Sunshine

Revised Edition

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

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

HAL•LEONARD®

sunshine

Baritone/Bass Volume 1

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Foreword

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The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology is the most comprehensive series of its kind ever to appear in print. Its unique perspective is in looking at the field of musical theatre in terms of vocal literature. One of the prime parameters in choosing the songs for this series was that they should all be, in some way, particularly vocally gratifying.

Many of the songs included here are very familiar to us, yet we seldom see them printed as they were originally written and performed. The long tradition in sheet music throughout this century has been to adapt a song in several ways to conform to a format which makes it accessible to the average pianist. This type of arrangement is what one finds in vocal selections, or in any piano/vocal collection of show music. These sheet arrangements serve their purpose very well, but aren't really the best performing editions for a singer. In contrast, the selections in this series have been excerpted from the original vocal scores. One of the many benefits of this is a much more satisfying piano accompaniment. In addition, many songs here have never been available separately from the full vocal scores.

In some cases, a song has required some adaptation in order to be excerpted from a show's vocal score. The practice of performing arias as removed from their operatic context gives many precedents for making such adjustments. In many ways, one could view this anthology as a "performing edition." Significant editorial adjustments are indicated by footnotes in some instances.

The original keys of this literature (which are used here) can give important information to a singer about the nature of a song and how it should sound, and in most cases they will work very well for most singers. But, unlike opera, these original keys do not necessarily need to be reverently maintained. With some musical theatre literature, a singer should not rule out transposing a song up or down for vocal comfort.

There is certainly no codified system for classifying theatre music as to voice type. With some roles the classification is obvious. With others there is a good deal of ambiguity. As a result, a particular singer might find suitable literature in this anthology in both volumes of his/her gender.

Any performer of these songs will benefit greatly by a careful study of the show and role from which any given song is taken. This type of approach is taken for granted with an actor preparing a monologue or an opera singer preparing an aria. But because much theatre music has been the popular music of its time, we sometimes easily lose awareness of its dramatic context.

The selections in **The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology** will certainly be significant additions to a singer's repertory, but no anthology can include every wonderful song. There is a vast body of literature, some of it virtually unknown, waiting to be discovered and brought to life.

The Revised Edition adds eight musically diverse and attractive selections, making the volume more useful to more singers. The additions are: "I Am the Very Model," "Marian the Librarian," "Marry Me a Little," "Reviewing the Situation," "River in the Rain," "Ten Minutes Ago," "When I Was a Lad" and "When You're Lying Awake." The *Sweeney Todd* song "Johanna," though very suitable to lyric baritones in its original key, has been moved to the Tenor volume at the request of tenors and teachers.

Richard Walters, editor

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

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Baritone/Bass

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR: Arthur Laurents
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 4/4/64, New York

Something of a "cult" musical, *Anyone Can Whistle* is an allegorical satire in which Angela Lansbury (in her first Broadway musical) played a corrupt mayor of a bankrupt town who comes up with a scheme to attract tourists: a fake miracle in which a stream of water appears to spout out of a solid rock. The town soon becomes a mecca for the gullible and the pious, but the hoax is exposed when the inmates of a mental institution called the Cookie Jar get mixed up with the pilgrims. Harry Guardino played a candidate for the booby hatch mistaken for the new doctor, and Lee Remick was the head nurse, so inhibited, she was unable to whistle.

BIG RIVER

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Roger Miller
BOOK: William Hauptman
DIRECTOR: Des McAnuff
CHOREOGRAPHER: Janet Watson
OPENED: 4/25/85, New York

The show is based on Mark Twain's American classic, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, about an early 19th century Missouri boy who tries to help a runaway slave escape to the North, but accidentally winds up riding with him on a raft down the Mississippi into the deep South. Along the way they explore a country full of fraud and hate, but also full of innocence and even beauty. The Tony-winning show featured a score from country songwriter Roger Miller ("King of the Road"). As the title suggests, *Big River* (including even the set) evoked the river as constantly present, almost as character in the play. And in a reflective moment, Huck gazes out over the stormswept water and sings "River in the Rain," wondering where it will carry him next.

CAMELOT

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

Lerner and Loewe's first Broadway production following their spectacular hit *My Fair Lady*, was another musical based on a highly esteemed work of British fiction, T.H. White's novel, *The Once and Future King*. Again, too, they were joined by fair lady Julie Andrews and director Moss Hart for an opulently mounted retelling of the Arthurian legend, with its high-minded knights of the round table and its tragic romantic triangle involving King Arthur, his queen Guenevere, and his trusted knight, Sir Lancelot. Helped by a huge advance ticket sale, *Camelot* easily surmounted a divided press to become something of a Broadway legend itself—providing imagery (eventually all too apt) for the administration of President John F. Kennedy who used to play the cast album in the White House. In 1980, during a tour headed by Richard Burton (the original King Arthur), *Camelot* returned to New York to play the New York State Theatre for 56 performances. After Burton was succeeded on the road by Richard Harris, the musical came back again, this time to the Winter Garden for an additional 48 performances. In 1967 Joshua Logan directed Mr. Harris opposite Vanessa Redgrave in the Warner Bros. film version.

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CAROUSEL

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 4/19/45, New York

The collaborators of *Oklahoma!* chose Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom* as the basis for their second show. Oscar Hammerstein shifted Molnar's Budapest locale to a late nineteenth century fishing village in New England. The two principal roles are Billy Bigelow, a shiftless carnival barker, and Julie Jordan, an ordinary factory worker. This is not merely a simple boy meets girl plot, but contains a predominant theme of tragedy throughout most of the play. The score is rich with musical high points, the first coming with "If I Loved You," sung by Julie and Billy at their first meeting. Billy's famous "Soliloquy" is Richard Rodgers longest and most operatic song, and can truly be considered an aria. The show was presented in a major Broadway revival (a production which originated in London) in 1994.

CINDERELLA

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

Ever the innovators, Rodgers and Hammerstein were among the first to explore the new medium of television with a full-length original TV musical. The original broadcast also was fortunate in securing the services of Julie Andrews, fresh from her triumph as the Cinderella-like heroine of *My Fair Lady*. In adapting the children's fairy tale, Hammerstein was careful not to alter or update the familiar story about a young woman who collaborates with her Fairy Godmother to overcome the plots of her evil stepmother and stepsisters so she can go to an opulent ball and meet a handsome prince. Cinderella still loses her magical glass slipper, and the Prince proclaims that he will marry the girl whose foot fits the slipper. Because the original production was filmed live and could not be preserved except in black-and-white kinescope, a new production was captured on tape in 1965. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, this second version is the one that's been aired numerous times and even released on video. A stage adaptation toured the U.S., and the musical finally made its New York stage debut in 1993 at New York City Opera, with Christa Moore as Cinderella. At the ball, the prince is stunned by how quickly he's fallen in love with this ravishing stranger, and sings the waltzing "Ten Minutes Ago" (a duet with Cinderella in the original). An opulent new version was made for television in 1998, with pop singer Brandy in the title role and Bernadette Peters as the stepmother.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical, reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building, and their excessively protective feelings about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married, even though it's clear their own marriages are far from perfect. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers of the time. Making a connection with another person, the show seems to say, is the key to happiness. Bobby's fear of commitment is obvious in "Marry Me a Little," in which he pleads for a relationship that goes only so deep and no deeper. The number was cut from the original production but restored as an Act I finale in the 1995 Broadway revival. An Off-Broadway revue of Sondheim songs also borrowed the song title as its overall title. "Sorry-Grateful" expresses the often ambivalent or caustic attitudes of sophisticated New Yorkers.

THE FANTASTICKS

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MUSIC: Harvey Schimdt
LYRICS AND BOOK: Tom Jones
DIRECTOR: Word Baker
OPENED: 5/3/60, New York

The statistics alone are, well, fantastic. Since *The Fantasticks* opened over 40 years ago at a tiny Greenwich Village theatre, there have been, to date, many thousands of productions in the United States, fifteen touring companies, hundreds of productions in more than 66 foreign countries, and the backers have received more than 10,000% profit on their initial investment of $16,500. No other production, on or off Broadway, has ever enjoyed such a lengthy run. Curiously, the initial reviews were either mixed or negative, and producer Lore Noto seriously considered closing the show after its first discouraging week. But an Off-Broadway award, the popularity of the song "Try to Remember," and, most important, word of mouth, all helped to turn the show's fortunes around.

The fragile fantasy is concerned with the theme of seasonal rebirth, or the paradox of "why Spring is born out of Winter's laboring pain." In the story, adapted from Edmond Rostand's play, *Les Ramanesques*, the fathers of two youthful lovers, Luisa and Matt, feel they must show parental disapproval to make sure that their progenies remain together. When this deception is revealed, the lovers quarrel and Matt goes off to seek adventure. At the end, after a number of degrading experiences, he returns to Luisa's waiting arms.

FOLLIES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Goldman
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/4/71, New York

Taking place at a reunion of former *Ziegfeld Follies*-type showgirls, the musical deals with the reality of life as contrasted with the unreality of the theatre. *Follies* explores this theme through the lives of two couples, the upper-class, unhappy, Phyllis and Benjamin Stone, and the middle-class, also unhappy, Sally and Buddy Plummer. *Follies* also shows us these four as they were in their pre-marital youth. The young actors appear as ghosts to haunt their elder selves. Because the show is about the past, and often in flashback, Sondheim styled his songs to evoke some of the theatre's great composers and lyricists of the past, with a cast that suggests some of the vivid personalities of 1920s Broadway. The show was given two concert performances in September of 1985 at Avery Fisher Hall in New York City, with a cast that included Barbara Cook, George Hearn, Mandy Patinkin, Lee Remick, Carol Burnett and many others. A new recording of the musical was released as a result of these performances. A very complete new recording of the show, with all cut numbers, was released in 1996. At this writing, a Broadway revival is scheduled for 2001.

HMS PINAFORE

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: May 25, 1878, the Opera Comique, London

The beauty of satire is that it can mock both sides of an issue. Here the twin targets are the inviolable British class structure and the accompanying naive pretensions of egalitarianism. The curtain rises on Her Majesty's ship *Pinafore*, newly docked in Portsmouth and preparing for inspection by Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty. When Sir Joseph arrives on board, he tells of his rise from office boy to "the ruler of the Queen's Navee" ("When I Was a Lad"). Captain Corcoran, commander of the *Pinafore*, has arranged for his daughter Josephine to wed Sir Joseph, though she is secretly in love with Ralph Rackstraw, a common sailor. Sir Joseph talks a good game about equality, but in the end—after numerous turns of plot and the obligatory cases of mistaken identity—he, along with everyone else, is constrained, even comforted, by the boundaries of class.

IOLANTHE

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: November 25, 1882, the Savoy Theatre, London

Iolanthe, a fairy, had committed the capital offense of marrying a mortal, but was granted exile rather than death. After twenty-five years, the fairy Queen allows her to rejoin elfin society. Meanwhile, Iolanthe's son Strephon, who is half fairy (from the waist up) has fallen in love with young Phyllis, ward of the Lord Chancellor. But the latter will not consent to their marriage. In fact, he's been trying, unsuccessfully, to petition himself for her hand, and the turmoil is giving him nightmares ("When You're Lying Awake"). In the end, Iolanthe clears the way for Strephon and Phyllis to be wed by appealing to the Lord Chancellor, who turns out to be her husband, and who had believed her to be dead. When the entire fairy court reveals that they have married the House of Lords, the fairy Queen is in a quandary: she can't sentence them all to death. Fortunately, the Lord Chancellor, experienced in these matters, changes fairy law with a quick bit of legislative chicanery, the Lords all sprout wings, and everyone flies off happily to Fairyland.

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KISS ME, KATE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Samuel and Bella Spewack
DIRECTOR: John C. Wilson
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 12/30/48, New York

The genesis of Cole Porter's longest-running musical occurred in 1935 when producer Saint Subber, then a stagehand for the Theatre Guild's production of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, became aware that its stars Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, quarreled almost as much in private as did the characters in the play. Years later he offered this parallel story as the basis for a musical comedy to the same writing trio, Porter and the Spewacks, who had already worked on the successful show, *Leave It To Me!* The entire action of *Kiss Me, Kate* occurs backstage and onstage at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, during a tryout of a musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The main plot concerns the egotisitical actor-producer Fred Graham and his temperamental ex-wife Lili Vanessi who—like Shakespeare's Petruchio and Kate—fight and make up and eventually demonstrate their enduring affection for each other. One of the chief features of the score is the skillful way Cole Porter combined his own musical world ("So In Love," "Too Darn Hot," and "Why Can't You Behabe?") with Shakespeare's world ("I Hate Men"), while also tossing off a Viennese waltz parody ("Wunderbar") and a comic view of the Bard's plays ("Brush Up Your Shakespeare"). MGM's 1953 screen version, under George Sidney's direction, had a cast headed by Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson, and Ann Miller. The 1999 Broadway revival was highly acclaimed, plugging new life to the classic show.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 10/19/38, New York

In spite of its relatively short run, *Knickerbocker Holiday* is considered a significant milestone on Broadway. In one of the first musicals to use a historical subject to comment on contemporary political problems, its anti-fascist theme pitted democracy against totalitarianism in retelling the reign of Governor Stuyvesant in New Amsterdam in 1647. The story tells how the governor intervenes on behalf of an independent and troublesome knife sharpener, Brom Broeck, who has been arbitrarily selected by the council to be executed on a trumped up charge, mainly because they had no one to hang. When the father of Tina (Brom's true love) offers his daughter's hand in marriage to the governor, Stuyvesant reveals his feeling about love and growing old in the touching "September Song." The reactionary governor proceeds to abolish whatever freedoms the town had previously enjoyed, and when Brom protests, throws him in jail. But Brom, the freedom loving "first American" escapes and steals the Governor's intended bride. The musical was one of the earliest of Kurt Weill's shows written in America, after his own flight from the totalitarianism of Nazi Germany.

LOST IN THE STARS

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

Kurt Weill's final Broadway musical (his second in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson) was written to convey "a message of hope that people, through a personal approach, will solve whatever racial problems that exist." In the idealistic story, adapted from Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, the action is set in and around Johannesburg, South Africa. Absalom Kumalo, the errant son of a black minister, Stephen Kumalo, accidentally kills a white man in a robbery attempt and is condemned to hang. The tragedy, however, leads to a sympathetic bond between Stephen and James Jarvis, the dead man's father, which gives some indication that understanding between the races can be achieved in the land of apartheid. A newer version, presented by Ely Landau's American Film theatre, was shown in 1974 with a cast headed by Brock Peters and Melba Moore.

LOVE LIFE

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

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

MAN OF LA MANCHA

MUSIC: Mitch Leigh
LYRICS: Joe Darlon
BOOK: Dale Wasserman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
DIRECTOR: Albert Marre
OPENED: 11/22/65, New York

Cervantes' great demented hero, Don Quixote, is the unlikely hero of this very popular musical of the '60s. Although very much rooted in the Spanish novelist's work, this musical version was adapted from Dale Wasserman's television play, *I, Don Quixote*. The principal characters, besides Don Quixote, are Sancho Panza, the Don's squire and sidekick, and Aldonza, who Quixote sees as his grand lady, Dulcinea. Richard Kiley was the original New York Don, certainly one of the best baritone roles in musical theatre literature. The film version, released in 1972, starred Peter O'Toole and Sophia Loren.

THE MUSIC MAN

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Meredith Willson
DIRECTOR: Morton Da Costa
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 12/19/57, New York

With *The Music Man*, composer-lyricist-librettist Meredith Willson recaptured the innocent charm of the middle American Iowa town where he grew up. 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 latest 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 marching 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. The story ends with a touch of theatre magic. Just as the townspeople are about to tar and feather Hill, lo and behold, the Think System works, and the kids are able to play! 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, and Broadway had another visit from the professor in spring 2000. A sly, predatory rhythm underpins "Marian the Librarian," Hill's song of courtship as he stalks her among the shelves of her library.

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OKLAHOMA!

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 3/31/43, New York

There are many reasons why *Oklahoma!* is a recognized landmark in the history of the American musical theatre. In the initial collaboration between Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, it not only expertly fused the major elements in the production—story, songs and dances—it also utilized dream ballets to reveal hidden desires and fears of the principals. In addition, the musical, based on Lynn Riggs' play, *Green Grow the Lilacs*, was the first with a book that honestly depicted the kind of rugged pioneers who had once tilled the land and tended the cattle. Set in Indian Territory soon after the turn of the century, *Oklahoma!* spins a simple tale mostly concerned with whether the decent Curly or the menacing Jud gets to take Laurey to the box social. Though she chooses Jud in a fit of pique, Laurey really loves Curly and they soon make plans to marry. At their wedding they join in celebrating Oklahoma's impending statehood, then—after Jud is accidentally killed in a fight with Curly—the couple ride off in their surrey with the fringe on top. With its Broadway run of five years, nine months, *Oklahoma!* established a long-run record that it held for fifteen years. It also toured the United States and Canada for over a decade. In 1979, the musical was revived on Broadway with a cast headed by Laurence Guittard and Christine Andreas, and ran for 293 performances. The film version, the first in Todd-AO, was released by Magna in 1955. Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones and Charlotte Greenwood were in it, and the director was Fred Zinnemann.

OLIVER!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Lionel Bart
DIRECTOR: Peter Coe
OPENED: 6/30/60, London
1/6/63, New York

Oliver! established Lionel Bart as Britain's outstanding musical theatre talent of the 1960s, at a time when the form was almost completely dominated by Americans. Until overtaken by *Jesus Christ Superstar* in the 1970s, *Oliver!* held the record as the longest–running musical in British history. Based on Charles Dickens' novel, the musical follows the orphan Oliver Twist and his adventures as a member of a pickpocket crew in the underworld of Victorian London, working for a wily old master thief named Fagin. *Oliver!* also had the longest run of any British musical presented in New York in the 1960s. The show was revived on Broadway in 1984. In 1968 it was made into an Academy Award-winning movie produced by Columbia. In the comic "Reviewing the Situation," Fagin tries to imagine the pleasures of the honest life—but upon closer examination they just don't seem to hold up.

PAINT YOUR WAGON

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
DIRECTOR: Daniel Mann
OPENED: 11/12/51, New York

Filling their musical play with authentic incidents and backgrounds, Lerner and Loewe struck it rich both musically and dramatically with a work that captured all the flavor of the roistering, robust California gold prospectors of 1853. James Barton, returning to the musical stage for the first time in twenty years, took the part of Ben Rumson, a grizzled prospector whose daughter Jennifer (Olga San Juan) discovers gold near their camp. Word of the strike quickly spreads and before long there are over 4,000 inhabitants in the new town of Rumson. Jennifer, who has fallen in love with Julio, a Mexican (Tony Bavaar), goes East to school but returns to Julio when the gold strike peters out, Rumson is virtually a ghost town, and Ben is left with nothing but his hopes and dreams. Paramount's 1969 screen version used a different story. In the leading roles were Clint Eastwood, Lee Marvin, and Jean Seberg, and Joshua Logan was the director.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

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MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: December 31, 1879, New York

The only one of Gilbert and Sullivan's works to have its official premiere outside London, it did in fact receive one prior performance in England for purposes of copyright registration. Twenty-one-year-old Frederic, bound by his sense of duty to serve out his apprenticeship to a band of pirates, has reached the end of his indentures and decides henceforth to oppose the cutthroat crew rather than join them. After leaving the pirates, Frederic happens upon a party of young women and appeals to them for pity. The pirates then arrive on the scene, determined to marry the young ladies, but the girls' father, Major-General Stanley, enters just in time and wins clemency by claiming to be an orphan. Frederic, at first duty-bound to destroy his former comrades, rejoins them when he find that his apprenticeship extends to his twenty-first birthday, and, having been born on February 29, he has so far had only five birthdays. But in the end, the pirates yield to the police at the invocation of Queen Victoria's name, and when it is revealed that they are actually wayward noblemen, they earn their pardon and permission to marry the Major-General's daughters.

PORGY AND BESS

MUSIC: George Gershwin
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin and DuBose Heyward
LIBRETTO: DuBose Heyward
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 10/10/35, New York

Universally recognized as the most esteemed and popular opera written by an American composer, *Porgy and Bess* began in 1925 as a novel called *Porgy* by DuBose Heyward. Heyward's setting of Catfish Row in Charleston, South Carolina, and his emotional story of the cripple beggar Porgy, the seductive Bess, the menacing Crown, and the slinky cocaine dealer Sportin' Life, fired Gershwin's imagination even before Heyward and his wife, Dorothy, transformed the book into a play two years later. After many delays, Gershwin, with Heyward and the composer's brother Ira, began writing the opera late in 1933, and completed it—including orchestrations—in twenty months. The initial Broadway production, with Todd Duncan and Anne Brown in the title roles, was not a commercial success, though many of the solos and duets—"Summertime," "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," "I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'," "It Ain't Necessarily So" for example—quickly caught on. Four major revivals of *Porgy and Bess* have been mounted on Broadway since the first engagement. In 1942, again with Todd Duncan and Anne Brown, it ran 286 performances in a somewhat trimmed down version. In 1952, as part of a four-year international tour, it returned with William Warfield and Leontyne Price and ran for 305 performances. An acclaimed production in 1976 by the Houston Grand Opera Company featured Donnie Ray Albert as Porgy and Clamma Dale as Bess, and had a 122-performance run on Broadway. A 1983 production was based on the 1976 version and was the first dramatic work ever staged at the Radio City Music hall. It gave 45 performances. The Metropolitan Opera produced the work in 1985, the first performaces ever given in that house.

SHENANDOAH

MUSIC: Gary Geld
LYRICS: Peter Udell
BOOK: James Lee Barrett, Peter Udell and Philip Rose (Based on a screenplay by James Lee Barrett)
DIRECTOR: Philip Rose
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Tucker
OPENED: 1/7/75, New York

Shenandoah is a traditional musical concerned with a strong-willed Virginia widower and his determination to prevent his family from becoming involved in the Civil War. John Cullums' robust performance and the play's old-fashioned morality found favor with Broadway audiences for well over two years. The three selections in this volume are representative of the scope of the prinicipal role of Charlie, and enormous baritone role that lies in the territory between musical theatre and full-fledged opera.

SHOW BOAT

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Zeke Colvan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Sammy Lee
OPENED: 12/27/27, New York

No show ever to hit Broadway was more historically important, and at the same time more beloved, than *Show Boat*, that landmark of the 1927 season. Edna Ferber's novel of life on the Mississippi was the source for this musical/operetta, and provided a rich plot and characters which Kern and Hammerstein amplified to become some of the most memorable ever to grace the stage. *Show Boat* is not only a summing up of all that had come before it, both in the musical and operetta genres, but plants a seed of complete congruity which later further blossoms in the more adventurous shows of the '30s, '40s, and '50s. Almost every song in the show is a familiar gem: "Make Believe"; "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"; "You Are Love"; "Why Do I Love You?"; "Bill"; and that most classic song of the musical stage, "Ol' Man River." A Hal Prince production of the show opened on Broadway in 1994, and later toured nationally.

SOUTH PACIFIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 4/7/49, New York

South Pacific had the second longest Broadway run of the nine musicals with songs by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Director Joshua Logan first urged the partners to adapt a short story, "Fo' Dolla," contained in James Michener's book about World War II, *Tales of the South Pacific*. Rodgers and Hammerstein, however, felt that the story—about Lt. Joe Cable's tender romance with Liat, a Polynesian girl—was a bit too much like Madame Butterfly, and they suggested that another story in the collection, "Our Heroine," should provide the main plot. This one was about the unlikely attraction between Nellie Forbush, a naïve Navy nurse from Little Rock, and Emile de Becque, a sophisticated French planter living on a Pacific island. The tales were combined by having Cable and de Becque go on a dangerous mission together behind Japanese lines. Coming just a few years after the war, and featuring several veterans in the cast, the show was enormously resonant with 1949 audiences. But there has not so far been a major Broadway revival. Perhaps because of its daring (for the time) theme of the evils of racial prejudice, it was also the second musical to be awarded the prestigious Pulitzer Prize for Drama. This production was the first of two musicals (the other was *The Sound of Music*) in which Mary Martin, who played Nellie, was seen as a Rodgers and Hammerstein heroine. It also marked the Broadway debut of famed Metropolitan Opera basso, Ezio Pinza, who played de Becque. Mitzi Gaynor and Rossano Brazzi starred in 20th Century-Fox's 1958 film version, also directed by Logan.

THE THREEPENNY OPERA

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
WORDS: Bertolt Brecht
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: Marc Blitzstein
OPENED: 1928 (Berlin), 3/10/54 (New York)

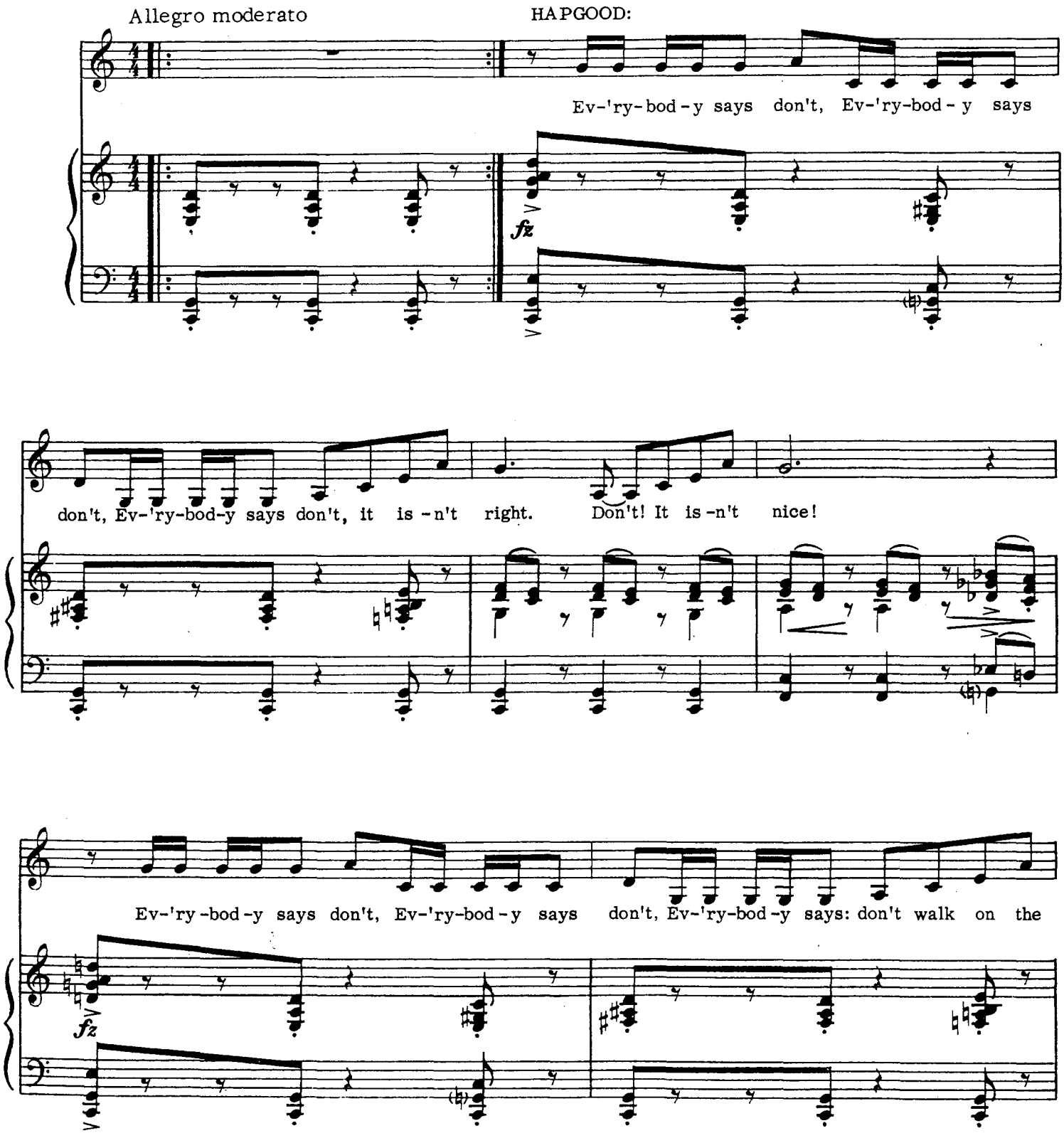
The premiere of *The Threepenny Opera* in 1928 marked the 200th anniversary of *The Beggar's Opera*, and the earlier work is the basis for the famous Brecht-Weill collaboration. It revealed a revolutionary new style of German musical theatre, full of sardonic wit and political power. "Mack the Knife" has proven to be a durably popular product of the show, recorded and performed in widely varying styles and arrangements. Although the show had been performed in New York as early as the '30s, it didn't gain wide popularity until the famous 1954 production which starred Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya. That production went on to boast one of the longest runs in New York theatrical history, and the show continues to frequently appear on stages around the world.

EVERYBODY SAYS DON'T

from *Anyone Can Whistle*

Sunshine

Words and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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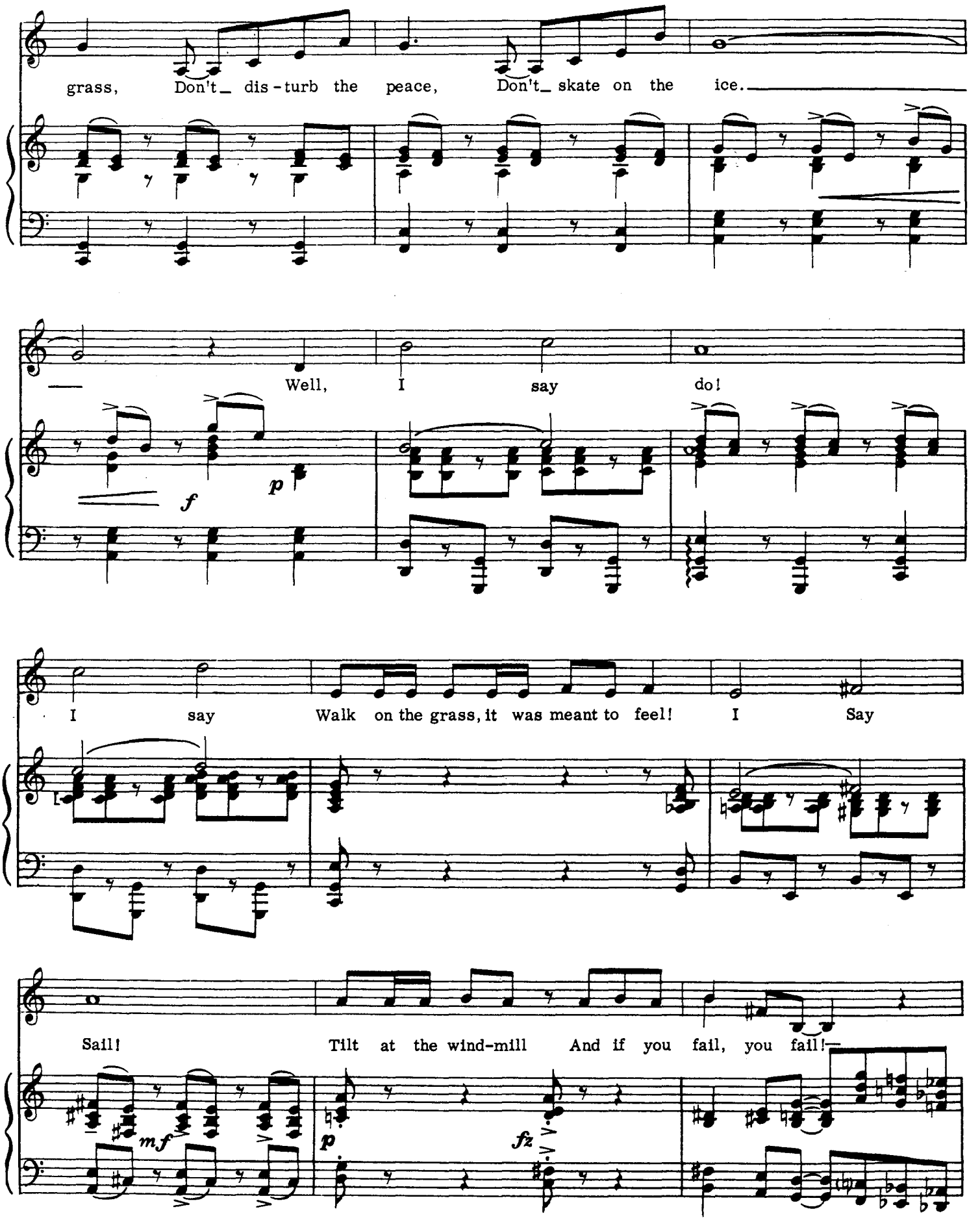
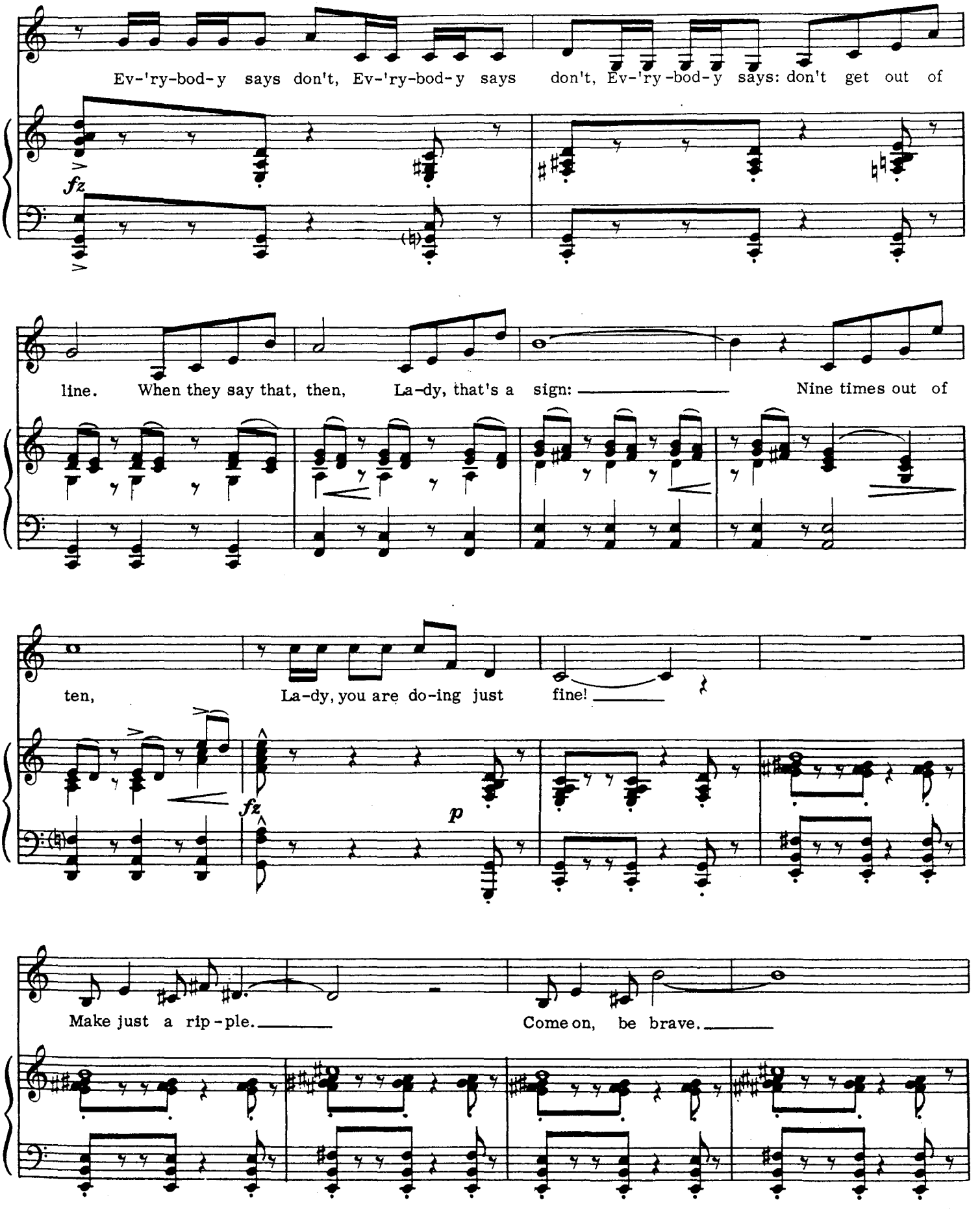
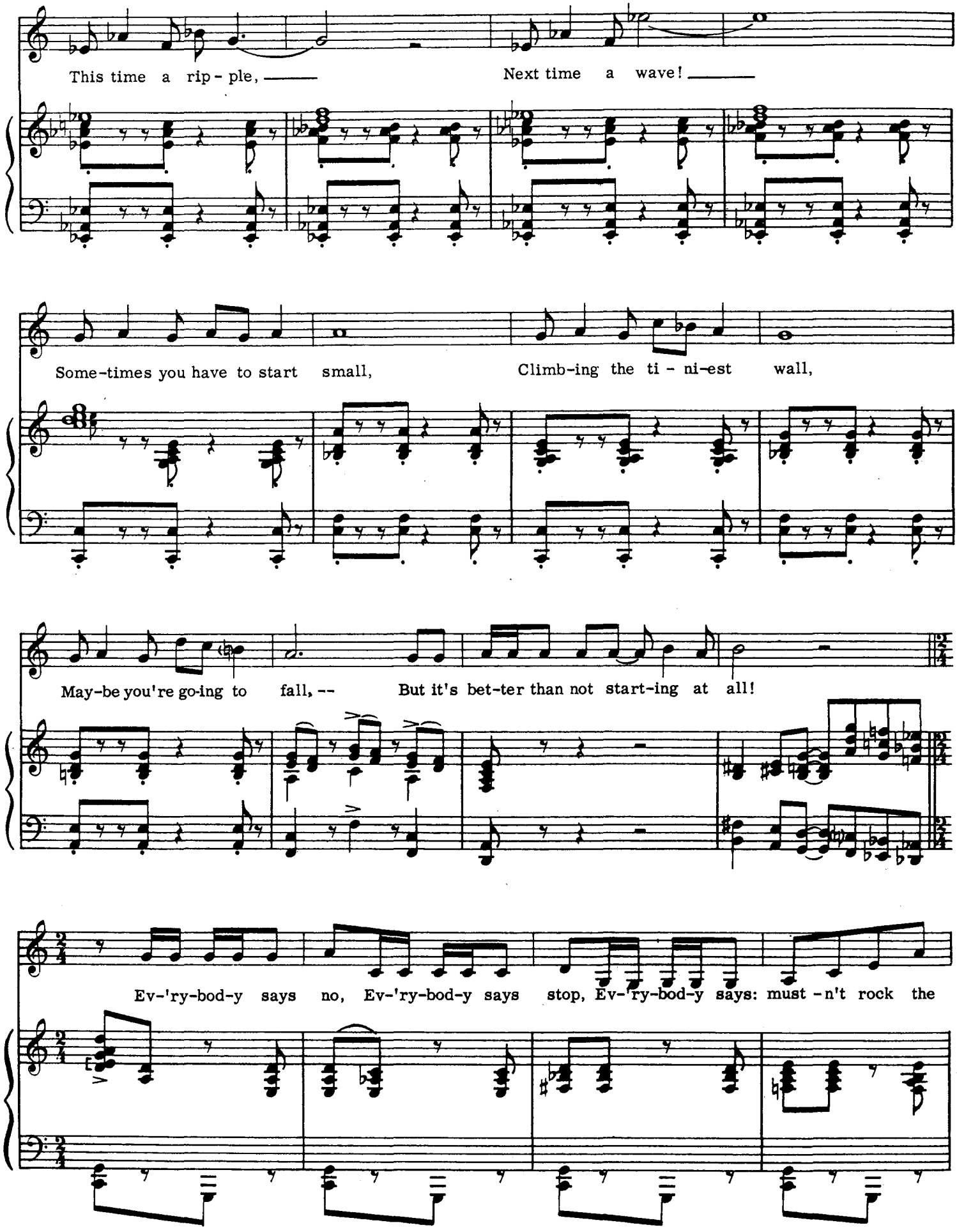
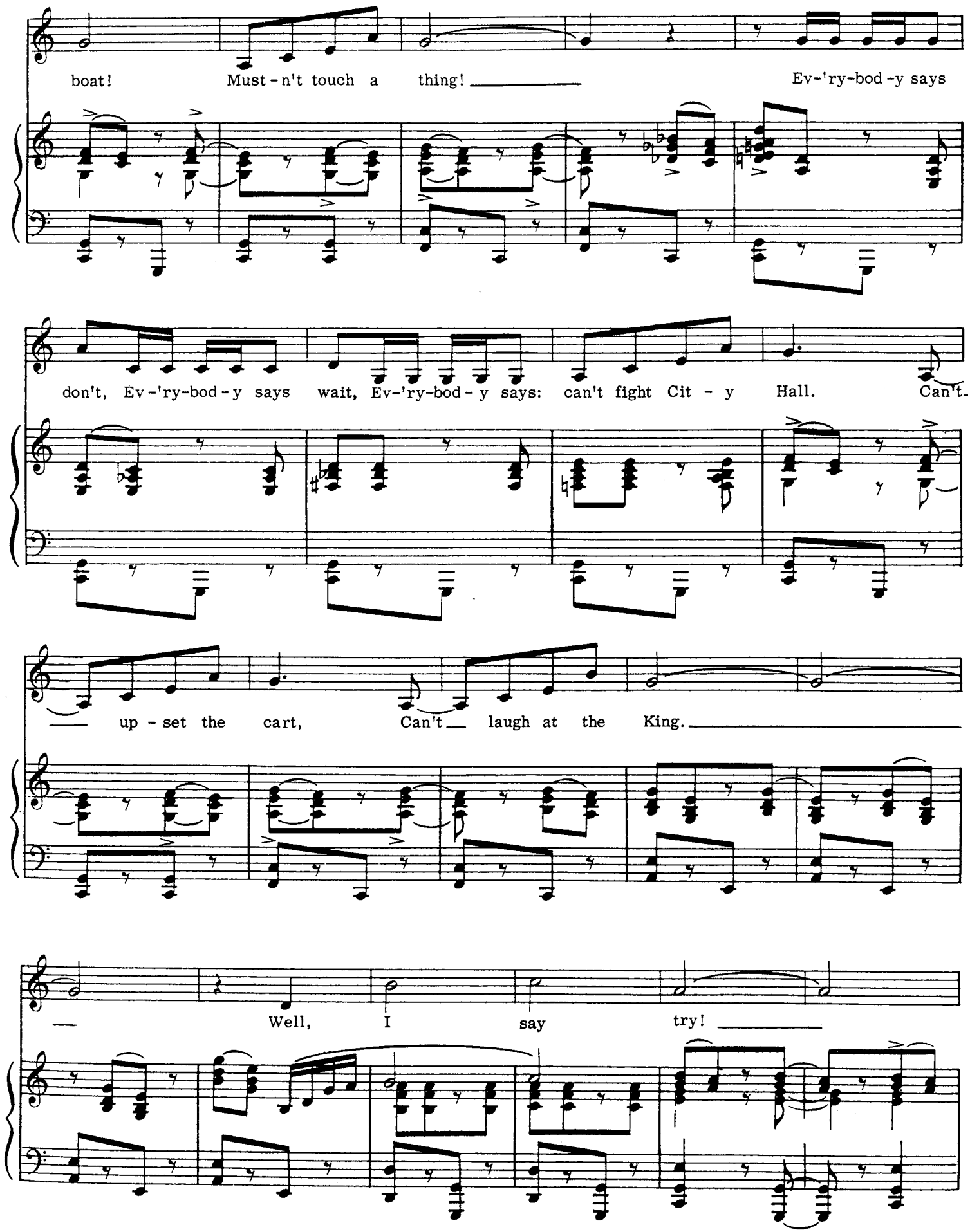
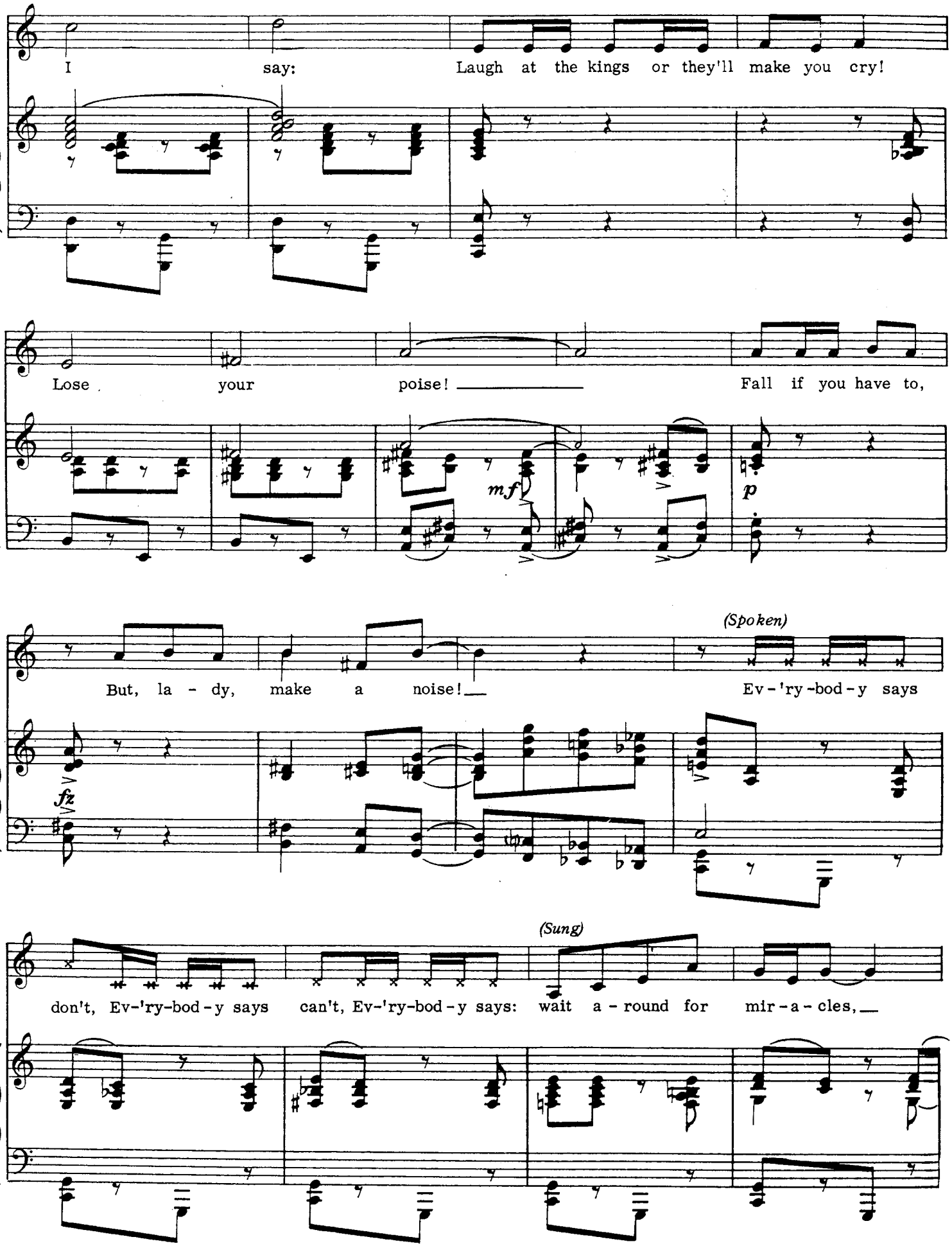

grass, Don't_ dis-turb the peace, Don't_ skate on the ice.
Well, I say do!
I say Walk on the grass, it was meant to feel! I Say
Sail! Tilt at the wind-mill And if you fail, you fail!
f
p
mf
p
fz

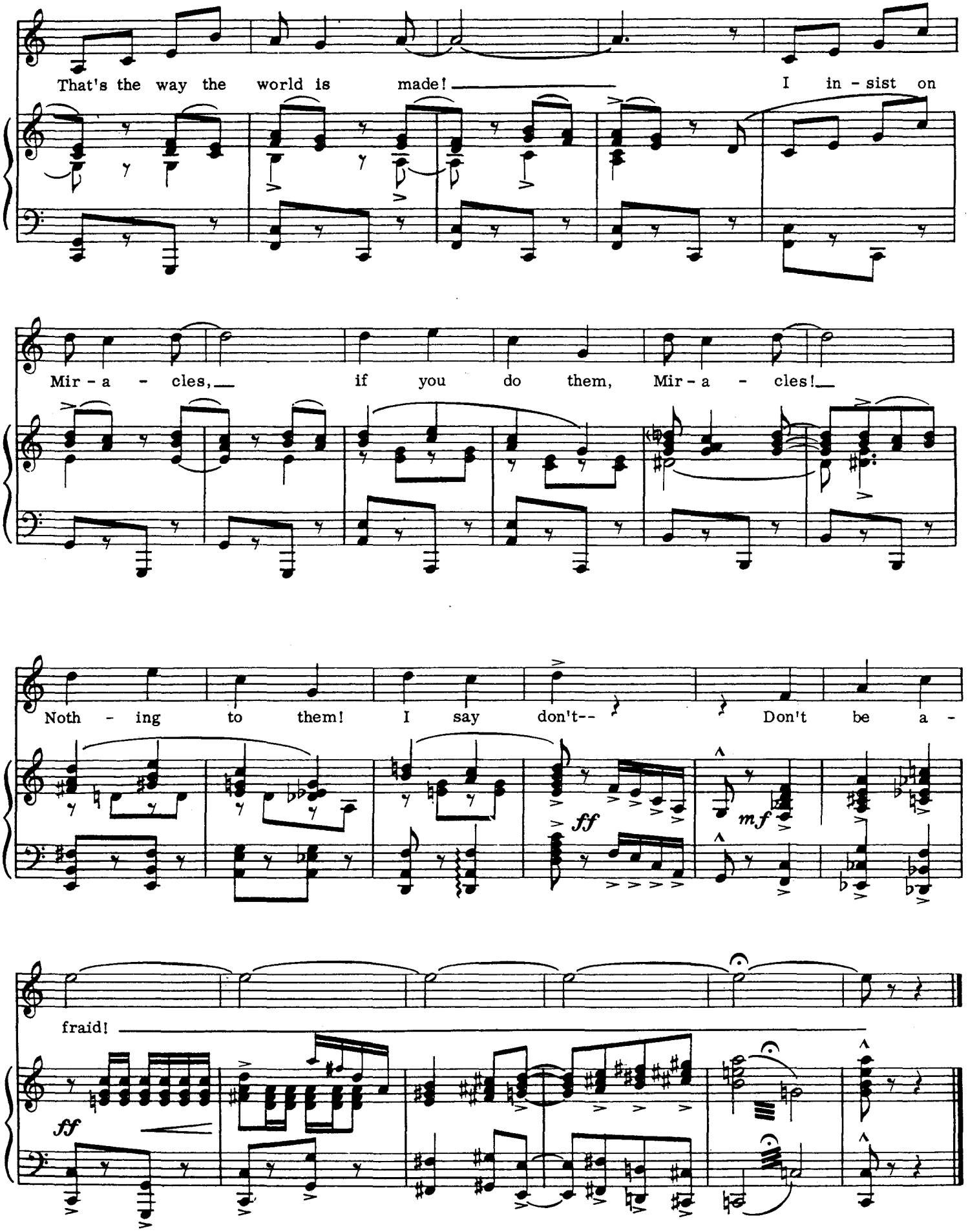

Ev-'ry-bod-y says don't, Ev-'ry-bod-y says don't, Ev-'ry-bod-y says: don't get out of
fz
line. When they say that, then, La-dy, that's a sign: Nine times out of
ten, La-dy, you are do-ing just fine!
fz
p
Make just a rip-ple. Come on, be brave.

Sunshine


This time a rip - ple, ——
Next time a wave! ——
Some-times you have to start small,
Climb-ing the ti - ni-est wall,
May-be you're go-ing to fall, --
But it's bet-ter than not start-ing at all!
Ev-'ry-bod-y says no, Ev-'ry-bod-y says stop, Ev-'ry-bod-y says: must - n't rock the


boat! Must-n't touch a thing! Ev-'ry-bod-y says
don't, Ev-'ry-bod-y says wait, Ev-'ry-bod-y says: can't fight Cit-y Hall. Can't
up-set the cart, Can't laugh at the King.
Well, I say try!


I say: Laugh at the kings or they'll make you cry!
Lose your poise! Fall if you have to,
mf
p
(Spoken)
But, la - dy, make a noise! Ev-'ry-bod-y says
fz
(Sung)
don't, Ev-'ry-bod-y says can't, Ev-'ry-bod-y says: wait a - round for mir-a-cles,

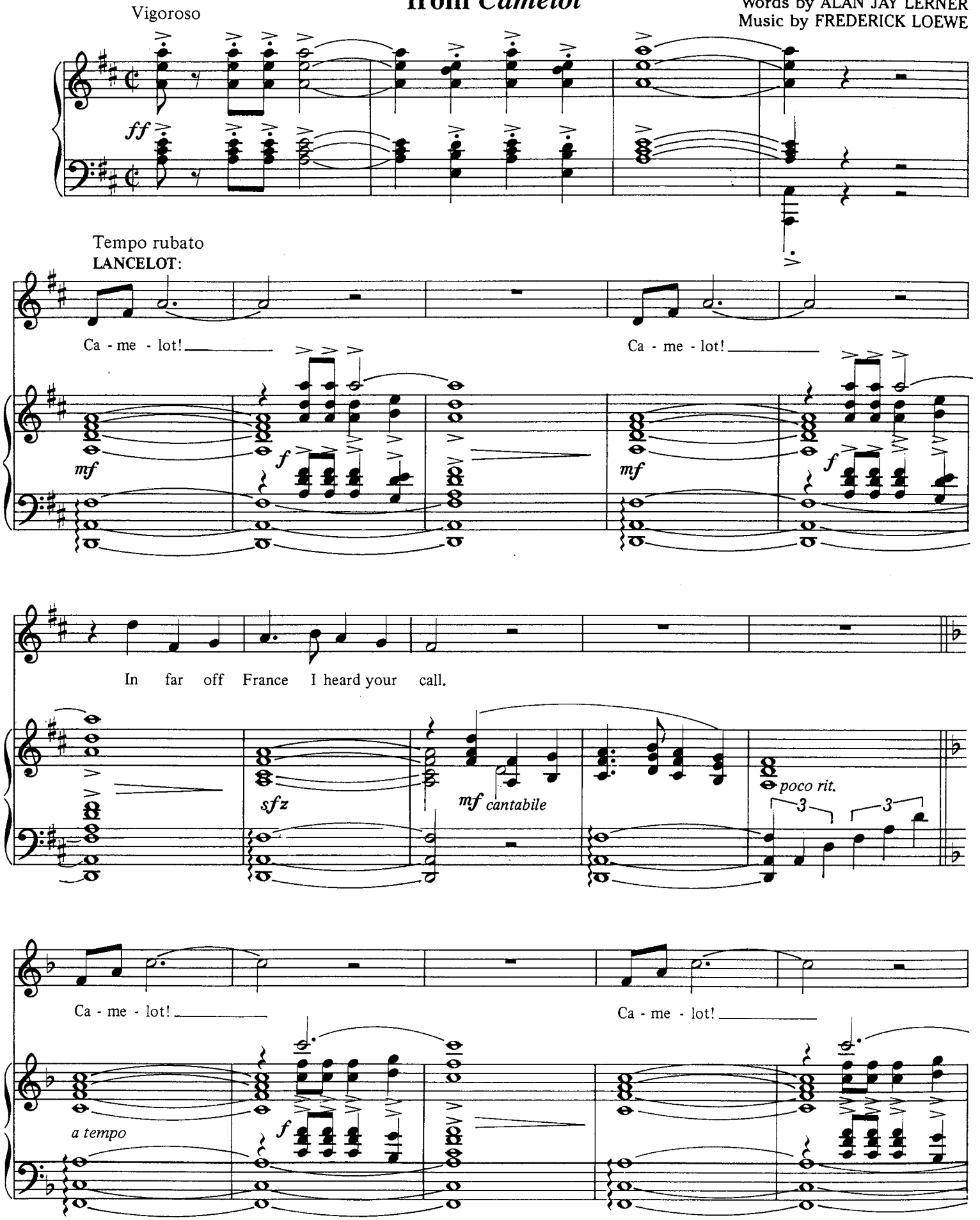

That's the way the world is made! I in - sist on
Mir - a - cles, if you do them, Mir - a - cles!
Noth - ing to them! I say don't-- Don't be a -
ff
mf
fraid!
ff

C'EST MOI

from *Camelot*

Sunshine

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE



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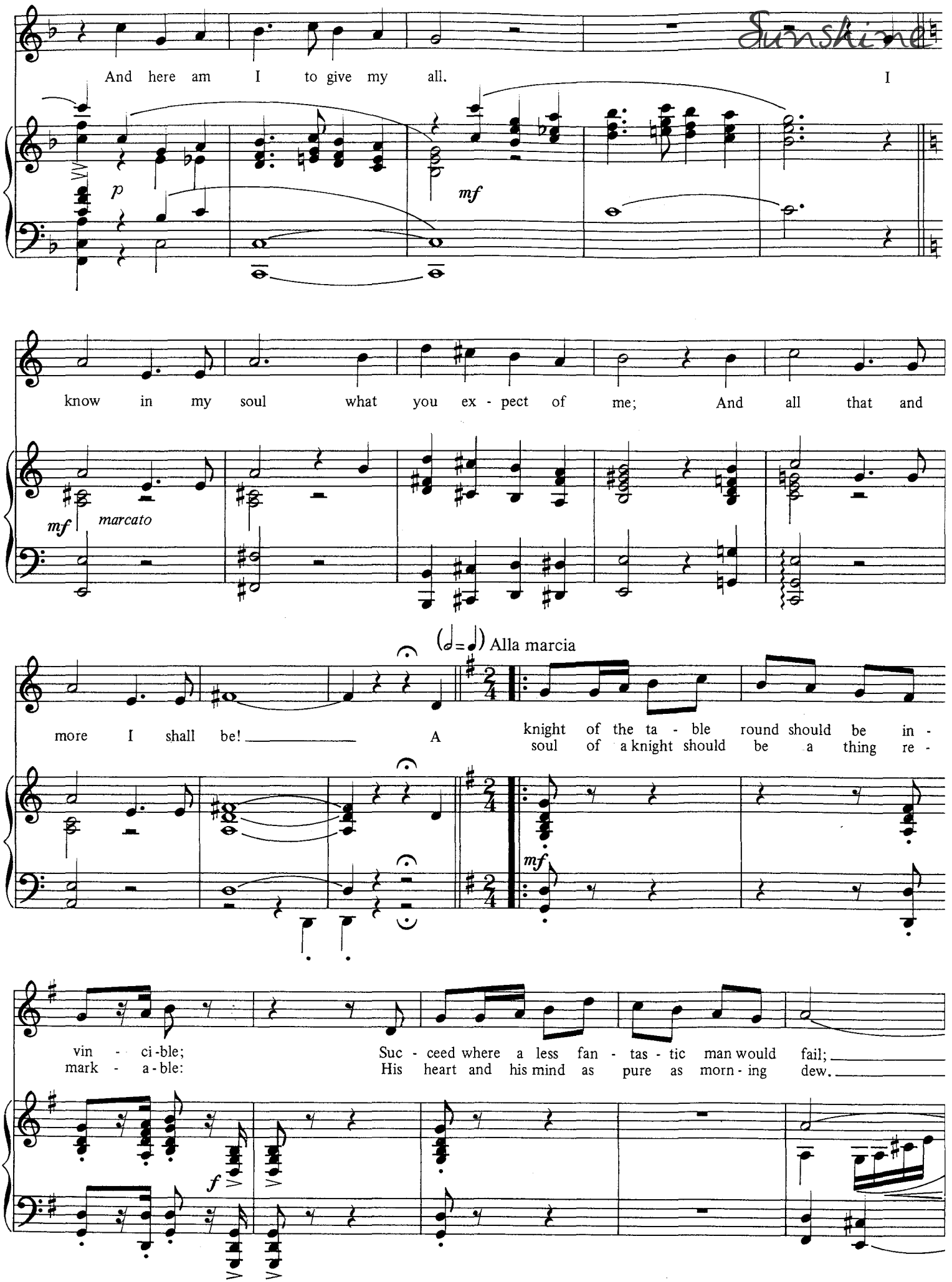
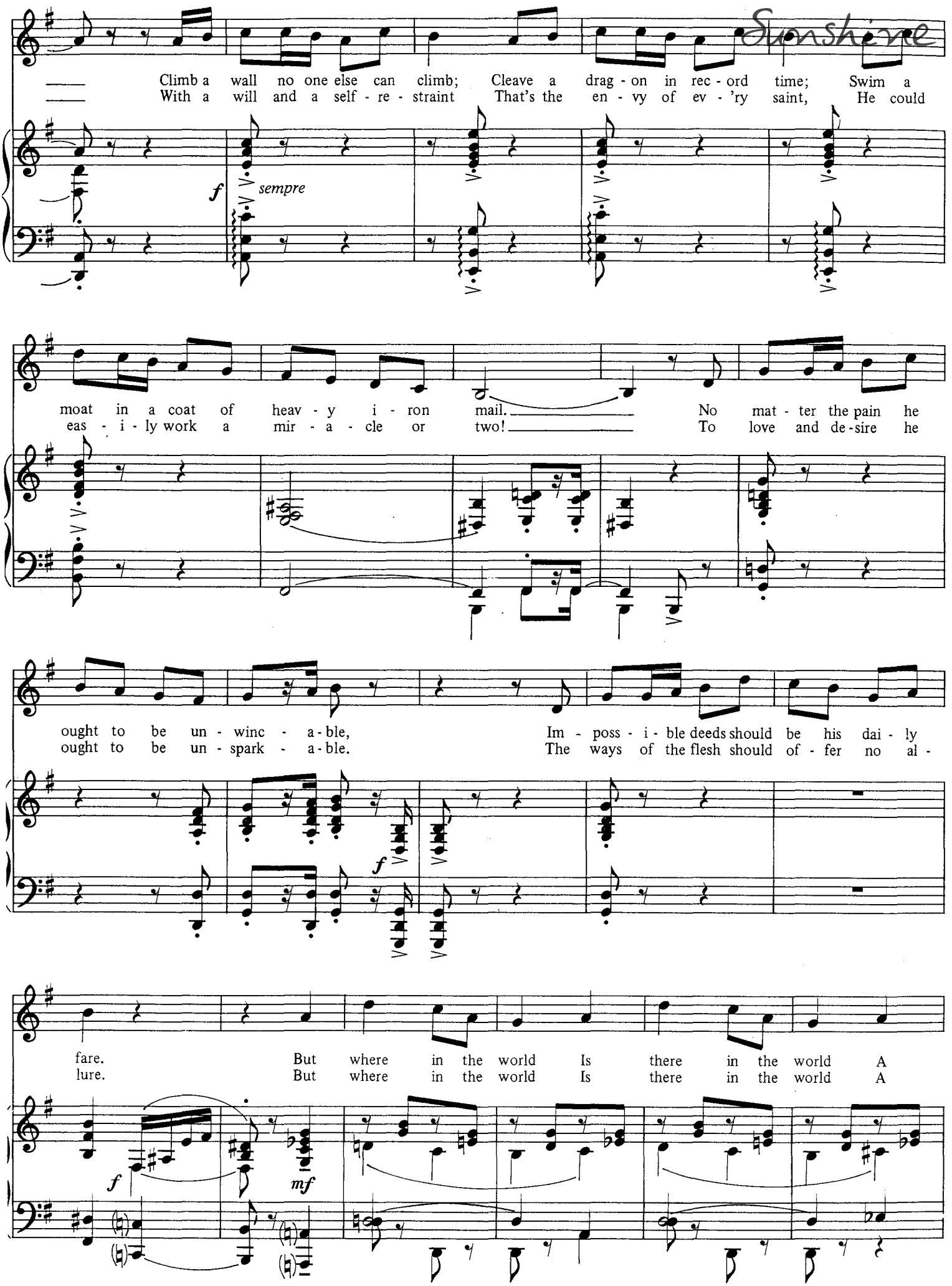

Sunshine
And here am I to give my all.
I
know in my soul what you ex - pect of me; And all that and
more I shall be!
A
knight of the ta - ble round should be in -
soul of a knight should be a thing re -
vin - ci - ble;
mark - a - ble:
Suc - ceed where a less fan - tas - tic man would fail;
His heart and his mind as pure as morn - ing dew.
p
mf
marcato
Alla marcia
f


Sunshine
Climb a wall no one else can climb; Cleave a drag - on in rec - ord time; Swim a
With a will and a self - re - straint That's the en - vy of ev - 'ry saint, He could
f sempre
moat in a coat of heav - y i - ron mail. No mat - ter the pain he
eas - i - ly work a mir - a - cle or two! To love and de - sire he
ought to be un - winc - a - ble, Im - poss - i - ble deeds should be his dai - ly
ought to be un - spark - a - ble. The ways of the flesh should of - fer no al -
f
fare. But where in the world Is there in the world A
lure. But where in the world Is there in the world A
f
mf

Sunshine

man so extra - or - di - naire? C'est
man so un - touch'd and pure? *(Spoken modestly) C'est moi. . .C'est

en dehors

Allegretto scherzando

moi! C'est moi, I'm forced to ad - mit! 'Tis I, I hum - bly re - ply. That
moi! C'est moi, I blush to dis - close, I'm far too no - ble to lie. That

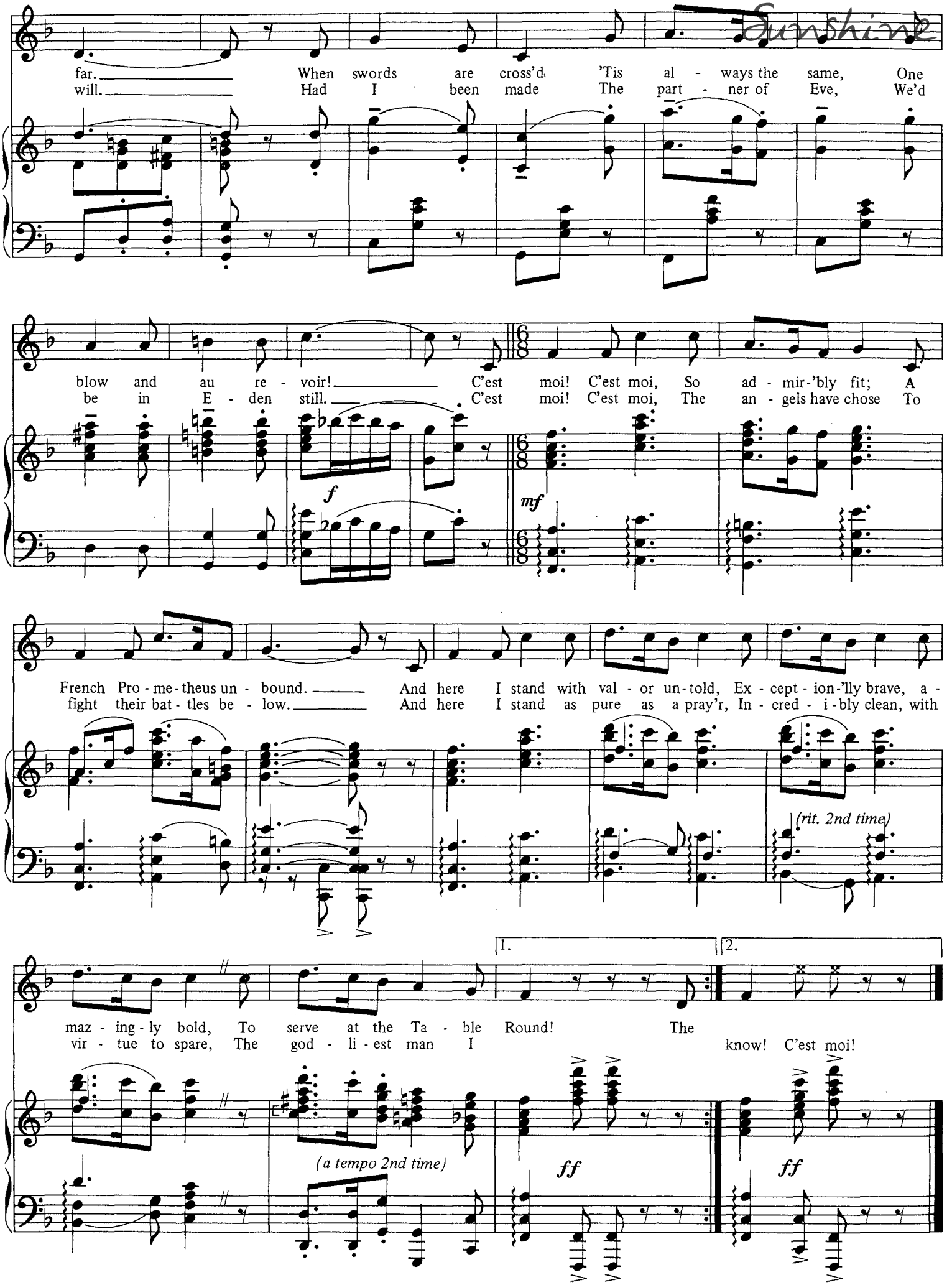
p

mor - tal who These mar - vels can do, C'est moi, C'est moi, 'tis I! I've
man in whom These qual - i - ties bloom, C'est moi, C'est moi, 'tis I! I've

mp

nev - er lost in bat - tle or game. I'm sim - ply the best by
nev - er stray'd From all I be - lieve. I'm bless'd with an i - ron

*2nd stanza only


Sunshine
far. When swords are cross'd 'Tis al - ways the same, One
will. Had I been made The part - ner of Eve, We'd
blow and au re - voir! C'est moi! C'est moi, So ad - mir-'bly fit; A
be in E - den still. C'est moi! C'est moi, The an - gels have chose To
f
mf
French Pro - me-theus un - bound. And here I stand with val - or un-told, Ex - cept - ion-'lly brave, a -
fight their bat - tles be - low. And here I stand as pure as a pray'r, In - cred - i-bly clean, with
(rit. 2nd time)
1.
2.
maz - ing-ly bold, To serve at the Ta - ble Round! The
vir - tue to spare, The god - li - est man I know! C'est moi!
(a tempo 2nd time)
ff
ff

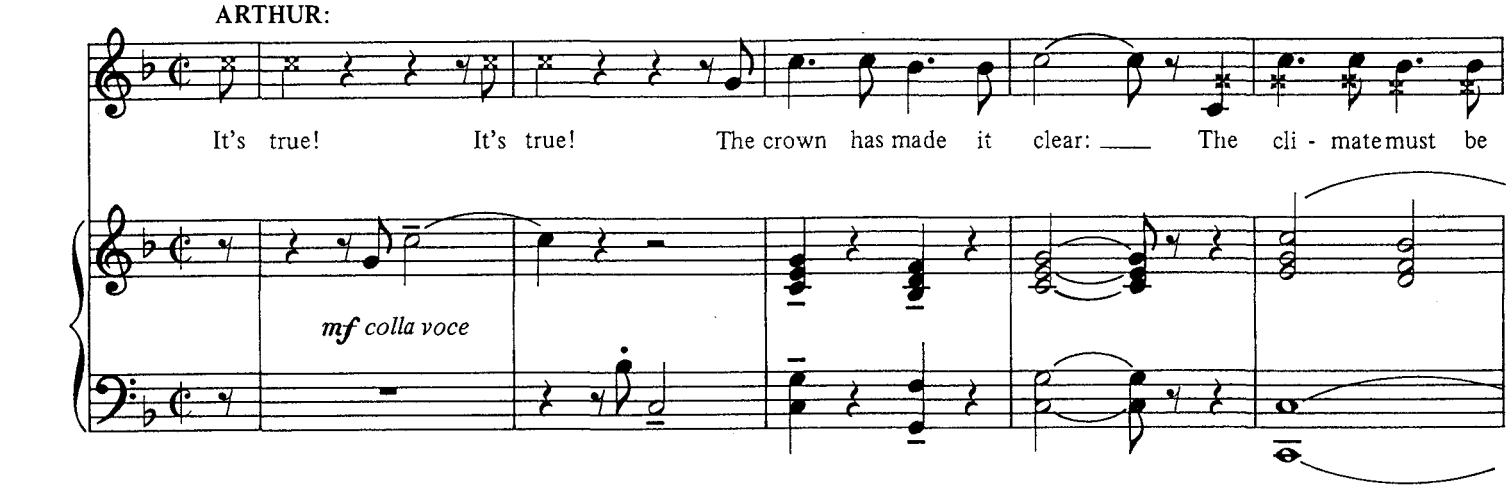
CAMELOT
from *Camelot*

Sunshine

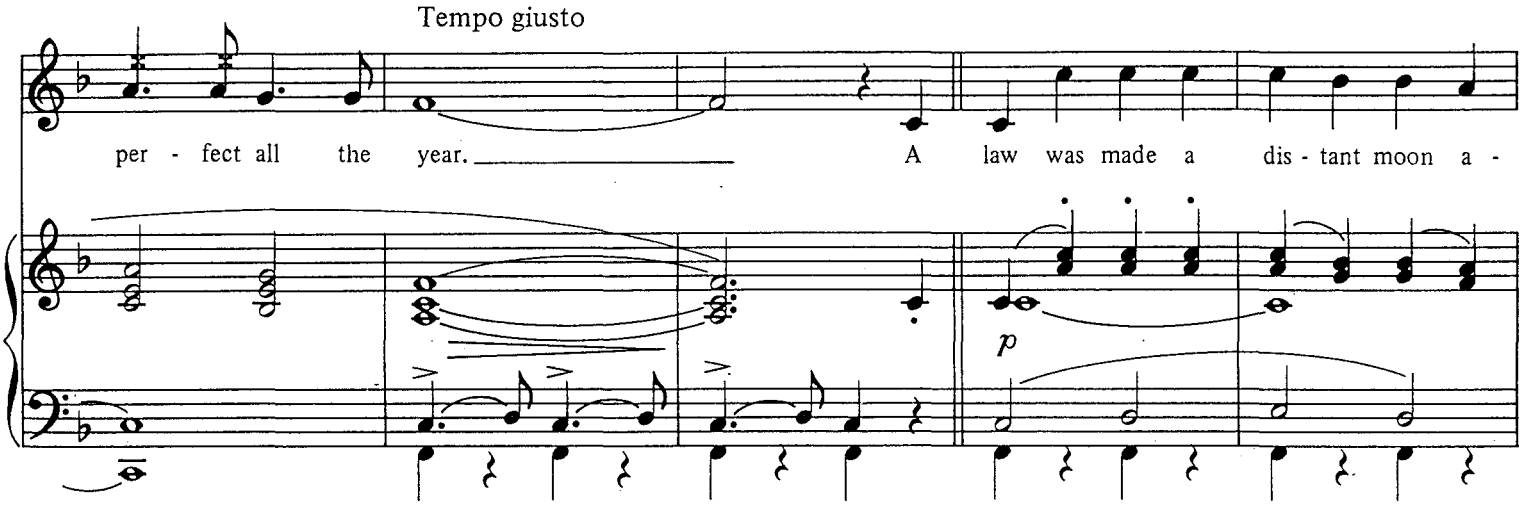
Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

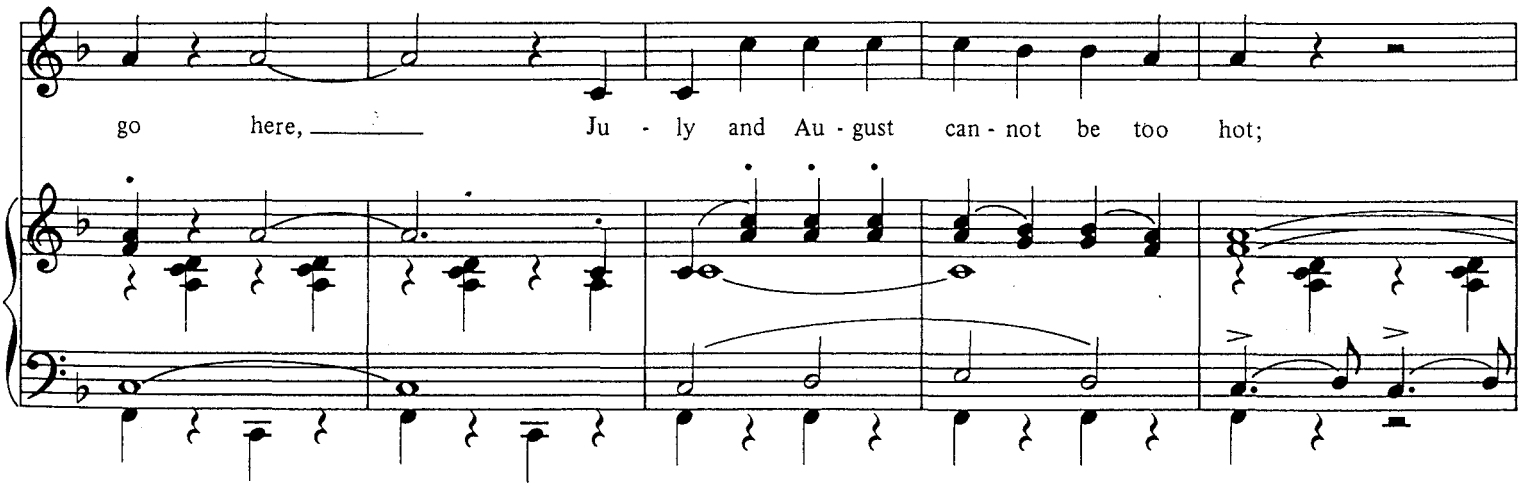
Moderato

ARTHUR:



Tempo giusto





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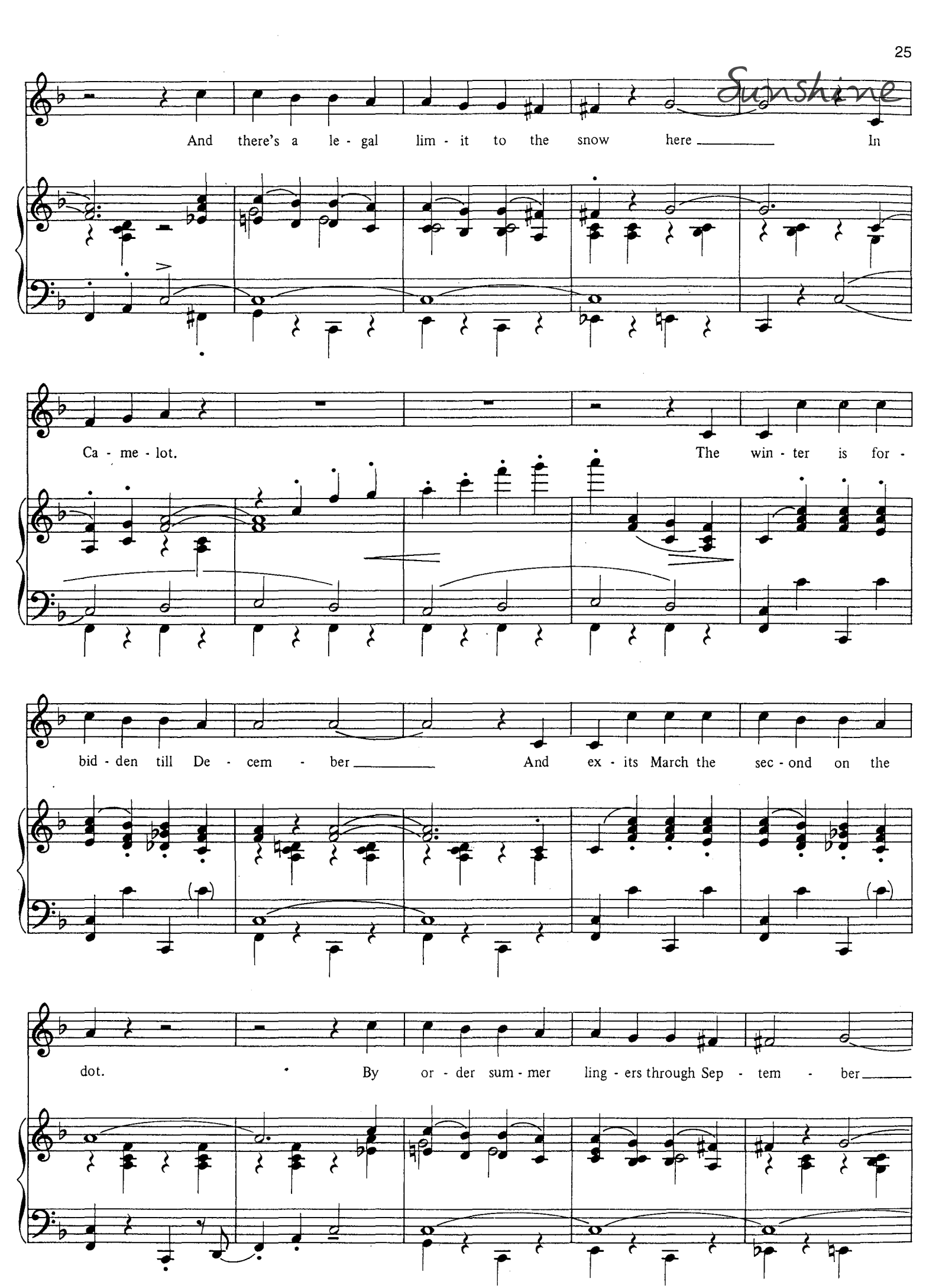
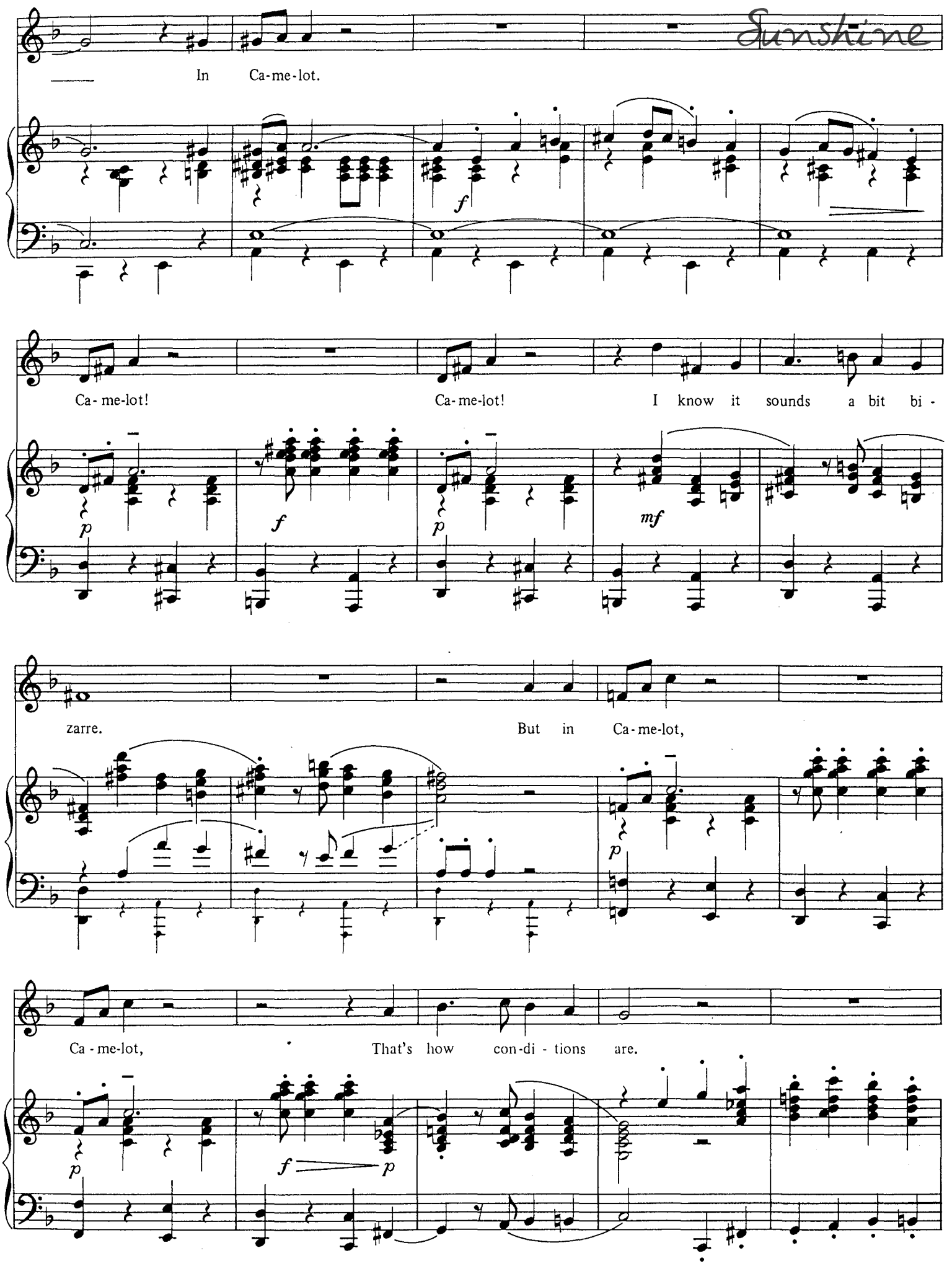
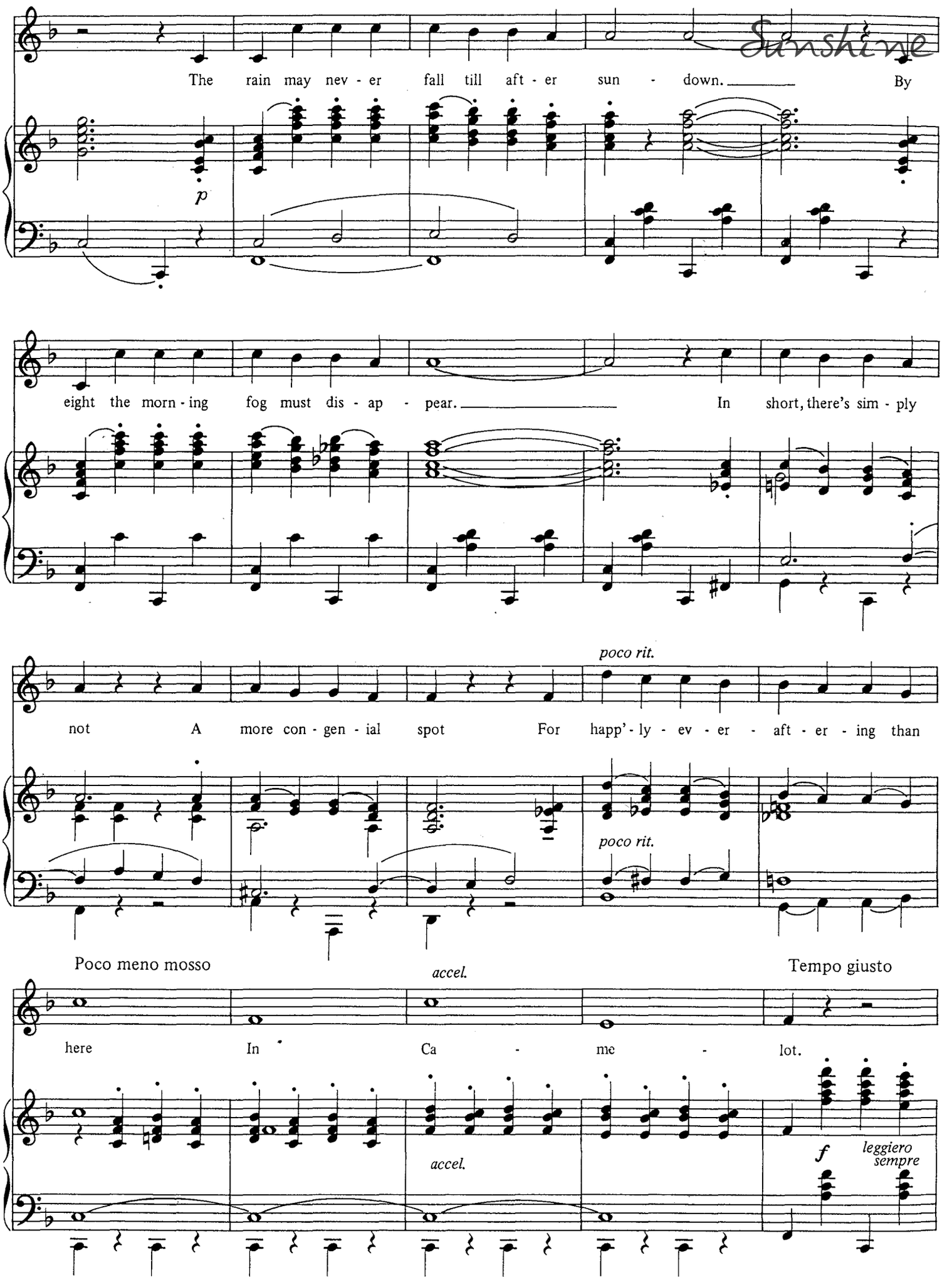
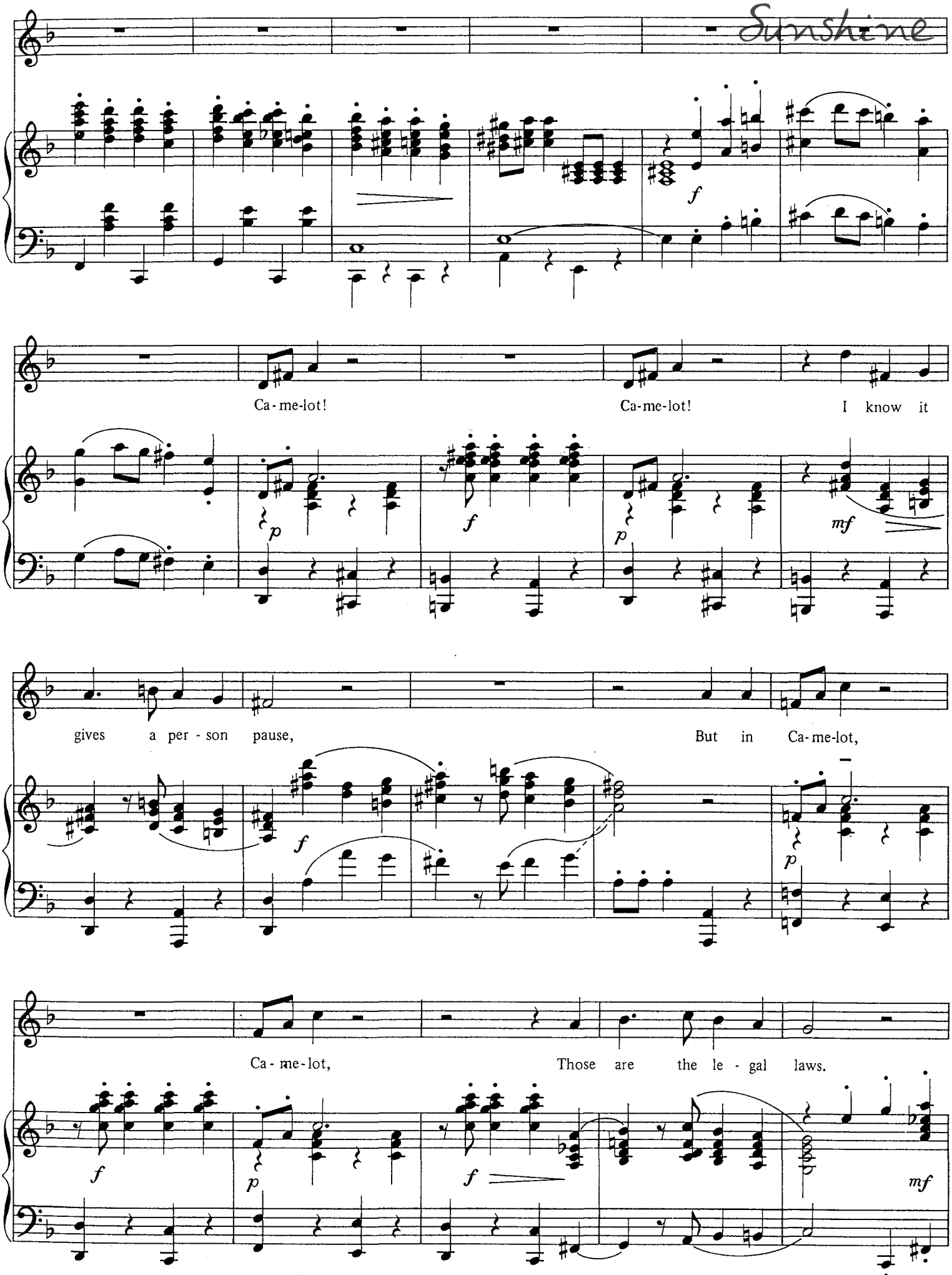
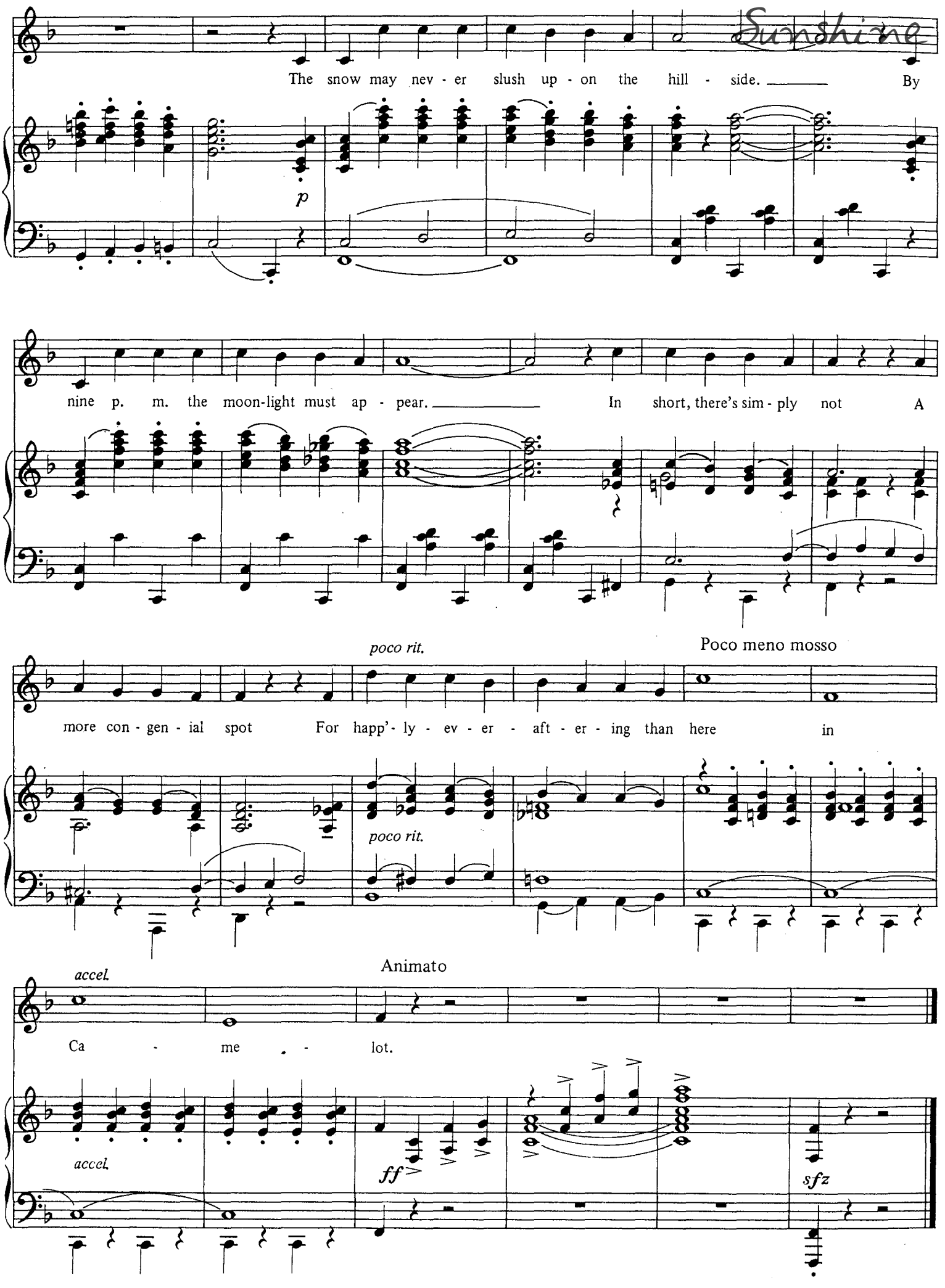

Sunshine
And there's a le - gal lim - it to the snow here In
Ca - me - lot. The win - ter is for -
bid - den till De - cem - ber And ex - its March the sec - ond on the
dot. By or - der sum - mer ling - ers through Sep - tem - ber


Sunshine
In Ca-me-lot.
Ca-me-lot! Ca-me-lot! I know it sounds a bit bi-
zarre. But in Ca-me-lot,
Ca-me-lot, That's how con-di-tions are.


Sunshine
The rain may nev - er fall till aft - er sun - down. By
p
eight the morn - ing fog must dis - ap - pear. In short, there's sim - ply
poco rit.
not A more con - gen - ial spot For happ' - ly - ev - er - aft - er - ing than
poco rit.
Poco meno mosso
accel.
Tempo giusto
here In Ca - me - lot.
accel.
f
leggiero sempre


Sunshine
Ca-me-lot!
Ca-me-lot!
I know it
gives a per-son pause,
But in Ca-me-lot,
Ca-me-lot,
Those are the le-gal laws.


Sunshine
The snow may nev - er slush up - on the hill - side. By
p
nine p. m. the moon-light must ap - pear. In short, there's sim - ply not A
poco rit.
Poco meno mosso
more con - gen - ial spot For happ'- ly - ev - er - aft - er - ing than here in
poco rit.
accel.
Animato
Ca - me - lot.
accel.
ff
sfz

HOW TO HANDLE A WOMAN

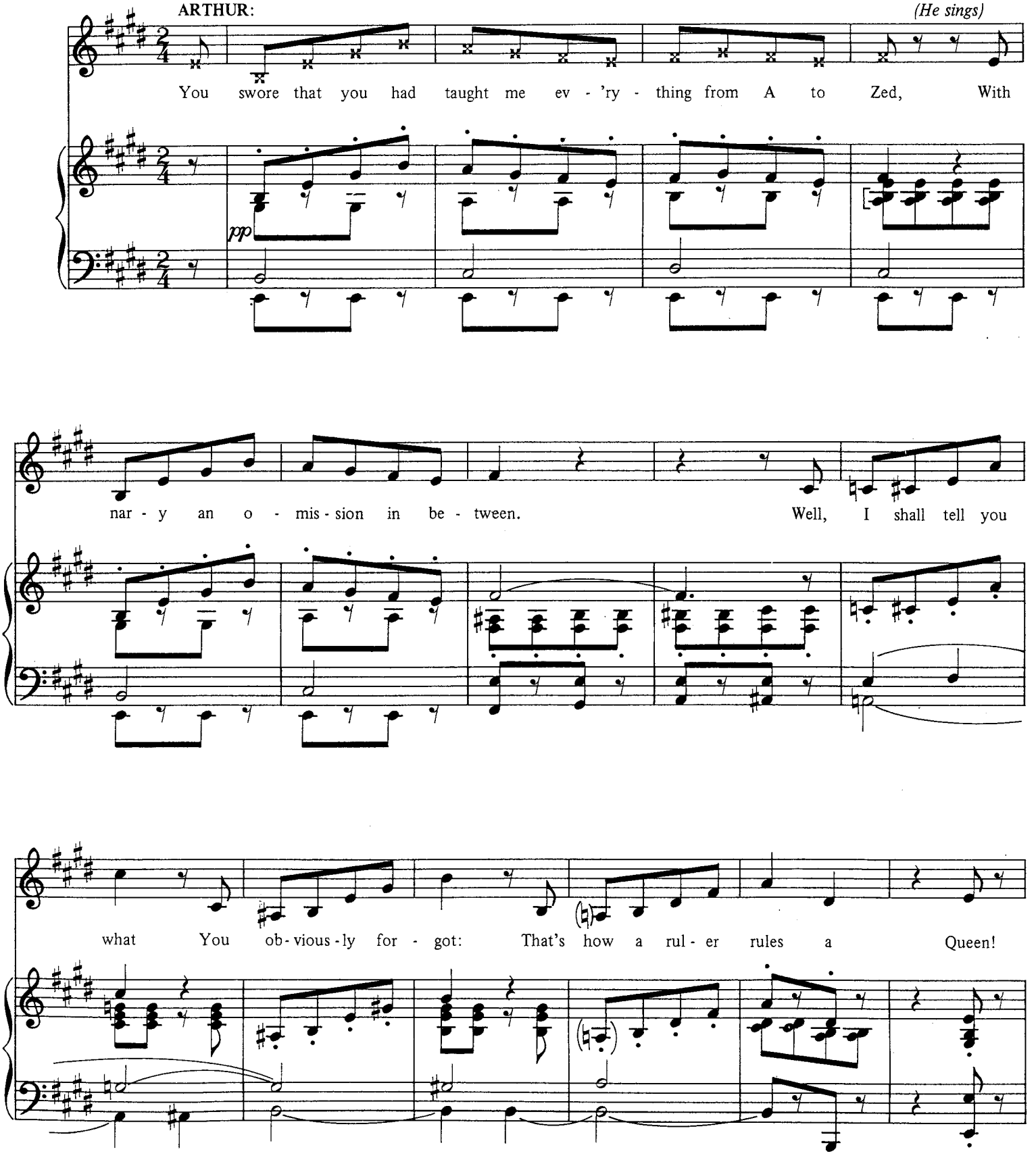
from *Camelot*

Sunshine

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Vivace

ARTHUR: *(He sings)*



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Sunshine

f *sfz*

And what of teach - ing me by turn - ing me to an - i - mal and

sfz *stacc.* *pp* *staccato*

bird, From beav - er to the small - est bob - o - link!

I should have had a whirl At chang - ing to a girl, To

learn the way the crea - tures think!

f

But

sfz

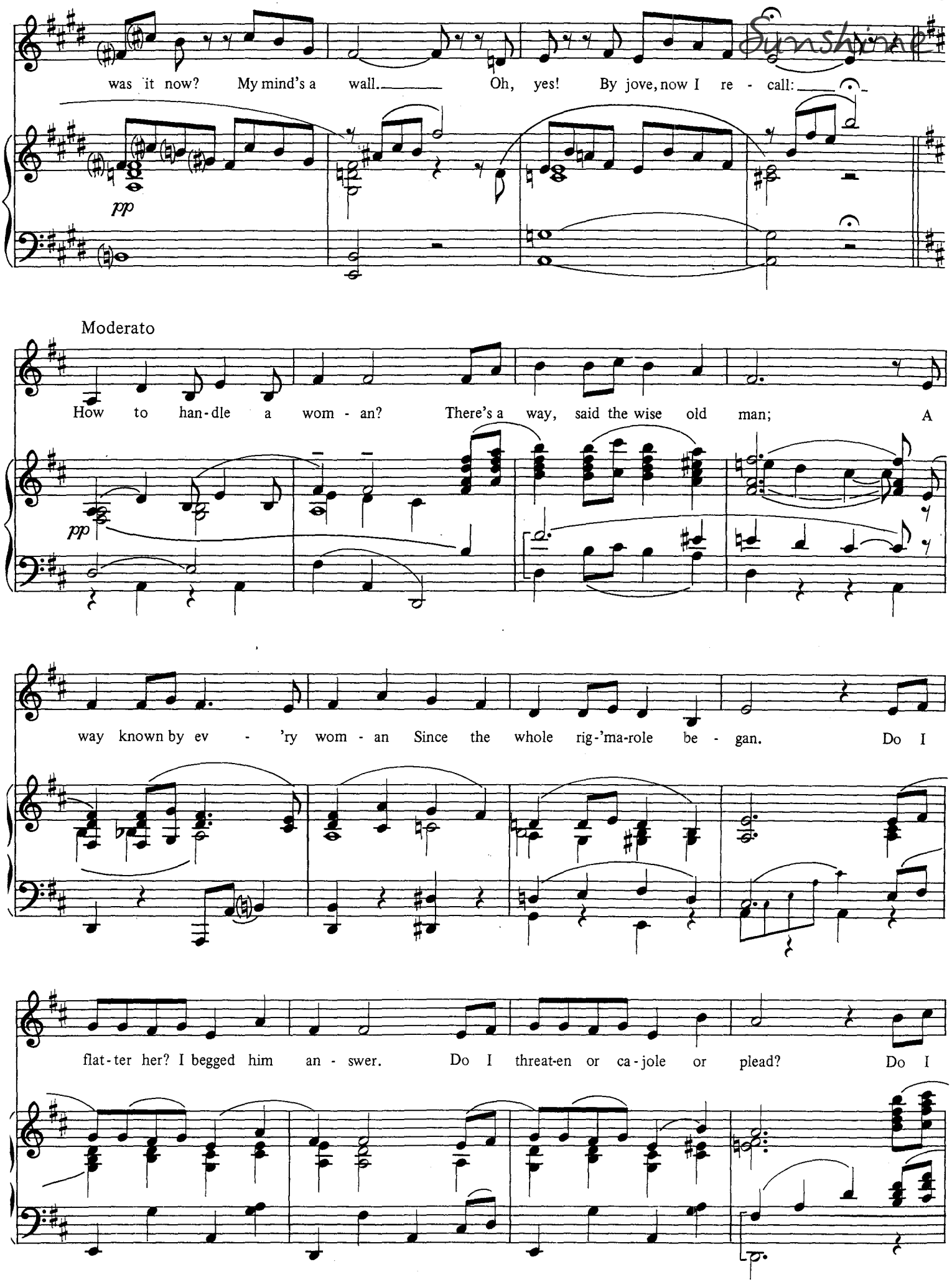
Tranquillo

was-n't there a night, on a sum-mer long gone by, We pass'd a cou-ple wran - gling a - way; And

pp

did I not say, Mer - lyn: What if that chap were I? And did he not give coun - sel and say... What

espr.


was it now? My mind's a wall. Oh, yes! By jove, now I re - call:
pp
Moderato
How to han-dle a wom - an? There's a way, said the wise old man; A
pp
way known by ev - 'ry wom - an Since the whole rig-'ma-role be - gan. Do I
flat-ter her? I begged him an - swer. Do I threat-en or ca-jole or plead? Do I

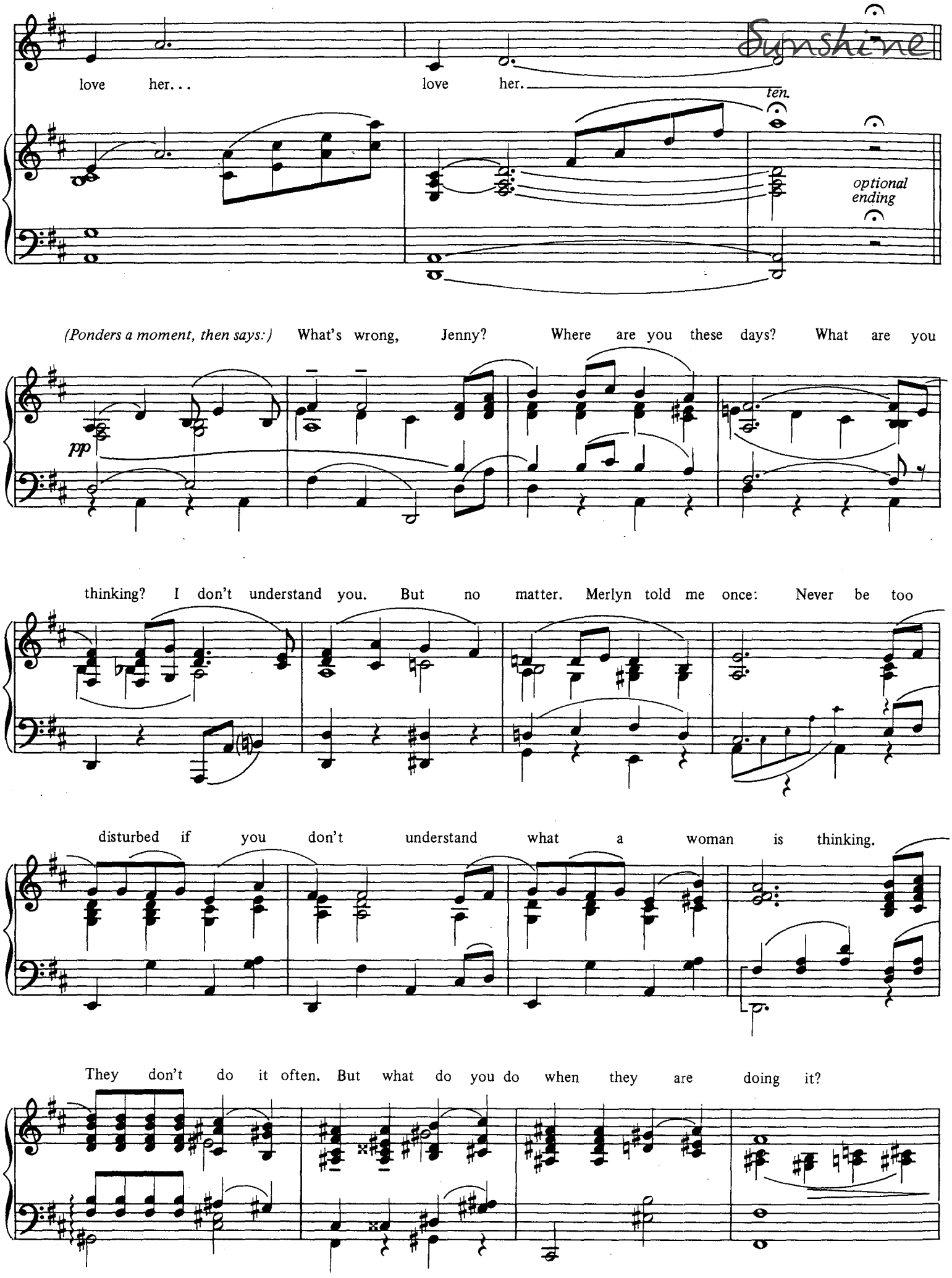
brood or play the gay ro - manc - er? Said he, smil - ing: No in -

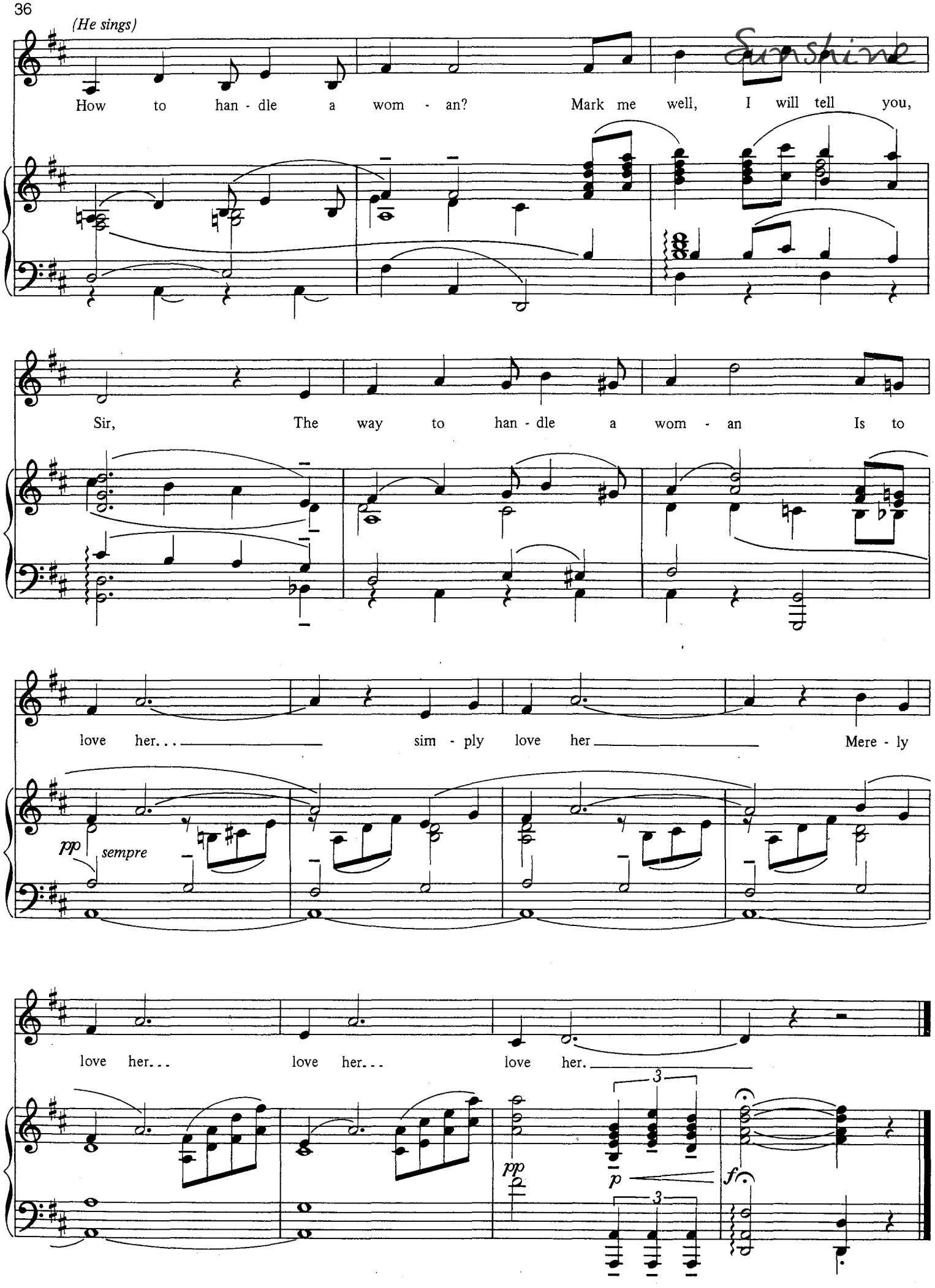
deed. How to han-dle a wom - an? Mark me well, I will tell you,

Sir: The way to han-dle a wom - an Is to love her...

simp - ly love her... Mere - ly love her...

pp


Sunshine
love her... love her.
ten.
optional ending
(Ponders a moment, then says:) What's wrong, Jenny? Where are you these days? What are you
pp
thinking? I don't understand you. But no matter. Merlyn told me once: Never be too
disturbed if you don't understand what a woman is thinking.
They don't do it often. But what do you do when they are doing it?

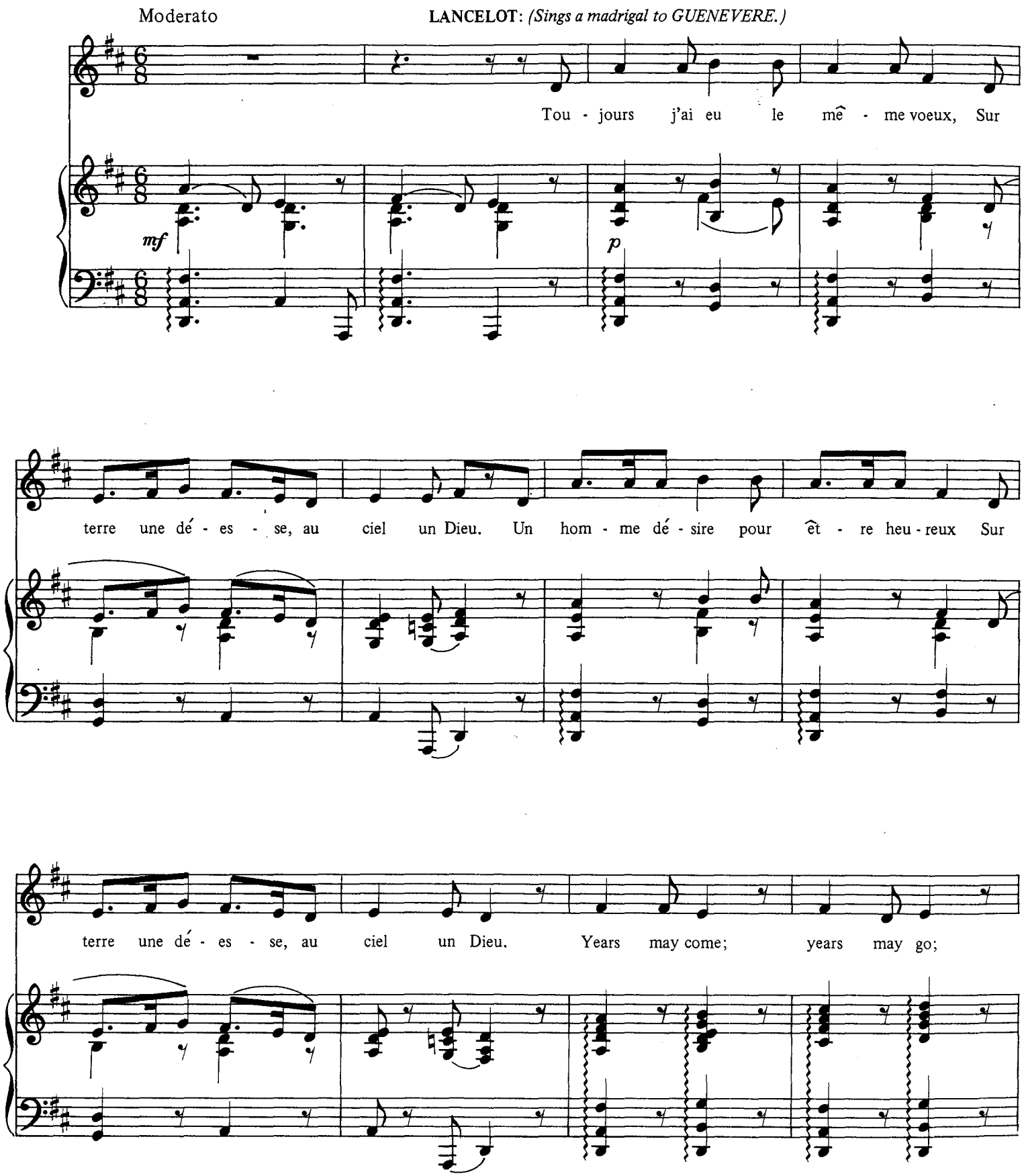

(He sings)
How to han - dle a wom - an? Mark me well, I will tell you,
Sir, The way to han - dle a wom - an Is to
love her... sim - ply love her Mere - ly
pp sempre
love her... love her... love her.
pp
p
f
3
3

IF EVER I WOULD LEAVE YOU

Sunshine

from *Camelot*

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE



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This, I know, will e'er be so: The rea - son to live is on - ly to love A

god - dess on earth and a God a - bove.

pp

poco rit.

Con espressione

If ev - er I would leave you It would - n't be in

mf

Sunshine

sum - mer; See - ing you in sum - mer, I nev - er would

go. Your hair streaked with sun - light... Your lips red as

flame... Your face with a lus - tre That puts gold to

shame. But if I'd ev - er leave you, it could - n't be in

au - tumn. How I'd leave in au - tumn, I nev - er would

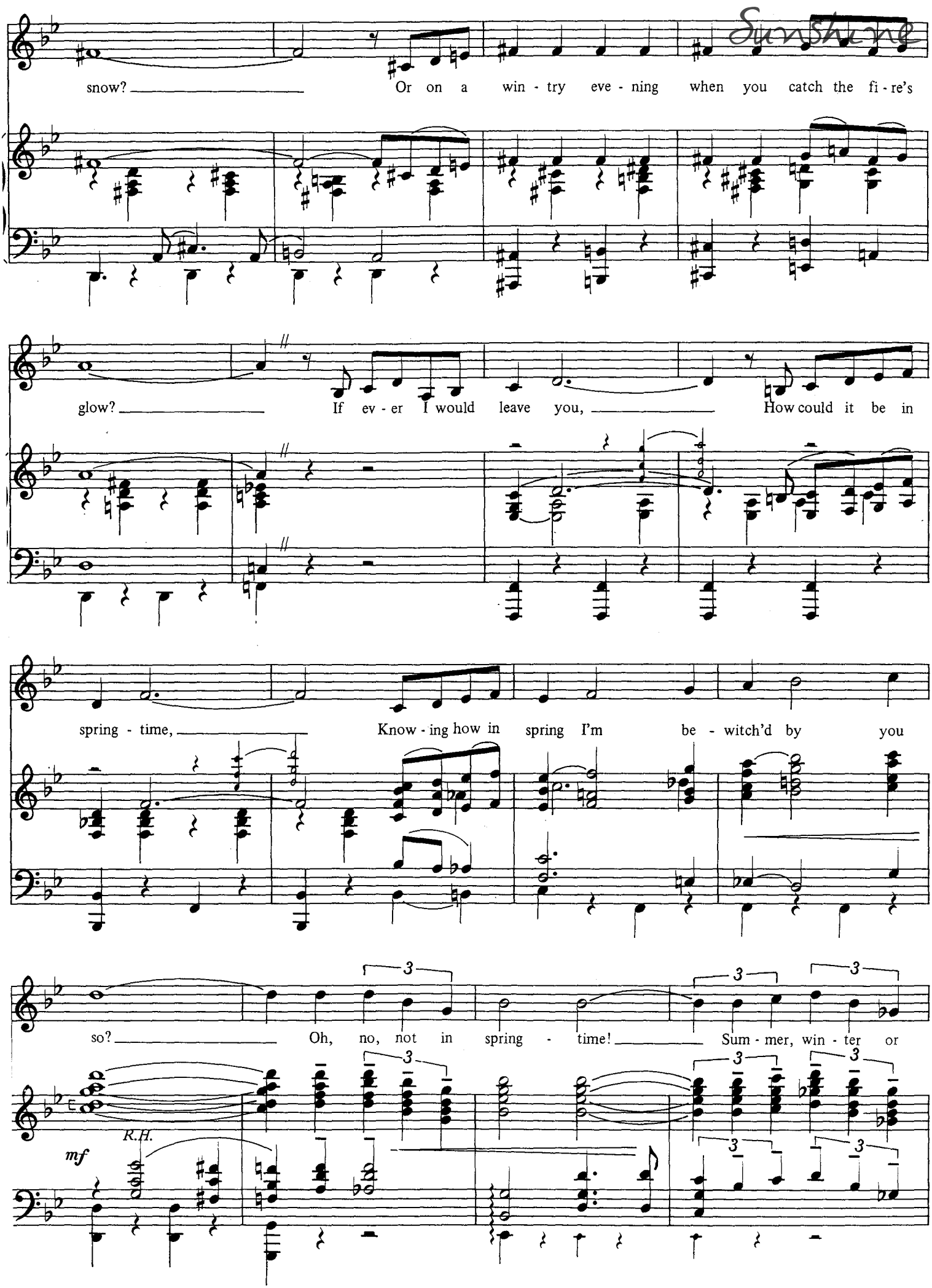
R.H.

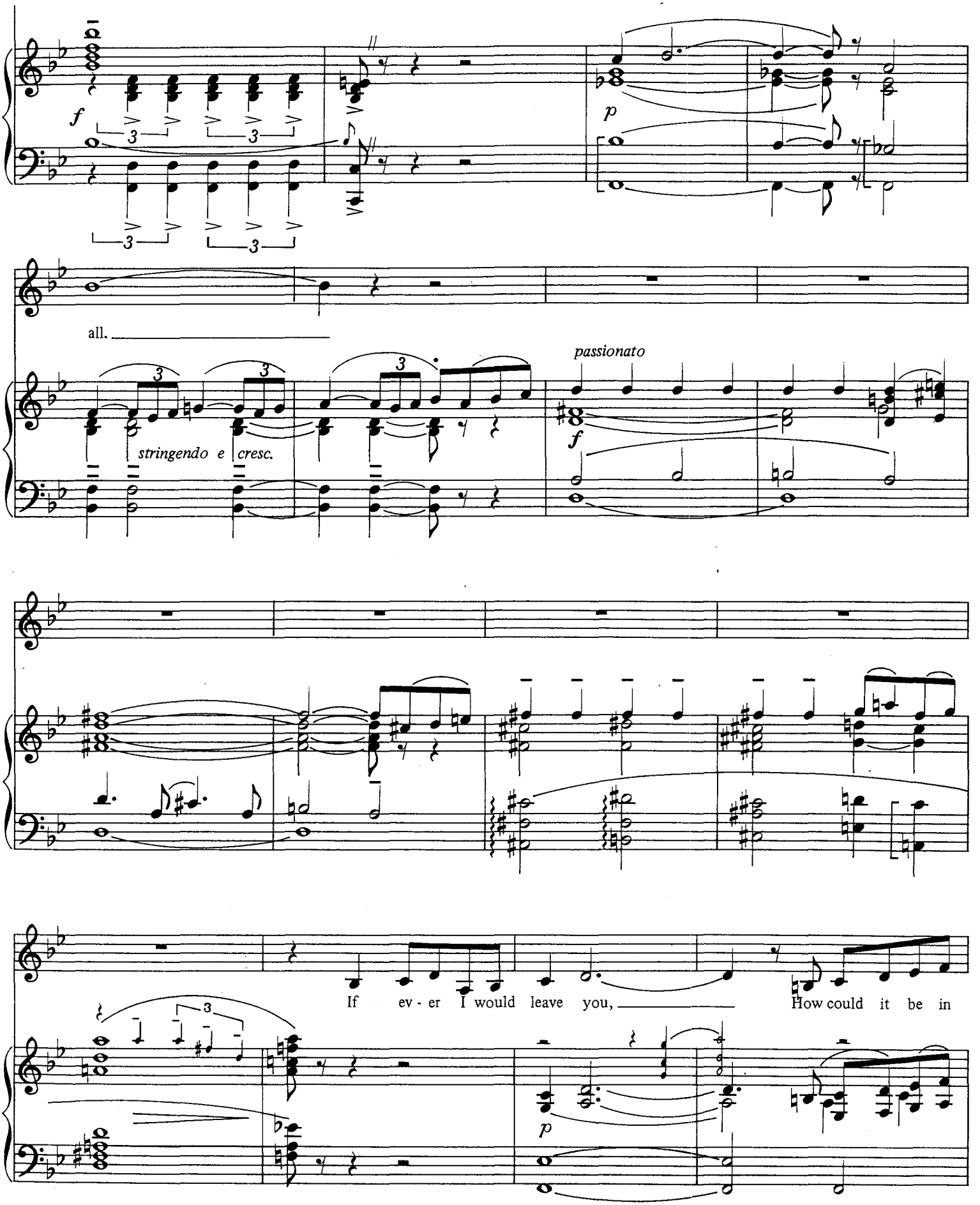
know. I've seen how you spar - kle When fall nips the

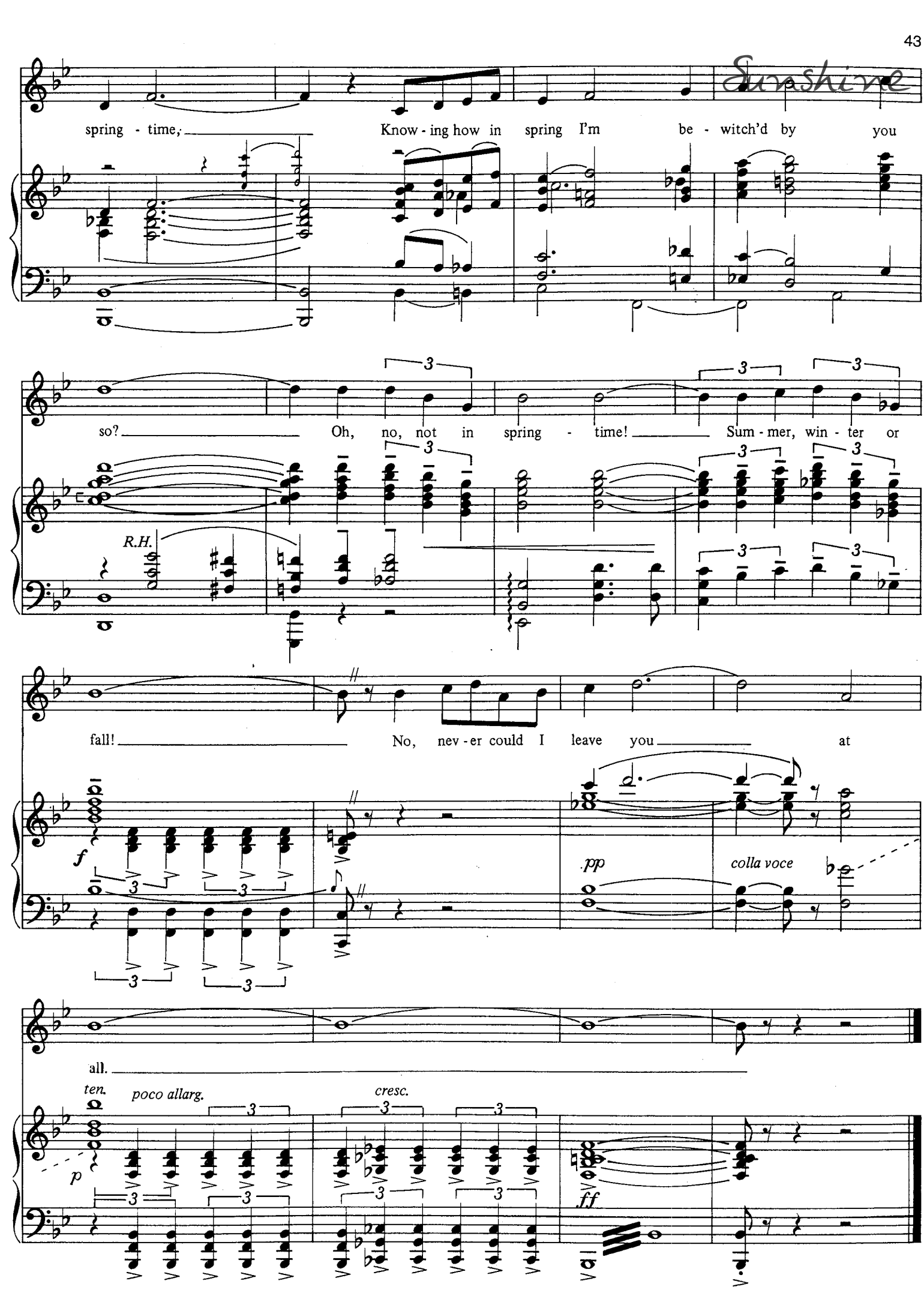
air. I know you in au - tumn And I must be

there. And could I leave you run - ning mer - ri - ly through the

pp espr.


Sunshine
snow? Or on a win - try eve - ning when you catch the fi - re's
glow? If ev - er I would leave you, How could it be in
spring - time, Know - ing how in spring I'm be - witch'd by you
so? Oh, no, not in spring - time! Sum - mer, win - ter or
R.H.
mf


f
p
all.
passionato
stringendo e cresc.
f
If ev - er I would leave you,
How could it be in
p

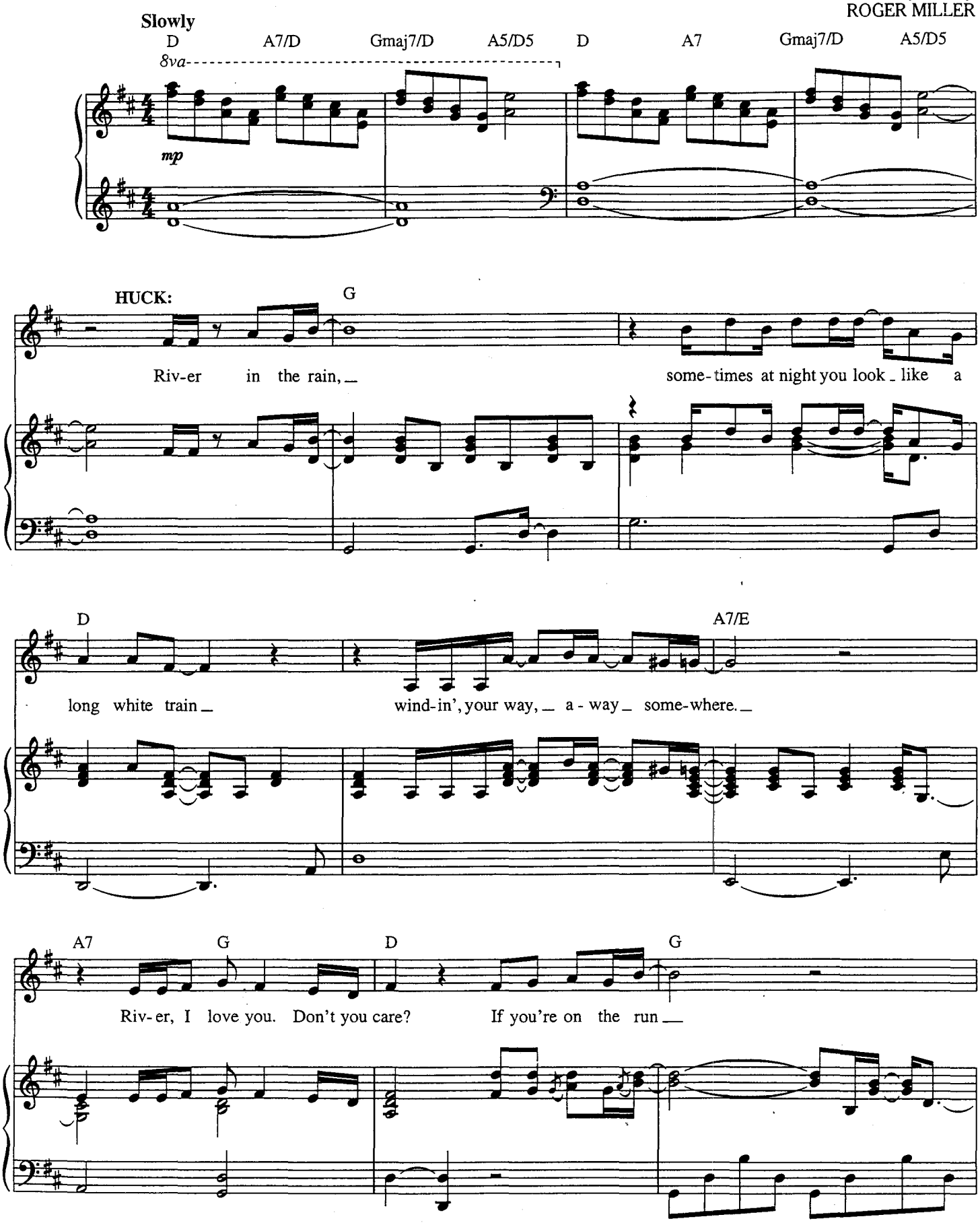

Sunshine
spring - time, Know - ing how in spring I'm be - witch'd by you
so? Oh, no, not in spring - time! Sum - mer, win - ter or
R.H.
fall! No, nev - er could I leave you at
f
pp
colla voce
all.
ten.
poco allarg.
cresc.
p
ff

RIVER IN THE RAIN

Sunshine

from *Big River*

Music and Lyrics by
ROGER MILLER



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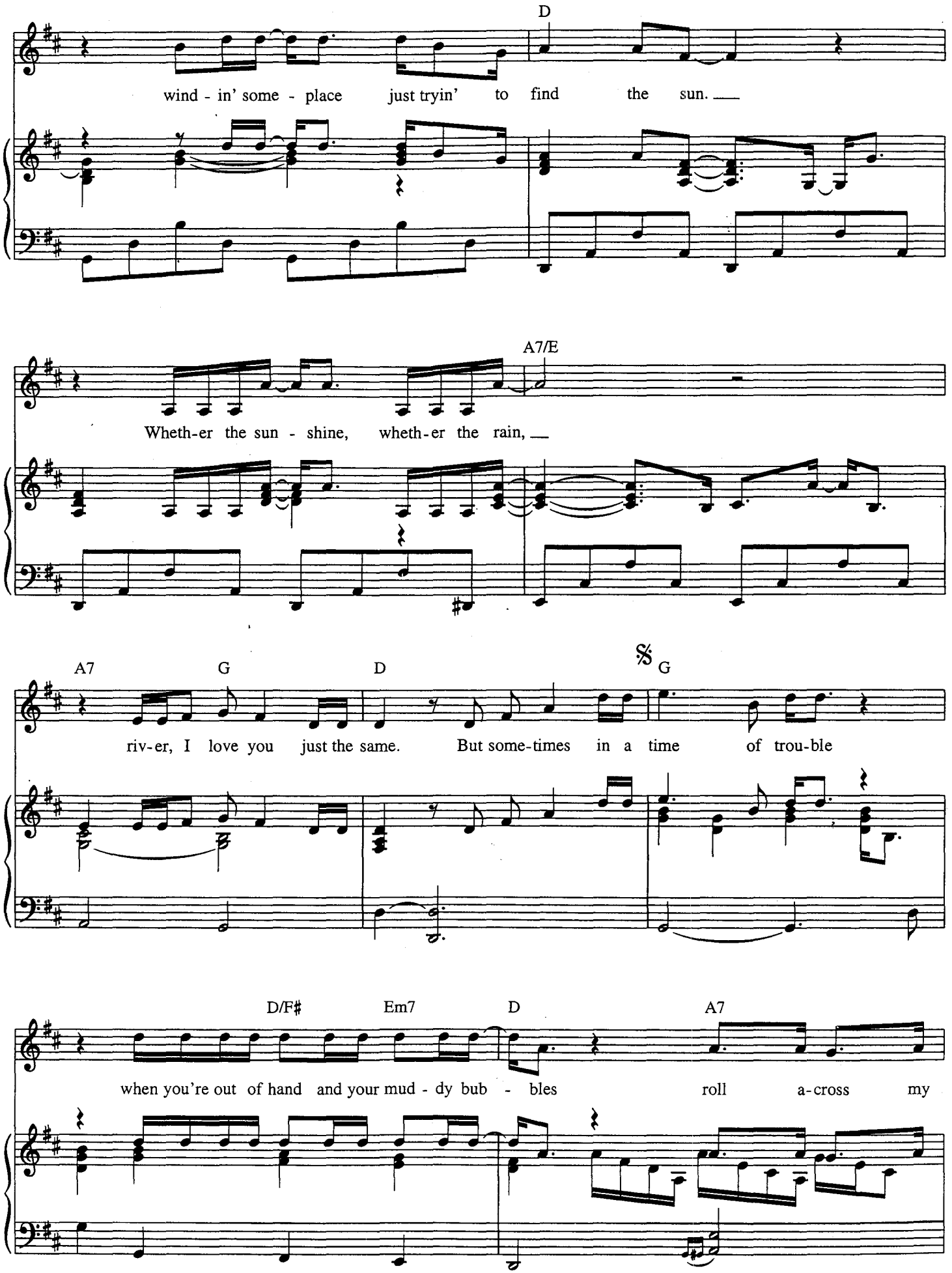
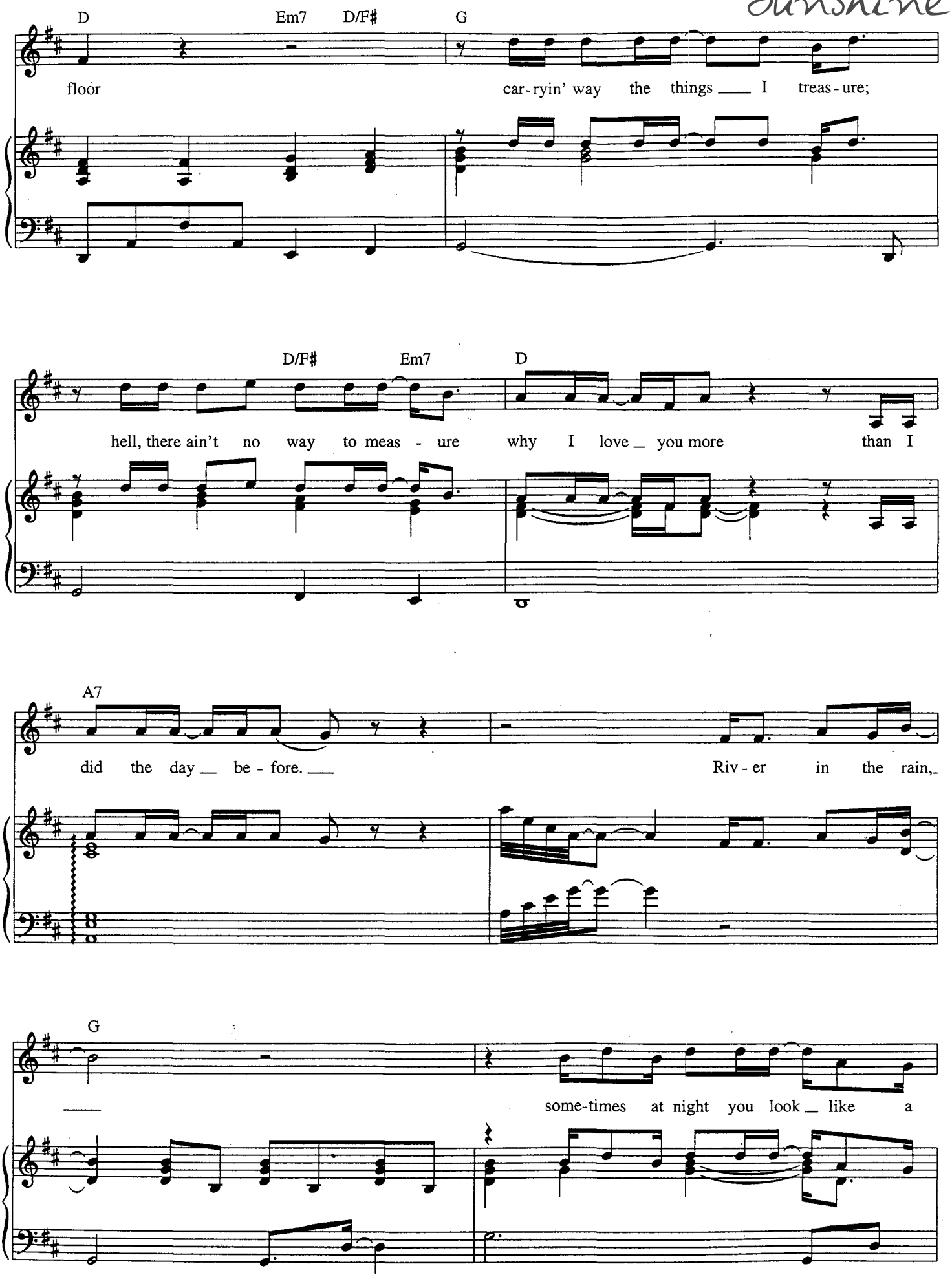
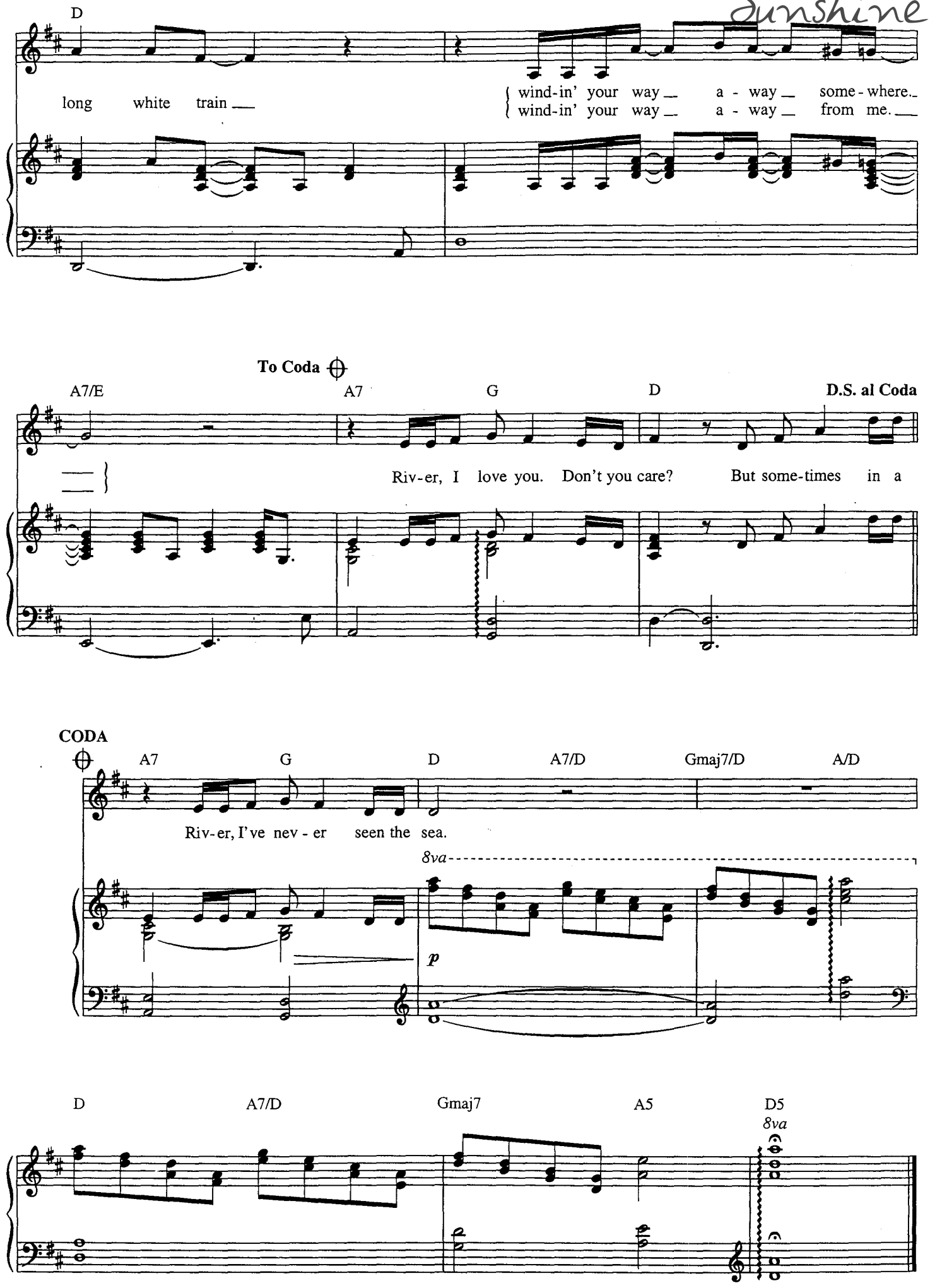

D
wind - in' some - place just tryin' to find the sun.
A7/E
Wheth-er the sun - shine, wheth-er the rain,
A7
G
D
𝄋
G
riv-er, I love you just the same. But some-times in a time of trou-ble
D/F♯
Em7
D
A7
when you're out of hand and your mud - dy bub - bles roll a-cross my


D
Em7
D/F♯
G
floor
car-ryin' way the things ___ I treas-ure;
D/F♯
Em7
D
hell, there ain't no way to meas - ure
why I love _ you more
than I
A7
did the day _ be - fore. ___
Riv - er in the rain,
G
___
some-times at night you look _ like a


D
long white train
wind-in' your way a - way some - where.
wind-in' your way a - way from me.
To Coda
A7/E
A7
G
D
D.S. al Coda
Riv-er, I love you. Don't you care? But some-times in a
CODA
A7
G
D
A7/D
Gmaj7/D
A/D
Riv-er, I've nev - er seen the sea.
8va
p
D
A7/D
Gmaj7
A5
D5
8va

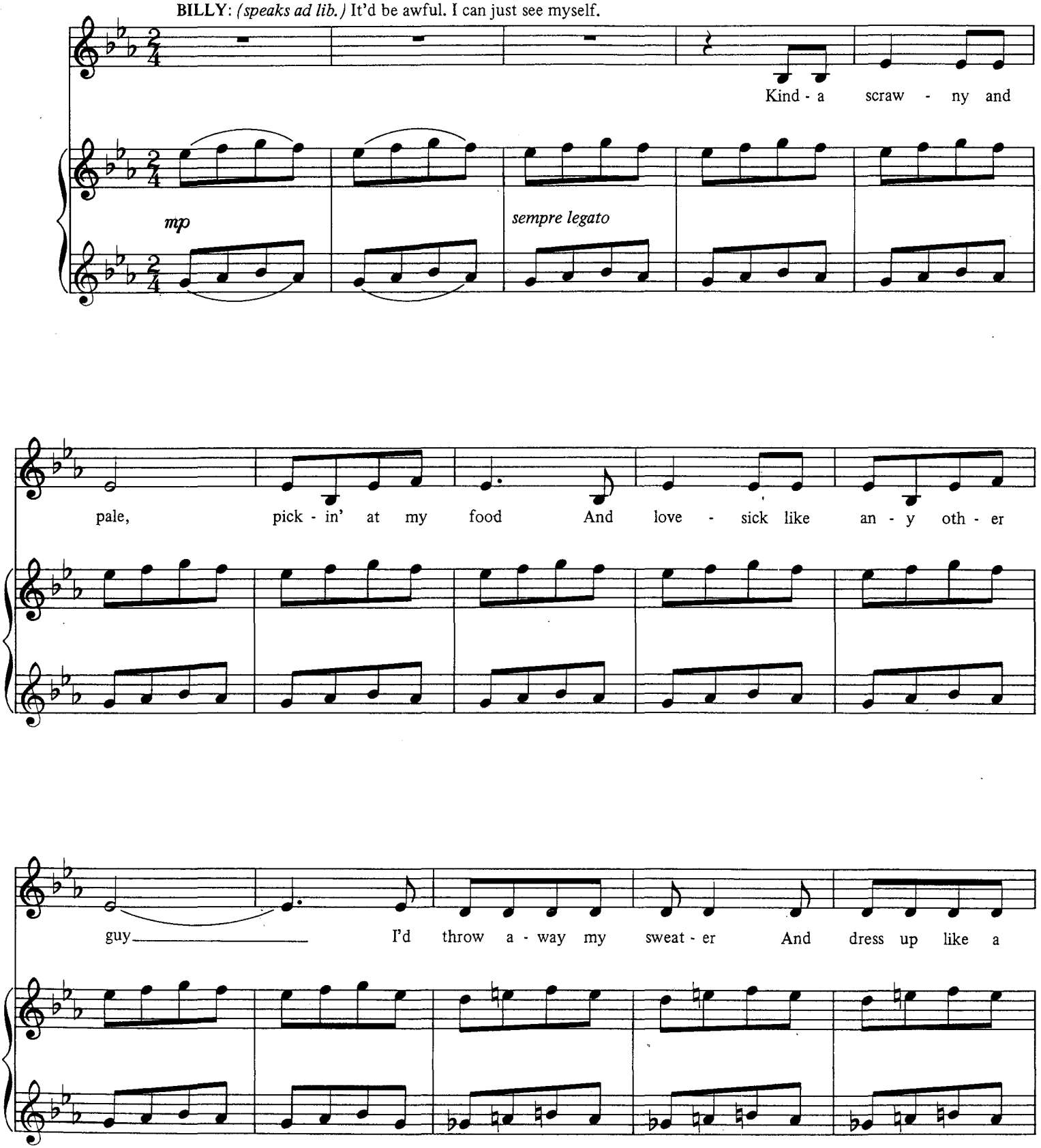
IF I LOVED YOU
from *Carousel*

Sunshine

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto moderato

BILLY: *(speaks ad lib.)* It'd be awful. I can just see myself.



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Sunshine

dude In a dick - ey and a col - lar and a tie. If I

loved you! But

Broadly

some - how I can see Just ex - act - ly how I'd be.

rall.

mf

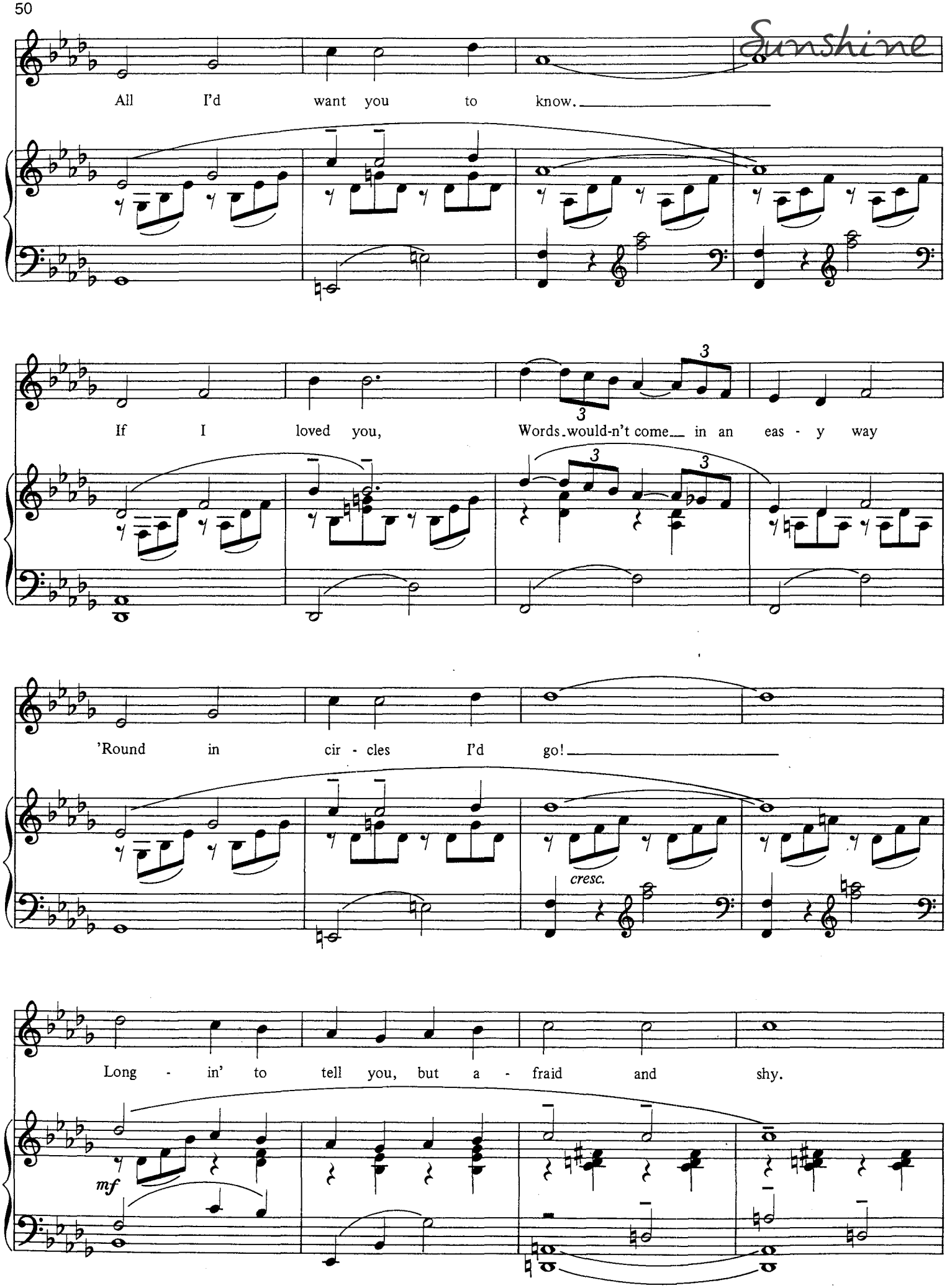
rall.

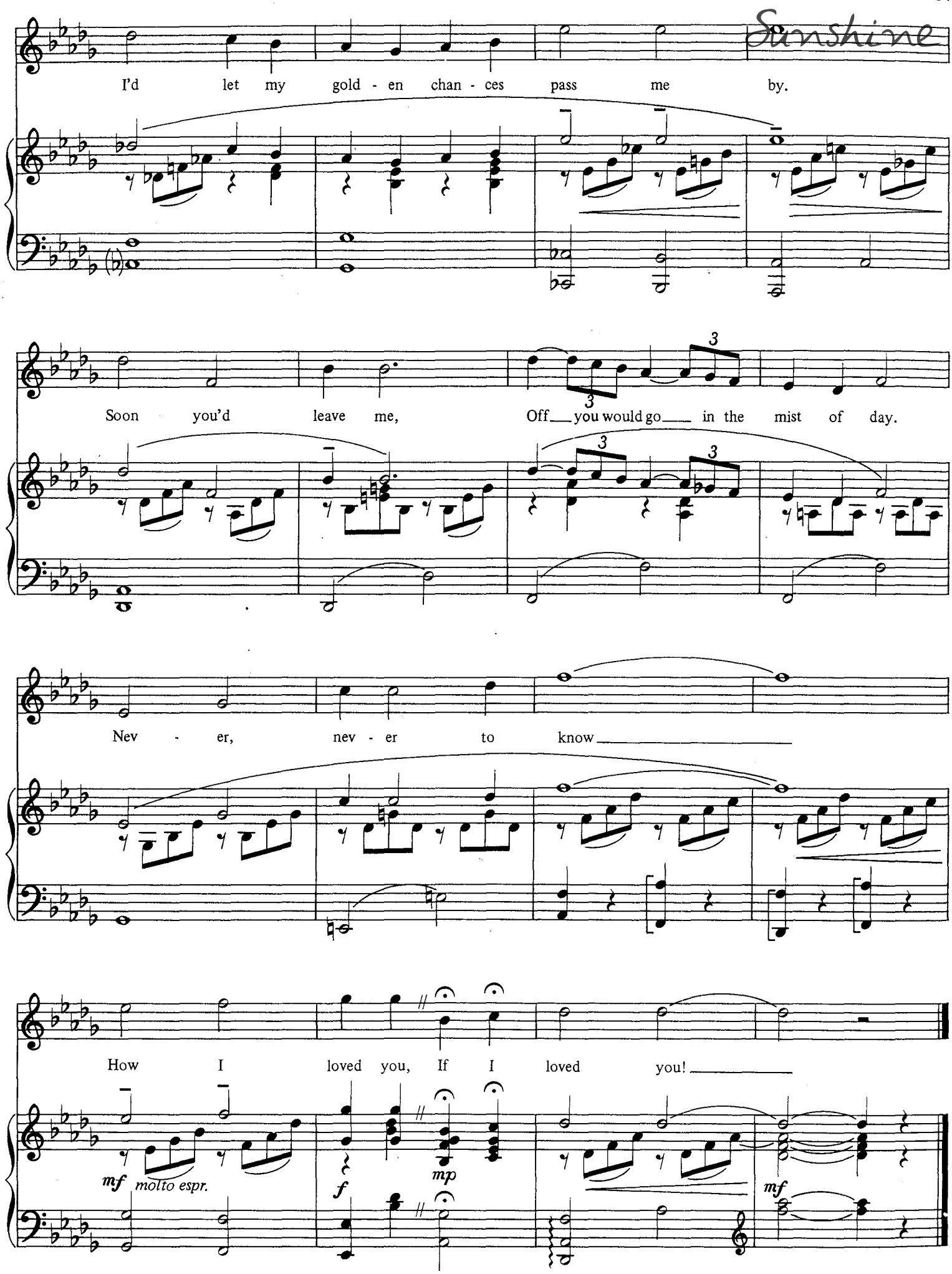
Moderato espressivo

a tempo

If I loved you, Time and a - gain I would try to say

p *a tempo*

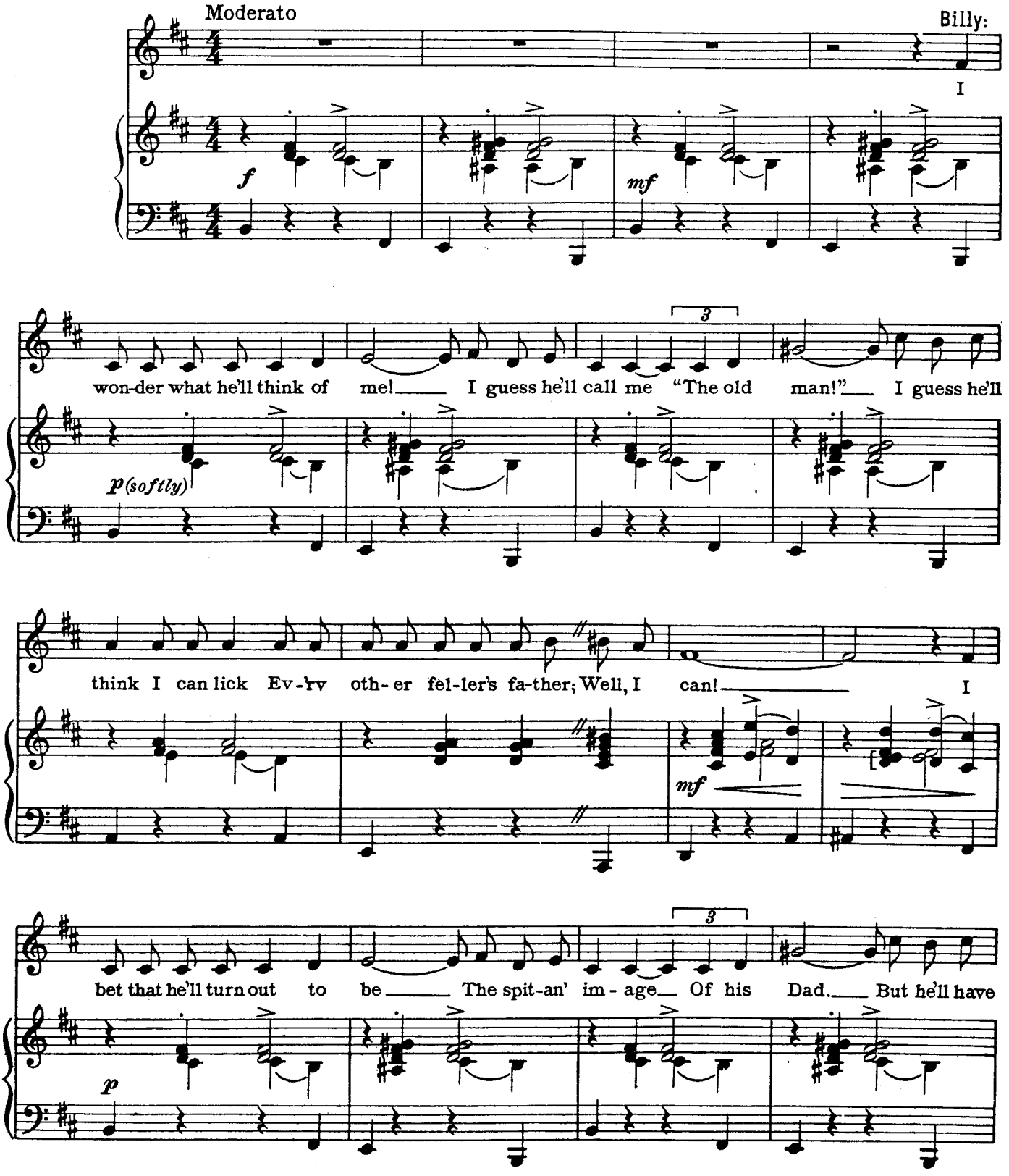

Sunshine
All I'd want you to know.
If I loved you, Words would-n't come in an eas - y way
'Round in cir - cles I'd go!
cresc.
Long - in' to tell you, but a - fraid and shy.
mf


Sunshine
I'd let my gold - en chan - ces pass me by.
Soon you'd leave me, Off you would go in the mist of day.
Nev - er, nev - er to know
How I loved you, If I loved you!
mf molto espr.
mp
f
mf

SOLILOQUY
from *Carousel*

Sunshine

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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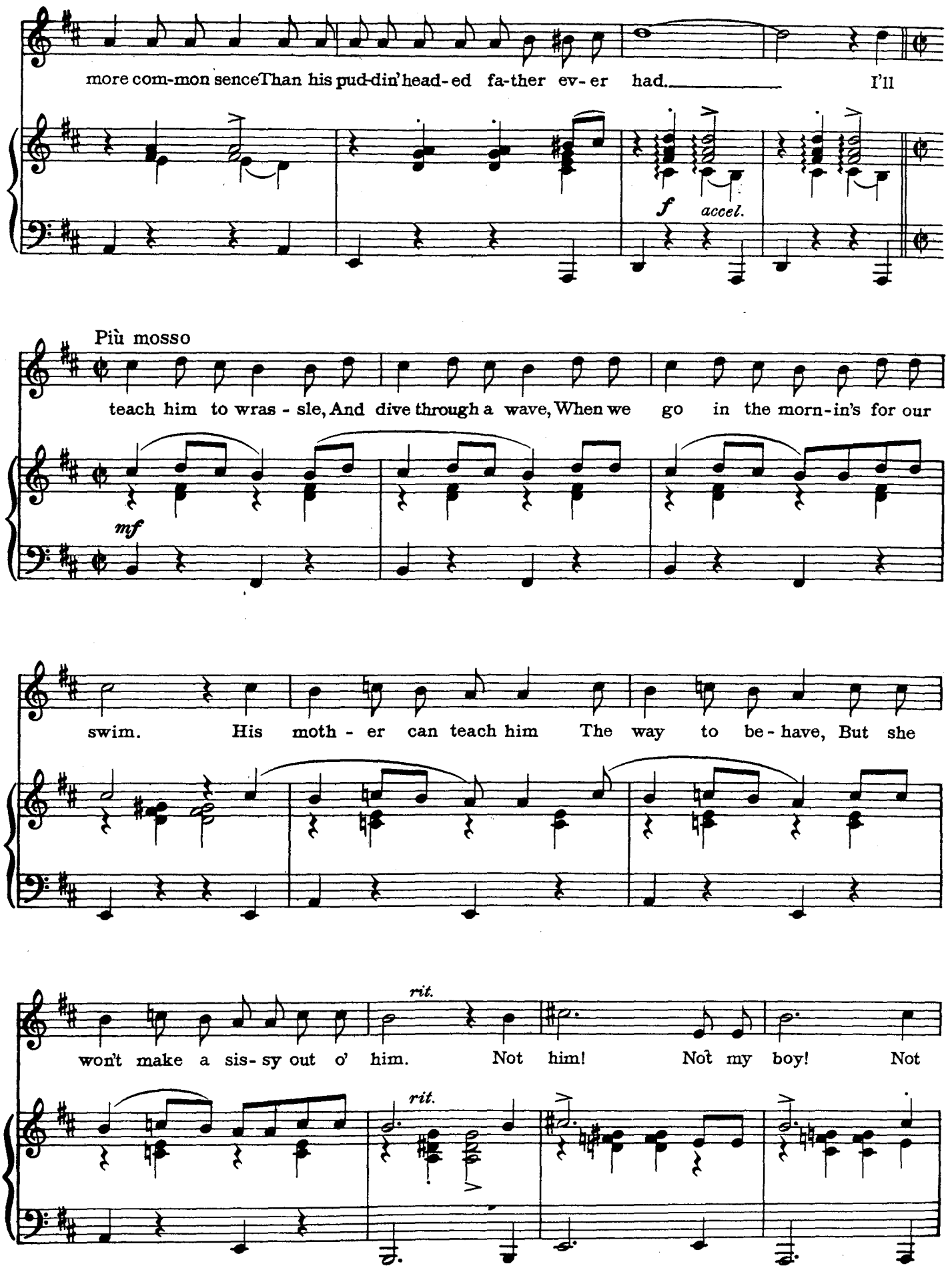
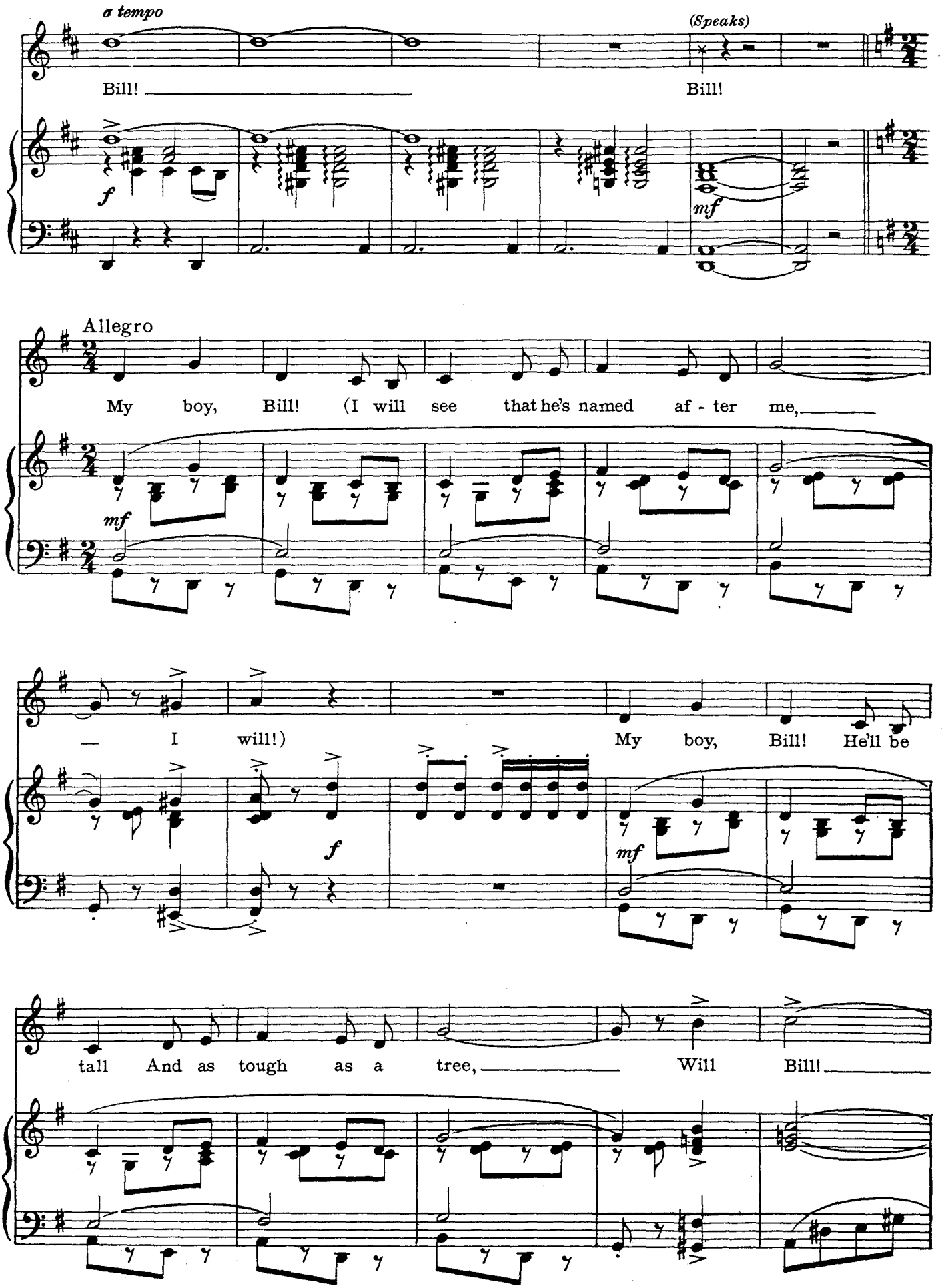
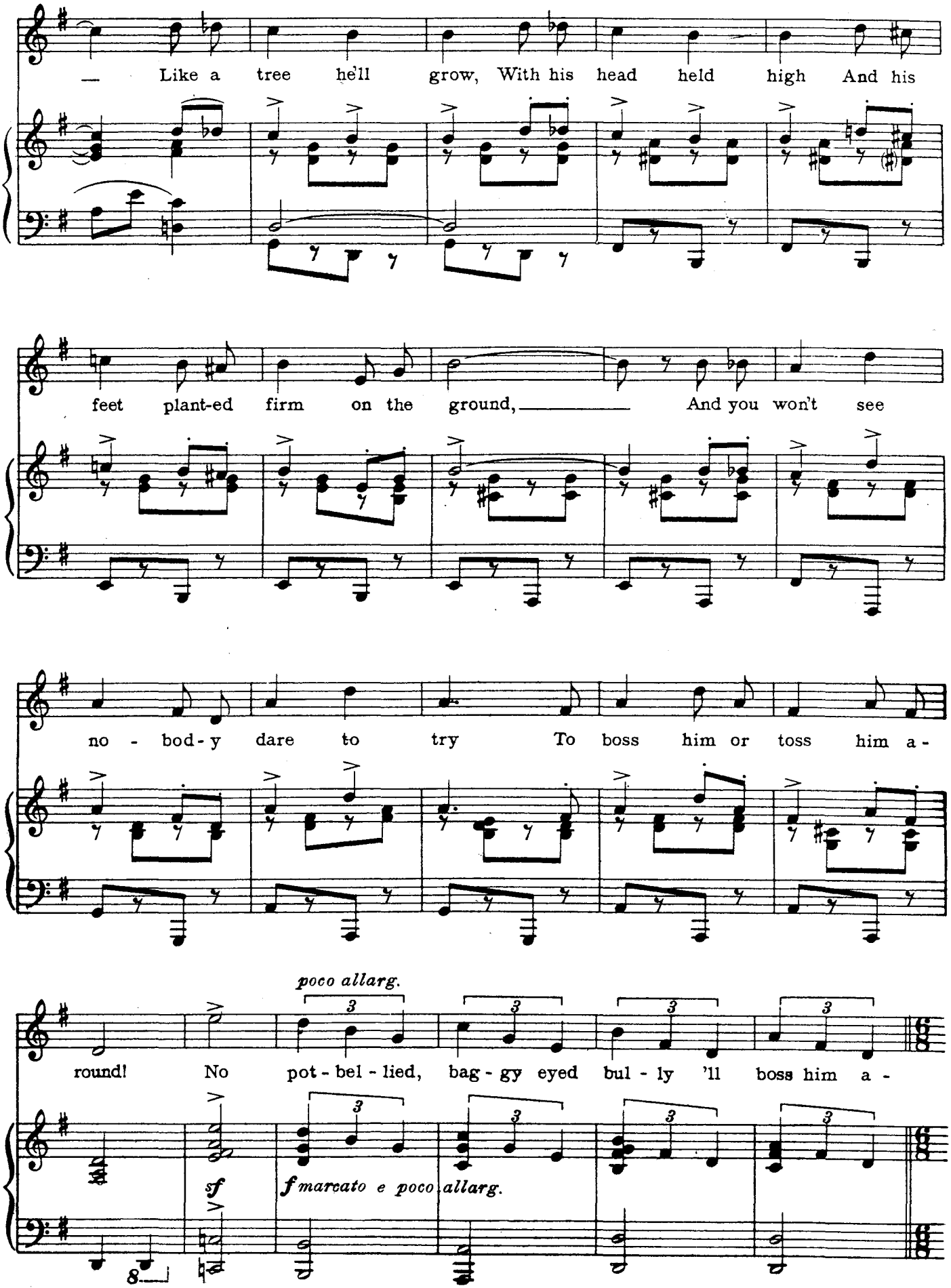
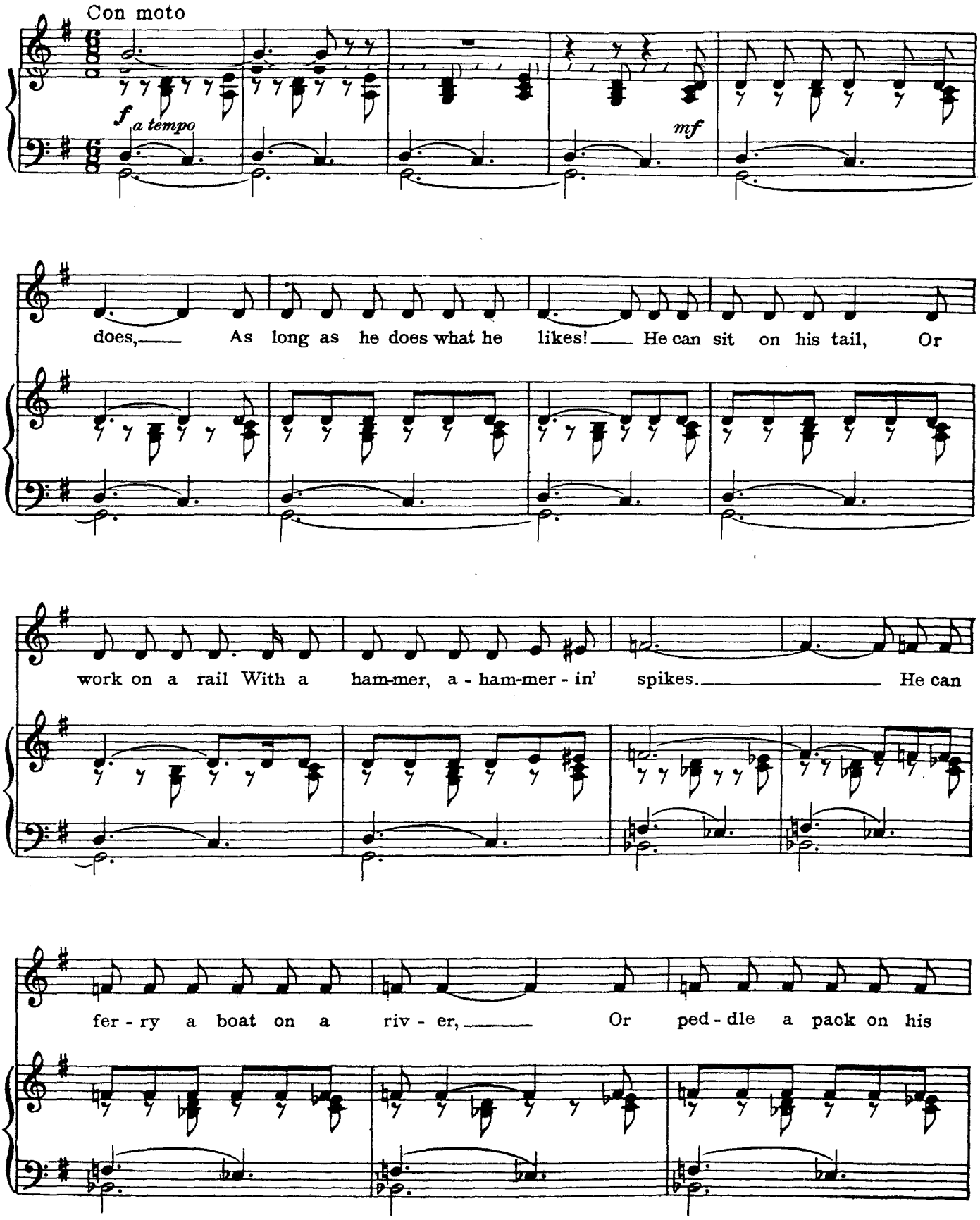
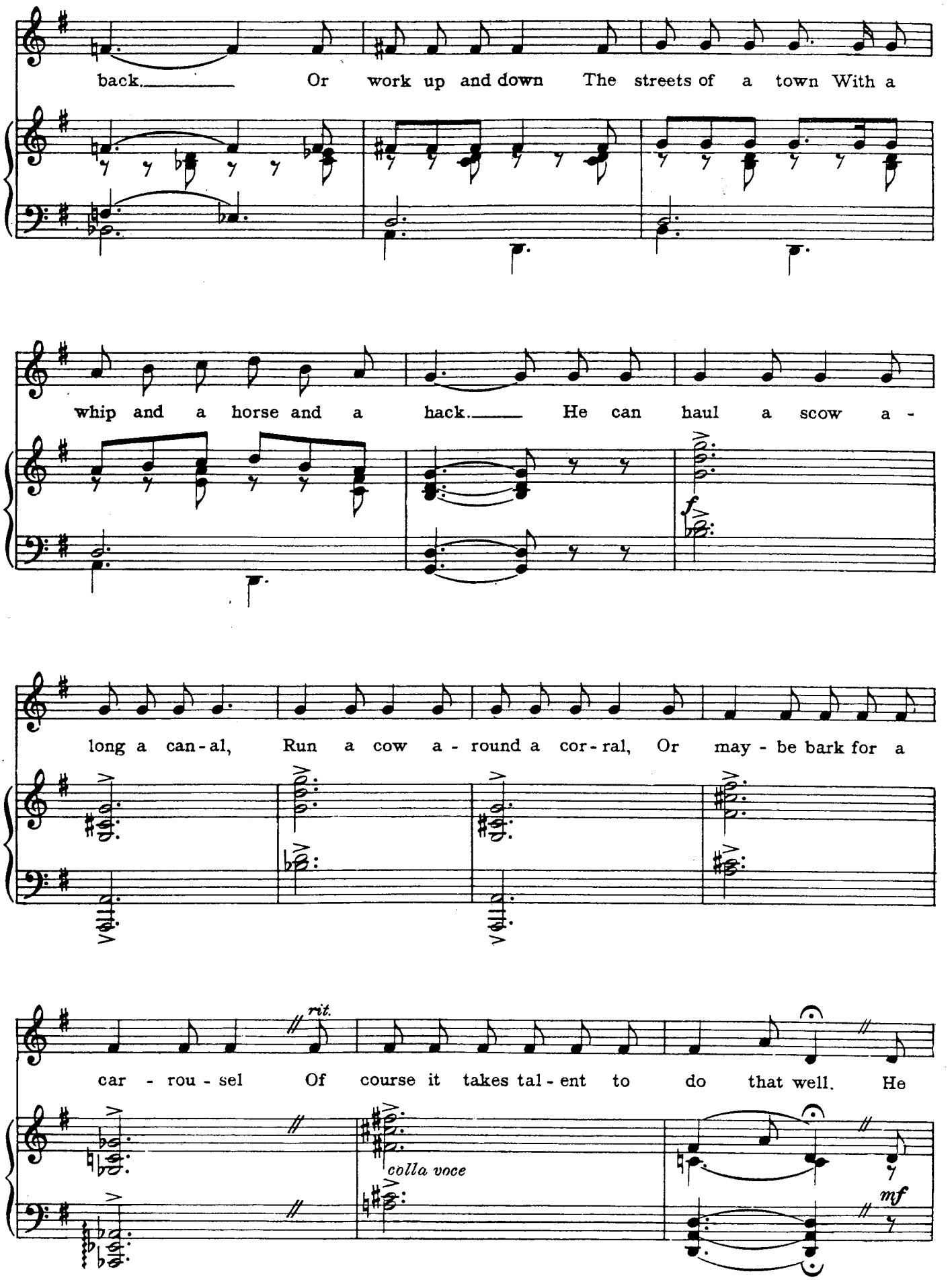
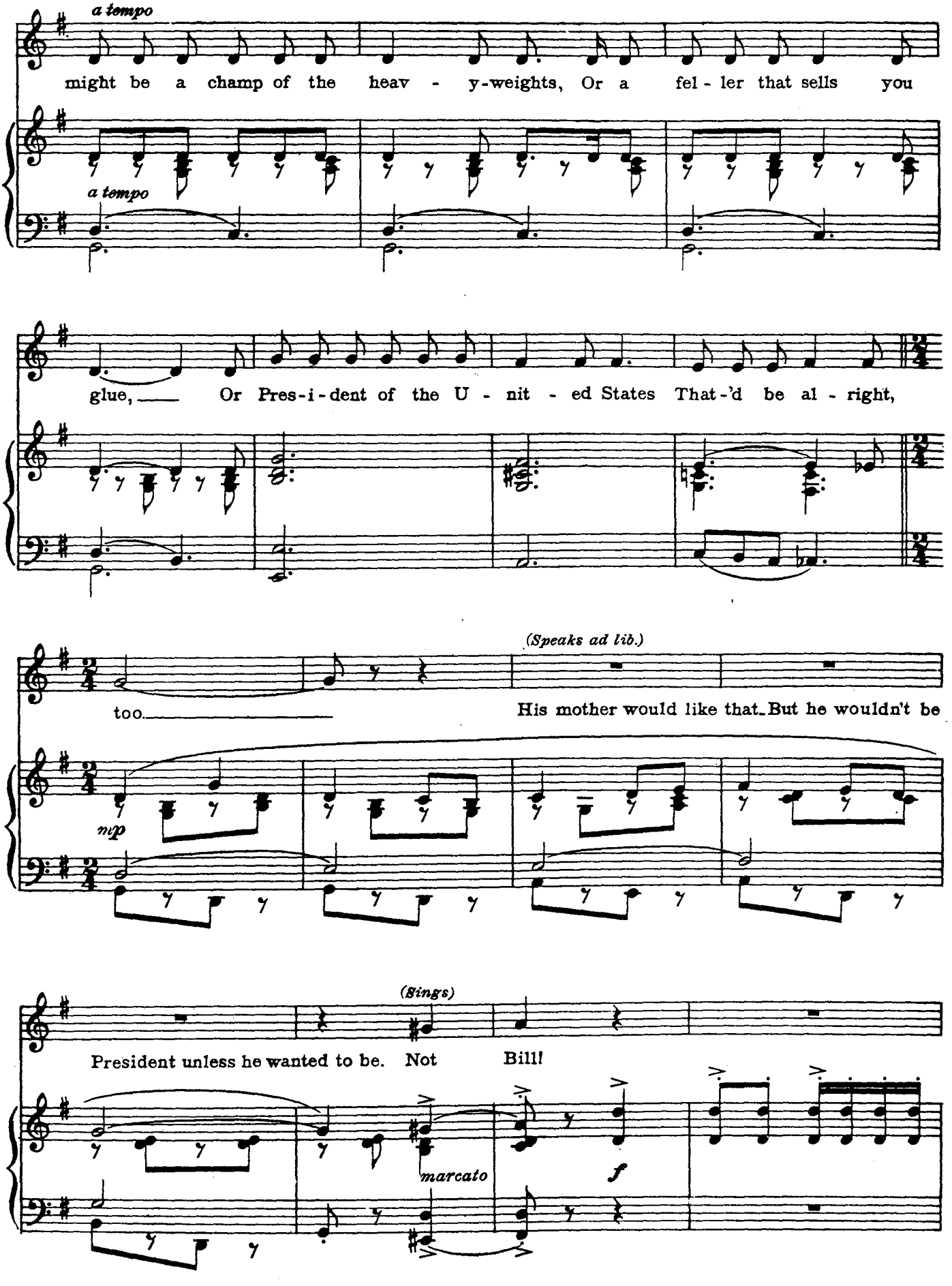

more com-mon senceThan his pud-din'head-ed fa-ther ev-er had. I'll
f
accel.
Più mosso
teach him to wras - sle, And dive through a wave, When we go in the morn-in's for our
mf
swim. His moth - er can teach him The way to be - have, But she
rit.
won't make a sis - sy out o' him. Not him! Not my boy! Not
rit.

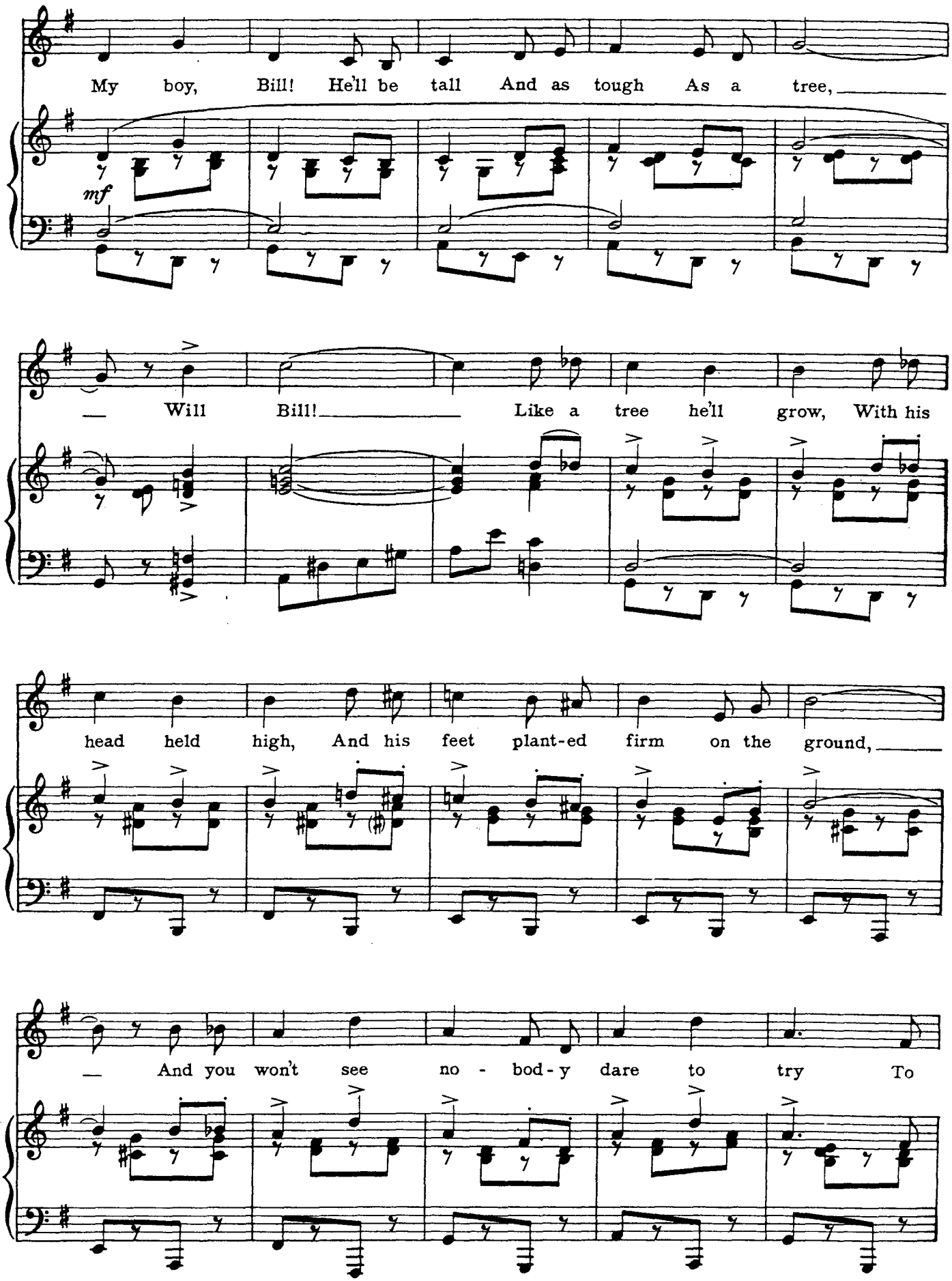

a tempo
(Speaks)
Bill!
Bill!
f
mf
Allegro
My boy, Bill! (I will see that he's named af - ter me,
mf
— I will!)
My boy, Bill! He'll be
f
mf
tall And as tough as a tree,
Will Bill!

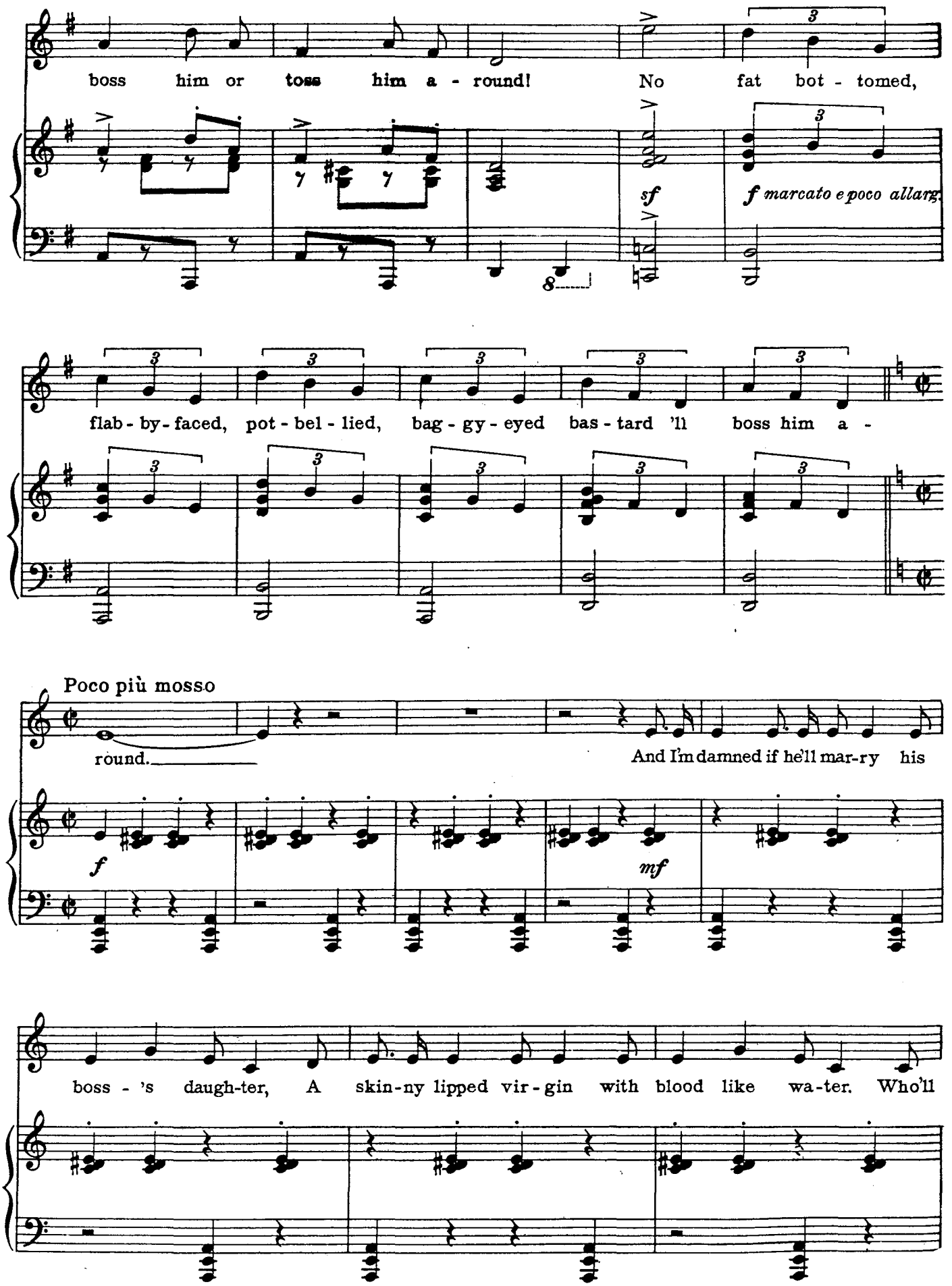

Like a tree he'll grow, With his head held high And his
feet plant-ed firm on the ground, And you won't see
no - bod - y dare to try To boss him or toss him a -
poco allarg.
round! No pot - bel - lied, bag - gy eyed bul - ly 'll boss him a -
sf
f marcato e poco allarg.

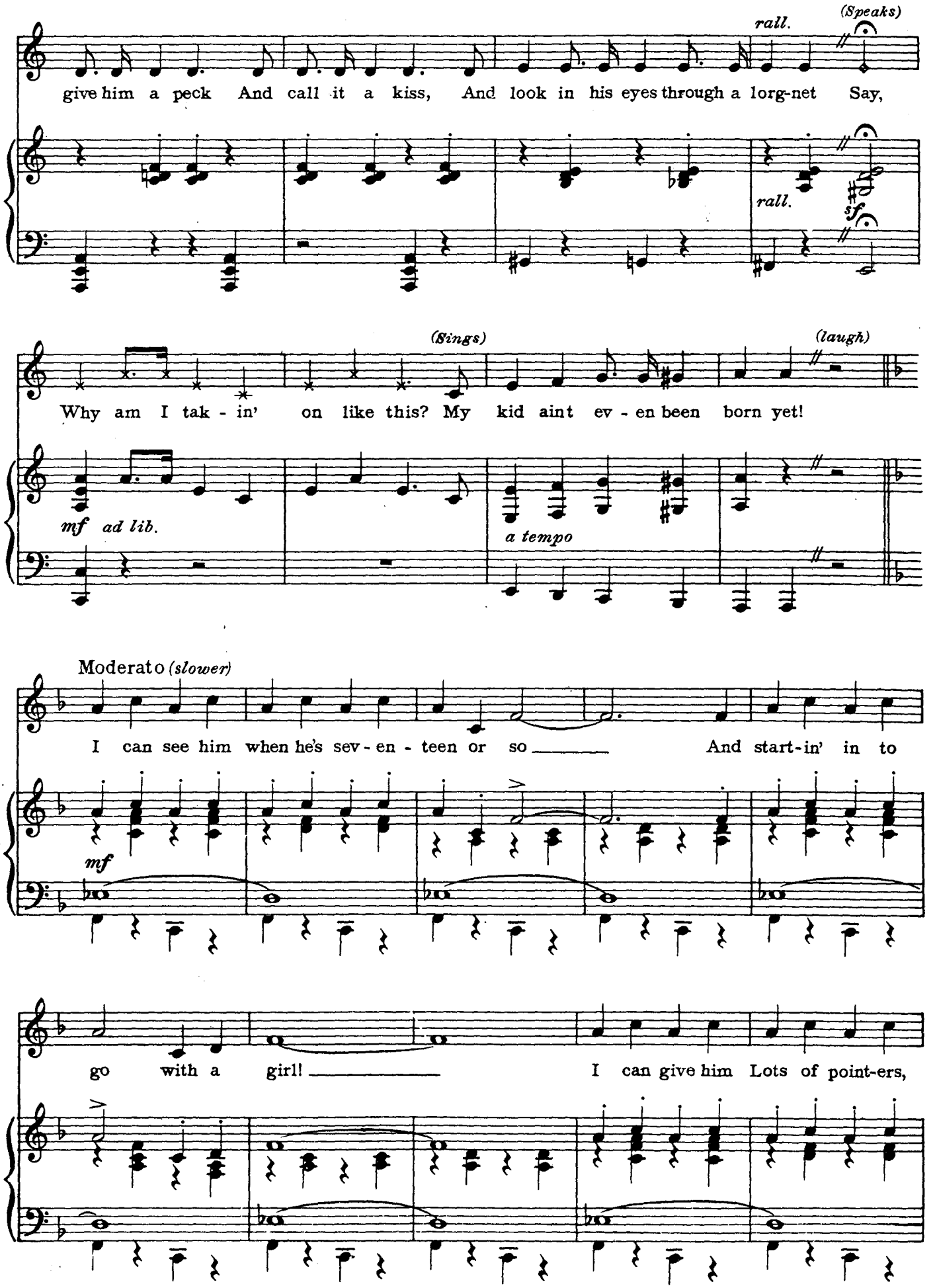

Con moto
f a tempo
mf
does, As long as he does what he likes! He can sit on his tail, Or
work on a rail With a ham-mer, a - ham-mer - in' spikes. He can
fer - ry a boat on a riv - er, Or ped - dle a pack on his

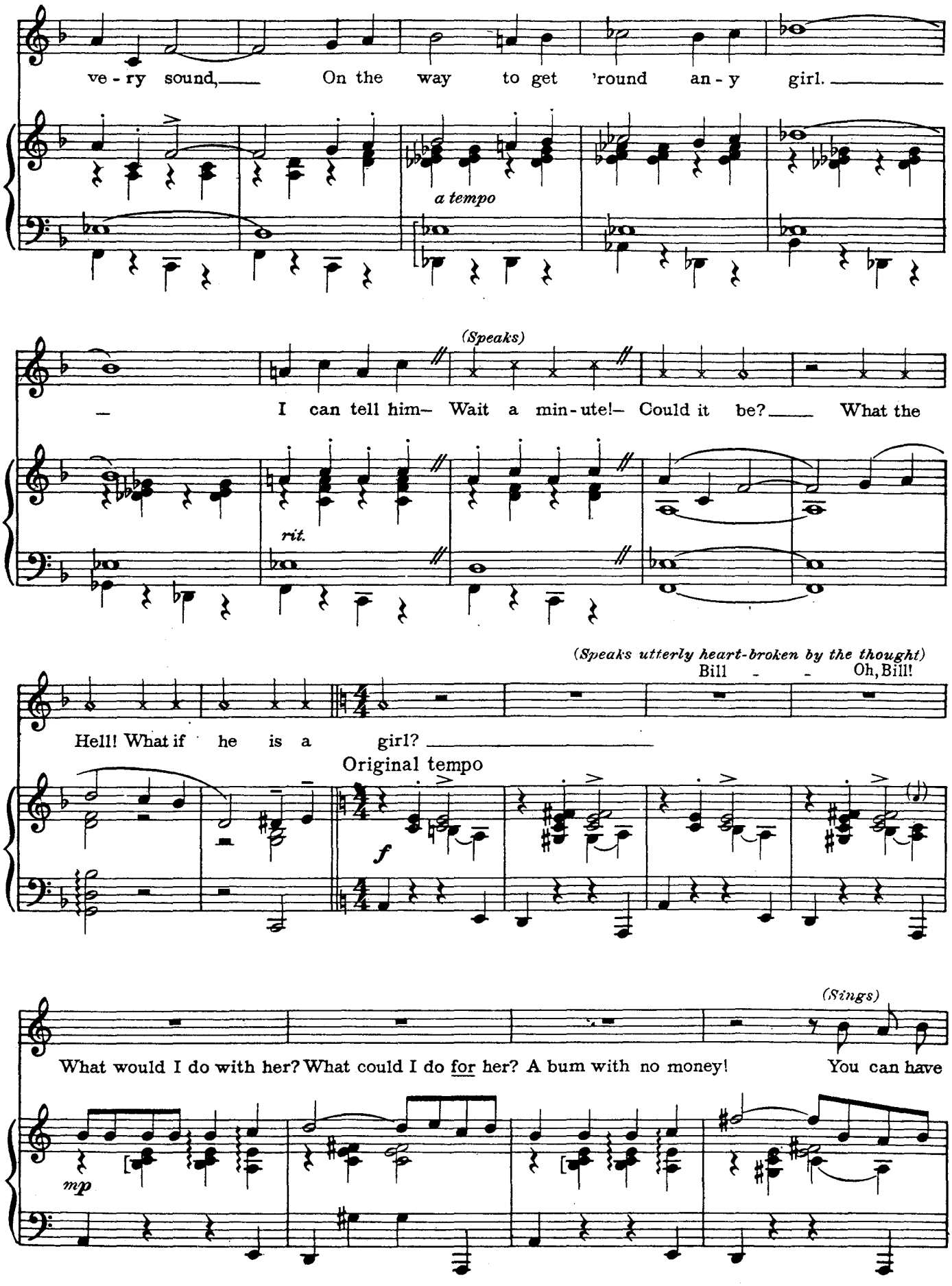

back. Or work up and down The streets of a town With a
whip and a horse and a hack. He can haul a scow a -
long a can - al, Run a cow a - round a cor - ral, Or may - be bark for a
car - rou - sel Of course it takes tal - ent to do that well. He
rit.
colla voce
f
mf

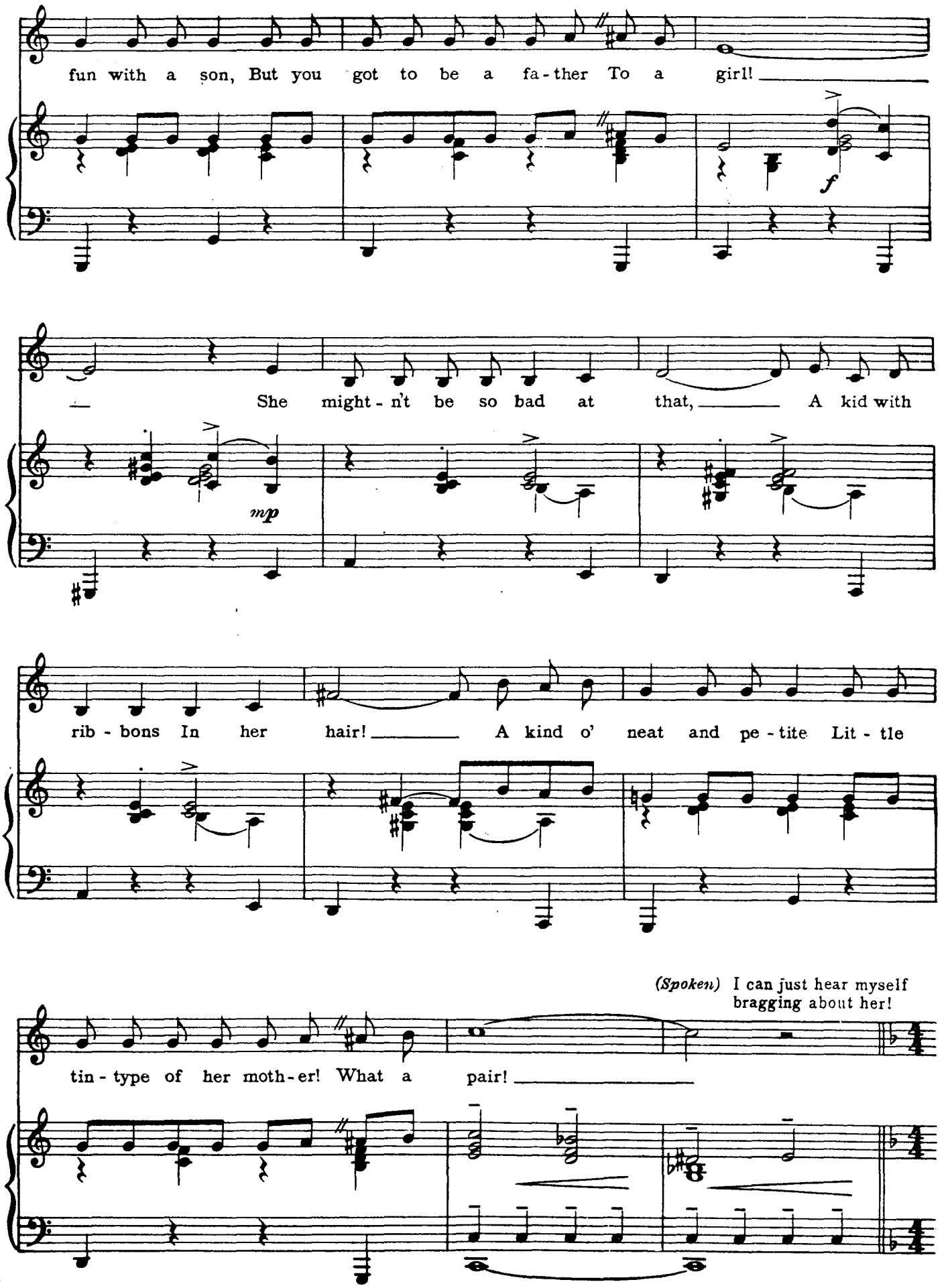

a tempo
might be a champ of the heav - y-weights, Or a fel - ler that sells you
a tempo
glue, Or Pres-i-dent of the U - nit - ed States That-'d be al - right,
(Speaks ad lib.)
too.
His mother would like that. But he wouldn't be
mp
(Sings)
President unless he wanted to be. Not Bill!
marcato
f

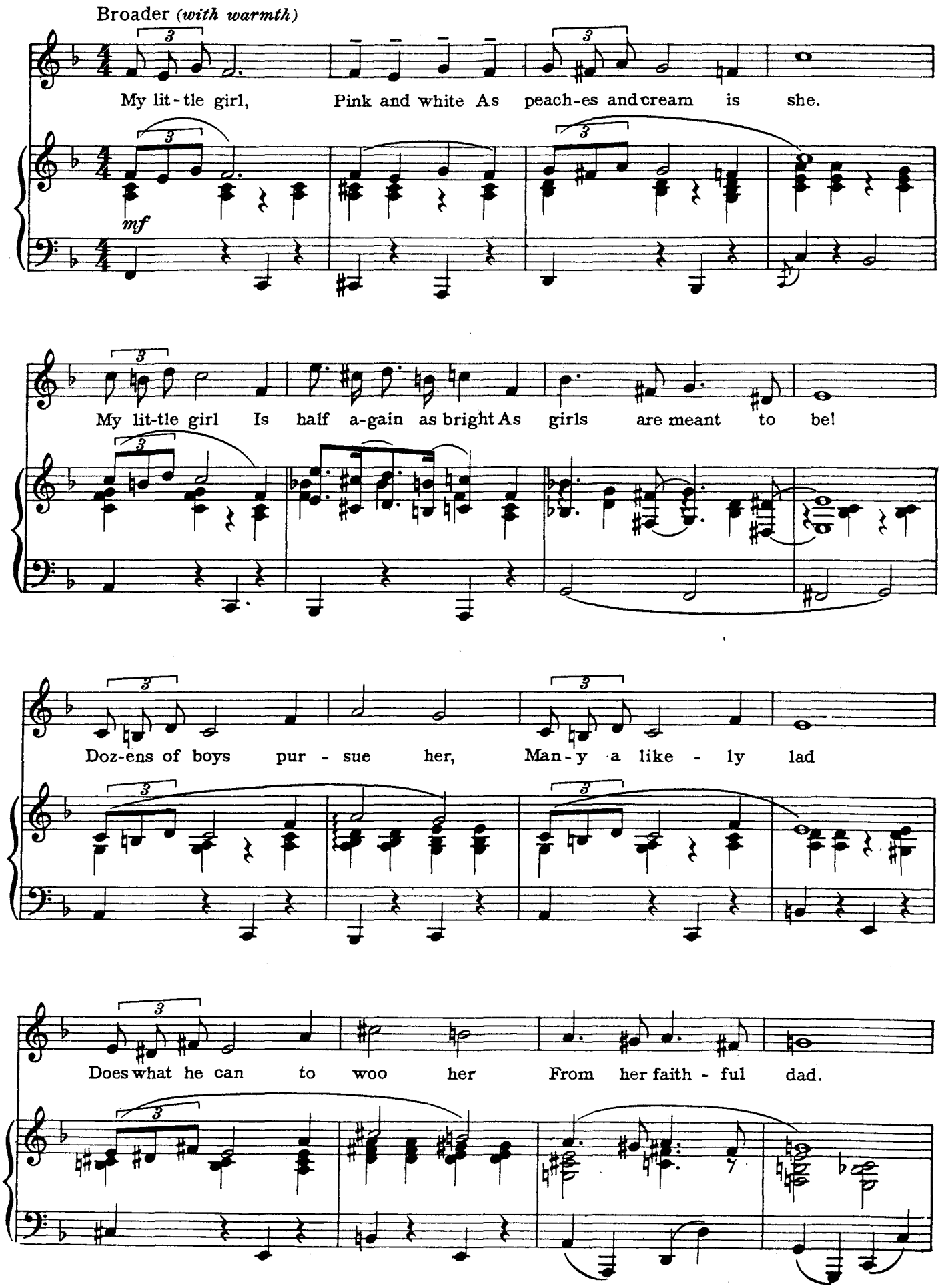

My boy, Bill! He'll be tall And as tough As a tree,
mf
Will Bill! Like a tree he'll grow, With his
head held high, And his feet plant-ed firm on the ground,
And you won't see no - bod - y dare to try To

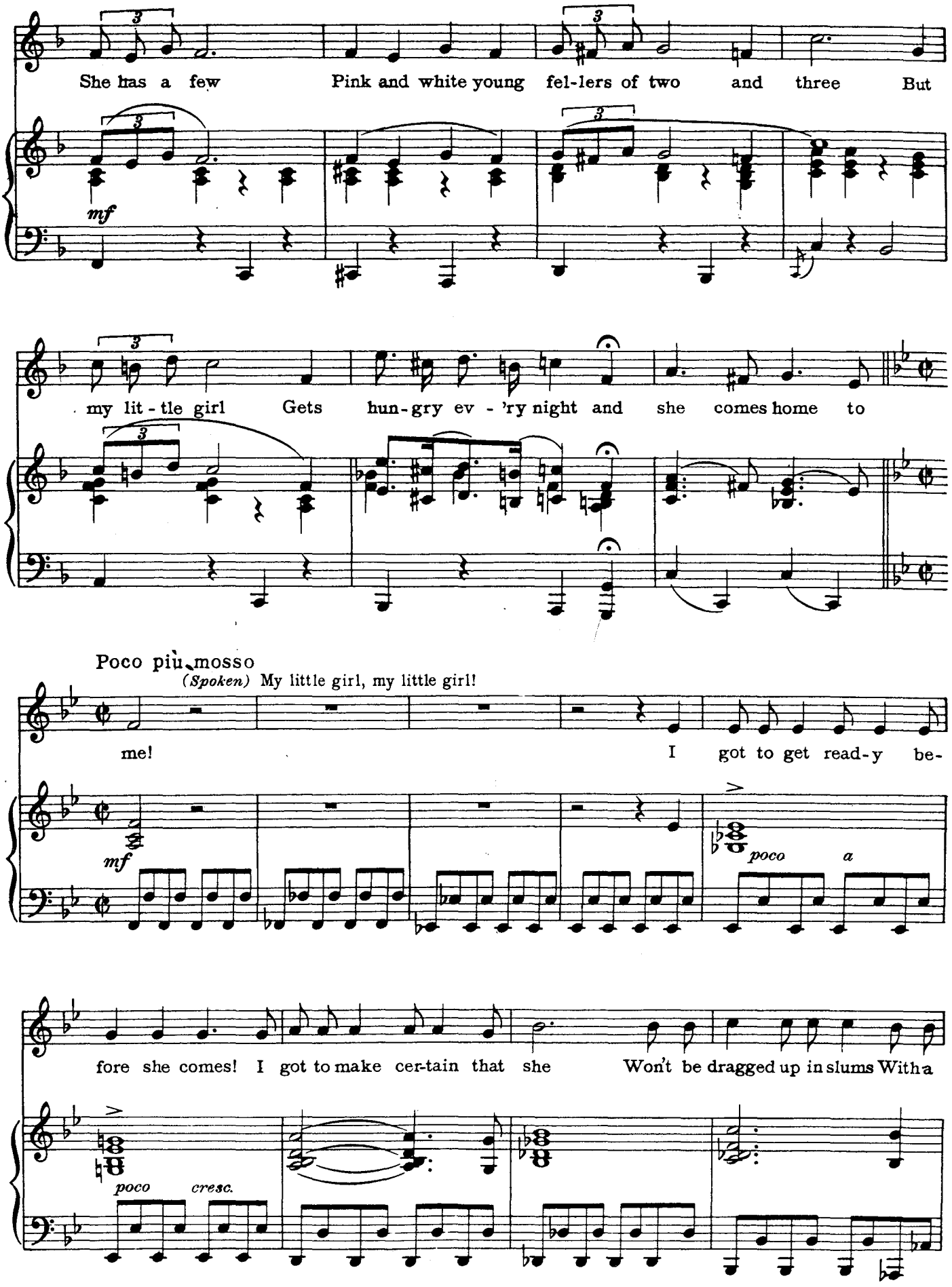

boss him or toss him a - round! No fat bot - tomed,
sf
f marcato e poco allarg.
flab - by - faced, pot - bel - lied, bag - gy - eyed bas - tard 'll boss him a -
Poco più mosso
round.
And I'm damned if he'll mar-ry his
f
mf
boss - 's daugh-ter, A skin-ny lipped vir-gin with blood like wa-ter. Who'll

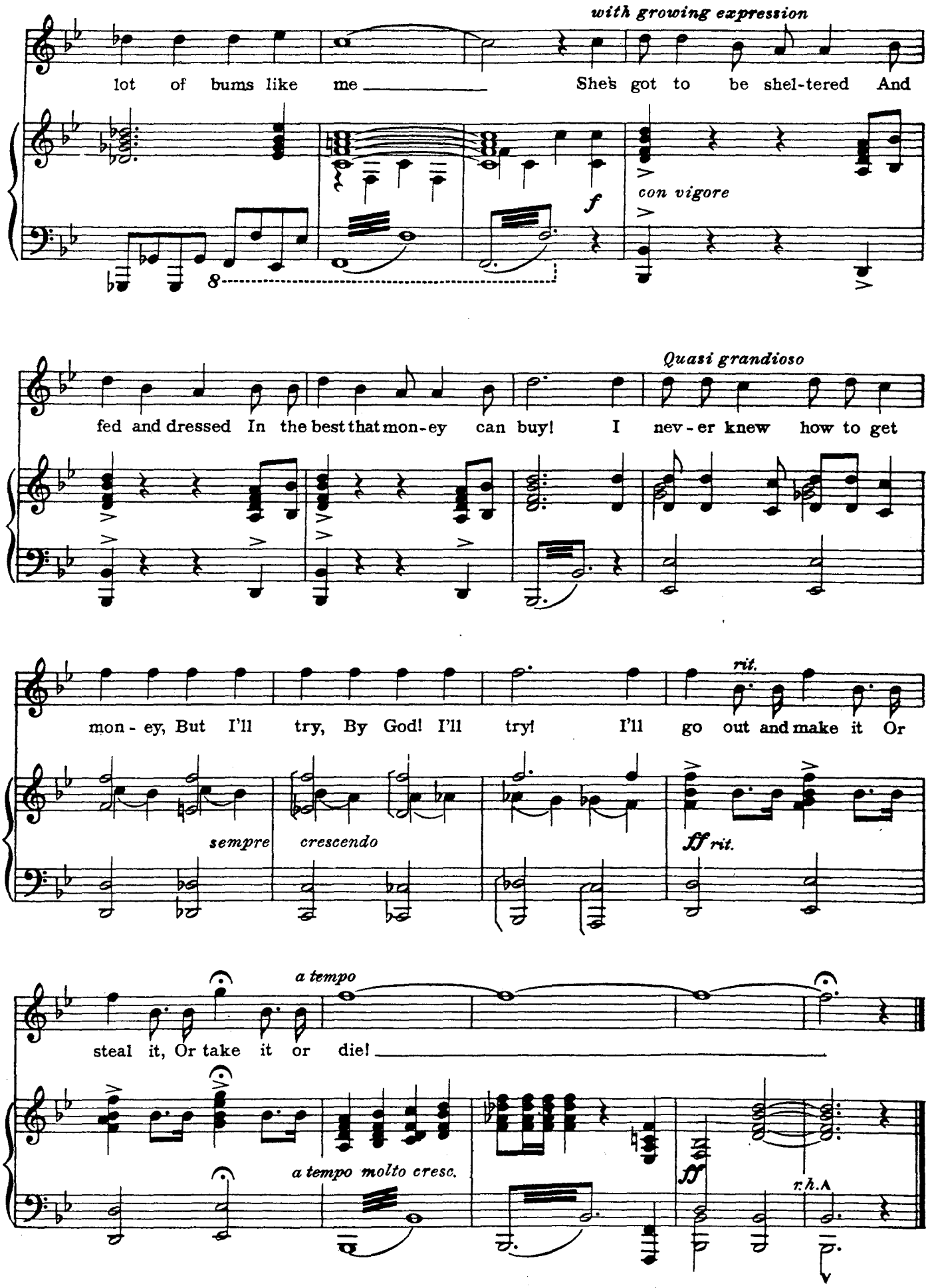

rall.
(Speaks)
give him a peck And call it a kiss, And look in his eyes through a lorg-net Say,
rall.
sf
(Sings)
(laugh)
Why am I tak - in' on like this? My kid aint ev - en been born yet!
mf ad lib.
a tempo
Moderato (slower)
I can see him when he's sev - en - teen or so And start-in' in to
mf
go with a girl! I can give him Lots of point-ers,


ve - ry sound, On the way to get 'round an - y girl.
a tempo
(Speaks)
I can tell him– Wait a min - ute!– Could it be? What the
rit.
(Speaks utterly heart-broken by the thought)
Bill - - Oh, Bill!
Hell! What if he is a girl?
Original tempo
f
(Sings)
What would I do with her? What could I do for her? A bum with no money! You can have
mp


fun with a son, But you got to be a fa-ther To a girl!
f
She might-n't be so bad at that, A kid with
mp
rib-bons In her hair! A kind o' neat and pe-tite Lit-tle
(Spoken) I can just hear myself bragging about her!
tin-type of her moth-er! What a pair!


Broader (with warmth)
mf
My lit-tle girl, Pink and white As peach-es and cream is she.
My lit-tle girl Is half a-gain as bright As girls are meant to be!
Doz-ens of boys pur - sue her, Man-y a like - ly lad
Does what he can to woo her From her faith - ful dad.


She has a few Pink and white young fel-lers of two and three But
mf
my lit - tle girl Gets hun - gry ev - 'ry night and she comes home to
Poco più mosso
(Spoken) My little girl, my little girl!
me! I got to get read-y be-
mf
poco a
fore she comes! I got to make cer-tain that she Won't be dragged up in slums With a
poco cresc.

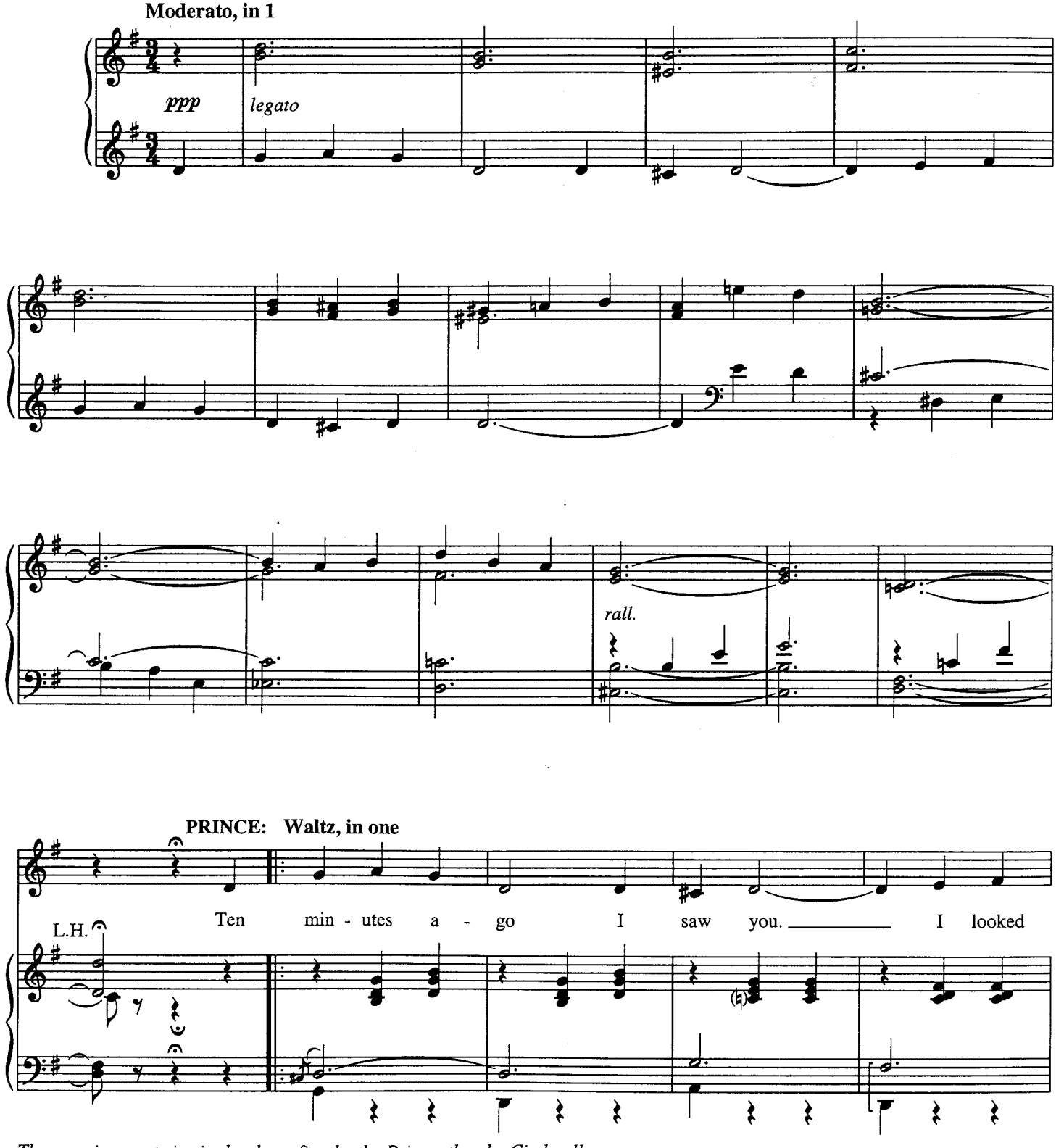

with growing expression
lot of bums like me
She's got to be shel-tered And
f
con vigore
Quasi grandioso
fed and dressed In the best that mon-ey can buy! I nev-er knew how to get
rit.
mon-ey, But I'll try, By God! I'll try! I'll go out and make it Or
sempre
crescendo
ff rit.
a tempo
steal it, Or take it or die!
a tempo molto cresc.
ff
r.h.

TEN MINUTES AGO

from *Cinderella*

Sunshine

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



The song is sung twice in the show, first by the Prince, then by Cinderella.

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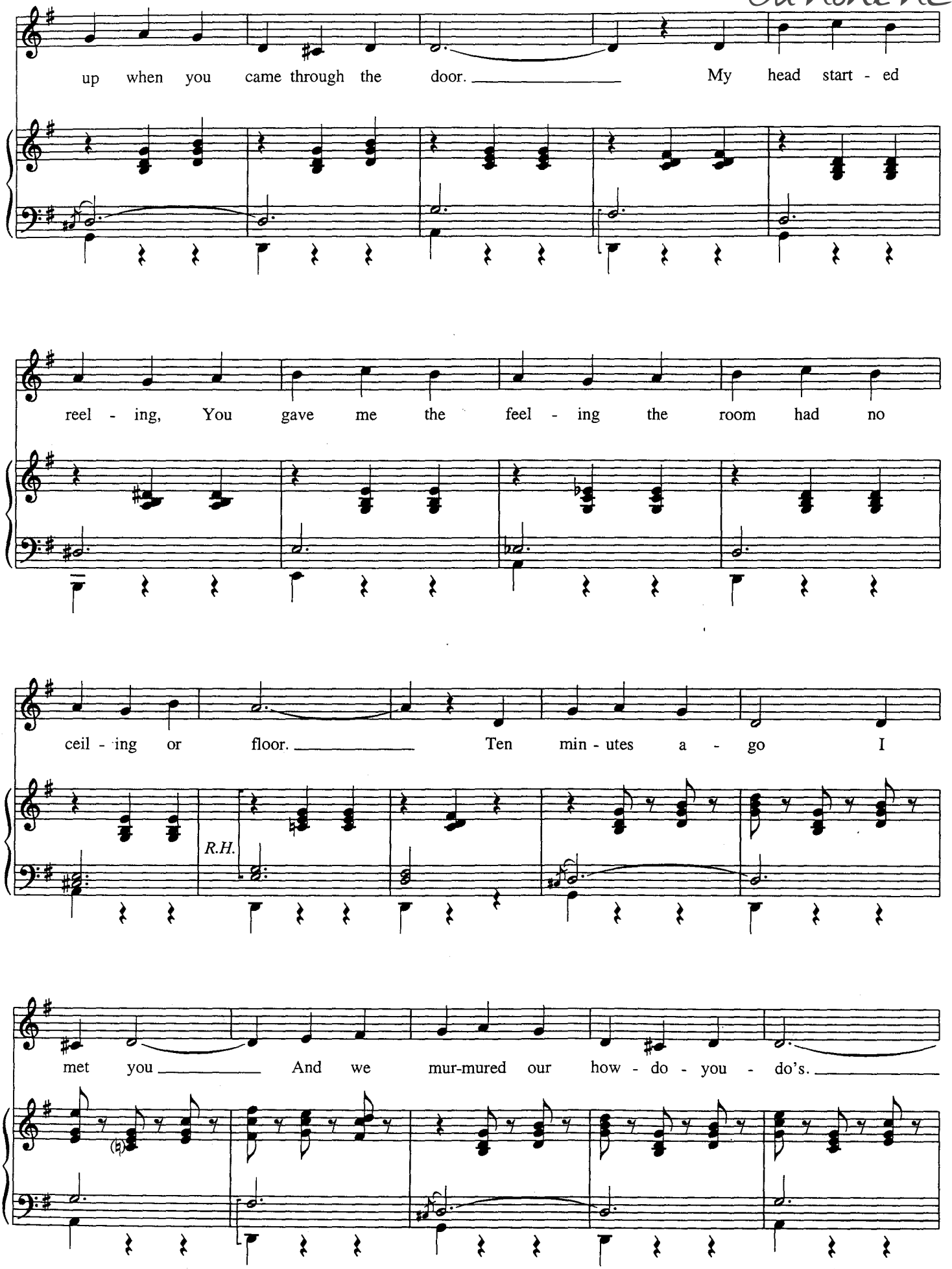
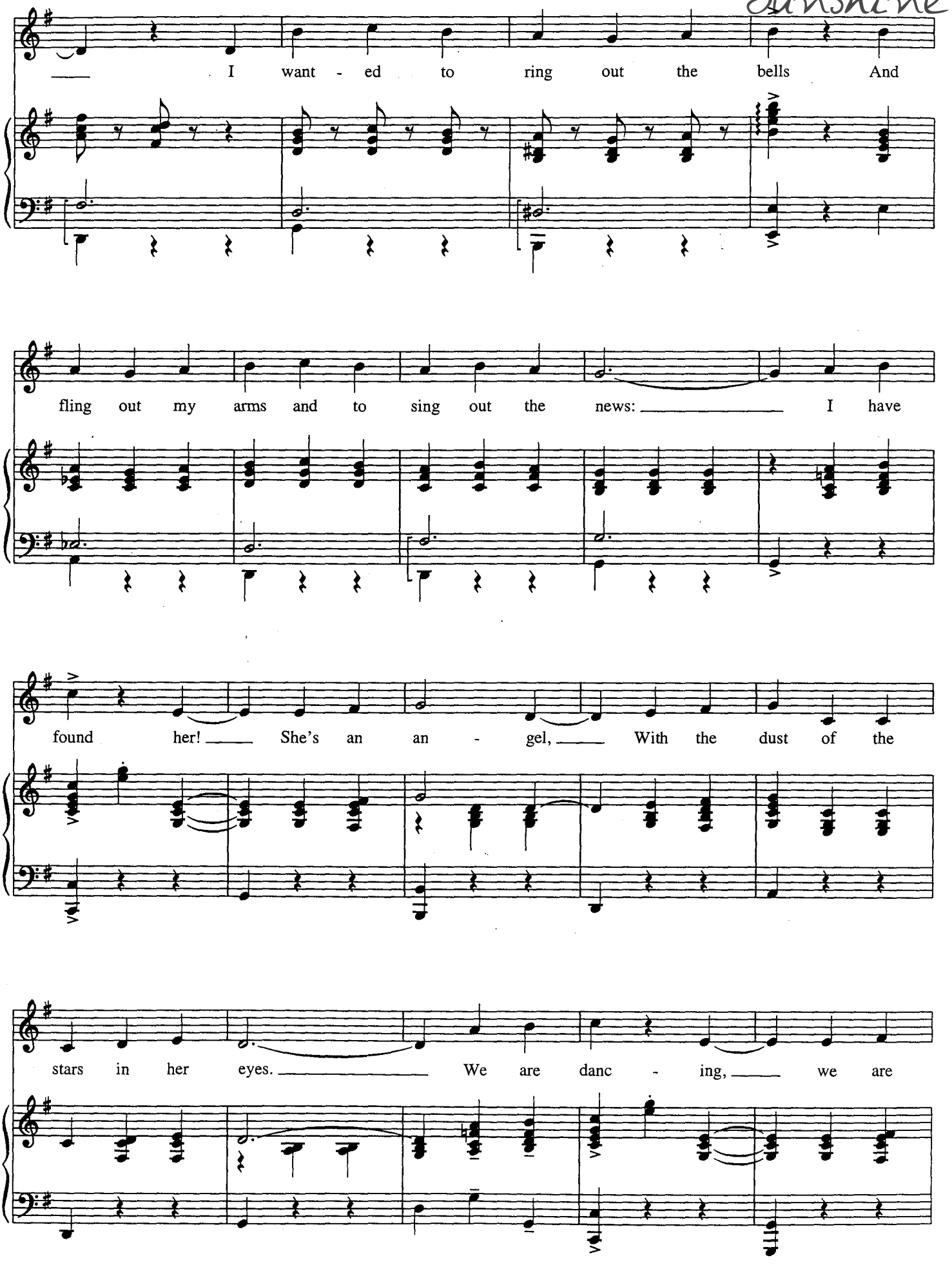
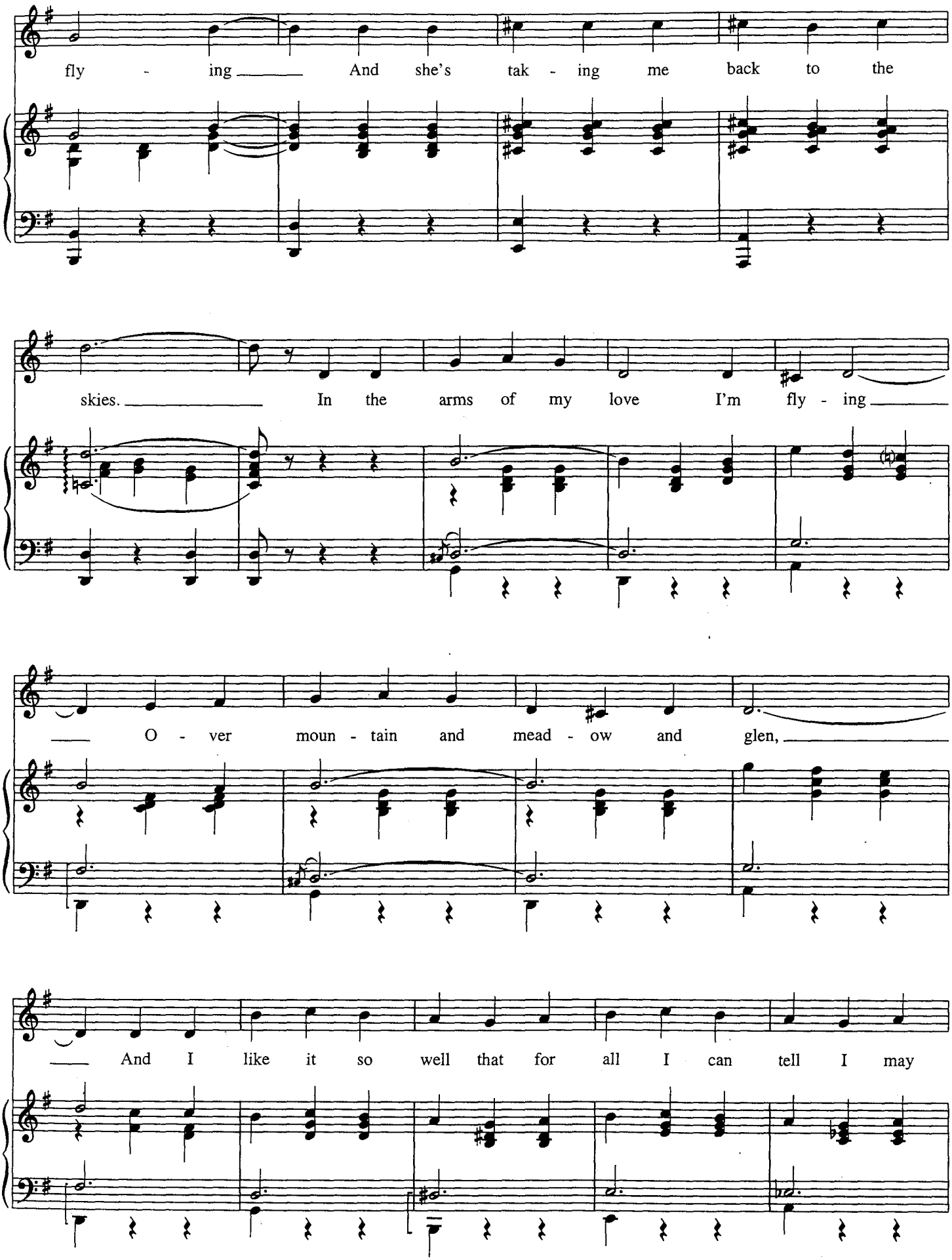
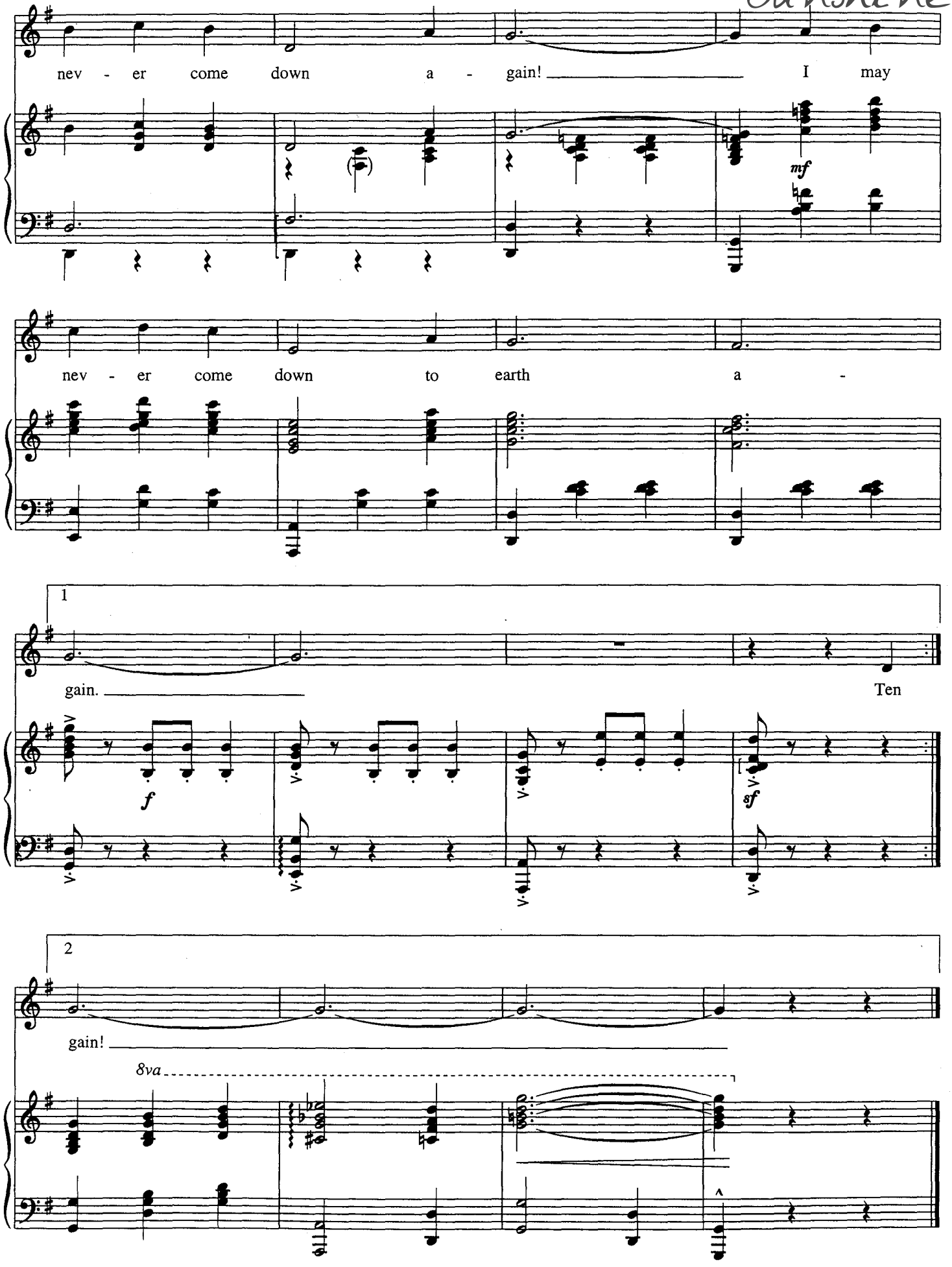

up when you came through the door. My head start - ed
reel - ing, You gave me the feel - ing the room had no
ceil - ing or floor. Ten min - utes a - go I
R.H.
met you And we mur-mured our how - do - you - do's.


I wanted to ring out the bells And
fling out my arms and to sing out the news: I have
found her! She's an an - gel, With the dust of the
stars in her eyes. We are danc - ing, we are


fly - ing And she's tak - ing me back to the
skies. In the arms of my love I'm fly - ing
O - ver moun - tain and mead - ow and glen,
And I like it so well that for all I can tell I may

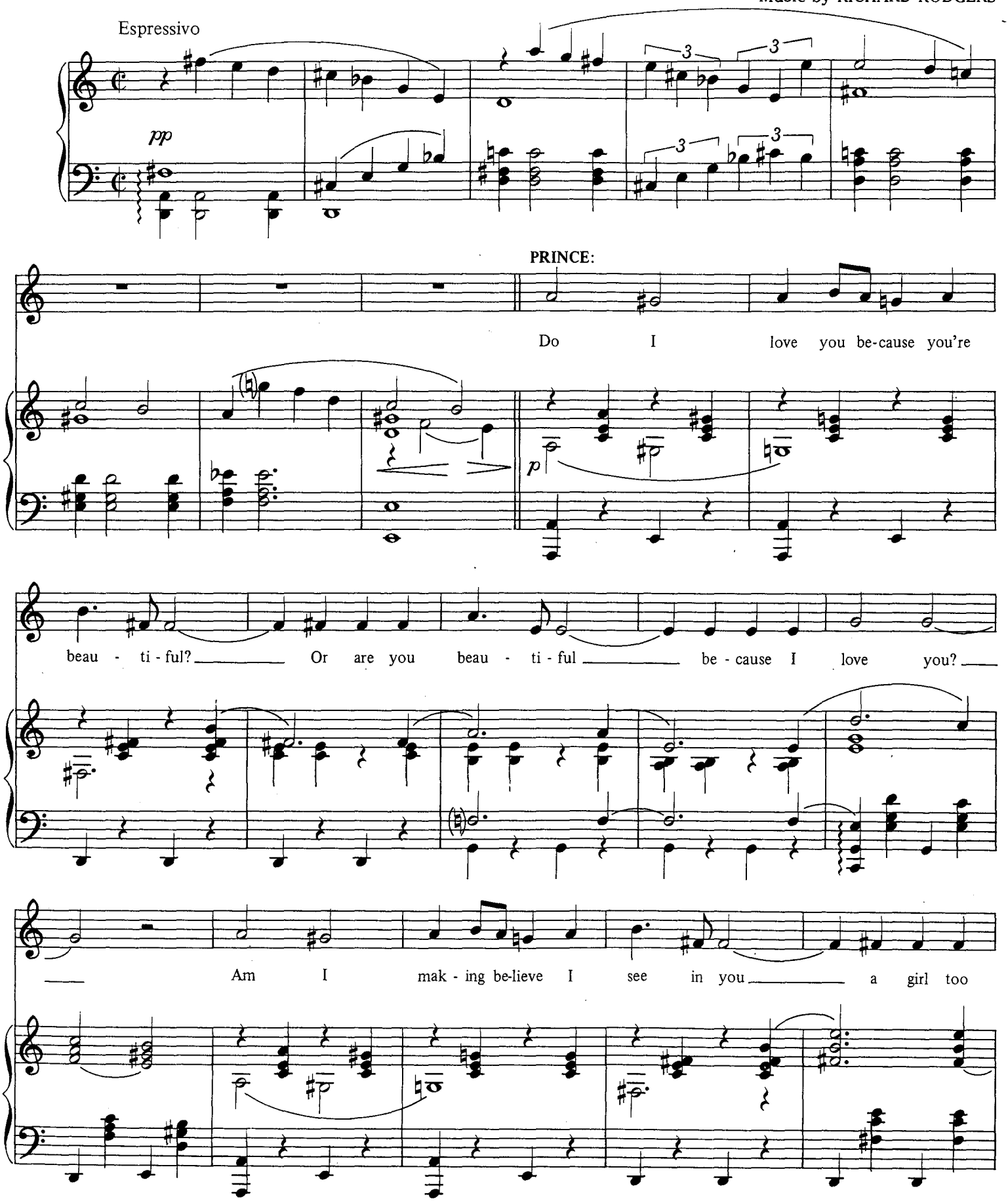

nev - er come down a - gain! I may
mf
nev - er come down to earth a -
1
gain. Ten
f
sf
2
gain!
8va

DO I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL?

Sunshine

from *Cinderella*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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love - ly to be real - ly true? Do I

want you be-cause you're won - der-ful? Or are you won - der-ful be - cause I

want you? Are you the sweet in - ven-tion of a lov - er's dream,

Largo

Or are you real - ly as beau - ti-ful as you seem.

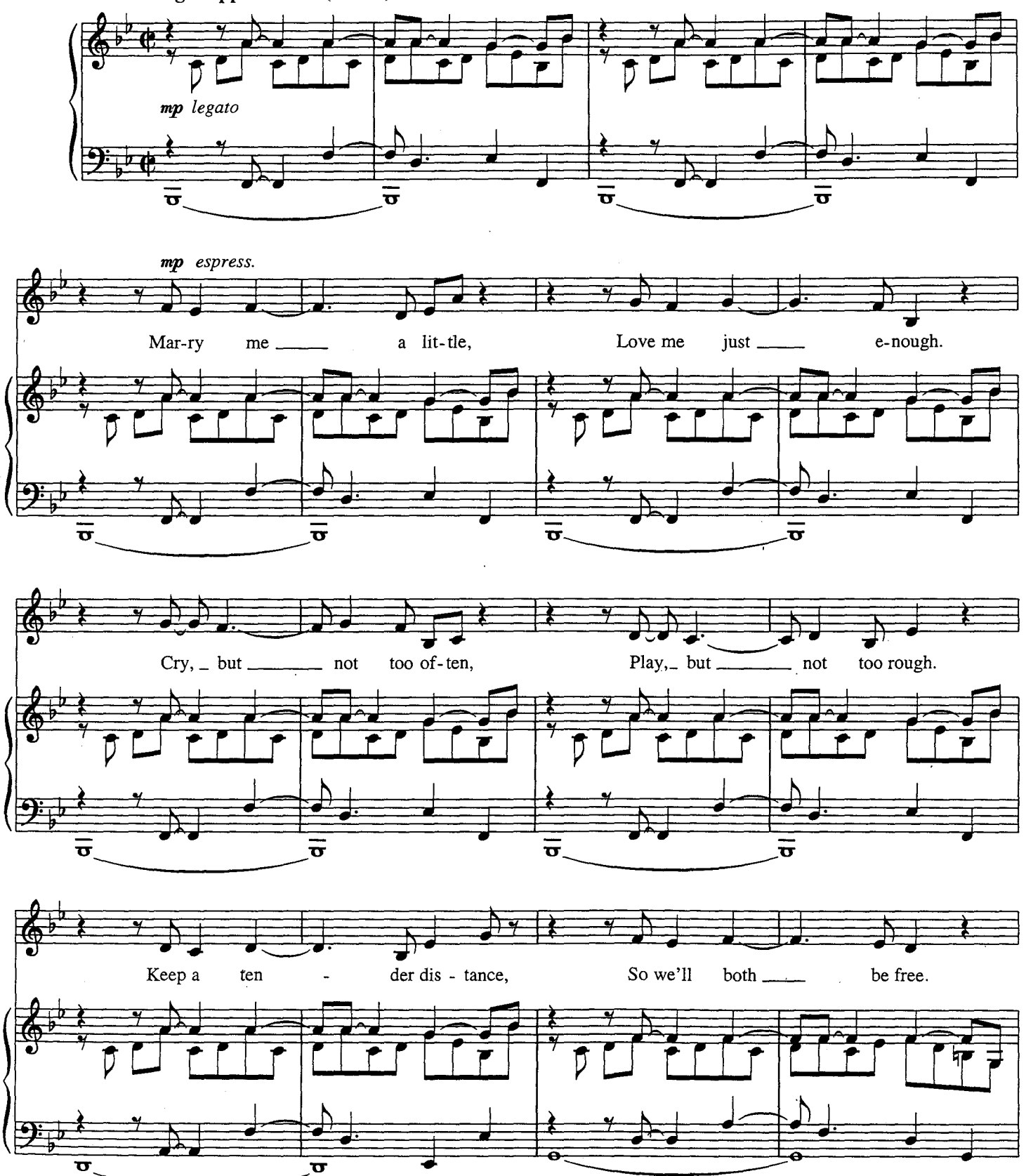
MARRY ME A LITTLE

from *Company*

Sunshine

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Allegro appassionata (♩ = 80)



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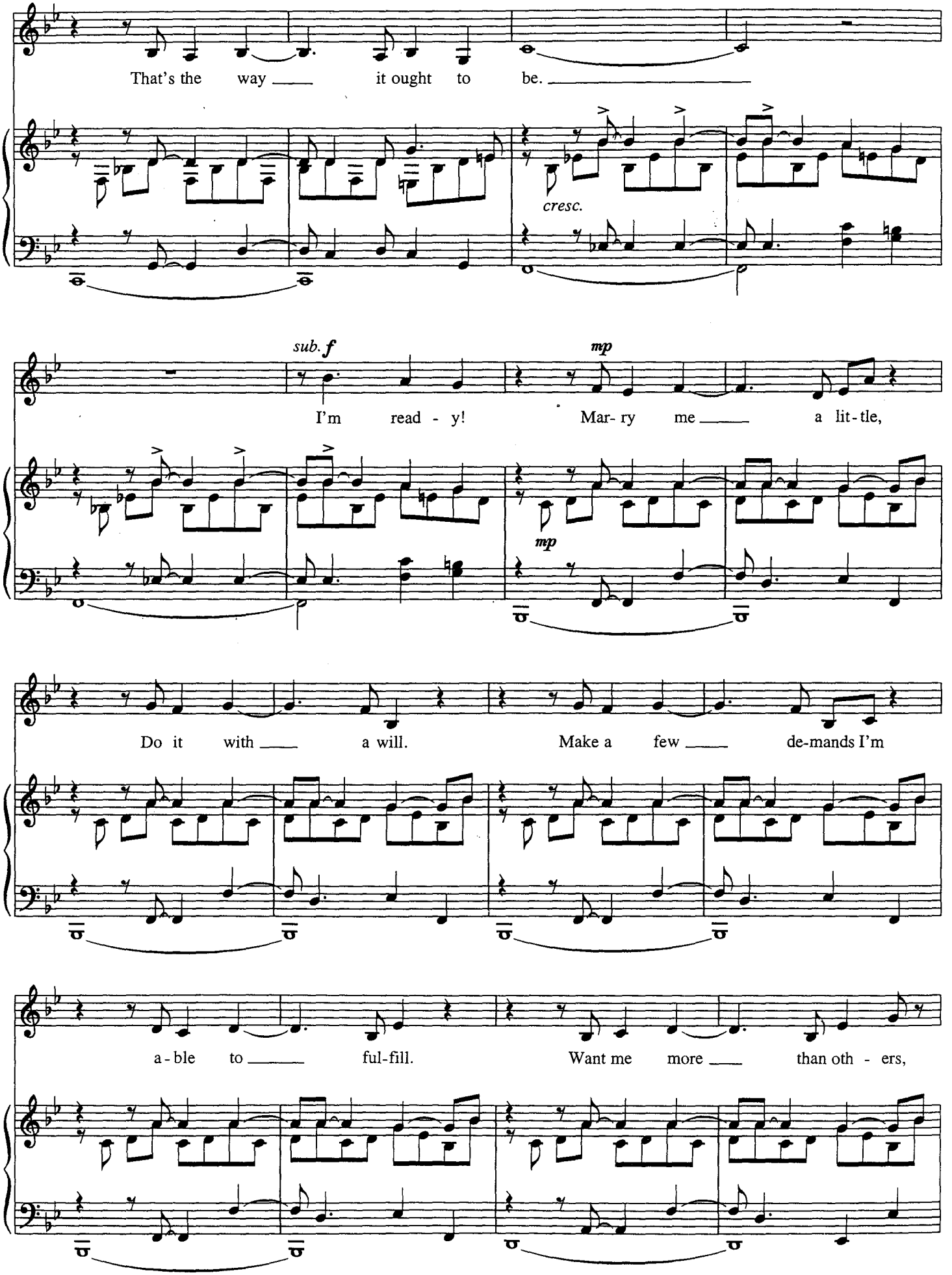
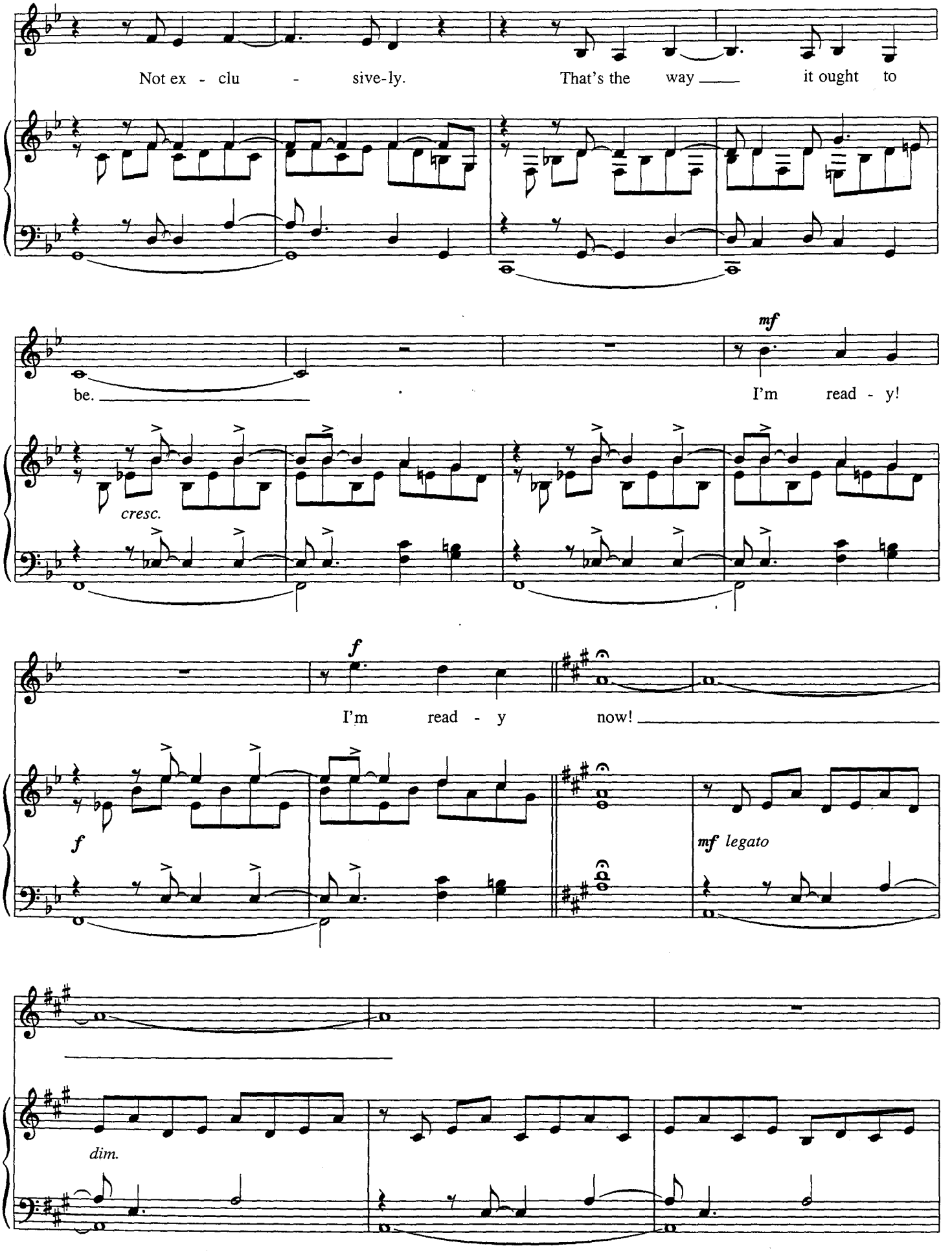
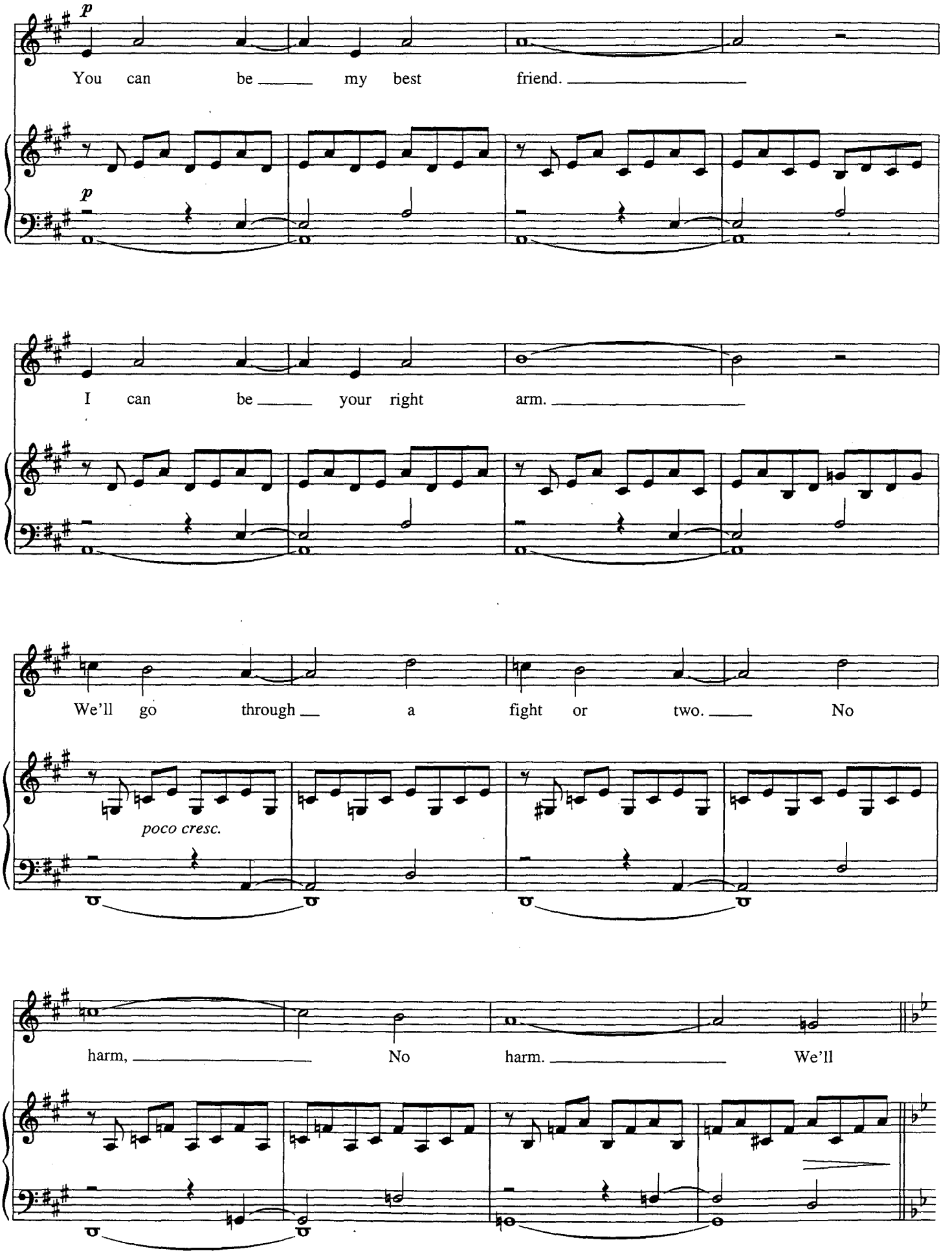
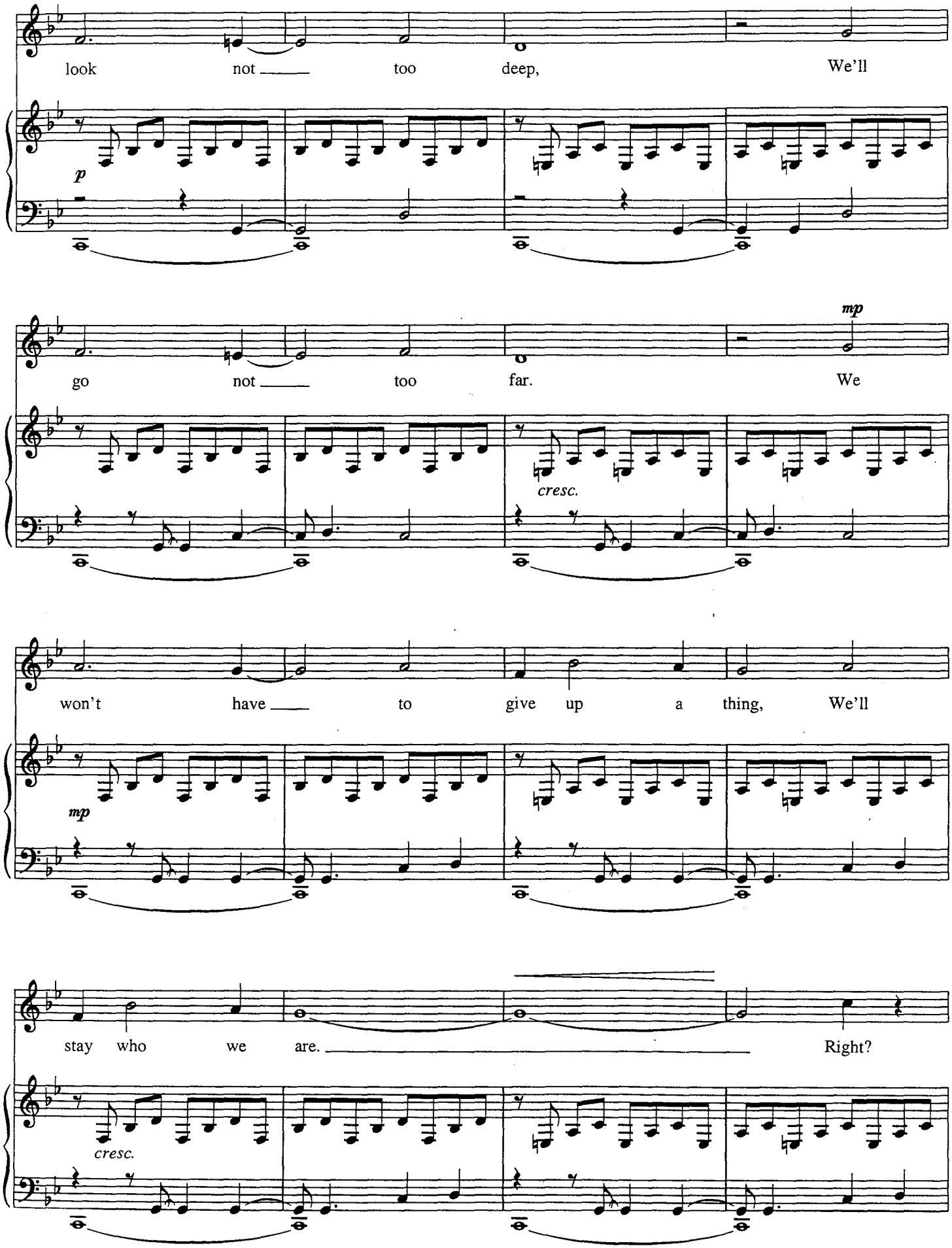
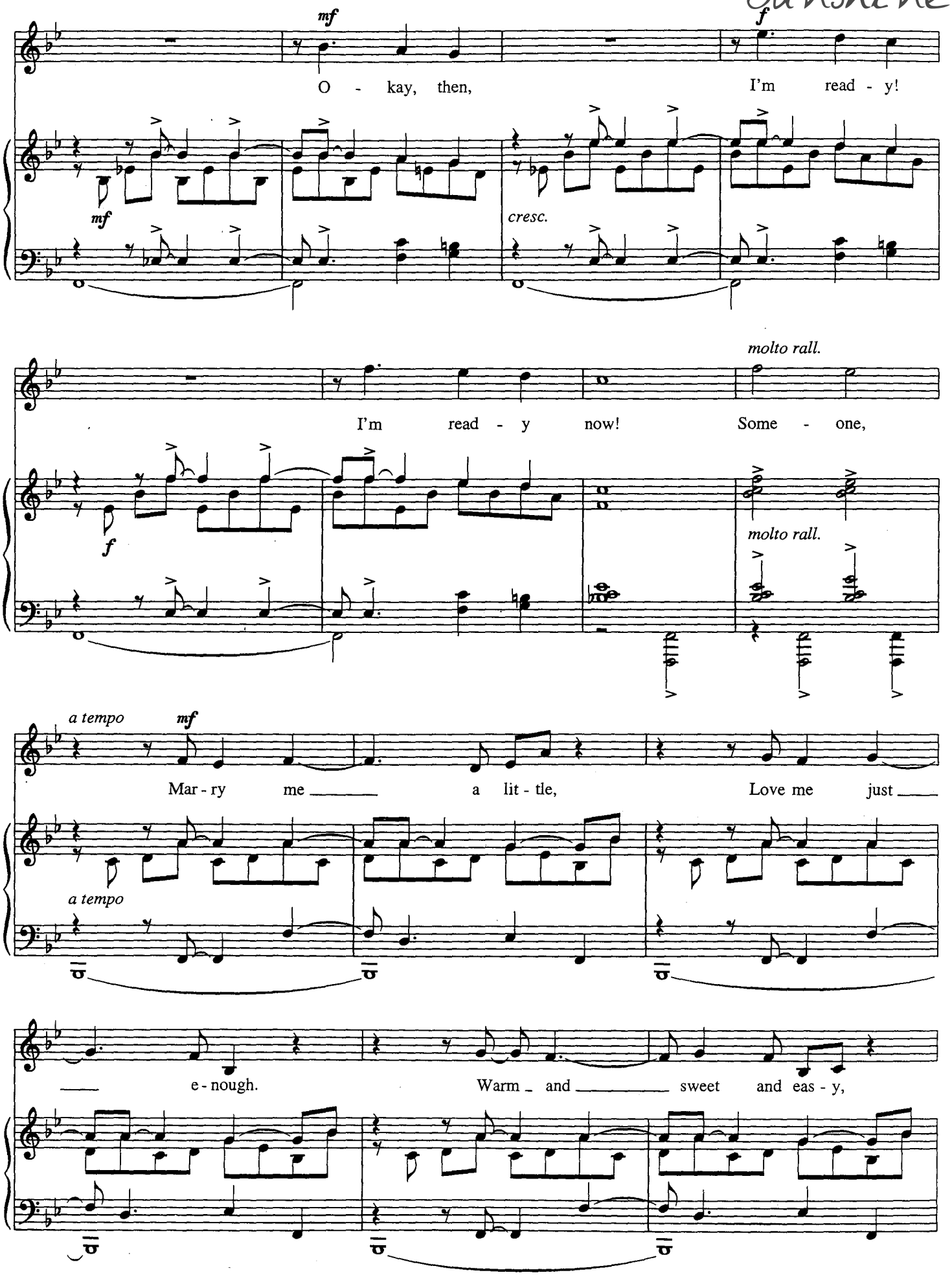
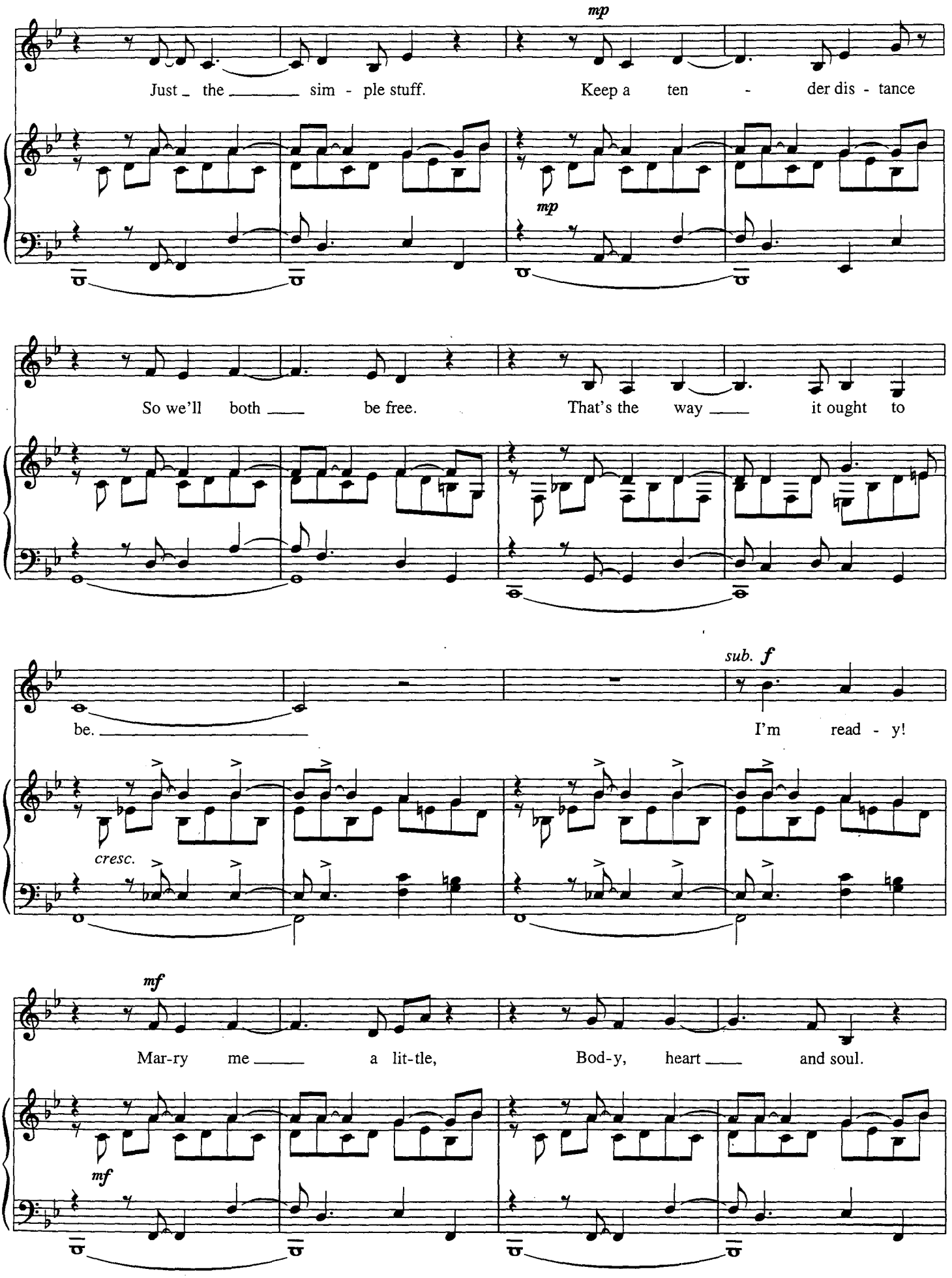

That's the way it ought to be.
cresc.
sub. f
I'm read - y!
mp
Mar- ry me a lit-tle,
mp
Do it with a will.
Make a few de-mands I'm
a - ble to ful-fill.
Want me more than oth - ers,

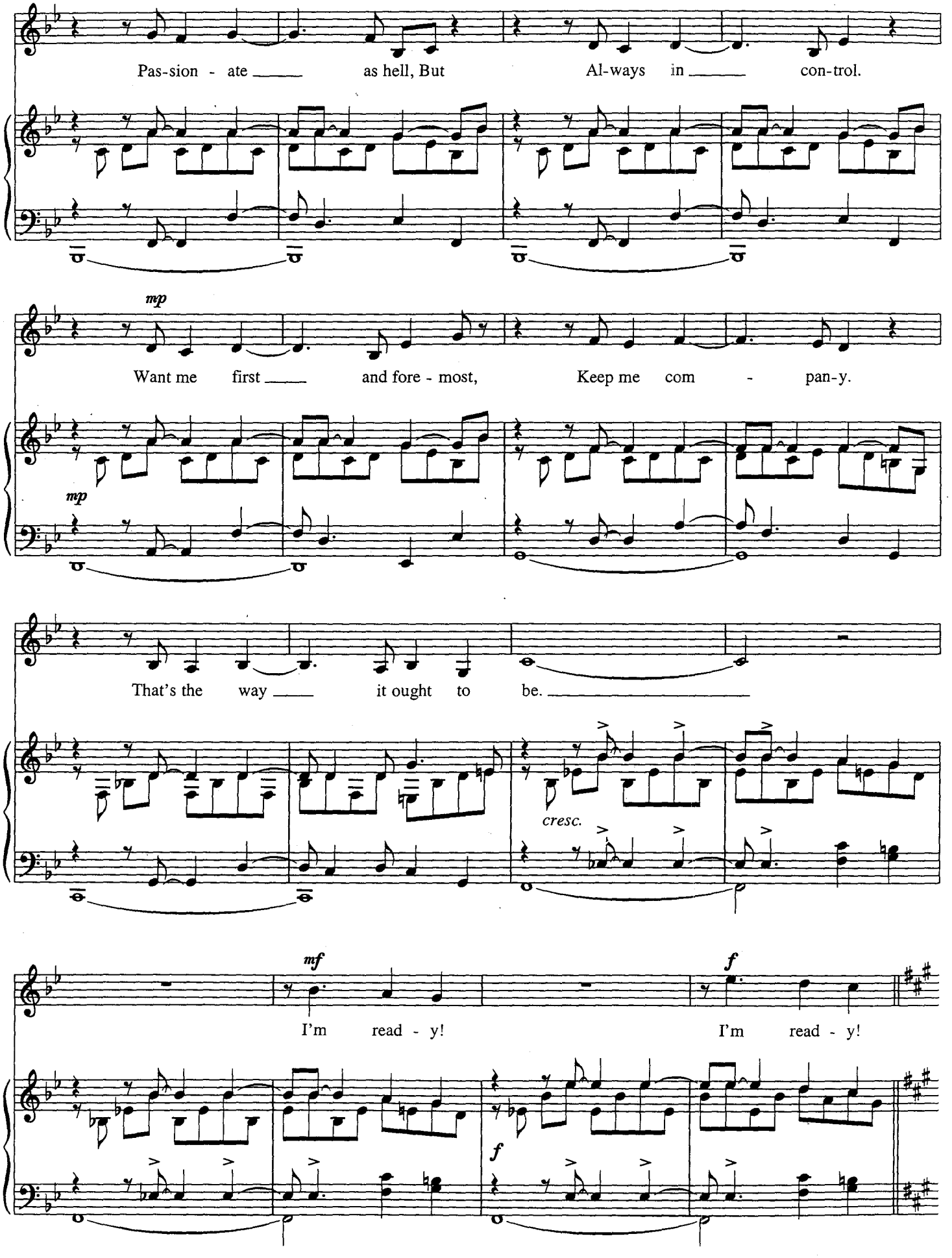

Not ex - clu - sive-ly.
That's the way
it ought to
be.
mf
I'm read - y!
cresc.
f
I'm read - y now!
f
mf legato
dim.

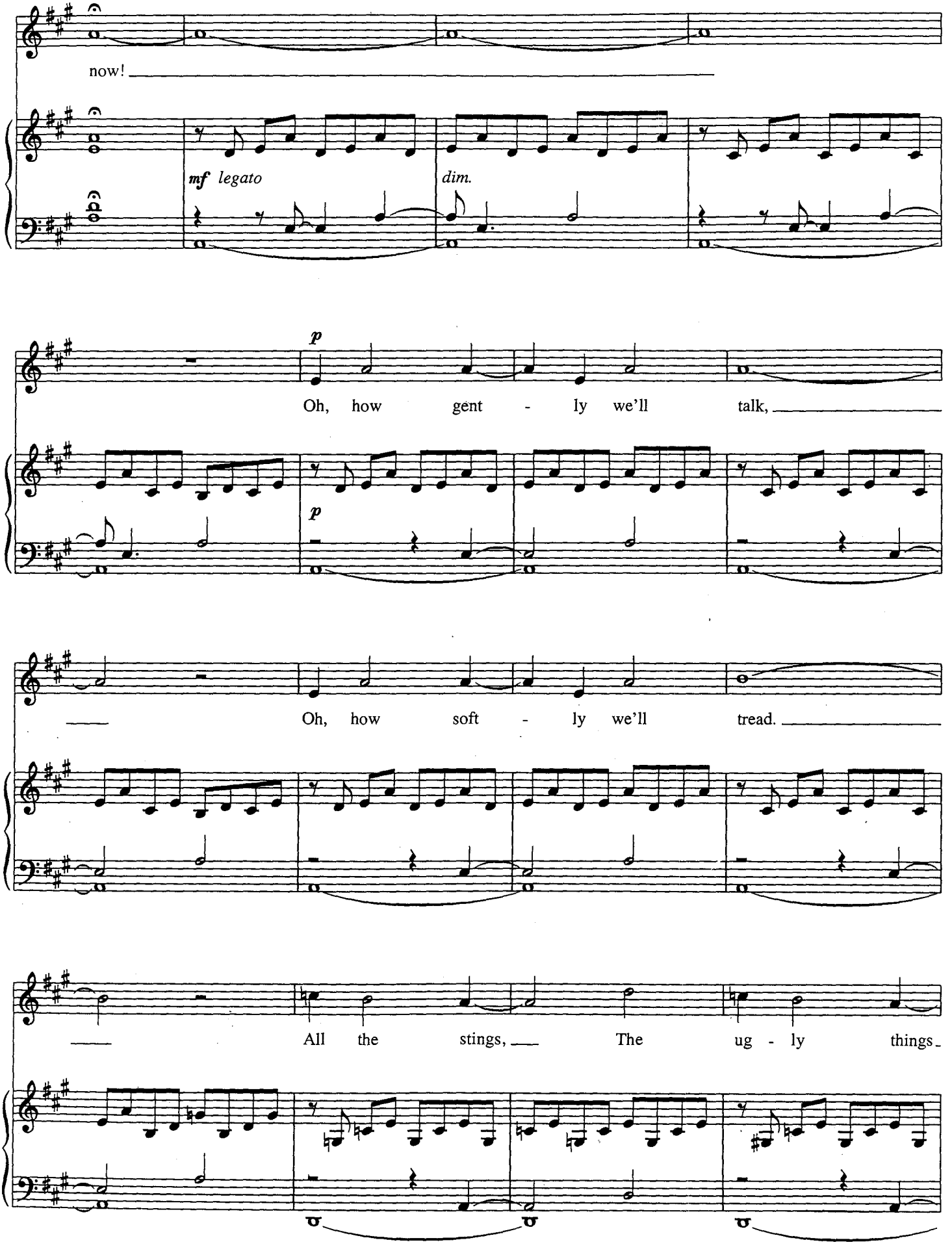

p
You can be my best friend.
p
I can be your right arm.
We'll go through a fight or two. No
poco cresc.
harm, No harm. We'll

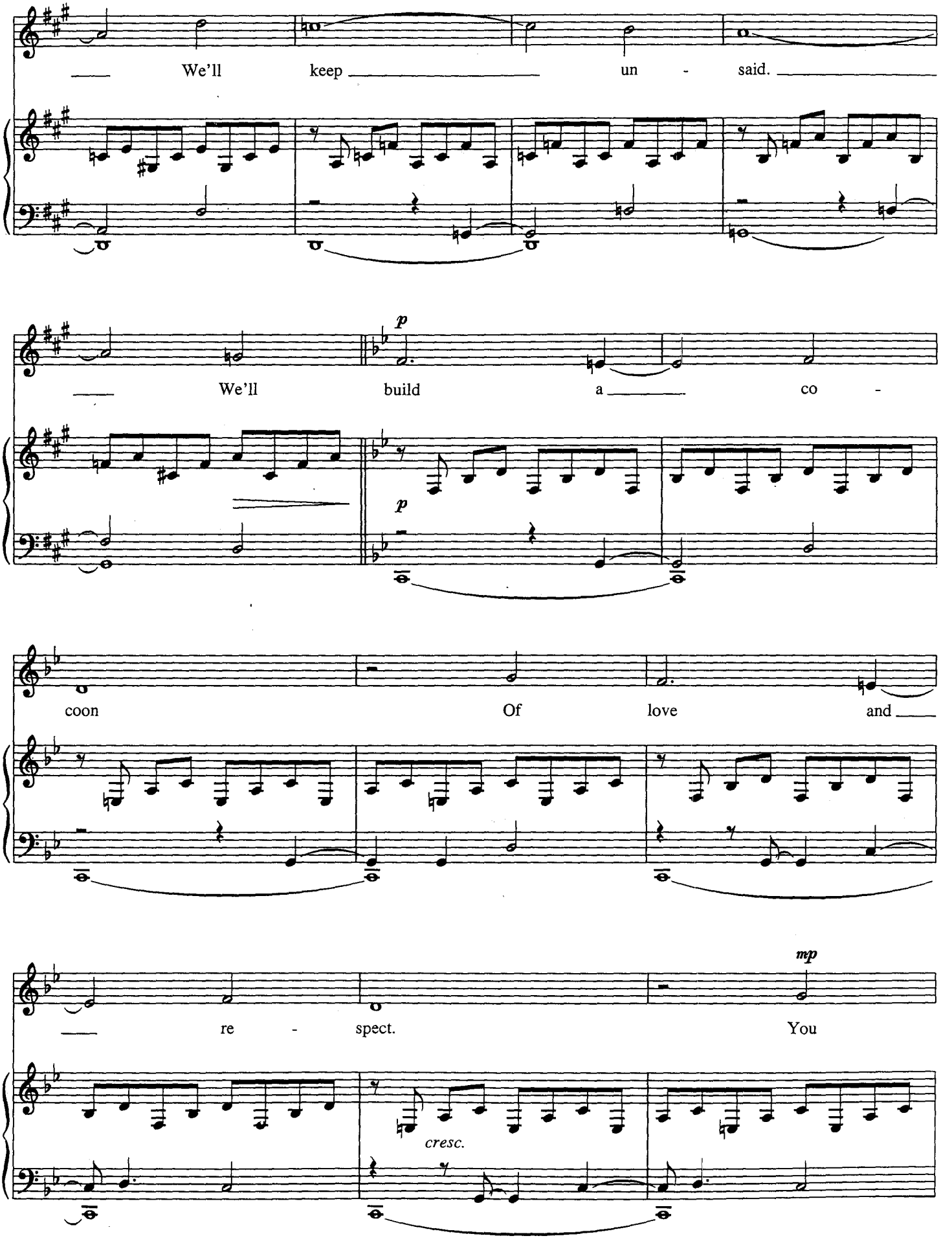

look not too deep, We'll
p
go not too far. We
mp
cresc.
won't have to give up a thing, We'll
mp
stay who we are. Right?
cresc.

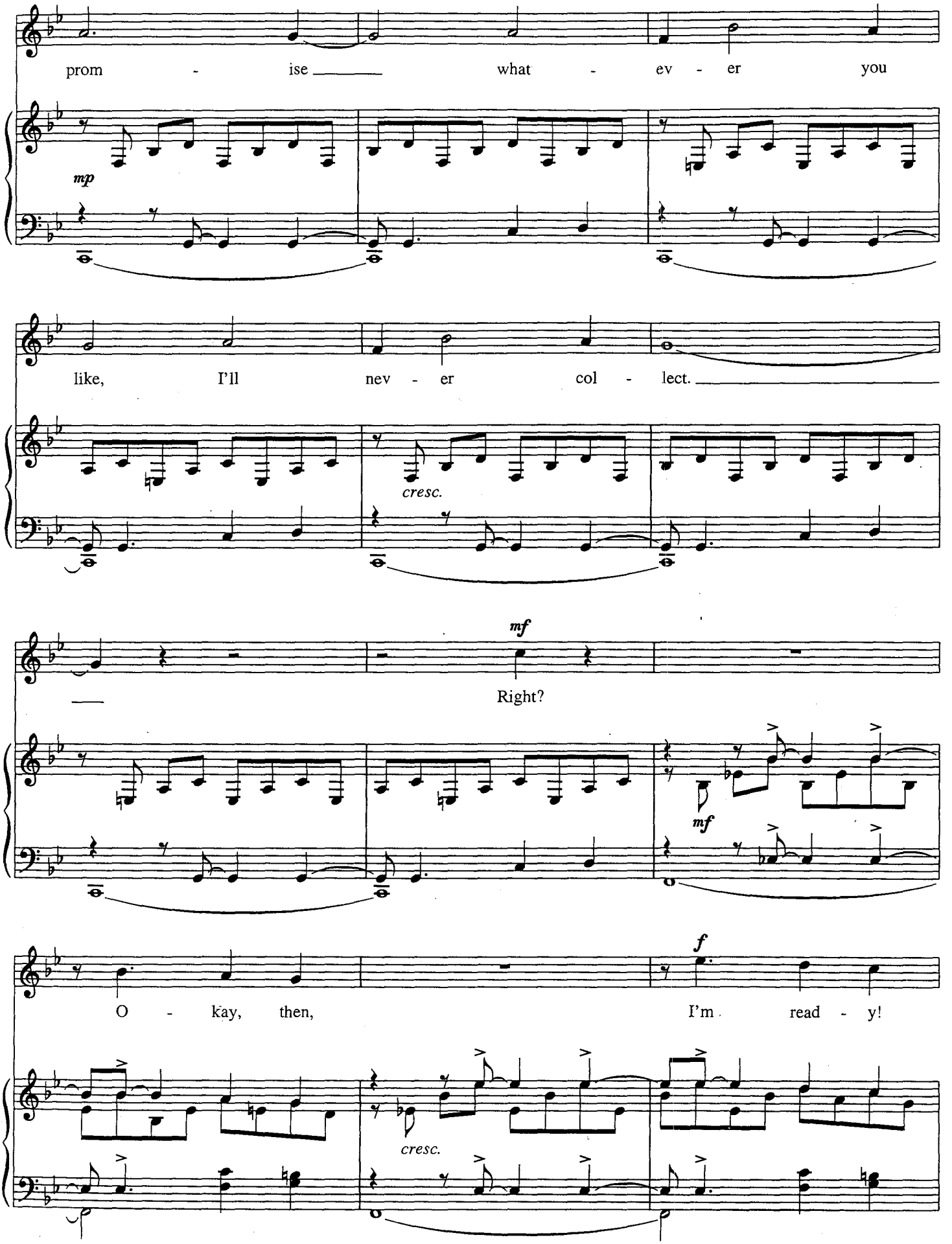

mf
O - kay, then,
f
I'm read - y!
mf
cresc.
molto rall.
I'm read - y now!
Some - one,
f
molto rall.
a tempo
mf
Mar - ry me
a lit - tle,
Love me just
a tempo
e - nough.
Warm and
sweet and eas - y,

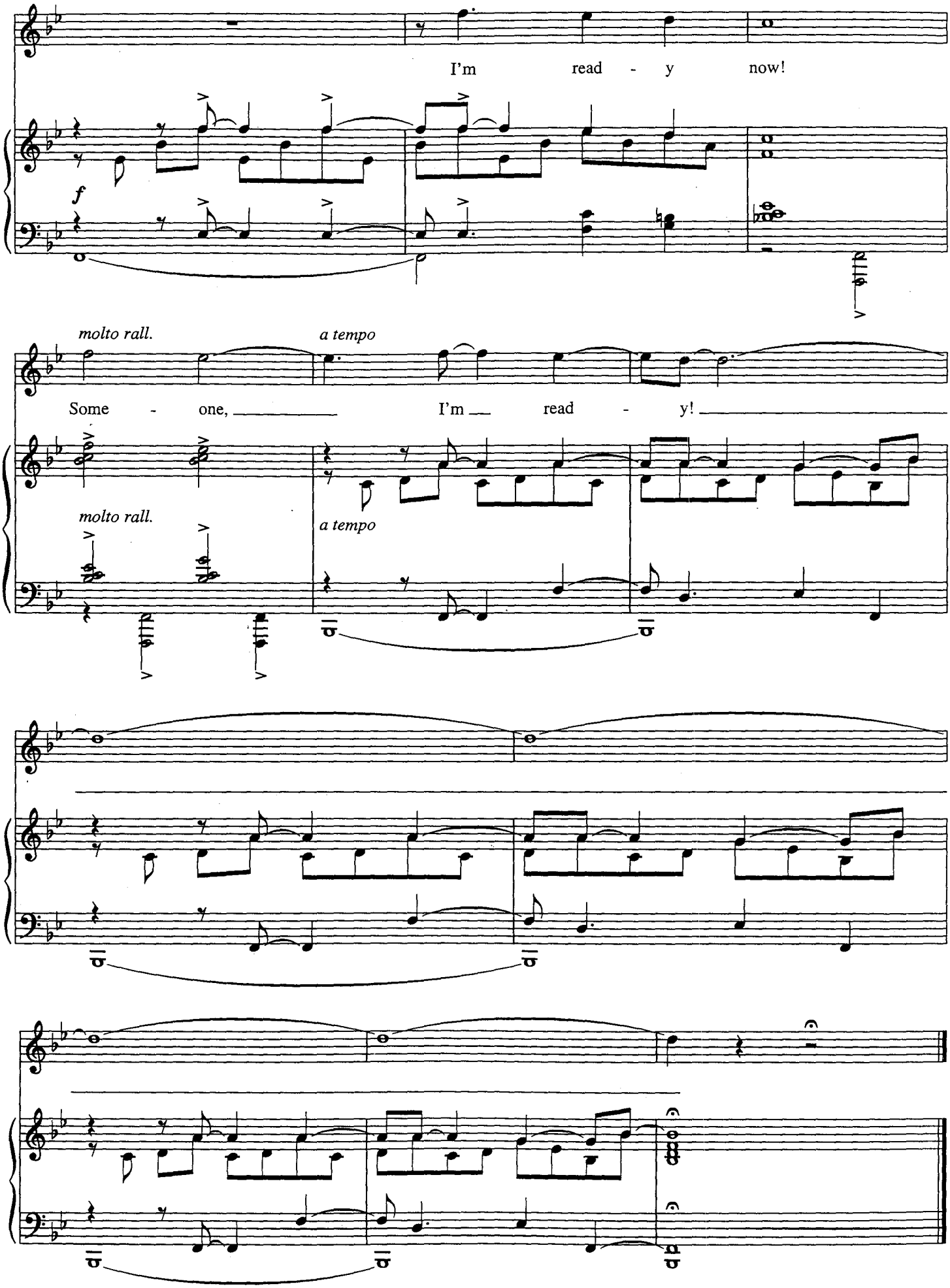

mp
Just the sim - ple stuff.
Keep a ten - der dis - tance
mp
So we'll both be free.
That's the way it ought to
be.
sub. f
I'm read - y!
cresc.
mf
Mar-ry me a lit-tle,
Bod-y, heart and soul.
mf


Pas-sion - ate as hell, But Al-ways in con-trol.
mp
Want me first and fore - most, Keep me com - pan-y.
mp
That's the way it ought to be.
cresc.
mf
I'm read - y!
f
I'm read - y!
f


now!
mf legato
dim.
p
Oh, how gent - ly we'll talk,
p
Oh, how soft - ly we'll tread.
All the stings, The ug - ly things


We'll keep un - said.
We'll build a co -
p
p
coon Of love and
re - spect.
mp
You
cresc.


prom - ise what - ev - er you
mp
like, I'll nev - er col - lect.
cresc.
mf
Right?
mf
f
O - kay, then, I'm read - y!
cresc.

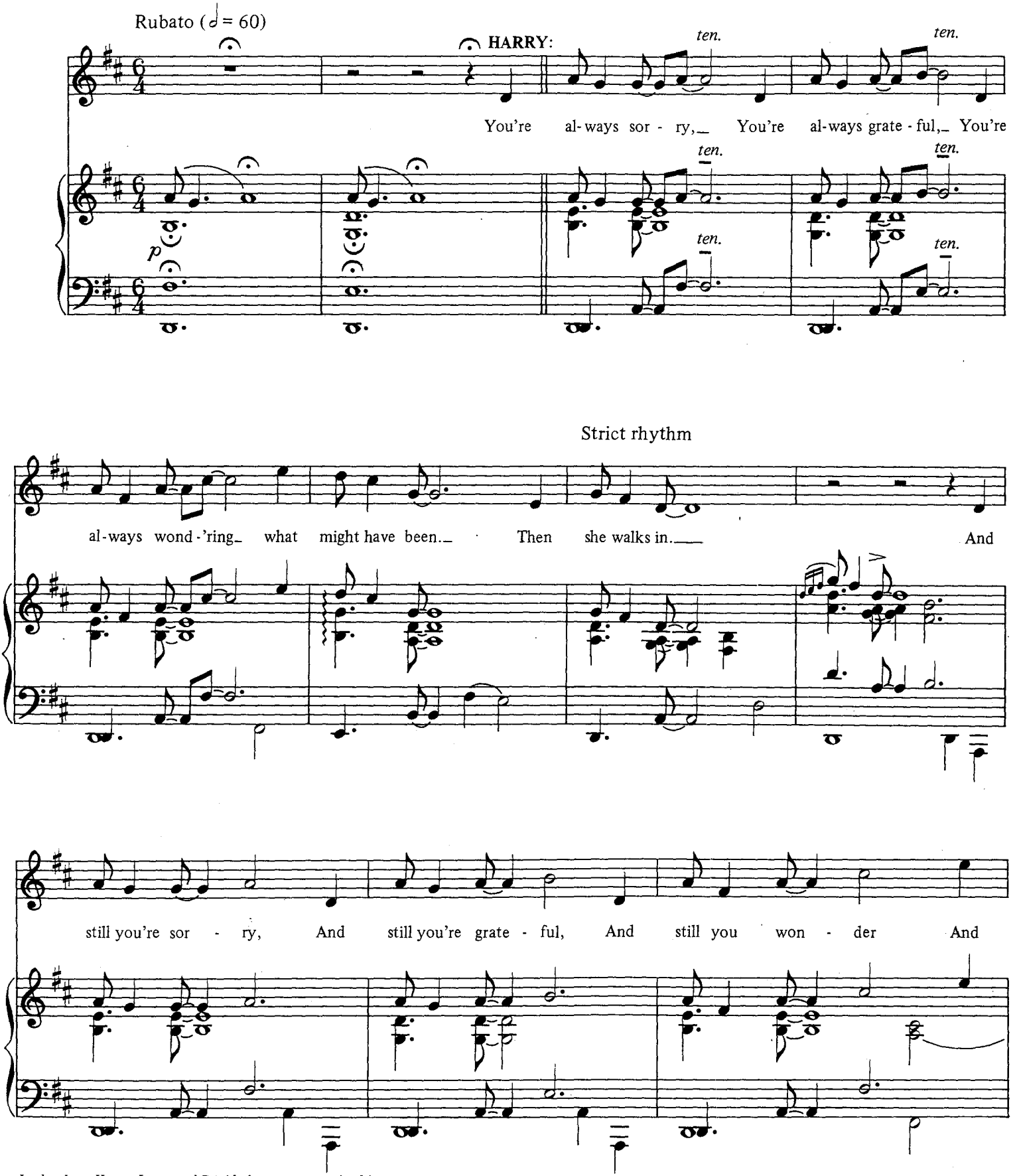

I'm read - y now!
f
molto rall.
a tempo
Some - one, I'm read - y!
molto rall.
a tempo

SORRY-GRATEFUL

from *Company*

Sunshine

Words and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM



In the show Harry, Larry and David alternate verses in this song.

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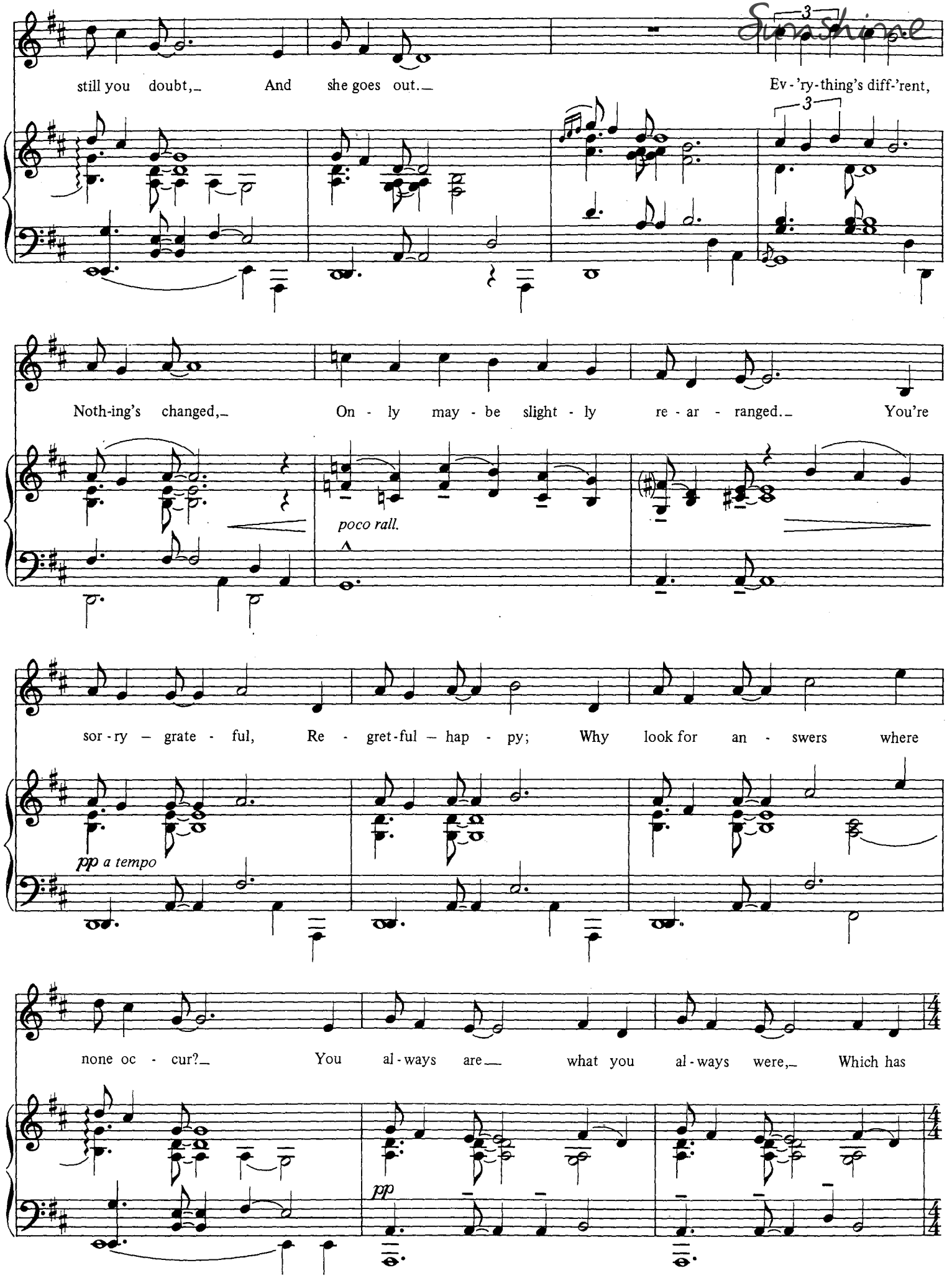
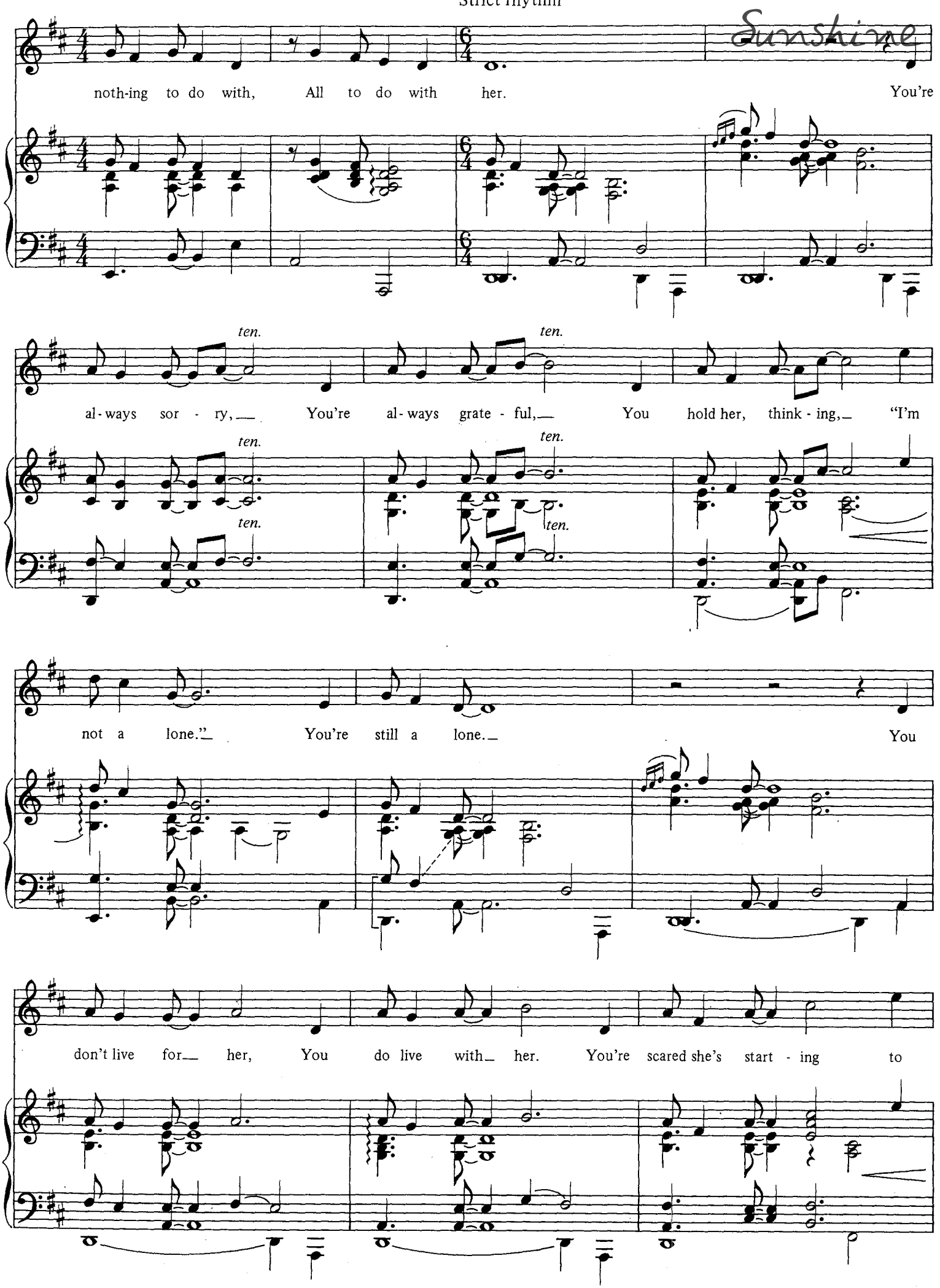
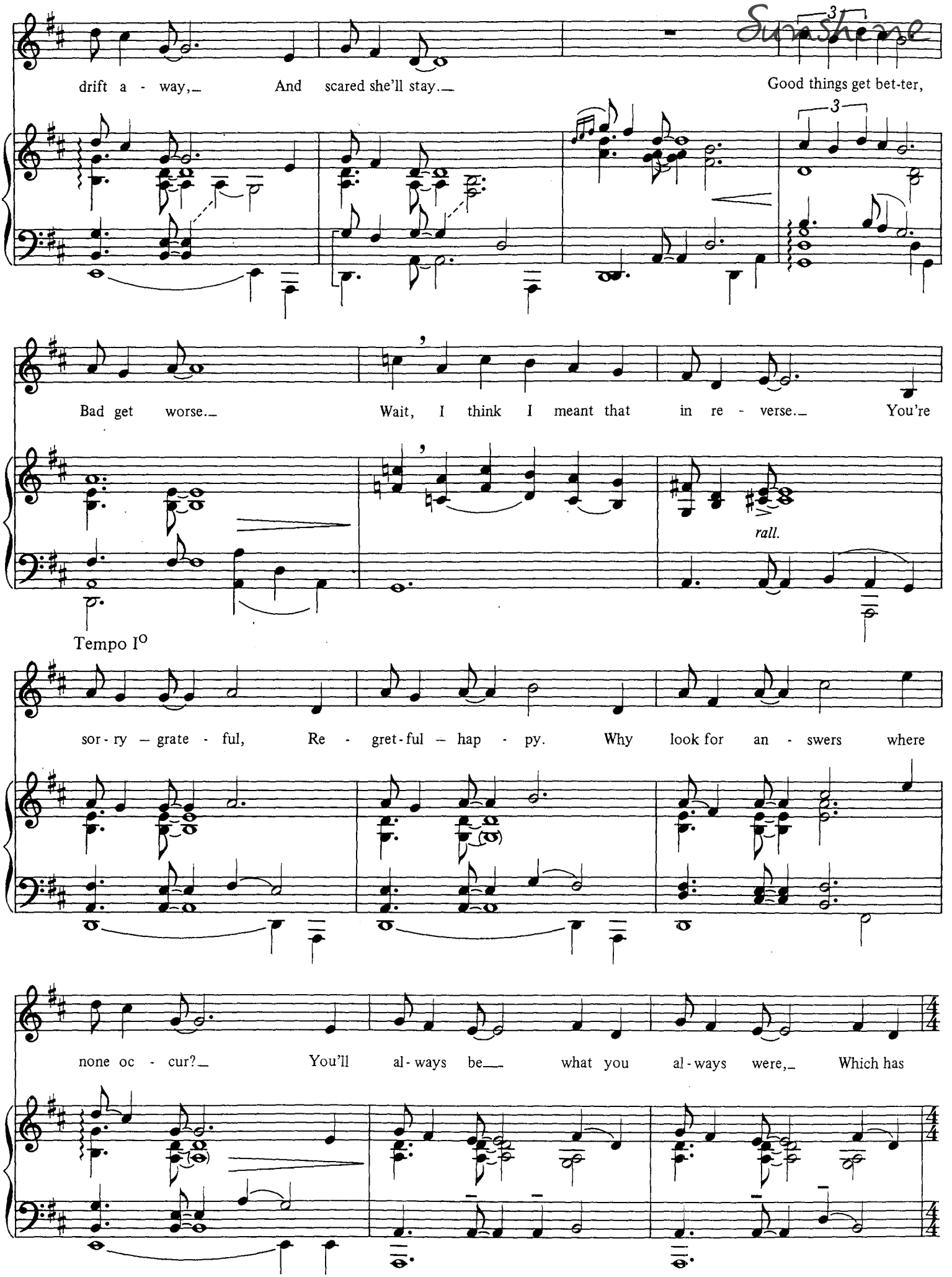
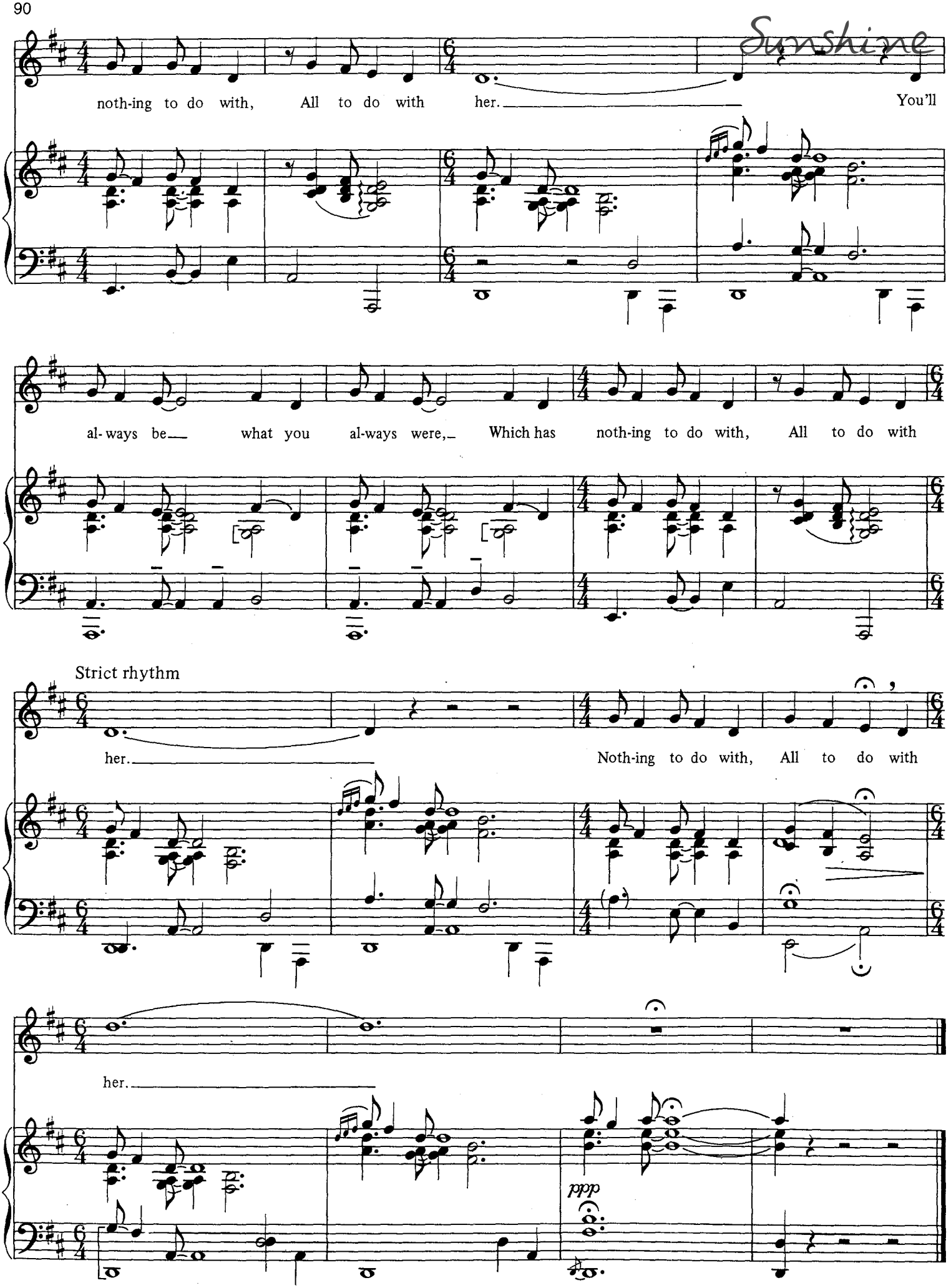

Sunshine
still you doubt, And she goes out. Ev-'ry-thing's diff-'rent,
Noth-ing's changed, On-ly may-be slight-ly re-ar-ranged. You're
poco rall.
sor-ry – grate-ful, Re-gret-ful – hap-py; Why look for an-swers where
pp a tempo
none oc-cur? You al-ways are what you al-ways were, Which has
pp

Strict rhythm




Sunshine
drift a - way,_ And scared she'll stay._
Good things get bet-ter,
Bad get worse._ Wait, I think I meant that in re - verse._ You're
rall.
Tempo I°
sor - ry – grate - ful, Re - gret-ful – hap - py. Why look for an - swers where
none oc - cur?_ You'll al - ways be__ what you al - ways were,_ Which has


Sunshine
noth-ing to do with, All to do with her. You'll
al-ways be what you al-ways were, Which has noth-ing to do with, All to do with
Strict rhythm
her. Noth-ing to do with, All to do with
her.
ppp

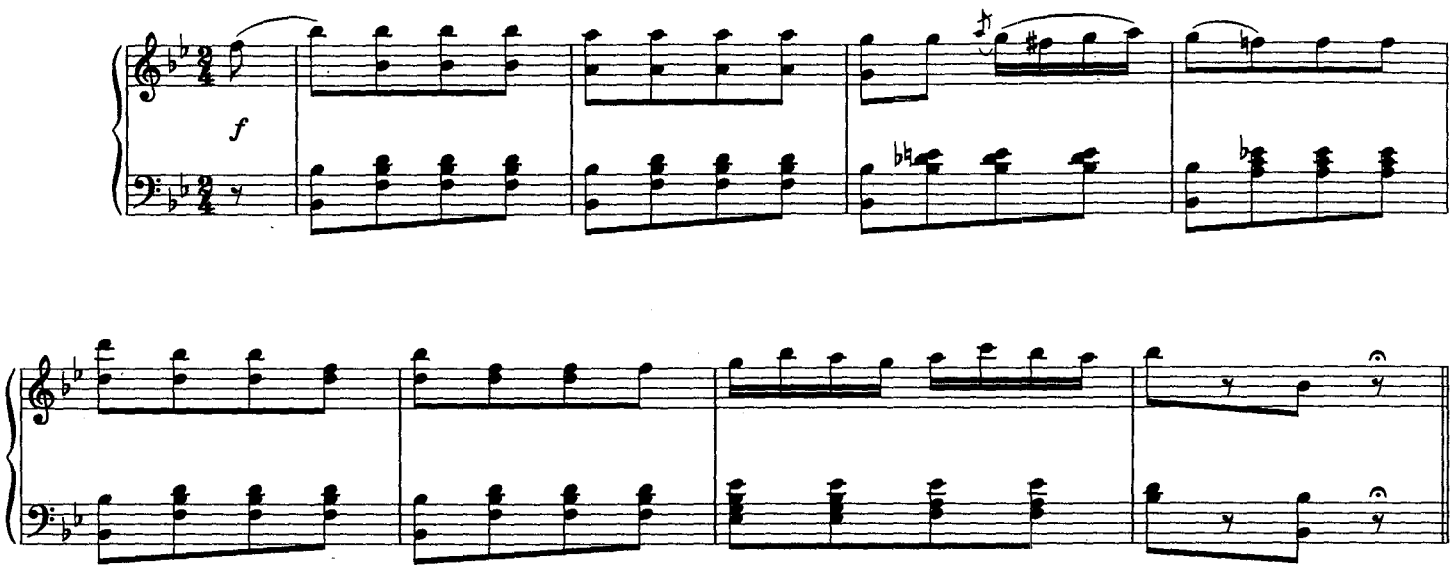
WHEN I WAS A LAD

from *HMS Pinafore*

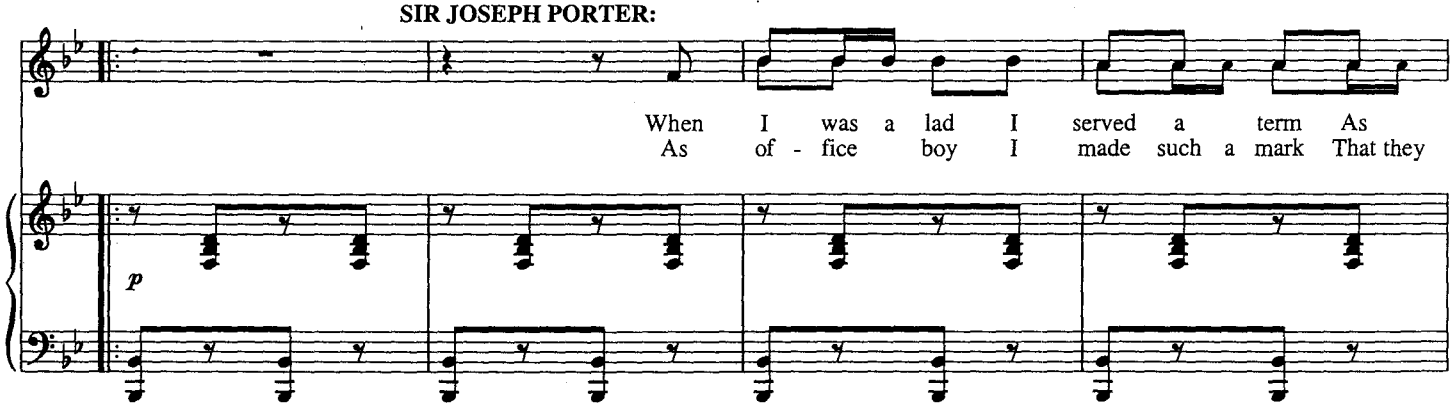
Sunshine

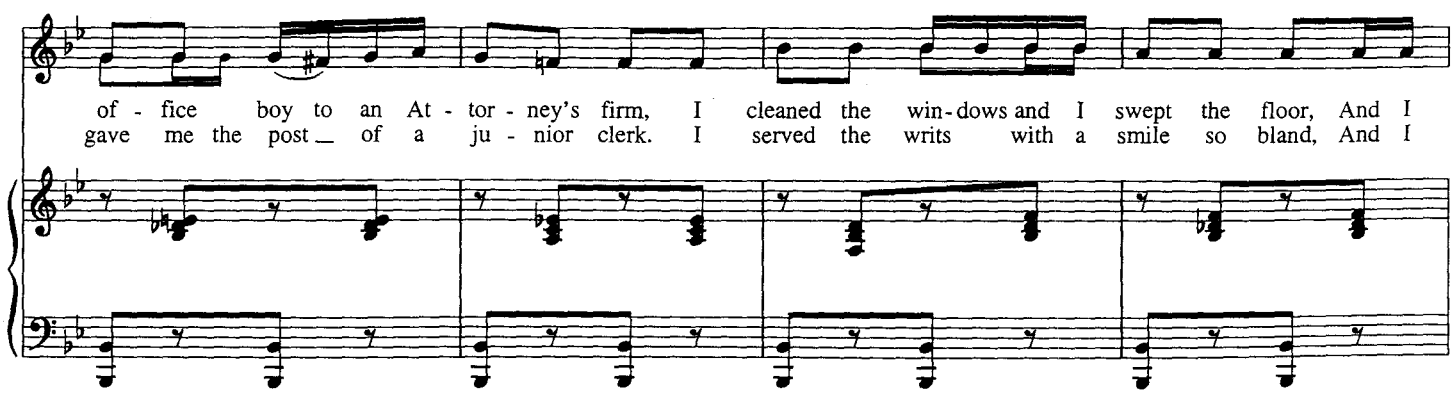
Words by W. S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro non troppo



SIR JOSEPH PORTER:





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po - lished up the han - dle of the big front door.
co - pied all the let - ters in a big round hand.

f

I po - lished up that han - dle so care - ful - lee, That
I co - pied all the let - ters in a hand so free, That

now I am the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee!
now I am the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee!

f

Sunshine

In ser - ving writs I made such a name That an
Of le - gal know-ledge I ac - quired such a grip That they

p

ar - ti - cled clerk_ I___ soon be - came; I wore clean col - lars and a bran' new suit For the
took me in - to the part - ner - ship, And that jun - ior part - ner - ship I ween Was the

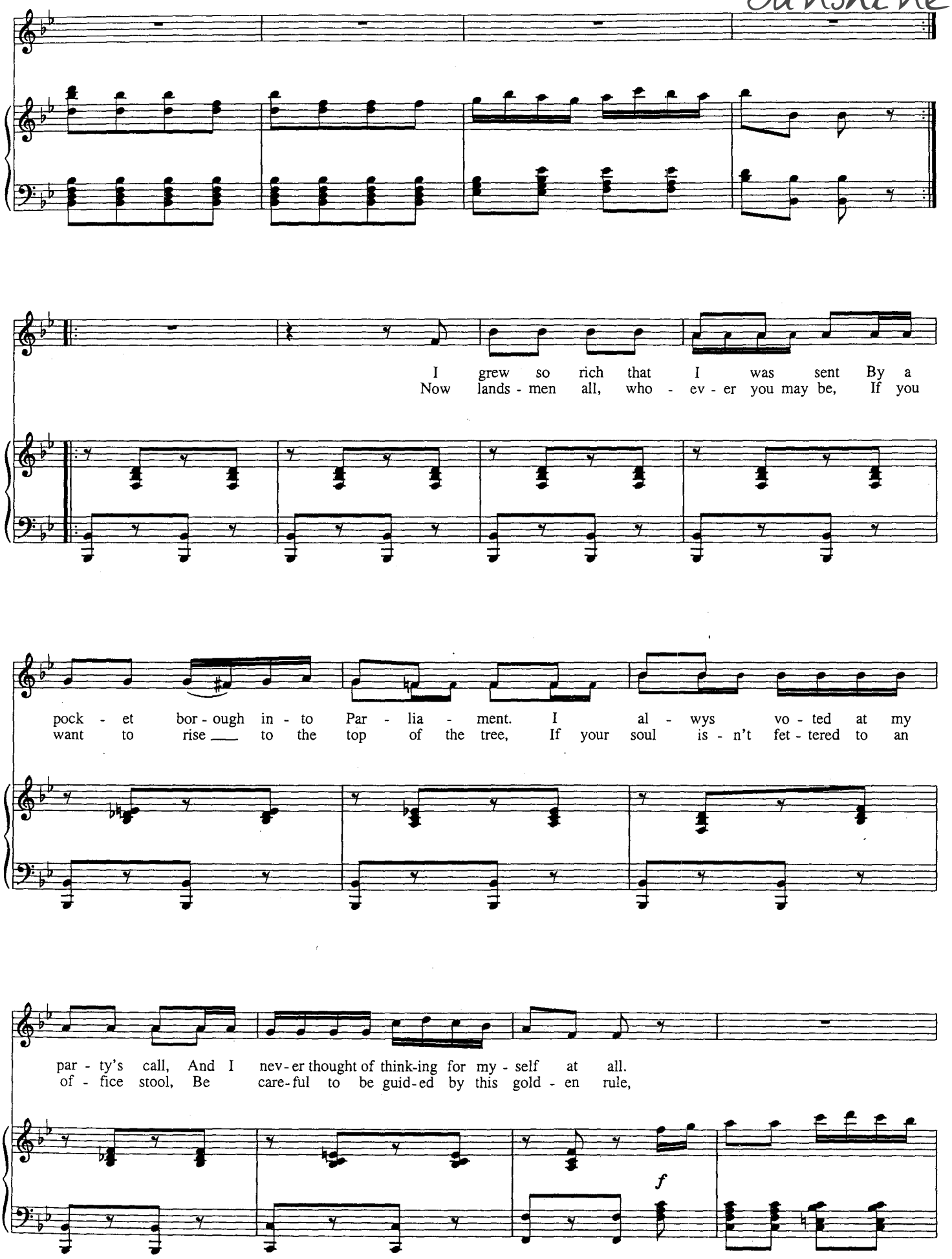
pass ex - am - in - a - tion at the In - sti - tute. That
on - ly ship_ that I ev - er had seen. But

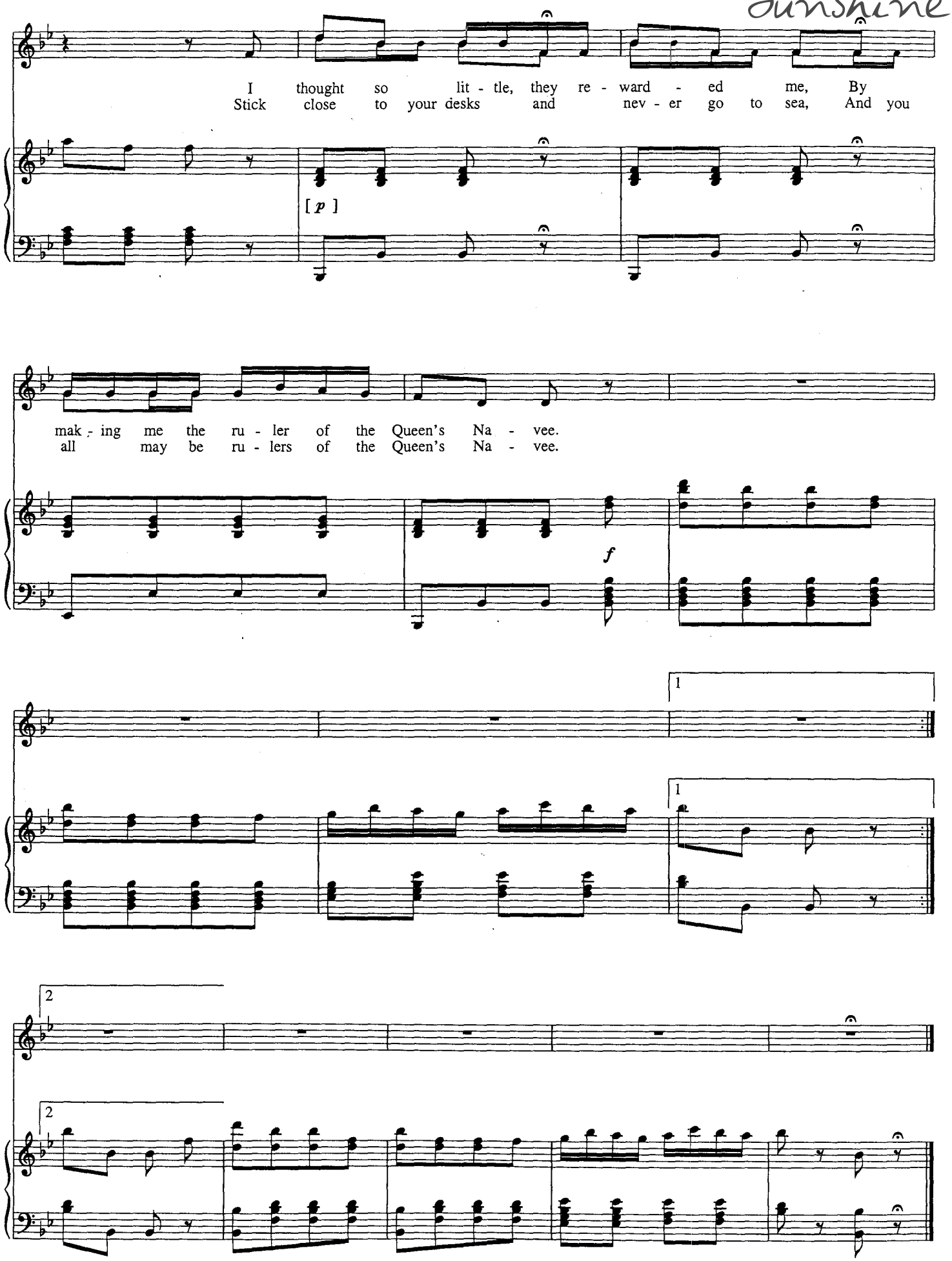
f

pass ex - am - in - a - tion did so well for me
that kind of ship so suit - ed me
} That now I am the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

p

f


I grew so rich that I was sent By a
Now lands - men all, who - ev - er you may be, If you
pock - et bor - ough in - to Par - lia - ment. I al - wys vo - ted at my
want to rise ___ to the top of the tree, If your soul is - n't fet - tered to an
par - ty's call, And I nev - er thought of think-ing for my - self at all.
of - fice stool, Be care-ful to be guid-ed by this gold - en rule,
f


I thought so lit - tle, they re - ward - ed me, By
Stick close to your desks and nev - er go to sea, And you
[p]
mak - ing me the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.
all may be ru - lers of the Queen's Na - vee.
f
1
1
2
2

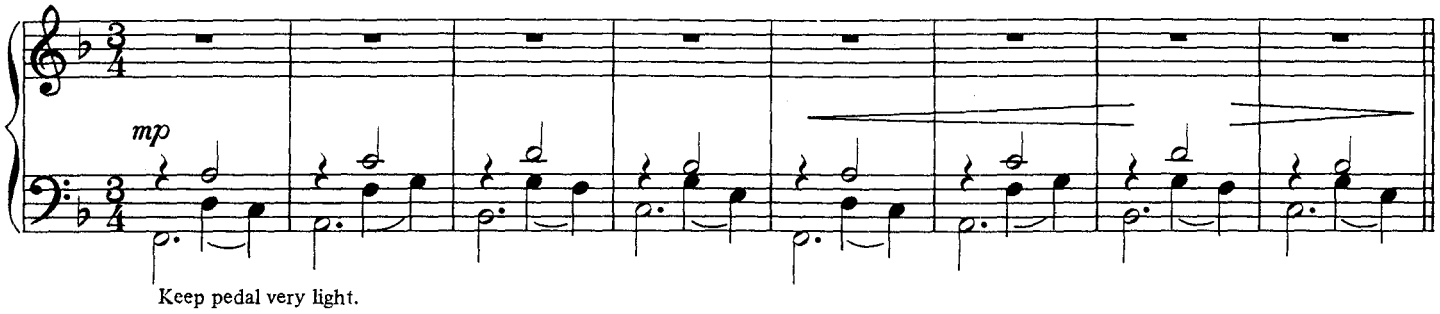
TRY TO REMEMBER

from *The Fantasticks*

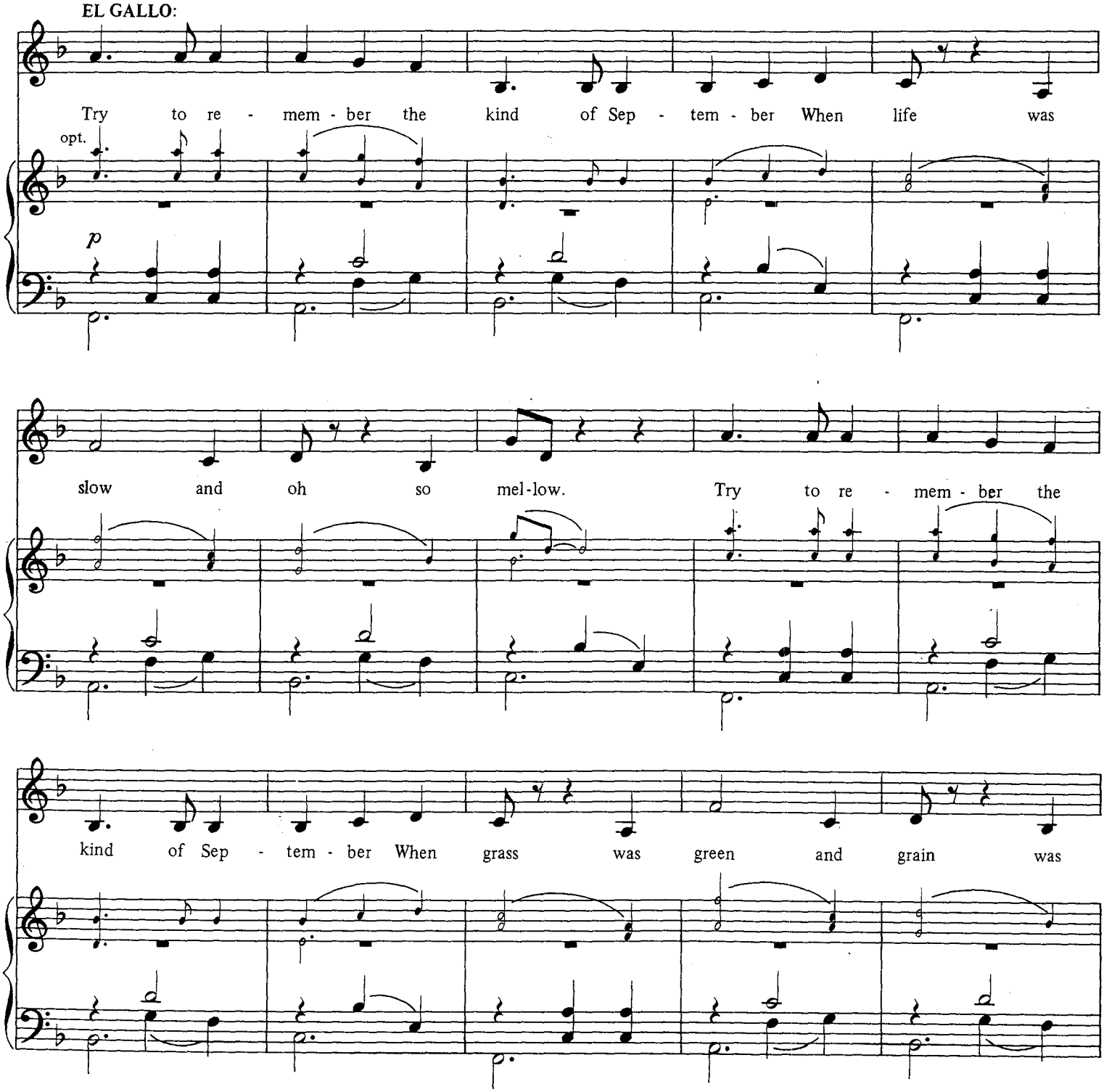
Sunshine

Words by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT

Rather slowly - In 3 (♩. = 126)



EL GALLO:



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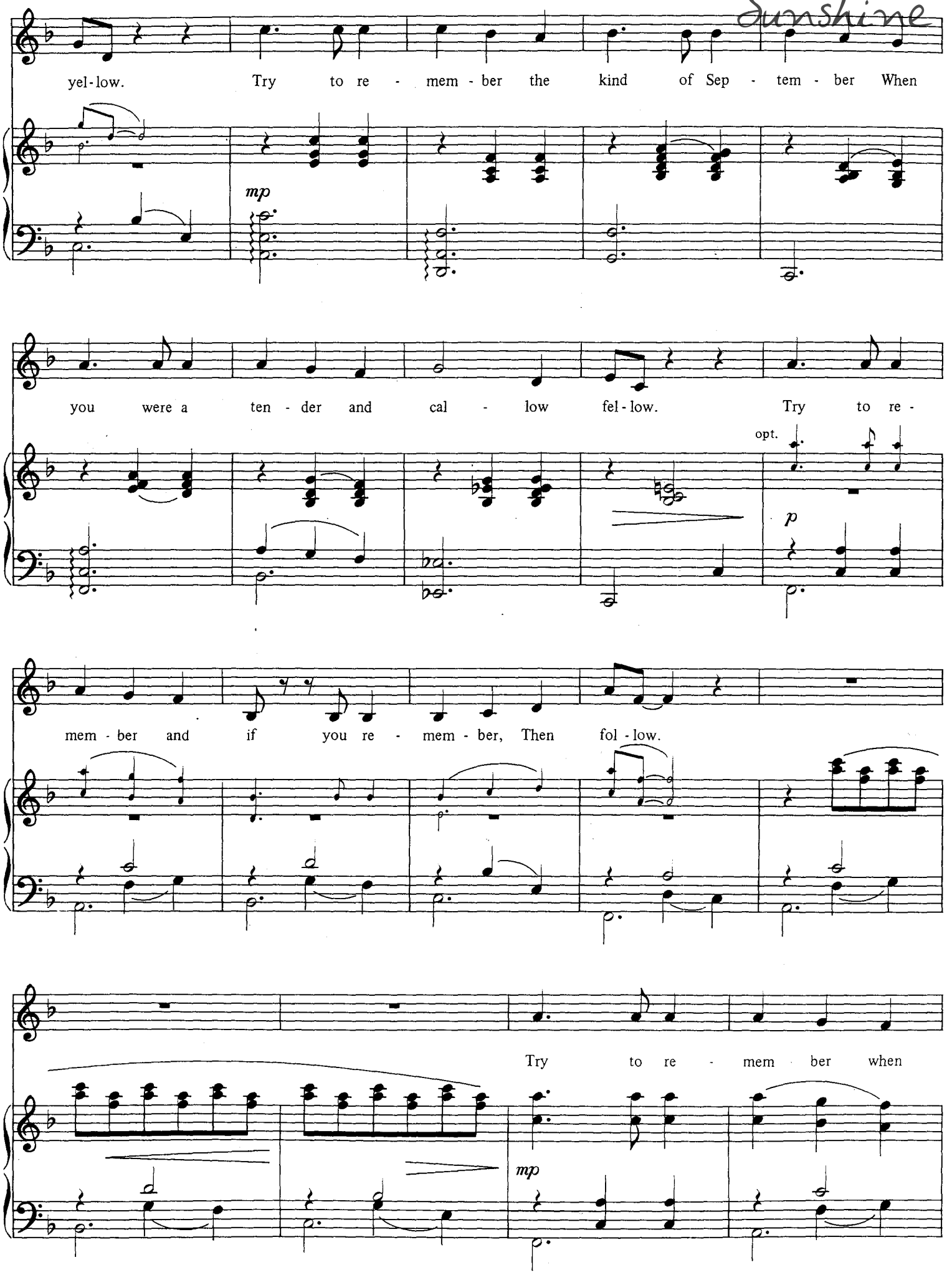
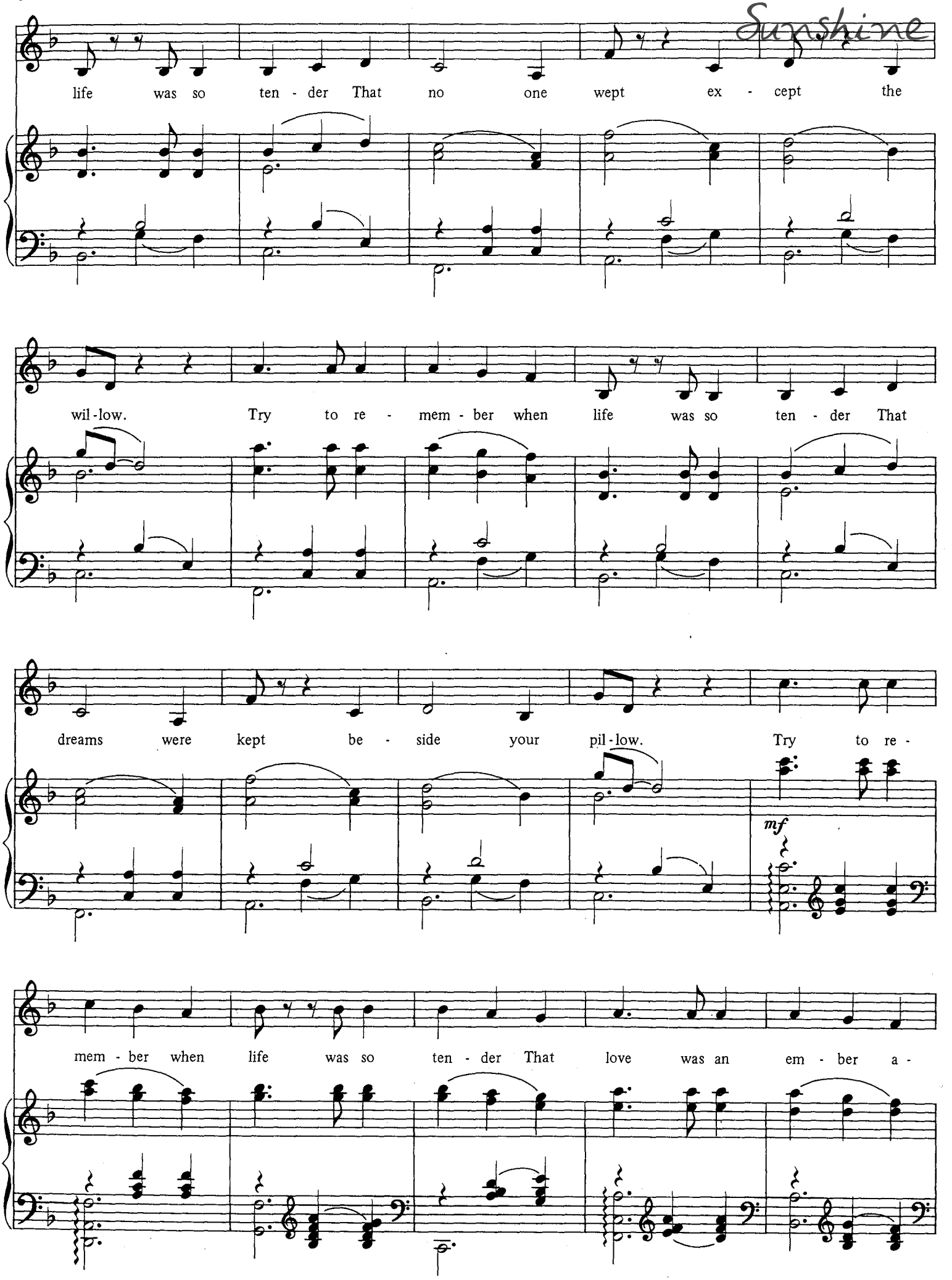
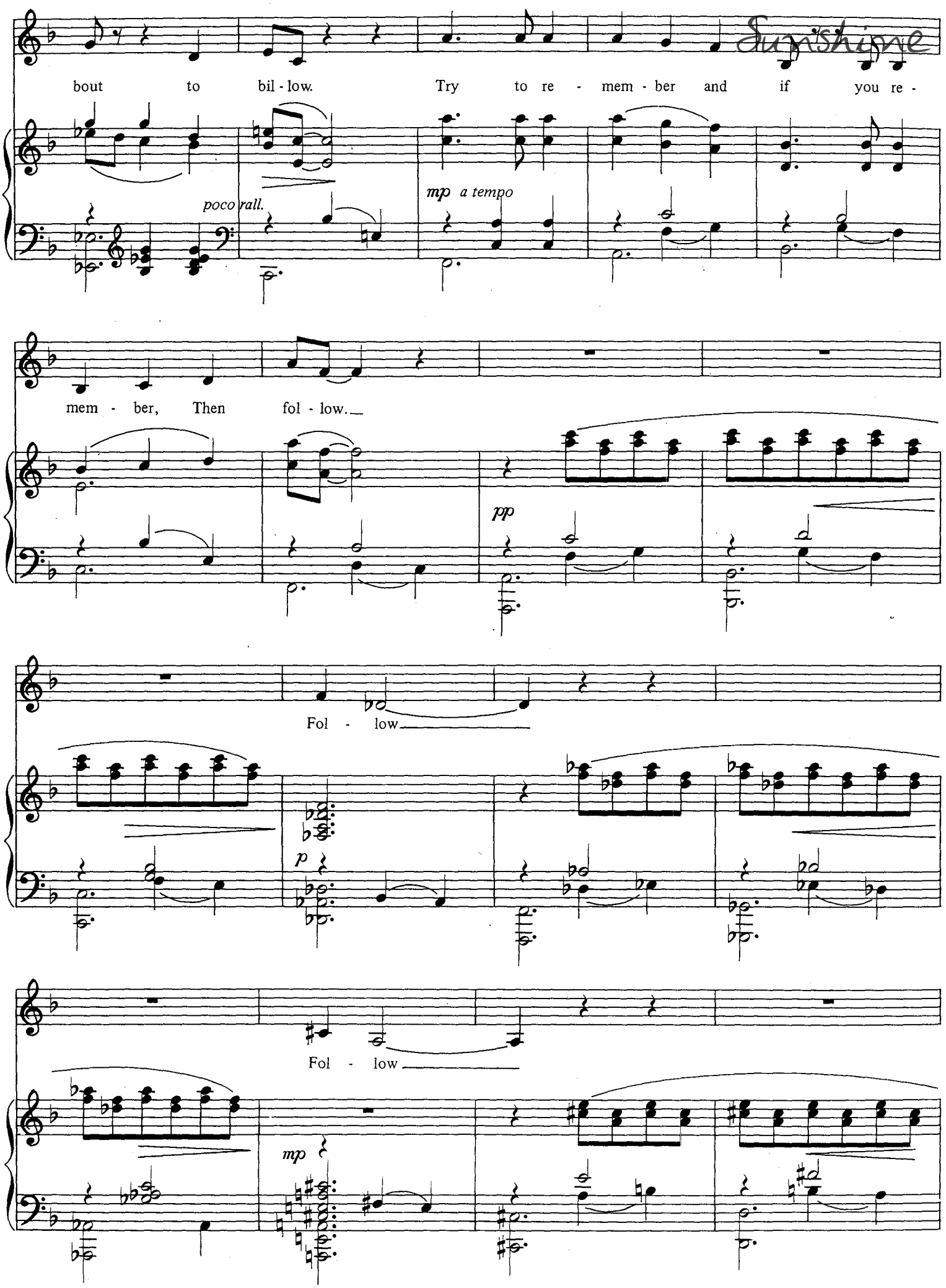

yel-low. Try to re - mem - ber the kind of Sep - tem - ber When
mp
you were a ten - der and cal - low fel - low. Try to re -
opt.
p
mem - ber and if you re - mem - ber, Then fol - low.
Try to re - mem ber when
mp


life was so ten - der That no one wept ex - cept the
wil - low. Try to re - mem - ber when life was so ten - der That
dreams were kept be - side your pil - low. Try to re -
mf
mem - ber when life was so ten - der That love was an em - ber a -


Sunshine
bout to bil - low. Try to re - mem - ber and if you re -
poco rall.
mp a tempo
mem - ber, Then fol - low.
pp
Fol - low
p
Fol - low
mp

Deep in De - cem - ber, it's nice to re -

poco rit. *pp a tempo*

mem - ber, Al - tho' you know the snow will fol - low.

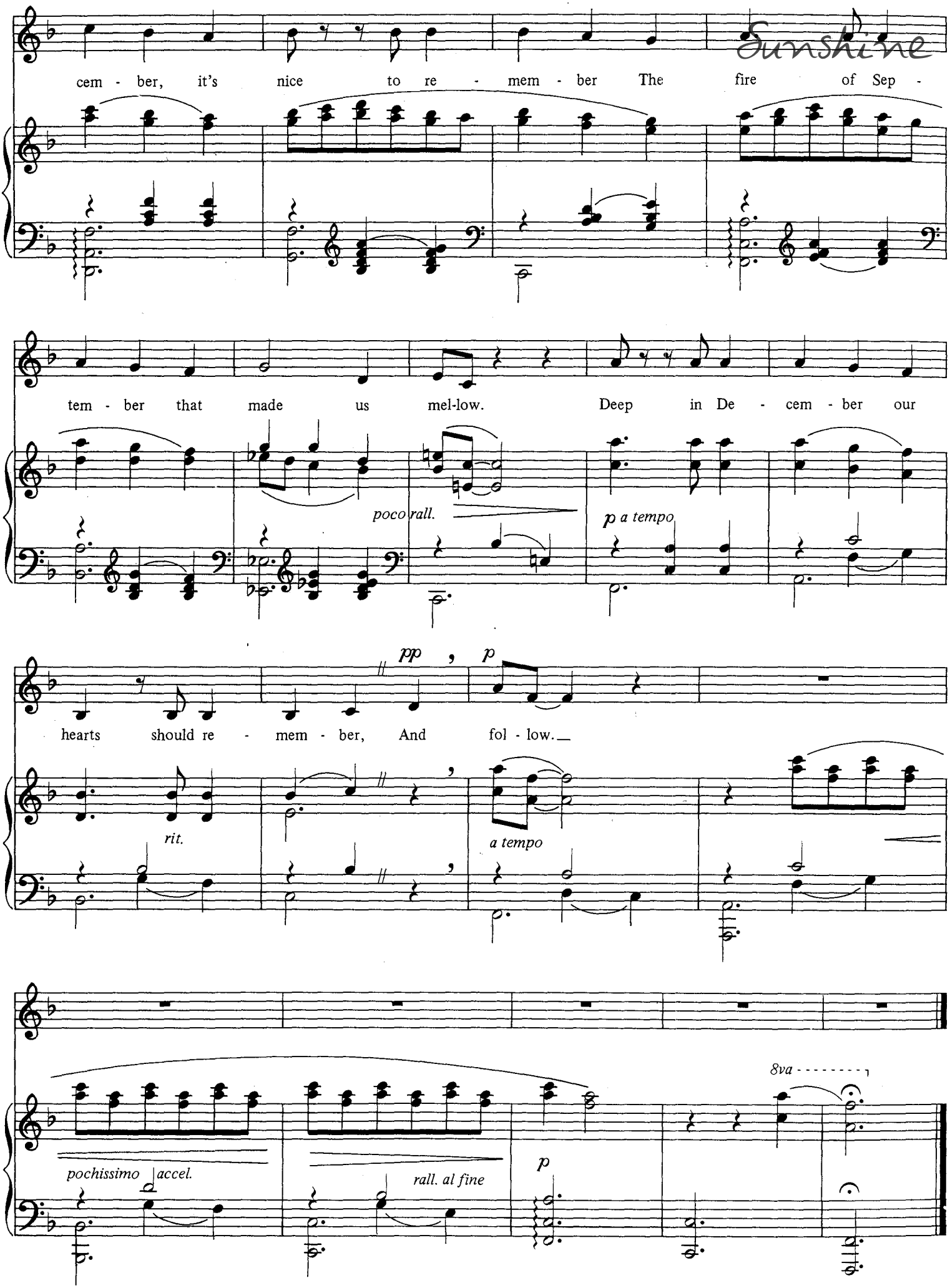
Deep in De - cem - ber, it's nice to re - mem - ber, With - out a

ppp

hurt the heart is hol - low. Deep in De -

3 3

f

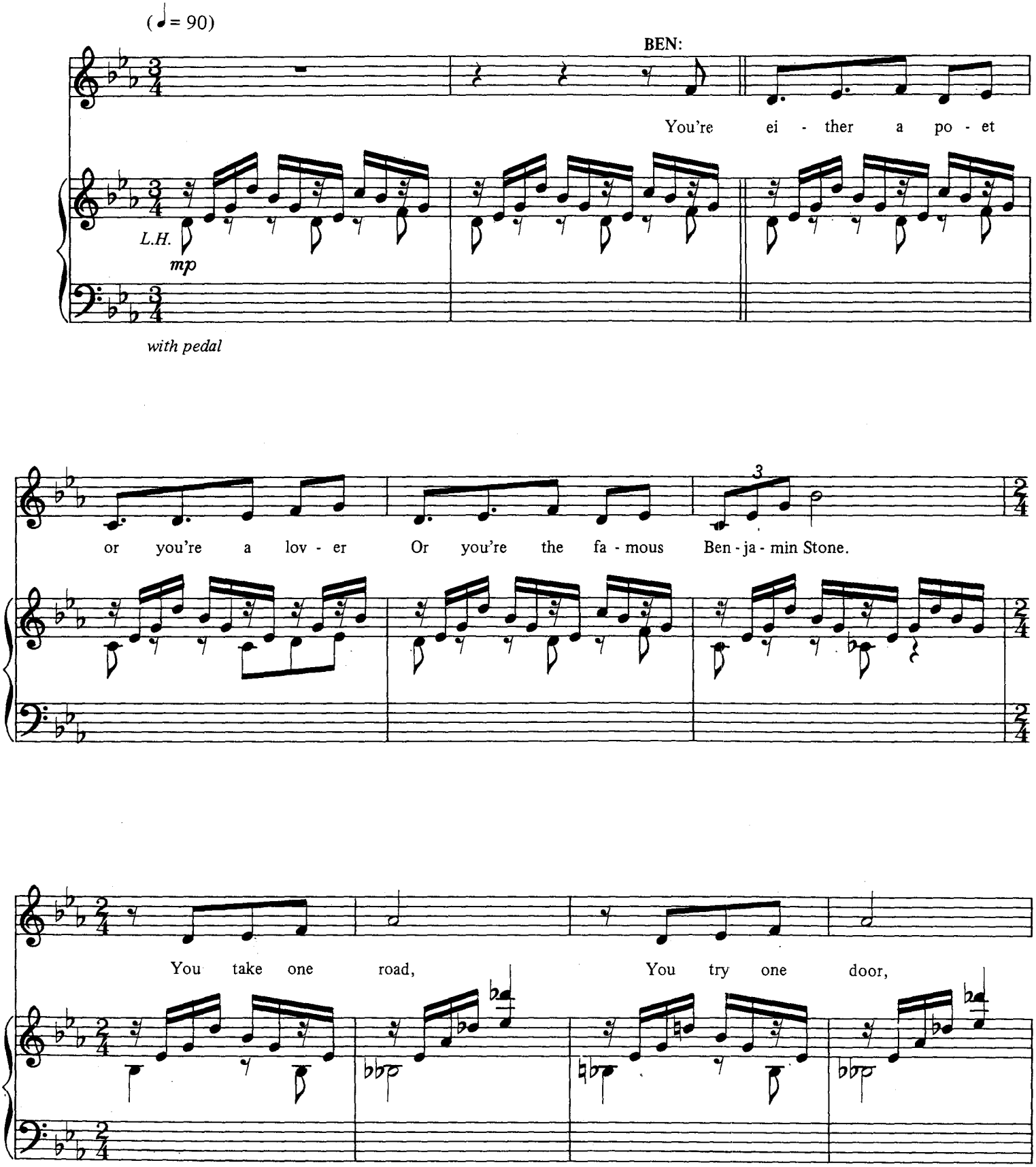

Sunshine
cem - ber, it's nice to re - mem - ber The fire of Sep -
tem - ber that made us mel-low. Deep in De - cem - ber our
poco rall.
p a tempo
pp
p
hearts should re - mem - ber, And fol - low.
rit.
a tempo
8va
pochissimo accel.
rall. al fine
p

THE ROAD YOU DIDN'T TAKE

from *Follies*

Sunshine

Words and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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There is - n't time for an - y more.

L.H.

p

One's life con - sists of ei - ther / or. One has re -

grets which one for - gets, And as the

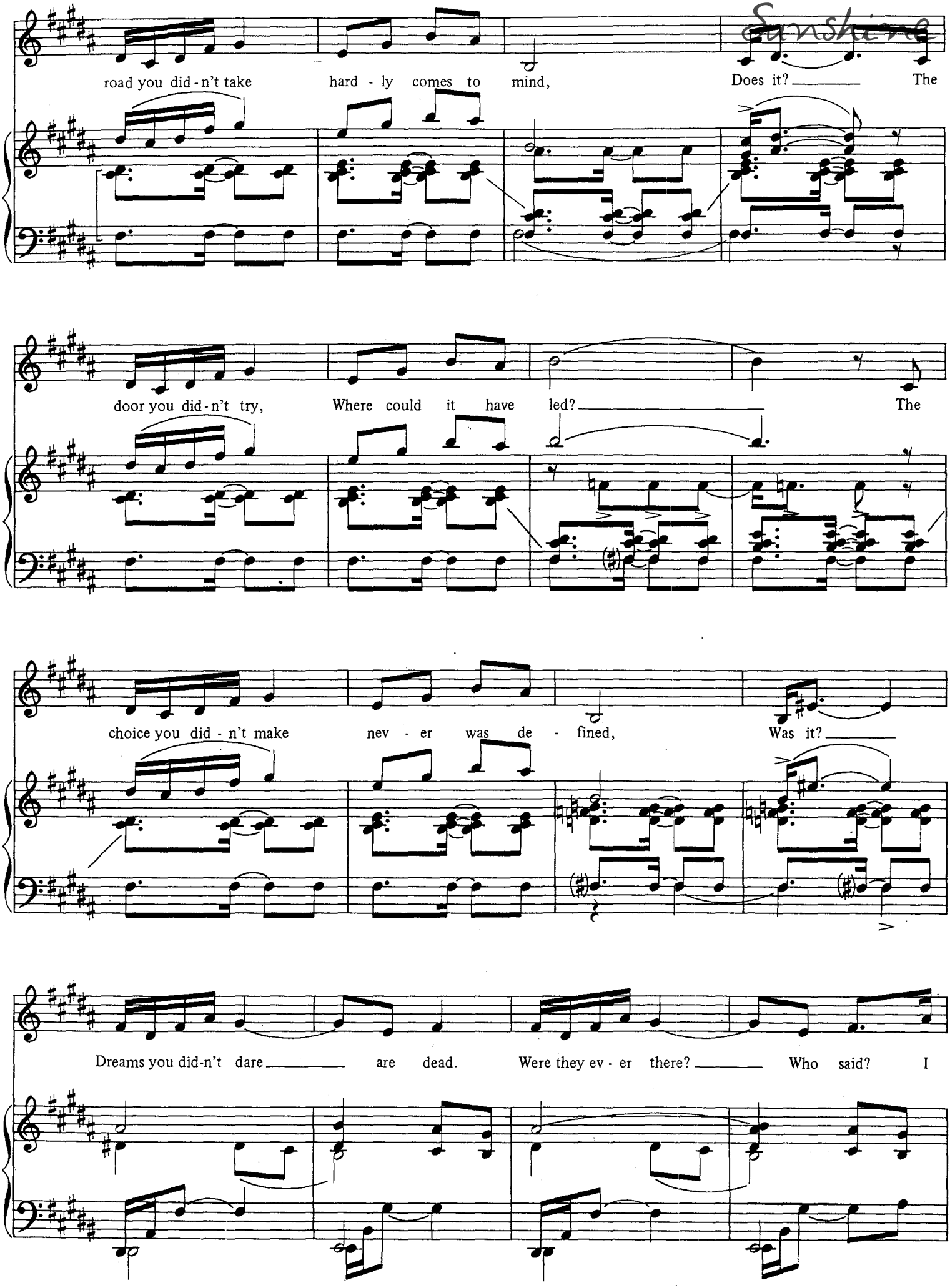
cresc.

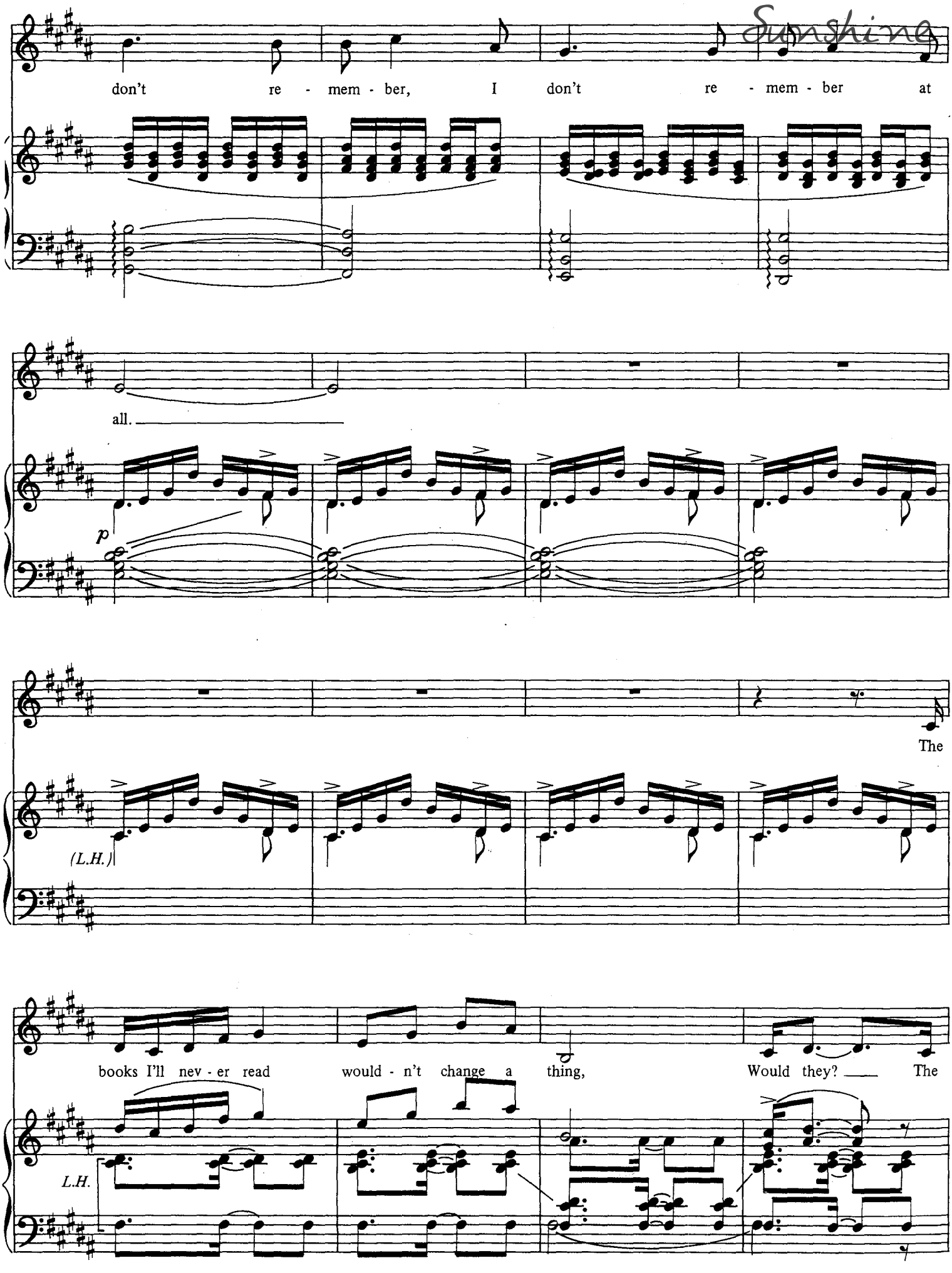
years go on, The

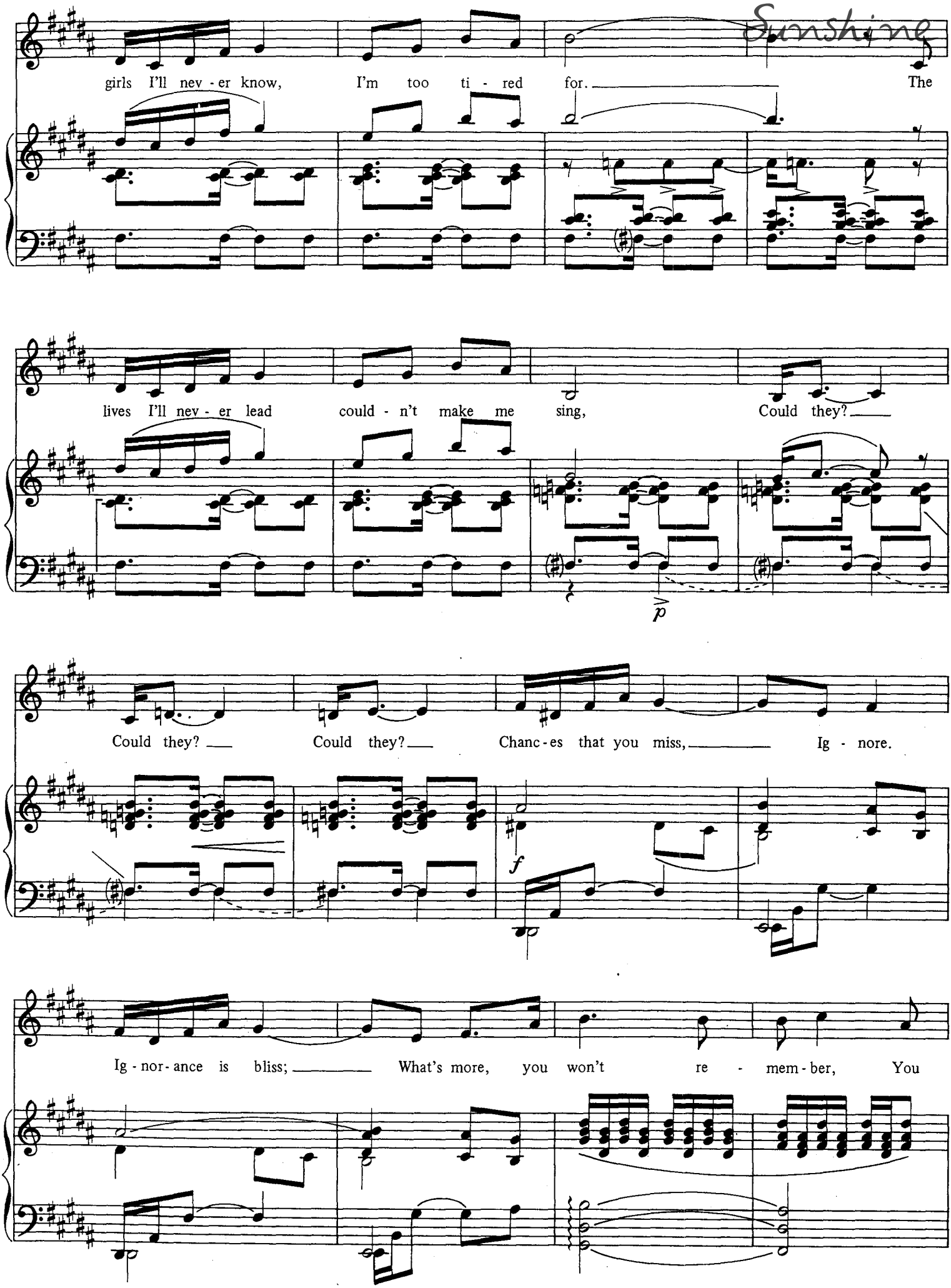
8va

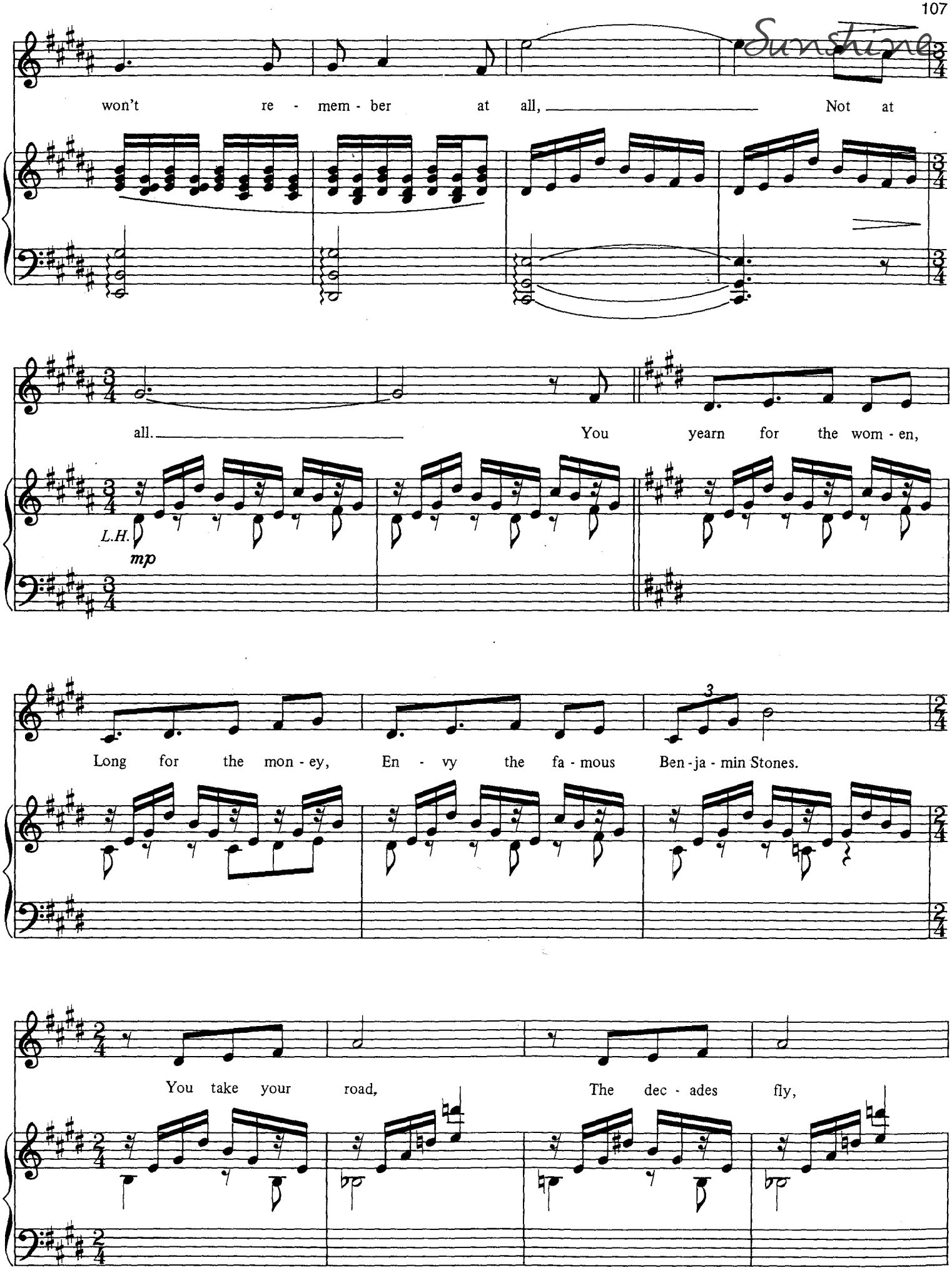
cresc.

p


Sunshine
road you did-n't take hard - ly comes to mind, Does it? The
door you did-n't try, Where could it have led? The
choice you did - n't make nev - er was de - fined, Was it?
Dreams you did-n't dare are dead. Were they ev - er there? Who said? I


Sunshine
don't re - mem - ber, I don't re - mem - ber at
all.
p
The
(L.H.)
books I'll nev - er read would - n't change a thing, Would they? The
L.H.


Sunshine
girls I'll nev - er know, I'm too ti - red for. The
lives I'll nev - er lead could - n't make me sing, Could they?
p
Could they? Could they? Chanc - es that you miss, Ig - nore.
f
Ig - nor - ance is bliss; What's more, you won't re - mem - ber, You


Sunshine
won't re - mem - ber at all, Not at
all. You yearn for the wom - en,
L.H.
mp
Long for the mon - ey, En - vy the fa - mous Ben - ja - min Stones.
3
You take your road, The dec - ades fly,

The yearn-ings fade, the long-ings die. You learn to

L.H.

poco rit.

bid them all good - bye. And oh, the peace, the bless - ed

poco rit.

peace. At last you come to know;

8va

cresc.

a tempo

The roads you nev - er take go through rock - y

a tempo

Sunshine

ground, Don't they? The choic - es that you make are - n't all that

grim. The worlds you nev - er see still will be a -

round, Won't they? The Ben I'll nev - er be, - - Who re - mem - bers him?

ten. rit. a tempo

ten. ten. rit.

p a tempo

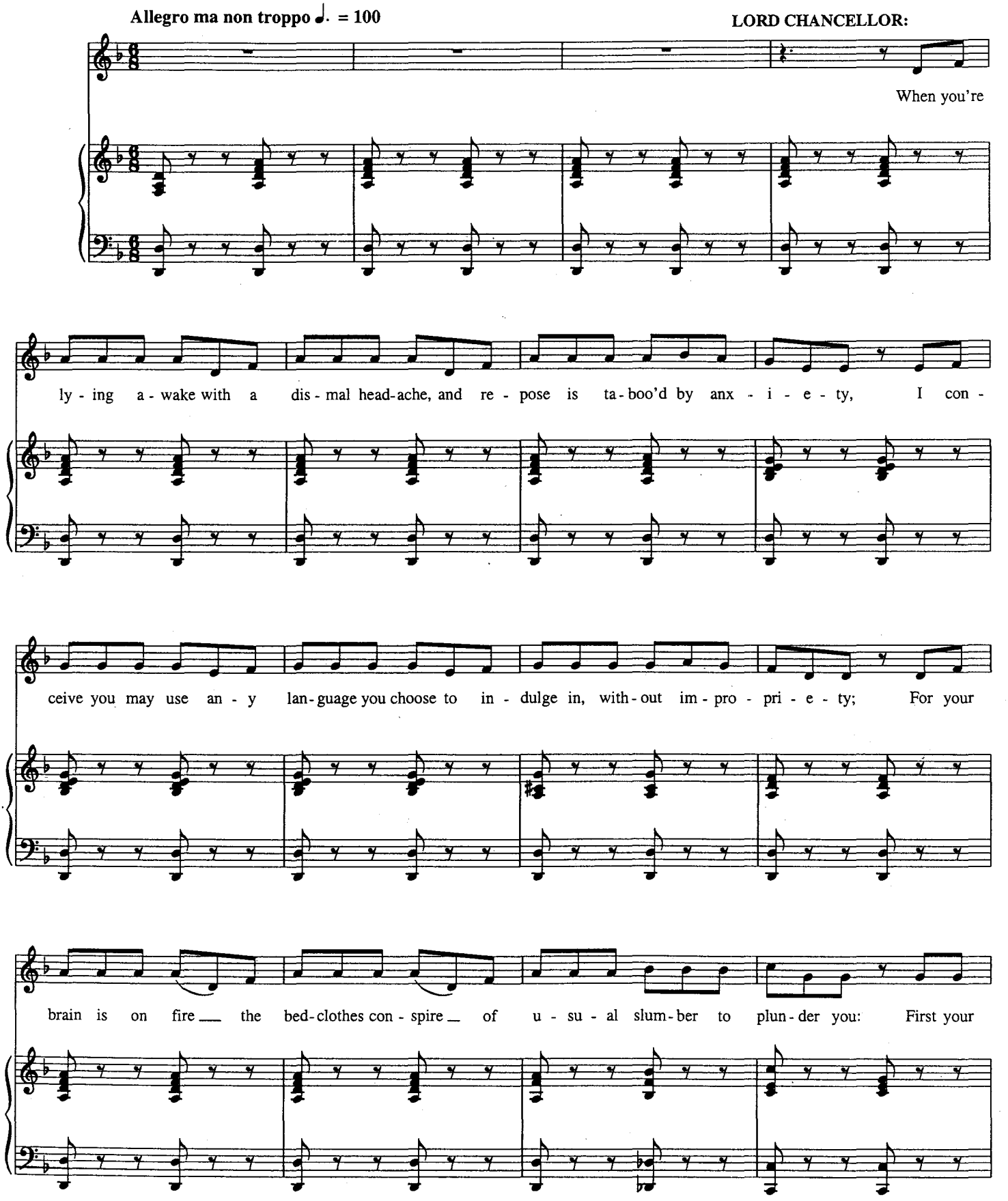
molto ritard.

molto ritard.

WHEN YOU'RE LYING AWAKE

from *Iolanthe*

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN



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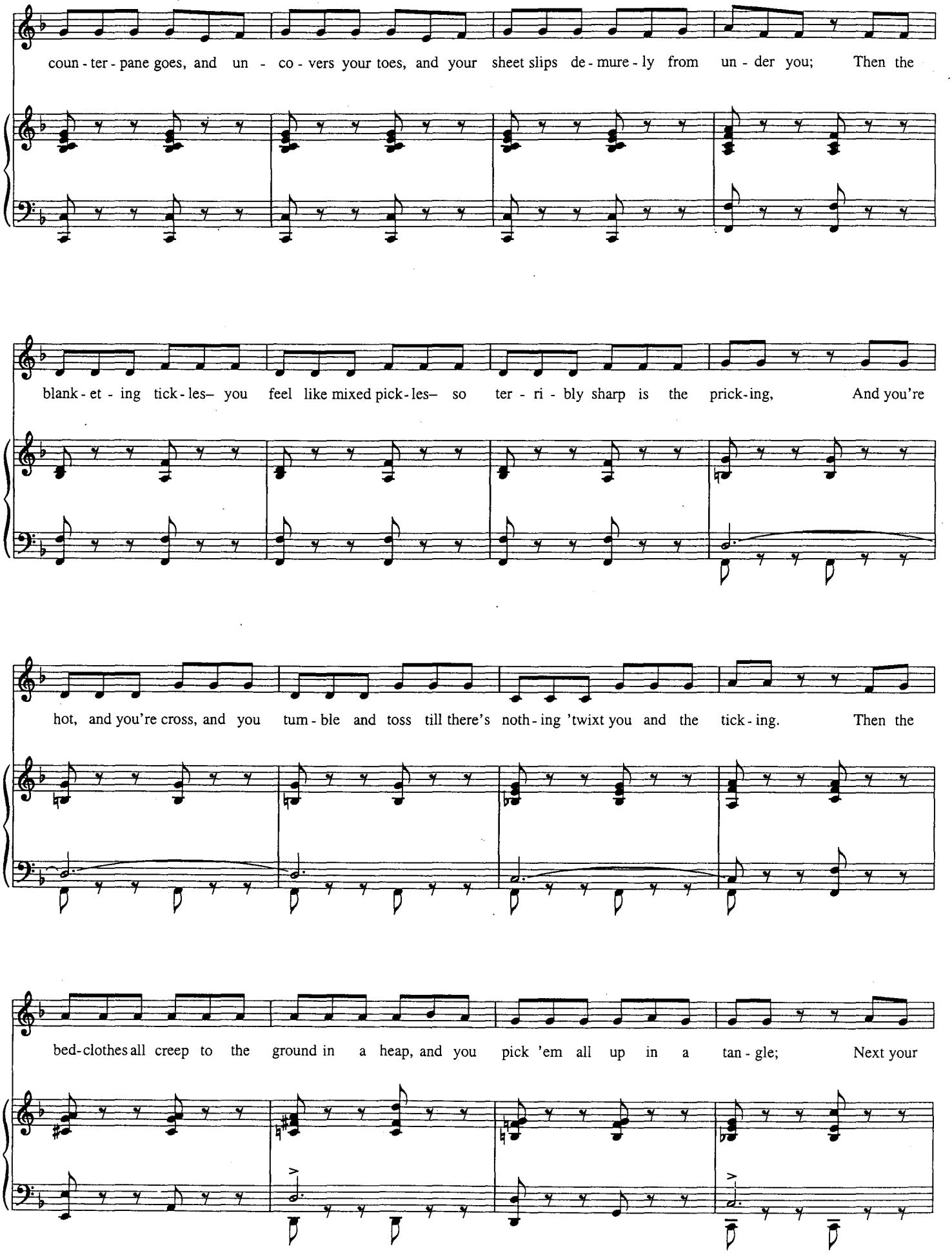
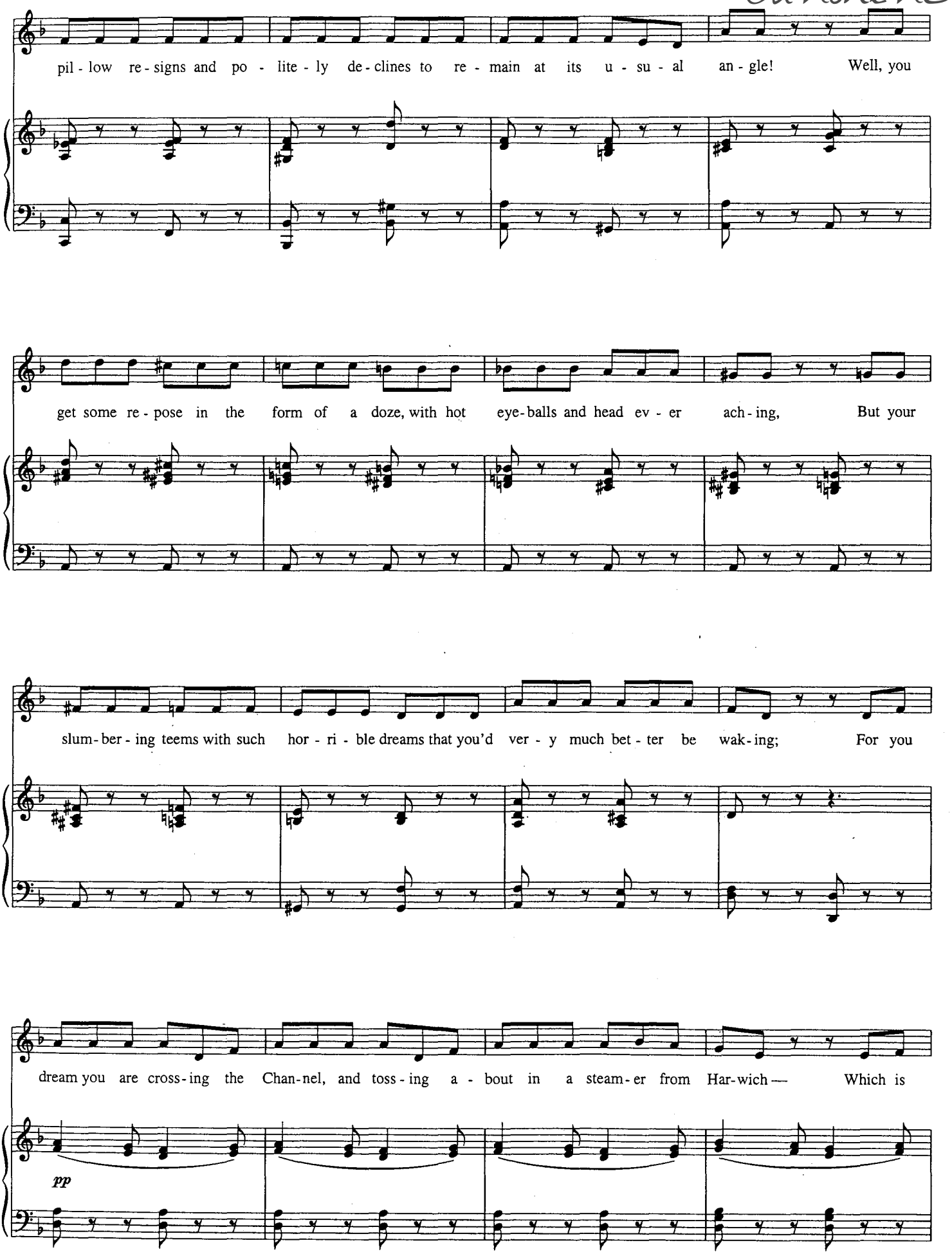
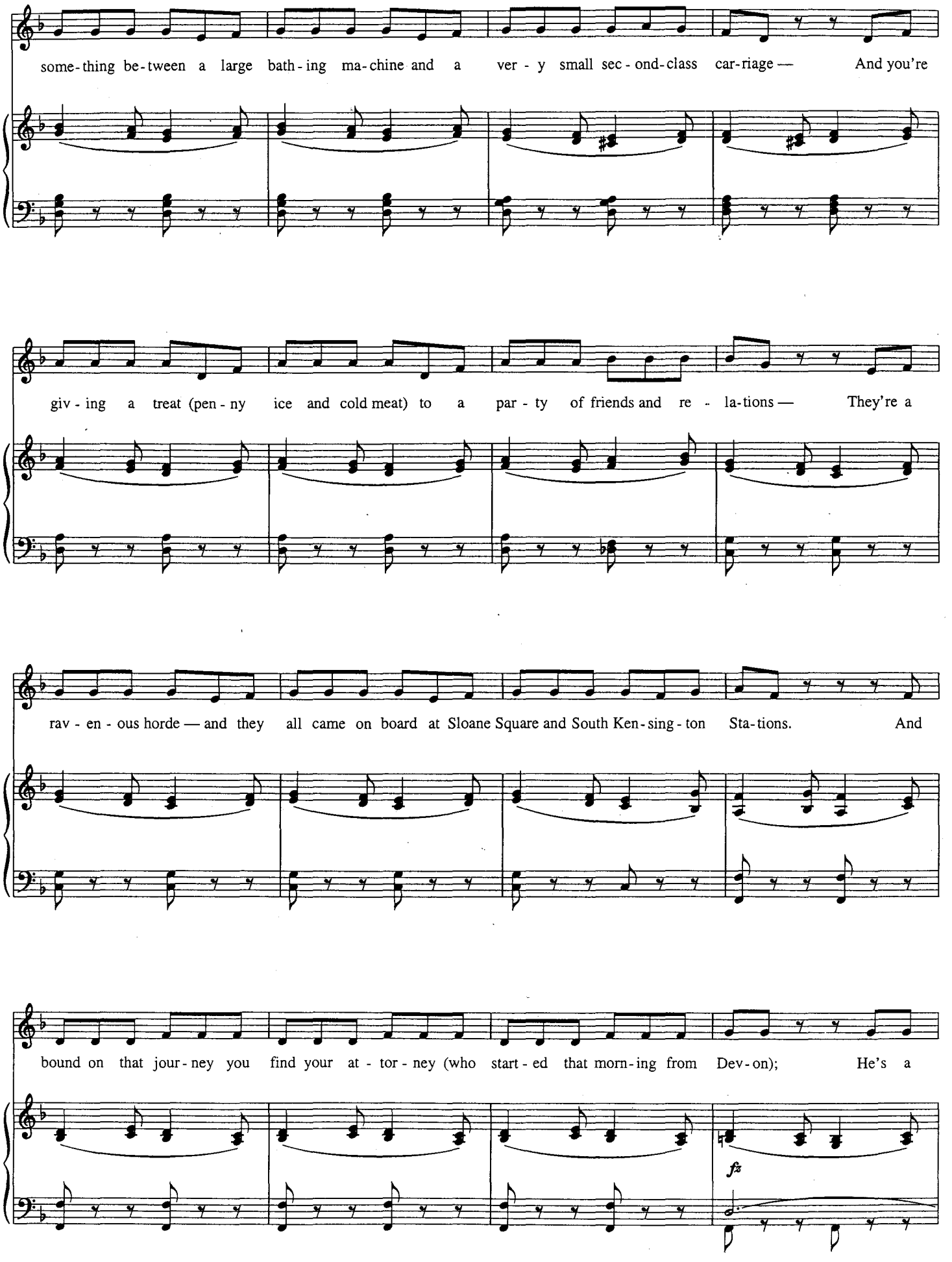

coun - ter - pane goes, and un - co - vers your toes, and your sheet slips de - mure - ly from un - der you; Then the
blank - et - ing tick - les– you feel like mixed pick - les– so ter - ri - bly sharp is the prick - ing, And you're
hot, and you're cross, and you tum - ble and toss till there's noth - ing 'twixt you and the tick - ing. Then the
bed-clothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tan - gle; Next your


pil - low re - signs and po - lite - ly de - clines to re - main at its u - su - al an - gle! Well, you
get some re - pose in the form of a doze, with hot eye-balls and head ev - er ach - ing, But your
slum - ber - ing teems with such hor - ri - ble dreams that you'd ver - y much bet - ter be wak - ing; For you
dream you are cross - ing the Chan - nel, and toss - ing a - bout in a steam - er from Har - wich — Which is
pp


some-thing be-tween a large bath-ing ma-chine and a ver-y small sec-ond-class car-riage — And you're
giv-ing a treat (pen-ny ice and cold meat) to a par-ty of friends and re-la-tions — They're a
rav-en-ous horde — and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Ken-sing-ton Sta-tions. And
bound on that jour-ney you find your at-tor-ney (who start-ed that morn-ing from Dev-on); He's a
fz

Sunshine

bit un - der-siz'd, and you don't feel sur-pris'd when he tells you he's on - ly e - lev - en. Well, you're

driv - ing like mad with this sin - gu - lar lad (by - the - bye, the ship's now a four - wheel - er), And you're

play - ing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "ties pay the deal - er;" But

this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an i - ci - cle; In your

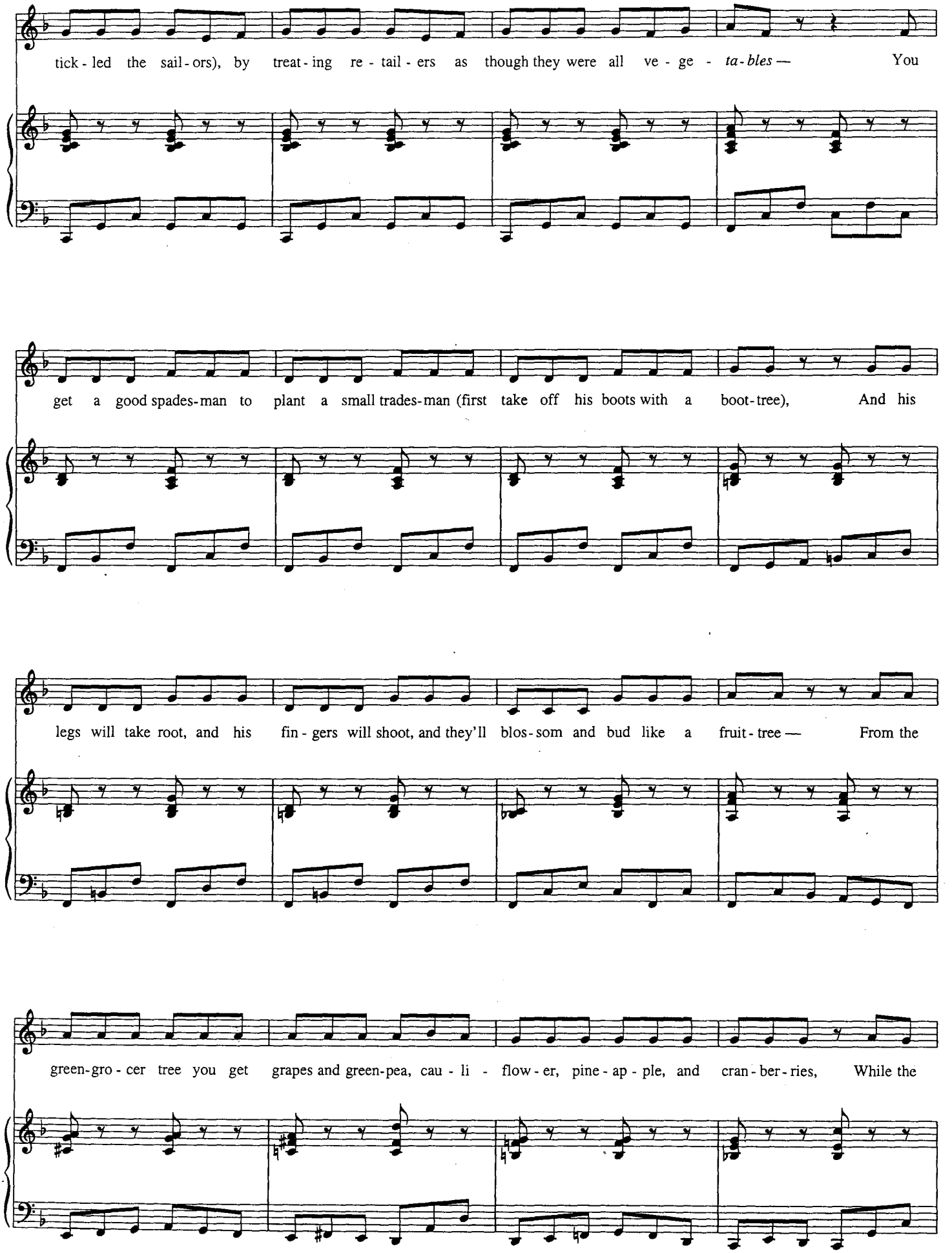
shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), cross-ing Sal's-bu-ty Plain on a bi-cy-cle; And

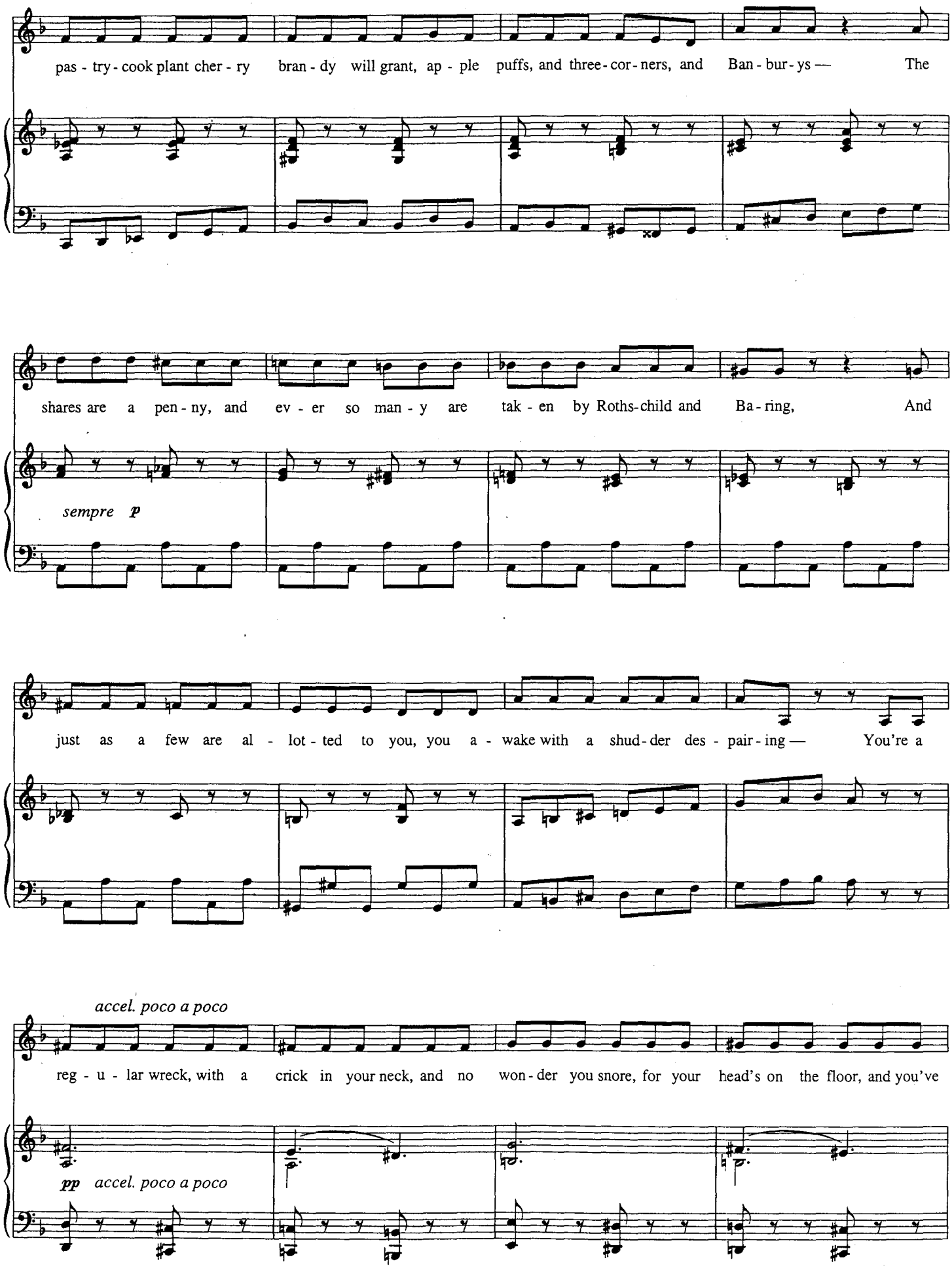
p

he and the crew are on bi-cy-cles too– which they've some-how or oth-er in-vest-ed in— And he's

tell-ing the tars all the par-tic-u-*lars* of a com-pa-ny he's in-ter-est-ed in— It's a

scheme of de-vic-es, to get at low pric-es all goods from cough mix-tures to ca-bles (Which


tick - led the sail - ors), by treat - ing re - tail - ers as though they were all ve - ge - *ta - bles* — You
get a good spades - man to plant a small trades - man (first take off his boots with a boot - tree), And his
legs will take root, and his fin - gers will shoot, and they'll blos - som and bud like a fruit - tree — From the
green - gro - cer tree you get grapes and green - pea, cau - li - flow - er, pine - ap - ple, and cran - ber - ries, While the


pas - try - cook plant cher - ry bran - dy will grant, ap - ple puffs, and three - cor - ners, and Ban - bur - ys — The
shares are a pen - ny, and ev - er so man - y are tak - en by Roths-child and Ba - ring, And
sempre p
just as a few are al - lot - ted to you, you a - wake with a shud - der des - pair - ing — You're a
accel. poco a poco
reg - u - lar wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no won - der you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've
pp accel. poco a poco

nee - dles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a - creep, for your left leg's a - sleep, and you've

cresc.

cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a fe - ver - ish tongue, and a

dim.

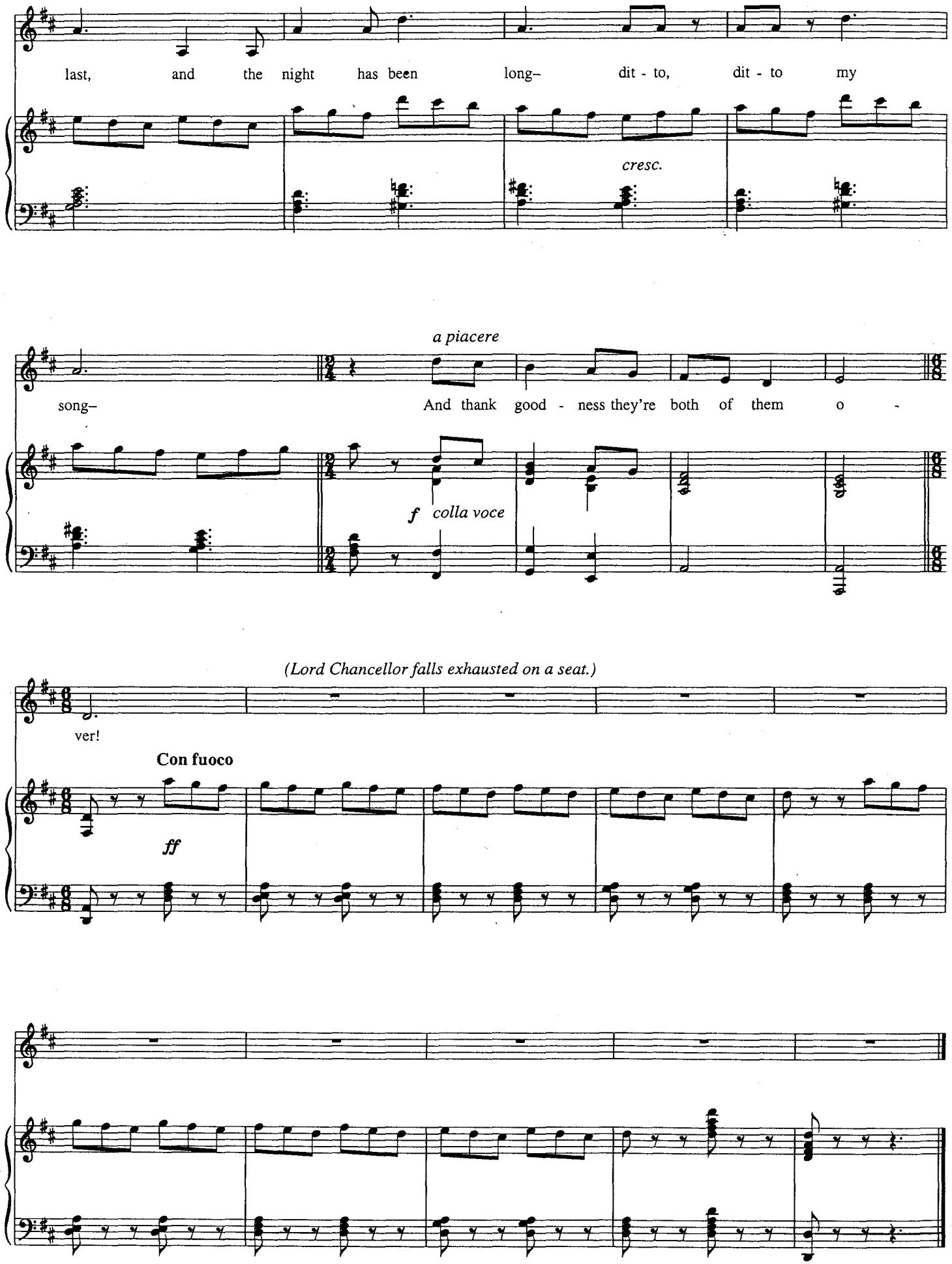
thirst that's in - tense, and a gen - er - al sense that you have - n't been sleep - ing in clo - ver;

cresc.

♩. = 120

But the dark - ness has pass'd, and it's day - light at

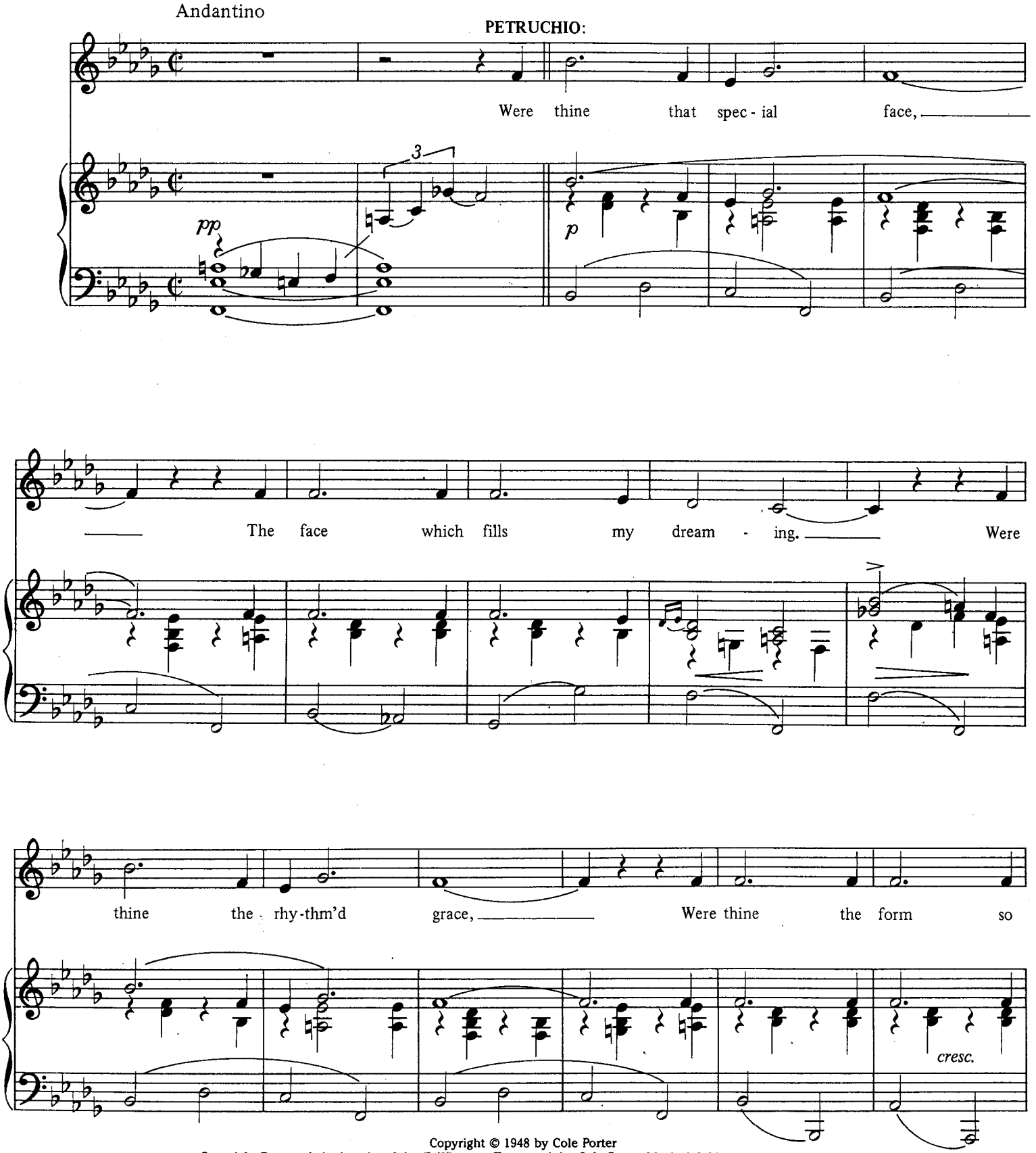
p


last, and the night has been long– dit - to, dit - to my
cresc.
song–
a piacere
And thank good - ness they're both of them o -
f colla voce
ver!
(Lord Chancellor falls exhausted on a seat.)
Con fuoco
ff

WERE THINE THAT SPECIAL FACE

from *Kiss Me, Kate*

Words and Music by COLE PORTER



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Sunshine

lithe and slen - der, Were thine the arms so warm, so

ten - der, Were thine the kiss di - vine. Were

p *dolce*

thine the love for me, The love which fills my

dream - ing, When all these charms are thine,

cresc.

rit.

Sunshine

Then you'll be mine, all mine.

f *a tempo*

Quasi recitativo and tenderly

I wrote a po - em in class - ic style I wrote it with my

p *dolce*

tongue in my cheek And my lips in a smile. But of late my po - em

pp

poco sostenuto

Has a mean - ing so new, For, to my sur-prise, It sud-den-ly ap-plies to my dar-ling, To

Moderato a la beguine

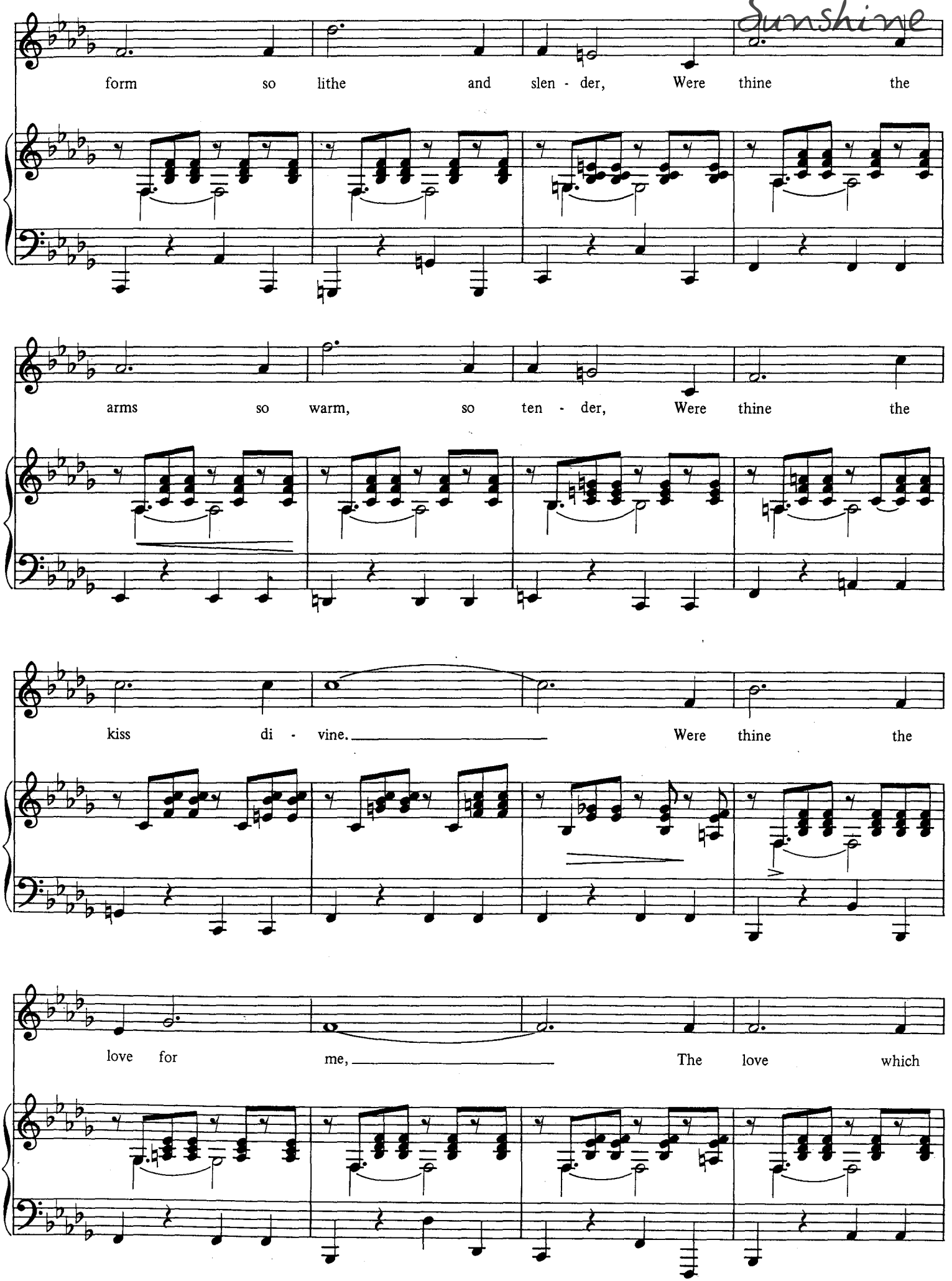
you. Were thine that

p

spec - ial face, The face which

fills my dream - ing. Were thine the

rhy - thm'd grace, Were thine the


form so lithe and slen - der, Were thine the
arms so warm, so ten - der, Were thine the
kiss di - vine. Were thine the
love for me, The love which

Sunshine

fills my dream - ing When all these

cresc.

charms are thine, Then you'll be mine,

sf

a tempo

all mine,

cresc.

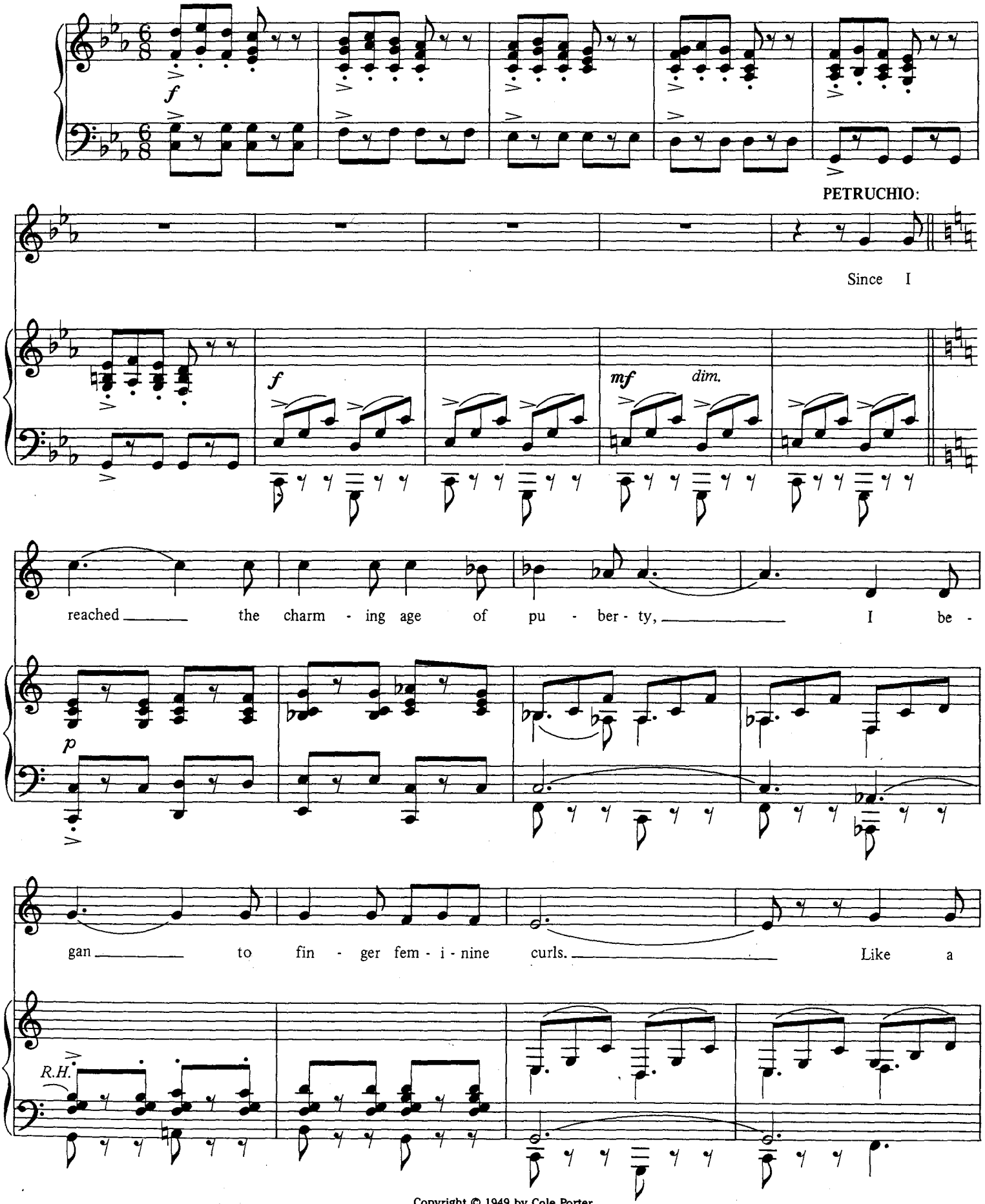
all mine.

WHERE IS THE LIFE THAT LATE I LED?

from *Kiss Me, Kate*

Allegro con fuoco

Words and Music by COLE PORTER



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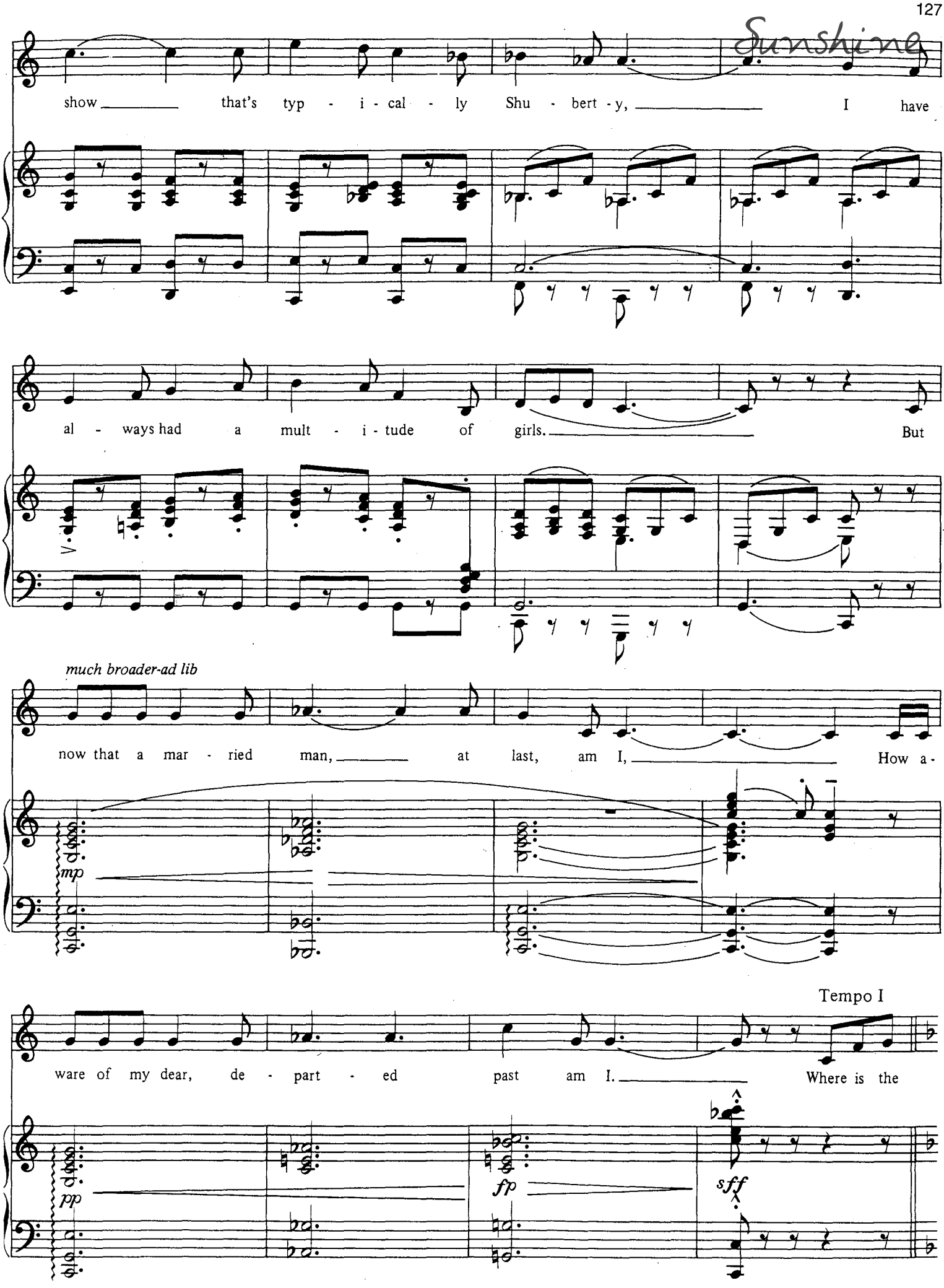
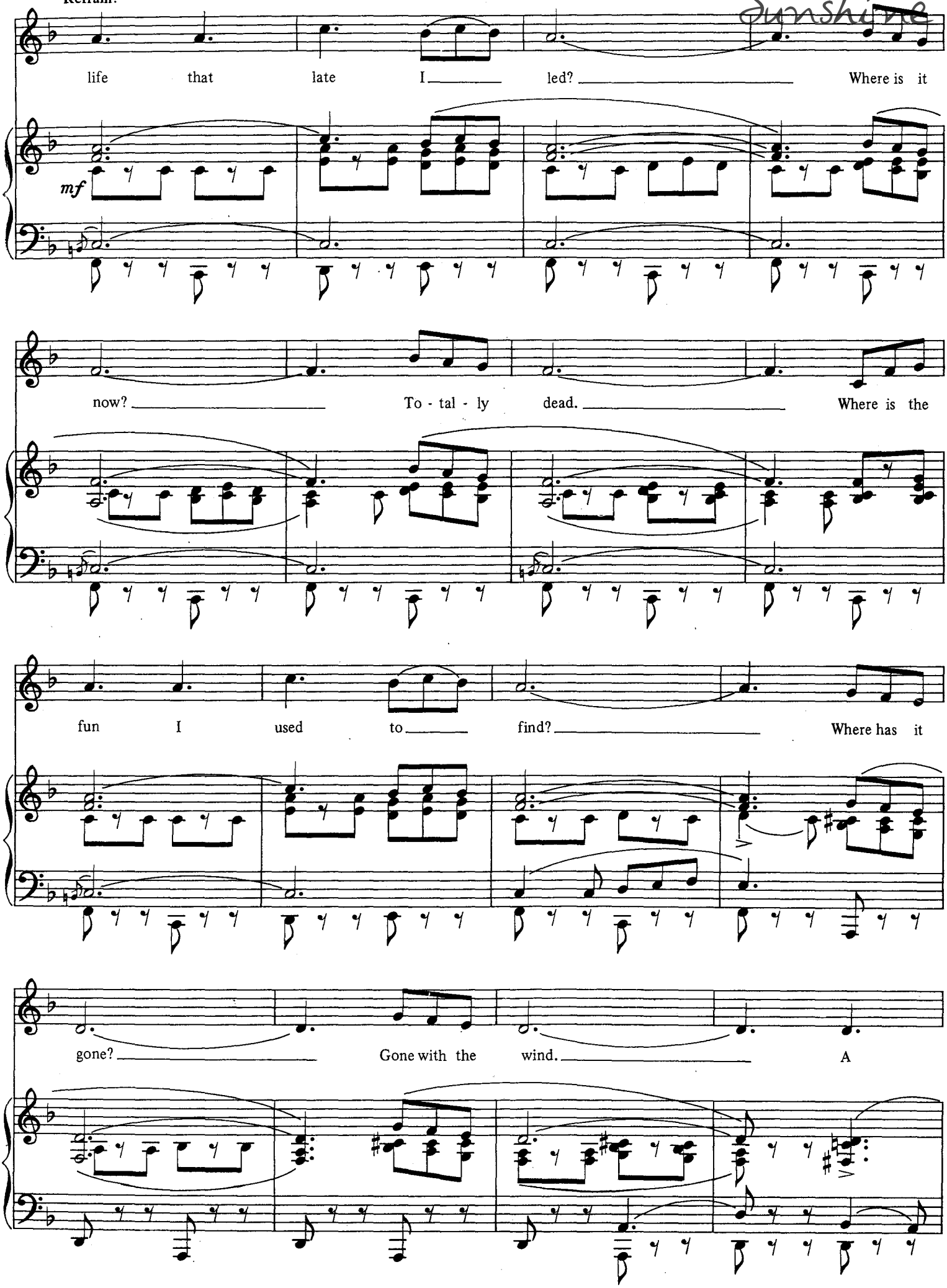
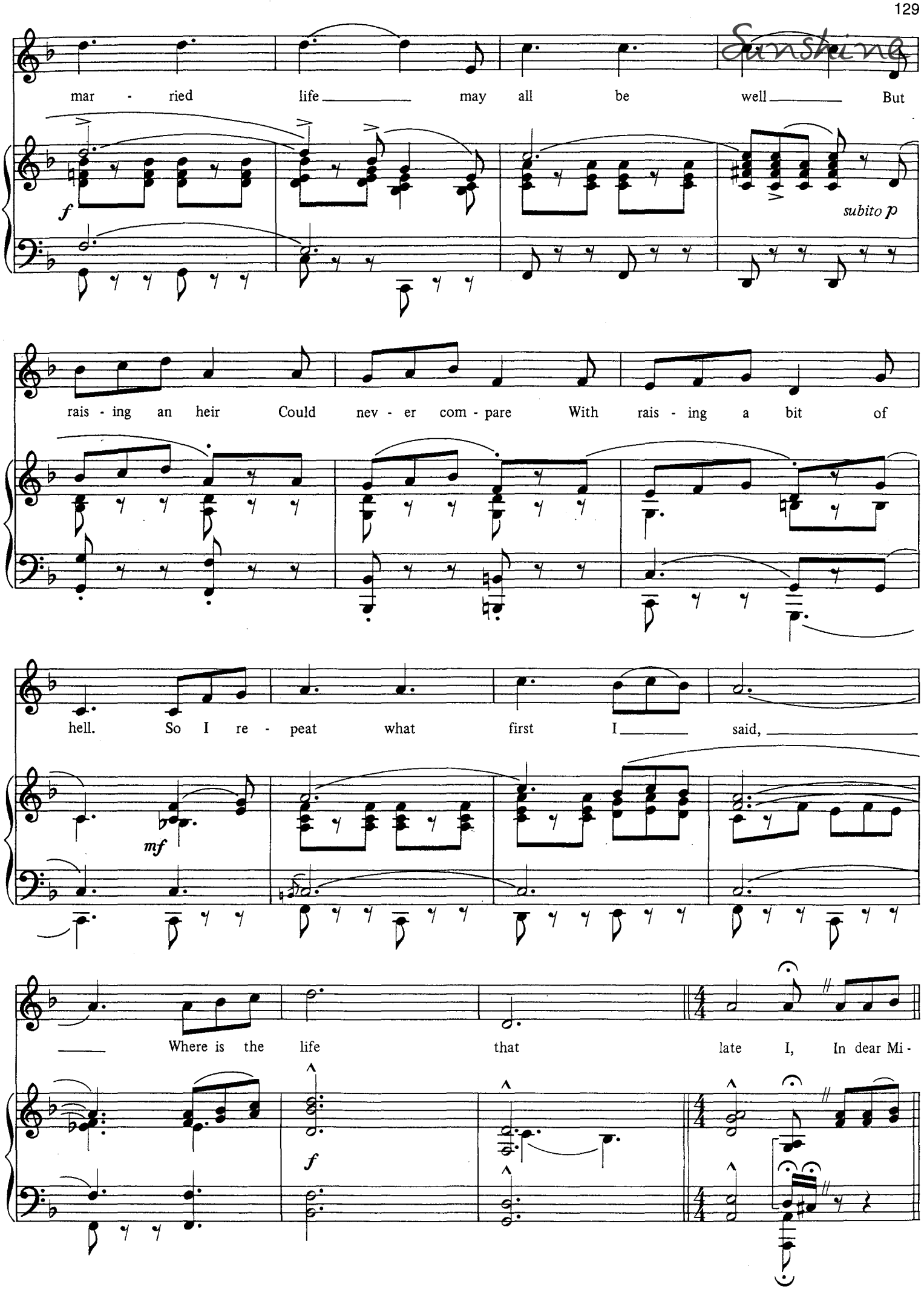
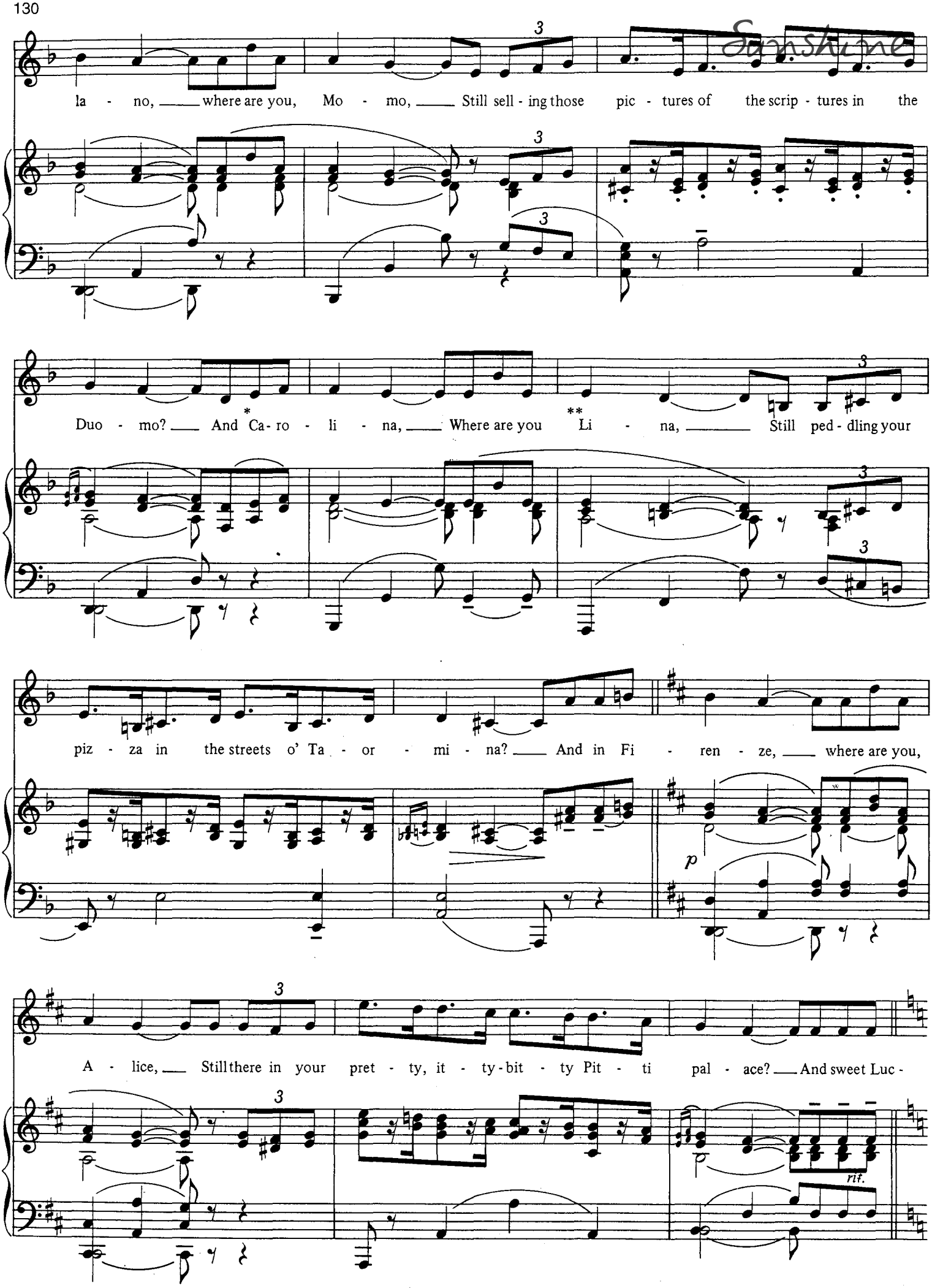

Sunshine
show that's typ - i - cal - ly Shu - bert - y, I have
al - ways had a mult - i - tude of girls. But
much broader-ad lib
now that a mar - ried man, at last, am I, How a -
mp
ware of my dear, de - part - ed past am I. Where is the
Tempo I
pp
fp
sff

Refrain:


life that late I led? Where is it
mf
now? To - tal - ly dead. Where is the
fun I used to find? Where has it
gone? Gone with the wind. A


Sunshine
mar - ried life may all be well But
f
subito p
rais - ing an heir Could nev - er com - pare With rais - ing a bit of
hell. So I re - peat what first I said,
mf
Where is the life that late I, In dear Mi -
f



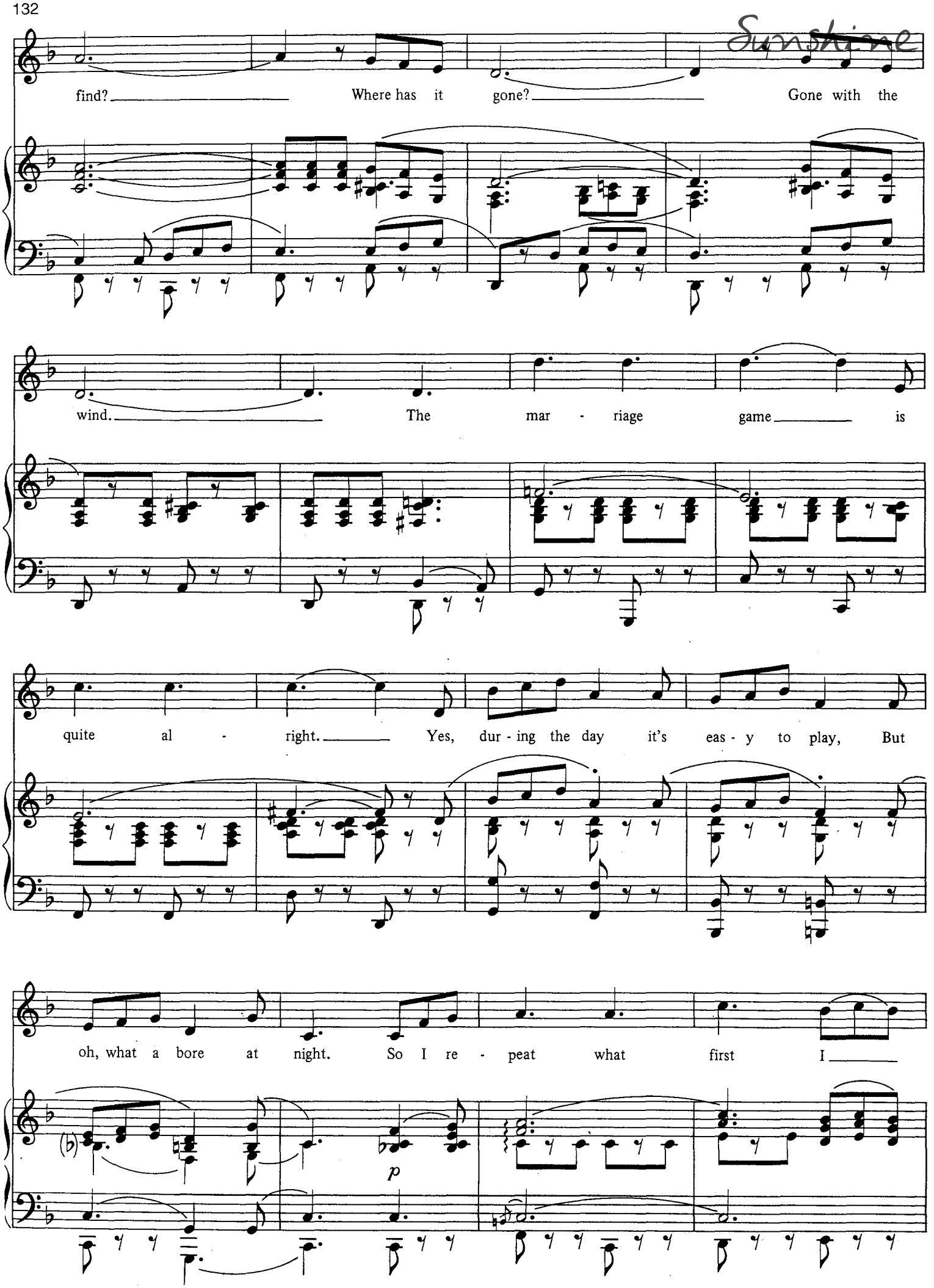
*Pronounced "Caroleena" ** "Leena"

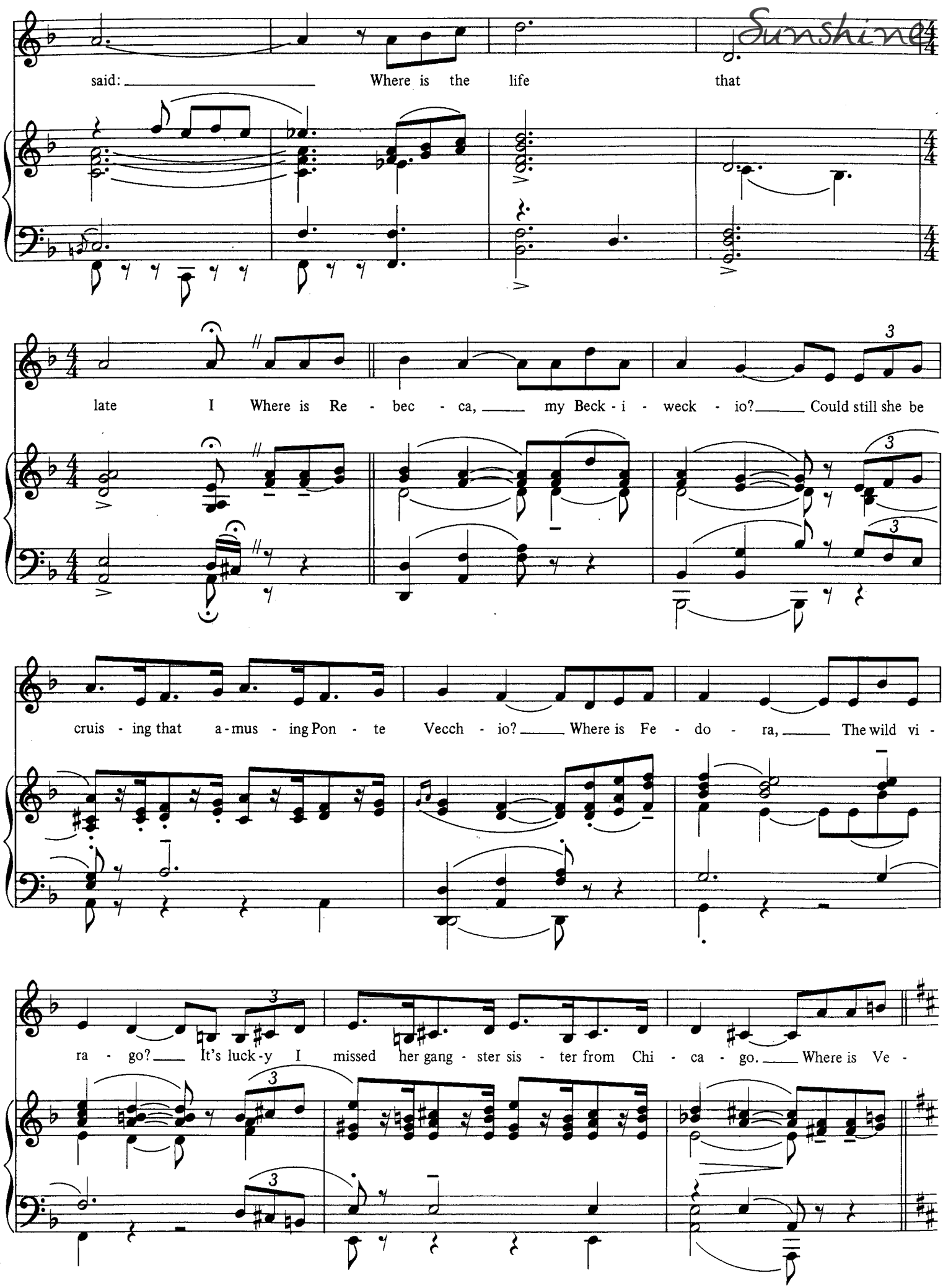
re - tia, so young and gay - ee? What scan-da-lous do - in's in the ru - ins of Pom -

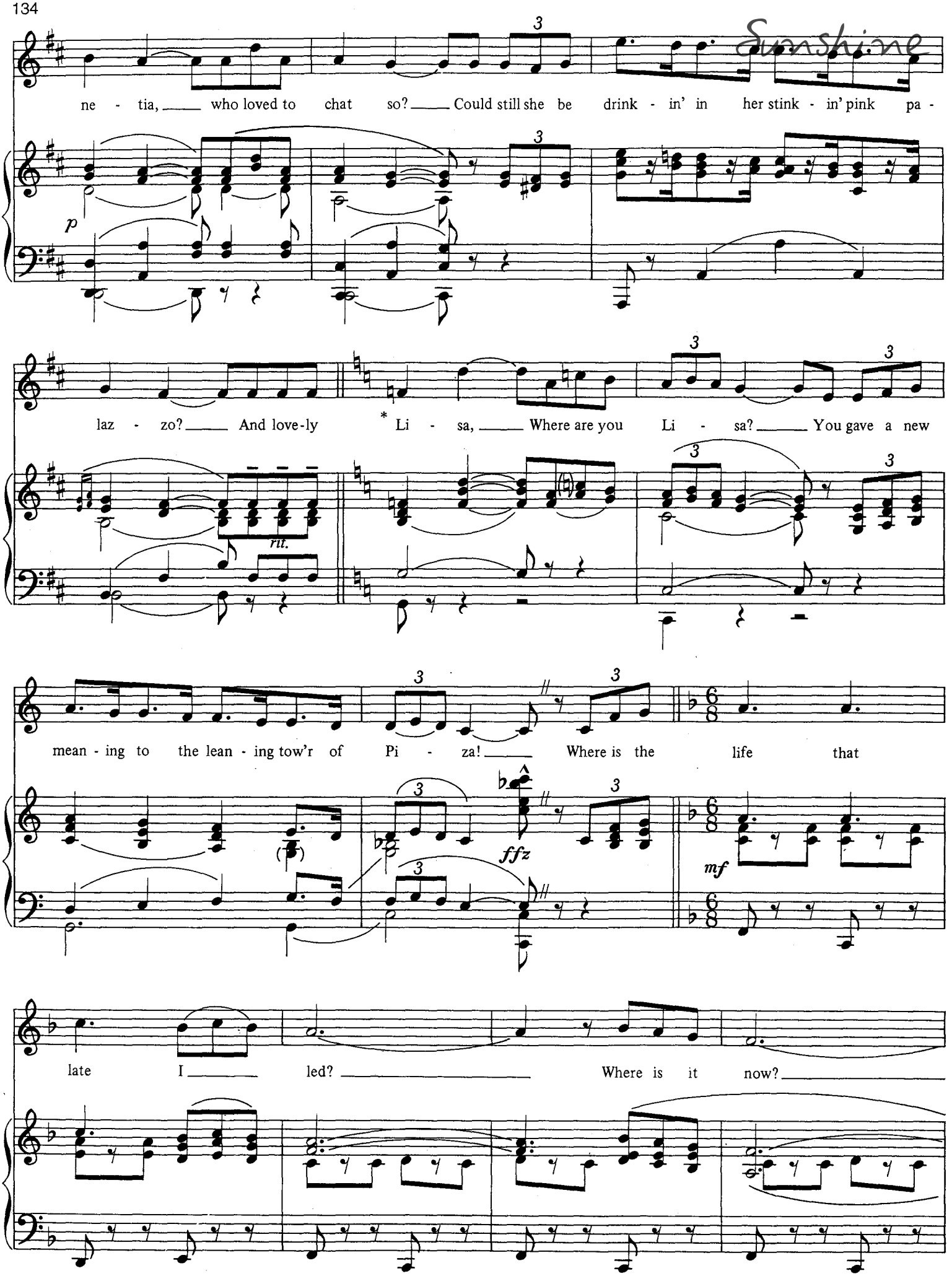
pe - ii! Where is the life that late I

led? Where is it now? To - tal - ly

dead. Where is the fun I used to


Sunshine
find? Where has it gone? Gone with the
wind. The mar - riage game is
quite al - right. Yes, dur - ing the day it's eas - y to play, But
oh, what a bore at night. So I re - peat what first I
(b)
p


Sunshine
said: Where is the life that
late I Where is Re - bec - ca, my Beck - i - weck - io? Could still she be
cruis - ing that a - mus - ing Pon - te Vecch - io? Where is Fe - do - ra, The wild vi -
ra - go? It's luck - y I missed her gang - ster sis - ter from Chi - ca - go. Where is Ve -



*Pronounced "Leeza"

Sunshine

To - tal - ly dead. Where is the fun I

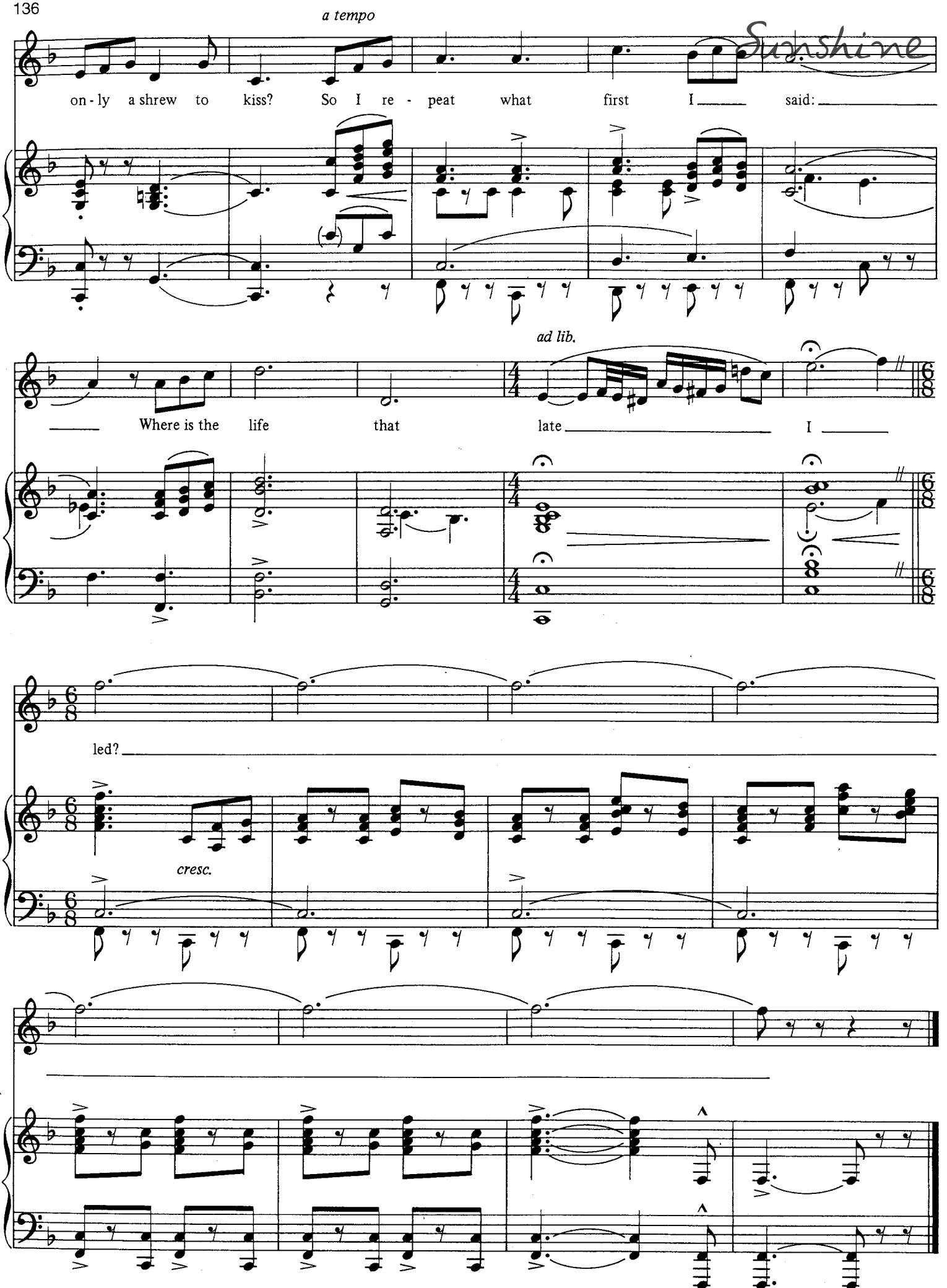
used to find? Where has it gone?

Gone with the wind. I've oft' been told of

ff *fz* *p* *p*

ad lib.

nup - tial bliss, But what do you do, at quar - ter to two, With


a tempo
Sunshine
on - ly a shrew to kiss? So I re - peat what first I said:
ad lib.
Where is the life that late I
led?
cresc.

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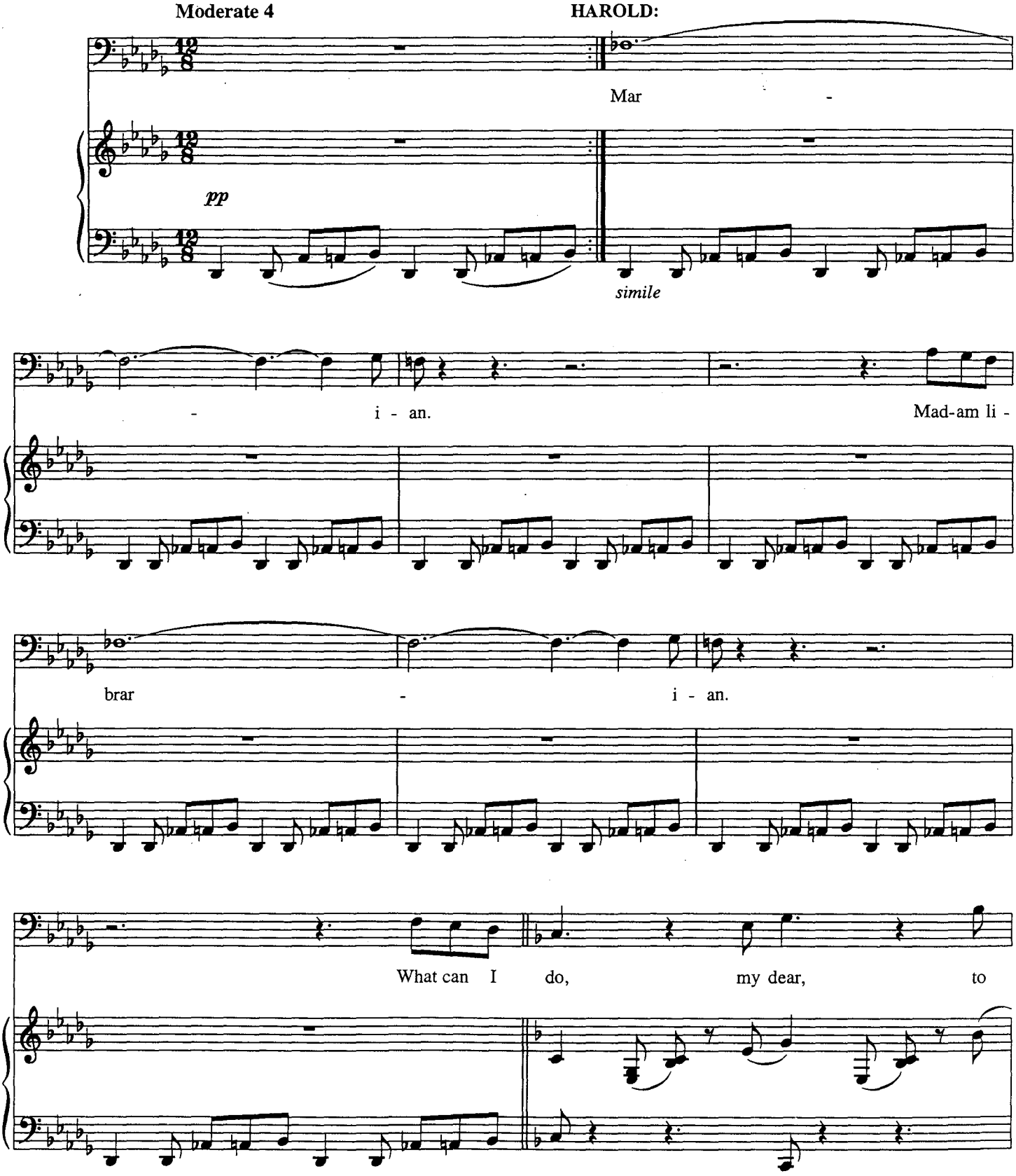
Sunshine

from Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*

By MEREDITH WILLSON



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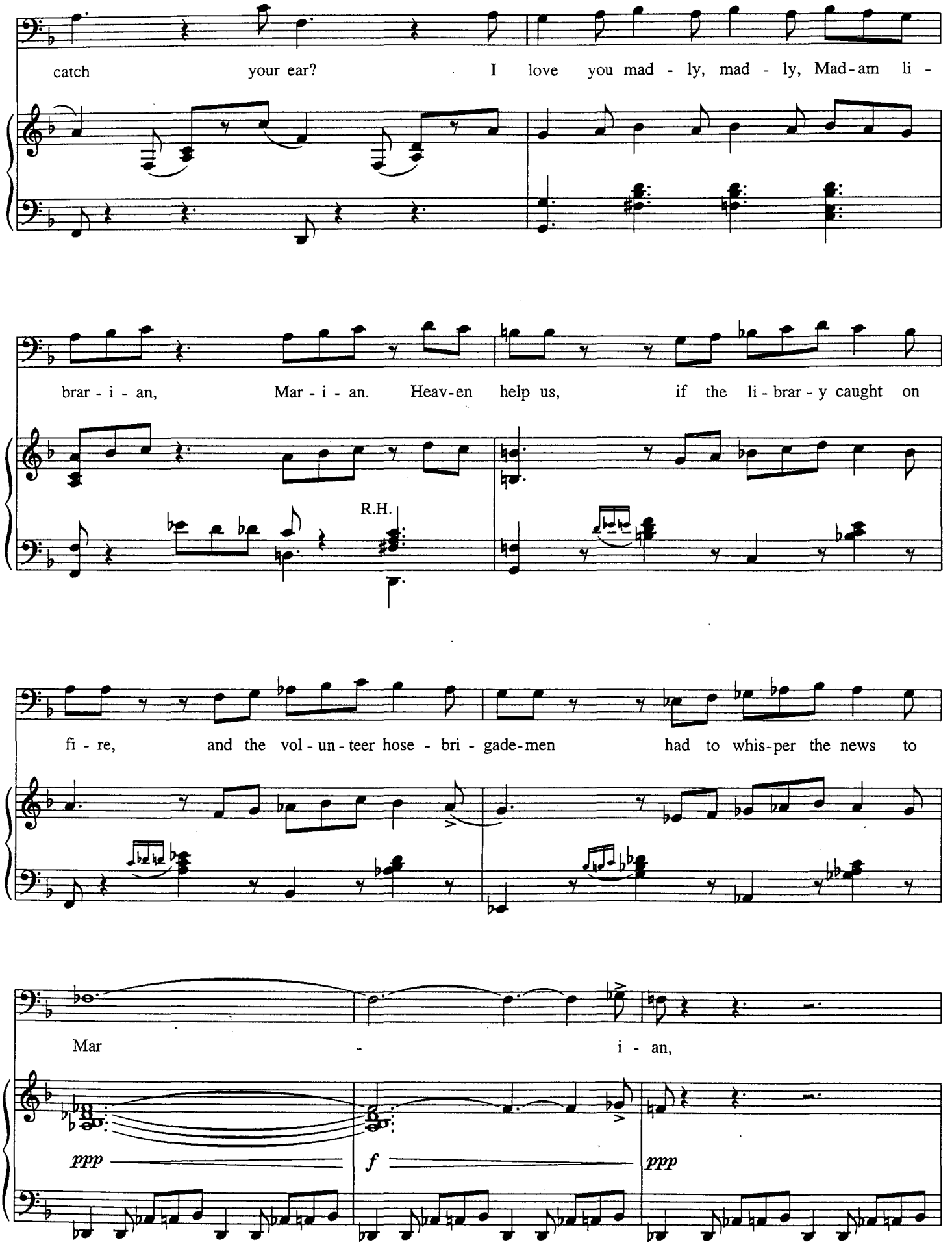
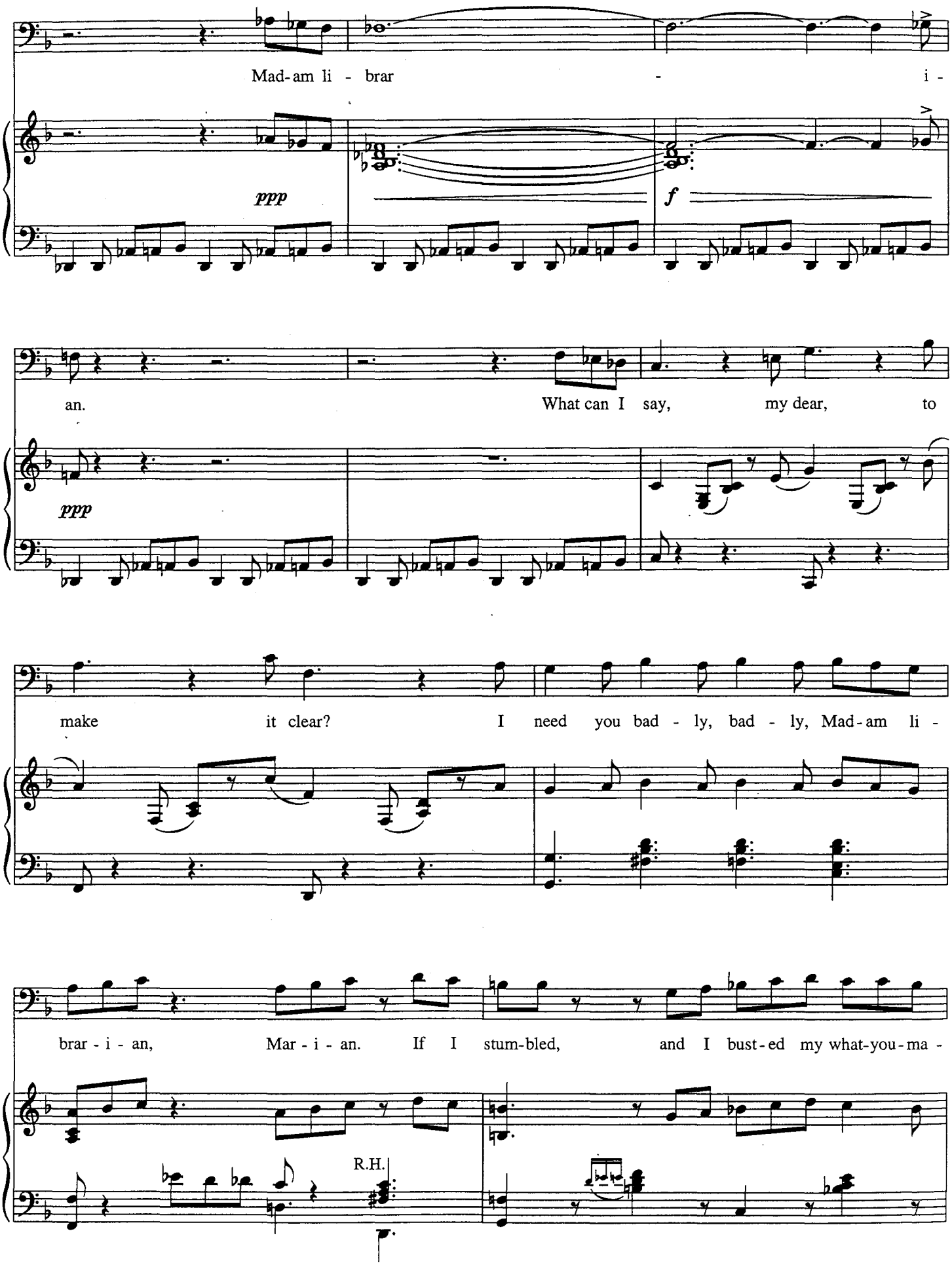
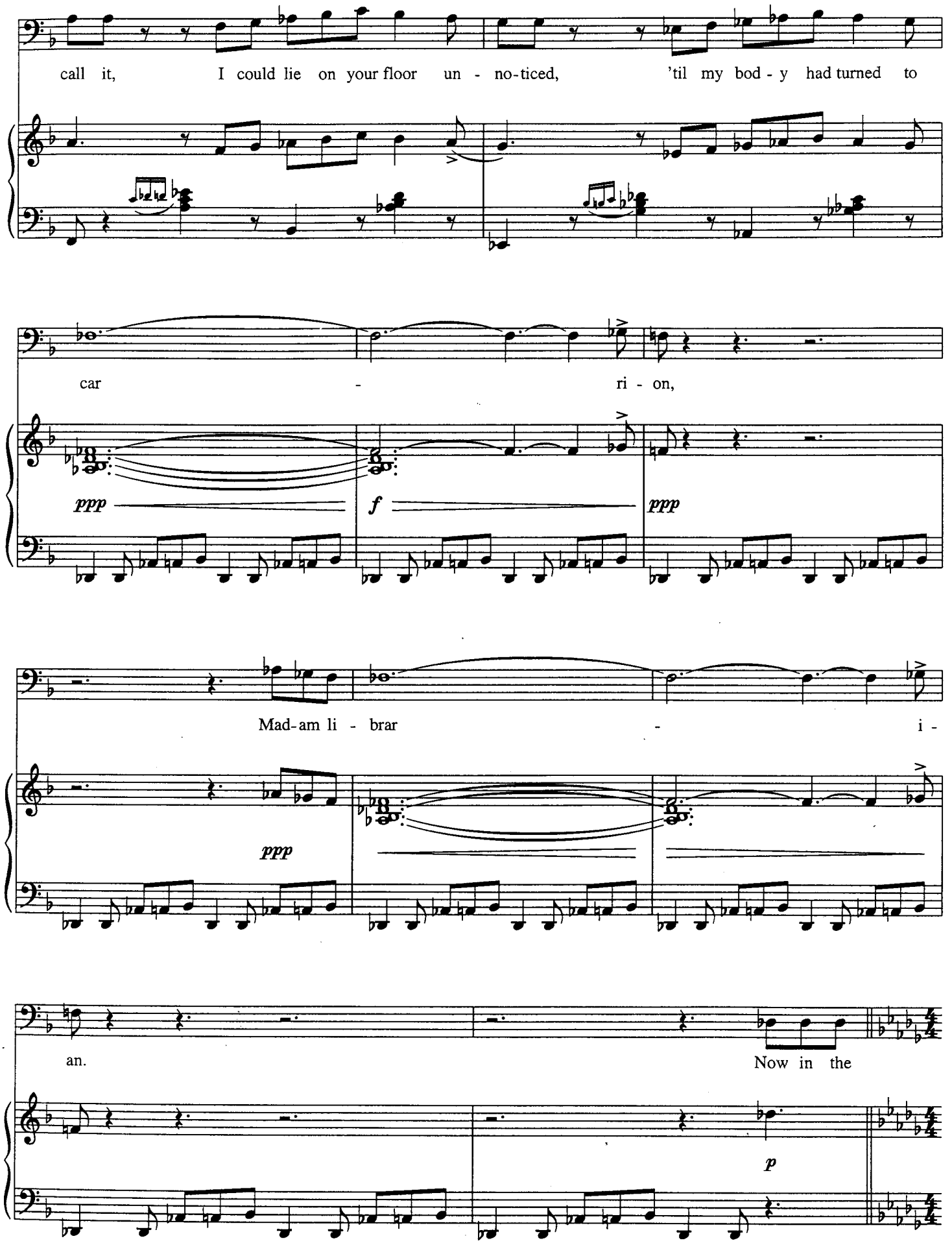
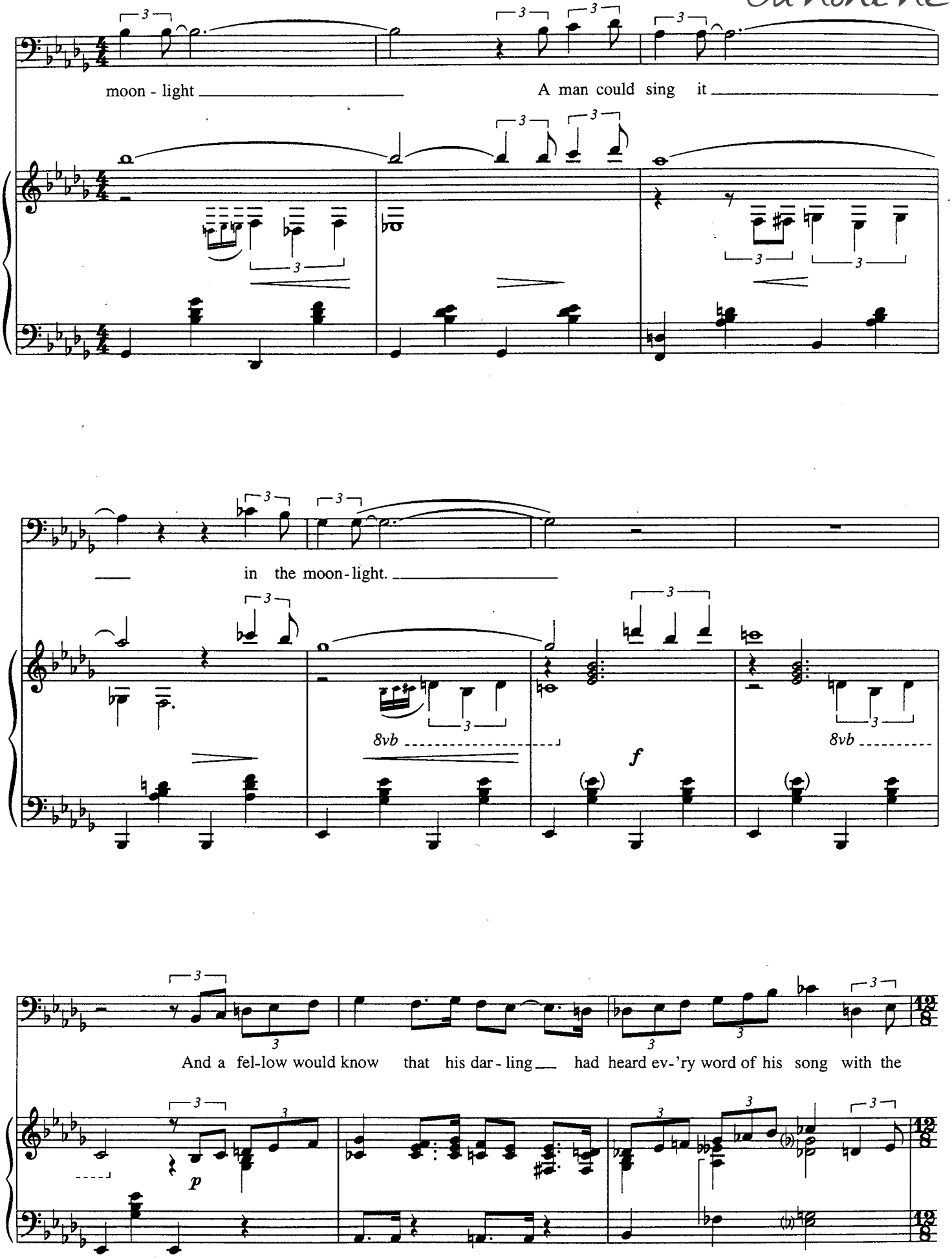
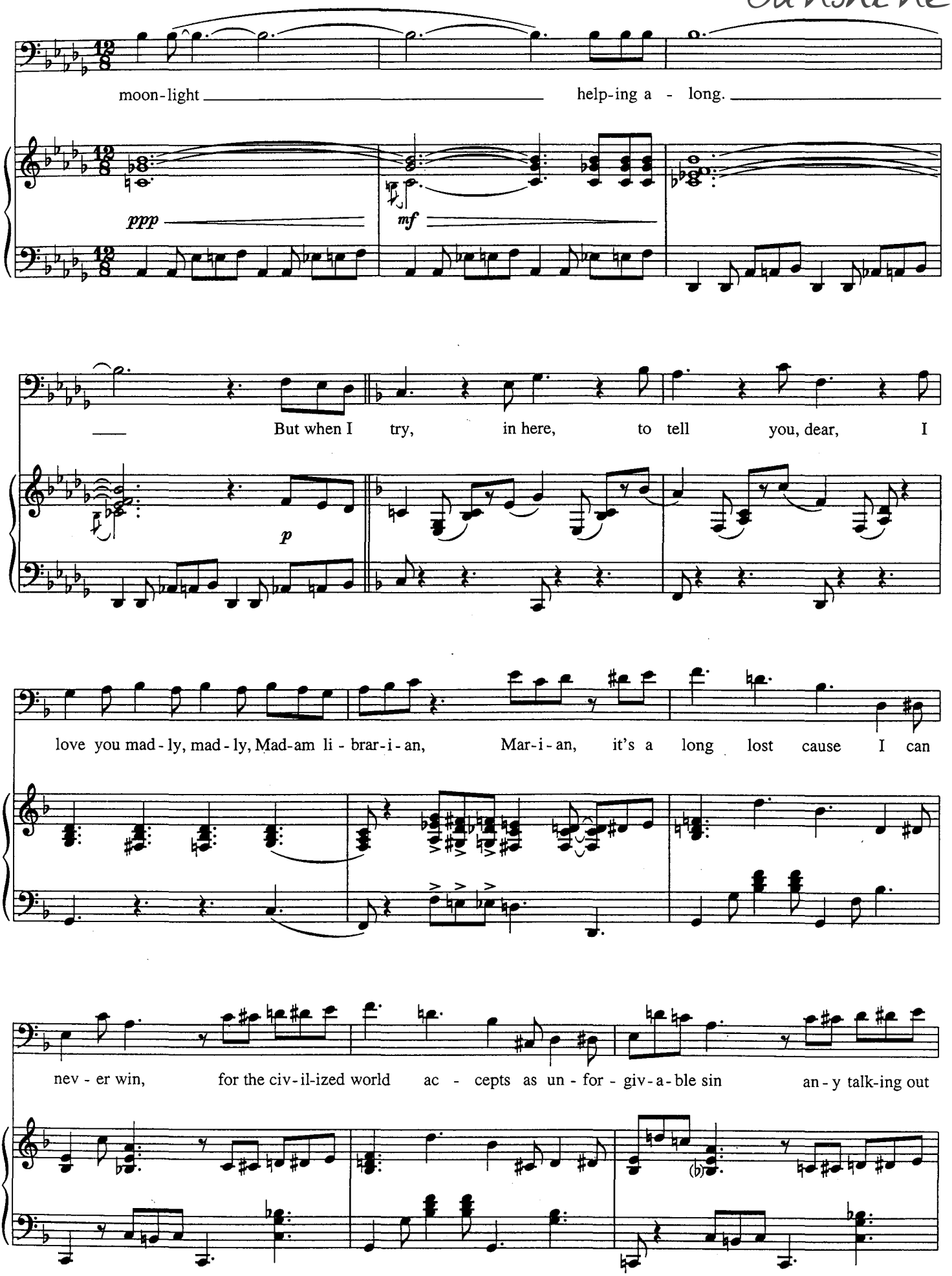
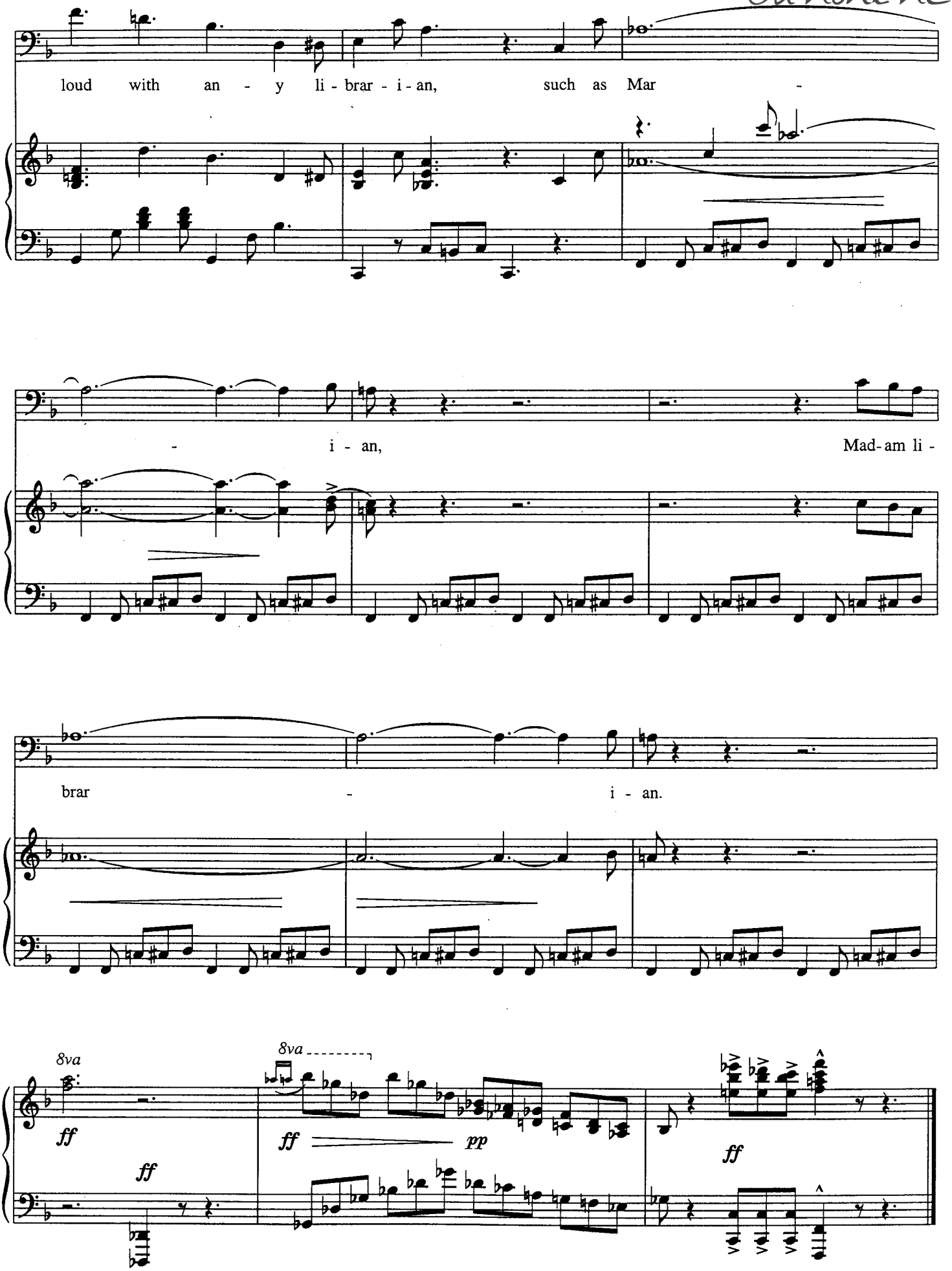

catch your ear? I love you mad - ly, mad - ly, Mad-am li -
brar - i - an, Mar - i - an. Heav-en help us, if the li - brar - y caught on
R.H.
fi - re, and the vol - un - teer hose - bri - gade-men had to whis-per the news to
Mar - i - an,
ppp
f
ppp


Mad-am li - brar - i -
ppp
f
an.
What can I say, my dear, to
ppp
make it clear?
I need you bad - ly, bad - ly, Mad-am li -
brar - i - an,
Mar - i - an.
If I stum-bled,
and I bust-ed my what-you-ma -
R.H.


call it, I could lie on your floor un - no-ticed, 'til my bod - y had turned to
car - ri - on,
ppp
f
ppp
Mad-am li - brar - i -
ppp
an. Now in the
p


moon - light
A man could sing it
in the moon-light.
8vb
f
8vb
And a fel-low would know that his dar - ling had heard ev-'ry word of his song with the
p


moon-light help-ing a - long.
ppp
mf
But when I try, in here, to tell you, dear, I
p
love you mad-ly, mad-ly, Mad-am li-brar-i-an, Mar-i-an, it's a long lost cause I can
nev-er win, for the civ-il-ized world ac-cepts as un-for-giv-a-ble sin an-y talk-ing out


loud with an - y li - brar - i - an, such as Mar -
- i - an, Mad - am li -
brar - i - an.
8va
ff
ff
8va
ff
pp
ff

SEPTEMBER SONG

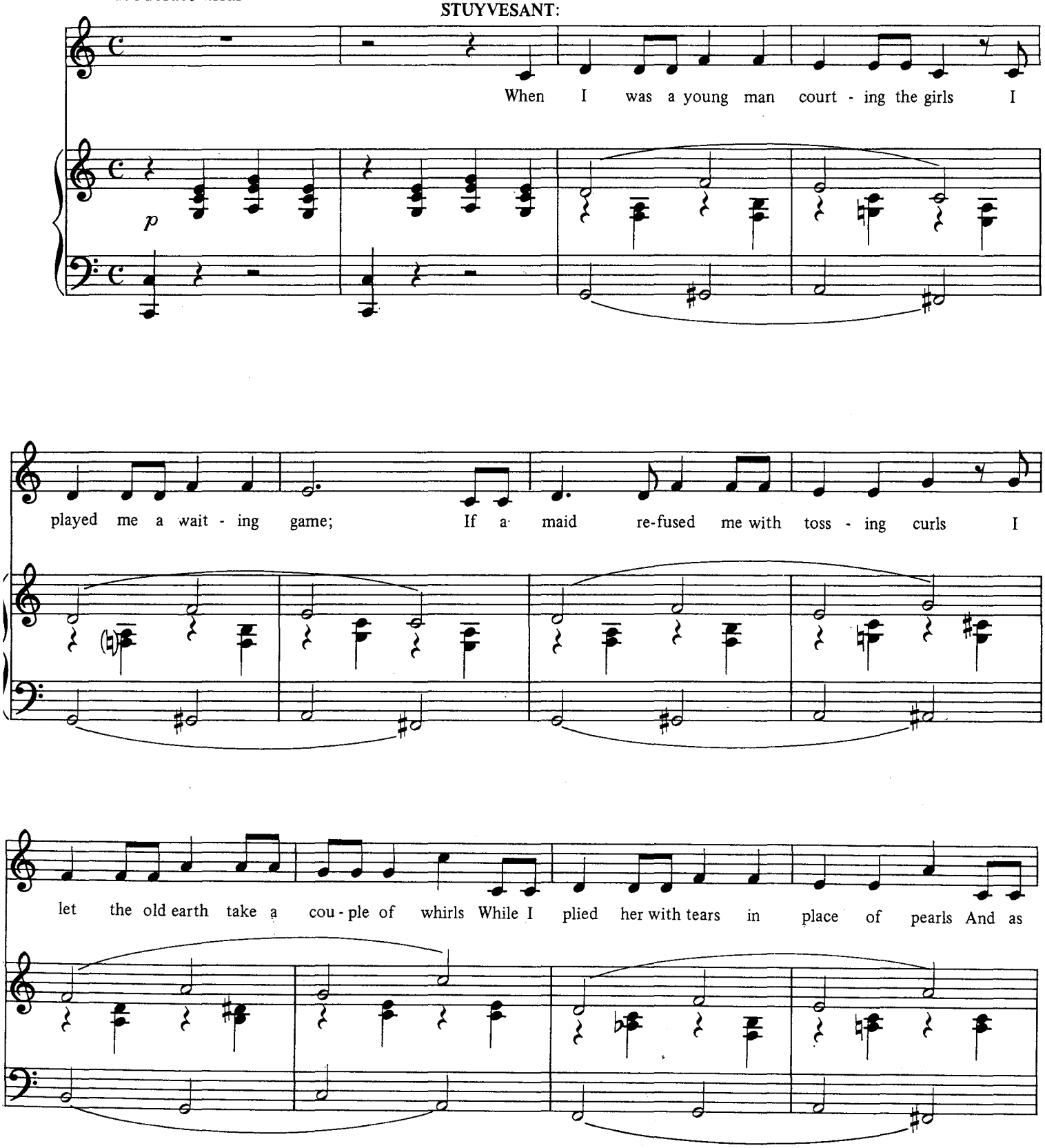
from *Knickerbocker Holiday*

Sunshine

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

Moderato assai

STUYVESANT:



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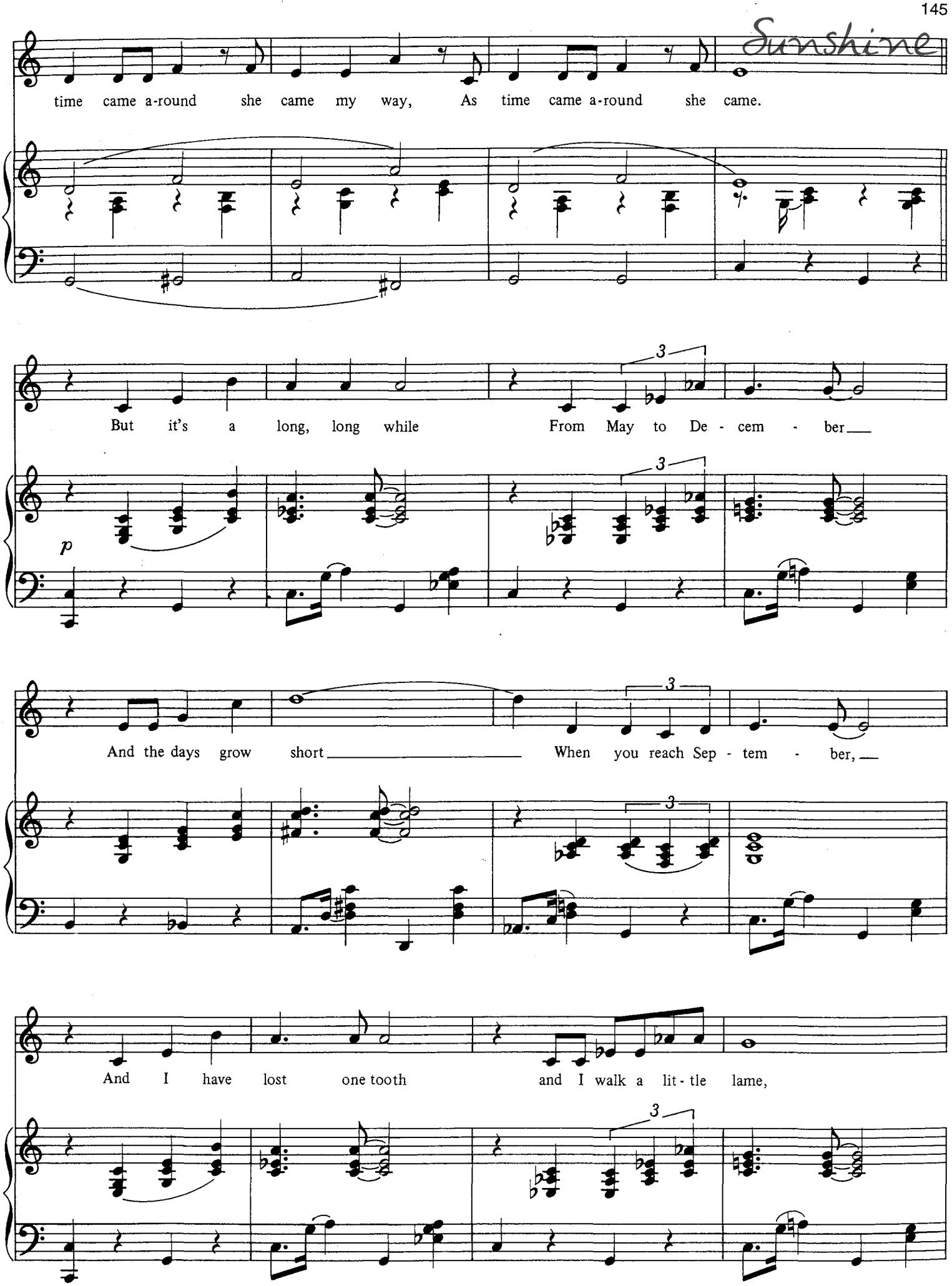
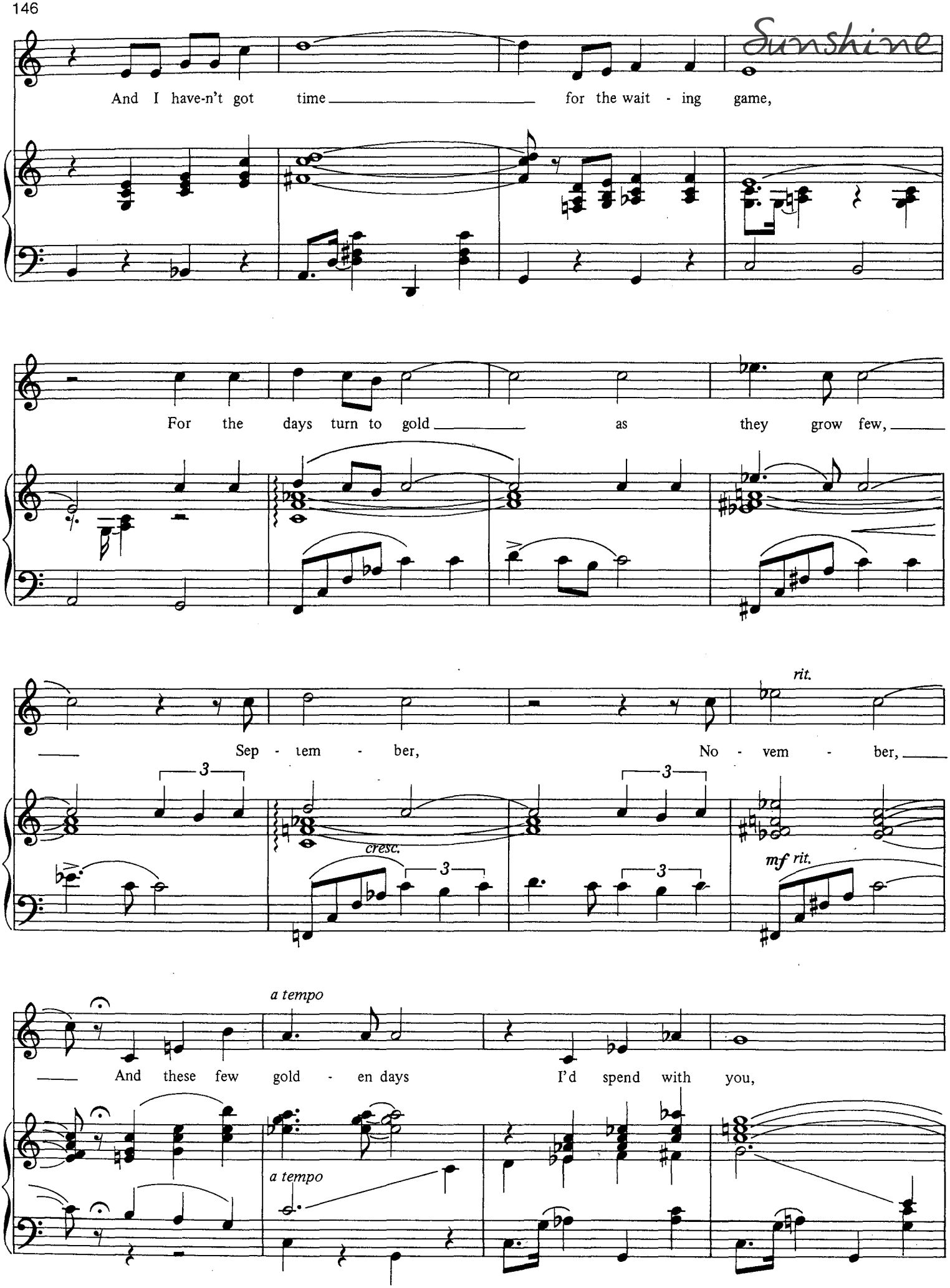
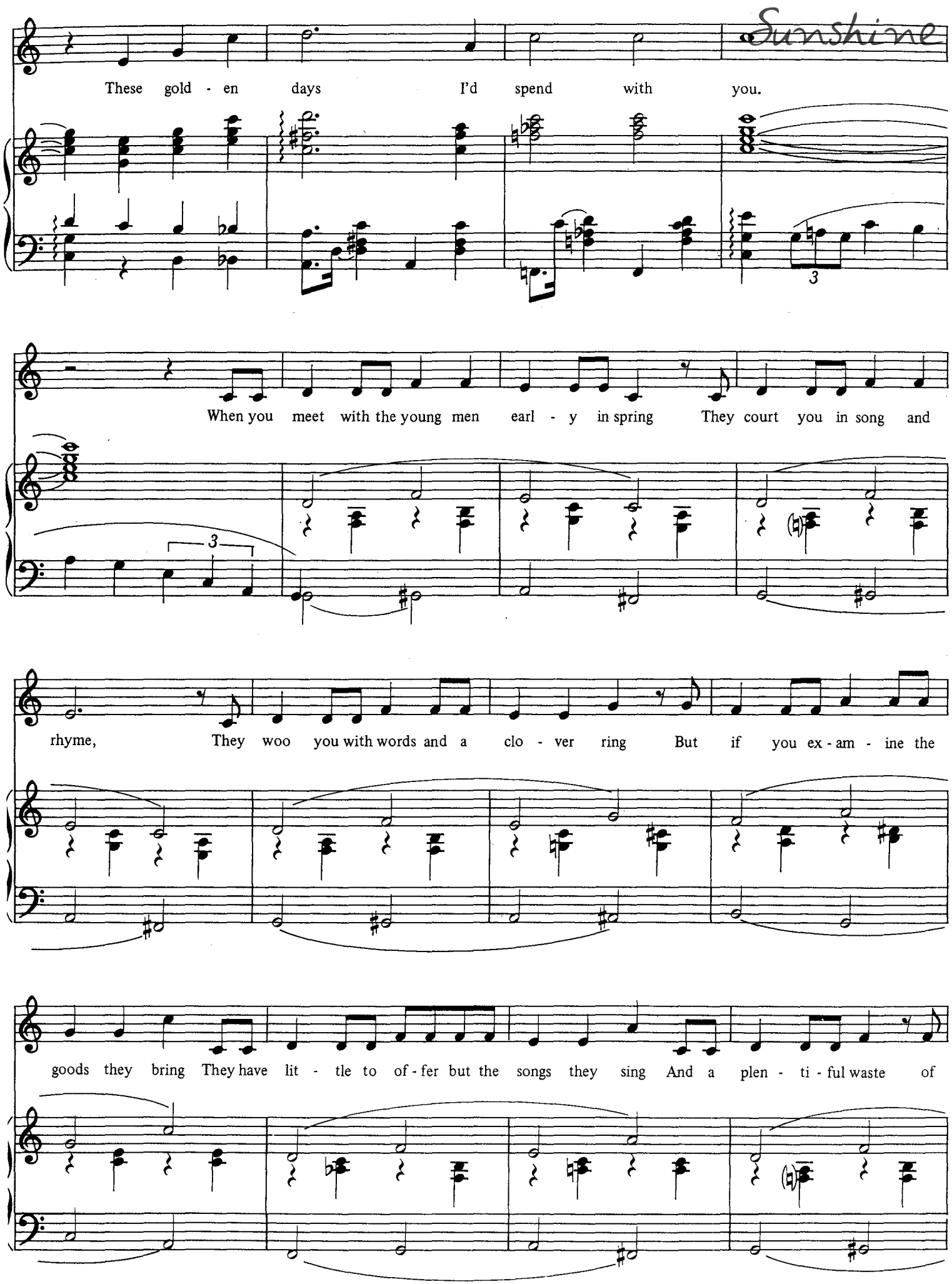

Sunshine
time came a-round she came my way, As time came a-round she came.
But it's a long, long while From May to De - cem - ber
p
And the days grow short When you reach Sep - tem - ber,
And I have lost one tooth and I walk a lit - tle lame,


Sunshine
And I have-n't got time for the wait - ing game,
For the days turn to gold as they grow few,
Sep - tem - ber, No - vem - ber,
rit.
cresc.
mf rit.
a tempo
And these few gold - en days I'd spend with you,
a tempo


Sunshine
These gold - en days I'd spend with you.
When you meet with the young men earl - y in spring They court you in song and
rhyme, They woo you with words and a clo - ver ring But if you ex - am - ine the
goods they bring They have lit - tle to of - fer but the songs they sing And a plen - ti - ful waste of

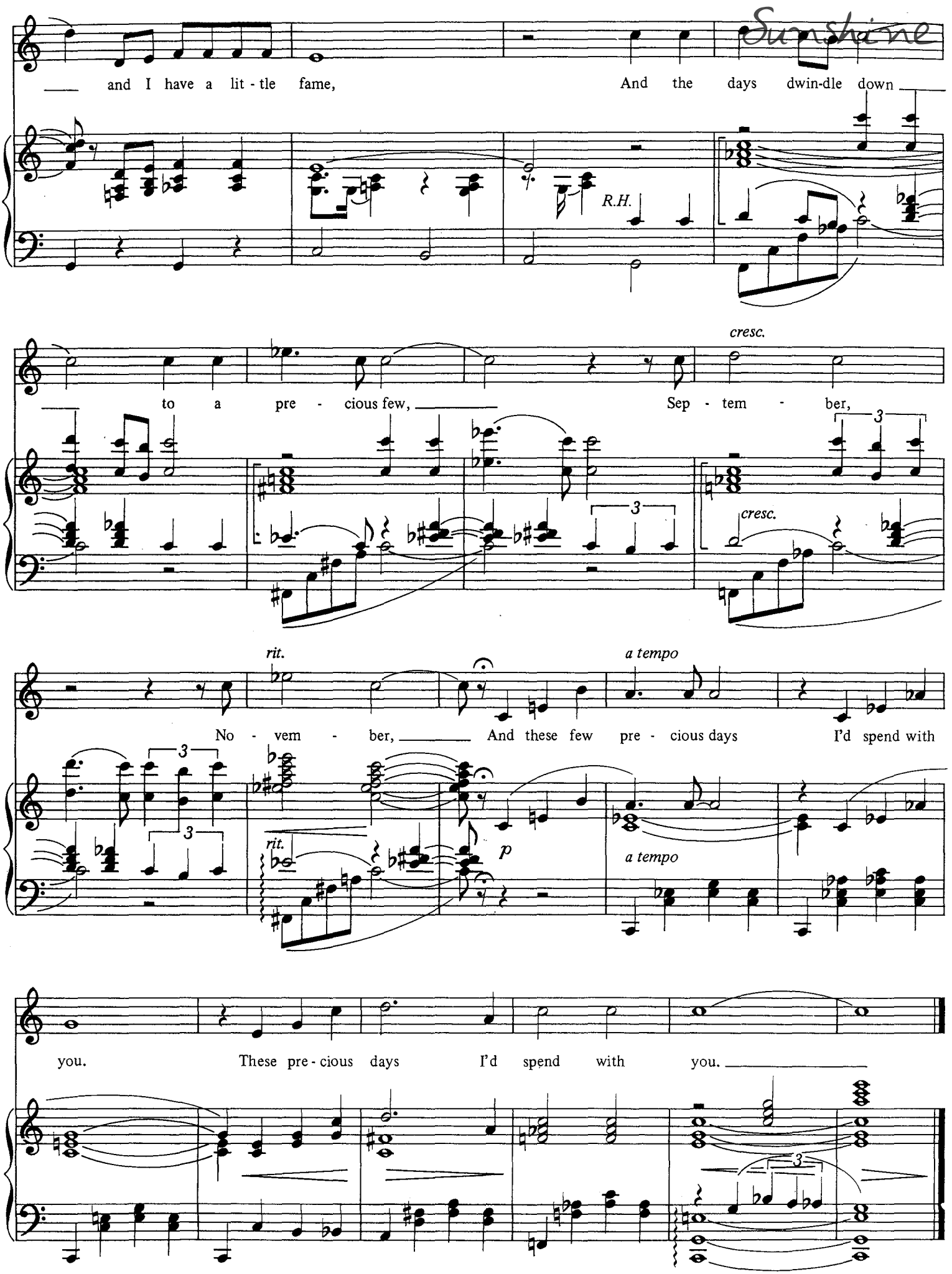
time of day, A plen - ti - ful waste of time. And it's a long, long while

p

from May to De - cem - ber Will a clo - ver ring last

till you reach Sep - tem - ber? I'm not quite e - quipped

for the wait - ing game, But I have a lit - tle mon - ey


Sunshine
and I have a lit - tle fame, And the days dwin-dle down
R.H.
cresc.
to a pre - cious few, Sep - tem - ber,
3
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
No - vem - ber, And these few pre - cious days I'd spend with
3
3
rit.
p
a tempo
you. These pre - cious days I'd spend with you.
3

LOST IN THE STARS

from *Lost in the Stars*

Sunshine

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL

Andante espressivo

pp

STEPHEN: *p*

Be - fore Lord God made the sea and the land, He held all the stars in the palm of his hand, And they ran through his fin - gers like grains of sand, And one lit - tle star fell a - lone. Then the

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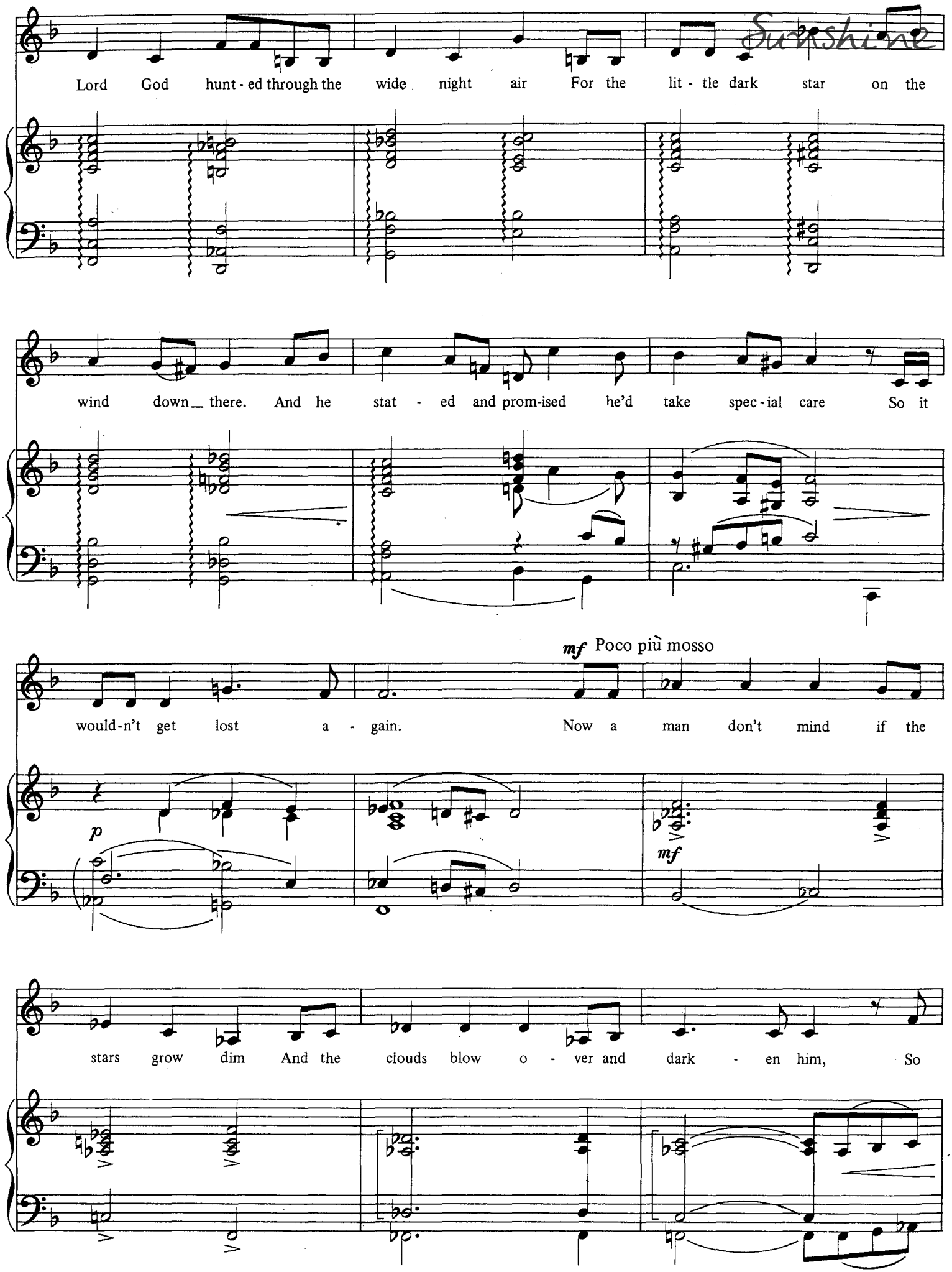
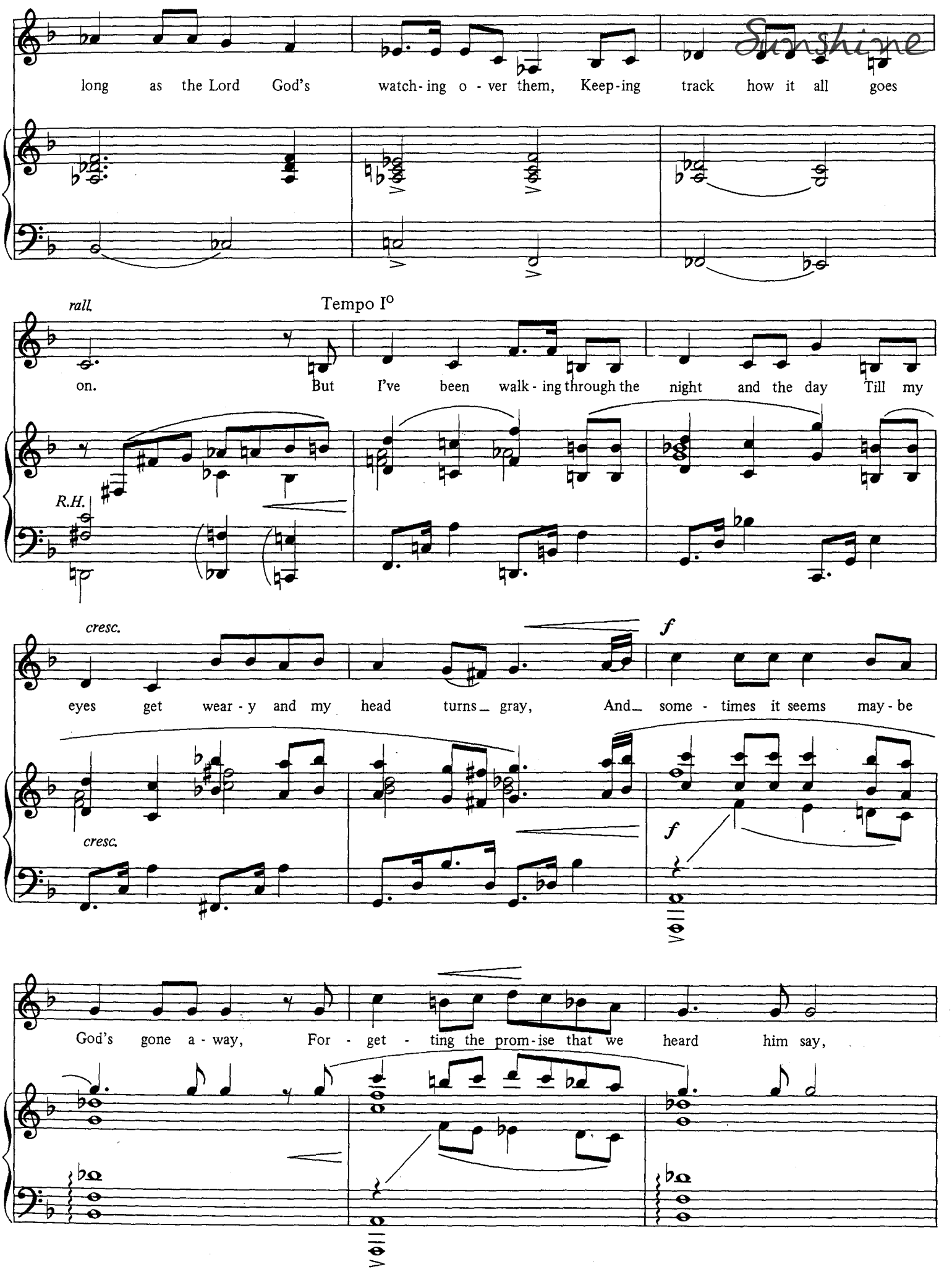
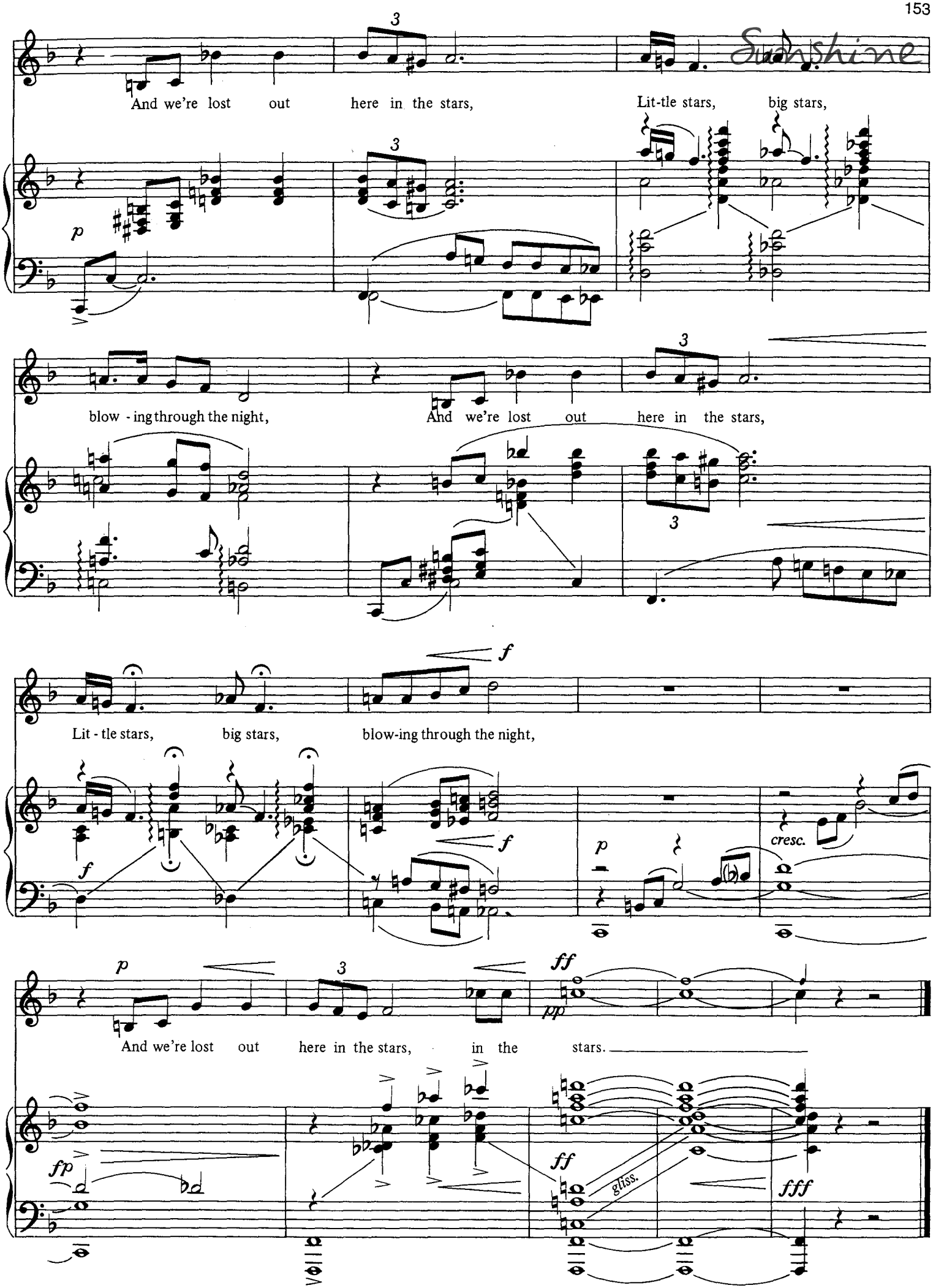

Sunshine
Lord God hunt - ed through the wide night air For the lit - tle dark star on the
wind down_ there. And he stat - ed and prom-ised he'd take spec - ial care So it
mf Poco più mosso
would-n't get lost a - gain. Now a man don't mind if the
p
mf
stars grow dim And the clouds blow o - ver and dark - en him, So


Sunshine
long as the Lord God's watch-ing o-ver them, Keep-ing track how it all goes
rall.
Tempo I°
on. But I've been walk-ing through the night and the day Till my
R.H.
cresc.
f
eyes get wear-y and my head turns gray, And some-times it seems may-be
cresc.
f
God's gone a-way, For-get-ting the prom-ise that we heard him say,

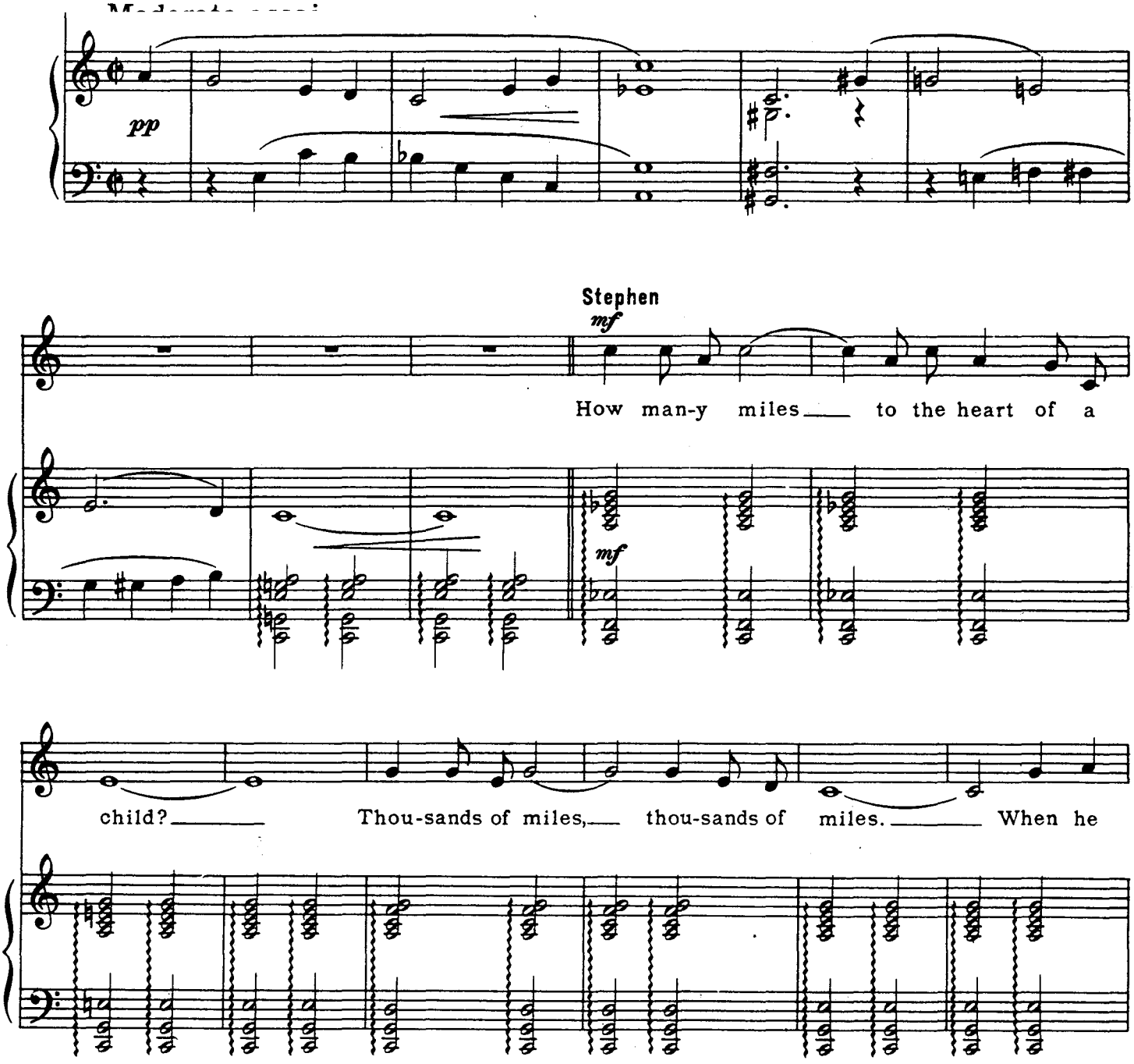

Sunshine
And we're lost out here in the stars, Lit-tle stars, big stars,
blow - ing through the night, And we're lost out here in the stars,
Lit - tle stars, big stars, blow-ing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars, in the stars.
cresc.
gliss.

THOUSANDS OF MILES

from *Lost in the Stars*

Sunshine

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL



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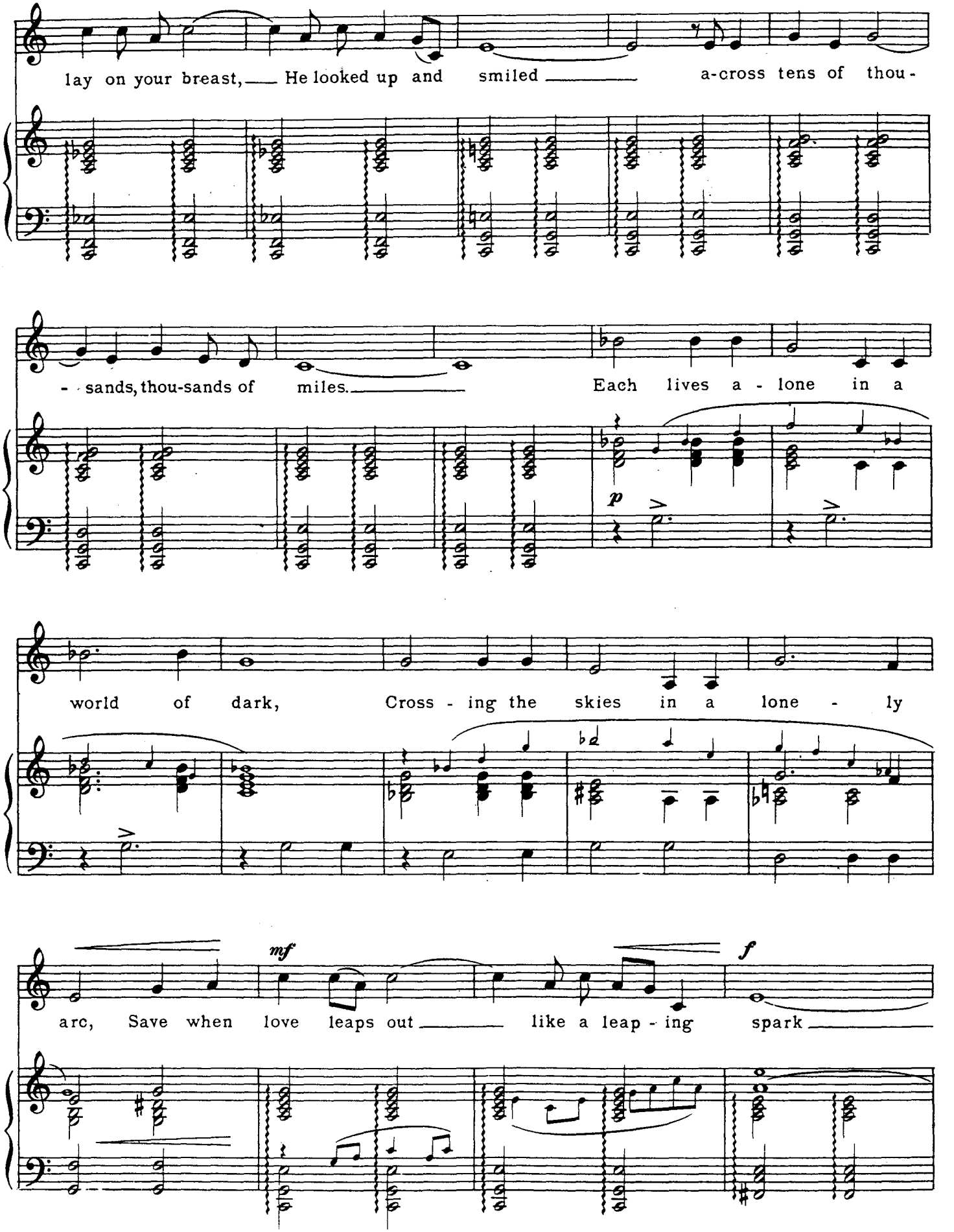
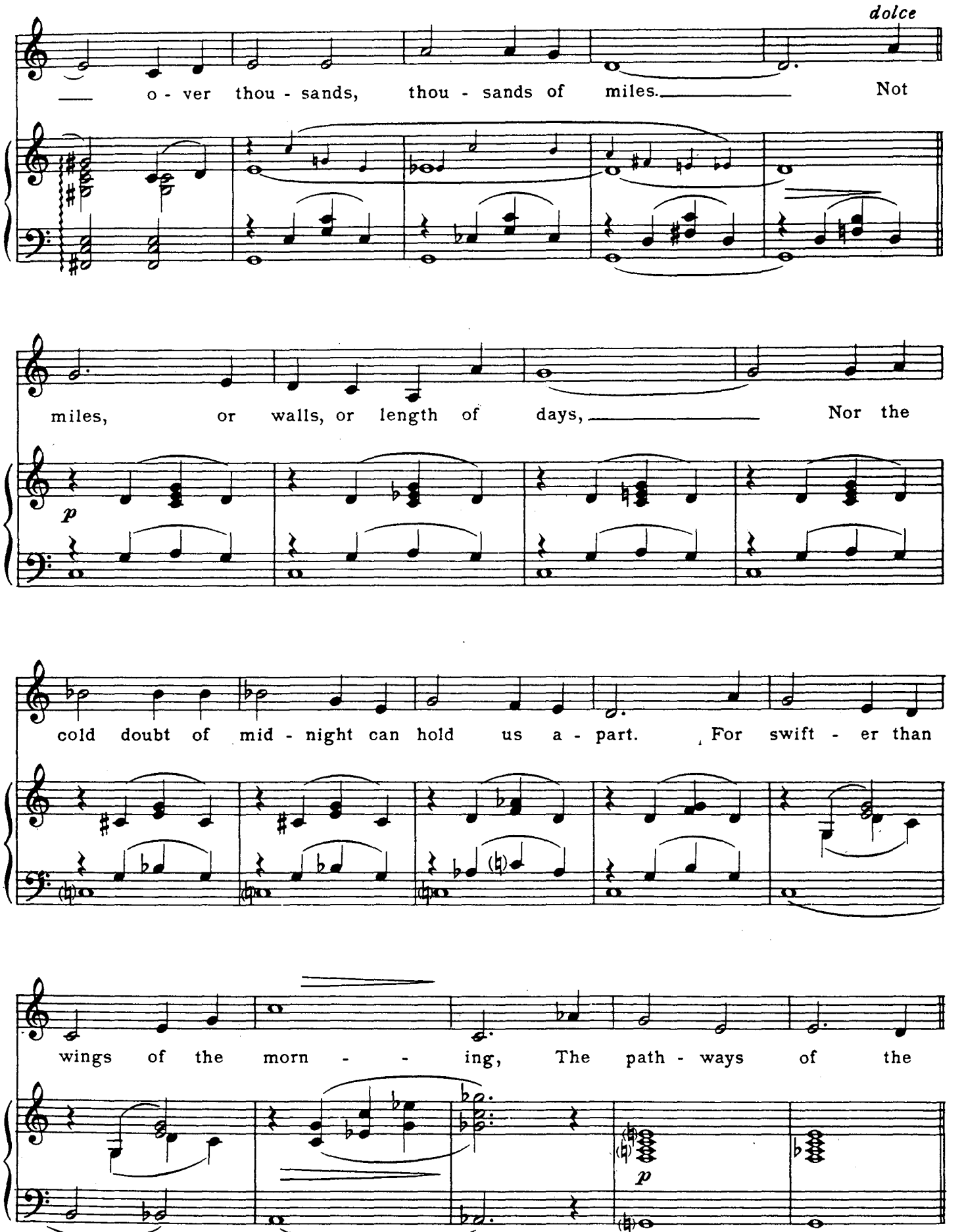
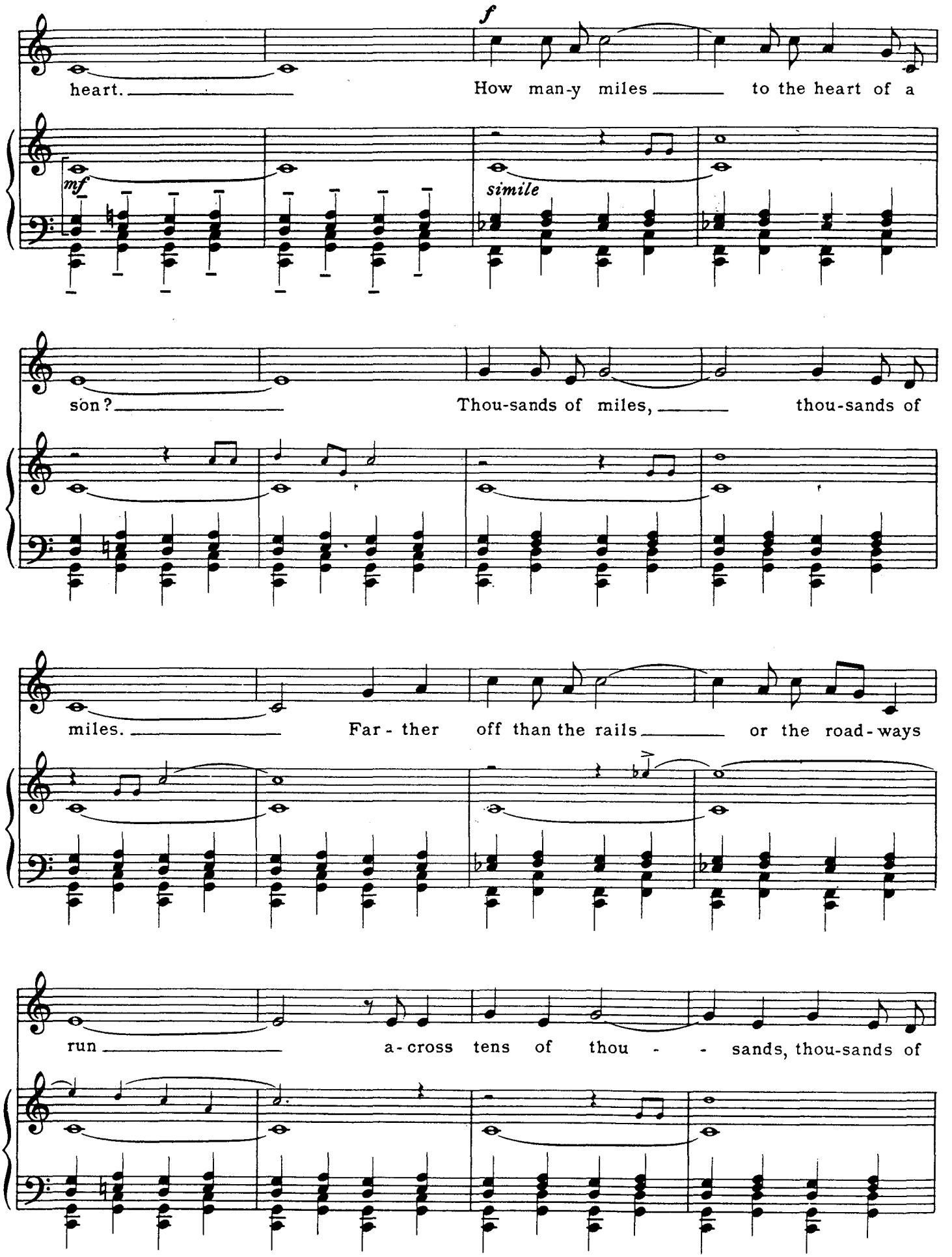
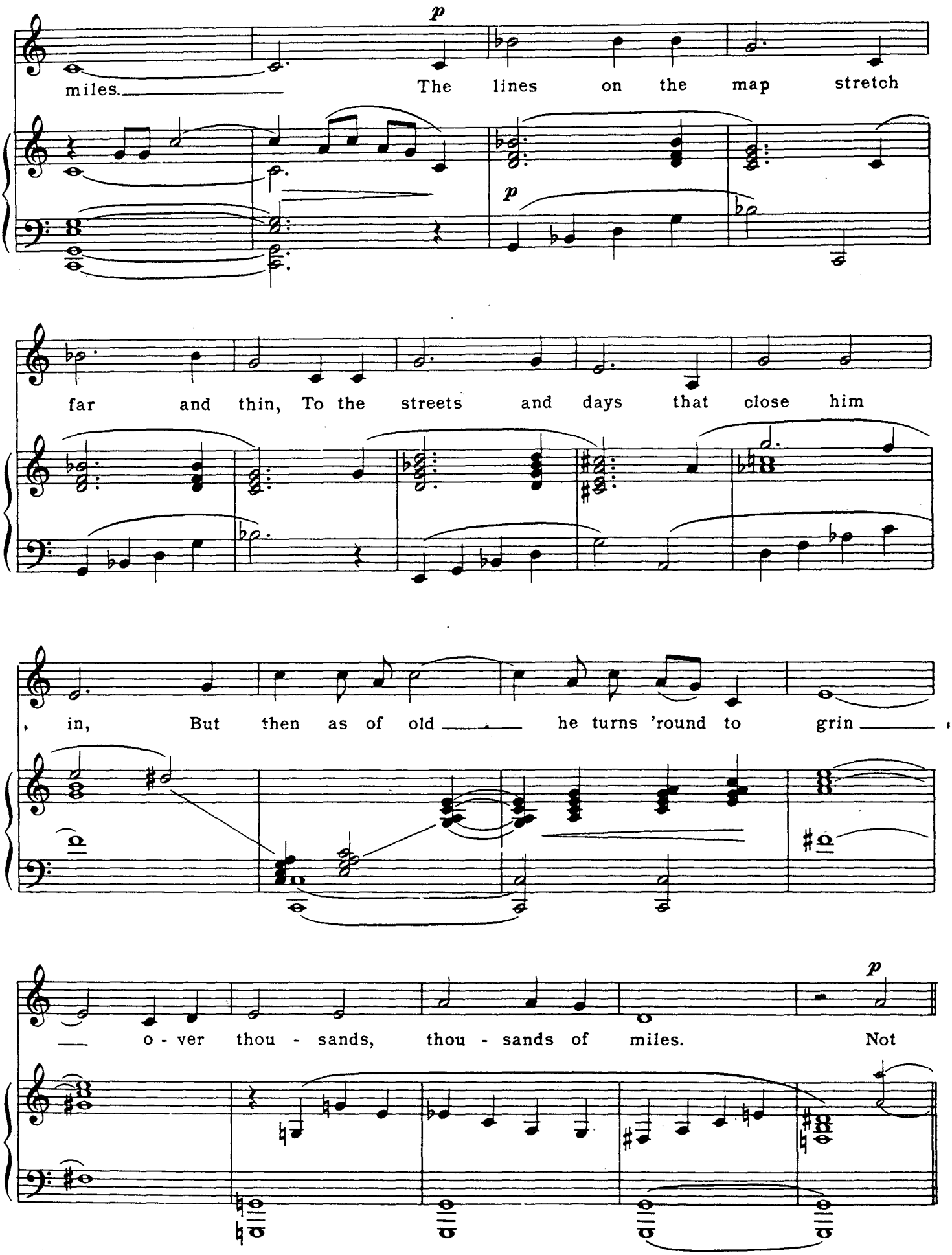
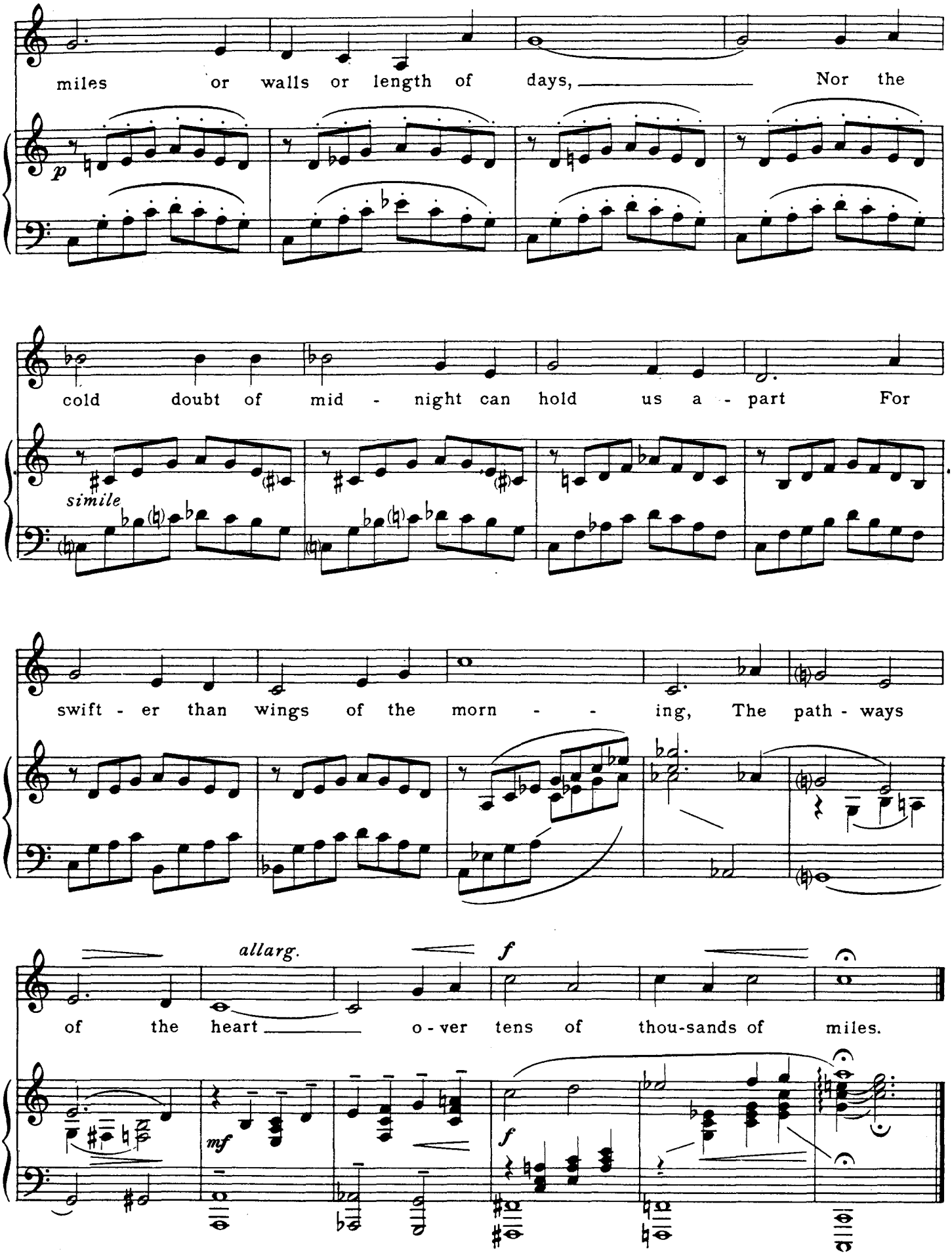

lay on your breast, He looked up and smiled a-cross tens of thou-
- sands, thou-sands of miles. Each lives a - lone in a
p
world of dark, Cross - ing the skies in a lone - ly
mf
arc, Save when love leaps out like a leap - ing spark
f


dolce
o - ver thou - sands, thou - sands of miles. Not
miles, or walls, or length of days, Nor the
p
cold doubt of mid - night can hold us a - part. For swift - er than
wings of the morn - - ing, The path - ways of the
p


f
heart.
How man-y miles
to the heart of a
mf
simile
son?
Thou-sands of miles,
thou-sands of
miles.
Far - ther
off than the rails
or the road - ways
run
a - cross tens of thou - - sands, thou-sands of


p
miles. The lines on the map stretch
p
far and thin, To the streets and days that close him
in, But then as of old he turns 'round to grin
p
o - ver thou - sands, thou - sands of miles. Not

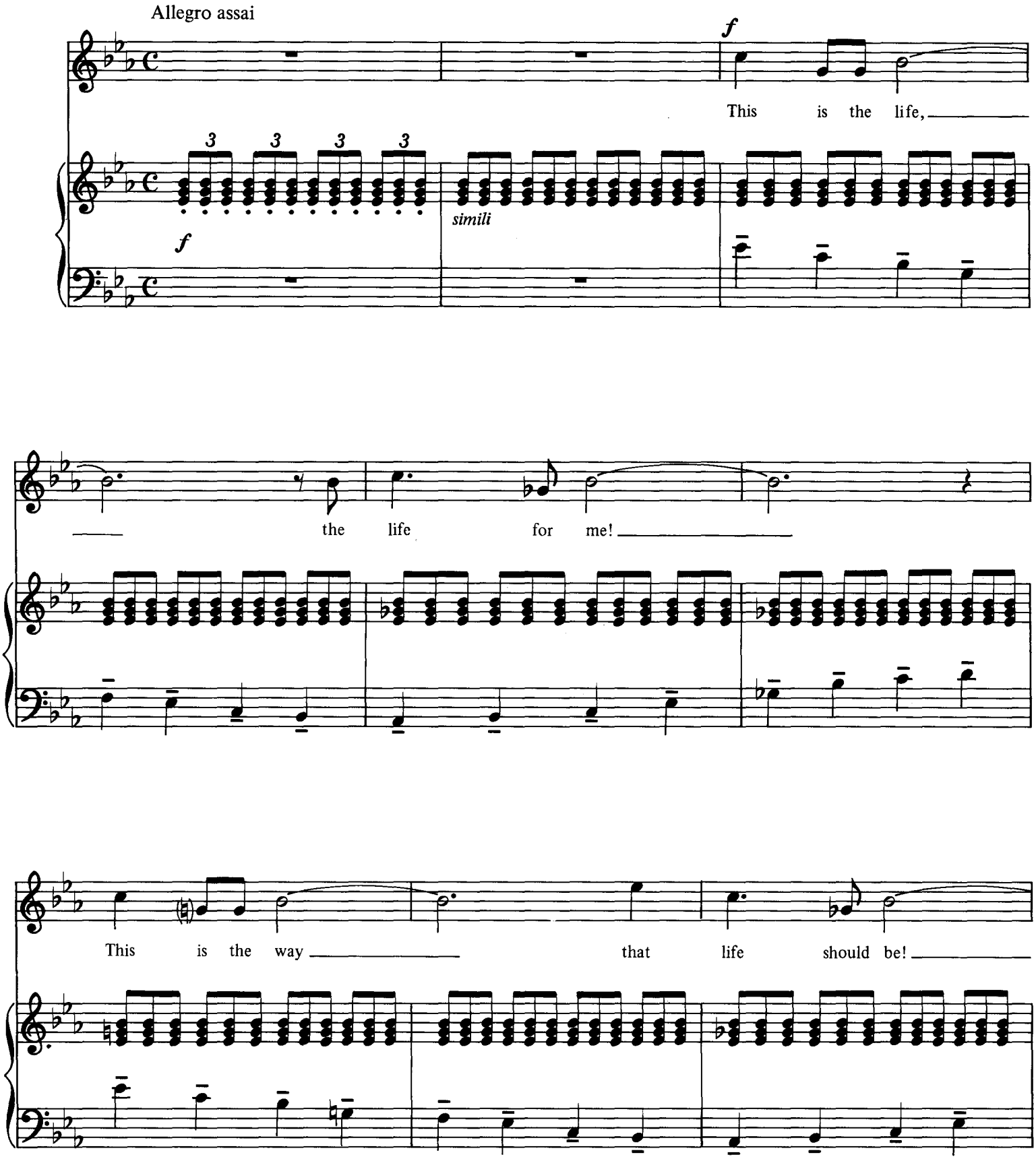

miles or walls or length of days, Nor the
p
cold doubt of mid - night can hold us a - part For
simile
swift - er than wings of the morn - - ing, The path - ways
allarg.
f
of the heart o - ver tens of thou-sands of miles.
mf
f

THIS IS THE LIFE

from *Love Life*

Sunshine

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by KURT WEILL



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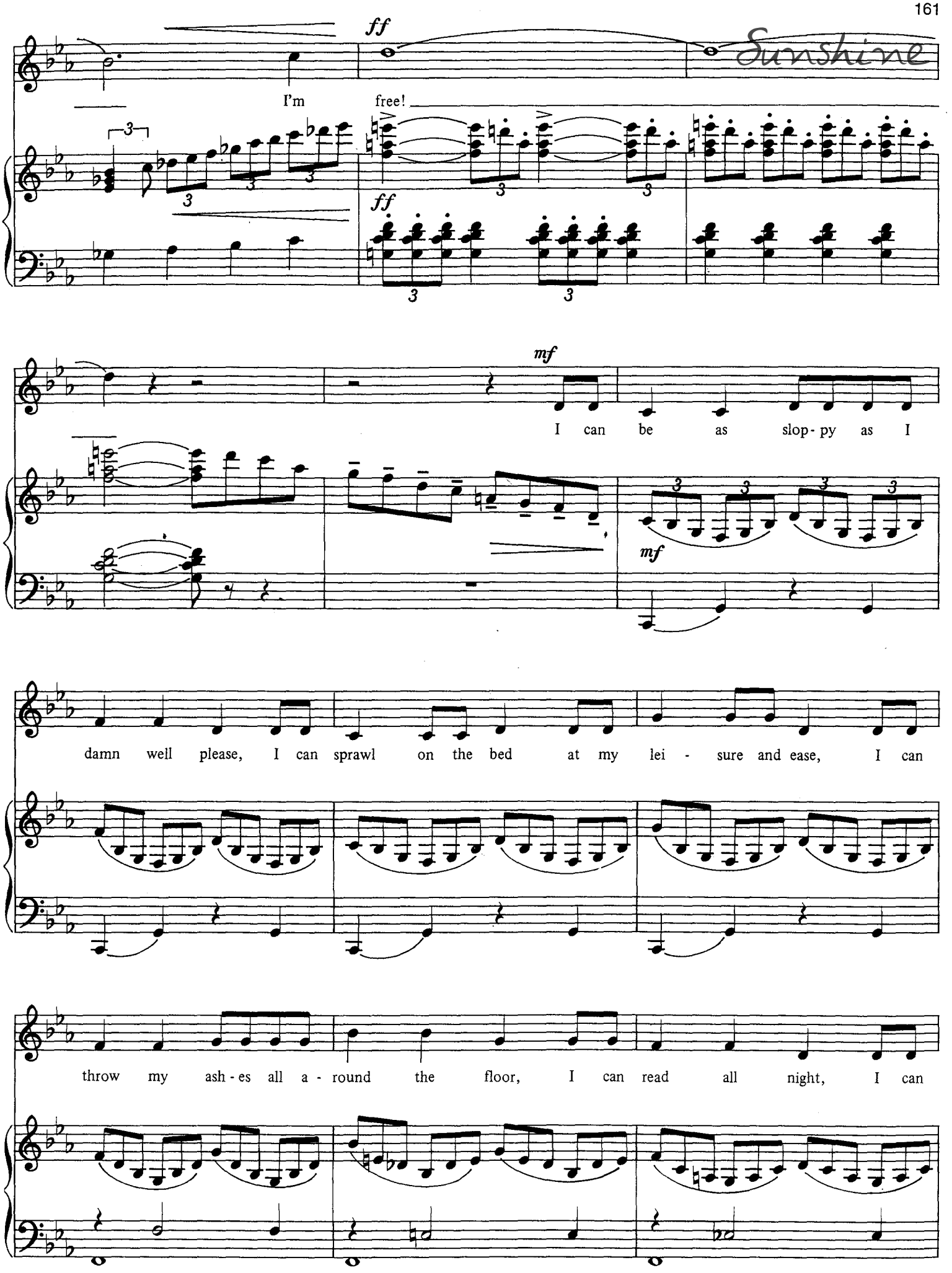
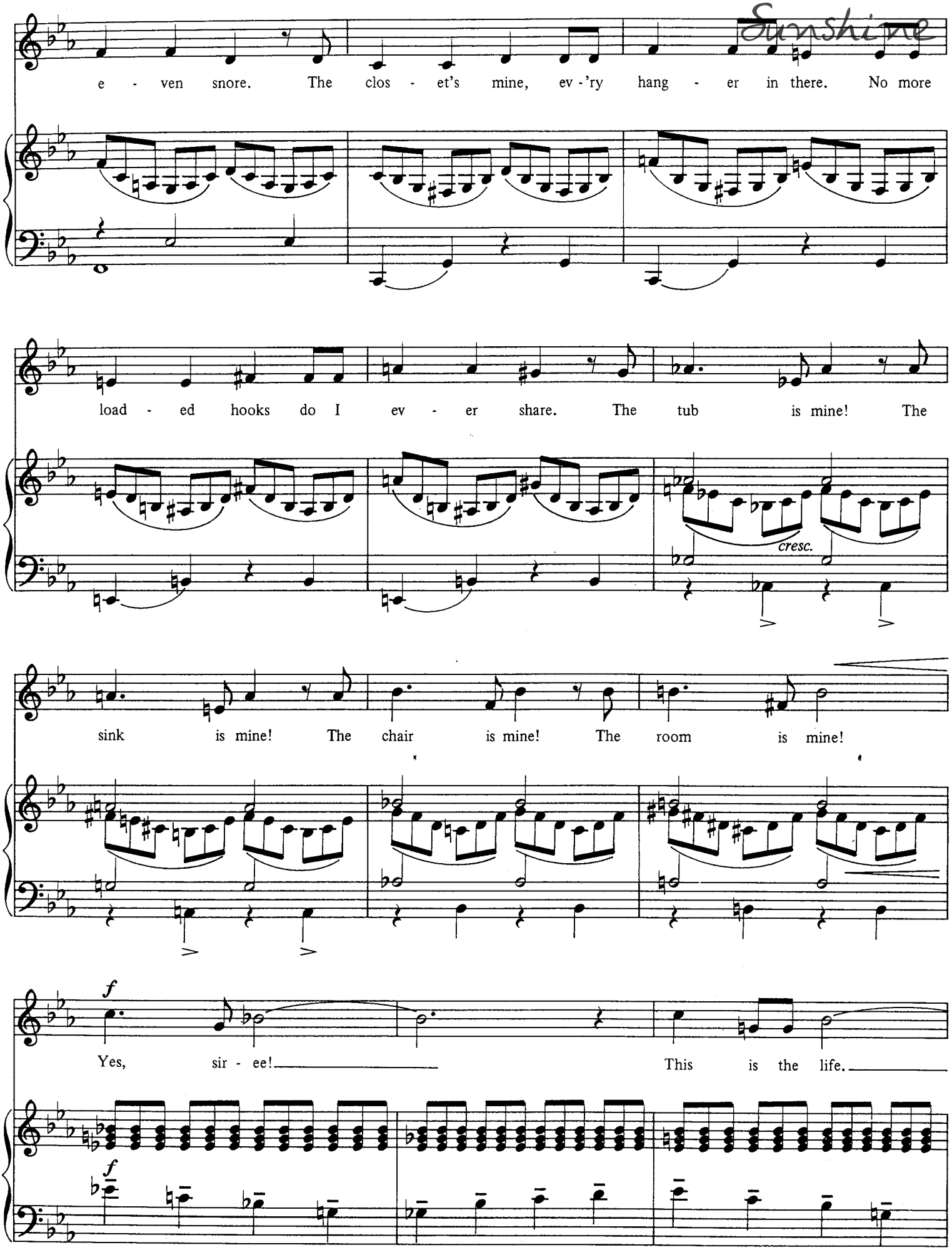

ff
Sunshine
I'm free!
ff
mf
I can be as slop - py as I
mf
damn well please, I can sprawl on the bed at my lei - sure and ease, I can
throw my ash - es all a - round the floor, I can read all night, I can


Sunshine
e - ven snore. The clos - et's mine, ev - 'ry hang - er in there. No more
load - ed hooks do I ev - er share. The tub is mine! The
cresc.
sink is mine! The chair is mine! The room is mine!
f
Yes, sir - ee! This is the life.
f

Sunshine

The life for me! I'm

free.

ff

molto rit.

Andante cantabile

p

Sure, I miss the kids I guess, I miss them more than I could ev - er

p

say. But I am told that time will make it less and I'll grow

poco rit. a tempo mf

used to hav - ing them a - way. Out - side of that I'm glad I am a -

poco rit. a tempo mf

lone. This is the sweet - est liv - ing I have known. No more the

p

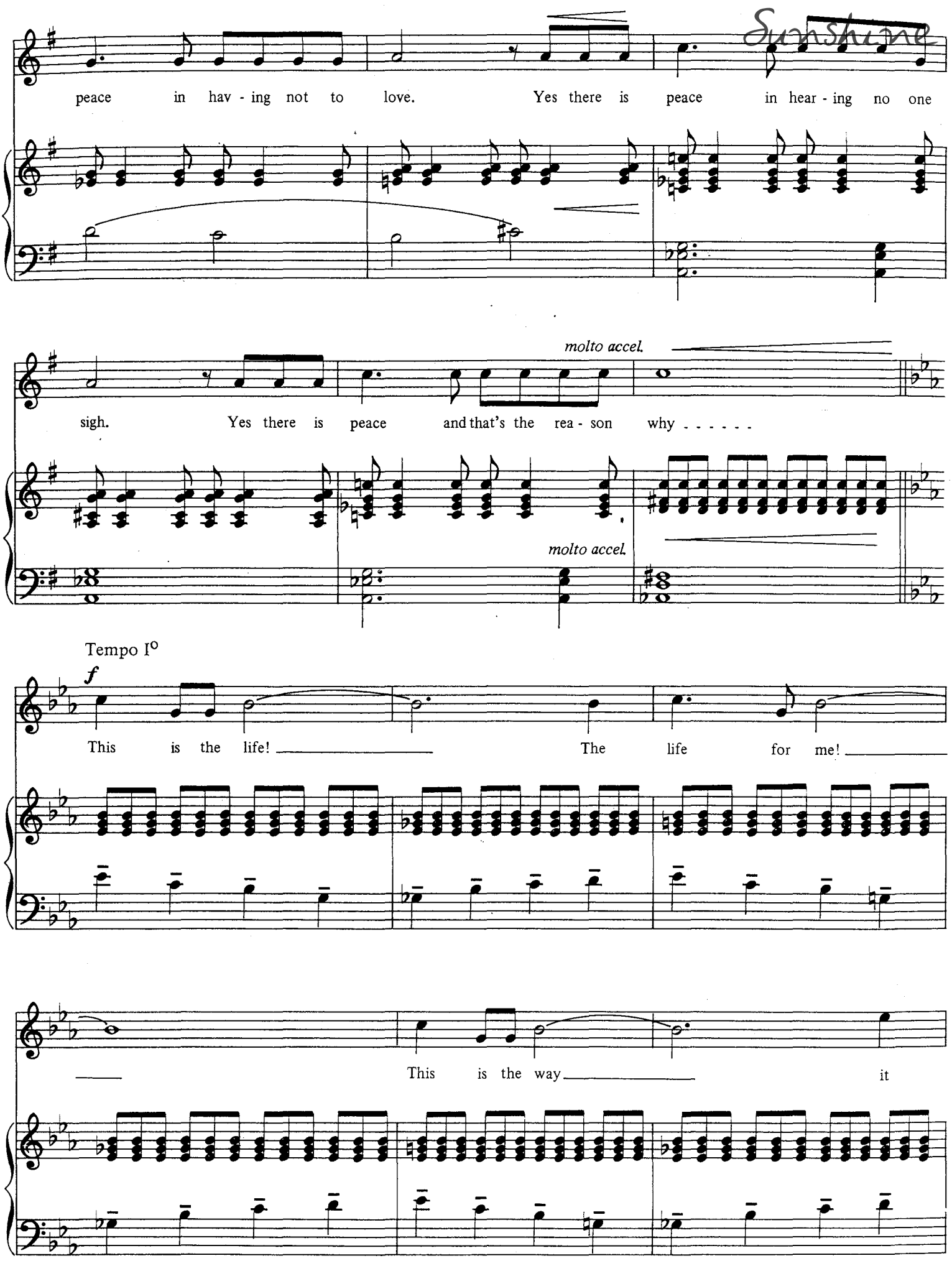
troub - led o - ver - anx - ious thought A - bout her mood or what she's think - ing

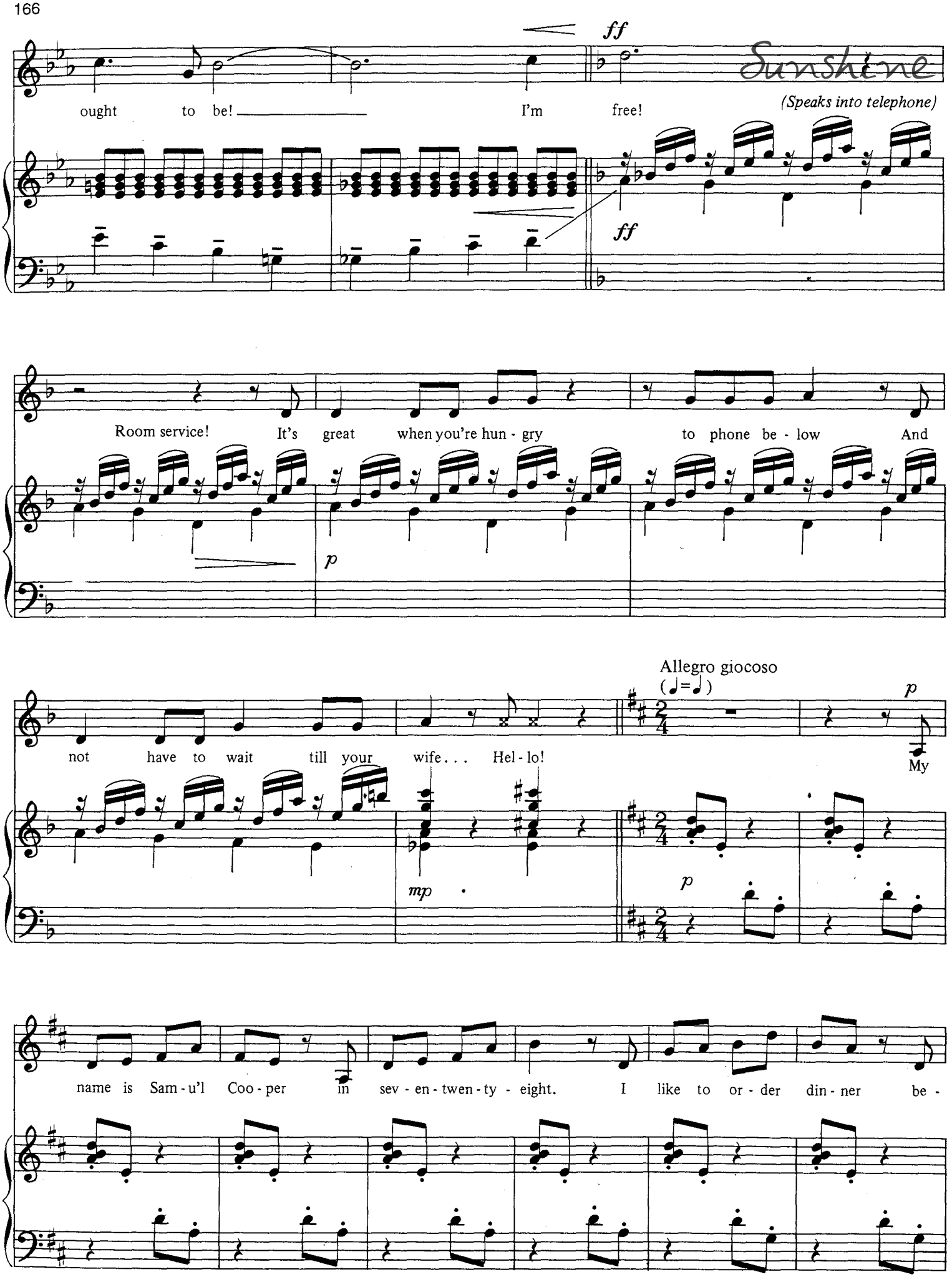
p

stringendo poco a poco

of. No more the hope - less feel - ing I am caught. Oh yes there's

stringendo poco a poco


Sunshine
peace in hav - ing not to love. Yes there is peace in hear - ing no one
molto accel.
sigh. Yes there is peace and that's the rea - son why . . . . . .
molto accel.
Tempo I°
f
This is the life! The life for me!
This is the way it


ff
Sunshine
ought to be! I'm free!
(Speaks into telephone)
ff
Room service! It's great when you're hun - gry to phone be - low And
p
not have to wait till your wife... Hel - lo!
Allegro giocoso
(♩=♩)
p
My
mp
p
name is Sam - u'l Coo - per in sev - en - twen - ty - eight. I like to or - der din - ner be -

mf

fore it is too late. I'll have shrimps and steak, make it

mf

me - dium well, and the rich - est des - sert in the whole ho - tel, But

(Spoken)

speed is im - por - tant. Bring it on the run. I'm hun - gry!... What?

cresc.

f

Yes, I said for one! You heard me! Damn it! Ser - vice for one!

f

ff

Molto meno mosso

Sunshine

p

Why do they ask me ev - 'ry time I phone?

L.H.

p

What's so biz - zare a - bout a man a - lone?

(pesante)

sfz

Andante cantabile

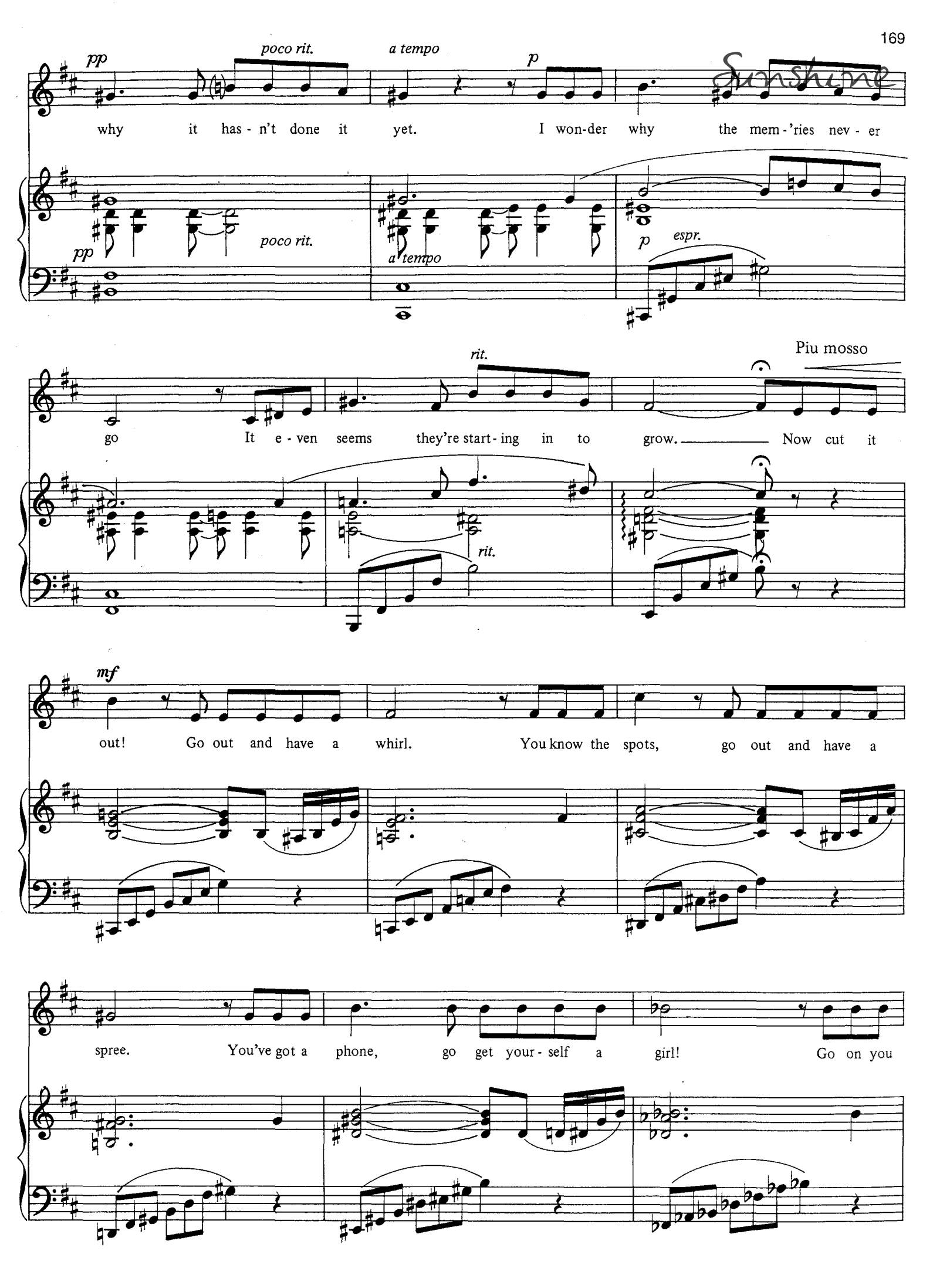
p

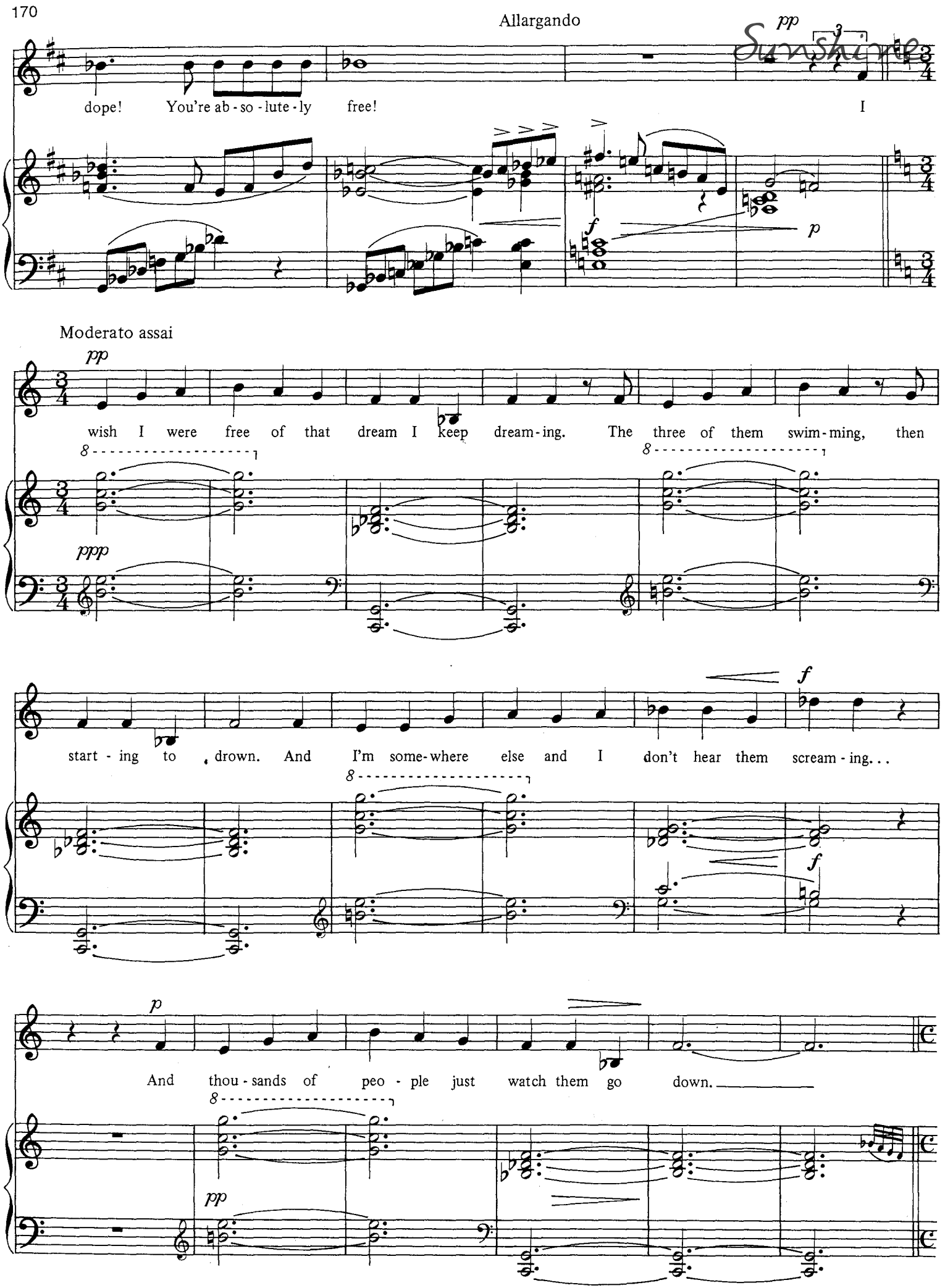
Sure I know it's not i - deal I still have

p

p

thoughts of her I can't for - get. But that's a thing they say that time will heal. I won- der


pp
poco rit.
a tempo
p
Sunshine
why it has - n't done it yet. I won-der why the mem - 'ries nev - er
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
p
espr.
rit.
Piu mosso
go It e - ven seems they're start - ing in to grow. Now cut it
rit.
mf
out! Go out and have a whirl. You know the spots, go out and have a
spree. You've got a phone, go get your - self a girl! Go on you


Allargando
pp
Sunshine
dope! You're ab - so - lute - ly free! I
f
p
Moderato assai
pp
wish I were free of that dream I keep dream - ing. The three of them swim - ming, then
ppp
start - ing to drown. And I'm some - where else and I don't hear them scream - ing...
f
f
p
And thou - sands of peo - ple just watch them go down.
pp

Tempo I°

Sunshine

f

No! I'm not sit - ting in to - night I'm head - ing out where the lights are

mf

bright. *(Speaks into telephone)* Room service! I've got my free - dom, the thing is

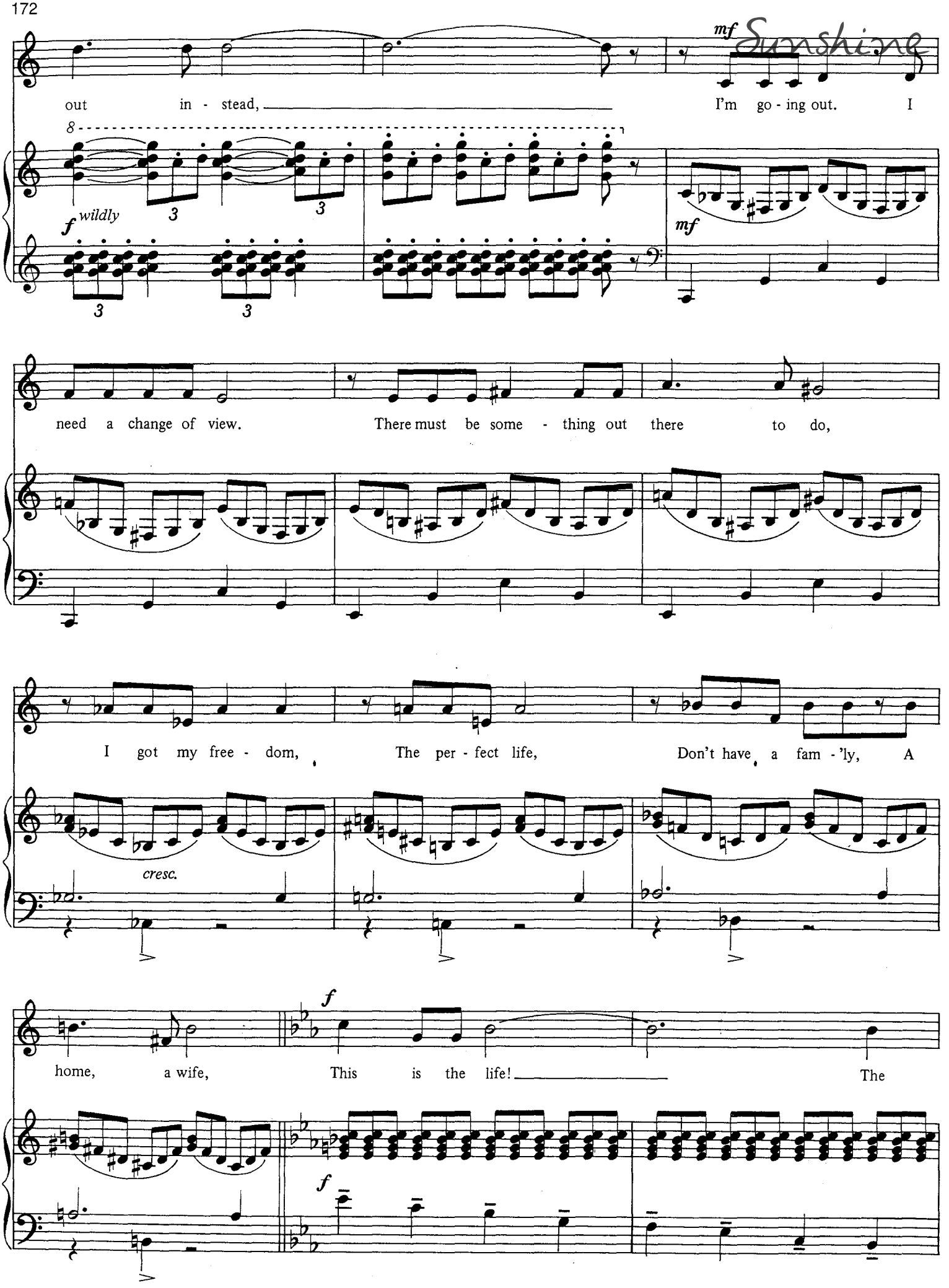
f *L.H.*

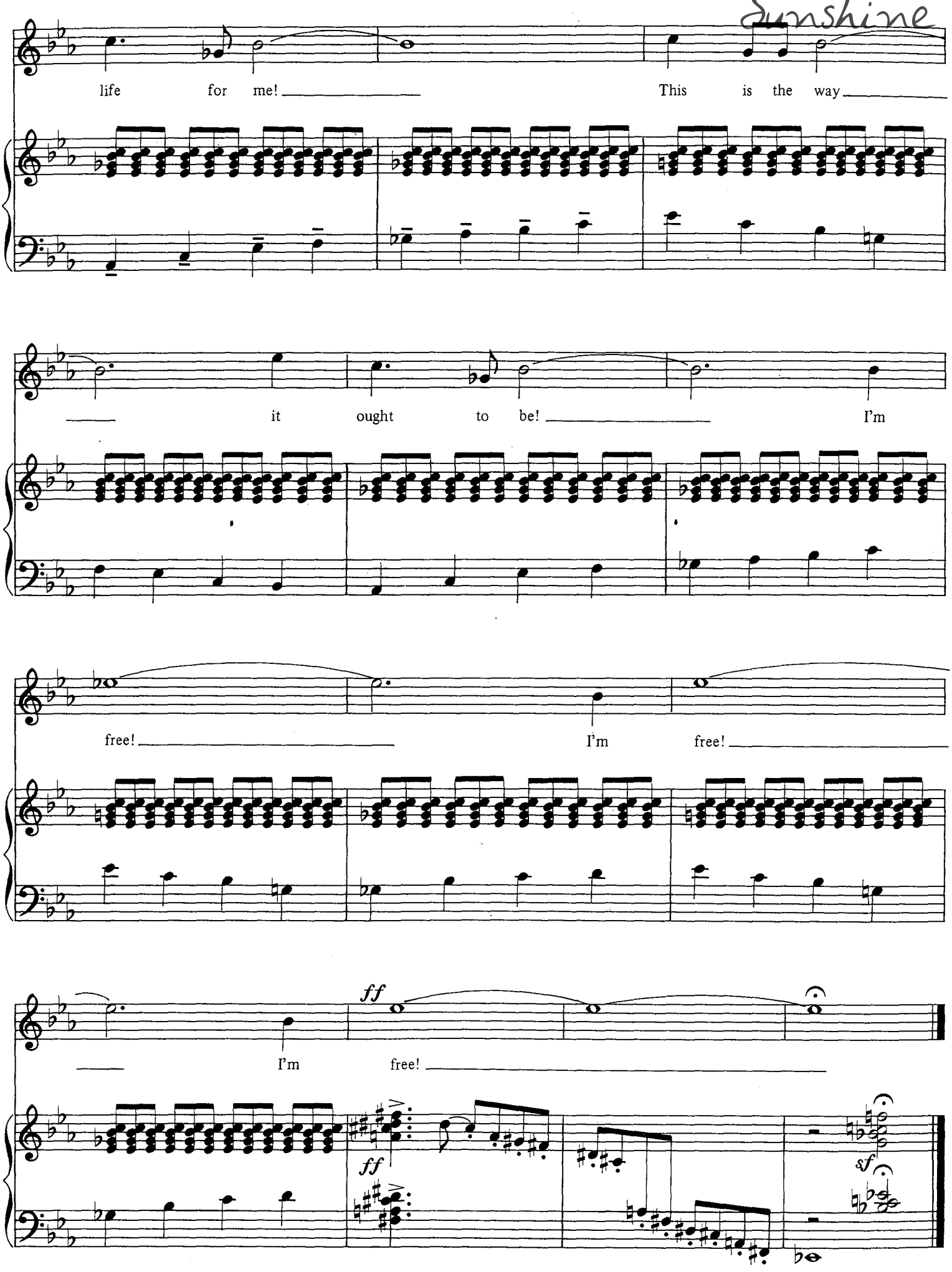
down. But what's the sense if I don't have fun?

f

This is Sam-u'l Coo-per! The or - der's dead! You've been too long! I'm go - ing

f


mf Sunshine
out in - stead, I'm go - ing out. I
8
f wildly
3
3
3
3
mf
need a change of view. There must be some - thing out there to do,
I got my free - dom, The per - fect life, Don't have a fam - 'ly, A
cresc.
home, a wife, This is the life! The
f
f

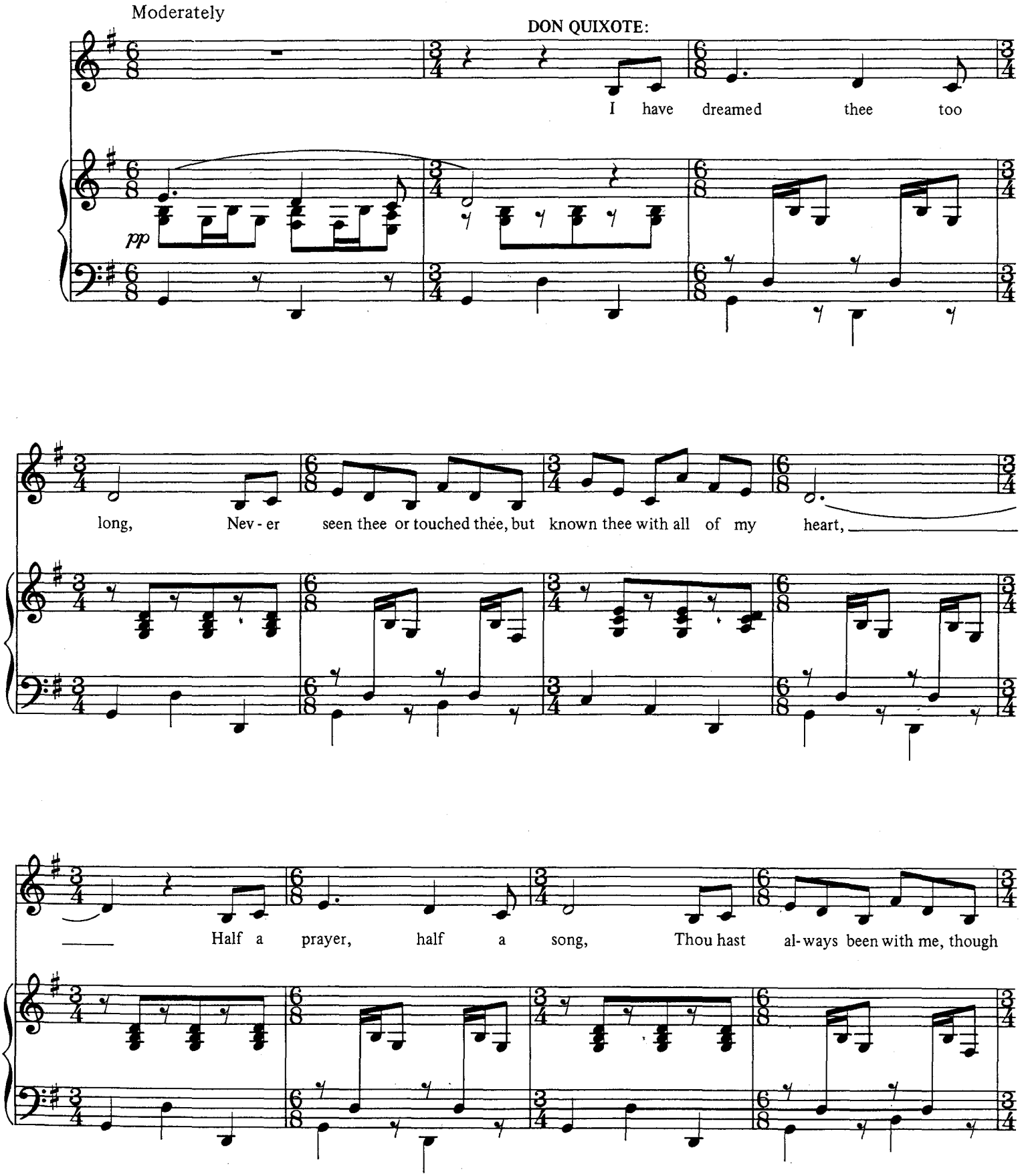

life for me! This is the way
it ought to be! I'm
free! I'm free!
I'm free!
ff
ff
ff
sf

DULCINEA

from *Man of La Mancha*

Sunshine

Words by JOE DARION
Music by MITCH LEIGH



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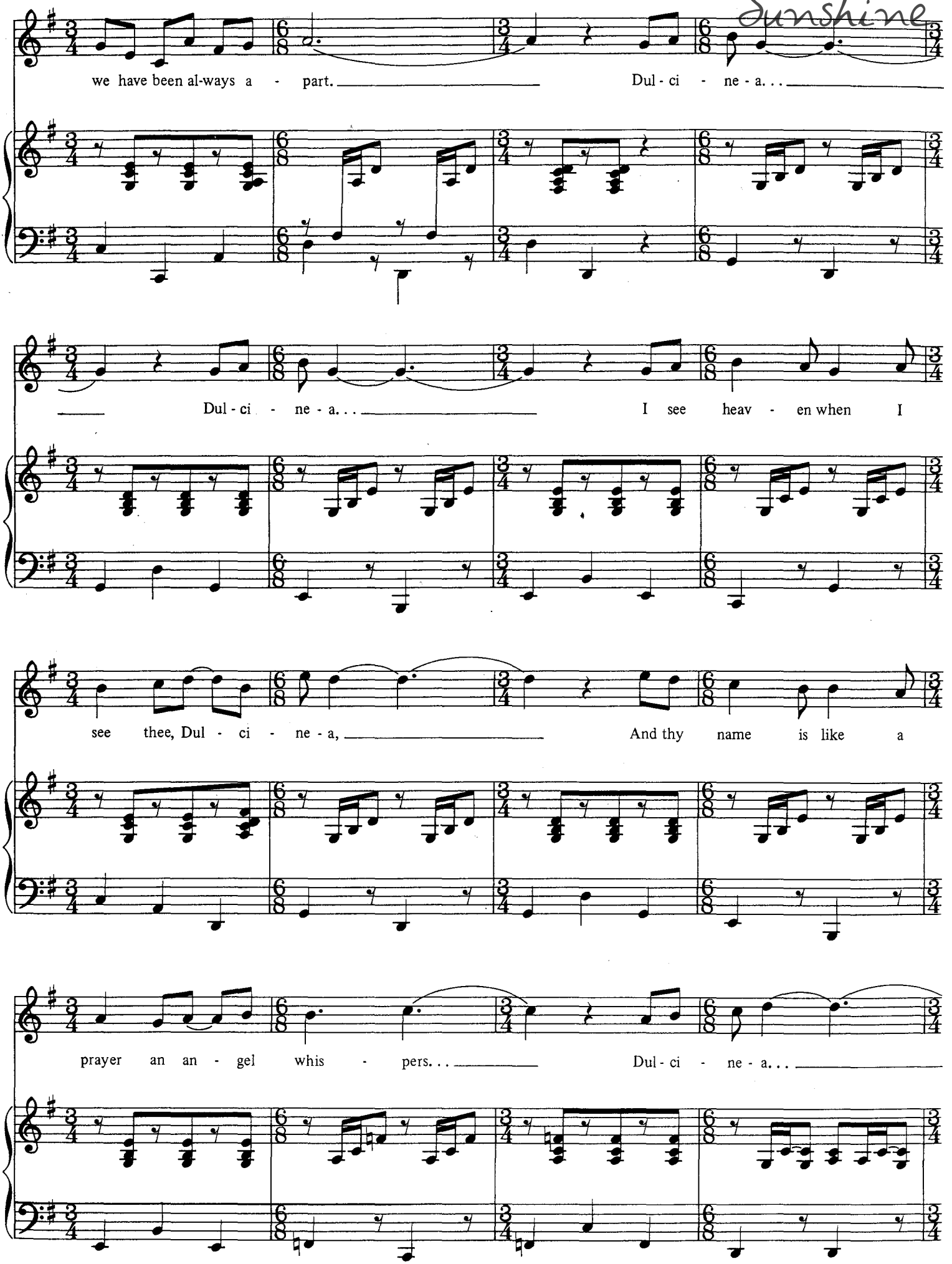
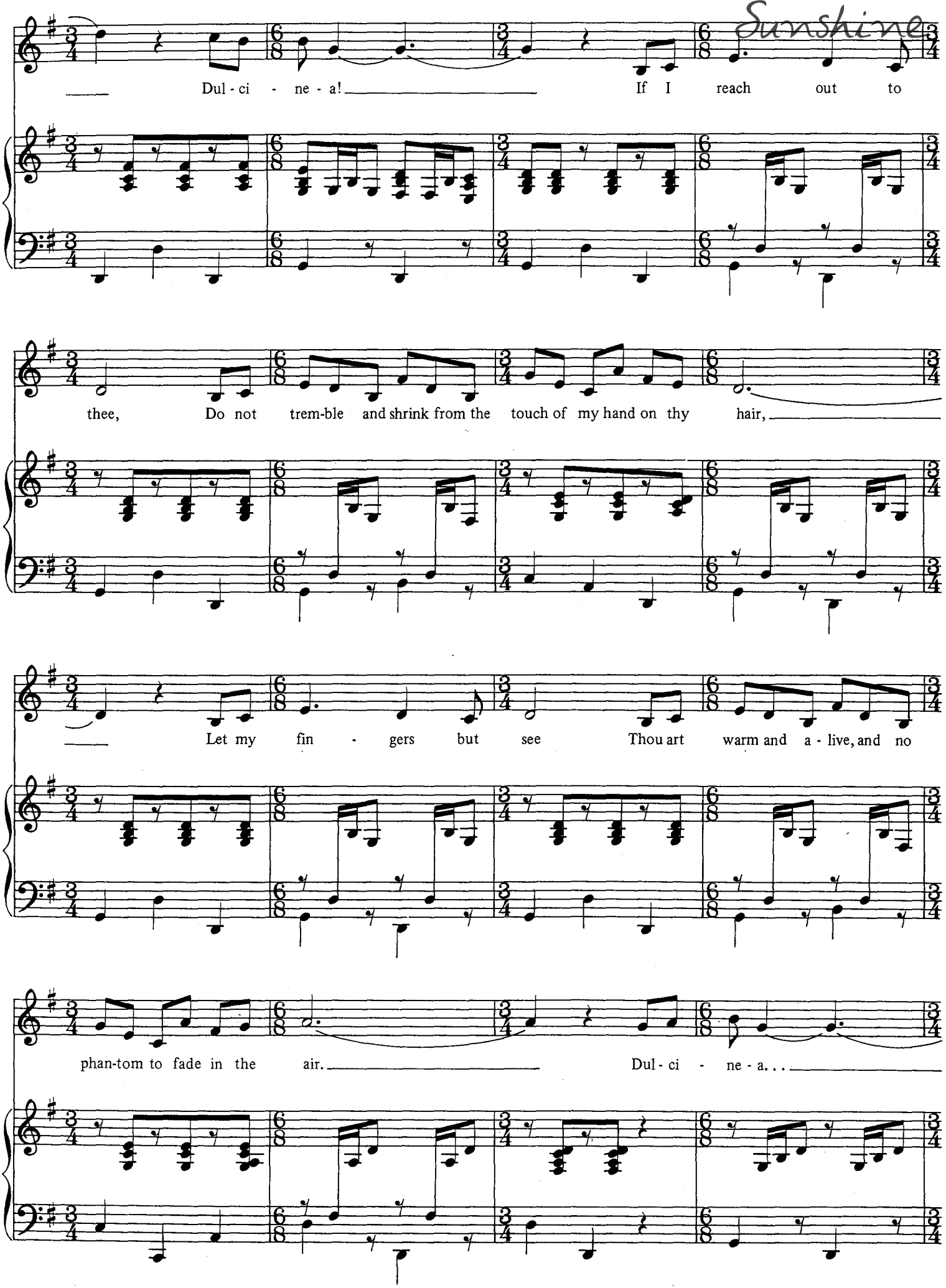
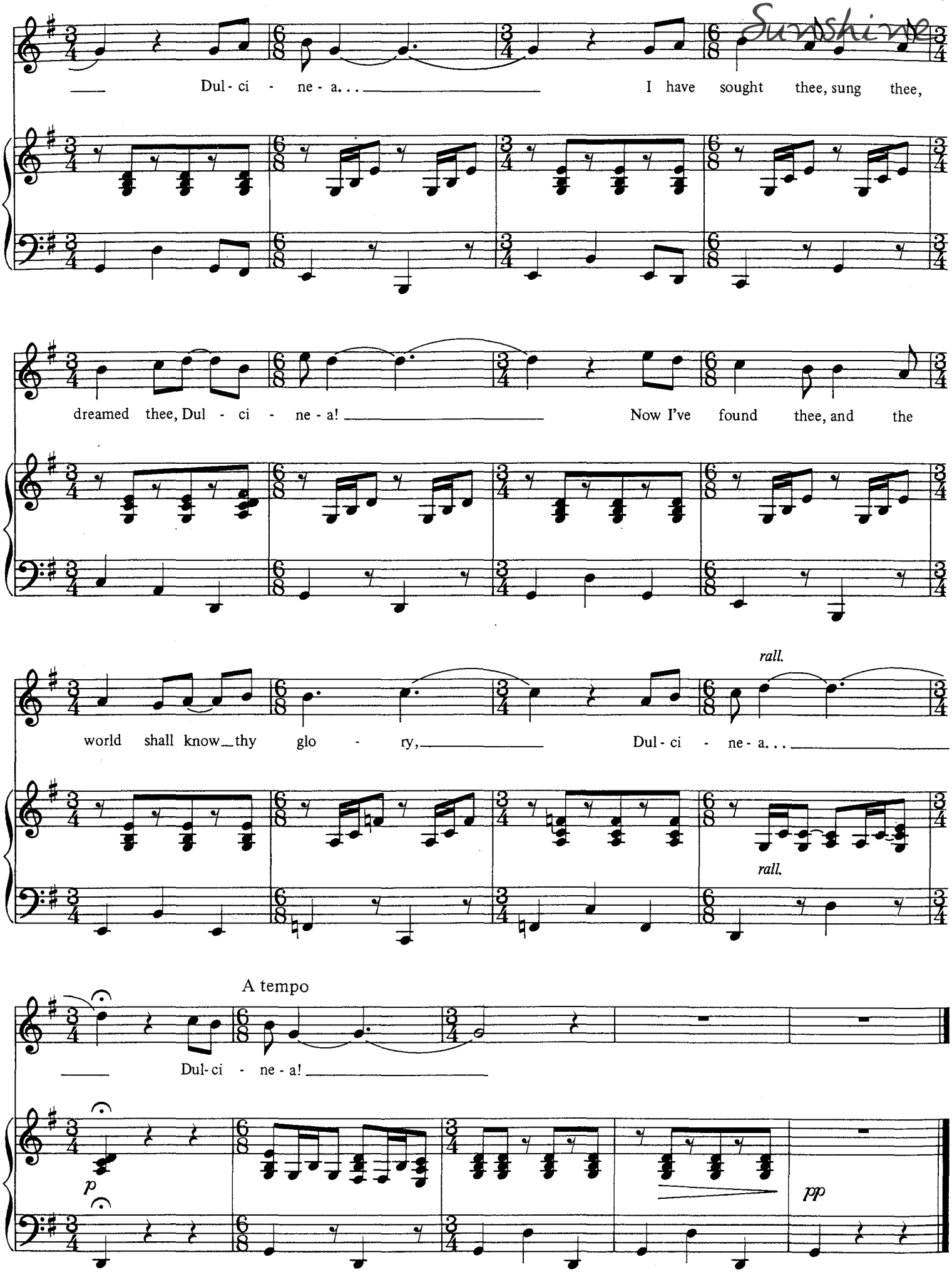

we have been al-ways a - part.
Dul - ci - ne - a...
Dul - ci - ne - a...
I see heav - en when I
see thee, Dul - ci - ne - a,
And thy name is like a
prayer an an - gel whis - pers...
Dul - ci - ne - a...


Dul - ci - ne - a! If I reach out to
thee, Do not trem-ble and shrink from the touch of my hand on thy hair,
Let my fin - gers but see Thou art warm and a - live, and no
phan-tom to fade in the air. Dul - ci - ne - a...


Sunshine
Dul - ci - ne - a. . .
I have sought thee, sung thee,
dreamed thee, Dul - ci - ne - a!
Now I've found thee, and the
world shall know thy glo - ry,
Dul - ci - ne - a. . .
rall.
rall.
A tempo
Dul - ci - ne - a!
p
pp

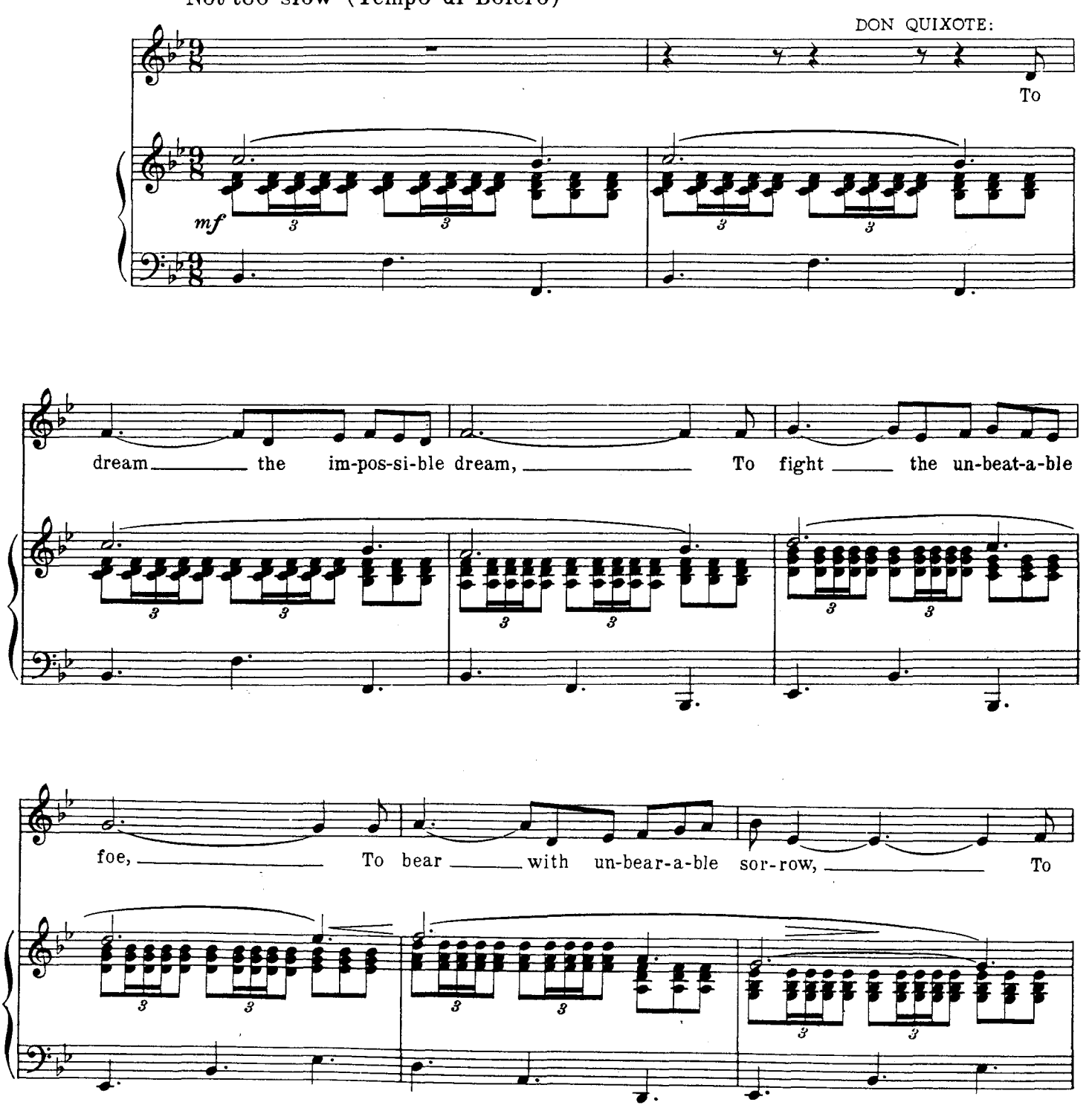
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

(THE QUEST)

from *Man of La Mancha*

Sunshine

Words by JOE DARION
Music by MITCH LEIGH



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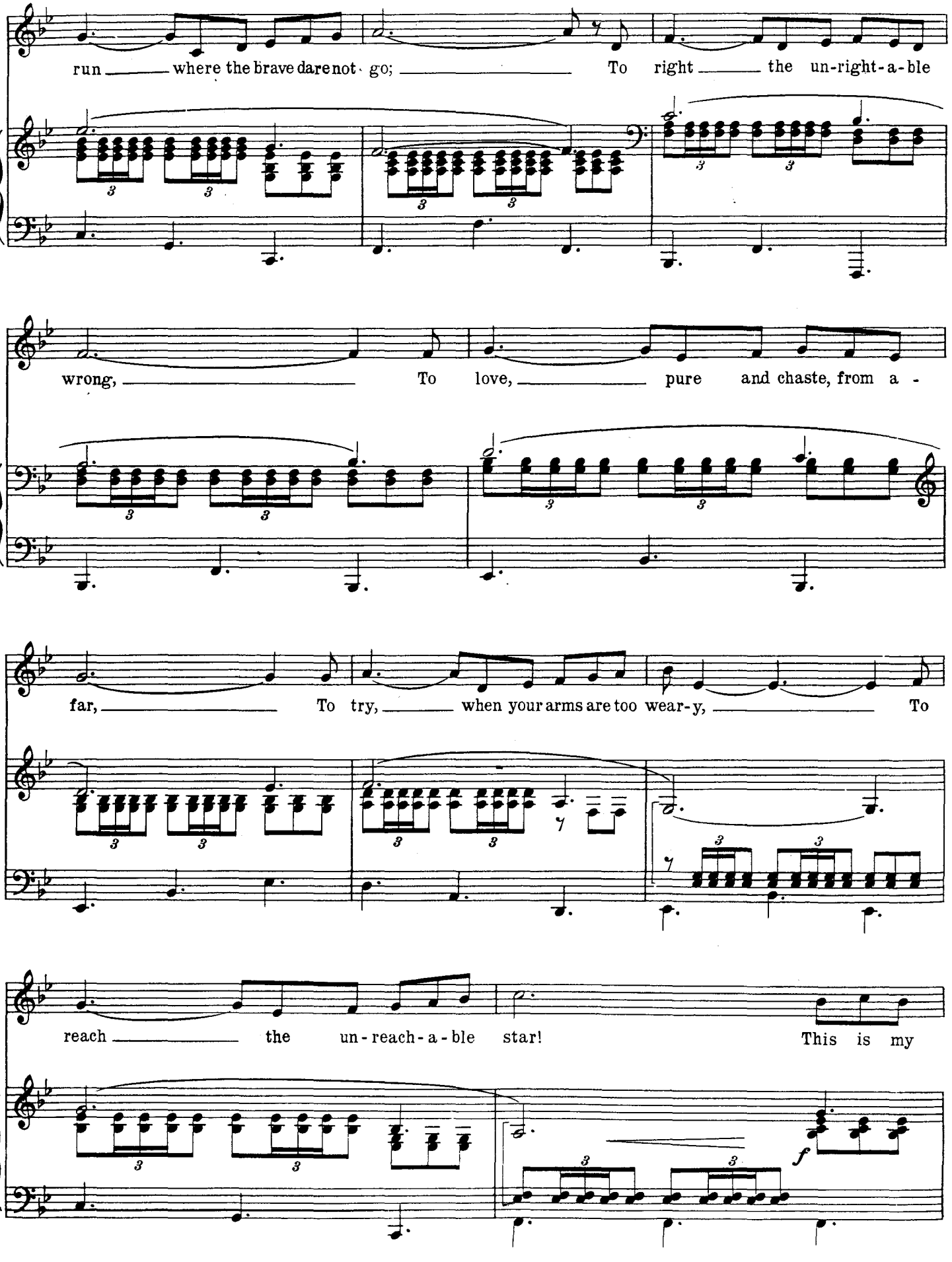
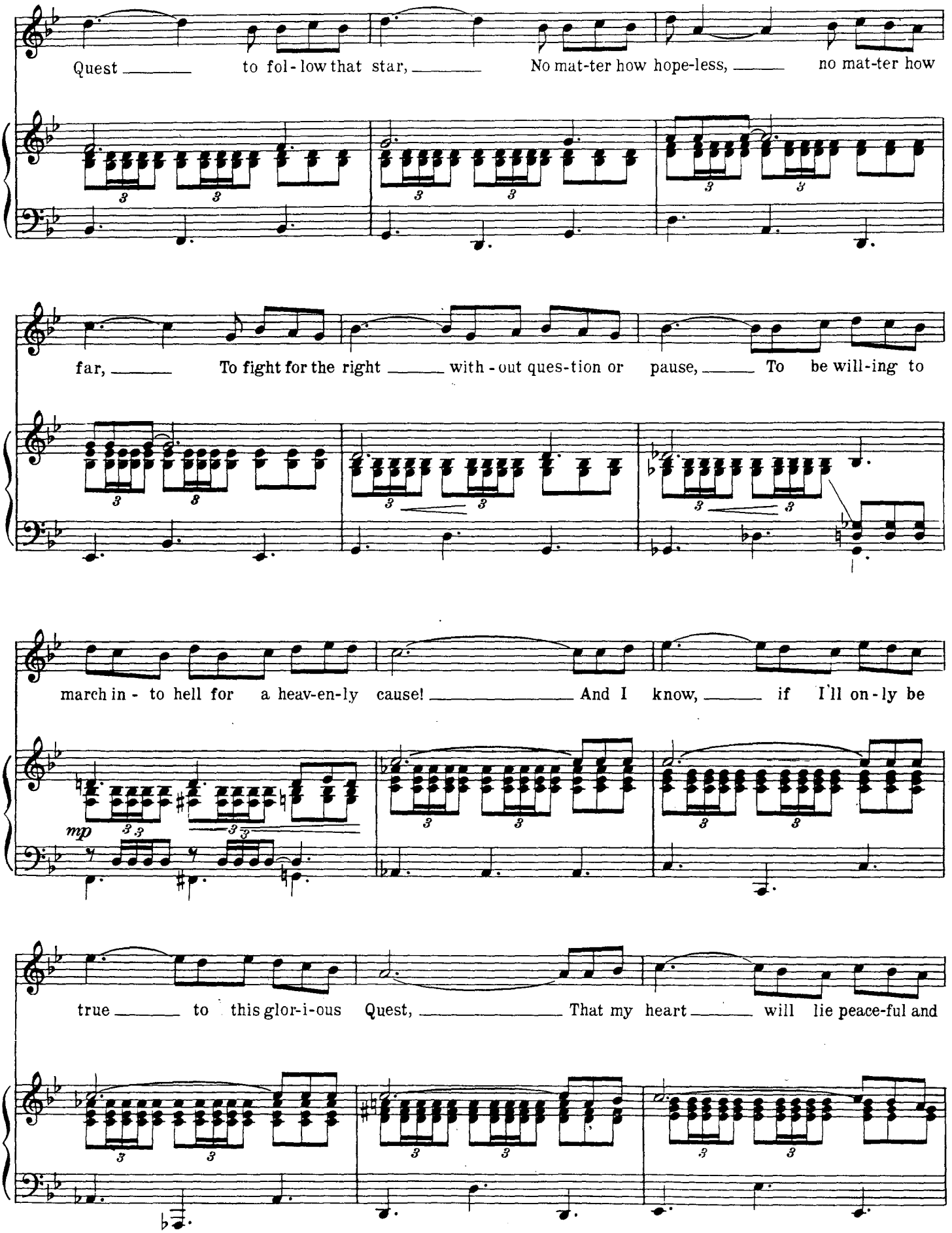
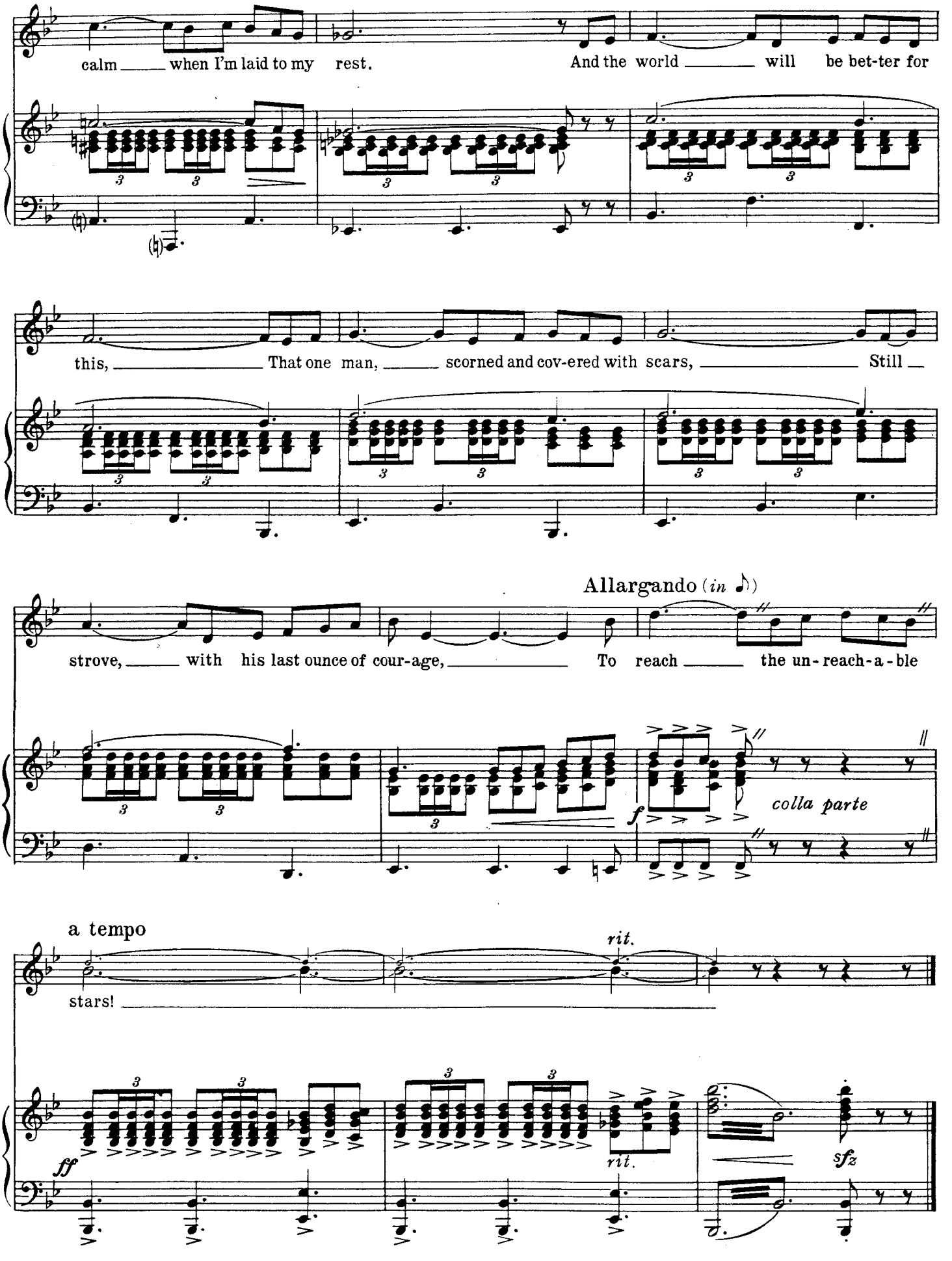

run where the brave dare not go; To right the un-right-a-ble
wrong, To love, pure and chaste, from a -
far, To try, when your arms are too wear-y, To
reach the un-reach-a-ble star! This is my
f


Quest to fol-low that star, No mat-ter how hope-less, no mat-ter how
far, To fight for the right with-out ques-tion or pause, To be will-ing to
march in-to hell for a heav-en-ly cause! And I know, if I'll on-ly be
mp
true to this glor-i-ous Quest, That my heart will lie peace-ful and


calm when I'm laid to my rest.
And the world will be bet-ter for
this, That one man, scorned and cov-ered with scars, Still
Allargando (in)
strove, with his last ounce of cour-age, To reach the un-reach-a-ble
colla parte
a tempo
rit.
stars!
ff
rit.
sfz

MAN OF LA MANCHA

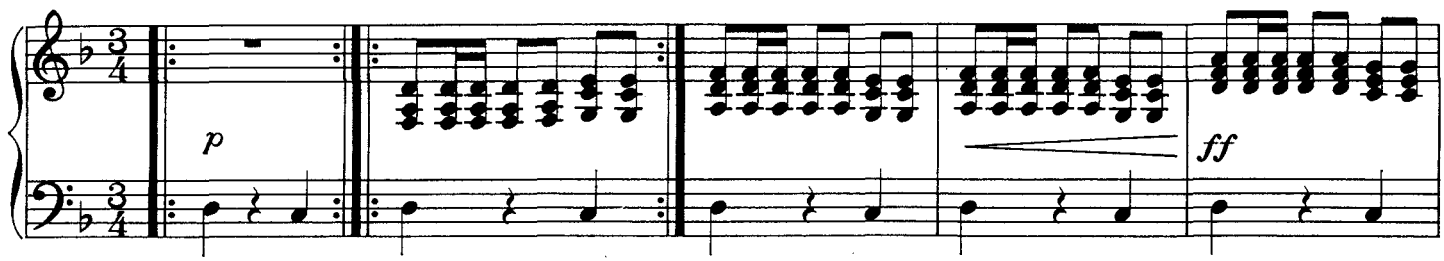
(I, DON QUIXOTE)

from *Man of La Mancha*

Sunshine

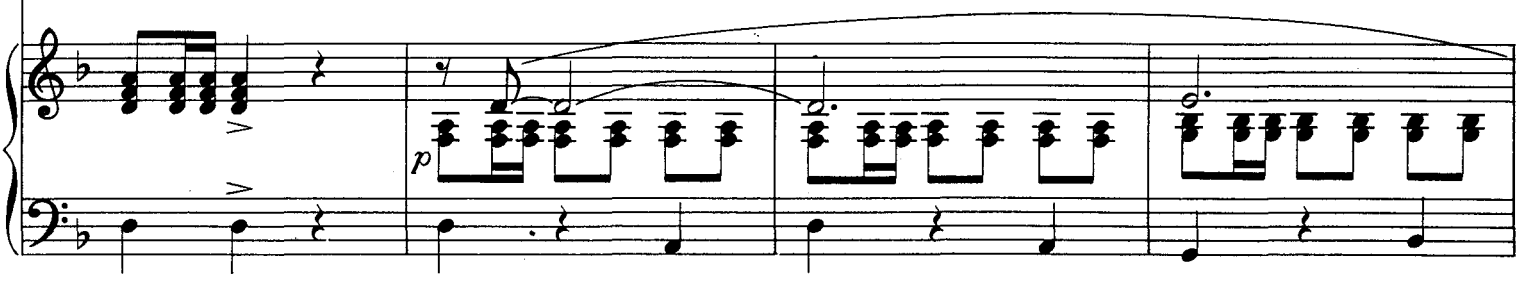
Words by JOE DARION
Music by MITCH LEIGH

Tempo Paso Doble

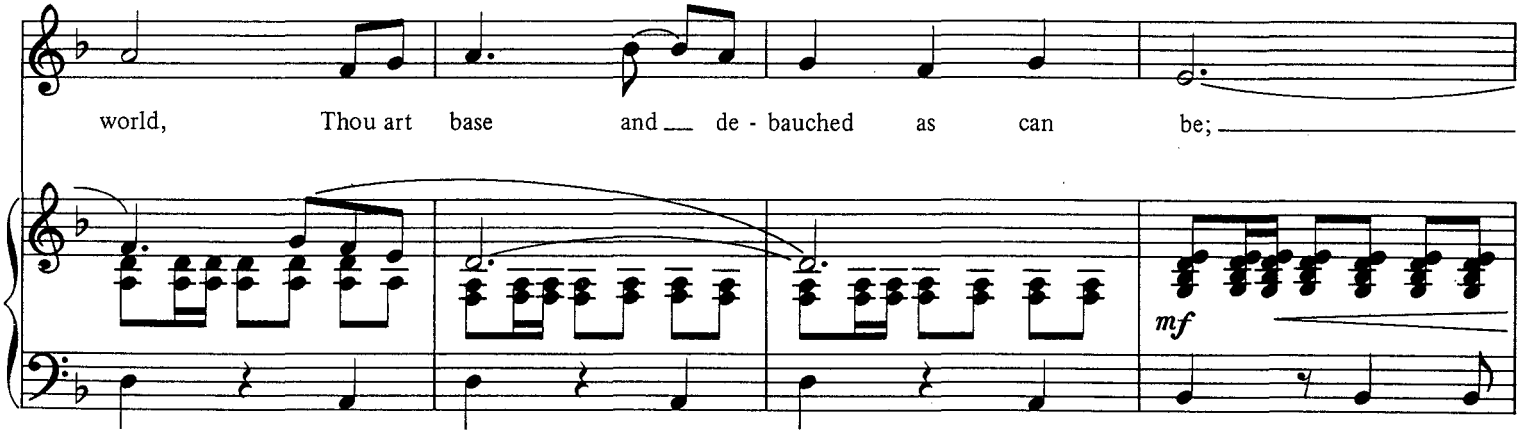


DON QUIXOTE:

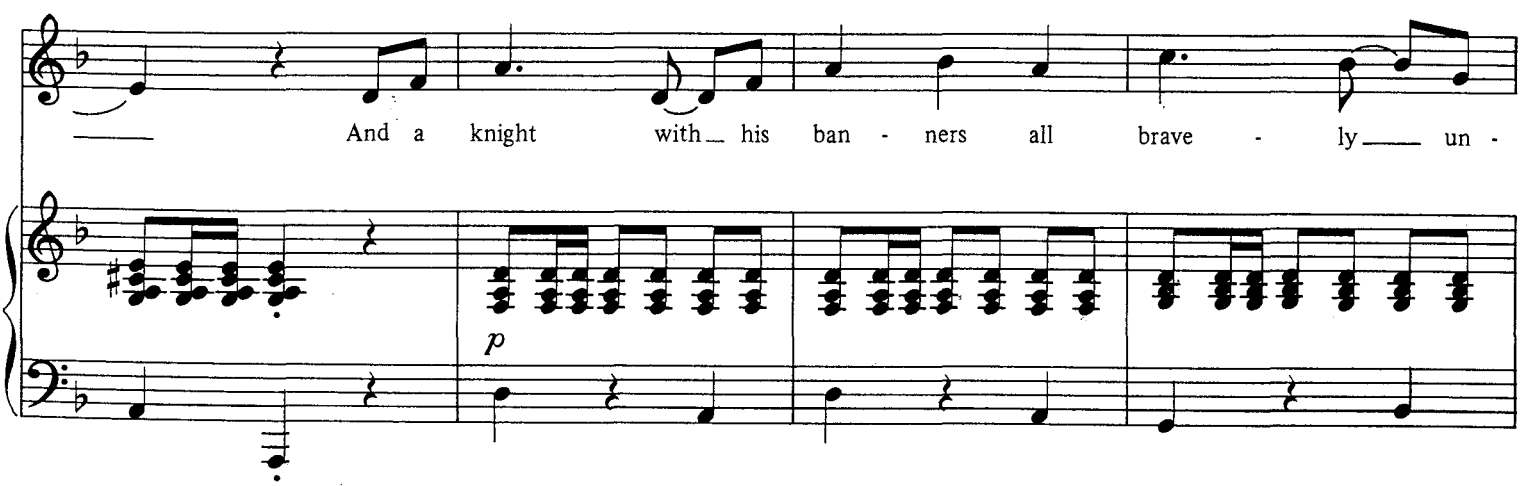
Hear me now, oh thou bleak and un - bear - a - ble



world, Thou art base and de - bauched as can be;



And a knight with his ban - ners all brave - ly un -



In the show this is sung as a duet between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

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Sunshine

furled Now hurls down his gaunt - let to thee!

I am I, Don Qui - xo - te, The Lord of La

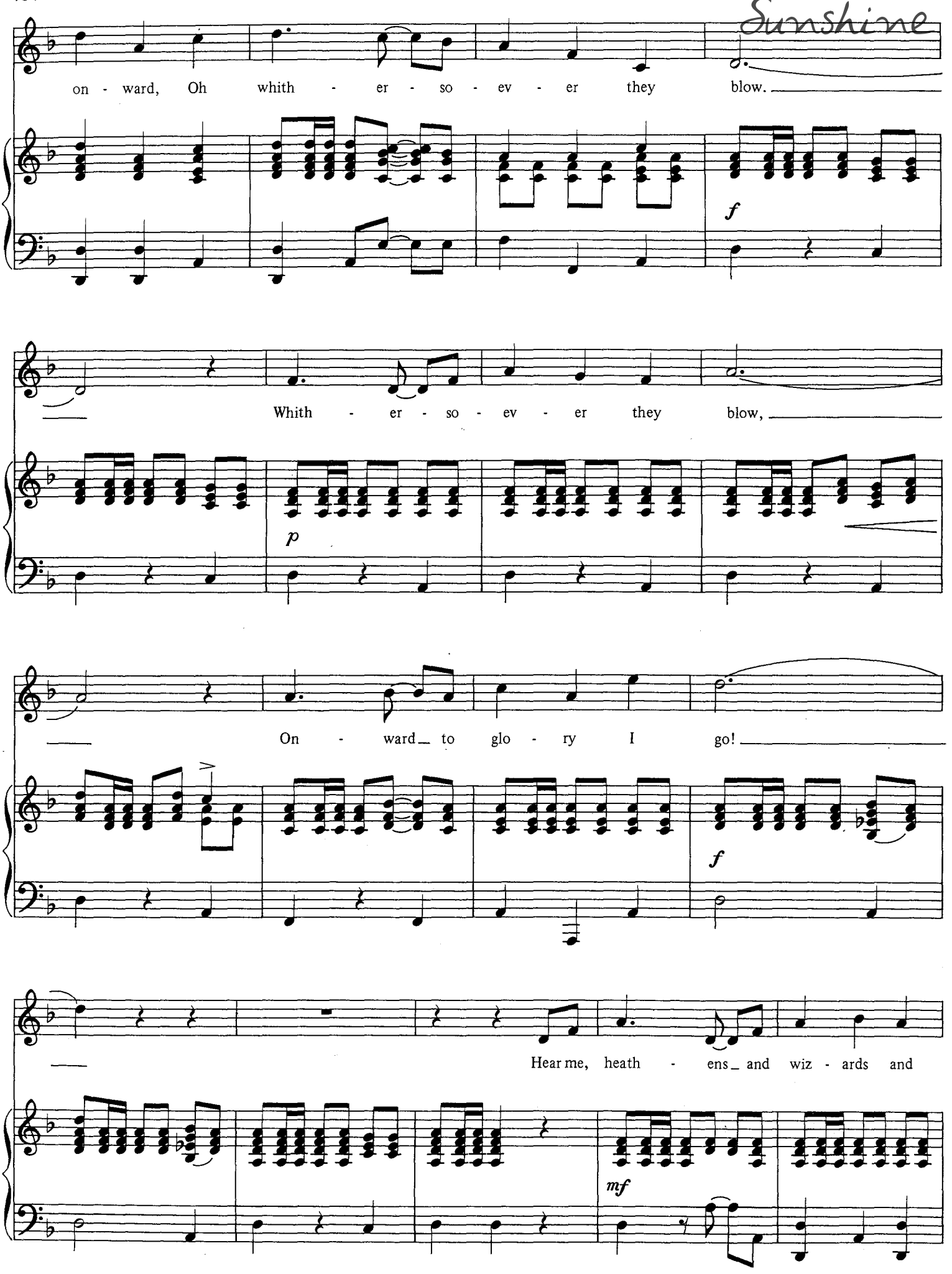
sfz *mf*

Man - cha, My des - tin - y calls and I go,

f

And the wild winds of for - tune will car - ry me

sfz *mf*


on - ward, Oh whith - er - so - ev - er they blow.
f
Whith - er - so - ev - er they blow,
p
On - ward to glo - ry I go!
f
Hear me, heath - ens and wiz - ards and
mf

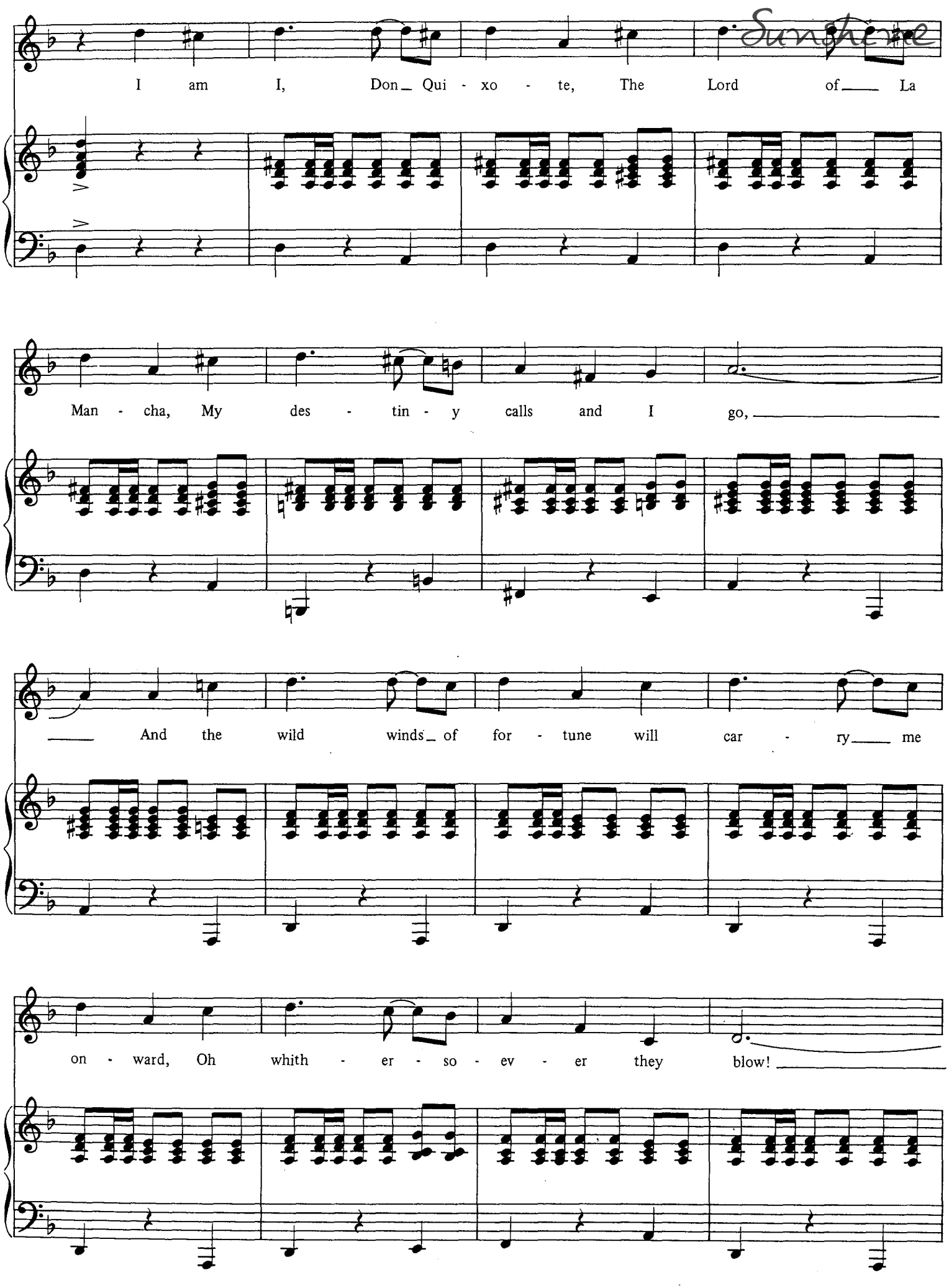
Sunshine

ser - pents of sin! All your das - tard - ly do - ings are

past, For a ho - ly en - deav - or is

now to be - gin And vir - tue shall

tri - umph at last!


Sunshine
I am I, Don_ Qui - xo - te, The Lord of___ La
Man - cha, My des - tin - y calls and I go,___
___ And the wild winds_ of for - tune will car - ry___ me
on - ward, Oh whith - er - so - ev - er they blow!___

Sunshine

Whith - er - so - ev - er they

p

blow, On - ward to

mf *f* *mf*

glo - ry I go!

ff

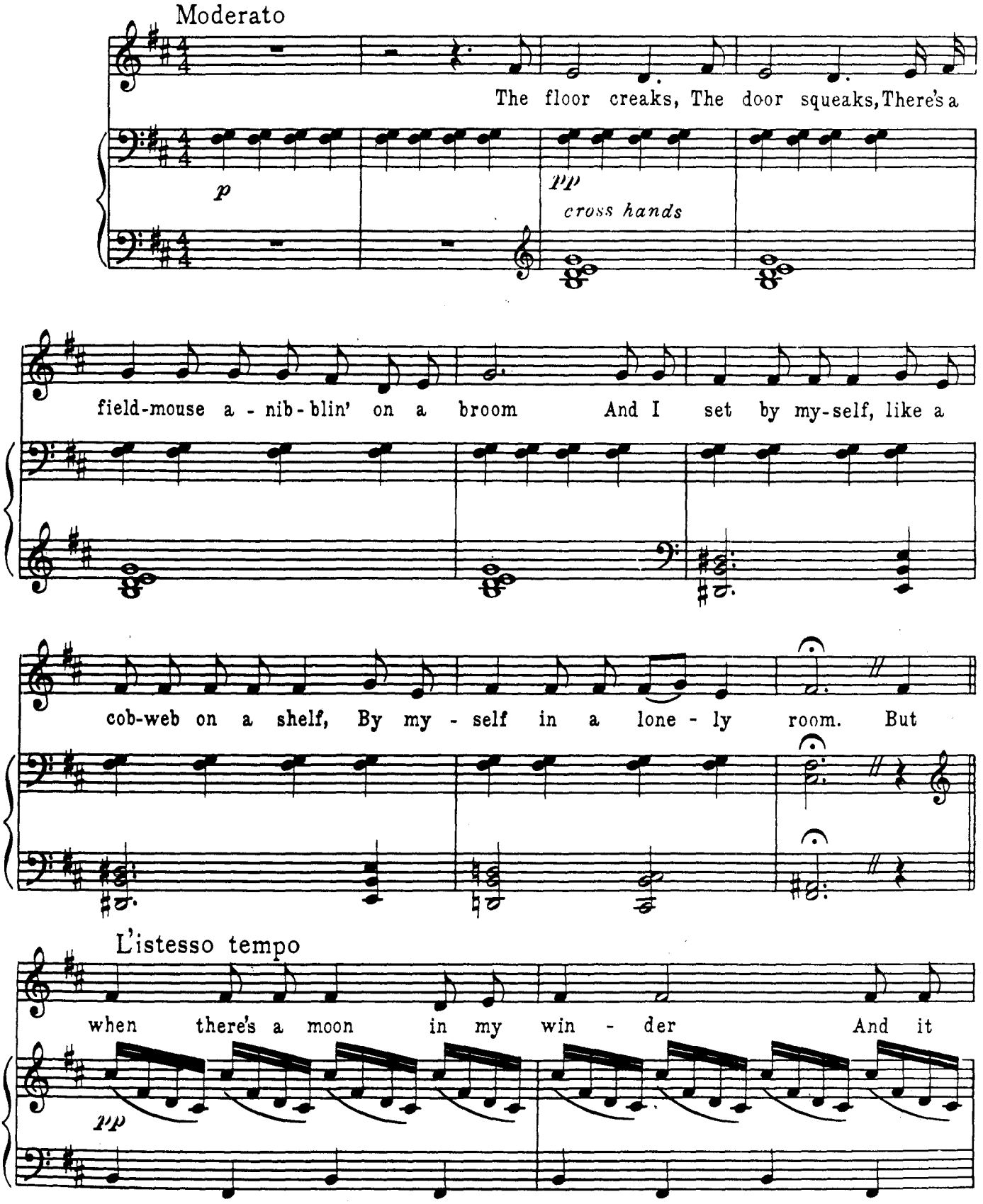
sffz *sfz*

LONELY ROOM

from *Oklahoma!*

Sunshine

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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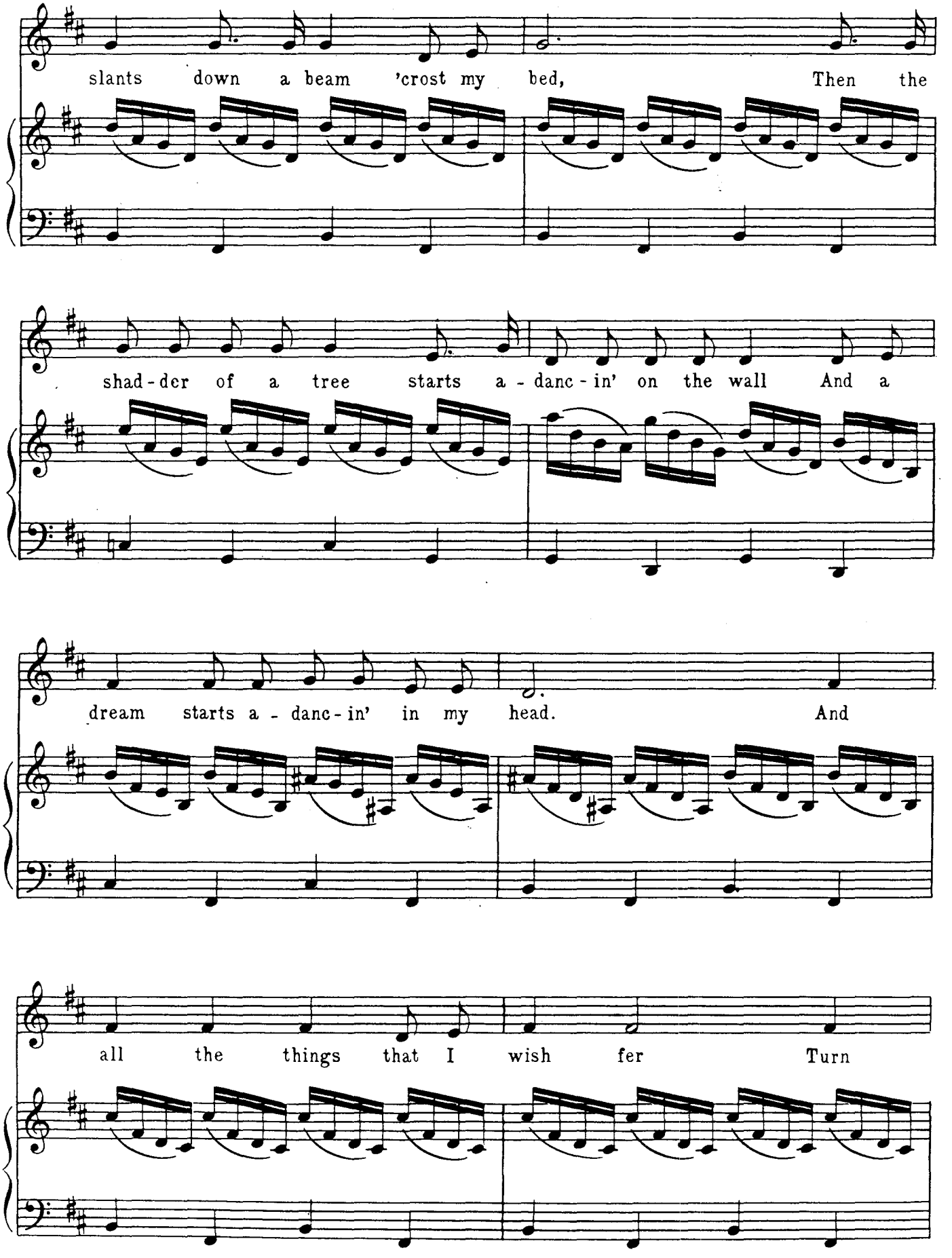
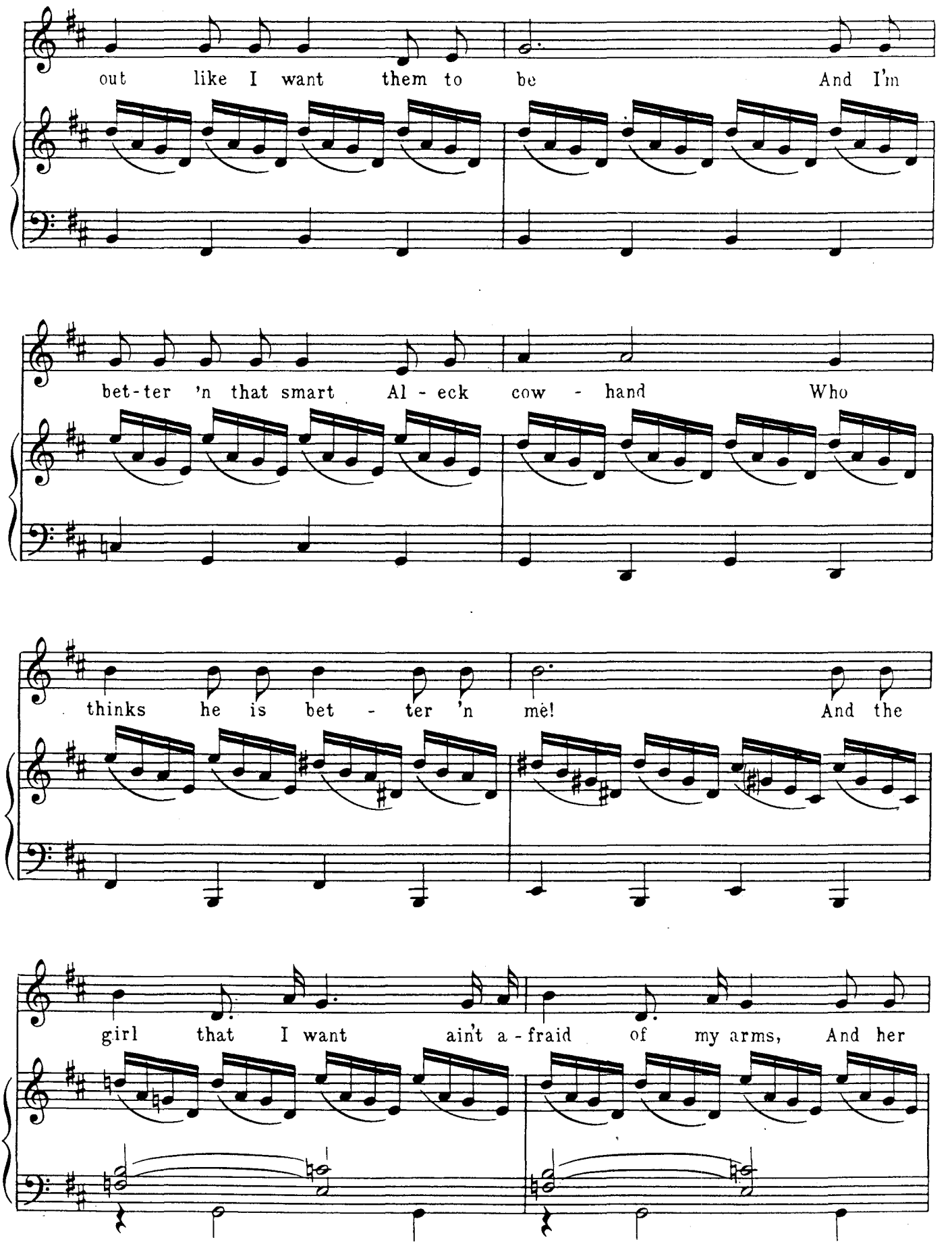
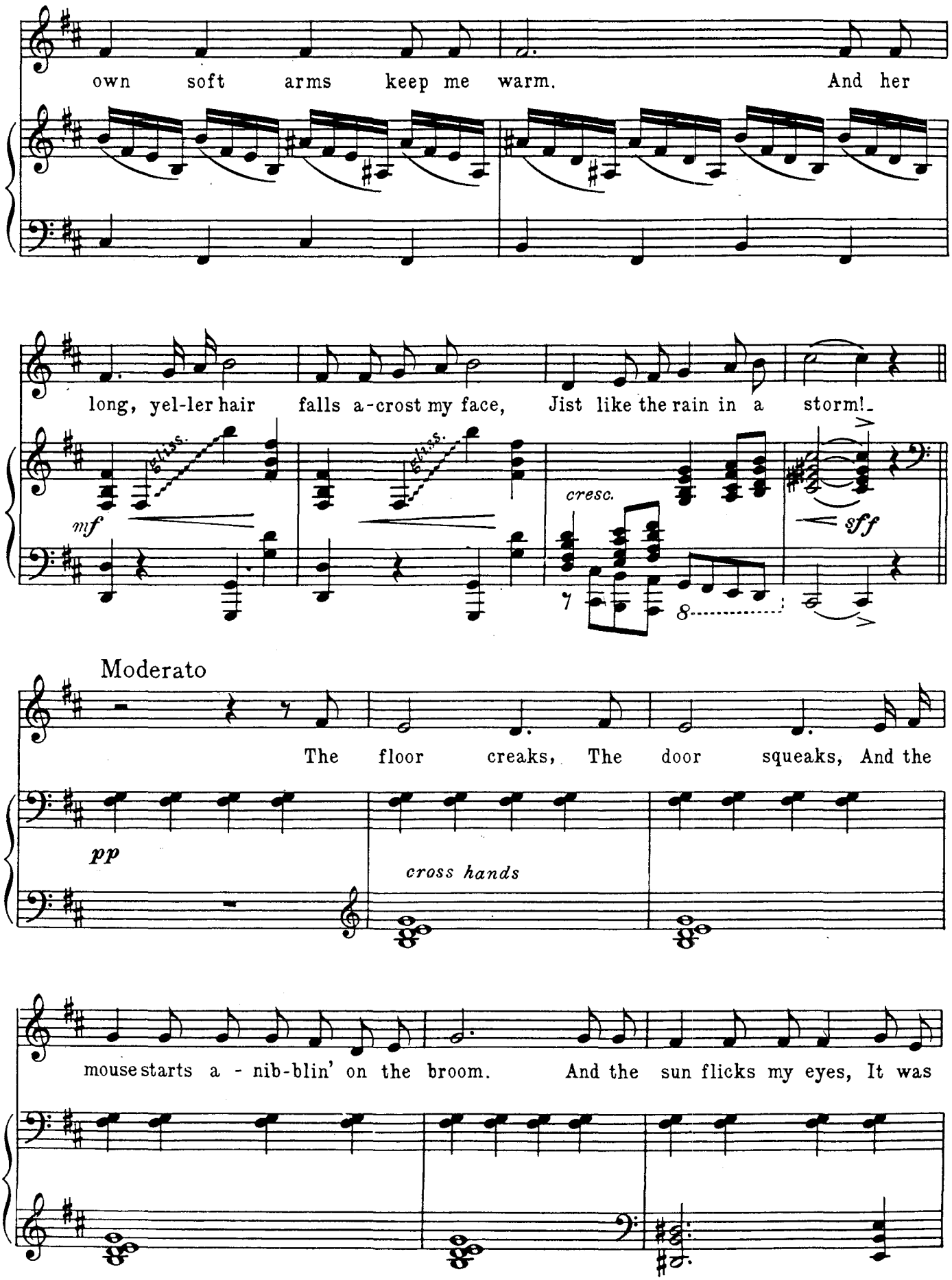
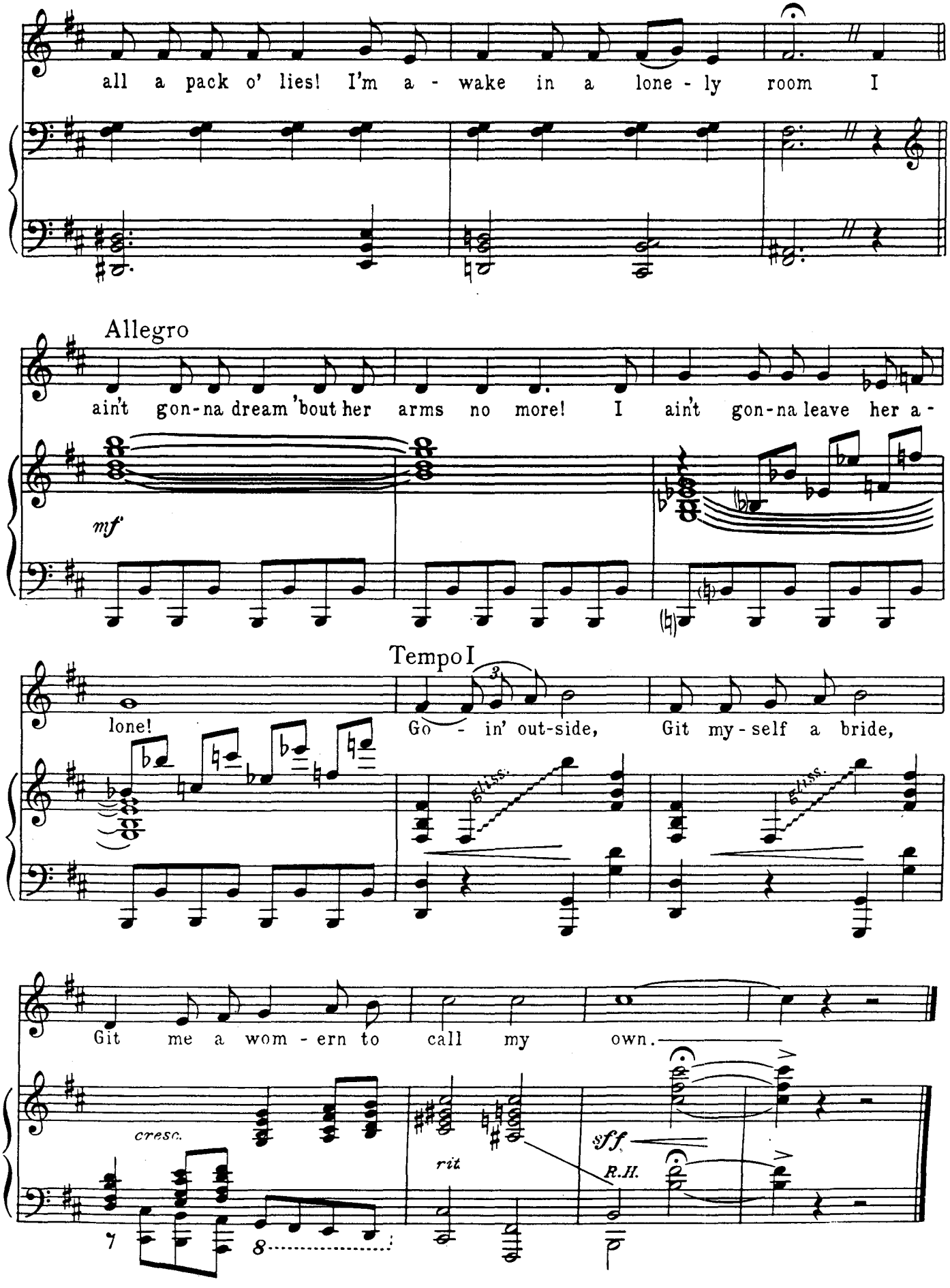

slants down a beam 'crost my bed, Then the
shad-der of a tree starts a-danc-in' on the wall And a
dream starts a-danc-in' in my head. And
all the things that I wish fer Turn


out like I want them to be And I'm
bet-ter 'n that smart Al - eck cow - hand Who
thinks he is bet - ter 'n mè! And the
girl that I want ain't a - fraid of my arms, And her

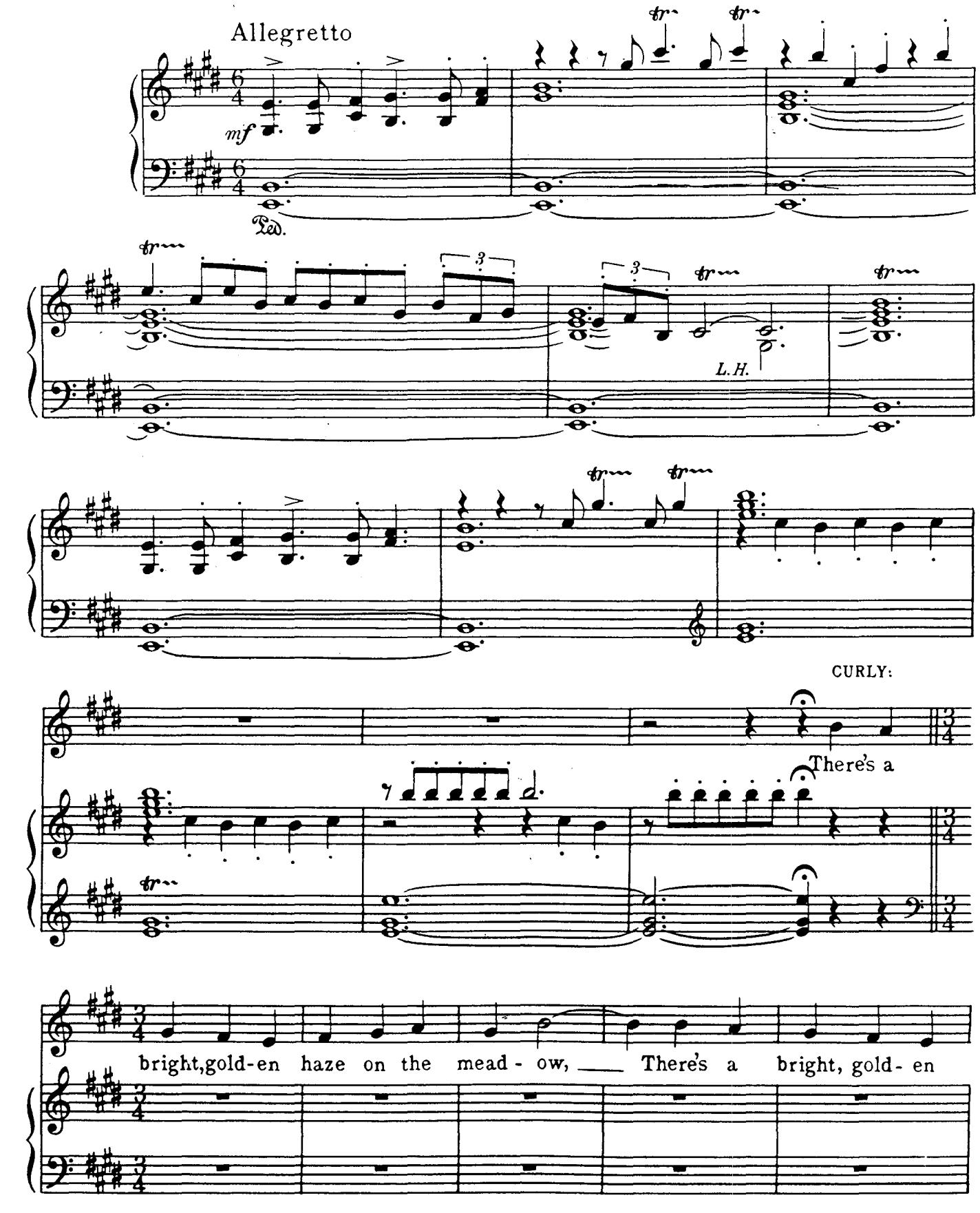

own soft arms keep me warm. And her
long, yel-ler hair falls a-crost my face, Jist like the rain in a storm!
mf
cresc.
sff
Moderato
The floor creaks, The door squeaks, And the
pp
cross hands
mouse starts a - nib-blin' on the broom. And the sun flicks my eyes, It was


all a pack o' lies! I'm a - wake in a lone - ly room I
Allegro
ain't gon-na dream 'bout her arms no more! I ain't gon-na leave her a -
mf
lone!
Tempo I
Go - in' out-side, Git my-self a bride,
Git me a wom - ern to call my own.
cresc.
rit
sff
R.H.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'

from *Oklahoma!*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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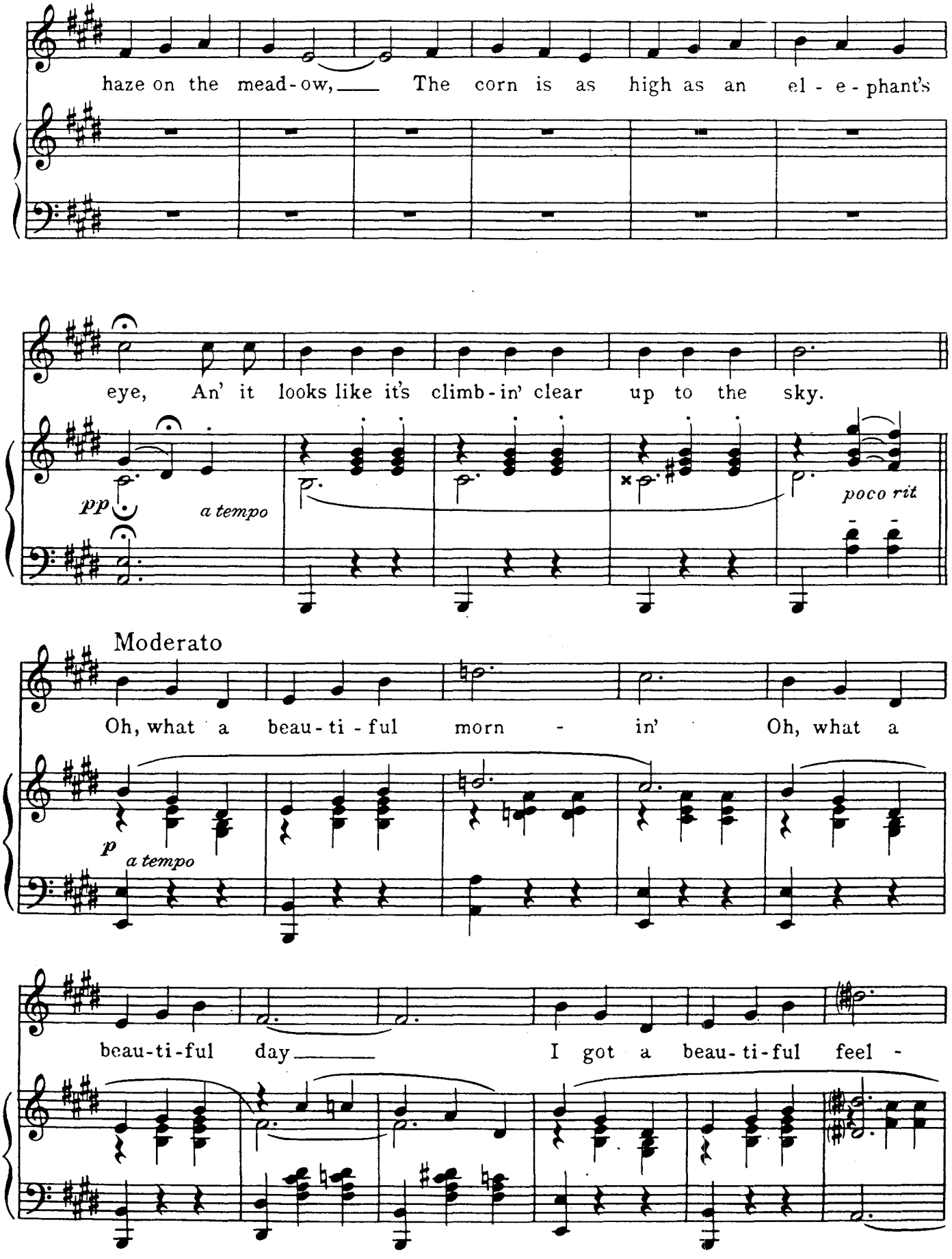
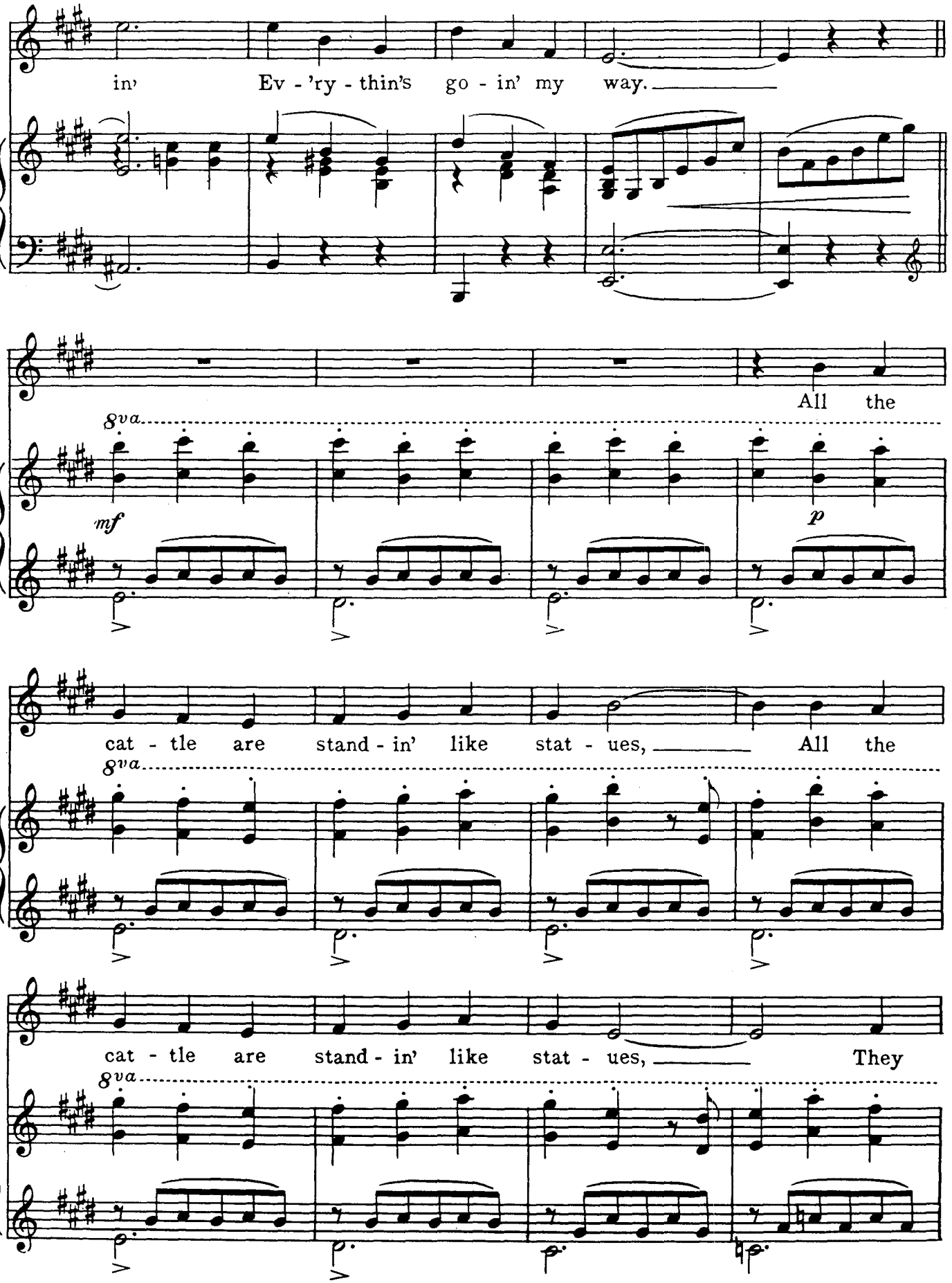
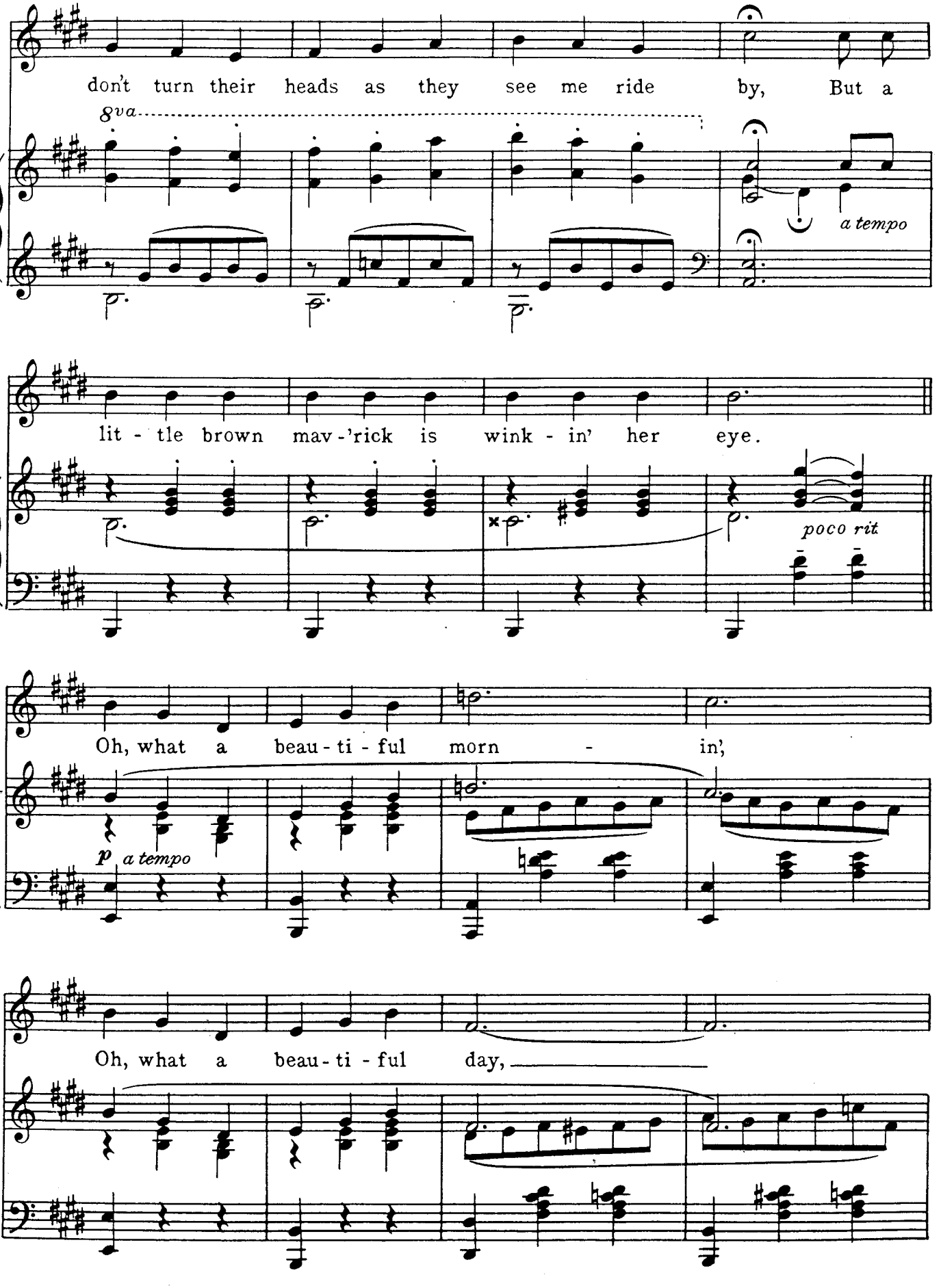
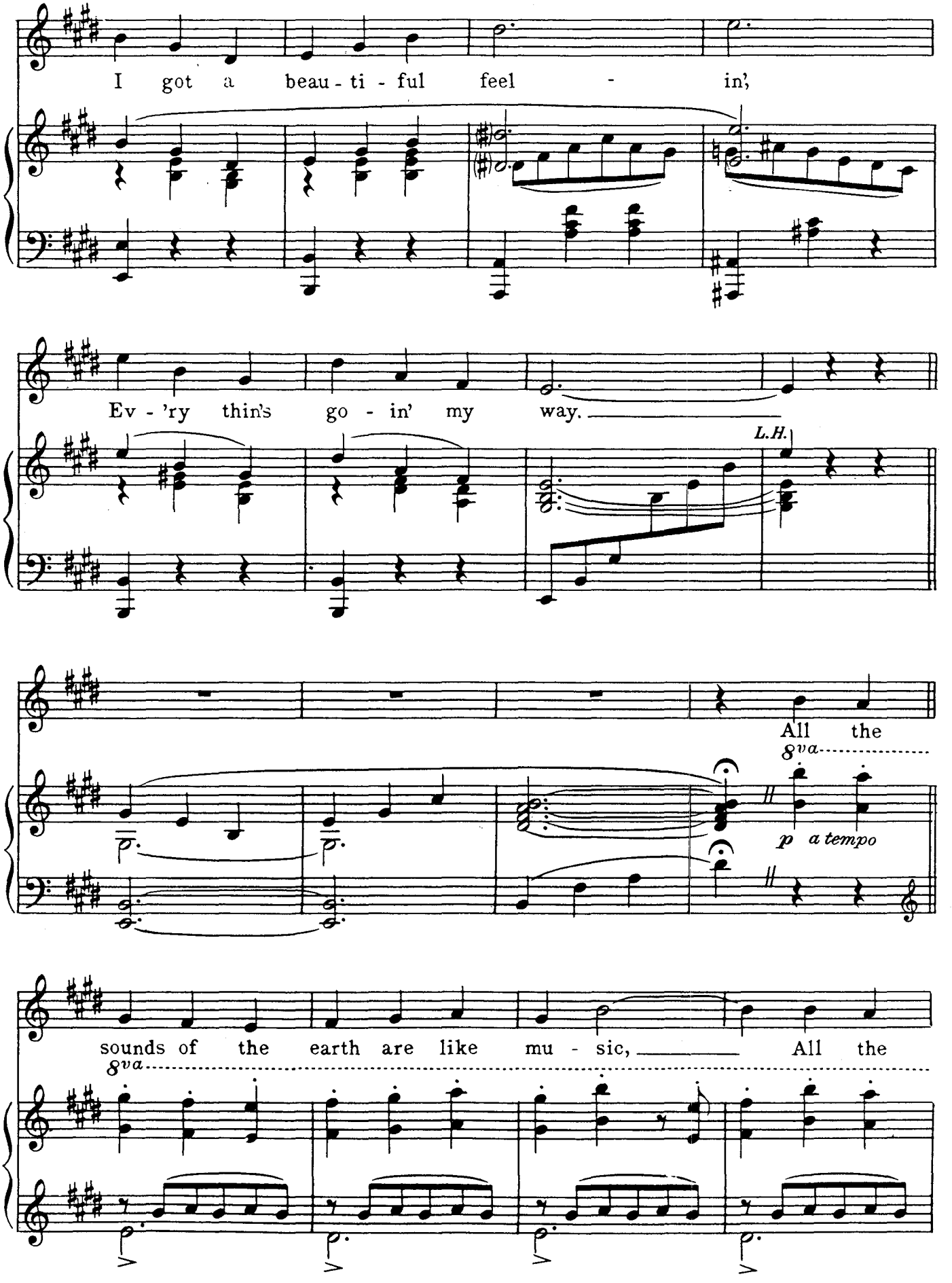
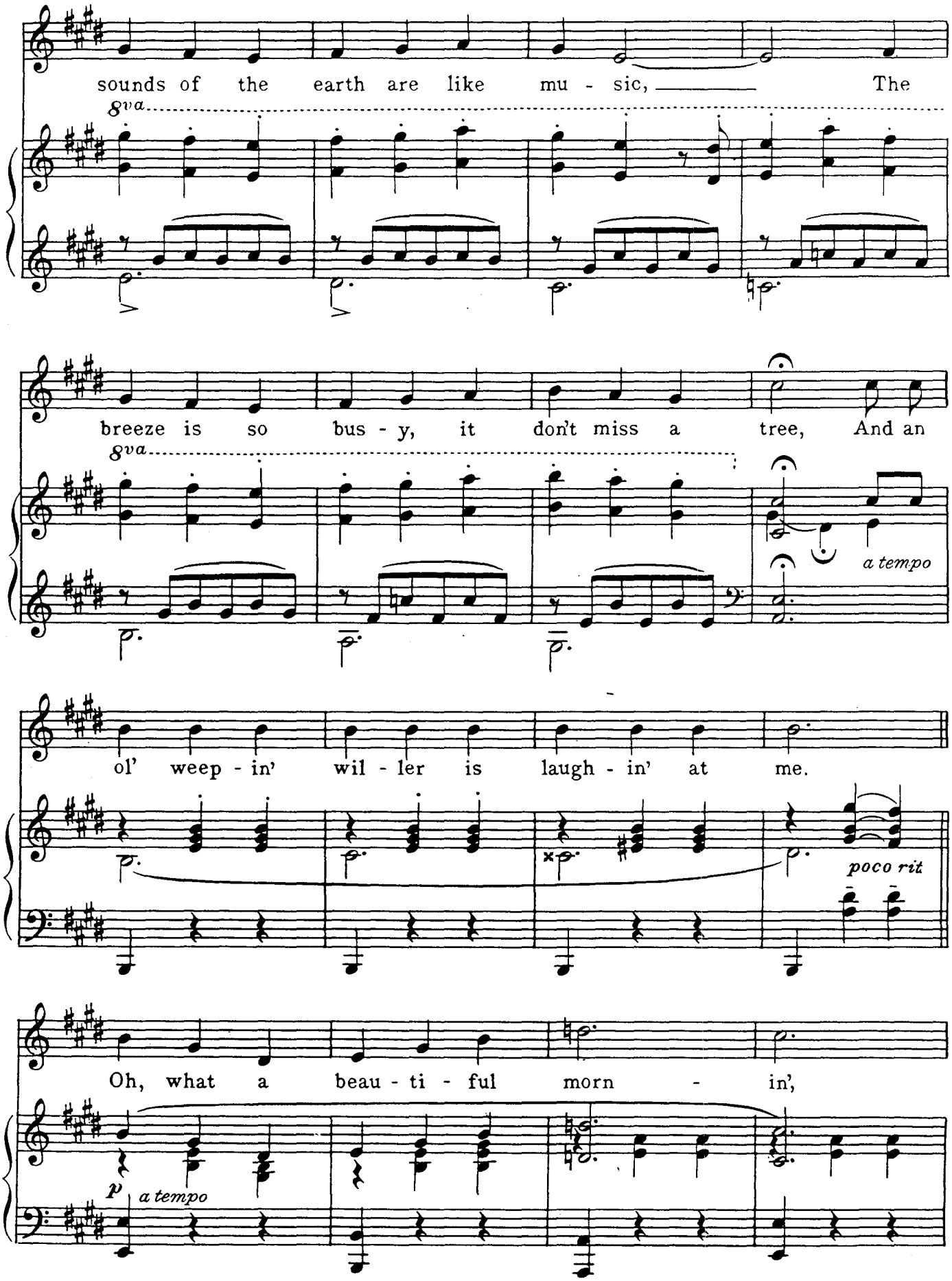
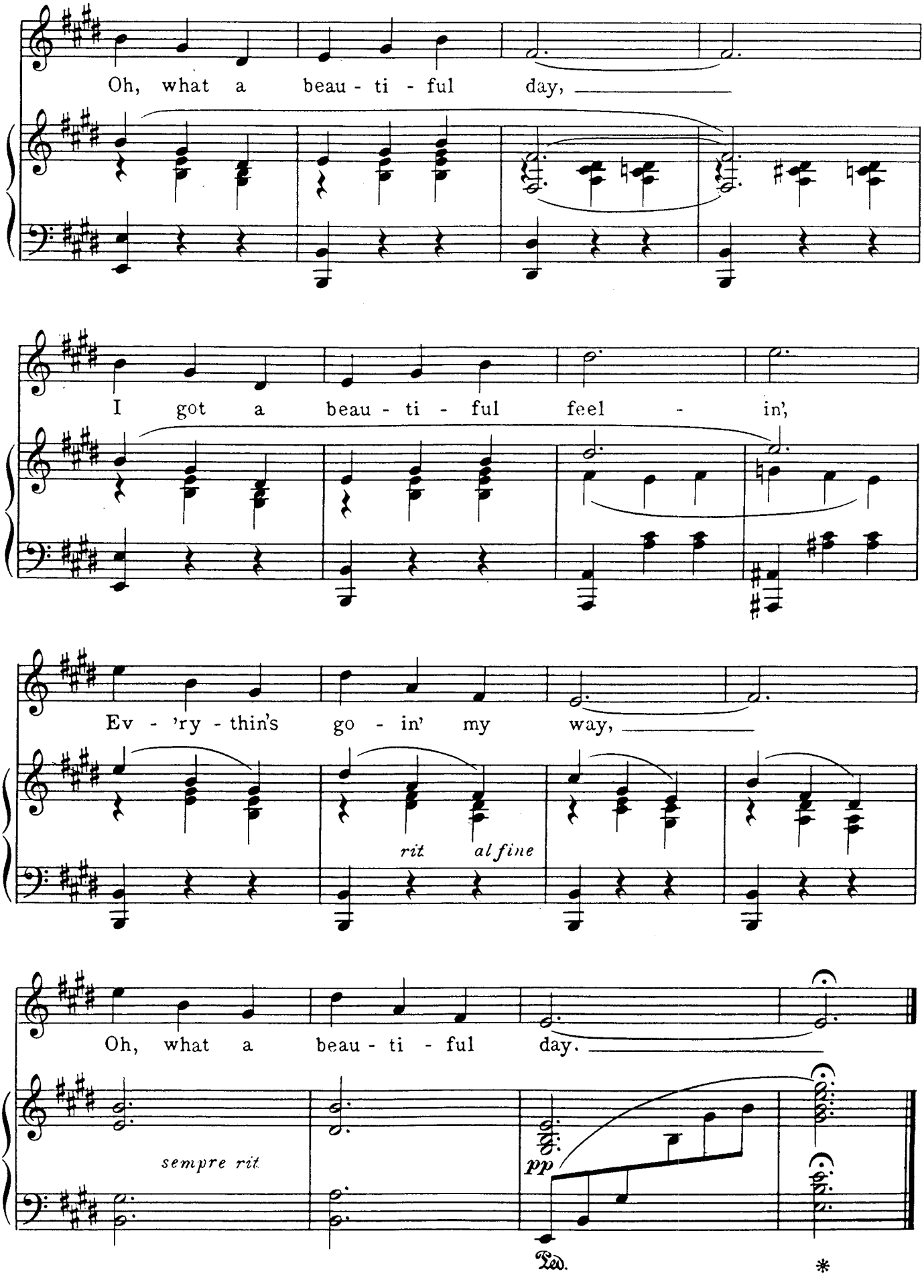

haze on the mead-ow, The corn is as high as an el-e-phant's
eye, An' it looks like it's climb-in' clear up to the sky.
pp
a tempo
poco rit
Moderato
Oh, what a beau-ti-ful morn - in' Oh, what a
p
a tempo
beau-ti-ful day I got a beau-ti-ful feel -


in' Ev - 'ry - thin's go - in' my way.
All the
8va
mf
p
cat - tle are stand - in' like stat - ues, All the
cat - tle are stand - in' like stat - ues, They


don't turn their heads as they see me ride by, But a
8va
a tempo
lit - tle brown mav - 'rick is wink - in' her eye.
poco rit
Oh, what a beau - ti - ful morn - in',
p a tempo
Oh, what a beau - ti - ful day,


I got a beau - ti - ful feel - in',
Ev - 'ry thin's go - in' my way.
L.H.
All the
8va
p a tempo
sounds of the earth are like mu - sic,
All the
8va


sounds of the earth are like mu - sic, The
8va
breeze is so bus - y, it don't miss a tree, And an
8va
a tempo
ol' weep - in' wil - ler is laugh - in' at me.
poco rit
Oh, what a beau - ti - ful morn - in',
p
a tempo

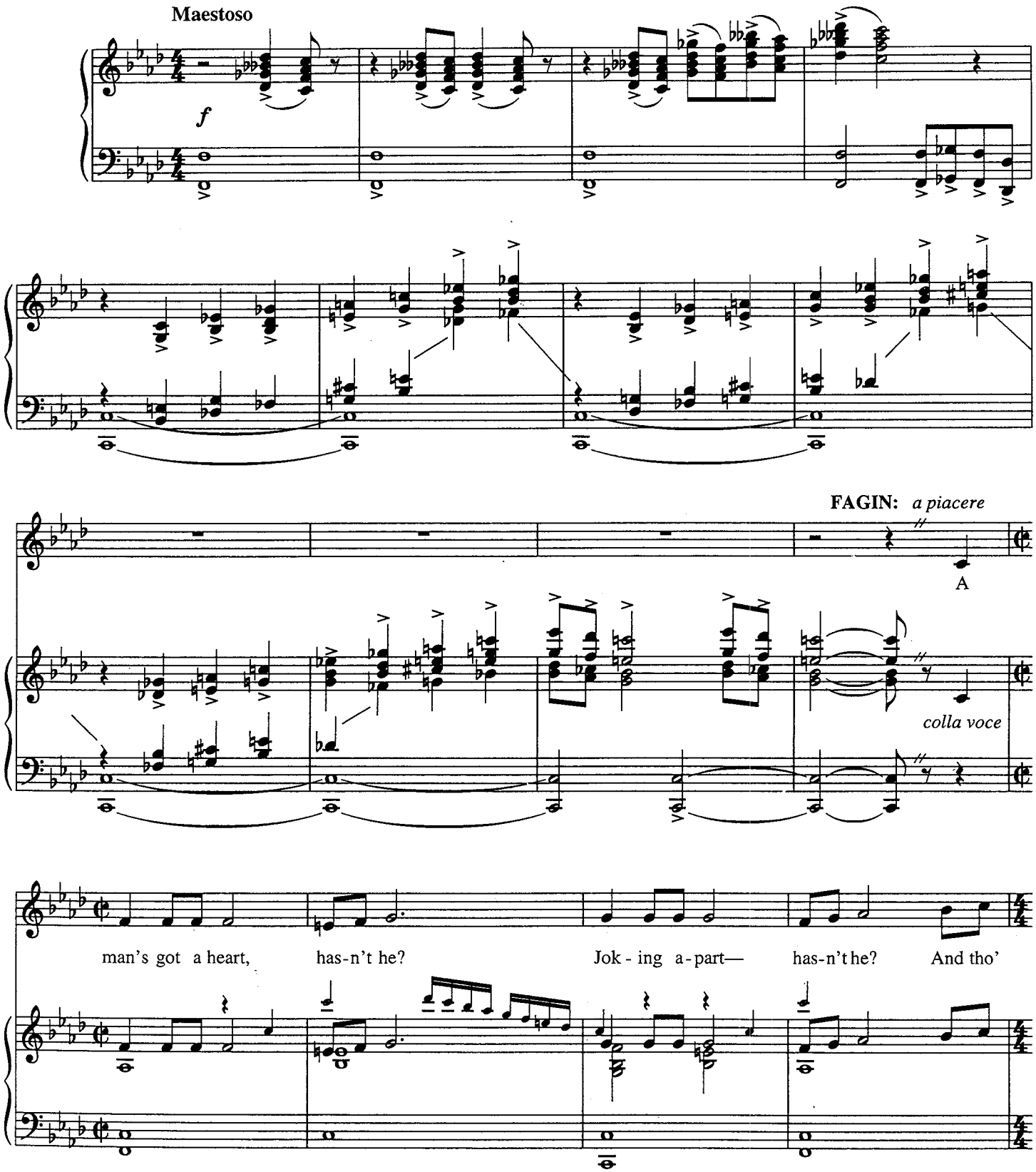

Oh, what a beau - ti - ful day,
I got a beau - ti - ful feel - in',
Ev - 'ry - thin's go - in' my way,
rit al fine
Oh, what a beau - ti - ful day.
sempre rit
pp
Ped.
*

REVIEWING THE SITUATION

from the Columbia Pictures-Romulus Film *Oliver!*

sunshine

Words and Music by
LIONEL BART



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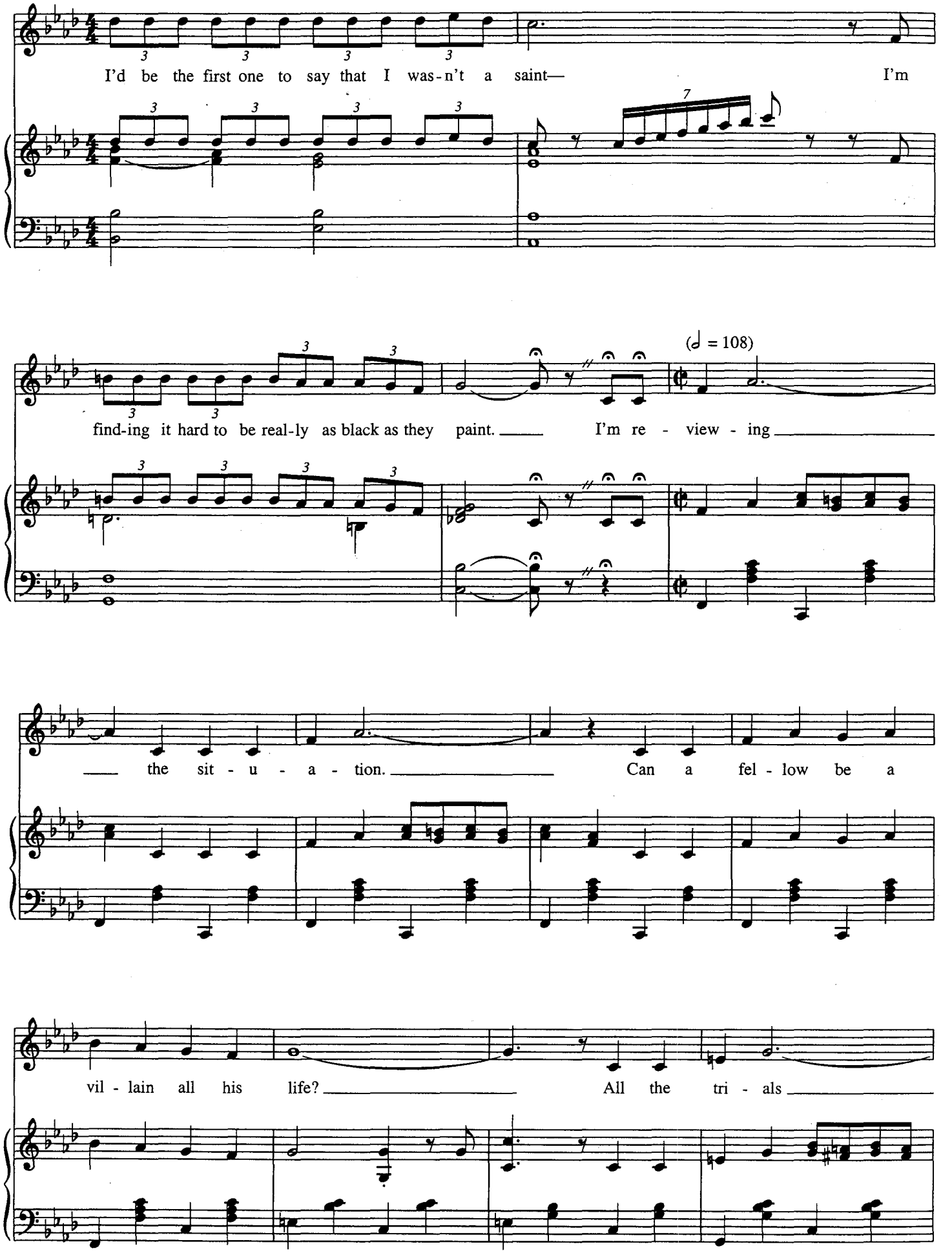
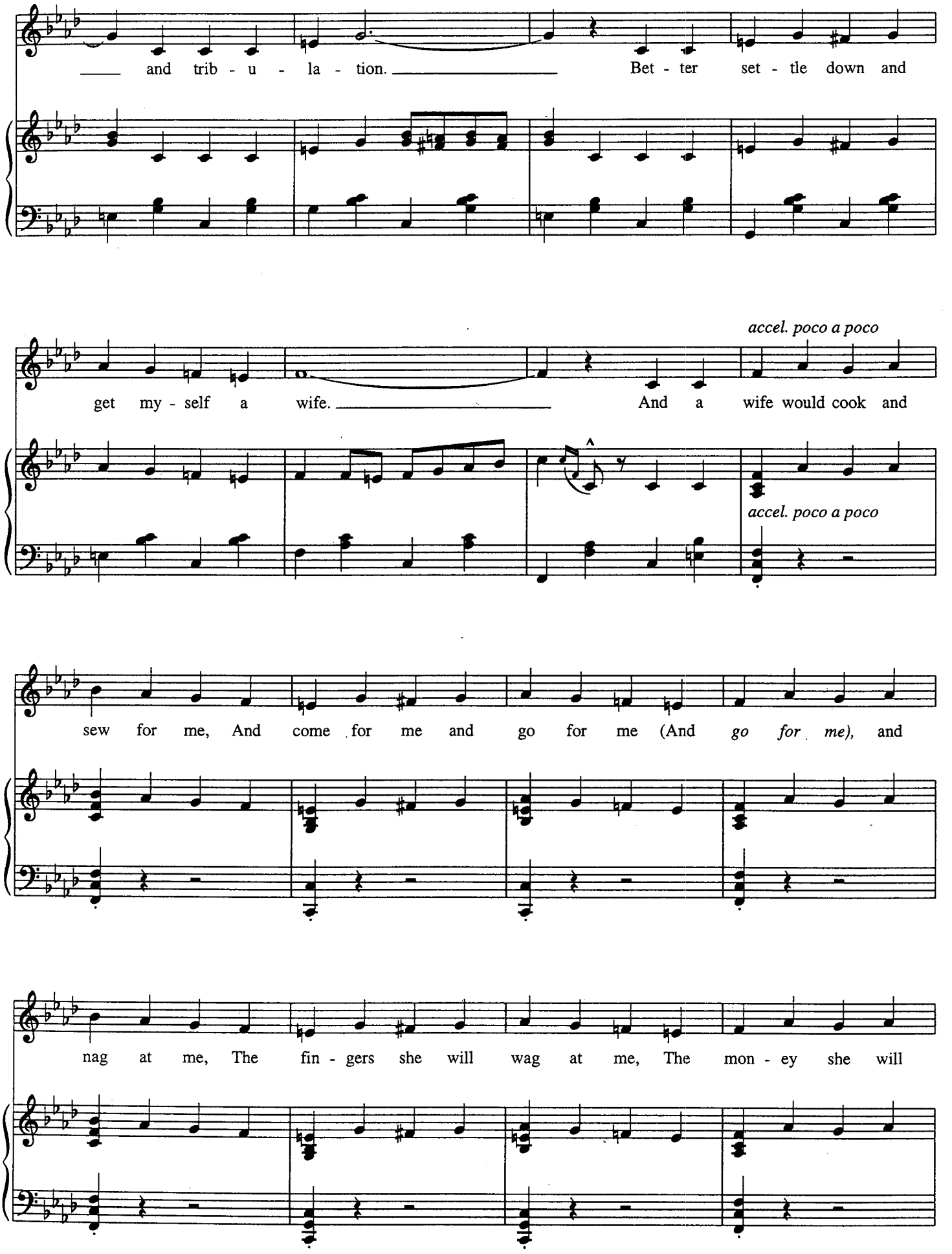
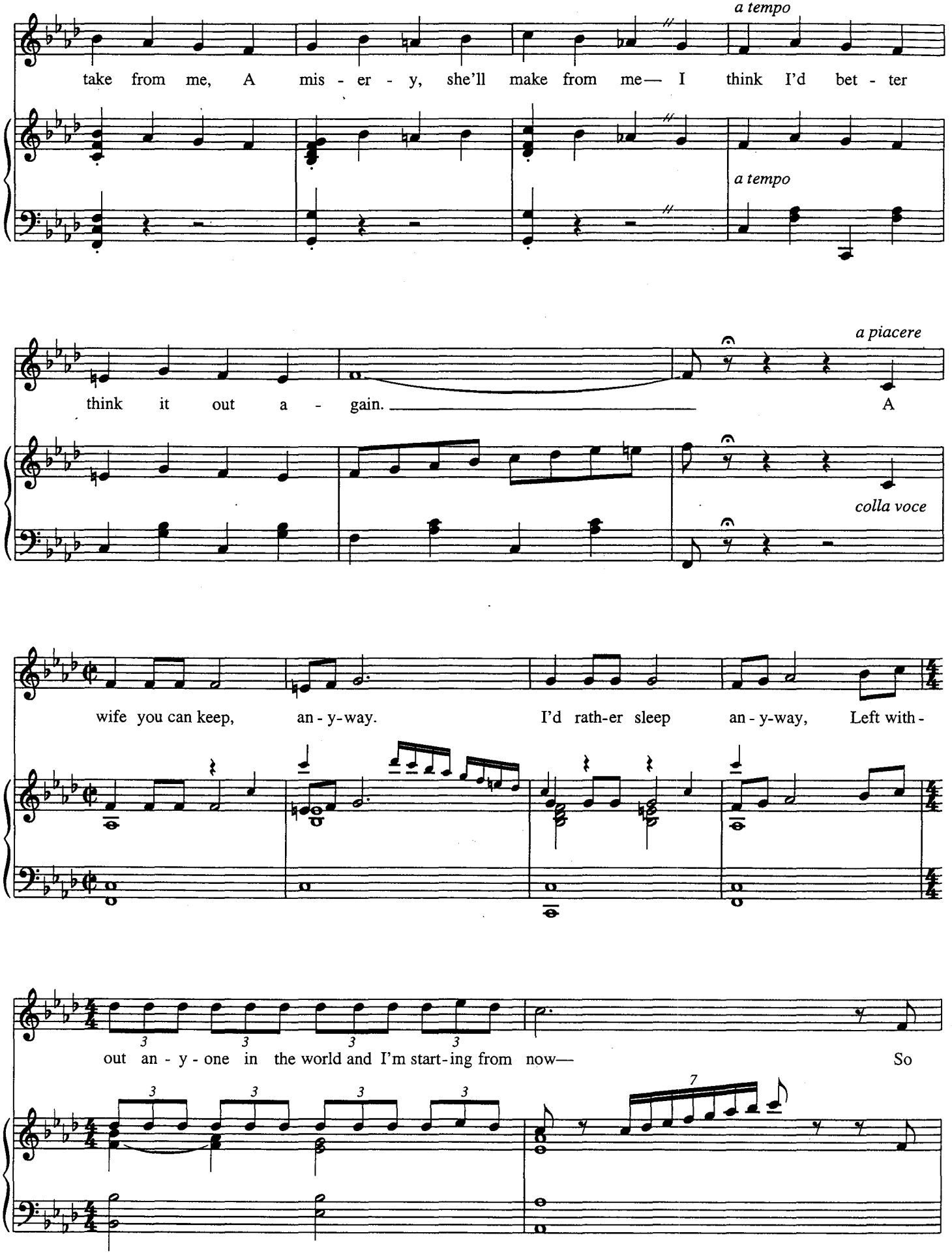
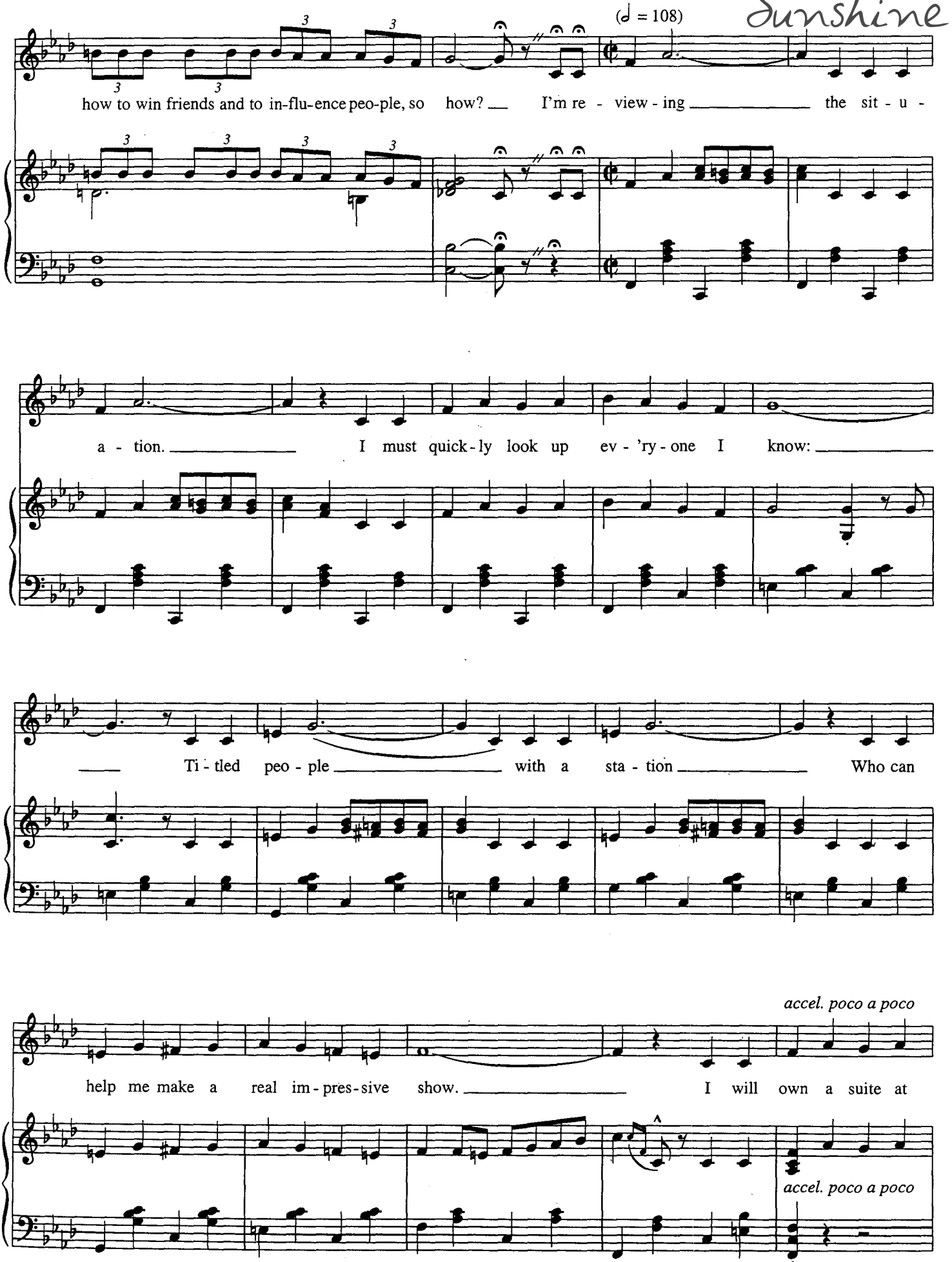
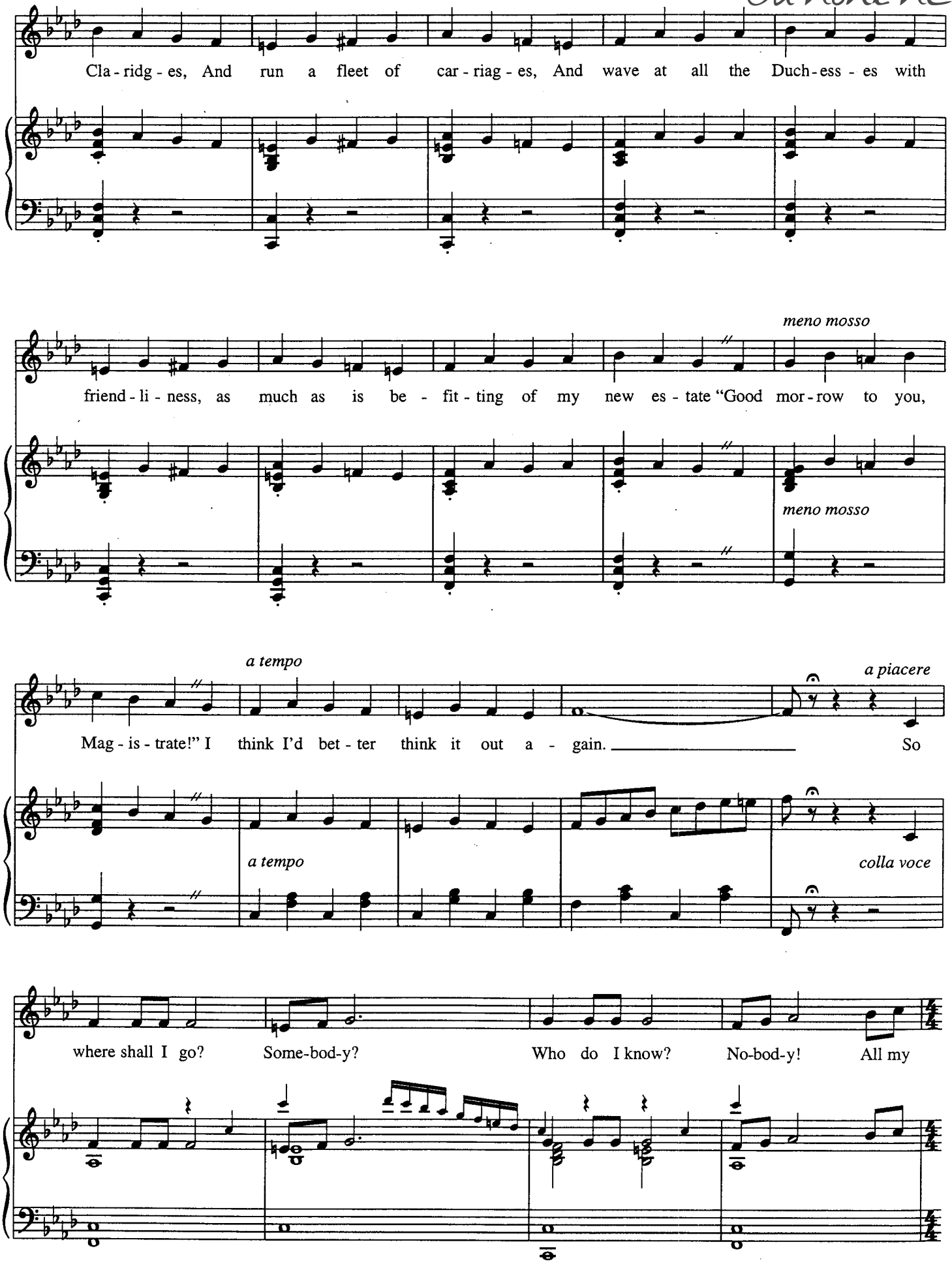

I'd be the first one to say that I was-n't a saint— I'm
(♩ = 108)
find-ing it hard to be real-ly as black as they paint. I'm re - view - ing
the sit - u - a - tion. Can a fel - low be a
vil - lain all his life? All the tri - als

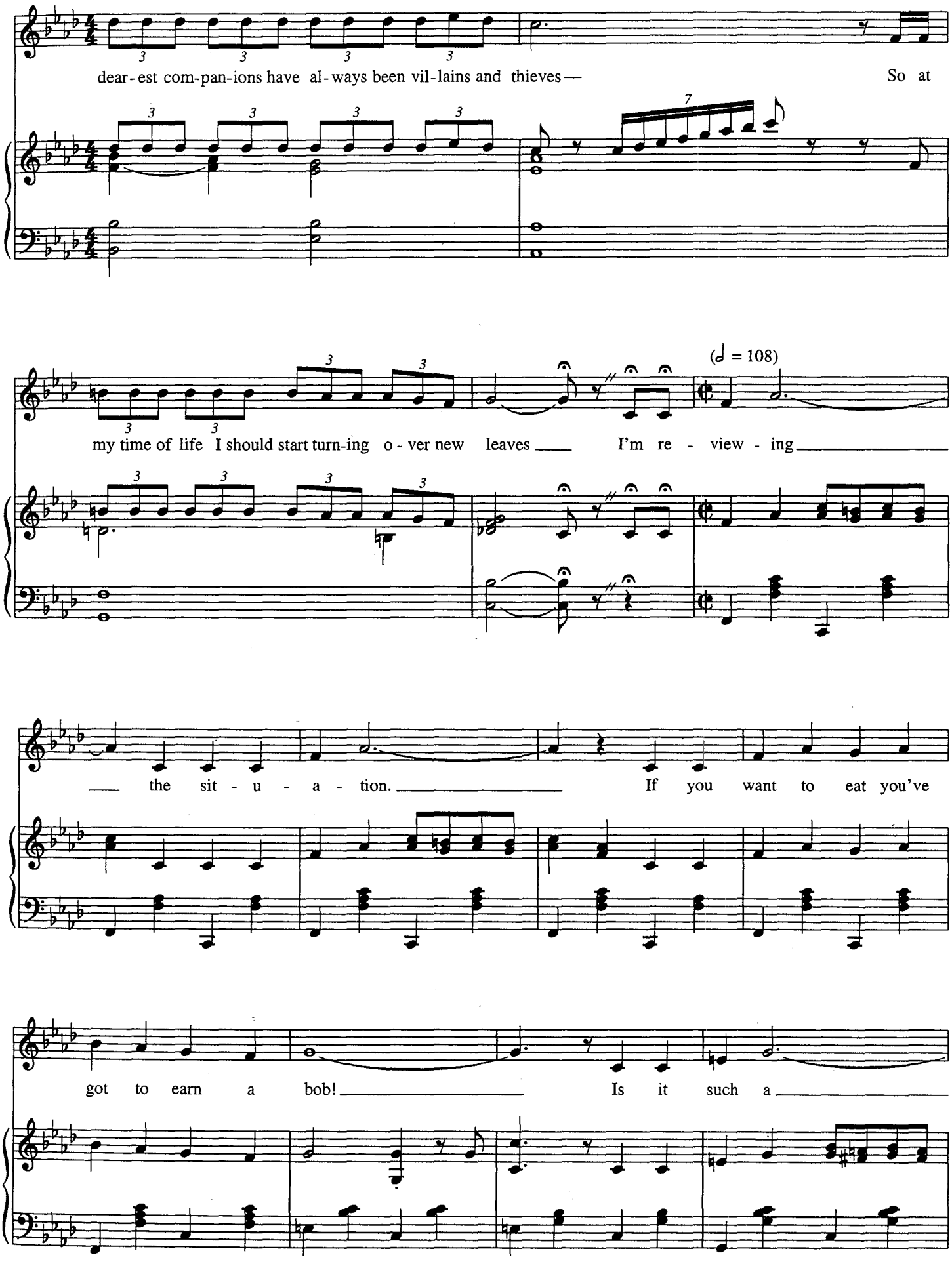

and trib - u - la - tion. Bet - ter set - tle down and
accel. poco a poco
get my - self a wife. And a wife would cook and
accel. poco a poco
sew for me, And come for me and go for me (And go for me), and
nag at me, The fin - gers she will wag at me, The mon - ey she will

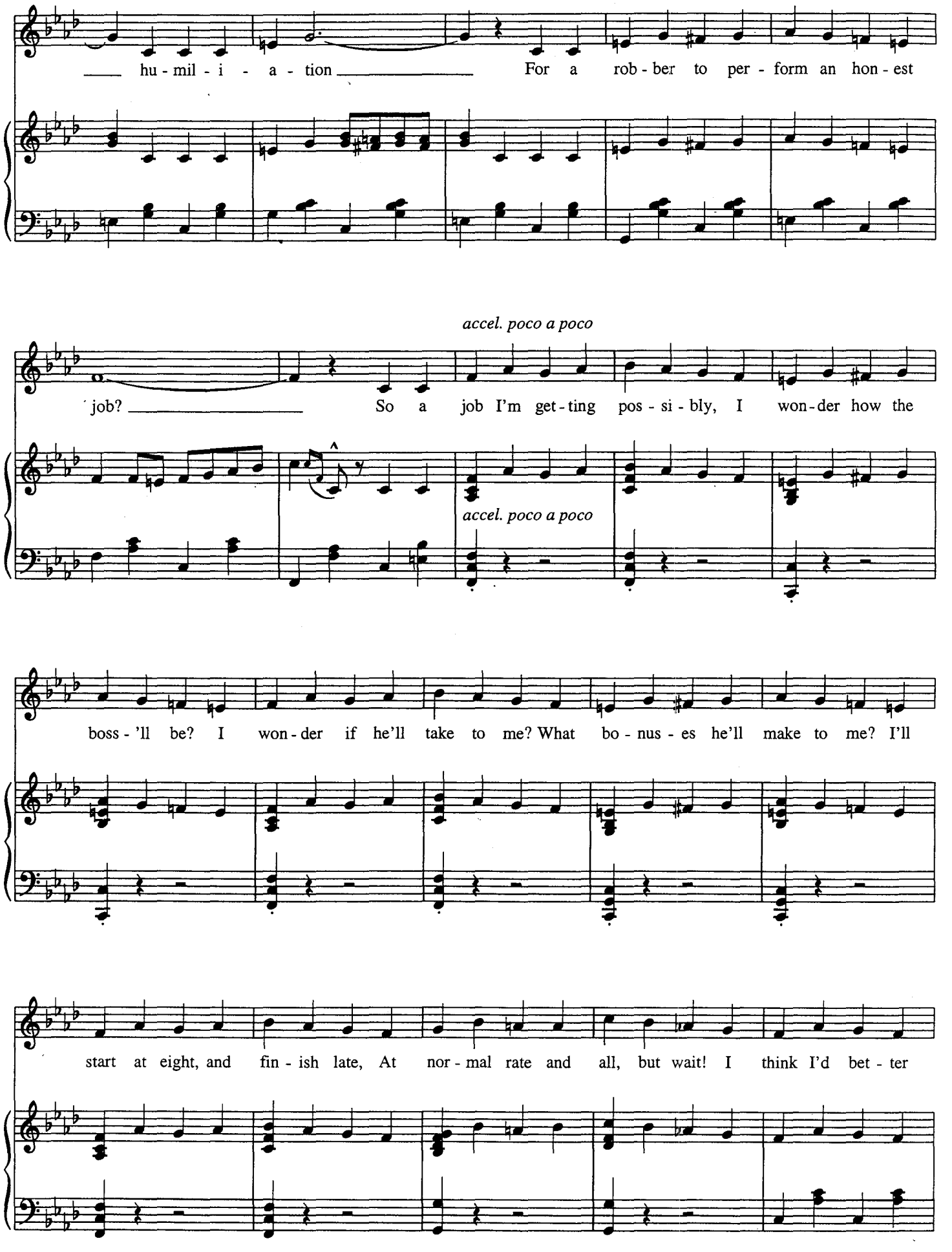

a tempo
take from me, A mis - er - y, she'll make from me— I think I'd bet - ter
a tempo
a piacere
think it out a - gain.
A
colla voce
wife you can keep, an - y-way. I'd rath-er sleep an - y-way, Left with -
out an - y - one in the world and I'm start-ing from now—
So

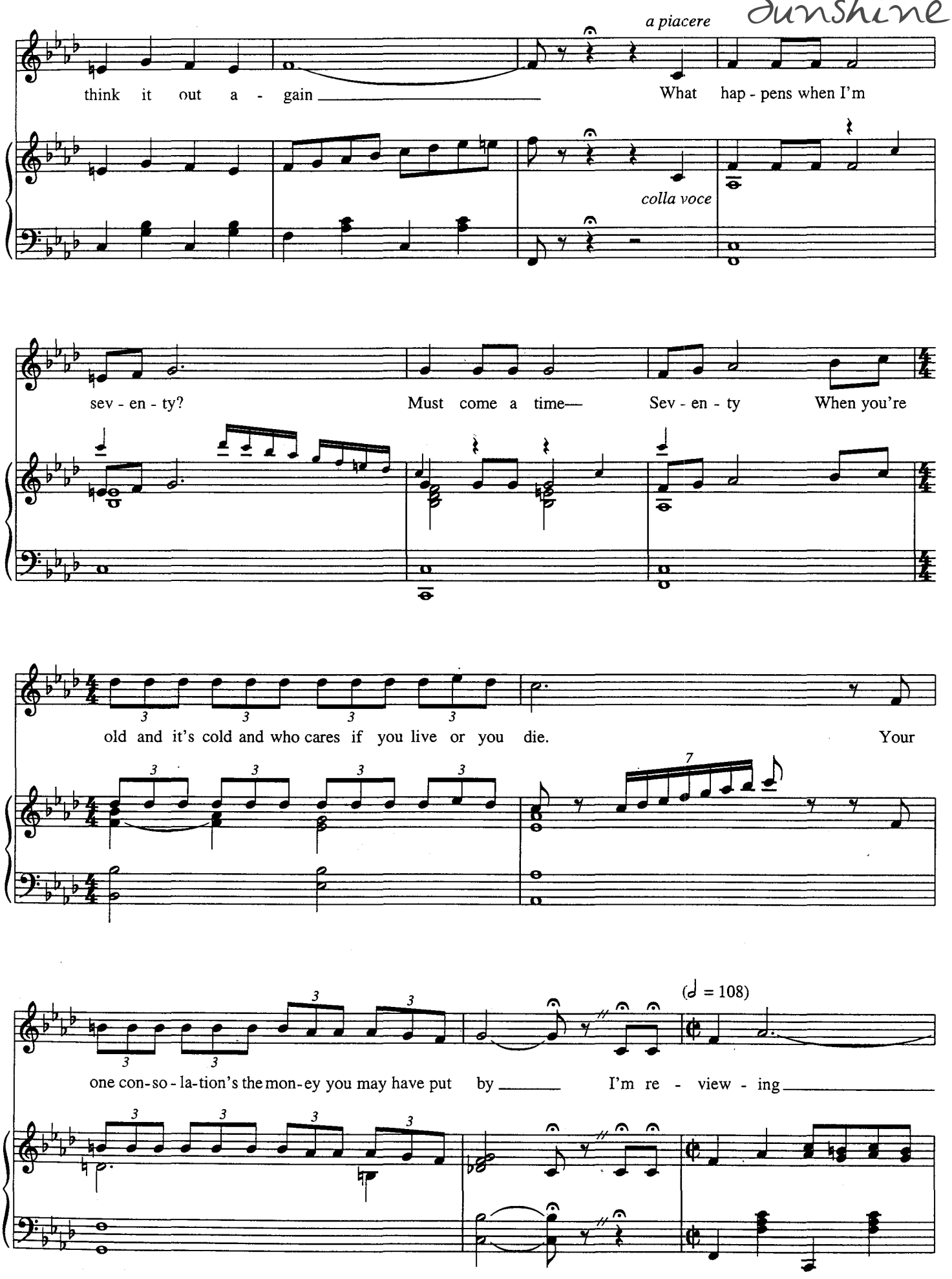
Sunshine

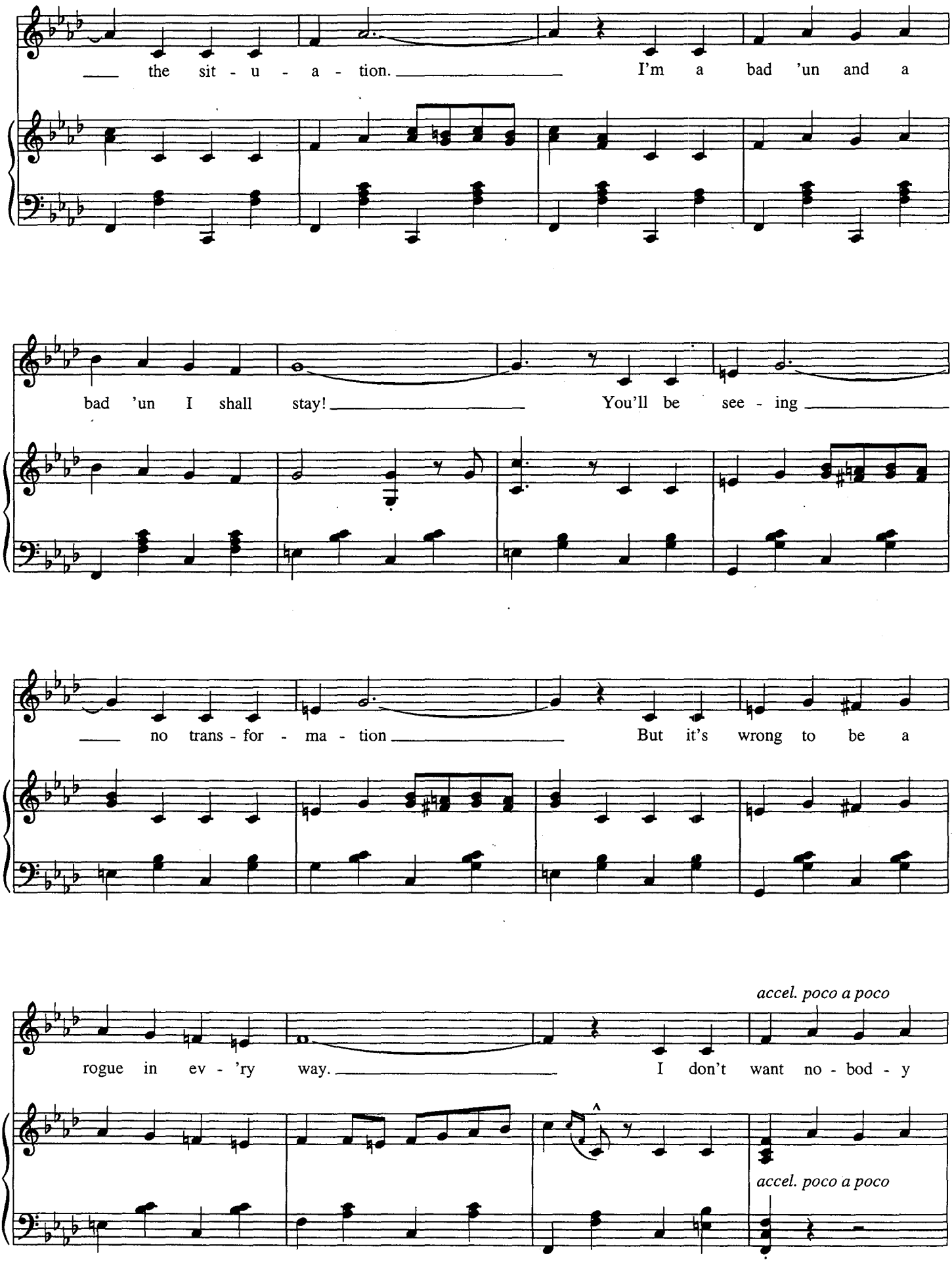

(♩ = 108)
how to win friends and to in-flu-ence peo-ple, so how? I'm re - view - ing the sit - u -
a - tion. I must quick - ly look up ev - 'ry - one I know:
Ti - tled peo - ple with a sta - tion Who can
accel. poco a poco
help me make a real im - pres - sive show. I will own a suite at
accel. poco a poco

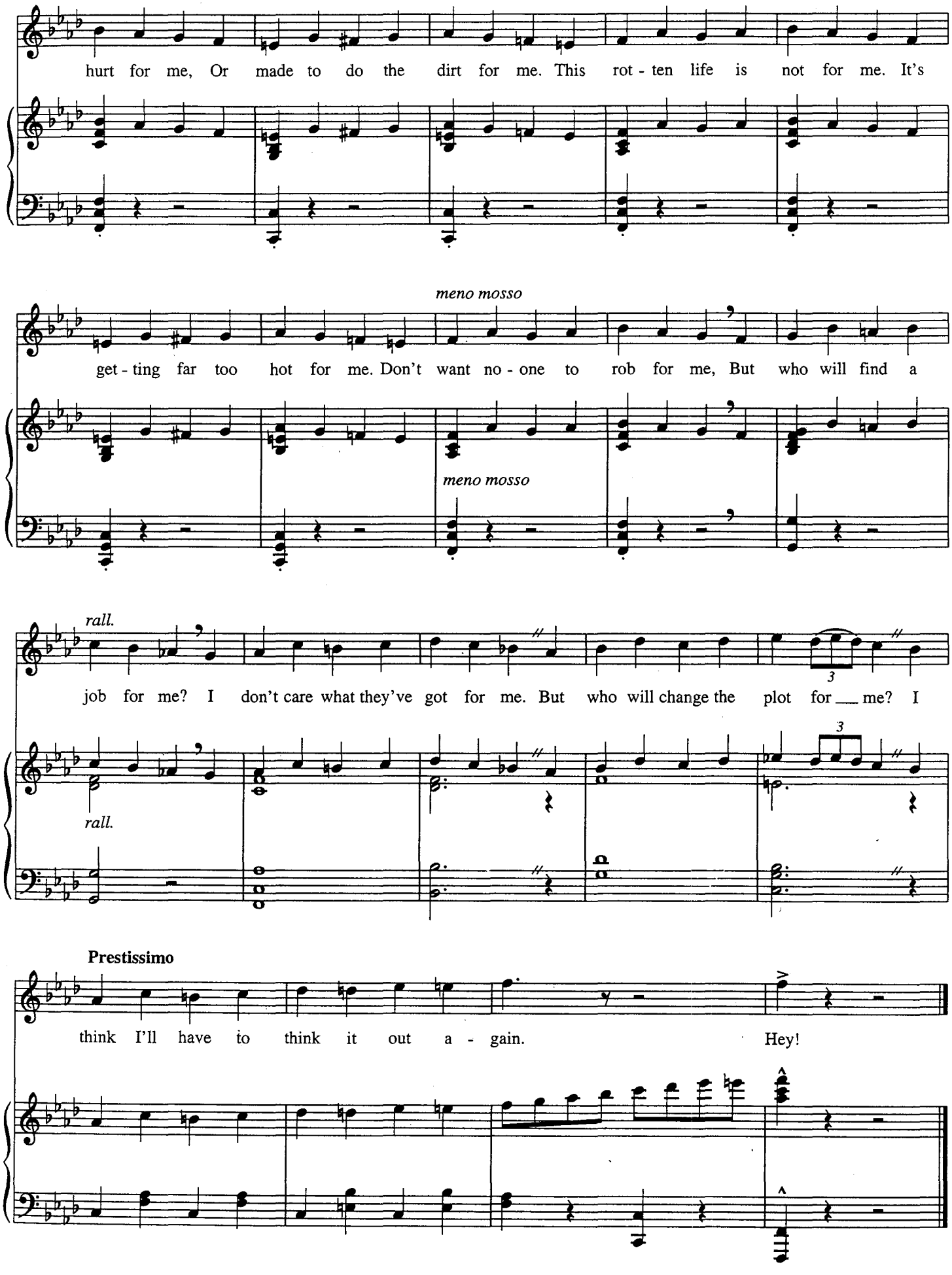

Cla - ridg - es, And run a fleet of car - riag - es, And wave at all the Duch - ess - es with
meno mosso
friend - li - ness, as much as is be - fit - ting of my new es - tate "Good mor - row to you,
meno mosso
a tempo
a piacere
Mag - is - trate!" I think I'd bet - ter think it out a - gain. So
a tempo
colla voce
where shall I go? Some-bod-y? Who do I know? No-bod-y! All my


dear-est com-pan-ions have al-ways been vil-lains and thieves—
So at
my time of life I should start turn-ing o-ver new leaves
(♩ = 108)
I'm re - view - ing
the sit - u - a - tion.
If you want to eat you've
got to earn a bob!
Is it such a


hu - mil - i - a - tion For a rob - ber to per - form an hon - est
accel. poco a poco
job? So a job I'm get - ting pos - si - bly, I won - der how the
accel. poco a poco
boss - 'll be? I won - der if he'll take to me? What bo - nus - es he'll make to me? I'll
start at eight, and fin - ish late, At nor - mal rate and all, but wait! I think I'd bet - ter


a piacere
think it out a - gain
What hap - pens when I'm
colla voce
sev - en - ty?
Must come a time—
Sev - en - ty
When you're
old and it's cold and who cares if you live or you die.
Your
(♩ = 108)
one con-so - la-tion's the mon-ey you may have put by
I'm re - view - ing


the sit - u - a - tion.
I'm a bad 'un and a
bad 'un I shall stay!
You'll be see - ing
no trans - for - ma - tion
But it's wrong to be a
accel. poco a poco
rogue in ev - 'ry way.
I don't want no - bod - y
accel. poco a poco


hurt for me, Or made to do the dirt for me. This rot - ten life is not for me. It's
meno mosso
get - ting far too hot for me. Don't want no - one to rob for me, But who will find a
meno mosso
rall.
job for me? I don't care what they've got for me. But who will change the plot for me? I
rall.
3
3
Prestissimo
think I'll have to think it out a - gain.
Hey!

I GOT PLENTY O' NUTTIN'

from *Porgy and Bess*

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
and DUBOSE HEYWARD
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto

mf poco cresc.

Moderato con gioja (Banjo Song)

PORGY: *happily*

mf

Oh, I got plen - ty o' nut - tin', An'

mf R.H.

p leggiero

nut - tin's plen - ty fo' me. I got no car, got no mule, I got no mis - er -

y. De folks wid plen - ty o' plen -ty got a lock on dey

In the context of the opera this includes chorus.

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door, 'Fraid some-bod-y's a - go - in' to rob 'em while dey's out a mak - in' more.

What for? I got no lock on de door, (dat's no way to

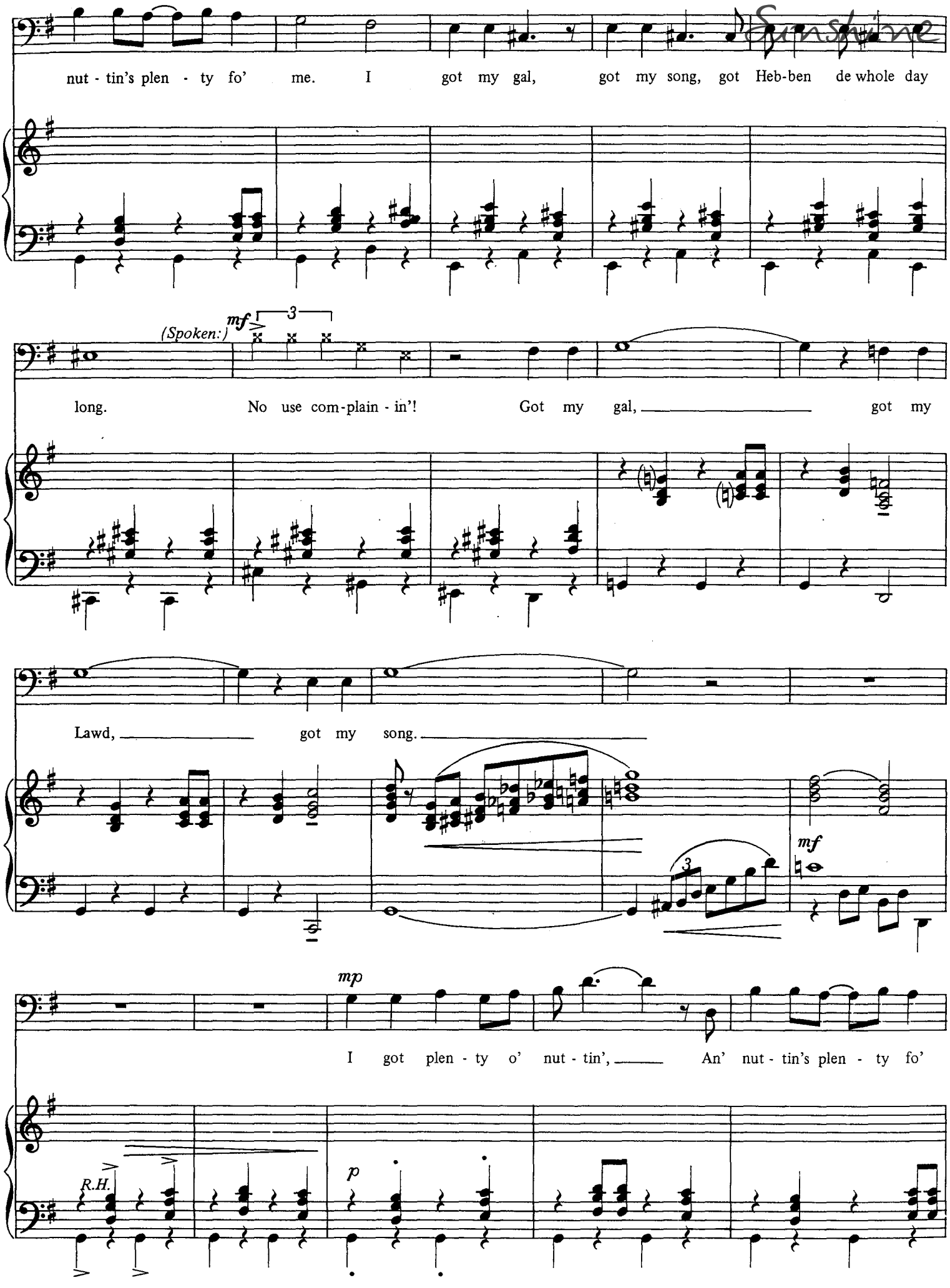
cresc.

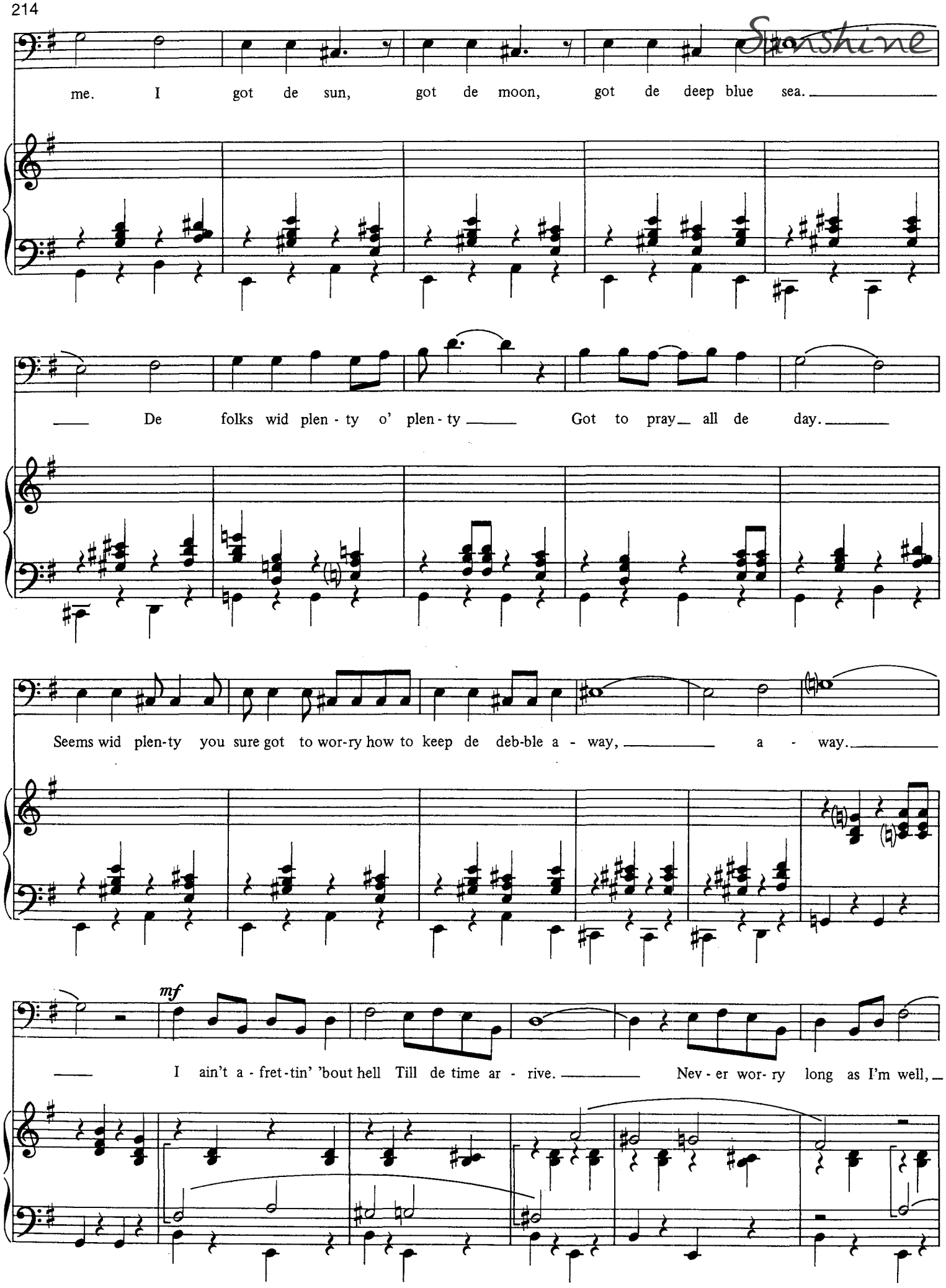
be). Dey kin steal de rug from de floor, Dat's o-keh wid me, 'Cause de things dat I

cresc.

prize, Like de stars in de skies, all are free. Oh, I got plen-ty o' nut-tin', An'

f *R.H.* *p*


Sunshine
nut - tin's plen - ty fo' me. I got my gal, got my song, got Heb-ben de whole day
(Spoken:)
mf
3
long. No use com-plain - in'! Got my gal, got my
Lawd, got my song.
mf
mp
I got plen - ty o' nut - tin', An' nut - tin's plen - ty fo'
R.H.
p


Sunshine
me. I got de sun, got de moon, got de deep blue sea.
De folks wid plen - ty o' plen - ty Got to pray all de day.
Seems wid plen-ty you sure got to wor-ry how to keep de deb-ble a - way, a - way.
mf
I ain't a - fret - tin' 'bout hell Till de time ar - rive. Nev - er wor - ry long as I'm well,

Nev-er one to strive to be good, to be bad, what de hell, I is glad I's a-live. Oh, I got plen-ty o'

f *R.H.*

nut-tin', An' nut-tin's plen-ty fo' me. I got my gal, got my song, Got Heb-ben de whole day

long. No use com-plain-in', Got my gal, got my Lawd,

f 3

(optional)

got my song!

mf *cresc.*

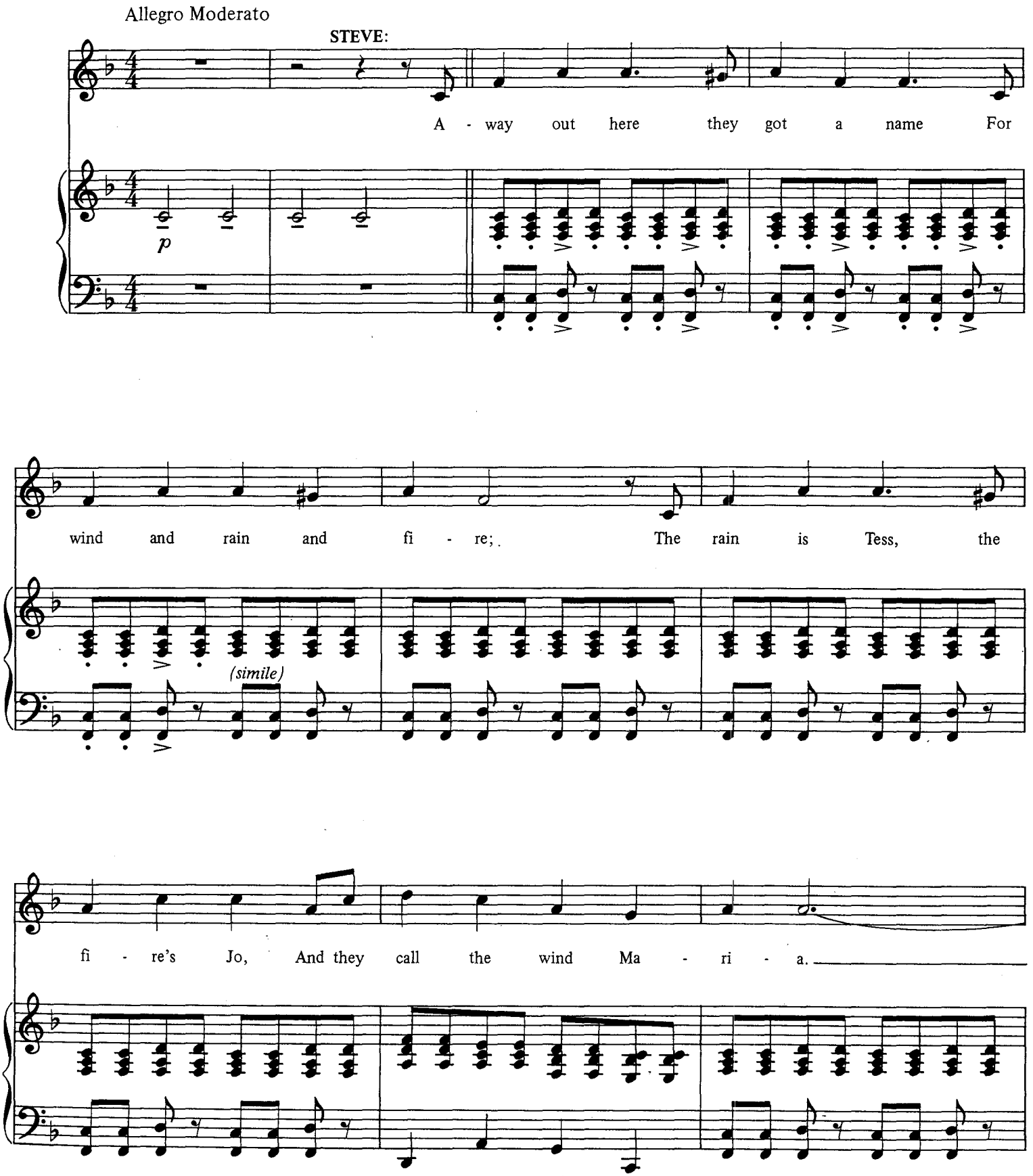
f

THEY CALL THE WIND MARIA

from *Paint Your Wagon*

sunshine

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE



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Ma - ri - a blows the stars a - round And

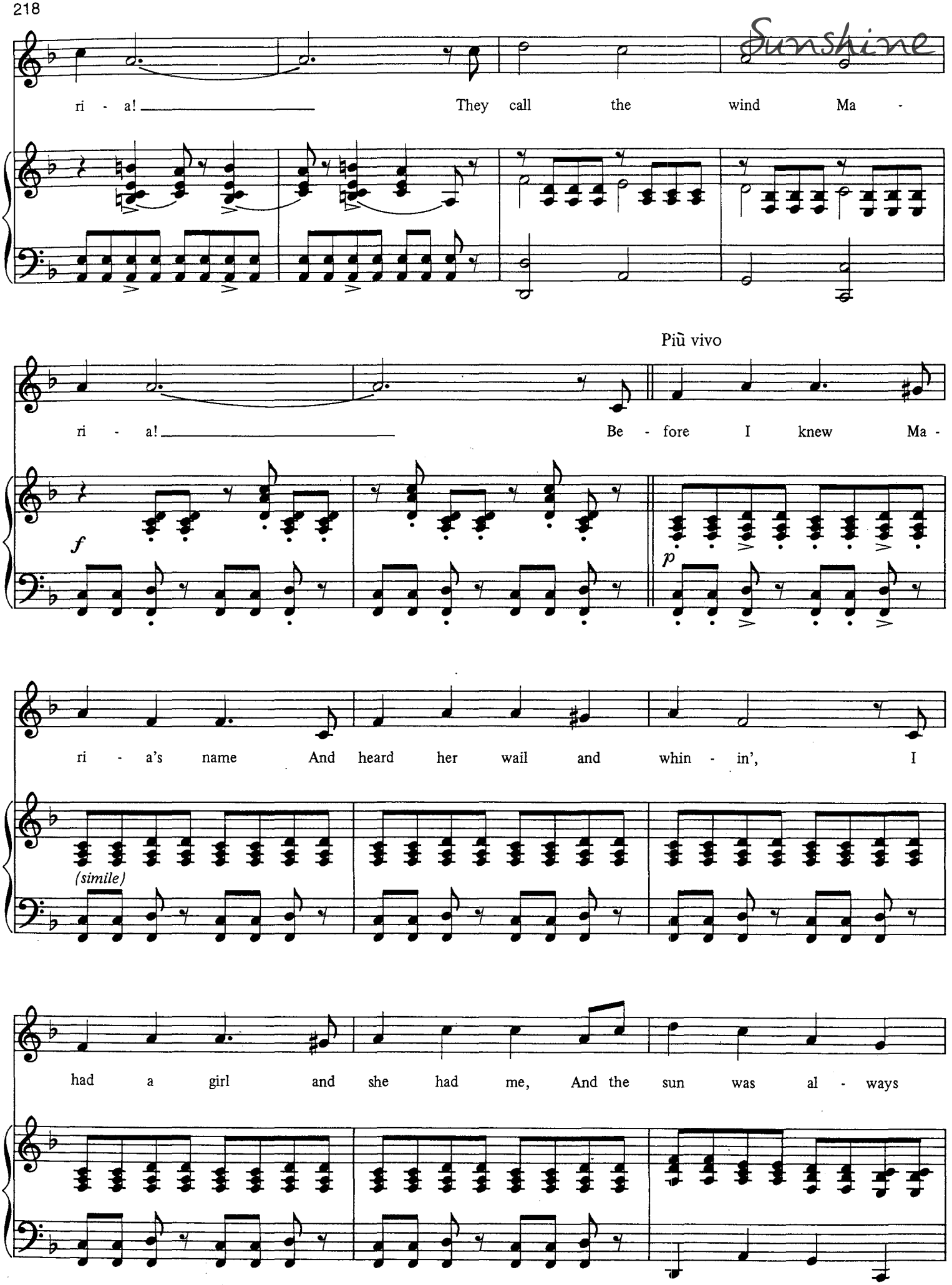
sends the clouds a - fly - in'. Ma - ri - a makes the

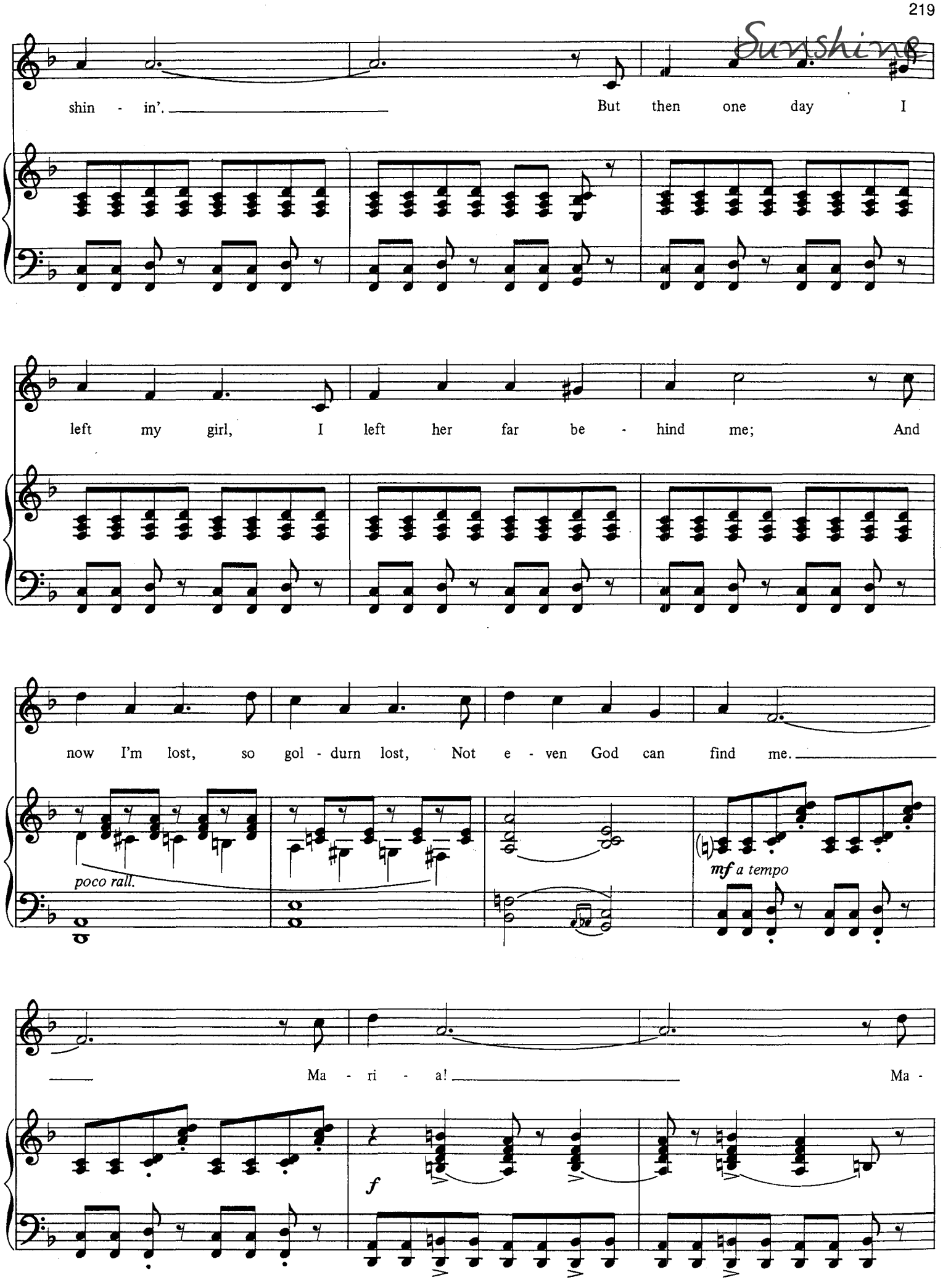
poco rall.

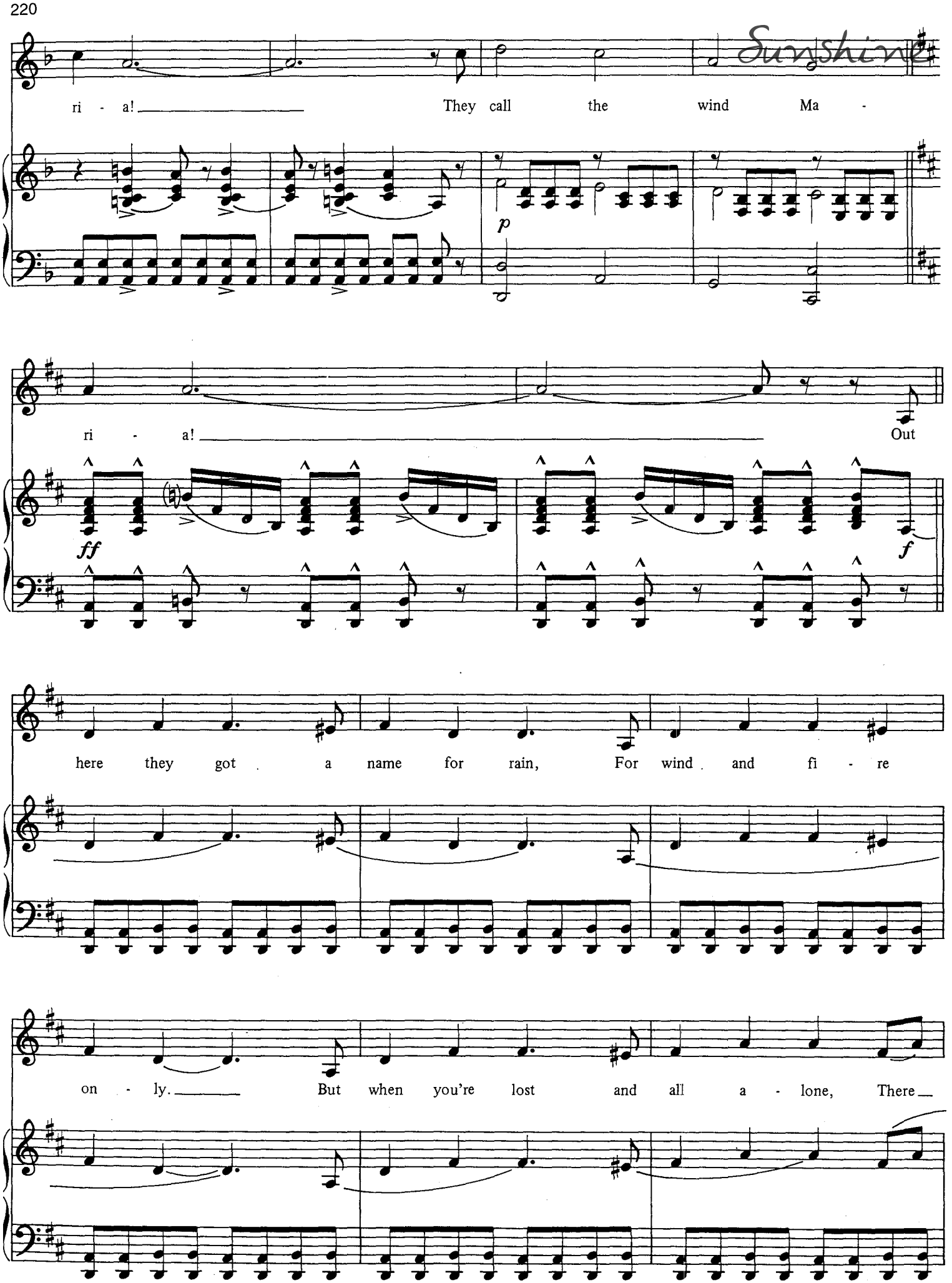
moun - tains sound Like folks were up there dy - in'.

mf a tempo

Ma - ri - a! Ma -


Sunshine
ri - a! They call the wind Ma -
Più vivo
ri - a! Be - fore I knew Ma -
f
p
ri - a's name And heard her wail and whin - in', I
(simile)
had a girl and she had me, And the sun was al - ways


Sunshine
shin - in'.
But then one day I
left my girl, I left her far be - hind me;
And
now I'm lost, so gol - durn lost, Not e - ven God can find me.
poco rall.
mf a tempo
Ma - ri - a!
Ma -
f


Sunshine
ri - a! They call the wind Ma -
p
ri - a! Out
ff
f
here they got a name for rain, For wind and fi - re
on - ly. But when you're lost and all a - lone, There

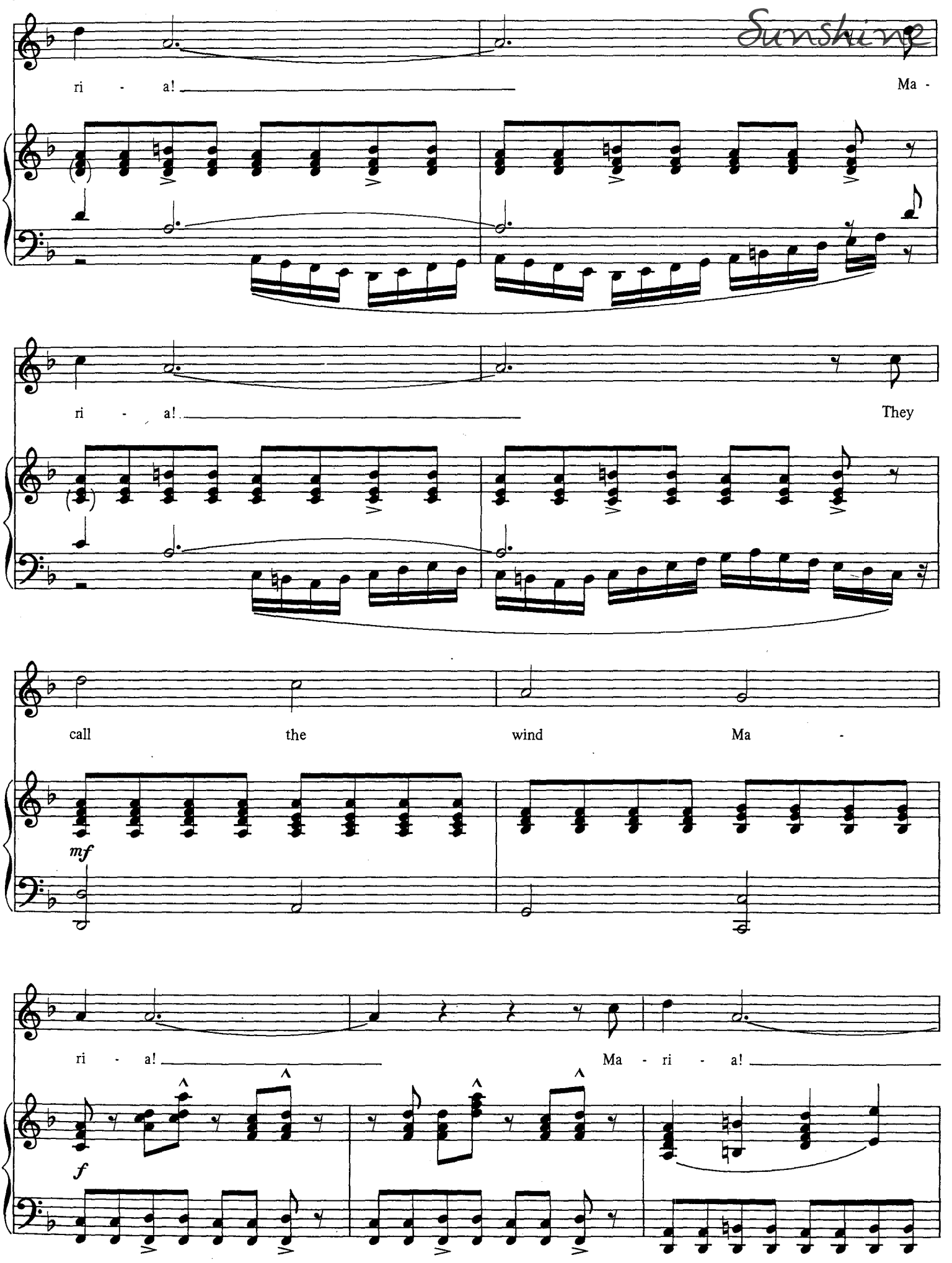
ain't no word but lone - ly. And

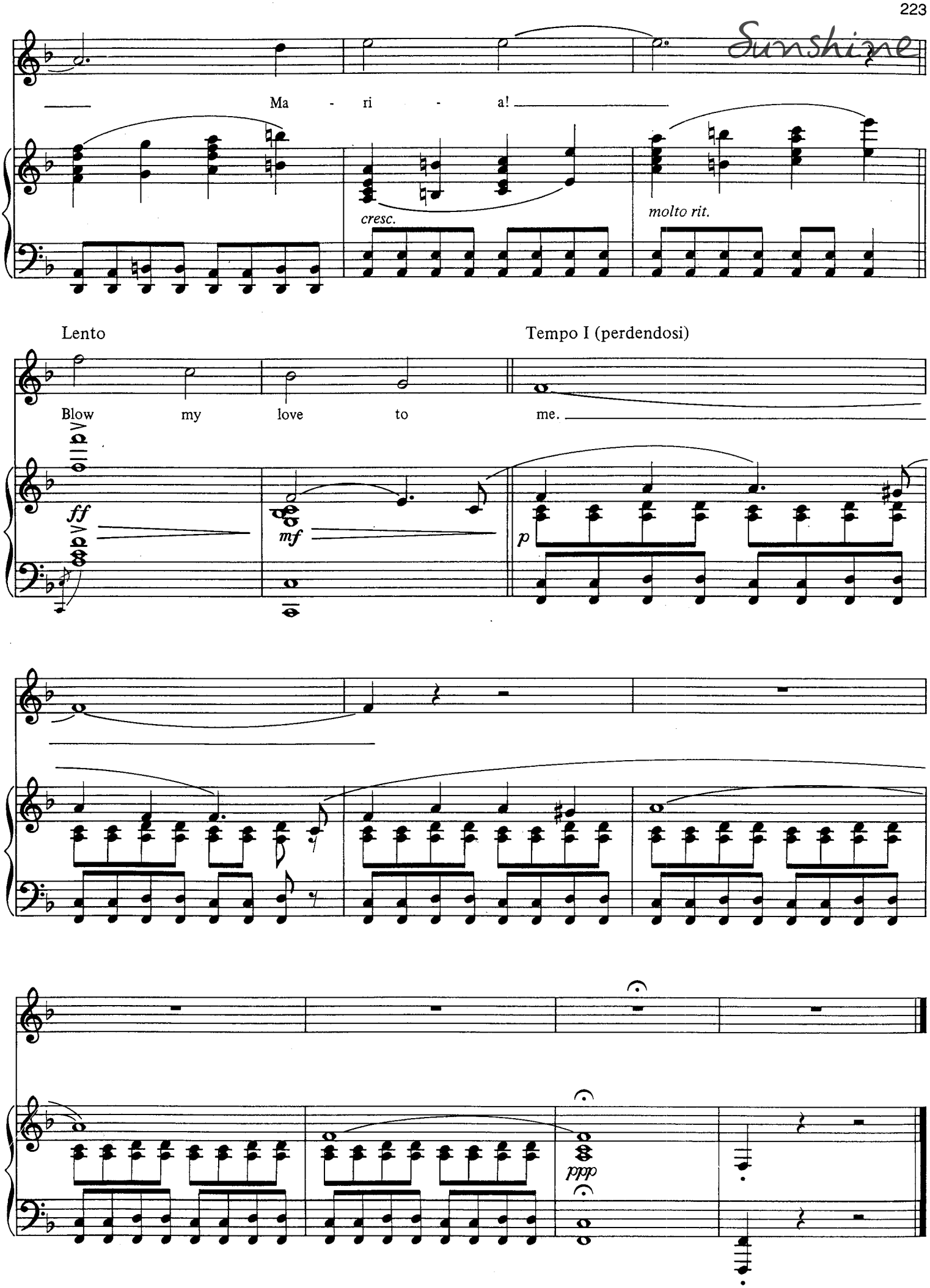
I'm a lost and lone - ly man With - out a star to

guide me. Ma - ri - a, blow my love to me; I need my gir! be -

Più mosso

side me. Ma -


Sunshine
ri - a!
Ma -
ri - a!
They
call
the
wind
Ma -
mf
ri - a!
Ma - ri - a!
f

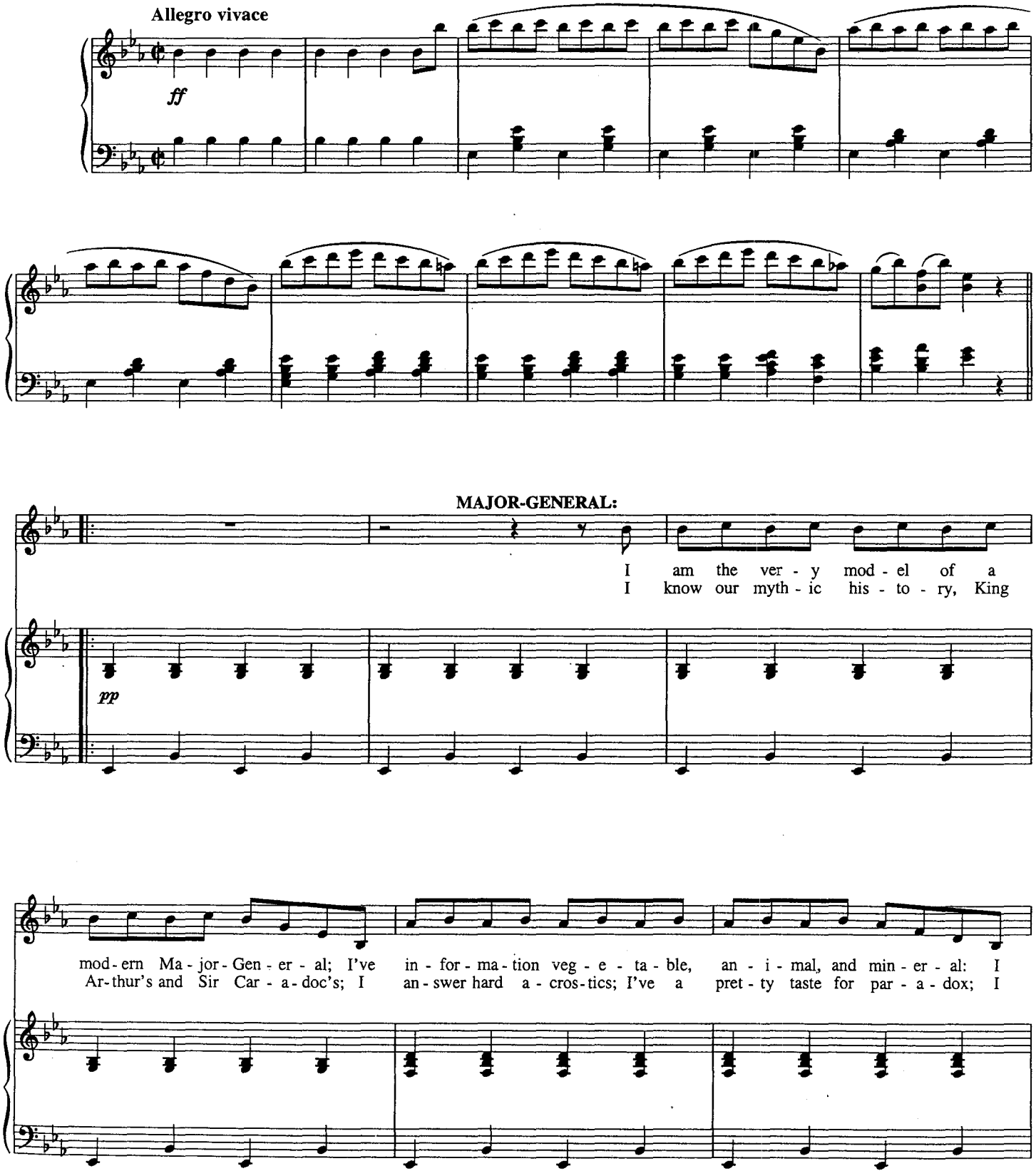

Sunshine
Ma - ri - a!
cresc.
molto rit.
Lento
Tempo I (perdendosi)
Blow my love to me.
ff
mf
p
ppp

I AM THE VERY MODEL

from *The Pirates of Penzance*

Sunshine

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN



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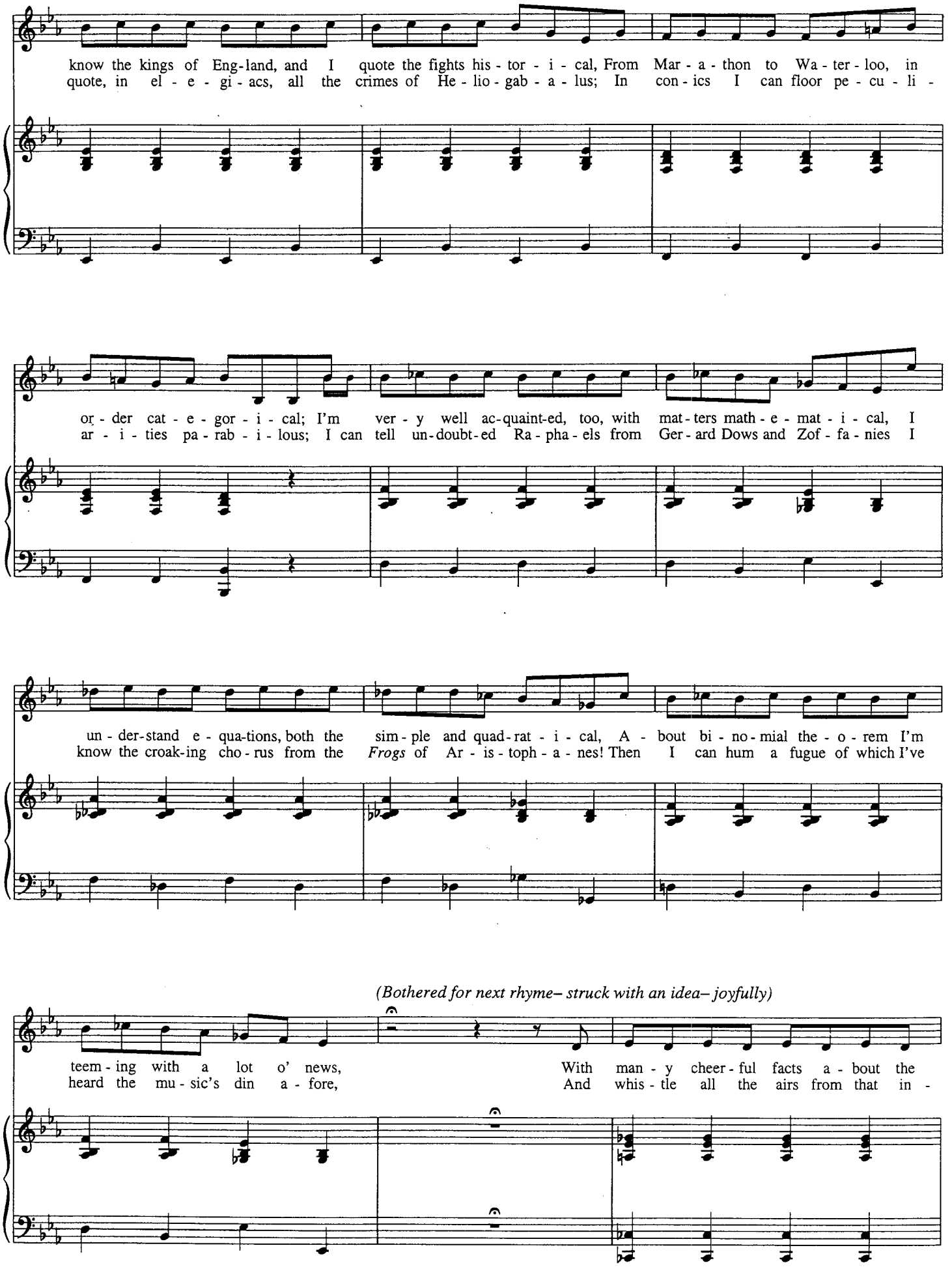
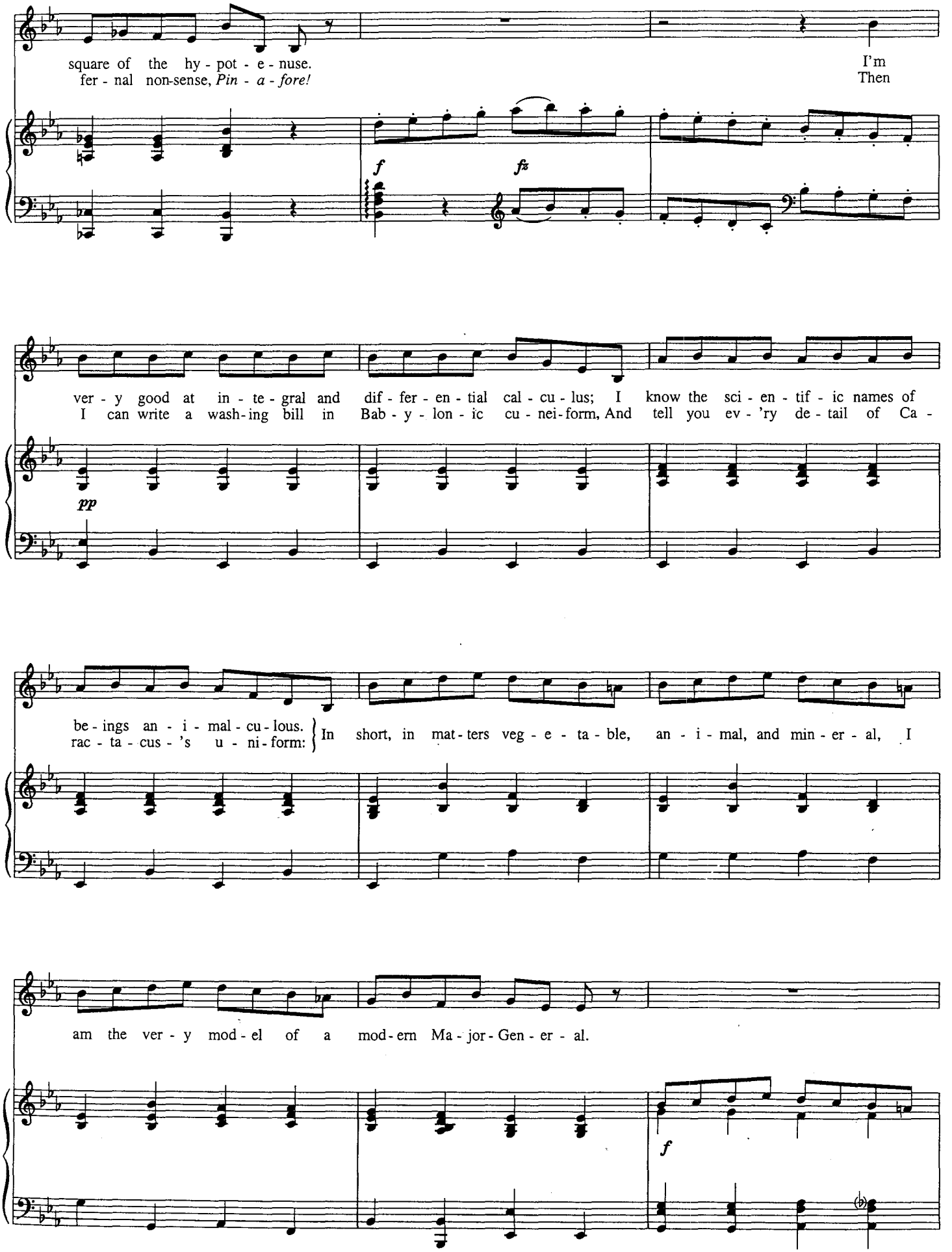
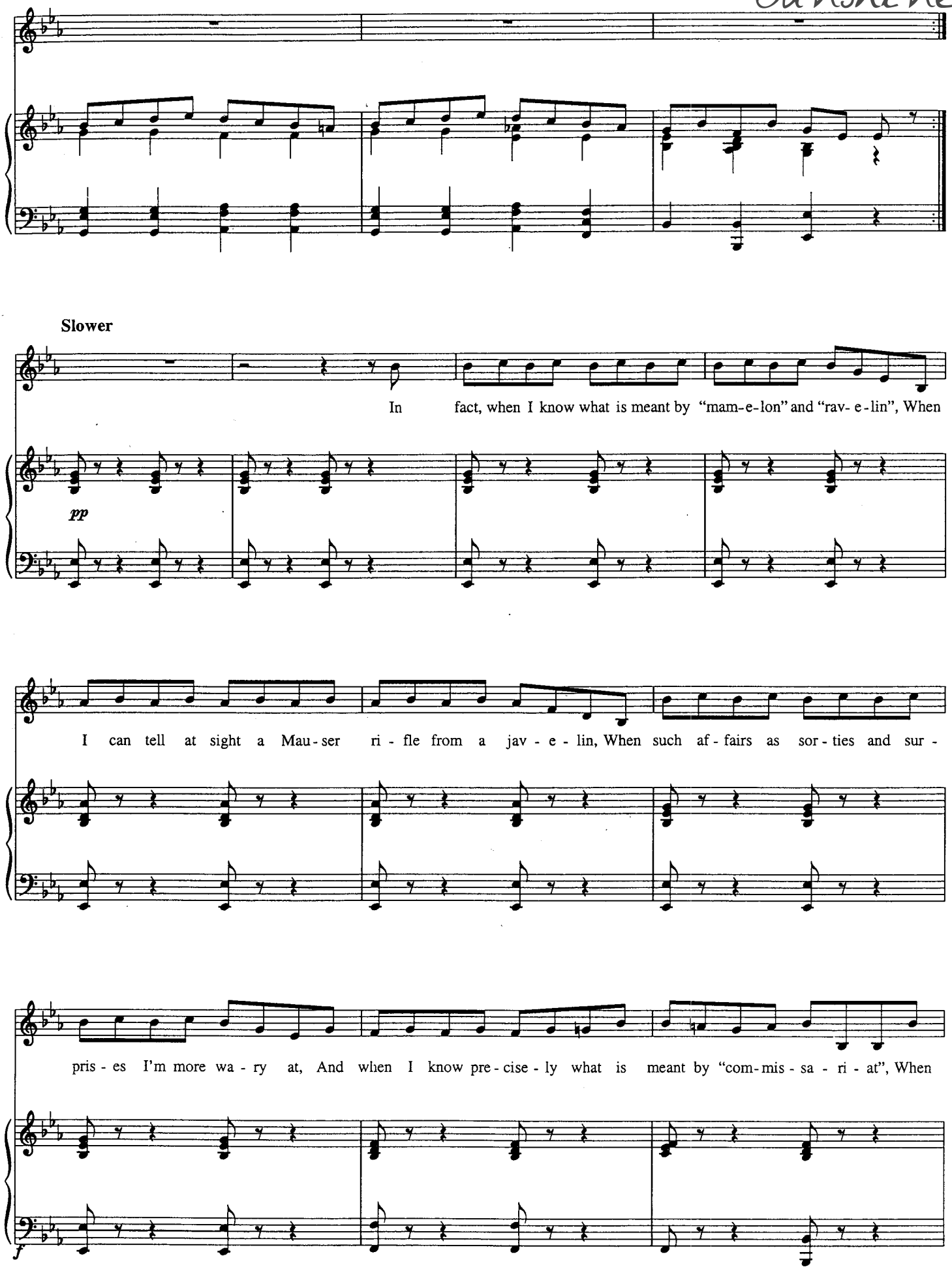
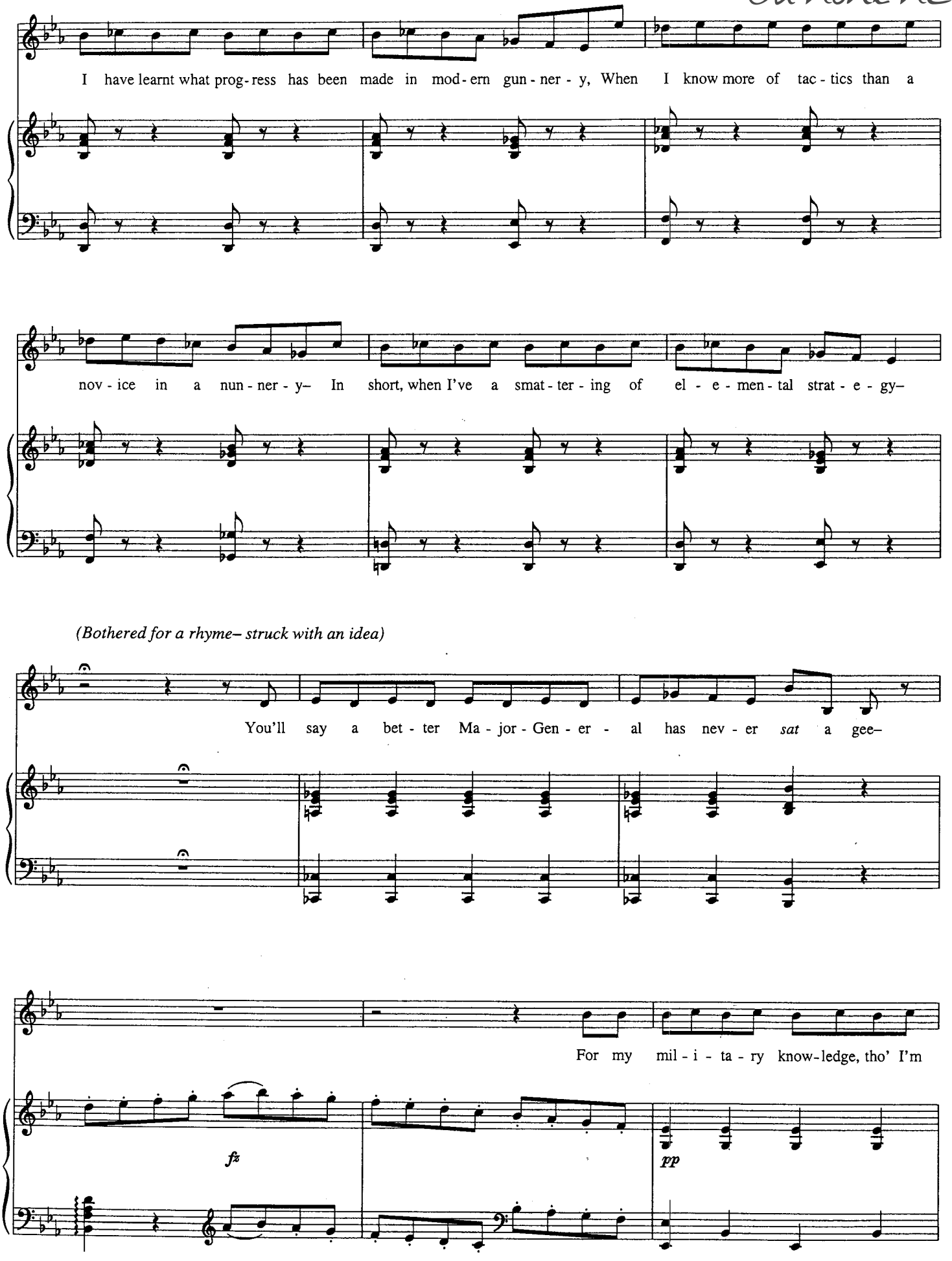
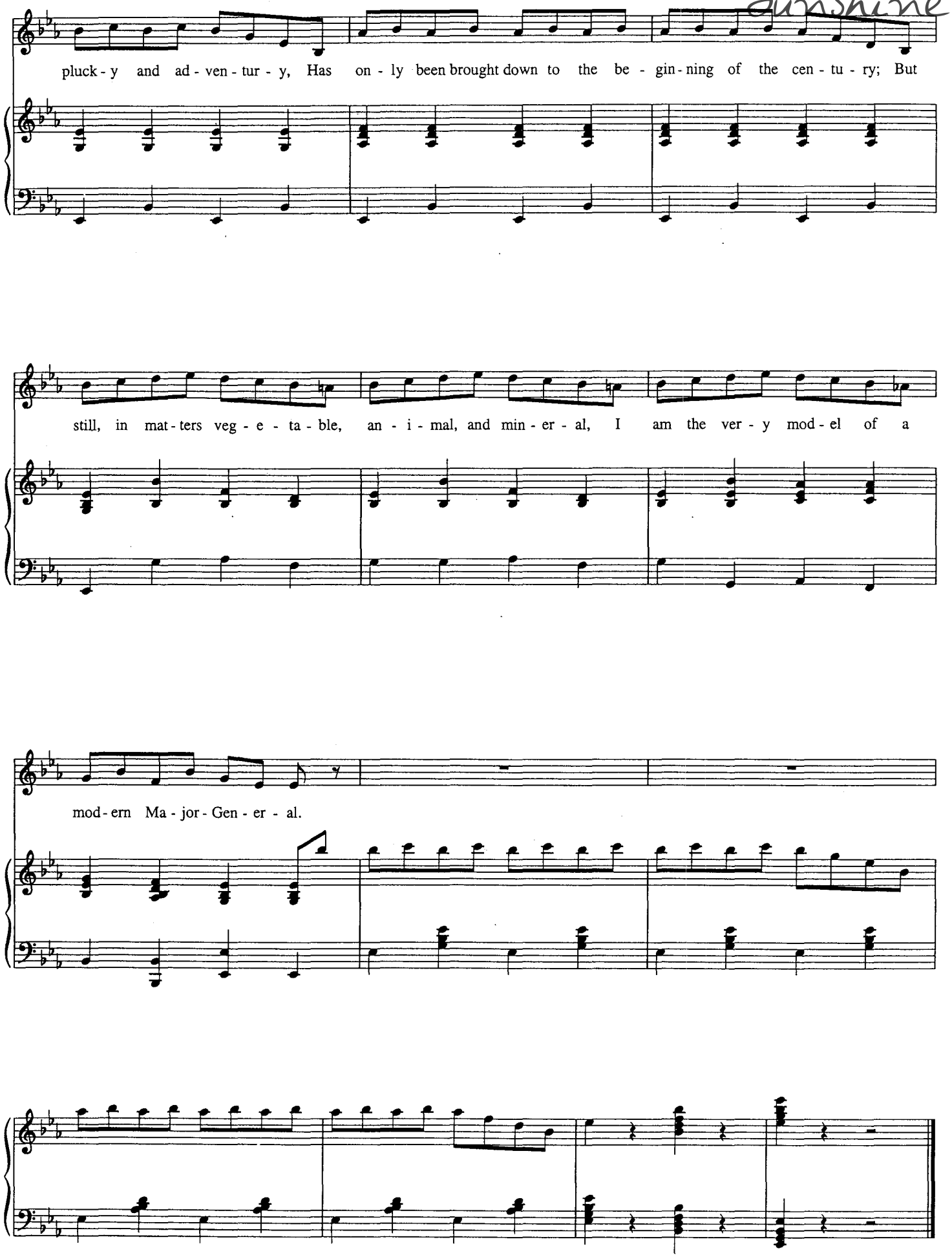

know the kings of Eng-land, and I quote the fights his-tor-i-cal, From Mar-a-thon to Wa-ter-loo, in
quote, in el-e-gi-acs, all the crimes of He-lio-gab-a-lus; In con-ics I can floor pe-cu-li-
or-der cat-e-gor-i-cal; I'm ver-y well ac-quaint-ed, too, with mat-ters math-e-mat-i-cal, I
ar-i-ties pa-rab-i-lous; I can tell un-doubt-ed Ra-pha-els from Ger-ard Dows and Zof-fa-nies I
un-der-stand e-qua-tions, both the sim-ple and quad-rat-i-cal, A-bout bi-no-mial the-o-rem I'm
know the croak-ing cho-rus from the *Frogs* of Ar-is-toph-a-nes! Then I can hum a fugue of which I've
(Bothered for next rhyme– struck with an idea– joyfully)
teem-ing with a lot o' news, With man-y cheer-ful facts a-bout the
heard the mu-sic's din a-fore, And whis-tle all the airs from that in-


square of the hy - pot - e - nuse.
fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore!*
I'm
Then
f
fz
ver - y good at in - te - gral and dif - fer - en - tial cal - cu - lus; I know the sci - en - tif - ic names of
I can write a wash-ing bill in Bab - y - lon - ic cu - nei-form, And tell you ev - 'ry de - tail of Ca -
pp
be - ings an - i - mal - cu - lous.
rac - ta - cus - 's u - ni-form:
In short, in mat-ters veg - e - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - er - al, I
am the ver - y mod - el of a mod-ern Ma - jor - Gen - er - al.
f


Slower
In fact, when I know what is meant by "mam-e-lon" and "rav- e-lin", When
pp
I can tell at sight a Mau-ser ri - fle from a jav - e - lin, When such af - fairs as sor - ties and sur -
pris - es I'm more wa - ry at, And when I know pre - cise - ly what is meant by "com-mis - sa - ri - at", When
f


I have learnt what prog-ress has been made in mod-ern gun-ner-y, When I know more of tac-tics than a
nov-ice in a nun-ner-y– In short, when I've a smat-ter-ing of el-e-men-tal strat-e-gy–
(Bothered for a rhyme– struck with an idea)
You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Gen-er-al has nev-er sat a gee–
For my mil-i-ta-ry know-ledge, tho' I'm
fz
pp

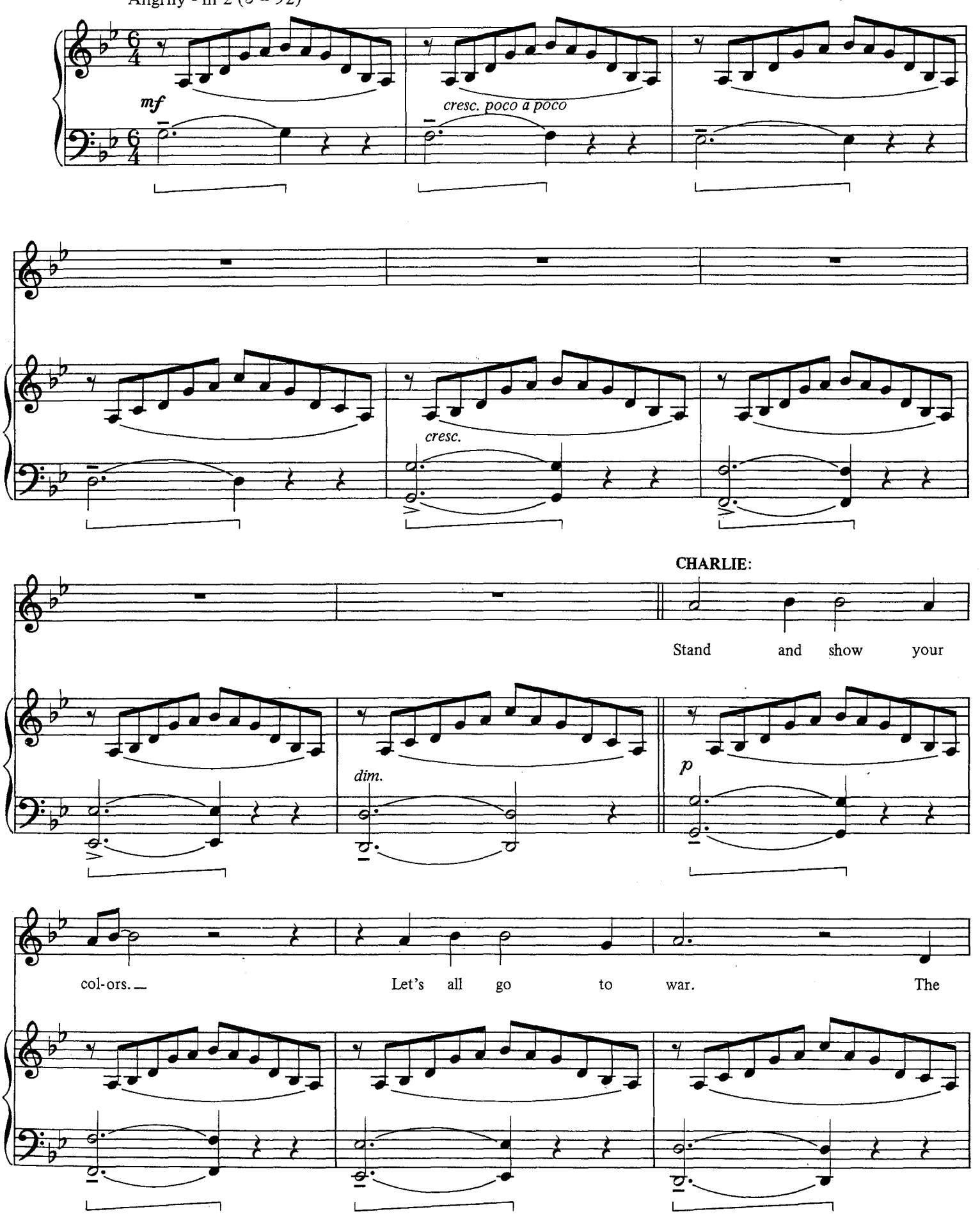

pluck - y and ad - ven - tur - y, Has on - ly been brought down to the be - gin - ning of the cen - tu - ry; But
still, in mat - ters veg - e - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - er - al, I am the ver - y mod - el of a
mod - ern Ma - jor - Gen - er - al.

I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE

from *Shenandoah*

Sunshine

Music by GARY GELD
Words by PETER UDELL



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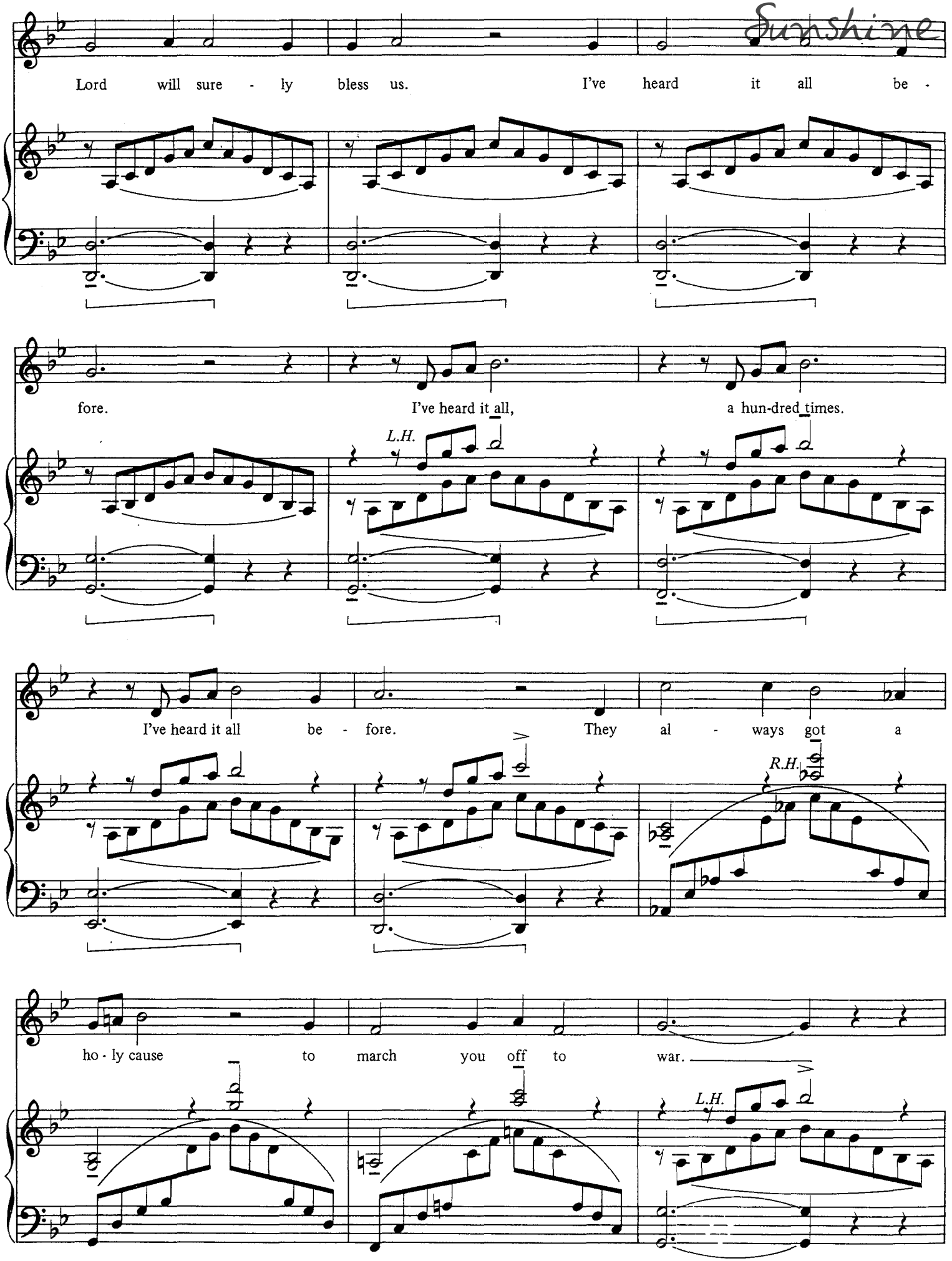
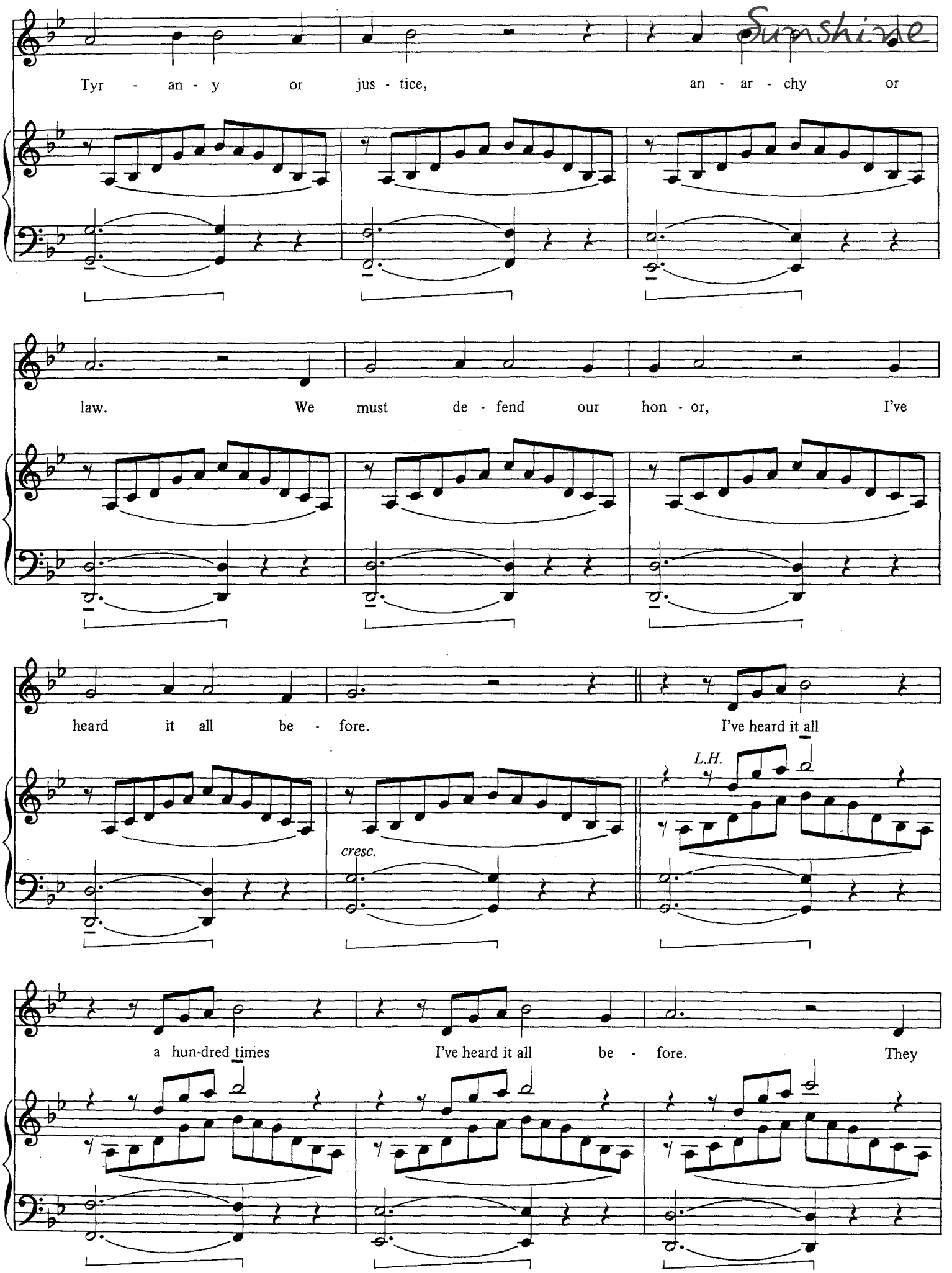

Lord will sure - ly bless us. I've heard it all be -
fore. I've heard it all, a hun-dred times.
L.H.
I've heard it all be - fore. They al - ways got a
R.H.
ho - ly cause to march you off to war.
L.H.


Sunshine
Tyr - an - y or jus - tice, an - ar - chy or
law. We must de - fend our hon - or, I've
heard it all be - fore. I've heard it all
L.H.
cresc.
a hun-dred times I've heard it all be - fore. They

Sunshine

al - ways got a ho - ly cause that's worth the dy - in'

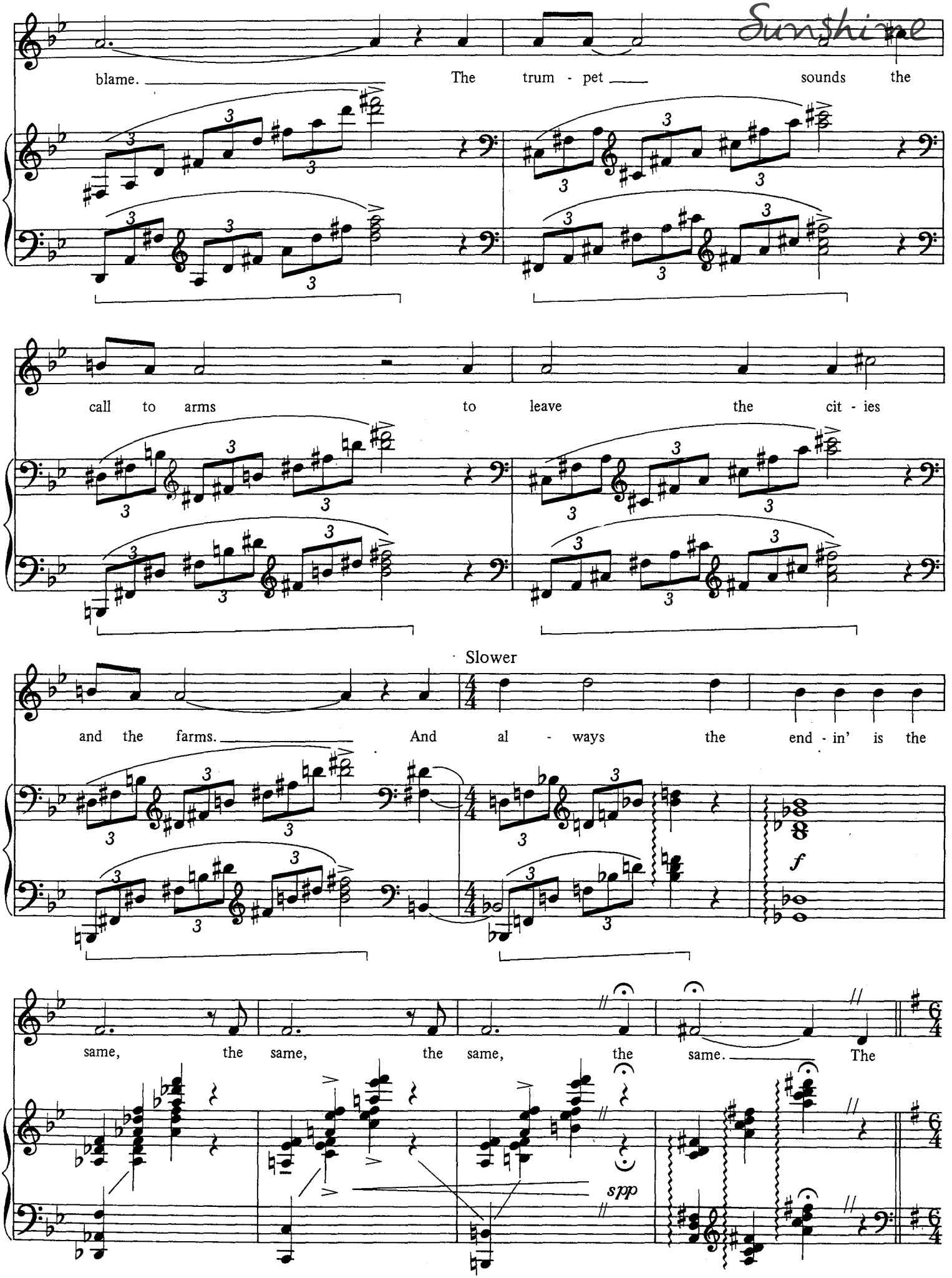
R.H.

for. Some - one writes a slo - gan,

L.H.

rais - es up a flag.

Some - one finds an en - e - my to


Sunshine
blame. The trum - pet sounds the
call to arms to leave the cit - ies
Slower
and the farms. And al - ways the end - in' is the
f
same, the same, the same, the same. The
spp

Andante - rubato

Sunshine

dream has turned to ash - es, the wheat has turned to straw. And

pp

L.H.

some - one asks the ques-tion: "What was the dy - in' for? The

Stronger

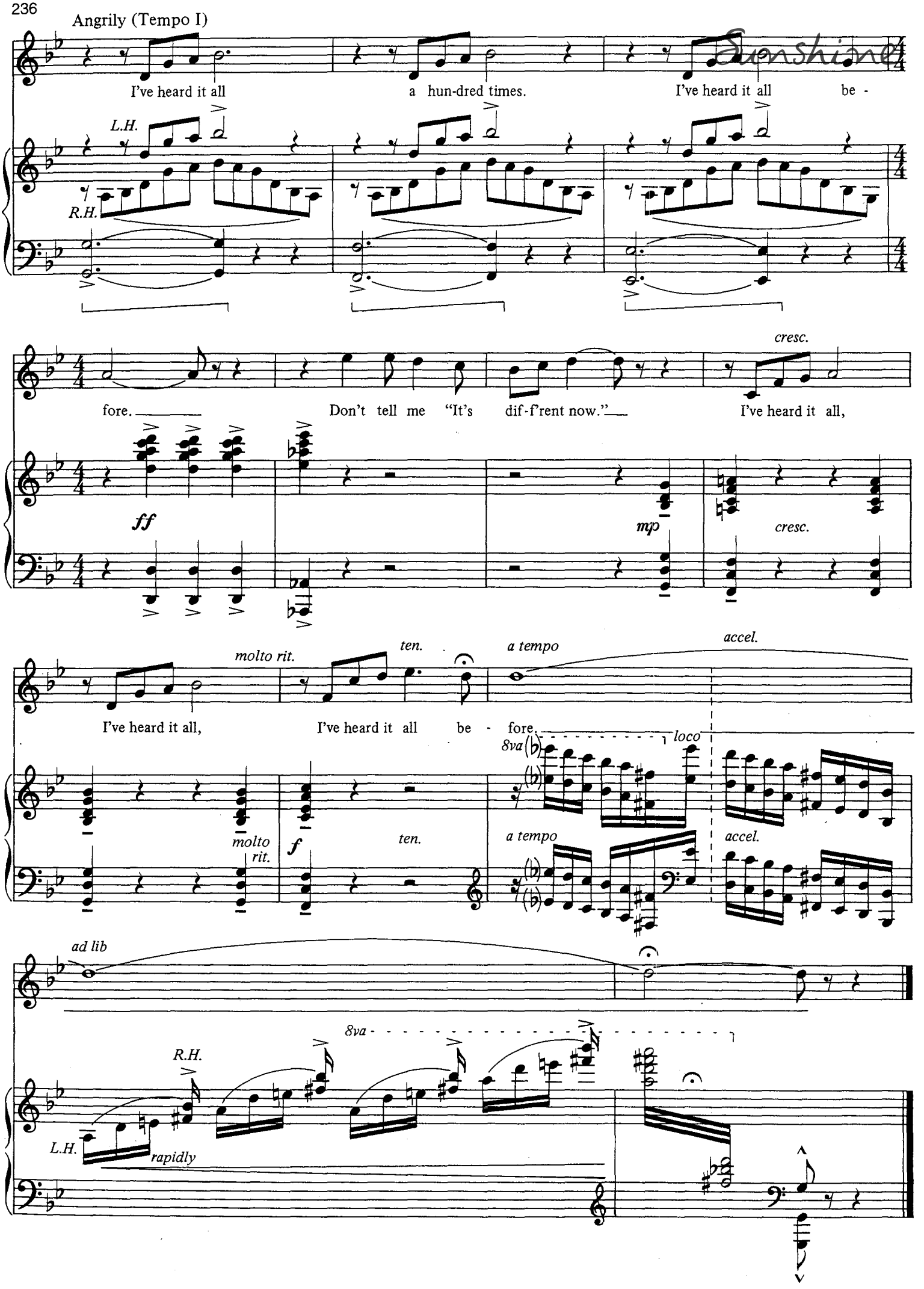
p

liv - in' can't re - mem - ber, the dead no long - er care. But

Meno

next time it won't hap - pen. Up - on my soul I swear.

ppp

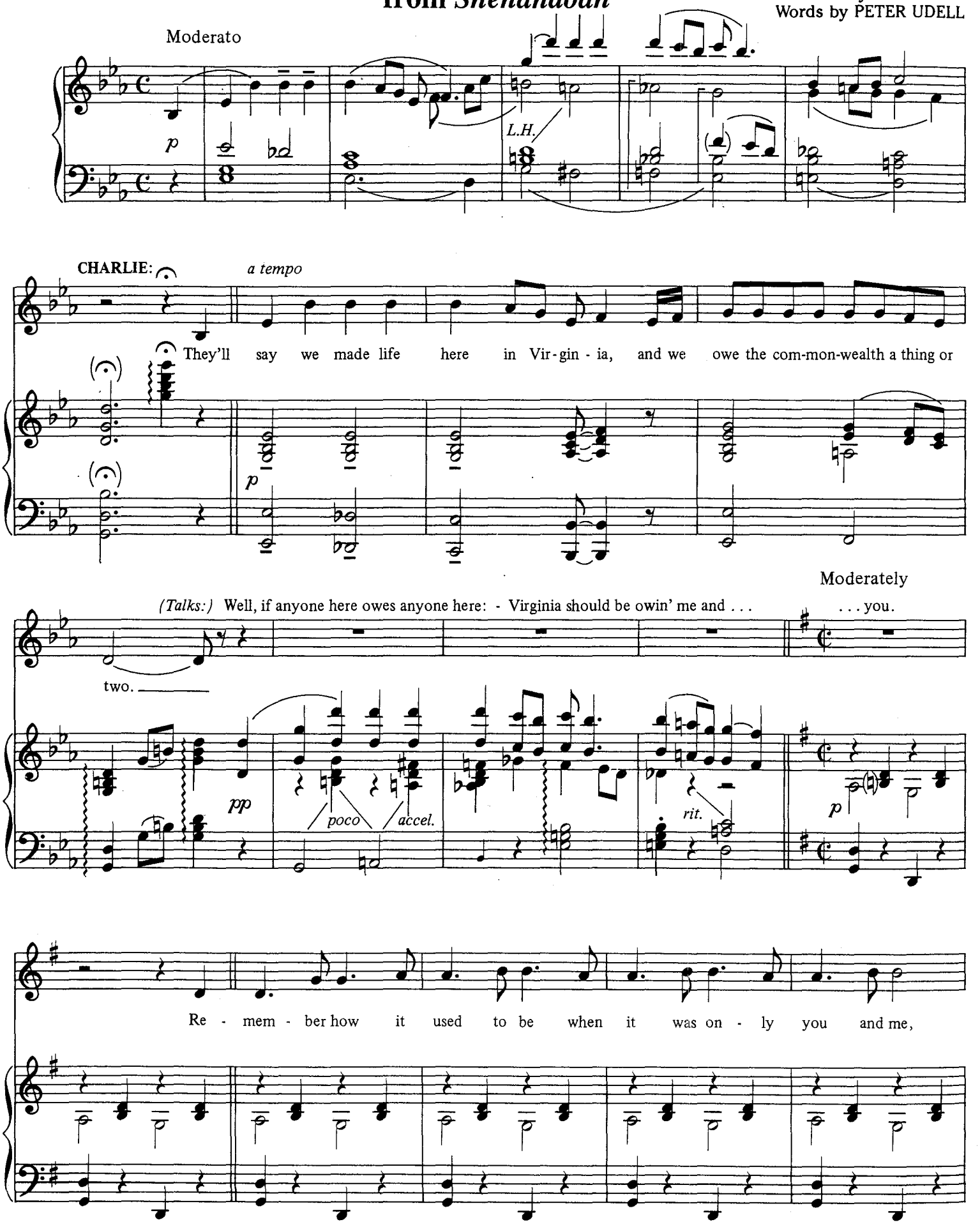

Angrily (Tempo I)
Sunshine
I've heard it all a hun-dred times. I've heard it all be -
L.H.
R.H.
fore. Don't tell me "It's dif-f'rent now." I've heard it all,
cresc.
ff
mp
cresc.
molto rit.
ten.
a tempo
accel.
I've heard it all, I've heard it all be - fore.
8va
loco
molto rit.
f
ten.
a tempo
accel.
ad lib
8va
R.H.
L.H.
rapidly

MEDITATION I

from *Shenandoah*

Sunshine

Music by GARY GELD
Words by PETER UDELL



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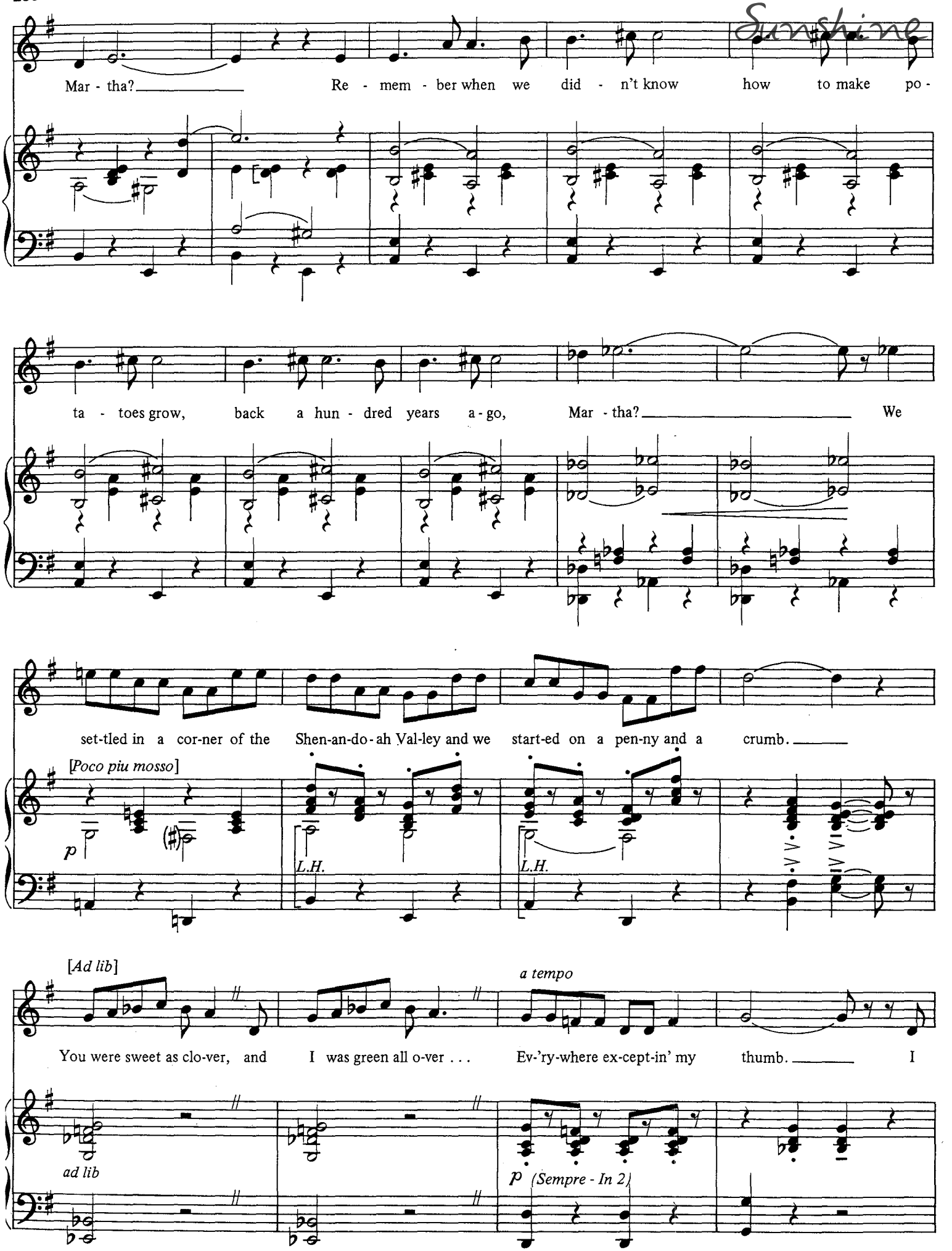

Mar - tha? Re - mem - ber when we did - n't know how to make po -
ta - toes grow, back a hun - dred years a - go, Mar - tha? We
set-tled in a cor-ner of the Shen-an-do-ah Val-ley and we start-ed on a pen-ny and a crumb.
[Poco piu mosso]
p
L.H.
L.H.
[Ad lib]
a tempo
You were sweet as clo-ver, and I was green all o-ver . . . Ev-'ry-where ex-cept-in' my thumb. I
ad lib
p (Sempre - In 2)

[Ad lib, slowly]

[a tempo]

Sunshine

think of how it used to be, the way we strug-gled, Mar-tha, you and me.

3

3

f

(Spoken:)

I took an ax and I chopped us a clearin', hung us a door on a maple frame.

p

Raised up a roof, got us out of the weather; then came Jacob and James.

mf

A little broader

(Sings:)

Ja - cob and James and Ap - ril rains.

rall.

and frost and snow and grow - in' pains.

rall.

(Spoken:)
You brought me drink and I planted an acre, sowed us the seed we were countin' on.

Sunshine

Rubato - Colla voce
p

a tempo

A little faster
(Sings:)

rall.

Seems we could grow more than beans by the a - cre; Wel - come Na - than and John.

rall.

a tempo

Ja - cob and James. Na - than and John. Bles - sed are

f a tempo

rall.

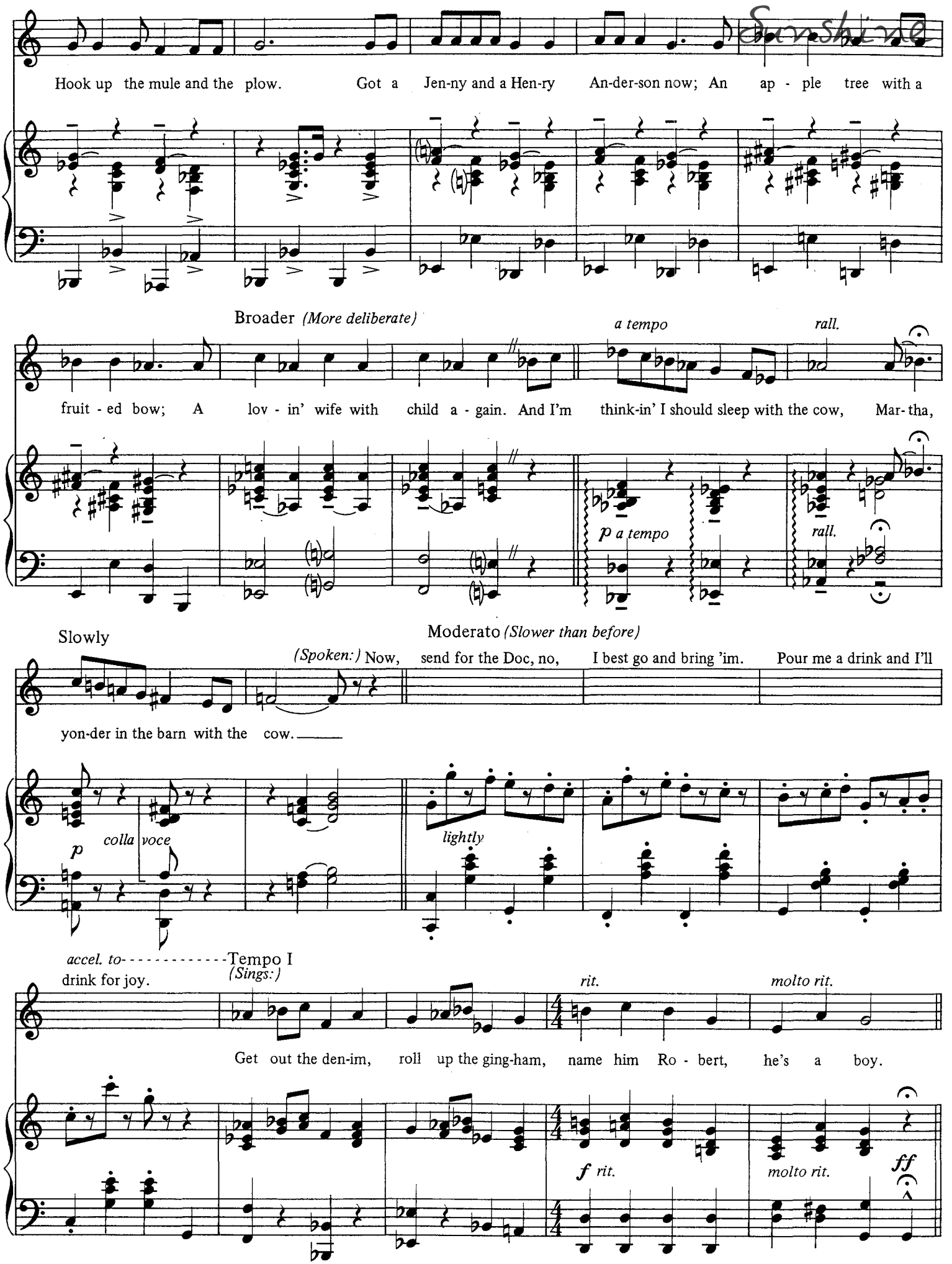
those heav - en smiles up - on.

a tempo

Root out the weeds, the stumps and the rocks;

mf rall.

f a tempo


Sunshine
Hook up the mule and the plow. Got a Jen-ny and a Hen-ry An-der-son now; An ap - ple tree with a
Broader (More deliberate)
a tempo
rall.
fruit - ed bow; A lov - in' wife with child a - gain. And I'm think-in' I should sleep with the cow, Mar-tha,
p a tempo
rall.
Slowly
Moderato (Slower than before)
(Spoken:) Now, send for the Doc, no, I best go and bring 'im. Pour me a drink and I'll
yon-der in the barn with the cow.
p
colla voce
lightly
accel. to
Tempo I
drink for joy.
(Sings:)
rit.
molto rit.
Get out the den-im, roll up the ging-ham, name him Ro - bert, he's a boy.
f rit.
molto rit.
ff

Meno mosso *(Sempre in 4)*

Sunshine

Ja - cob and James, Na - than and John, Jen - ny and

Slowly

(Spoken:) *(Sung:)*

Hen - ry and Ro - bert . . . and then You were gone, Mar-tha.

p > pp *p* *mf*

(Spoken:) *(Sings:)*

rall. And . . . me . . . I got twenty-eight years in this farm,

My blood, my sweat and my

mp *pp* *pp*

rall.

cresc. poco a poco

tears in this farm, and no one's gon-na come a-long and say that I owe an - y part, not the

mp *cresc. poco a poco*

Slowly *(With determination)*

f

ti - ni - est part to an - y-one in an - y sin - gle way!

f

This farm don't be - long to Vir-gin-ia.

ff

Stringendo

My sons bleed but not for the south. This land here is An-der-son land by the

p

Broadly

a tempo

strength of my hand and the sweat on my brow, for as long as the Lord will al - low!

ff

f *a tempo*

Maestoso

L'istesso in 2

ff

rit.

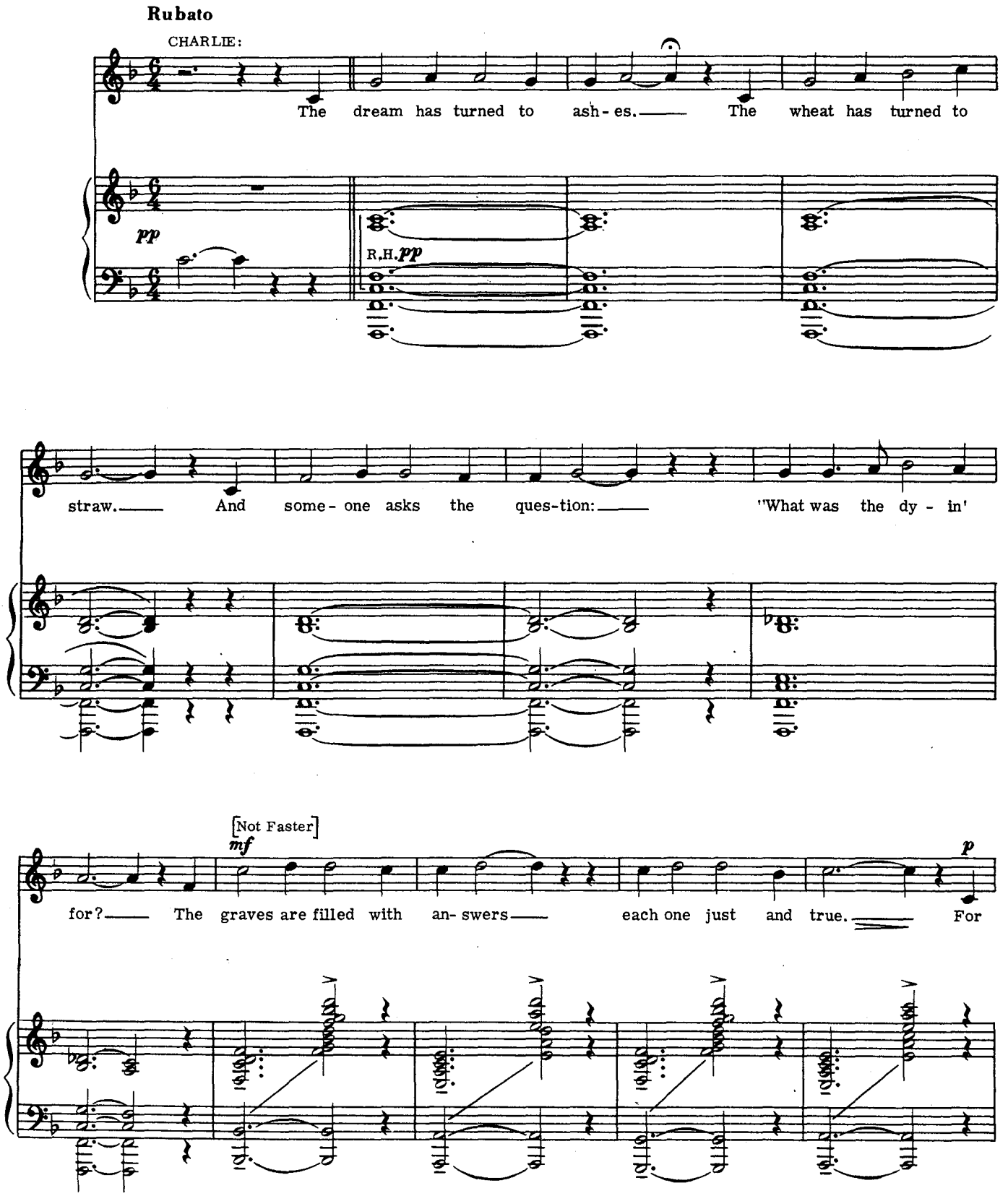
fffz

MEDITATION II

from *Shenandoah*

Sunshine

Music by GARY GELD
Words by PETER UDELL



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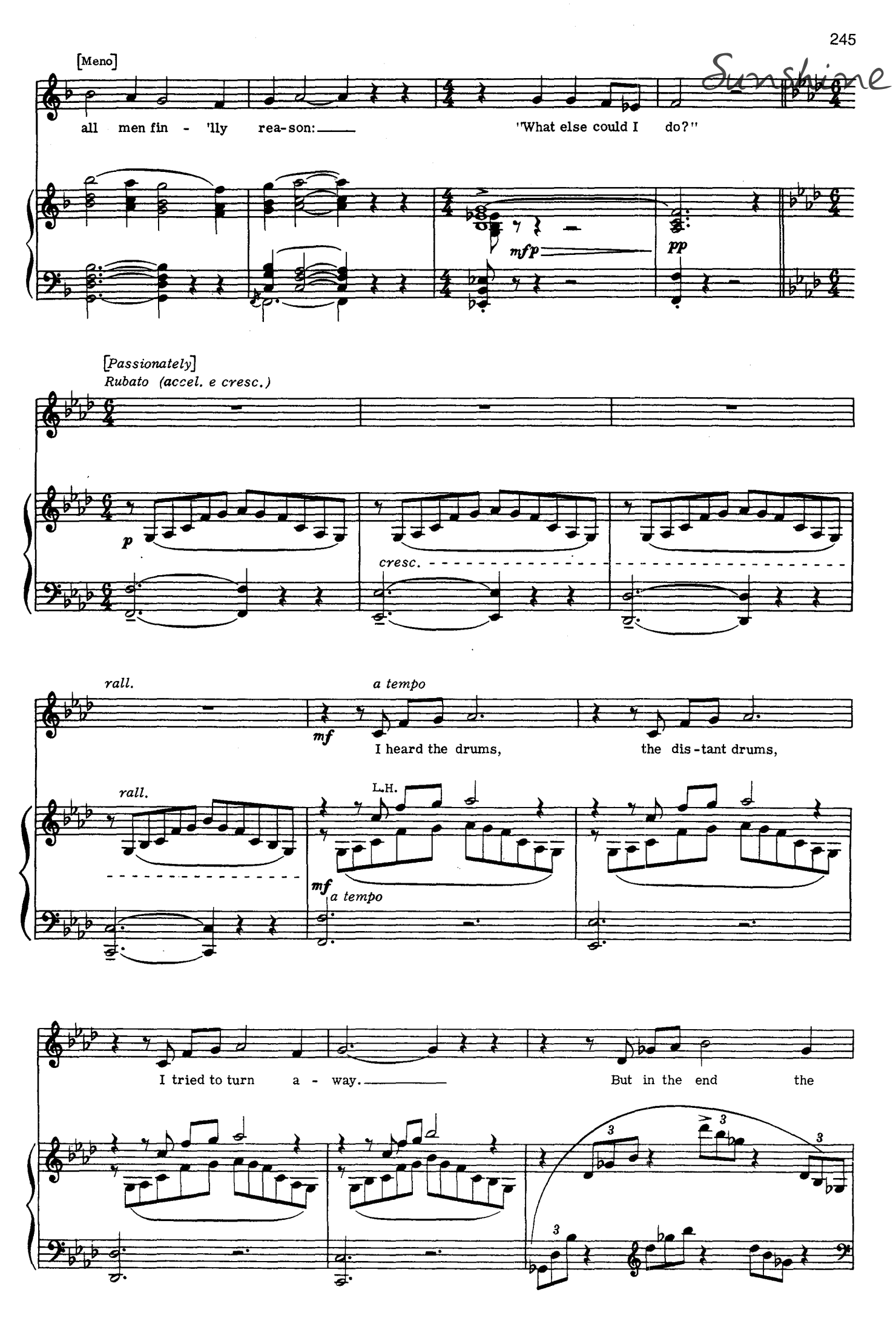

[Meno]
all men fin - 'lly rea-son:
"What else could I do?"
mfp
pp
[Passionately]
Rubato (accel. e cresc.)
p
cresc.
rall.
a tempo
mf
I heard the drums,
the dis-tant drums,
rall.
L.H.
mf
a tempo
I tried to turn a - way.
But in the end the

Sunshine

price of peace was more than I could

crescendo *poco* *a*

pay. I have no shame, I

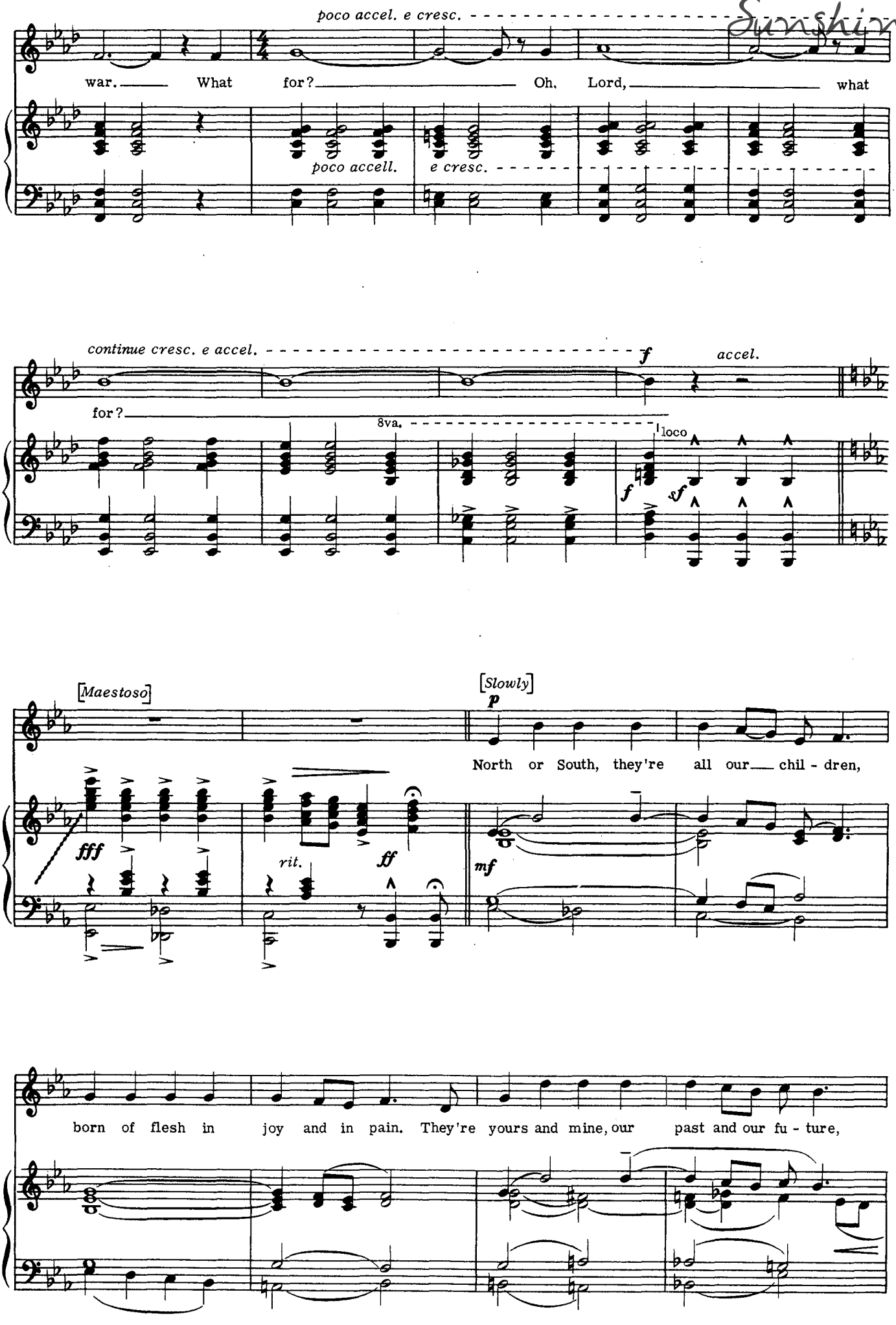
poco *(continue cresc.)*

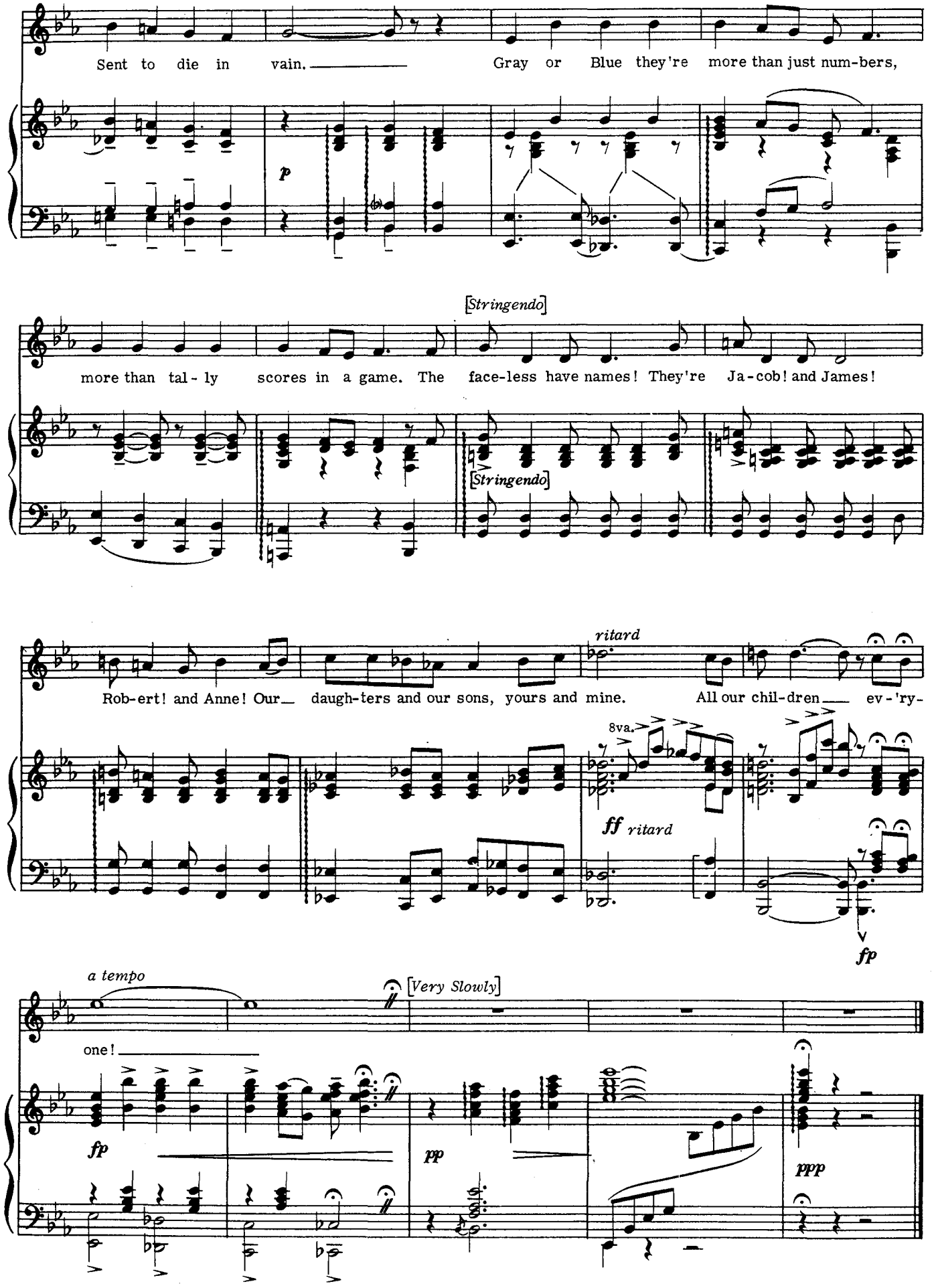
lay the blame at some - one el - se's

[Slowly]

door. And so the seeds of hate are sown that blow from war to

8va. *mp*


poco accel. e cresc.
war. What for? Oh, Lord, what
poco accell.
e cresc.
continue cresc. e accel.
f
accel.
for?
8va.
loco
f
sf
[Maestoso]
[Slowly]
p
North or South, they're all our chil - dren,
fff
rit.
ff
mf
born of flesh in joy and in pain. They're yours and mine, our past and our fu - ture,

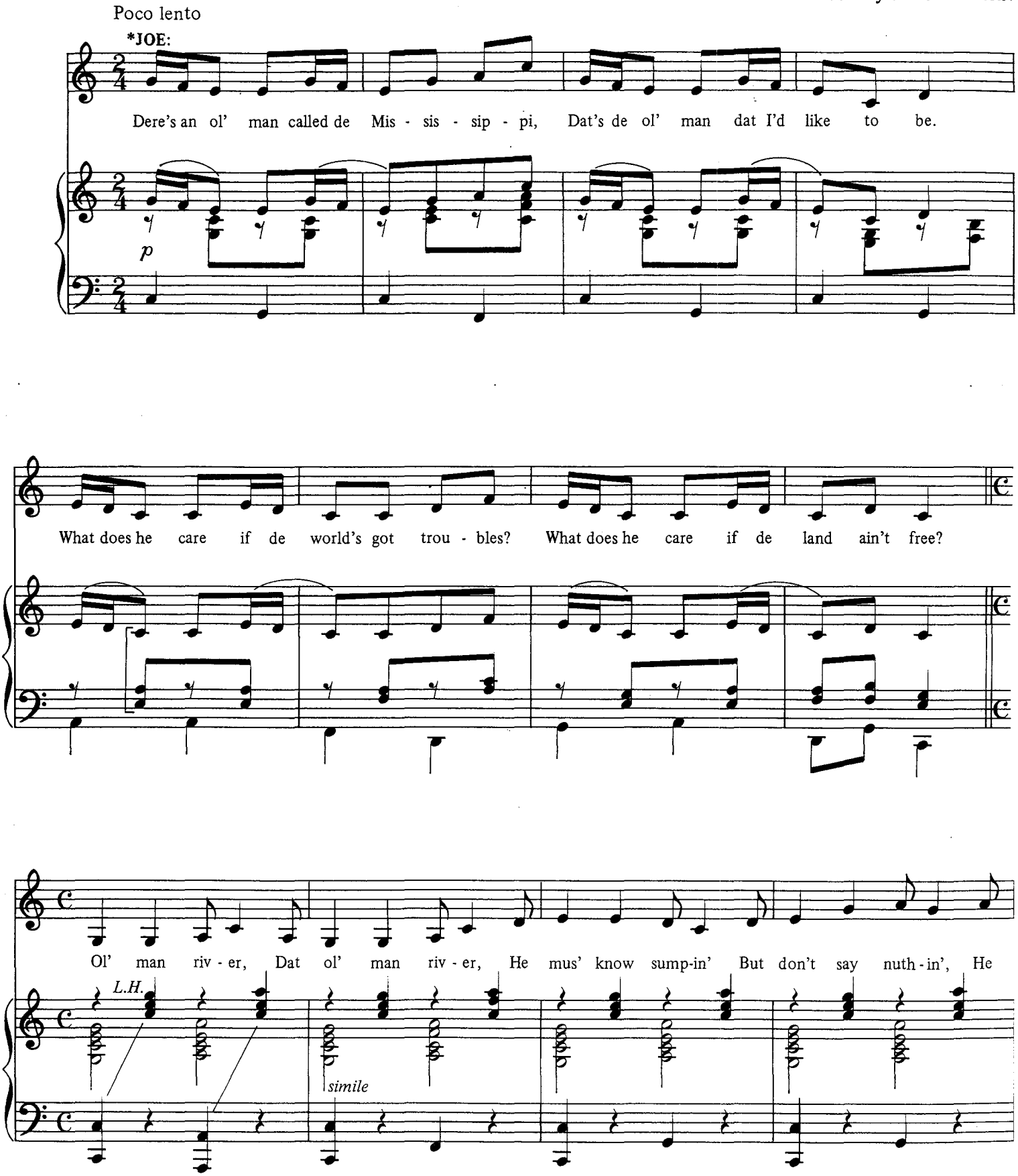

Sent to die in vain.
Gray or Blue they're more than just num-bers,
p
[Stringendo]
more than tal - ly scores in a game. The face-less have names! They're Ja-cob! and James!
[Stringendo]
ritard
Rob-ert! and Anne! Our daugh-ters and our sons, yours and mine. All our chil-dren ev-'ry-
8va.
ff ritard
fp
a tempo
[Very Slowly]
one!
fp
pp
ppp

OL' MAN RIVER

from *Show Boat*

Sunshine

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN



*Joe is accompanied by chorus in this scene in the show.

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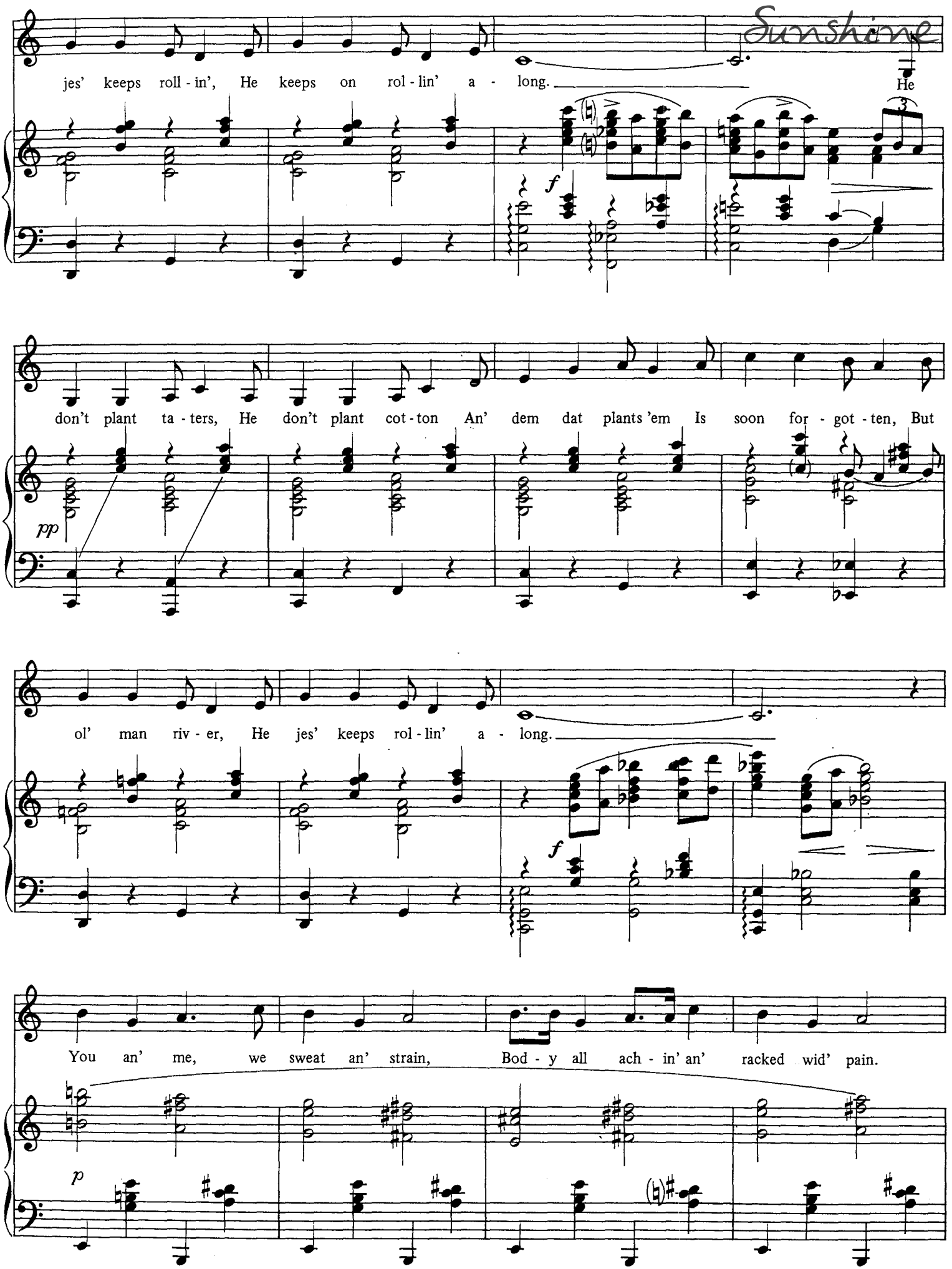

Sunshine
jes' keeps roll - in', He keeps on rol - lin' a - long. He
f
don't plant ta - ters, He don't plant cot - ton An' dem dat plants 'em Is soon for - got - ten, But
pp
ol' man riv - er, He jes' keeps rol - lin' a - long.
f
You an' me, we sweat an' strain, Bod - y all ach - in' an' racked wid' pain.
p

Sunshine

Tote dat barge! Lift dat bale! Git a lit - tle drunk An' you land in jail.

colla voce

I git wear - y An' sick of try - in', I'm tired of liv - in' An' skeered of dy - in'; But

pp

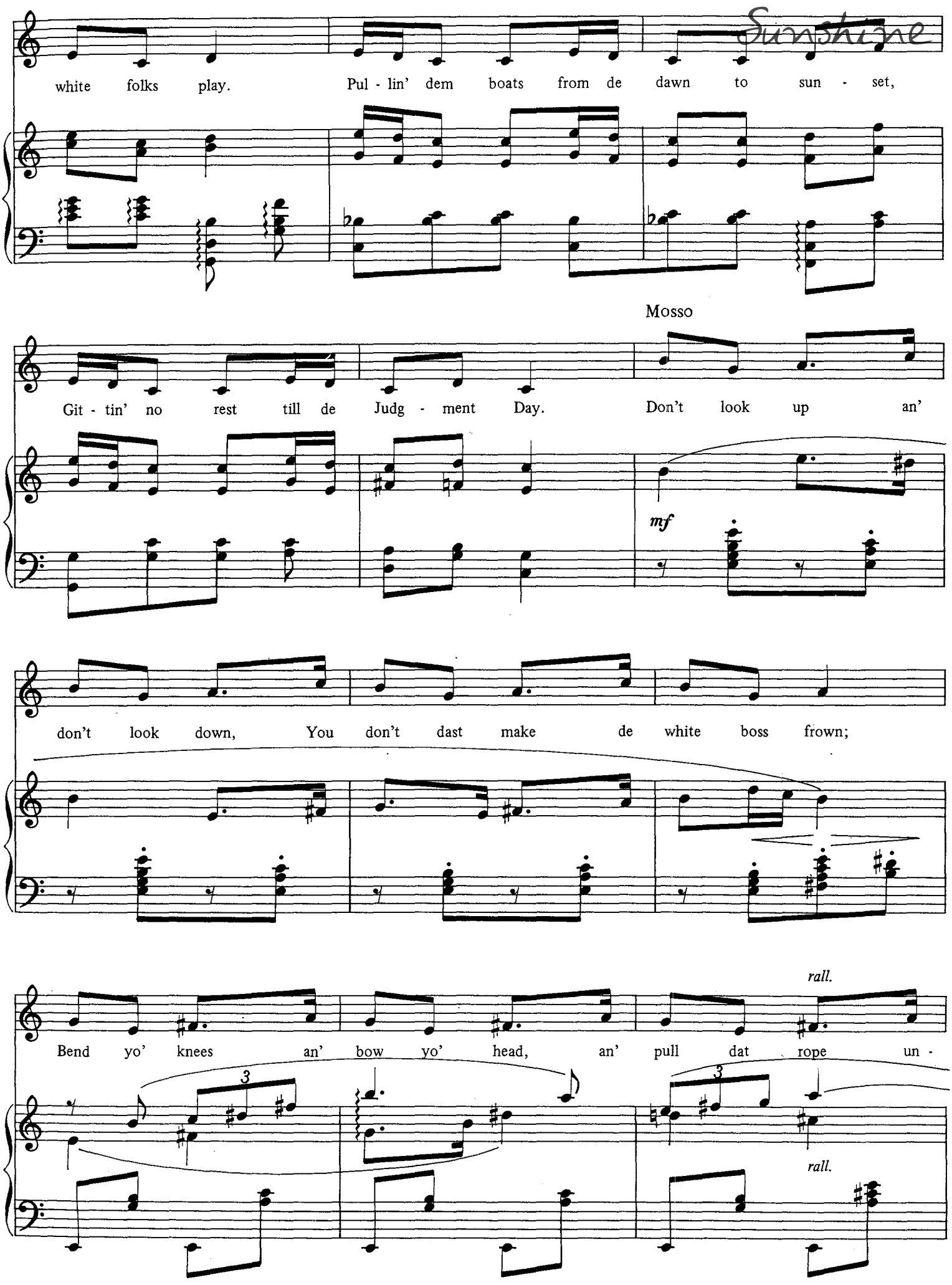
f

ol' man riv - er, He jes' keeps rol - lin' a - long!

f *ff* *fp*

Col - ored folks work on de Mis - sis - sip - pi, Col - ored folks work while de

p


Sunshine
white folks play. Pul - lin' dem boats from de dawn to sun - set,
Mosso
Git - tin' no rest till de Judg - ment Day. Don't look up an'
mf
don't look down, You don't dast make de white boss frown;
rall.
Bend yo' knees an' bow yo' head, an' pull dat rope un -
3
3
rall.

a tempo

til yo're dead. Let me go 'way from de Mis - sis - sip - pi,

a tempo

R.H.

Let me go 'way from de white man boss. Show me dat stream called de

riv - er Jor - dan, Dat's de ol' stream dat I longs to cross!

rit.

f *rit.*

p

Ol' man riv - er, Dat ol' man riv - er, He mus' know sump - in' But

p *espress.*

don't say nuth - in', He jes' keeps rol - lin', He keeps on rol - lin' a -

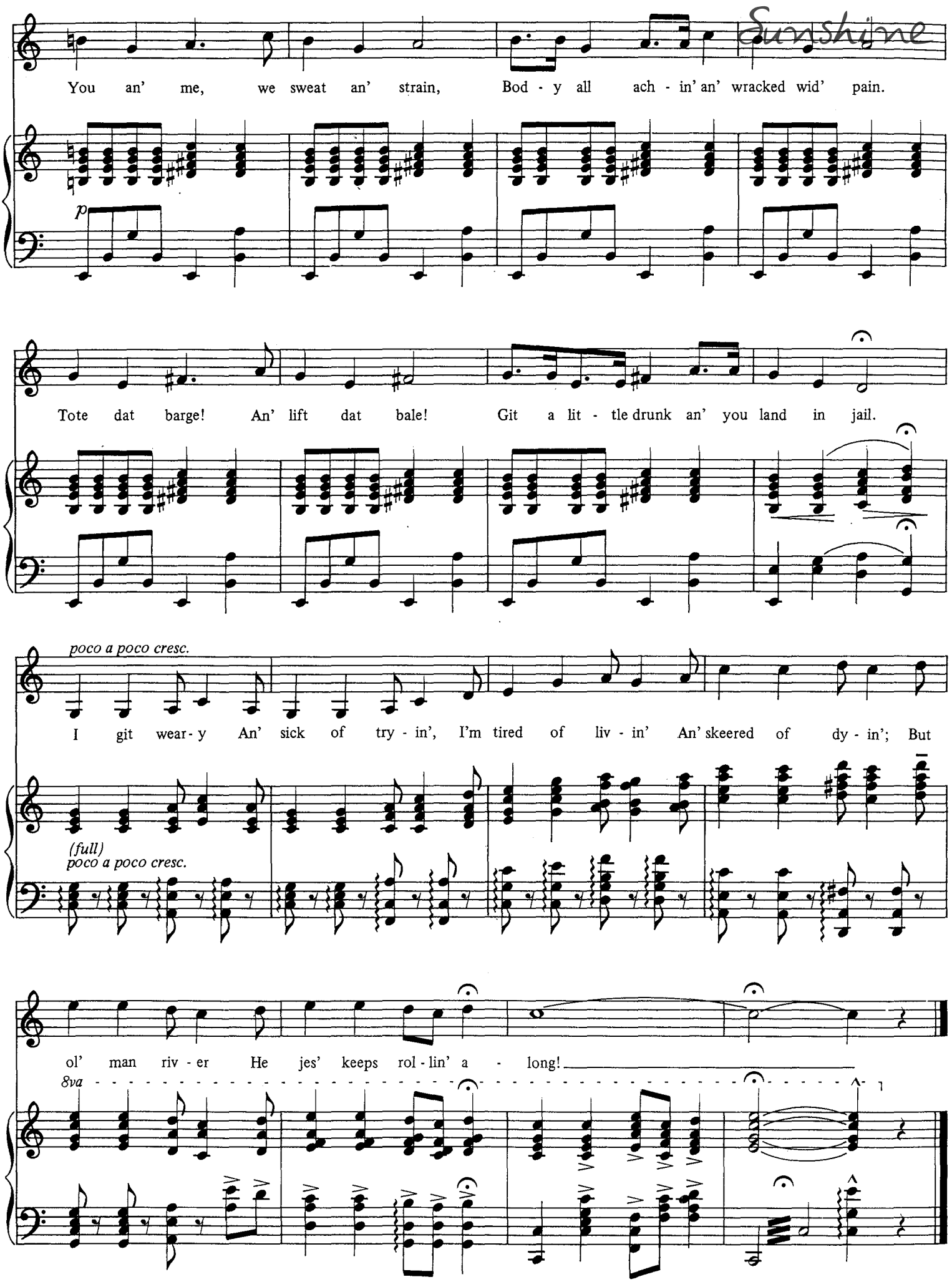
long. He don't plant ta - ters, He

don't plant cot - ton An' dem dat plants 'em Is soon for - got - ten, But

8va

ol' man riv - er, He jes' keeps rol - lin' a - long.

loco


Sunshine
You an' me, we sweat an' strain, Bod - y all ach - in' an' wracked wid' pain.
p
Tote dat barge! An' lift dat bale! Git a lit - tle drunk an' you land in jail.
poco a poco cresc.
I git wear - y An' sick of try - in', I'm tired of liv - in' An' skeered of dy - in'; But
(full)
poco a poco cresc.
ol' man riv - er He jes' keeps rol - lin' a - long!
8va

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

from *South Pacific*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

pp

Slowly with expression

EMILE:

Some en-chant-ed eve - ning

rall.

p

You may see a stran - ger, You may see a stran - ger A - cross a

crowd - ed room And some-how you know, You know e - ven

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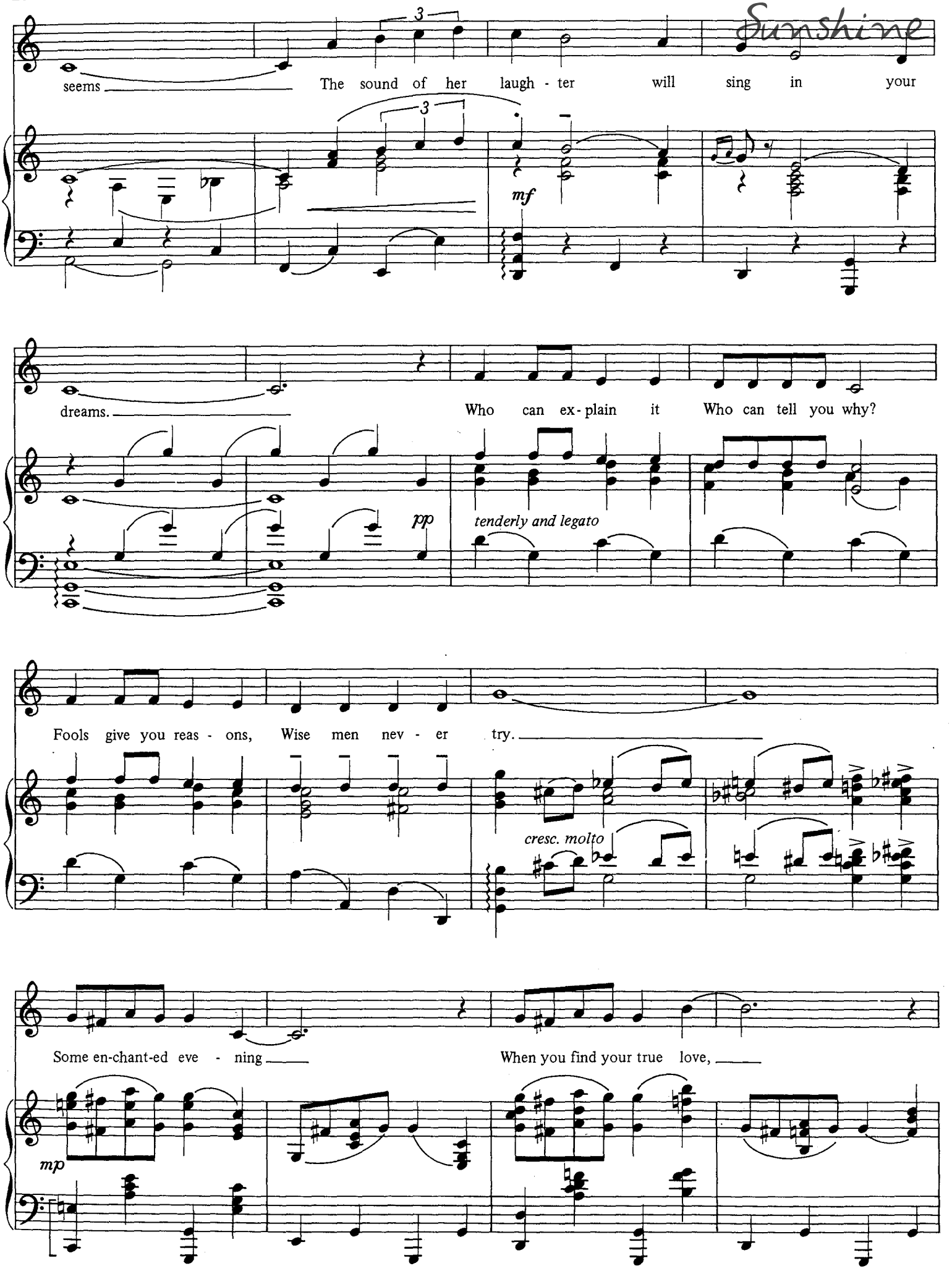
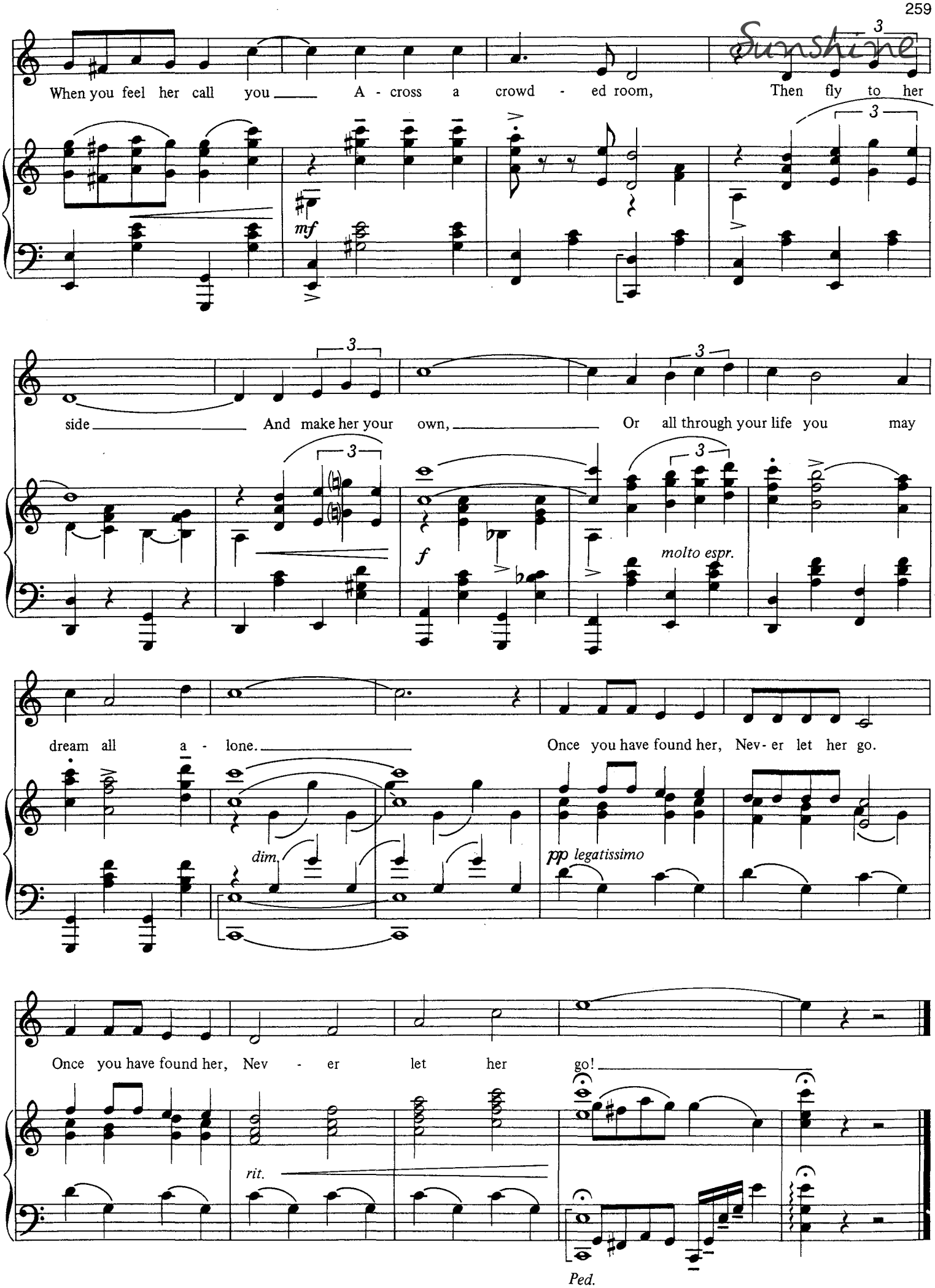
then That some-where you'll see her a - gain and a -

gain. Some en - chant - ed eve - ning

Some one may be laugh - ing, You may hear her laugh - ing A - cross a

crowd - ed room And night af - ter night, As strange as it


Sunshine
seems
The sound of her laugh - ter will sing in your
mf
dreams.
Who can ex - plain it Who can tell you why?
pp
tenderly and legato
Fools give you reas - ons, Wise men nev - er try.
cresc. molto
Some en-chant-ed eve - ning
When you find your true love,
mp

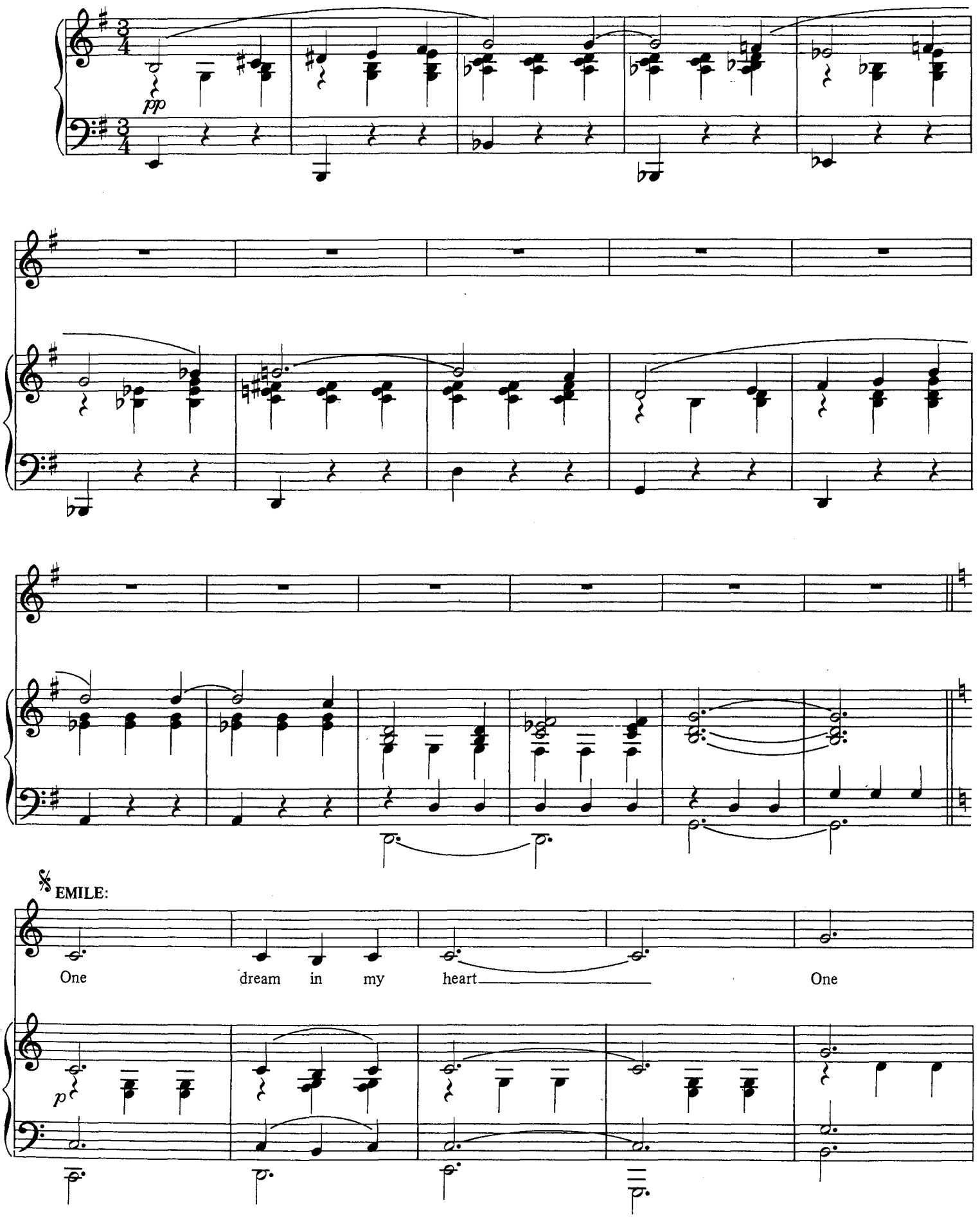

Sunshine
When you feel her call you A - cross a crowd - ed room, Then fly to her
mf
side And make her your own, Or all through your life you may
f
molto espr.
dream all a - lone. Once you have found her, Nev - er let her go.
dim.
pp legatissimo
Once you have found her, Nev - er let her go!
rit.
Ped.

THIS NEARLY WAS MINE

from *South Pacific*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Tempo di Waltz espressivo



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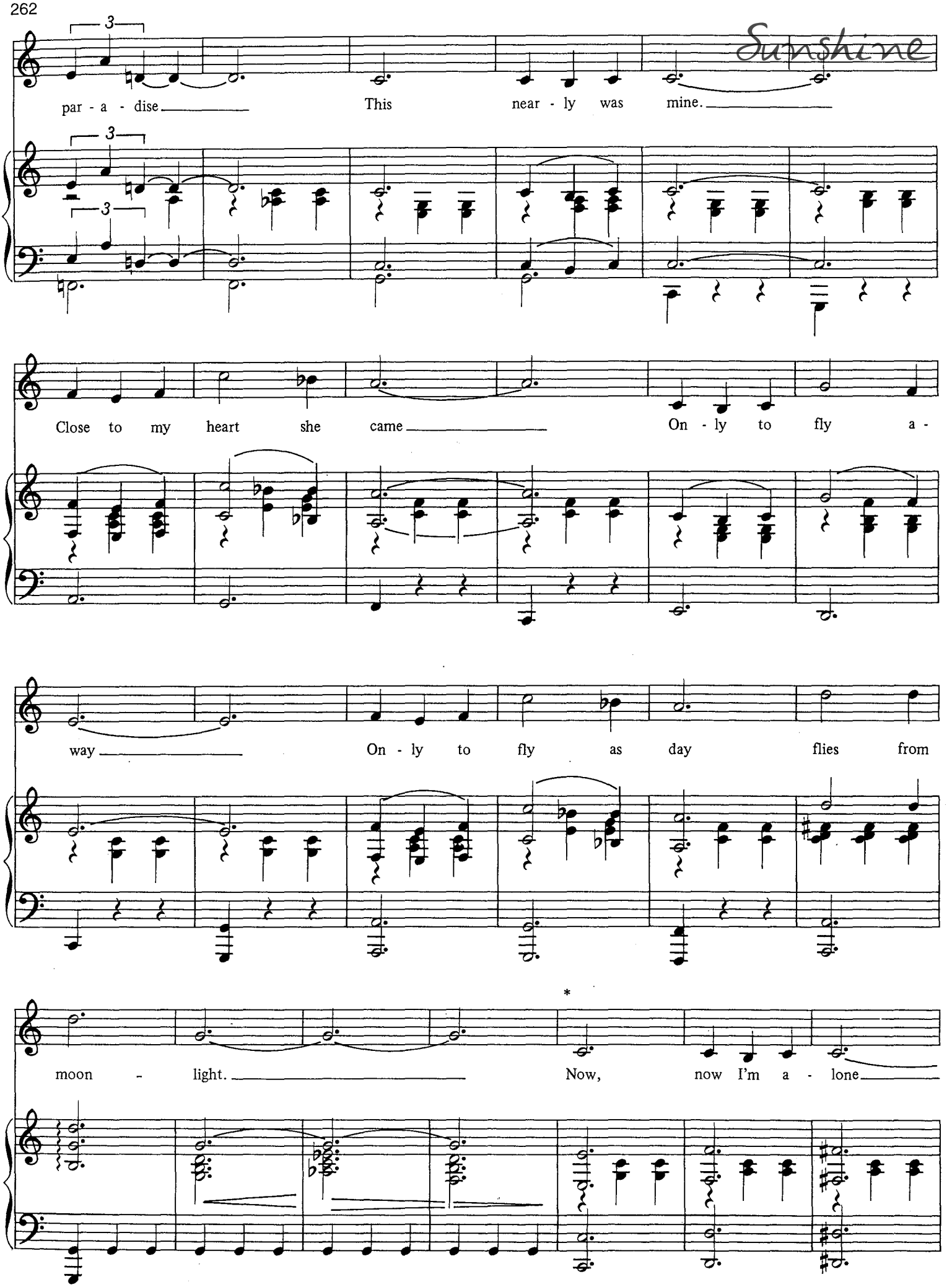
love to be liv - ing for One love to be

liv - ing for This near - ly was mine.

One girl for my dream One

part - ner in par - a - dise This prom - ise of



*Repeat can be started here.

Sunshine

Still dream - ing of par - a - dise, Still

say - ing that par - a - dise Once near - ly was mine.

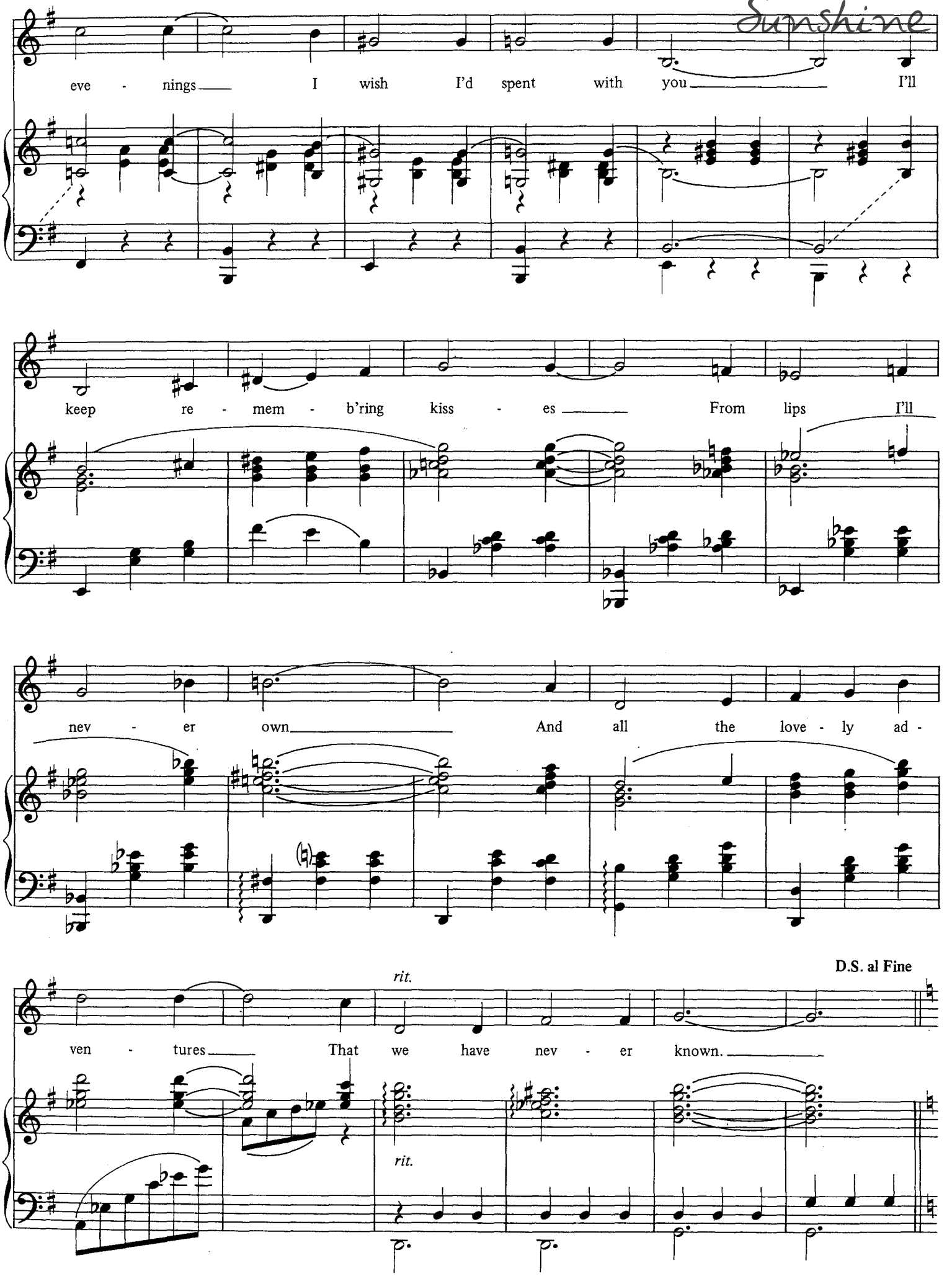
Fine

cresc. f

So clear and deep are my fan - cies Of things I

mf

wish were true I'll keep re - mem - b'ring

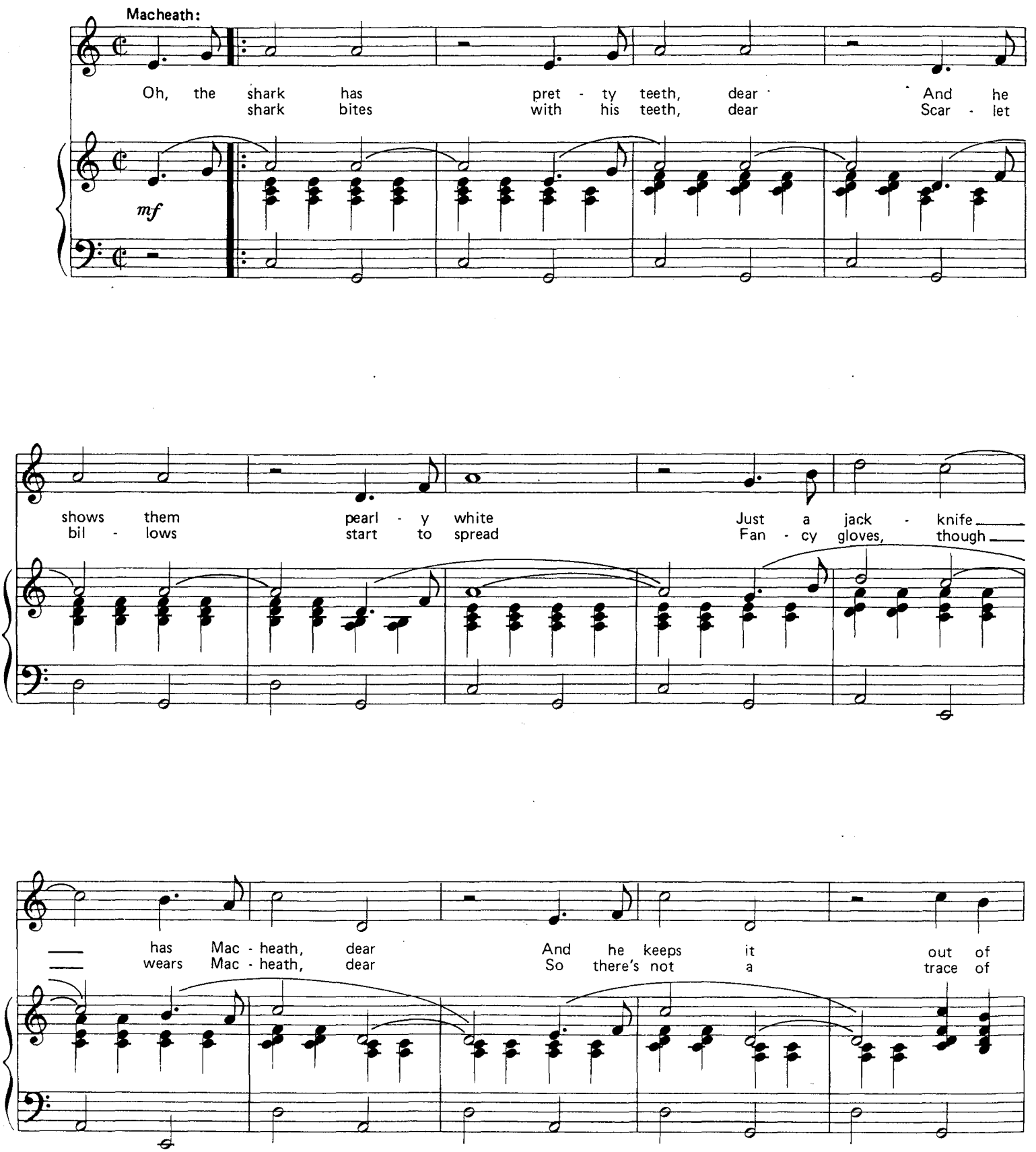

eve - nings I wish I'd spent with you I'll
keep re - mem - b'ring kiss - es From lips I'll
nev - er own And all the love - ly ad -
rit.
D.S. al Fine
ven - tures That we have nev - er known.
rit.

MACK THE KNIFE
from *The Threepenny Opera*

Sunshine

English Words by MARC BLITZSTEIN
Original German Words by BERT BRECHT
Music by KURT WEILL

Moderato (𝅗𝅥 = 66)



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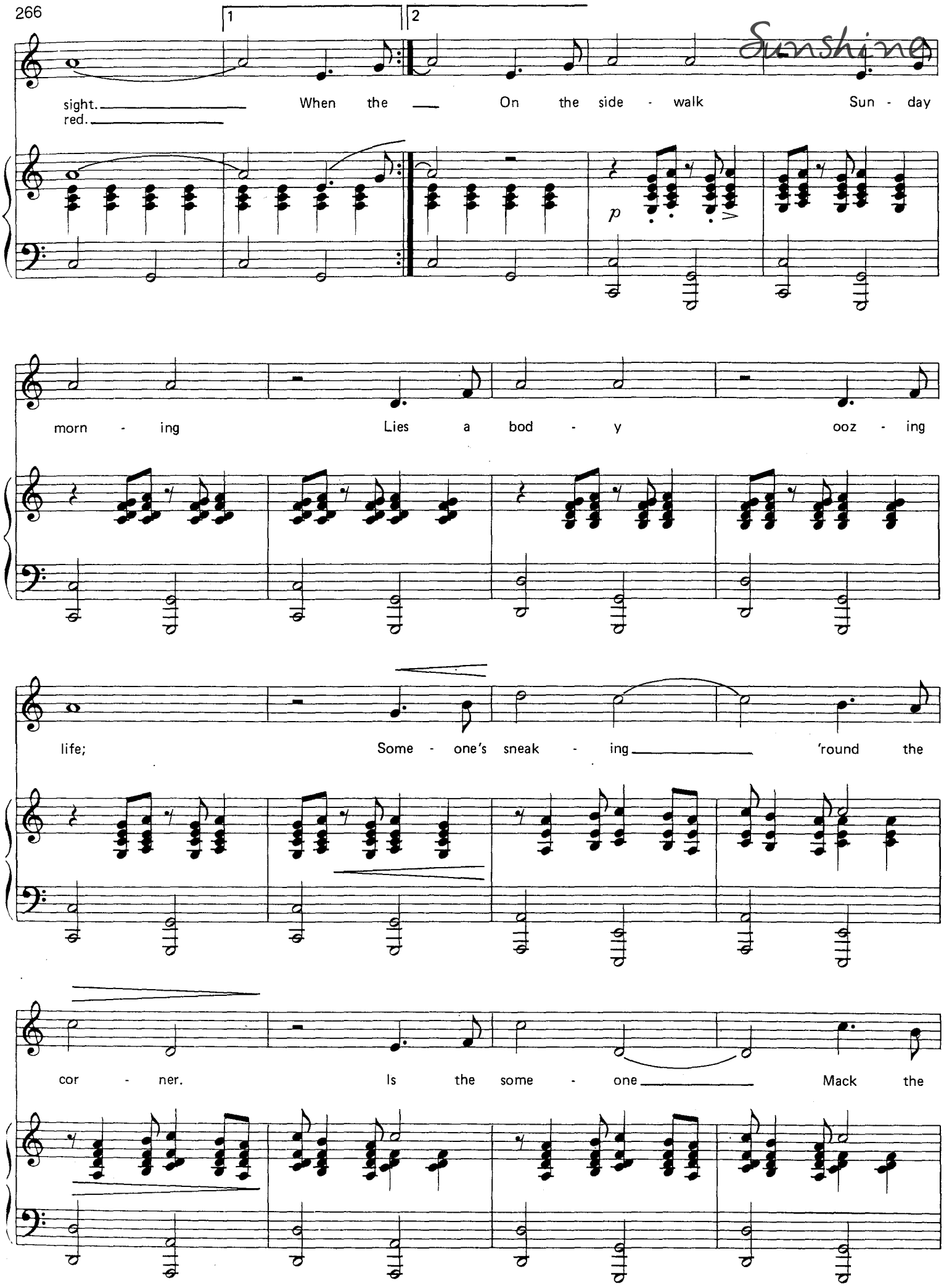

1
2
Sunshine
sight.
red.
When the
On the side - walk
Sun - day
p
morn - ing
Lies a bod - y
ooz - ing
life;
Some - one's sneak - ing
'round the
cor - ner.
Is the some - one
Mack the

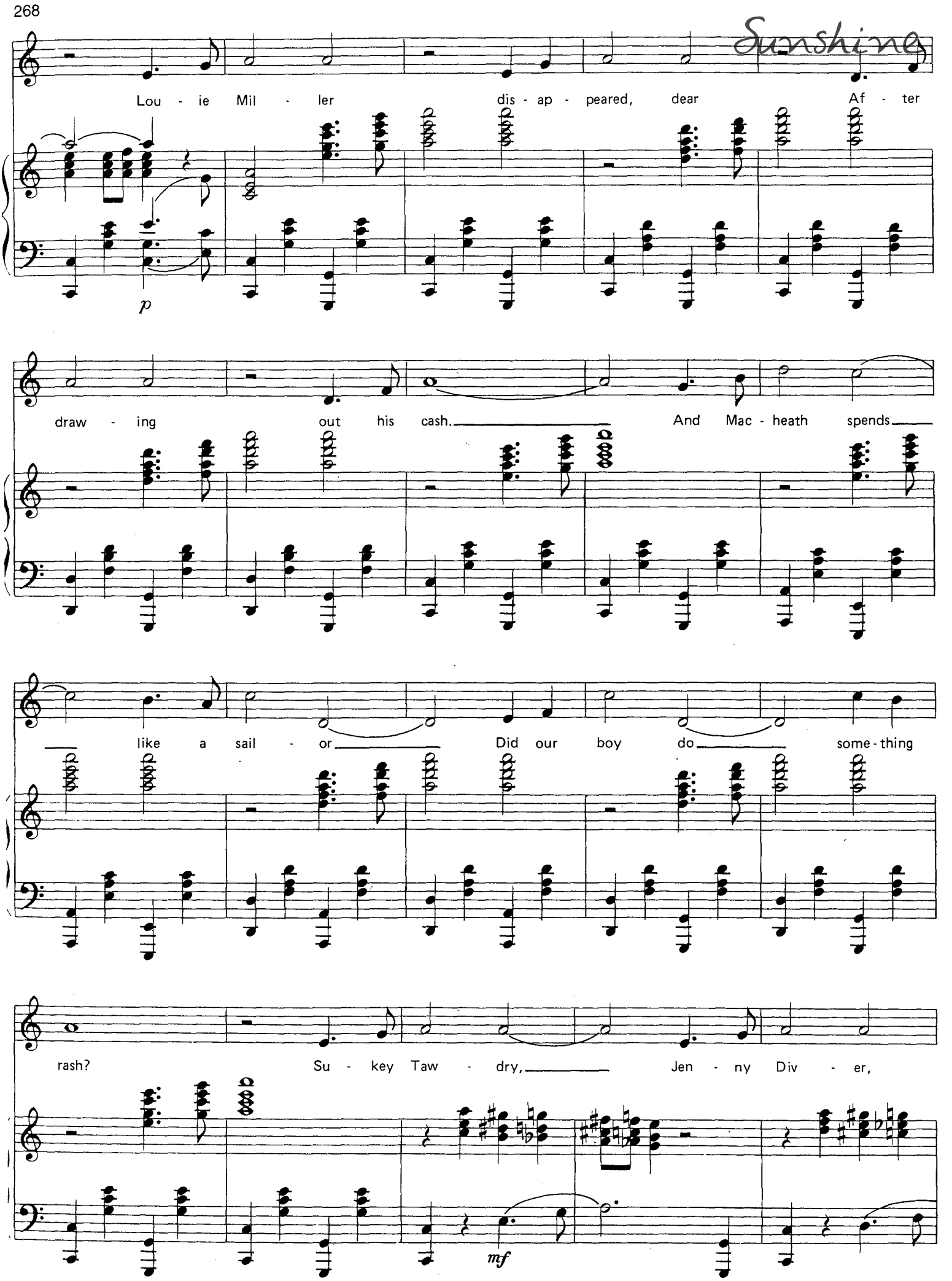
mf

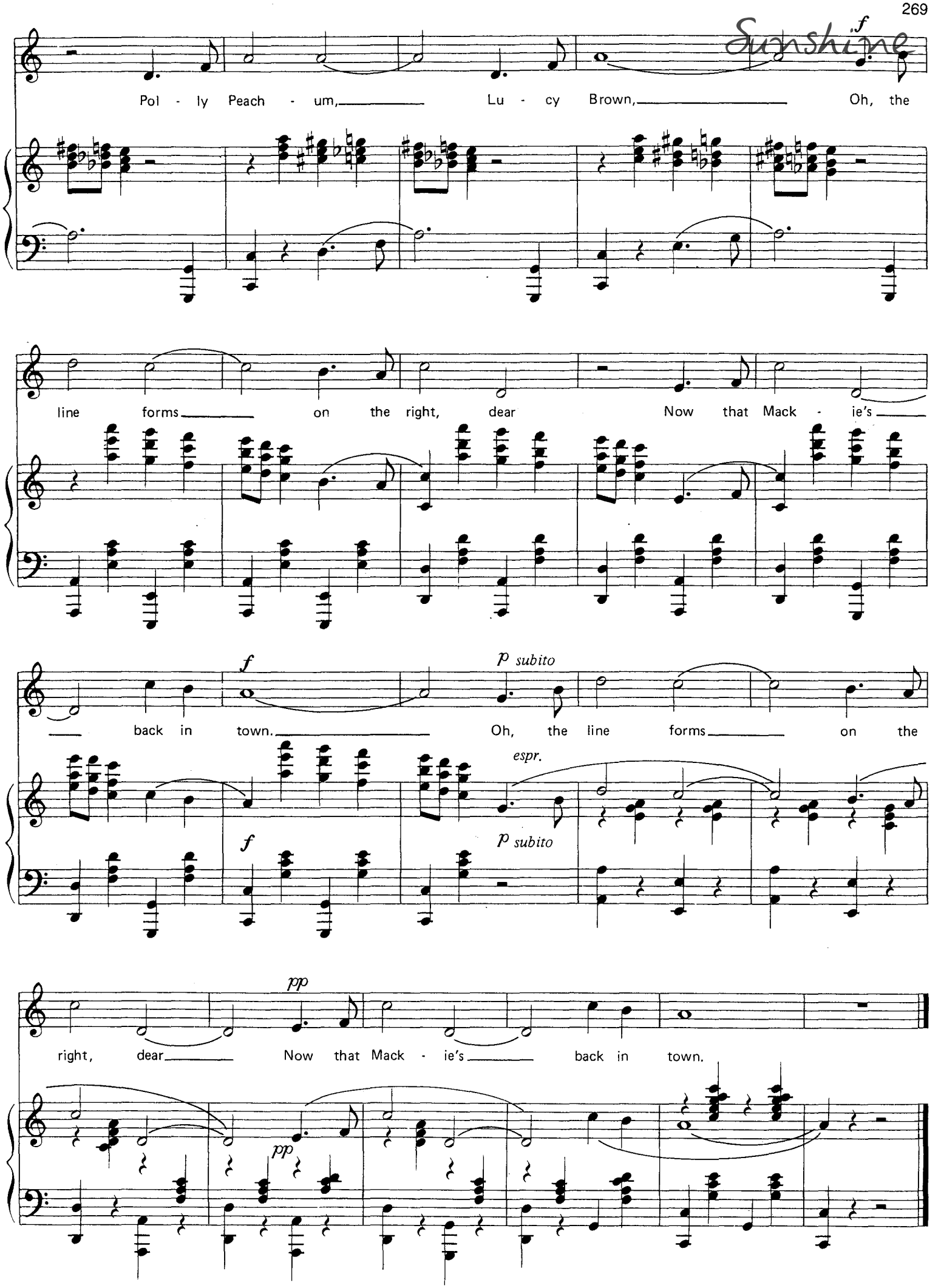
Knife? From a tug - boat by the

riv - er A ce - ment bag's drop - ping

down; The ce - ment's just for the

weight dear Bet you Mack - ie's back in town.


Sunshine
Lou - ie Mil - ler dis - ap - peared, dear Af - ter
p
draw - ing out his cash. And Mac - heath spends
like a sail - or Did our boy do some - thing
rash? Su - key Taw - dry, Jen - ny Div - er,
mf


Sunshine
f
Pol - ly Peach - um, Lu - cy Brown, Oh, the
line forms on the right, dear Now that Mack - ie's
f
p subito
back in town. Oh, the line forms on the
espr.
f
p subito
pp
right, dear Now that Mack - ie's back in town.
pp

Sunshine

Sunshine

Sunshine

Sunshine

Sunshine

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