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

Compiled and Edited by Richard Walters

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Foreword

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Richard Walters,
December, 2005
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ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

AIDA

MUSIC: Elton John
LYRICS: Tim Rice
BOOK: Linda Woolverton, Robert Falls and David Henry Hwang
DIRECTOR: Robert Falls
CHOREOGRAPHER: Wayne Cilento
OPENED: 3/23/90, New York; a run of 1,852 performances

Aida is based on the story of the 1871 opera by Giuseppe Verdi (libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni) about an Ethiopian princess (Aida) who is captured during wartime by the enemy Egyptians. Radames, an Egyptian general, returns with the spoils of war, noting "Fortune Favors the Brave." He and Aida fall in love. Aida is scorned by the daughter of the Egyptian King, Amneris, who is also in love with Radames. Radames knows that his romance with Aida may be doomed from the outset, but they decide that circumstances can no longer keep them apart. Much later, Radames plans to call off his wedding to Amneris to be with Aida, but Aida convinces him to keep up appearances that so she can flee from captivity with her father. The story ends tragically with the death of the two lovers.

ASPECTS OF LOVE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black and Charles Hart
BOOK: Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: 4/8/90, New York; a run of 377 performances

Aspects of Love is based on an autobiographical novel by David Garnett, a nephew of Virginia Woolf. The show had an intimate production style, with orchestrations that threw out the brass in favor of a chamber music sound. It follows a group of characters over nearly two decades of interweaving relationships. The story begins with a 17-year-old boy, Alex, who is infatuated with an actress, Rose, in her mid-20s. The actress eventually has a love affair with Alex's uncle, and they marry. Along the way almost everyone winds up in love with, or broken-hearted by, all the others. The plot is emotionally complex, as are the characters and their relationships. An anthem of love's force in our world, "Love Changes Everything" is sung by Alex to open and close the first act, as well as to end the show.

AVENUE Q

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx
BOOK: Jeff Whitty
DIRECTOR: Jason Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ken Roberson
OPENED: 7/31/03, New York; still running as of December 2005

Avenue Q is an ironic homage to Sesame Street, though the puppet characters are much more adult, dealing with topics such as loud lovenaking, closeted homosexuality, and internet porn addiction. The puppeteers are onstage, acting and singing for their characters, but there are also humans in the production. The story deals with a young college graduate, Princeton, who learns how to live life and find love in New York. Along the way we meet the many tenants in his in his apartment building on Avenue Q. Rod and Nicky are Bert and Ernie spoofs. Nicky tells the closeted Rod, "If You Were Gay," that would be OK. Rod, for the time being, insists that he is not
A CHORUS LINE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Edward Kleban
BOOK: James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
DIRECTOR: Michael Bennett
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett and Bob Avian
OPENED: 7/25/75, New York; a run of 6,137 performances

Until overtaken by Cats, this musical stood for years as the longest-running show in Broadway history. It also won numerous Tony Awards, including Best Musical, plus the Pulitzer Prize for Drama. The story is simple: seventeen dancers reveal their life stories as they audition and compete for eight chorus parts in an unnamed Broadway musical. The show concentrates on the joys and troubles of their childhood and teen years. Fleet-footed Mike steps forward for the first audition. His love of dance was influenced by watching his older sister in her dance class (“I Can Do That”).

A CLASS ACT

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Edward Kleban
BOOK: Linda Kline and Lonny Price
DIRECTOR: Lonny Price
CHOREOGRAPHER: Marquise Derrick
OPENED: 3/11/01, New York; a run of 105 performances

Edward Kleban died of throat cancer at the age of 48 in 1987. A prolific songwriter, Kleban almost turned down the offer to be just the lyricist for A Chorus Line, his crowning achievement, because he fancied himself a composer above all. Many of his musical theatre songs were written for unproduced shows. Linda Kline and Lonny Price, admirers of Kleban’s music, cobbled together the biographical A Class Act from Kleban’s trunk songs and show scores. Their love for Kleban comes through in this earnest musical about a man whose whole life centered around music. “One More Beautiful Song” was originally written for a musical about the BMI Musical Theatre Workshop.

DO I HEAR A WALTZ?

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR: John Dexter
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 3/18/65, New York; a run of 220 performances

After Oscar Hammerstein’s death in 1960, Richard Rodgers made his only attempt at writing both music and lyrics for No Strings in 1962. For his next musical, Rodgers turned to a logical choice for lyrics, Stephen Sondheim, who was a close friend and protégé of Hammerstein. Do I Hear a Waltz? chronicles an extended romance of a spinster American woman, Leona Samish, in Venice. who unexpectedly falls in love with a married man. The musical is based on Arthur Laurent’s play The Time of the Cuckoo, which was also adapted for the David Lean film Summertime. starring Katherine Hepburn. Pursued by shopkeeper Renato Di Rossi. Leona at first demures, then accepts his offers. She breaks off when she hears of his marriage, but returns to him as she begins to feel love for the first time. Leona will leave Venice eventually, but is persuaded, for the moment, by the seductive Di Rossi to “Stay.”

FLOYD COLLINS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Adam Guettel
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Tina Landau
OPENED: 2/9/96, New York; a run of 25 performances

Adam Guettel, grandson of Richard Rodgers, chose for his first musical the true story of Floyd Collins, a farmer who was trapped in Sand Cave in Kentucky, and the firestorm of news coverage that surrounded his rescue attempt. Due in part to a series of interviews by an intrepid slim reporter who crawled down to talk to the trapped Collins, the rescue effort went from a local story to a national affair. The focus shifted from Collins’ plight to the momentum of media frenzy. After seventeen days, the rescue finally reached Collins, but he had died three days before, wondering about the afterlife in “How Glory Goes.”
THE FULL MONTY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: David Yazbek
BOOK: Terrence McNally
DIRECTOR: Jack O'Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: 10/26/00, New York; a run of 770 performances

Based on the successful British movie of the same name, The Full Monty was David Yazbek’s first foray into Broadway. The scene for the stage musical is changed to Buffalo, New York. The men in the story are unemployed factory workers determined to support themselves and their families, the decidedly average group form a Chippendale’s type strip act, baring everything (as the British phrase “the full monty” implies) for entertainment and cash. Each of the guys has a personal obstacle to overcome, and the act of stripping publicly becomes a symbol of freedom and pride, rather than the embarrassment it once seemed. Early in the show Jerry sings “Man” to his buddy Dave in response to his emasculated feelings, seeing the relative power and success of his ex-wife and other wives of unemployed men. If Jerry doesn’t come up with child support payment he will be denied access to his son. Once Jerry’s idea for the strip act gets going, he needs financing to get into the club. His ex-wife will not help him, but his young son fronts him the money from his college savings account. He lovingly gazes at the sleeping boy in “Breeze off the River.” Out of work and depressed, Malcolm was stopped from a suicide attempt by Jerry and Dave. He then joins the amateur strippers. Malcolm’s mother dies, and he sings “You Walk with Me” at a memorial service at her graveside. He is overcome with emotion halfway through the song. Ethan, one of the guys in the act, offers him a loving hand to finish the song. (Malcolm and Ethan unexpectedly begin a romantic relationship.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
OPENED: 5/8/62, New York; a run of 964 performances

Full of sight gags, pratfalls, mistaken identity, leggy girls, and other familiar vaudeville ingredients. Forum is a bowdy, farcical, pell-mell musical whose likes have seldom been seen on Broadway. Originally intended as a vehicle first for Phil Silvers and then for Milton Berle, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum opened on Broadway with Zero Mostel as Pseudolus the slave, who is forced to go through a series of mad-cap adventures before being allowed his freedom. Though the show was a hit, things had not looked very promising during the pre-Broadway tryout, and director Jerome Robbins was called in. The most important change: beginning the musical with the song “Comedy Tonight,” which set the right mood for the wacky doings that followed. To come up with a script, the librettists researched all twenty-one surviving comedies by the Roman playwright Plautus (254-184 BC), then wrote an original book incorporating such typical characters as the cunning servants, the lascivious master, the domineering mistress, the officious warrior, the simple-minded hero (called Hero), and the senile old man. Both Mostel as Pseudolus and Silvers (as Marcus Lycus) were in the 1966 United Artists screen version, along with Jack Gilford and Buster Keaton. The 1997 Broadway revival starred Nathan Lane as Pseudolus; the role was later played by Whoopi Goldberg. Early in the show, slave Pseudolus muses to his master Hero on everything, good and bad, that comes with the promise of becoming “Free.”

GREASE

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey
DIRECTOR: Tom Moore
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 2/14/72, New York; a run of 3,388 performances

A surprise runaway hit reflecting the nostalgia fashion of the 1970s, Grease is the story of hip greaser Danny Zuko and his wholesome girl Sandy Dumbrowski, a loose plot that serves as an excuse for a light-hearted ride through the early rock and roll of the 1950s. The 1978 movie version, starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, is one of the top grossing movie musicals of all time. A hit revival opened in 1994, with a revolving Rizzo, played by Rosie O’Donnell. Brooklyn Shields. Lucy Lawless and Debbie Gibson, among others. Frenchy’s life is not going so well. She dropped out of high school to go to Beauty School, but now she’s dropped out of that as well. She wishes she had an Angel, like in those Debbie Reynolds movies. Although her angel tells it like it is: she’s a “Beauty School Dropout.”
HAIRSPRAY

MUSIC: Marc Shaiman
LYRICS: Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman
BOOK: Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan
DIRECTOR: Jack O'Brien
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerry Mitchell
OPENED: 8/15/02, New York; still running as of December 2005

Film composer Marc Shaiman helped turn John Waters' campy 1988 movie Hairspray into perfect fodder for a new Broadway musical—teenage angst, racial integration, a lot of dancing and a whole lot of hair. plump heroine Tracy Turnblad dreams of dancing on the Corny Collins TV show but is upstaged by the prettier, but less talented, current "It-girl" Amber Von Tussle. Tracy eventually dances her way onto the show and gains acceptance for all teens of every size, shape and color. Heartthrob Link Larkin croons a love song, on the air, to Tracy in "It Takes Two."

INTO THE WOODS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK AND DIRECTION: James Lapine
CHOREOGRAPHER: Lar Lubovitch
OPENED: 11/5/87, New York, a run of 765 performances

Into the Woods brought together for the second time the Pulitzer Prize winning team of Lapine and Sondheim. Instead of the "art of making art," this time they turned to children’s fairy tales as their subject. The book of Into the Woods often focuses on the darker, grotesque aspects of these stories, but by highlighting them, it touches on the themes of interpersonal relationships, death, and what we pass on to our children. Act One begins with the familiar "once upon a time" stories, and masterfully interleaves the plots of Snow White, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, a Baker and his Wife and others. Act Two concerns what happens after "happily ever after," as reality sets in, and the fairy tale plots dissolve into more human stories. Jack, a dreamer, exuberantly sings about the "Giants in the Sky" he found up the beanstalk. A revival came to Broadway in 2002, starring Vanessa Williams as the Witch.

JEKYLL & HYDE

MUSIC: Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse
DIRECTOR: Robin Phillips
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey Pizzii
OPENED: 4/28/97, New York; a run of 1,543 performances

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 many lovers of musical theatre from two widely circulated concept albums. A North American tour also helped the show’s momentum before Broadway. 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. Jekyll & Hyde went through enormous revisions from its two concept recordings, to national touring companies, to Broadway. "I Need to Know" first appeared on the 1994 concept album, was dropped from the Broadway opening, and now is back in the show in its stock and amateur form. In the song, we are introduced to Henry Jekyll and his overwhelming passion and drive to make scientific breakthroughs on the nature of man.
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

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

Through conceived as a theatre piece about the final week in the life of Jesus, the young team of Lloyd Webber and Rice could not find a producer interested in a “rock opera.” Instead, they recorded it as an album, which became a smash hit. Concert tours of the show followed. It didn’t take any more convincing that this would fly in the theatre. The concept of a “rock opera” caused quite a stir at the time. In the opening number, Judas incredulously looks at the enormous effect Jesus has had on crowds of followers, and the resulting unease of political rulers. Judas expresses his worries in “Heaven on Their Minds.”

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Terrence McNally, based on the novel by Manuel Puig
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Vincent Paterson
OPENED: 10/20/92, London, closed 7/17/93
3/3/93, New York; a run of 904 performances

The 1985 movie of Kiss of the Spider Woman, starring William Hurt and Raúl Julia, and adapted from the novel by Manuel Puig, had a great influence on lyricist Fred Ebb. He believed this brutal prison story, with lavish torture and morpheine induced dream sequences, could make a new and fantastic night of theatre. His writing partner John Kander and playwright Terrence McNally thought so as well. And after years of tinkering, a Canadian and London opening, Kiss of the Spider Woman finally hit Broadway theatres in 1993 with legendary Chita Rivera as its star. Set in a corrupt prison in Latin America, the story follows two cellmates: the homosexual window dresser, Molina, and the fiery revolutionary Valentin. Molina copes with the torturous prison by escaping to a fantasy dreamland, reliving his favorite onscreen moments of star Aurora (Rivera). Valentin is much more taciturn at first, but is coaxed into revealing his own “movie,” his politically inspired dream “The Day after That.”

LADY IN THE DARK

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Albertina Raschi
OPENED: 1/23/41, New York; a run of 162 performances

Moss Hart initially intended Lady in the Dark to be a straight play, but after deciding to make it a star vehicle for Gertrude Lawrence, he hired Weill and Gershwin. In their first collaboration, to turn it into a musical. Fiercely driven Allure magazine editor Liza Elliot (Lawrence) is working too hard. Something is beginning to consume her, causing her sleepless nights, bouts of depression, and unproductiveness at work. She decides to see a psychoanlyst for help. He begins to open up her world of dreams to find out what is the matter. Much of the show is the manifestation of these flights of fancy, as Liza wrestles with her problems, including a song “My Ship” which she learned as a child, but now only lies on the fringes of her memory. During one of these dream sequences, Liza appears in a court, and as the scene gets more frenzied and circus-like, the Ringmaster (Danny Kaye) begins to randomly spout the names of Russian composers in the patter-song “Tchaikowsky.” In the end, Liza is cured of her problems. due in large part to meeting Charley Johnson, who she falls in love with when he is able to complete the song “My Ship” for her. The 1944 movie adaptation starred Ginger Rogers.
THE LAST FIVE YEARS

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

The Off-Broadway musical *The Last Five Years* paired writer Jason Robert Brown and director Daisy Prince together again after their collaboration on the revue *Songs for a New World.* This two-person show chronicles the beginning, middle and deterioration of a relationship between a successful writer and a struggling actress. The show's form is unique; Cathy starts at the end of the relationship, and tells her story backwards, while Jamie starts at the beginning. The only point of intersection is the middle at their engagement. Waking up next to a sleeping "other woman," he pours out his heart, ashamed, and frustrated by his marriage to Cathy, and instead seeks temporary intimacy with the new woman in "Nobody Needs to Know." The two original actors Off-Broadway were Norbert Leo Butz and Sherie René Scott.

THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Adam Guettel
BOOK: Craig Lucas, based on the novella of the same name by Elizabeth Spencer
DIRECTOR: Bartlett Sher
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jonathan Butterell
OPENED: 4/18/05, New York; still running as of December 2005

Finding inspiration in the same country as his grandfather Richard Rodgers' *Do I Hear a Waltz?*, Adam Guettel's *The Light in the Piazza* follows Americans abroad in Italy. The plot concerns a mother and her daughter Clára on extended holiday in Florence in 1953. Clára is mentally challenged, having the mind of ten-year-old, but the passions of a young woman. An Italian man, Fabrizio, falls for the beautiful girl, and much of the story revolves around Clára's mother trying to protect her child from a perceived incompatibility with the young suitor. Overhearing her mother discussing with her father Clára's upcoming marriage, Clára becomes upset and runs to break it off with Fabrizio. He comforts her in "Love to Me." In the end, Clára and Fabrizio will be married. A non-musical movie treatment was made in 1962, starring Olivia de Havilland and Rossano Brazzi.

THE LION KING

MUSIC: Elton John
LYRICS: Tim Rice
BOOK: Roger Allers and Irene Mecchi
DIRECTOR: Julie Taymor
CHOREOGRAPHER: Garth Fagan
OPENED: 11/13/97, New York; still running as of December 2005

A fantastic triumph of art design and choreography, Julie Taymor's adaptation to the stage of the 1994 Disney movie won both critical and popular praise. Lavish sets and costumes, including actors on stilts, set this production high above other movie-to-stage adaptations. The Broadway score incorporates all the music from the original movie, along with new material. Mufasa, king of the lions, is murdered by his brother Scar. Young Simba is led to believe he killed his father and runs away to exile. As an adult, Simba calls out to the night, searching for the answer and the father he misses from his childhood. Through the song "Endless Night," Simba finds the strength to return to his pride and overthrow the evil Scar to claim his birthright as king.
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 December 2005
3/12/87, New York; a run of 6,680 performances

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. 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. “What Have I Done” and “Who Am I?” are interesting as companion songs, the former being Valjean’s decision to go into hiding after being released by the chain gang, and the latter being his decision to turn himself in, once again becoming Jean Valjean to save a wrongfully accused man. Javert’s pursuit of Valjean continues for years, across a tapestry of 19th century France that includes an armed uprising against the government, in which Valjean takes a heroic part.

MOVIN’ OUT

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Billy Joel
DIRECTION AND CHOREOGRAPHY: Twyla Tharp
OPENED: 10/24/02. New York; still running as of December 2005

Twyla Tharp had choreographed some Billy Joel songs for use in her dance studio, which gave rise to the idea of creating an entire show based around Joel’s music. Receiving approval from the songwriter after sending him a videotape of her rehearsals, Tharp began to cull songs she could use to help frame a story Movin’ Out is that tale, completely danced, with no dialogue except the original lyrics of the songs. Joel himself picked out the players in the sound-alike, onstage band. The show chronicles the lives of a group of characters, from the naive, we-can-do-it spirit of the 1950s, through the disenchantment of the Vietnam era, to the hope that all of them found later in life. A disenchanted veteran looks back on the camaraderie he felt in the Vietnam days in “Goodnight Saigon.”

THE MUSIC MAN

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Meredith Willson
DIRECTOR: Morton Da Costa
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 12/19/57. New York; a run of 1,375 performances

With The Music Man, composer-lyricist-librettist Meredith Willson recaptured the innocent charm of the middle American town where he grew up (Mason City, Iowa). It is the Fourth of July, 1912, and the abundantly charming “Professor” Harold Hill, actually a traveling con man, arrives in River City, Iowa, ready to work his scam. He poses as a professor of music, collecting money for lessons and instruments on the promise that he can teach the town’s children how to play in a band through his fraudulent “Think System.” But his plans to pocket the cash and skip town are complicated by the presence of the temptingly pretty Marian Paroo, the librarian and music teacher. She sees through him immediately, but is soon won over by the palpable excitement he’s able to generate among the stuffy townspeople, and in her formerly withdrawn younger brother. Some of that excitement rubs off on the young people in the town, who dance wildly, led by Marcellus, to the zany “Shipoopi.” The story ends with a touch of theatre magic. Just as the townspeople are about to tear and feather Hill, lo and behold, the “Think System” works, and the kids are able to play sort of. The show, which took eight years and more than thirty rewrites before it was produced on Broadway, marked Willson’s auspicious debut in the theatre. It was also the first musical-stage appearance by Robert Preston, playing the role of Harold Hill, who went on to repeat his dynamic performance in the 1962 Warner Bros. screen version. A 1980 Broadway revival starred Dick Van Dyke. Another Broadway revival opened in 2001. Matthew Broderick and Kristin Chenoweth starred in the 2003 television production.
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

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

The Mystery of Edwin Drood came to Broadway after being initially presented the previous summer in a series of 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 (“Escape – The Piña Colada Song”). 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 on the suspects. 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 in male garb (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 Jasper, uncle of Edwin Drood, sets himself up early as a possible suspect in his crazed description of his surroundings in “A Man Could Go Quite Mad.”

MYTHS AND HYMNS

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Adam Guettel
DIRECTOR: Tina Landau
OPENED: 3/31/1998, New York; a run of 16 performances

The source material for Guettel’s Myths and Hymns is just that—mythological figures such as Icarus, Pegasus and Sisyphus—and old texts from an 1885 Presbyterian Hymnal Guettel found in a used book store. The song cycle for the theatre premiered under the name Saturn’s Return but was later changed to the present title. Floyd Collins director Landau helped stage this night of music, which focused on the divine and profane in everyday life and uses musical language from straight-up pop to lush theatrical writing. “Awaiting You” is a love song for the person you wait to meet; you see that undetermined person in “every fury and every love.”

THE PRODUCERS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Mel Brooks
BOOK: Mel Brooks and Thomas Meehan
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Susan Stroman
OPENED: 4/19/01, New York; still running as of December 2005

Mel Brooks swept critics and audiences off their feet in New York with this show, adapted from his 1968 movie The Producers. A couple songs from the movie were incorporated into the otherwise new stage score. The story concerns washed-up Broadway producer Max Bialystock and his nerdy accountant Leo Bloom, who has dreams of being a producer himself. During an audit of Max’s books, Leo offhandedly remarks that one could make more money producing a flop than a hit. The two eventually produce the show “Springtime for Hitler,” which seems on paper like it will be the biggest flop ever. It’s a surprise hit and Bialystock and Bloom are in trouble. All ends well, after a brief prison detour Svelto. sexy Swede Ulla comes to the offices of Bialystock and Bloom to flaunt her wares and is hired as secretary. Leo will eventually fall for “That Face” (written and staged in the style of a 1930s Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers number). Ulla and Leo skip town, leaving Max high and dry, but come back to face the music when Leo testifies in court that no one ever treated him so well. “’Til Him” The original cast included Broadway stars Nathan Lane (Max) and Matthew Broderick (Leo). The director and most of the lead actors from Broadway were in the 2005 movie musical.
MUSIC AND LYRICS: Sherman Edwards
BOOK: Peter Stone
DIRECTOR: Peter Hunt
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 3/16/69, New York; a run of 1,217 performances

Sherman Edwards' background as a high school history teacher made him a perfect choice to bring the American Revolution to the Broadway stage. Edwards' characters of our heritage leap off the page and their real personalities shine through—the disliking firebrand John Adams, the quiet lover Thomas Jefferson, and the witty Benjamin Franklin, among many others. The cast consists of largely the signers of the Declaration of Independence. We see the fierce debates over states rights, individual autonomy and slavery in the hot Philadelphia days of that defining year. Much of the dialogue is taken verbatim from memoirs and letters of the actual participants. 1776 is not a typical musical with large dance numbers and many songs. It allows ample time for the plot to unfold, and often there are very long breaks with no music as the delegates debate in Congress. "Mama, Look Sharp" is sung by a young, wounded soldier, very affected by the brutal war around him. The 1972 movie, directed by Hunt, kept many of the original Broadway actors including William Daniels (Adams), Ken Howard (Jefferson) and Howard Da Silva (Franklin). A Broadway revival was staged in 1997.

SONGS FOR NEW WORLD

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
DIRECTOR: Daisy Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Arnold
OPENED: 10/26/05, 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 coffeehouse pianist named Jason Robert Brown play some of his original compositions. A collaboration and a friendship were born when she learned he was working on a concert evening of songs that played like offbeat short stories. Titled Songs for a New World, the piece was developed at a summer festival in Toronto. Musically distinctive and precocious, the songs look at contemporary life from unusual angles. In the plotless. Off-Broadway revue, a man running from authority sees himself as "King of the World."

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Craig Carnelia
BOOK: John Guare, based on the screenplay and novellas of Ernest Lehman
DIRECTOR: Nicholas Hytner
CHOREOGRAPHER: Christopher Wheeldon
OPENED: 3/14/02, New York; a run of 109 performances

John Lithgow had been on the New York stage many times before, but he made his singing debut as Broadway gossip columnist J.J. Hunsecker (based on Walter Winchell) in Sweet Smell of Success. The musical is based on the 1957 film starring Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. The basic story involves Hunsecker, the widely read gossip columnist, and Sidney Falco (Brian D'Arcy James), the frenetic publicist who does anything to get a story in the column. Chronicling Broadway's blackmailing, backstabbing underbelly, Falco and Hunsecker get themselves into unwise and illegal activities in their nightly romps through the dark city. Falco's parasitic drive for glitz and glamour comes out in "One Track Mind."

TICK, TICK...BOOM!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Jonathan Larson
DIRECTOR: Scott Schwartz
CHOREOGRAPHER: Christopher Gattelli
OPENED: 5/23/01, New York. closed 1/6/02

Jonathan Larson, composer of Rent, struggled like many actors and writers in New York for years before he found success. tick tick BOOM is his second show after the small musical Superbia. After workshopping it around, Larson shelved it to spend time on Rent. After Larson's death, interest in his earlier works emerged, and in 2001, tick tick BOOM! received a full Off-Broadway production. This autobiographical show chronicles Larson's struggle to make it as a 30-year-old in New York in 1990. He lives on nothing, passing up lucrative corporate job offers to follow his dream. A student of musical theatre, Larson at one point writes an homage to Stephen Sondheim in his knockoff "Sunday" from Sunday in the Park with George. "Why?" sums up why Larson would be living in practical poverty to chase his dream: he got the acting and singing bug early in life with wonderful musical experiences as a kid.
WICKED
MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz
BOOK: Winnie Holzman, based on the novel Wicked. The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West
by Gregory Maguire
DIRECTOR: Joe Mantello
CHOREOGRAPHER: Wayne Cilento
OPENED: 10/30/03, New York. still running as of December 2005

Stephen Schwartz's return to Broadway came with Wicked, a hit from 2003. Based on Gregory Maguire's 1995 book, the musical chronicles the backstory of the Wicked Witch of the West, Elphaba, and Good Witch of the North, Glinda (Gulinda), before their story threads are picked up in L. Frank Baum's The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. At times a dark show, the original production was characterized by lavish production and a stellar cast, including Kristin Chenoweth, Idina Menzel, Norbert Leo Butz, and Broadway immortal Joel Grey. Fiyero is a fiery revolutionary from the western Winkie country, a handsome, engaging personality who is "Dancing Through Life," relying on his charm rather than hard work.

THE WILD PARTY
MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Andrew Lippa
DIRECTOR: Gabriel Barre
CHOREOGRAPHER: Mark Dendry
OPENED: 2/24/00, New York; a run of 54 performances

Two productions of The Wild Party hit New York in 2000, the unsuccessful Broadway version by Michael John LaChiusa, and the Off-Broadway, and now more popular Andrew Lippa version. Both were based on the scandalous 1928 poem by The New Yorker editor Joseph Moncure March. This jazz age drama, depicting a night of decadence and debauchery at a party thrown by lusty showgirl Queenie and her abusive lover, vaudeville clown Burt. was inspiration for Lippa's accomplished score. In the scintillating vibe of "What Is It About Her?", Burt wonders about Queenie's irresistible pull on him. Much later in the night, after much drink and more drama, Burt starts to lose control. and happily wallows in his excesses in thehot "Let Me Drown."

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN
MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Charles Gesner; Andrew Lippa added songs for the Broadway revival
DIRECTOR: Joseph Hardy
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 3/7/67, New York; a run of 1,597 performances

With Charles Schulz's appealing comic strip "Peanuts" as a general inspiration, Clark Gesner created a musical out of events in "a day made up of little moments picked from all the days of Charlie Brown, from Valentine's Day to the baseball season, from wild optimism to utter despair, all mixed with the lives of his friends (both human and non-human) and strung together on the string of a single day, from bright uncertain morning to hopeful starlit evening." The show was an Off-Broadway hit. It moved to Broadway for a brief run in 1971. For the 1997 Broadway revival, Andrew Lippa wrote two new numbers, including "Beethoven Day," which was for brooding pianist Schroeder idolizing the bust of Beethoven that sits on his piano. Schroeder wishes for a day yet aside to honor his favorite composer.
FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE
from Elton John and Tim Rice's Aida

Moderato

C

D/C

Ab

Bb

C

We have

F/C

C

F/C

C

F

C

swept to glory,

Egypt's mastery expands.

This song is an ensemble in the show, adapted as a solo for this edition.

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From the Nile's northern delta to the dry, dry southern sands. The

more we find, the more we see, the more we come to learn

The more that we explore, the more we shall return

Fortune
fa - vors the brave

It’s all worked out my road is clear
The lines of latitude

extend Way beyond my wildest dreams Toward some great triumph

ant end We seized the day we turned the tide We
Am7  Am/D  Dm  F/Eb  Eb  Cm

touched the stars, we mocked the grave. We moved into uncharted lands.

Ab  Bb  C

Fortune favors the brave.

Half-time feel

Bb

The more we find, the more we see, the

F  Bb/F  F  Ab  Db/Ab  Ab

more we come to learn The more that we explore, the
more we shall return
Nothing is an accident

We are free to have it all
We are what we want to be
It's

in ourselves to rise or fall
This is easy to believe

A distant places call to me
It's harder from the

Cm  Ab  Bb  C

palace yard  Fortune favors the free

D/C  Ab  Bb  C

Fortune favors the young

D/C  Ab  N C  Bb  Ab/Bb  Bb5  C5  C  C5

Fortune favors the brave
LOVE CHANGES EVERYTHING
from Aspects of Love

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

Drammatico

A E7/A A E7/A A D/A

A E7 A

Love, love chang-es ev-'ry-thing: hands and
days are

A E7

Alex: Love, love chang-es ev-'ry-thing:

A D/A A E7

faces, earth and sky.

A D A D/A A E7

long-es, words mean more.

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ev'rything: how you live and how you die.
strong'est heart, pain is deeper than before.

E7

Love can make the summer fly or a night seem like a
Love will turn your world around and that world will last for-

A/E E7

life-time, now I brings you
Yes love, love changes ev'rything:
Yes love, love changes ev'rything:

D

tremble at your name.
nothing in the world will ever

glory, brings you shame
be the same

same

Off into the world we go, planning futures, shape-
years. Love bursts in and suddenly, all our wisdom disappears. Love makes fools of everybody: all the rules we make are broken. Yes, love, love changes everything. Live or perish in its
flame.  
Love will never, never let you be the

cresc.  poco ritard  ff a tempo

same

Love will never, never let you

cresc.

be the same.

rall  a tempo, meno mosso  dim

molto rall.  f cresc
IF YOU WERE GAY
from the Broadway Musical Avenue Q

Moderately, swing eighths ($\frac{3}{4}$)

**NICKY:**
If you were gay,
that'd be o-kay.
I mean, cuz

hey,
I'd like you any-way
Because you see:
If it were me,
I would feel

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For more Info about Avenue Q visit www.AvenueQ.com
free to say that I was gay! (But I'm not gay!)

If you were queer,
I'd still be here, year after year,

because you're dear to me And I know that
you would accept me too If I told you today: “Hey, guess what? I’m gay!” (But I’m not gay!) I’m happy just being with you So what should it matter to me what you do in bed with guys?!
Slower

If you were gay.

I'd shout hooray!

And here I'd stay,

But I wouldn't get in your way

Faster

You can count on me to always
be beside you every day,
to tell you it's okay. You were just born that way.

And as they say: It's in your DNA, you're gay!
(If you were gay!)
I CAN DO THAT
from A Chorus Line
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN

Bright Swing

Faster, in 2
Vamp MIKE:

(Last time) I'm watch-in'  Sis___ go  pit-a-pat___

Said, "I can do that___ I can do that."

Knew ev'ry step____ right off the bat____
Said, "I can do that — I can do that."

One morning Sis won't go to dance class — I grab her shoes and tights and all —

but my foot's too small. So, I stuff her shoes —
_ with extra socks, _

run seven blocks

in nothin' flat

Hell, I can do that

I can do that!
I got to class and had it made and so I stayed.

the rest of my life All thanks to Sis.

(now married and fat),
I can do this._ (he dances)

That I can do!

(Spoken.) And then everybody started calling me "Twinkle-Toes."
ONE MORE BEAUTIFUL SONG
from A Class Act

Words and Music by EDWARD KLEBAN

Freely

F  F+  F6  Dm  Dm(maj7)  F/G

Bb/C  Ab/C  Bb6/C  C13  Ed:

Let there be

one more beautiful song in the cosmos,

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one more perfectly ravishing tune. Let there be

words that simply say the way we feel today: Three

quarters church, one quarter a saloon. Let there be

one huge laugh before it's over. And maybe
one high note to crack the dome!

one more beautiful song this lovely evening.

And then we'll all go home

one huge laugh before it's over.
long high note be heard in Rome! Let there be

one more beautiful song this lovely evening

and then we'll all go home And then we'll all go

home
STAY
from Do I Hear A Waltz?

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

DI ROSSI:

Slowly, in 4

I am not the

dream come true...

But stay

Not per - fe - tion.

nor are you...

But stay

Who is bril - liant?
Who is witty? Am I handsome? Are you pretty?

a tempo

Throw the dream away...

Stay and stay

Did you wish a duke at least? A duke you should have.
If I could have been a duke for you I would have
All the things you should have, I cannot supply you
I would give you. I would buy you.
Tempo I
I am not the dream come true... But stay.
No one is the dream come true
But stay.

Here we have this special feeling
No denying, no concealing

Throw the dream away
Stay and stay and

stay and stay and stay
HOW GLORY GOES
from Floyd Collins

Music and Lyrics by
ADAM GUETTEL

FLOYD: 
Is it 
una corda

warm? 
Is it soft— against your face? 
Do you feel—

___a kind a' grace inside the breeze?___ 
Will there be trees?___

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Is there light? Does it hover over the ground? Does it shine from all around, or jes' from you?

Is it endless and empty, an' you wander on your own?
Slowly forget about the folks that you have known? Or does risin' bread fill up the air from open kitchens ev'rywhere? Familiar faces far as you can see, like a fam-

rall a tempo

 Do we live? Is it like_
— a little town? Do we get to look back down at who we love?


— Are we above?

— Are we everywhere? Are we anywhere at all? Do we hear

— a trumpet call us an’ we’re by your side?
Will I want, Will I wish for all the things I should have done,
Longing to finish what I only just begun?
Or has a shinin' truth been waitin' there for all the questions everywhere?
In a world a' wondrin', suddenly you
know;
An’ you will al-ways know.

Will my ma-ma be there waitin’ for me,
Smil-in’ like the way she does, an’ holdin’ out her arms, an’ she

calls my name?
She will hold—me

just the same—

On-ly
heaven knows how glory goes, what each of us was meant to be

Poco Accel.

In the starlight, that is what we are

roll stretch

I can see so far
MAN
from The Full Monty

Words and Music by
DAVID YAZBEK

Steady

You're out of work
Your pride is

miss-in'
They call you jerk
but you don't listen
You have-n't

got a pot to piss in
but you're a...

This version has been adapted as a solo

locO
man.  Your hands are rough.  Your back is hair-y.  Your talk is

8vb throughout

tough  Your smell is scar-y.  Here’s what you’re not.  you’re not a

fair-y  No you’re a beer drink-in’ real live__man.

locro

And when the beef comes out, you do the carve-in’. You
A/B  Dmaj7/E  A/F  Dmaj7/E  A7
hate Tom Cruise but you love Lee Mar-vin. You’re a man, and that’s a

8vb throughout

bo-nus ‘cause when you’re swing-ing your co-jo-nes you’ll show ‘em

A7  E7  F  Dmaj7/F#
what test-os-ter-one is ‘cause you’re a boot-wear-in’, beer-drink-ing,

le-co

G7  G♯7  A  F  C
Chev- y- driv-ing man I’m gon-na jump straight up, kick a
hole in the moon  Don't know ex-actly where I'm go-ing but I
know I'm gon-na get there soon  I'll show you  I'll show them all  I'll show them all.

the real thing  What is a man?  Why does he

bother?  'Cause he's a man.  'Cause he's a fa-ther.  He wants his kid  He wants his
He wants to da da na na na na
He wants to be a man

A real man Yes, I am I'm gonna be, I've gotta

be a real man with a mission like you see on television I'm a

real fine genuine man

*air guitar this Led Zeppelin lick*
BREEZE OFF THE RIVER
from The Full Monty

Words and Music by DAVID YAZBEK

Moderately

C F7 G C F7

G JERRY:

There's a breeze off the river through the crack in the win-

C F7 G C F7

dow pane. There's my boy on the pillow

G C F7 G G/B

and I feel like I'm lost again Ev'rybody knows the se-
They all know what their life should be.

and they move like a river.

Ev'rybody knows except for me.

And I never feel like somebody.

Somebody calls a father, I can't explain.
But when I look at you kid, it's like a mirror. It spins my head. It wakes me like the breeze off the river.

Every time I see your face, And it's strange, but familiar.

Like a map of a better place.
And sometimes I feel like I live in a shadow and

shadow's all I see

Then you jump straight up and you

grab the moon and you make it shine on me

Where do you

get it from?

Everybody knows the secret
Well I don't and I never did.
I don't know any secret.
All I know is I love you, kid.

All I know is I love you, kid.
All I know...

C  B+  Gm/Bb  A7  D7sus  G
YOU WALK WITH ME
from The Full Monty

Words and Music by
DAVID YAZBEK

Moderately slow, but moving ahead

\[ B \quad E \quad F\#5 \quad B \quad E \quad F\#5 \quad (MALCOLM:) \]

\[ F\# \]

Is it the wind

\[ mp \]

o - ver my shoul - der?__

Is it the wind that I hear gent - ly whis - per - ing

\[ poco rit \]

\[ B \quad E \quad F\# \quad D\#m \quad G\#m \quad C\#m \quad F\# \]

\[ F\#7 \]

“Are you a - lone ______ there in the val - ley?____

\[ a tempo \]

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No, not alone for you walk, you walk with me

Is it the wind there over my shoulder?

Is it your voice calling quietly? Over the hilltop, down in the valley,

never alone for you walk with me When evening falls
and the air gets colder, when shadows cover the road I am following poco ritenuto

will I be alone there in the darkness? a tempo

No, not alone, not alone and I'll never be never alone You are walking, you're walking with

me Is it the wind there over my shoulder?

*Sing the top line melody in this section for a solo version of the song
Is it your voice calling quietly? Over the hill-top, down in the valley,

never alone for you walk with me Over the hill-top, down in the valley

Never alone for you walk with me

(MALCOLM:)

Never alone for you walk, with me
FREE
from A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

In 2
PSEUDOLUS:

Moderately, in 4
rubato

(Spoken:) Free! Oh, what a word! Oh, what a word! Free!

rubato

I've of-ten thought, I've of-ten dreamed How it would be...
And yet I nev-er thought

I'd be Free! But when you come to think of such things

poco accel

A man should have the rights that all oth-ers Can you i-ma-gine what

poco accel
cresc.

We have eliminated Hero's lines in this solo edition

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Roman, having rights And like a Roman, proud! Can you see me? Can you
see me? Can you see me as a voter fighting graft and vice? (Sing it
soft and nice) Free! Why, I'll be so conscientious that I
may vote twice! Can you see me? Can you see me? When I'm
free to be what-ev-er I want to be, Think what won-ders I’ll ac-com-plish then!

When the mas-ter that I serve is me and just me, can you

see me be-ing e-qual with my coun-try-men? Can you see me be-ing Pseudo-lus the

leggiero

cit-i-zen? Can you see me be-ing (Give it to me once a-gain)
Free! That's it! Free! Yes! (Spoken:) Free!

Now, not so fast. I didn't think. The way I am, I

have a roof, Three meals a day And I don't have to pay a thing

I'm just a slave and every thing's free If I were free, Then noth-
-ing would be free And if I'm beaten now and then, What does it matter?

Free! Can you see me?

Can you see me as a poet writing poetry? All my
verse will be Free! A museum will have me pickled for posterity! Can you see me? Can't you see me? Can you see me as a lover, one of great renown, Women falling down?

Free? No But I'll buy the house of Ly-cus for my house in town. Can you
see me? Can't you see me? Be you any-thing from king to bak-
er of cakes, You're a veg-ta-ble un-less you're free! It's a
little word but, oh, the dif-frence it makes! It's the nec-es-sa-ry es-sence of de-
mo-cra-cy. It's the thing that ev-ry slave should have the right to be. And I
poco rall.

soon will have the right to buy a slave for me! Can you see him? Well, I'll

poco rall

free him! When a Pseudo-lus can move, The universe shakes, But I'll

a tempo

never move until I'm free! Such a little word but, Oh, the dif-

a tempo

- frence it makes! I'll be Pseudo-lus, the founder of a family; I'll be
BEAUTY SCHOOL DROP OUT
from Grease

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY
and JIM JACOBS

Ad lib.

TEEN ANGEL: Amaj7/E F#m
Your story's sad to tell, a

D/F# E7/G# C#m7/B F#7/C# D E7
teen-age ne'er-do-well, most mixed up non delinquent on the block

C#m7/G# F#7/A# D/A Gmaj7 A F#m7/E
future's so unclear now, what's left of your career now, can't even get a trade in on your

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Moderate 2 \( (J. = 72) \)

```
Gm  D/F♯  E7
    A

smock
```

```
D  Dm  A
F♯m
```

```
D  E  A
F♯m

Beauty school dropout, no graduation day for you, beauty school dropout, missed your mid-
```

```
D  C♯m/E  D/E  A
F♯m
```
terms and flunked shampoo, well, at least you could have taken time to
wash and clean your clothes up, after spending all that dough to have the
doctor fix your nose up. Baby, get movin'. why keep your
feeble hopes alive? What are ya provin'? You got the
dream but not the drive
If you go for your diploma, you could
join a steno-pool, turn in your teasing comb and go back to high school.
Beauty school dropout, hangin’ a-
round the corner store, beauty school dropout, it’s a-bout
D  C#m/E  A  F#m

time you knew the score, well, they couldn’t teach you anything, you

D  E7  A  F#m

think you’re such a looker, but no customer would go to you un-

D  E7  A

less she was a hooker Baby, don’t sweat it

F#m  D  E7  A

you’re not cut out to hold a job, better forget it
who wants their hair done by a slob? Now, your
bangs are curled, your lashes twirled, but still the world is
cruel Wipe off that angel face and go back to high school

a tempo - rit
IT TAKES TWO
from *Hairspray*

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

"60s rhythm ballad"

A F#7 B C#m/E E7

They say it's a man's world. Well, that can not be denied.
A king ain't a king without the pow'r behind the throne.
Just like Frank-ie Avalon has his fav'-rite Mouse-ke-ter,

But what good's a man's world without a woman by his side?
A prince is a pauper, babe, without a chick to call his own.
I dream of a lover, babe, to say the things I long to hear.

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And so I will wait until that moment you decide
So please, darling, choose me I don't wanna rule a
So come closer, baby, oh, and whisper in my

cide

Tell me that I'm your man and you're my girl
that

Tell me that you're my girl and I'm your boy

To Coda A

I'm the sea and you're the pearl It takes two, baby, it takes
no one else can come between It takes two, baby, it takes

you're my pride and I'm your joy that

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>Bm/A A</th>
<th>E</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>Bm/A A</th>
<th>A7</th>
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</table>
Lancelot had Guinevere. Missus Claus had old Saint Nick.

Romeo had Juliet, and Liz, well, she has her Dick. They

say it takes two to tango, but that tango's child's play. So

B7 A9/C♯ Bm7(b5)/D B7/D♯ E9 F♯m7 Gm6 E9/G♯

take me to the dance floor, and we'll twist the night away.
I'm the sand and you're the tide. I'll be the groom if you'll be my bride. It takes two, baby, it takes two.

It takes two, baby. It takes two.

two, two, two.
GIANTS IN THE SKY
from Into the Woods

Andante moderato, non rubato (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 132 \))

JACK: \( f \)

There are giants in the sky!

big tall terrible giants in the sky!

When you've way up high and you look below At the
world you've left and the things you know. Little more than a glance is enough to show you

Just how small you are. When you're

way up high and you're on your own In a world like none that you've ever known. Where the

sky is lead and the earth is stone, You're free to do What

ev'ry pleases you, exploring things you'd never dare 'Cause you don't care, When suddenly there's a big tall terrible giant at the door, A

big tall terrible lady giant, sweeping the floor.
And she gives you food and she gives you rest. And she
draws you close to her giant breast. And you know things now that you never knew before.
Not till the sky.
Only

non legato, marcato
just when you made a friend and all, And you know she's big but you don't feel small, Someone
cresc.
big-ger than her comes a-long the hall to swal-low you for lunch.
poco cresc

And your heart is lead and your stom-ach stone And you're

mp legato e misterioso

real-ly scared be-ing all a-lone.

And it's
then that you long for the things you’ve known and the world you’ve left and the little you own. The

fun is done You steal what you can and run! And you

scramble down and you look below And the world you know begins to grow: The

Broadly

roof, the house, and your mother at the


door
The roof, the house, and the world...

you never thought to explore.
And you

think of all of the things you've seen.
And you

wish that you could live in between.
And you're back again, only dif...
There are giants in the sky!

There are big tall terrible awesome scary

...wonderful giants In the sky!
I NEED TO KNOW
from Jekyll & Hyde

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Moderately, freely

\[ \text{C}_\#_m \]

\[ \text{F}_\#_m(\text{add}9) \]

with pedal

\[ \text{G}_\#_\text{sus} \quad \text{G}_\# \quad \text{JEKYLL:} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{C}_\#_m \]

I need to know the nature of the demons that possess man's soul.

\[ \text{F}_\#_m(\text{add}9) \quad \text{C}_\#_m \]

I need to know why man's content to let them make him less than whole.
Why does he revel in murder and madness? What is it makes him be

less than he should? Why is he doomed not to reach his po-

tential? His soul is black when he turns his back upon

Moderately, in rhythm
need to find a way to get inside the tortured mind of man. I need to try to separate the good and evil if I can. One thing is certain, the evil is stronger; good fights a hopeless and desperate fight
I must find ways of adjusting the balance to bring him back from the empty black edge of night. I need to go where no man has ventured before, to search for the key to the door that will end all this tragic and
senseless decay
But how to go?

I need to know!

need to learn the secrets of the mind that we cannot discern

I need to learn the things that make men pass the point of
no return

Why does a wise man take leave of his senses? Where is that fine line where sanity melts?

When does intelligence give way to madness? A moment comes when a man becomes something else. I need to
know why man plays this strange double game, his

hand always close to the flame. It's a deal with the devil he

cannot disclaim. But what's his aim?

I need to know!
Dear God, guide me, show me how to succeed! With Your wisdom inside me,

Henry Jekyll will follow wherever You lead.

I need to see the truth others cannot.
see,
to be things that others can't be. Give me

courage to go where no angel can go! And I will go.

Broader
I need to know!

8va
HEAVEN ON THEIR MINDS
from Jesus Christ Superstar

Words by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderate Rock tempo

JUDAS:

My mind is clearer now, strip away at the

F      G      Dm
last myth all too well I can see where we
from the man

G      Dm
all soon will be. If you
all soon will be.
Jesus! You've started to believe
The things they say of you You really do believe
This talk of God is true And

all the good you've done will soon be swept away, You've begun to matter more than...
Listen Jesus, I don't I remember when this

like what I see All I ask is that you listen to me
whole thing began No talk of God then we called you a man

And remember I've been your right hand man all along
And believe me my admiration for you hasn't died
You have set them all on fire
But every word you say today

They think they've
Gets twisted

found the new Messiah
'round some other way
And they'll hurt you when they find they're
And they'll hurt you if they think you've

wrong
lied

Nazareth your famous son should have stayed a great unknown
Like his father carving wood—He'd have made good—
Tables, chairs and oaken chests

would have suited Jesus best He'd have caused no body harm—
no one alarm—

Listen Jesus do you care for your race?
Listen Jesus to the warning I give

Don't you see we must keep in our place?
Please remember that I want us to live
We are occupied— have you forgotten how put

But it's sad to see our chances weakening with

down every hour. I am All your

frightened by the crowd For we are

getting much too loud And they'll crush us if we go too

heaven on their minds It was beautiful but now it's
sour,

Yes it's all gone sour

Ah

Repeat ad lib.*

Yes it's all gone

sour

*The vocalist can ad lib here until the end. This is only a suggestion of what to do.
THE DAY AFTER THAT
from Kiss of the Spider Woman

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Lightly (\( \text{\textit{j}} = \text{c. 80} \))

\[ \text{VALENTIN:} \]

\[ \text{It was} \]

\[ \text{made out of mud and pieces of tin and boxes nailed together,} \]

\[ \text{cardboard boxes, my castle, my home.} \]

\[ \text{and we slept on the floor, my} \]
sister and I, with gummy sacks for our pillows, coughing.

hungry, cozy, my home

And every Sunday, on our knees,

we would thank the Lord for His bountiful blessings
And our mother poured soup into little cracked bowls as she

spoke of something better, beef steak maybe,

some day my home
And that lady had eyes that were empty and cold. At the ripe old age of

thirty death came, welcome, to

Strongly (l’istesso tempo)

my home And still that Sunday,

--- on our knees, how we thanked the Lord for His
Somewhat faster

sister and I swore the day that we left there'd be no more children like us in the

filth there, in the heat there, in the smell there. And no more Sundays,

on our knees, would we thank the Lord for His
bountiful blessings
And we came to the city and
begged for our food Then one April day we heard it, thunder rumbling,

Freely

one man speaking, thousands singing

Some-day we'll be free — I promise you we'll be free, if not to-morrow, then the
day after that And the candles in our hand will illuminate this land, if not to-

tomorrow, then the day after that. And the

world that gives us pain, that fills our lives with fear, on the day after that will

disappear

And the war we’ve fought to win, I
promise you, we will win, if not tomorrow, then the day after that or the

day after that. Some-day we'll be free, I promise you we'll be free, if not to-

mor-row, then the day after that.

And the candles in our hand will il-lu-mi-nate this land, if not to-
morrow, then the day after that

And the world that gives us pain, that fills our lives with fear, on the

day after that will disappear, will disappear, will disappear,

Meno mosso

(spoken)

pears And the war we’ve fought to win, I promise you we will win, if not to-
morrow, then the day after that, or the day after that, or the day after that, or the day after that!
TSCHAIKOWSKY
(And Other Russians)
from the Musical Production Lady in the Dark

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by KURT WEILL

Allegro barbaro (J = 152)

RINGMASTER:

There's

(not too fast and well pronounced)

Mal - i - chev - sky, Ru - ben - stein, A - ren - sky and Tschai - kow - sky, Sa - pel - ni - koff, Di -

sempre staccato

ni - tri - eff, Tsche - rep - nin, Kry - ja - now - sky, Go - dow - sky, Ar - tei - bou - cheff, Mo - ni -

We have retained Gershwin's spellings of the original lyrics. Since 1941, some names have been modernized with adjusted spellings in most published references.
Borodine, Gliere and Novakofski There’s Lindoff and Karganoff, Markievitch, Panstchenko. And Dargomyzski, Stcherbatcheff, Scriabin, Vassilienko, Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mussorgsky and Gretchaninoff, And Glazounoff and Caesar Cui, Kalininoff, Rachmaninoff, Strav...
in-sky, and Gretchni-noff, Rums-kinsky and Rachma-ni-noff, I

really have to stop, the subject has been dwelt up-on enough! Stra-

vin-sky, Gretchni-noff, Kvo-schinsky, Rachma-ni-noff! I

really have to stop because you all have under-gone enough!
NOBODY NEEDS TO KNOW
from The Last Five Years

Moderato, poco rubato

JAMIE:
Hey, kid—good morning—You look like an angel.

I don’t remember when we fell asleep—I should get up.

kid—Cathy is waiting
Steadily (a tempo \( \approx 98-100 \))

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ab}_5 & \quad \text{AbMaj7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab6} \\
\text{Ab}_5 & \quad \text{AbMaj7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab6}
\end{align*}
\]

Look at us, lying here, dreaming, pretending

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ab}_5 & \quad \text{AbMaj7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab6} \\
\text{Ab}_5 & \quad \text{AbMaj7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab6}
\end{align*}
\]

I made a promise and I took a vow

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ab}_5 & \quad \text{AbMaj7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab6} \\
\text{Ab}_5 & \quad \text{AbMaj7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Ab6}
\end{align*}
\]

I wrote a story, and we changed the ending—
Cathy just look at me now!

Hold on, facts are facts—

Just relax, lay low.

All right, the panic recedes:
Nobody needs to know

Put on my armor, I'm off to Ohio,

Back into battle 'til I don't know when,
Swearing to her that I never was with you, And

Praying I'll hold you again

Hold on, clip these wings—

Things get out of hand
All right, it's over, it's done.

No one will understand.

No one will understand.
We build a tree-house, I keep it from shaking, Little more glue

Every time it breaks. Perfectly balanced, and

Then I start making conscious, deliberate mistakes.
All that I ask for is one little corner
One private room at the back of my heart
Tell her I found one; she sends out battalions
claim it and blow it apart
I grip and she grips, And faster we’re sliding.

Sliding and spilling, and what can I do?

Come back to bed, kid—Take me inside you—

promise I won’t lie to you
Hold on, don’t cry yet...

won’t let you go

All right: the panic recedes;

All right: everyone bleeds;
All right: I get what I need, mero mozzo, out of steam

And no -

- body needs to know -

mp push forward

mf a tempo

C6
No body needs to know.

And since I have to be in love with someone, Since I need to be in love with someone,

Maybe I could be in love with someone Like

Tempo I° Rit.

You.
LOVE TO ME
from The Light in the Piazza

Words and Music by
ADAM GUETTEL

Tenderly

FABRIZIO:
The day we meet, the way you

lean against the wind and do not
know that you are beautiful,
or that anyone is watching you.

This is what I see.

And I
notice how you hunger for surprise,

and do not think that you are tall enough,

like you're standing on a

mountain-side alone

This is what I
see

Oh

You're not alone!

Now I see as I have never seen be
fore, since that moment in the
square when your
hat is carried in the air,
just so you can chase it,
just so I can be there
This is how I know

This is what I see
This is love to me

rit.
ENDLESS NIGHT
from Disney Presents The Lion King: The Broadway Musical

Music by LEBO M, HANS ZIMMER
and JAY RIFKIN
Lyrics by JULIE TAYMOR

Freely

A/D   D
SIMBA:

G/D   D
Where has the starlight gone?

Bm   D/A   G   D/F♯   D   Em7
Dark is the day How can I

D/F♯   A   D/A   A   G/A
find my way home?
Home is an empty dream, lost to the night.
Father, I feel so alone.
You promised you'd be there whenever I needed you.
Whenever I call your name,
You're not anywhere.
I'm trying to hold on.

Just waiting to hear your voice.
One word, just a word will do

to end this nightmare
When will the

mp rall

a tempo

dawning break,
Oh, endless night
Sleepless, I dream of the day
when you were by my side guiding my path.
Father, I can't find the way.
You promised you'd be there.
when-ever I need-ed you. When-ev-er I call your name,

you're not an- y-where I'm try-ing to hold on,

just wait-ing to hear your voice One word, just one word will do

to end this night-mare I know that this night must end
And that the sun will rise,
and that the sun will rise.

I know that the clouds must clear
and that the sun will shine,

and that the sun will shine
I know that this night will end
cresc poco a poco

and that the sun will rise,
and that the sun will rise.
I know that the clouds must clear and that the sun will rise.
WHAT HAVE I DONE
from Les Misérables

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

Lento $J = 72$ accel.

Piu mosso $J = 92$

$J = \frac{3}{4}$ VALJEAN:

What have I done... sweet Je-sus what have I done?... Be-come a thief in the night... be-come a dog on the run... and have I

full-en so far... and is the hour so late... that noth-ing re-mains... but the cry of my hate... The
cries in the dark— that no-bod-y hears
Here where I stand— at the turn-ing of the years?

If there's an-oth-er way to go

I missed it twen-ty long years a-go
My life was a war that could nev-er be won. They
gave me a num-ber and mur-dered Val-jean
When they chained me and left me for
dead just for stealing a mouthful of bread.

Andante $J = 96$

Yet why did I allow this man

To touch my soul and teach me love? He treated me like any
other.
He gave me his trust, he called me brother.

My life he claims for God above
Can such things be?
For I had come to hate the world,

Poco piú mosso
This world that always hated me
Take an eye for an
eye,

Turn your heart into stone.

This is all I have lived for,

This is all I have known.

A tempo primo

One word from him and I'd be back

Be-neath the lash, up on the
rack, instead he offers me my freedom.
I feel my shame inside me like a knife.
He told me that I have a soul.
How does he know?

What spirit comes to move my life
Is there another way to
Lento - recitative

I am reaching but I fall and the night is closing in And I

poco più mosso

I'll escape now from the world, from the

world of Jean Valjean Jean Valjean is nothing now, another story must be

Piu mosso (in tempo)
WHO AM I?
from Les Misérables

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL,
JEAN-MARC NATEL and HERBERT KREZMER

Largo $\frac{j}{\frac{J}{60}}$

VALJEAN:

He thinks that man is me... he knew him at a glance.

This stranger he has found... this man could be my...
chance.  

Why should I save his hide—why should I right this

wrong?  

When I have come so far—and struggled for so

poco rall.  

Lento-recitative

long

If I speak—I am—condemned. If I stay

Andante $j = 70$

silent I am damned—

I am the master of hundreds of workers, they
all look to me.
Can I aban don them, how would they live if

I am not free?
If I speak I am con demned

Andante $j = 70$
If I stay si lent I am damned.

poco rit.
a tempo

Who am I?
Can I con demn this man to
cresc poco a poco
slavery.

Pre-tend I do not feel his agony?

This

innocent who wears my face, who goes to judgment in my place, Who am I?

Can I conceal myself for ever-more.

Pre-tend I'm not the man I was before?

And must my name until I be no more than an alibi, must I
lie?

How can I ever face my fellow men, How can I ever face my-

self again

My soul belongs to God, I know. I made that bargain long ago, He

gave me hope when hope was gone. He gave me strength to journey on. Who am

a tempo

I?

Who am
I?
I'm Jean Valjean!

And so, Javert, you see it's true, That man bears

no more guilt than you. Who am I?

Two, four, six, o' one!
GOODNIGHT SAIGON
from Movin' Out

Words and Music by
BILLY JOEL

Slow and steady

\[ F \quad D \quad Ebmaj7 \]

mp

\[ G9 \quad Dm/F \quad G7 \quad C \quad C/E \]

We met as soul mates
On Par-is Is-land
We left as

\[ Dm/F \quad G \quad C \quad Em \quad Am \]

in-mates
From an a-sylum
And we were sharp
As sharp as

\[ Em \quad Am \quad Dm \quad Dm/C \quad G/B \quad Dm7/A \quad G \]

knives
And we were so gung-ho
To lay down our lives
We had no

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Cameras
Six weeks
To shoot the landscape
We passed the
Parrit Island
We held the
hash pipe
Coast line
And played our Door tapes
And it was
They held the
highlands
And they were

Dark sharp
So dark at night
And we held
As sharp as knives
They heard the

On to each other
Like brother to brother
We promised our mothers we’d write
Hum of our motors
They counted the rotors
And waited for us to arrive
And we would all go down together We said we’d

all go down together Yes we would all go down together

To Coda

gather

Remember Charlie Remember Baker They left their
childhood On every acre And who was wrong? And who was right?

It didn't matter in the thick of the fight

Hymnlike

We held the day In the palm Of our hand
Am G/B C Dm
They ruled the night And the
gradual crescendo (like a rim shot)

E Dm/F G9
night Seemed to last as long as

D.S. al Coda

CODA

p

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SHIPOOPI
from Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*

Words and Music by
MEREDITH WILLSON

Very fast

**MARCELLUS:**

Now, a wom-an who'll kiss on the ver-y first date is us-u'-ly a bus-sy, And a wom-an who'll kiss on the sec-ond time out is an-y-thing but bus-sy. But a wom-an who'll wait 'til the third time a-round, head in the clouds, feet on the ground,

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she's the girl he's glad he's found — She's his Shi-poo-pi!
Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi, the girl who's hard to get Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi.
But you can win her yet
Walk her once just to raise the curtain, then you walk around twice and you
make for certain. Once more in the flower garden, she will never get sore if you beg her pardon.

Squeeze her once when she isn't looking. If you get a squeeze back that's fancy cookin'. Once more for a
pepper-upper She will never get sore on her way to supper.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, si,

do

Now little ol' Sal was a No-Gal, as anyone could see.

Look it her now. She's a Go-Gal, who only goes for
me Squeeze her once when she isn't look-in'. If you get a squeeze back that's fancy cook-in'. Once more for a pepper-upper She will never get sore on her way to supper Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, si do Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi.
girl who's hard to get, Shi-poo-pi, Shi-poo-pi, Shi-

poo-pi, but you can win her yet. You

can win her yet.

(shouted) ff

Shi-poo-pi!
A MAN COULD GO QUITE MAD
from The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Words and Music by
RUPERT HOLMES

Largo (ad lib.) 1st time
Andante (in tempo) 2nd time

JASPER:

An - oth - er trif- ling day,
Un - bless-ed are the dull,

one more soul-stif-ling day
one cease-less peace-less lull

of blind-ing pain
Some won-drous night

Bore-dom grinds my brain
storm-struck thun-d'rous light

Poco allegro misterioso

down to the grain
will cast me right
A man could go quite mad and
A sculptor lacking arms,
not be all that bad; consider each superb disturbing
sorcerer lacking charms, a fiend who frightens no one for there's
urge you've ever had to curse aloud in church or choke each
no one that he harms, whose clutch es clutch at only desperate
bloke who throws a smile your way.
re - spite from this dim tab - leau.

Be that as it may,
Know - ing this is so,
I hide my - self in thought,
where

not be all he seems
one can - not be caught,
yet not be far re - moved from all the

no - blest of ex - tremes
edict I’ve been taught
Some - times I think that san - i - ty is
And if some - day I lose my way and
just a passing fad; a man could go quite

mad

man could go quite,

man could go quite, man could go_

man could go quite, quite mad
Awaiting You
from Myths and Hymns

Music and Lyrics by
Adam Guettel

Steady (\( \text{\textit{d}=70} \))

Shining in the eyes of every child, and in the

Flame of dawn reflecting on the open sea,

In every fury and every love you are awaiting me
But what about the child who cannot breathe?

Or the gentle sage who won't see the age of thirty-two?

Then what is reigning from above? I am

_ a-wait-ing, I am a-wait-ing you_
Light it all and burn it to the ground! Go ahead and let your thunder sound.

Let me watch my loves and my teachers slowly fade away.

I'll just have to wait another day. Maybe "In God we trust": just a lucky charm.

Maybe faith is only hoping that we will
rise a-new

And so I rise and so I stand.

I am awaiting you Oh,

I will still be standing here awaiting you

a tempo

decresc

Light it all and burn it to the ground! Go ahead and let your thunder sound
Let me watch my loves and my teachers slowly fade away

I'll just have to wait another day

And so I rise, and so I stand
I am waiting, I am waiting you

Awaiting you Oh, I will still be standing here awaiting

rit a tempo loco
decresc.
THAT FACE
from The Producers

Music and Lyrics by MEL BROOKS

Slowly and Sweetly

C6    B+    Gm/Bb    A7    Dm9

Bb7    C/G    G7sus

Freely, moving forward

Dm7    Em7    F    G13    Cadd9    Dm7    G9    C/E    Dm7

The urge to merge can rob us of our senses.

poco rit       mf    colla voce

Dm11    G7    G

need to breed can make a man a drone

We must be on alert with our de-

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fenses

for ev'-ry skirt will test tes-tos-ter-one.

So knowing this, I severed all connec-tion
with an-y crea-ture sport-ing silk or

lace.

I was firm-ly head-ed in the right di- rec-tion when

sud-den-ly I stum-bled on that face.

That
With a lilt, in 2

F6  Gm9  C13  F6

face, that face, that dan-ger-ous face

F  Gm7  C7b9  Fmaj9  F6  Gm

mus-n’t be un-wise Those lips, that

F6  E/F  Gm7  C9#5  C9

nose, those eyes could lead to my de-

F6  Dm7  G7  C7  F6  Gm7  C13  F6

mise That face, that face, that mar-ve-rous face,
_ _ _

Gm7   Gm7	5/C   F9

I nev - er should be - gin

Those


Gm7   F6   E/F

cheeks,   that neck,   that chin

will


Gm9   C6b9   F6

sure - ly do me in

I


Cm7   F13   Cm7   F13   Bb   Bb6

must be smart and hide my heart if she’s with - in a mile

If
Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13  Gm9/A  Gm7b5  C7

I don't duck, I'm out of luck She'd kill me with her smile That

rit.
colla voce

A Tempo
F6  Gm7  C13  F6

face, that face, that fab-ulous face, it's

gm7  C7b9  Cm9  F13

clear I must be-ware I'm

Bb maj9 #11  Gm7b5  F6/C  D+F#  D7b9  Gm7

certain if I fall in love I'm lost with-out a trace, but it's worth it.

*The companion accompaniment CD cuts to the second ending.
for that face  
That

expressivo

2 Bbmaj9#11  Gm7b5  F6/C  D7+
certain if I fall in love I'm lost without a trace,

rit., freely

A Tempo, in 2

but it's worth it for that face

F6  Db9

F6  Db9  F6
"TIL HIM"
from The Producers

Music and Lyrics by
MEL BROOKS

Moderate Ballad
F(add9)     Fsus     F(add9)     Fsus
\[\begin{array}{c}
\text{mp} \\
\end{array}\]

F
LEO:
No one ever made me feel like someone 'til him.

\[\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\end{array}\]

C7/F

Life was really nothing but a glum one 'til

Am7b5

him.

D7

Gm7

My existence bordered on the

This song is a duet for Leo and Max in the show, adapted as a solo for this edition.
tragic, always timid, never took a chance,

then I felt his magic and my heart began to dance!

I was always frightened, fraught with worry 'til

him

was going nowhere in a
hurry 'til him.

He filled up my empty life, filled it to the brim.

There could never ever be another one like him.
ONE TRACK MIND
from Sweet Smell of Success

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyrics by CRAIG CARNELIA

Brightly, in 2

A/E  Ab/E  Em7  Ab/E  A/E  Ab/E  Em7  Ab/E

mf

A/E  Ab/E  Em7  F7/E  Fmaj7/E  E7

FALCO:

Well, I got me a

A6/9  Cm7b5  F7#5  Bm11  Cm7  D6

one track mind and a room for two, and when

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B\textsuperscript{bm}11  C\textsubscript{\#m7}  D(add2)  E\textsuperscript{9}\#5  A\textsubscript{maj9}  E\textsuperscript{7}\#5

three or four o’clock arrives

I’ll be lovin’ a

A\textsuperscript{6/9}  C\textsubscript{\#m7\#5}  F\textsuperscript{7}\#5  F\textsuperscript{\#13}  G\textsubscript{13}  C\textsubscript{maj13}  C\textsuperscript{\#7\#9}  C\textsuperscript{6/9}  C7

girl “five six” on the seventh floor livin’

dm\textsuperscript{9}  F/G  B\textsuperscript{bm}11  E\textsuperscript{7us}
eight of my nine lives

If you’re lookin’ for

A\textsuperscript{6/9}  C\textsuperscript{\#m7\#5}  F\textsuperscript{7}\#5  B\textsuperscript{bm11}  C\textsubscript{\#m7}  D\textsubscript{6}
one who’s rich

I got nothin’ much, just a
single and two fives

if you like your lovin', you'll be one to find

count on my one track mind

ba ba da ba da (Scat)

ba ba da da, ba ba da ba da ba ba da da
B m11   C#m7   D(add2) E9#5   Amaj9   E7#5

Bee-dle dece-dle dee dee dee deh dah Ba ba da ba da

A6/9  C#m7#5  F#7#5  F#13 G13  Cmaj13  C#7#9  C6/9  C7

ba ba da Sev enth floor,

dm9   F/G   B m11   E7sus

eight of my nine lives If you’re look in’ for

dm9

A6/9  C#m7#5  F#7#5  B m11  C#m7  D6

one who’s rich ain’t got too too much just my
tips from play - in' dives

D6
if you like your lov - in', you'll be one to find You can

D/E
count on my one track mind

wanna be two at three and four, with my girl five six on the seventh floor—

(cymbal)
Eighty-nine west eighty-nine, just take the number ten. If you're lookin' for

A6/9 C#m7b5 F#7b5 Bm11 C#m7 D6
one who's rich. I got nothin' much, just a

Dmaj7/E E7b5 G/A A7b9
single and two lives But

D6 D#dim7 A/E D#dim7
if you like eleven, I mean, if you like a lovin' you'll be
one to find You can count on my one track

Let me count the ways You can count (two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight)
on my one track mind

A/E G7/D F#9 Dmaj7/E N C
MAMA, LOOK SHARP
from 1776

Words and Music by
SHERMAN EDWARDS

Gently

COURIER:

Ma-ma, hey, Ma-ma, come

look-in' for me I'm here in the meadow by the

red maple tree Ma-ma, hey, Ma-ma, look

sharp! Here I be Hey! Hey!

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Mama, look sharp, Them soldiers, they fired Oh!

Ma, did we run But then we turned 'round and the battle begun. Then I went under Oh, Ma, am I done?

Hey! Hey! Mama, look sharp My
eyes are wide open my face to the sky. Is

that you I'm hearing in the tall grass nearby? Mama, come

find me before I do die, Hey! Hey!

Mama, look sharp I'll close your eyes, my Billy, them
eyes that cannot see
And I'll bury you, my Billy, be-
neath the maple tree
And never again will you
whisper to me
Hey! Hey! Oh, Mama, look
sharp!

dim

molto rit.
KING OF THE WORLD
from Songs for a New World

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Medium Funk Feel; Intense

(§4)

MAN 1:
    C2

Once upon a time, I had tides to control, I had moons to spin and start

(§4)

F2/C

... to ignite ... And they threw flowers at my feet when I walked through the

(§4)
Once upon a time, I had lived

To protect, I had rules to change and wrongs to set right.

And there were people at my side, and there were rivers I could guide — I wanted nothing in return.

Let me out of here, give me back to the wind — Let me out
of here; let me please see the sun. Let me out of here. At least tell me what I did wrong. I'm king of the world, chief of the sea. High in the wind.

At least I used to be. I'm king of the world. Please set me free.
Let me remind them of my promise, live my given destiny.

Once upon a time, I had Fate in my hands and the confidence of a mil...
lion regimes — And they said, "Brother, you're in charge — We'll follow anything — you

say —

Once upon a time, Father said to me, "Child, you are

everything that you see in your dreams —"
And I thought, "Jesus, that's the key: there are no walls surrounding me!"

There are no prisons in this life!

Let me out of here; give me back all my dreams! Let me out of here — Can I please...

— see my son? Let me out of here — Don't you understand who I am?
I'm king of the world, chief of the sea, high in the wind.

At least I try to be, I'm king of the world. Please set me free.

I had the power and the promise. Give me back my family!
Why are we punished for
connected, but heavy
wanting to explore? Why am I sitting in this cell?
I was not challenging the system; I was working for the people. I just wanted to be
better.
Why am I punished for trying to survive? Why am I
locked behind these bars?

Tell the children I'll return to them. Tell them!

Someone let them know I will be free!

I will not be defeated!
I will stand like a mountain!
And the road will stretch before me.

And they'll know it's time to follow
And we'll lift our eyes and
raise our heads and face the sun and tell the future I'm

king of the world, land of the free!
High in the sky, the best that I can be I'm

king of the world! Watch and you'll see!

Nothing can stop me from tomorrow Keep me from my destiny! I'm

king of the world!
king of the world!

I'm

At least I used to be

Vamp

sempre PP

sub ffff
WHY
from tick, tick...BOOM!

Words and Music by
JONATHAN LARSON

Gently flowing

When I was nine,
I was sixteen,

entered a talent show
got parts in "West Side"
at White Plains High

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Nine A. M. went to rehearse by some stairs.
Three o’clock, went to rehearse in the gym.

Mike couldn’t sing, but I said, “No one cares!” We sang.
Mike played “Doc,” who didn’t sing, fine with him. We sang.

“Yell low Bird” and “Let’s Go. 
“Got a rocket in your pocket” and “the Jets are gonna have their day.”

Fly a Kite tonight.” over and over and over till we got it.
When we emerged from the right
When we emerged wiped

Y M C A, out by that play,
three o’clock sun had made the grass hay
nine o’clock stars and moon lit the way.

I thought, Hey, what a way to spend a day
Hey, what a way to spend a
time to spend,

don't want to waste the
time I'm given

"Have it all, play the game,"

some recommend
I'm afraid it just may

be time to give in

I'm twenty -
nine, Michael and I live on the west side of Soho, N. Y. Nine A M.

I write a lyric or two Mike sings his song now on Mad Avenue I sing.
“Come to your senses, defenses are not the way to go,”

Eb\textsuperscript{maj9} Gm Eb

over and over and

cresc

When

Eb\textsuperscript{sus2} Bb\textsuperscript{sus2} Bb/D Eb\textsuperscript{sus2}

I emerge from B minor or A, five o’clock dinner calls;
I'm on my way
I think, hey, what a
way to spend a day
Hey, what a way to spend a day
I make a vow
right here and now:

Very slowly, freely

I'm gonna spend my time this way

I'm gonna spend my time this way

a tempo

rit.
DANCING THROUGH LIFE
from Wicked

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Rubato
FIYERO: (ad lib.)

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Dbm(add9)}/\text{Ab} \]

The trouble with schools is they always try to teach the wrong

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Dbm9/Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Eb/G} \]

\[ \text{Fm7} \]

lesson

Believe me, I've been kicked out of e-

\[ \text{Dbmaj9} \]

\[ \text{Bbm11} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \]

enough of them to know

They

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^b \]

\[ \text{Ab6} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^b7\text{sus} \]

want you to become less callow,

less shallow, but I say, "Why invite
stress in? Stop studying strife and

learn to live 'the unexamined life'

Dancing through life,

skimming the surface, gliding where turf is smooth
Life's more pain-less for the brain-less. Why think too hard...
when it's so soothe-ing Danc-ing through life? No need to tough-it
when you can slough-it off as I do Noth-ing mat-ters, but
know-ing noth-ing mat-ters It's just life so keep danc-ing
through
Dancing through life.

swaying and sweeping, and always keeping cool

Life is fraughtless when you're thoughtless Those who don't try

never look foolish Dancing through life Mindless and careless,
Make sure you're where less trouble is rife. Woes are fleeting, blows are glancing when you're dancing through life.

Let's go down to the Oz dust Ballroom. We'll
Fm

meet there lat-er to-night

We can dance till it's light

Ebsus Eb Dm7b5 G

Find the pret-tiest girl
Give 'er a whirl

Cm G7/D Cm/Eb Cm Bbm9

right on down to the Oz-dust Ball-room
Come on follow me

E Eb7sus C7

you'll be hap-py to be there
Dancing through life,
down at the Oz - dust, if on - ly be - cause dust is

what we come to
Nothing mat - ters but know - ing noth - ing mat - ters.

It's just life...
so keep danc - ing

through
BEETHOVEN DAY
from You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown

Words and Music by
ANDREW LIPPA

Bright \( J = 144 \)

SCHROEDER:

Call the principal and
If you’re wondering, “Now,

hand him the news,—
how do we start?—

We’ve got a holiday that he can’t refuse—
Just blow the music till you know it by heart!

A day of harmony—
We’re gonna celebrate—

We’ll throw a party.

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Birthday! Birthday! Beethoven Day! A reverential mission

Beethoven Day! And when you state the title,

Beethoven Day! The hope of each musician, No more am I the only guy To
Beethoven Day! You hear a great recital The right of every boy and girl To

stand up and say: Hooray, Beethoven, Hooray!
stand up and say: Hooray, Beethoven, Hooray!
Bee-tho-ven Day!

Bee-tho-ven Day!

Bee-tho-ven Day!

Bee-tho-ven Day!  Bee-tho-ven Day - ay - ay, hey -

Bee-tho-ven Day!
A phil-har-mon-ic rumble,
Bee-tho-ven Day! A pol-y phon-ic jum-ble. A hum-ble ded-i-ca-tion as we

stand up and say: __________ Hoo-ray, Bee-tho-ven, Hoo-ray!

Let's im-a-gine it, that glo-ri-ous hour. Filled with emo-tion, yet in-

colla voce
spirited with pow’r
When we all honor the man we adore.
On the day we place the newest face
On Mount Rushmore!

Tempo Primo ($\dot{J} = 144$)
Beethoven Day! A moment of reflection

Beethoven Day! A classical injection!
So facing this direction we be-
WHAT IS IT ABOUT HER?
from The Wild Party

Words and Music by
ANDREW LIPPA

This song is a duet for Burrs and Queenie in the show, adapted as a solo for this edition
Something in her smile, something that I'll never understand:

Her wild abandon.

What is it about her? That parts the waters?
What is it about her
that hoists the sail!

Something in her hair instructing
where to
Dm7b5

Gm7b5

C7#9
touch?

Why do I need her so

Fm(add2)

Db9#11

Fm6/9

much?

This woman makes me cry!

This woman makes me burn!

This

sub f

Db9#11

Fm Fm/Eb Db Fm7/C Bb9

woman's eye can cut me to the core

The hatred that I see has

G7#5

Bbm/C

Bb7/C

Cm7

C7

been reserved for me, yet I want more and more and more and

sub ap cresc. molto
what is it a-bout her that pulls me clos-er?

What is it a-bout her that tips the

scale?

This
Girls is all I have
so soft, so fair, so fine,

and she's forever mine

This woman builds me up,
this woman tears me down,
this woman speaks and I can break a-

Now comes another man
pretending he can
Bbm/C  Bb7/C  Cm7  C7

Manic
Fm(add2)

win her heart, well, let him start! What is it about her

mp

Eb(add2)/F

so slight, so secret?
sim

As before — calm
Bb/F  Bbm/F  Fm(add2)

Something in the way she catches light.

sub p
Bbm7  Eb9  Abmaj7
Should I hold my own?  Or be alone to-

Dm7b5  Dbmaj7(b5)/G  Db/G  C7#9  C7b9
night?  What is it about her that jumbles feelings inside?

cresc

Fm6/G  Fm/G  G7#5(#9)/C  C7#5(b9)
What is it about her that mixes passion with pride?

8vb
Could I live without her and let her go?

Colla voce

How loud must I scream

A Tempo

Big ritard

NO!
LET ME DROWN
from The Wild Party

Words and Music by
ANDREW LIPPA

Freely

BURRS: And now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've been waiting for: The clown takes the center ring!

In 2
G#m7

I've changed my mind! Let the evening rage ahead.

F#m7b5

By tomorrow morning we should...
be dead drunk
Or just dead.
If she won’t talk to me...

I’ve plenty else to do.
I’ll talk to you and you and you and you and

I think we’re due for a.
I think we’re due for a.
I think we’re due for a—

You think I’m headed for disaster.
You think I’m going up in flames.

You wanna break my fall, you wanna stop them all from calling me names.

You’d like to chain me down in iron.

You’d like to give me your support.
But when you see me stand, mar-

D G/D D7 G/D D Bb9

tini glass in hand, the rescue you got planned must be abort-

8vb

A7+ A7+/Eb D7#9

Let me drown this evening, let me drown

8vb

G13 D7#9

If I'm blue, let me truly act the clown.
A7

Let me sail, let me sink, let me

G7

Bb/C C9 Bb6/A Am7 Bb6/A Am7
tee-ter on the brink, let me drown, drown, drown, drown!

You'd like to see me at confession.
You hope I learn from my mistakes.
You wanna save my soul,

but when I'm on a roll lay off of the brakes

You think that when I meet my maker,

that I'll be all dressed in red

But
every morn I pray
that on that lucky day
I'll hear that devil say,
"Son, pour it steady!"
And let me drown
this evening let me drown
If I'm low
let me slowly paint the town
When they
D ask for the roof let me answer "Hund-red proof!" Let me

D7/F# Am7 Bb6/A Am7 D7#9/A D7#9 C13 Bb m/Db D13
drown, drown, drown, drown, drown!

loc  o

Fm7/Bb Bb9 Fm7/Bb Bb9 Db9#11
drown in females foreign

dangle from a limb Teach me
how to put my oar in. But

A7#9
N.C.
*KATE: A7+/Eb
don’t you dare to teach me how to swim! Let me

D7 G/A D7#9 D7#9 G6
drown this evening let me drown.

8vb

D7 G/A D7 A7 G/B
smile for a while I’ll wear the frown.

*(Buys can sing Kate’s lines in a solo performance)
Let me go, set me free, let me
ask that S O B! Let me drown, drown,
drown, drown, drown!

Let me drown till
day - break, let me drown!

I'm the guy

who will buy her wed - ding gown

Till the dawn breaks the spell

all the

world can go to Hell,
strap me in,
let me ride
till I'm on the other side, let me rock, let me roll,

let me sacrifice my soul! Let me drown!

Am7b5/Bb

Let me
drown!