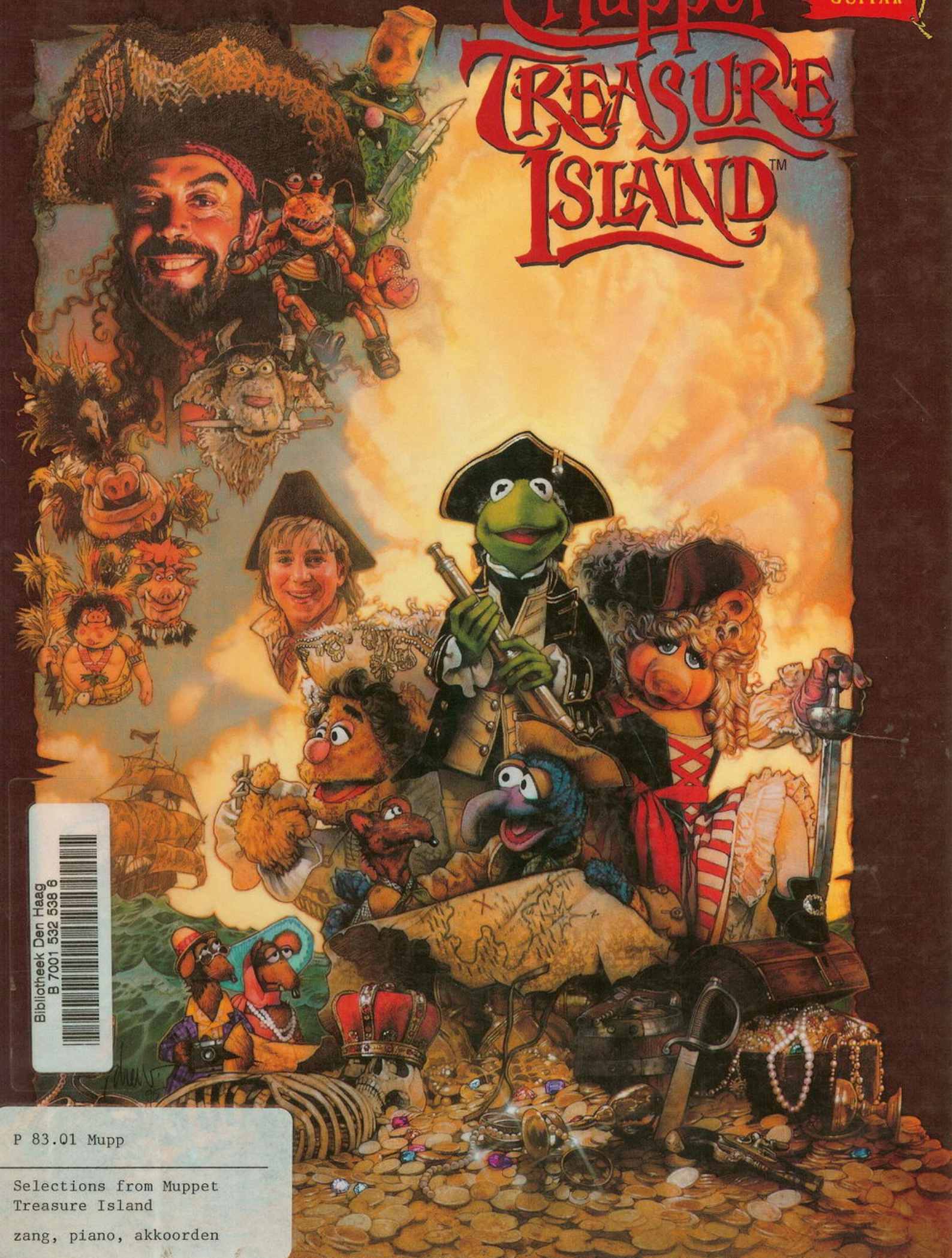


# SELECTIONS FROM Muppet TREASURE ISLAND™

PIANO  
VOCAL  
GUITAR



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P 83.01 Mupp

Selections from Muppet  
Treasure Island

zang, piano, akkoorden

# SHIVER MY TIMBERS

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL  
Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately

Fm



*p cresc. poco a poco*

E<sub>b</sub> Fm E<sub>b</sub>

Fm E<sub>b</sub> Fm E<sub>b</sub>

Men's Chorus:

Shiv-er my tim-bers, shiv-er my soul. Yo - oh, heave

*mf*

Fm



Eb



Fm



ho! There are men whose hearts are as black as coal.

Eb



Fm



Bb5



Yo - oh, heave ho! 2 Inkspots: And they sailed their ship 'cross the

Db5



Eb5



Bb5



o - cean blue, a blood - thirst - y cap - tain and a cut - throat crew. It's as

Alligator:

Db5



Eb



dark a tale as was ev - er told of the lust for treasure and the

C C# F#m

love of gold! *Men's Chorus:* Shiv-er my tim - bers,

E F#m E F#m



shiv - er my sides. Yo - oh, heave ho! There are

E F#m E

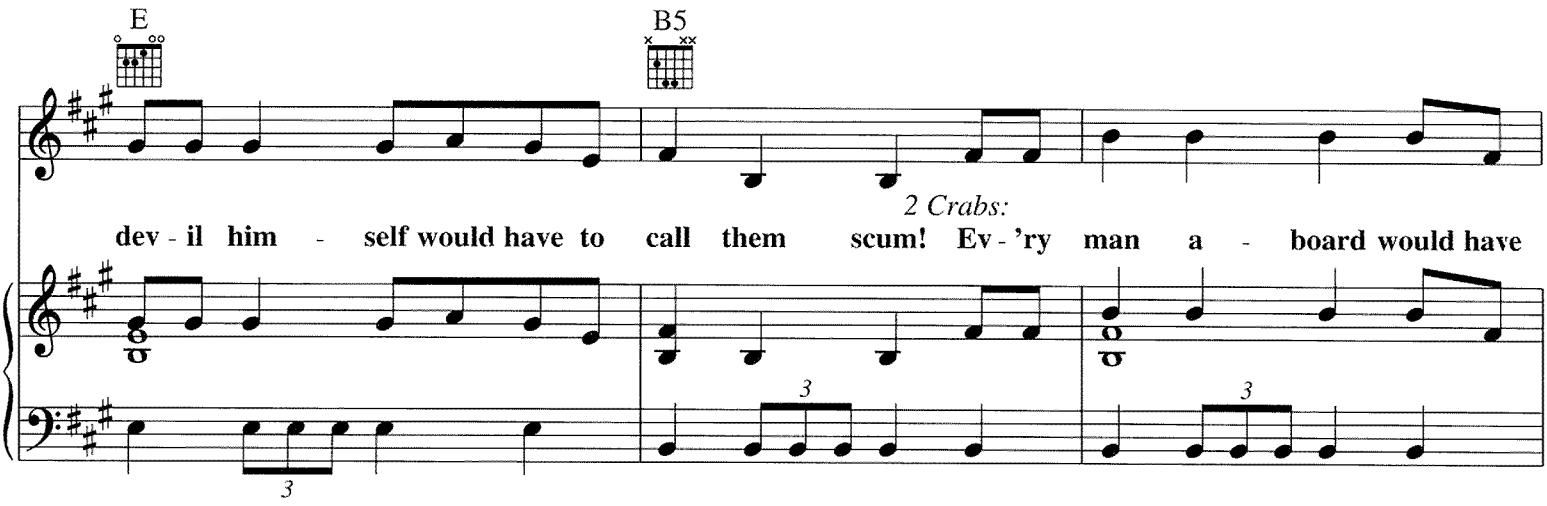
hun-gers as strong as the wind and tides. Yo - oh, heave




F#m B5 D5 5fr

ho! *2 Weasels:* And those buc - ca - neers drowned their sins in rum; *Monkey:* the

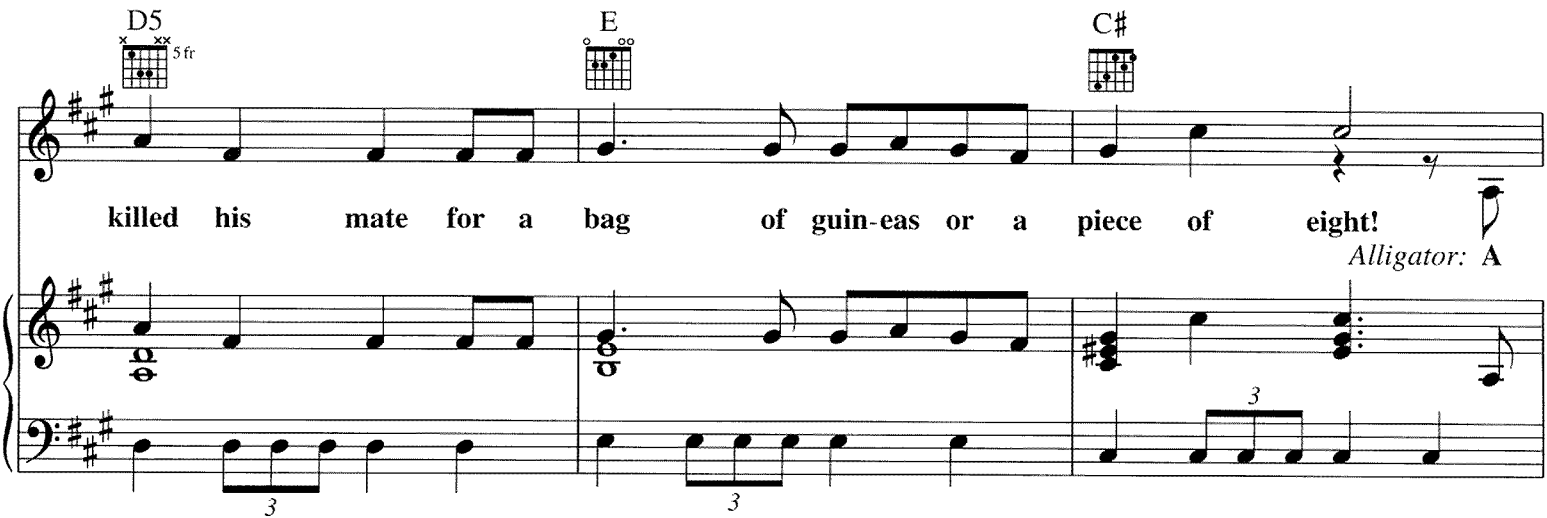
E  B5 

dev - il him - self would have to call them *2 Crabs:* scum! Ev - 'ry man a - board would have






D5  5fr E  C# 

killed his mate for a bag of guin-eas or a piece of eight! *Alligator: A*

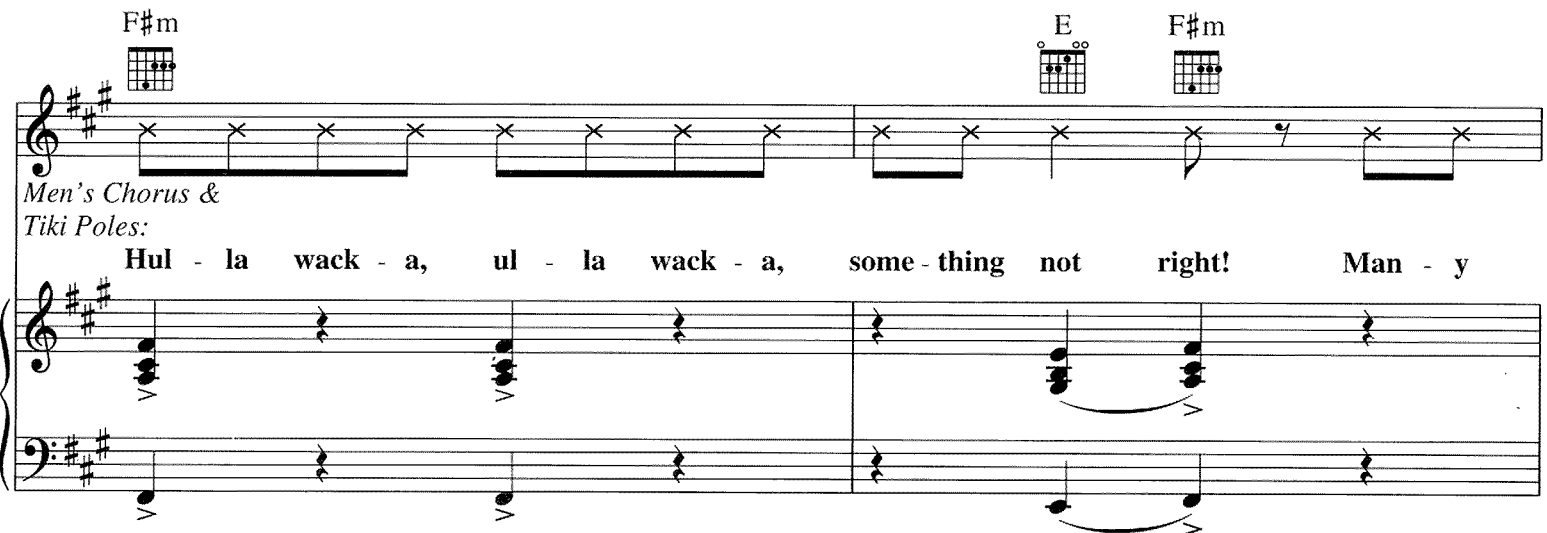


piece of eight! *Octopus: A* piece of eight! *Mosquitos: Five, six, sev-en, eight!*



F#m  E  F#m 

*Men's Chorus & Tiki Poles:*  
Hul - la wack - a, ul - la wack - a, some - thing not right! Man - y





wick - ed ick - y things gon - na hap - pen to - night!



Hul - la wack - a, ul - la wack - a, sail - or man be - ware! *2 Crabs:* When the



mon - ey's in the ground, there's mur - der in the air!

N.C.

*Tiki Poles:*

Mur - der in the air! *1 Tiki:* One more time now!



Men's Chorus:

Shiv - er my tim - bers, shiv - er my bones. Yo - oh, heave



ho! There are se - crets that sit with old Dav - y Jones!



Yo - oh, heave ho! 2 Snakes: When the main sail's set and the



an - chor's weighed, there's no turn - ing back from an - y course that's laid! And when

Skulls:

Eb5

F



greed and vil - lain - y sail the sea, you can bet your boots there'll be

D

Gm



treach - er - y! Treach - er - y! \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

F

Gm

F

Gm



*Men's Chorus:*

Shiv-er my tim - bers, shiv-er my sails. Dead men tell no tales!

*mf*

*ff*



# SOMETHING BETTER

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL  
Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately

F C7sus F(add9)/A C7sus F C7sus C#dim7

Jim: I wake up each day and won-der "what for?" It seems to me there must be some - thing  
look a-round here and I want to cry. I feel like the world is pass-ing me

*mf*

Dm(add9) Dm/C Bb F/A C/Bb F/C

more, some-thing more than stacks of dish - es and wash - ing this old floor.  
by. And I just can't help but won-der: Am I doomed to wash and dry?

Eb/D**b** Ab/C Bbm Ab/C Bbm/D**b** Bb 7/D Eb 7sus Eb 7

If I had my pick of wish - es I'd wish me out that door. 'Cause I'm  
And is it a curse I'm un - der to do it 'til I die? When I

*rit.*

Eb7sus

Ab/Eb



hun - gry for ad - ven - ture, and I'm fed up with this grind. If I  
could be an ex - plor - er, sail - ing off to dis - tant lands, 'stead of

*a tempo*

Eb7sus

Ab/Eb



don't have some ex - cite - ment soon, I'm gon - na lose my mind. I  
spend - ing ev - 'ry af - ter - noon just get - ting dish - pan hands. My

Gm7b5

C7sus

C7

Fm

Eb

Dm7b5

Ab/Eb

Eb7sus Eb7



want a life that's filled with thrills, that's wild and free. } There's got - ta be some - thing bet - ter,  
fu - ture looks like no - where that I want to be. }

Ab/C

Db

1  
Ab/Eb

Eb7sus

Eb7

Ab

C7sus

C7



some - thing bet - ter! There's got - ta be some - thing bet - ter than this for me! I

*poco rit.*

2 Ab/Eb Eb7sus Eb7 Ab

got - ta be some - thing bet - ter than this for me!

*rit.* *a tempo*

Db/Ab Ab Db/Ab Eb/Ab

Gonzo: If it's weird and wild, let's go and find it! Ha ha ha ha. The

Ab Db/Ab Ebsus/Ab Ab F#/A#

craz - i - er the bet - ter is what I say! To

B E/B B E/B F#/B

tell the truth, I real - ly would - n't mind it if we

B E/B F#/B Eb7sus/Bb Eb7sus Db(add9) Ab/C

found some place with ten square meals a day! *Jim and Gonzo: Let dan-ger call my name! Rizzo: If it*

Bbm7 Eb7sus Ab Db(add9) Ab/C

does I'm gon - na hide! *Jim: I'll put my cour - age to the test and* *Gonzo:*

*rit.*

Bbm7 Ab/C Bbm7/Db Bb7/D Eb7

**Maestoso**

Ab Eb7sus

I'll be by your side. *Jim: There's got-ta be some-thing bet - ter than* *Rizzo: He'll be by your side!*

Ab(add9)/C Eb7sus Eb7 Ab Eb7 C7/E Fm Fm/Eb

this. I know that there's so much out there to see! And I

Eb/D**b**

Ab/C

Gm7**b**5

C7

Fm

Dm7**b**5



know this life I'm liv - ing can't be my des - ti - ny. There's

Ab/E**b**

E**b**7sus

E**b**7

Ab/C

D**b**



got - ta be some - thing bet - ter, some - thing bet - ter! There's

Ab/E**b**

E**b**7

Fm

B**b**

E**b**/G

A**b**



got-ta be some-thing bet-ter than this for me! There's

*molto rit.*

*a tempo*

D**b**

D**b**/E**b**

E**b**

A**b**

C**b**

D**b**/E**b**

E**b**

D**b**/E**b**

E**b**

A**b**



some-thing bet-ter than this for you and me!

*rit.*

*a tempo*

*rit.*

*ff*

# SAILING FOR ADVENTURE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL  
Music by BARRY MANN

Briskly




When the course is laid and the an - chor's weighed, a  
walks the deck, we say what the heck! We  
dis - tant lands with burn - ing sands that



sail - or's blood be - gins rac - ing. With our hearts un - bound and our flag un - furled, we're  
laugh at the per - ils we're fac - ing. Ev - 'ry storm we ride is its own re - ward, and  
call a - cross the o - ceans. There are bin - go games ev - 'ry fun - filled day! And

N.C.

un - der way and off to see the world! Un - der way and off to  
peo - ple die by fall - ing o - ver - board! Peo - ple die by fall - ing  
mar - gue - ri - tas at the mid - night buf - fet! Mar - gue - ri - tas at the

Bb F/A Gm C7

see the world! Hey, ho! We'll go an - y - where the  
o - ver - board! Hey, ho! We'll go an - y - where the  
mid - night buf - fet! Hey, ho! We'll go an - y - where the

F Gm F/A Bb F/A

wind is blow - ing! Man - ly men are we, \_\_\_\_\_  
wind is blow - ing! Hoist the sails and sing, \_\_\_\_\_  
wind is blow - ing! Should have took a train, \_\_\_\_\_

C7 To Coda 1 F C

sail - ing for ad - ven - ture on the deep blue sea!

2 F

Dan - ger big blue wet thing!

Freely  
B♭m/F

F

I love to see 'em cry when they walk the plank! I pre-

B♭m/F

Edim/F F

G♭

fer to cut a throat! I love to hang 'em high and watch their lit-tle feet try to walk in the air

Tempo I

D♭/F

Cm7

F

G

while their fac-es turn blue! It's a good life on a boat! There are

CODA

F

E♭/G

F/A

B♭

bound - ing main! The salt - y breez - es whis - per: Who



Eb/Bb

F/C

Gm

Eb

F

D7/F#

Gm



knows what lies a - head? I just know I was born to lead the

F7/A

Bb

Gb

Ab

Db



life my fa - ther led. The stars will be our com - pass wher -

Gb

F+

Bbm

Db/Ab



ev - er we may roam, and our mates will al - ways be just

Gm7b5

Gb

Db/F



like a fam - i - ly. And though we may put in - to port, the

Gb

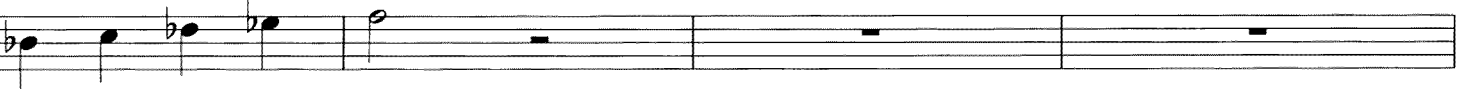
F

G

C

C/E

F



sea is al - ways home!

*rit.*

*a tempo*



We'll chase our dreams stand - ing on our own,



N.C.



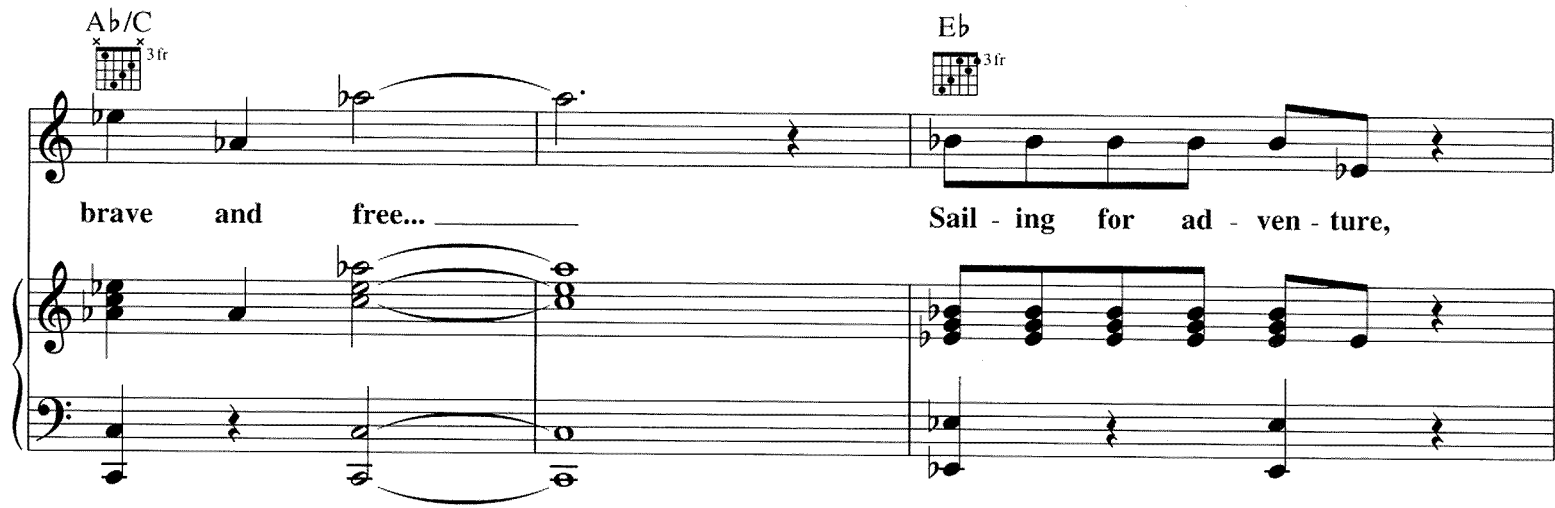
o - ver the hor - i - zon to the great un - known! Hey, ho!



We'll go an - y - where the wind is blow - ing! Bold and

Ab/C  Eb 





brave and free... Sail - ing for ad - ven - ture,



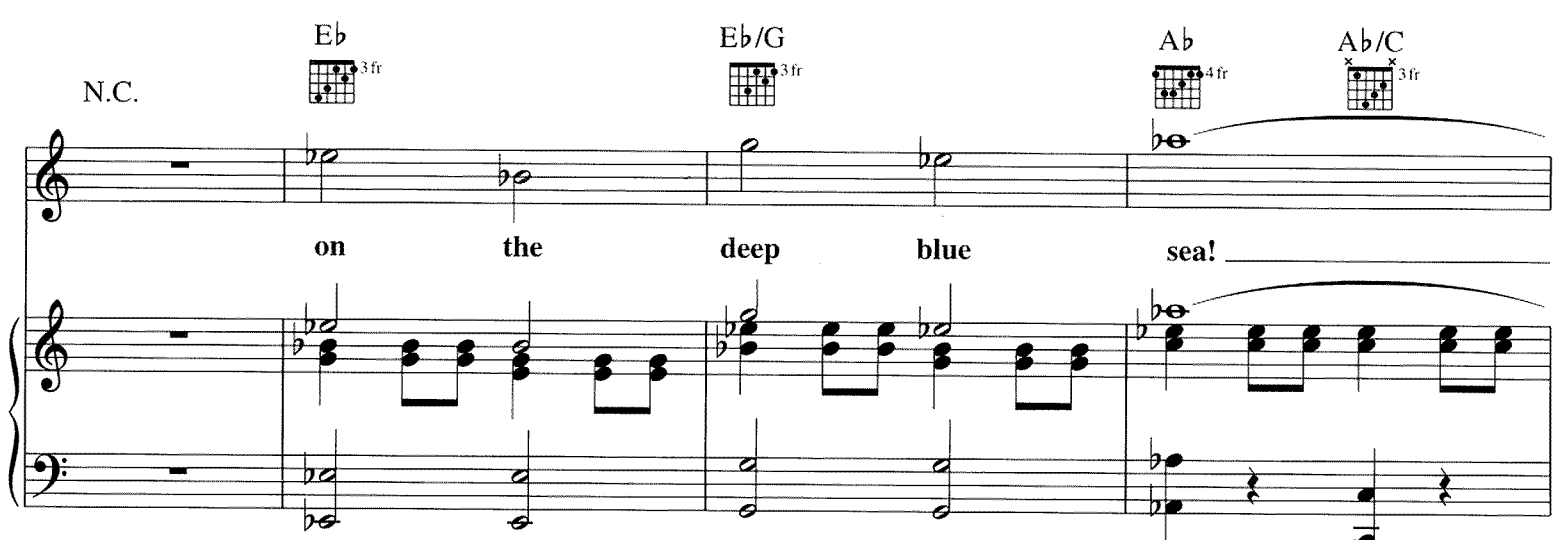
N.C.  N.C. 




sail - ing for ad - ven - ture, sailing for ad - ven - ture



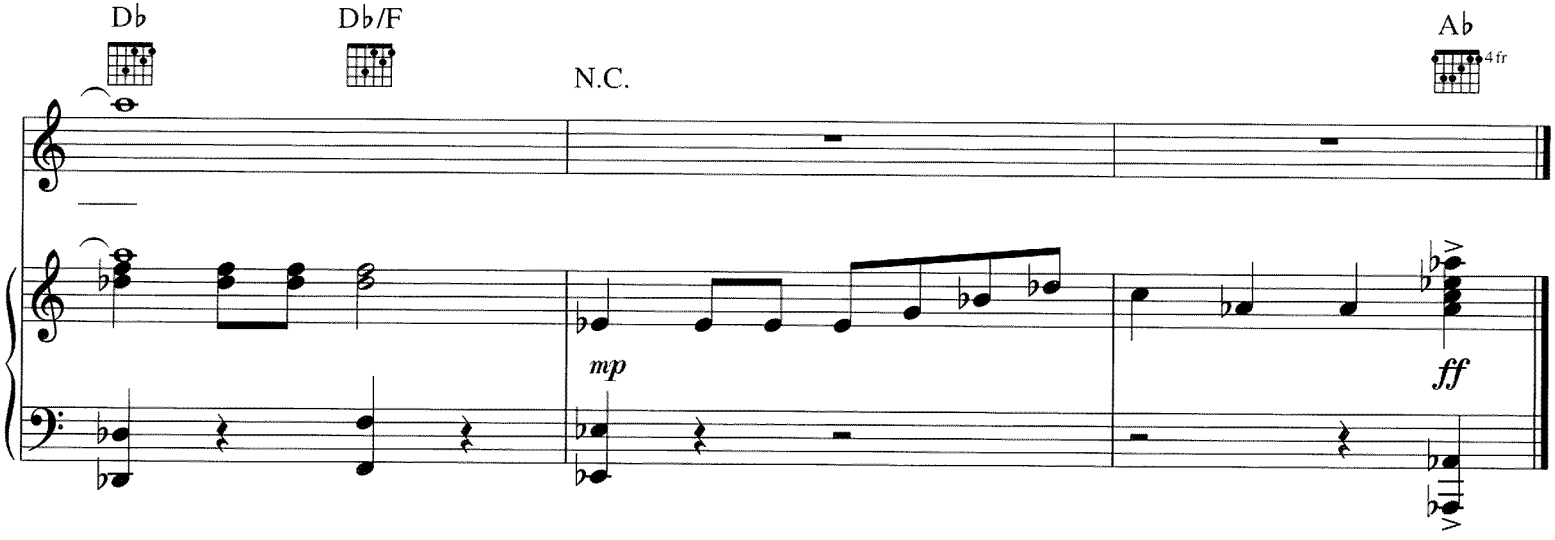
N.C.  Eb/G  Ab  Ab/C 

on the deep blue sea!



Db  Db/F  N.C. 

*mp* *ff*



# CABIN FEVER

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL  
Music by BARRY MANN

## Rhumba

Bb7



*mf*

Eb



Bb7



I got cab - in fe - ver, it's burn - ing in my brain. I got cab - in fe - ver, it's

Eb



Bb7



driv - ing me in - sane! We got cab - in fe - ver, we're flip - ping our ban - dan - as! Been

Eb



stuck at sea so long that we have sim - ply gone ba - nan - as!

Bb7

Eb



Chi-ca, chi-ca boom, boom chi - ca, chi-ca boom, boom chic.

Bb7

Eb



Chi-ca, chi-ca boom, boom chi - ca, chi-ca boom, boom chic. We, we,

E

B7



we got cab-in fe-ver, we've lost what sense we had! We got cab-in fe-ver,

Stately



we're all go-ing mad! My san - i - ty is hang - ing by a thread.

D/F# Cdim7 E/B E/D A

Since we're go - ing no - where, I've gone out of my head. We were sail - ing, sail - ing

*as a March*

E/G# F#m B7 E N.C. C7

o - ver the bound - ing main, and now we're not!

Bright Country

F C7

Grab your part - ner by the ears, lash 'em to the wheel. Do si do, step on his toe,

F

lis - ten to him squeal. Al - le - mande left, al - le - mande right. It's

F7



Bb



F



time to sail or sink.

Swing your part - ner o - ver the side;

Bright Samba

C7



F



Db7



Gb



Gdim7



drop him in the drink.

(Spoken:) We've got cabin fever, no if's and's or but's.

German March

Abm



Db7



Gb



Cb



We're disoriented and demented and a little nuts!

(Sung:) Ach du lieb - er

Gb



Db7



volks - va - gen kar.

Sa - ur - brat - en, vien - er schnit - zel

### Bright Samba

G<sub>b</sub> C<sub>b</sub> G<sub>b</sub>

und a vun-der-bar! We were sail - ing, sail - ing; the wind was on our side...

N.C. G

*(Spoken:)* and then it died! I got cab - in fe - ver, I

*mysteriously*

D7 G A7

think I've lost my grip. I'd like to get my hands on who - ev - er wrote this script! Si!

*(falsetto)*  
D

I was float - ing 'neath a trop - ic



moon and dream - ing of a blue la -

G6

goon. Now I'm as cra - zy as a





March

D F# / D Ab / C Db Ab / C Ab

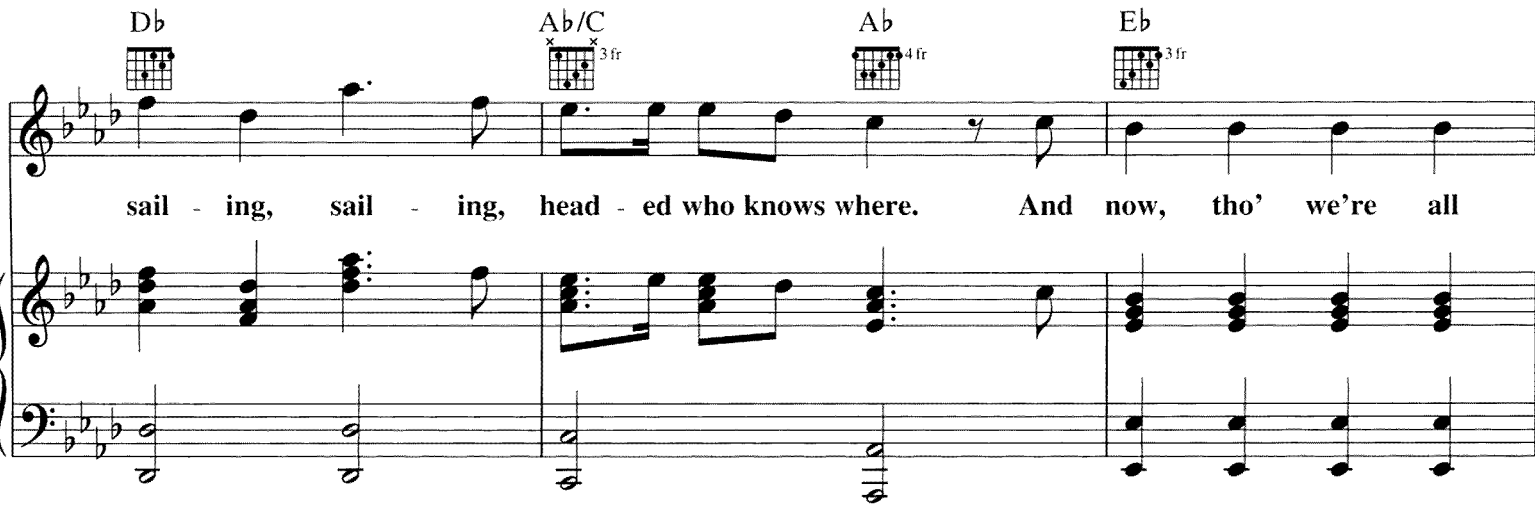
loon! Cab - in fe - ver has rav - aged all a - board. This

Eb7 Ab



once proud ves - sel has be - come a float - ing psy - cho ward! We were

Db  Ab/C  Ab  Eb 

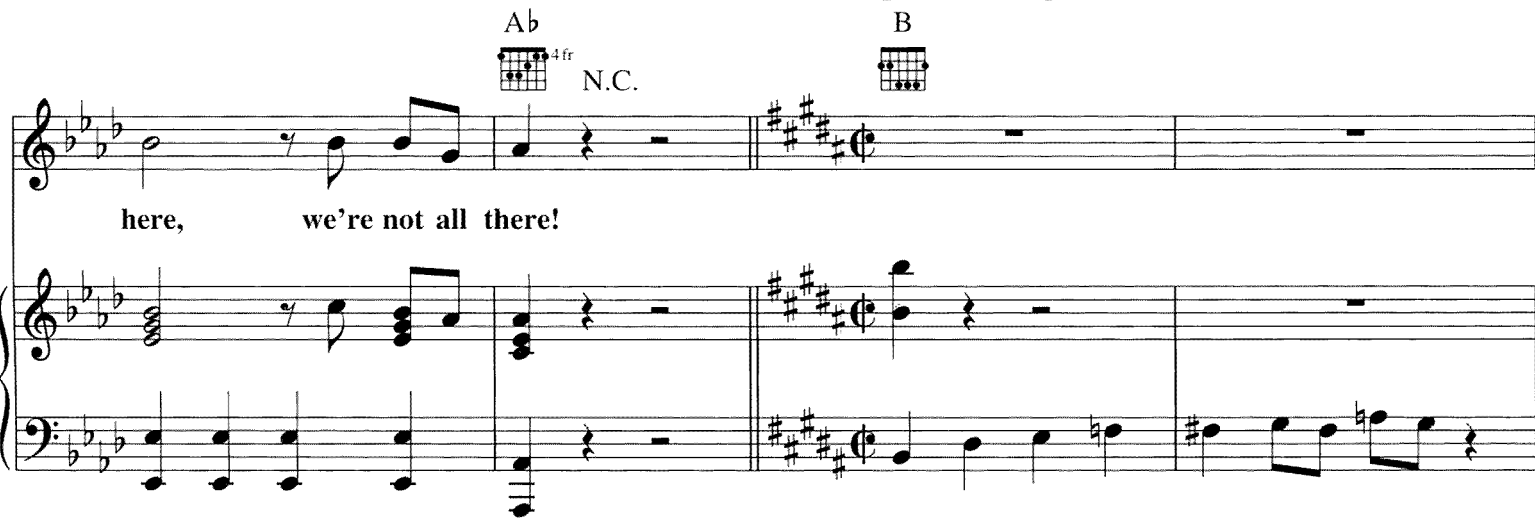
sail - ing, sail - ing, head - ed who knows where. And now, tho' we're all




Big Band Swing (♩ = ♪♩)

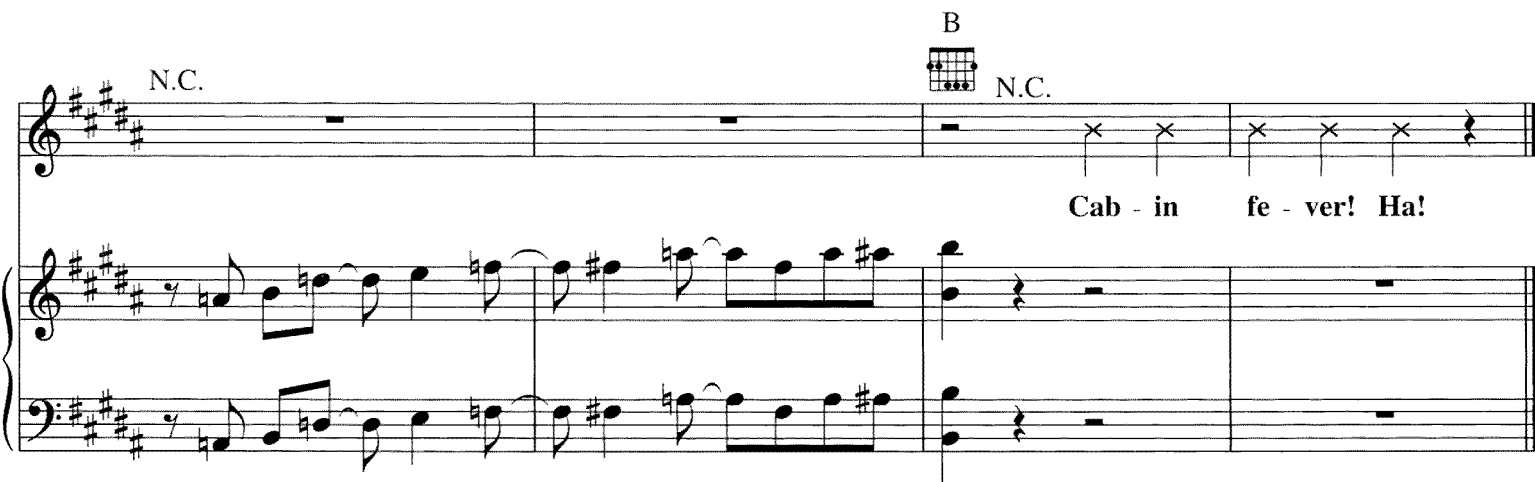
Ab  N.C. B 

here, we're not all there!




N.C. B  N.C.

Cab - in fe - ver! Ha!



# A PROFESSIONAL PIRATE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL  
Music by BARRY MANN

Lustily

Em D Em D G D

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef. The right hand plays chords corresponding to the Em, D, Em, D, G, and D chords shown above. The left hand plays a simple bass line with quarter notes.

(♩ = ♩.)

C D Em D7/F# G

When I was just a lad, look-ing for my true vo -  
take Sir Fran-ces Drake, the Span - ish all de -  
say that pi - rates steal and should be feared and

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 6/8 time, with lyrics: "When I was just a lad, look-ing for my true vo - take Sir Fran-ces Drake, the Span - ish all de - say that pi - rates steal and should be feared and". The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand plays chords corresponding to the C, D, Em, D7/F#, and G chords shown above. The left hand plays a simple bass line with quarter notes.

D D7 G A/C#

ca - tion, my fa - ther said, "Now son, this choice de - serves de - lib - er -  
spise him! But to the Brit - ish he's a he - ro, and they i - dol -  
hat - ed. I say we're vic - tims of bad press; it's all ex - ag - ger -

The second system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 6/8 time, with lyrics: "ca - tion, my fa - ther said, 'Now son, this choice de - serves de - lib - er - spine him! But to the Brit - ish he's a he - ro, and they i - dol - hat - ed. I say we're vic - tims of bad press; it's all ex - ag - ger -". The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand plays chords corresponding to the D, D7, G, and A/C# chords shown above. The left hand plays a simple bass line with quarter notes.

D B/D# Em D/F#

a - tion. Though you could be a doc - tor or per - haps a fi - nan -  
ize him! It's how you look at buc - ca - neers that makes them bad or  
at - ed! We'd nev - er stab you in the back; we'd nev - er lie or

The third system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 6/8 time, with lyrics: "a - tion. Though you could be a doc - tor or per - haps a fi - nan - ize him! It's how you look at buc - ca - neers that makes them bad or at - ed! We'd nev - er stab you in the back; we'd nev - er lie or". The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand plays chords corresponding to the D, B/D#, Em, and D/F# chords shown above. The left hand plays a simple bass line with quarter notes.

A bit faster

G C G/B D

cier, my boy, why not con - sid - er a more chal - leng - ing ca -  
 good, and I see us as mem - bers of a no - ble broth - er -  
 cheat, We're just a - bout the nic - est guys you'd ev - er want to

To Coda ⊕

G B Em Bm7 Em D/F# G

reer?" Hey, ho, ho! You'll cruise to for - eign shores! And you'll  
 hood! Hey, ho, ho! We're hon - or - a - ble men! And be -  
 meet!

D C D G

keep your mind and bod - y sound by work - ing out of doors! True  
 fore we lose our tem - pers we will al - ways count to ten! On oc -

Am Bm7 Em D

friend - ship and ad - ven - ture are what we can't live with - out, and  
 ca - sion there may be some-one you have to ex - e - cute, but

G Am G/B C

when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate... — that's  
 when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate, — you don't

G/D D G B 1 Em

what the job's a - bout!  
 have to wear a suit!

D/F# 2 Em

Now

*slowing*

D/E

What? I could have been a sur - geon, I like tak - ing things a -

C/E Am N.C.

part! I could have been a law - yer, but I just had too much

Slower (♩. = ♩.)

G D7/A G/B Dm/C C

heart! I could have been in pol - i - tics 'cause I've al - ways been a big spend - er. And

Tempo I (♩. = ♩.) D.S. al Coda

G/D D Am G B Em D/F#

me... I could have been a con - tend - er! Some

CODA Em Bm/D Em D/F#

Hmm, hmm.

G D C D G

Hmm, hmm.

Am Em D

Hmm.

G Am G/B C G/D D

Hey, ho, ho!

G B Em Bm7 Em D/F#

It's one for all for

G D C D

one! And we'll share and share a - like with you and love you like a

G Am Bm7 Em

son! We're gen - tle - men of for - tune and that's what we're proud to

D G Am G/B C

be, and when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate... — you'll be

G/D D

hon - est, brave and free, the soul of de - cen - cy. You'll be



G/B C D

loy - al and fair and on the square, and most im - por - tant - ly,

G Am G/B C G/D

when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate, — you're al - ways

D G

in the best of com - pa - ny. —

D G

# LOVE LED US HERE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL  
Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately slow

G(add9)

Am

G/B

Musical notation for the first system. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. Above the staff, guitar chord diagrams are provided for G(add9), Am, and G/B. The G(add9) chord is shown as a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. The Am chord is a standard open chord. The G/B chord is an open chord with the bass note on the third string.

With pedal

D/C

C

G/D

D

G(add9)

Musical notation for the second system. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. Above the staff, guitar chord diagrams are provided for D/C, C, G/D, D, and G(add9). The D/C chord is a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. The C chord is an open chord. The G/D chord is a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. The D chord is a standard open chord. The G(add9) chord is a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. A large slur is placed over the piano accompaniment in the bass clef, indicating a sustained pedal point.

G(add9)

Am7

G/B

Musical notation for the third system. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment. Above the staff, guitar chord diagrams are provided for G(add9), Am7, and G/B. The G(add9) chord is a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. The Am7 chord is a standard open chord. The G/B chord is an open chord with the bass note on the third string. The lyrics "Was I dumb \_ or was I blind, \_ or did my heart just" are written below the treble clef staff.

*Smallest:*

Was I dumb \_ or was I blind, \_ or did my heart just

C

G/D

A7/C#

Musical notation for the fourth system. It continues the melody and piano accompaniment. Above the staff, guitar chord diagrams are provided for C, G/D, and A7/C#. The C chord is an open chord. The G/D chord is a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. The A7/C# chord is a barre across the first four frets with the fifth string open. The lyrics "lose its mind? \_ Why'd I go \_ and throw \_ our per - fect dream \_" are written below the treble clef staff.

Am7

D7sus

D7

G(add9)

a - way? —

*Benjamin:* Look - ing

back, —

I'll

Am7

G/B

C

nev - er

know \_

how I ev - er

let you go, —

but

G/D

A7/C#

Am7

des - ti - ny — could see we —

de - served —

to have

an - oth - er day. —

D7sus

D7

C/E

D/F#

G

D/F#

*Both:* Love

led

us here, —



right back

to where

we be - long.

We



fol - lowed

a

star

and

here

we are;

now heav -





en seems so near.

Love led us here.

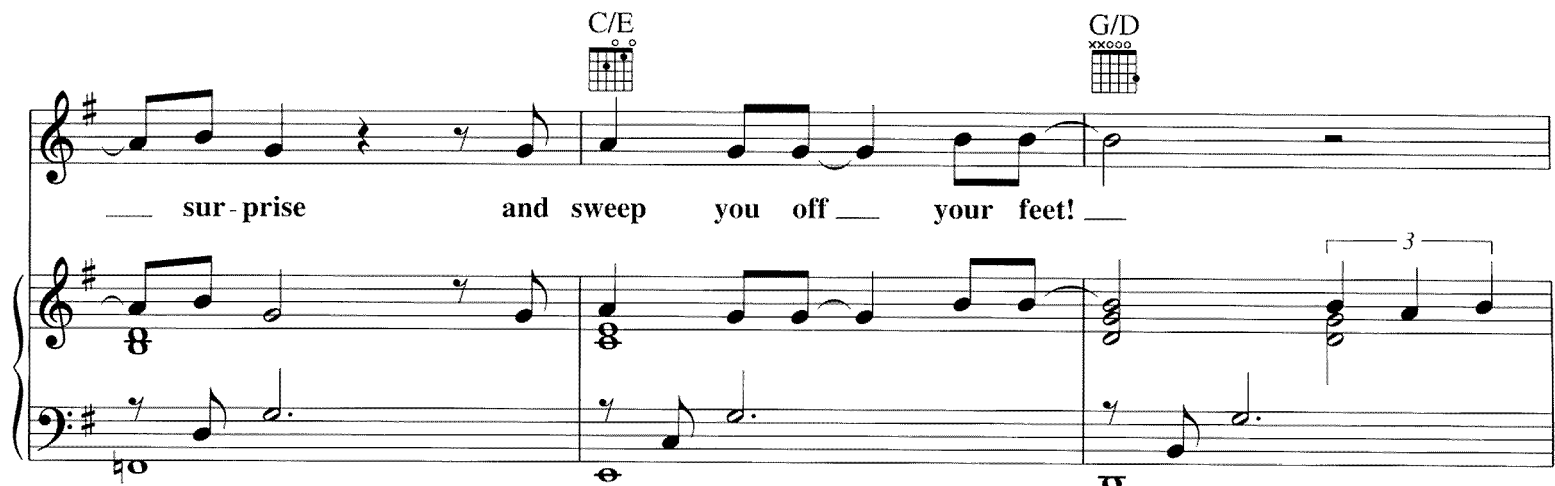




*Smallett:* Now I know that life

can take you by

C/E  G/D 






sur-prise and sweep you off your feet!



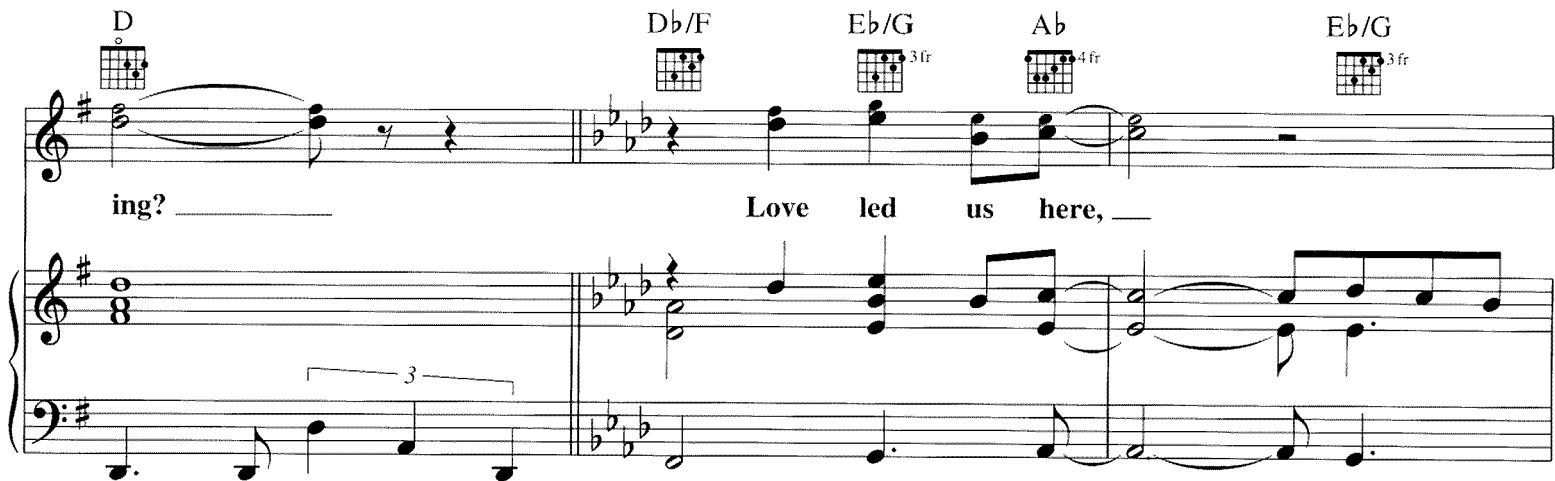
A7/C#  C/D 


*Benamina:* Did this hap - pen to us, *Both:* or are we just dream



D  Db/F  Eb/G  Ab  Eb/G 

ing? Love led us here,



Db/F  Eb/G  Ab  C7/E 

right back to where we be - long. We



Fm

Ab/Eb

D $\flat$ (add9)

Ab/C

fol - lowed a star — and here — we are; — now heav - en seems — so — near. —

B $\flat$ m7

E $\flat$ 7sus

Ab

Love led us here. —

G $\flat$ /Ab

Ab

*Smallett:* So take my hand, —

*Benjamina:* and have no fear. —

G $\flat$ /Ab

Ab

*Both:* We'll be al - right.

Love led us here. —

*molto rall.*