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.
Soprano Volume 2
Revised Edition

THE SINGERS MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

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

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Foreword

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

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

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

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

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

Richard Walters, editor
May, 2000
THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY
Soprano Volume 2
Revised Edition

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

ALLEGRO

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

The third Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway musical, Allegro was their first with a story that had not been based on a previous source. It was a particularly ambitious undertaking, with a theme dealing with the corrupting effect of big institutions on the young and idealistic. The saga is told through the life of a doctor, Joseph Taylor Jr., from his birth in a small midwestern town to his 35th year. We follow Joe's progress as he grows up, goes to school, marries a local belle, joins the staff of a large Chicago hospital that panders to wealthy hypochondriacs, discovers that his wife is unfaithful, and, in the end, returns to his home town with his adoring nurse, Emily, to redeicate his life to healing the sick and helping the needy. The show's innovations included a Greek chorus to comment on the action both to the actors and the audience, and the use of multi-level performing areas with abstract sets. "So Far" is sung by Beulah, Joe's flirtatious and temporary girlfriend. (It's another example of a Hammerstein love song between two people who haven't begun a relationship.)

ANYTHING GOES

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

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

CONVERSATION PIECE

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Noël Coward
DIRECTOR: Noël Coward
OPENED: 1/15/34, London; a run of 177 performances
10/23/34, New York; a run of 55 performances

In Conversation Piece, theatregoers were transported back to the fashionable seaside resort of Brighton during the Regency period in England. The stylistic operetta was concerned with an impoverished French duke and his attempts to find a suitably wealthy husband for his ward, though eventually the two follow their secret hearts and confess their love for each other. The musical was written expressly for Yvonne Printemas (she sang "I'll Follow My Secret Heart") by the multi-talented Noël Coward, who also played the part of the duke when Conversation Piece first opened in London. Most of the original cast was recruited for the New York engagement, except for the substitution of Pierre Fresnay for Mr. Coward.

THE ENCHANTRESS

MUSIC: Victor Herbert
LYRICS AND BOOK: Harry B. Smith
OPENED: 10/9/11, Washington, D.C.
12/11, New York

The Irish born Victor Herbert (1859-1924) was the most successful American composer of his time. He and his mother moved to Germany in 1866 when she married a German physician, and he received his musical training in that country, becoming an excellent cellist. Herbert’s wife, a soprano, was engaged by the Metropolitan Opera, and he came along to New York, soon to be at the center of the city's musical life as a cellist and conductor. He began composing operettas in 1894 and wrote 40 such works in the next 30 years. The plots of these pieces are formulaic and often negligible. The only one performed regularly is Babes in Toyland (1903), although The Red Mill (1906) was successfully revived on Broadway in 1945 and was Herbert's biggest hit in his time.

The material in this section is by Stanley Green and Richard Walters, some of which was previously published elsewhere.
EVENING PRIMROSE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
TELEPLAY: James Goldman
DIRECTOR: Paul Bogart
TELECAST: 11/16/66

The short-lived ABC series Stage 67 presented original teleplays, mostly by theatre writers in New York. Based on a John Collier story, Evening Primrose is about a poet who hides out in a department store to get away from the world. Much to his surprise, he meets hermits who have been hiding there for years, and among them is a girl—they fall in love. Most of the music from this show was recorded by Bernadette Peters and Mandy Patinkin on his “Dress Casual” album.

EVITA

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Larry Fuller
OPENED: 6/23/78, London; a run of 2,900 performances
9/25/79, New York; a run of 1,567 performances

Because of its great success in London, Evita was practically a pre-sold hit when it began its run on Broadway. Based on the events in the life of Argentina’s strong-willed leader, Eva Peron, the musical—with Patti LuPone in the title role in New York—traced her rise from struggling actress to wife of dictator Juan Peron (Bob Gunton), and virtual co-ruler of the country. Part of the concept of the show is to have a slightly misplaced Che Guevera (played by Mandy Patinkin) as a narrator and conscience to the story of Eva’s quick, greedy rise to power and her early death from cancer. “Another Suitcase in Another Hall” is a poignant “bimbo” song, sung by Juan Peron’s previous and temporary co-habitant upon being kicked out on the street, replaced by Eva.

FIORELLO!

MUSIC: Jerry Bock
LYRICS: Sheldon Harnick
BOOK: Jerome Weidman and George Abbott
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Peter Gennaro
OPENED: 11/23/59, New York; a run of 795 performances

New York’s favorite mayor, Fiorello LaGuardia, was a peppery, pugnacious reformer whose larger-than-life personality readily lent itself to depiction on the musical stage. With Tom Bosley making an auspicious Broadway debut in the title role, Fiorello! covered the ten year period in LaGuardia’s life before he became mayor. It begins with his surprise election to congress prior to World War I, and “When Did I Fall in Love” is sung by his adoring wife after he strides off to work at Capitol Hill. Fiorello! had the distinction of being the third musical to win the Pulitzer Prize in Drama, joining the ranks of Of Thee I Sing and South Pacific.

GUYS AND DOLLS

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

Populated by the hard-shelled but soft-centered characters who inhabit the world of writer Damon Runyon, this “Musical Fable of Broadway” tells the tale of how Miss Sarah Brown of the Save-a-Soul Mission saves the souls of assorted Times Square riff-raff while losing her heart to the smooth-talking gambler, Sky Masterson. “I’ll Know” is sung as a duet by Sarah and Sky early in their acquaintance. “If I Were a Bell” shows Sarah under the unfamiliar and, for the moment, giddy effects of alcohol supplied by Sky. An enormously successful revival opened on Broadway in 1992. The 1955 film version stars Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine.
JAUCES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS

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

A long running intimate Off Broadway hit, the revue is a collection of some 25 songs by French songwriter Jacques Brel (he wrote both music and lyrics for some, lyrics only for others). The show is conceived for 4 players (2 men, 2 women), and the songs are full of contrasts in subject matter, from the draft, to old age, to bullfights, to death, to love. A film version was released in 1975. Brel (1929-1978) became a cabaret star in Paris only after no one else would perform his material.

THE KING AND I

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: John van Bruten
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 3/29/51, New York; a run of 1,246 performances

The idea of turning Margaret Landon’s novel Anna and the King of Siam into a musical first occurred to Gertrude Lawrence, who saw it as a suitable vehicle for her return to the Broadway musical stage. Based on the diaries of an adventurous Englishwoman, the story is set in Bangkok in the early 1860s. Anna Leonowens, who has accepted the post of schoolteacher to the Siamese king’s children, has frequent clashes with the monarch but eventually comes to exert great influence on him, particularly in creating a more democratic society for his people. The show marked the fifth collaboration between Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and their third to run over one thousand performances.

Cast opposite Miss Lawrence (who died in 1952 during the run of the play) was the then little known Yul Brynner. In 1956 he co-starred with Deborah Kerr in the movie version. In 1992 a new recording starring Julie Andrews and Ben Kingsley was released to mixed reviews. "I Whistle a Happy Tune" is sung at the top of the show by Anna and her young son as a bit of reassurance in arriving alone in a strange land.

KISMET

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Robert Wright and George Forrest, based on Alexander Borodin
BOOK: Charles Lederer and Luther Davis
DIRECTOR: Albert Marre
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
OPENED: 12/3/53, New York; a run of 583 performances

The story of Kismet was adapted from Edward Knoblock’s play first presented in New York in 1911 as a vehicle for Otis Skinner. The music of Kismet was adapted from themes by Alexander Borodin, from such works as the “Pоловецкій Дances” and “In the Steppes of Central Asia.” The musical’s action occurs within a twenty-four hour period from dawn to dawn, in and around ancient Baghdad, where a Public Poet (first played by Alfred Drake), assumes the identity of Jauu the beggar and gets into all sorts of Arabian Nights adventures. At the end of the day, he is elevated to the position of Emir of Baghdad. His daughter, Marsinah, sings “And This Is My Beloved” to the young Prince Caliph, her new husband. The film version was made by MGM in 1955. A new recording of the musical was released in 1992 with opera star Samuel Ramey in the role of the poet and soprano Ruth Ann Swensen as Marsinah.

KISS ME, KATE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Samuel and Bella Spewack
DIRECTOR: John C. Wilson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 12/30/48, New York; a run of 1,077 performances

The genesis of Cole Porter’s longest running musical occurred in 1935 when producer Saint Subber, then a stagehand for the Theatre Guild’s production of Shakespeare’s The Taming of the Shrew, became aware that its stars, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, quarreled almost as much in private as did the characters in the play. Years later he offered this parallel story as the basis for a musical comedy to the same writing trio, Porter and the Spewacks, who had already worked on the successful show Leave It to Me! The entire action of Kiss Me, Kate occurs backstage and onstage at Ford’s Theatre, Baltimore, during a tryout of a musical version of The Taming of the Shrew. The main plot concerns the egotistical actor-producer Fred Graham and his temperamental ex-wife Lilli Vanessi who—like Shakespeare’s Petruchio and Kate—fight and make up and eventually demonstrate their enduring affection for each other. One of the chief features of the score is the skillful way Cole Porter combined his own musical world (songs like “So in Love,” “Too Darn Hot,” “Why Can’t You Behave?”) with a Shakespearean world (songs like “I Hate Men”). Lilli Vanessi sings “I Hate Men” when playing the shrew character, Kate.
LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Rick Besoyan
DIRECTORS: Ray Harrison and Rick Besoyan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ray Harrison
OPENED: 11/18/59, New York (Off Broadway); a run of 1,143 performances

*Little Mary Sunshine*, a witty, melodious takeoff of the *Naughty Marietta/Rose-Marie*/Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy school of operetta, was initially presented at a nightclub some three years before the long-running production opened Off Broadway. The story is set in the Colorado Rockies early in the century, and deals with the romance between the mcing heroine and stalwart Captain Big Jim Warrington, who saves his beloved from the clutches of a treacherous Indian just in time for their “Colorado Love Call” duet. “Look for a Sky of Blue” is Mary’s entrance number in the show, sung with a pack of admiring but gentlemanly forest rangers.

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Hugh Wheeler
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 2/25/73, New York; a run of 601 performances

Based on Ingmar Bergman’s 1955 film, *Smiles of a Summer Night*, the score for *A Little Night Music* is composed in 3 (34, 36, 96, etc.), and contains Sondheim’s biggest hit song, “Send in the Clowns.” The show is a sophisticated, somewhat jaded look at a group of well-to-do Swedes at the turn of the century, among them a lawyer, Fredrik Egerman, his virginal childbride, Anne, his former mistress, the actress Desirée Armfeldt, Desirée’s current lover, the aristocratic Count Carl-Magnus Malcolm, the count’s suicidal wife, other guests, and some witty servants. Eventually, the proper partners are sorted out during a weekend party at the country house of Desirée’s mother, a former concubine of European nobility. A film version, with a change of locale to Vienna, was released in 1978. “The Glamorous Life,” sung by Desirée’s daughter, is an ensemble in the show; Sondheim adapted a solo version for the movie that appears in this volume.

MAME

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

Ten years after premiering the comedy based on Patrick Dennis’ fictional account of his free-wheeling *Auntie Mame*, playwrights Lawrence and Lee joined forces with Jerry Herman to transform their play into a musical. Angela Lansbury, after years of stage and screen performances, finally achieved her stardom in the title role. In the story, Agnes Gooch, who is part of Mame’s domestic staff, has been encouraged by the eccentric lady of the house to go out and live. In the late stages of pregnancy she returns to confront her mentor in “Gooch’s Song.” A 1983 revival, also starring Miss Lansbury, had a brief run on Broadway. A film version, virtually the last old-fashioned musical movie made, was released in 1974, starring Lucille Ball and Robert Preston, and from the original cast, Bea Arthur. The non-musical film of the story, *Auntie Mame*, was released in 1957 and starred Rosalind Russell.

ME AND JULIET

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

*Me and Juliet* was Rodgers and Hammerstein’s valentine to show business, with its action—in *Kiss Me, Kate* fashion—taking place both backstage in a theatre and onstage during the performance of a play. Here the tale concerns a romance between a singer in the chorus and the assistant stage manager, whose newfound bliss is seriously threatened by the jealous electrician. A comic romantic subplot involves the stage manager and the principal dancer, Jeanie, the chorus girl ingénue in the musical, sings “A Very Special Day” backstage as the first number in the show, establishing her dreamy, romantic character.
THE MERRY WIDOW

MUSIC: Franz Lehár
BOOK AND LYRICS: Victor Léon and Leo Stein (the original in German)
OPENED: 1905, Vienna
1906, London (English lyrics by Adrian Ross); 778 performances
1907, New York; 416 performances

The epitome of the swirling, melodious, romantic post-Straussian Viennese operetta, The Merry Widow was first performed in Vienna as Die lustige Witwe. Its initial English-language version ran in London for 778 performances. This was the text that was used for the New York production, which was so acclaimed (a run of a year was an enormous hit in those days) that it even prompted the introduction of Merry Widow hats, gowns, corsets, and cigarettes. The story, based on a French play, L’Attaché d’Ambassade, is set in Paris and tells of the efforts of the ambassador of the imaginary kingdom of Marsovia to get his attaché, Prince Danilo, to marry the wealthy widow (named either Hanna or Sonya, depending on the version) so that she might contribute to the tiny country’s dwindling finances. Though he balks at being a fortune hunter, Danilo finds himself falling in love and eventually proposes marriage—but only after the young widow has led him to believe that she is penniless. The operetta has had five Broadway revivals, the last and most successful in 1943 for a run of 322 performances, returning to New York after a tour to add another 32 performances. The piece has entered the regular repertoires of many opera companies. There have been at least twelve different English versions of the show over the years, including a version by Broadway lyricist Sheldon Harnick.

THE MIKADO
or The Town of Titipu

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: 3/14/1885, London

In the town of Titipu, the Lord High Executioner Ko-Ko prepares for his wedding. When his bride-to-be, Yum-Yum, arrives with her two sisters, she is met by Nanki-Poo, who also is in love with her. Word comes to Ko-Ko from the Mikado, the emperor of Japan, that it’s been too long since anyone in Titipu has been executed; this must change! In truth, Ko-Ko is next in line for beheading, but he’d much rather find an alternate. Nanki-Poo, contemplating suicide rather than life without Yum-Yum, agrees to be executed instead, under the condition that he first be allowed a month as Yum-Yum’s husband. As Yum-Yum prepares for the wedding, she marvels at her own beauty—not out of vanity, she says, but out of the frankness of nature (“The Sun, Whose Rays Are All Ablaze”). There are complications, of course: Nanki-Poo, who is not the wandering minstrel he pretends to be, but the Mikado’s son, is pursued by the spinster Katisha, who would have him for her own. But in this lampoon of corruption in government, even underhanded officials can eventually bring about a happy ending.

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Frank Loesser
DIRECTOR: Joseph Anthony
CHOREOGRAPHER: Dania Krupska
OPENED: 5/3/56, New York; a run of 676 performances

Adapted from Sidney Howard’s Pulitzer Prize-winning play, They Knew What They Wanted, Loesser’s musical was a particularly ambitious work for the Broadway theatre, with more than thirty separate musical numbers, including arias, duets, trios, quartets, choral pieces, and recitatives. Robust, emotional expressions (“Joey, Joey, Joey” and “My Heart Is So Full of You”) were interspersed with more traditional specialty numbers (“Big D” and “Standing on the Corner”), though in the manner of an opera; the program credits did not list individual selections. In the story, set in California’s Napa Valley, an aging vineyard owner (originally played by opera singer Robert Weede) proposes by mail to a waitress he calls Rosabella. She accepts, but is so upset to find Tony old and fat that on their wedding night she allows herself to be seduced by Joe, the handsome ranch foreman. After some time, Rosabella learns to love Tony, to the point where he makes her feel “Warm All Over.” However, she soon realizes Tony treats her not as an equal, but as a child. Her rhapsodic plea, “Like a Woman Loves a Man,” changes his feelings toward his wife. Once Tony discovers that Rosabella is to have another man’s child, he threatens to kill Joe, but there is a reconciliation and the vintner offers to raise the child as his own. A 1979 Broadway revival, starring Giorgio Tozzi, ran for 52 performances. A more successful revival ran in New York in 1991-2, resulting in a new recording of the score.
MY FAIR LADY

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 3/15/56, New York; a run of 2,717 performances

The most celebrated musical of the 1950s began as an idea of Hungarian film producer Gabriel Pascal, who devoted the last two years of his life trying to find writers to adapt George Bernard Shaw's play, Pygmalion, into a stage musical. The team of Lerner and Loewe also saw the possibilities, particularly when they realized that they could use most of the original dialogue and simply expand the action. They were also scrupulous in maintaining the Shavian flavor in their songs. Shaw's concern with class distinction and his belief that barriers would fall if all Englishmen would learn to speak properly was conveyed through a story about Eliza Doolittle (a star-making role for Julie Andrews), a scruffy flower seller in London's Covent Garden, taken on as a speech student of linguistics Professor Henry Higgins (played by Rex Harrison) to increase her social and economic potential. Eliza succeeds so well that she outgrows her social station and even makes Higgins fall in love with her. Though the record was subsequently broken, My Fair Lady became the longest running production in Broadway history, remaining for over six and a half years. The show was also a solid success in London. For the 1964 movie version, Julie Andrews was passed over for Audrey Hepburn as Eliza (whose singing was dubbed by Marni Nixon), along with Harrison. Two major revivals have been mounted in New York as of this writing. In 1976 the musical ran for 377 performances with Ian Richardson and Christine Andreas. In 1981 New York again saw Rex Harrison in 119 performances with Nancy Ringham's Eliza. In the late 1980s a new recording of the musical was released with Kiri Te Kanawa and Jeremy Irons in the leading roles. "Without You" is Eliza's declaration of independence from her Svengali, Professor Higgins.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

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

The Mystery of Edwin Drood came to Broadway after being initially presented the previous summer in a series of free performances sponsored by the New York Shakespeare Festival at the Delacorte Theatre in Central Park. The impressive score was the first stage work of composer-lyricist-librettist Rupert Holmes, who had previously revealed a talent limited to commercial pop. Holmes' lifelong fascination with Charles Dickens' unfinished novel had been the catalyst for the project. Since there were no clues as to Drood's murderer or even if a murder had been committed, Holmes decided to let the audience provide the story's ending by voting how it turns out. The writer's second major decision was to offer the musical as if it were being performed by an acting company at London's Music Hall Royale in 1873. On November 13, 1986, in an attempt to attract more theatre-goers, the musical's title was changed to Drood. "Moonfall" is Rosa's strange romantic song of longing, and "Rosa's Confession" is the song she sings if the audience votes for her as the killer.

NINE

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

The influence of the director-choreographer was emphasized again with Tommy Tune's highly stylized, visually striking production of Nine, which, besides being a feast for the eyes is also one of the very few non-Sondheim Broadway scores to have true musical substance and merit from the 1970s and 1980s. The musical evolved from Yeston's fascination with Federico Fellini's semi-autobiographical 1963 film 8 1/2. The story spotlights Guido Contini (played originally by Raul Julia), a celebrated but tormented director who has come to a Venetian spa for a rest, and his relationships with his wife, his mistress, his protégé, his producer and his mother. The production, which flashes back to Guido's youth and also takes place in his imagination, offers such inventive touches as an overture in which Guido conducts his women as if they were instruments, and an impressionistic version of the Folies Bergères. "A Call from the Vatican" refers to what Guido has told his secretary about a sexy phone call that comes from his mistress. "Unusual Way" is sung to Guido by his young actress protégé. "Simple" is sung by the mistress as Guido's midlife crisis accelerates, and he is temporarily left alone.
110 IN THE SHADE

MUSIC: Harvey Schmidt
LYRICS: Tom Jones
BOOK: N. Richard Nash
DIRECTOR: Joseph Anthony
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 10/24/63, New York; 330 performances

N. Richard Nash adapted his own play, The Rainmaker, for Schmidt and Jones’ first Broadway musical, following their wildly successful The Fantasticks Off Broadway. Nash’s play is probably best remembered for the film version which starred Burl Lancaster and Katharine Hepburn. It is a simple tale of Lizzie, an aging, unmarried woman who lives with her father and brothers on a drought-stricken ranch in the American West. Starbuck, a transient “rainmaker,” comes on the scene and is soon seen to be the con man that he is, despite his dazzling charisma. He does, however, pay somewhat sincere attention to Lizzie, and awakens love and life in her. Nevertheless, she sees no future with Starbuck, and winds up with a reliable local suitor instead. Inga Swenson was the musical’s original Lizzie, with Robert Horton as Starbuck. The show was featured in a prominent production by New York City Opera in 1992. All Lizzie’s songs show her conflicted character. In “Raunchy” she flirts with the idea, briefly, of becoming a brazen man-magnet. “Is It Really Me?” is sung to Starbuck after he has told her how beautiful she is. “Simple Little Things” reveals her true values, reflecting her no-nonsense rural American upbringing.

PHANTOM

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Maury Yeston
BOOK: Arthur Kopit

Though at this writing Yeston’s Phantom has not had a Broadway run, it has played widely in the United States, receiving raves from critics in Chicago, Boston, New York, Dallas and other places. Based on the 1911 French novel, the show’s principal characters are Christine and Phantom, and his protective love for her. Yeston and Kopit actually wrote their show before Lloyd Webber wrote his, but were unable to get any financing for a Broadway production after the new British musical was announced. Phantom was first seen in Houston in 1991. Among the show’s strong score, “This Place Is Mine” is Carlotta’s comic song about the opera house where she reigns. Yeston, composer of Nine and Grand Hotel, is certainly one of the most interesting composers to hit Broadway, with his background as a music textbook author and professor at Yale, and his compositional abilities, further represented by a cello concerto written for Yo-Yo Ma. He wrote the words and music for a song cycle called December Songs, commissioned for the Carnegie Hall centennial celebration. “My True Love” is Christine’s song to the Phantom, asking to see his hidden face.

PHILEMON

MUSIC: Harvey Schmidt
WORDS: Tom Jones

The 60s had The Fantasticks, 110 in the Shade, I Do! I Do!, and Celebration from Schmidt and Jones. Following those shows, the pair developed their own theatre workshop in New York called Portfolio, and in the spirit of that time concentrated on small-scale, experimental musicals. Philemon was the most notable show to come out of the workshop, and won the Outer Critics Circle Award. “The Greatest of These” is based on the biblical text from 1 Corinthians, Chapter 13.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: 12/31/1879, New York

Twenty-one-year-old Frederic, bound by his sense of duty to serve out his apprenticeship to a band of pirates, has reached the end of his indentsure and decides henceforth to oppose the cutthroat crew rather than join them. His nursesmaid, Ruth who has served with him aboard ship as a maid-of-all-work, confesses that the whole thing had been a mistake from the beginning. After leaving the pirates, Frederic happens upon a party of young women—the daughters of the Major-General Stanley—one of whom, Mabel, takes pity on him (“Poor Wand’ring One”). The pirates then arrive on the scene, determined to marry the young ladies, but the Major-General wins clemency by claiming to be an orphan. Frederic, at first duty-bound to destroy his former comrades, rejoins them when he finds that his apprenticeship extends to his twenty-first birthday, and having been born on February 29, he has so far had only five birthdays. But in the end, the pirates yield to the police at the invocation of Queen Victoria’s name, and when Ruth reveals that they are actually wayward noblemen, they earn their pardon and permission to marry the Major-General’s daughters.
PLAIN AND FANCY

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

The setting of Plain and Fancy was Amish country in Pennsylvania, where two worldly New Yorkers (Richard Derr and Shirl Conway) have gone to sell a farm they inherited—but not before they had a chance to meet the God-fearing people and appreciate their simple but unyielding way of living. The warm and atmospheric score, with its hit song “Young and Foolish” was composed by Albert Hague, familiar to television viewers as the bearded music teacher in the series “Fame.” Plain and Fancy was another Barbara Cook show that helped to establish her as Broadway’s favorite golden-throated ingenue.

REGINA

WORDS AND MUSIC: Marc Blitzstein
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
OPENED: 10/31/49, New York; a run of 56 performances

Regina is among the most distinguished and thrilling American scores for the stage, and in a style that combines a theatrical popularity and serious composition. Gershwin had tried opera on Broadway in 1935 with Porgy and Bess—the idea was ahead of its time, but had a great effect on composers to come. By the late 1940s to the early 1950s, there was a small but important trend toward a more grown-up, musically ambitious, serious lyric theatre for Broadway, with Gian Carlo Menotti, Kurt Weill, Marc Blitzstein the prime contributors. Regina is based on the Lillian Hellman 1939 play The Little Foxes (released as a film with Bette Davis in the title role), “What Will It Be for Me?” is the song of Regina’s seventeen-year-old daughter, Alexandra, a good natured, innocent girl whose character is in sharp contrast to her mother.

THE SECRET GARDEN

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

Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the story is of an orphaned Mary Lennox, who is sent to live with her uncle Archibald in Yorkshire. He is absorbed in grief over the death of his young wife ten years earlier, and the house is gloomy and mysterious. Mary finds her dead aunt’s “secret garden,” passionately nurtures it to life, and Archie also comes back to life once he can let go of his grief. “How Could I Ever Know?” is sung by the ghost of his dead wife, Lily.

SHE LOVES ME

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

The closely integrated, melody drenched score of She Loves Me is certainly one of the best ever written for a musical comedy. It was based on a Hungarian play, Parfumerie, by Miklos Laszlo, that had already been used as the basis for two films, The Shop Around the Corner and In the Good Old Summertime (with the setting changed to America). Set in the 1930s in Budapest, the tale is of the people who work in Maraczek’s Parfumerie, principally the constantly squabbling sales clerk Amalia Balash (Barbara Cook) and the manager Georg Nowack (Daniel Massey). It is soon revealed that they are anonymous pen pals who agree to meet one night at the Café Imperial, though neither knows the other’s identity. Georg realizes that it is Amalia who is waiting for him in the restaurant, but doesn’t let on, leaving her to sit there for hours, culminating in the pleasurable “Dear Friend.” After she calls in sick their relationship blossoms into love when Georg brings her ice cream; eventually, he is emboldened to reveal his identity by quoting from one of Amalia’s letters. She Loves Me, which would have starred Julie Andrews had she not been filming Mary Poppins, was one of Barbara Cook’s most magical portrayals. The show is well represented on the original cast album, which on two disks preserves practically every note of the show’s music.
THE SOUND OF MUSIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
DIRECTOR: Vincent J. Donehue
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 11/16/59

Rodgers and Hammerstein’s final collaboration became their third longest running Broadway production. The story of The Sound of Music was adapted from Maria Von Trapp’s autobiographical The Trapp Family Singers and the German film version, which Mary Martin was convinced would provide her with an ideal stage vehicle. Her husband, Richard Halliday, and producer Leland Hayward secured the rights and, initially, they planned to use only the music associated with the famed singing family plus one additional song by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Eventually, the songwriters were asked to contribute the entire score, and they also joined Halliday and Hayward as producers.

The play is set in Austria in 1938. Maria Rainier (Miss Martin), a free-spirited postulant at Nonnburg Abbey, takes a position as governess to the seven children of the widowed and autocratic Capt. Georg Von Trapp (Theodore Bikel). After Maria and the captain fall in love and marry, their happiness is quickly shattered by the Nazi invasion which forces the family to flee over the Alps to Switzerland.

The 1965 film version, presented by 20th Century-Fox and directed by Robert Wise, starred Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer. According to Variety, from 1966 through 1969 The Sound of Music was the All-Time Box-Office Champion in rentals received in the U.S.-Canadian market.

TWO BY TWO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Martin Charnin
BOOK: Peter Stone
DIRECTOR: Joe Layton
OPENED: 1/10/70

After an absence of almost thirty years, Danny Kaye returned to Broadway in a musical based on the legend of Noah and the ark. Adapted from Clifford Odets’ play, The Flowering Peach, Two By Two dealt primarily with Noah’s rejuvenation and his relationship with his wife and family as he undertakes the formidable task that God has commanded. During the run, Kaye suffered a torn ligament in his left leg and was briefly hospitalized. He returned hobbling on a crutch with his leg in a cast, a situation he used as an excuse to depart from the script by cutting up and clowning around. For his third musical following Oscar Hammerstein’s death, composer Richard Rodgers joined lyricist Martin Charnin (later to be responsible for Annie) to create a melodious score that included “I Do Not Know a Day I Did Not Love You.”
SO FAR
from Allegro

Moderato

No keepsakes have we for days that are gone,
No fond recollections to look back upon,
No song that we love, No scene to recall,
We have no traditions at all.

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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Refrain (slowly, in four beats)

We have nothing to remember so far, so far,
So far we haven't walked by night and shared the light of a star.
So far your heart has never fluttered so near, so near
That my own heart alone could
hear it. We haven't gone be-
yond the very begin-
ing, We've just begun to
know how luck-
y we are. So
we have noth-
ing to re-
mem-
ber so far, so
far. But now I'm face to face with you, and now at last we've met.
And now we can look forward to the things we'll never forget.

Interlude
We haven't gone beyond the very beginning,

We've just begun to know how lucky we are.

So we have
nothing to remember so far, so far. But

now I'm face to face with you, and now at last we've

molto crescendo e marcato

met And now we can look forward to the
dolce

things we'll never forget.
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
from Anything Goes

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Slowly and Freely

HOPE:

If I stopped to think twice I know I'd hurry away, But it all is so

Recitative

nice. So I'll only think once and stay.

All through the night I delight in your love,

Moderato (in 2)

All through the night you're so
All through the night, under bright stars above
You and your love will bring ecstasy.

When dawn's o'er taken us, we'll sadly say good-
by.

Till dreams reawaken us and the moon is high.

And

then once again, will I know

I was right. Stay ing close to you,

molto espress. e. cresc.

all through the night.

molto espress. e. cresc.
THE GYPSY IN ME
from Anything Goes

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Rubato

HOPE:

Long, long a-go, so long a-go
I hardly know when
My great, great

Grand-mother now and then stopped with a gipsy.
The usual al-

bi—

a lit-tle bit tip-sy,

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Tip - sy no, no, of their love there was - n’t a doubt So I can’t

wait to get the stage all set, So I can let the gyp - sy in me

[Moderato]

out. Hid - ing a - way,

a tempo stacc.

There’s a lit - tle bit of gyp - sy in me That’s nev - er been
found.

Waiting its day

There's a little bit of gypsy in me

Just hanging around

Till the magical night

When the stars by their light give mystery to the sleeping la-
While a tinkling guitar
not too near, not too far,
gaily strums away, hums away a titi-lating
tune.

When I’m there in that dream

With the one in the world I worship passionately,
At the moment supreme

will be shown the unknown
gypsy in me.

 marc.
I’LL FOLLOW MY SECRET HEART
from Conversation Piece

Words and Music by
NOEL COWARD

Andantino

You ask me to have a dis-

creet heart Un-till mar-
riage is out of the way, But

what if I meet with a sweet-heart so sweet That my way-ward heart can-not o-

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A7  D7  Daug5  G  Bm

bey  
A single word that you may say?

D7  Daug5  Bm

(spoken ad lib.)

Then we shall have to go away.

G maj7  Em  Cm  D  G#dim7  D maj7

No, for there is nowhere we could go,

D7  G  F#

Where we could hide from what we know Is true.
Don't be afraid I'll betray you And destroy all the plans you have made;
But even your schemes must leave room for my dreams, So when all I owe to you is paid,
I'll still have something of my own,
A little prize that's mine alone.
I'll follow my secret heart my whole life through, I'll keep all my dreams apart till one comes true.
matter what price is paid, What stars may fade above,

I'll follow my secret heart till I

find love...
TAKE ME TO THE WORLD
from Evening Primrose

Moderato ma poco rubato (\( \text{\( j \)} = 80 \))

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Let me see the world with clouds, Take me to the world.

Out where I can push through crowds, Take me to the world.

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world that smiles, with streets instead of aisles, where

I can walk for miles with you.

Take me to the world that's real. Show me how it's done.

Teach me how to laugh, to feel. Move me to the sun. Just
hold my hand Whenever we arrive.

Take me to the world Where I can be alive!

Let me see the world that smiles,

Take me to the world. Some where I can walk for miles,

cantabile
Take me to the world. With all around things growing in the ground, Where birds that make a sound are birds. We shall see the world come true.

We shall have the world. I won't be afraid with you.
We shall have the world. I'll hold your hand. And know I'm not alone. We shall have the world to keep.

Such a lovely world we'll weep. We shall have the world forever for our own.
ART IS CALLING FOR ME
(The Prima Donna Song)
from The Enchantress

Music by VICTOR HERBERT
Lyrics by HARRY B. SMITH

MINA:
Mama is a queen and papa is a king; So
I'm in the elite, and men sigh at my feet; Still

I am a Princess, I know it; But
I do not fancy my position; I

court etiquette is a dull dreary thing, I just
have not much use for the men that I meet, I quite
hate it all, and I show it. 

burn with lyric ambition.

To

Those

sing on the stage, that’s the one life for me,

tenors so sweet, if they made love to me,

My I’d

figure’s just like Te-trazzini;

be a success, that I do know;

I And

know I’d win fame if I sang in “Bohème;”

Melba I’d oust If I once sang in “Faust;”

That

That
op - 'ra by Sig - nor Puc - ci - ni. I’ve rou -
op - ‘ra so charm - ing by Gou - nod. Girls would

poco meno
ladies and the trills that would send the cold chills down the
be on the brink of hyster - ics, I think, even

f poco meno
backs of all hear - ers of my vocal frills,
strong men would have to go out for a drink.

ff pesante
colla voce dim

REFRAIN:

I long to be a pri - ma
I long to be a pri - ma

fp
Donna, donna, donna, I long to shine upon the stage.

With my avoir-du-pois and my embonpoint to be a queen of song;

And my figure would look pretty as a page.

I want to be a screeching, I long to hear them shouting:
peach-y can-ta-*trice, like oth-er plump girls that I see;
ci-e-ty; I hate pro-pri-e-ty;
dy-ing for, That's what I'm sigh-ing for,

Art is call-ing for me.

(D.C.)

* treechy
** optional lyric: "Songbirds" replacing "plump girls"
optional vocal ad lib in this section

That's what I'm dying for, that's what I'm sighing for.

optional Art is calling

Art is calling for me.
**ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL**

from *Evita*

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Slowly (8 beat feel)

```
MISTRESS:
```

```
*C C F G7 C F C/E Dm G
```

don't ex-pect my love af-fairs to last for long; Nev-er fool my-self. That my

```
C G7 C F G Am
```
dreams _ will come true; Be-ing used to trou-ble, I an-ti-ci-pate it, but

*It would be stylistically appropriate for the pianist to improvise an accompaniment.*

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all the same I hate it, wouldn't you? So what happens now? So what happens

**An-oth-er sui-case in an-oth-er hall__

now? Where am I going to? Where am I

Take your picture off an-oth-er wall._ You'll get by, you always have be-fore._

**Sung as a chorus by other characters.
time and time again I've said that I don't care; That I'm immune to gloom, that I'm

hard through and through: But ev'ry time it matters all my words desert me; So

any one can hurt me and they do. So what happens now? So what happens
now? Where am I going to?

Take your picture off another wall.

You'll get by, you always have before.

F C/E Dm C

F C G7 C

Call in three months' time and I'll be fine. I know; well

F C/E Dm G C G7 C F

maybe not that fine, but I'll survive anyway. I won't recall the names and places
of this sad occasion; But that's no consolation, here and now. So what happens

now? So what happens now? Where am I

Another suitcase in another hall. Take your picture off another wall.

go-ing to? Where am I going to?

you'll get by you always have before. Don't ask anymore.
I’LL KNOW
from Guys and Dolls

Lyrics and Music by
FRANK LOESSER

Slow

SARAH:

I’ll know when my love comes along, I won’t take a chance. For oh he’ll be just what I need, not some fly-by-night Broadway romance. I’ll know by the calm steady voice, those feet on the ground. I’ll know as I

Adapted as a solo here, the song is a duet scene for Sarah and Sky in the show.

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run to his arms that at last
I've come home safe and sound
and till then I shall

wait and till then I'll be strong for I'll know when my

love comes a-long.

I won't take a chance, my
love will be just what I need not some fly-by-night Broadway romance, and till then I shall wait and till then I'll be strong for I'll know when my love comes along.
IF I WERE A BELL
from Guys and Dolls

Words and Music by FRANK LOESSER

Slowly (Swing)
Sarah: (Very freely and slightly tipsy)
(Spoken 1st vs.) ---------------- (Sung)

Ask me how do I feel. Ask me now that we're cozy and clinging.
how do I feel. From this chemistry lesson I'm learning.

Well, sir, all I can say is, if I were a bell I'd be
Well, sir, all I can say is, if I were a bridge I'd be

ringing. From the moment we kissed tonight.
burning. Yes I knew my morale would crack.

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way I've just got to behave
wonderful way that you looked
Boy, if I were a lamp I'd light
Boy, if I were a duck I'd quack

And if I were a banner I'd wave
Or if I were a goose I'd be cooked
Ask me

how do I feel, little me with my quiet upbringing
how do I feel, Ask me now that we're fondly caressing
Well, sir (Spoken) Pal, (sung) if

all I can say is, If I were a gate I'd be swinging
I were a salad I know I'd be splashing my dressing
And if

Ask me
I were a watch I'd start popping my spring.
Or if

how to describe This whole beautiful thing.
Well, if

I were a bell I'd go Ding, dong, ding, dong.

Ask me

I were a bell I'd go Ding, ding, dong, dong.

ding.
AND THIS IS MY BELOVED
from Kismet

Music and Lyrics by
ROBERT WRIGHT and GEORGE FORREST
(based on themes of Alexander Borodin)

MARSINAH:

Andantino

Dawn's promising skies,
Petals on a pool drifting;
Again these in one pair of eyes,
And this is my beloved.

Strange spice from the south,
Honey through the comb.

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sifting; Imagine these on one eager mouth,

And this is my beloved.

And when he speaks,

And when he talks to me, Music!

Mystery!

And when he moves

And when he walks with me, Paradise comes suddenly
Poco stentato
ten.

near!

All that can stir,

All that can stun,

All that’s for the heart’s lifting;

Imagine these in one perfect one.

And this is my beloved!

And this is my beloved!
WHEN DID I FALL IN LOVE?
from Fiorello!

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

[Allegretto]

There he goes, my congressman. Start- ing his
day hurrying right to a fight. There he goes Sir
Gal - a - had gal - lop - ing off riding his white Wil - lie's knight.
Out of the house ten seconds and I miss him, I miss him more

with each goodbye. Out of the house ten seconds and I miss him,

and no one's more astonished than I. I never

Rubato

once pretended that I loved him; when did I start this change of
Slowly and tenderly

When did I fall in love? What night? Which day?

When did I first begin to feel this way? How could the

moment pass, un-felt, ignored? Where was the blind-ing flash?

Where was the crash-ing chord? When did I fall in love? I can't...
recall, not that it matters at all.

It doesn’t matter when or why or how, as long as

I love him now.

When did respect first become affection? When did affection
sudden ly sour? What a strange and beautiful touch

that I love him so much, when I didn't before.

When did I fall in love? Which night? Which day? When did I

first begin to feel this way? How could the moment pass, un-felt,
Where was the burning flash? Where was the crashing chord?

When did I fall in love? I can't recall, not that it matters at all. I'm where I want to be, his love, his wife until the end of my life.
I LOVED
from Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well
and Living in Paris

Original French Words by JACQUES BREL
English Words by MORT SCHUMAN and ERIC BLAU
Music by GÉRARD JOUANNEST and FRANÇOIS RAUBER

Allegretto

I loved all games and fairy tales,
You leaped buildings in single bounds,

strangely odd as that may seem;
Although I may well ask you how;

I bayed the moon just like a hound,
you
see, You were there in my dreams, I
knew I adored you now.

lived in a tower with cloud top
You laced the night with rag
cresc.

high storms, To stop your love from
You threw the lightning from

pass by; For this I
cross the skies; You kissed my
simply had to do,
You
mouth with promises,
You
I was waiting for you.
see, burned with your lies.

I loved like the rocks,
You loved me

I poet ocean breeze, My
o- cean

And the
nights were

8va
hissing of the foam:
The
made of stars and fears,

wild, wild kiss of the roaring

Think that you would go a

seas, way, And now you had brought me with my

Now leave me only with my

home.

tears.
Poco meno mosso

I loved the towns

where we made love,

And the horses,

tells where we played games;
You thought I'd never live it down,
Yet you see, I've forgotten your name.
I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE
from The King and I

[Moderato]

Oh, whenever I feel afraid
I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune,
So no-one will suspect
I'm afraid
While shivering in my

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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shoes. I strike a care-less pose And whistle a happy tune And

no one ever knows I'm afraid The result of this de-

ception is very strange to tell For when I fool the

people I fear I fool myself as well! I whistle a happy
tune  And  ev-ry  sin-gle  time  The  hap-pi-ness  in  the

tune  con-vin ces  me  that  I'm  not  a-fraid.

Make  be-lieve  you're  brave  And  the  'trick  will  take  you  far.

You  may  be  as  brave  as  you  make  be-lieve  you  are.
Whistle

You may be as brave as you make believe you are.
I HATE MEN
from Kiss Me, Kate

Solemnly

KATHERINE: Moderato

I hate
I hate

men, men,

I can't abide 'em even now and then. Than
Their worth upon this earth I din-na ken. A-

ev-er marry one of them, I'd rest a virgin rather, For husbands are a boring lot and
void the trav'ling sales-man, though a tempting Tom he may be, From China he will bring you jade and
on-ly give you both-er. Of course, I’m awf’-ily glad that moth-er
per-fume from A-ra-by. But don’t for-get ’tis he who’ll have the
had to mar-ry fa-ther. But
and thee the ba-by. Oh,

I hate men. __ Of all the types I’ve ev-er met, with-
I hate men. __ If thou shouldst wed a busi-ness man, Be

in our de-mo-cra-cy, I hate the most, the ath-le-teen his
wa-ry, oh be war-ry, He’ll tell you he’s de-tained in town on
manner bold and brassy.
bus'ness necessary.
He may have hair upon his chest, But
His bus'ness is the bus'ness which he

sister, so has Lassie, gives his secretary,
Oh, I hate men!
Oh, I hate men!

broader

a tempo
THE GLAMOROUS LIFE
from A Little Night Music

Andante ( \( \text{\textit{J} = 144} \))

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Ordinary mothers lead
(Continue in octaves)

Ordinary lives:
Keep the house and sweep the parlor,

The song appears in a different form in the show.
Mend the clothes and tend the children. Ordinary mothers, like ordinary wives, make the beds and bake the pies and wither on the vine. Not
Allegro ($\dot{\text{J}} = 176$)

Dying by inches every night, What a

glamorous life!

Brought on by winches to recite, What a
glam-or-ous life!

Ordin-ary moth-ers nev-er get the flow-ers and

Ordin-ary moth-ers nev-er get the joys.

Ordin-ary moth-ers could-n’t cough for ho-urs, main-
taining their poise.

Sandwiches only, but she eats what she wants when she wants.

Sometimes it's lonely, but she meets many
handsome gallants.

Ordinary mothers don't live out of cases. But

ordinary mothers don't go different places, Which

ordinary mothers can't do, Being mothers all
day.
Mine's away, in a

play
And she's real - er than

they.

(r.h.)
What if her brooch is only glass and her costumes unravel?

What if her coach is second class? She at least gets to travel.
And sometime this summer, meaning soon, she'll be traveling to me.

Some time this summer, maybe June, I'm the new place she'll see.
Ordinary daughters, may think life is better with
Ordinary mothers near them when they choose. But
ordinary daughters seldom get a letter en-
closing reviews.
Gay and resilient, with applause, What a

Glorious life!

Speeches are brilliant If they're Shaw's, What a

Glorious life!
Ordinary mothers needn't meet committees, But

ordinary mothers don't get keys to cities. No,

ordinary mothers merely see their children all

year,

Which is lovely, I

(dim. poco a poco)

(dim. poco a poco)
hear.

But it does inter-

fere

With a gla - mor - ous...

L'istesso tempo

I am the prin - cess, Guard - ed by drag - ons,

Snort - ing and grum - bing and rum - bing in wag - ons.
She's in her kingdom, wearing disguises.
Living a life that is full of surprises.

And sometime this summer she'll come galloping

poco a poco
over the green.

Some time this summer, to the rescue, my mother the queen!

Ordinary mothers thrive on being private, And
ordinary mothers somehow can survive it. But ordinary mothers never Know they're just standing
dim. poco a poco
still With the kettles to
dim. poco a poco
fill
While they're missing the
Of the glamorous life!
LOOK FOR A SKY OF BLUE
from Little Mary Sunshine

Music and Lyrics by RICK BESOYAN

Freely

LITTLE MARY:

Don't be sad and gloomy, come and hearken to me, please be gay.

There's no time for tear-drops, when there's rain we hear drops, but they quickly fade away.

Just because we haven't got a penny in our pockets, and life seems a great morass.

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Pray, don’t be offended, kind thoughts are intended: You don’t see the cheerful side; a-

Moderato ($\d = 96$)

a tempo

las: When e’er a cloud appears, filled with doubts and fears,

a tempo

look for a sky of blue,

when e’er a cloud of grey seems to waft your way,
look for a sky of blue.

Remember, sometimes the sun is shining.

It may be shining some day for you.

So 'til that happy day we must learn to say.
"Look for a sky of blue."

Remember, sometimes

the sun is shining, it may be shining some day for

you oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo. So 'til that happy day we must learn to say

Look for a sky of blue.
GOOCH'S SONG
from Mame

Freely
AGNES:

In 2 (spoken:) (Sing)

With my wings resolutely spread, Missis Burnside, And my

old inhibitions shed, Missis Burnside, I did each little thing you

said, Missis Burnside. I lived! I lived! I lived! I
Moderately slow 2

altered the drape of a drop of my bodice
And

softened the shape of my brow.
I

t

followed directions, And made some connections, But

what do I do now? Who'd
think this Miss Prim would Have o - pened a win - dow As

far as her whim would al - low? And

who would sup - pose it Was so hard to close it, Oh,

what do I do now? I
I had my misgivings. But went on a field trip To find out what living's about.

My life is a banquet I stuffed myself.

I polished and powdered and puffed myself.
I
thanks for the training. Now I’m not complaining. But

you left something out! Instead of

wandering on with my lone remorse, I have come back home to complete the course. Oh,

What do I do --
Spoken:
Mrs. Burnside,

I traveled to hell in my new veneer, And

look what I got as a souvenir! But still I'll de-

fend you as guide and instructor. Would I recom-mend you? And

Although I was leer-y, I
thrive on your theory. That life can be a wow!

Freely

You said there's nothing wrong with a harmless smooch, So I'm gonna call him

Tempo I°

Burn-side Gooch! Oh, what do I do now?

§ (opt.)

now?

ff
THE SUN, WHOSE RAYS ARE ALL ABLAZE
from The Mikado

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

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As he the sky
We really know our worth, The sun and I!

I mean to rule the earth, As he the sky We really know our worth, The sun and I!

Observe his flame, That placid dame, The moon's Celestial Highness;

There's not a trace Up-on her face Of diffidence or shyness: She borrows light That, thro' the night, Man-kind may
all ac-claim her! And, truth to tell, She lights up well; So I, for one, don't blame her.

Ah, pray make no mis-take, We are not shy; We're

ver-y wide a-wake, The moon and I!

Ah, pray make no mis-take, We are not shy; We're

ver-y wide a-wake, The moon and I!
A VERY SPECIAL DAY
from Me and Juliet

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

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Tranquillo

JEANIE:

Am I building

something up That really isn't there?

Do I make a big romance Of a small affair?
Should I be more practical, As friends would have me be?

Being practical is very hard for me.

I wake up each morning With a feeling in my heart That to-

day will be a very special day.
I keep right on clinging To that feeling in my heart 'Til the winds of evening blow my dream away.

Later on at bedtime, When my world has come apart And I'm in my far from fancy negligee With a
piece of toast to munch  And a nice hot cup of
(with good rhythm)

I begin to have a hunch

morrow's going to be  A very special

a tempo

for me.
VILIA
from *The Merry Widow* (Die Lustige Witwe)

Words by VIKTOR LEON and LEO STEIN
English Version by MARTHA GERHART
Music by FRANZ LEHÁR

Allegretto moderato

**HANNA:**

Nun lasst uns aber wie daheim jetzt

Sing unser Ringelreim von einer Fee, die wie bekannt, daheim die

Vilja wird genannt!

Viilia was her name!
There once was a Villa, a wood maiden, and she stretching her hand towards him.

She lived, a long ago, in a dark forest and drew him within to her dark forest.

Dem Burschen, dem wurde so eigens zu mehr, long came a huntsman she stopped to be.

Dem Burschen die Sinne vergangen fast.

She kissed and caressed him as no mortal.
Sinn, guile.
sind, had.
er schau-te und schaut' auf das Wald-mägdlein
Enchant-ed, he gazed at her rap-turous
so liebt und so kusst gar kein ir di-sches
trans-port-ing the heart of the in-no-cent

Enchant-ed, he gazed at her rap-turous
so liebt und so kusst gar kein ir di-sches

Then with un-expect-ed feel ing — pas-sion he could not de-
Als sie sich dann satt ge-küsst ver schwand sie zu der sel ben
But, be-fore the lad could tell,
she van-ished in the mist-y

Then with un-expect-ed feel ing — pas-sion he could not de-
Als sie sich dann satt ge-küsst ver schwand sie zu der sel ben
But, be-fore the lad could tell,
she van-ished in the mist-y

Sehn — sucht so long ing-ly he be-gan to
Ein — mal noch hat der Ar-me sie ge-
Sad — ly ech oes a lov-er's sweet fare-
sigh!

grüsst:
well:

Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, du Wald - mäg - de -

Vi - lia, oh Vi - lia, your mag - i - cal

an!

Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, was thust Du mir

seien.

Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, will love tell me

fass' mich und lass' mich Dein Traut - lieb - ster

captures, en - rap - tures my yearn - ing de -
an?  Bang fleht ein lieb-kran-ker Mann!

why, in your em-brac-es, I die!

Vil-ja, o Vil-ja, was thust Du mir
tell me
an?
why.

Bang fleht ein lieb - kran - ker Mann!
in your embraces, I die!

Allegretto

2.
2. Das Mann!
Bang fleht ein lieb
In your embraces, I die!

kran - ker Mann!
es 8va

f
p
LIKE A WOMAN LOVES A MAN
from *The Most Happy Fella*

By FRANK LOESSER

Lento

ROSABELLA: Rubato

I love you,

love you, And you treat me like a baby,

You just don’t seem to understand

Segue

Rubato, quasi recitativo

Like a woman loves a man, That’s how I love you.

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Like a woman needs a man, Darling, I
need you. I'm no baby; I know what
I want. I want holding you very close
to me. Just as close to me as I pos-

Quasi tempo (c = 100)
Quasi recitativo

Not like a child but

Like a woman holds a man. That’s how I’ll hold you.

Wouldn’t blame you if you ran. Now that I’ve

Quasi tempo (\(\circ = 100\))

told you. I’m no baby.
I know what I know, Meno mosso
And I know it's my plan

Just to love you Like a woman

rit.

loves a wonderful man.
Where's that smile?
Where's that glow?

Where's that happy face that I depend on so?

Or didn't you know... It makes me feel warm all over.

Every time you
I smile you get me warm all over. Sometimes I feel kind of out in the cold, But then I touch your hand and I'm home, home again and warm all over. Gone are all the
clouds that used to swarm all over. Please always let me keep feeling the way I do, so warm all over with a tender love for you.
ELIZA:

What a fool I was! What a dom-in-at-ed fool! To think you were the earth and sky.

What a fool I was! What an ad-dle-pat-ed fool! What a mut-ton-head-ed dolt was I!

No, my re-ver-ber-at-ing
friend,
You are not the beginning and the end! There'll be

Allegro con moto

spring ev'-ry year without you.

Eng-land still will be here without

you. There'll be fruit on the tree; and a shore by the sea; there'll be

crum-pets and tea without you.

Art and music will thrive without
Some-how Keats will survive without you. And there

still will be rain on that plain down in Spain, even that will remain without

you. I can do without

you. You, dear friend, who talk so
Hampshire. They can still rule the land without you. Windsor Castle will stand without you. And without much ado we can all muddle through without you.

With-out your pull-ing it, the tide comes in; with-

Poco meno
they can do without you, duck-y, so can I! I shall not feel a-lone without you.

I can stand on my own without you.

So go back in your shell, I can do blood-y well without you!
MOONFALL
from The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Words and Music by
RUPERT HOLMES

Andante, molto espressivo

Be-tween the ver-y dead of

night and day, up-on a steel-y sheet of light, I'll lay, and in the

moon-fall, I'll give my-self to you. I'll bathe in moon-fall and dress my-

self in dew.

Before the cloak of night re-veals the morn,
the dawn, and in the moon-fall, all sound is frozen still. Yet warm against me, your skin will warm the chill of moon-fall. I feel its fingers; lingers the veil of night-shade, light made from stars that all-too-soon fall,
moon-fall that pours from you.

Be-twixt our hearts, let nothing intervene.

Between our eyes, the only sight I've seen is lustrous moon-fall as it blinds my view, so that soon I only see but you.
ROSA'S CONFESSION
from The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Allegro maestoso

Were you so blind you could not see I killed him? Yes!

And it was wonderful to do, I do confess.
To have it done, to do him in, to see it through...
You surely know by now I

Poco allegro, misterioso

meant to murder you!

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but a child can go quite mad and not know good from bad and
calmly plan to kill a man and feel but only glad! To rid her self to bid her self a
mur der ous good bye! Not Ed win who I sought, but you, I meant for you to die!
But the night was far from bright, thick with wet and thun der. Thatch ing fell dis patched from hell!
Is it yet a wonder? Could not see the arms of me stretched out with scarf in hand.

Saw your coat and tied Ned's throat just like a deadly wedding band!

cresc.

Faster

So long a time they've thought that I'm a Dresden doll, quite naive. But I believe this pain, my brain more
Slower

tor-tured than they might con-ceive. With these late ad-di-tions, I have now re-vealed

mur-der-ous ad-mis-sions. hith-er-to con-cealed. Damn you all, I say! You

let him drive me mad! Mad-ness led to this, no good can come from bad, no

good — no good can come from bad!!

8va
A CALL FROM THE VATICAN
from Nine

Swing, with a steady beat (\(j=84\))

Who’s not wearing any clothes? I’m not!

My darling, who’s afraid to kiss your toes? I’m not!

Your mama dear is blowing into your ear, so

Note: Most of this song is belted.
you'll get it loud and clear
I need you to squeeze me

here, 8va and here 8va and here 8va

In tempo

Cootchie cootchie cootchie I've got

a plan for what I'm gonna do to you,
so hot you're gonna steam, and

scream, and vibrate like a string I'm plucking-

kiss your fevered little brow, pinch your cheeks till you say

"ow," and I can hardly wait to show you how...
Guilio, who won't care if you come to me tired and

over-worked? I won't! Bambino, who knows a therapy to

beat what you can get from me? I don't! But this will

have to be enough for now... Guilio... ciao.
UNUSUAL WAY
(IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY)
from Nine

Lyrics and Music by MAURY YESTON

Flowing (♩= 84)

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I may-be it last-ed a day-
Some-thing in-side me goes weak--

may-be it last-ed an hour--
some-thing in-side me sur-ren-ders,

but some-how it will nev-er end...

and you're the rea-son why,
you're the rea-son why...

Ped.
You don't know what you do to me,

I don't have a clue.

I'm looking at you.

It
scares me so much that I can hardly speak. In a very unusual way I owe what I am to you. Though at times it appears I won't stay, I never go.

Special to me in my life since the first day that I met you.
I how could I ever forget you once you had touched my soul?

In a very unusual way you've made me whole.
SIMPLE
from Nine

Lyrics and Music by MAURY YESTON

Slowly (♩= 60)

F9 F9 Gb/F F9 F9 Gb/F

mp

F9 F9 Gb/F F9 F9 Gb/F F9 F9 Gb/F

Simple these affairs that touch the heart. Simple are the ways of

Fsus Bb maj7 Dm9 Dm

love. Simple as the touch of another's hand,
Simple enough for anyone to understand, but

Simple are the ways we come apart—simple as a babe is new!

Simple as a tree, and as simple as a cloud, it's as
sim·ple as the sim·plest things have al·ways been— sim·ple as the sun and the

moon and the stars in the sky...

Sim·ple are the ways we say, “Good -

bye.”

Spoken: Ciao.
RAUNCHY
from 110 in the Shade

LIZZIE: ten.

I'll buy myself a brand new dress, that's cut way down to here. I'll buy some dime store diamonds, and I'll paint my mouth a ros-y red. I'll pierce 'em through my ear.

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pour per-ox-ide on my head. I'll knock those poor old

Spoken:
cow-boys dead. You don't believe me? Well, just watch!

Blues tempo, in 4 (\(\text{\textbf{\textit{J}} = J\text{\textbf{\textit{J}}}\))

I'll be so raunch-y, danc-in' in my pink and green sa-

I

teen.

Feel-in' like a queen.
Wear-in' May-bell-ine! I'll be so raunch-y, Gon-na make them
other gals turn green. Honk-y tonk-in' ev'ry night... I'm a
raunch-y kind of gal. I'll be so raunch-y, Sip-pin' Doc-tor
Pep-per mixed with booze. Burn-in' like a fuse.
Step-pin' in my patent leather shoes. When the cow-boys see me strut my stuff, gonna crawl right on their haunches, 'cause they just can't seem to get enough, I'm a...
raunch-y kind of gal. I'll be so raunch-y, when I'm danc-in'

up and down the street, of the county seat.

Tip-py tap-pin' feet. I'll be so raunch-y,

All the fella's think I'm mighty sweet. When the
men folk see me shim-my by, gonna break right out in

shingles, 'cause I'm guaranteed to satisfy. I'm a

Ad lib.

In tempo - fast


Raunch-y kind-a gal!
IS IT REALLY ME?
from 110 in the Shade

Moderately, in 4

LIZZIE:

Is it really me?

Is it really true?

Suddenly I'm

beautiful, being here with you.

Deep inside your eyes, someone's face I

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Some-one who is beau-ti-ful;

Is it real-ly me?

Mom-ents a-go,

I was a-lone hop-ing that this could be.

Now here I am, safe in your arms. And I’m no lon-ger lone-ly.
Is it really me?

Is it really true?

Suddenly I’m beautiful all because of poco a poco

Freely you.

Suddenly I’m beautiful with you.

Slowly - In tempo
SIMPLE LITTLE THINGS
from 110 in the Shade

Lyrics by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT

Freely

In 4
LIZZIE:

p

colla voce

Not all dreams are
great big dreams.
Some people’s dreams are small.
Not all dreams have to
great big dreams. Some people’s dreams are small.
Not all dreams have to

have a golden fleece, or any kind of fleece, at all.

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dreams, like my name, are very plain; no shining knight must kneel. My

They’re all so very real.
Sim-ple lit-tle things.
All I want are sim-ple lit-tle things.

Tempo - Slow 4

All I need is some-one be-side me to

have and to hold, some-one to love me as

we grow old-er. Sim-ple lit-tle things,
Simple little dreams, will do.

Lizzie, is my blue suit pressed?

Lizzie, kind-a' scratch between my shoulder blades.

Lizzie, are the children all in bed?

That's what he'll say, I'll say: "My husband."
All I want are simple little things.

All I need is someone beside me to have and to hold,

someone to love me as we grow older. Simple little things.

Very slow, in 8

simple little dreams, will do.
**THIS PLACE IS MINE**

from *Phantom*

Words and Music by MAURY YESTON

**Slowly** \( J = 60 \)

\[
\text{Em/G} \quad F\#m7s/5/C \quad B7 \quad \text{Em}
\]

Where does the time fly? Simply too few

\[
\text{F\#7s/5/C} \quad B7 \quad \text{E}
\]

hours in the day! Oh, a diva's work is never done, no relief, no time for fun, not-

\[
\text{B7/D\#} \quad \text{Cm/E} \quad \text{F\#7/A\#} \quad \text{B}
\]

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if the diva has to run an opera company

Ev'ry small detail to supervise, ev'ry

pretty face to scrutinize.

nize. I plan beneath these eyes this opera company
Why take on this arduous chore? Sleepless nights I pace across my bedroom floor; why do I live completely for this opera company? 'Cause it's
Em

mine. from the stalls to the portraits on the walls, to the

I will sing. I will never let it go. I will

Em(maj7)

bal-con-ies and log-es far and near. It be-longs all to me, ev-ry
hold it ev-er cap-tive in my hand. Like a god, like a queen. I will

Em7

i-tam that you see, from the cel-lar to the crys-tal chan-de-
en-ter an-y scene, and con-trol it like a king-dom I com-

A/E

A7/E

li-er

mand. From the flut-ed mar-ble grand fa-cade, to the

E7

Am

And I pit-y an-y bar-i-tone who at
el - e - vated prom - e - nade. From ev - ry own.

From ev - ry lead - ing role.

this place is mine! I will

My cur - tain
and my canopy, my
song, my key, my chart.
My romantic destiny, from here my
Life will start.
I'll be
out on the stage looking great and half my age. every chance I get I'll get 'em on their feet.

I will
burn.
I will scheme.
I will realize my dream. 'cause if
I'm not in a light I'm incomplete. And the

best part I'm just coming to, how they'll all applaud for

you know who. I can't believe I'm here.

and this is my career! It
must be seen like a torch, we'll engrave it on the porch! Like an

e-dict, like a beacon, like a sign.

This place is mine!
MY TRUE LOVE
from *Phantom*

Medium Waltz  $j = 96$

Words and Music by
MAURY YESTON

My true love, lost in a
No, my love, more than a

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shad - ow play, I will find a way through
fan - ta - sy, you must be for - me. I'll

fear and doubt; I will find you out in the
hear your voice and I'll see your brow, and I'll

se - cret plac - es you hide a - bout.
face, like your music. Can you hear me now? Can we make a vow ever
to be faithful? I will.

show you how. My

true love, open and turn to

me what no one can see, your deepest
I dream of your darkest nights, and your eyes like lights ever burning. I will hear your voice and I'll see your brow and I'll know your face. Let me know it now.
true love, lost in a shadow

play, I will find a way through fear and
I doubt, 'I will find you out. Let me know your face, let me know it now.

I now, I now, I now.
THE GREATEST OF THESE
from Philemon

Lyrics by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT

Simply \( (d = 104) \)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and

angels and have not love,

Though I'm blessed with the special gift of

prophecy, and have not love,
love; Though my faith is strong enough to move a

.mountain. Though I bestow my worldly goods to feed the

poor. Though my body may be tortured, if I

have not lived with love I am nothing but a sounding brass a tinkling cymbal,
nothing, nothing. But with love, I can bear it all re-
decresc. p rit. pp // mf a tempo

joicing, because of love because of

love. For love suffers every-thing

cresc. mf

love beareth every-thing! Love hopeth every-thing!

poco a poco cresc.
Broader 

Love belief every-thing! There abide three things:

Faith, hope and love. But the great-est of these is

opt. ending

love My dearest hus-band what-ever they do Don’t let them

a tempo

take a-way your a-bil-i-ty to love.
MABEL:

Poor wand’ring one,

Though thou hast surely strayed,

Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wand’ring one.

a tempo

Poor wand’ring one,

If such poor love as mine

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can help thee find True peace of mind, Why take it, it is thine!

Take heart, no danger lowers;

Take any heart but ours! Take heart,

fair days will shine; Take any heart, take mine!
Take heart, no danger lowers, Take any heart, take mine!

Ah

Ah

crescendo poco a poco
Poor wand'ring one! Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace, Thy steps re-trace,
Poor wand'ring one! Ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!

Fair day will shine,
Take heart!

Take mine!
Take mine!

Ah!

Ah.

Take heart.
IT WONDERS ME
from *Plain and Fancy*

Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT
Music by ALBERT HAGUE

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day can be, So green the field, So blue the sky,

- Some-where a breeze be-gins to sing -

- So red and gold the map-le tree -

Some-where a bird -

is an-swer-ing, So won-der-ful sweet the
So green the field,
So blue the sky,
So gold the tree,
It wonders me.

So green the field,
So blue the sky,
So gold the tree,
It wonders me.

So green the field,
So blue the sky,
So gold the tree,
It wonders me.
So green the field, So blue the sky,
So red and gold the maple tree,
Some-where a breeze begins to sing
Some-where a bird is answer-ing,
So wonderful sweet the melody,

So green the field,

So blue the sky,

So gold the tree,

It wonders me.
WHAT WILL IT BE FOR ME?
from Regina
Words and Music by MARC BLITZSTEIN

Grazioso

Alexandra:

mf dolce

What will it be for me? Will someone say "I love you"?

What will it be, to be the one to say "I love you"?

Will it be all real and right? And how will it feel to
really love a perfect stranger? Look in his eyes, and look, and
kiss that perfect stranger? I cannot imagine it quite. It's like
nothing else before, The opening of a door to the light. I
stand at the door, and wait, And wonder who'll come knocking.
Who'll stand outside, and wait, And wonder will I open?

Open to what dazzling light? My life is

waiting for me. I wonder what will

it be?
HOW COULD I EVER KNOW?
from *The Secret Garden*

Lyrics by MARSHA NORMAN
Music by LUCY SIMON

Gently LILY:

How could I know I would have to leave you? How could I know I would hurt you so? You were the one I was born to love. Oh How could I ever know?

Andante con moto

How can I say to go on without me? How, when I know you still
How could I ever know?

How could I ever know?

Più mosso

Forgive me, can you forgive me, and

hold me in your heart?

And find some new way to
Love me, now that we're apart?

Meno mosso

How could I know I would never hold you? Never again in this

Più passionato

world, but oh—sure as you breathe, I am there inside you.

How could I ever know?

A tempo

How could I ever know?
I DON’T KNOW HIS NAME
from She Loves Me

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

Moderato

AMALIA:
I don’t know his name or what he looks like, But I have a much more certain
guide, I can tell exactly what he looks like inside.

When I undertook this correspondence, little did I know I’d grow so

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fond. Lit-tle did I know our views would so cor-re-spond.

He writes me what his feel-ings are on Shaw, Flau-bert, Cho-pin, Ren-oir; The more I read the more I find we’re one in mind and heart. I know the kind of home we’d share, the books, the prints, the
music there. A home, a life, that's warm and full and rich in love and
art. I don't need to see his handsome profile. I don't need to
see his manly frame. All I need to know is in each letter. Each long revealing
letter. I couldn't know him better if I knew his name.
WILL HE LIKE ME?
from *She Loves Me*

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

Moderately slow

AMALIA:

Will he like me when we meet?
Will the shy and quiet girl he's going to see
Will the girl that he's imagined me to be?
Will he like me? Will he like the girl he sees?
If he
show? Will he like me? Will he know that there's a

With more motion

world of love waiting to warm him? How I'm hoping that his

eyes and ears won't misinform him. Will he like me, who can
surd for me to worry so this way.

I'll try not to.

Will he like me?

He's just more animated

say?

How I wish that we could meet another day.

It's ab -

got to.

When I am in my room a -
I like and I write. Thoughts come easily, words come fluently then.

That's how it is when I'm alone, but to

Press forward. There's no hiding behind my paper and
Broaden

Will he know that there's a world of love waiting to warm him? How I'm hoping that his eyes and ears won't misinform him. Will he like me? I don't know. All I know is that I'm tempted not to go. It's in -

a tempo
san - i - ty for me to wor - ry so. I'll try not to. Will he like me?

He's just got to. Will he like me?

Very slowly
DEAR FRIEND
from *She Loves Me*

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

Poignantly (slowly)

AMALIA:
Charming, romantic, the perfect café.

Then as if it isn't bad enough, a violin starts to play.

Candles and wine, tables for two,

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but where are you, dear friend?

couples go past me, I see how they look.

So discreetly sympathetic when they see the rose and the book.

I make believe, nothing is wrong.
How long can I pretend?

please make it right.

don't break my heart.

Don't let it end, dear friend.
I make believe nothing is wrong.

How long can I pretend.

Please make it right. Don't break my heart. Don't let it

end, dear friend.
I DO NOT KNOW A DAY
I DID NOT LOVE YOU
from Two by Two

Lyrics by MARTIN CHARNIN
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

RACHEL:

I do not know a day I did not love you.

I can’t remember love not being there.

planting, when the earth ran through your fingers,

Japheth sings the song in Act I; Rachel sings a reprise in Act II.
I harvest when the sun danced in your hair.

I do not know a day I did not need you.

For sharing every ten.

moment that I spent. I
needed you before I ever knew you.

Before I knew what needing someone meant.

And as we face the promise of tomorrow,
fact a long is full (and filled with song).

You will not know a day I do not love you.
The way that I have loved you all along.
THE SOUND OF MUSIC
from The Sound of Music

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto animato ($d = 144$)

MARIA: Tranquillo

My day in the hills has come to an end, I know.
A star has come out to tell me it's time to go.
But deep in the dark green shadows are...
Voices that urge me to stay. So I pause and I wait and I

Listen for one more sound, for one more lovely thing that the

Con espressione

Hills might say. The hills are alive with the sound of

Music, with songs they have sung for a thousand
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music. My heart wants to sing every song it hears. My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees. My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies from a
I hear the church on a breeze,
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over stones in its way,
To sing through the night like a lark who is learning to pray.
I go to the hills when my heart is lonely.
I know I will hear what I've heard before.

My heart will be blessed

With the sound of music. And I'll sing once more.
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