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

Volume 5 of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology applies the approach of all past volumes in the series, the first of which were published in 1987. These books represent extensive research of available material, always juggling a mixture of objectives and aims. Those aims are:

* To provide an interesting variety of musical theatre literature for an assortment of tastes and talents.

Individual and editorial tastes admittedly and inescapably play a part in the compilations, but we deliberately attempt to consider the broader preferences and needs of the thousands of singers, actors and teachers who use these books. What are the needs of the 17-year-old studying voice? Or the 25-year-old female or male ingénue? Or the 40-year-old moving beyond ingénue roles? What about someone looking for pop/cock style theatre music? We try to consider the character actor-singer as well as the handsome-voiced leading man; those with expansive vocal gifts, and those with limited singing voices; comic songs, charm songs, and dramatic songs; young tastes, as well as more mature tastes; singers who are sophisticated musicians, and those who are less musically advanced. The singers who use these volumes range in age from teens to senior citizens. We try to imagine as many of them as possible in choosing songs.

* To deliberately represent songs from various eras and styles.

While it is important to stay current and mine songs from contemporary shows, it is equally important to continue to delve deeper into our shared heritage of theatre music. We have sometimes encountered young musical theatre enthusiasts who only know the latest shows, and have never heard of Carousel or The Most Happy Fella. We are equally perplexed when speaking with voice teachers or singers whose knowledge of musical theatre seems to end with Hello, Dolly! Both perspectives are obviously limited.

* Beyond the most prominent songs, also to present intriguing songs that are not often encountered in other collections, and may not be available elsewhere in print.

Only by working through entire scores of musicals, usually also studying cast albums as well, do we discover less obvious songs which otherwise might not have made it onto the contents list. A song is not worthy of attention solely because it is obscure, of course. But finding valuable songs that may have been forgotten by most, or never known, is one of the riches of the series.

* To present the music in a responsible, faithful edition.

Standard piano/vocal (or piano/vocal/guitar) sheet music has long been the general format for theatre music, and is an important way for songs to be available for the widest possible uses, including millions of amateur pianists. But these sheet music editions—simplified, often transposed, and usually with the melody in the piano part—are often not the best source for a singing actor. In this series we attempt to present the music as it was originally performed in the first theatrical production, in the original keys, allowing for necessary and practical adjustments in creating an edition of the song. We also provide succinct information about the show, and enough plot synopsis to inform comprehension of the song.

* To categorize songs by voice type for practical use.

Musical theatre is often not composed with traditional voice types in mind. It is sometimes tricky business deciding whether any given song belongs in the soprano or belter volume, or in the tenor or baritone/bass volume. The vocal range of a song only tells part of the story. What is the predominant area of the voice (called the tessitura) in the song? What is the vocal timbre that the song seems to require? What type of voice is on the original cast recording?

Categorizing songs sung by sopranos who also belter is one of the most challenging aspects of the task. This is a different voice type from the naturally lower, more sultry voice that predominantly belters; or a voice of more limited range; or the brassier timbre that has little usable head voice. It is common for a musical theatre role to call for both soprano singing and belting, often times with a mix of approaches within the same song. These parts are usually cast with sopranos who also can belt; at its best it is a natural, unforced belt that is simply part of the vocal equipment of the singer well-suited to musical theatre.

In choosing songs for the soprano volume, we took into consideration whether the singer on the cast album is a soprano, even though she may be belting at times. Kristin Chenoweth is a good example of a soprano who can easily belt, depending on the character and range of the material and how she wants it to sound. Christine Ebersole is also such a singer. Clearly, she is a soprano, and even though her Act II material in Grey Gardens calls for some belting, her vocal instrument still functions as a soprano who belts. Sutton Foster is another current performer whose voice is essentially a soprano that sometimes also belts. At times the choice about where to place songs in The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology seems impossible, and compromise is inevitable. For Christine’s songs from Dirty Rotten Scoundrels (originally sung by Sherie René Scott), the solution was to put one in the soprano volume, and the other in the mezzo-soprano/belter volume, even though they are both sung by the same singer. We make the best judgments possible and know that there is sometimes room for other conclusions.

* Overall, to continue to value musical theatre as a body of vocal literature.

Musical theatre is a respectable body of literature that deserves the same consideration as novels, poetry, plays, symphonies, operas, or any composed and deliberately conceived work.

And, by the way, beyond being a wealth of literature deserving high-minded study, musical theatre is also fun, of course. Here’s to having some fun with the songs in this collection.

A four-volume series can’t be done alone. I thank Chris Ruck and Joel Boyd for their aid in preparing the music pages for publication. Michael Dansicker was always ready with ideas and musical sources, and I thank him for his interest and help. Some of the composers were generous in their accommodations. Most of all, I would like to thank assistant editor Brian Dean for his enthusiastic work on “Volume 5.” Without him, you would not be holding this book in your hands.

Richard Walters
Editor
January 2008
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ABOUT THE SHOWS

THE ACT

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Martin Scorsese
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ron Lewis
OPENED: October 28, 1977, New York; a run of 233 performances

A star vehicle written by Kander and Ebb for Liza Minnelli, The Act was about a legendary performer, Michelle Craig (Liza) a movie star trying to make a comeback with a nightclub act on stage at the Hotel Las Vegas. There was very little plot; it was mostly a showcase for Liza, who won the 1978 Tony Award as Best Actress in a Musical for her work in the show. Though it set a record for highest ticket price and had the biggest pre-sale in Broadway history to that date, the run was marred by Ms. Minnelli's frequent absences. The song "City Lights" opened the second act of The Act.

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

MUSIC: Thomas “Fats” Waller
LYRICS: Various writers
CONCEPT: Murray Horowitz and Richard Maltby, Jr
DIRECTOR: Richard Maltby, Jr
CHOREOGRAPHER: Arthur Faria
OPENED: March 9, 1978, New York; a run of 1,604 performances

This hit show set a trend for the return of the plotless revue to Broadway. A'Int Misbehavin’ features music by pianist and composer Thomas Wright “Fats” Waller (1904-1943), considered the greatest player of the stride piano style. Waller died young of pneumonia, possibly more susceptible due to his weight and drinking. The revue began as a limited-run cabaret entertainment at the Manhattan Theatre Club in February 1978. Its enthusiastic reception prompted a transfer to Broadway. Among the numbers performed were 18 written by Waller (some as instrumental pieces, with new lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr. and Murray Horowitz), and 12 other songs recorded by Waller. Through costuming, décor, and arrangements, the original production evoked the flavor of a Harlem nightclub in the 1930s, with the playful spirit of Waller himself coming through in the performance. A Broadway revival opened in 1988.

AVENUE Q

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx
BOOK: Jeff Whitty
DIRECTOR: Jason Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ken Roberson
OPENED: July 31, 2003, New York

Avenue Q, which first played Off-Broadway in 2002, is an ironic homage to “Sesame Street,” though the puppet characters are decidedly adult. Dealing with topics such as loud lovemaking, closeted homosexuality, and internet porn addiction, the puppets visibly are onstage, acting and singing for their characters, and there are video clips too. The story deals with a young college graduate, Princeton, who seeks his purpose in life and looks for love. Along the way we meet the many tenants in his apartment building on the rundown Avenue Q in an outer borough of New York. "Special" is sung by Lucy the Slut in Act 1 in a stage-within-a-stage scene at the Around the Clock Café. Lucy comes on to Princeton, seduces him and tries to sabotage a budding relationship he has with Kate, who throws a penny from the top of the Empire State Building that hits Lucy in the head and puts her into a coma.

These notes are principally by the editor, with occasional writing by Stanley Green excerpted from Broadway Musicals Show by Show, published by Hal Leonard.
THE BAKER'S WIFE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz
BOOK: Joseph Stein

In the 1950s Frank Loesser was originally to have written a musical based on the 1938 French film La Femme du Boulanger. Producer David Merrick later acquired the rights, and with a score by Stephen Schwartz The Baker’s Wife toured out of town for the unusually long period of six months, but was closed by the writers and producers before making it to Broadway. To the delight of the villagers of the previously bakerless town of Boulanger in Provence in the 1930s, a jolly new baker, the middle-aged Aimable Castagnet (originally played by Paul Sorvino), opens a shop there with his pretty young wife, Geneviève (played by Patti LuPone). She struggles with memories of past loves, but resolves to be a good baker’s wife. Her resolve crumbles one evening when she agrees to meet the charming young Dominique an hour later for a late night rendezvous. Before they try, she considers her feelings and situation in the song “Meadowlark.” Though she considers staying faithful to her husband (in the song the bird stays with the old king who adored her and perishes), she sets off to meet Dominique. Aimable is despondent and cannot bake, much to the dismay of the villagers. Eventually, Geneviève is brought back to Aimable and the bread-making resumes. The Baker’s Wife had a brief London run in 1990, and productions continue to pop up here and there.

BARNUM

MUSIC: Cy Coleman
LYRICS: Michael Stewart
BOOK: Mark Bramble
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: April 30, 1980, New York; a run of 854 performances

This version of the story of America’s “Prince of Humbug,” Phineas Taylor Barnum, doesn’t focus on biography or characterization as much as it offers a circus concept musical. The original production had the cast constantly in motion as they tumbled, clowned, marched, twirled, or flew through the air. Jim Dale was the original Barnum on Broadway, and Glenn Close was his wife Charity (Chairy). Barnum defines “humbug” as simply the puffing up of the truth. The show offers a tour of the highlights of Barnum’s career from 1835 to 1880. Throughout, Chairy tries to convince her husband to settle down to a more normal life away from show business. Fairly early in Act I, Chairy sings “The Colors of My Life,” with lyrics that are bright and optimistic. Chairy responds with a version of the song with a less rosy, more grounded outlook; her version is used in this authentic show edition for better. Along the way, various acts appear: Tom Thumb, Jumbo the elephant, and Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind, an opera star Barnum presents in her first American concert. Barnum has a dalliance with her and tours with Jenny, leaving his wife for a time. He tires of the demanding diva and returns to Chairy, and agrees to leave show business. After Chairy dies, Barnum realizes that a conventional life is not for him. And he makes the deal with James A. Bailey to create “The Greatest Show on Earth” (which after a later merger became Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus).

BELLS ARE RINGING

MUSIC: Jule Styne
BOOK AND LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR: Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse
OPENED: November 29, 1956, New York; a run of 924 performances

Since appearing with her 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 Ella Peterson, a meddlesome but charming and friendly operator at the Susanowerphone 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 clients’ lives. She is in fact so helpful to one, a playwright in need of inspiration, that they meet, fall in love (though through it all she conceals her 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. At the top of the show Ella introduces herself, her occupation, and her infatuation with a client she has never met in “It’s a Perfect Relationship.” A film version, directed by Vincent Minnelli, was made in 1960 that closely resembles the stage musical, with Dean Martin opposite Miss Holliday. A revival played on Broadway briefly in 2001.
CHILDREN OF EDEN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz
BOOK: John Caird

Loosely based on the Book of Genesis, Children of Eden ran in London for three months in 1991, but since then has gained popularity in stock and amateur productions, unusual for a musical without a Broadway run. Schwartz created a revised version of the show in 1997 for the Paper Mill Playhouse, which resulted in a cast recording. After Eve is tempted by eating the forbidden fruit, she and Adam, who chooses to stay with her, are banished from the Garden of Eden. They have two sons, Cain and Abel. Eve realizes that Cain has within him the same restless temptation that caused her to eat the fruit. Cain and Adam argue over the discovery of evidence of other humans. When Abel intervenes, Cain kills him and becomes cursed. As Eve is dying at the end of Act I, she sings “Children of Eden,” which expresses her hope that her children and descendants will once again attain the Garden of Eden. Act II tells of Noah, his family and the ark; at the end they long for the lost Garden of Eden.

CITY OF ANGELS

MUSIC: Cy Coleman
LYRICS: David Zippel
BOOK: Larry Gelbart
DIRECTOR: Michael Blakemore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Walter Painter
OPENED: December 11, 1989, New York; a run of 879 performances

City of Angels is a spoof of the hard boiled film noir movies of the 1940s. Stine is a novelist struggling to adapt his mystery novel about fictional Detective Stone into a screenplay. The adventures of Stone come to life as in the musical as Stone writes it. The “real” scenes (with a design reminiscent of black and white movies) with the writer Stine, and his screenplay scenes (evoking color movies) with Stone alternate and interact. Some characters appear in both the “real world” and in the screenplay, with two cast lists: the Hollywood (real world) cast, and the movie cast. Early in Act I Gabby, Stine’s wife, tells him an earful in “What You Don’t Know about Women,” just as Ociele tells Stone the same message in the emerging screenplay. Stone’s personal life falls apart later as Gabby accuses him of selling out, and she leaves him. He realizes that he has indeed sold out, and reclaims his values as a man and a writer. City of Angels won the 1990 Tony Award for Best Musical, along with Tony Awards in nine other categories.

THE COLOR PURPLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Brenda Russell, Allee Willis and Stephen Bray
BOOK: Marsha Norman
DIRECTOR: Gary Griffin
CHOREOGRAPHER: Donald Byrd
OPENED: December 1, 2005, New York

Based on the novel The Color Purple by Alice Walker, which was also adapted for a 1985 film, the musical takes place in rural Georgia and later Memphis. 1909 to 1949. Celie has had a hard life, offered at a young age by her father in marriage to a farmer named Mister. She is constantly cruel to her. Celie suffers many hardships as Mister’s wife, including being forbidden to see her beloved little sister, Nettie. Shug Avery is a sultry singer and Mister’s longtime mistress. She arrives back in town in terrible condition, and despite circumstances, Mister brings Shug home for Celie to nurse. Caring for Shug, Celie realizes for the first time that tender affection can exist between two people. Shug sings “Too Beautiful for Words” to the disbelieving but hopeful Celie, telling her that she is graceful, lovely, and desirable. The story continues in Act II and covers many years, with Celie finally leaving Mister, who eventually does change for the better. In the end Celie is finally reunited not only with her sister Nettie, but also with the two children, now adults, taken from her as babies when she was a teenager.
CURTAIN

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb; additional lyrics by John Kander and Rupert Holmes
BOOK: Rupert Holmes
DIRECTOR: Scott Ellis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Rob Ashford
OPENED: March 22, 2007, New York

Years before it came to Broadway, Kander and Ebb had worked with Peter Stone’s original book and concept for what eventually became Curtains, but the project was left unfinished. It was picked up again in the new century, with a new book by Rupert Holmes. After Fred Ebb’s death in September of 2004, Kander and Holmes also wrote lyrics for the remaining work on the show. This musical comedy is a light-hearted backstage murder mystery set in the Colonial Theatre in Boston, 1959, during the out of town tryout for a mediocre new musical, Robbin’ Hood!, set in the American West. When its untalented star is murdered during the curtain call on opening night, Lt. Frank Cioffi (David Hyde Pierce in the original cast) of the Boston Police locks down the theatre, confining the entire cast and crew as suspects to be investigated. The colorful characters include the hard-edged producer, Carmen Bernstein (played by Debra Monk in the original cast); her ambitious daughter Bambi (whose real name is Elaine); a split up couple and songwriting team, Aaron and Georgia, still pining for one another; an appealing ingenue; other producers; and the show’s director, stage manager, and choreographer/leading man. Frank is in love with the theatre, and finds himself as interested in fixing the show as solving the murder. Along the way he falls for the ingenue. In Act I Georgia Hendricks lets us know how she still feels about her ex in “Thinking of Him.” Near the top of Act II the tough as nails Carmen sets her daughter, and anyone else within earshot, straight on the financial realities of the theatre in “It’s a Business.”

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: David Yazbek
BOOK: Jeffrey Lane
DIRECTOR: Jack O’Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: March 3, 2005, New York; a run of 627 performances

David Yazbek’s follow-up to The Full Monty on Broadway (2000) was also based on a notable movie. Dirty Rotten Scoundrels takes its name and plot from the 1988 film starring Michael Caine and Steve Martin, which itself was a remake of the 1964 movie Bedtime Story, starring David Niven, Marlon Brando and Shirley Jones. The essential story remains the same. Two con men are initially at their game separately, preying upon lonely, wealthy women vacationing on the French Riviera. The suave, British Lawrence Jameson (John Lithgow in the original cast) wines and dines women out of their money, posing as a rich, deposed prince needing funds to fight revolutionaries. Cass American Freddy Benson (Norbert Leo Butz in the original cast) tries to usurp the female fortune through a sob story. When the two grifters meet, they decide that the small town on the French Riviera isn’t big enough for both of them. They choose a mark, Christine Colgate (Sherie Rene Scott in the original cast), the “American Soap Queen.” Whoever gets to her money first will get to remain in town. In the end, after many double-crosses, the two scoundrels learn that they’re not the only schemers on the French Riviera. Christine swindles them both. Christine introduces herself (or at least who she says she is) as a wide-eyed American provincial girl (laying it on a little thickly) with her entrance song, “Here I Am.” This role includes both belting and soprano singing. Christine’s song “Nothing Is Too Wonderful to Be True” appears in The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology, Soprano Volume 3.

DREAMGIRLS

MUSIC: Henry Krieger
BOOK AND LYRICS: Tom Eyen
DIRECTOR: Michael Bennett
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Michael Bennett, Michael Peters
OPENED: December 20, 1981, New York; a run of 1,521 performances

With Dreamgirls, Michael Bennett returned to the heartbreak world of show business that he had explored in A Chorus Line to create another high-voltage concept musical. Tom Eyen’s tough-tender book about the corruption of innocence of a singing group of the 1960s, The Dreams, was vaguely and loosely a Motown story about the Supremes. Powerhouse voice Effie Melody White (original cast member Jennifer Holliday won a Tony Award for the role), is dropped for the more commercial and simpler lead voice in the group, Deena. There are romantic upsets as well. The trio rises to stardom, and Effie struggles but finally finds her own. The most famous song from the show comes near the end of Act I “And I Am Telling You I’m Not Going” is sung by Effie to Curtis, manager of the group and her boyfriend, after he has fired her and replaced her with another singer. What Curtis does not know is that Effie has missed a few performances because she is having a rough start to a pregnancy with his child. Despite Effie’s plea, she does leave the group and moves back home to Chicago. Five difficult years later, now a single mother with a daughter, Effie finally lets go of her anger and begins to find a new attitude and act, shown in the song “I Am Changing.” A film version of the show was released in 2006; Jennifer Hudson won an Oscar for her performance as Effie.
THE DROWSY CHAPERONE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Lisa Lambert, Greg Morrison
BOOK: Bob Martin, Don McKellar
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Casey Nicholaw
OPENED: May 1, 2006, New York

This show-within-a-show features a rather sour character simply called the Man in Chair, who escapes his depression by obsessively playing an old recording of a 1928 musical, *The Drowsy Chaperone*. Its story is of an actress, Janet Van De Graaff (Sutton Foster in the original cast), indulgent in vanity, engaged to a man she has only recently met. The show, characters, story and songs are an affectionate send-up of stage and screen clichés. Through it all the Man in Chair gets swept up in the action, and comments to the audience. In a song that establishes her character, Janet ironically belts at length that she doesn’t want to “Show Off” any more. This song and role is for a soprano who can also belt; Janet’s other featured solo, “Bride’s Lament” is found in *The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology, Soprano Volume 5.*

GREASE

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
DIRECTOR: Tom Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: February 14, 1972, New York; a run of 3,388 performances

A surprise runaway hit reflecting the nostalgia fashion of the 1970s, *Grease* is the story Rydell High School students of the late 1950s. Tough Romeo and hip greaser Danny Zuko, his wholesome girl Sandy Dumbrowski, and assorted other characters appear in a light-hearted story, with young love, teen fashions, social cliques, and especially early rock and roll. At a pajama party of the girls gang the Pink Ladies in Act I, Marty has a kimono given to her by Freddy, now in the marines. With others as back-up in the girls group send-up number. Marty sings lead, writing a letter in “Freddy, My Love.” A Broadway revival opened in 1994 and ran for more than three years; another Broadway revival opened in 2007. The 1978 movie version, starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, is one of the top grossing movie musicals of all time.

GREY GARDENS

MUSIC: Scott Frankel
LYRICS: Michael Korie
BOOK: Doug Wright
DIRECTOR: Michael Greif
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jeff Calhoun
OPENED: November 2, 2006, New York; a run of 308 performances

*Grey Gardens*, the musical, is based on *Grey Gardens*, the 1975 film documentary, about an eccentric mother and her equally eccentric daughter who remain in a crumbling mansion on Long Island in East Hampton, New York. After a Prologue, Act I of the musical speculates on the past of the principal characters as they were in July, 1941: 47-year-old mother Edith Bouvier Beale, aunt to Jacqueline Bouvier (later Kennedy Onassis), and her 21-year-old daughter Edie “Little Edie” Bouvier Beale. Their mansion home is refined and cultivated. Little Edie is in a relationship with Joseph Kennedy, Jr. (older brother of the president), but her mother sabotages the engagement. In Act II of the musical, set in 1973 and most closely based on the documentary, the 79-year-old Edith (Mary Louise Wilson, who won a Tony Award as Best Featured Actress in a Musical), and her 56-year-old unmarried daughter Little Edie are faded aristocrats living in filth and ruin, isolated from the world, drifting in time. Their relationship is complex and co-dependent. Edith’s first song is “The Cake I Had.” Before it she says, “I have no complaints. I had everything I ever wanted. I had a very happy satisfied life.” Little Edie comments, “Can’t be done. You can’t have your cake and eat it too.” Edith replies, “Oh, yes I can. I most certainly did have my cake. And eat it.” Down to the last crumb.” She then launches into the song. Christine Ebersole won a Tony Award playing Edith in Act I and Little Edie in Act II, and Mary Louise Wilson won a Tony for her portrayal of Edith in Act II.

HAIRSPRAY

MUSIC: Marc Shaiman
LYRICS: Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman
BOOK: Mark O’Donnell and Thomas Meehan
DIRECTOR: Jack O’Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: August 13, 2002, New York

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. Set in Baltimore, 1962, plump heroine Tracy Turnblad dreams of dancing on local television on the Corny Collins Show, but is upstaged by the prettier but less talented, current “It-girl” Amber Von Tussle. Tracy gets on the show nonetheless, and gets the attention she craves. She leads efforts to integrate the program, and gains acceptance for all teens of every size, shape and color. The musical opens with Tracy leading the company in “Good Morning Baltimore,” in period pop style, starting the day with the sunshine of her personality and her hopes of dancing on TV. The show won the Tony Award for Best Musical in 2003. A film version of the musical was released in 2007.
THE LAST FIVE YEARS

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jason Robert Brown
DIRECTOR: Daisy Prince

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 of their engagement. In “When You Come Home to Me” Cathy is auditioning in the first section. She obviously hears “thanks” as a signal to stop from the auditioners, and says in reply, “Thank you. Thank you so much.” She then expresses herself in a communication to her father. When the audition song starts again, at yet another audition, she hears her inner thoughts as she sings. Near the end of the show, as Cathy’s story goes back in time, she sings of her observations about the lives of other young women and hopes for her emerging relationship with Jamie in “I Can Do Better Than That.” The two original actors Off-Broadway were Norbert Leo Butz and Sherie Rene Scott.

THE LIFE

MUSIC: Cy Coleman
LYRICS: Ira Gershman
BOOK: David Newman, Ira Gershman, Cy Coleman
DIRECTOR: Michael Blakemore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey McKneely
OPENED: April 26, 1997, New York; a run of 466 performances

*The Life* is set on and around 42nd Street of New York City in the 1980s, when the area before its dramatic revitalization was still the seedy but lively domain of pimps, hookers and togsless bars. In Act I the hookers are on the street when a gospel group comes by singing a song. The working girls’ lively and defiant response is “My Body.” The story is of the hard existence on the street, of betrayal, and the hope for a different life.

A LITTLE PRINCESS

MUSIC: Andrew Lippa
LYRICS AND BOOK: Brian Crawley

*A Little Princess*, based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is the story of a little girl with a great big imagination. Separated from her father, and the open-hearted Africans who have helped him raise her, young Sara Crewe is sent to boarding school in London. When things go badly for her there, her imaginative powers come to the rescue helping to transform a drab institution into a place of magic and mystery. Sara sings “Live Out Loud” after the cruel headmistress Miss Minchin tries to squelch Sara’s high spirits. The musical first played in 2004 in Palo Alto, California.

MAMMA MIA!

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus
BOOK: Catherine Johnson
DIRECTOR: Phyllida Lloyd
CHOREOGRAPHER: Anthony Van Laast

*Mamma Mia!* is a “jukebox musical” culled from the catalogue of Swedish pop group ABBA. Over 20 songs are used in the show, more or less in their original form, woven into a libretto created for the stage production. It takes place on a fictional Greek island where Donna Sheridan runs a small tavern. Her daughter, Sophie, has always wanted to know the identity of her father, but Donna has refused to reveal the information. Sophie sneaks a read of Donna’s old diaries, and invites three men from the past, one of whom she believes is possibly her father, to her upcoming wedding. Donna realizes that she still loves one of the men, Sam, though she doesn’t want to admit it. It turns out that long ago Sam was having an affair with Donna while being engaged to another woman, and Donna is still angry about it. She sings “The Winner Takes It All” remembering the old predicament and her feelings. It’s never clear who Sophie’s father really is, but she comes to love all three men. She calls her wedding off, but Donna connects with her old beau Sam, who is now single and available. The wedding plans stay in place, but Donna and Sam get married instead. The show is a good time for audiences familiar with the great pop songs of the score.
ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

MUSIC: Barton Lane
BOOK AND LYRICS: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: October 17, 1965, New York; a run of 280 performances

Alan Jay Lerner's fascination with the phenomenon of extrasensory perception led to his teaming with composer Richard Rodgers in 1962 to write a musical to be called I Picked a Daisy. When that didn't work out, Lerner turned to composer Burton Lane, with whom he'd worked in Hollywood years before. The result is a show about Daisy Gamble (Barbara Harris in the original cast), a flaky but lovable young New York free spirit who has an extraordinary talent for growing plants, can predict when the phone will ring, and has noticeable ESP abilities. To quit smoking she seeks out hypnosis with Dr. Mark Bruckner, but it emerges that while hypnotized she can recall her past life as Melinda Wells in 18th century London. Mark becomes infatuated with Melinda, who emerges as a romantic rival to the present-day Daisy, which infuriates Daisy. They split up, but he persuades her to come back. Daisy opens the show singing "Hurry! It's Lovely Up Here!" in the solarium of the Bruckner Clinic, coaxing plants to grow. Barbra Streisand starred in the 1970 Vincente Minnelli film adaptation of the musical.

THE PIRATE QUEEN

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Alain Boublil, Richard Maltby, Jr. and John Dempsey
BOOK: Alain Boublil, Claude-Michel Schönberg and Richard Maltby, Jr
DIRECTOR: Frank Galati
CHOREOGRAPHER: Graciela Daniele
OPENED: April 5, 2007, New York; a run of 85 performances

The musical about a swashbuckling heroine of the seas is based on the novel Granua—She King of the Irish Seas by Morgan Llywelyn. Clan feuds dominate 16th century Ireland. At the christening of the new ship, The Pirate Queen, a Chieflain's daughter, 18-year-old Grace O'Malley (Granua), tells her father she wants to be a sailor. After hearing that such a dream is impossible and being ordered from the christening ceremony with the other women, Grace sings to her sweetheart,ieran. Her frustration in "Woman." After disguising herself as a cabin boy her career at sea begins. When Grace proves herself in battle, her father trains her to be a sea captain. The complex story has her as a leader in making peace with other clans in Ireland, and in defying Queen Elizabeth I and the English.

RENT

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jonathan Larson
DIRECTOR: Michael Greif
CHOREOGRAPHER: Marsha Norman
OPENED: Off-Broadway on February 29, 1996, New York; Broadway on April 29, 1996

Jonathan Larson's musical relocates the story of Puccini's opera La Bohème to the 1990s in New York's East Village. Among other stories and characters, Roger Davis is an ex-junkie HIV-positive songwriter/musician whose past girlfriend, a drug addict, died of AIDS. He meets Mimi Marquez, a heroin addict, and there is an obvious spark of attraction between them. He is initially terrified of getting involved with her, but after he finds out that she is HIV-positive as well, they begin a romance. They live together for a time, but have a tempestuous relationship. Roger is extremely jealous and leaves her. Mimi contemplates being alone in "Without You." Months later friends bring a desperately ill Mimi back to Roger, and she dies. The compelling alternative-rock score has a gritty realism, a theatrical reflection of grunge rock of the period. A parable of hope, love and loyalty, RENT received great acclaim, winning the Pulitzer Prize for Drama, a Tony Award for Best Musical, and many other awards. Though it initially opened Off-Broadway in the New York Theatre Workshop, it soon transferred to a Broadway theatre that was redesigned to capture its East Village atmosphere. Bound up with the show's message of the preciousness of life is the tragic real-life story of its composer/librettist Jonathan Larson, who died suddenly of an aortic dissection the night of the final dress rehearsal before the first Off-Broadway preview performance. A 2005 film version featured most of the original Broadway cast.
SONG AND DANCE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black, Richard Maltby, Jr.
ADAPTATION: Richard Maltby, Jr.
DIRECTOR: Richard Maltby, Jr.
CHOREOGRAPHER: Peter Martins
OPENED: March 26, 1982, London; September 18, 1985, New York; a run of 474 performances

The “Dance” of the title originated in 1979 when Andrew Lloyd Webber composed a set of variations on Paganini’s A minor Capriccio that seemed to him to be perfect for a ballet. The “Song” originated a year later with a one-woman British television musical, *Tell Me on a Sunday*, which consisted entirely of musical pieces. Two years after that, both works were presented together in London as a full evening’s entertainment, now connected with a bit of plot. A revised version opened in New York, winning high praise for Bernadette Peters, whose task in Act I was to create, without dialogue or other actors, the character of a free-spirited English young woman, Emma, who has relationships of varying sorts with four American men. “Take That Look Off Your Face” opens the show and the audience gets a first impression of Emma, freshly arrived from London. She has dreamed of being in New York and is addressing Viv (though there is no actor on stage playing Viv), an old friend from England who has been in New York for a year.

SOPHISTICATED LADIES

MUSIC: Duke Ellington
LYRICS: Various writers
DIRECTOR: Michael Smuin
CONCEPT: Donald McKayle
CHOREOGRAPHY: Donald McKayle and Michael Smuin
OPENED: March 1, 1981, New York; a run of 767 performances

Though different in concept, *Sophisticated Ladies* followed the lead of *Ain’t Misbehavin’* and *Eubie!* in previous years by being a plotless revue entertainment built around the catalogue of a single composer. This celebration of the music of Duke Ellington was conceived as an elaborate, brassy nightclub floor show, with a 21-piece on-stage orchestra, led by Ellington’s son Mercer Ellington, and a cast of 17, with first rate dancers (Gregory Hines, Judith Jamison) and singers. Its opening night of the tryout run in Washington had gone so badly that director Donald McKayle, who had conceived the production, was replaced by ballet choreographer Michael Smuin. Despite his inexperience in the world of Broadway, Smuin turned things around by adding nine songs, rearranging the sequence of the 36 numbers, introducing new dances, and dropping all existing dialogue.

MONTY PYTHON’S SPAMALOT

MUSIC: John Du Prez and Eric Idle
LYRICS AND BOOK: Eric Idle
DIRECTOR: Mike Nichols
CHOREOGRAPHER: Casey Nicholaw
OPENED: March 17, 2005, New York

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* lambasts the musical genre at every step. The Lady of the Lake (Sara Ramirez won a Tony Award for the role) mocks the overly earnest, over-decorated style of a pop diva in “Find Your Grail.” *Spamalot* won the 2003 Tony Award for Best Musical.

SPRING AWAKENING

MUSIC: Duncan Sheik
LYRICS AND BOOK: Steven Sater
DIRECTOR: Michael Mayer
CHOREOGRAPHER: Bill T. Jones
OPENED: December 10, 2006

This rock musical, 2007 Tony Award winner of Best Musical, is based on the 1891 German play by Frank Wedekind, which was banned for decades because of its frankness about teenage sex and suicide. The setting is a provincial German town in the 1890s. Teenagers struggle against strict morals of adults and the lack of instruction and communication about sex and emotion. Wendla Bergmann is a girl discovering her sexuality and sensuality in a time that forbids such things. She opens the show singing “Mama Who Bore Me” about all her mother has not told her. In “The Dark I Know Well” the adolescent Marthe confesses to friends that her father sexually abuses her and that her mother refuses to do anything about it. Martha asks her friends to not tell anyone else, so that she does not end up like Ilse, a friend from childhood who now wanders homeless and aimless because her parents kicked her out of their house. The song is sung by Martha and Ilse, both played by the same actress.
SWEET CHARITY

MUSIC: Cy Coleman
LYRICS: Dorothy Fields
BOOK: Neil Simon
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: January 29, 1966, New York; a run of 608 performances

Bob Fosse initiated the project, based on the Federico Fellini 1957 film Le Notti di Cabiria. Originally intended as the first half of a double bill of one-act musicals, Sweet Charity was fleshed out to two acts when Neil Simon took over the writing. Hope Valentine (originally played by Gwen Verdon) is a New York dance hall hostess who knows there’s gotta be something better than working at the Fandango Ballroom. She is big-hearted and open to anything that comes her way. As she walks past the Pompeii Club, an Italian movie star, Vittorio Vidal, comes out while chasing his mistress, who has stormed out. When she refuses to return to the club with him, he instead invites Charity, who just happens to be there. She accepts, but faints due to hunger while dancing with him. He takes her back to his apartment. Charity suddenly feels fine once there and can’t believe her luck at being in such luxurious surroundings in the home of a celebrity, singing “If My Friends Could See Me Now.” She later gets seriously involved with straight-laced, neurotic tax accountant Oscar Lindquist after they meet while stuck in an elevator. Afraid of what Oscar will think of her, Charity keeps her profession a secret. At one point she has had enough and quits the Fandango Ballroom, wandering in Times Square, wondering “Where Am I Going?” She works up the nerve to tell Oscar the truth, and finds out he already knows since he followed her one night. He says it doesn’t matter and asks Charity to marry him. She is thrilled, but eventually Oscar calls off the engagement, saying he can’t get Charity’s history with other men out of his mind. The play ends with, “And so she lived... hopefully ever after.” Sweet Charity has been revived twice to date on Broadway in 1986 and 2007. A film version, directed by Bob Fosse and starring Shirley MacLaine, was released in 1969. John McMartin repeated his stage role as Oscar in the movie.

TARZAN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Phil Collins
BOOK: David Henry Hwang
DIRECTOR: Bob Crowley
CHOREOGRAPHER: Meryl Tankard
OPENED: May 10, 2006, New York; a run of 486 performances

TARZAN the stage musical is faithfully based on the 1999 Disney animated film Tarzan. (screenplay by Tab Murphy, Bob Tzudiker and Noni White), which was based on the adventure novel Tarzan of the Apes by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Phil Collins sang all the songs in the film. These were adapted for characters in the story to sing in the stage version, and Collins also added new songs. The setting is the west coast of Africa. 1888. A mother gorilla, Kala, discovers a human infant whose parents have been killed. Against her mate’s strong objections, she vows to keep the baby and raise him as her own offspring, singing “You’ll Be In My Heart” to the tiny child.

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

MUSIC: Jeanine Tesori
LYRICS: Dick Scanlan
BOOK: Dick Scanlan and Richard Morris
DIRECTOR: Michael Mayer
CHOREOGRAPHER: Rob Ashford
OPENED: April 18, 2002, New York; a run of 903 performances

Based on the 1967 movie starring Julie Andrews, Thoroughly Modern Millie the stage musical retains only three songs from the film (including the title song). With a score of principally new material, the story chronicles the life of Millie (Sutton Foster won a Tony for the part in the original cast), a small-town Kansas girl in New York of 1922. She is anxious and afraid but excited to be in the big city, and definitely decides to stay there, and not return home, singing “Not for the Life of Me.” Millie stays with other young starlets at the Hotel Priscilla, which is run by the sinister Mrs. Meers, who actually is running a white slave trade on the side. Millie gets a job as a stenographer at the Sincere Trust Insurance Company. She intends to marry her wealthy boss, but falls for a charming but poor paper clip salesman, Jimmy Smith. The madcap plot has many twists and turns and shows a cheery slice of flapper life in New York during the Jazz age. Millie decides in the end that it is only love she is interested in, and agrees to marry Jimmy.
TICK, TICK...BOOM!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jonathan Larson
DIRECTOR: Scott Schwartz
CHOREOGRAPHER: Christopher Gattelli
OPENED: May 23, 2001, New York. closed 1/6/02

Jonathan Larson, composer of Rent, struggled like many actors and writers in New York for years before he found success. After the unproduced Superbia. tick tick BOOM! was his second musical. Initially it was a one-man show that told Larson’s autobiographical story about bohemian life in New York, which he performed himself at various times between 1989 and 1993. He lives on virtually nothing, passing up lucrative corporate job offers to follow his dream. Larson shelved it to spend time on Rent. After his death, interest in his earlier work emerged, and in 2001, tick tick BOOM! received a full Off-Broadway production, expanded to a three-character piece: Jonathan, his girlfriend Susan, and his best friend Michael. The show opens on a Saturday night in 1990, with Jonathan soon turning 30. Jonathan’s musical is in workshop, Superbia, and an actress in the show (the actor who plays Susan also plays this character) sings “Come to Your Senses,” which is actually from Larson’s unproduced show Superbia. After Michael reveals that he is HIV-positive, Jonathan contemplates their long friendship and the importance of every day as he faces his 30th birthday.

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 Cilento
OPENED: October 30, 2003, New York

Stephen Schwartz’s return to Broadway came with the hit musical Wicked. Based on Gregory Maguire’s 1995 book, the musical chronicles the backstory of the Elphaba, the “Wicked Witch of the West,” and Glinda (actually name Galinda), the “Good Witch of the North,” before their story threads are picked up in L. Frank Baum’s The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. In Emerald City the Wizard tricks Elphaba into using the Grimmerie (an ancient book of witch spells) to give Chistery, his monkey servant, the ability to fly. After she realizes that she has been used by the duplicitous Wizard, Elphaba runs off with the Grimmerie, being chased by the Wizard’s palace guards. After being labeled “wicked” Elphaba casts a spell on a broomstick to make it fly, and she flies off, vowing to fight the Wizard in the song “Defying Gravity,” which ends Act I. After Elphaba captures Dorothy, Glinda tries to persuade Elphaba to release her, but Elphaba refuses. She makes Glinda promise not to call her name and to take control of Oz from the Wizard. Glinda and Elphaba sing of real friendship in “For Good.” Though it appears that she was melted by water, Elphaba escapes through a trap door and escapes with Fiyero. The original cast included Kristin Chenoweth as Glinda, Idina Menzel as Elphaba, Norbert Leo Butz as Fiyero, and Joel Grey as the Wizard.

WORKING

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz. Craig Carnelia, James Taylor, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers and Susan Birkenhead
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Stephen Schwartz
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: May 14, 1978, New York; a run of 25 performances

Adapted from Studs Terkel’s Pulitzer-winning book of interviews with all walks of working men and women, this revue-type musical follows a typical work day around the clock. We meet a waitress, a fireman, a builder, a teacher, a retiree, a cleaning lady, a parking lot attendant, a millworker, and many more. Offering a cross-section of attitudes about the kind of work people do and why they do it. Some of their stories are funny, some stoic, some deeply touching. As Terkel put it, “Its theme is about a search for daily meaning as well as daily bread, for recognition as well as cash.” To express its eclectic characters. Working has a score made up of songs by an assortment of writers with a variety of distinctive styles and ethnic backgrounds. As dinner-time sets in at a restaurant. Delores, a waitress, turns her job of serving food into a one-woman show in the song “It’s an Art.”

ZORBA

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Joseph Stein, adapted from Zorba the Greek by Nikos Kazantzakis
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ronald Field
OPENED: November 16, 1968, New York; a run of 305

The musical was adapted from Nikos Kazantzakis’ 1952 novel Zorba the Greek and the 1964 film of the same name. On the island of Crete the larger-than-life Zorba, an aging hero of the story, meets a young American man, Nikos, who has inherited an abandoned, inoperable mine on the island. The musical tells of a series of tragic, related events: the suicide of a young Cretan man out of unrequited love for a young widow, the vengeful murder of the widow by the dead youth’s family and the death of Hortense, a woman in love with Zorba. Nothing, however, can dampen Zorba’s lust for life. At the top of the show a character simply named Leader, one of the Cretan women, tells of their philosophy in “Life Is.” Anthony Quinn, who starred in the 1964 movie starred in a 1987 Broadway revival.
CITY LIGHTS
from The Act

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

With motion

\[ \begin{align*}
&G & D7/G & G & D7/G \\
& G  & D7/G & G & D7/G \\
& G  & D7/G & G & D7/G \\
& G  & D7/G & G & D7/G \\
& G  & D7/G & G & D7/G \\
& G  & D7/G & G & D7/G \\
\end{align*} \]

MICHELLE:

The little old lady sat on the porch of the farmhouse.

The little old lady rocked back and forth and crocheted.

"Oh,
look at the rooster, listen to the cricket, smell the hay," I told her. "And

see the pretty little egg that the hen just laid."

The little old lady took off her glasses and squinted. And
how she responded literally had me floored. She said: "I'm glad to meet someone who appreciates the beauty that nature initiates. It's sweet to hear, but me, my dear, I'm truly bored."

I miss those
Medium slow Rag

G

G(6)

Gmaj7

city lights

Those sparkling city lights,

macc

sim.

G7

Cmaj7

Cdim7

Those twinkling city lights

blur-ring my

eyes.

I love those city lights,

macc.

Bmin

F/A# Amin

D7 G

The color of city sights

That shine under
C maj7
C\#dim7
B
F\#7sus
B
city lights—
tint-ing the skies—
cresc.

C
Cmin
G/B
mfr

New-mown hay gives me hay fever. There's the rooster,

Emin
A7

where's my cleaver? So laid back, my mind might crack. And

Cmin(6)/Eb
D9(13)

when the thresh-er's up,
My pres-sure's up.
City lights,
I long for those city lights.

Those beautiful city lights
beckoning

me there
Be there
Take the crickets and go shove 'em,

Urban crises, how I love 'em!
Grime and grit and
pretty city lights

Walking lanes to pick a daisy. That can truly

drive you crazy. Homemade bread lies here like lead. And

cresc. poco a poco

Polly's preserves, Oh, please, my nerves!
City lights, I long for those city lights.

The bulbs of those beaming brights beckoning

me there. Be there. Sties and stables sure are smelly.

Let me sniff some kosher deli. Brightly lit by
pretty city lights

Pluck your lilies of the valley, Let me sally
cresc. poco a poco

up some alley Dimly lit by pretty city

Pull back lights.
With a kick

Db \quad Db\text{min}(6) \quad Ab/C \quad Eb9(13)

Country air means "zilch" to me, I
won't breathe noth-in' I can't see. So,
a tempo

Bb\text{min} \quad Bb\text{min}(6) \quad Bb\text{min}7 \quad Eb7

lem - me quit and hit those cit-y-

Ab \quad Ab/Gb \quad Db/F \quad Ddim7 \quad Eb7\text{sus}

lights

Love those cit-y-

Eb7

Ab

cit-y lights."
KEEPIN' OUT OF MISCHIEF NOW
featured in Ain't Misbehavin'

Lyric by ANDY RAZAF
Music by THOMAS "FATS" WALLER

Rubato

Em7/G  D9#5  Gmaj13
Don't even go to a

D9#5  Gmaj13  E7
movie show, if you are not at my side.

Am  D7  D#dim  Em  A13  D7
I just stay home by my radio, but I am satisfied.
All my flir-ting days are gone, on the lev-el from now on.

Keep-in' out of mis-chief now, really am in love and how

I'm through play-in' with fire, it's you

whom I de-sire _ All the world can plain-ly see,
you're the only one for me.
I have told them

in advance, they can't break up our romance. Livin' up to ev'ry

vow, keepin' out of mischief now

Don't go for any excitement now. Books are my best compa-

All my opinions have changed somehow.

old fashioned as can be

When you really

learn to care, there's a thrill in solitaire

All the world can plainly see, you're the only one for
me.

I have told them in advance,

they can't break up our romance.

Livin' up to every

vow,

I'm keepin' out of mischief now,

keepin' out of mischief now.
SPECIAL
from the Broadway Musical Avenue Q

Music and Lyrics by ROBERT LOPEZ
and JEFF MARX

Sexy Jazz ($\frac{3}{4}$) (medium slow)

NC

LUCY THE SLUT:

NC.

I can make you feel special

when it sucks to be

you

Let me make you feel special

for an hour or two

Your
life's a rou- tine that re- peats each day   No one cares who you are

or what you say   And some-times you feel like you're no- bod-y,    but

you can feel like some-bod-y    with me

*Possible cut to ** for auditions
Yeah, they're real

When we're together, the earth will shake, and the stars will fall into the sea

So come on, baby, let down
When your date's in the bathroom, I'll slip you my card—
I can tell just by looking that you've got it hard for...
me!

For me!

For me!

For me!

For me!

I can tell just by lookin’ that you are especially hard for me!
MEADOWLARK
from The Baker's Wife

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

GENEVIEVE:

Light, child like

I was a girl, I had a favorite story of the

meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind

Her

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voice could match the angels' in its glory, but she was blind.
The lark was blind.

old king came and took her to his palace where the walls were burnished bronze and golden braid. And he
fed her fruit and nuts from an iv'ry chalice and he prayed:

"Sing for me my meadowlark,"

accelerando poco a poco

1 me
2 me

my meadowlark,

sing for me of the silver

fly with me on the silver
morning
Set me free,
morning
Past the sea

my meadow-lark
and I'll
where the dolphins bark
we will

buy you a priceless jewel,
and cloth of brocade
dance on the coral beaches,
make a feast of the plums and

crewel,
and I'll love you for life if you will
peaches,
just as far as your vision reaches
sing _ for me"
fly _ with _ me."

Then one day as the lark

_sang by the wa _ ter, _

God of the sun heard her in his flight
and her singing moved him so he came and brought her the gift of sight.

He gave her sight and she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the splendor.
of this beautiful young God, so proud and strong.

And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and tender.

"Come along."

Fly with
Coda

But the meadow-lark said

no, for the old king loved her so,

she couldn't bear to wound his pride

So the Sun-God flew away, and when the
king came down that day,

he found his
tin p

mea-dow-lark had died.

Ev-ry time I heard that part, I cried.

Col Sva bassa l'acoco

And

8va bassa
1. now I stand here starry eyed and stormy

2. what can I do if finally for the first time

oh, just when I thought my heart was finally
the one I'm burning for returns the
numb. a beautiful young

glow? If love has come at

man appears before me, singing:

last. it's picked the worst time. still I
"Come, oh, won't you come?"

And know

I've got to go! Fly away.

Meadow-lark.
way in the silver morning

If I stay, I'll grow to curse the dark

So it's off where the days won't bind me, I know I leave wounds behind me but I
won't let tomorrow find me back this way

way before my

past once again can blind me. Fly a-

Broadly

Andantino

way

rallentando tempo rallentando

col 8va bass. — — — — col 8va bass
And we won't wait to say goodbye, my beautiful young man.

and I
THE COLORS OF MY LIFE
from Barnum

Music by CY COLEMAN
Lyrics by MICHAEL STEWART

Rubato - in 2

BARNUM:

The colors of my life,
are bountiful and

bold,
the purple glow of indigo

the gleam of green and gold
The splendor of a

slight rit

sunrise, the dazzle of a flame,
"the glory of a rainbow" I'd put 'em all to

shame

No quiet browns and grays,

I'll take my days instead,

and fill them 'til they

sli
ght rit

overflow with rose and cherry red!

sli
ght rit
And should this sun-lit world grow dark one day,
the colors of my life will leave a shining light to show the way.
IT'S A PERFECT RELATIONSHIP
from Bells Are Ringing

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Ad lib. (In 2)

ELLA:

It's crazy, ridiculous, it doesn't make sense.
That's true, but what can I do?

Moderately fast

I'm in love with a

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man, Plaza oh, double four, double three.

It's a perfect relationship I can't see him, he

can't see me I'm in love with a voice, Plaza

oh, double four, double three. What a perfect re-
I talk to him, and he just talks to me. And yet I can’t help wondering what does he look like? I wish I knew.
What does he look like?

Is he six foot seven or three foot two?

Has he eyes of brown or baby blue?

Big and mighty or underfed?

Trim black mustache or
beard of red? Can he dance like Fred Astaire?

Is he dark or is he fair? He could be the fat and

balding type, or rugged tweeds and a briar pipe,

dark-rimmed glasses, super mind, or the sweet poet -
ic kind. It doesn't matter what he'd be, how

Slowly

(Telephone buzzer)

he'd love me!

(Spoken) Susanswerphone. Yes, Mr. Moss.

Slower (In 4)

Yes, Mr. Moss. But he's still just a voice,

Plaza

oh. double four. double three.

What a perfect re-
I can’t see him, he can’t see me. He calls me “mom,” he thinks I’m sixty three. And I’ll never meet him.

And he’ll never meet me. No, he’ll never meet me.

Bright tempo
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW
ABOUT WOMEN
from City of Angels

Music by CY COLEMAN
Lyrics by DAVID ZIPPEL

Moderately Fast Swing ($J = 144$) ($\frac{2}{4} = \frac{4}{4}$)

What you don’t

know a-bout wom-en

could fill a

shelf of books

You are the type of man who looks for

This is a duet for Gabby and Oolie adapted here as a solo.

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understanding lovers, but never understanding
stands the girl who lies beneath the covers
You
only have to open up your mouth to show what you don't know and
you don't know about women
A woman needs to be assured that she remains alluring:

To now and then be reassured your passion is enduring; it's not enough to know your line to

polish and routine it, and heaven knows I know your line the whole routine I've seen it, ya got-ta
mean it!

What you don’t know a-bout wom-en

is what we need to hear_

You think if you can sound sin-cere_ then we’ll come run-nin’ to_

____ you__ throw in some truth for at-mos-phere_ but
we can see right through you And every hollow compliment and

phrase defines and underlines what you don’t know about

women You think what I don’t know

will not hurt me, but you don’t know how often you do
How long ago did good sense desert me? I don't know why I still

burn for you. You're immature and short sighted, you're an in-
cresc poco a poco

curable player, you show a lack of discretion, you don't know

jack about heartache, you're out of sync with your feelings, you only
wink at commitment You're running low on emotion, what you don't know about women's only a

drop in the ocean next to what you don't know 'bout me.

You are in need of a little enlightening on ladies and love but you can't see what you don't

know about women is frightening and you don't know nothin' 'bout me.
CHILDREN OF EDEN
from Children of Eden

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Rubato

\[\text{Eve:} \quad \text{D}^\flat \quad \text{G}^\sharp(9)/\text{Db} \quad \text{Ab}/\text{C} \quad \text{Bb}m\]

Like this brief day, my light is nearly gone

\[\text{G}^\flat 6 \quad \text{D}^\flat(9)/\text{F} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Db/Gb} \quad \text{Ab}\]

But through the night, my children, you will go on

\[\text{D}^\flat \quad \text{Em7(4)} \quad \text{Db}(9)/\text{F} \quad \text{G}^\sharp(9) \quad \text{Ab}\]

You will know heartache, prayers that don't work

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times of bitter circumstances — But I still believe.

Gentle, flowing (\( \text{\textit{J}} = 80 \))

Children of Eden, where have we left you?

Born to uncertainty, destined for pain.
Sins of your parents haunt you and test you.

This, your inheritance: fire and rain.

Children of Eden, try not to blame us.

We were just human, to err or prone.
Db
Ebm7/Db Db
Ebm Gmaj7 A♭

Children of Eden, will you reclaim us?
a tempo

Fm
Bbm
Db/F
Gb6
Fm/A♭

You and your children to come, some day

D/A
E/B
Db
Gb(9)

to come home

E
D
Dsus/F
Db/G♭
Db

p sub.
TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR WORDS
from the Broadway Musical The Color Purple

Slowly and freely

SHUG:

Mm______ Mm____ I've

always been the kind of gal___ that had a lot to say___ I

says the things that's on my mind, too dumb to shy away___ But you

hush my mouth and still me___ with a song I neve-er heard___ I

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guess that means that you are just _too beautiful for words_

seen this life from high and low, and all that's in-between.

danced with dukes, crooned with counts, been courted like a queen _But_

when I see what's in your heart, all the past is blurred _The_
grace you bring into this world's too beautiful for words

You hide your head under your wings just like a little bird

Oh don't you know you're beautiful, too beautiful for words

Oo, Oo,
Oh, Celie, you're too beautiful for words
IT'S A BUSINESS
from Curtains

Freely

CARMEN:

I've never been known as one of those stupid clucks, Elaine. Who

mp

pisses away a lot of her hard-earned bucks, Elaine. * But

fac ing the fact your coloratura sucks, Bambi! Though it

* In these two spots Carmen's daughter Elaine corrects her with her stage name, Bambi. Elaine is joined by ensemble in the show, eliminated in this solo edition.
Con moto

breaks your mother's heart. Forget about the part it's time for you to know why I

poco ral

really backed this show

A Tempo - Coarse Strut

You
ask me for my motives well you needn't be so smart It's a not-for-profit theatre don't need to turn a buck That's not bus'ness bus'ness! It So, isn't making history It isn't making art It's a give them "Ly-sis-tra-ta" And I wish them lots of luck I do bus'ness. bus'ness!
Shaw and Ibsen, Take 'em away And don't
Gorky, Shmor'ky mon-ey mis-spent You

both-er me with Mol-iere, Those Russian's nev-er pay
won't sur-vive Yom Kip- pur You'll nev-er get through Lent

So, I

go on, crit-i-cize me, Please proceed with your at-tack, It's a
once knew a pro-ducer Whose pre-tension knew no bounds In the
business
business

put one million in And I expect two million back. It's a

mounted Samuel Beckett. I don't mean it like it sounds It was

business
business!

So what

crime have I committed? If I'm putting up a fight It's a

now he's down the crapper While I'm working in my prime It's a
And I don't want those paying suckers out there giving me the busness,
every night!
The shows I do do busness, 'Cause I really know my busness, And I'm
giving them the business, honey. All the time!

to the dressers to the musicians in the pit. It's a business!
owner of these premises. Cleans up if we're a hit. He's in business!

Union members Don't work for free. Hey, Har-ry, on the spotlight, Blink twice if you a
I'm not devoid of culture. But my feet are on the floor. It's a business!
bus'ness!

Yes,
green's my fav'rite color And I don't mean on the grass, It's a

bus'ness! And the
shows I do do bus'-ness
Yes, I'm good at do-ing bus'-ness
And if

you don't like my bus'-ness, swee-tie,
Blow it out your

Bus'-ness!

Bus'-ness!
THINKING OF HIM
from Curtains

Music by JOHN KANDER
Lyrics by FRED EBB

Rubato con poco moto

L'istesso tempo con poco moto

GEORGIA:

Think-ing of him

Sometimes it seems I spend ev'-ry mo-ment of
my waking day Thinking of him Making him laugh,

sometimes Making him strong, sometimes Making him feel some-

place in the light is his Telling him just how special he is

a tempo

Thinking of him Thinking of him

mf a tempo
Tell-ing the truth when no-bod-y's will-ing to tell him the truth.

Fight-ing for him Liv-ing for him.

think-ing it o- ver, that's what I think I'll do Well,

is-n't it time? Is-n't it high time I was
thinking of me, too?

Maybe it's time
Maybe it's high time

dim

I was thinking of me,

poco rit.

a tempo

too

mf a tempo
HERE I AM
from Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

Words and Music by
DAVID YAZBEK

Rubato

CHRISTINE:

Would ya look at that coff-ered ceil-ing.

Look at that chan-de-lier. Ex-cuse me, but how I'm feel-ing is a

hun-dred proof I could raise the roof I'm so hap-py to be here.
Upbeat Latin ($J = 103$)

I've been kind of missing Mom and Dad, sort of in a spin since Cincinnati.

The morning flight, a major bore. But then they open the cabin door, and zoot a- lors! Here I am!
Lord knows I had the will and the resources.

But Mom and Dad kept saying "hold your horses." I guess those ponies couldn't wait.

Parson me, folks, but they've left the gate. I may be late, but here I am!
Ah, the way to be, to me, is French. The way they c'est la vie is French. So here I am, Beau-mont Sur Mer. A big two weeks on the Riviera. If I'm only dreaming, please don't wake me. Let the summer sun and breezes take.
Excuse me if I seem je-june,
I promise I'll find my marbles soon.
But, everywhere I look,
it's like a scene from a book.
Open the book and here I am!
I mean the air is French,
that chair is French.
This
nice sincere San- cerre is French, the skies are French, the pies are French, those

guys are French, these fries are French. Pardon me if I fly off the han-
dle, 'cause nowhere else on Earth can hold a can-
die. So ve-ni vi-di vi-ci folks Let's
face it, je suis ici folks. Excusez moi if I spout, I'm letting my je n' sais quoi out. I'm sorry to shout, but

here I am!
AND I AM TELLING YOU
I'M NOT GOING
from Dreamgirls

Music by HENRY KRIEGER
Lyric by TOM EYEN

Moderately, in 2

NC

EFFIE:

And I am telling you
I'm not

with pedal

going
You're the best man I'll ever know
There's no

way I can ever go, no, no, no, no
way, no, no, no, no way I'm

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liv' in' with out you.
I'm not liv' in' with out you.

I don't want to be free I'm stay'in', I'm stay'in', and you, and you, you're gon'na love me Ooh, you're gon'na love.
me

And I am
telling you I'm not going,
even though the rough times are showing There's just
no way, there's no way We're part of the same place
We're part of the same time
We both share the same blood
We both have the same mind
And time and time we have so much to
share, no, no, no, no, no, no I'm not wakin' up to
mor-row morn-in', and find-in' that there's no-bod-y there

Dar-ling, there's no way, no, no, no, no way I'm

liv-in' with-out you I'm not liv-in' with-out you

You see, there's just no way, there's no way
Funky

E♭9

Tear down the mountains, yell, scream and shout. You can say what you want, I’m not

E♭9

walkin’ out. Stop all the rivers, push, strike, and kill. I’m

E♭/F  Cm/F  E♭maj7/F  E♭/F  F

not gonna leave you, there’s no way I will. And

Tempo I

E♭  F/E♭

I am telling you. I’m
not going.
You're the best man I'll ever

know.
There's no way I can ever, ever go, no, no, no,
cresc.

no way, no, no, no, no way I'm livin' without you.

Oh, I'm not livin' without you, I'm not livin' without you.
I don't wanna be free I'm stayin',
I'm stayin', and you, and you, and you,
you're gonna love me
Oh, hey, you're gonna love me.
Yes, ah, ooh, ooh, love me,
ooh, ooh, ooh, love me, love me, love me.

love me, love me

You're gonna love me.

Freely

Note: The lyrics and musical notation are not transcribed into plain text. The image contains sheet music with musical notation and lyrics.
I AM CHANGING
from Dreamgirls

Music by HENRY KRIEGER
Lyric by TOM EYEN

Freely
E/G

EFFIE:
Look at me Look at me I am

Slowly
Cmaj7
C6
Dm7/C
Dm7 G6 Cmaj7 C6
changing, try-in' ev'-ry way I can. I am changing

Dm7/C
Fmaj9
I'll be better than I am. I'm trying

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to find a way to understand
But I need you I need you

I need a hand I am changing

see in' ev'rything so clear I am changing

I'm gonna start right now right here I'm hoping
to work it out, and I know that I can. But I need you. I need a hand. All of my life. I've been a fool. who said I could do it all alone. How many good friends have I already lost? How many dark nights have I known?
Am7/D    D7(add13)    Am7/D    D7(add13)
Walk-in' down that wrong road             there was nothin' I could find.

F/G
All those years of darkness       could make a person blind, but

Cmaj7    C6     Dm7/C     Dm7     G6
now I can see I am changing,          try-in' ev'ry way I can

Cmaj7    C6     Dm7/C     Dm7/G     Fmaj9
I am chang-ing            I'll be better than I am          But I need a friend
to help me start all over again. Oh, that would be just fine.

I know it's gonna work out this time, 'cause this time I am.

changing I'll get my life together now I
am changing
Yes, I know how
I'm gonna

start again
I'm gonna leave my past behind
I'll

change my life.
I'll make a vow and nothin's gonna

stop me now!

molto rit
SHOW OFF
from The Drowsy Chaperone

Words and Music by LISA LAMBERT
and GREG MORRISON

JANET:
I don't wanna show off no more
I don't wanna sing
colla voce

tunes no more
I don't wanna ride moons no more.

A tempo (Moderate 4) (shuffle ragtime swing)

I don't wanna show off
I don't wanna wear

Janet is joined by chorus in this number, edited here as a solo

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this no more
play the saucy Swiss miss no more

mf

blow my signature (kiss) no more. I don’t wanna show

off

Don’t try to control me

I’ve made up my mind
And that’s
it  I quit  I'm leaving it all behind

I don't wanna be

cute no more  Make the gentlemen hoot no more.

I don't wanna wear fruit no more.  I don't wanna show
I don’t wanna show off no more. Not me! read my name in the news no more.
get the glowing reviews no more, Ah gee! I don’t wanna show off!
I don’t want to show off!
Whee! Please no more attention

I've counted to ten and I'm

thru Adieu You'll never see this...

(she dances)

You'll
(she dances again)

never see this.

(neering)

Nev-er see this, ne-er see that, ne-ver see these a-

Pullback tempo

gain

I don't wan-na change keys no more.

I don't wan-na strip tease no more. I don't wan-na say
cheese no more  I don't care if you scoff

I don't wanna be cheered no more  praised no more

grabbed no more  touched no more  loved no more  I don't wanna show

off  I don't wanna show off.
I don't wanna show off
I don't wanna show faster
off!

no more!
FREDDY, MY LOVE
from *Grease*

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY
and JIM JACOBS

Moderately \( \left( \frac{J.}{= 76} \right) \)

\[\begin{align*}
&\text{MARTY:} \\
&\text{Fred-dy, my} \\
&\text{love, I miss you more than words can say,} \\
&\text{Fred-dy, my love, please keep in touch while you're away.}
\end{align*}\]
I love you, know, your absence makes me feel so blue; that's okay, though, your presents make me think of you My ma will have a heart attack when she catches those pedal pushers with the black leather
atches——Oh, how I wish I had a jack—et that

matches, Fred—dy, my love. Fred—dy, my love, Fred—dy, my love, Fred—dy, my

love. Don’t keep your let—ters from me—I thrill to ev’ry

line; your spell—ing’s kind a crum—my, but.
honey, so is mine. I treasure every gift, the

ring is really nifty, you say it cost you

fifty, so you're thrifty, I don't mind, ooh, oh! Freddy, you'll

see, you'll hold me in your arms some day; and I will
be wearing your lacey loungewear,
thinking about it, my heart's pounding already,
knowing when you come home.
we're bound to go steady,
and throw your service pay around like confetti.
Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my
THE CAKE I HAD
from Grey Gardens

Music by SCOTT FRANKEL
Lyrics by MICHAEL KORIE

Moderate Stride tempo \( \frac{3}{2} \)

EDITH:

What good is cake you have but never eat?

I never could deny myself a sweet, so I sliced my life and

licked the knife, and ate the cake I had!
Two perfect sons I thoroughly enjoyed, an absent spouse and
cats to fill the void — and the tri-state's best accompanist, oh yes, I
ate the cake I had! Moist! Light!
Gayly decorated! Every tasty morsel, savored, chewed and masticated!
Young! Bright! Rich and thin and clever! Like a second helping?

Sister, would I ever!

The days are gone when money grew on trees. The Money Tree came down with Elm Disease — but at
my age, ducks, for my two bucks. I'll eat the cake. I

have and like it I'll eat the cake. I have!

continuing through the interlude
** Gripe! Groan! **

Point the famous finger. Life is disappointing,

put the parent through the wringer. Sulk! Moan! Blame it on the mother.

When I'm dead and buried, you won't get another!
E-nough with all your cel-e-brat-ed loves
You had two hands. You could have mod-elled gloves
Is it my fault, that your cake fell flat?
That you're un-married, bald and fat?
As the world waltzed by and
Ed - ie sat

ate the cake. I had and loved it! Oh, I ate the cake.

had, no thanks to Ddo - dy, I ate the cake.

had!
GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE
from *Hairspray*

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

TRACY:

1 Oh, oh, oh Woke up today
2 Oh, oh, oh Look at my hair what "do" can compare

al ways do.
Oh, oh, oh Hungry for something that

I can't eat Then I hear the beat, that rhythm of town starts

I'm ready to go, the rats on the street all

Tracy is joined by the chorus in the original number, adapted here as a solo.
calling me down They seem to say
dance 'round my feet Tracy, it's

high up to you Oh, oh, oh Pulling me out to the

smiles and the streets that I love! Good morning Baltimore!
day all my dreams will come true! Good morning Baltimore!

ev'ry day's like an open door, There's a flower who lives next door,
ev'ry night is a There's a burn on his
fan-ta-sy,  
bar-room stool,  

ev-ry sound's like a sym-pho-ny!
they wish me luck on my way to school!

Good morn-ing Bal-ti-more  
And some day when I

take to the floor the world's gonn-na wake up and see

Bal-ti-more and me!
know ev’ry step, I know ev’ry song, I know there’s a place where
I belong
I see all the party lights shining ahead,

someone invite me before I drop dead!

So, oh, oh Give me a chance, ’cause when I start to dance, I’m a
mov - ie star! Oh, oh, oh Some - thing in - side of me

makes me move, when I hear the groove, my moth - er says no but my

feet tell me go! It’s like a drum - mer in - side my heart!

Oh, oh, oh Don’t make me wait one more mo - ment for my life to
I love you

Baltimore!

Every day's like an open door,

Every night is a fantasy,
every sound's like a symphony

And I promise Baltimore,
that some-day when I take to the floor the world's gonna wake up and

see, gonna wake up and see

Baltimore and me, Baltimore and

me, Baltimore and me!
WHEN YOU COME HOME TO ME
from The Last Five Years

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Freely

Catherine: Moderately

When you come home to me, I'll wear a sweeter

smile, And hope that, for a while, You'll stay

When you come home to me, Your hand will touch my

coll'voce a tempo

face And banish any trace of gray

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Soon, a love will rise anew

greater than the joy I've felt Just missing you,

And once again, I'll be So proud to call you

mine When finally you come home to (Spoken) Thank you. Thank you so much
Fast Jig (♩ =140-144)

E(no3rd) D/E E(no3rd) E(no3rd) D/E

Em7 D E(no3rd) E(no3rd) D/E E(no3rd) D/E

I'm climbin' up hill, Dad-dy Climb-in' up-

E(no3rd) D/E Em7 D E(no3rd)

I'm up ev'ry mornin' at

till

E(no3rd) D/E A/E E(no3rd) D/E

six And stand-ing in line With

E(no3rd) D/E Em/D D CMaj7 Bm7 Cmaj7

two hundred girls Who are young-er and thin-ner than me Who have
already been to the gym

waiting five hours in line, And watching the girls. Just

coming and going. In dresses that look just like this, 'Til my

number is finally called. When I
walk in the room. There's a table of men Always men,

usually gay— Who've been sitting— like I have. And

listening all day To two hundred girls

Belt ing as high as they can! I am a
good person I'm an attractive person!

I am a talented person! Grant me

Grace!

Freely

Moderately (conversationally - not strict)

When you come home I should have told them I was sick last week They're gonna think this is the
Am

way I sing. Why is the pianist playing so loud? Should I sing louder? I'll sing

FMaj7  /E

louder. Maybe I should stop and start over. I'm gonna stop and start over. Why is the director staring at his crotch? Why is that man staring at my résumé? Don't stare at my

Em7  Eb7(b5)

résumé. I made up half of my résumé. Look at me. Stop looking at that, look at me!
No, not at my shoes. Don’t look at my shoes I hate these fuck-ing shoes.

Why did I pick these shoes? Why did I pick this song? Why did I pick this ca-reer? Why

does this pi-an-ist hate me? If I don’t get the
call-back, I can go to Crate and Bar-rel with Mom to buy a couch Not that I want to spend a
day with Mom, but Jamie needs space to write, since I'm obviously such a
horrible, annoying distraction to him. What's he gonna be like when we have kids? And once a

colla voce

A tempo

Why am I working so hard? These are the people who cast Linda Blair in a musical Jesus

Christ, I suck, I suck, I suck! When finally you come home To. (Spoken) Okay, thank you
Fast Jig

Em9

not be the girl stuck at home in the 'burbs With the baby, the dog and a

Amin13 Bm7 Em9 CMaj7(#11)

garden of herbs I will not be the girl in the sensible shoes Pushing

Em9 Amin13 Bm7 G/D

burgers and beer nuts and missing the clues I will not be the girl who gets
asked how it feels To be trotting along at the

genius's heels! I will not be the girl who re-

quires a man to get by

CMaj9 D2/C CMaj9 D2 Em7
I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT
from The Last Five Years

Allegro

Music and Lyrics by JASON ROBERT BROWN

CATHERINE:

My best friend had a little situation at the end of her senior year.

And like a shot, she and Mitchell got married that summer.

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Carol-ann gettin’ bigger ev’ry minute, thinkin’, “What am I doin’ here?”

While Mitch-ell’s out ev’ry night be-in’ a heavy me-tal drum-mer
They got a little cute house on a little cute street With a cru-ci-fix on the door.

Mitch-ell got a job at a re-record store in the mall
Just the
ty-pi-cal facts of a ty-pi-cal life in a town on the East ern shore

thought a-bout what I wanted, It was n’t like that at all Made...

Car - oll-n a cute ba - by sweat-er, think-in’ “I can do bet-ter than

that.”
In a year or so, I moved to the city, thinkin', "What have I got to lose?"

Got a room, got a cat, and got twenty pounds thinner.

Met a guy in a class I was taking who, you might say, looked like Tom Cruise
He wouldn't leave me alone 'less I went with him to dinner.

And I guess he was cute, and I guess he was sweet, and I guess he was good in bed:

So I'm giving up my life for the better part of a year.

Starting to think that this might work, and the second it entered my head...
needed to take some time off, Focus on his "career."

He blew me off with a heartfelt letter, I thought, "I can do better than that."

You don't have to get a haircut, You don't have to change your shoes.
have to like Duran Duran just love me

You don’t have to put the seat down, You don’t have to watch the news.

You don’t have to learn to tango, You don’t have to eat prosciutto.

crisper cresc poco a poco

have to change a thing... just stay with me!
I want you and you and nothing but you, Miles and piles of you
Finally I'll have something worthwhile to think of each morning.
You and you and nothing but you! Nothing but fresh, un-diluted and pure, Top of the
line,

And totally

mine!

I don't need any lifetime commitments, I don't need to get hitched tonight.

I don't want you to throw up all your walls and defenses
I don't mean to put on any pressure, but I know when a thing is right.

And I spend every day re-configuring my senses.

When we get to my house, take a look at that town. Take a look at how far I've gone. I will never go back, never look back anymore.

And it feels...
...like my life led right to your side and will keep me there from now on.

Think about what you wanted, think about what could be.

Think about how I love you and say you'll move in with me.

Think of what's great about me and you, think of the bullshit we've both been through.
of what’s past, because we can do better!

We can do better!

We can do better than that!

We can do better than that!
MY BODY
from The Life

Music by CY COLEMAN
Lyrics by IRA GASMAN

Fast Funk \( \text{j} = 152 \)

C\#m | C\#m/B | Amaj7 | C\#sus/G\# | G\#7

C\#m | C\#m/B | Amaj7 | C\#sus/G\# | G\#7

I've had it up to here with all those "hol-i-er than thou" who want to save me from the dev-il's wick-ed
den

When all they really want is what those jok-ers al-ways want, and when they

This version has been adapted as a solo

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get it, we don't see 'em 'til they want it a-gain _ Don't._

_ quote me no command-ments._

Don't preach me no jive._

There's only one command-ment:

Thou shalt survive
May-be I'm a sinner,

but who's gonna cast the first stone?

my body, and my body's no body's business but my own.
What if I'm a sinner?

Hell,

I ain't exactly alone

It's my body and

my body's no body's business but my own
All those uptown ladies look and dress so fine.

They can sell it their way, let me sell it mine.

Maybe you don’t like it, but
that don't mean noth-in', because my bod-y is

my bus-ness, my bus-ness, not yours

I know what I'm do-ing I know who I am -
If you got a problem,

I don't give a damn

Ain't no doubt about it. Ain't no doubt about it, 'cause baby it's written in stone

It's
E F⁷ B/F# Amaj7/B B7 E F⁷
my bod - y not your bod - y, and my bod - y is

(Svb)

B/F# Amaj7/B B7 E F⁷ B G#7
my bus - 'ness My bus - 'ness is my bus - 'ness,

E/F#

no - bod-y's bus - 'ness... no - bod-y's bus - 'ness...

loco

A E/F#
bus - 'ness.,

but my own!
Gentle, but with a strong sense of time

I don't want to go along with the crowd. Don't want to live.

(slightly ad lib. at first)

life under a cloud. Give me some air and space and the

articulation simile

a tempo (d=112)

sun on my face. I want to live out loud. Don't want to be.
_alone in the crowd_  Don’t want to seem_ peculiar and proud_

_I need to be_ as free_ as I know how to be_

Playful

_I want to live_ out_ loud_

_Every day_  Sleep - walk, lock - step, no one dares_ to stray_

_simile_
Though they may, straight-laced, shame-faced,

long to break away

They're as lonely as

simile

can be

Is that what they want from me?

I don't want to go along with the crowd

Don't want to live
_life under a cloud_  Give me some air_ and space_ and the

sun on my face_  I want to live_ out loud_  Don’t want to be_

_alone in the crowd_  Don’t want to seem_ peculiar and proud_

,No-bod-y wants me here, but I won’t dis-ap-pear_
Quasi African Drums

I want to live out loud

I want to run down an open shoreline. I want to join in a moon-lit dance

articulation simile

I want to swing in the branches of a tree

I want to bathe in a hidden inlet and let the breeze come and dry my hair

mf short & detached

articulation simile
I want the life they took away from me!

If that makes me headstrong, fine
That's a fault I'm glad is mine
I don't want to go along with the crowd

Don't want my spirit broken and bowed
Why do I have
to hide what I’m feeling inside? I want to live out loud

Don’t want to be alone in the crowd I only want

what I’m not allowed Give me the wings of a bird I’ll be
seen and be heard.

I want to sing when my heart is full
I want to sing and I want to fly.

same as before

I want to soar in a sky without a cloud.
I want to live__ out__ loud!

ff
THE WINNER TAKES IT ALL
from Mamma Mia!

Words and Music by BENNY ANDERSSON
and BJÖRN ULVAEUS

Moderato (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 124 \))

\[ \text{F\#} \]

I don't wan-na talk

\[ \text{C\#/E\#} \]

about things we've
gone through.

\[ \text{G\#m/D\#} \]

Though it's hurting me,

\[ \text{C\#} \]

now it's history

\[ \text{C\#/E\#} \]

I've played all my cards

\[ \text{F\#} \]

And that's what you've done, too

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no more ace to play.

The winner takes it all.

The loser standing small beside the victor.

that's her destiny.
I was in your arms, thinking I be-

longed there. I figured it made sense,

building me a fence, building me

a home. Thinking I'd be strong there.

*Because the song is rather long as a solo, a possible cut could be taken to **
But I was a fool, playing by the rules.
The Gods may throw a dice,
their minds as cold as ice, and someone
way down here loses someone dear.
The winner takes it all,
on the loser has to fall
It's simple and it's plain—

why should I complain?

But tell me:

Does she kiss
like I used to kiss you?
Does it feel the
same when she calls your name? Somewhere deep_

inside you must know I miss you

But what can I say? Rules must be obeyed.

The judges will decide, the likes of me a-
bide.

Spectators of the show

always staying low.

The game is on again.

a lover or a friend,

a big thing or a small,

the winner takes it
C#  
all  
I don't wan-na talk

F#  
mp

C#/E#  
'cause it makes me feel sad  
And I un-der-

G#/m/D#  
stand  
you've come to shake my hand

C#  

F#  
I a-pol-o-gize  
if it makes you

with growing intensity
feel bad
seeing me so tense,

no self-confidence.
But you see, the winner takes it all,

the winner takes it all.
The game is on again,
a lover or a friend,
small,
the winner takes it all.

the winner takes it all.
HURRY! IT'S LOVELY UP HERE
from On a Clear Day You Can See Forever

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE

Slowly

Hey, buds below,

Moderately - in an easy 4

DAISY:

Up is where to grow,
Up, with which below can't compare with

Hurry, it's lovely up here
Life down a hole
Takes an awful toll,
What with not a soul there to

share with
Hurry, it's lovely up here

Wake up! Be-stir yourself. It's time that you dis-

ter yourself You've got a spot to fill; A pot to fill
And what a gift package of shower, sun and love

You'll be met above everywhere with. Fondled and

sniffed by millions who drift by. Life here is

rosy If you're a posy Hurry! It's
a tempo

love-ly here

(shouted)

Hey, rho-do-dend! Courage, lit-tle friend Ev-ry-thing ’ll end rho-do-

dan-dy Hur-ry! It’s love-ly up

here

Climb up, ge-
rani-um, It can’t be fun sub-terr-a-ne-um. On the ex-

ter-i-or, It’s cheer-i-er R S V P, pe-on-ies,

Pol-in-ate the breeze Make the queen of bees hot as bran-dy Come give at

least a Pre-view of East-a
Come up and see the boot we're giving. Come up and see the grounds for living. Come poke your head out. Open up and spread out. Hurry, it's lovely here.
WOMAN
from The Pirate Queen

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL, RICHARD MALTBY, JR.
and JOHN DEMPSEY

Moderately slow

GRANIA:

Wom - an I am born What does "wom - an" mean?

Must my dreams face scorn? Held back and un - seen

If I long for fire Must it stay un - real?

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Can I not desire? Am I not to feel?

If I ache to taste Am I not to try?

If my heart says sail Why should I deny?

I have my dreams, I have made plans I see ho-
ri-zons wide as a man's. Must I be nothing 'til I'm some man's wife? Look at this face, Does it deceive? Do I look made to milk and to weave? I will be damned to hell if that is my life
I'm almost your age, I'm your match in size.

I'm your match with swords, an equal in most eyes.
But when you have a dream
And you're caught in its

You can climb a-board a ship,
You can, You

can for you're a man

You can reach toward that

place

Where the earth meets the sky
Fight a battle, be brave, be true, If you can do it,

Why not I? I'm meant to fly Sail unrestrained

Why is man free and woman chained? Is that my epitaph be-

fore I die? I should be free, Free to be
Grace,
I want to feel the wind on my face!
And when life beckons, I should go,
Face out the storm. Not stay low,
Am I to be just woman? No,
Not I
WITHOUT YOU
from Rent

Words and Music by
JONATHAN LARSON

Moderate Rock Ballad \( \frac{j}{d} = c. 66 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
Dsus2 & \quad D & \quad Dsus2 & \quad D \\
\{ & \quad \{ & \quad \{ & \quad \{ \\
\} & \quad \} & \quad \} & \quad \} \\
p & \quad - & \quad - & \quad - & \quad -
\end{align*}
\]

Dsus2 \quad D \quad Dsus2 \quad D \quad MIMI:

\[
\begin{align*}
Dsus2 & \quad D & \quad Dsus2 & \quad D \\
\{ & \quad \{ & \quad \{ & \quad \{ \\
\} & \quad \} & \quad \} & \quad \} \\
\text{out} & \quad \text{you} & \quad \text{the ground} & \quad \text{thaws,} & \quad \text{the} \\
\} & \quad \} & \quad \} & \quad \} \\
\text{rain} & \quad \text{falls,} & \quad \text{the grass} & \quad \text{grows} & \quad \text{With-} \\
\} & \quad \} & \quad \} & \quad \} \\
\end{align*}
\]

This song for Mimi and Roger has been adapted as a solo for this edition

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Dsus2  D  Dsus2
out  you  the seeds root,

D  Dsus2  D
the flow-ers bloom,

Dsus2  D  Bm7sus
chil-dren play,  the stars gleam,

D/G  Bm7sus  D/G
the poets dream, the
Eagles fly without you

The earth turns,

The sun burns, but I die

Rock beat (same tempo)

D

D without you

mp

G2
Without you
the breeze warms,
the girl smiles,
the cloud moves
Without you
tides change, the boys run,
the oceans crash,
crowds roar, the days soar,

the babies cry
With-
Dsus2       D       Dsus2       D       Bm7sus       Bm7
out         you       the moon       glows,

Gsus2       Bm7sus   Bm7       Gsus2
the river       flows,       but

F#m       Gsus2       Dsus2
I       die       without       you.

D       Dm7       Dsus2
The world       revives,
Dm7 colors renew
Dsus2
but I know
A/C# blue,
Am/C only blue,
G/B
D/A lonely blue,
Gm/Bb within me
D
Dsus2 rit a tempo
Drit
blue
A
Dsus2 a tempo
D
blue
D
Dsus2 a tempo
D
without you
Without you

the hand

gropes,

the

ear

hears,

the pulse

beats

the

Without you

the
eyes gaze,
the legs walk,

the wings breathe,
the

mind churns, the mind churns, the heart yearns, the heart

yearns, the tears dry within.

(over R H)
TAKE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE
from Song and Dance

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK

Moderately $\frac{d}{t} = 104$

I can’t quite believe it, I’m all, so amazing, the

actually here, the one place on earth I want to be
size and the noise. Why, it’s still alive at five a.m.

New York is just short of per—
And that drive in the eyes of per—

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fe-c '- tion they say ________ The one thing it lacks is me ——
New York girls, oo, I'd like to be — one of them .

It's

Take that look off your face .

What's the
cresc.  

joke, if you please?...

Oh, I knew what you'd say, Eng-l ish

girls come by plane loads each day — and you fear that I'll
lose myself like so many do

Well, I've got news for you:

I'm frightened too

I'm
glad to have you, Viv, a friend over here who's had a whole year to

learn the ropes

This guy that I'm with, this
drum-mer from Queens, he's cra-zy, but I have hopes

Take that

look off your face.

Oh, I knew how you'd be

You think I'm the same girl who lets men take ad-

van-tage of me, here's one more And he's pos-si-bly us-ing me, it's
true.  
Still, I'm here in New York;  
Who's using who?!

Take that

look off your face.  
Don't go off in a tizz;  I am

here to have fun—finding out what America is—Can't you
see I'm no longer the mess I used to be. You're my best friend and yet, you don't know me.

So get used to me here. I am gonna work hard, get my
card, have a brilliant career, stay in love, and out-

shine any New York girl you'd see If you think that I won't,

you don't know me!
HIT ME WITH A HOT NOTE
from Sophisticated Ladies

Words and Music by DUKE ELLINGTON and DON GEORGE

Medium Swing (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

MP [walking bass, detached]

[p] (soprano head voice)

Hit me with a hot note and watch me bounce.

This standard can be done various ways. This arrangement is based on the version performed in Sophisticated Ladies.
me with a hot note and watch me bounce. When trumpets heat up,

Gimme a rug to beat up
Hit me with a hot note and watch me bounce.

me with a hot note and watch me burn.
Slap me down the rhythm from stern.

to stern
When sax es flare up
How can I keep my hair up?
Hit me with a hot note and watch me bounce. Start that trombone slidin'...

While I gather steam. Keep that tempo ridin'. And I'll...

come in right on the beam. Hit me with a hot note and watch me bounce.

Knock me out with music in great amounts. Oh,
let that wave, We're gonna have a heat wave Hit me with a hot note and watch

me bounce Start that trombone sliding While I gather steam

Keep that tempo riding, riding,

keep it riding. Hit
me with a hot note and watch me bounce. Knock me out with music in great.

amounts. Oh, let that beat wave, We're gonna have a beat wave

Hit me, ooh, yeah. hit me with a hot note

me with a hot note and watch me bounce.
FIND YOUR GRAIL
from Monty Python's Spamalot

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

Pop Ballad, in 4

LADY OF THE LAKE:
If you trust in your soul,
keep your eyes on the goal
Then the prize you won't fail.
That's your Grail.
That's your

This is a parody pop/rock ballad. The original cast singer imitated many clichéd styles in the song.

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Grail
So be strong
Keep right on to the end of your song
Do not fail
Find your Grail
Find your Grail

Life is really up to you
You must choose what to pursue
Set your mind on what to find, and there's nothing you can't do.

So keep right to the end. You'll find your goal, my friend.
from here to the end Lady of the Lake improvises as
an over-the-top pop diva

So keep right to the

end

You'll find your goal, my

friend

You won't fail. Find your Grail

Find your

Grail Find your Grail
MAMA WHO BORE ME
from Spring Awakening

Music by DUNCAN SHEIK
Lyrics by STEVEN SATER

Slowly
Am    F(add2)/C   G(add2)/B   D(add2)
mp sempre legato

Am        F(add2)/C   G(add2)/B   D(add2)
WENDLA:
Mama, who bore me.
Mama, who gave me

Am    F(add2)/C   G(add2)/B   D(add2)
no way to handle things, who made me so sad

Am  F(add2)/C   G(add2)/B   D(add2)
Mama, the weeping, Mama, the angels
No sleep in Heaven or Bethlehem
Some pray that one day

___ will come a'-call ing
They light a candle and hope that it glows

And some just lie there, crying for him to come and find them

when he comes, they don't know how to go
Mama, who bore me, Mama, who gave me

no way to handle things: who made me so bad. Mama, the weeping.

Mama, the angels. No sleep in Heaven

or Bethlehem
THE DARK I KNOW WELL
from Spring Awakening

Music by DUNCAN SHEIK
Lyrics by STEVEN SATER

Moderately fast, with intensity

N.C./A

MARTHA:

1

There is a part I can't
tell

'bout the dark I know well

Dm7
F5
Am(add2)

You say, "Time for bed now, child"

mf legato

Sung by various characters (as indicated), the song can be sung as a solo
Mom just smiles that smile, just like she never saw me, just like she never saw me. So, I

leave, wantin' just to hide, knowin' deep inside.

you are comin' to me.
you are com'in' to me. You say all you want is just a kiss.

(2nd time only) Ah

good night, then you hold me and you whisper, 'Child, the Lord won't mind. It's just you.

and me

Child, you're a beauty

Child, you're a beauty
E(add6)

God, it's good—the lovin' Ain't it good to-night? You ain't.

Am(add2)

__ seen noth-in' yet—gon-na {treat teach you} right. It's just you and me.

To Coda $\frac{\Phi}{F}$

Child, you're a beauty __

Child _ you in a

dim
ILSE:

I don't scream, though I know it's wrong.

I just play along.

I lie there and breathe.

lie there and breathe I wanna be.

strong. I want the world to find out that you're dreaming on.
Dm7  F5  Am(add2)

me, me and my "beauty,"

Dm7  F5  Am(add2)

add MARTHA: me and my "beauty" You say all

CODA

F Add first ENSEMBLE GIRL:

beauty" There is a part I can't tell

beauty

Ah
Add second ENSEMBLE GIRL:

There is a part I can't tell

Am(add2)

'bou the dark I know well

Gsus

Ab

F

'bou the dark I know well

There is a part I can't
E(add6)  

Tell 'bout the dark I know well

Am(add2)

sh dark I know well

Gsus

There is a part I can't tell

Ah

F

'bout the dark I know well
IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW
from *Sweet Charity*

Music by CY COLEMAN
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS

Moderately bright

CHARITY:

*(spoken)* The girls at the ballroom would never believe me in a million years

If they could

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see me now that little gang of mine, I'm eating fancy chow and drinking fancy wine. I'd like those stumble burns to see for a fact— the kind of top drawer, first rate
chums I attract! All I can say is "Wow-ee" look-a

where I am tonight I landed, POW! Right in a

pot of jam— What a set up, holy cow!

They'd never believe it. If my friends could see me now!
If they could see me now, my little dusty group.

Traipsin' round this million dollar chicken coop! I'd hear those thrift shop, cats say:
"Brother! Get her!" Draped on a bedspread made from three kinds of fur! All I can say is: "WOW!" wait 'til the riff and raff see just exactly how he signed this autograph! What a build-up! Holy cow,
they'd never believe it, if my friends could see me now!

If they could see me now alone with Mister V!

Who's
wait-ing on me like he was a maître D! I hear my bud-dies say-ing: "Cra-zy! What gives? To-night she's liv-ing like the oth-er half lives!" To think the high-est brow, which I must say is he, should pick the low-est brow, which there's no doubt is me, what a
set up, ho-ly cow!

They’d nev-er be-lieve it!

They’d nev-er be-lieve it! If my friends could see

me now!
WHERE AM I GOING
from Sweet Charity

CHARITY (spoken before intro begins): You're damned right I'm going.

Rhythmically

The only trouble is,

I don't know where

Where am I going? And

what will I find?  What's in this grab bag that I call my mind?

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What am I doing alone on the shelf? Ain't it a shame, but no one's to blame, but myself!

Which way is clear? When you've lost your way year after year... Do I keep
falling in love for just the kick of it, staggering through the
thin and thick of it, hating each old and tired trick of it?

Know what I am, I'm good and sick of it! Where am I going?

Why do I care?
Run to the Bronx or Washington Square, no matter where I run

I meet myself there, looking inside me

What do I see? Anger and hope and doubt,

what am I all about, and where am I going? You tell
me!

Ad lib. in two

Looking inside me, what do I see?

Anger and hope and doubt, what am I all about, and where am I going?

[p]

Freely

You tell me!
YOU’LL BE IN MY HEART
from Disney Presents Tarzan The Broadway Musical

Words and Music by
PHIL COLLINS

Tenderly

Freely

KALA:

Come stop your crying, it will

be alright

just take my hand, hold it tight

I will protect you from all around you

I will be here, don’t you

In tempo

cry

For one so small, you seem so strong

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My arms will hold you, keep you safe and warm. This bond between us can't be broken I will be here, don't you cry 'Cause you'll be in my heart Yes, you'll be in my heart from this day on, now and forever
more.

You'll be in my heart

no matter what they say.

You'll be here in my heart always.

Don't listen to him, 'cause what does he know?

We des-ti-ny calls you, you must be strong.
need each other
to have, to hold. He'll
They'll.

may not be with you,
but you've got to hold on.

see in time,
I know.
I

see in time,

When know
We'll show them together 'cause

you'll be in my heart. Yes, you'll be in my heart from
this day on, now and forever more.

Oh, you'll be in my heart no matter what they say.

You'll be here in my heart always.

molto rit.

always
always
always

dim
molto rit.
MILLIE: *mp*

I studied all the pictures in magazines and books.

Freely, in 4

memorized the subway map, too.

It's one block north to Macy's and

two to Brothers Brooks Manhattan. I prepared for you.

You
certainly are different from what they have back home, where nothing's over three stories high, and no one's in a hurry or wants to roam, but I do, though they wonder why. They said I would soon be good and lonely. They said I would sing the homesick blues. So I
always have this ticket in my pocket; a ticket home in my pocket to

Slower

Wide Swing - Hot Dixieland

do with as I choose

Burn the bridge. Bet the store.

Baby's comin' home - no more - Not for the life of

Break the lock. Post my bail.
Done my time I'm outta jail

A life that's gotta be more than a one-light town where the light is always red

Gotta be more than an old ghost town where the
ghost ain't even dead

Clap-a-your hands just a because don't you know that where I am ain't

where I was Not for the life of

me You see I gotta be more than a

* On the original cast recording there is a cut from here to **
country wife mak-in' babies till I croak.

Gotta be more than a leading role in a farmer's
daughter joke! Days of yore, kind and gentle

ask me if I'm sentimental Not for the life of
me Boh doh dee oh! Not for the

life of, not for the life of,

not for the life of me!
COME TO YOUR SENSES
from tick, tick... BOOM!

Words and Music by
JONATHAN LARSON

Rock Ballad \( \frac{d}{d} = 96 \)

\[ \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Ab(add2)} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Abmaj9} \]

\[ \text{Dbmaj11} \quad \text{Cm9} \quad \text{Dbmaj7\#11} \quad \text{Eb} \]

You're on the air, I'm underground.

\[ \text{Dbmaj7\#11} \quad \text{Cm9} \quad \text{Dbmaj7\#11} \quad \text{Eb} \]

Signal's fading, can't be found. I

\[ \text{Cm11} \quad \text{Gm7(add4)} \quad \text{Ab(add2)} \]

Finally open up. For you I would do anything.
But you've turned off the volume just when I've begun to sing.

Come to your senses. De-

Senses are not the way to go, and you know, or at least you knew.

Ev'ry thing's strange, you've changed, and I don't know what to do to get through I don't.
All I've got to-night is static on a screen.

Come to your senses. The fences inside are not for real if we feel as we did.

—and I do. Can't you recall when this all began? It was only
you and me

It was only me and you

But now the air is filled with con

fusion

We've replaced
care with il-fusion

It's cool to be
cold
Nothing lasts anymore

Love becomes disposable
This is the shape of things we can not

Ignore
Come to your senses Suspense

is fine
if you're just an empty image emanating out of a screen
Baby, be real, you can feel again
You don't need a music box melody to

know what I mean
Deep in my eyes, what do you see?

Deep in my sighs, listen to me
Let the music commence from inside
Not only one sense, but use all five.
Freely, with quiet intensity

**DEFYING GRAVITY**
from the Broadway Musical *Wicked*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

ELPHABA:

Something has changed within me something is not

the same I'm through with playing by the rules

of someone else's game Too late for sec
-ond guess-ing, too late to go back to sleep.

It's time to trust my instincts, close my eyes and

leap. It's time to try de-fy-

ing grav-i-ty. I think I'll
try defying gravity and you can't pull me down

I'm through accepting limits 'cause someone says

—they're so Some things I cannot change... but 'til
I try, I'll never know
Too long I've been

Afraid of losing love I guess I've lost

Well, if that's love, it comes at much too high a cost

I'd sooner buy defying
Gravity
Kiss me goodbye, I'm defy-
ing gravity, and you can't pull me down
Unlimited
My future is
And I've just had a vision almost like a prophecy,
I know—

It sounds truly crazy, and true, the vision's hazy.
But I swear some day I'll

be up in the sky, defying
Gravity, flying so high, defying gravity.
They'll never pull me down.

Triumphantly
So if you care...
to find me, look to the western sky

As someone told me lately: everyone deserves

the chance to fly! And if I’m flying solo,

at least I’m flying free To those who’d ground.
me, take a message back from me...

Tell them how I am defying gravity. I'm flying high defying gravity, and soon I'll match them in...
With determination

Bbm

Abm7/Eb

Abm7(add4)/Eb

Ab7sus/Db

Gb(add9)/Db

all of Oz, no Wizard that there is or was is

Gb(add9)/A

Ebm7b5/Gb

Ab7sus

Ab7sus

Dbb

Ab(add4)/Eb

Db/F

Gbsus2

Db/F

ev - er gon - na bring me down

roll

C7(add2)/Bb

Gb/Cb

Db

Ah!
FOR GOOD
from the Broadway Musical Wicked

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Freely
A5sus2(no3rd)

ELPHABA:

I'm limited just look at me— I'm limited

E maj7
A maj9
F#6/G#
G sus/C#

And just look at you, you can do all I couldn't do, Glinda

E/B E6/B
F#m7(add4) G7sus
G7

Now it's up to you (Spoken) for both of us… Now it's up to

Tenderly, poco rubato

D5
D6/Gb

you.

With pedal

Note: When performed as a solo, sing the top melody line throughout.
I've heard it said that people come into our lives for a reason, bringing something we must learn. And we are led to those who help us most to grow, if we let them, and we help them in return.

Well, I don't know if I believe that's true. But I
know I'm who I am today because I knew you.

Like a comet pulled from orbit as it passes a sun, like a

stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood,

who can say if I've been changed for the better? But because I knew you,
A tempo, warmly

I have been changed for good.

ELPHABA:

It well may be that we will never meet again in this lifetime, so let me say before we part. So much of me is made of what I learned from you, you'll be with me like a

Gb5 D♭/F Ebm7 D♭/Gb Ab5
Db D♭/Gb

Ab D♭/F Gbmaj9 Ebm7/Gb Db
Fm

Gb6/9

D♭/F Gbsus2 Ab D♭/F Gbmaj9 Gb6/9

Fm7

Bkm7
hand-print on my heart
And now whatever way our

stories end, I know you have rewritten mine by being my friend

Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea, like a

seed dropped by a sky bird in a distant wood,
who can say if I've been changed for the better? But because I knew you

GLINDA:

Because I knew you I have been changed for

Più mosso

ELPHABA:

good And just to clear the air, I ask for

give - ness for the things I've done you blame me for
But then, I guess we know there's blame to share, and

none of it seems to matter anymore. Like a com-

- et pulled from orbit as it passes a sun—like a

Like a ship—blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea.
stream that meets a boulder half-way through the wood,

like a seed dropped by a bird in the wood,

Who can say if I've been changed for the better?

Who can say if I've been changed for the better?

I do believe I have been changed for the better. And

I do believe I have been changed for the better.
because I knew you because I knew you

Ebm7(no5th) Db/Gb A7sus

I have been changed

for

for

good

good

Db5 Db/Gb Gb(add2) Ab Db(add2)
IT'S AN ART
from Working

Verdi-esque (a la "Traviata")

There's some as don't care, when they put down the plate.

there's a sound (spoken) Not with me!
(sung) When they move a chair it will scrape with a grate.

(spoken) Not with me!

(sung) I will have my hand right when I place a glass.

Notice how I stand right as customers.
pass, serve a demitasse with a gesture so
gen-tle or do it again till it's near Ori-
ent-al Da da da da dum da

It's an art; It's an art, to be a fine-
There's a twist to my wrist when I bring your steak in and watch how I take in your liver and bacon, it all needs be stylish and smart.
That's what makes it an art!

I remember one day, as I do now and then, I had shakes (spoken) Down I went!

There with my tray full of coffees and
cor-dials and cakes—

(spoken) Down I—went!

But I kept my poise, not one guest heard me fall—

Never made a noise, (spoken) Nor one noise, (sung) food and all.

If you have to crawl, you give 'em what they like.
carry your tray like it's almost ballet-like

la da dum da da da da da da da da

da da da da da dum It's an art! It's an art! to

be a fine waitress each evening I treasure the
Like to-night was a fight 'cause they

hired this bus-boy this hair-all-a-muss boy and

guests heard him cuss-boy, did we have a quick "heart-to-

cresc. poco a poco

E ven that was an art

accel.
Faster (d. = 72)

Tips! Hah! Tips are important to people like captains and bar-men! (spoken) To them it's a

Tipp, see? To me, (sung) I'm a gypsy! Just toss me a

coin and I suddenly feel like I'm Carmen!
Tempo I°

on through the ulcer, the backache, the hot sweaty feet,

(on spoken)

on you go. Through: "Is your knife dull, sir?" and
"Ma-dam wants... WHAT with her meat?" (sung) On you go...

Slower

Two a.m. approaches, the curtains descend. There among the...
A\textsc{maj7/E} \quad D\textsc{maj7} \quad C\textsc{\#m7} \quad \textit{mp} \quad D \quad D/\textsc{E} \quad E

crying \quad \text{There's no work so trying or so satisfying!}

E \quad \textit{rit.} \quad F\textsc{maj7} \quad F\textsc{\#7} \quad \textit{molto rall.} \quad E/\textsc{G\#} \quad \textit{mf}

\textit{It's An}

\textit{rit.} \quad \textit{molto rall.}

\textit{Tempo I°}

F\textsc{\#m} \quad D \quad E \quad A \quad G\textsc{\#m7(\#5)}

\text{Art!} \quad \text{It's An Art!} \quad \text{To be a great... waitress, to do without}
leisure or rest
So I zoom through the

room with a flair no one else has An air no one

else has, I swear No one else has my lift when I
say, "A la carte."
You can see it

loco

gives me a glow. Ev'ry-time I

prove I'm a pro May-be I'm not
quite Michaelangelo,

but I'm

sub p very legato

not just a waitress,

I'm a one woman

show

sfz cresc.
LIFE IS
from Zorba

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderato

Life is what you do while you're waiting to die
Life is how the time goes by
Life is where you wait

while you're waiting to leave.

Life is where you grin and grieve
Having if you're lucky, wanting if you're not. Looking for the ruby

Underneath the rot. Hungry for the pilaf in some-one else's pot. But

That's the only choice you've got!
Life is where you stand just before you are flat.

Life is only that, Mister Life is simply that, Mister,

that and nothing more than that.
Life is what you feel
till you can’t feel at all.

Life is where you fly and
fall

Running for the shelter naked in the snow
Learning that a tear drops anywhere you go
Finding it's the mud that makes the roses grow
But that's the only choice you know...
Life is what you do while you're waiting to die.

Rubato
This is how the time goes

dim.
colla voce

A tempo
by

p
accel e cresc. poco a poco