, but there's worse things I could do I could flirt with all the guys.
Cmaj7

smile at them and but my eyes.

B7

press against them when we dance, make them think they stand a

Dmaj7

chance, then refuse to see it through, that's a thing I'd never

D7

do. I could stay home ev'ry night,

C Cmaj7 E7 A7

F#m7b5 A7

press against them when we dance, make them think they stand a

Bm7 E7 A7

chance, then refuse to see it through, that's a thing I'd never

Dm7 Gm7

do. I could stay home ev'ry night,
C7  Fmaj7  Bbmaj7  
wait a-round for Mis- ter Right, take cold show-ers ev'-ry

Gm  A7  Dm  
day and throw my life a-way for a dream that won’t come true.

D7  Bm7  Em7  Em7/D  
I could hurt some-one like me

C  Cmaj7  F#m7b5  
out of spite or jeal-ous-y.
I don't steal and I don't lie but I can feel and I can

cry, a fact I'll bet you never knew.

But to cry in front of you, that's the worst thing I could
I CAN HEAR THE BELLS
from Hairspray

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Slowly and Freely

TRACY:
I can__ hear the bells.

Well, don't cha__ hear 'em chime?
Can't 'cha__ feel my

heart-beat keeping perfect time?
And all because he

Moderate Rock Beat

Dm

F

 touched me He looked at__ me and stared Yes. he bumped me My

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heart was unprepared when he tapped me and knocked me off my feet

One little touch, now my life's complete 'Cause when he nudged me, love

put me in a fix. Yes, it hit me just like a ton of bricks. Yes, my

heart burst. Now I know what life's about. One little touch and love's
knocked me out, and I can hear the bells
My head is spinning.

I can hear the bells
Something's beginning
Everybody says that a

girl who looks like me can't win his love. Well, just wait and see, 'cause

I can hear the bells Just hear them chiming I can hear the bells My
temp - ra - ture's climb - ing. I can't con - tain my joy 'cause I fin - ly found the boy I've been miss - in'! I can hear the be - ells.

Round one, he'll ask me on a date. and then round two, I'll
primp, but won't be late because round three's when we kiss inside his car. Won't

go all the way, but I'll go pretty far. Then round four, he'll

ask me for my hand, and then round five, we'll book the wedding band, so by

round six, Amber, much to your surprise, this heavy-weight champion
takes the prize and I can hear the bells My ears are ringing

I can hear the bells The bridesmaids are singing Everybody says that a
guy who's such a gem won't look my way. Well, the laugh's on them 'cause

I can hear the bells My father will smile — I can hear the bells as he
walks medown the aisle — My moth-er starts to cry, but I can’t see ’cause Link and I are French-

kiss in’ Listen! I can hear the bells

I can hear the bells. My head is reel in’ I can hear the bells I

* Optional ending
can't stop the peal in'  Ev'ry bod'y warns that he won't like.... whathe'll see, but
two fell in love
We both will share a tear, and he'll
whisper as we're reminiscing
Listen! I can hear the
bells
I can hear the bells
MISS BALTIMORE CRABS
from Hairspray

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN
and SCOTT WITTMAN

An aggressive beguine

VELMA:

Oh, my God, how times have changed! This
girl's either blind or completely
deranged. Ah, but time seemed to halt when

I was "Miss Baltimore Crabs."
Childhood dreams for me were cracked when that damn Shirley Temple stole my frickin' act But the crown's in the vault from when I won "Miss Baltimore Crabs" Those poor runner-ups might still hold some grudges They padded their cups, but I screwed the judges Those broads thought they'd win if a
plate they would spin in their dance
Not a chance! 'Cause I
hit the stage, batons a-blaze, while belting high 'C's and pre-
paring soufflés! But that triple somersault was how I clinched "Miss Balti-more
Crabs!"
A tycoon I wed, so cud-dly and fun-ny The
old fart dropped dead, but left tons of money. So I bought this station so

all of the nation could see Baby

Amber and me! And so, my dear, so short and stout, you'll never be "in." So we're

kick-ing you out! You can't get past me kid But it isn't your fault It's
hard to get rid of "Miss Baltimore"

Abm6

Crabs!!

You can bow and exalt, 'cause I was "Miss Baltimore"

Crabs!!

Abm6

Crabs! Crabs! Crabs!!!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOVE HIM
from *Jesus Christ Superstar*

Words by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Slowly, tenderly and very expressively

D  G/D  D  G/D  G  D

MARY:

I don't know how to

G  D  G  D/A  A

love him what to do, how to move him I've been

D/F#  A  D  A  F#m7  Bm

changed, yes, really changed In these past few days when I've
F#m  Bm  G  D/F#  Em  D  Asus(add9)  A

seen  my-self  I  seem  like  some-one  else

D  G  D  G  D  G  

I  don’t  know  how  to  take  this  I  don’t  see  why  he

D/A  A  D  A  D  A  

moves  me.  He’s  a  man,  he’s  just  a  man,  and  I’ve

F#m  Bm  F#m  Bm  G  D/F#  Em  D  

had  so  many  men  be-fore  in  very  many  y
Asus(add9)
A G D/F# Em7 D

ways.
He’s just one more

G F#7 Bm Bm/A
Should I bring him down._ should I scream and shout?_ Should I speak of love,
cresc poco a poco

G D/A C G D
— let my feelings out?_ I nev—er thought I’d come to this_
f dim poco a poco

G D/F# Em Asus(add9) A
What’s it all about?
Don't you think it's rather funny

I should be in this position? I'm the one who's always been so calm and cool

No lover's fool running every
show

He scares me so.

I never thought I'd come to this.

What's it all about?

Yet if he said he
loved me,
I'd be lost I'd be fright - ened. I could - n't
cope,
just could - n't cope.
I'd turn my head,
I'd back a - way. I would - n't want to know
He scares me
so
I want him so
I love him so
I WILL BE LOVED TONIGHT
from I Love You, You’re Perfect, Now Change

Lyrics by JOE DIPIETRO
Music by JIMMY ROBERTS

Gently, not too fast $\text{d} = 100$

Well,

freely

pop the champagne, break out the cologne; turn up the moon - light and

Bm7  G/B  G/F  C(add9)/E  G/D

turn off the phone... Well, what a sur - prise, a man is in sight; and

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With a gentle beat \( \text{\textit{d = 88}} \)

I will be loved to-night

D/C

Gmaj9/B G/B D/C

fondle his skin, to savour his lips; to nuzzle his chin, to

G(add9)/B G/B G/F

move with his hips — Our words will be soft — as we softly ignite; and

a tempo

C/E D/F\# G D7sus/A D7/F\# D7

A little faster

G Gmaj7(no3)

I will be loved to-night

You can

poco accel
Moderately, with a beat \( \frac{d}{= \frac{112}{12}} \)

D   D/C   G(add9)/B   G/B   C   D   D/C   G(add9)/B   G/B

Go from week to week, you can go from year to year, not a

\( m^f \)

Bb   Bb(add9)   C/Bb   F(add9)/A   F/A   Fmaj9

Hand placed on your cheek, not a whisper in your

\( m^p \)

C(add9)   D   D/C   G(add9)/B   G/B   C

Ear. You can make it through okay, you can

\( m^f \)

D   D/C   G(add9)/B   G/B   Bb   Bb(add9)   C/Bb   F(add9)/A   F/A

Live and laugh and flirt, it's quite easy in the day,
slowing down

freely

Em7  A7

D/C  G(add9)/B  G/B

it's just the nights that al-ways hurt

Tempo I

D/C

G(add9)/B  G/B

let dark-ness come,'cause that will be fine; for I'll have a soul en-

D/C

G(add9)/B  G/B

Bm7  G/B  G/F

freely

C(add9)/E  G/B

tan-gled in mine We'll do as we please, and please hold me tight For

C/E  D/F#  G  D7sus/A  D7/F#

a tempo

G

I will be loved,

poco a poco crescendo

G
I will be loved
Yes, I
will be loved
poco a poco cresc. e accel.

Gently, In Tempo

slower
to-night

poco rit
STILL HURTING
from The Last Five Years

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Spare and thoughtful (J = 64-66)

C    F/A   Bb2  C

mp

C    F/A   Bb2  C

Ja-mie is o-ver...and Ja-mie is gone...
Ja-mie's de-cid-ed...it's time to move

P

C

Dmin7  C/E  D7/G#  E7/G#

on...Ja-mie has new dreams he's build-ing up-on.
And

F2/A  Bb2  G7/B  Csus  C

I'm still hurt-ing.

sub p  mp

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Ja-mie ar-rived at the end of the line.
Ja-mie’s con-vinced that the prob-lems are

mine.
Ja-mie is prob-a-bly feel-ing just fine.
And

I’m still hurt-ing.

What a-bout lies, Ja-mie? What a-bout things That you swore to be true?
What about you, Jamie? What about you?

Jamie is sure something wonderful died.

Jamie decides it's his right to decide.

Jamie's got secrets he doesn't confide.
I'm still hurting.

Go and hide and run away! Run away...

run and find something better!

Go and ride the sun away! Run away.
like it's simple, Like it's right.

Give me a day, Jamie! Bring back the lies, Hang them
back on the wall! Maybe I’d see How you could be So cer-tain that

we Had no chance at all

Ja-mie is o-ver and where can I turn? Cov-ered with scars. I did no-thing to earn?

May-be there’s some-where a les-son to learn. But
that wouldn't change the fact, That wouldn't speed the time,

Once the foundation's cracked And

I'm still hurting.
SEE I'M SMILING
from The Last Five Years

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Steady \( J = 80-84 \)

CATHY:
I guess I can't believe... you really came...
And that we're sitting on... this
pier.

See... I'm smiling...
That means I'm happy that... you're
here.

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I stole this sweater from the costume shop.
It makes me look like Daisy Mae.

See, we're laughing.
I think we're gonna be okay.

I mean, we'll have to try a little harder
And bend things to and fro.
To make.
this love as special. As it was five years ago.

I mean, you made it to Ohio! Who knows where else we can go?

I think you're really gonna like this show. I'm pretty sure it doesn't suck.
See, you're laughing... and I'm smiling...
By a river in Ohio... And you're mine... We're doing fine.

I think we both can...
see what could be better— I'll own when I was wrong. With all—
we've had to go through, We'll end up twice as strong. And so we'll
start again this weekend. And just keep rolling along—
I didn't know you had to go so soon.

I thought we had a little time.

Look, whatever if you have to,

Then you have to so what-

ever

It's all right

We'll have tonight
You know what makes me crazy? I'm sorry, can I say this? You know what makes me nuts? The fact that we could be together. Here... together, sharing our night, spending our time. And you are gonna choose someone else to be with—no, you are. Yes, Jamie, that's exactly what you're doing. You could be here with me, or be there with them—As usual, guess which you pick! No, Jamie, you do
not have to go to another party—with the same twenty jerks you already know. You could

stay with your wife on her f*cking birthday; And you could, God forbid, even see my show! And I

know in your soul it must drive you crazy That you won’t get to play with your little girl-friends—No, I’m

not—no, I’m not!—and the point is, Jamie, That you can’t spend a single day. That’s not about
You and you and nothing but you. "Marvelous" novelist, you! Isn't he wonderful? Just twenty-eight! The savior of writing!

You,

and you, and nothing but you—Miles and piles of you. Pushing through windows and bursting through walls En route to the sky!

And I
I swear to God... I'll never understand...

How you can stand there... straight and tall,

And see I'm crying...

And not do anything at all...
SHADOWLAND
Disney Presents The Lion King: The Broadway Musical

Music by LEBO M and HANS ZIMMER
Lyrics by MARK MANCINA and LEBO M

Emotionally, slowly
C/E F(add9) G(add9) C(add9) Am7 Fmaj9

G Am Fmaj7 F6 G C(add9)/E

Dm7 C(add9)/E Fmaj7 Gsus G NALA:

Shad-ow-

Am

land,

the leaves have

R H

This version has been adapted as a solo
F
fall

Am
land,

Gsus
G
home

Am/G
dry,

Am/G
the ground has

This shadowed

this was our

The river's

This shadowed
F

bro
ken
So I must

c

now I must

E7sus

E7

go
And where the

Am

jour - ney may lead me, let your prayers be my

F

F/G

mf
Am

guide.
I cannot stay here,
my family,
but I'll re-

E7
F6/9
Gsus

member my pride.
I have no choice
I will find my

Asus
A
F6/9

way.
Lee-ahalala
Take this prayer

Gsus
Asus
A

what lies out there
Lee-ahalala

*optional cut to **
E7sus  E7  Am

And where the journey may

F  F/G  Am

lead you, let this prayer be your guide. Though it may

take you so far away, always remember your

Am

pride. And where the journey may
lead you, let this prayer be your guide Though it may
take you so far away, always remember your
pride (ad lib) Mm

M-

Am9

gi-za bu-ya-bo Be-si-bo, my peo-ple, be-si-bo
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY PART?
from Monty Python's Spamalot

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

Power Ballad (Mid-1970's Streisand)

LADY OF THE LAKE: G#dim7

Whatever happened to my

F#m A7/E D C#dim7 Bm Bm/A

part?
It was exciting at the start.
Now, we're

G D/F# Em7 Asus A C/D D C/E D/F#

half way through Act Two.
and I've had nothing yet to do
I've been off

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stage for far too long. It's ages since I had a
song.
This is one unhappy diva. The pro-
ducers have deceived her. There is nothing I can sing from my
heart.
Whatever happened to my part? I am
sick of my career always stuck in second gear, up to

detached

here with frustration and with fears. I've no Grammy, no rewards I've no

Tony Awards I'm constantly replaced by Britney Spears. Britney

Spears!

What-ever happened to my
show?

I was a hit Now, I don't know I'm with a bunch of British knights, prancing' round in wooly tights! I might as well go to the pub. They've been out searching for a shrub Out shopping for a bush! Well, they can kiss my tush! It
seems to me they've really lost the plot

Whatever happened to my— I'll call my agent, dammit— whatever happened to my—

Freely

not yours... not yours... but my________ part?

Broadly

molto rit.
WHEN YOU GOT IT, FLAUNT IT
from The Producers

Words and Music by
MEL BROOKS

C7
ULLA:
F6
G7
Moderate Swing (\(\frac{3}{4}\)\(\frac{1}{2}\))
Ven you got it.
flaunt it

C9
F\#dim7
Gm7
C+ (\(\frac{3}{4}\))
Step right up and strut your stuff.
People tell you modesty's a

Gm7 C7/G
Gm11
C13
(F)
virtue, but in the theatre modesty can hurt you

Ulla sings this song with a Swedish accent in the show.
got it, flaunt it Show your assets let 'em know you're
proud.
Your goodies you must push, stick your chest out, shake your tush, ven you

got it, shout it out loud! Ven you got it

show it put your hidden treasures on display
Violinists love to play an E-string. But audiences really love a

G-string. Ven you got it, shout it

Let the whole world hear vat you’re about

Clothes may make the man, all a

girl needs is a tawven you got it let it hang out Ven
I was just a little girl in Sweden

my thoughtful mother gave me this adv-

vice:

If nature blesses you from top to bot-

ton,

show that top to bottom, don’t think twice

Don’t think

twice

Ven you
Broad swing

Got it

Share it

Let the public feast upon your charms

People say that being prim is proper,
But every show-girl knows that "prim" will

Stop her

Ven you got it,
give it
Don't be selfish, give it all away!

show the boys that birthday suit
"Going home"

Bbm9

Dbm7

got it

If you got it

Ab6/Eb

Bb9/Eb

Eb13

Once you got it

shout out hoo-

Samba-straight 8ths

Eb7

Ab

ray!

ff

Ab/Gb

Db/F

Dbm/Fb

Eb7sus

fff
JUST ONE STEP
from Songs for a New World

Music and Lyrics by JASON ROBERT BROWN

Moderately, but with an edge

**NC**

Spoken. Murray? I am out here, Murray. You
And I am not discussing this anymore!

**Vamp under dialogue**

**B7**

don't wan-na buy me the fur? Well that's just fine, Mur-ray.

It's

**N C.**

not like I'm ask-ing for much, since you won't buy me _ the dog _ or the
beach house in Quogue (as if you didn’t have the money).

What else is new?

I’m not gonna fight for a coat, so never mind, Murray.

If that’s what’s important to you, at least I know where I
stand, so—Murray, strike up the band! 'Cause the time has come for action.

Here's what I'll do:

Clearly I'm not wanted anymore.

now I'm not so young and beautiful. That's okay.
I've faced defeat before, I'm not gonna kvetch and I'm not gonna cry. It's not gonna get me what I wanted so I'm simply gonna take one step, one tiny step, and Murray, just one step I'll be free! One small step, just so you shouldn't
worry, I'll be free and you'll be rid of me isn't that

easy, Murray? Watch me... You think this is may-be a

joke? Well it's no joke, Murray!

Spoken "Murray?" Sung: It looks like they're forming a crowd, like eight-y-

repeat ad lib

Spoken
five, at most
Still front page of the Post. Mur, I

think it's Maur-ry Povich!
And Con-nie, too!

Spoken "Hi, Connie!"
Sung: Now you'll

your mother proud, since she never liked me an-
- y-way "Look! She's throw ing dia - monds to the crowd!"

just say the word and I'll come back in-side, but un - til then I'll be hap - py just to

know that I can al - ways go and take one step, one ti - ny step Yes,

Murray, just one step A - di - os!
One small step Honey, you better hurry!

Oh, yes sir! Better give up that fur! Take it from me, ol' Murray, here I...

Spoken: "Whoops! I almost fell, Murray! The mother of your children splattered across Park Avenue in a bloody heap, Murray. And it's all your fault!"

Sung: Yes, it's...
you who made the money, cause it's you who owns the store. So if you don't want to spend,

It, that's your right

But it's you who bought the penthouse on the

fifteenth floor, so good night, cheap-skate, good night

You think I don't know about her? Well, I do, Murray

You
think I don't know a-bout that, or the things that you say to your friends ev-ry-day? I'm em-bar-rass-ing. I'm fat I'm de-mand-ing, I'm con-troll-ing or what-ev-er.

Per-haps it's true
Here's the place where I get what I've earned.

Why keep crying? Why be miserable?

Look it, Murray: Somebody's concerned!

Trust in the wind and I'll land on the crowd. No more complaining I'm trashy or loud.
What a sensational fucking experience! Finally Murray! I'm getting attention! And

just one step! Look at where one step leads you: One small step takes you high!

Just one step down, from the man who needs you! Fuck the
fur: Just send it back to her! So, fare thee well, and Murray,

watch me fly!

(Vamp till out of breath) Spoken.
"Murray! I'm serious. Murray! Murray?" (GASP!)
THE MAN THAT GOT AWAY
from the Motion Picture A Star Is Born

Lyric by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Slowly, but insistently

ESTHER: 
P

Cmaj7          Dm6/F Cmaj7          Dm6/F Cmaj7/G          Dm6/F

Ooo (ad lib)

Cmaj7          C6 C7 Cmaj7          C7 C          C7 Cmaj7          C7

The night is bitter, The stars have lost their glitter, The

Dm7    Bb/D    G7    F9    G7    C    Dm/C    Dm7

winds grow colder And suddenly you're older And all because of the
man that got a way.

more his eager call;
The writing's on the wall.

The dreams you dream'd have all gone away.

stray.
The man that won you has
run of and undone you. That great beginning. Has seen the final inning. Don't know what happened. It's all a crazy game! No more that all-time thrill. For you've been through the
mill,
And nev-er a new love will be the

same

Good ridsance! Good-bye!

trick of his you're on

to;

But, fools will be
fools, And where's he gone to? The
road gets rougher, It's lonelier and tougher, With hope you burn up, To-
morrow he will turn up There's just no let-up The live-long night and
day!

Ever
since this world began, There is nothing sadder than.

A  one  man  woman  look ing  for  the man  that  got  a-

The man that got a way.

way.
GIMME GIMME
from Thoroughly Modern Millie

Music by JEANINE TESORI
Lyrics by DICK SCANLAN

Slowly and freely, in 2
Gb/D♭  Db7♯5/C♭  Gb/D♭  Ebm7/B♭
A sim-ple choice, noth-ing more.

Faster
Abm7  Db13  F7♯5/C♭  Gb  D9/F  Ebm  Bb9/Db  Cb  G7/B♭  Abm
This or that, ei-ther or Mar-ry well, so-cial whirl, bus’ness-man, clev-er girl, or

Db9  Ebm/Db  Db7♯5/C♭  Gb/D♭  Eb7/B♭  Abm7  Eb7/Db
pin my fu-ture on a green glass love What kind of life am I dream-ing of?

a tempo
Moderately slow (\( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \)) (not a wide swing)

I say:

\( \text{Gim-me gim-me .} \)

\( \text{Gim-me gim-me .} \)

\( \text{Gim-me gim-me that thing called love.} \)

\( \text{I want it.} \)

\( \text{Gim-me gim-me that thing called love.} \)

\( \text{I need it} \)

\( \text{Highs and lows, tears and laughter} \)

\( \text{Gim-me hap-py} \)
ever after. Gim-me gim-me that thing called love.

Moderately, with more confidence

Gim-me gim-me that thing called love

I crave it. Gim-me gim-me that thing called love

I’ll brave it. Thick’n thin, rich or poor time. Gim-me years and
I’ll want more time. Gimme gimme that thing called love.

Spirited, in 2

Gimme gimme that thing called love.

I’m free now. Gimme gimme that thing called love.

I see now. Fly, dove! Sing, sparrow! Gimme Cupid’s
famous arrow  Gim-me gim-me that thing called love

I don't care if he's a no -

cresc

bod - y  In my heart he'll be a some

bod - y, some bod - y to love
Freely

Moderately and broadly, in 4 (Bring it home!)

Faster

I need it. Gim-me that thing called love

I want it! Here I am, Saint Valentine! My bags are packed;

I'm first in line Aphrodi-te, don't for-get me Ro-me-o and
Juliet me! Fly, dove! Sing, sparrow! Gimme fat boy's famous arrow! Gimme gimme that thing called love!
GALINDA: 
Sweetly

Whenever I see someone less fortunate than I—and let's

face it, who isn't less fortunate than I?—My tender heart tends to start to

bleed
And when someone needs a make-over, I simply have to take over; I
know I know ex-actly what they need! And e-ven in your case, tho’ it’s the
colla voce
tough-est case I’ve yet to face,— don’t wor-ry, I’m de-ter-mined to suc-ceed Follow my

lead and yes, in-deed you will be
colla voce
ten.

Bright and bubbly \( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \)

Pop-u-lar,— You’re gon-na be pop-u-lar! I’ll teach you the
proper ploys— when you talk to boys— little ways to flirt and flounce—

I'll show you what shoes to wear, how to fix your hair— everything that really counts— to be popular! I'll help you be popular!

You'll hang— with the right cohorts— you'll be good at sports— know the
sling you've got to know— So let's start, 'cause you've got an
aw-f'ly long way to go!

Don't be of-fend-ed by my frank anal-ysis Think of it as per-son-al-

Now that I've cho- sen to be-come a pal, a sis-

- ter and ad-vis-er there’s no-bod-y wiser, not when it com-es to

pop-u-lar—I know a-bout pop-u-lar! And with an as-
sist from me to be who you’ll be, in stead of dreary who you were.

are. There’s noth-ing that can stop you from be-com-ing pop-u-

loc"
Let lar la

We're gonna make you pop u

lar!

When I see depressing creatures

with unprepossessing features, I remind them on their own be -
half to think of celebrated heads of state or
'specially great communicators. Did they have
brains or knowledge? Don’t make me laugh! They were
popular. Please! It’s all about popular! It’s not about
aptitude, it's the way you're viewed, so it's very shrewd to be

very, very popular like me! And tho'

Freely

you protest your disinterest, I know clandestine

A tempo

ly You're gonna grin and bear it your new-found popularity
F
N C
F
C

Bb(add9)
F
Gm7
Bb

la_______
la
You'll be pop-u-lar
Just
loco

Gm7
Bb
Csus
C

quite as pop-u-lar
as

F
C
Bb(add9)
C
F

me!
I'M NOT THAT GIRL
from Wicked

Sweet and steady, like a music box

Asus/D        As/C#       As/B        As/C#       Asus/D        As/C#

p

As/B        Asus/D        As/C#       As/B        As/C#

ELPHABA:

Hands touch, eyes meet,

Asus/D        As/C#       E/B          A          D/F#        F&m          E/G#

Sudden silence, sudden heat, hearts leap, in a giddy

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whirl.

He could be that boy, but I'm not that girl.

Don't dream too far.

Don't lose sight of who you are. Don't remember that rush of joy.

He could be that boy, I'm not that girl.
Every so often we long to steal to the
land of What-Might-Have-Been.

Ache we feel when reality sets back in
Blithe smile, lithe limbs,
She who's winsome.
she wins him —
Gold hair —
with a gentle
curl —
That’s the girl he
chose, and heaven knows,
I’m not that girl
Don’t wish —
A Tempo

I wasn't born for the rose and pearl, There's a girl I

know— He loves her so,

I'm not that girl.
THE WIZARD AND I
from Wicked

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Freely

Ab
C/Ab
Ab
C/Ab

Ab

ELPHABA:
C/Ab
Fm/Ab

Did that really just happen? Have I actually understood?

C/Ab
Ab
C/Ab

stood? This weird quirk I've tried to suppress or hide is a

C/Ab
Ab
C/Ab

Fm/Ab
Ab7(add4) Ab7#5 Dbmaj9

talent that could help me meet the Wizard—
Pulsing with excitement

C  Dm/C  G7sus/C  G/C  C  Dm/C  G7sus/C  G/C

When I meet the Wizard...

C  C/B  Am7  Dm7  C/F Gsus

and then I meet the Wizard...

What I've waited for...

if I make good!

So I'll make
G(add4) C Dm/C G7sus/C G/C
since birth — And with all his Wiz-ard wis-dom — by my

C Em Bbmaj7/F
looks, he won't be blind-ed — Do you think the Wiz-ard is-

C/G Bbmaj7/F Gsus G
— dumb? — Or like Munch-kins, so small-minded? No! He'll

Am7 Dm7(add4) G/B C/E Am7 Dm7(add4)
say to me: "I — see who you truly are: A girl on whom I — can re-
"ly!" And that's how we'll begin, the Wizard and I.

Once I'm with the Wizard, my whole life will change.

"Cause once you're with the Wizard,"
no one thinks you're strange

no father is not proud of

you; no sister acts ashamed

all of Oz has to love you, when by the Wizard, you're acclaimed

And this gift or this curse have inside,
Maybe at last I'll know why, as we work hand in hand.

Più mosso

And

one day, he'll say to me: "Elphaba, a girl who is so superior."

Shouldn't a girl who's so good inside.
Dm7(add4)    Em7(add4)    Cm9    Bb/Eb    F(add4)

have a matching exterior? And since folks here to an ab-

rhythmically

Bb(add9)/D    Cm9    Bb/Eb    F(add4)    Bb(add9)/D

surd degree seem fixated on your verdigris. Would

Freely

Db    Csus    C    Bbm7

it be all right by you, if I degreenify

dim e rall

A tempo

Csus    C    Am7    Dm7    G/B    C/E

you? And though of course that's not im-por-tant to me.
"All right, why not?" I'll reply. Oh, what a pair—we'll be—

The Wizard and I! What a pair—we'll be—

Dreamily

The Wizard and...

With pedal

Unlimited My future is unlimited
Gbmaj7

ed.

And I've just had a vi-sion al-most like a proph-e-

Freely

I know, it sounds tru-ly cra-zy, and true, the vi-sion’s ha-

cy-

but I swear, some-day there’ll be a cel-e-bra-tion through-out Oz.. that’s

A tempo

all to do with me!
And I'll stand there with the Wizard,
feeling things I've never felt.

And though I'd never show it,
I'll be so happy, I could melt!

Bright, triumphant
And so it will be for the rest of my life, and I'll
want noth-ing else—till I die! Held in such high es-teem,

when peo-ple see me, they will scream— for half of

Oz's fav-’rite team: The Wiz-ard and

A tempo

C Dm7 G Am(add9) Am Fmaj9 Db(add9) B(add9) C
LOOK AT ME NOW
from The Wild Party

Slow and deliberate

F₆m

KATE:

D/F♯

Pro-hi-bi-tion!___

F♯m6

They can shove it!___

Re-vo-lu-tion!___

f

F₆♭m₆₅

A/E

Rise a-bove it!___

colla voce

My so-lu-tion:___

D♯m♭₅₉

Time to cov-et___

Moderately bright Swing

A/E

Love it be-fore it's too late

E♭♭#₉

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I was born in a ditch in West Virginia. Ran away from home at ten.

Crawled right out of that ditch.
and holy cow!

Just take a look at me now.

I've been learning a trade, I've

slung the hash for more than just

Even 8th's

Swing
a couple men

pillowed and paid

But won't you look at me now!
Look at me now... taking a bow... I've been to Hell and back...

(N.C.)

Look at me now...

happy and how... I met a swell named Mister Black...

Spoken: Give me a bottle of bourbon and half a chicken and I'll conquer the world!
I got life in me yet and

let me tell you the South is gonna

rise again

When you

start in a ditch you quickly learn to plow!
So, darlings, darlings, darlings;

take a damn good look, look at me now!
HOW DID WE COME TO THIS?
from The Wild Party

Words and Music by ANDREW LIPPA

Slow Ballad

E/B  F#7/A#

E/G#  Amaj7/C#  B/D#  Eadd9  F#m7b5/E

QUEENIE:
We're all so sure

Eadd9  Emaj7#5  C#m/E  F#m9b5/E

We're all so wise  No limits, no boun-d'ries,

E  Bm7/E  Amaj9

no com-pro-mise

Laugh-ing at our

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neighbor. smiling through a hiss

How did we come to this?

We're all amused.

we're all inspired. So cunning, so clever.
and so admired

Easy to be

angry.

easy to dismiss

How did we come to this?

May be I’ve been living in a day dream.

May be I’ve been talking in my
sleep.
If I've been a-wake, pardon my mis-take,
but time is run-ning low and talk is grow-ing cheap.
We play our games
We place out bets
No wit-ness,
no weak-ness, and no re-grets
Fill-ing up with
F#m7 b5  G#m9  C#+(#9) C#7+(b9) F#m7(add11)  F#m9

Frenzy.  Killing with a kiss  How did we

(8vb)...

B  B7  B7#5/A  G#m7 b5  Bm/C#  C#7  Slower  F#9  D9#11

All come to this?  Time goes by, plans grow stale,

8vb _

Very slow

G#m9  C#7 b9  F#m9  B7sus

People die and parties fail.  How did we come to

8vb _

rit.  colla voce

E  D9  E6

this?  move along  poco rit.

8vb _
SHOPPING AROUND
from Wish You Were Here

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROME

Moderato

If you want to know why I've a roving eye
for
ev'ry cute guy passing there,
I just want to try be-
fore I buy the bargains in husbands ready to wear
'Cause a
Man isn't like an expensive sweater or department store dress on the rack. If you wrap him up and take him home and then see something better.

Moderato (in 4) Swing (\(\text{\textfrac{3}{4}}\))

Nobody, but nobody will take him back!

Refrain (smoothly and not fast)

So, I'm shopping around, just
look-in'

Where men are concerned,

I'm just shop-pin' a-round.

A
girl must compare men for wear and for tear before she buys

If she wants the best, then she just has to test.
All kinds of merchandise! So while I'm still young,

I'm testing. Don't want to get stung.

No sir, not little me

The bride-groom to be carries no guarantee. So if
You want the best to be found, You've got to keep shoppin',
lei - sure - ly shop - pin',
Not buyin',
just shoppin' a - round!
You
don’t buy the first pair of shoes from the clerk. You don’t buy perfume till you
spray it. You don’t buy a clock till you’re sure it will work. You

don’t buy a piano till you play it. A new vacuum cleaner may

be a sensation. But ladies always get a free trial.
dem - on - stra - tion!

You've got to be - ware, sam - ple things here and there, know
what they do

You've got to be sure that the goods will en - dure,

Last you a life - time through! So
while there's a chance, I'm sampling.

I'm taking romance in the smorgasbord way

From the last organ note, love is

leggiero

all table d'hote, So you must choose the best to be found. That's why I keep
shop-pin',

Leisurely shop-pin',

f

Not buy-in',

Just shop-pin' a-round
ONE HUNDRED EASY WAYS
TO LOSE A MAN
from Wonderful Town

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Moderate swing

RUTH (spoken)  (sung)

Chapter One. Now the

first way to lose a man: You’ve met a charming fellow and you’re

out for a spin. The motor fails and he just wears a helpless grin. Don’t
(Spoken flatly)
Just leap out, crawl under the car, say it's the gasket, and fix it in two seconds flat with a bobby pin

but your eyes and say, "What a romantic spot we're in"

That's a good way to lose a man. He takes you to a baseball game, you sit knee to knee. He says, "The next man up at bat will bunt, you'll see." Don't

Just say, "Bunt? Are you nuts?! With no outs, two men on base, and a left-handed batter coming up, he'll walk right into a triple play, just like it happened in the fifth game of the World Series in 1923."

say, "Oooh, what's a bunt? This game's too hard for little me!"
That's a sure way to lose a man

A sure, sure, sure, sure

way to lose a man,

A splendid way to lose a man

Just throw your

knowledge in his face, He'll never try for second base.

Nine-eighty ways to go.

The third way to lose a man:

The
life-guard at the beach that all the girl-ies a dor-e__
Swims

rall

brave-ly out to save you through the o-cean's roar,___
Don't say, "Oh, thanks, I would have drowned in

Just push his head under
water and yell, "Last one
in is a rotten egg" and race
him back to shore a tempo

just one sec-on-d more ___
That's a swell way to lose a man ___
You've

f a tempo

found your per-fect mate and it's been love from the start ___
He
Just say, "I'm afraid you've made a grammatical error. It's not "To who I give my heart," it's "To whom I give my heart." You see, with the use of the preposition "to," "who" becomes the indirect object, making the use of "whom" imperative; which I can easily show you by drawing a simple chart.

Tempo II (Faster)

Slow and free

Just be more well informed than he, You'll never
hear "Oh, promise me." Just show him where his grammar errrs, Then mark your

with a beat

Tempo I
tow - els "Hers" and "Hers". Yes, girls, you too can lose your man, if you will

use Ruth Sher-wood's plan: "One Hun - dred Eas - y Ways To_

Lose A Man!"