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

Compiled and Edited by Richard Walters
FOREWORD

As the century nears its end, it is apparent to me that the most important and lasting body of performable American music for singers has come from the musical theatre and musical film. The classical tradition as it has been continued in the United States in this century has produced few major composers who have written extensively for the voice, producing a relatively small body of sometimes profound and beautiful literature, but often relevant only to specialized audiences. In pre-rock era popular traditions, the songs that were not written for the stage or film are largely inferior in quality to those written for Broadway and Hollywood (although there are plenty of exceptions to this general rule). Perhaps the reason is simply that the top talent was attracted to and nurtured by those two venues, and inspired by the best performers. But it's also possible that writing for a character playing some sort of scene, no matter how thin the dramatic context (sometimes undetectable), has inherently produced better songs. Compare a Rodgers and Hart ballad from the 1930s (which are all from musicals) to just an average pop ballad from that time not from the stage or screen, if you can dig one up, and you might see what I mean.

Popular music of the rock era, primarily performers writing dance music for themselves to record, is almost a completely different aesthetic, and is most often ungratiifying for the average singer to present in a typical performance with piano accompaniment.

The five volumes that comprise the original edition of The Singer’s Musical Theatre Anthology, released in 1987, contain many of the most famous songs for a voice type, as well as being peppered with some more unusual choices. Volume two of the series allows a deeper investigation into the available literature. I have attempted to include a wide range of music, appealing to many different tastes and musical and vocal needs. As in the first volumes, whenever possible the songs are presented in what is their most authentic setting, excerpted from the vocal score or piano/rehearsal score, in the key originally performed and with the original piano accompaniment arrangement (which is really a representation of the orchestra, of course, although Kurt Weill was practically the only Broadway composer to orchestrate his own shows). A student of this subject will notice that these accompaniments are quite a bit different from the standard sheet music arrangements that were published of many of these songs, where the melody is put into a simplified piano part and moved into a convenient and easy piano key, without much regard to vocal range.

In the first volume of the series, I tried to walk a fine line in the mezzo-soprano choices, attempting to accommodate a mix of how theatre people define that voice type — almost exclusively meaning belting — and how classical tradition defines mezzo-soprano. In volume two I have restricted the choices to songs for a belting range, although they don’t necessarily need to be belted, and put any songs sung in what theatre people call “head voice” or “soprano voice” in the soprano volume. As was true in the first volume, classically trained mezzo-sopranos will be comfortable with many of the songs in the soprano book.

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

It’s exciting to present songs in this new edition that have never before appeared in print. Many great songs still hold the stage, even if many of the shows don’t. The nine volumes of the series present 358 songs from 117 musicals, dating from 1905 to 1991. It’s a small percentage of our theatre heritage, but is still a comprehensive and relatively representative sampling of the stage music of New York, and to a much lesser degree London, in the twentieth century.

Many people have been kind and helpful to me in my research and preparation of this edition. They will forgive me if I only mention my debt of gratitude to the late musical theatre historian Stanley Green. I was fortunate enough to work with him as his editor on his last two books. Stanley’s grasp of the subject, his compelling prose, and his high standards of research continue to inspire me.

Richard Walters, editor
May, 1993
# THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

## Tenor

### Volume 2

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

THE APPLE TREE

Music: Jerry Bock
Lyrics: Sheldon Harnick
Book: Sheldon Harnick, Jerry Bock, Jerome Coopersmith
Director: Mike Nichols
Choreographer: Lee Theodore and Herbert Ross
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. The first act is based on Mark Twain’s The Diary of Adam and Eve, and dealt with the dawn of humanity and innocence. The second act is based on Frank R. Stockton’s celebrated The Lady or the Tiger? in which a warrior’s fate, unresolved in the story, was determined by the choice of door he enters. The third act is based on Jules Feiffer’s Passionella, a fantasy about a poor chimney sweep who became a movie star. “Forbidden Fruit” is sung by the Snake in Act I to tempt the fledgling humans.

BEGGAR’S HOLIDAY

Music: (Edward) Duke Ellington
Lyrics and Book: John Latouche
Director: Nicholas Ray
Choreographer: Valerie Betts
Opened: 12/26/46, New York; a run of 111 performances

At a time when the Brecht-Weill The Threepenny Opera was virtually unknown in the U.S. (its fame would await the 1954 production), another musical based on the 1728 play The Beggar’s Opera played in New York. Updated to present day New York, Beggar’s Holiday was experimental, unique, and non-formulamatic, and was highly regarded by some critics, but never caught on with the theatre-goers. If it had been a hit, Ellington might have found a comfortable home on Broadway, writing his sophisticated and rich music for the theatre rather than for the concert hall and recordings.

BELLS ARE RINGING

Music: Jule Styne
Book and Lyrics: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
Director: Jerome Robbins
Choreographers: Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse
Opened: 11/29/56, New York; a run of 924 performances

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

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

Music: John Kander
Lyrics: Fred Ebb
Book: Joe Masteroff
Director: Harold Prince
Choreographer: Ron Field
Opened: 11/20/66, New York; a run of 1,165 performances

Adapted from Christopher Isherwood’s *Berlin Stories* and John van Druten’s dramatization, *I Am a Camera*, *Cabaret* used a sleazy Berlin night club as a metaphor for the decadent world of pre-Hitler Germany of the 1930s. Though the story focuses on Sally Bowles, a British expatriate, and her ill-fated affair with Clifford Bradshaw, an American writer, the symbolism of the show is conveyed through an epic Master of Ceremonies who recreates the tawdry atmosphere of the period through a series of musical numbers at the Kit Kat Club. The score is purposely reminiscent of Weill and Brecht, and starred Weill’s widow, Lotte Lenya, in an important role. “Willkommen” opens the entire show. In 1972 Bob Fosse directed a movie version, which reversed the nationalities of the principals, and used a different storyline.

CALL ME MADAM

Music and Lyrics: Irving Berlin
Book: Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
Director: George Abbott
Choreographer: Jerome Robbins
Opened: 10/12/50, New York; a run of 644 performances

President Truman appointed Washington party-giver Perle Mesta to be Ambassador to Luxembourg, and the situation was ripe for being satirized, along with commentary along the way about politics and foreign affairs, and the brash American abroad. Set in the tiny fictional country of Lichtenburg, Sally’s unconventional, undiplomatic manner charms them all. This show was written as a star vehicle for Ethel Merman, and was Berlin’s longest Broadway run, except for his *Annie Get Your Gun*. Kenneth Gibson is Sally’s young aide, in love with the Princess Marie.

CAROUSEL

Music: Richard Rodgers
Lyrics and Book: Oscar Hammerstein II
Director: Roben Mamoulian
Choreographer: Agnes de Mille
Opened: 4/19/45, New York; a run of 890 performances

The collaborators of *Oklahoma!* chose Ferene Molnar’s Liliom as the basis for their second show and their best score. Oscar Hammerstein shifted Molnar’s Budapest locale to a late 19th century fishing village in New England. The two principal roles are Billy Bigelow, a carnival Barker, and Julie Jordan, an ordinary factory worker. Julie’s best friend, Carrie, becomes engaged to Mr. Enoch Snow, and things go temporarily sour in their relationship when Snow believes Carrie to be a trollop—“Geraniums in the Window.” They patch things up later.

CHESS

Music: Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus
Lyrics: Tim Rice
Book: Richard Nelson, based on an idea by Tim Rice
Director: Trevor Nunn
Choreographer: Lynne Taylor-Corbett
Opened: 4/28/88, New York; a run of 68 performances

There have been musicals about the cold war (*Leave it to Me!, Silk Stockings*), but *Chess* was the first to treat the conflict seriously, using an international chess match as a metaphor. Like *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Evita*, *Chess* originated as a successful record album before it became a stage production. The London production was a high tech spectacle, rock opera type presentation. The libretto was revised for New York, and a different production approach was tried. “Someone Else’s Story” was added for the Broadway run. The story is a romantic triangle with a Bobby Fischer type American chess champion, a Russian opponent who defects to the West, and the Hungarian born American woman who transfers her affections from the American to the Russian without bringing happiness to anyone. Though the show ran three years in London, it never made back its initial investment there. It lost $6,000,000 in New York.
THE DESERT SONG

Music: Sigmund Romberg
Lyrics: Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II
Book: Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II and Frank Mandel
Director: Arthur Hurley
Choreographer: Bobby Connolly
Opened: 11/30/26, New York; a run of 471 performances

One of the best known operettas of the 1920s, *The Desert Song* was the first collaboration between Romberg, Harbach and Hammerstein. Though a swashbuckling romance following conventional lines of the day, the work also contained references to current political events, as well as the hot and popular films of Rudolph Valentino. In the plot, a French woman is abducted into the Sahara by the mysterious Red Shadow, leader of the rebels, but he turns out to really be the son of the Governor of Morocco. The musical was unsuccessfully revived in New York in 1973. Movie versions were released in 1929, 1943, and 1953.

DO RE MI

Music: Jule Styne
Lyrics: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
Book and Direction: Garson Kanin
Choreographers: Marc Breaux and Deedee Wood
Opened: 12/26/60, New York; a run of 400 performances

A wild satire on the ways in which the underworld muscled in on the jukebox business, *Do Re Mi* was adapted by Kanin from his own novel. With characters reminiscent of the raffish denizens of *Guys and Dolls*, the show offered two of Broadway’s top clowns of the era: Phil Silvers as a fast-talking, would-be bigshot, and Nancy Walker as his long suffering spouse.

EVITA

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics: Tim Rice
Director: Harold Prince
Choreographer: Larry Fuller

9/25/79, New York; a run of 1,567 performances

Because of its great success in London, *Evita* was practically a pre-sold hit when it began its run on Broadway. Based on the events in the life of Argentina’s strong-willed leader, Eva Peron, the musical—with Patti LuPone in the title role in New York—traced her rise from struggling actress to wife of dictator Juan Peron (Bob Gunton), and virtual co-ruler of the country. Part of the concept of the show is to have a slightly misplaced Che Guevara (played by Mandy Patinkin) as a narrator and conscience to the story of Eva’s quick, greedy rise to power and her early death from cancer. “On This Night of a Thousand Stars” is the song of a swarthy nightclub singer who is Eva’s first conquest. “High Flying, Adored” is sung by Che about Eva after Peron is made president of Argentina.

FANNY

Music and Lyrics: Harold Rome
Book: S. N. Berman and Joshua Logan
Director: Joshua Logan
Choreographer: Helen Tamiris
Opened: 11/4/54, New York; a run of 888 performances

*Fanny* takes us to the colorful, bustling port of Marseilles “not so long ago” for a musical version of Marcel Pagnol’s French film trilogy, *Marius, Fanny and César* (originally played by Ezio Pinza). Compressed into an evening’s entertainment, the action-packed story concerns Marius, who yearns to go to sea; his father, César, the local café owner; Panisse, a prosperous middle-aged sail maker; and Fanny, the girl beloved by both Marius and Panisse. Though Fanny has a child with Marius just before he ships off, Panisse marries her and brings up the boy as his own. When Marius returns demanding both Fanny and his song, César convinces him that Panisse has the more rightful claim. Years later, however, the dying Panisse dictates a letter to Marius offering him Fanny’s hand in marriage. All of the songs were eliminated for the 1960 screen version.
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

Music: Jerry Bock
Lyrics: Sheldon Harnick
Book: Joseph Stein
Director and Choreographer: Jerome Robbins
Opened: 9/22/64, New York; a run of 3,242 performances

An undeniable classic of the Broadway theatre, Fiddler on the Roof took a compassionate view of a Jewish community in Czarist Russia, where the people struggled to maintain their traditions and identity in the face of persecution. Despite a story that some thought had limited appeal (it was based on tales by Sholom Aleichem, including “Tevye’s Daughters.”), the theme struck such a universal response that the Fiddler was perched precariously on his roof for a record of over seven years, nine months. The plot is set in the village of Anatevka in 1905, and tells of the efforts of Tevye, his wife Golde, and their five daughters, to cope with their harsh existence. At the play’s end, when a Cossack program has forced everyone out of the village, Tevye and what is left of his family look forward to a new life in America. “Miracle of Miracles” is sung by Motel the tailor, who is Tzeitel’s beloved. Tzeitel rebels against the arranged marriage plans for her, and instead Motel tells Tevye that he and Tzeitel are in love and wish to be married. Tevye reluctantly agrees.

FINIAN’S RAINBOW

Music: Burton Lane
Lyrics: E. Y. Harburg
Book: E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy
Director: Bretaigne Windust
Choreographer: Michael Kidd
Opened: 1/10/47, New York; a run of 725 performances

Finian’s Rainbow evolved out of co-librettist E. Y. Harburg’s desire to satirize an economic system that requires gold reserves to be buried in the ground at Fort Knox. This led to the idea of leprechauns and their crock of gold that, according to legend, could grant three wishes. The story takes place in Rainbow Valley, Missitucky, and involves Finian McLorin, an Irish immigrant, and his efforts to bury a crock of gold which, he is sure will grow and make his rich. Also involved are Og, a leprechaun from whom the crock has been stolen, Finian’s daughter, Sharon, who dreams wistfully of Gioaca Morra, and Woody Mahoney, a labor organizer who blames that “Old Devil Moon” for the way he feels about Sharon. A film adaptation was released in 1968, starring Fred Astaire in his last musical role in the movies, and directed by Francis Coppola.

FLOWER DRUM SONG

Music: Richard Rodgers
Lyrics: Oscar Hammerstein II
Book: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joseph Fields
Director: Gene Kelly
Choreographer: Carol Haney
Opened: 12/1/58, New York; a run of 600 performances

It was librettist Joseph Fields who first secured the rights to C. Y. Lee’s novel and then approached Rodgers and Hammerstein to join him as collaborators. To dramatize the conflict between the traditionalist older Chinese-Americans living in San Francisco and their thoroughly Americanized offsprings, the musical tells the story of Mei Li, a timid “picture bride” from China, who arrives to fulfill her contract to marry nightclub owner Sammy Fong. Sammy, however, prefers dancer Linda Low (who obviously enjoys being a girl) and the problem is resolved when Sammy’s friend Wang Ta discovers that Mei Li is really the bride for him; he sings this volume’s “Like a God” to her.
FOLLIES

Music and Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim  
Book: James Goldman  
Director: Harold Prince  
Choreographer: Michael Bennett  
Opened: 4/4/71, New York; a run of 522 performances

Taking place at a reunion of former Ziegfeld Follies-type showgirls, the musical deals with the reality of life as contrasted with the unreality of the theatre, a theme it explores through the lives of two couples, the upper class, unhappy Phyllis and Benjamin Stone, and the middle-class, unhappy Sally and Buddy Plummer. Follies also depicts these four as they were in their pre-marital youth. Because the show is about the past, and often in flashback, Sondheim purposefully stylized his songs to evoke some of the theatre’s great composers and lyricists of the past. A revised version of the show was presented in London in 1987, with some songs replaced with new numbers. “Make the Most of Your Music,” Ben’s song, comes from the London version. “Beautiful Girls” is sung at the top of the show as the girls make their entrances. Follies was given 2 concert performances in 1985 at Avery Fisher Hall in New York City, with a cast that included Barbara Cook, Lee Remick, George Hearn, Mandy Patinkin, Carol Burnett, Licia Albanese, and many others. A new, live recording was released as a result of these performances.

GODSPELL

Music and Lyrics: Stephen Schwartz  
Book and Direction: John-Michael Tebelak  
Opened: 5/17/71, New York; a run of 2,124 Off-Broadway and then 527 on Broadway

With its rock-flavored score, Godspell is a contemporary, flower-child view of the Gospel of St. Matthew, containing dramatized parables of the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and the Pharisee and the Tax Collector, and with Christ depicted as a clown-faced innocent with a Superman “S” on his shirt. The work originated as a nonmusical play and was first presented at the experimental Café La Mama; after Stephen Schwartz added words and music, the show began its Off Broadway run at the Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village, then transferred to the Promenade where it remained for over five years. Beginning in June 1976, it also had a Broadway run. The show was a hit in London as well, and was filmed by Columbia in 1973.

GOOD NEWS

Music: Ray Henderson  
Lyrics: B. G. DeSylva and Lew Brown  
Book: Laurence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva  
Director: Edgar MacGregor  
Choreographer: Bobby Connolly  
Opened: 9/6/27, New York; a run of 557 performances

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

GRAND HOTEL

Music and Lyrics: Maury Yeston; and Robert Wright and George Forrest  
Book: Luther Davis  
Director and Choreographer: Tommy Tune  
Opened: 11/12/89, New York; a run of 1,018 performances

Based on the novel by Vicki Baum, Grand Hotel interweaves the different stories of the staff and guests at a posh Berlin hotel of c. 1930, just as did the well known film of 1932 mixed the stories of Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and a host of others. On Broadway, the stories include the penniless Baron’s plans to steal the aging ballerina’s jewels but he instead falls in love with her, the businessman who wrestles with his conscience, an aspiring actress who reluctantly peddles her flesh, and the accountant with a zest for living in the face of a fatal disease. Predominantly through dance were the stories intermingled and intersected in the Tommy Tune production.
GREASE

Music, Lyrics and Book: Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
Director: Tom Moore
Choreographer: Patricia Birch
Opened: 2/14/72, New York; a run of 3,388 performances

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

GUYS AND DOLLS

Music and Lyrics: Frank Loesser
Book: Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling
Director: George S. Kaufman
Choreographer: Michael Kidd
Opened: 11/24/50, New York; a run of 1,200 performances

Populated by the hard-shelled but soft-centered characters who inhabit the world of writer Damon Runyon, this “Musical Fable of Broadway” tells the tale of how Miss Sarah Brown of the Save-a-Soul Mission saves the souls of assorted Times Square riff-raff while losing her heart to the smooth-talking gambler, Sky Masterson. A more comic romance involves Nathan Detroit, who runs the “oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York,” and Miss Adelaide, the star of the Hot Box nightclub, to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years, which explains her famous song, “Adelaide’s Lament.” Because Sky wins a bet, the gambling are required to attend a service at the mission. In the spirit of things they offer colorful testimonies, the highlight being “Sit Down You’re Rockin’ the Boat.”

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

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Music and Lyrics: Frank Loesser
Book: Abe Burrows, based on a play by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert
Director: Abe Burrows
Choreographer: Bob Fosse and Hugh Lambert
Opened: 10/14/61, New York; a run of 1,417 performances

Based on the book by Shepherd Mead, “Business” traces the career of J. Pierpont Finch as he climbs from the mail room to CEO in a few easy steps, not by hard work, but by explicitly following the advice of a book called How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying. Finch is a boyish, charming but ruthless character, a satirical look at the Horatio Alger-ish American myth, with swipes at such business mainstays as the Yes Man, the coffee break, nepotism, the office party, and a boardroom presentation. “I Believe in You” is sung by Finch to his reflection in the mirror of the executive washroom, with a chorus of angry executives in counterpoint. The show won the Pulitzer Prize for drama, the fourth musical ever to do so. A movie version, virtually a filming of the staged production, was released in 1967, again with Robert Morse in the role of Finch.

JEKYLL & HYDE

Music: Frank Wildhorn
Lyrics and book: Leslie Bricusse
Director: Robin Phillips
Choreographer: Joey Pizzi
Opened: 4/28/97, New York; still running as of 2/1/00

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. 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. “This Is the Moment” is the doctor’s breakthrough realization that his theories are possible.
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics: Tim Rice
Director: Tom O’Horgan
Opened: 10/12/71, New York; a run of 711 performances

Though conceived as a theatre piece, the young team of Lloyd Webber and Rice could not find a producer interested in their “rock opera.” Instead, they recorded it as an album, which became a smash hit. Concert tours of the show, which is an eclectic telling of the final week in the life of Jesus, followed, and it didn’t take any more convincing that this would fly in the theatre. Despite some mixed press about the production and some objections from religious groups, the piece had its appeal, particularly among the young. The concept of a “rock opera” caused quite a stir at the time.

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics: Tim Rice
11/18/81, New York; a run of 824 performances

The musical lasted all of 15 minutes in its first form, written for a school production in 1968, the first collaboration by the young Lloyd Webber and Rice. By 1973 the piece had been expanded to about 90 minutes, and was given in the West End. The first New York performances took place at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1976, and a Broadway run finally commenced in 1981. Somewhat of a forerunner to Jesus Christ Superstar, which is also based on Biblical sources, “Joseph” is told entirely in an eclectic mix of song in popular styles such as rock, country, vaudeville, and calypso. From the Old Testament, the story is of Joseph, Jacob’s favorite of 12 sons, who is given a remarkable coat of many colors. His jealous brothers sell him into slavery, and he is taken to Egypt, where he interprets the dream of the Pharaoh. His wise prophecy so impresses the Pharaoh that Joseph is highly elevated in honor and position and saves the country from famine. The musical has been once again revised in recent years, and a new touring company was launched the new version in 1992.

MILK AND HONEY

Music and Lyrics: Jerry Herman
Book: Don Appell
Director: Albert Marre
Choreographer: Donald Saddler
Opened: 10/10/61, New York; a run of 543 performances

Milk and Honey was Jerry Herman’s first Broadway show. Generally about American tourists in Israel, the show relates the ill-fated romance of a middle-aged businessman and a younger woman who cannot overcome her qualms about a liaison with a married man.

LES MISÉRABLES

Music: Claude-Michel Schönberg
Lyrics: Herbert Kretzmer and Alain Boublil
Original French Text: Alain Boublil and Jean-Marc Natel
Directors: Trevor Nunn and John Caird
Choreographer: Kate Flatt
Opened: 9/80, Paris; an initial run of 3 months
10/8/85, London; still running as of 6/1/93
3/12/87, New York; still running as of 6/1/93

Les Misérables lends a pop opera texture to the 1200 page Victor Hugo epic novel of social injustice and the plight of the downtrodden. The original Parisian version contained only a few songs, and many more were added when the show opened in London. Thus, most of the show’s songs were originally written in English. The plot is too rich to encapsulate, but centers on Jean Valjean, who has go to prison in previous years for stealing a loaf of bread, and takes place over several years in the first half of the 19th century. “Bring Him Home” is sung by Jean Valjean about his daughter’s fiancé, Marius, as he faces battle in the student uprisings of 1832.
MISS SAIGON

Music: Claude-Michel Schönberg
Lyrics: Richard Maltby, Jr. and Alain Boublil
Director: Nicholas Hytner
Musical Staging: Bob Avian
Opened: 9/20/89, London; still running as of 6/1/93
4/11/91, New York; still running as of 6/1/93

A follow up to their hit Les Misérables, Miss Saigon is somewhat of an updated telling on the general lines of the Belasco-Puccini tale of Madame Butterfly, only this time the setting is Vietnam during the fall of Saigon at the end of the war. The writers cite a news photograph giving up her child to an American G.I. as the genesis for the idea. The production is noted for a life-size helicopter that descends over the audience. “Why God Why?” is the American soldier Chris’ monologue at night in Saigon while the Vietnamese girl Kim is asleep.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

Music, Lyrics and Book: Rupert Holmes
Director: Willford Leach
Choreographer: Graciela Daniele
Opened: 12/2/85, New York; a run of 608 performances

The Mystery of Edwin Drood came to Broadway after being initially presented the previous summer in a series of free performances sponsored by the New York Shakespeare Festival at the Delacorte Theatre in Central Park. The impressive score was the first stage work of composer-lyricist-librettist Rupert Holmes, who had previously revealed a talent limited to commercial pop. Holmes’ lifelong fascination with Charles Dickens’ unfinished novel had been the catalyst for the project. Since there were no clues as to Drood’s murderer or even if a murder had been committed, Holmes decided to let the audience provide the show’s ending by voting how it turns out. The writer’s second major decision was to offer the musical as if it were being performed by an acting company at London’s Music Hall Royale in 1873, complete with such conventions as a Chairman (George Rose) to comment on the action and a woman (Betty Buckley) to play the part of Edwin Drood. The show was notable for the appearance of jazz legend Cleo Laine as the eccentric and mysterious Princess Puffer. On November 13, 1986, in an attempt to attract more theatre-goers, the musical’s title was changed to Drood.

OLIVER!

Music, Lyrics and Book: Lionel Bart
Director: Peter Coe
Opened: 6/30/60, London; a run of 2,618 performances
1/6/63, New York; a run of 744 performances

Oliver! established Lionel Bart as Britain’s outstanding musical theatre talent of the 1960s when the musical opened in London. Until overtaken by Jesus Christ Superstar, Oliver! set the record as the longest running musical in British history. Based on Charles Dickens’ novel about the orphan Oliver Twist and his adventures as one of Fagin’s pickpocketing crew, Oliver! also had the longest run of any British musical present in New York in the 1960s. The show was revived on Broadway in 1984. In 1968, it was made into an Academy Award winning movie produced by Columbia.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

Music: Burton Lane
Lyrics and Book: Alan Jay Lerner
Director: Robert Lewis
Choreographer: Herbert Ross
Opened: 10/17/65, New York; a run of 280 performances

Alan Jay Lerner’s fascination with the phenomenon of extrasensory perception led to his teaming with composer Richard Rodgers in 1962 to write a musical to be called I Picked a Daisy. When that didn’t work out, Lerner turned to composer Burton Lane, with whom he had worked in Hollywood years before. The result is a show about Daisy Gamble, who can not only predict the future, but under hypnosis, by Dr. Mark Bruckner, can recall her past life as Melinda Wells in 18th century London. Mark becomes infatuated with Melinda, who becomes a romantic rival to the present day Daisy. They split up, but he persuades her to “Come Back to Me.” Barbra Streisand starred in the 1970 Vincente Minnelli filmed version of the musical.
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

**Music:** Andrew Lloyd Webber  
**Lyrics:** Charles Hart, Richard Stilgoe  
**Book:** Richard Stilgoe and Andrew Lloyd Webber  
**Director:** Harold Prince  
**Choreographer:** Gillian Lynne  
**Opened:** 1986, London (still running as of 6/1/93)  
1/26/88, New York (still running as of 6/1/93)

Turn-of-the-century French novelist Gaston Leoux wrote *Le Fantôme de l’Opéra* after visiting the subterranean depths of the Paris Opera House, including its man-made lake. Though not a success when published in 1911, the ghoulish tale of the mad, disfigured Phantom who lives in the bowels of the theatre and does away with those who would thwart the operatic career of his beloved Christine, became internationally celebrated in 1925 when it served as a movie vehicle for Lon Chaney. In 1984 Ken Hill’s stage production was playing in London was seen by Lloyd Webber, who, after reading the novel decided that he would make *The Phantom of the Opera* his next musical. Richard Stilgoe wrote some of the lyrics, but was later replaced by Charles Hart (though Lloyd Webber had tried to get Alan Jay Lerner or Tim Rice as collaborators). After being a major hit in London, the pre-sale in New York was $18,000,000.

PLAIN AND FANCY

**Music:** Albert Hague  
**Lyrics:** Arnold B. Horwitt  
**Book:** Joseph Stein and Will Glickman  
**Director:** Morton Da Costa  
**Choreographer:** Helen Tamiris  
**Opened:** 1/27/55, New York; a run of 461 performances

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

THE SECRET GARDEN

**Music:** Lucy Simon  
**Lyrics and Book:** Marsha Norman  
**Director:** Susan H. Schulman  
**Choreographer:** Michael Lichtefeld  
**Opened:** 4/25/91, New York; 706 performances

Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the story is of an orphaned Mary Lennox, who is sent to live with her uncle Archibald in Yorkshire. He is absorbed in grief over the death of his young wife 10 years earlier, and the house is gloomy and mysterious. Mary finds her dead aunt’s “secret garden,” passionately nurtures it to life, and Archie also comes back to life. The score is one of the most accomplished to be heard on Broadway in the last two decades. “A Bit of Earth” is Archibald’s monologue musing at Mary’s request for a garden to tend. Mandy Patinkin first played the role. “Winter’s on the Wing” is sung by the gardener about the coming spring.
SHE LOVES ME

Music: Jerry Bock
Lyrics: Sheldon Harnick
Book: Joe Masteroff
Director: Harold Prince
Choreographer: Carol Haney
Opened: 4/23/63, New York; a run of 301 performances

The closely integrated, melody drenched score of She Loves Me is certainly one of the best ever written for a musical comedy. It was based on a Hungarian play, Parfumerie, by Miklos Laszlo, that had already been used as the basis for two films, The Shop Around the Corner and, adapted to an American setting, In the Good Old Summertime. Set in the 1930s in what could only be Budapest, the tale is of the people who work in Maraczek’s Parfumerie, principally the constantly quabbling sales clerk Amalia Balash (Barbara Cook) and the manager Georg Nowack (Daniel Massey). It is soon revealed that they are anonymous pen pals who agree to meet one night at the Café Imperiale, though neither knows the other’s identity. In “Tonight at Eight” Georg anxiously awaits their first face to face meeting. That evening he realizes that it is Amalia who is waiting for him in the restaurant, but doesn’t let on, teasing her some with “Tango Tragique.” In “She Loves Me” he realizes that though Amalia loves him, she just doesn’t know yet who it is. Eventually, he is emboldened to reveal his identity by quoting from one of Amalia’s letters. She Loves Me, which would have starred Julie Andrews had she not been filming Mary Poppins, was one of Barbara Cook’s most magical portrayals. The show is well represented on the original cast album, which on two disks preserves practically every note of the show’s music.

THE STUDENT PRINCE

Music: Sigmund Romberg
Lyrics and Book: Dorothy Donnelly
Director: J. C. Huffman
Opened: 12/2/24, New York; a run of 608 performances

Though the popularity of operetta had yielded to more up to date musical comedy, The Student Prince in Heidelberg (the complete title was used throughout its initial run) was the longest running musical of the 1920s. It was one of the last of the American operettas that was written to sound as if it had been translated from a European language. Set in 1860, the sentimental story is of Prince Karl Franz who has gone to Heidelberg with his tutor to complete his education. He meets a waitress at an inn, and in boy-meets-girl tradition the two are soon singing love duets. Duty calls, however, and the Prince has to tear himself away to become king. A few years later he returns to Heidelberg looking for his lost youth. The show was very popular in its time, touring the country for eight years, with Broadway revivals in 1931 and 1943. A silent film version was released in 1927, and in 1954, with Mario Lanza’s singing voice, another film production was released. The piece has entered the repertory of several opera companies.
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
(THE APPLE TREE)
from The Apple Tree

Misterioso

Words and Music by JERRY BOCK and SHELDON HARNICK

SNAKE:

[Vamp ad lib.]

Listen closely.

Let me fill you in—About the rich, ripe, round, red,
sweet and juicy—

Rosy apples they call forbidden fruit;
Luscious bite of this not forbidden fruit;
What I'm a—

You'll see your

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b GST to say is Confidential, so promise you'll be mute.

mind expand and Your perceptions grow more and more acute,

Because if 'ry creature in the garden knows,
And you can teach him plumbing and philosophy,

They'll come 'round like hungry buffalos And in no time
New techniques for glazing pottery, Wood-craft, first aid,

there'll be none of those Precious apples
home economy, Madam, Adam
left for you and me. Now in the average apple
will be o-ver-joyed When he be-comes a-ware of

You're ac-cus-tomed to skin, seeds, flesh and core._ But you will
Your at-tain-ments, he'll beam with lov-ing pride._ And he will

find that these are Spe-cial ap-ples that give you some thing more,
say: 'Oh, Eve, you're In-dis pen-sa-ble--- please don't leave my side.!!

Why ev-ry seed con-tains some in-for-ma-tion you
And with your nif-ty, new-found ed-u-ca-tion, he'll

cresc. poco a poco
Need to speed your education, The seeds, in-deed, of all creation are
Relish ev'ry conversation, Why, you'll be Adam's inspiration this

Rubato
Tempo

here,
Why be foolish, my dear,

Come with me To that tree.

D. S. al Coda
With ev'ry
Coda

way! Just an apple a day,

Wait and see, Come with

me To that tree!

Now!
I MET A GIRL
from Bells Are Ringing

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Vivo

Yahoo!

JEFF:

I met a girl, 

wonderful girl. She's really got a lot to recommend her for a

A

fabulous creature without any doubt.
Hey! What am I getting so excited about? She's just a girl.

An every day girl. And yet I guess she's really rather special for a girl. For once you have seen her, the others are out.

Hey! What am I getting so excited about?
But so what, what has she got others have not? Two eyes, two lips, a nose most girls have some of those.

Yet when she looks up at
me, what do I see? The most enchanting face. My pulse begins to race.

Hey! I met a girl, a marvelous girl! She’s rarer than uranium and fairer than a pearl.
found me a treasure and I want to shout!

This is what I’m getting so excited about!

I met a girl and I fell in love today.

Faster day.
MAYBE I SHOULD CHANGE MY WAYS

from Beggar's Holiday

Words and Music by JOHN LaTOUCHE and DUKE ELLINGTON

Piano

Moderato

I never could qualify as a saint or pose for a Sunday school mural.
I've romped with the fillies and dallied with dillies, My pleasures have always been plural.
Then, all of a sudden, a

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girl I meet who seems to believe I'm a special treat

On the primrose path I'm stumbling. Are my bad intentions crumbling?

Have I been wrong all along?

Refrain slowly

May be I should change my ways, May be sweetromancing pays.
Maybe I am overdue for a love that's true.

What if I should try to let temptation pass me by,

And really concentrate upon a girl who'd lead me to my place in the sun.

Maybe if I could resist all the lips I've never kissed,
WILLKOMMEN
from Cabaret

Lyrics by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Allegretto

(Play 2 times)

Will-kom-men, bien-ve-nue,
wel-come!
Frem-de, é-tran-ger,
stran-ger.
Glück-lich zu se-hen, Je
suis en-chan-té,
Happy to see you,
Bleibe, reste, stay. Willkommen, bienvenue,

Welcome, in Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret.

Spoken: Meine Damen und Herren, Mesdames et Messieurs, Ladies and


Wie gehts? Comment ça va? Do you feel good?
Ich bin euer Conférencier. Je suis votre compère.

I am your host!

Und sagen Willkommen, bienvenue, welcom

Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

Spoken: Leave your troubles outside.

So life is disappointing - forget it. In here, life is beautiful. The girls are
beautiful.

Even the orchestra

is beautiful.

Ich sage

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome.

Fremde, étranger, stranger.

Glücklich, zu sehen, Je suis enchanté.
Happy to see you, bleibe, reste, stay.

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome, Im Cabaret.

au Cabaret, to Cabaret.
ONCE UPON A TIME TODAY
from Call Me Madam

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Andante con moto

I would like you to listen
Pay attention and listen

Kenneth: ad lib.

To a story that’s old, but never stale

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To a twentieth century fairy tale.

Once there was a princess, once there was a guy.

And they fell in love one wonderful day.

But she was a princess, He was just a guy.
So there was the royal devil to pay.
They were ordered not to speak to one another.
And they knew the sorrow that would bring.

Still they promised not to speak to one another.
But they didn’t promise not to sing.

So beneath her window
tenderly he sang
All the things he promised never to say.

Once upon a time to-day.
He collected lots of ordinary phrases.
Like "I love you dear," and "You're for me"

But he
found that when he set them all to music— They were just as good as poetry

So beneath her window tenderly he sang

"How about that happy ending in May?"

Once upon a time today.
ANTHEM
from *Chess*

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

Andante cantabile (like a hymn)

ANATOLY:

No man, no madness, though their sad power may prevail, can posses,
conquer my country's heart, they rise to fail.

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She is eternal, long before nation lines were drawn, when no flags flew and no armies stood, my land was born. And you ask me why I love her through wars, death and despair.

She is the constant, we who don’t care. And
you wonder will I leave her — but how?

poco mosso

I cross over borders but I’m still there now.
How can I leave her? Where would I start?

Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart.

My land's only border lies around my heart.
WHERE I WANT TO BE
from *Chess*

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

Nearly like a waltz (not too slow); like a music box

ANATOLY:

Who needs a dream?

Who needs ambition?

Who'd be the fool in my position?
Once I had dreams, now they're ob-
sessions.

Hopes became needs.

lovers possessions.

Then they move

in, oh, so discreetly.

L.H.
slowly at first, smiling too

sweetly. I opened doors,

they walked right through them, called me their

poco rit.

friend, I hardly knew them.
Now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and
doing what I always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all.
Running for my life and never looking back in
case there's someone right behind to shoot me down and say he always knew I'd fall.
When the crazy wheel slows down,
where will I be?

Back where I started.
Don't get me wrong.
I'm not complaining.
Times have been good, fast, entertaining.

But what's the point if I'm conceal the most of my thoughts all of my feeling.
ten.

now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and

f

doing what I always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all.

running for my life and never looking back in

case there's someone right behind to shoot me down and say he always knew I'd fall.
When the crazy wheel slows down poco rit.
where will I be back where I started.
meno mosso e smorzando rall.
Mr. Snow: (spoken) Leave me to my shattered dreams.
They are all I have left, memories of what didn’t happen.

Molto moderato (slowly)

Ger -

(broad and emphatically)

an - i - ums in the win - der, Hy - dran - geas on the lawn, And

espr.

break - fast in the kit - chen In the tim - id pink of dawn, And
you to blow me kisses When I headed for the sea. We

might hev been a happy pair of lovers, Might n't hev

we?

And

comin' home at twilight It might hev been so
sweet To take my ketch of herring And

lay them at your feet! I might hav__ had a

baby, To dan__le on my knee, But all these things That

might hav been, are nev__er, nev__er to be!
I KNOW ABOUT LOVE
from Do Re Mi

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderately

Freely

WHEELER:

Albums for lovers, With hot sexy covers, It's love,
Yes, it's

Moderately - in tempo

love fills the till
know about love,
Yes, all about love.
I've had numerous whirls with available girls;
I know about love.
I recite all the sonnets, I sing all the songs that everyone's heard.
I know love's a word that rhymes with the stars above.
movies I've seen, When love fills the screen, Then the

fireworks flare, violins fill the air, The universe reels. For

love's a magic spell, It's what makes music sell. I

know all about it, All except how it feels.
The universe reels. For love's a magic spell, It's what makes music sell. I know all about it, 

All except how it feels.
ASKING FOR YOU
from Do Re Mi

Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderately Slow

WHEELER:

Poco più mosso

ask ing for a dance. I'm not
asking for romance. From this moment, sending flowers, Those stolen hours just won’t do. I’m not looking for a fling. That’s for
Moderately

PAUL:

O! pretty maid of France, my

Margot, a breath of sweet romance, my Margot, her

little roguish eye near by can
woo you, bring to you, the longing to fly into the arms of Mar-got, and win the winsome charms of Mar-got, my sweetest flight of fancy is when I can see Mar-got of France.
HIGH FLYING, ADORED
from Evita

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato

F

F CHE:

Am

Bb

C

High flying, adored,

So young,

the instant queen,

a

F

Am

Bb

C7

rich beautiful thing,

of all the talents,

a cross between a

E♭

Bb

C

F/C C

fantasy of the bedroom,

and a saint.

And

The right hand part of piano is a simple suggestion of the kind of improvisation that is appropriate in this song.
you were just a back street girl, hustling and fighting, scratching and biting.

High flying, adored. Did you believe in your wildest moments

all this would be yours, that you'd become the lady of them all? Were there

stars in your eyes when you crawled in at night from the
bars, from the sidewalks, from the gutter theatrical?

Don’t look down, it’s a long, long way to fall.

High flying, adored. What happens now? Where do you go from here? For
someone on top of the world — the view’s not exactly clear. —

shame you did it all — at twenty six —

There are no mysteries now. Nothing can thrill you, no one fulfill you.

High flying, adored. I hope you come to terms with boredom.
So famous so easily, so soon is not the wisest thing to be. You won't care if they love you, it's been done before. You'll despair if they hate you, you'll be drained of all energy. All the young who've made it will agree.
ON THIS NIGHT OF A THOUSAND STARS
from Evita

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Tempo di Tango
G MAGALDI: rubato ten. a tempo Am7
1. On this night of a thousand stars_
colla voce

D7 Gmaj7 G6 Am7
let me take you to heaven’s door_
we shall love through eternity_
Where the music of love’s guitars_
on this night in a million nights_

D7 G C G/B Am7
1 G rubato ten. 2 G
plays for ever-more
fly away with me
2. In the glow of those
I never

rubato, colla voce

In the score of Evita, the pianist is directed to “ad lib. (corny night club, Spanish style).” The right hand in this edition is a simple, written out improvisation.
dreamed that a kiss could be as sweet as this, but now I know that it can

I used to wander alone without a love of my own I was a
desperate man

But all my grief disappeared and all the sorrow I’d feared wasn’t there anymore

On that
magical day, when you first came my way. mi amor.

On this night, On this night, On this night of a thousand stars,

colla voce

Let me take you to heaven's door, Where the music of

love's guitars plays for evermore.
I LIKE YOU
from Fanny

Adagio Mosso

Con moto, poco rubato

MARIUS: sings: (haltingly)

I like you.  Like you very much,

More than I could ever show.

I like you.  It's not much to say,

But I need to tell you so.

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Sometimes you wait to say things, you wait too late.

Days that once seemed so slow, how fast they
golden.

Words spoken

Never mean too much.

Still I just want you to know

(slowly)

I like you.
MIRACLE OF MIRACLES
from Fiddler on the Roof

Allegro, quasi agitato

MOTEL:

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles, God took a Daniel

once again. Stood by his side and miracle of miracles,
Walked him through the lion's den. Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles,

I was afraid that God would frown. But like he did so long ago in Jericho,

God just made a wall fall down. When Moses softened Pharaoh's heart,

That was a miracle. When God made the waters of the Red Sea part,
That was a miracle, too. But of all God's miracles, large and small, the most miraculous one of all is that out of a worthless lump of clay, God has made a man today!

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles, God took a tailor
by the hand. Turned him around, and miracle of miracles.

Led him to the promised land. When David slew Goliath, Yes! That was a miracle.

God gave us manna in the wilderness, That was a miracle.
But of all God's miracles, large and small, The

most miraculous one of all Is the one I thought could never be:

God has given you to me!
LIKE A GOD
from Flower Drum Song

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Am I the man that you love?
If that is true, I am more,

Something beyond and above

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Refrain
Like a god with my head above the trees, I can walk with a god-like stride.

With a step I can...
world can be mine at my command, When you're near and I hear you sigh.

When you're near and I hear you sigh, There is no sweeter song I know.

With a heart full of hope I fly, Higher I go, Stronger I grow.
Like a god I can tear away the mist from the sky if you want it blue.
In the wake of the mist Like a god-dess you'll be kissed By a god in love with you.
Like a god with my head above the trees, I can walk with a god-like stride.

With a step I can clear the seven seas When I know you are by my side.
Like a God with a mountain in my hand
And my arm thrown around the sky,

All the world can be mine at my command,
When you're near and I hear you sigh.
OLD DEVIL MOON
from Finian’s Rainbow

Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE

Andante con moto

WOODY:

Look at you and suddenly
Something in your eyes I see,

Soon begins bewitching me.
It’s that Old Devil Moon.
that you stole from the skies. It's that Old Devil Moon.

in your eyes. You and your glance make this romance.

Too hot to handle, Stars in the night, blazing their light.

Can't hold a candle to your razzle dazzle. You've
got me fly-in' high and wide
On a magic carpet ride,

Full of butterflies inside.
Wanna cry, wanna croon.

Wanna laugh like a loon.
It's that Old Devil Moon.
In your eyes, just when I think I'm
Free as a dove, Old Devil Moon, deep in your
Eyes, blinds me with love.
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
from Follies

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Moderately

ROSCOE:

Hats off, here they come, those Beautiful girls.

That's what you've been waiting for.

Nature never fashioned a flower so fair.

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No rose can compare,
Nothing respectable
half so delectable.
Cheer them in their glory,
Diamonds and
pearls,
Dazzling jewels by the score.
This is what beauty can be,
Beauty celestial, the best, you'll agree:
All for you, these beautiful girls!

Careful, here's the home of beautiful girls,

Where your reason is undone.
Beauty can't be hindered from taking its toll.

You may lose control.

Faced with these Loreleis,

What man can moralize? Caution, on your guard with

Beautiful girls, Flawless charmers ev'ry
This is how Samson was shorn:

Each in her style a Delilah reborn, Each a gem, A beautiful diadem of beautiful welcome them, These beautiful girls!
LOVE CAN’T HAPPEN
from Grand Hotel

Words and Music by MAURY YESTON

Quickly, in one  \( \frac{\pi}{4} = 76 \)

Cadd2  G\( ^+ \)sus\( ^+ \)4  Cadd2  G\( ^+ \)sus\( ^+ \)4

Ma-de-moi-selle, I have followed you ev-ry-where, al-most through-

out your ca-reer...

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Cadd2\n
\text{ree, I've admired you, hoping one day we might}\n
A_b7sus4\n
\text{meet in this way. Though I never thought I'd be}\n
A_b7sus4\n
\text{carried away, oh, I knew you'd be beautiful,}\n
A_b7/C\n
\text{but not so beautiful...}\n
\text{*}
Why am I talking this way?  Can this be real to me?  Non-sense, my boy...
You knew she was beautiful, but not so beautiful...
Love can't happen quite so
quick - ly.
not un - less

dreamed you.
beau - ti - fly and

sweet - ly...
No,

don’t look through me so clear
you would make me tremble so?

Em7b5  D/Bb  Gm/Bb

I can't think of any answer

decresc.
(other than, if love comes...) When love comes...
(you know...
G     F/G     Cadd2     G\sus4

What is this I'm saying? What is this I'm

dim.

Cadd2     G\sus4     Cadd2     G\sus4

feeling?

Like I'm getting drunk, looking in her

Cadd2     G\sus4     Ab7\sus4     Ab7     Db\add2/F

eyes...

Overwhelming face, utterly appealing.

Db\add2     Cb13     Gb\add2/Bb

Never mind the truth, never mind the lies. Never mind a
thought in the world except...

happen quite so quickly.

but I'm filled with no one but

er, no one but
her.
No;
don't
look through me so clearly. I might
very nearly lose my self completely.
Who could ever have suspected

I would be here trembling

so?
Cmaj7/A       F7m/A            Cmaj7/A      F7m/A      Cmaj7/A      F7m/A
I can't think of any

Bm7         F7m/Cmaj7      Cmaj7/D        D       B/Dmaj7      A/E
answer other than, if

Bm9        Bm
love comes,

F7m/E       Dmaj7/E       E7sus4
love comes, you
know.

And I know!
AT THE GRAND HOTEL
from Grand Hotel

Warmly \( \text{\textit{d}} = 104 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A}_b \text{add}2 & \quad \text{B}_b \text{m7add4/Ab} & \quad \text{E}_b 7/\text{Ab} & \quad \text{A}_b \text{add}2 & \quad \text{B}_b \text{m7add4/Ab} & \quad \text{E}_b 7/\text{Ab} \\
\text{A}_b \text{add}2 & \quad \text{B}_b \text{m7add4/Ab} & \quad \text{E}_b 7/\text{Ab} & \quad \text{A}_b \text{add}2 & \quad \text{B}_b \text{m7add4/Ab} & \quad \text{E}_b 7/\text{Ab} & \quad \text{A}_b \text{add}2 & \quad \text{B}_b \text{m7add4/Ab} & \quad \text{E}_b 7/\text{Ab} & \quad \text{A}_b \text{add}2 & \quad \text{B}_b \text{m7add4/Ab} & \quad \text{E}_b 7/\text{Ab} \\
\text{hos} & \quad \text{pital} & \quad \text{to} & \quad \text{the} & \quad \text{town} & \quad \text{of} & \quad \text{Ber} & \quad \text{lin,} & \quad \text{I} & \quad \text{have} & \quad \text{taken} & \quad \text{the} & \quad \text{train} & \quad \text{here} & \quad \text{to} & \quad \text{be} & \quad \text{\textit{Ped. sim.}}
\end{align*}
\]
B♭ m7add2  D♭/E♭  E♭7sus  E♭7  A♭add2

My new life.

B♭ m7add4/Ab  E♭7/Ab  A♭add2  B♭ m7add4/Ab  E♭7/Ab

Though quite soon that must end, but until that oc-

curs I do intend to remain...

I want to know that I once was here, while all my
facilities still are clear, and check into my room as I've planned at the Grand Hotel.

lobby past these gold-covered walls, past the tapestries hanging, I'll walk miles of halls. I want to
I once was here, while all my faculties still are clear, and break out of my shell, living swell, at the Grand Hotel.

tel. (cough) (whispered:) at the Grand Hotel.
ALL GOOD GIFTS
from Godspell

Words and Music by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ.

LAMAR: 1

We plow the fields and scatter The good seed on the land,

But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine and soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above.
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
for all His love.

thank Thee, then O Father, For all things bright and good,

seed time and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food.

No
gifts have we to offer For all thy love imparts. But

that which Thou desirest, Our humble thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us

Are sent from heaven above.
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord for all His love.

I really want to thank You, Lord,

I want to thank you Lord, Thank You for all of your love, I
LUCKY IN LOVE
from Good News

Words and Music by B. G. DeSYLVA,
LEW BROWN and RAY HENDERSON

Moderato

I don't ever gamble,
Playing cards and loving,
Sweet-heart, I really may be lots of

fuse.
fun.
Not because I hate to,
Something seems to tell me

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Simply 'cause I always lose.
That I'd lose at either one.

Lucky boys who
Tell me that it pays;
Does appeal to me;

Gamble,
Loving

I've got luck, that beats their luck
when I start to play my heart,
A thousand different ways:

Only hope I'll be:

REFRAIN

Lucky In Love! Lucky In Love!
What else matters, if you're Lucky In Love?

Good breaks are few, Few skies are blue,

bad luck scatters, ev'ry time I'm with you.

I don't mind that at poker I'm green
If I

I don't mind that at poker I'm green
If I
stand ace high with a beautiful Queen!
King of hearts only takes in his Queen!

I'll say I'm Lucky In Love

If you take me, that'll make me — Oh, so

1.

Lucky In Love.
ALONE AT THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE
from *Grease*

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY
and JIM JACOBS

(a) Slowly (\( \dot{\text{J}} = 63 \))

DANNY:

(b) \( \text{I'm all a-} \)

(c) \( \text{at the drive-in} \)

(d) \( \text{I'm all a-} \)

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Groov-y.

Watching werewolves without you.

Gee, it's no fun drinking beer in the loco
back seat, all a lone, just ain't
too neat, at the passion pit wanting
you.

And when the
intermission elf
moves the clock's hands, while he's

eating everything sold at the stand, when there's

one minute to go 'til the lights go down low, I'll be
holding the speaker knobs, missing you so. Can't be-
lieve it, un-steamed
windows I can see through, might as

Cmaj7 Rhythm tacet D7

G C

D7 G C
well be________in an igloo.

'Cause the heater doesn't work as good as you.

Colla voce

OFF STAGE VOCAL

Baby, come back.
SIT DOWN YOU’RE ROCKIN’ THE BOAT
from Guys And Dolls

By FRANK LOESSER

Freely
Nicely

I dreamed last night I got on the boat to Heaven And by some chance I had

brought my dice along And there I stood And I hollered “Someone fade me!” But the passengers they know right from

Bright - Rhythmic

wrong. For the people all said sit down Sit down you’re rockin’ the boat.

People all said sit down sit down you’re rockin’ the boat And the devil will drag you un-

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Rhythmic

people all said beware,
You're on a heavenly trip,
People all said beware

Be-ware—You'll scuttle the ship—
And the Devil will drag you under
By the

fan-cy tie 'round your wicked throat
Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down

cresc.

Freely

jocularly

You're rockin' the boat—
And as I laughed at those passengers to Heaven
A great big wave came and
washed me over-board And as I sank And I hollered' Someone save me! That's the moment I woke up, thank the

Lord. And I said to my-self sit down, sit down, You're rock-in' the

molto rit. a tempo

boat Said to my-self sit down— Sit down— You're rockin' the boat And the

Devil will drag you under. With a soul so heavy you'd never float, Sit down sit down— sit down
sit down, sit down You're rockin' the boat

Sit down you're rockin' sit down sit down you're rockin' the boat sit down

rock-in' the boat sit down you're rockin' sit down sit down you're rockin' the boat sit down

ppp

ff marcato

ppp
I ONLY WANT TO SAY
(GETHSEMANE)
from Jesus Christ Superstar

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato, not too fast

Jesus
Bbm    Bbm/Ab   Bbm/Gb   Bbm/F   Ebm   Ebm/Db   Ebm/C   Ebm/Bb
I only want to say     If there is a way

Ab    Ab sus    Ab    Dsus    Db    F    F+    F
Take this cup away from me for I don’t want to

Bbm sus    Bbm    Gb    Bbm/F
taste its poison    Feel it burn me, I have changed I’m

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MCA music publishing
not as sure As when we started Then I was inspired

Now I'm sad and tired Listen surely I've exceeded

expectations Tried for three years seems like thirty

Could you ask as much from any other man?
But if I die
See the saga through and do the things you ask of me
Let them hate me, hit me, hurt me, nail me to their tree

I'd wanna know
I'd wanna know my God
I'd wanna see
I'd wanna see my God

I'd wanna know
I'd wanna know my God
I'd wanna see
I'd wanna see my God
Why should I die
Would I be more noticed than I ever was before?
Would the things I've said and done matter any more?

I'd have to know I'd have to know my Lord
I'd have to know I'd have to know my Lord

I'd have to see I'd have to see my Lord
I'd have to see I'd have to see my Lord
If I die what will be my reward? If I die what will be my reward?

I'd have to know I have to know my Lord. I'd have to know I'd have to know my Lord.

Vocal: *ad lib.*

Why should I die? Why should I die?

Can you show me now that I would not be killed in vain?
Show me just a little of your omnipresent brain
Show me there's a reason for your wanting me to die
You're far too keen on where and how and not so hot on why
Alright I'll die! Just watch
A little slower

Tempo I
Then I was inspired
Now I'm sad and tired

After all I've tried for three years
seems like ninety

Why then am I scared to finish
what I started

Majestically
Cm Cm/Bb

What you started—I didn't start it
God thy will is
hard... But you hold ev-'ry card

I will drink your cup of poison, nail me to your
cross and break me... Bleed me beat me
Kill me take me

now—before I change my mind
I BELIEVE IN YOU
from How to Succeed in Business
Without Really Trying

Music & Lyrics by
FRANK LOESSER

In 1
FINCH:
Now there you are, Yes, there's that face;.

In 2
That face that some-how I trust.

Swing - In 2
may em-bar-rass you to hear me say it, But say it I must,

Note: Finch is addressing himself in the song.
with self-assurance

say it I must!
You have the cool,
clear
eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth;

Yet, there's that turned
up
chin,
And the grin of impetuous youth.
Oh, I believe in you, with self-assurance

I believe in you.

I hear the sound of good, solid judgment whenever you talk;

Yet, there's the bold,
brave spring of the tiger that quick-ens your walk.

religioso e molto legato

Oh, I believe in you.

I believe in you.

In 2

And when my faith in my fellow man
all but falls apart;

I've but to feel your hand grasping mine,

And I take heart, I take heart...

To see the cool, clear eyes of a
seek-er of wis-dom and truth; Yet, with the

slam, bang, tang remin-sc-cent of gin and ver-mouth,

religioso e molto legato

Oh, I be-lieve in you.

Oh, I be-lieve in you.
THIS IS THE MOMENT
from Jekyll & Hyde

Lyrics by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Slowly

Eson2 A/E Esus2 A/E F#m7/B

F#m7/B Emaj7 F#m7/B

mo - ment, this is the day. This is the mo - ment when I know I'm on my

way. Ev'-ry en deav - our. I have made ev - er. is

F#m7 B F#m7 Bson4

com - ing in - to play. is here and now to - day. This is the
moment, this is the time when the momentum and the moment are in

moment, this is the hour when I can open up tomorrow like a

rhyme. Give me this moment; this momentous I planned to fulfill.

flow'r. And put my hand to everything I gather up my past, and make some sense at last. This is the

fill my grand design, see all my stars align. This is the

moment, when all I've done, test. all of the

moment, my final test.
dreaming, scheming and screaming becomes one!
beckoned, I never reckoned second best.

Fm7  B/A  Gm7  Cm
1. Fm7  Fm7/B

day, down, I must not shine, when all I've lived for becomes
just see it fall. This is the

Esus2  A/E  Esus2  A/E
2. Fm7  E/G#

mine! This is the moment, the sweetest

Fm7  Fm7/B7  E  C  F  Bb/F
moment of them all! This is the moment. Damn all the
This day or never, I sit forever with the gods!
When I look back, I will recall moment for moment, this was the moment the greatest moment of them all.
CLOSE EVERY DOOR
from Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

Lyrics by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Espressivo \( \frac{d}{d} = 96 \)

\[ \text{Fm} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{E} \quad \text{JOSEPH: Fm} \]

Close every
door to me, hide all the world from me, Bar all the windows and
shut out the light. Do what you want with me, hate me and

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laugh at me, Darken my day-time and torture my night. If my
life were important I would ask will I live or die, But I know the
answers lie far from this world. Close every door to me,
keep those I love from me, Children of Israel are never a-
lone, For I know I shall find my own peace of mind, For

I have been promised a land of my own.

Just give me a number instead of my
name, Forget all about me, and let me decay.

I do not matter, I'm only one person, Destroy me completely, then throw me away.

If my life were important I would ask will I live or die, But I know the answers lie far from this
Cm     Fm  Cb9     Fm
world.   Close   ev - 'ry door to me, keep those I
          love from me, Chil - dren of Is - rael are nev - er a -

C     Ab  Db  Eb     C8
lone,   For we know we shall find our own peace of

Ab     Dbm  Fm  Db    Bbm  C7  Fm
mind,   For we have been prom - ised a land of our own.
WHY GOD WHY?
from Miss Saigon

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by RICHARD MALTBY JR. and ALAIN BOUBLIL
Adapted from original French Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL

Sostenuto  (not too slow)

Why does Saigon never sleep at night?
Why does this girl smell of orange trees?

How can I feel good when nothing's right?
Why is she cool when there is no breeze? Vietnam.

You don't give answers do you, friend?
Just questions that don't ever end.

Why, God? Why today?

I'm all through here

a tempo

on my way. There's nothing left here that I'll miss, why

send me now a night like this?
Who is this girl in a rusty bed?
Why am I back in a filthy room?

Why is her voice ringing in my head?
Why am I high on her cheap perfume? Viet nam.

Hey, look I mean you no offense.

But why does nothing here make sense?
Why God? Show your hand.

Why can't one guy understand?
I've been with girls who knew much more.

I never felt confused before.

Why me?

What's Your plan?

I can't help her, no one can.
liked my memories as they were, but now I'll leave remembering her.
When I went home before

no one talked of the war.

What they knew from T. V.

didn't have a thing to do with me.
I went back and re-upped.

Sure Saigon is corrupt.

It felt better to be here driving for the Embassy.

"Cause here if you can pull a string a guy like me"
lives like a king, just as long as you

Very gently
don’t believe anything.

Tempo I

Why, God?

Why this face? Why such beauty
in this place? I liked my mem'ries as they were but

now I'll leave re-mem-b'ring her, just her.
I WILL FOLLOW YOU
from Milk And Honey

Rubato

DAVID:

In my grey flannel suit, In my

new shiny car, In my split level house, With my big black cigar, Can't you

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picture me? f

I will follow you, I will follow you To what may be a strange and a lone world.

For I know I'd be lost in my own world If you're not part of it too.
I will follow you, I am ready to
Go wherever you happen to lead me.

Just in case you should happen to need me
All that you'll have to do is turn around for

Faster

I'll be following you.
I am ready to go wherever you happen to lead me.

Just in case you might happen to need me, All that you have to do is turn around.

I'll be following you.
BRING HIM HOME
from Les Misérables

Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
and ALAIN BOUBLIL
Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG

Andante

L.H. over R.H.

VALJEAN:

God on high, hear my prayer.

In my need You have always been there.

He is young, he's afraid. Let him
Bring him home,

poco piú mosso

home,

brigg him home,

piú mosso

He’s like the son I might have known

if God had grant-ed me a

son. The sum-mers die

one by one. How soon they fly

on and
rit. on. And I am old and will be gone. Bring him

dim.

a tempo primo peace, bring him joy. He is young, he is only a boy. You can

sim.

take, you can give. Let him
JASPER’S CONFESSION
from The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Words and Music by
RUPERT HOLMES

Lento - in eight

JASPER:
I will not lie,

Poco allegro, misterioso in four

(reflectively)

I wished Ned to die!

Twice dead am I.
man could split in twain, yet to all eyes remain a soul gen-teel who can con-ceal the venom in his brain. And if he draws upon the pause in madness opium smoke sup-
plies — why this great surprise? There are two men in me, and cunning bright is he who hides him-self, resides him-self where I've no eyes to see. But
now I think he's at the brink of breaking through the door— I'm in, he's out, I'm out, he's free, I'm free. I'm me once more! How many times I've killed that dross upon my flights! My flights that burst the smug presumption of his rights— his rights as heir, his rights to share my Rosa's bed. It took no smoke for me to
Presto

picture Edwin dead!

That night I filled myself a flask of laudanum,

and then to toast my Ned and Neville, I drank some.

That's when my greatest flight of fancy did take place:

I watched my hands outstretched towards Edwin's pale white face, and in the moonfall,

I saw my fingers clutching his neck so
tight-ly, touching my sleeve, he fell so light-ly! Moon-fall then fell on me...

But, God, the deed was much too eas’ly done: as much as o-ver once it had be-gun! Such trag-e-dy to fin’lly make the kill and not to a-wake to taste the thrill.

Now I've con-fessed! Now we both can rest!
SHE WASN'T YOU
from On a Clear Day You Can See Forever

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE

Moderately - in 4

EDWARD:

Why did each love melt away before?

Str., W.W.

Str. pp

mp

a tempo

Heaven above turn to clay before? She wasn't you. She wasn't you.

+ Ob.

poco rall.

Why did champagne lose its year for me? Love's haunting strain disappear for me?
What could I do? She wasn't you.

She wasn't you and no vows ever chained me. No,

she wasn't you and good-byes never pained me. Now I know
why each affair always faded so fast.

Only with you was I born to live; Only to you is the love I give,

Love for as long as a lifetime can last.
BOY FOR SALE
from the Columbia Pictures-Romulus film Oliver!

Music and Lyrics by
LIONEL BART

MR. BUMBLE:
(freely)  \( d = 60 \)

One boy. Boy for sale _____ he's going

cheap On-ly sev-en gu-i-neas. That or there-a-bout, Small boy, Rath-er

pale Through lack of sleep Feed him gruel din-ners. Stop him get-ting
stout.

If I should say he wasn't very greedy I
could not, I'd be telling you a tale. One boy

Boy for

sale. Come take a peep

Have you ever seen as Nice a boy for

(Spoken:) Liberal terms, Mister Sowerberry.

Liberal terms.

sale.
YOUNG AND FOOLISH
from Plain And Fancy

Words by ARNOLD B. HORWITT
Music by ALBERT HAGUE

Slowly

Con moto
Peter

Once we were fool-ish chil-dren,
Playing as chil-dren play.

Rac-ing thro' a mea-dow Ap-ril bright,
Dream-ing on a hill-top half the night.

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(Meno mosso)

Now that we're growing older,
We have no time to play.

(in 4)

Now that we're growing wiser,
We are not wise enough to stay....

Andante moderato (in 2)

Young and foolish,
Why is it wrong to be Young and

foolish,
We haven't long to be. Soon enough the
care-free days, The sun-lit days go by.

Soon enough the

blue-bird has to fly.

We were foolish,

One day we fell in love, Now we wonder What we were

dreaming of, Smiling in the sunlight, Laughing in the
cresc.
rain,
I wish that we were young and foolish again.

Smiling in the sunlight,
Laughing in the rain,
I wish that we were young and foolish again.
A BIT OF EARTH
from The Secret Garden

Tentatively
ARCHIE:

A bit of earth... She wants a little bit of earth, she'll plant some seeds

The seeds will grow, the flowers bloom, but is their bounty what she needs?

How can she chance to love a little bit of earth; does she not know the earth is

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old, and doesn't care if one small girl wants things to grow.

She needs a friend. She needs a father, brother, sister, mother's arms.

She needs to laugh. She needs to dance and learn to work her girlish charms.

She needs a
The only thing she really needs, I cannot give

Instead she asks a bit of earth to make it live.

She should have a pony

f più mosso

with pedal
gallop 'cross the moor.

She should have a doll's house with a hundreded rooms per floor. Why can't she ask for a

treasure? Something that money can buy, that won't die. When
I'd give her the world she asks in-

ff broader ____________ rit. poco a poco

stead for some earth. ____________ A bit of

A tempo

earth She wants a little bit of earth, she'll plant some seeds

gentler

The seeds will grow, the flowers bloom, their beauty just the thing she
needs.  She'll grow to love the tender

roses, lil-ies fair, the i-ris tall. And then in

Slower

fall, her bit of earth will freeze and kill them all.

A bit of earth. A bit of earth.

A bit of earth A bit of earth.

Optional
WINTER’S ON THE WING
from *The Secret Garden*

Lyrics by MARSHA NORMAN
Music by LUCY SIMON

Misterioso

DICKON:

Win-ter’s on the wing, here’s a fine spring morn____ com-in’

clean through the night, comes the May I say— The win-ter’s tak-en flight sweep-in’ dark cold air out to

sea, Spring is born. Comes the day, I say And You’ll be here to see it stand and

*Play all grace notes on the beat.*
breathe it all the day

Stoop and feel it, stop and hear it
cresc. poco a poco

Moderate Folk-Rock

Spring, I say.
And now the

sun is climb-in' high, ris-ing fast on fire, glar-ing down through the gloom. Gone the gray, I say. The

sun spells the doom of the Winter's reign, Ice and chill must re-tire, Comes the May, say I
And
You'll be here to see it
Stand and breathe it all the day.

Stoop and feel it, Stop and hear it

Spring, I say. I say be-
gone ye howling gales,
Be off ye frosty morns.

All ye solid streams begin to thaw.

Melt, ye waterfalls,
Part, ye frozen winter walls.

See, see now it's starting
And now the
Mist is lifting high, leav'in' bright blue air roll-in' clear 'cross the moor. Comes the May, I say. The

storm'll soon be by leav'in' clear blue sky, Soon the sun will shine, Comes the day, say I. And

You'll be here to see it. Stand and

breathe it all the day
Stoop and feel it, stop and hear it

Spring

say!

loco
TONIGHT AT EIGHT
from She Loves Me

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

Nervous allegretto

I’m nervous and upset because this girl I’ve never met I get to

meet tonight at eight. I’m taking her to

dinner at a charming old cafe, but who can eat tonight at
eight. It's early in the morning and our date is not till eight o'clock to-night, and yet already I can see 

What a nightmare this whole day will be.

I haven't slept a wink, I only think of our ap-
proach-ing tete-a-tete to-night at eight.

feel a combination of depression and elation, what a state to

wait 'til eight. Three more minutes, two more

seconds, ten more hours to go. In spite of all I've
written, she may not be very smitten and my hopes perhaps may all collapse kaput! tonight at eight.

I wish I knew exactly how I'll act and what will happen when we dine tonight at eight. I know I'll drop the
silverware, but will I spill the water or the wine tonight at eight.
Tonight I'll walk right up and sit right down beside the smartest girl in town, and then it's anybody's guess.
More and more I'm breathing less and less.
In my imagination I can hear our conversation taking shape tonight at eight.

I'll sit there saying absolutely nothing or I'll jabber like an ape tonight at eight.

Two more
minutes, three more seconds ten more hours to go. I’ll know when this is done, if something’s ended or begun, and if it goes all right who knows I might propose tonight at eight.
TANGO TRAGIQUE
from She Loves Me

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

Tango

GEORG: (spoken before song) Miss Balash, is it possible you’ve never even met this man?

I’ll tell you of a lonely girl I knew.

Her story I fear is tragic to hear. Nevertheless it’s true.

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downfall, as I now recall began

When her lonely hearts club found her a lonely man.

She sat down and wrote, he answered her note, and now there was no retreat. Then
one autumn day she called me to say they felt it was time to meet. She told him to wear a rose boutonniere, so she'd know that he was he. And he was to look for one certain book inside which her rose would be. From
that day she was never seen around. We searched high and low but search as we would only a trace was found. Her left leg floating in a local brook. We never could find the rest of her or her book.
SHE LOVES ME
from She Loves Me

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Music by JERRY BOCK

Very freely
GEORG:

Well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well,

Brightly

well, will wonders never cease?

I didn’t

like her.

Did-n’t like her? I could-n’t stand her.

Could-n’t stand her? I would-n’t

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have her. I never knew her, but now I do, and I could, and I would, and I

Moderately bright

know

She

love me. And to my amazement I love it

sim.

knowing that she loves me. She loves me. True, she doesn’t
show it. How could she when she doesn't know it.

Yesterday she loathed me. Bah! Now today she likes me. Hah! And tomorrow, to-morrow, Ah!

My teeth ache from the urge to touch her. I'm
speechless for I mustn't tell her. It's wrong now.

but it won't be long now. Before my love discovers that

she and I are lovers. Imagine how surprised she's bound to be.

She loves me! She loves
me! I love her.

Isn’t that a wonder? I wonder why I didn’t

want her. I want her. That’s the thing that

matters. And matters are improving daily.
Yesterday I loathed her. Bah! Now today I love her. Hah! And tomorrow,

To-mor-row.

Ah!

I'm ting-ling such de-li-cious tin-gels.

I'm
trem-bling, what the hell does that mean?

I'm freez-ing
that’s because it’s cold out. But still I’m in-can-des-cent, and

like some ad-o-les-cent, I’d like to scrawl on ev’ry wall I see.

She loves me! She loves me!
SERENADE
from The Student Prince

Lyrics by DOROTHY DONNELLY
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG

Andante molto tranquillo

PRINCE:  

O- ver-head the moon is beam - ing

pp  
dolcissimo

white as blossom on the bough,  
Nothing is heard but the song of a bird-

fill-ing all the air with dream - ing,  
Could my heart but still its beat - ing.

In the show, the Prince is the featured soloist in a large ensemble in the piece.
only you can tell it how, beloved, from your window give me greeting.

hear my eternal vow! Soft in the trees sigh the echo of my longing.

while all around you my dreams of rapture throng.

My soul, my joy, my hope, my dear! Your
heart must tell you that I am near, Lean from above while I

pour out my love, for you know to my life you are dear, Oh

hear my longing cry; oh love me or I die!

Tempo I

Overhead the moon is beaming
White as blossoms on the bough,
Nothing is heard but the

song of a bird— filling all the air with dreaming.

Could my heart but still its beating, only you can tell it how, beloved!

From your window give me greeting, I swear my eternal vow!

*aThis is the original phrasing. Another option is to breathe after "swear," and not break in the middle of the word "eternal" (perhaps after it, before "vow.")*
THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT
from The Phantom of the Opera

Andante

Night time sharp-ens, height-ens each sen-sa-tion; dark-ness stirs and

wakes im-ag-in-a-tion. Si- lent-ly the sen-ses a -ban-don their de-fen-ces.

rail. a tempo

Slow-ly, gent-ly,
night unfurls its splendour; grasp it, sense it,
tremulous and tender.

Turn your face away from the garish light of day,
turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling

light and listen to the music of the night.
Close your eyes and surrender to your

darkest dreams! Purge your thoughts of the life you knew before!
Ab        Ab7      Db        Fm        C        F
eyes let your spirit start to soar and you'll live as you've never lived before.

Db        Ab/Db     Db        Ab/Db     Db        Ab/Db
a tempo
Softly, deftly, music shall caress you. Hear it, feel it.

Gb        Ab        Gb        Db        Gb        Db
secretly possess you. Open up your mind. let your fantasies unwind in this

Gb        Cb        Gb        Db/Ab     Gb/Ab     roll, Ab7
darkness which you know you cannot fight, the darkness of the music of the
Let your mind start a journey through a strange, new world; leave all thoughts of the world you knew before.

Only then can you belong to me.

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication. Touch me, trust me, savour each sensation.
Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in to the power of the music that I write, the power of the music of the night.

You alone can make my song take flight, help me make the music of the night.