

THEME FROM "THE SIMPSONS"

Music by
DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately fast (♩ = 171)

The first system of the score features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a soprano clef with a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*mp*) dynamic. The lyrics "The Simp - sons!" are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and includes a series of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the first two notes of the vocal line.

The second system of the score continues the piano accompaniment. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is marked *mf*. The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes, followed by the instruction "Red. *" indicating a reduction in dynamics.

The third system of the score continues the piano accompaniment. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes, followed by the instruction "Red. *" indicating a reduction in dynamics.

The fourth system of the score continues the piano accompaniment. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes.

Red.

Red.

legato

jokingly

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a slur over the final two notes. The bass clef staff is mostly empty, with a few notes appearing later in the system. The tempo marking "a tempo" is written in the right-hand margin.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass clef staff features a series of chords, some of which are boxed and marked with "Ped." (pedal) and an asterisk (*).

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff shows a continuation of the melody with some slurs. The bass clef staff has chords, with one boxed and marked "Ped." and an asterisk (*).

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass clef staff contains chords, with one boxed and marked "Ped." and an asterisk (*).

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody with eighth notes and quarter notes. The bass clef staff features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes with chords, some marked with "Ped." and an asterisk (*).

The first system of the piano score. The right hand begins with a *legato* marking and plays a series of chords and arpeggiated figures. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

The second system of the piano score. The right hand features a more active melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand continues with its eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system of the piano score. The right hand continues with its melodic development, including some sixteenth-note passages. The left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

The fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has a more rhythmic, eighth-note melody. The left hand accompaniment includes a *Red.* marking and an asterisk (*) below the staff.

The fifth system of the piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with accents and a final *A* marking. The left hand accompaniment includes a *Red.* marking and an asterisk (*) below the staff.

"THE ITCHY & SCRATCHY & POOCHIE SHOW" THEME

Music and Lyrics by
ALF CLAUSEN, DAVID COHEN,
SAM SIMON and ROBERT ISRAEL

Quickly $\text{♩} = 176$

N.C.



They fight and bite! And bark! They



fight and fight and bite! And bark! Fight, bite, bark! Woof woof woof! The



Itch - y and Scratch - y and Pooch - ie Show!

HAIL TO THEE, KAMP KRUSTY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
 Lyrics by JAY KOGEN, WALLACE WOLODARSKY,
 AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Moderate alma-mater style ♩ = 120

G7 C G7

Hail to thee, Kamp Krust - y, by the shores of Big Snake

C F C D7

Lake. Though your swings are rust - y, we know they'll nev - er

Faster ♩ = 136

G7 C G7

break. (*Spoken:*) *Louder! Faster!* From your gleam - ing mess - hall to your hal - lowed base - ball



field, to your spick - 'n' - span in - fir - ma - ry where all our wounds are



healed. Hail to thee, Kamp Krust - y, be - low Mount Av - a -

rit.



lanche. We will al - ways love Kamp Krust - y, a

freely



reg - is - tered trade-mark of the Krust-y Cor-po - ra-tion, all rights re - served.

CAPITOL CITY

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN

Quickly ♩ = 132

F
Eb/F
F
Eb/F
F
Eb/F
F
Eb/F
F
G/F
F
G/F
F

Easy swing ♩ = 120 (♩ = $\frac{3}{4}$)

F
Fmaj7
F6
F#dim7
Gm7
C
N.C.

F
Fmaj9
F#dim7
Gm9
C13

There's a swing-in' town I know called Cap-i - tol Cit-y.

F
Fmaj9
F#dim7
Cm9
F13
F7(#5)
F7(b9)
F7(b5)

Peo-ple stop and scream "Hel-lo" in Cap-i - tol Cit-y.

Bbmaj9

Gm9(b5)

Fmaj7/C

Am7

Am7/D

D7(15)

(19)



It's the kind of place that makes a bum feel like a king;



and it makes a king feel like some nut-ty, cuck-oo su-per king.

Gm7



N.C.



MARGE:

TONY:

"Look! It's Tony Bennett!" "Hey! Good to see you!" It's a-against the law to frown in

Gm9



Cap - i - tol Cit - y. You'll gape - a like a

Fmaj9

F#dim7

Cm9

F13

F13(b9)



stu - pid clown_ when you chance to see Fourth Street and D, yeah!

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment with a *mf* dynamic marking.

Bbmaj9

Gm9(b5)

Fmaj7/C

Am7

D7(#5)



Once you get a whiff of it, you'll nev-er want to roam from

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Gm9

Bdim7

C13

Am7

D7(b9)



Cap-i - tol Cit - y, my home, sweet, yeah!_ Cap - i - tol Cit - y, that hap - py - talk cit - y; it's

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Gm9

Bdim7

C13

F9

N.C.

F9



Cap - i - tol Cit - y, my home, sweet, swing-in' home!

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment with dynamics *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, and *ff*.

CANYONERO

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by DONICK CARY

Fast ♩ = 102

Dm



Verse 1:

1. Can you name the truck with four - wheel drive?

C7



F



Smells like a steak, seats thir - ty - five, Can - yon - er - o.



Can - yon - er - o. 2. Well, it

♩ Verses 2 & 4:

4. See additional lyrics

goes real slow with the ham - mer down. It's a coun - try - fried truck en -



dorsed by a clown. Can - yon - er - o.

To Coda ⊕



Can - yon - er -



o. Can - yon -



er - o.

Verse 3:

3. Twelve yards long, two lanes wide,



six - ty - five tons of A - mer - i - can pride. Can - yon - er - o.



Can - yon - er - o.

Bridge:



Top of the line in u - til - i - ty sports. Un - ex - plained fires are a



mat - ter for the courts. Can - yon - er - o. Can - yon -



D.S. al Coda

er - o. 4. She

♩ Coda



Can - yon - er

o.

Verse 4:
 She blinds everybody with her super highbeam.
 She's a squirrel-squashin', deer-smackin' drivin' machine.
 Canyonero, Canyonero.

"SCORPIO" END CREDITS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Up-tempo spy music ♩ = 152

E♭
Fm
E♭/G
C♭/E♭
Adim7

Scor - pi - o! He'll sting you with his dreams of pow - er and

f *mf*

B♭
Cm
B♭/D
E♭
Fm
E♭/G
C♭/E♭

wealth! Be - ware of Scor - pi - o! His twist - ed twin ob - ses - sions are his

cresc. *f* *mf*

Adim7
B♭

plot to rule the world and his em - ploy - ees' health! He'll

cresc.

Cb/Eb

Gb



wel - come you in - to his lair, like the

D/F#

A



no - ble - man wel - comed his guest, with

C/G

G

E7/G#



free den - tal care and a stock plan that helps you in -

Am

F/A

Am6

F/A



vest. But be -



ware of his gen - er - ous pen - sions, plus three



weeks paid va - ca - tion each year. And, on



Fri - days, the lunch-room serves hot dogs and bur - gers and beer! He



loves Ger - man beer!

DO THE BARTMAN

Music and Lyrics by
BRYAN LOREN

Moderate Hip-Hop

Figure A A9 4fr.

G A9 4fr. G

with **Figure A**

- Yo! Hey, what's happenin' dude?
I'm a guy with a rep for bein' rude.
Terrorizin' people wherever I go,
It's not intentional; just keepin' the flow.
Fixin' test scores to get the best scores,
Droppin' banana peels all over the floor.
I'm the kid that made delinquency an art,
Last name: Simpson, first name: Bart.

Figure B1

Am7/D D9 4fr.

Am7/D D9 4fr.

Do the Bartman - 5 - 1
0551B

Am7/D



D9



Am7/D



D9



with **Figure B1**

I'm here today to introduce the next phase,
The next step in the big Bart plays.
I got a dance real easy to do,
I learned it with no rhythm, and so can you.
So move your body if you got the notion,
Front to back in a rock-like motion.
Now that you got it, if you think you can,
Do it to the music-that's the Bartman.

Chorus

A9



G



A9 4fr. G

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, ev-ery-bod-y in the house do the Bart-man.

A9 4fr. G

Ev-ery-bod-y, if you can, do the Bart-man, shake your bod-y, turn it out, if you can, man.

A9 4fr. G

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, ev-ery-bod-y in the house do the Bart-man.
Do the

with Figure A

2. It wasn't long ago-just a couple of weeks,
I got in trouble, yeah, pretty deep.
Homer was yellin', Mom was too,
Because I put moth balls in the beef stew.
Punishment time, in the air lurks gloom,
Sittin' by myself, confined to my room.
When all else fails, nothin' left to do,
I turn on the music so I can feel the groove.

Am7/D



D9



Move your bod - y, if_ you got the no - tion,

front to back in a rock - like mo - tion.

Am7/D



D9



Move your hips from_ side to side now,

don't-cha slip, let your feet glide now.

Am7/D



D9



If you got the grove, you got-ta use it,

rap rhy- thm in time with the mus - ic.

Am7/D



D9



You just might start_ a chain re- ac - tion,

(Spoken): If you can do the Bart you're bad like Michael Jackson.

To Chorus (with cue notes)

No Chord

Figure C

Figure C shows a musical score for guitar and voice. The guitar part includes four chords: A9 4fr., Gmaj7, A9 4fr., and Gmaj7. The vocal line consists of three phrases: "Bart-man.", "Do the Bart-man.", and "Do the". The piano accompaniment is shown in the lower staves.

with Figure C

Do the Bartman,
 Everybody back and forth and side to side.
 Do the Bartman,
 Pick your feet up off the floor, let 'em glide.
 Do the Bartman,
 She can do it, you can do it, so can I.
 Do the Bartman,
 Now here's a dance beat that you can't deny.

Figure D

Figure D shows a piano accompaniment score. It includes a guitar chord A7+9 4fr. at the beginning. The score is written for piano with treble and bass clefs.

with Figure A

Now I end in the house feelin' good to be home,
 Till Lisa starts blowin' that damn saxophone.
 And if it was mine, you know they'd take it away,
 But still I'm feelin' good, so that's O.K.
 I'm up in my room just a-singin' a song,
 Listen to the kickdrum kickin' along.
 Yeah, Lisa likes Jazz, she's your number one fan,
 But I know I'm Bart 'cause I do the Bartman.

To Chorus (with cue notes)

To Figure B2

To Chorus (add figure B2)

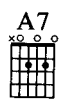
BABY ON BOARD

Music and Lyrics by
 JEFF MARTIN, SHELBY GRIMM,
 HARRY CAMPBELL, GEORGE ECONOMOU
 and DANNY JORDAN

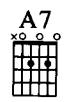
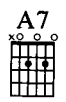
Dixieland swing ♩ = 138 (♩ = ♩³)



“BA - BY ON



BOARD”; how I’ve a - dored that



sign on my car’s win - dow - pane.

Dm



G7



The bounce in my step,

C



A7



D7



load - ed with pep 'cause I'm driv - ing in the

G7



F#7



G7



car - pool lane.

C



E7/B



A7



Call me a square; friend, I don't care.

Dm

A7



That lit - tle yel - low sign can't be ig -

Dm

A7

Dm

F

F#dim7



nored. I'm tell - ing you it's might-y nice; each trip's a

cresc. *f*

C

B7

Gm/Bb

A7

Dm7



trip to par - a - dise with my ba - by

Dm7/G

G+

C

G+

C



on board.

THE AMENDMENT SONG

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
 Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

Memphis rock feel ♩ = 120



KID:

Hey! Who left all this garbage on the steps of Congress?

mf

8

b

D13



SINGER:

I'm not garbage!

I'm an a -

mend - ment to be, yes, an a - mend - ment to be, and I'm

G7

Gdim7

G7

F/A

G7/B



hop - ing that they'll rat - i - fy me. There's a

C7



lot of flag - burn - ers who have got to much free - dom. I

Eb7



want to make it le - gal for po - lice - men to beat 'em, 'cause there's

G7

F#7

F7(b5)

E7



lim - its to our lib - er - ties. Least I hope and pray

A7(b9)

D13



that there are 'cause those lib - 'ral freaks go too far.



KID:

SINGER:

Well, why can't we just make a law against flag-burning? Because that law would be unconstitutional.



KID:

SINGER:

But, if we changed the Constitution... Then we could make all sorts of crazy laws! Now you're catching on!



BART:

LISA:

What the hell is this? It's one of those campy '70s throwbacks that appeals to Generation X-ers!

C7



Eb7



BART:

KID:

We need another Vietnam to thin out their ranks a little!

What if people say you're not good enough to be in the

SINGER:



Constitution?

Then I'll crush all op - po - si - tion to me, and I'll make Ted Ken-

A7(b9)



D13



G7



C7



ne - dy pay. If he fights back, I'll say that he's gay!

G7



C7



G7



C7



G



MAN:

SINGER:

Good news, amendment! They ratified ya! You're in the U.S. Constitution!

Oh, yeah! Door's open, boys!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA

Music and Lyrics by
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Moderate 16th-note shuffle ♩ = 76 (♩ = $\frac{1}{2}$ ♩)

Cmaj9 B♭maj9



Mm hm, mm hm.


(Light percussion throughout)

mp




Verse:

Cmaj9 B♭maj9 Cmaj9 B♭maj9

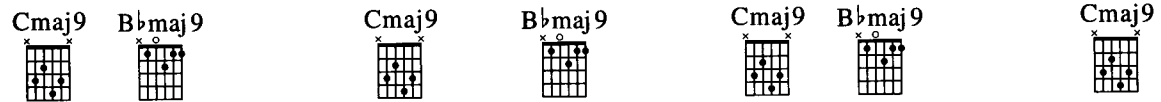


1. Li - sa, it's your birth - day; God bless you this day. You
(2.) wish you love and good will; I wish you praise and joy. I

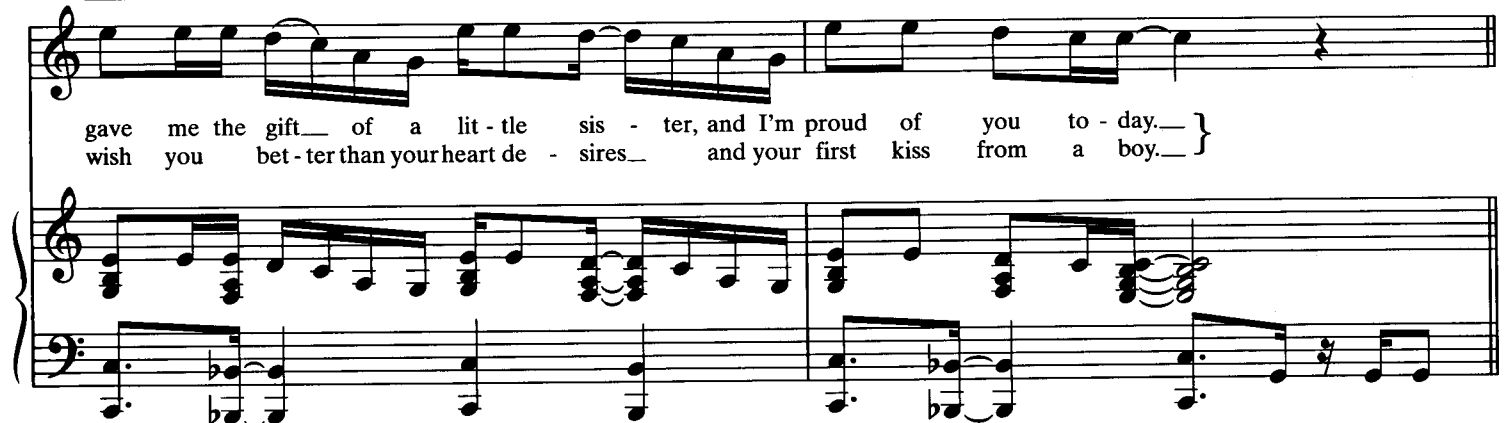
mp



Cmaj9 B♭maj9 Cmaj9 B♭maj9 Cmaj9 B♭maj9 Cmaj9



gave me the gift of a lit - tle sis - ter, and I'm proud of you to - day. }
wish you bet - ter than your heart de - sires and your first kiss from a boy. }



Chorus:

Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



Li - sa, it's your birth - day! _____ Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa! _____



mf

Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



1.
Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



Li - sa, it's your birth - day! _____ Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa! 2. I



dim.

2.

Cmaj9



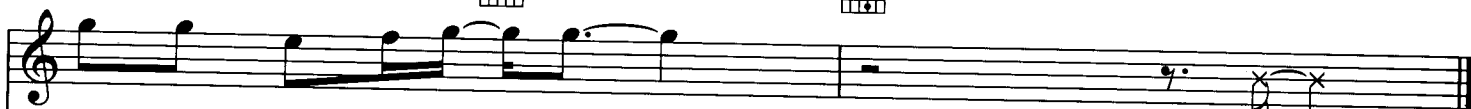
Bbmaj9



Cmaj9



N.C.



Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa! _____ Yeah!_



mp (Percussion fill)

UNION STRIKE FOLK SONG

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN, JAY KOGEN
and WALLACE WOLODARSKY

Moderately fast $J = 158$

Fm



mf

E \flat



Come gath - er 'round, chil - dren, it's high time ye learned.

Fm



E \flat



'bout a he - ro named Ho - mer and a dev - il named

Fm



Burns. We'll march till we drop, — the

simile



girls and the fel - las. We'll fight till the death or else



fold like um - brel - las. So we'll march day and



night by the big cool - ing tow - er. They have the








plant, but we have the pow - er.

TALKIN' SOFTBALL

Music and Lyrics by
TERRY CASHMAN



Easy shuffle ♩ = 120 (♩ = $\frac{3}{4}$)

G  G#dim7  Am  D7  G  G#dim7 

Well,




Verse:

G  Gmaj7  G7  G6 

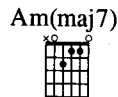
Mis - ter Burns had done it. The pow - er plant had won it, with



Am  Am(maj7)  Am7  D7 

Rog - er Clem - ens cluck - ing all the while. Mike





Scio - scia's trag - ic ill - ness made us smile, while



Wade Boggs lay un - con - cious on the bar - room tile. We're talk - in'

Chorus:



soft - ball, from Maine to San Di - e - go. Talk - in'



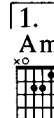
soft - ball; Mat - ting - ly and Can - se - co. Ken



Grif - fey's gro - tesque - ly swol - len jaw; Steve



Sax and his run - ins with the law. We're talk - in' Ho - mer,



Oz - zie and the Straw. We're talk - in'



Repeat and fade



queen won't cut you slack. — That's why you're los - in' all —



— your hair; — that's why your o - ver - weight. — That's



why you flipped your pick-up truck — right off the In - ter - state. —



There's a lot of bull — they hand — you; there's noth-in' you can

B7



E7



A7



D



C#



C



do.

Your wife don't un - der - stand you,

but I do.

B7



E7



A7



No, your wife don't un - der - stand you,

but

D



C#



C



B7



G



I do.

I said no one un - der - stands.

A7



D



C#



D



you, but I do.

BAGGED ME A HOMER

Music and Lyrics by
BEVERLY D'ANGELO
and JEFF D'ANGELO

Bright country two-beat $\text{♩} = 152$



Oh, the

mf *dim.*

bas - es were emp - ty on the dia - mond of my

mp

B7



heart when the coach called me up to the

plate. I'd been swing - in' and

miss - in' and lov - in' and kiss - in'; my

av - 'rage was point - dou - ble - eight. So I

spit on my hands, knocked the dirt from my spikes, and

E7



A



point - ed right toward cen - ter field.

E



This time, I'm hit - tin' a home run.

B7



E



This time, love is for real. I'll

cresc.

A



slide, I'll steal, I'll sac - ri - fice; I'll

mf



lob and fly for you. I've been



slump - in' all sea - son, but now I've found a rea - son; I've



struck on a love that is true. I



used to play the field; I



used to be a roam - er. But the



sea - son's turn - in' 'round for me now; I

cresc.



fi - n'ly bagged me a ho - mer. *That's right!* I

f



fi - n'ly bagged me a ho - mer.

a tempo

DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE

Music and Lyrics by
MATT GROENING and JEFF TOWNES

*Well, you're damned if you do.
(What are we talking about?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
(Where's your sense of humor?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
And you're damned if you don't.*


Moderate Rap


Figure A


No Chord

with **Figure A**


- Let me start at the start, then take it away,
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew T.
That's Bart with an Art and a capital B.,
Then Simp plus S-O-N, that's me.
Introductions aside, let's move right along,
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.
Once upon a time, about a week ago,
All of a sudden trouble started to grow.
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',
S'pose to get up now, but I was refusin',
To let reality become an intrusion,
'Cause in dreamy Dreamland, I was cruisin'.
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin',
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion.
Opened up my eyes, to my surprise,
There stood Homer and his temperature rise.
I was chillin', he was yellin',
Face all distorted 'cause he was propellin'.
It wasn't what he said but more of his tone,
The usual jive, put your nose to the grindstone.

Gm/C  3fr.

Gm/B \flat  3fr.

F/A 

trou - ble. _____



with Figure A

2. So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,
 Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazey.
 Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car
 With Mom and Lisa; hope they're goin' real far.
 Then Dad yells: "Bart!" And I go: "Yo!"
 He goes: "Ya done yet?" and I go: "No."
 He goes: "Oh, you're too slow,"
 So I step on the gas to speed up the mow.
 Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,
 Clank, grind, BOOM! Water's rainin' on me.
 I go "Whoa!" Homer goes "D'oh!"
 "Now you can't go to the boat show."
 This is my thanks after working my butt off?
 Homer revs the motor and they all start to putt off.
 Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle,
 No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

3. As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,
 Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.
 Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,
 But inspiration hits me: Let's have a party!
 Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,
 They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.
 There was rompin' and stompin', an occasional crash,
 A fistfight or two, and Nintendo for cash.
 We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,
 I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.
 The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,
 The kids disappear and I'm all alone.
 Everything's silent except for my moan,
 And the low bluesy tone of a saxophone.
 They look at me, then they go into a huddle,
 Get the sinkin' sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

4. There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness,
 I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness.
 We rounded the corner and came to a stop,
 Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.
 I said, "Please, sir, just a little off the top,"
 Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.
 So on my head there's nothing but stubble,
 Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.

*(To Chorus)**Repeat and fade*

Gm/C 3fr. Gm/B \flat 3fr. F/A

Trou ble, _____ deep, deep

Gm/C 3fr. Gm/B \flat 3fr. F/A

trou - ble. _____ Deep, deep

WE PUT THE SPRING IN SPRINGFIELD

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Moderately, with freedom

HOMER:

F Gm/F F Gm/F F Gm/F F Em7 A7

You could close down Moe's or the Kwik - E - Mart, and no - bod - y would care; but the

D G/D D G/D D G7 C7 Cdim7 C7

heart and soul of Spring-field's in our Mai - son Der - ri - ère!

Bright Dixieland tempo ♩ = 112

C7 Cdim7 C7 Cdim7 C7 Cdim7 C7 N.C.

BELLE:

We're the



sauce on your steak; _____ we're the cheese in your cake. _____

mf



DANCER #1:

We put the spring in Spring - field! We're the



DANCER #2:

BELLE AND DANCERS:

lace on the night - gown, the point af - ter touch - down. Yes,



BELLE:

we put the spring in Spring - field! We're that

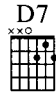
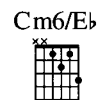


lit - tle ex - tra spice that makes ex - ist - ence ex - tra nice; a



REV. LOVEJOY:

gid - dy lit - tle thrill at a rea - son - a - ble price. Our



DANCER #1:

on - ly ma - jor quar - rel's with your to - tal lack of mor - als. Our



N.C.



N.C.



N.C.

DANCER #2:

skimp - y cos - tumes ain't so bad;_ they seem to en - ter - tain your dad!_



BELLE AND DANCERS:

tr

p

cresc.

The



gin in your mar - ti - ni, the clams on your lin - gui - ni; yes.

mf



SPRING SOUND:

TOWNSMEN:

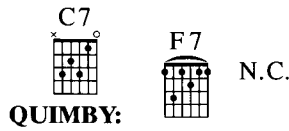
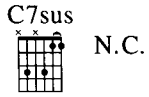
we put the (boing!) in Spring - field! We re -



QUIMBY:

MRS. QUIMBY:

mem - ber our first vis - it; the ser - vice was ex - qui - site. Why,



QUIMBY: **GRANDPA AND JASPER:**

Jo - seph, I had no i - de - a! Come on, now! You were work - ing here!_ With -



BART:

out it, we'd have had no fun_ since March of Nine - teen six - ty - one!_ To



N.C.



JIMBO, DOLPH AND KEARNEY:

shut them down now would be twist - ed! We just heard this

mp

A little slower (broadway-chorus style) (♩ = 92)



N.C.

BELLE AND DANCERS:

place ex - ist - ed! We're the

molto rit. *cresc.*

G \flat Eb7 A \flat 7 A \flat dim7 A \flat 7 D \flat 7 A \flat m7/E \flat E dim7 63
 APU:

BELLE AND DANCERS:

high-lights in your hair-do, the ex-tra arms on Vish-nu! So don't take the...

Musical score for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a forte (f) dynamic marking.

D \flat /F G \flat D \flat 7/A \flat D \flat 7 A \flat m7/E \flat E dim7 D \flat /F G \flat D \flat 7/A \flat

SPRING SOUND: TOWNSMEN: SLIDE WHISTLE: ALL:

(boing!) We won't take the... Yes,

Musical score for the second system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a slide whistle effect.

D \flat 7 A \flat m7/E \flat E dim7 N.C. D \flat 13 G \flat G \flat 7/F \flat

DRUM:

let's keep the (boom!) in Spring - field!

Musical score for the third system, featuring a drum line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a fortissimo (ff) dynamic marking and a triplet.

C \flat /E \flat D6 G \flat /D \flat C G \flat C G \flat F7 G \flat N.C.

Musical score for the final system, featuring a piano accompaniment with triplets and a final cadence.

WHO NEEDS THE KWIK-E-MART?

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by GREG MARTIN DANIELS

Freely, in two



APU:

Wheth - er ig - loo, hut, or lean - to, or a ge - o - des - ic dome, there's no






struc - ture I have been to which I'd rath - er call my home.

Bright two-beat $\text{♩} = 112$

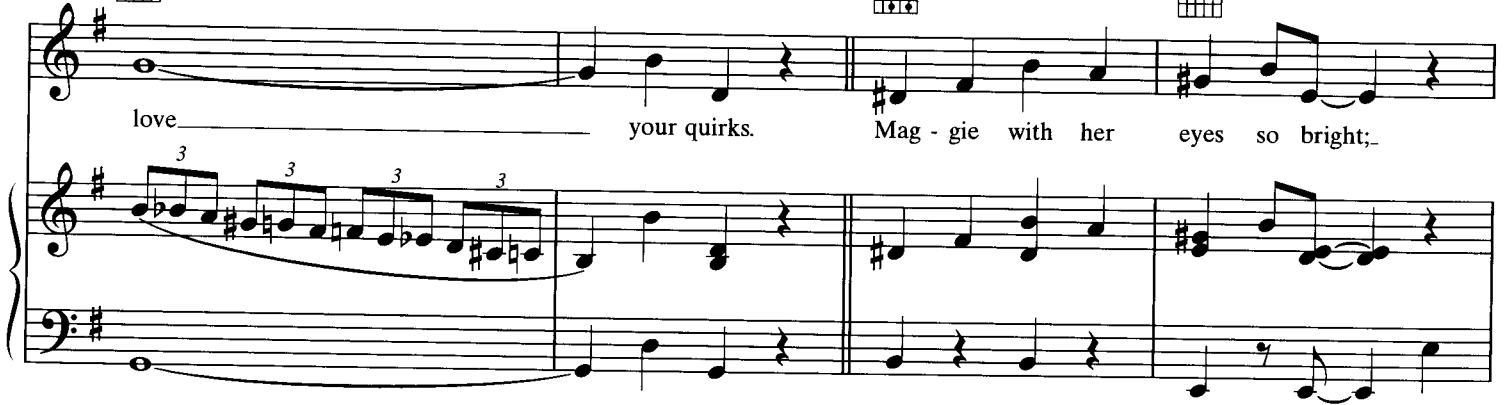
N.C.








When I first ar - rived, you were all such jerks, but now I've come to

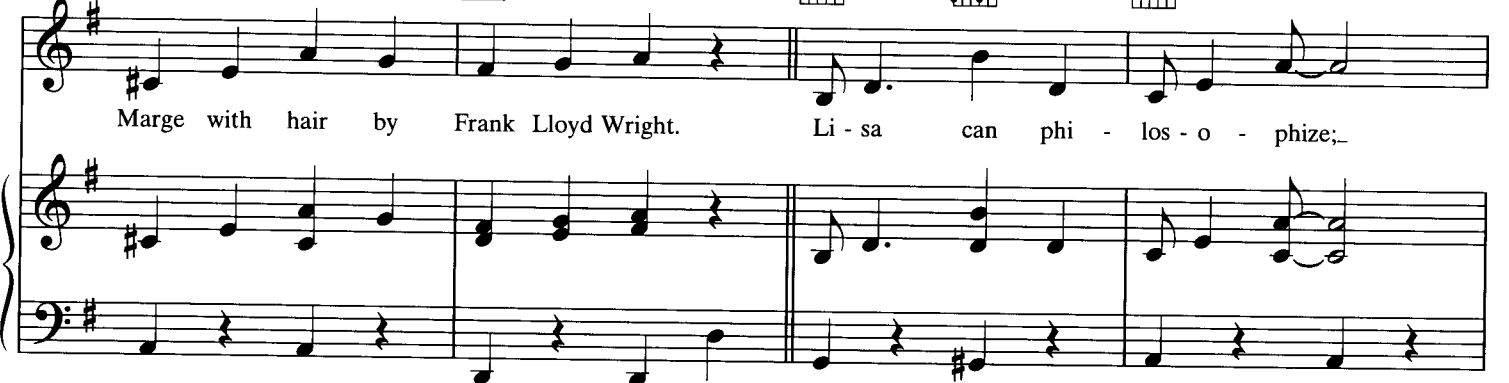
G  B7  E7 







love your quirks. Mag - gie with her eyes so bright;



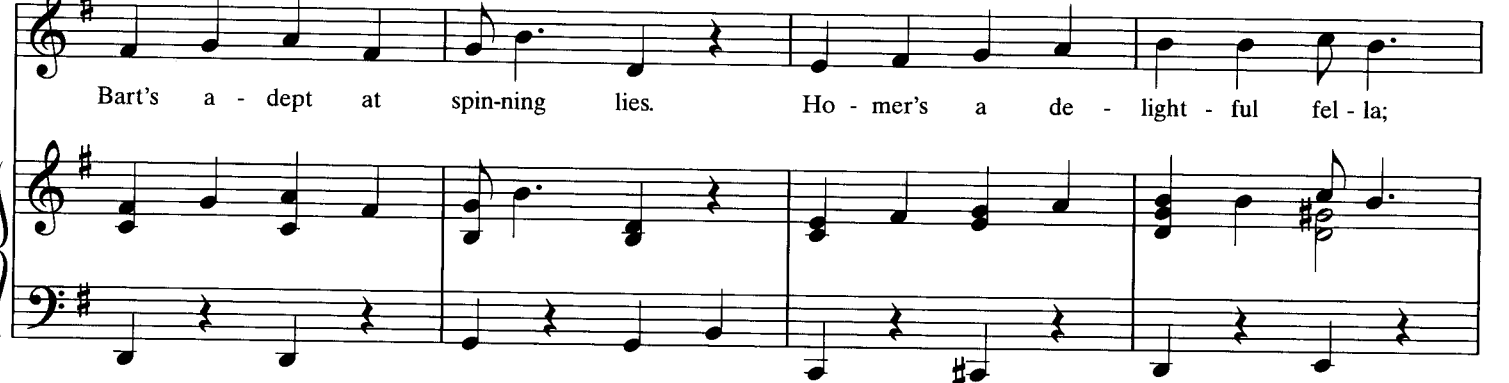
A7  D  G  G#dim  Am 




Marge with hair by Frank Lloyd Wright. Li - sa can phi - los - o - phize;



D7  G  C  C#dim  G/D  E7 

Bart's a - dept at spin-ning lies. Ho - mer's a de - light - ful fel - la;

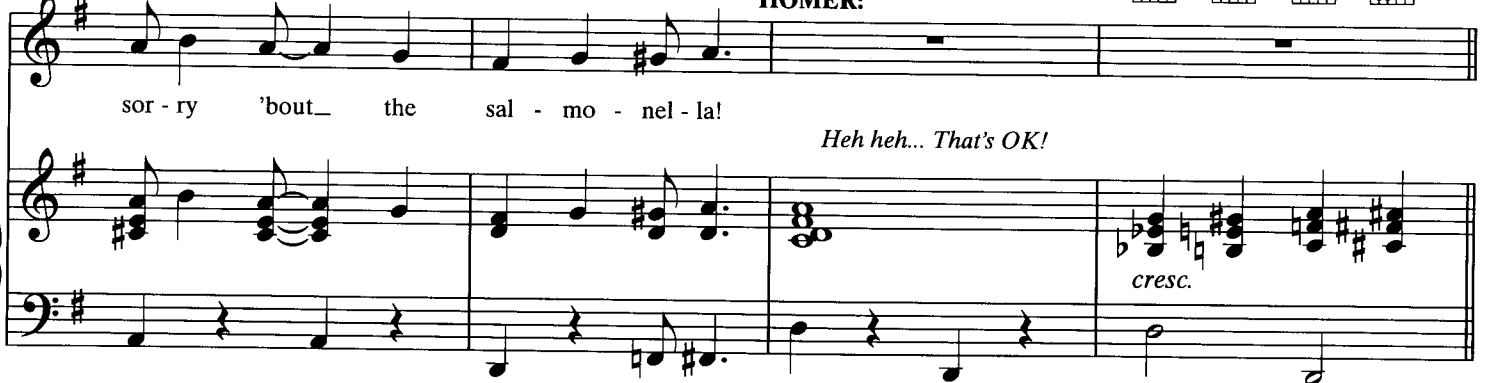


A7  D7  **HOMER:**    

sor - ry 'bout the sal - mo - nel - la!

Heh heh... That's OK!

cresc.



G G#dim7 Am7 D7 G G#dim7 Am7 D7

Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?_ Now here's the trick - y part:—

G G7 G7(#5) C C#dim7 G/D D7 G D7 Em7 D7/F#

oh, won't you rhyme with me?

G G#dim7 Am7 D7 G G#dim7 Am7 D7

MARGE:
Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?_ Their floors are stick - y mart!—

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7

LISA: They made Dad sick - y mart._ **BART:** Let's hurl a brick - y mart!—

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G/D Dm/F E7 E7/G#

HOMER:

ALL:

The Kwik - E - Mart is real... doh! Who

cresc.

A9 G/B Cm6 A7/C# Cmaj7/D D13(b9)

APU:

needs the Kwik - E - Mart? Not

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7

OTHERS:

For - get the Kwik-E - Mart!_ Good - bye to Kwik-E - Mart!_ me!

ff

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G N.C. F# G

APU:

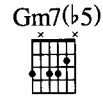
Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?_ Not me!

p

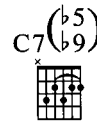
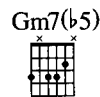
SEÑOR BURNS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by BILL OAKLEY and JOSH WEINSTEIN

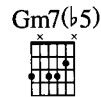
Spirited Latin groove ♩ = 104



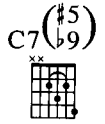
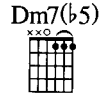
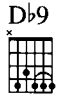
mf



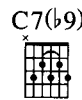
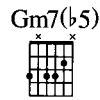
Verse:



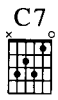
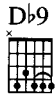
1. Wounds won't last long, but an insulting song Burns will
2. (Inst. solo ad lib...)



al - ways — car - ry — with him. — So, I'll



set - tle — my score on the sal - sa floor with this



venge - ful — Lat - in — rhy - thm. —
...end solo)

Chorus:



Burns!

Gm7(b5)



C7



Fm



F7



Con el co - ra - zón de pe - rro! Se - ñor

Bbm7



Eb9



Abmaj7



Dbmaj7



Burns! El di -

Gm7(b5)



Abm7



Db7



Gm7(b5)



C7(b5)



N.C.

a - blo con di - ne - ro! It

Fm



Bbm



Gm7(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



may not sur - prise you, but all of us de - spise you. Please

Db9(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



die

and

fry

in

Db9(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



Db9



hell,

you

rot

ten,

rich,

C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



Gm7(b5)



C7(b5)



old

wretch!

1.

2.

Gm7(b5)



C7(b5)



Fm



N.C.

C7(b5)



Fm



A - di - os, vi - e - jo!

WE DO

(The Stonecutters' Song)

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

March tempo ♩ = 116

F#m D/C F#m D/C

Who con - trols the Brit - ish crown? Who keeps the met - ric sys - tem down?

F#m D/C Bm G/F

We do! We do!

C# 4 C#/B F#m/A C#7/G# C#7 4

F#m



D/C



Bm



G/F



Who keeps At - lan - tis off the maps? Who keeps the mar - tians un - der wraps?

mp

F#m



D/C



F#m/C#



C#7



F#m



F#m/A



We do! We do!

f

cresc.

ff

C#B



F#m/A



G/F



Am/E



Who holds back the e - lec - tric car?

mp

cresc. poco a poco

E/D



Am/C



Bb/Ab



C/G







Who makes Steve Gut - ten - berg a star?

ff

D/C  C#  C#7 


We do! We do!







F#m  D/C  Bm  G/F 

Who robs cave fish of their sight? Who rigs ev - 'ry Os - car night?


mf





F#m  D/C  F#m/C#  C#7 

We do! We


f



F#m  D/C  F#m  N.C.

do!

ff



DR. ZAIUS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Rap ♩ = 92

APE: Help! The hu-man's a-bout to es-cape!

TROY: Get your paws off me, you__ dirt - y ape!

APE: (Gasp!) He can talk!

ELDER APES: He can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk!

TROY: I can

NURSE APE: sing!

ELDER APES: Ooh! Help__ me, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor



Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor

mf

G \flat
A \flat
B \flat 5
N.C.
SOLO:
TROY:

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor Zai-us! *(Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!)* What's

DR. ZAIUS:
TROY:
DR. ZAIUS:
ELDER APES:

wrong with me? I think you're cra-zy! Want a sec-ond o-pin-ion! You're al-so la-zy! Doc-tor

B \flat m
E \flat

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor

G \flat
A \flat
B \flat 5
N.C.
SOLO:
TROY:

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor Zai-us! *(Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!)* Can I

DR. ZAIUS:

TROY:

play the pi-an - o an - y - more? - Of course you can! Well I could-n't be - fore! -

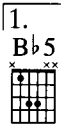
ELDER APES:



Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor



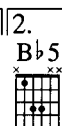
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor



N.C.

SOLO:

ELDER APES:



N.C.



Zai-us! (Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) Doc-tor Zai-us!

CHIMPAN A TO CHIMPAN Z

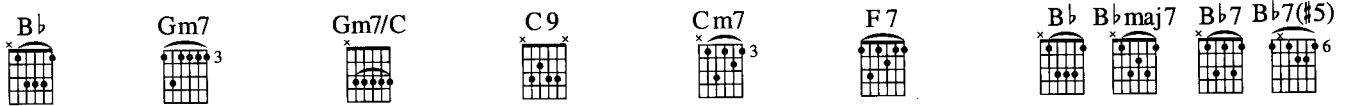
Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Easy swing ♩ = 132 (♩ = ♩³)



I hate

f *rit.*



ev - 'ry ape I see, from Chim - pan A to Chim - pan Z. No, you'll

a tempo
mp



nev - er make a mon - key out of me. Oh my

cresc.

B \flat Gm7 Gm7/C C9 Cm7 F7 B \flat B \flat maj7 B \flat 7 B \flat 7(#5)

God! I was wrong! It was Earth all a - long! You've

E \flat BKGRD.: E dim7 B \flat /F A B \flat /A \flat Dm7/G G7 B9

fi - n'ly made a mon - key, (Yes, we've fi - n'ly made a mon - key,) yes, you've

C9 C9(b5) C9 G \flat 9 F7 E/F# F7 F13(b9) B \flat B/B \flat C/B \flat D \flat /B \flat

fi - n'ly made a mon - key out of me. (fi - n'ly made a mon - key out of me.)

cresc.

D/B \flat E \flat /B \flat G \flat /B \flat C \flat /B \flat B \flat

I love you, Doc-tor Zai-us!

rit.

MINIMUM WAGE NANNY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
 Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Moderately ♩ = 120

N.C.

LISA:



If you want to be our sit - ter, please be sweet and

mp *sim.*



BART:

nev - er bit - ter. Help us with math and book re - ports. Might I add:

f

Bb7(b5)



N.C.



eat my shorts! *Bart!* Just cuttin' through the treacle!

If Mag-gie's fuss - y, don't a - void her.

mp

D D/F# G D G D/F# Em7 A7 D

Let me get a - way with moi - der! Teach us songs and mag - ic tricks.

E7 A7 D Em7(no5) D/F# G6 D/F#

HOMER: Might I add: **MARGE:** no fat chicks! *Ho-mer!* **LISA:** The nan - ny we want is

Em7 D/F# G6 D/F# C7 B7sus B7 Em7 F dim7

HOMER: kind - ly and sage. **LISA:** Hur - ry, nan - ny, And one who will work for min - i - mum wage.

D/F# Bm Em7 A7 D

GRANDPA: N.C. **BART AND LISA:** things are grim. I'll do it! An - y - one but him!

CUT EVERY CORNER

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
 Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Brightly ♩ = 112

N.C.

SHARY:

F/C

Fdim7/C



If there's a task that must be done, don't

p *mf*

Gm7/C

Cdim7

N.C.

G7/C

N.C.

G7

N.C.



turn your tail and run; don't pout, don't sob, just

C7

B7

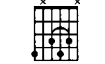
Gm7

Cdim7

C7

Am7

A^bdim7



do a half - assed job. If you

rit.

Gm7



C9



F



cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, it is real - ly not so

a tempo
mf

C7



bad. Ev - 'ry - bod - y does it,

F6



E7



F6



F



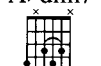
Fdim7



F



A^bdim7



e - ven Mom and Dad. If

Gm7



C9



F



E7



E^b7(b5)



D7



no - bod - y sees it, then no - bod - y gets mad.

G9



C7



G7/D



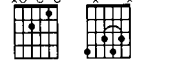
C7/E



F



Am7 A♭ dim7



BART:

It's the A - mer - i - can way!

cresc.

Gm7



C9



F



f

C7



F6



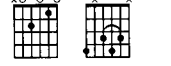
E7



F6



Am7 A♭ dim7



Gm7



C9



F



E7



E♭7(b5)



D7



G9



C7



G7/D



C7/E



F



SHARY:

The po -

dim. 3

F F7 Bb

lice - man on the beat needs some time to rest his feet.

mf

C7 F F7

WIGGUM: **SHARY:**

Fight - ing crime is not my cup of tea. And the

Bb E/B F/C G7

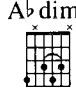
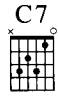
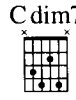
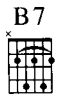
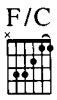
clerk who runs the store can charge a lit - tle more for

rit.

Tempo rubato

F/C N.C. APU: C dim7 N.C.

meat for meat and milk and milk from from

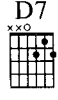
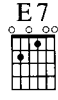
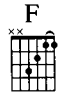
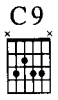


SHARY:

nine - teen eight - y - four.
nine - teen eight - y - four.

If you

rit.



cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, you'll have more time for play.

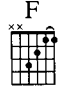
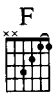
a tempo
mf



LISA, BART, MARGE, HOMER:

It's the A - mer - i - can

f *cresc. poco a poco*



N.C.

way! _____

ff

A BOOZEHOUND NAMED BARNEY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

*** Slowly**
N.C.

SHARY:

In front of a tav-ern,

p

(with pedal)

B \flat maj7 Em7(\flat 5)/A A7 Dm E7/G# Am C7sus C7

flat on his face, a booze-hound named Bar-ney is plead-ing his case.

rit.

Moderately ♩ = 104

BARNEY: F Dm7 Gm7

Buy me a beer, two bucks a glass.

mf

*Originally recorded in E \flat minor.



Come on, help me, I'm freez - ing my ass.



Buy me bran - dy, a snif - ter of wine.

rit.

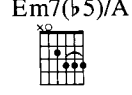
Slower



Who am I kid - ding? I'll drink tur - pen - tine.

Tempo I

MOE:



Move it, ya drunk, or I'll blast your rear end.

mf

BARNEY: I found two bucks! **MOE:** Then come in, my friend. **SHARY:** And

Chords: Dm, E7/G#, N.C., Am, C7sus, C7

a tempo

so, let us leave on this heart - warm - ing

Chords: F, Dm7, Gm7

mp

BART: scene. **HOMER:** Can I be a booze - hound? Not

Chords: E7/G#, F/A, Bb

rit.

Slower

till your fif - teen.

Chords: C7sus, C7, F

rit. e dim.

p

HAPPY JUST THE WAY WE ARE

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Brightly $\text{♩} = 126$



HOMER:

A-round the house, I nev - er lift a fin - ger.

f *mf*



As a hus - band and fa - ther, I'm sub - par. I'd



rath - er drink a beer than win Fa - ther Of The Year. I'm

E \flat /B \flat



B \flat 7



E \flat



hap - py with things the way they are.

Lisa: I'm get - ting

B \flat 7



E \flat



used to nev - er get - ting no - ticed.

BART:

I'm

B \flat 7



E \flat



stuck here till I can steal a car.

MARGE:

The

D7



Gm



C7



+LISA AND BART:

house is still a mess, and I'm go - ing bald from stress, but we're
but we're

mp

cresc.

hap - py just the way we are.
 hap - py just the way we are.

mf

FLANDERS: N.C.

They're not

f *mf*

HOMER:

per - fect, but the Lord says "Love thy neigh - bor." Shut up,

SHARY:

Flan - ders! O - ke - ly, do - ke - ly, do. Don't

E E7 A A#dim7

think it's sour grapes, but you're all a bunch of apes. And

E/B A/B E/B A/B D/B Eb/B

so, I must be leav - ing

cresc.

E E7/D A/C# Am/C

you.

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

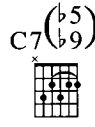
E/B D/B Eb/B E N.C.

ff

YOU'RE CHECKIN' IN

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Bright waltz, in one ♭ = 72



JUROR/WOMAN:

He's

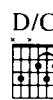
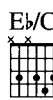
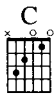


guilt - y of may - hem, ex - po - sure in - de - cent!



JUROR/MAN:

Freaked - out be - hav - ior, both chron - ic and re - cent!



JURORS/ALL:

JURORMAN:

Drink - ing and driv - ing, nar - cot - ics pos - ses - sion! And

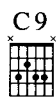


that's just page one of his ten - page con - fes - sion!



JUDGE:

I should put you a - way where you can't kill or maim us. But



this is L. A., and you're rich and fa - mous!

rit.

Spirited Broadway rock $\text{♩} = 160$



MR. CLEARY:

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

I'm check-in' in! He's check-in' in!



MR. CLEARY:

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

MR. CLEARY:

I'm check-in' in! Check-in', check-in' in! No more pills or al - co - hol.



No more pot or Dem - er - ol. No more stink - in' fun



at all! I'm check-in' in!

Bb



F/Bb



Eb/Bb



Bb



B>/A



STAFF AND PATIENTS:

He's check-in' in! _____ He's check-in' in! _____

Gm



Dm



Gm



Dm



DOCTOR:

No more look-ing pale _____ and thin... Nomore bugs _____ be - neath your skin...

Eb



F



Bb



MR. CLEARY:

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

Hey! That's just my as - pi - rin! _____ Check it out! _____

Eb/F



F7sus



Eb/F



F9



Bb



F/Bb



_____ You're check - in' _____ in! _____

E♭/B♭



B♭



A7sus



A7



BART:

When I grow up, I wanna be in the Betty Ford Center!

D



A/D



G/D



MARGE:

Better start saving now, it's very expensive!

D



D/C♯



Bm



F♯m



LISA:

Shh! They're strapping down Liza Minnelli!

Bm



F♯m



G



A



D/A



A7sus



A7



D

