Baritone/Bass Volume 3

Return To
Rich Jankowski

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
Mark Carlstein and Milton Granger, Assistant Editors

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Foreword

The lively and ongoing interest in musical theatre may appear to be ironic in an age seemingly ruled by the media. The movie musical is dead (thank goodness for video and those classic movie channels!), show music is rarely ever broadcast on radio, and hoping to see any musical theatre on television—except for old movies—is usually like waiting for Godot. In such a world it takes a little effort to acquire a taste for musical theatre and a knowledge of shows, though to the devoted *conoscenti* it hardly feels like effort. As Volume 3 of The *Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology* proves, there is an amazing heritage of theatre repertoire and a growing appetite for it among singers of all descriptions.

As in the first two volumes for each voice type of *The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology*, the editions of almost all the songs have been created from the piano/conductor score (or vocal score) of a show, allowing a more authentic rendition than standard piano/vocal sheet music. Original keys have been preserved whenever possible; occasionally either the original performing key is not known, or I chose to alter it for specific reasons. Common issues faced in creating solo editions of theatre music are removing chorus parts, eliminating other characters' lines, creating or deleting repeats, wrestling with musical form, and finding appropriate beginnings and endings. My aim is to present a performable excerpt from the show that stands alone musically, though is true to its context.

Categorizing musical theatre selections by conventional voice type remains a challenge.

For instance, where do you throw those "bari-tenor" songs that straddle those two ranges and could go either way? I have tried to be conservative in my criteria on this front. I always point out to singers and teachers that there is no exact science to this. In comparison, opera *fachs* are far more definite. In theatre music, it's not only about range, but also about vocal timbre and singing style. Many high baritones and versatile tenors have told me they use both the Tenor and Baritone/Bass volumes.

Some of the Volumes 1 and 2 of *The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology* have been revised. Two songs formerly in Baritone/Bass Volume 1 are now found in Volume 3 ("Come Back to Me" and "On a Clear Day").

Two songs written for musical film are found here because they fit nicely with this collection. "Santa Fe" is a little known and unusual scena for a young lyric baritone from the Disney musical *Newsies*. I couldn't resist including the richly funny "Les Poissons" from *The Little Mermaid*.

The theatre material included in this volume ranges from romantic leads to character songs, from the comic to the most dramatic, from the classic shows to musicals from 1998. Not every song is for every singer. I compile these collections with the needs of many different types of talent in mind. But everyone should be able to find more than a few terrific choices.

The twelve solo volumes of *The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology* now total nearly 500 songs! The three volumes for any voice type offer a huge number of choices. The baritone/bass books have 120 songs to choose from! Happy hunting.

Richard Walters, editor
August, 2000

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Baritone/Bass Volume 3

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

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

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

MUSIC: Alan Menken
LYRICS: Howard Ashman and Tim Rice
BOOK: Linda Woolverton
DIRECTOR: Robert Jess Roth
CHOREOGRAPHER: Matt West
OPENED: 4/18/94, New York; still running as of 2/1/00

Disney made its Broadway debut with a big-budget adaptation of its own Oscar-nominated animated film musical. Like the classic fairy tale on which it is based, *Beauty and the Beast* tells the story of a witch who transforms a haughty prince into a fearsome Beast (and his retainers into household objects). Her spell can be broken only when the prince learns how to love, and how to inspire love. Lyricist Ashman died in 1991 just as the film was coming out. The stage score includes several trunk songs written for the film, but not used, plus five new songs with lyrics by Broadway veteran Rice. In a nearby village, headstrong heroine Belle finds herself beset by the town stud, Gaston, who believes he's God's gift to womanhood. Gaston shares his glowing—and collosally self-centered—vision of their future life together, in "Me." Belle rejects him anyway, and it's up to Gaston's drinking buddies to comfort him with the comic ego massage, "Gaston." Is there any wonder the Beast starts to look pretty good to her, even after he takes her prisoner in his enchanted castle? Belle soon finds herself adopted by the various living clocks, teapots, candlesticks and cutlery who strive to matchmake their beastly boss and the eligible but understandably resistant maiden. The Beast can't help his insensitivity toward Belle, but he knows she's his last chance for humanity—in several senses—as he sings in his soliloquy "If I Can't Love Her."

CABARET

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Joe Masteroff
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ron Field
OPENED: 11/20/66, New York; a run of 1,165 performances

This moody musical captures the morally corrupt world of Berlin's demimonde just as the Nazis were coming to power. American writer Cliff Bradshaw shares a tiny apartment with Sally Bowles, the hedonistic star singer at a seedy nightclub. Soon, he comes to see all of Germany through the dark lens of that increasingly menacing cabaret, which is ruled over by a ghostly Emcee. Songwriters Kander and Ebb changed the score extensively for the film version, and made further changes for the show's Broadway revivals in 1987 and 1998. For the 1987 revival they wrote an extra song for Cliff. Early in the show, Sally descends on Cliff in his apartment, hoping that he'll welcome her. When he's less than thrilled, she's crushed and offers to leave. In the tender "Don't Go," he finds himself changing his mind.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York; a run of 872 performances

Based on Maureen Dallas Watkins' 1926 play *Roxie Hart,* this tough, flint-hearted musical tells the story of Roxie (Gwen Verdon), a married chorus girl who kills her faithless lover. She manages to win release from prison through the histrionic efforts of razzle-dazzle lawyer Billy Flynn (Jerry Orbach), and ends up as a vaudeville headliner with another "scintillating sinner," Velma Kelly (Chita Rivera). This scathing indictment of the American legal system, political system, media and morals may have been ahead of its time in its original 1975 production (it was also overshadowed by the opening of *A Chorus Line* the same season). But it came roaring back for a stylish, Tony-winning 1996 revival that has already run longer than the original. Lawyer Flynn is introduced with "All I Care About," in which he protests ingenuously that money, fame and sex aren't his goals in life—all he cares about is "love."

CLOSER THAN EVER

MUSIC: David Shire
LYRICS: Richard Maltby, Jr.
OPENED: 11/6/89, New York; a run of 252 performances

This revue about urban life began as a file of unused songs by the writers. In 1987 six Maltby/Shire songs were used in a production entitled *Urban Blight*. Two years later an hour long revue featuring these songs, plus others from the writers, was done in cabaret in Greenwich Village. The revue was expanded to two acts, workshopped, and opened for a brief run in November of 1989. It is structured for four singers (two men, two women) as well as an onstage pianst and bass player. Both writers' fathers were orchestra leaders, and "If I Sing" was written as an autobiographical account of dealing with an aging parent.

THE FIREBRAND OF FLORENCE

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
BOOK: Edwin Justus Mayer
DIRECTORS: John Murray Anderson and John Haggott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Catherine Littlefield
OPENED: 3/22/45, New York; a run of 43 performances

Kurt Weill's rich score embellished Ira Gershwin and Edwin Justus Mayer's musical comedy adaptation of Mayer's 1924 hit play *Firebrand*, a comic romance about the adventures of Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Italian Renaissance sculptor and goldsmith. In the story, Cellini not only must outwit his patron, the bumbling Duke of Florence, who lusts after Angela, Cellini's model, but also the Duchess, who lusts after Cellini. "A Rhyme for Angela" is a romantic tribute to the ingenue.

FOOTLOOSE

MUSIC: Tom Snow (additional songs by Eric Carmen, Sammy Hagar, Kenny Loggins and Jim Steinman)
LYRICS: Dean Pitchford
BOOK: Dean Pitchford and Walter Bobbie
DIRECTOR: Walter Bobbie
CHOREOGRAPHER: A.C. Ciulla
OPENED: 10/22/98, New York; still running as of 2/1/00

Based on the hit 1984 film musical of the same title, *Footloose* tells the story of a tiny midwest town where dancing is illegal. It seems the son of town preacher Rev. Shaw Moore was killed in a car accident after a dance some years back, and, in the aftermath, Rev. Moore moved the town council to enact the ban. Enter town newcomer Ren McCormack, who quickly becomes a rebel with a cause: he works to overturn the ban even as he courts Rev. Moore's pretty daughter Ariel. Despite mixed reviews, the show quickly became a favorite with younger audiences, partly because of its subject matter, and partly because of the pervasive high-energy dancing that broke the town's ordinances left and right. Ren has gotta dance! Eventually, Ren's persistence begins to melt the reverend, who comes to the realization that a dancing ban isn't the most fitting of memorials to his lost boy, as he expresses in his soul-searching soliloquy, "I Confess."

GIGI

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Joseph Hardy
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 11/13/73, New York; a run of 103 performances

Lerner and Loewe wrote the score to the opulent MGM musical *Gigi* in 1958, during the high tide of their collaboration after *My Fair Lady* and before *Camelot*. It felt strongly like a stage musical, and in 1973, it became one. Along the way, it earned the distinction of being the first Broadway version of a Hollywood musical to use virtually the entire original score—including "I Remember It Well," "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and "The Night They Invented Champagne." Set in Paris, the fin-de-siecle tale concerned a French girl who shocks her grandmother and aunt, two elegant cocottes, by her determination to get the dashing but bored Gaston Lachailles to propose marriage. Eventually, of course, he does. The story originated in a 60-page novella by Colette, which was then turned into a 1950 French film (with Danielle Delorme) and a 1954 Broadway play (with Audrey Hepburn). The 1958 MGM film musical incarnation starred Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier. The 1973 Broadway adaptation starred Karin Wolfe, Daniel Massey and Alfred Drake. The title song comes near the end of the piece, when Gaston, who always thought of Gigi as a sweet child, suddenly realizes that she has blossomed into a woman of considerable allure.

THE HAPPY TIME

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: N. Richard Nash
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Gower Champion
OPENED: 1/18/68, New York; a run of 286 performances

A gentle, nostalgic look at a French-Canadian family in a small town, *The Happy Time* was adapted from the novel by Robert Fontaine and the play by Samuel Taylor, which Rodgers and Hammerstein had produced in 1950. The musical was primarily concerned with the coming of age of a young member of the Bonnard family (played by Michael Rupert) and his desire to see the world with his uncle Jacques (Robert Goulet), a footloose photographer who has returned to his family for a brief visit. The use of projected slides to establish the mood for the various scenes was one of the controversial (at the time) but highly effective touches introduced by director Gower Champion. "I Don't Remember You" is one of the score's gentle, bittersweet songs.

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE

MUSIC: Jimmy Roberts
LYRICS AND BOOK: Joe DiPietro
DIRECTOR: Joel Bishoff
OPENED: 8/1/95, New York; still running as of 02/01/00

This sleeper hit Off-Broadway revue turns a satirical eye on the whole messy process of being single, dating, finding romance, picking a mate, marrying, having children, having affairs, trying to rekindle the spark in marriage, etc. Though simple in its conception, the show truly found its niche as a good "date" musical, sailing past 1400 performances as of New Year 2000, and seeing productions in cities around the world. "The Baby Song" chronicles one of the lesser-known perils of parenthood: babytalk taking over your conversation.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Craig Carnelia
BOOK: Jeffrey Kindley
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Nigro
OPENED: 5/7/82, New York; a run of 12 performances

Based on a 1976 book of the same title, the revue-like *Is There Life After High School?* introduces us to a group of grownups who relive with nostalgia and horror the agonies and ecstasies of their high school years. In the show's opening number, the cast invites the audience to remember with them, and meet "The Kid Inside" who still embarrasses—and inspires—them.

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS

MUSIC: Jacques Brel
LYRICS: Jacques Brel, others (in French); English lyrics by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman
OPENED: 1968, New York

A long running intimate Off-Broadway hit, the revue is a collection of some 25 songs by French songwriter Jacques Brel (he wrote both music and lyrics for some, lyrics only for others). The show is conceived for 4 players (2 men, 2 women), and the songs are full of contrasts in subject matter, from the draft, to old age, to bullfights, to death, to love. A film version was released in the early '70s.

JEKYLL & HYDE

MUSIC: Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse
DIRECTOR: Robin Phillips
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joey Pizzi
OPENED: 4/28/97, New York; still running as of 5/1/00

Based on Robert Louis Stevenson's 1886 novella "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," this show took nearly a decade to arrive on Broadway. However, the first full score by pop composer Frank Wildhorn was already familiar to most lovers of musical theatre from two widely circulated concept albums. These proved especially popular among professional skaters for the background music of their programs. A North American tour also helped make the show familiar to most of the rest of America before arriving in New York. As in the Stevenson book, a well-meaning scientist, Dr. Henry Jekyll, invents a potion that separates the noble side of man's nature from the evil, bestial side. Using himself as guinea pig, Jekyll soon finds he has unleashed an uncontrollable monster, Mr. Hyde, who cuts a murderous swath through London. In the show's opening number, the young Jekyll is grieving over his father's hopeless mental illness in the song "Lost in the Darkness," which sets him on the road to his own fateful experiment.

THE LITTLE MERMAID
(film)

MUSIC: Alan Menken
LYRICS: Howard Ashman
DIRECTORS: John Musker and Ron Clements
SCREENPLAY: John Musker and Ron Clements
RELEASED: 1989, Walt Disney

Based on the Hans Christian Andersen tale, *The Little Mermaid* marked the Disney studio's triumphant return to the animated screen musical. Ariel, a young, sea-dwelling mermaid, longs to be human. She falls in love with the human prince and, aided by some magic, gets her wish. The phenomonal artistic and commercial success of this film spawned a renaissance of big-budget feature films made for children. Besides the theatrical income and merchandising, *The Little Mermaid* and its Disney successors have gone on to become the bestselling videocassettes in history. "Les Poissons" is the palace chef's bright waltz in honor of his favorite dish, not something to be taken lightly when half the cast of the movie is of that variety.

MARRY ME A LITTLE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
DIRECTOR: Norman Rene
CHOREOGRAPHER: Don Johanson
OPENED: 3/12/81, New York; a run of 96 performances

This little Off-Off-Broadway revue (which quickly moved up to Off-Broadway) took a pile of Stephen Sondheim trunk songs, orphaned when they were cut from his well-known shows, or written for shows never produced, and gave them a narrative home. In director Norman Rene's elegantly simple concept, a man and a woman who are living alone in separate apartments, but share the same stage space, à la Alan Ayckbourn, sing about the misfortunes of their love lives that have brought them to these lonely places. The implication is that if they were to meet, they might find happiness. "Happily Ever After," which was dropped from *Company* to make room for "Being Alive" (with which it shares several themes) reflects the man's scalding view of marriage: "happily ever after/ in hell."

MARTIN GUERRE

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
BOOK: Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Alain Boublil and Stephen Clark
DIRECTOR: Conall Morrison
MUSICAL STAGING AND CHOREOGRAPHY: David Bolger
OPENED: June, 1996, London; a run of over 700 performances

There have been several major revisions of the Boublil/Schönberg musical since its inception in 1991. Besides the musical, the 16th century legend inspired the books *The Wife of Martin Guerre* by Janet Lewis, and *The Return of Martin Guerre* by Natalie Zemon Davis. The 1982 film *The Return of Martin Guerre*, starring Gerard Depardieu, is based on the Davis novel. In 1560 the French Catholic mercenary Martin Guerre tells his friend, Arnaud du Thil, of his childhood in the village of Artigat, and of his arranged marriage to Bertrande du Rols. The villainous Guillaume, rebuffed by Bertrande, had convinced the superstitious villagers that Martin's failure to conceive an heir brought on their crop failures. Martin was exiled, later to join the mercenary corps. Martin is stabbed while saving Arnaud's life. Arnaud escapes and goes to Artigat, where he is mysteriously believed to be Martin Guerre returning after seven years. Bertrande falls in love with Arnaud, even though she knows he is not Martin. Guillaume, still hoping for Bertrande, charges Arnaud with fraud for impersonating Martin Guerre. Guillaume incites vengeful violence in the townspeople when the judge fails to condemn Arnaud ("Justice Will Be Done"). At a dramatic moment the real Martin Guerre returns and denounces Arnaud. Learning of the true love between Bertrande and Arnaud, in the spirit of friendship Martin decides to let them go. Protecting Martin from Guillaume's knife, Arnaud is stabbed and dies.

THE MIKADO

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: March 14, 1885, London

Into the town of Titipu rushes Nanki-Poo, who introduces himself to the populace before stating his business: he seeks news of Yum-Yum, his true love. Alas, she is to be married that very afternoon to Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner. Ko-Ko enters to general acclaim. He has no intention of executing anyone, ever, for in truth he is next in line for the chopping block. Nevertheless, if a victim were needed, he's "got a little list" of annoying candidates ("As Some Day It May Happen"). Unfortunately for him, that day has arrived, for word comes from the Mikado, the emperor of Japan, that someone must be executed, and soon. Ko-Ko finds a willing subject in Nanki-Poo, who, contemplating suicide rather than life without Yum-Yum, agrees to be beheaded instead, under the condition that he first be allowed a month as Yum-Yum's husband. The young lovers wed, and Ko-Ko ultimately agrees to pretend the execution has taken place without actually performing it. All seems well until the Mikado himself appears, accompanied by the spinster Katisha. She's long had her sights set on Nanki-Poo, who it turns out is no troubadour, but the Mikado's son. The only way to avert her wrath is for Ko-Ko to woo her, which, reluctantly, he does, and marry her himself. In this lampoon of corruption in government, even underhanded officials can eventually bring about a happy ending.

MINNIE'S BOYS

MUSIC: Larry Grossman
LYRICS: Hal Hackady
BOOK: Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher
DIRECTOR: Stanley Prager
CHOREOGRAPHER: Marc Breaux
OPENED: 3/26/70, New York; a run of 80 performances

Minnie's boys were the Marx Brothers—Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo and the quickly eliminated Gummo—and the musical was concerned with the way Mama Marx (Shelly Winters) pushed and shoved her brood up the show business ladder. The musical ended with the team, after many false starts, finally assuming the characteristic trademarks (Groucho's mustache and cigar, Harpo's wig and "dumb" act, Chico's cone-shaped hat and Italian dialect) that would later help win them immortality on the screen. The book was co-authored by Groucho's son, Arthur, and Groucho himself served as consultant. But despite some fun that anticipated scenes in their films, the show's resemblance to *Gypsy* didn't help it. Among the score's brightest moments: the comedy song "Where Was I When They Passed Out the Luck?," in which the brothers ruefully catalog their many strengths—with the failure to possess luck always canceling them out. Audiences everywhere know Harpo as the mute brother; it was perhaps inevitable that he was cast with the show's finest voice and given the heartbreaking "Mama a Rainbow" to sing to Mama on her birthday. They may not have any money to buy her a present, but they give her love in the form of beautiful wishes.

THE MUSIC MAN

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

With *The Music Man*, composer-lyricist-librettist Meredith Willson recaptured the innocent charm of the middle American 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 was preparing for another visit from the professor in spring, 2000. In "The Sadder But Wiser Girl," Hill explains to his friend Marcellus why he's attracted to women with experience.

NEWSIES
(film)

MUSIC: Alan Menken
LYRICS: Jack Feldman
SCREENPLAY: Bob Tzudiker and Noni White
DIRECTOR: Kenny Ortega
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Kenny Ortega and Peggy Holmes
RELEASED: 1992, Walt Disney Pictures

Newsies is an old-fashioned, sing-and-dance-in-the-streets kind of movie musical. Set in New York City in 1900, the story is based on actual events involving the organized solidarity of all the newsboys of the city in standing up to the newspaper publishers. Their teenage leader, streetwise but soft-hearted orphan Jack Kelly (Christian Bale), inspires the movement, with the help of his more tactful and intellectual friend David (David Moscow). Ann-Margret has a featured role as a kindly vaudevillian who befriends the boys, and Robert Duvall plays publisher Joseph Pulitzer as a typical Disney greedy bad guy. Brian Denton is the only reporter in New York to cover the story, and helps the boys publish their own paper to state their views when all the papers in town cooperate to stonewall the newsies. The movie is full of the little roughians singing and dancing in lavish production numbers on the streets of the city. The style looks like a combination of *West Side Story* and *Oliver!* Typical of the live action Disney movies of the '60s, the unfairly oppressed kids are pitted against the mean adults. Of course, the kids win. Film-goers of the '90s were reluctant to embrace this throwback style of film, and it fizzled at the box office. "Santa Fe" is sung by Kelly after he has just visited a normal family's home for the first time in his life.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

MUSIC: Burton Lane
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
BOOK: Alfred Uhry
DIRECTOR: Robert Lewis
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 10/17/65, New York; a run of 280 performances

Alan Jay Lerner's fascination with the phenomenon of extrasensory perception led to his teaming with composer Richard Rodgers in 1962 to write a musical to be called *I Picked a Daisy*. When that didn't work out, Lerner turned to composer Burton Lane, with whom he'd worked in Hollywood years before. The result is a show about Daisy Gamble, who not only predicts the future, but under hypnosis by Dr. Mark Bruckner, can recall her past life as Melinda Wells in 18th century London. Mark discovers her powers of ESP and quickly assures her she isn't abnormal, simply "ahead" in that department ("On a Clear Day You Can See Forever"). Mark becomes infatuated with Melinda, who becomes a romantic rival to the present-day Daisy. They split up, but he persuades her to "Come Back to Me" in the up tempo entreaty of the same title. Barbra Streisand starred in the 1970 Vincente Minnelli filmed version of the musical.

ON THE TOWN

MUSIC: Leonard Bernstein
BOOK AND LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 12/28/44, New York; a run of 463 performances

This major show was the Broadway debut of some very major talents: composer Leonard Bernstein, choreographer Jerome Robbins, and writers Betty Comden and Adolph Green. It was based on the Robbins-Bernstein ballet from the previous year, *Fancy Free*. The story is of three sailors on a 24-hour leave in New York City. They each meet a girl, of course. The soulful sailor, Gabey, embarks on the seemingly hopeless quest to track down Ivy Smith, that month's Miss Turnstiles, whose picture on the subway has captured his heart. When he surprisingly succeeds, he erupts in a little flash of joy, "Lucky to Be Me."

PARADE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
BOOK: Alfred Uhry
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 12/17/98, New York; a run of 84 performances

The musical that opened at New York's Lincoln Center got mostly negative reviews for its relentlessly downbeat subject matter: the true story of Leo Frank, a Jewish factory manager accused of—and lynched for—the murder of Mary Phagan, an underage female worker, in 1913 Atlanta. But the sterling cast album released a few months later helped build a cult of devoted fans for this short-run musical, which went on to win the 1999 Tony Awards for Best Score and Best Book of a Musical. The doomed Leo sings two dramatic solos during his trial. In the jazzy "Come Up to My Office" he portrays himself as the prosecution has pictured him: a cartoonishly smirking lecher luring young girls behind locked doors and closed blinds. Later, at his lawyer's urging, Leo takes the stand to speak in his own defense. "It's Hard to Speak My Heart," reveals his true feelings, insisting, to the song's heartbeat rhythm, "I never touched that child."

RUTHLESS!

MUSIC: Marvin Laird
BOOK, LYRICS AND DIRECTION: Joel Paley
OPENED: 5/6/92, New York; a run of 302 performances

This campy Off-Broadway musical is the story of 8-year-old *enfant terrible* Tina Denmark, who is willing to do anything, *anything*, to be a star. Driven by a ferocious stage mother, Tina claws her way through the seamy underside of show business—adding no small measure of seaminess of her own. The show spoofs every cliché of show business in every backstage film and stage musical ever. In the comedy number, "I Hate Musicals," a snobby theatre critic takes a hatchet to our favorite theatrical form, listing everything he detests about song and dance shows. He reveals that he even hates this very song, the one he's singing!

SATURDAY NIGHT

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Julius J. Epstein, based on the play *Front Porch in Flatbush* by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Kathleen Marshall
OPENED: 2/14/00, New York; still running as of 02/15/00

Saturday Night goes down in musical theatre history as having had one of the longest gestation periods on record: 46 years. The story of a group of buddies trying to get dates (and make their fortune) in 1920s Brooklyn, was written by Sondheim in 1954 when the composer was just 24. When the original producer Lemuel Ayers died, so did plans for a Broadway production, and the manuscript sat in Sondheim's trunk for four decades, dismissed (by the composer) as juvenalia. Over the years, several of the songs surfaced in Sondheim anthologies, including "Sondheim: A Celebration." Varese Sarabande's "Unsung Sondheim" album recorded most of the score for the first time. Following a 1996 reading that pleased Sondheim, the show had a successful London production at Bridewell Theatre in 1997. Chicago's Pegasus Players gave the show its U.S. premiere in spring, 1999. An Off-Broadway premiere was finally arranged at Second Stage on Valentine's Day, 2000. Gene is a runner on Wall Street in the spring of 1929, the stock market's manic heyday before the crash later that year. He crashes a party at the Plaza Hotel and meets another party crasher, Helen. They sing "Isn't It?" in their first minutes of attraction to one another, hesitant and nervous in declaring their feelings. (The song is adapted as a solo for this edition.)

SIDE SHOW

MUSIC: Henry Krieger
LYRICS AND BOOK: Bill Russell
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Longbottom
OPENED: 10/16/97, New York; a run of 91 performances

She's Daisy; she's Violet. They're Siamese twins. That's the offbeat story of this fictionalized biography of real-life conjoined twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who climb from carnival freak show through vaudeville to the Ziegfeld Follies in the early decades of the 20th century. The musical concentrates on their doomed romance with two men, Terry and Buddy, who act as their coach and agent, but who ultimately can't get over what they see as the sisters' deformity. The show attracted a small but devoted cult that was unable to keep the show running more than three months. Stars Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley, who suggested their conjoined state simply by pressing together one hip each, have appeared together repeatedly since, including James Joyce's *The Dead* (2000). Before Terry and Buddy pluck the sisters out of clutches of the sadistic freak show manager, fellow freak Jake warns them "The Devil You Know" may be safer than the devil they don't. His words prove prophetic, because Terry finds the only way he can allow his feelings of love to blossom is when he imagines the sisters as whole, separated women, as he explains in "Private Conversation." When Jake finds that the sisters' love is going unrequited, he reveals his own hitherto hidden feelings, in "You Should Be Loved."

SMILE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS, BOOK AND DIRECTION: Howard Ashman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Mary Kyte
OPENED: 11/24/86, New York; a run of 48 performances

Based on the 1975 Jerry Belson film of the same name, *Smile* arrived on Broadway loaded with expectations it could never meet. First, it was the first new musical on Broadway for composer Marvin Hamlisch since his triumphs with *A Chorus Line* and *They're Playing Our Song*. It was also the first new musical for lyricist Howard Ashman since his smash *Little Shop of Horrors*. But just to make things a little tenser, the whole process of preparing the show for Broadway was being clocked by TV's "60 Minutes," which filed a series of reports about its progress. After all, how could you miss with a musical spoof of American beauty pageants? The story follows two of the young hopefuls: Doria, a loser who hopes to transform her life, and Robin, who isn't quite sure how she got into all this. Perhaps the unsentimental tone of the material didn't jibe with audiences expectations, but the show flopped very publicly. Several of its lovely songs have been recorded over the years, and Ashman took time to do a rewrite for stock productions that solved many of the problems. However, it was his last Broadway show. He headed to Hollywood where he helped revitalize Disney with his scores (with Alan Menken) to *The Little Mermaid*, *Beauty and the Beast* and *Aladdin*. He brought along Jodi Benson, who originated the role of Doria, to supply the voice of the Little Mermaid. In the title song, a photographer flatters and coos over the contestants as they pose for the coming pageant.

STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF

MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley
DIRECTOR: Anthony Newley
CHOREOGRAPHER: Virginia Mason
OPENED: 10/3/62, New York; a run of 555 performances

Anthony Newley, who also directed and starred in the original London production (July 20, 1961), played the lead on Broadway in this colorful and imaginative allegorical musical about the absurdity of ambition and the constriction of middle-class life. Littlechap, a clown version of Everyman, marries the boss' daughter (Anna Quayle). As his life progresses and he becomes successful in business and politics, he begins having affairs with girls of various foreign nationalities (all played by Quayle). Singing "What Kind of Fool Am I?" (which became Newley's signature tune), Littlechap ends his days reflecting on the emptiness of a life of lovelessness and lies. The 1966 Warner Bros. screen version, directed by Philip Saville, featured Tony Tanner and Millicent Martin. The stage production, somewhat revised, came back to Broadway in 1978 starring Sammy Davis Jr. That same year Davis also appeared in a film version of this revival, titled *Sammy Stops the World*, directed by Mel Shapiro.

SUNSET BOULEVARD

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS AND BOOK: Don Black and Christopher Hampton
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Avian
OPENED: 11/17/94, New York; a run of 977 performances

Sunset Boulevard, based on the 1950 Billy Wilder film, provided Broadway and the West End with one of the greatest diva vehicles ever. Dealing with a tortured woman whose advancing age leads to rejection and madness, this musical shows the debilitating aftereffects of Hollywood stardom in all their gothic glory. The show premiered in London in 1993 with Patti LuPone as the former silent screen star Norma Desmond who is desperate to make a comeback (though she loathes that word). After several lawsuits, the Broadway role went to Glenn Close, who had played the show in Los Angeles. The story involves a young screenwriter who stumbles into Norma Desmond's life. She falls in love with him, and he accepts her lavish attention. Miss Desmond has a pathetic plan to return to the screen with her own hopelessly overwritten adaptation of *Salome*. She thrills when the studio invites her to come by. But she's then crushed when she learns they don't want her—they want her vintage car, as an antique prop. Her life and sanity quickly fly apart, with tragic consequences for all. In a song for Miss Desmond's butler (who turns out to be her husband!), her greatest fan cautions Joe that he must show the goddess the ultimate respect because, after all, she was once "The Greatest Star of All."

TITANIC

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Maury Yeston
BOOK: Peter Stone
DIRECTOR: Richard Jones
CHOREOGRAPHER: Lynne Taylor-Corbett
OPENED: 4/23/97, New York; a run of 804 performances

The whole idea of a musical about the sinking of the luxury liner *Titanic* was unsettling to many Broadwayites. Few thought Yeston, Stone and company could pull it off. And reports of technological glitches during the early previews threatened to turn the whole project into a joke. And yet, when they finished counting the Tony ballots in 1997, *Titanic* won for Best Musical. Credit the strength of Yeston's score that explored the emotional nuances of a whole tapestry of characters and situations. The music takes theatregoers inside the head of the captain, the shipbuilder, the millionaires, the social climbers and the illiterate immigrants—each with their dreams and worries that are changed forever by the events of that fateful journey. In its opening number, "In Every Age," the musical reminds us that tragedy of the sinking has overshadowed the incredible pride (and hubris) of the *Titanic's* sheer technical achievement. The song offers a tribute to human ambition and determination. Similarly, "There She Is" captures the awe that both passengers and crew felt when they first glimpsed the "ship of dreams."

VICTOR/VICTORIA

MUSIC: Henry Mancini; additional musical material by Frank Wildhorn
LYRICS: Leslie Bricusse
BOOK: Blake Edwards
DIRECTOR: Blake Edwards
CHOREOGRAPHER: Rob Marshall
OPENED: 10/25/95, New York; a run of 734 performances

After a 35-year absence, Julie Andrews made her ballyhooed return to Broadway in this stage adaptation of her 1982 film musical, directed and co-written by her husband, Blake Edwards. Desperate for a job in Depression-era Paris, singer Victoria (Andrews) turns to her friend, the aging self-described "drag queen" Toddy, who sings to her of the glories of their city, "Paris by Night." Then, Toddy has a brainstorm: He convinces Victoria to pose as a female impersonator named Victor—making her a woman pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman. (S)he's a smash, and attracts the attentions of King Marchan, a Chicago gangster who feels strangely attracted to "Victor." King tries to work his way through his sudden doubts about his own masculinity in the comic soliloquy, "King's Dilemma."

WHEN PIGS FLY

MUSIC: Dick Gallagher
SKETCHES AND LYRICS: Mark Waldrop
CONCEIVED BY: Howard Crabtree and Mark Waldrop
OPENED: 8/14/96, New York; a run of 840 performances

As in his previous campy, satirical musical comedy revue *Whoop Dee Doo!*, writer/designer Howard Crabtree takes an incident from his past and pumps it full of laughing gas. Central character "Howard," who not coincidentally resembles Crabtree, is trying to put together a satirical, gay-themed revue, not unlike the one we're watching. Naturally, everything goes wrong. The title refers to a cutting comment made by young Crabtree's guidance counselor, that he'd be working on Broadway "when pigs fly." The counselor's spirit appears in the show, persistently belittling Howard's determination to get the show on its feet. Sadly, Crabtree died just days before the opening of this Off-Broadway hit. The songs "Sam and Me" and "Laughing Matters" emerge from battles backstage and onstage in the resulting show-within-a-show.

WHOOP DEE DOO!

MUSIC, LYRICS AND SKETCHES: Dick Gallagher, Peter Morris, Mark Waldrop and Howard Crabtree
DIRECTOR: Phillip George
OPENED: 6/29/93, New York; a run of 258 performances

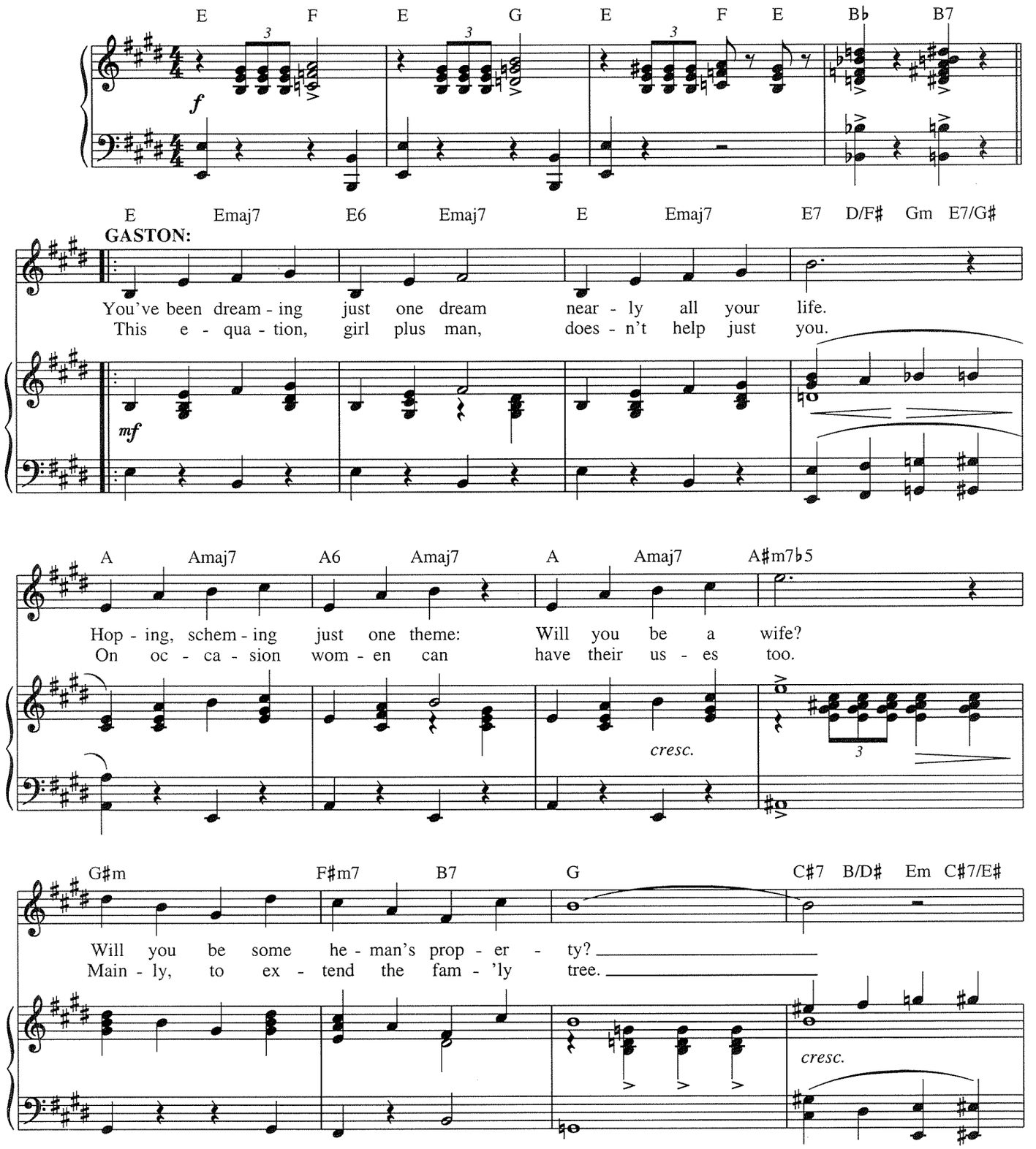
This campy Off-Broadway revue offers a gay view of the world told entirely through a *Follies*-like extravaganza—though on a miniscule budget, showcasing Howard Crabtree's wildly imaginative costumes. In addition to the "on stage" songs, we get a "back stage" saga of a temperamental prima donna. Steve is incensed at virtually everything about the proceedings and makes life very difficult for the harried stage manager, played by Crabtree. Even Steve's complaints become the launching points for more crazy numbers. Example: when Steve gripes about bugs backstage, a huge pest strip appears, festooned with actors dressed as flies, who sing "Stuck on You." Waldrop and Gallagher's "Last One Picked" is another punning number about being gay in a sports-obsessed world.

ME

from Walt Disney's *Beauty and the Beast: The Broadway Musical*

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by TIM RICE

Steadily



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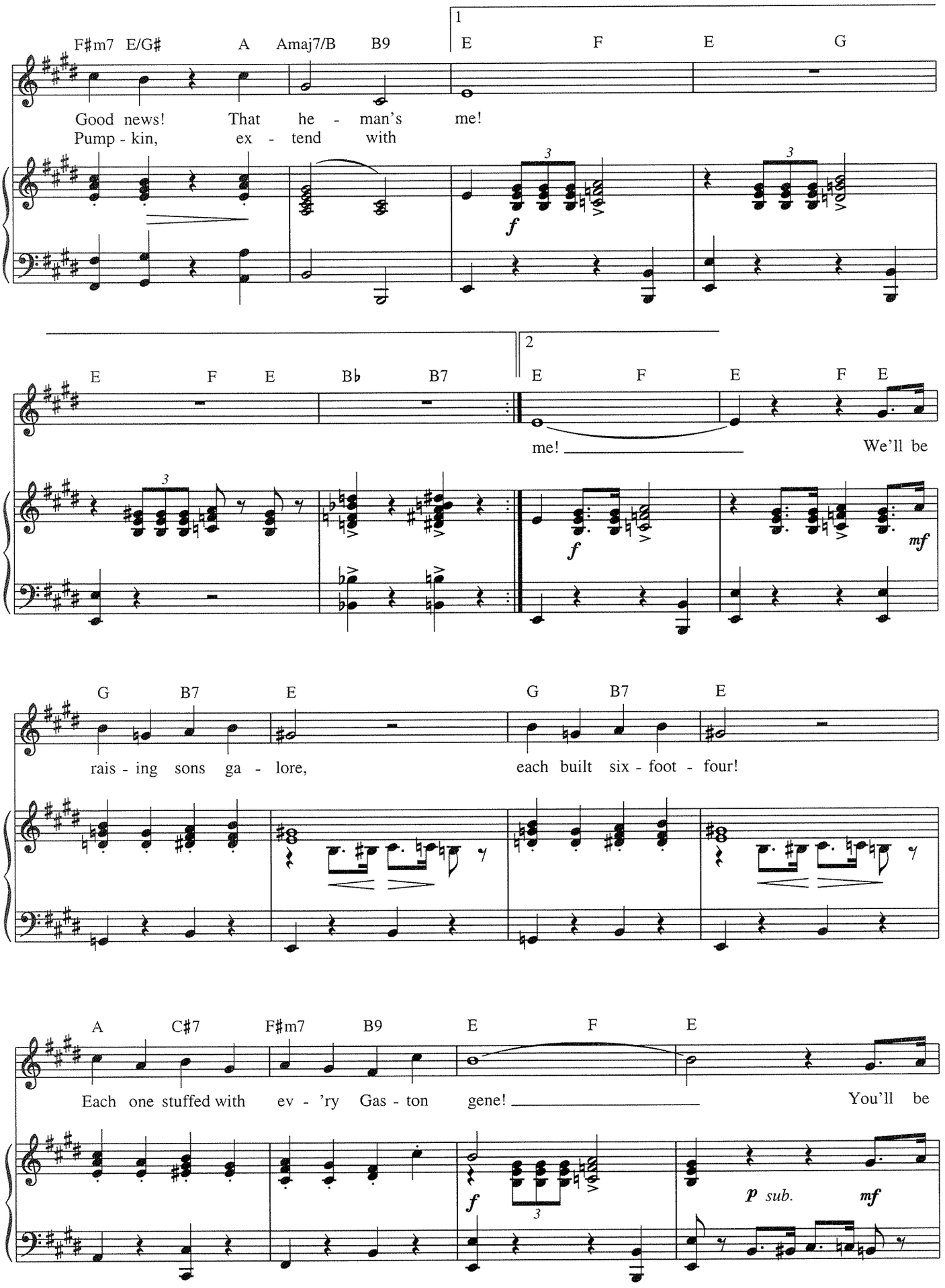
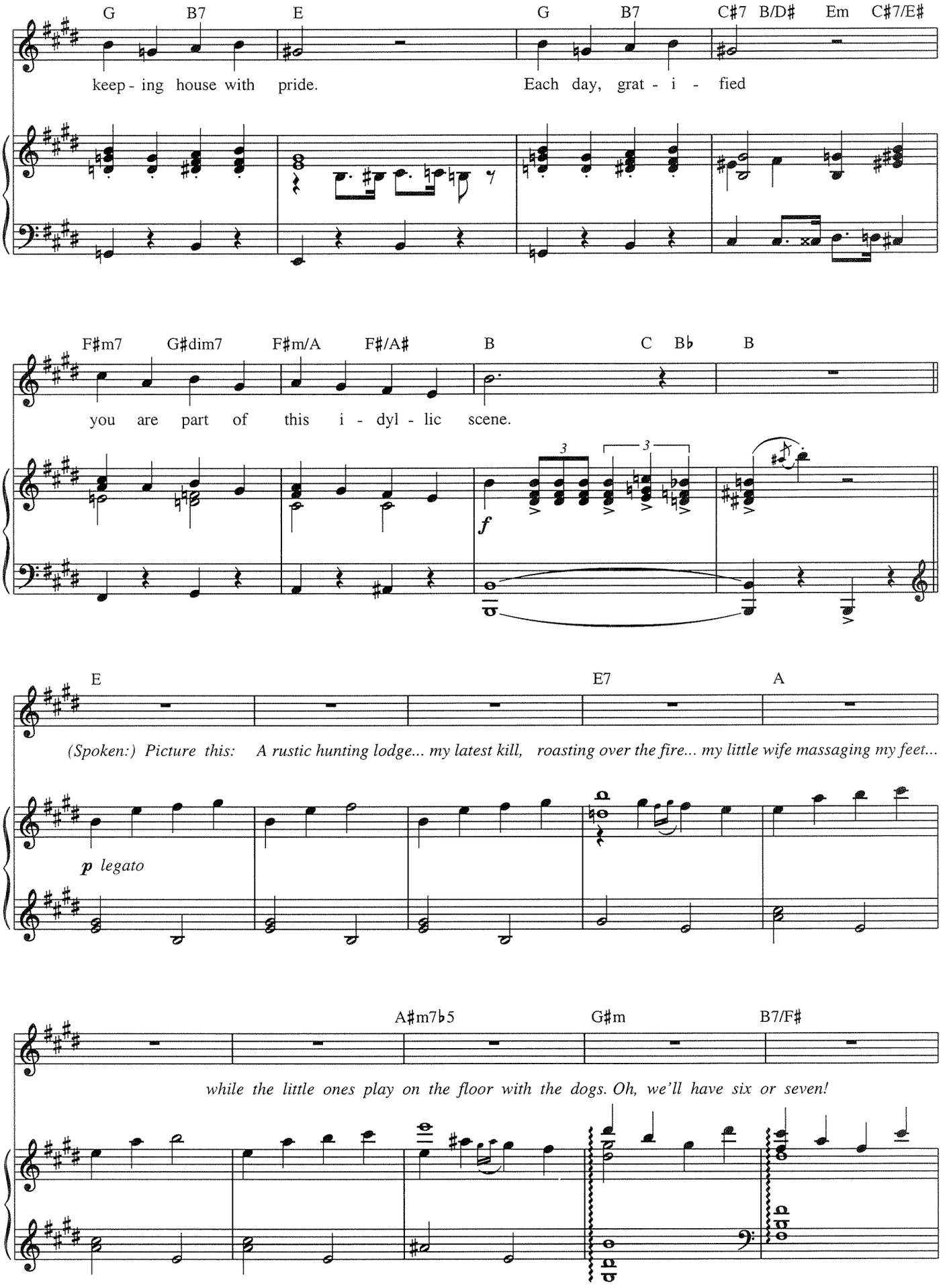
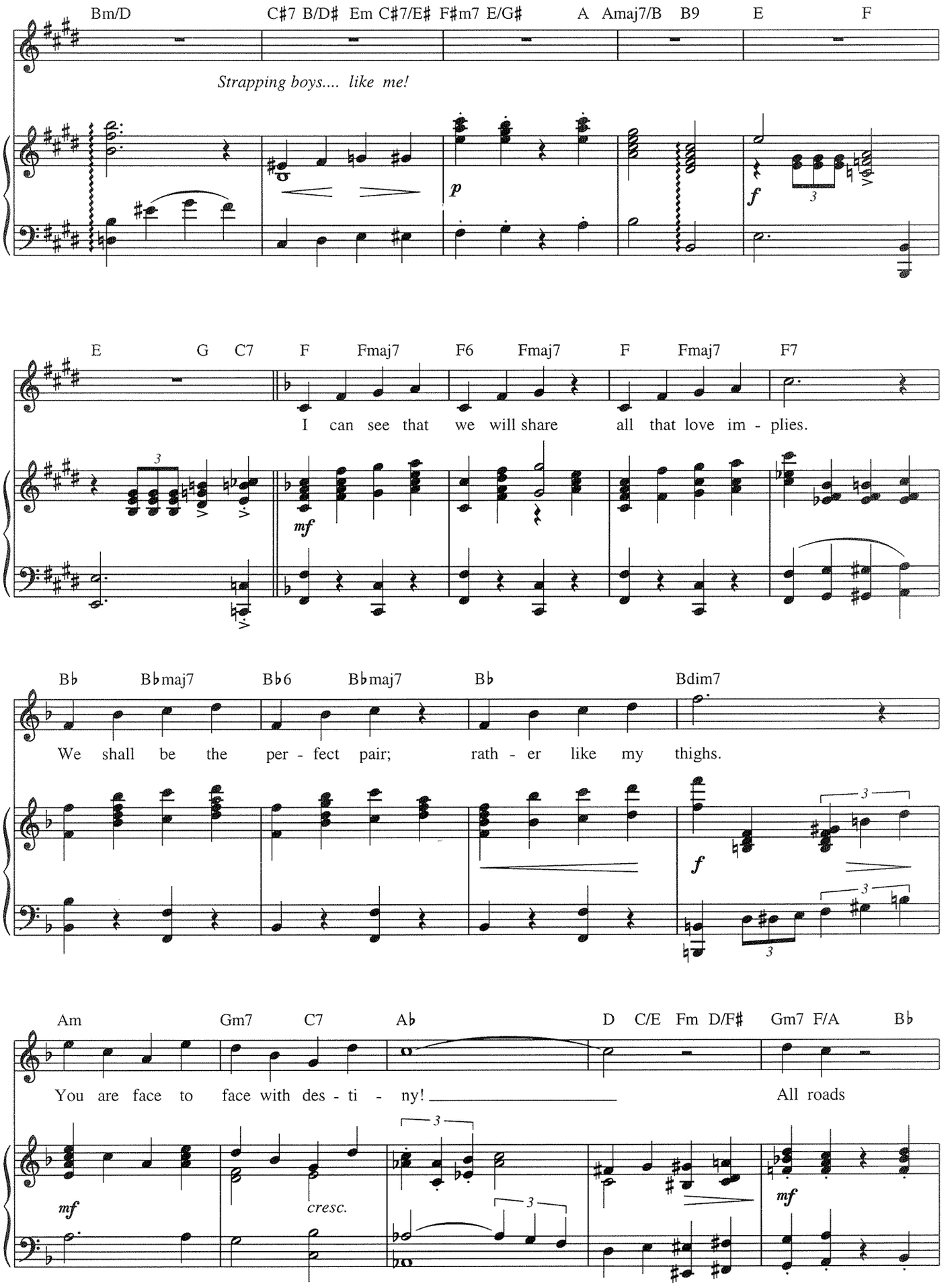
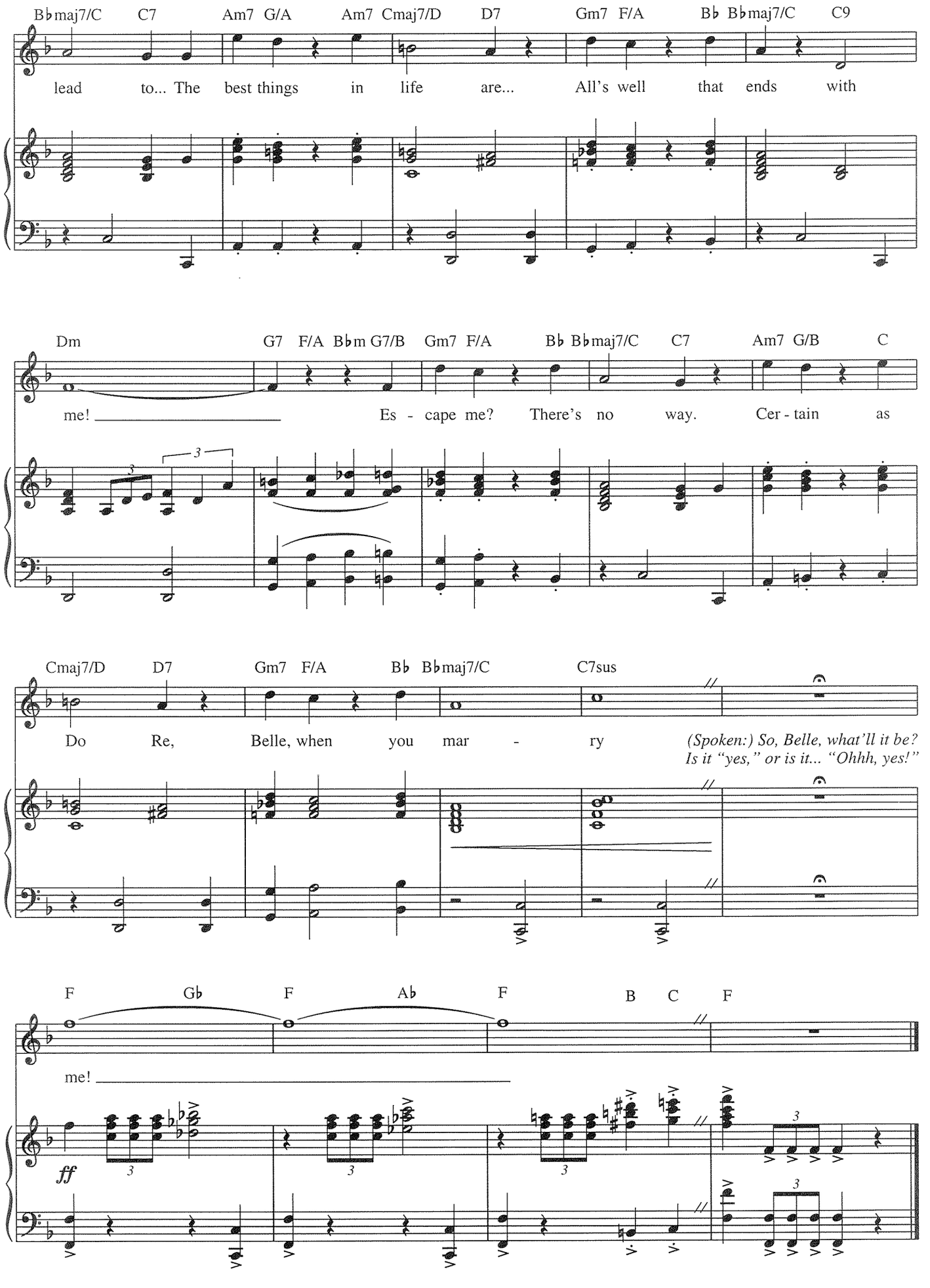

F♯m7 E/G♯ A Amaj7/B B9
1
E F E G
Good news! That he - man's me!
Pump - kin, ex - tend with
f
E F E B♭ B7
2
E F E F E
me!
We'll be
f
mf
G B7 E G B7 E
rais - ing sons ga - lore, each built six - foot - four!
A C♯7 F♯m7 B9 E F E
Each one stuffed with ev - 'ry Gas - ton gene!
You'll be
f
p sub.
mf


G B7 E G B7 C♯7 B/D♯ Em C♯7/E♯
keep - ing house with pride. Each day, grat - i - fied
F♯m7 G♯dim7 F♯m/A F♯/A♯ B C B♭ B
you are part of this i - dyl - lic scene.
f
E E7 A
(Spoken:) Picture this: A rustic hunting lodge... my latest kill, roasting over the fire... my little wife massaging my feet...
p legato
A♯m7♭5 G♯m B7/F♯
while the little ones play on the floor with the dogs. Oh, we'll have six or seven!


Bm/D C♯7 B/D♯ Em C♯7/E♯ F♯m7 E/G♯ A Amaj7/B B9 E F
Strapping boys.... like me!
p
f
3
E G C7 F Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 F Fmaj7 F7
I can see that we will share all that love im - plies.
mf
B♭ B♭maj7 B♭6 B♭maj7 B♭ Bdim7
We shall be the per - fect pair; rath - er like my thighs.
f
Am Gm7 C7 A♭ D C/E Fm D/F♯ Gm7 F/A B♭
You are face to face with des - ti - ny! All roads
mf
cresc.
mf

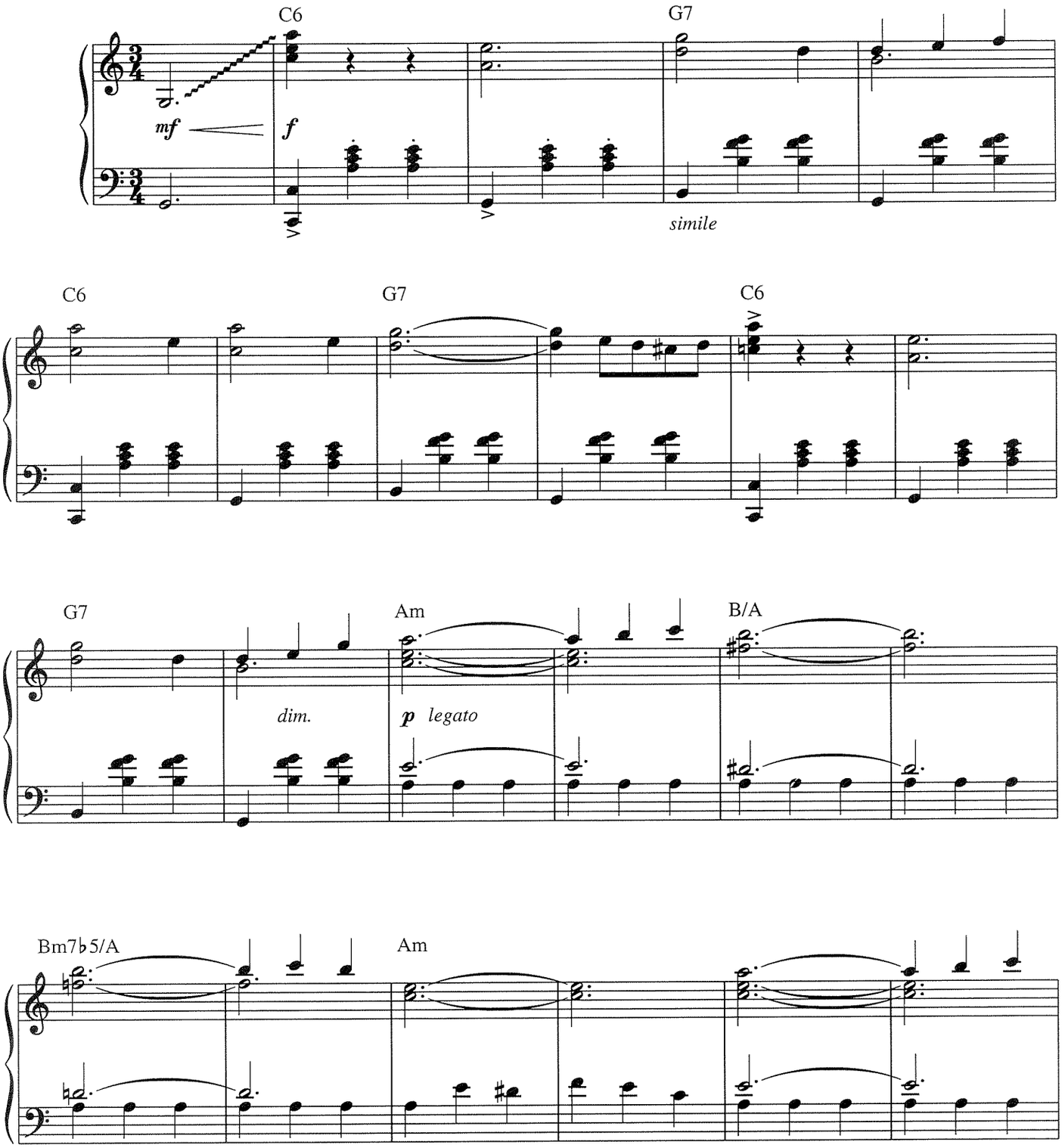

B♭maj7/C C7 Am7 G/A Am7 Cmaj7/D D7 Gm7 F/A B♭ B♭maj7/C C9
lead to... The best things in life are... All's well that ends with
Dm G7 F/A B♭m G7/B Gm7 F/A B♭ B♭maj7/C C7 Am7 G/B C
me! Es - cape me? There's no way. Cer - tain as
Cmaj7/D D7 Gm7 F/A B♭ B♭maj7/C C7sus
Do Re, Belle, when you mar - ry
(Spoken:) So, Belle, what'll it be?
Is it "yes," or is it... "Ohhh, yes!"
F G♭ F A♭ F B C F
me!
ff

GASTON

from Walt Disney's *Beauty and the Beast: The Broadway Musical*

Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Rowdy barroom Waltz



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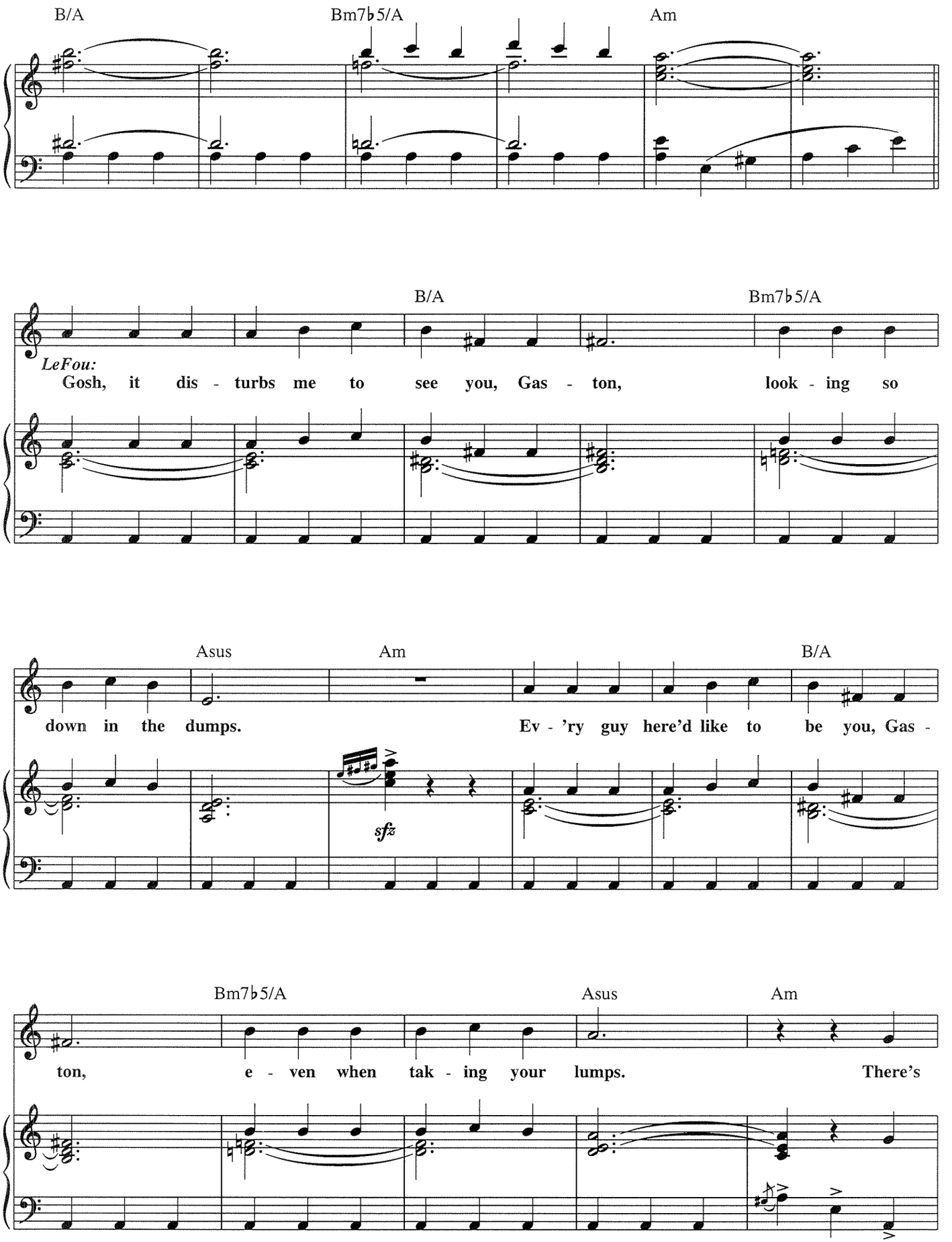
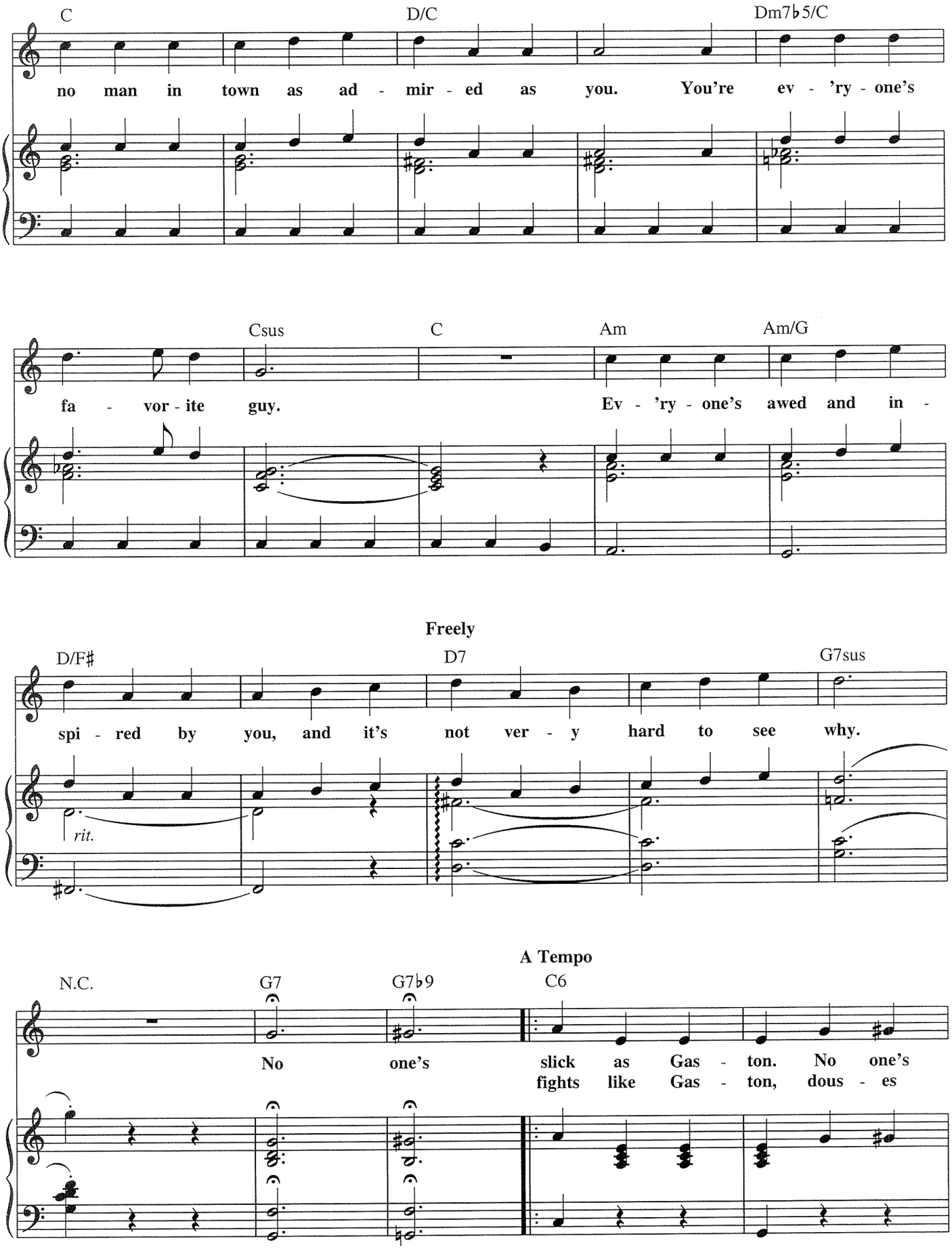
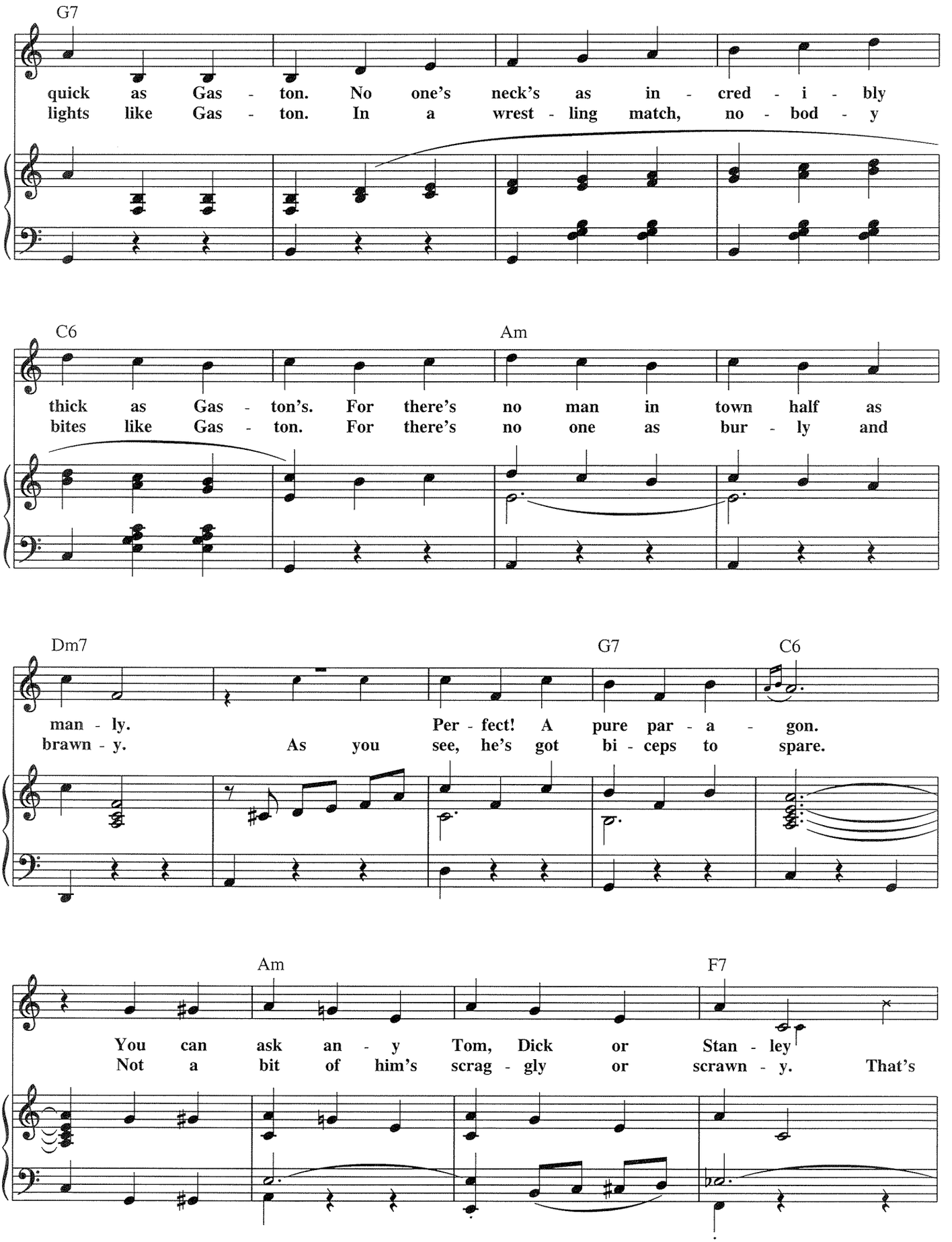
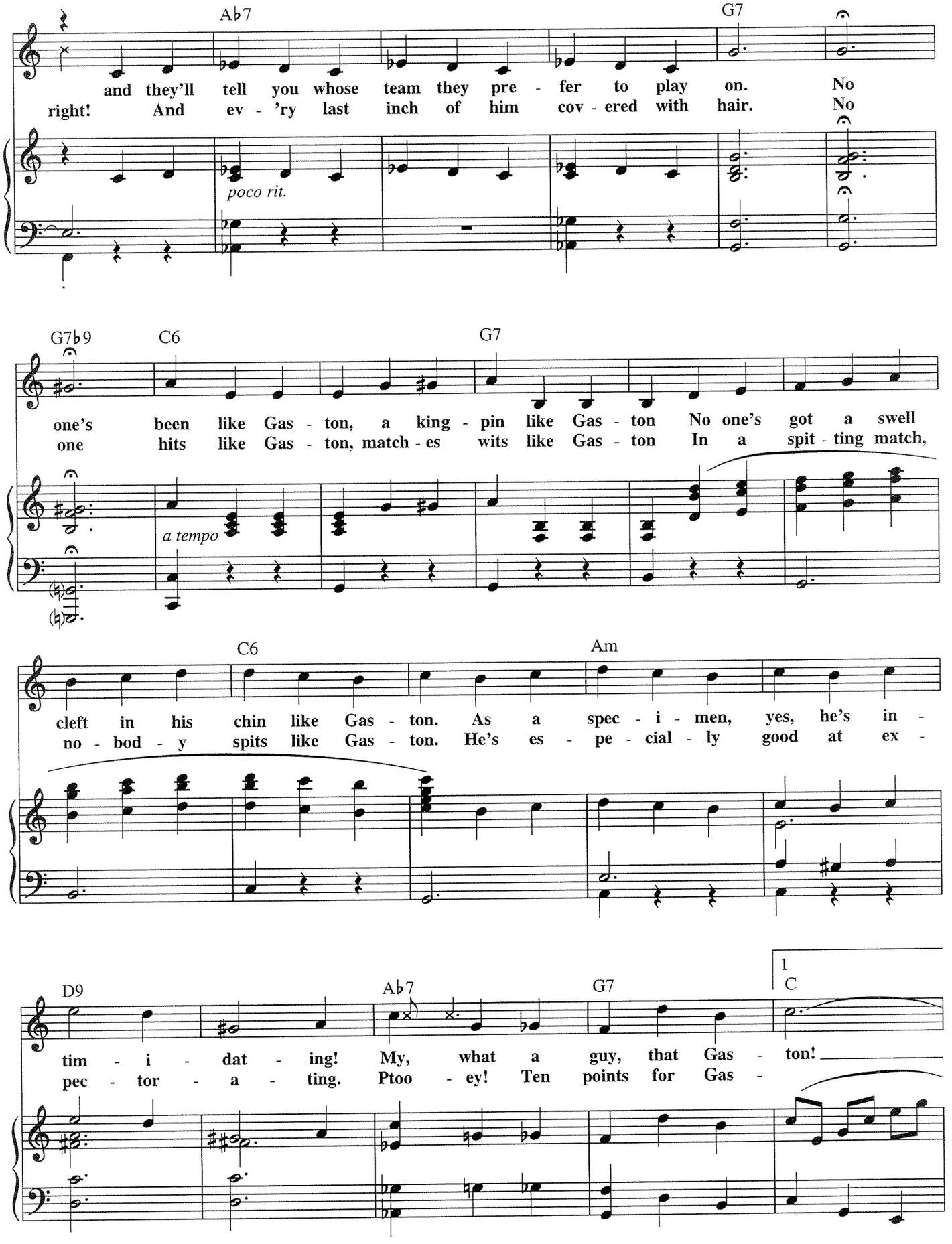
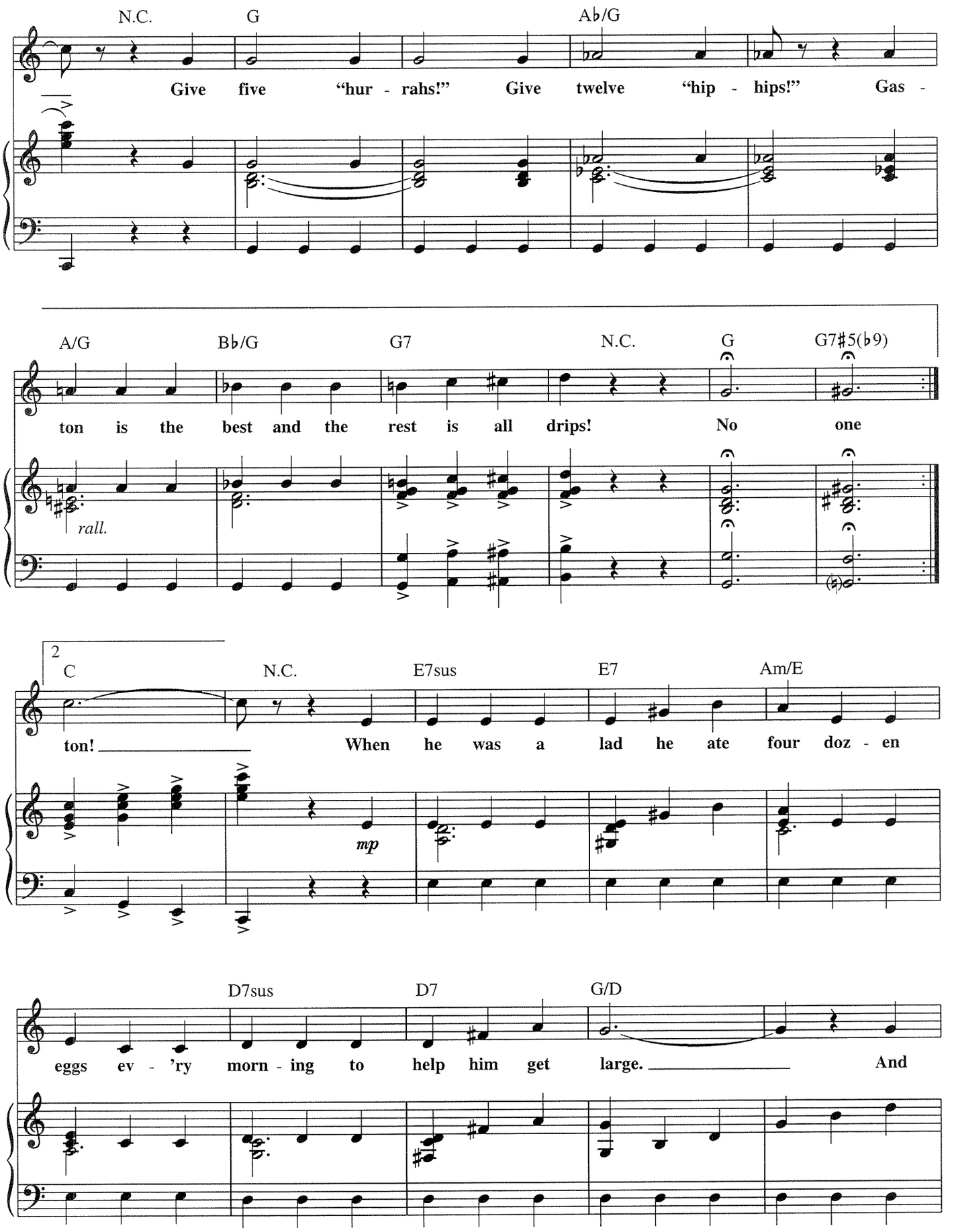
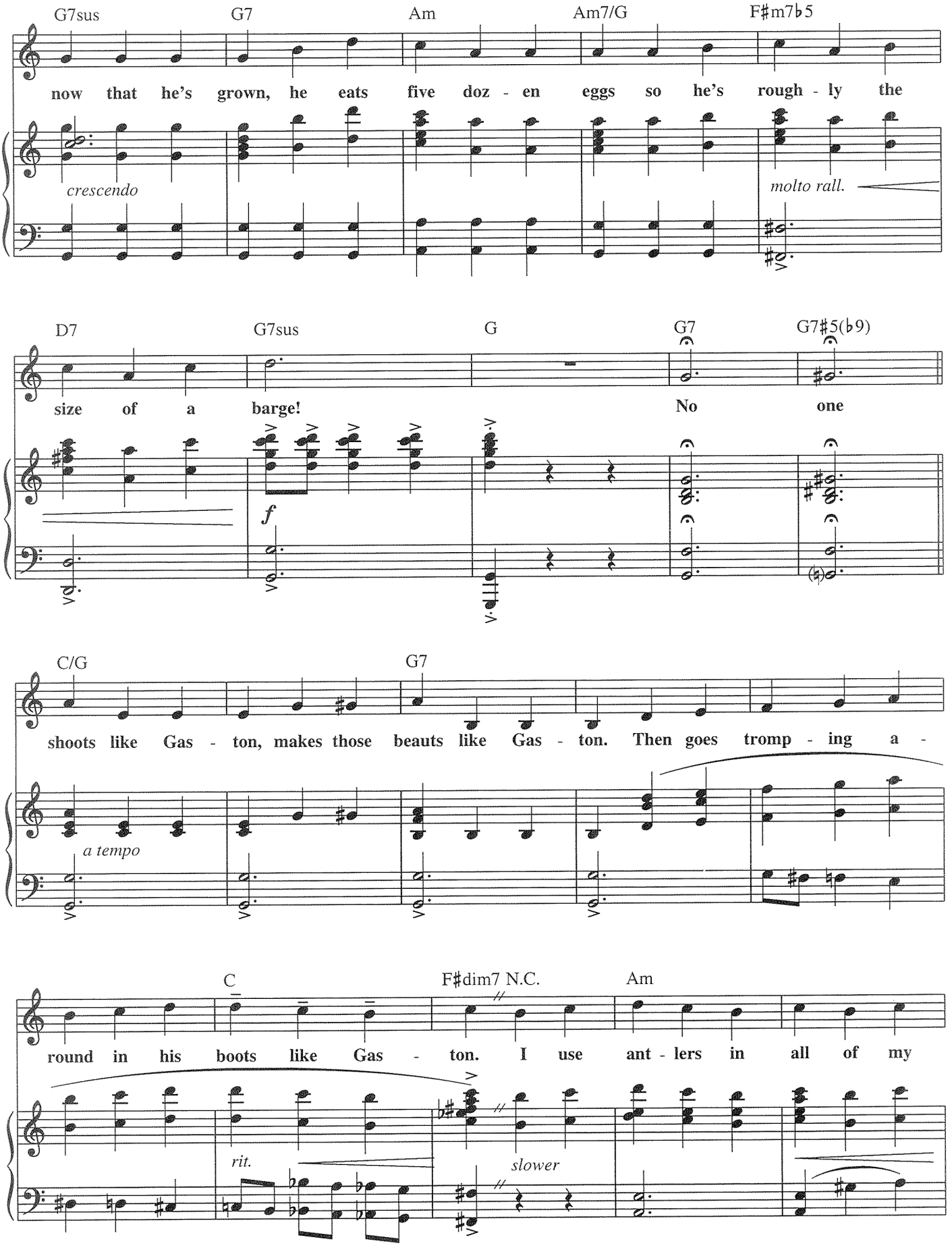

B/A
Bm7♭5/A
Am
B/A
Bm7♭5/A
LeFou:
Gosh, it dis - turbs me to see you, Gas - ton, look - ing so
Asus
Am
B/A
down in the dumps.
Ev - 'ry guy here'd like to be you, Gas -
sfz
Bm7♭5/A
Asus
Am
ton, e - ven when tak - ing your lumps. There's

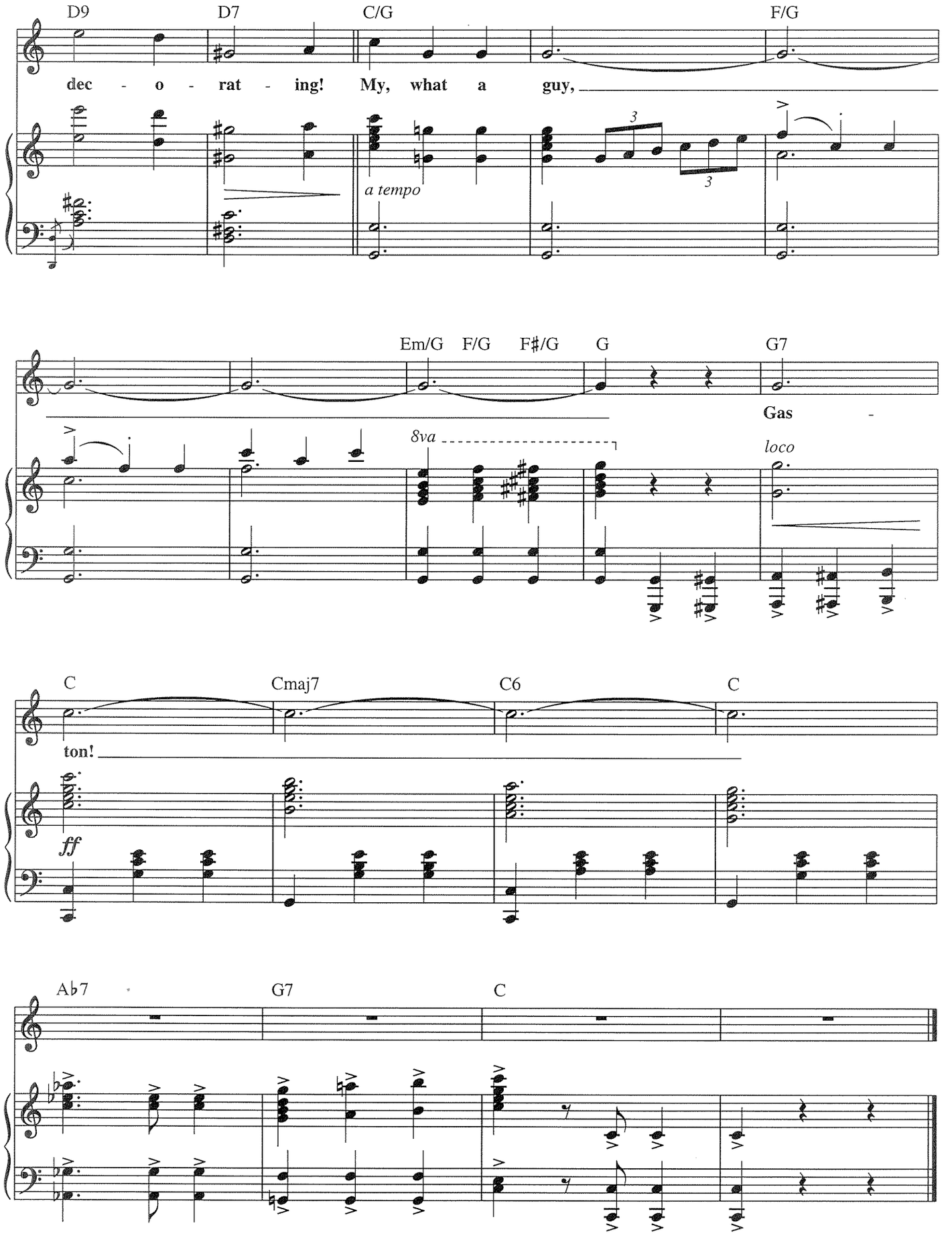

C
D/C
Dm7♭5/C
no man in town as ad - mir - ed as you. You're ev - 'ry - one's
Csus
C
Am
Am/G
fa - vor - ite guy. Ev - 'ry - one's awed and in -
Freely
D/F♯
D7
G7sus
spi - red by you, and it's not ver - y hard to see why.
rit.
A Tempo
N.C.
G7
G7♭9
C6
No one's slick as Gas - ton. No one's
fights like Gas - ton, dous - es


G7
quick as Gas - ton. No one's neck's as in - cred - i - bly
lights like Gas - ton. In a wrest - ling match, no - bod - y
C6
Am
thick as Gas - ton's. For there's no man in town half as
bites like Gas - ton. For there's no one as bur - ly and
Dm7
G7
C6
man - ly. Per - fect! A pure par - a - gon.
brawn - y. As you see, he's got bi - ceps to spare.
Am
F7
You can ask an - y Tom, Dick or Stan - ley
Not a bit of him's scrag - gly or scrawn - y. That's


Ab7
G7
and they'll tell you whose team they pre - fer to play on. No
right! And ev - 'ry last inch of him cov - ered with hair. No
poco rit.
G7b9
C6
G7
one's been like Gas - ton, a king - pin like Gas - ton No one's got a swell
one hits like Gas - ton, match - es wits like Gas - ton In a spit - ting match,
a tempo
C6
Am
cleft in his chin like Gas - ton. As a spec - i - men, yes, he's in -
no - bod - y spits like Gas - ton. He's es - pe - cial - ly good at ex -
D9
Ab7
G7
1
C
tim - i - dat - ing! My, what a guy, that Gas - ton!
pec - tor - a - ting. Ptoo - ey! Ten points for Gas -


N.C.
G
A♭/G
Give five "hur - rahs!" Give twelve "hip - hips!" Gas -
A/G
B♭/G
G7
N.C.
G
G7♯5(♭9)
ton is the best and the rest is all drips! No one
rall.
2
C
N.C.
E7sus
E7
Am/E
ton! When he was a lad he ate four doz - en
mp
D7sus
D7
G/D
eggs ev - 'ry morn - ing to help him get large. And

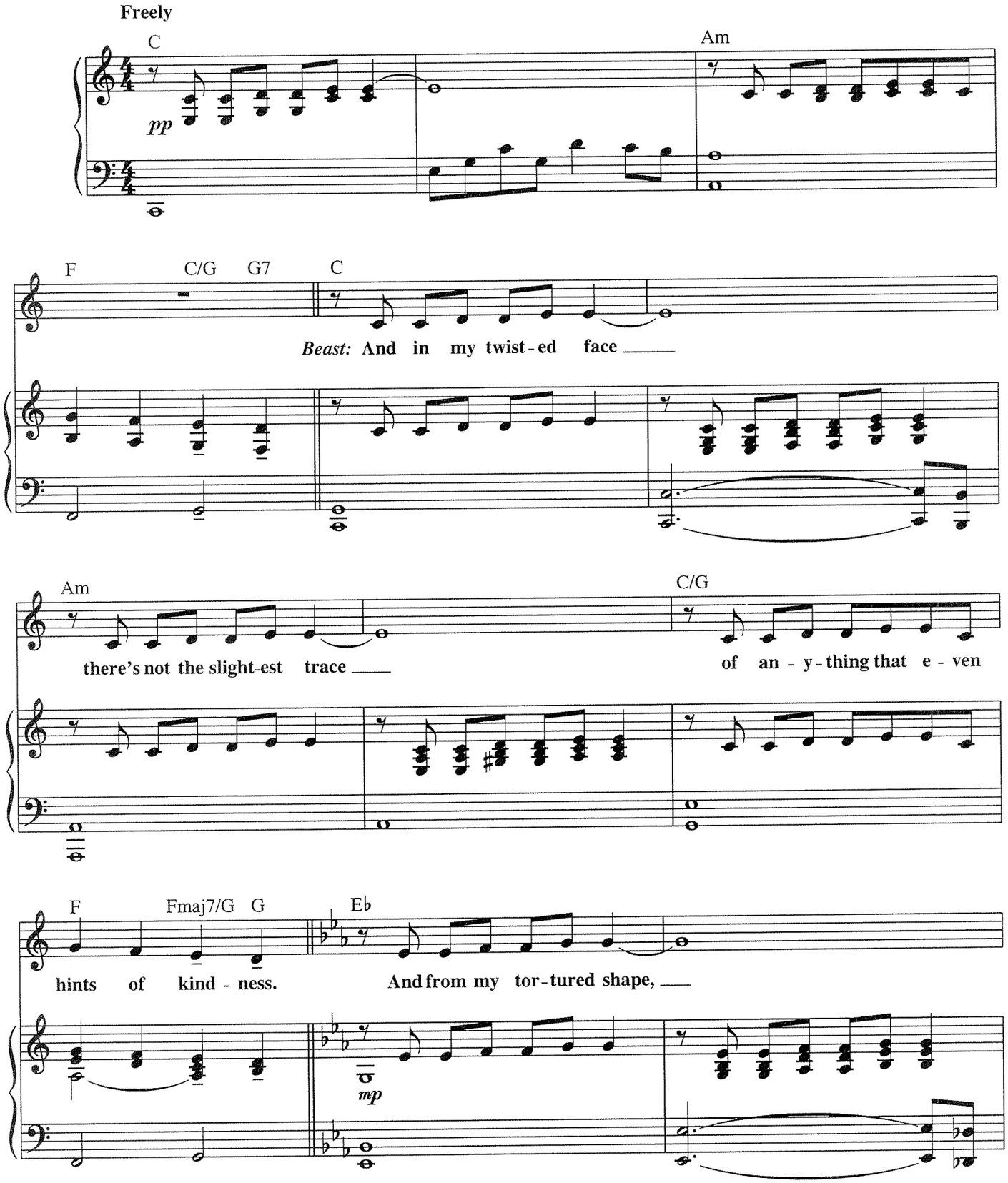

G7sus
G7
Am
Am7/G
F♯m7♭5
now that he's grown, he eats five doz - en eggs so he's rough - ly the
crescendo
molto rall.
D7
G7sus
G
G7
G7♯5(♭9)
size of a barge!
No one
f
C/G
G7
shoots like Gas - ton, makes those beauts like Gas - ton. Then goes tromp - ing a -
a tempo
C
F♯dim7 N.C.
Am
round in his boots like Gas - ton. I use ant - lers in all of my
rit.
slower


D9
D7
C/G
F/G
dec - o - rat - ing! My, what a guy,
a tempo
3
3
Em/G
F/G
F♯/G
G
G7
Gas -
8va
loco
C
Cmaj7
C6
C
ton!
ff
A♭7
G7
C

IF I CAN'T LOVE HER

from Walt Disney's *Beauty and the Beast: The Broadway Musical*

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by TIM RICE



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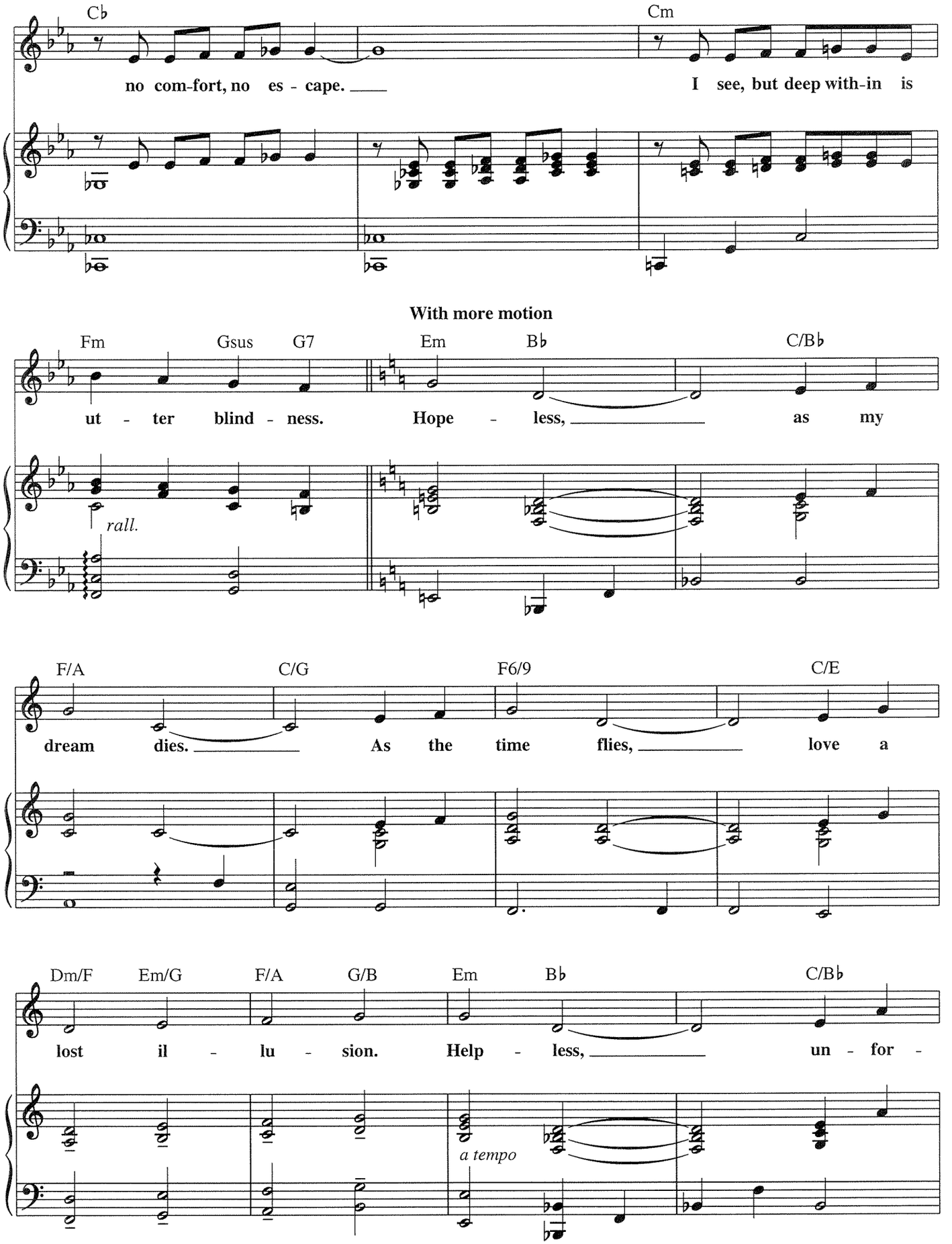
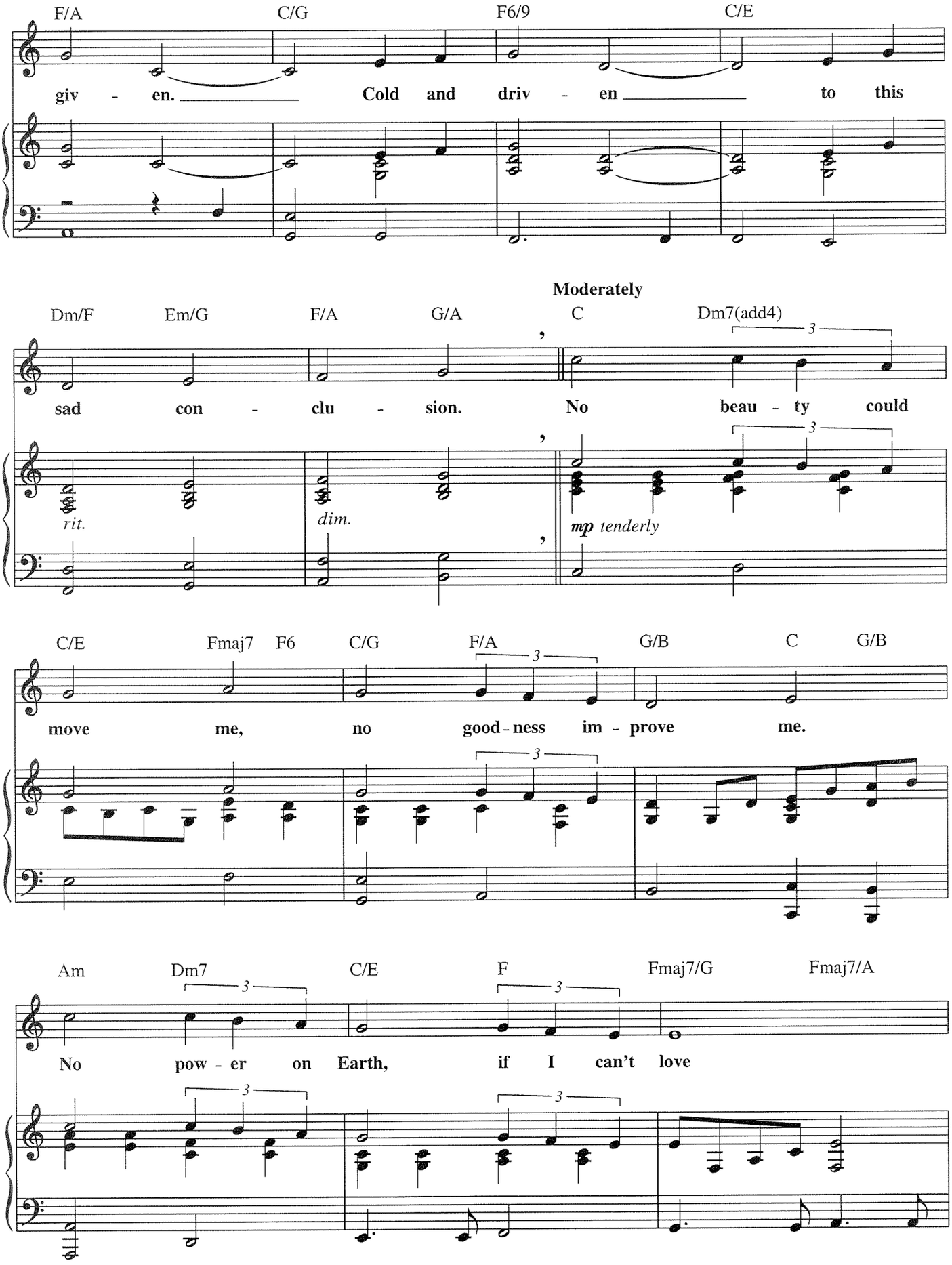
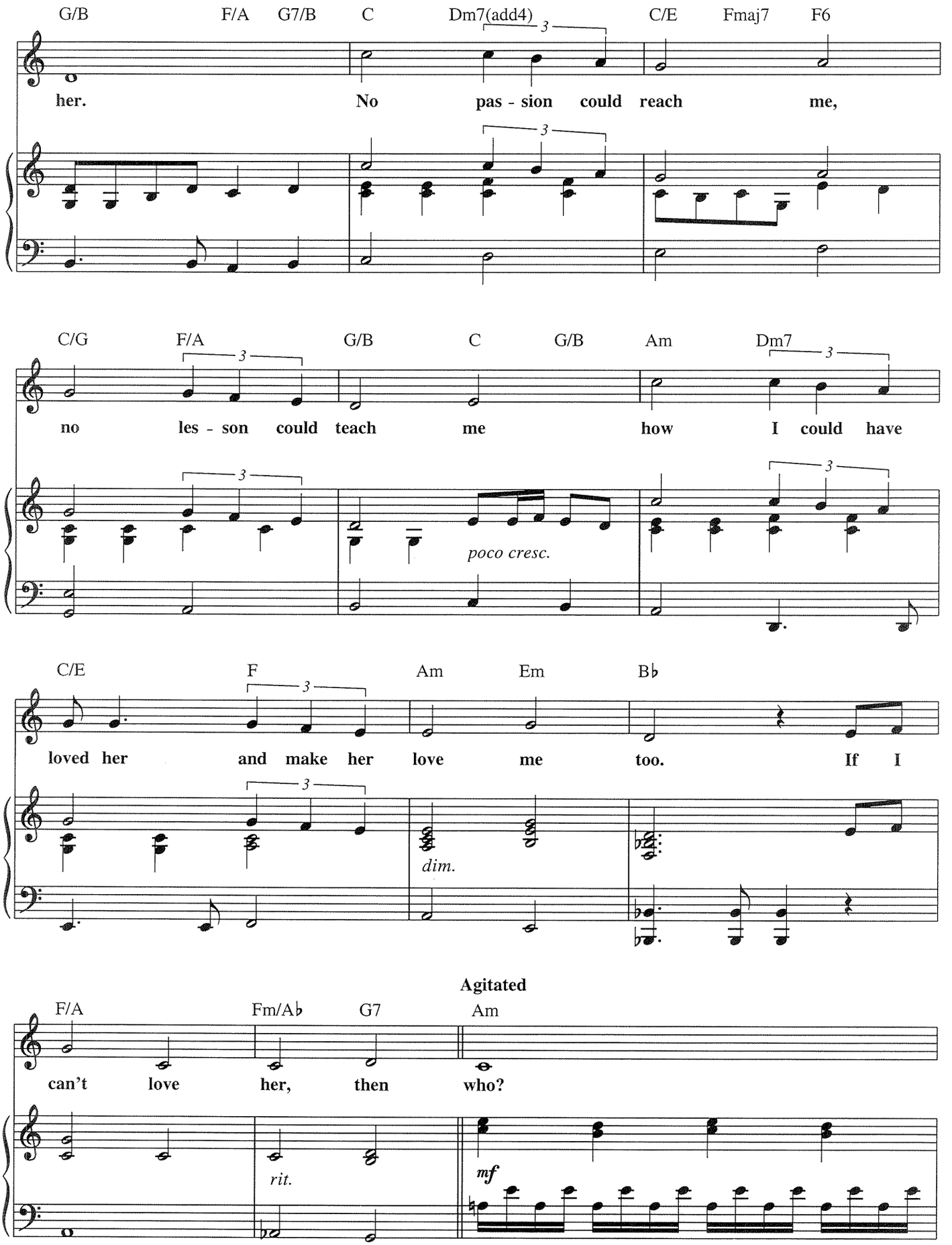
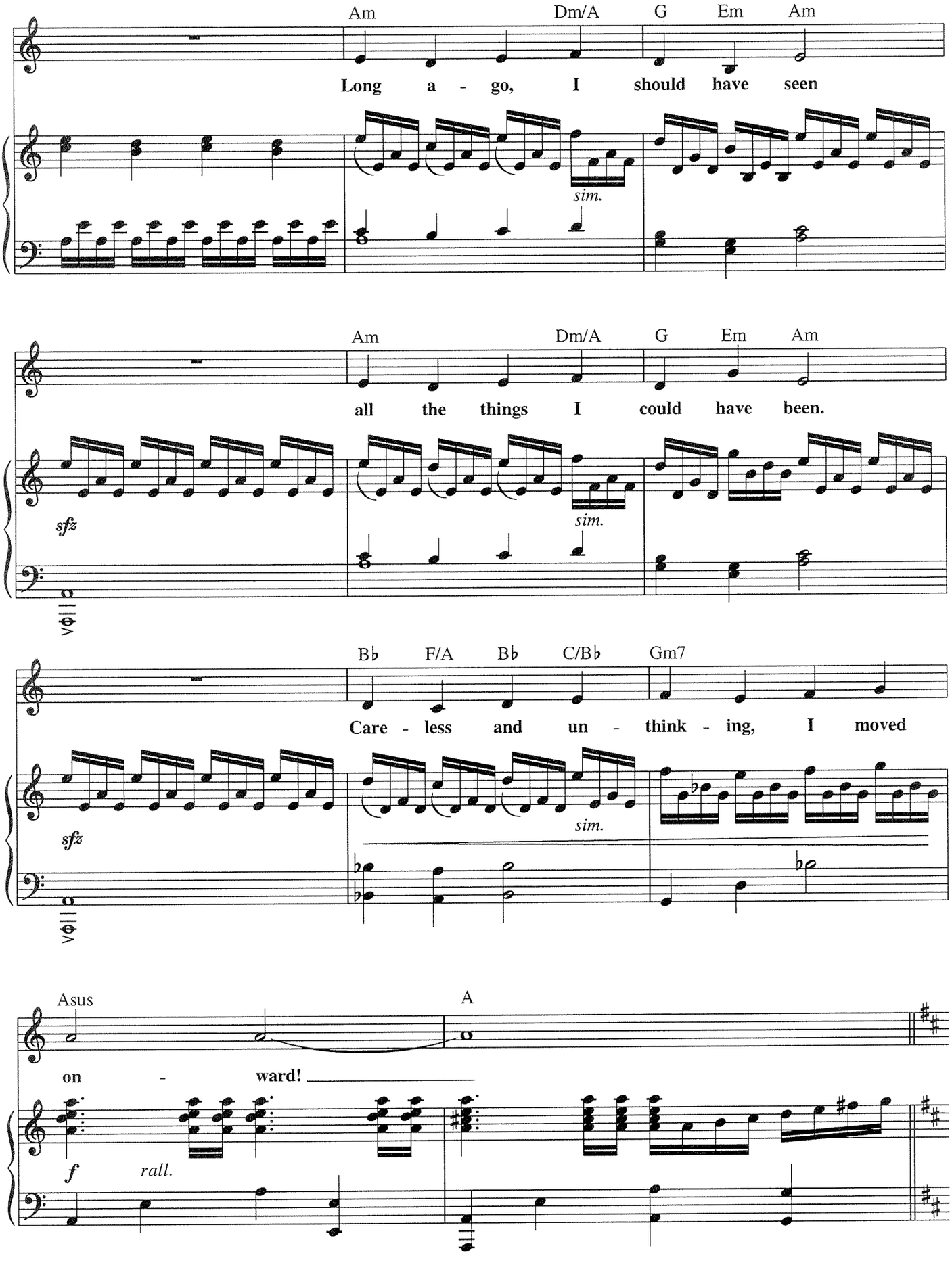
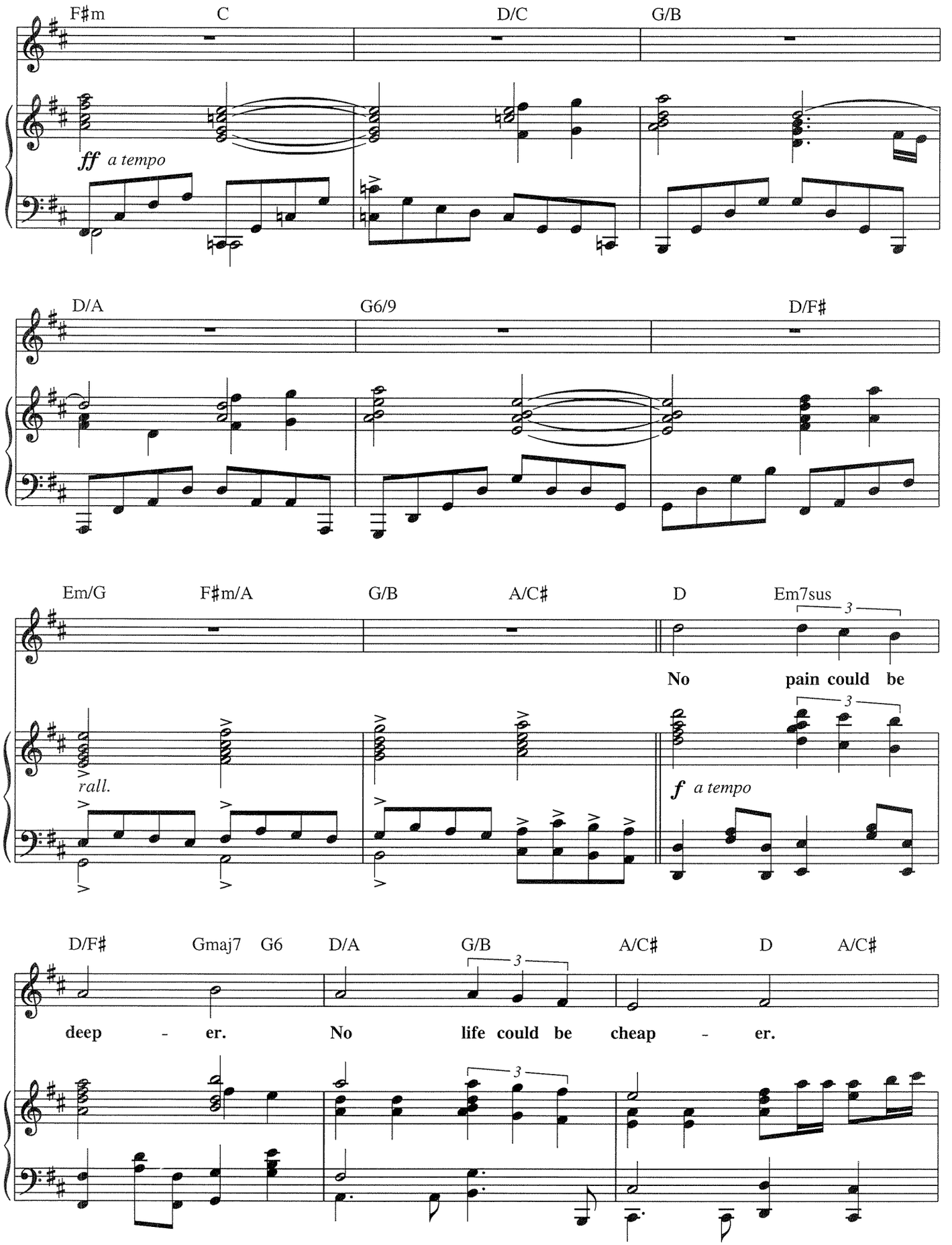
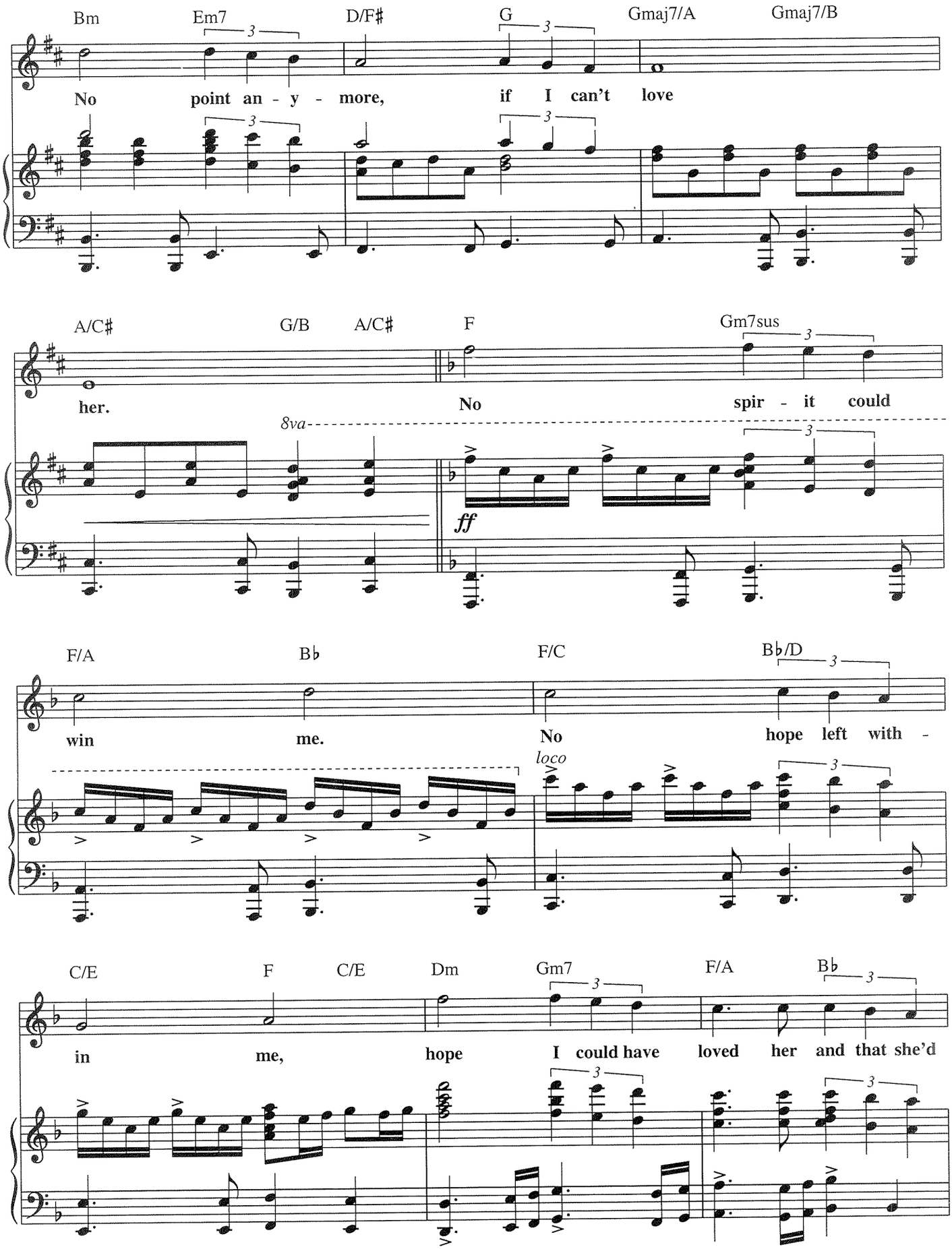

C♭
Cm
no com-fort, no es - cape.
I see, but deep with-in is
With more motion
Fm
Gsus
G7
Em
B♭
C/B♭
ut - ter blind - ness.
Hope - less,
as my
rall.
F/A
C/G
F6/9
C/E
dream dies.
As the time flies,
love a
Dm/F
Em/G
F/A
G/B
Em
B♭
C/B♭
lost il - lu - sion.
Help - less,
un - for -
a tempo

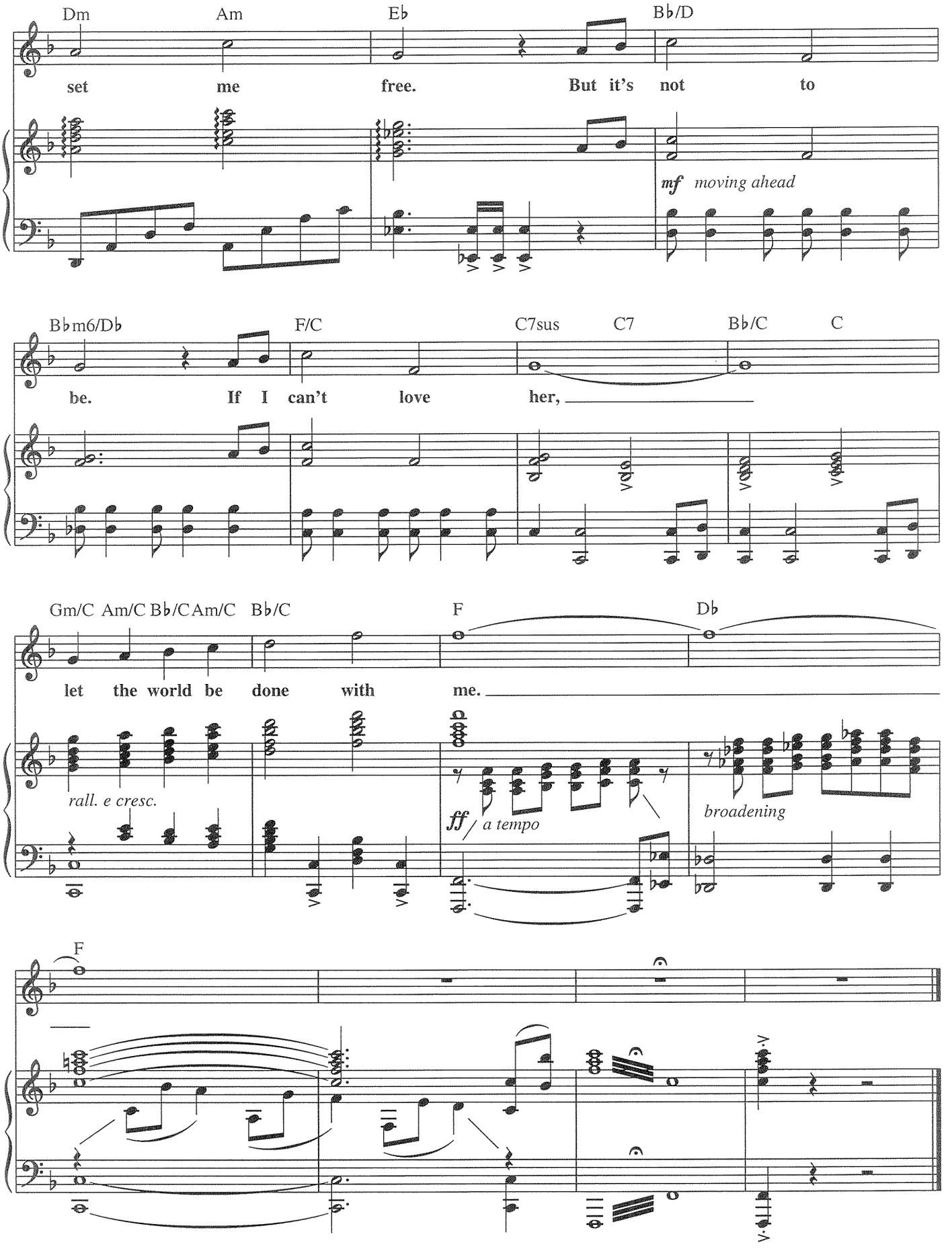

F/A C/G F6/9 C/E
giv - en. Cold and driv - en to this
Moderately
Dm/F Em/G F/A G/A C Dm7(add4)
sad con - clu - sion. No beau - ty could
rit.
dim.
mp tenderly
C/E Fmaj7 F6 C/G F/A G/B C G/B
move me, no good - ness im - prove me.
Am Dm7 C/E F Fmaj7/G Fmaj7/A
No pow - er on Earth, if I can't love


G/B F/A G7/B C Dm7(add4) C/E Fmaj7 F6
her. No pas - sion could reach me,
C/G F/A G/B C G/B Am Dm7
no les - son could teach me how I could have
poco cresc.
C/E F Am Em B♭
loved her and make her love me too. If I
dim.
Agitated
F/A Fm/A♭ G7 Am
can't love her, then who?
rit.
mf


Am
Dm/A
G
Em
Am
Long a - go, I should have seen
sim.
Am
Dm/A
G
Em
Am
all the things I could have been.
sfz
sim.
B♭
F/A
B♭
C/B♭
Gm7
Care - less and un - think - ing, I moved
sfz
sim.
Asus
A
on - ward!
f
rall.

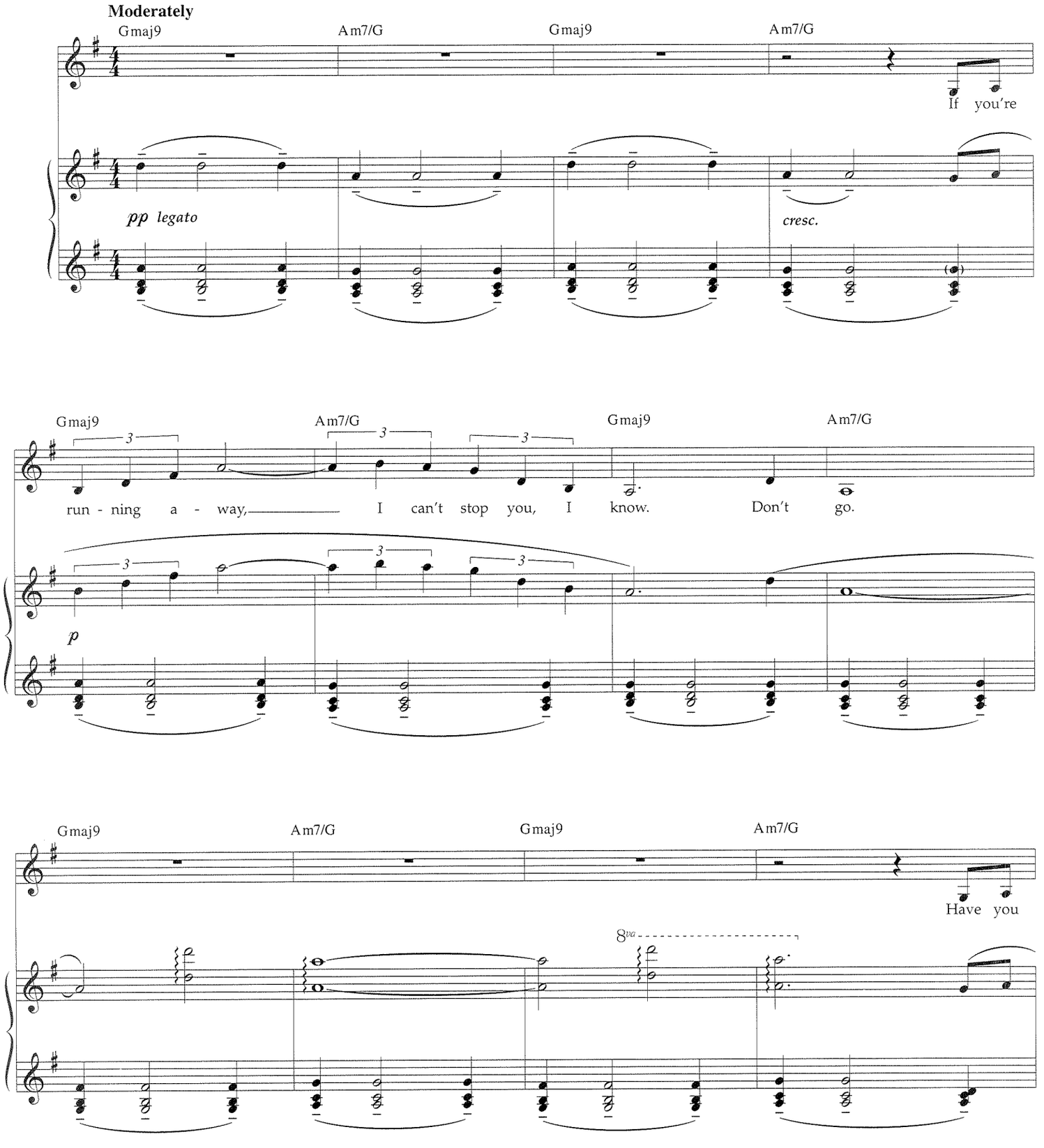

F♯m
C
D/C
G/B
ff a tempo
D/A
G6/9
D/F♯
Em/G
F♯m/A
G/B
A/C♯
D
Em7sus
3
No pain could be
rall.
f a tempo
D/F♯
Gmaj7
G6
D/A
G/B
A/C♯
D
A/C♯
deep - er.
No life could be cheap - er.


Bm
Em7
D/F♯
G
Gmaj7/A
Gmaj7/B
No point an - y - more, if I can't love
A/C♯
G/B
A/C♯
F
Gm7sus
her.
No spir - it could
8va
ff
F/A
B♭
F/C
B♭/D
win me.
No hope left with -
loco
C/E
F
C/E
Dm
Gm7
F/A
B♭
in me, hope I could have loved her and that she'd


Dm
Am
E♭
B♭/D
set me free. But it's not to
mf moving ahead
B♭m6/D♭
F/C
C7sus
C7
B♭/C
C
be. If I can't love her,
Gm/C
Am/C
B♭/C
Am/C
B♭/C
F
D♭
let the world be done with me.
rall. e cresc.
ff / a tempo
broadening
F

DON'T GO
from the musical *Cabaret*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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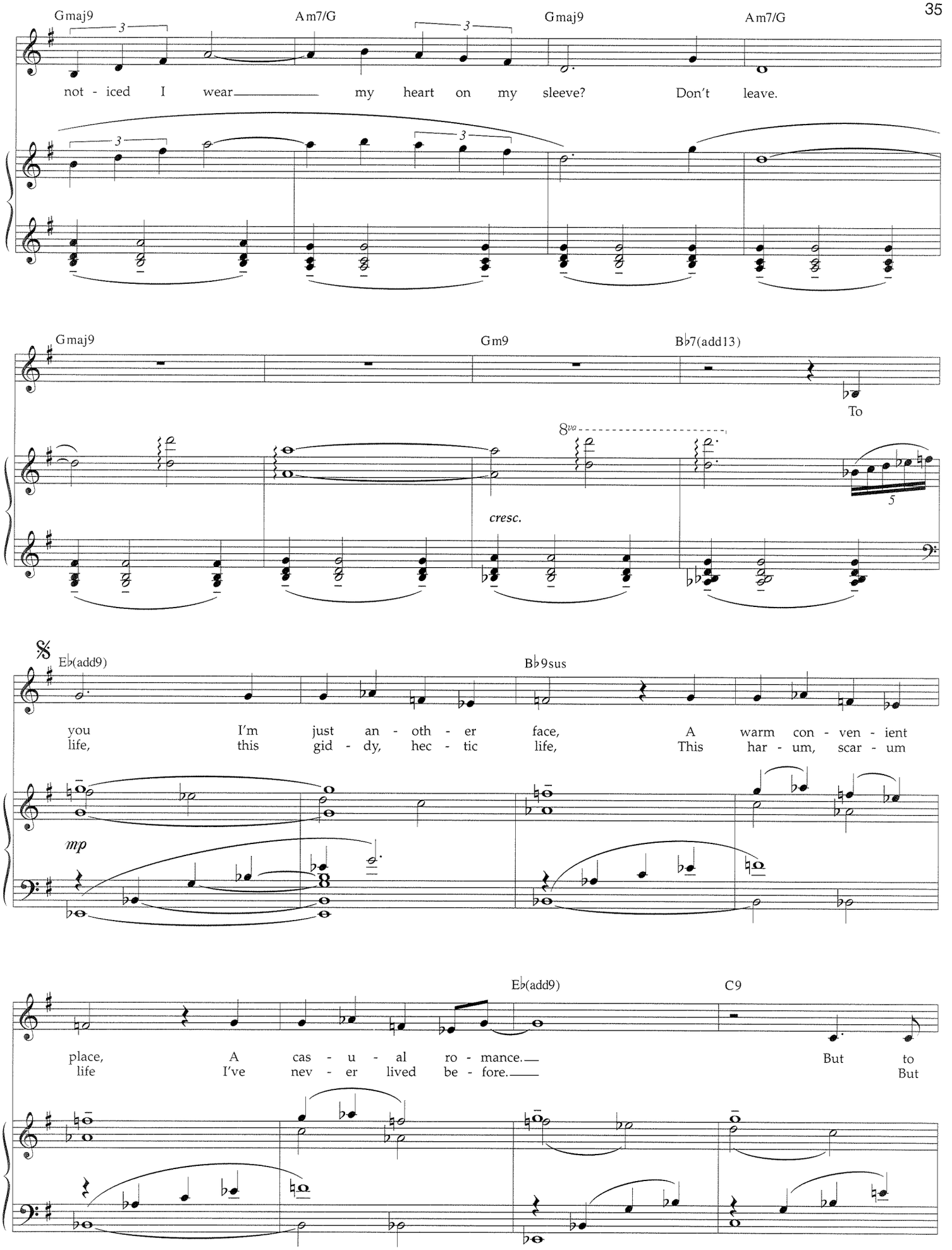
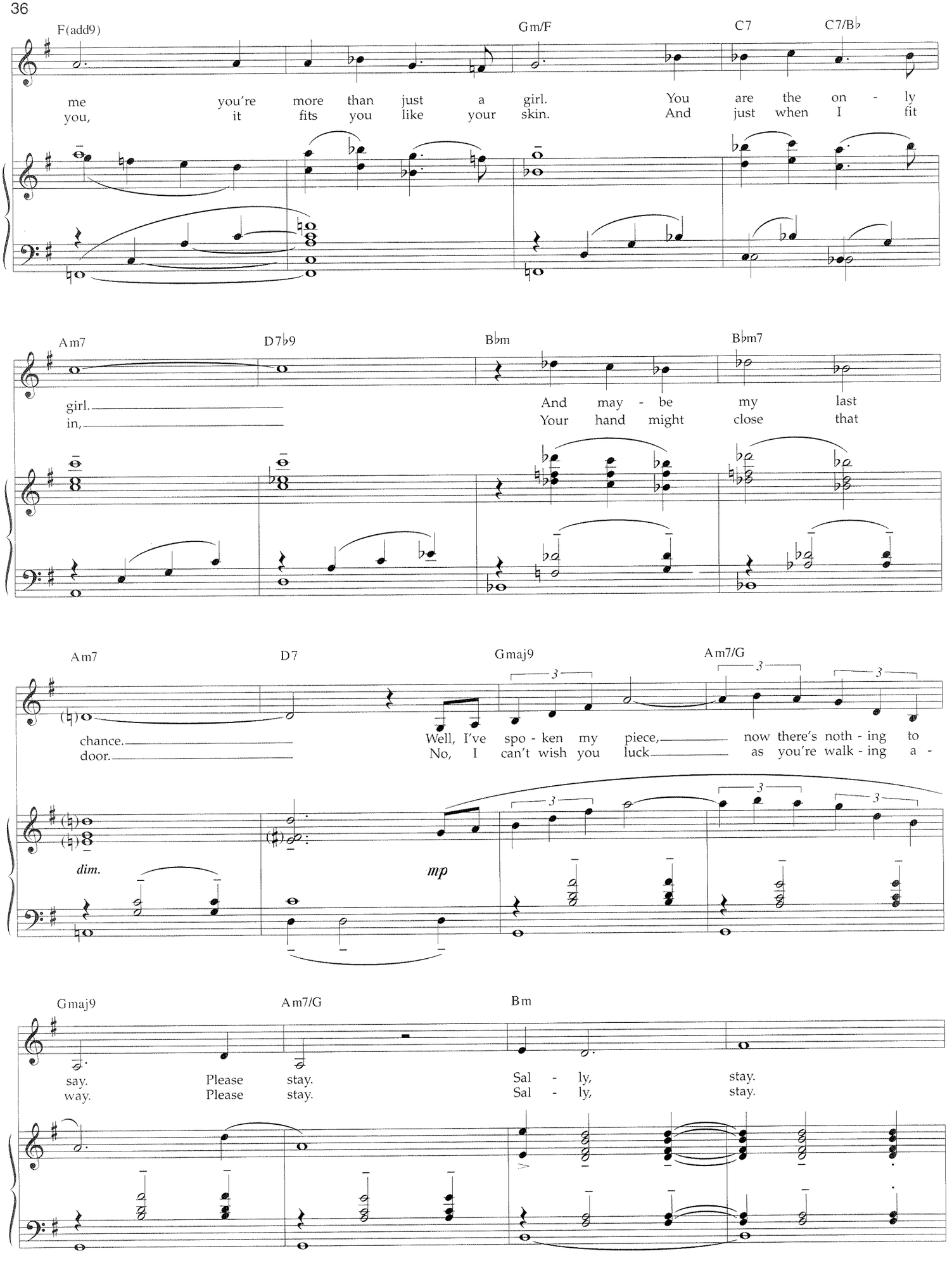
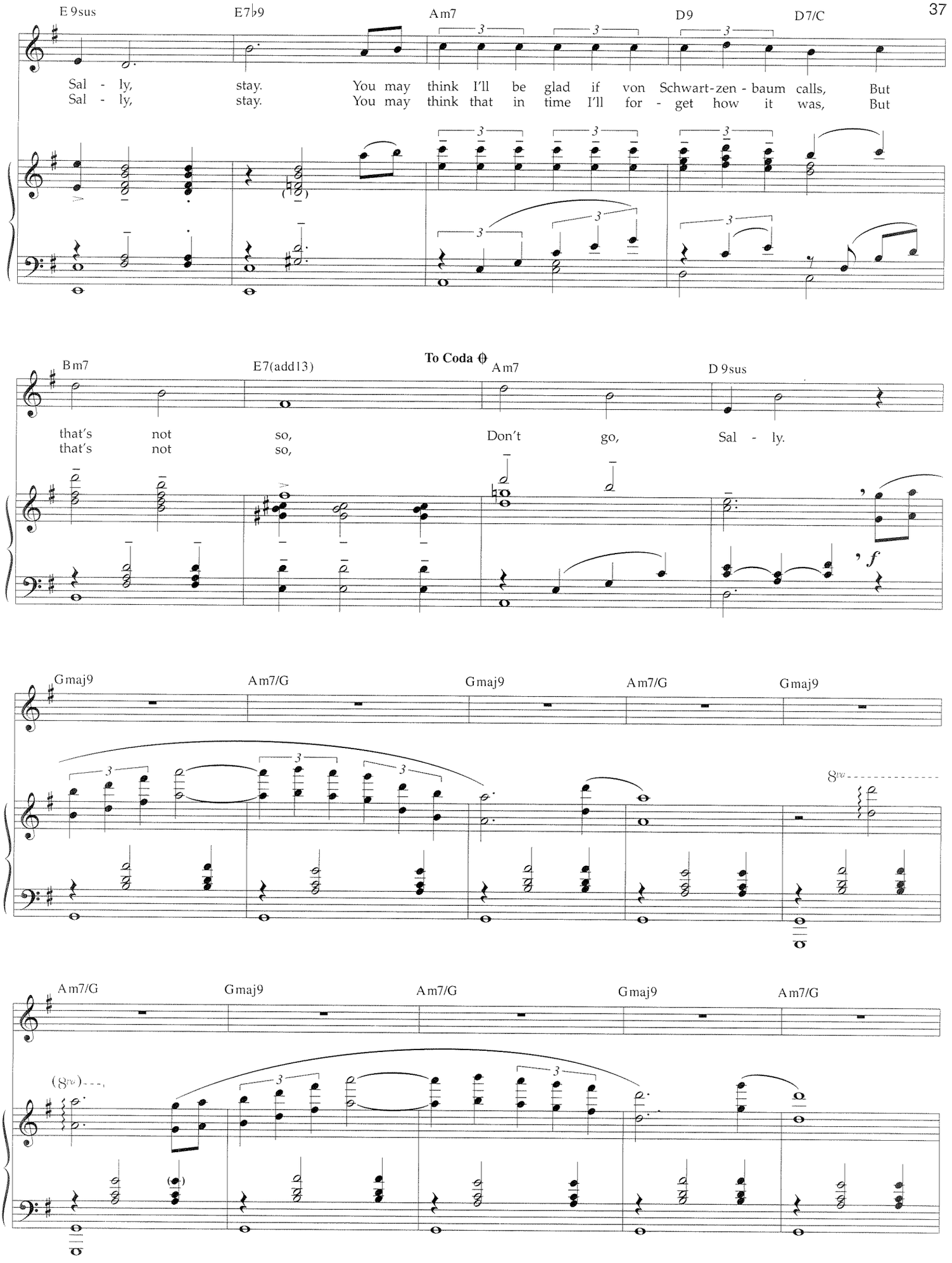
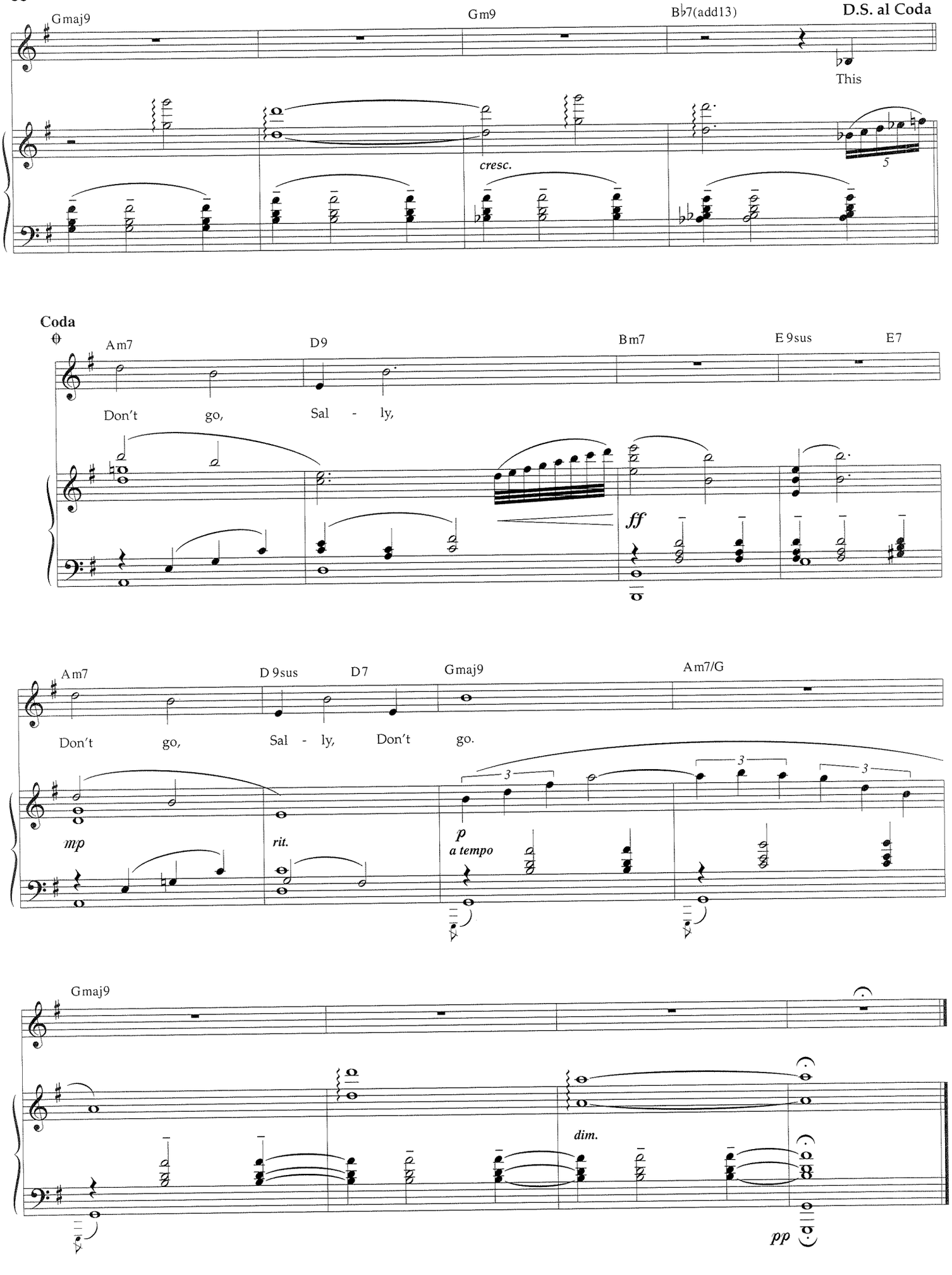

Gmaj9
Am7/G
Gmaj9
Am7/G
not - iced I wear my heart on my sleeve? Don't leave.
Gmaj9
Gm9
B♭7(add13)
To
8va
cresc.
5
E♭(add9)
B♭9sus
you I'm just an - oth - er face, A warm con - ven - ient
life, this gid - dy, hec - tic life, This har - um, scar - um
mp
E♭(add9)
C9
place, A cas - u - al ro - mance. But to
life I've nev - er lived be - fore. But


F(add9)
Gm/F
C7
C7/B♭
me you're more than just a girl. You are the on - ly
you, it fits you like your skin. And just when I fit
Am7
D7♭9
B♭m
B♭m7
girl. And may - be my last
in, Your hand might close that
Am7
D7
Gmaj9
Am7/G
chance. Well, I've spo - ken my piece, now there's noth - ing to
door. No, I can't wish you luck as you're walk - ing a -
dim.
mp
Gmaj9
Am7/G
Bm
say. Please stay. Sal - ly, stay.
way. Please stay. Sal - ly, stay.

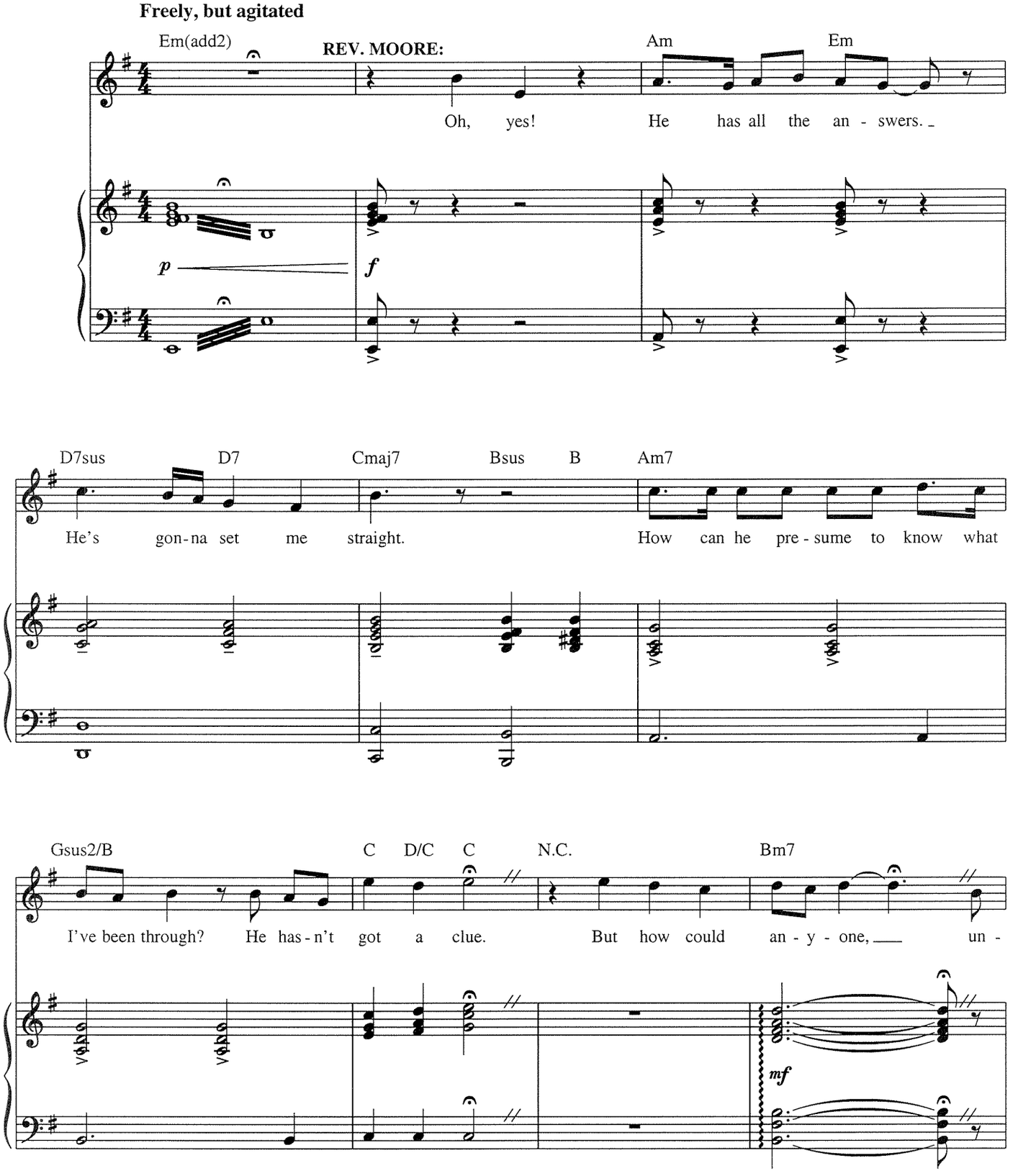

E 9sus
E7♭9
Am7
D9
D7/C
Sal - ly, stay. You may think I'll be glad if von Schwart-zen - baum calls, But
Sal - ly, stay. You may think that in time I'll for - get how it was, But
Bm7
E7(add13)
To Coda
Am7
D 9sus
that's not so, Don't go, Sal - ly.
that's not so,
f
Gmaj9
Am7/G
Gmaj9
Am7/G
Gmaj9
8va
Am7/G
Gmaj9
Am7/G
Gmaj9
Am7/G
(8va)


Gmaj9
Gm9
B♭7(add13)
D.S. al Coda
This
cresc.
5
Coda
Am7
D9
Bm7
E9sus
E7
Don't go, Sal - ly,
ff
Am7
D9sus
D7
Gmaj9
Am7/G
Don't go, Sal - ly, Don't go.
mp
rit.
p
a tempo
3
3
3
Gmaj9
dim.
pp

I CONFESS

from the Broadway musical *Footloose*

Words by DEAN PITCHFORD
Music by TOM SNOW



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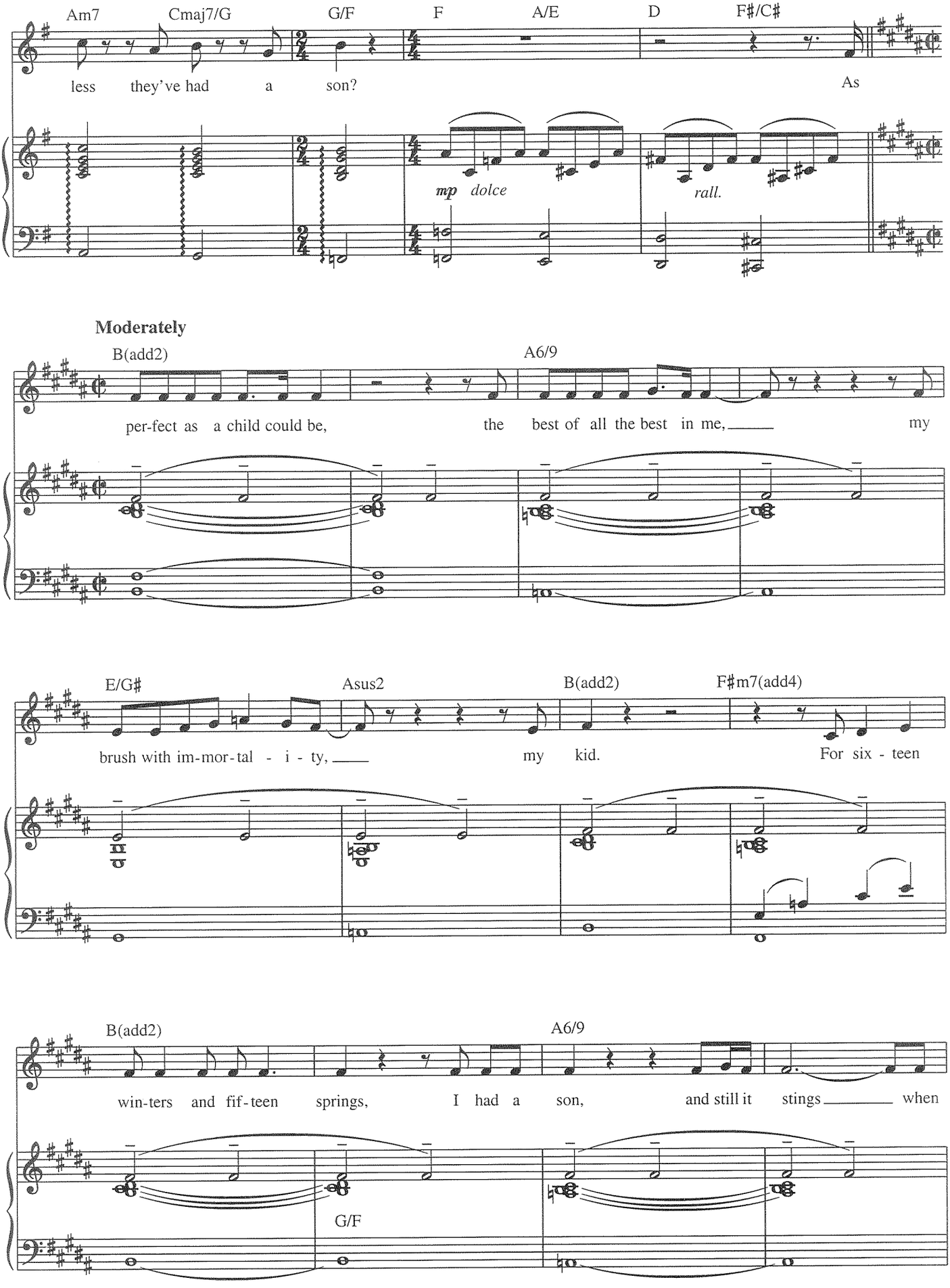
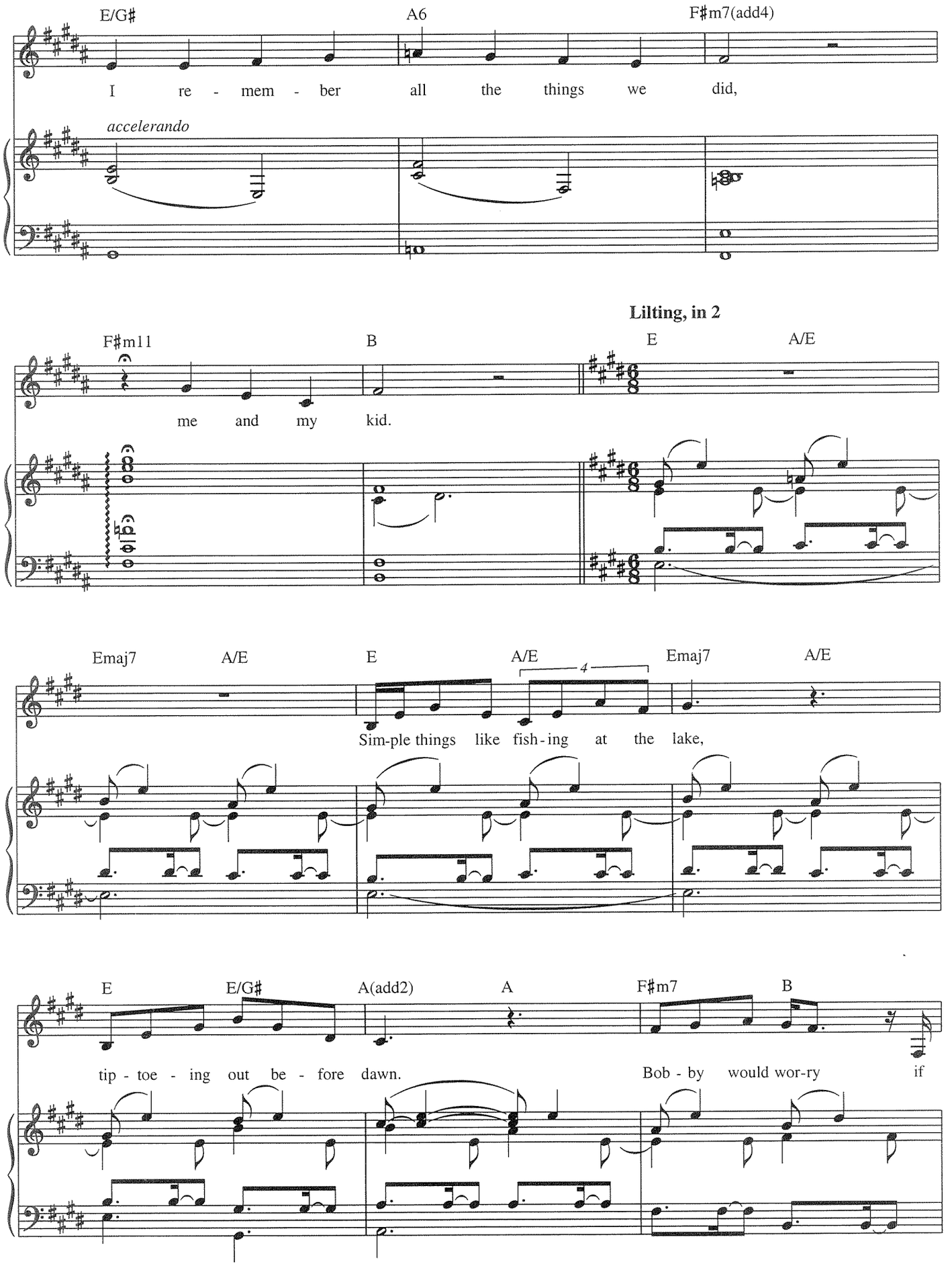
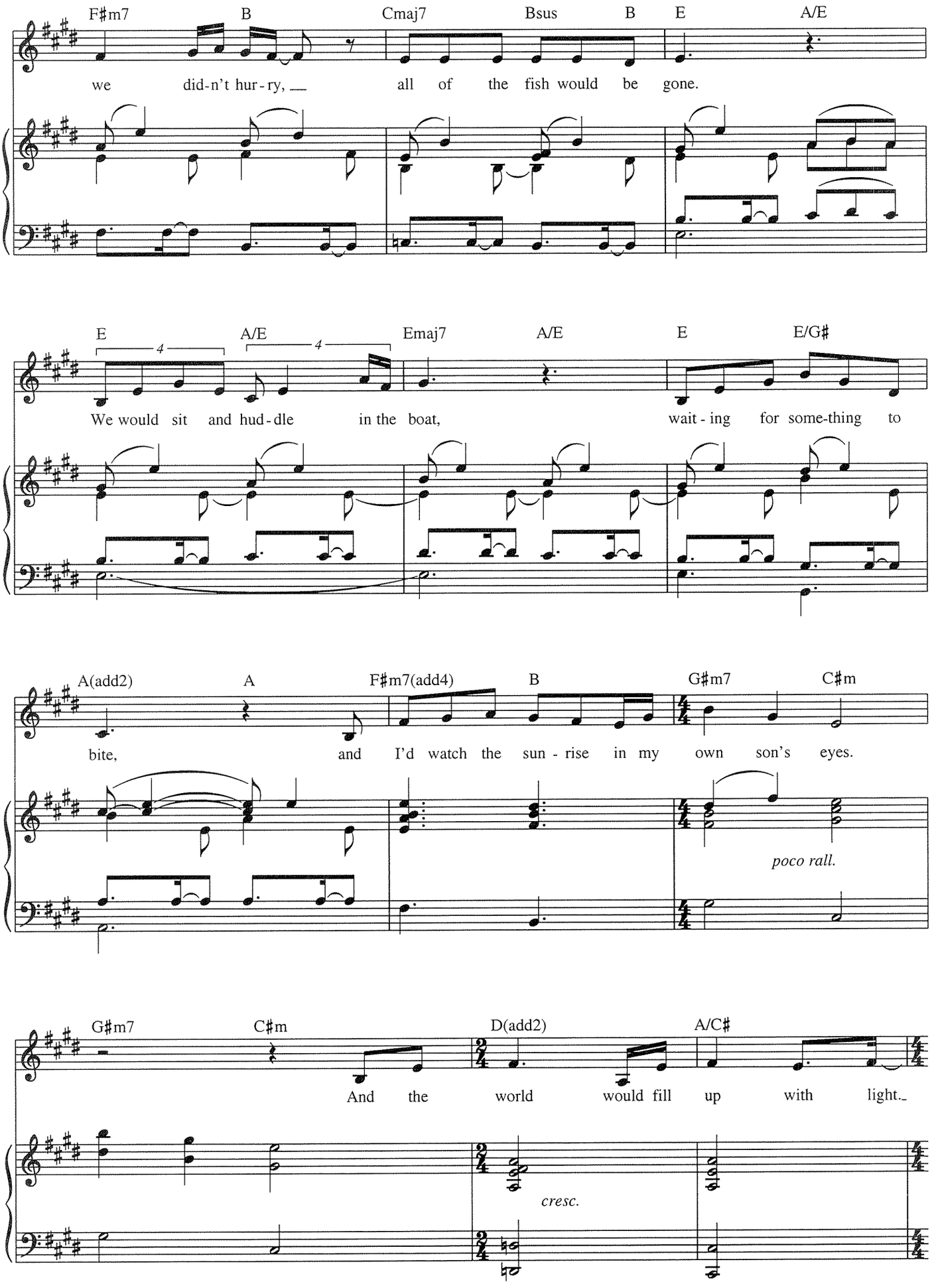
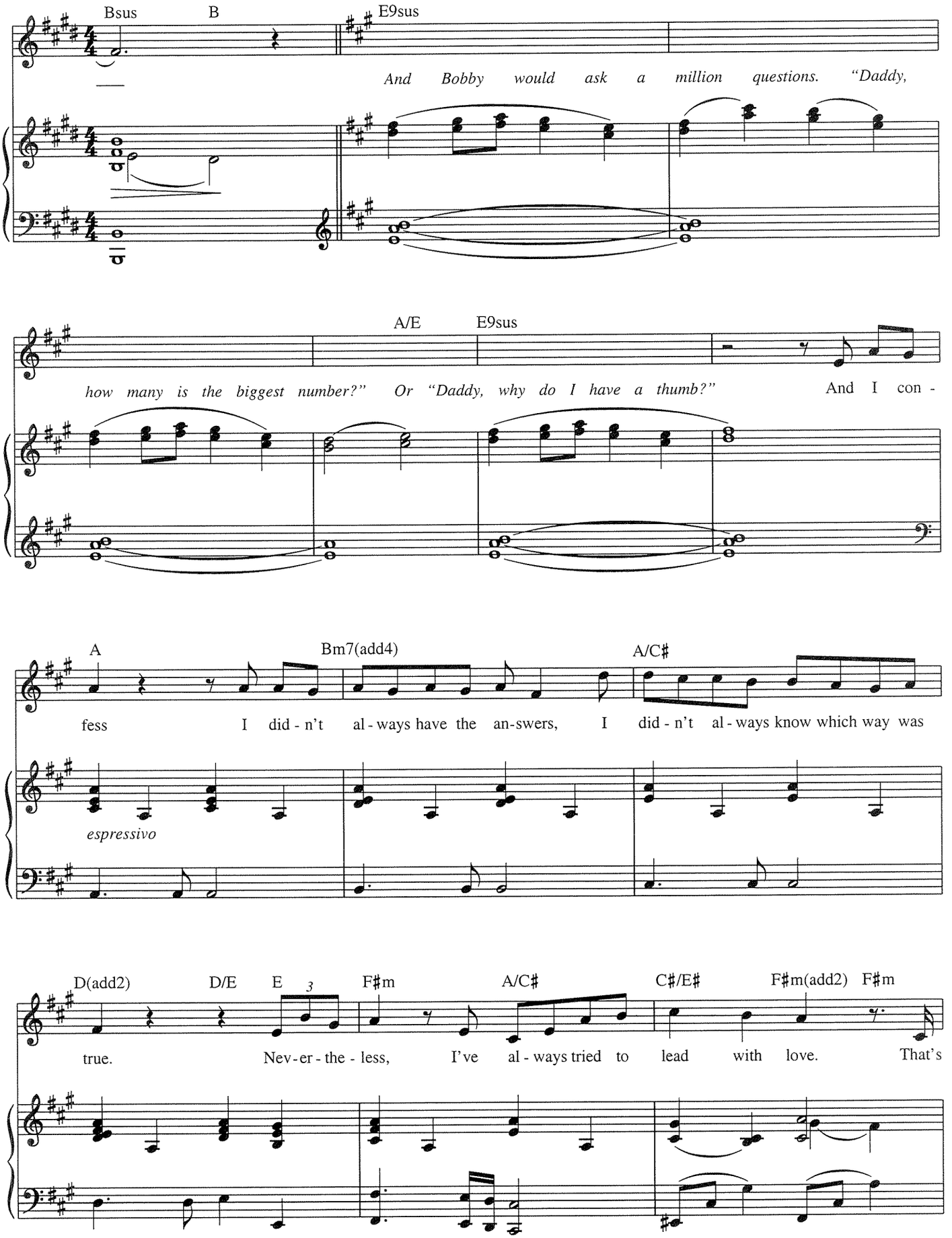
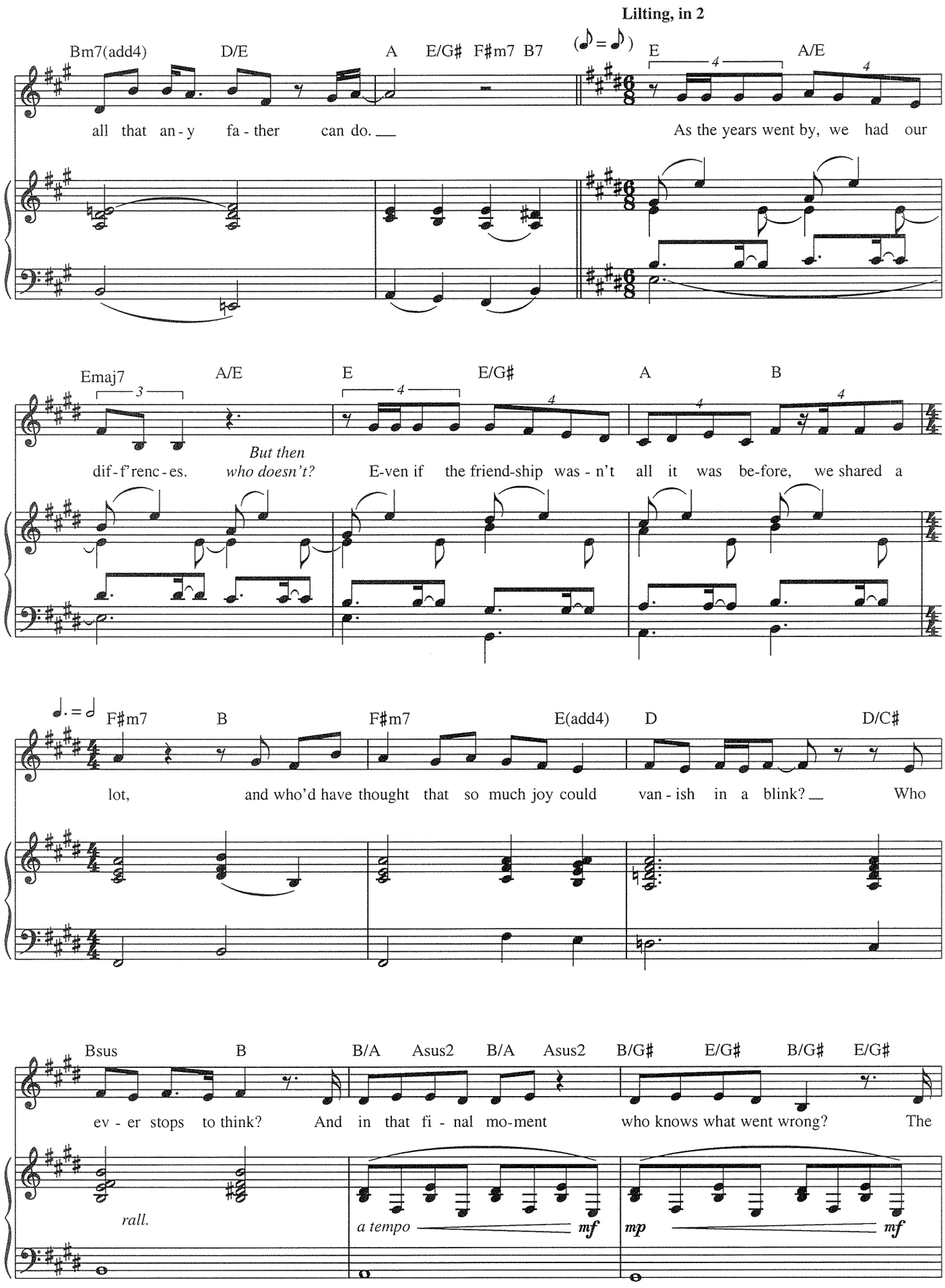

Am7
Cmaj7/G
G/F
F
A/E
D
F♯/C♯
less they've had a son?
As
mp dolce
rall.
Moderately
B(add2)
A6/9
per-fect as a child could be,
the best of all the best in me,
my
E/G♯
Asus2
B(add2)
F♯m7(add4)
brush with im-mor-tal - i - ty,
my kid.
For six - teen
B(add2)
A6/9
win-ters and fif-teen springs,
I had a son,
and still it stings
when
G/F

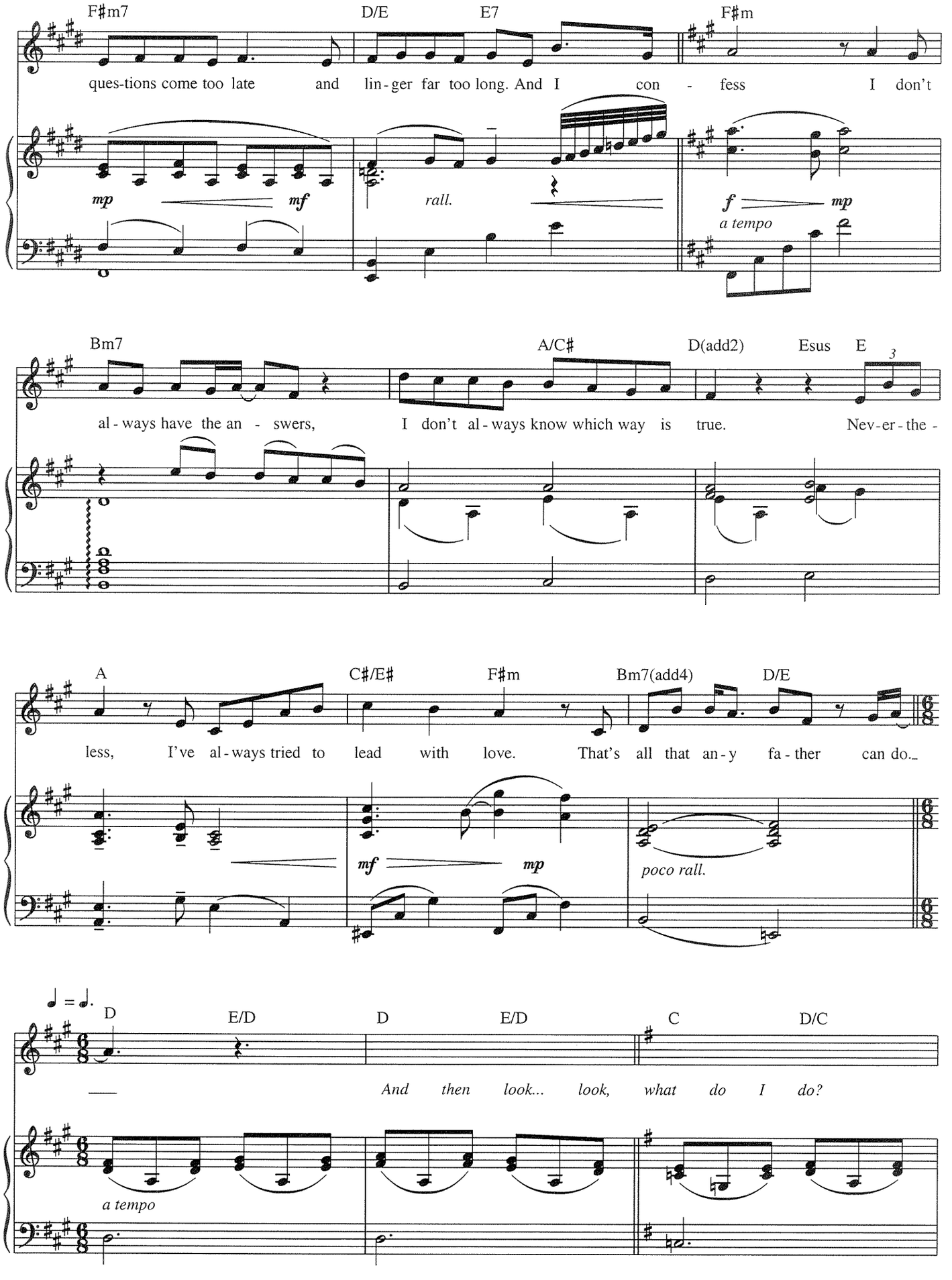

E/G♯
A6
F♯m7(add4)
I re - mem - ber all the things we did,
accelerando
Lilting, in 2
F♯m11
B
E
A/E
me and my kid.
Emaj7
A/E
E
A/E
4
Emaj7
A/E
Sim-ple things like fish-ing at the lake,
E
E/G♯
A(add2)
A
F♯m7
B
tip - toe - ing out be - fore dawn.
Bob - by would wor-ry if

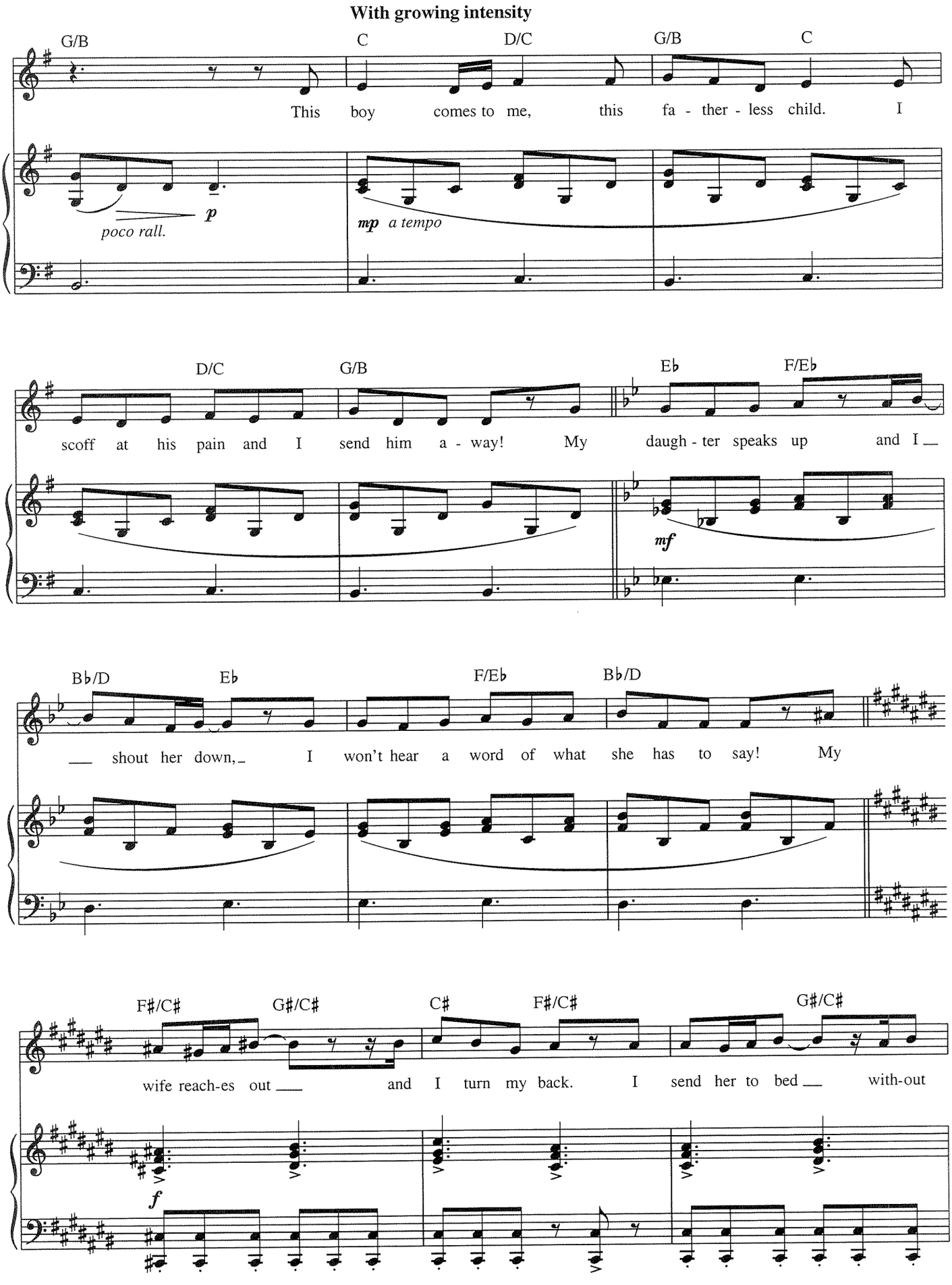

F♯m7 B Cmaj7 Bsus B E A/E
we did-n't hur-ry, all of the fish would be gone.
E A/E Emaj7 A/E E E/G♯
We would sit and hud-dle in the boat, wait-ing for some-thing to
A(add2) A F♯m7(add4) B G♯m7 C♯m
bite, and I'd watch the sun-rise in my own son's eyes.
poco rall.
G♯m7 C♯m D(add2) A/C♯
And the world would fill up with light.
cresc.

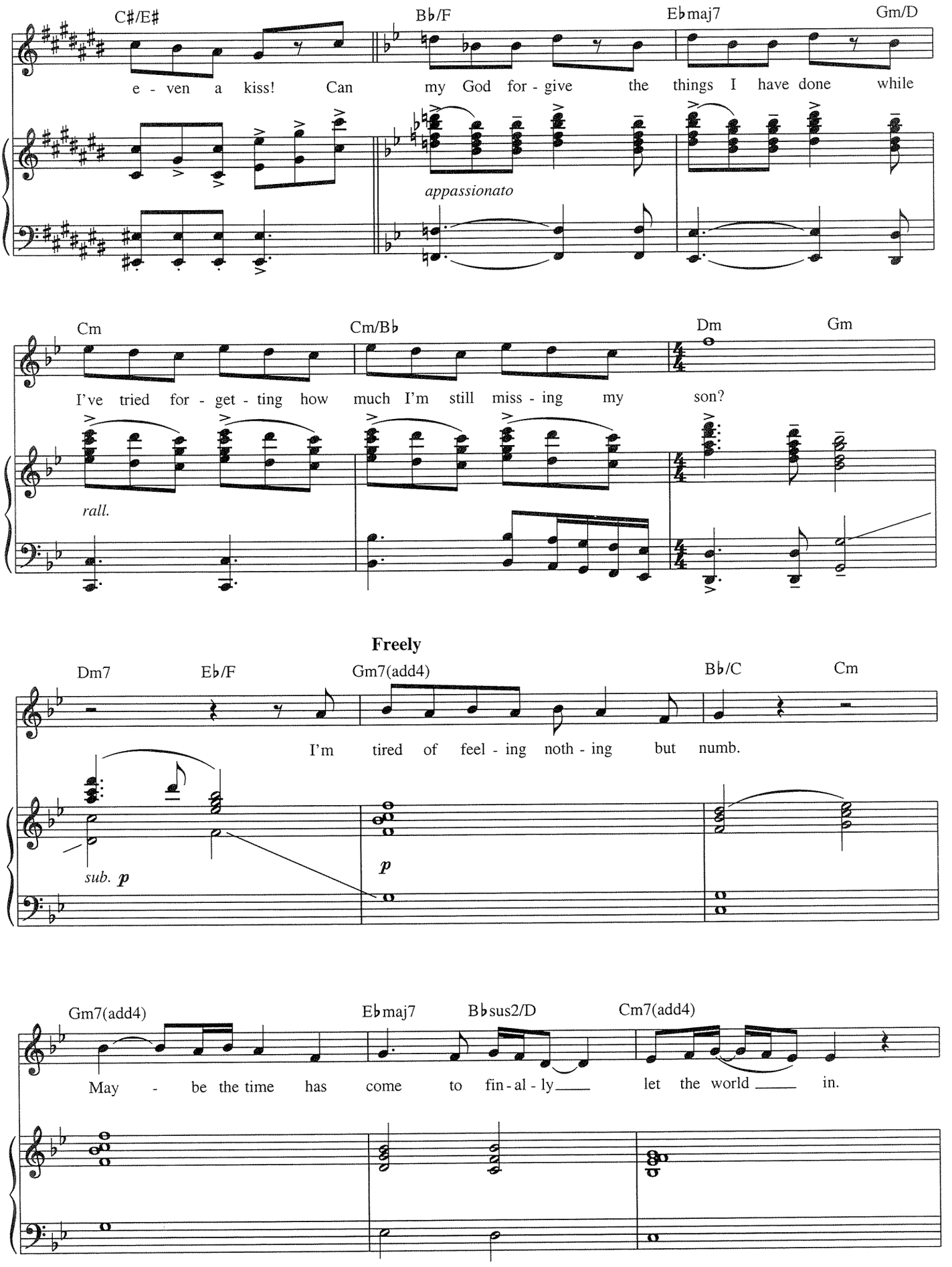
Moderately fast

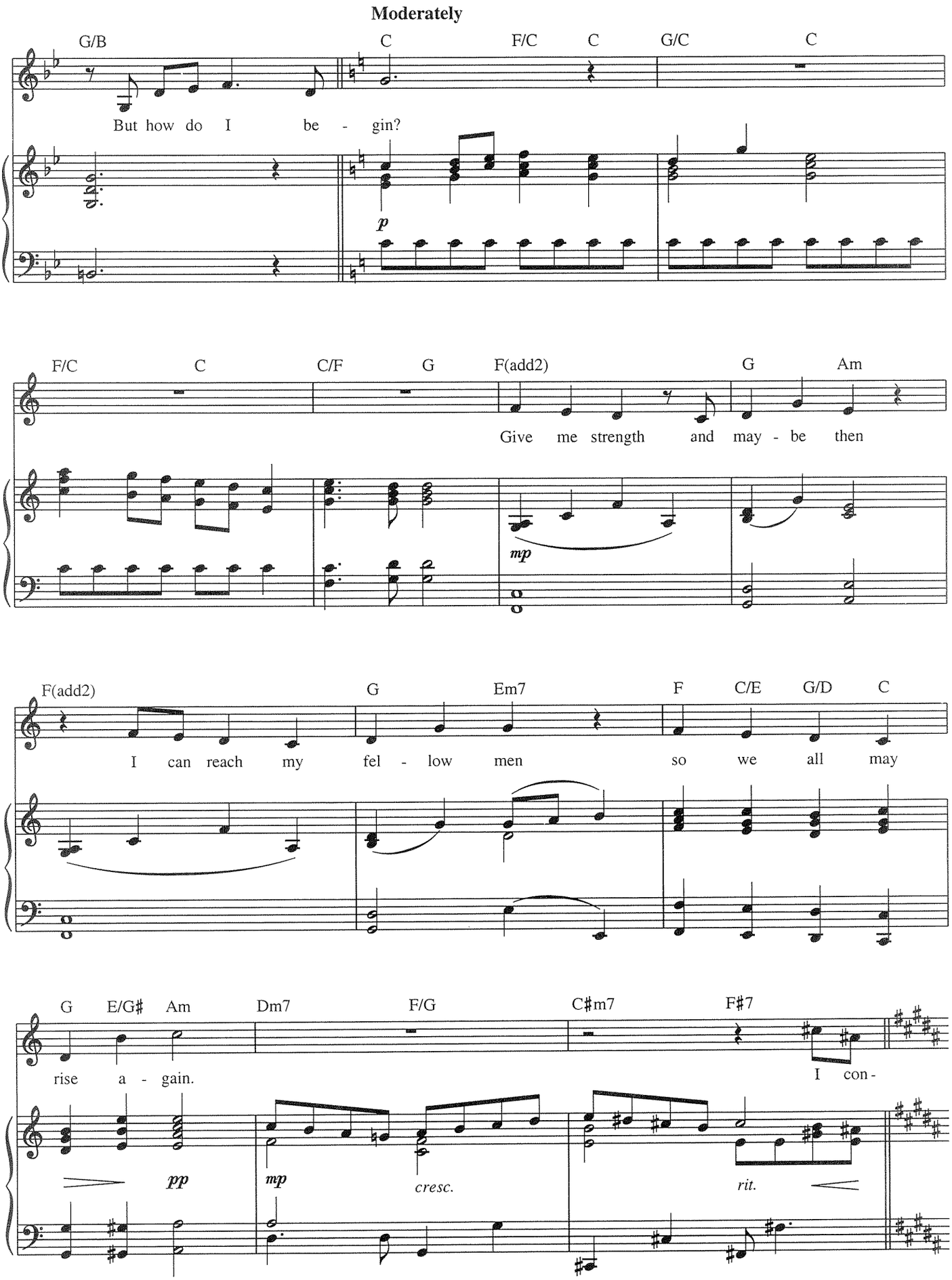


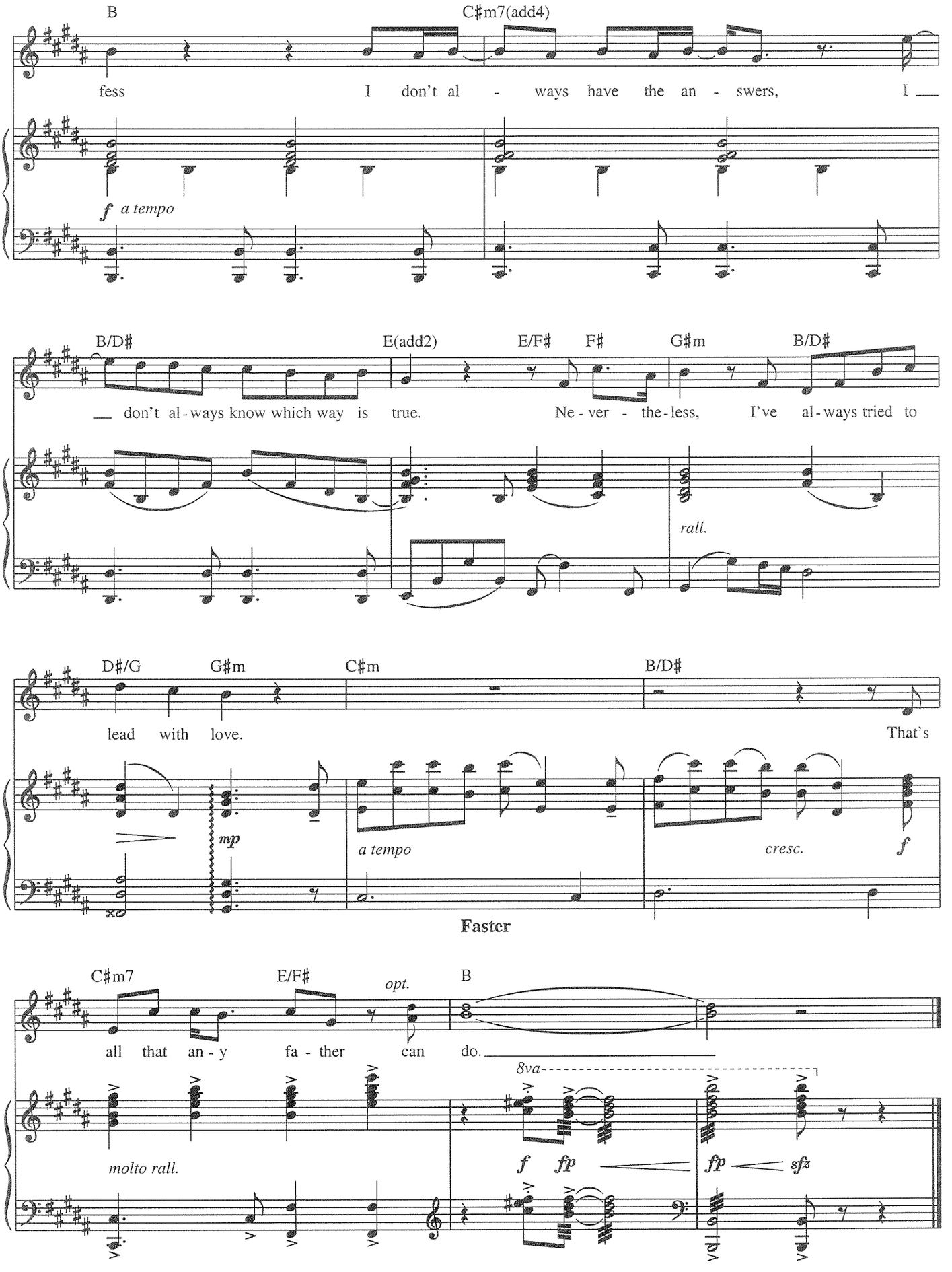

Lilting, in 2
Bm7(add4) D/E A E/G♯ F♯m7 B7
E A/E
all that an - y fa - ther can do.
As the years went by, we had our
Emaj7 A/E E E/G♯ A B
dif - f'renc - es.
But then
who doesn't?
E-ven if the friend-ship was - n't all it was be-fore, we shared a
F♯m7 B F♯m7 E(add4) D D/C♯
lot, and who'd have thought that so much joy could van - ish in a blink?
Who
Bsus B B/A Asus2 B/A Asus2 B/G♯ E/G♯ B/G♯ E/G♯
ev - er stops to think? And in that fi - nal mo-ment who knows what went wrong? The
rall.
a tempo
mf
mp
mf


F♯m7
D/E
E7
F♯m
ques-tions come too late and lin-ger far too long. And I con - fess I don't
mp
mf
rall.
f
mp
a tempo
Bm7
A/C♯
D(add2)
Esus
E
3
al-ways have the an - swers, I don't al-ways know which way is true. Nev-er-the-
A
C♯/E♯
F♯m
Bm7(add4)
D/E
less, I've al-ways tried to lead with love. That's all that an-y fa-ther can do.
mf
mp
poco rall.
♩ = ♩.
D
E/D
D
E/D
C
D/C
And then look... look, what do I do?
a tempo


With growing intensity
G/B
C
D/C
G/B
C
This boy comes to me, this fa - ther - less child. I
poco rall.
p
mp a tempo
D/C
G/B
Eb
F/Eb
scoff at his pain and I send him a - way! My daugh - ter speaks up and I
mf
Bb/D
Eb
F/Eb
Bb/D
shout her down, I won't hear a word of what she has to say! My
F#/C#
G#/C#
C#
F#/C#
G#/C#
wife reach-es out and I turn my back. I send her to bed with-out
f


C♯/E♯
B♭/F
E♭maj7
Gm/D
e - ven a kiss! Can my God for - give the things I have done while
appassionato
Cm
Cm/B♭
Dm
Gm
I've tried for - get - ting how much I'm still miss - ing my son?
rall.
Freely
Dm7
E♭/F
Gm7(add4)
B♭/C
Cm
I'm tired of feel - ing noth - ing but numb.
sub. p
p
Gm7(add4)
E♭maj7
B♭sus2/D
Cm7(add4)
May - be the time has come to fin - al - ly let the world in.

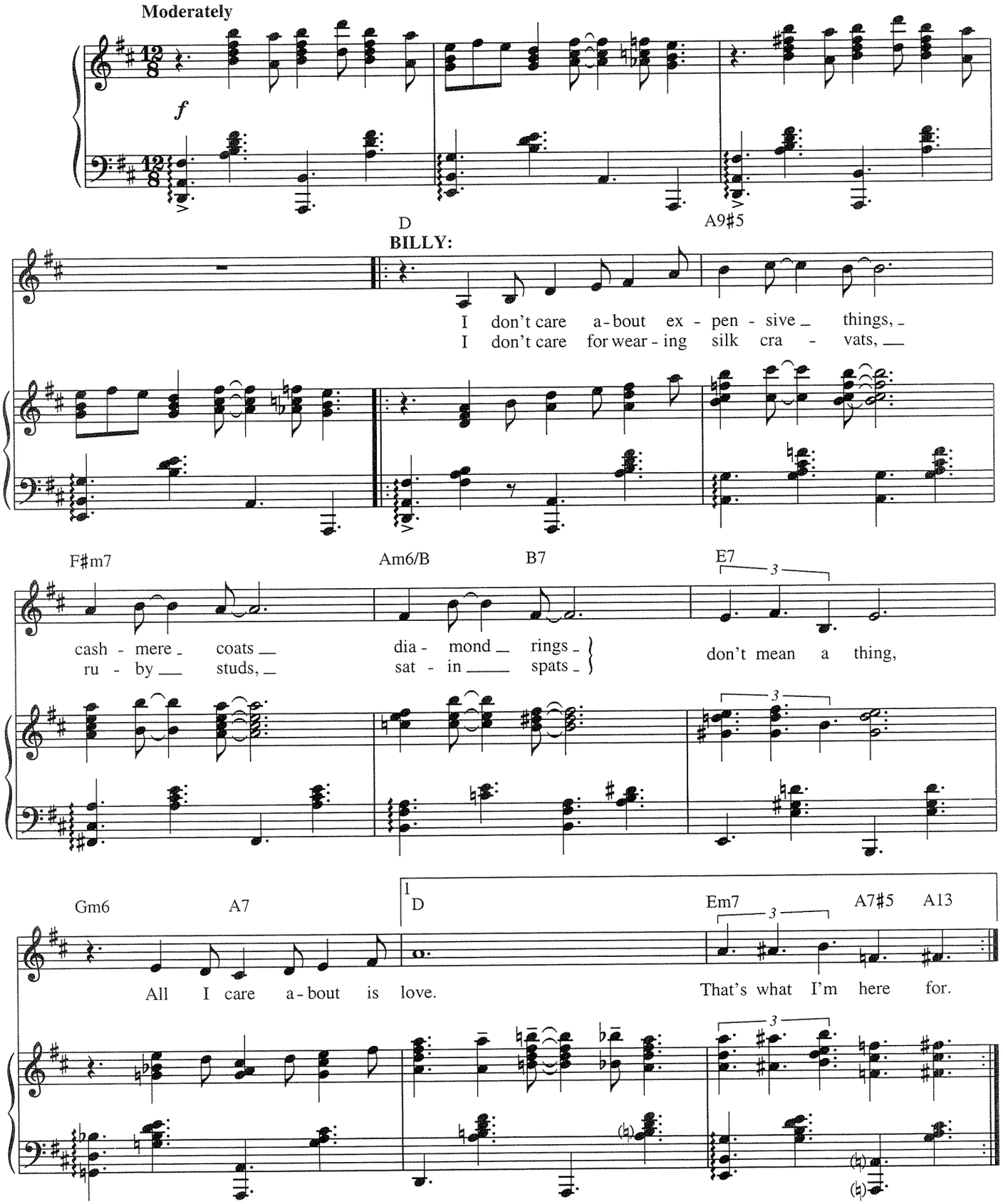

Moderately
G/B
C
F/C
C
G/C
C
But how do I be - gin?
p
F/C
C
C/F
G
F(add2)
G
Am
Give me strength and may - be then
mp
F(add2)
G
Em7
F
C/E
G/D
C
I can reach my fel - low men so we all may
G
E/G♯
Am
Dm7
F/G
C♯m7
F♯7
rise a - gain.
I con -
pp
mp
cresc.
rit.


B
C♯m7(add4)
fess I don't al - ways have the an - swers, I
f a tempo
B/D♯
E(add2)
E/F♯
F♯
G♯m
B/D♯
don't al-ways know which way is true. Ne - ver - the-less, I've al-ways tried to
rall.
D♯/G
G♯m
C♯m
B/D♯
lead with love. That's
mp
a tempo
cresc.
f
Faster
C♯m7
E/F♯
opt.
B
all that an - y fa - ther can do.
8va
molto rall.
f fp
fp sfz

ALL I CARE ABOUT

from *Chicago*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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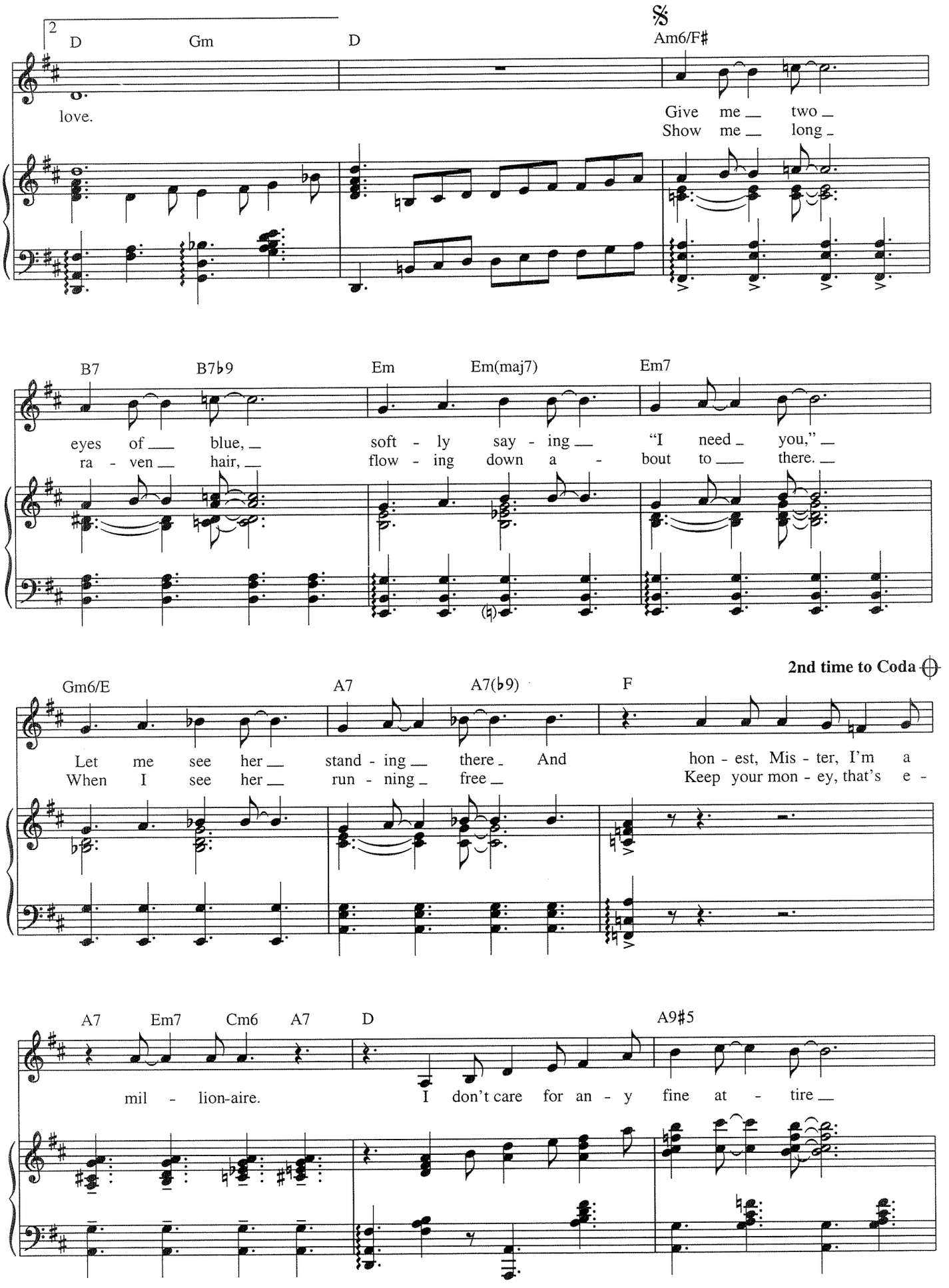
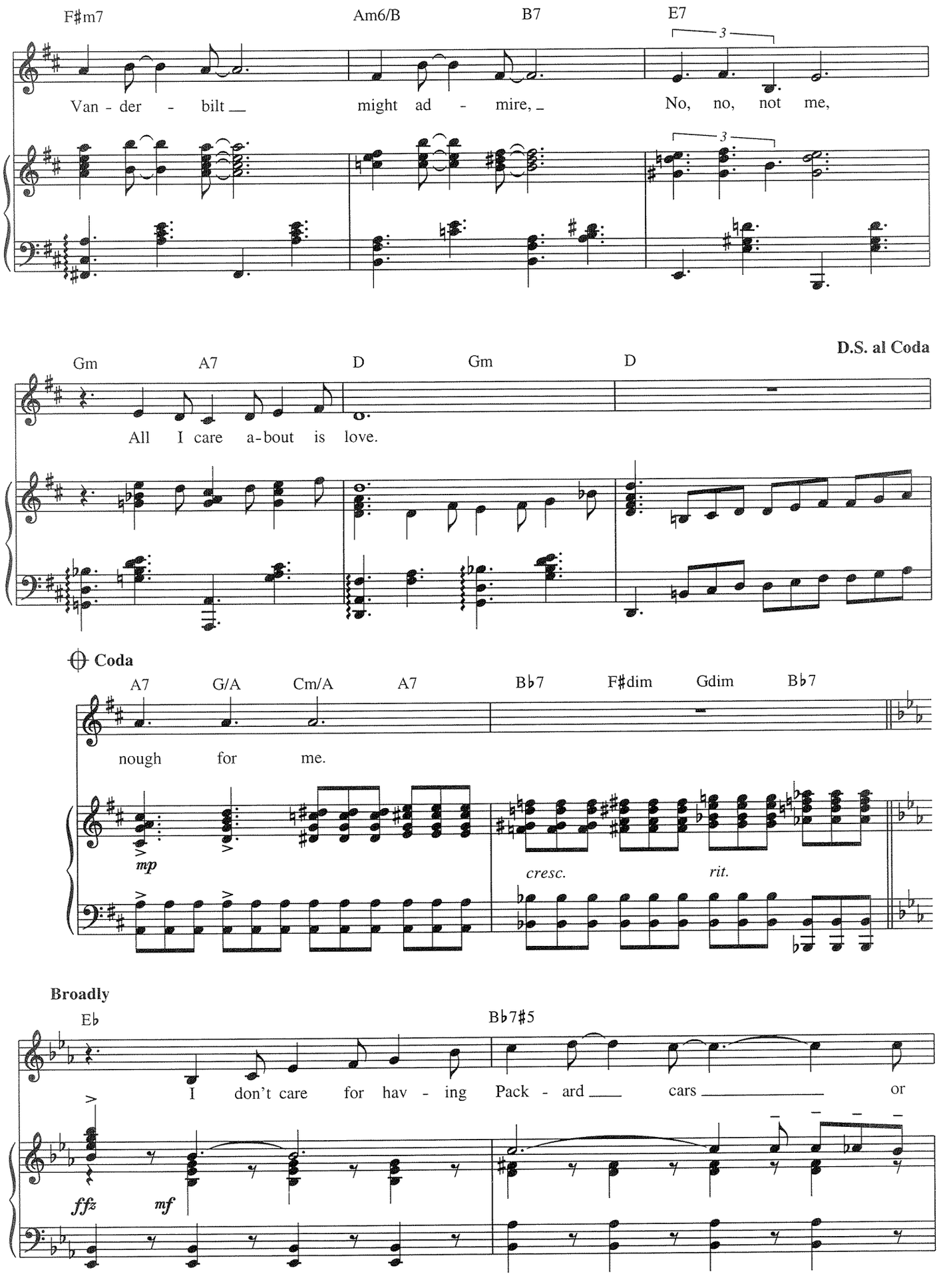
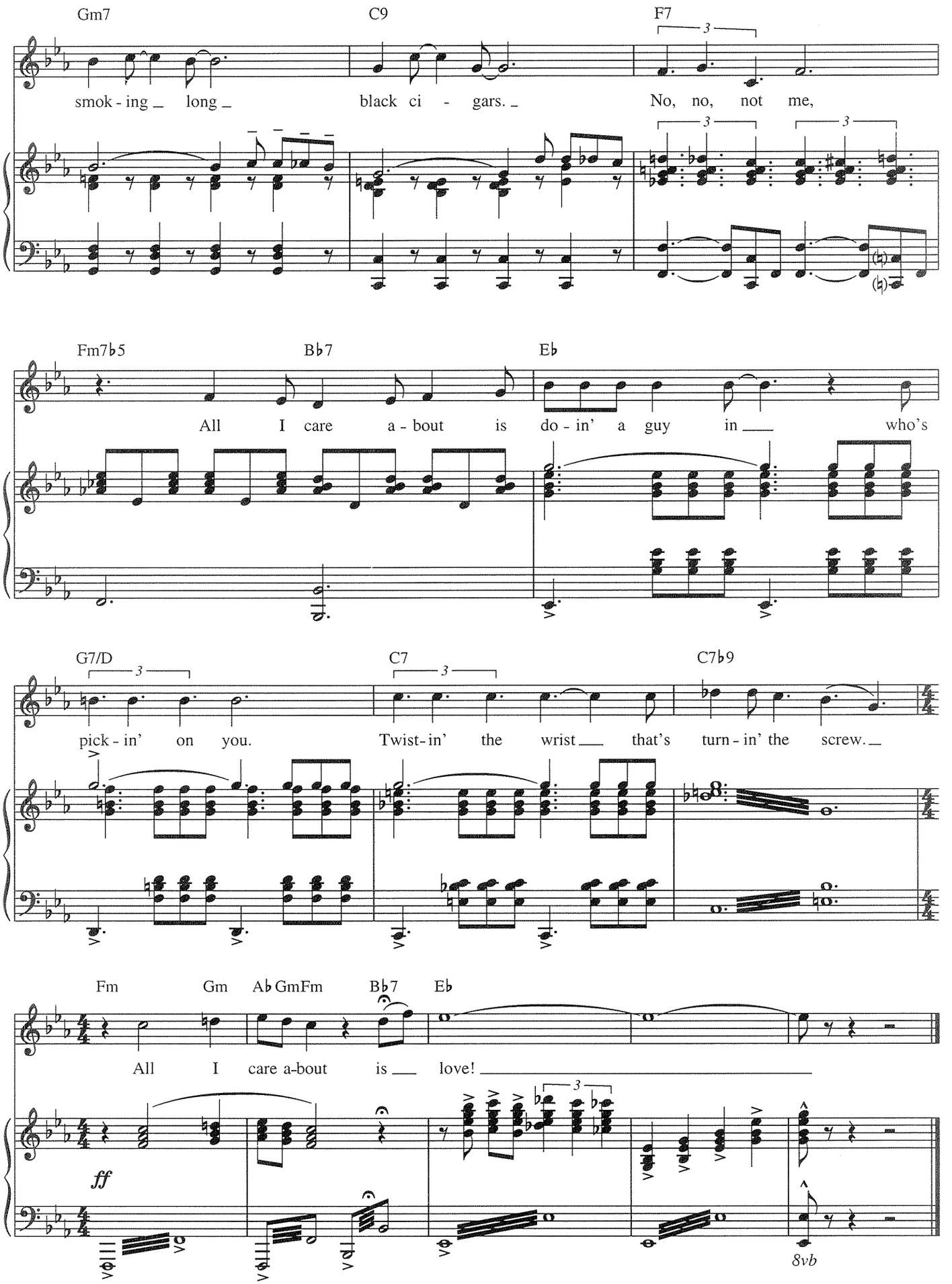

2
D
Gm
D
Am6/F#
love.
Give me two
Show me long
B7
B7♭9
Em
Em(maj7)
Em7
eyes of blue,
ra - ven hair,
soft - ly say - ing "I need you,"
flow - ing down a - bout to there.
2nd time to Coda
Gm6/E
A7
A7(♭9)
F
Let me see her stand - ing there And hon - est, Mis - ter, I'm a
When I see her run - ning free Keep your mon - ey, that's e -
A7
Em7
Cm6
A7
D
A9♯5
mil - lion-aire.
I don't care for an - y fine at - tire

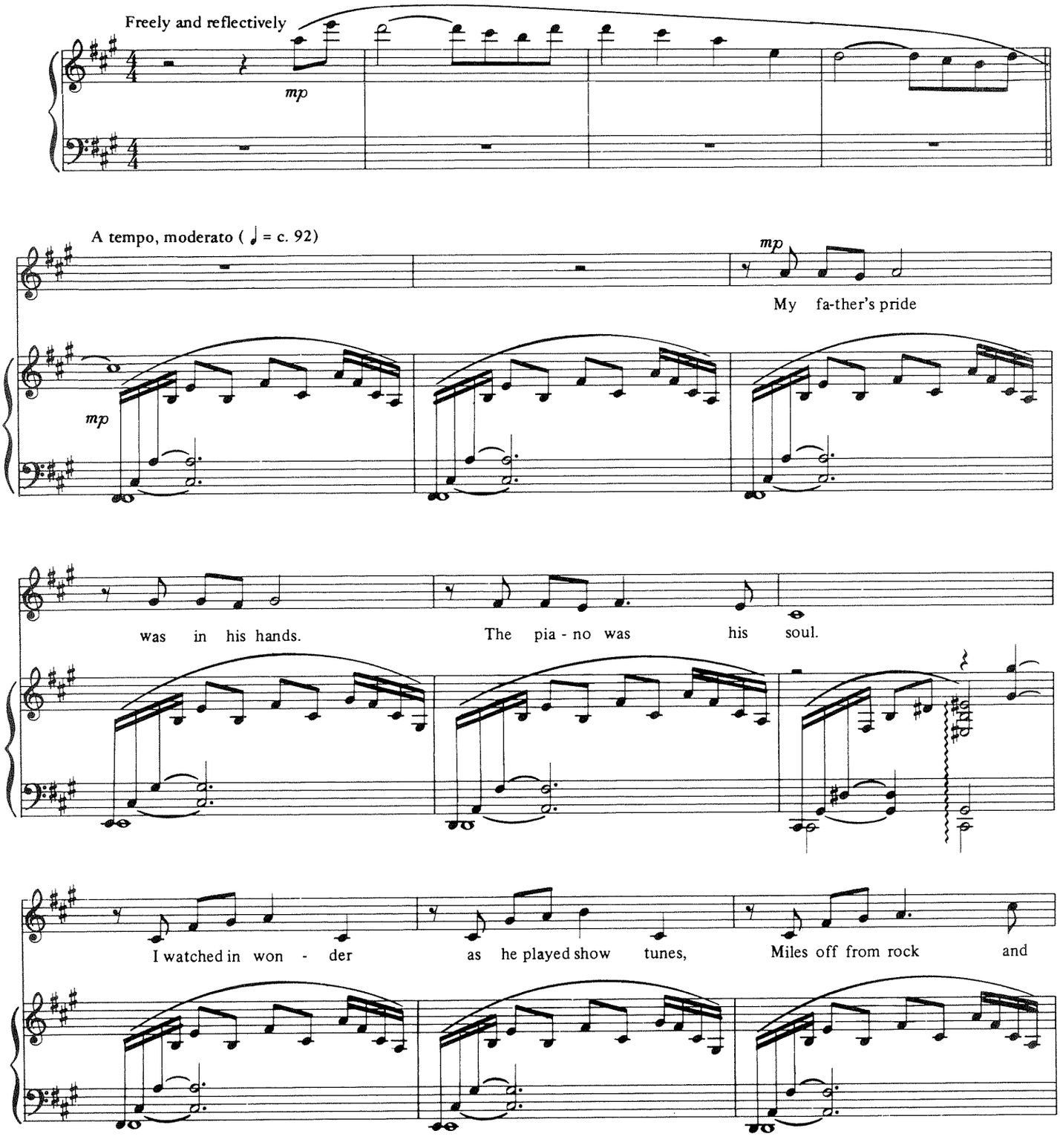

F♯m7
Am6/B
B7
E7
3
Van - der - bilt
might ad - mire,
No, no, not me,
3
D.S. al Coda
Gm
A7
D
Gm
D
All I care a-bout is love.
Coda
A7
G/A
Cm/A
A7
B♭7
F♯dim
Gdim
B♭7
nough for me.
mp
cresc.
rit.
Broadly
E♭
B♭7♯5
I don't care for hav - ing Pack - ard cars or
ffz
mf


Gm7
C9
F7
smok - ing long
black ci - gars.
No, no, not me,
Fm7b5
Bb7
Eb
All I care a - bout is
do - in' a guy in
who's
G7/D
C7
C7b9
pick - in' on you.
Twist - in' the wrist
that's turn - in' the screw.
Fm
Gm
Ab GmFm
Bb7
Eb
All I care a-bout is
love!
ff
8vb

IF I SING

from *Closer Than Ever*

Words and Music by DAVID SHIRE
and RICHARD MALTBY, JR.



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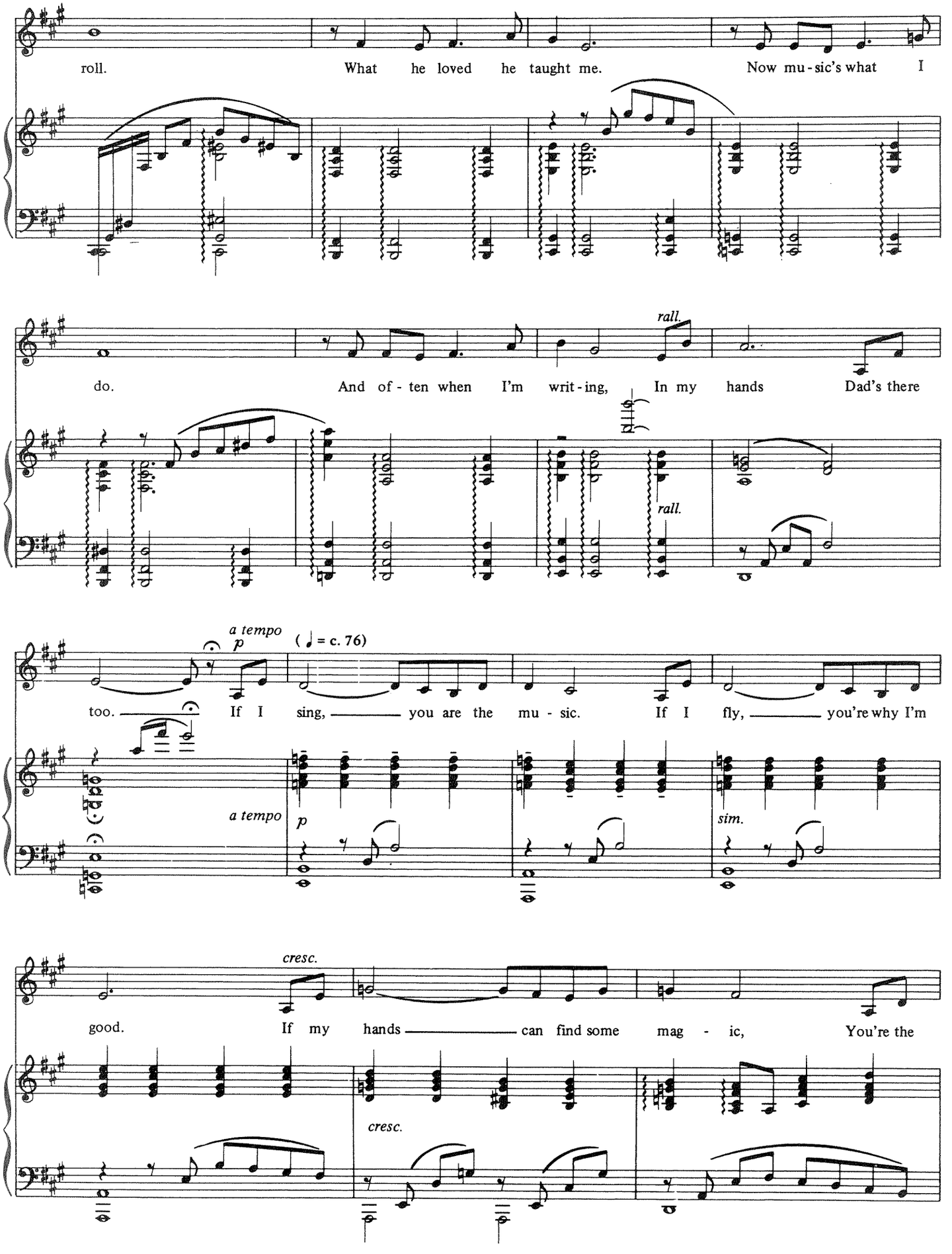
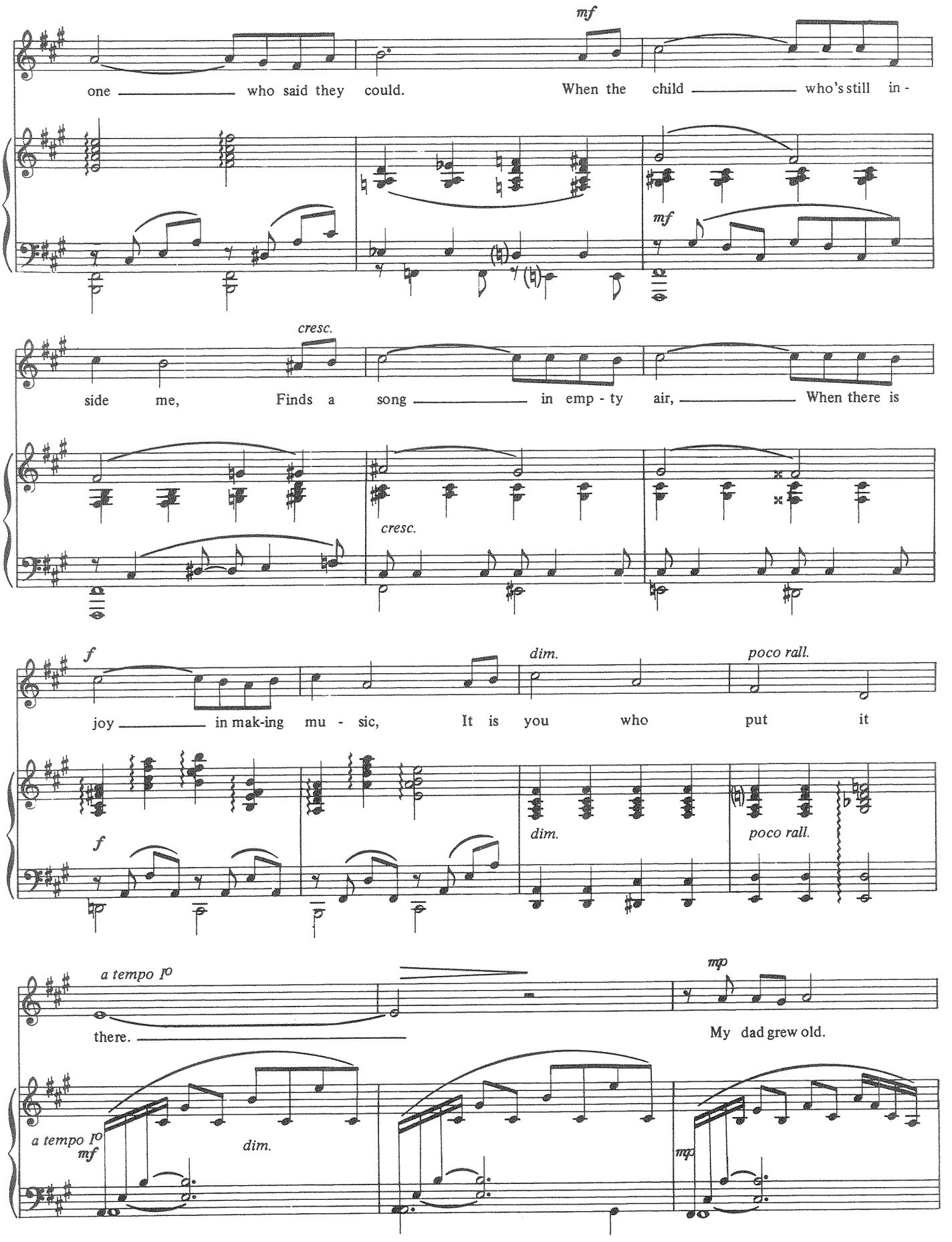
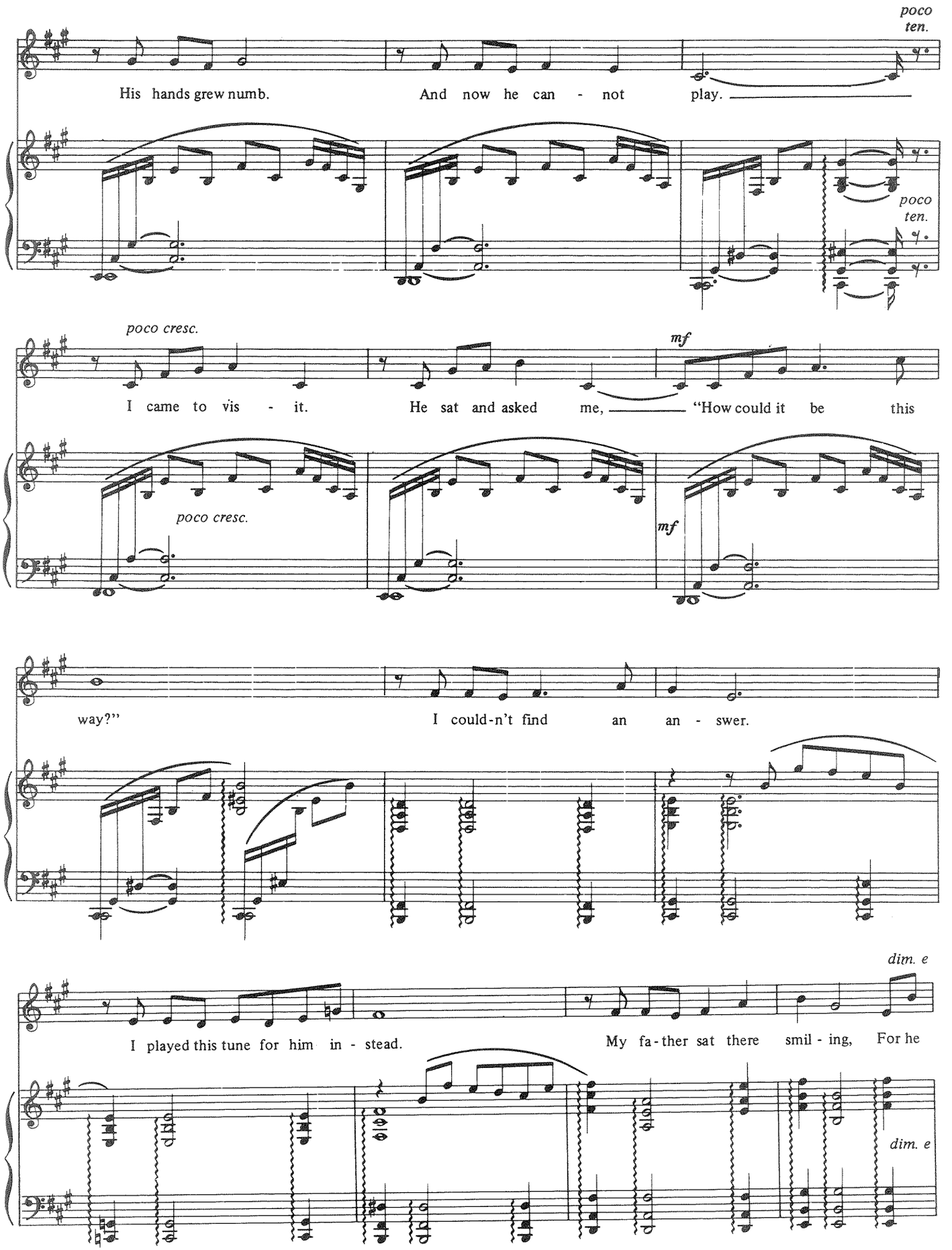
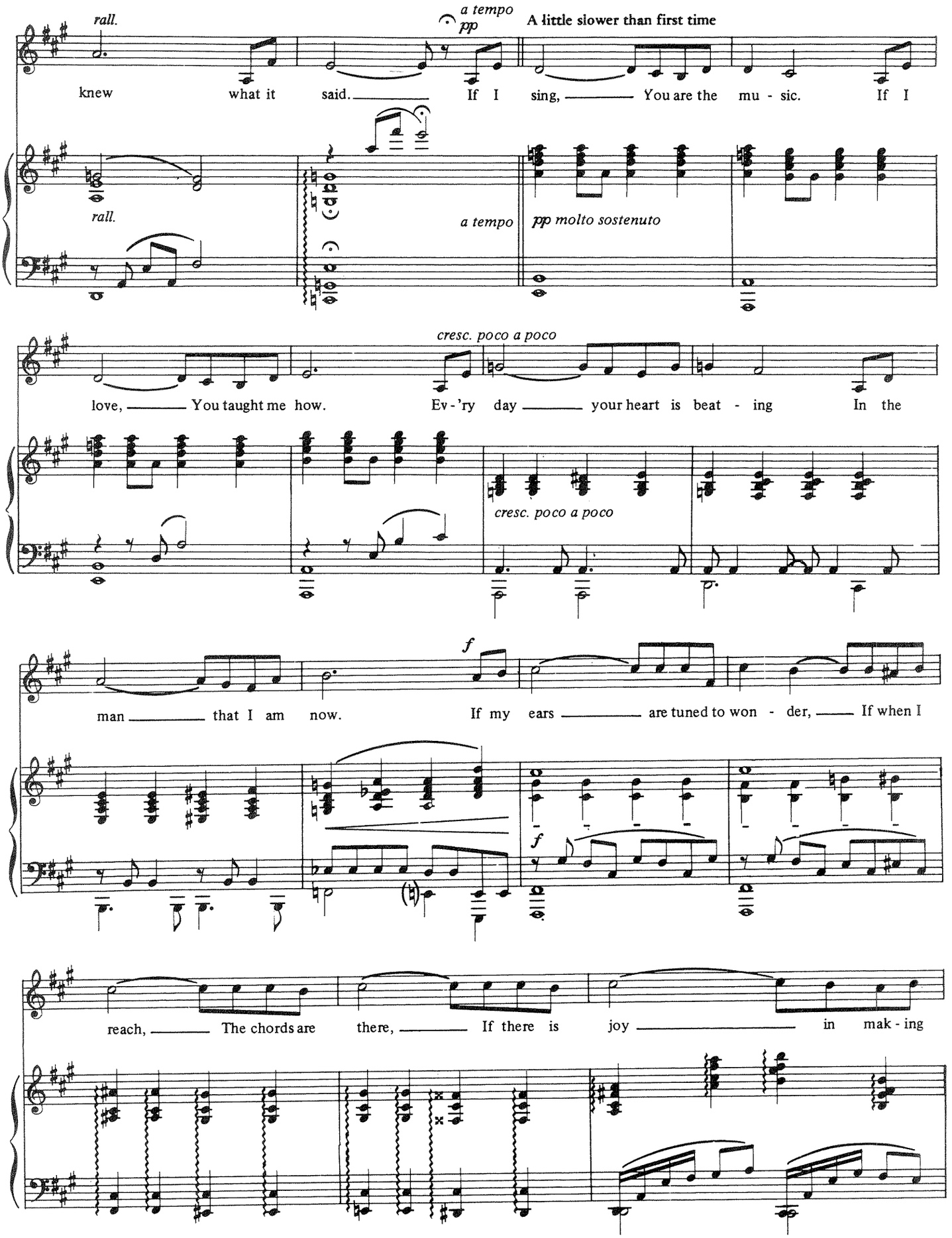
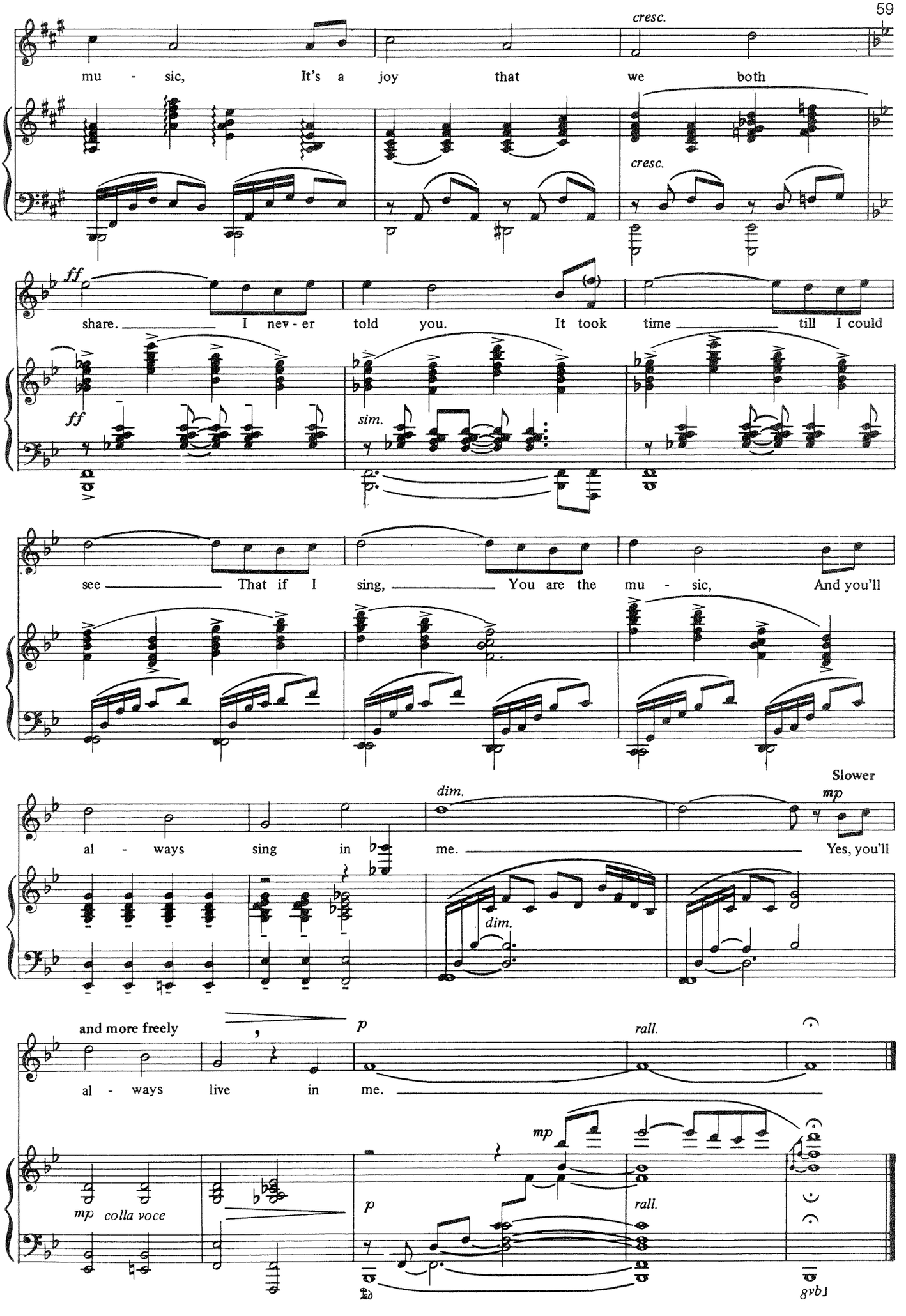

roll. What he loved he taught me. Now mu-sic's what I
do. And of-ten when I'm writ-ing, In my hands Dad's there
rall.
rall.
a tempo
p
(= c. 76)
too. If I sing, you are the mu-sic. If I fly, you're why I'm
a tempo
p
sim.
cresc.
good. If my hands can find some mag-ic, You're the
cresc.


mf
one who said they could. When the child who's still in -
mf
cresc.
side me, Finds a song in emp - ty air, When there is
cresc.
f
joy in mak-ing mu - sic, It is you who put it
dim.
poco rall.
f
dim.
poco rall.
a tempo I°
there.
mp
My dad grew old.
a tempo I°
mf
dim.
mp


poco ten.
His hands grew numb.
And now he can - not play.
poco ten.
poco cresc.
mf
I came to vis - it.
He sat and asked me,
"How could it be this
poco cresc.
mf
way?"
I could-n't find an an - swer.
dim. e
I played this tune for him in - stead.
My fa-ther sat there smil - ing, For he
dim. e


rall.
a tempo
pp
A little slower than first time
knew what it said. If I sing, You are the mu - sic. If I
rall.
a tempo
pp molto sostenuto
cresc. poco a poco
love, You taught me how. Ev - 'ry day your heart is beat - ing In the
cresc. poco a poco
f
man that I am now. If my ears are tuned to won - der, If when I
f
reach, The chords are there, If there is joy in mak - ing


cresc.
mu - sic, It's a joy that we both
cresc.
ff
share. I nev - er told you. It took time till I could
ff
sim.
see That if I sing, You are the mu - sic, And you'll
Slower
dim.
mp
al - ways sing in me. Yes, you'll
dim.
and more freely
p
rall.
al - ways live in me.
mp
colla voce
p
mp
rall.
8vb

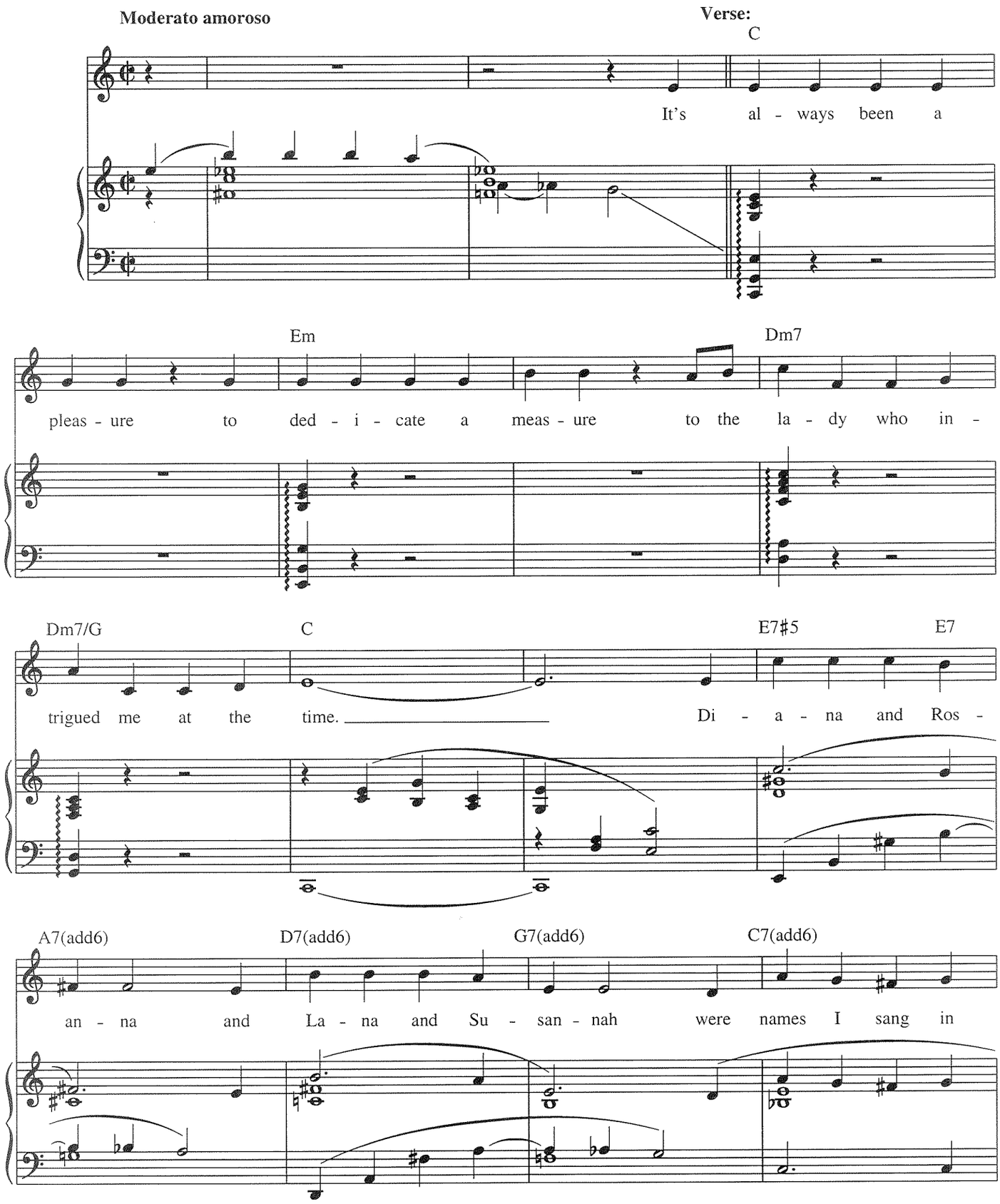
A RHYME FOR ANGELA

from the musical production *The Firebrand of Florence*

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by KURT WEILL

Moderato amoroso

Verse:



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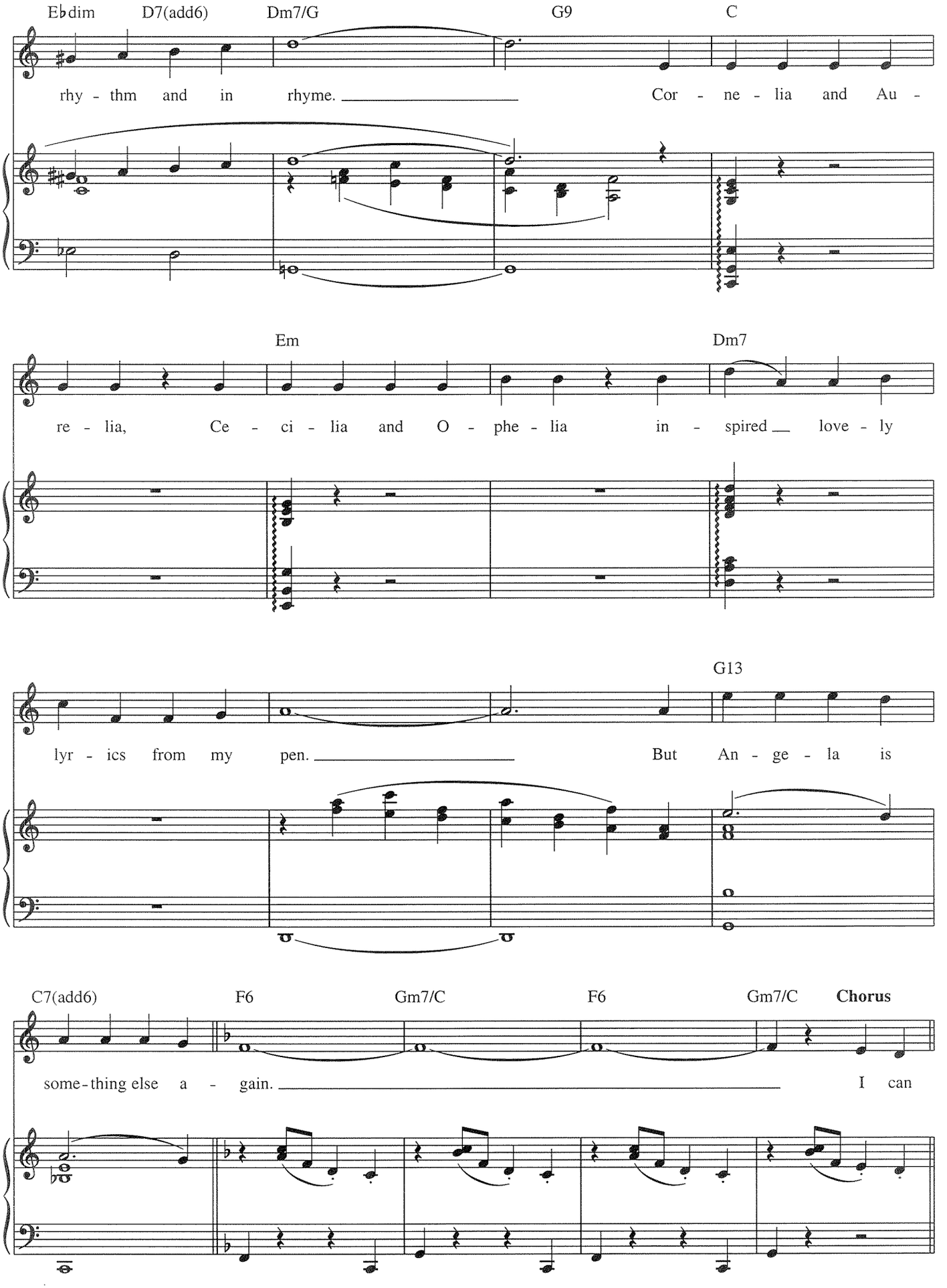
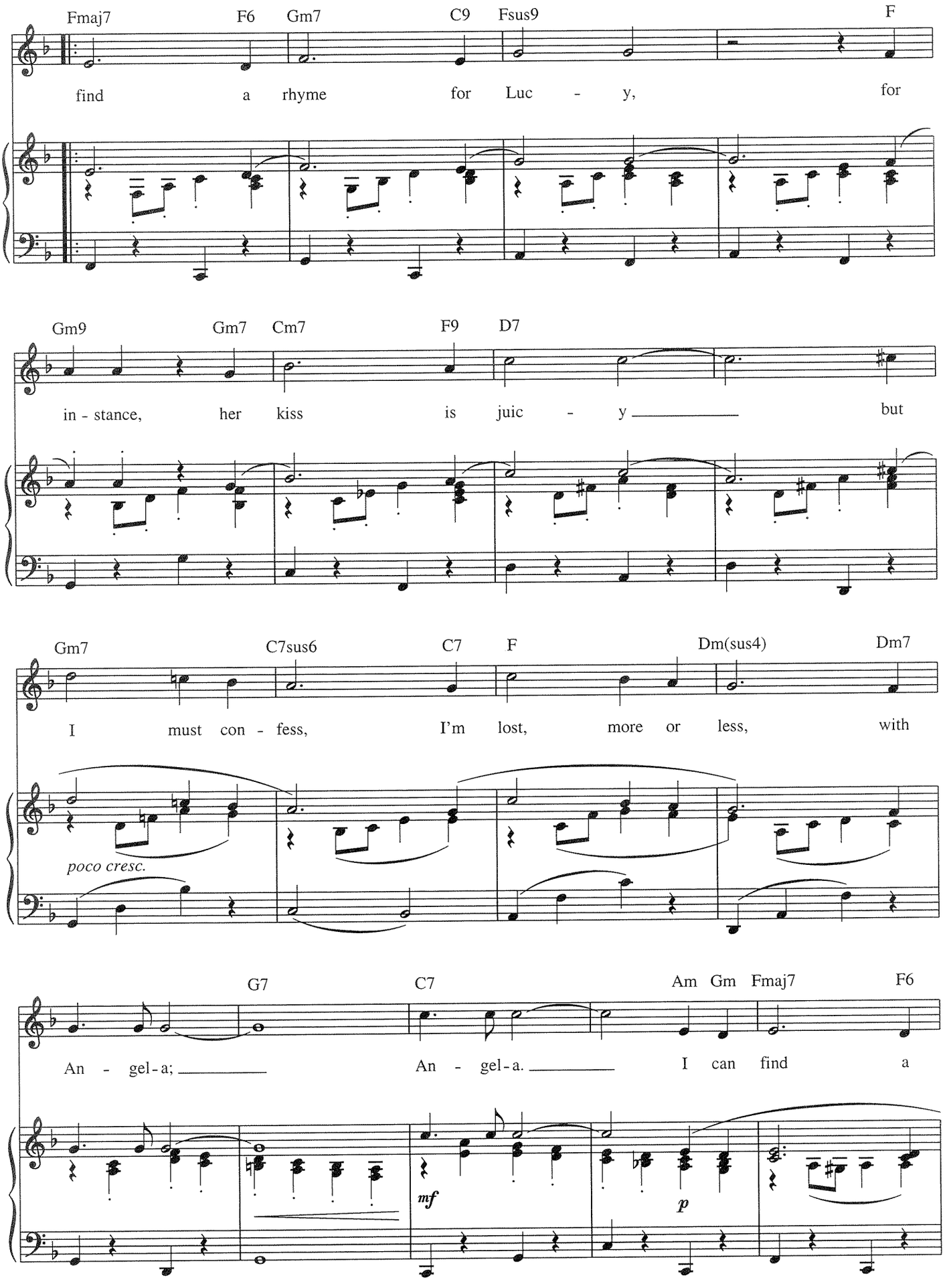
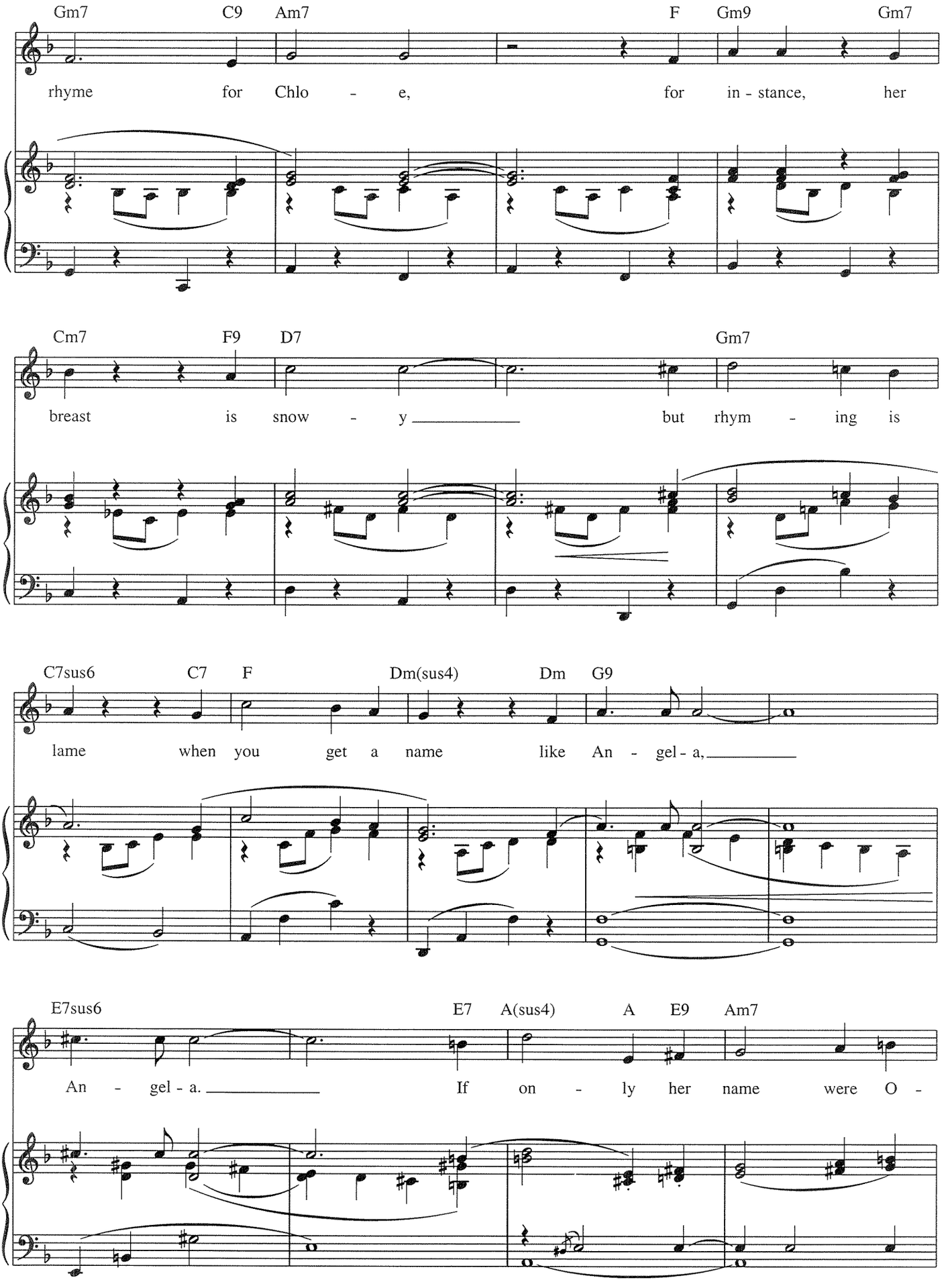
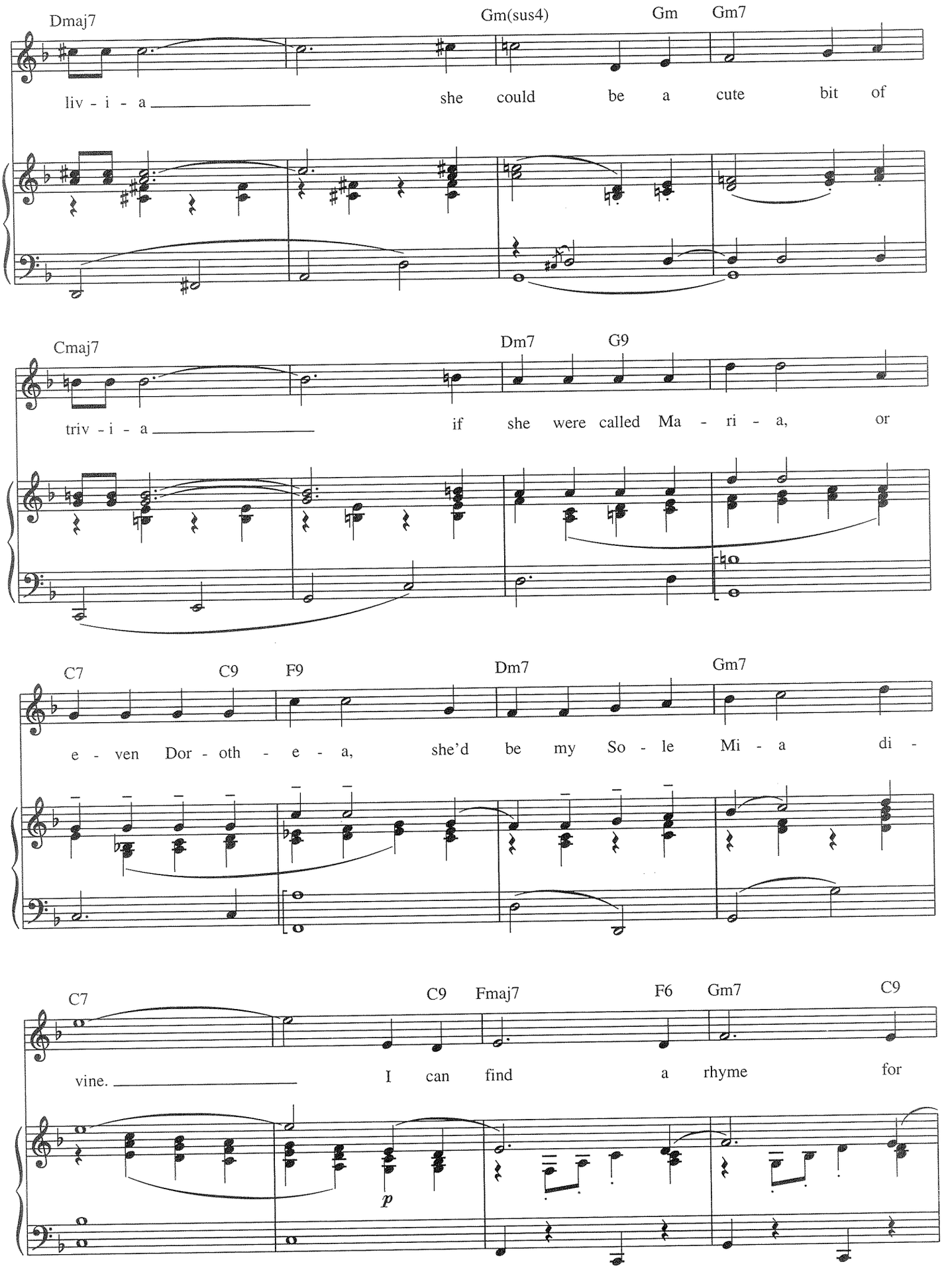
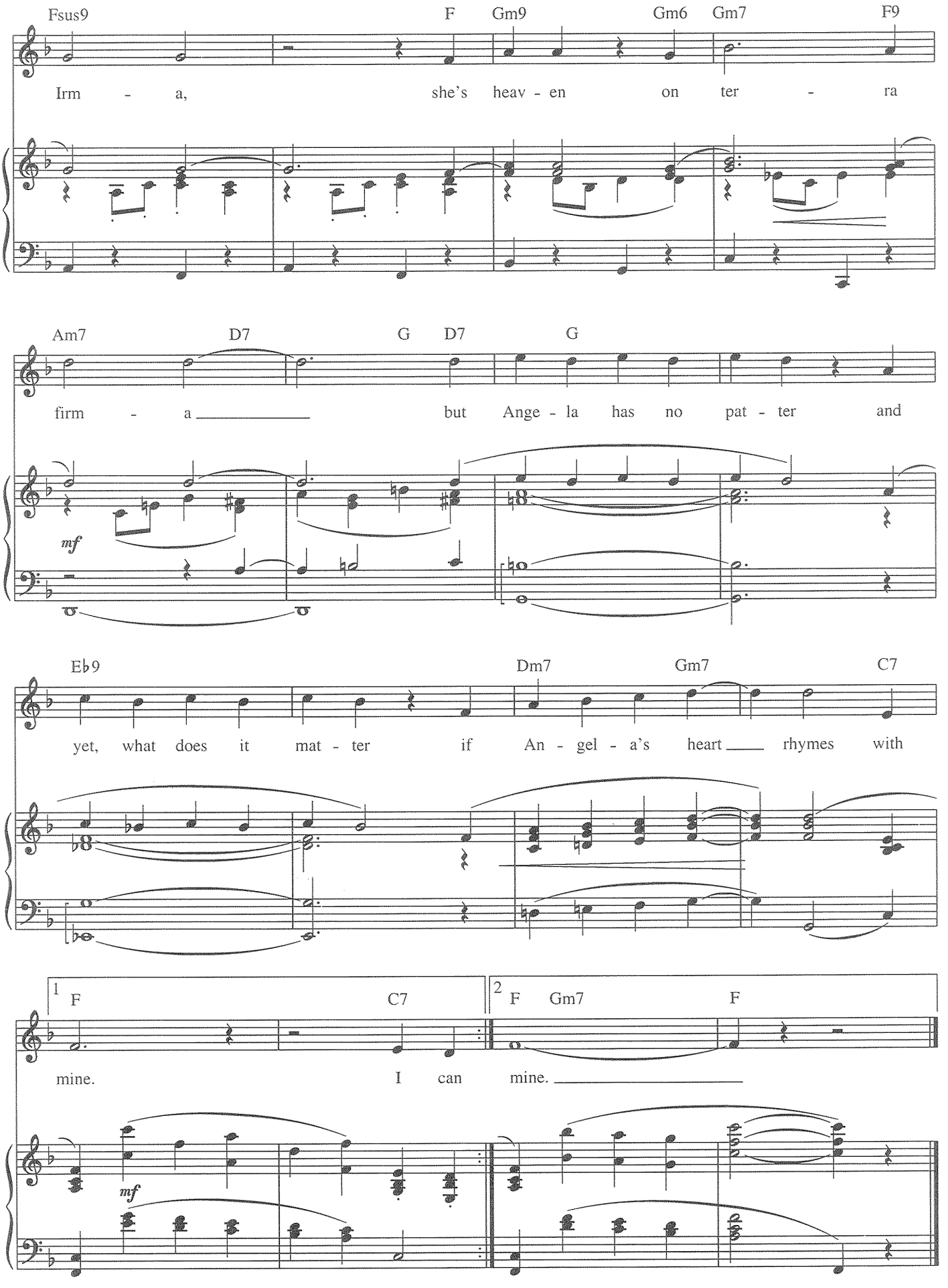

Eb dim
D7(add6)
Dm7/G
G9
C
rhy - thm and in rhyme. Cor - ne - lia and Au -
Em
Dm7
re - lia, Ce - ci - lia and O - phe - lia in - spired love - ly
G13
lyr - ics from my pen. But An - ge - la is
C7(add6)
F6
Gm7/C
F6
Gm7/C
Chorus
some - thing else a - gain. I can


Fmaj7 F6 Gm7 C9 Fsus9 F
find a rhyme for Luc - y, for
Gm9 Gm7 Cm7 F9 D7
in - stance, her kiss is juic - y but
Gm7 C7sus6 C7 F Dm(sus4) Dm7
I must con - fess, I'm lost, more or less, with
poco cresc.
G7 C7 Am Gm Fmaj7 F6
An - gel - a; An - gel - a. I can find a
mf
p


Gm7 C9 Am7 F Gm9 Gm7
rhyme for Chlo - e, for in - stance, her
Cm7 F9 D7 Gm7
breast is snow - y but rhym - ing is
C7sus6 C7 F Dm(sus4) Dm G9
lame when you get a name like An - gel - a,
E7sus6 E7 A(sus4) A E9 Am7
An - gel - a. If on - ly her name were O -

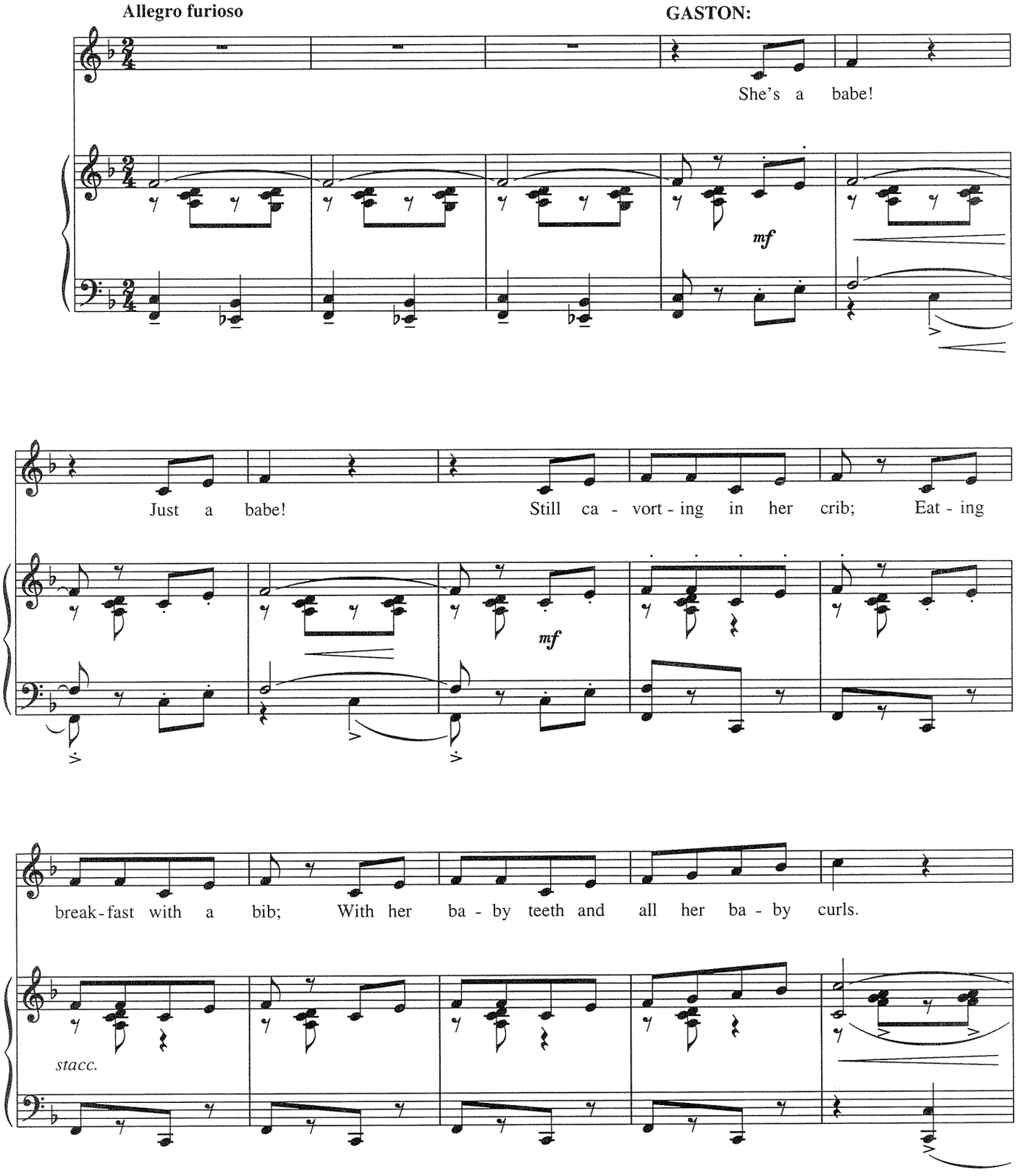

Dmaj7
Gm(sus4)
Gm
Gm7
liv - i - a
she could be a cute bit of
Cmaj7
Dm7
G9
triv - i - a
if she were called Ma - ri - a, or
C7
C9
F9
Dm7
Gm7
e - ven Dor - oth - e - a, she'd be my So - le Mi - a di -
C7
C9
Fmaj7
F6
Gm7
C9
vine.
I can find a rhyme for
p


Fsus9 F Gm9 Gm6 Gm7 F9
Irm - a, she's heav - en on ter - ra
Am7 D7 G D7 G
firm - a but Ange - la has no pat - ter and
mf
Eb9 Dm7 Gm7 C7
yet, what does it mat - ter if An - gel - a's heart rhymes with
1 F C7
mine. I can
2 F Gm7 F
mine.
mf

GIGI

from *Gigi*

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE



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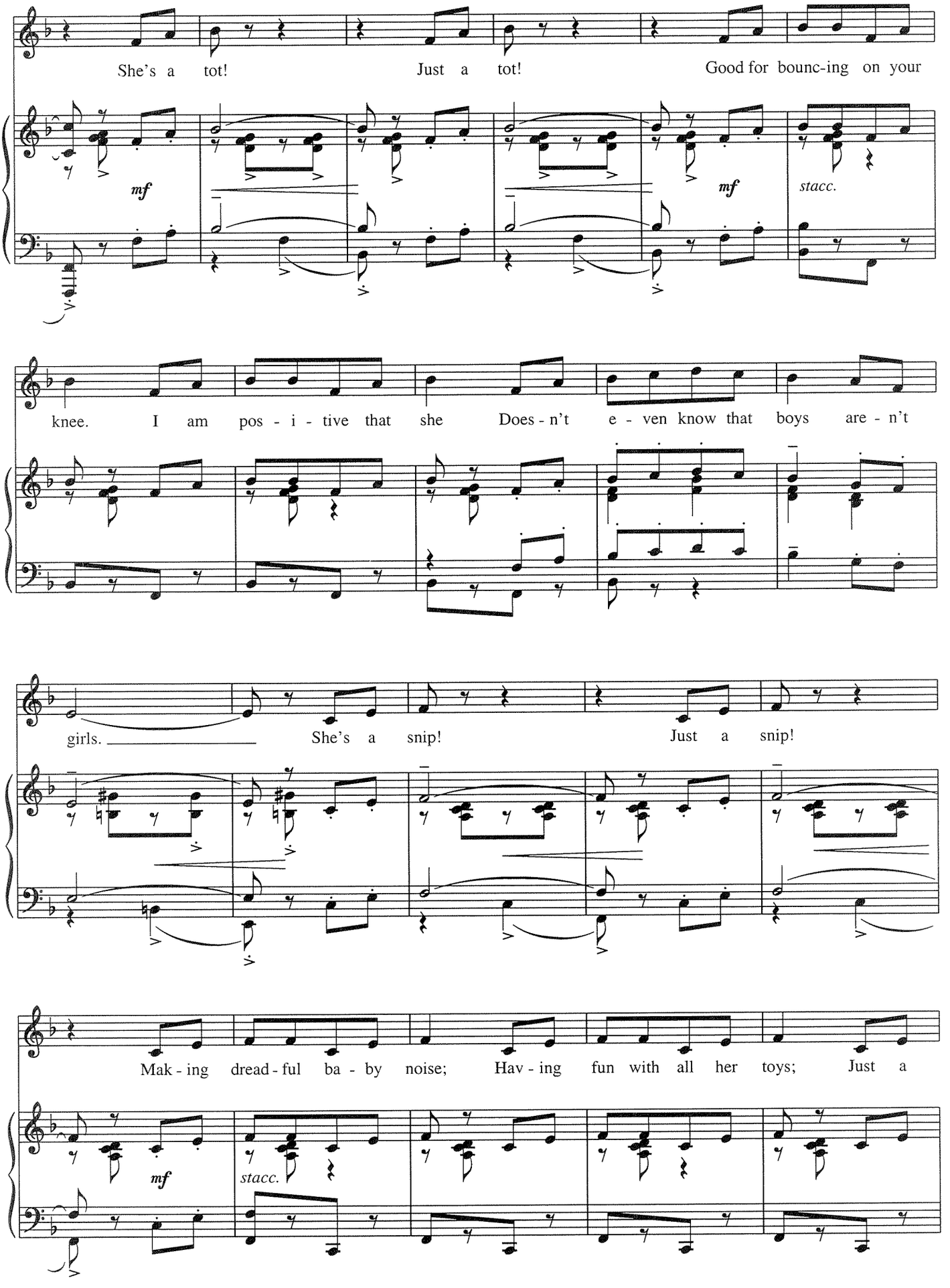
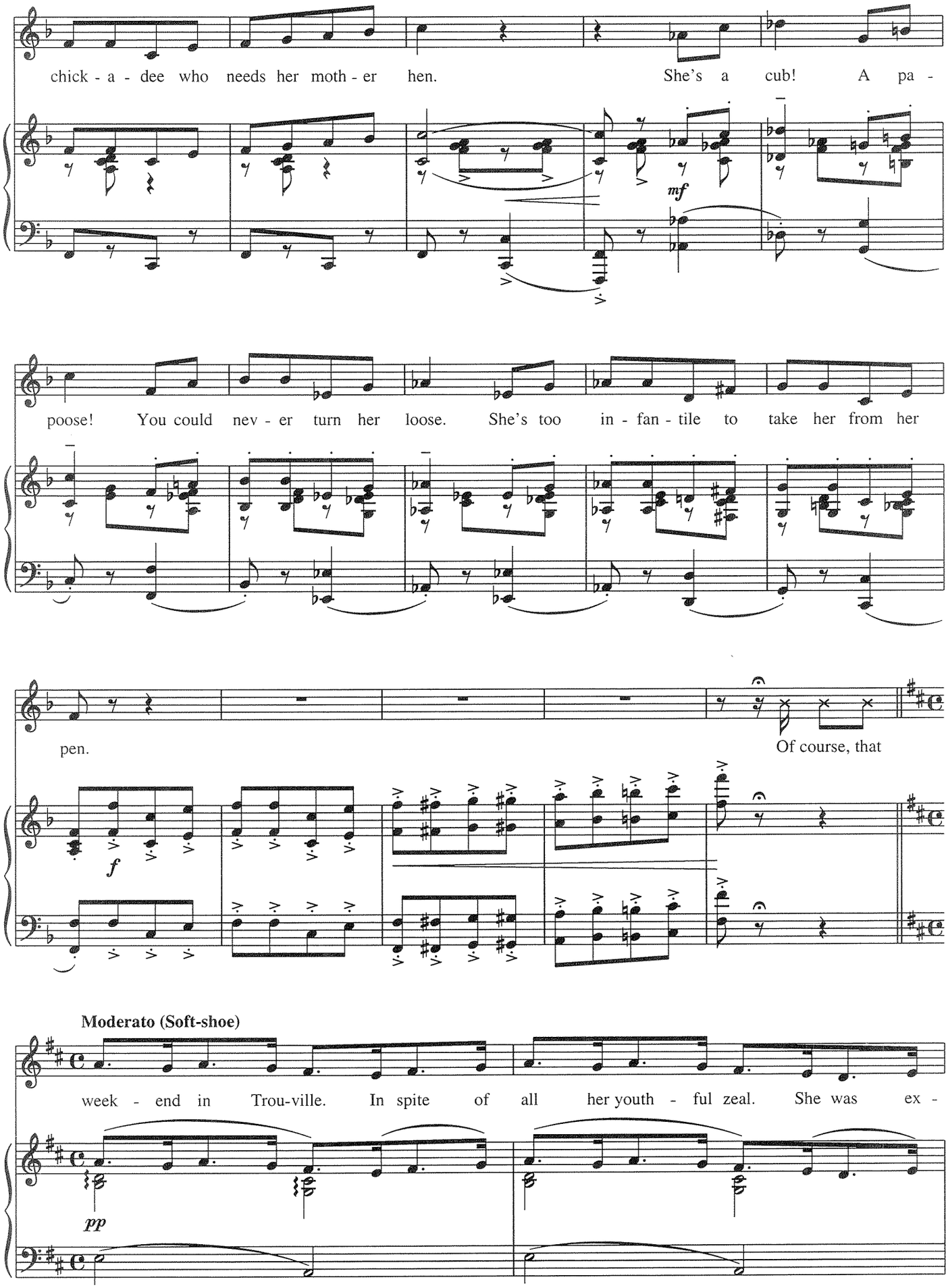
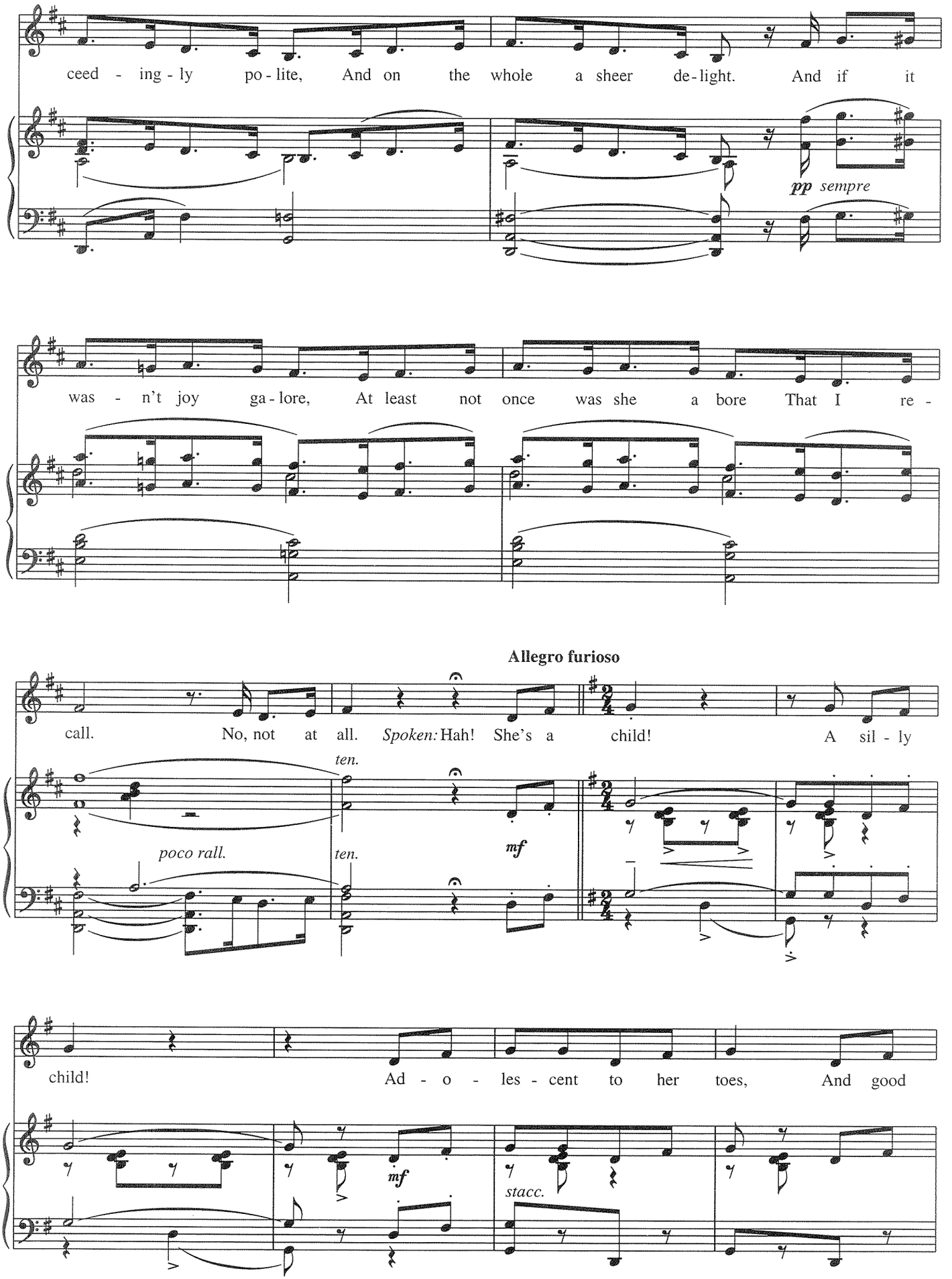
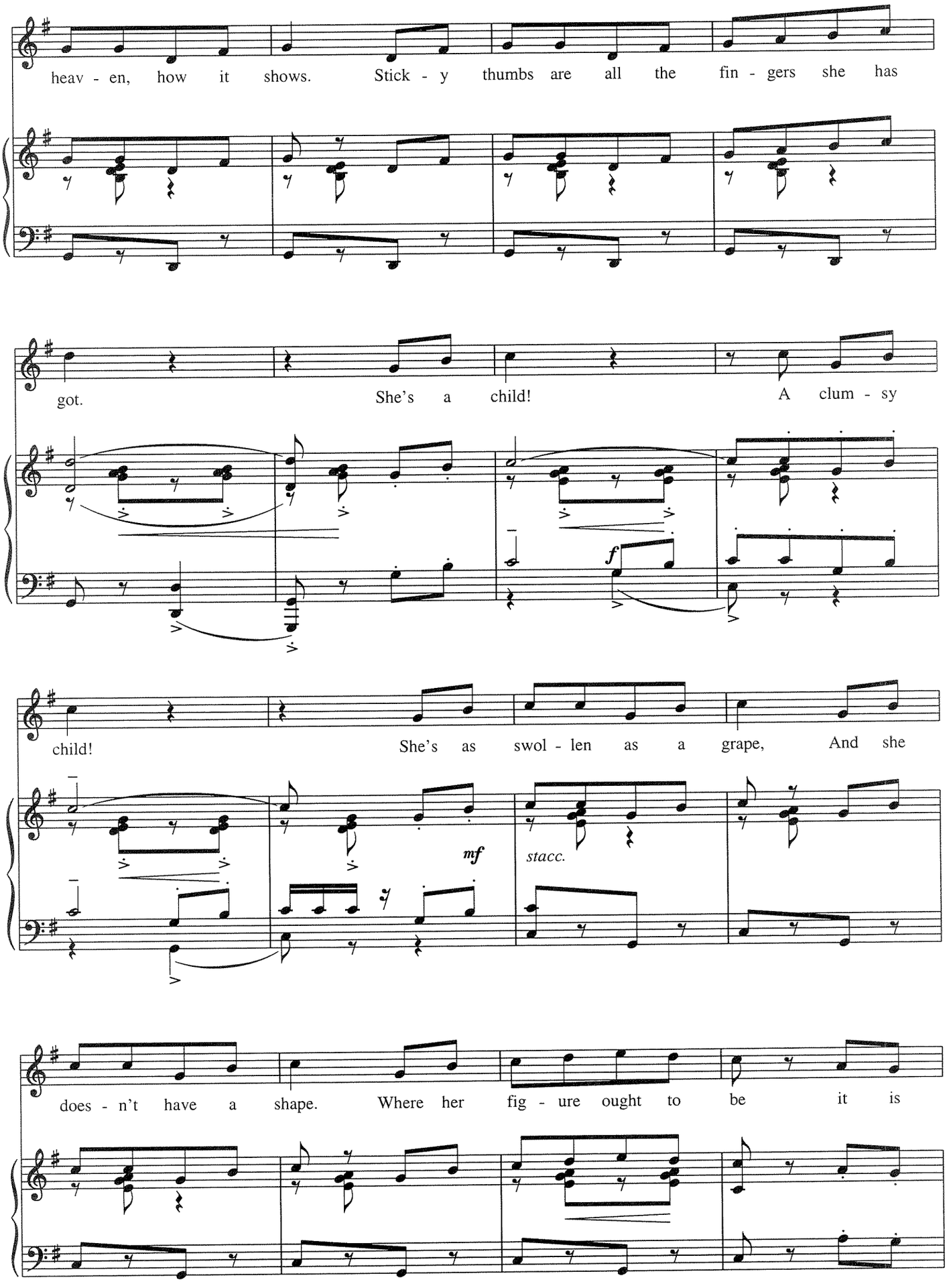
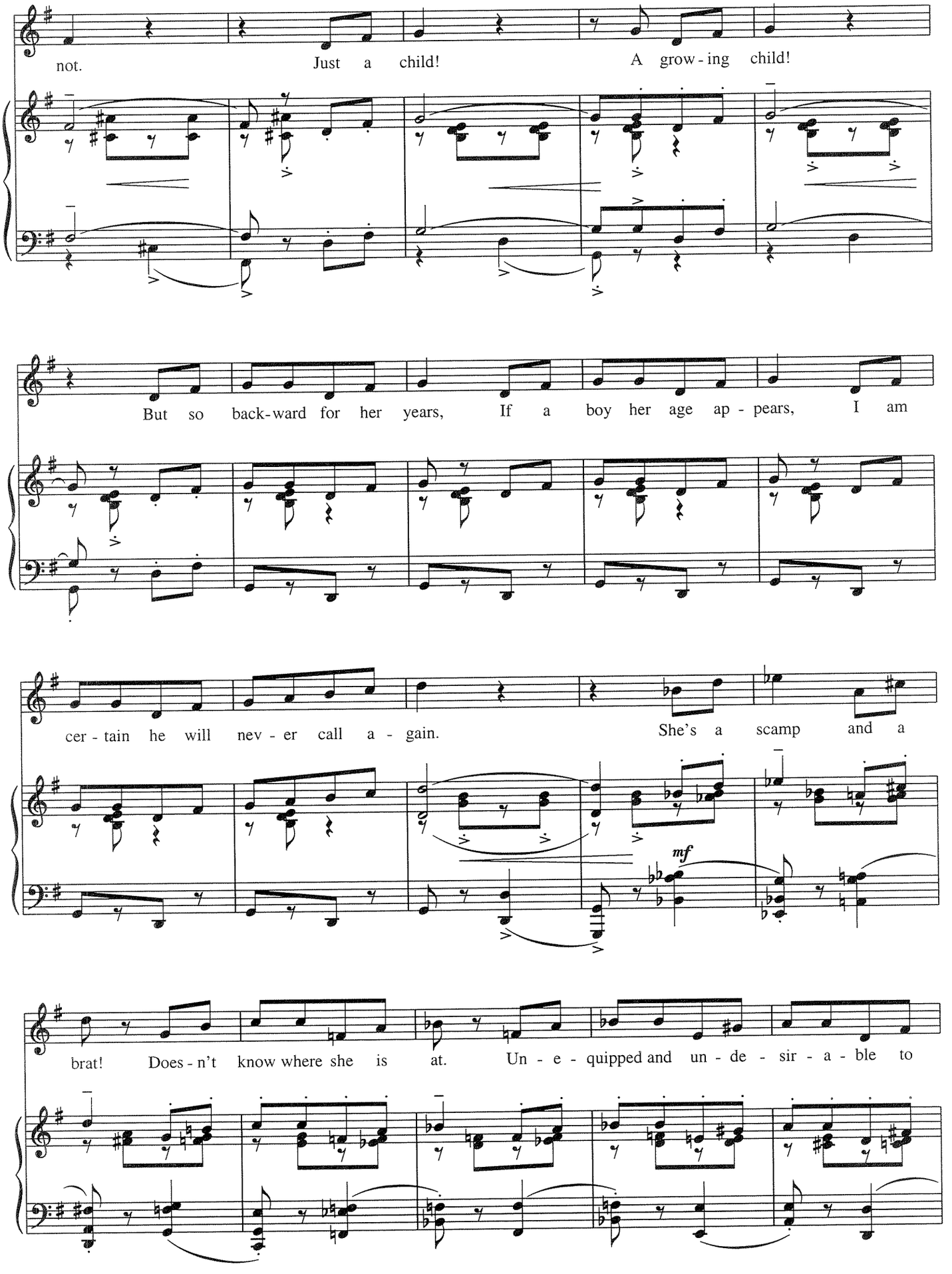
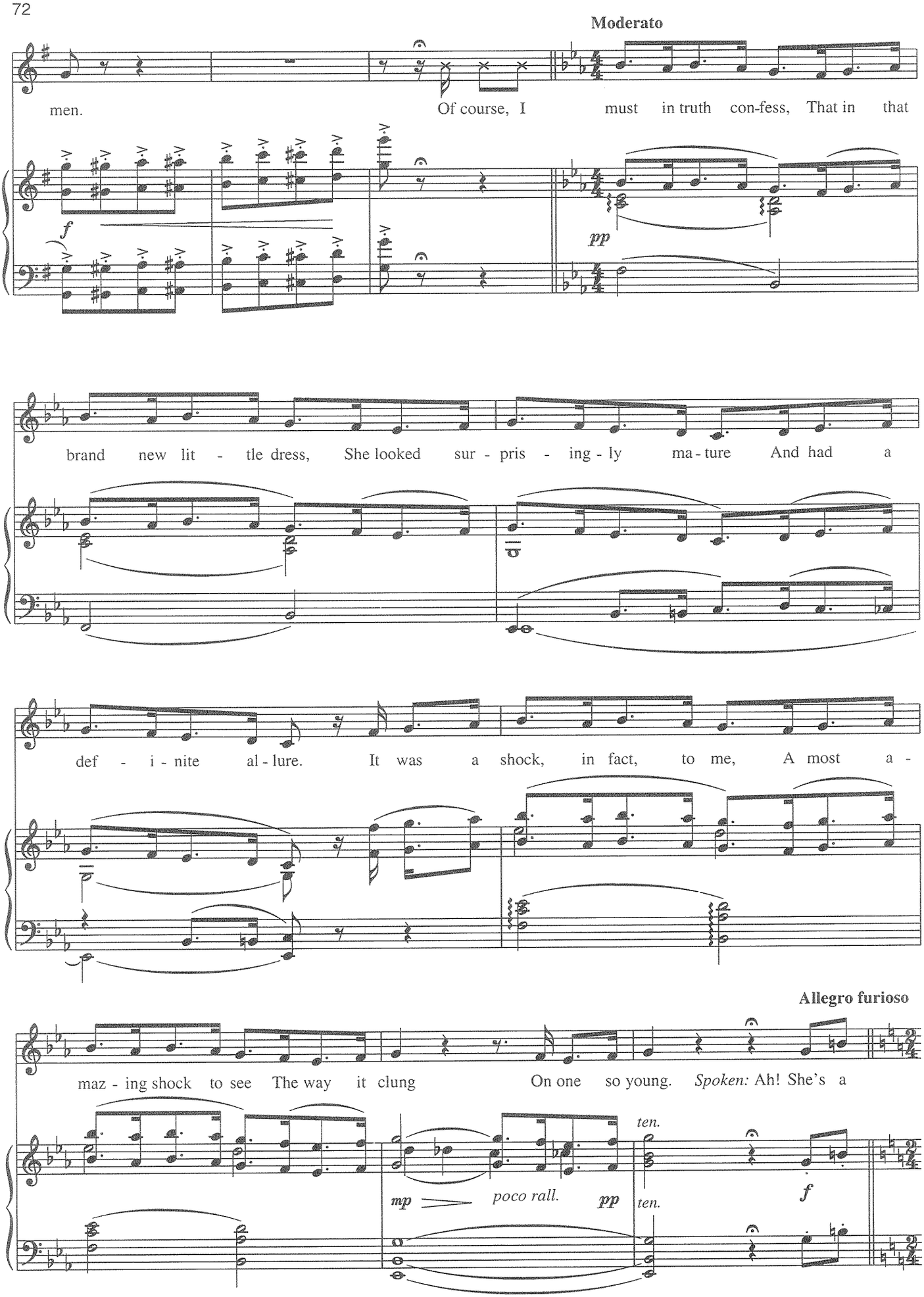

She's a tot! Just a tot! Good for bounc-ing on your
mf
mf
stacc.
knee. I am pos - i - tive that she Does - n't e - ven know that boys are - n't
girls. She's a snip! Just a snip!
Mak - ing dread - ful ba - by noise; Hav - ing fun with all her toys; Just a
mf
stacc.

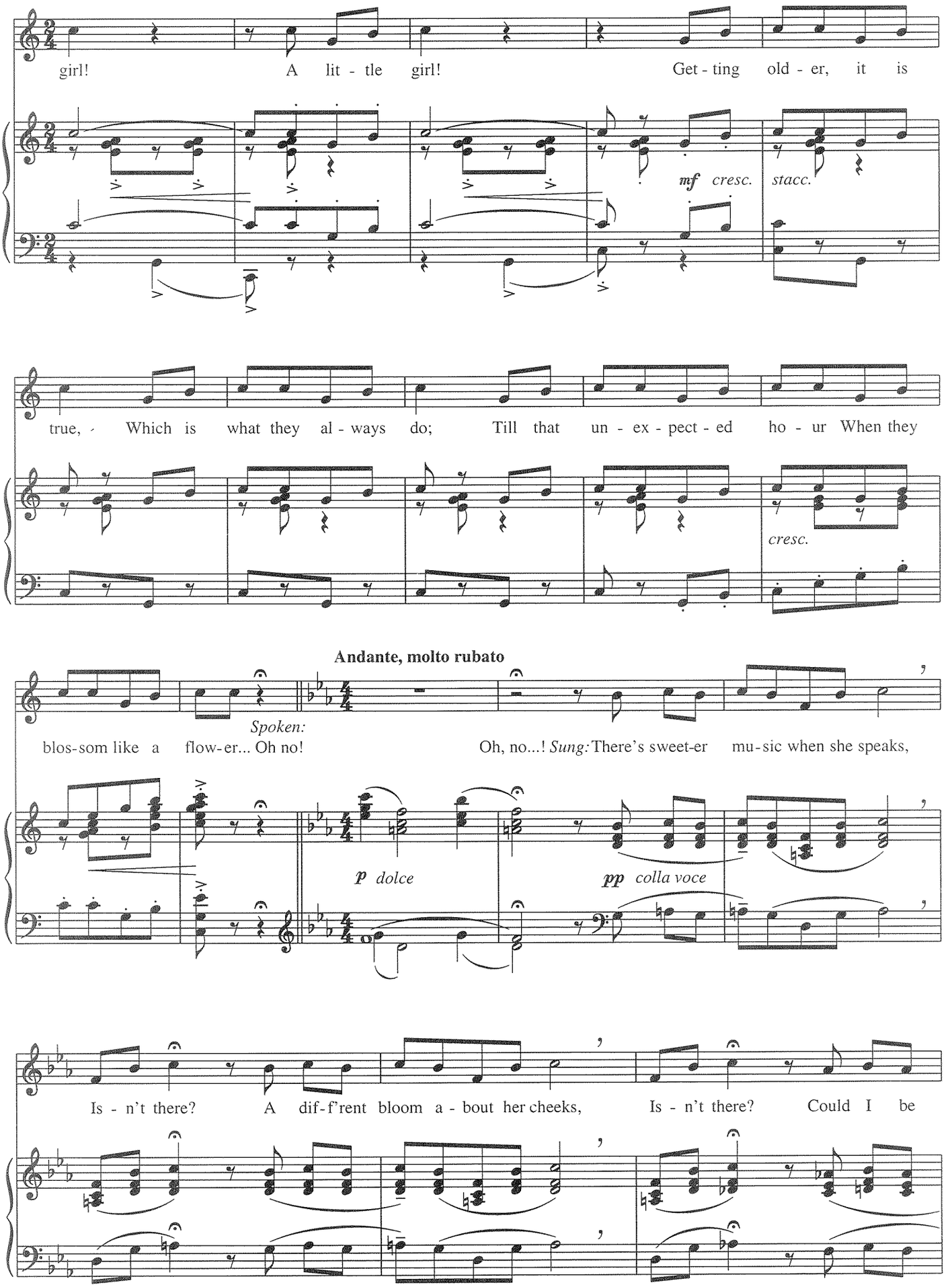

chick - a - dee who needs her moth - er hen. She's a cub! A pa -
mf
poose! You could nev - er turn her loose. She's too in - fan - tile to take her from her
pen.
Of course, that
f
Moderato (Soft-shoe)
week - end in Trou-ville. In spite of all her youth - ful zeal. She was ex -
pp

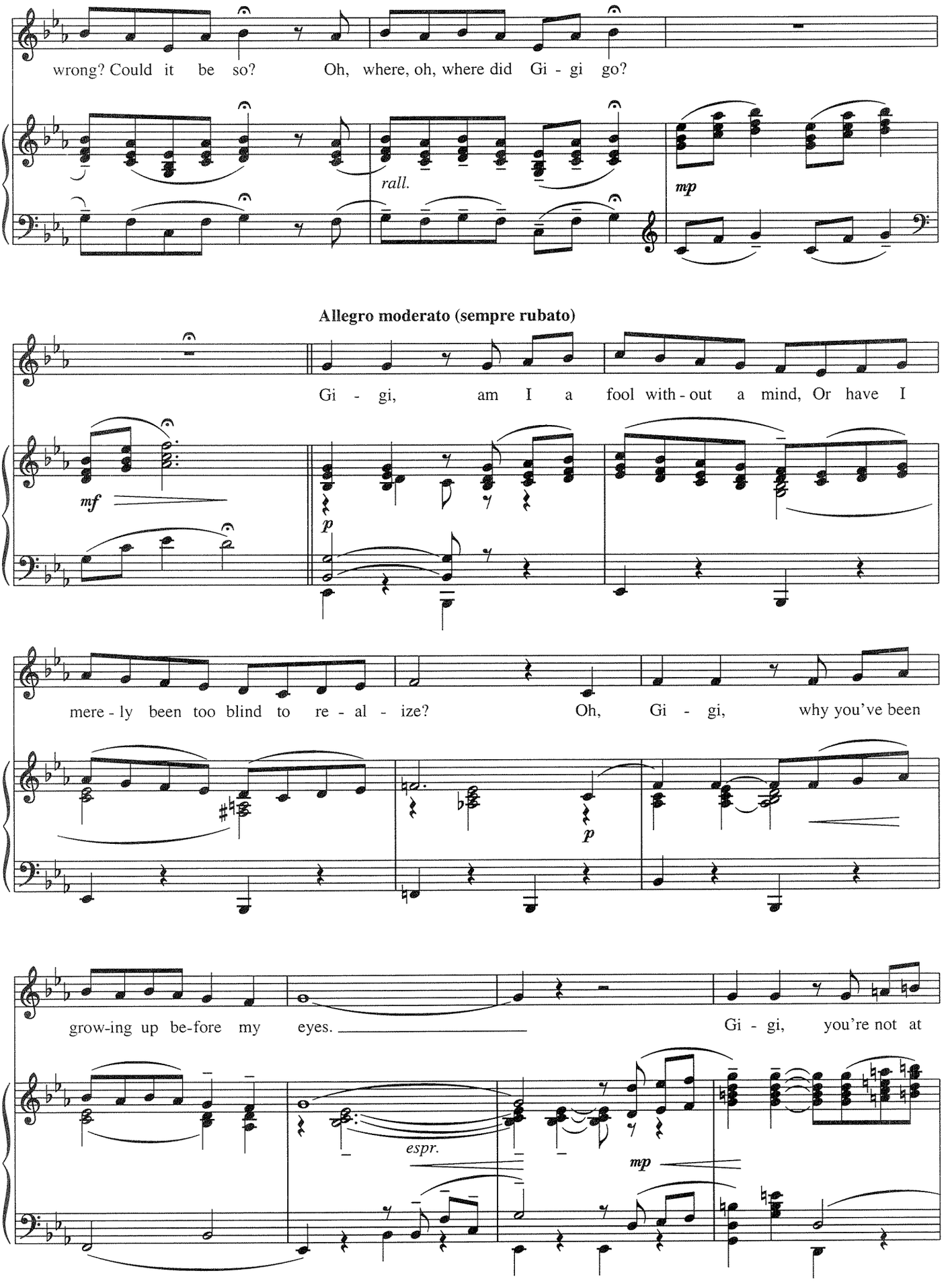

ceed - ing - ly po - lite, And on the whole a sheer de - light. And if it
pp sempre
was - n't joy ga - lore, At least not once was she a bore That I re -
Allegro furioso
call. No, not at all. Spoken: Hah! She's a child! A sil - ly
ten.
poco rall.
ten.
mf
child! Ad - o - les - cent to her toes, And good
mf
stacc.

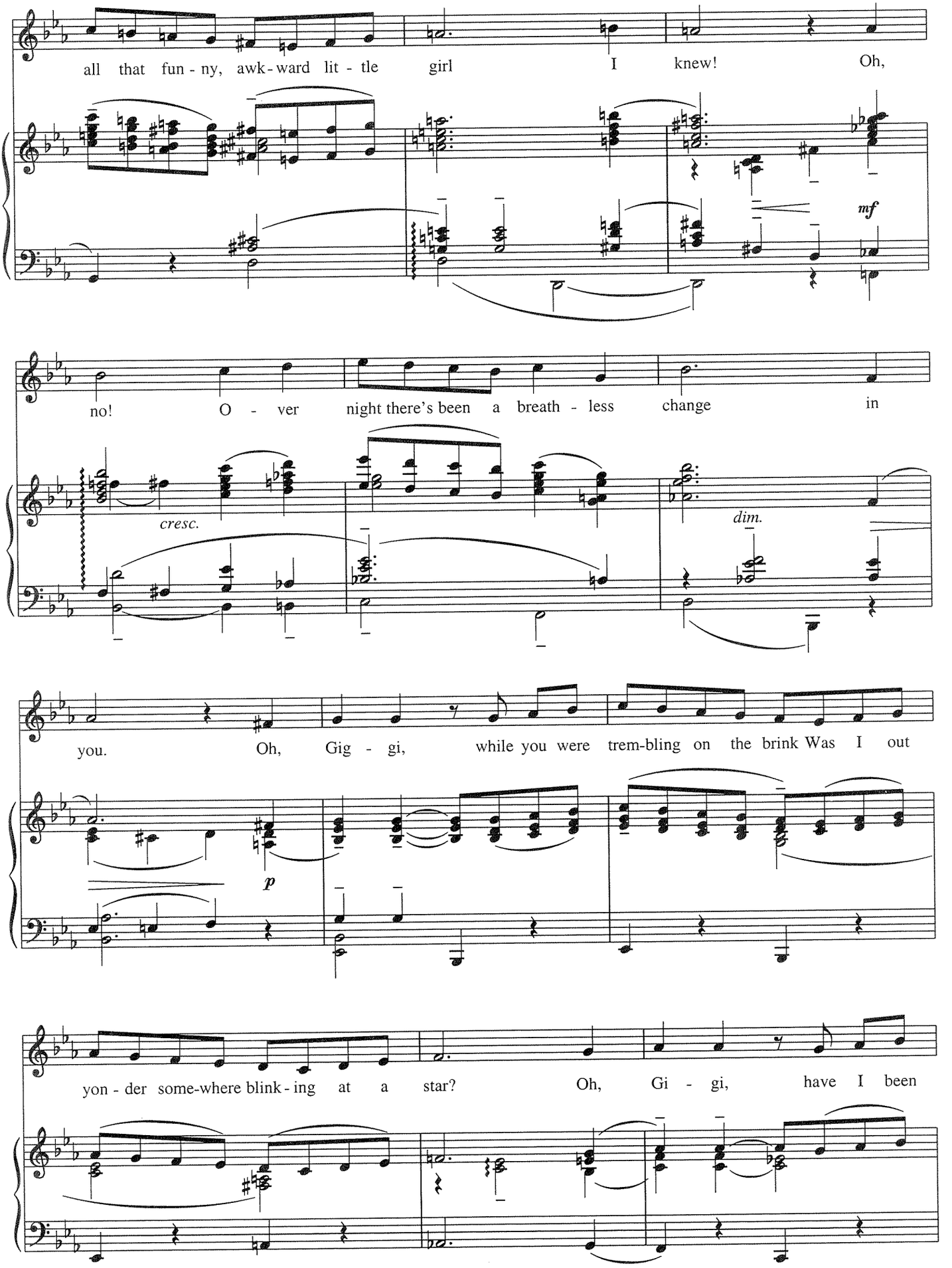

heav - en, how it shows. Stick - y thumbs are all the fin - gers she has
got. She's a child! A clum - sy
f
child! She's as swol - len as a grape, And she
mf
stacc.
does - n't have a shape. Where her fig - ure ought to be it is

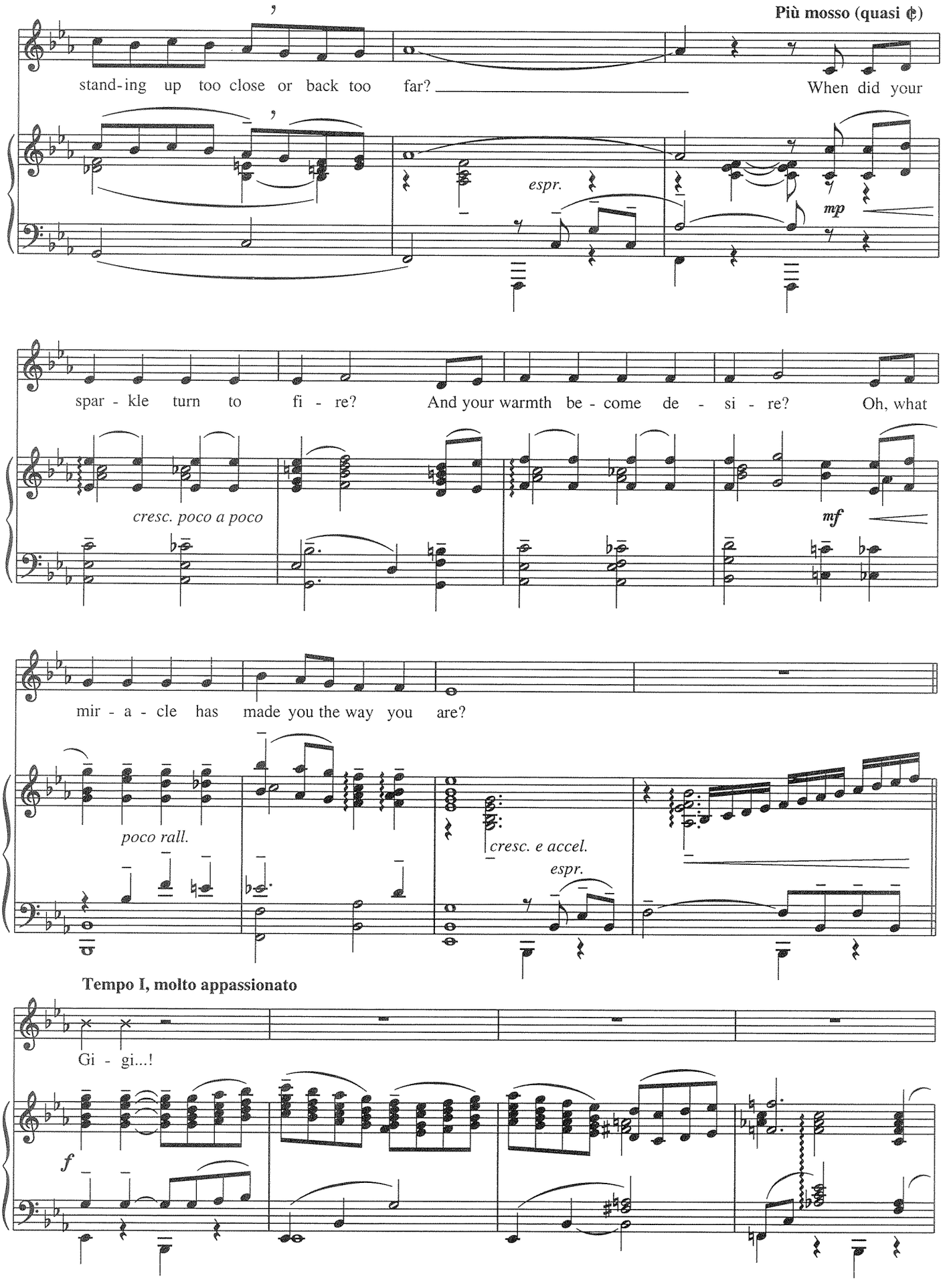

not. Just a child! A grow - ing child!
But so back - ward for her years, If a boy her age ap - pears, I am
cer - tain he will nev - er call a - gain. She's a scamp and a
mf
brat! Does - n't know where she is at. Un - e - quipped and un - de - sir - a - ble to

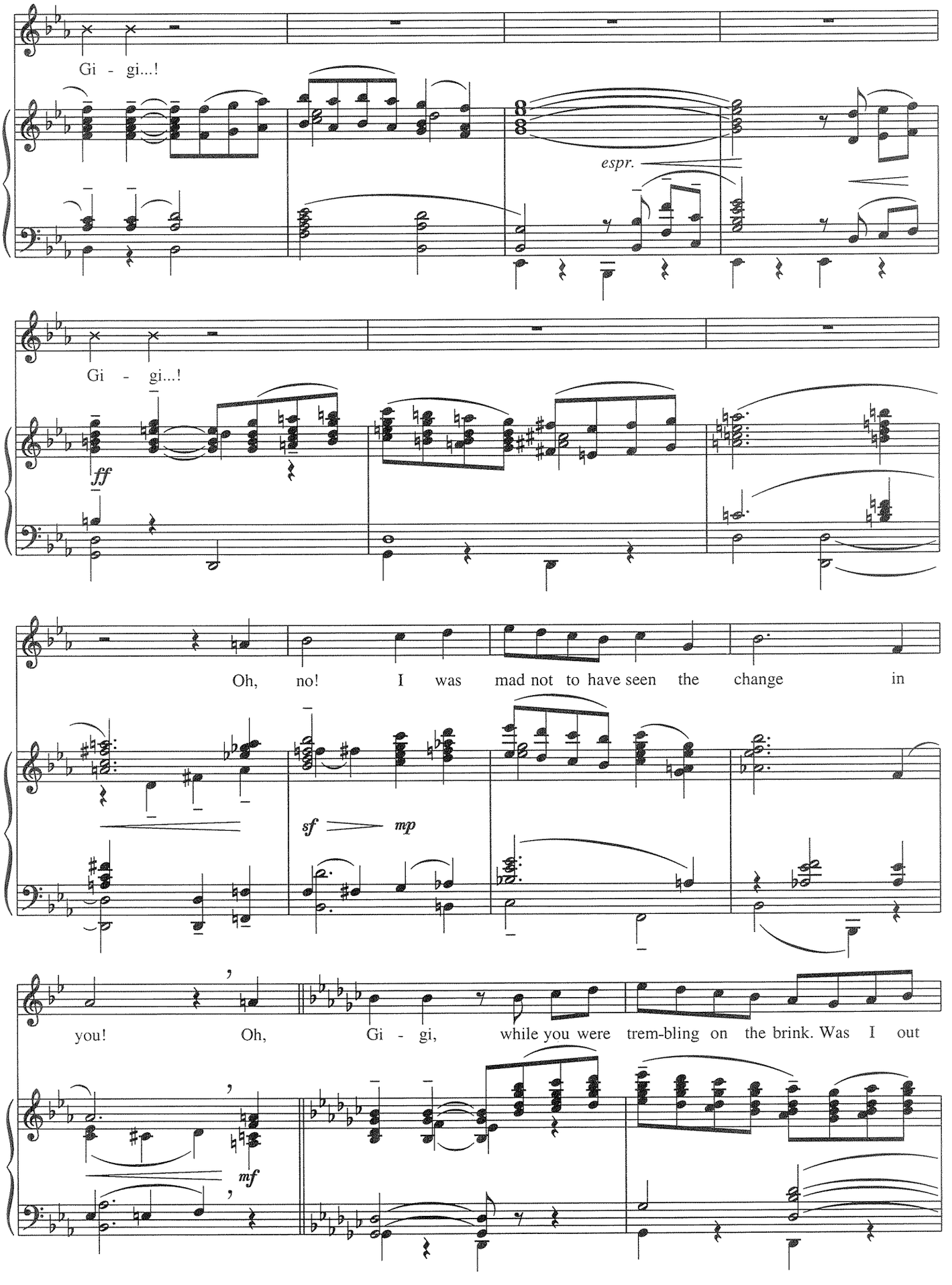

Moderato
men.
Of course, I must in truth con-fess, That in that
f
pp
brand new lit - tle dress, She looked sur - pris - ing - ly ma - ture And had a
def - i - nite al - lure. It was a shock, in fact, to me, A most a -
Allegro furioso
maz - ing shock to see The way it clung On one so young. Spoken: Ah! She's a
ten.
mp
poco rall.
pp
ten.
f

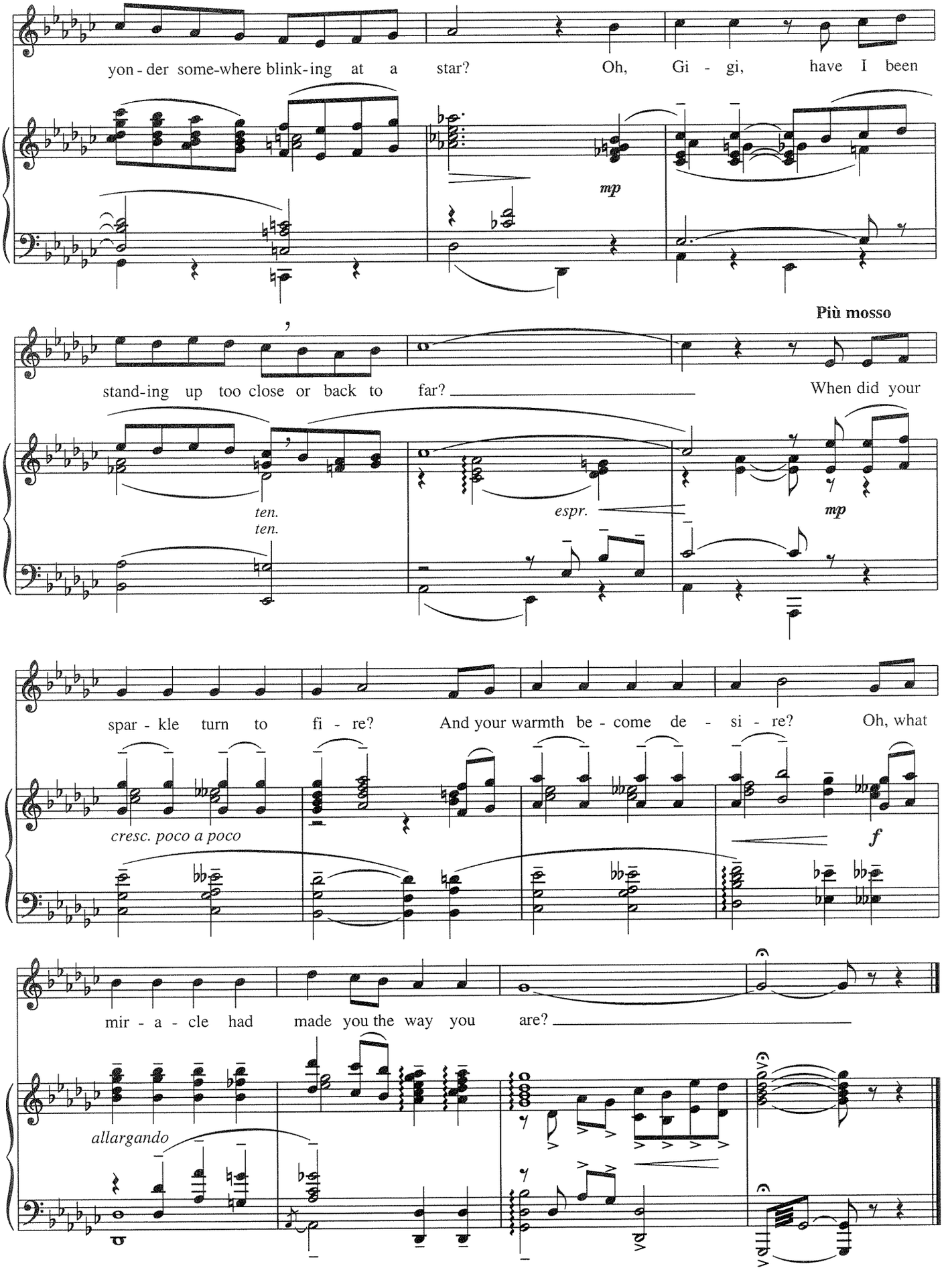

girl! A lit - tle girl! Get - ting old - er, it is
mf cresc. stacc.
true, Which is what they al - ways do; Till that un - ex - pect - ed ho - ur When they
cresc.
Andante, molto rubato
Spoken:
blos-som like a flow-er... Oh no! Oh, no...! Sung: There's sweet-er mu-sic when she speaks,
p dolce
pp colla voce
Is - n't there? A dif-f'rent bloom a - bout her cheeks, Is - n't there? Could I be


wrong? Could it be so? Oh, where, oh, where did Gi - gi go?
rall.
mp
Allegro moderato (sempre rubato)
Gi - gi, am I a fool with - out a mind, Or have I
mf
p
mere - ly been too blind to re - al - ize? Oh, Gi - gi, why you've been
p
grow-ing up be-fore my eyes. Gi - gi, you're not at
espr.
mp


all that fun - ny, awk - ward lit - tle girl I knew! Oh,
mf
no! O - ver night there's been a breath - less change in
cresc.
dim.
you. Oh, Gig - gi, while you were trem-bling on the brink Was I out
p
yon - der some-where blink - ing at a star? Oh, Gi - gi, have I been


Più mosso (quasi ¢)
stand-ing up too close or back too far?
When did your
espr.
mp
spar - kle turn to fi - re?
And your warmth be - come de - si - re?
Oh, what
cresc. poco a poco
mf
mir - a - cle has made you the way you are?
poco rall.
cresc. e accel.
espr.
Tempo I, molto appassionato
Gi - gi...!
f

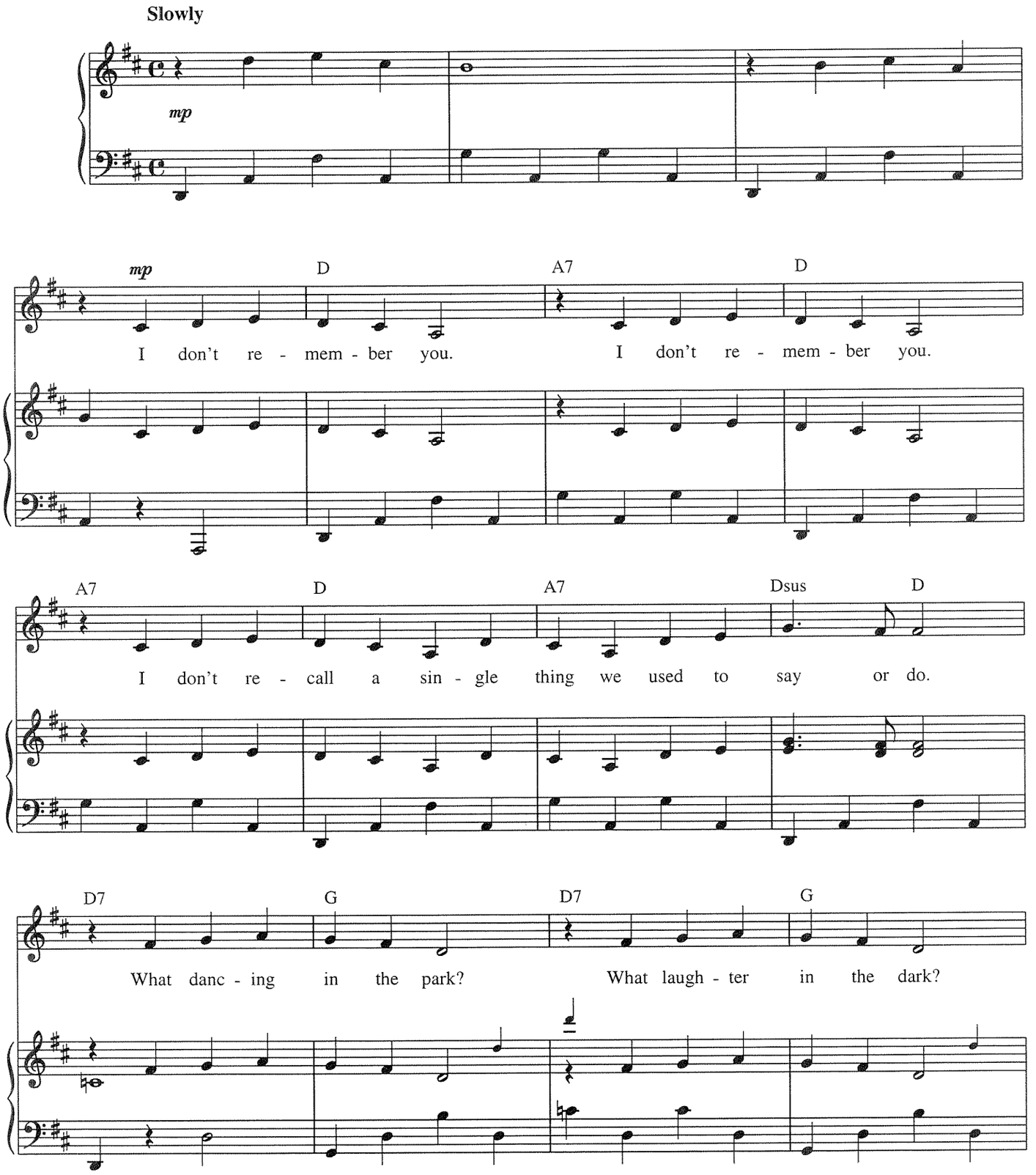

Gi - gi...!
espr.
Gi - gi...!
ff
Oh, no! I was mad not to have seen the change in
sf
mp
you! Oh, Gi - gi, while you were trem-bling on the brink. Was I out
mf


yon - der some-where blink-ing at a star? Oh, Gi - gi, have I been
mp
Più mosso
stand-ing up too close or back to far? When did your
ten.
ten.
espr.
mp
spar - kle turn to fi - re? And your warmth be - come de - si - re? Oh, what
cresc. poco a poco
f
mir - a - cle had made you the way you are?
allargando

I DON'T REMEMBER YOU

from *The Happy Time*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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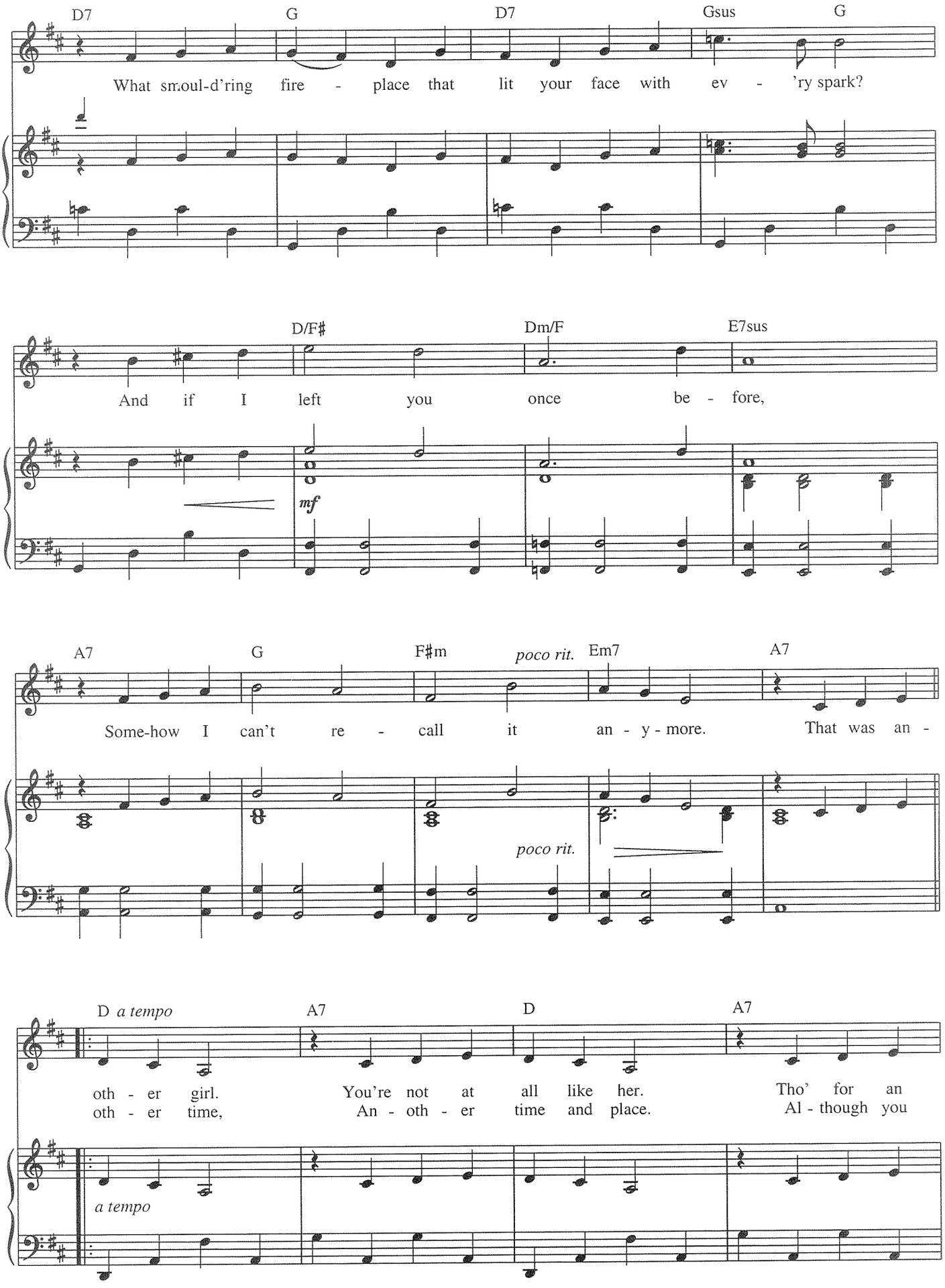
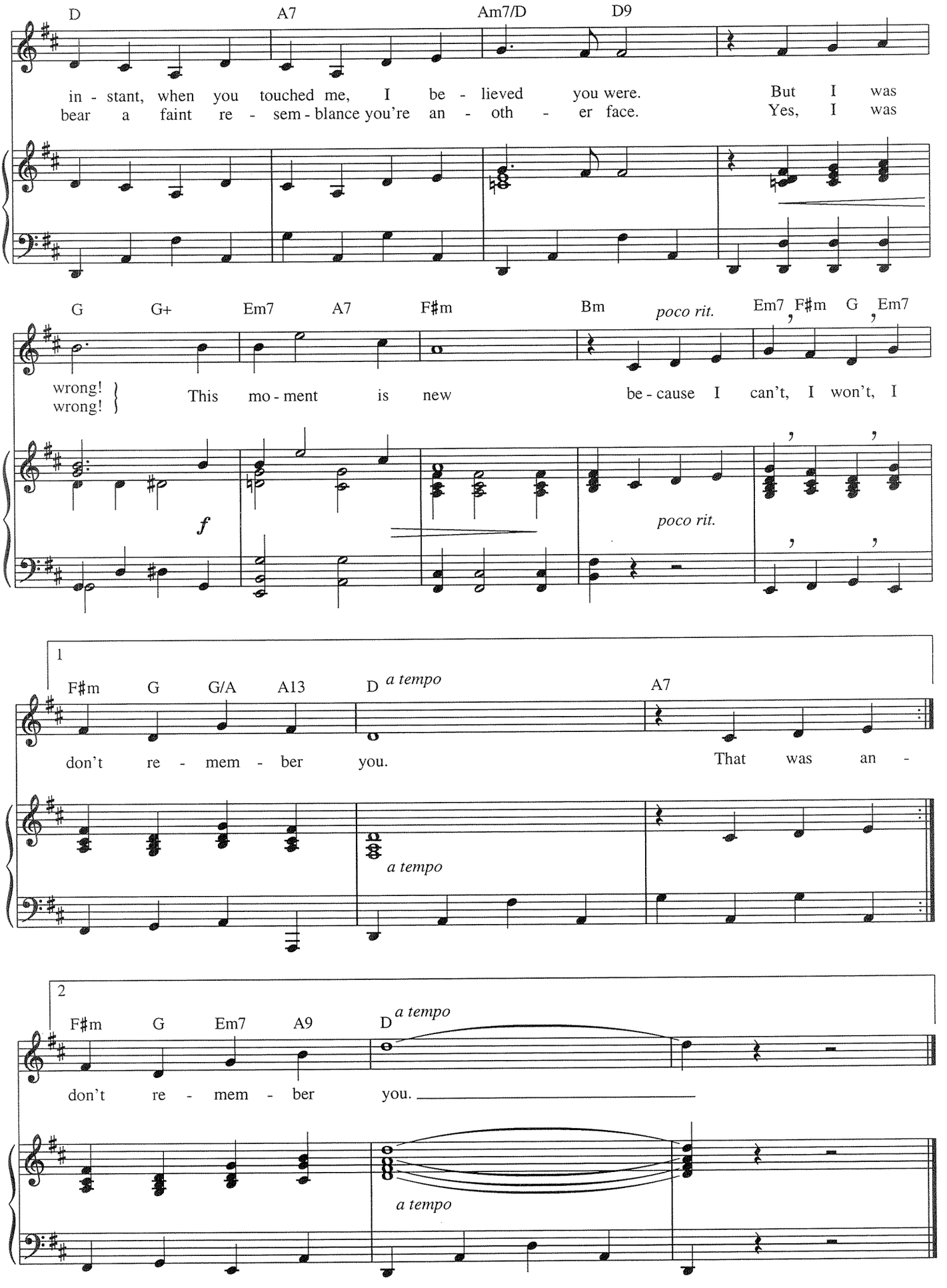
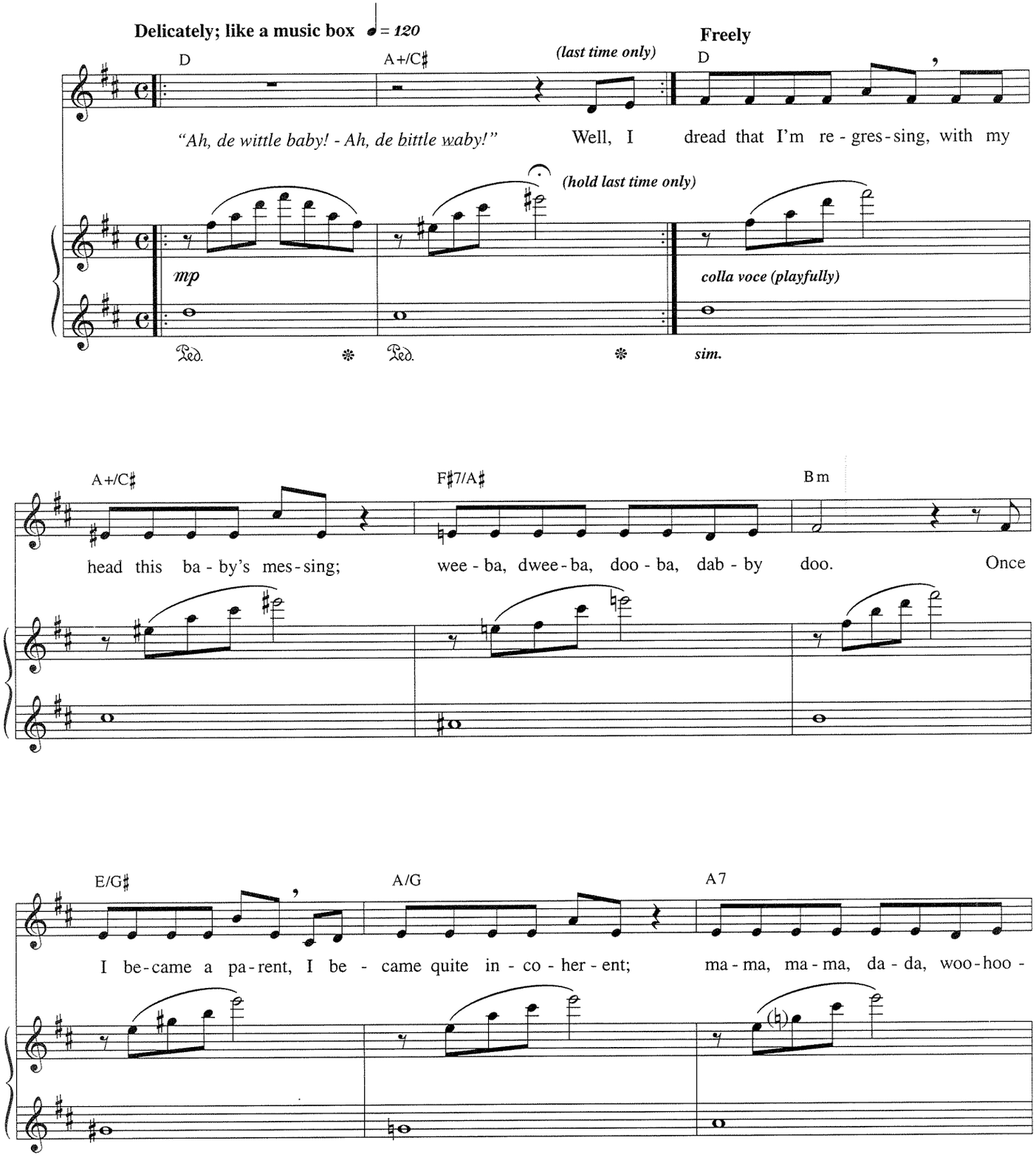

D7
G
D7
Gsus
G
What smoul-d'ring fire - place that lit your face with ev - 'ry spark?
D/F♯
Dm/F
E7sus
And if I left you once be - fore,
mf
A7
G
F♯m
poco rit.
Em7
A7
Some-how I can't re - call it an - y - more. That was an -
poco rit.
D a tempo
A7
D
A7
oth - er girl. You're not at all like her. Tho' for an
oth - er time, An - oth - er time and place. Al - though you
a tempo


D A7 Am7/D D9
in - stant, when you touched me, I be - lieved you were. But I was
bear a faint re - sem - blance you're an - oth - er face. Yes, I was
G G+ Em7 A7 F♯m Bm poco rit. Em7 F♯m G Em7
wrong! wrong!
This mo - ment is new be - cause I can't, I won't, I
f
poco rit.
1
F♯m G G/A A13 D a tempo A7
don't re - mem - ber you. That was an -
a tempo
2
F♯m G Em7 A9 D a tempo
don't re - mem - ber you.
a tempo

THE BABY SONG

from *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*

Lyrics by JOE DiPIETRO
Music by JIMMY ROBERTS



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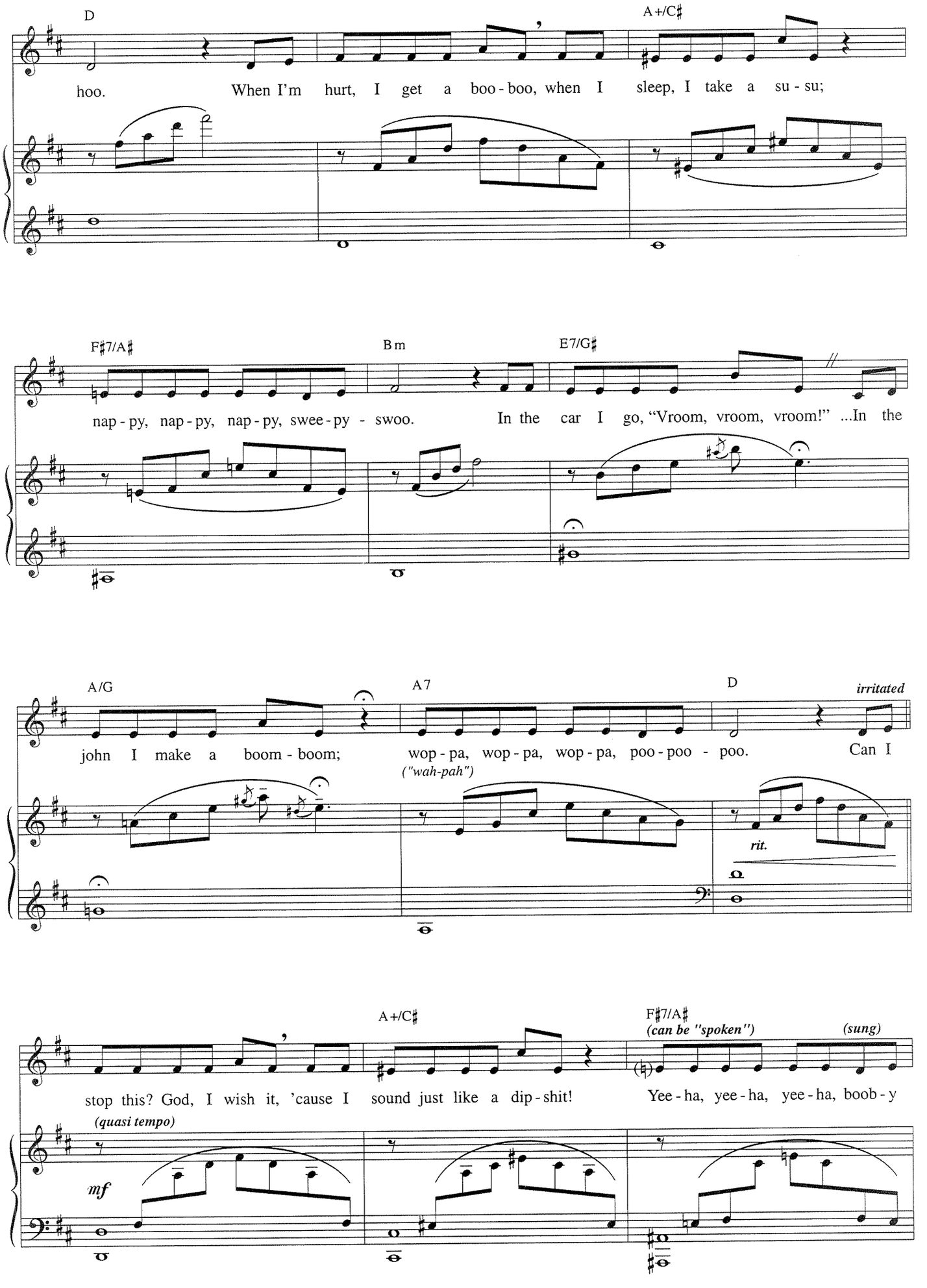
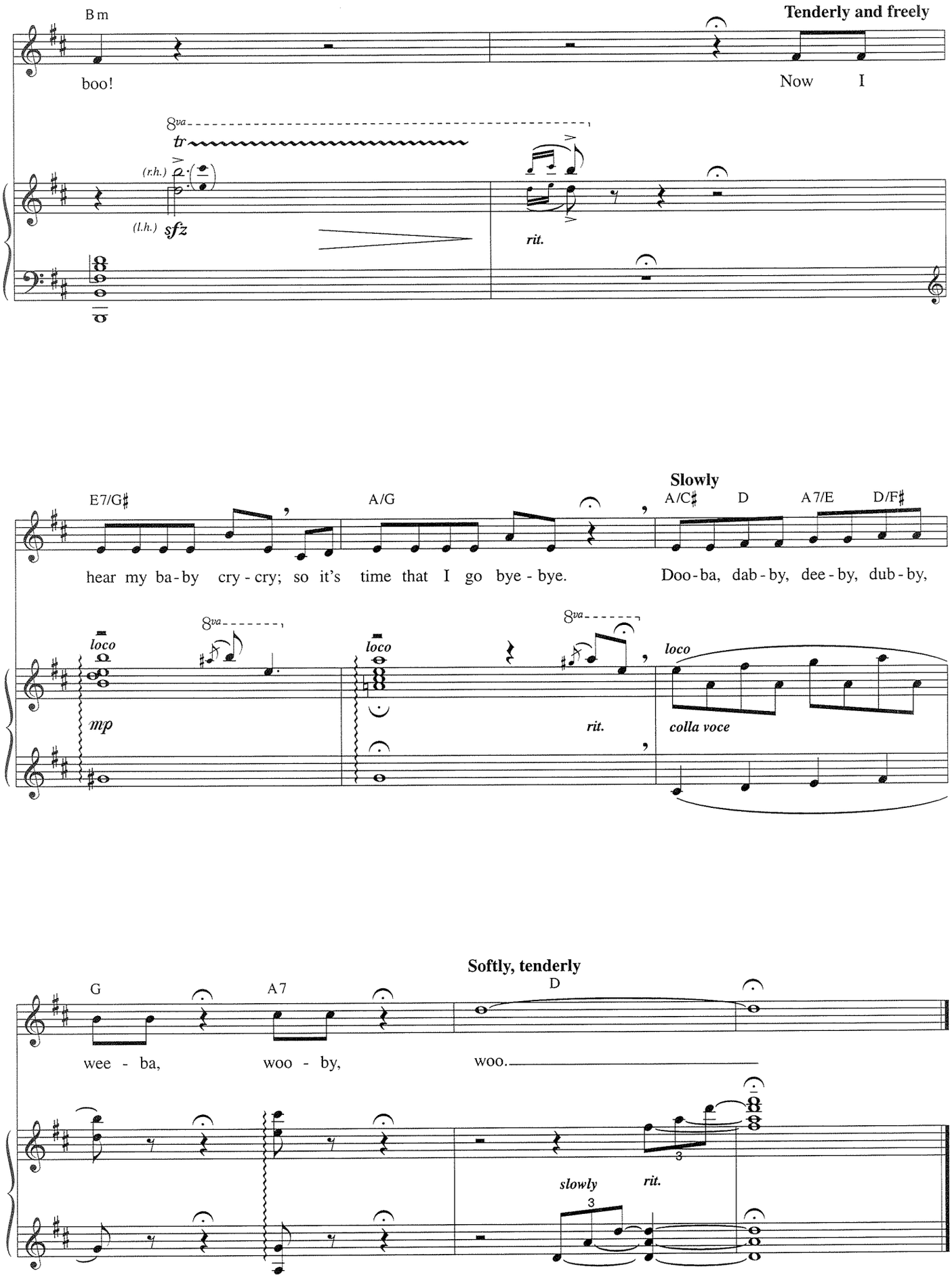

D
A+/C♯
hoo. When I'm hurt, I get a boo - boo, when I sleep, I take a su - su;
F♯7/A♯
B m
E7/G♯
nap - py, nap - py, nap - py, swee - py - swoo. In the car I go, "Vroom, vroom, vroom!" ...In the
A/G
A7
D
irritated
john I make a boom - boom; wop - pa, wop - pa, wop - pa, poo - poo - poo. Can I
("wah-pah")
rit.
A+/C♯
F♯7/A♯
(can be "spoken")
(sung)
stop this? God, I wish it, 'cause I sound just like a dip - shit! Yee - ha, yee - ha, yee - ha, boob - y
(quasi tempo)
mf

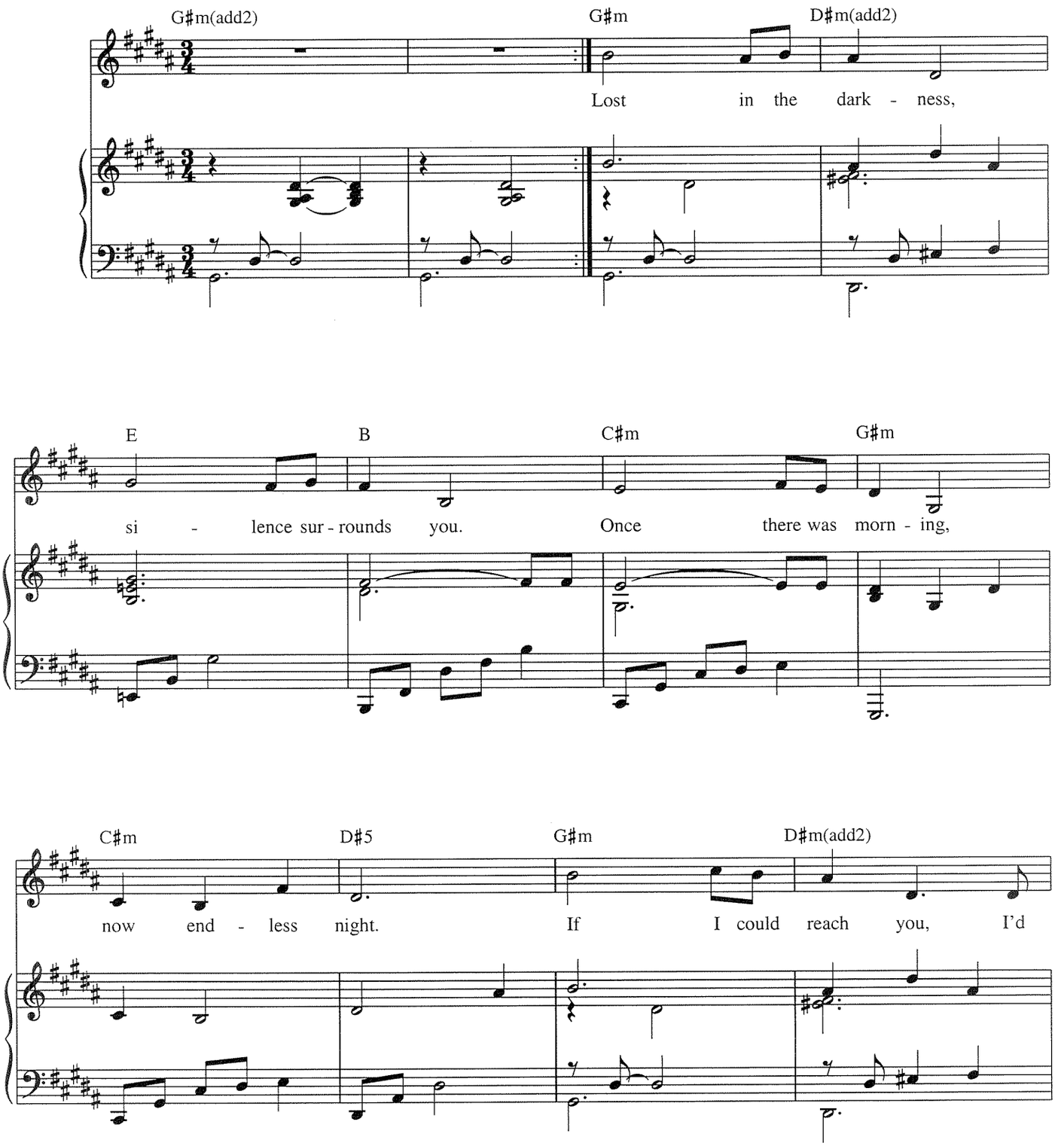

Bm
Tenderly and freely
boo!
Now I
8va
tr
(r.h.)
(l.h.)
sfz
rit.
Slowly
E7/G♯
A/G
A/C♯
D
A7/E
D/F♯
hear my ba-by cry-cry; so it's time that I go bye-bye.
Doo-ba, dab-by, dee-by, dub-by,
loco
mp
rit.
colla voce
Softly, tenderly
G
A7
D
wee - ba,
woo - by,
woo.
slowly
rit.

LOST IN THE DARKNESS

from *Jekyll & Hyde*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN

Moderately slow, sustained



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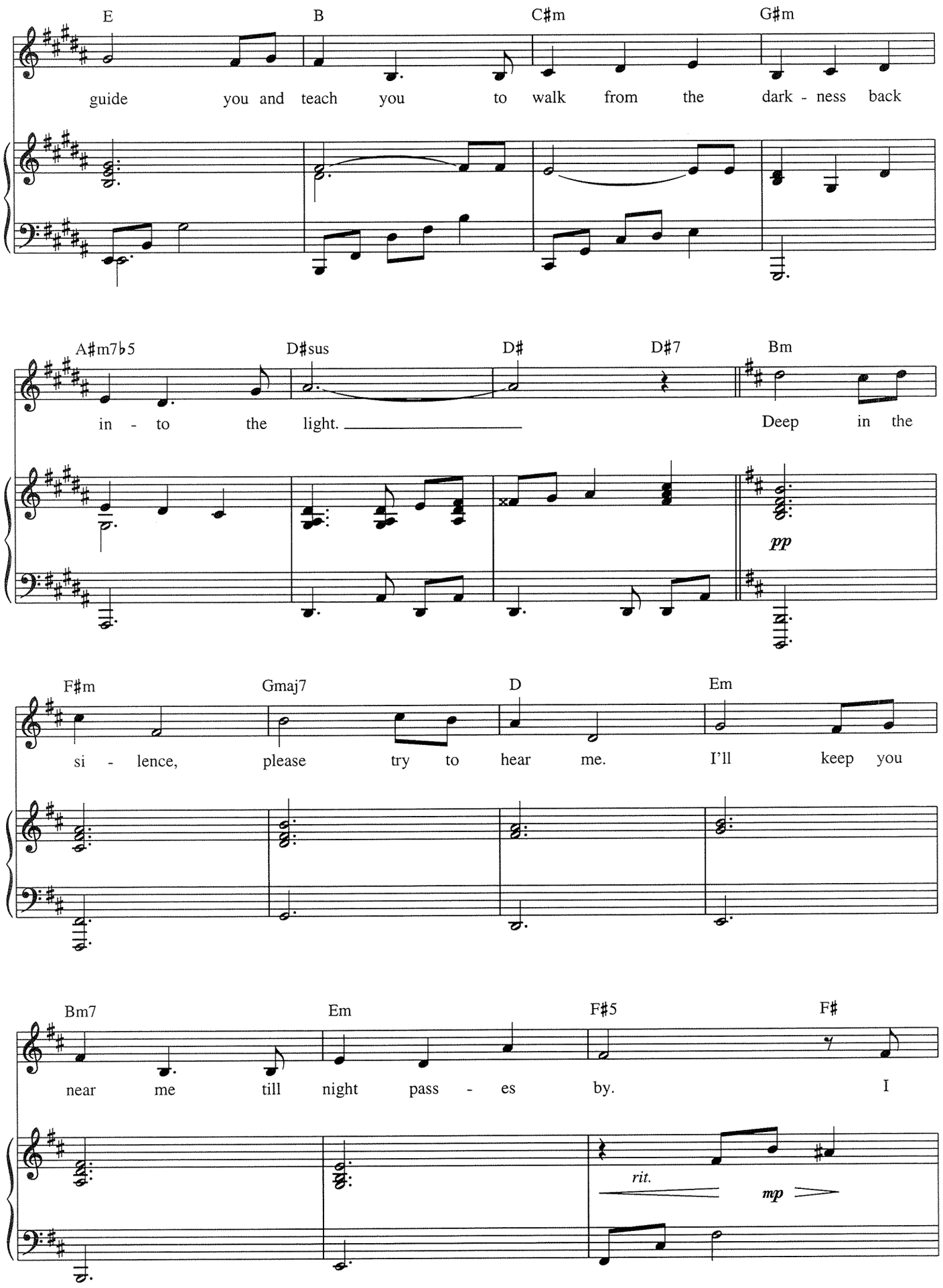
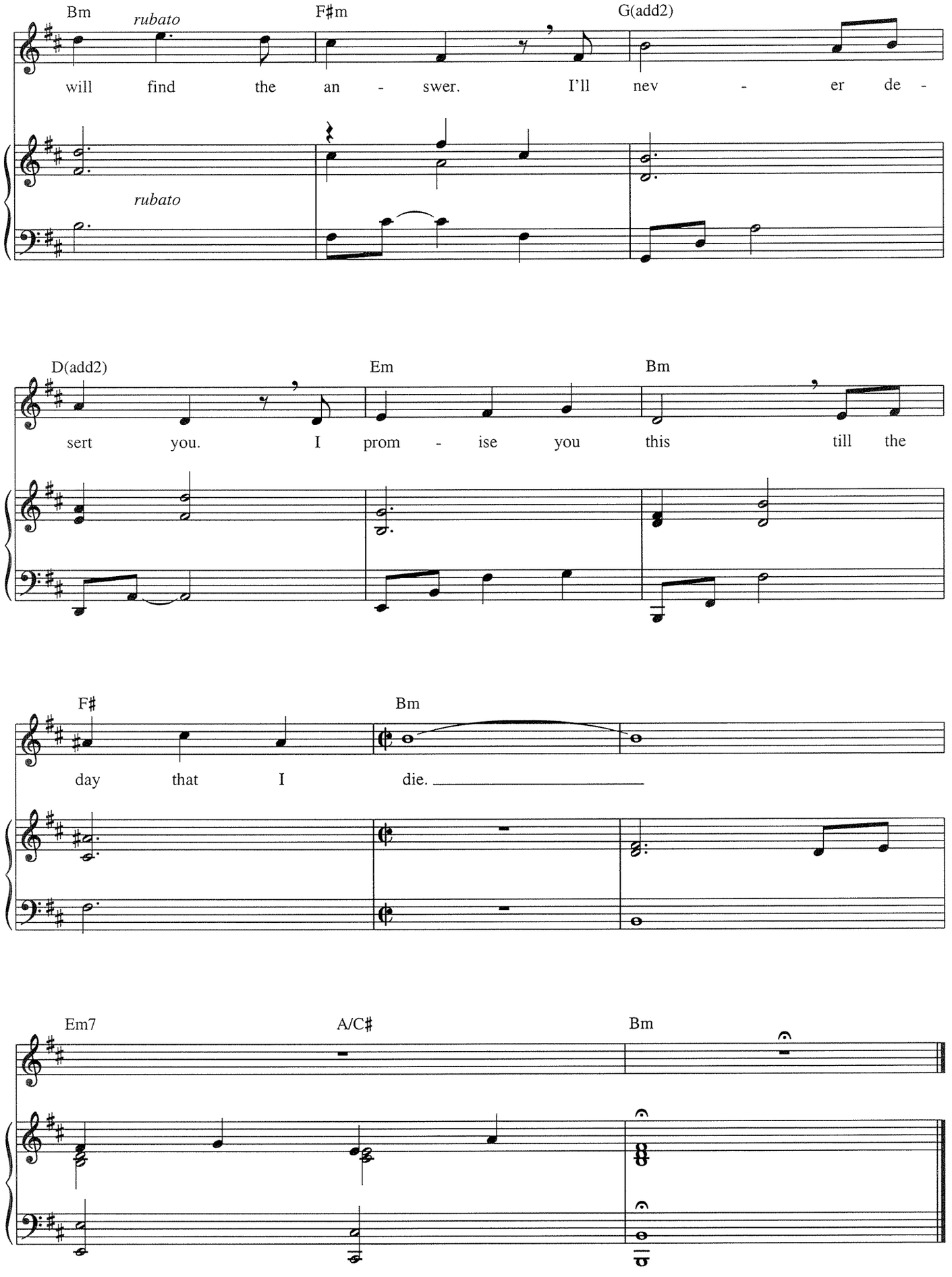
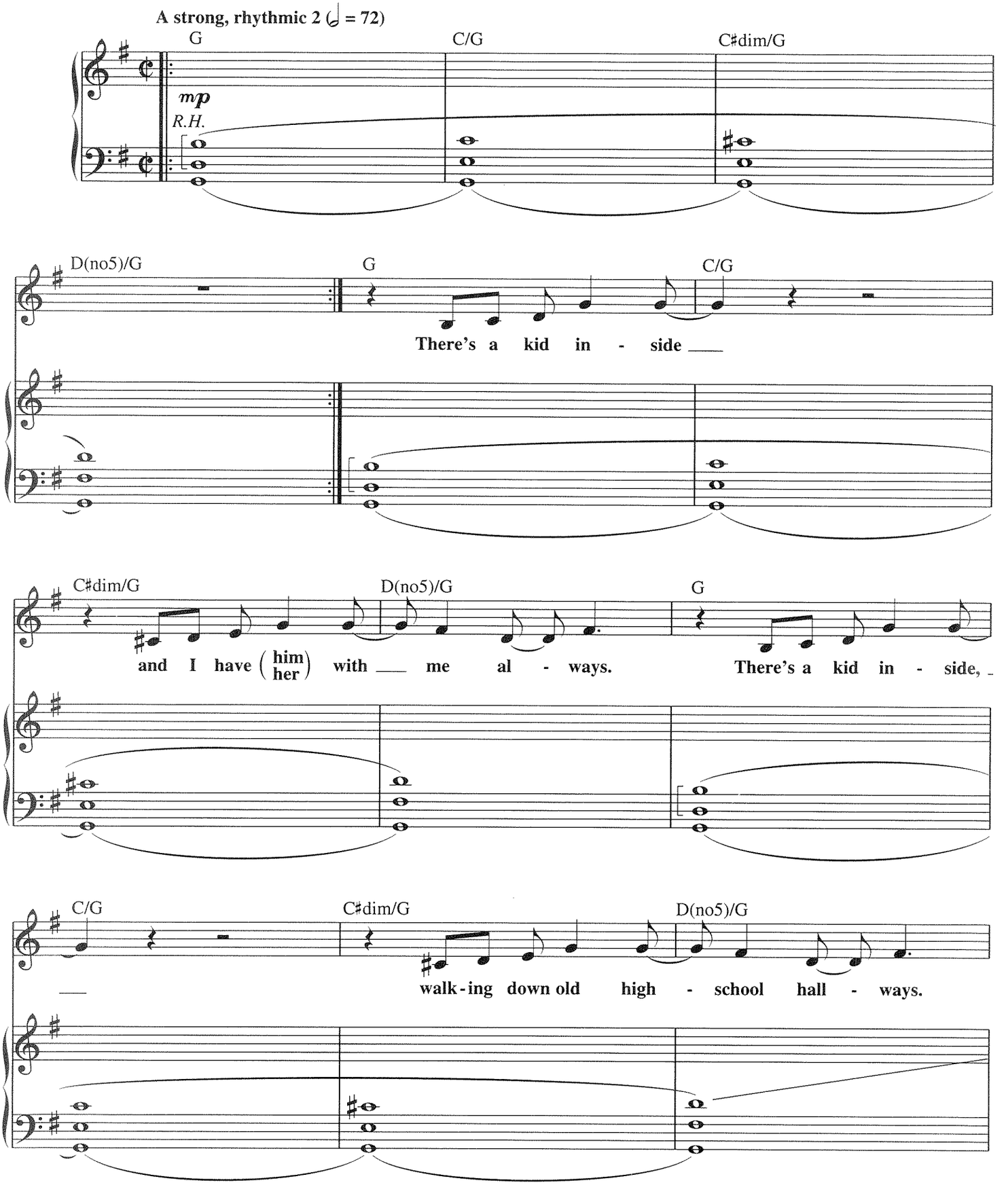

E
B
C♯m
G♯m
guide you and teach you to walk from the dark - ness back
A♯m7♭5
D♯sus
D♯
D♯7
Bm
in - to the light.
Deep in the
pp
F♯m
Gmaj7
D
Em
si - lence, please try to hear me. I'll keep you
Bm7
Em
F♯5
F♯
near me till night pass - es by. I
rit.
mp


Bm
rubato
F♯m
G(add2)
will find the an - swer. I'll nev - er de -
rubato
D(add2)
Em
Bm
sert you. I prom - ise you this till the
F♯
Bm
day that I die.
Em7
A/C♯
Bm

THE KID INSIDE

from the Broadway musical *Is There Life After High School?*

Music and Lyric by
CRAIG CARNELIA



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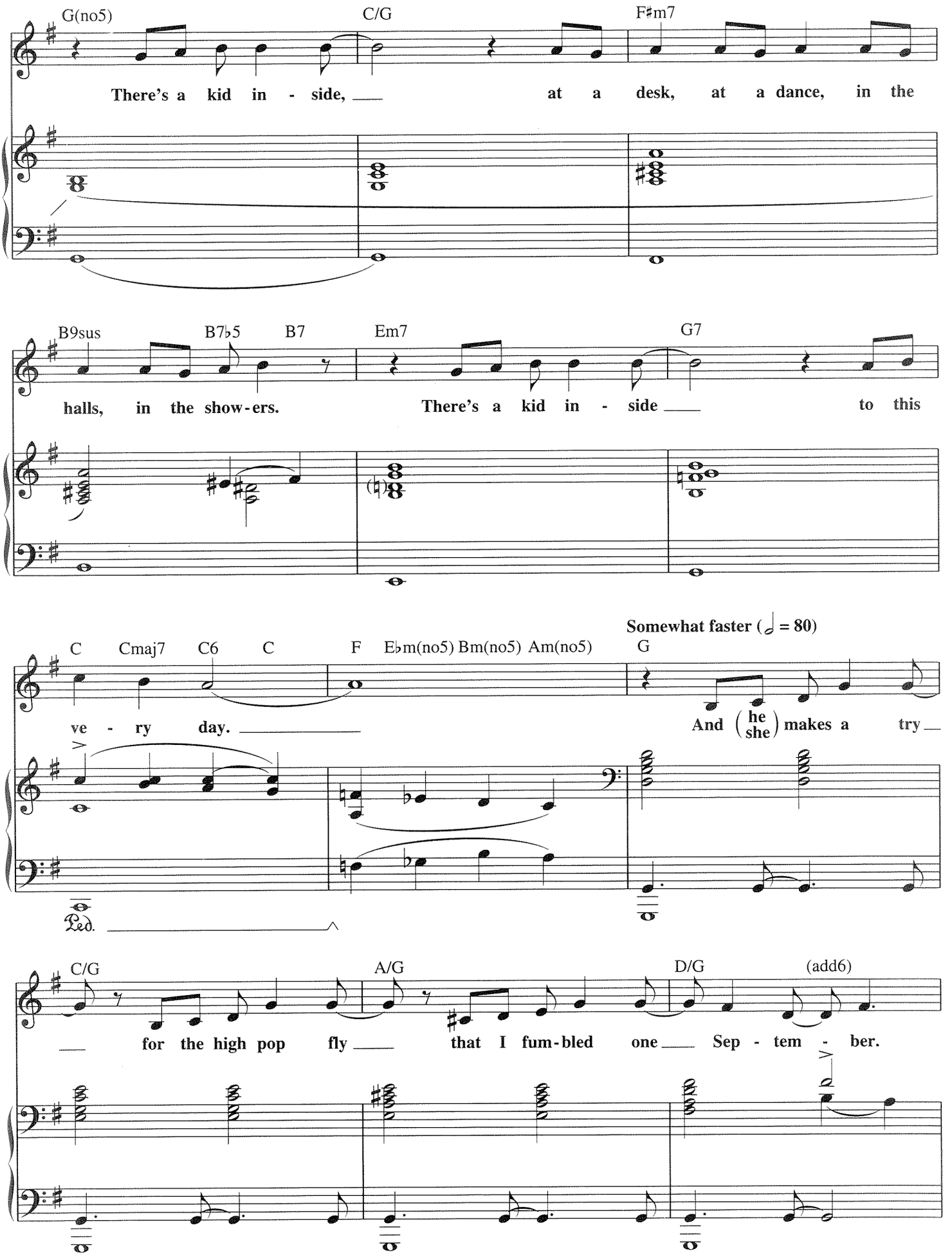
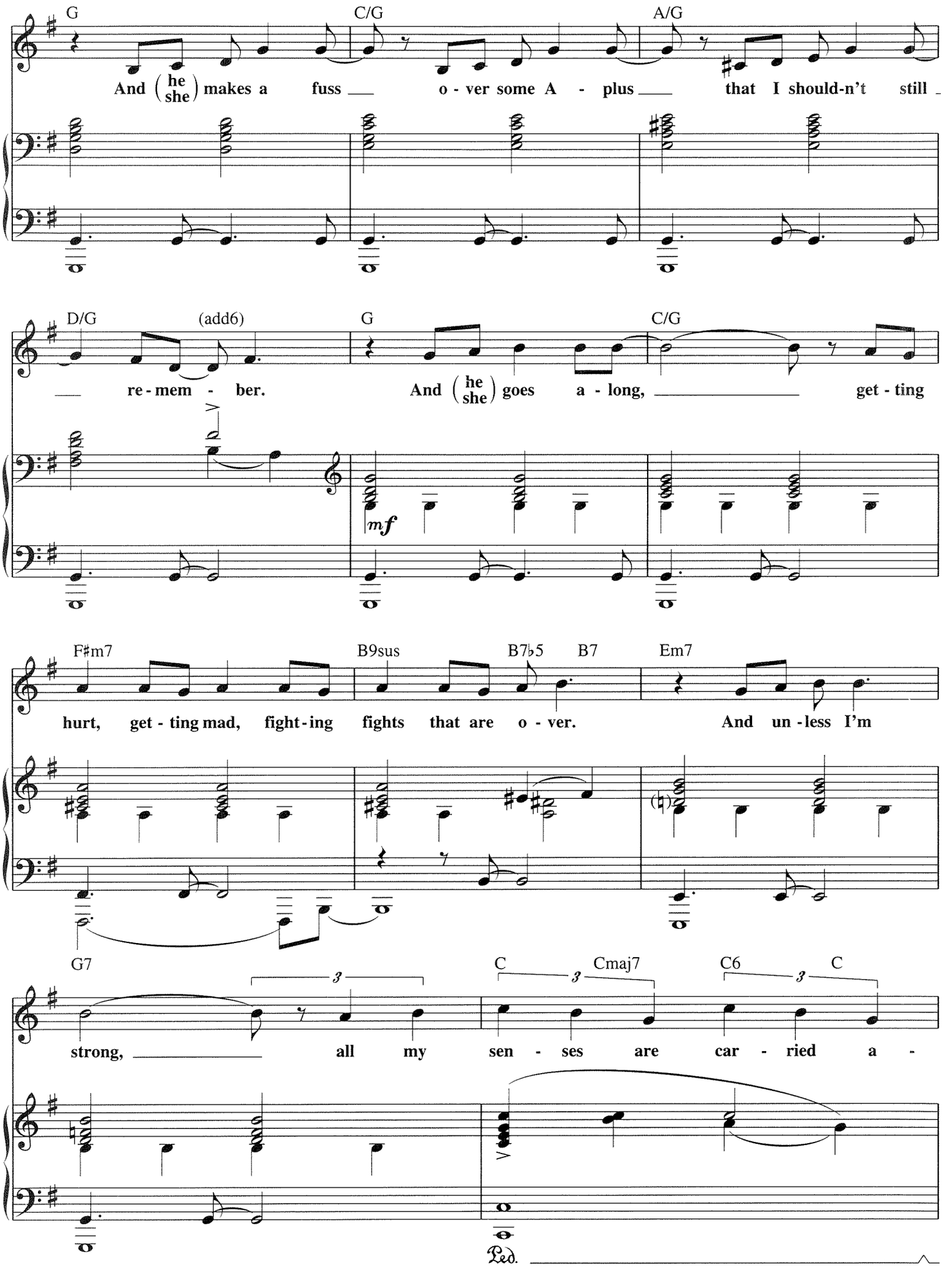
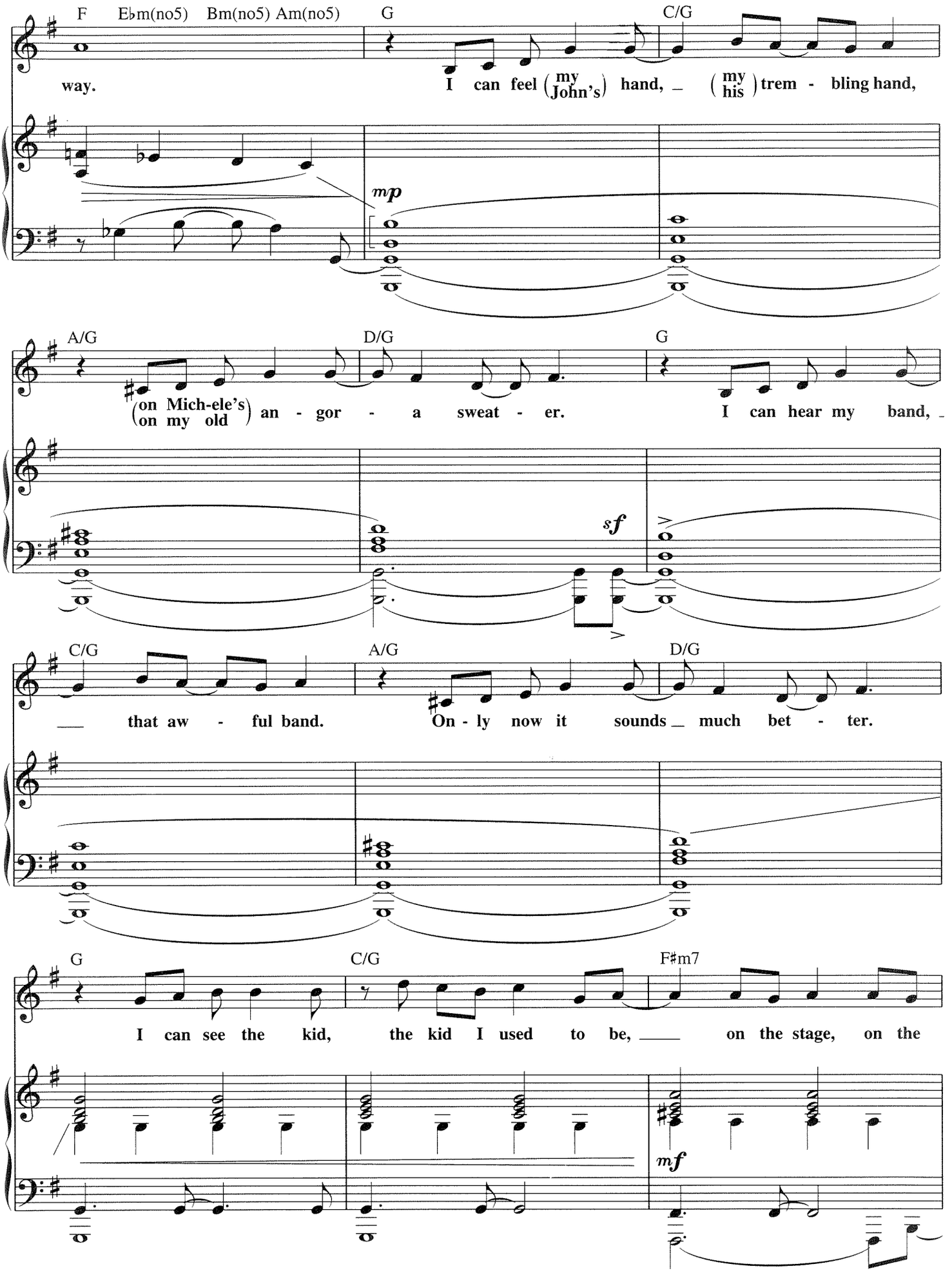
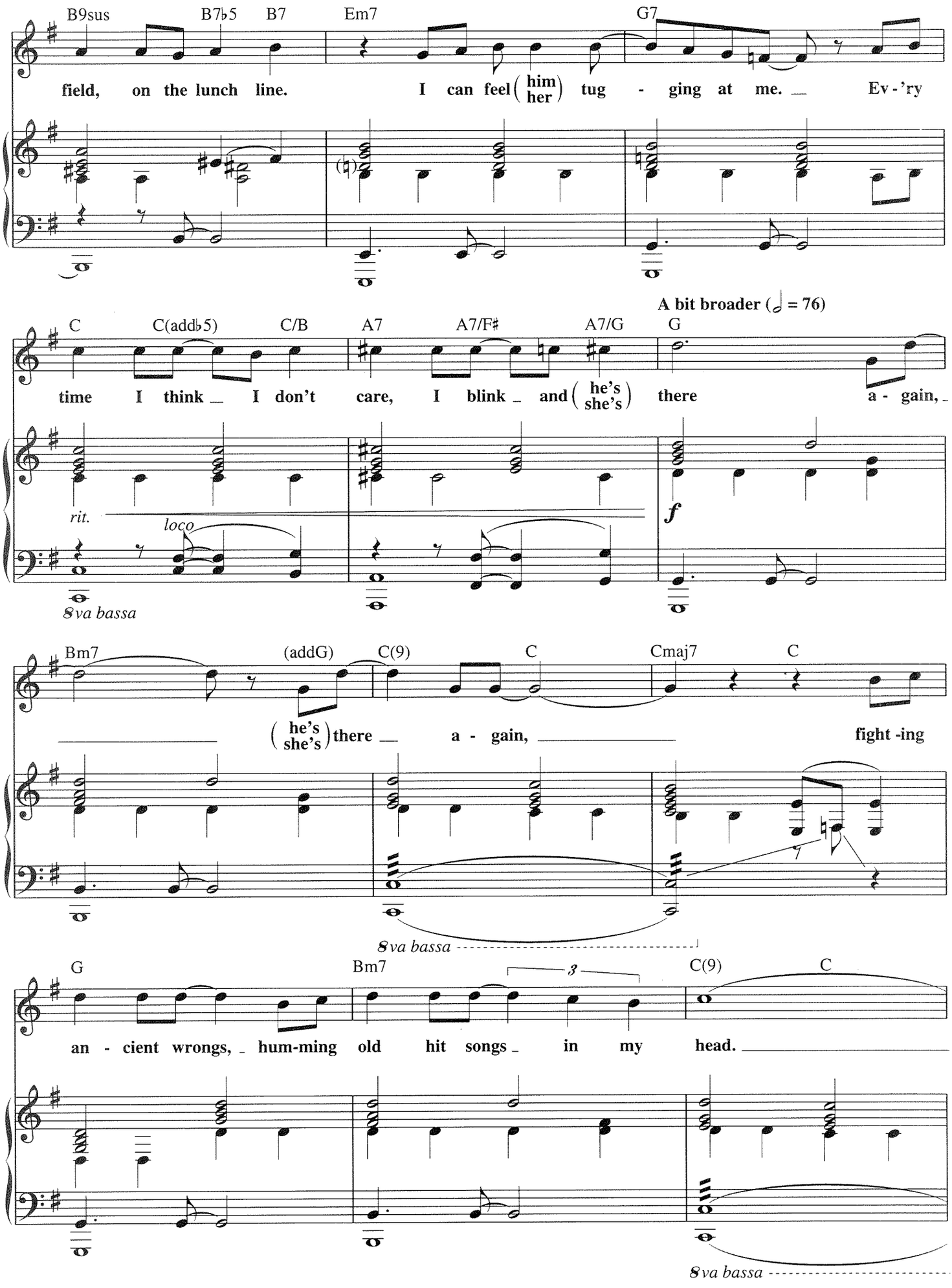
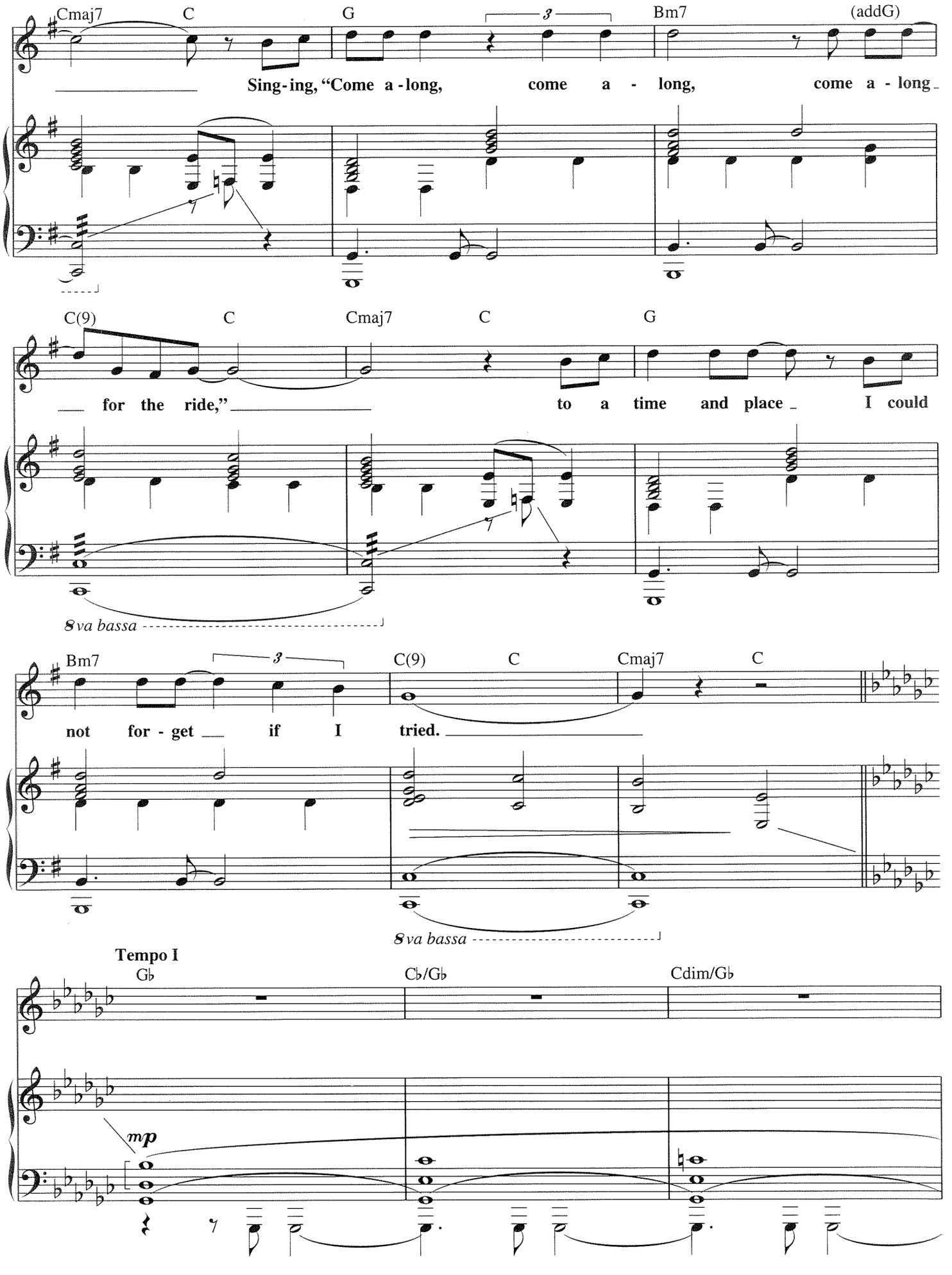
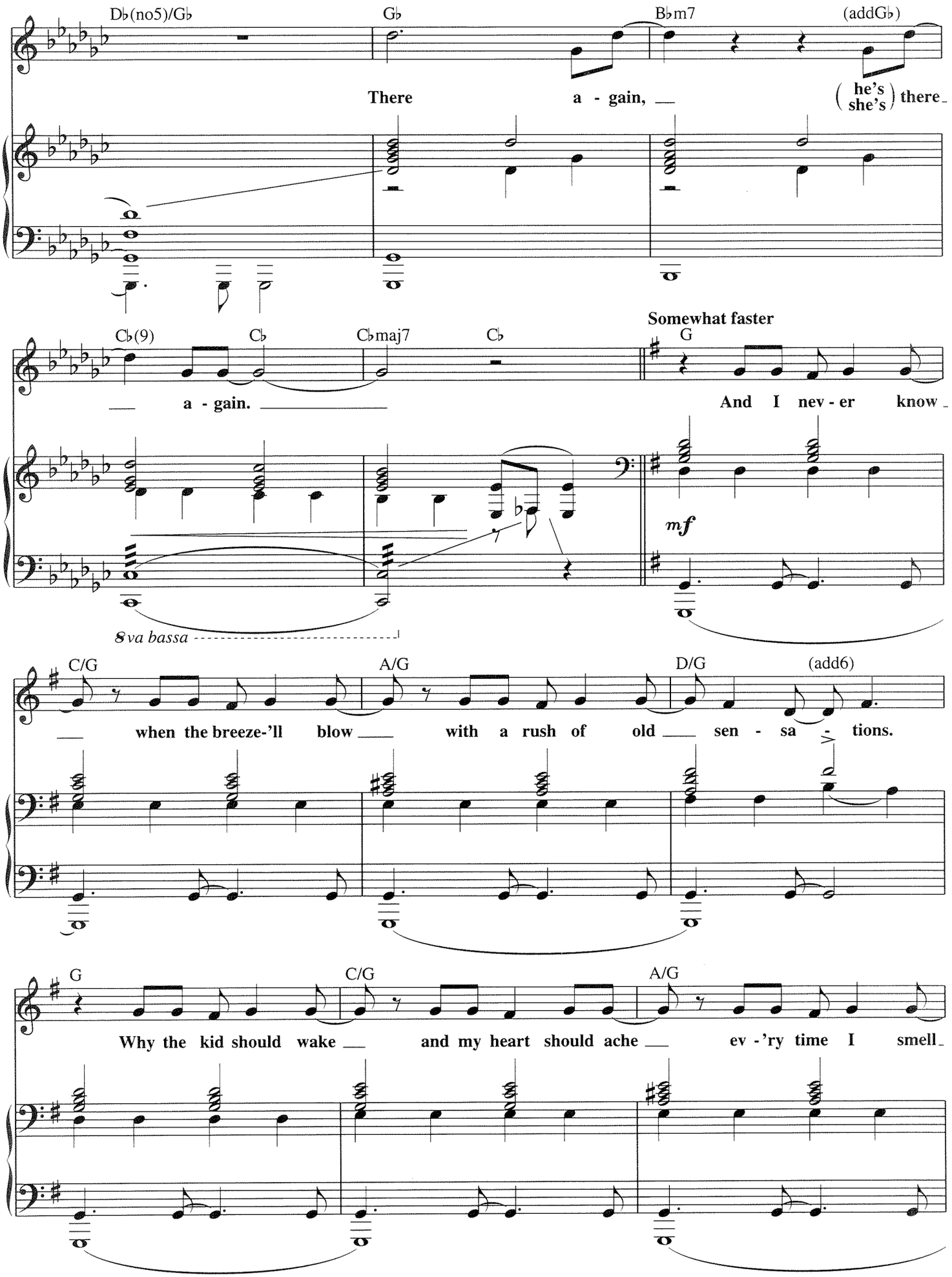

G(no5)
C/G
F♯m7
There's a kid in - side, at a desk, at a dance, in the
B9sus
B7♭5
B7
Em7
G7
halls, in the show-ers. There's a kid in - side to this
Somewhat faster (♩ = 80)
C
Cmaj7
C6
C
F
E♭m(no5)
B♭m(no5)
A♭m(no5)
G
ve - ry day.
And (he / she) makes a try
Ped.
C/G
A/G
D/G
(add6)
for the high pop fly that I fum-bled one Sep - tem - ber.

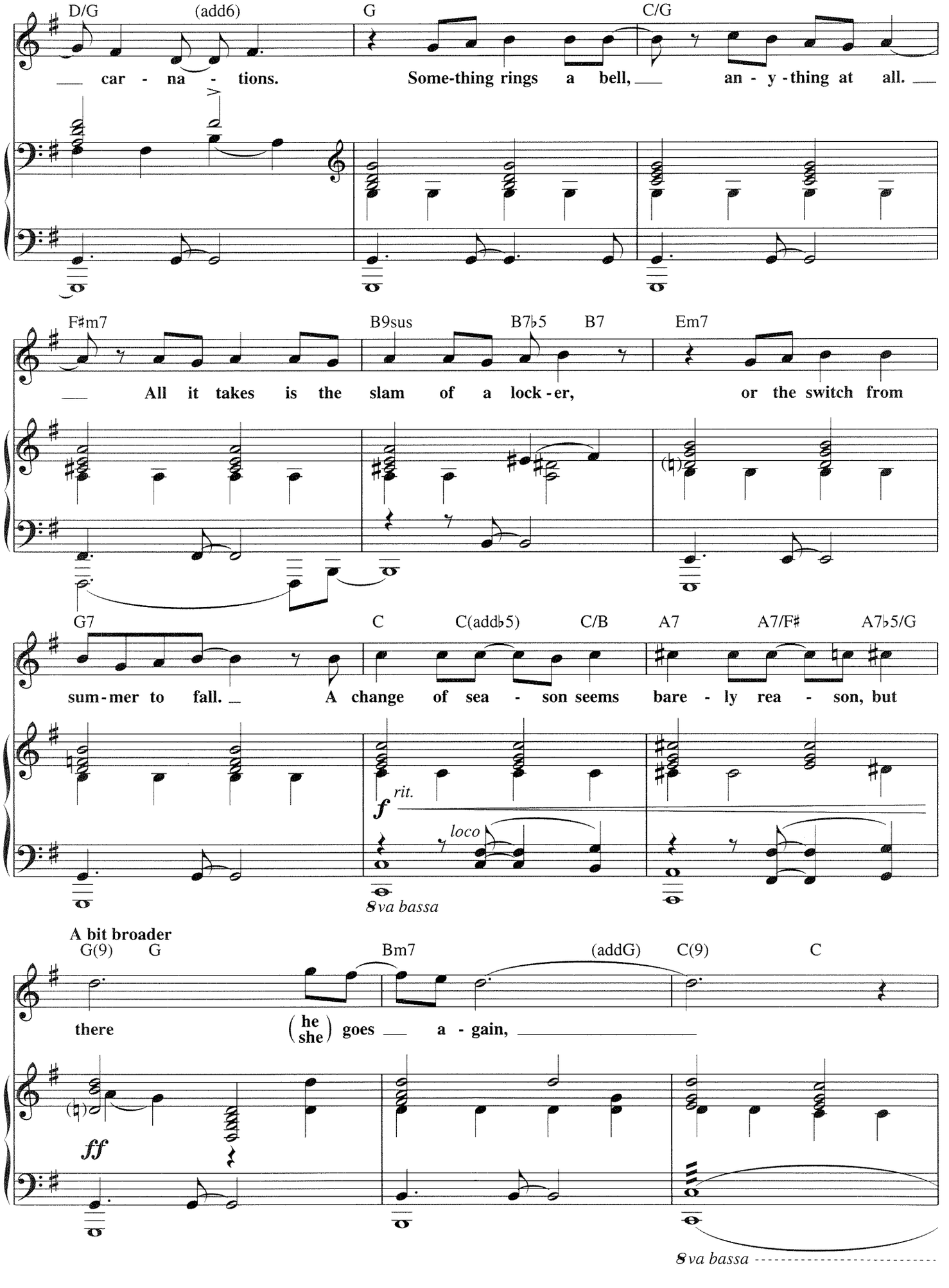

G
C/G
A/G
And (he / she) makes a fuss o - ver some A - plus that I should-n't still
D/G (add6)
G
C/G
re - mem - ber.
And (he / she) goes a - long, get - ting
mf
F♯m7
B9sus
B7♭5
B7
Em7
hurt, get - ting mad, fight - ing fights that are o - ver.
And un - less I'm
G7
C
Cmaj7
C6
C
strong, all my sen - ses are car - ried a -
Ped.

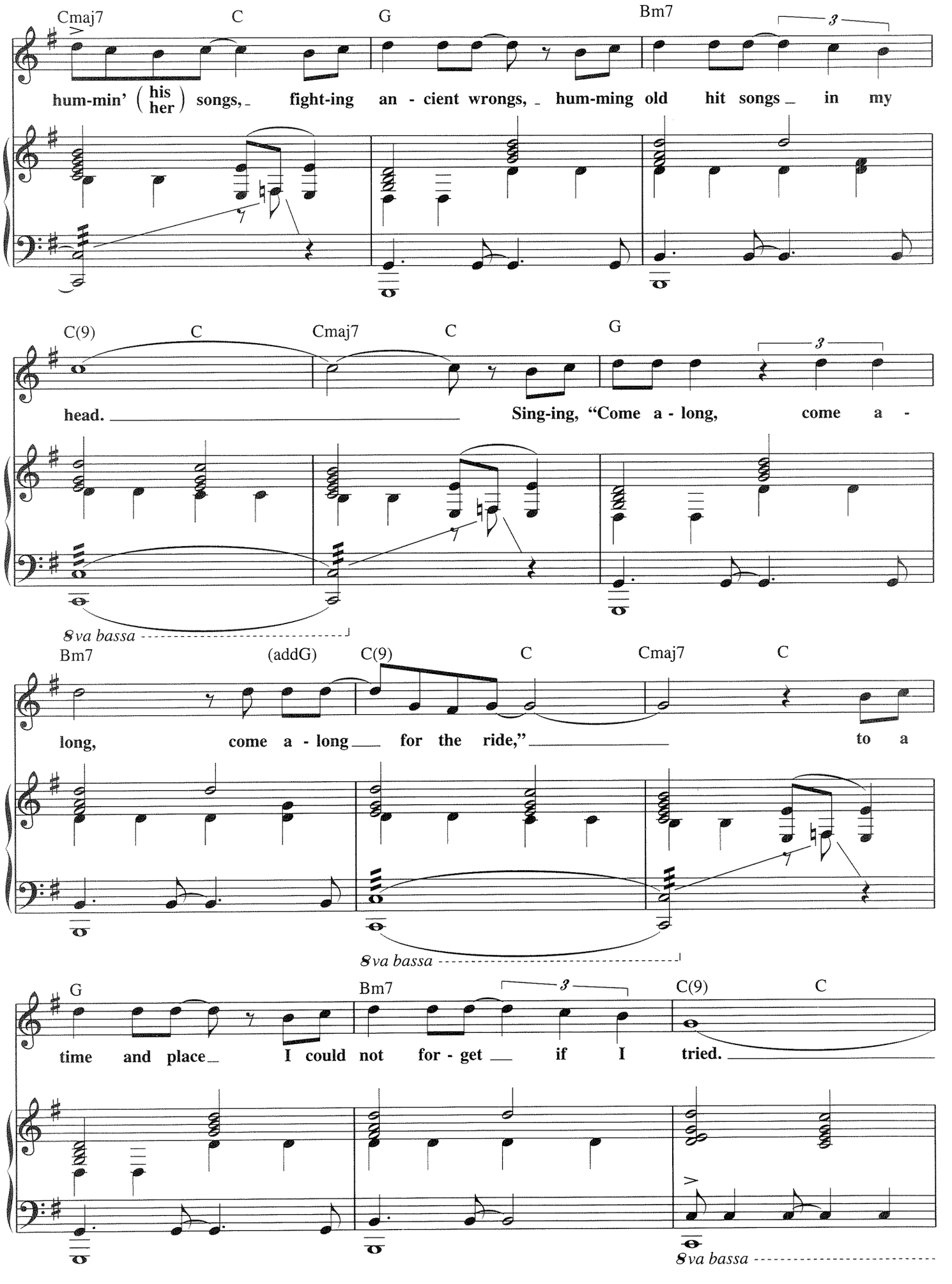

F Eb m(no5) Bm(no5) Am(no5) G C/G
way. I can feel (my / John's) hand, (my / his) trem - bling hand,
mp
A/G D/G G
(on Mich-ele's / on my old) an - gor - a sweat - er. I can hear my band,
sf
C/G A/G D/G
that aw - ful band. On - ly now it sounds much bet - ter.
G C/G F#m7
I can see the kid, the kid I used to be, on the stage, on the
mf

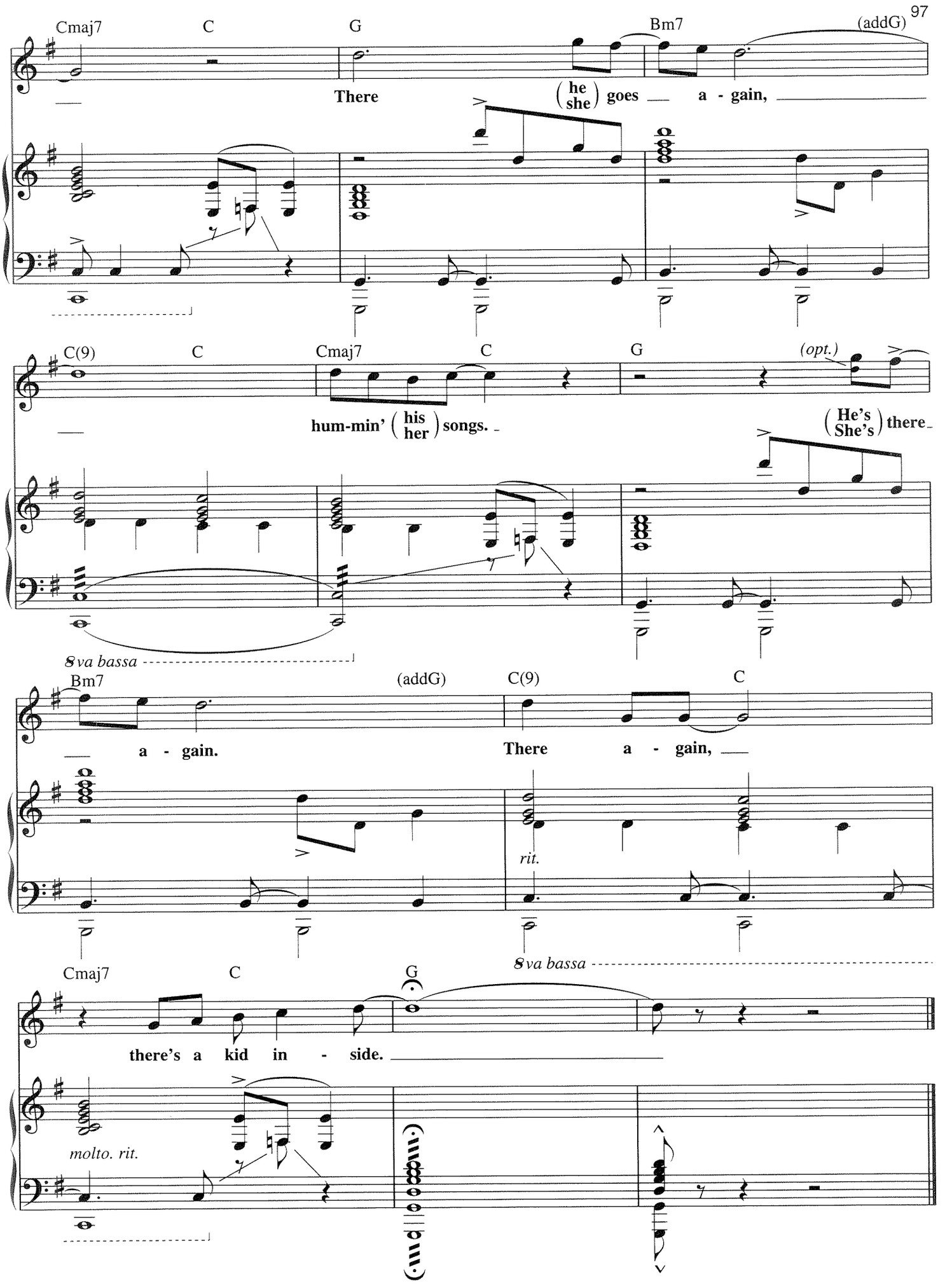

B9sus
B7♭5
B7
Em7
G7
field, on the lunch line. I can feel (him / her) tug - ging at me. Ev - 'ry
A bit broader (♩ = 76)
C
C(add♭5)
C/B
A7
A7/F♯
A7/G
G
time I think I don't care, I blink and (he's / she's) there a - gain,
rit.
loco
8va bassa
f
Bm7
(addG)
C(9)
C
Cmaj7
C
(he's / she's) there a - gain, fight -ing
8va bassa
G
Bm7
3
C(9)
C
an - cient wrongs, hum-ming old hit songs in my head.
8va bassa


Cmaj7
C
G
3
Bm7
(addG)
Sing-ing, "Come a-long, come a-long, come a-long
C(9)
C
Cmaj7
C
G
for the ride," to a time and place I could
8va bassa
Bm7
3
C(9)
C
Cmaj7
C
not for-get if I tried.
8va bassa
Tempo I
Gb
Cb/Gb
Cdim/Gb
mp


Db(no5)/Gb
Gb
Bbm7
(addGb)
There
a - gain,
(he's / she's) there
Cb(9)
Cb
Cbmaj7
Cb
Somewhat faster
G
a - gain.
And I nev - er know
mf
8va bassa
C/G
A/G
D/G
(add6)
when the breeze-'ll blow
with a rush of old
sen - sa - tions.
G
C/G
A/G
Why the kid should wake
and my heart should ache
ev -'ry time I smell


D/G (add6) G C/G
car - na - tions. Some-thing rings a bell, an - y - thing at all.
F♯m7 B9sus B7♭5 B7 Em7
All it takes is the slam of a lock - er, or the switch from
G7 C C(add♭5) C/B A7 A7/F♯ A7♭5/G
sum - mer to fall. A change of sea - son seems bare - ly rea - son, but
f rit.
loco
8va bassa
A bit broader
G(9) G Bm7 (addG) C(9) C
there (he / she) goes a - gain,
ff
8va bassa


Cmaj7 C G Bm7
hum-min' (his / her) songs, fight-ing an - cient wrongs, hum-ming old hit songs in my
C(9) C Cmaj7 C G
head. Sing-ing, "Come a - long, come a -
8va bassa
Bm7 (addG) C(9) C Cmaj7 C
long, come a - long for the ride," to a
8va bassa
G Bm7 C(9) C
time and place I could not for - get if I tried.
8va bassa

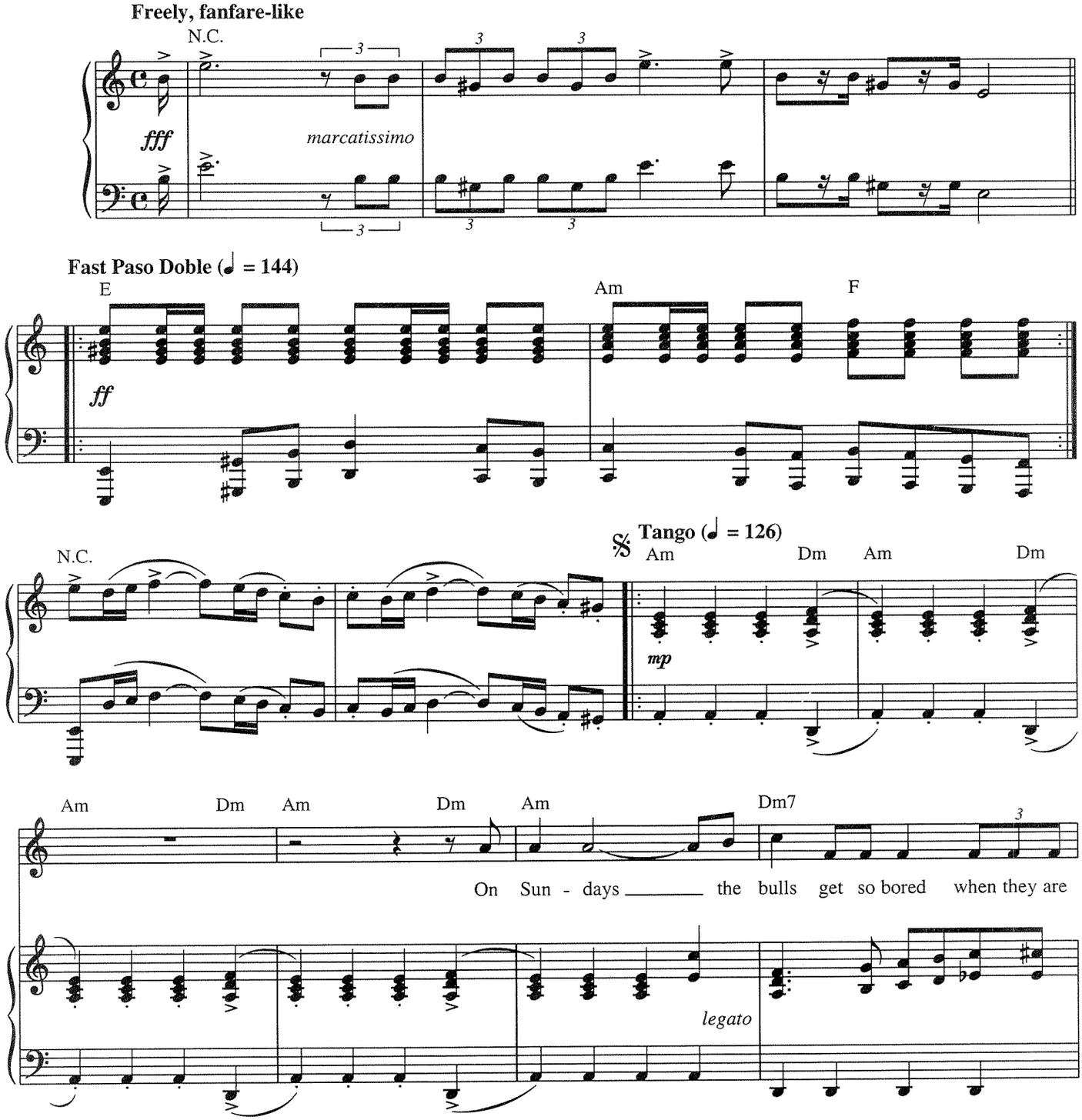

Cmaj7
C
G
Bm7
(addG)
There
(he she) goes
a - gain,
C(9)
C
Cmaj7
C
G
(opt.)
hum-min' (his her) songs.
(He's She's) there
8va bassa
Bm7
(addG)
C(9)
C
a - gain.
There
a - gain,
rit.
8va bassa
Cmaj7
C
G
there's a kid in - side.
molto. rit.

THE BULLS

(Les Toros)

from *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*

French Words by JACQUES BREL
English Words by MORT SHUMAN and ERIC BLAU
Music by GERARD JOUANNEST,
JACQUES BREL and JEAN CORTI



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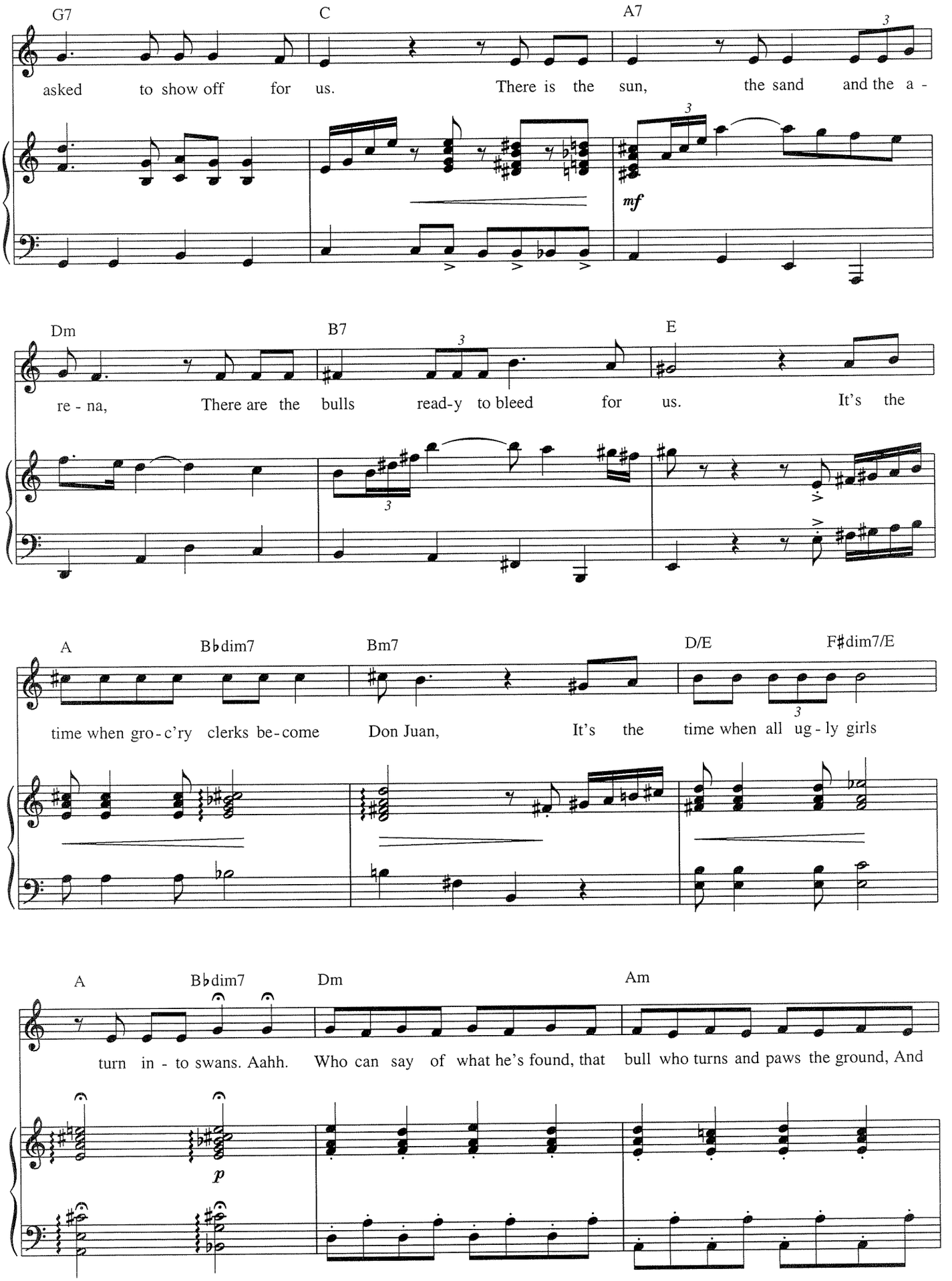
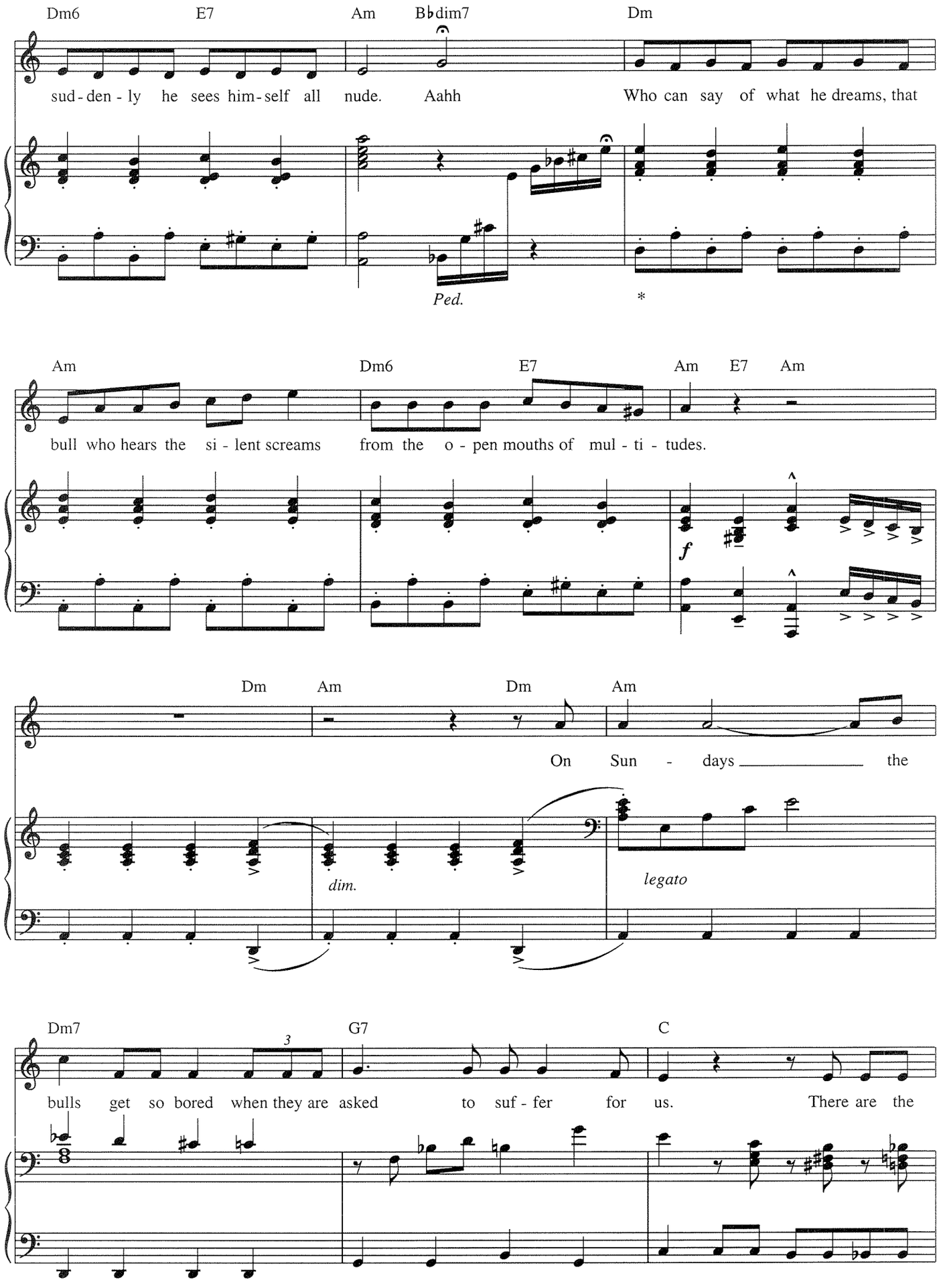
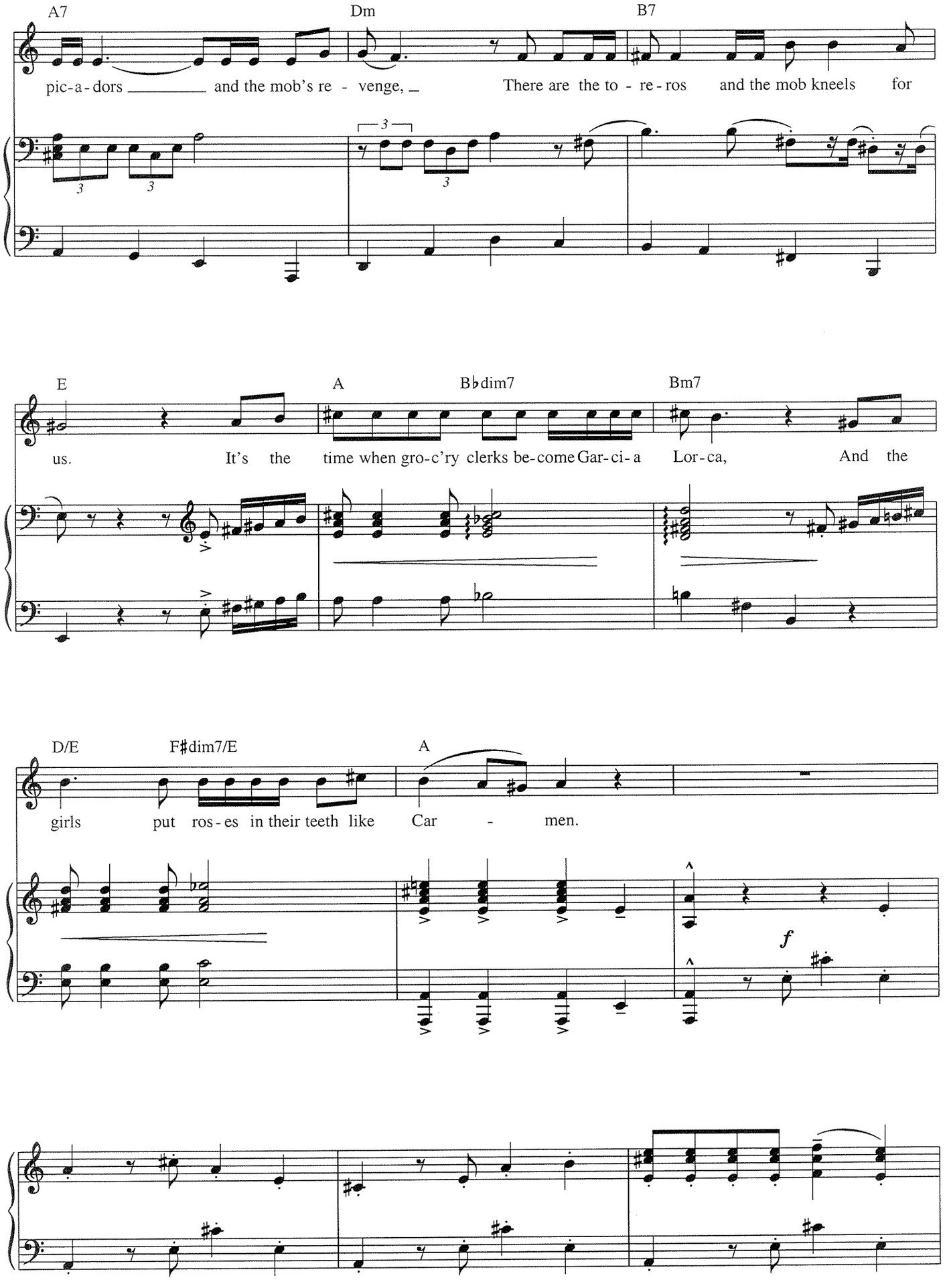
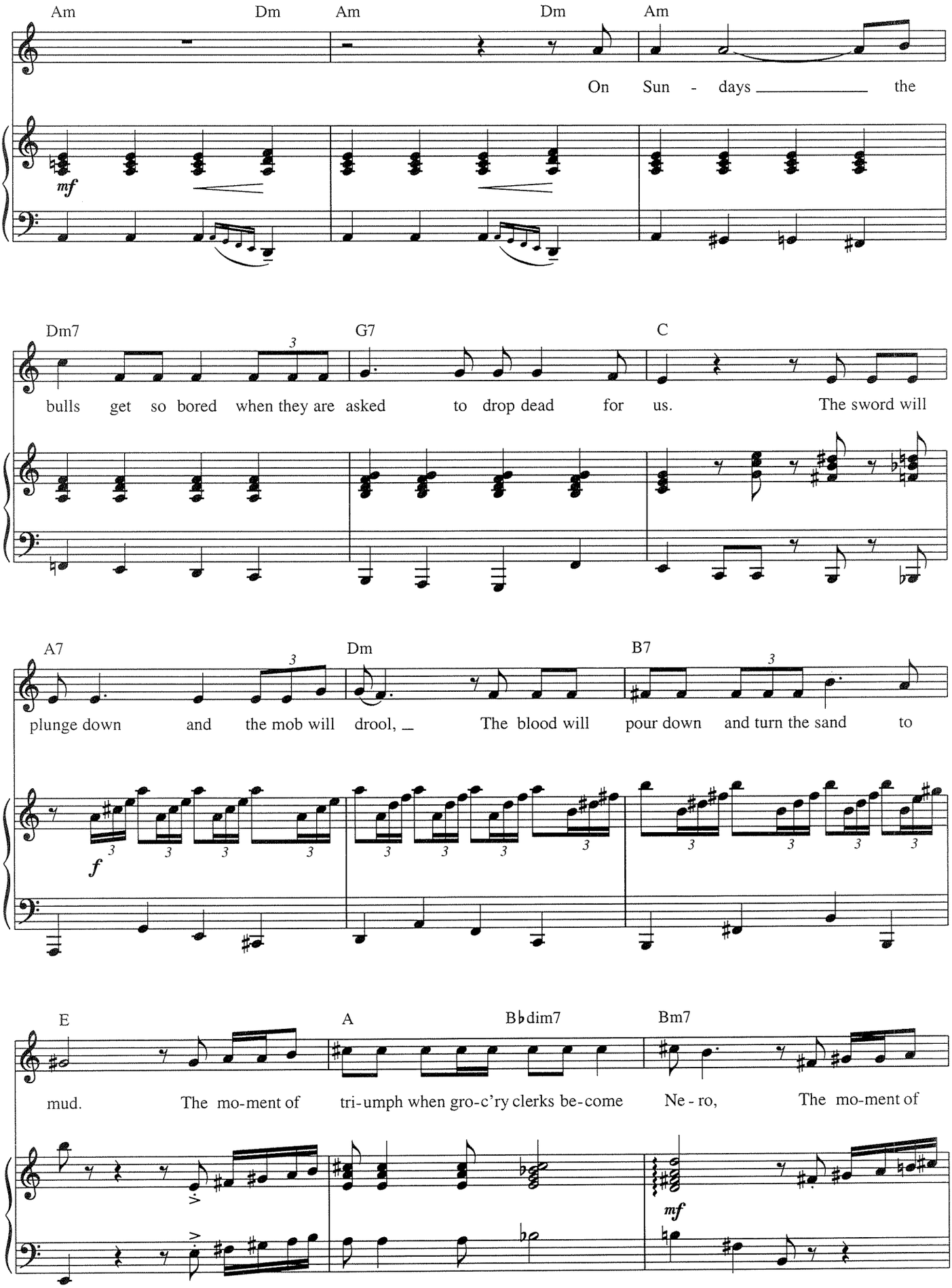
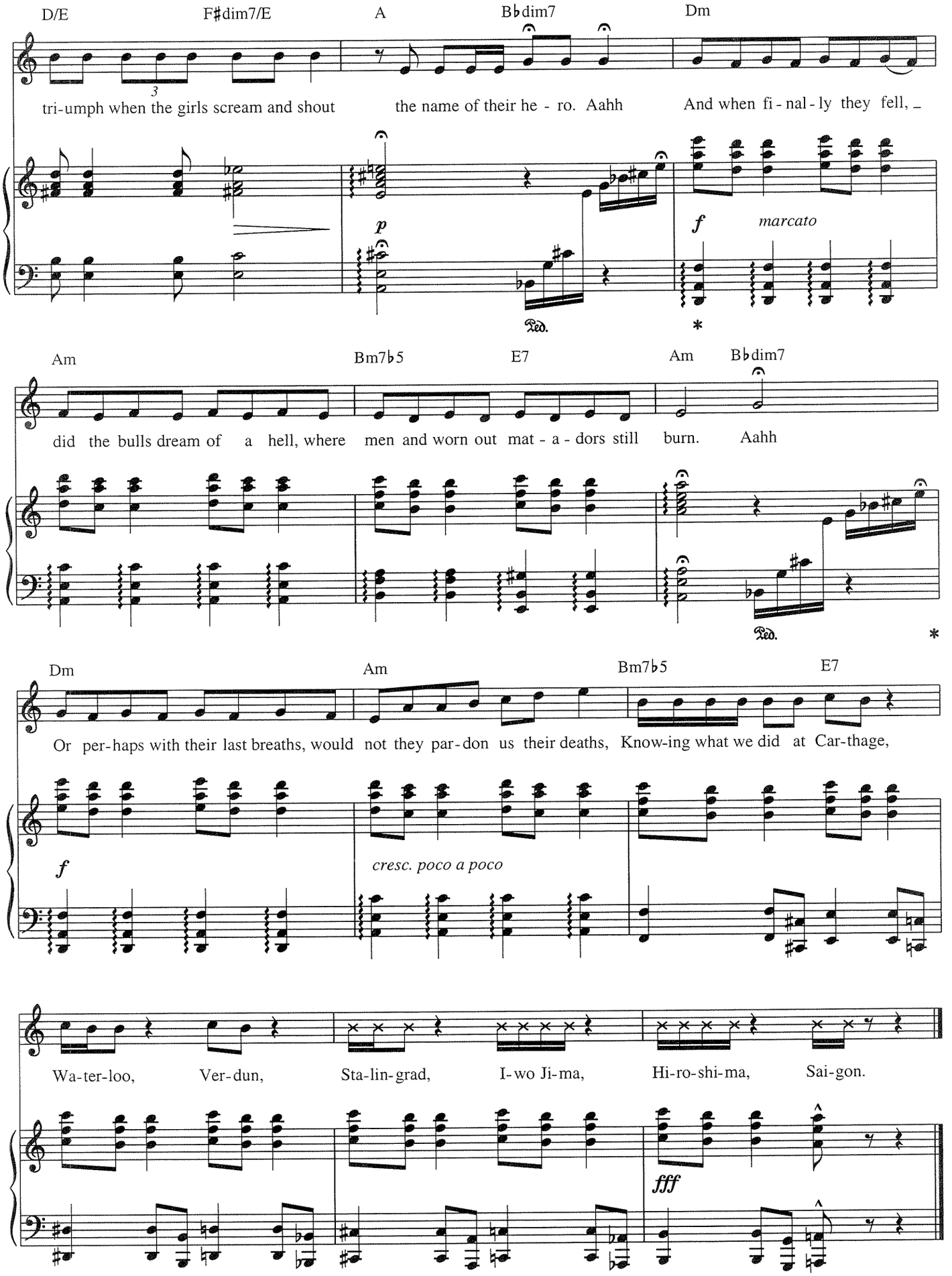

G7
C
A7
asked to show off for us. There is the sun, the sand and the a -
mf
Dm
B7
E
re - na, There are the bulls read-y to bleed for us. It's the
A
B♭dim7
Bm7
D/E
F♯dim7/E
time when gro - c'ry clerks be - come Don Juan, It's the time when all ug - ly girls
A
B♭dim7
Dm
Am
turn in - to swans. Aahh. Who can say of what he's found, that bull who turns and paws the ground, And
p


Dm6 E7 Am B♭dim7 Dm
sud - den - ly he sees him - self all nude. Aahh Who can say of what he dreams, that
Ped.
*
Am Dm6 E7 Am E7 Am
bull who hears the si - lent screams from the o - pen mouths of mul - ti - tudes.
f
Dm Am Dm Am
On Sun - days the
dim.
legato
Dm7 G7 C
3
bulls get so bored when they are asked to suf - fer for us. There are the


A7
Dm
B7
pic-a-dors and the mob's re - venge, There are the to - re-ros and the mob kneels for
E
A
B♭dim7
Bm7
us. It's the time when gro-c'ry clerks be-come Gar-ci-a Lor-ca, And the
D/E
F♯dim7/E
A
girls put ros-es in their teeth like Car - men.
f


Am
Dm
Am
Dm
Am
On Sun - days the
mf
Dm7
G7
C
bulls get so bored when they are asked to drop dead for us. The sword will
A7
Dm
B7
plunge down and the mob will drool, The blood will pour down and turn the sand to
f
E
A
B♭dim7
Bm7
mud. The mo-ment of tri-umph when gro-c'ry clerks be-come Ne - ro, The mo-ment of
mf

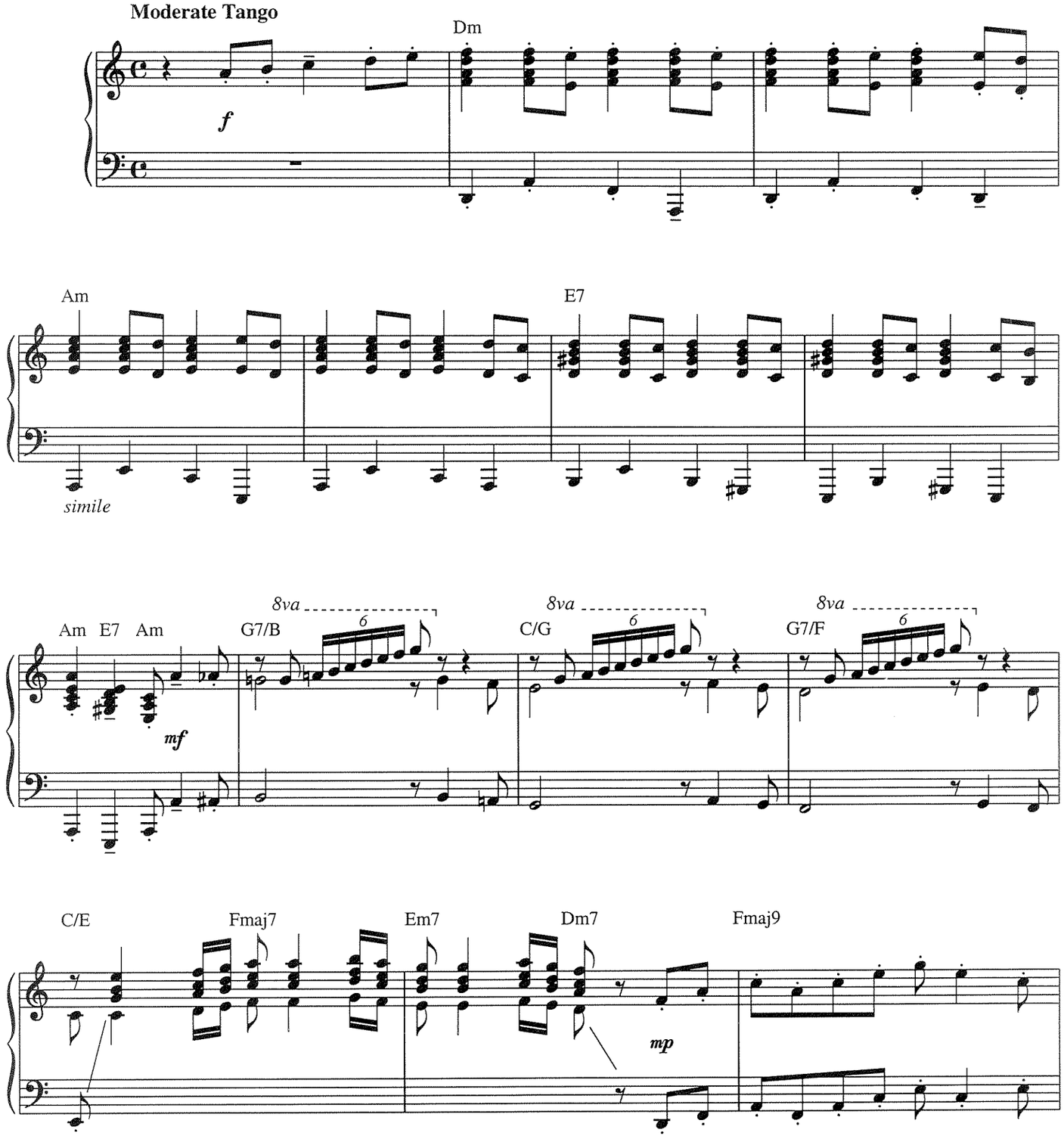

D/E
F♯dim7/E
A
B♭dim7
Dm
tri-umph when the girls scream and shout
the name of their he - ro. Aahh
And when fi - nal - ly they fell,
p
f
marcato
Ped.
*
Am
Bm7♭5
E7
Am
B♭dim7
did the bulls dream of a hell, where men and worn out mat - a - dors still burn. Aahh
Ped.
*
Dm
Am
Bm7♭5
E7
Or per-haps with their last breaths, would not they par-don us their deaths, Know-ing what we did at Car-thage,
f
cresc. poco a poco
Wa-ter-loo, Ver-dun, Sta-lin-grad, I-wo Ji-ma, Hi-ro-shi-ma, Sai-gon.
fff

FUNERAL TANGO

(Le Tango Funebre)

from *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*

French Words by JACQUES BREL
English Words by MORT SHUMAN and ERIC BLAU
Music by GERARD JOUANNEST



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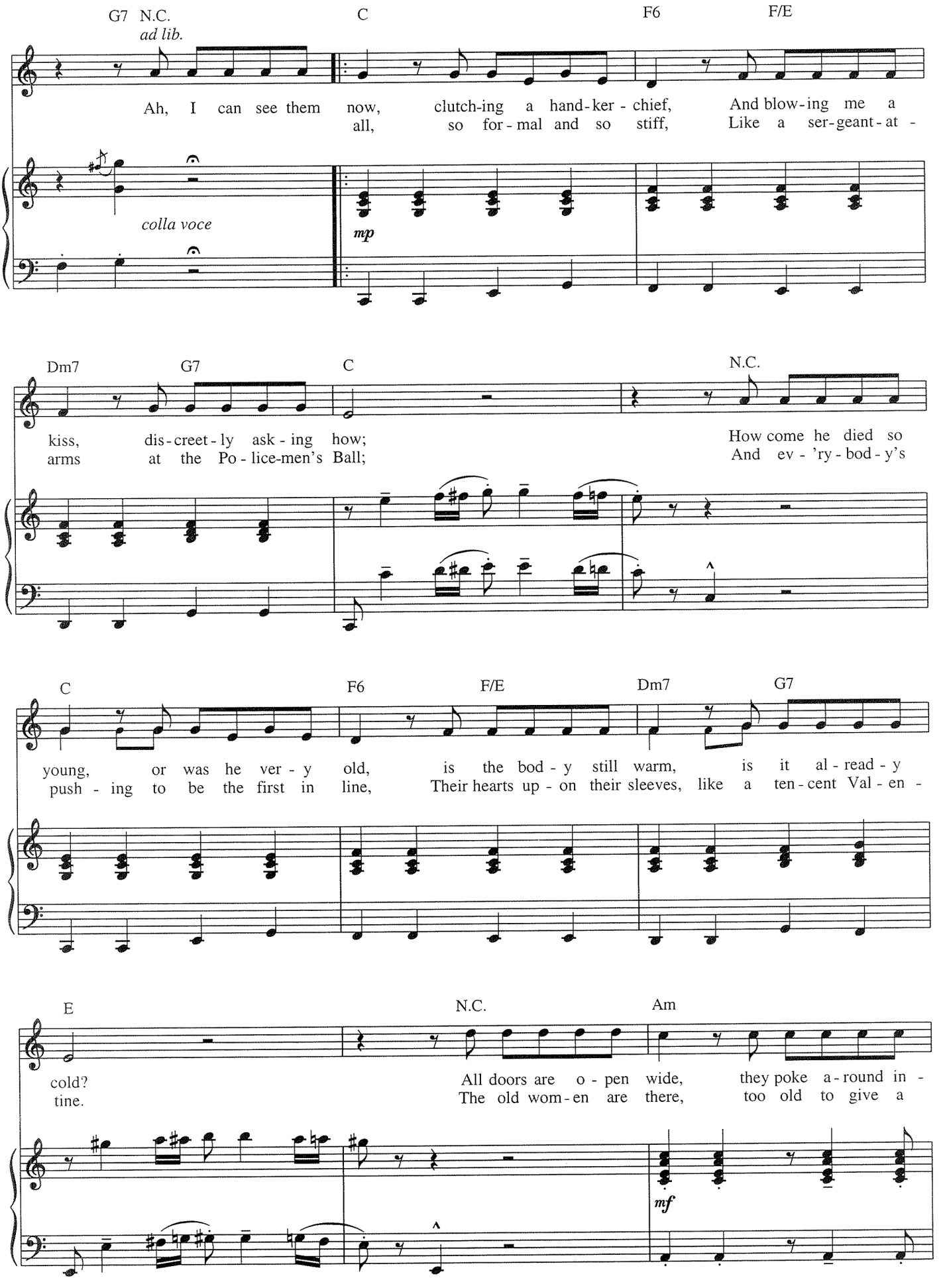
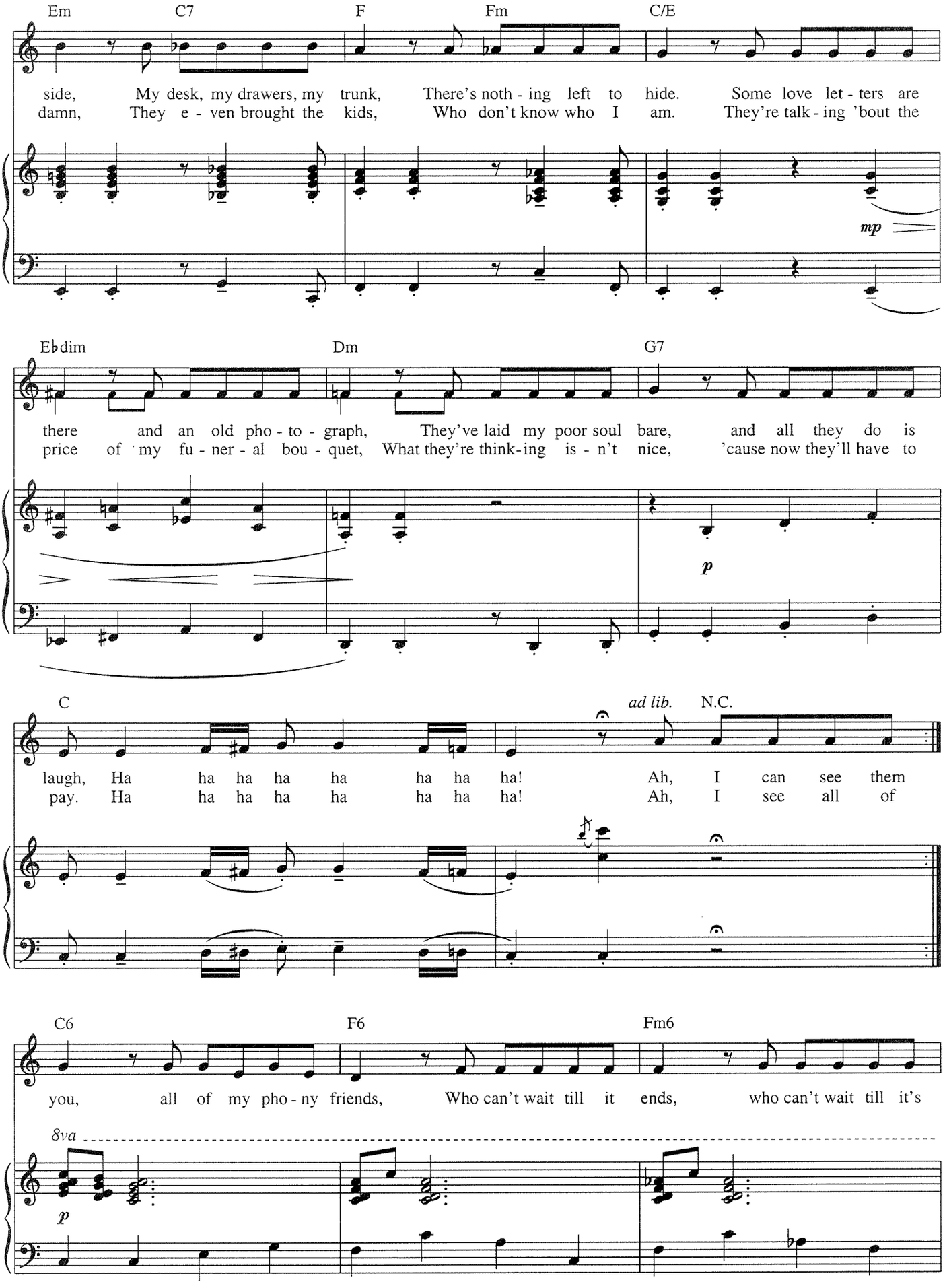
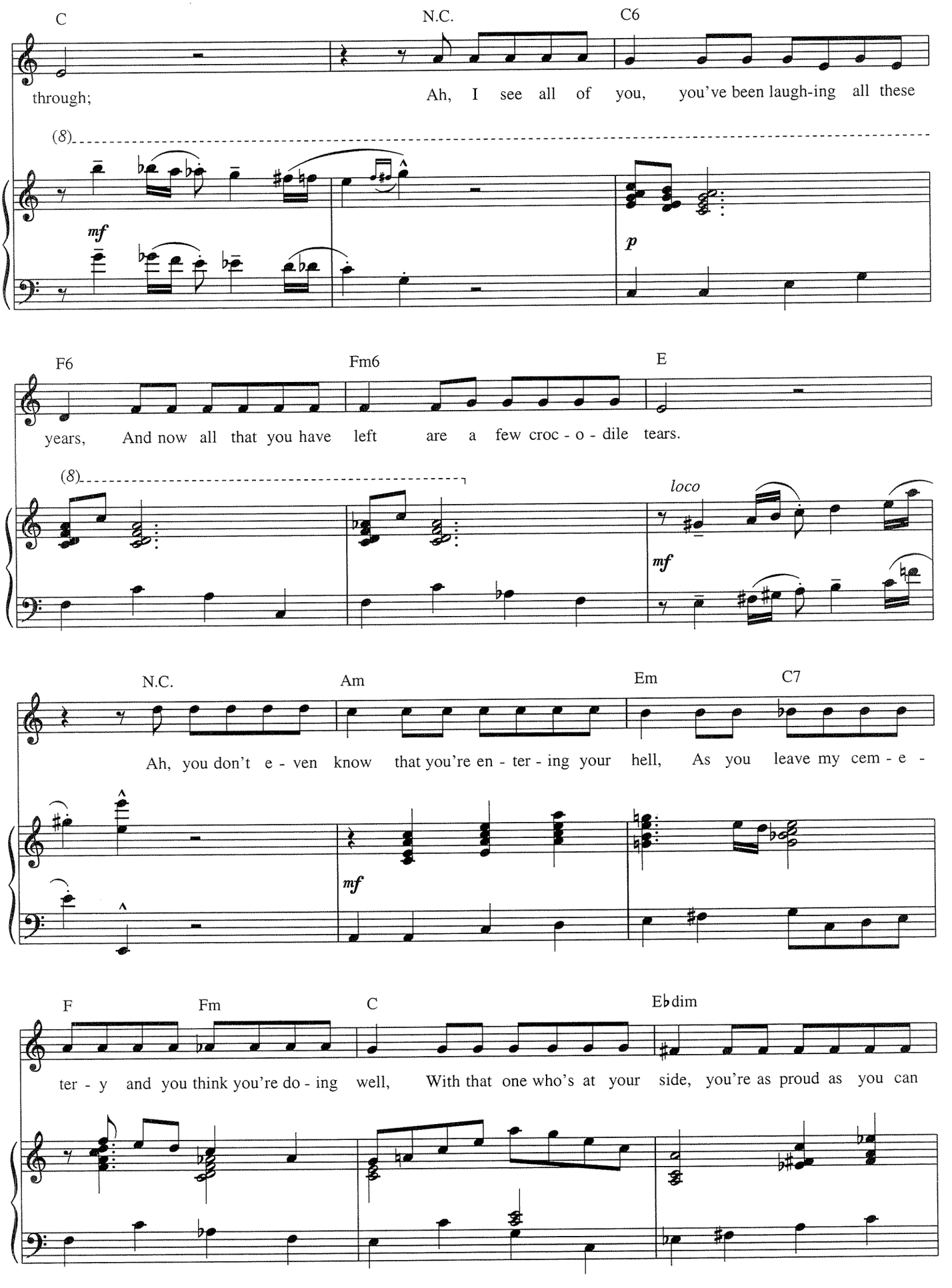
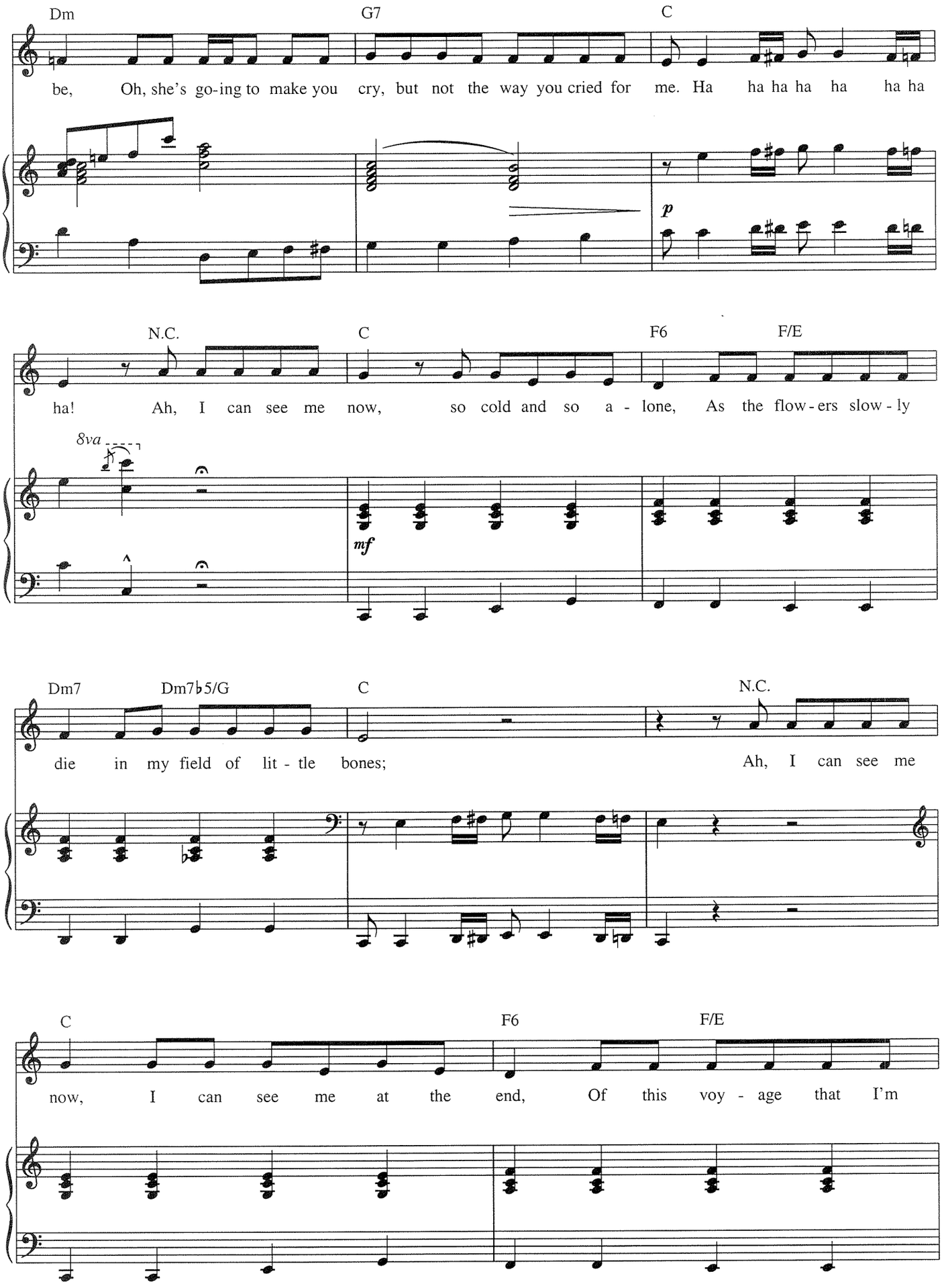
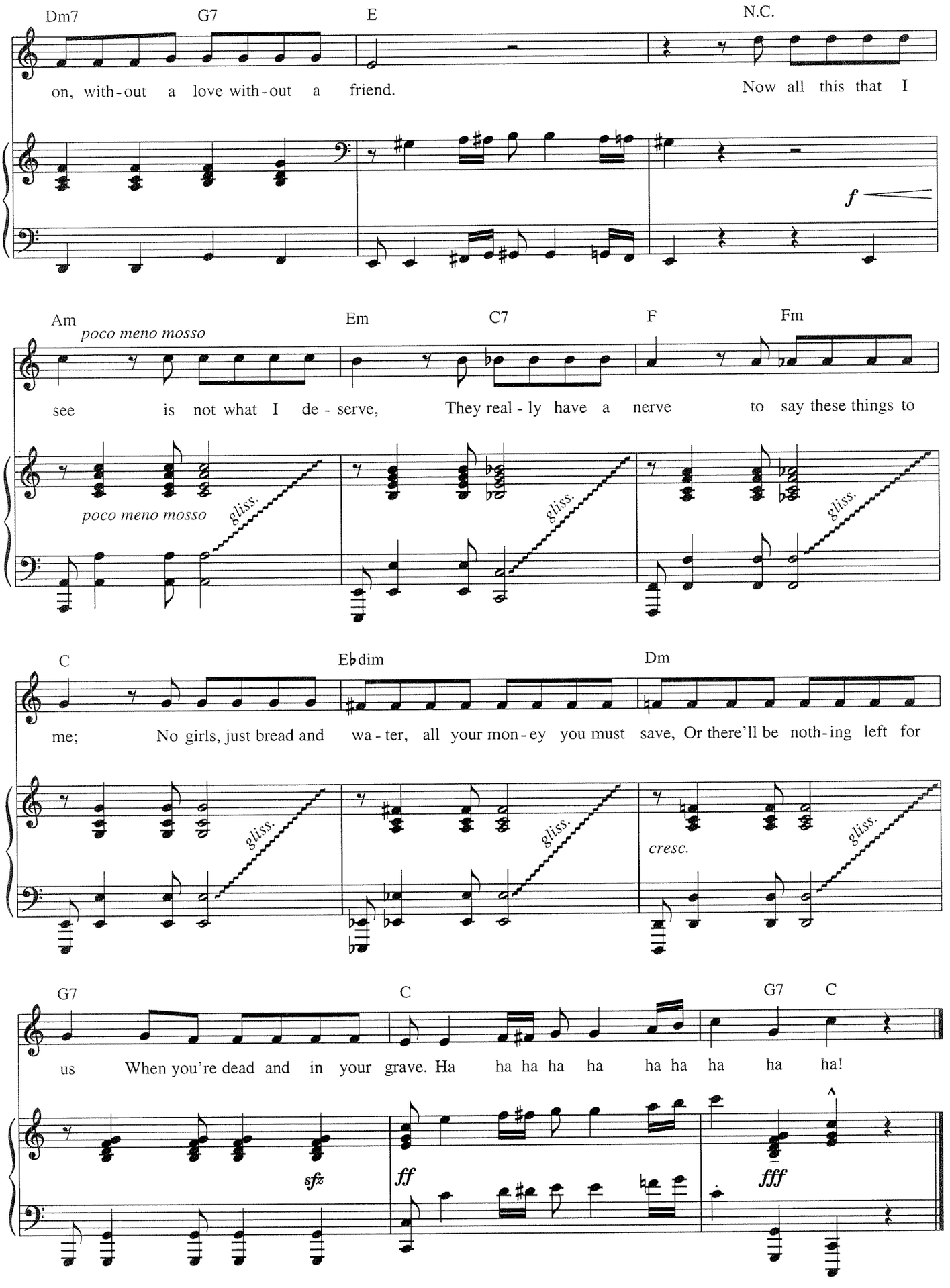

G7 N.C.
ad lib.
C
F6
F/E
Ah, I can see them now, clutch-ing a hand-ker - chief, And blow-ing me a
all, so for - mal and so stiff, Like a ser-geant - at -
colla voce
mp
Dm7
G7
C
N.C.
kiss, dis-creet - ly ask - ing how; How come he died so
arms at the Po - lice-men's Ball; And ev - 'ry - bod - y's
C
F6
F/E
Dm7
G7
young, or was he ver - y old, is the bod - y still warm, is it al - read - y
push - ing to be the first in line, Their hearts up - on their sleeves, like a ten - cent Val - en -
E
N.C.
Am
cold? All doors are o - pen wide, they poke a - round in -
tine. The old wom - en are there, too old to give a
mf


Em
C7
F
Fm
C/E
side, My desk, my drawers, my trunk, There's noth - ing left to hide. Some love let - ters are
damn, They e - ven brought the kids, Who don't know who I am. They're talk - ing 'bout the
mp
E♭dim
Dm
G7
there and an old pho - to - graph, They've laid my poor soul bare, and all they do is
price of my fu - ner - al bou - quet, What they're think - ing is - n't nice, 'cause now they'll have to
p
C
ad lib.
N.C.
laugh, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ah, I can see them
pay. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ah, I see all of
C6
F6
Fm6
you, all of my pho - ny friends, Who can't wait till it ends, who can't wait till it's
8va
p


C
N.C.
C6
through;
Ah, I see all of you, you've been laugh-ing all these
(8)
mf
p
F6
Fm6
E
years, And now all that you have left are a few croc - o - dile tears.
(8)
loco
mf
N.C.
Am
Em
C7
Ah, you don't e - ven know that you're en - ter - ing your hell, As you leave my cem - e -
mf
F
Fm
C
Eb dim
ter - y and you think you're do - ing well, With that one who's at your side, you're as proud as you can


Dm
G7
C
be, Oh, she's go-ing to make you cry, but not the way you cried for me. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
p
N.C.
C
F6
F/E
ha! Ah, I can see me now, so cold and so a - lone, As the flow - ers slow - ly
8va
mf
Dm7
Dm7♭5/G
C
N.C.
die in my field of lit - tle bones; Ah, I can see me
C
F6
F/E
now, I can see me at the end, Of this voy - age that I'm

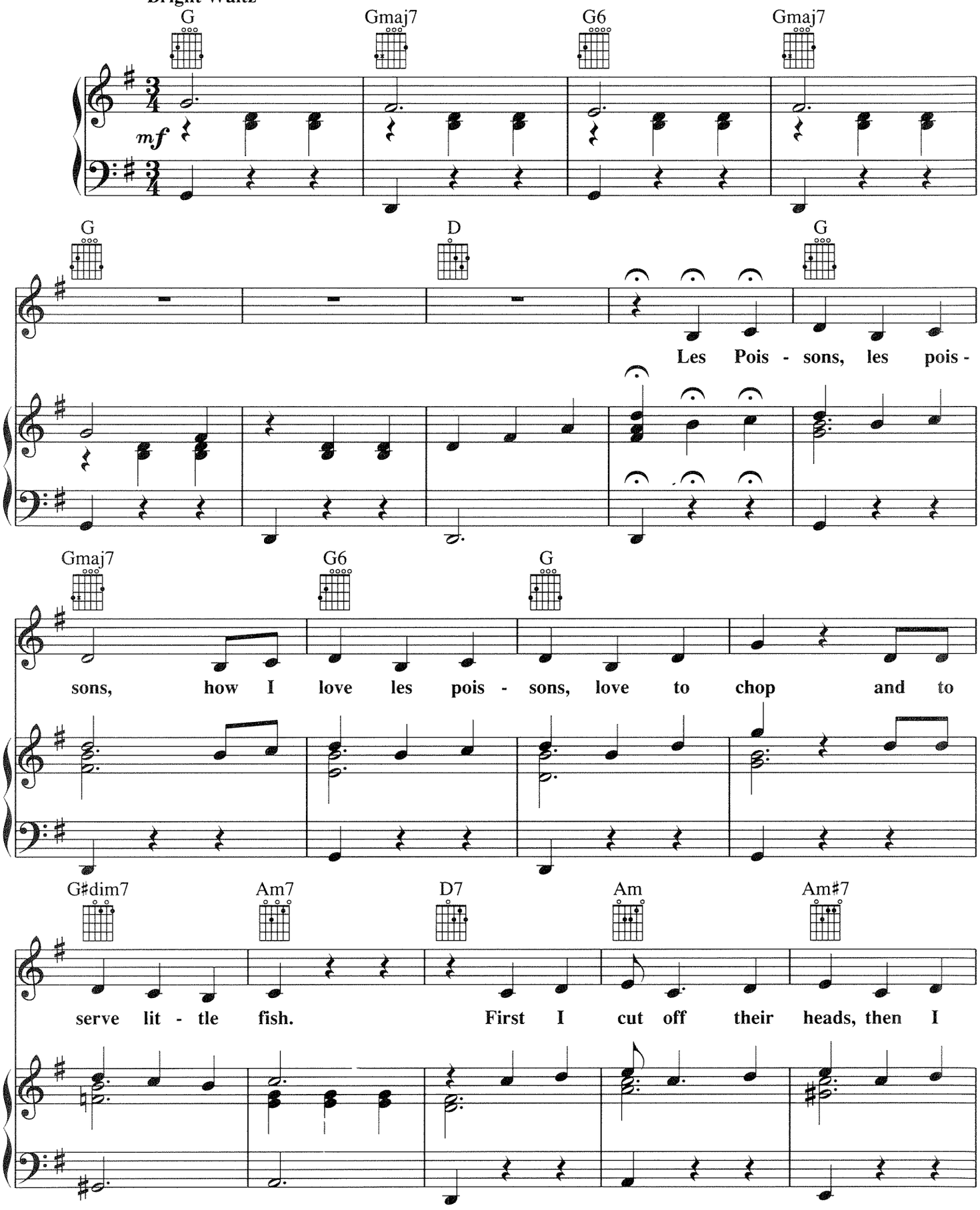

Dm7
G7
E
N.C.
on, with-out a love with-out a friend.
Now all this that I
f
Am
poco meno mosso
Em
C7
F
Fm
see is not what I de - serve,
They real - ly have a nerve to say these things to
poco meno mosso
gliss.
gliss.
gliss.
C
Ebdim
Dm
me; No girls, just bread and wa - ter, all your mon - ey you must save, Or there'll be noth - ing left for
gliss.
gliss.
cresc.
gliss.
G7
C
G7
C
us When you're dead and in your grave. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
sfz
ff
fff

LES POISSONS

from Walt Disney's *The Little Mermaid*

Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

Bright Waltz



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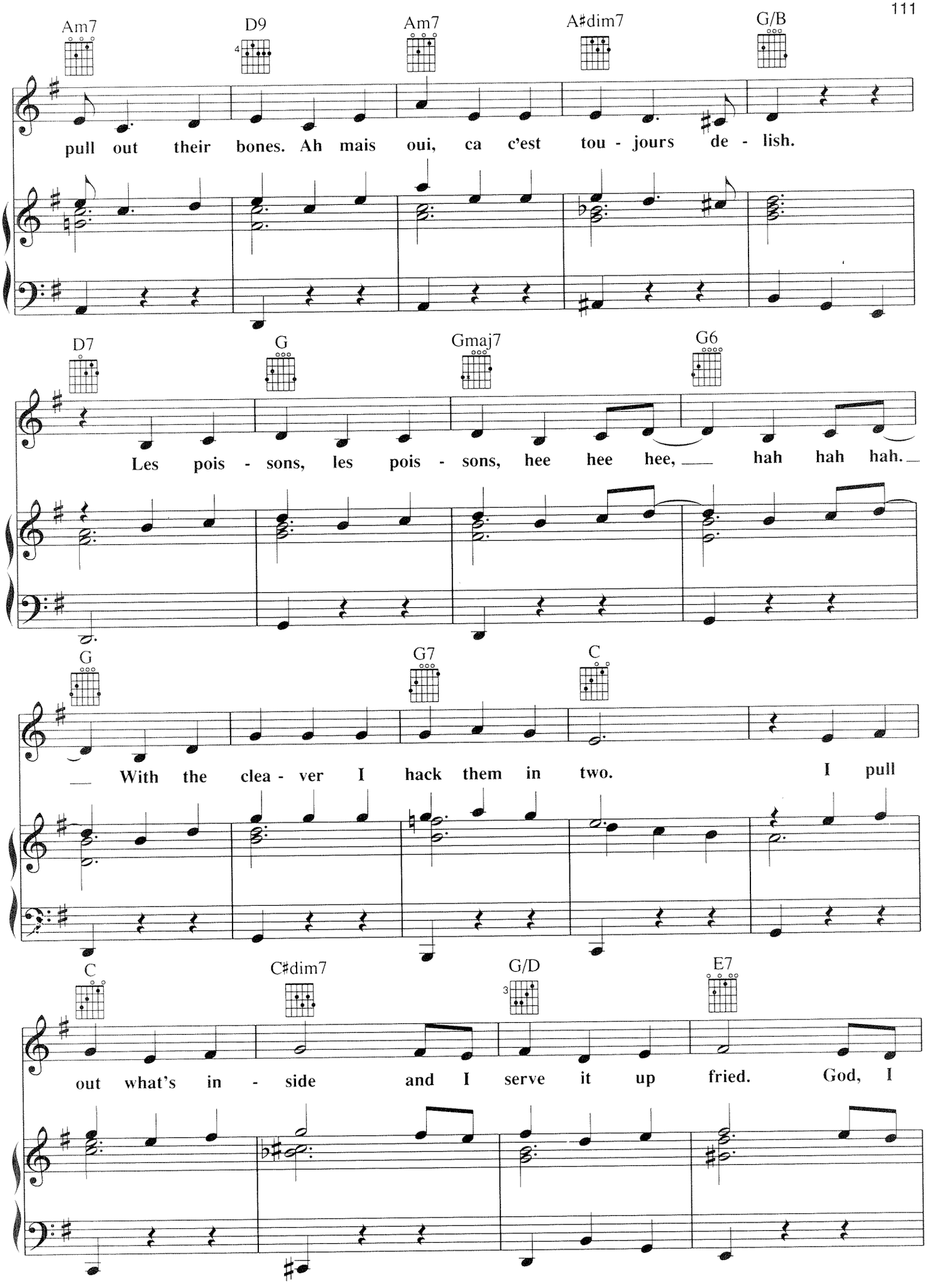

Am7
D9
Am7
A♯dim7
G/B
pull out their bones. Ah mais oui, ca c'est tou - jours de - lish.
D7
G
Gmaj7
G6
Les pois - sons, les pois - sons, hee hee hee, hah hah hah.
G
G7
C
With the clea - ver I hack them in two. I pull
C
C♯dim7
G/D
E7
out what's in - side and I serve it up fried. God, I

Am D7 G

love lit - tle fish - es, don't you? Here's

E♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭

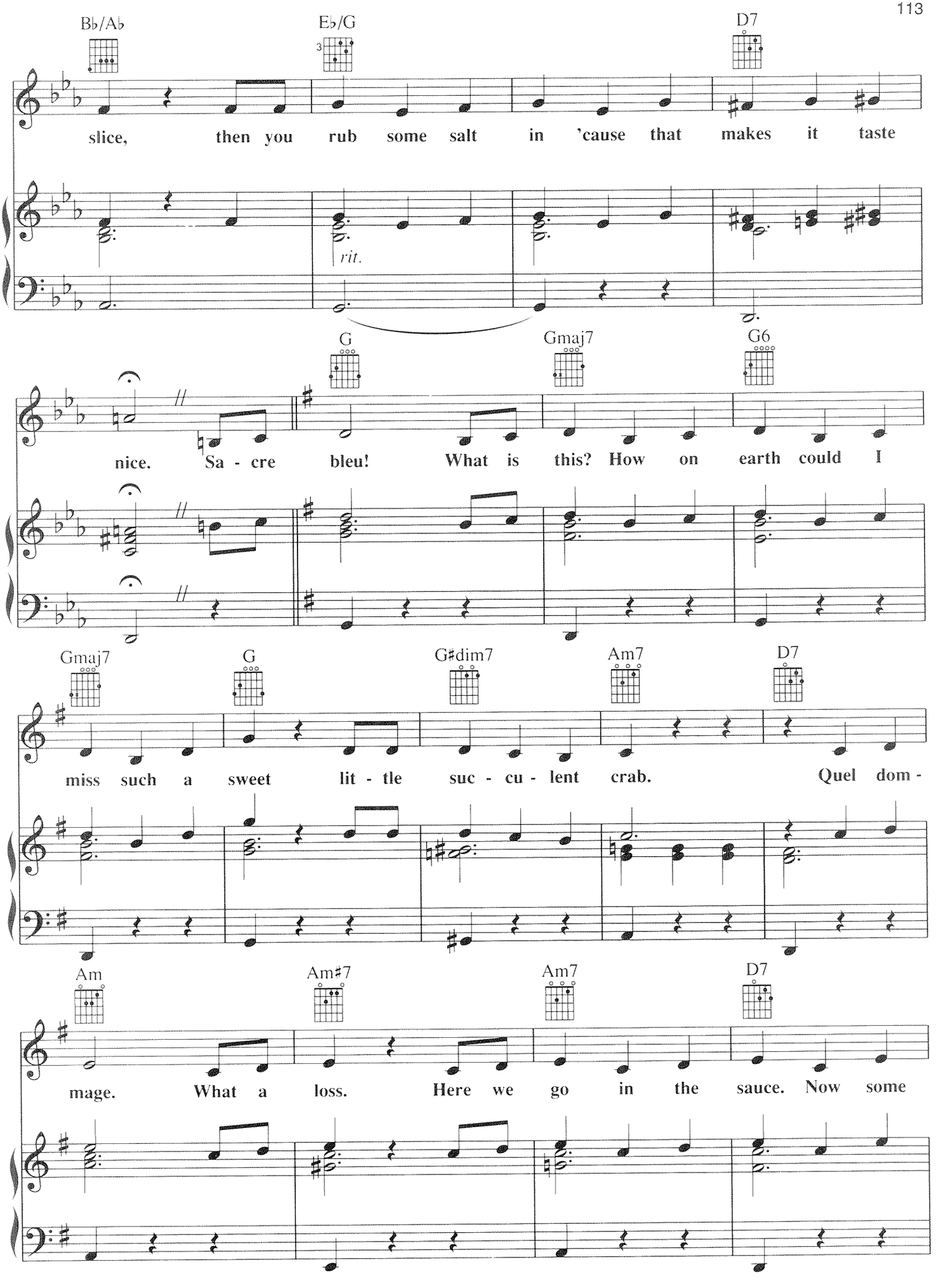
some - thing for tempt - ing the pal - ate, Pre - pared in the

B♭7 E♭/G E♭ Gm/D

clas - sic tech - nique. First you pound the fish flat with a

C7 B♭/F B♭+ B♭6

mal - let. Then you slash through the skin, give the bel - ly a


B♭/A♭
E♭/G
D7
slice, then you rub some salt in 'cause that makes it taste
rit.
G
Gmaj7
G6
nice. Sa - cre bleu! What is this? How on earth could I
Gmaj7
G
G♯dim7
Am7
D7
miss such a sweet lit - tle suc - cu - lent crab. Quel dom -
Am
Am♯7
Am7
D7
mage. What a loss. Here we go in the sauce. Now some

Am7 A♯dim7 G/B D7 G

flour I think, just a dab. Now I stuff you with

Gmaj7 G6 G G7

bread. It don't hurt 'cause you're dead. And you're cer - tain - ly luck - y you

C C6 Cmaj7 C♯dim7 G/B

are. 'Cause it's gon - na be hot in my big sil - ver

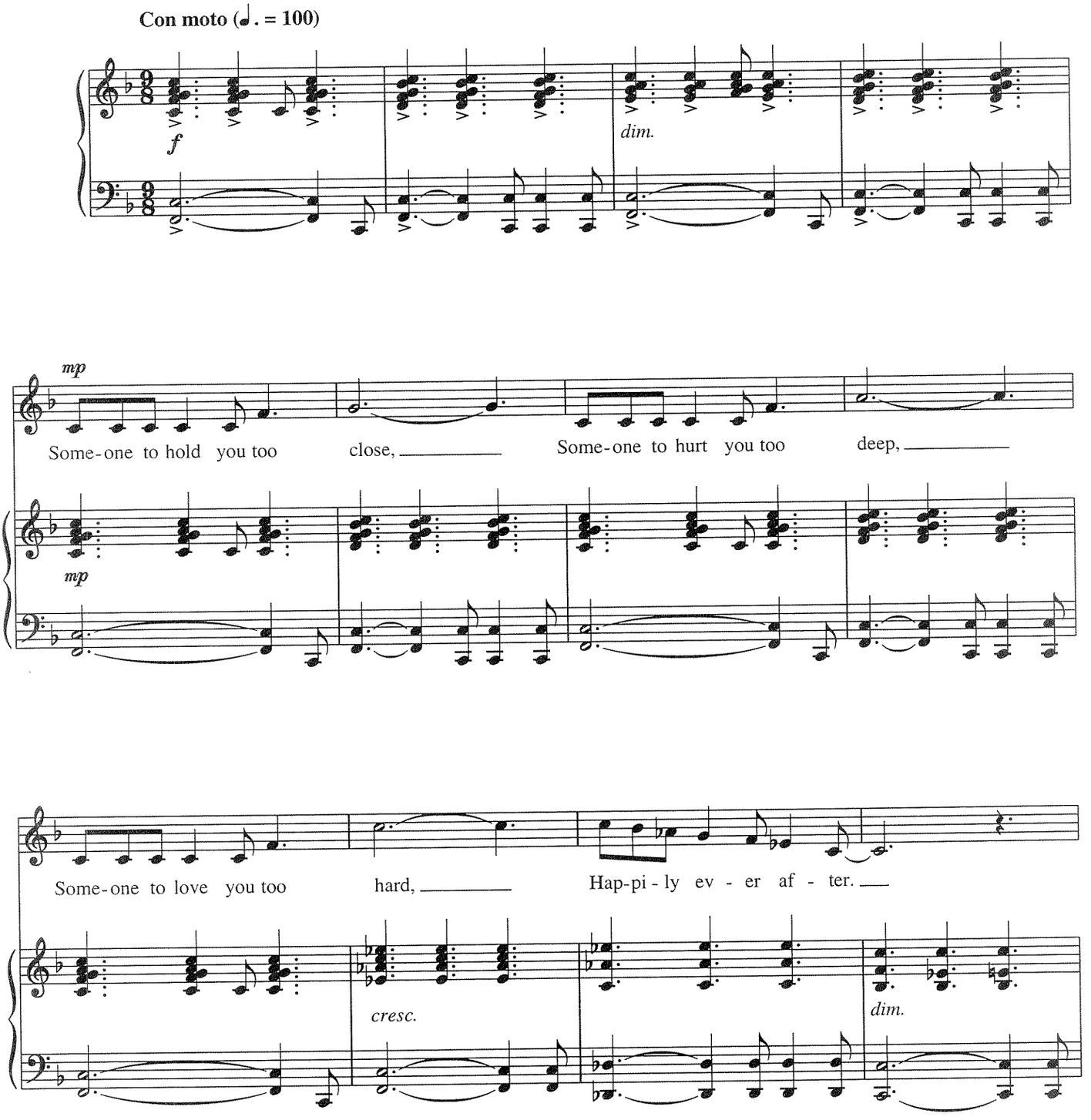
E7 Am7 D7 G

pot. Too - dle loo, mon pois - son, au re - voir!

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

from *Marry Me a Little*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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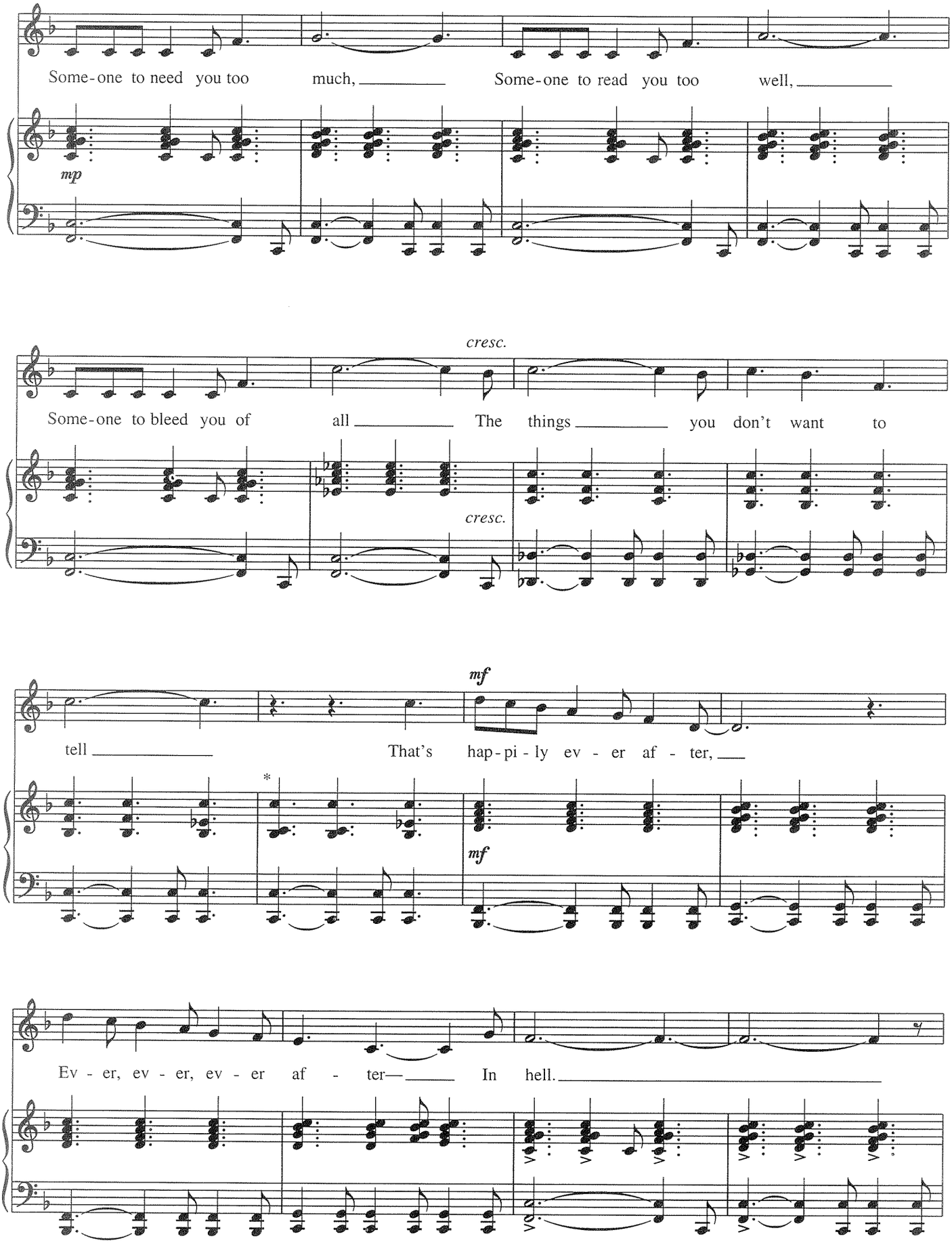
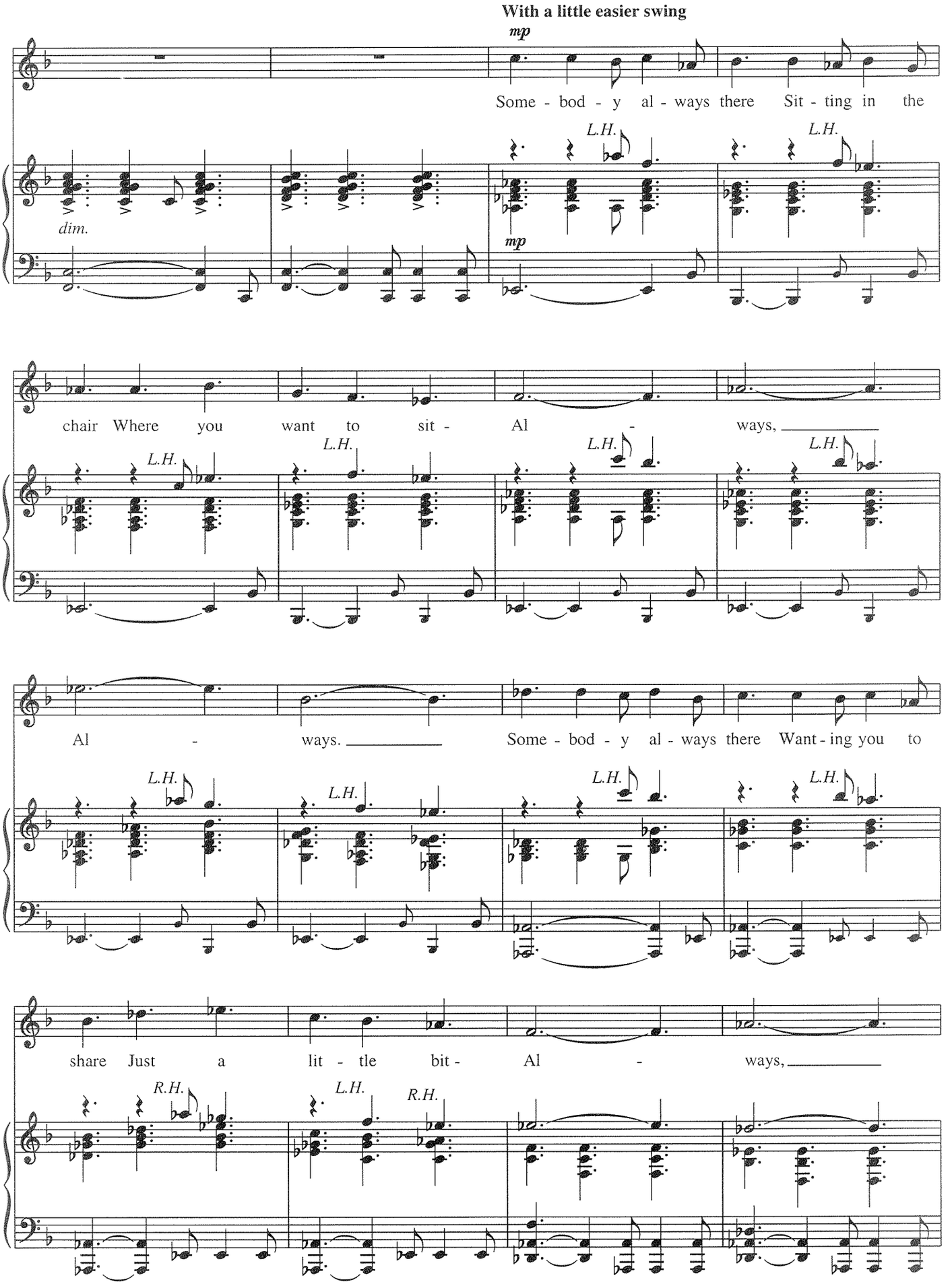
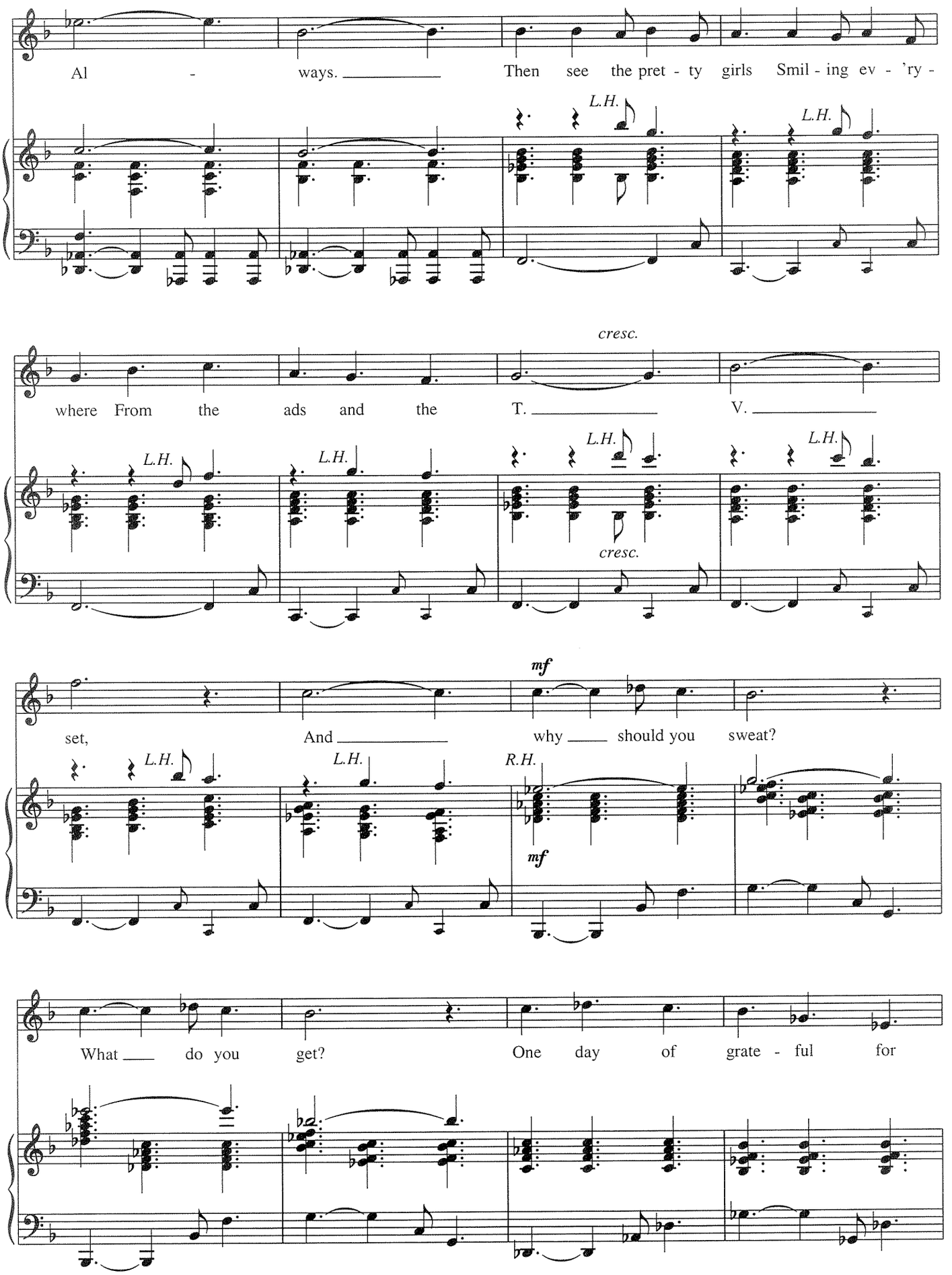


*The middle C is optional on these two chords.


With a little easier swing
mp
Some - bod - y al - ways there Sit - ting in the
dim.
L.H.
L.H.
mp
chair Where you want to sit - Al - ways,
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
Al - ways. Some - bod - y al - ways there Want - ing you to
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
share Just a lit - tle bit - Al - ways,
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.


Al - ways. Then see the pret - ty girls Smil - ing ev - 'ry -
L.H.
L.H.
where From the ads and the T. V.
cresc.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
cresc.
set, And why should you sweat?
mf
L.H.
L.H.
R.H.
mf
What do you get? One day of grate - ful for

As before

f

six of re - gret! With

some-one to hold you too close, Some-one to hurt you too deep,

f

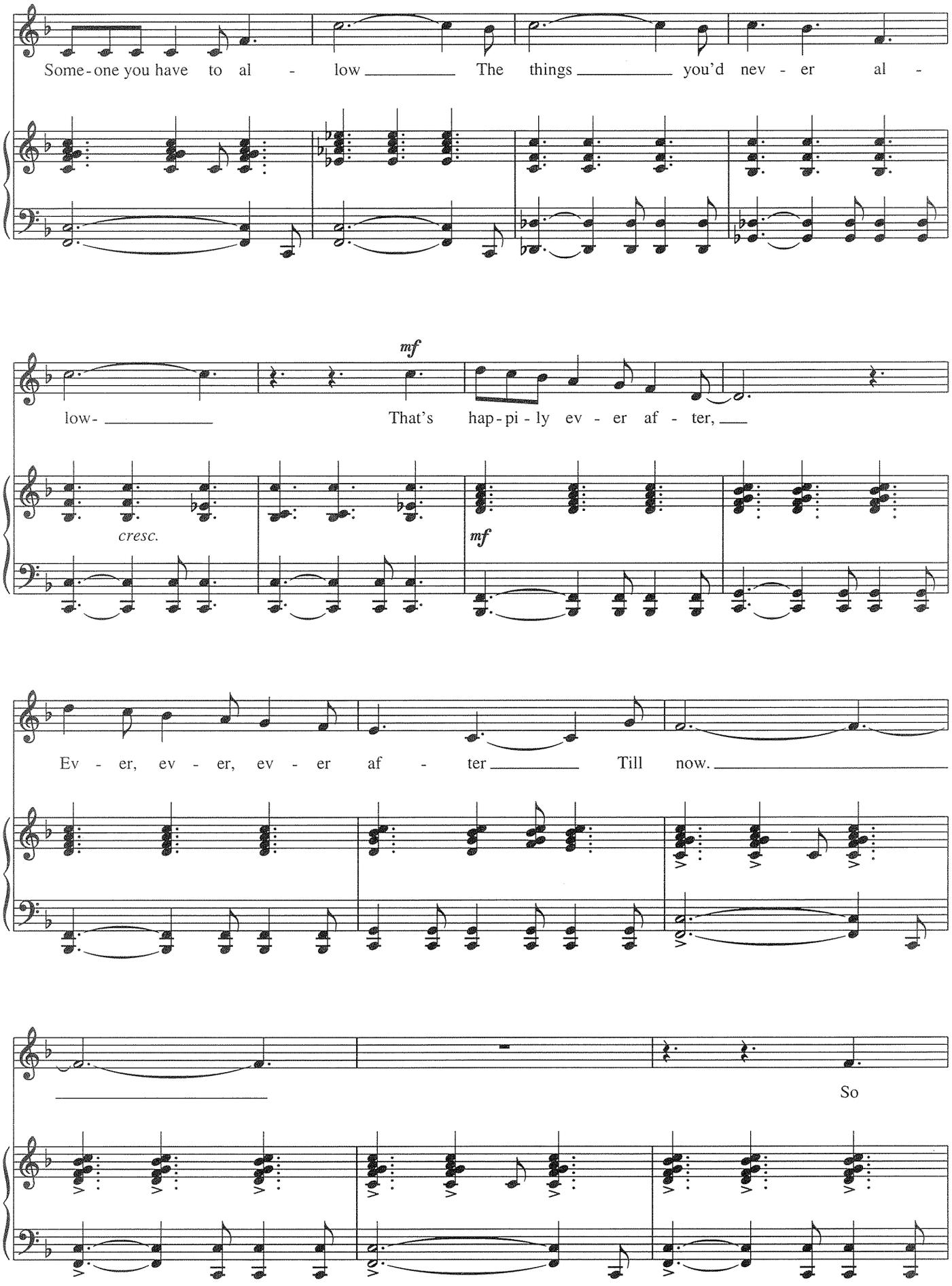
Some-one to bore you to death, Hap-pi-ly ev - er af - ter.

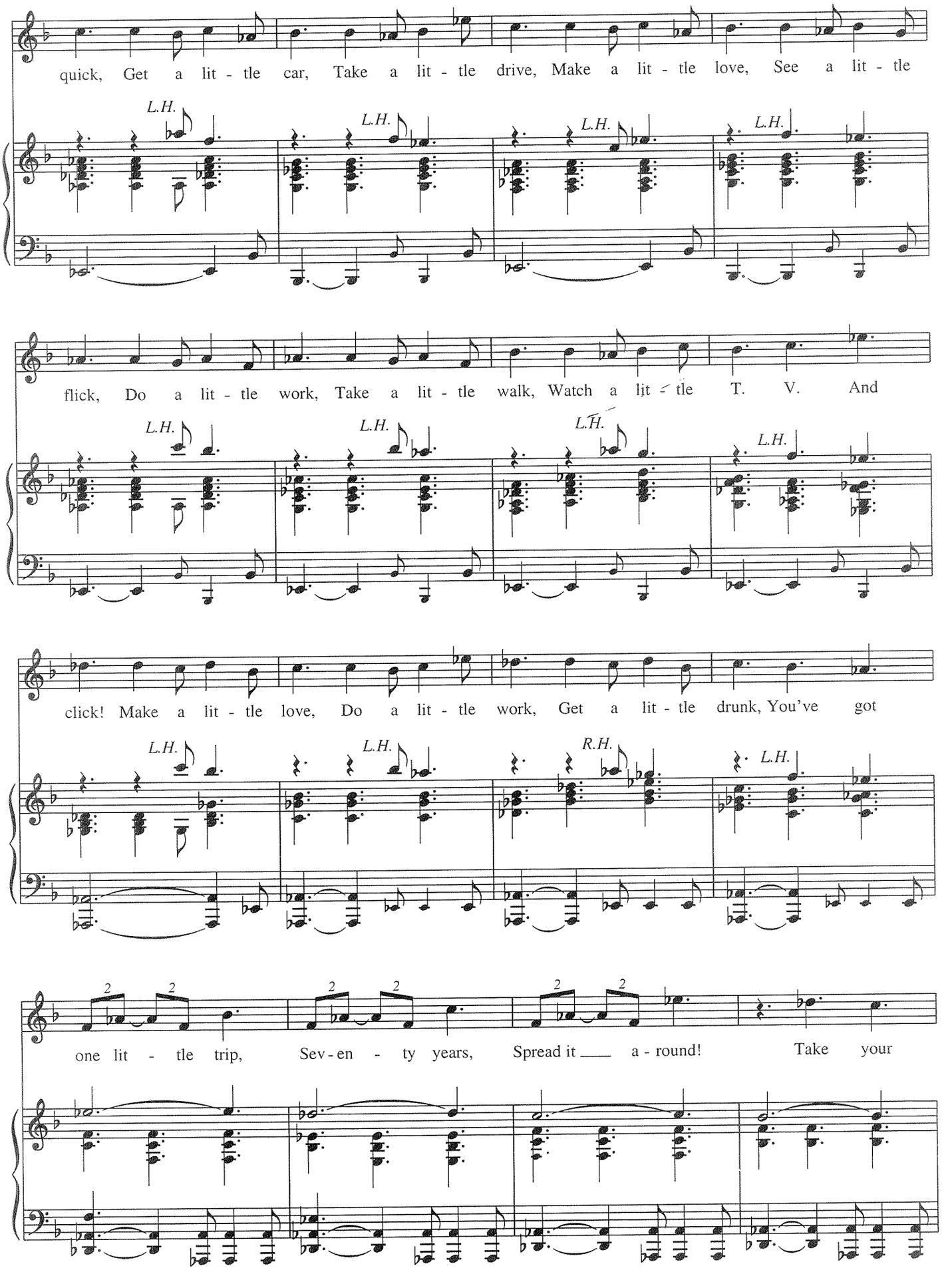
dim.

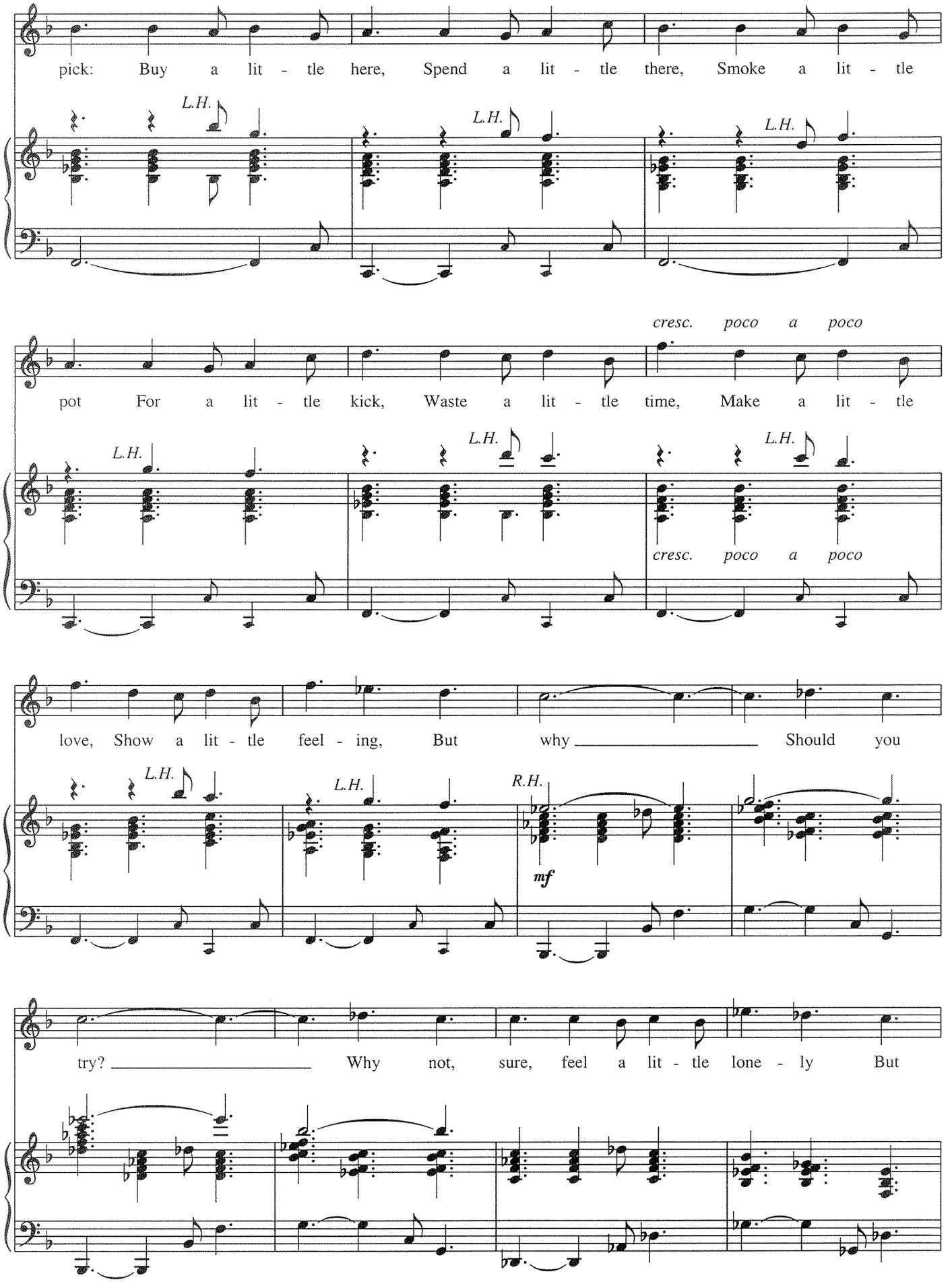
mp

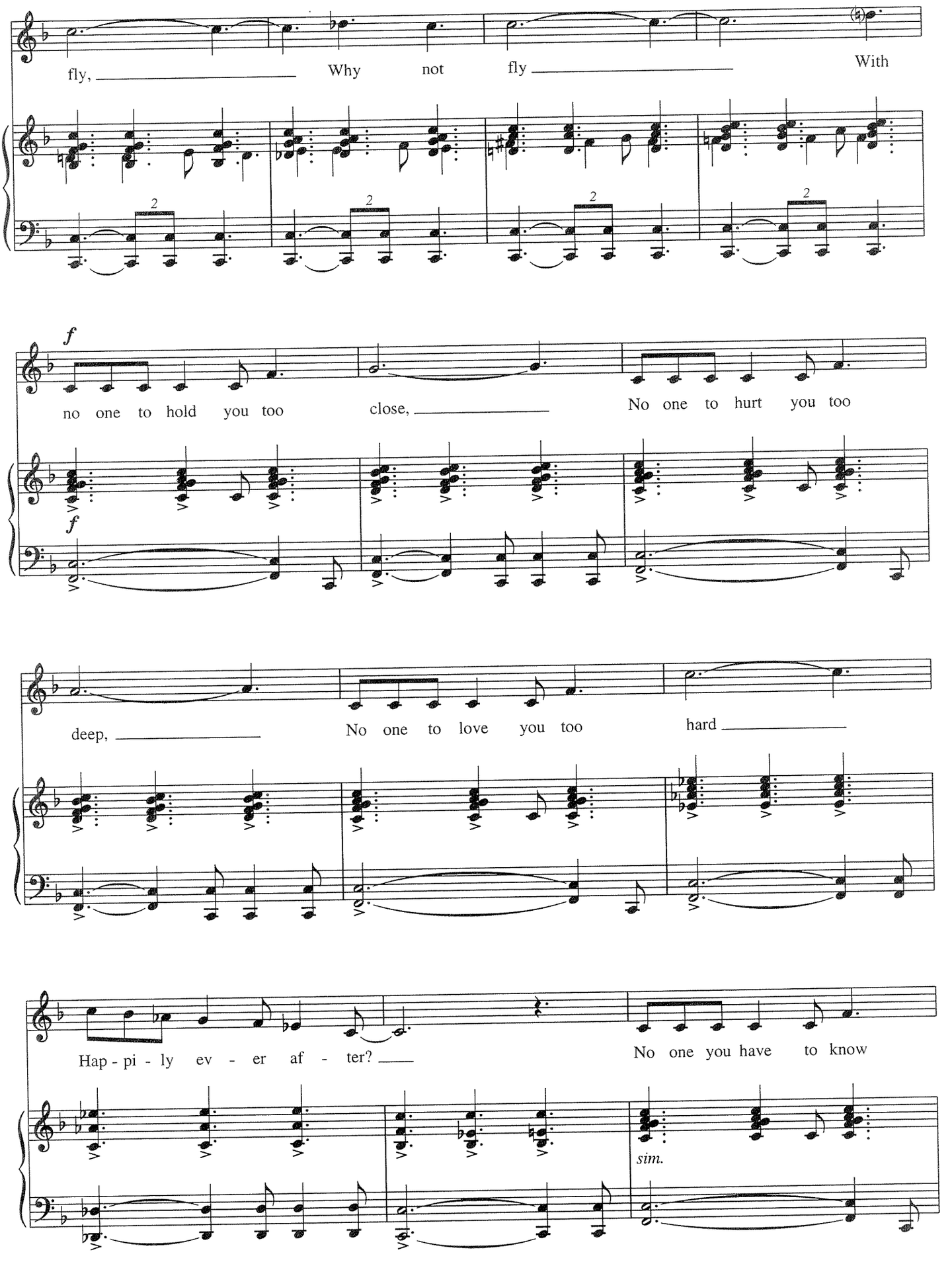
Some-one you have to know well, Some-one you have to show how,

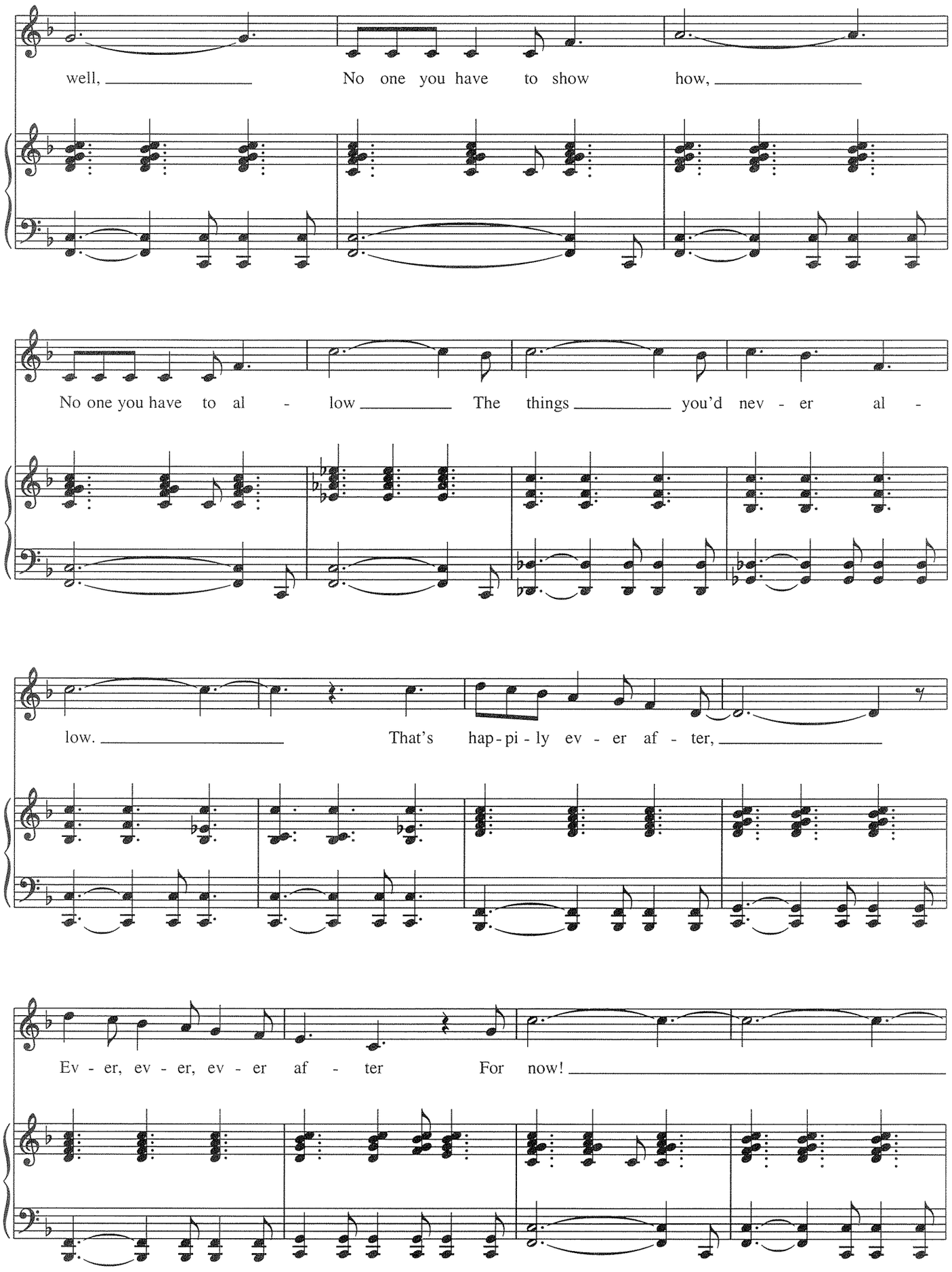
mp

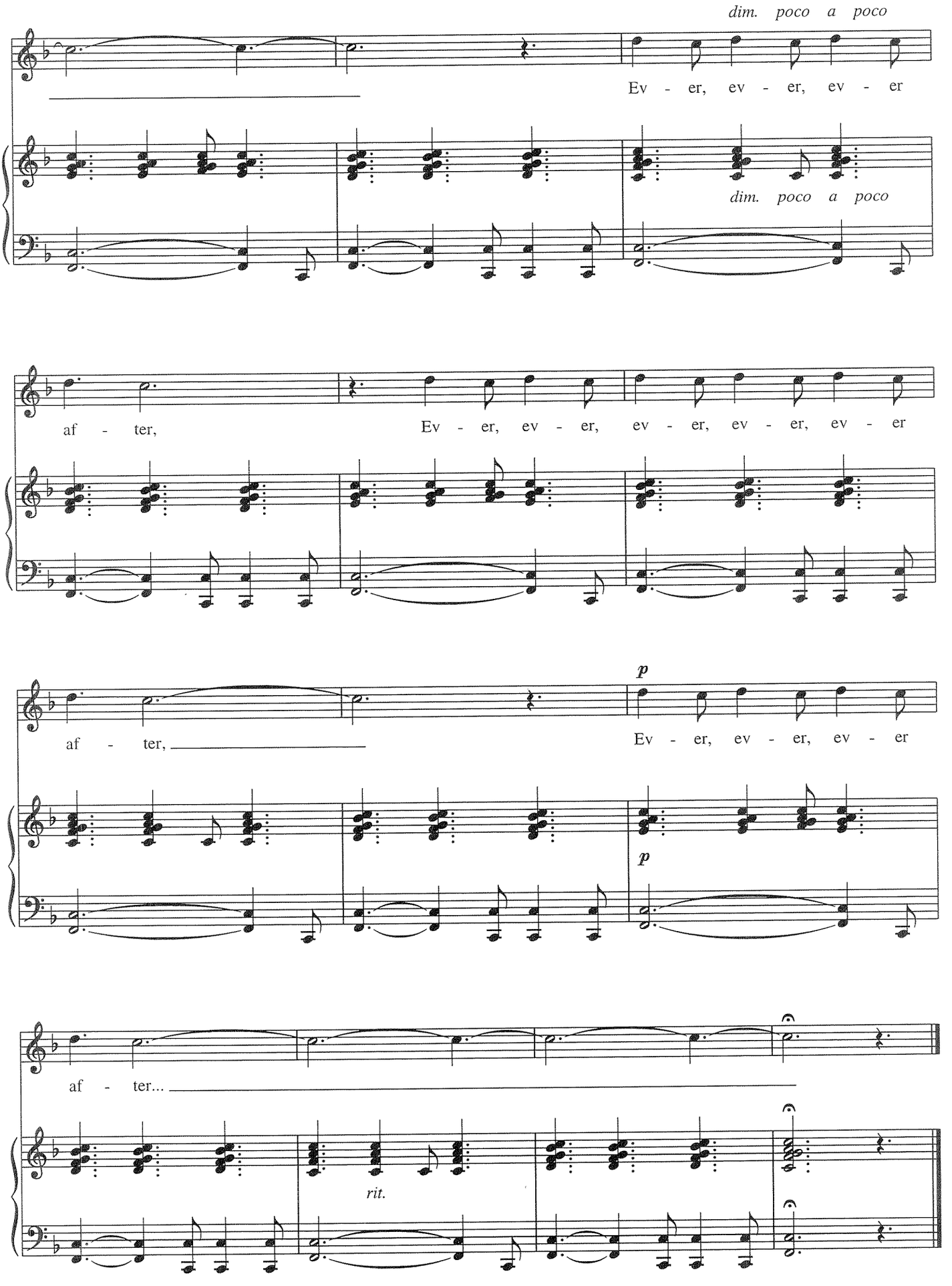

Some-one you have to al - low The things you'd nev - er al -
mf
low- That's hap-pi-ly ev - er af - ter,
cresc.
mf
Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er af - ter Till now.
So


quick, Get a lit - tle car, Take a lit - tle drive, Make a lit - tle love, See a lit - tle
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
flick, Do a lit - tle work, Take a lit - tle walk, Watch a lit - tle T. V. And
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
click! Make a lit - tle love, Do a lit - tle work, Get a lit - tle drunk, You've got
L.H.
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
one lit - tle trip, Sev - en - ty years, Spread it ___ a - round! Take your


pick: Buy a lit - tle here, Spend a lit - tle there, Smoke a lit - tle
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
pot For a lit - tle kick, Waste a lit - tle time, Make a lit - tle
cresc. poco a poco
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
cresc. poco a poco
love, Show a lit - tle feel - ing, But why Should you
L.H.
L.H.
R.H.
mf
try? Why not, sure, feel a lit - tle lone - ly But


fly, Why not fly With
f
no one to hold you too close, No one to hurt you too
f
deep, No one to love you too hard
Hap - pi - ly ev - er af - ter? No one you have to know
sim.

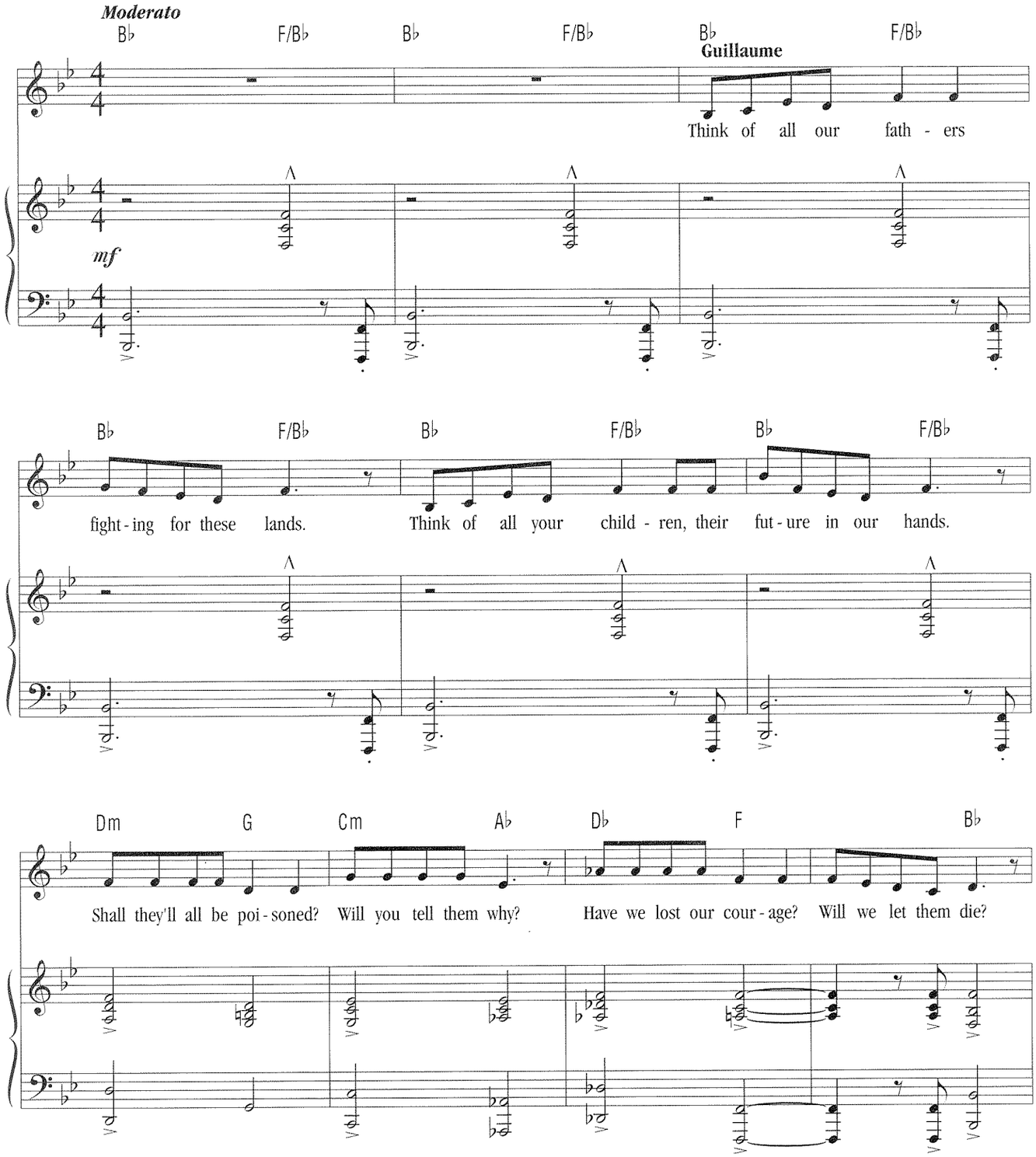

well, No one you have to show how,
No one you have to al - low The things you'd nev - er al -
low. That's hap - pi - ly ev - er af - ter,
Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er af - ter For now!


dim. poco a poco
Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er
dim. poco a poco
af - ter,
Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er
p
af - ter,
Ev - er, ev - er, ev - er
p
af - ter...
rit.

JUSTICE WILL BE DONE

from *Martin Guerre*

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL and STEPHEN CLARK



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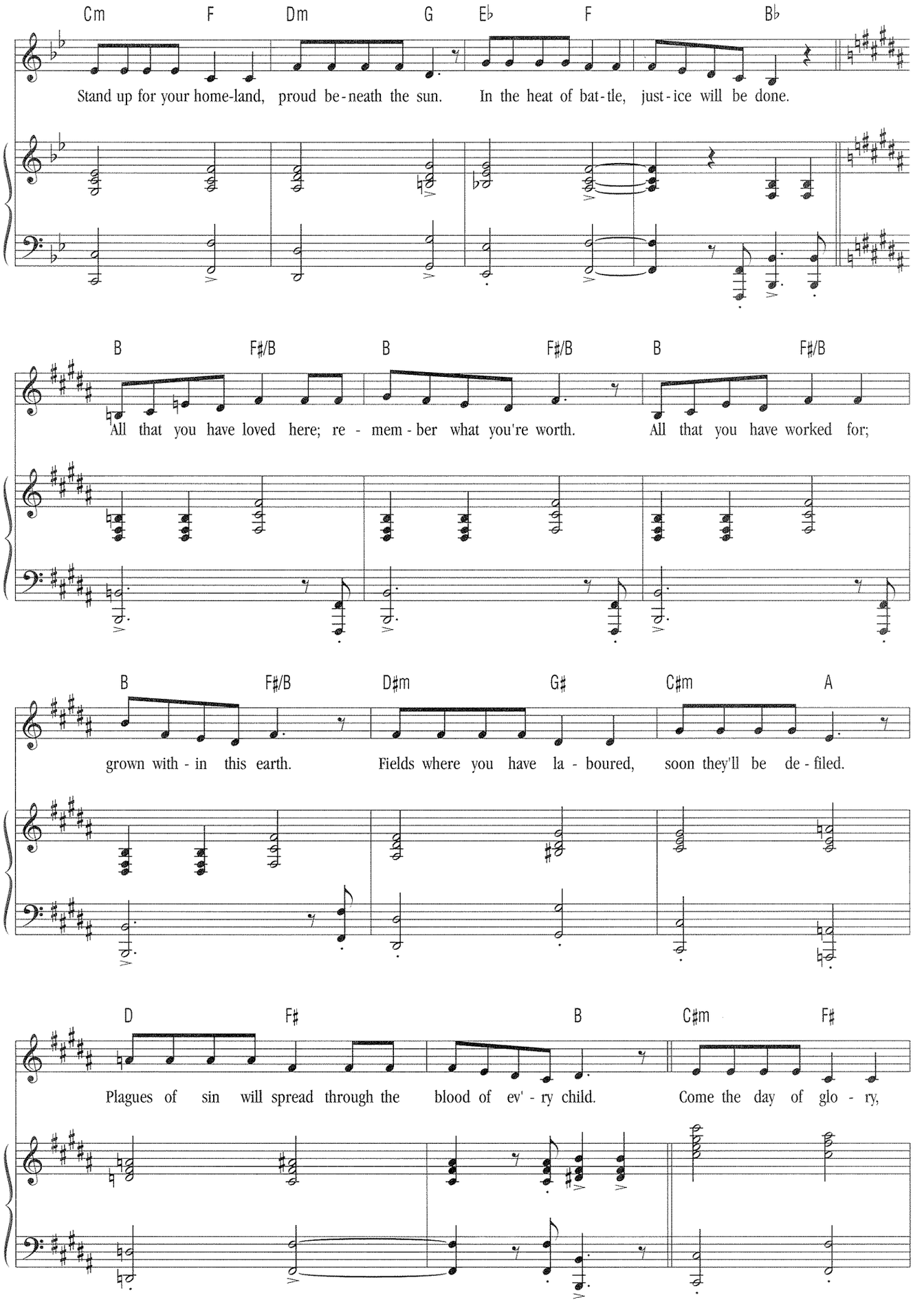
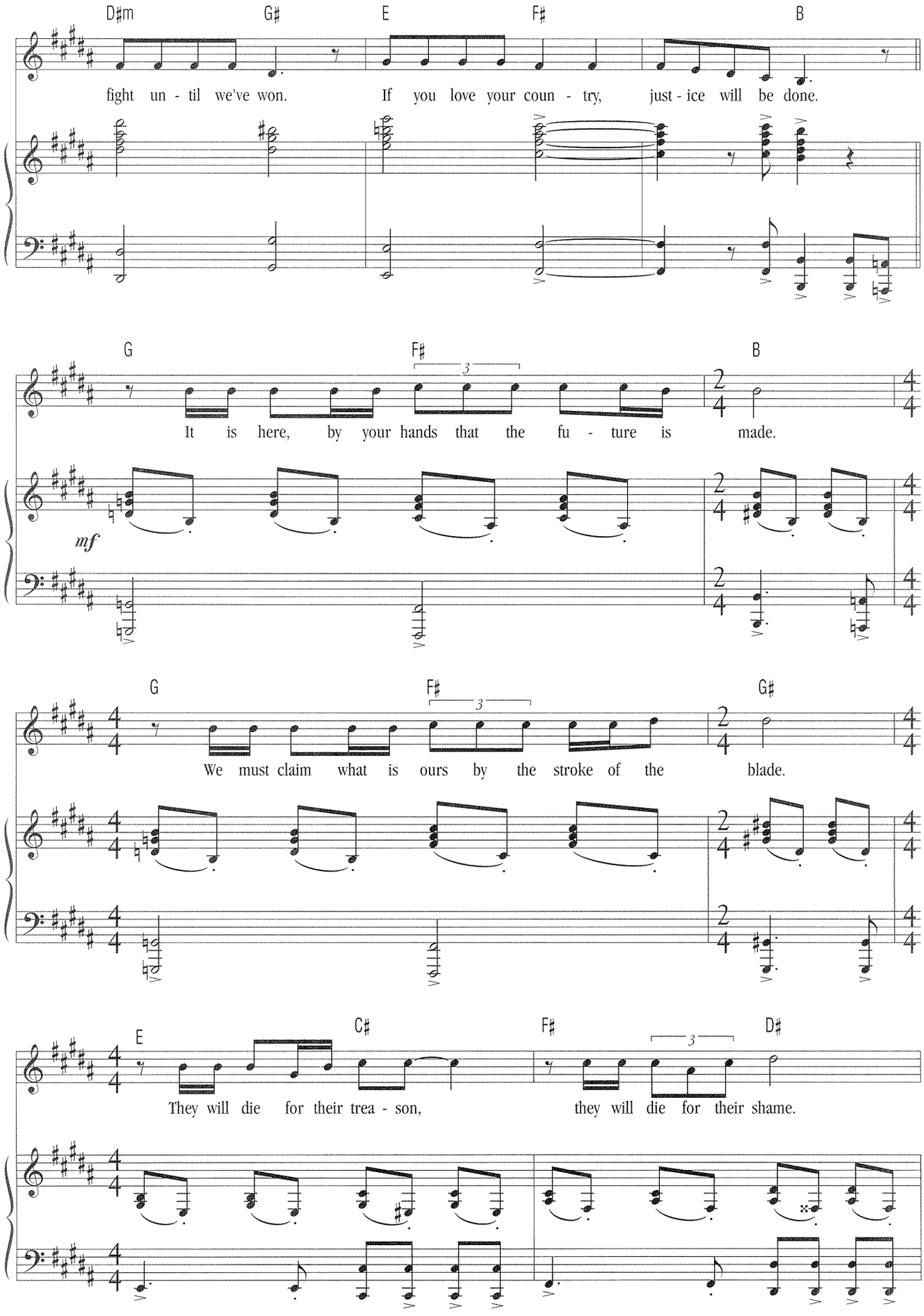
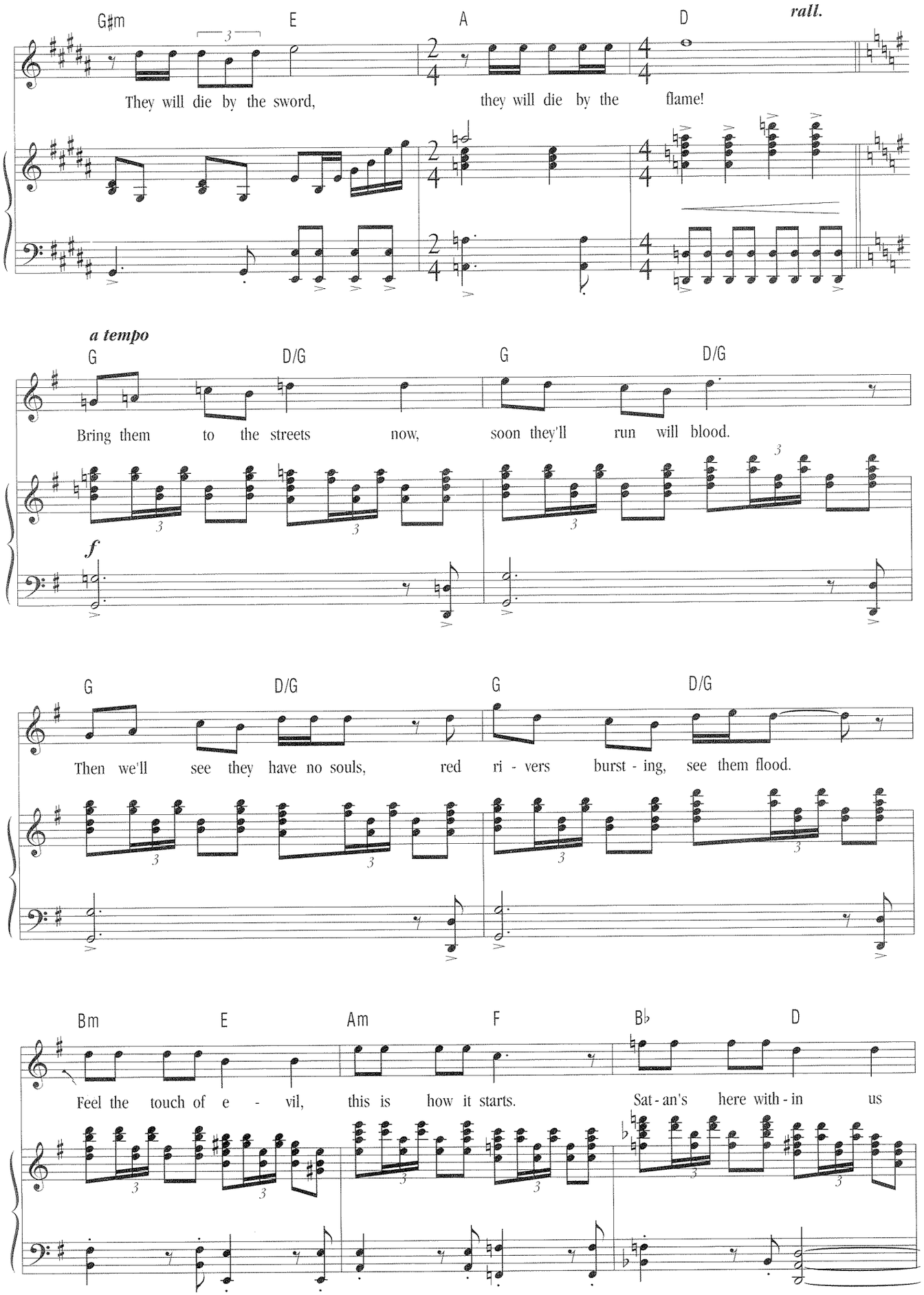
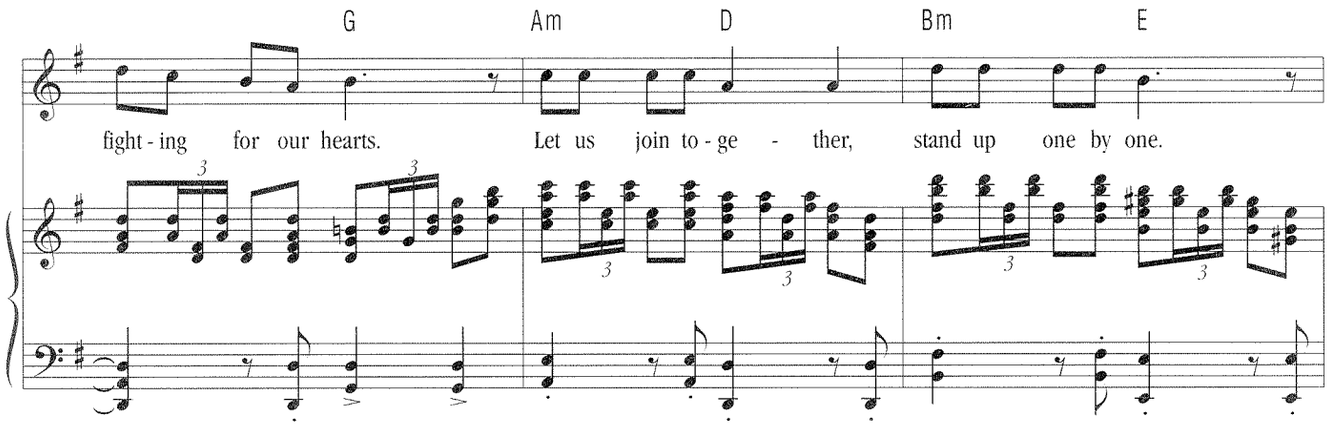
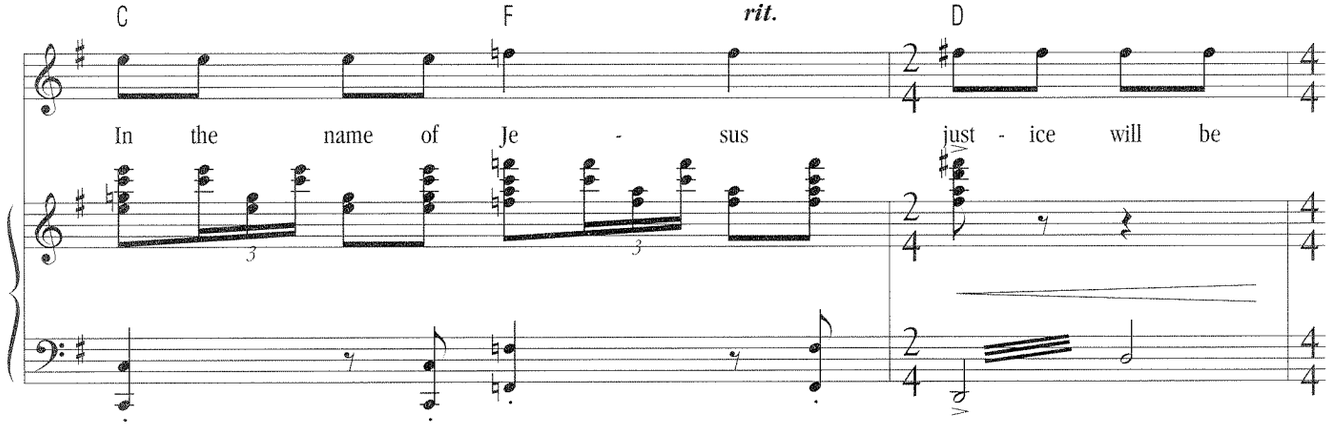
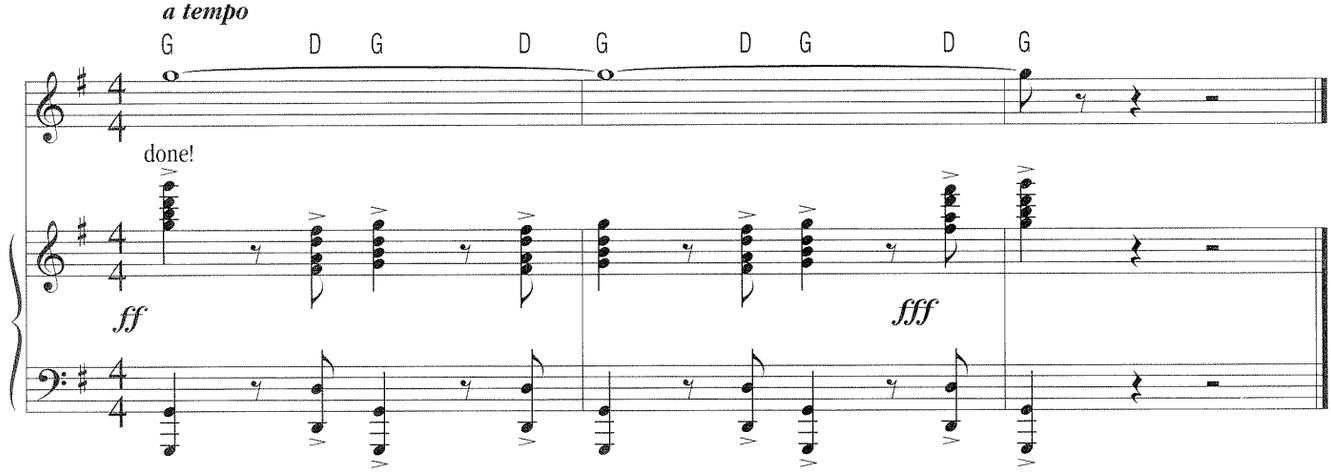

Cm F Dm G E♭ F B♭
Stand up for your home-land, proud be-neath the sun. In the heat of bat-tle, just-ice will be done.
B F♯/B B F♯/B B F♯/B
All that you have loved here; re - mem-ber what you're worth. All that you have worked for;
B F♯/B D♯m G♯ C♯m A
grown with - in this earth. Fields where you have la - boured, soon they'll be de - filed.
D F♯ B C♯m F♯
Plagues of sin will spread through the blood of ev' - ry child. Come the day of glo - ry,


D♯m G♯ E F♯ B
fight un - til we've won. If you love your coun - try, just - ice will be done.
G F♯ B
It is here, by your hands that the fu - ture is made.
mf
G F♯ G♯
We must claim what is ours by the stroke of the blade.
E C♯ F♯ D♯
They will die for their trea - son, they will die for their shame.


G♯m
E
A
D
rall.
They will die by the sword,
they will die by the flame!
a tempo
G
D/G
G
D/G
Bring them to the streets now,
soon they'll run will blood.
f
G
D/G
G
D/G
Then we'll see they have no souls,
red ri - vers burst - ing, see them flood.
Bm
E
Am
F
B♭
D
Feel the touch of e - vil,
this is how it starts.
Sat - an's here with - in us


G
Am
D
Bm
E
fight - ing for our hearts.
Let us join to - ge - ther,
stand up one by one.

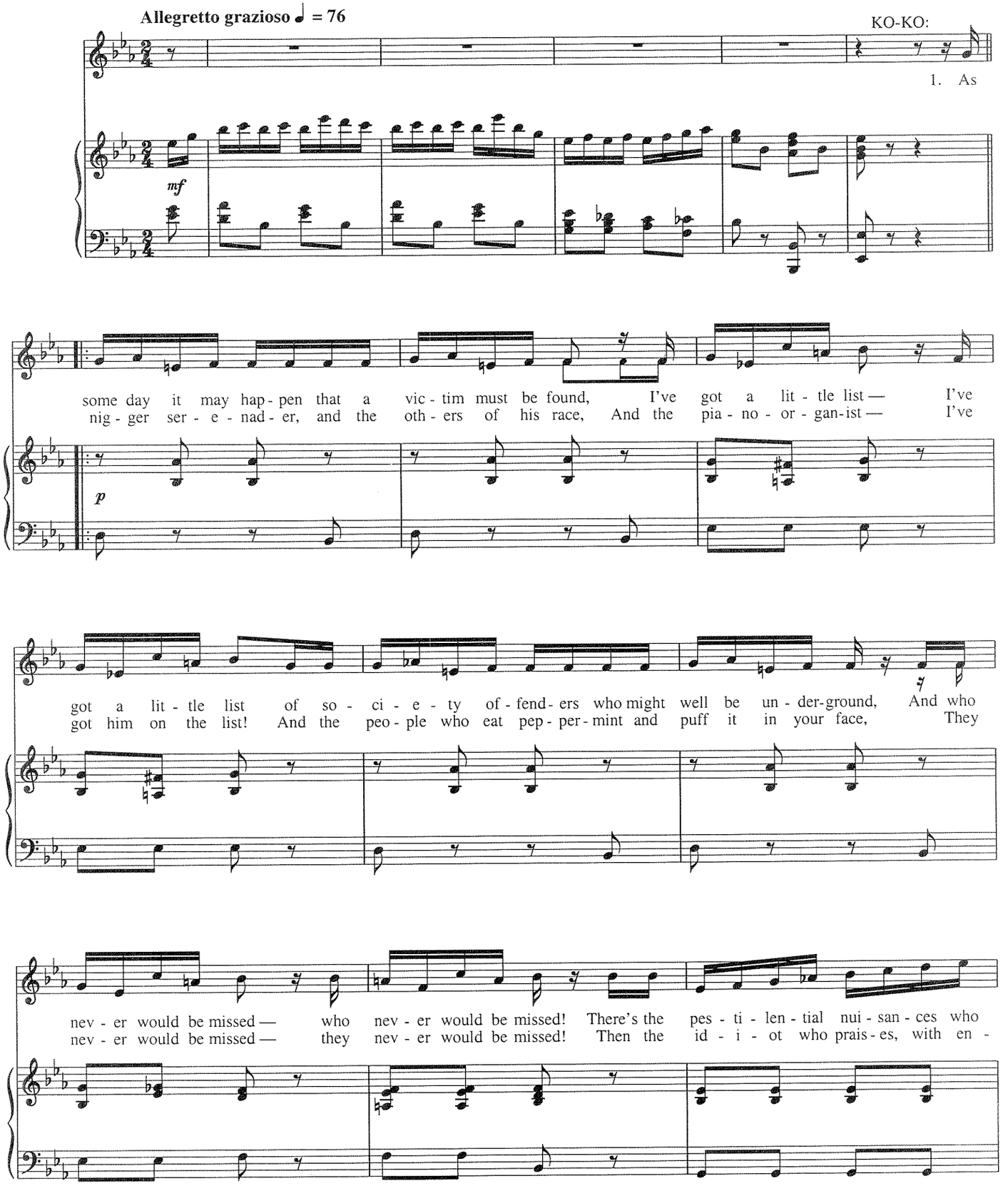

C
F
rit.
D
In the name of Je - sus
just - ice will be


a tempo
G
D G
D G
D G
D G
done!
ff
fff

AS SOME DAY IT MAY HAPPEN

from *The Mikado*

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN



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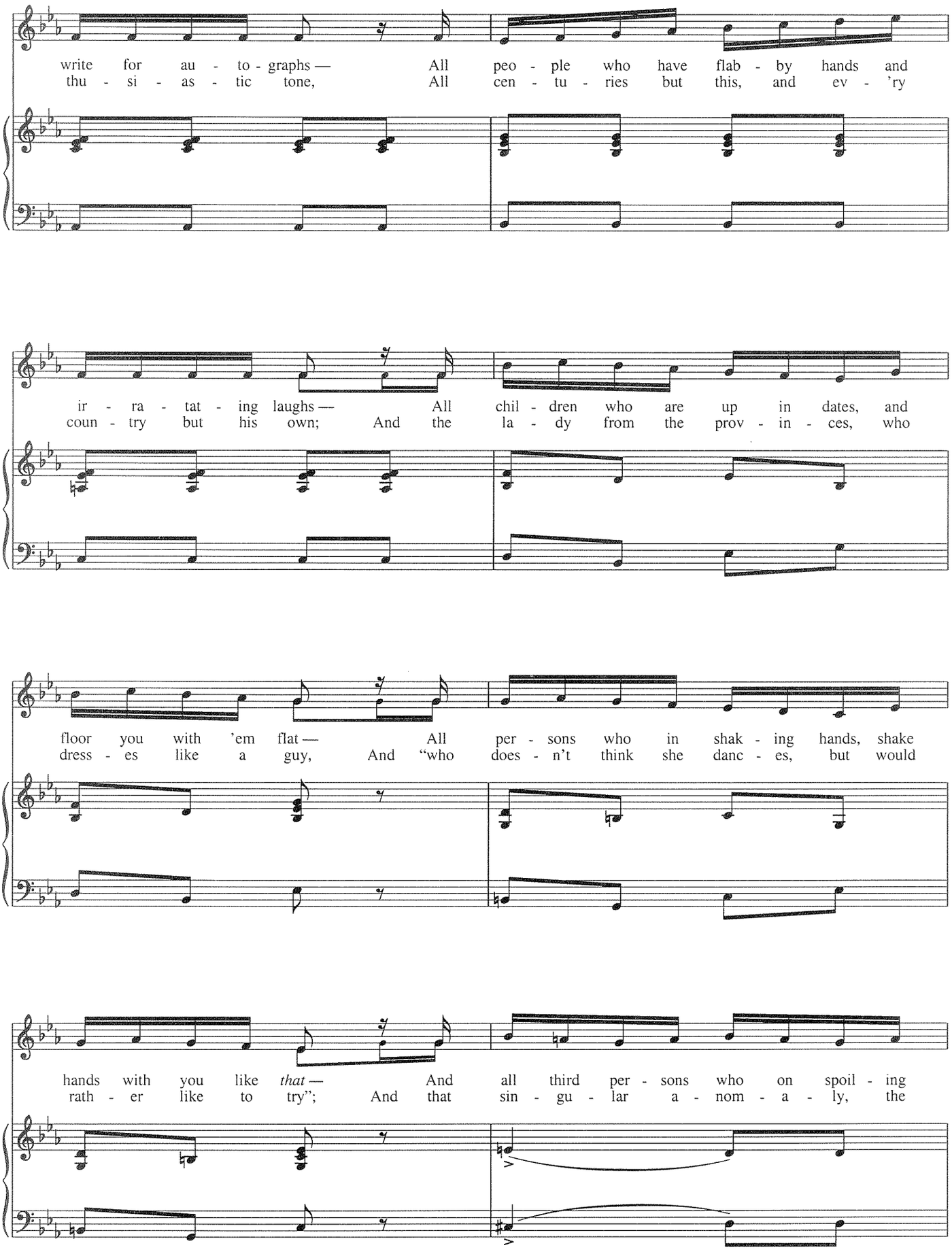
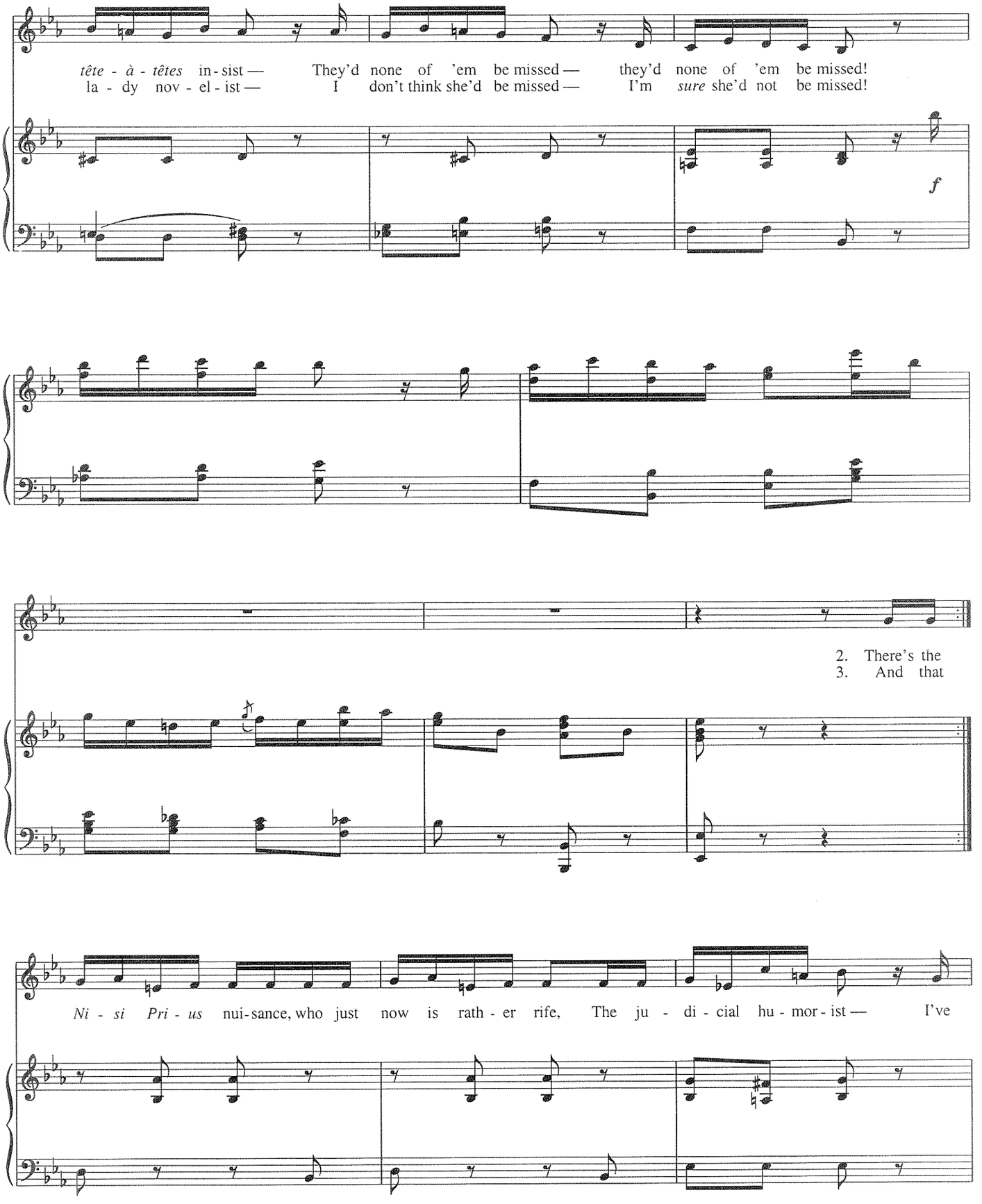
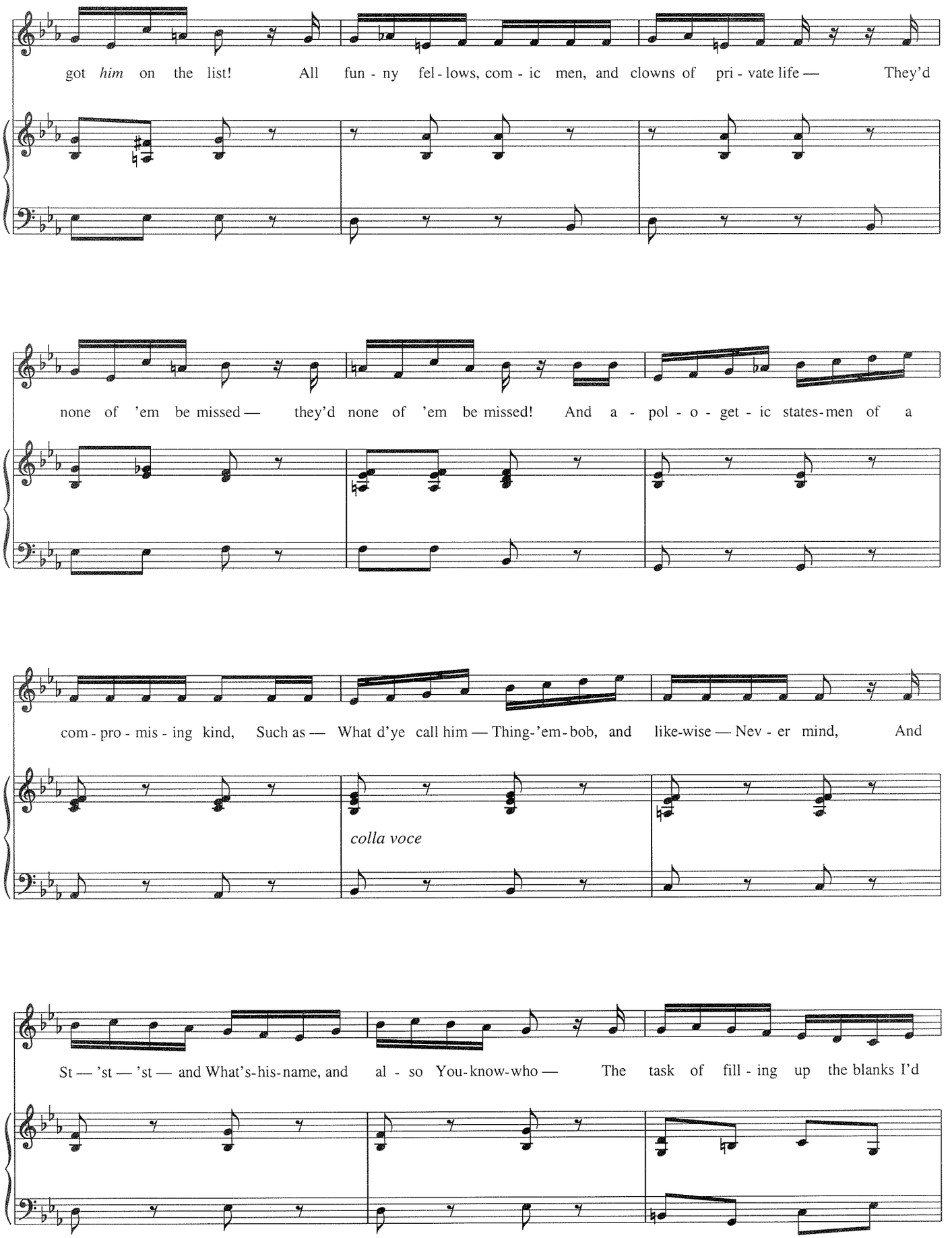
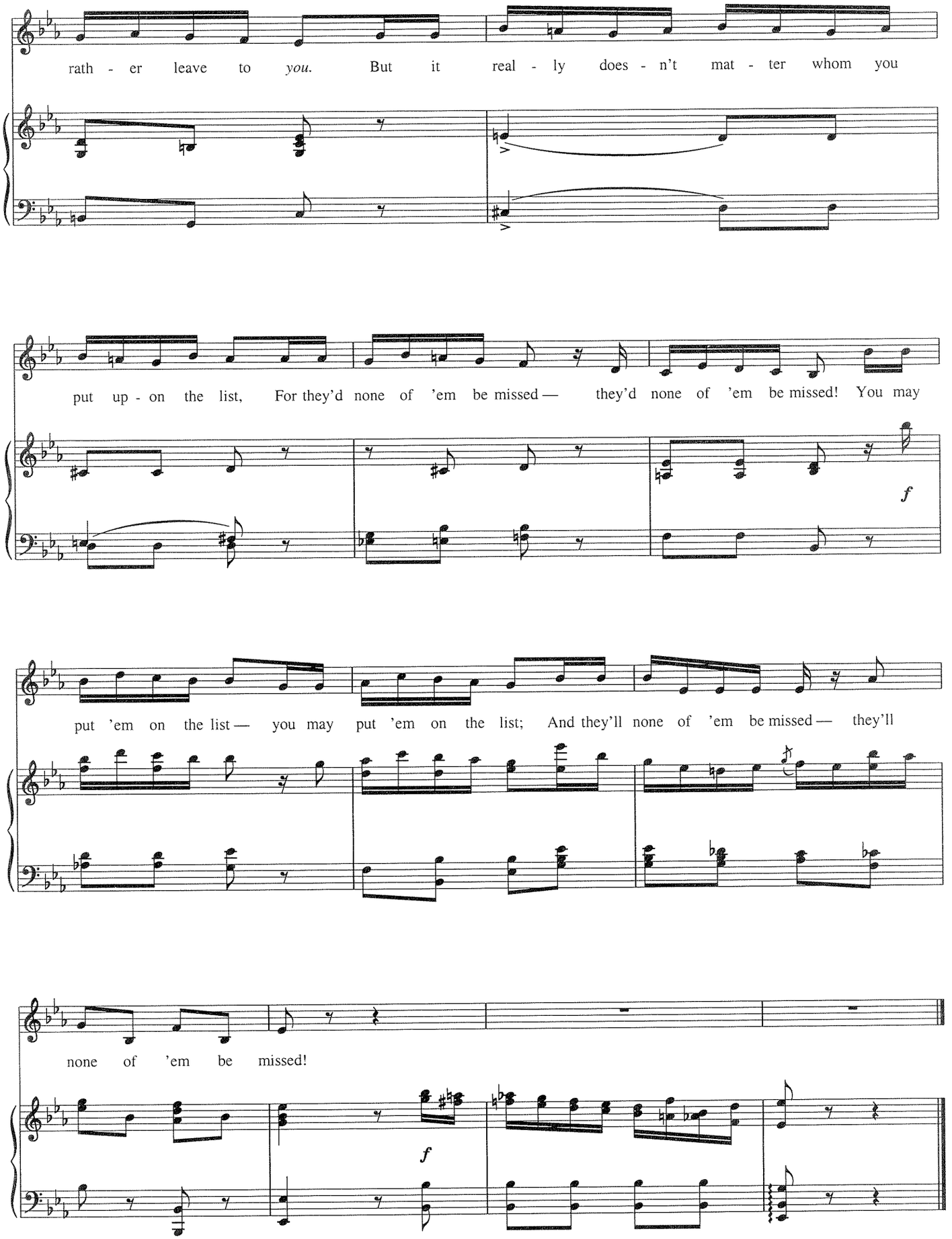

write for au - to - graphs — All peo - ple who have flab - by hands and
thu - si - as - tic tone, All cen - tu - ries but this, and ev - 'ry
ir - ra - tat - ing laughs — All chil - dren who are up in dates, and
coun - try but his own; And the la - dy from the prov - in - ces, who
floor you with 'em flat — All per - sons who in shak - ing hands, shake
dress - es like a guy, And "who does - n't think she danc - es, but would
hands with you like *that* — And all third per - sons who on spoil - ing
rath - er like to try"; And that sin - gu - lar a - nom - a - ly, the


tête - à - têtes in - sist — They'd none of 'em be missed — they'd none of 'em be missed!
la - dy nov - el - ist — I don't think she'd be missed — I'm *sure* she'd not be missed!
f
2. There's the
3. And that
Ni - si Pri - us nui - sance, who just now is rath - er rife, The ju - di - cial hu - mor - ist — I've

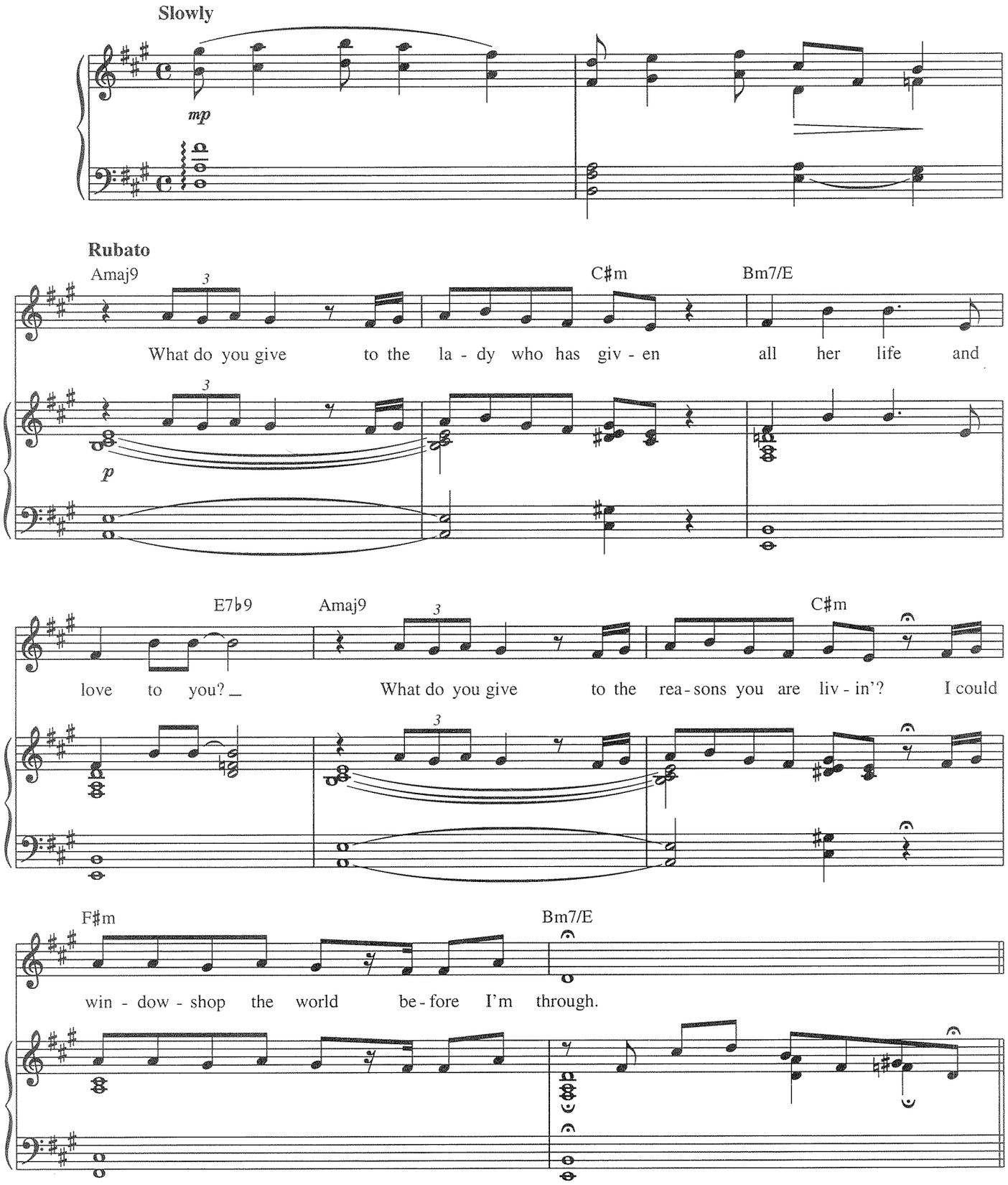

got *him* on the list! All fun - ny fel - lows, com - ic men, and clowns of pri - vate life — They'd
none of 'em be missed — they'd none of 'em be missed! And a - pol - o - get - ic states-men of a
com - pro - mis - ing kind, Such as — What d'ye call him — Thing-'em-bob, and like-wise — Nev - er mind, And
colla voce
St — 'st — 'st — and What's-his-name, and al - so You-know-who — The task of fill - ing up the blanks I'd


rath - er leave to you. But it real - ly does - n't mat - ter whom you
put up - on the list, For they'd none of 'em be missed — they'd none of 'em be missed! You may
f
put 'em on the list — you may put 'em on the list; And they'll none of 'em be missed — they'll
none of 'em be missed!
f

MAMA, A RAINBOW

from *Minnie's Boys*

Lyrics by HAL HACKADY
Music by LARRY GROSSMAN



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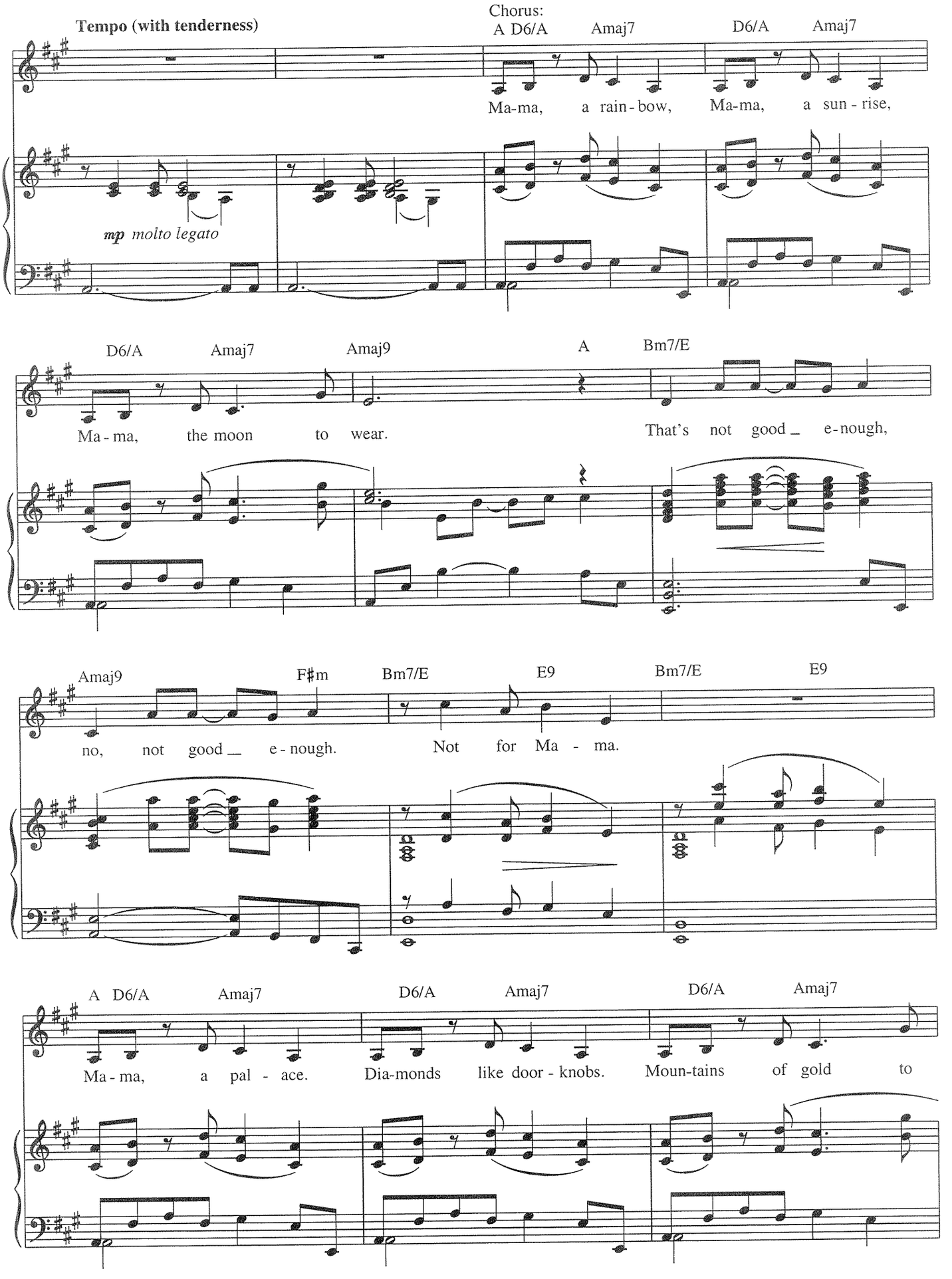
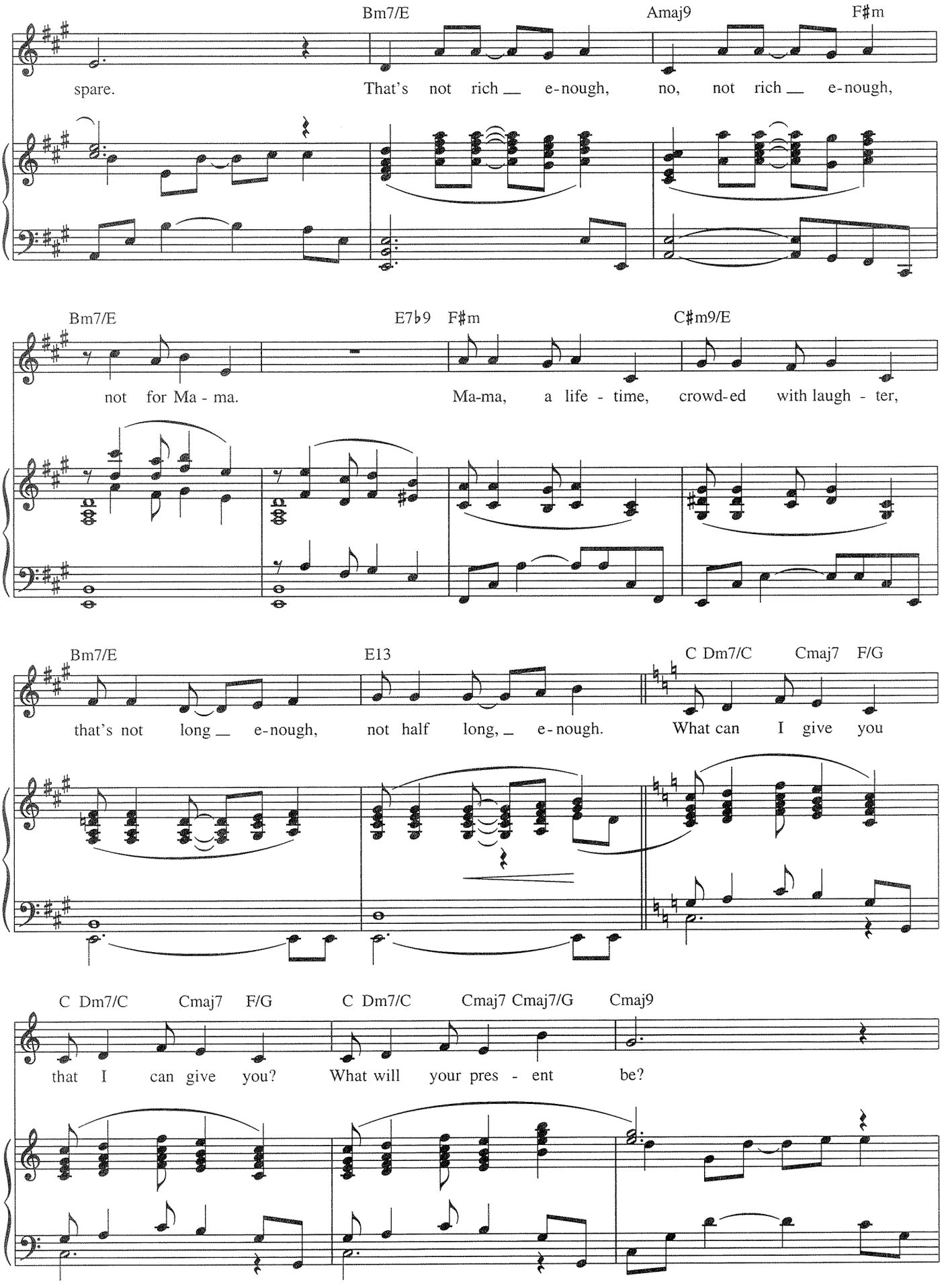
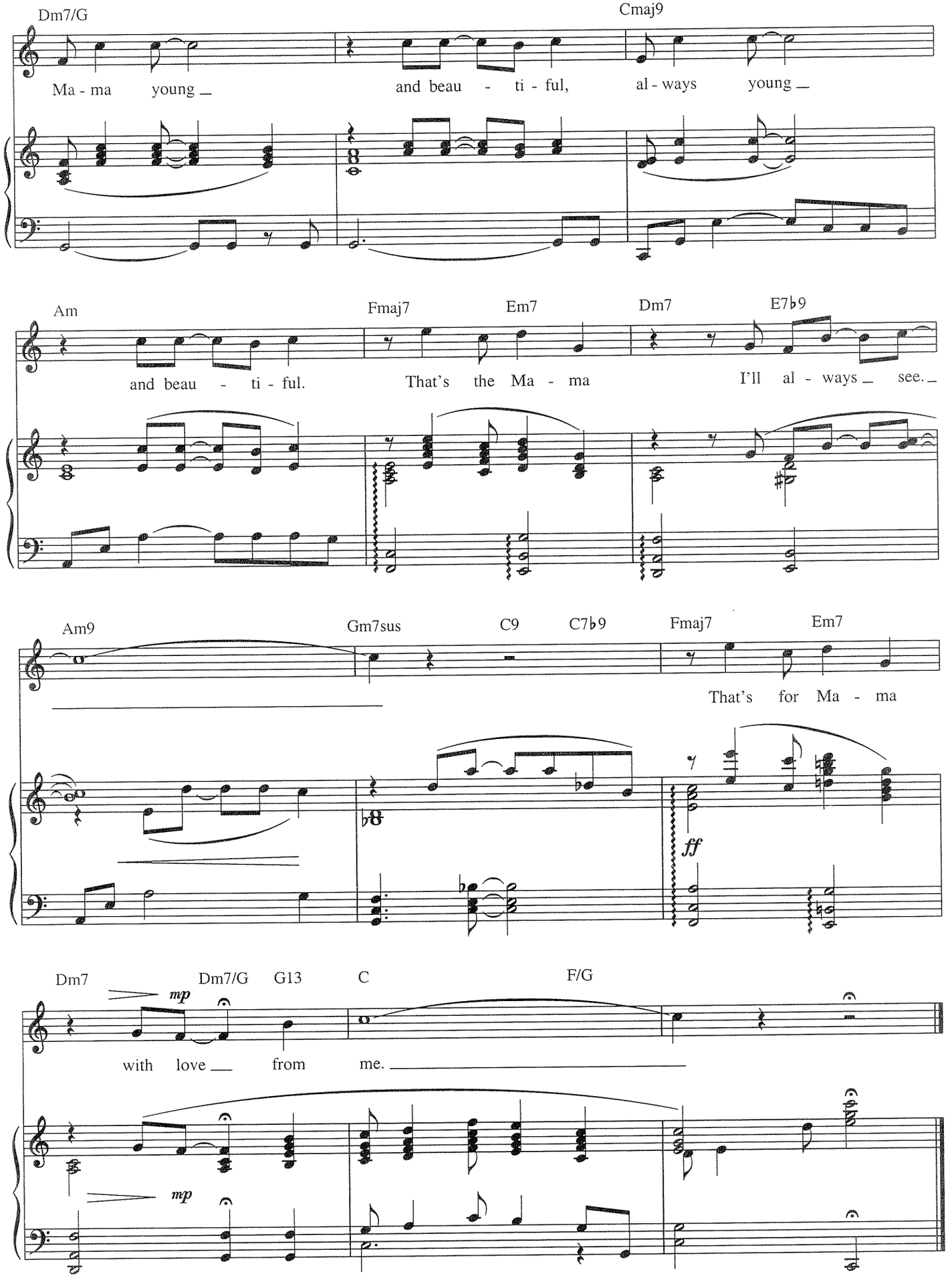

Tempo (with tenderness)
Chorus:
A D6/A Amaj7 D6/A Amaj7
Ma-ma, a rain-bow, Ma-ma, a sun-rise,
mp molto legato
D6/A Amaj7 Amaj9 A Bm7/E
Ma-ma, the moon to wear. That's not good_ e-nough,
Amaj9 F♯m Bm7/E E9 Bm7/E E9
no, not good_ e-nough. Not for Ma-ma.
A D6/A Amaj7 D6/A Amaj7 D6/A Amaj7
Ma-ma, a pal-ace. Dia-monds like door-knobs. Moun-tains of gold to


Bm7/E
Amaj9
F♯m
spare.
That's not rich — e-nough, no, not rich — e-nough,
Bm7/E
E7♭9
F♯m
C♯m9/E
not for Ma - ma.
Ma-ma, a life - time, crowd-ed with laugh - ter,
Bm7/E
E13
C Dm7/C
Cmaj7
F/G
that's not long — e-nough, not half long, — e-nough.
What can I give you
C Dm7/C
Cmaj7
F/G
C Dm7/C
Cmaj7
Cmaj7/G
Cmaj9
that I can give you?
What will your pres - ent be?

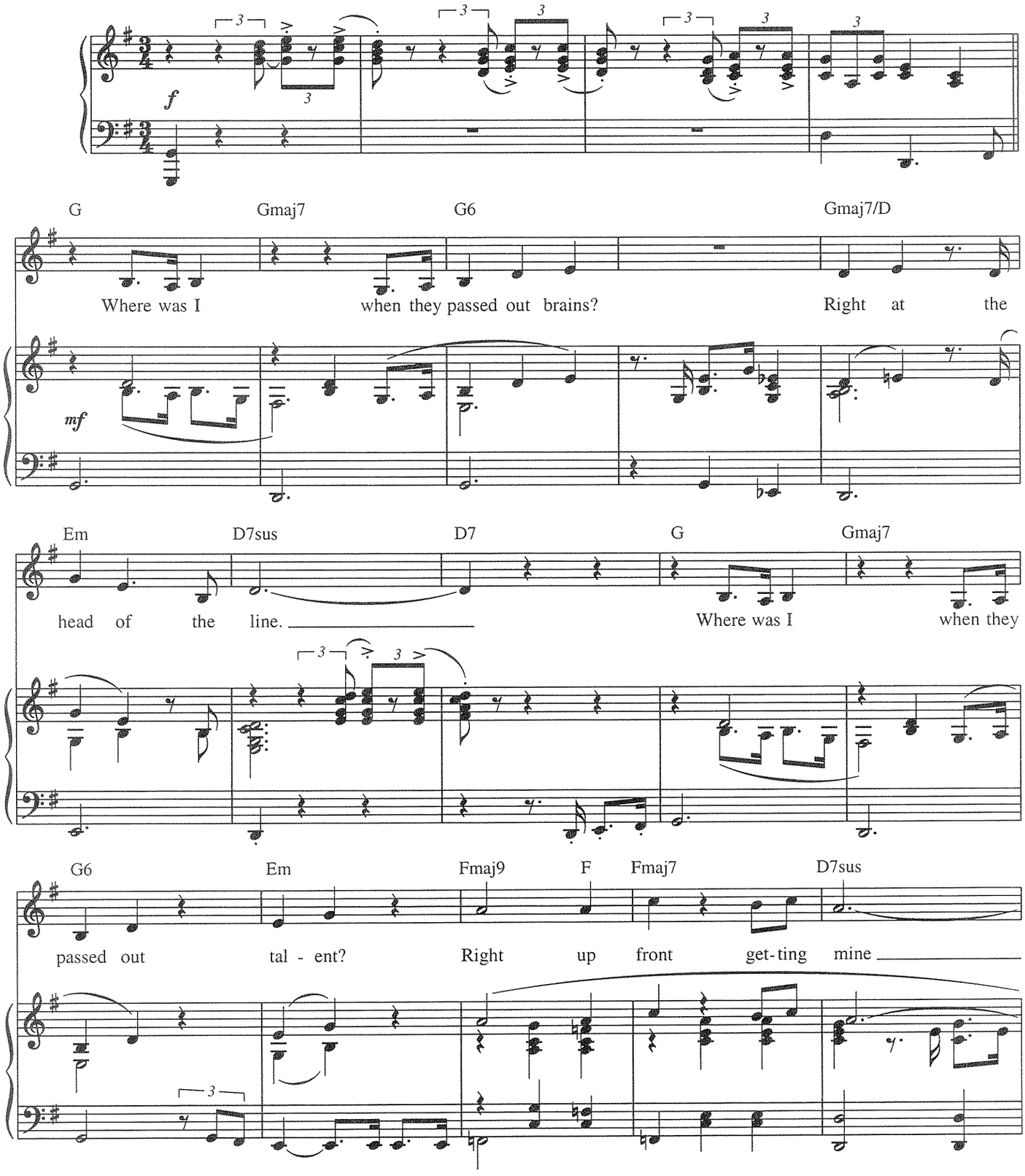

Dm7/G
Cmaj9
Ma - ma young _ and beau - ti - ful, al - ways young _
Am
Fmaj7
Em7
Dm7
E7♭9
and beau - ti - ful. That's the Ma - ma I'll al - ways _ see. _
Am9
Gm7sus
C9
C7♭9
Fmaj7
Em7
That's for Ma - ma
ff
Dm7
Dm7/G
G13
C
F/G
mp
with love _ from me. _
mp

WHERE WAS I WHEN THEY PASSED OUT THE LUCK?

from *Minnie's Boys*

Lyrics by HAL HACKADY
Music by LARRY GROSSMAN

Funky Gospel Waltz (Swing beat)



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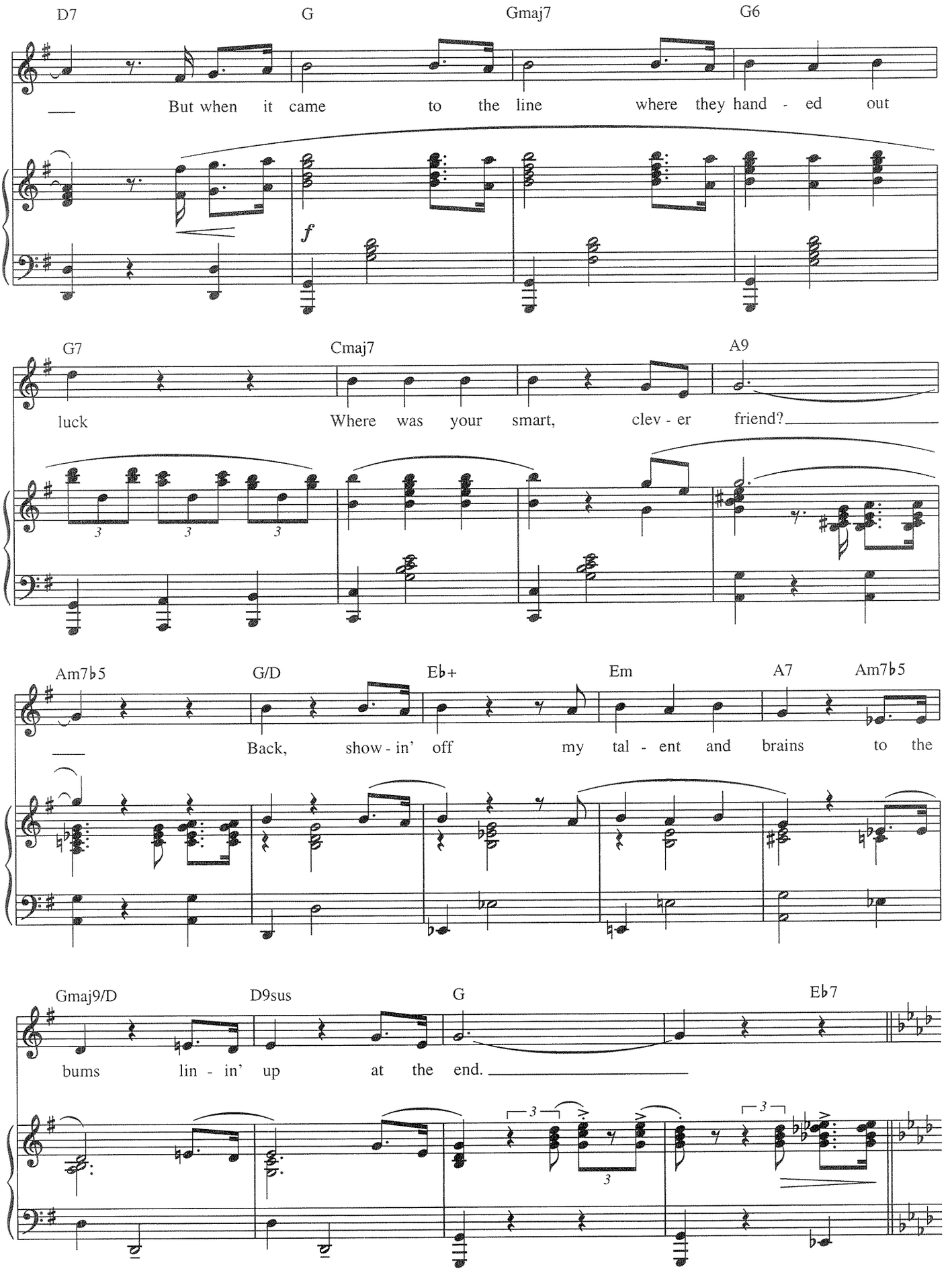
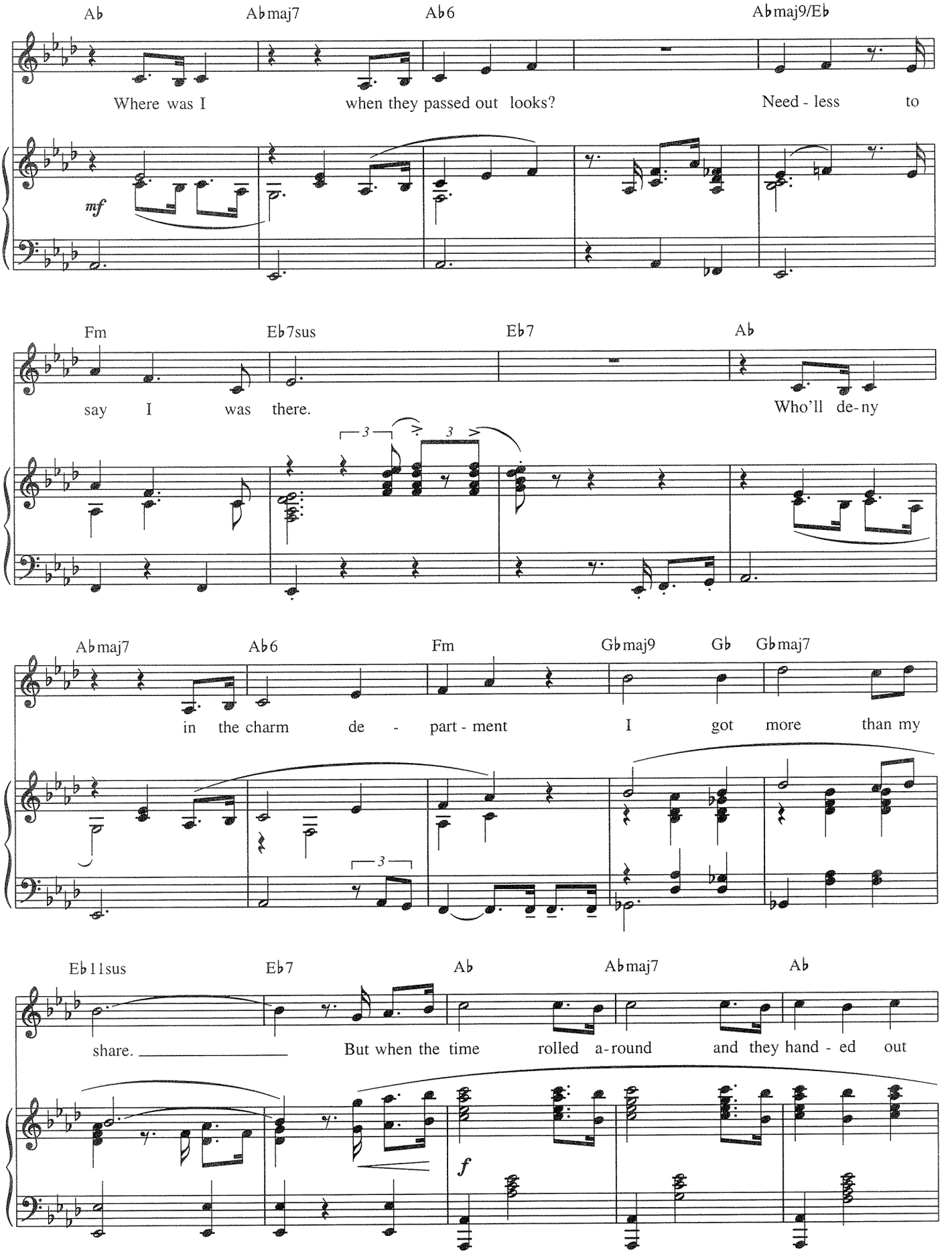
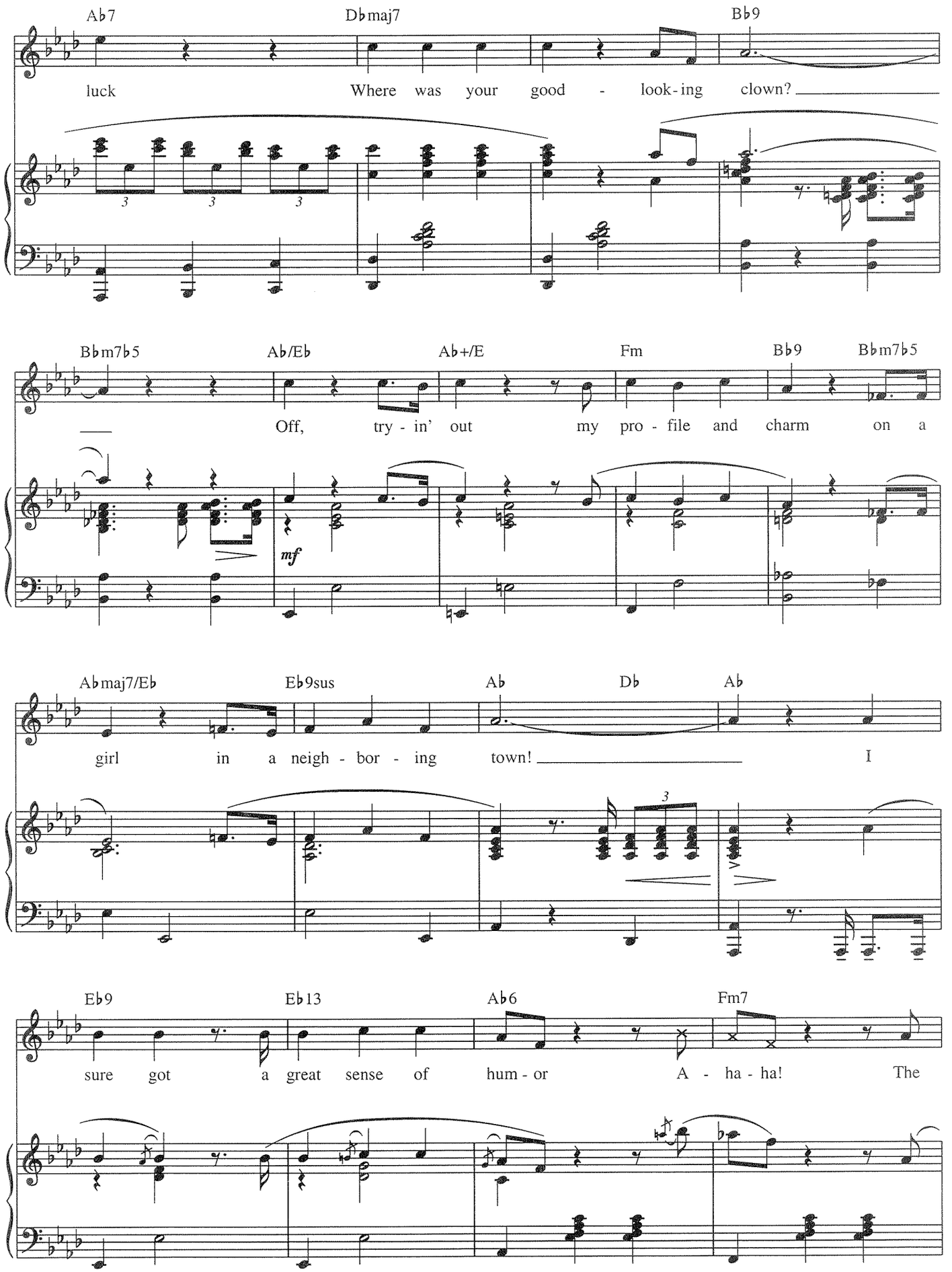
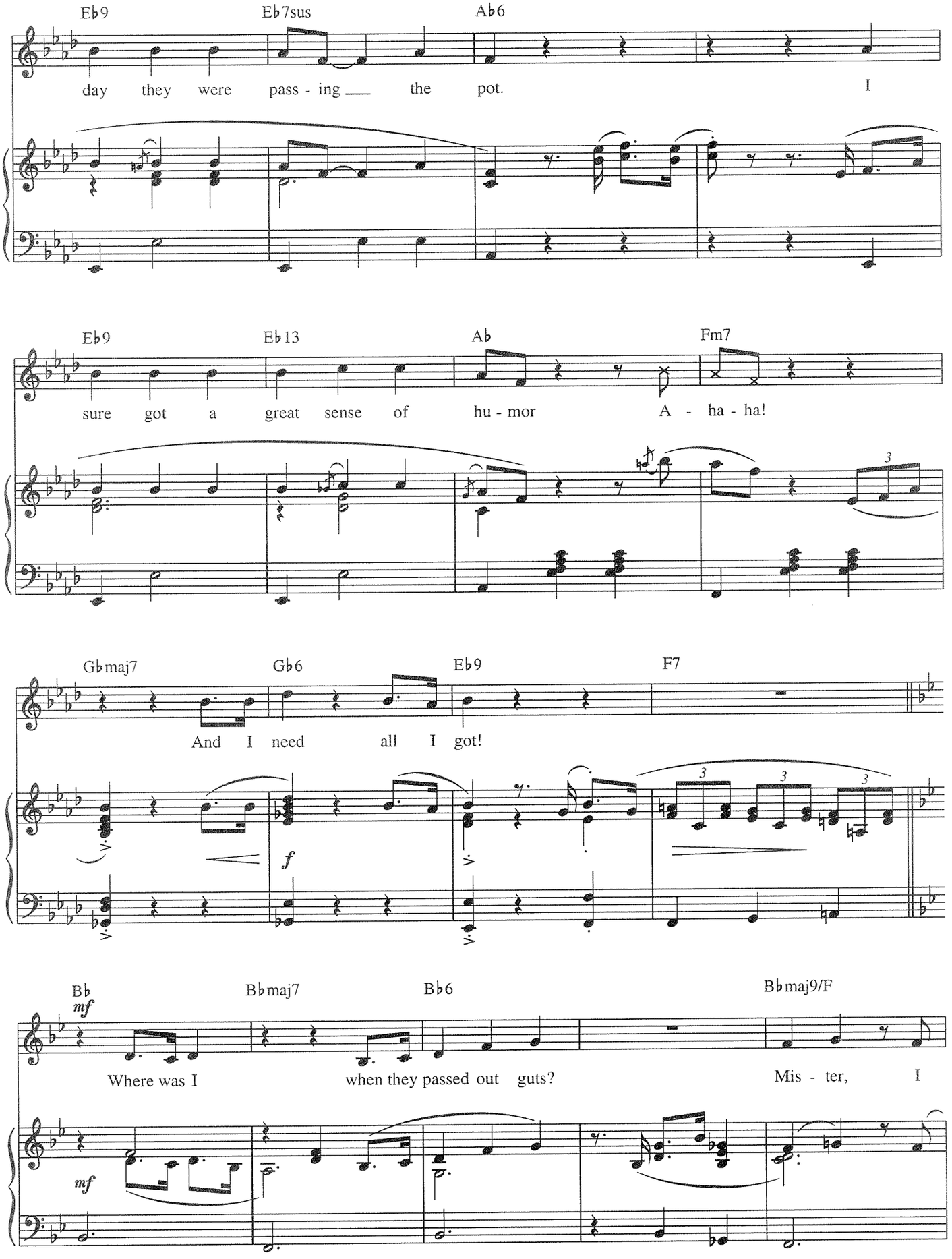
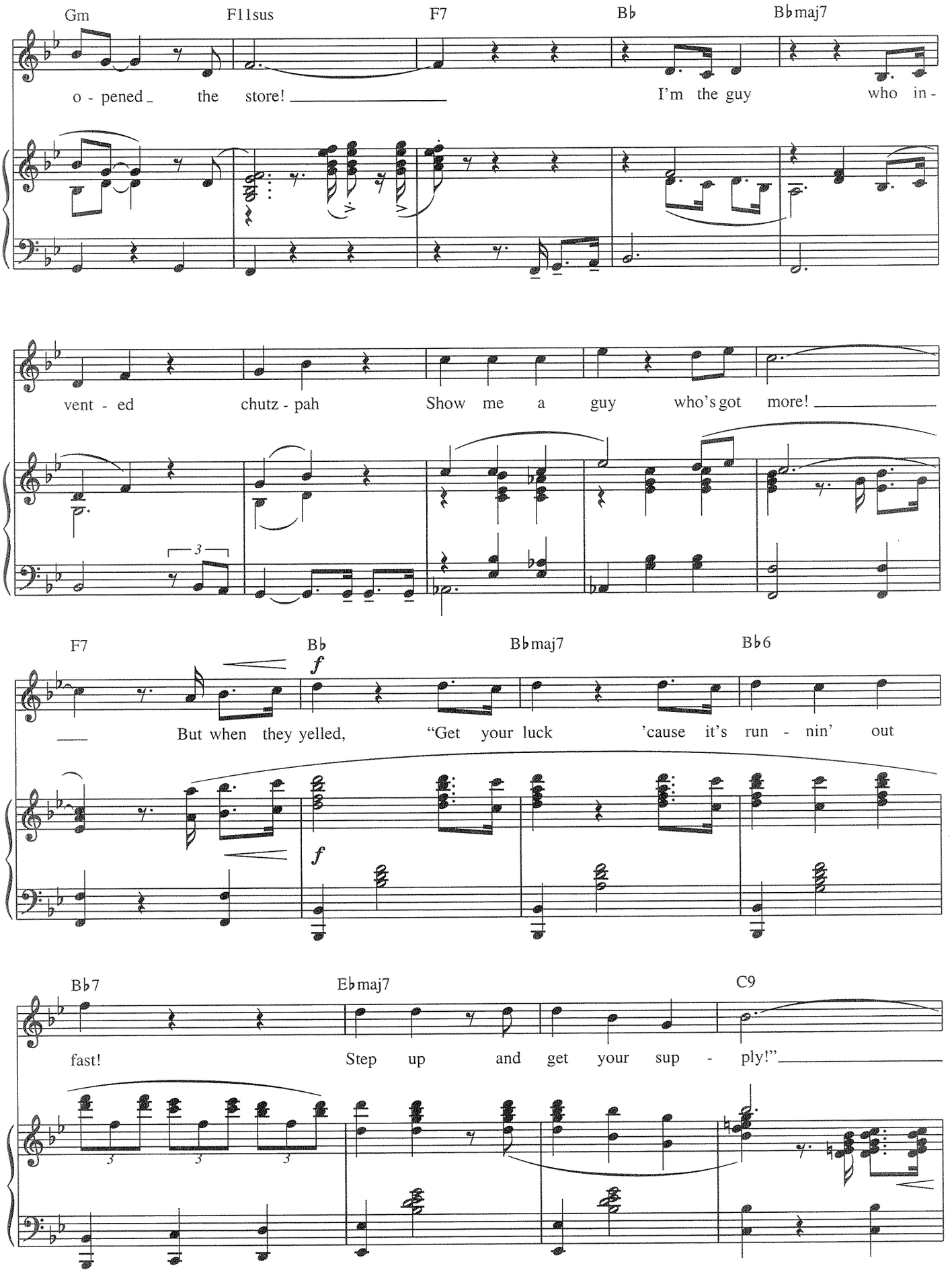
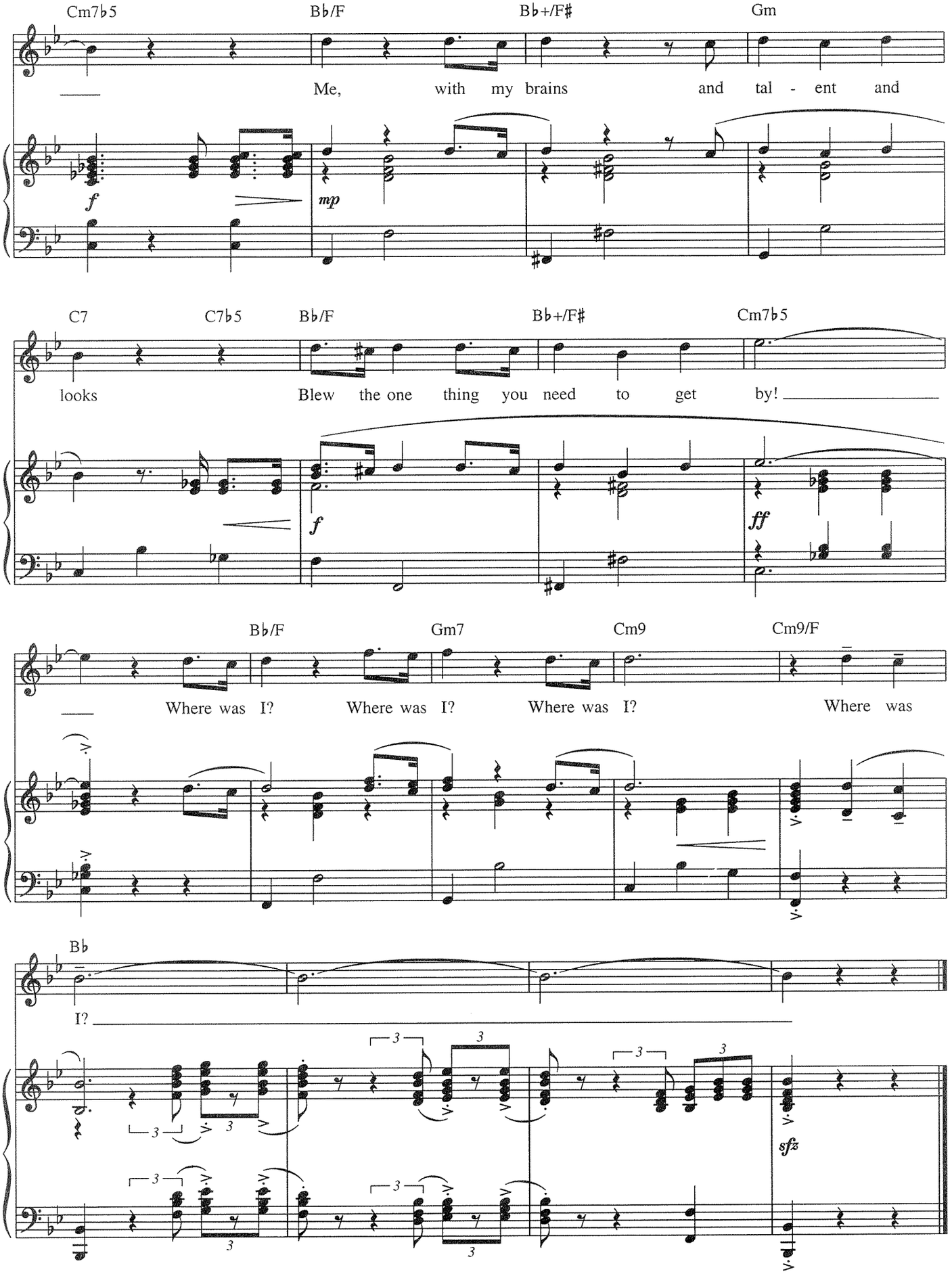

D7
G
Gmaj7
G6
But when it came to the line where they hand - ed out
f
G7
Cmaj7
A9
luck
Where was your smart, clev - er friend?
3
3
3
Am7♭5
G/D
E♭+
Em
A7
Am7♭5
Back, show - in' off my tal - ent and brains to the
Gmaj9/D
D9sus
G
E♭7
bums lin - in' up at the end.
3
3
3


Ab
Abmaj7
Ab6
Abmaj9/Eb
Where was I
when they passed out looks?
Need - less
to
mf
Fm
Eb7sus
Eb7
Ab
say I was there.
Who'll de-ny
3
3
Abmaj7
Ab6
Fm
Gbmaj9
Gb
Gbmaj7
in the charm de - part - ment
I got more than my
3
Eb11sus
Eb7
Ab
Abmaj7
Ab
share.
But when the time rolled a-round and they hand - ed out
f


Ab7
Dbmaj7
Bb9
luck
Where was your good - look-ing clown?
Bbm7b5
Ab/Eb
Ab+/E
Fm
Bb9
Bbm7b5
Off, try - in' out my pro - file and charm on a
mf
Abmaj7/Eb
Eb9sus
Ab
Db
Ab
girl in a neigh - bor - ing town!
I
Eb9
Eb13
Ab6
Fm7
sure got a great sense of hum - or
A - ha - ha!
The


Eb9
Eb7sus
Ab6
day they were pass - ing the pot. I
Eb9
Eb13
Ab
Fm7
sure got a great sense of hu - mor A - ha - ha!
Gbmaj7
Gb6
Eb9
F7
And I need all I got!
f
Bb
Bbmaj7
Bb6
Bbmaj9/F
mf
Where was I when they passed out guts? Mis - ter, I
mf

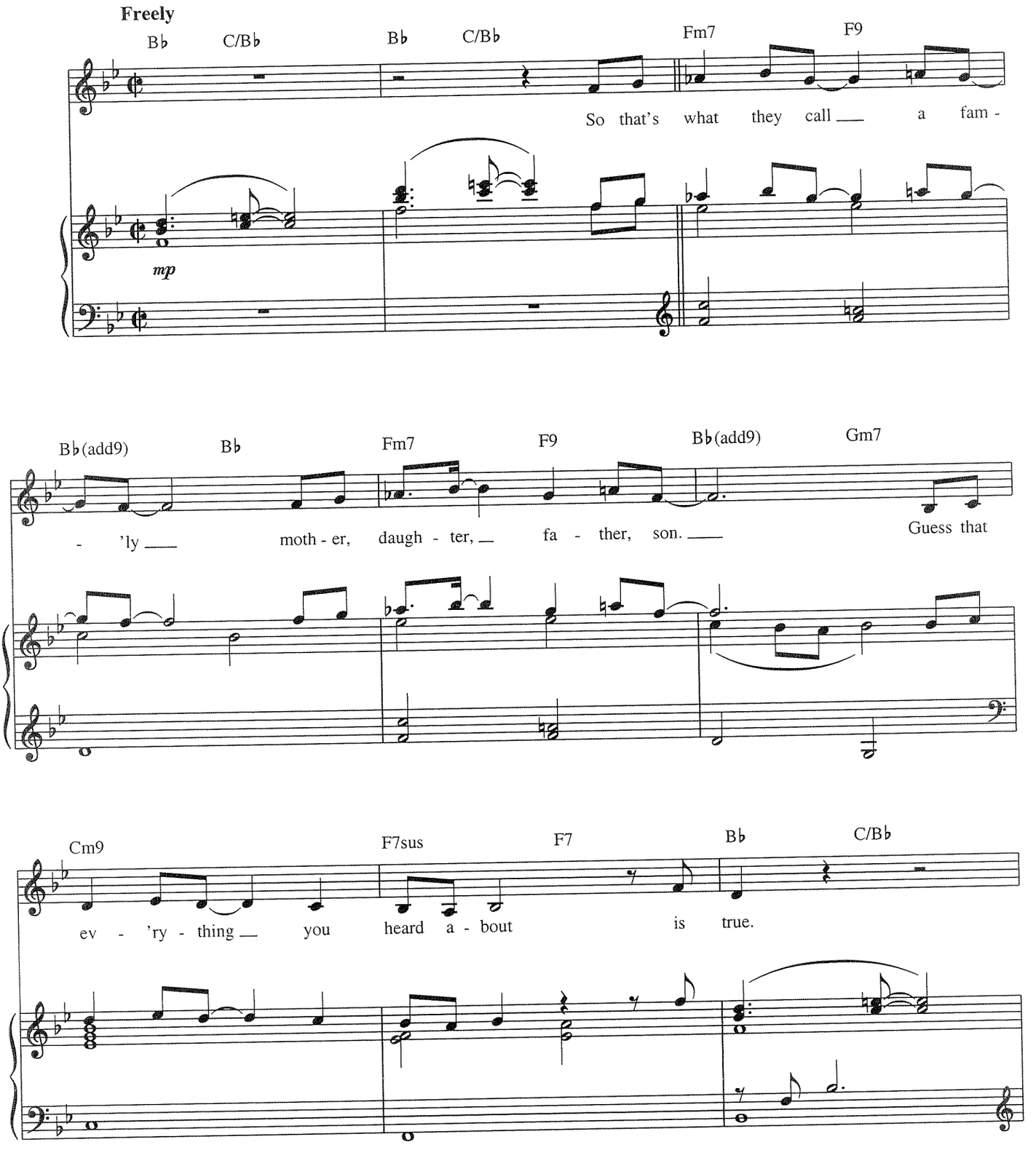

Gm
F11sus
F7
B♭
B♭maj7
o - pened the store!
I'm the guy who in -
vent - ed chutz - pah
Show me a guy who's got more!
F7
B♭
B♭maj7
B♭6
But when they yelled, "Get your luck 'cause it's run - nin' out
B♭7
E♭maj7
C9
fast!
Step up and get your sup - ply!"


Cm7♭5
B♭/F
B♭+/F♯
Gm
Me, with my brains and tal - ent and
f
mp
C7
C7♭5
B♭/F
B♭+/F♯
Cm7♭5
looks Blew the one thing you need to get by!
f
ff
B♭/F
Gm7
Cm9
Cm9/F
Where was I? Where was I? Where was I? Where was
B♭
I?
3
sfz

SANTA FE

from Walt Disney's *Newsies*

Lyrics by JACK FELDMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN



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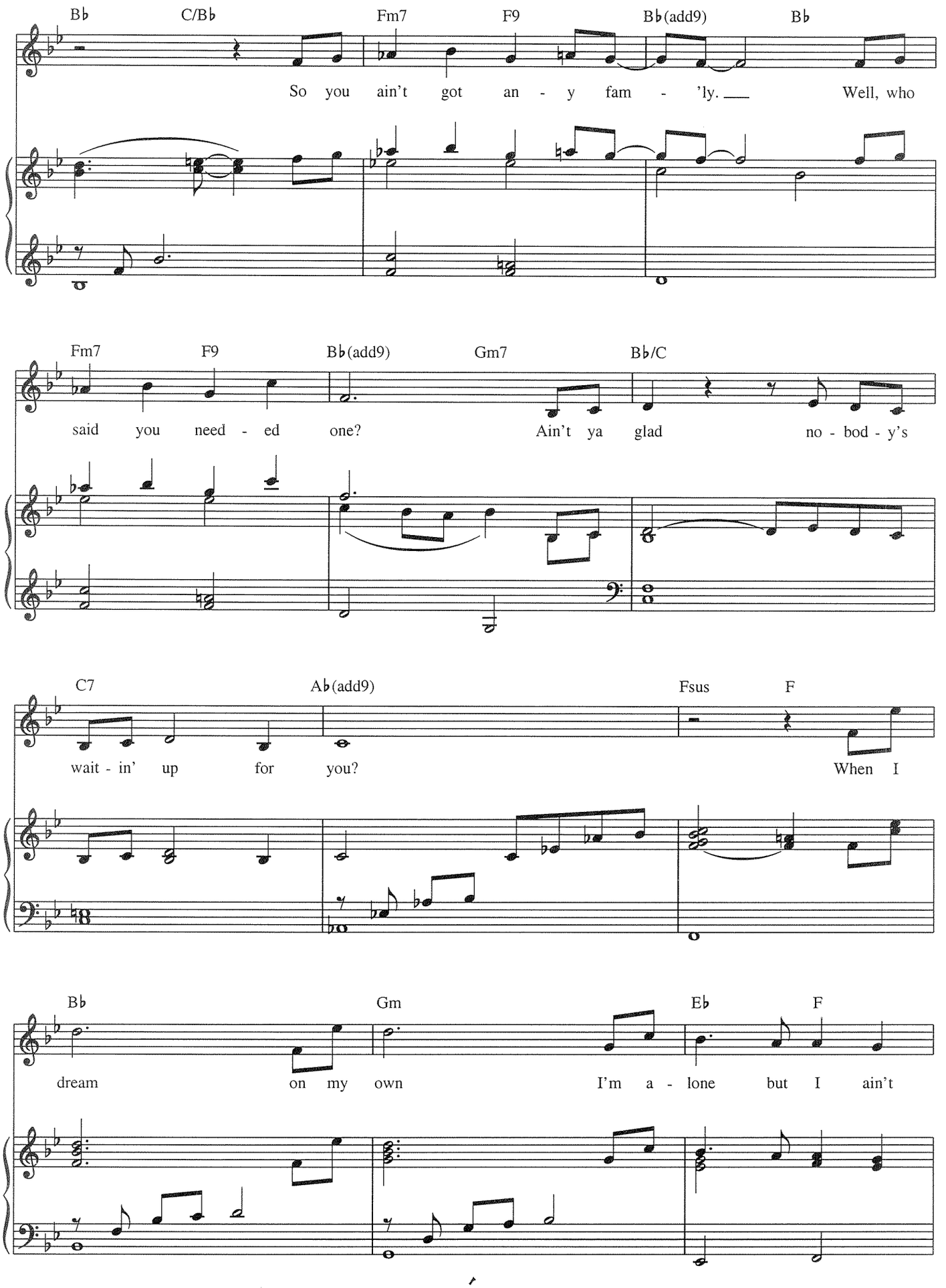
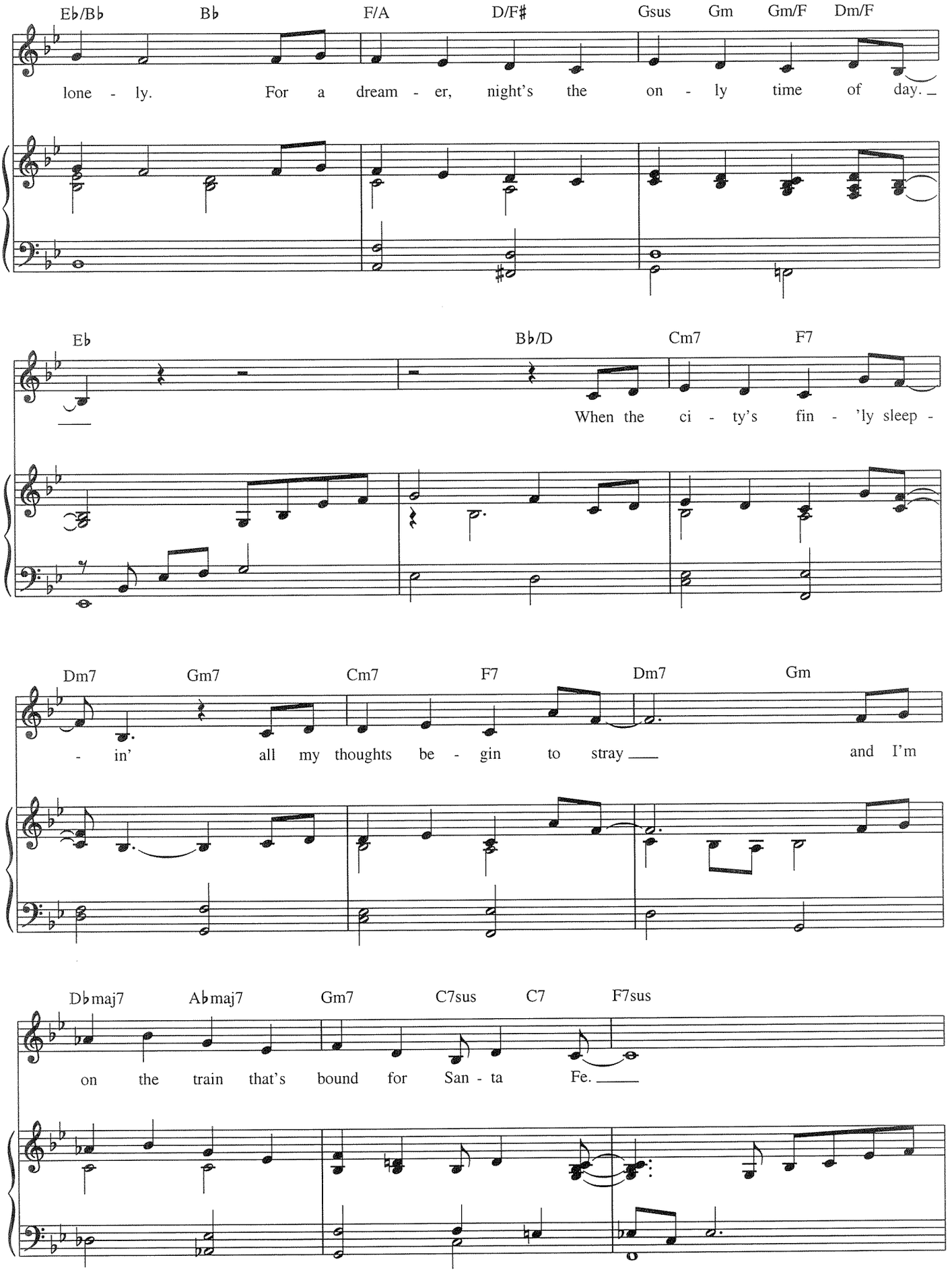
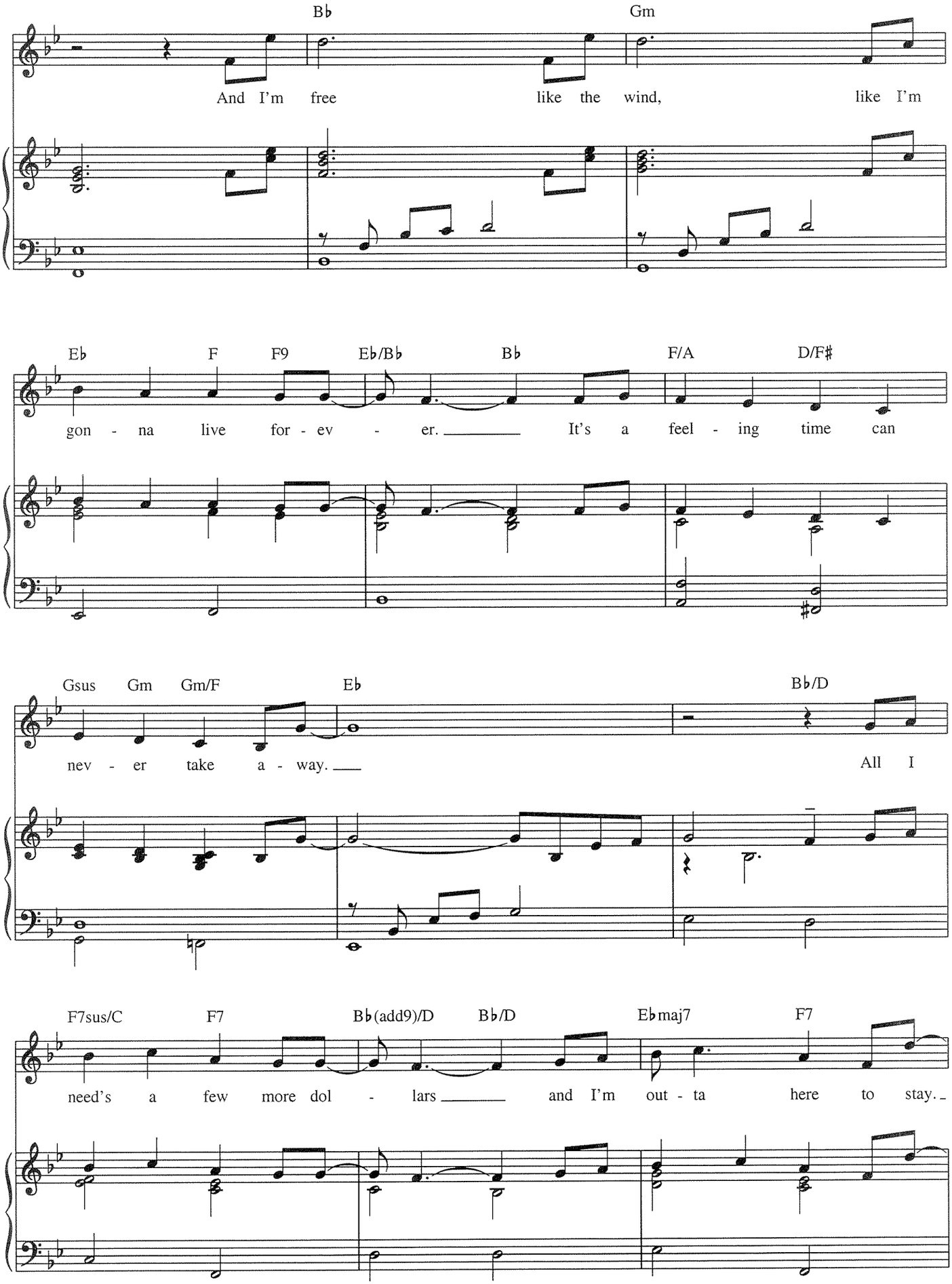
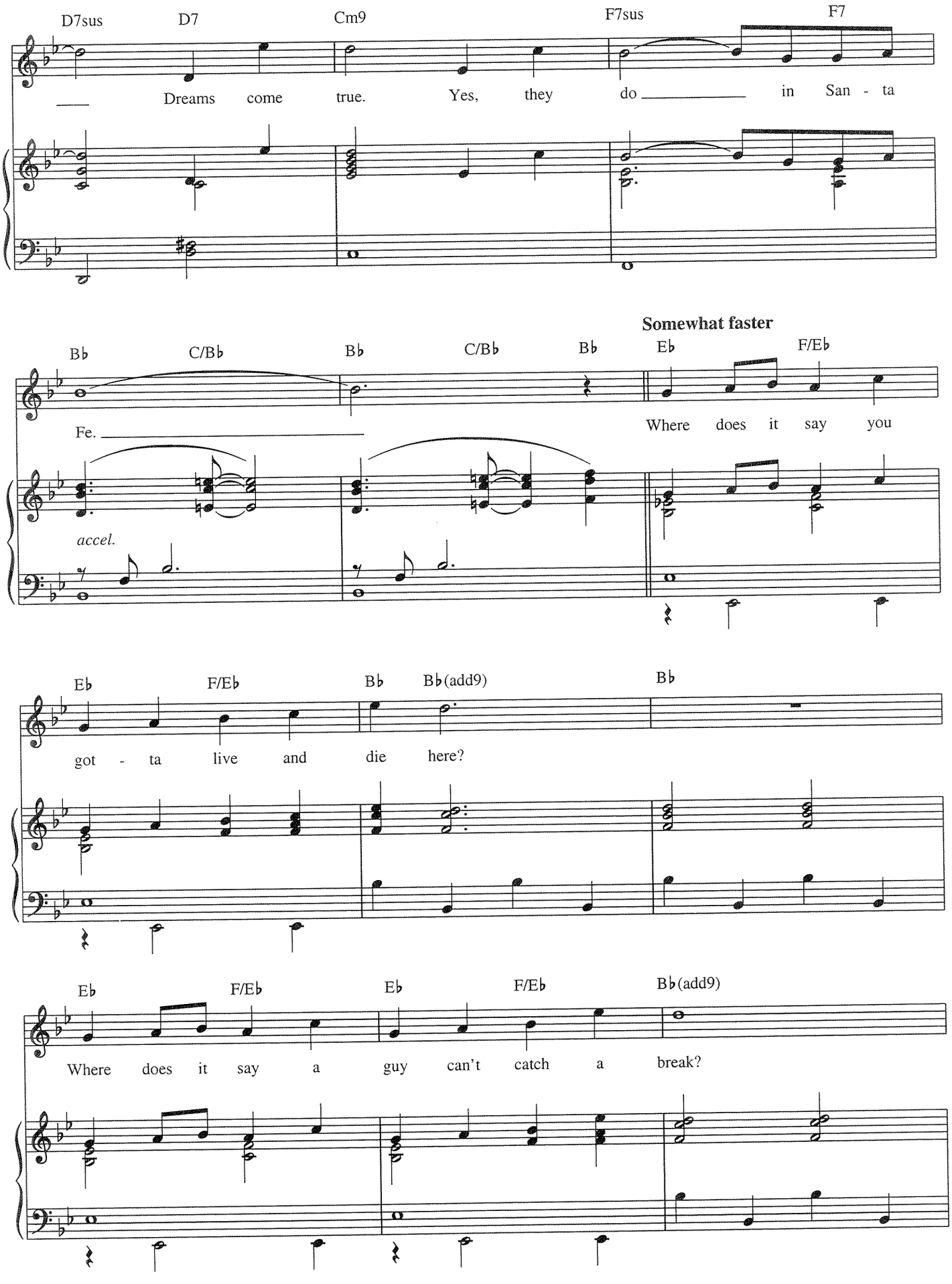
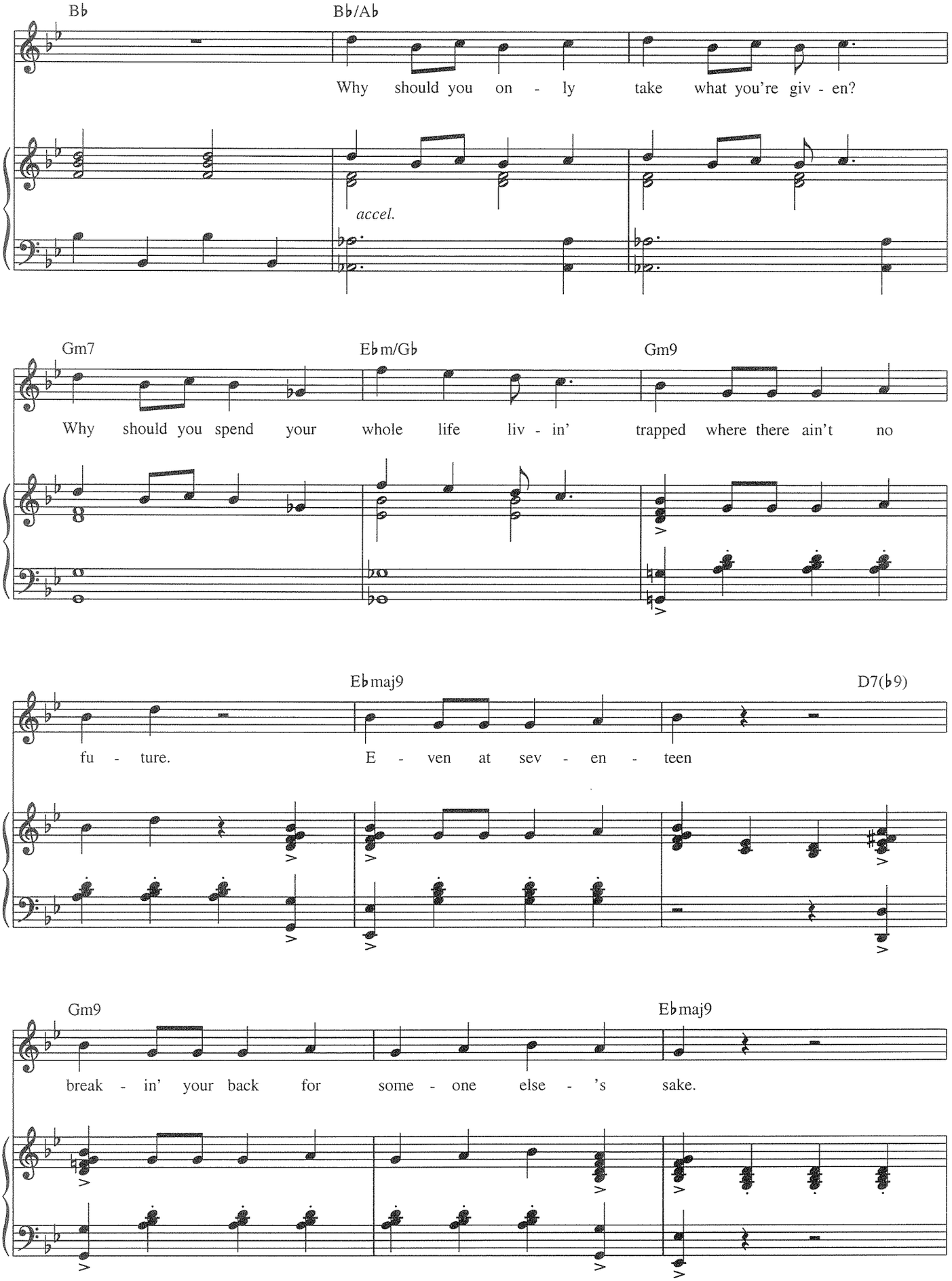
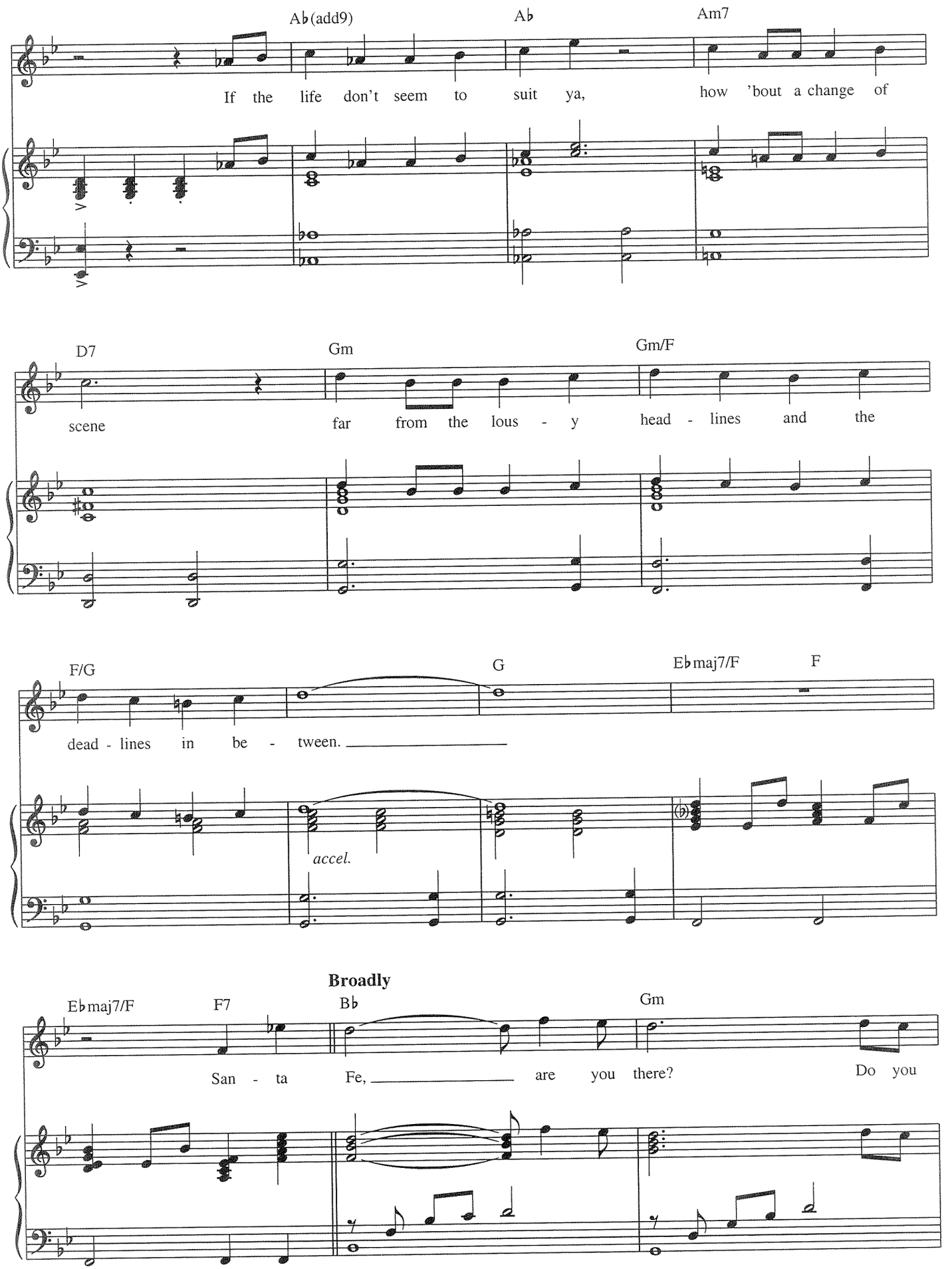

B♭ C/B♭ Fm7 F9 B♭(add9) B♭
So you ain't got an - y fam - 'ly. Well, who
Fm7 F9 B♭(add9) Gm7 B♭/C
said you need - ed one? Ain't ya glad no - bod - y's
C7 A♭(add9) Fsus F
wait - in' up for you? When I
B♭ Gm E♭ F
dream on my own I'm a - lone but I ain't

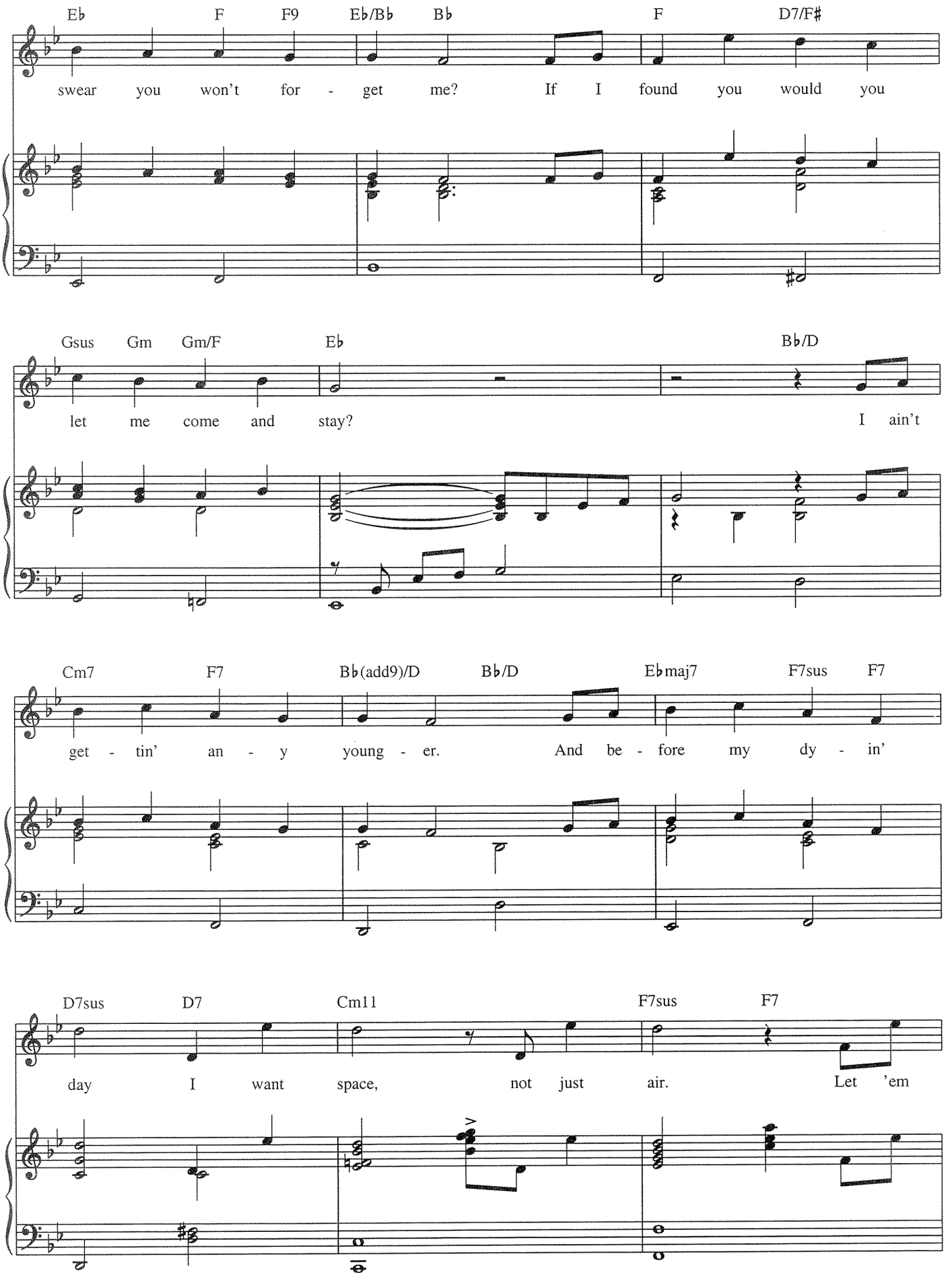

Eb/Bb Bb F/A D/F# Gsus Gm Gm/F Dm/F
lone - ly. For a dream - er, night's the on - ly time of day.
Eb Bb/D Cm7 F7
When the ci - ty's fin - 'ly sleep -
Dm7 Gm7 Cm7 F7 Dm7 Gm
- in' all my thoughts be - gin to stray and I'm
Dbmaj7 Abmaj7 Gm7 C7sus C7 F7sus
on the train that's bound for San - ta Fe.

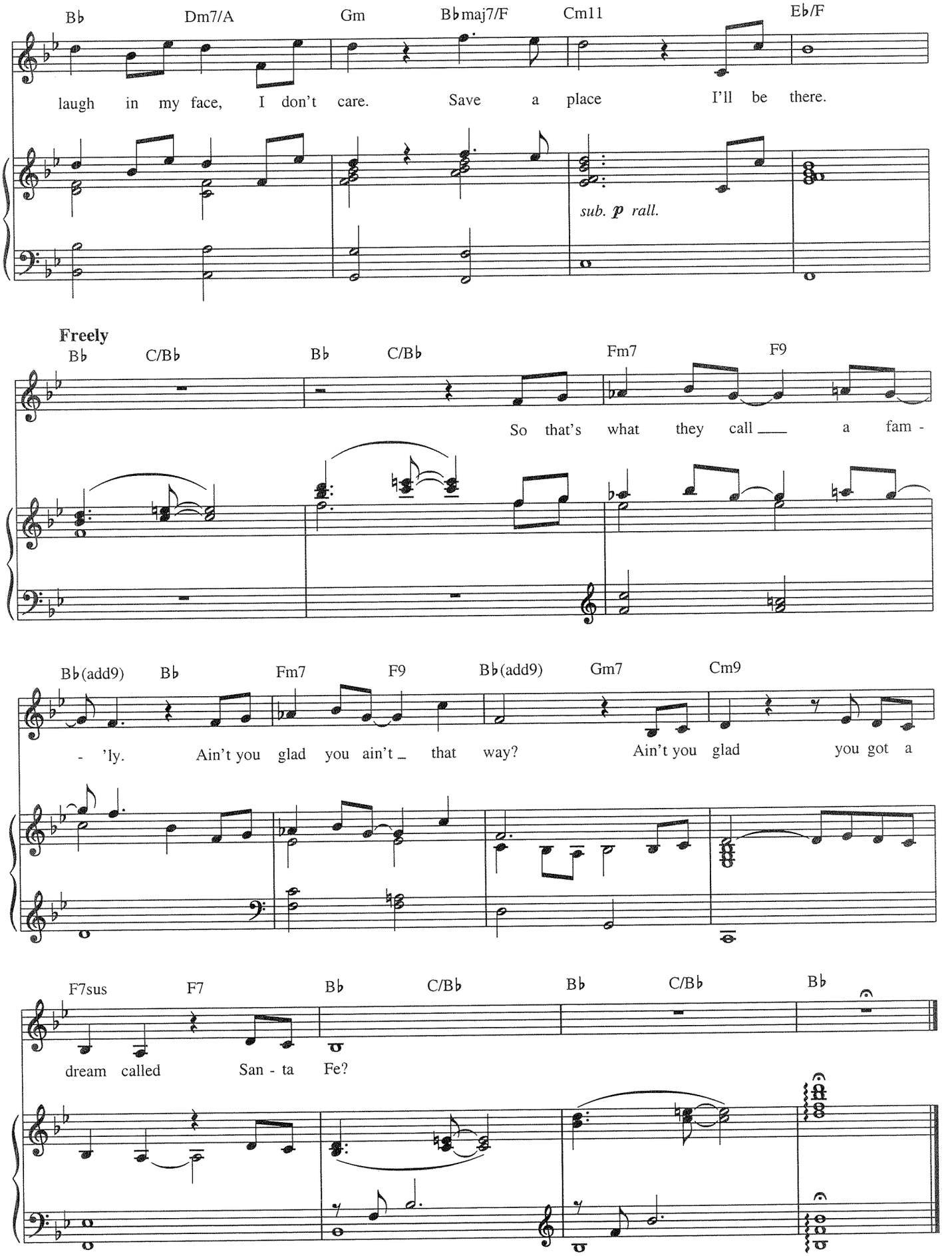

B♭
Gm
And I'm free like the wind, like I'm
E♭
F
F9
E♭/B♭
B♭
F/A
D/F♯
gon - na live for - ev - er. It's a feel - ing time can
Gsus
Gm
Gm/F
E♭
B♭/D
nev - er take a - way. All I
F7sus/C
F7
B♭(add9)/D
B♭/D
E♭maj7
F7
need's a few more dol - lars and I'm out - ta here to stay.


D7sus
D7
Cm9
F7sus
F7
Dreams come true. Yes, they do in San - ta
Somewhat faster
B♭
C/B♭
B♭
C/B♭
B♭
E♭
F/E♭
Fe.
Where does it say you
accel.
E♭
F/E♭
B♭
B♭(add9)
B♭
got - ta live and die here?
E♭
F/E♭
E♭
F/E♭
B♭(add9)
Where does it say a guy can't catch a break?


B♭
B♭/A♭
Why should you on - ly take what you're giv - en?
accel.
Gm7
E♭m/G♭
Gm9
Why should you spend your whole life liv - in' trapped where there ain't no
E♭maj9
D7(♭9)
fu - ture. E - ven at sev - en - teen
Gm9
E♭maj9
break - in' your back for some - one else - 's sake.


Ab(add9)
Ab
Am7
If the life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of
D7
Gm
Gm/F
scene far from the lous - y head - lines and the
F/G
G
Ebmaj7/F
F
dead - lines in be - tween.
accel.
Broadly
Ebmaj7/F
F7
Bb
Gm
San - ta Fe, are you there? Do you

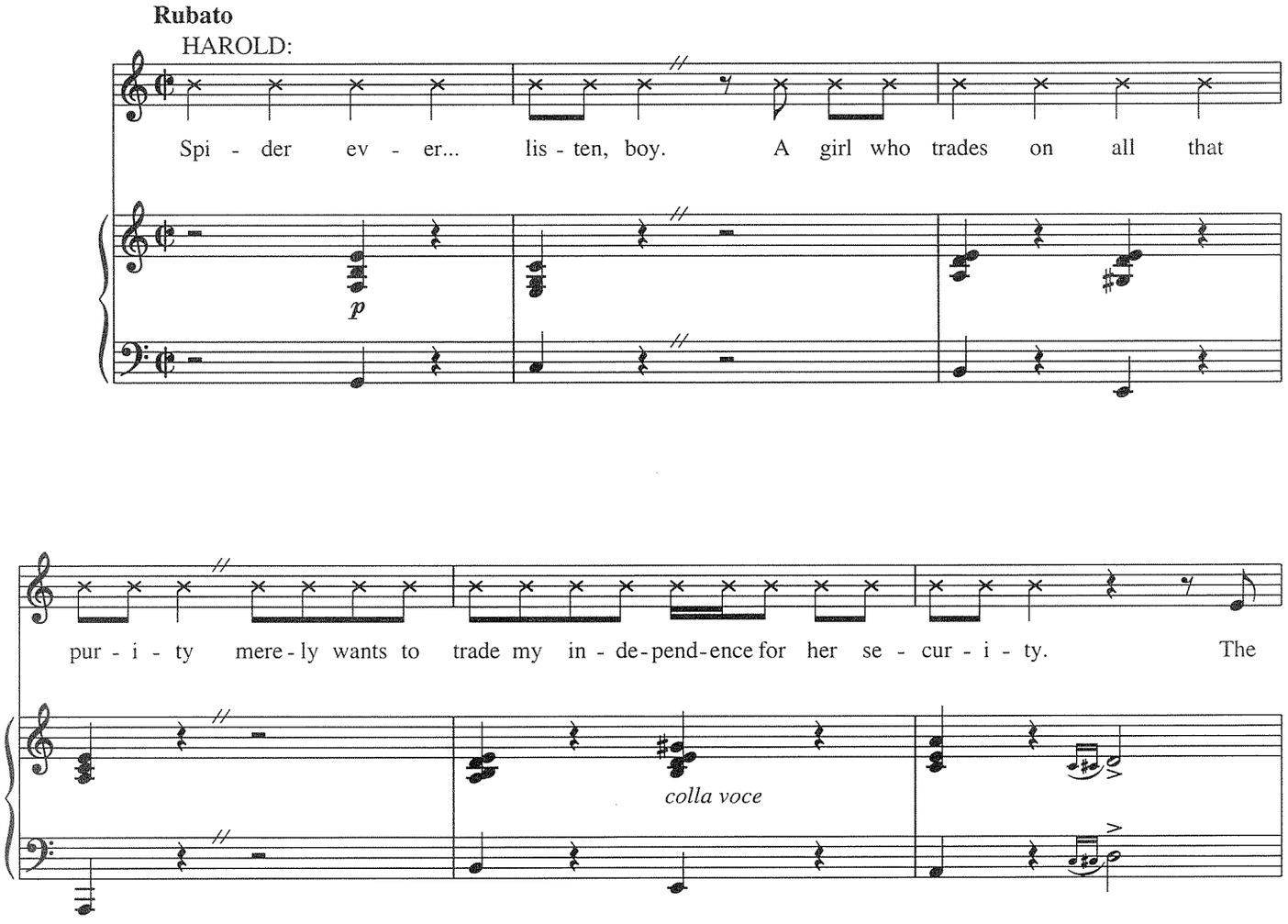

E♭ F F9 E♭/B♭ B♭ F D7/F♯
swear you won't for - get me? If I found you would you
Gsus Gm Gm/F E♭ B♭/D
let me come and stay? I ain't
Cm7 F7 B♭(add9)/D B♭/D E♭maj7 F7sus F7
get - tin' an - y young - er. And be - fore my dy - in'
D7sus D7 Cm11 F7sus F7
day I want space, not just air. Let 'em

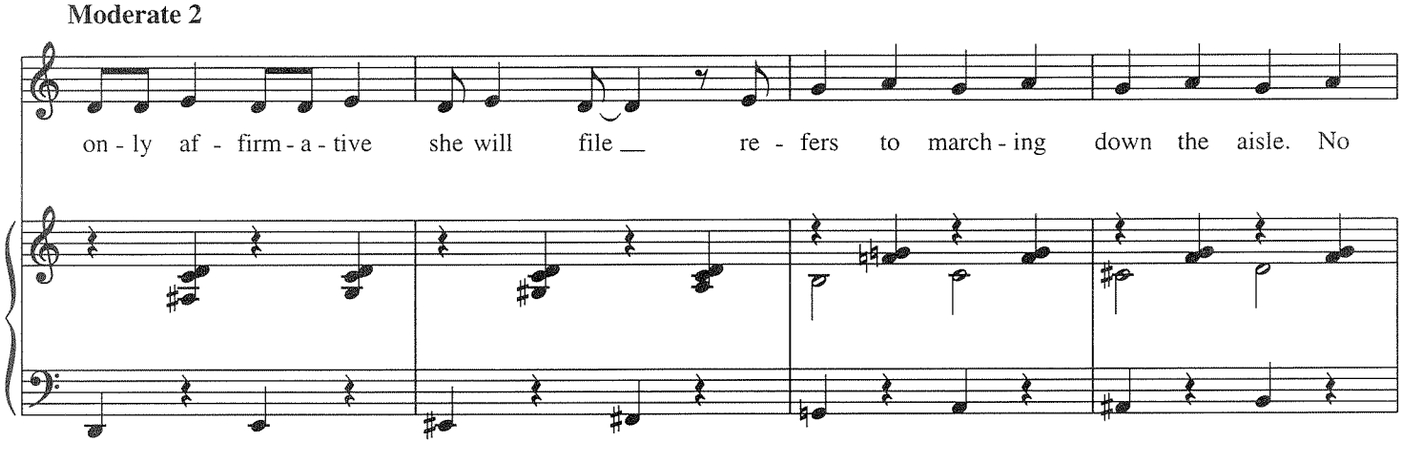

B♭ Dm7/A Gm B♭maj7/F Cm11 E♭/F
laugh in my face, I don't care. Save a place I'll be there.
sub. p rall.
Freely
B♭ C/B♭ B♭ C/B♭ Fm7 F9
So that's what they call a fam -
B♭(add9) B♭ Fm7 F9 B♭(add9) Gm7 Cm9
- 'ly. Ain't you glad you ain't that way? Ain't you glad you got a
F7sus F7 B♭ C/B♭ B♭ C/B♭ B♭
dream called San - ta Fe?

THE SADDER BUT WISER GIRL

from Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*

By MEREDITH WILLSON





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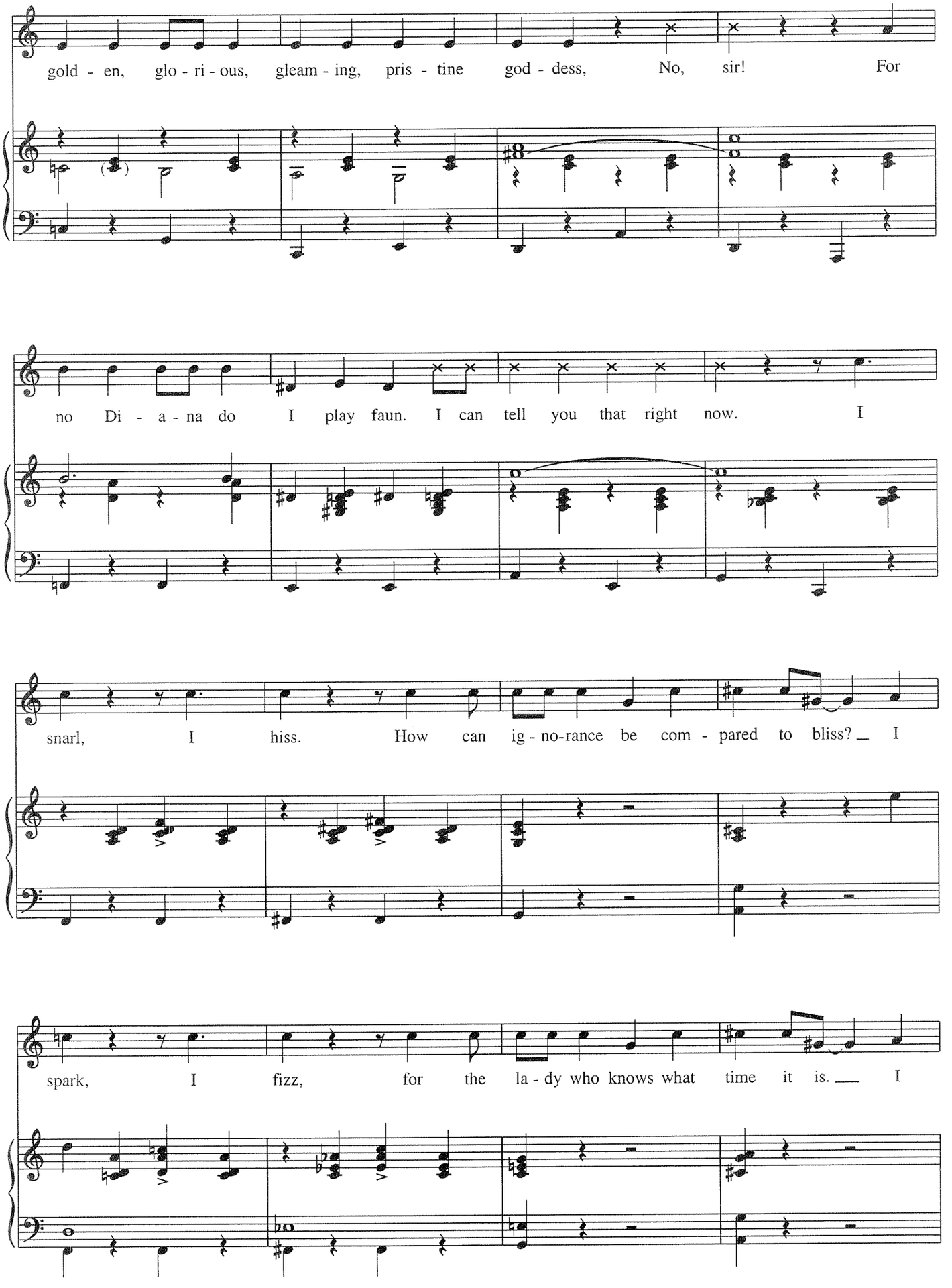
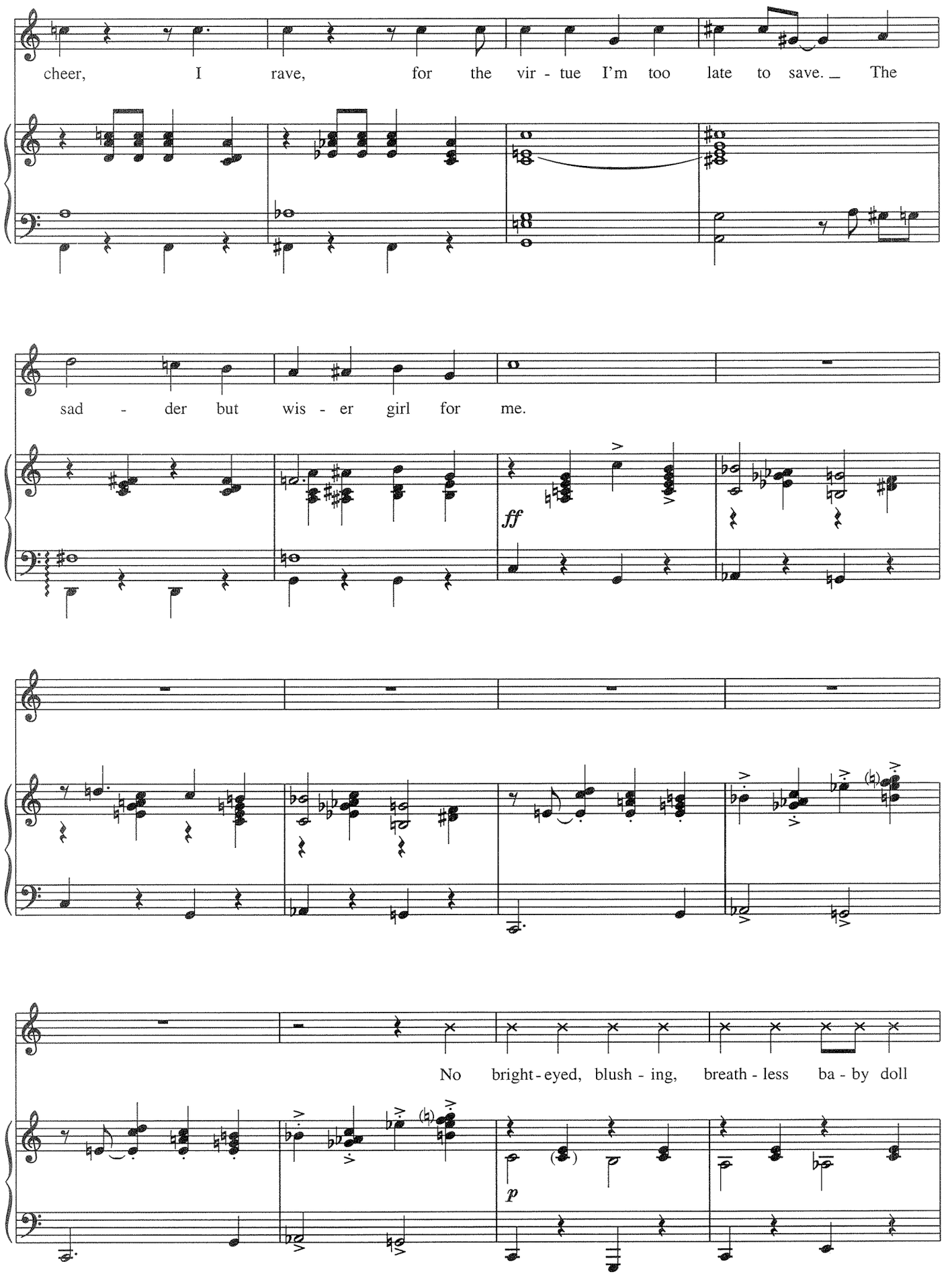
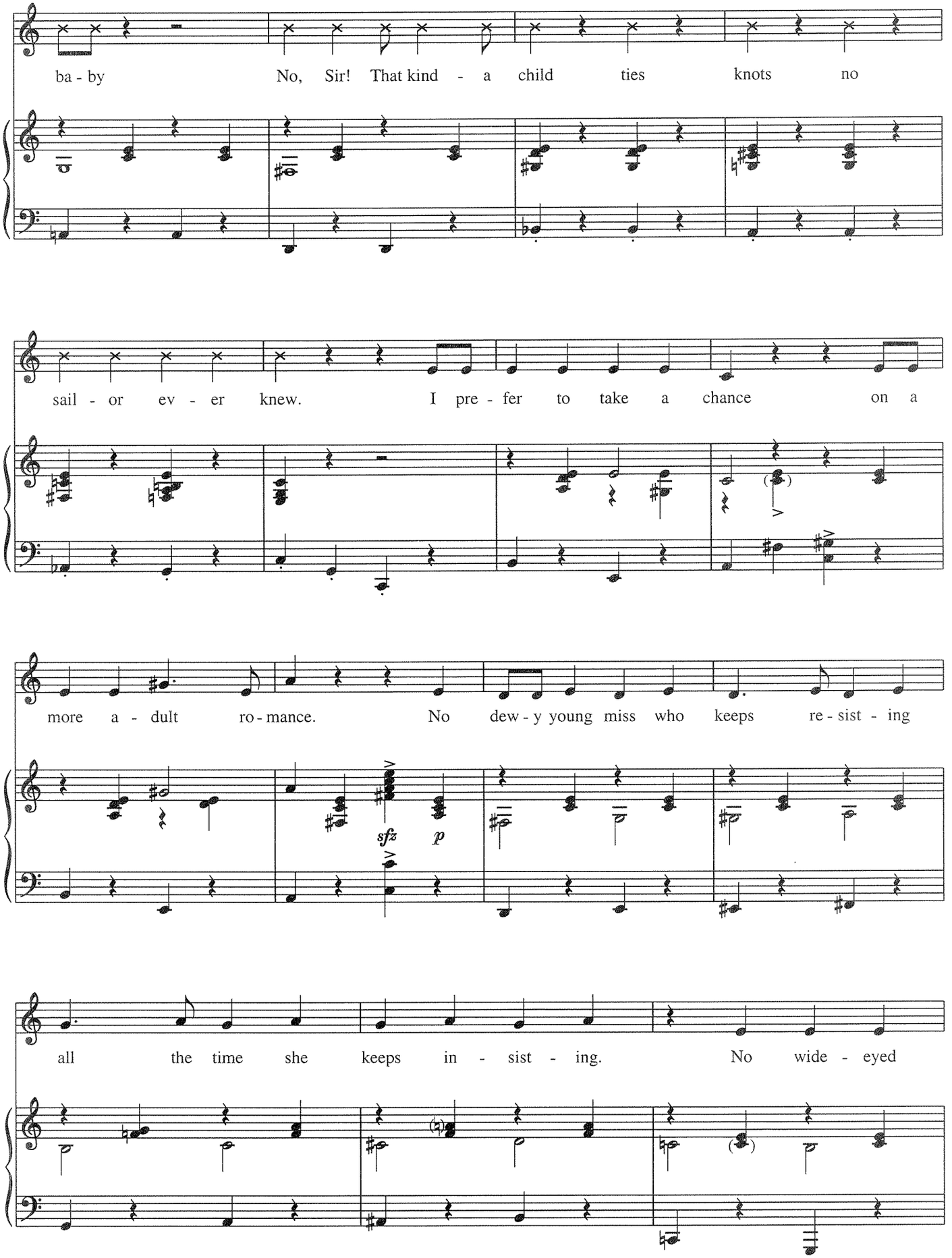
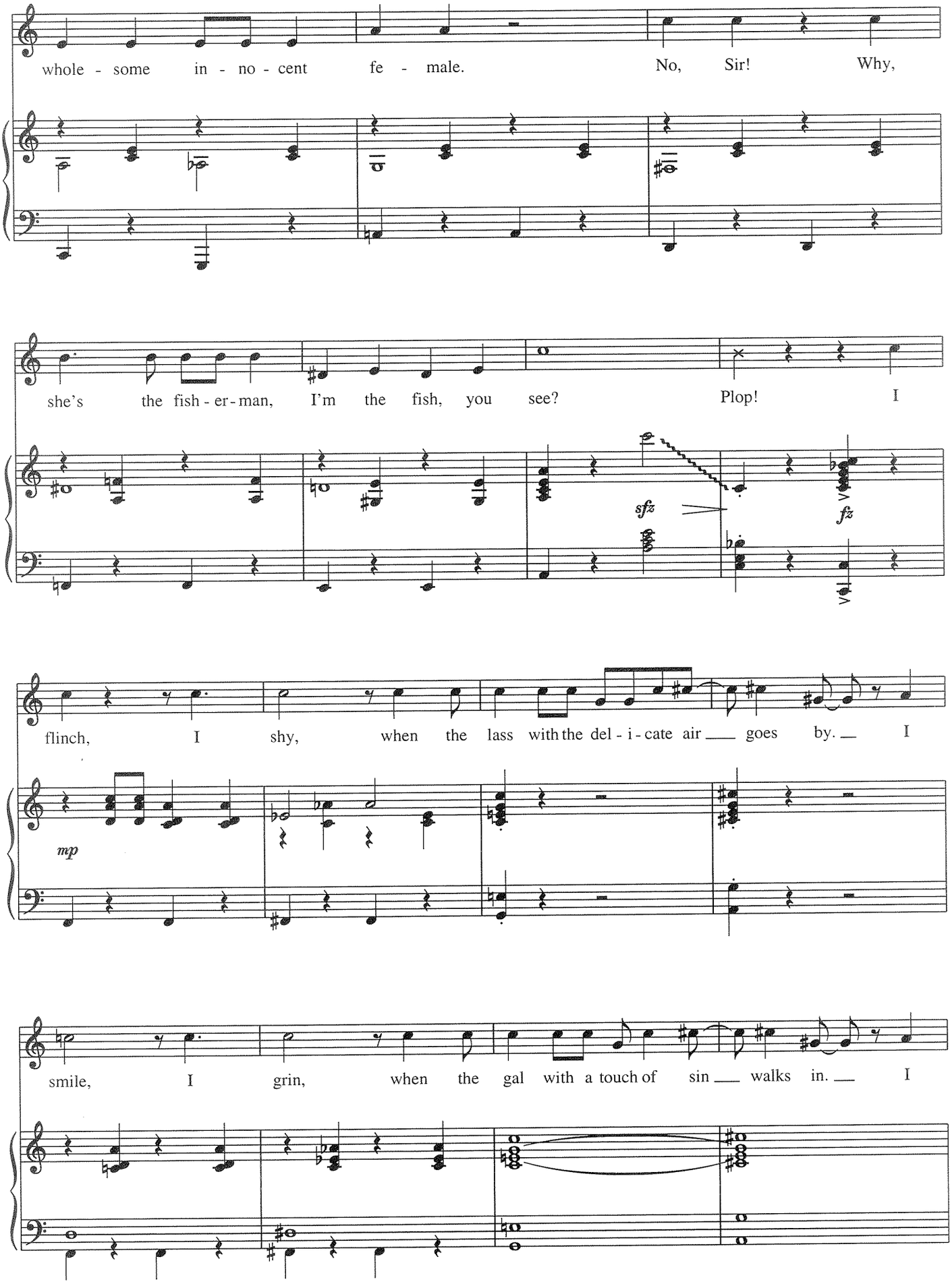
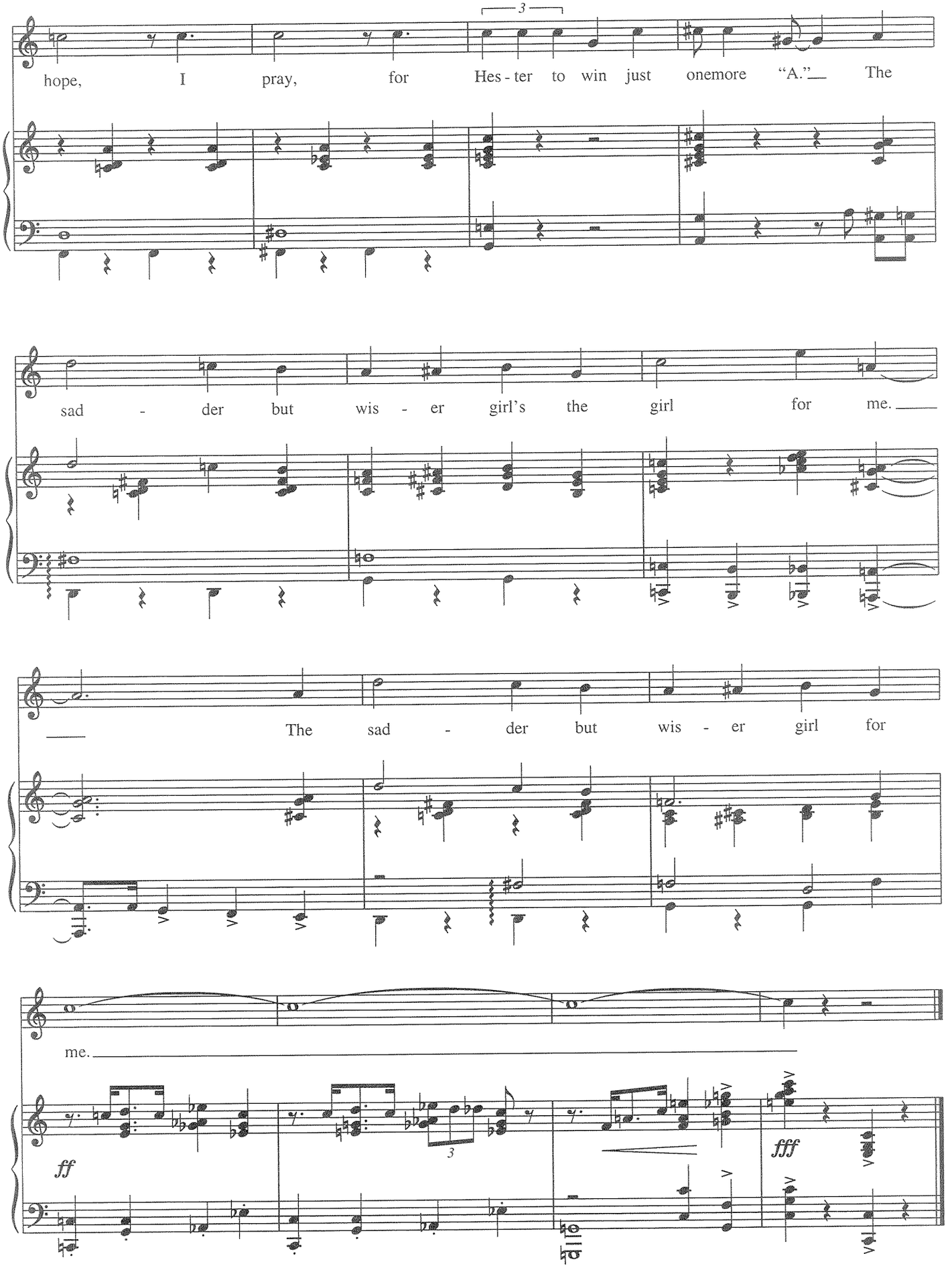

gold - en, glo - ri - ous, gleam - ing, pris - tine god - dess, No, sir! For
no Di - a - na do I play faun. I can tell you that right now. I
snarl, I hiss. How can ig - no-rance be com - pared to bliss? I
spark, I fizz, for the la - dy who knows what time it is. I


cheer, I rave, for the vir - tue I'm too late to save. The
sad - der but wis - er girl for me.
ff
No bright - eyed, blush - ing, breath - less ba - by doll
p


ba - by No, Sir! That kind - a child ties knots no
sail - or ev - er knew. I pre - fer to take a chance on a
more a - dult ro - mance. No dew - y young miss who keeps re - sist - ing
sfz
p
all the time she keeps in - sist - ing. No wide - eyed


whole - some in - no - cent fe - male. No, Sir! Why,
she's the fish - er - man, I'm the fish, you see? Plop! I
sfz
fz
flinch, I shy, when the lass with the del - i - cate air goes by. I
mp
smile, I grin, when the gal with a touch of sin walks in. I

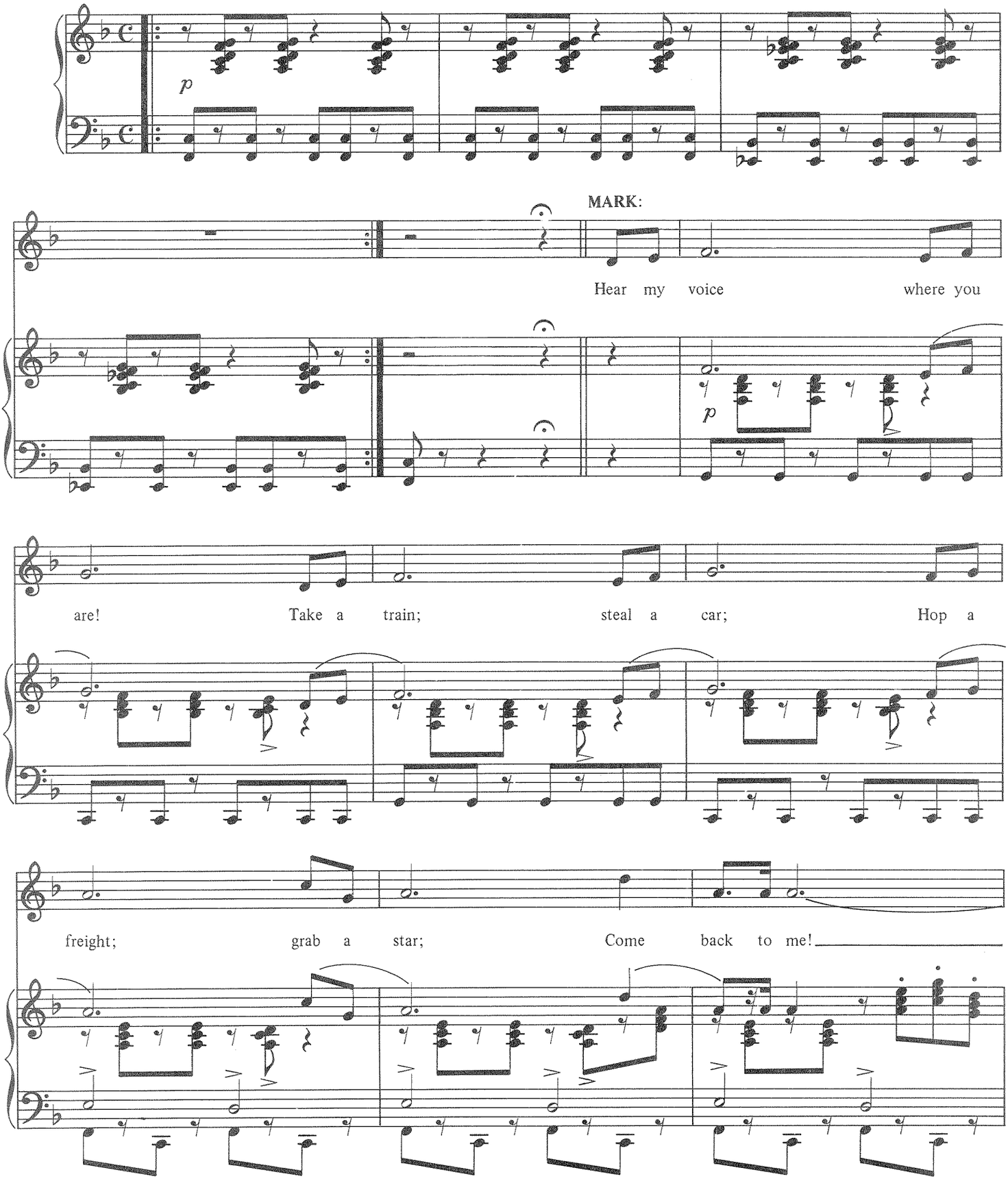

hope, I pray, for Hes - ter to win just onemore "A." The
3
sad - der but wis - er girl's the girl for me.
The sad - der but wis - er girl for
me.
ff
3
fff

COME BACK TO ME

from *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE

Lively - in 4



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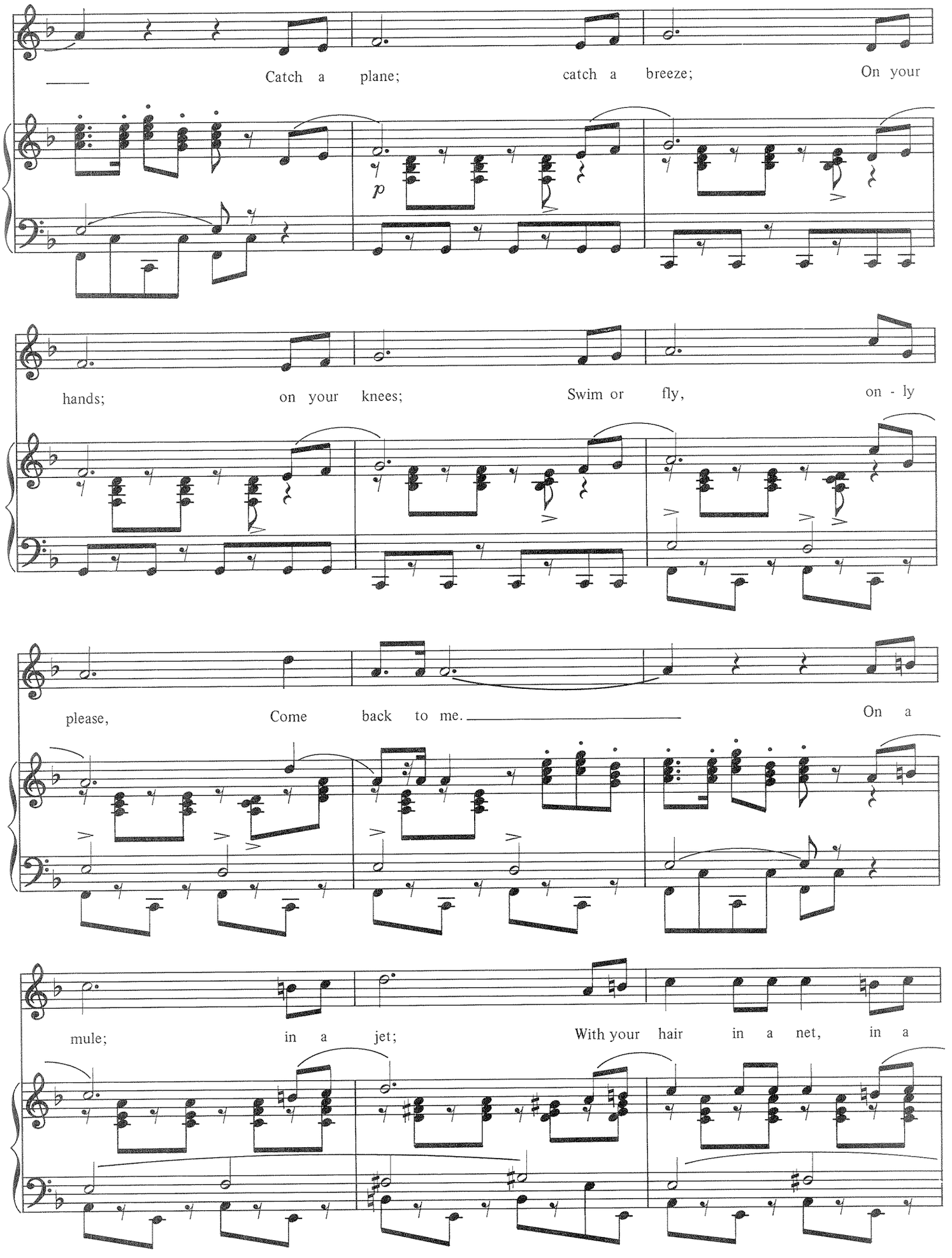
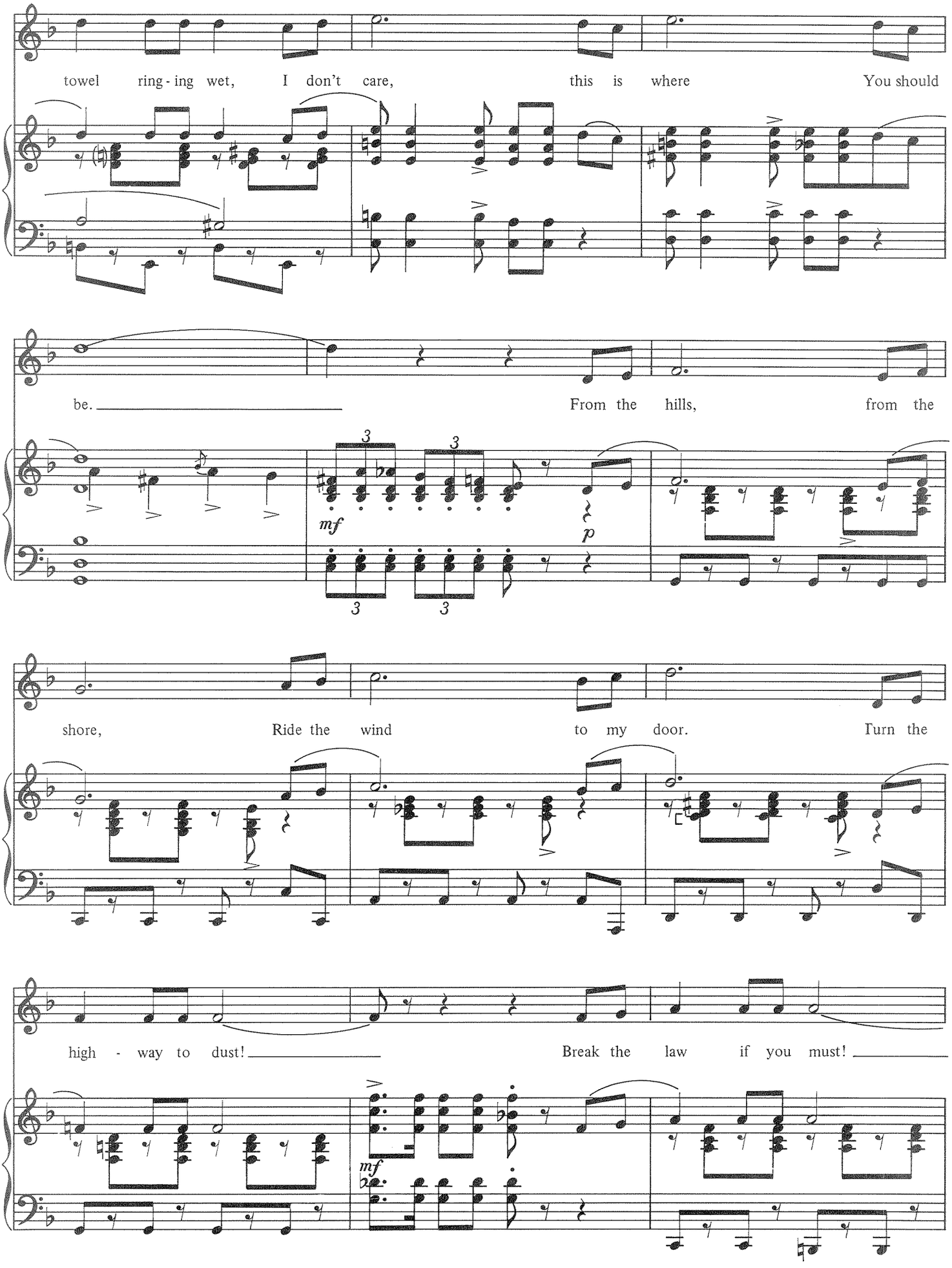
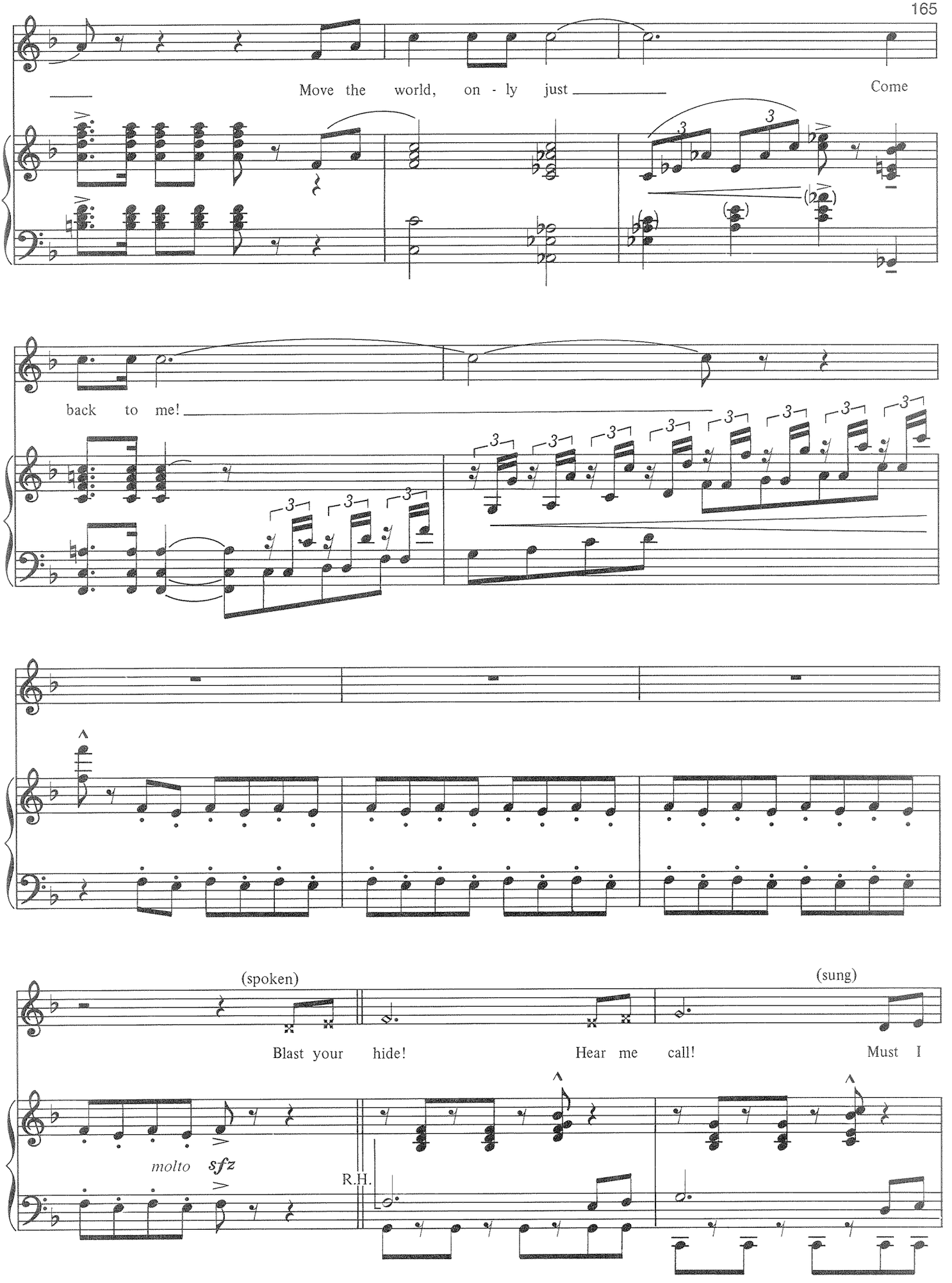
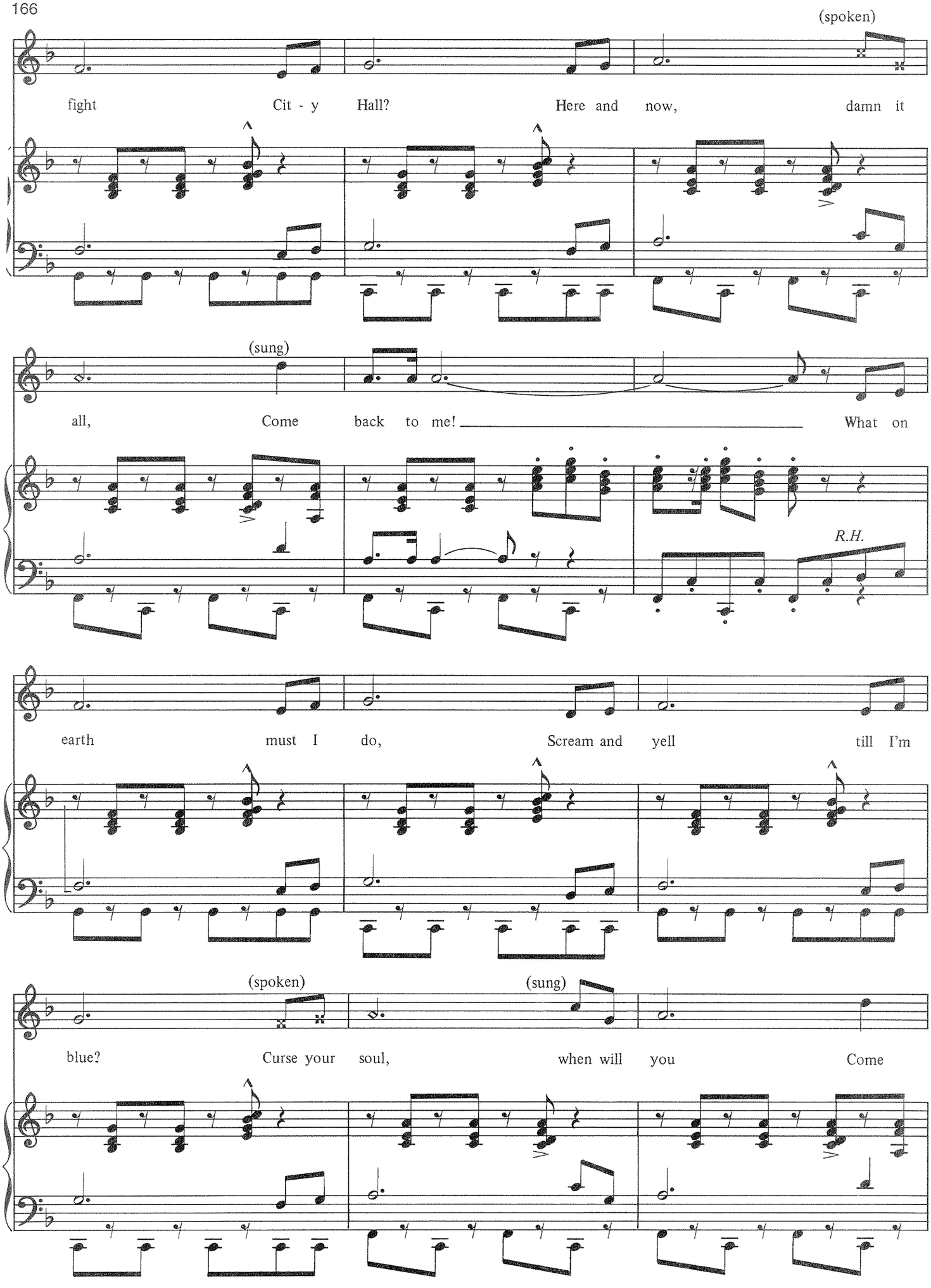
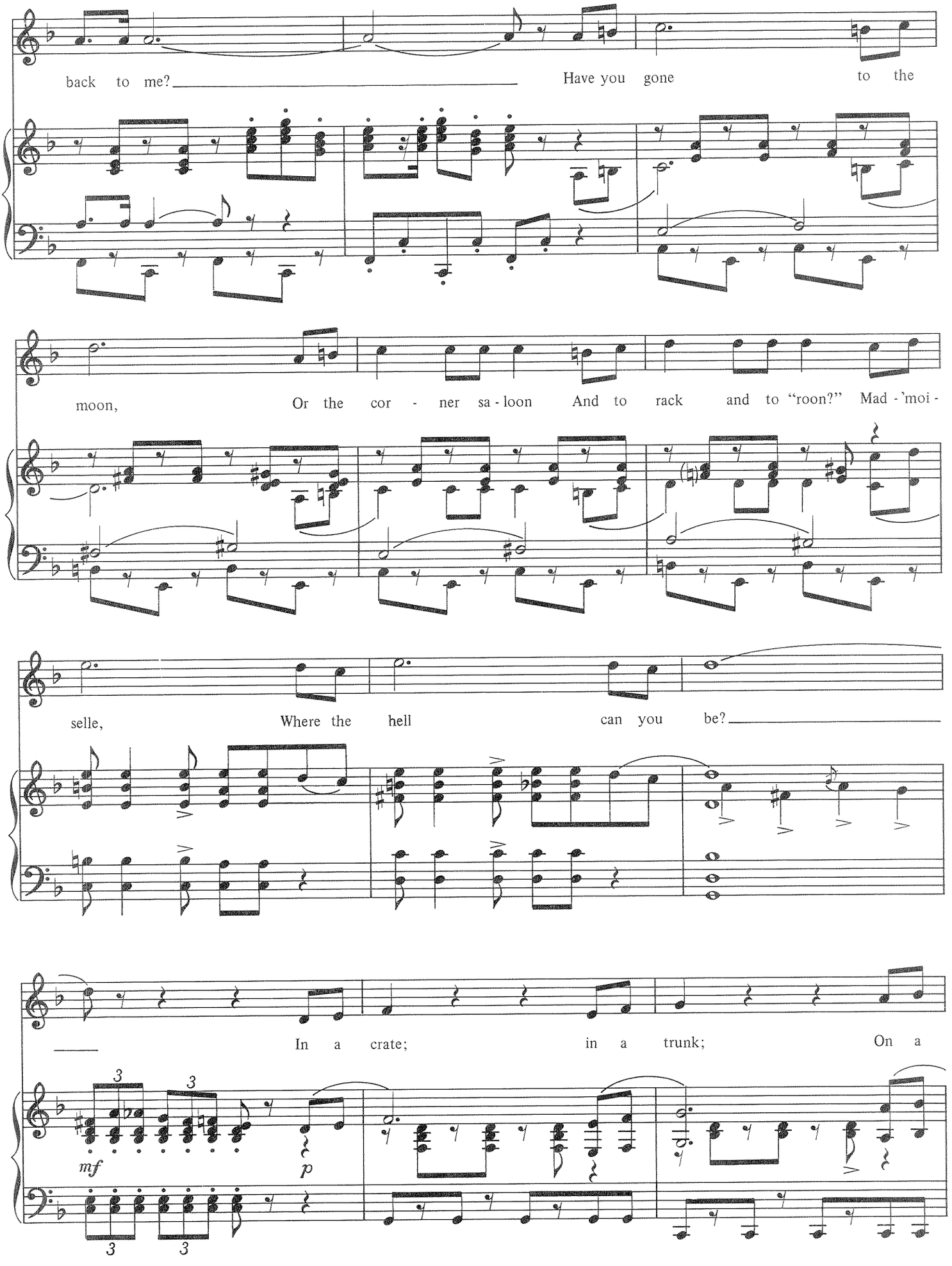
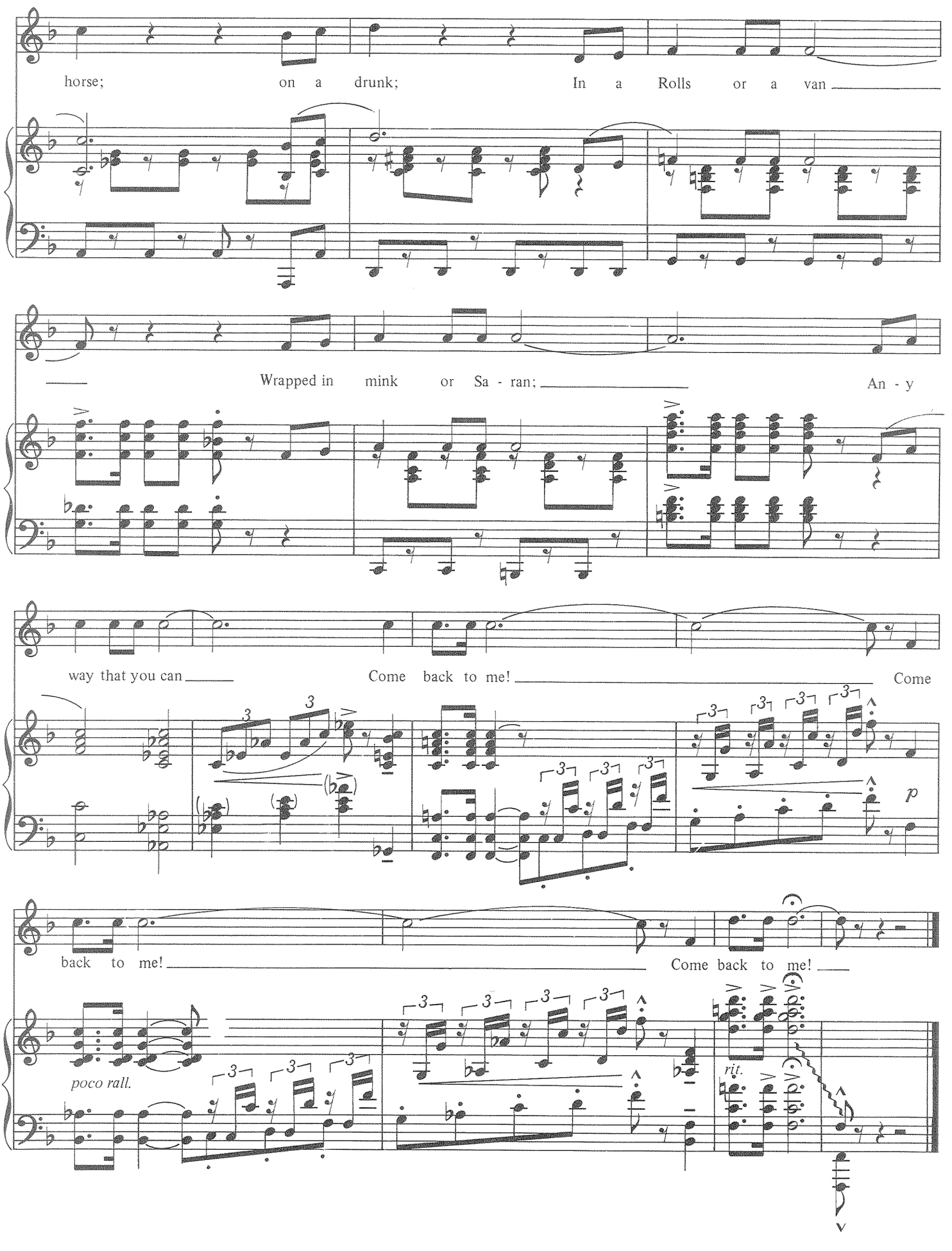

Catch a plane; catch a breeze; On your
p
hands; on your knees; Swim or fly, on - ly
please, Come back to me. On a
mule; in a jet; With your hair in a net, in a


towel ring - ing wet, I don't care, this is where You should
be. From the hills, from the
mf
p
shore, Ride the wind to my door. Turn the
high - way to dust! Break the law if you must!
mf


Move the world, on - ly just
Come
back to me!
(spoken)
(sung)
Blast your hide!
Hear me call!
Must I
molto sfz
R.H.

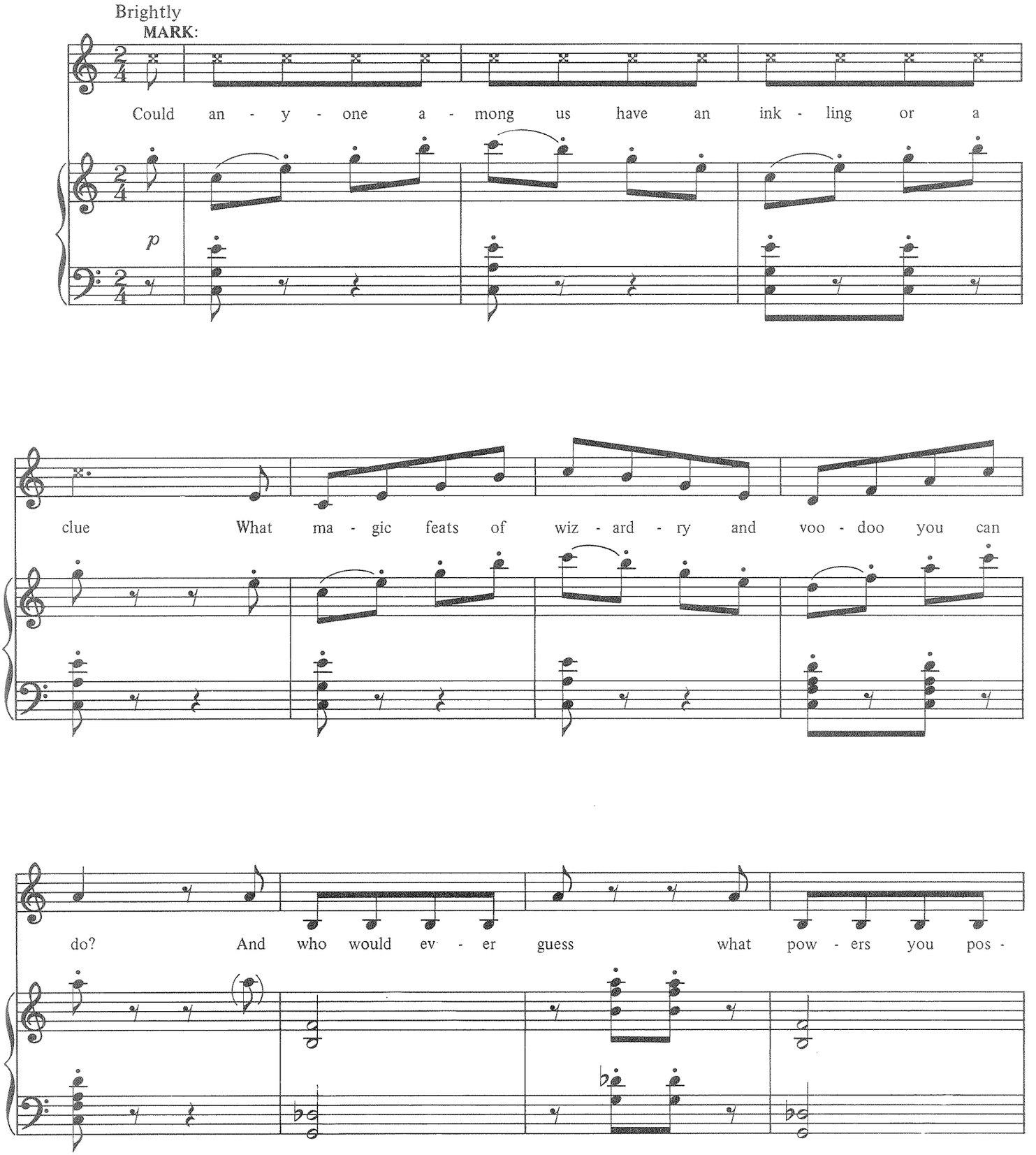

(spoken)
fight Cit - y Hall? Here and now, damn it
(sung)
all, Come back to me! What on
R.H.
earth must I do, Scream and yell till I'm
(spoken)
(sung)
blue? Curse your soul, when will you Come


back to me? Have you gone to the
moon, Or the cor - ner sa - loon And to rack and to "roon?" Mad - 'moi -
selle, Where the hell can you be?
In a crate; in a trunk; On a
mf
p


horse; on a drunk; In a Rolls or a van
Wrapped in mink or Sa - ran; An - y
way that you can Come back to me! Come
p
back to me! Come back to me!
poco rall.
rit.

ON A CLEAR DAY
(You Can See Forever)
from *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE



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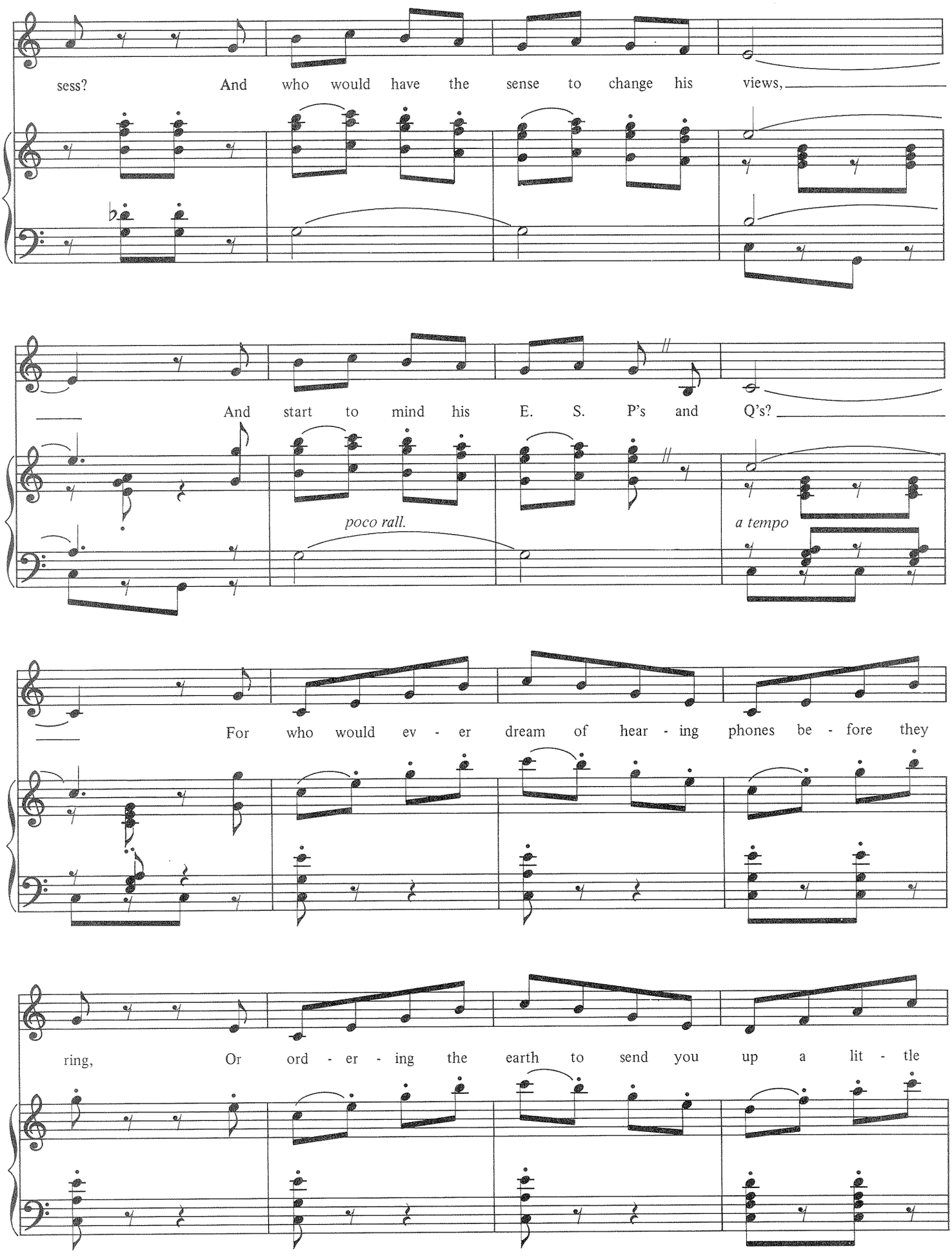
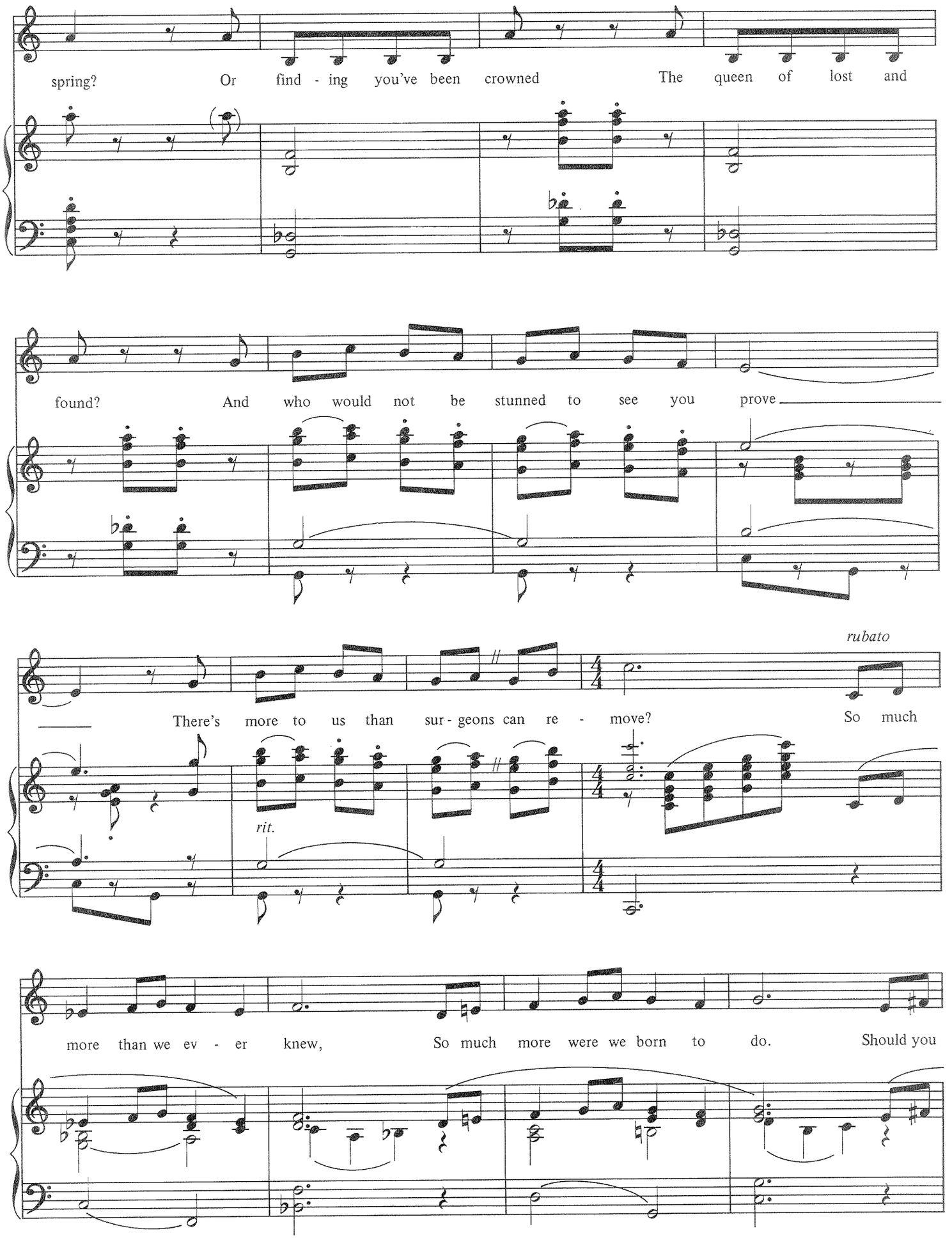
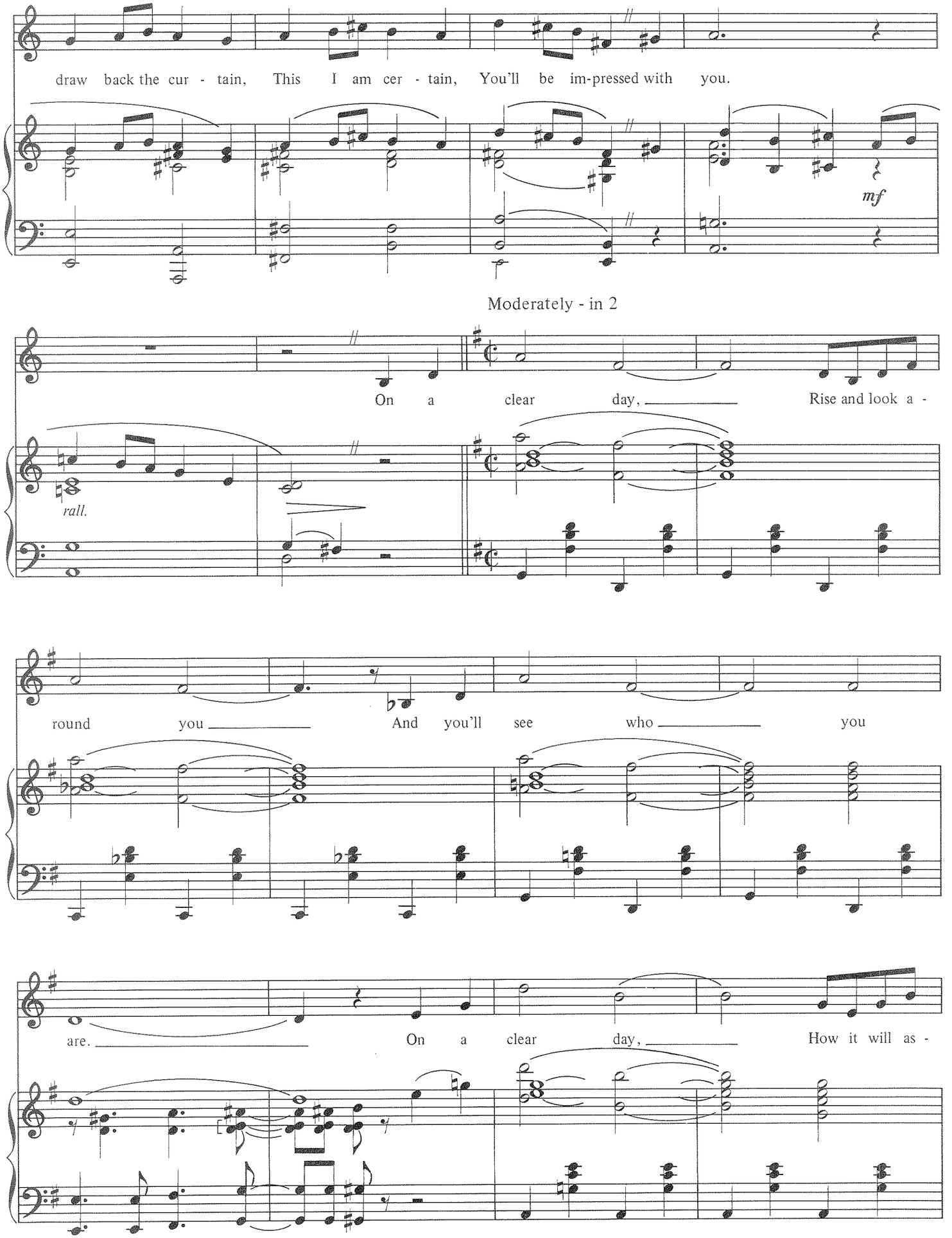
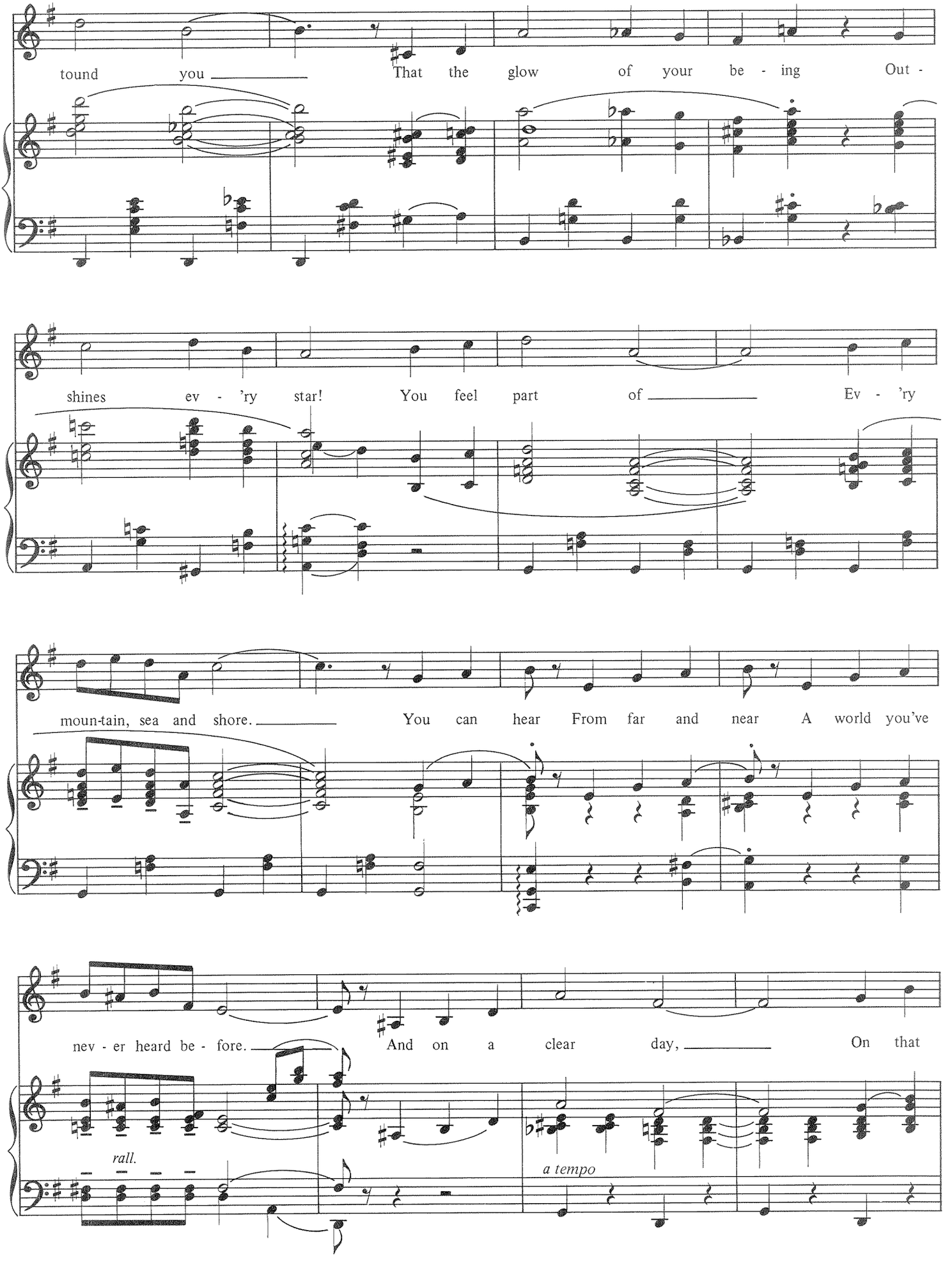
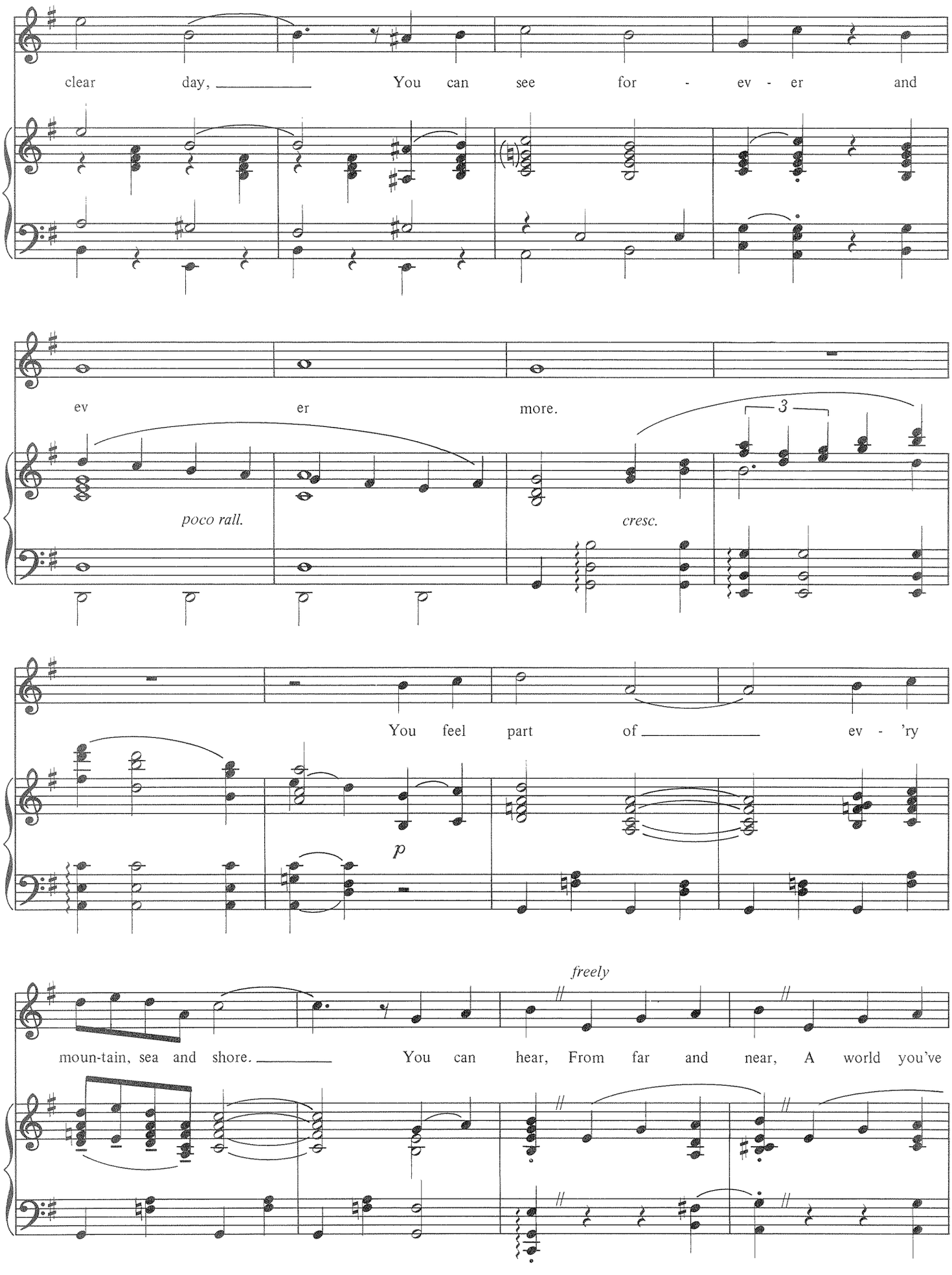

sess? And who would have the sense to change his views,
And start to mind his E. S. P's and Q's?
poco rall.
a tempo
For who would ev - er dream of hear - ing phones be - fore they
ring, Or ord - er - ing the earth to send you up a lit - tle


spring? Or find - ing you've been crowned The queen of lost and
found? And who would not be stunned to see you prove
rubato
There's more to us than sur - geons can re - move? So much
rit.
more than we ev - er knew, So much more were we born to do. Should you


draw back the cur - tain, This I am cer - tain, You'll be im-pressed with you.
mf
Moderately - in 2
On a clear day, Rise and look a -
rall.
round you And you'll see who you
are. On a clear day, How it will as -


tound you That the glow of your be - ing Out -
shines ev - 'ry star! You feel part of Ev - 'ry
moun-tain, sea and shore. You can hear From far and near A world you've
nev - er heard be - fore. And on a clear day, On that
rall.
a tempo


clear day, You can see for - ev - er and
ev er more.
poco rall.
cresc.
3
You feel part of ev - 'ry
p
freely
moun-tain, sea and shore. You can hear, From far and near, A world you've

In tempo

nev - er heard be - fore. And on a clear day, On that

rall.

clear day, You can see for - ev - er and

cresc.

ev - er and ev - er and ev - er

rall.

more.

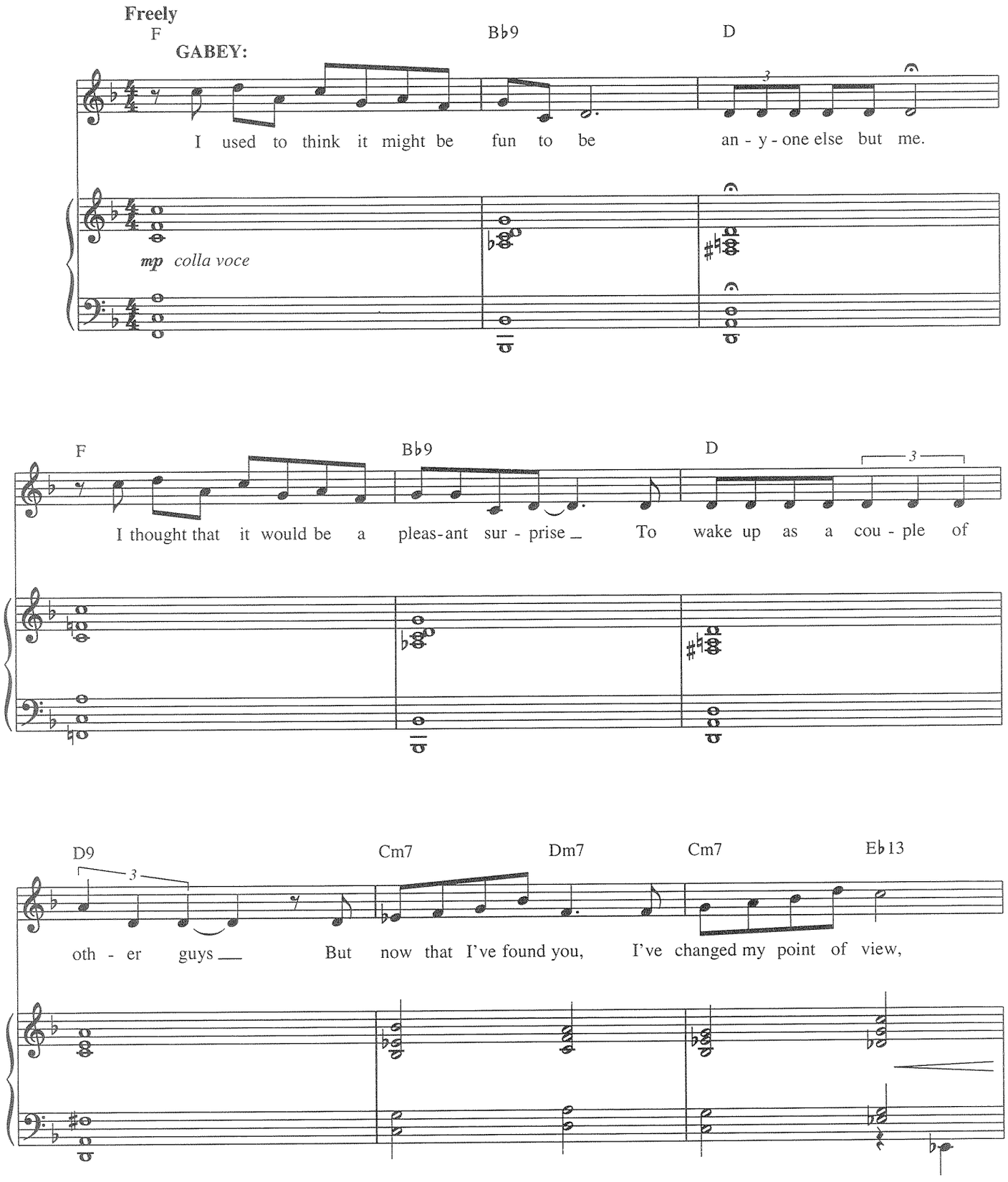
Faster

3

LUCKY TO BE ME

from *On the Town*

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN



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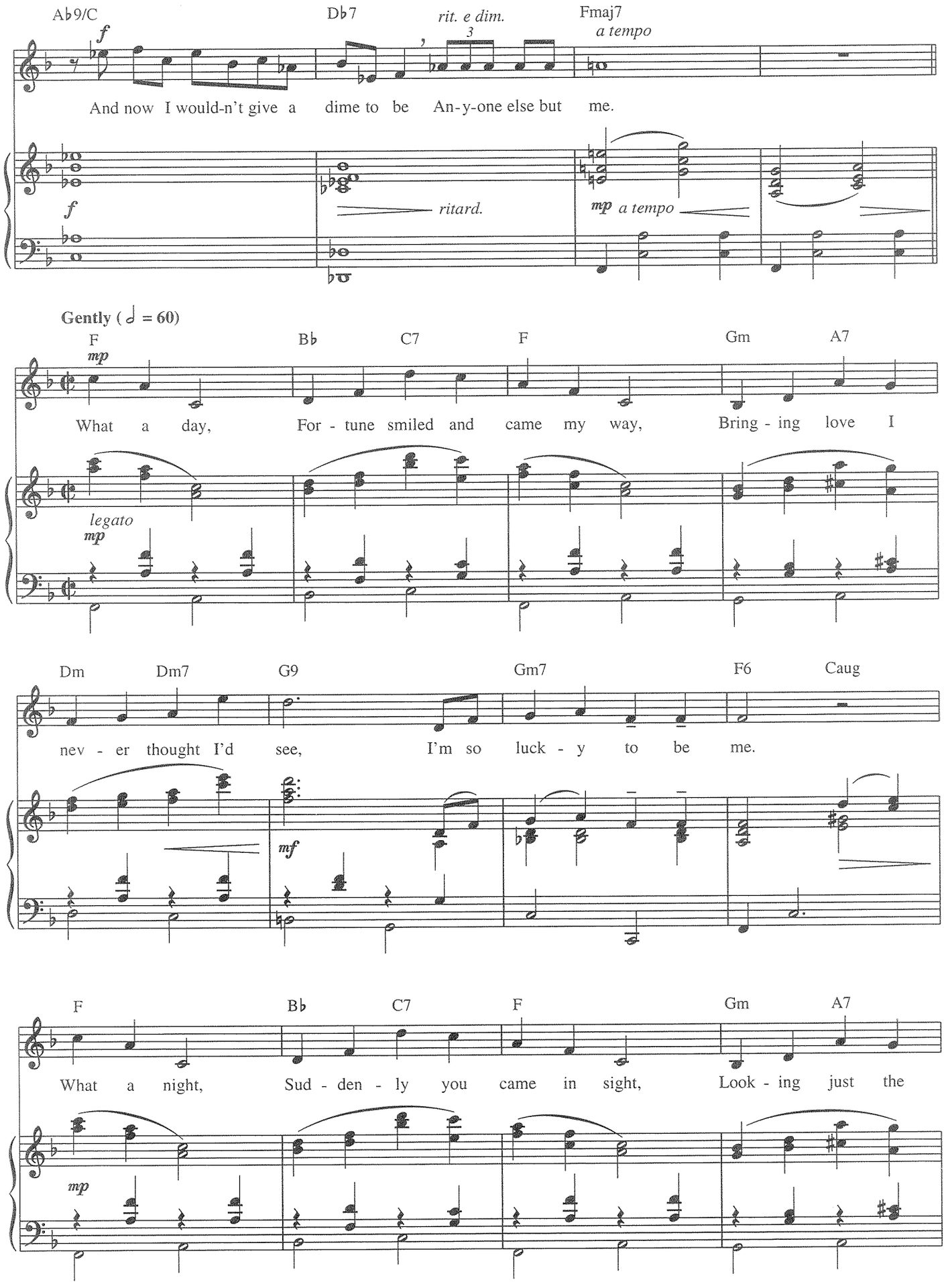
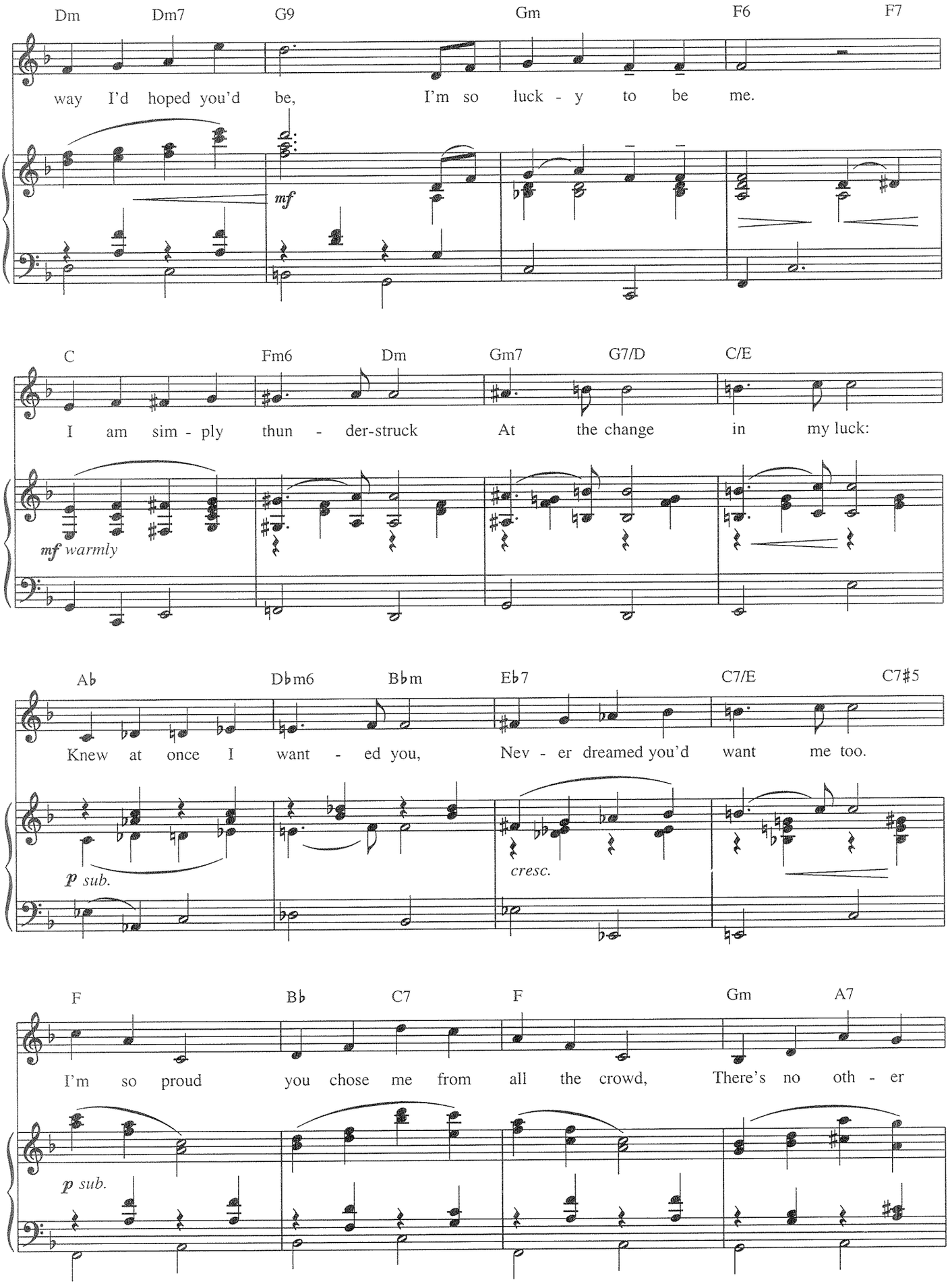
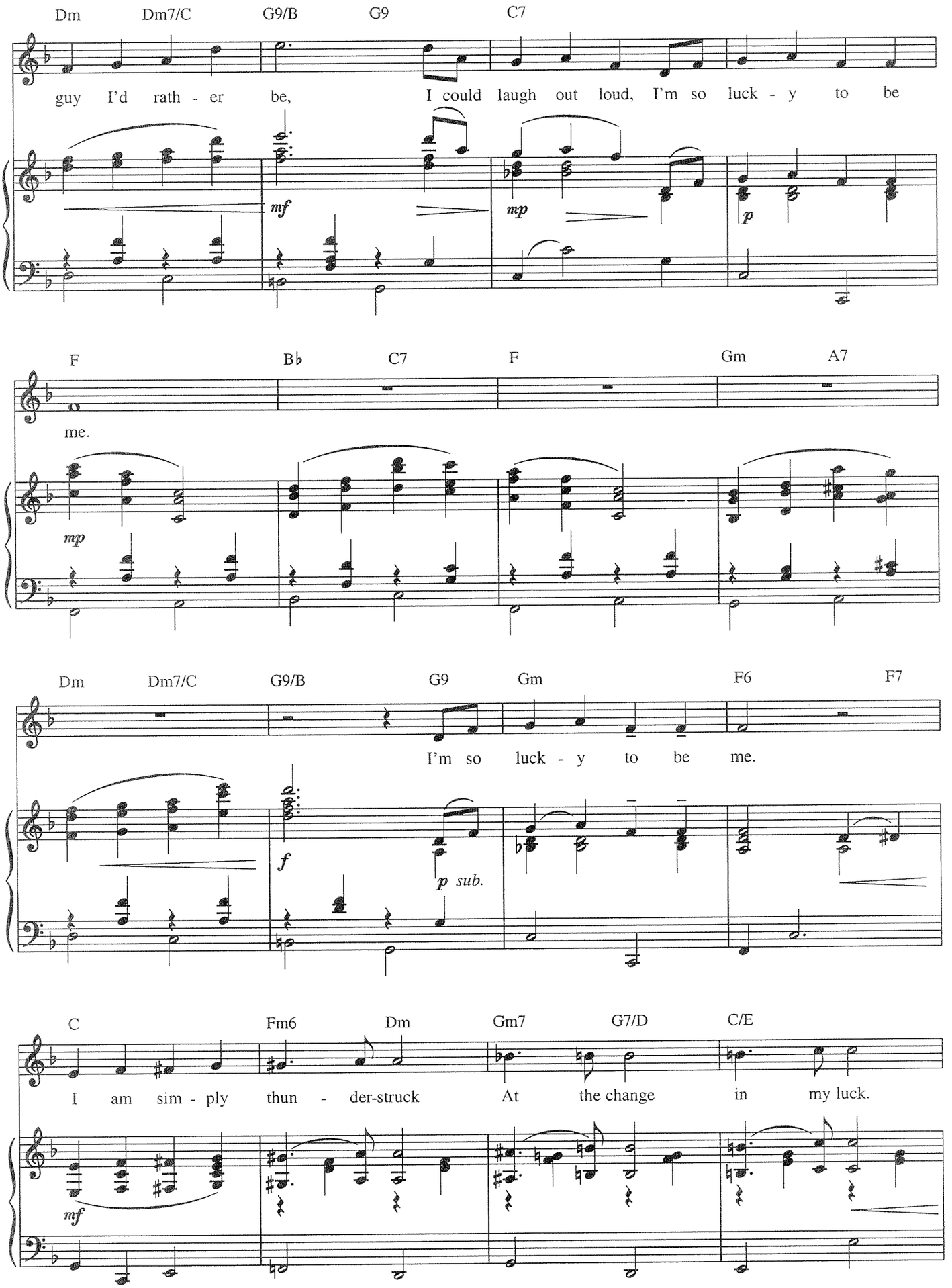
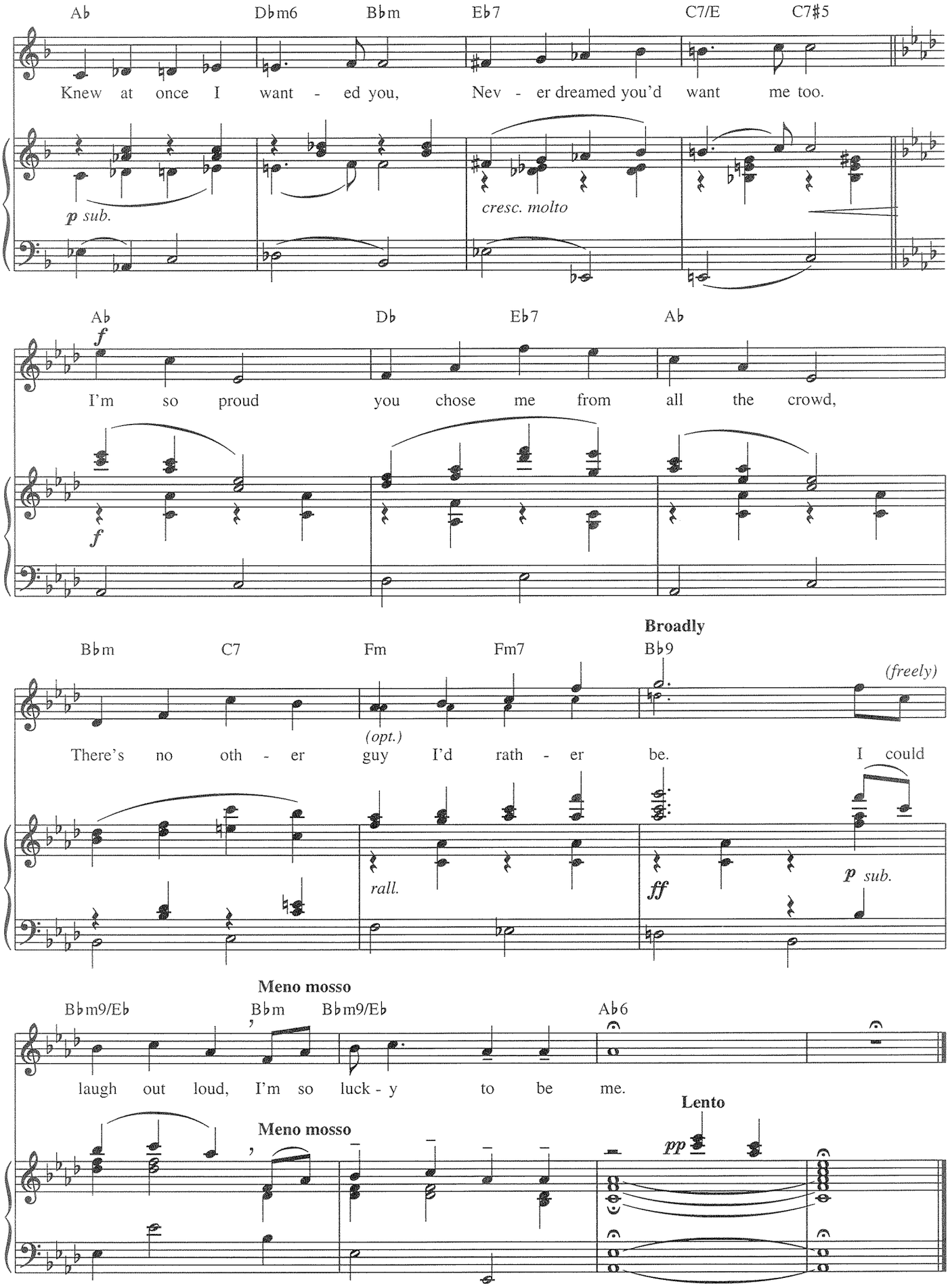

Ab9/C
Db7
rit. e dim.
Fmaj7
a tempo
f
And now I would-n't give a dime to be An-y-one else but me.
f
ritard.
mp a tempo
Gently (♩ = 60)
F
Bb
C7
F
Gm
A7
mp
What a day, For - tune smiled and came my way, Bring - ing love I
legato
mp
Dm
Dm7
G9
Gm7
F6
Caug
nev - er thought I'd see, I'm so luck - y to be me.
mf
F
Bb
C7
F
Gm
A7
What a night, Sud - den - ly you came in sight, Look - ing just the
mp


Dm Dm7 G9 Gm F6 F7
way I'd hoped you'd be, I'm so luck - y to be me.
mf
C Fm6 Dm Gm7 G7/D C/E
I am sim - ply thun - der-struck At the change in my luck:
mf warmly
Ab Dbm6 Bbm Eb7 C7/E C7#5
Knew at once I want - ed you, Nev - er dreamed you'd want me too.
p sub.
cresc.
F Bb C7 F Gm A7
I'm so proud you chose me from all the crowd, There's no oth - er
p sub.


Dm Dm7/C G9/B G9 C7
guy I'd rath - er be, I could laugh out loud, I'm so luck - y to be
mf
mp
p
F B♭ C7 F Gm A7
me.
mp
Dm Dm7/C G9/B G9 Gm F6 F7
I'm so luck - y to be me.
f
p sub.
C Fm6 Dm Gm7 G7/D C/E
I am sim - ply thun - der-struck At the change in my luck.
mf

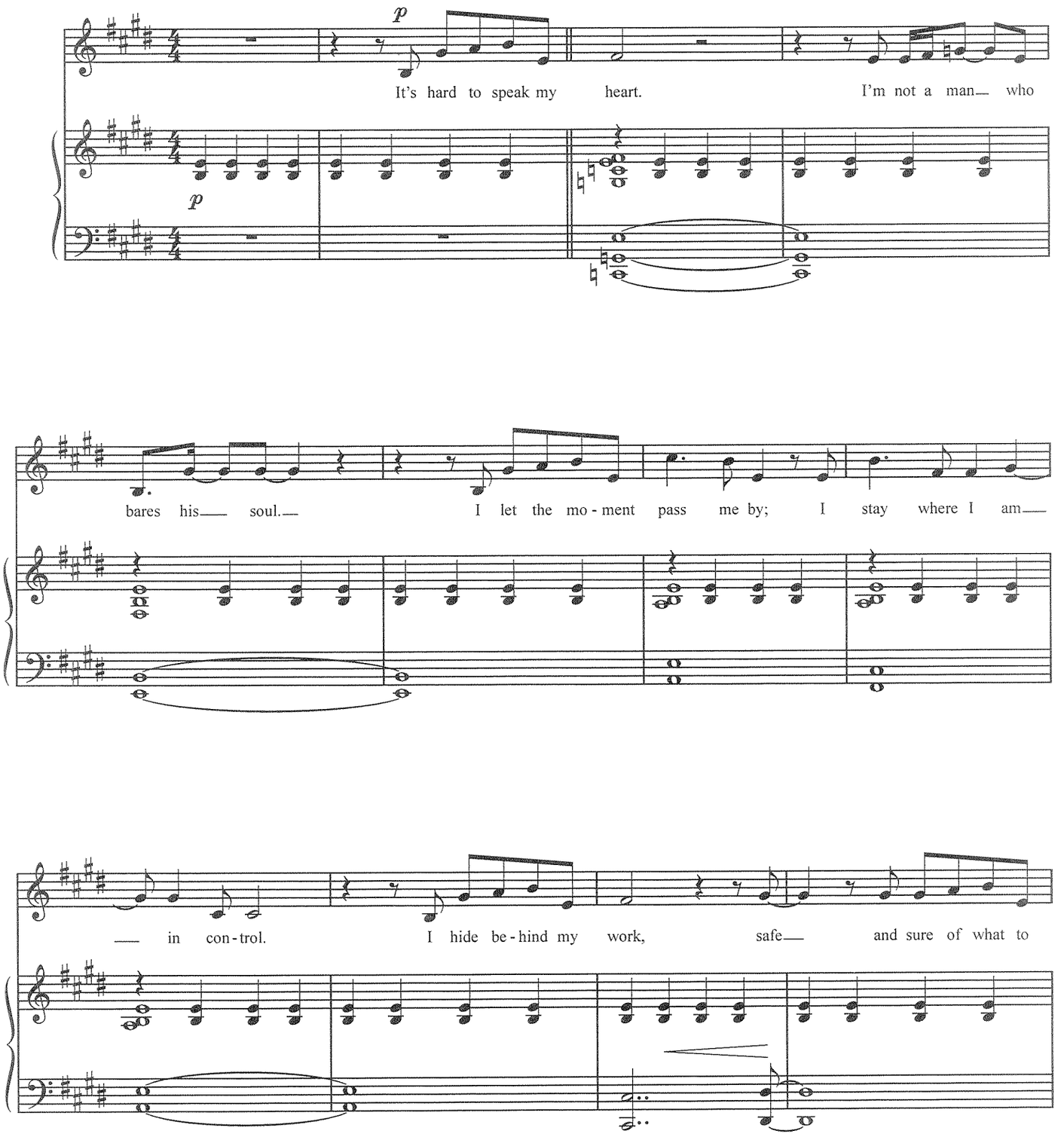

Ab
Dbm6
Bbm
Eb7
C7/E
C7#5
Knew at once I want - ed you,
Nev - er dreamed you'd want me too.
p sub.
cresc. molto
Ab
Db
Eb7
Ab
f
I'm so proud you chose me from all the crowd,
Broadly
Bbm
C7
Fm
Fm7
Bb9
(freely)
(opt.)
There's no oth - er guy I'd rath - er be. I could
rall.
ff
p sub.
Meno mosso
Bbm9/Eb
Bbm
Bbm9/Eb
Ab6
laugh out loud, I'm so luck - y to be me.
Meno mosso
Lento
pp

IT'S HARD TO SPEAK MY HEART

from *Parade*

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

With a sense of stillness (♩ = 69)



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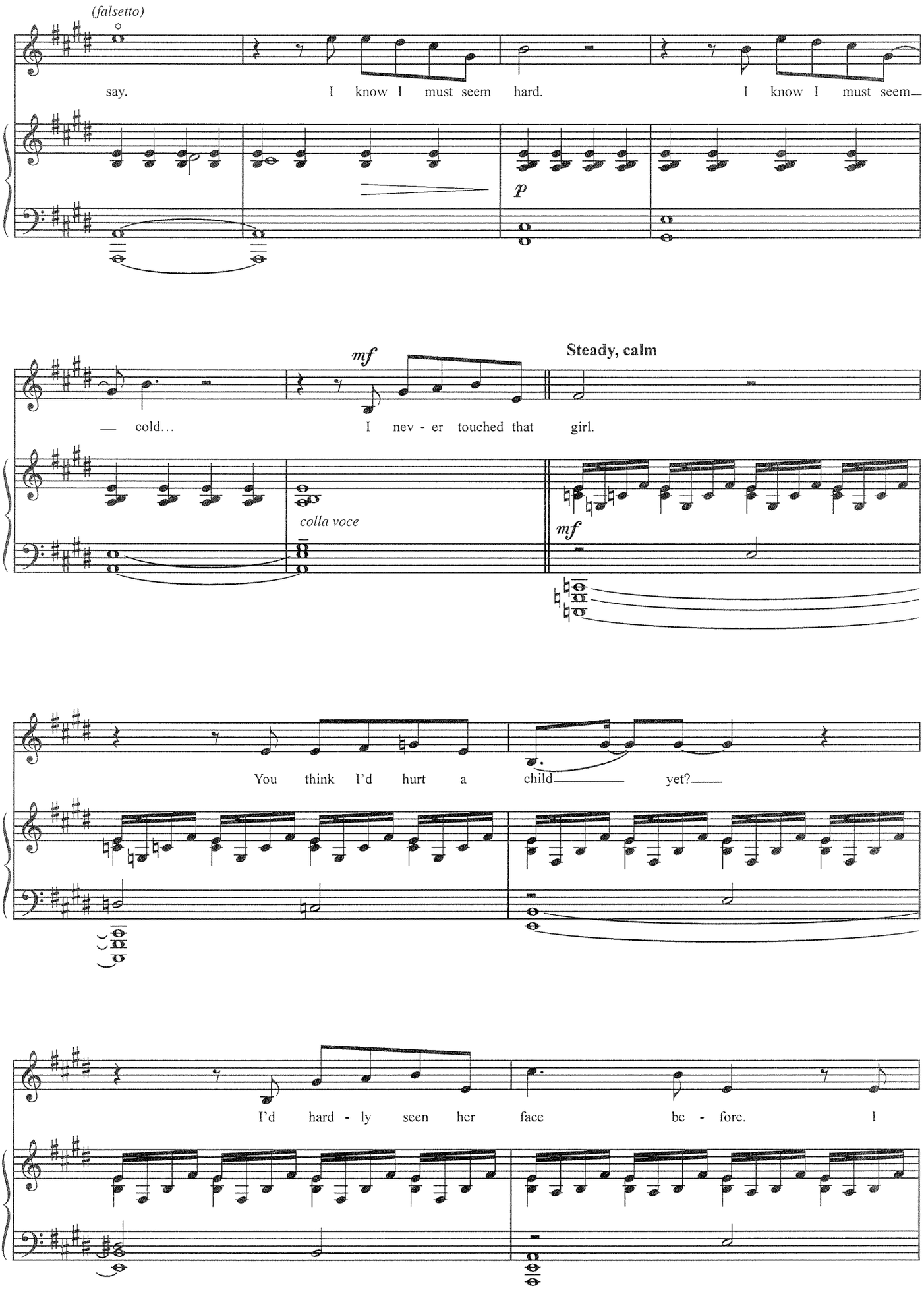
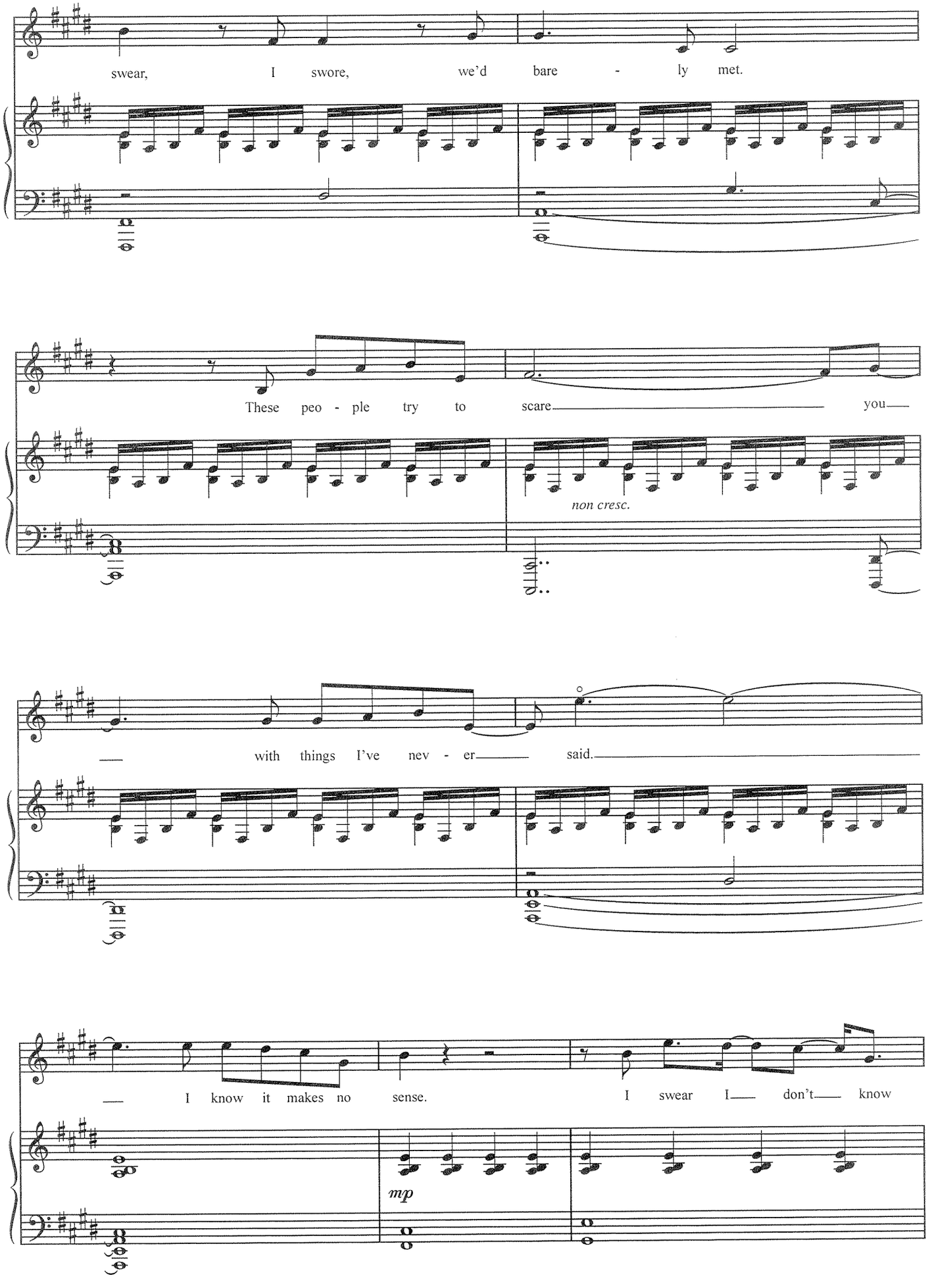

(falsetto)
say.
I know I must seem hard.
I know I must seem—
p
mf
Steady, calm
— cold...
I nev - er touched that girl.
colla voce
mf
You think I'd hurt a child— yet?—
I'd hard - ly seen her face be - fore. I


swear, I swore, we'd bare - ly met.
These peo - ple try to scare you
non cresc.
with things I've nev - er said.
I know it makes no sense. I swear I don't know
mp

Intensely

strongly

why… You see me as I am, You can't be - lieve I'd

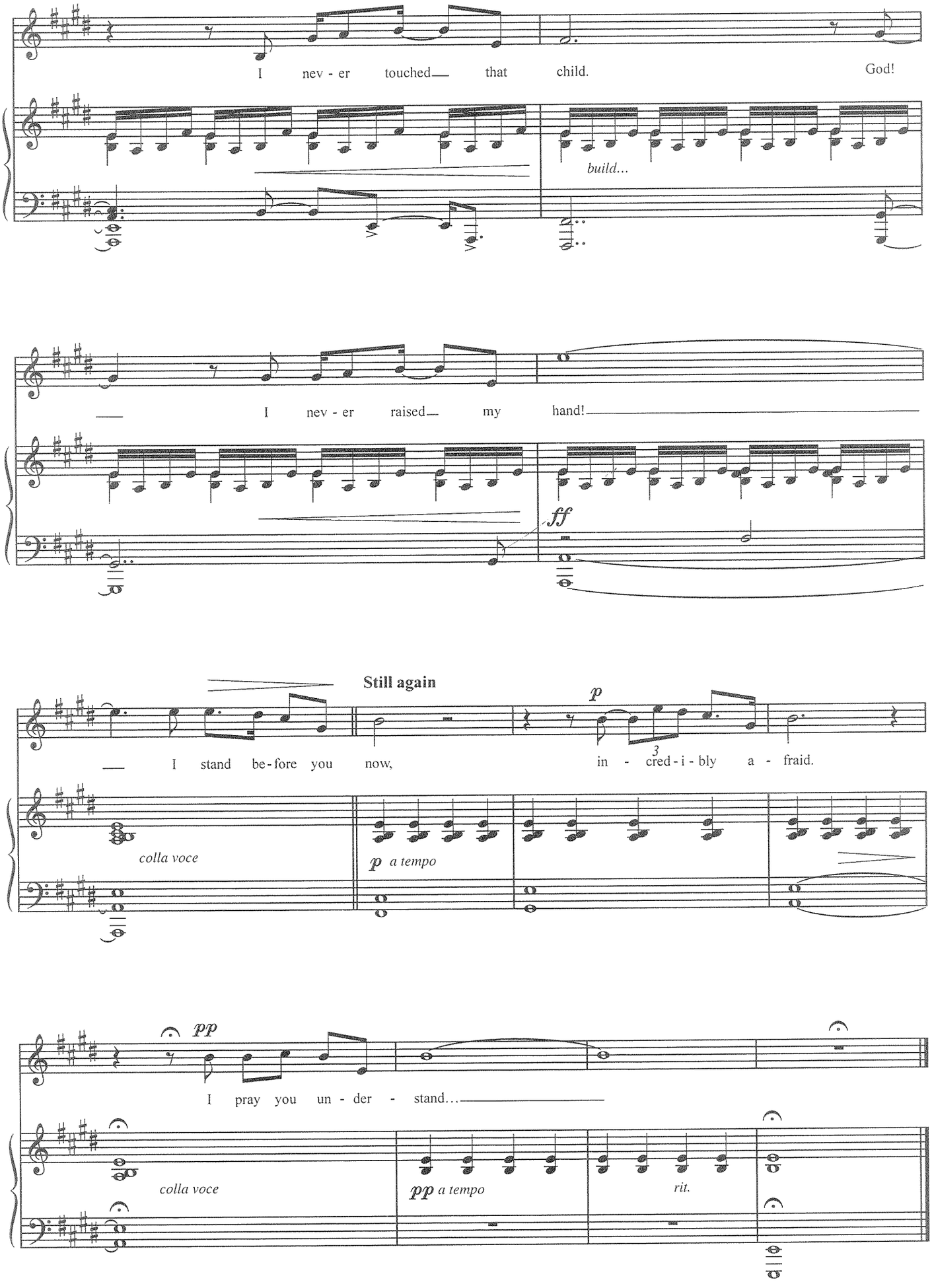
f

lie. You can't be - lieve I'd do these deeds,

a lit - tle man who's scared and blind, too

mf

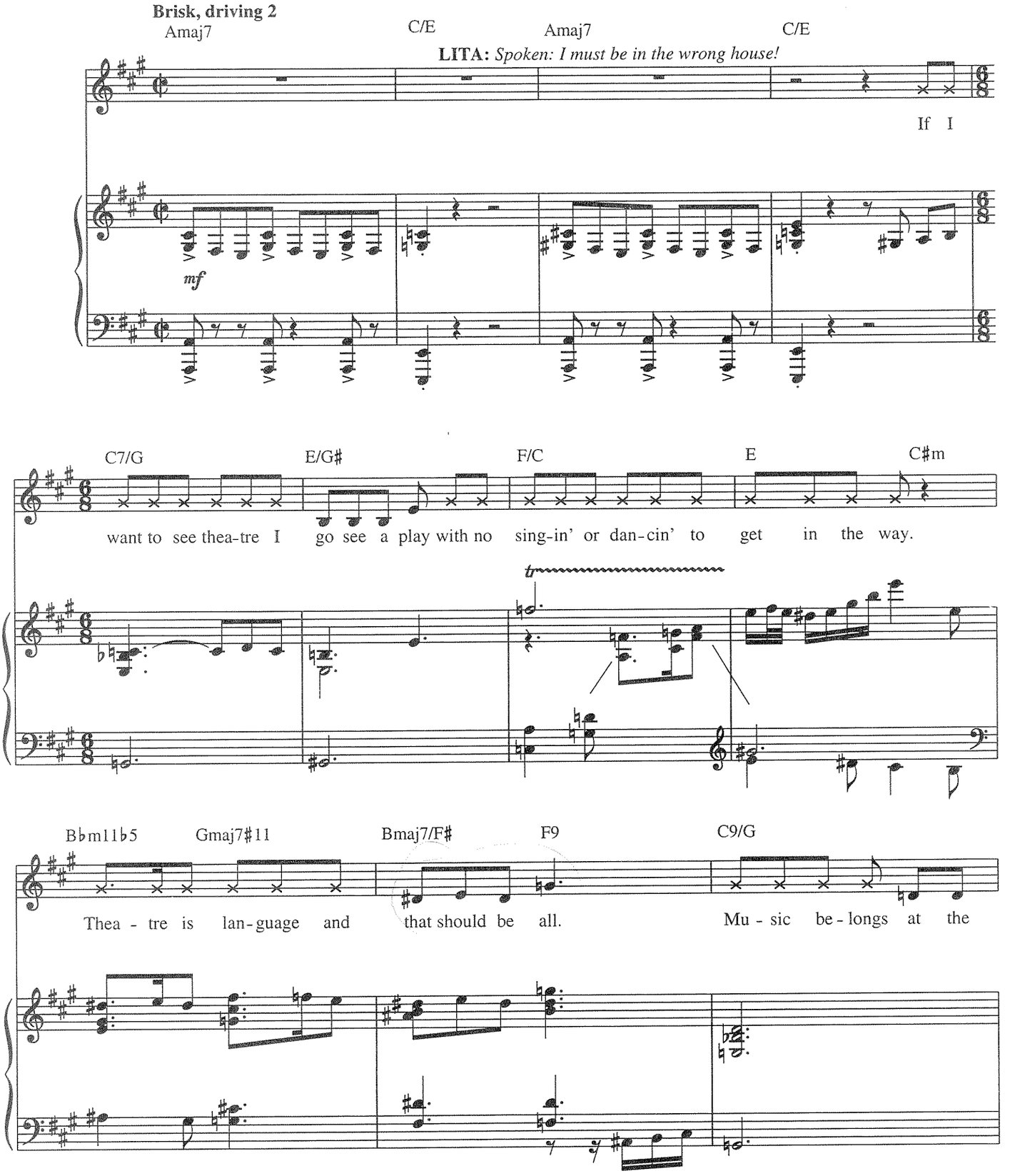
lost to find the words he needs.


I nev - er touched that child. God!
build...
I nev - er raised my hand!
ff
Still again
p
I stand be-fore you now, in - cred-i-bly a - fraid.
3
colla voce
p a tempo
pp
I pray you un - der - stand...
colla voce
pp a tempo
rit.

I HATE MUSICALS

from *Ruthless*

Lyric by JOEL PALEY
Music by MARVIN LAIRD



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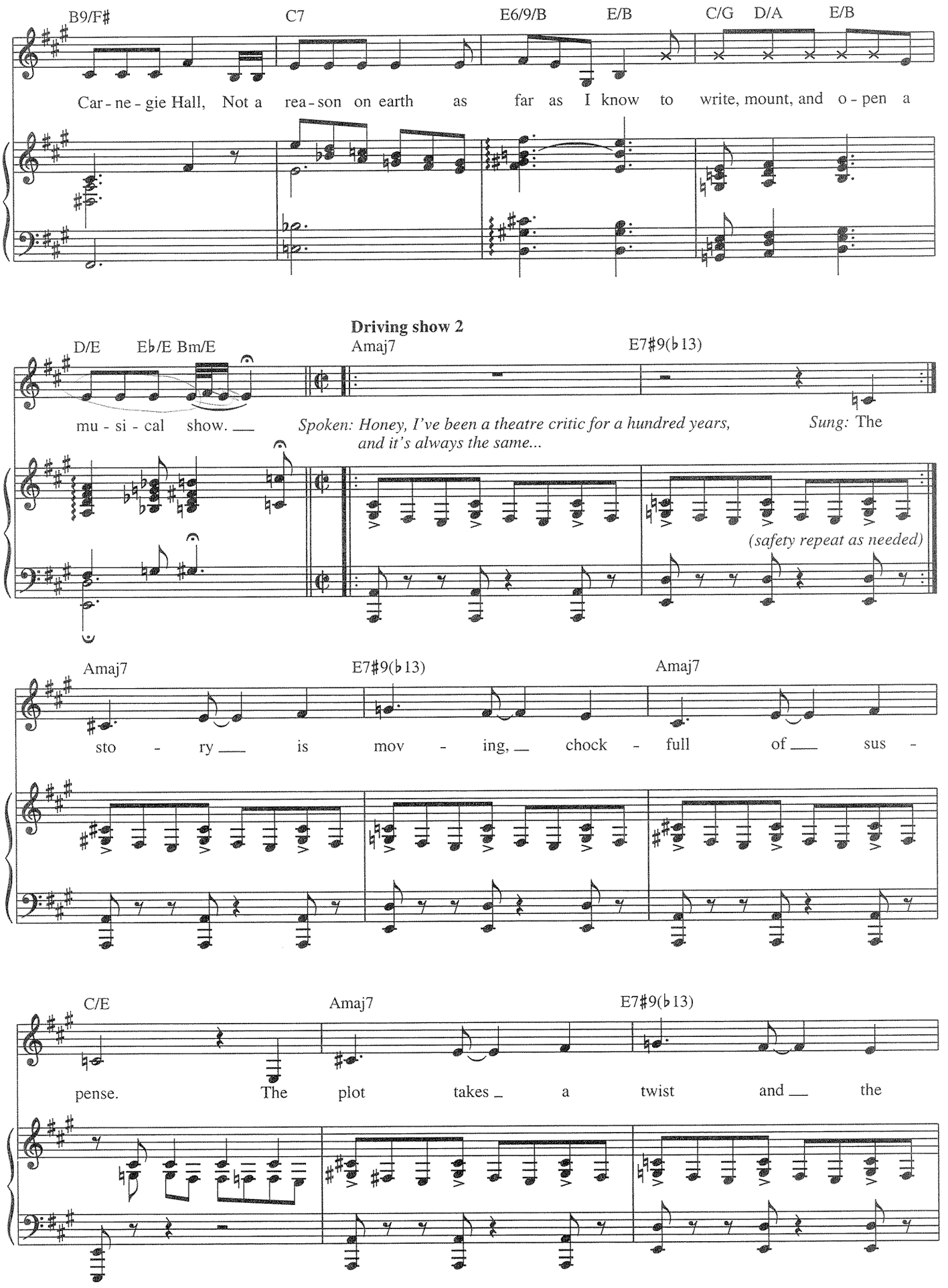
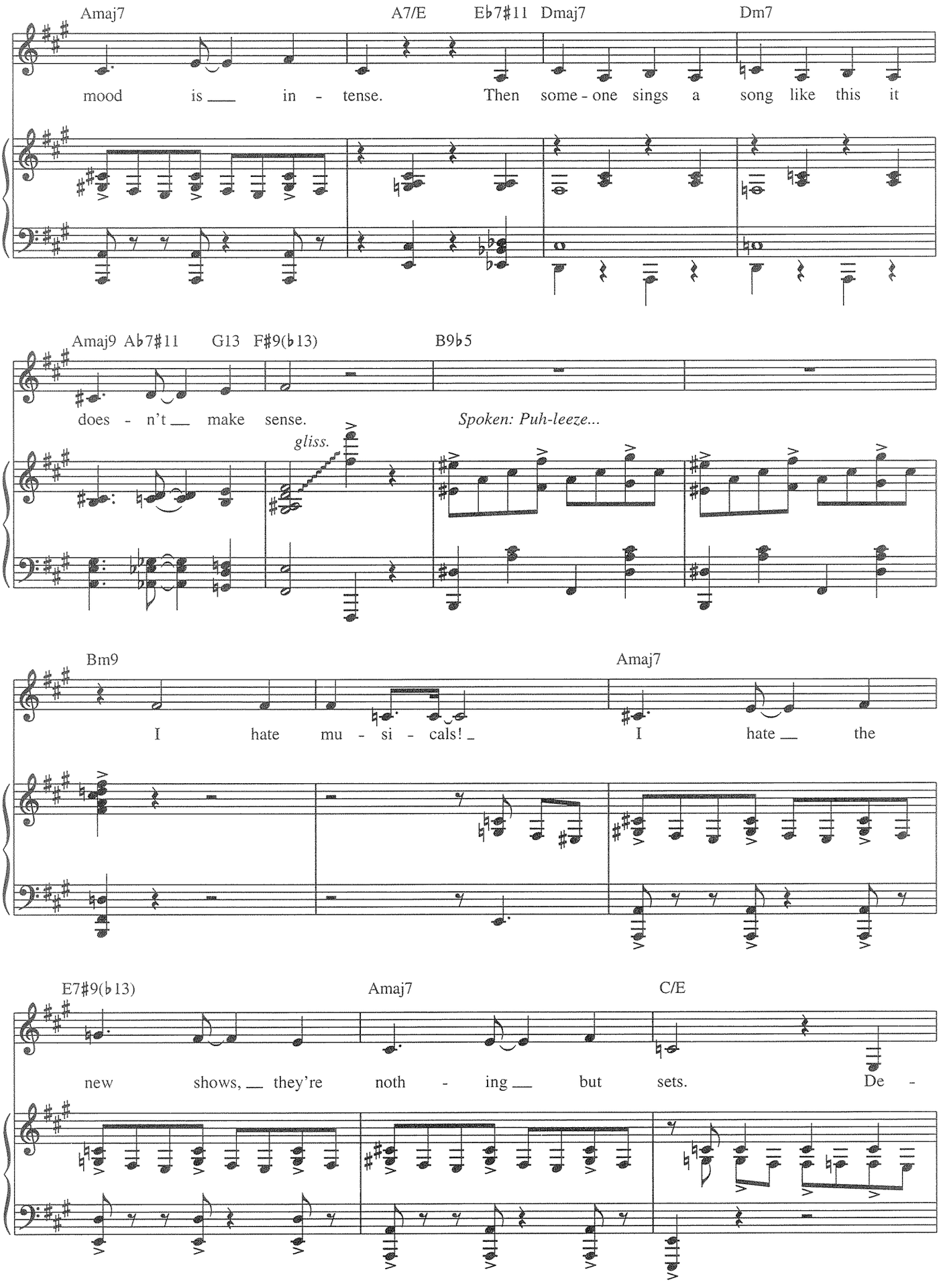
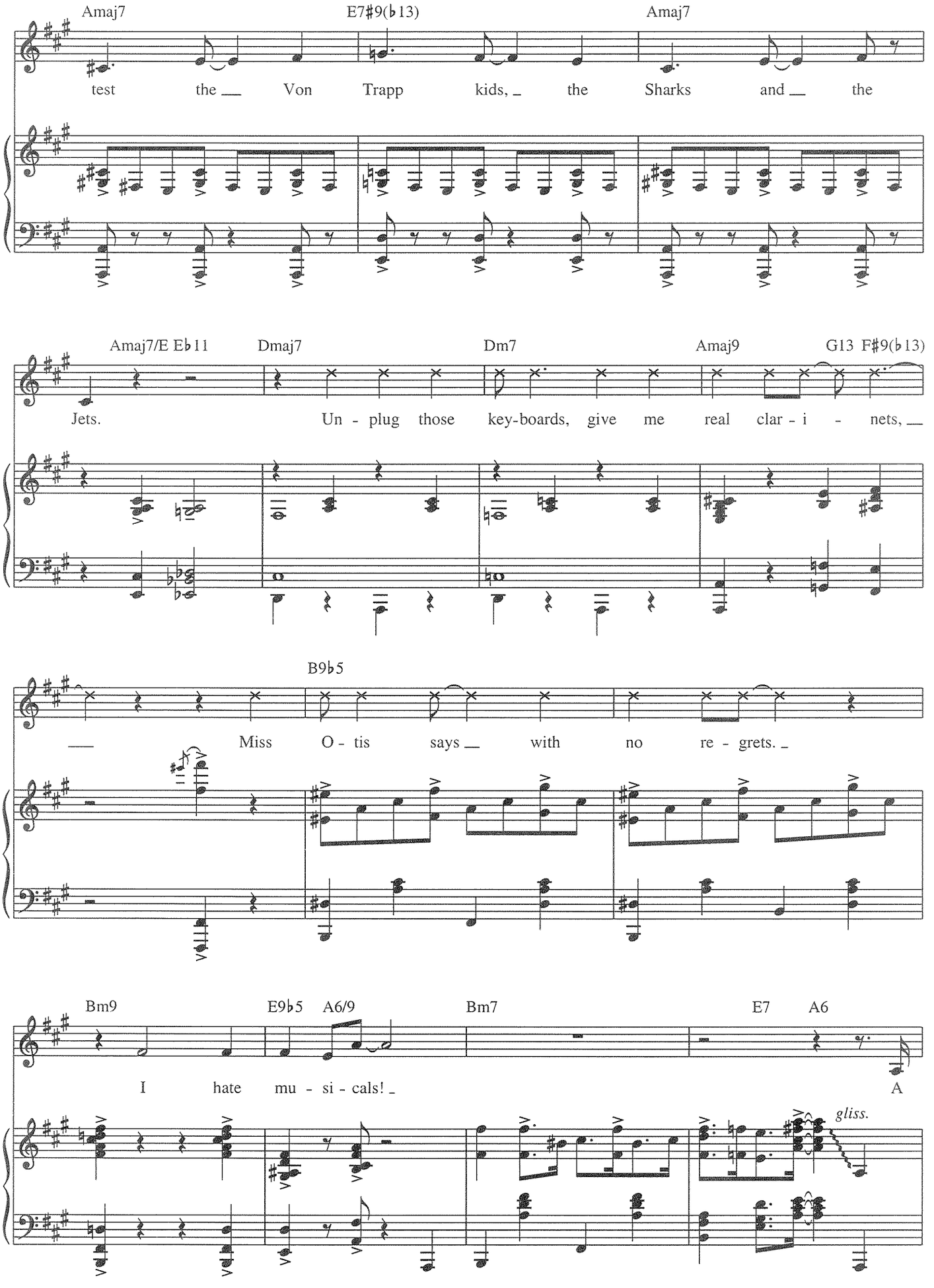

B9/F#
C7
E6/9/B
E/B
C/G
D/A
E/B
Car - ne - gie Hall, Not a rea - son on earth as far as I know to write, mount, and o - pen a
Driving show 2
D/E
Eb/E
Bm/E
Amaj7
E7#9(b13)
mu - si - cal show.
Spoken: Honey, I've been a theatre critic for a hundred years, and it's always the same...
Sung: The
(safety repeat as needed)
Amaj7
E7#9(b13)
Amaj7
sto - ry is mov - ing, chock - full of sus -
C/E
Amaj7
E7#9(b13)
pense. The plot takes a twist and the


Amaj7
A7/E
E♭7♯11
Dmaj7
Dm7
mood is ___ in - tense. Then some - one sings a song like this it
Amaj9
A♭7♯11
G13
F♯9(♭13)
B9♭5
does - n't ___ make sense.
gliss.
Spoken: Puh-leeze...
Bm9
Amaj7
I hate mu - si - cals! _ I hate ___ the
E7♯9(♭13)
Amaj7
C/E
new shows, ___ they're noth - ing ___ but sets. De -


Amaj7
E7♯9(♭13)
Amaj7
test the Von Trapp kids, the Sharks and the
Amaj7/E E♭11
Dmaj7
Dm7
Amaj9
G13 F♯9(♭13)
Jets. Un - plug those key-boards, give me real clar - i - nets,
B9♭5
Miss O - tis says with no re - grets.
Bm9
E9♭5
A6/9
Bm7
E7
A6
I hate mu - si - cals!
A
gliss.

C♯/D D C♯/D D D♯m B/D♯ D♯dim Amaj7/E A7 E♭9

show may stink and on - ly run a cou - ple of days, but

C♯/D D C♯/D D D♯m B/D♯ D♯dim Amaj7/E A6

still they sell the tee - shirts with their lo - gos a - blaze. ___

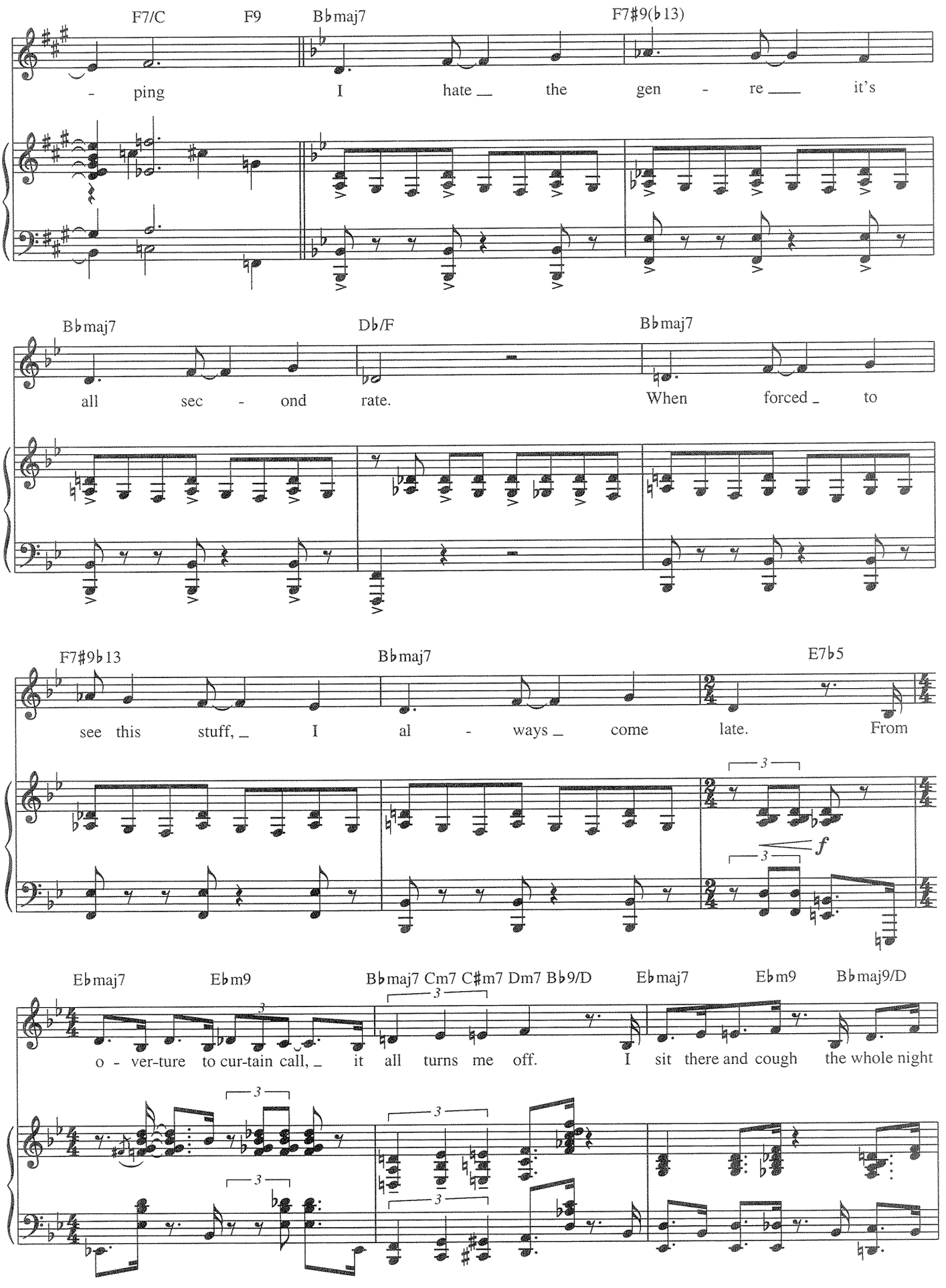
RH

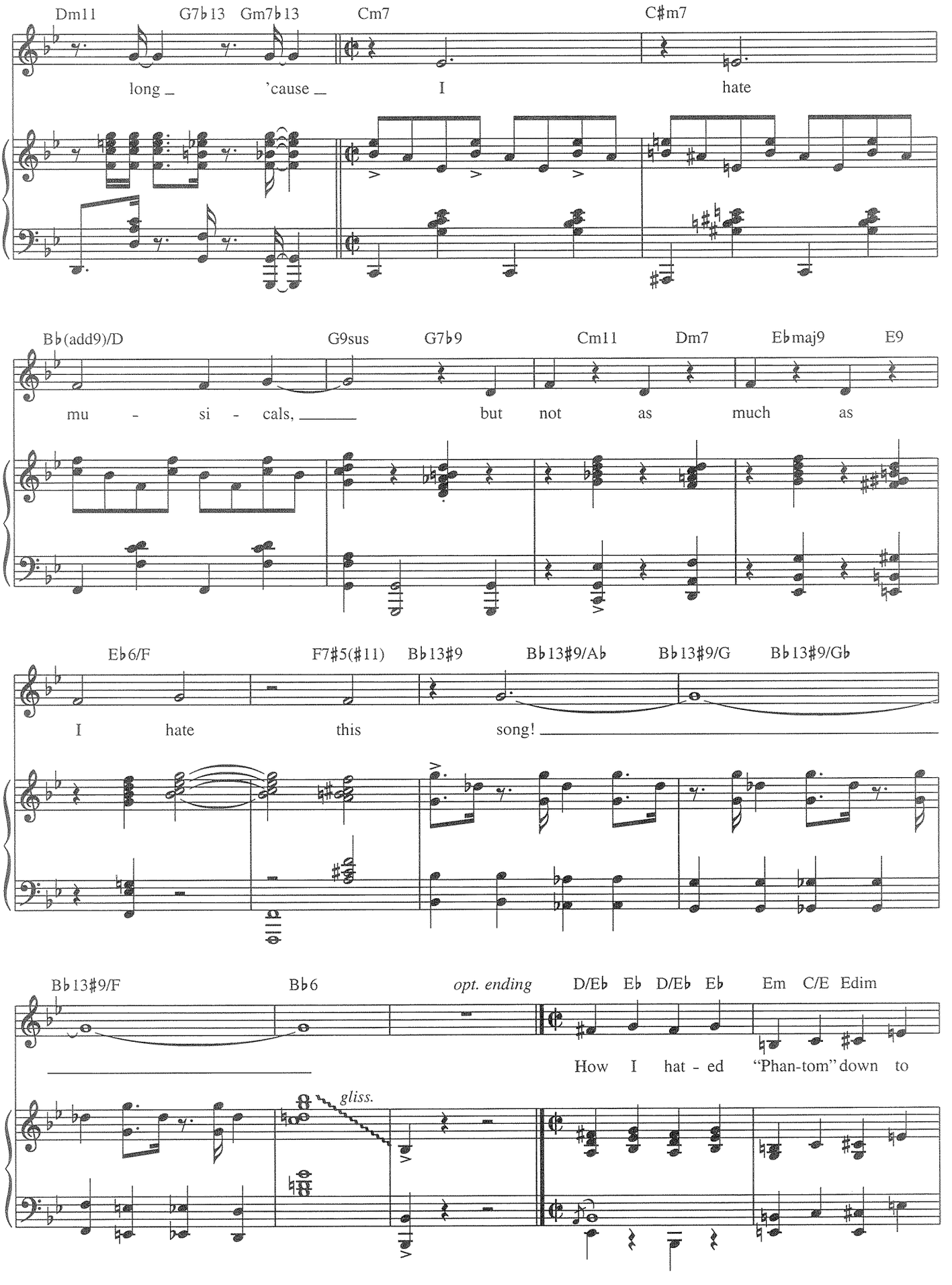
D♯m7(add4) D♯7 G♯m G♯m(maj7)

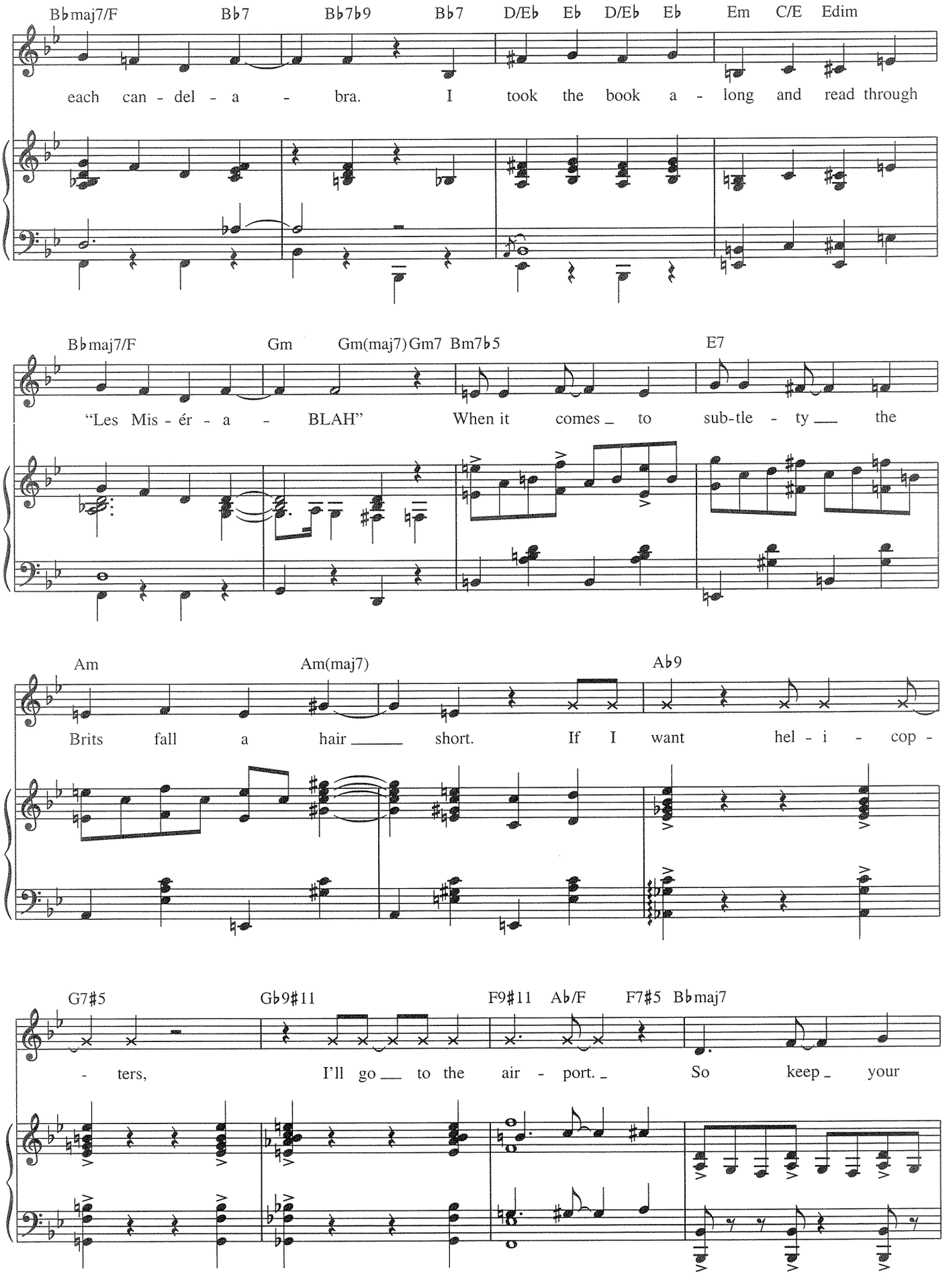
They're not ___ con - cerned that ___ the mu - si - cal's flop -

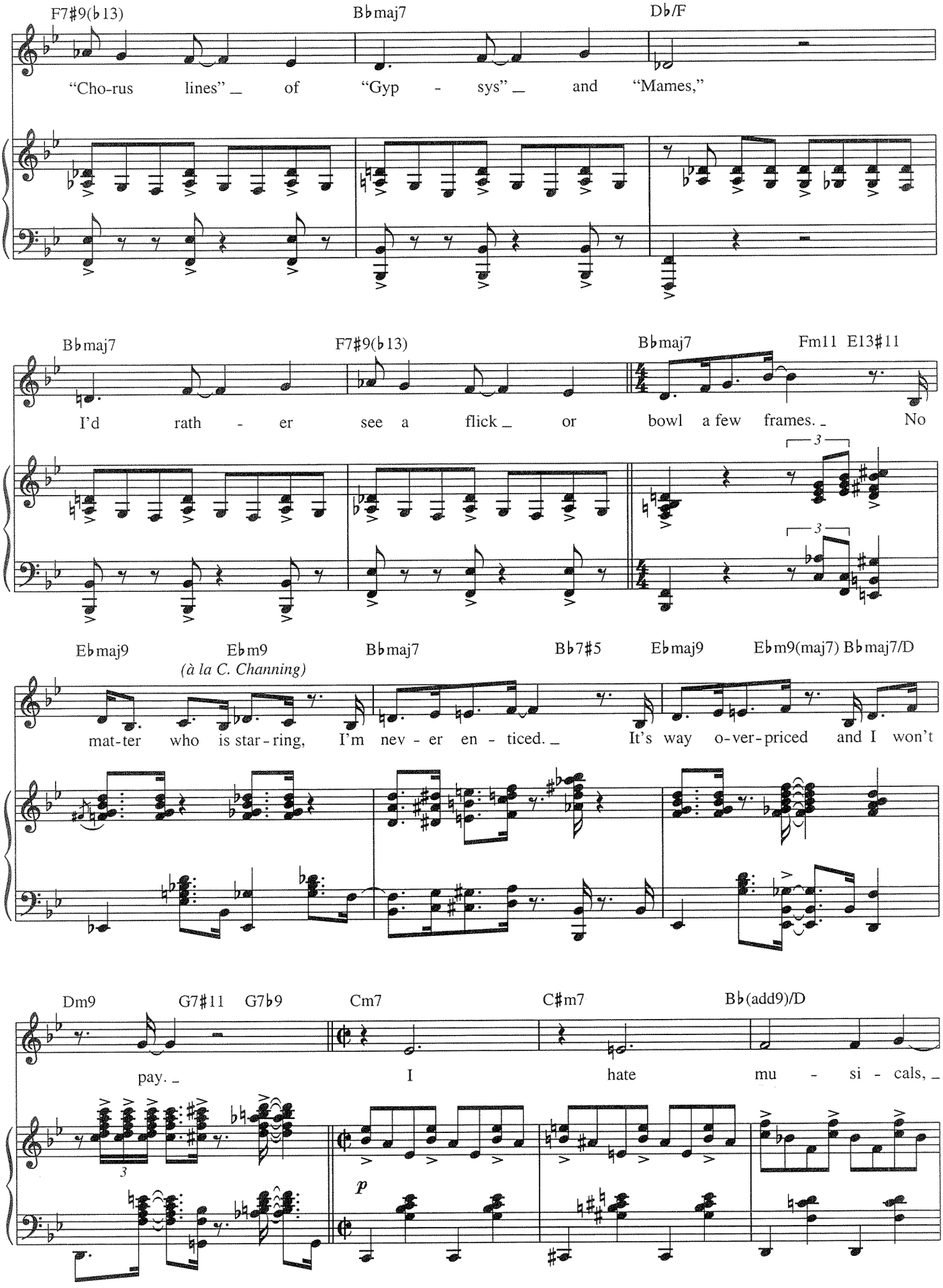
G9 F♯7♯5 Cm7 E7/B

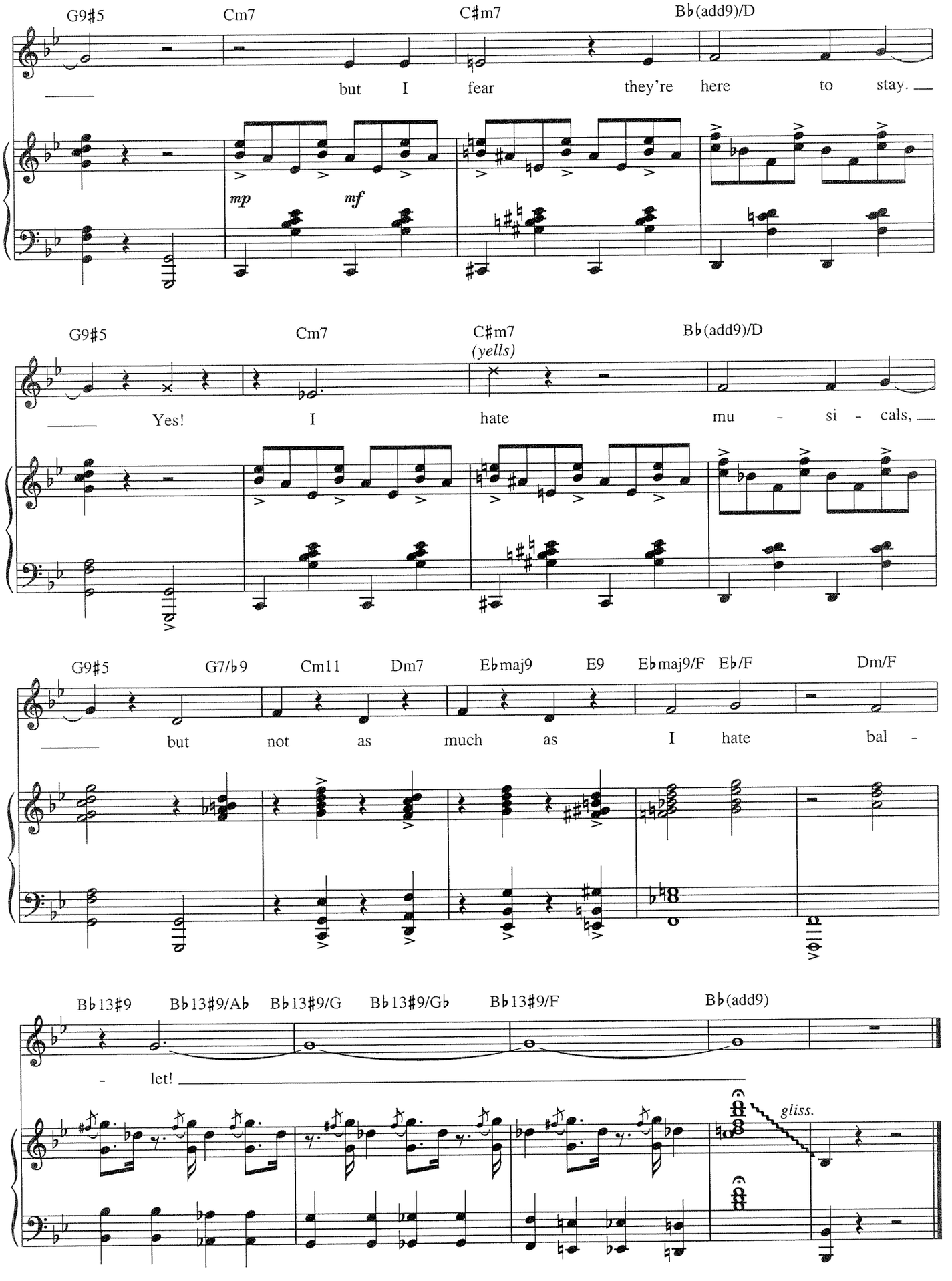
- ping as long as the crowd's bus - y drink - ing and shop -


F7/C F9 B♭maj7 F7♯9(♭13)
- ping I hate __ the gen - re ____ it's
B♭maj7 D♭/F B♭maj7
all sec - ond rate. When forced _ to
F7♯9♭13 B♭maj7 E7♭5
see this stuff, _ I al - ways _ come late. From
E♭maj7 E♭m9 B♭maj7 Cm7 C♯m7 Dm7 B♭9/D E♭maj7 E♭m9 B♭maj9/D
o - ver-ture to cur-tain call, _ it all turns me off. I sit there and cough the whole night


Dm11 G7♭13 Gm7♭13 Cm7 C♯m7
long _ 'cause _ I hate
B♭(add9)/D G9sus G7♭9 Cm11 Dm7 E♭maj9 E9
mu - si - cals, _____ but not as much as
E♭6/F F7♯5(♯11) B♭13♯9 B♭13♯9/A♭ B♭13♯9/G B♭13♯9/G♭
I hate this song! _____
B♭13♯9/F B♭6 opt. ending D/E♭ E♭ D/E♭ E♭ Em C/E Edim
How I hat - ed "Phan-tom" down to
gliss.


B♭maj7/F B♭7 B♭7♭9 B♭7 D/E♭ E♭ D/E♭ E♭ Em C/E Edim
each can - del - a - bra. I took the book a - long and read through
B♭maj7/F Gm Gm(maj7) Gm7 Bm7♭5 E7
"Les Mis - ér - a - BLAH" When it comes to sub-tle - ty the
Am Am(maj7) A♭9
Brits fall a hair short. If I want hel - i - cop -
G7♯5 G♭9♯11 F9♯11 A♭/F F7♯5 B♭maj7
- ters, I'll go to the air - port. So keep your


F7♯9(♭13)
B♭maj7
D♭/F
"Cho-rus lines" _ of "Gyp - sys" _ and "Mames,"
B♭maj7
F7♯9(♭13)
B♭maj7
Fm11 E13♯11
I'd rath - er see a flick _ or bowl a few frames. _ No
3
3
E♭maj9
E♭m9
(à la C. Channing)
B♭maj7
B♭7♯5
E♭maj9
E♭m9(maj7) B♭maj7/D
mat-ter who is star-ring, I'm nev - er en - ticed. _ It's way o-ver-priced and I won't
Dm9
G7♯11
G7♭9
Cm7
C♯m7
B♭(add9)/D
pay. _ I hate mu - si - cals, _
3
p

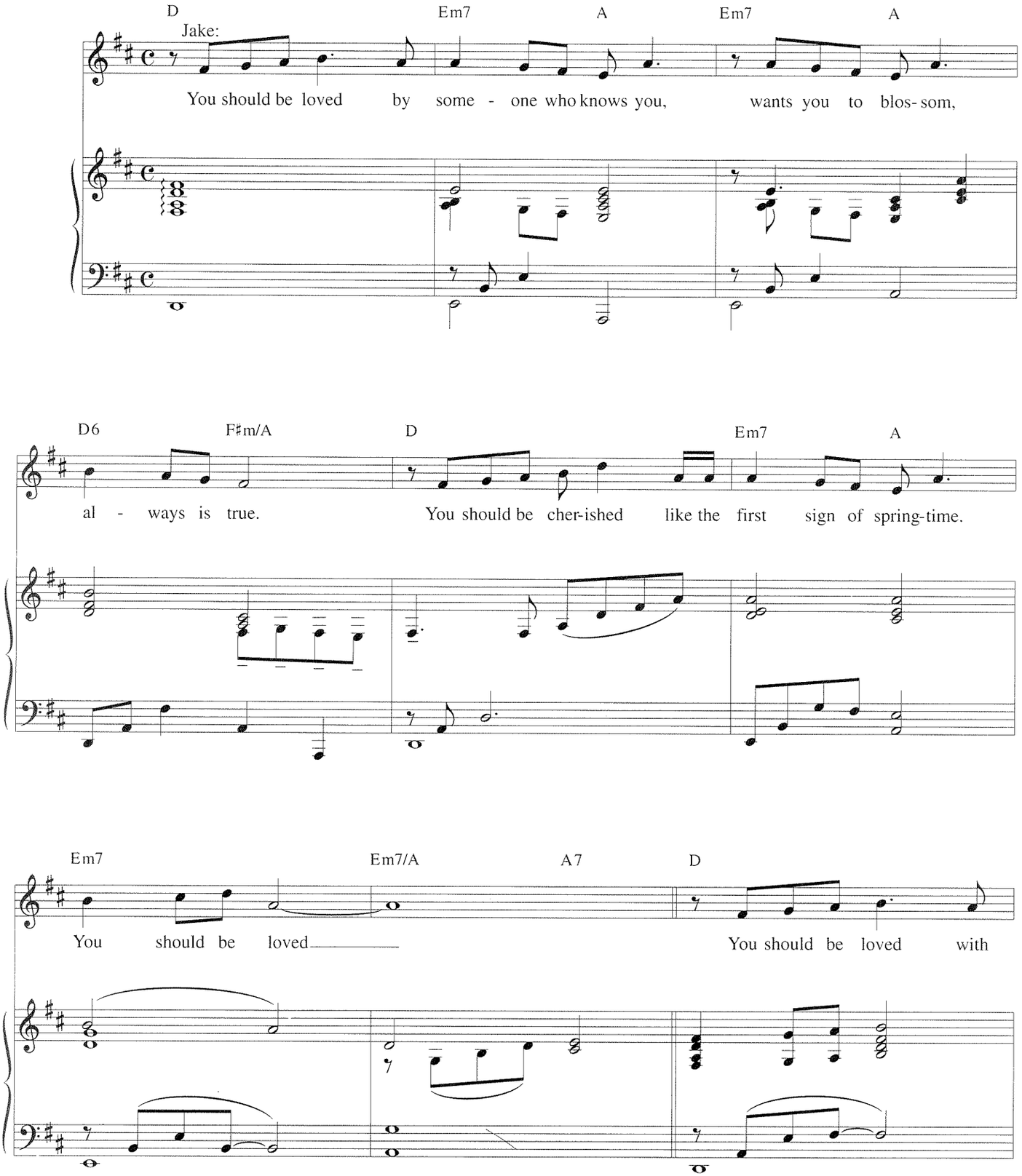

G9♯5
Cm7
C♯m7
B♭(add9)/D
but I fear they're here to stay.
mp
mf
G9♯5
Cm7
C♯m7
(yells)
B♭(add9)/D
Yes! I hate mu - si - cals,
G9♯5
G7/♭9
Cm11
Dm7
E♭maj9
E9
E♭maj9/F
E♭/F
Dm/F
but not as much as I hate bal -
B♭13♯9
B♭13♯9/A♭
B♭13♯9/G
B♭13♯9/G♭
B♭13♯9/F
B♭(add9)
- let!
gliss.

YOU SHOULD BE LOVED

from *Side Show*

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

Ballad



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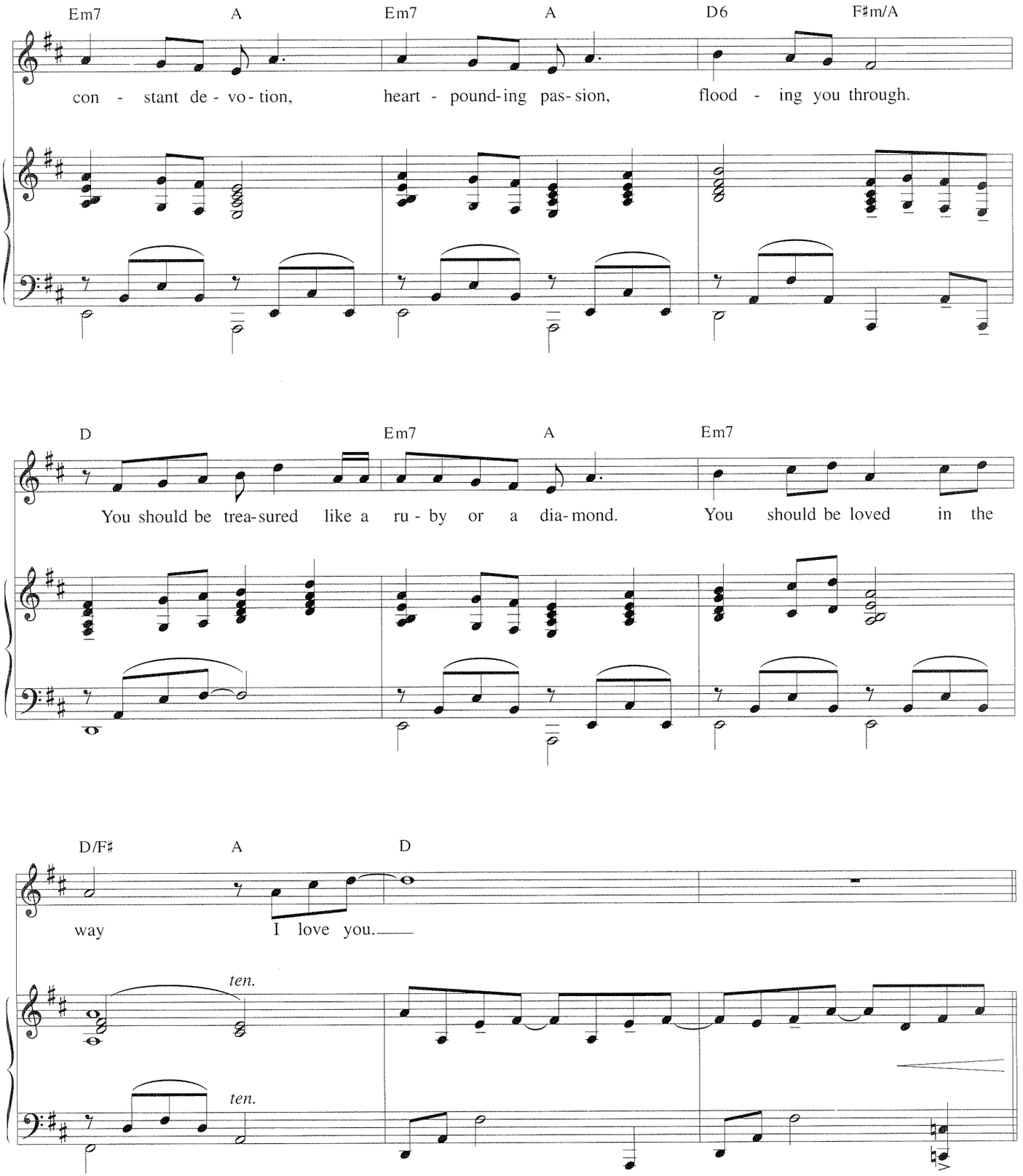
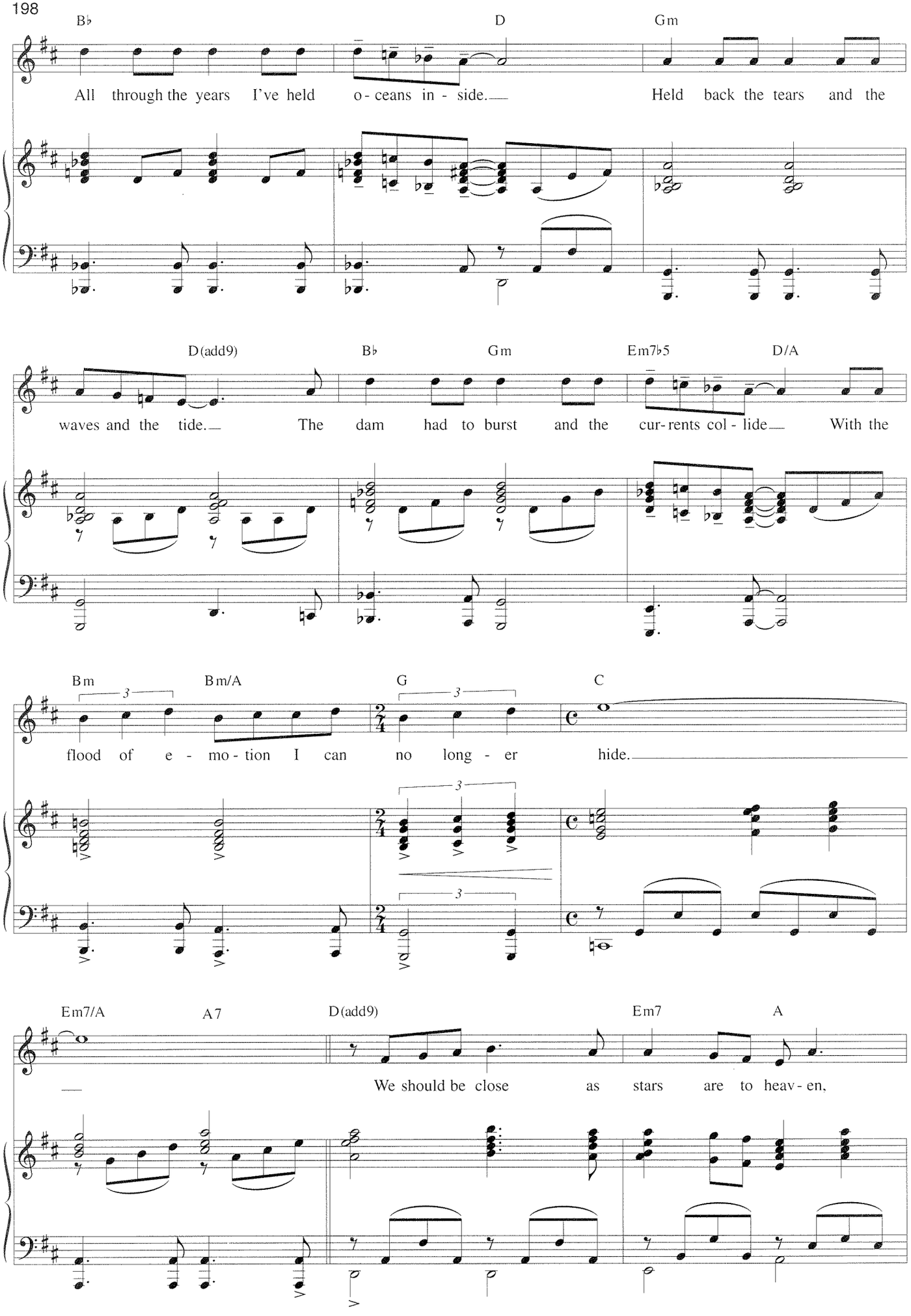
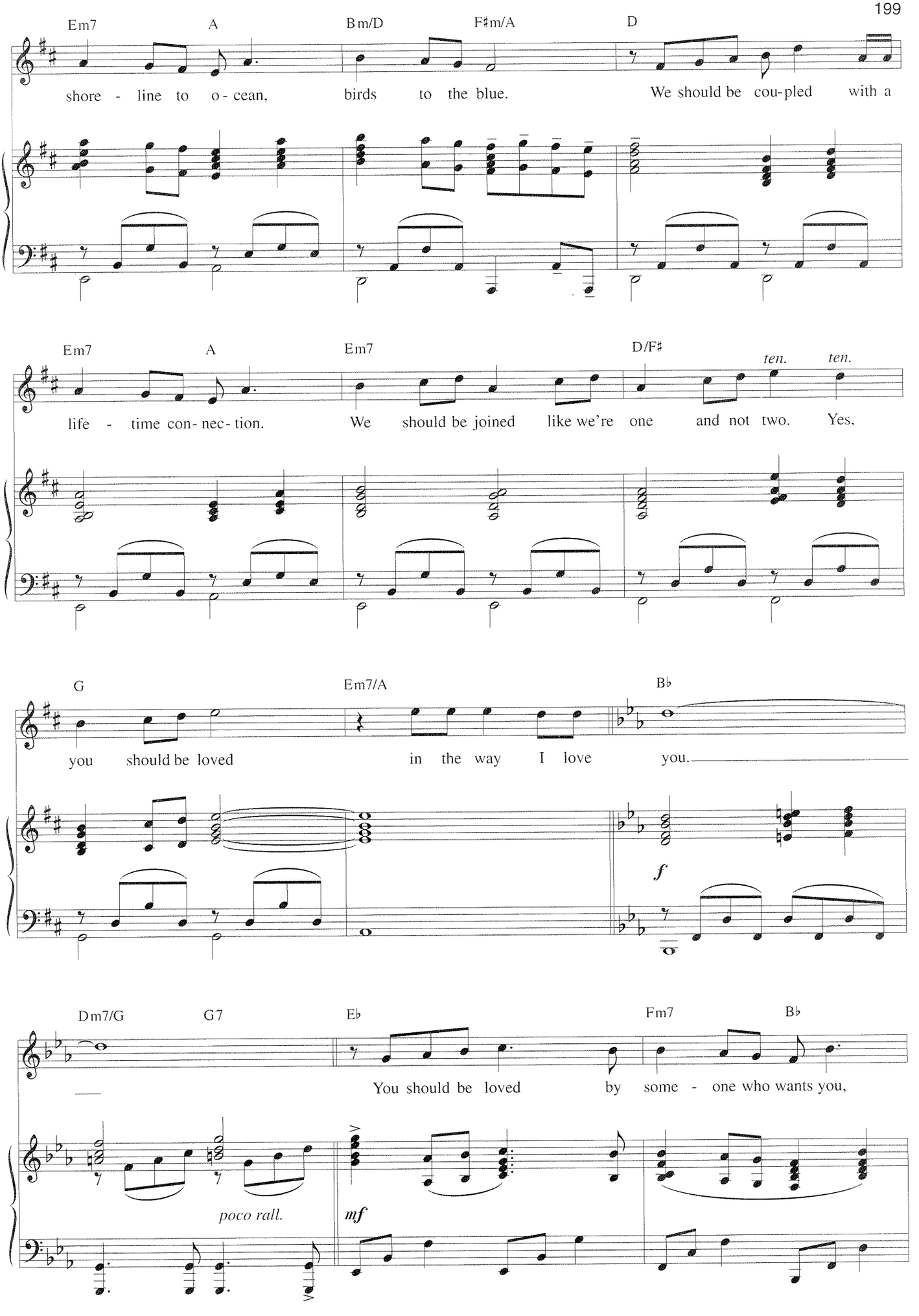
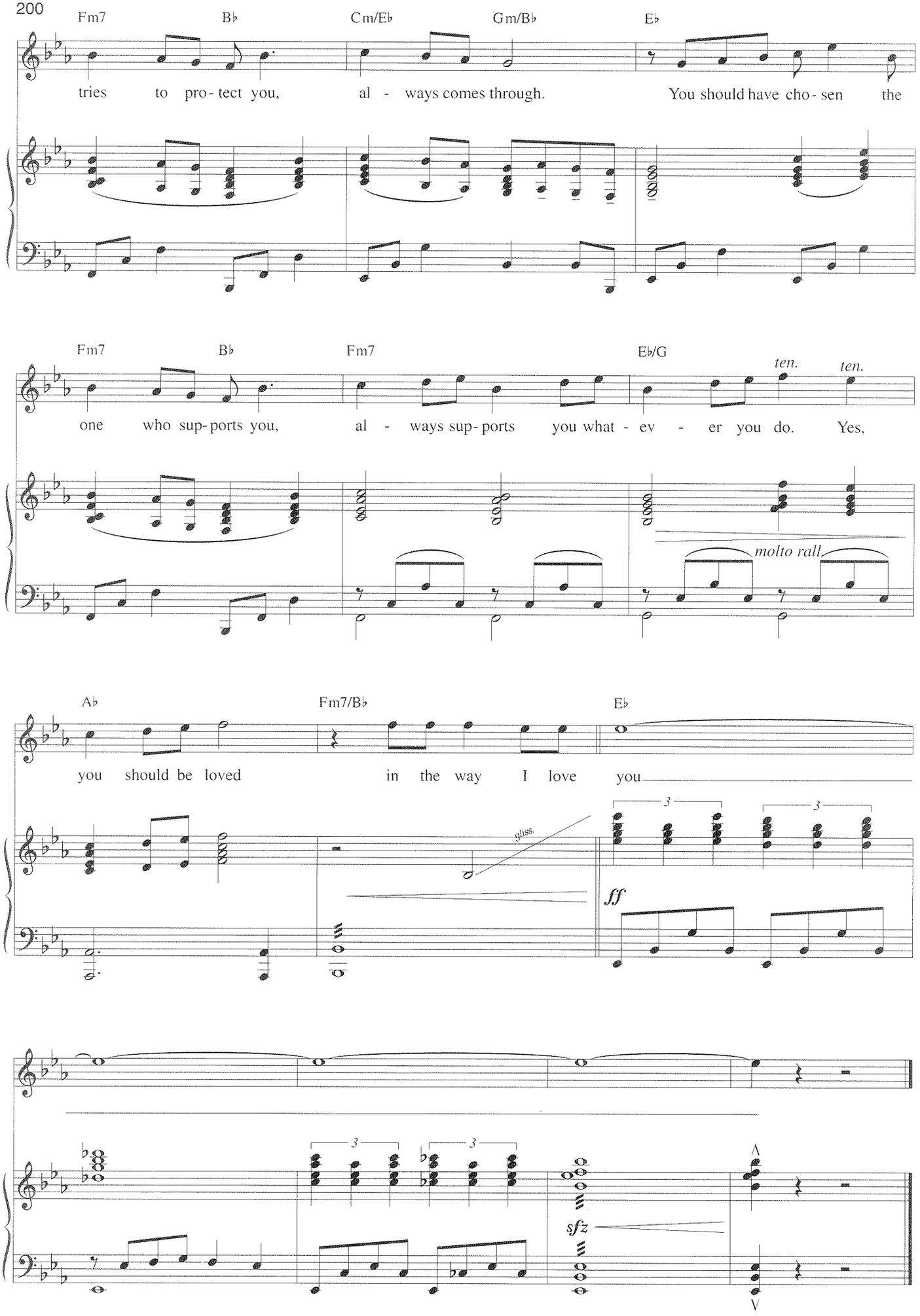

Em7 A Em7 A D6 F♯m/A
con - stant de - vo - tion, heart - pound-ing pas-sion, flood - ing you through.
D Em7 A Em7
You should be trea-sured like a ru - by or a dia-mond. You should be loved in the
D/F♯ A D
way I love you.
ten.
ten.


B♭
D
Gm
All through the years I've held o - ceans in - side.
Held back the tears and the
D(add9)
B♭
Gm
Em7♭5
D/A
waves and the tide.
The dam had to burst and the cur - rents col - lide
With the
Bm
Bm/A
G
C
flood of e - mo - tion I can no long - er hide.
Em7/A
A7
D(add9)
Em7
A
We should be close as stars are to heav - en,


Em7 A Bm/D F♯m/A D
shore - line to o - cean, birds to the blue. We should be cou-pled with a
Em7 A Em7 D/F♯
ten. ten.
life - time con- nec - tion. We should be joined like we're one and not two. Yes,
G Em7/A B♭
you should be loved in the way I love you.
f
Dm7/G G7 E♭ Fm7 B♭
You should be loved by some - one who wants you,
poco rall.
mf

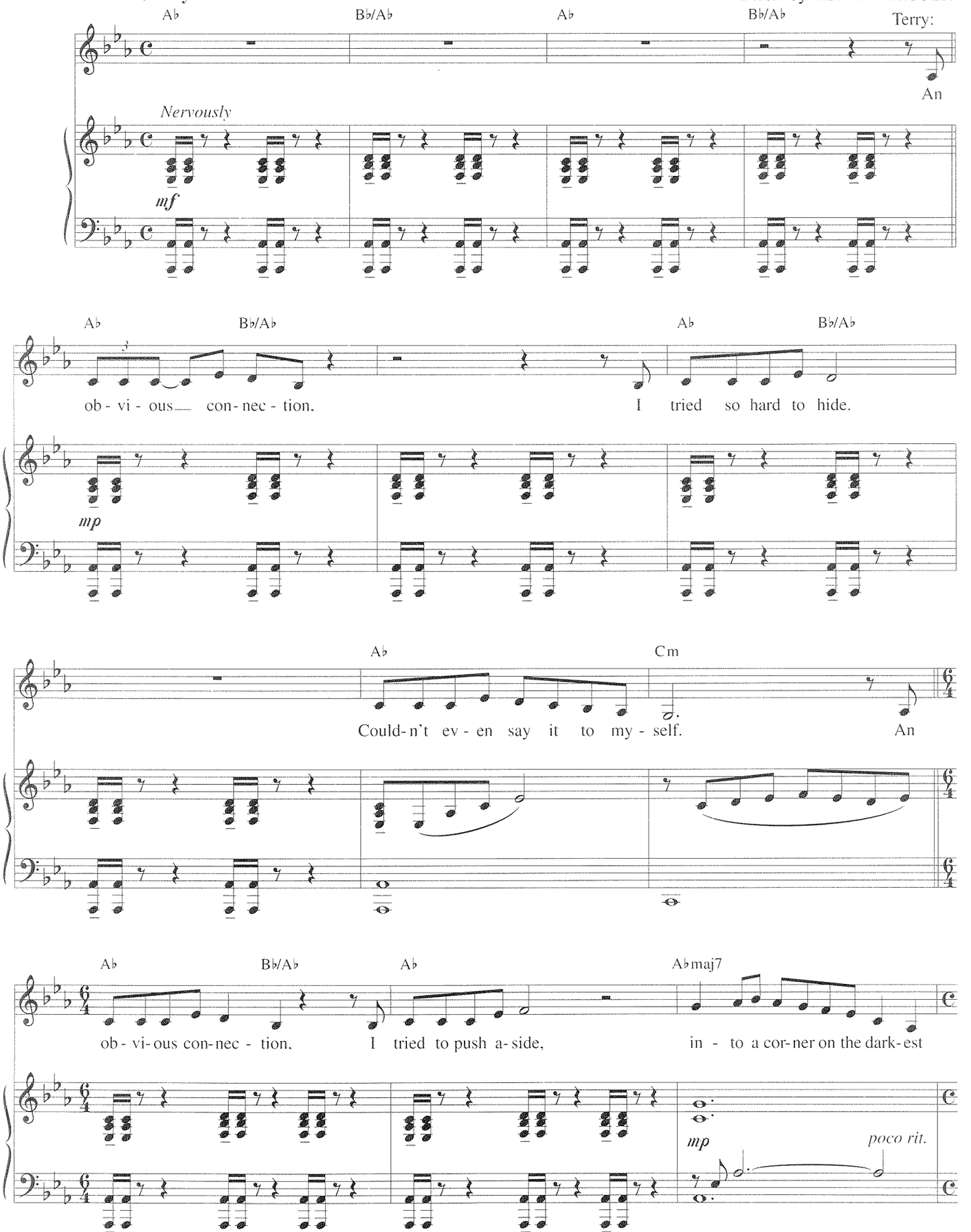

Fm7
B♭
Cm/E♭
Gm/B♭
E♭
tries to pro - tect you, al - ways comes through. You should have cho - sen the
Fm7
B♭
Fm7
E♭/G
ten.
ten.
one who sup - ports you, al - ways sup - ports you what - ev - er you do. Yes,
molto rall.
A♭
Fm7/B♭
E♭
you should be loved in the way I love you
gliss.
3
3
ff
3
3
sfz
V

PRIVATE CONVERSATION

from *Side Show*

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER

Steady



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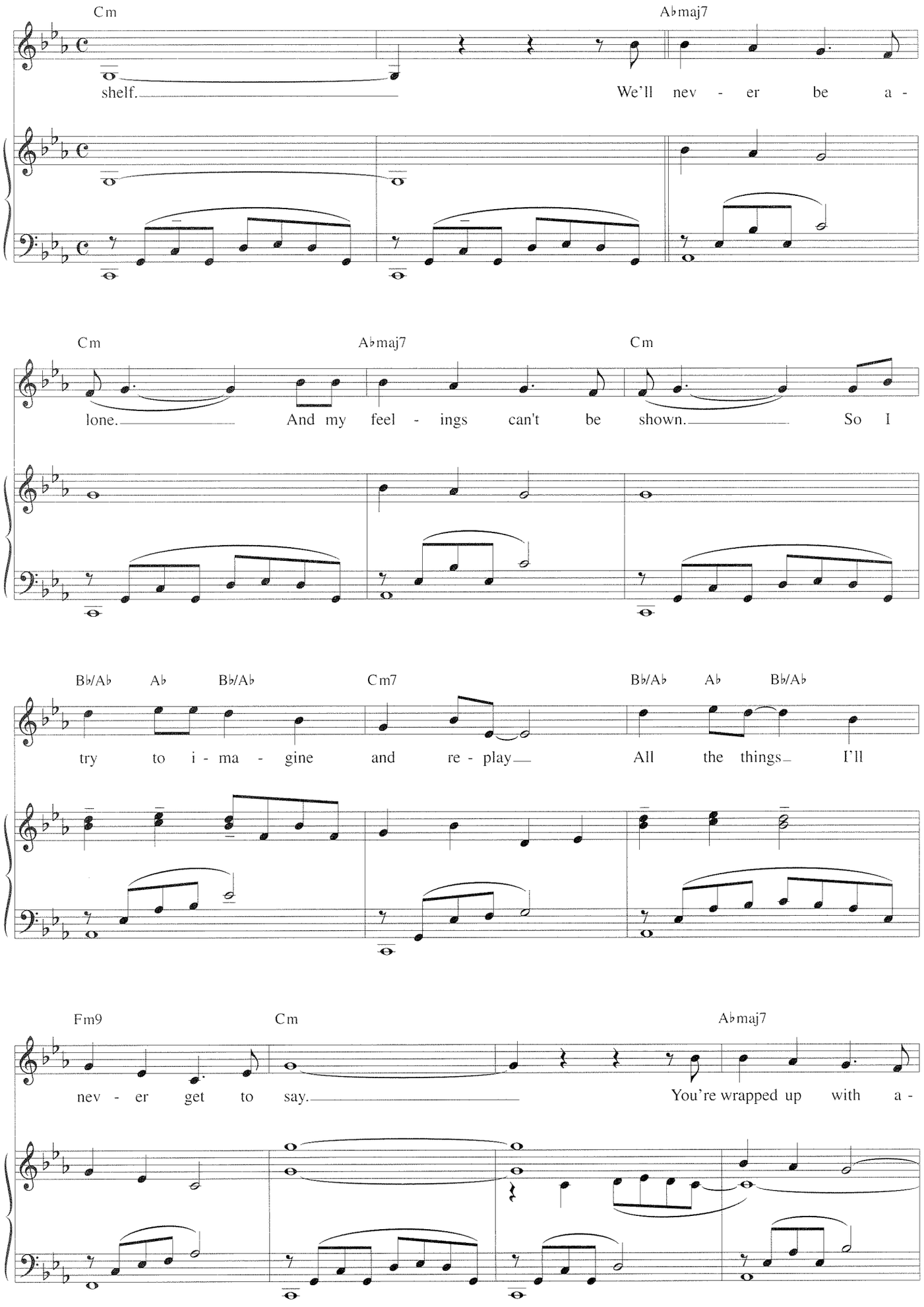
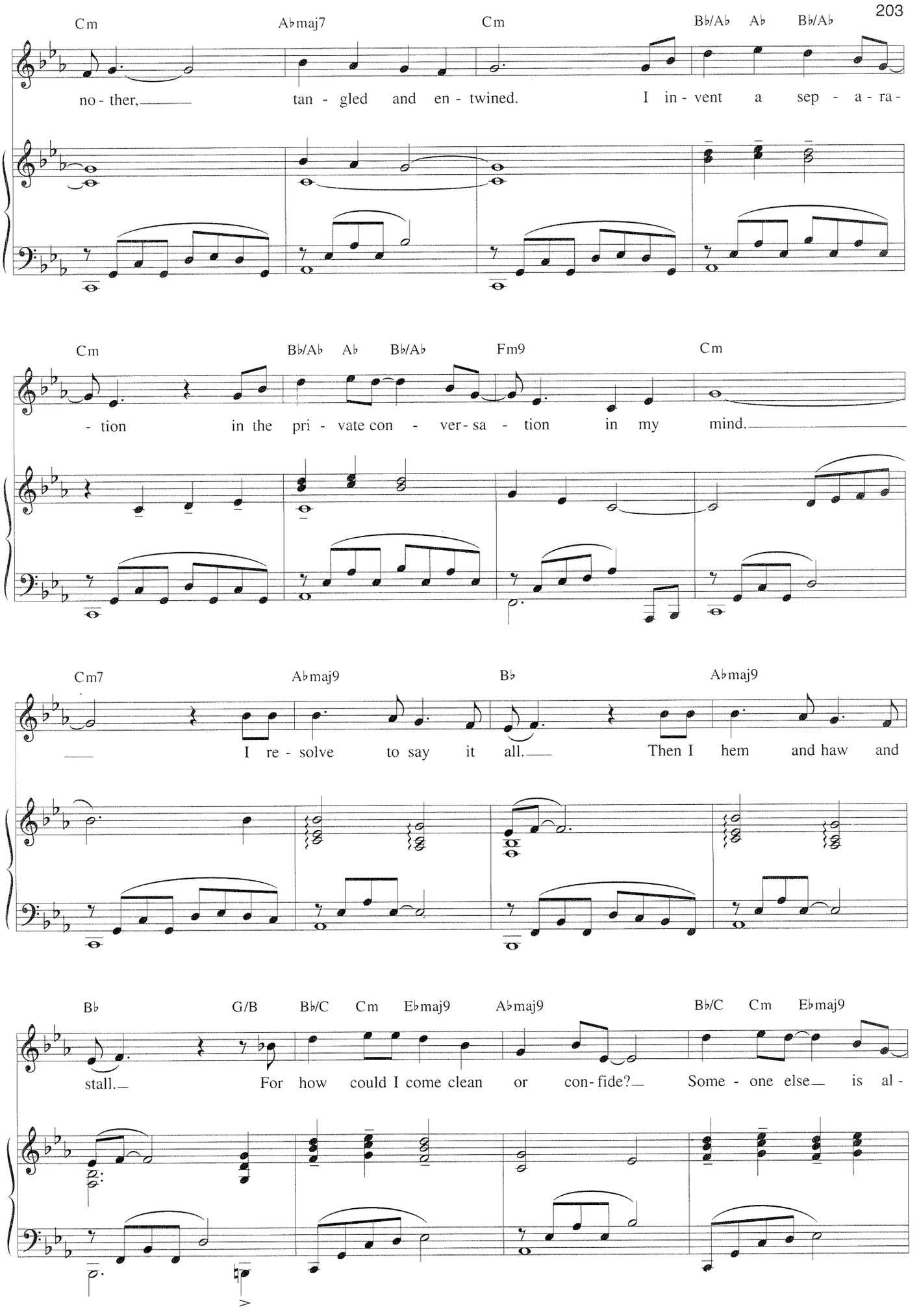
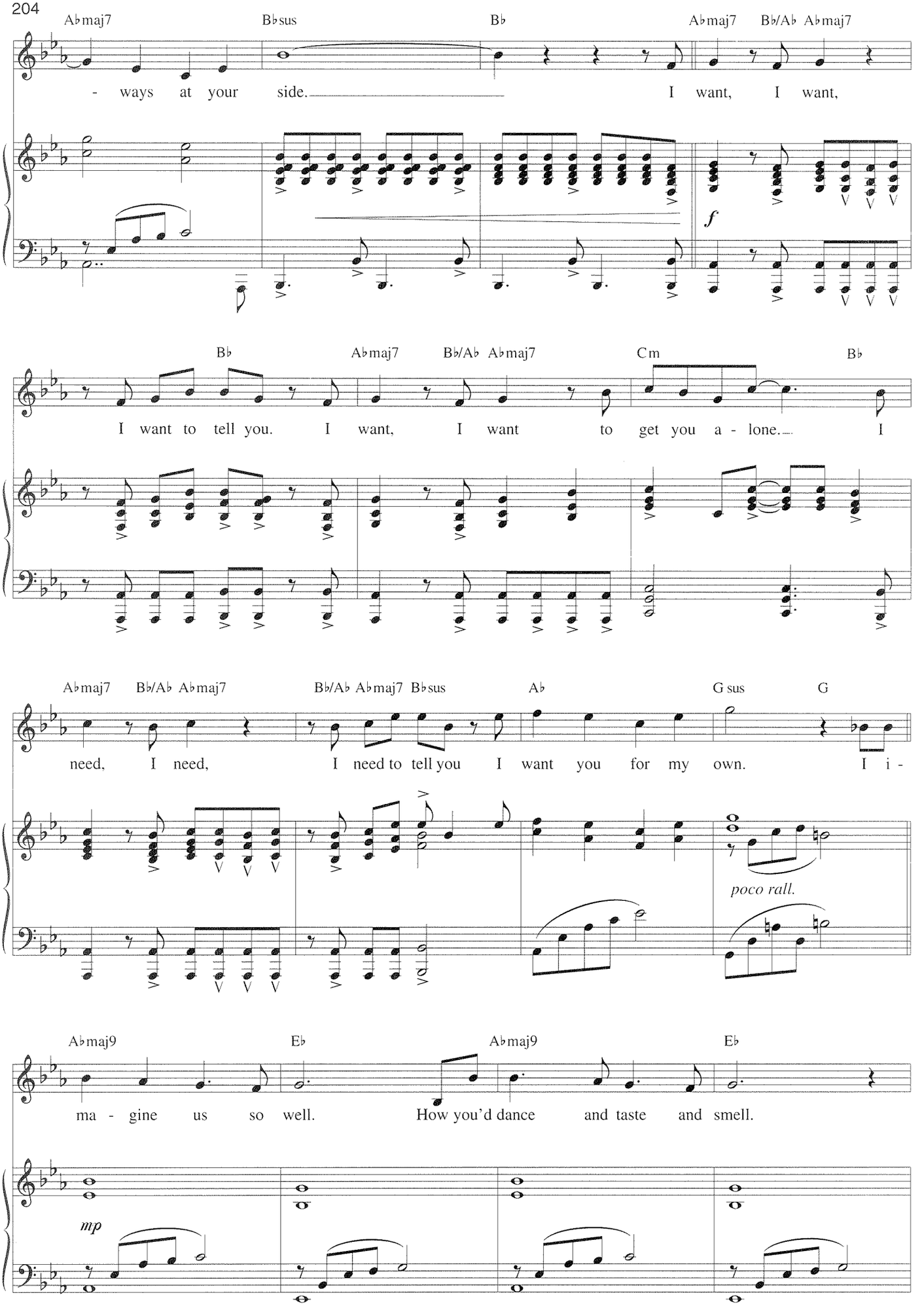
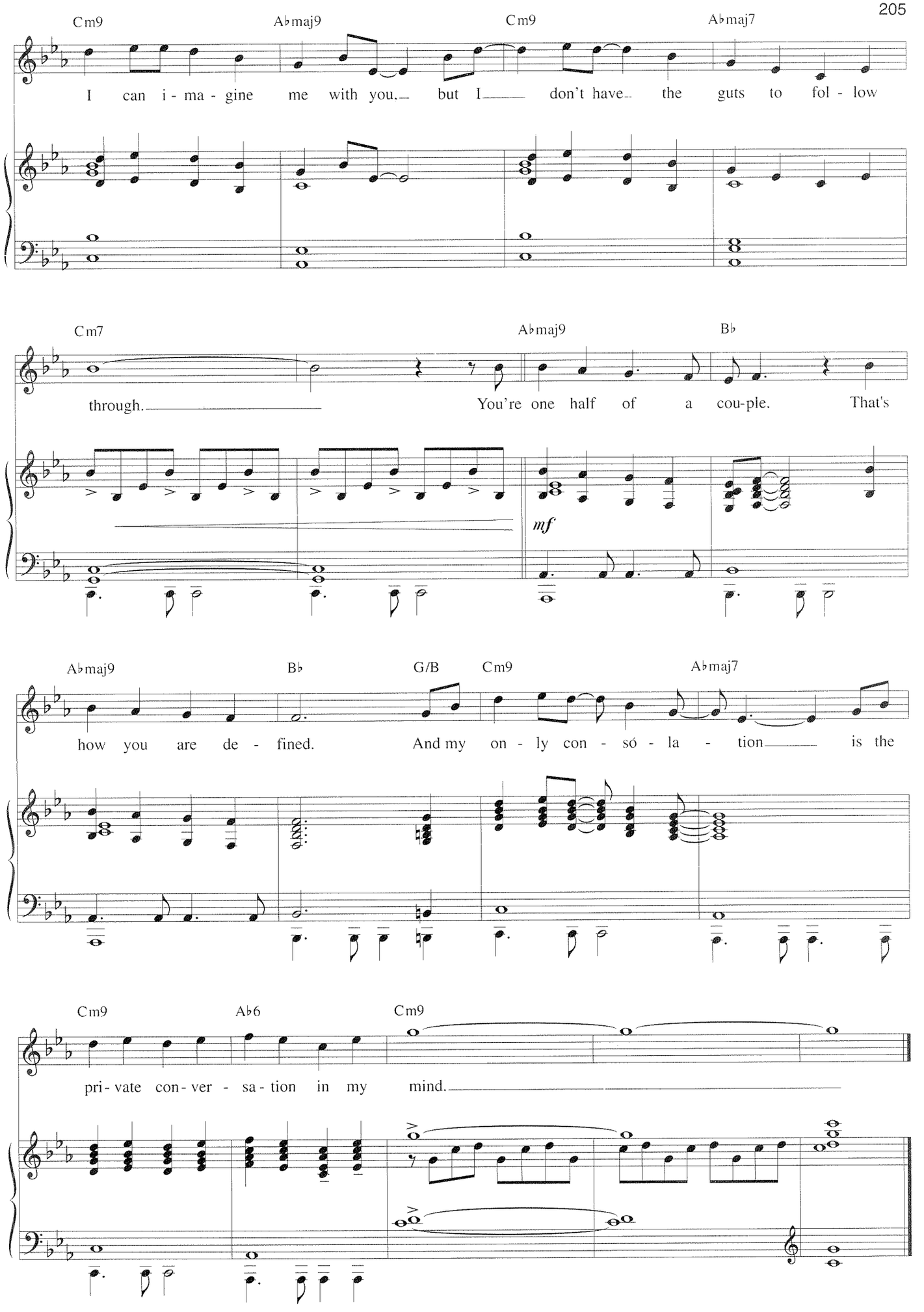

Cm
A♭maj7
shelf.
We'll nev - er be a -
Cm
A♭maj7
Cm
lone.
And my feel - ings can't be shown.
So I
B♭/A♭
A♭
B♭/A♭
Cm7
B♭/A♭
A♭
B♭/A♭
try to i - ma - gine and re - play
All the things
I'll
Fm9
Cm
A♭maj7
nev - er get to say.
You're wrapped up with a -


Cm
A♭maj7
Cm
B♭/A♭
A♭
B♭/A♭
no - ther,
tan - gled and en - twined.
I in - vent a sep - a - ra -
Cm
B♭/A♭
A♭
B♭/A♭
Fm9
Cm
- tion
in the pri - vate con - ver - sa - tion
in my
mind.
Cm7
A♭maj9
B♭
A♭maj9
I re - solve to say it all.
Then I hem and haw and
B♭
G/B
B♭/C
Cm
E♭maj9
A♭maj9
B♭/C
Cm
E♭maj9
stall.
For how could I come clean or con - fide?
Some - one else
is al -

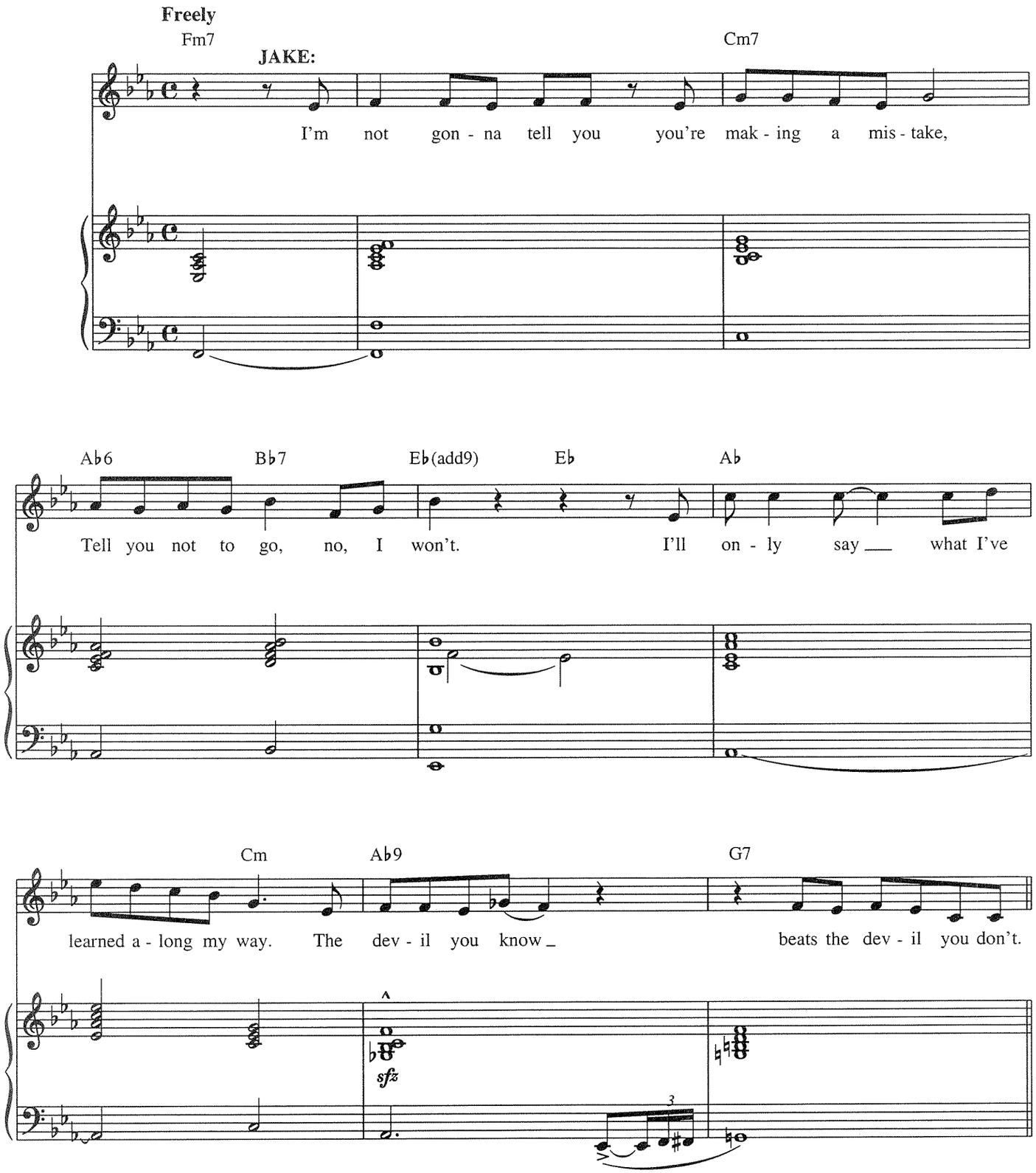

A♭maj7 B♭sus B♭ A♭maj7 B♭/A♭ A♭maj7
- ways at your side. I want, I want,
f
B♭ A♭maj7 B♭/A♭ A♭maj7 Cm B♭
I want to tell you. I want, I want to get you a - lone. I
A♭maj7 B♭/A♭ A♭maj7 B♭/A♭ A♭maj7 B♭sus A♭ G sus G
need, I need, I need to tell you I want you for my own. I i -
poco rall.
A♭maj9 E♭ A♭maj9 E♭
ma - gine us so well. How you'd dance and taste and smell.
mp


Cm9
A♭maj9
Cm9
A♭maj7
I can i - ma - gine me with you, but I don't have the guts to fol - low
Cm7
A♭maj9
B♭
through.
You're one half of a cou-ple. That's
mf
A♭maj9
B♭
G/B
Cm9
A♭maj7
how you are de - fined.
And my on - ly con - só - la - tion is the
Cm9
A♭6
Cm9
pri - vate con - ver - sa - tion in my mind.

THE DEVIL YOU KNOW

from *Side Show*

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER



This version has been adapted as a solo.

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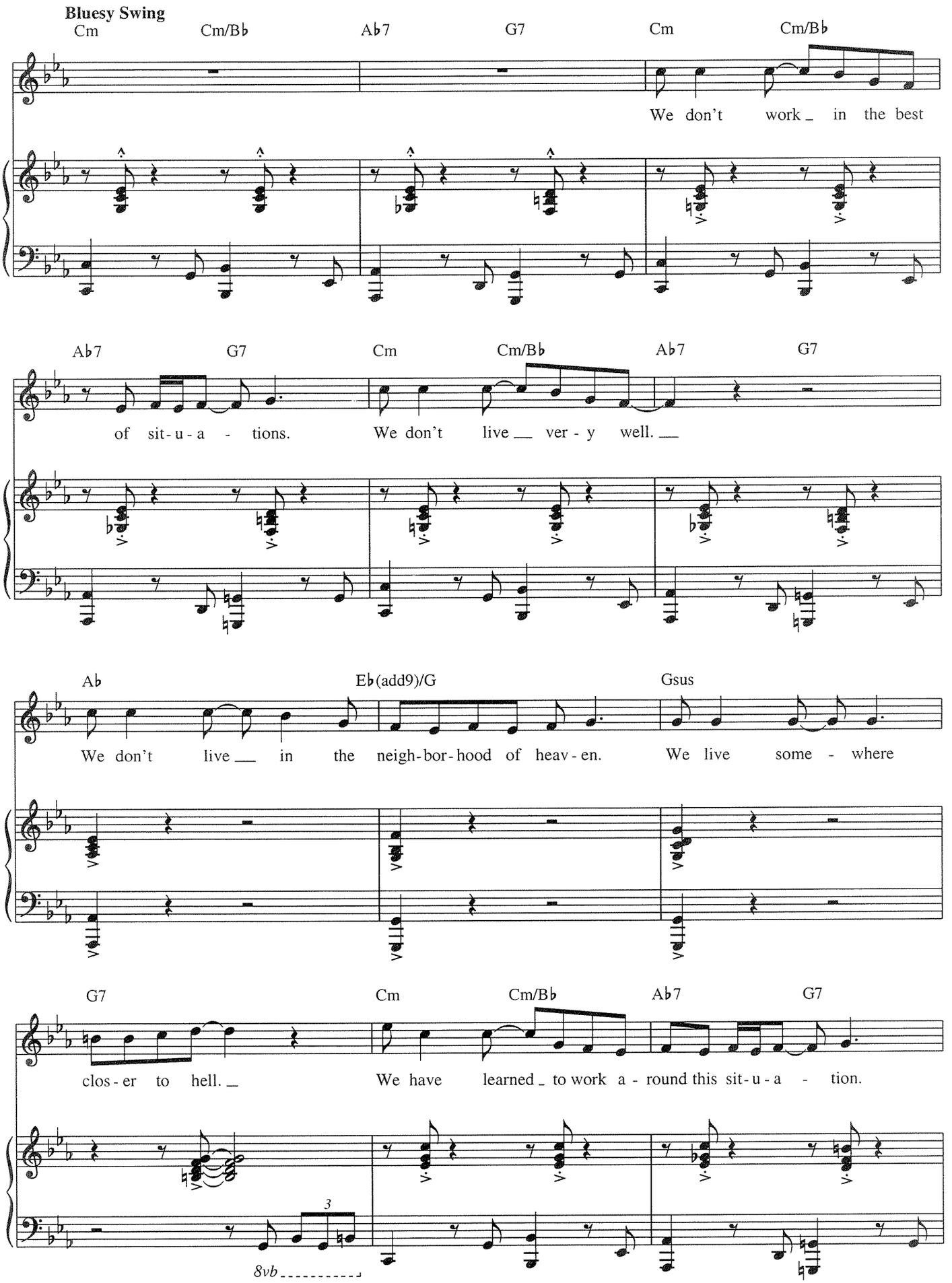
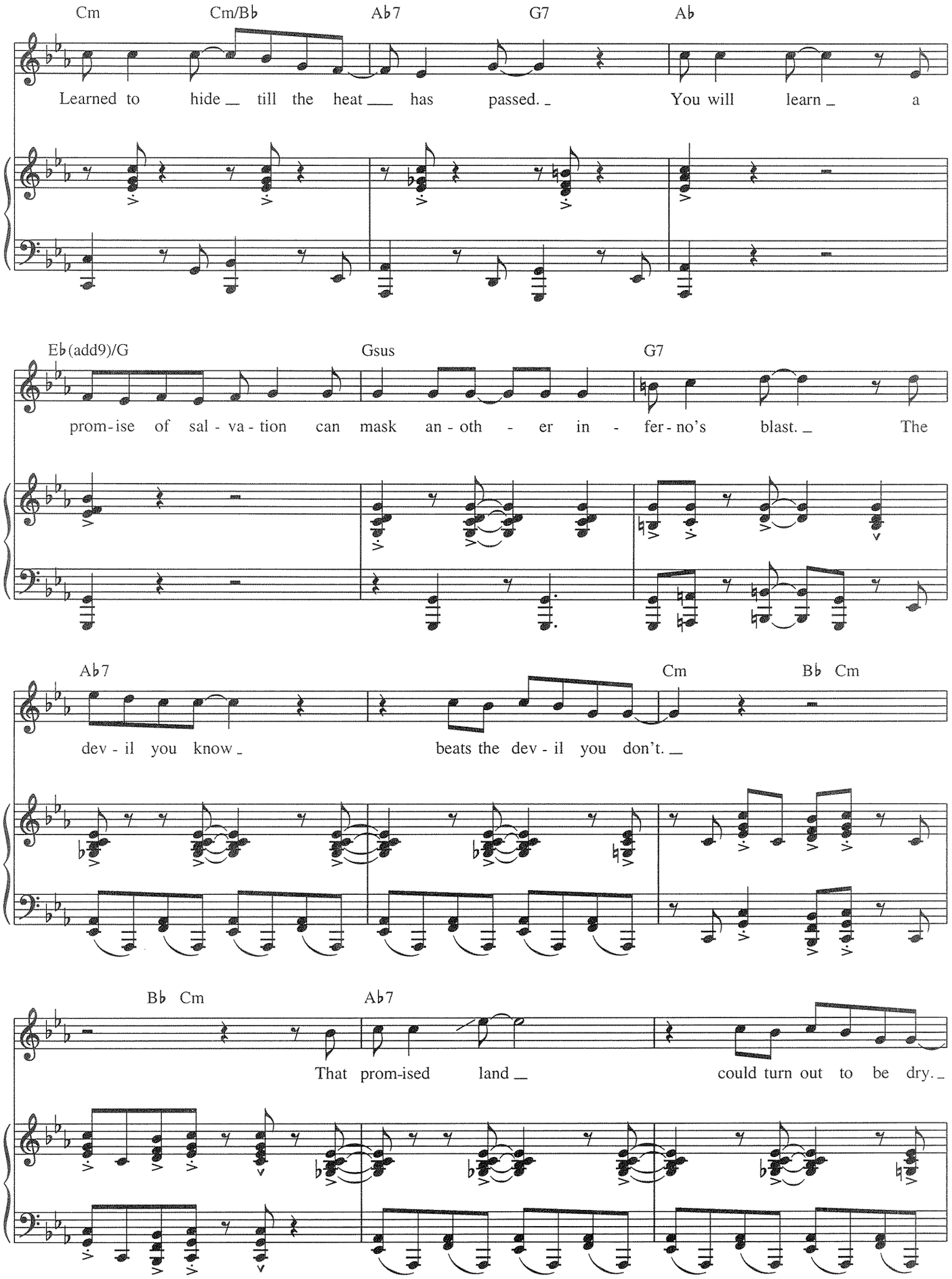
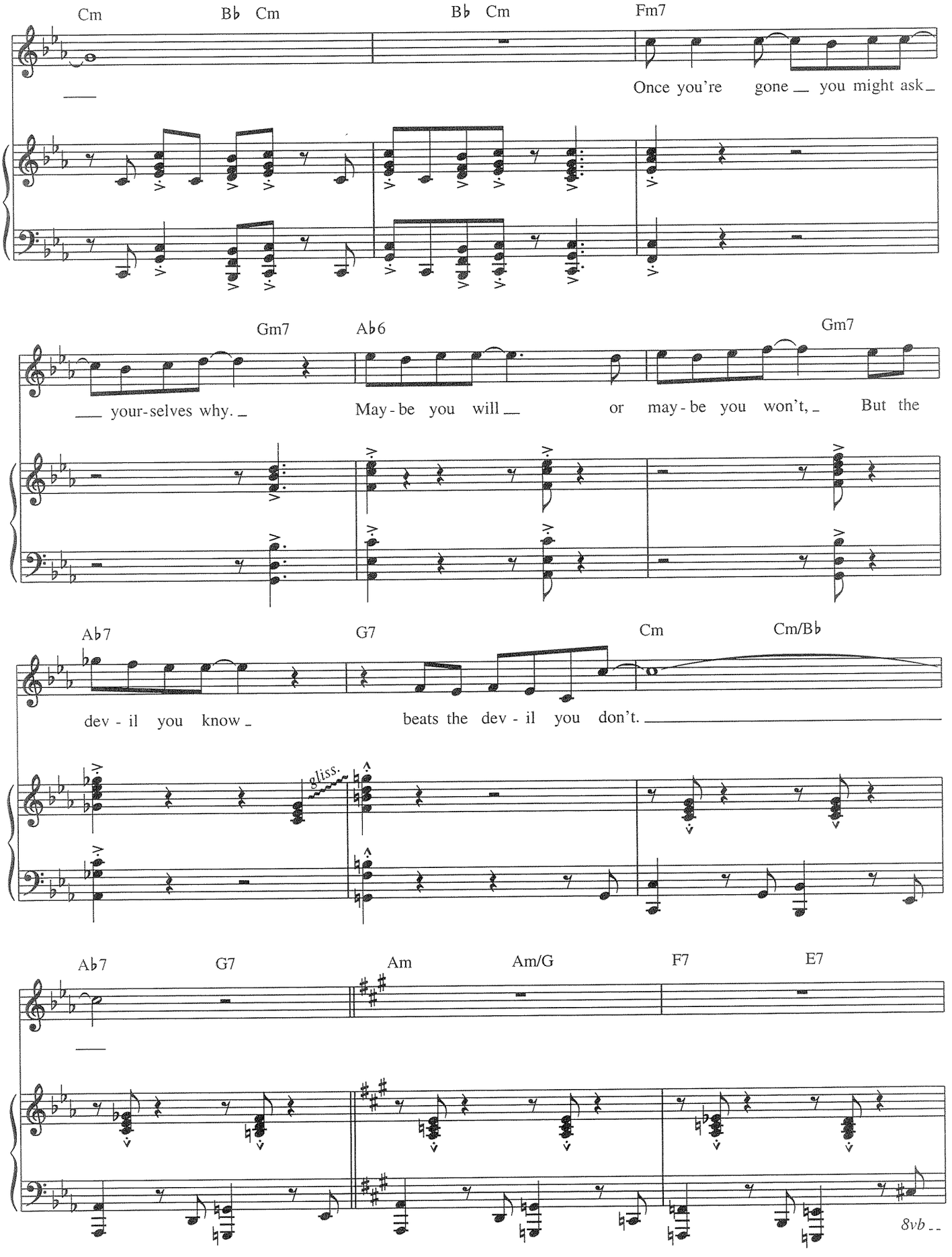
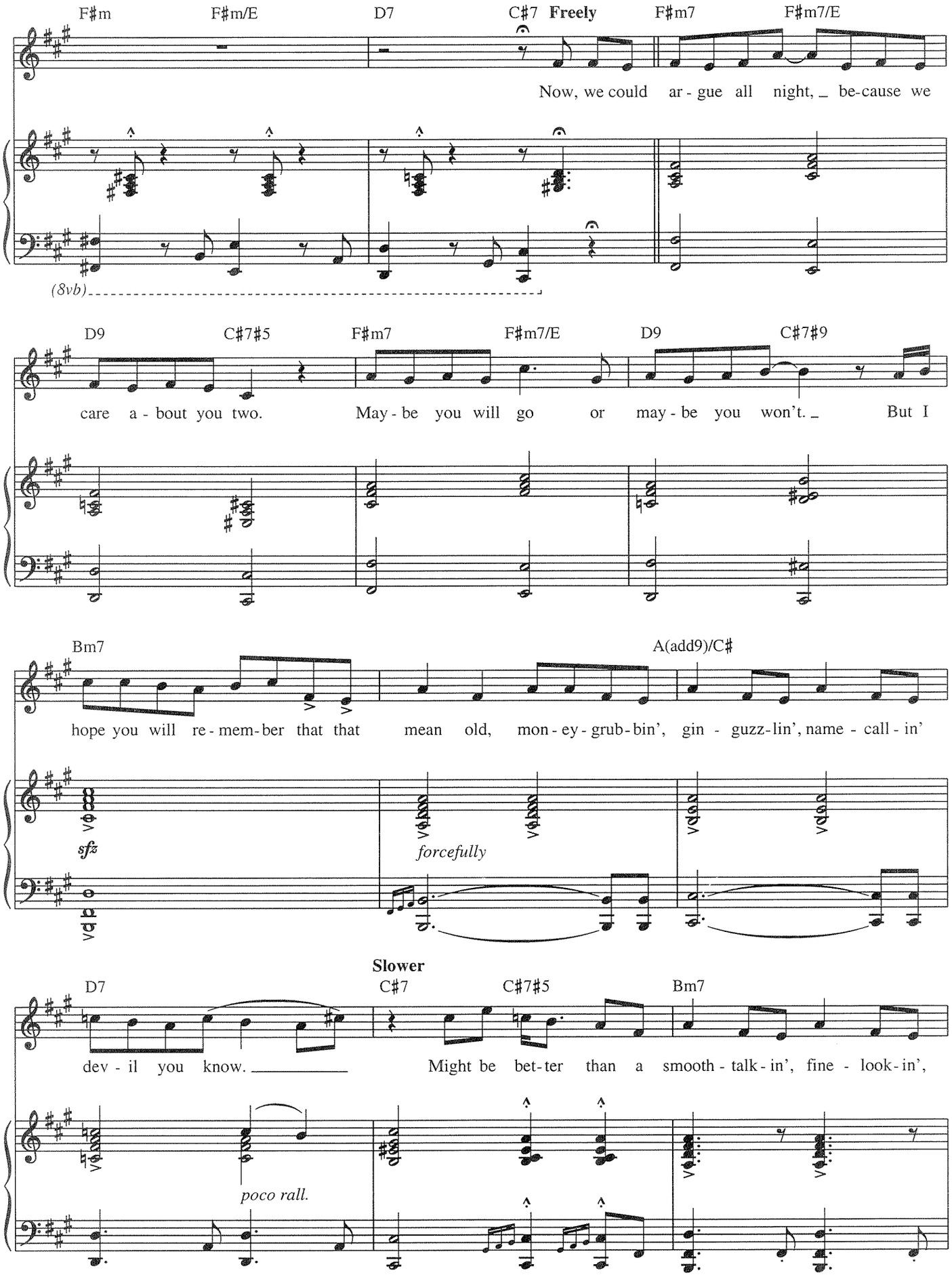
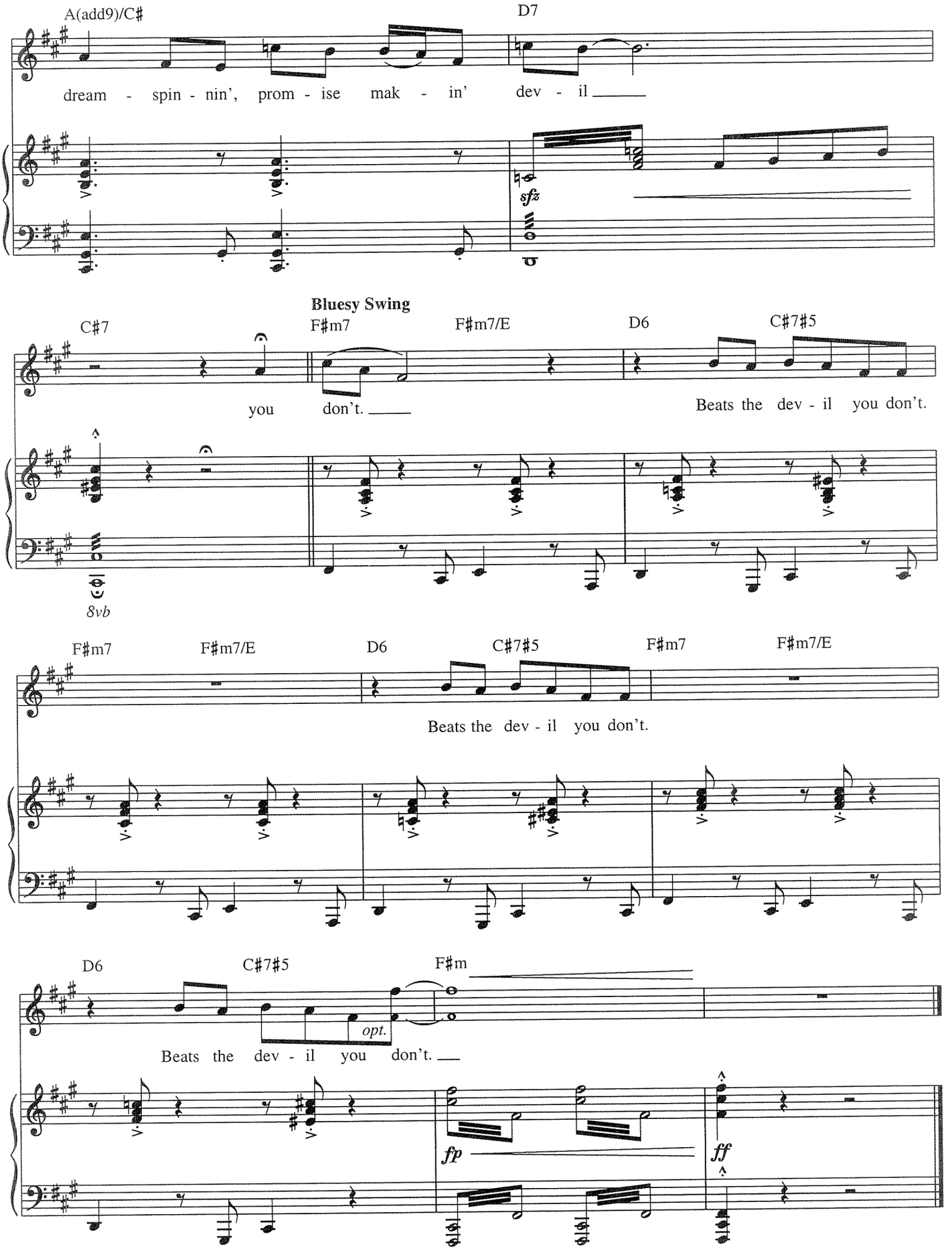

Bluesy Swing
Cm
Cm/Bb
Ab7
G7
Cm
Cm/Bb
We don't work _ in the best
Ab7
G7
Cm
Cm/Bb
Ab7
G7
of sit-u-a - tions.
We don't live __ ver - y well. __
Ab
Eb(add9)/G
Gsus
We don't live __ in the neigh-bor-hood of heav-en.
We live some - where
G7
Cm
Cm/Bb
Ab7
G7
clos-er to hell. _
We have learned _ to work a - round this sit-u-a - tion.
3
8vb


Cm
Cm/B♭
A♭7
G7
A♭
Learned to hide till the heat has passed. You will learn a
E♭(add9)/G
Gsus
G7
prom-ise of sal - va - tion can mask an - oth - er in - fer - no's blast. The
A♭7
Cm
B♭ Cm
dev - il you know beats the dev - il you don't.
B♭ Cm
A♭7
That prom-ised land could turn out to be dry.


Cm
B♭ Cm
B♭ Cm
Fm7
Once you're gone you might ask
Gm7
A♭6
Gm7
your-selves why.
May-be you will
or may-be you won't,
But the
A♭7
G7
Cm
Cm/B♭
dev-il you know
beats the dev-il you don't.
gliss.
A♭7
G7
Am
Am/G
F7
E7
8vb

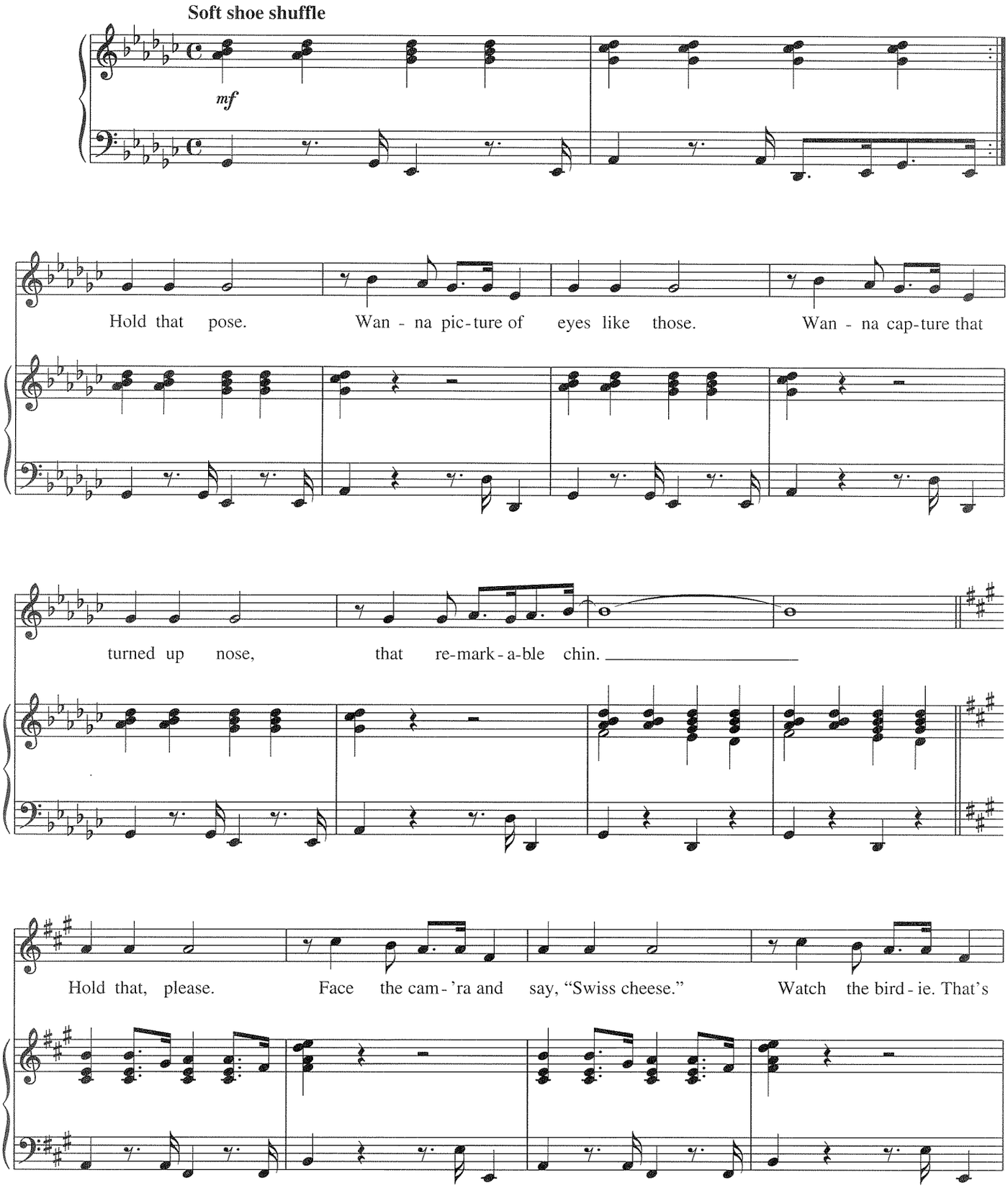

F♯m
F♯m/E
D7
C♯7
Freely
F♯m7
F♯m7/E
Now, we could ar - gue all night, _ be-cause we
(8vb)
D9
C♯7♯5
F♯m7
F♯m7/E
D9
C♯7♯9
care a - bout you two.
May - be you will go or may - be you won't. _
But I
Bm7
A(add9)/C♯
hope you will re - mem-ber that that
mean old, mon - ey - grub - bin', gin - guzz-lin', name - call - in'
sfz
forcefully
Slower
D7
C♯7
C♯7♯5
Bm7
dev - il you know. _____
Might be bet-ter than a smooth - talk - in', fine - look - in',
poco rall.


A(add9)/C♯
D7
dream - spin - nin', prom - ise mak - in' dev - il
sfz
Bluesy Swing
C♯7
F♯m7
F♯m7/E
D6
C♯7♯5
you don't.
Beats the dev - il you don't.
8vb
F♯m7
F♯m7/E
D6
C♯7♯5
F♯m7
F♯m7/E
Beats the dev - il you don't.
D6
C♯7♯5
F♯m
opt.
Beats the dev - il you don't.
fp
ff

SMILE

from *Smile*

Words by HOWARD ASHMAN
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH



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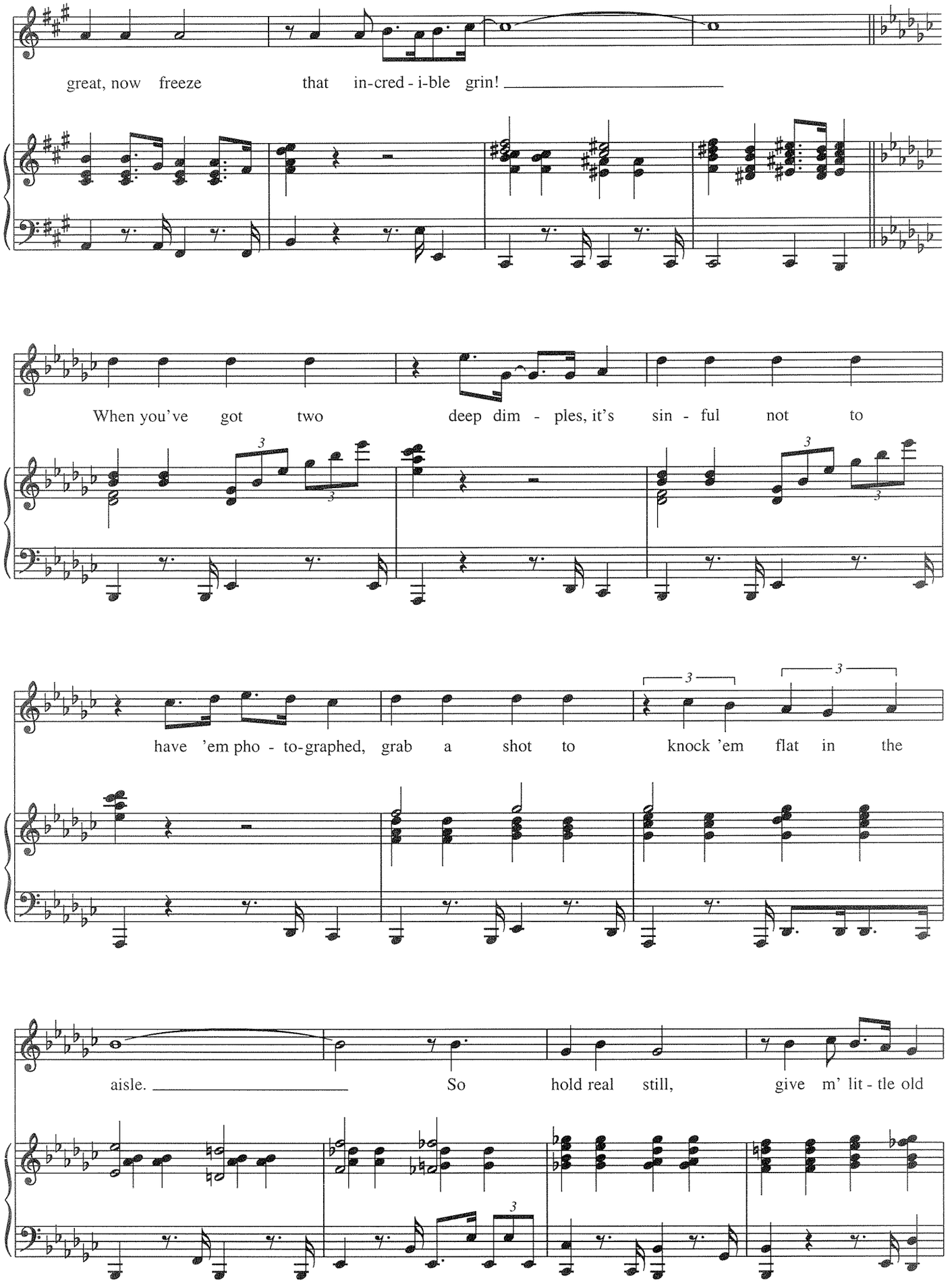
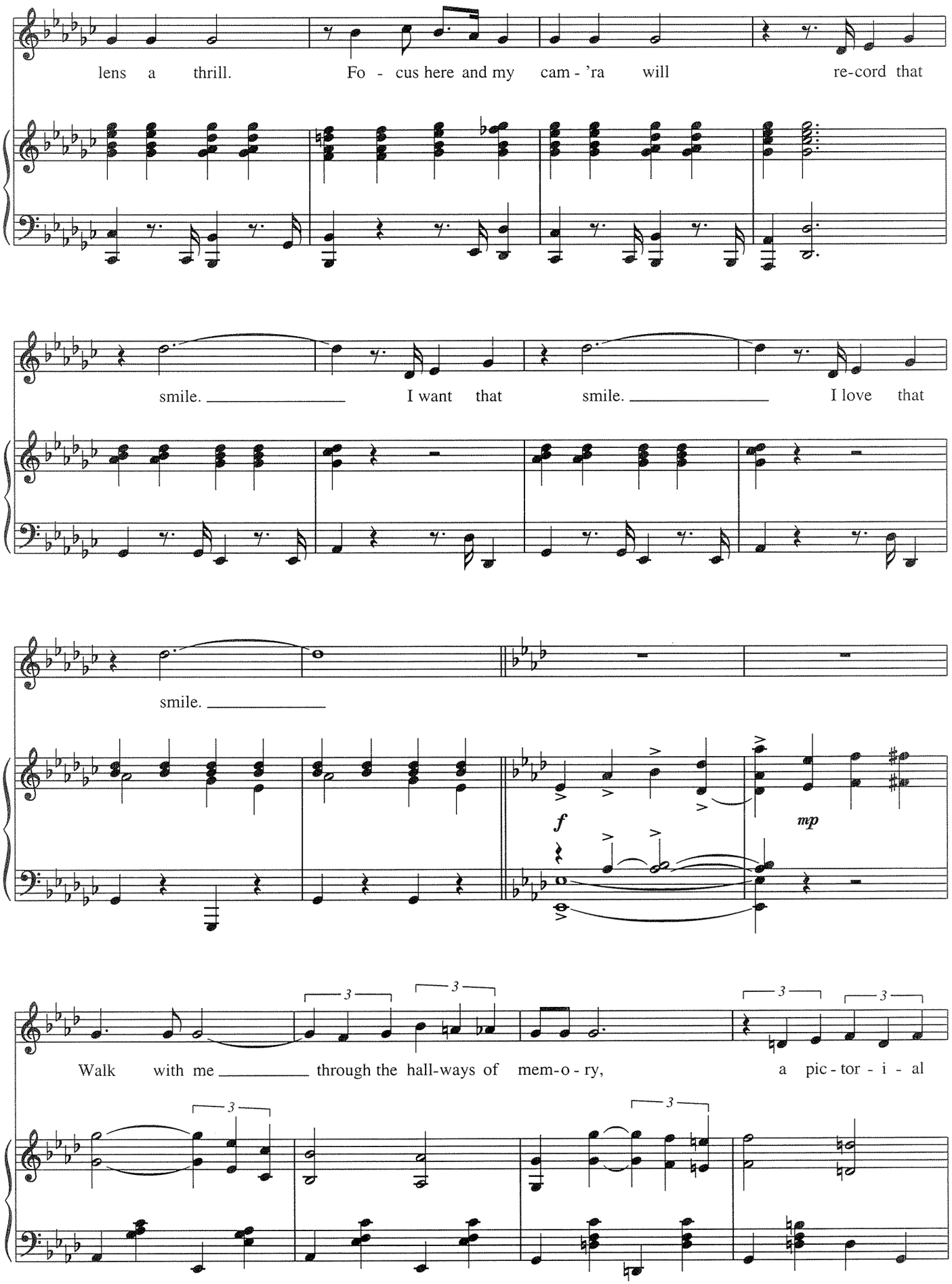
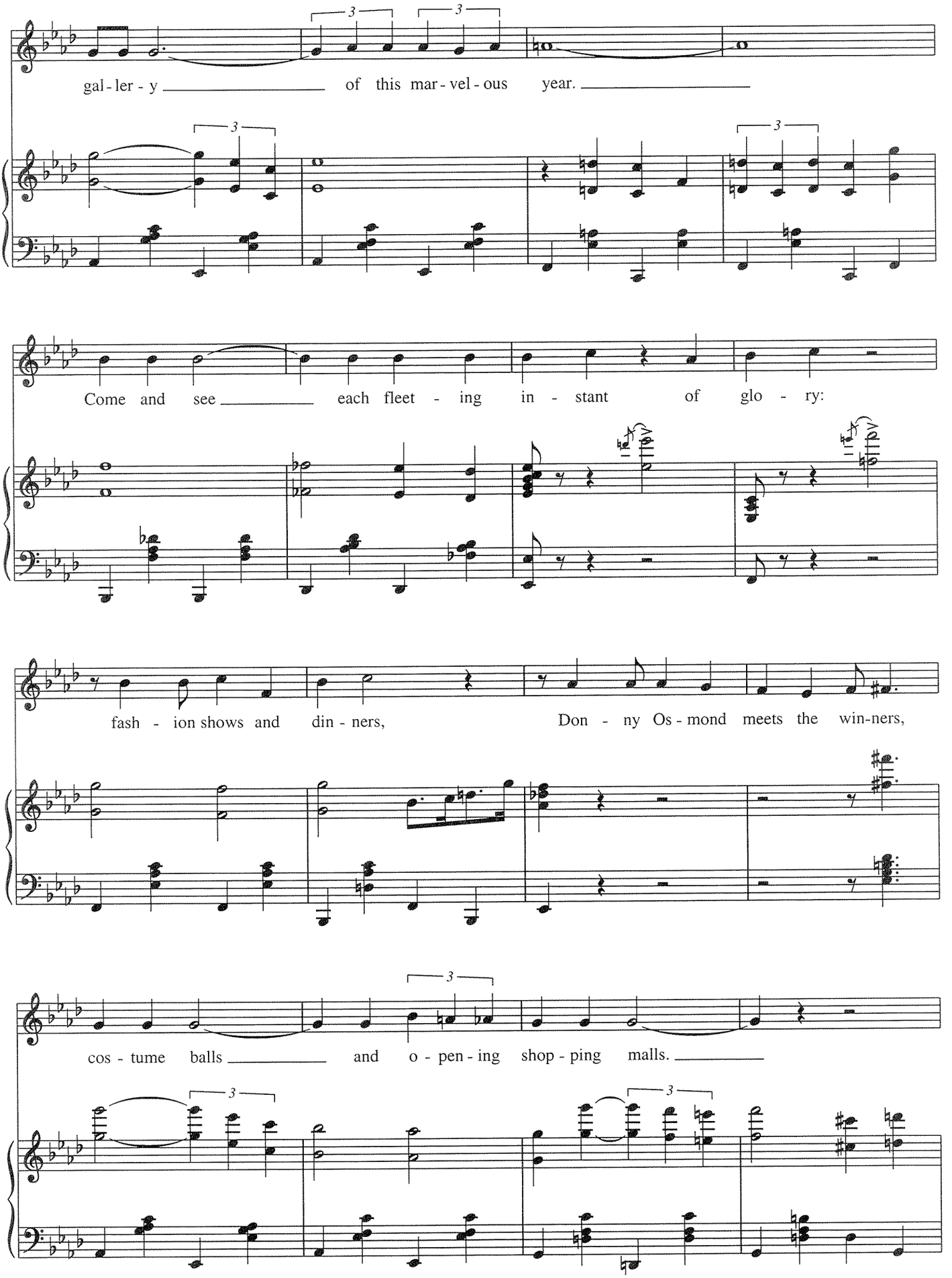
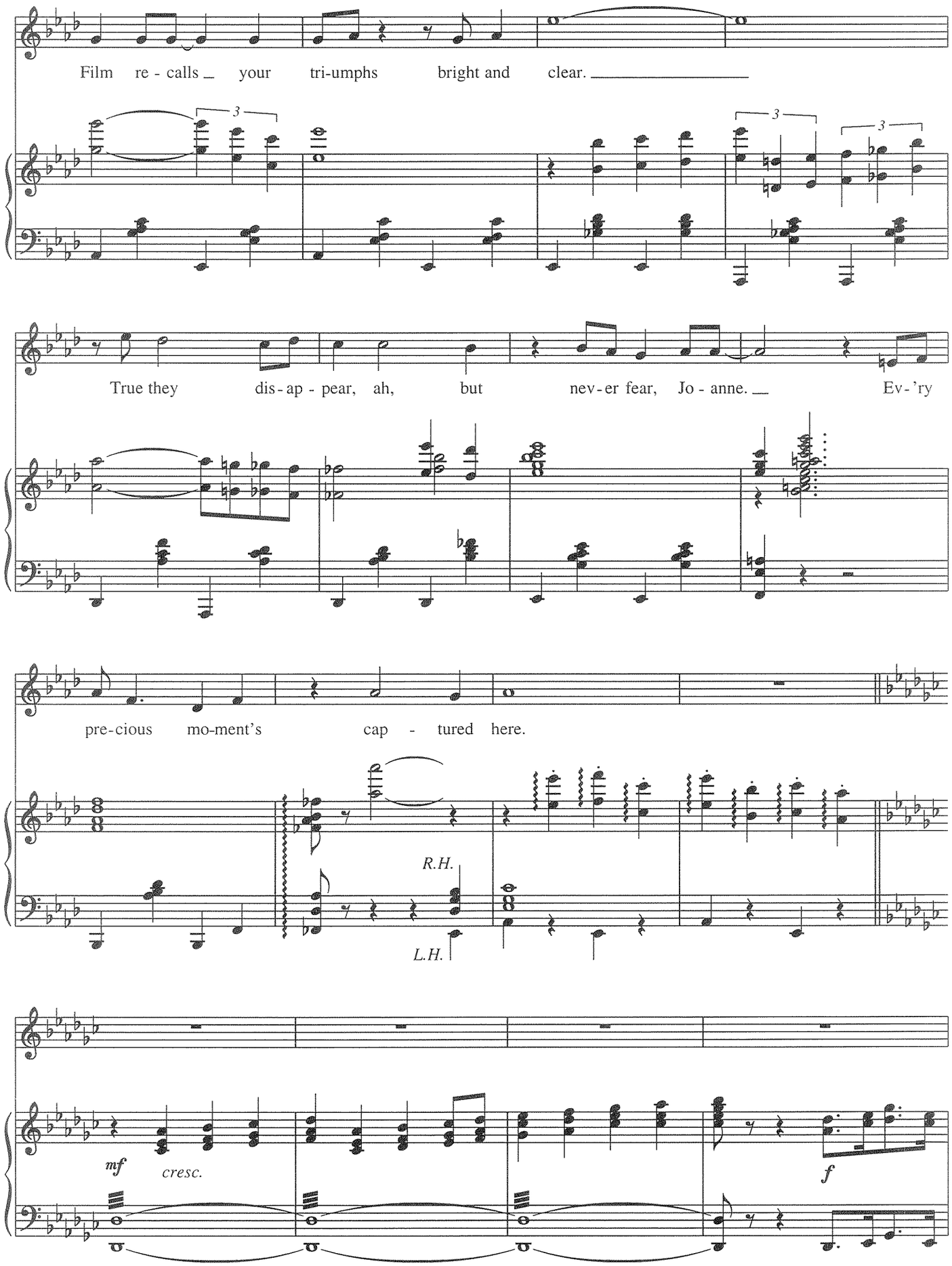
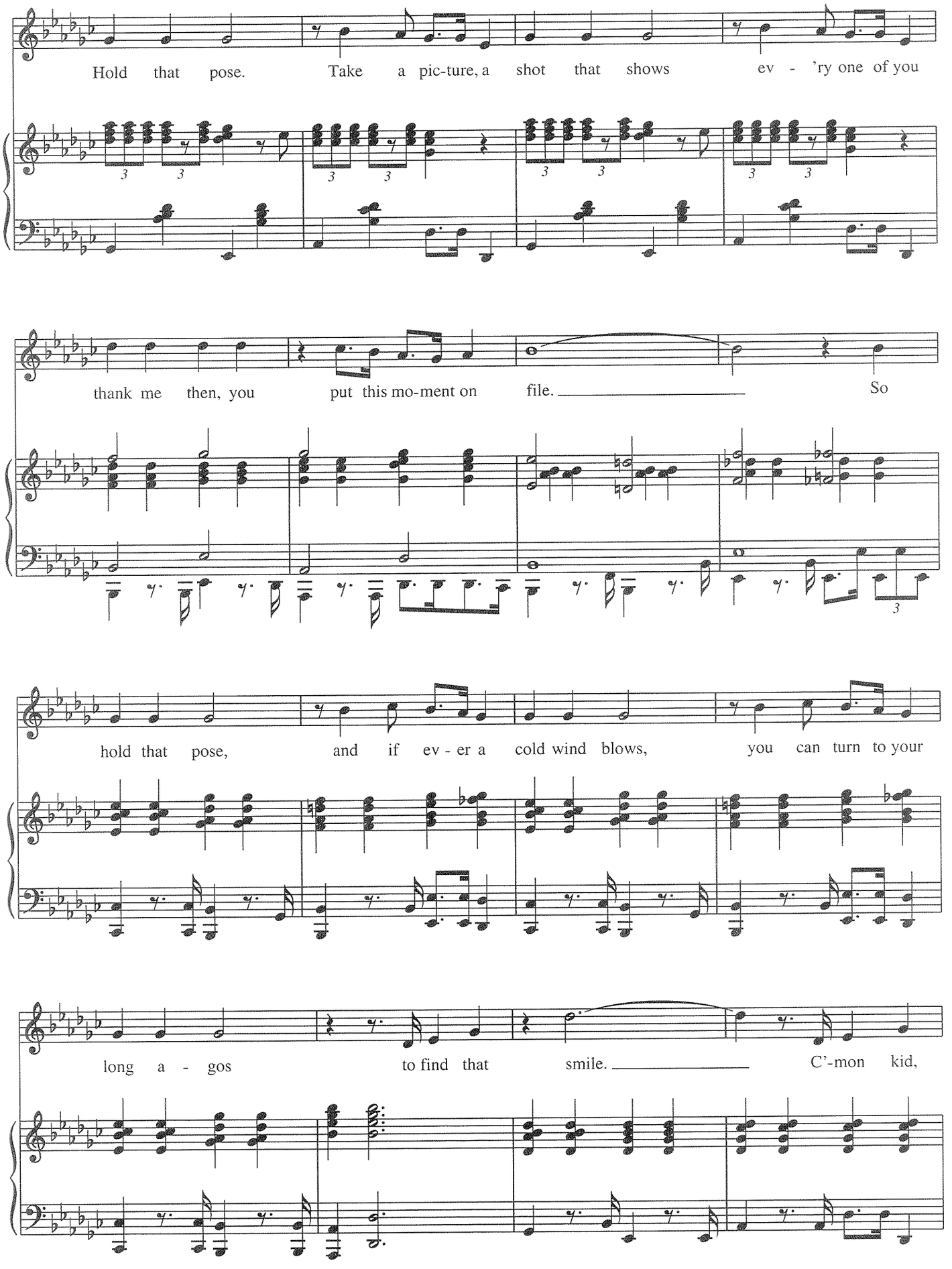
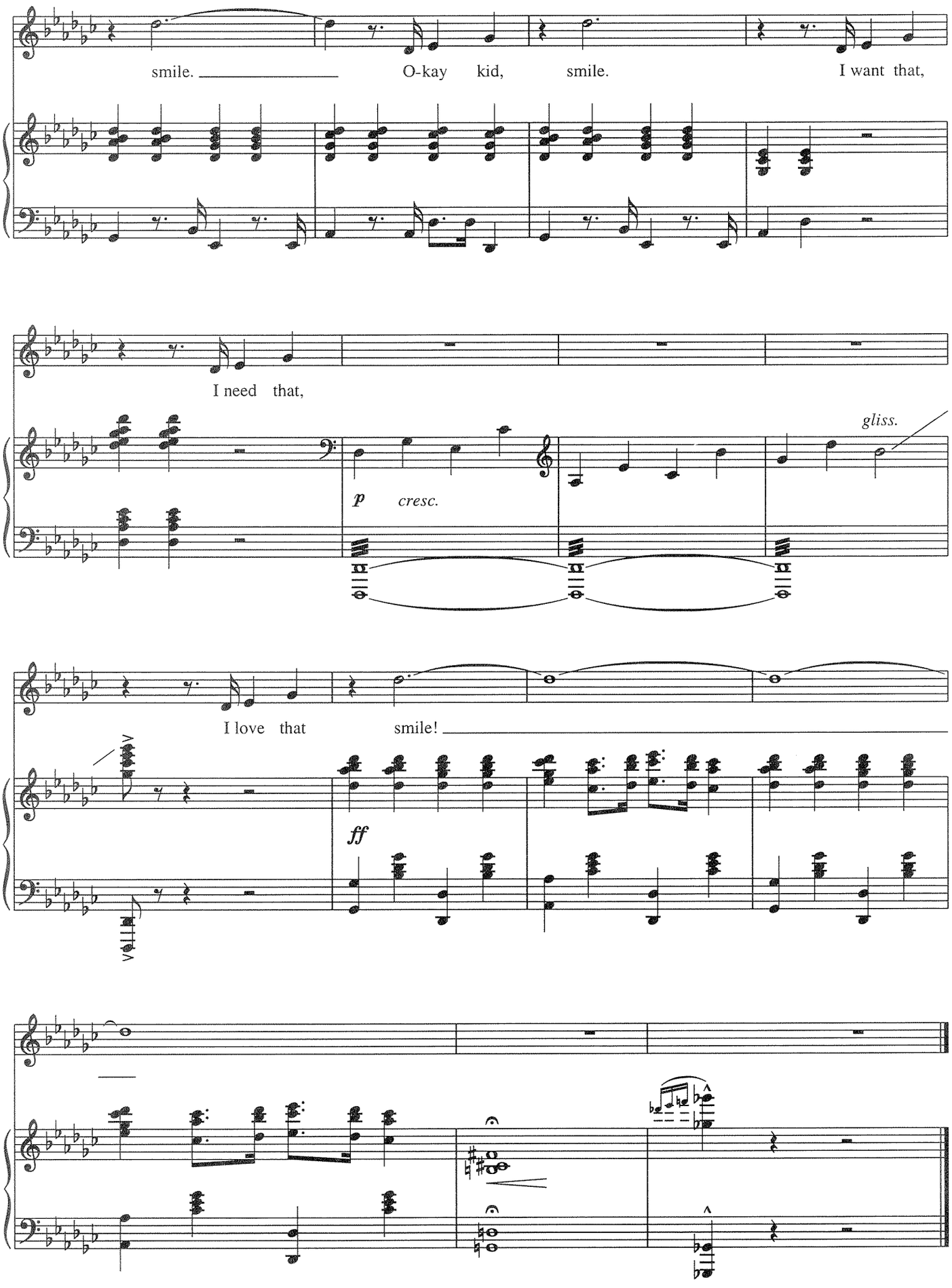

great, now freeze that in-cred-i-ble grin!
When you've got two deep dim - ples, it's sin - ful not to
have 'em pho - to-graphed, grab a shot to knock 'em flat in the
aisle. So hold real still, give m' lit - tle old


lens a thrill. Fo - cus here and my cam - 'ra will re-cord that
smile. I want that smile. I love that
smile.
f
mp
Walk with me through the hall-ways of mem-o - ry, a pic - tor - i - al
3
3
3
3
3
3


gal - ler - y of this mar - vel - ous year.
Come and see each fleet - ing in - stant of glo - ry:
fash - ion shows and din - ners, Don - ny Os - mond meets the win-ners,
cos - tume balls and o - pen - ing shop - ping malls.


Film re - calls your tri-umphs bright and clear.
True they dis-ap - pear, ah, but nev-er fear, Jo - anne. Ev-'ry
pre-cious mo-ment's cap - tured here.
R.H.
L.H.
mf
cresc.
f

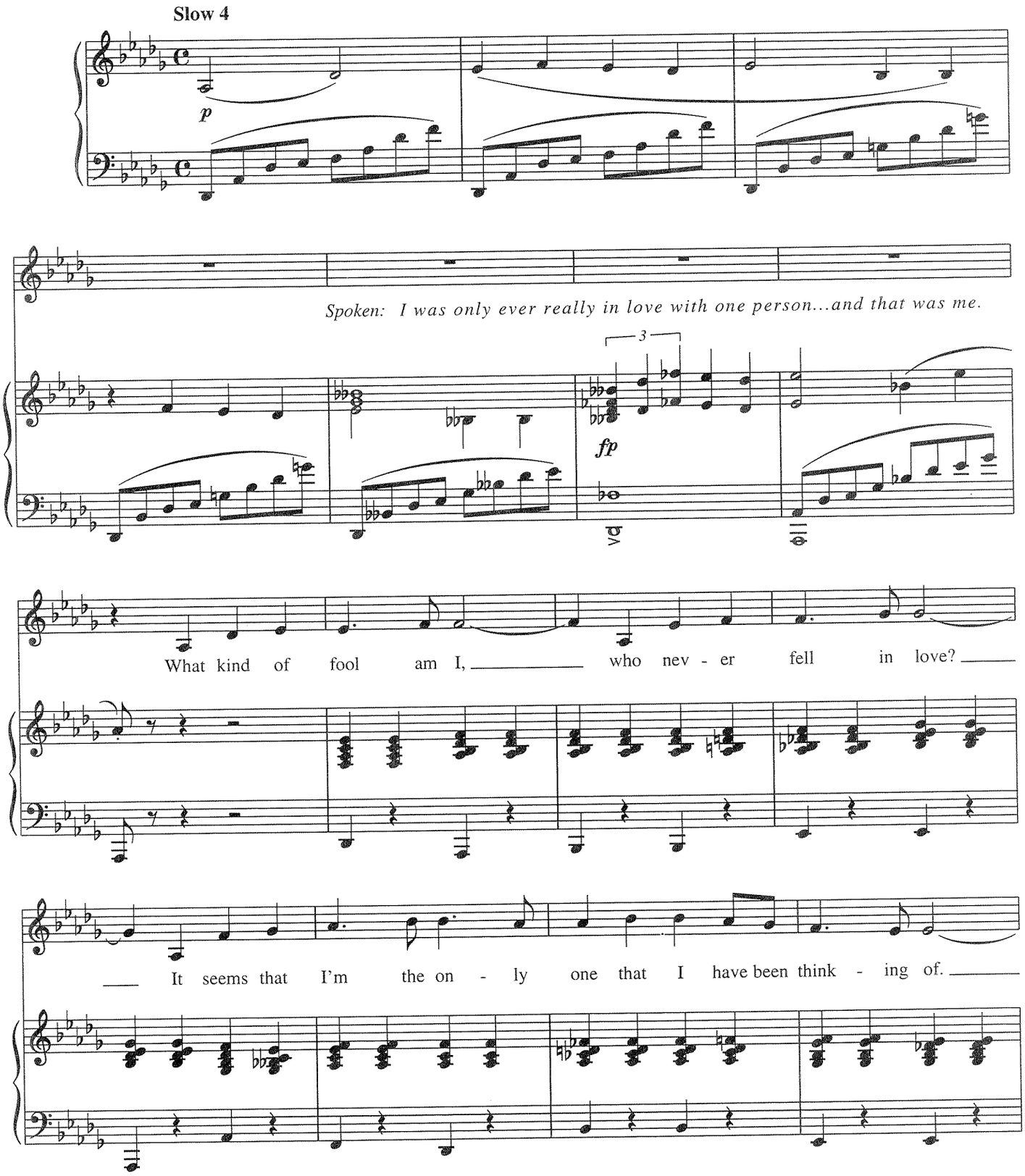

Hold that pose. Take a pic-ture, a shot that shows ev - 'ry one of you
thank me then, you put this mo-ment on file. So
hold that pose, and if ev - er a cold wind blows, you can turn to your
long a - gos to find that smile. C'-mon kid,


smile.
O-kay kid,
smile.
I want that,
I need that,
gliss.
p
cresc.
I love that
smile!
ff

WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?

from the musical production *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*

Words and Music by LESLIE BRICUSSE
and ANTHONY NEWLEY



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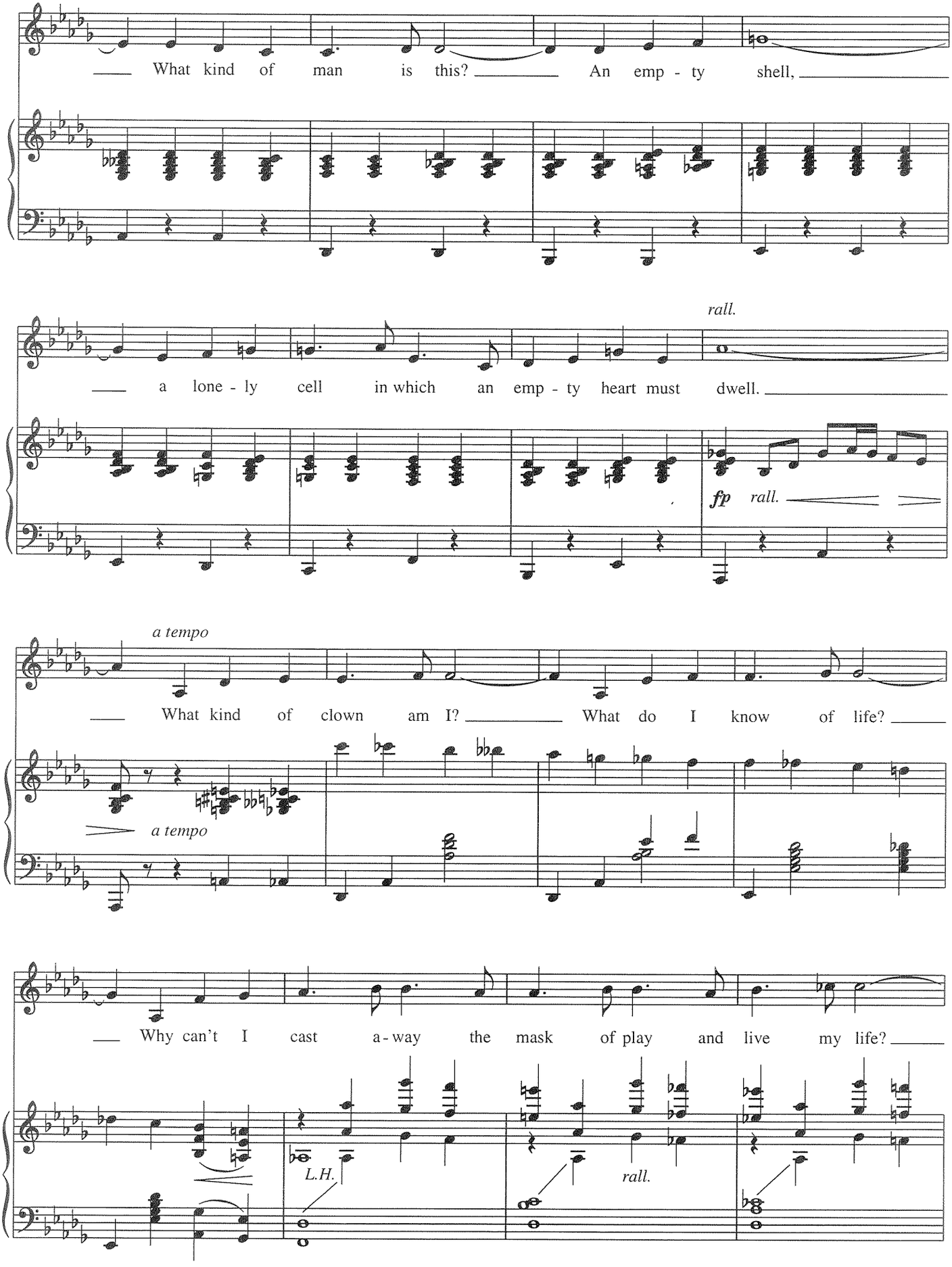
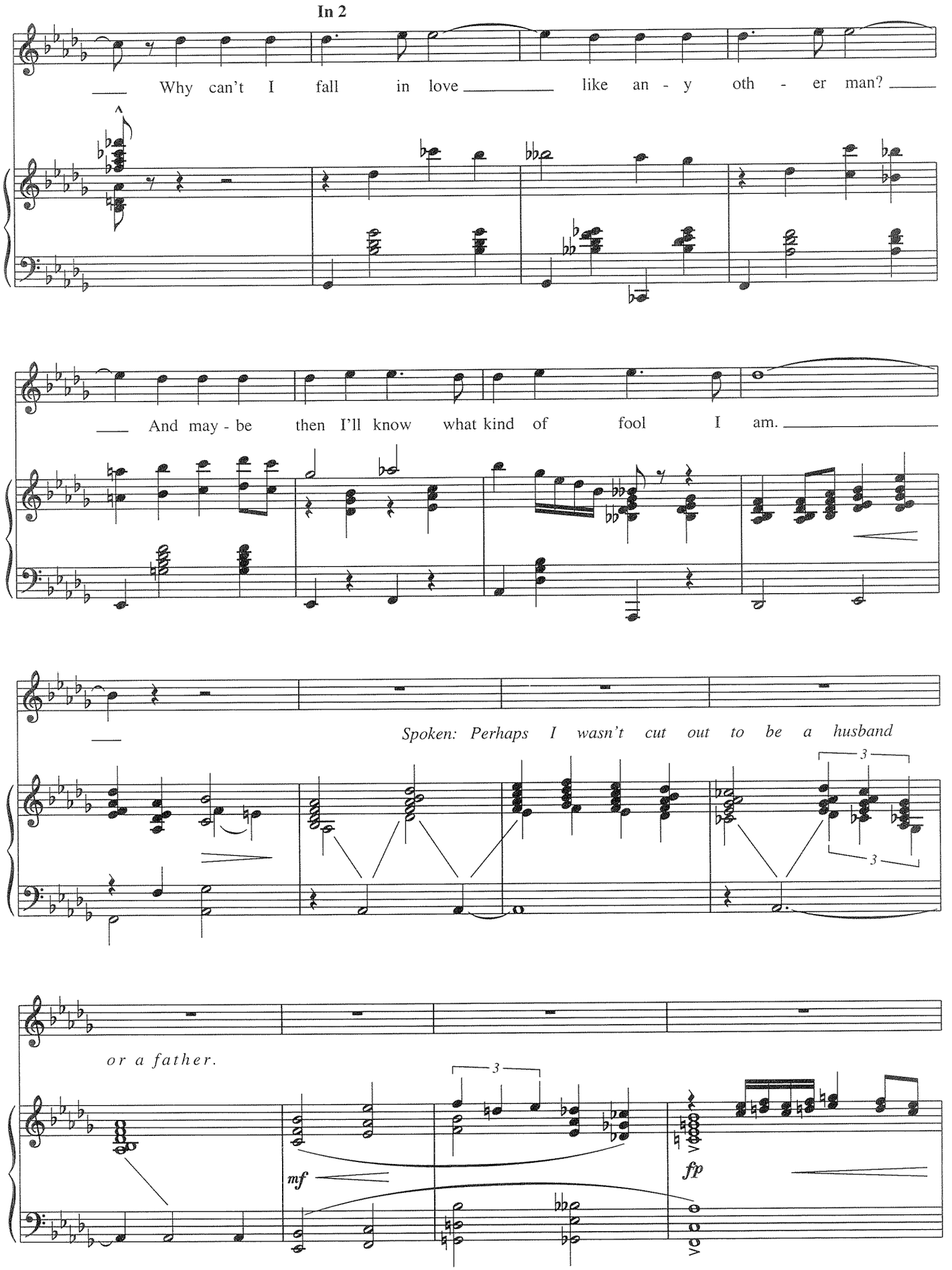
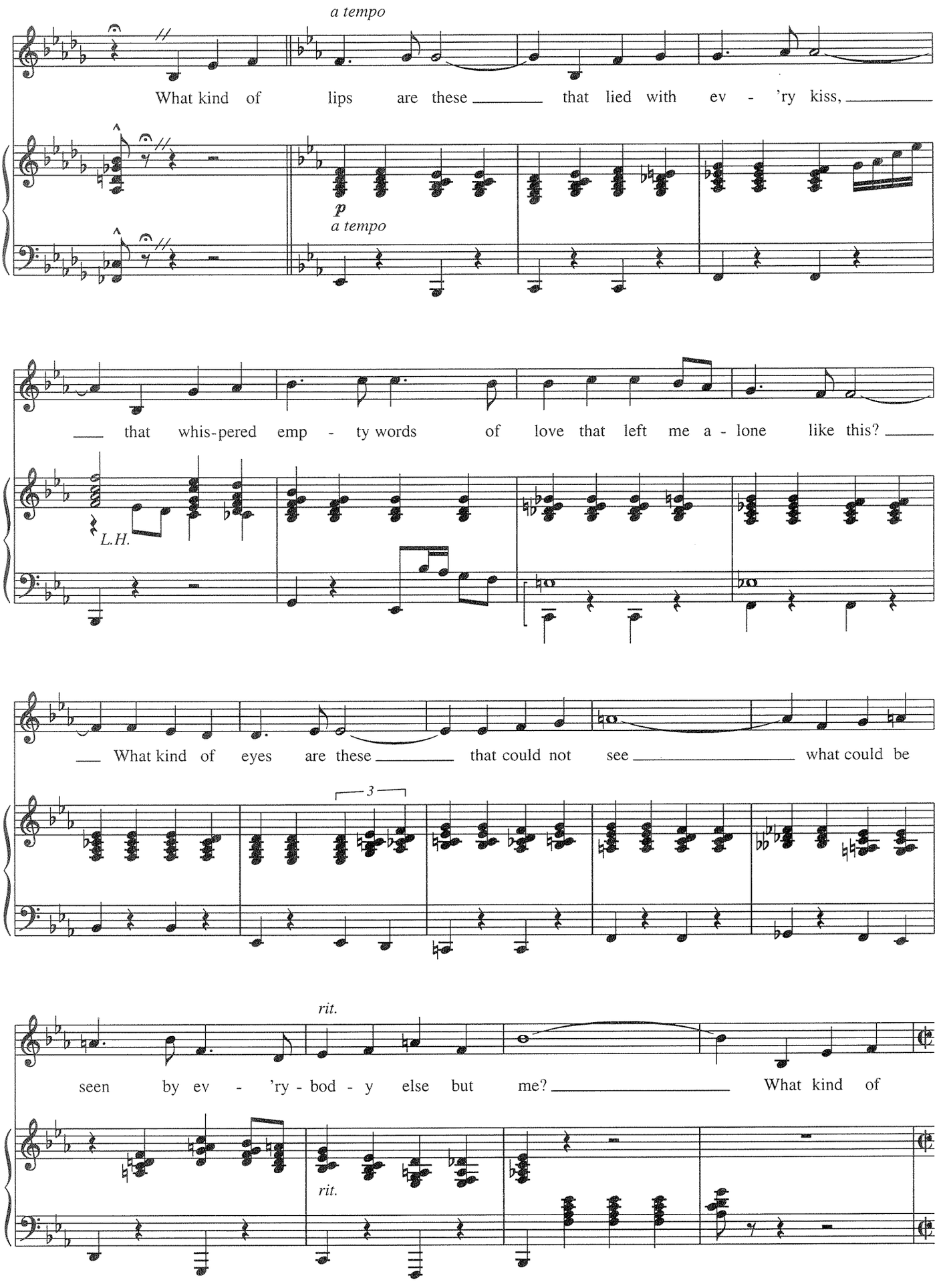
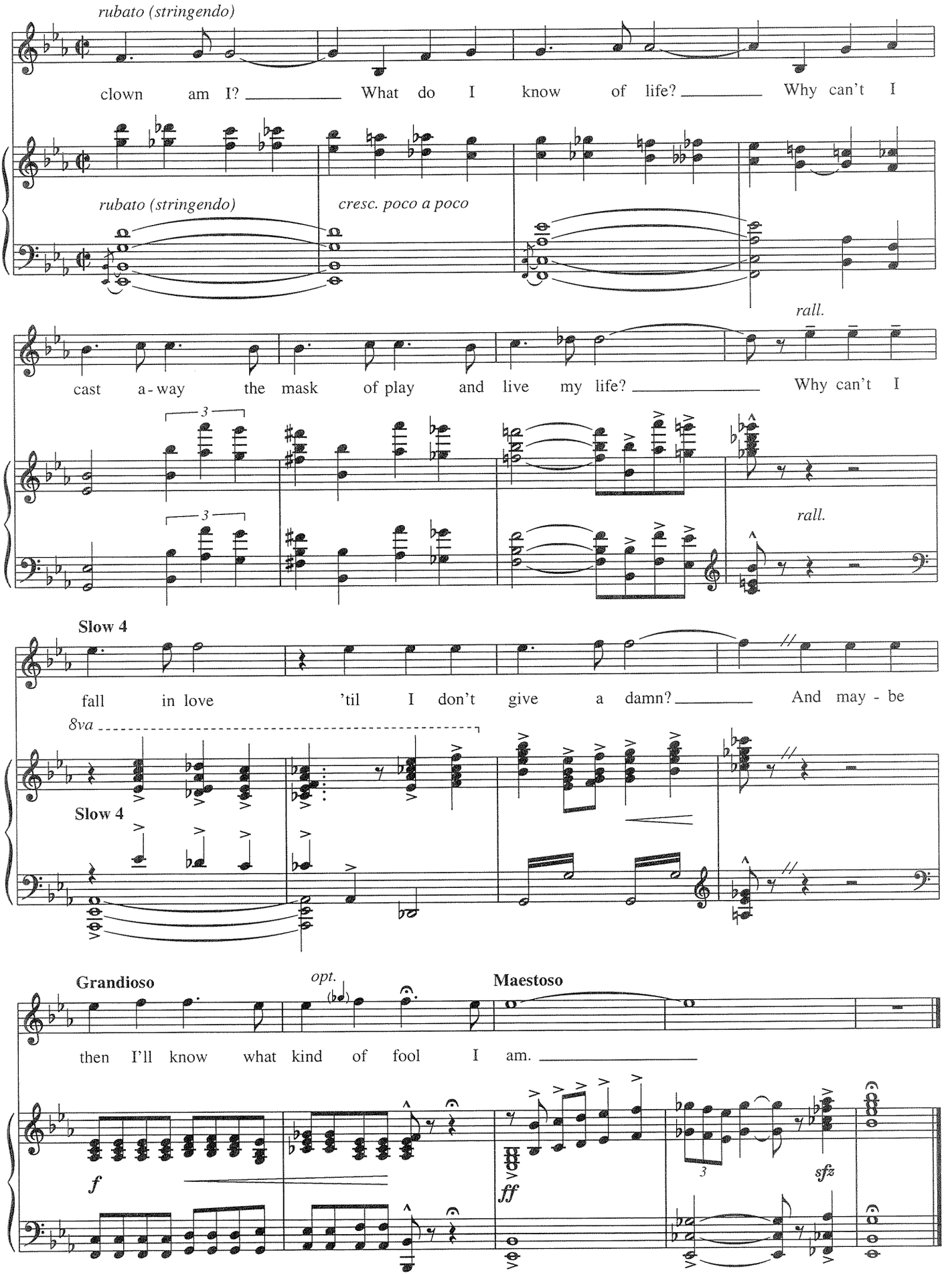

What kind of man is this? An emp - ty shell,
rall.
a lone - ly cell in which an emp - ty heart must dwell.
fp rall.
a tempo
What kind of clown am I? What do I know of life?
a tempo
Why can't I cast a - way the mask of play and live my life?
L.H.
rall.


In 2
Why can't I fall in love like an - y oth - er man?
And may - be then I'll know what kind of fool I am.
Spoken: Perhaps I wasn't cut out to be a husband
or a father.
mf
fp

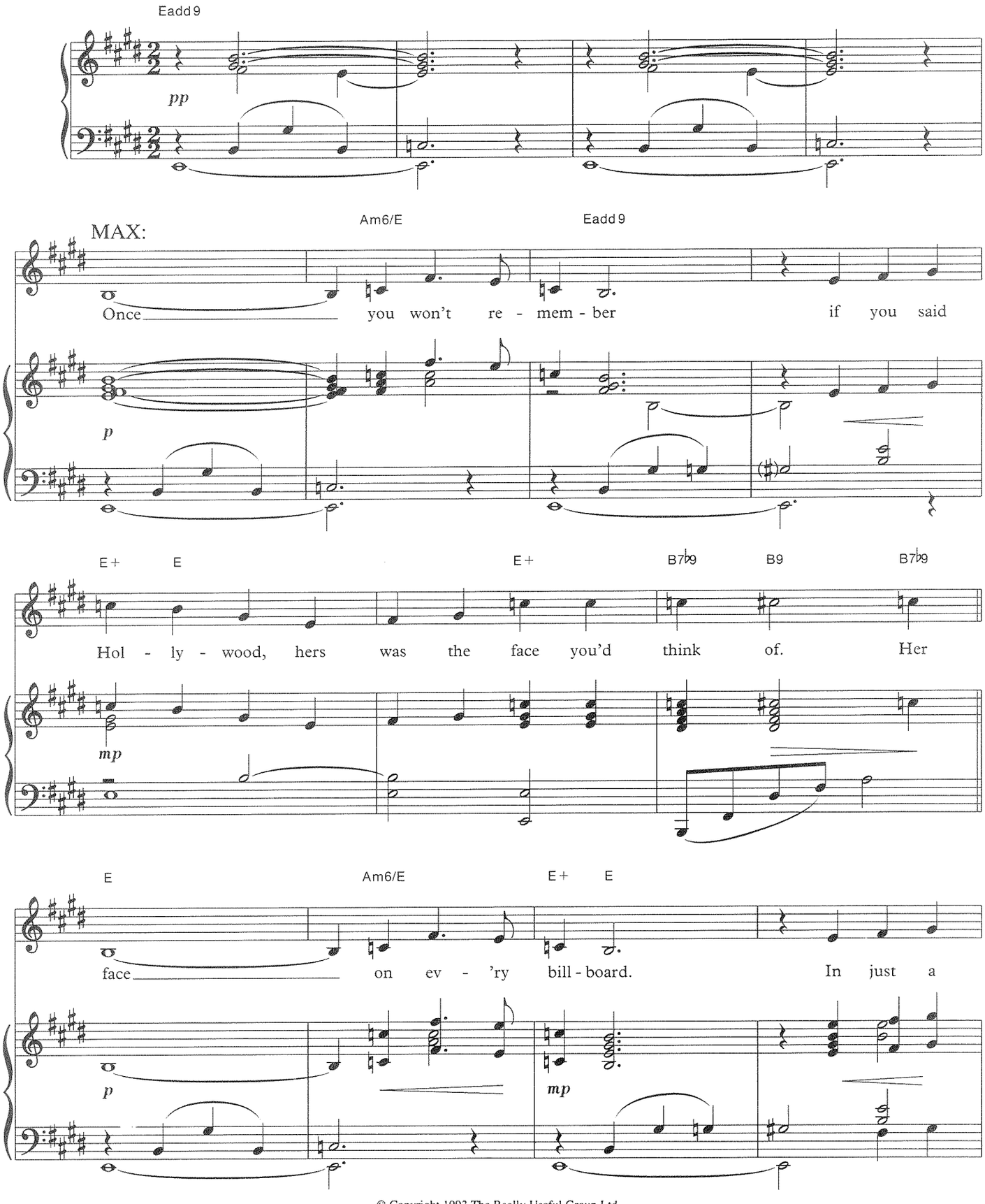

a tempo
What kind of lips are these that lied with ev - 'ry kiss,
p
a tempo
that whis-pered emp - ty words of love that left me a - lone like this?
L.H.
What kind of eyes are these that could not see what could be
3
rit.
seen by ev - 'ry - bod - y else but me? What kind of
rit.


rubato (stringendo)
clown am I? What do I know of life? Why can't I
rubato (stringendo)
cresc. poco a poco
rall.
cast a-way the mask of play and live my life? Why can't I
3
3
rall.
Slow 4
fall in love 'til I don't give a damn? And may - be
8va
Slow 4
Grandioso
opt.
Maestoso
then I'll know what kind of fool I am.
f
ff
3
sfz

THE GREATEST STAR OF ALL

from *Sunset Boulevard*

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK and CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON,
with contributions by AMY POWERS



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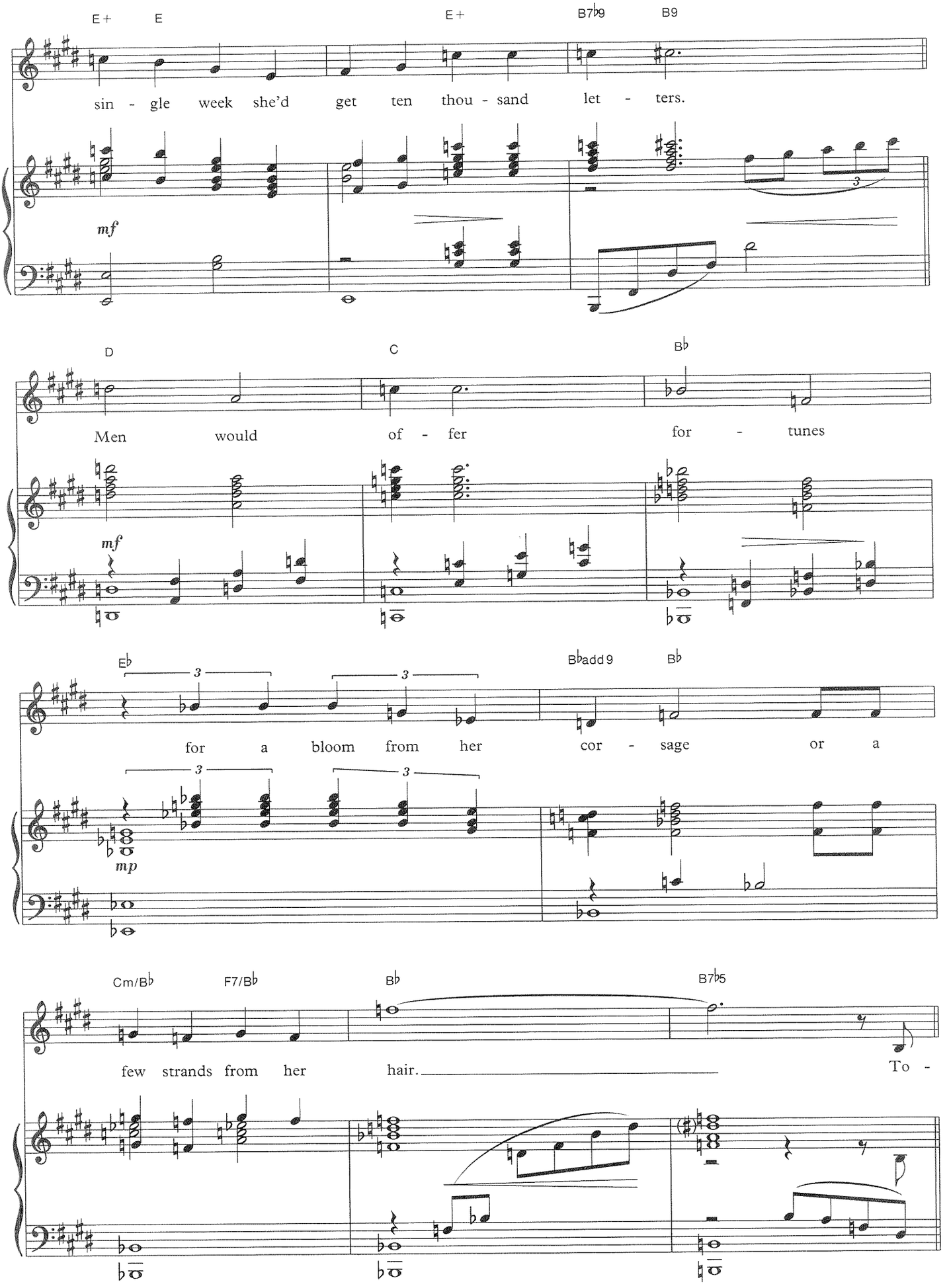
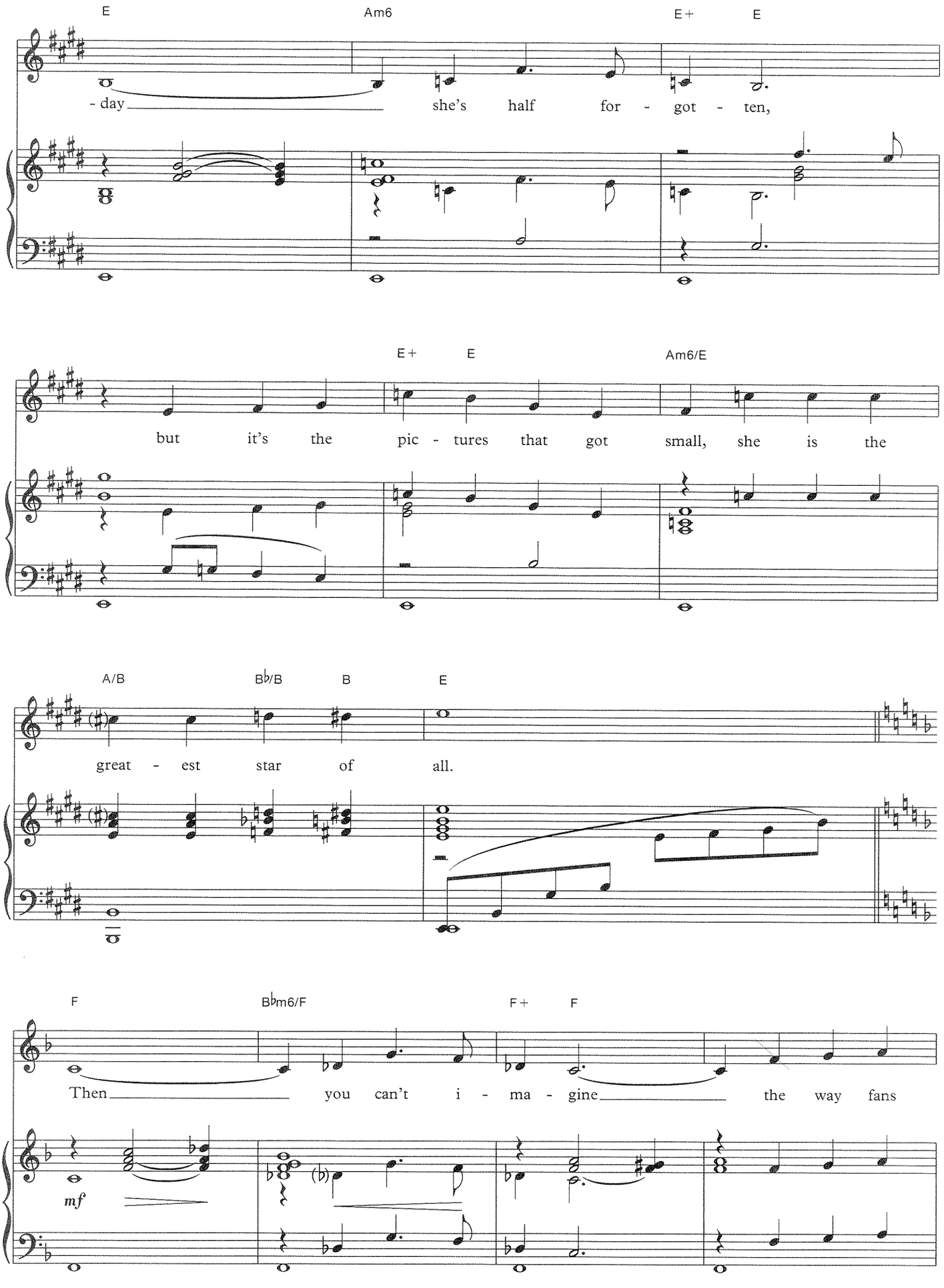
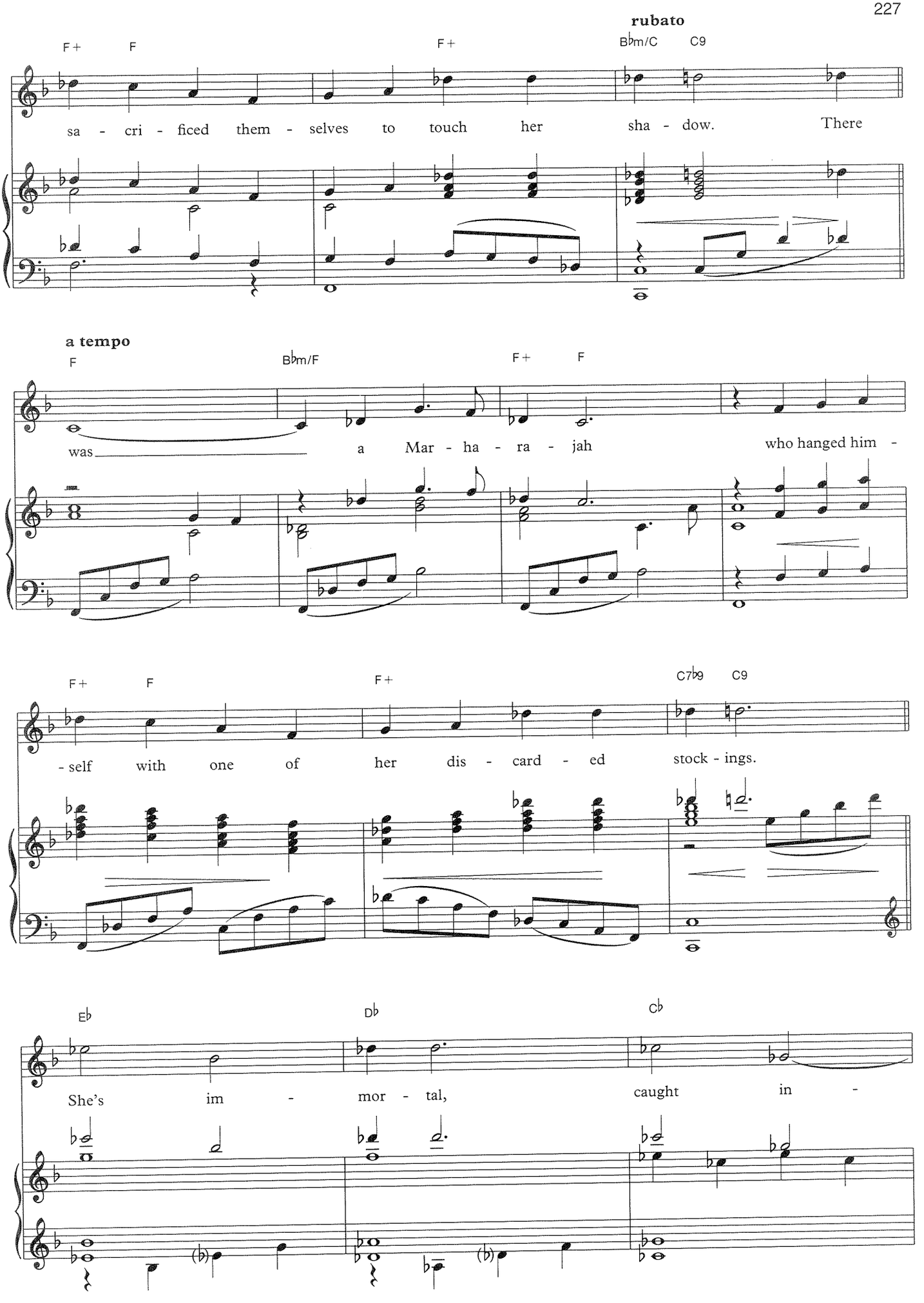
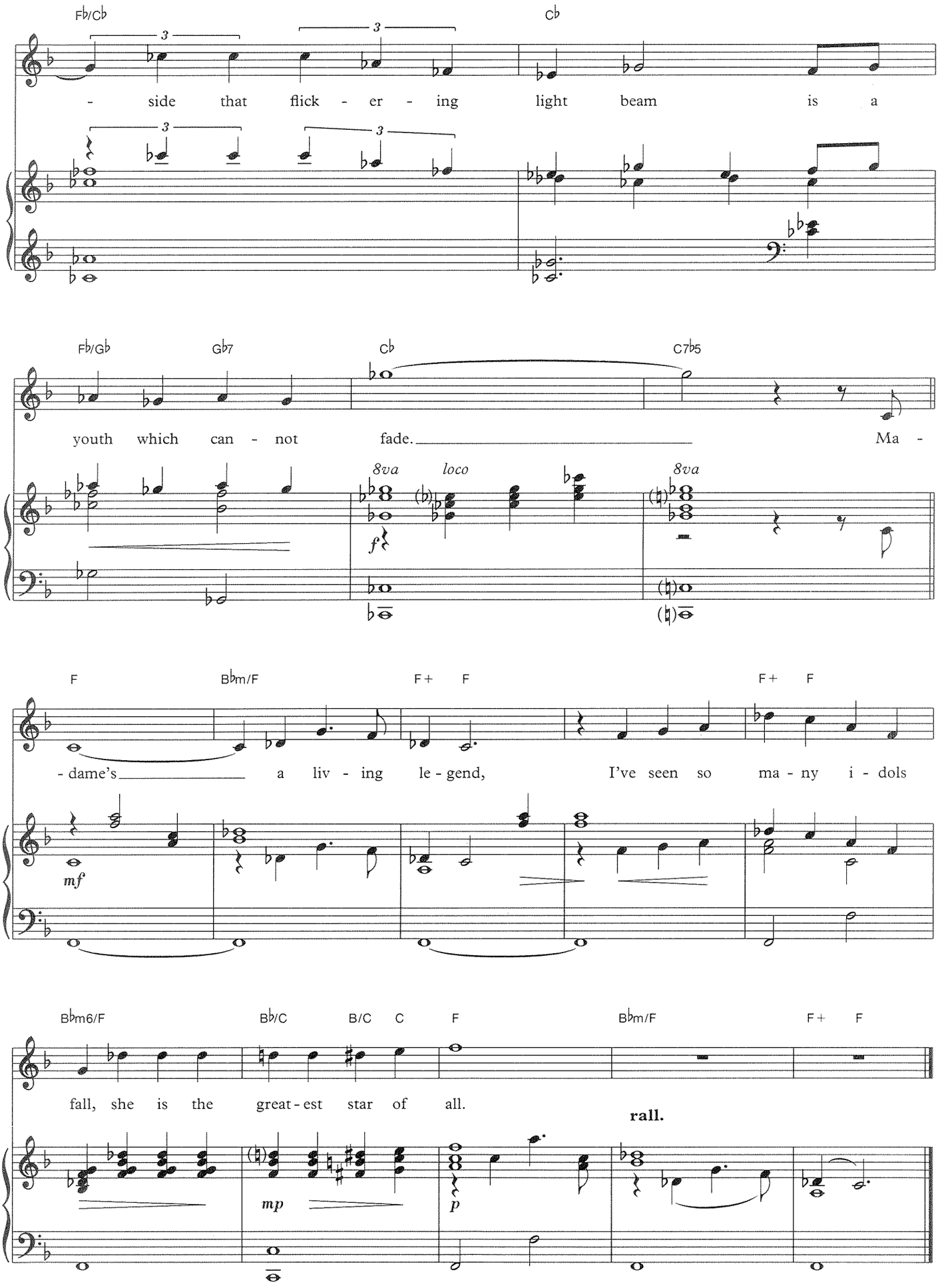

E+ E E+ B7♭9 B9
sin - gle week she'd get ten thou - sand let - ters.
mf
D C B♭
Men would of - fer for - tunes
mf
E♭ B♭add 9 B♭
for a bloom from her cor - sage or a
mp
Cm/B♭ F7/B♭ B♭ B7♭5
few strands from her hair. To -

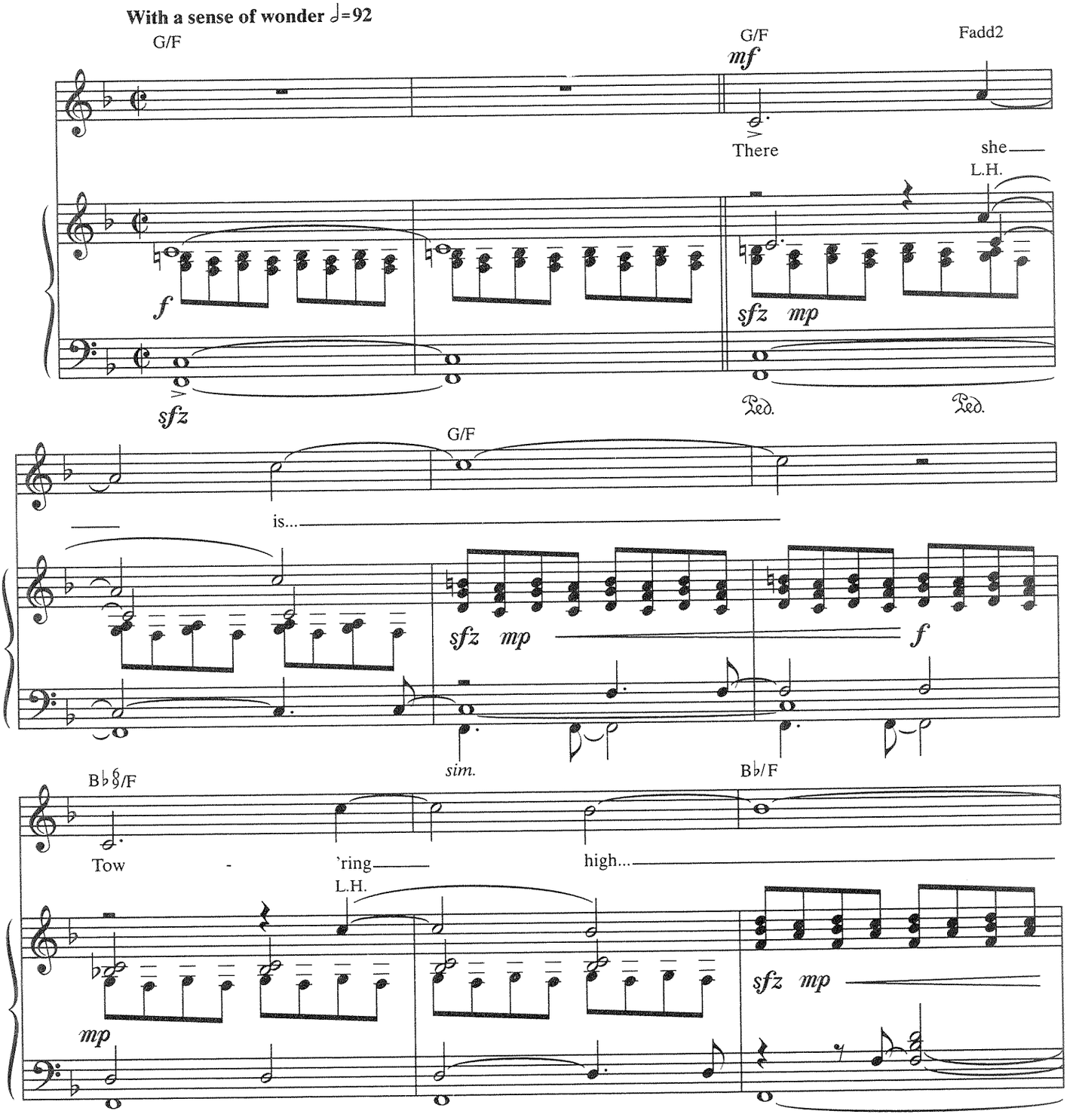

E
Am6
E+
E
- day
she's half for - got - ten,
E+
E
Am6/E
but it's the pic - tures that got small, she is the
A/B
B♭/B
B
E
great - est star of all.
F
B♭m6/F
F+
F
Then
you can't i - ma - gine
the way fans
mf


rubato
F+ F F+ B♭m/C C9
sa - cri - ficed them - selves to touch her sha - dow. There
a tempo
F B♭m/F F+ F
was a Mar - ha - ra - jah who hanged him -
F+ F F+ C7♭9 C9
- self with one of her dis - card - ed stock - ings.
E♭ D♭ C♭
She's im - mor - tal, caught in -


Fb/Cb
Cb
- side that flick - er - ing light beam is a
Fb/Gb
Gb7
Cb
C7b5
youth which can - not fade. Ma -
8va
loco
8va
f
F
Bbm/F
F+
F
F+
F
- dame's a liv - ing le - gend, I've seen so ma - ny i - dols
mf
Bbm6/F
Bb/C
B/C
C
F
Bbm/F
F+
F
fall, she is the great - est star of all.
rall.
mp
p

THERE SHE IS
from *Titanic*

Music and Lyrics by
MAURY YESTON



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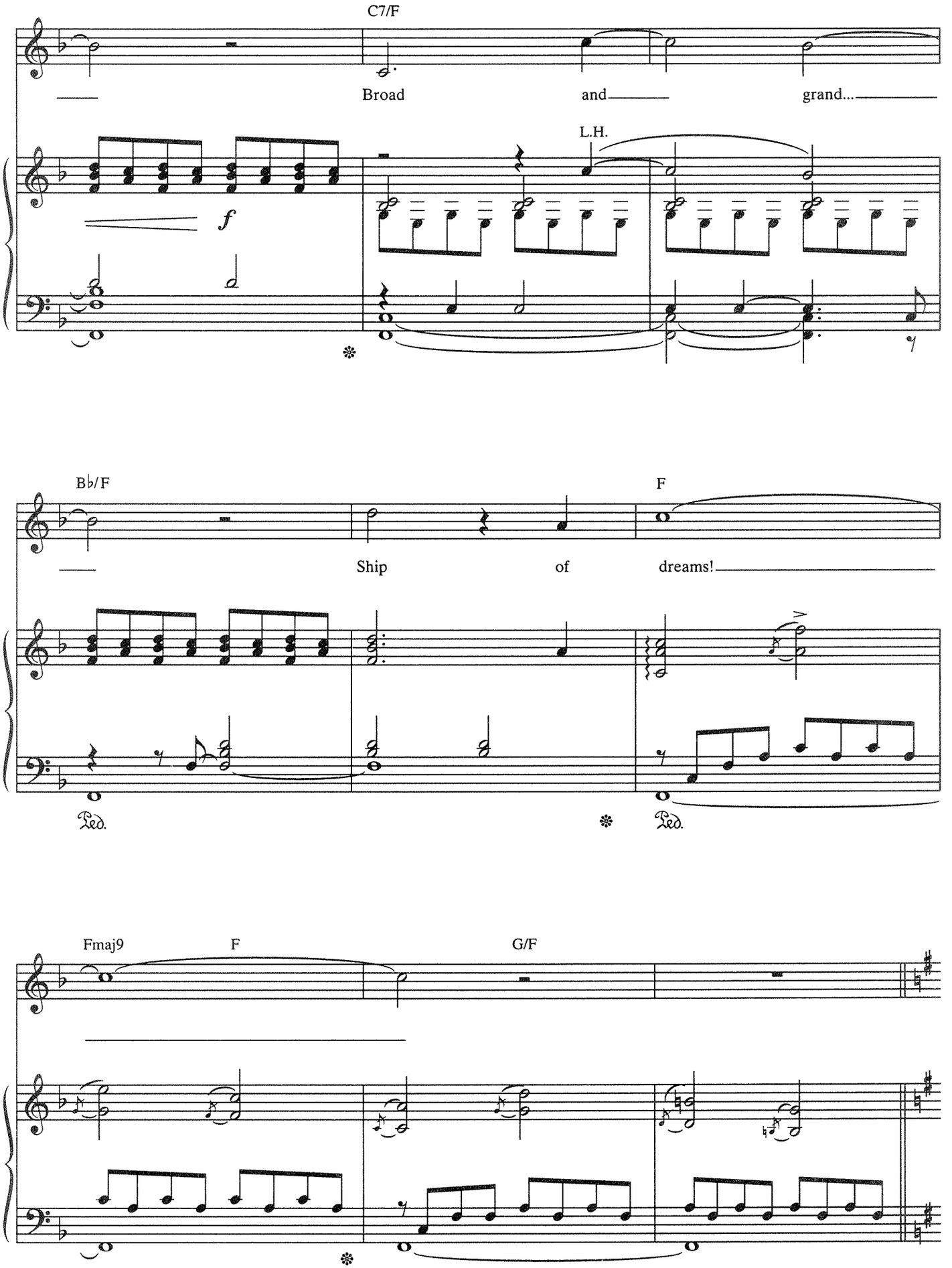
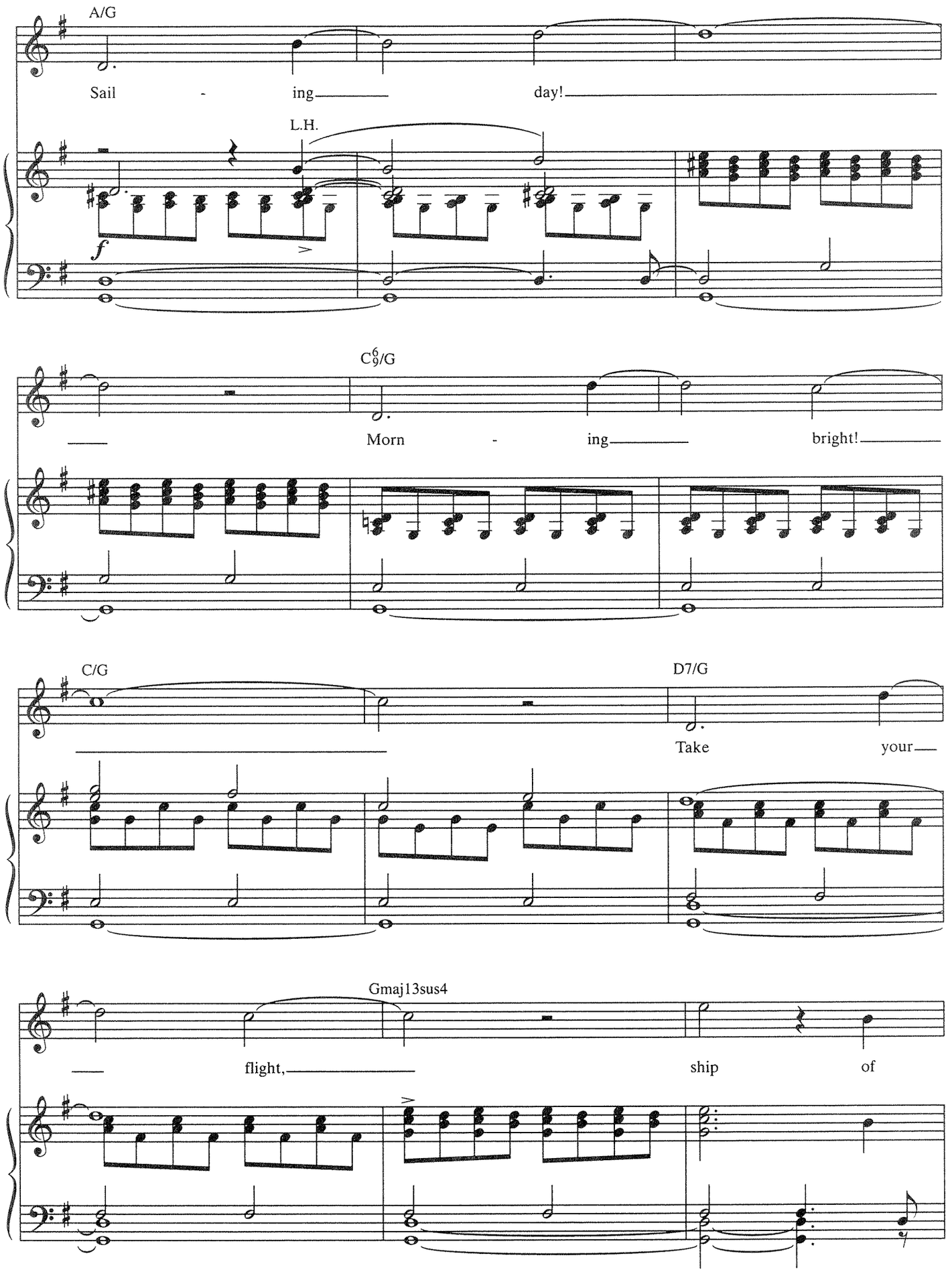
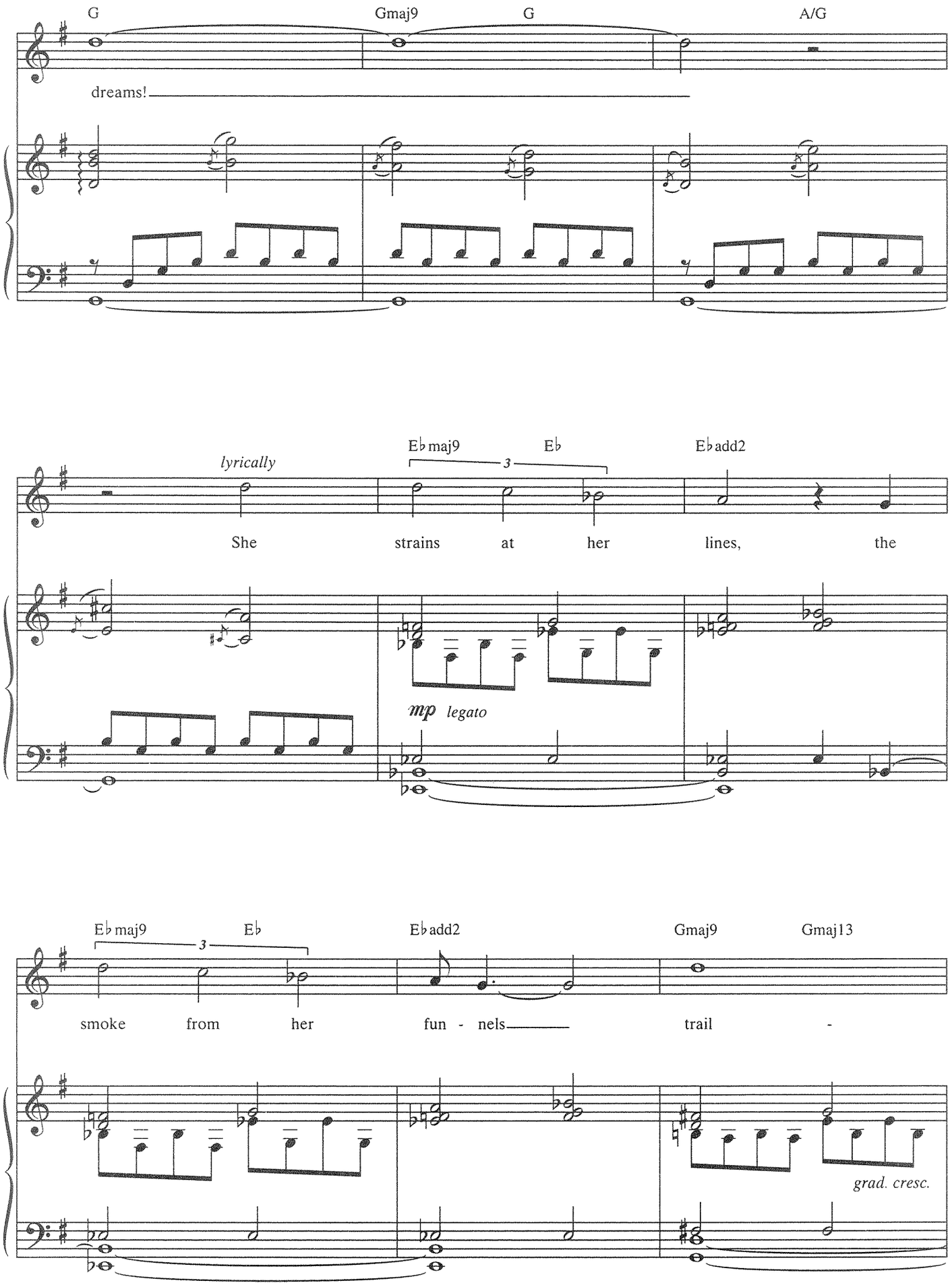
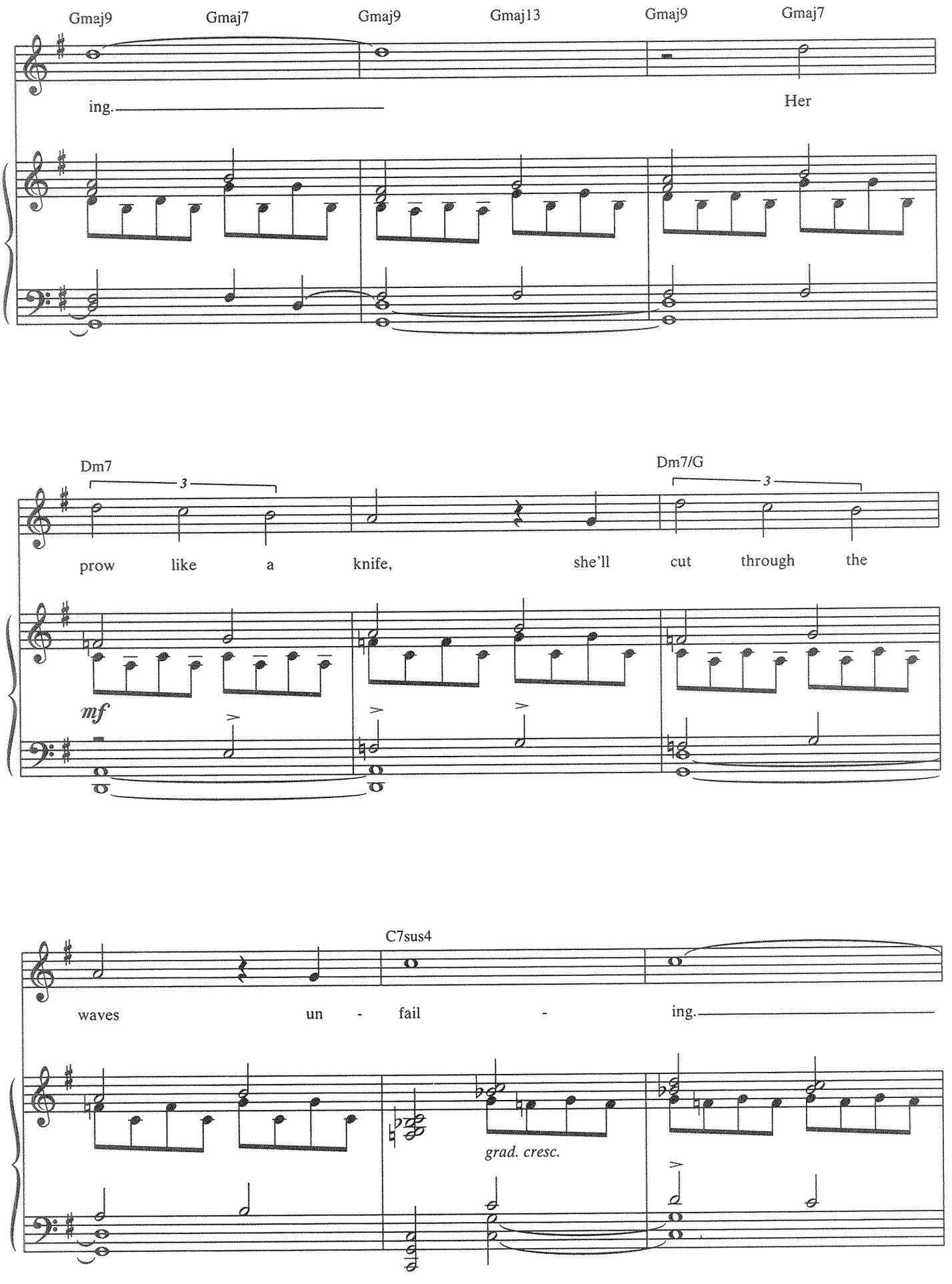
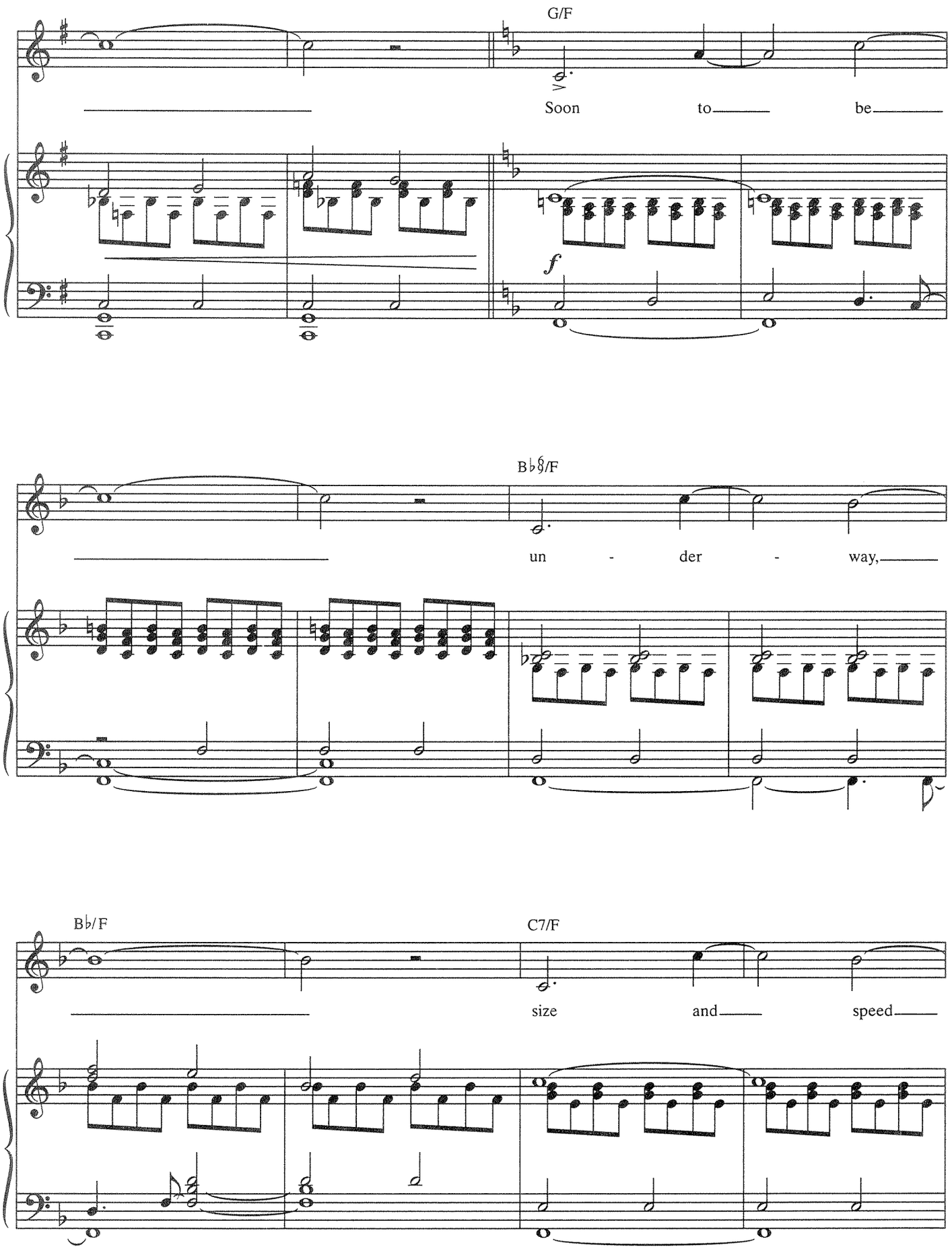
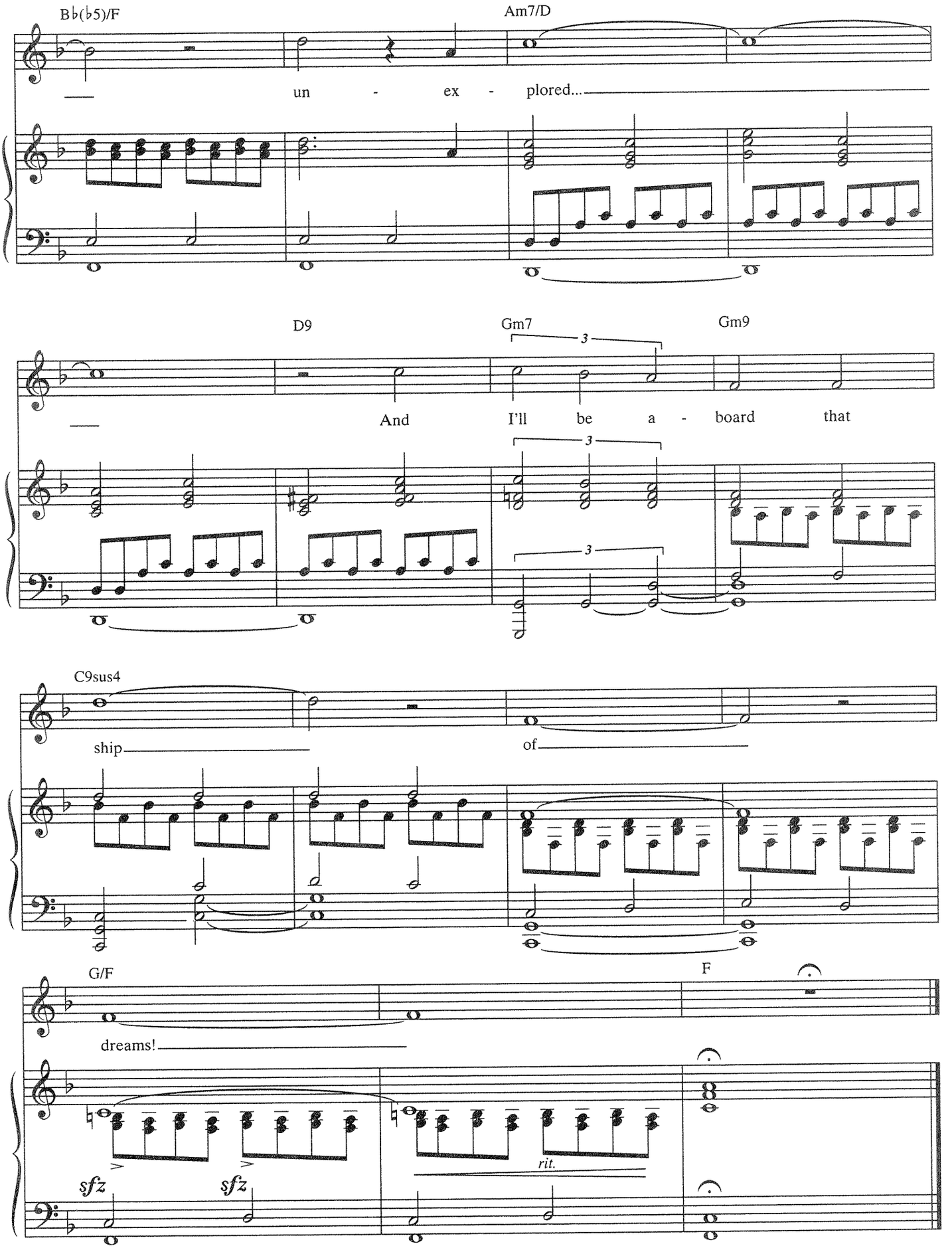

C7/F
Broad and grand...
L.H.
f
B♭/F
F
Ship of dreams!
Ped.
Ped.
Fmaj9
F
G/F


A/G
Sail - ing day!
L.H.
f
C6/9/G
Morn - ing bright!
C/G
D7/G
Take your
Gmaj13sus4
flight,
ship of


G
Gmaj9
G
A/G
dreams!
lyrically
E♭maj9
3
E♭
E♭add2
She strains at her lines, the
mp legato
E♭maj9
3
E♭
E♭add2
Gmaj9
Gmaj13
smoke from her fun - nels trail -
grad. cresc.


Gmaj9
Gmaj7
Gmaj9
Gmaj13
Gmaj9
Gmaj7
ing.
Her
Dm7
Dm7/G
3
3
prow like a knife, she'll cut through the
mf
C7sus4
waves un - fail - ing.
grad. cresc.

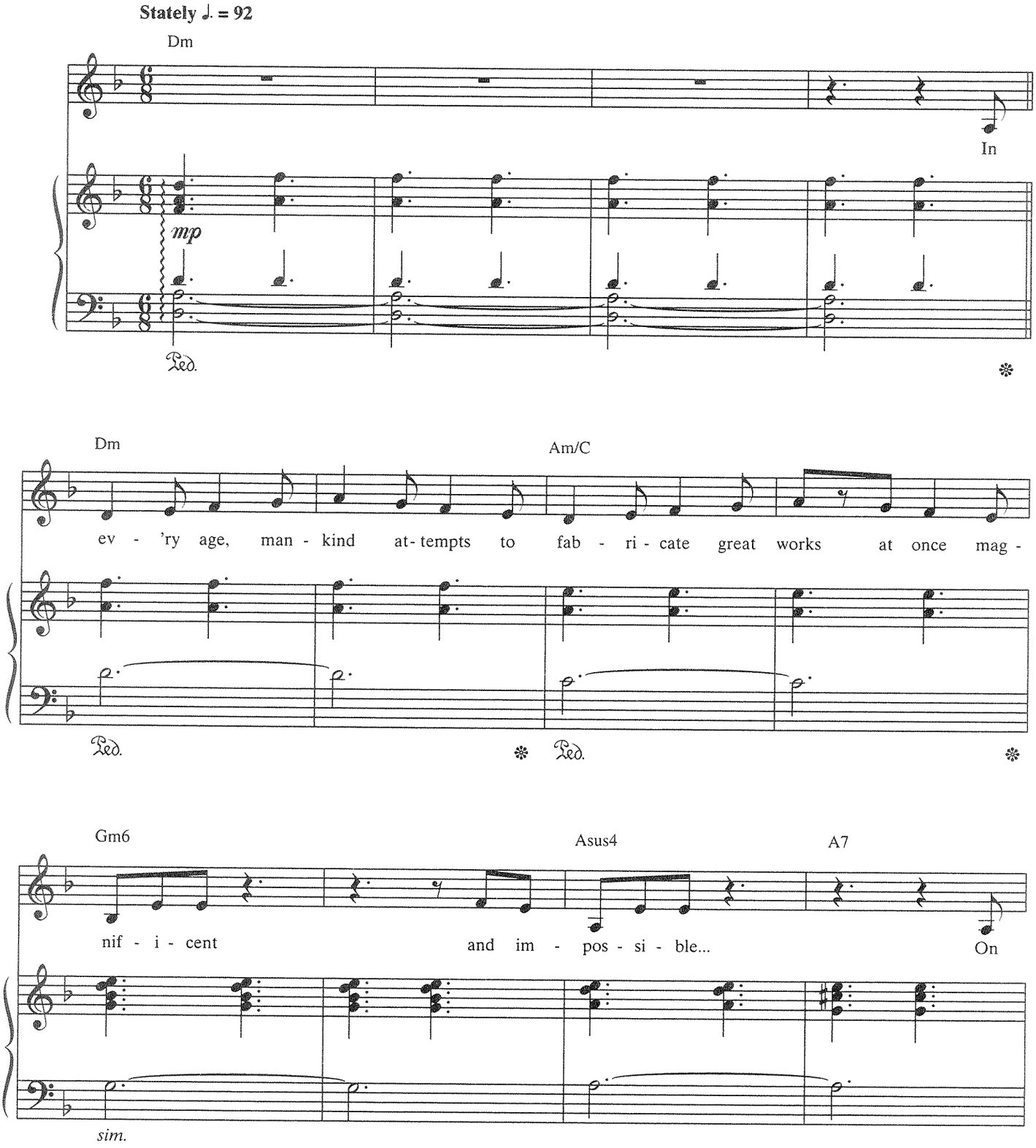

G/F
Soon to be
f
B♭6/F
un - der - way,
B♭/F
C7/F
size and speed


B♭(♭5)/F
Am7/D
un - ex - plored...
D9
Gm7
Gm9
3
And I'll be a - board that
C9sus4
ship
of
G/F
F
dreams!
sfz
sfz
rit.

IN EVERY AGE

from *Titanic*

Music and Lyrics by
MAURY YESTON



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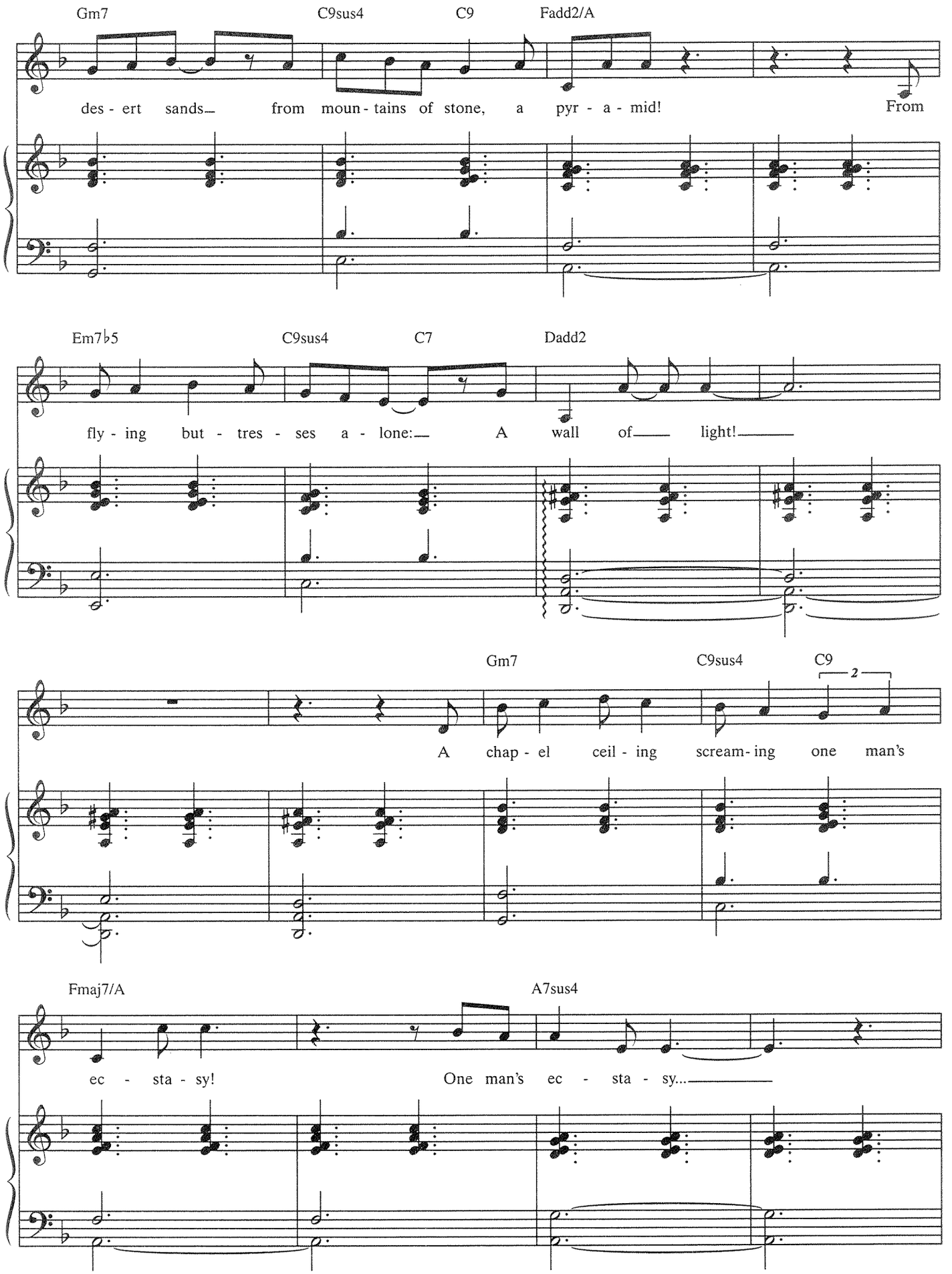
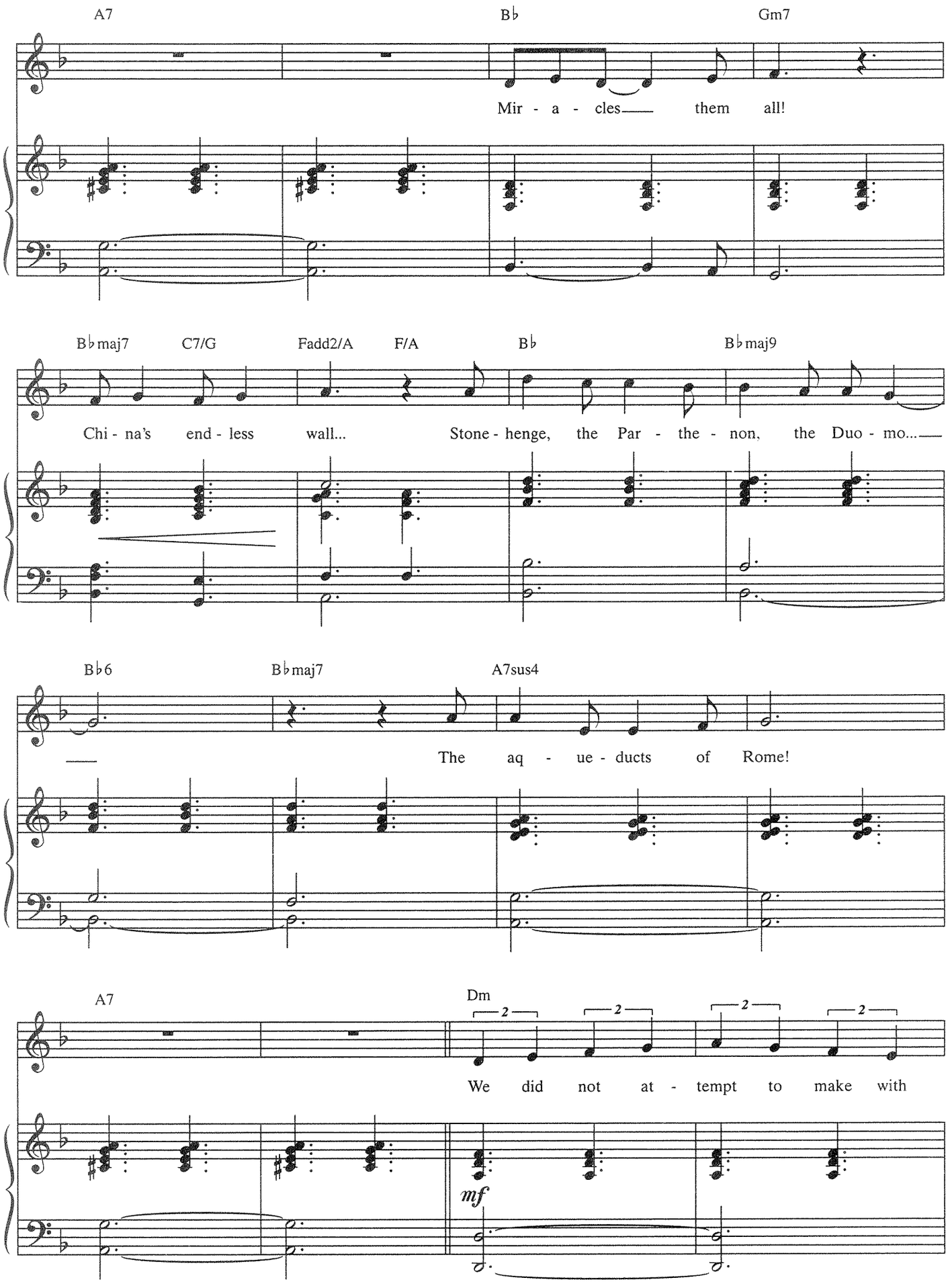
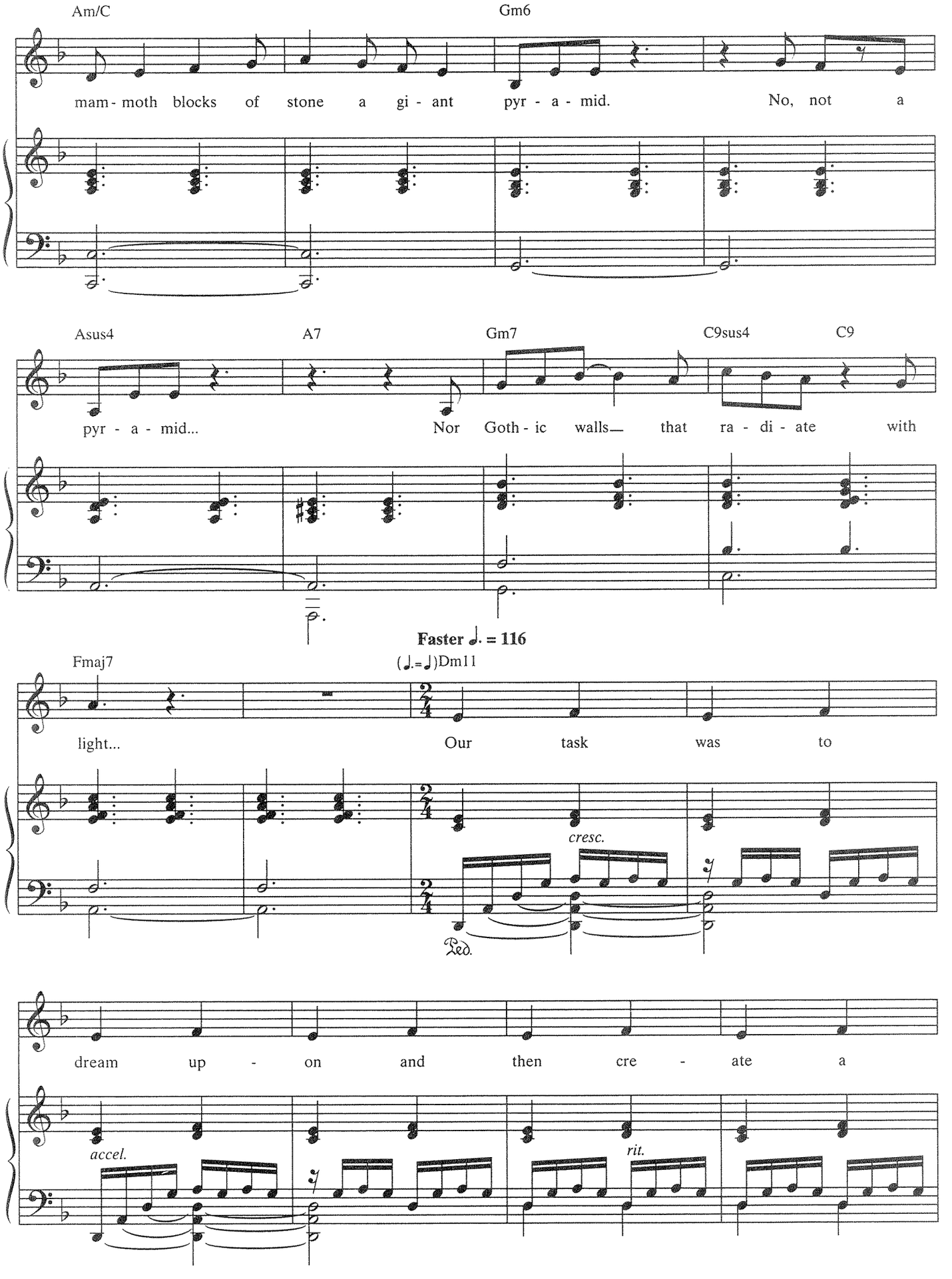
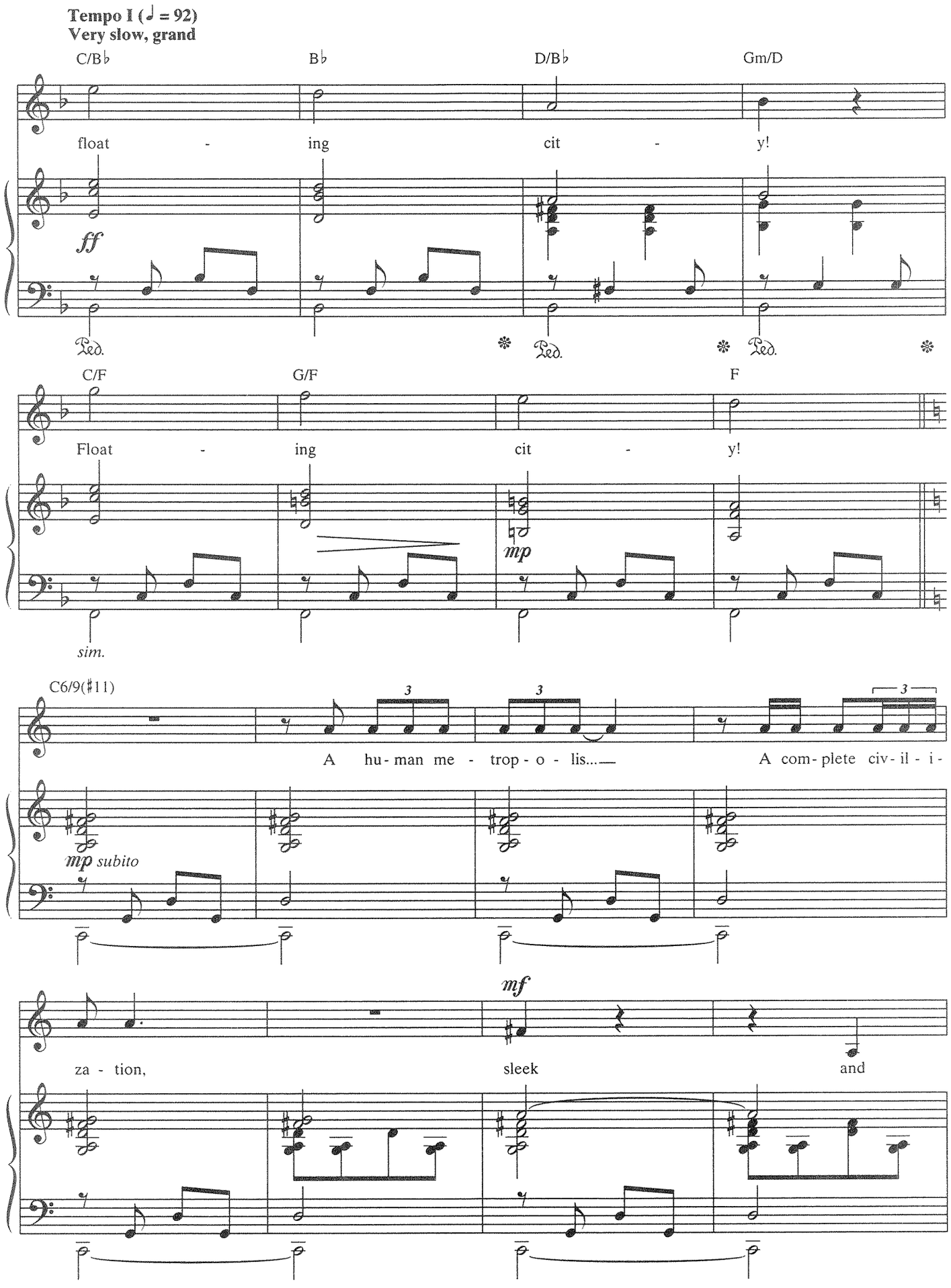
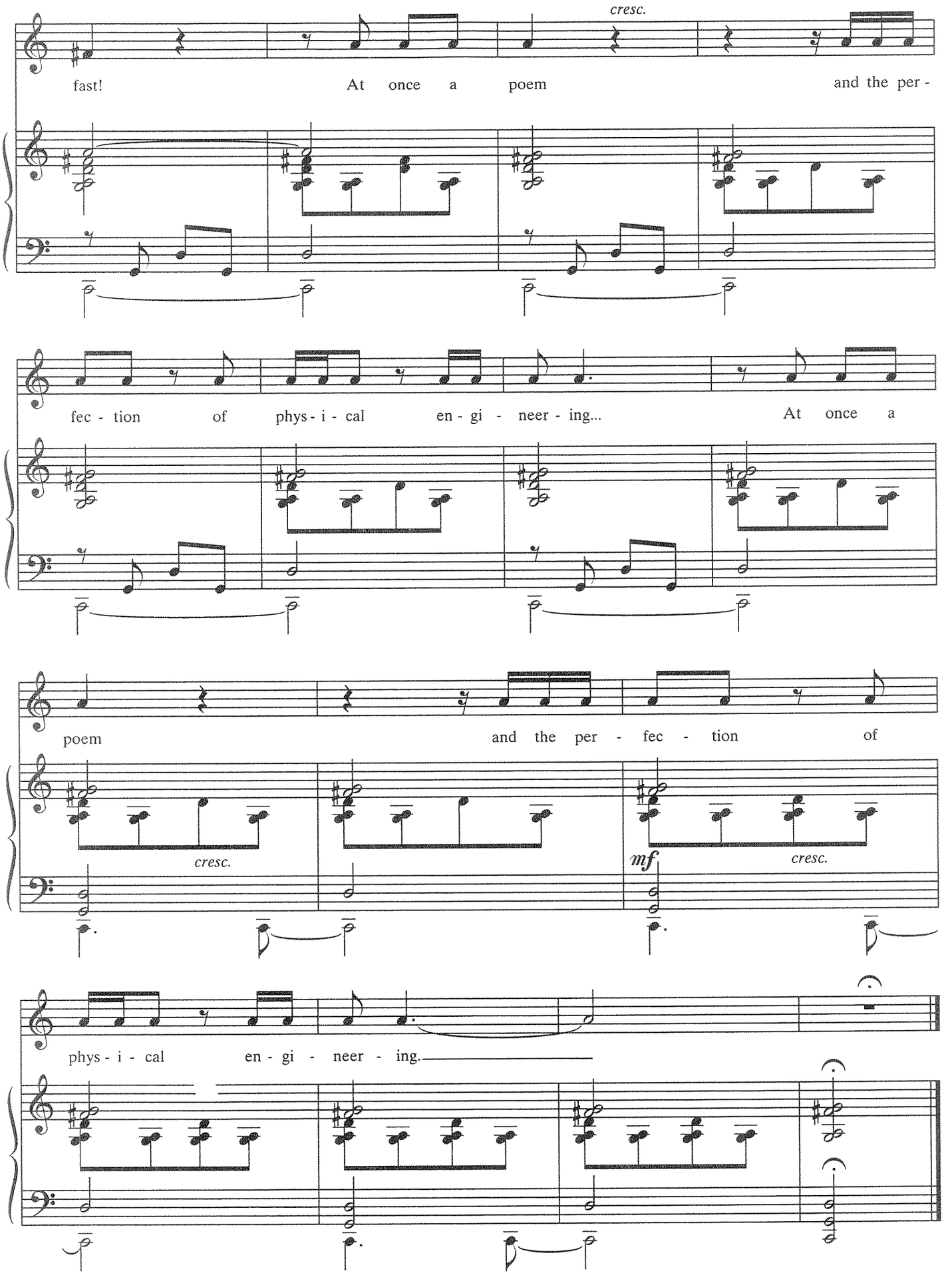

Gm7
C9sus4
C9
Fadd2/A
des - ert sands— from moun - tains of stone, a pyr - a - mid!
From
Em7♭5
C9sus4
C7
Dadd2
fly - ing but - tres - ses a - lone:— A wall of— light!—
Gm7
C9sus4
C9
2
A chap - el ceil - ing scream - ing one man's
Fmaj7/A
A7sus4
ec - sta - sy!
One man's ec - sta - sy...—


A7
B♭
Gm7
Mir - a - cles— them all!
B♭maj7
C7/G
Fadd2/A
F/A
B♭
B♭maj9
Chi - na's end - less wall... Stone - henge, the Par - the - non, the Duo - mo...—
B♭6
B♭maj7
A7sus4
— The aq - ue - ducts of Rome!
A7
Dm
2
2
2
2
We did not at - tempt to make with
mf


Am/C
Gm6
mam - moth blocks of stone a gi - ant pyr - a - mid. No, not a
Asus4
A7
Gm7
C9sus4
C9
pyr - a - mid... Nor Goth - ic walls— that ra - di - ate with
Faster ♩. = 116
Fmaj7
(♩.=♩)Dm11
light... Our task was to
cresc.
Ped.
dream up - on and then cre - ate a
accel.
rit.


Tempo I (♩ = 92)
Very slow, grand
C/B♭
B♭
D/B♭
Gm/D
float - ing cit - y!
ff
Ped.
C/F
G/F
F
Float - ing cit - y!
mp
sim.
C6/9(♯11)
A hu-man me - trop-o-lis...
A com-plete civ-il-i-
mp subito
mf
za - tion,
sleek
and

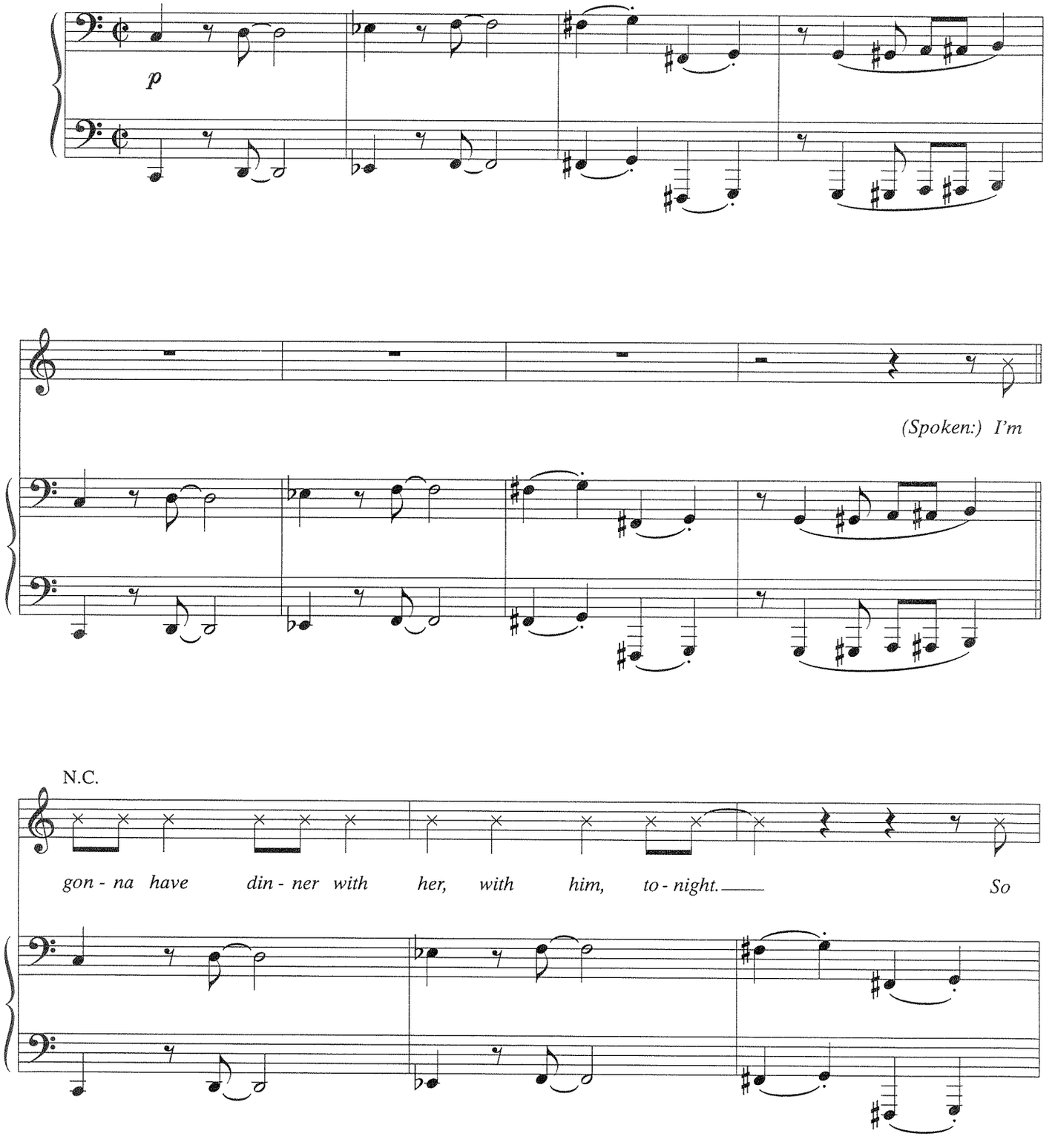

cresc.
fast! At once a poem and the per -
fec - tion of phys - i - cal en - gi - neer - ing... At once a
poem and the per - fec - tion of
cresc.
mf
cresc.
phys - i - cal en - gi - neer - ing.

KING'S DILEMMA
from *Victor/Victoria*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by HENRY MANCINI

Moderately, with a swing (♫=♩³♪)

N.C.



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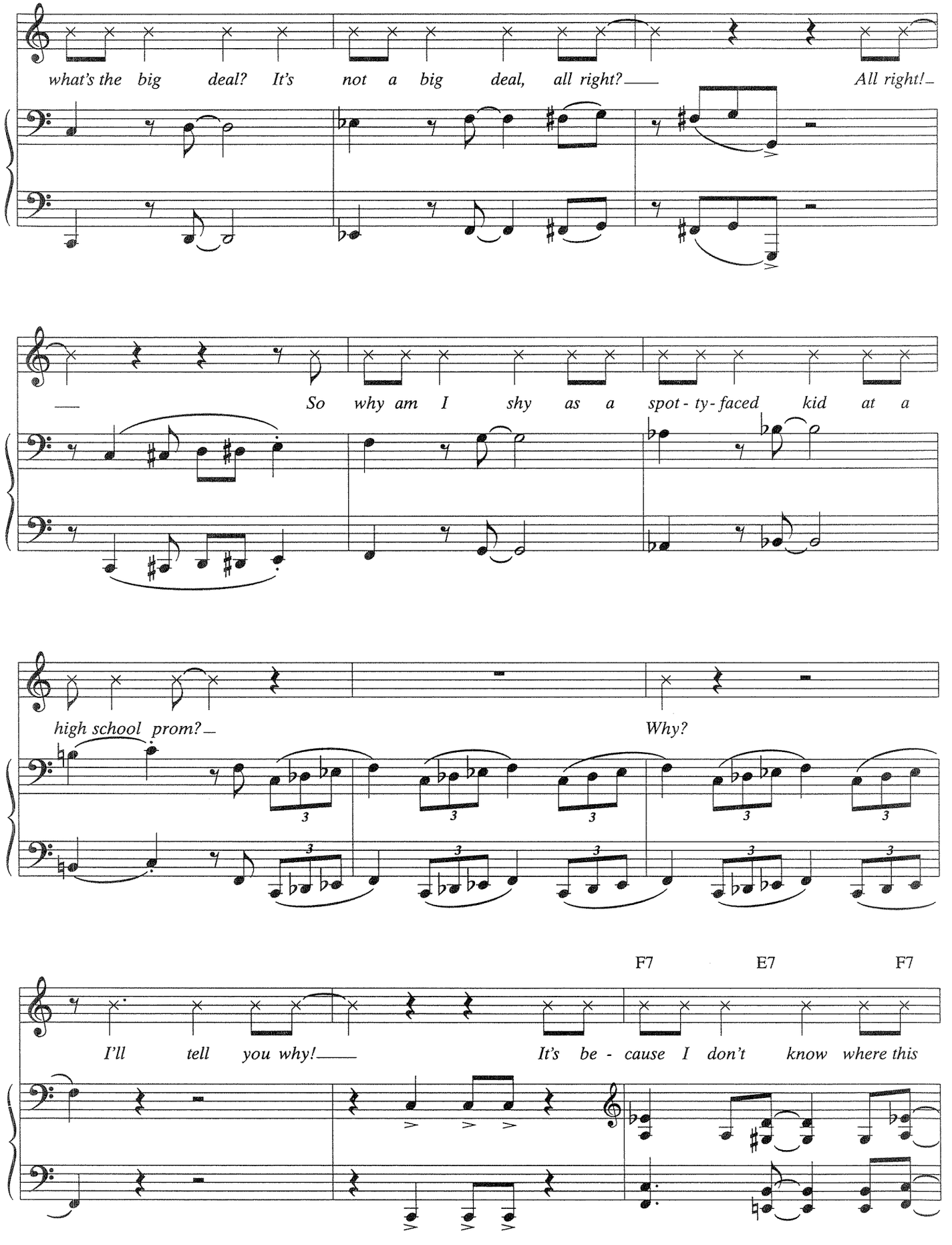
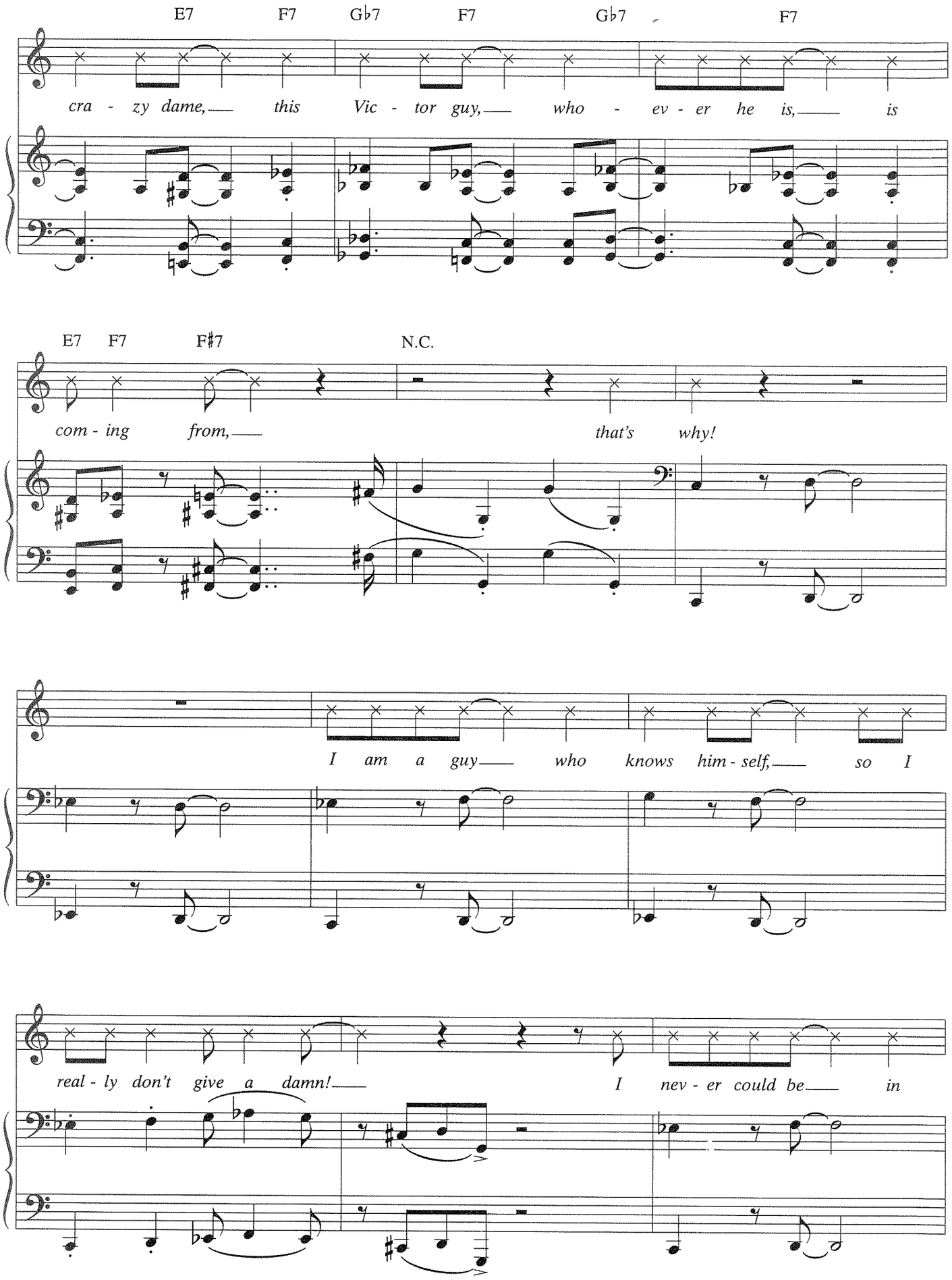
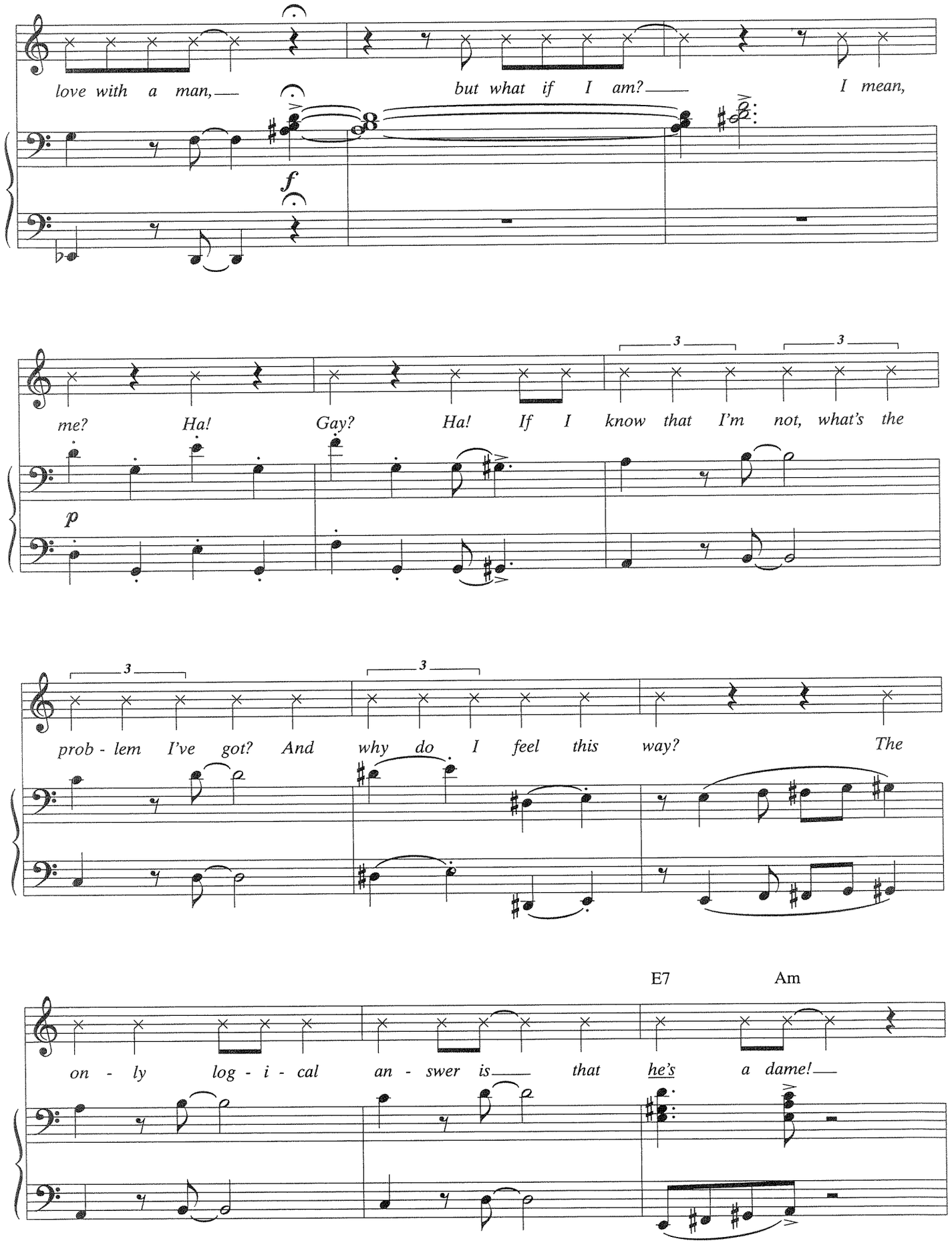
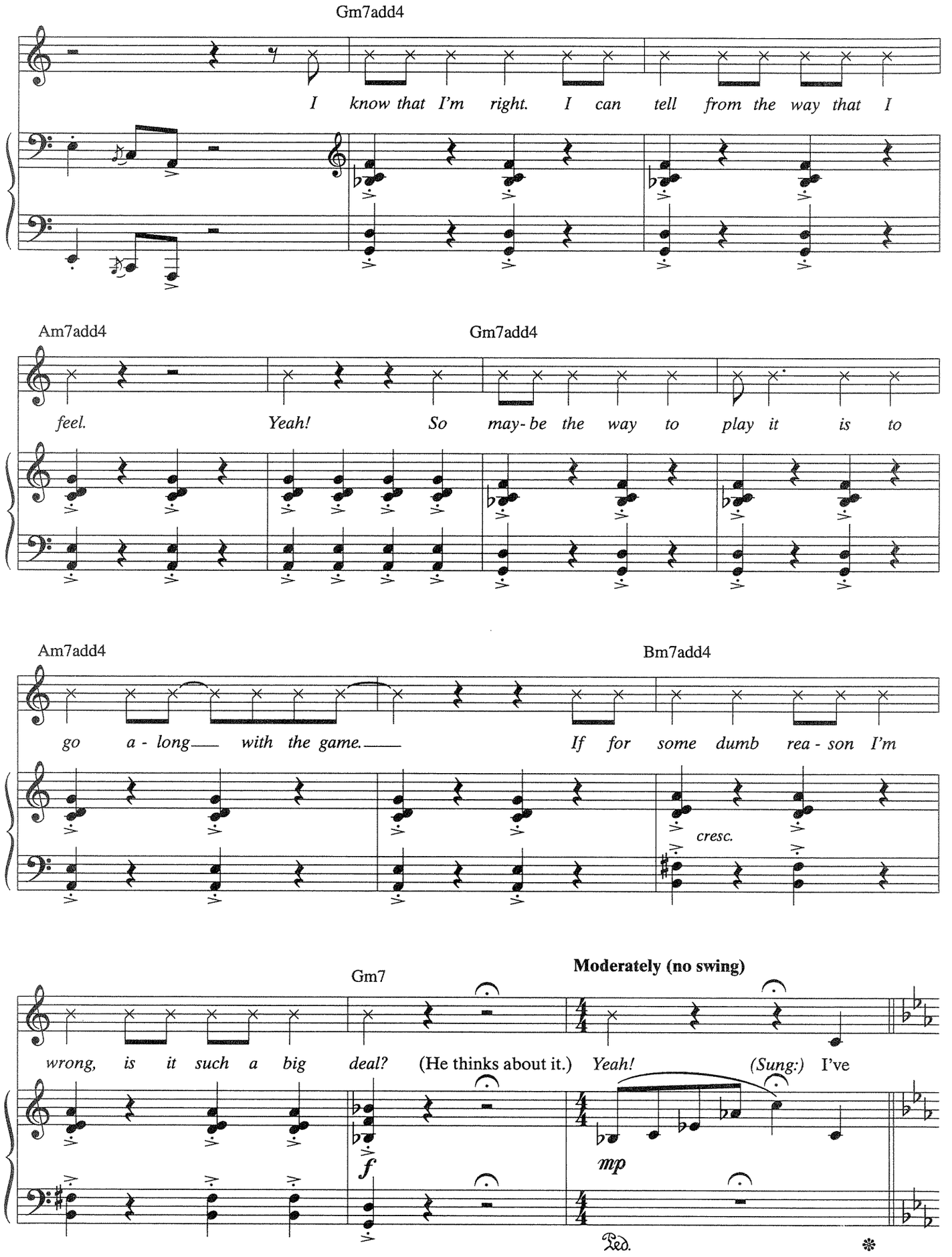
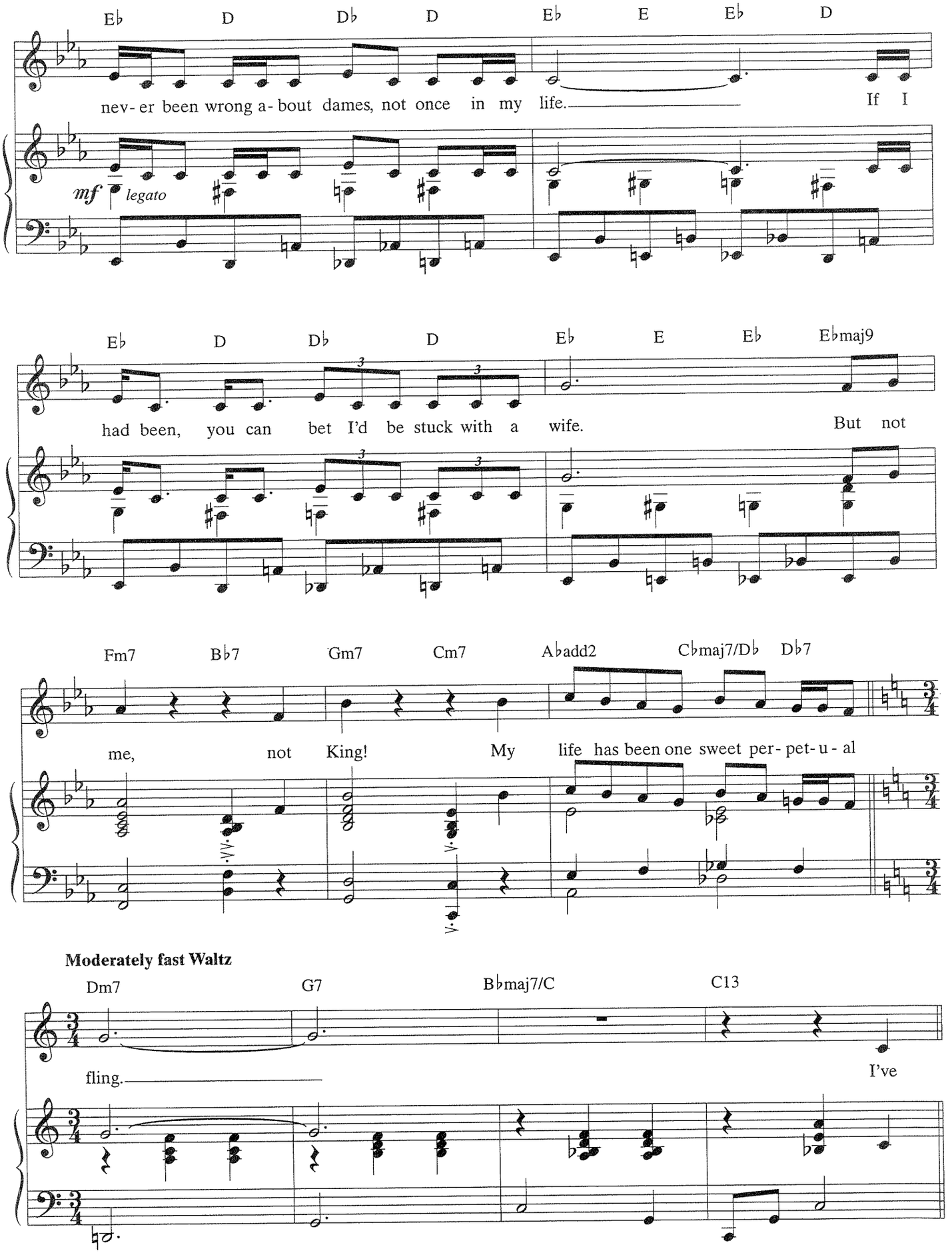
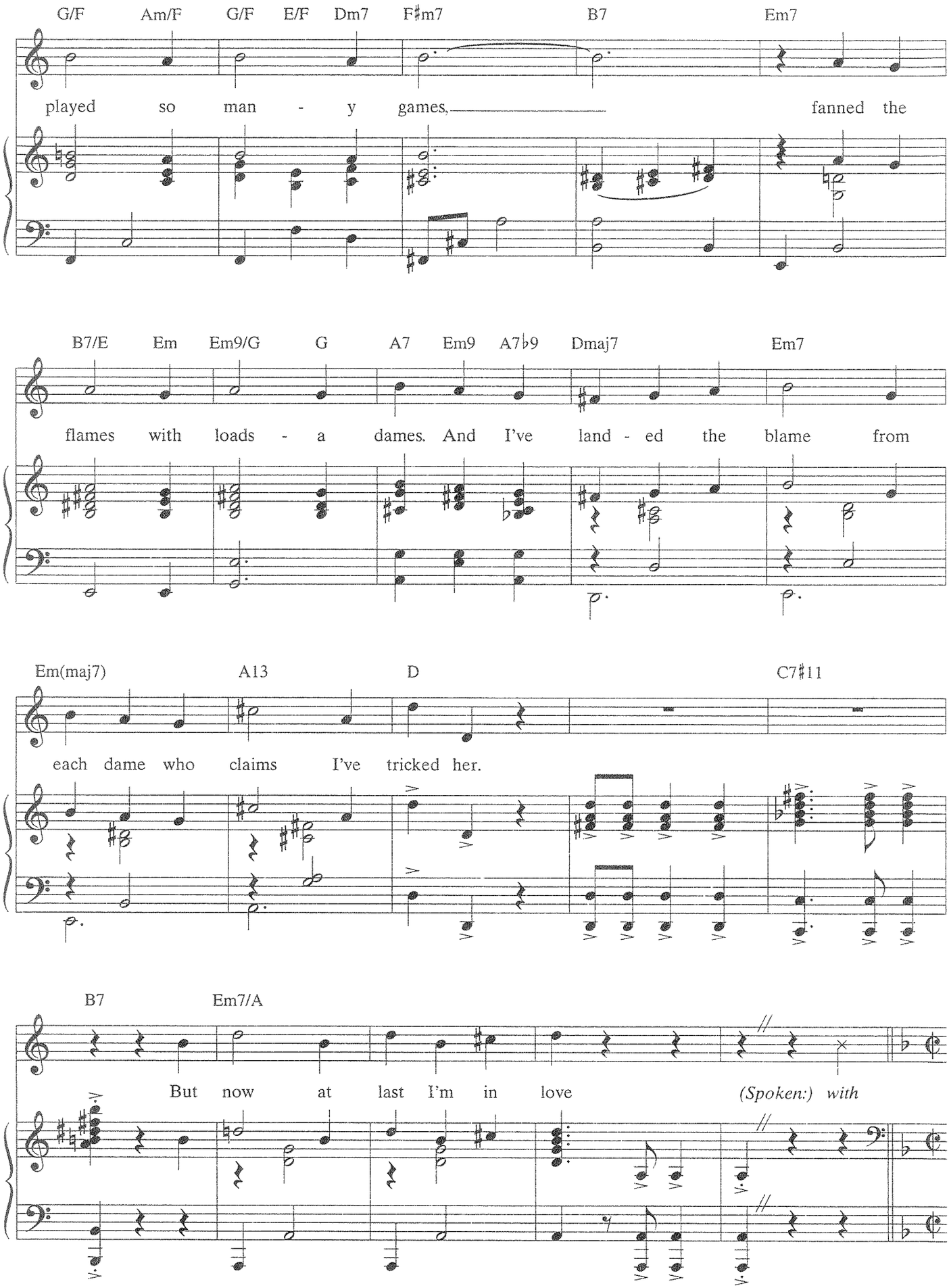

what's the big deal? It's not a big deal, all right?
All right!
So why am I shy as a spot - ty - faced kid at a
high school prom?
Why?
F7
E7
F7
I'll tell you why!
It's be - cause I don't know where this

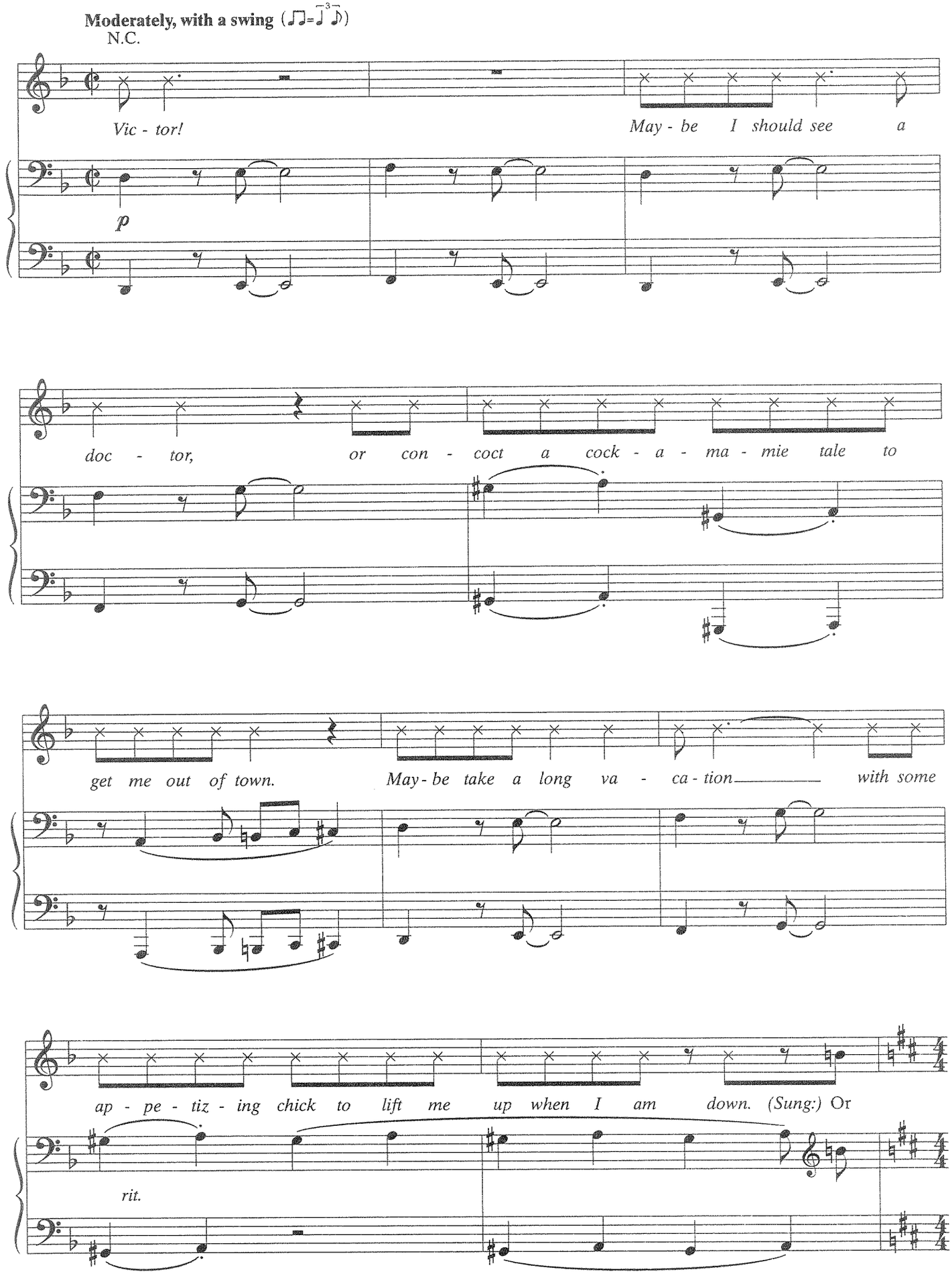

E7 F7 G♭7 F7 G♭7 F7
cra - zy dame, this Vic - tor guy, who - ev - er he is, is
E7 F7 F♯7 N.C.
com - ing from, that's why!
I am a guy who knows him - self, so I
real - ly don't give a damn! I nev - er could be in

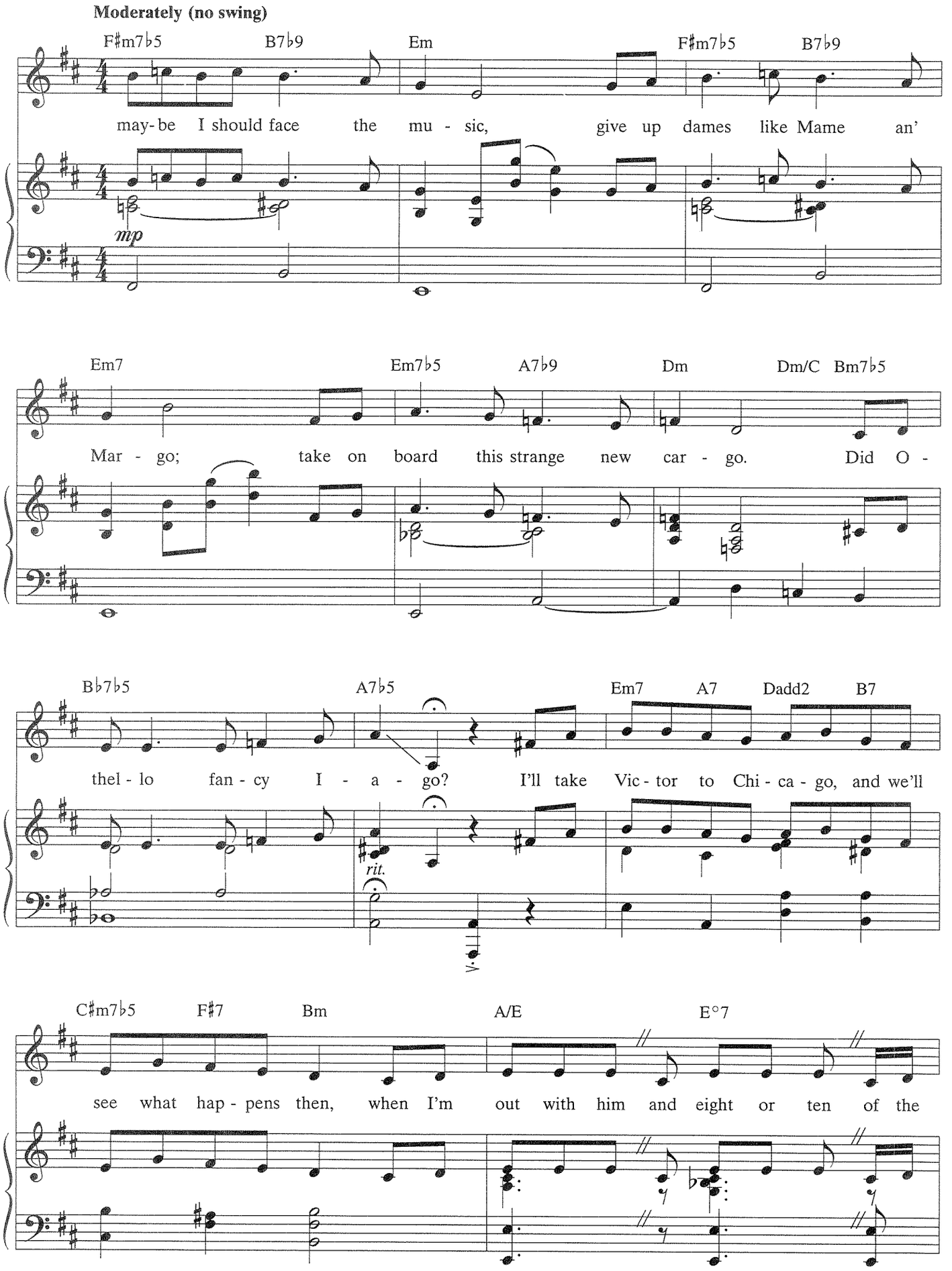

love with a man,
but what if I am?
I mean,
f
me? Ha! Gay? Ha! If I know that I'm not, what's the
p
prob - lem I've got? And why do I feel this way? The
E7
Am
on - ly log - i - cal an - swer is that he's a dame!

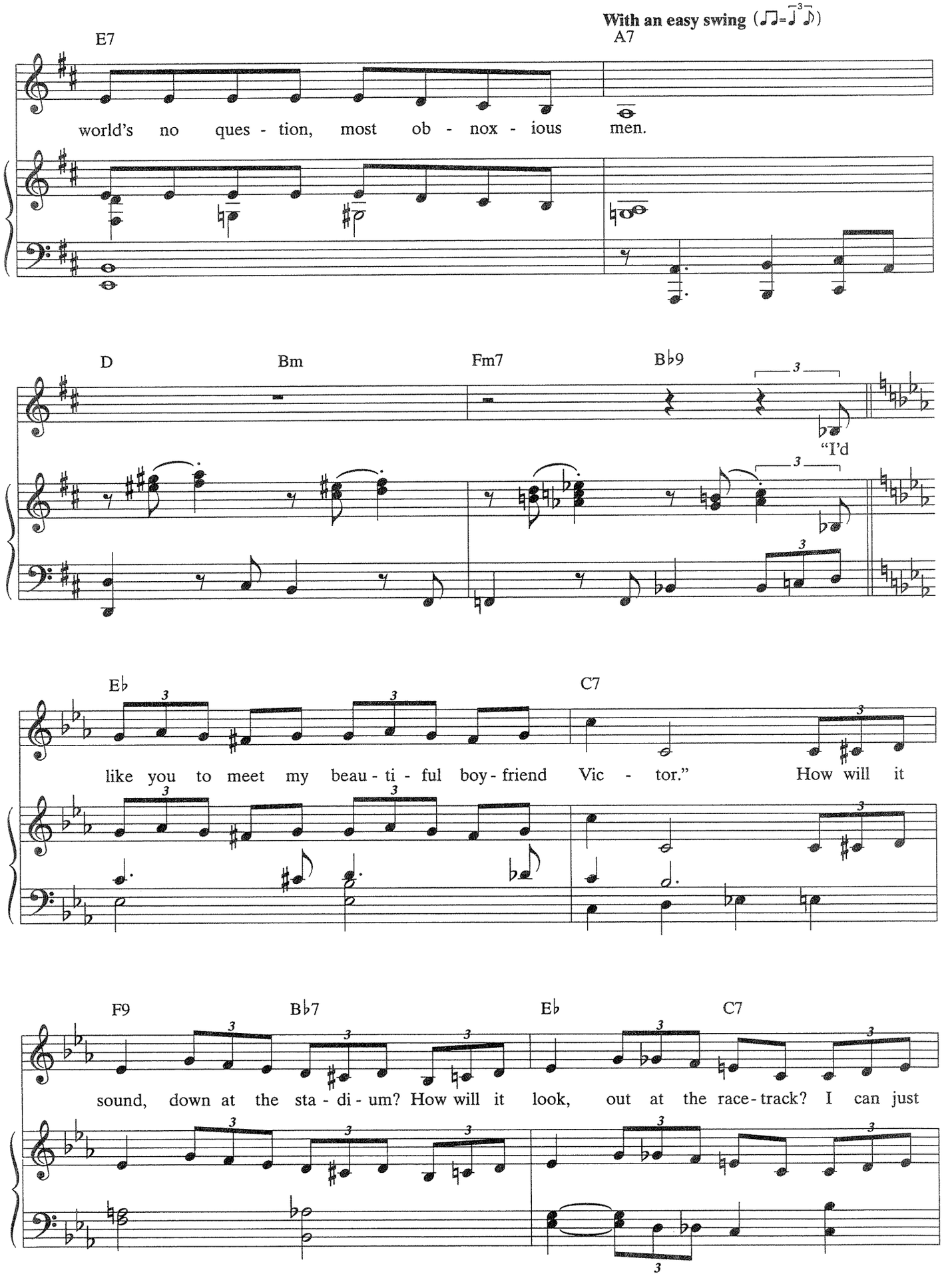

Gm7add4
I know that I'm right. I can tell from the way that I
Am7add4
Gm7add4
feel. Yeah! So may- be the way to play it is to
Am7add4
Bm7add4
go a - long with the game. If for some dumb rea - son I'm
cresc.
Gm7
Moderately (no swing)
wrong, is it such a big deal? (He thinks about it.) Yeah! (Sung:) I've
f
mp
Ped.

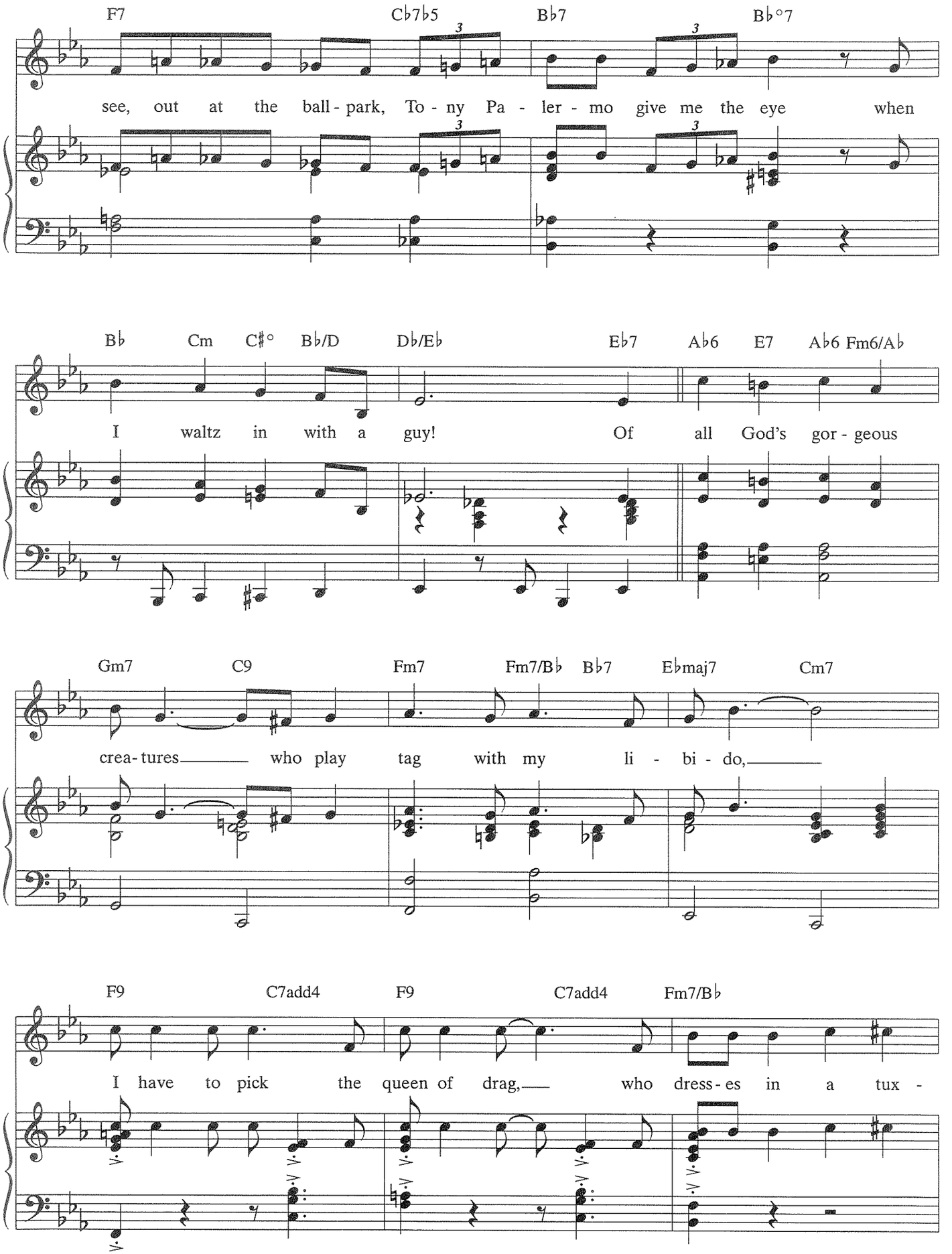

E♭ D D♭ D E♭ E E♭ D
nev- er been wrong a- bout dames, not once in my life. If I
mf legato
E♭ D D♭ D E♭ E E♭ E♭maj9
had been, you can bet I'd be stuck with a wife. But not
Fm7 B♭7 Gm7 Cm7 A♭add2 C♭maj7/D♭ D♭7
me, not King! My life has been one sweet per- pet- u - al
Moderately fast Waltz
Dm7 G7 B♭maj7/C C13
fling. I've

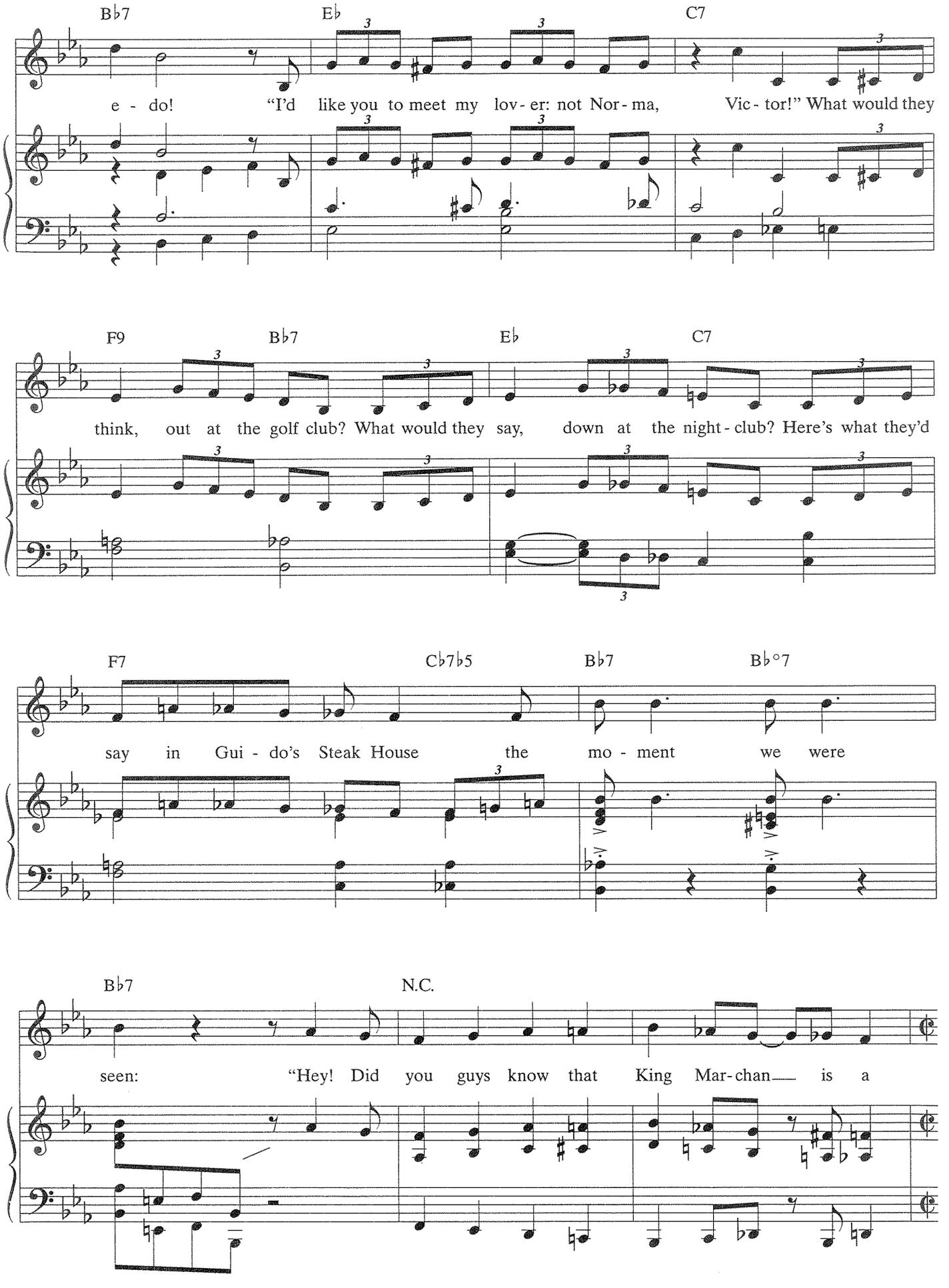

G/F Am/F G/F E/F Dm7 F♯m7 B7 Em7
played so man - y games, fanned the
B7/E Em Em9/G G A7 Em9 A7♭9 Dmaj7 Em7
flames with loads - a dames. And I've land - ed the blame from
Em(maj7) A13 D C7♯11
each dame who claims I've tricked her.
B7 Em7/A
But now at last I'm in love (Spoken:) with

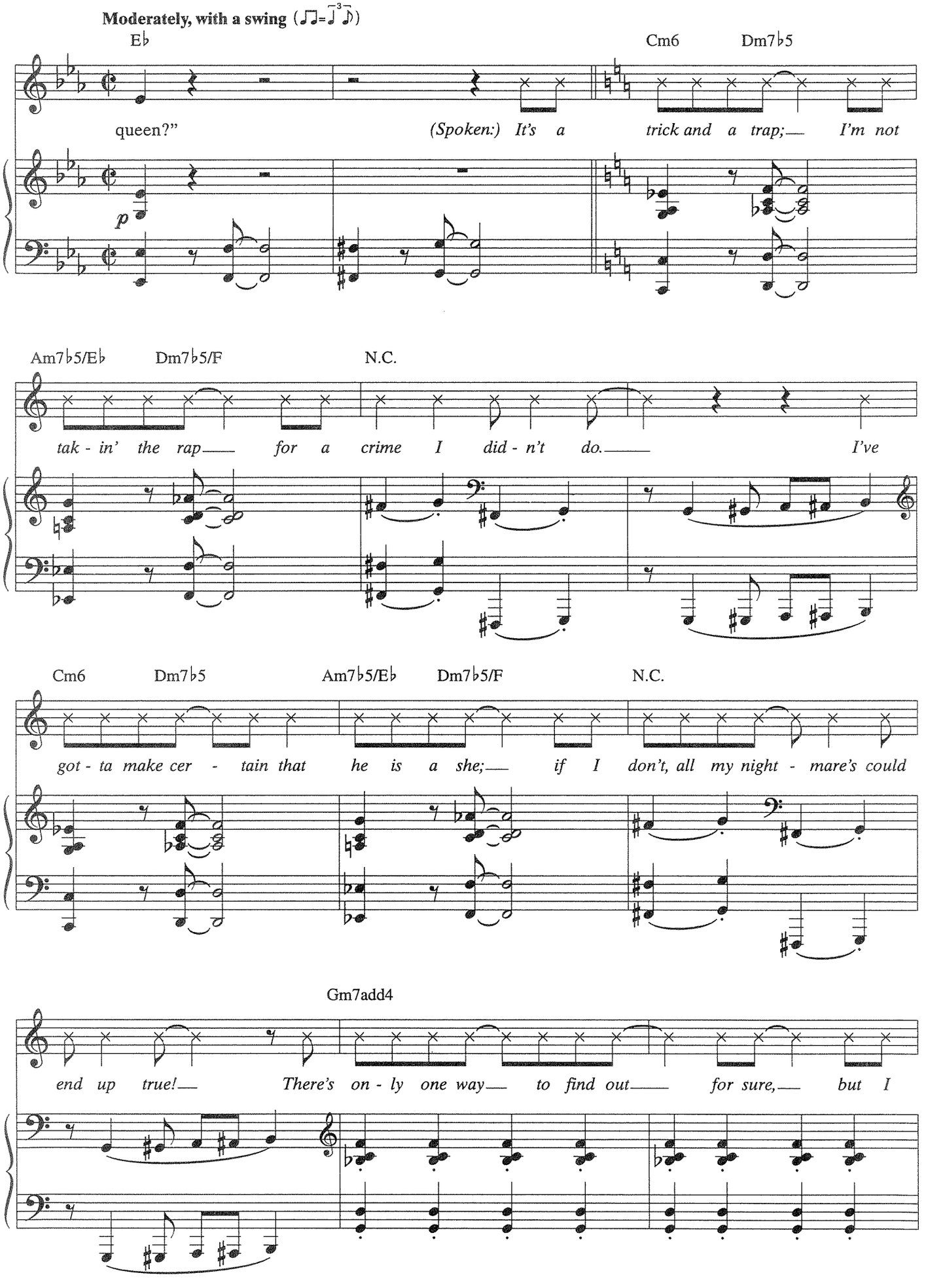

Moderately, with a swing (♫=♩³♪)
N.C.
Vic - tor!
May - be I should see a
p
doc - tor, or con - coct a cock - a - ma - mie tale to
get me out of town.
May - be take a long va - ca - tion with some
ap - pe - tiz - ing chick to lift me up when I am down. (Sung:) Or
rit.

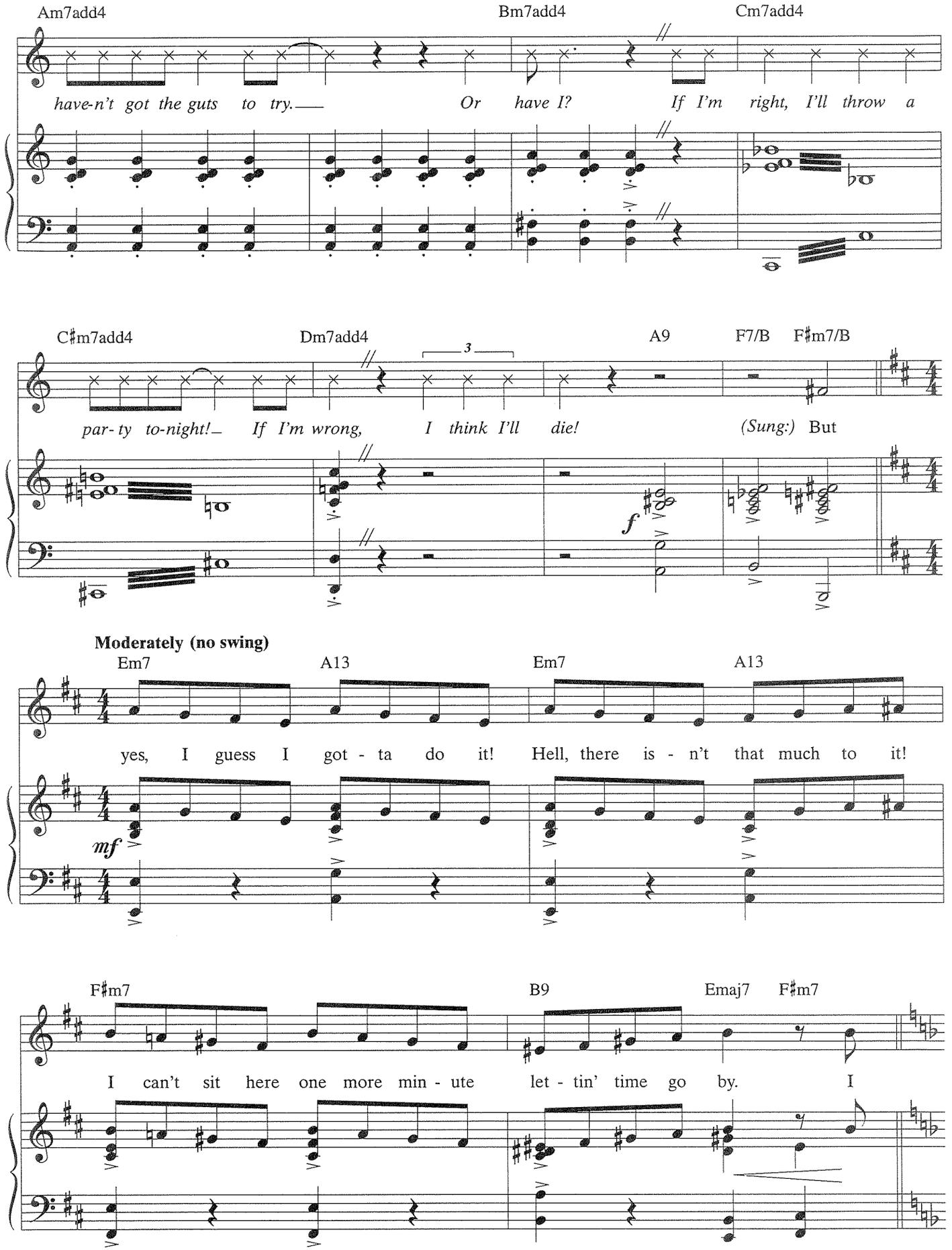

Moderately (no swing)
F♯m7♭5 B7♭9 Em F♯m7♭5 B7♭9
may-be I should face the mu - sic, give up dames like Mame an'
mp
Em7 Em7♭5 A7♭9 Dm Dm/C Bm7♭5
Mar - go; take on board this strange new car - go. Did O -
B♭7♭5 A7♭5 Em7 A7 Dadd2 B7
thel - lo fan - cy I - a - go? I'll take Vic - tor to Chi - ca - go, and we'll
rit.
C♯m7♭5 F♯7 Bm A/E E°7
see what hap - pens then, when I'm out with him and eight or ten of the

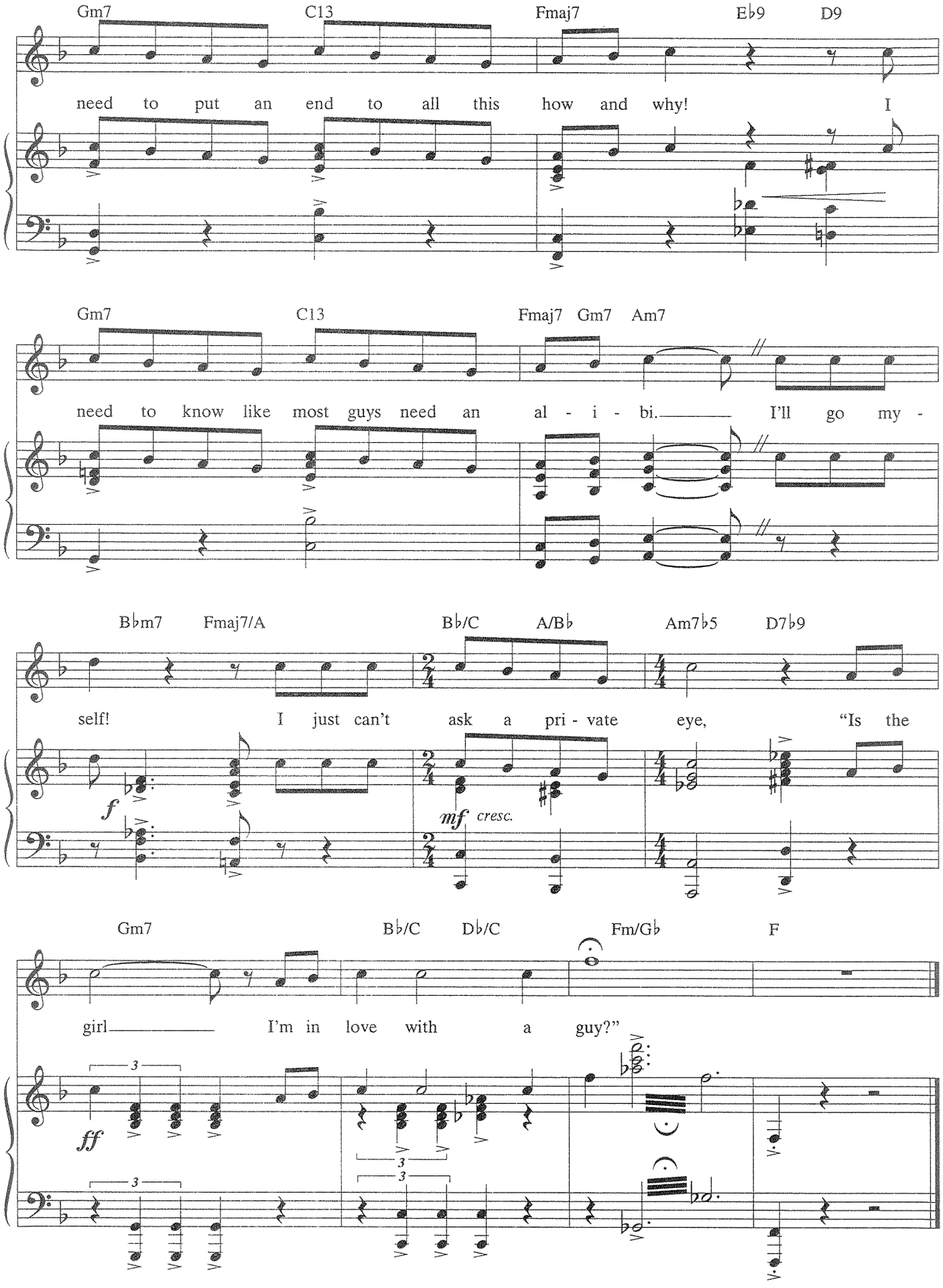

With an easy swing (♩♪=♩³♪)
E7
A7
world's no ques - tion, most ob - nox - ious men.
D
Bm
Fm7
B♭9
"I'd
E♭
C7
like you to meet my beau - ti - ful boy - friend Vic - tor." How will it
F9
B♭7
E♭
C7
sound, down at the sta - di - um? How will it look, out at the race - track? I can just


F7 C♭7♭5 B♭7 B♭°7
see, out at the ball - park, To - ny Pa - ler - mo give me the eye when
B♭ Cm C♯° B♭/D D♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭6 E7 A♭6 Fm6/A♭
I waltz in with a guy! Of all God's gor - geous
Gm7 C9 Fm7 Fm7/B♭ B♭7 E♭maj7 Cm7
crea - tures who play tag with my li - bi - do,
F9 C7add4 F9 C7add4 Fm7/B♭
I have to pick the queen of drag, who dress - es in a tux -


B♭7
E♭
C7
e - do! "I'd like you to meet my lov - er: not Nor - ma, Vic - tor!" What would they
F9
B♭7
E♭
C7
think, out at the golf club? What would they say, down at the night - club? Here's what they'd
F7
C♭7♭5
B♭7
B♭°7
say in Gui - do's Steak House the mo - ment we were
B♭7
N.C.
seen: "Hey! Did you guys know that King Mar - chan___ is a


Moderately, with a swing (♫=♩³♪)
E♭
Cm6
Dm7♭5
queen?"
(Spoken:) It's a trick and a trap;— I'm not
p
Am7♭5/E♭
Dm7♭5/F
N.C.
tak - in' the rap— for a crime I did - n't do.— I've
Cm6
Dm7♭5
Am7♭5/E♭
Dm7♭5/F
N.C.
got - ta make cer - tain that he is a she;— if I don't, all my night - mare's could
Gm7add4
end up true!— There's on - ly one way— to find out— for sure,— but I

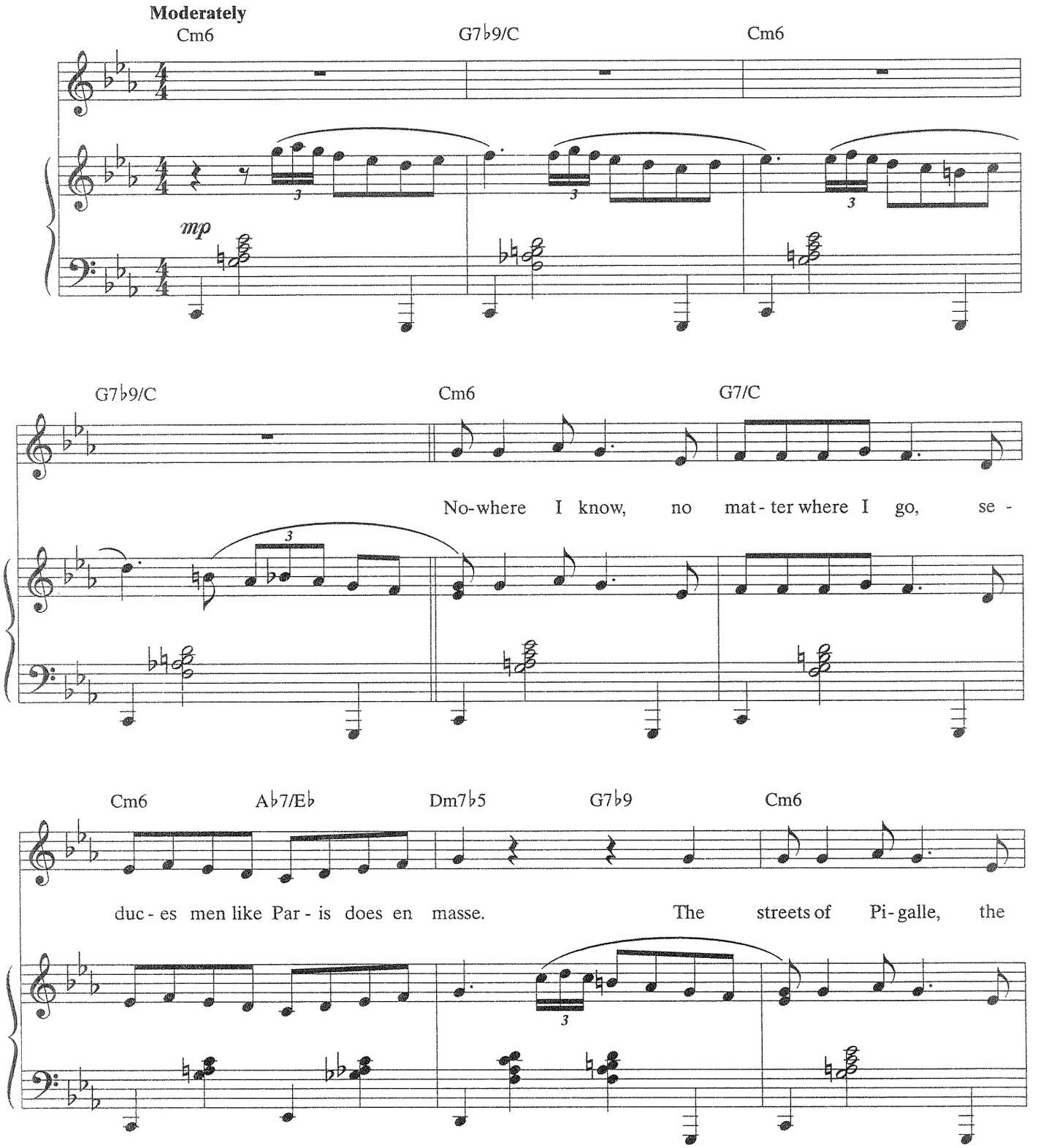

Am7add4
Bm7add4
Cm7add4
have-n't got the guts to try.
Or have I?
If I'm right, I'll throw a
C♯m7add4
Dm7add4
3
A9
F7/B
F♯m7/B
par- ty to-night!
If I'm wrong,
I think I'll die!
(Sung:) But
f
Moderately (no swing)
Em7
A13
Em7
A13
yes, I guess I got - ta do it!
Hell, there is - n't that much to it!
mf
F♯m7
B9
Emaj7
F♯m7
I can't sit here one more min - ute
let - tin' time go by.
I


Gm7 C13 Fmaj7 E♭9 D9
need to put an end to all this how and why! I
Gm7 C13 Fmaj7 Gm7 Am7
need to know like most guys need an al - i - bi. I'll go my -
B♭m7 Fmaj7/A B♭/C A/B♭ Am7♭5 D7♭9
self! I just can't ask a pri - vate eye, "Is the
f
mf cresc.
Gm7 B♭/C D♭/C Fm/G♭ F
girl I'm in love with a guy?"
ff
3
3
3
3

PARIS BY NIGHT

from *Victor/Victoria*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by HENRY MANCINI



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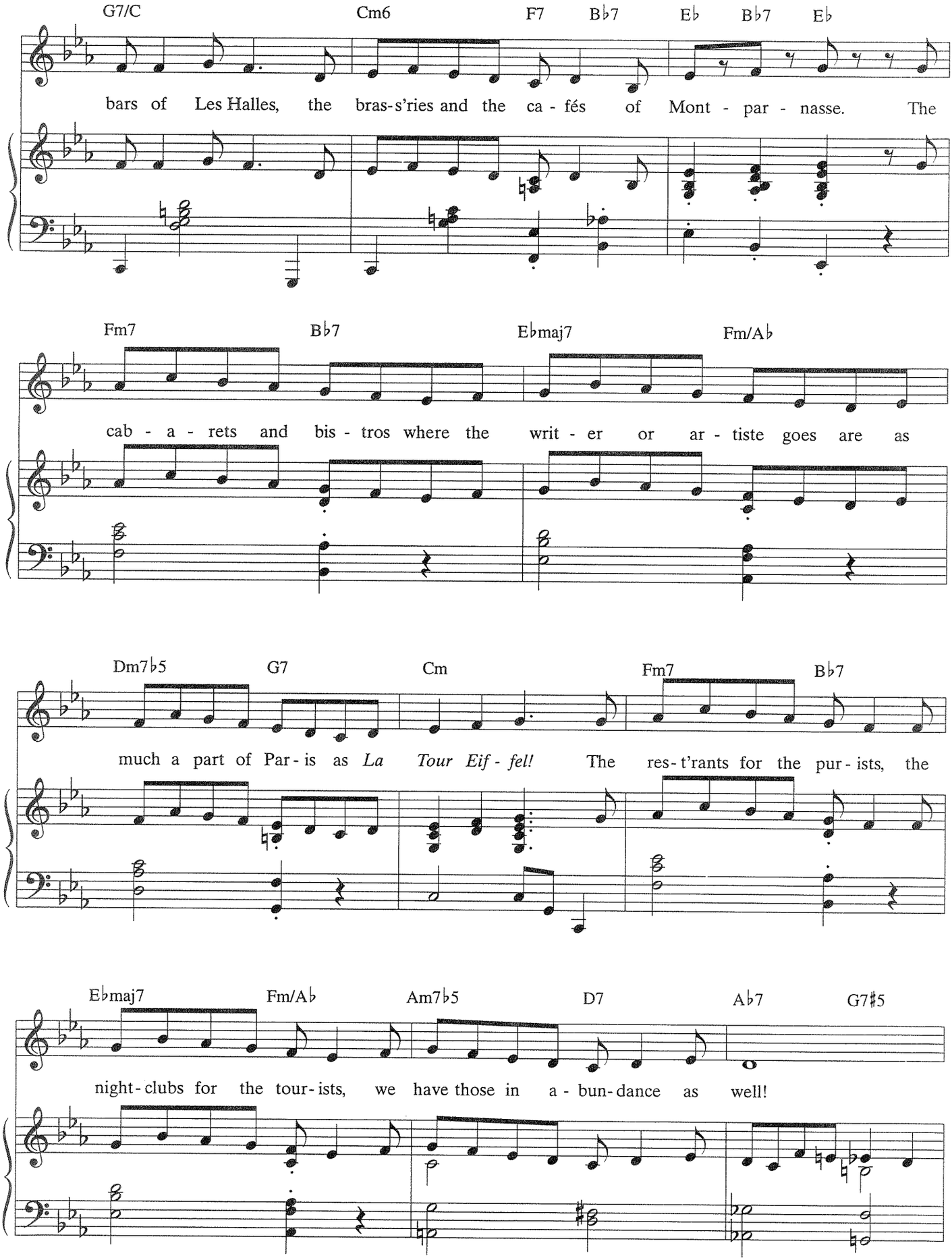
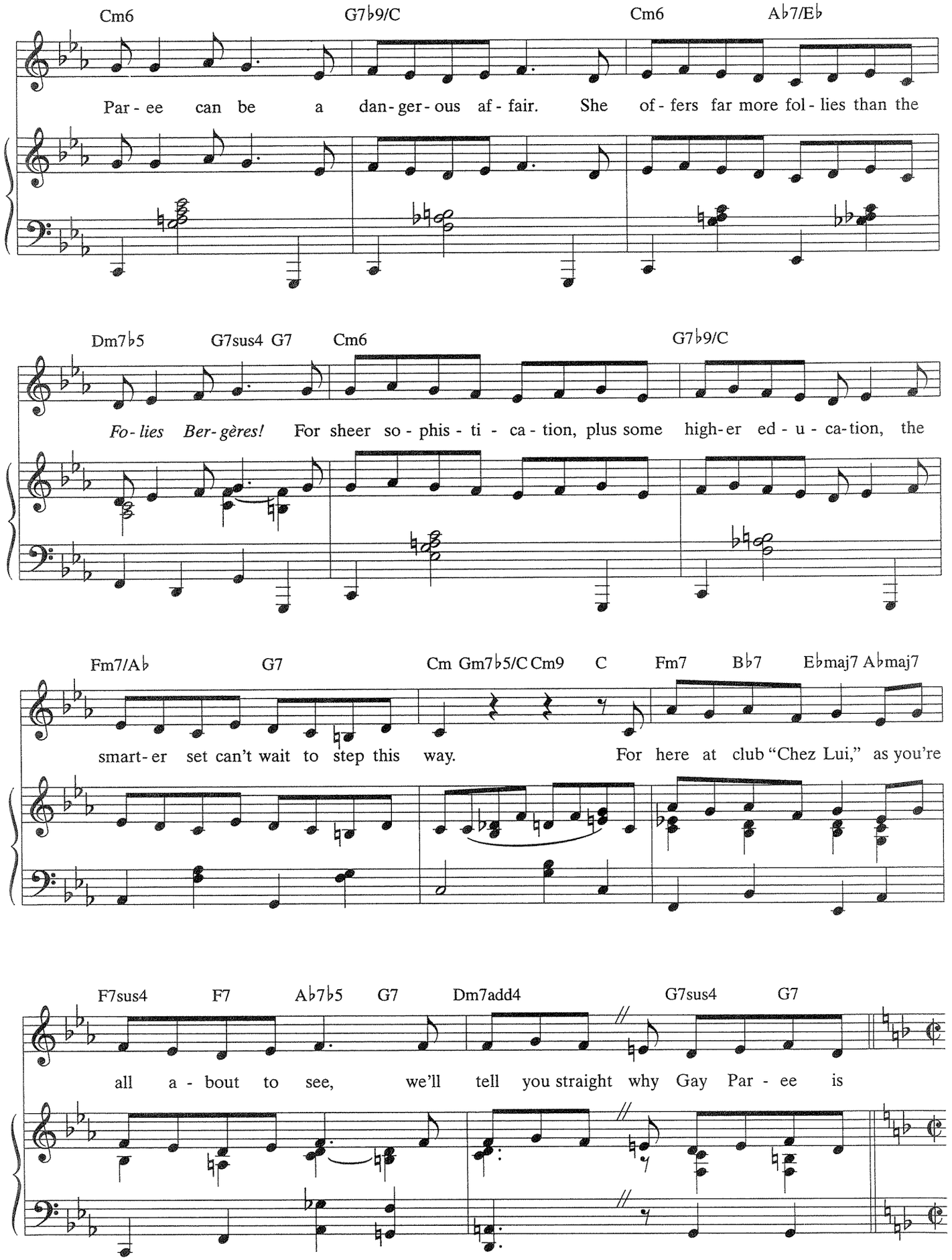
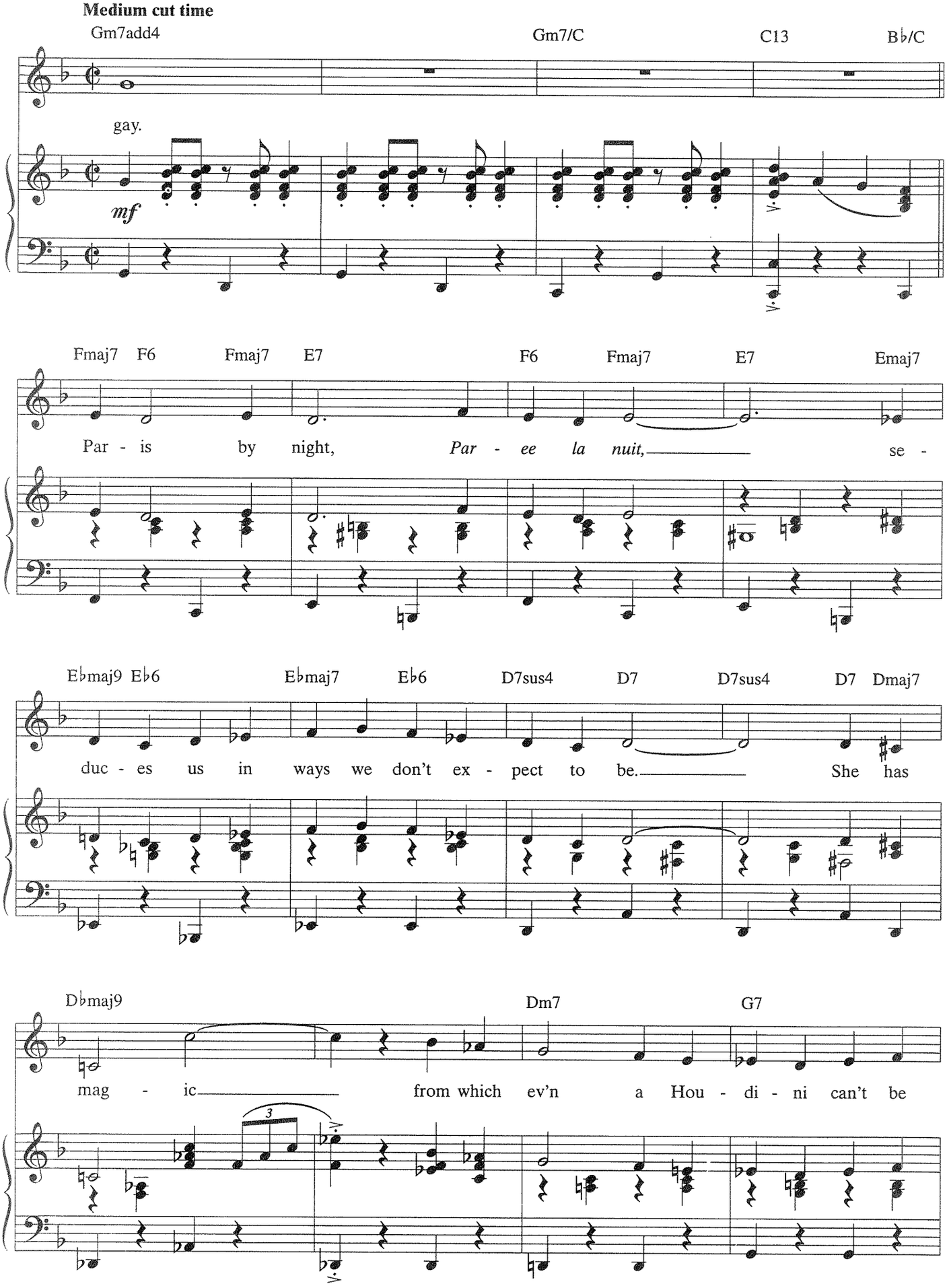
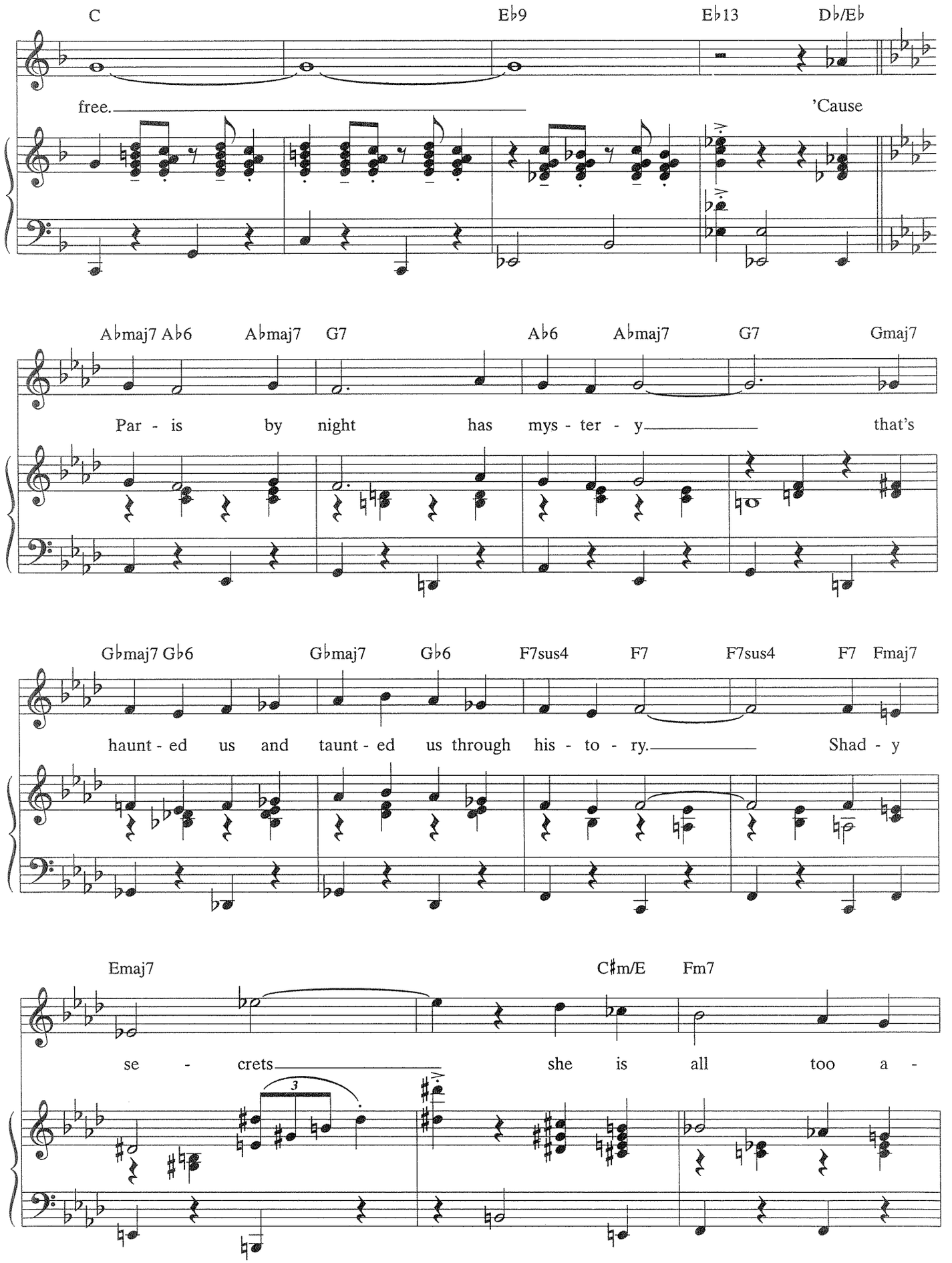
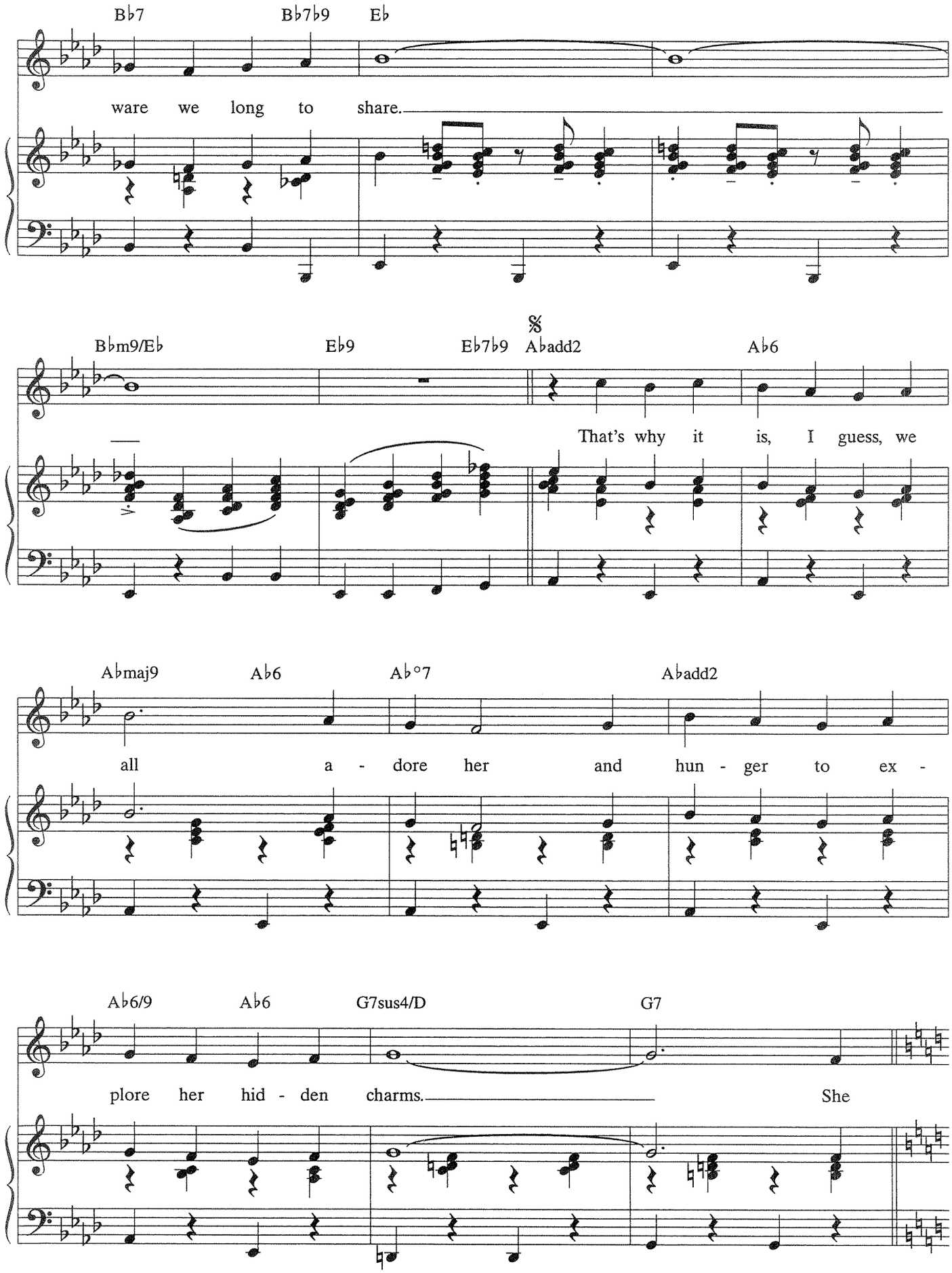
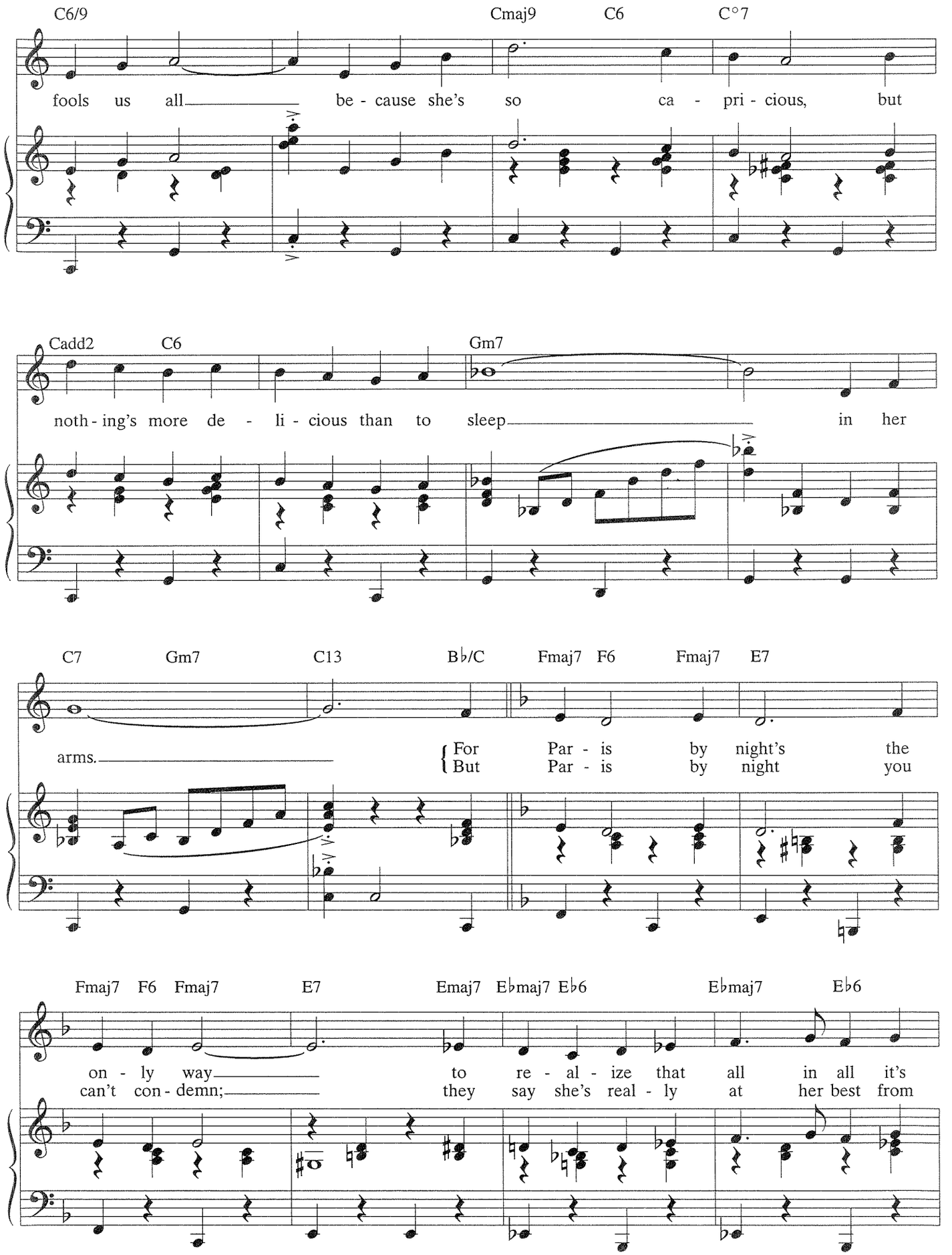

G7/C Cm6 F7 B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭
bars of Les Halles, the bras-s'ries and the ca - fés of Mont - par - nasse. The
Fm7 B♭7 E♭maj7 Fm/A♭
cab - a - rets and bis - tros where the writ - er or ar - tiste goes are as
Dm7♭5 G7 Cm Fm7 B♭7
much a part of Par - is as *La Tour Eif - fel!* The res - t'rants for the pur - ists, the
E♭maj7 Fm/A♭ Am7♭5 D7 A♭7 G7♯5
night - clubs for the tour - ists, we have those in a - bun - dance as well!

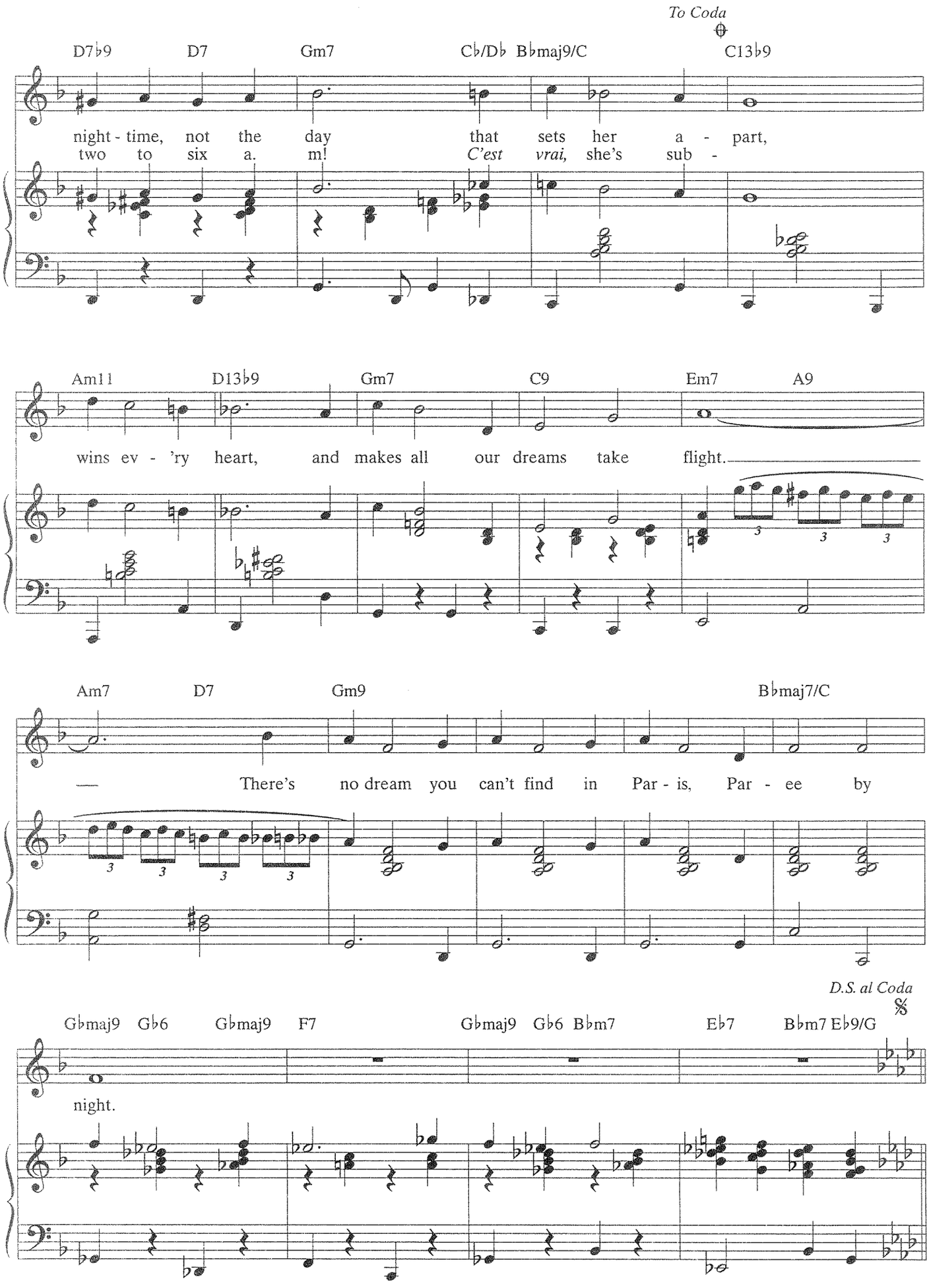

Cm6 G7♭9/C Cm6 A♭7/E♭
Par - ee can be a dan - ger - ous af - fair. She of - fers far more fol - lies than the
Dm7♭5 G7sus4 G7 Cm6 G7♭9/C
Fo - lies Ber - gères! For sheer so - phis - ti - ca - tion, plus some high - er ed - u - ca - tion, the
Fm7/A♭ G7 Cm Gm7♭5/C Cm9 C Fm7 B♭7 E♭maj7 A♭maj7
smart - er set can't wait to step this way. For here at club "Chez Lui," as you're
F7sus4 F7 A♭7♭5 G7 Dm7add4 G7sus4 G7
all a - bout to see, we'll tell you straight why Gay Par - ee is

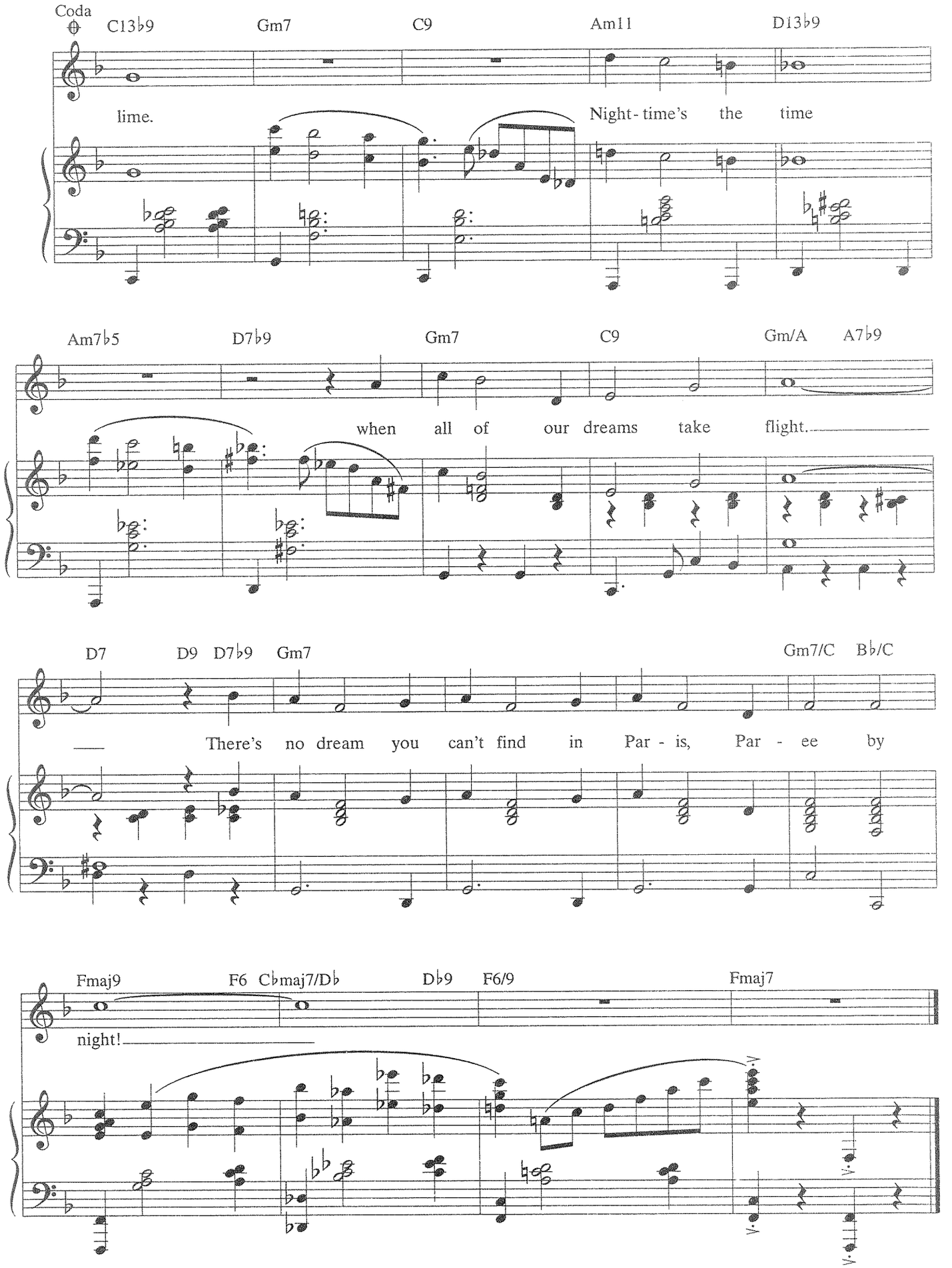

Medium cut time
Gm7add4
Gm7/C
C13
B♭/C
gay.
mf
Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 E7 F6 Fmaj7 E7 Emaj7
Par - is by night, Par - ee la nuit, se -
E♭maj9 E♭6 E♭maj7 E♭6 D7sus4 D7 D7sus4 D7 Dmaj7
duc - es us in ways we don't ex - pect to be. She has
D♭maj9 Dm7 G7
mag - ic from which ev'n a Hou - di - ni can't be
3


C
E♭9
E♭13
D♭/E♭
free.
'Cause
A♭maj7 A♭6
A♭maj7
G7
A♭6
A♭maj7
G7
Gmaj7
Par - is by night has mys - ter - y that's
G♭maj7 G♭6
G♭maj7
G♭6
F7sus4
F7
F7sus4
F7
Fmaj7
haunt - ed us and taunt - ed us through his - to - ry. Shad - y
Emaj7
C♯m/E
Fm7
se - crets she is all too a -
3


B♭7
B♭7♭9
E♭
ware we long to share.
B♭m9/E♭
E♭9
E♭7♭9
A♭add2
A♭6
That's why it is, I guess, we
A♭maj9
A♭6
A♭°7
A♭add2
all a - dore her and hun - ger to ex -
A♭6/9
A♭6
G7sus4/D
G7
plore her hid - den charms.
She


C6/9 Cmaj9 C6 C°7
fools us all be - cause she's so ca - pri - cious, but
Cadd2 C6 Gm7
noth - ing's more de - li - cious than to sleep in her
C7 Gm7 C13 B♭/C Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 E7
arms.
For Par - is by night's the
But Par - is by night you
Fmaj7 F6 Fmaj7 E7 Emaj7 E♭maj7 E♭6 E♭maj7 E♭6
on - ly way to re - al - ize that all in all it's
can't con - demn; they say she's real - ly at her best from

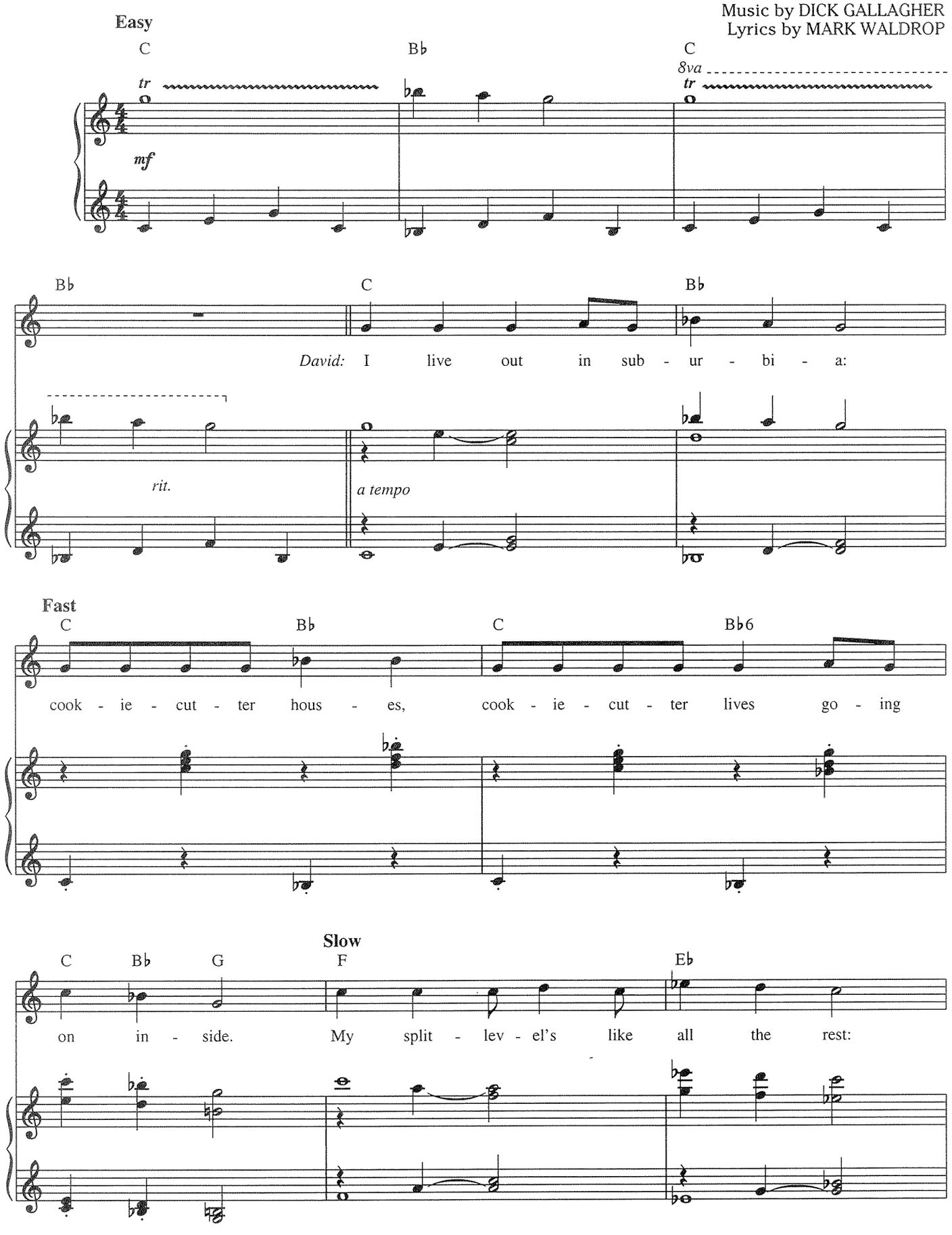

To Coda
D7♭9 D7 Gm7 C♭/D♭ B♭maj9/C C13♭9
night - time, not the day that sets her a - part,
two to six a. m! C'est vrai, she's sub -
Am11 D13♭9 Gm7 C9 Em7 A9
wins ev - 'ry heart, and makes all our dreams take flight.
Am7 D7 Gm9 B♭maj7/C
— There's no dream you can't find in Par - is, Par - ee by
D.S. al Coda
G♭maj9 G♭6 G♭maj9 F7 G♭maj9 G♭6 B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7 E♭9/G
night.


Coda
C13♭9
Gm7
C9
Am11
D13♭9
lime.
Night-time's the time
Am7♭5
D7♭9
Gm7
C9
Gm/A
A7♭9
when all of our dreams take flight.
D7
D9
D7♭9
Gm7
Gm7/C
B♭/C
There's no dream you can't find in Par-is, Par-ee by
Fmaj9
F6
C♭maj7/D♭
D♭9
F6/9
Fmaj7
night!

SAM AND ME

from Howard Crabtree's *When Pigs Fly*

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP



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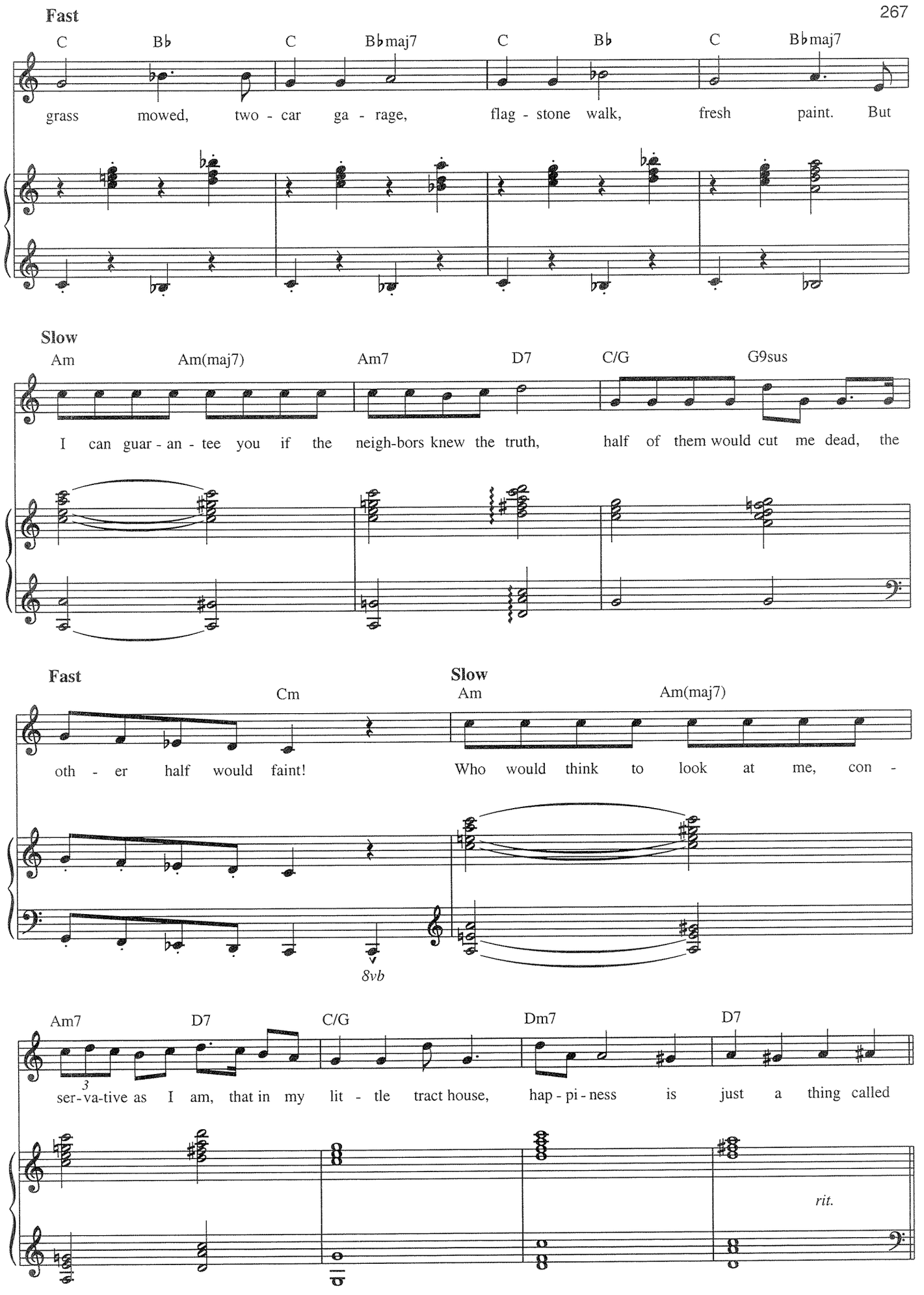
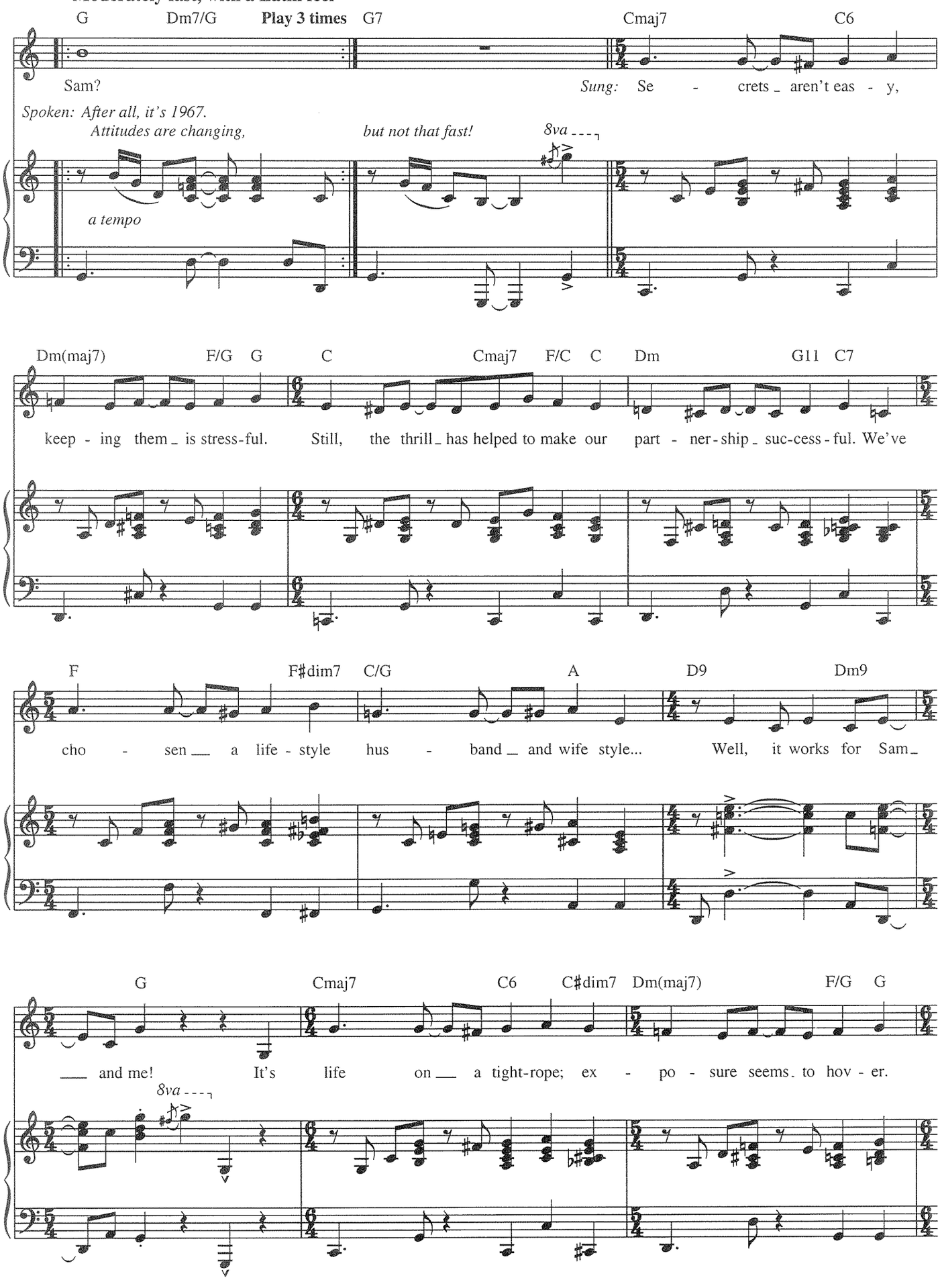
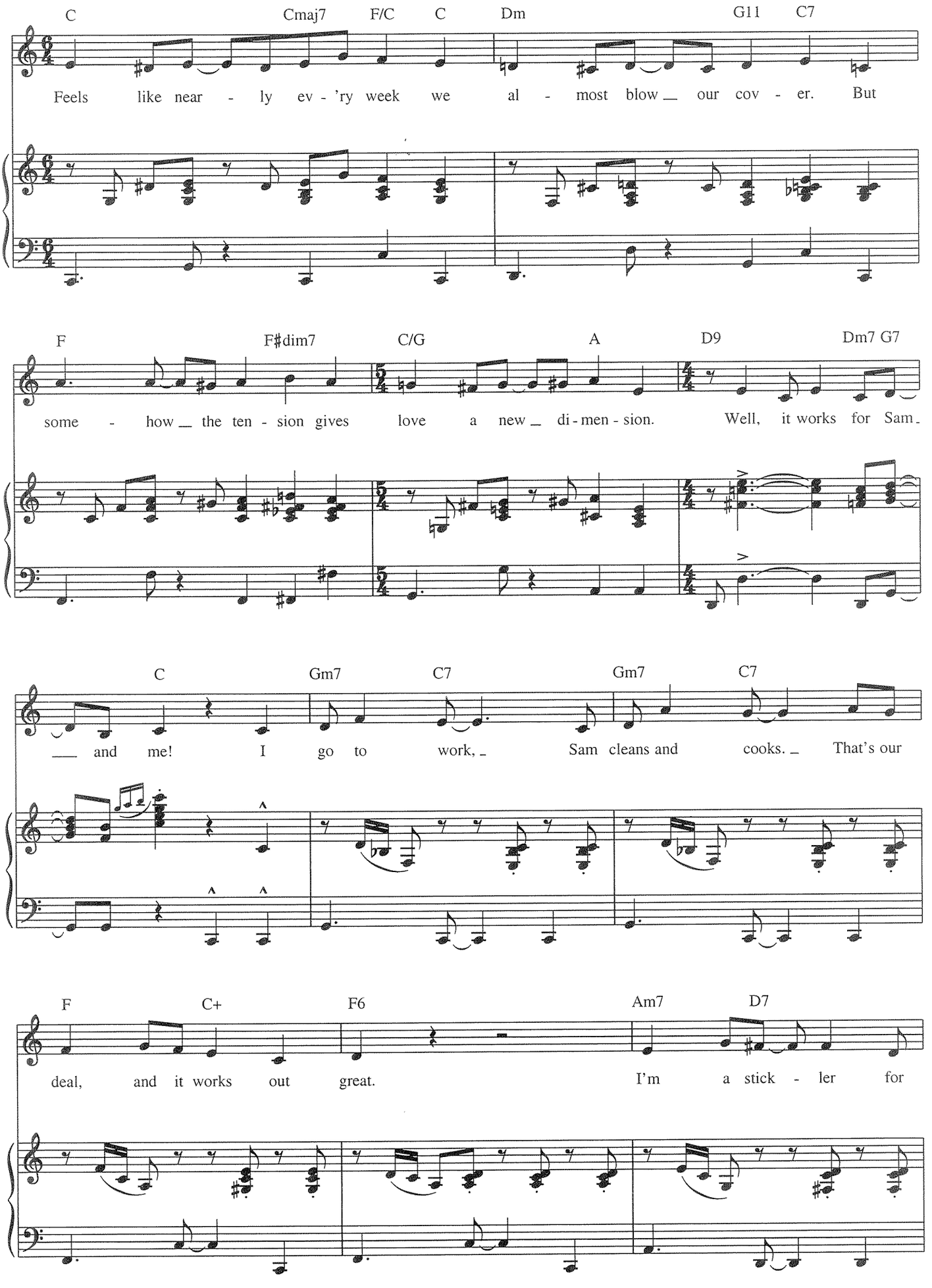
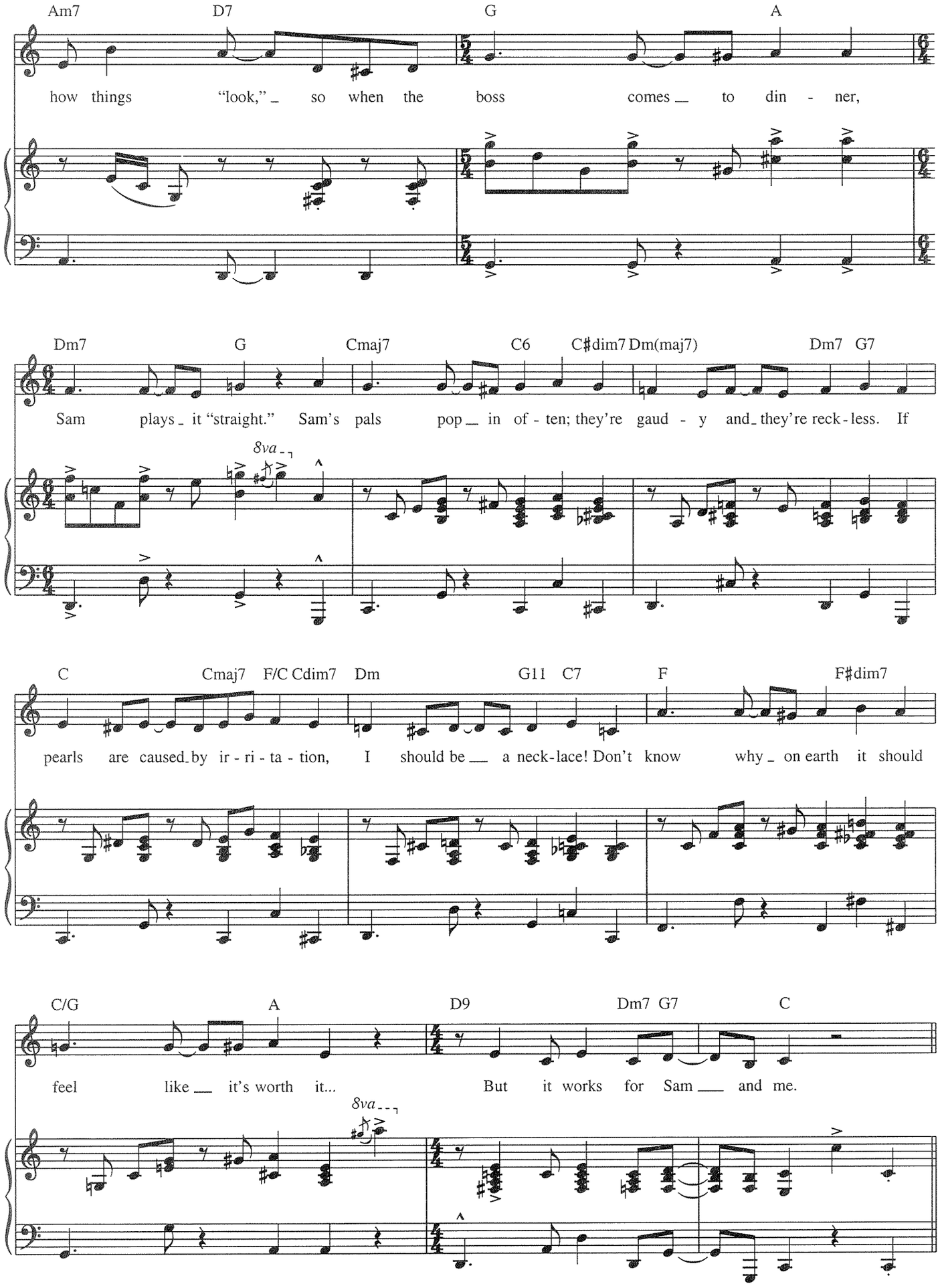
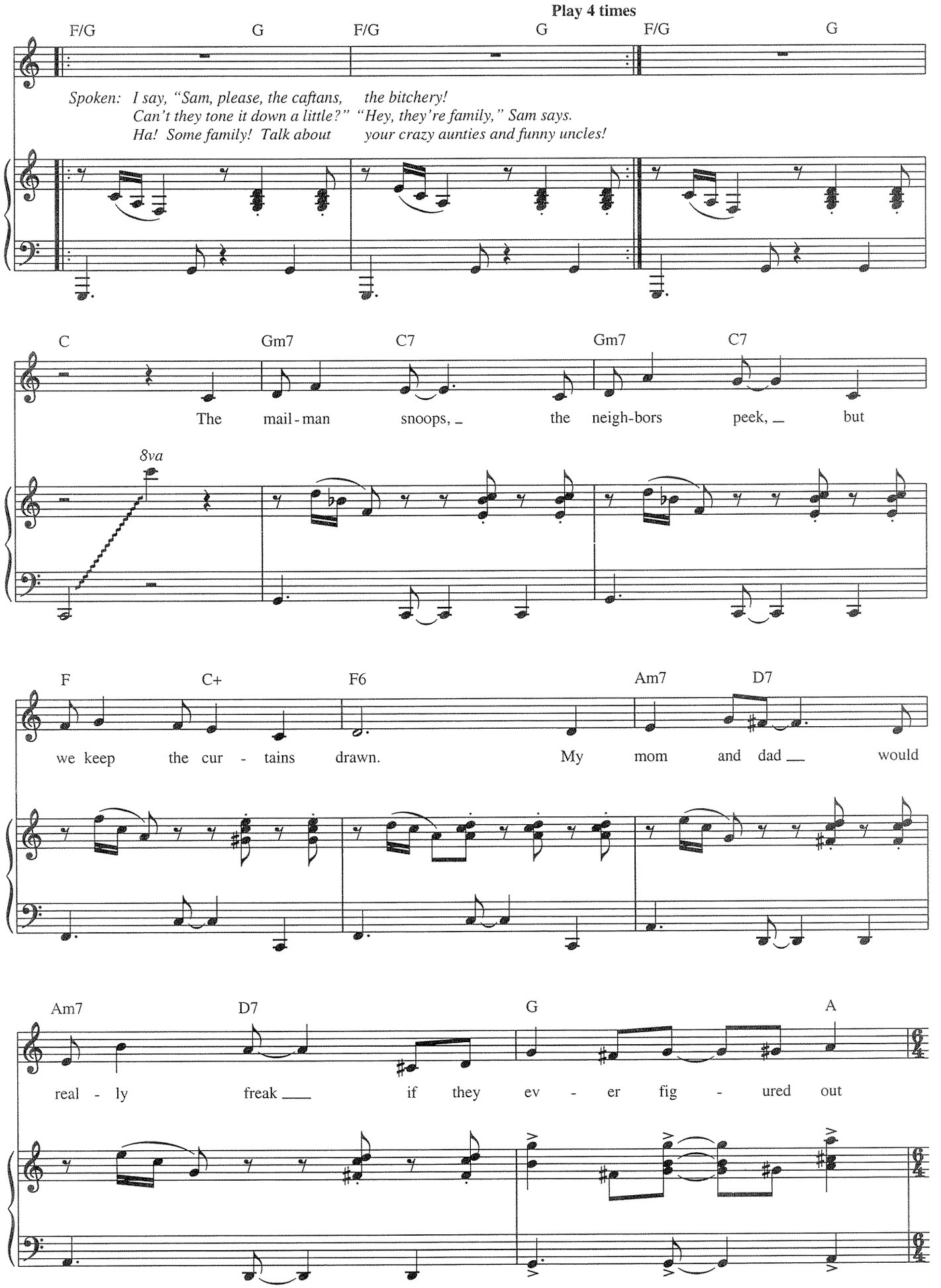
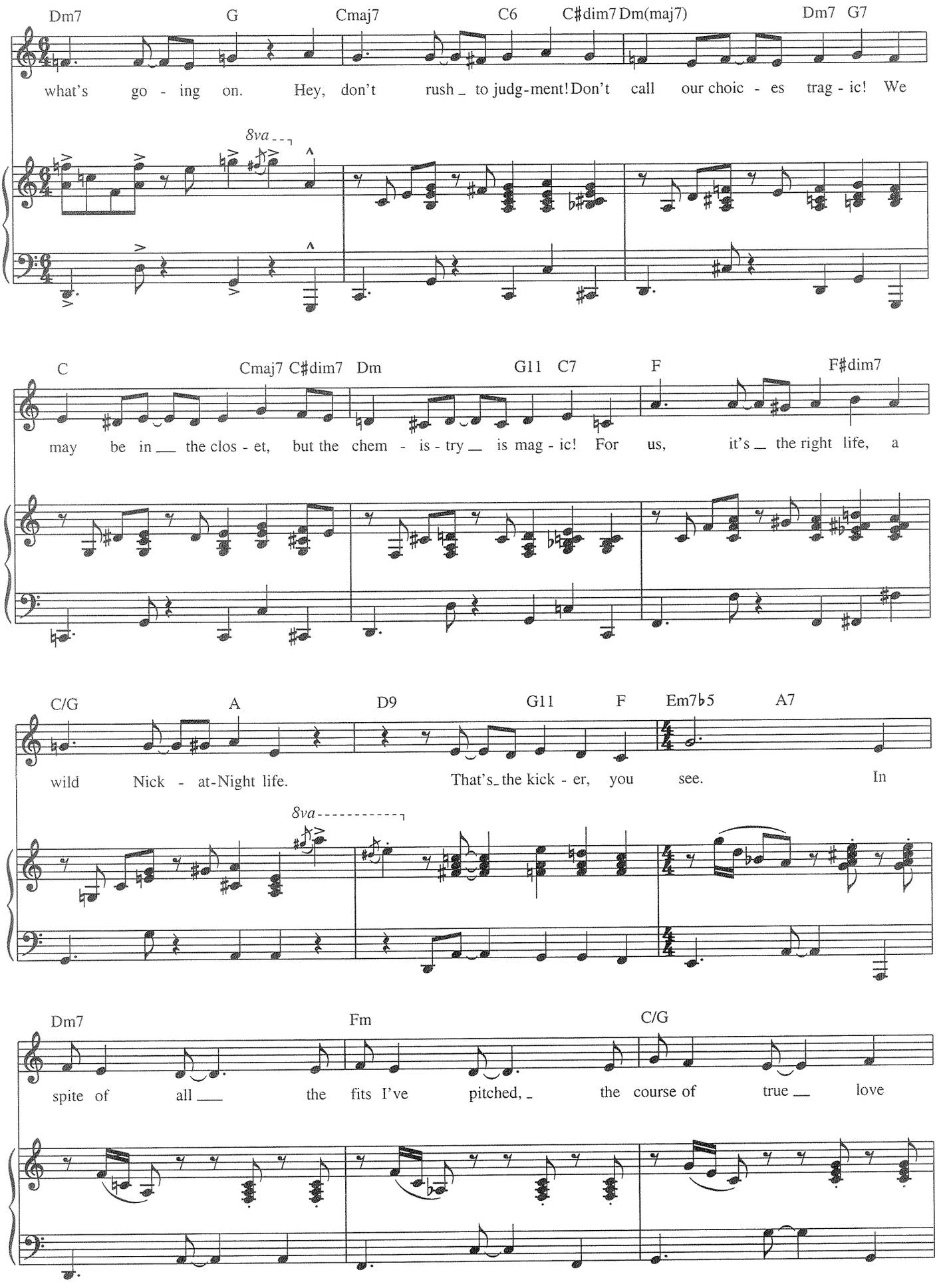

Fast
C Bb C Bbmaj7 C Bb C Bbmaj7
grass mowed, two - car ga - rage, flag - stone walk, fresh paint. But
Slow
Am Am(maj7) Am7 D7 C/G G9sus
I can guar - an - tee you if the neigh-bors knew the truth, half of them would cut me dead, the
Fast
Cm
oth - er half would faint!
Slow
Am Am(maj7)
Who would think to look at me, con -
8vb
Am7 D7 C/G Dm7 D7
3
ser - va-tive as I am, that in my lit - tle tract house, hap - pi - ness is just a thing called
rit.

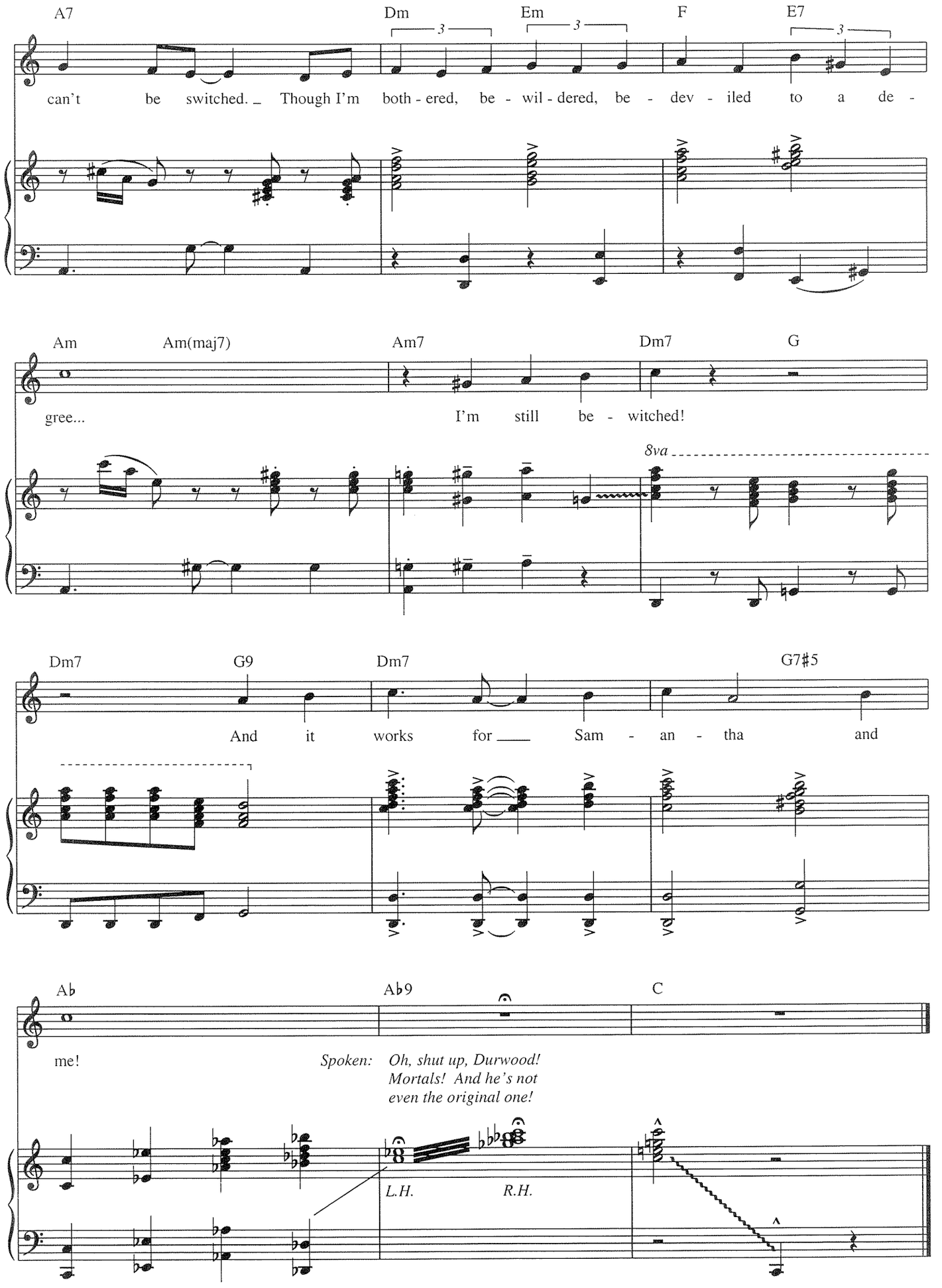

Moderately fast, with a Latin feel
G
Dm7/G
Play 3 times
G7
Cmaj7
C6
Sam?
Sung: Se - crets_ aren't eas - y,
Spoken: After all, it's 1967.
Attitudes are changing,
but not that fast!
8va
a tempo
Dm(maj7)
F/G
G
C
Cmaj7
F/C
C
Dm
G11
C7
keep - ing them_ is stress-ful. Still, the thrill_ has helped to make our part - ner-ship_ suc-cess-ful. We've
F
F♯dim7
C/G
A
D9
Dm9
cho - sen___ a life - style hus - band_ and wife style... Well, it works for Sam_
G
Cmaj7
C6
C♯dim7
Dm(maj7)
F/G
G
___ and me! It's life on___ a tight-rope; ex - po - sure seems_ to hov - er.
8va


C Cmaj7 F/C C Dm G11 C7
Feels like near - ly ev - 'ry week we al - most blow our cov - er. But
F F♯dim7 C/G A D9 Dm7 G7
some - how the ten - sion gives love a new di - men - sion. Well, it works for Sam
C Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
and me! I go to work, Sam cleans and cooks. That's our
F C+ F6 Am7 D7
deal, and it works out great. I'm a stick - ler for


Am7 D7 G A
how things "look," so when the boss comes to din - ner,
Dm7 G Cmaj7 C6 C♯dim7 Dm(maj7) Dm7 G7
Sam plays it "straight." Sam's pals pop in of - ten; they're gaud - y and they're reck - less. If
8va
C Cmaj7 F/C Cdim7 Dm G11 C7 F F♯dim7
pearls are caused by ir - ri - ta - tion, I should be a neck-lace! Don't know why on earth it should
C/G A D9 Dm7 G7 C
feel like it's worth it... But it works for Sam and me.
8va


Play 4 times
F/G G F/G G F/G G
Spoken: I say, "Sam, please, the caftans, the bitchery!
Can't they tone it down a little?" "Hey, they're family," Sam says.
Ha! Some family! Talk about your crazy aunties and funny uncles!
C Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7
The mail-man snoops, the neigh-bors peek, but
8va
F C+ F6 Am7 D7
we keep the cur - tains drawn. My mom and dad would
Am7 D7 G A
real - ly freak if they ev - er fig - ured out

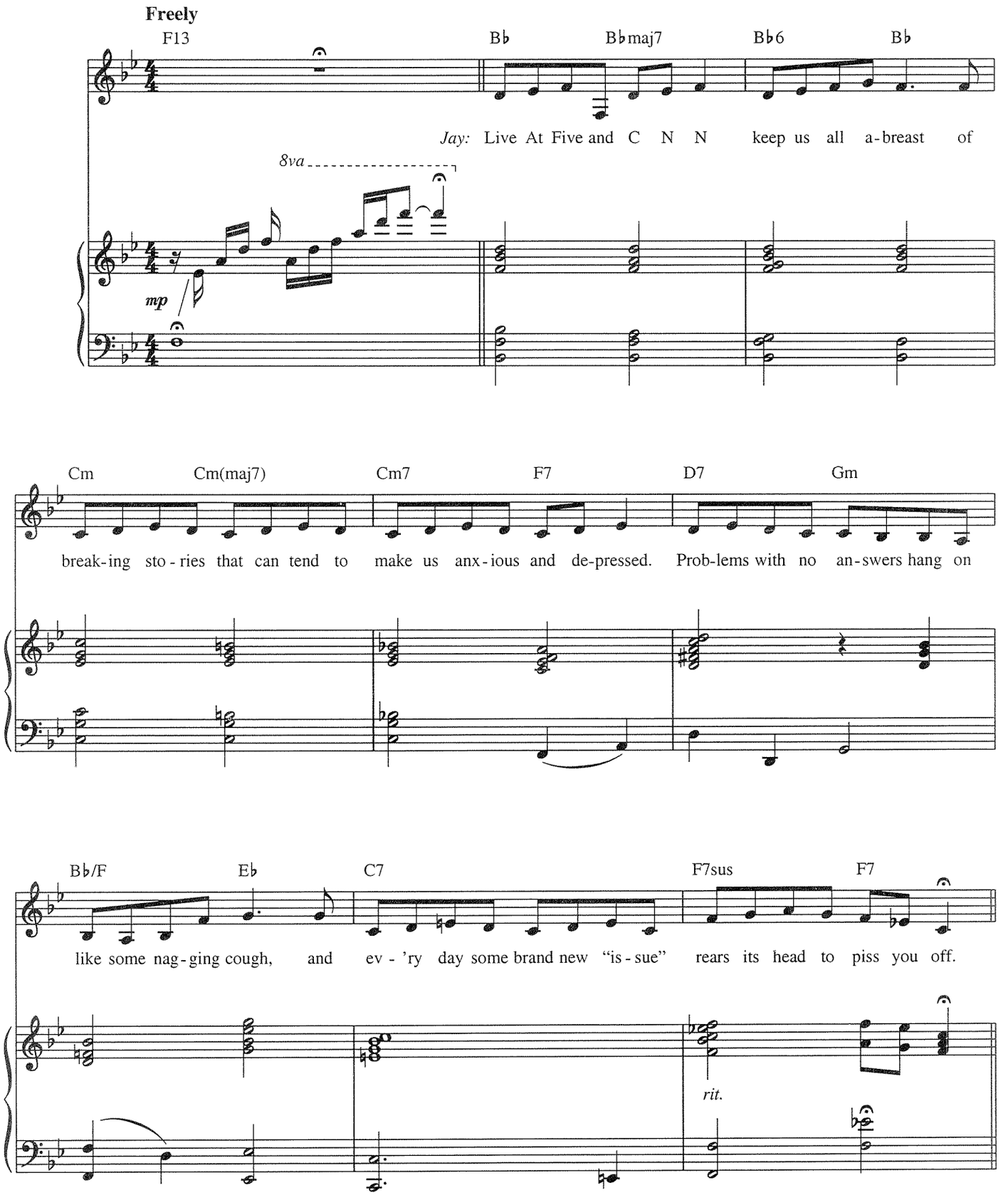

Dm7 G Cmaj7 C6 C♯dim7 Dm(maj7) Dm7 G7
what's go - ing on. Hey, don't rush _ to judg-ment! Don't call our choic - es trag - ic! We
8va
C Cmaj7 C♯dim7 Dm G11 C7 F F♯dim7
may be in __ the clos - et, but the chem - is - try _ is mag - ic! For us, it's _ the right life, a
C/G A D9 G11 F Em7♭5 A7
wild Nick - at-Night life. That's_the kick - er, you see. In
8va
Dm7 Fm C/G
spite of all __ the fits I've pitched, _ the course of true __ love


A7
Dm
Em
F
E7
can't be switched. _ Though I'm both - ered, be - wil - dered, be - dev - iled to a de -
Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
Dm7
G
gree...
I'm still be - witched!
8va
Dm7
G9
Dm7
G7#5
And it works for ___ Sam - an - tha and
Ab
Ab9
C
me!
Spoken: Oh, shut up, Durwood! Mortals! And he's not even the original one!
L.H.
R.H.

LAUGHING MATTERS

from Howard Crabtree's *When Pigs Fly*

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP



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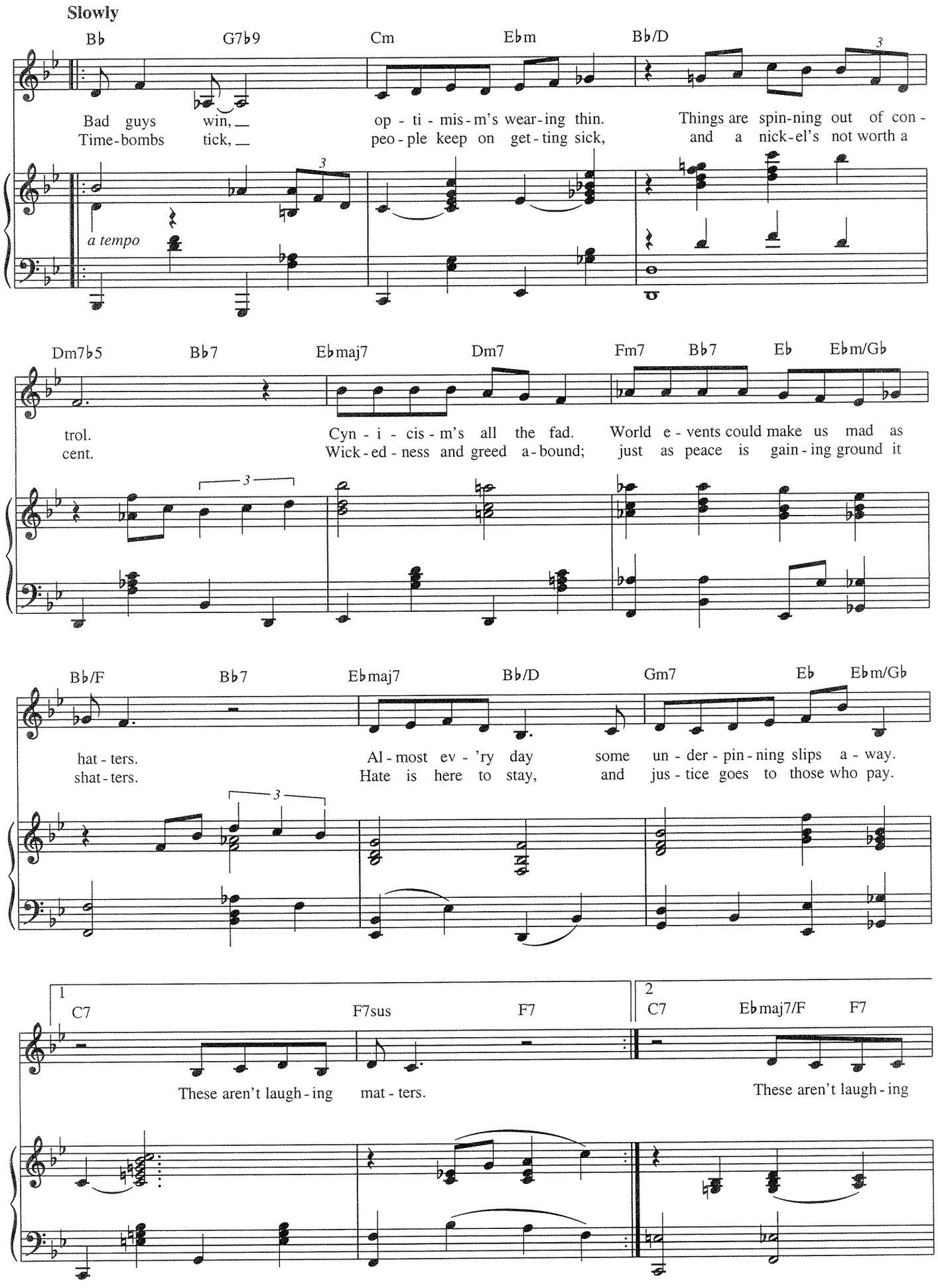
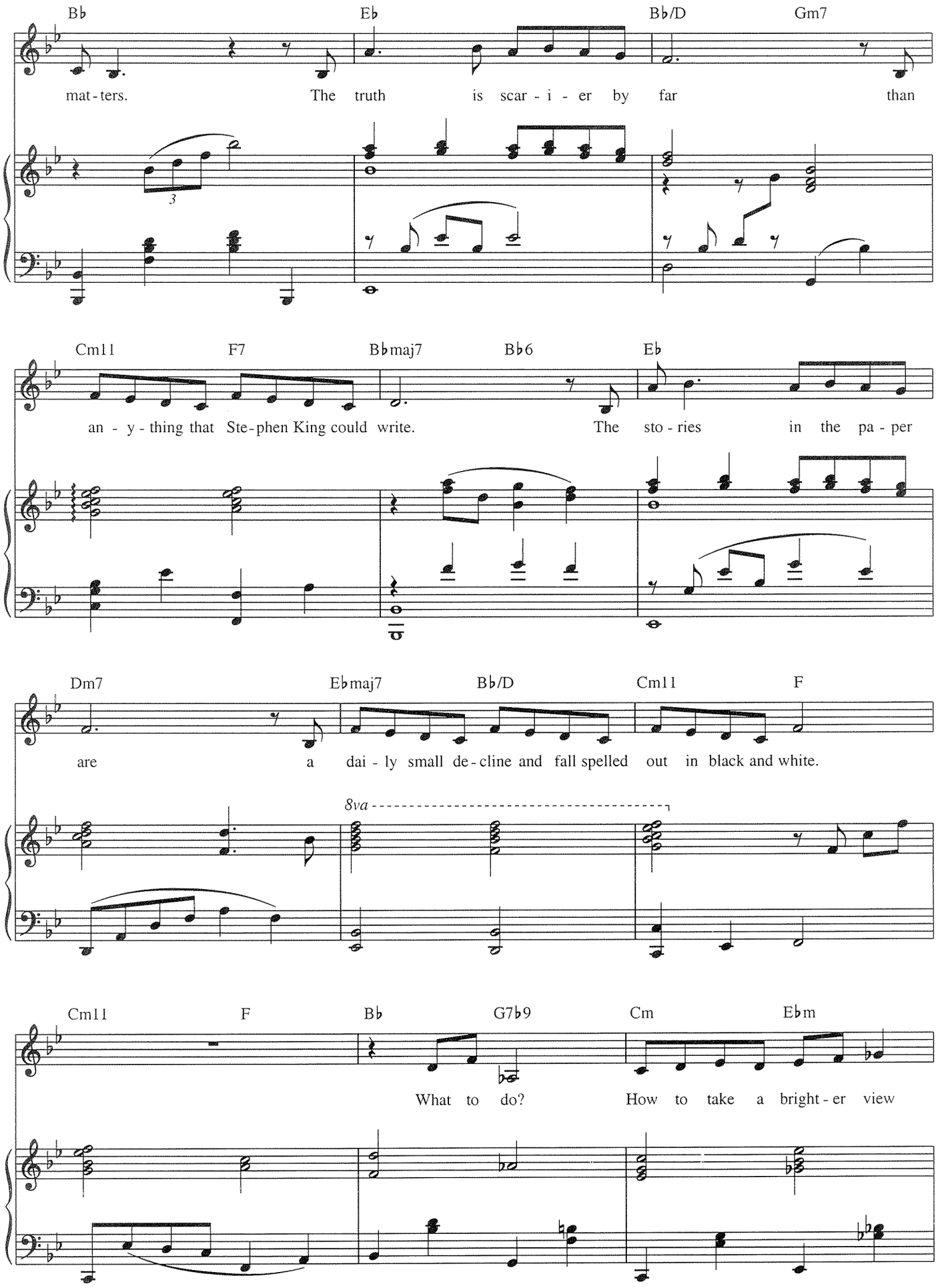
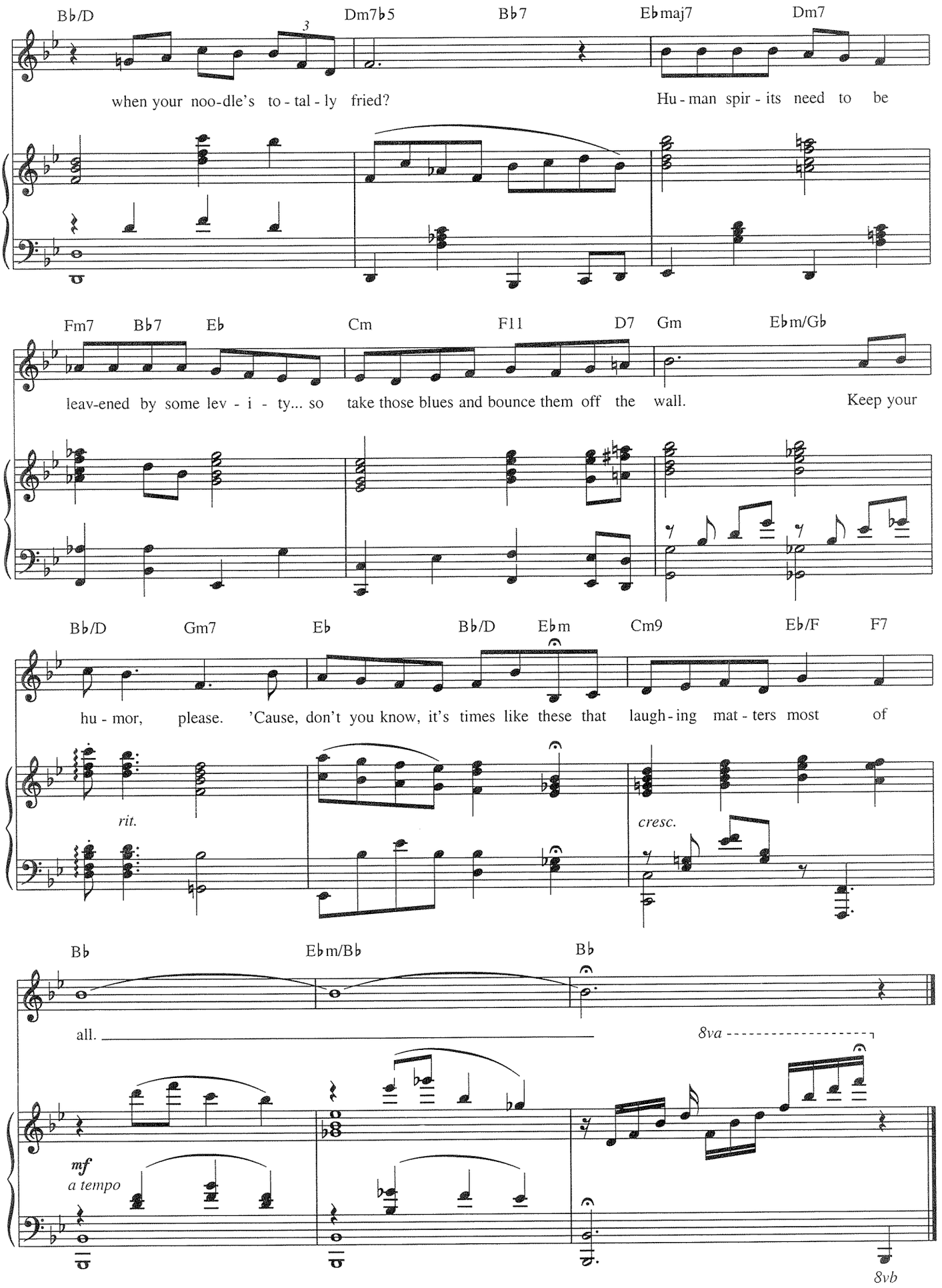

Slowly
B♭ G7♭9 Cm E♭m B♭/D
Bad guys win, op - ti - mis - m's wear - ing thin. Things are spin-ning out of con -
Time-bombs tick, peo - ple keep on get - ting sick, and a nick-el's not worth a
a tempo
Dm7♭5 B♭7 E♭maj7 Dm7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭ E♭m/G♭
trol. Cyn - i - cis - m's all the fad. World e - vents could make us mad as
cent. Wick - ed - ness and greed a - bound; just as peace is gain - ing ground it
B♭/F B♭7 E♭maj7 B♭/D Gm7 E♭ E♭m/G♭
hat - ters. Al - most ev - 'ry day some un - der - pin - ning slips a - way.
shat - ters. Hate is here to stay, and jus - tice goes to those who pay.
1
C7 F7sus F7
These aren't laugh - ing mat - ters.
2
C7 E♭maj7/F F7
These aren't laugh - ing


B♭
E♭
B♭/D
Gm7
mat - ters. The truth is scar - i - er by far than
3
Cm11
F7
B♭maj7
B♭6
E♭
an - y - thing that Ste - phen King could write. The sto - ries in the pa - per
Dm7
E♭maj7
B♭/D
Cm11
F
are a dai - ly small de - cline and fall spelled out in black and white.
8va
Cm11
F
B♭
G7♭9
Cm
E♭m
What to do? How to take a bright - er view

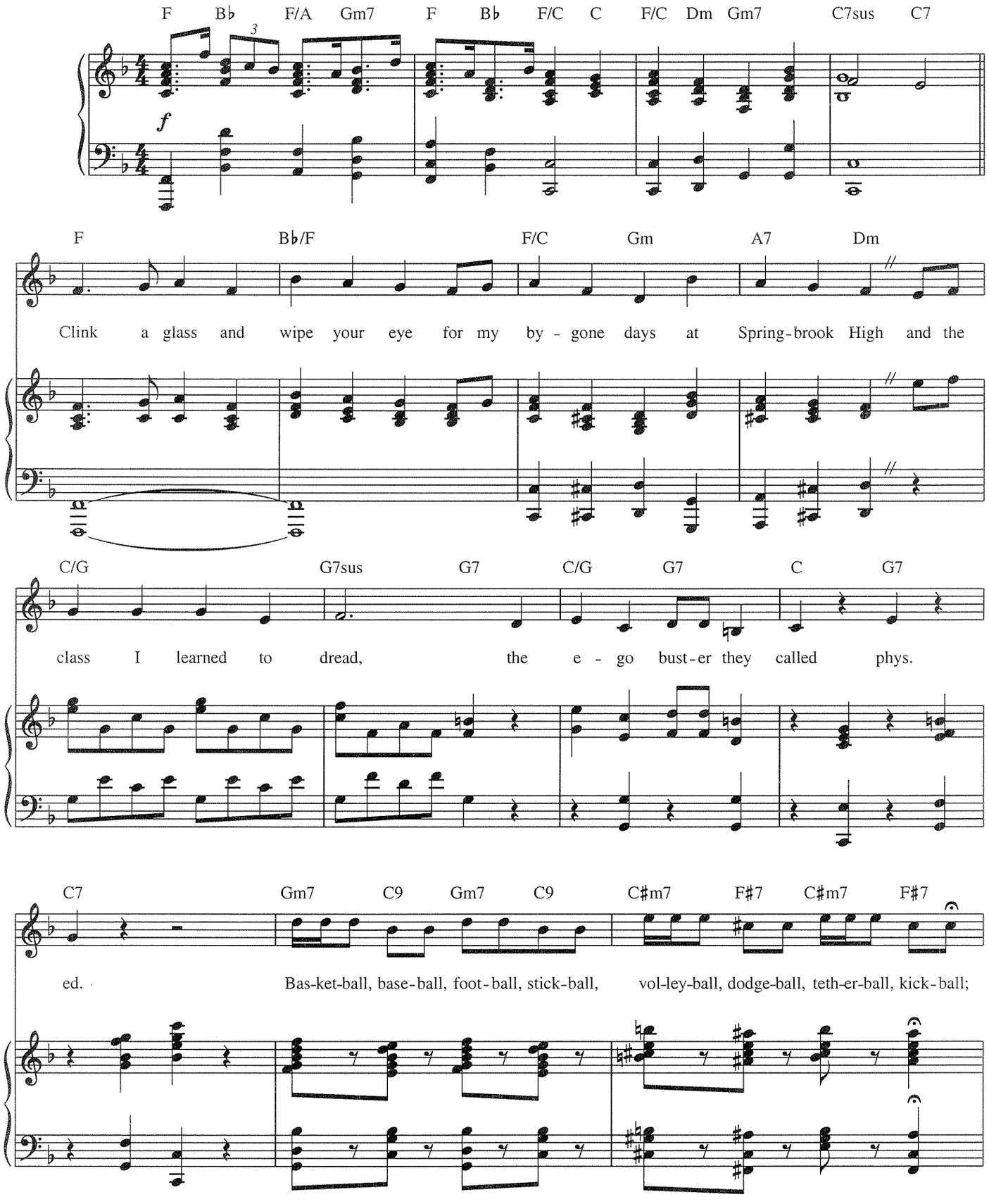

B♭/D
Dm7♭5
B♭7
E♭maj7
Dm7
when your noo-dle's to-tal-ly fried?
Hu-man spir-its need to be
Fm7
B♭7
E♭
Cm
F11
D7
Gm
E♭m/G♭
leav-ened by some lev-i-ty... so take those blues and bounce them off the wall.
Keep your
B♭/D
Gm7
E♭
B♭/D
E♭m
Cm9
E♭/F
F7
hu-mor, please. 'Cause, don't you know, it's times like these that laugh-ing mat-ters most of
rit.
cresc.
B♭
E♭m/B♭
B♭
all.
8va
mf
a tempo
8vb

LAST ONE PICKED

from Howard Crabtree's *Whoop Dee Doo!*

Music by DICK GALLAGHER
Lyrics by MARK WALDROP

Moderately fast



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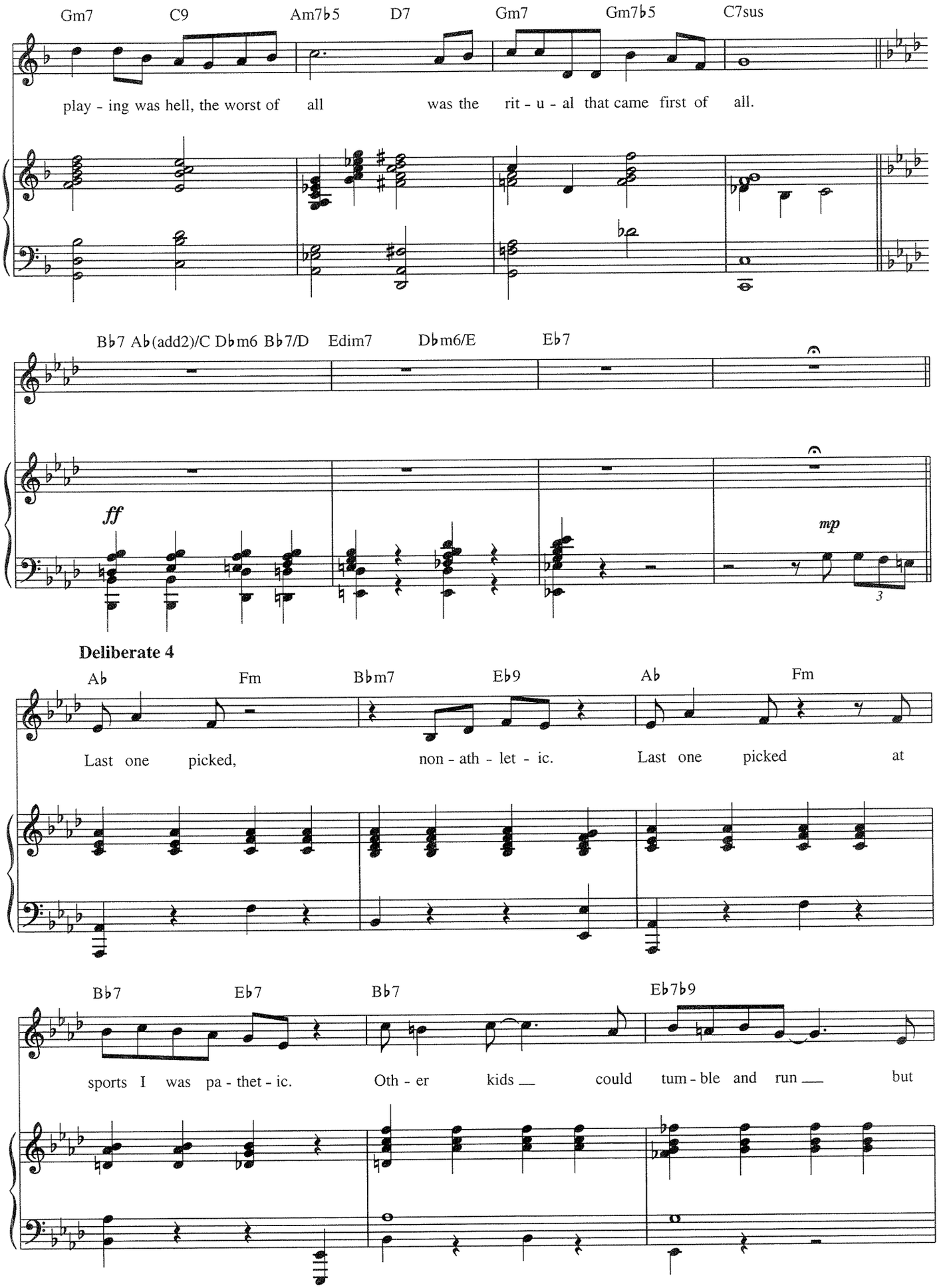
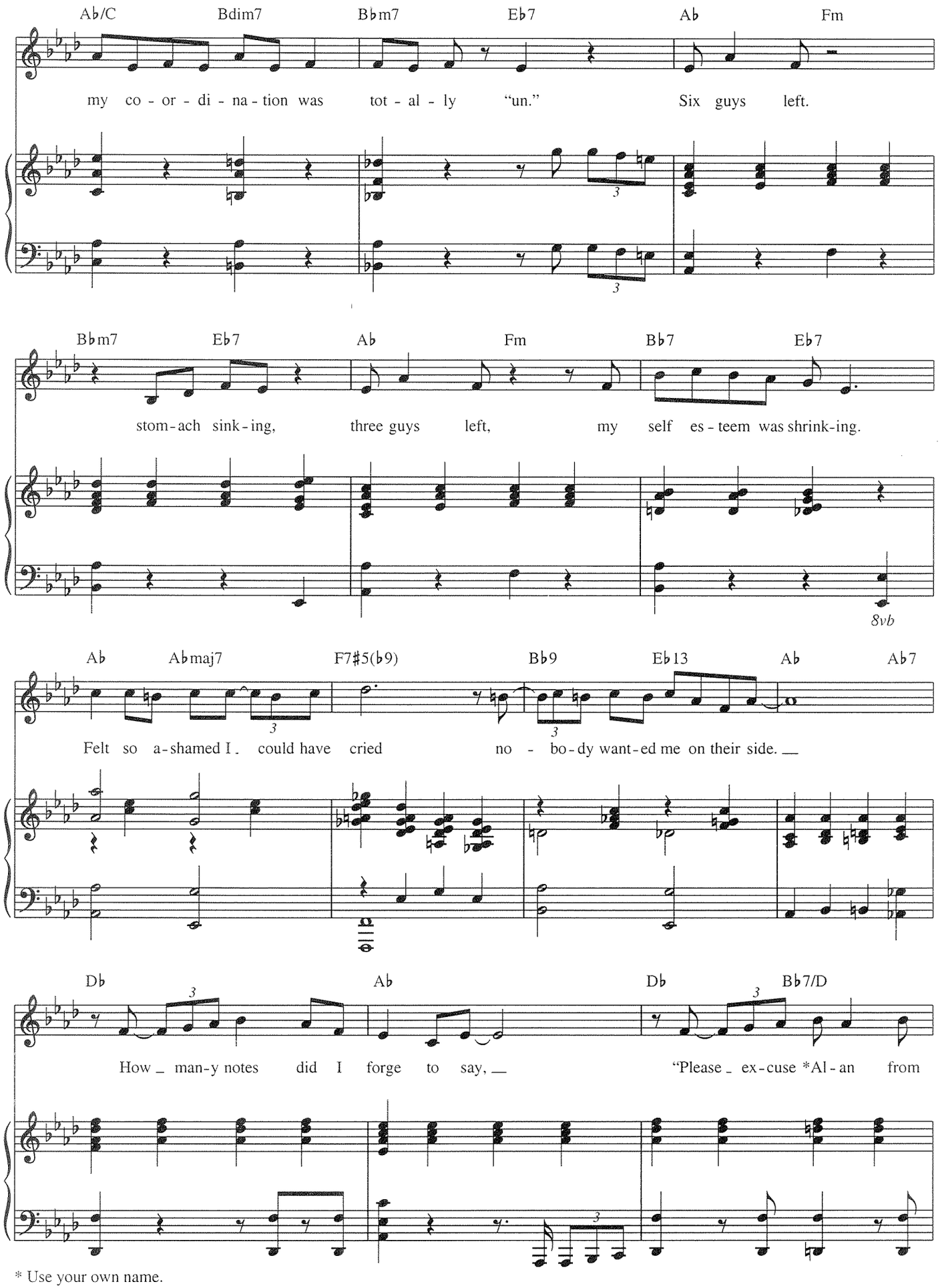
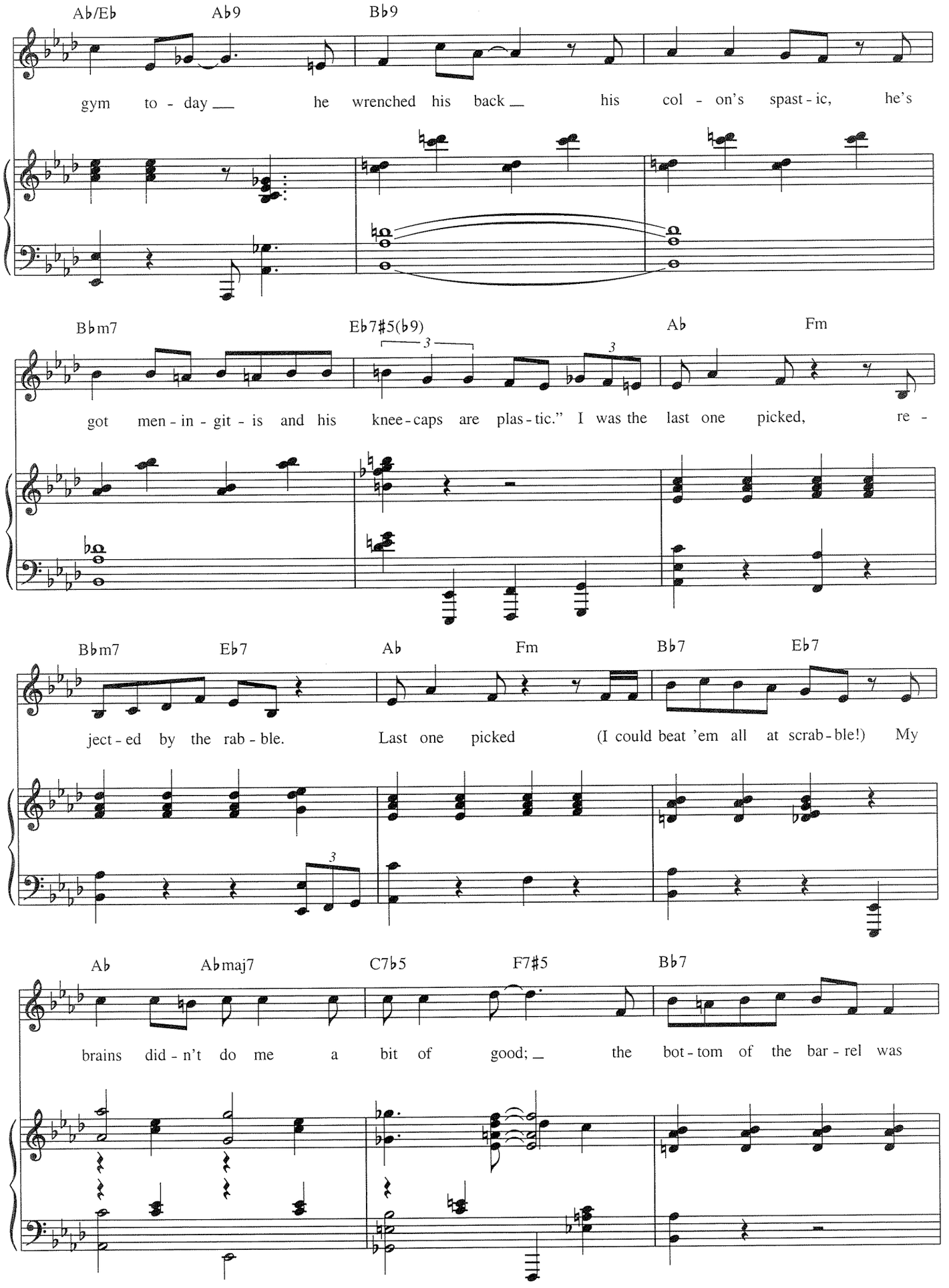
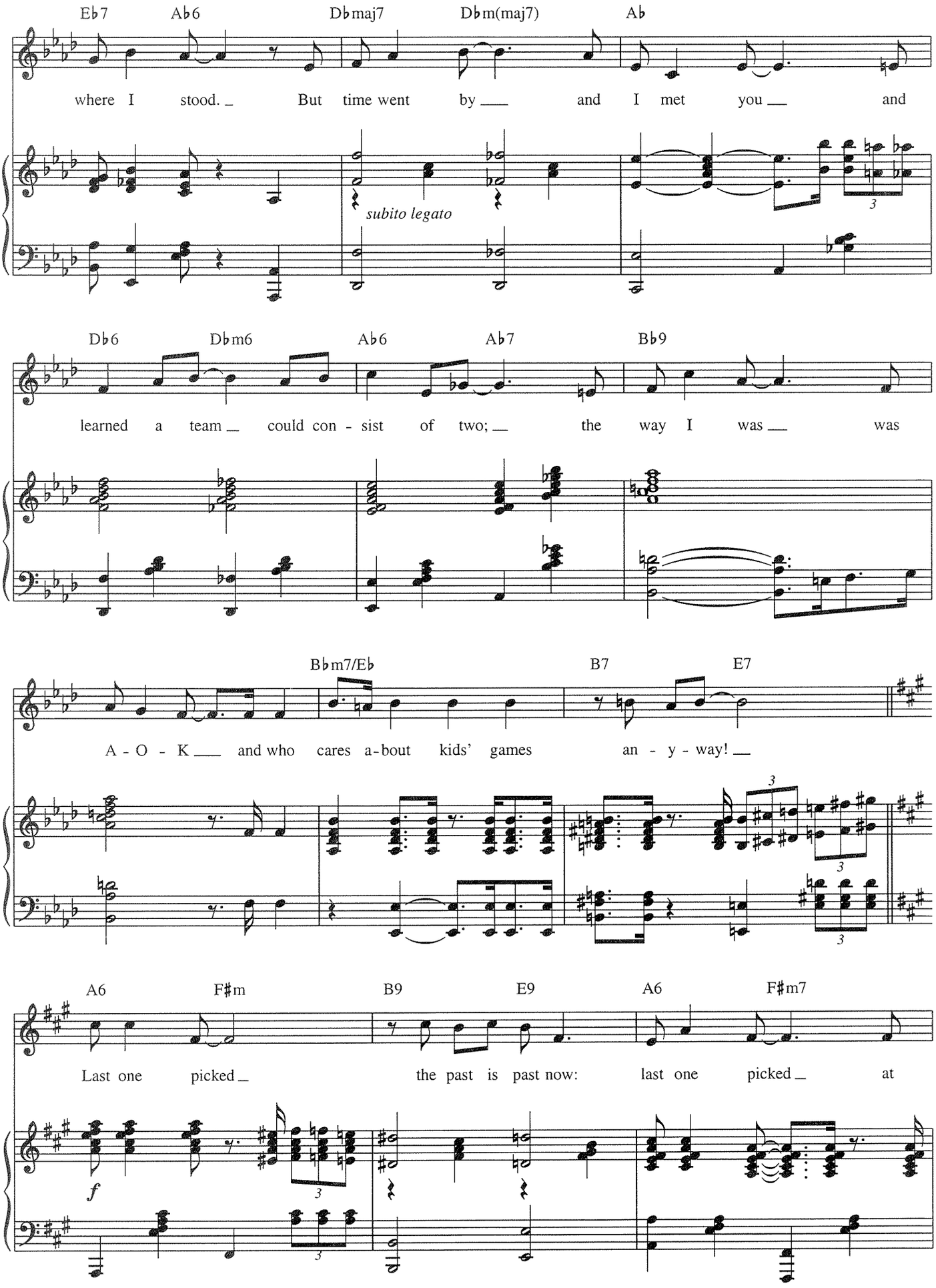
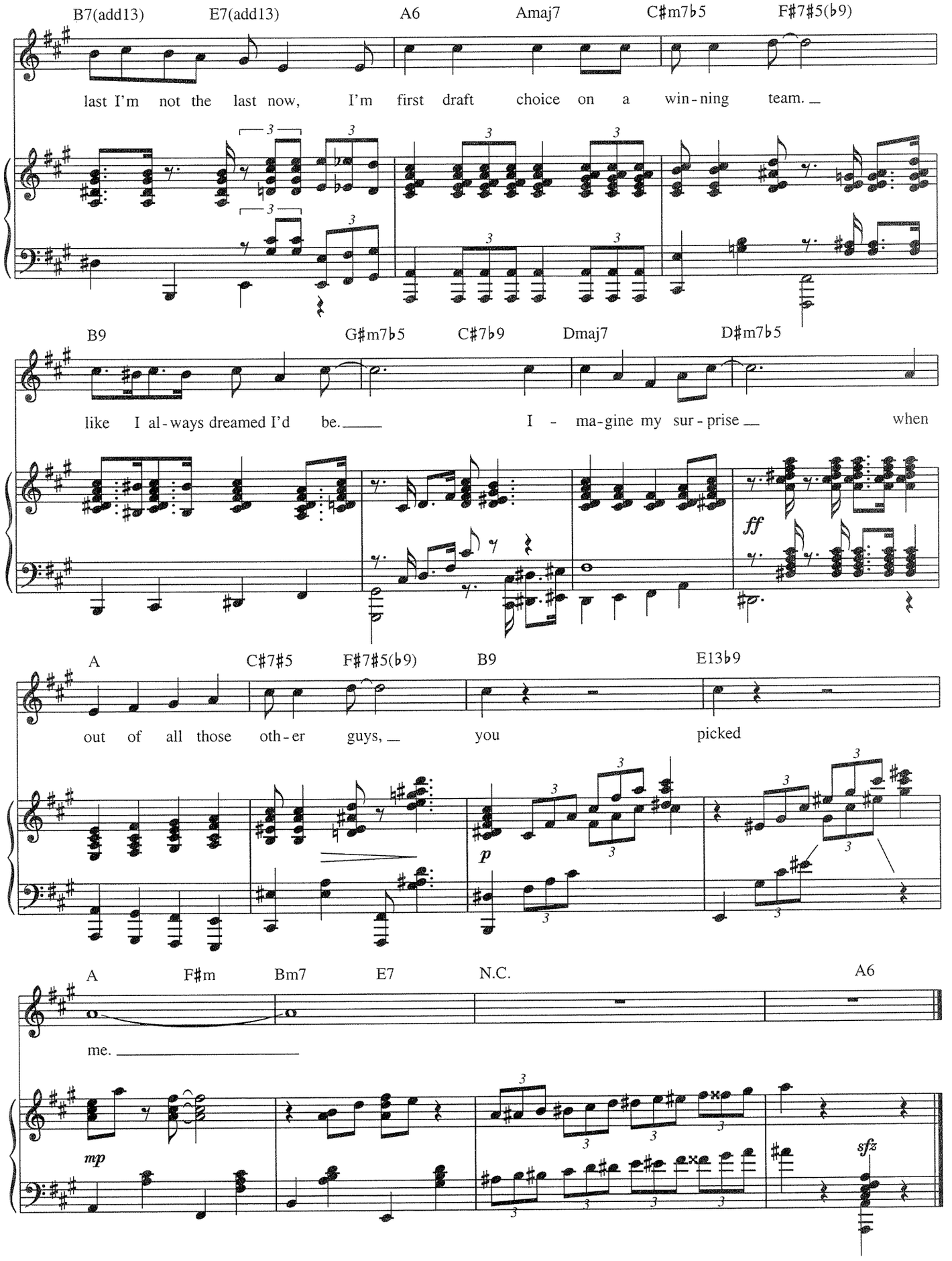

Gm7 C9 Am7b5 D7 Gm7 Gm7b5 C7sus
play - ing was hell, the worst of all was the rit - u - al that came first of all.
Bb7 Ab(add2)/C Dbm6 Bb7/D Edim7 Dbm6/E Eb7
ff
mp
3
Deliberate 4
Ab Fm Bbm7 Eb9 Ab Fm
Last one picked, non - ath - let - ic. Last one picked at
Bb7 Eb7 Bb7 Eb7b9
sports I was pa - thet - ic. Oth - er kids could tum - ble and run but



* Use your own name.


Ab/Eb
Ab9
Bb9
gym to - day he wrenched his back his col - on's spast - ic, he's
Bbm7
Eb7#5(b9)
Ab
Fm
got men - in - git - is and his knee - caps are plas - tic." I was the last one picked, re -
Bbm7
Eb7
Ab
Fm
Bb7
Eb7
ject - ed by the rab - ble. Last one picked (I could beat 'em all at scrab - ble!) My
Ab
Abmaj7
C7b5
F7#5
Bb7
brains did - n't do me a bit of good; the bot - tom of the bar - rel was

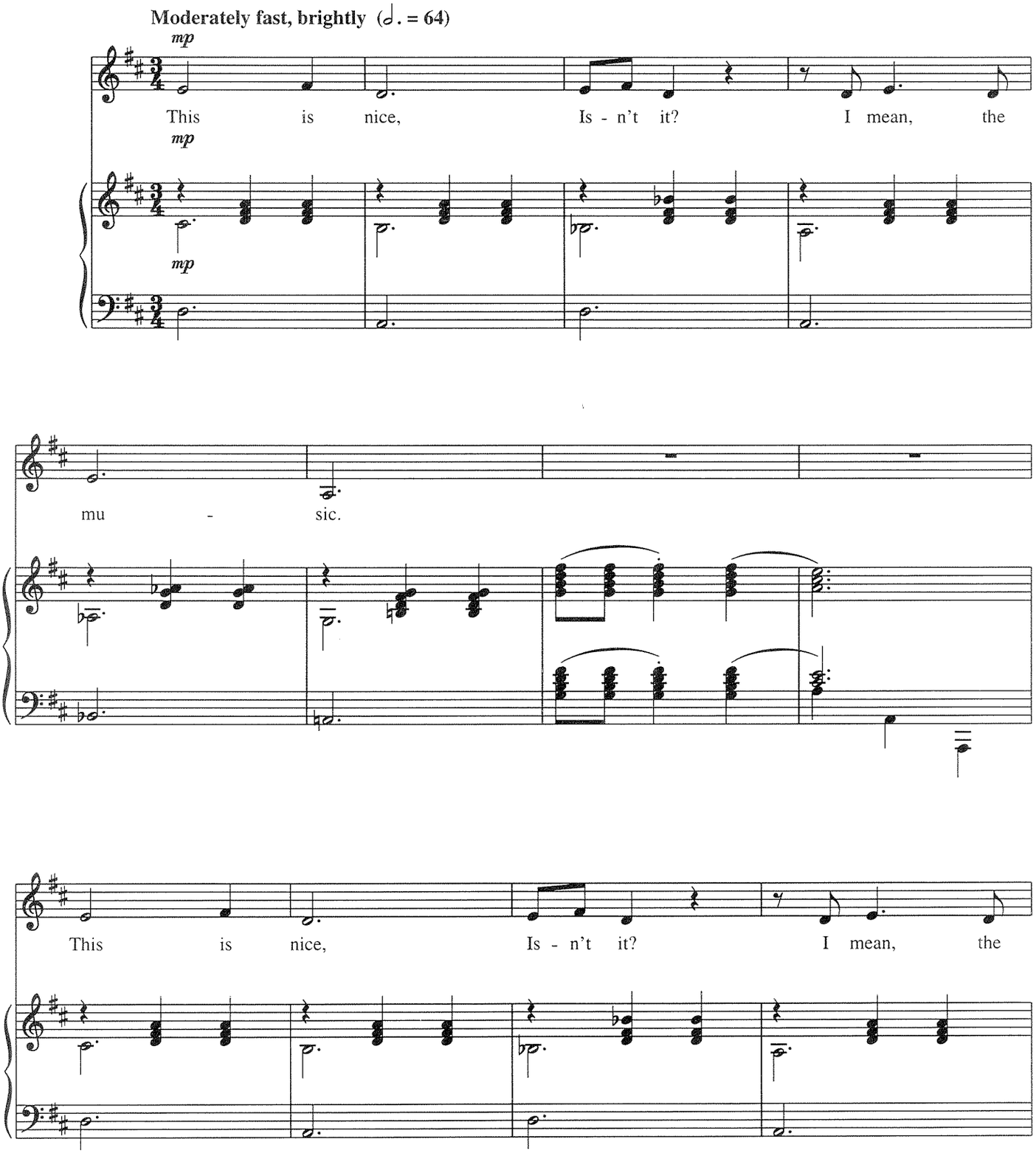

Eb7 Ab6 Dbmaj7 Dbm(maj7) Ab
where I stood. _ But time went by ___ and I met you ___ and
subito legato
Db6 Dbm6 Ab6 Ab7 Bb9
learned a team __ could con - sist of two; __ the way I was ___ was
Bbm7/Eb B7 E7
A - O - K ___ and who cares a-bout kids' games an - y - way! ___
A6 F#m B9 E9 A6 F#m7
Last one picked _ the past is past now: last one picked _ at
f


B7(add13) E7(add13) A6 Amaj7 C♯m7♭5 F♯7♯5(♭9)
last I'm not the last now, I'm first draft choice on a win-ning team.
B9 G♯m7♭5 C♯7♭9 Dmaj7 D♯m7♭5
like I al-ways dreamed I'd be. I - ma-gine my sur-prise when
ff
A C♯7♯5 F♯7♯5(♭9) B9 E13♭9
out of all those oth-er guys, you picked
p
A F♯m Bm7 E7 N.C. A6
me.
mp
sfz

ISN'T IT?

from *Saturday Night*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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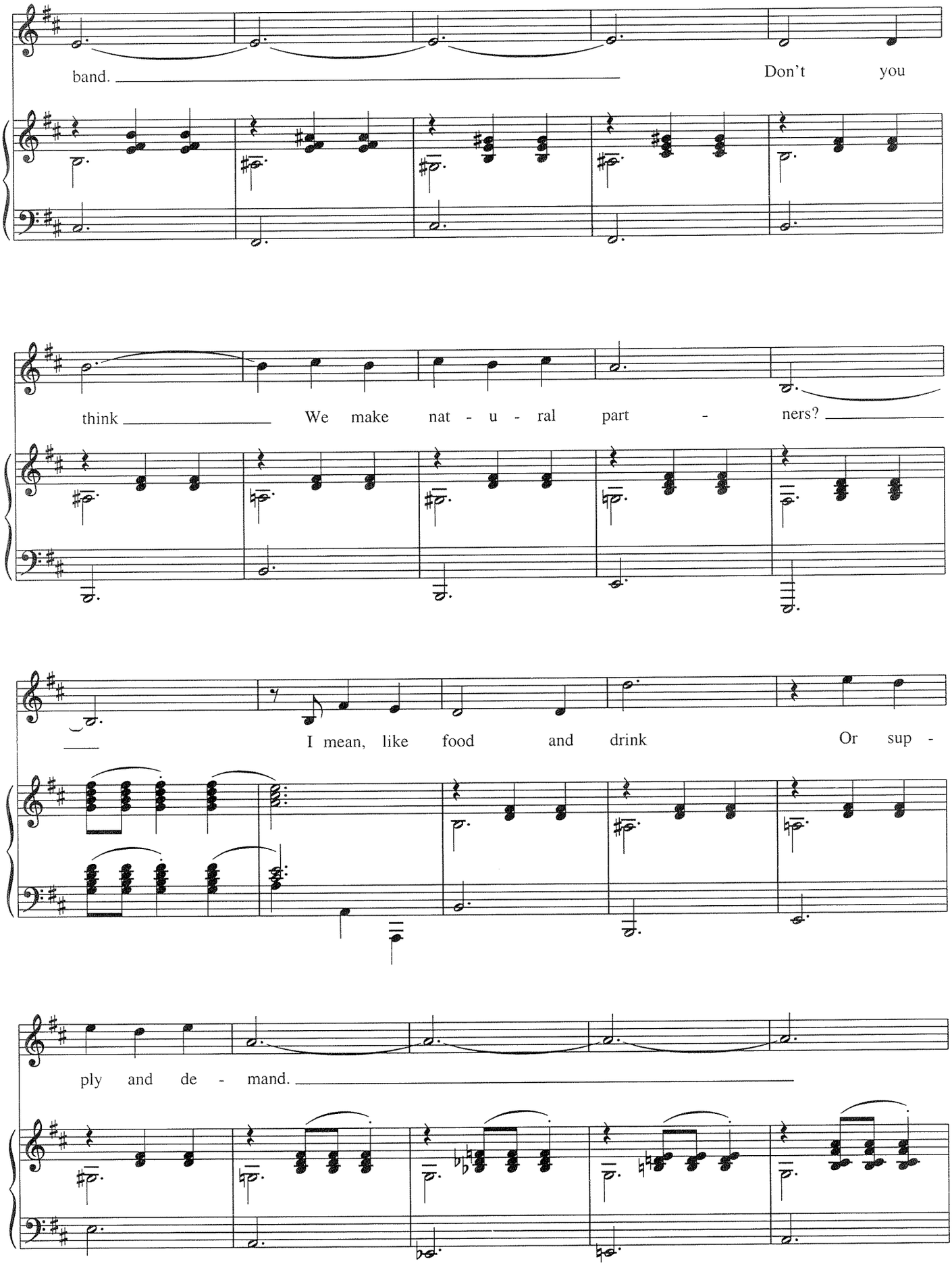
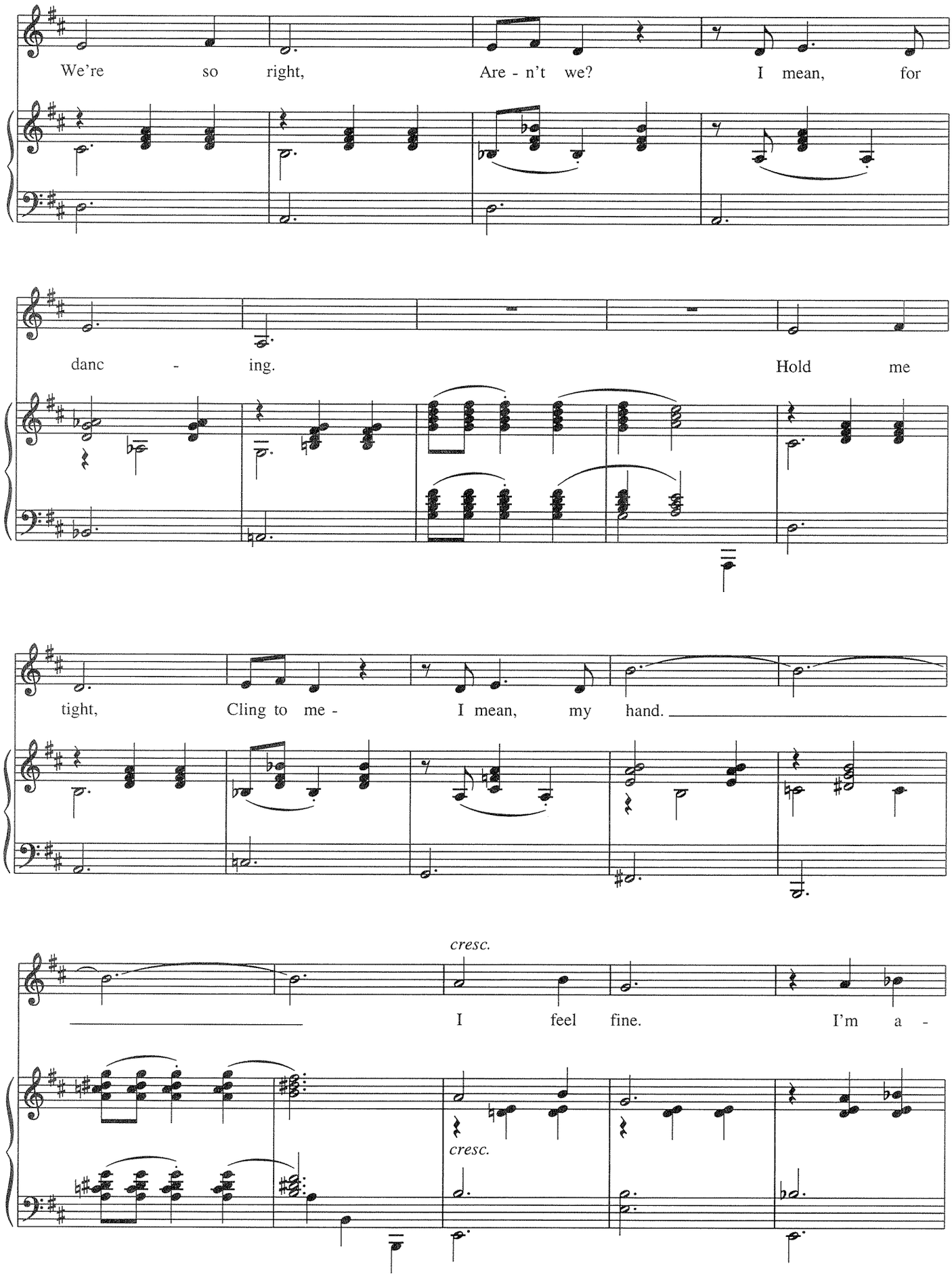
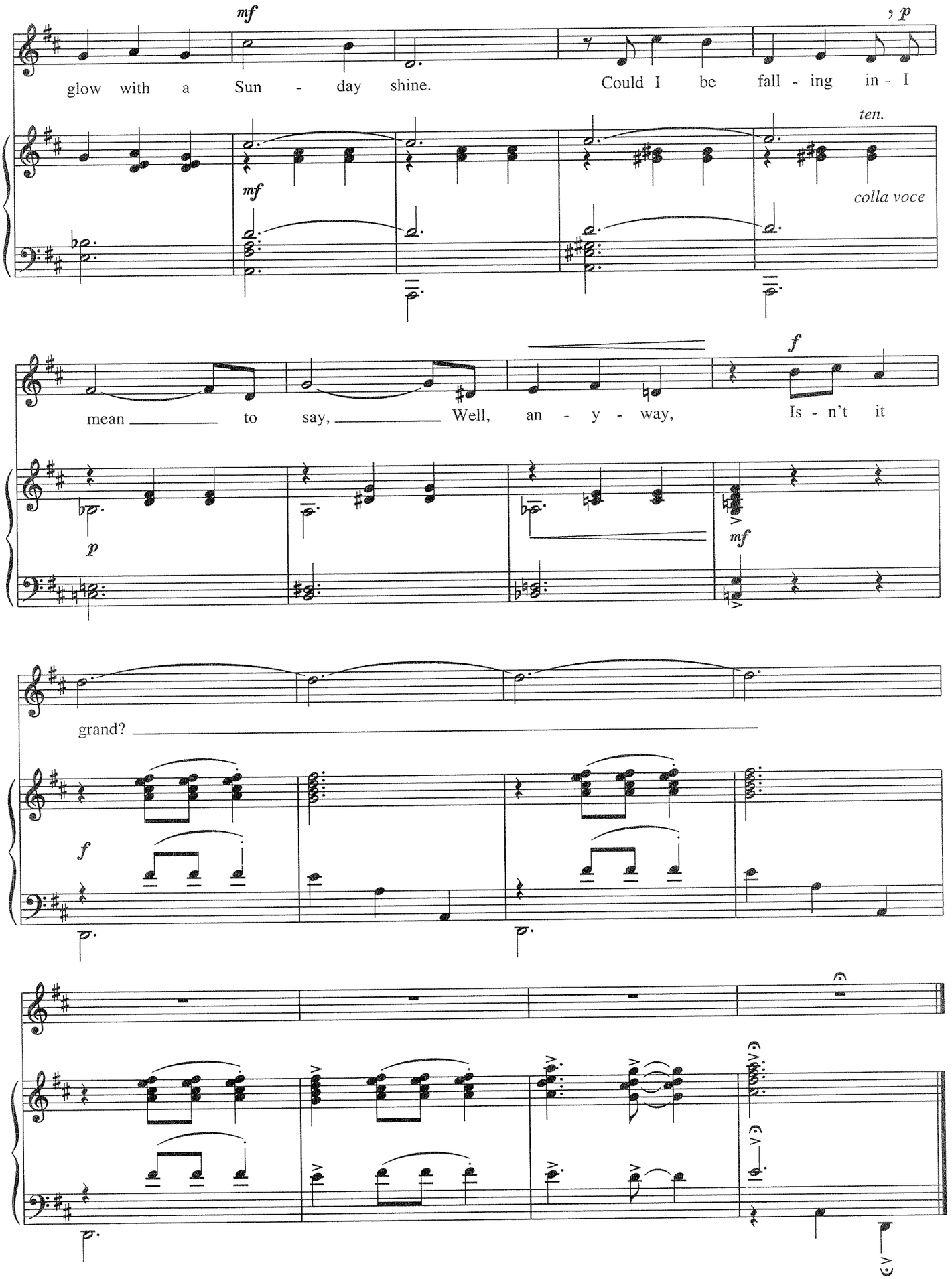

band.
Don't you
think
We make nat - u - ral part - ners?
I mean, like food and drink
Or sup -
ply and de - mand.


We're so right, Are - n't we? I mean, for
danc - ing. Hold me
tight, Cling to me - I mean, my hand.
cresc.
I feel fine. I'm a -
cresc.


mf
, p
glow with a Sun - day shine.
Could I be fall - ing in - I
ten.
mf
colla voce
mean to say, Well, an - y - way,
Is - n't it
f
p
mf
grand?
f