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

The lively and ongoing interest in musical theatre may appear to be ironic in an age seemingly ruled by the media. The movie musical is dead (thank goodness for video and those classic movie channels!), show music is rarely ever broadcast on radio, and hoping to see any musical theatre on television—except for old movies—is usually like waiting for Godot. In such a world it takes a little effort to acquire a taste for musical theatre and a knowledge of shows, though to the devoted *conoscenti* it hardly feels like effort. As Volume 3 of *The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology* proves, there is an amazing heritage of theatre repertoire and a growing appetite for it among singers of all descriptions.

As in the first two volumes for each voice type of *The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology*, the editions of almost all the songs have been created from the piano/conductor score (or vocal score) of a show, allowing a more authentic rendition than standard piano/vocal sheet music. Original keys have been preserved whenever possible; occasionally either the original performing key is not known, or I chose to alter it for specific reasons. Common issues faced in creating solo editions of theatre music are removing chorus parts, eliminating other characters’ lines, creating or deleting repeats, wrestling with musical form, and finding appropriate beginnings and endings. My aim is to present a performable excerpt from the show that stands alone musically, though is true to its context.

Categorizing musical theatre selections by conventional voice type remains an unending challenge. I have tried to be conservative in my criteria, though I quickly point out to singers and teachers that there is no exact science to this. In comparison, opera fachs are far more definite. Many women have told me they use both the Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano/Belter volumes, depending on the kind of singing they want to do.

I have revised the song contents for several of Volumes 1 and 2 of this series. The changes in most volumes are minimal. However, after persuasive input from singers and teachers, the Mezzo-Soprano/Belter Volume 1 has been revised so that it’s all in a belting range. Songs in that volume that were intended for a classically defined mezzo-soprano were replaced. These songs became “homeless” in the series but seemed perfectly appropriate for this Soprano Volume 3 (“One Life to Live,” “Stay Well,” “Trouble Man”). Upon reconsideration, 14 years after the first compilation, I decided that splitting Eliza Doolittle songs—some in soprano books, others in mezzo-soprano books—was ill-advised. After all, the same woman sings the songs! “Just You Wait” finds its place here, moving from the Mezzo-Soprano/Belter Volume 1.

The Broadway revival of *The Sound of Music* made the stage version of the show more like the film, adding the songs written for the movie (“Something Good” and “I Have Confidence”) and moving the original Maria songs from the narrow range of Mary Martin to the Julie Andrews-esque soprano range of Rebecca Luker. “My Favorite Things” is now officially a soprano theatre song as a result, and appears in this volume. As for “Unexpected Song” from *Song and Dance*, the huge range of the song presents a special challenge in voice categorization. I decided that as a song on its own, ignoring the rest of the role of Emma (stunningly performed by Bernadette Peters), it was better suited to a soprano.

The twelve solo volumes of *The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology* now total nearly 500 songs! The three volumes for any voice type offer a huge number of choices. The soprano books have 132 songs to choose from! Happy hunting.

Richard Walters, editor
August, 2000
THE SINGER’S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY
Soprano Volume 3

Contents

THE APPLE TREE
14  Feelings

BRIGADOON
16  Waitin’ for My Dearie

CAMELOT
28  Before I Gaze at You Again

CHICAGO
23  A Little Bit of Good

CINDERELLA
32  In My Own Little Corner

COWGIRLS
44  From Chopin to Country

EVENING PRIMROSE
48  I Remember

HELLO, DOLLY!
39  Ribbons Down My Back

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS
52  Sons Of

JEKYLL & HYDE
61  Once Upon a Dream
64  In His Eyes

THE KING AND I
69  Getting to Know You

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY
72  It Never Was You

LADY IN THE DARK
80  One Life to Live

LES MISÉRABLES
84  In My Life

LOST IN THE STARS
86  Stay Well
93  Trouble Man

LOVE LIFE
100  Mr. Right

MARRY ME A LITTLE
112  The Girls of Summer

MARTIN GUERRE
118  How Many Tears?

ME AND MY GIRL
107  Once You Lose Your Heart

MY FAIR LADY
122  Wouldn’t It Be Loverly
125  Just You Wait

NAUGHTY MARIETTA
132  Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life
135  Italian Street Song

OH, KAY!
142  Someone to Watch Over Me

ON YOUR TOES
146  There’s a Small Hotel

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
153  Think of Me
160  Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again

PIPE DREAM
164  Sweet Thursday

PRINCESS IDA
173  Oh, Goddess Wise

SATURDAY NIGHT
176  So Many People

SONG AND DANCE
188  Unexpected Song

SONGS FOR A NEW WORLD
181  Christmas Lullaby

THE SOUND OF MUSIC
192  Something Good
204  I Have Confidence
195  My Favorite Things

TITANIC
228  Still

WHERE’S CHARLEY?
212  The Woman in His Room

WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND
224  Whistle Down the Wind
ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

THE APPLE TREE

MUSIC: Jerry Bock
LYRICS: Sheldon Harnick
BOOK: Jerry Bock & Sheldon Harnick, with Jerome Coopersmith
DIRECTOR: Mike Nichols
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Herbert Ross, Lee Theodore
OPENED: 10/18/66, New York; a run of 463 performances

Here was a new concept for Broadway—one musical containing three separate one-act musicals, like Puccini’s Il Trittico or Offenbach’s Tales of Hoffmann. Though the stories in The Apple Tree have nothing in common and, in fact, could be played separately, they are tied together by interrelated musical themes and by the whimsical reference to the color brown. Act I is based on Mark Twain’s “The Diary of Adam and Eve,” and deals with the dawn of humanity and innocence. Act II is based on Frank R. Stockton’s short story, “The Lady or the Tiger?”, in which a warrior’s fate, unresolved in the story, is determined by the choice of door he enters. Act III is based on Jules Feiffer’s “Passionella,” a uniquely American take on “Cinderella,” in which a female chimney sweep fulfills her dream of becoming a glamorous movie star. In the Diary of Adam and Eve section, Eve sings “Feelings”—not the lounge hit, but Bock & Harnick’s gently comic expression of how the first woman felt when she realized she was a human being, when she realized she was feeling love—and when she realized that the first man wasn’t reciprocating. Her conclusion? That feelings are, in the last word of the song, “hell.”

BRIGADOON

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 3/13/47, New York, for a run of 581 performances

Two American tourists, Tommy Albright and Jeff Douglas, stumble upon a mist-shrouded Scottish town that, they eventually discover, reawakens only one day every hundred years. Tommy, who enjoys wandering through the heather on the hill with a local lass, Fiona MacLaren, returns to New York after learning of the curse that has caused the town’s excessively somnolent condition. True love, however, pulls him back to the highlands. The tale was made believable not only through its evocative score, but also through de Mille’s emotion-charged ballets. Early in the story, Fiona imagines what life will be like when she finally meets the boy of her dreams, in the song “Waitin’ For My Dearie.”

CAMELOT

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 12/3/60, New York, for a run of 873 performances

Lerner and Loewe’s first Broadway production following their spectacular hit, My Fair Lady, was another musical based on a highly esteemed work of British fiction, T.H. White’s novel, The Once and Future King. Again, too, they were joined by fair lady Julie Andrews and director Moss Hart for an opulently mounted retelling of the Arthurian legend, with its high-minded knights of the round table and its tragic romantic triangle involving King Arthur, his queen Guenevere, and his trusted knight, Sir Lancelot. Helped by a huge advance ticket sale, Camelot easily surmounted a divided press to become something of a Broadway legend itself—providing imagery (eventually all too apt) for the administration of President John F. Kennedy who used to play the cast album in the White House. About to be separated from Lancelot, Guenevere bids her illicit lover a longing farewell in “Before I Gaze at You Again.”
CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York, for a run of 872 performances

Based on Maureen Dallas Watkins’ 1926 play Roxie Hart this tough, flint-hearted musical tells the story of Roxie (Gwen Verdon), a married chorus girl who kills her faithless lover. She manages to win release from prison through the histrionic efforts of razzle-dazzle lawyer Billy Flynn (Jerry Orbach), and ends up as a vaudeville headliner with another “scintillating sinner,” Velma Kelly (Chita Rivera). This scathing indictment of the American legal system, political system, media and morals may have been ahead of its time in its original 1975 production (it was also overshadowed by the opening of A Chorus Line the same season). But it came roaring back for a stylish, Tony-winning 1996 revival that has already run longer than the original. A “sob-sister” reporter looking for an emotional story falls for the lawyer’s line of baloney and starts publicizing Roxie’s “plight,” assuring her readers that despite the fact that Roxie did shoot a man in cold blood, there’s always “A Little Bit of Good” in everyone.

CINDERELLA

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Ralph Nelson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jonathan Lucas
FIRST AIRED: 3/31/57 on CBS-TV

Ever the innovators, Rodgers & Hammerstein were among the first to explore the new medium of television with a full-length original TV musical. The original broadcast also was fortunate in securing the services of Julie Andrews, fresh from her triumph as the Cinderella-like heroine of My Fair Lady. In adapting the children’s fairy tale, Hammerstein was careful not to alter or update the familiar story about a young woman who collaborates with her Fairy Godmother to overcome the plots of her evil stepmother and stepsisters so she can go to an opulent ball and meet a handsome prince. Cinderella still loses her magical glass slipper, and the Prince still proclaims that he will marry the girl whose foot fits the slipper. Because the original production was filmed live and could not be preserved except in black-and-white kinescope, a new production was captured on tape in 1965. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, this second version is the one that’s been aired numerous times and even released on video. A stage adaptation toured the U.S., and the musical finally made its New York stage debut in 1993 at New York City Opera, with Christa Moore as Cinderella. When we first meet Cinderella, she’s hiding in her niche beside the fireplace. But it’s not so bad, she tells us in “In My Own Little Corner,” because her imagination can whisk her anywhere in the world.

COWGIRLS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Mary Murfitt
BOOK: Betsy Howie
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Eleanor Reissa
OPENED: 4/1/96, New York, for a run of 319 performances

This Off-Broadway spoof recreates the calamitous night the classical Coghill Trio gets booked to play at the grand opening of a country-western music hall. It seems the manager misread the name of their group as the “Cowgirls Trio.” The three ladies are left to adapt their classical repertoire to the needs of the hootin’ ‘n’ hollerin’ clientele, and they do so con brio. Their plight is encapsulated neatly in “From Chopin to Country.”

EVENING PRIMROSE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
TELEPLAY: James Goldman
DIRECTOR: Paul Bogart
FIRST 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 the story of a poet who gets the bright idea: he’ll escape from the pressures and problems of the world by hiding in a big department store. He plans to come out only at night to get what he needs for survival from the store’s shelves. Much to his surprise, he finds a whole colony of others who had the same bright idea, already living there. Among them is a young woman who has been raised from early childhood inside the store and has never been outside. They fall in love and plot to escape. The girl gets to sing one of Sondheim’s most anthologized songs, the beautiful and eerie “I Remember,” in which the girl strains to remember snow and sky and other children—but can describe them only in similes drawn from her department store life (e.g., “trees like broken umbrellas”). Most of the music from this show was recorded by Bernadette Peters and Mandy Patinkin on his Dress Casual album.
HELLO, DOLLY!

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jerry Herman
BOOK: Michael Stewart
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Gower Champion
OPENED: 1/16/64, New York; a run of 2,844 performances

Hello, Dolly! tells the story of former life-of-the-party Dolly Gallagher Levi, who emerges from mourning over the loss of her husband with a determination to “rejoin the human race.” She plots to marry a wealthy man and use his wealth to bring young people together and “help them grow.” One of her matchmaking subjects is a pretty milliner who sings of how she’ll wear a hat with “Ribbons Down My Back” to attract the attention of eligible swains. Under the expert direction of Gower Champion, the stylish production, based on Thornton Wilder’s The Matchmaker, proved not only a triumph for its original star, Carol Channing, but a successful vehicle for a multitude of actresses. Barbra Streisand starred in the movie. Others starred across the country and around the world. Channing was succeeded by Ginger Rogers, Martha Raye, Betty Grable, Phillips Diller, Pearl Bailey (leading an all-black cast) and finally Ethel Merman, who had turned down the role when it was offered to her almost ten years earlier. The show returned to Broadway with Channing twice, 1978 and 1995.

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS

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

A long running intimate Off-Broadway hit, the revue is a collection of some 25 songs by Belgian songwriter Jacques Brel (he wrote both music and lyrics for some, lyrics only for others). The show is conceived for four players (two men, two 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. Jacques Brel (1929-1978) became a cabaret star in Paris only after no one else would sing his material.

JEKYLL & HYDE

MUSIC: Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse
DIRECTOR: Robin Phillips
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey Pizzzi
OPENED: 4/28/97, New York; still running as of 7/1/00

Based on Robert Louis Stevenson’s 1886 novella, “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” this show took nearly a decade to arrive on Broadway. However, the first full score by pop composer Frank Wildhorn was already familiar to most lovers of musical theatre from two widely circulated concept albums. These proved especially popular among professional skaters for the background music of their routines. A North American tour also helped make the show familiar to most of the rest of America before arriving in New York. As in the Stevenson book, a well-meaning scientist, Dr. Henry Jekyll, invents a potion that separates the noble side of man’s nature from the evil, bestial side. Using himself as guinea pig, Jekyll soon finds he has unleashed an uncontrollable monster, Mr. Hyde, who cuts a murderous swath through London. Two women in his life help emphasize this difference: Hyde’s scarlet-woman lover, Lucy; and Jekyll’s sweet innocent fiancé, Emma. Unaware of how dangerous Jekyll’s experiment has become, Emma tries to calm and encourage him about their rosy future in “Once Upon a Dream.” Later in Act II, both Lucy and Emma air their conflicting feelings about their troubled men in “In His Eyes”—not realizing they’re both singing about the same man.

THE KING AND I

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: John van Druten
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 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. After the original production Brynner virtually made the King his personal property. In 1956, he co-starred with Deborah Kerr in the Fox movie version. Twenty-seven years later, by now solo-starred, Brynner began touring in a new stage production which played New York in 1977 with Constance Towers as Anna, and London in 1979 with Virginia McKenna as Anna. Brynner resumed touring in 1981 and by the time of his death, had given more than 4,000 performances in the role. A critically acclaimed new Broadway production opened in 1996. Mrs. Anna breaks the ice with her new pupils by leading the royal princes and princesses in the lilting “Getting to Know You.”
KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 10/19/38, New York; a run of 168 performances

In spite of its relatively short run, Knickerbocker Holiday is considered a significant milestone on Broadway. In one of the first musicals to use a historical subject to comment on contemporary political problems, its anti-fascist theme pitted democracy against totalitarianism in retelling the reign of Governor Stuyvesant in New Amsterdam in 1647. The story tells how the governor intervenes on behalf of an independent and troublesome knife sharpener, Brom Broeck, who has been arbitrarily selected by the council to be executed on a trumped up charge, mainly because they had no one to hang. The musical was one of the earliest Kurt Weill’s shows written in America, after his own flight from the totalitarianism of Nazi Germany. Despite the political themes, Weill and Anderson took opportunities to explore tenderness, romance and wistfulness in “It Never Was You.”

LADY IN THE DARK

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
BOOK: Moss Hart
DIRECTORS: Hassard Short and Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Albertina Rasch
OPENED: 1/22/41, New York; a run of 467 performances

Although dreams had long been employed as a theatrical device, Moss Hart was the first to write a musical play dealing with their psychoanalytic implications. An austere and businesslike Liza Elliot (Gertrude Lawrence), editor of a successful fashion magazine, has been bothered by her dreams, and visits a psychoanalyst. Her four haunting dreams revolve around four men: Kendall Nesbitt, her married lover who aided her rise to editor; Randy Curtis, a glamorous but shallow Hollywood star; Russell Paxton, the magazine’s effeminate and zany photographer; and most importantly, Charlie Johnson, the magazine’s crusty advertising manager. In relating her dreams, Liza finally comes to understand that all her decisions in life were made because of her father’s rejection. With the exception of “My Ship,” the musical numbers were sung only during the elaborate dream sequences Liza describes to her doctor. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland starred in the 1944 Paramount film version under the direction of Mitchell Leisen. In a moment of inspiration, Liza impulsively leaps out of her limo, commandeers a soapbox in New York’s Columbus Circle, and regales the crowd with her ode to whoopee, “One Life to Live.”

LES MISÉRABLES

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Herbert Kretzmer and Alain Boublil
ORIGINAL FRENCH TEXT: Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel
DIRECTORS: Trevor Nunn and John Caird
CHOREOGRAPHER: Kate Flint
OPENED: 9/80, Paris, an initial run of 3 months
10/8/85, London; still running as of 7/1/2000
3/12/87, New York; still running as of 7/1/2000

This quasi-operatic pop epic was one of the defining musicals of the 1980s, distilling the drama from the 1,200 page Victor Hugo novel of social injustice and the plight of the downtrodden (the “miserable ones” of the title). The original Parisian version contained only a few songs; many more were added when the show opened in London. Thus, most of the show’s songs were originally written in English. The plot is too rich to encapsulate, but centers on Jean Valjean, a prisoner sentenced to years of hard labor for stealing a loaf of bread for his starving family. He escapes and tries to start a new life, but soon finds himself pursued by the relentless policeman Javert. The pursuit continues for years, across a tapestry of early 19th century France that includes an armed uprising against the government, in which Valjean takes a heroic part. Along the way he acquires an adopted daughter, Cosette, who grows into womanhood and attracts the attention of the handsome revolutionary Marius, and the enmity of a rival, Eponine. The song “In My Life” gives Valjean and the young people a chance to wonder what each of them truly means to the other. It begins as Cosette’s solo before becoming an ensemble.
LOST IN THE STARS

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 10/30/49, New York, a run of 273 performances

Kurt Weill’s final Broadway musical (his second in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson) was written to convey “a message of hope that people, through a personal approach, will solve whatever racial problems that exist.” In the idealistic story, adapted from Alan Paton’s Cry, the Beloved Country, the action is set in and around Johannesburg, South Africa. Absalom Kumalo, the errant son of a black minister, Stephen Kumalo, accidentally kills a white man in a robbery attempt and is condemned to hang. The tragedy, however, leads to a sympathetic bond between Stephen and James Jarvis, the dead man’s father, which gives some indication that understanding between the races can be achieved in the land of apartheid. A newer version, presented by Ely Landau’s American Film theatre, was shown in 1974 with a cast headed by Brock Peters and Melba Moore. Irina, the girl who is carrying Absalom’s child, sings two very different love soliloquies. In Act I she foresees sorrow in the stormy “Trouble Man.” In Act II, with her man on trial for murder, she agrees to marry him whatever the verdict, in the limpid, haunting “Stay Well.”

LOVE LIFE

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Elia Kazan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 10/7/48, New York; a run of 252 performances

On hiatus from his partnership with composer Frederick Loewe, Alan Jay Lerner collaborated with Kurt Weill on this musical allegory, Love Life, termed by its authors as simply “a vaudeville,” chronicled the fluctuations of the archetypal Sam and Susan Cooper’s marriage through 157 years of American history from 1791 to 1948. The story shows how the growing tensions of modern life make it increasingly difficult for the couple to maintain their matrimonial equilibrium. This ambitious, surreal story is told through ragtime, blues, a madrigal, a ballet, clog dancing, ventriloquism, a minstrel show, and even tightrope walking. Fans have regarded the show as structurally innovative and ahead of its time. “Mr. Right” is a rueful reflection on a seemingly hopeless quest.

MARRY ME A LITTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
DIRECTOR: Norman Rene
CHOREOGRAPHER: Don Johanson
OPENED: 3/12/81, New York; a run of 96 performances

This little Off-Off-Broadway revue (which quickly moved up to Off-Broadway) took a pile of Stephen Sondheim trunk songs, orphaned when they were cut from his well-known shows, or written for shows never produced (plus other apocrypha), and gave them a narrative home. In director Norman Rene’s elegantly simple concept, a man and a woman who are living alone in separate apartments, but share the same stage space, a la Alan Ayckbourn, sing about the misfortunes of their love lives that have brought them to these lonely places. The implication is that if they were to meet, they might find happiness. “The Girls of Summer,” used in the 1956 N. Richard Nash play of the same name, sings of the moody diffidence of these young women.
MARTIN GUERRE

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
BOOK: Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Alain Boublil and Stephen Clark
DIRECTOR: Conall Morrison
MUSICAL STAGING AND CHOREOGRAPHY: David Bolger
OPENED: June, 1996, London; a run of over 700 performances

There have been several major revisions of the Boublil/Schönberg musical since its inception in 1991. Besides the musical, the 16th century legend inspired the books The Wife of Martin Guerre by Janet Lewis, and The Return of Martin Guerre by Natalie Zemon Davis. The 1982 film The Return of Martin Guerre, starring Gerard Depardieu, is based on the Davis novel. In 1560 the French Catholic mercenary Martin Guerre tells his friend, Arnaud du Thil, of his childhood in the village of Artigat, and of his arranged marriage to Bertrande du Rols. The villainous Guillaume, rebuffed by Bertrande, had convinced the superstitious villagers that Martin’s failure to conceive an heir brought on their crop failures. Martin was exiled, later to join the mercenary corps. Martin is stabbed while saving Arnaud’s life. After Martin’s seven year absence Bertrande is under pressure to take another husband in Guillaume to produce an heir, which the villagers somehow believe will end their drought. In agony she sings “How Many Tears?” Arnaud travels to Artigat, where he is mysteriously believed to be Martin Guerre. Bertrande falls in love with Arnaud, even though she knows he is not Martin. Guillaume, still hoping for Bertrande, charges Arnaud with fraud for impersonating Martin Guerre. At a dramatic moment the real Martin Guerre returns and denounces Arnaud. Learning of the true love between Bertrande and Arnaud, in the spirit of friendship Martin decides to let them go. Protecting Martin from Guillaume’s knife, Arnaud is stabbed and dies.

ME AND MY GIRL

MUSIC: Noel Gay
LYRICS: Various
BOOK: L. Arthur Rose and Douglas Furber, revised by Stephen Fry
OPENED: 1937, London; a run of 1,646 performances; New production 8/10/86, New York; a run of 1,420 performances

The cockney character of Bill Snibson originated in 1935 in Twenty to One, played by comedian Lupino Lane. The actor became so attached to the role that he initiated a new musical show built around Bill two years later, resulting in Me and My Girl, a tight social-class song and dance show in which Bill finds himself heir to an aristocratic title. Comedy results from the friction between the proletarian Bill and his hoi-poi new relations. Bill also has to decide whether to submit to an arranged match with a snobby blueblood, or stay true to his special gal from back in Lambeth. Revivals came to London in 1941, 1945 and 1949, but the major rediscovery of the show came in 1985 when Robert Lindsay reinvented the role in London, then in New York. Convinced that her Bill is gone forever, the homegirl sweetheart sighs the rueful little music-box ballad, “Once You Lose Your Heart.”

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 to include scenes at the Ascot Races and Embassy Ball. They were also scrupulous in maintaining the Savilian flavor in their songs, most apparent in such pieces as “Get Me to the Church on Time,” “Why Can’t the English?,” “Show Me” and “Without You.” Shaw was concerned that British society had become so stratified and segregated that different classes had developed their own separate accents. His concern was dramatized in the story of Eliza Doolittle (originated in the musical by Julie Andrews), a scruffy flower seller in London’s Covent Garden, who takes speech lessons from Prof. Henry Higgins (Rex Harrison) so that she might qualify for the position of a florist in a shop. Eliza succeeds so well that she outgrows her social station and—in a development added by librettist Lerner—even makes Higgins fall in love with her. My Fair Lady became the longest running production in Broadway history, and remained so for nearly seven years. Three major revivals have been mounted in New York since then. In 1976, the musical ran for 377 performance with Ian Richardson and Christine Andreas as Higgins and Eliza. Harrison returned in 1981 with Nancy Ringham as his Fair Lady. Richard Chamberlain and Melissa Errico brought a radically redesigned version to Broadway in 1993. Harrison and Audrey Hepburn (whose singing was dubbed by Marni Nixon) were seen in the 1964 Warner Bros. movie version, which was directed by George Cukor. In “Wouldn’t It Be Loverly,” Liza fantasizes about achieving some of the simple pleasures in life. Just a few scenes later she’s boiling mad at the condescending Higgins, and fantasizes again in “Just You Wait,” but this time about the many ways she’d savor doing him in.
NAUGHTY MARIETTA

MUSIC: Victor Herbert
LYRICS AND BOOK: Rida Johnson Young
DIRECTOR: Jacques Cohni
OPENED: 11/7/10, New York; a run of 136 performances

Victor Herbert's crowning achievement came into being because mounting debts had forced opera impresario Oscar Hammerstein (grandfather of lyricist Oscar II) into the area of the more commercial musical theatre. Hammerstein staged Herbert's operetta with all the lavish care of one of his Manhattan Opera productions. Two of his stars, Emma Trentini and Orville Harrold, sang the leading roles of Marietta d'Altena and Capt. Dick Warrington. Naughty Marietta takes place in 1780 New Orleans, where the showy, trill-filled "Italian Street Song" is somewhat incongruously sung. Marietta is there to escape from an unwanted marriage in France, and Capt. Dick is there to lead his Rangers against a pirate gang led by Bras Pique. Though Marietta is revealed as the pirate leader, she is happy to sing her romantic duets with Capt. Dick. She is, in fact, sure that he is the man for her because he is able to finish the "Dream Melody" (better known as "Ain't We Got Life") that Marietta recalls from her childhood. (The song was memorably used for ribald effect in the Mel Brooks movie Young Frankenstein.) The film version of Naughty Marietta co-starred Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

OH, KAY!

MUSIC: George Gershwin
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
BOOK: Guy Bolton and P.G. Wodehouse
DIRECTOR: John Harwood
CHOREOGRAPHER: Sammy Lee
OPENED: 11/8/26, New York; a run of 256 performances

Following her Broadway appearances in the Charlot Revues, Gertrude Lawrence was besieged with offers to star in an American musical comedy. By accepting the leading role in Oh, Kay!, Lawrence became the first British actress to originate a part on Broadway before debuting it in London. The production reunited the Princess Theatre librettists Guy Bolton and P.G. Wodehouse, whose book for Oh, Kay! retained something of the Anglo-American flavor of their previous Oh, Boy! and Oh, Lady! Lady!! It's success gave the Gershwin's their second-longest running show up to that time. The Prohibition-era action takes place at the home of Jimmy Winter in the imaginary town of Beachampton, Long Island. Jimmy is about to wed when he discovers that he has fallen in love with Kay Denham, who is posing as a cook in his house to be near the hooch that her brother, a titled English bootlegger, has stashed in Jimmy's cellar. Though Kay and Jimmy make their feelings clear to each other, and Kay plaintively pleads for "Someone to Watch Over Me," the couple must survive obstacles, both legal and matrimonial, before settling down to a life of musical-comedy bliss. A revival of Oh, Kay!, somewhat revised, was produced Off-Broadway in 1960. David Merrick revived the musical with an all-black cast in the mid-1990s.

ON YOUR TOES

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
BOOK: George Abbott, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart
DIRECTOR: Worthington Miner and George Abbott (uncredited)
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Balanchine
OPENED: 4/11/36, New York; a run of 315 performances

On Your Toes scored a major theatrical breakthrough as the first Broadway entertainment to combine musical comedy and ballet. Junior Delan, an ex-vaudevillian now a music teacher in New York, persuades a classical ballet company to perform a modern work, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and then assumes the leading male role himself. Because he has also become involved with the company's chief ballerina, Vera Barnova, Vera's jealous lover and dancing partner hires two thugs to kill Junior during a performance of the ballet. To avoid being a target, Junior keeps dancing after the ballet is over. When the police finally arrest the gunman, Junior collapses, exhausted to the floor. The musical offered Ray Bolger his first major role, and it also marked the first time that ballet choreographer George Balanchine was engaged to create dances for a book musical.

Rodgers and Hart originally conceived the musical as a screen vehicle for Fred Astaire, but the dancer turned it down reportedly because it did not give him the chance to wear a top hat, white tie and tails. Though George Abbott, the book's co-author, was to have directed the production, repeated delays forced him to withdraw. He did, however, return to the show when it was having problems during the Boston tryout. On Your Toes has had two major Broadway revivals. In 1954, Abbott and Balanchine put together a production starring Bobby Van, Vera Zorina and Elaine Stritch, which ran 64 performances. A more successful revival (305 performances) was mounted in 1983, again with Abbott directing. Donald Saddler and Peter Martins based their choreography on Balanchine's original work. Natalia Makarova and Lara Teeter headed the cast. On Your Toes was filmed by Warner Bros. in 1939 with Eddie Albert and Vera Zorina, but the score was used only as background. The romantic couple imagines honeymoon bliss in one of the show's best-known standards, "There's a Small Hotel."
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Charles Hart, Richard Stilgoe
BOOK: Richard Stilgoe, Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: 1/26/88, New York; still running as of 02/01/00

The most financially successful musical in history is based on the French novel Le Fantome de l'Opera, published in 1911. It's the story of a disfigured musical genius who haunts the trackless catacombs beneath the Paris Opera. The world's revaluation at his outer ugliness twists the artist within. He conceives a passion for a lovely young singer, Christine Daae, and hypnotizes her into becoming his student and worshipper. Calling him her Angel of Music, she is willing to do anything for him. The Phantom's spell is broken with the arrival of a young man who vies with the Phantom for Christine's affections. That's when the Phantom turns murderous. The production's most famous element is a chandelier that falls from above the audience and crashes onto the stage. The musical opened in London in 1986 prior to its debut on Broadway some two years later. "Think of Me" is sung at the top of the show to show off Christine's voice. It builds from a pretty melody sung at an audition, to the full operatic treatment on Christine's opening night. "Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again" is Christine's plea, after the Phantom's threat begins to grow, for a friend she can rely on.

PIPE DREAM

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Harold Clurman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Boris Runanin
OPENED: 11/30/55, New York; a run of 246 performances

A Rodgers and Hammerstein musical set in a brothel? Sounds crazy, no? But in John Steinbeck's little village of Cannery Row, they created a collection of soft-centered sinners and sent them about their business in this leisurely paced musical with little conflict. Pipe Dream was adapted from John Steinbeck's Sweet Thursday, and took a sympathetic look at the inhabitants of skid row in California's Monterey peninsula. The plot is mostly about Doc, a marine biologist, whose romance with a pretty vagrant named Suzy is abetted by Fauna, the warmhearted madam of a local brothel. The song "Sweet Thursday" tries to explain what happens that day to make it always so much sweeter than the others.

PRINCESS IDA

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: January 5, 1884, London.

This "respectful operatic perversion" takes aim at the incipient feminism of its day. King Gama and his sons arrive at the castle of King Hildebrand to inform him that Gama's daughter Ida, betrothed to Hildebrand's son Hilarion, does not intend to go through with the wedding. She has renounced men completely and established a university for young women at Castle Adamant. When first we meet her there, she prays to Minerva for wisdom in guiding her students in "Oh, Goddess Wise." Shortly thereafter, Hilarion and two friends steal into the castle gardens and disguise themselves as postulants. No sooner has Princess Ida found them out and locked them up than King Hildebrand arrives with an army and an ultimatum: marriage or combat. She chooses the latter, but her ladies are unwilling to do battle. Her father urges her to let her brothers fight it out with Hilarion and his friends. She detests the thought of being fought over by men, but finally agrees. Hilarion prevails, and Princess Ida, her philosophy in ruins, concedes that perhaps she had been mistaken about men.

SATURDAY NIGHT

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Julius J. Epstein, based on the play Front Porch in Flatbush by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Kathleen Marshall
OPENED: 2/14/80, New York; still running as of 2/15/2000

Saturday Night goes down in musical theatre history as having had one of the longest gestation periods on record: 46 years. The story of a group of buddies trying to get dates (and make their fortune) in 1920s Brooklyn, was written by Sondheim in 1954 when the composer was just 24. When the original producer Lernuel Ayers died, so did plans for a Broadway production, and the manuscript sat in Sondheim's trunk for four decades, dismissed (by the composer) as juvenilia. Over the years, several of the songs surfaced in Sondheim anthologies, including "Sondheim: A Celebration." Varese Sarabande's Unsung Sondheim album recorded most of the score for the first time. Following a 1996 reading that pleased Sondheim, the show had a successful London production at Bridewell Theatre in 1997. Chicago's Pegasus Players gave the show its U.S. premiere in spring 1999. An Off-Broadway premiere was finally arranged at Second Stage on Valentine's Day, 2000. "So Many People" is a simple love song, with a Sondheimian twist. In the first flush of love, a young couple express sorrow that most of the poor benighted human race will never experience a love as sweet and special as theirs.
SONG AND DANCE

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

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

SONGS FOR A NEW WORLD

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

In 1994, Daisy Prince, daughter of Broadway legend Harold Prince, went to hear a 24-year-old Greenwich Village coffee-house pianist named Jason Robert Brown play some of his original compositions. When she heard he was working on a concert evening of songs that played like offbeat short stories, a collaboration and a friendship were born. Titled Songs for a New World, the piece was developed at a summer festival Liven Inc. sponsored in Toronto, and the piece made its Off-Broadway bow October 25, 1995. Musically distinctive and precocious, the songs looked at contemporary life from highly unusual angles. The title of the song “Christmas Lullaby” is certainly ironic. It’s actually a parody of Kurt Weill’s “Surabaya Johnny”—but performed by Mrs. Santa Claus as if she were Marlene Dietrich or Lotte Lenya. She spends the comic song bitterly reproaching “Nick” for leaving her alone every Christmas Eve. Not bad for a composer who had just turned 25. Brown’s next project, Parade, was directed by Prince pere on Broadway in 1998, and won him the 1999 Tony Award for Best Score at age 29.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
DIRECTORS: Vincent J. Donehue, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 11/16/59, New York; a run of 1,443 performances

For many youngsters growing up in the 1960s, The Sound of Music was the first musical they ever saw, either via the long-running 1959 Broadway version (the third-longest run for Rodgers and Hammerstein) with Mary Martin, or via the Oscar-winning 1965 film version with Julie Andrews. The latter became, from 1966 to 1969, the top grossing film ever in North America. A lot of major theatre careers at the dawn of the 21st century started with the song “Do Re Mi.” The Sound of Music was adapted from Maria Von Trapp’s autobiographical The Trapp Family Singers and the German film version, which Maria 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 joined Halliday and Hayward as producers. The play is set in Austria in 1938. Maria Rainer (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. She loosens things up around the house, which has been run like a battleship since the death of the children’s mother. Maria teaches the children to sing and play, and thereby melts the Captain’s heart. 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. A catalog of warm, homey images, “My Favorite Things” is sung in the stage show by Maria and the Mother Abbess to give Maria courage—similar in a way to “I Whistle a Happy Tune” from The King and I. In The Sound of Music film, Maria sings the tune to the children to comfort them during a thunderstorm. After Hammerstein’s death from cancer, Rodgers wrote both music and lyrics for two songs that were added to the film: “I Have Confidence,” a whistle-in-the-dark song for Maria as she heads for her first day on the new job, and “Something Good,” an intimate love song for the Captain and Maria once they accept their feelings for one another. Both were added to the 1998 Broadway revival. The stage score, written for the modest range of Mary Martin, was transposed up into a soprano range, reflecting the movie’s influence on the life of the show.
TITANIC

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Maury Yeston
BOOK: Peter Stone
DIRECTOR: Richard Jones
CHOREOGRAPHER: Lynne Taylor-Corbett
OPENED: 4/23/97, New York, for a run of 804 performances

The whole idea of a musical about the sinking of the luxury liner Titanic was unsettling to many Broadwayites. Few thought Yeston, Stone and company could pull it off. And reports of technological glitches during the early previews threatened to turn the whole project into a joke. And yet, when they finished counting the Tony ballots in 1997, Titanic won for Best Musical. Credit the strength of Yeston’s score that explored the emotional nuances of a whole tapestry of characters and situations. The music takes theatregoers inside the head of the captain, the shipbuilder, the millionaires, the social climbers and the illiterate immigrants—each with their dreams and worries that are altered forever by that fateful journey. In one of the show’s best-remembered scenes, Ida Straus, wife of department store magnate Isidor Straus, is offered a place in one of the few lifeboats. But she refuses to leave his side, choosing to share his fate for better or worse as she always has. In “Still,” they marvel that when it comes right down to it, they really have loved each other.

WHERE’S CHARLEY?

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Frank Loesser
BOOK AND DIRECTION: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHY: George Balanchine
OPENED: 10/11/48, New York; a run of 792 performances

Where’s Charley was based on Brandon Thomas’ 1892 London hit, Charley’s Aunt, one of the most durable farces in the English language. The musical also boasted the first complete Broadway score by Frank Loesser, who would go on to write Guys and Dolls and other shows. Oxford undergraduates Charley Wyckham (Ray Bolger) and Jack Chesney (Byron Palmer) wish to entertain their lady friends Amy Spettigue and Kitty Verdun. But to do so, Charley must play chaperone by disguising himself as his own aunt (“From Brazil, where the nuts come from”). Further complications arise when the girls’ guardian, Mr. Spettigue, becomes smitten with the “aunt” and proposes marriage. Just when things can’t seem to get any worse, the real aunt makes an unexpected appearance. The musical was a perfect vehicle for dancing star Ray Bolger, who nightly invited audiences to join with him in singing “Once in Love With Amy.” Bolger again played Charley, and Allyn McLerie was again his Amy, in the 1952 Warner Bros. movie version, directed by David Butler. The adored Amy wants to believe the best of Charley, but in the song “The Woman in His Room,” she just can’t get over a photograph she has seen on his table—of another woman, in tights!

WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Jim Steinman
BOOK: Patricia Knop, Gale Edwards and Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Gale Edwards
CHOREOGRAPHER: Anthony Van Laast
OPENED: 7/1/98, London; still playing as of 7/1/2000

Three religious children discover an emaciated bearded stranger sleeping in their barn. When they awaken him demanding to know who he is, he warily exclaims, “Jesus!” and sinks back into a coma. To the children, this means only one thing: The Second Coming is at hand, and right in their back yard! In adapting this simple tale of the redemptive power of faith, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Meat Loaf composer Jim Steinman changed the location from the north of England in Mary Hayley Bell’s novel to the bayou country of Louisiana in the late 1950s. They also made the children slightly older, and the stranger (actually an escaped convict) more sinister. The central character, the now-teenaged Swallow, still goes on a journey of awakening—to the prejudice and double-dealing of adults, and to the true power of faith and love. Asserting that an American subject deserved an American tryout, Lloyd Webber gave the musical its February 1997 world premiere at the National Theatre in Washington, D.C., where it got mixed reviews and cancelled its announced Broadway opening—making it the first and only Andrew Lloyd Webber musical to close out of town. A revamped version opened in London’s West End in summer 1998. Swallow’s father first sings the title song of Whistle Down the Wind to the children, to let them know that whenever they call, someone who cares for them will answer. Other characters also sing the song.
FEELINGS
from The Apple Tree

Words and Music by JERRY BOCK
and SHELDON HARNICK

Moderately

Feelings are tumbling over feelings, Feelings I
I am the first to face this problem, I am the

Feelings do not understand. And I am more than slightly worried
first to have this dream. How can I harness his attention?

That they are getting out of hand. Sometimes they
How can I harvest his esteem? Am I suf...
happen in my stomach, Sometimes they happen on my skin. What is the
mencently attracive? Should I do something with my hair? Is there some

name of this condition That I am in? What should I wear? If I'm ob-
tid-bit that will please him? What is the

jective and observant, If I can keep an even keel, I'll be the
source of this congestion That I must learn to rise above? Is there a

first to pin a name to What I'm the very first to feel. name and it is "hell"!
WAITIN’ FOR MY DEARIE
from Brigadoon

Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER

FIONA:

Many a lassie as everyone knows ‘ll
Try to be married before twenty-five.

So she’ll agree to most any proposal,
All he must be is a man an’ alive.

I hold a dream an’ there’s no compromising;
I know there’s one certain lad-die for me.
One day he'll come walk-in o'er the hor-i-zon; But should he not then an old maid I'll be.

Fool-ish ye may say. Fool-ish I will stay.

Wait-in' for my dear-ie An' happy am I

To hold my heart till he comes stroll-in' by.
When he comes, my dearie
One look an' I'll know that

he's the dearie
I've been wantin' so.

Though I'll

live forty lives
Till he day he arrives
I'll not ever, ever grieve.

For my

hopes will be high
That he'll come strollin' by;
For ye see,
I believe

That
there's a lad-die weari- y An' wan-der-in' free Who's
wait-in' for his dearie; Me!

Più mosso

What do ye do while ye're wait-in' a-round For your lad to come your way? Well, when

no one is look-in' ye kneel on the ground An' ye pray an' pray an' pray! But when
Las-sies sit an' have no men Oh, how long be-comes the night. But I

fear the night is long-er when the lad’s not right.
cresc.
dim. e rit.
espr.

Tempo I

Wait-in' for my dear-ie Is sweet-er to me

Than woo-in' an-y lad-die on the
Dreamin' of my dearie, An' idlin' the day, That's how I am an' how I'll ever stay. Though I'll live forty lives Till the day he arrives I'll not ever, ever grieve. For my
hopes will be high   That he'll come stroll-in' by:   For ye see,  I be -
lieve  That there's a lad-die wea - ry  An'
wan - der - in' free  Who's wait - in' for his
dear - ie:  Me!
A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD
from Chicago

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Ad lib.
MARY:

When I was a tiny tot of

may be two or three,
I can still remember what my mother said to me:

rose colored glasses on your nose
and you will see the robins, not the

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crows. For in this tense and tangled web our weary lives can weave. You're

so much better off if you believe

That there's a

little bit of good in every one. In every one

you'll ever know. Yes, there's a little bit of good in
Ev’ry one
Tho’ man-y times it does-n’t show.

It only takes the tak-ing time with one an-oth-er.

For un-der ev’ry mean veneer is some-one warm and
dear, keep look-ing For that bit of good in ev’ry one.
Rubato - (moving)

The ones we call bad are never all bad

So try to find that little bit of good.

Just a little, little bit of good ah ha ha ha.

Ah ha ha ha Is someone warm and dear, keep looking
Rubato (quasi operetta)

for that bit of good in ev'ry one

al tho' you meet rats they're not com-

plete rats so try to find that

lit - tle bit of good.
BEFORE I GAZE AT YOU AGAIN
from Camelot

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Moderato

GUINEVERE:

Before I gaze at you again I'll need a time for

PP dolce

Before I gaze at you again Let

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hours _ turn to years. _ I have so
much forgetting to do
fore I try to gaze again at you.
Poco più mosso

Stay away until you cross my mind
Barely once a day;
Till the moment I awake and find
I can smile and say:
That

Tempo I
I can gaze at you again Without a blush or

mp dolce
qualm, My eyes a-shine like new again, My
man-ner poised and calm. Stay far a-way,
love, far a-way. Till I for-get I gazed at you to-
day. To-day To-day
IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER
from Cinderella

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Ben moderato

CINDERELLA:

I'm as mild and as meek as a mouse.
When I hear a command I obey.
But I know of a spot in my house
Where no one can stand in my way.

poco animato

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own little corner, in my own little chair, I can

be whatever I want to be. On the

wing of my fancy I can fly anywhere And the

world will open its arms to me. I'm a
young Norwegian princess or a milk maid,
I'm the greatest prima donna in Milan,
I'm an heiress who has always had her silk made
By her own flock of silk-worms in Japan!
I'm a
girl men go mad for, Love's a game I can play With a
cool and confident kind of air, Just as
long as I stay in my own little corner, All a-
lone in my own little chair.
I can be whatever I want to be.

I'm a slave in Calcutta, I'm a queen in Peru, I'm a mermaid dancing upon the sea.
huntress on an African safari

It's a dangerous type of sport and yet it's fun.

In the night I sally forth to seek my quarry.

And I find I forgot to bring my gun.

I am
lost in the jungle All alone and unarmed When I meet a lioness in her lair!

Then I'm glad to be back in my own little corner, All alone in my own little chair.
RIBBONS DOWN MY BACK
from Hello, Dolly!

Music and Lyric by
JERRY HERMAN

I'll be wearing ribbons down my back
This summer.

Blue and green and streaming in the yel—
- low sky. So if

someone special comes my way. This summer,

Rubato

He might notice me passing by.

And so I'll try to make it easier to find me in the
stillness of July, Because a breeze might stir a rainbow up behind me That might

In Tempo

happen to catch the gentleman's eye. And he might smile and

rall.

take me by the hand, This summer,

Making me recall how lovely love can
And so I will proudly wear ribbons down my back,
shining in my hair,
That he might notice me.
And so I will proudly wear

ribbons down my back, shining in my hair, That he might

※ (opt. cut to here)
Slowly, in 4

no- tice me.
FROM CHOPIN TO COUNTRY
from Cowgirls

Written by MARY MURFITT
Enhanced by FREDERIC CHOPIN

Quickly

\(\text{Eb}\)

\(\text{From Chopin to country in one single day.}\)
\(\text{From chorales to corrals, who'd ever have thought.}\)
\(\text{I'm Chopin to country, it happened so fast.}\)

\(\text{C}\)

\(\text{Chopin to country, this ticket's one way.}\)
\(\text{Praying to God that we don't get caught.}\)
\(\text{Hope I'm asleep and this nightmare won't last.}\)

\(\text{Bb Bdim Cm Adim}\)

\(\text{Brandenburg to brandin' cows,}\)
\(\text{Hope you don't kill us. We'll do this somehow.}\)
\(\text{Round up some dogs. Let's go slop a sow.}\)

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I could have been in Heidelberg by now. From
I could have been in Liechtenstein by now.
I could have been in Düsseldorf by now.

I think I’ll just play a lark.
So, I’ll just play a lark.

I’d ride for miles by gas.
Top off your Tex as we go.
I’d ride for miles by gas.

2.3

Ab
E7/G

To:

E7/G
F7
ny nie with just ketchup to hear a symphony

C7/G F7 Bb7

D.S. al Coda
(take 2nd ending)

CODA
C7/G F7 Bb7

(see.) From

a tempo

Chopin to country, it's

a tempo

C C7/G Fm

really quite performance. We're
so glad to be here; we're tickled and how.

I could have been in Heidelberg, I could have been in Liechtenstein,

I could have been in Dusseldorf

by now.
I REMEMBER
from the TV production Evening Primrose

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Slowly
Am/C         Bm7 b5     Bm7 b5/F        Dm/E         E7

Quite slowly and expressively
Am9 Gsus     Gm7        G9     Cdim7

I re-mem-ber sky.

I re-mem-ber sky.
It was blue as ink.

C Am9        Dm7

Or at least I think

I re-mem-ber sky.

I re-mem-ber

Dm9 Gsus Gm7 G9

snow.

G9 Gm7 G9 Gsus Gm7 G9

Soft as feath-ers,

Sharp as thumb tacks,

Com-ing down like

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Cdim7  C  Am9(add4)  Dm7
lint, And it made you squint When the wind would

Dm7/G  G7  Dm7/G  G7  Dm7/G  G7  Dm7/G  G7
blow. And ice, like vi-nyl, on the streets,

Dm7/G  Gm7  Dm7/G  Gm7/C  Fmaj7  Db/F
Cold as sil-ver, White as sheets, Rain like strings and Chang - ing things Like

Am9  Dm9  Gsus  Gm7  G9
leaves. I re-mem - ber leaves, Green as spear-mint,
Crisp as paper. I remember trees, Bare as coat racks,

spread like broken umbrellas. And parks and bridges,
Ponds and zoos, Rudy faces, Muddy shoes, Light and noise and

bees and boys and days. I remember
days, Or I least I try. But as years go by
They’re a sort of haze. And the bluest ink
Is n’t really sky, And at times I think
I would gladly die For a day of sky.
SONS OF
(Fils De)
from Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris

French Words by JACQUES BREL
English Words by MORT SHUMAN and ERIC BLAU
Music by GERARD JOUANNEST

Andante ($d = 108$)
F#maj9

Sons of the thief,

F#maj7  F#6/C#  F#maj9  F#6/C#

sons of the saint, Who is the child with

G#m7  C#7  G#m7  C#7sus

no complaint? Sons of the great, or

C#7/G#  C#9  C#7sus

sons unknown, All were children
like your own. The same sweet smiles, the

same sad tears, The cries at night, the

nightmare fears; Sons of the great or

sons unknown, All were children
like your own. So long ago.

colla voce

long, long ago. But sons of tycoons or

As written

sons of the farms, All of their children ran

simile

from your arms; Thru fields of gold, thru
fields of ruin, All of their children vanished too soon. In towering waves, in walls of flesh, Among dying birds trembling with death; Sons of coons, or sons of the farms, All of their children ran
from your arms. So long ago.

long, long ago. But sons of your sons or

sons passing by. Children we lost in lullabies;

sisters. Sons of true love and sons of re-
gret,
All of their sons you can not for -

get. Some built the roads, some wrote the

poems. Some went to war, some never came

home; Sons of your sons, or sons passing

8va
by. Children we lost in full loco

A6 ad lib. N.C. bies.

So long ago, long, long ago.

colla voce rit.

Allegro con brio (\( \breve{d} = 72 \), can speed up to \( \breve{d} = 80 \))

Sons of the thief,

cresc. gliss.

sons of the saint, Who is the child with
no complaint? Sons of the great, or

sons unknown, All were children

like your own. The same sweet smiles, the

same sad tears, The cries at night, the
nightmare fears;
Sons of the great or
sons unknown,
All were children
like your own.
Like your own,
like your own.
ONCE UPON A DREAM
from Jekyll & Hyde

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Moderately
N.C.

E(add2)
EMMA:
A
F#m7
N.C.

When this all began,
I knew there'd be a price.

E

B/A
A
E

N.C.
A
B/A
E sus4
E

Once upon a dream,
I was lost in love's embrace.
There I found a perfect place, once up-on a dream.

Once there was a time like no other time before.

Hope was still an open door, once up-on a dream. And

I was un-a-fraid, the dream was so ex-cit-ing! But now I see it fade and I am here a-
IN HIS EYES
from Jekyll & Hyde
Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Rubato
Cm

I sit and watch the rain and see my tears run down the window pane.

Cm

I sit and watch the sky, and I can hear it heave a sigh.

Gm

think of him, how we were. And when I think of him, then I remember,

Dm

mem - ber, re - mem - ber... In his eyes,

Eb

Bb/F

F7

Bb/F

F7

Bb(add2)

Cm7/Bb

This is an ensemble piece in the show.

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I can see where my heart longs to be!

In his eyes, I see a gentle glow; and that's where I'll be safe, I know!

Safe in his arms, close to his heart; but I don’t know quite where to start. By looking
F/Bb  Bb(add2)  F/G  Gm  Eb maj7
in his eyes, will I see beyond tomorrow?

Fsus2  Eb/F  F/Bb  Bb(add2)  F/G  Gm
By looking in his eyes, will I see beyond the

Eb maj9  Fsus  F  Eb(add2)  Bsus2/D  Bb/F
sorrow that I feel? Will his eyes reveal to me

Eb(add2)  Bsus2/D  Eb(add2)  Dm7  Bb/D  Cm7  Cm7b5/F  F7
promises or lies? But he can't conceal from me the love in his
eyes! They're like an open book.
I know their every look, and most of all the look that

hypnotized me! If I'm wise, I will walk away and

gladly. But sadly, I'm not wise. It's

hard to talk away the memories that you prize!
Love is worth giving for! Now I realize. Ev'rything worth living for is there in his eyes! Love is worth giving for!

Now I realize. Ev'rything worth living for is there, in his eyes!

Faster
GETTING TO KNOW YOU
from *The King and I*  
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato \( \frac{d}{d} = 113 \)

ANNA: *(rather spoken)*

\[
\text{It's a very ancient saying, but a true and honest thought, That if}
\]

*(sung)*

\[
you become a teacher, By your pupils you'll be taught, As a
\]

\[
teach-er I've been learning (You'll forgive me if I boast) And I've
\]

*(spoken)*

\[
now become an expert, On the subject I like most: Getting to know you. Getting to
\]
Gracefully and not fast $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 120$

know you, getting to know all about you.

like you, getting to hope you like me.

know you, putting it my way, but nicely.

You are precisely My cup of tea!

Get-ting to
know you, Getting to feel free and easy. When I am with you,

Getting to know what to say. Haven’t you noticed? Suddenly I’m bright and breezy because of all the beautiful and new things I’m learning about you day by day.
IT NEVER WAS YOU
from the musical play Knickerbocker Holiday

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL.

Allegro moderato con espressione

TINA:
I've been hunting through woods,
I've been fishing over water,
For one certain boy.
Who's a certain father's son;
I've been following trails,

I've been staring after ships,
For a certain pair of eyes

And a certain pair of lips.
Yes, I looked everywhere

You can look without wings
And I found a great variety
Of interesting things.

But it never was you.

It never was anywhere you!

An occasional sunset reminded me,

Or a flow'ring high on a tulip tree,

Or one red star hung low in the West,

Or a heart-break call from the meadow lark's nest.

Made me
think for a moment: “Maybe it’s true—— I’ve

found him in the star, in the call, in the blue!” But it

never was you,—— It never was any where you,

any where, any where you.
I’ve been running through rains
And the winds that follow

af- ter
For one cer- tain face

And an un- for- got- ten laugh- ter;
I’ve been fol- low- ing

signs,
I’ve been search- ing through the lands
For a certain pair of arms

And a certain pair of hands.

Oh, I tried a kiss here
And I tried a kiss there,

For when you're out in company

The boys and girls will
pair

But it never was you

It never was anywhere you!

An occasional sunset remembered me, Or a flower growing high on a tulip tree, Or

one red star hung low in the West, Or a heartbreak call from the
meadow lark's nest
Made me think for a moment:
"Maybe it's true

I've found him in the star, in the call, in the

blue!" But it never was you,
It never was anywhere

you, anywhere, anywhere you!
ONE LIFE TO LIVE
from the musical production Lady in the Dark

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by KURT WEILL

Allegro animato \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}} = 144 \)

LIZA:

There are many minds in circulation. Believing in reincarnation.

slower

In me you see One who doesn’t agree. Challenging possible af-

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I believe I'll only live once and I want to make the most of it. If there's a party I want to be the host of it; if there's a haunted house I want to be the ghost of it; if I'm in town I want to be the toast of it.

Allegretto commodo (d=126)

You've only one life to
say to me ev'ry morning,
you've only one life to
say to me ev'ry morning.
run. And what does worry net you? Nothing! The thing
far Be that than be a red tape-ist. Lead me. Speed me

is to have fun! All this may sound kind of hackneyed. But it's the best I can
straight to the bar! Just laugh at old man repression. And send him into ob-
give. Soon comes December. So please remember. You've only one life to
liv. Then you're the winner. I'm off to dinner. I've only one life to

live. Just one life to live. mF
IN MY LIFE
from Les Misérables

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

Moderato ( \( \dot{d} = 100 \) )

\( \text{D} \quad \text{A/C} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{D/A} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{E9} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{C} \)

\( \text{D} \quad \text{COSETTE:} \)

In my life there are so many questions and answers that somehow seem

\( \text{Gm} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{Em/D} \quad \text{A/C} \quad \text{A7} \)

wrong:

In my life There are times when I catch in the silence The sigh of a far away

\( \text{D} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Gsus} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{E7} \)

song And it sings Of a world that I long to see, Out of reach, Just a whisper a-
A7sus  C11
way,    Waiting for me;  Does he know I'm alive? Do I know if he's

F/C  C11
real?  Does he see what I saw? Does he feel what I

D  D/C#  Bm7  D/A
feel?  In my life I'm no longer alone Now the love of my life Is so

E7  G  A7  D
near.  Find me now, find me here.
STAY WELL
from the musical production Lost in the Stars

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

Sostenuto

IRINA:
If I tell truth to you
my love, my own.
Grief is your gift to me.
grief alone.
Wild passion at midnight.

If I tell truth to you
my love, my own.
Grief is your gift to me.
grief alone.
Wild passion at midnight.
Wild anger at dawn.
Yet when you're absent,

Poco piu mosso

weep you gone.
Stay well.

O keeper of my love,
Go well.

through-out all your days.
Your star
the luckiest star above, Your ways.

the luckiest ways. Since unto you my

one love is given. And since with you it

will remain. Though you bring fear
here alone.
So come back at midnight.

Or come back at dawn.
Now that you're absent I

Piu mosso

weep you gone.
Go well.

though wild the road and far,
Stay well.
through dark-ening days,            Your star

be still my luck-iest star,         Your ways

the luck-iest ways                Though in-to storm your

lone bark be dri-ven,              Though my eyes ache for
you in vain. Though you bring fear at dawn, despair at even. Stay well.

come well to my door again.
TROUBLE MAN
from the musical production Lost in the Stars

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

Tranquillo

Moderato (with urgent expression)

IRINA:

Since you came

first to me,

Dear one,

You bring all the

glad one,
worst to me, Near one, sad one. There's trouble in your

coming, And trouble in your laughter, There's trouble in your

going, And trouble after. Since you were

near to me Lost one, mad one. No other is
dear to me, Loved one, bad one; I love your dark silence, Love your bright laughter, I love the

trouble you bring me, The crying after, Trouble

Moderato assai (ben ritmico)

man, trouble man since you’ve been gone, Somehow I
man-age... living here a-lone.  All day long you don't catch me

weep-ing.  But oh, God, help me when it comes time for

sleep-ing.  When it comes time for sleep-ing here a-

lone._
Trouble man, trouble man walking out there,
May-be in a strange town,
God knows
cresc. poco a poco
where,
May-be in a strange place,
hur-rying and
walk-ing,
Listen to my blood and my bones here
Talking,
Listen to the blood in my hands and feet,
Finding you out in a far, strange street,
Finding the footprints out where you ran,
Asking, "Aren't you coming home, trouble man?"
Trouble man! Trouble man!
man!

Trouble man!

Saying, "All day long you don't catch me weeping, But, oh, God help me when it comes time for sleeping, When it comes

time for sleeping here alone."

Trouble man!
(Spoken:) Yes, I know that somewhere in this wide world there is an ideal man for me, and he’ll awaken me – and complete me.

With Mr. Right I’ll never have to explain a thing. He’ll always know. We won’t have to say a word to each other for years.

If I’m upset because I had trouble with the saleslady in the lingerie department on the second floor of Gimbel’s, I won’t have to tell him.
One look in my eyes and he'll know I had trouble with the saleslady in the lingerie department on the second floor at Gimbel's.

And when I make little mistakes — and who doesn't — he'll always be kind and understanding.

If I give away all his new clothes by mistake — he'll smile. And when I break his razor shaving my legs.
he'll only be amused.
Yes, that's Mr. Right.
My darling Mr. Right!

He will be a perfect dream of manhood.
Oh, the moment that we meet I'll tumble.

Ah.
I'll see him and I'll start to crumble.

Tender as a flow'r,
He will say "Hello" and boom, inside I'll know that's

he'll be everything and more a man should.

G#dim7  Am  Em7  F  C#dim7  Dm  G7

D7/A

C/E

D#dim7
All I want of Mister Right, last I've found my Mister Right. He'll take my hand, he'll make a million.

And thought will scatter, then we'll lead a life of mad desire. He'll be part of me.

Bells will start to ring, I'll be part of him, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

It will be love at first sight. The day I find Mister Right.

And we'll get married that night. And I will have Mister Right.
Right. Right. He'll make not one mistake. and he'll be

mother me solid good and sister me just like I dreamed, and

poco a poco cresc.

brother me. And in his arms he'll crush me and always could.

not ever sweet or arty, but

constantly mash me and he won't mind if I spend

strong and Bogart, one look. I'll feel I'm in a
all his earnings, long as I'm releasing
cock-tail shak-er.
for I'll know that I have

all my yearnings. He will live for me.
met my mak-er.

I will live for he. And we will live ev-'ry

night, when I have found Mis-ter Right.
Più mosso (Swing tempo)

D9/F♯

He’ll have no match! So on him I’ll latch

Dm7/G
the moment he is in sight,

Dm7/Dm7b5
handy dandy, dreamy, screamy

C/G C+/G♯

Am Dm7 G9 C
man. Mister Right.

C7 Ab9 C6/9
ONCE YOU LOSE YOUR HEART
from Me and My Girl

Words and Music by
NOEL GAY

Rubato, molto legato, cantabile

Once you lose your heart, Once some-body takes it,

From the place it rested in before.

Once you lose your heart,

Once some-body wakes it, then it isn't your heart any more. It's

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gone before you knew it could ever go that way, and

now you must pursue it forever and a day. Once you lose your heart,

Once somebody takes it, there's one thing certain from the start, you'll find for-

ever, you've got to follow your heart. They
più mosso

say a girl should nev-er be with-out love.

And

all the joy that love a-lone can bring.

All that I have ev-er learnt a-
cresc.

bout love.

tells me it's a ver-y fun-ny thing.

For

dim.

accel.

when your heart is fan-cy-free, You hope some man will choose it.

But
oh the spin you find you're in. The very moment that you lose it.

Tempo Primo

Once you lose your heart, Once some-body takes it, From the place it rested in before.

Once you lose your heart, Once some-body takes it,

Then it isn't your heart any more. It's gone before you knew it could
ev-er go that way, And now you must pur-sue it for-ev-er and a day.

Tempo Primo

Once you lose your heart, Once some-bod-y takes it, There’s one thing cer-tain from the start,

You’ve got to fol-low, You’ve got to fol-low your heart.
THE GIRLS OF SUMMER
from *Marry Me a Little*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Languid, but rhythmic ($\dot{=} = 100$)

\[ \text{The girls of summer...} \]
Get burned. They start the summer. Unconcerned. They

get undone. By a touch of sun in June.

Plus a touch of the moon.

The girls of summer. Get fooled. 'Cause soon the summer
Heat has cooled, And come September. They can’t remember why.

Things were hot in July.

Not me! It’s too easy to

fall

The moonlit sand, A far-
- away band And that's all. Not me!

I don't easily thrill.

rall. e dim. a tempo

Never did, never will.

f rall. p a tempo

The end of summer's
at hand; I thought the summer was grand. And here I am with the same undamaged heart. That I had at the start.

The girls of summer forgot to run. The
The girls of summer. Were bound to lose. The girls of summer. Have all the fun. I have nothing but blues.
HOW MANY TEARS?
from Martin Guerre

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL and STEPHEN CLARK

A♭

Bertrande

Oh Lord, I'm not the one to blame.

A♭⁷/G♭

Oh Lord, why must I live in shame?

Each

F

Piu Mosso

Rail...

night... I light... a
D \textit{a tempo} \hspace{1cm} \textit{Rall...} \hspace{1cm} \textit{G}

\textit{candle in his name...}

\textit{How many tears though the years can I cry? How many prayers to the Lord must I try? Still the pain tears at my broken heart. Sometimes I feel I was cursed from the start.}

\textit{All I could hold, all I could see, so full of promise,}
Am   E   A7   Dm7

each day reaching out before me. Once... Now there's nothing.

Dm7

rit.

lost as if you never saw me.

Molto Rit.

Gently

cedez

How many tears through the years can I cry? How many tears until

C/B

F/A

C/G

my heart runs dry, through the fights that a girl needs to fight
Only to do what she feels must be right.

Sometimes I wonder if someone hears. Why must I live through so many tears?
WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY
from My Fair Lady

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Moderato

ELIZA:

All I want is a room some-where; Far a-way from the
cold night air. With one e-nor-mous chair; oh, would n't it be
lov-er-ly? Lots of choc'-late for me to eat; Lots of coal ma-kin'

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lots of heat; Warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh, would n't it be

lover-ly? Oh, so lover-ly sit-tin' ab-so-bloom-in'

lute-ly still! I would nev-er budge 'til

Spring crept o-ver me win-der-sill Some-one's head rest-in'

mf dolce
on my knee; warm and tender as he can be,

Who takes good care of me; oh, wouldn't it be lovely? Lovely!

Lovely! Lovely! Lovely!
JUST YOU WAIT
from My Fair Lady

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Just you wait, 'en-ry 'ig-gins, just you
wait!

You'll be sor-ry, but your tears'll be too late!

You'll be broke and I'll have mon-ey; Will I help you? Don't be fun-ny! Just you wait, 'en-ry 'ig-gins, just you

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wait! Just you wait, 'en-ry 'ig-gins, till you're sick, And you scream to fetch a doc-tor doubl-quick! I'll be off a sec-ond la-ter, And go straight to the the-a-tre! Oh, ho ho, 'en-ry 'ig-gins, just you wait.

Ooooooh, 'en-ry 'ig-gins! Just you wait un-til we're swim-min' in the
sea!

Oooooooh, 'en-ry 'ig-gins
And you

get a cramp a lit-tle ways from me!
When you yell you're gon-na drown, I'll get

dressed and go to town! Oh, ho, ho, 'en-ry 'ig-gins! Oh, ho, ho, 'en-ry 'ig-gins!

Just wait, you wait! One _--
Amabile

day I'll be famous! I'll be proper and prim! Go to

Saint James so often I will call it Saint Jim. One_
evening the King will say, "Oh, Liza, old thing, I

want all of England your praises to sing. Next week, on the twentieth of
May, I proclaim Li-za Doo-lit-tle Day!

All the peo-ple will cel-e-brate the glo-ry of you. And what-
ev-er you wish and want I glad-ly will do." “Thanks a

lot, King,” says I, in a man-ner well-bred; “But
all I want is 'en-ry 'ig-gins 'ead!"

poco rit.

f a tempo

Poco piú mosso

"Done," says the King, "with a stroke,

Guard, run and bring_ in the bloke!"

Then they'll

Allegro marziale

march you, 'en-ry 'ig-gins, to the wall:

And the
king will tell me: “Li - za, sound the call.” As they raise their ri - fles high - er, I’ll shout: “Read-y! Aim! Fire!” Oh, ho, ho! ‘en - ry ‘ig - gins! Down you’ll go! ‘en - ry ‘ig - gins!

Just you wait!
AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE
from _Naughty Marietta_

Lyrics by RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG
Music by VICTOR HERBERT

Moderato

Andante

Ah! sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee,
Ah! I know at last the secret of it all;
All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting,
yearning, The burning hopes, the joy and idle tears that
fall!

For 'tis love, and love alone, the world is

seeking;

And 'tis love, and love alone, that can re-

pay!

'Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living, For it is

allargando
love alone that rules for aye!
For 'tis love, and love alone, the world is seeking,
For 'tis love, and love alone that can repay!
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living!
For it is love alone that rules for aye!
ITALIAN STREET SONG
from Naughty Marietta

Lyrics by RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG
Music by VICTOR HERBERT

Allegretto

Ah! my heart is

back in Napoli, dear

and I seem to hear again in dreams.
her revelry, her sweet revelry

mango limas playing sweet,

pleasant fall of dancing feet,

could I return, oh! joy complete!

cresc.
Allegro moderato

Oh!

Zing, zing, ziz-zy, ziz-zy, zing, zing, boom, boom, aye.

Allegro moderato

Zing, zing, ziz-zy, ziz-zy, zing, zing, Mandolinas gay.

*Optional obligato to be sung 2nd time only on a vowel of choice.
Zing, zing, ziz-zy, ziz-zy, zing, zing, Boom, boom, aye,

La, la, la, Ha, ha, ha, Zing, boom aye.

To Coda (→)

La, la, la, la, ha, ha, ha, Zing, zing, aye.---

To Coda (→)
Ziz-zy, ziz-zy, zing, zing. zing.

D.S. al Coda

La.

fff pp cresc.

CODA

aye. Zing, zing, ziz-zy, ziz-zy, zing, zing. Boom, boom,

Zing, zing, ziz-zy, ziz-zy, zing, zing, Boom, boom, aye.

La, la, la, Ha, ha, ha, Zing, boom aye.

La, la, la, la, ha, ha, ha, zing, zing, aye.
SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME
from Oh, Kay!
Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Scherzando
F6 Dm7 G/F Am/E Dm7 G7

Moderato
p C Cmaj7 C9 C7 Fmaj7 Am D7

There’s a saying old Says that love is blind, Still we’re often told “Seek and ye shall find”.

p a tempo

Dm7 Dm7/G Gb Gb13 C C#dim Dm7b5 G7

So I’m going to seek A certain lad I’ve had in mind.

C Cmaj7 C9 C7 Fmaj7 Am D7

Looking everywhere, Haven’t found him yet; He’s the big af-fair I can-not for-get.
Only man I ever think of with regret

I'd like to add his initial to my monogram.

Tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb.

There's somebody I'm longing to see. I hope that he turns out to be
Someone who'll watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in the wood. I know I could always be good.

To one who'll watch over me. Although he

may not be the man some girls think of as handsome. To
my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed, Follow my lead.

Oh, how I need Someone to watch over me.
Freely in 4

FRANKIE:

I’d like to get away, Junior, somewhere alone with you.

It could be oh, so gay, Junior! You need a laugh or two.

A certain place I know, Junior,
poco rit.

Where funny people can have fun.
That's where two will

In 4

Menos

(rhythmically strict)

go, Darling.
Before you can count up one, two,

Allegretto, in 2 ($d = 56$)

three. For:
There's a small hotel with a

wishing well; I wish that we were together.
There's no bridal suite: One room bright and neat, Complete for us to share to gather. Looking through the window you can see a distant steeple: Not a sign of people,
Who wants people? When the steeple bell says, "Good night, sleep well," We'll thank the small hotel together.

Pretty window curtains made of chintz... In our make believe land...
On the wall are several cheerful prints Of Grant and Grover Cleveland.

Go down into the parlor and feast your eyes On the moose-head on the wall.

Perhaps you'd like to play the organ.
They tune it ev'ry other fall.

The garden will be like__ Adam and Eve__ land. No, they

never did go in for carriage trade;___

They get what is known as marriage trade! Oh.
When the steeple bell says, "Good night, sleep well, you very small hotel," We'll creep into our little shell And we will thank the small hotel together.

Tempo 1

(Stower)

moltorall.
THINK OF ME
from The Phantom of the Opera

Allegretto

CHRISTINE:

Think of me,

think of me fond - ly when we’ve said good - bye.

mem-ber me ev - ry so of - ten, prom - ise me you’ll

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try.

On that day, that not so distant day, when you are

far away and free, if you ever find a

moment, spare a thought for

me.
And

though it’s clear, though it was always clear that this was never meant to

be, if you happen to remember,
stop and think of me. Think of

August when the trees were green; don’t

think about the way things might have

poco rit.  A Tempo

been. Think of me, think of me waking

poco rit.
silent and resigned.

Imagine me,

trying too hard to put you from my mind.

Think of me please say you'll think of me whatever else you choose to

do. There will never be a day when
I won't think of you.

poco più mosso

Flow-ers fade, the fruits of sum-mer fade, they have their
season so do we... but please promise me that

cadenza

sometimes you will think ah

ah

of me!
WISHING YOU WERE SOMEHOW HERE AGAIN

from *The Phantom of the Opera*

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by CHARLES HART
Additional Lyrics by RICHARD STILGOE

Slowly

CHRISTINE:

You were once my one companion, you were all that mattered.

Moderately

Wishing you were somehow here again,

wishing you were somehow near;

sometimes it seemed
if I just dreamed, somehow you would be here.  Wishing I could hear your voice again, knowing that I never would, dreaming of you won’t help me to do all that you dreamed I could.  Passing bells and sculpted angels,
cold and monumental, seem for you the wrong companions;

you were warm and gentle.

Too many years fighting back tears, why can't the past just die?

Wishing you were somehow here again;
know-ing we must say good - bye.

Try to for-give,

teach me to live,
give me the strength to try.

No more

ten. ten.

mem-o-ries no more si - lent tears, no more gaz-ing a - cross the wast ed

years. Help me say good - bye! Help me say good - bye!
SWEET THURSDAY
from Pipe Dream

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderate Fox Trot tempo (in two)

FAUNA:

When the sun flew in my window And crept in bed with me,
I knew that this would be a sweet Thursday.

When the wind got confidential And whispered through a
I knew that this would be a sweet Thursday.

My head was up in the clouds, My heart was flapping its wings.

I looked at the sky And wanted to try to do impossible things.

What a day it's been for dreaming. My
dreams have all come true, And if one I kept for you turns out to be right, It's going to be a sweet Thursday night for me! It's going to be a sweet Thursday Bright March tempo night!
A good kind of confident feeling Has followed me all day long.

My luck was in, I played to win,

I knew I couldn't go wrong.
A bright red geranium told me, Today was my day for fun. A
katydid said: "Take it, kid,
You better take it and run!"
Some shirts hanging up on a clothesline. Kept wagging their tails my way.

"Hi-ya, Fau-na?"

Hi-ya, babe? Ain't this a doll of a
day?" Hi, boys. "Ain't this a doll of a

Moderato, primo tempo

day?"

sun flew in my window. And crept in bed with me, I

knew that this would be a sweet Thursday. When the
wind got confidential And whispered through a tree, I

knew that this would be a sweet Thursday. My head was up in the

clouds, My heart was flapping its wings. I looked at the sky And

wanted to try to do impossible things. What a day it's been for
dreaming. My dreams have all come true, And if one for Doc and

Sue turns out to be right, It's going to be a

sweet Thursday night for me! It's going to be a sweet Thursday night!
Andante espressivo

PRINCESS:

Oh, goddess wise
That

lovest light,

Endow with sight

Their

unillumin'd eyes.

At this my call,

A

fervent few Have come to woo
The rays that from thee

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fall, that from thee fall. Oh, goddess

wise That lovest light, That lovest light,

Let fervent words and fervent thoughts be

mine, That I may lead them to thy sacred
shrine! Let fervent words and fervent thoughts be
mine, That I may lead them to thy sacred shrine,
shrine I may lead them to thy sacred shrine, thy
sacred shrine!
man
Who had n't any.
Without a penny

To his name.
I had to go and

fall
For so much less than
What I had

planned from all the magazines.
I should be
good and sore: What am I happy for? I guess the

man means more Than the means.

Non rubato \( (d = 48) \)

So many people in the world, And

what can they do? They'll never know love Like
my love for you. So many people laugh At what they don't know-- Well,
that's their concern. If just a few, say half a million or so, Could
see us, they'd learn. So many people in the
world Don't know what they've missed. They'd
never believe. Such joy could exist.

And if they tell us It's a thing we'll outgrow, They're

jealous as they can be That with so many people in the world You love me!
CHRISTMAS LULLABY
from Songs for a New World

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Simply and serenely

C          Dm7          F5/C          F5/Bb

C          Dm7          F5/C          F5/Bb

WOMAN 1:  p

I'll

never have the power to control the land, or

conquer half the world, or claim the sun;

I'll
never be the kind who simply waves her hand and

has a million people do the things I wish I'd done. But in the eyes

Warmly, poco rubato

of Heaven, my place is assured. I

carry with me Heaven's grand design.
“Glor-ia!_ Glor-ia!” I will sing the name of the Lord, and He will

make me shine.......

And I will be

Steadily

like Moth-er Mar-y with a bless-ing in my soul, and I will

give the world, my eyes so they can see. And I will be like Moth-er Mar-
Dm7(add4) C(add9)/E Bb Am7 Gsus C5/F
-
ry with a blessing in my soul, and the future of the world inside of me.

C Dm7 F5/C F5/Bb C(add9)
bring out: lyrically

Dm7 F(add9) G7sus E/G# Am(add2) Em/G
In the eyes of Heaven, my

rich and warm

F C/E Dsus D C(add2)/G Am7sus Am
place is assured. I carry with me Heaven's grand design.
Dsus  D  Gmaj9  E/G♯  Am  C(add2)/G
"Gloria! Gloria!" I will

Cs/F  C/E  D7(add4)  p  Cs/F  C/E  D7sus  C/F  C/E  Dm7
sing the name of the Lord, and He will make me shine.
colla voce  p

F/G  G7sus  C  Dm7(add4)  C/E
And I will be like Mother Mary with a blessing in my soul.
poco allarg. more steadily

Bb  Am7  G5(add2)  F
—and I will give the world my eyes so they can see.
And I will be like Mother Mary with a blessing in my soul.

And the future of the world inside of me.

And I will be like Mother Mary with the power in my veins.

To believe in all the things I've yet to be!
And I will be like Mother Mary and I'll suffer any pains...

For the future of the world...

For the future of the world, inside of me...

Come prima

(roll slowly)
UNEXPECTED SONG
from Song & Dance

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK

I have never felt like this,
I don't know what's going on
for once I'm lost for

words,
your smile has really thrown me.
what ever made you choose me?
This is not like me at all, I never thought I’d
just can’t believe my eyes, you look at me as

know though the kind of love you’ve shown me,
you couldn’t bear to lose me.

Now no matter where I am, no matter what I do, I see your face ap-

pearing like an unexpected song, an unexpected
song that only we are hearing.
I have never felt like this. For once I'm lost for words, your smile has really thrown me.
This is not like me at all, I never thought I'd know the kind of love you've shown me.
Now no matter where I
am, no matter what I do, I see your face appearing like an unexpected song, an unexpected song that only we are hearing.

Like an unexpected song, an unexpected song that only we are hearing.

am G7 C Cm Em

song, an unexpected song that only we are hearing.

Like an unexpected song, an unexpected song that only we are hearing.

G Am/G G
SOMETHING GOOD
from The Sound of Music

Lyrics and Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato
\(\text{Ab/Eb} \quad \text{Bb/C} \quad \text{Bbm/C}\)

\(\text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{E/F}\)

\(\text{Ddim/F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{C9} \quad \text{C7}\)

\(\text{F} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Gm7♭5}\)

C7
\(\text{C7}\)
\(\text{F}\)
\(\text{F6}\)
\(\text{E/F}\)

Per-haps I had a wick-ed child-hood,

Per-haps I had a mis-ra-ble youth.

But

some-where in my wick-ed mis-ra-ble past

There

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must have been a moment of truth.

here you are, standing there, loving me,

whether or not you should.

somewhere in my youth or childhood
must have done something good.

Nothing comes from nothing, Nothing ever could. So,

C7/Bb Am7 F/A Gm7 Gm7b5

somewhere in my youth or childhood

F/C Bb/C C7

must have done something good.
MY FAVORITE THINGS
from The Sound of Music

Con moto

MARCIA:

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, Bright copper

kettles and warm woolen mittens, Brown paper packages

tied up with strings, These are a few of my favorite
things.

Cream colored ponies and

Crisp apple strudels, Door-bells and sleigh-bells and schnitzel with

noodles, Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings,

These are a few of my favorite things.
Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,

Snow-flakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes, Silver white

Winters that melt into springs, These are a few of my

Poco marcato

Favorite things. When the dog bites, When the
When I'm feeling sad, I simply remember my favorite things and then I don't feel so bad!
Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,

Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens, Brown paper

packages tied up with strings, These are a few of my

favorite things. Cream colored
ponies and crisp apple strudels, Door-bells and sleigh-bells and schnitzel with noodles, Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings, These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin
sashes, Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,

Silver white winters that melt into springs, These are a

few of my favorite things. When the dog bites,

When the bee stings, When I'm feeling sad,
I simply remember my favorite things and
then I don't feel so sad!

When the dog bites, When the bee stings,
When I'm feeling sad, I simply re-
member my favorite things and then I don't feel so bad.
I HAVE CONFIDENCE

from The Sound of Music

Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato (Rubato)

MARIA:

What will this day be like? I wonder. What will my future

Piu mosso

be? I wonder. It could be so exciting to be out in the world, to be

free. My heart should be wildly rejoicing. Oh, what's the matter with

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Bright 2

me? I've always longed for adventure, to do the things I've never dared. Now here I'm facing adventure, then why am I so scared? A captain with seven children, what's so fearsome about that? Oh, I must stop these doubts, all these worries. If I...
Meno

don’t, I just know I’ll turn back.

I must dream of the things I am seek-ing.

I am

Deliberato

poco a poco cresc. e accel.

seek-ing the cour-age I lack.

The cour-age to serve them with re-li-ance.

Face my mis-takes without de-fi-ance.

Show them I’m wor-thy and while I show them

poco rall.

Allegro moderato

I’ll show me, so

Let them bring on any prob-lems.

mf poco rall.
I'll do better than my best. I have confidence they'll put me to the test, but I'll make them see I have confidence in me. Somehow I will impress them.

I will be firm but kind. And all those children,
heaven bless them. They will look up to me and mind me.

With each step I am more certain. Everything will turn out fine.

I have confidence the world can all be mine. They'll have to agree I have confidence in me.
Con moto

I have con-fi-dence in sun-shine.

I have con-fi-dence in rain.

I have con-fi-dence that spring will come a-gain. Besides which, you see, I have con-fi-dence in me.

Strength does-n’t lie in num-bers, Strength does-n’t lie in
Wealth. Strength lies in nights of peaceful slumbers.

When you wake up, wake up! It's healthy. All I trust I leave my heart to. All I trust becomes my own. I have confidence in confidence.
Meno (building)

Spoken: Oh, help! Sung: I have confidence in confidence a-

(Bdim7 arp.)

A tempo sempre cresc.

lone. Besides which, you see, I have con-

ten. sfs ten. mp sempre cresc.

fi - dence in me.


THE WOMAN IN HIS ROOM
from Where's Charley?

By FRANK LOESSER

Slowly

AMY:

Freely

Char-ley's a nice boy, a dear boy, a sweet boy, a

fine boy, a good boy, Through and through. Char-ley's a

Waltz tempo

nice boy, a sweet boy, a fine boy, a good boy, So loy-al

and so true. I am his one girl, the one girl, the
Waltz tempo

one girl, the one girl, No other can replace,

Charley's far from me I'm content as I can be Just to close my eyes And picture his face, And picture his face, And

più mosso

(Sung)

(Spoken)
picture- Picture- That picture, that picture, that picture of that woman, That
picture of that woman on the piano in his room!

That picture, that picture, that

picture of that woman wearing tights, And a vulgar ostrich plume!

That woman, that woman, that hussey of a
That woman, That woman in the picture, That woman in his room!

Oh, the shock of it, A woman in his room.

That woman, that woman, I

Spoken: Of course, of course, I'm such a fool.

wonder if he's kiss'd her, I wonder if he's kiss'd her, She's
Slowly

probably his sister,

Just a photograph taken at a

masquerade,

What a terrible, terrible mistake I've

Freely

made! Charley's a nice boy, a dear boy, a sweet boy, a

fine boy, a good boy, through and through. Charley's a
Waltz tempo

nice boy, a sweet boy, a fine boy, a good boy, So loy-al

pp

and so true. I am his one girl, the one girl, the

rit.

Freely

Spoken:
No other?

one girl, The one girl no oth-er can re-place. (Spoken) No

oth-er liv-ing rel-a-tive. that's ex-act-ly what he said. No

p
other living relative, except his Aunt! For

Spoken:
He has no sister!

all the rest are dead! (Spoken) Then exactly who

(Sung) (a tempo)
That woman, that woman, that woman in the picture. That

(a tempo)
woman in the picture on the piano in his room?
That woman, that woman, that woman who, I have no doubt, is drenched in a hideous French perfume! That woman, that woman, that guad-y, bawdy Venus, that woman's come between us. That woman in his room.
Freely

Oh, the gall of him! A woman in his room!

That woman, that woman, For

Spoken: Oh, why am I so suspicious?

this he'll have to answer, For this he'll have to answer. Sung: She's

Slowly

probably some dancer. Just a lady my Charley doesn't
even know. Just the cover of the programme of some London show. Charley's a

Freely

nice boy, a dear boy, a sweet boy, a fine boy, a good boy, through and

through. I shall be patiently waiting when Charley returns from that

Spoken: A French word.
I've seen it in a novel.
Rendezvous—meaning—

urgent Rendezvous. 

Sung: That

p
~ a tempo ~

That woman, that woman, I know he's with that woman. I'm sure he's with that woman on the piano in his room.

That woman, that woman. That monster of a woman cast a spell over
my intended groom.

It’s ended, all ended. They’re up there, sweetly sighing. And I thought love un-

rying Had just begun to bloom. Oh, the shame of it! A

Dirge-like

woman in his room!
WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND
from Whistle Down the Wind

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by JIM STEINMAN

Moderato con moto

\(\text{D}\) \(\text{Dmaj7}\) \(\text{D6}\) \(\text{D2}\) \(\text{D}\)

\begin{align*}
\text{Whistle down the wind} & \quad \text{Let your voices carry} \\
\text{Drown out all the rain} & \quad \text{Light a patch of darkness} \\
\text{treacherous and scary} & \\
\end{align*}

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Howl at the stars
Whisper when you're sleeping
I'll be there to hold you
I'll be there to stop the chills and all the weeping
Make it clear and strong so the whole night
long _ Ev'-ry sig-nal that you send un-til the ver-y end I will not a-ban-don

you my prec-ious friend So try and stem the tide

Then you'll raise a ban-ner _ Send a flare up in the sky Try to burn a torch and

try to build a bon-fire _ Ev'-ry sig-nal that you send un-til the ver-y end I'm
there.

So whistle down the wind for I have always been right here.

D6 D Dmaj7 D6 D Dmaj7 D6

A7/D D6 D Dmaj7 D7

Make it

2 A7/D A7/D

whistle down the wind for I have always been right there.
STILL
from *Titanic*

Music and Lyrics by
MAURY YESTON

Slowly $d = 63$

With a sense of wonder

Still.  

The way I

love you still lives in my

heart after all of the years we've been to-

This song is sung as a duet in the show; this is the composer's solo edition.

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gatherer holding our love still. The way you move me still feels as it did when you first became mine, whispered the
words

“I will."

loved you — then and I love you

still. No one else could

play your role. forever know my
mind.

True companion

of my soul

I won’t turn from.

you I learn from.

Still.

Through fortune’s

molto rit. a tempo

mp

chang - es still always we’ve
known that the promise we made kept us as one and will!

*Cue notes are an alternate melody.

loved you then and I love you still.

a tempo