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 an unending challenge. I have tried to be conservative in my criteria, though I quickly point out to singers and teachers that there is no exact science to this. In comparison, opera fachs are far more definite. Many women have told me they use both the Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano/Belter volumes, depending on the kind of singing they want to do.

We label this volume Mezzo-Soprano/Belter to clearly signal that all the songs in this volume can be belted if that's your natural style of singing. Recent stage productions afforded some valuable additional theatre literature. The Cabaret songs written for the film and added to the stage score for the Broadway revival are here ("Mein Herr," "Maybe This Time"). The lovely ballad "A Change in Me" was added to *The Beauty and the Beast* on Broadway for Toni Braxton. (We chose to print a more universally singable range than her extremely low key.)

The theatre selections in this volume range from the comic to the dramatic, from famous numbers to wonderful discoveries, from the 1930s to 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 mezzo-soprano/belter books have 123 songs to choose from! Happy hunting.

Richard Walters, editor
August, 2000

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

Mezzo-Soprano/Belter 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.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Irving Berlin
BOOK: Herbert and Dorothy Fields
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 5/16/46, New York; a run of 1,147 performances

Irving Berlin's musical biography of scrappy gal sharpshooter Annie Oakley earned standing ovations for Broadway stars of two generations: the original, Ethel Merman, in the 1940s; and Bernadette Peters in the 1990s. The tune-packed musical traces Annie's rise from illiterate hillbilly to international marksmanship star as she's discovered and developed in the traveling "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." She falls hard for the show's chauvinistic male star, Frank Butler. And romance blossoms—right up until Annie begins to outshine Frank. Annie gets two chances to reflect poetically on romance. Comically, she observes the many reasons why "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun, with its yodeling-flavored chorus. On a dreamy, longing note, Annie tries to imagine what love will be like, in the ballad, "They Say It's Wonderful."

THE APPLE TREE

MUSIC: Jerry Bock
LYRICS: Sheldon Harnick
BOOK: Jerry Bock & Sheldon Harnick, with Jerome Coopersmith
DIRECTOR: Mike Nichols
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Herbert Ross, Lee Theodore
OPENED: 10/18/66, New York; a run of 463 performances

Here was a new concept for Broadway: one musical containing three separate one-act musicals, like Puccini's *Il Trittico* or Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*. Though the stories in *The Apple Tree* have nothing in common and, in fact, could be played separately, they are tied together by interrelated musical themes and by the whimsical reference to the color brown. Act I is based on Mark Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve," and deals with the dawn of humanity and innocence. Act II is based on Frank R. Stockton's short story, "The Lady or the Tiger?," in which a warrior's fate, unresolved in the story, is determined by the choice of door he enters. Act III is based on Jules Feiffer's "Passionella," a uniquely American take on "Cinderella," in which a female chimney sweep fulfills her dream of becoming a glamorous movie star. In this last section, the heroine comically glories in the fact that she is, at last, "Gorgeous."

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 7/1/2000

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. Headstrong young woman Belle discovers the Beast's castle after her father is captured and held prisoner there. She bravely offers to exchange herself for her father, and 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. In "A Change in Me," Belle realizes that her feelings for the increasingly gentlemanly Beast are beginning to soften. The song was added to the show mid-run when pop diva Toni Braxton played Belle.

CABARET

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Joe Masteroff
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ron Field
OPENED: 11/20/66, New York, for 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 moves in 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. When Cliff dickers over the rent for his tiny apartment, the landlady shrugs and explains why such things no longer mean anything to her, in "So What?" That number was written as a pastiche of composer Kurt Weill, and was originated in *Cabaret* by Weill's real-life widow, Lotte Lenya. Two songs were added to the film version to build up the role of Sally for star Liza Minnelli. She gives a Dietrich-like come-on to men everywhere in "Mein Herr," and lets her cynicism slip for just a moment in the ballad "Maybe This Time." The songs were inserted into the stage version for the Tony-winning 1998 Broadway revival.

CHICAGO

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
DIRECTOR-CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse
OPENED: 6/3/75, New York, for 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 American hucksterism, vulgarity and decadence 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. Gruff, corrupt prison matron Mama Morton has two chances to shine in song. In "When You're Good to Mama," she explains the jailhouse rules: inmates who want favors need to *do* favors. In the comic "Class," she laments the passing of good manners—when it's clear that she's scarcely better herself.

A CHORUS LINE

MUSIC: Marvin Hamlisch
LYRICS: Ed Kleban
BOOK: James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante
DIRECTOR: Michael Bennett
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett and Bob Avian
OPENED: 7/25/76, New York; a run of 6,137 performances

Until overtaken by *Cats*, this musical stood for years as the longest-running show in Broadway history. It also won numerous Tony Awards, including Best Musical, plus the Pulitzer Prize. The story is simple: seventeen dancers reveal their life stories as they audition and compete for eight chorus parts in an unnamed Broadway musical. The show concentrates on the joys and troubles of their childhood and the teen years. Puerto Rican actress Priscilla Lopez stopped the show nightly with "Nothing," her comic/tragic account of how she survived an ogre of an acting teacher.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York, a run of 706 performances

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical, reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building, and their excessively protective feelings about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married—even though it's clear their own marriages are far from perfect. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. Making a connection with another person, the show says, is key to happiness. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers of the time. The show's "eleven o'clock number" went to Elaine Stritch, as the boozy, savage older woman who makes a failed pass at Bobby. She lashes out in "The Ladies Who Lunch," an indictment of an entire class of women (which may include her) who have too much money, too much free time and not enough real life.

COWGIRLS

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Mary Murfitt
BOOK: Betsie Howie
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Eleanor Reissa
OPENED: 4/1/96, New York, for a run of 319 performances

This Off-Broadway spoof recreates the calamitous night the classical Coghill Trio gets booked to play at the grand opening of a country-western music hall. It seems the manager misread the name of their group as the "Cowgirls Trio." The three ladies are left to adapt their classical repertoire to the needs of the hootin' 'n' hollerin' clientele, and they do so *con brio*. "Don't Call Me Trailer Trash" is a comedy cry for respect. "Heads or Tails" is a lament about fate.

DO RE MI

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Garson Kanin
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Marc Breaux and Deedee Wood
OPENED: 12/26/60, New York; a run of 400 performances

A wild satire on the ways in which the underworld muscled in on the jukebox business, *Do Re Mi* was adapted by Kanin from his own novel. With characters reminiscent of the raffish Runyonland denizens of *Guys and Dolls*, the show offered two of Broadway's top clowns of the era: Phil Silvers as a fast-talking would-be big shot, and Nancy Walker as his long-suffering spouse. Nathan Lane and Randy Graff starred in a 1999 "Encores!" revival of the show (recorded by DRG). Both Walker and Graff stopped the show with "Adventure," the wife's explanation of why she stays with her man through every nutty get-rich-quick scheme that never seems to get them rich.

FOLLIES

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Goldman
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/4/71, New York, a run of 522 performances

Taking place at a reunion of former Ziegfeld Follies-type showgirls, the musical deals with the reality of life as contrasted with the unreality of the theatre. *Follies* explores this theme through the lives of two couples, the upper-class, unhappy, Phyllis and Benjamin Stone, and the middle-class, also unhappy, Sally and Buddy Plummer. *Follies* also shows us these four as they were in their idealistic, pre-marital youth. The young actors appear as ghosts to haunt their elder selves. Because the show is about the past, and told often in flashback, Sondheim styled his songs to evoke some of the theatre's great composers and lyricists of the past. One of Sondheim's great challenges in the show was to come up with a song that would express the ferocious conflict inside Phyllis, the chorus girl who becomes a society matron. The Broadway score uses "The Ballad of Lucy and Jessie" to describe the two warring women inside her. But two other songs have been written for that spot, and both have emerged to become singer's favorites. An early version of the song, "Uptown, Downtown," makes the conflict geographic. A later version, "Ah, But Underneath," replaced "Ballad" in the 1987 London production.

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 7/1/2000

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! Rev. Moore becomes so obsessed with Ren's defiance that he begins to tyrannize Ariel. Ariel's mom, Vi, steps in to say she's having trouble recognizing the man they all once loved, in the song "Can You Find It in Your Heart?"

FUNNY GIRL

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Bob Merrill
BOOK: Isobel Lennart
DIRECTION: Garson Kanin and Jerome Robbins
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Marc Breaux and Deedee Wood
OPENED: 3/26/64, New York; a run of 1,348 performances

The funny girl of the title refers to Fanny Brice, one of Broadway's legendary clowns. Her story, told mostly in flashback, covers her discovery by impresario Florenz Ziegfeld, her triumphs in the Ziegfeld Follies, her stormy marriage to smooth-talking con man Nick Arnstein, and the breakup of the couple after Nick has served time for stock swindling. Film producer Ray Stark, Miss Brice's son-in-law, had long wanted to make a movie based on the Fanny Brice story, but the original screenplay convinced him that it should first be done on the stage. At one time or another Mary Martin, Carol Burnett and Anne Bancroft were announced for the leading role, but the assignment went to 22-year-old Barbra Streisand, whose only other Broadway experience had been in a supporting part in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. However, Streisand, through performances in clubs and on television and on record, had already begun her fast ascent to stardom. She was hardly an unknown on the opening night of *Funny Girl*. The 1968 movie version, directed by William Wyler and Herbert Ross, was Miss Streisand's auspicious film debut. In Act I, faced with uncomplimentary revelations about Nick, Fanny flings them aside with "Don't Rain on My Parade," an anthem about her determination to grab for happiness, whatever the cost.

GIRL CRAZY

MUSIC: George Gershwin
LYRICS: Ira Gershwin
BOOK: Guy Bolton and John McGowan
DIRECTOR: Alexander Leftwich
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Hale
OPENED: 10/14/30, New York, a run of 272 performances

Most theatregoers around today associate the songs of the 1930 *Girl Crazy* with the 1992 rewrite, *Crazy for You*. Certain key themes—e.g. the fish-out-of water comedy of a New Yorker stuck in an Arizona backwater—remain, but the characters and plot turns were quite different. In a role originally written for comedian Bert Lahr, Willie Howard played a New York taxi driver who takes a fare to Custerville, AZ and winds up as sheriff—and wins a tough, pretty cowgirl as his sweetheart. In a role originated by 19-year-old dancer Ginger Rogers, the cowgirl got to sing the romantic Gershwin ballads, particularly the wistful "But Not for Me," in which she feels left out as seemingly everyone else in the world finds love.

GYPSY

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 5/21/59, New York, a run of 702 performances

Written for Ethel Merman, who gave the performance of her career as Gypsy Rose Lee's ruthless, domineering mother, *Gypsy* is one of the great scores in the mature musical comedy tradition. The idea for the musical began with producer David Merrick, who needed to read only one chapter in Miss Lee's autobiography to convince him of its stage potential. Originally, Stephen Sondheim was to have supplied the music as well as the lyrics, but Miss Merman, who had just come from a lukewarm production on Broadway, wanted the more experienced Jule Styne. In the story, Mama Rose is determined to escape from her humdrum life by pushing the vaudeville career of her daughter June. After June runs away to get married, Mama focuses all her attention on her other daughter the previously neglected Louise. She bucks up her dubious daughter and appalled boyfriend in the landmark Broadway anthem "Everything's Coming Up Roses." As vaudeville declines, so does their fortunes, until an accidental booking at a burlesque theatre, and Louise's ad-libbed striptease, turns Louise into a star—the legendary Gypsy Rose Lee. Rose achieves a version of her dream, but suffers a breakdown when she realizes that she is no longer needed in her daughter's career ("Rose's Turn"). Several major stars have played Mama Rose. Rosalind Russell won the role in the 1962 film. Angela Lansbury toplined a successful mid-1970s revival in London and New York in the mid-1970s. Tyne Daly gave the role a new spin in 1989. Bette Midler brought the show to a wider audience in a mid-1990s TV adaptation.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: Jerome Weidman
DIRECTOR: Abe Burrows
CHOREOGRAPHER: Herbert Ross
OPENED: 3/22/62, New York; a run of 300 performances

Harry Bogen, the leading character in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, is an unscrupulous conniver who uses and misuses people on his way to the top. Adapted by Jerome Weidman from his own best-selling novel, the musical also helped two real-life young people on their way to the top: Elliott Gould, who played Harry, and his future wife Barbra Streisand, who played the overworked, unappreciated Miss Marmelstein. She sings about her life of rejection, and her desire to be called anything else in the world but "Miss Marmelstein." The production is set in New York's Garment District in the 1930s, where Harry rises in the business world through a series of shady deals, until he finally outsmarts himself. At the end, though, there is a hint of redemption when he gets a new job and his estranged sweetheart comes back to him.

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. "Always a Bridesmaid" is a country-flavored comic lament from a woman who has worn more hideous bridesmaid dresses at more friends' and relatives' nuptials than she cares to remember.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Craig Carnelia
BOOK: Jeffrey Kindley
DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Nigro
OPENED: 5/7/82, New York; for 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 slow, contemplative "Nothing Really Happened," the women remember the night of their first real romantic moment—or was it?

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 7/1/2000

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. Two women in his life help emphasize this difference: Jekyll's sweet innocent fiancée, Emma; and Hyde's scarlet-woman lover, Lucy. Injured by a rough customer, Lucy finds herself being treated by the gentle Dr. Jekyll, and she fantasizes about a relationship with him in "Someone Like You." Later, after she becomes entangled with Mr. Hyde, she contemplates escape to "A New Life."

LEAVE IT TO ME

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Bella and Sam Spewack
DIRECTOR: Samuel Spewack
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 11/9/38, New York; a run of 291 performances

With a book loosely related to their own play, *Clear All Wires*, Bella and Sam Spewack came up with a spoof of Communism and U.S. diplomacy that provided comedian Victor Moore with one of his meatiest roles. The show is best remembered today for introducing Broadway to the show-stopping charms of Mary Martin, who introduced "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Cole Porter's hymn for a loyal sugar baby. Moore's part was that of mild-mannered Alonzo P. "Stinky" Goodhue, who is unwillingly appointed ambassador to the Soviet Union because his ambitious wife has contributed handsomely to President Roosevelt's re-election campaign. With the aid of foreign correspondent Buckley Joyce Thomas (William Gaxton), Goodhue does everything he can to be recalled, but all of his blunders only succeed in making him a hero. Finally he introduces a plan to ensure world peace—which of course no one wants. Stinky is soon happily on his way back to Kansas.

MISS SAIGON

MUSIC: Claude-Michel Schönberg
LYRICS: Richard Maltby, Jr. and Alain Boublil
DIRECTOR: Nicholas Hytner
MUSICAL STAGING: Bob Avian
OPENED: 9/20/89, London; 4,264 performances
4/11/91, New York; still running as of 7/1/2000

As follow-up to their hit *Les Misérables*, Boublil and Schönberg boldly chose to update and transpose the Belasco/Puccini tale of the tragic Madame Butterfly to the Vietnam War of the 1970s. Instead of a sailor in 19th century Japan, the story now deals with a Marine living through the fall of Saigon at the end of the war. As in the original story, there is a hot romance between the soldier and a native girl, maybe even love, but then the lovers are torn apart by history. *Miss Saigon* follows the soldier (Chris) as he attempts to build a civilian life back home—with an American wife. Meanwhile, the girl, Kim, is left to raise their half-American child in Communist Vietnam, all the while plotting to escape and rejoin her man, whom she assumes is waiting for her. The writers cite a news photograph of a woman giving up her child to an American G.I. as the genesis of the idea. The production is noted for a life-size helicopter that descends on the stage and whisks Chris, but not Kim, away as the enemy conquers the city. "I'd Give My Life for You" is Kim's desperate lullabye to her baby.

PARADE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
BOOK: Alfred Uhry
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 12/17/98, New York, for 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. During Leo's trial the dead girl's mother testifies about her impoverished upbringing, which turns into "My Child Will Forgive Me," a heartbreaking apology to the daughter's spirit for a childhood that put her in such fatal danger. Later, a reporter approaches Leo's wife Lucille for some insight into the crime and the accused. Lucille replies with "You Don't Know This Man," in which she affirms her faith in the decency and honesty of her husband, and bitterly accuses the reporter of distorting his life.

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 "Teaching Third Grade," Tina's teacher tries to persuade Tina's mom that there's more to life than being a star. But she's not very convincing, even to herself.

ST. LOUIS WOMAN

MUSIC: Harold Arlen
LYRICS: Johnny Mercer
BOOK: Arna Bontemps and Countee Cullen
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
CHOREOGRAPHER: Charles Walters
OPENED: 3/30/46, New York; a run of 113 performances

St. Louis Woman, based on Arna Bontemps novel, *God Sends Sunday*, was something of a non-operatic *Porgy and Bess*. Set in 1898, it tells of a fickle St. Louis woman, Della Green, who is first the girlfriend of saloon-keeper Bigelow Brown, then falls for Li'l Augie, a jockey with an incredible winning streak. Before Brown is killed by a rejected lover, he puts a curse on Li'l Augie which ends the winning steak and cools Della's affection. The lovers are, however, reunited for the final singing of their impassioned duet, "Come Rain or Come Shine." In 1959, a revised version of *St. Louis Woman*, relocated to New Orleans and retitled *Free and Easy*, was performed in Amsterdam and Paris. "I Had Myself a True Love" is a rarely heard ballad from the composer of "Over the Rainbow."

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 joined-at-the-hip twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who climbed 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 the two men 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 standing side by side and pressing together one hip each, have appeared together repeatedly since, including *James Joyce's The Dead (2000)*. The composer of *Dreamgirls* supplied the sisters with another powerhouse Act I finale, "Who Will Love Me As I Am?" which recalls his "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going."

SONG AND DANCE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black, Richard Maltby Jr.
ADAPTATION: Richard Maltby Jr.
DIRECTOR: Richard Maltby Jr.
CHOREOGRAPHER: Peter Martins
OPENED: 9/18/85, New York; a run of 474 performances

The Dance of the title originated in 1979 when Andrew Lloyd Webber composed a set of variations on Paganini's A minor Capriccio that seemed to him to be perfect for a ballet. The *Song* originated a year later with a one-woman television show, *Tell Me on a Sunday*, which consisted entirely of musical pieces. Two years after that, both works were presented together in London as a full evening's entertainment, now connected with a bit of plot. In New York, this unconventional package won high praise for Bernadette Peters, whose task in Act I was to create, without dialogue or other actors, the character of a free-spirited English girl who has dalliances in America with four men. "Let Me Finish" is a phone conversation in which she tries to explain the things that are going wrong in her life. "Third Letter Home" offers more worldly-wise advice.

SONGS FOR A NEW WORLD

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Jason Robert Brown
DIRECTOR: Daisy Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Arnold
OPENED: 10/26/95, New York; a run of 27 performances

In 1994, Daisy Prince, daughter of Broadway legend Harold Prince, went to hear a 24-year-old Greenwich Village coffeehouse pianist named Jason Robert Brown play some of his original compositions. When she heard he was working on a concert evening of songs that played like offbeat short stories, a collaboration and a friendship were born. Titled *Songs for a New World*, the piece was developed at a summer festival Livent Inc. sponsored in Toronto, and the piece made its Off-Broadway bow Oct. 25, 1995. Musically distinctive and precocious, the songs look at contemporary life from highly unusual angles. In "Stars and the Moon," a woman regrets that she's been offered those two commodities by a series of idealistic, worshipping men, but she's always turned them down in favor of safer, more earthly pleasures. Not bad for a composer who had just turned 25. Brown's next project, *Parade*, was directed by Prince pere on Broadway in 1998, and won him the 1999 Tony Award for Best Score at age 29.

SOUTH PACIFIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 4/7/49, New York; a run of 1,925 performances

South Pacific had the second longest Broadway run of the nine musicals with songs by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Director Joshua Logan first urged the partners to adapt a short story, "Fo' Dolla," contained in James Michener's book about World War II, *Tales of the South Pacific*. Rodgers and Hammerstein, however, felt that the story—about Lt. Joe Cable's tender romance with Liat, a Polynesian girl—was a bit too much like *Madame Butterfly*, and they suggested that another story in the collection, "Our Heroine," should provide the main plot. This one was about the unlikely attraction between Nellie Forbush, a naive Navy nurse from Little Rock, and Emile de Becque, a sophisticated French planter living on a Pacific island. The tales were combined by having Cable and de Becque go on a dangerous mission together behind Japanese lines. Coming just a few years after the war, and featuring several veterans in the cast, the show was enormously resonant with 1949 audiences. But there has not so far been a major Broadway revival. Perhaps because of its daring (for the time) theme of the evils of racial prejudice, it was also the second musical to be awarded the prestigious Pulitzer Prize for Drama. This production was the first of two musicals (the other was *The Sound of Music*) in which Mary Martin, who played Nellie, was seen as a Rodgers and Hammerstein heroine. It also marked the Broadway debut of famed Metropolitan Opera basso, Ezio Pinza, who played de Becque. Mitzi Gaynor and Rossano Brazzi starred in 20th Century-Fox's 1958 film version, also directed by Logan. In a variety show for the troops, Nellie dresses in sailor drag and sings "Honey Bun," a hot-blooded ode to the charms of a pretty girl that any sailor could appreciate, full of 1940s-era turns of speech.

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

Based on the 1950 Billy Wilder film, *Sunset Boulevard* provided Broadway and the West End with one of the great diva vehicles ever. Dealing with a tortured woman whose advancing age leads to rejection and madness, this musical shows the degenerate 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 role in Los Angeles. The story involves handsome young screenwriter Joe Gillis 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 requests a meeting. 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. The score includes two juicy, pull-out-the-stops soliloquies for Norma. She tells Joe about the magical power she had over audiences in "With One Look." "As If We Never Said Goodbye" captures her swirl of memory and emotion as she arrives at the movie studio after an absence of decades.

WORKING

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Schwartz, Craig Carnelia, James Taylor, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers and Susan Birkenhead
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Stephen Schwartz
CHOREOGRAPHER: Onna White
OPENED: 5/14/78, New York; a run of 25 performances

Adapted from Studs Terkel's Pulitzer-winning book of interviews with all walks of working men and women, this revue-type musical follows a typical workday around the clock. We meet a waitress, a fireman, a builder, a teacher, a retiree, a cleaning lady, a parking lot attendant, a millworker, and many more, offering a cross-section of attitudes about the kind of work people do and why they do it. Some of their stories are funny, some stoic, some deeply touching. As Terkel put it, "Its theme is about a search for daily meaning as well as daily bread, for recognition as well as cash." To express its eclectic characters, *Working* had a score by an assortment of writers with a variety of distinctive styles and ethnic backgrounds. In the wake of *A Chorus Line*, the doors seemed open for this group-character type of show. But its quick failure was devastating to Schwartz, who had written three of the longest-running musicals of the 1970s, *Pippin*, *Godspell* and *The Magic Show*. So far, Schwartz has never returned to Broadway as a composer. On April 14, 1982, a TV version was first aired over the Public Broadcasting System. In Craig Carnelia's haunting "Just a Housewife," a woman struggles to understand why a job that was good enough for her mother suddenly seems so unfashionable and meaningless—to everyone but her.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN

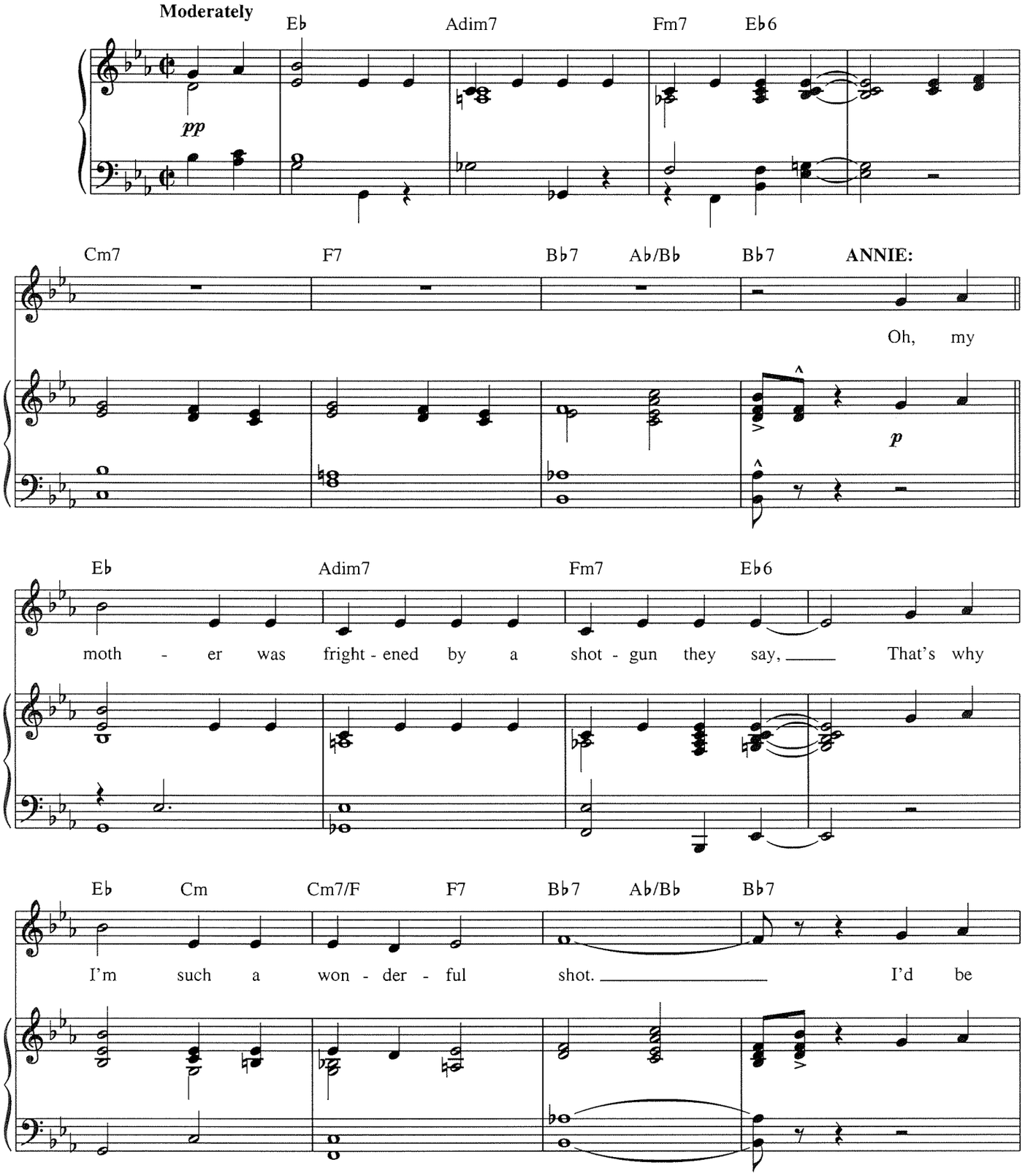
MUSIC, LYRICS AND BOOK: Charles Gesner; Andrew Lippa added songs for the Broadway revival
DIRECTOR: Joseph Hardy
CHOREOGRAPHER: Patricia Birch
OPENED: 3/7/67, New York; a run of 1,597 performances

With Charles Schultz's appealing comic strip "Peanuts" as a general inspiration, Clark Gesner created a musical out of events in "a day made up of little moments picked from all the days of Charlie Brown, from Valentine's Day to the baseball season, from wild optimism to utter despair, all mixed with the lives of his friends (both human and non-human) and strung together on the string of a single day, from bright uncertain morning to hopeful starlit evening." Whew! For the 1997 Broadway revival, Andrew Lippa wrote two new numbers, including, "My New Philosophy" for Sally, which became the standout number of the show. Sally has just gotten a D- at school, and is struggling to bounce back.

YOU CAN'T GET A MAN WITH A GUN

from the stage production *Annie Get Your Gun*

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN



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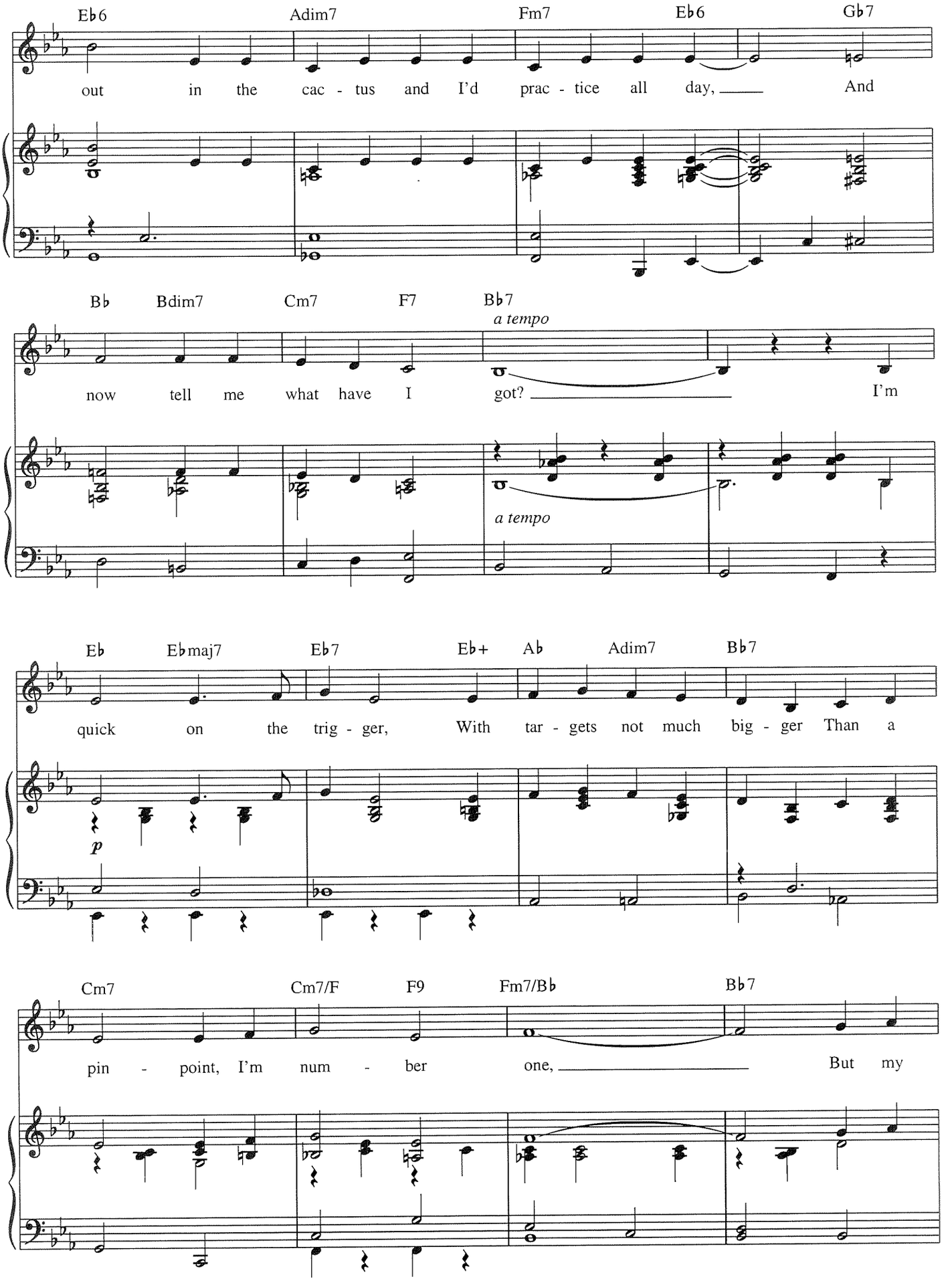
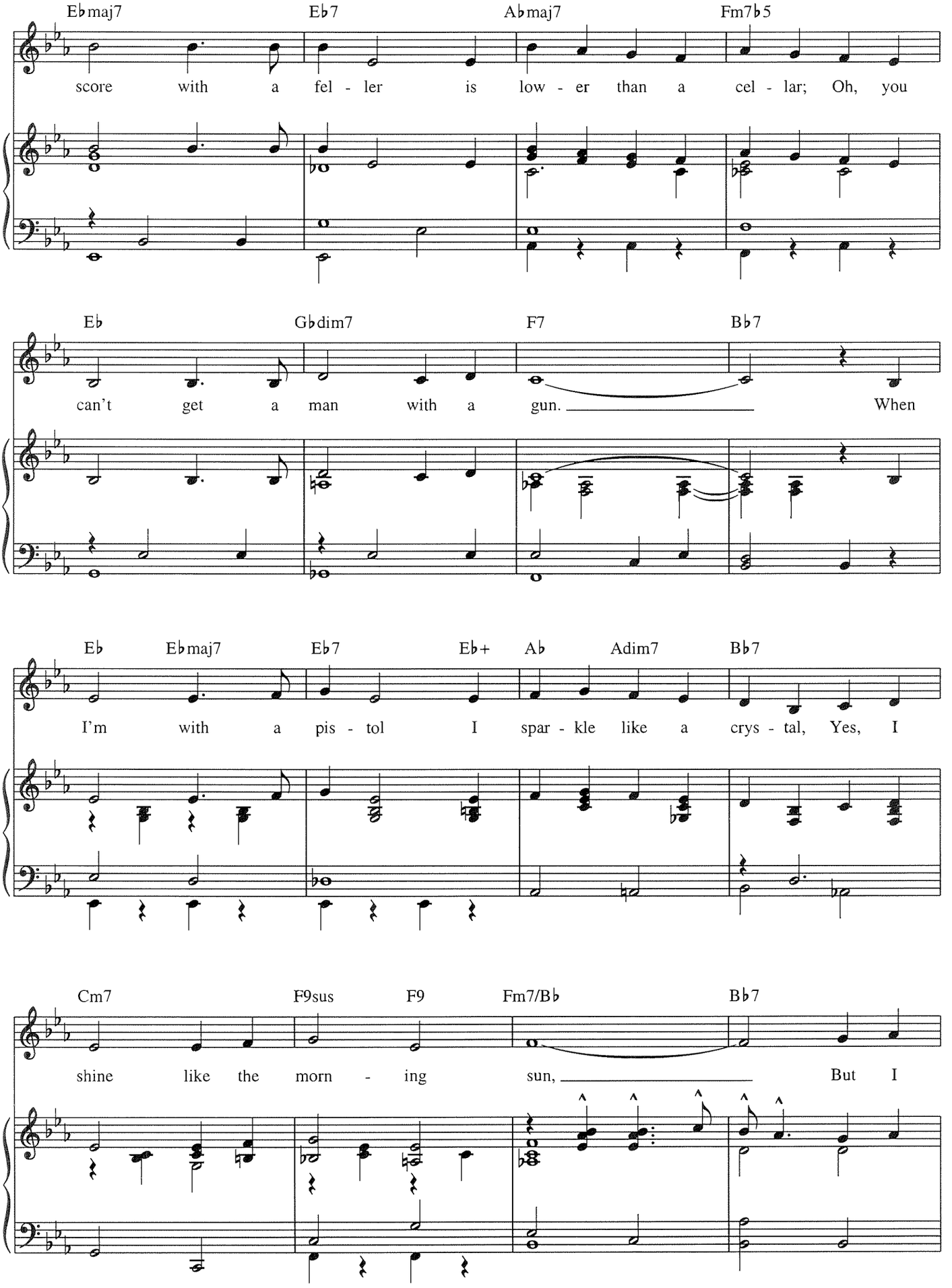
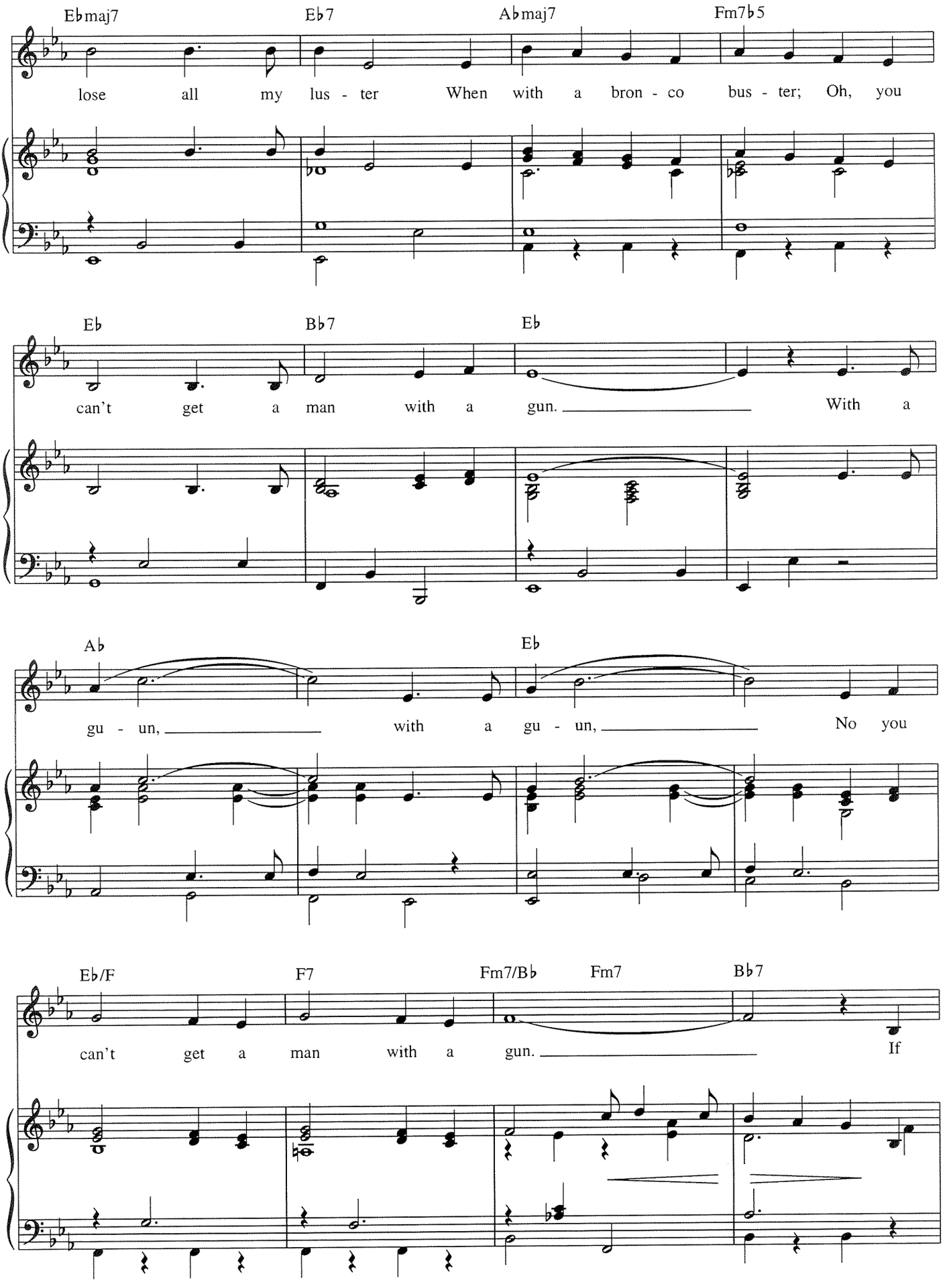
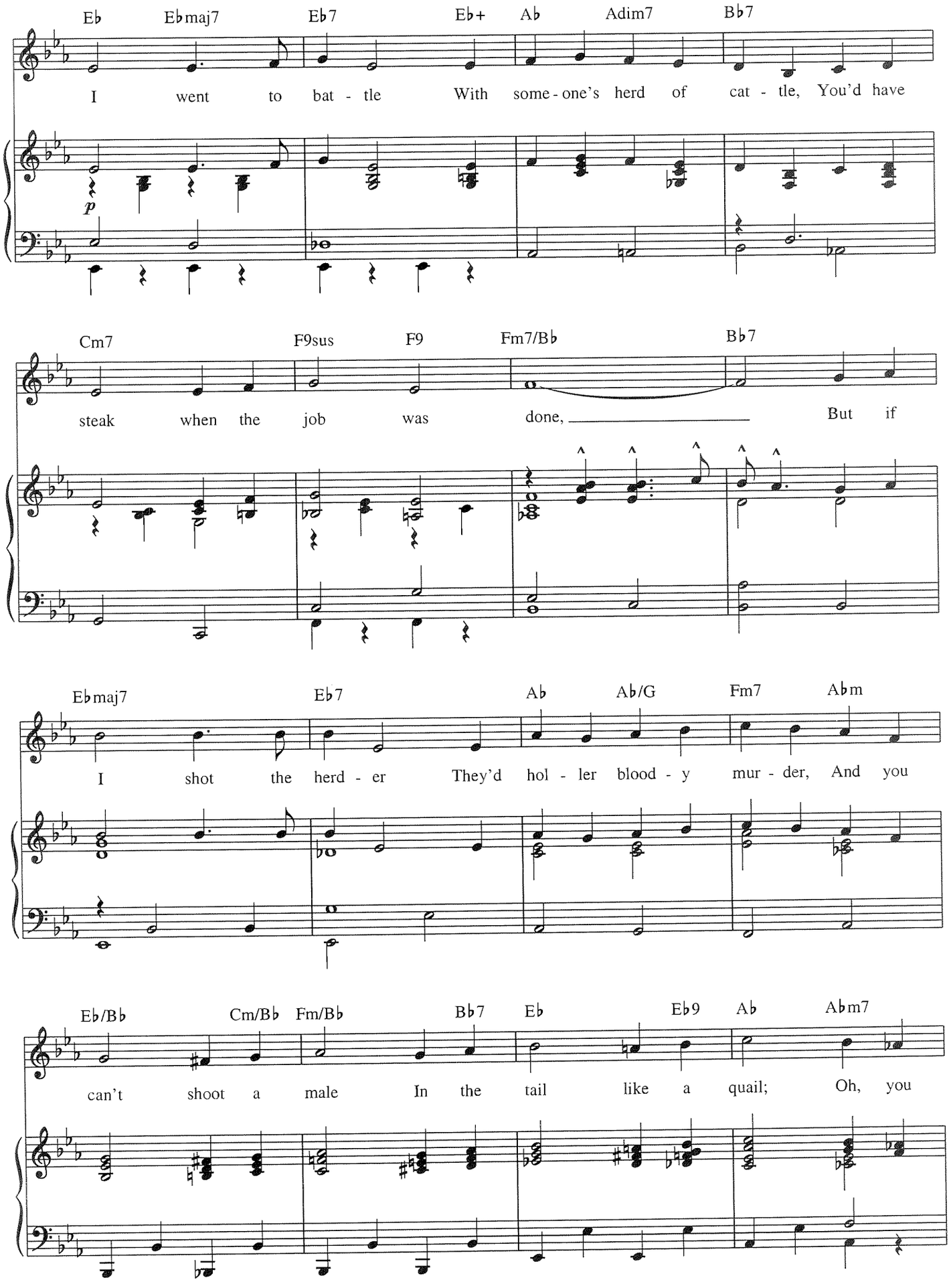
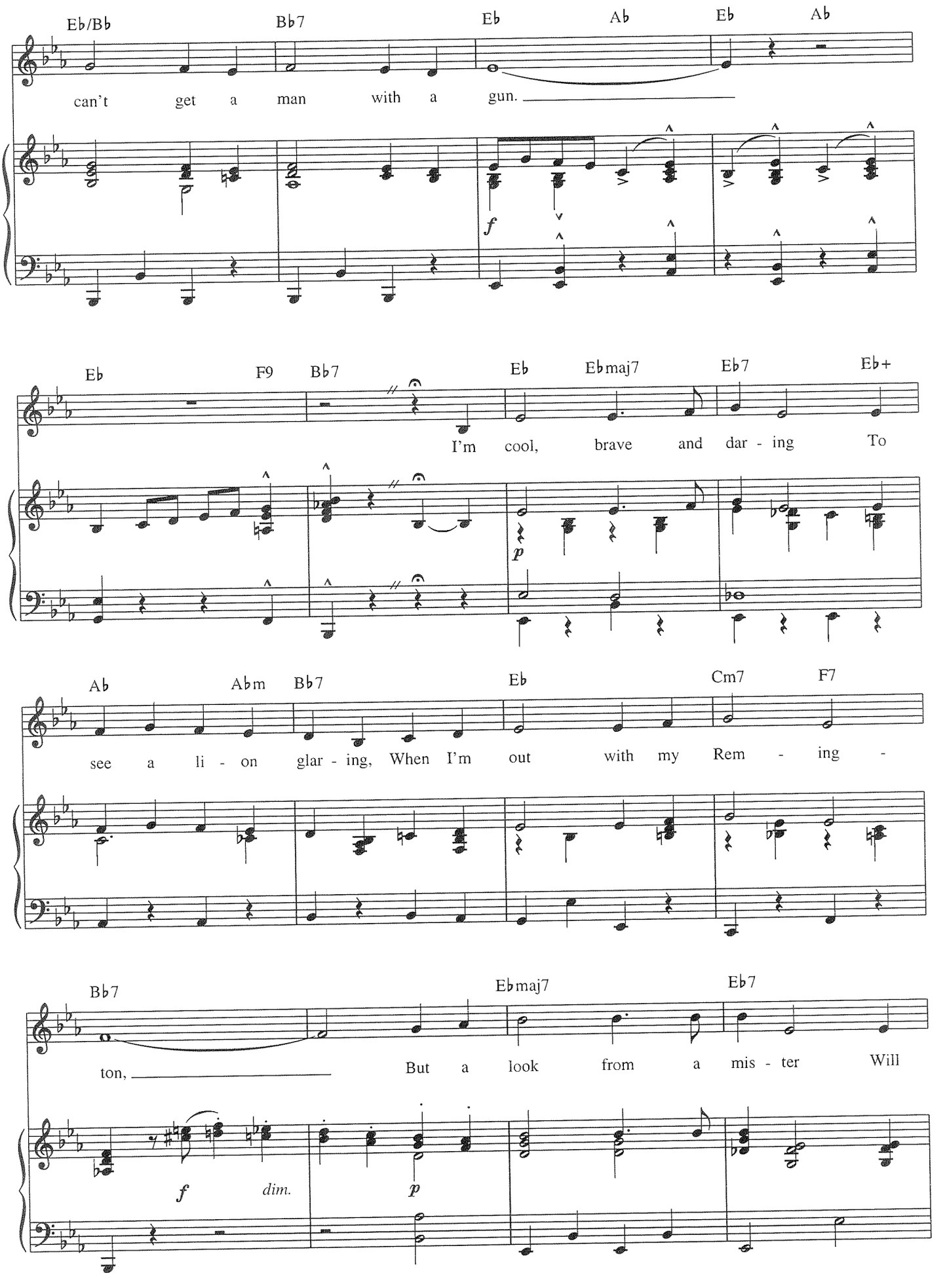
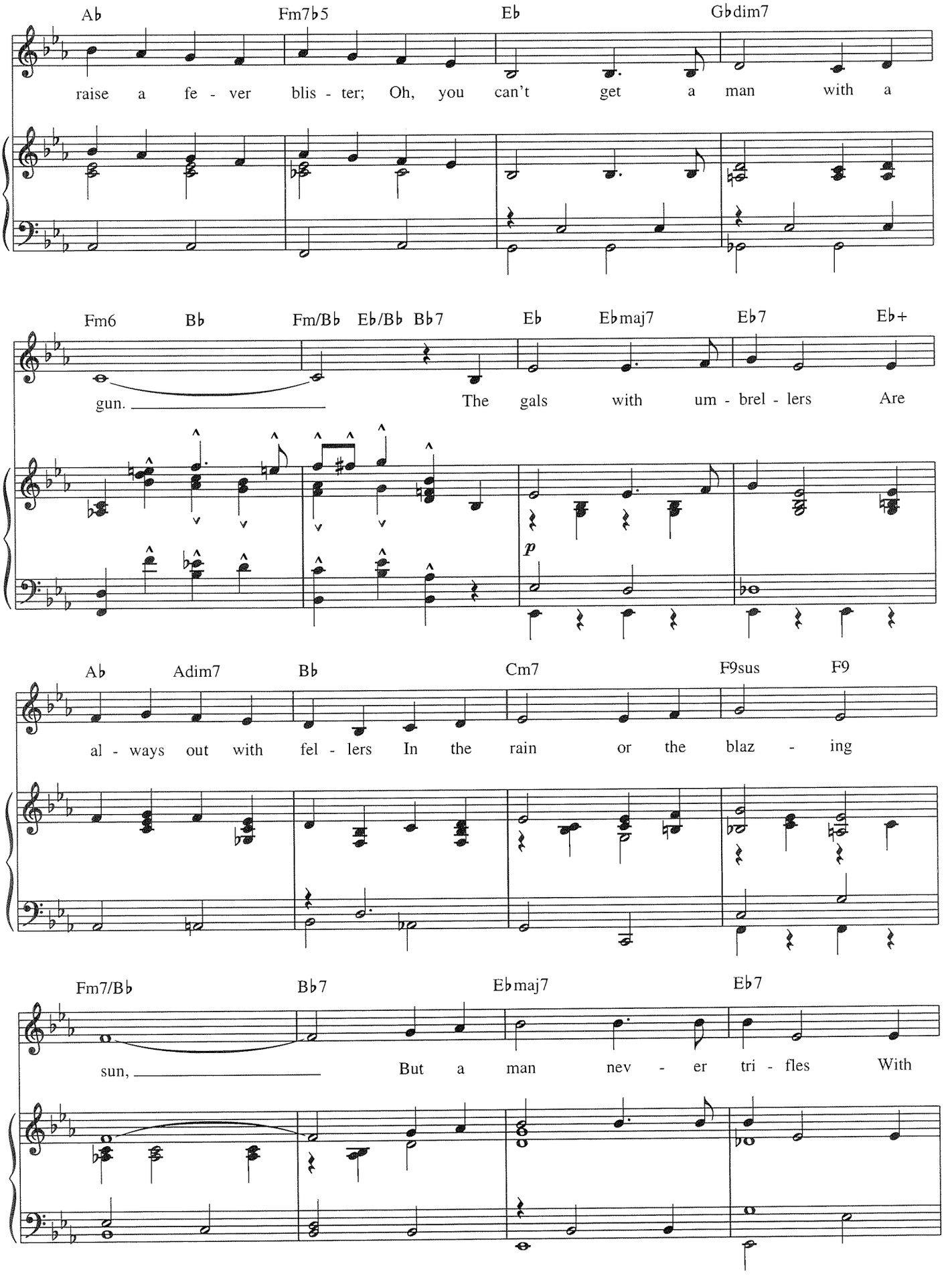

Eb6 Adim7 Fm7 Eb6 Gb7
out in the cac - tus and I'd prac - tice all day, And
Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb7
a tempo
now tell me what have I got? I'm
a tempo
Eb Ebmaj7 Eb7 Eb+ Ab Adim7 Bb7
quick on the trig - ger, With tar - gets not much big - ger Than a
p
Cm7 Cm7/F F9 Fm7/Bb Bb7
pin - point, I'm num - ber one, But my

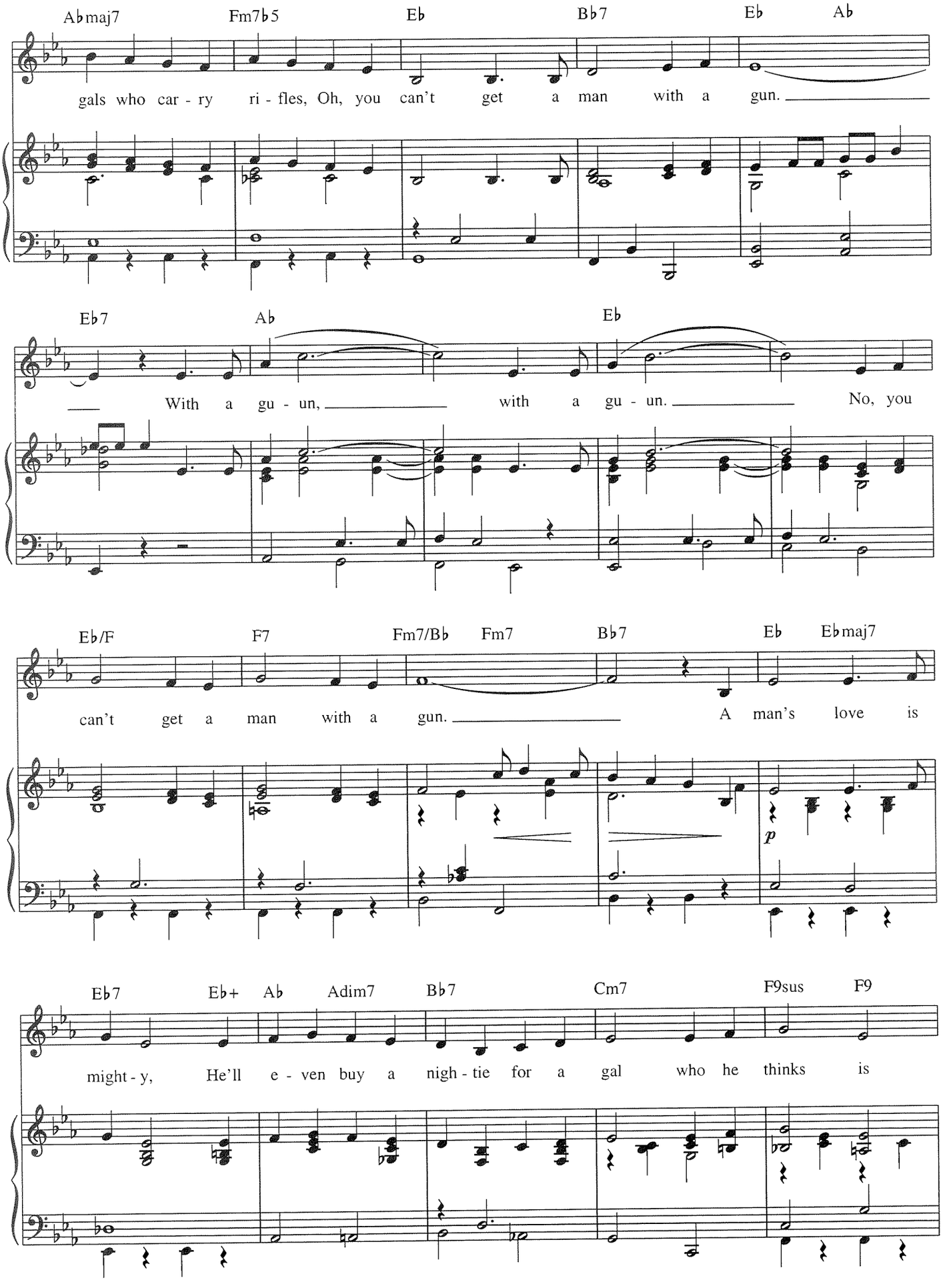

E♭maj7 E♭7 A♭maj7 Fm7♭5
score with a fel - ler is low - er than a cel - lar; Oh, you
E♭ G♭dim7 F7 B♭7
can't get a man with a gun. When
E♭ E♭maj7 E♭7 E♭+ A♭ Adim7 B♭7
I'm with a pis - tol I spar - kle like a crys - tal, Yes, I
Cm7 F9sus F9 Fm7/B♭ B♭7
shine like the morn - ing sun, But I

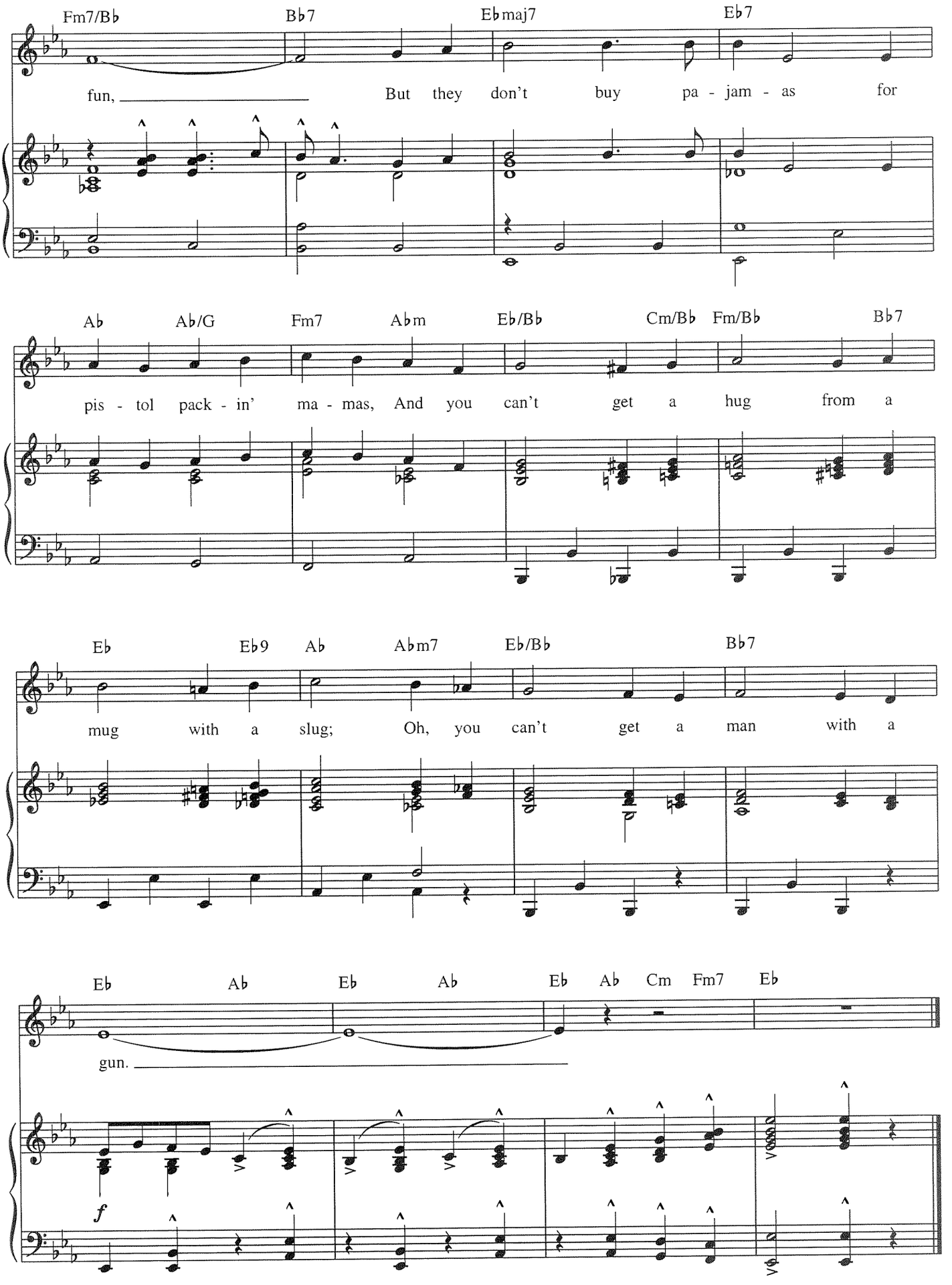

E♭maj7
E♭7
A♭maj7
Fm7♭5
lose all my lus - ter When with a bron - co bus - ter; Oh, you
E♭
B♭7
E♭
can't get a man with a gun. With a
A♭
E♭
gu - un, with a gu - un, No you
E♭/F
F7
Fm7/B♭
Fm7
B♭7
can't get a man with a gun. If


Eb Ebmaj7 Eb7 Eb+ Ab Adim7 Bb7
I went to bat - tle With some - one's herd of cat - tle, You'd have
p
Cm7 F9sus F9 Fm7/Bb Bb7
steak when the job was done, But if
Ebmaj7 Eb7 Ab Ab/G Fm7 Abm
I shot the herd - er They'd hol - ler blood - y mur - der, And you
Eb/Bb Cm/Bb Fm/Bb Bb7 Eb Eb9 Ab Abm7
can't shoot a male In the tail like a quail; Oh, you


Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Ab
can't get a man with a gun.
f
Eb F9 Bb7 Eb Ebmaj7 Eb7 Eb+
I'm cool, brave and dar - ing To
p
Ab Abm Bb7 Eb Cm7 F7
see a li - on glar - ing, When I'm out with my Rem - ing -
Bb7 Ebmaj7 Eb7
ton, But a look from a mis - ter Will
f dim. p


Ab Fm7b5 Eb Gbdim7
raise a fe - ver blis - ter; Oh, you can't get a man with a
Fm6 Bb Fm/Bb Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Ebmaj7 Eb7 Eb+
gun. The gals with um - brel - lers Are
p
Ab Adim7 Bb Cm7 F9sus F9
al - ways out with fel - lers In the rain or the blaz - ing
Fm7/Bb Bb7 Ebmaj7 Eb7
sun, But a man nev - er tri - fles With


A♭maj7 Fm7♭5 E♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭
gals who car - ry ri - fles, Oh, you can't get a man with a gun.
E♭7 A♭ E♭
With a gu - un, with a gu - un. No, you
E♭/F F7 Fm7/B♭ Fm7 B♭7 E♭ E♭maj7
can't get a man with a gun. A man's love is
p
E♭7 E♭+ A♭ Adim7 B♭7 Cm7 F9sus F9
might - y, He'll e - ven buy a nigh - tie for a gal who he thinks is

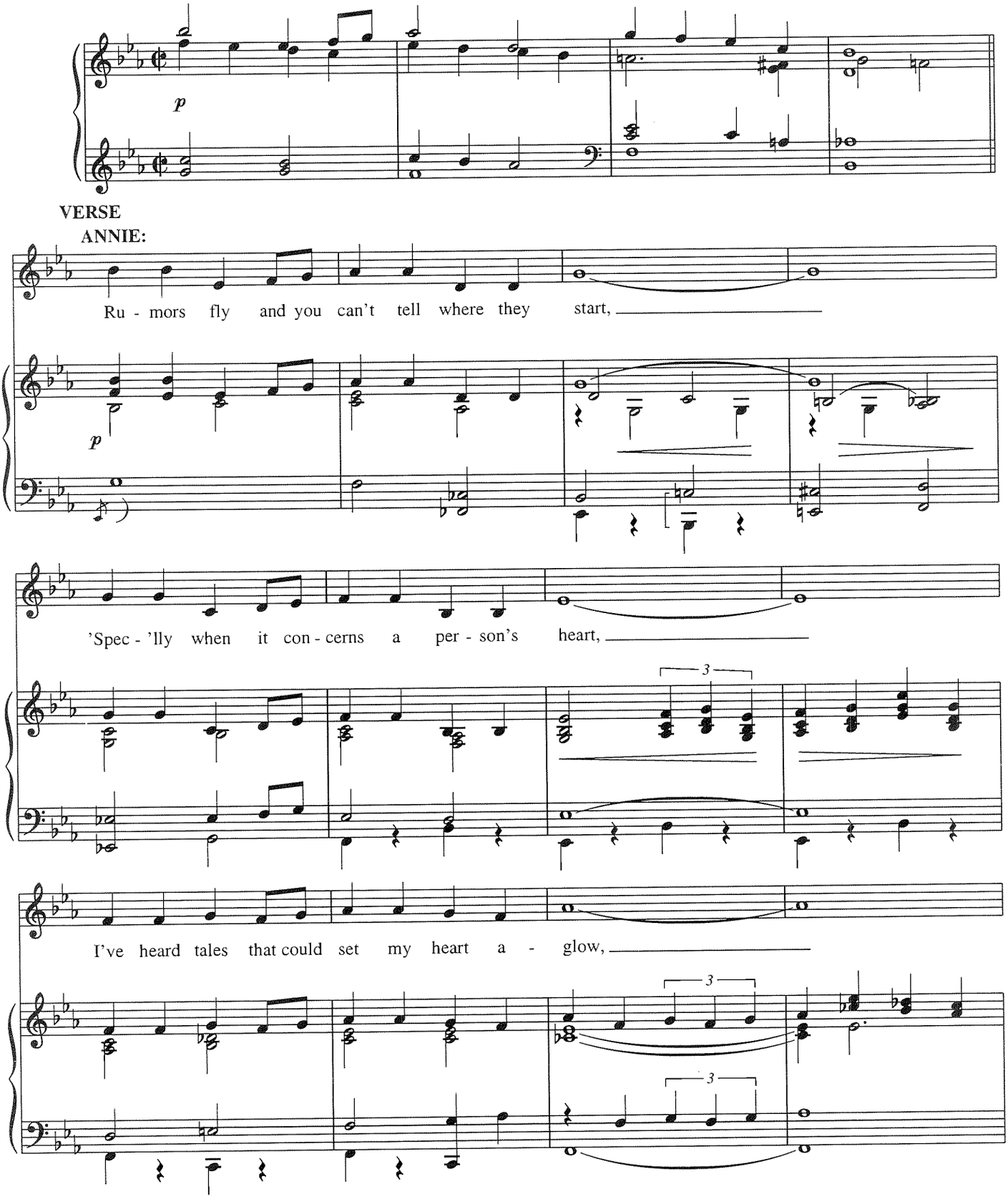

Fm7/B♭ B♭7 E♭maj7 E♭7
fun, But they don't buy pa - jam - as for
A♭ A♭/G Fm7 A♭m E♭/B♭ Cm/B♭ Fm/B♭ B♭7
pis - tol pack - in' ma - mas, And you can't get a hug from a
E♭ E♭9 A♭ A♭m7 E♭/B♭ B♭7
mug with a slug; Oh, you can't get a man with a
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ Cm Fm7 E♭
gun.
f

THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL

from the stage production *Annie Get Your Gun*

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Slowly, with expression



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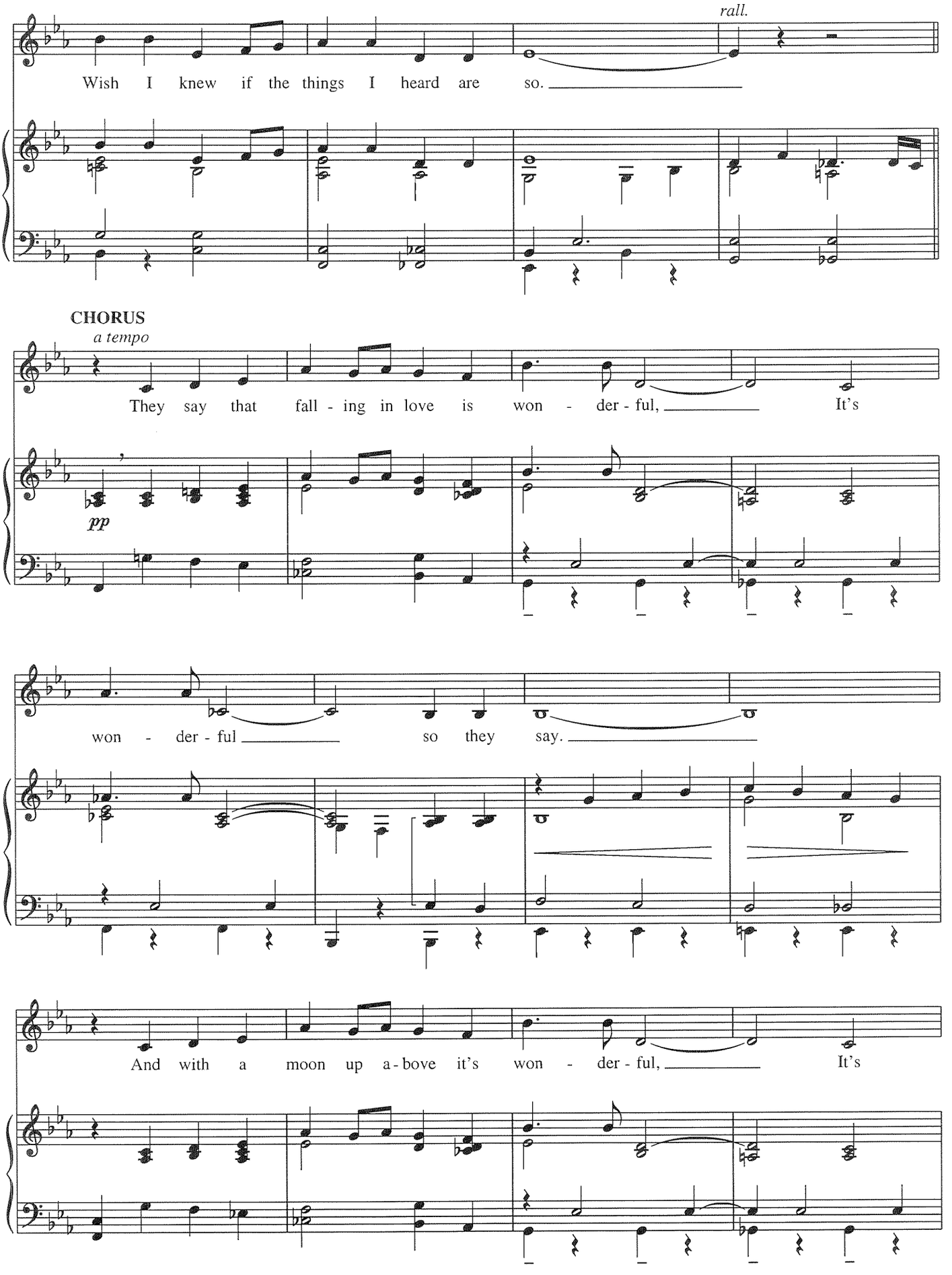
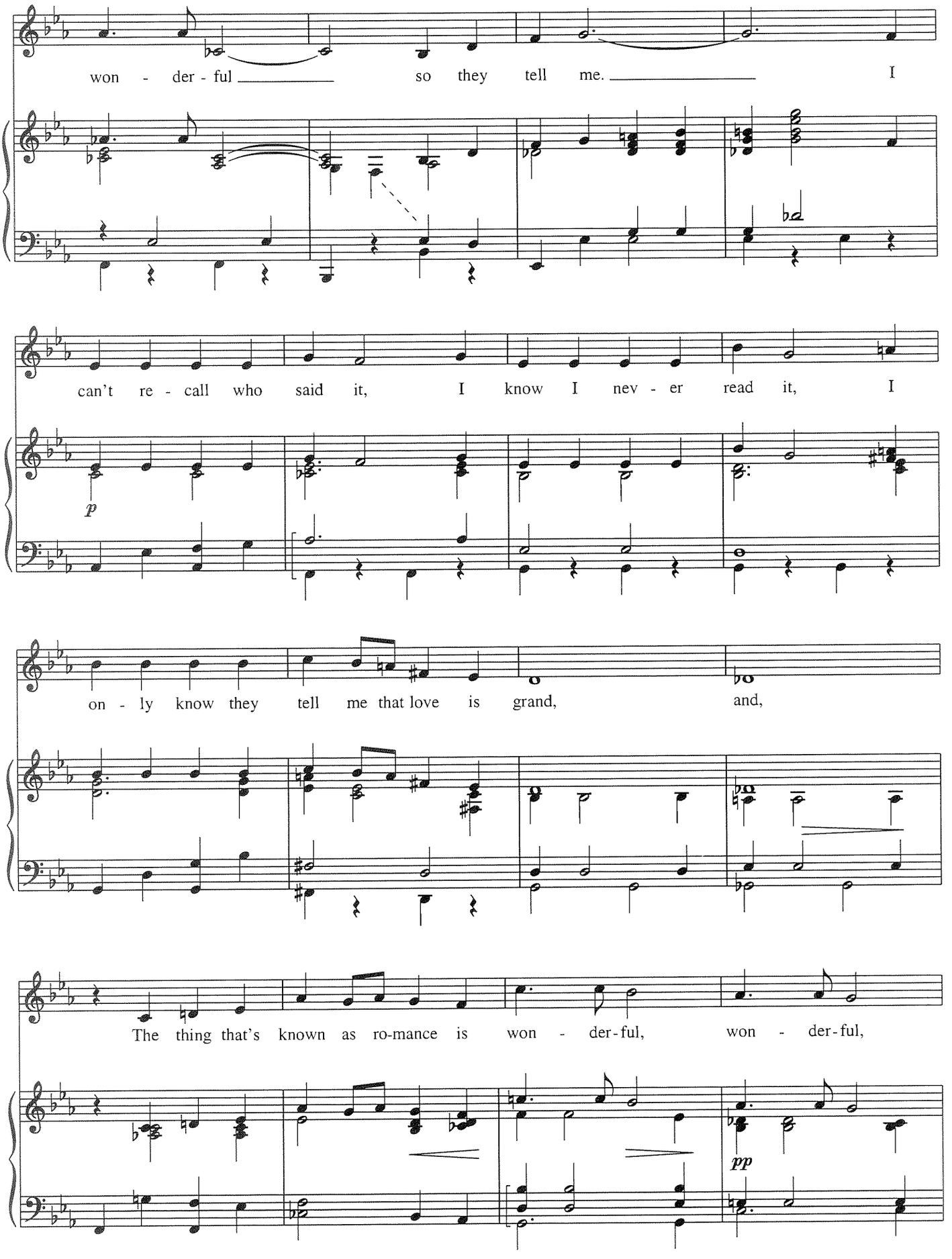
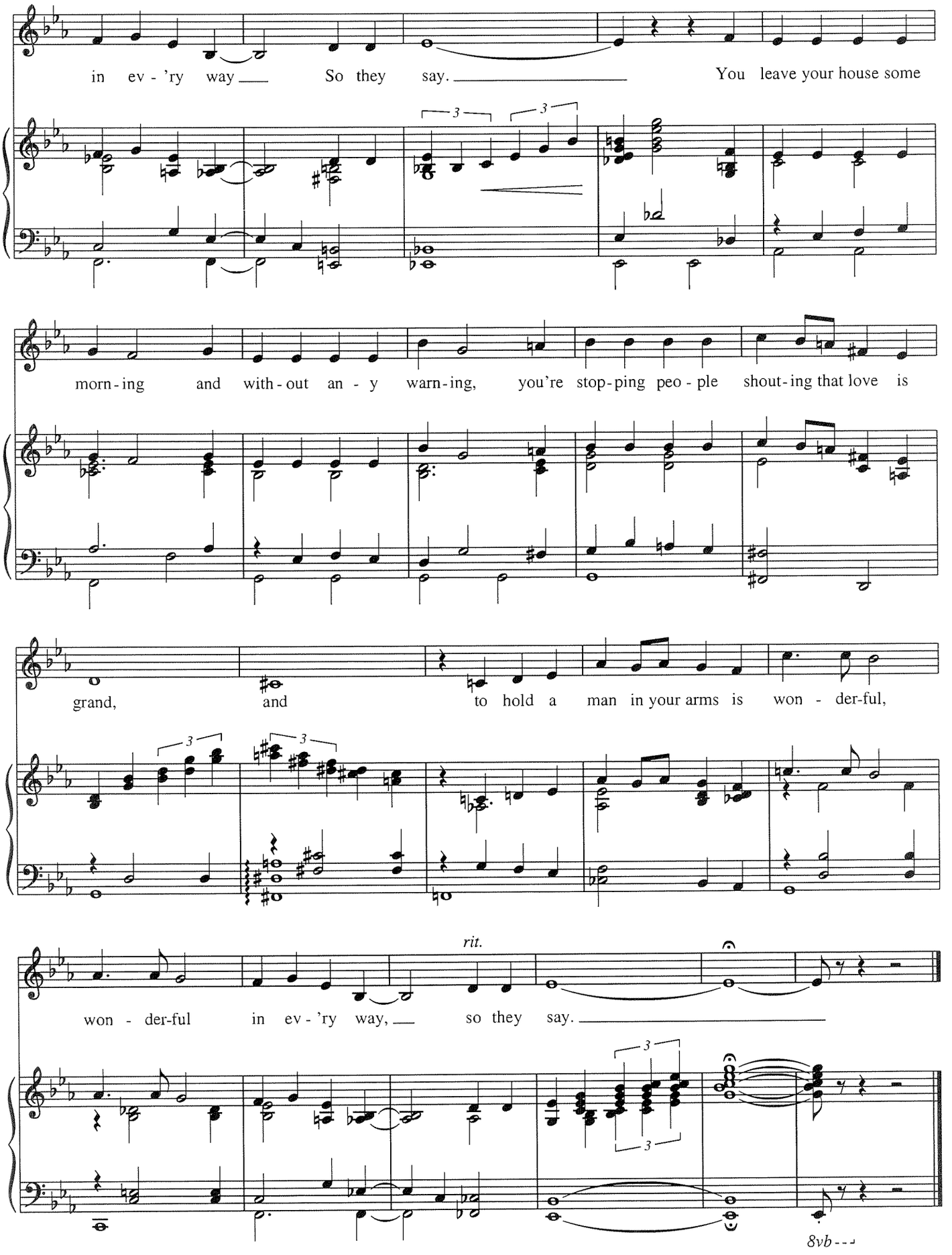

rall.
Wish I knew if the things I heard are so.
CHORUS
a tempo
pp
They say that fall - ing in love is won - der - ful, It's
won - der - ful so they say.
And with a moon up a - bove it's won - der - ful, It's

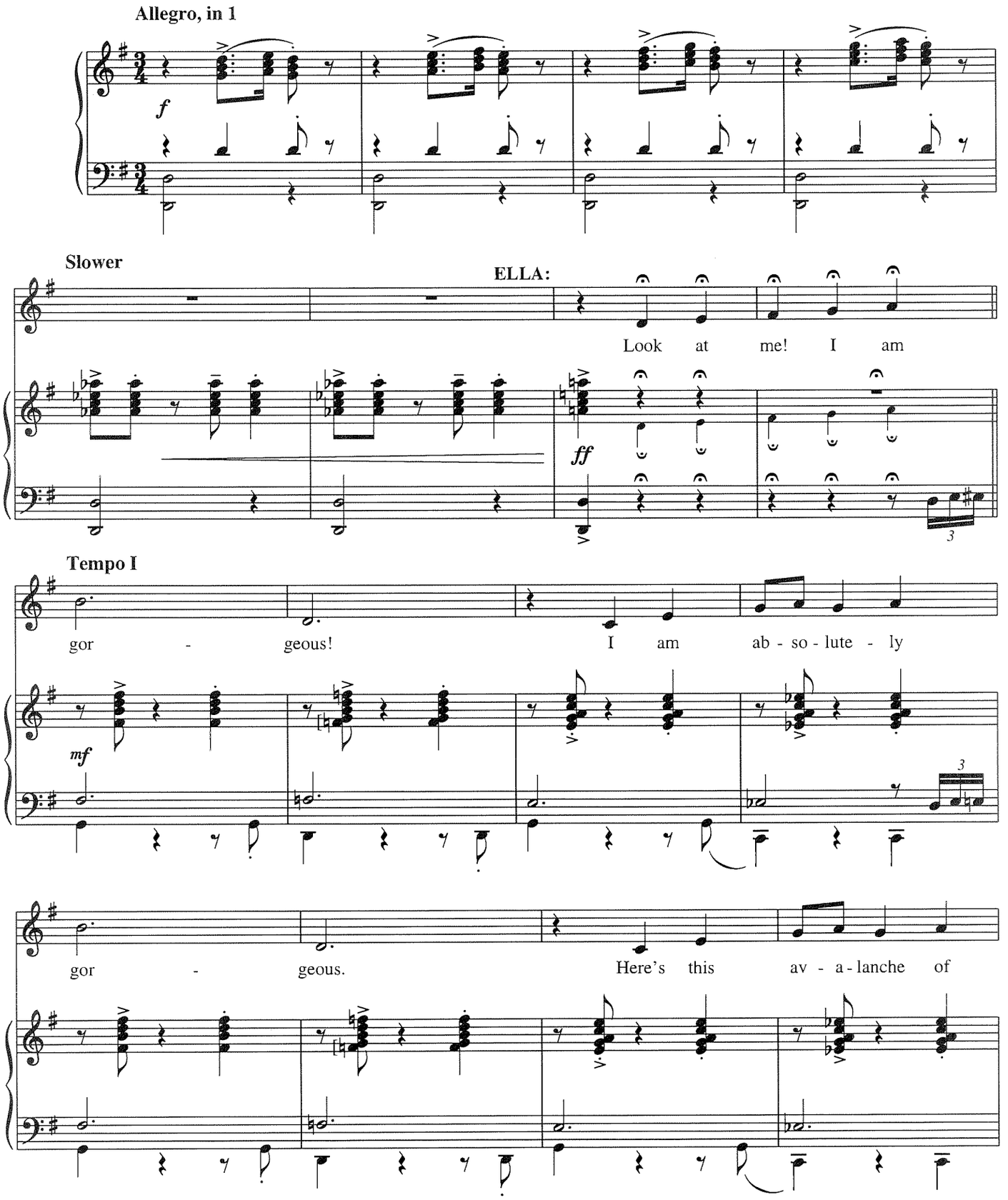

won - der - ful so they tell me. I
can't re - call who said it, I know I nev - er read it, I
p
on - ly know they tell me that love is grand, and,
The thing that's known as ro-mance is won - der-ful, won - der-ful,
pp


in ev - 'ry way So they say. You leave your house some
morn - ing and with - out an - y warn - ing, you're stop - ping peo - ple shout - ing that love is
grand, and to hold a man in your arms is won - der - ful,
rit.
won - der - ful in ev - 'ry way, so they say.
8vb

GORGEOUS

from *The Apple Tree*

Words and Music by JERRY BOCK
and SHELDON HARNICK



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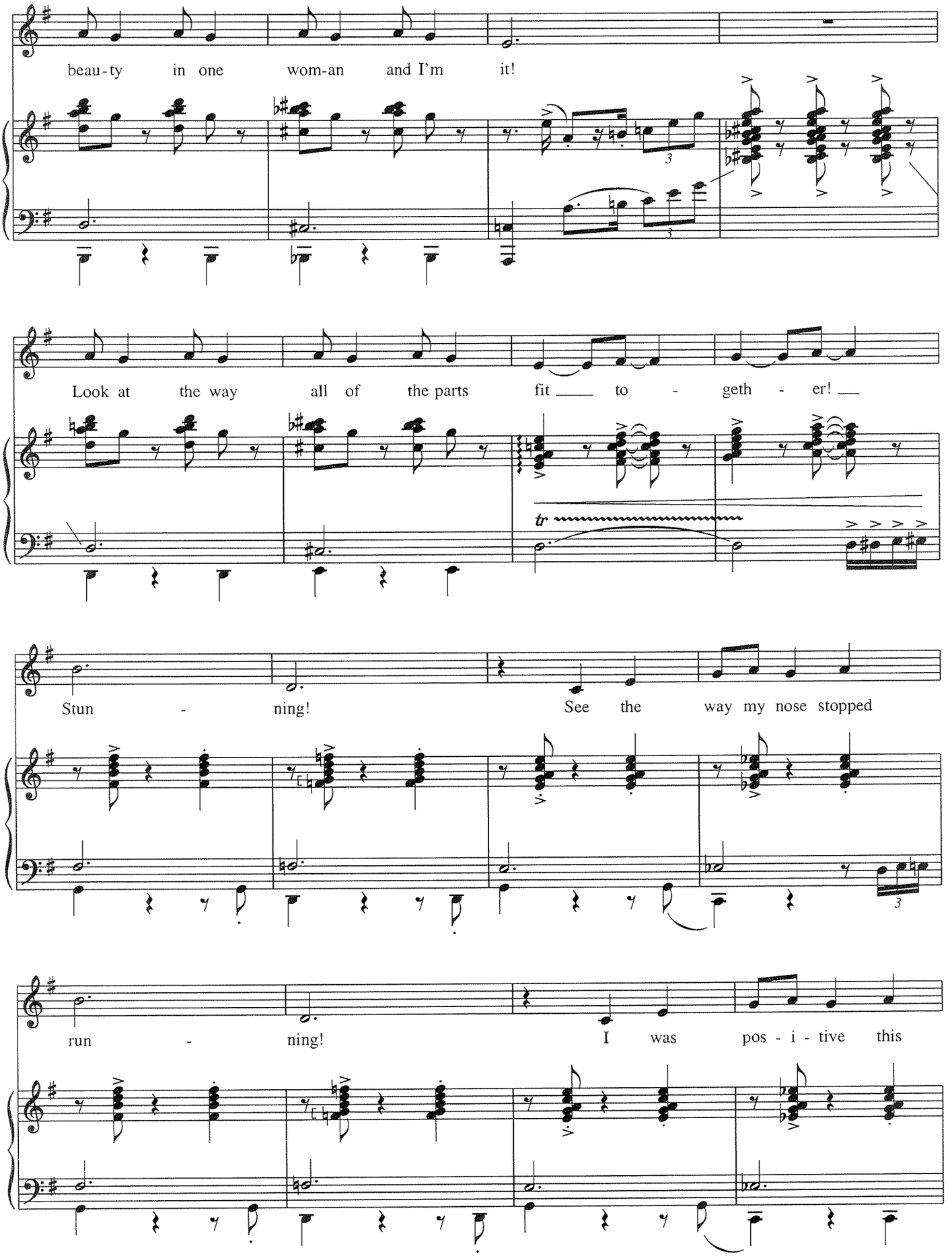
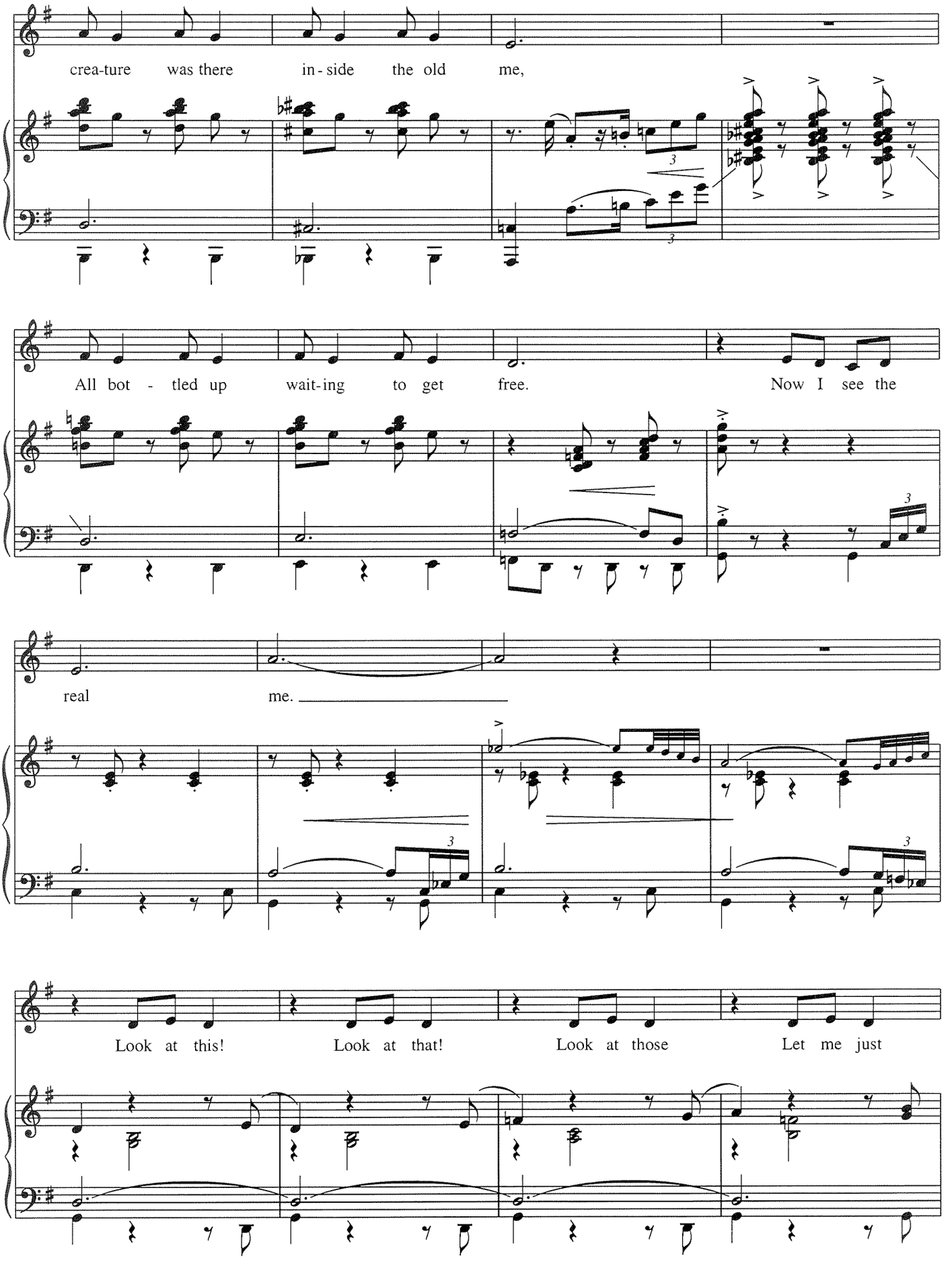
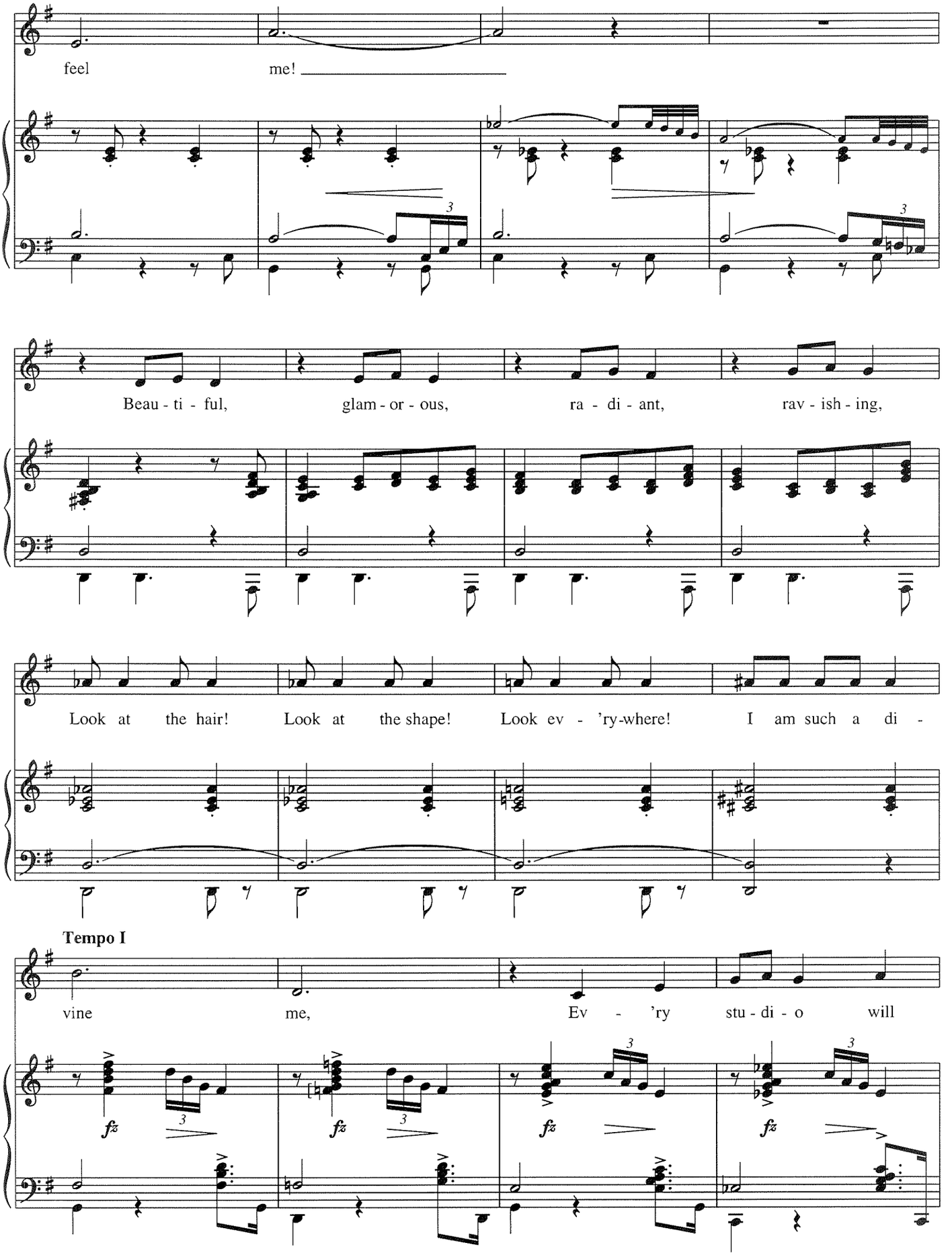
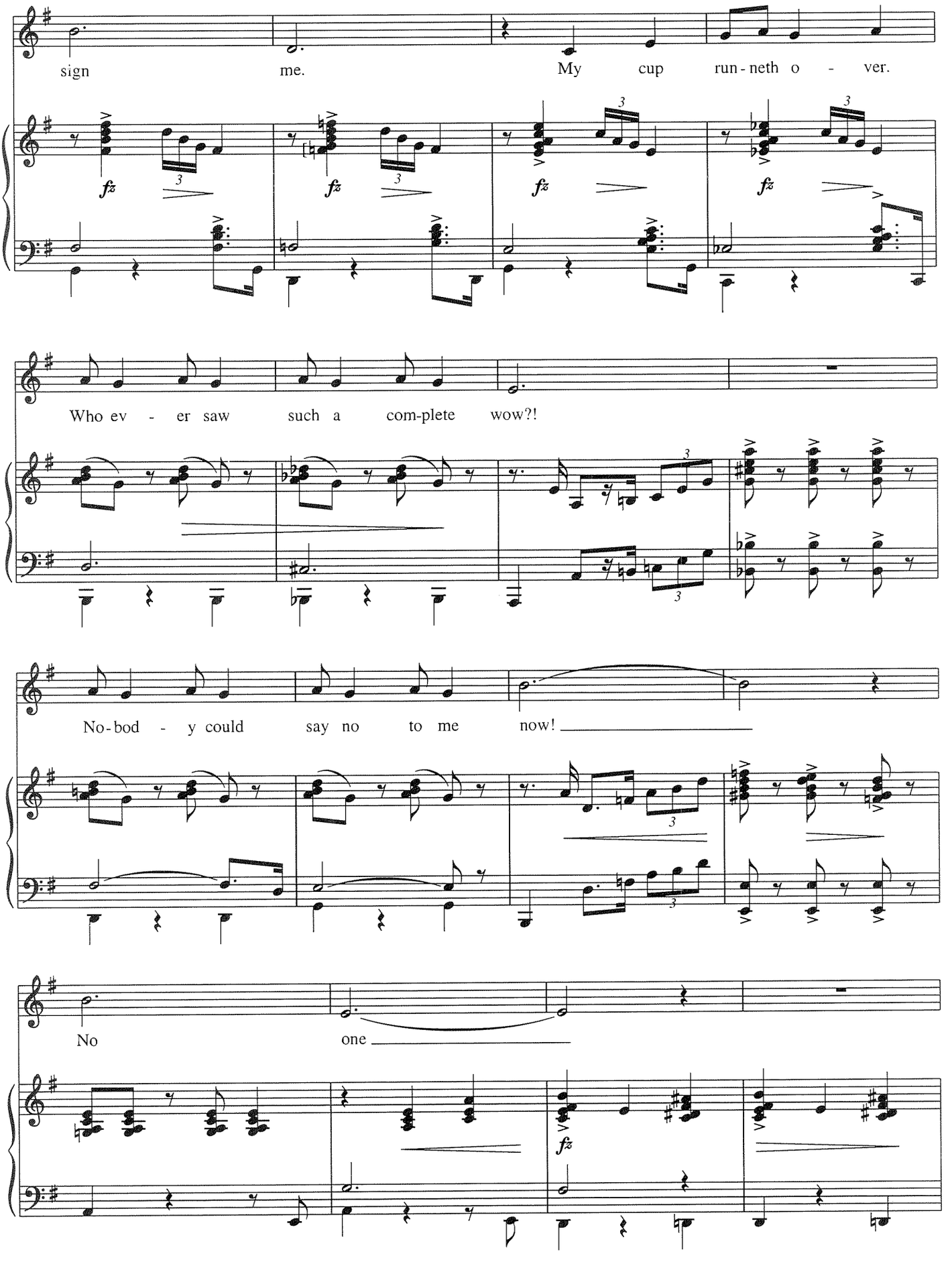
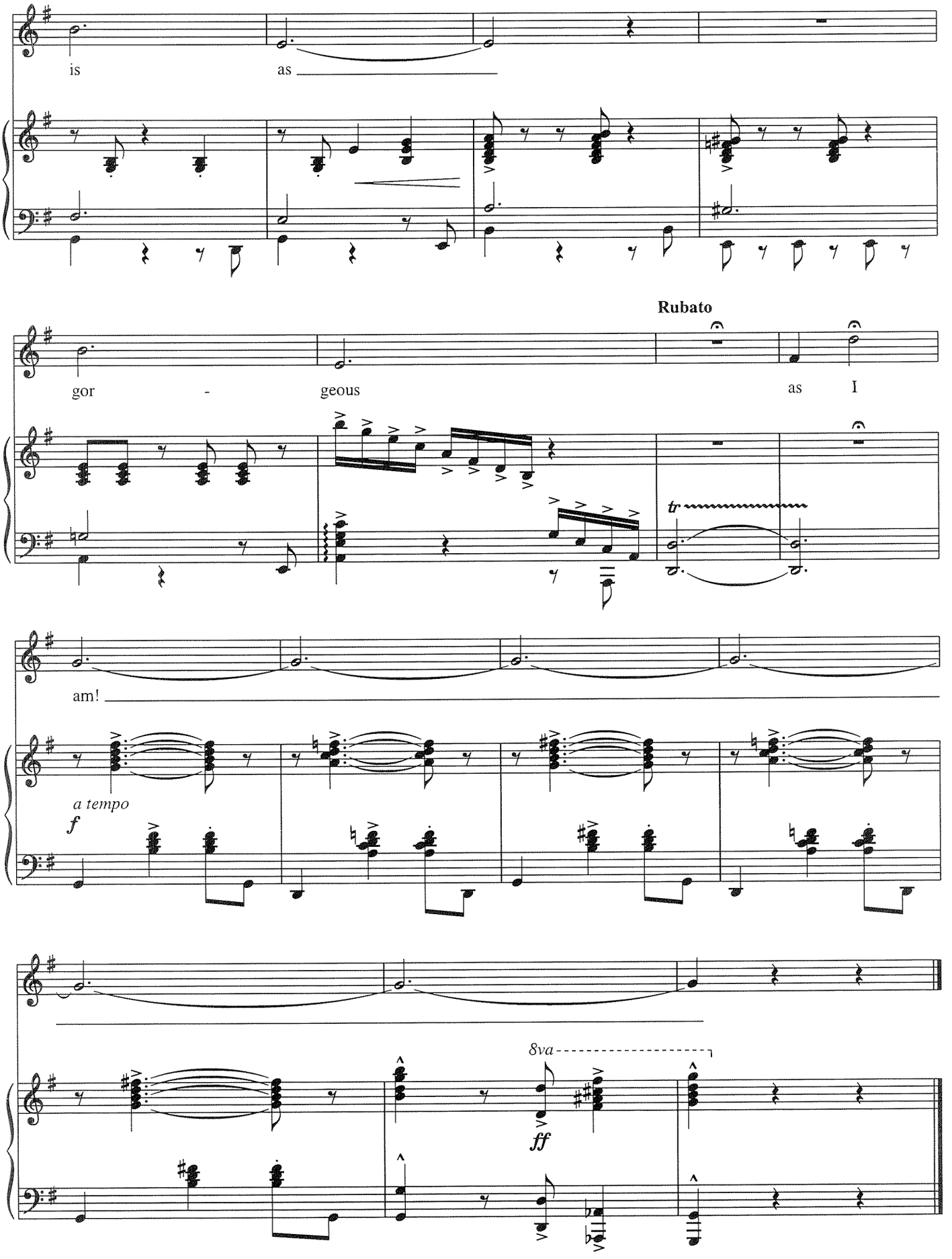

beau-ty in one wom-an and I'm it!
Look at the way all of the parts fit to - geth - er!
tr
Stun - ning! See the way my nose stopped
run - ning! I was pos - i - tive this


crea-ture was there in-side the old me,
All bot - tled up wait-ing to get free. Now I see the
real me.
Look at this! Look at that! Look at those Let me just


feel
me!
Beau - ti - ful,
glam - or - ous,
ra - di - ant,
rav - ish - ing,
Look at the hair!
Look at the shape!
Look ev - 'ry-where!
I am such a di -
Tempo I
vine
me,
Ev - 'ry
stu - di - o
will
fz
fz
fz
fz

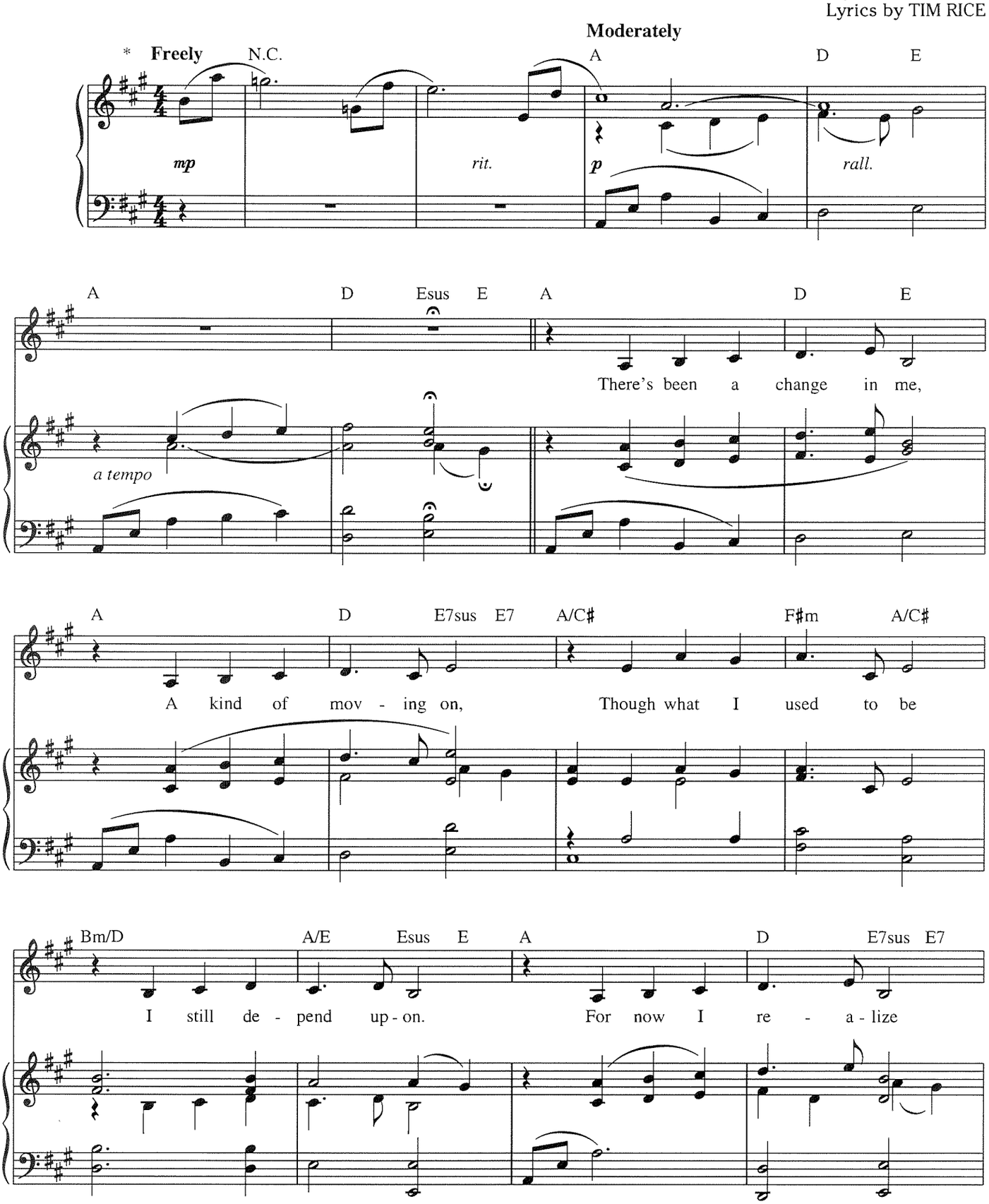

sign me. My cup run - neth o - ver.
fz
Who ev - er saw such a com-plete wow?!
No-bod - y could say no to me now!
No one
fz


is
as
Rubato
gor - geous
as I
am!
a tempo
f
8va
ff

A CHANGE IN ME

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

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by TIM RICE



* *Original Broadway key: G♭*

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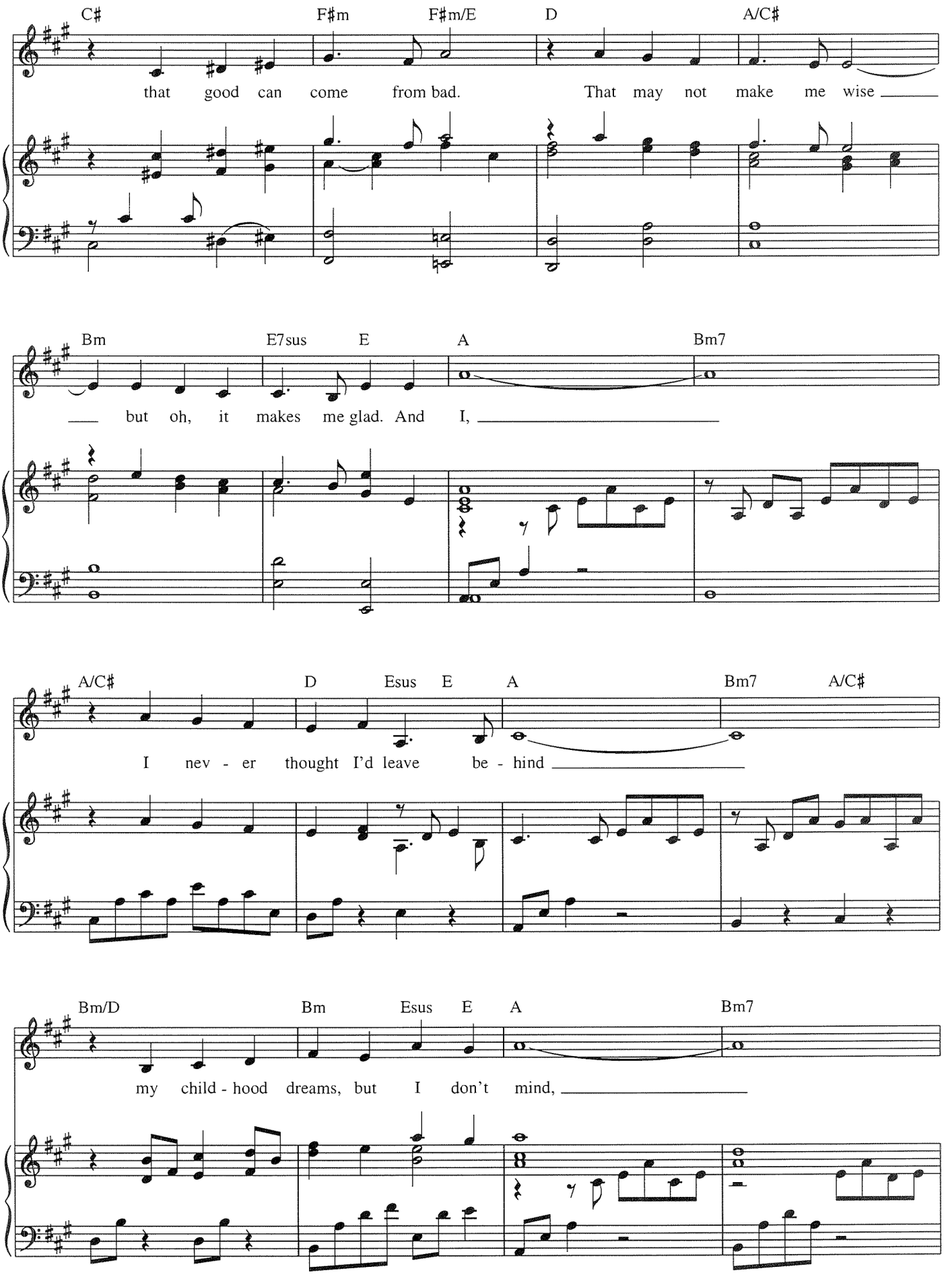
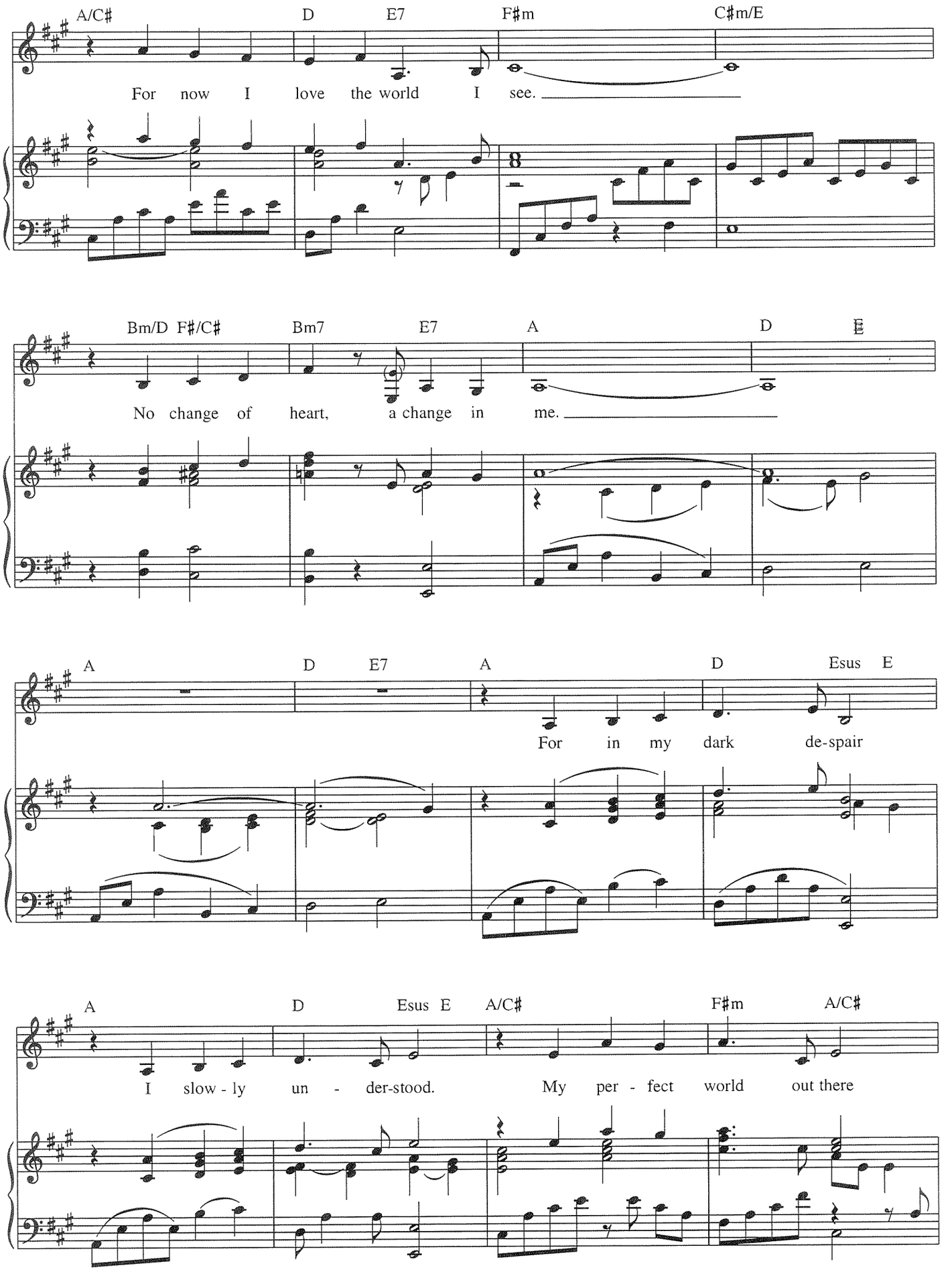
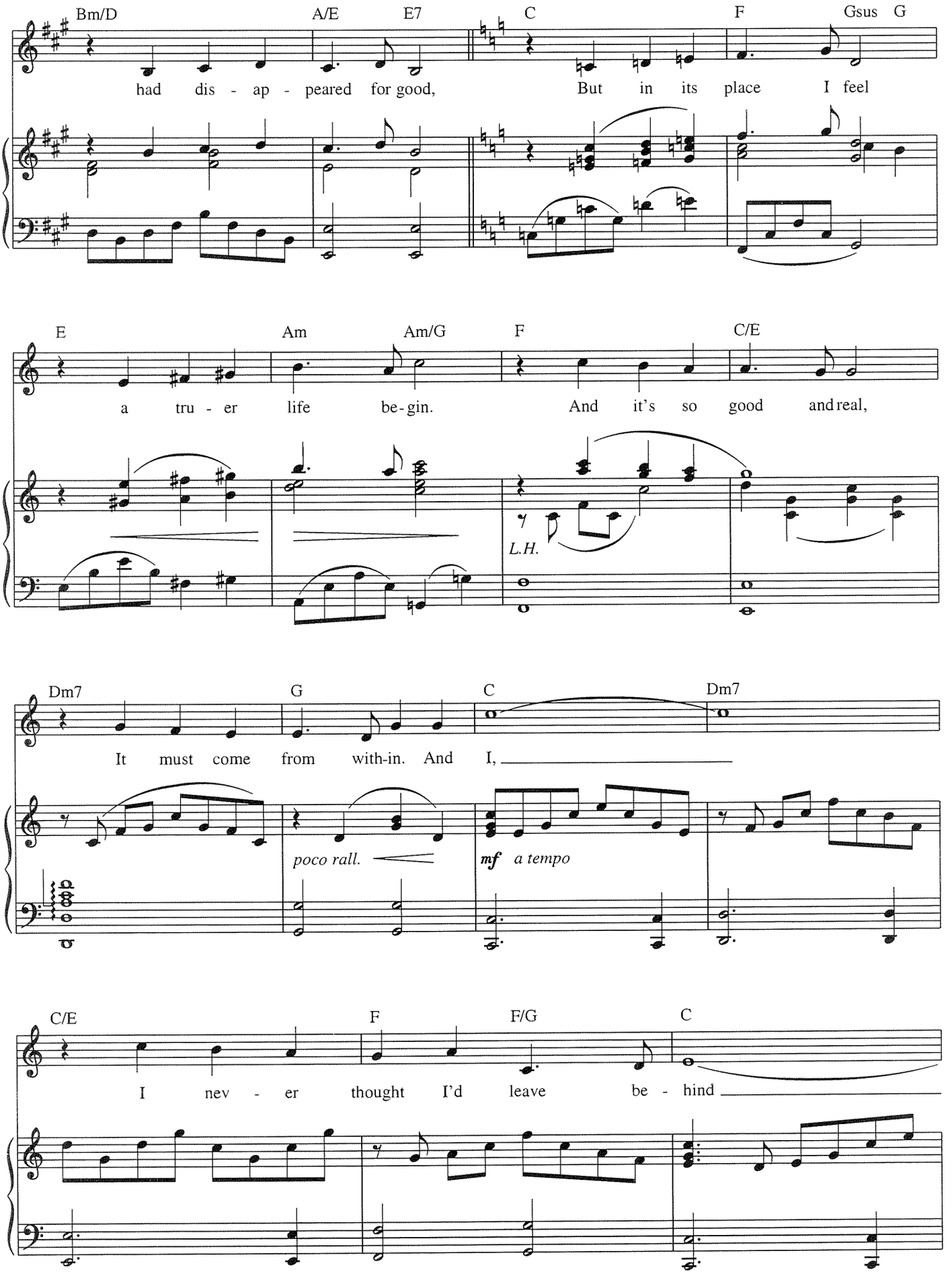
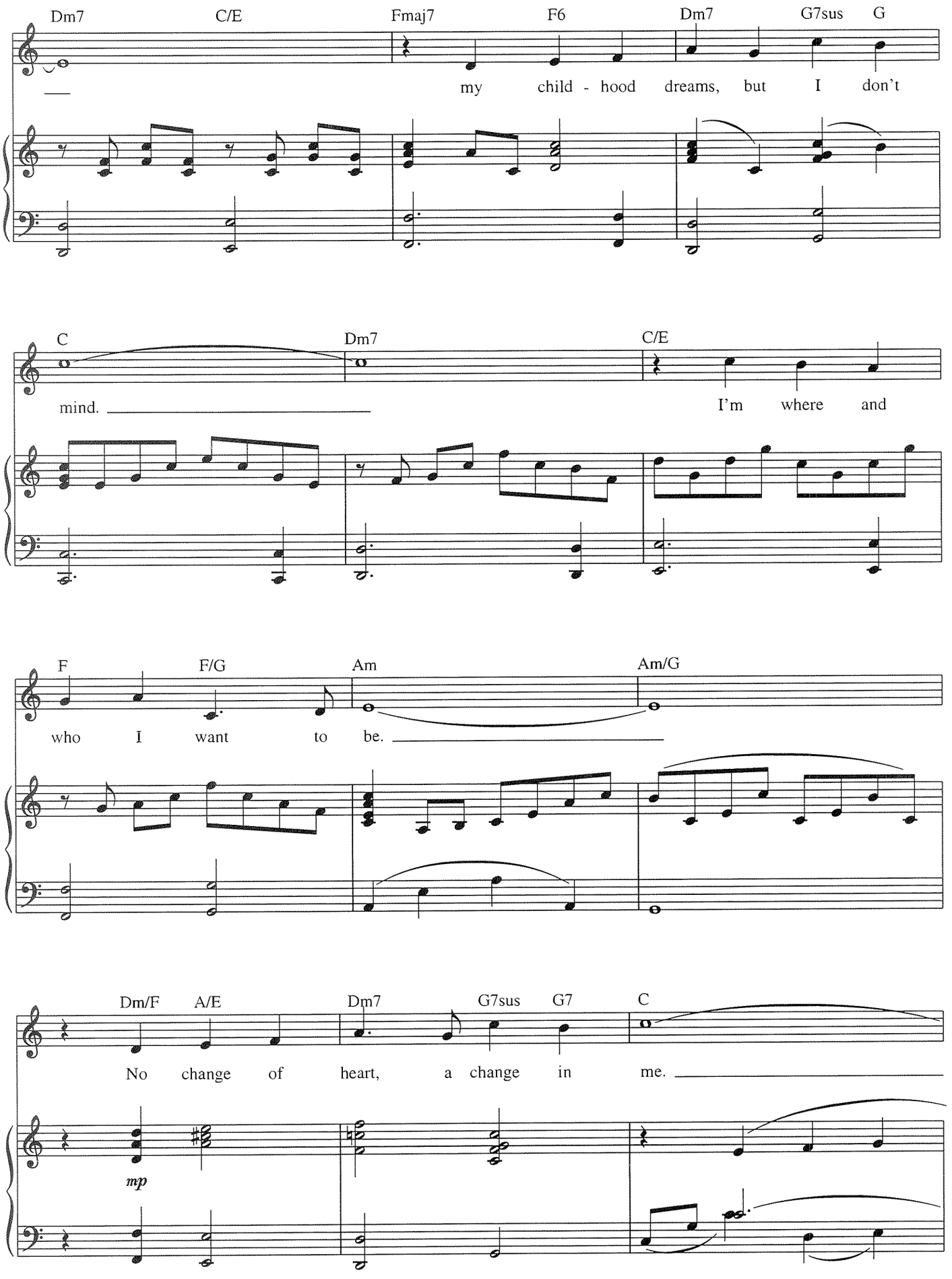
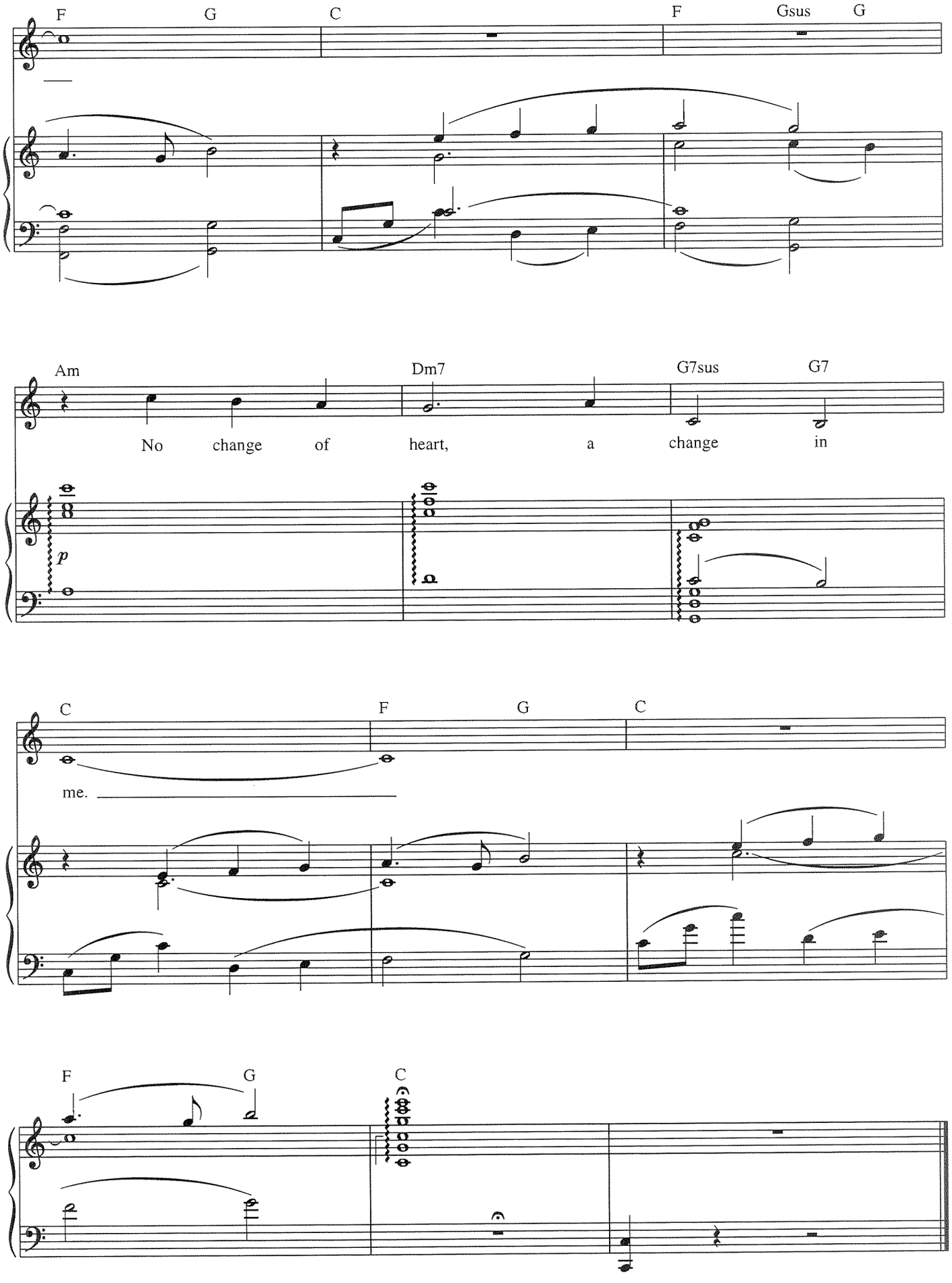

C♯ F♯m F♯m/E D A/C♯
that good can come from bad. That may not make me wise
Bm E7sus E A Bm7
but oh, it makes me glad. And I,
A/C♯ D Esus E A Bm7 A/C♯
I nev - er thought I'd leave be - hind
Bm/D Bm Esus E A Bm7
my child - hood dreams, but I don't mind,


A/C♯ D E7 F♯m C♯m/E
For now I love the world I see.
Bm/D F♯/C♯ Bm7 E7 A D E
No change of heart, a change in me.
A D E7 A D Esus E
For in my dark de-spair
A D Esus E A/C♯ F♯m A/C♯
I slow - ly un - der-stood. My per - fect world out there


Bm/D A/E E7 C F Gsus G
had dis - ap - peared for good, But in its place I feel
E Am Am/G F C/E
a tru - er life be-gin. And it's so good and real,
L.H.
Dm7 G C Dm7
It must come from with-in. And I,
poco rall.
mf a tempo
C/E F F/G C
I nev - er thought I'd leave be - hind

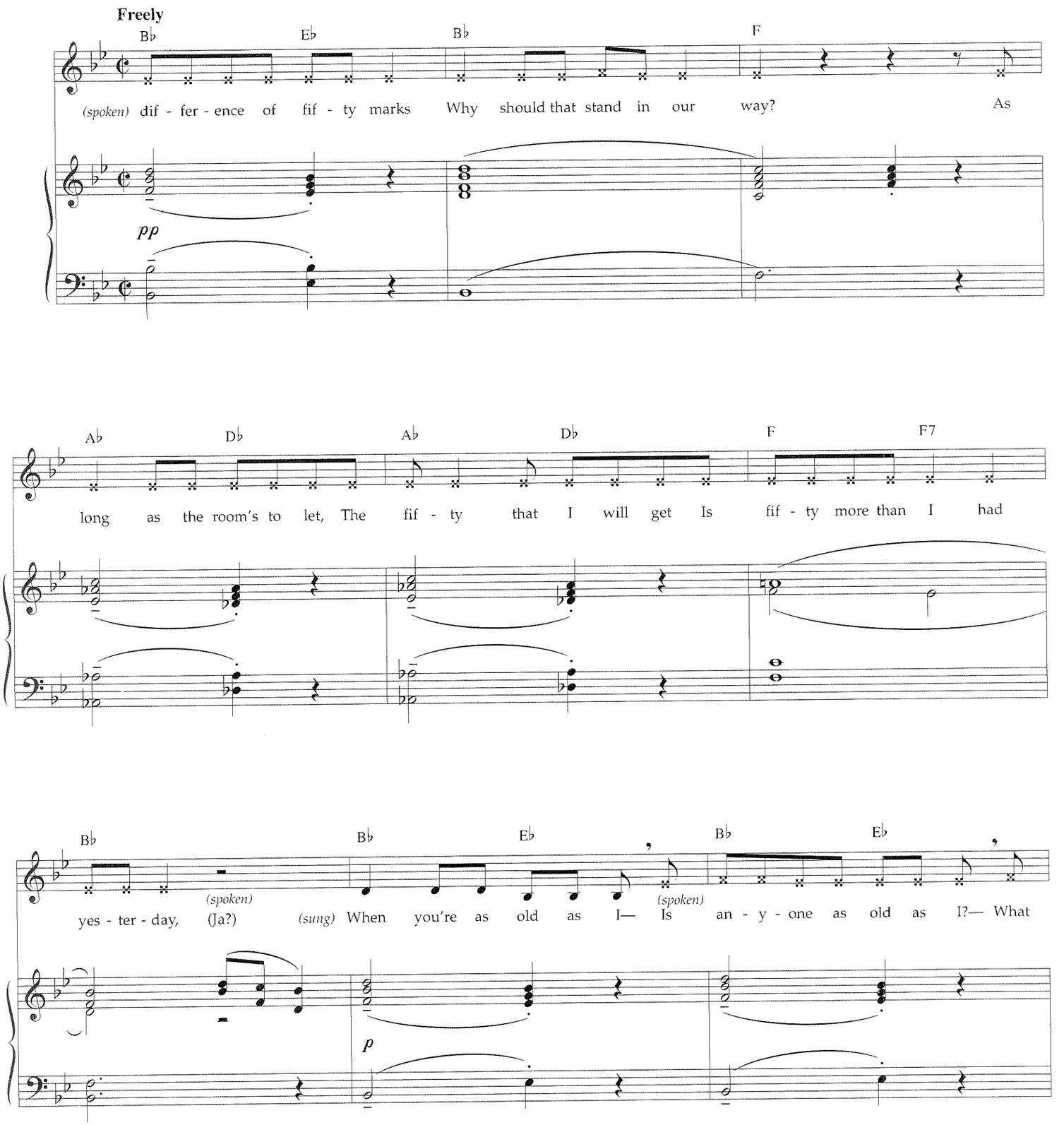

Dm7 C/E Fmaj7 F6 Dm7 G7sus G
my child - hood dreams, but I don't
C Dm7 C/E
mind.
I'm where and
F F/G Am Am/G
who I want to be.
Dm/F A/E Dm7 G7sus G7 C
No change of heart, a change in me.
mp


F
G
C
F
Gsus
G
Am
Dm7
G7sus
G7
No change of heart, a change in
p
C
F
G
C
me.
F
G
C

SO WHAT?
from the musical *Cabaret*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

FRÄULEIN SCHNEIDER:
You say fifty marks,
I say one hundred marks, a -



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Allegretto - con pesante

Bm7 E7♭9 Am7 D7♭9 G

dif - f'rence does it make? An of - fer comes, you take.

C(9,♯11)

(sung) For the sun will rise and the moon will set And you

mf p *mf p*

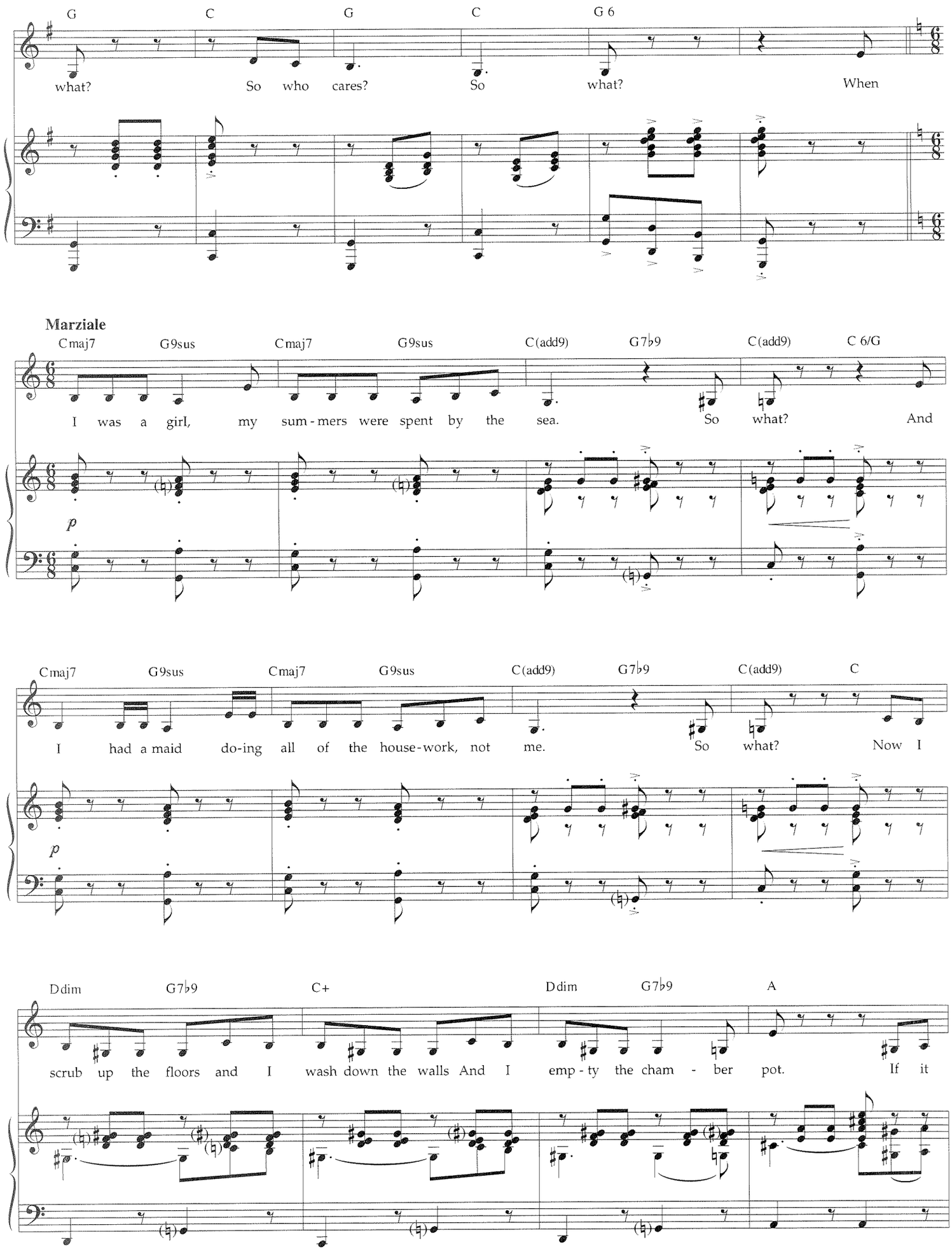
Bm Fmaj7

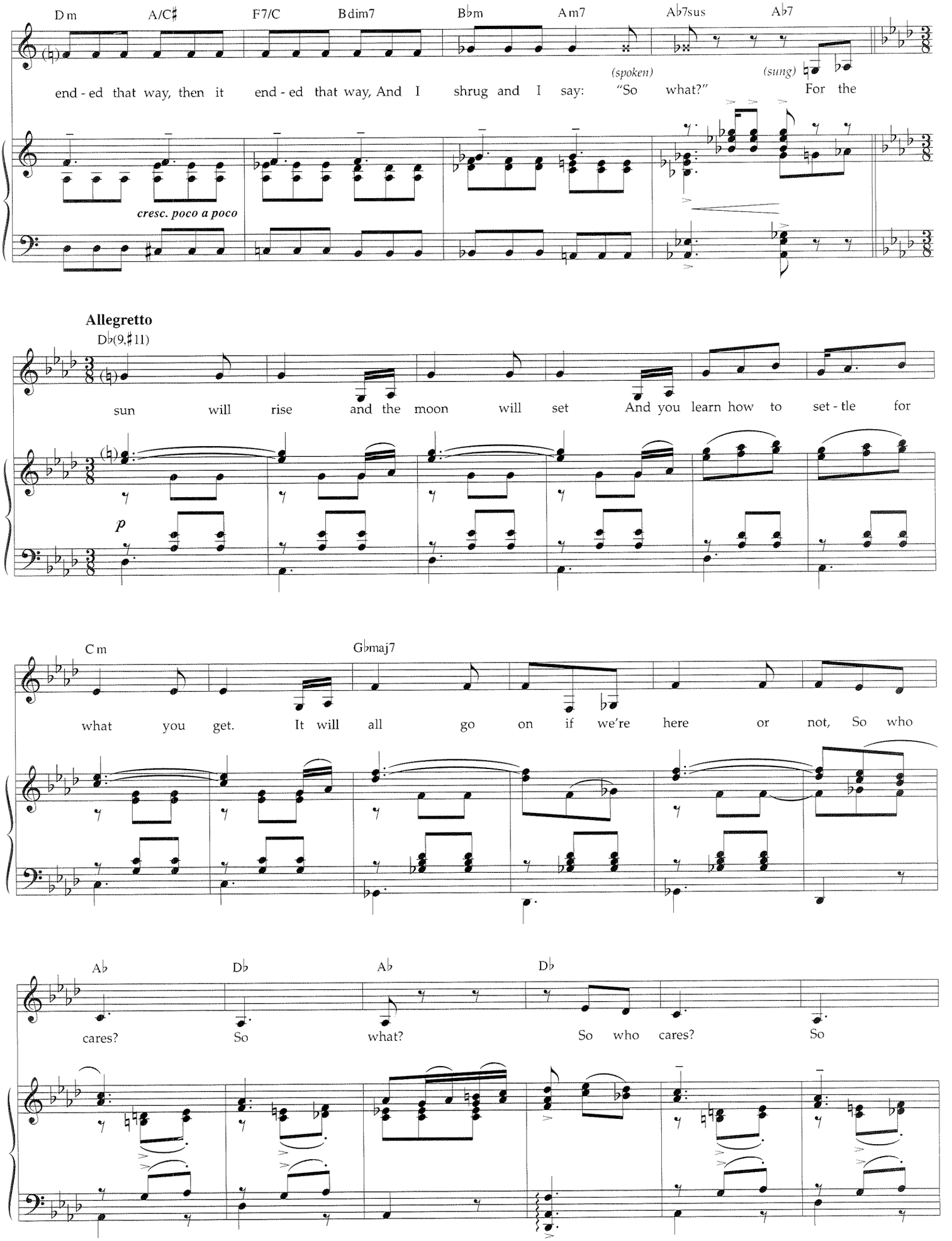
learn how to set - tle for what you get. It will all go

pp *mf p* *mf p*

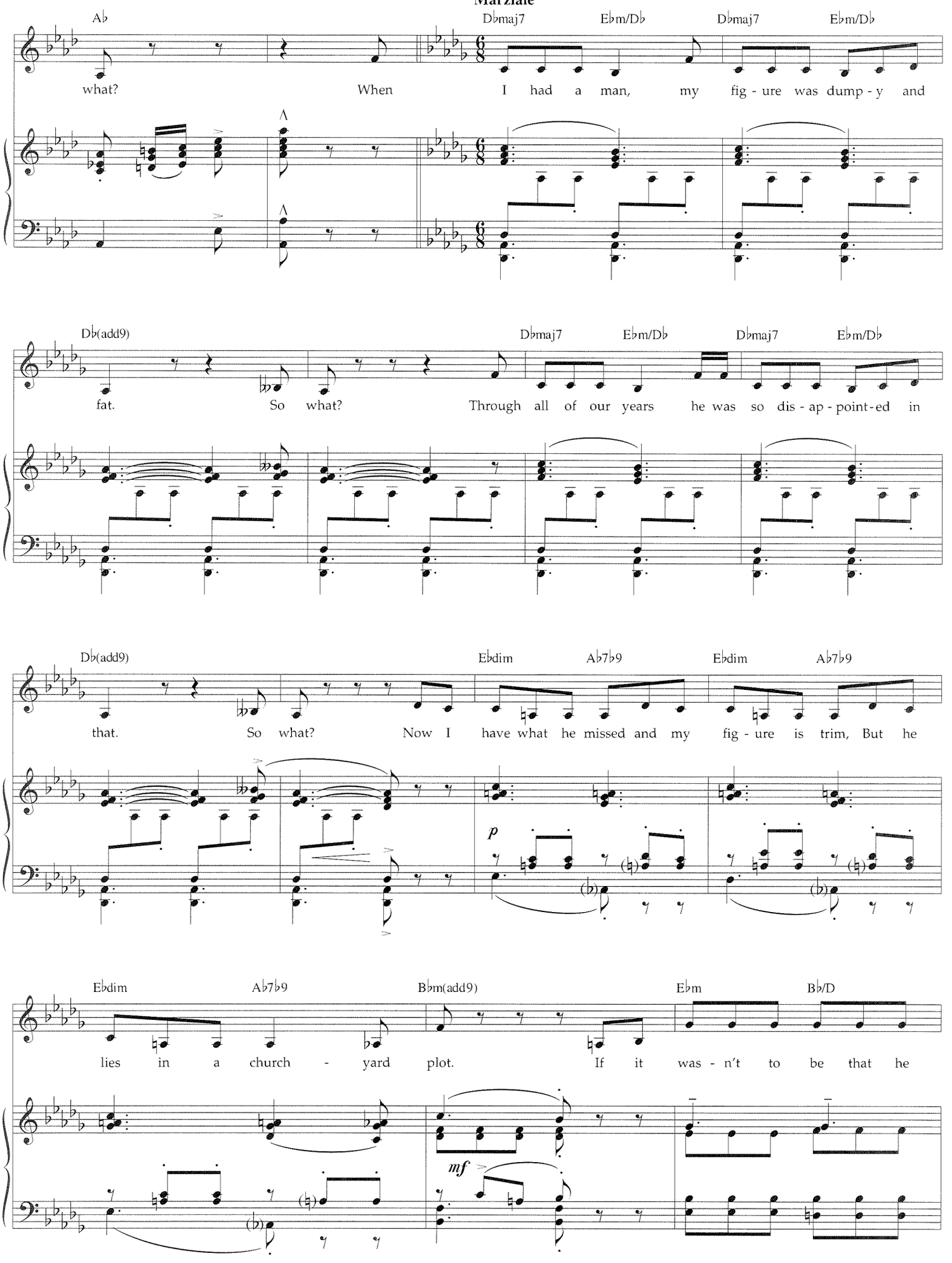
F 6 G C

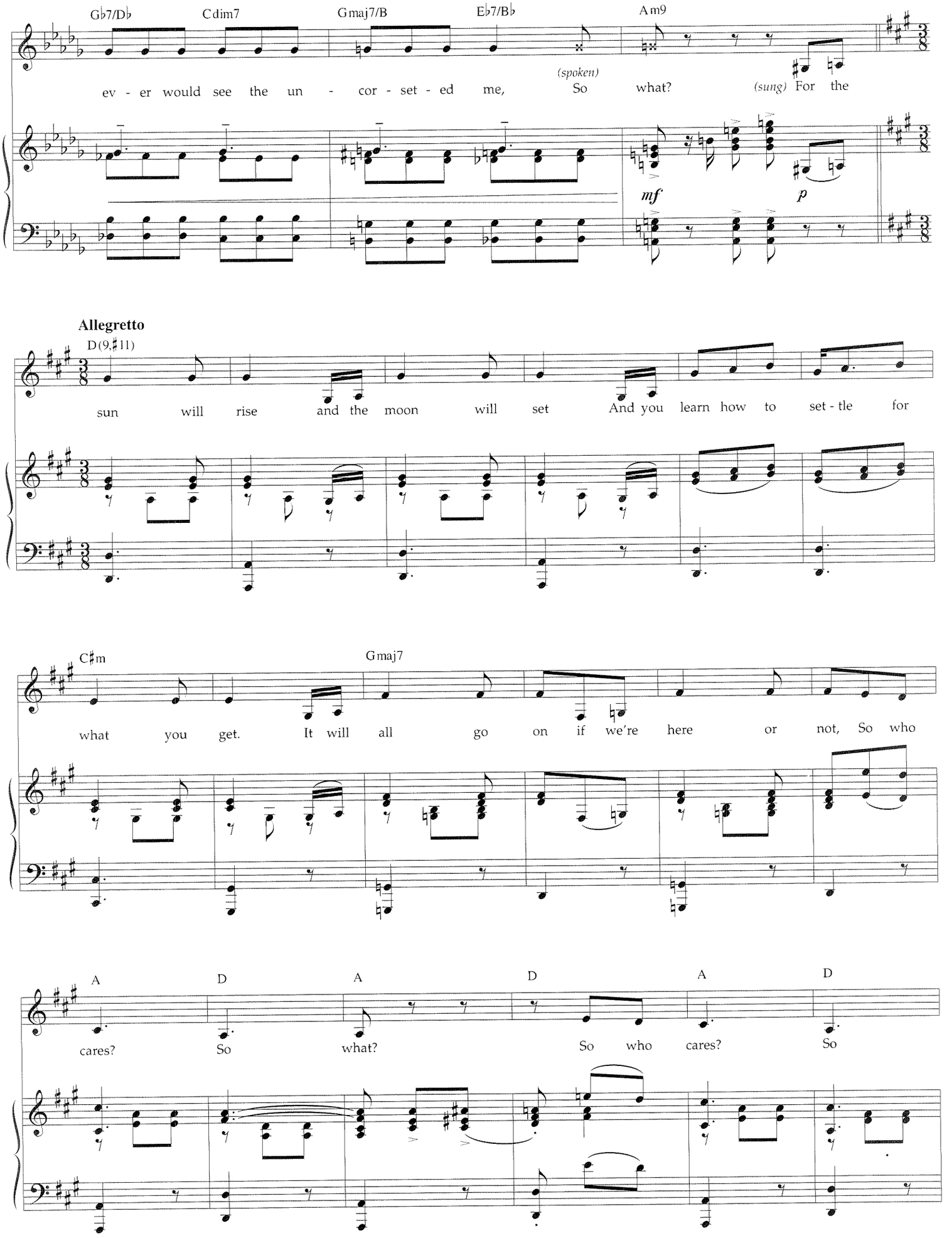
on if we're here or not, So who cares? So


G C G C G 6
what? So who cares? So what? When
Marziale
Cmaj7 G9sus Cmaj7 G9sus C(add9) G7♭9 C(add9) C 6/G
I was a girl, my sum-mers were spent by the sea. So what? And
p
Cmaj7 G9sus Cmaj7 G9sus C(add9) G7♭9 C(add9) C
I had a maid do-ing all of the house-work, not me. So what? Now I
p
Ddim G7♭9 C+ Ddim G7♭9 A
scrub up the floors and I wash down the walls And I emp-ty the cham-ber pot. If it


D m
A/C♯
F7/C
Bdim7
B♭m
A m7
A♭7sus
A♭7
end - ed that way, then it end - ed that way, And I shrug and I say: (spoken) "So what?" (sung) For the
cresc. poco a poco
Allegretto
D♭(9,♯11)
sun will rise and the moon will set And you learn how to set - tle for
p
C m
G♭maj7
what you get. It will all go on if we're here or not, So who
A♭
D♭
A♭
D♭
cares? So what? So who cares? So

Marziale


A♭
D♭maj7
E♭m/D♭
D♭maj7
E♭m/D♭
what? When I had a man, my fig - ure was dump - y and
D♭(add9)
D♭maj7
E♭m/D♭
D♭maj7
E♭m/D♭
fat. So what? Through all of our years he was so dis - ap - point - ed in
D♭(add9)
E♭dim
A♭7♭9
E♭dim
A♭7♭9
that. So what? Now I have what he missed and my fig - ure is trim, But he
p
E♭dim
A♭7♭9
B♭m(add9)
E♭m
B♭/D
lies in a church - yard plot. If it was - n't to be that he
mf


Gb7/Db
Cdim7
Gmaj7/B
Eb7/Bb
Am9
ev - er would see the un - cor - set - ed me,
(spoken)
So what?
(sung) For the
mf
p
Allegretto
D(9,#11)
sun will rise and the moon will set And you learn how to set - tle for
C#m
Gmaj7
what you get. It will all go on if we're here or not, So who
A
D
A
D
A
D
cares?
So what?
So who cares?
So

More freely

A Gm7 A Dmaj7 A9sus Dmaj7 A9sus

what? So once I was rich and now all my for - tune is

D6/9 A13♭9 D6/9 Dmaj7 A9sus Dmaj7 A9sus

gone, So what? And love dis - ap - peared and on - ly the mem - 'ry lives

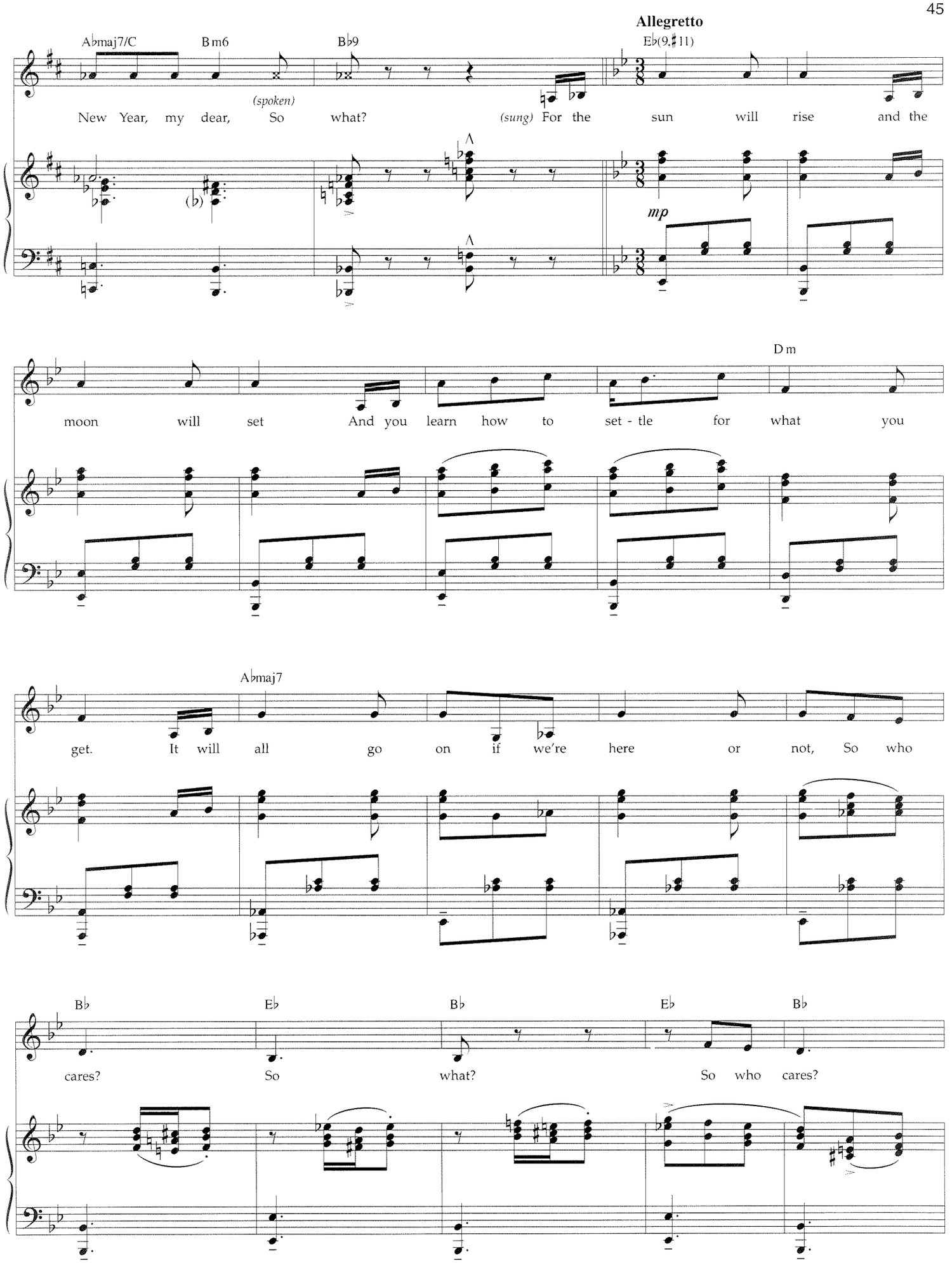
D6/9 A13♭9 D6/9 A7♭9 Dmaj9♯5

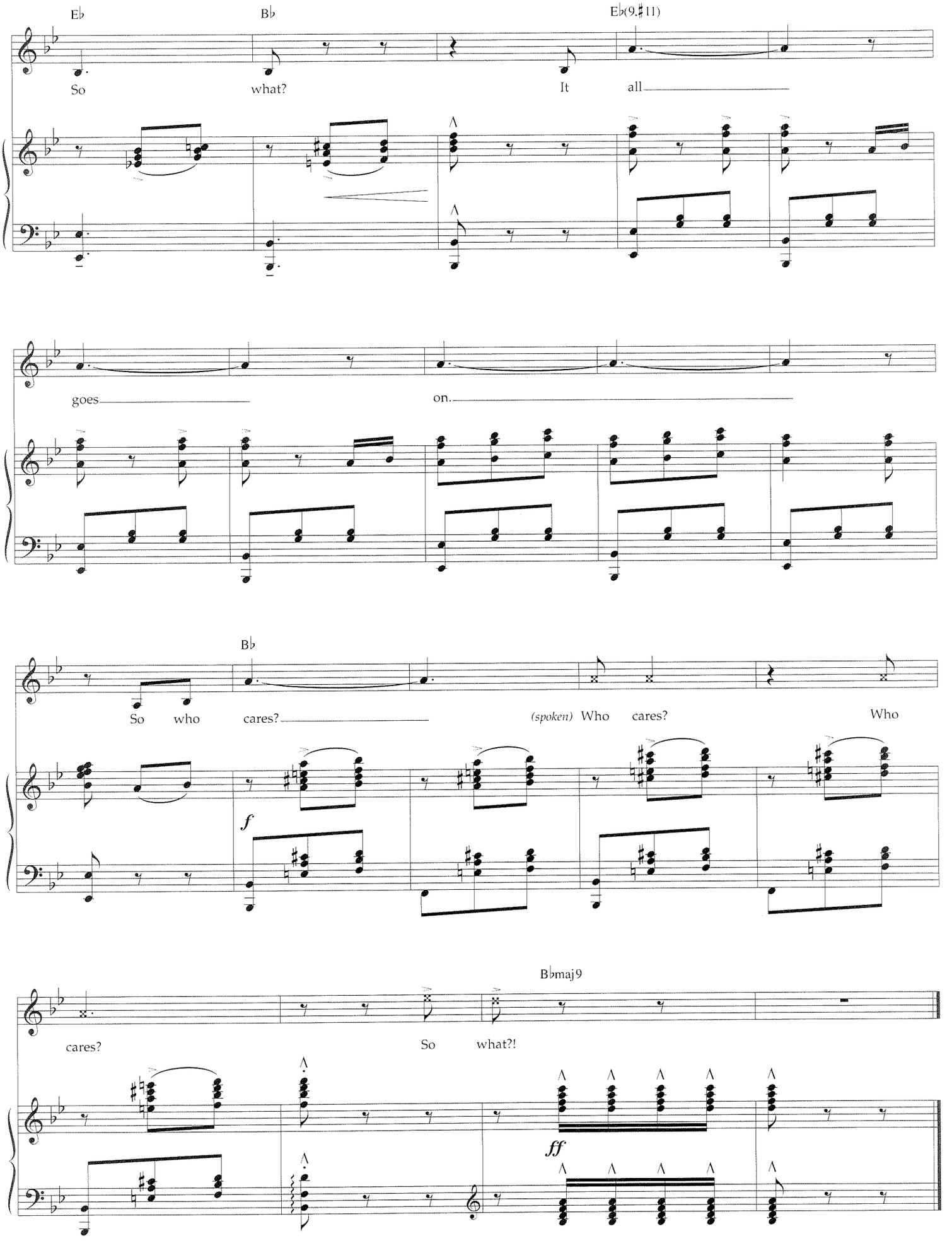
on, *(spoken)* So what? *(sung)* If I've lived through all that *(spoken)* (and I've lived through all that) *(sung)* Fif - ty

A7♭9 B7♭9 Em B/D♯ G7/D C♯dim7

marks does - n't mean a lot. If I like that you're here, *(spoken)* (and I like that you're here,) *(sung)* Hap - py

cresc. poco a poco

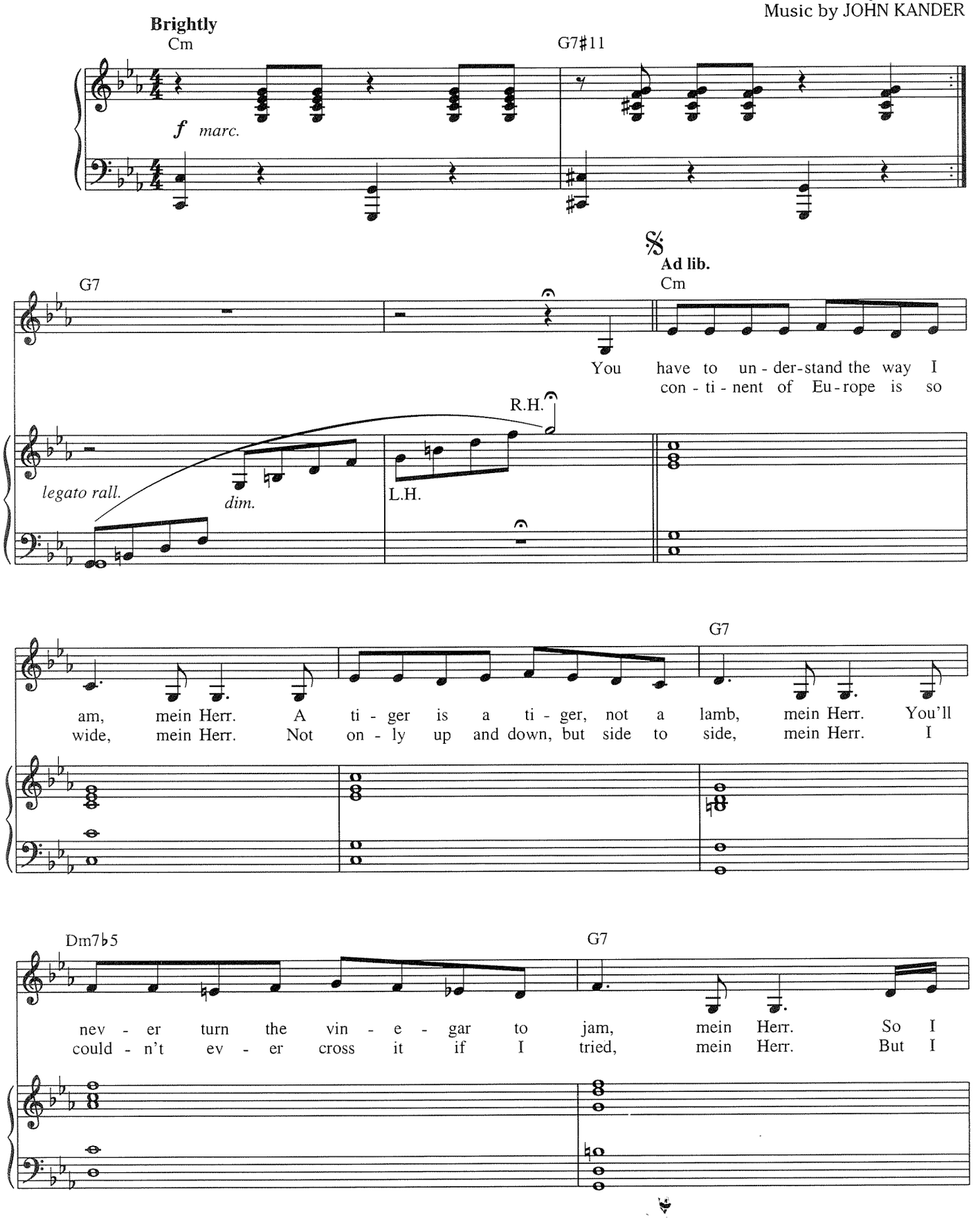

Allegretto
A♭maj7/C
B m6
B♭9
E♭(9,♯11)
(spoken)
New Year, my dear, So what?
(sung) For the sun will rise and the
mp
moon will set And you learn how to set - tle for what you
D m
get. It will all go on if we're here or not, So who
A♭maj7
B♭
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
cares? So what? So who cares?


E♭
B♭
E♭(9,♯11)
So what? It all
goes on.
B♭
So who cares? (spoken) Who cares? Who
f
B♭maj9
cares? So what?!
ff

MEIN HERR

from the musical *Cabaret*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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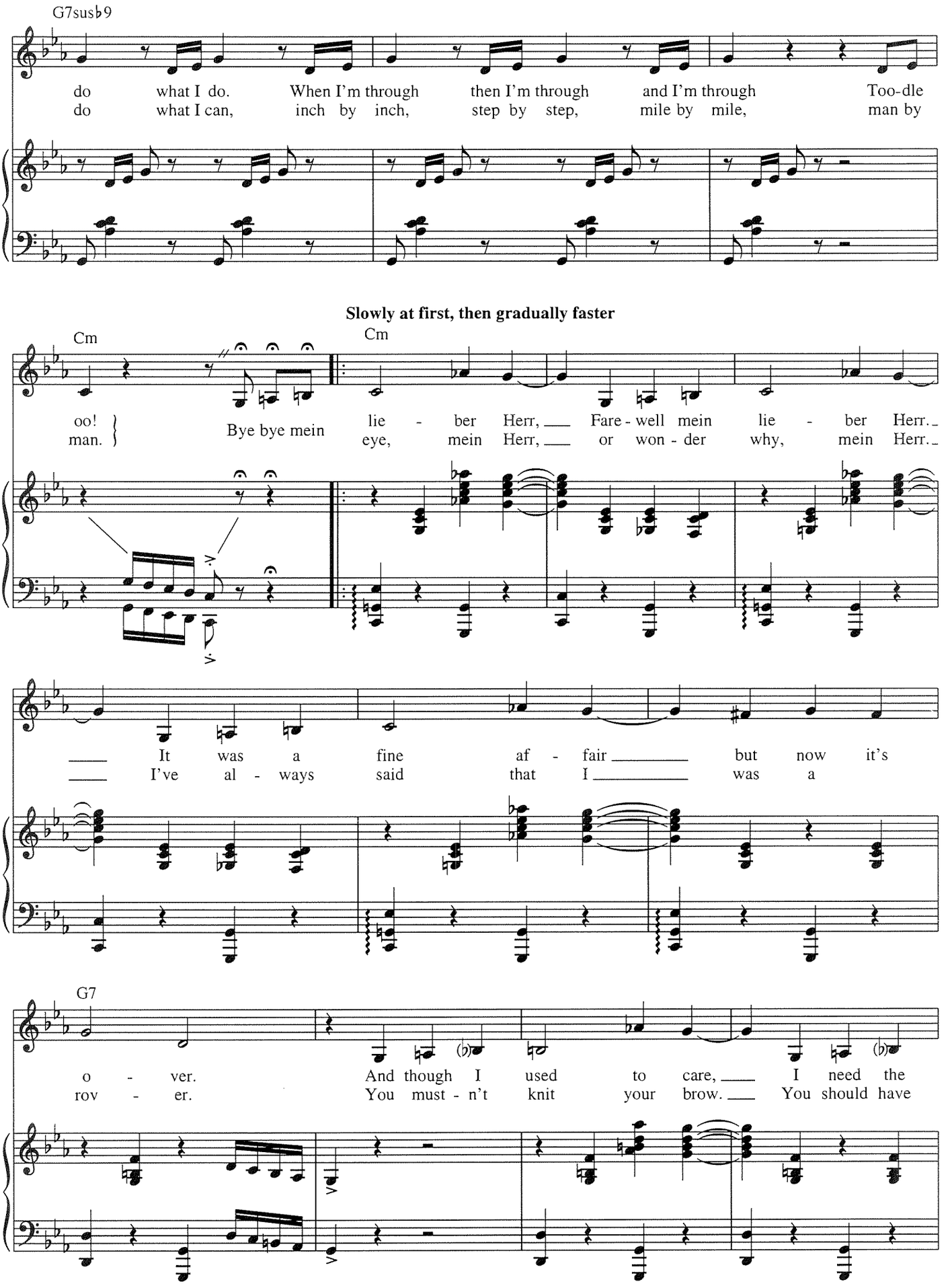
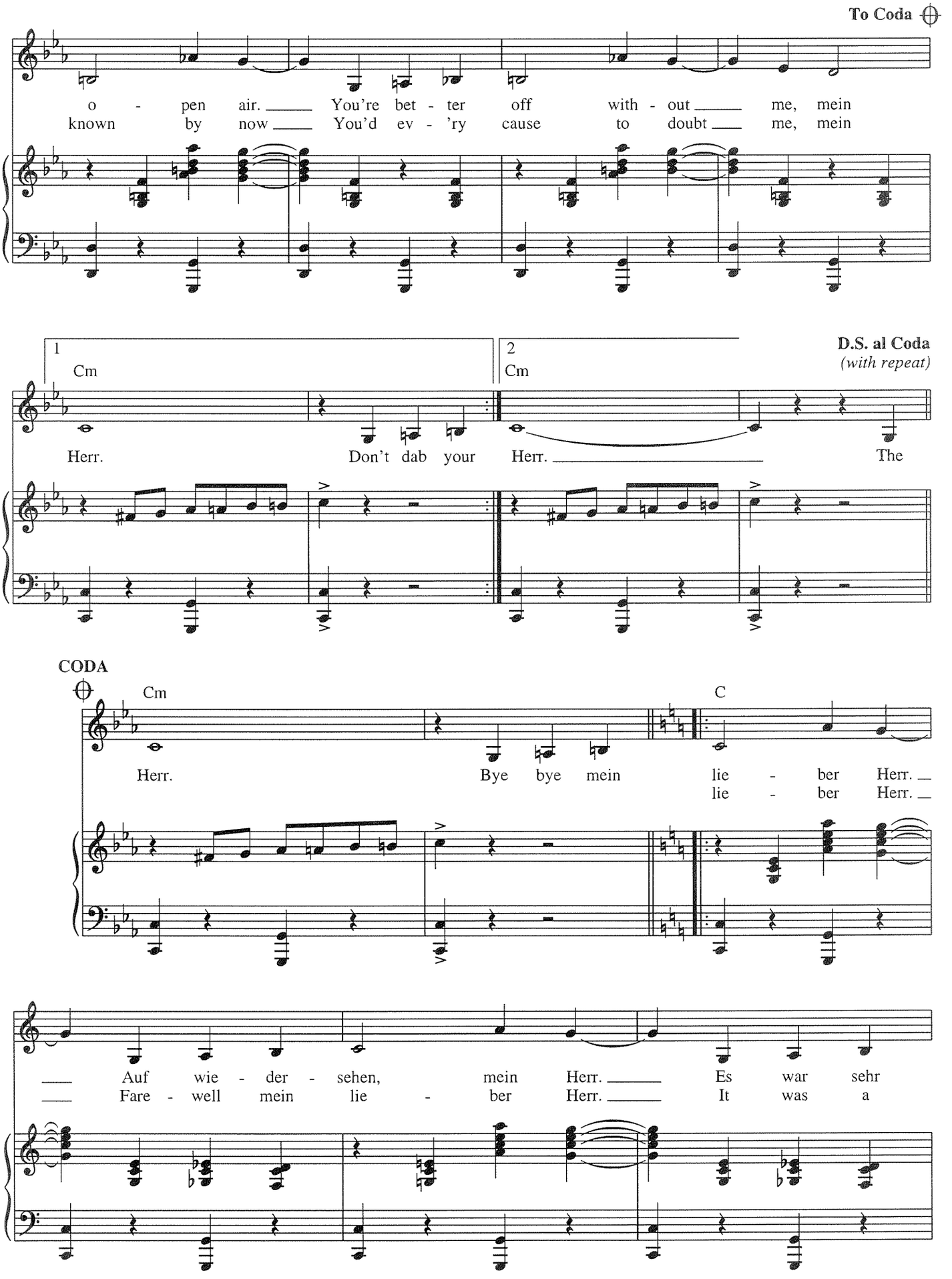
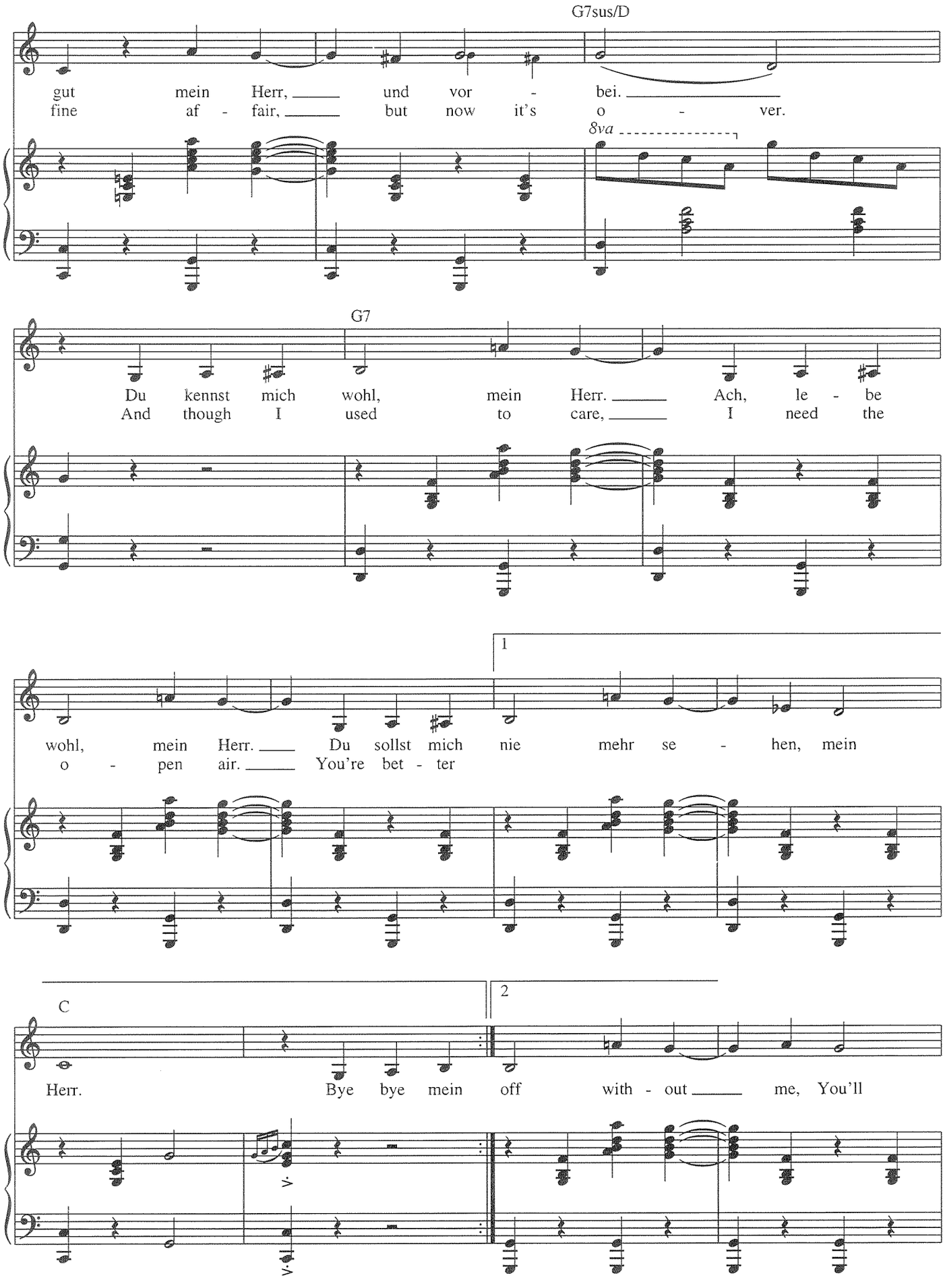
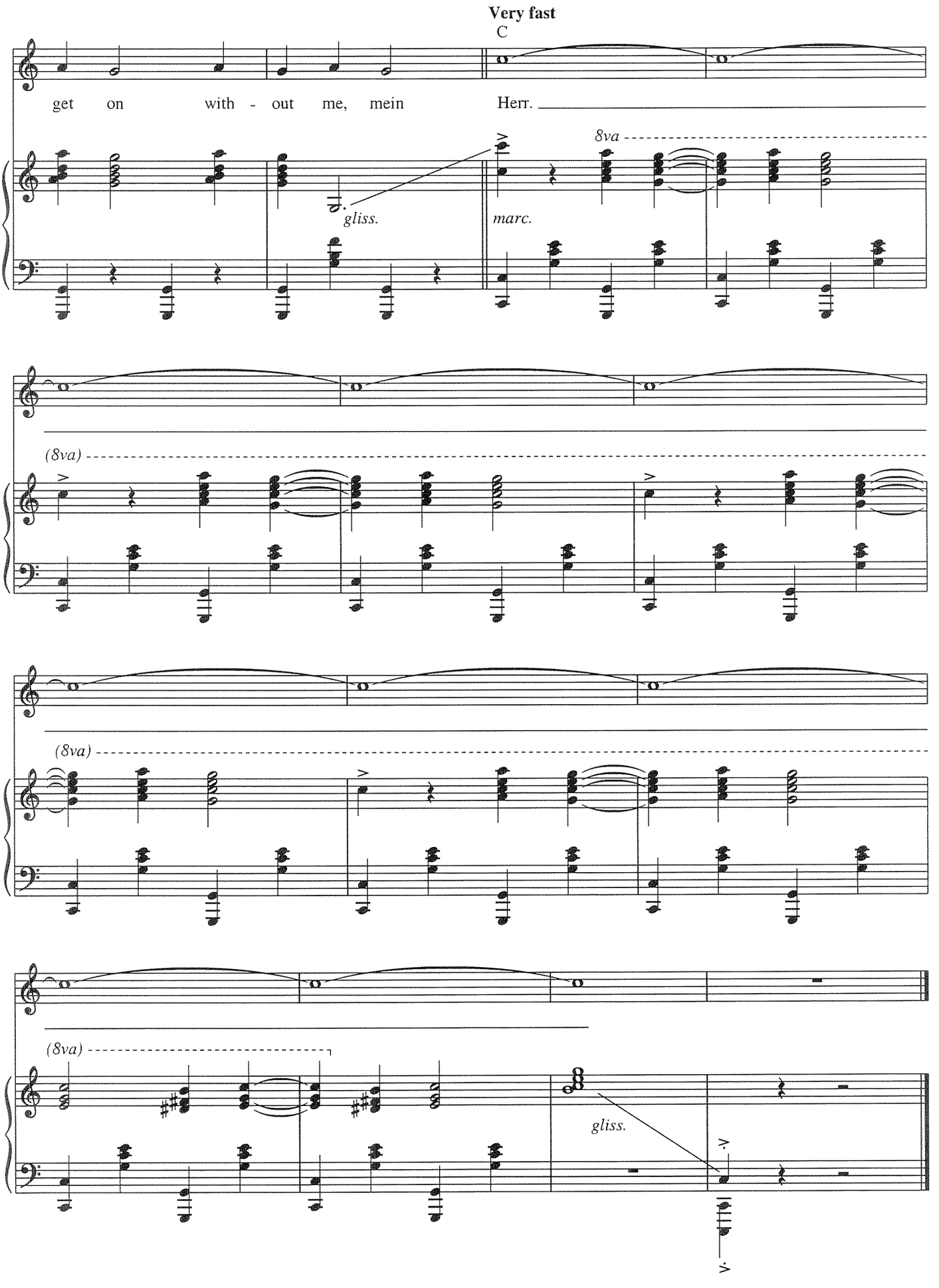

G7susb9
do what I do. When I'm through then I'm through and I'm through Too-dle
do what I can, inch by inch, step by step, mile by mile, man by
Slowly at first, then gradually faster
Cm
Cm
oo! man.
Bye bye mein lie - ber Herr, Fare - well mein lie - ber Herr.
eye, mein Herr, or won - der why, mein Herr.
It was a fine af - fair but now it's
I've al - ways said that I was a
G7
o - ver.
rov - er.
And though I used to care, I need the
You must - n't knit your brow. You should have


To Coda
o - pen air. You're bet - ter off with - out me, mein
known by now You'd ev - 'ry cause to doubt me, mein
1
Cm
2
Cm
D.S. al Coda
(with repeat)
Herr. Don't dab your Herr. The
CODA
Cm
C
Herr. Bye bye mein lie - ber Herr.
lie - ber Herr.
Auf wie - der - sehen, mein Herr. Es war sehr
Fare - well mein lie - ber Herr. It was a

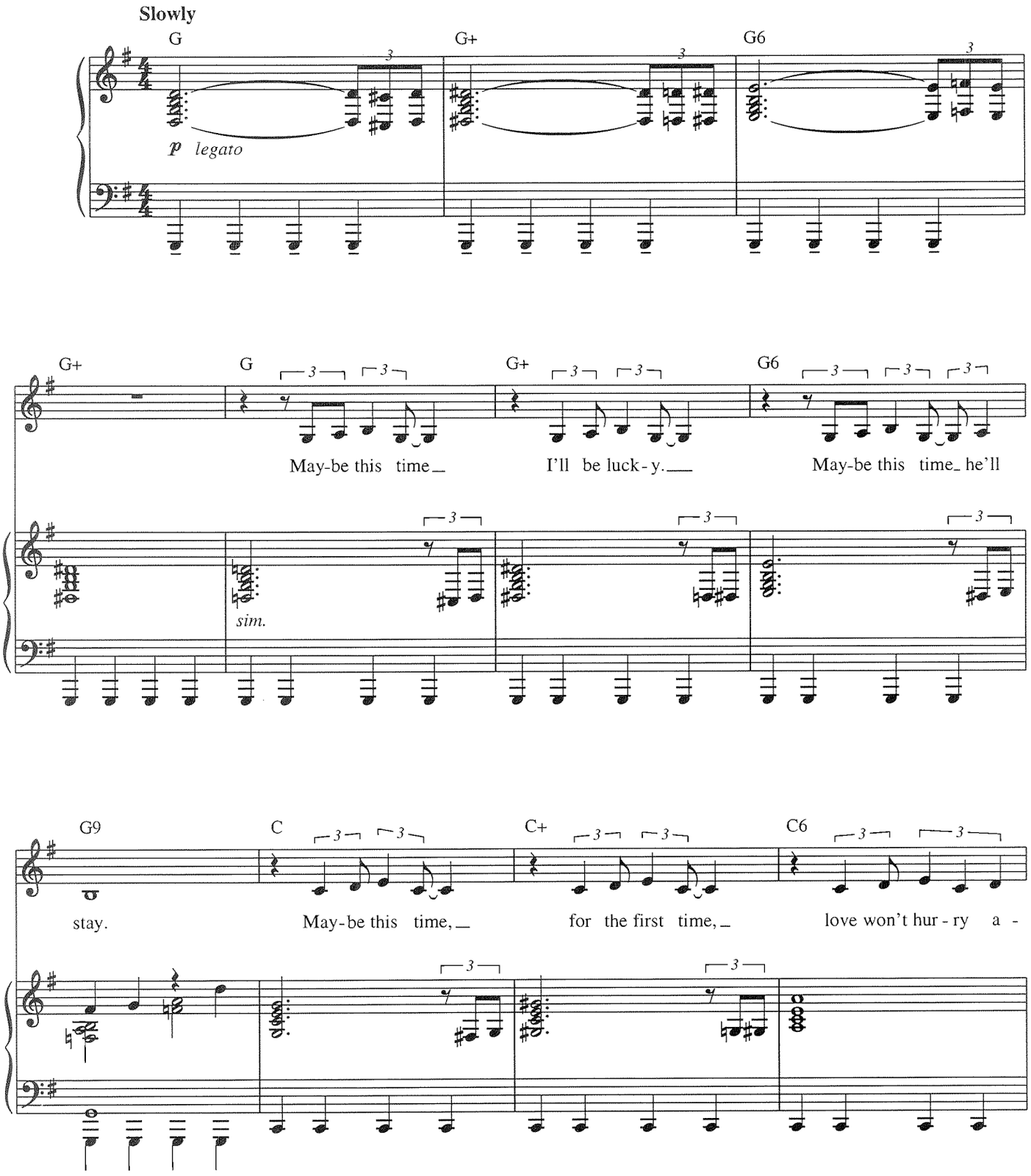

G7sus/D
gut mein Herr, und vor - bei.
fine af - fair, but now it's o - ver.
8va
G7
Du kennst mich wohl, mein Herr. Ach, le - be
And though I used to care, I need the
1
wohl, mein Herr. Du sollst mich nie mehr se - hen, mein
o - pen air. You're bet - ter
C
2
Herr. Bye bye mein off with - out me, You'll


Very fast
C
get on with - out me, mein Herr.
gliss.
marc.
8va
(8va)
(8va)
(8va)
gliss.

MAYBE THIS TIME

from the musical *Cabaret*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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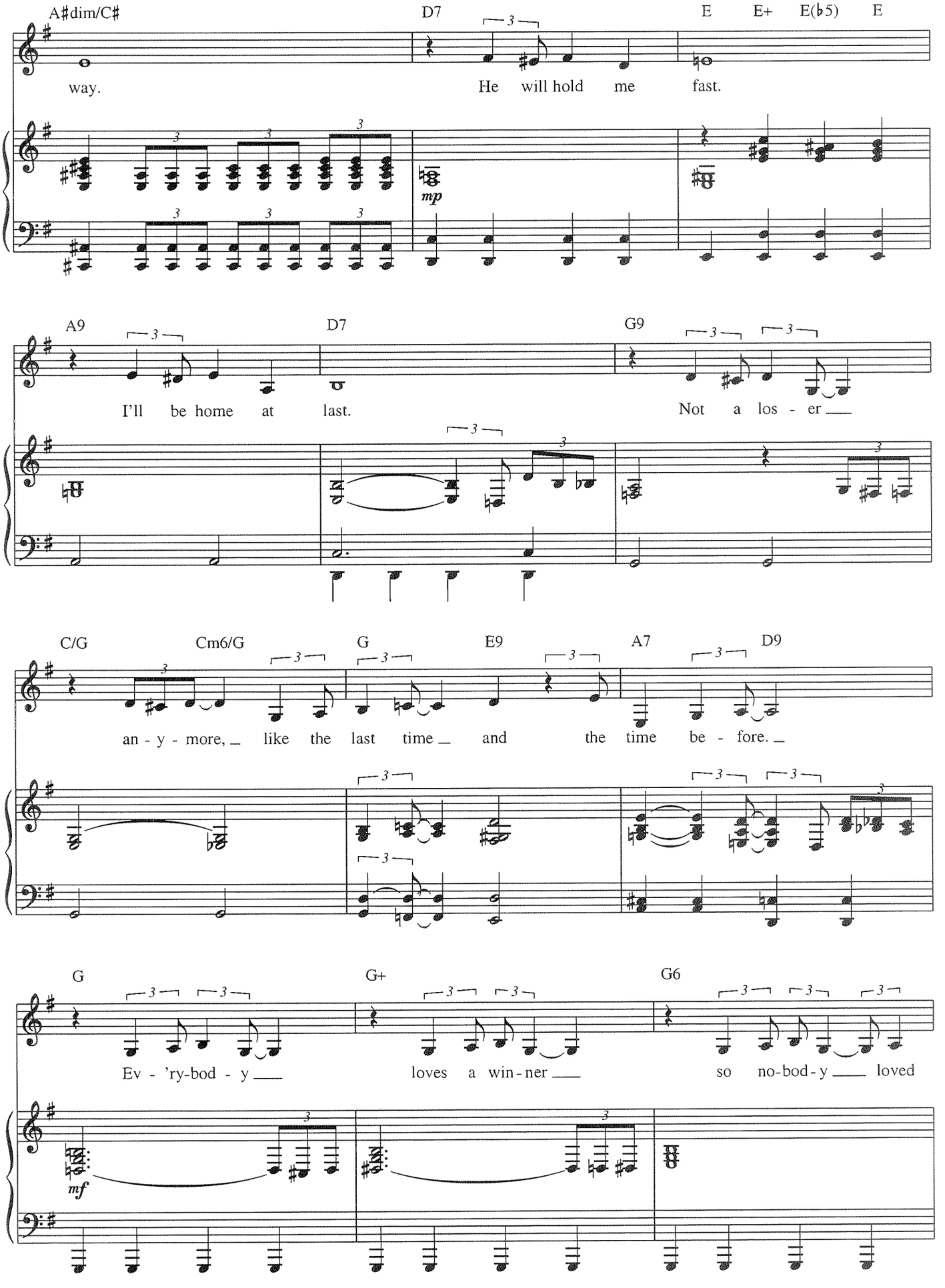
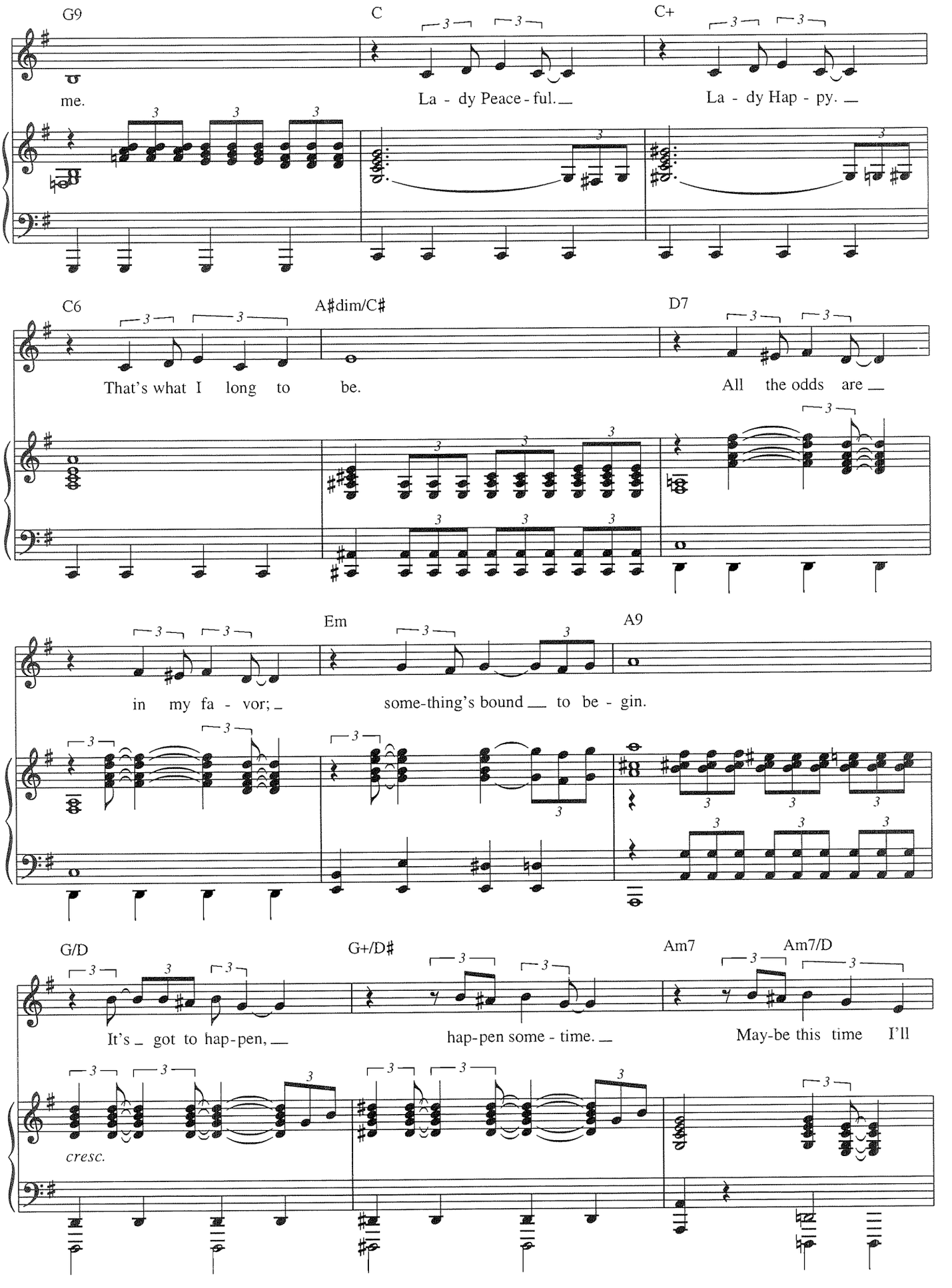
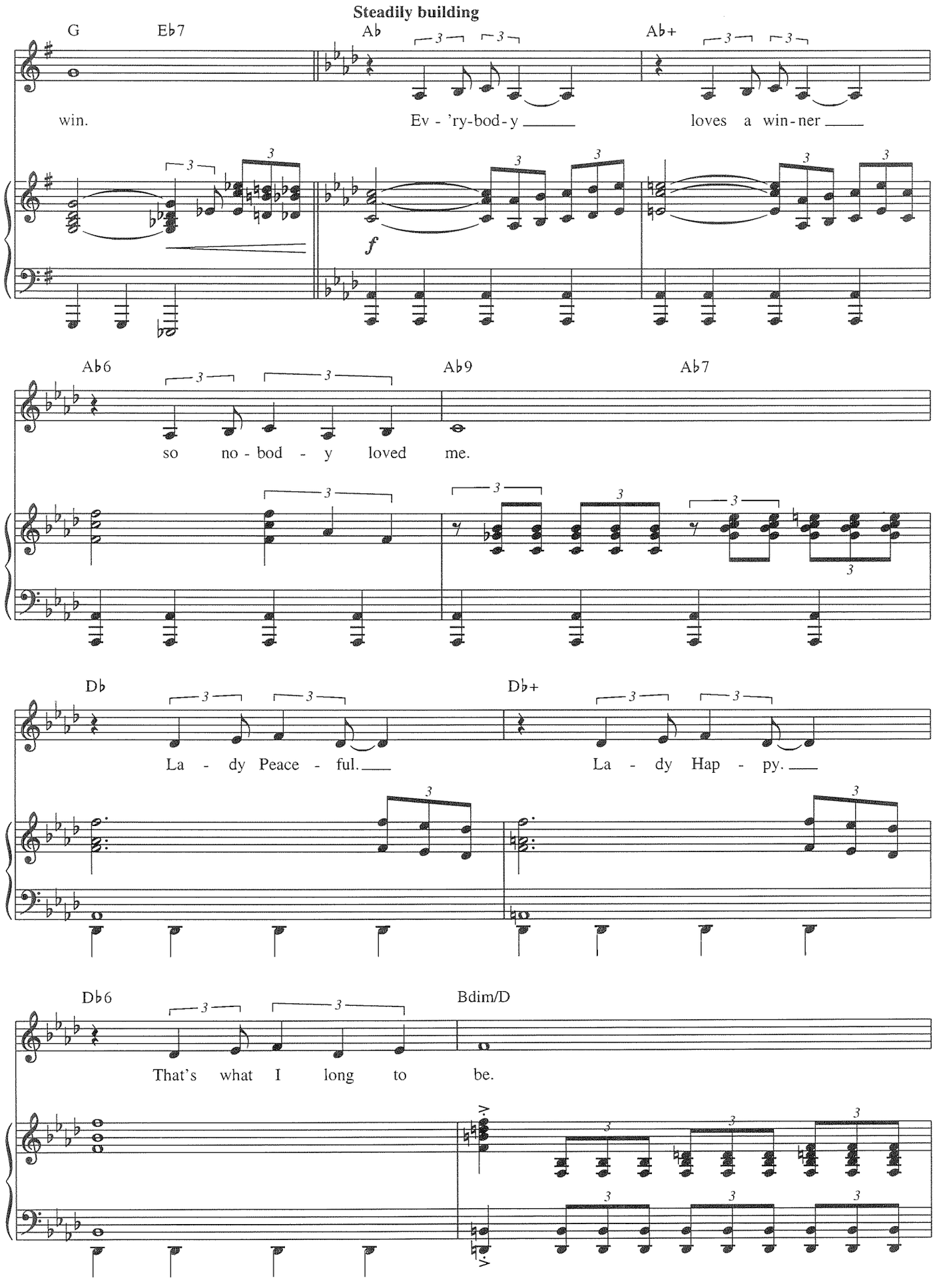
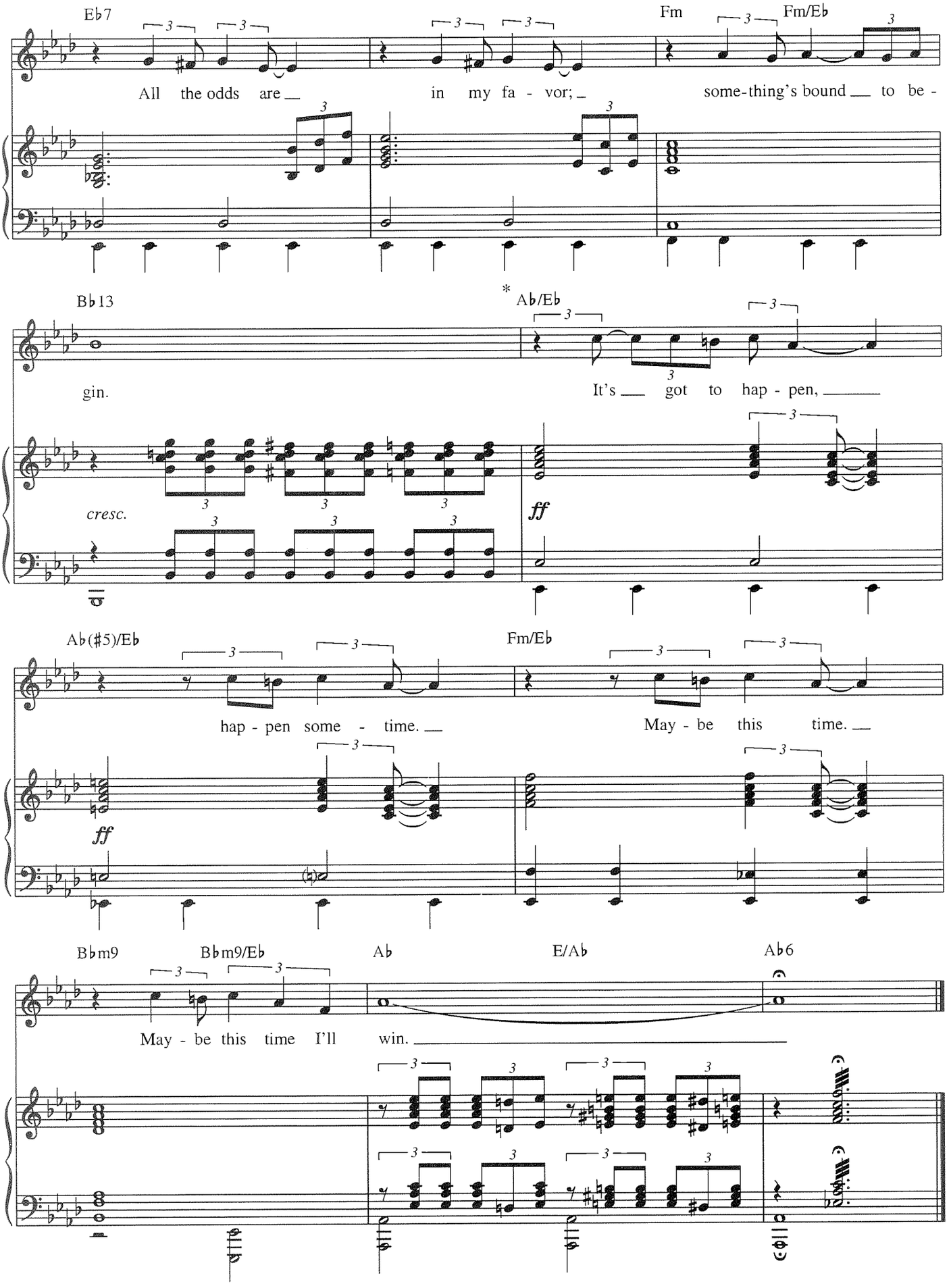

A♯dim/C♯
D7
E
E+
E(♭5)
E
way.
He will hold me fast.
mp
A9
D7
G9
I'll be home at last.
Not a los - er
C/G
Cm6/G
G
E9
A7
D9
an - y - more, like the last time and the time be - fore.
G
G+
G6
Ev - 'ry-bod - y
loves a win-ner
so no-bod-y loved
mf


G9
C
C+
me.
La - dy Peace - ful.
La - dy Hap - py.
C6
A#dim/C#
D7
That's what I long to be.
All the odds are
Em
A9
in my fa - vor;
some-thing's bound to be - gin.
G/D
G+/D#
Am7
Am7/D
It's got to hap-pen,
hap-pen some - time.
May-be this time I'll
cresc.


Steadily building
G
Eb7
Ab
Ab+
win.
Ev - 'ry-bod-y
loves a win-ner
f
Ab6
Ab9
Ab7
so no - bod - y loved me.
Db
Db+
La - dy Peace - ful.
La - dy Hap - py.
Db6
Bdim/D
That's what I long to be.

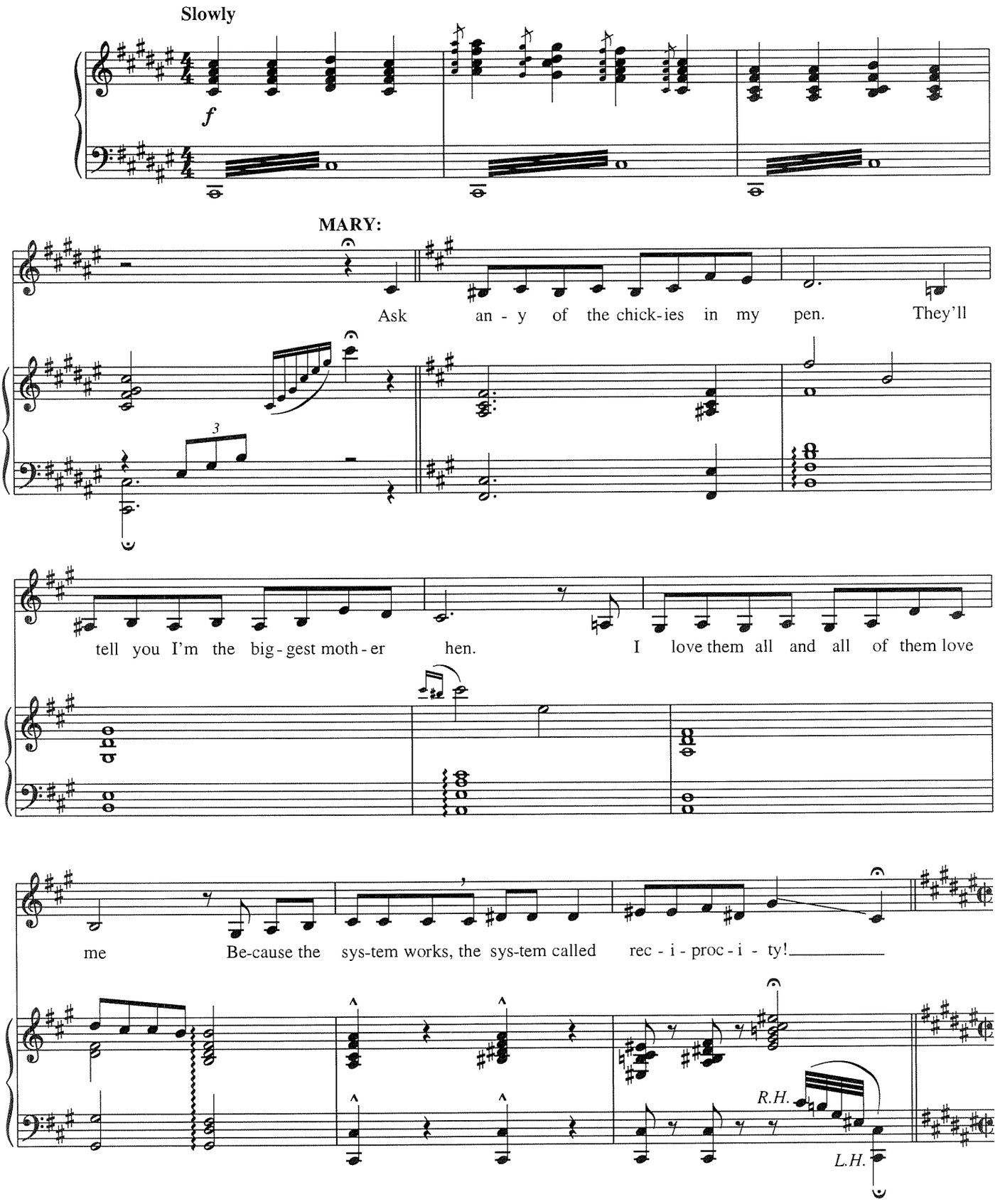


** In the 1998 Broadway Revival this final section was performed in an understated, soft way.*

WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA

from *Chicago*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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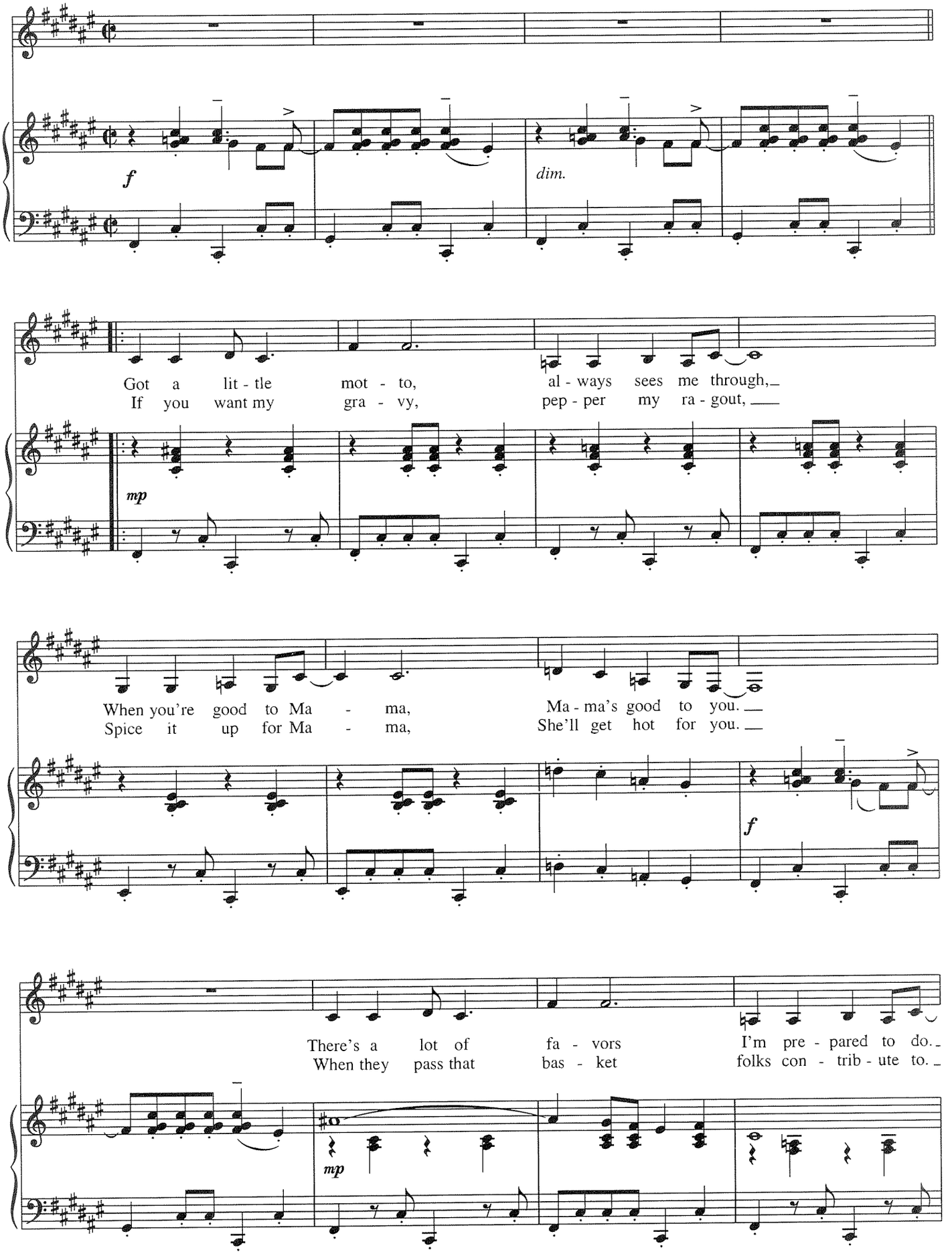
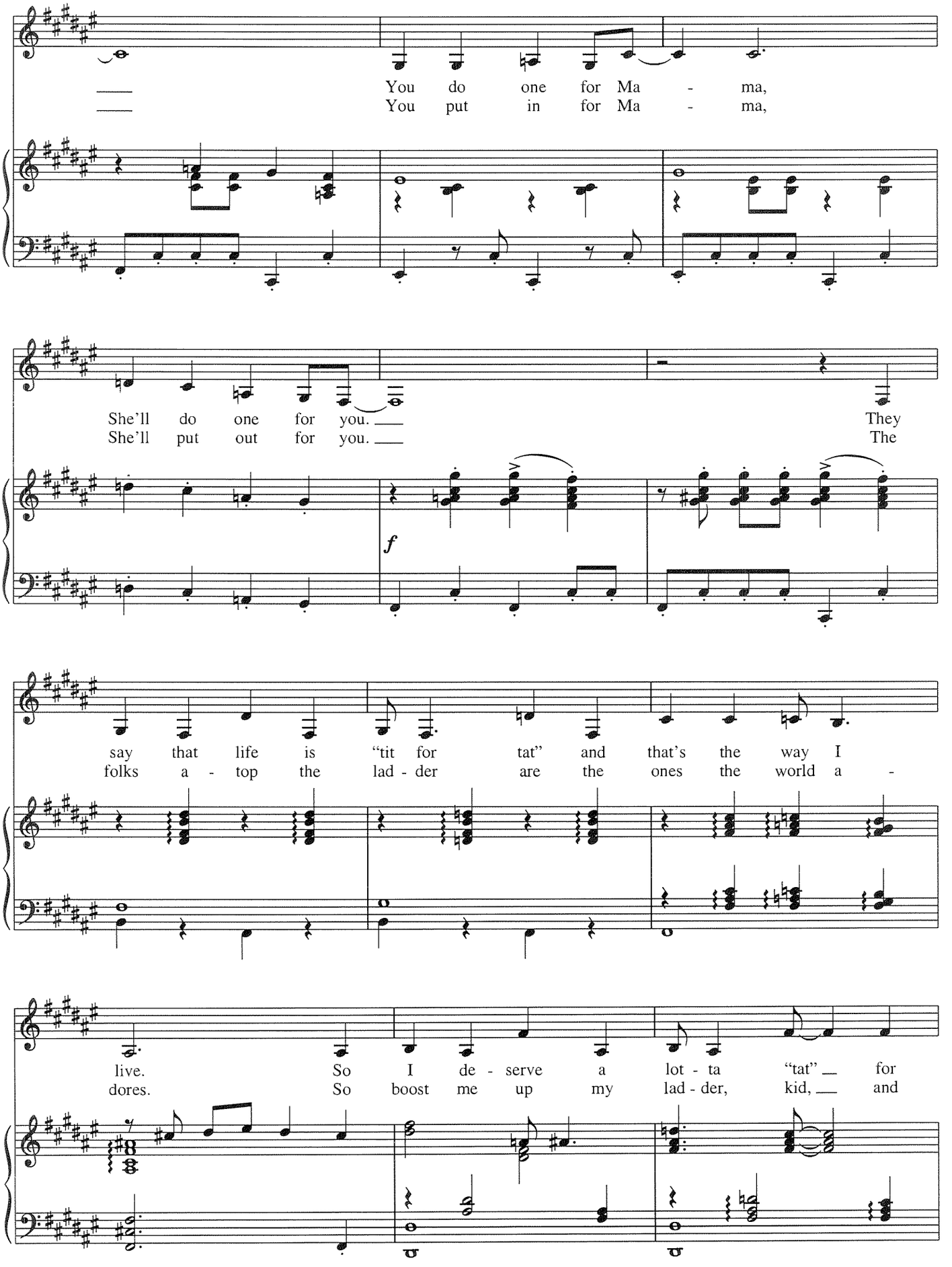
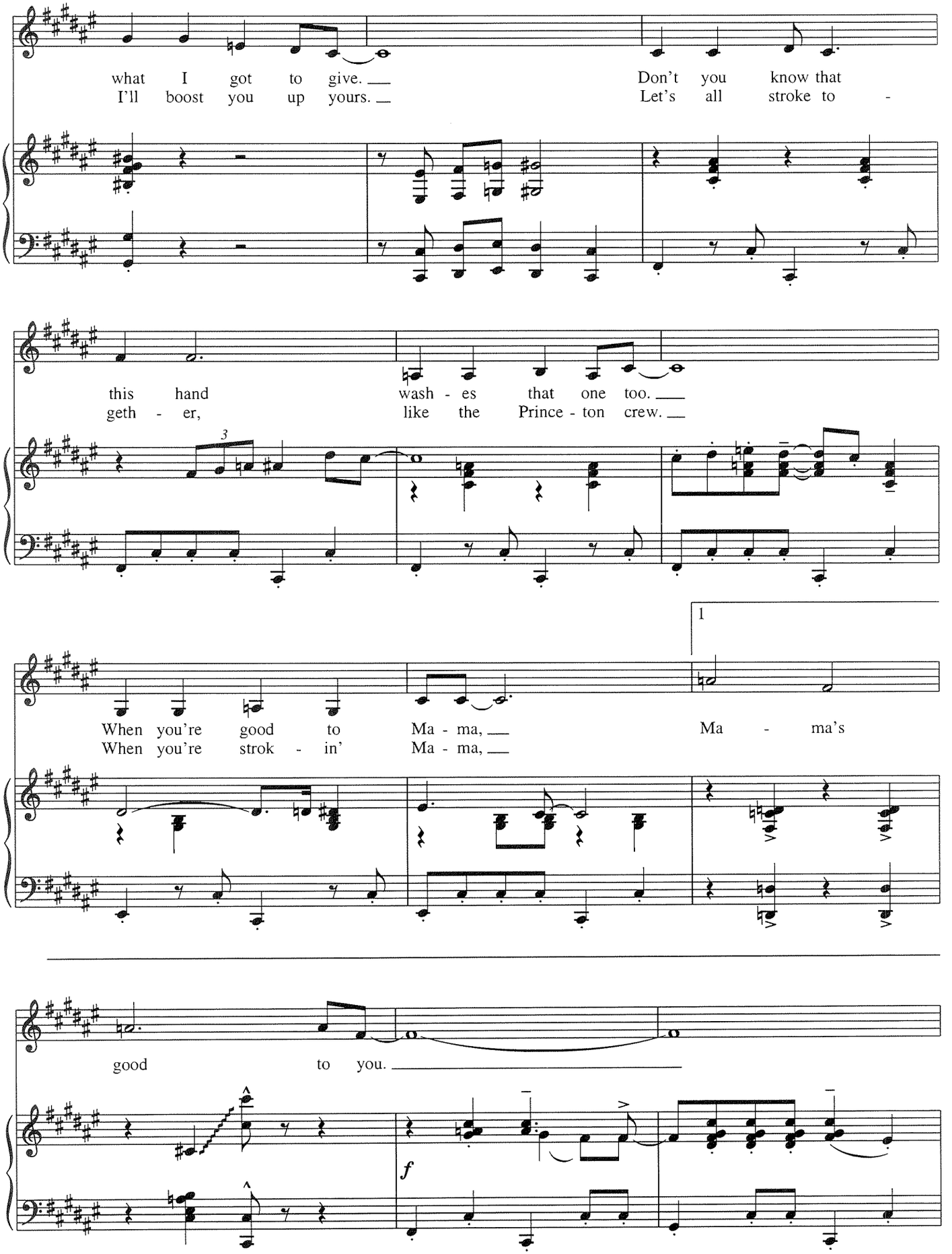
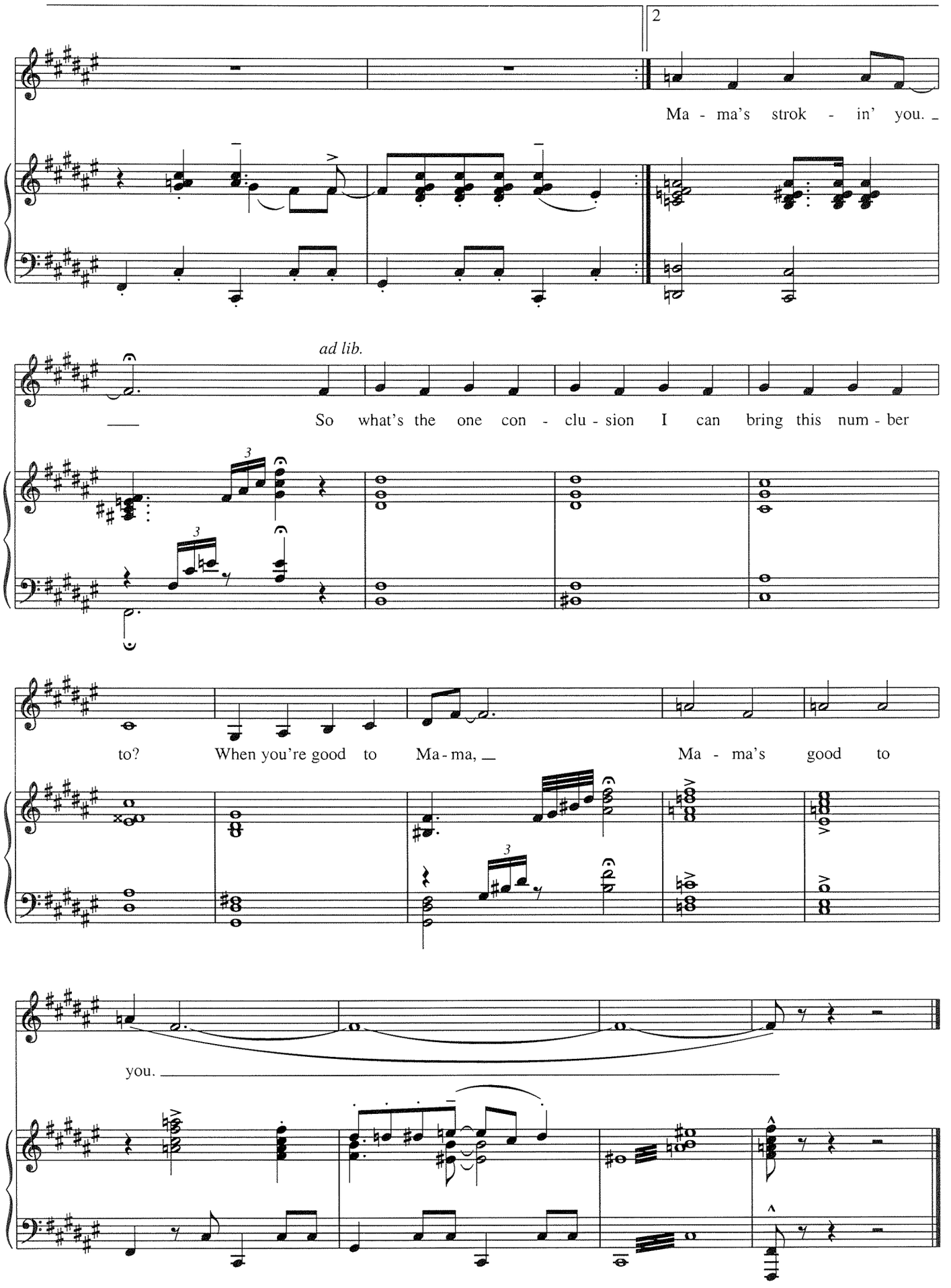

f
dim.
Got a lit - tle mot - to, al - ways sees me through,
If you want my gra - vy, pep - per my ra - gout,
mp
When you're good to Ma - ma, Ma - ma's good to you.
Spice it up for Ma - ma, She'll get hot for you.
f
There's a lot of fa - vors I'm pre - pared to do.
When they pass that bas - ket folks con - trib - ute to.
mp

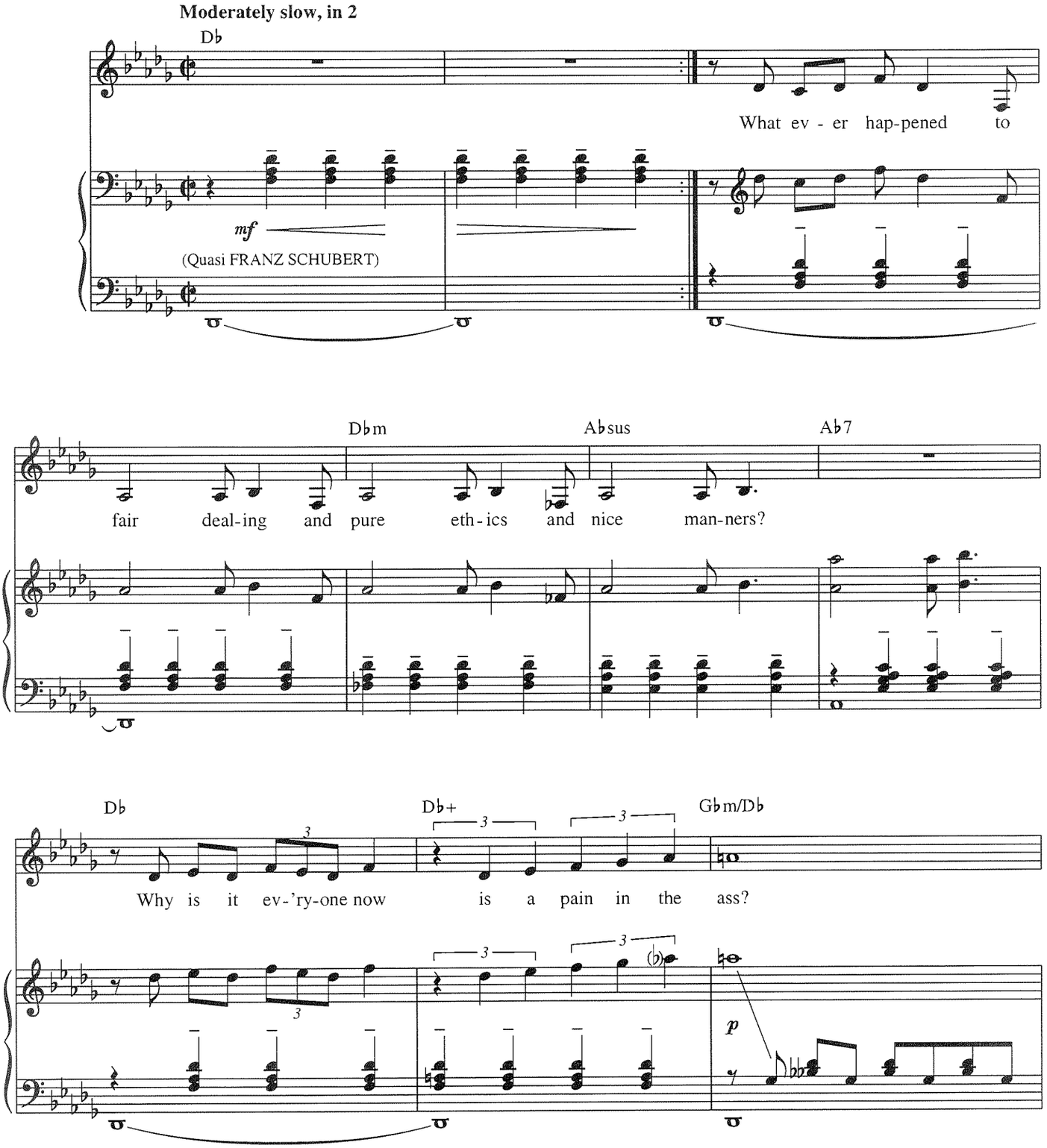

You do one for Ma - ma,
You put in for Ma - ma,
She'll do one for you.
She'll put out for you.
They
The
f
say that life is "tit for tat" and that's the way I
folks a - top the lad - der are the ones the world a -
live.
dores.
So I de - serve a lot - ta "tat" for
So boost me up my lad - der, kid, and


what I got to give.
I'll boost you up yours.
Don't you know that
Let's all stroke to -
this hand
geth - er,
wash - es that one too.
like the Prince - ton crew.
3
1
When you're good to
When you're strok - in'
Ma - ma,
Ma - ma,
Ma - ma's
good to you.
f


2
Ma - ma's strok - in' you.
ad lib.
So what's the one con - clu - sion I can bring this num - ber
to? When you're good to Ma - ma, Ma - ma's good to
you.

CLASS
from *Chicago*

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



This number is a duet for Velma and Matron in the show; it has been adapted as a solo for this edition.

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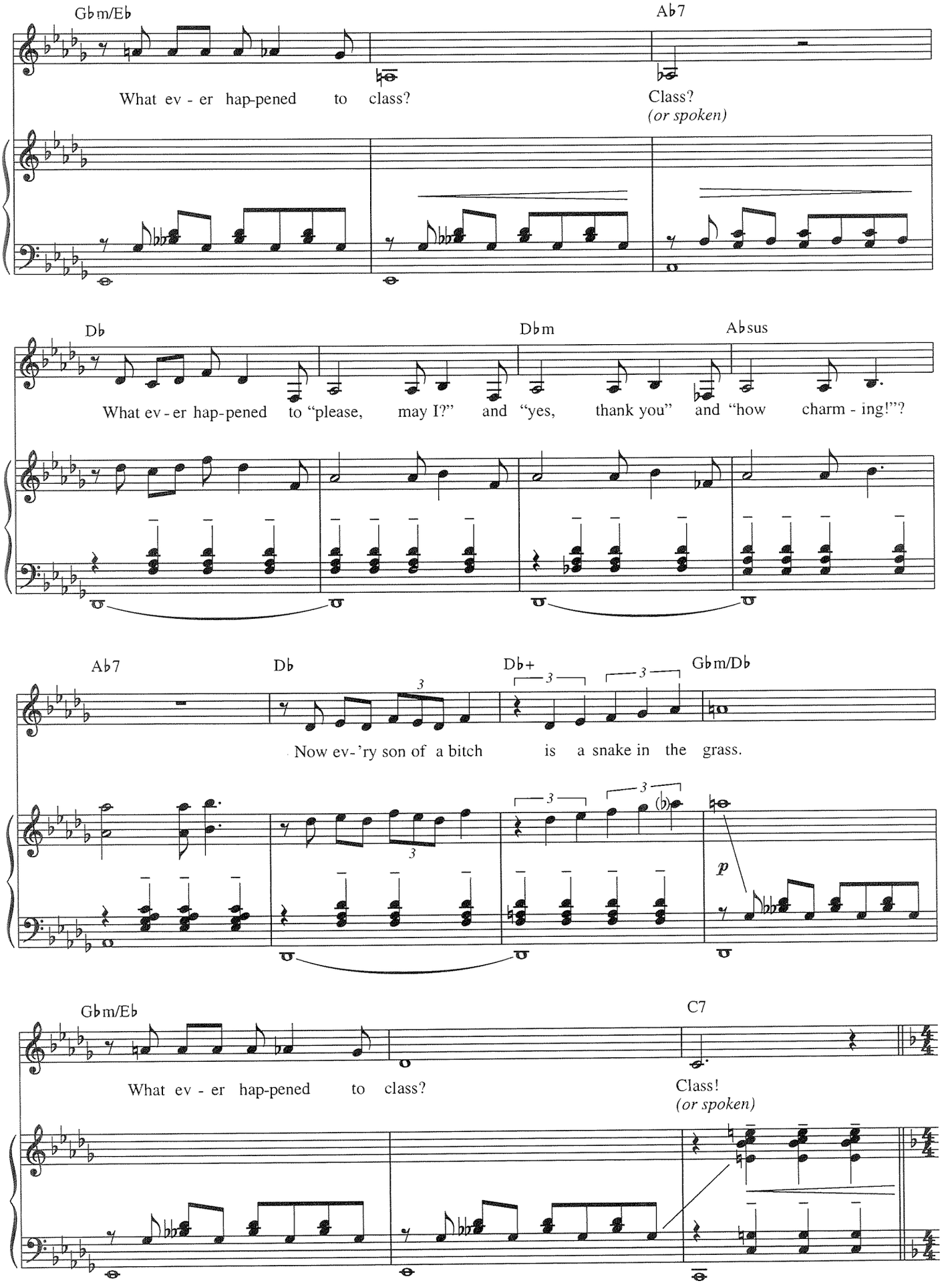
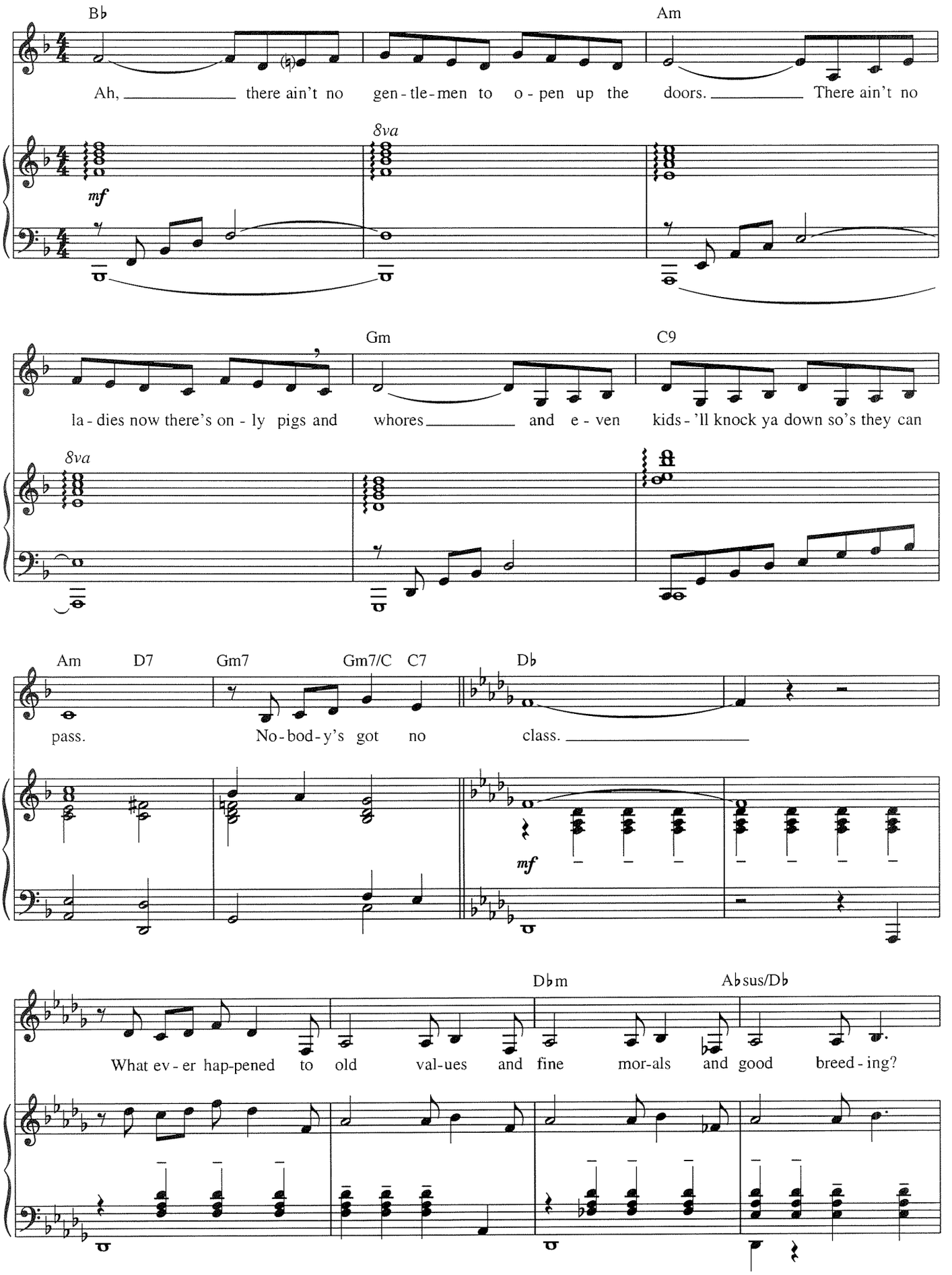
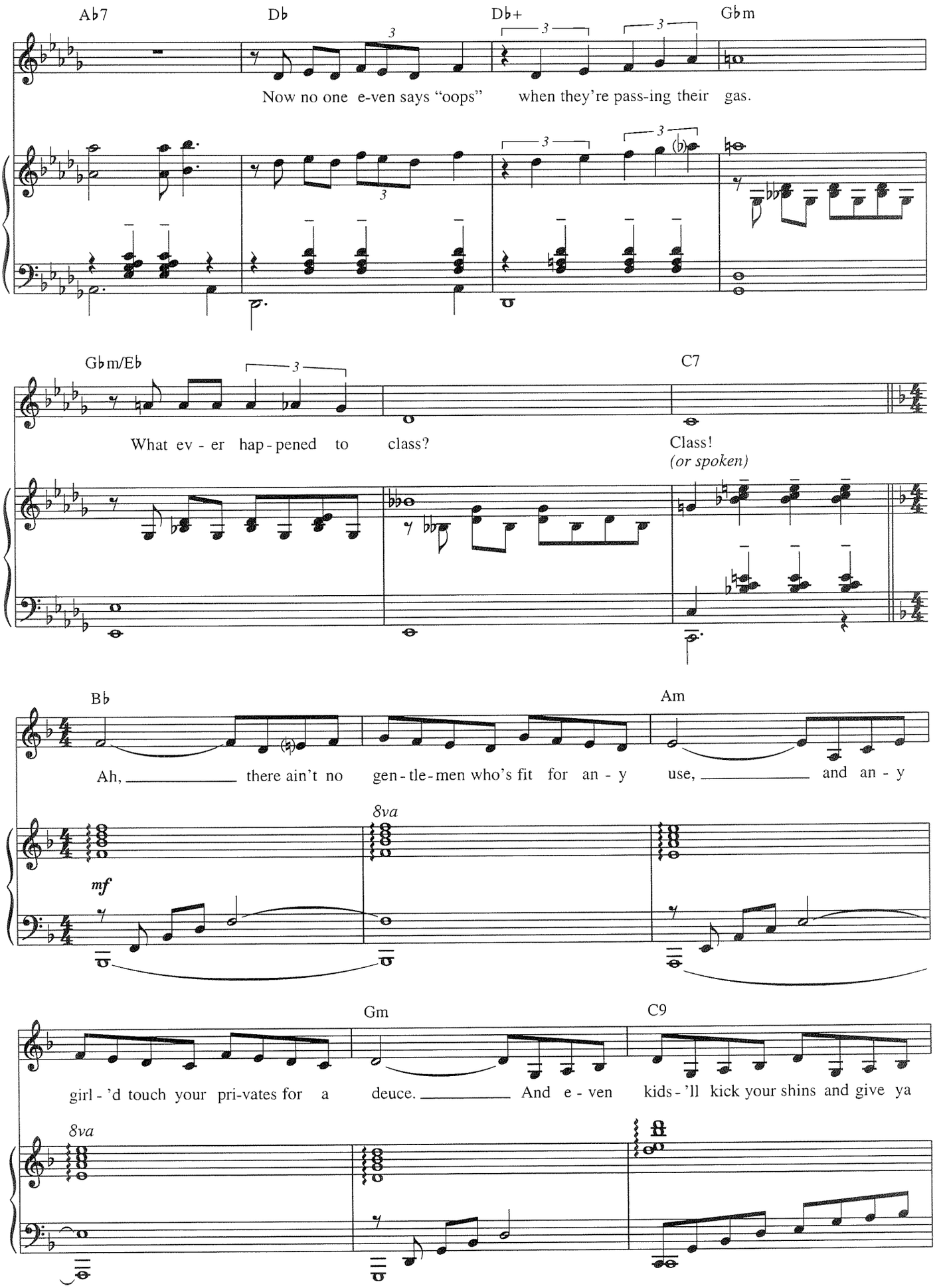
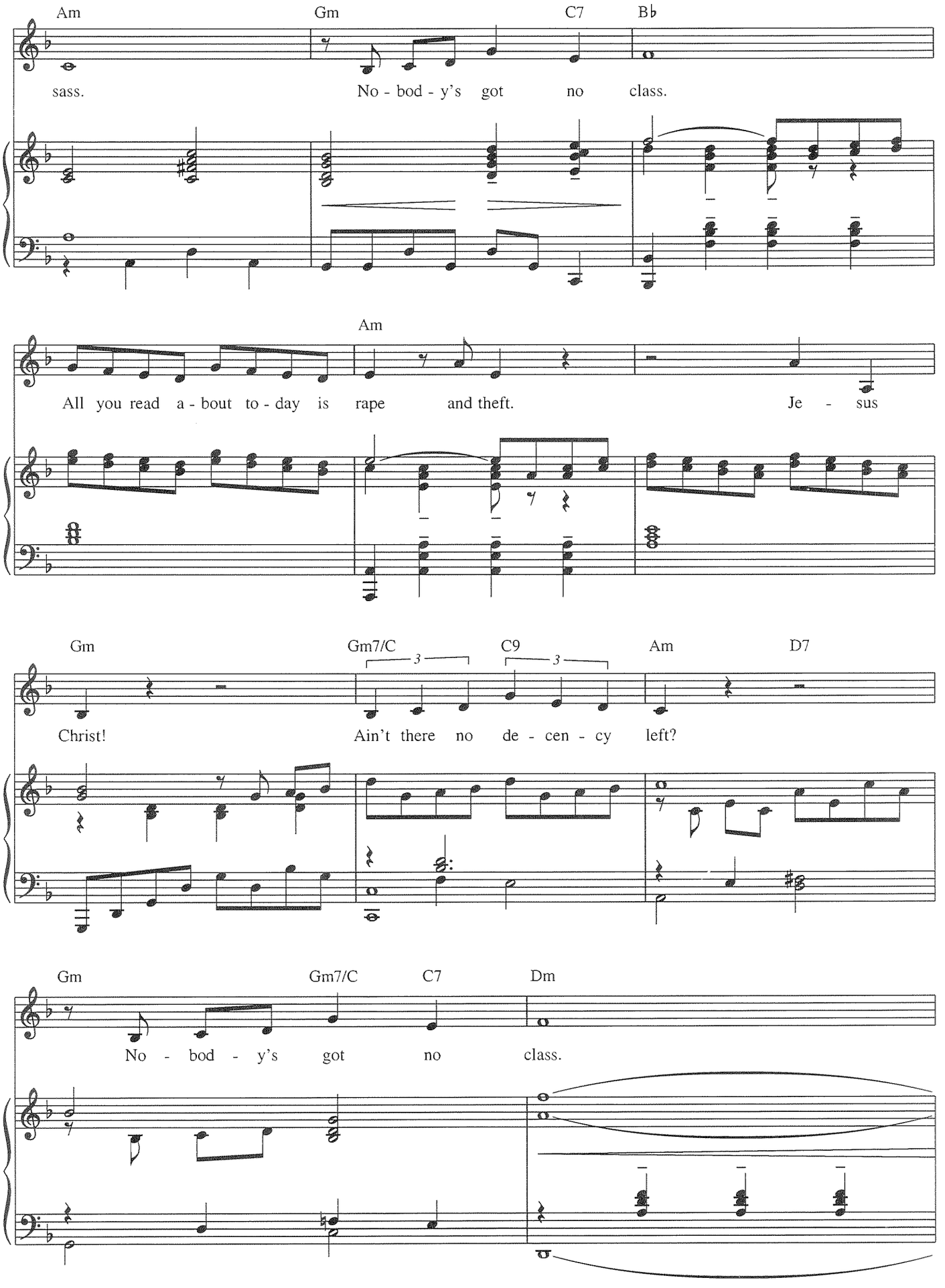
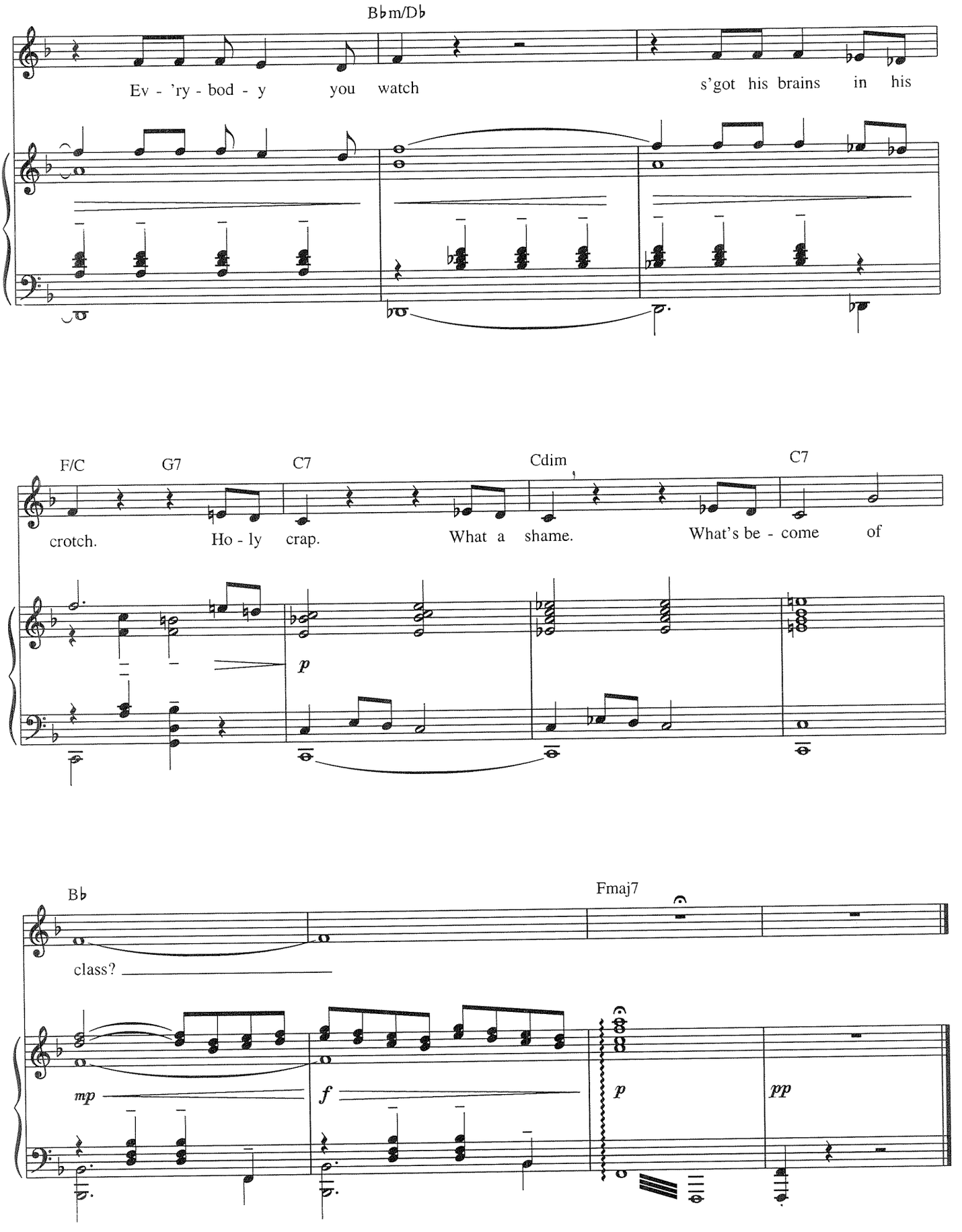

Gbm/Eb
Ab7
What ev - er hap-pened to class?
Class?
(or spoken)
Db
Dbm
Absus
What ev - er hap-pened to "please, may I?" and "yes, thank you" and "how charm - ing!"?
Ab7
Db
Db+
Gbm/Db
Now ev-'ry son of a bitch is a snake in the grass.
p
Gbm/Eb
C7
What ev - er hap-pened to class?
Class!
(or spoken)


B♭
Am
Ah, there ain't no gen-tle-men to o-pen up the doors. There ain't no
8va
mf
Gm
C9
la-dies now there's on-ly pigs and whores and e-ven kids-'ll knock ya down so's they can
8va
Am
D7
Gm7
Gm7/C
C7
D♭
pass.
No-bod-y's got no class.
mf
D♭m
A♭sus/D♭
What ev-er hap-pened to old val-ues and fine mor-als and good breed-ing?


Ab7
Db
Db+
Gbm
Now no one e-ven says "oops" when they're pass-ing their gas.
Gbm/Eb
C7
What ev - er hap - pened to class?
Class!
(or spoken)
Bb
Am
Ah, there ain't no gen - tle - men who's fit for an - y use, and an - y
8va
mf
Gm
C9
girl - 'd touch your pri-vates for a deuce. And e - ven kids - 'll kick your shins and give ya
8va


Am
Gm
C7
B♭
sass.
No - bod - y's got no class.
Am
All you read a - bout to - day is rape and theft.
Je - sus
Gm
Gm7/C
C9
Am
D7
Christ!
Ain't there no de - cen - cy left?
Gm
Gm7/C
C7
Dm
No - bod - y's got no class.

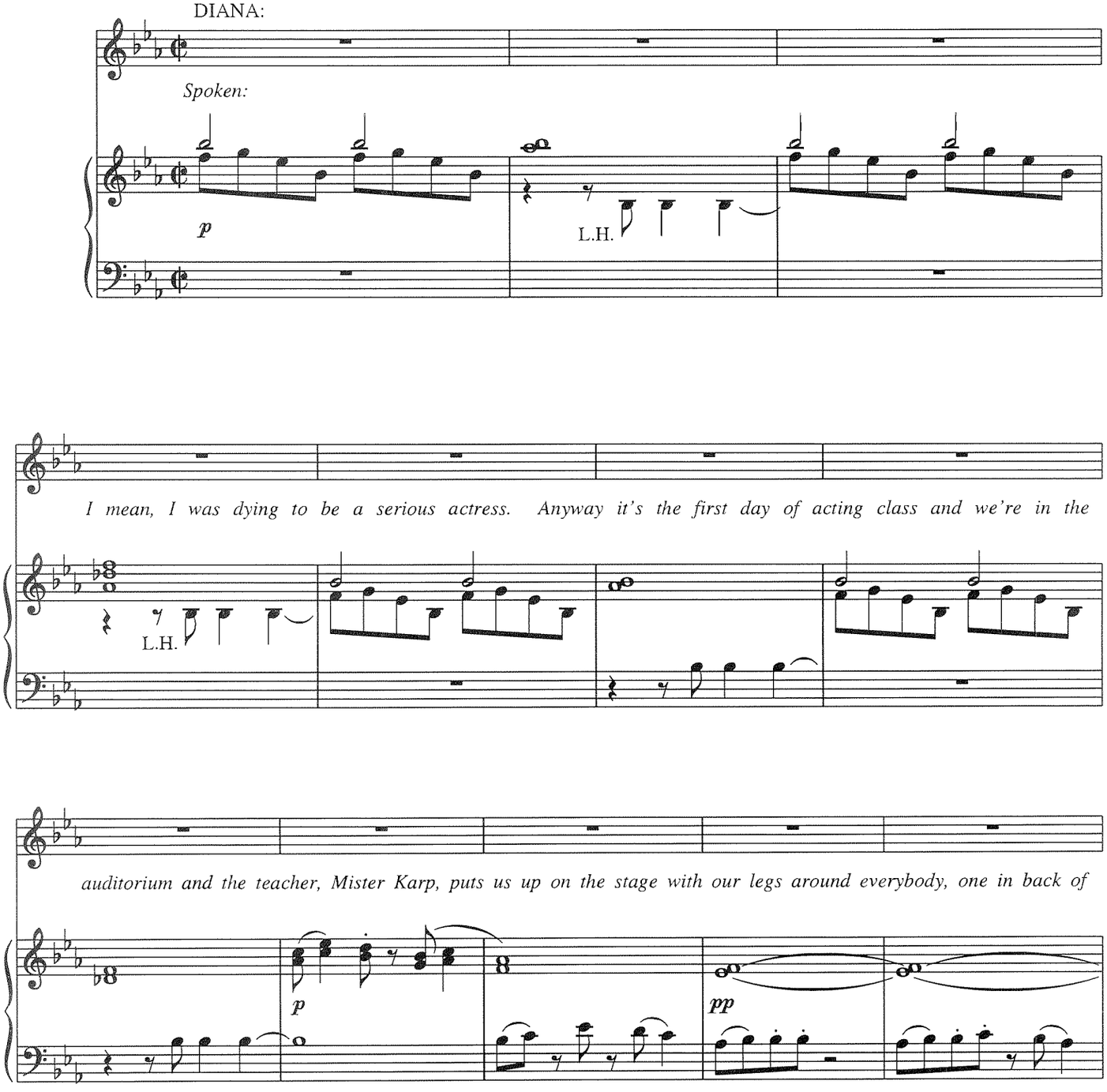

B♭m/D♭
Ev - 'ry - bod - y you watch s'got his brains in his
F/C G7 C7 Cdim C7
crotch. Ho - ly crap. What a shame. What's be - come of
p
B♭ Fmaj7
class?
mp f p pp

NOTHING
from *A Chorus Line*

Words by EDWARD KLEBAN
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Easy 2 - Rock feel

DIANA:



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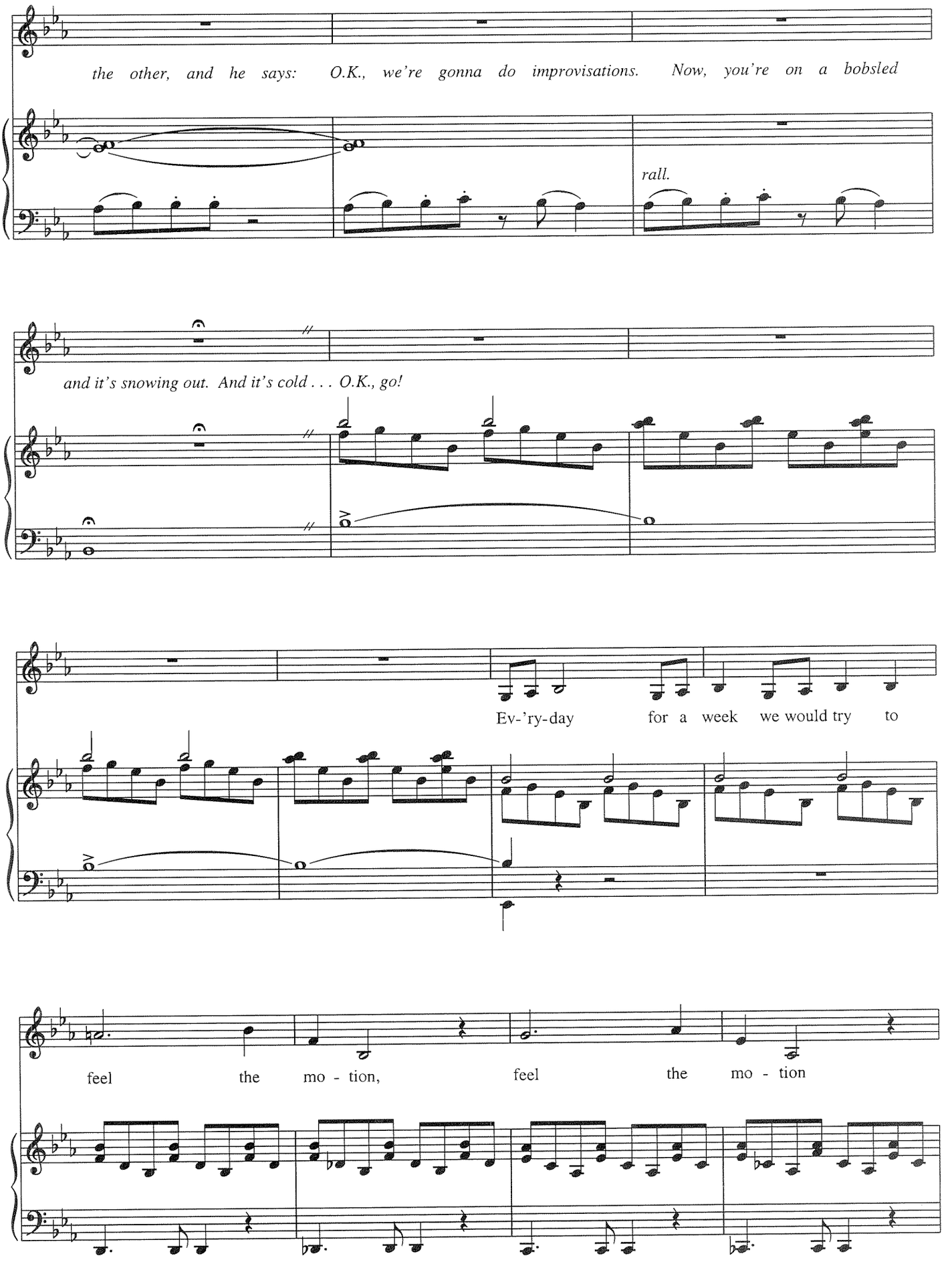
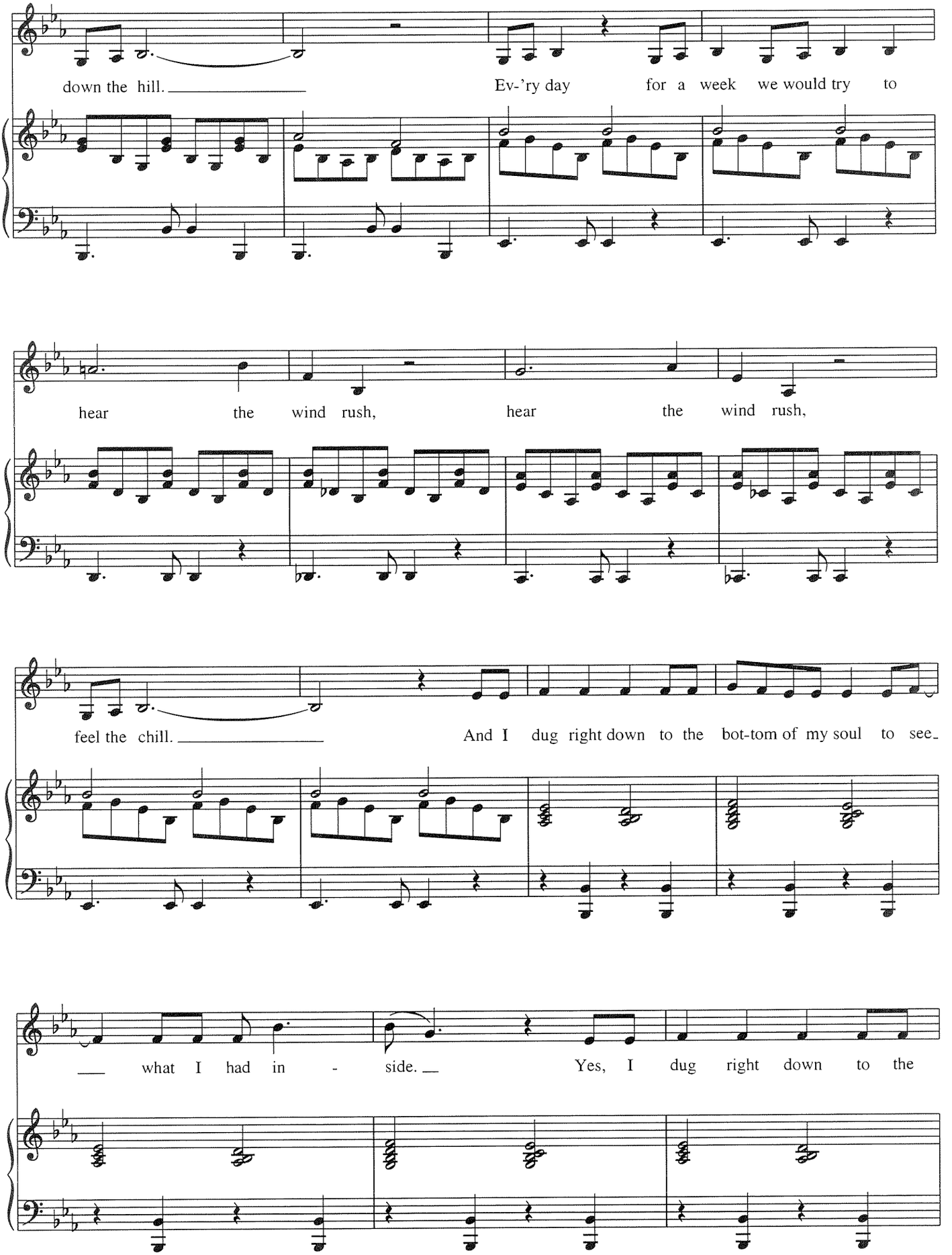
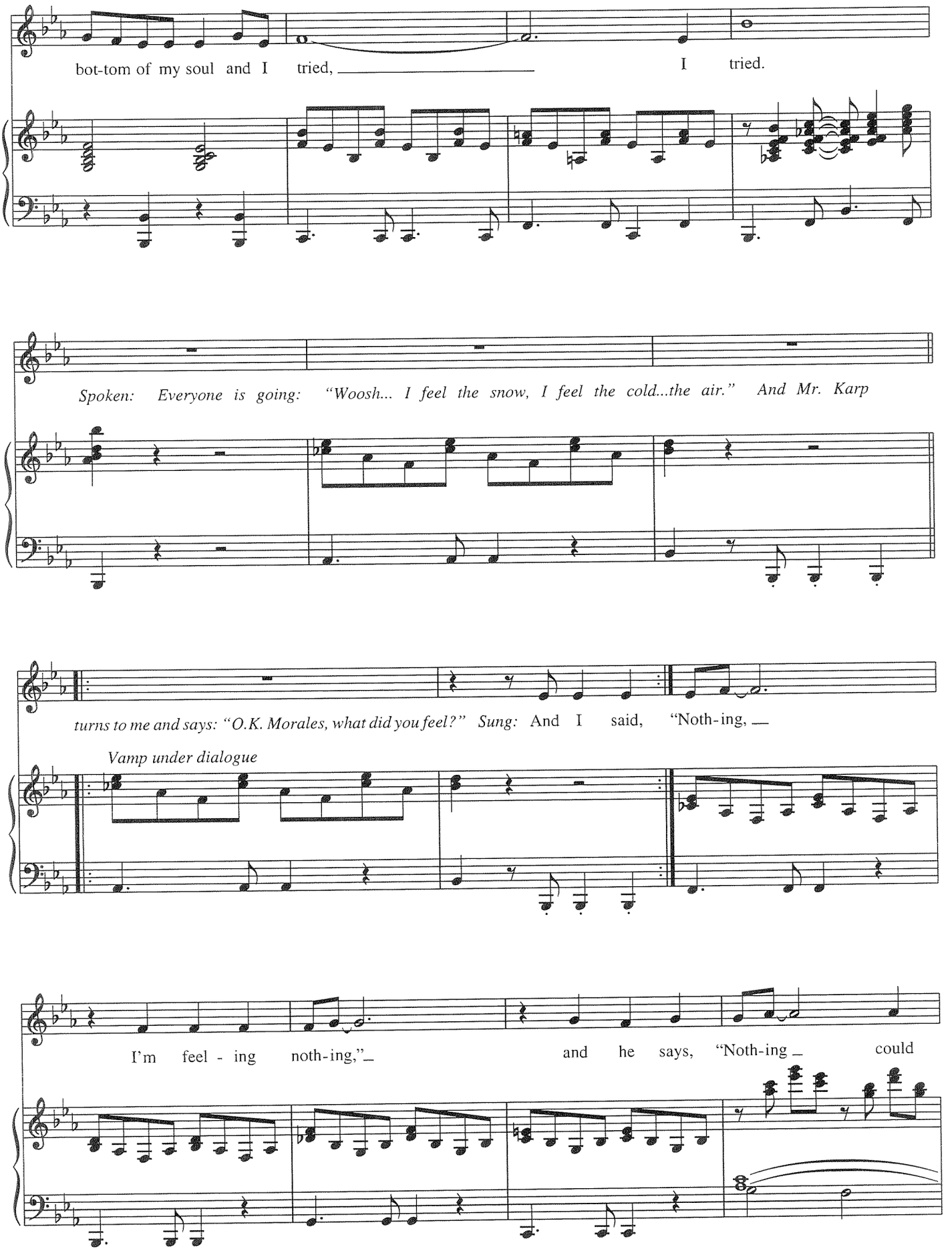
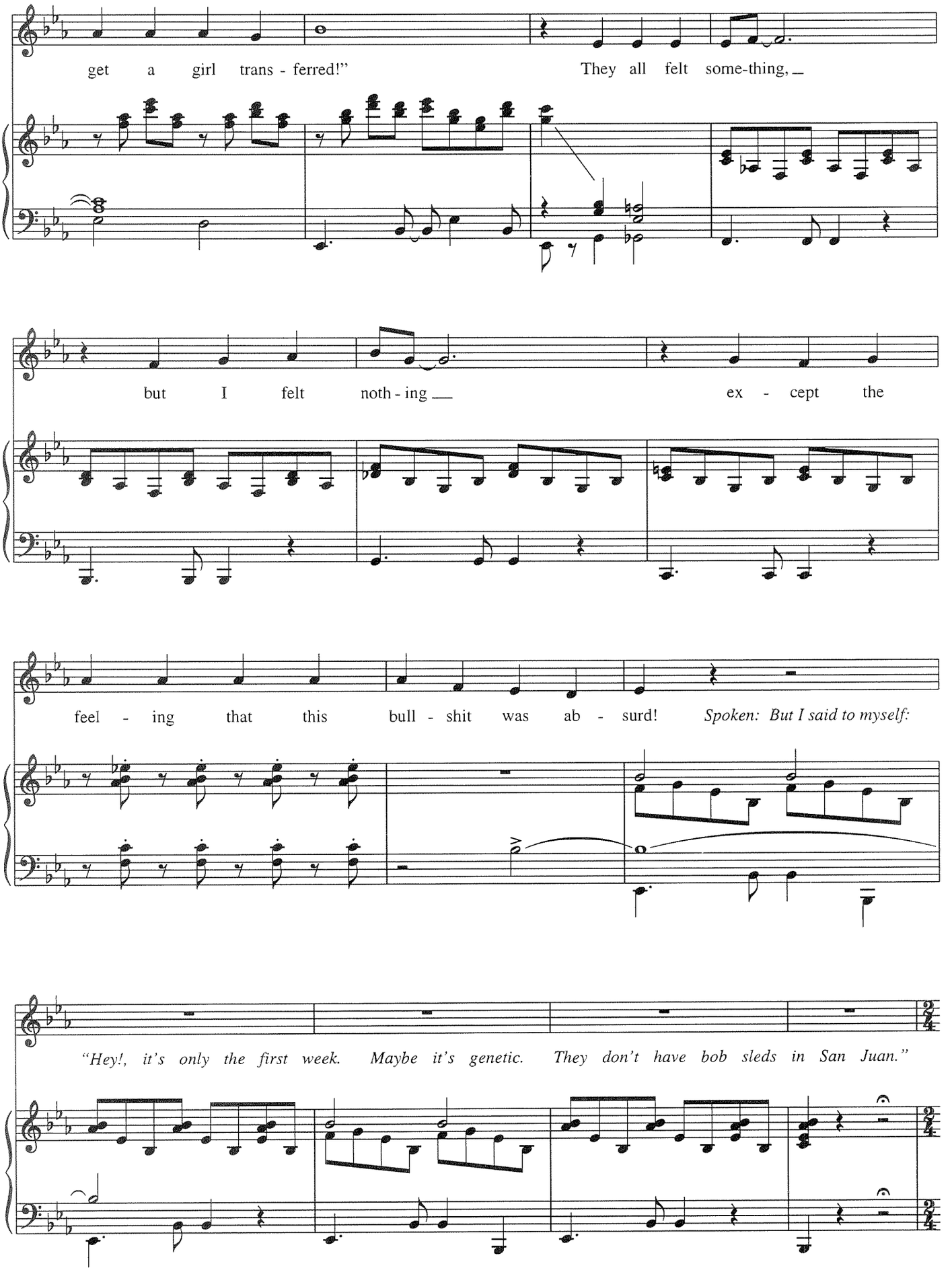
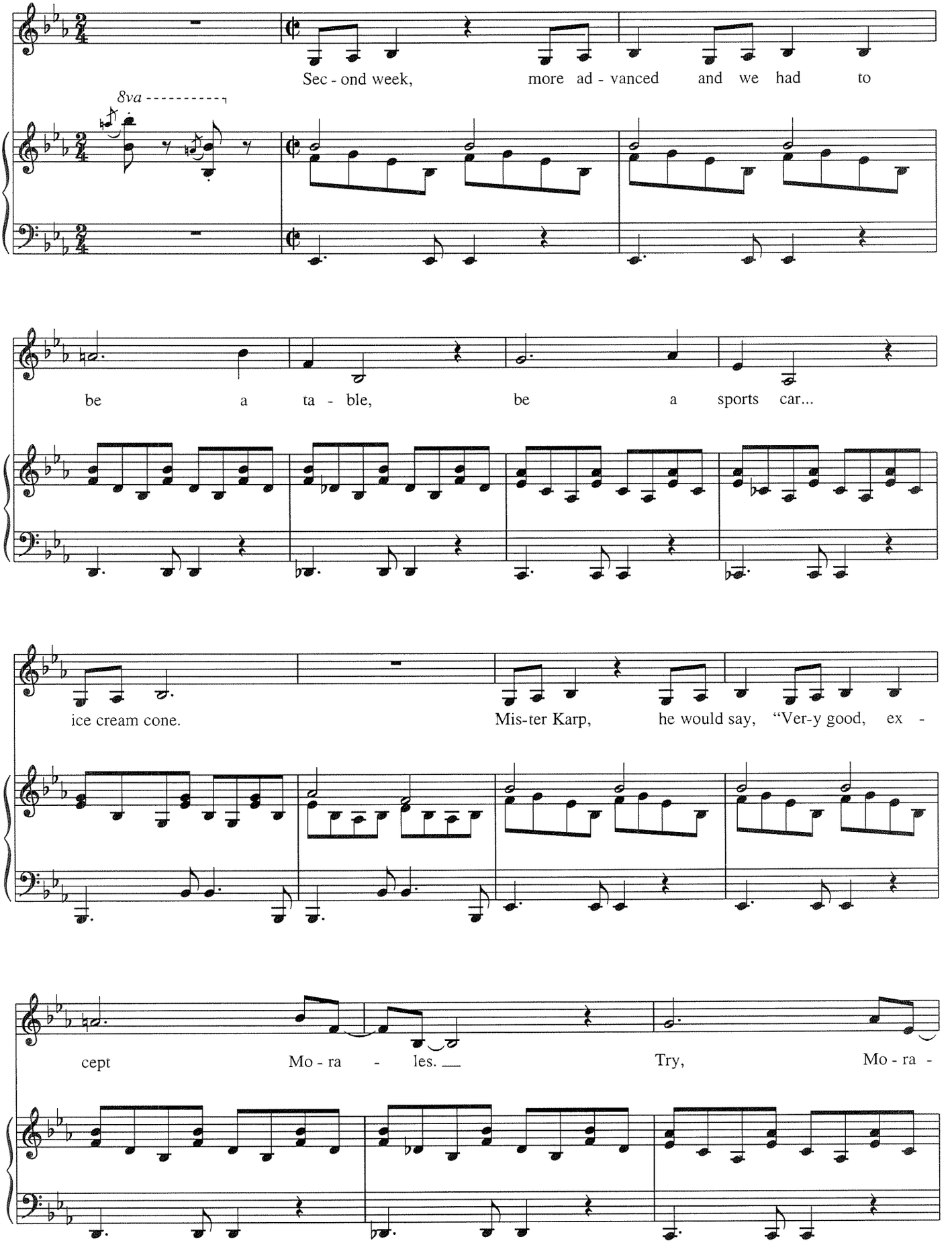
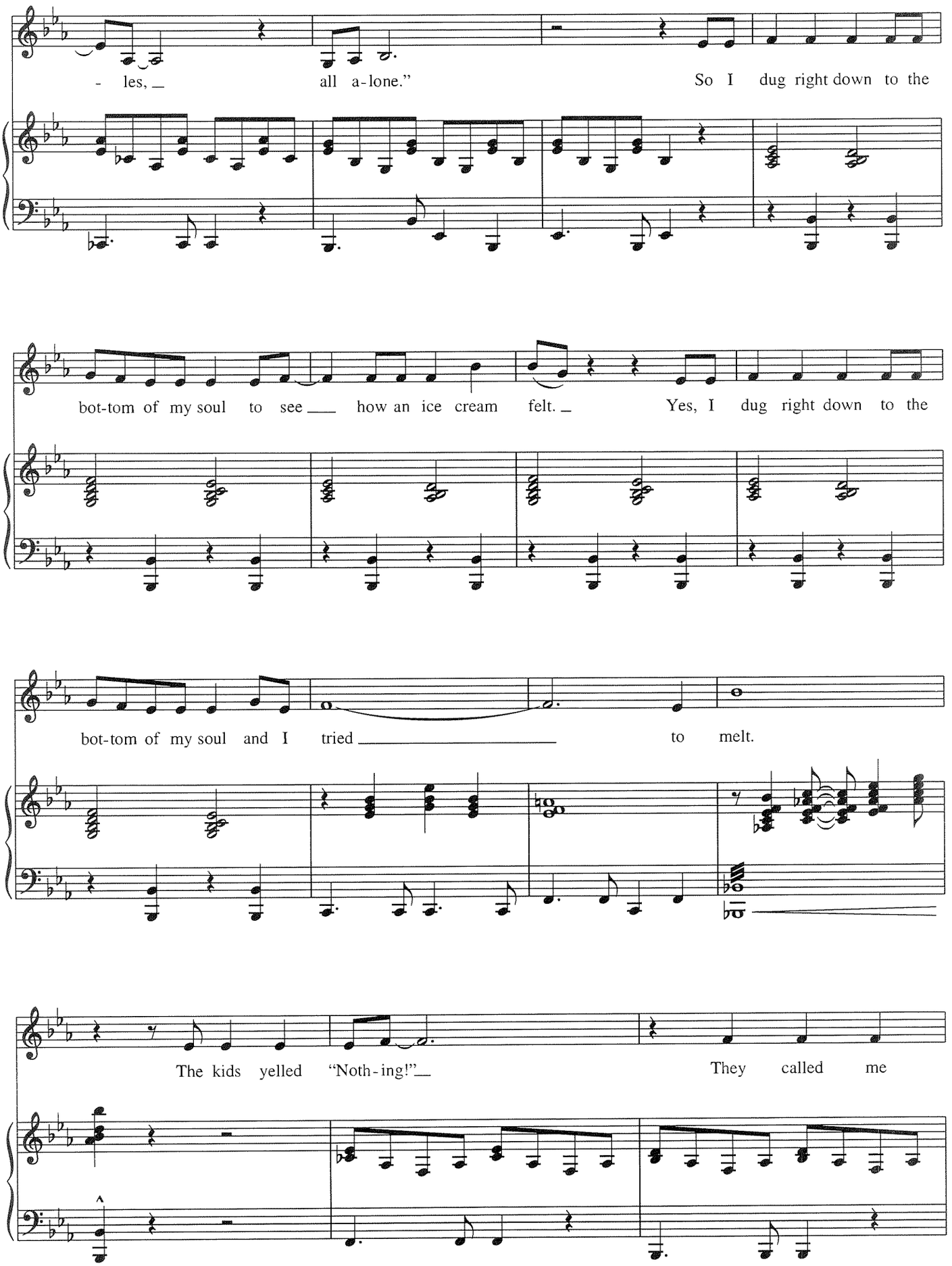

the other, and he says: O.K., we're gonna do improvisations. Now, you're on a bobsled
rall.
and it's snowing out. And it's cold . . . O.K., go!
Ev-'ry-day for a week we would try to
feel the mo - tion, feel the mo - tion

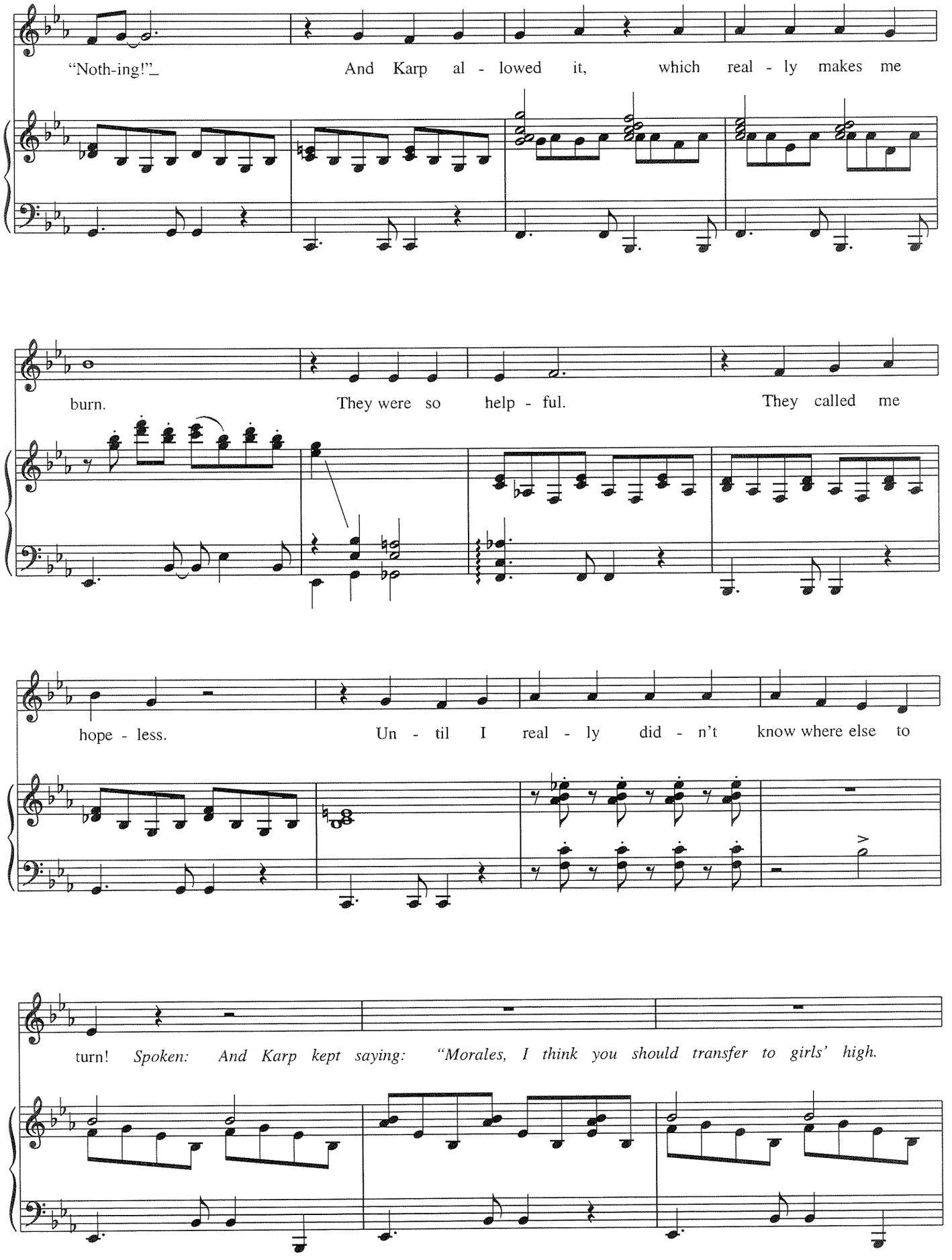

down the hill.
Ev-'ry day for a week we would try to
hear the wind rush, hear the wind rush,
feel the chill.
And I dug right down to the bot-tom of my soul to see
what I had in - side.
Yes, I dug right down to the

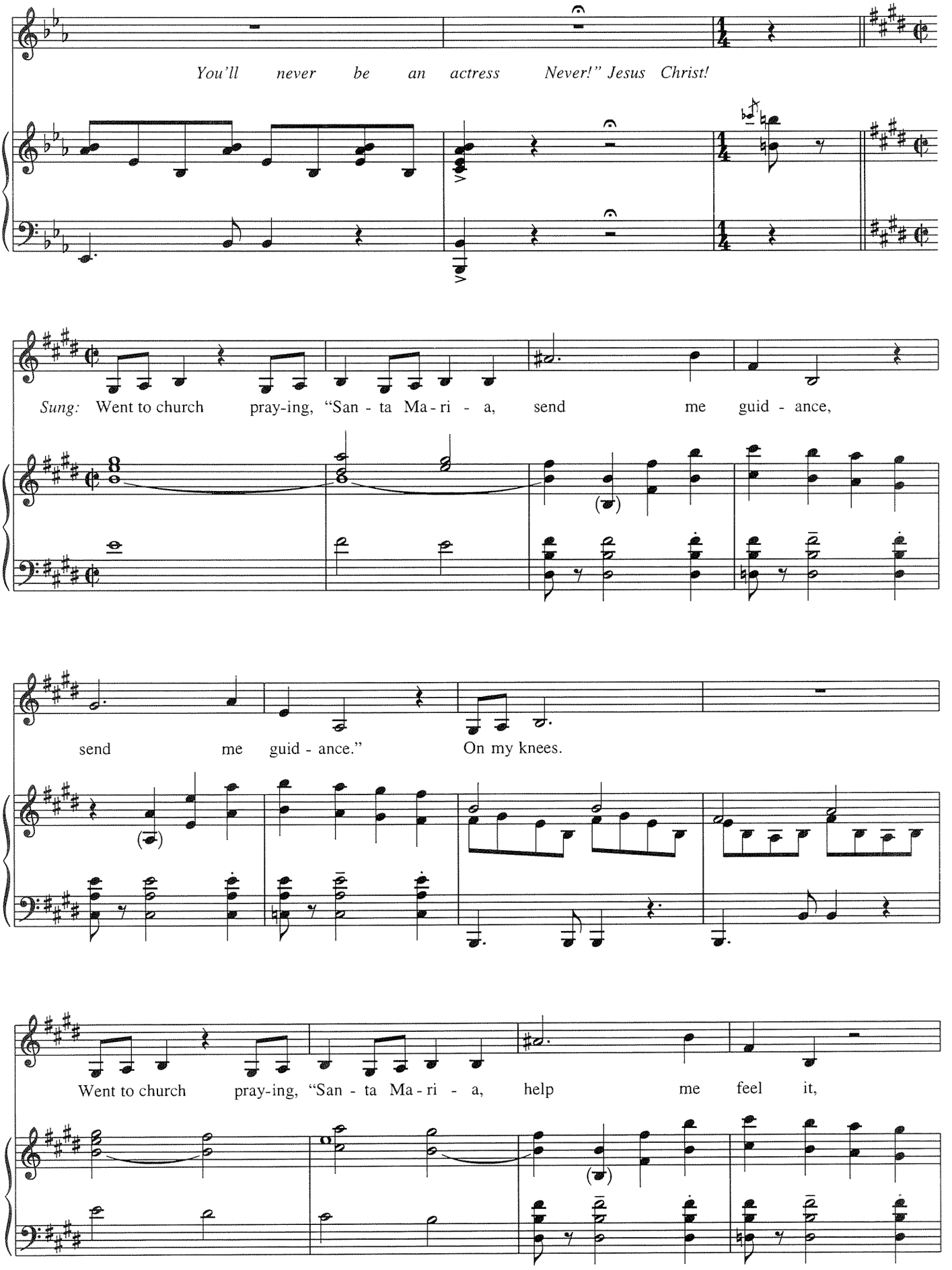

bot-tom of my soul and I tried, I tried.
Spoken: Everyone is going: "Woosh... I feel the snow, I feel the cold...the air." And Mr. Karp
turns to me and says: "O.K. Morales, what did you feel?" Sung: And I said, "Noth-ing,
Vamp under dialogue
I'm feel - ing noth-ing," and he says, "Noth-ing could

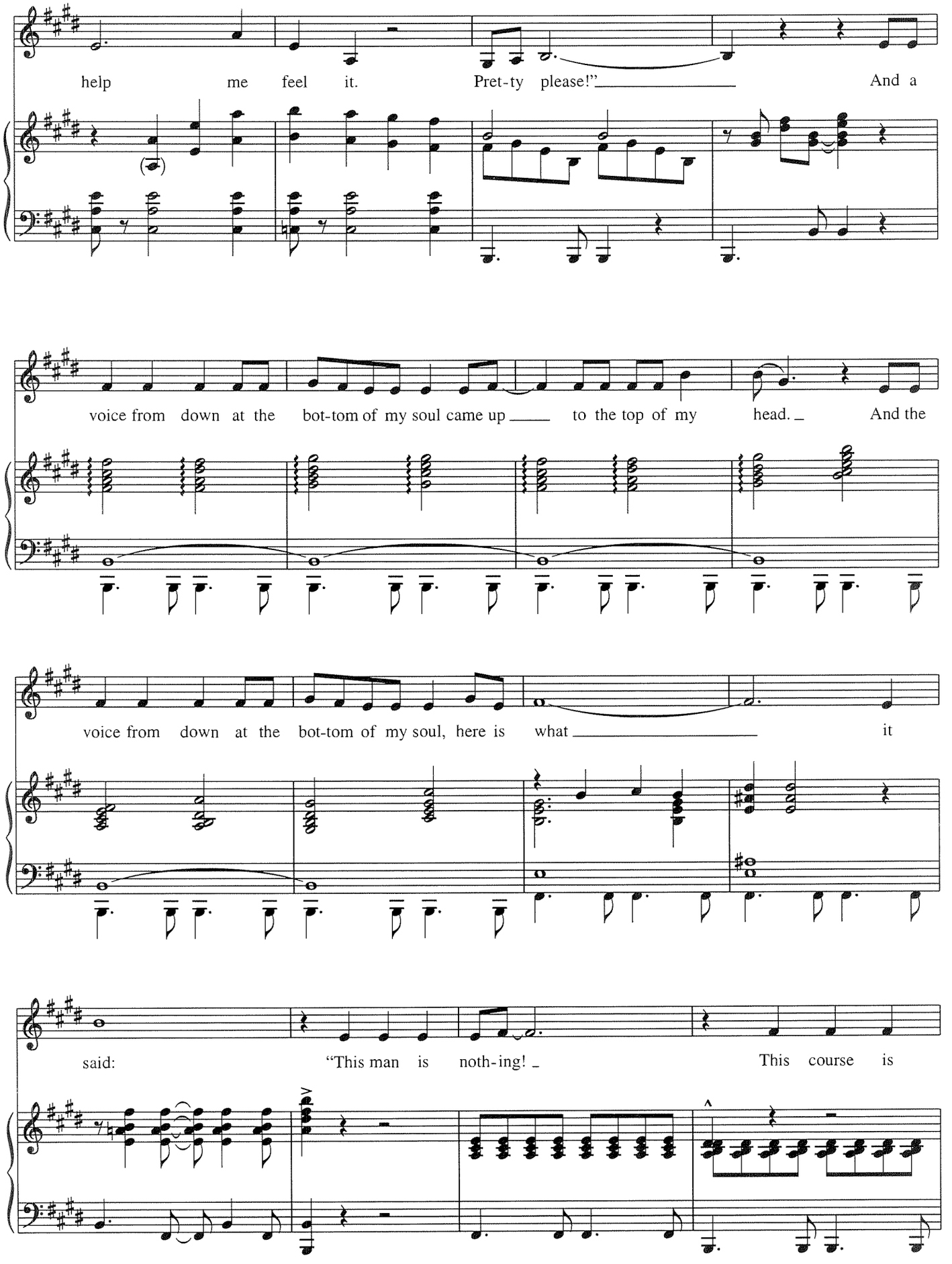

get a girl trans - ferred!"
They all felt some-thing, _
but I felt noth - ing __
ex - cept the
feel - ing that this bull - shit was ab - surd!
Spoken: But I said to myself:
"Hey!, it's only the first week. Maybe it's genetic. They don't have bob sleds in San Juan."

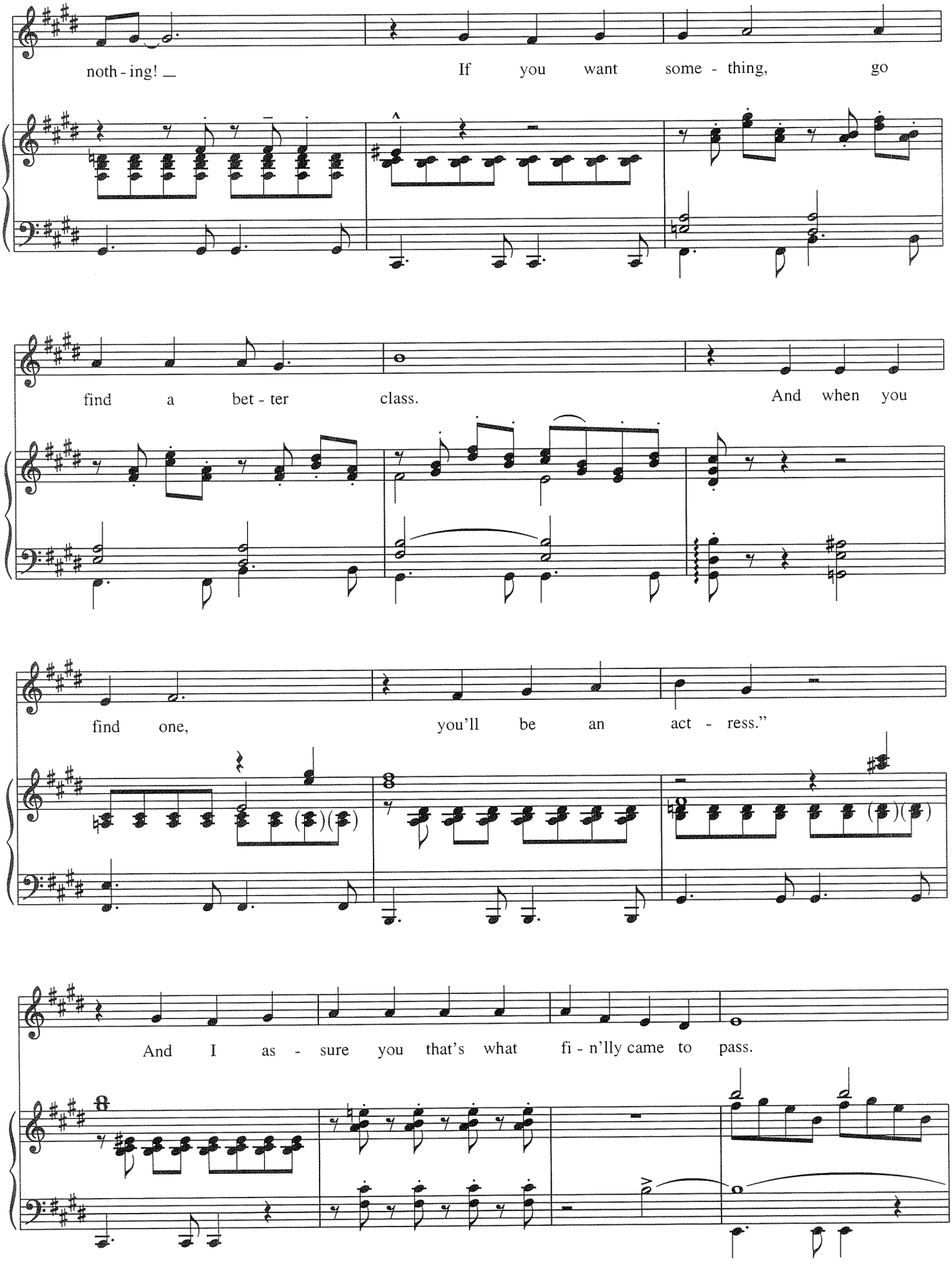

8va
Sec - ond week, more ad - vanced and we had to
be a ta - ble, be a sports car...
ice cream cone. Mis-ter Karp, he would say, "Ver-y good, ex -
cept Mo - ra - les. Try, Mo - ra -

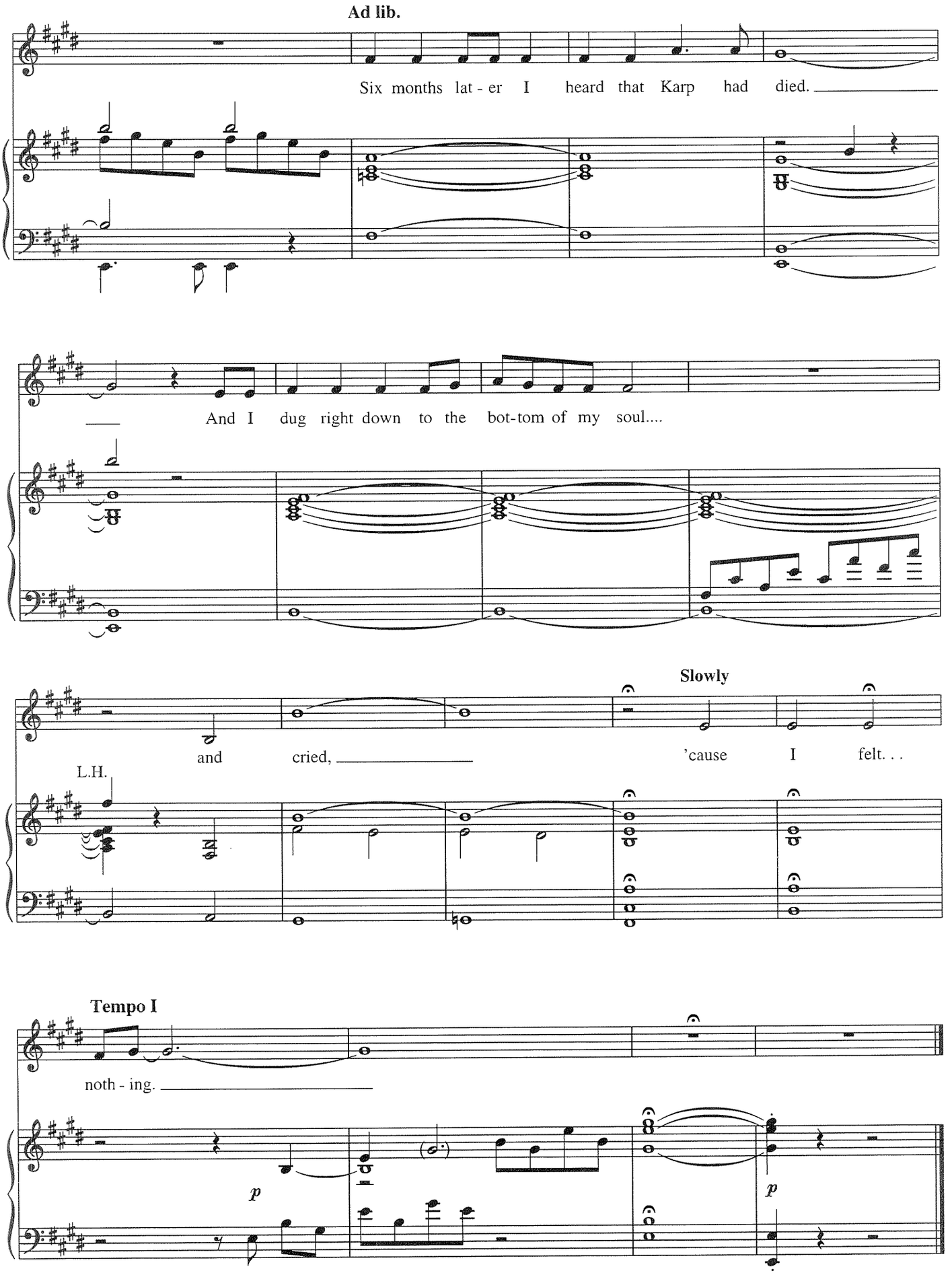

- les, _ all a-lone." So I dug right down to the
bot-tom of my soul to see ___ how an ice cream felt. _ Yes, I dug right down to the
bot-tom of my soul and I tried _____ to melt.
The kids yelled "Noth-ing!"__ They called me


"Noth-ing!"_ And Karp al - lowed it, which real - ly makes me
burn. They were so help - ful. They called me
hope - less. Un - til I real - ly did - n't know where else to
turn! *Spoken: And Karp kept saying: "Morales, I think you should transfer to girls' high.*


You'll never be an actress Never!" Jesus Christ!
Sung: Went to church pray-ing, "San - ta Ma - ri - a, send me guid - ance,
send me guid - ance." On my knees.
Went to church pray-ing, "San - ta Ma - ri - a, help me feel it,


help me feel it. Pret-ty please!" And a
voice from down at the bot-tom of my soul came up to the top of my head. And the
voice from down at the bot-tom of my soul, here is what it
said: "This man is noth-ing! This course is

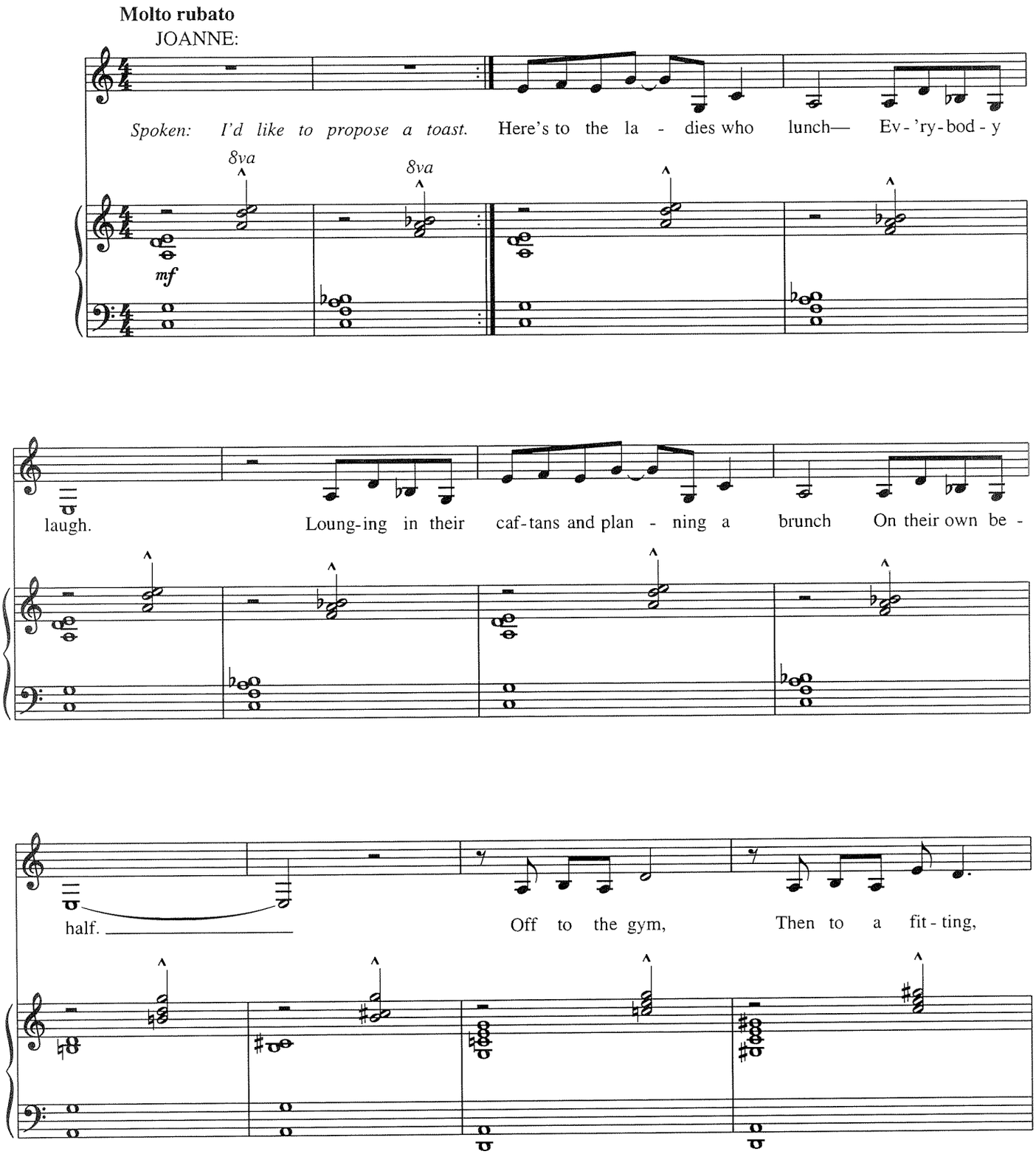

noth - ing! _
If you want some - thing, go
find a bet - ter class.
And when you
find one,
you'll be an act - ress."
And I as - sure you that's what fi - n'lly came to pass.


Ad lib.
Six months lat - er I heard that Karp had died.
And I dug right down to the bot-tom of my soul....
Slowly
and cried,
'cause I felt. . .
L.H.
Tempo I
noth - ing.
p
p

THE LADIES WHO LUNCH

from *Company*

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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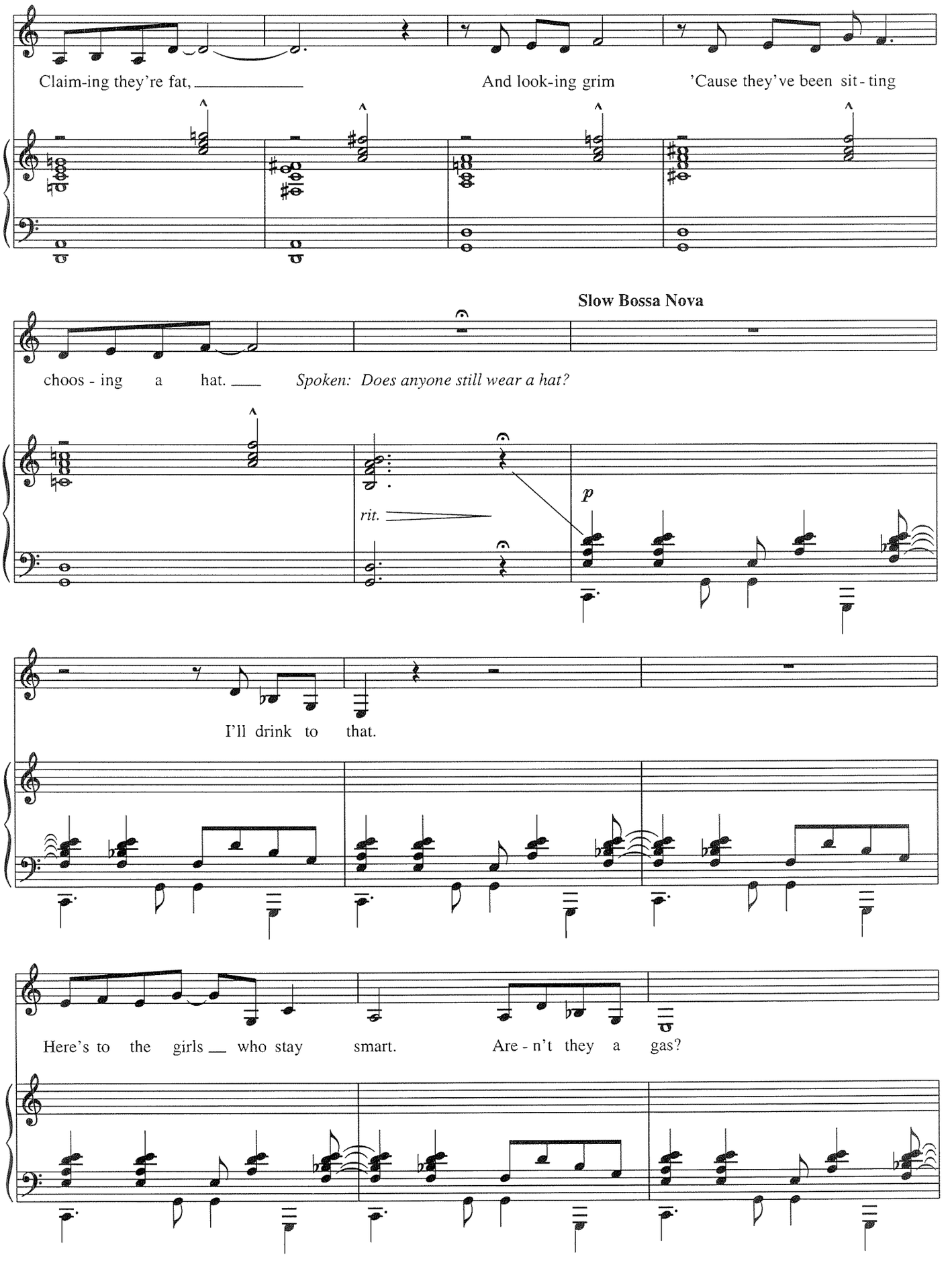
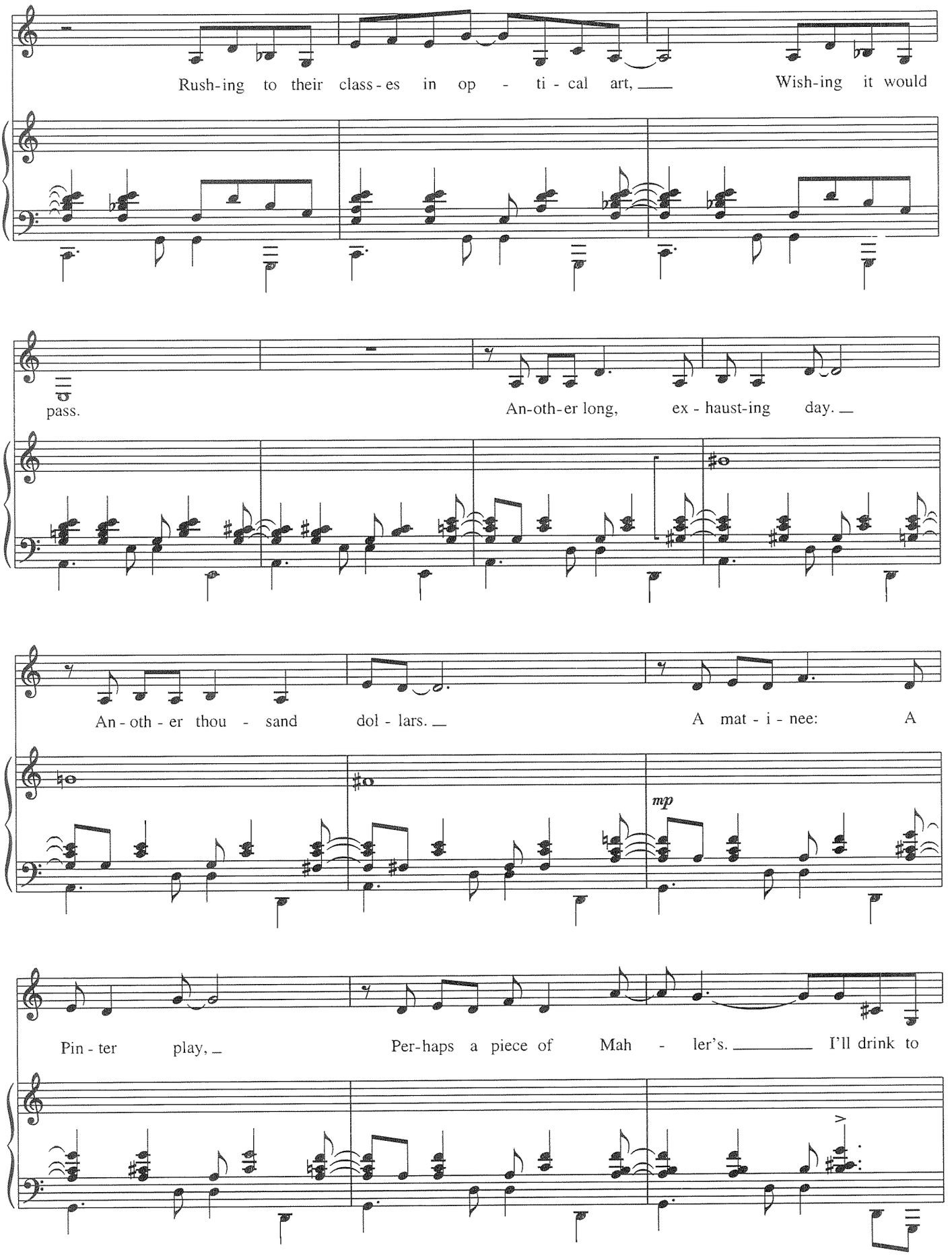
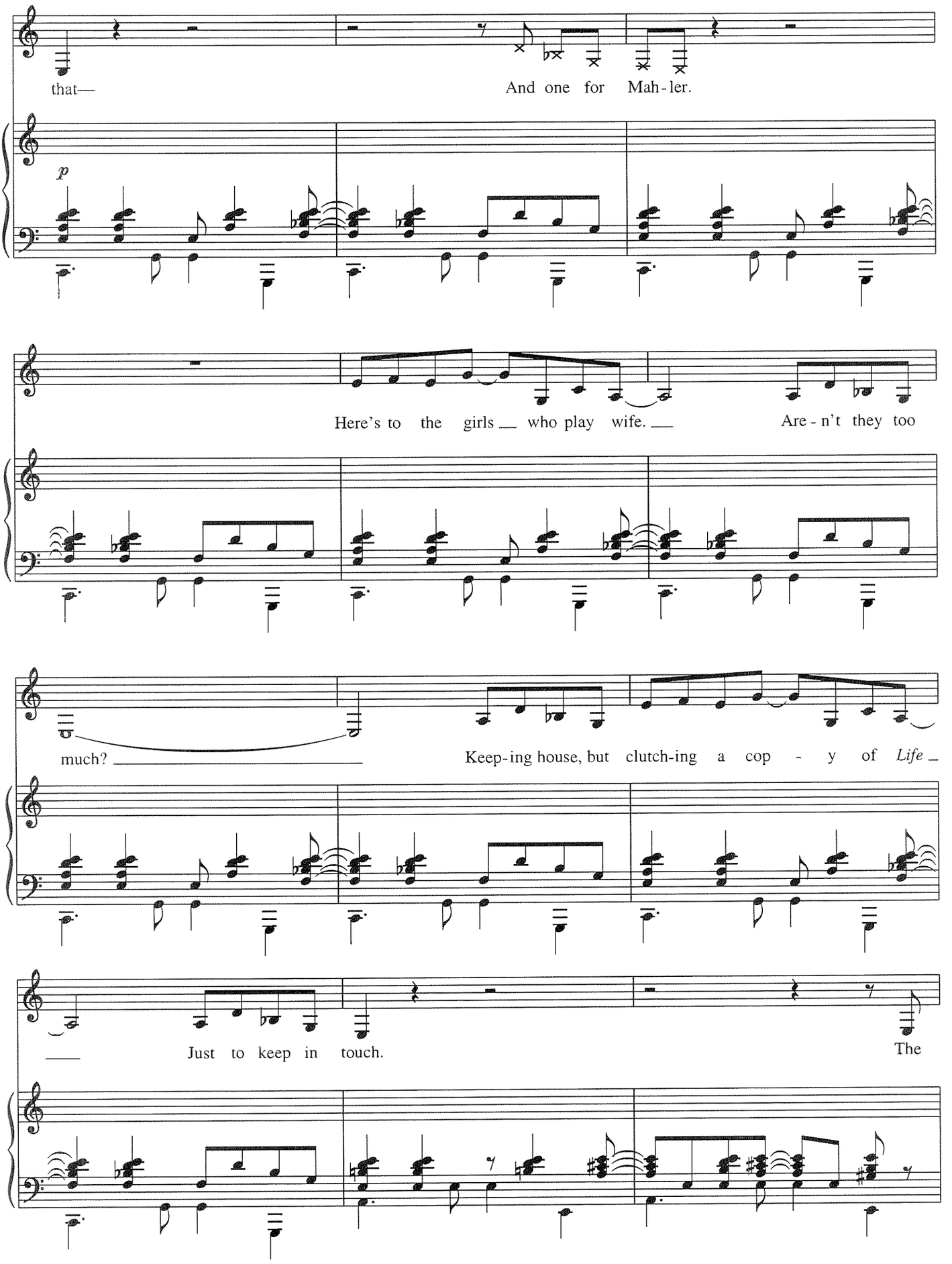
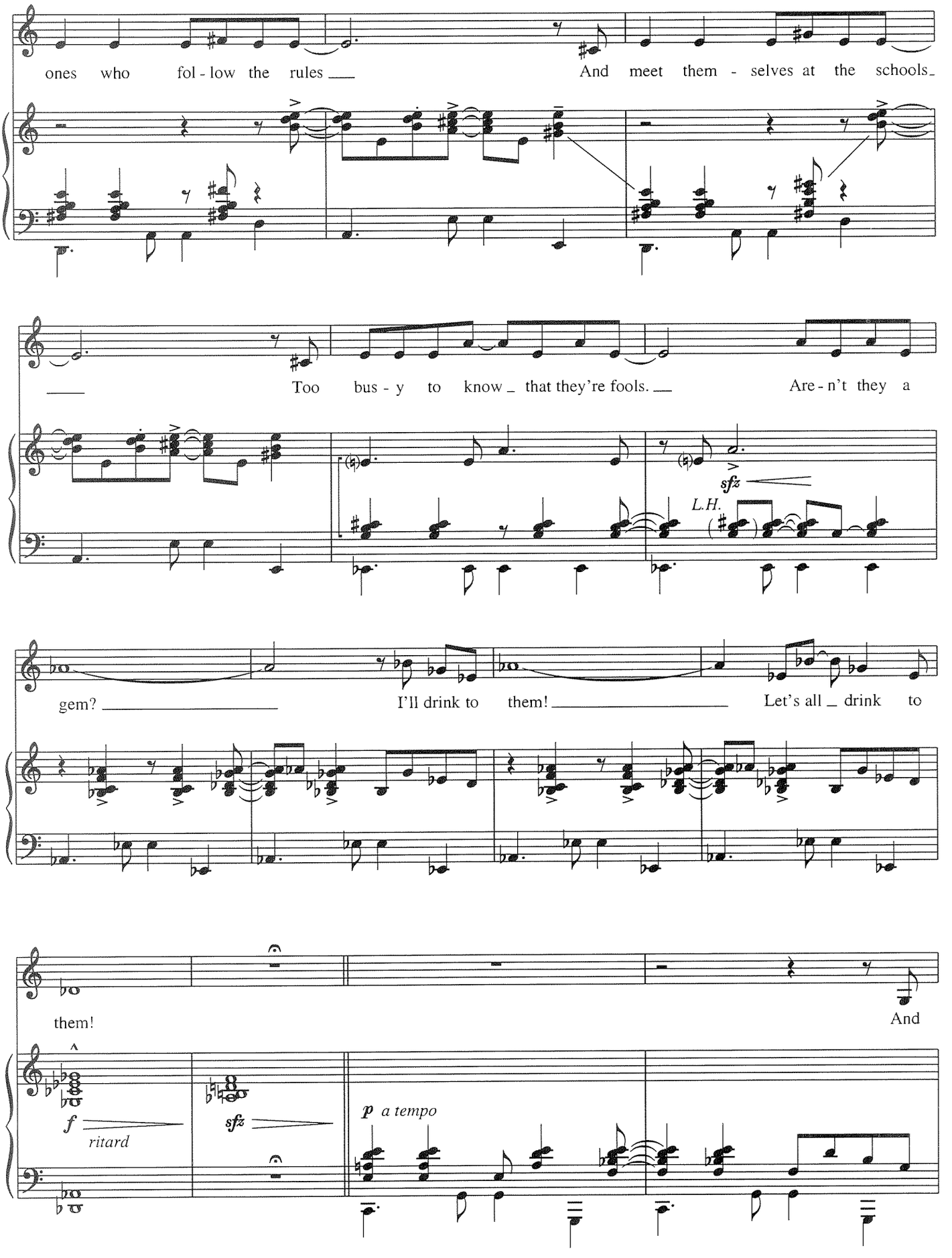
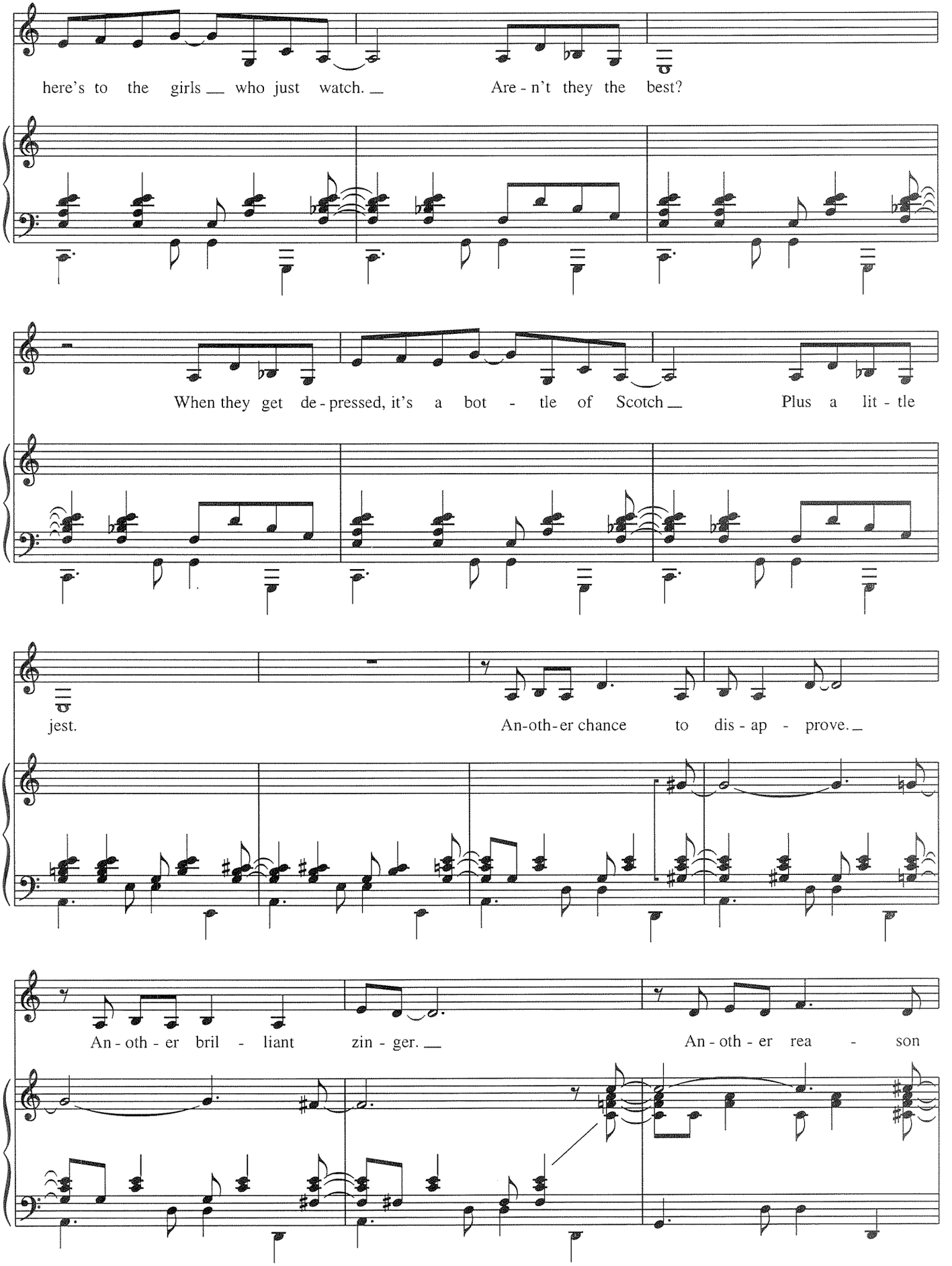
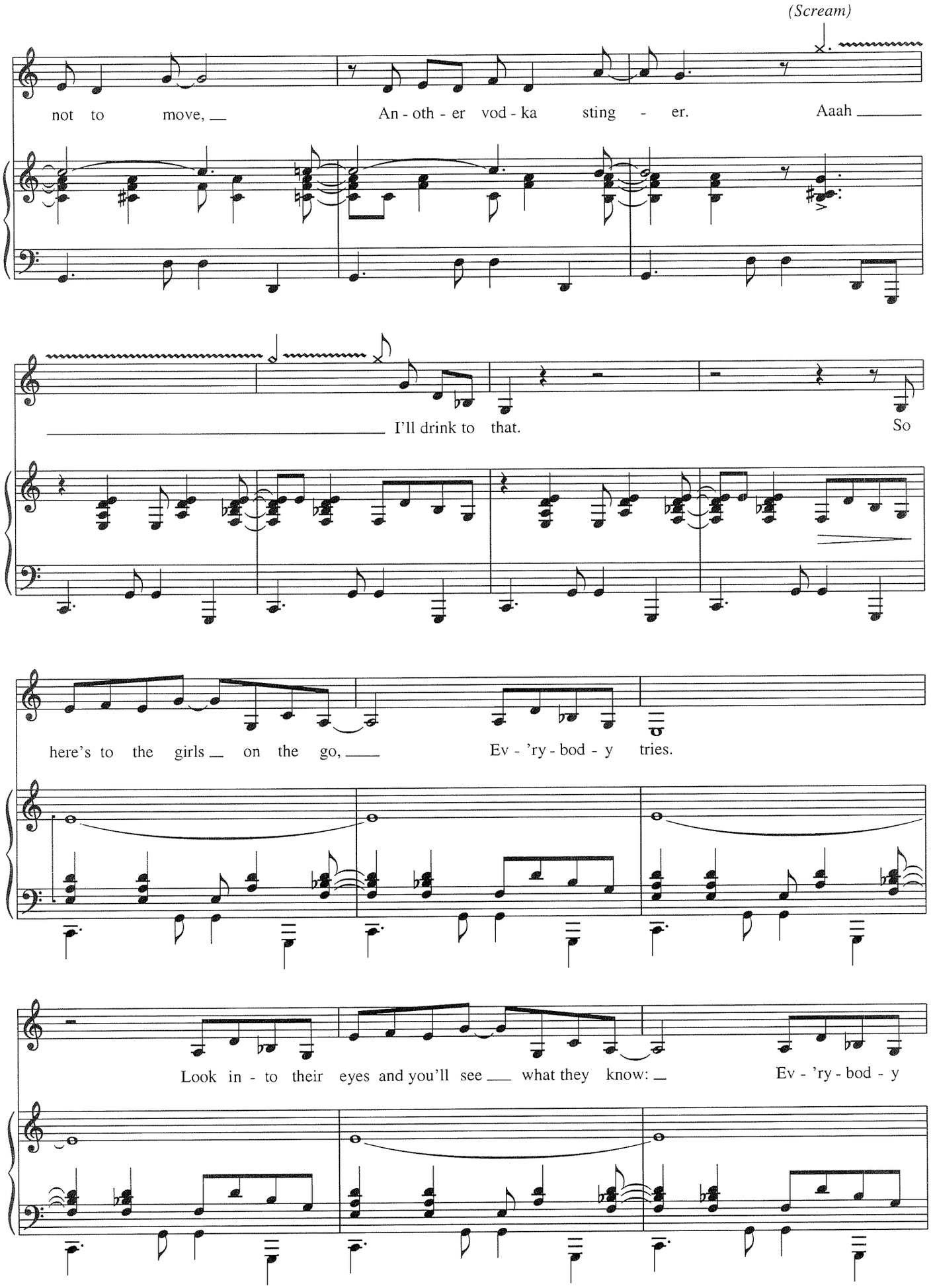

Claim-ing they're fat,
And look-ing grim
'Cause they've been sit - ting
Slow Bossa Nova
choos - ing a hat.
Spoken: Does anyone still wear a hat?
rit.
p
I'll drink to that.
Here's to the girls who stay smart.
Are - n't they a gas?

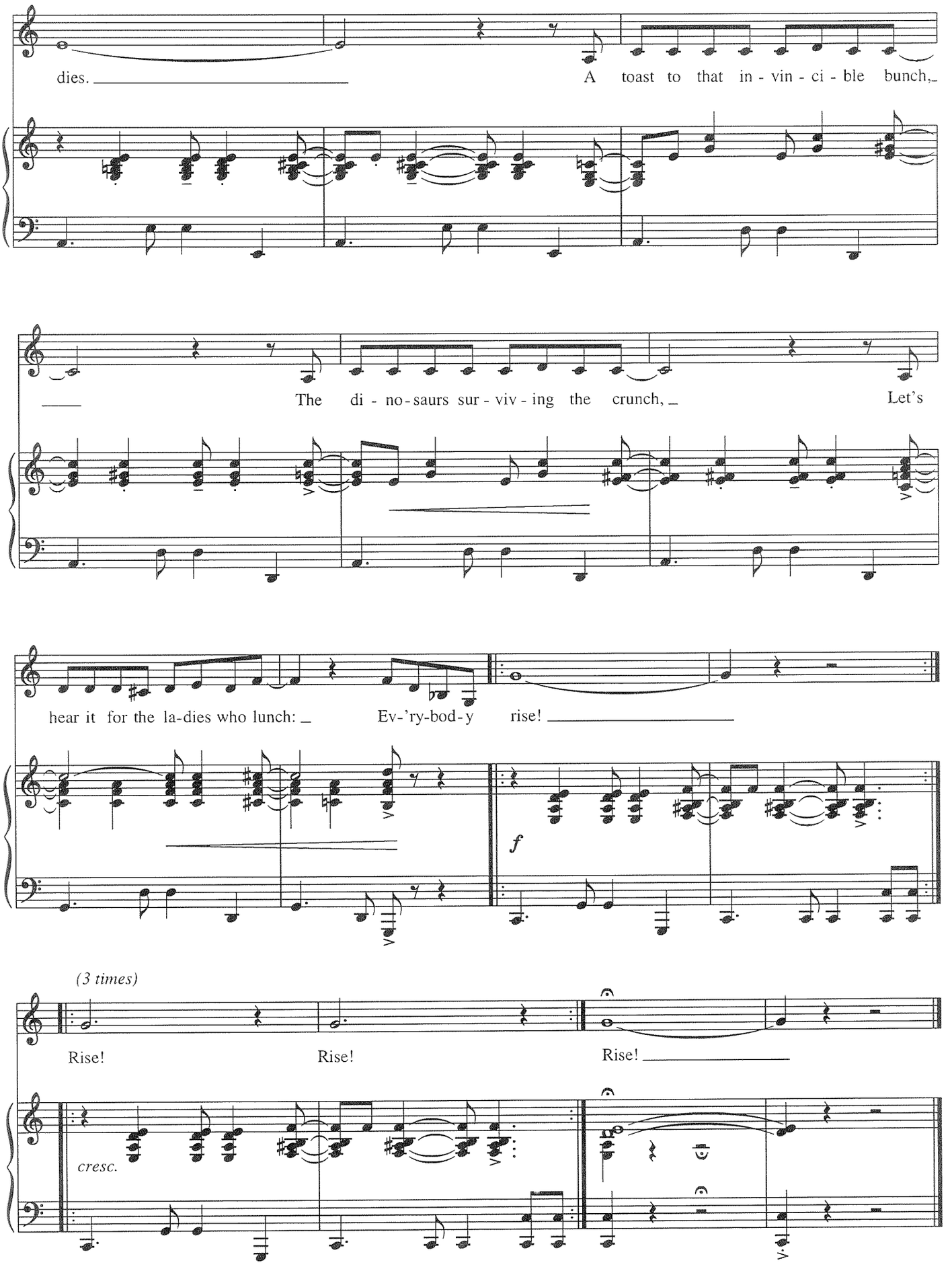

Rush-ing to their class-es in op - ti-cal art, Wish-ing it would
pass. An-oth-er long, ex-haust-ing day.
An-oth-er thou - sand dol-lars. A mat-i-nee: A
mp
Pin-ter play, Per-haps a piece of Mah - ler's. I'll drink to


that—
And one for Mah - ler.
p
Here's to the girls __ who play wife. __
Are - n't they too
much? _____
Keep - ing house, but clutch - ing a cop - y of *Life* _
__
Just to keep in touch.
The


ones who fol - low the rules
And meet them - selves at the schools
Too bus - y to know that they're fools.
Are - n't they a
sfz
L.H.
gem?
I'll drink to them!
Let's all drink to
them!
And
f
ritard
sfz
p a tempo


here's to the girls who just watch. Are - n't they the best?
When they get de - pressed, it's a bot - tle of Scotch Plus a lit - tle
jest. An-oth-er chance to dis - ap - prove.
An - oth - er bril - liant zin - ger. An - oth - er rea - son


(Scream)
not to move, An - oth - er vod - ka sting - er. Aaah
I'll drink to that. So
here's to the girls on the go, Ev - 'ry - bod - y tries.
Look in - to their eyes and you'll see what they know: Ev - 'ry - bod - y

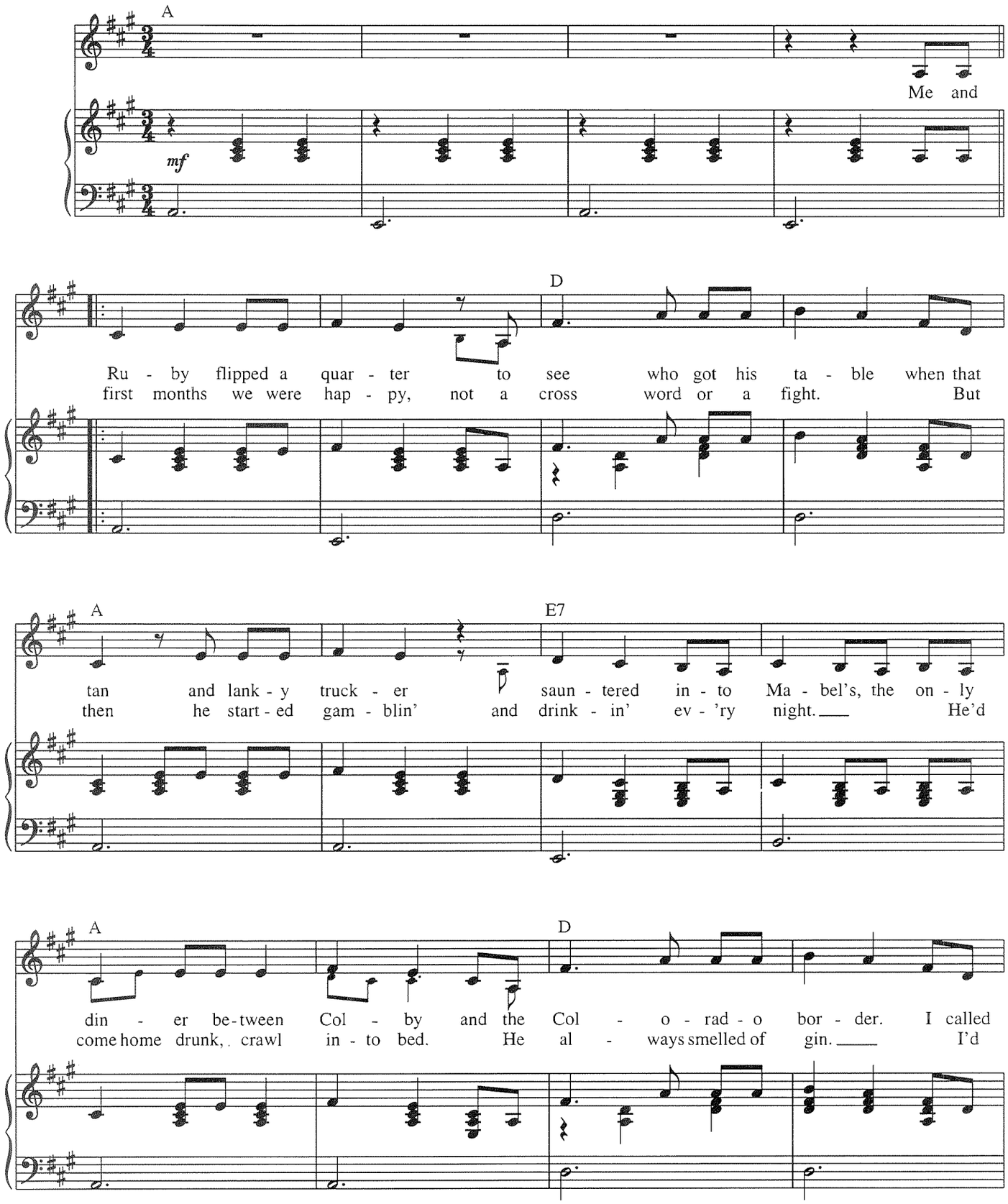

dies.
A toast to that in - vin - ci - ble bunch,
The di - no - saurs sur - viv - ing the crunch,
Let's
hear it for the la-dies who lunch:
Ev-'ry-bod-y rise!
f
(3 times)
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
cresc.

HEADS OR TAILS

from *Cowgirls*

Written by MARY MURFITT

Moderately fast (♩♩ = ♩³♪)



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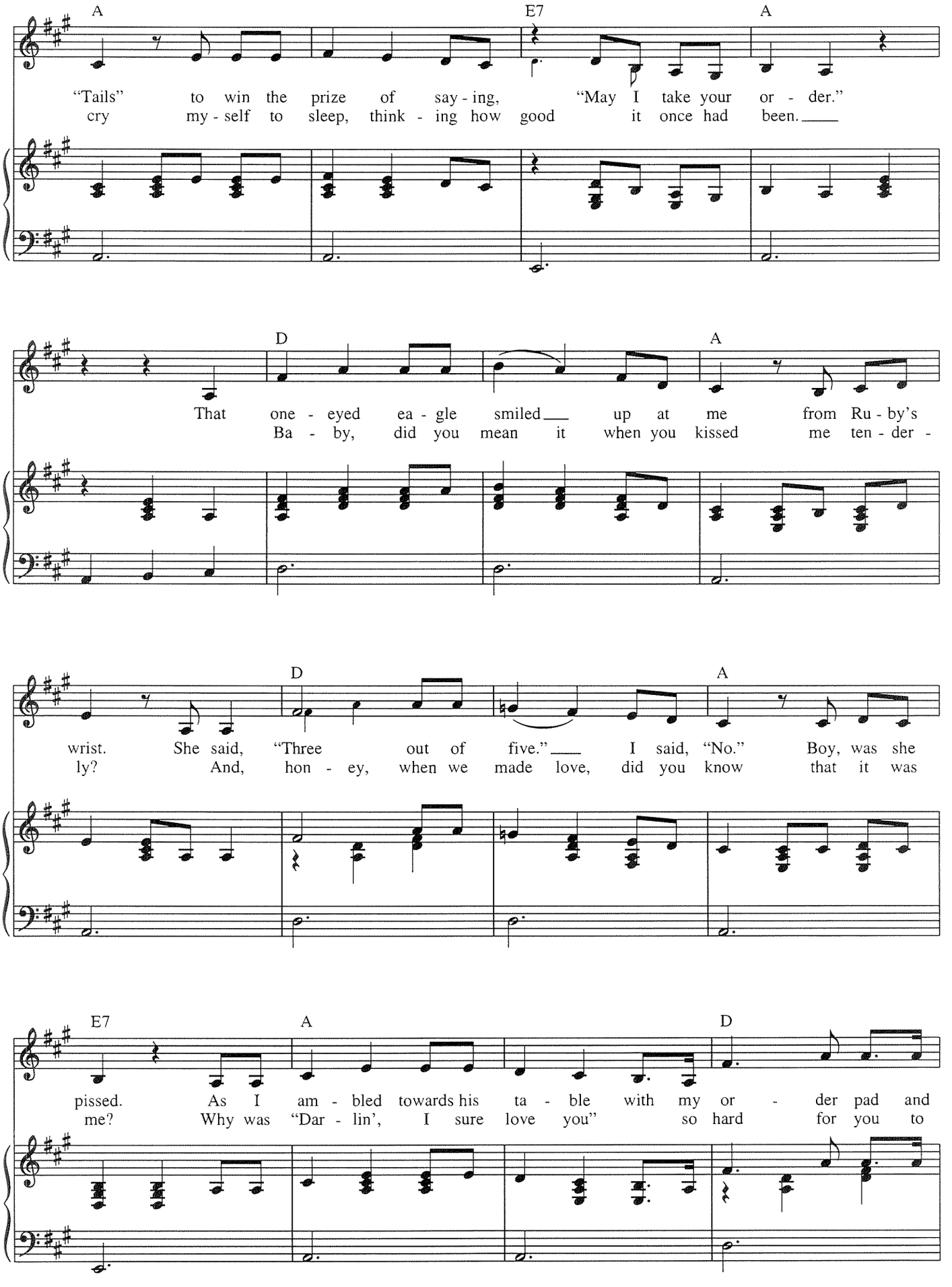
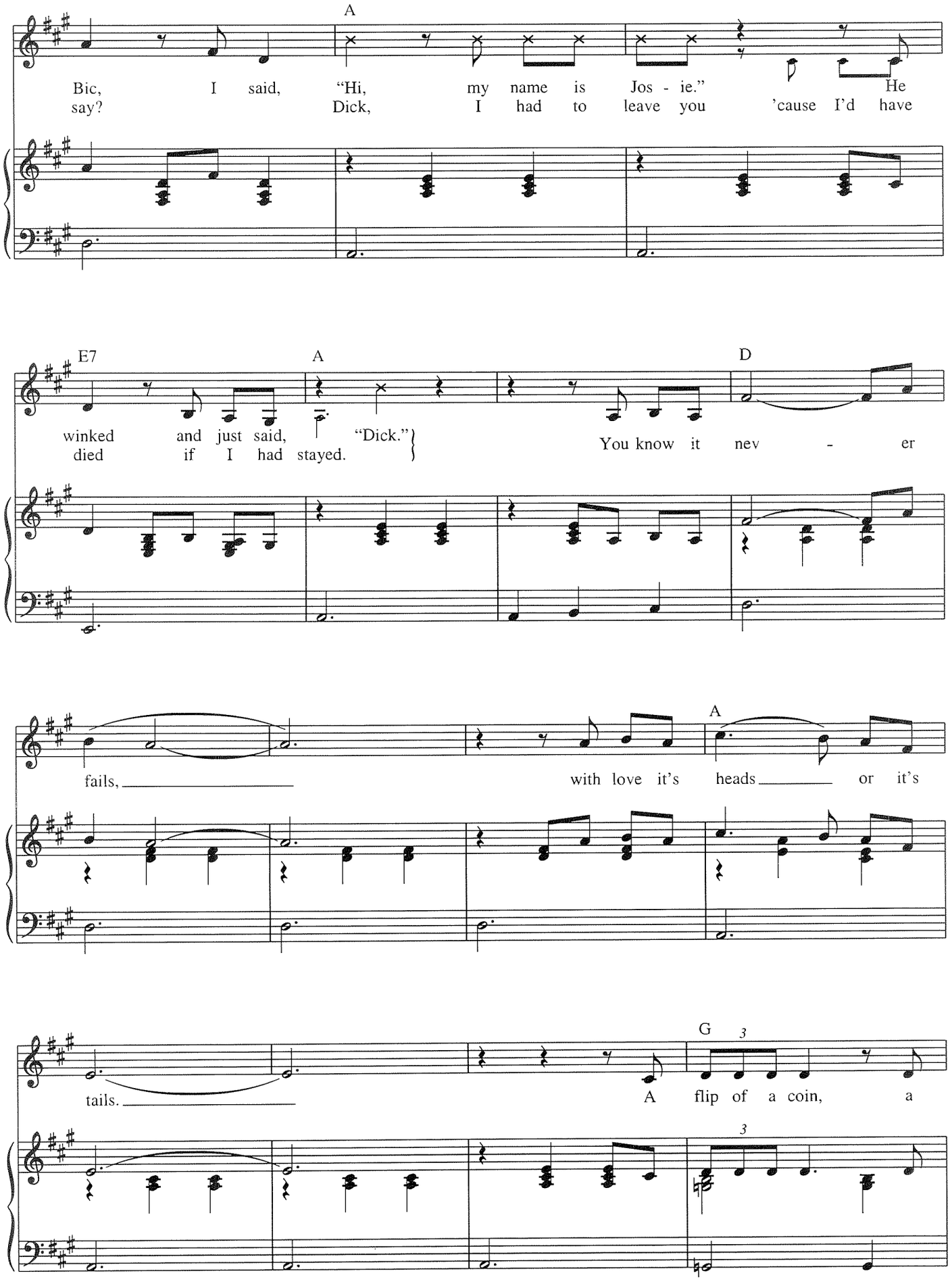
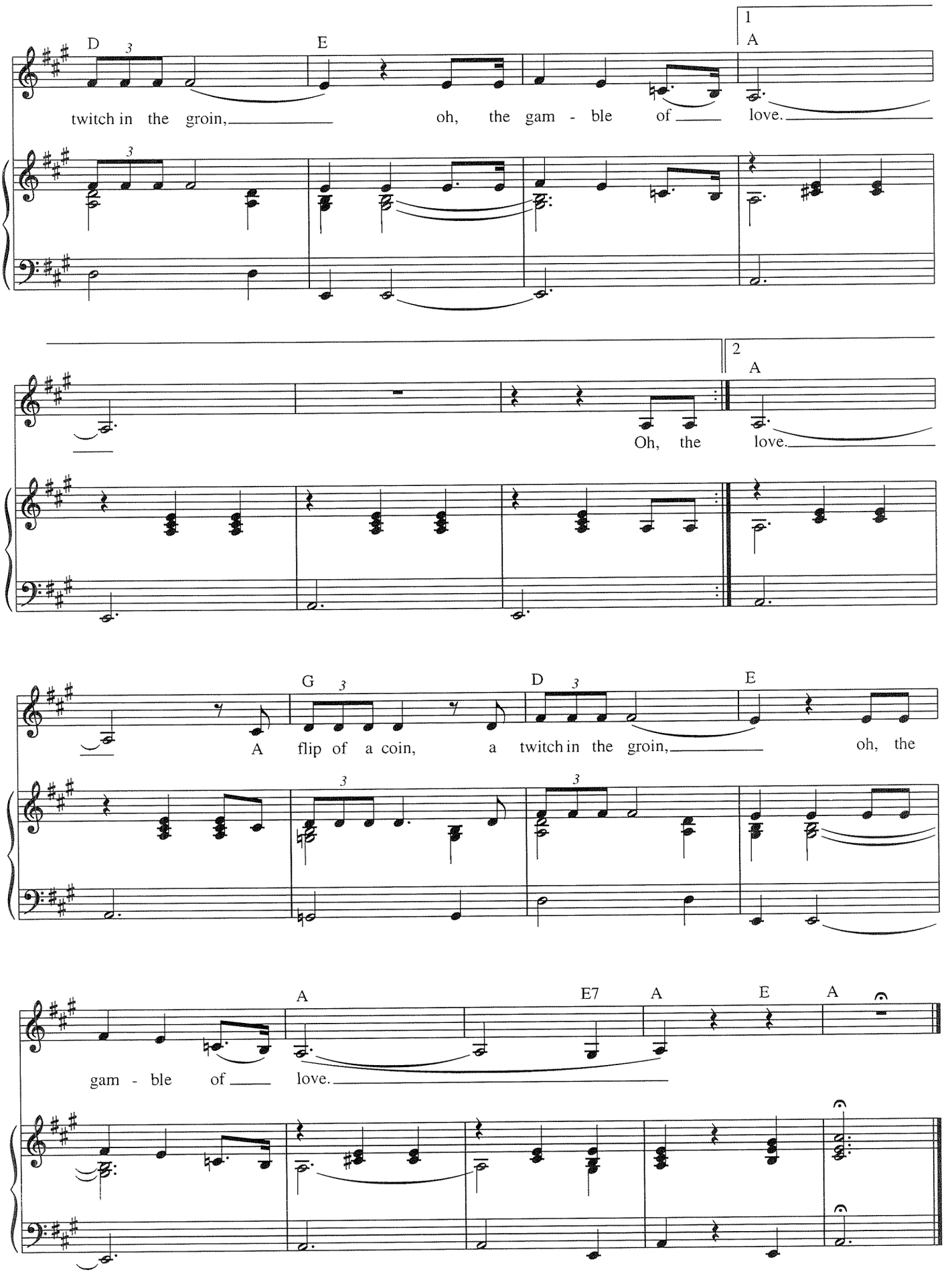

A
E7
A
"Tails" to win the prize of say - ing, "May I take your or - der."
cry my - self to sleep, think - ing how good it once had been.
D
A
That one - eyed ea - gle smiled up at me from Ru - by's
Ba - by, did you mean it when you kissed me ten - der -
D
A
wrist. She said, "Three out of five." I said, "No." Boy, was she
ly? And, hon - ey, when we made love, did you know that it was
E7
A
D
pissed. As I am - bled towards his ta - ble with my or - der pad and
me? Why was "Dar - lin', I sure love you" so hard for you to

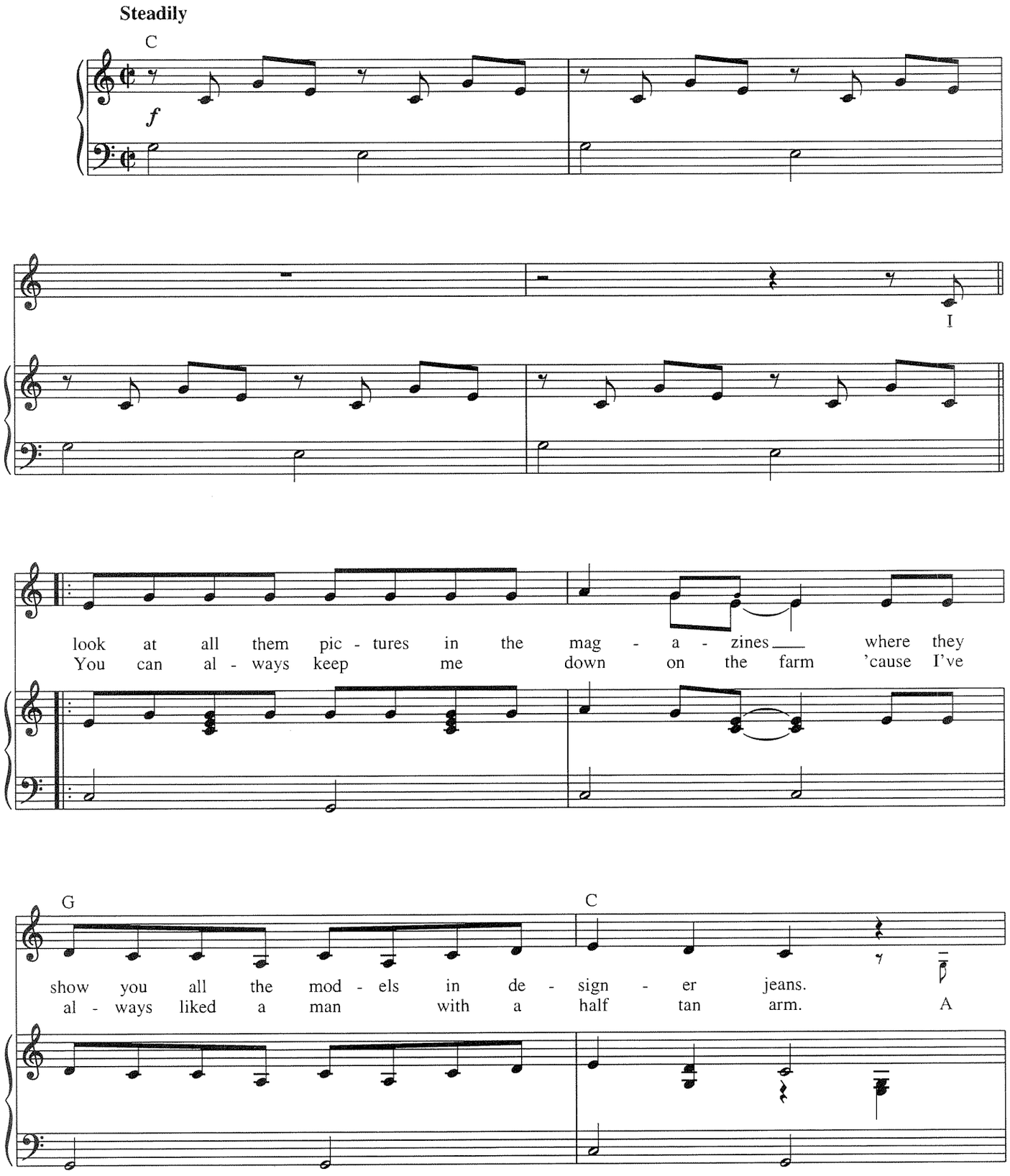

A
Bic, I said, "Hi, my name is Jos - ie." He
say? Dick, I had to leave you 'cause I'd have
E7
A
D
winked and just said, "Dick."
died if I had stayed.
You know it nev - er
fails,
A
with love it's heads or it's
tails.
G
3
A flip of a coin, a
3


D
E
1
A
twitch in the groin, oh, the gam - ble of love.
2
A
Oh, the love.
G
D
E
A flip of a coin, a twitch in the groin, oh, the
A
E7
A
E
A
gam - ble of love.

DON'T CALL ME TRAILER TRASH

from *Cowgirls*

Written by MARY MURFITT



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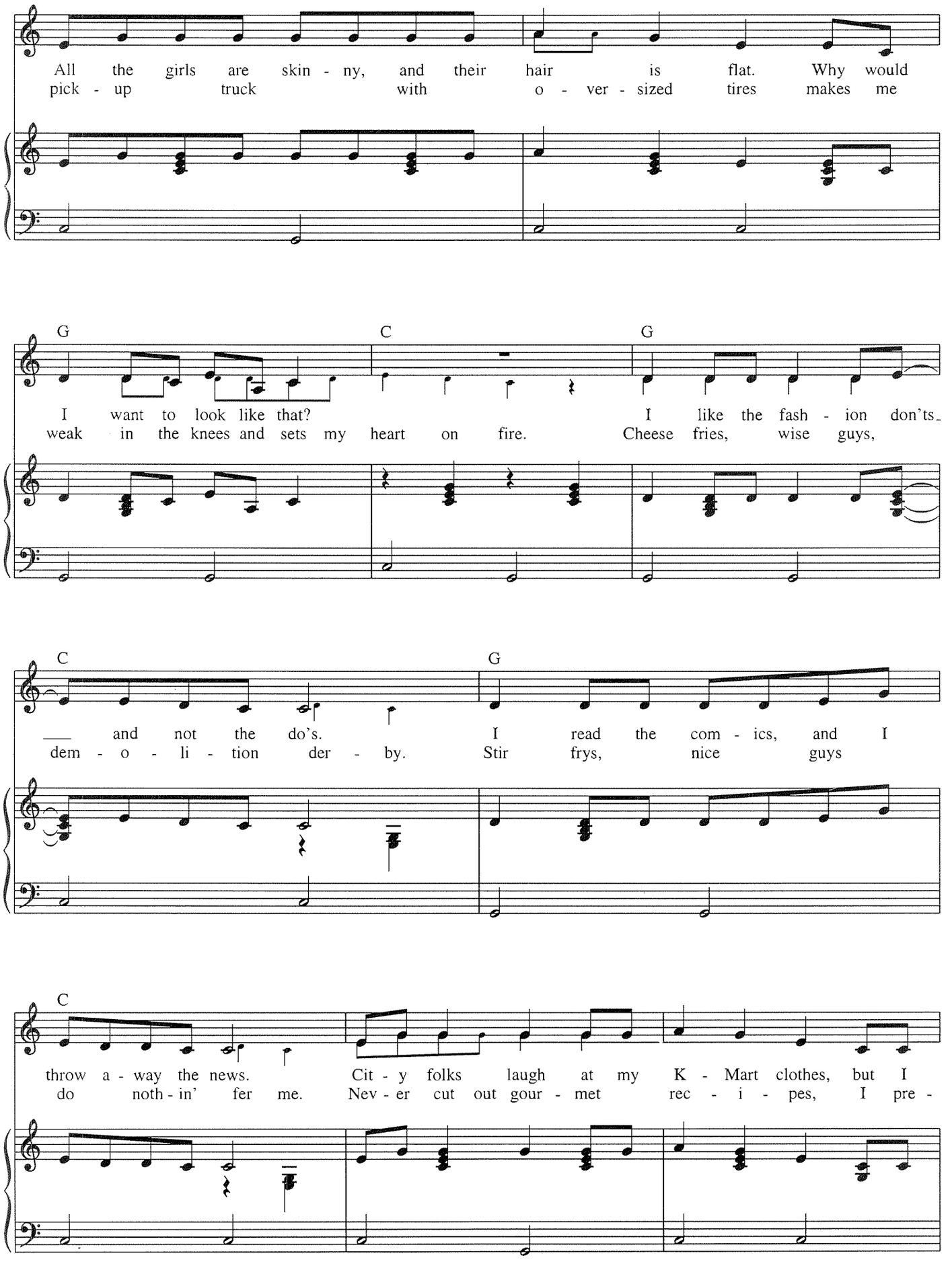
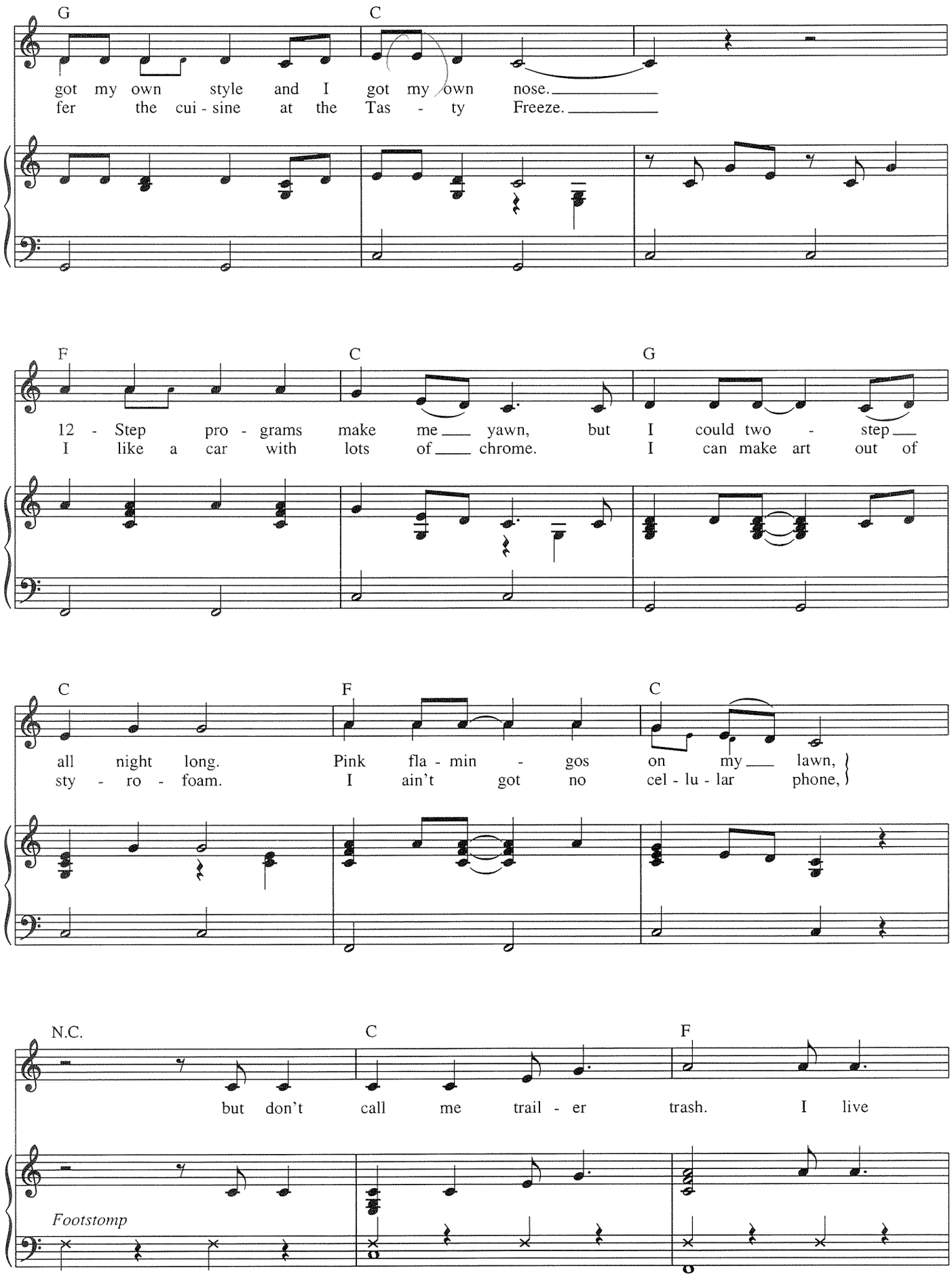
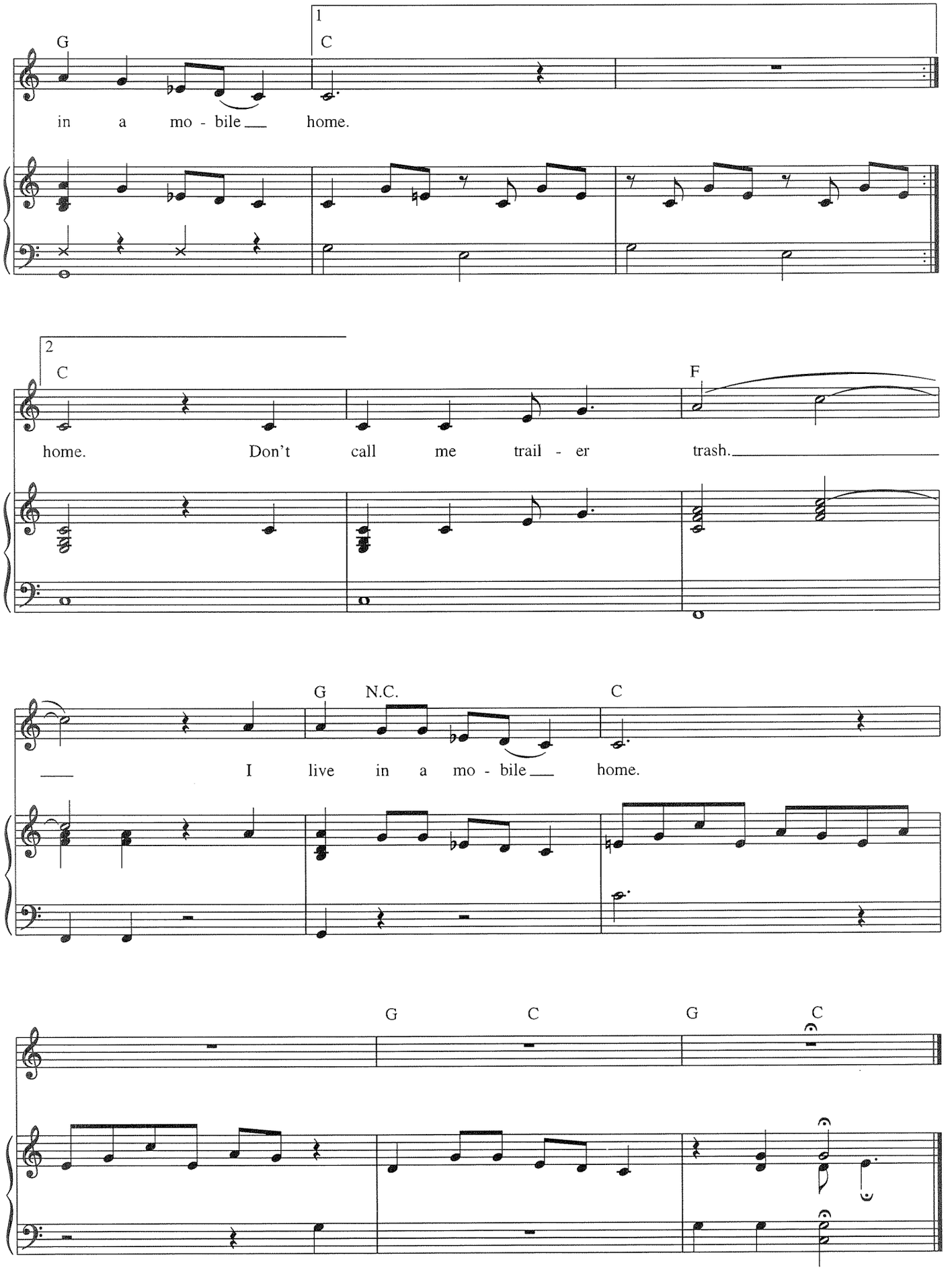

All the girls are skin - ny, and their hair is flat. Why would
pick - up truck with o - ver - sized tires makes me
G
C
G
I want to look like that? I like the fash - ion don'ts_
weak in the knees and sets my heart on fire. Cheese fries, wise guys,
C
G
___ and not the do's. I read the com - ics, and I
dem - o - li - tion der - by. Stir frys, nice guys
C
throw a - way the news. Cit - y folks laugh at my K - Mart clothes, but I
do noth - in' fer me. Nev - er cut out gour - met rec - i - pes, I pre -


G
C
got my own style and I got my own nose.
fer the cui - sine at the Tas - ty Freeze.
F
C
G
12 - Step pro - grams make me yawn, but I could two - step
I like a car with lots of chrome. I can make art out of
C
F
C
all night long. Pink fla - min - gos on my lawn,
sty - ro - foam. I ain't got no cel - lu - lar phone,
N.C.
C
F
but don't call me trail - er trash. I live
Footstomp

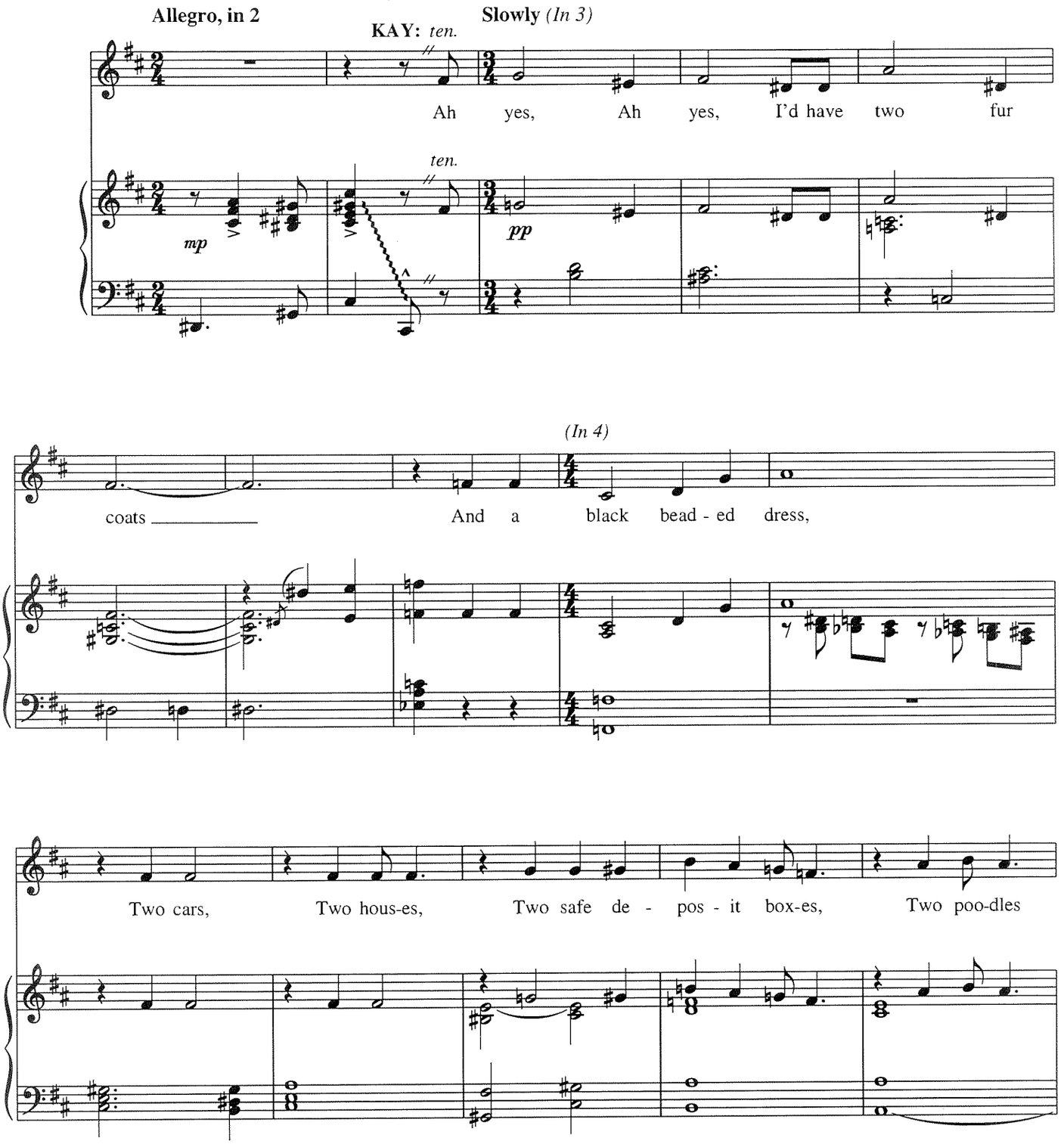

G
1
C
in a mo - bile home.
2
C
F
home. Don't call me trail - er trash.
G N.C.
C
I live in a mo - bile home.
G
C
G
C

ADVENTURE

from *Do Re Mi*

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Spoken before the song:
Should I have married Seymour Brilkin?



The introduction to the song, edited out of this edition, is sung by Hubie. Other adaptations have been made for this solo edition.

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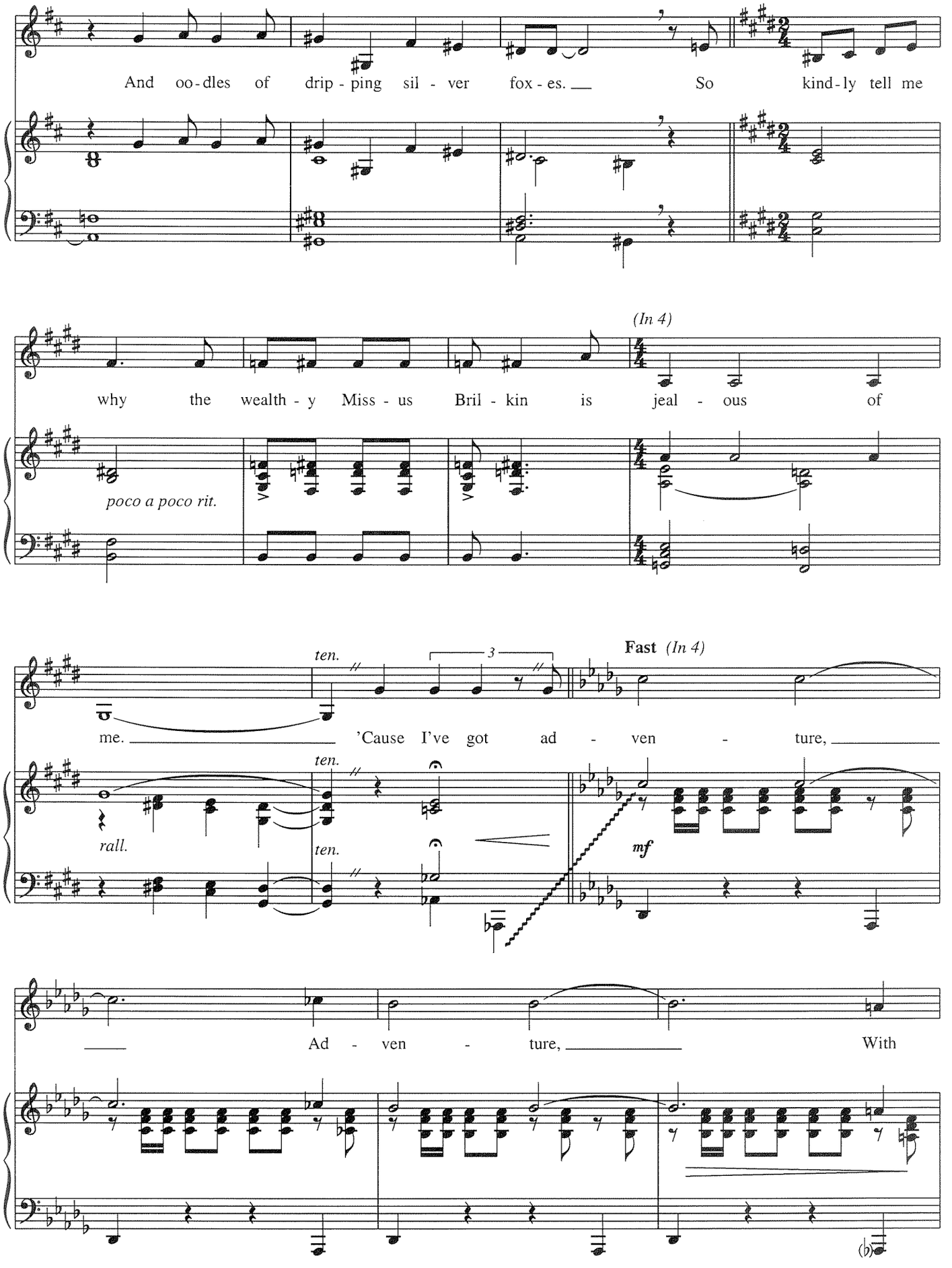
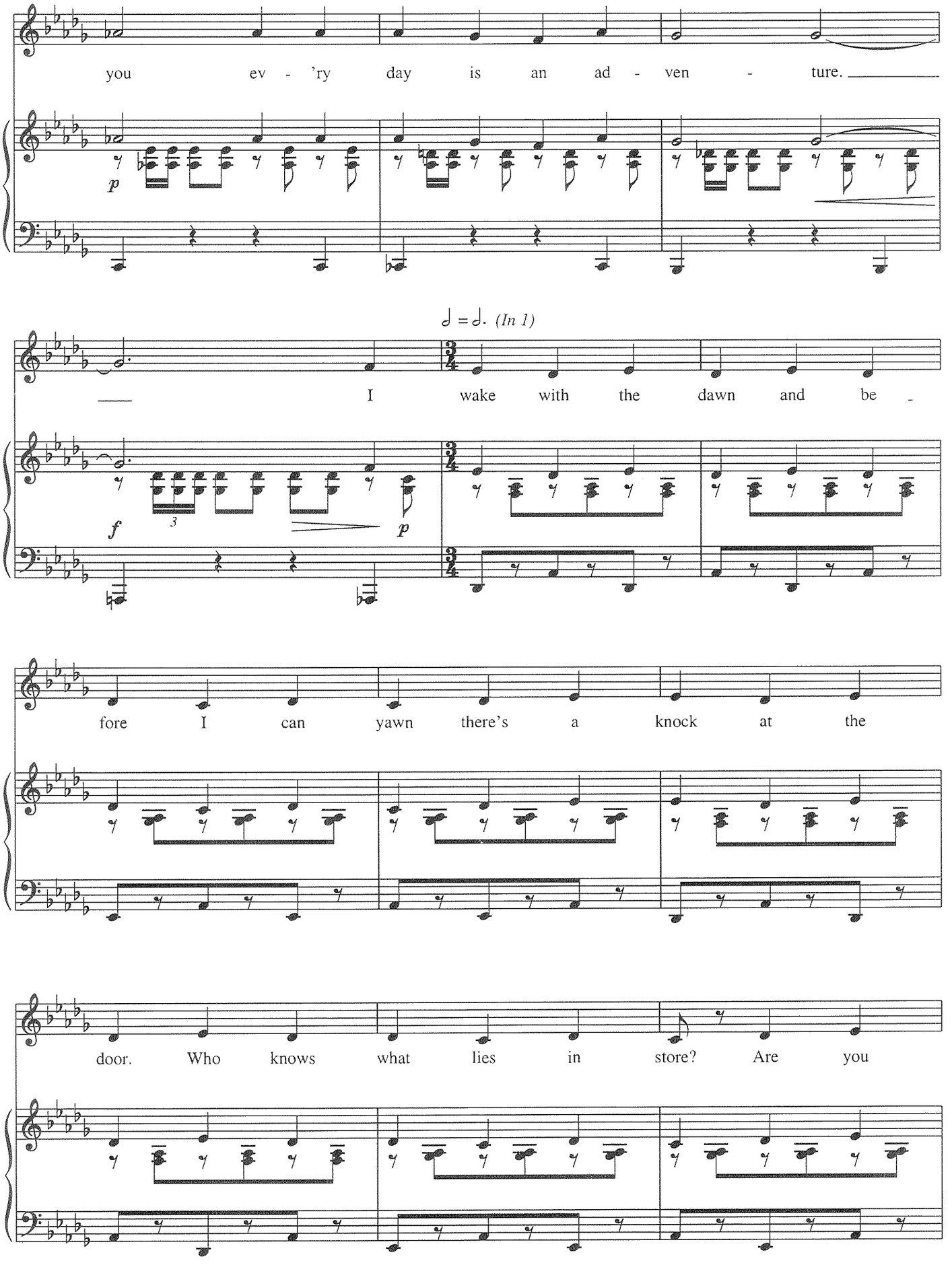
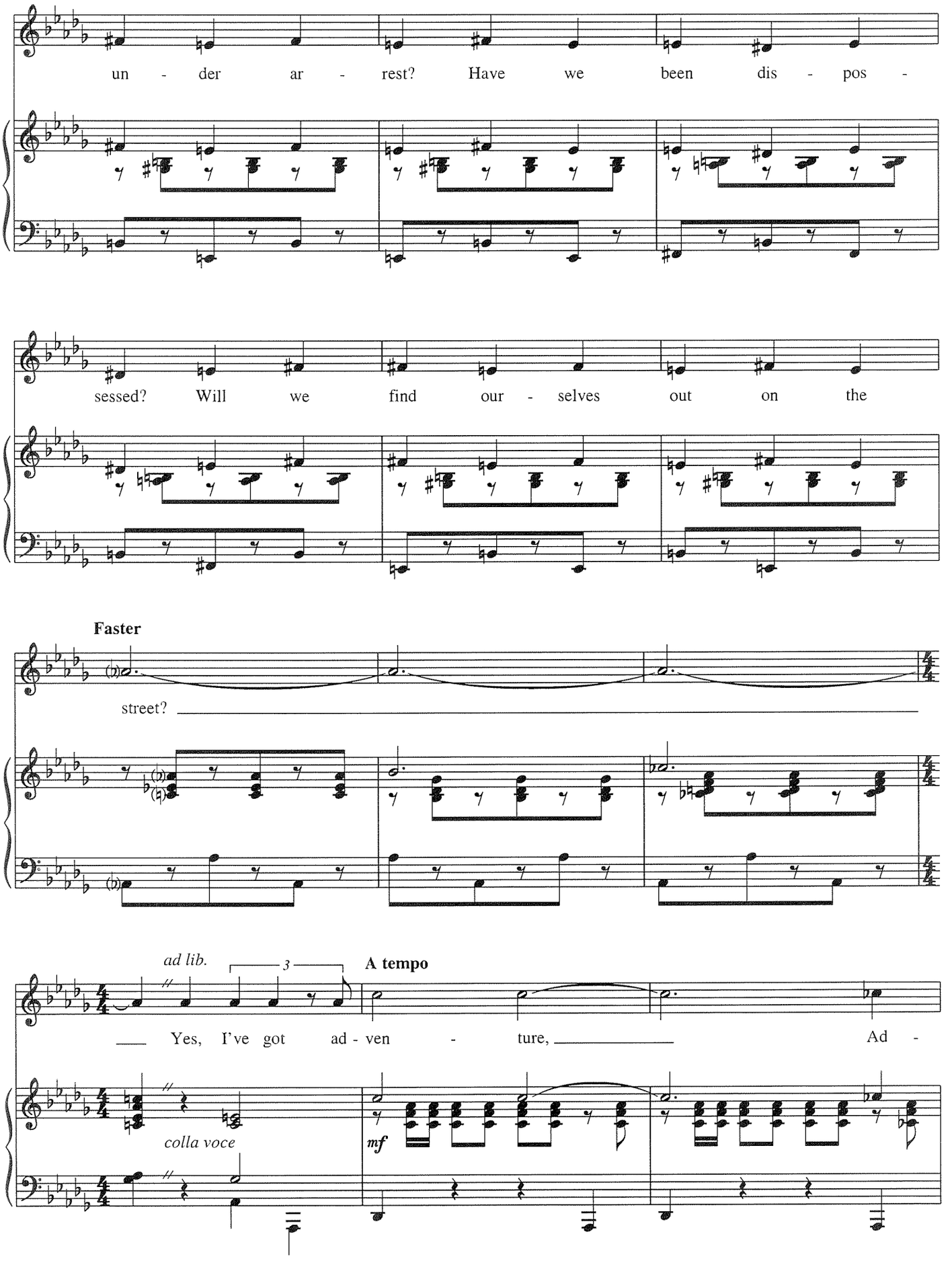
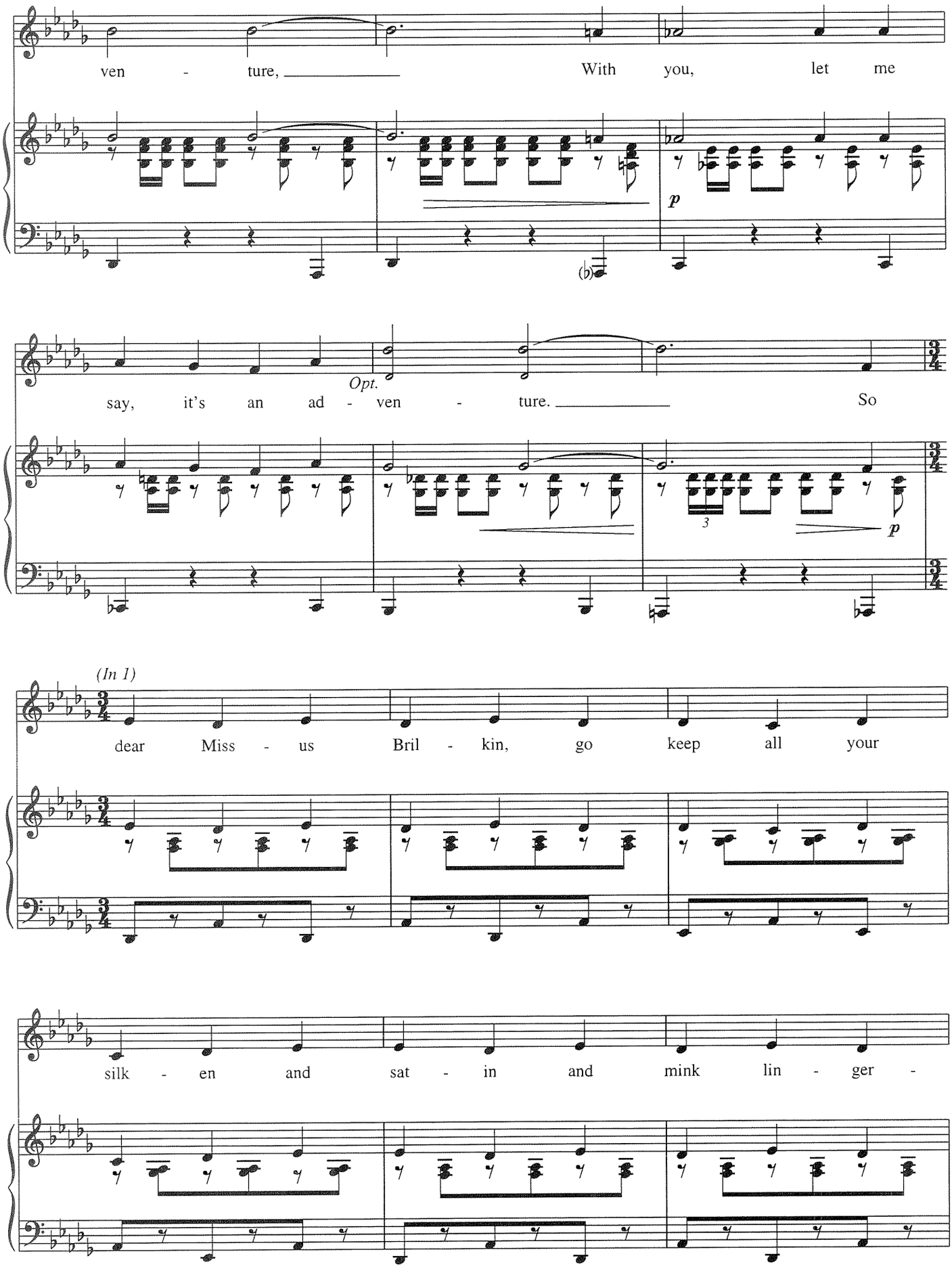
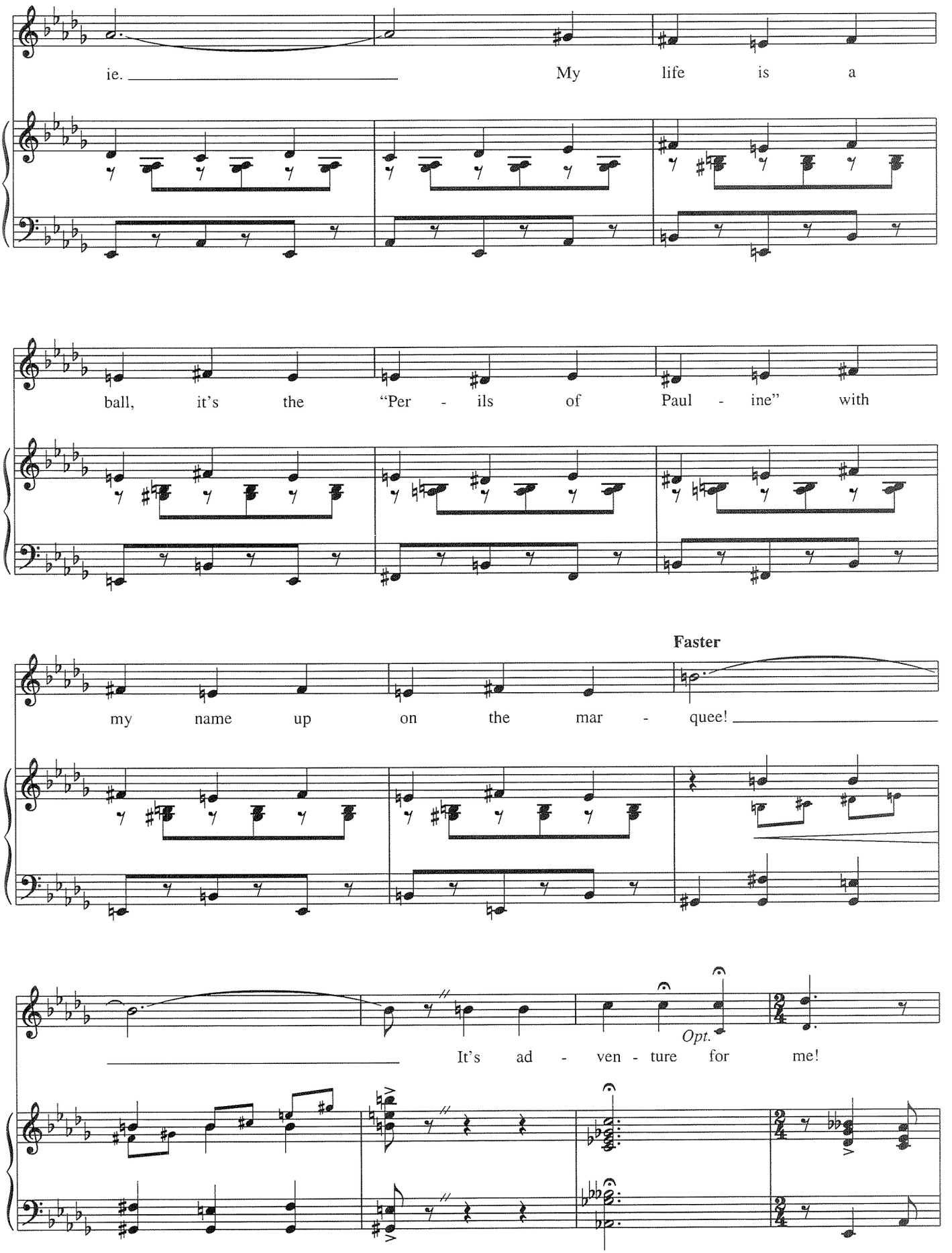
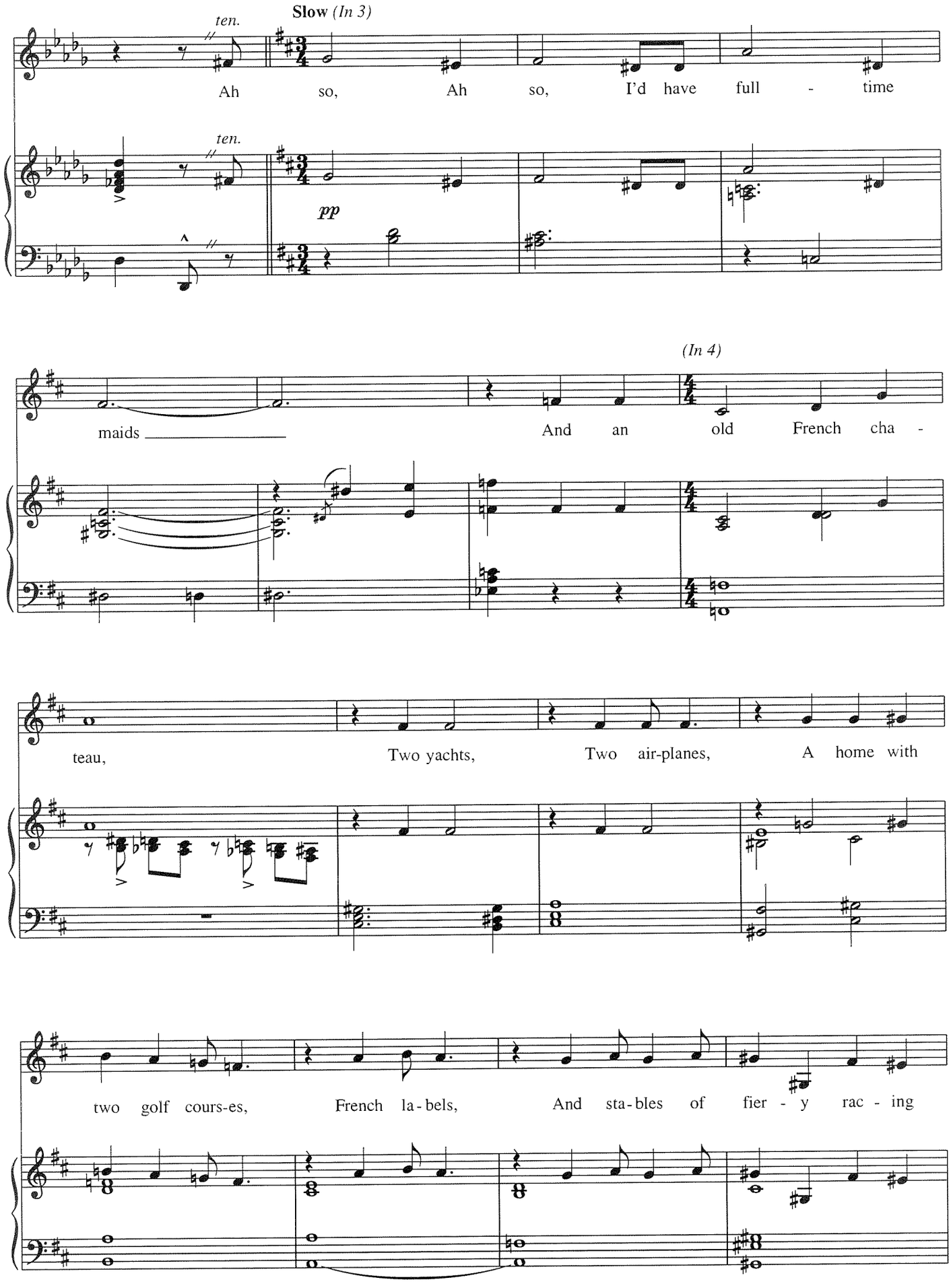

And oo - dles of drip - ping sil - ver fox - es. So kind - ly tell me
(In 4)
why the wealth - y Miss - us Bril - kin is jeal - ous of
poco a poco rit.
ten.
3
Fast (In 4)
me. 'Cause I've got ad - ven - ture,
ten.
rall.
ten.
mf
Ad - ven - ture, With

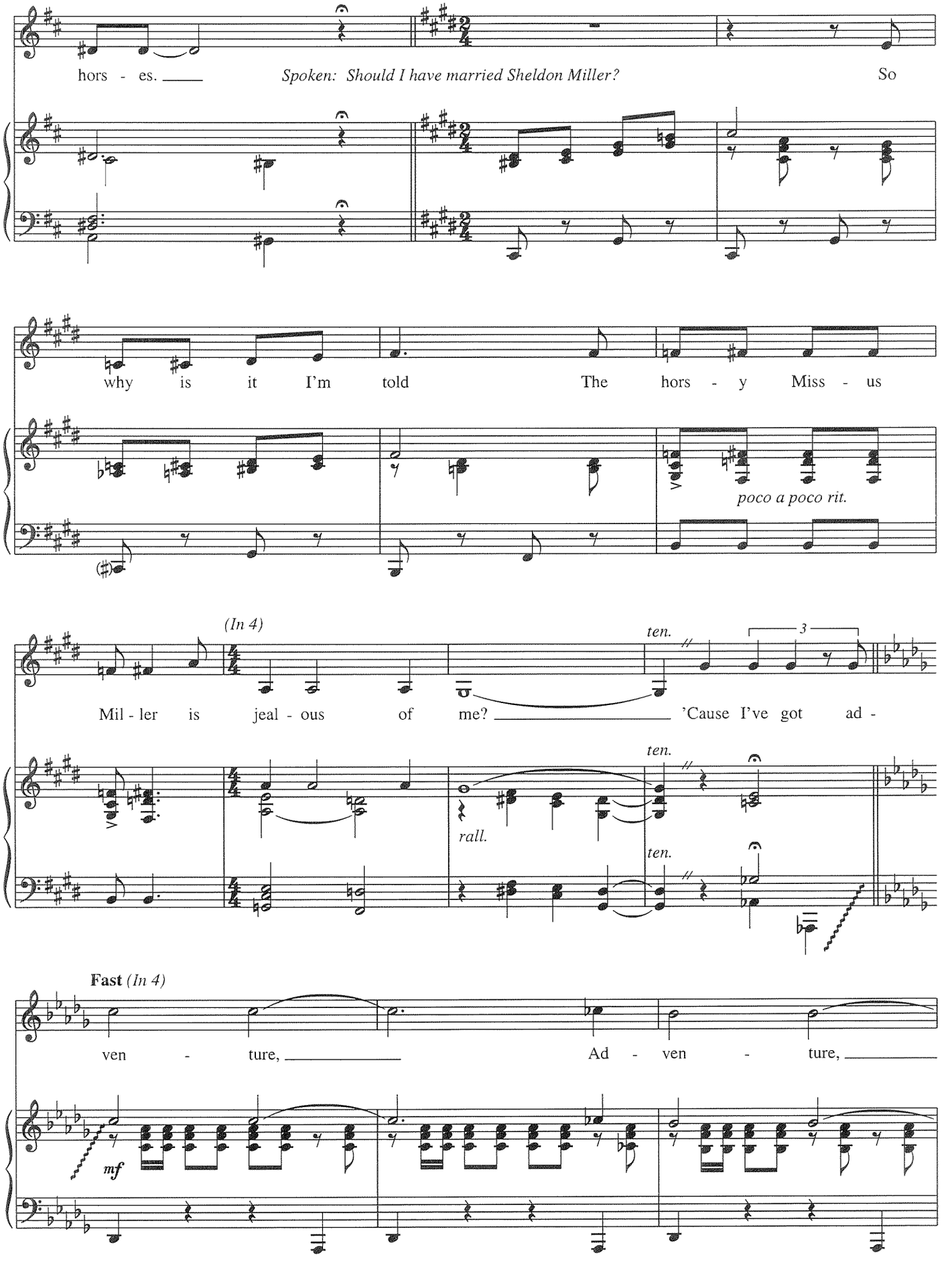

you ev - 'ry day is an ad - ven - ture.
p
♩ = ♩. (In 1)
I wake with the dawn and be -
f
3
p
fore I can yawn there's a knock at the
door. Who knows what lies in store? Are you

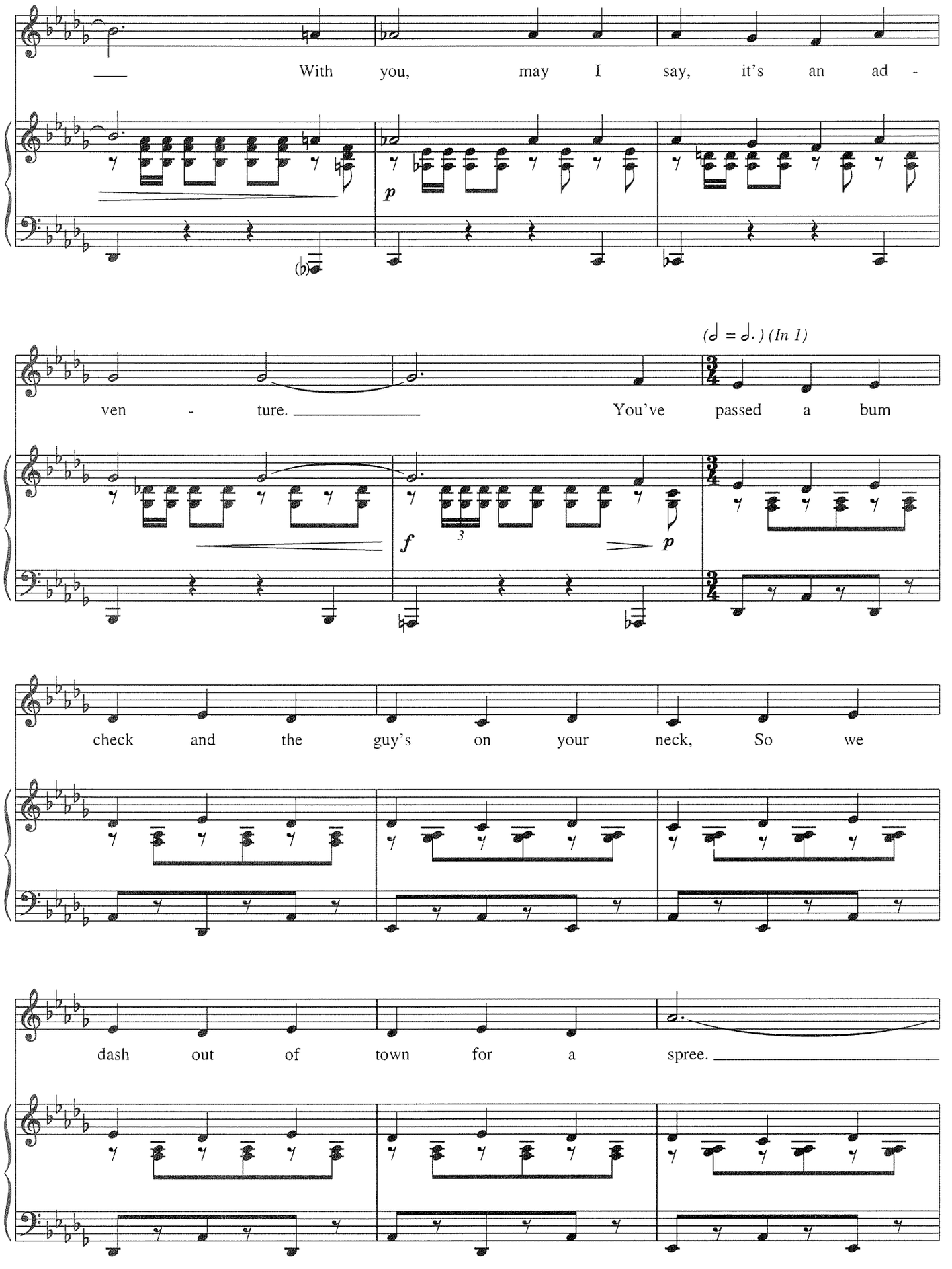

un - der ar - rest? Have we been dis - pos -
sessed? Will we find our - selves out on the
Faster
street?
ad lib.
3
A tempo
Yes, I've got ad - ven - ture, Ad -
colla voce
mf

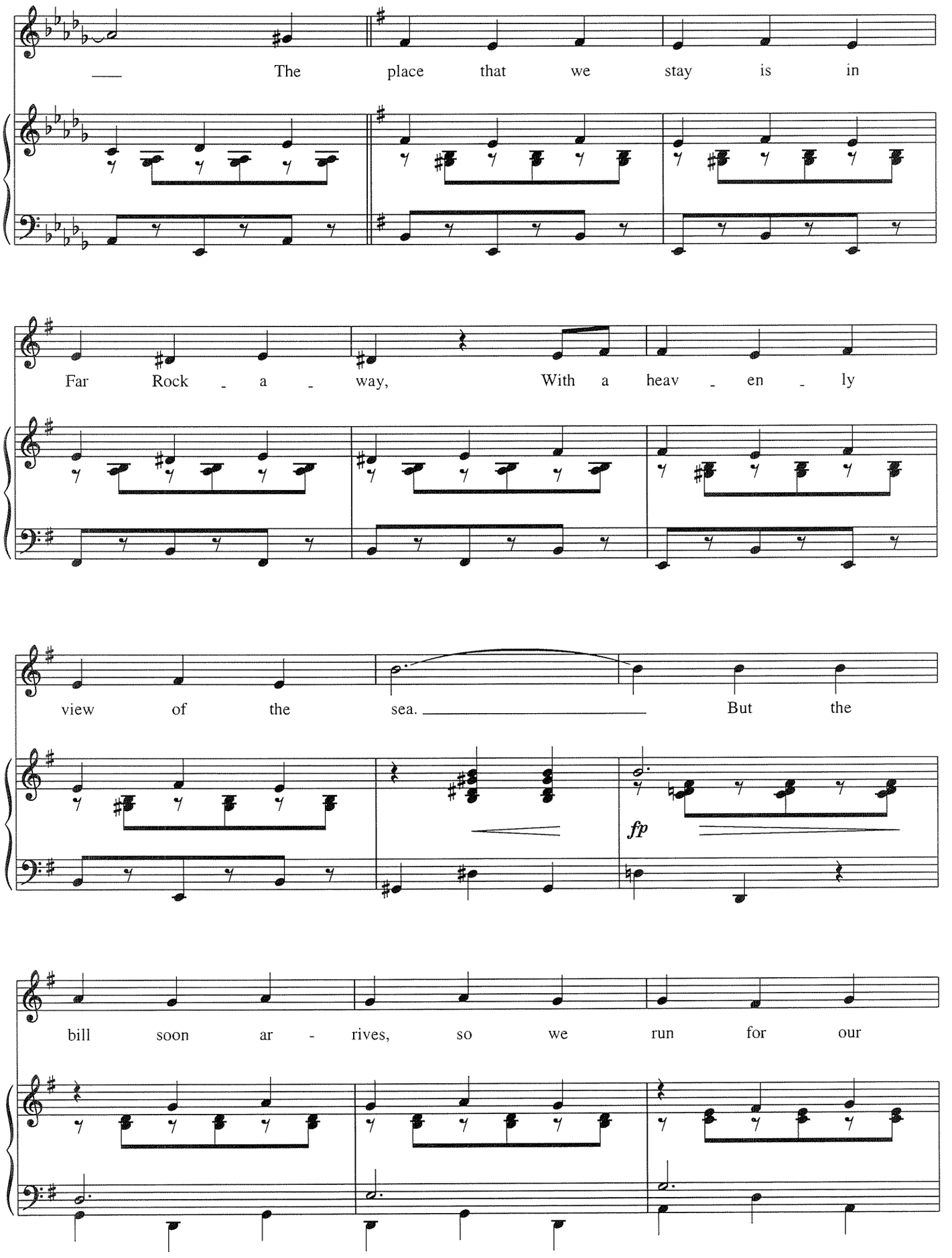

ven - ture, With you, let me
p
Opt.
say, it's an ad - ven - ture. So
3
p
(In 1)
dear Miss - us Bril - kin, go keep all your
silk - en and sat - in and mink lin - ger -

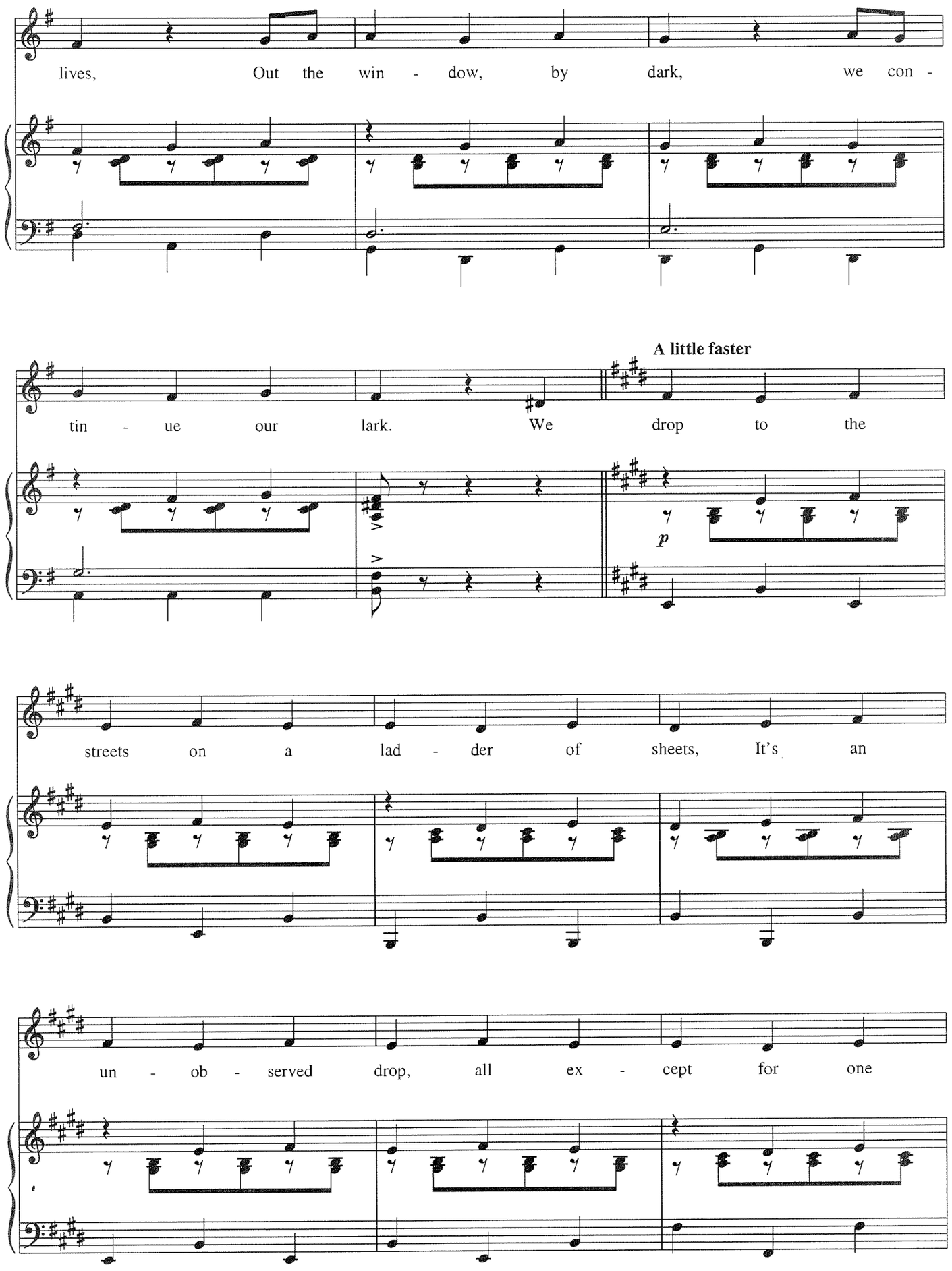

ie.
My life is a
ball, it's the "Per - ils of Paul - ine" with
Faster
my name up on the mar - quee!
Opt.
It's ad - ven - ture for me!

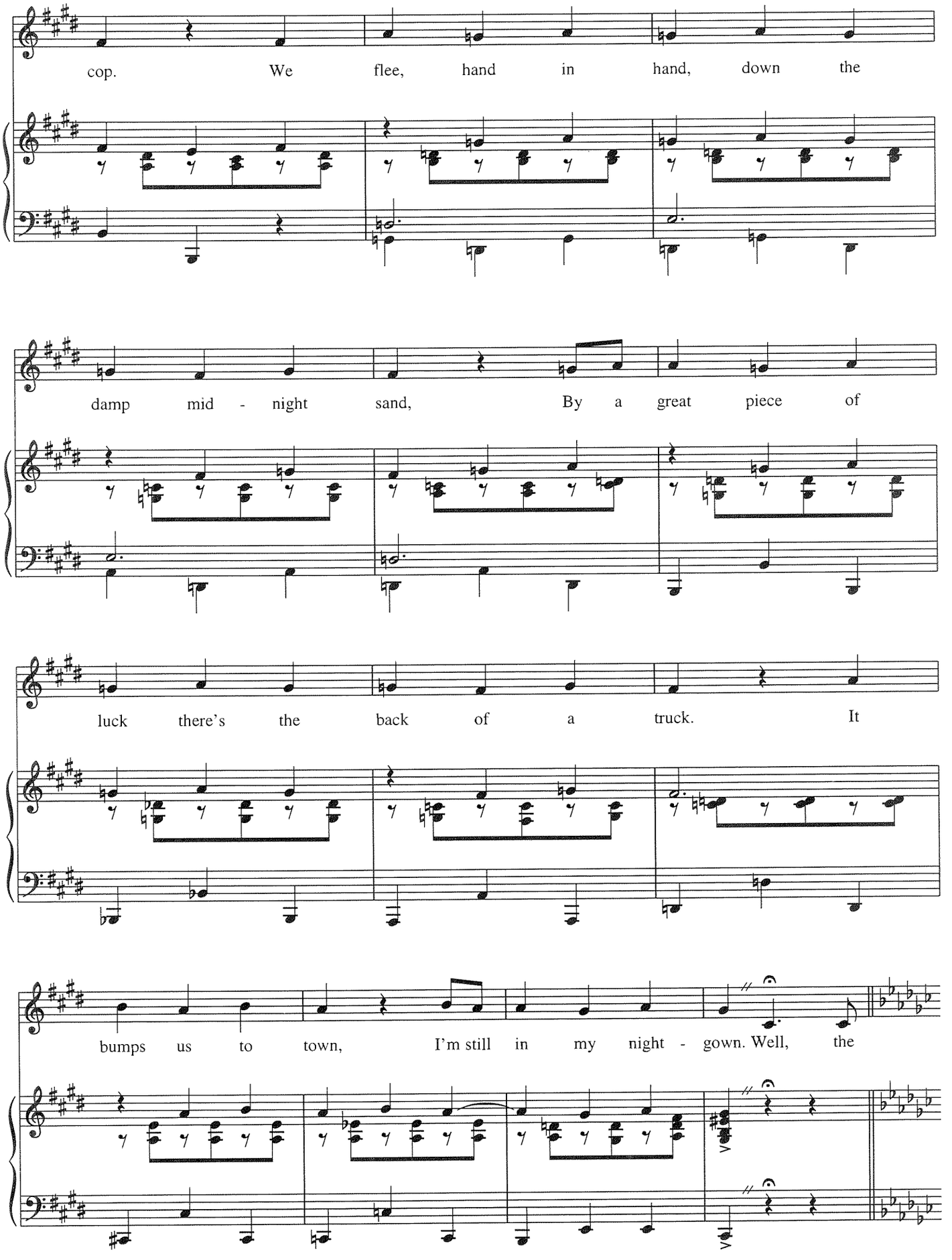

ten.
Slow (In 3)
Ah so, Ah so, I'd have full - time
ten.
pp
(In 4)
maids
And an old French cha -
teau,
Two yachts,
Two air-planes,
A home with
two golf cours-es,
French la-bels,
And sta-bles of fier - y rac - ing

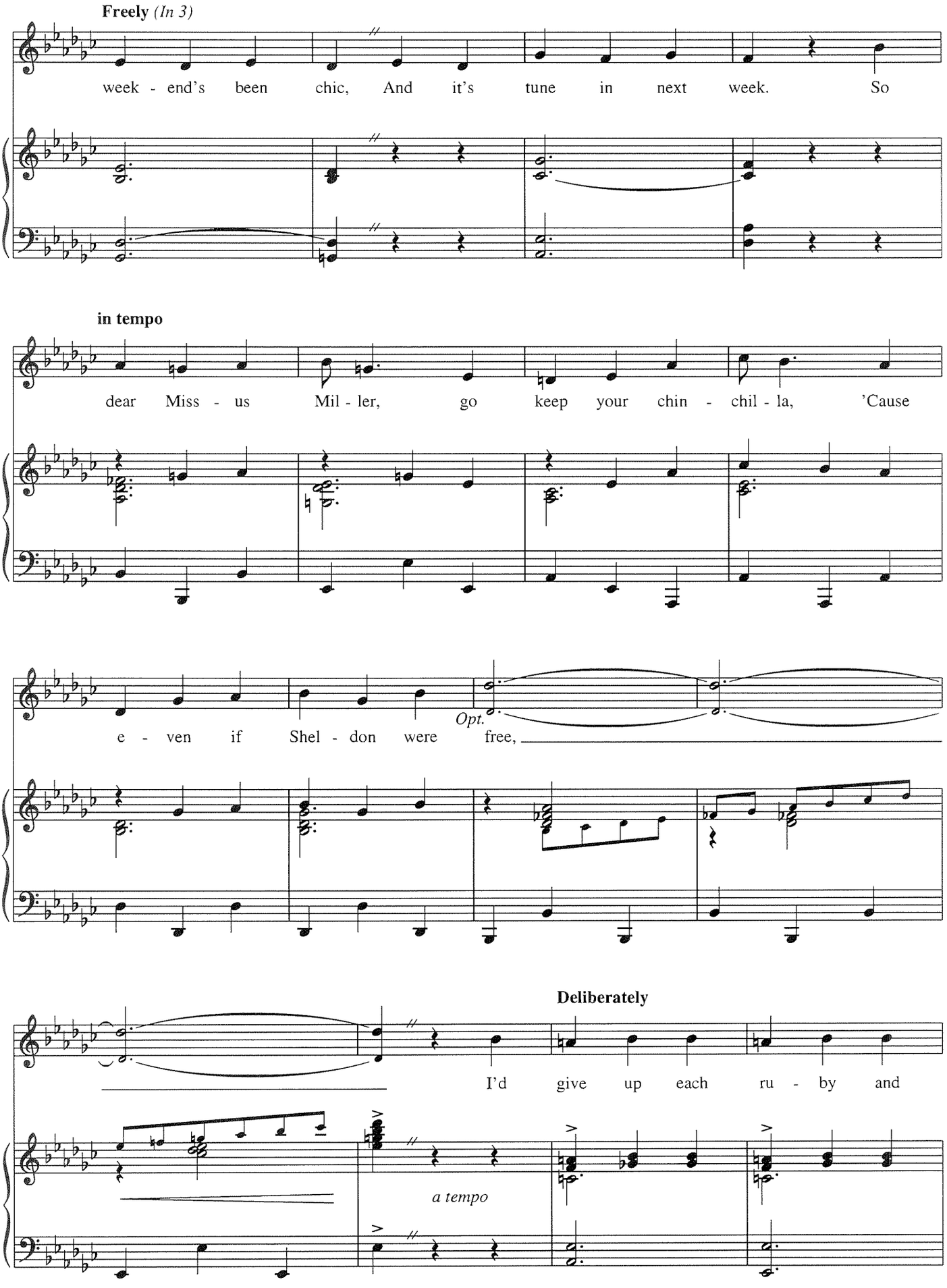

hors - es.
Spoken: Should I have married Sheldon Miller?
So
why is it I'm told
The hors - y Miss - us
poco a poco rit.
(In 4)
ten.
3
Mil - ler is jeal - ous of me?
'Cause I've got ad -
ten.
rall.
ten.
Fast (In 4)
ven - ture,
Ad - ven - ture,
mf

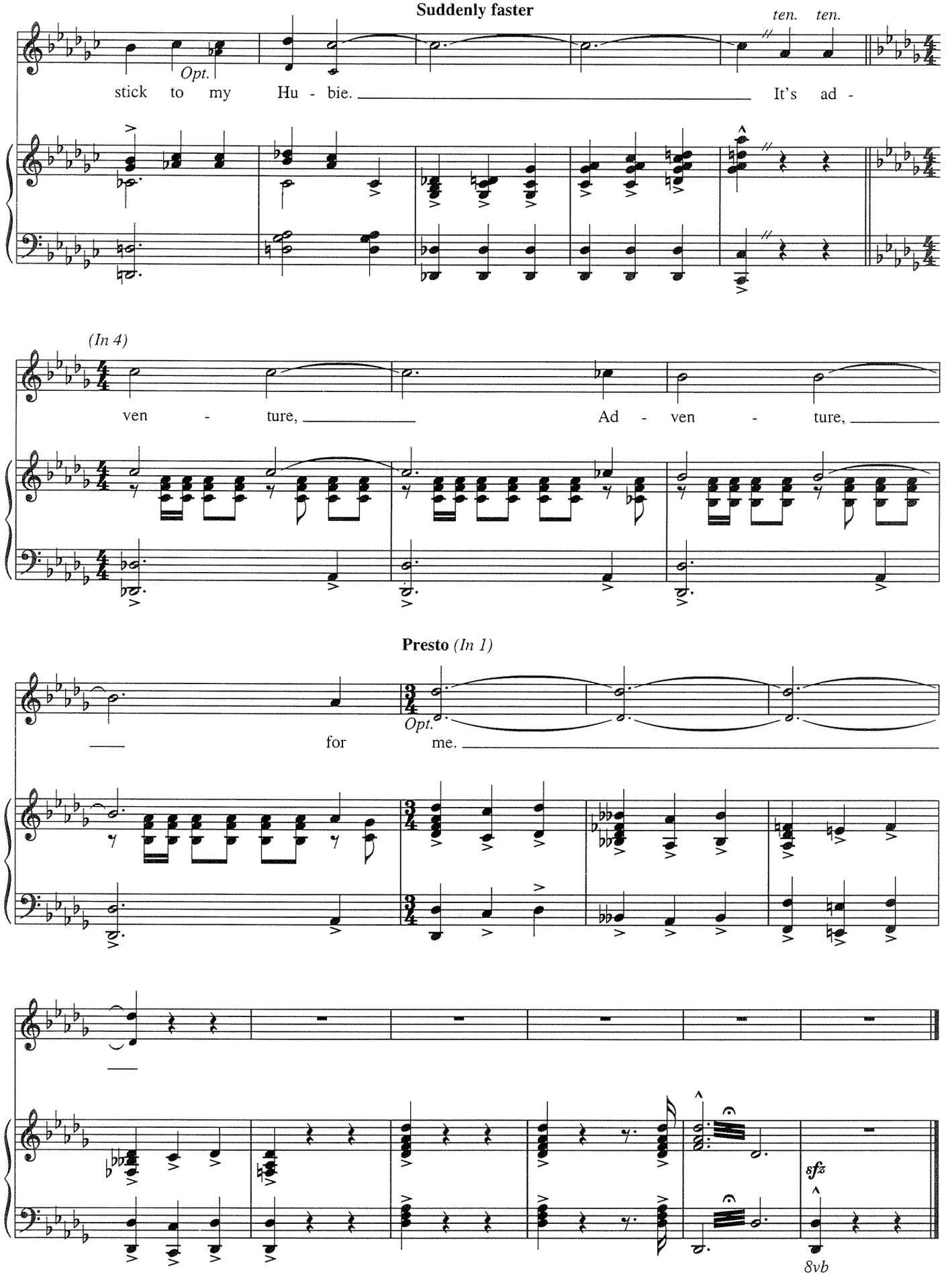

With you, may I say, it's an ad -
p
ven - ture. You've passed a bum
(♩ = ♩.) (In 1)
f
3
p
check and the guy's on your neck, So we
dash out of town for a spree.


The place that we stay is in
Far Rock - a - way, With a heav - en - ly
view of the sea. But the
fp
bill soon ar - rives, so we run for our


lives, Out the win - dow, by dark, we con -
A little faster
tin - ue our lark. We drop to the
p
streets on a lad - der of sheets, It's an
un - ob - served drop, all ex - cept for one


cop. We flee, hand in hand, down the
damp mid - night sand, By a great piece of
luck there's the back of a truck. It
bumps us to town, I'm still in my night - gown. Well, the

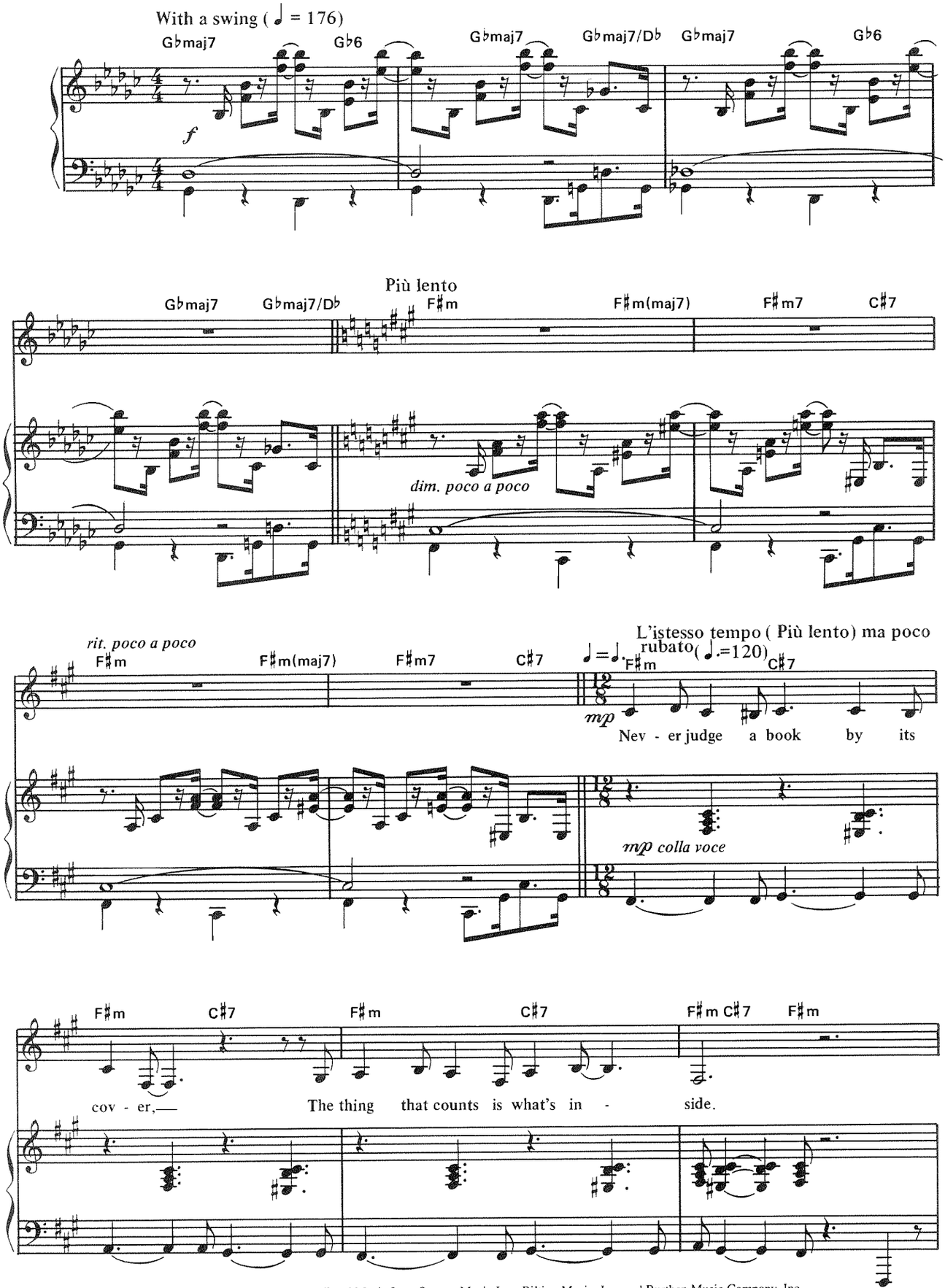

Freely (In 3)
week - end's been chic, And it's tune in next week. So
in tempo
dear Miss - us Mil - ler, go keep your chin - chil - la, 'Cause
Opt.
e - ven if Shel - don were free,
Deliberately
I'd give up each ru - by and
a tempo


Suddenly faster
ten. ten.
Opt.
stick to my Hu - bie. It's ad -
(In 4)
ven - ture, Ad - ven - ture,
Presto (In 1)
Opt.
for me.
sfz
8vb

AH, BUT UNDERNEATH

from *Follies*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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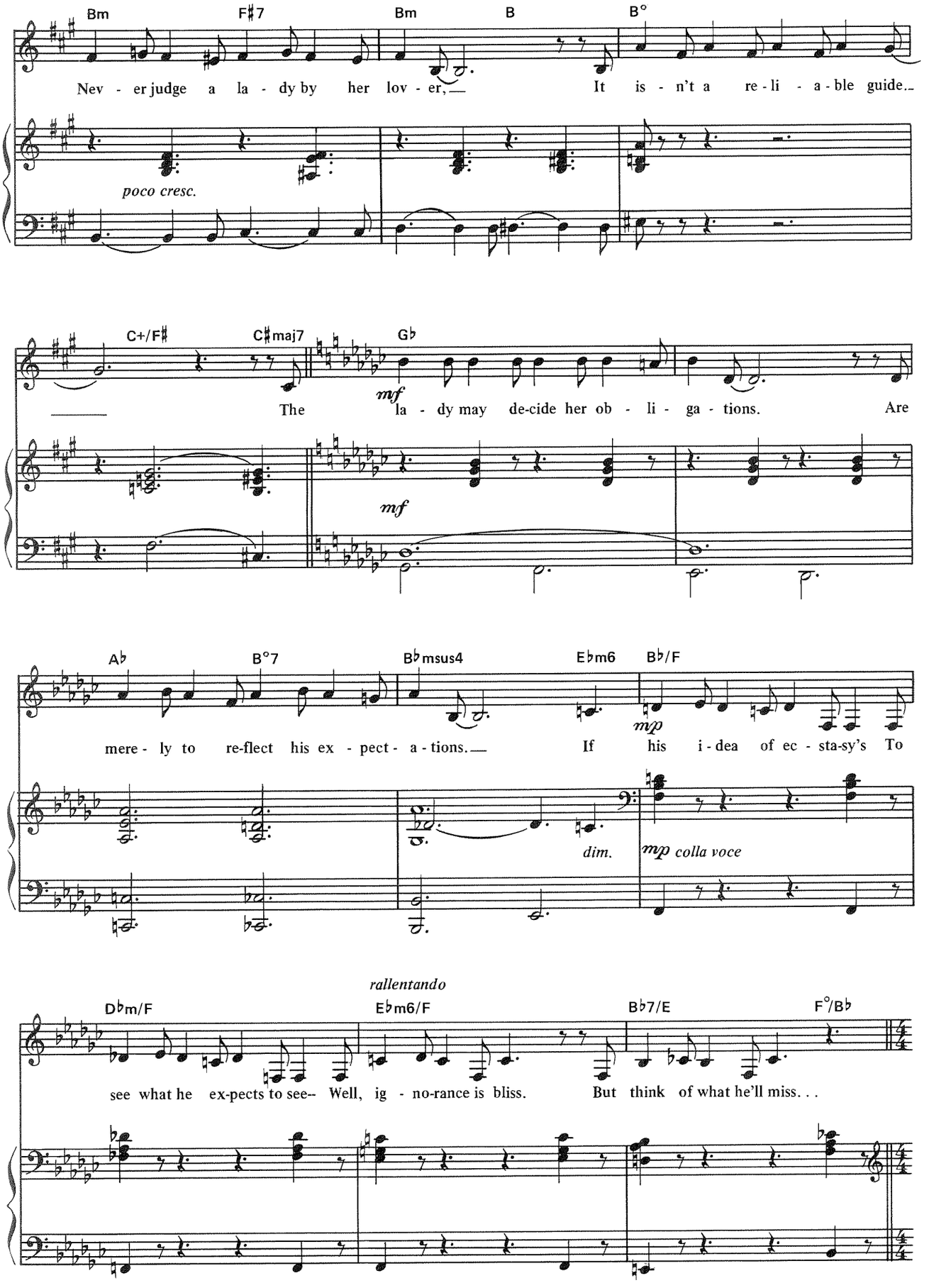
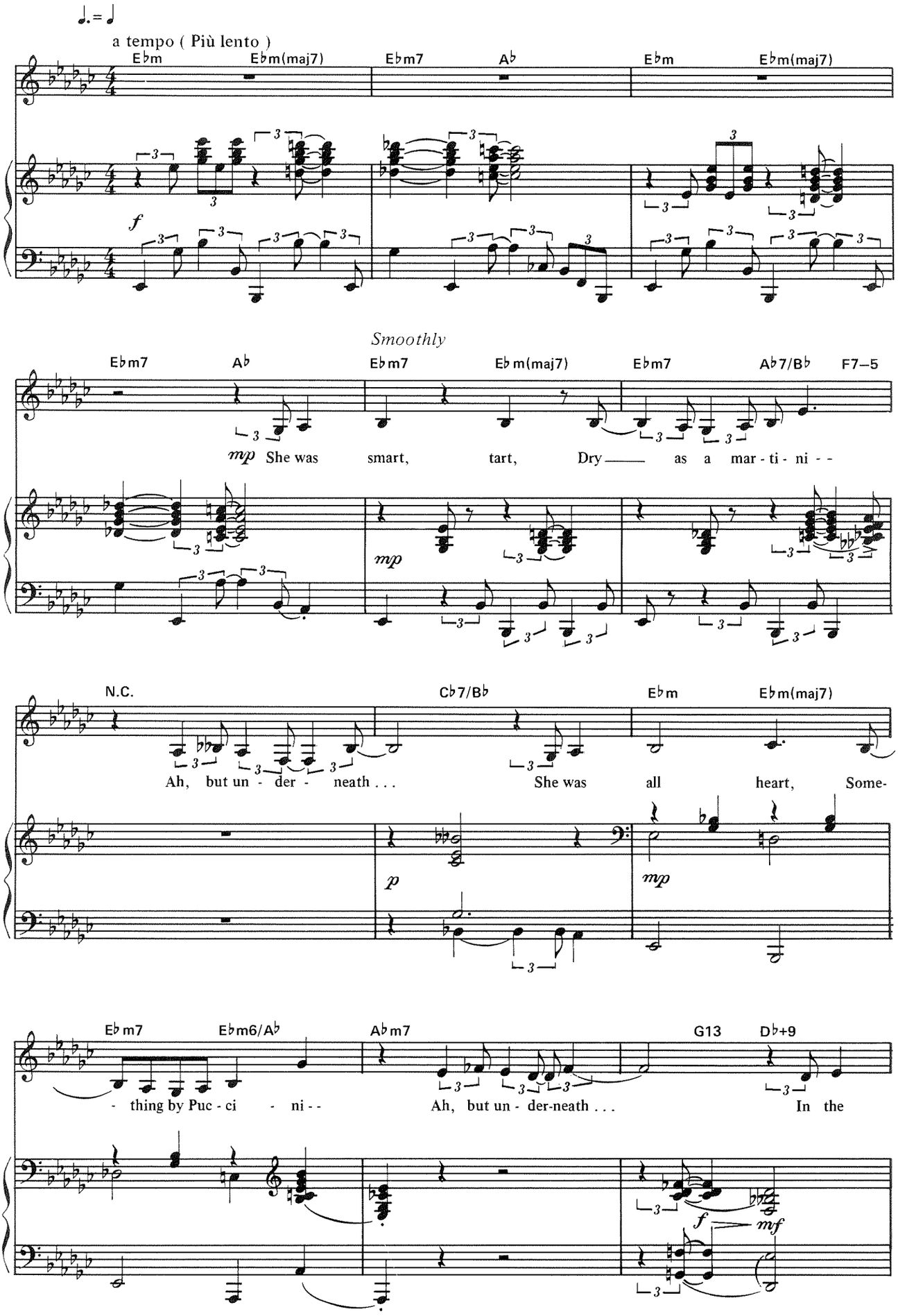
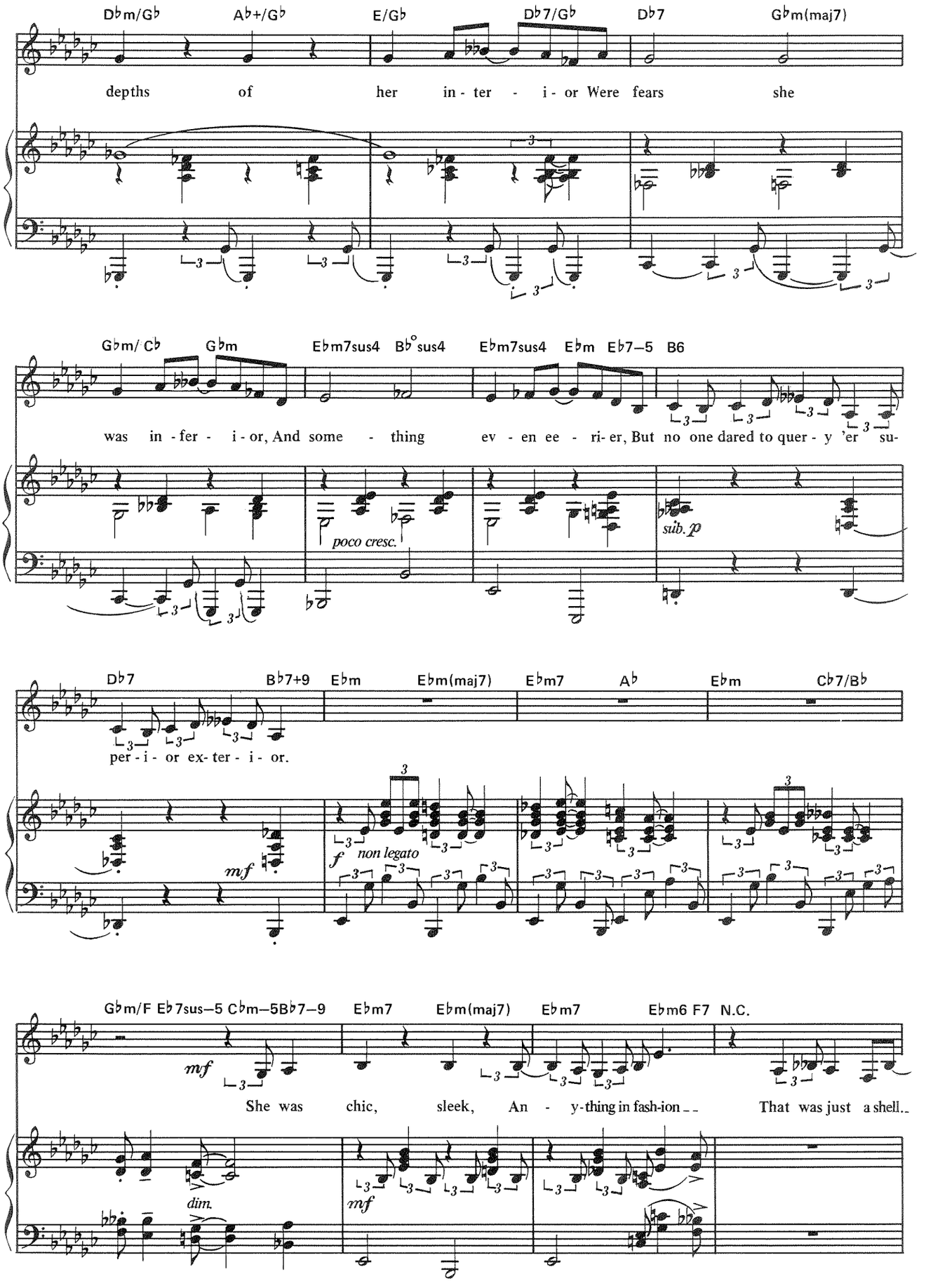
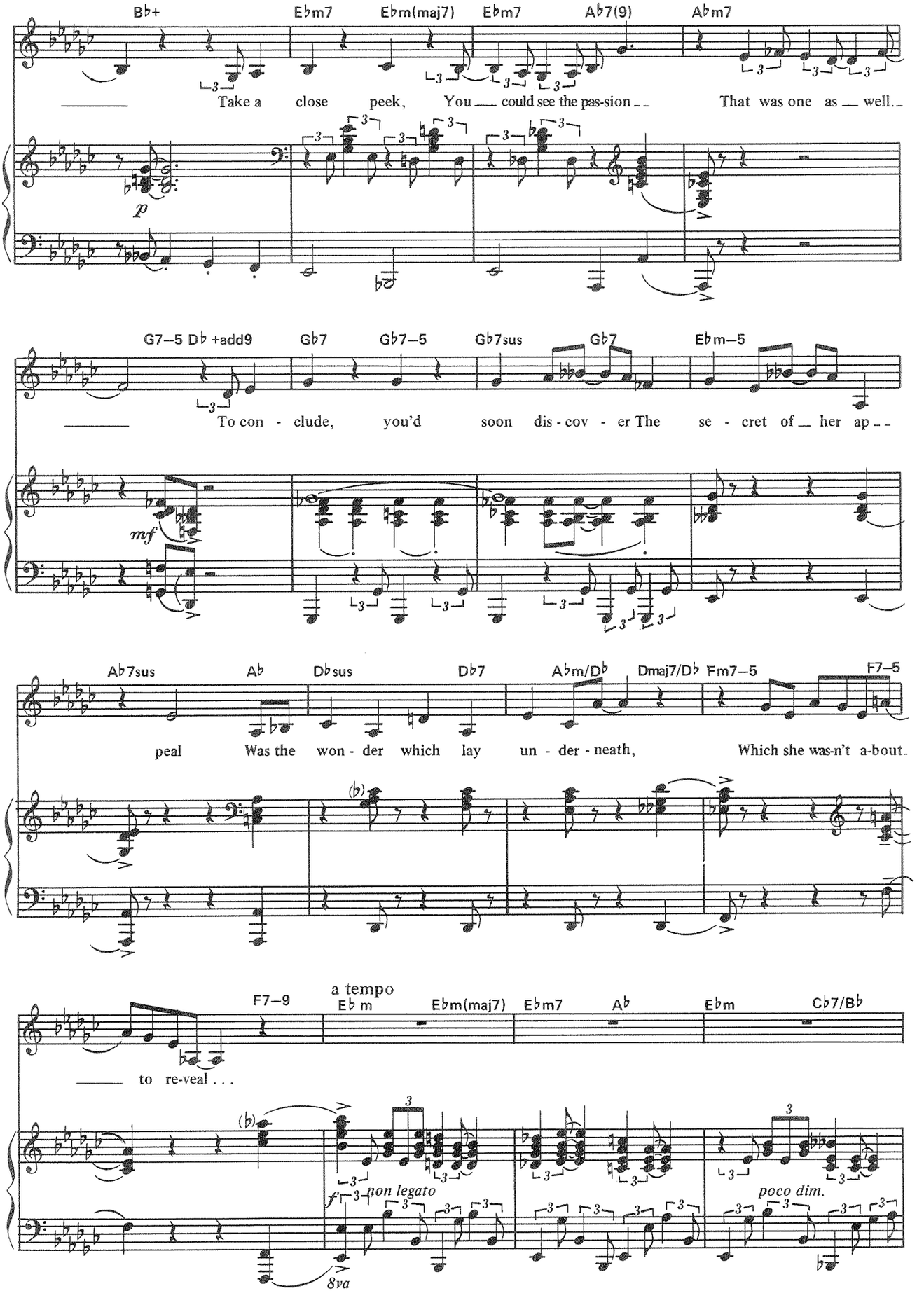
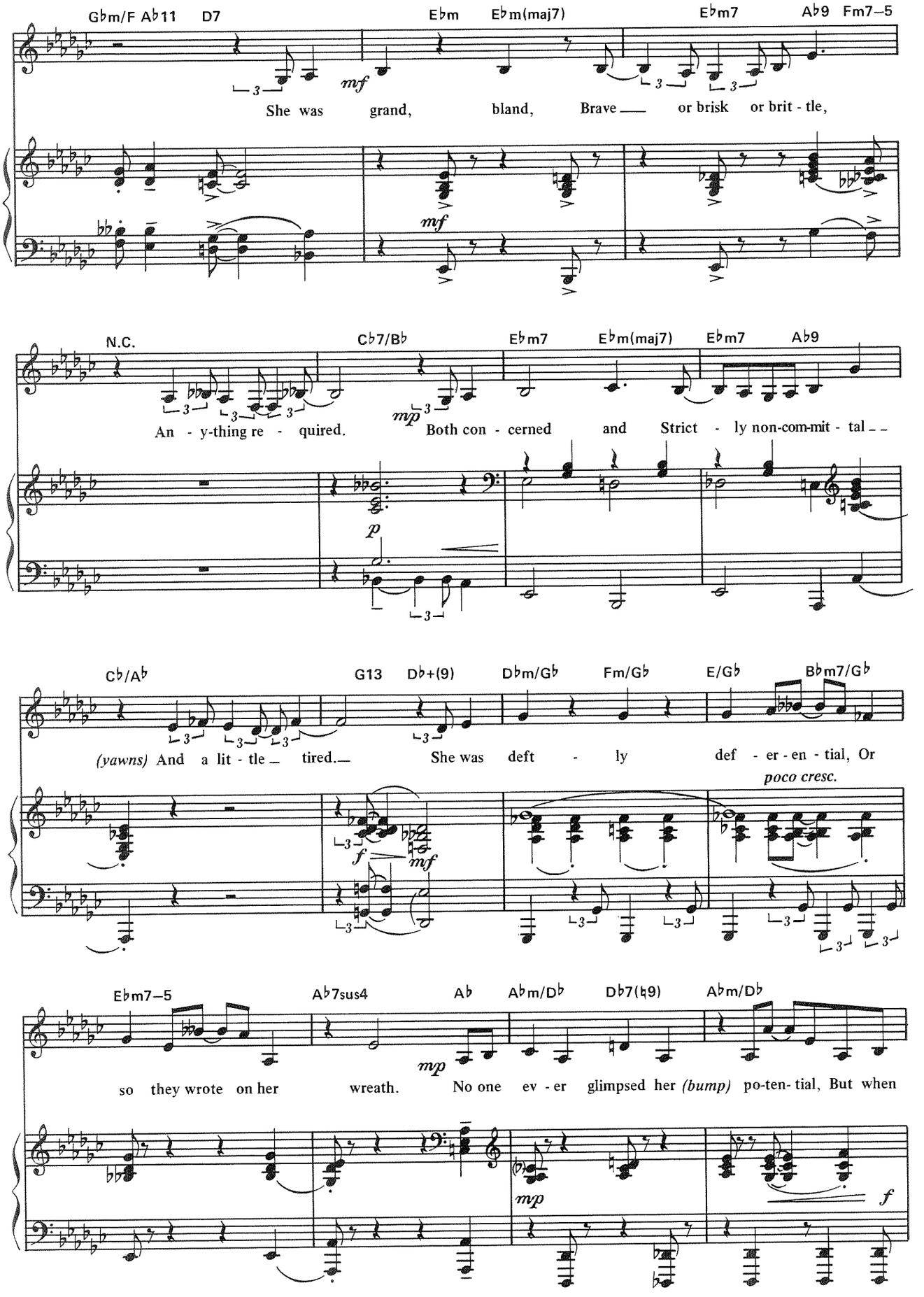
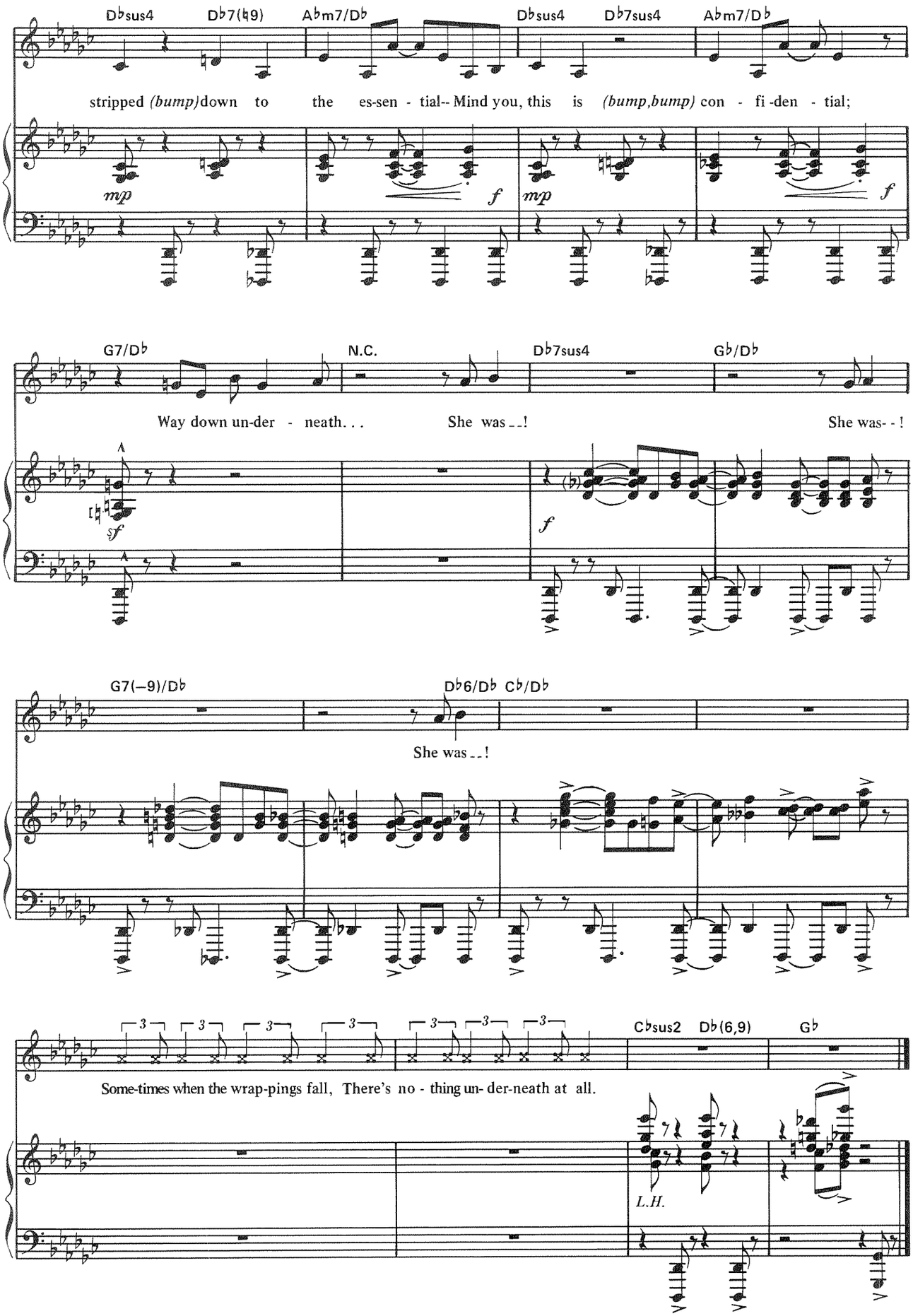

Bm F♯7 Bm B B°
Nev - er judge a la - dy by her lov - er,— It is - n't a re - li - a - ble guide.—
poco cresc.
C+/F♯ C♯maj7 G♭
mf
The la - dy may de-cide her ob - li - ga - tions. Are
mf
A♭ B°7 B♭msus4 E♭m6 B♭/F
mp
mere - ly to re-flect his ex - pect - a - tions.— If his i - dea of ec - sta-sy's To
dim.
mp colla voce
rallentando
D♭m/F E♭m6/F B♭7/E F°/B♭
see what he ex-pects to see-- Well, ig - no-rance is bliss. But think of what he'll miss. . .


a tempo (Più lento)
Eb m
Eb m(maj7)
Eb m7
Ab
Eb m
Eb m(maj7)
f
Smoothly
Eb m7
Ab
Eb m7
Eb m(maj7)
Eb m7
Ab 7/Bb
F7–5
mp
She was smart, tart, Dry — as a mar - ti - ni - -
mp
N.C.
Cb 7/Bb
Eb m
Eb m(maj7)
Ah, but un - der - neath . . .
She was all heart, Some-
p
mp
Eb m7
Eb m6/Ab
Ab m7
G13
Db+9
- thing by Puc - ci - ni - -
Ah, but un - der-neath . . .
In the
f
mf


Dbm/Gb Ab+/Gb E/Gb Db7/Gb Db7 Gbm(maj7)
depths of her in - ter - i - or Were fears she
Gbm/ Cb Gbm Ebm7sus4 Bb°sus4 Ebm7sus4 Ebm Eb7–5 B6
was in - fer - i - or, And some - thing ev - en ee - ri - er, But no one dared to quer - y 'er su-
poco cresc.
sub. p
Db7 Bb7+9 Ebm Ebm(maj7) Ebm7 Ab Ebm Cb7/Bb
per - i - or ex - ter - i - or.
mf
f non legato
Gbm/F Eb7sus–5 Cbm–5Bb7–9 Ebm7 Ebm(maj7) Ebm7 Ebm6 F7 N.C.
mf
She was chic, sleek, An - y - thing in fash-ion - - That was just a shell..
dim.
mf


B♭+ E♭m7 E♭m(maj7) E♭m7 A♭7(9) A♭m7
Take a close peek, You could see the pas-sion That was one as well.
p
G7–5 D♭ +add9 G♭7 G♭7–5 G♭7sus G♭7 E♭m–5
To con - clude, you'd soon dis - cov - er The se - cret of her ap
mf
A♭7sus A♭ D♭sus D♭7 A♭m/D♭ Dmaj7/D♭ Fm7–5 F7–5
peal Was the won - der which lay un - der - neath, Which she was-n't a-bout.
F7–9
a tempo
E♭ m E♭m(maj7) E♭m7 A♭ E♭m C♭7/B♭
to re-veal . . .
f non legato
poco dim.
8va

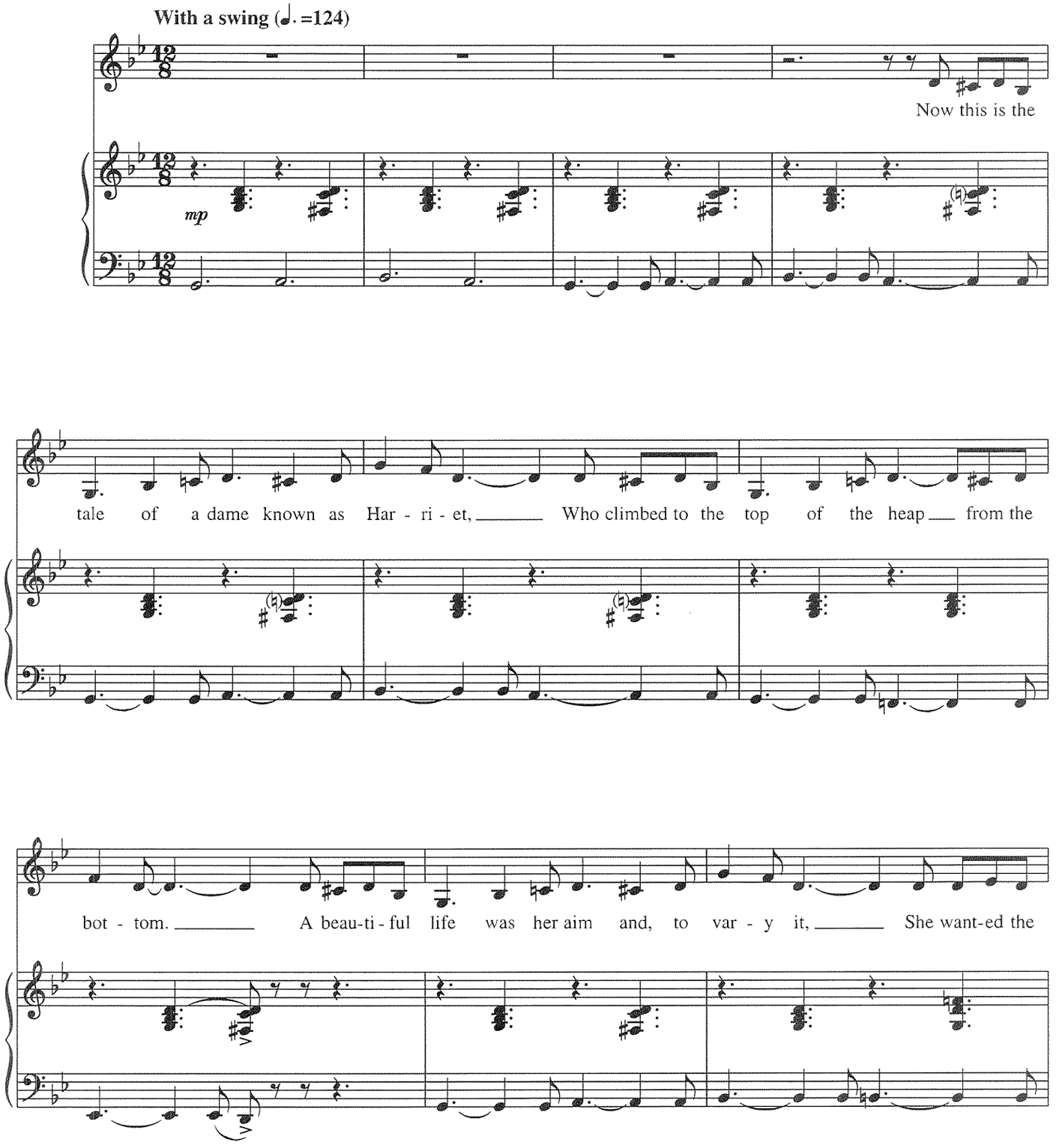

Gbm/F Ab11 D7
Ebm Ebm(maj7)
Ebm7 Ab9 Fm7–5
She was grand, bland, Brave — or brisk or brit - tle,
N.C.
Cb7/Bb
Ebm7 Ebm(maj7) Ebm7 Ab9
An - y-thing re - quired. Both con - cerned and Strict - ly non-com-mit - tal
Cb/Ab
G13 Db+(9)
Dbm/Gb Fm/Gb E/Gb Bbm7/Gb
(yawns) And a lit - tle tired. She was deft - ly def - er - en - tial, Or
poco cresc.
Ebm7–5
Ab7sus4
Ab Abm/Db Db7(b9) Abm/Db
so they wrote on her wreath. No one ev - er glimpsed her (bump) po-ten- tial, But when


Db sus4
Db7(b9)
Abm7/Db
Db sus4
Db7sus4
Abm7/Db
stripped (bump)down to the es-sen - tial-- Mind you, this is (bump,bump) con - fi -den - tial;
mp
f
mp
f
G7/Db
N.C.
Db7sus4
Gb/Db
Way down un-der - neath. . . She was_ _! She was- - !
sf
f
G7(–9)/Db
Db6/Db
Cb/Db
She was_ _!
Cb sus2
Db(6,9)
Gb
Some-times when the wrap-pings fall, There's no - thing un- der-neath at all.
L.H.

UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN

from *Follies*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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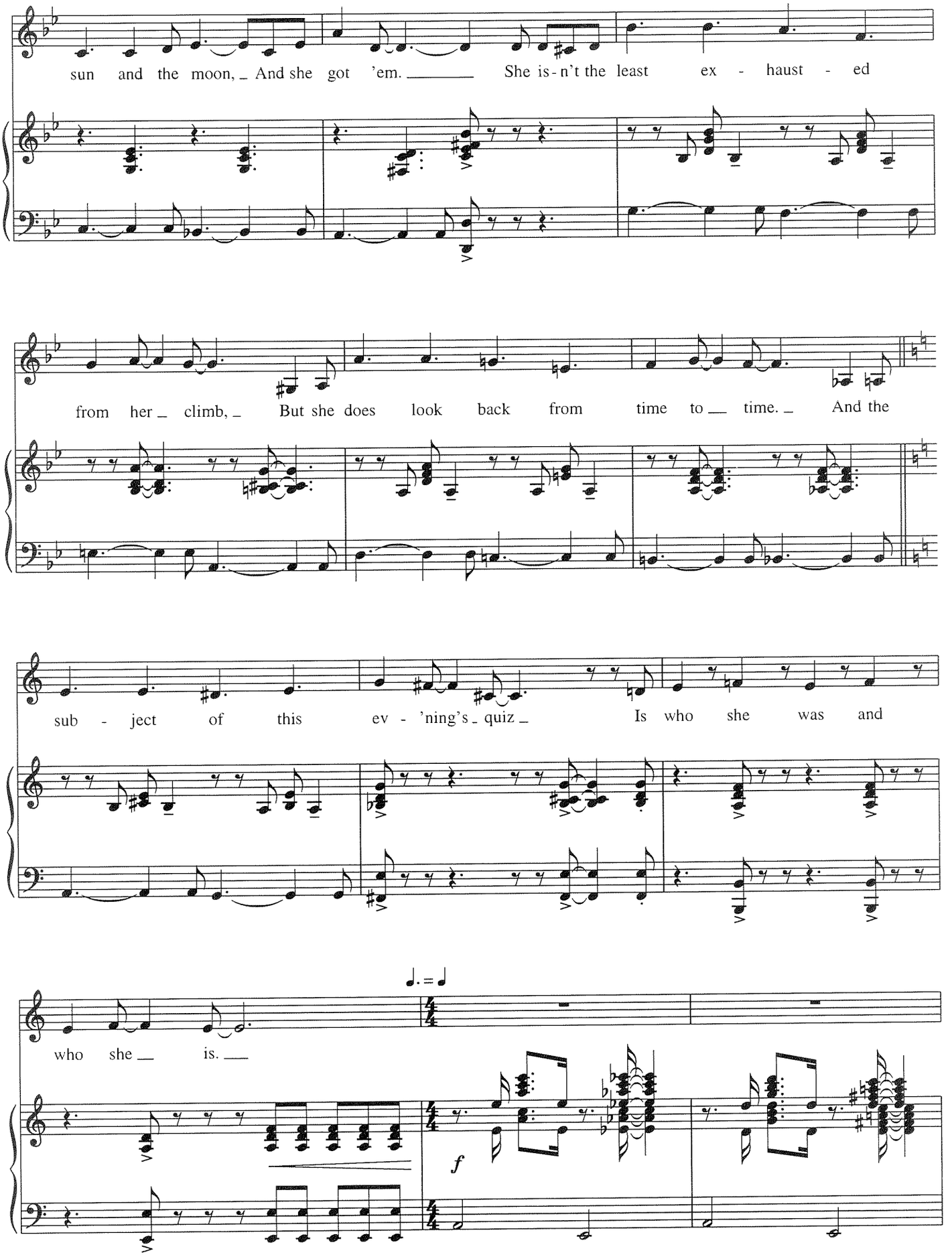
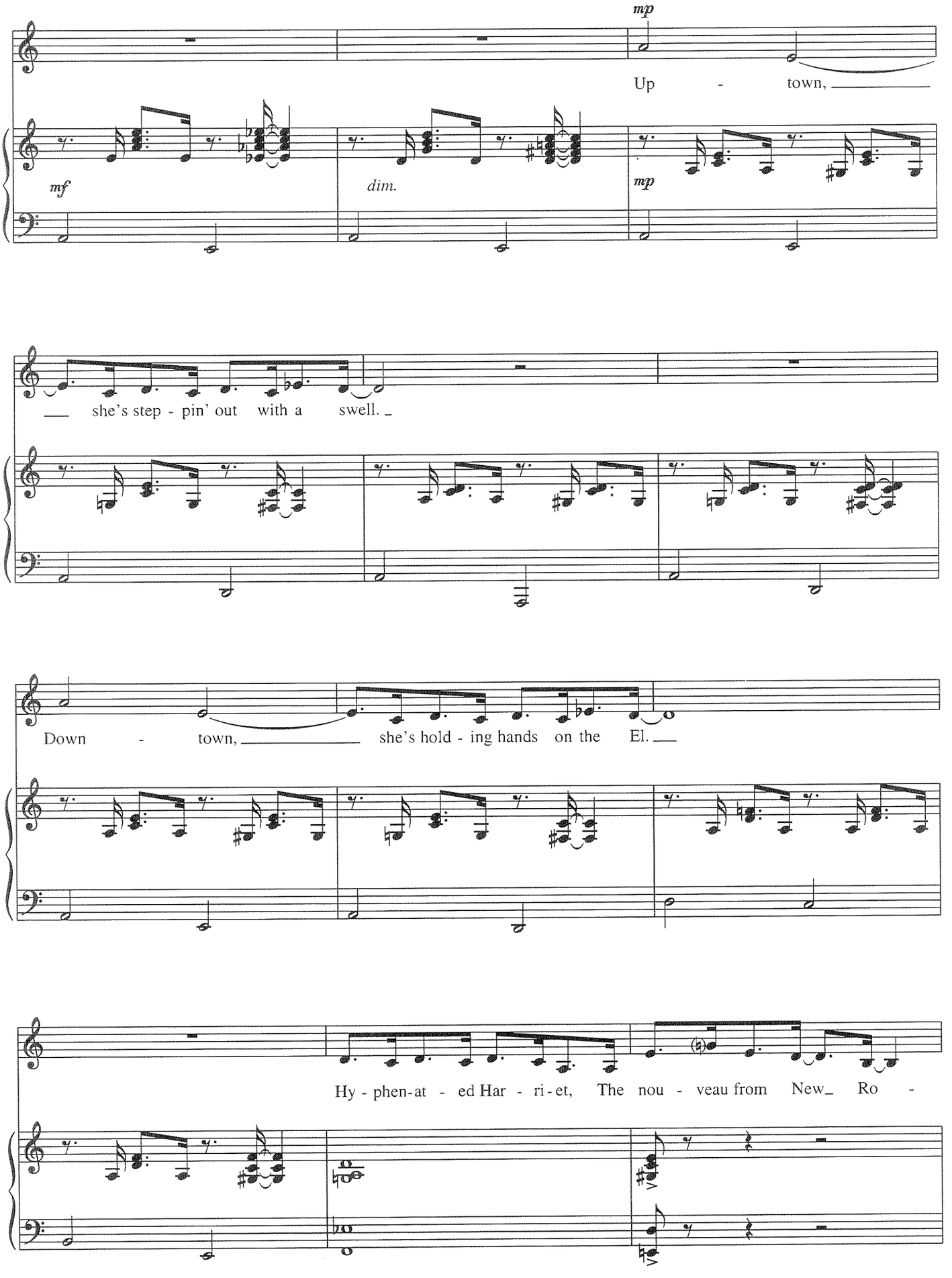
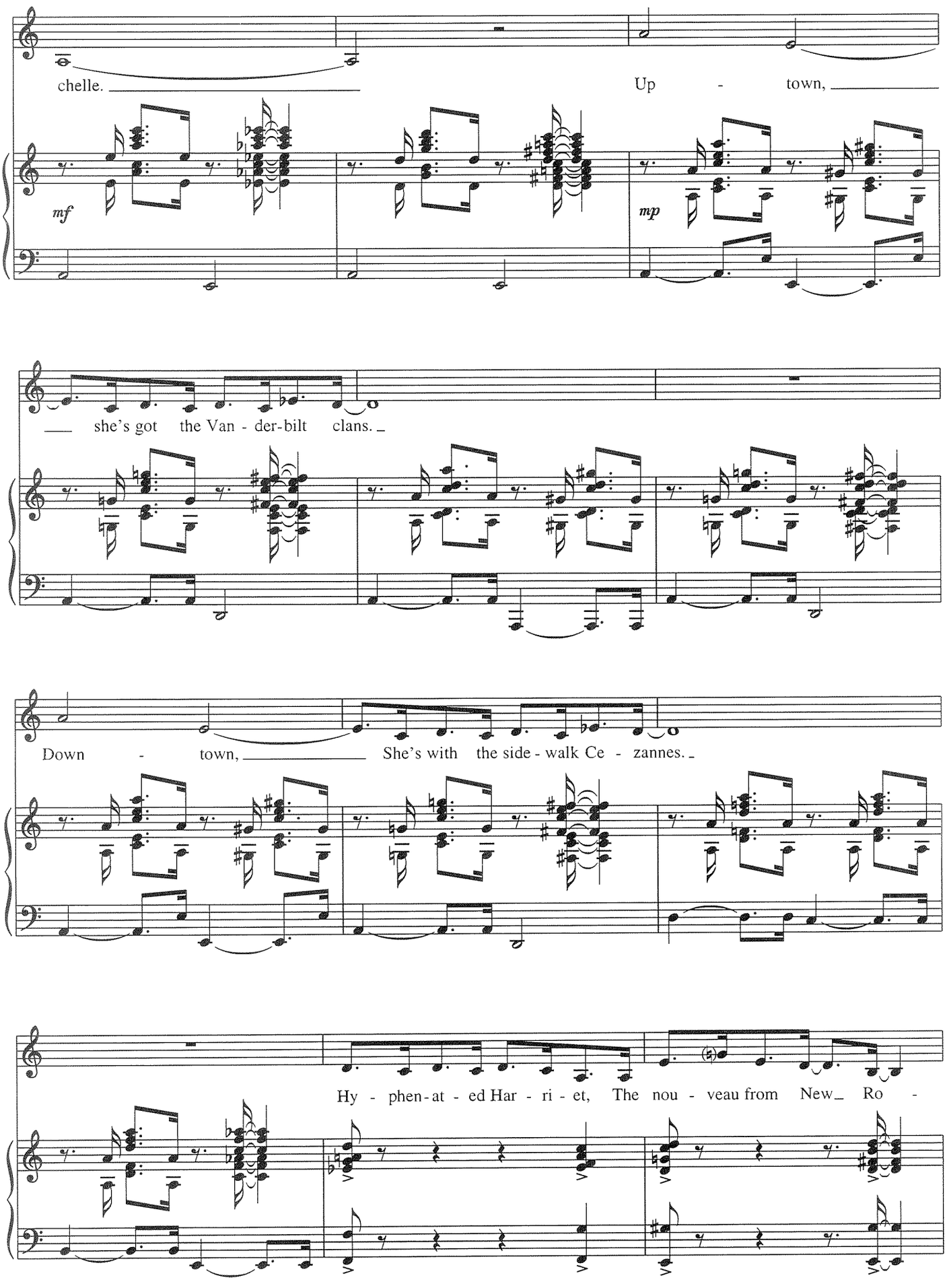
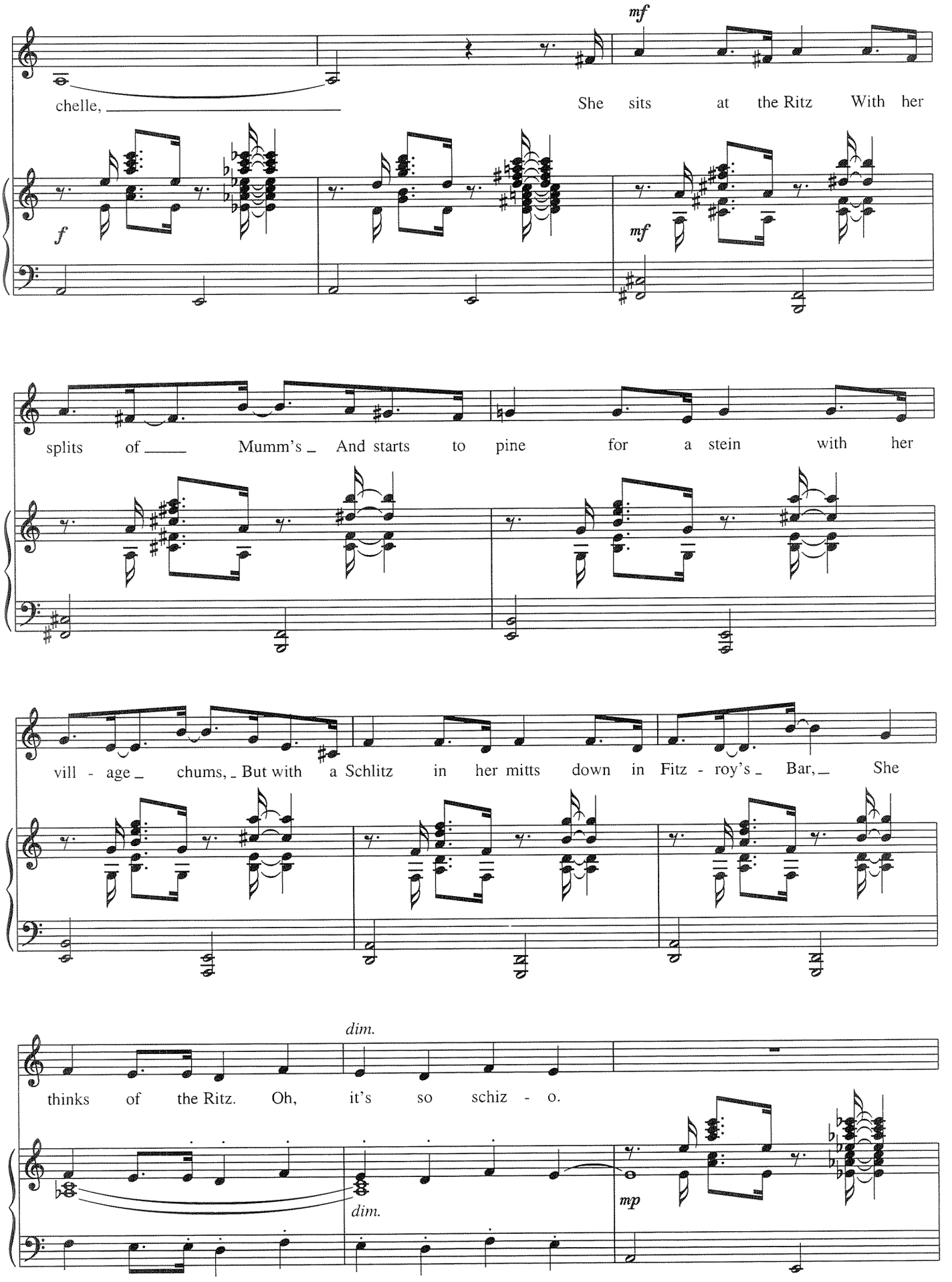
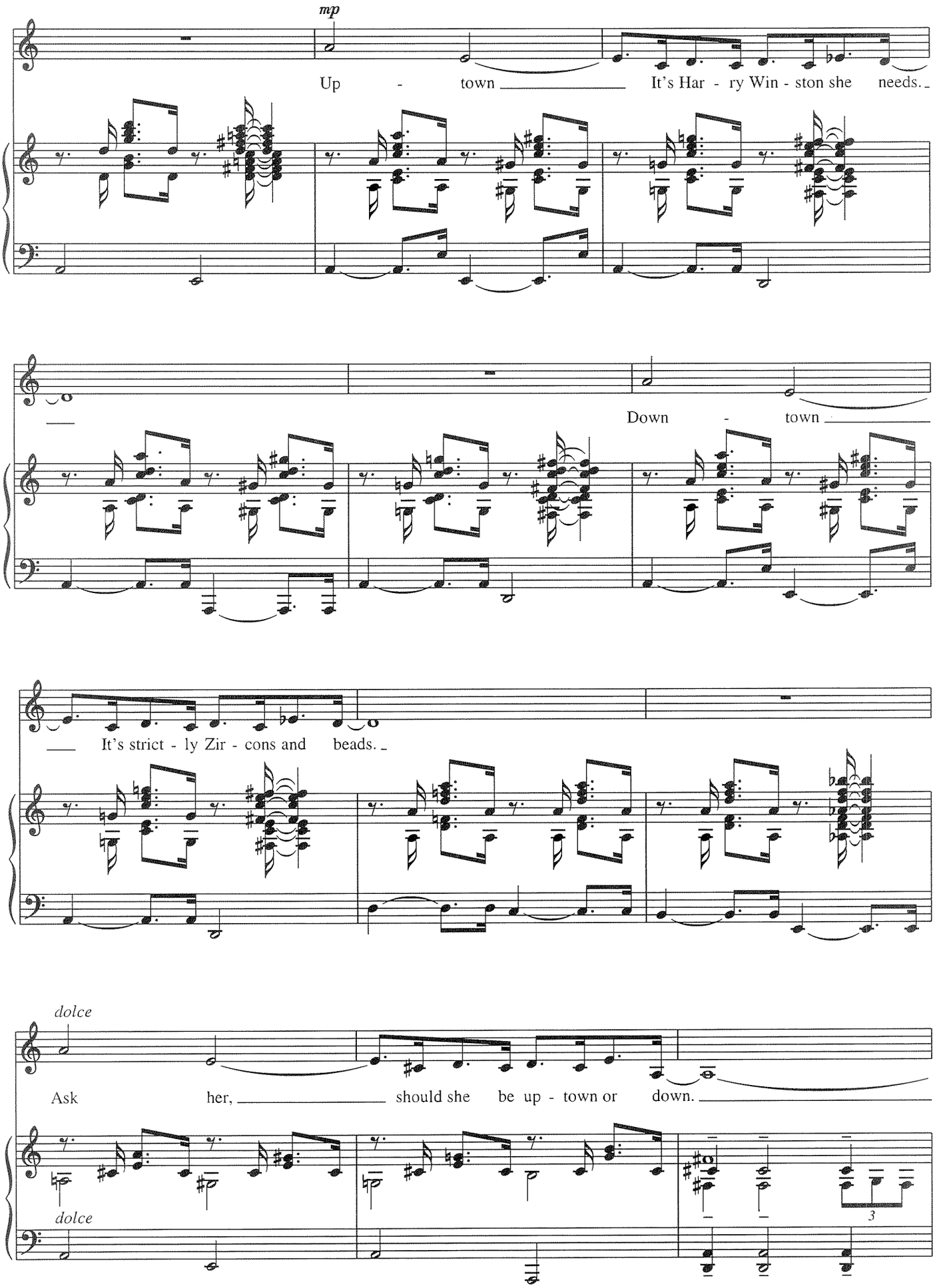
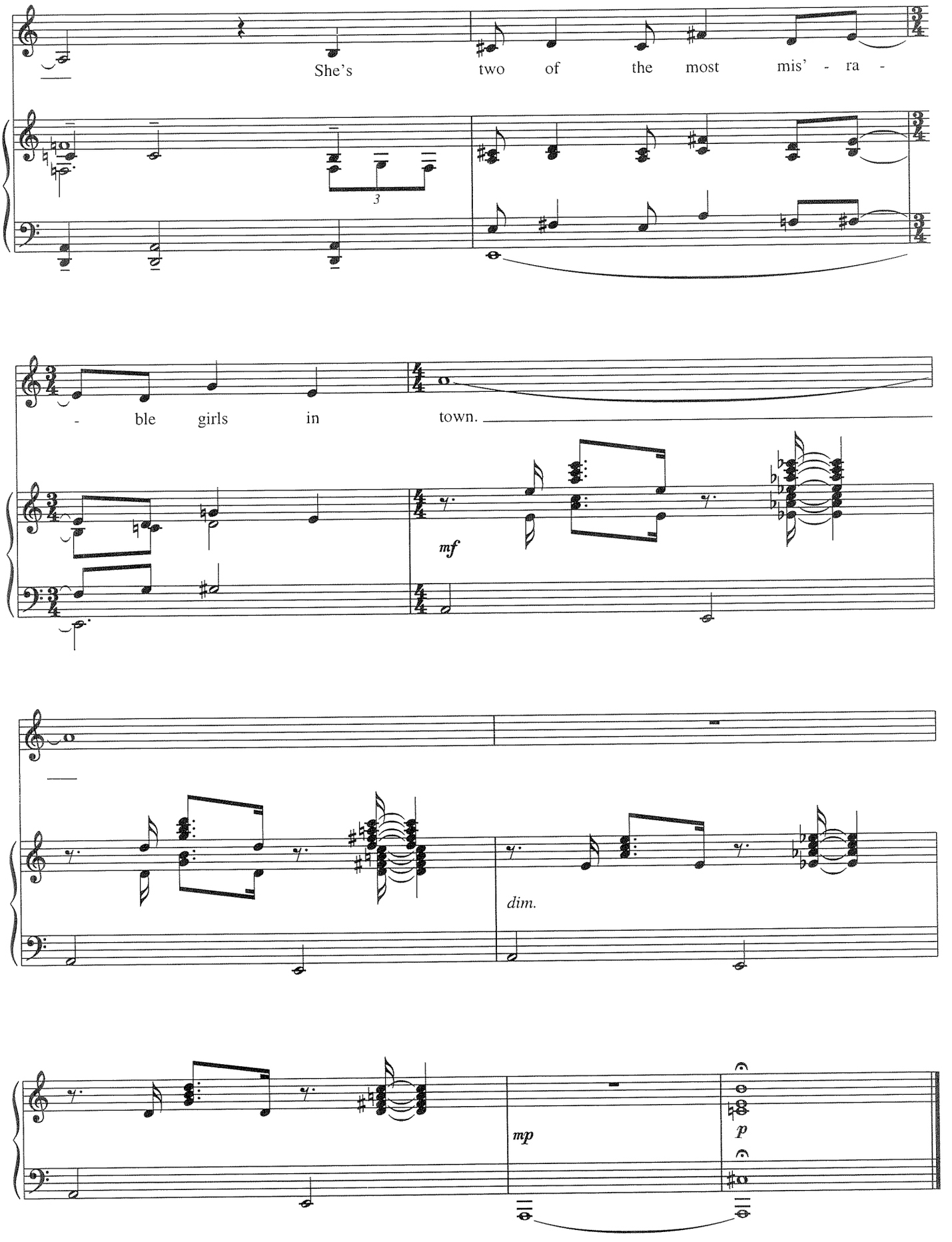

sun and the moon, _ And she got 'em. _____ She is-n't the least ex - haust - ed
from her _ climb, _ But she does look back from time to __ time. _ And the
sub - ject of this ev - 'ning's _ quiz _ Is who she was and
who she __ is. __
f


mp
Up - town,
mf
dim.
mp
she's step - pin' out with a swell.
Down - town, she's hold - ing hands on the El.
Hy - phen-at - ed Har - ri - et, The nou - veau from New Ro -


chelle.
Up - town,
mf
mp
she's got the Van - der-bilt clans.
Down - town,
She's with the side - walk Ce - zannes.
Hy - phen-at - ed Har - ri - et, The nou - veau from New Ro -


mf
chelle, She sits at the Ritz With her
f
mf
splits of Mumm's And starts to pine for a stein with her
vill - age chums, But with a Schlitz in her mitts down in Fitz - roy's Bar, She
dim.
thinks of the Ritz. Oh, it's so schiz - o.
dim.
mp

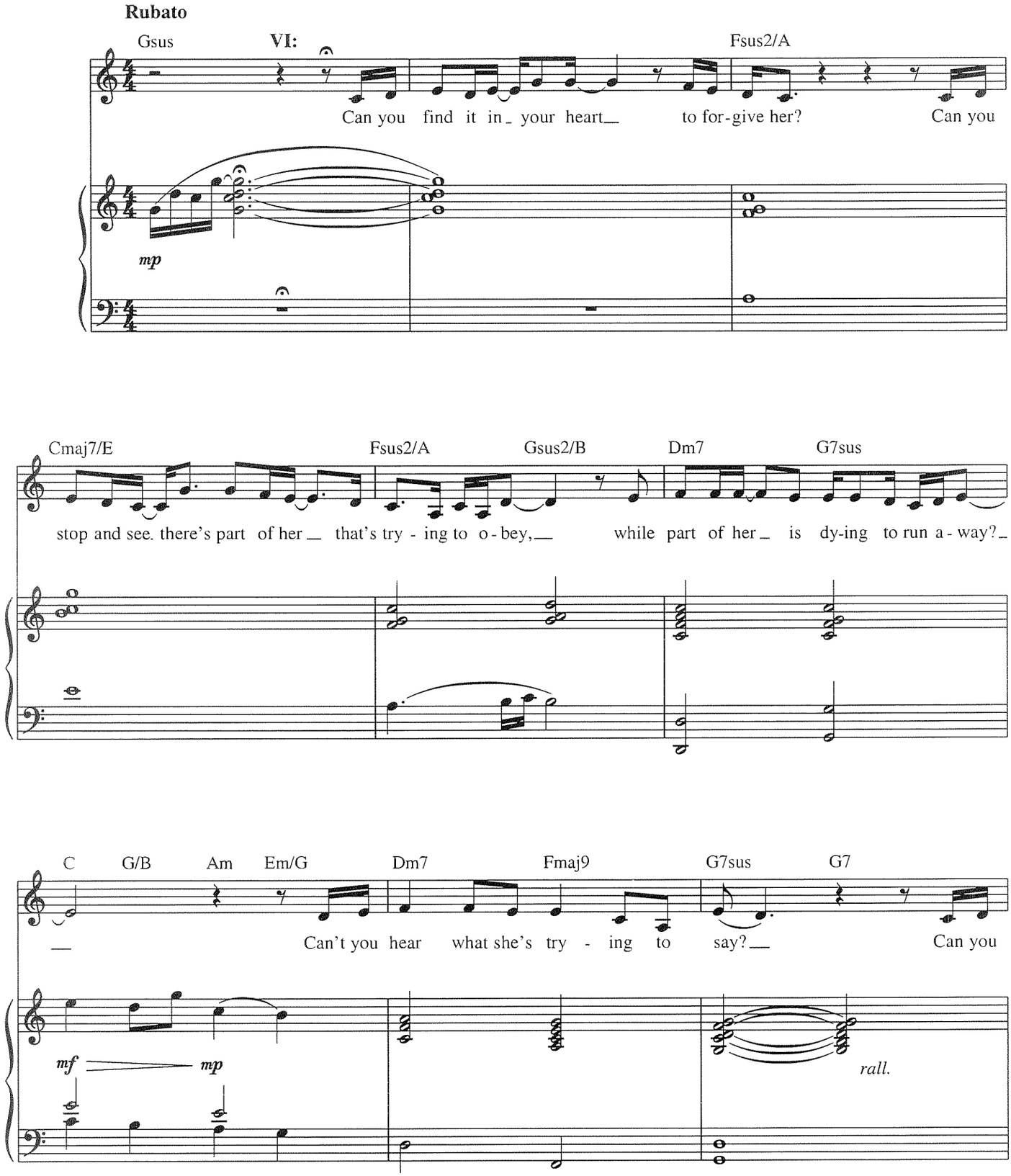

mp
Up - town It's Har - ry Win - ston she needs.
Down - town
It's strict - ly Zir - cons and beads.
dolce
Ask her, should she be up - town or down.
dolce
3


She's two of the most mis' - ra -
3
- ble girls in town.
mf
dim.
mp
p

CAN YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART?

from the Broadway musical *Footloose*

Words by DEAN PITCHFORD
Music by TOM SNOW



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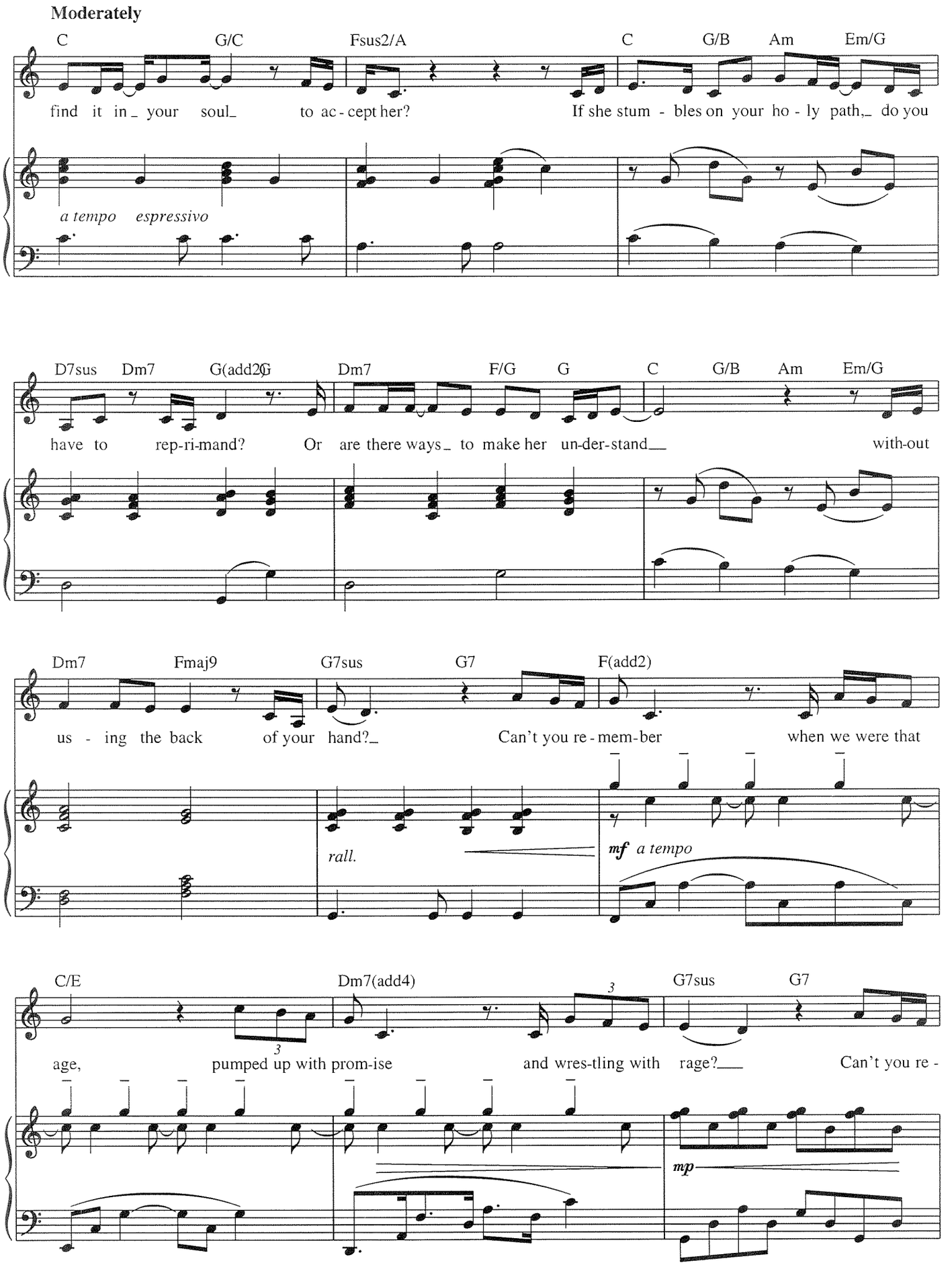
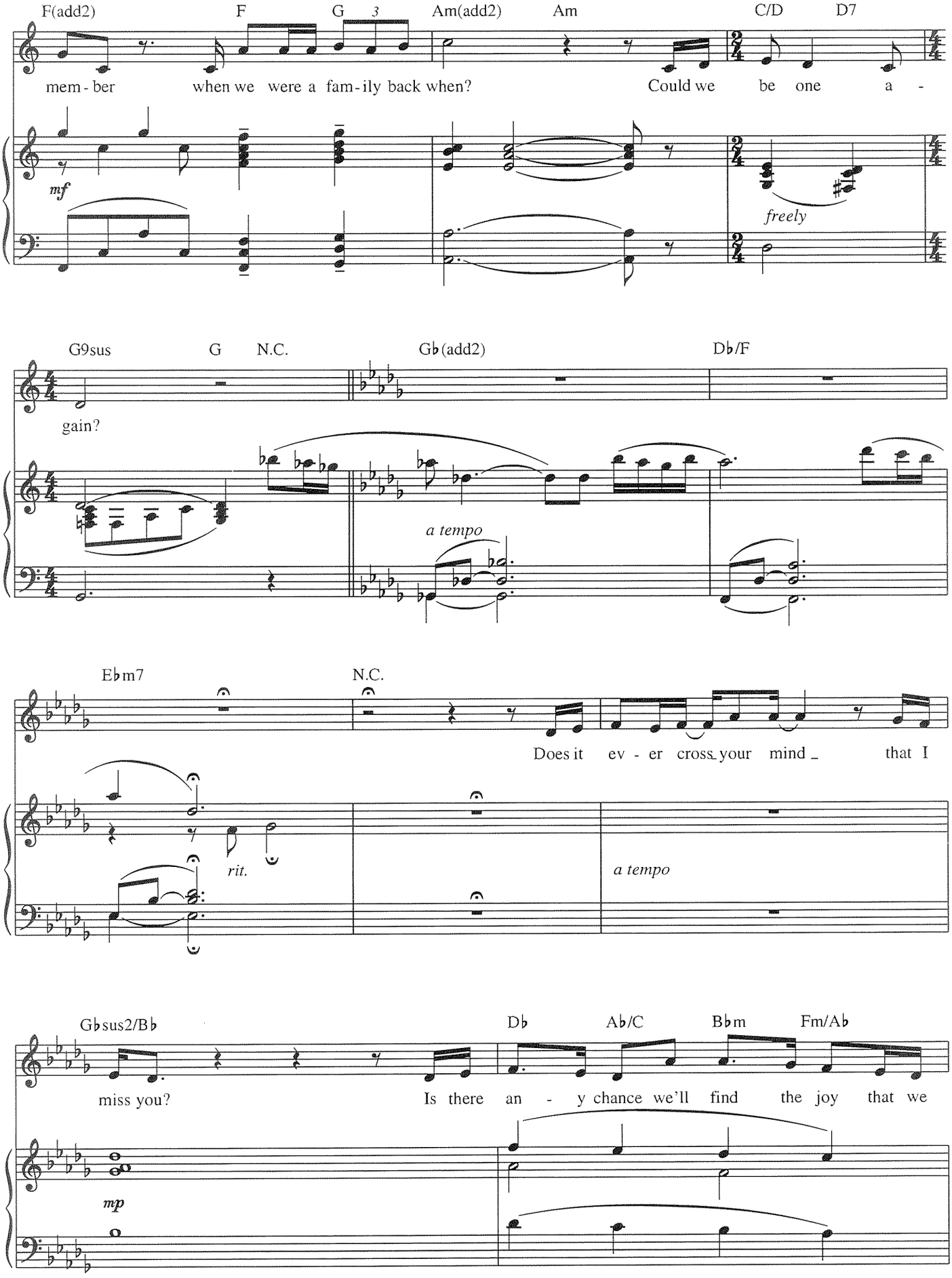
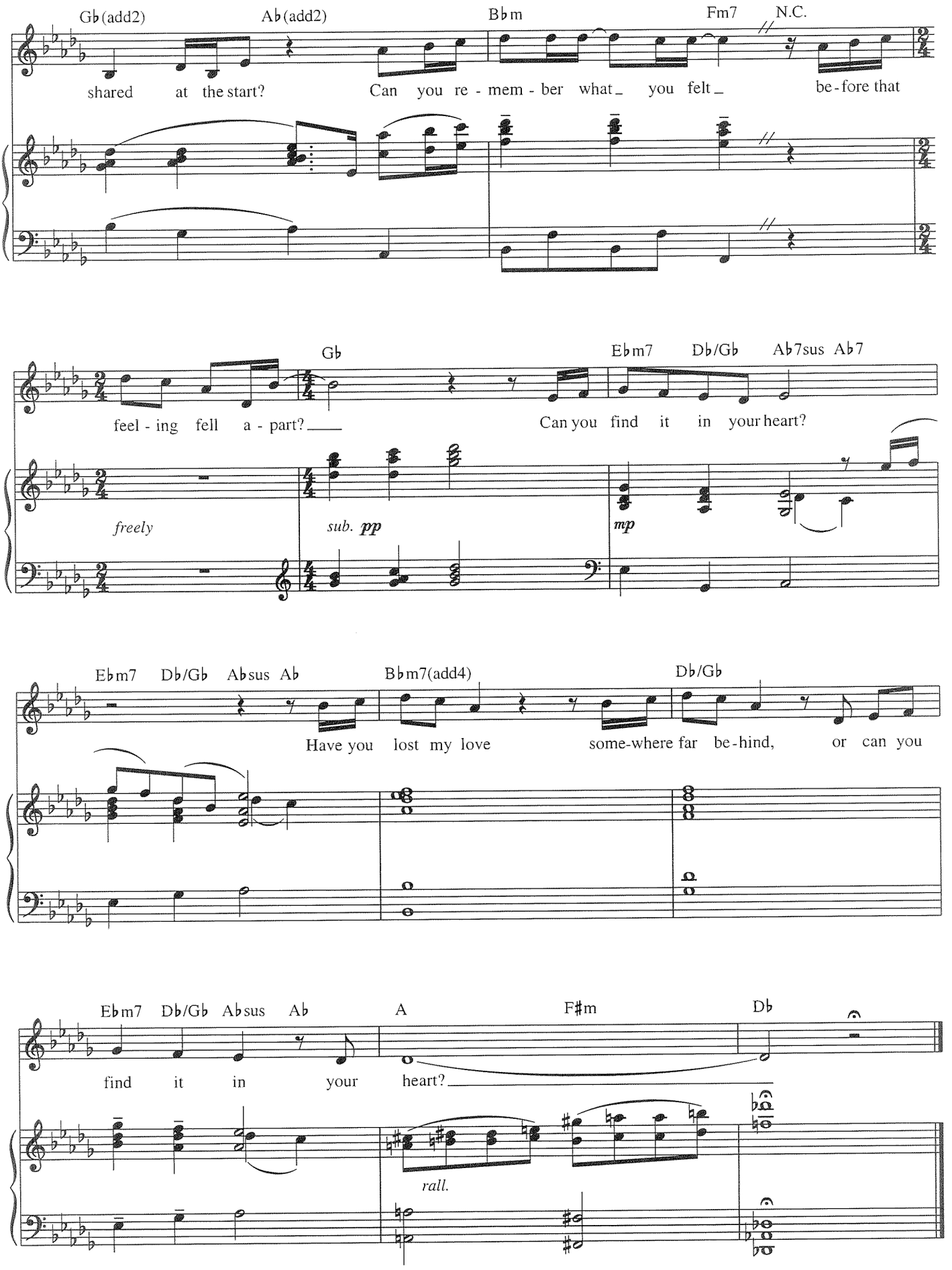

Moderately
C G/C Fsus2/A C G/B Am Em/G
find it in_ your soul_ to ac - cept her? If she stum - bles on your ho - ly path,_ do you
a tempo espressivo
D7sus Dm7 G(add2/G Dm7 F/G G C G/B Am Em/G
have to rep-ri-mand? Or are there ways_ to make her un-der-stand__ with-out
Dm7 Fmaj9 G7sus G7 F(add2)
us - ing the back of your hand?_ Can't you re - mem-ber when we were that
rall.
mf a tempo
C/E Dm7(add4) G7sus G7
age, pumped up with prom-ise and wres-tling with rage?__ Can't you re -
mp

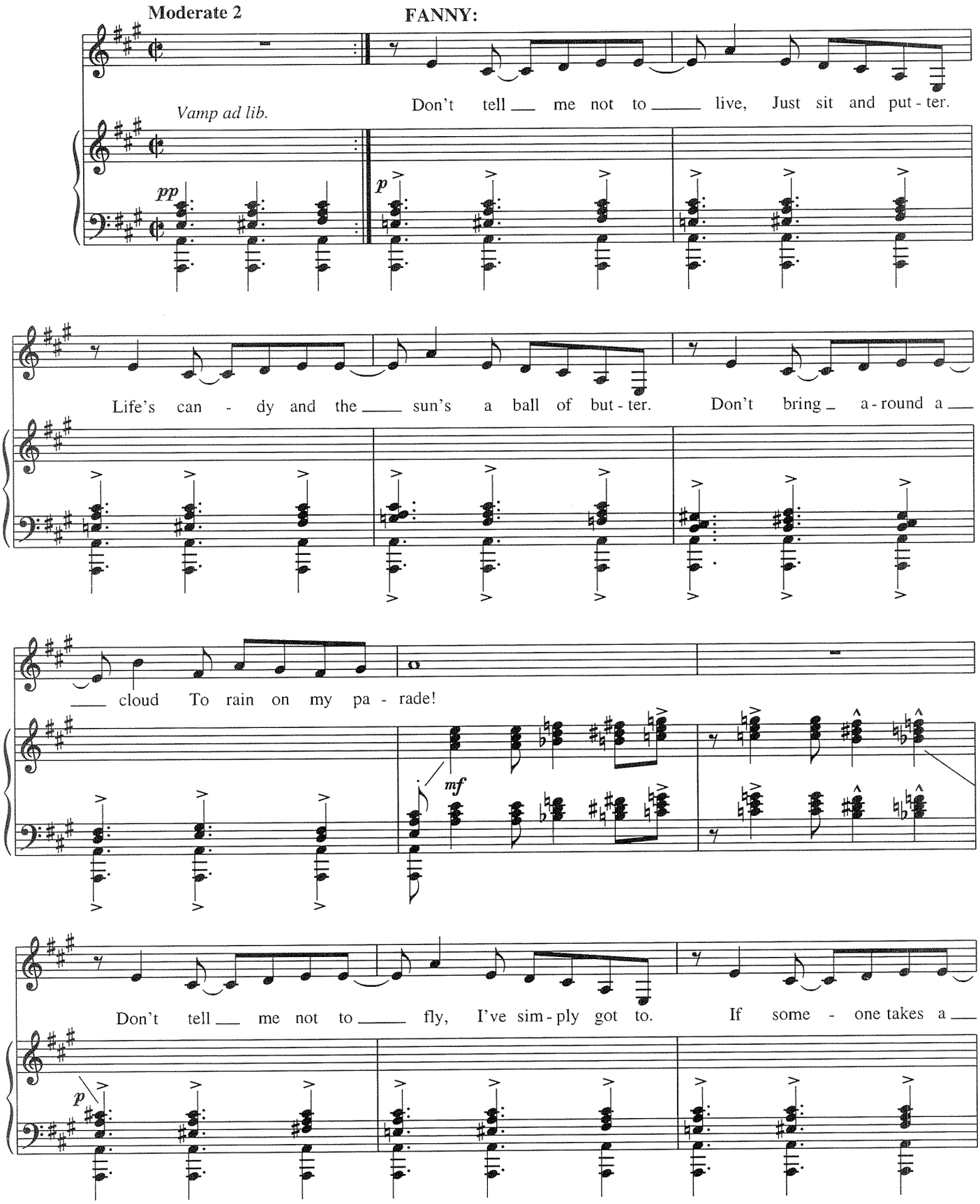

F(add2)
F
G
3
Am(add2)
Am
C/D
D7
mem - ber
when we were a fam - ily back when?
Could we be one a -
mf
freely
G9sus
G
N.C.
Gb(add2)
Db/F
gain?
a tempo
Ebm7
N.C.
Does it ev - er cross your mind that I
rit.
a tempo
Gbsus2/Bb
Db
Ab/C
Bbm
Fm/Ab
miss you?
Is there an - y chance we'll find the joy that we
mp


Gb(add2)
Ab(add2)
Bbm
Fm7
N.C.
shared at the start? Can you re - mem - ber what_ you felt_ be - fore that
Gb
Ebm7
Db/Gb
Ab7sus
Ab7
feel - ing fell a - part?___ Can you find it in your heart?
freely
sub. pp
mp
Ebm7
Db/Gb
Absus
Ab
Bbm7(add4)
Db/Gb
Have you lost my love some-where far be - hind, or can you
Ebm7
Db/Gb
Absus
Ab
A
F#m
Db
find it in your heart?___
rall.

DON'T RAIN ON MY PARADE

from *Funny Girl*

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE



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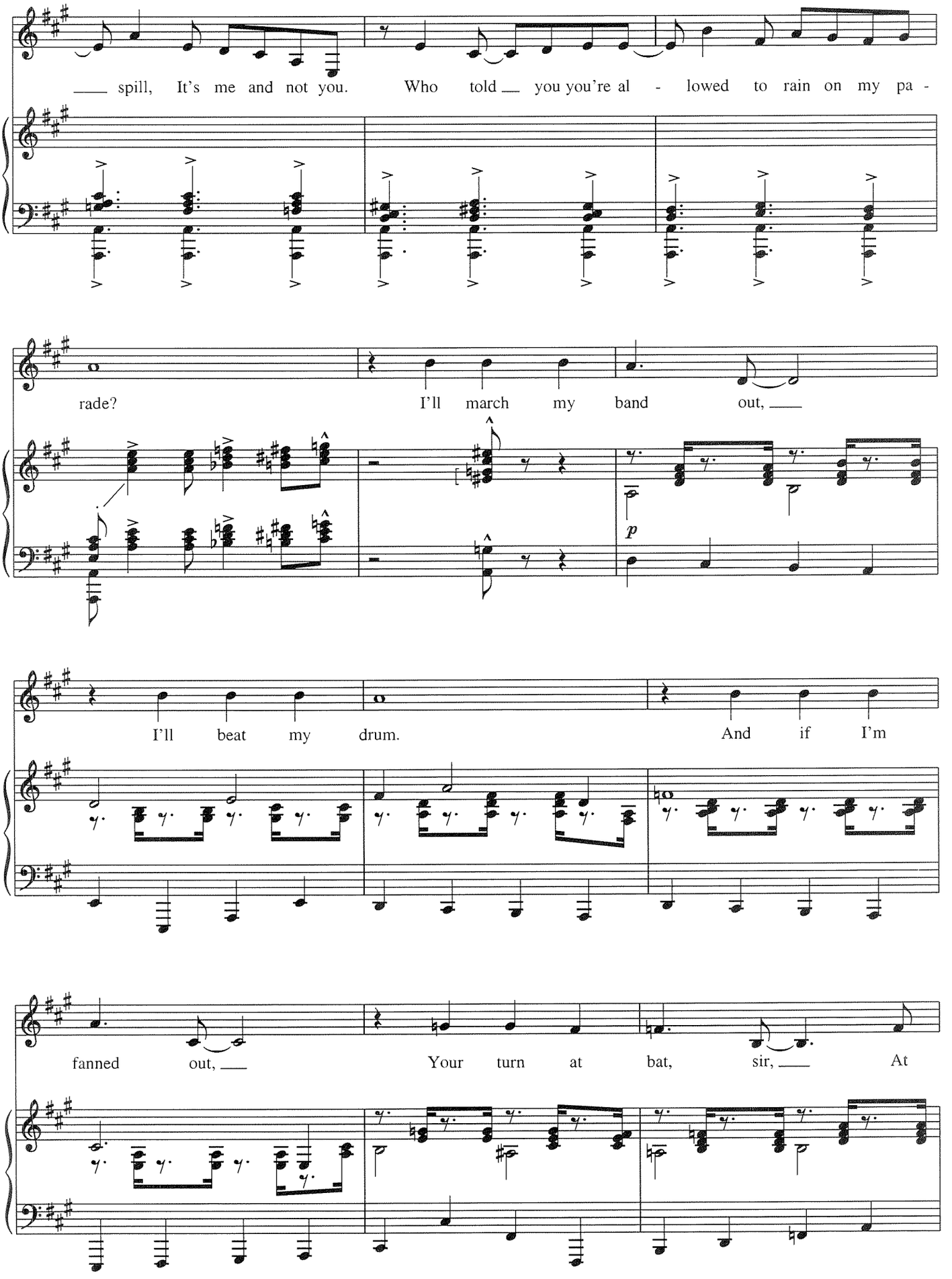
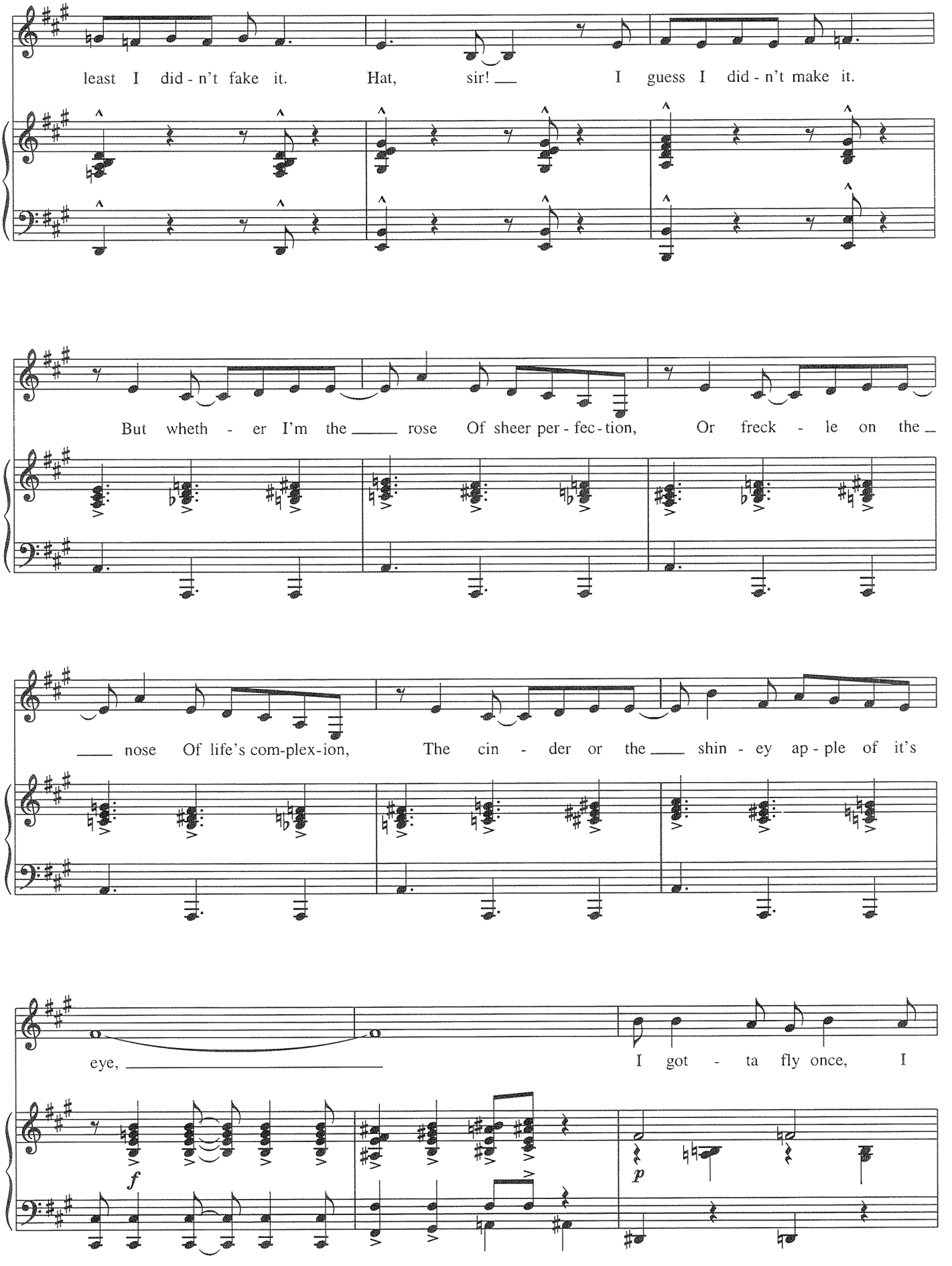
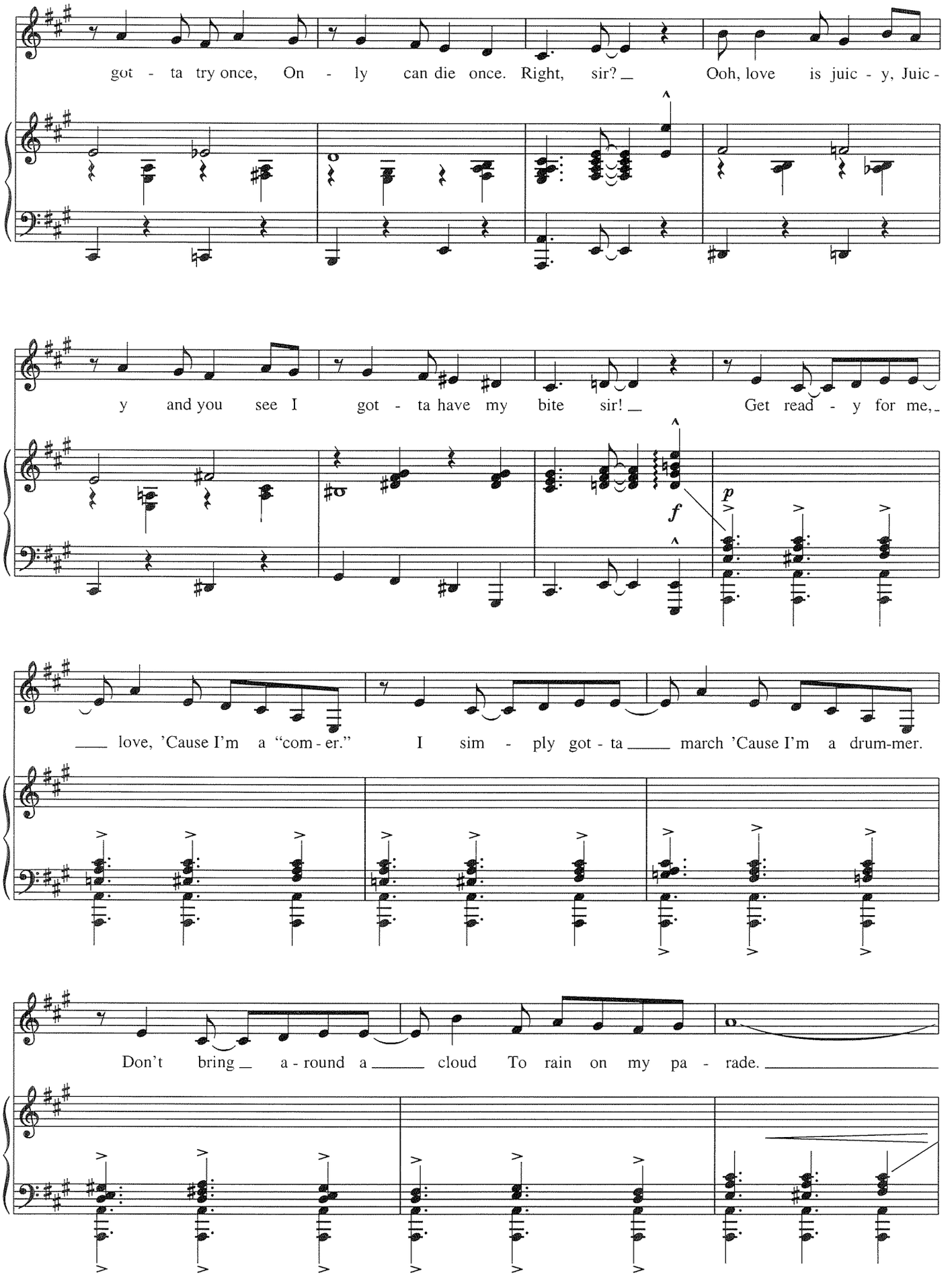
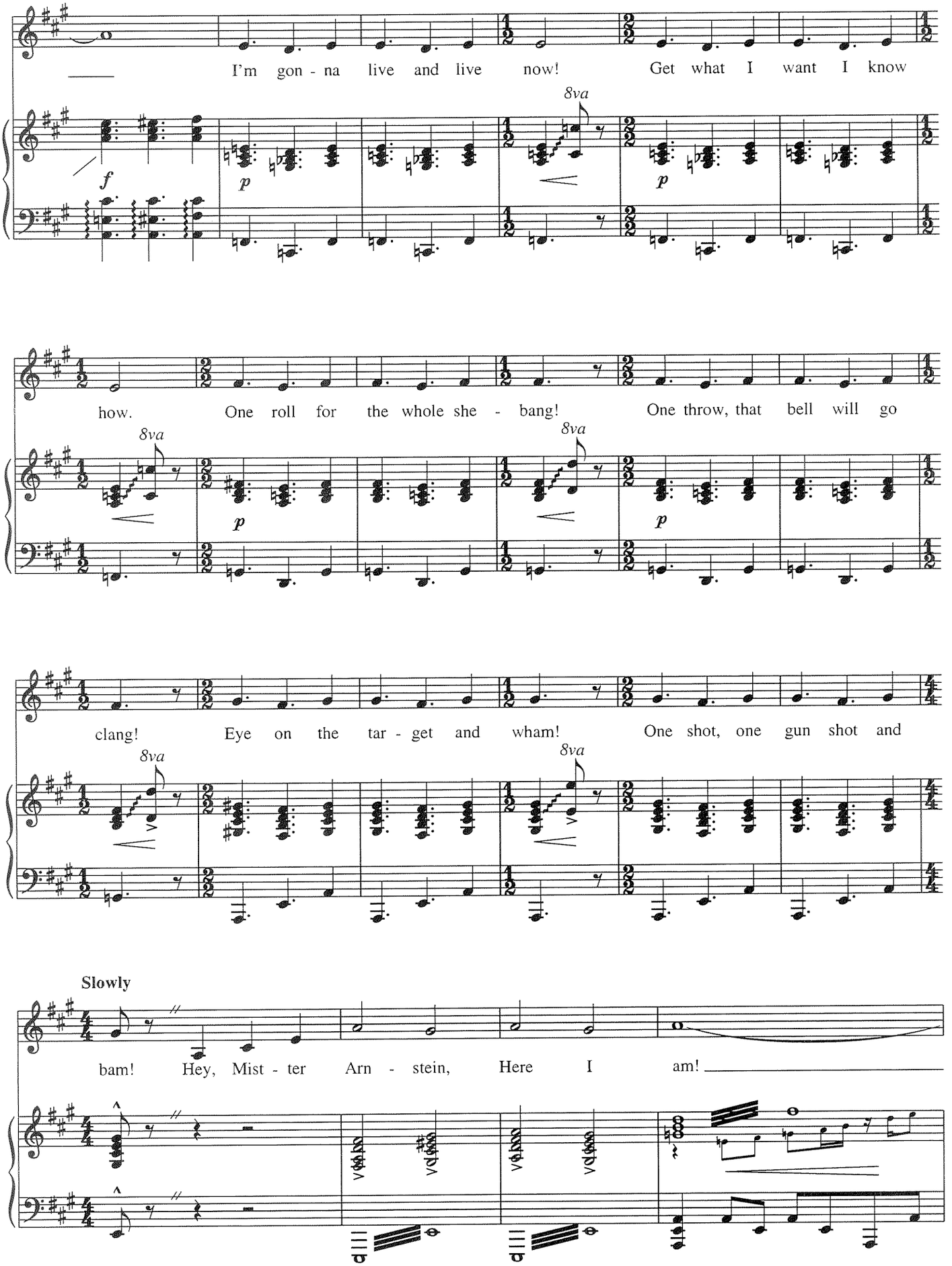
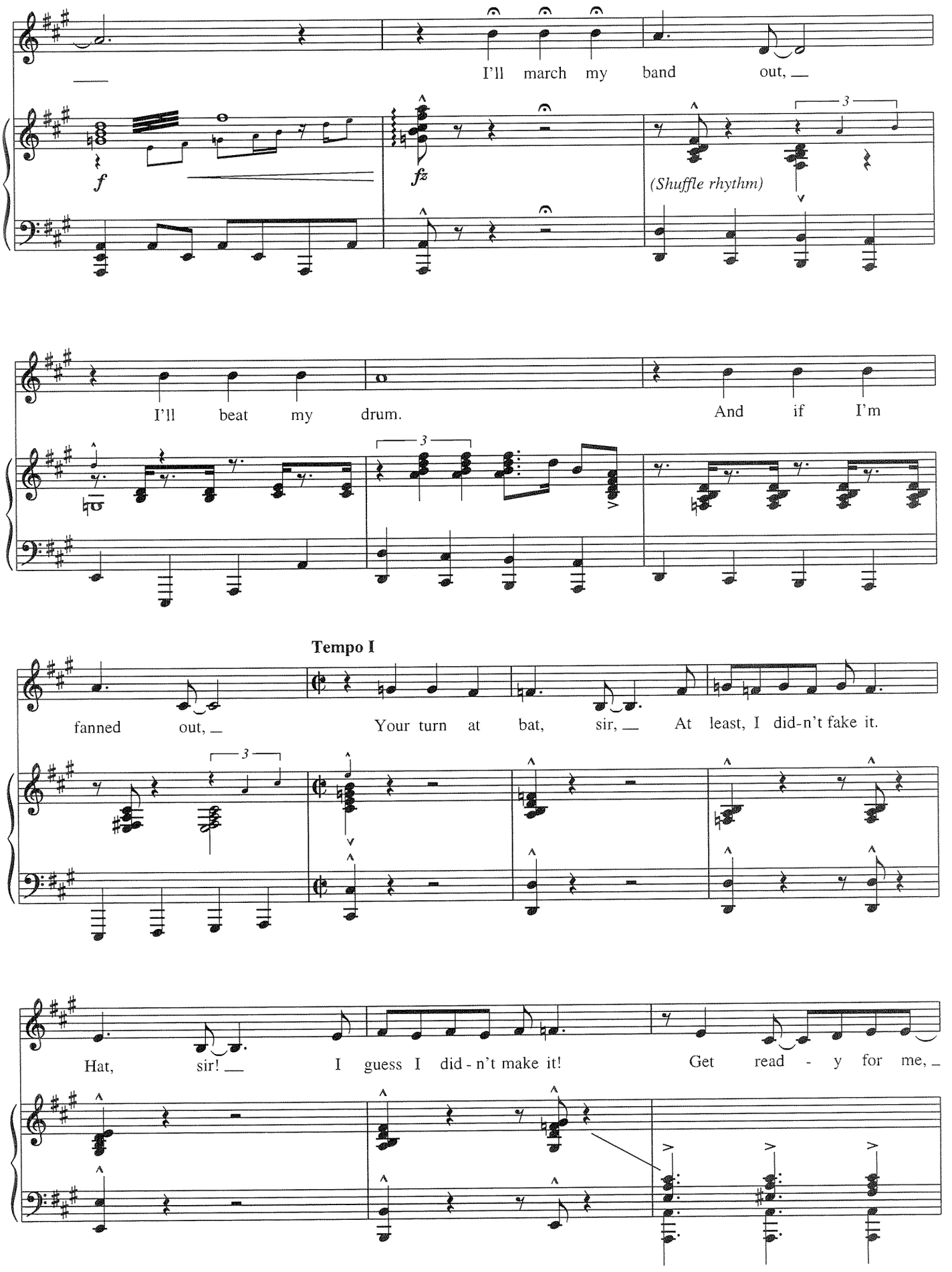
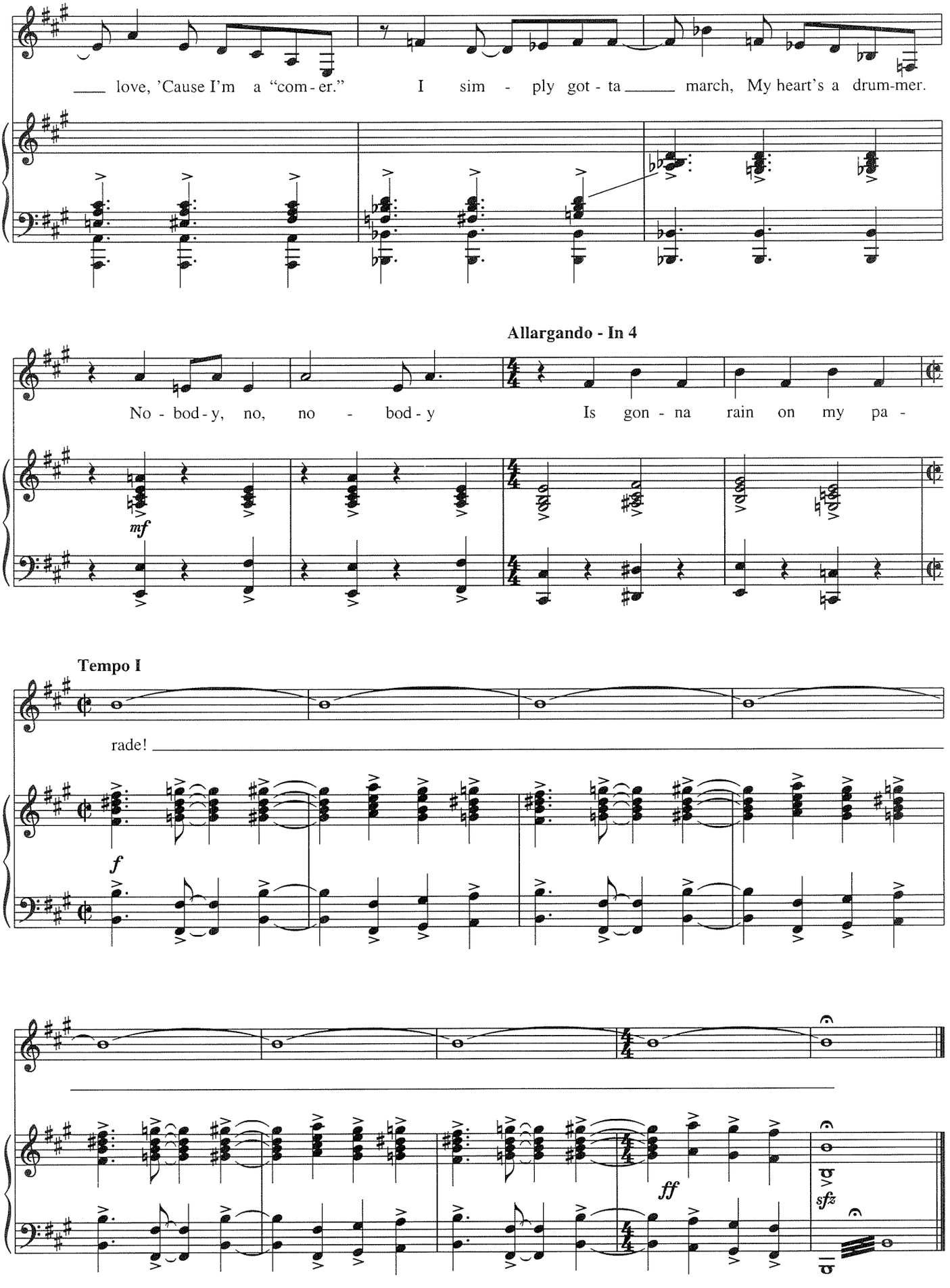

___ spill, It's me and not you. Who told ___ you you're al - lowed to rain on my pa -
rade? I'll march my band out, ___
p
I'll beat my drum. And if I'm
fanned out, ___ Your turn at bat, sir, ___ At


least I did - n't fake it. Hat, sir! I guess I did - n't make it.
But wheth - er I'm the rose Of sheer per - fec - tion, Or freck - le on the
nose Of life's com-plex-ion, The cin - der or the shin - ey ap - ple of it's
eye, I got - ta fly once, I
f
p


got - ta try once, On - ly can die once. Right, sir? Ooh, love is juic - y, Juic -
y and you see I got - ta have my bite sir! Get read - y for me,
f
p
love, 'Cause I'm a "com - er." I sim - ply got - ta march 'Cause I'm a drum-mer.
Don't bring a - round a cloud To rain on my pa - rade.


I'm gon - na live and live now! Get what I want I know
how. One roll for the whole she - bang! One throw, that bell will go
clang! Eye on the tar - get and wham! One shot, one gun shot and
Slowly
bam! Hey, Mist - ter Arn - stein, Here I am!
8va
f
p

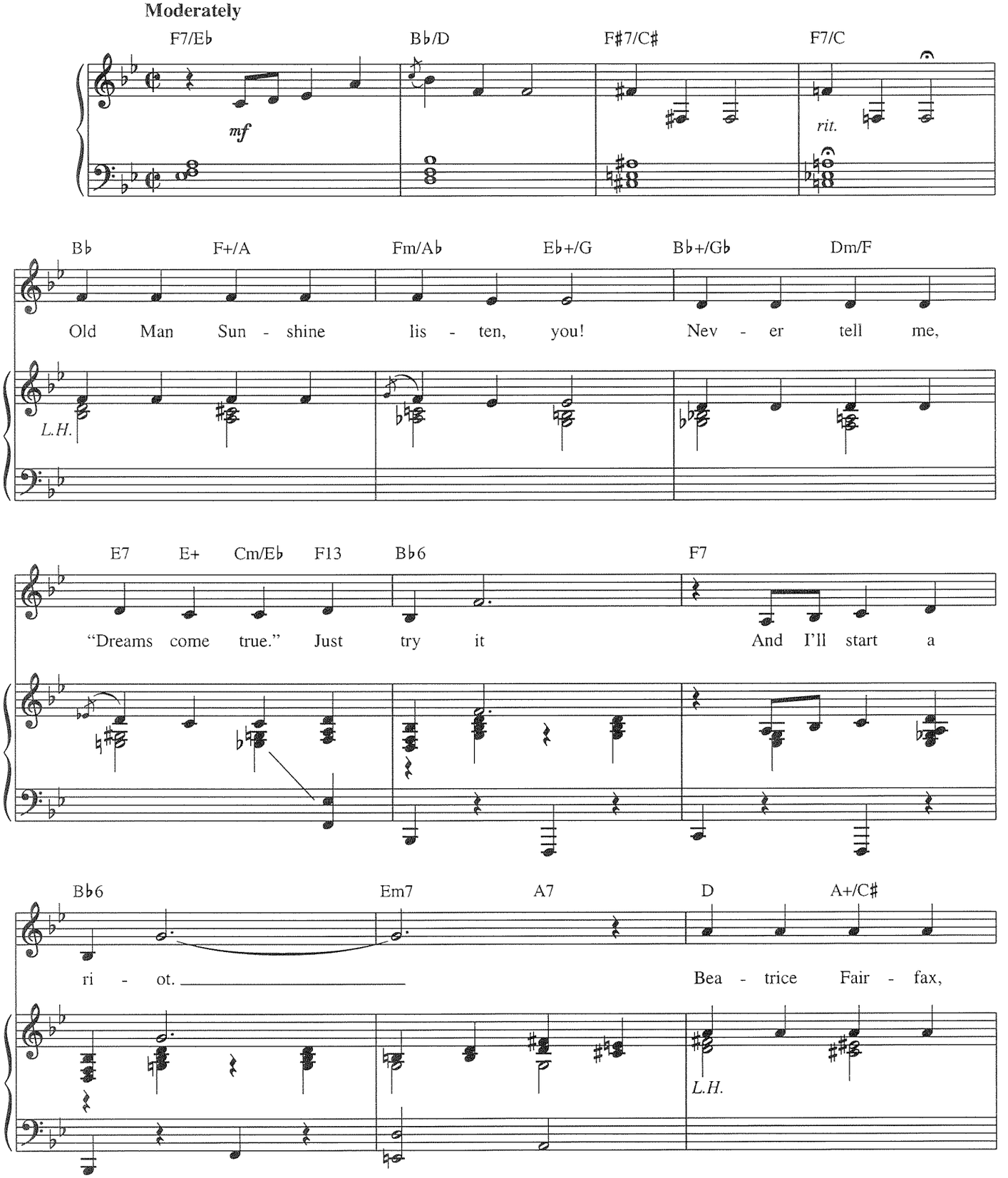

I'll march my band out,
f
fz
(Shuffle rhythm)
3
I'll beat my drum.
And if I'm
3
Tempo I
fanned out,
Your turn at bat, sir,
At least, I did-n't fake it.
3
Hat, sir!
I guess I did - n't make it!
Get read - y for me,


love, 'Cause I'm a "com - er." I sim - ply got - ta march, My heart's a drum-mer.
Allargando - In 4
No - bod - y, no, no - bod - y Is gon - na rain on my pa -
mf
Tempo I
rade!
f
ff
sfz

BUT NOT FOR ME

from *Girl Crazy*

Music and Lyrics by GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN



Note: While not the original key, this key will be vocally friendly to most mezzos.

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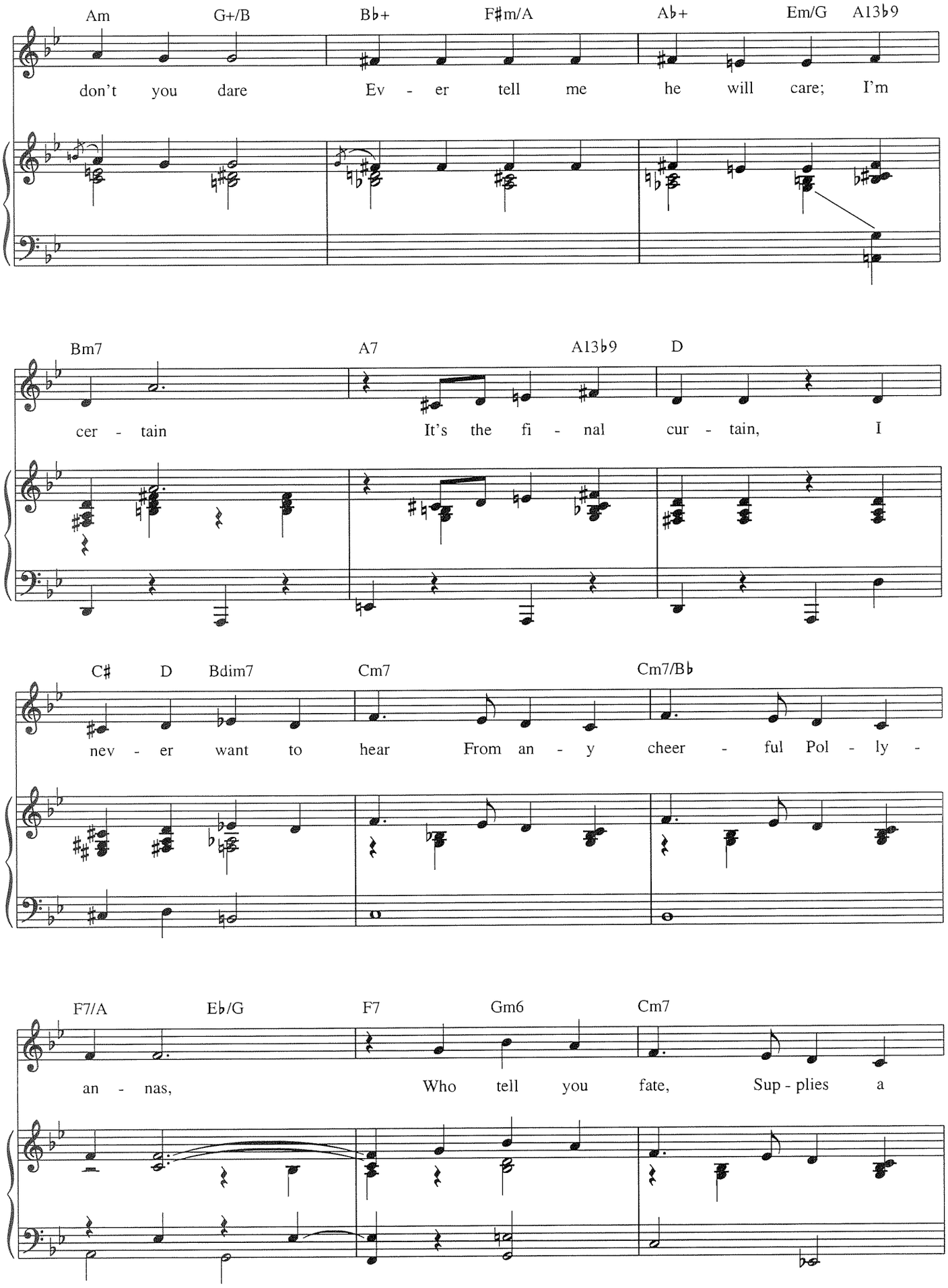
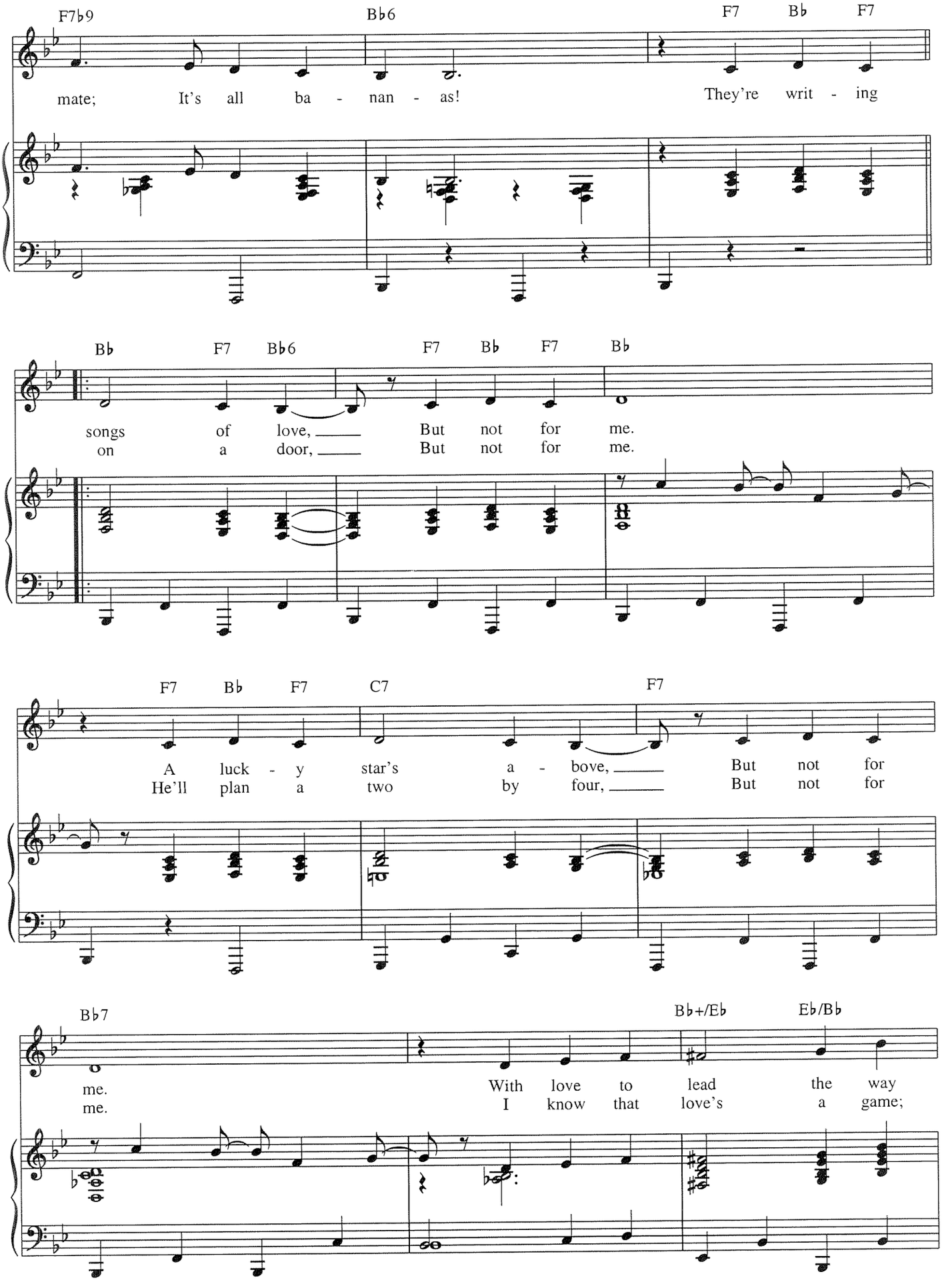
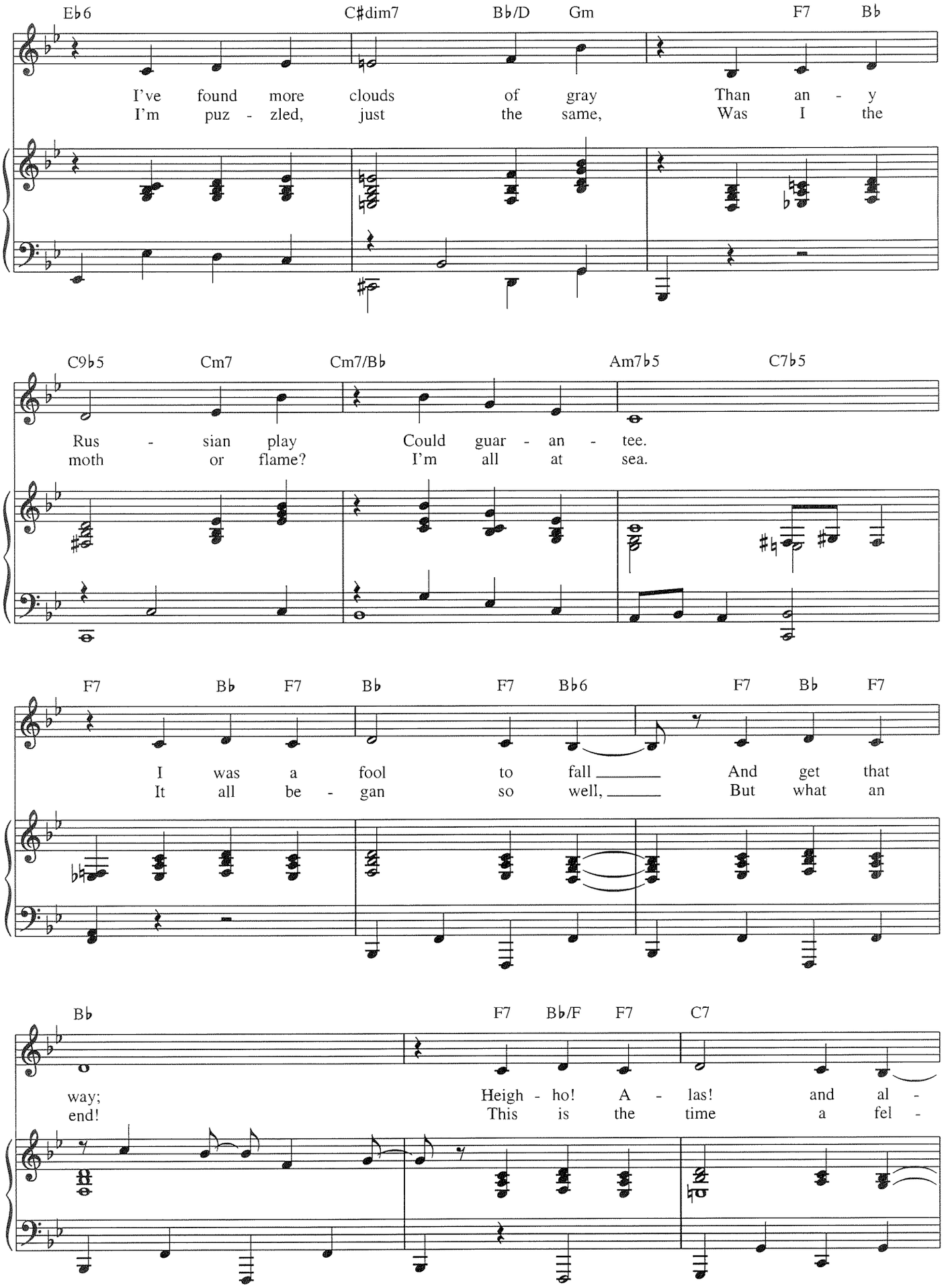
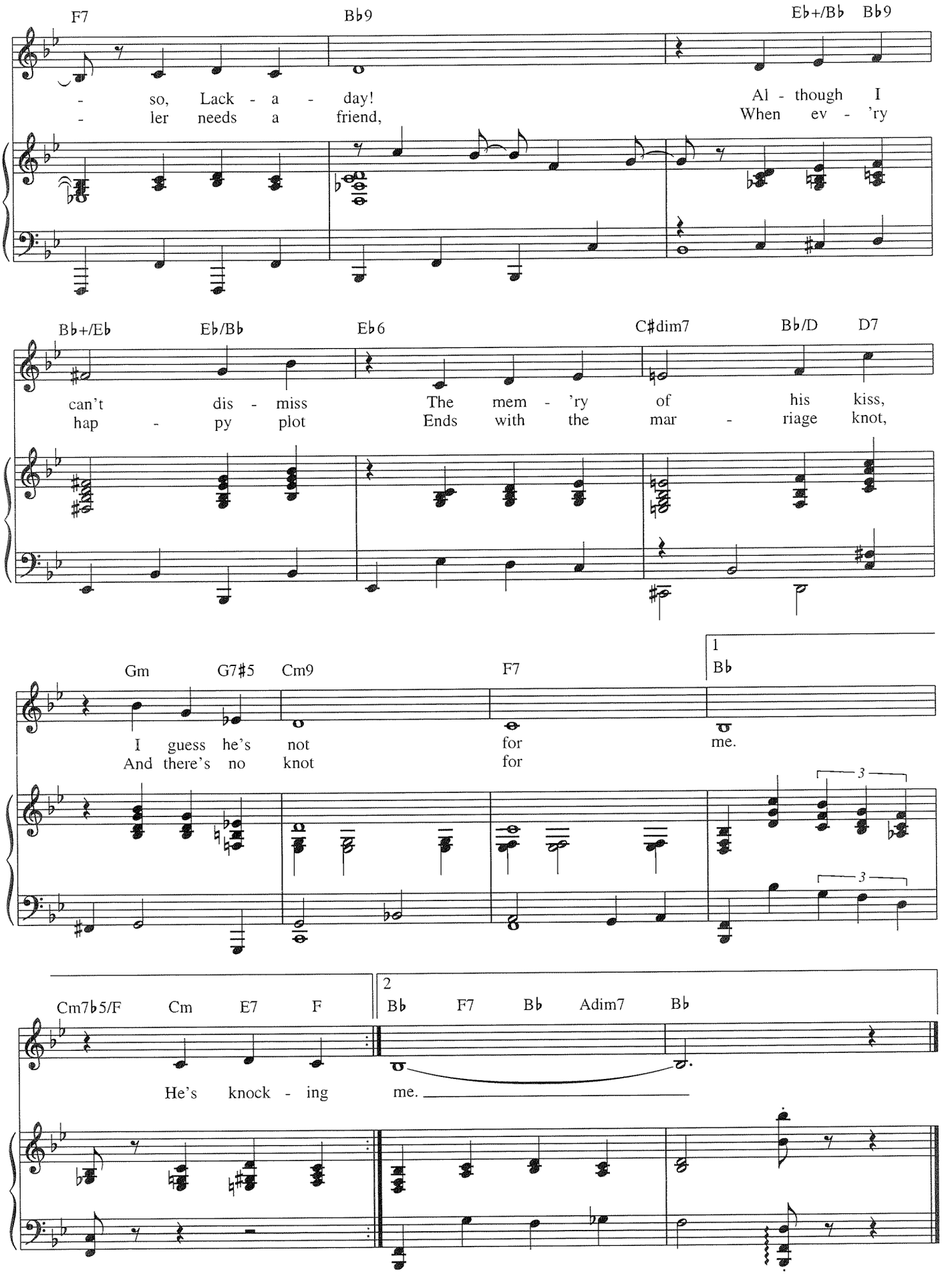

Am G+/B B♭+ F♯m/A A♭+ Em/G A13♭9
don't you dare Ev - er tell me he will care; I'm
Bm7 A7 A13♭9 D
cer - tain It's the fi - nal cur - tain, I
C♯ D Bdim7 Cm7 Cm7/B♭
nev - er want to hear From an - y cheer - ful Pol - ly -
F7/A E♭/G F7 Gm6 Cm7
an - nas, Who tell you fate, Sup - plies a


F7♭9
B♭6
F7
B♭
F7
mate; It's all ba - nan - as! They're writ - ing
B♭
F7
B♭6
F7
B♭
F7
B♭
songs of love, But not for me.
on a door, But not for me.
F7
B♭
F7
C7
F7
A luck - y star's a - bove, But not for
He'll plan a two by four, But not for
B♭7
B♭+/E♭
E♭/B♭
me. With love to lead the way
me. I know that love's a game;

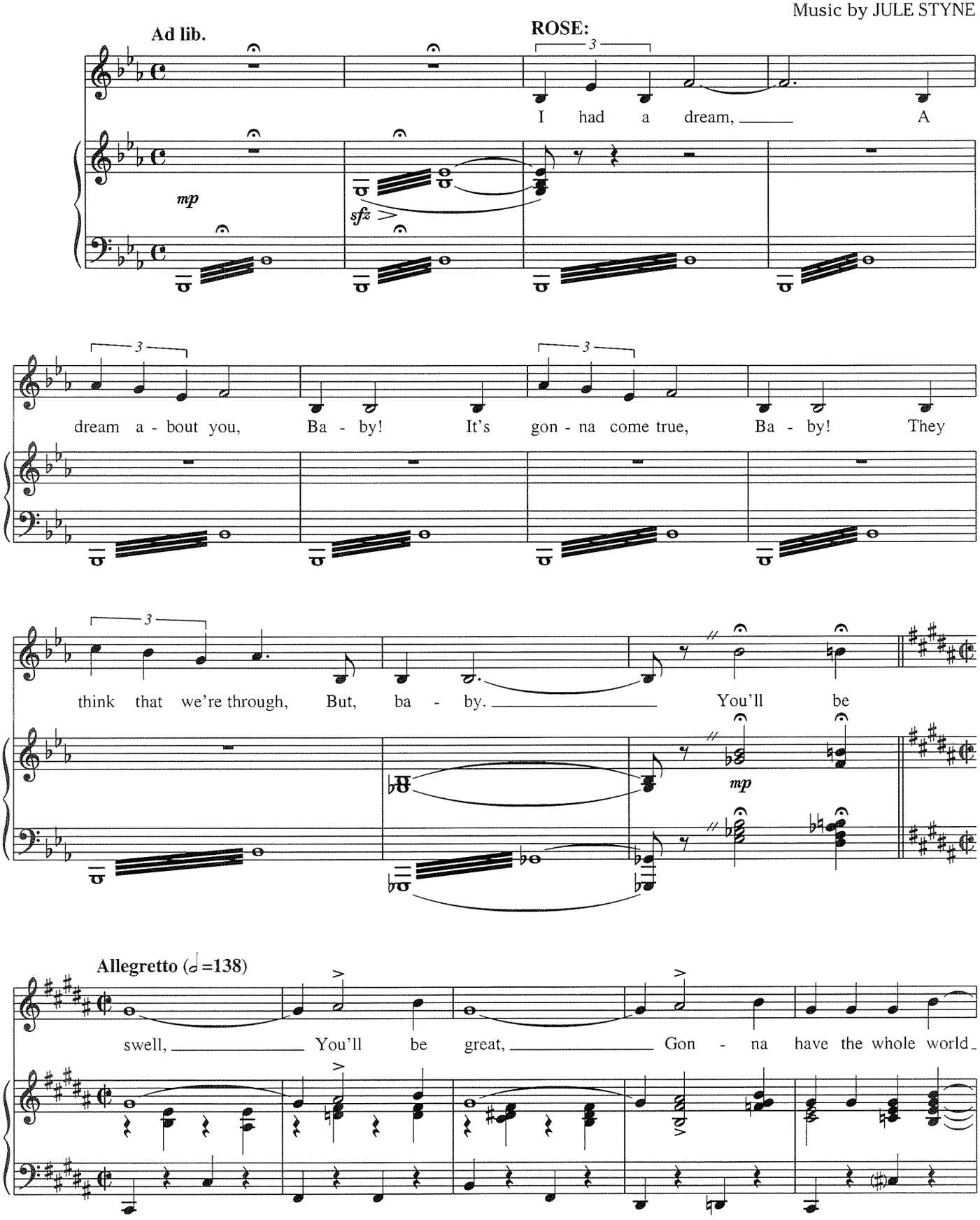

E♭6 C♯dim7 B♭/D Gm F7 B♭
I've found more clouds of gray Than an - y
I'm puz - zled, just the same, Was I the
C9♭5 Cm7 Cm7/B♭ Am7♭5 C7♭5
Rus - sian play Could guar - an - tee.
moth or flame? I'm all at sea.
F7 B♭ F7 B♭ F7 B♭6 F7 B♭ F7
I was a fool to fall And get that
It all be - gan so well, But what an
B♭ F7 B♭/F F7 C7
way; Heigh - ho! A - las! and al -
end! This is the time a fel -


F7
B♭9
E♭+/B♭
B♭9
- so, Lack - a - day!
- ler needs a friend,
Al - though I
When ev - 'ry
B♭+/E♭
E♭/B♭
E♭6
C♯dim7
B♭/D
D7
can't dis - miss
hap - py plot
The mem - 'ry of his kiss,
Ends with the mar - riage knot,
Gm
G7♯5
Cm9
F7
1
B♭
I guess he's not
And there's no knot
for
for
me.
3
3
Cm7♭5/F
Cm
E7
F
2
B♭
F7
B♭
Adim7
B♭
He's knock - ing
me.

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES

from *Gypsy*

Words by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Music by JULE STYNE



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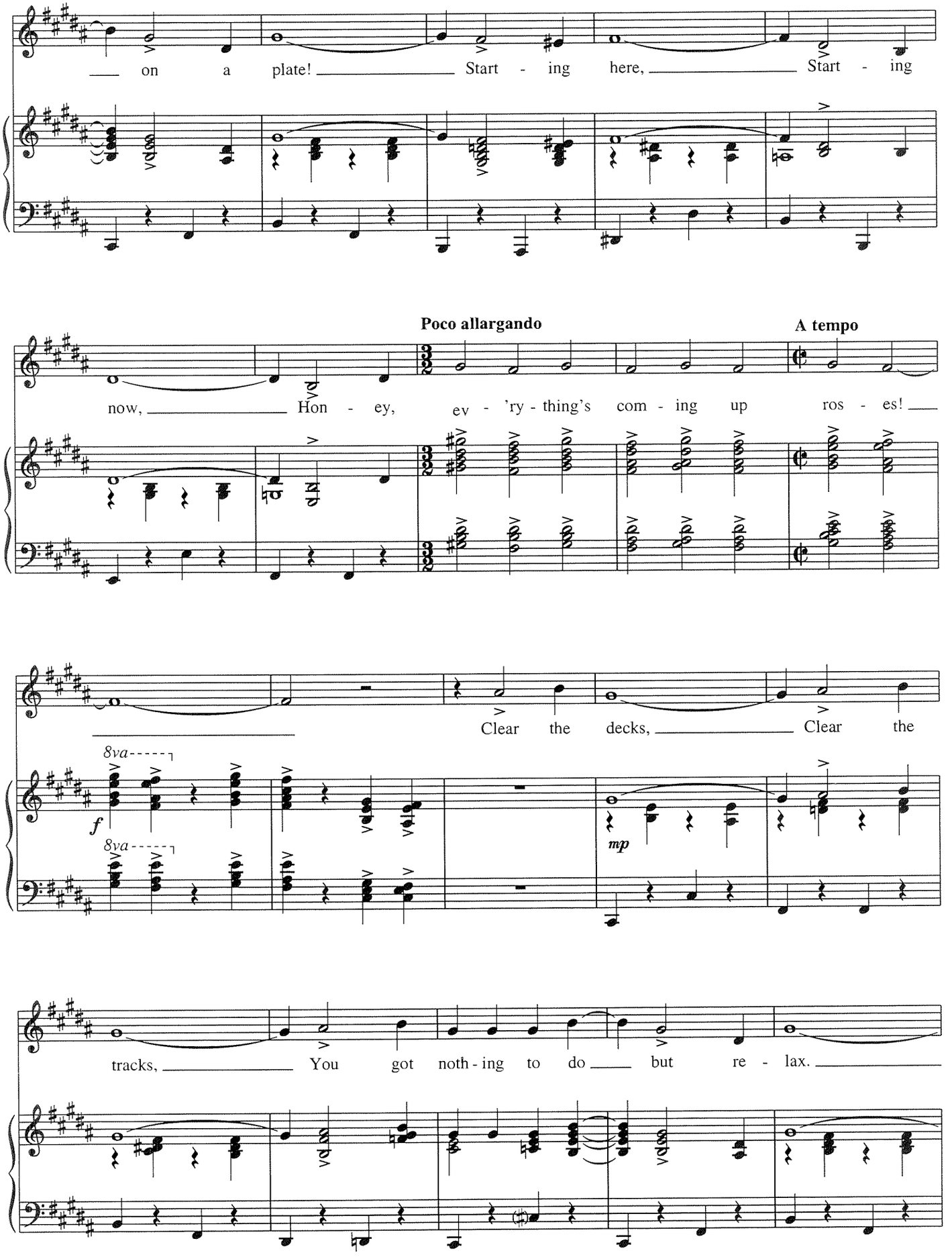
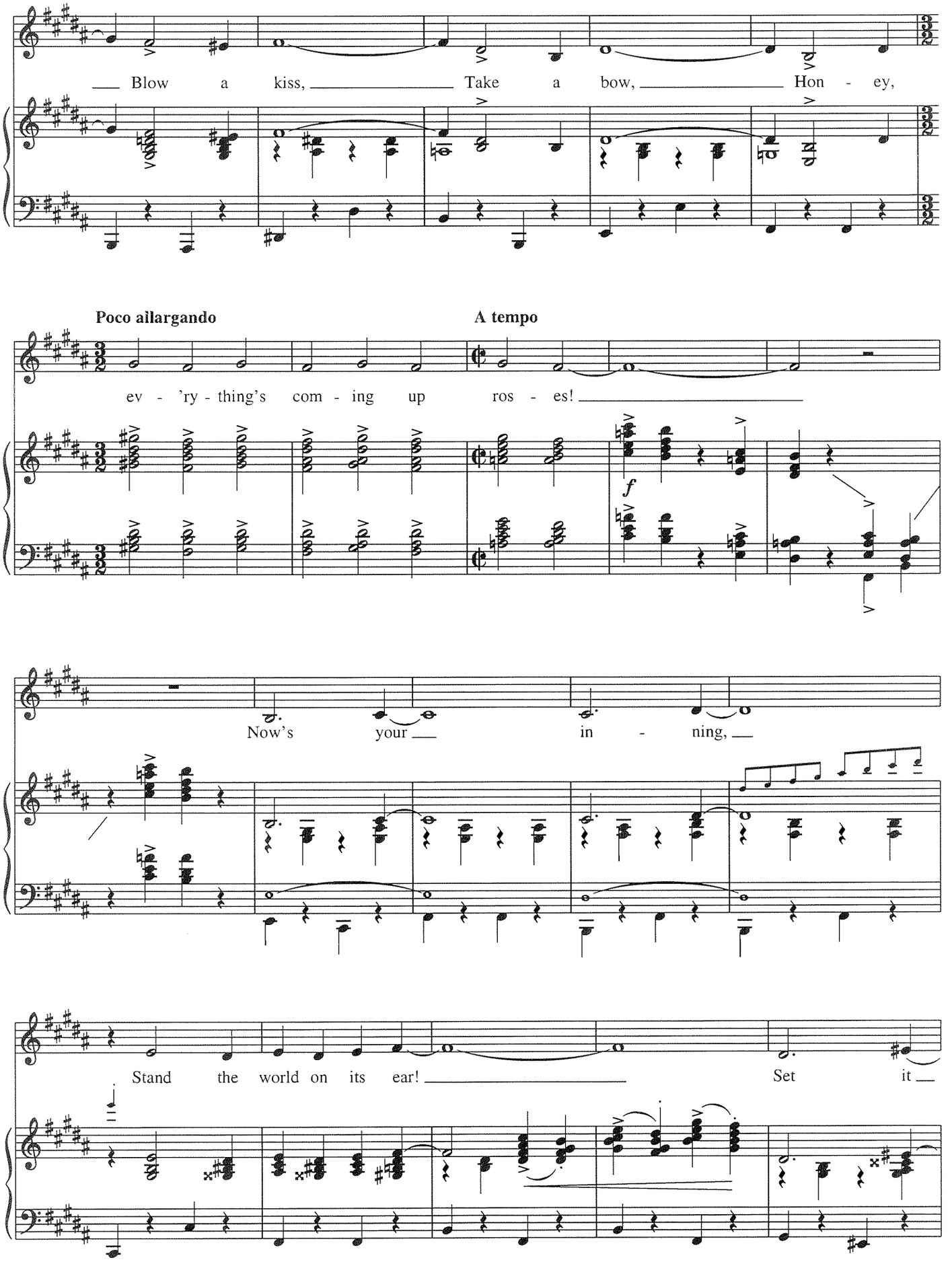
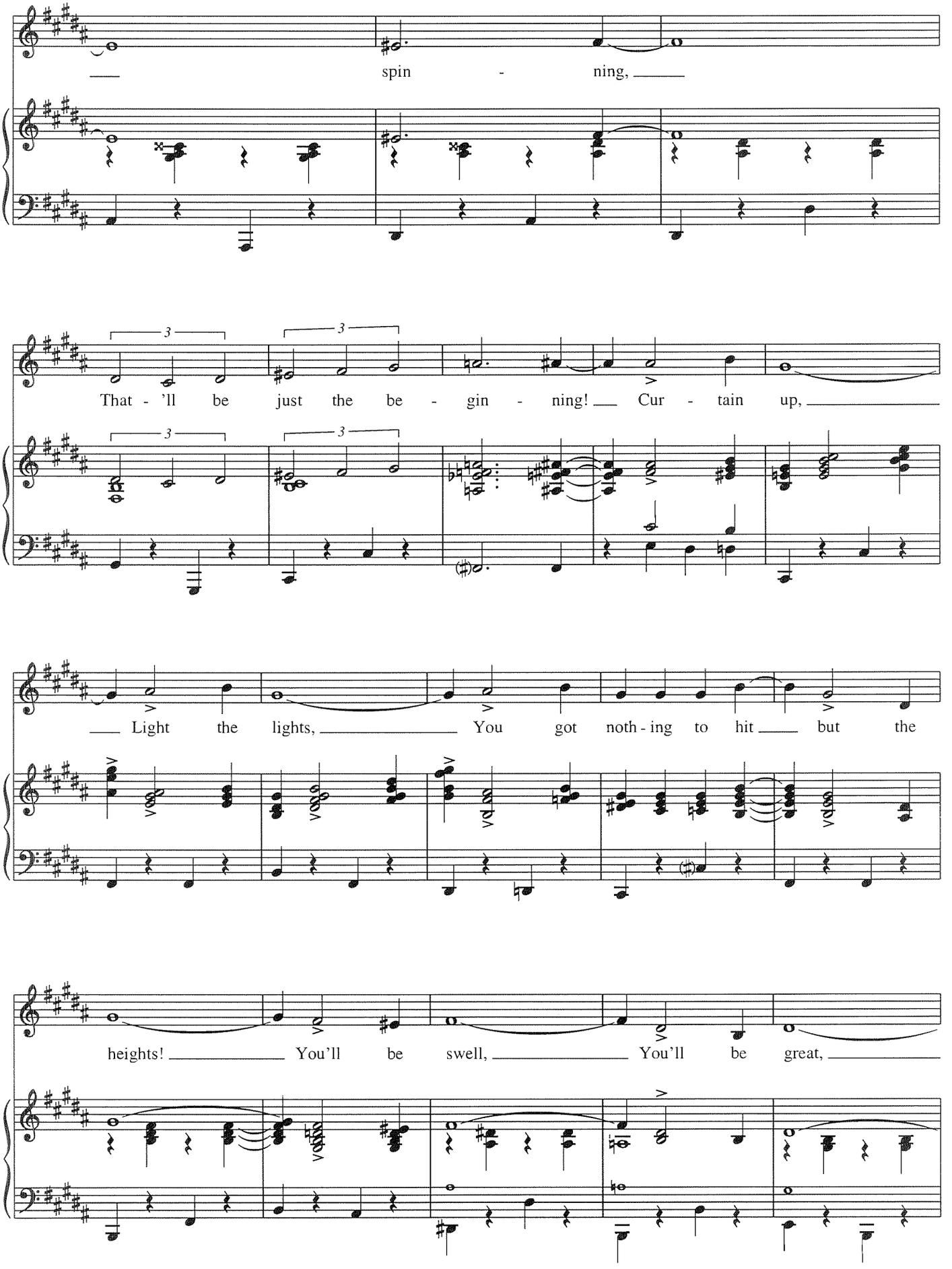
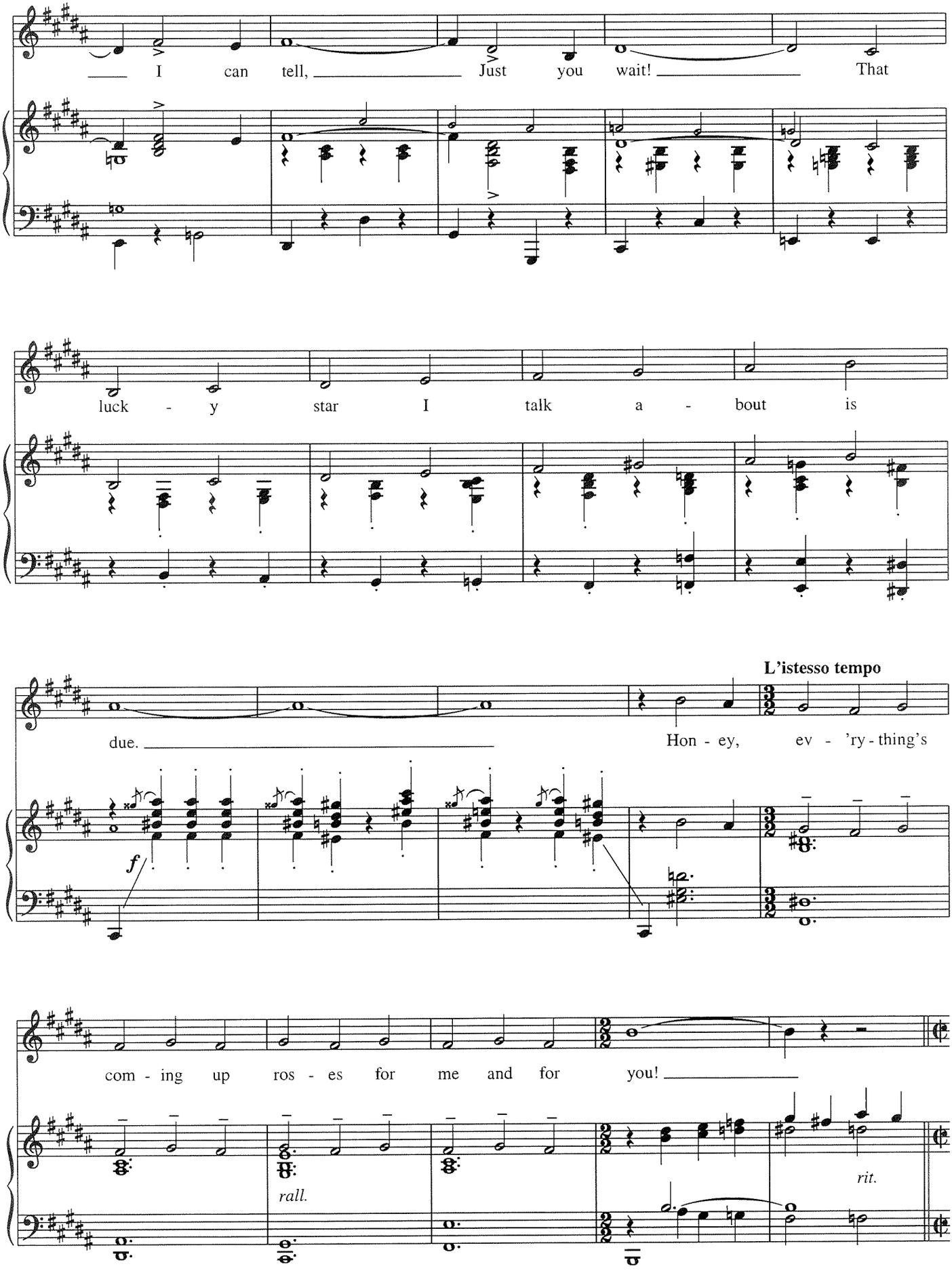
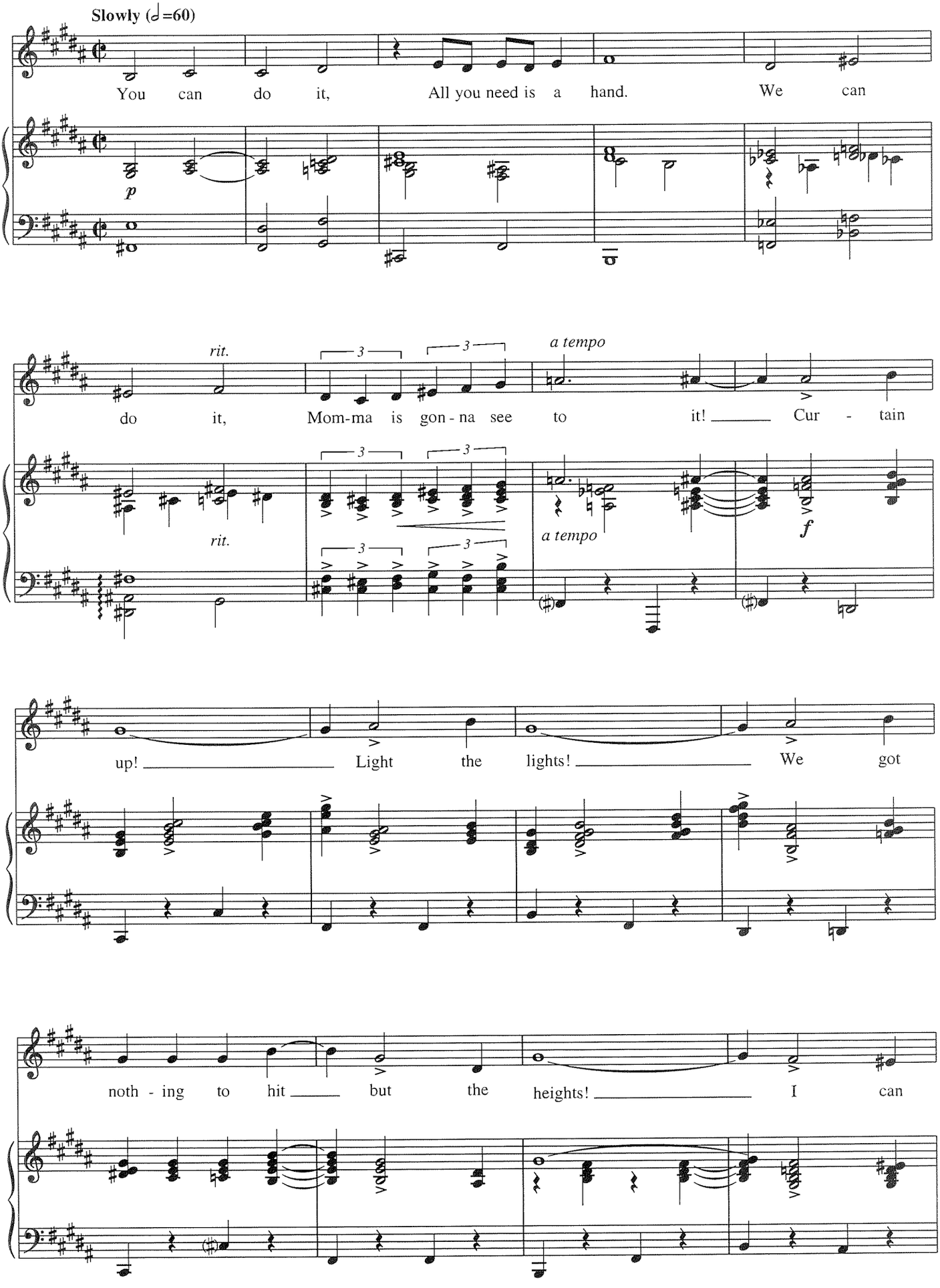
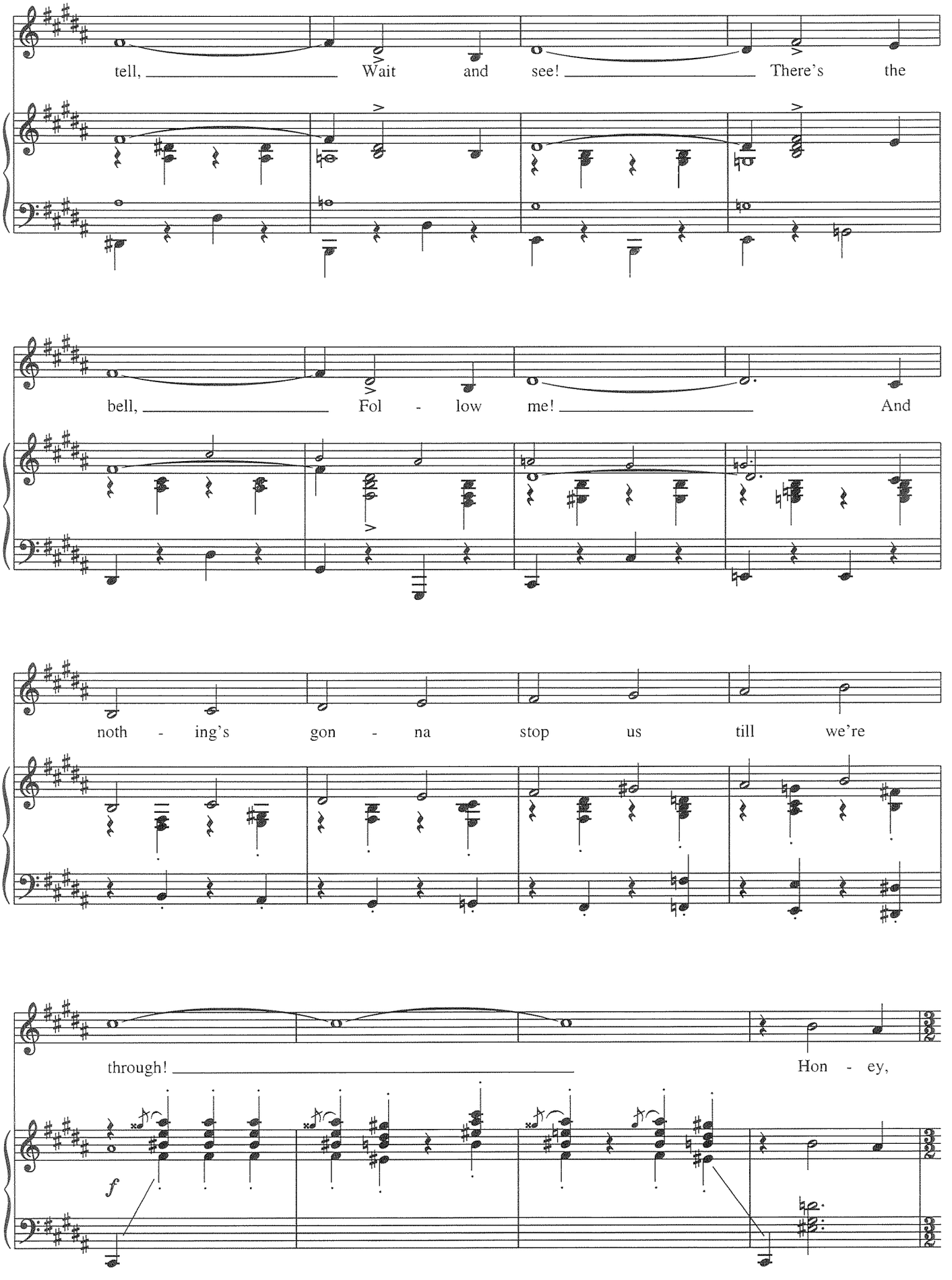

on a plate! Start - ing here, Start - ing
Poco allargando
A tempo
now, Hon - ey, ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing up ros - es!
Clear the decks, Clear the
8va
f
8va
mp
tracks, You got noth - ing to do but re - lax.

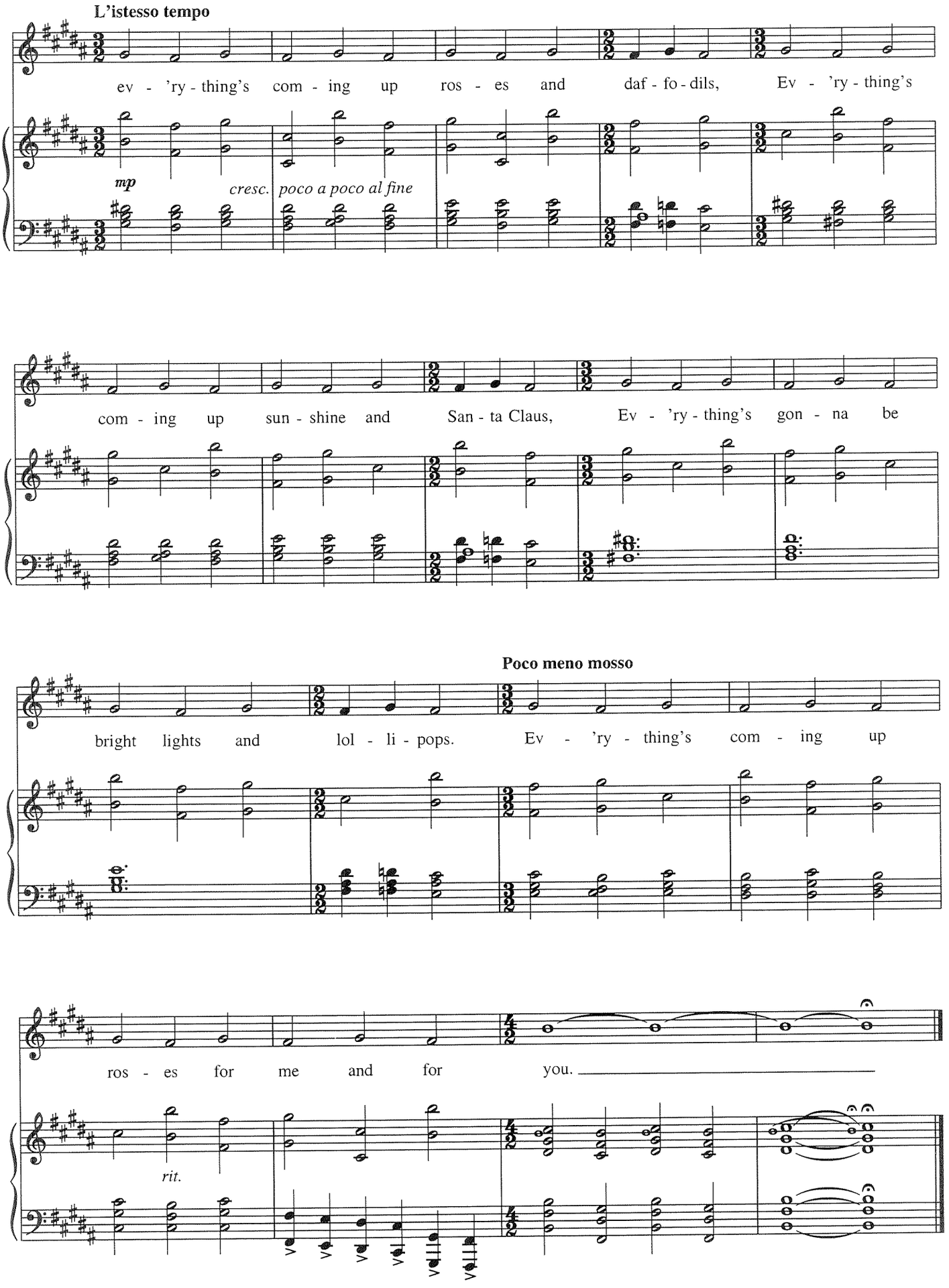

Blow a kiss, Take a bow, Hon - ey,
Poco allargando
A tempo
ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing up ros - es!
f
Now's your in - ning,
Stand the world on its ear!
Set it


spin - ning,
That - 'll be just the be - gin - ning! Cur - tain up,
Light the lights, You got noth - ing to hit but the
heights! You'll be swell, You'll be great,


I can tell, Just you wait! That
luck - y star I talk a - bout is
L'istesso tempo
due.
Hon - ey, ev - 'ry - thing's
f
com - ing up ros - es for me and for you!
rall.
rit.


Slowly (𝅗𝅥=60)
You can do it, All you need is a hand. We can
p
rit.
do it, Mom-ma is gon - na see to it! Cur - tain
rit.
a tempo
a tempo
f
up! Light the lights! We got
noth - ing to hit but the heights! I can


tell, Wait and see! There's the
bell, Fol - low me! And
noth - ing's gon - na stop us till we're
through! Hon - ey,
f

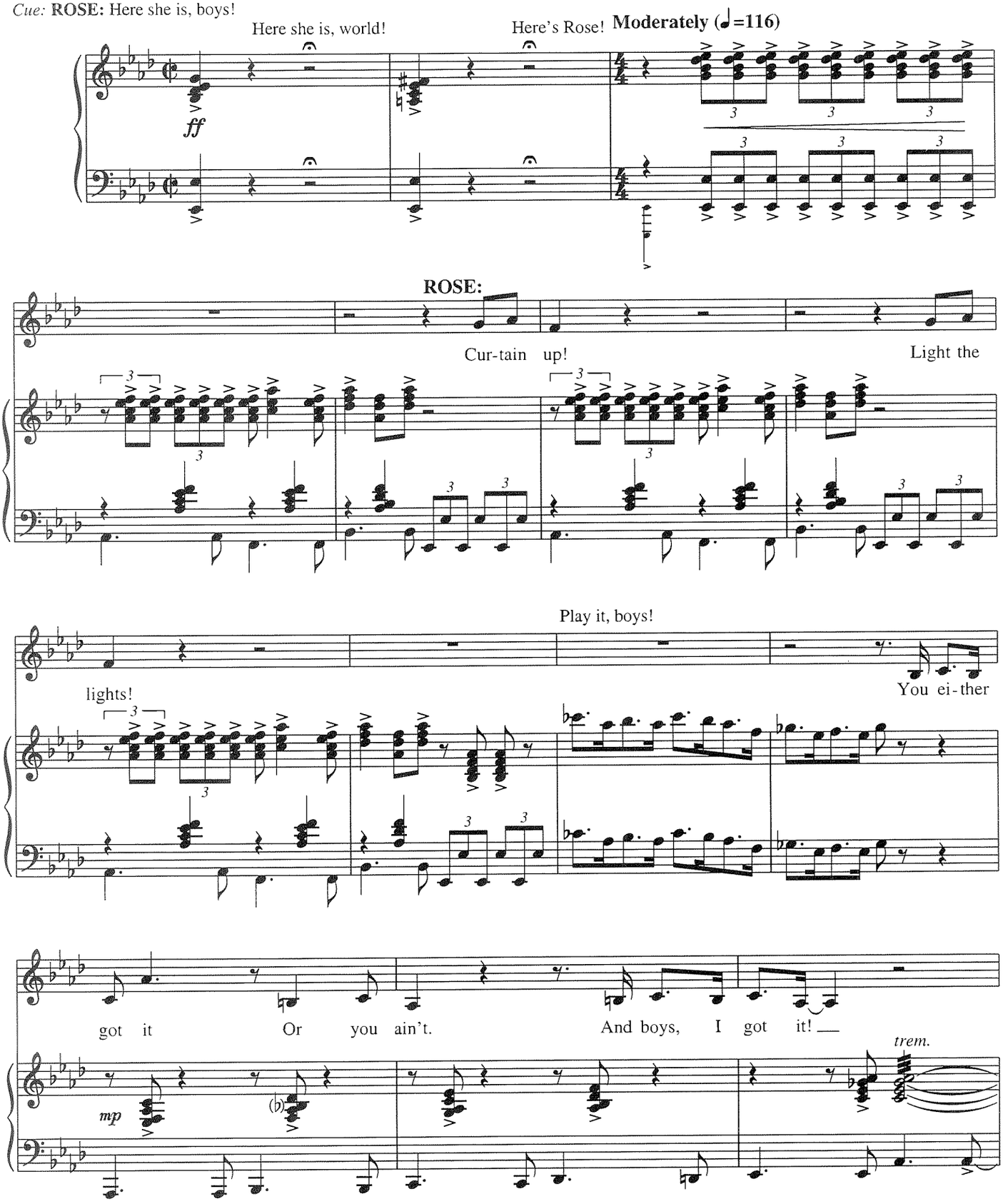

L'istesso tempo
ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing up ros - es and daf - fo - dils, Ev - 'ry - thing's
mp
cresc. poco a poco al fine
com - ing up sun - shine and San - ta Claus, Ev - 'ry - thing's gon - na be
Poco meno mosso
bright lights and lol - li - pops. Ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing up
ros - es for me and for you.
rit.

ROSE'S TURN

from *Gypsy*

Words by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Music by JULE STYNE

Cue: **ROSE:** Here she is, boys!



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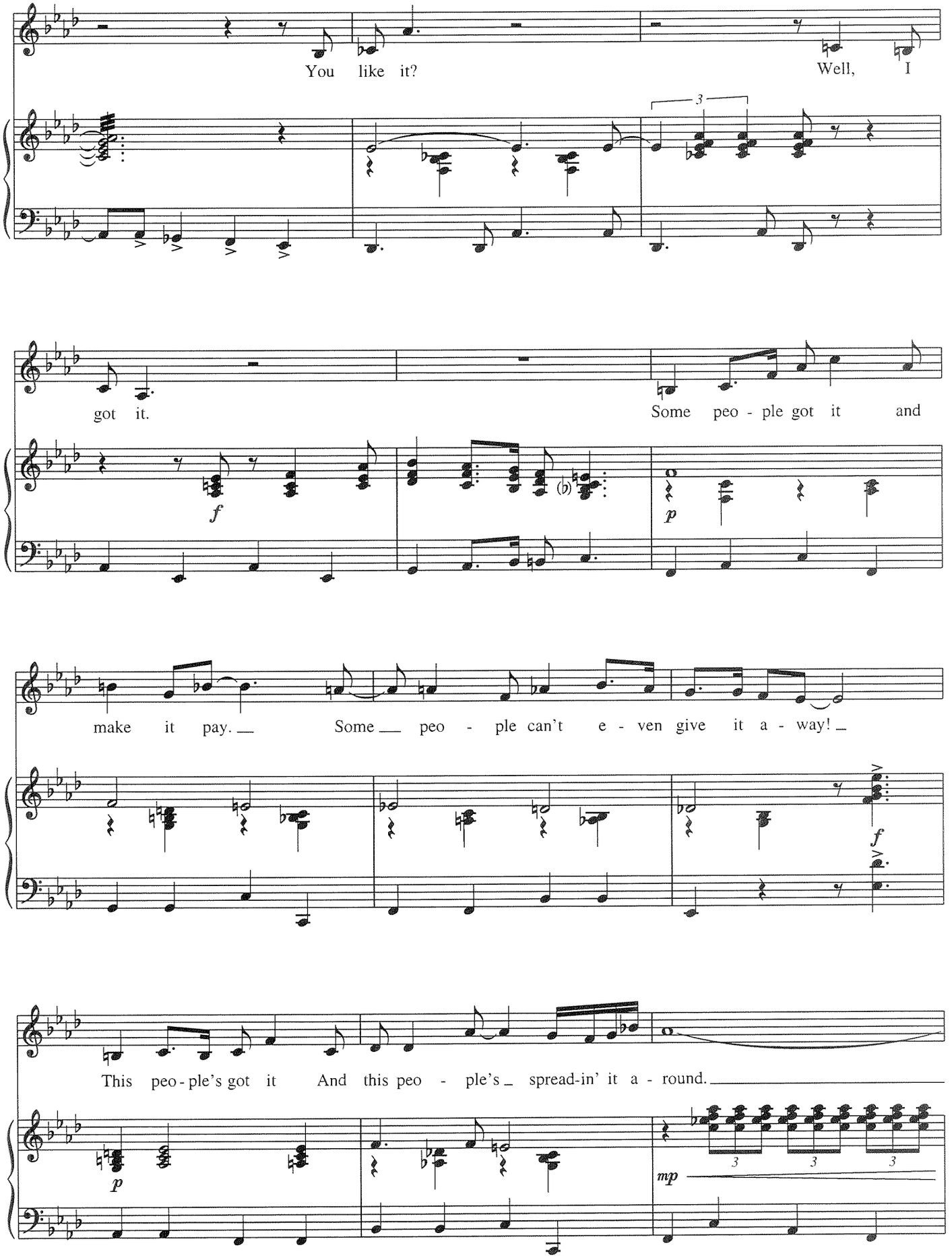
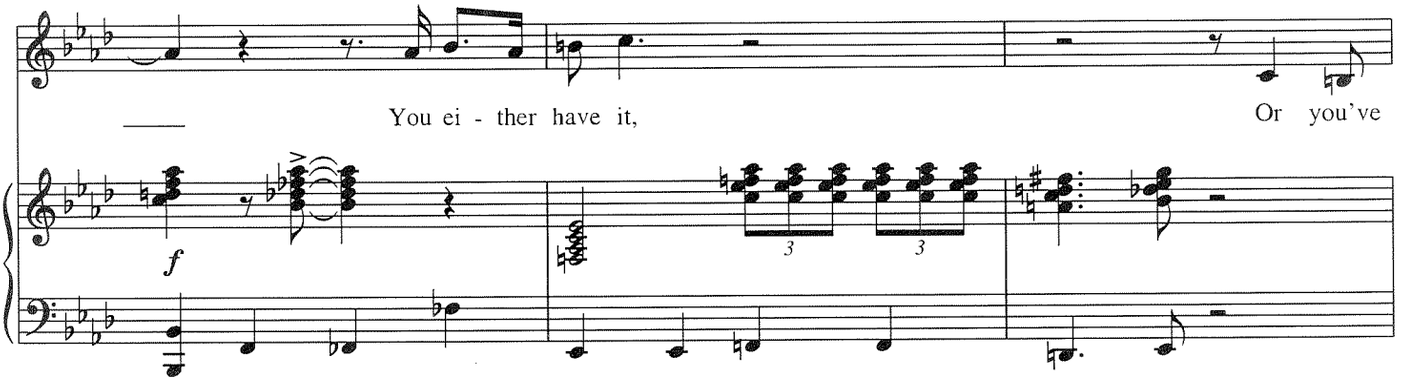
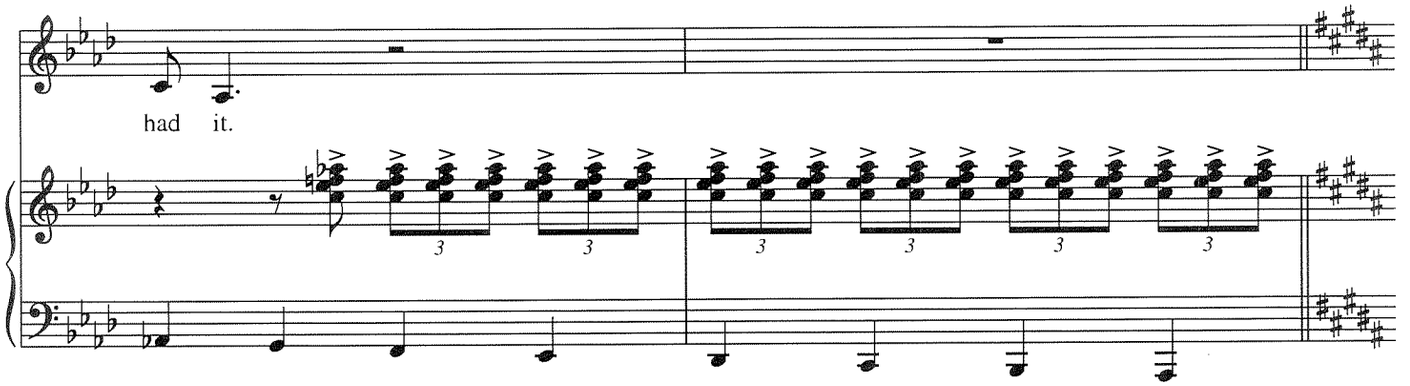
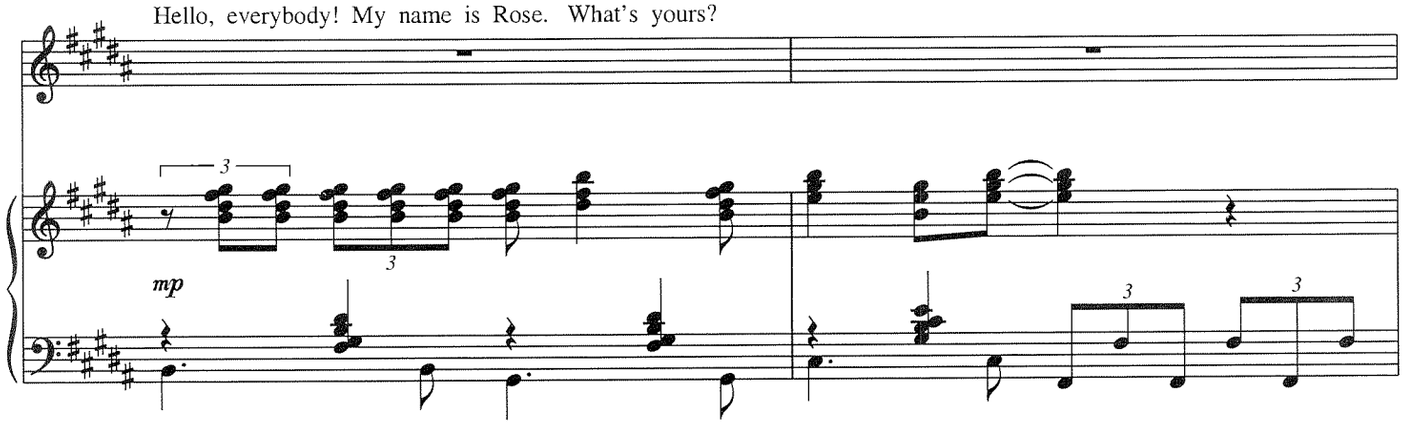
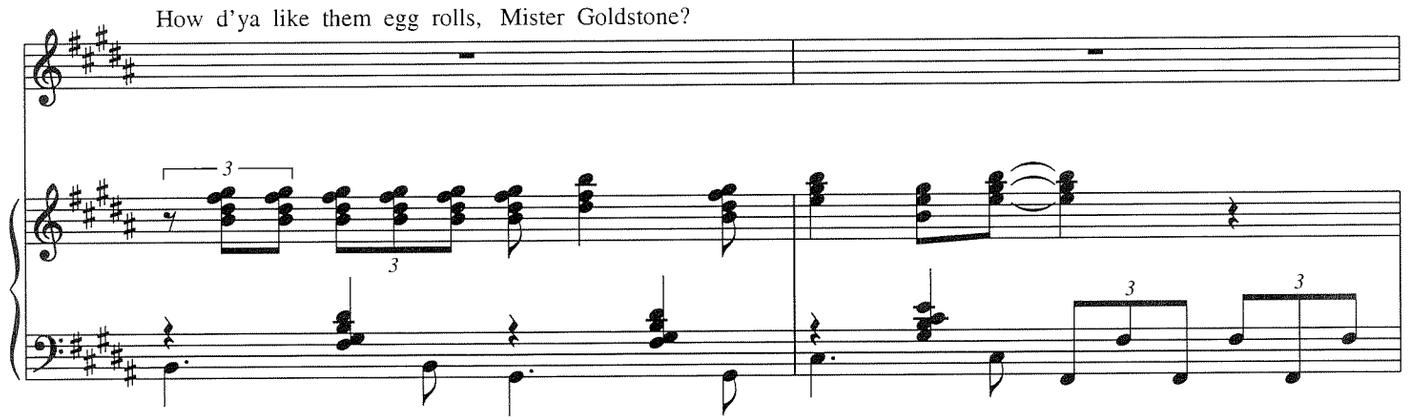

You like it?
Well, I
got it.
Some peo - ple got it and
make it pay.
Some peo - ple can't e - ven give it a - way!
This peo - ple's got it And this peo - ple's spread-in' it a - round.
f
p
mp
3

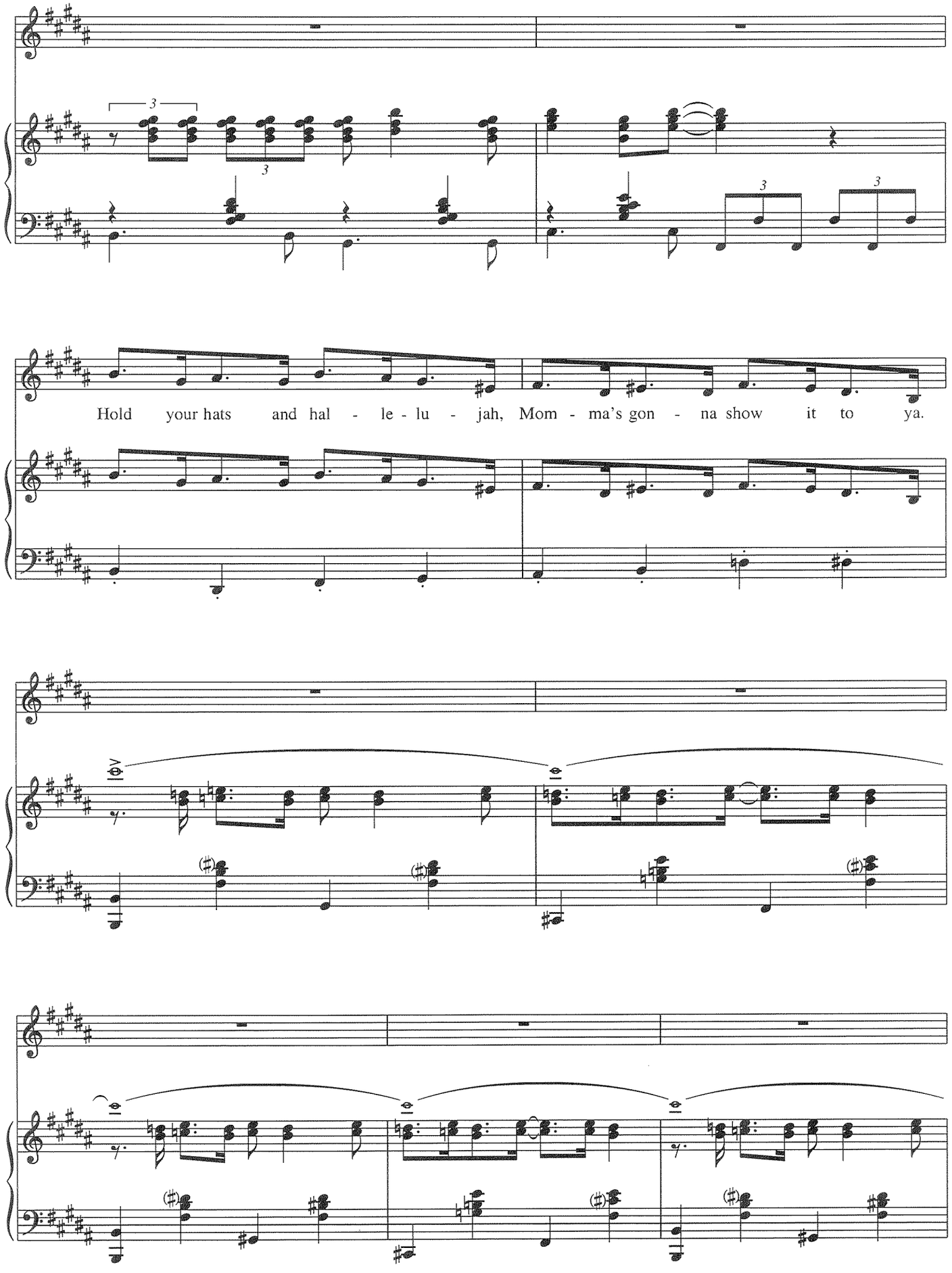

You ei - ther have it,
Or you've
f

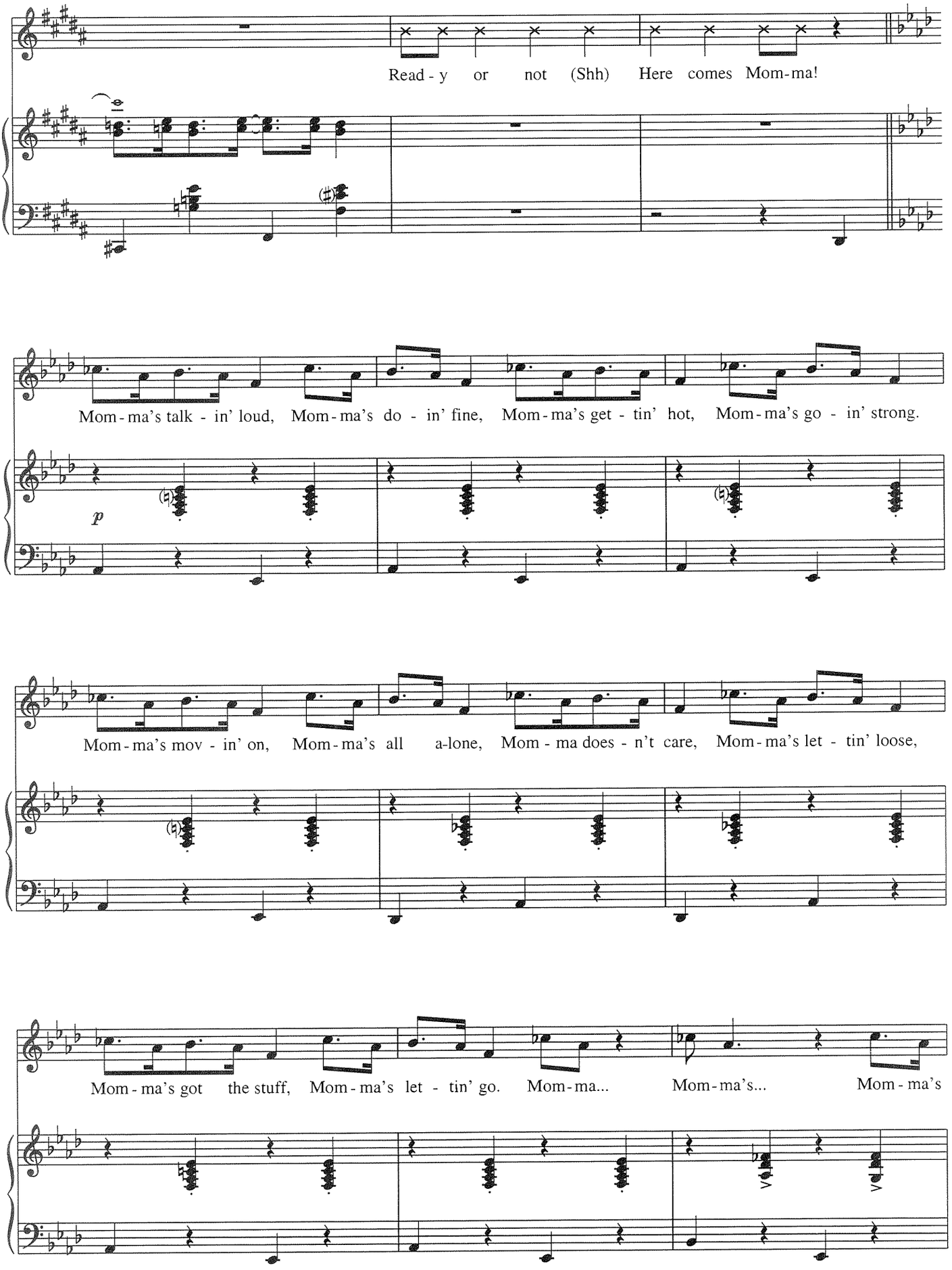

had it.

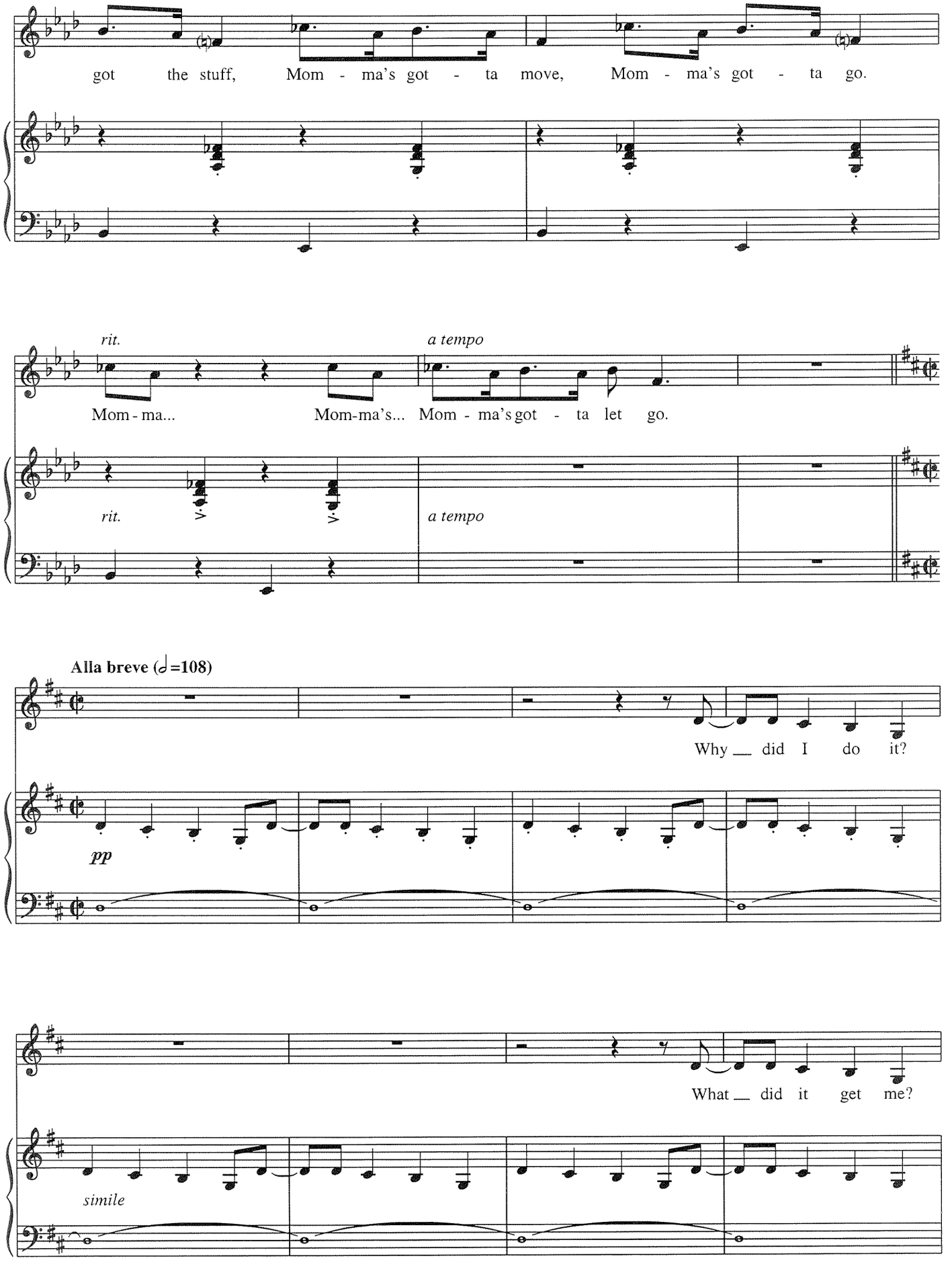
Con moto (♩=120)

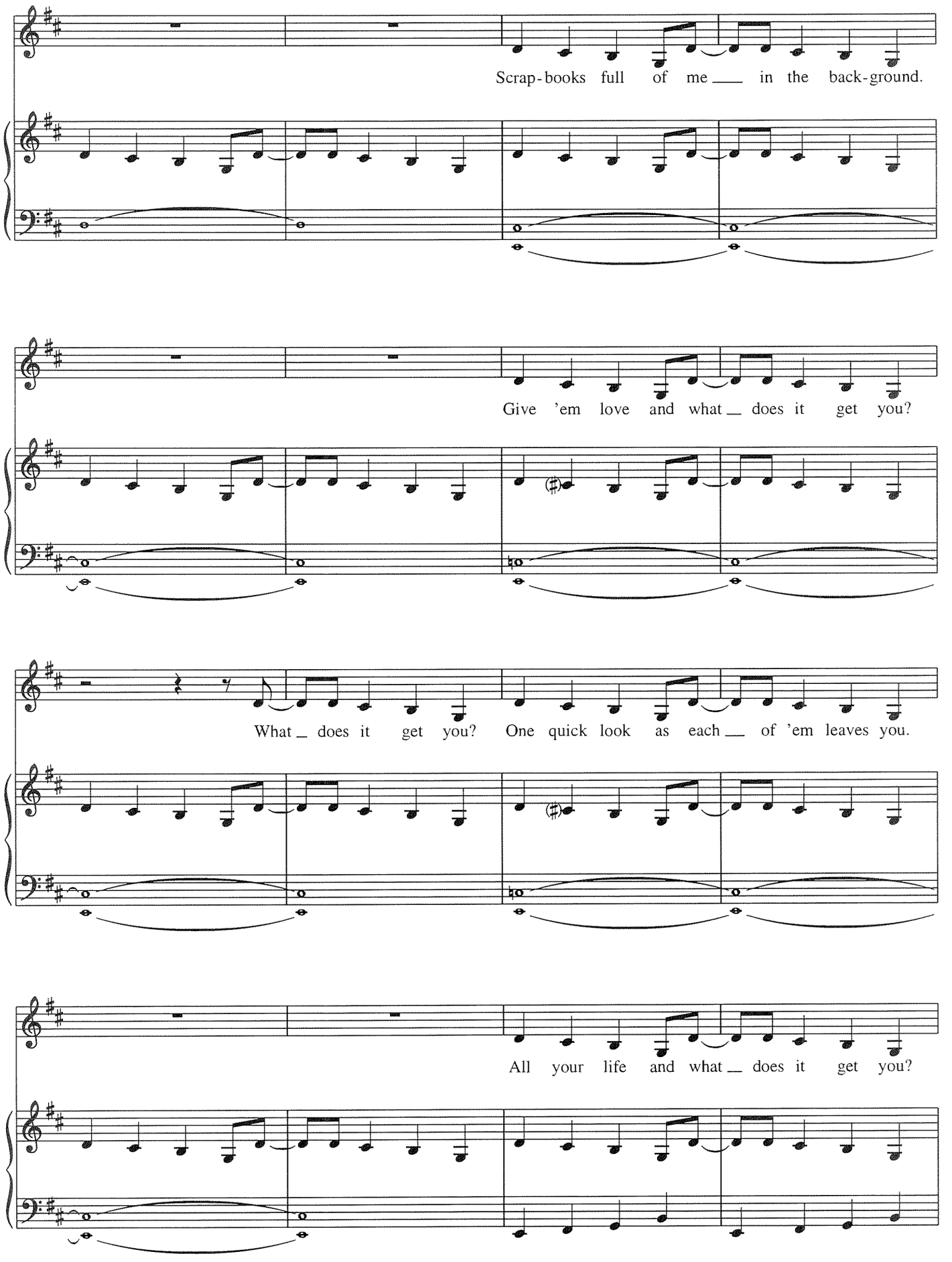

Hello, everybody! My name is Rose. What's yours?
mp

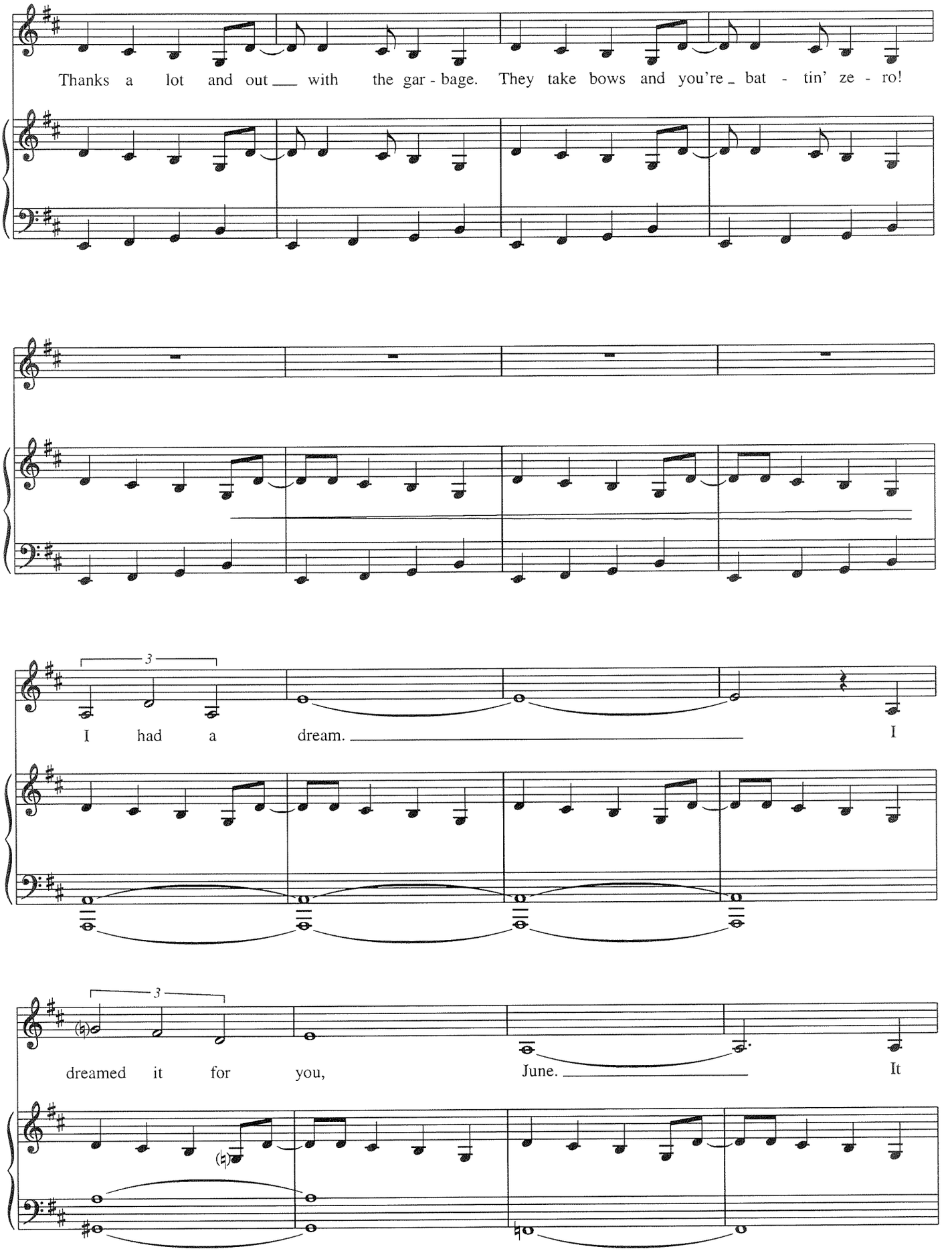

How d'ya like them egg rolls, Mister Goldstone?

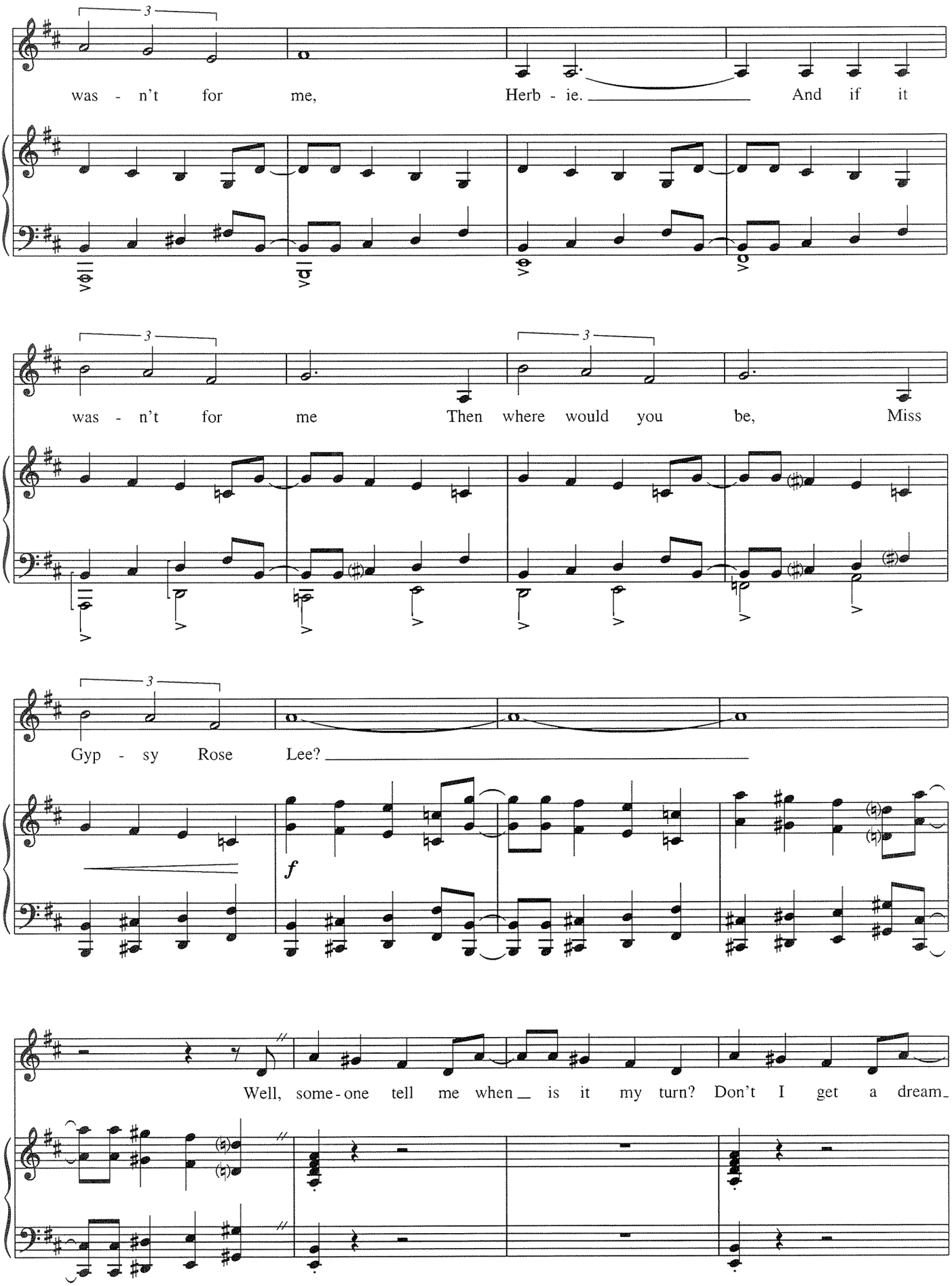

Hold your hats and hal - le - lu - jah, Mom - ma's gon - na show it to ya.

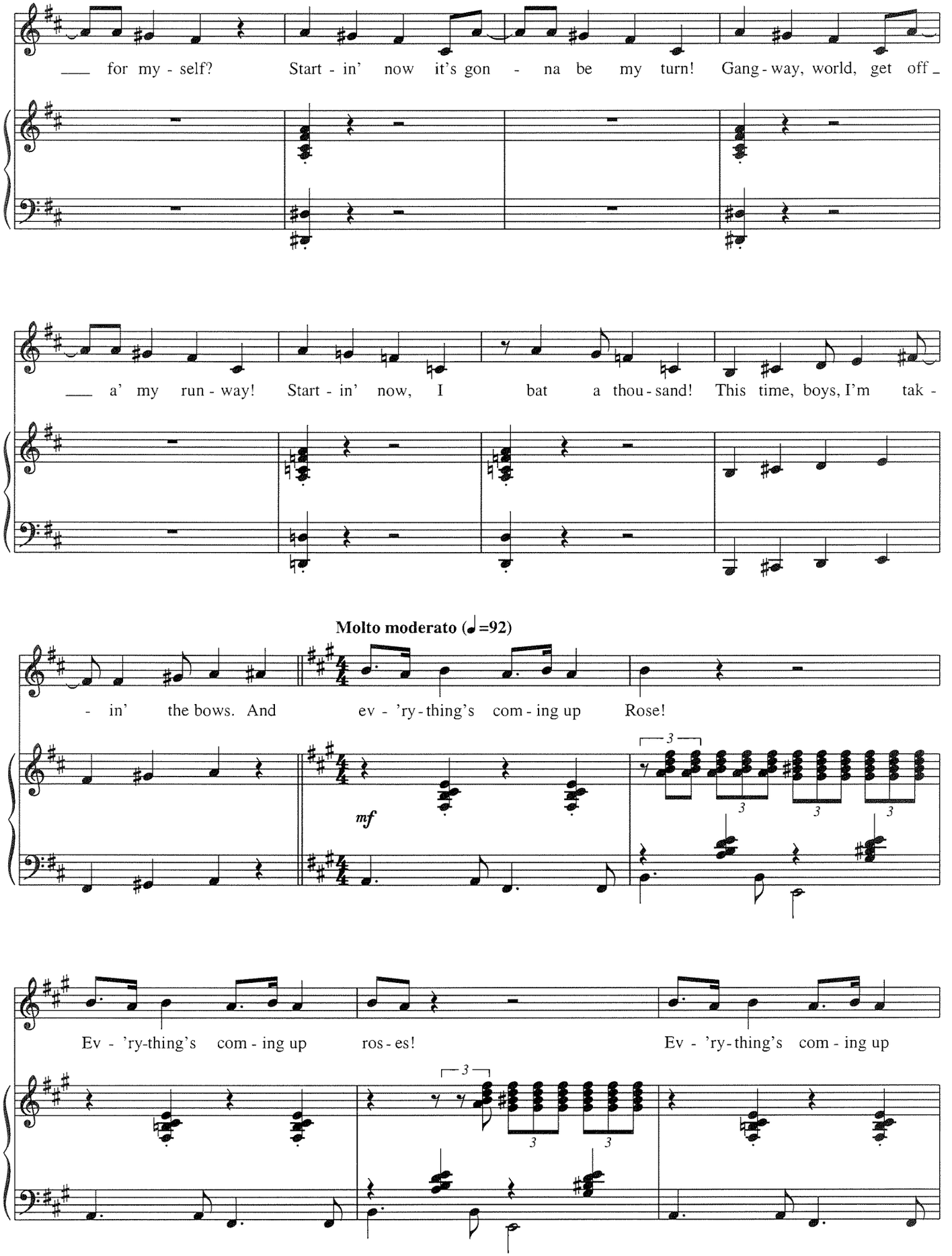

Read - y or not (Shh) Here comes Mom-ma!
Mom - ma's talk - in' loud, Mom - ma's do - in' fine, Mom - ma's get - tin' hot, Mom - ma's go - in' strong.
p
Mom - ma's mov - in' on, Mom - ma's all a-lone, Mom - ma does - n't care, Mom - ma's let - tin' loose,
Mom - ma's got the stuff, Mom - ma's let - tin' go. Mom - ma... Mom - ma's... Mom - ma's

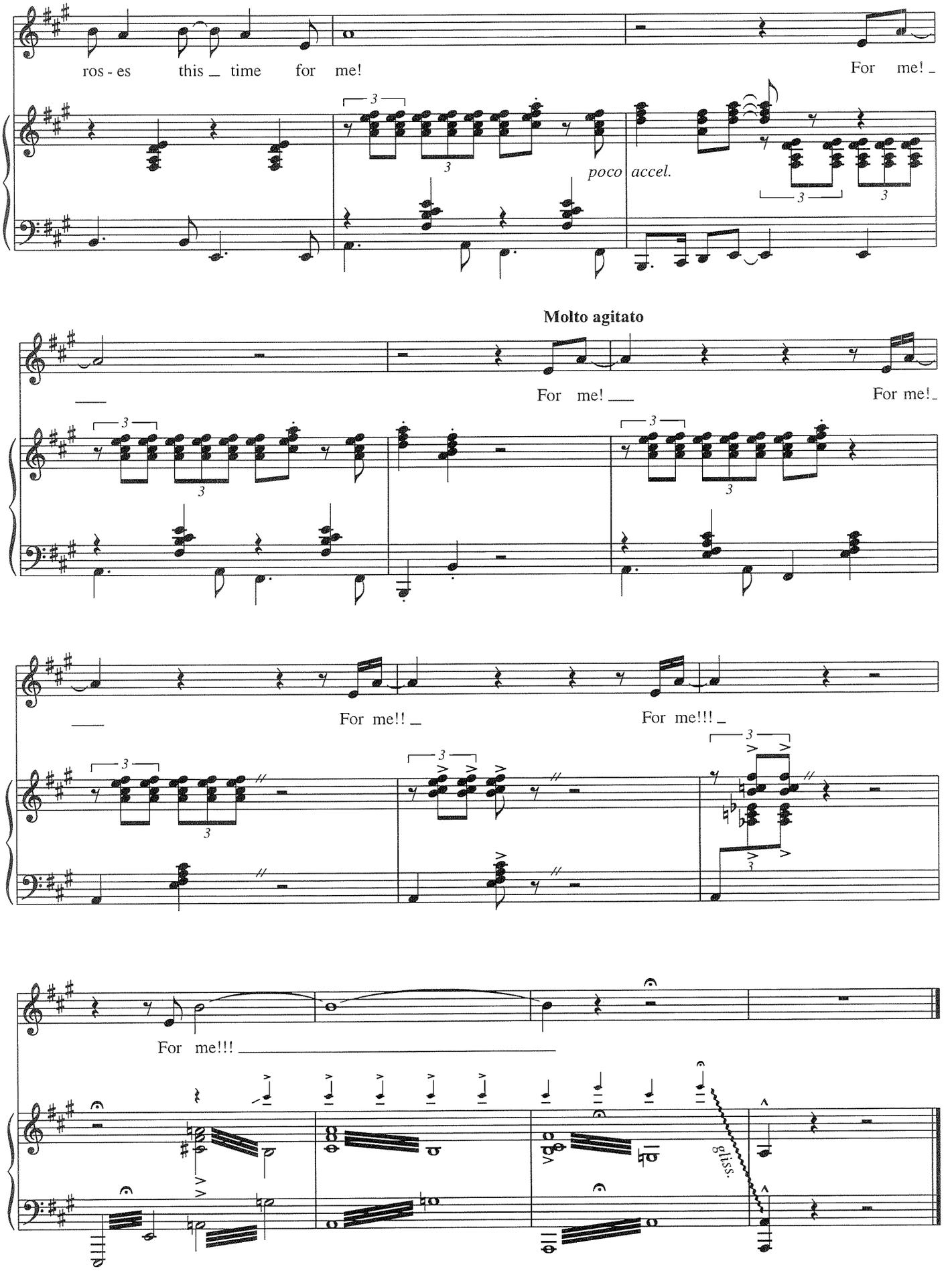

got the stuff, Mom - ma's got - ta move, Mom - ma's got - ta go.
rit.
a tempo
Mom - ma... Mom-ma's... Mom - ma's got - ta let go.
rit.
a tempo
Alla breve (𝅗𝅥=108)
Why __ did I do it?
pp
What __ did it get me?
simile


Scrap-books full of me ___ in the back-ground.
Give 'em love and what__ does it get you?
What__ does it get you? One quick look as each___ of 'em leaves you.
All your life and what__ does it get you?


Thanks a lot and out with the gar - bage. They take bows and you're bat - tin' ze - ro!
3
I had a dream. I
3
dreamed it for you, June. It


was - n't for me, Herb - ie. And if it
was - n't for me Then where would you be, Miss
Gyp - sy Rose Lee?
f
Well, some-one tell me when is it my turn? Don't I get a dream


for my - self? Start - in' now it's gon - na be my turn! Gang - way, world, get off
a' my run - way! Start - in' now, I bat a thou - sand! This time, boys, I'm tak -
Molto moderato (♩=92)
- in' the bows. And ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing up Rose!
mf
Ev - 'ry-thing's com - ing up ros - es! Ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing up

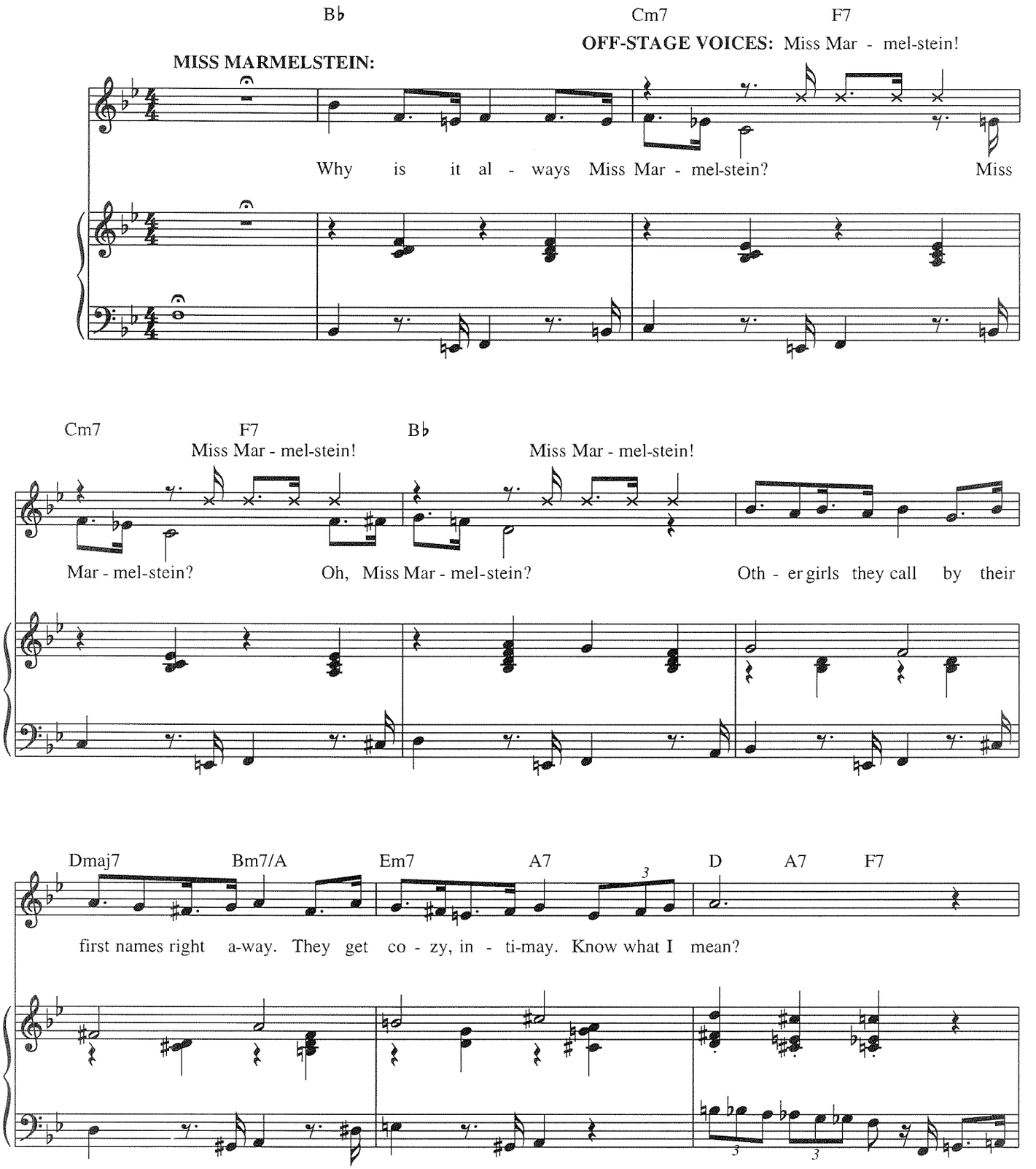

ros - es this _ time for me!
For me! _
poco accel.
Molto agitato
For me! ___
For me! _
For me!! _
For me!!! _
For me!!! _
gliss.

MISS MARMELSTEIN

from *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROME

Moderately



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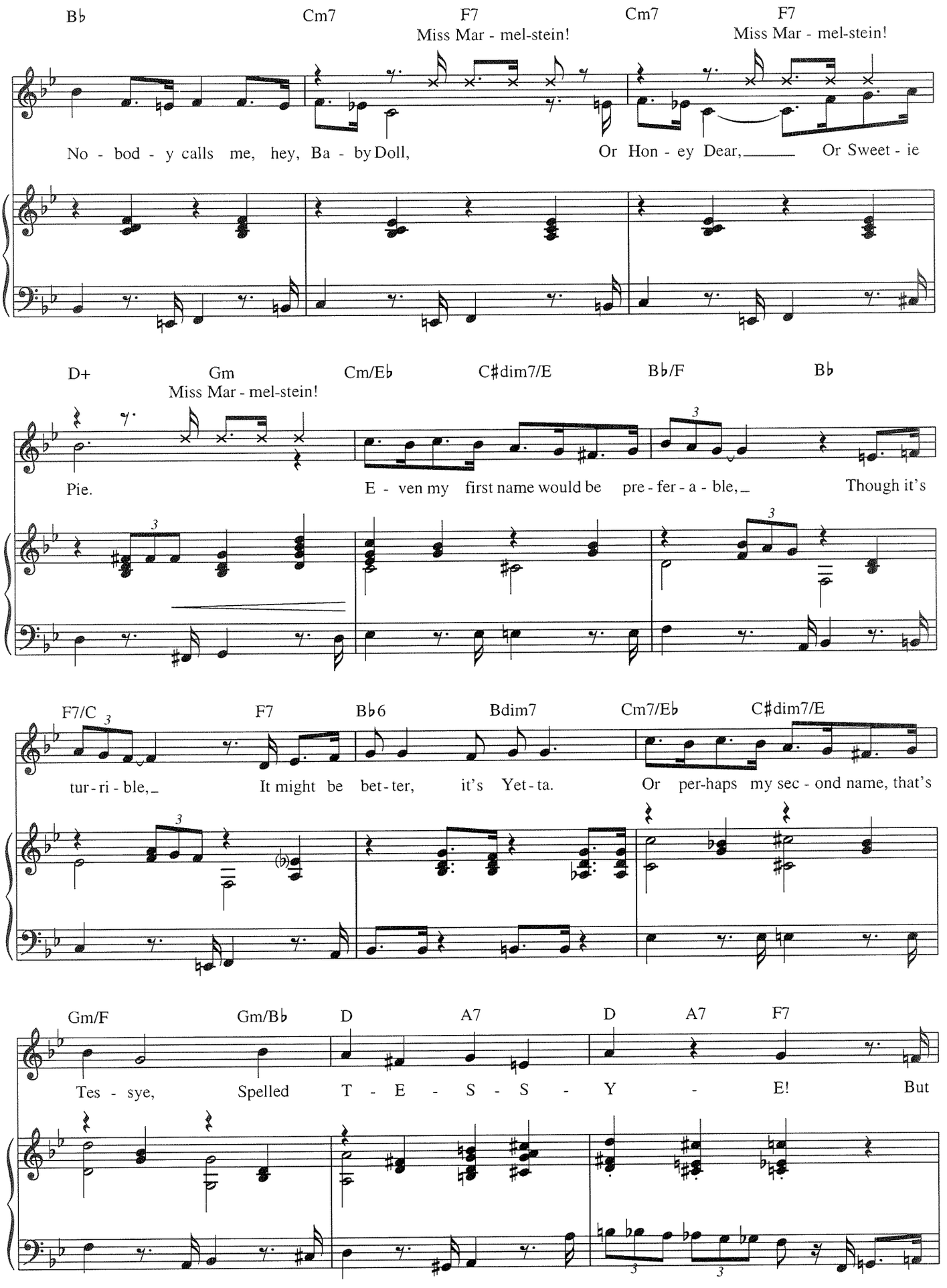
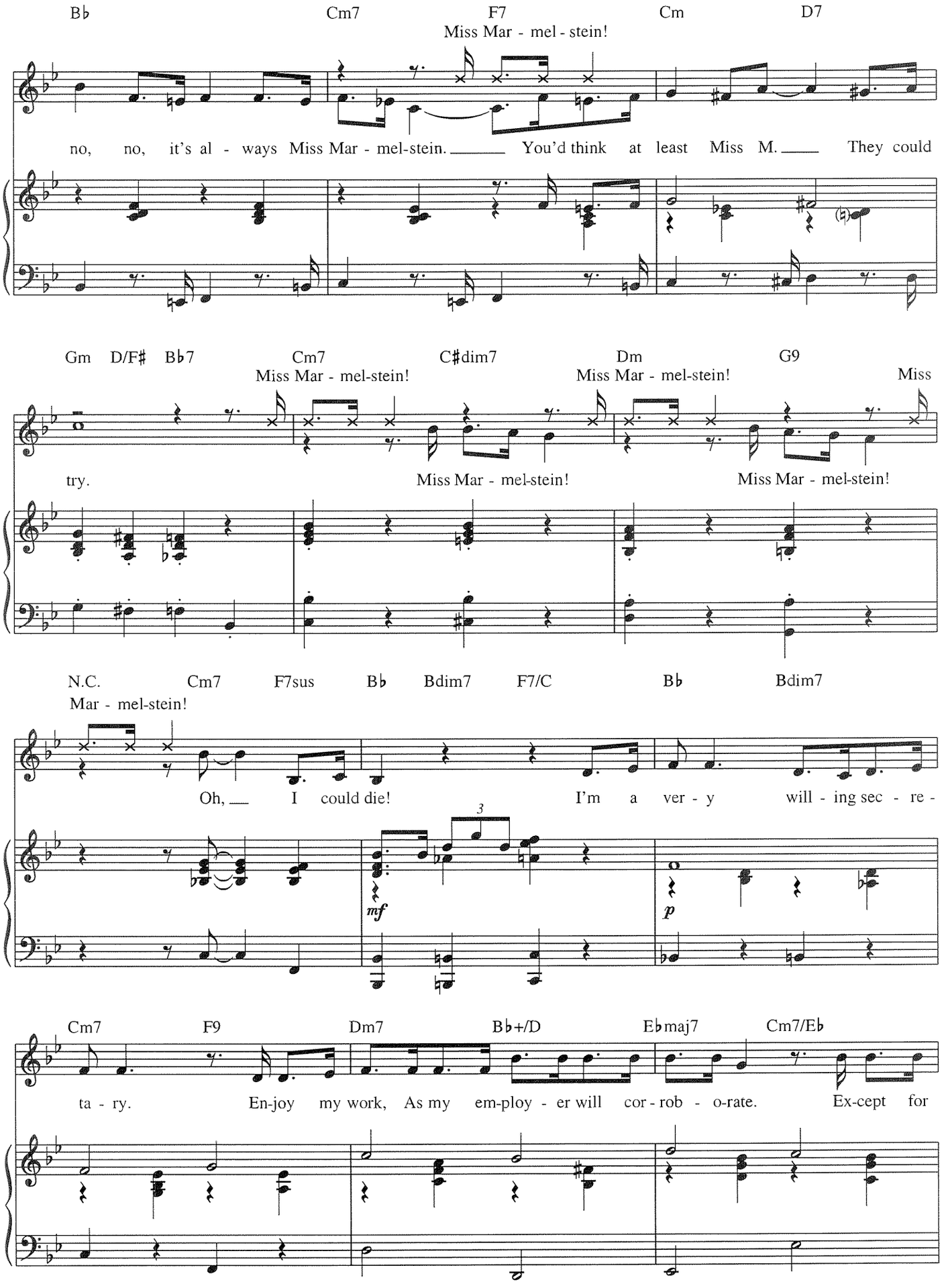
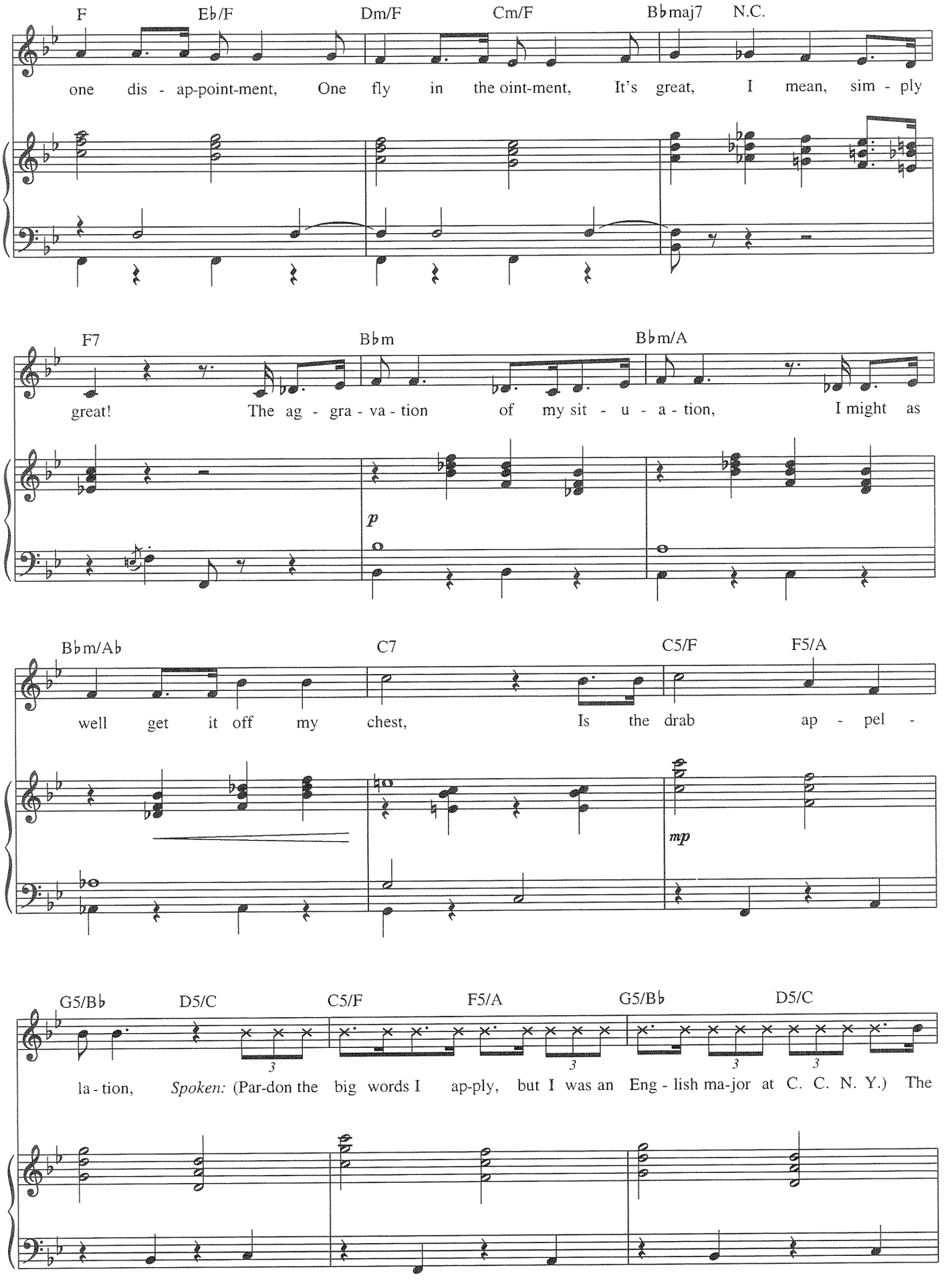
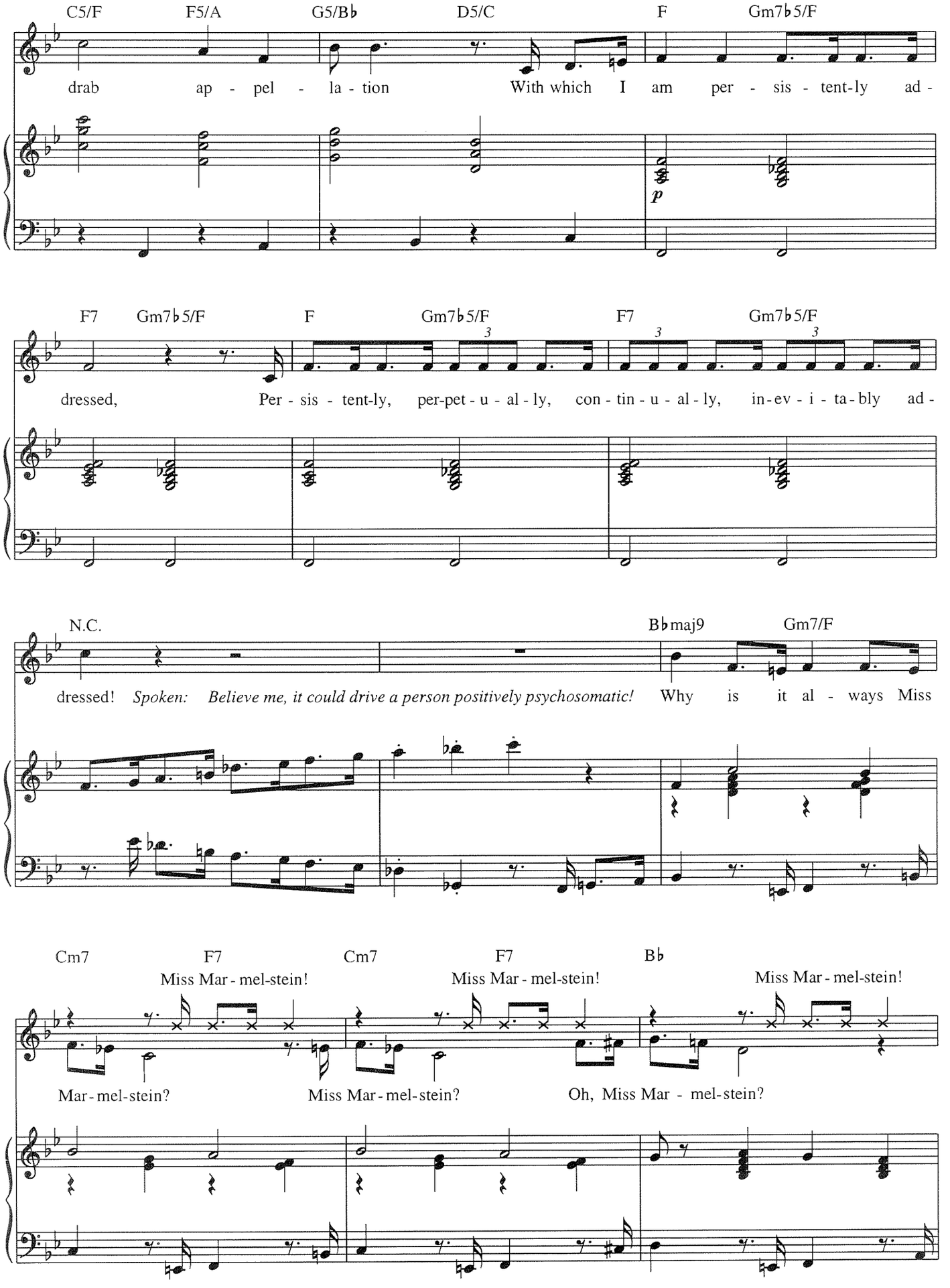
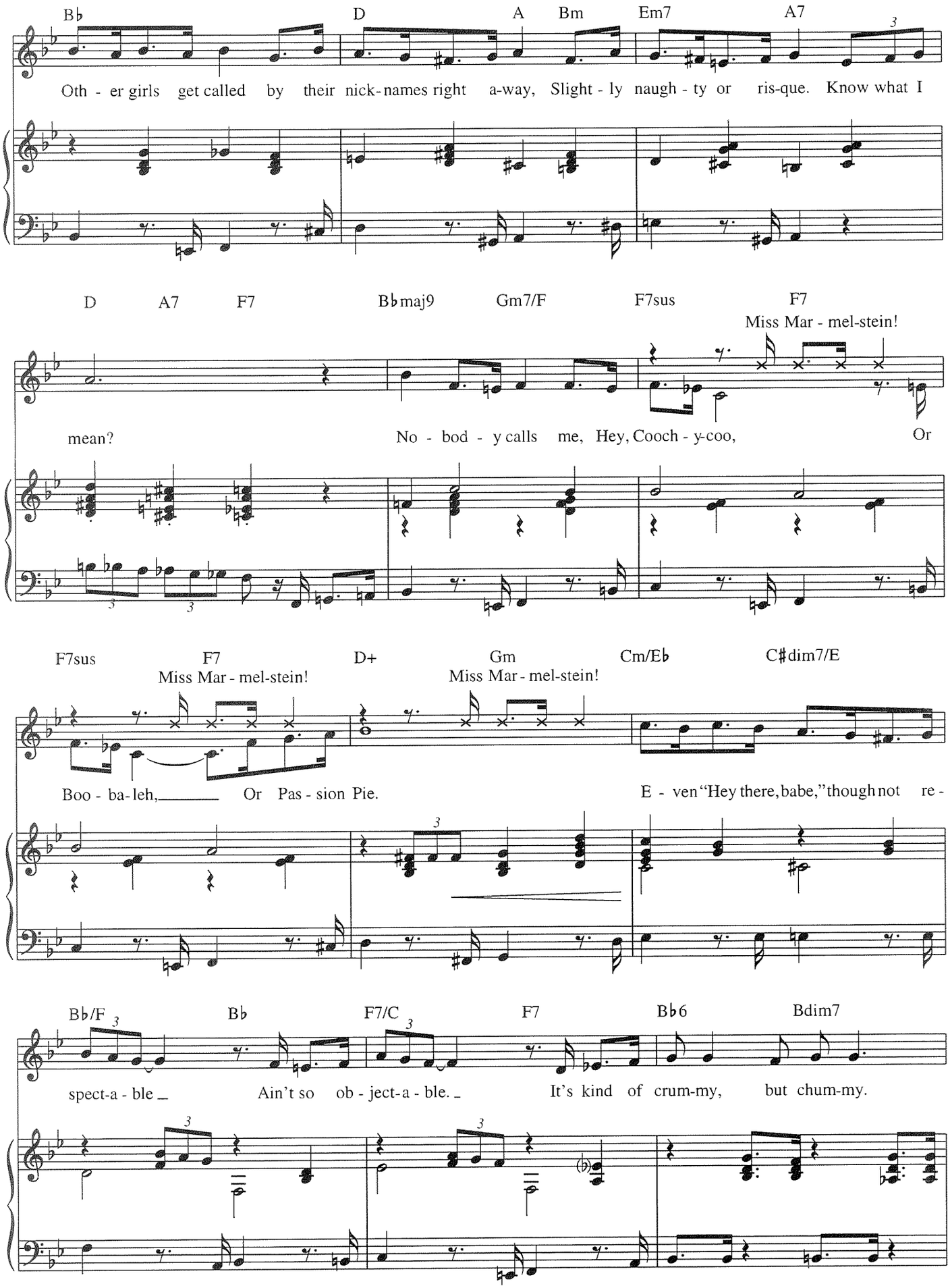
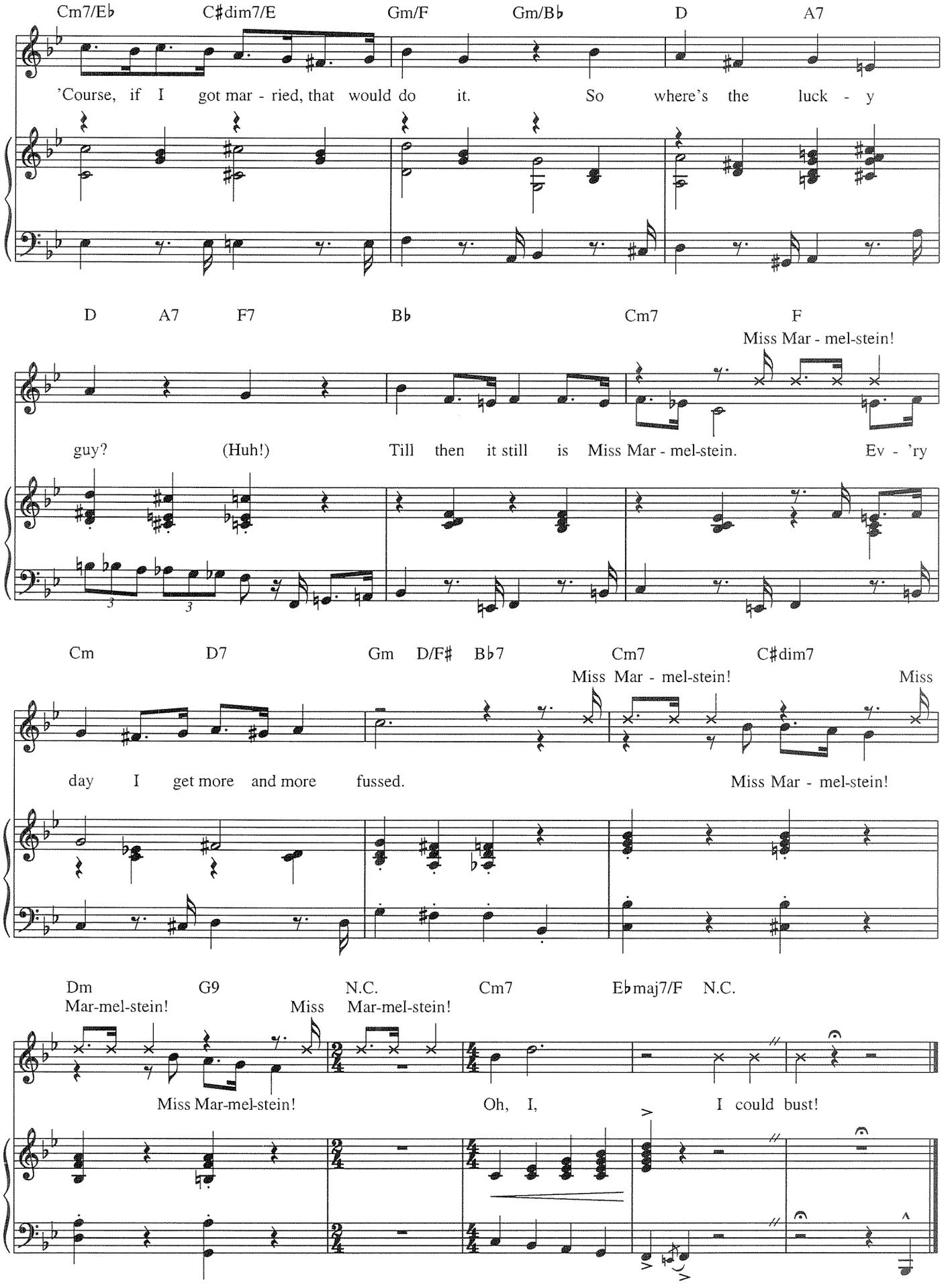

B♭ Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss Mar - mel-stein!
No - bod - y calls me, hey, Ba - by Doll, Or Hon - ey Dear, Or Sweet - ie
D+ Gm Cm/E♭ C♯dim7/E B♭/F B♭
Miss Mar - mel-stein!
Pie. E - ven my first name would be pre - fer - a - ble, Though it's
F7/C F7 B♭6 Bdim7 Cm7/E♭ C♯dim7/E
tur - ri - ble, It might be bet - ter, it's Yet - ta. Or per-haps my sec - ond name, that's
Gm/F Gm/B♭ D A7 D A7 F7
Tes - sye, Spelled T - E - S - S - Y - E! But


B♭ Cm7 F7 Cm D7
Miss Mar - mel - stein!
no, no, it's al - ways Miss Mar - mel-stein. You'd think at least Miss M. They could
Gm D/F♯ B♭7 Cm7 C♯dim7 Dm G9
Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss
try. Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss Mar - mel-stein!
N.C. Cm7 F7sus B♭ Bdim7 F7/C B♭ Bdim7
Mar - mel-stein!
Oh, I could die! I'm a ver - y will - ing sec - re -
3
mf
p
Cm7 F9 Dm7 B♭+/D E♭maj7 Cm7/E♭
ta - ry. En-joy my work, As my em-ploy - er will cor - rob - o-rate. Ex-cept for


F
Eb/F
Dm/F
Cm/F
Bbmaj7
N.C.
one dis - ap-point-ment, One fly in the oint-ment, It's great, I mean, sim - ply
F7
Bbm
Bbm/A
great! The ag - gra - va - tion of my sit - u - a - tion, I might as
p
Bbm/Ab
C7
C5/F
F5/A
well get it off my chest, Is the drab ap - pel -
mp
G5/Bb
D5/C
C5/F
F5/A
G5/Bb
D5/C
3
3
3
3
la - tion, Spoken: (Par-don the big words I ap-ply, but I was an Eng - lish ma-jor at C. C. N. Y.) The


C5/F F5/A G5/B♭ D5/C F Gm7♭5/F
drab ap - pel - la - tion With which I am per - sis - tent-ly ad -
p
F7 Gm7♭5/F F Gm7♭5/F F7 Gm7♭5/F
dressed, Per - sis - tent-ly, per-pet - u - al - ly, con - tin - u - al - ly, in-ev - i - ta-bly ad -
N.C. B♭maj9 Gm7/F
dressed! Spoken: Believe me, it could drive a person positively psychosomatic! Why is it al - ways Miss
Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 B♭
Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss Mar - mel-stein!
Mar - mel-stein? Miss Mar - mel-stein? Oh, Miss Mar - mel-stein?

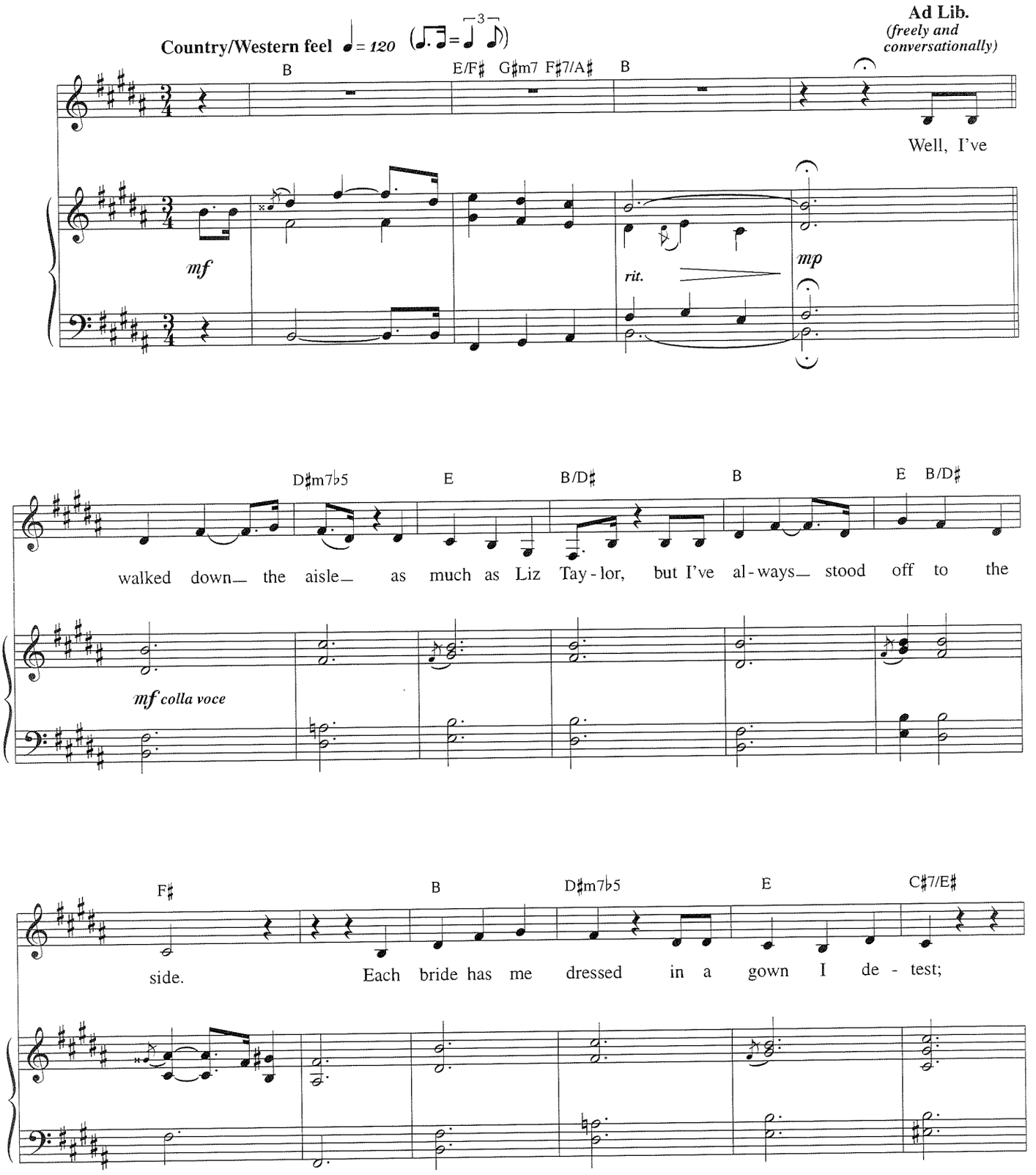

B♭ D A Bm Em7 A7
Oth - er girls get called by their nick-names right a-way, Slight - ly naugh - ty or ris-que. Know what I
D A7 F7 B♭maj9 Gm7/F F7sus F7
Miss Mar - mel-stein!
mean? No - bod - y calls me, Hey, Cooch - y-coo, Or
F7sus F7 D+ Gm Cm/E♭ C♯dim7/E
Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss Mar - mel-stein!
Boo - ba-leh, Or Pas - sion Pie. E - ven "Hey there, babe," though not re -
B♭/F B♭ F7/C F7 B♭6 Bdim7
spect-a - ble Ain't so ob - ject-a - ble. It's kind of crum-my, but chum-my.


Cm7/E♭ C♯dim7/E Gm/F Gm/B♭ D A7
'Course, if I got mar - ried, that would do it. So where's the luck - y
D A7 F7 B♭ Cm7 F
Miss Mar - mel-stein!
guy? (Huh!) Till then it still is Miss Mar - mel-stein. Ev - 'ry
Cm D7 Gm D/F♯ B♭7 Cm7 C♯dim7
Miss Mar - mel-stein! Miss
day I get more and more fussed. Miss Mar - mel-stein!
Dm G9 N.C. Cm7 E♭maj7/F N.C.
Mar-mel-stein! Miss Mar-mel-stein!
Miss Mar-mel-stein! Oh, I, I could bust!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID

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

Lyrics by JOE DiPIETRO
Music by JIMMY ROBERTS



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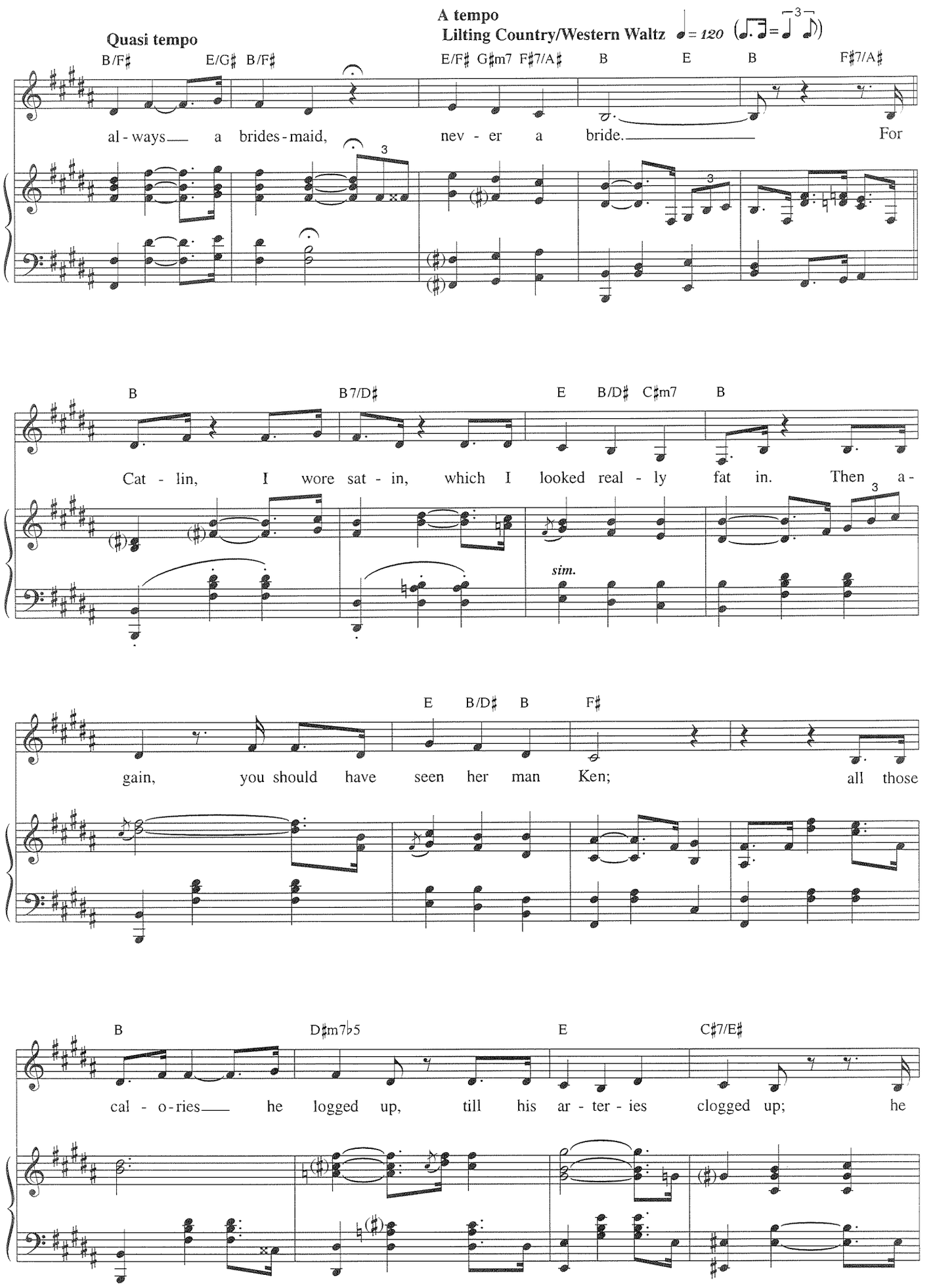
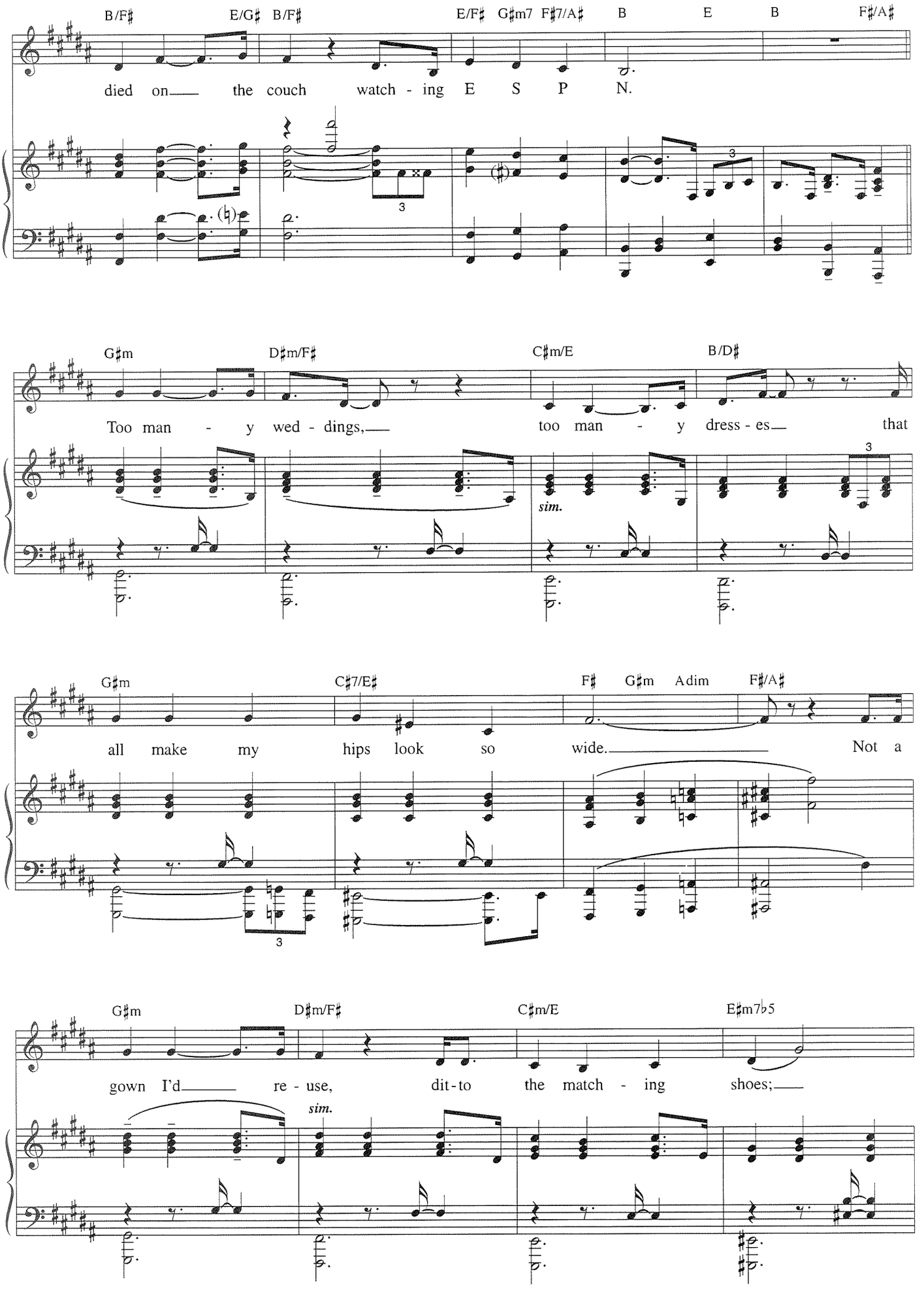
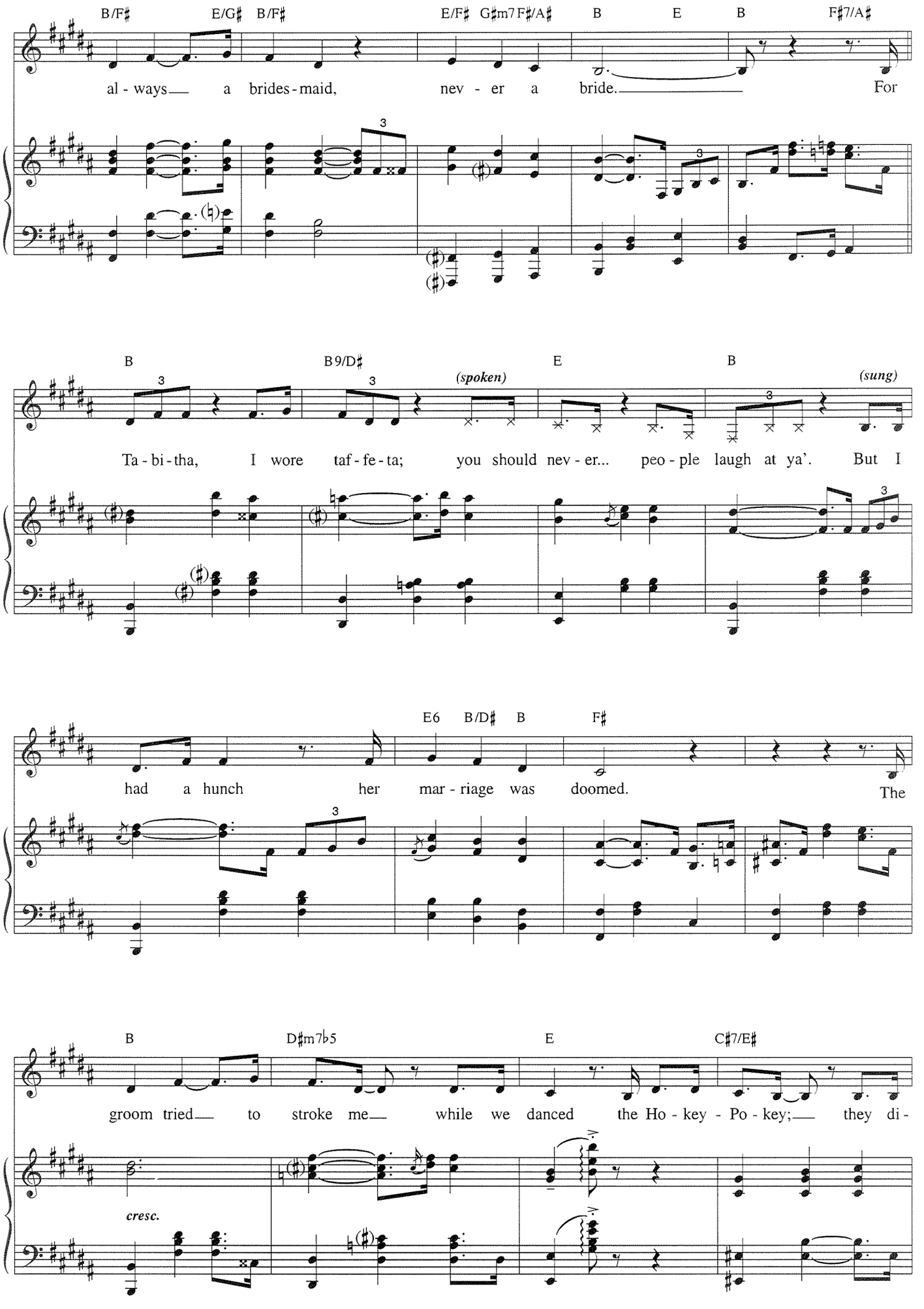
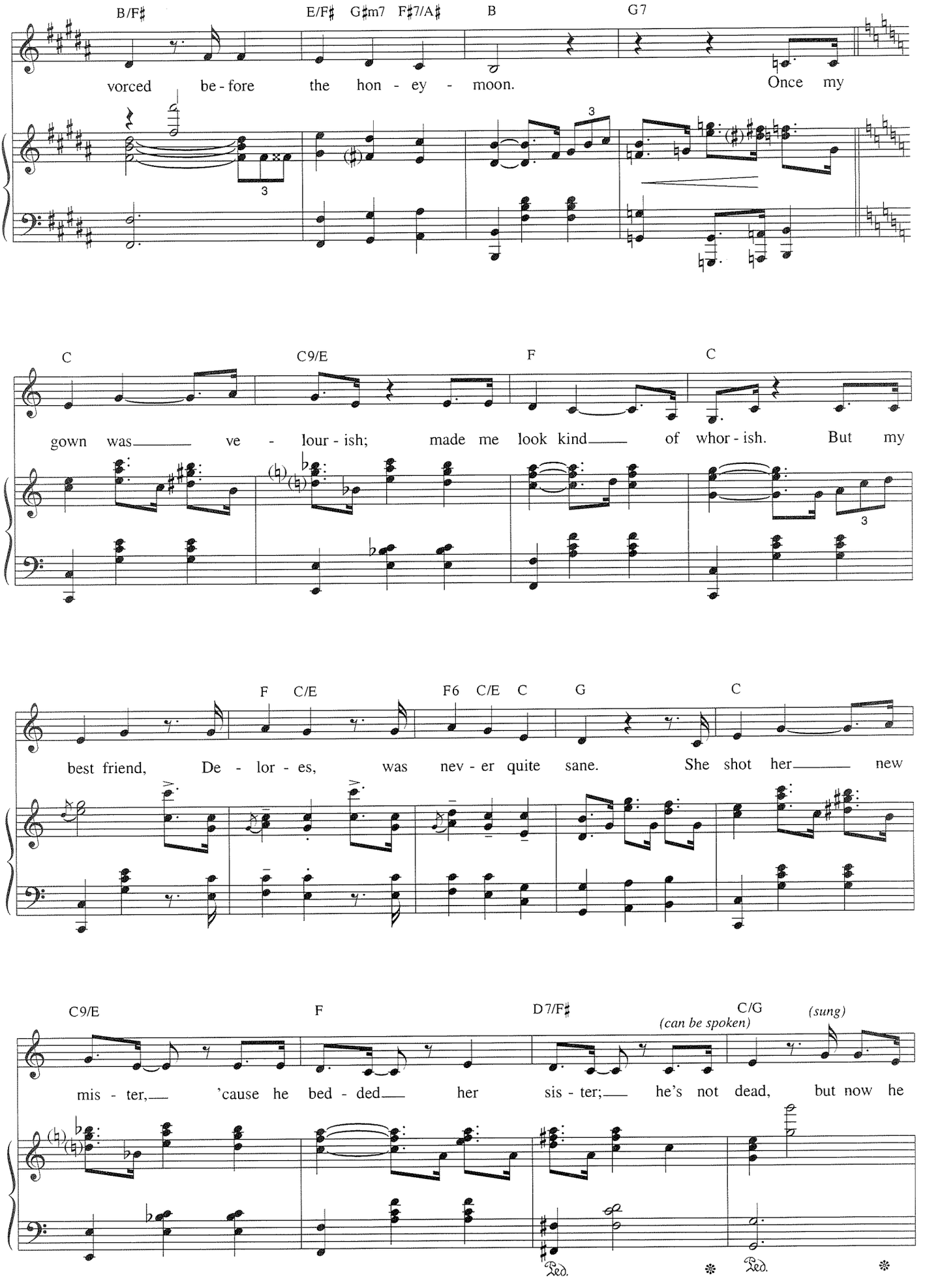
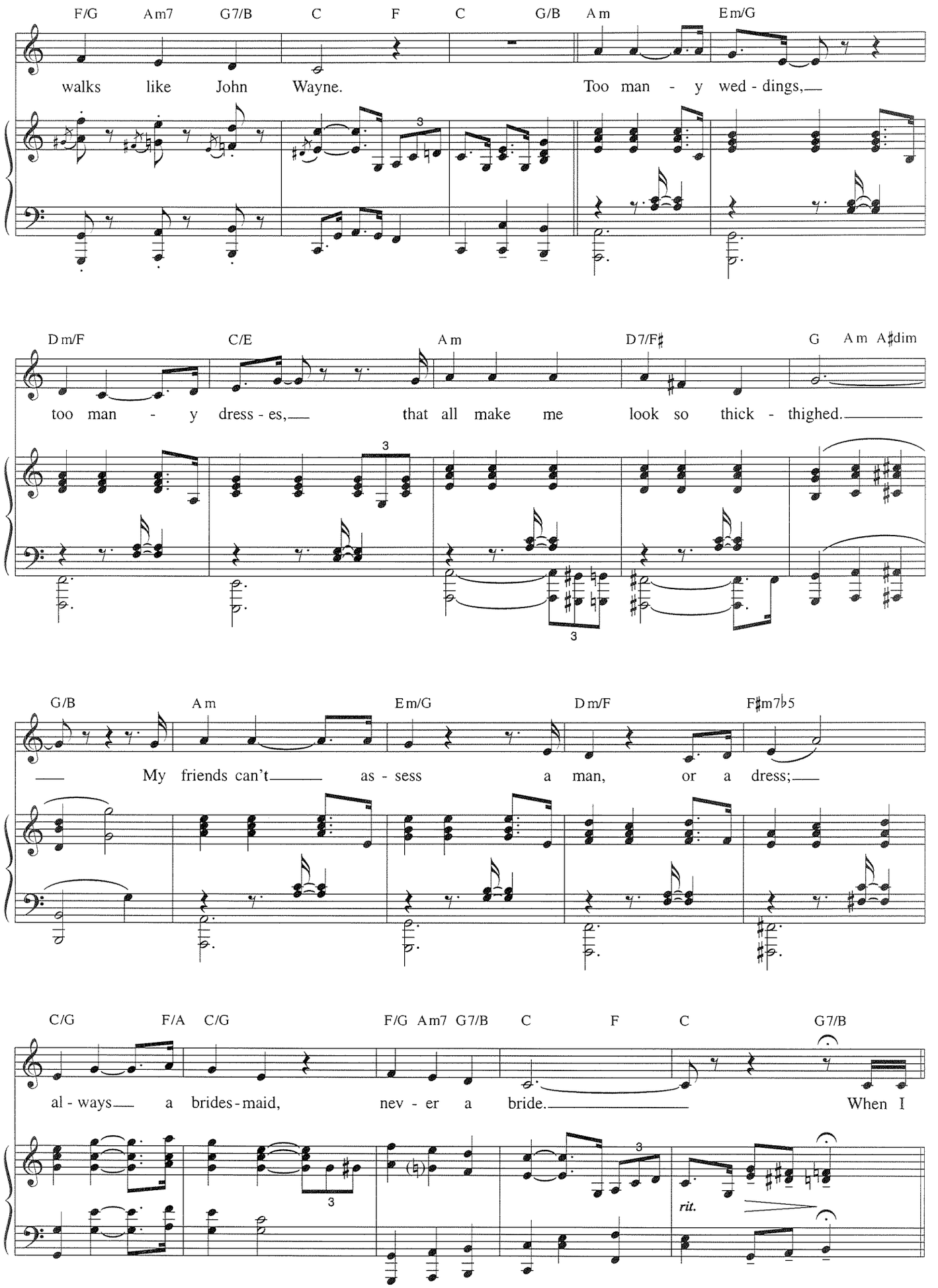
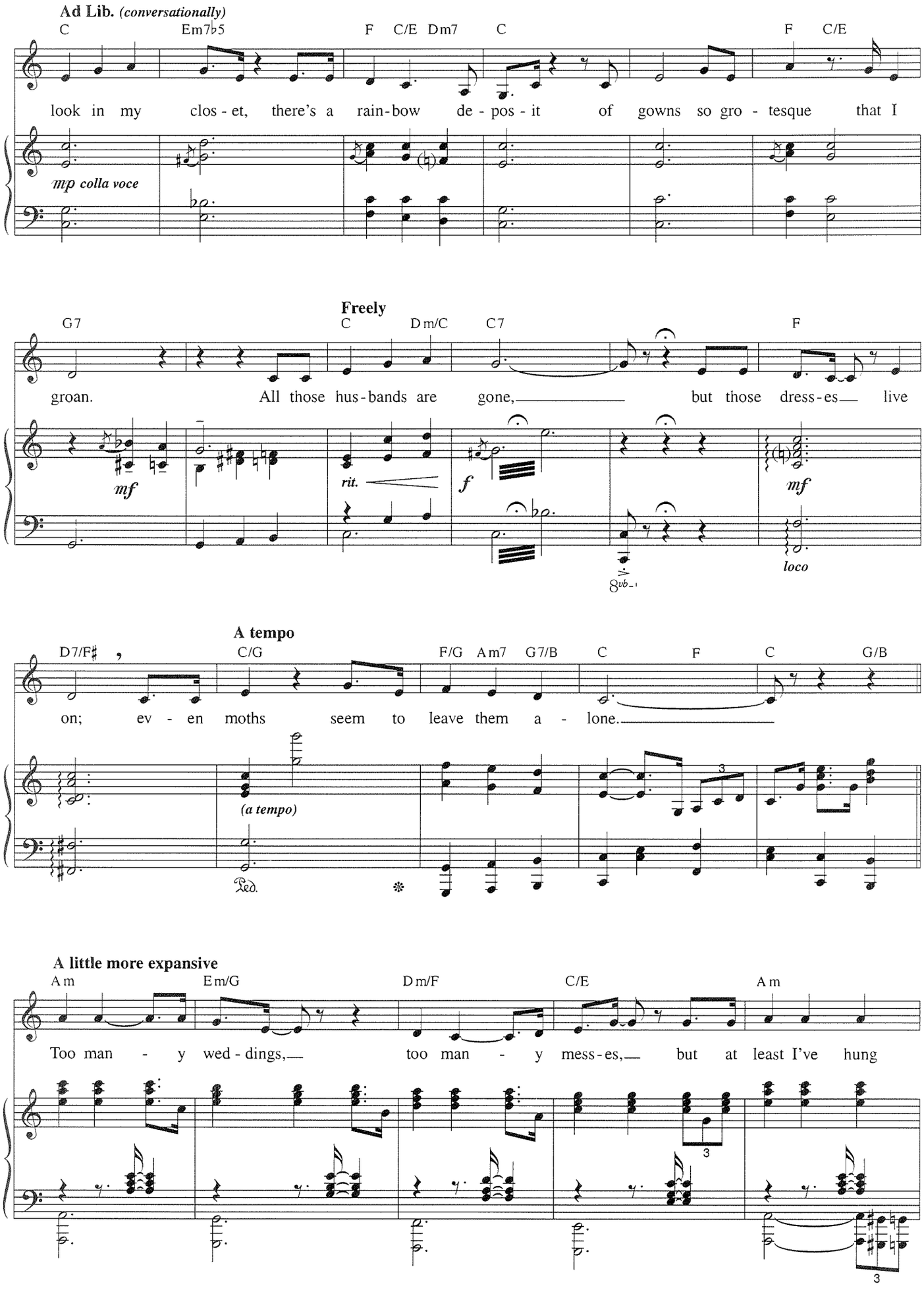

Quasi tempo
A tempo
Lilting Country/Western Waltz
B/F♯ E/G♯ B/F♯ E/F♯ G♯m7 F♯7/A♯ B E B F♯7/A♯
al - ways a brides - maid, nev - er a bride. For
B B7/D♯ E B/D♯ C♯m7 B
Cat - lin, I wore sat - in, which I looked real - ly fat in. Then a -
sim.
E B/D♯ B F♯
gain, you should have seen her man Ken; all those
B D♯m7♭5 E C♯7/E♯
cal - o - ries he logged up, till his ar - ter - ies clogged up; he

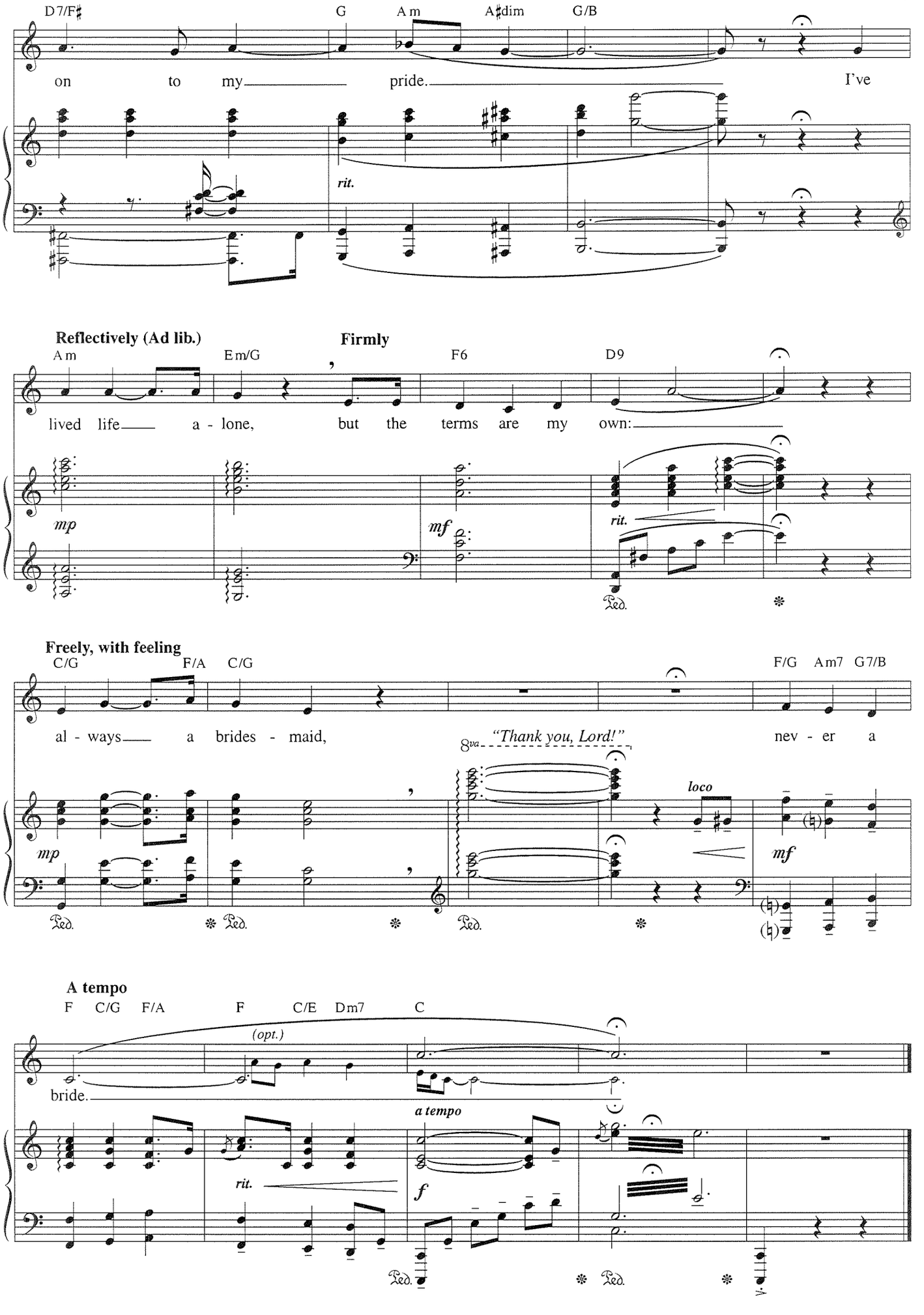

B/F♯ E/G♯ B/F♯ E/F♯ G♯m7 F♯7/A♯ B E B F♯/A♯
died on the couch watch - ing E S P N.
G♯m D♯m/F♯ C♯m/E B/D♯
Too man - y wed - dings, too man - y dress - es that
sim.
G♯m C♯7/E♯ F♯ G♯m Adim F♯/A♯
all make my hips look so wide. Not a
G♯m D♯m/F♯ C♯m/E E♯m7♭5
gown I'd re - use, dit - to the match - ing shoes;
sim.


B/F♯ E/G♯ B/F♯ E/F♯ G♯m7 F♯/A♯ B E B F♯7/A♯
al - ways a brides - maid, nev - er a bride. For
B B9/D♯ E B
(spoken) (sung)
Ta - bi - tha, I wore taf - fe - ta; you should nev - er... peo - ple laugh at ya'. But I
E6 B/D♯ B F♯
had a hunch her mar - riage was doomed. The
B D♯m7♭5 E C♯7/E♯
groom tried to stroke me while we danced the Ho - key - Po - key; they di -
cresc.


B/F♯ E/F♯ G♯m7 F♯7/A♯ B G7
vorced be - fore the hon - ey - moon. Once my
C C9/E F C
gown was ve - lour - ish; made me look kind of whor - ish. But my
F C/E F6 C/E C G C
best friend, De - lor - es, was nev - er quite sane. She shot her new
C9/E F D7/F♯ C/G
(can be spoken) (sung)
mis - ter, 'cause he bed - ded her sis - ter; he's not dead, but now he
Ped. Ped.


F/G Am7 G7/B C F C G/B Am Em/G
walks like John Wayne. Too man - y wed - dings,
Dm/F C/E Am D7/F♯ G Am A♯dim
too man - y dress - es, that all make me look so thick - thighed.
G/B Am Em/G Dm/F F♯m7♭5
My friends can't as - sess a man, or a dress;
C/G F/A C/G F/G Am7 G7/B C F C G7/B
al - ways a brides - maid, nev - er a bride. When I
rit.

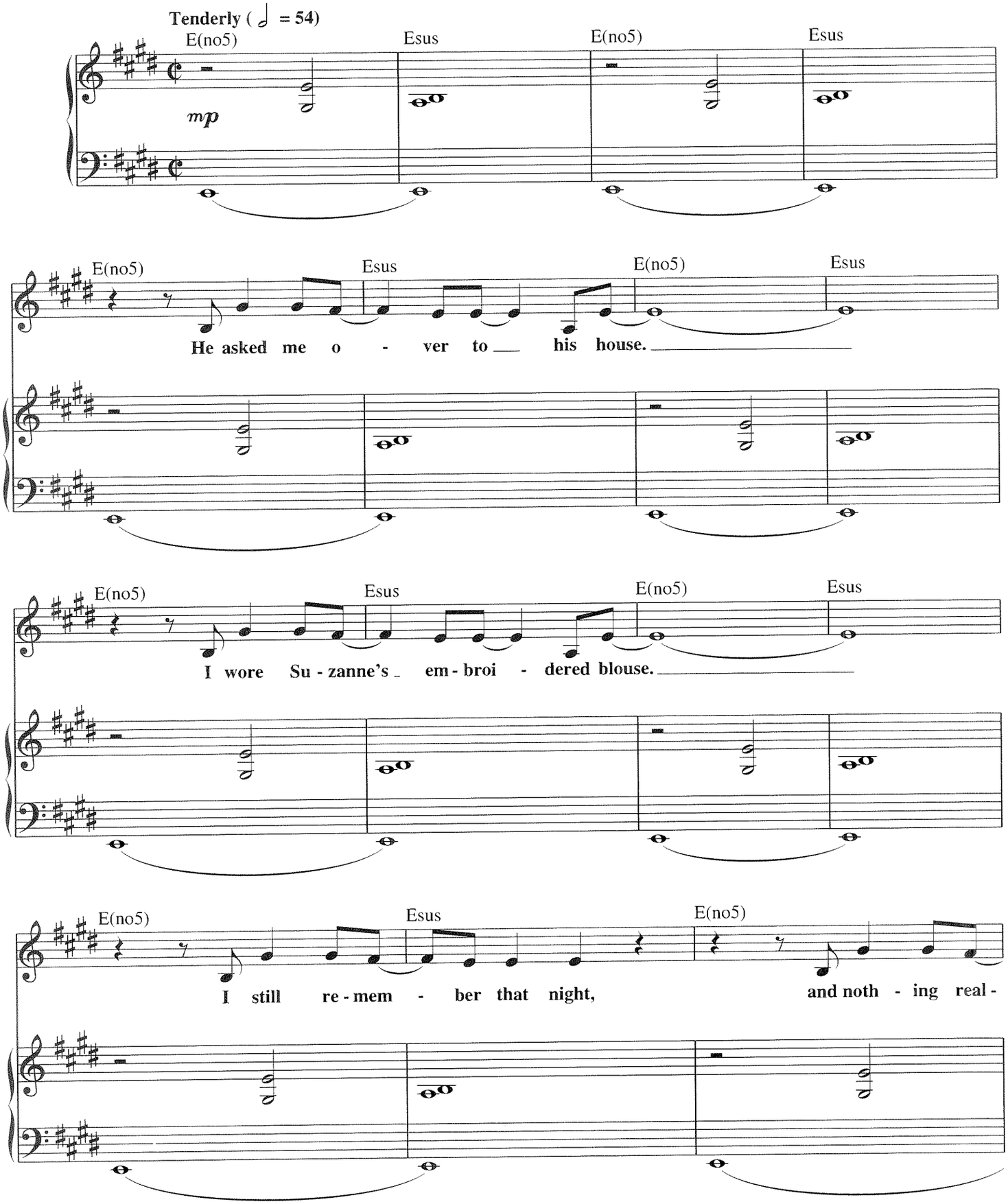

Ad Lib. (conversationally)
C Em7♭5 F C/E Dm7 C F C/E
look in my clos - et, there's a rain-bow de - pos - it of gowns so gro - tesque that I
mp colla voce
Freely
G7 C Dm/C C7 F
groan. All those hus-bands are gone, but those dress-es live
mf rit. f mf
8vb
loco
A tempo
D7/F♯ C/G F/G Am7 G7/B C F C G/B
on; ev - en moths seem to leave them a - lone.
(a tempo)
Ped.
A little more expansive
Am Em/G Dm/F C/E Am
Too man - y wed - dings, too man - y mess-es, but at least I've hung
3
3


D7/F♯
G
A m
A♯dim
G/B
on to my pride. I've
rit.
Reflectively (Ad lib.)
Firmly
A m
E m/G
F6
D9
lived life a - lone, but the terms are my own:
mp
mf
rit.
Ped.
Freely, with feeling
C/G
F/A
C/G
F/G
A m7
G7/B
al - ways a brides - maid,
8va
"Thank you, Lord!"
nev - er a
loco
mp
mf
Ped.
A tempo
F
C/G
F/A
F
C/E
D m7
C
(opt.)
bride.
a tempo
rit.
f
Ped.

NOTHING REALLY HAPPENED

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

Music and Lyric by
CRAIG CARNELIA



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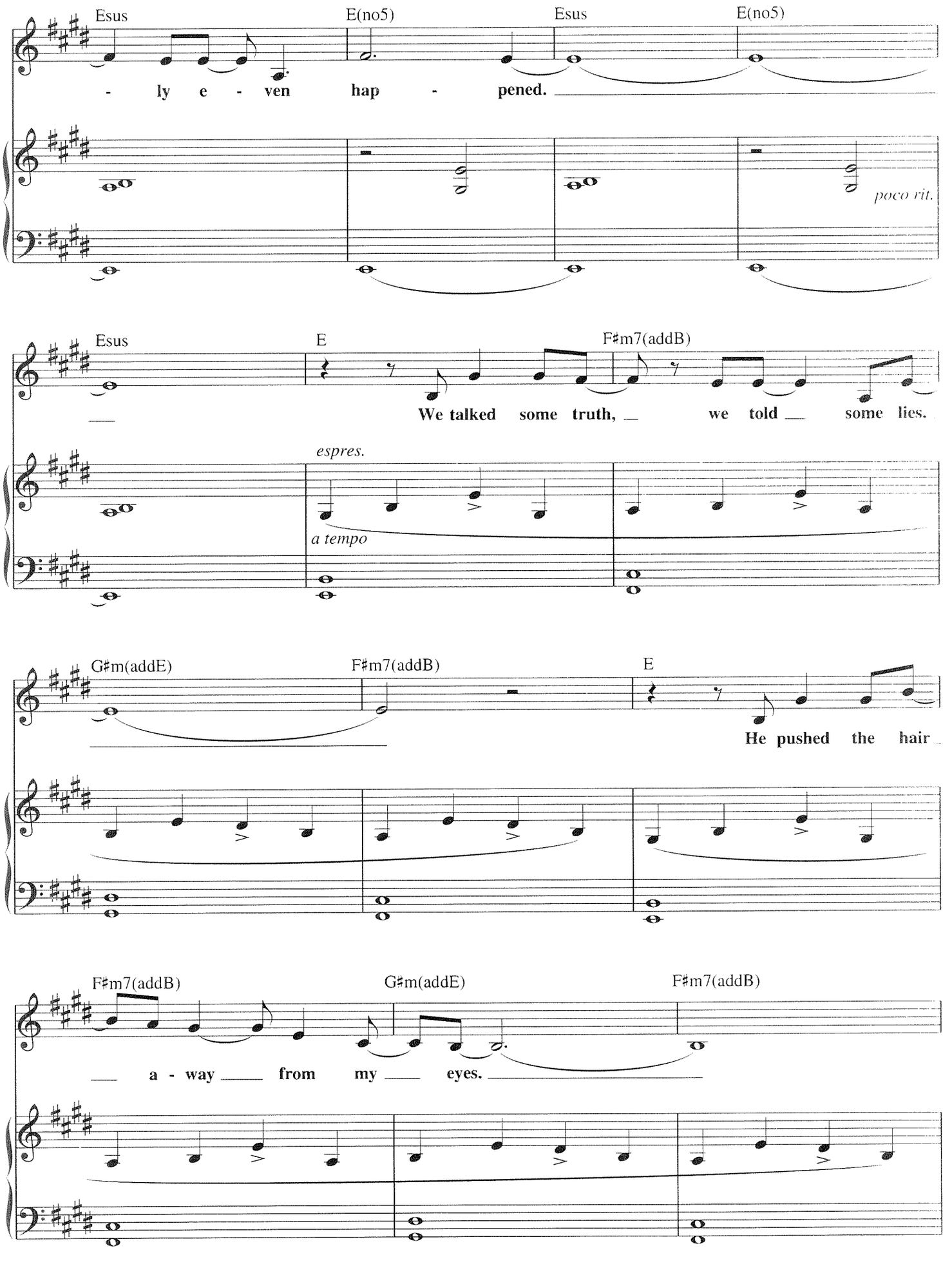
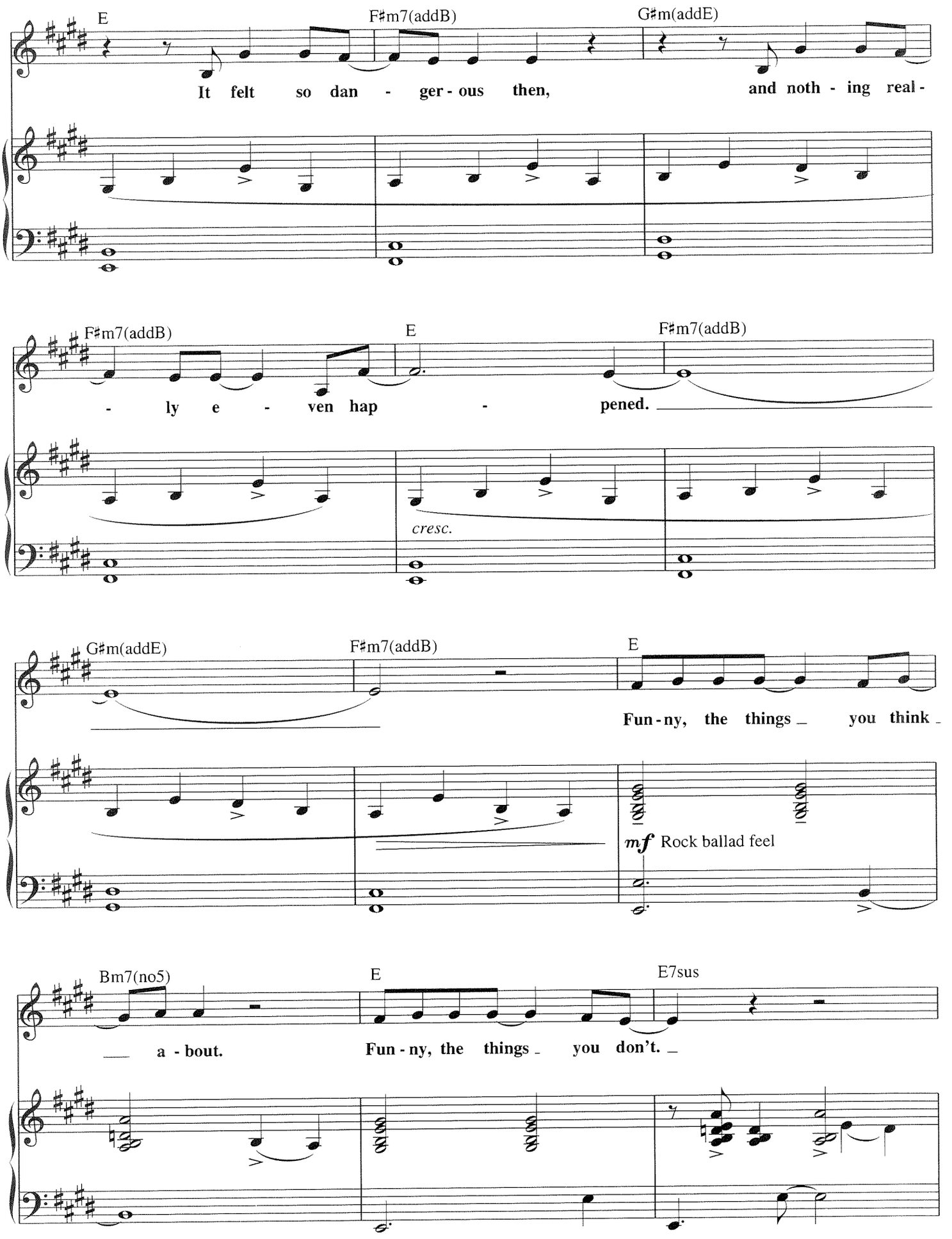
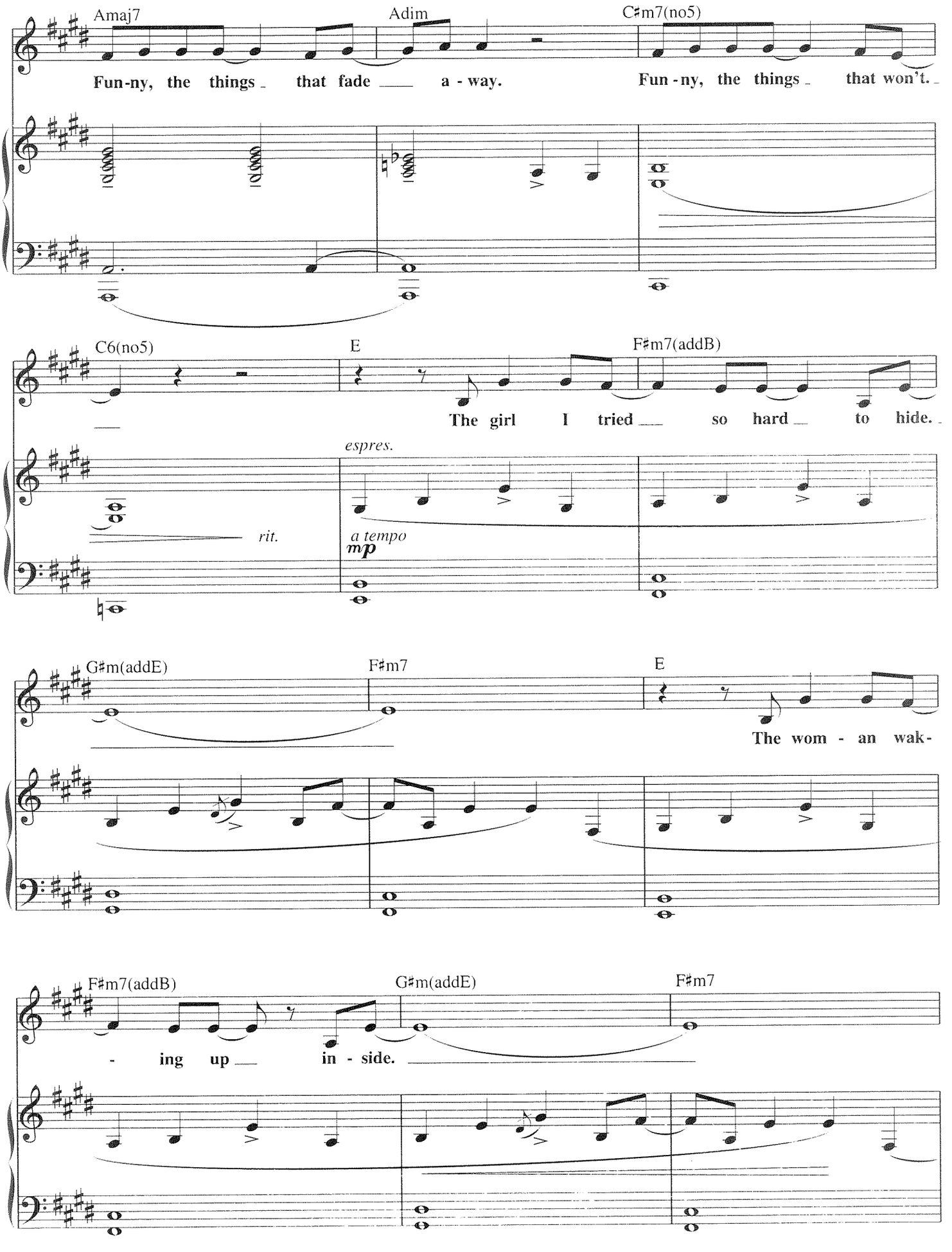
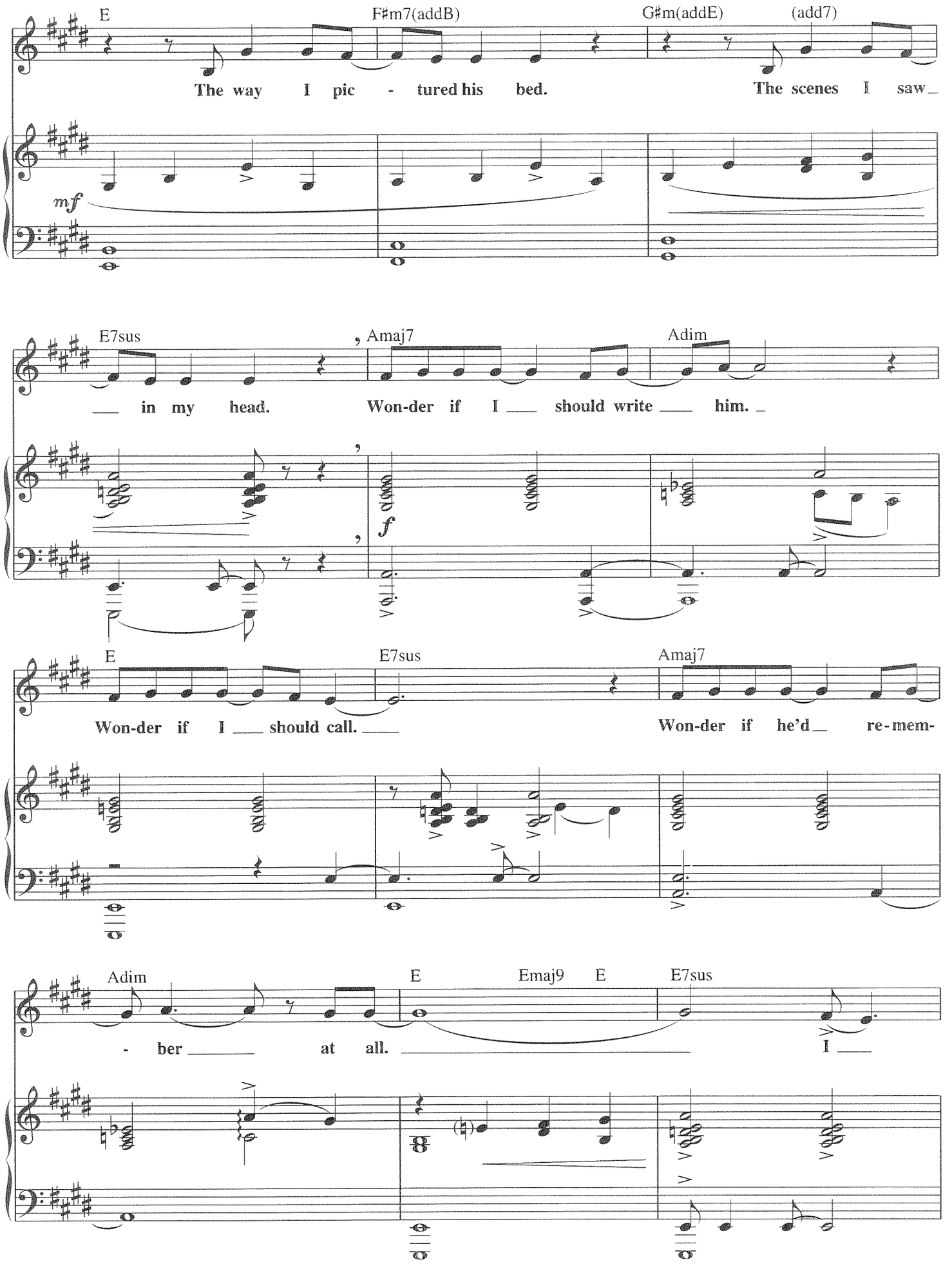
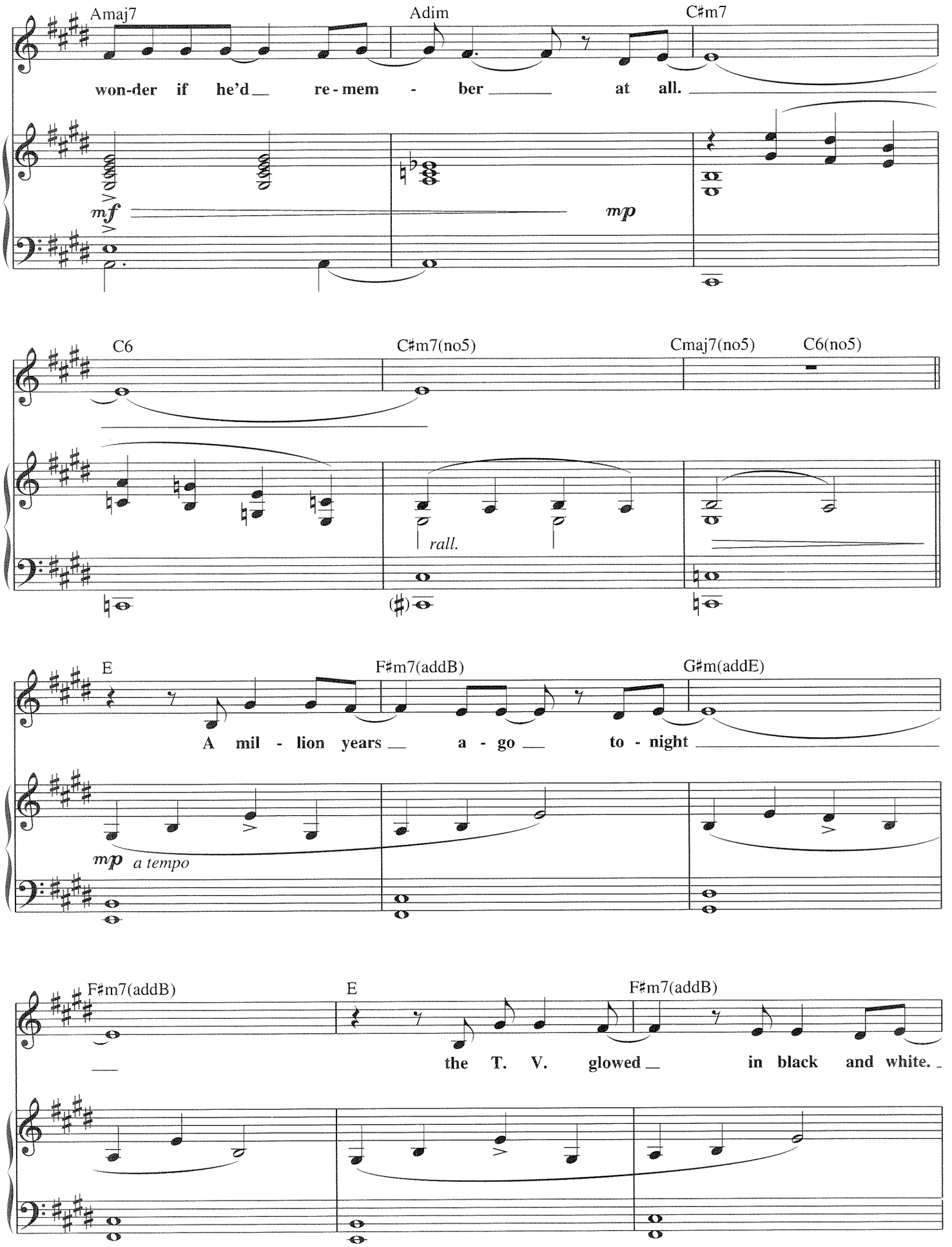
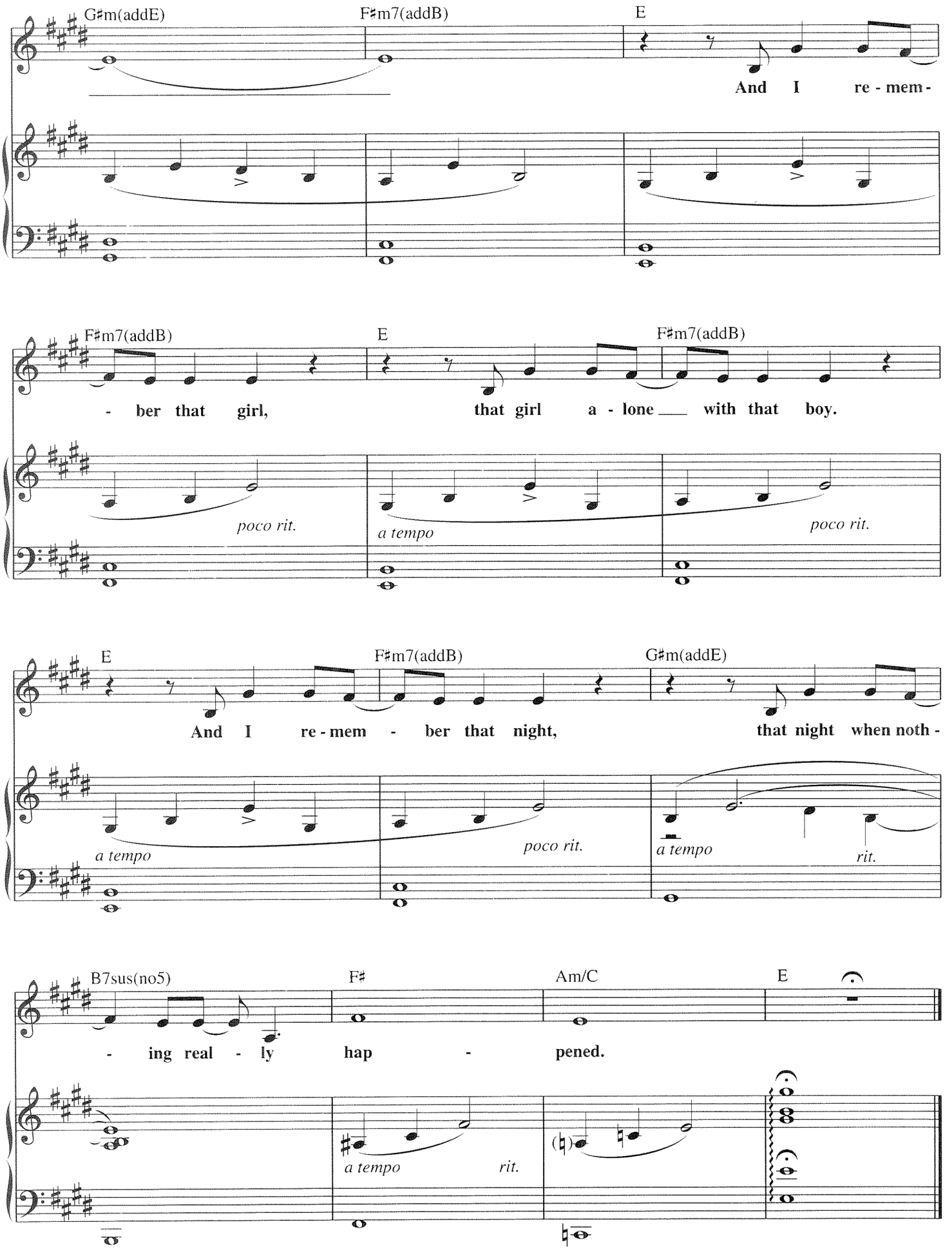

Esus
E(no5)
Esus
E(no5)
- ly e - ven hap - pened.
poco rit.
Esus
E
F♯m7(addB)
We talked some truth, we told some lies.
espres.
a tempo
G♯m(addE)
F♯m7(addB)
E
He pushed the hair
F♯m7(addB)
G♯m(addE)
F♯m7(addB)
a - way from my eyes.


E
F♯m7(addB)
G♯m(addE)
It felt so dan - ger - ous then, and noth - ing real -
F♯m7(addB)
E
F♯m7(addB)
- ly e - ven hap - pened.
cresc.
G♯m(addE)
F♯m7(addB)
E
Fun - ny, the things you think
mf Rock ballad feel
Bm7(no5)
E
E7sus
a - bout.
Fun - ny, the things you don't.


Amaj7
Adim
C♯m7(no5)
Fun-ny, the things that fade a - way.
Fun - ny, the things that won't.
C6(no5)
E
F♯m7(addB)
The girl I tried so hard to hide.
espres.
rit.
a tempo
mp
G♯m(addE)
F♯m7
E
The wom - an wak-
F♯m7(addB)
G♯m(addE)
F♯m7
- ing up in - side.


E
F♯m7(addB)
G♯m(addE)
(add7)
The way I pic - tured his bed.
The scenes I saw_
mf
E7sus
Amaj7
Adim
in my head.
Won-der if I should write him.
f
E
E7sus
Amaj7
Won-der if I should call.
Won-der if he'd re-mem-
Adim
E
Emaj9
E
E7sus
- ber at all.
I

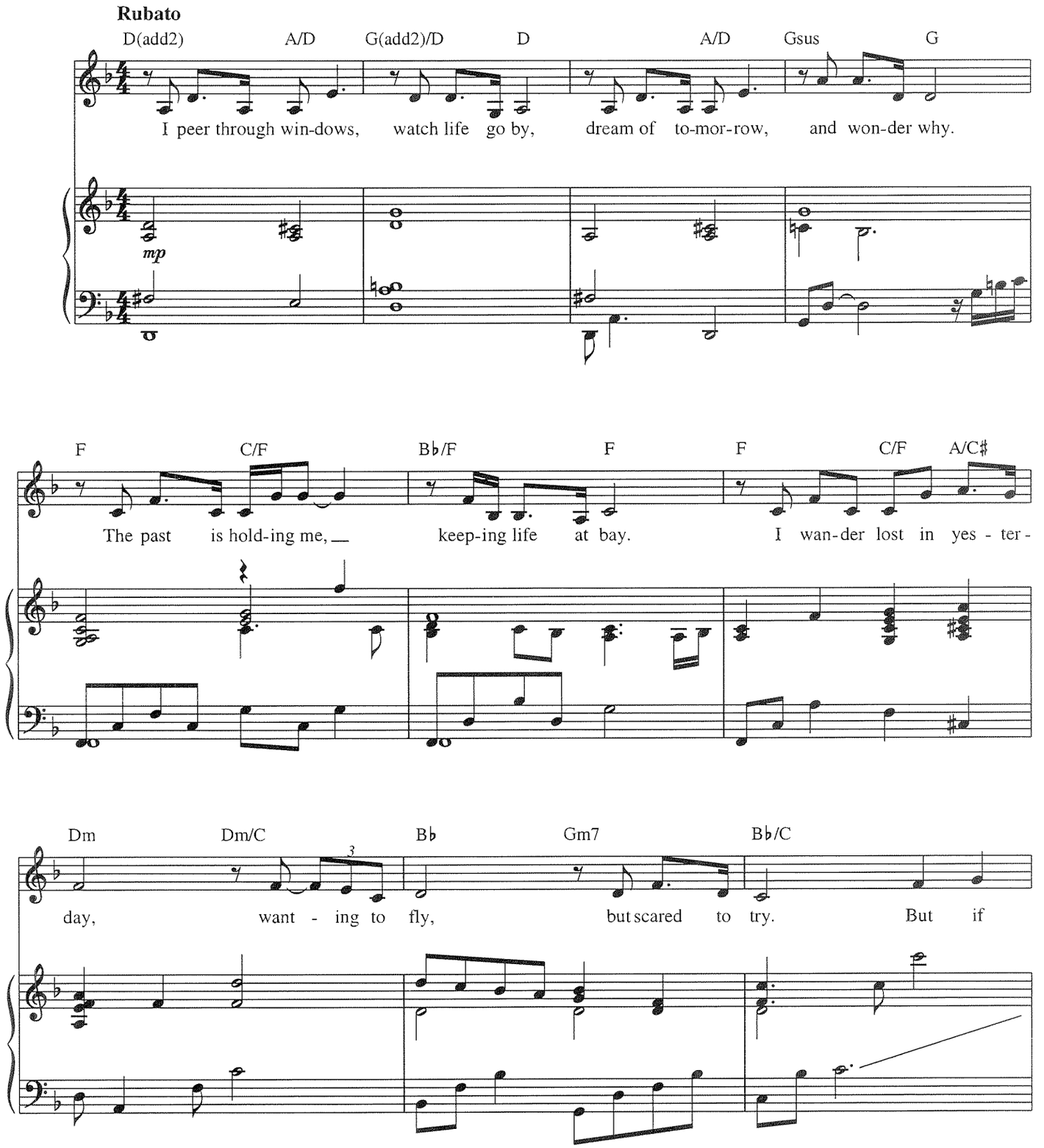

Amaj7
Adim
C♯m7
won-der if he'd re-mem - ber at all.
mf
mp
C6
C♯m7(no5)
Cmaj7(no5)
C6(no5)
rall.
E
F♯m7(addB)
G♯m(addE)
A mil - lion years a - go to - night
mp a tempo
F♯m7(addB)
E
F♯m7(addB)
the T. V. glowed in black and white.


G♯m(addE)
F♯m7(addB)
E
And I re - mem -
F♯m7(addB)
E
F♯m7(addB)
- ber that girl,
that girl a - lone with that boy.
poco rit.
a tempo
poco rit.
E
F♯m7(addB)
G♯m(addE)
And I re - mem - ber that night,
that night when noth -
a tempo
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.
B7sus(no5)
F♯
Am/C
E
- ing real - ly hap - pened.
a tempo
rit.

SOMEONE LIKE YOU

from *Jekyll & Hyde*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN



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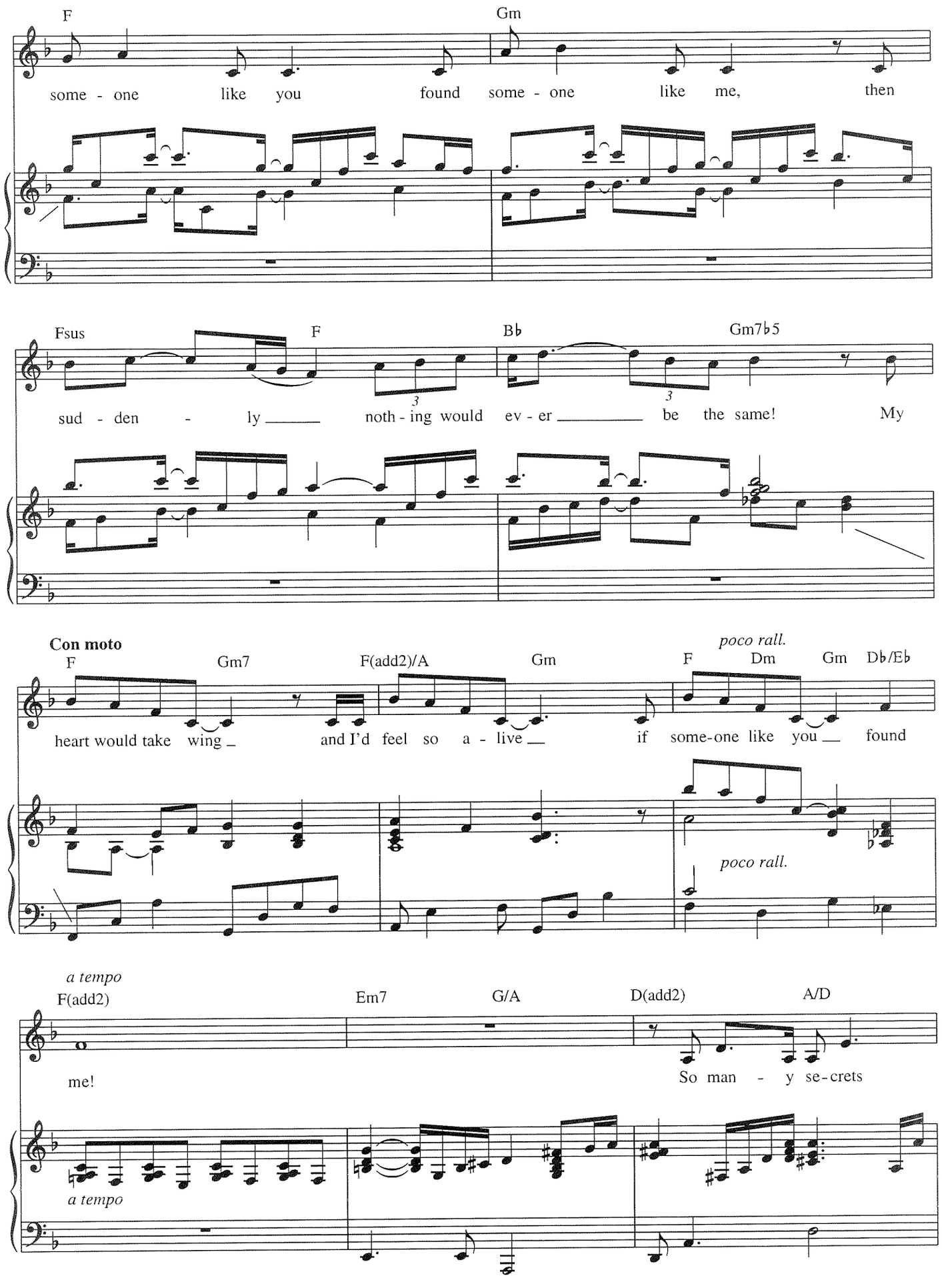
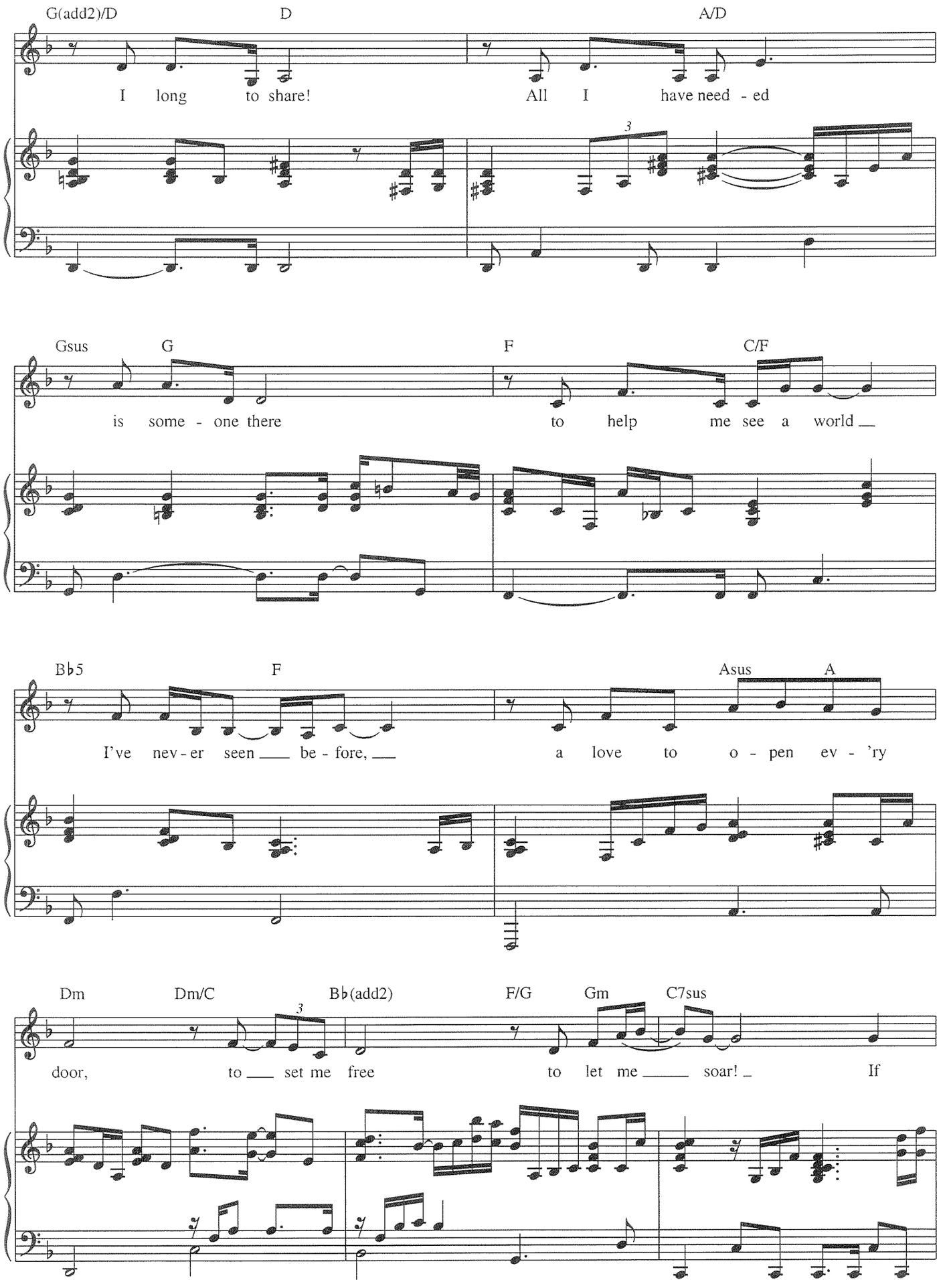
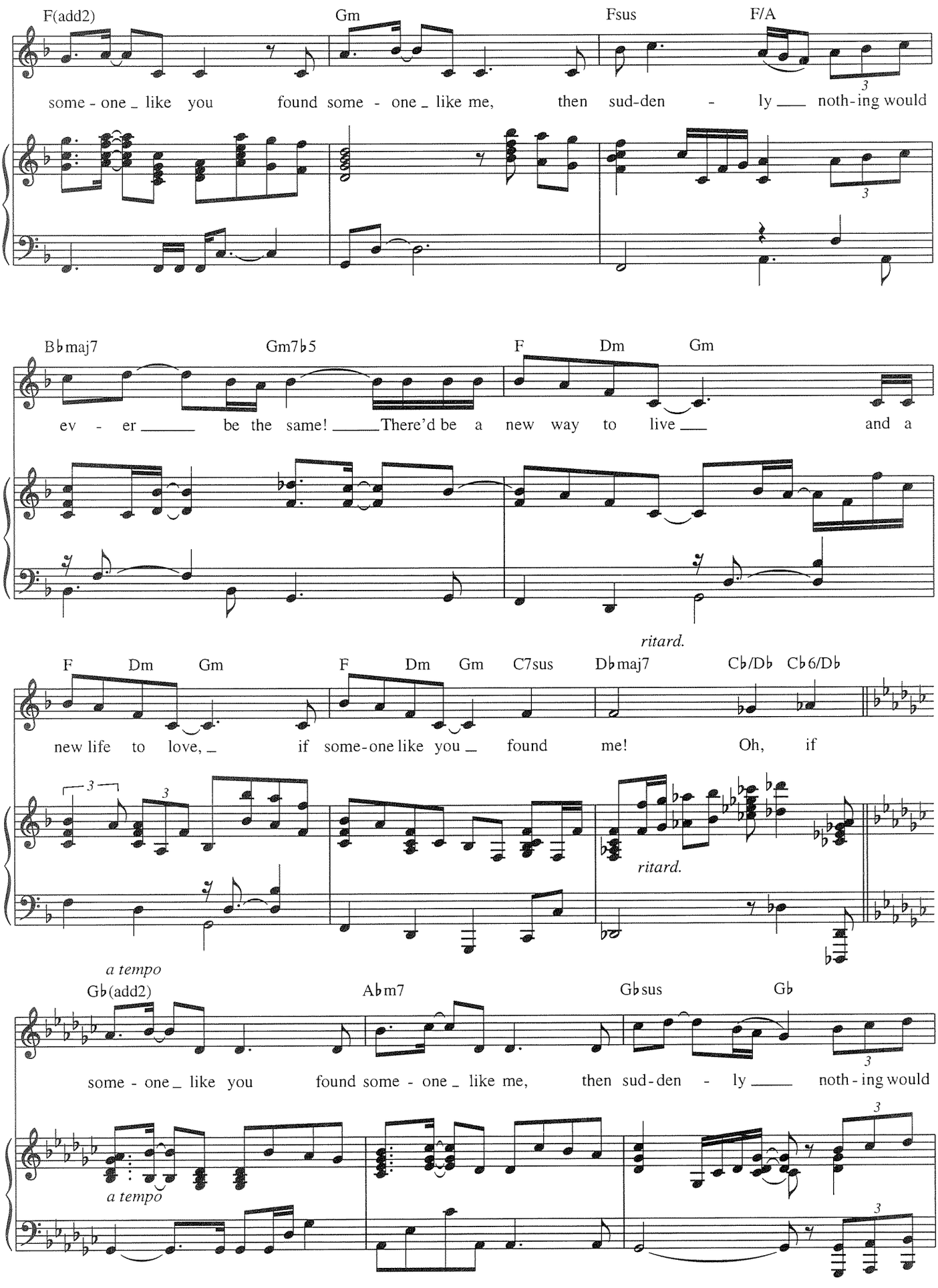
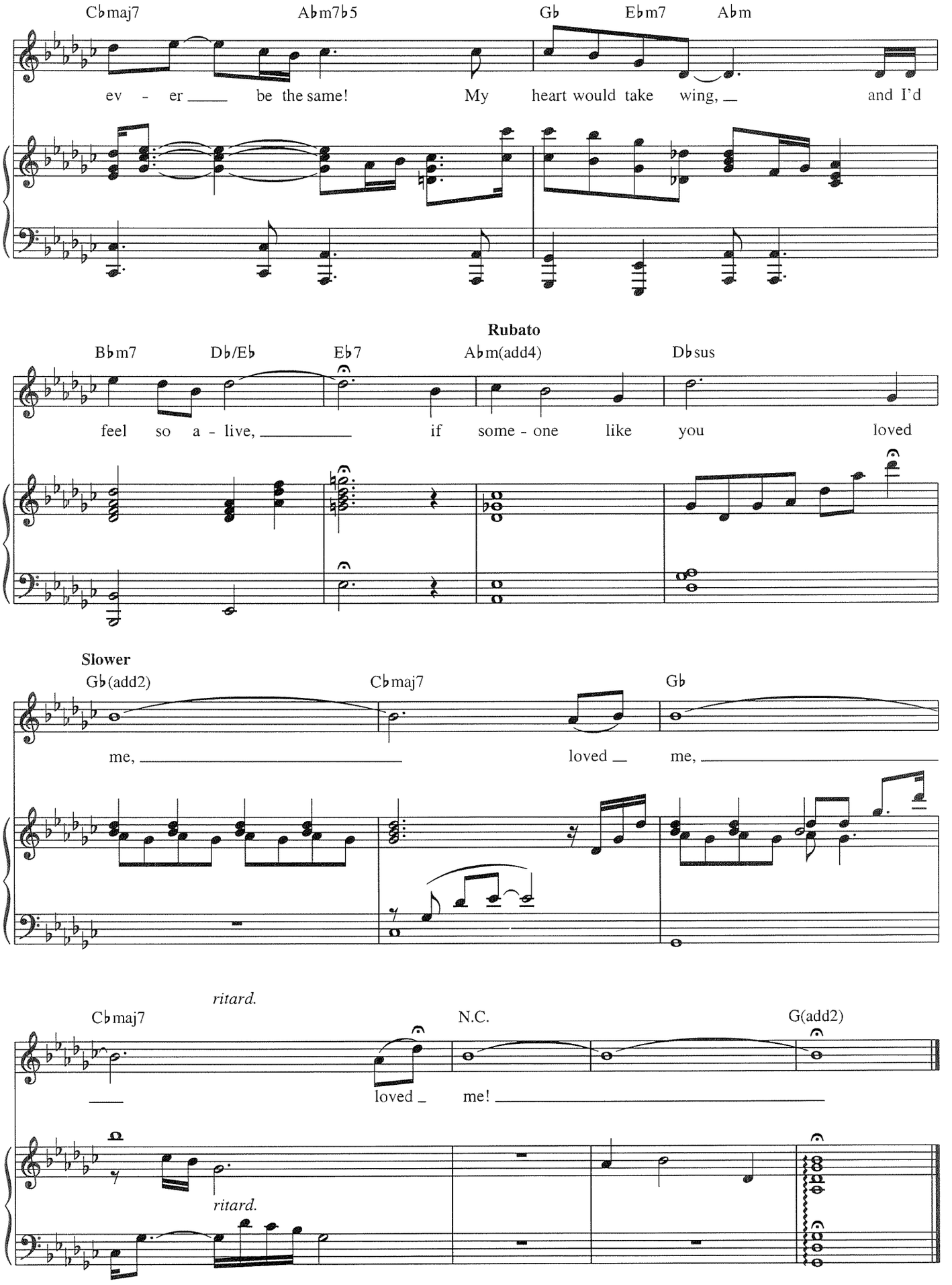

F
Gm
some - one like you found some - one like me, then
Fsus
F
B♭
Gm7♭5
sud - den - ly noth - ing would ev - er be the same! My
Con moto
F
Gm7
F(add2)/A
Gm
poco rall.
F
Dm
Gm
D♭/E♭
heart would take wing and I'd feel so a - live if some-one like you found
poco rall.
a tempo
F(add2)
Em7
G/A
D(add2)
A/D
me!
So man - y se-crets
a tempo

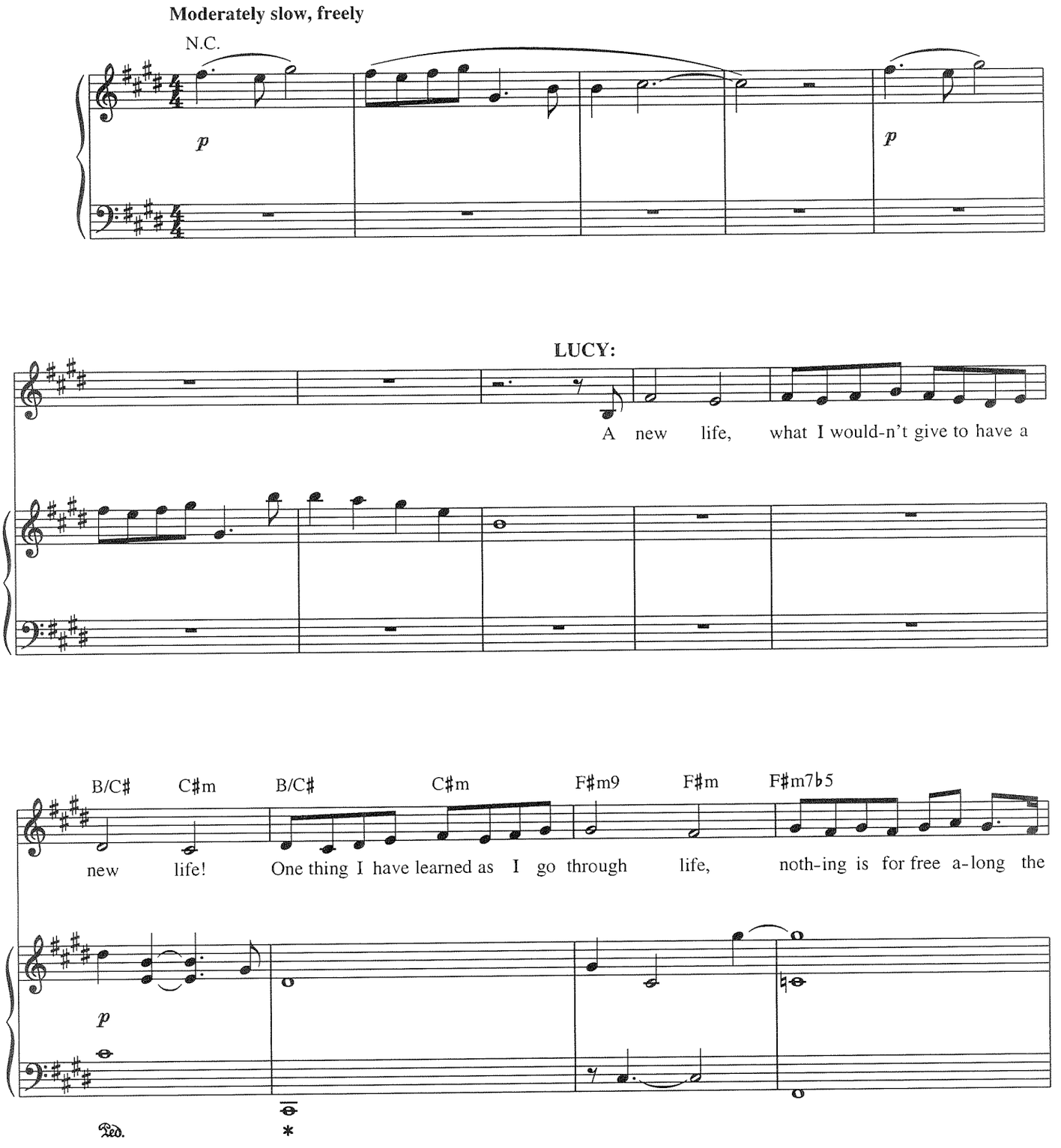

G(add2)/D
D
A/D
I long to share!
All I have need - ed
Gsus
G
F
C/F
is some - one there
to help me see a world
B♭5
F
Asus
A
I've nev - er seen be - fore,
a love to o - pen ev - 'ry
Dm
Dm/C
B♭(add2)
F/G
Gm
C7sus
door,
to set me free
to let me soar!
If


F(add2)
Gm
Fsus
F/A
some - one _ like you found some - one _ like me, then sud-den - ly ___ noth-ing would
B♭maj7
Gm7♭5
F
Dm
Gm
ev - er _____ be the same! _____There'd be a new way to live ___ and a
ritard.
F
Dm
Gm
F
Dm
Gm
C7sus
D♭maj7
C♭/D♭
C♭6/D♭
new life to love, _ if some-one like you _ found me! Oh, if
ritard.
a tempo
G♭(add2)
A♭m7
G♭sus
G♭
some - one _ like you found some - one _ like me, then sud-den - ly ____ noth - ing would
a tempo


Cbmaj7
Abm7b5
Gb
Ebm7
Abm
ev - er be the same! My heart would take wing, and I'd
Rubato
Bbm7
Db/Eb
Eb7
Abm(add4)
Dbsus
feel so a - live, if some - one like you loved
Slower
Gb(add2)
Cbmaj7
Gb
me, loved me,
ritard.
Cbmaj7
N.C.
G(add2)
loved me!
ritard.

A NEW LIFE
from *Jekyll & Hyde*

Words by LESLIE BRICUSSE
Music by FRANK WILDHORN



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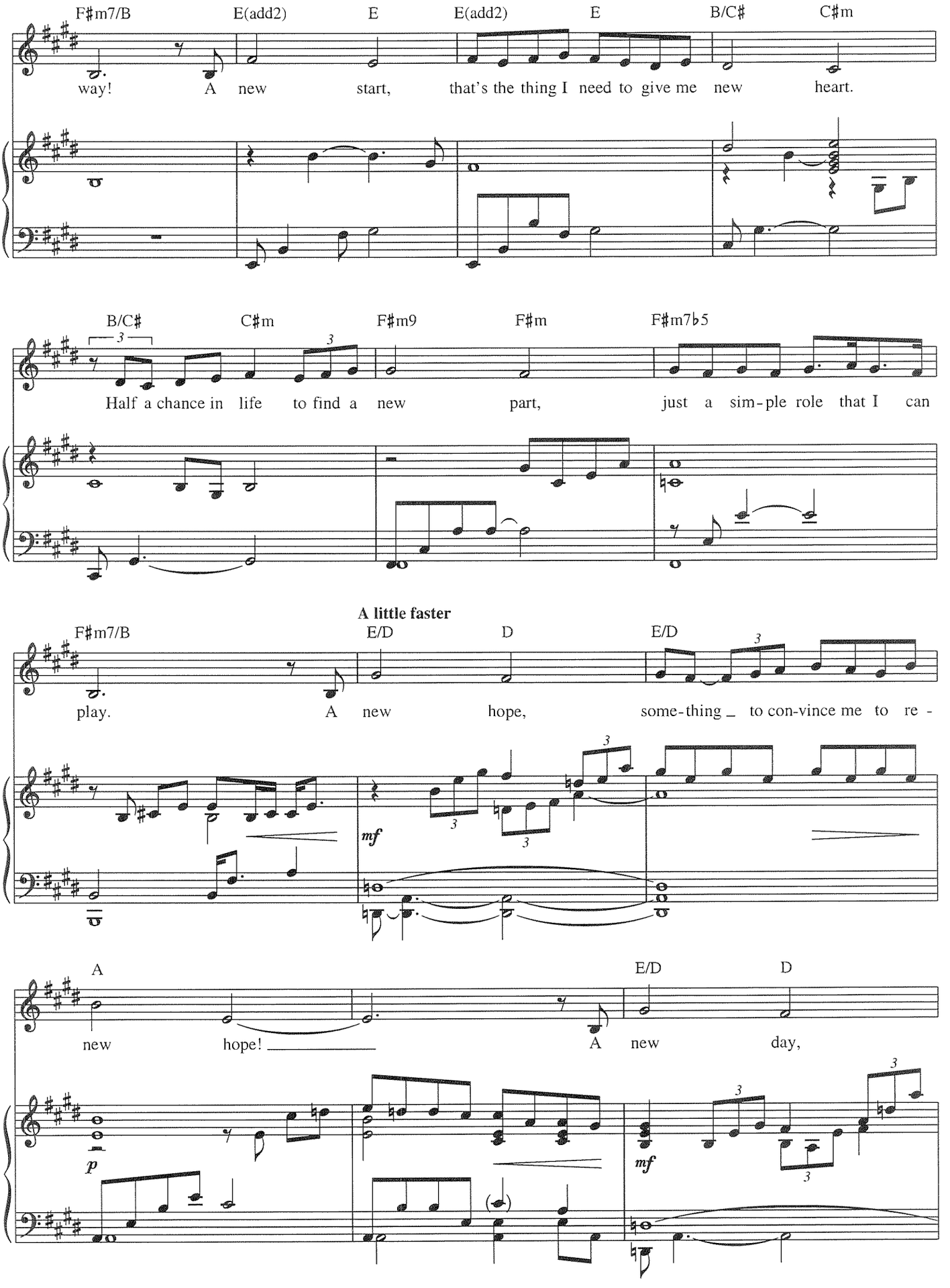
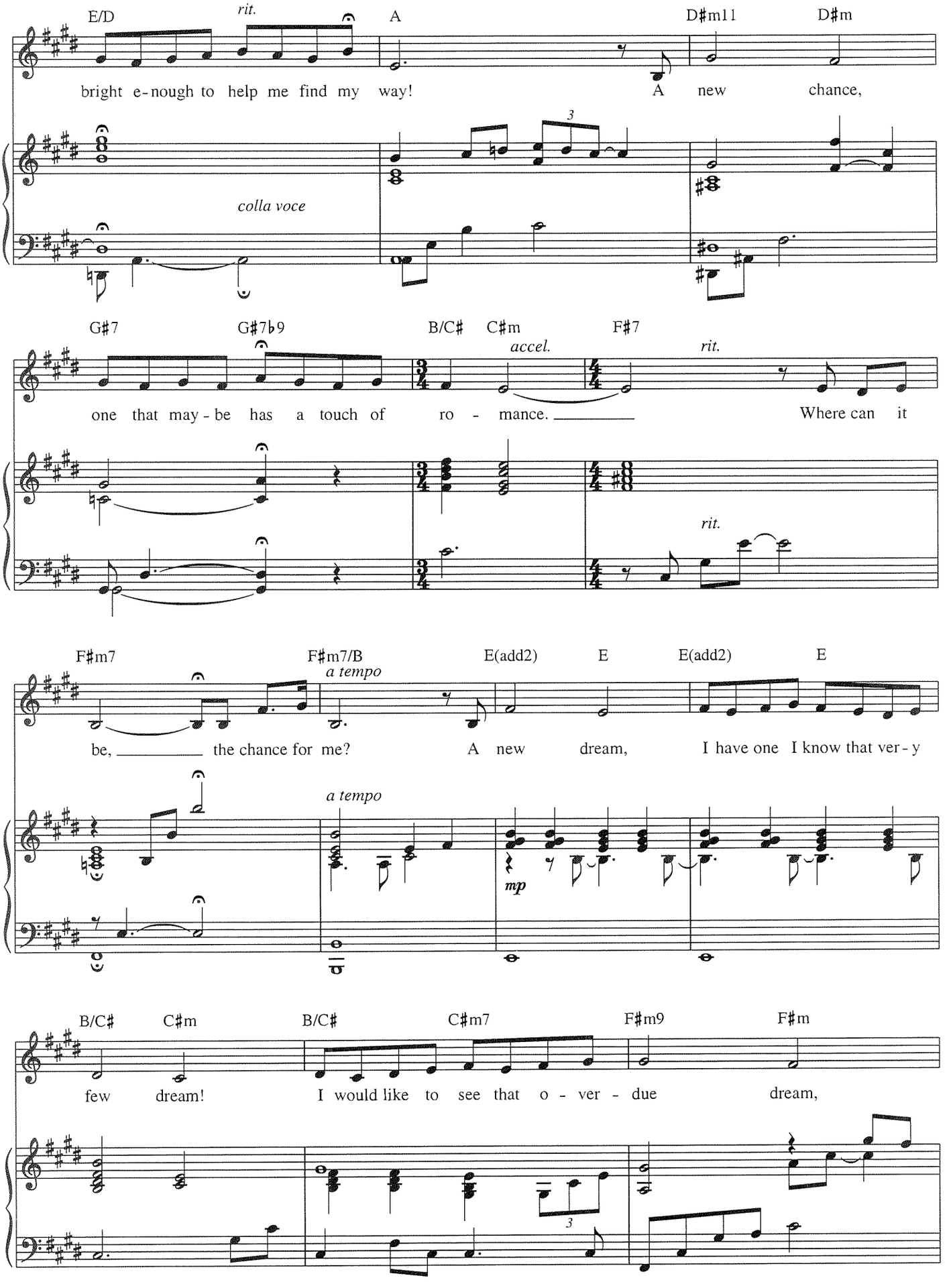
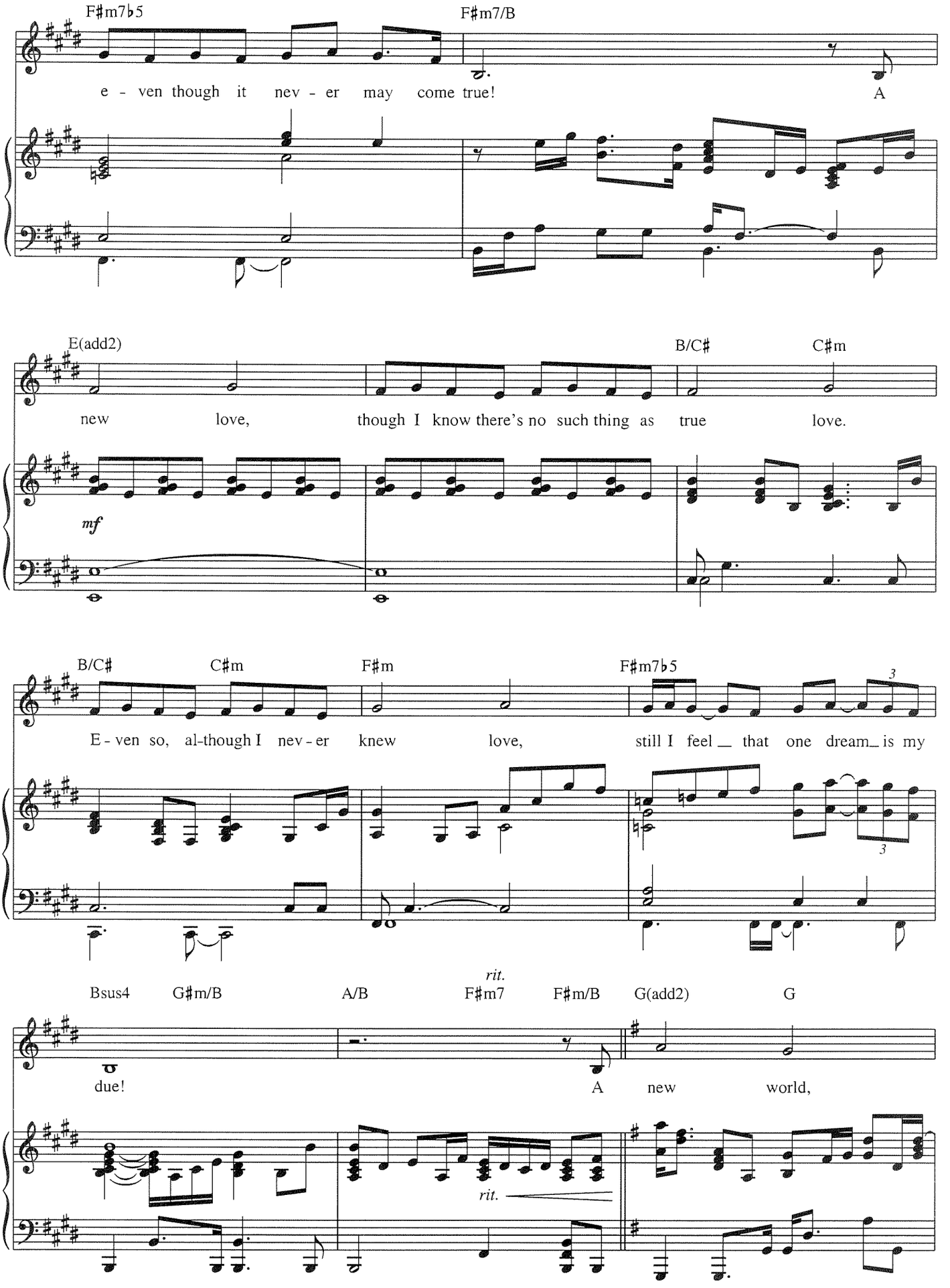
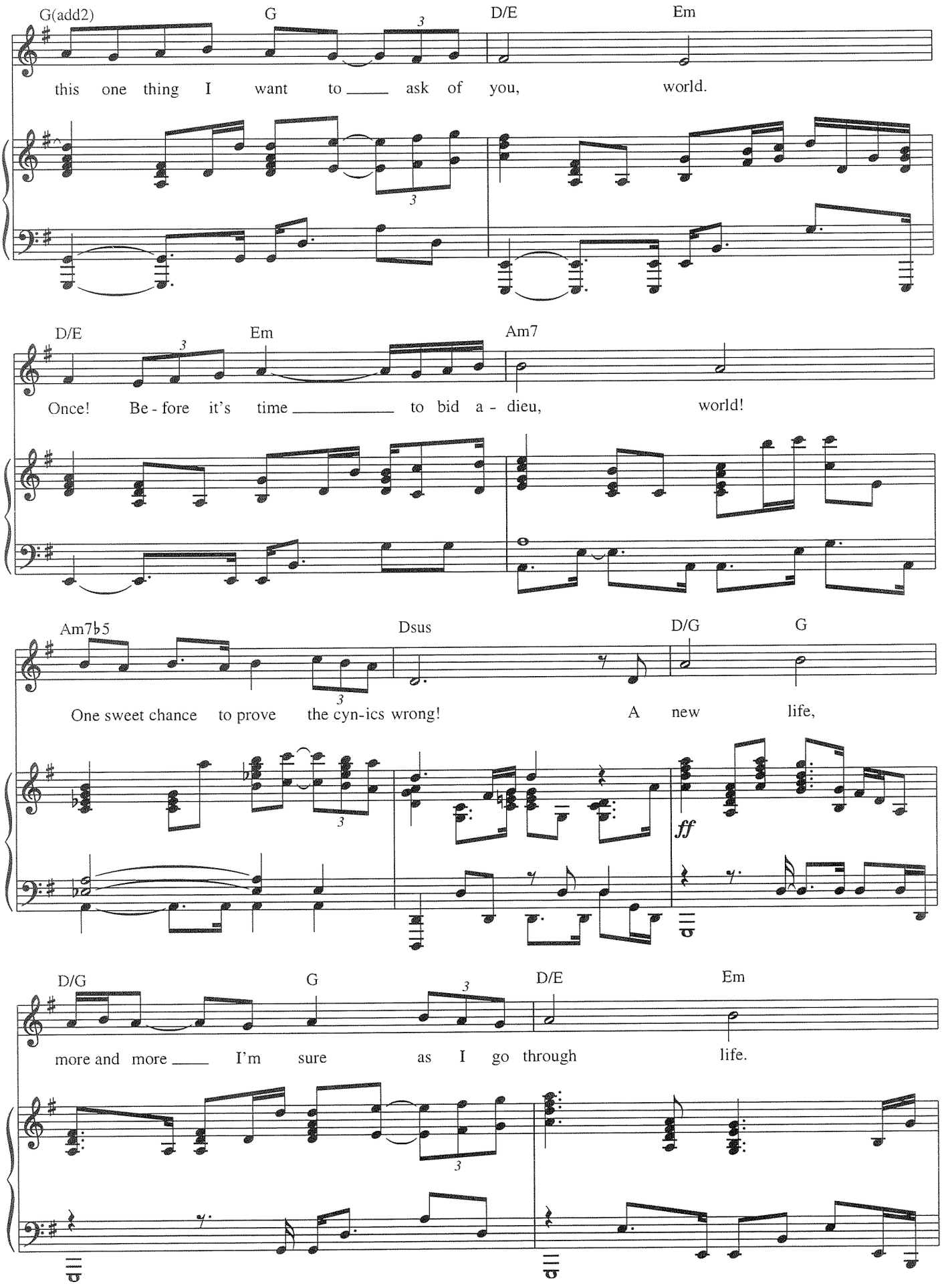
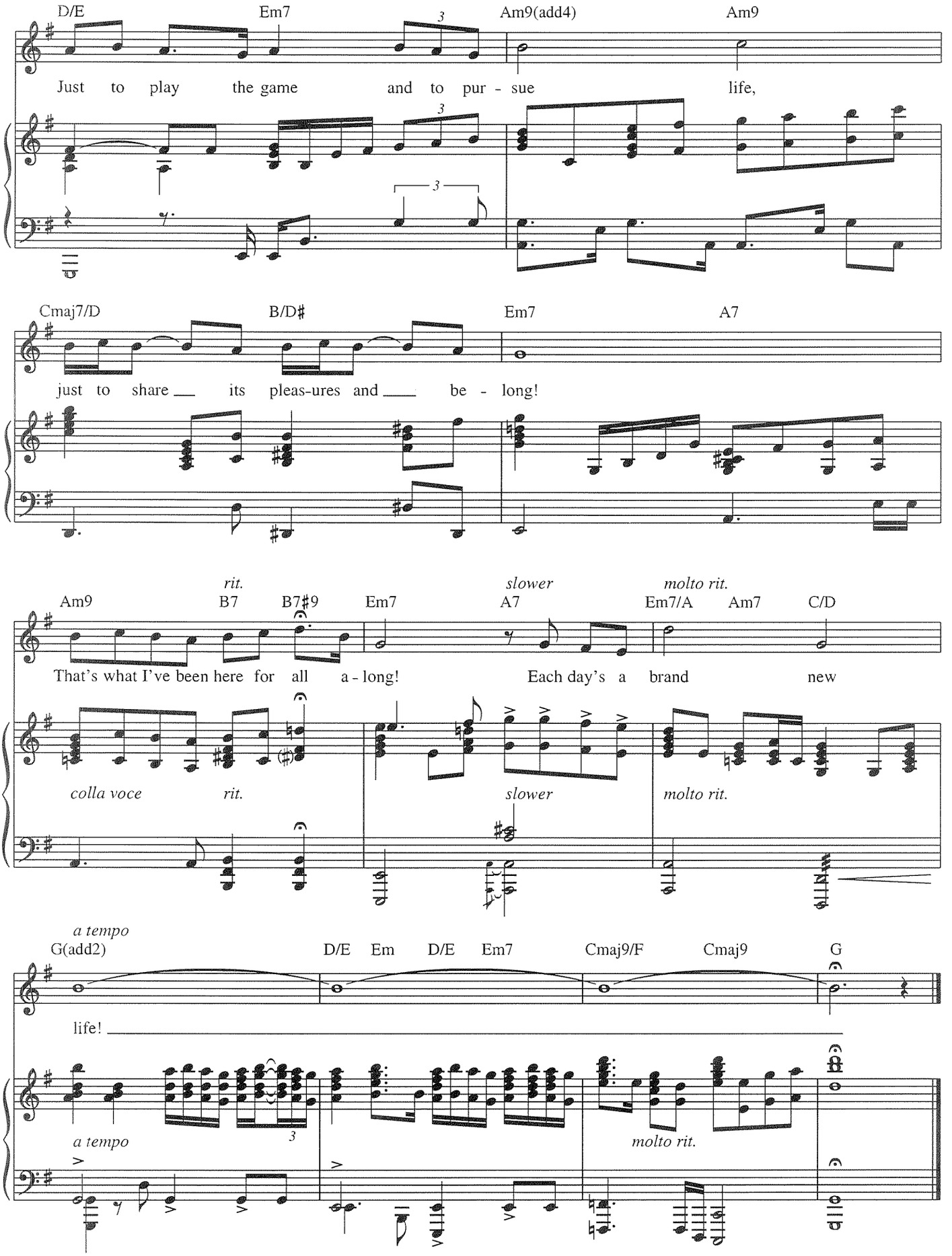

F♯m7/B
E(add2)
E
E(add2)
E
B/C♯
C♯m
way! A new start, that's the thing I need to give me new heart.
B/C♯
C♯m
F♯m9
F♯m
F♯m7♭5
Half a chance in life to find a new part, just a sim-ple role that I can
A little faster
F♯m7/B
E/D
D
E/D
play. A new hope, some-thing _ to con-vince me to re -
mf
A
E/D
D
new hope! _____ A new day,
p
mf


E/D
rit.
A
D♯m11
D♯m
bright e-nough to help me find my way!
A new chance,
colla voce
G♯7
G♯7♭9
B/C♯
C♯m
F♯7
accel.
rit.
one that may-be has a touch of ro - mance.
Where can it
rit.
F♯m7
F♯m7/B
a tempo
E(add2)
E
E(add2)
E
be, the chance for me?
A new dream,
I have one I know that ver-y
a tempo
mp
B/C♯
C♯m
B/C♯
C♯m7
F♯m9
F♯m
few dream!
I would like to see that o - ver - due
dream,


F♯m7♭5
F♯m7/B
e - ven though it nev - er may come true!
A
E(add2)
B/C♯
C♯m
new love, though I know there's no such thing as true love.
mf
B/C♯
C♯m
F♯m
F♯m7♭5
3
E - ven so, al-though I nev - er knew love, still I feel _ that one dream_ is my
3
rit.
Bsus4
G♯m/B
A/B
F♯m7
F♯m/B
G(add2)
G
due!
A new world,
rit.

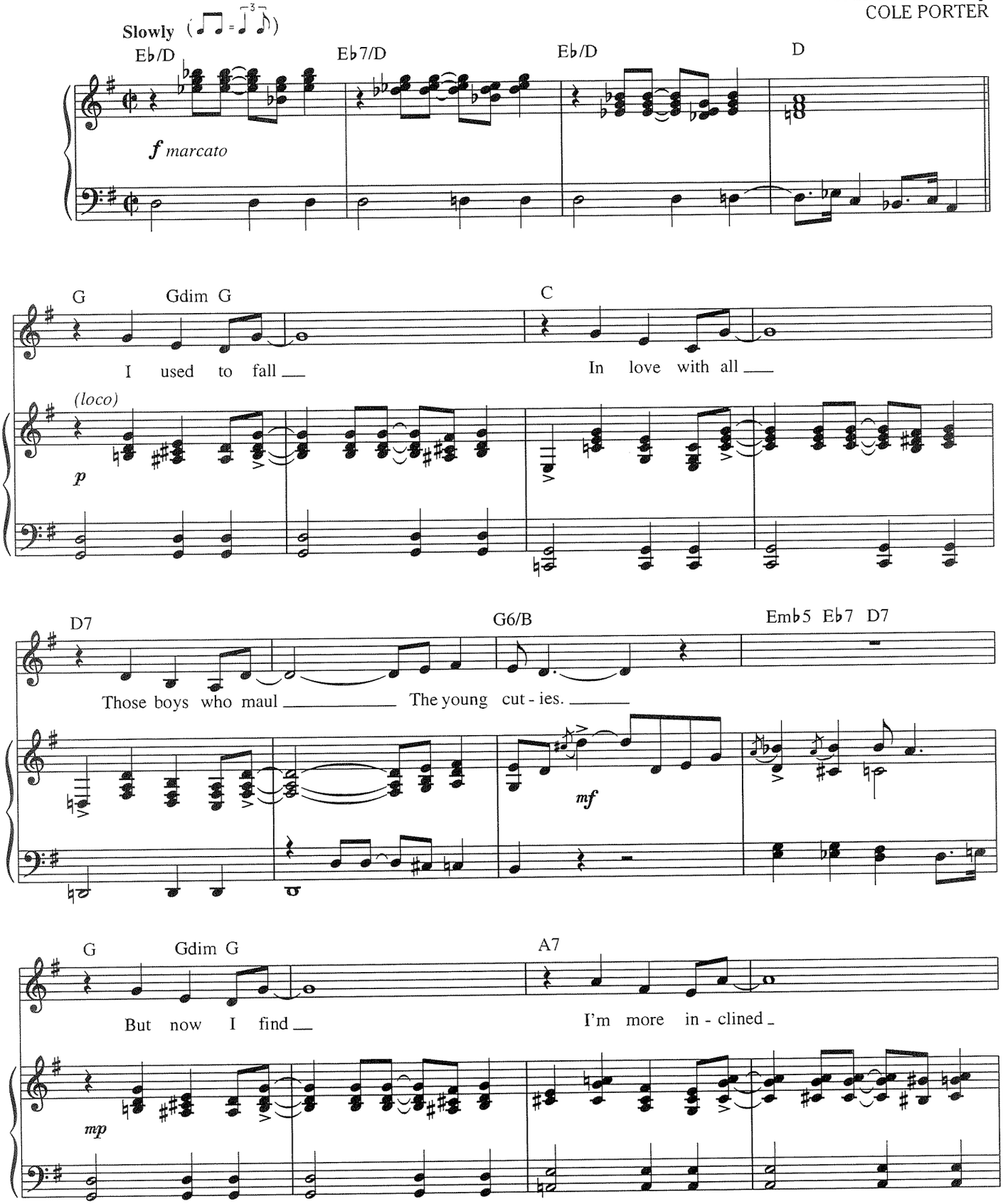

G(add2)
G
D/E
Em
this one thing I want to ask of you, world.
D/E
Em
Am7
Once! Be - fore it's time to bid a - dieu, world!
Am7b5
Dsus
D/G
G
One sweet chance to prove the cyn-ics wrong! A new life,
ff
D/G
G
D/E
Em
more and more I'm sure as I go through life.


D/E
Em7
Am9(add4)
Am9
Just to play the game and to pur - sue life,
Cmaj7/D
B/D♯
Em7
A7
just to share its pleas-ures and be - long!
rit.
slower
molto rit.
Am9
B7
B7♯9
Em7
A7
Em7/A
Am7
C/D
That's what I've been here for all a - long! Each day's a brand new
colla voce
rit.
slower
molto rit.
a tempo
G(add2)
D/E
Em
D/E
Em7
Cmaj9/F
Cmaj9
G
life!
a tempo
molto rit.

MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

from *Leave It to Me*

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER



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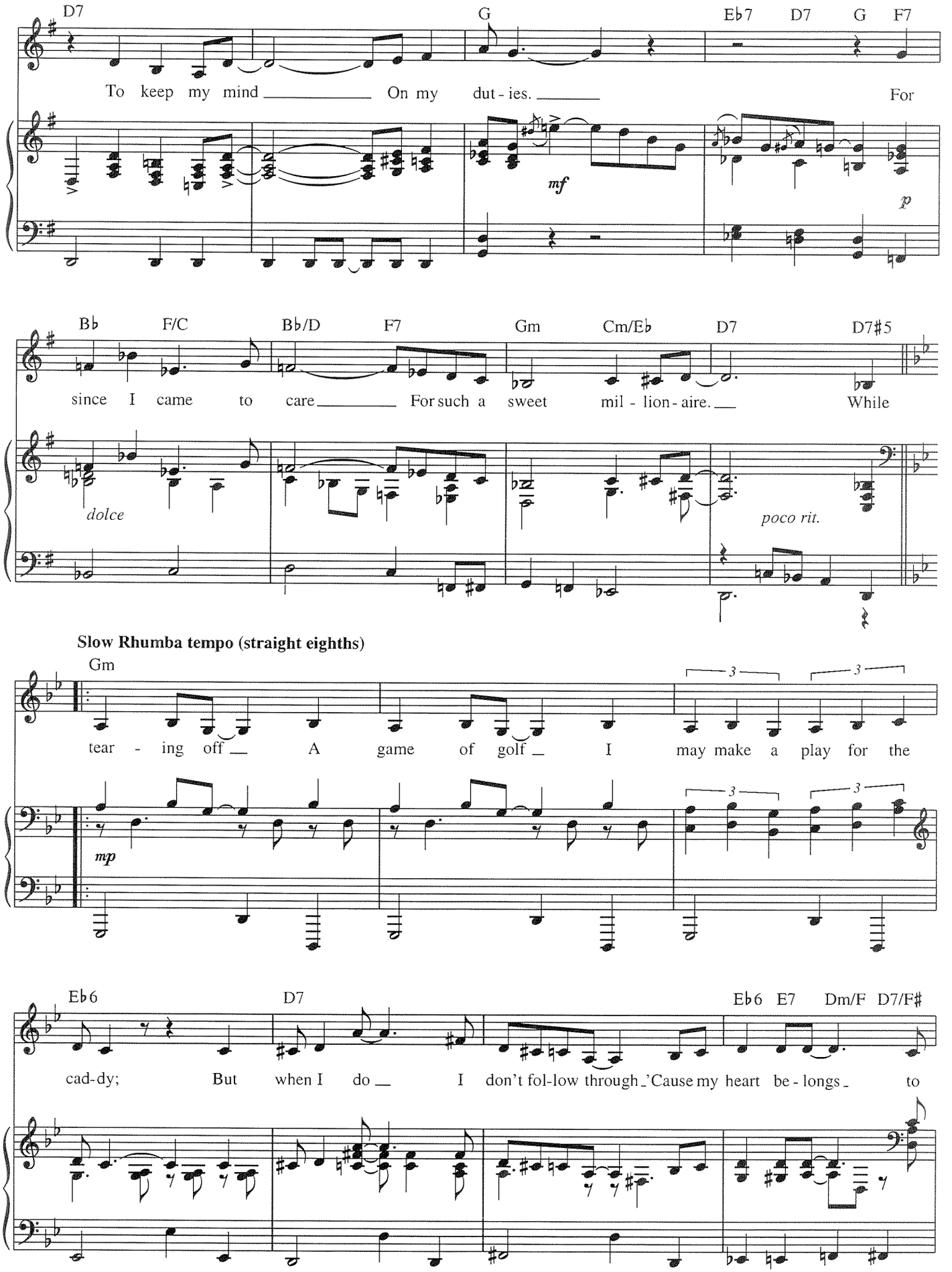
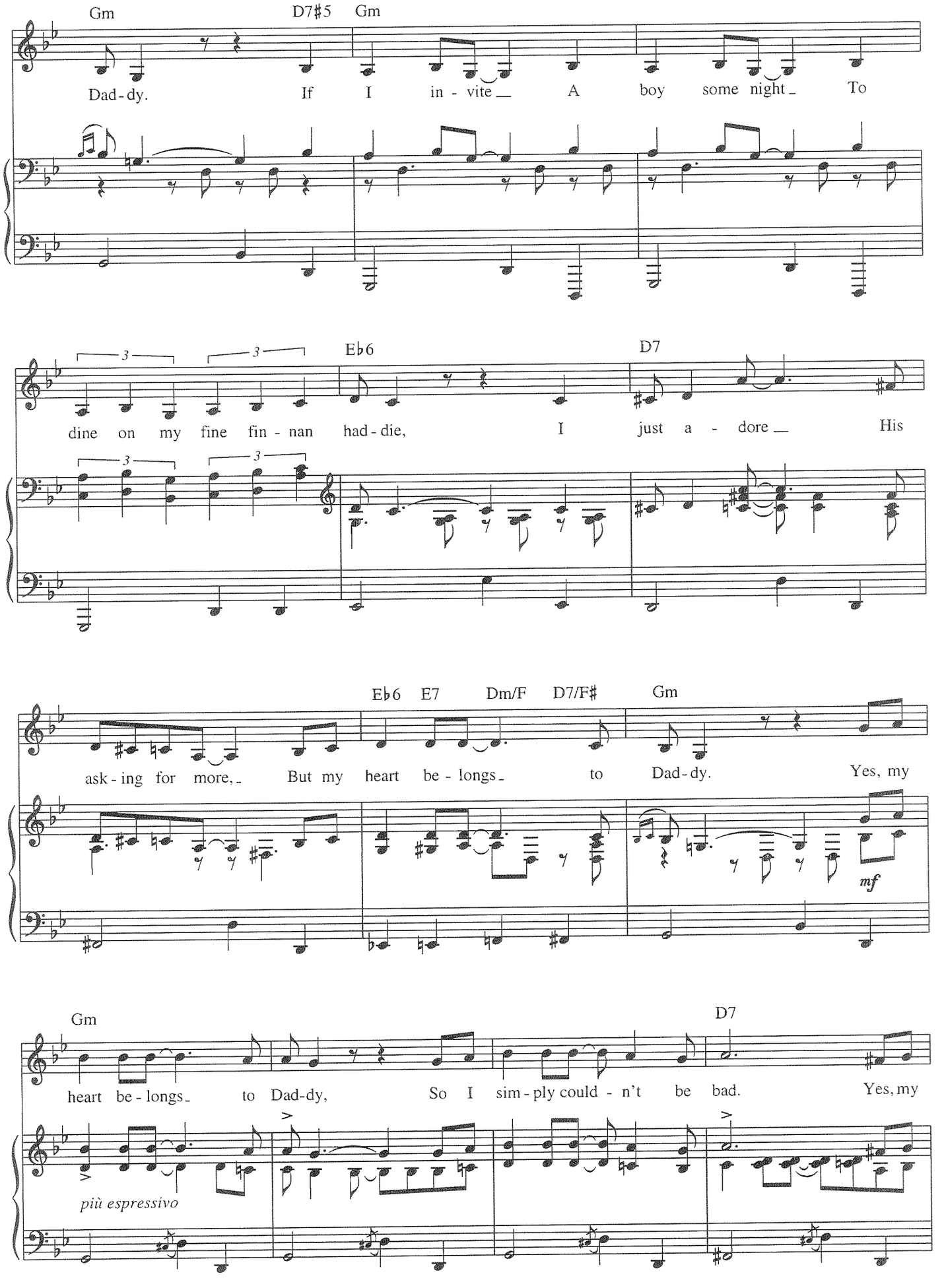
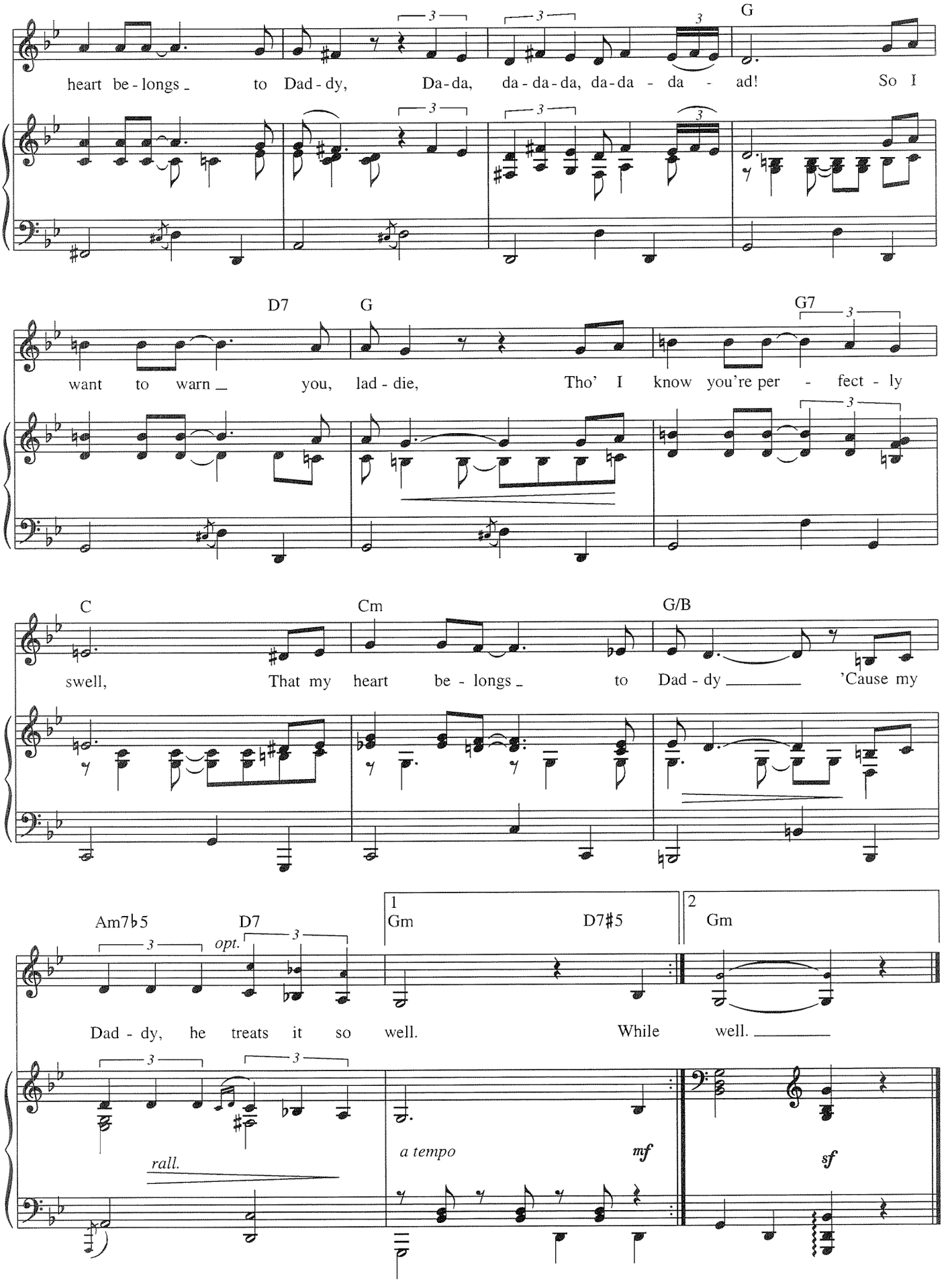

D7
G
Eb7
D7
G
F7
To keep my mind
On my
dut - ies.
For
mf
p
Bb
F/C
Bb/D
F7
Gm
Cm/Eb
D7
D7#5
since I came to care
For such a sweet mil - lion - aire.
While
dolce
poco rit.
Slow Rhumba tempo (straight eighths)
Gm
tear - ing off
A game of golf
I may make a play for the
mp
3
Eb6
D7
Eb6
E7
Dm/F
D7/F#
cad-dy;
But when I do
I don't fol-low through
'Cause my heart be - longs
to

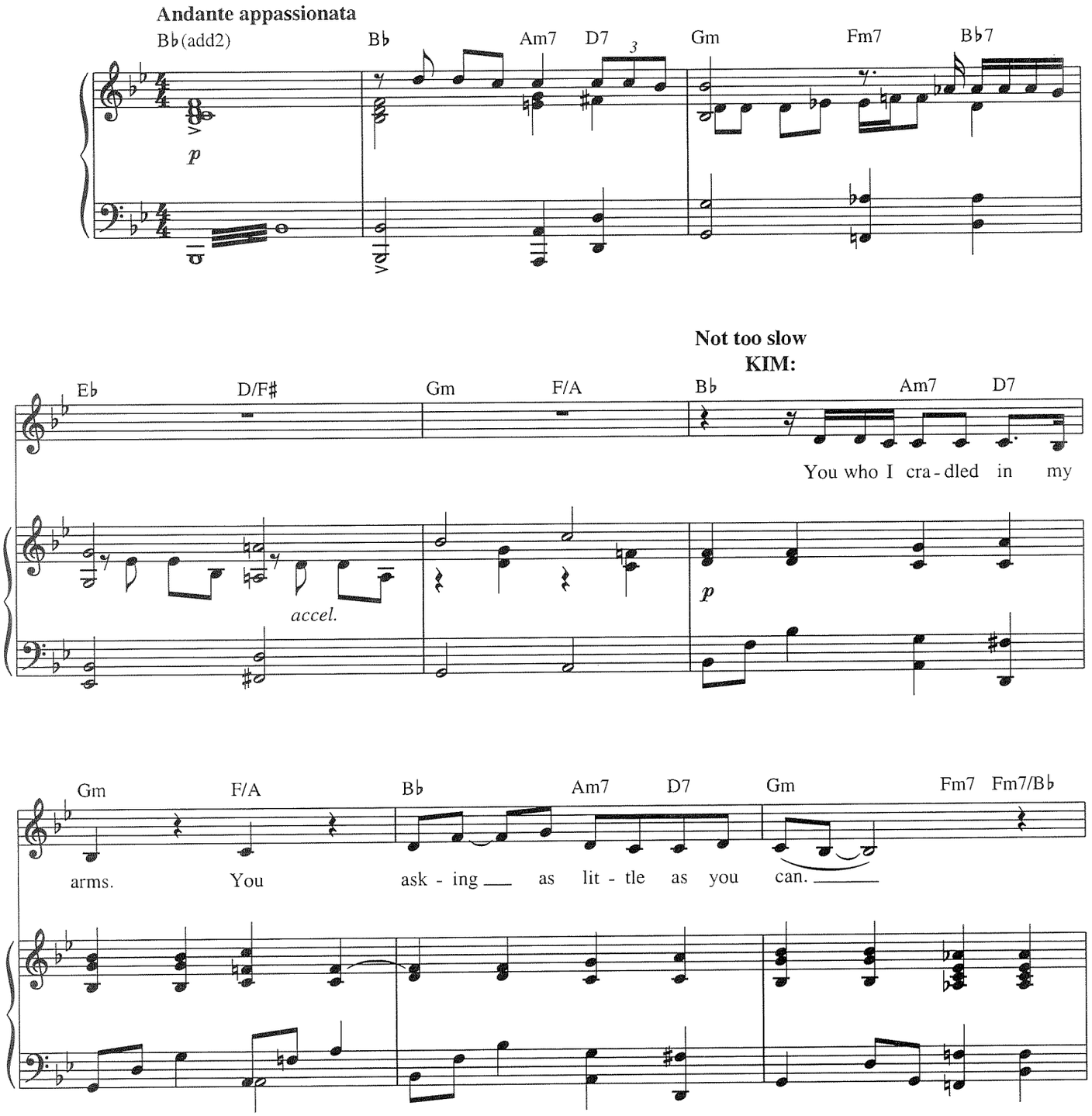

Gm
D7♯5
Gm
Dad-dy. If I in-vite A boy some night To
3
3
E♭6
D7
dine on my fine fin-nan had-die, I just a-dore His
3
3
E♭6
E7
Dm/F
D7/F♯
Gm
ask-ing for more, But my heart be-longs to Dad-dy. Yes, my
mf
Gm
D7
heart be-longs to Dad-dy, So I sim-ply could-n't be bad. Yes, my
più espressivo


G
heart be - longs _ to Dad - dy, Da - da, da - da - da, da - da - da - ad! So I
D7 G G7
want to warn _ you, lad - die, Tho' I know you're per - fect - ly
C Cm G/B
swell, That my heart be - longs _ to Dad - dy _____ 'Cause my
Am7♭5 D7
opt.
1
Gm D7♯5
2
Gm
Dad - dy, he treats it so well. While well. _____
rall.
a tempo
mf
sf

I'D GIVE MY LIFE FOR YOU

from *Miss Saigon*

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by RICHARD MALTBY JR. and ALAIN BOUBLIL
Adapted from original French Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL



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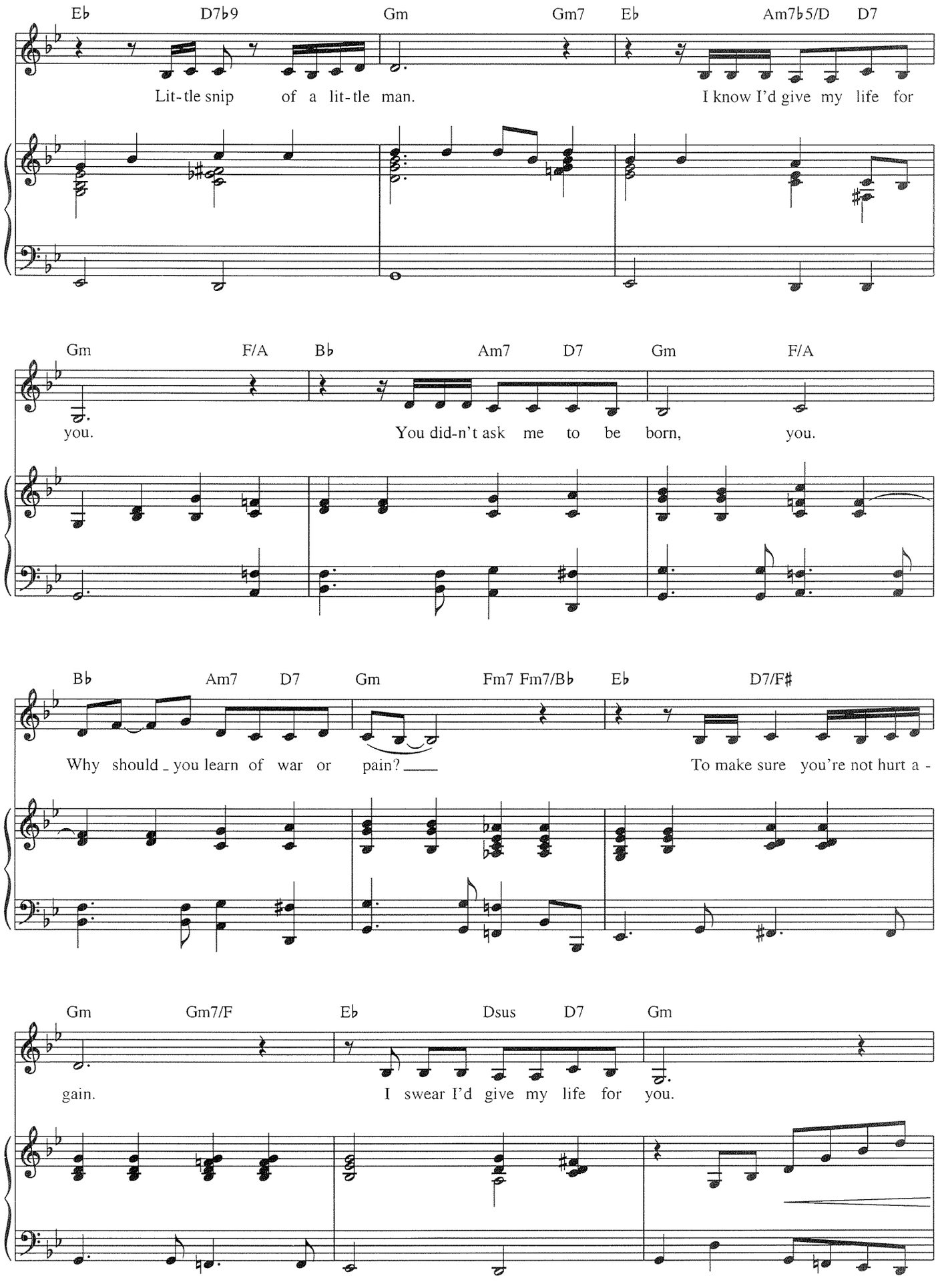
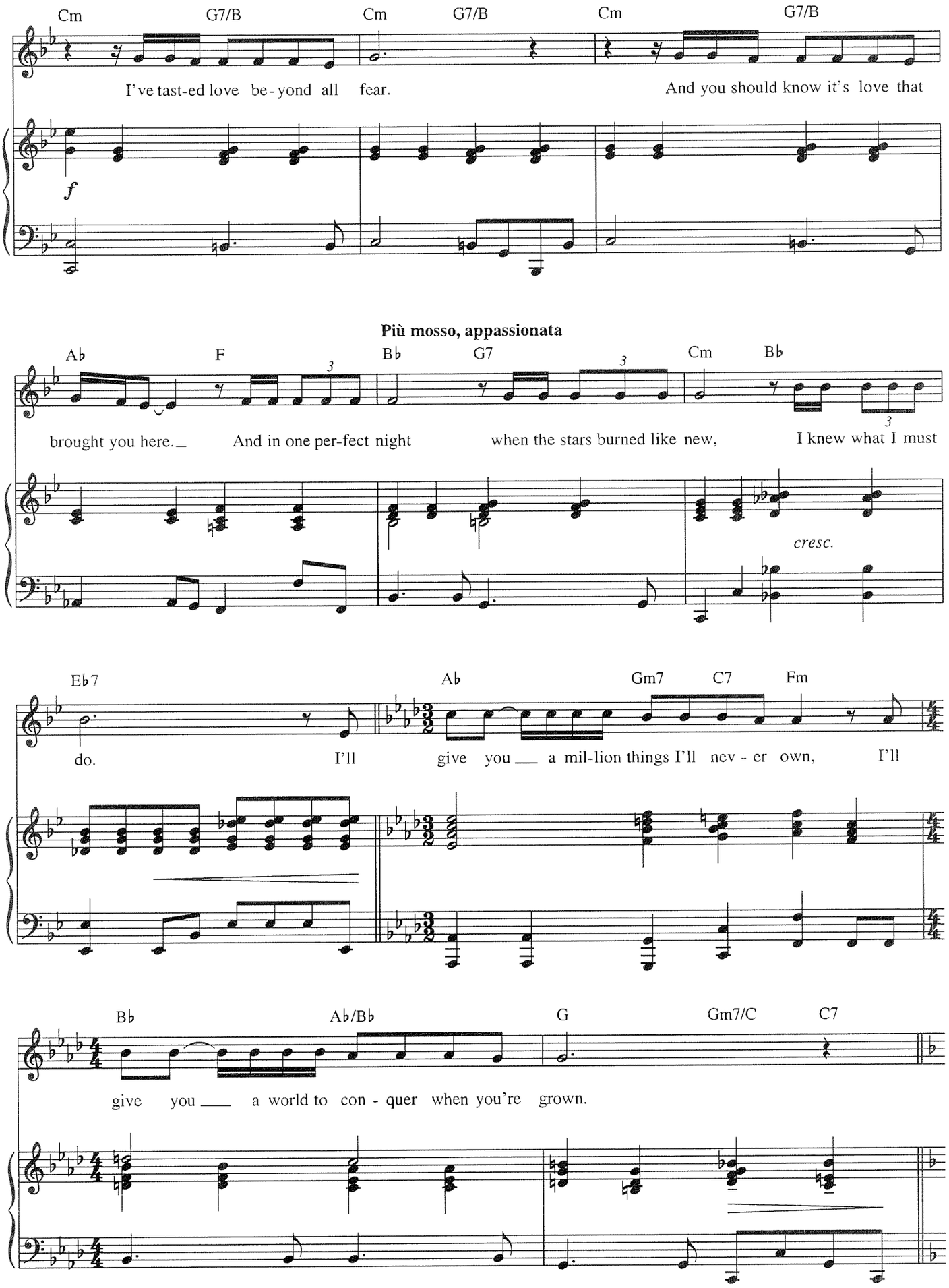
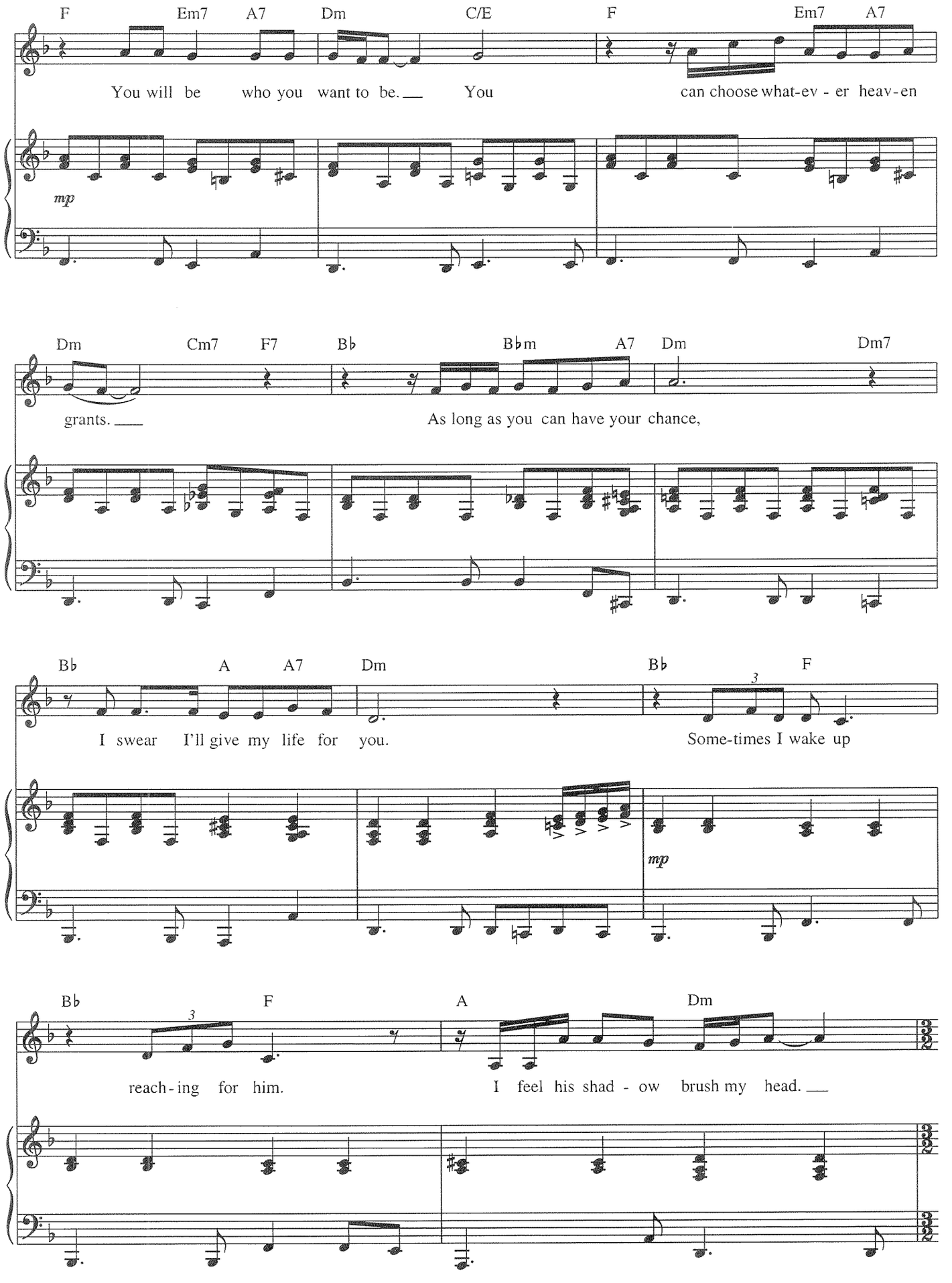
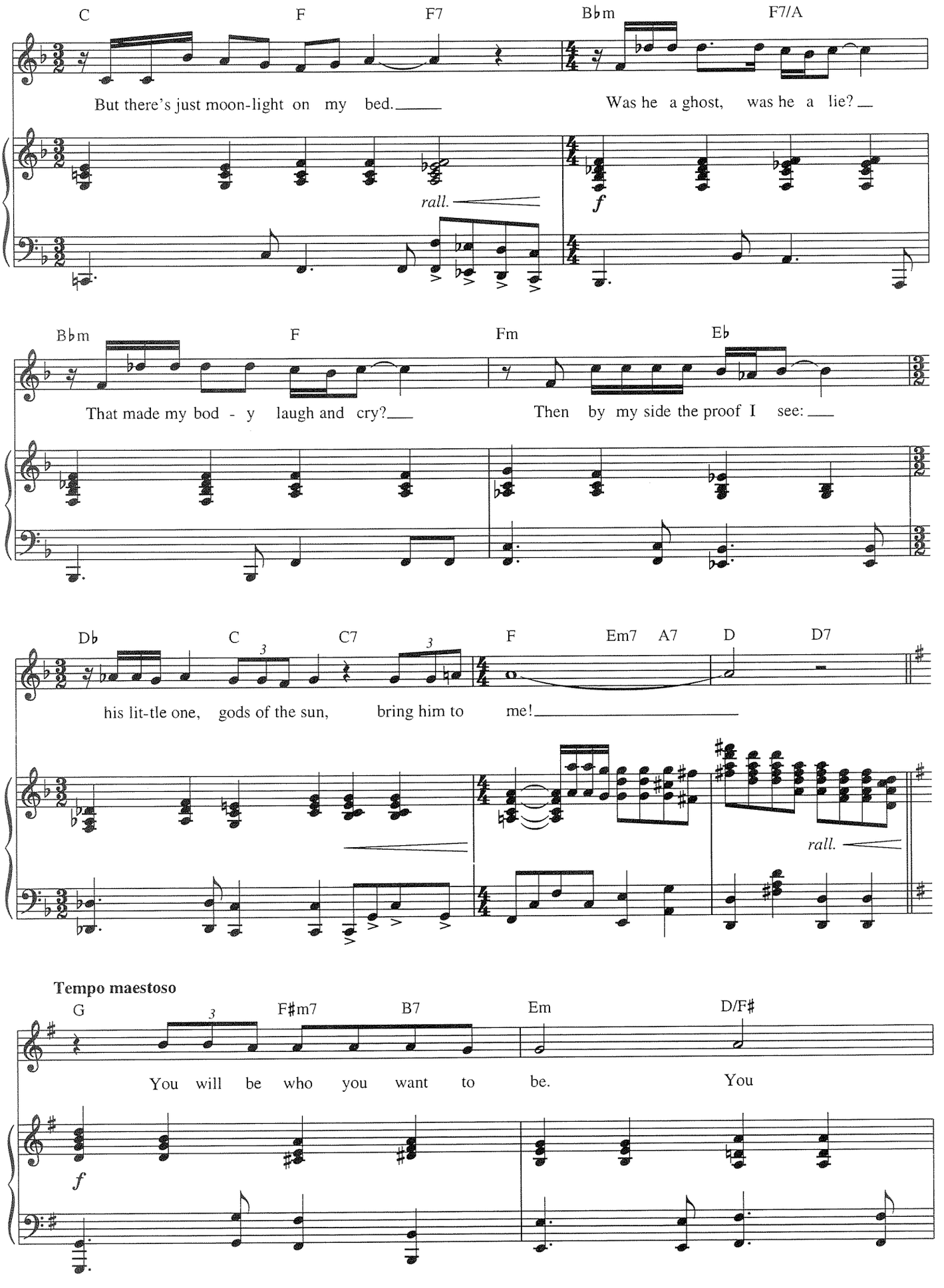
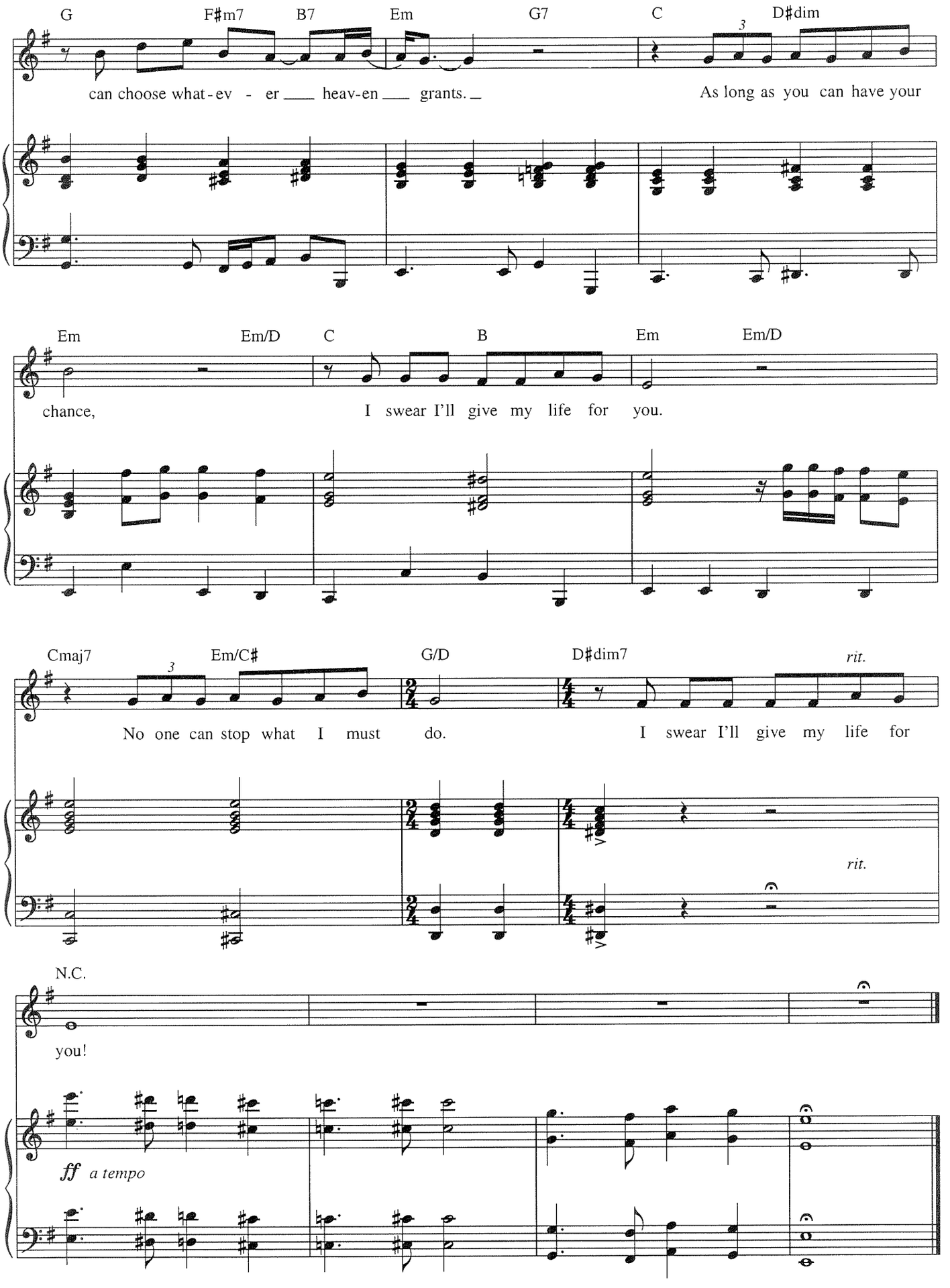

E♭ D7♭9 Gm Gm7 E♭ Am7♭5/D D7
Lit-tle snip of a lit-tle man. I know I'd give my life for
Gm F/A B♭ Am7 D7 Gm F/A
you. You did-n't ask me to be born, you.
B♭ Am7 D7 Gm Fm7 Fm7/B♭ E♭ D7/F♯
Why should _ you learn of war or pain? ___ To make sure you're not hurt a -
Gm Gm7/F E♭ Dsus D7 Gm
gain. I swear I'd give my life for you.


Cm G7/B Cm G7/B Cm G7/B
I've tast-ed love be-yond all fear. And you should know it's love that
f
Più mosso, appassionata
Ab F Bb G7 Cm Bb
brought you here. And in one per-fect night when the stars burned like new, I knew what I must
cresc.
Eb7 Ab Gm7 C7 Fm
do. I'll give you a mil-lion things I'll nev-er own, I'll
Bb Ab/Bb G Gm7/C C7
give you a world to con-quer when you're grown.


F Em7 A7 Dm C/E F Em7 A7
You will be who you want to be. You can choose what-ev - er heav-en
mp
Dm Cm7 F7 B♭ B♭m A7 Dm Dm7
grants. As long as you can have your chance,
B♭ A A7 Dm B♭ F
I swear I'll give my life for you. Some-times I wake up
mp
B♭ F A Dm
reach - ing for him. I feel his shad - ow brush my head.

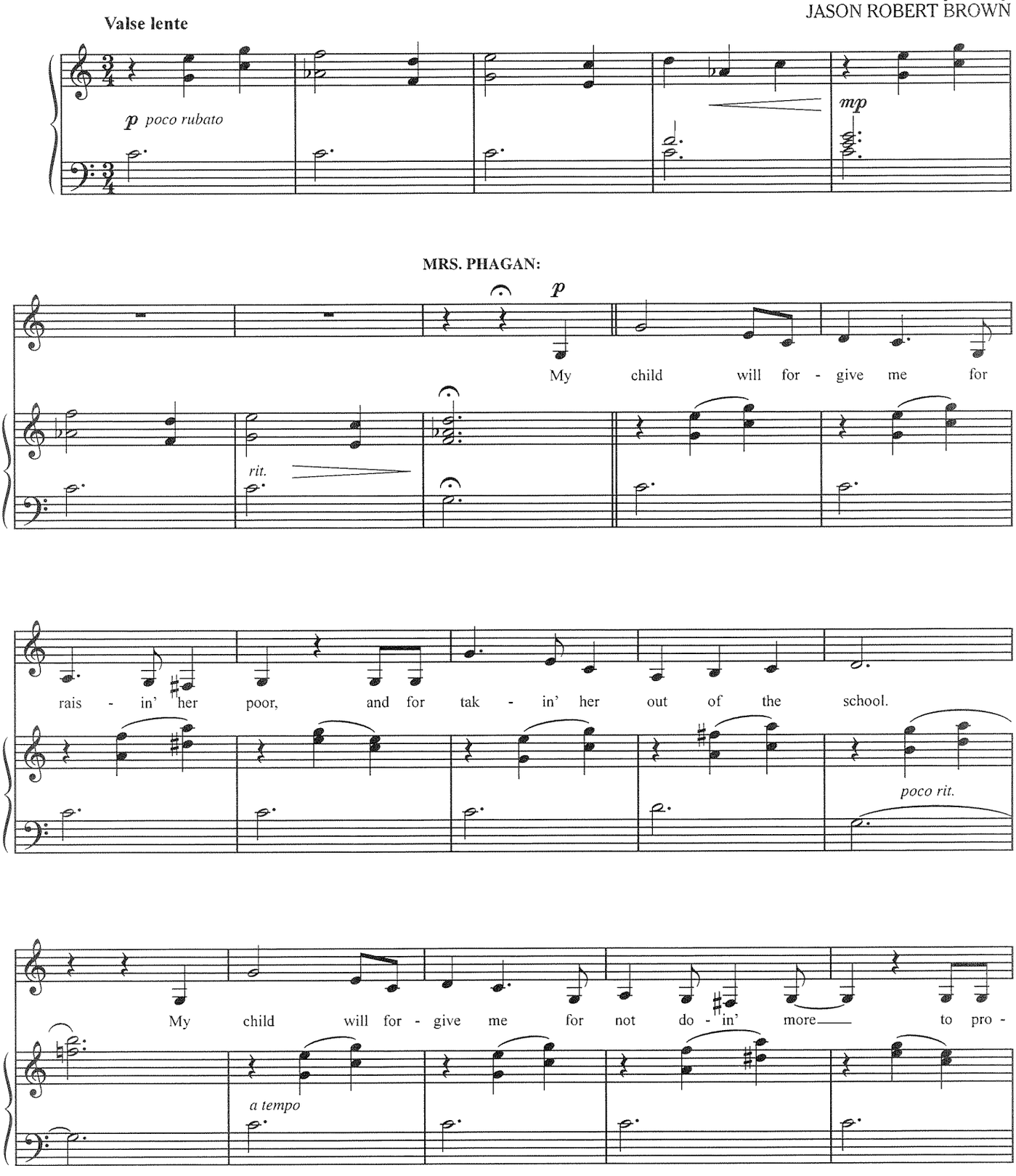

C
F
F7
B♭m
F7/A
But there's just moon-light on my bed.
Was he a ghost, was he a lie?
rall.
f
B♭m
F
Fm
E♭
That made my bod - y laugh and cry?
Then by my side the proof I see:
D♭
C
C7
F
Em7
A7
D
D7
his lit-tle one, gods of the sun, bring him to me!
rall.
Tempo maestoso
G
F♯m7
B7
Em
D/F♯
You will be who you want to be. You
f


G F♯m7 B7 Em G7 C D♯dim
can choose what - ev - er heav-en grants. As long as you can have your
Em Em/D C B Em Em/D
chance, I swear I'll give my life for you.
Cmaj7 Em/C♯ G/D D♯dim7 rit.
No one can stop what I must do. I swear I'll give my life for
rit.
N.C.
you!
ff a tempo

MY CHILD WILL FORGIVE ME

from *Parade*

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN



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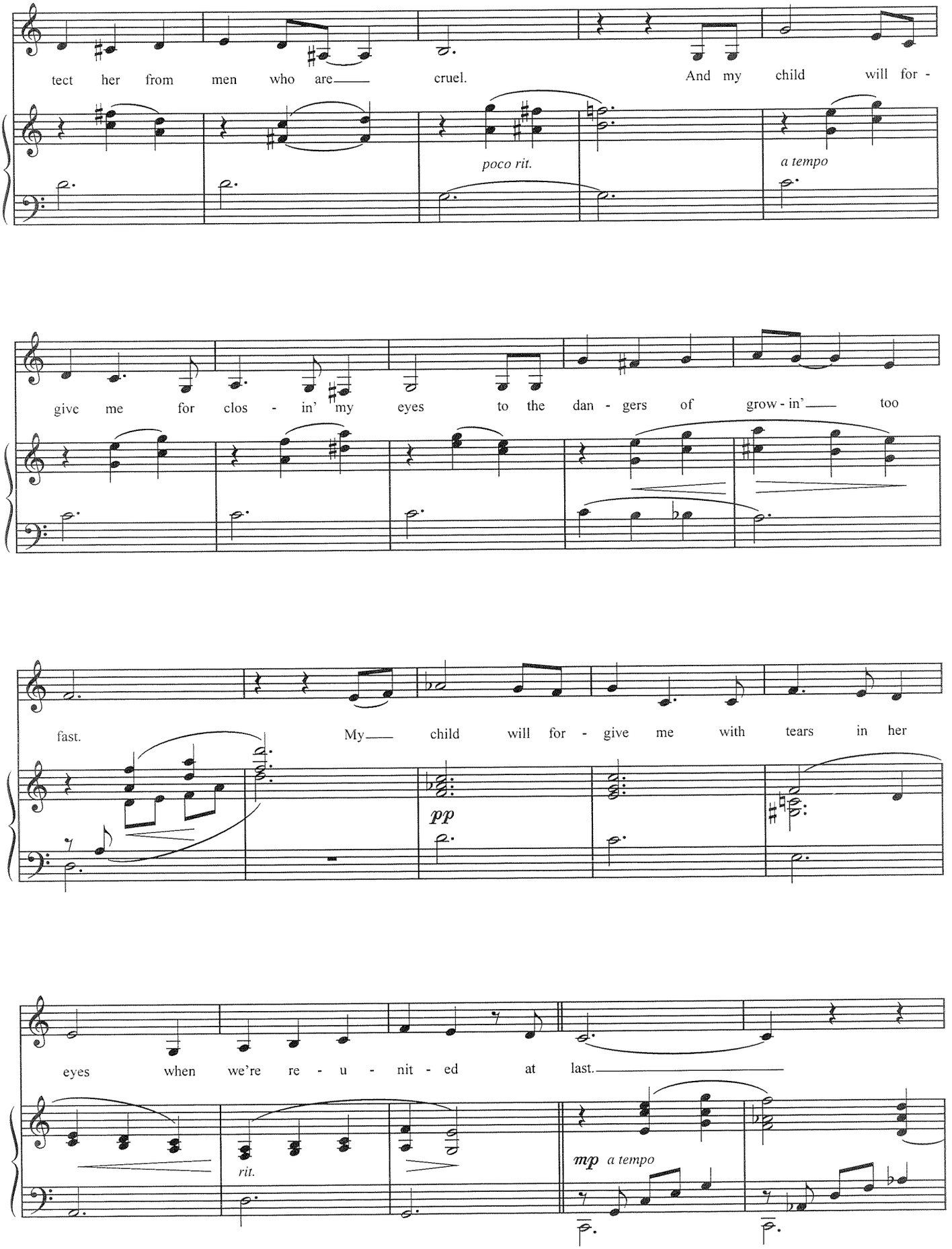
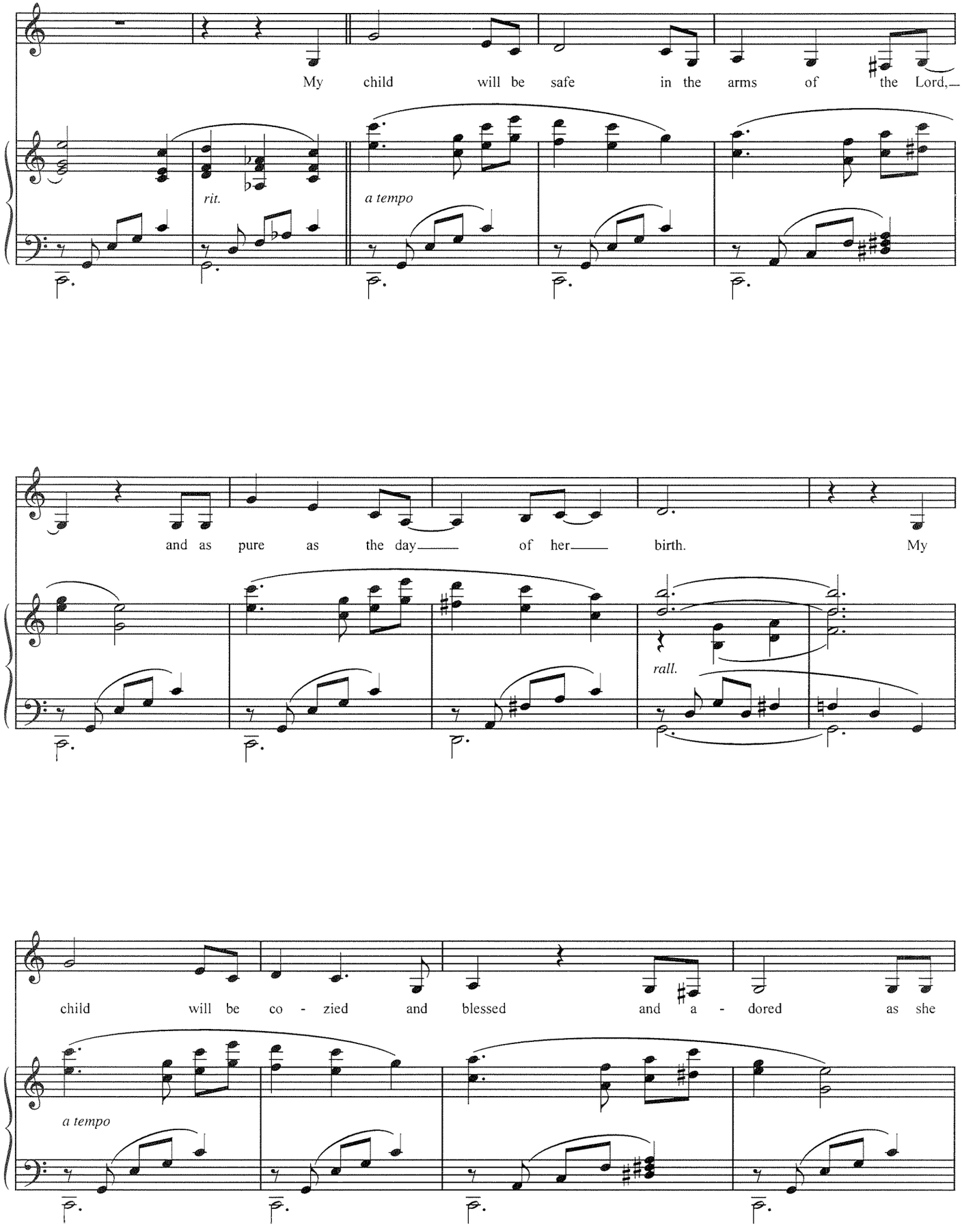
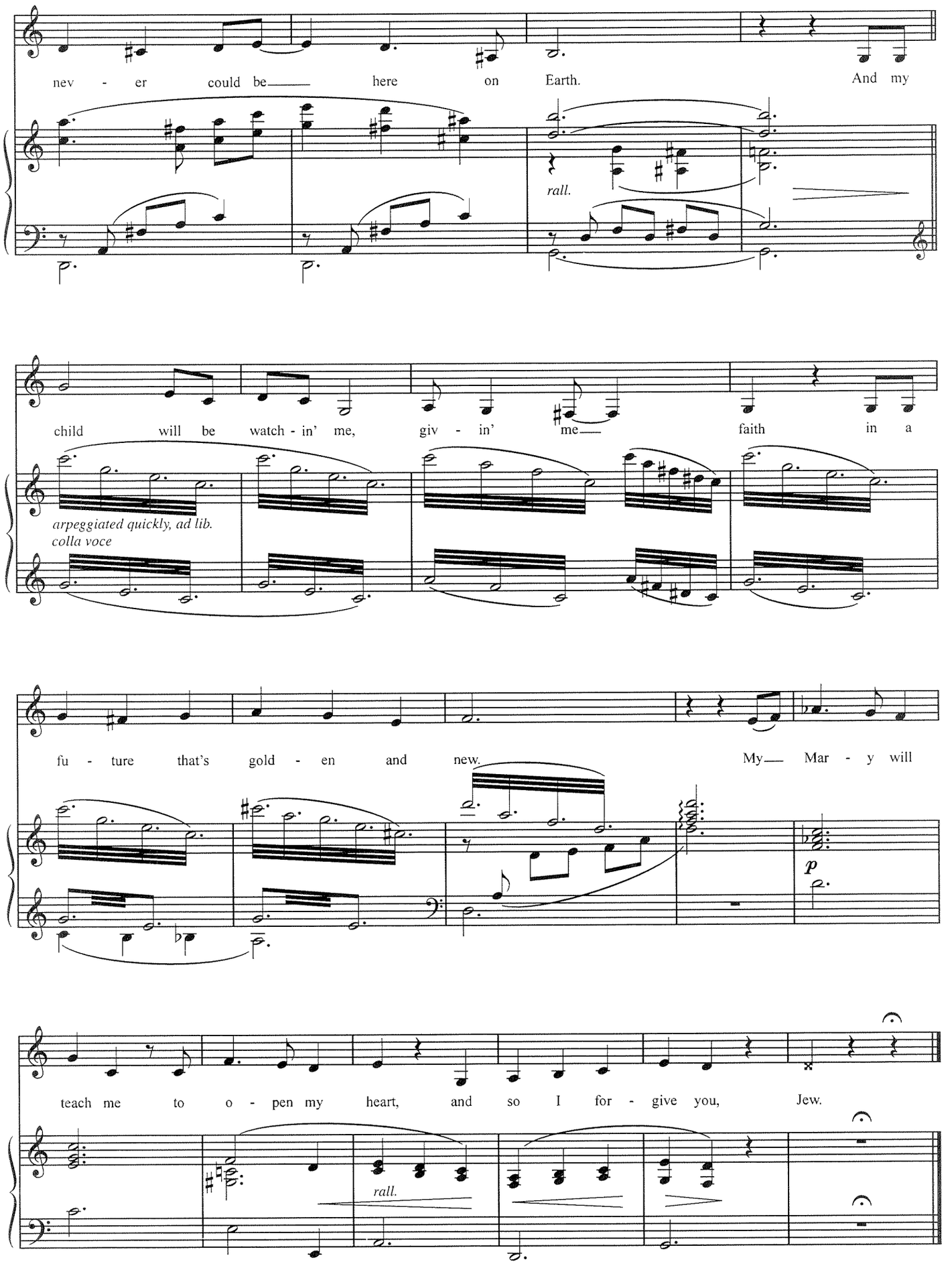
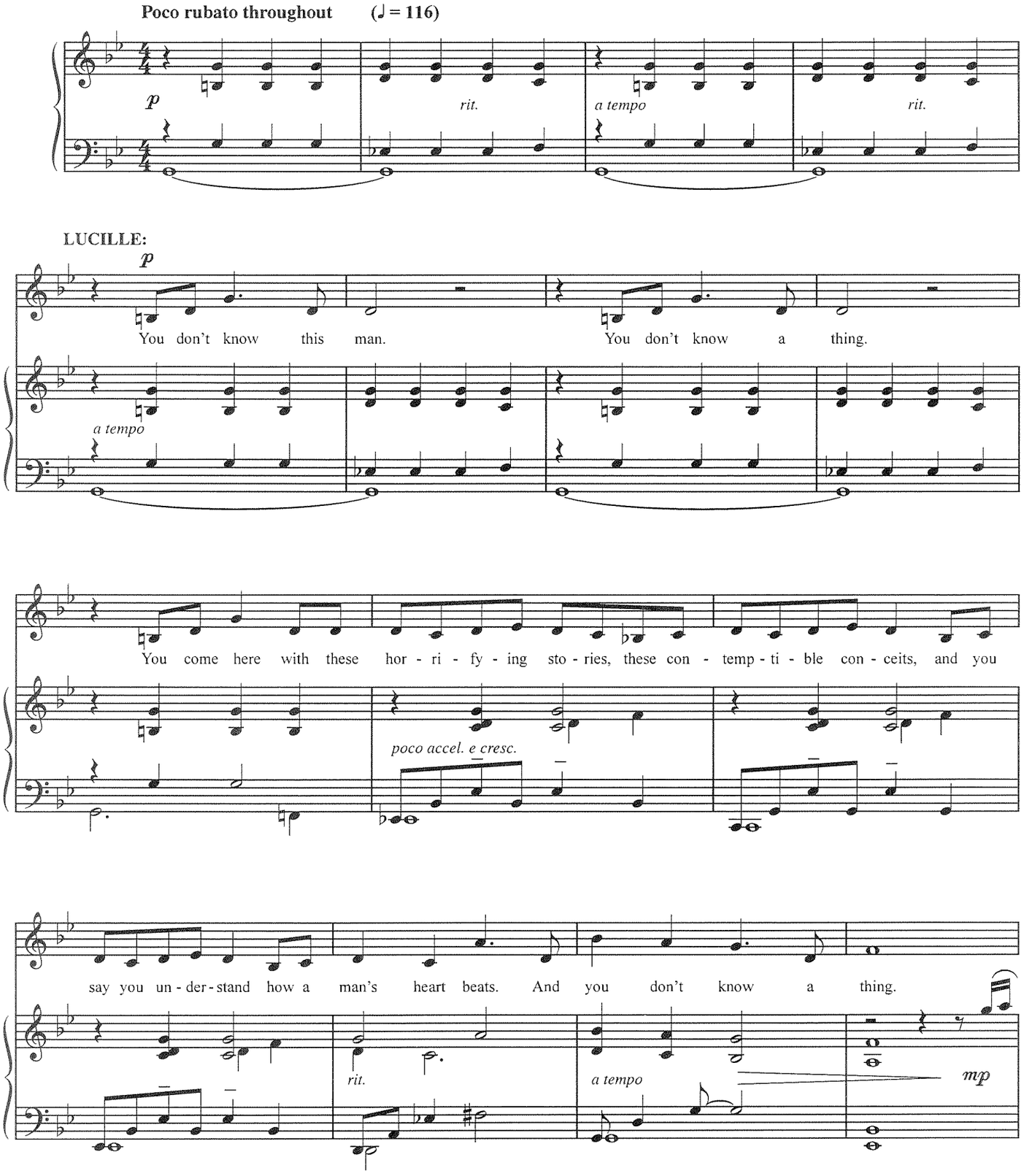

tect her from men who are cruel. And my child will for -
poco rit.
a tempo
give me for clos - in' my eyes to the dan - gers of grow - in' too
fast. My child will for - give me with tears in her
pp
eyes when we're re - u - nit - ed at last.
rit.
mp a tempo


My child will be safe in the arms of the Lord,
rit.
a tempo
and as pure as the day of her birth. My
rall.
child will be co - zied and blessed and a - dored as she
a tempo


nev - er could be here on Earth. And my
rall.
child will be watch - in' me, giv - in' me faith in a
arpeggiated quickly, ad lib.
colla voce
fu - ture that's gold - en and new. My Mar - y will
p
teach me to o - pen my heart, and so I for - give you, Jew.
rall.

YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN
from *Parade*

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN



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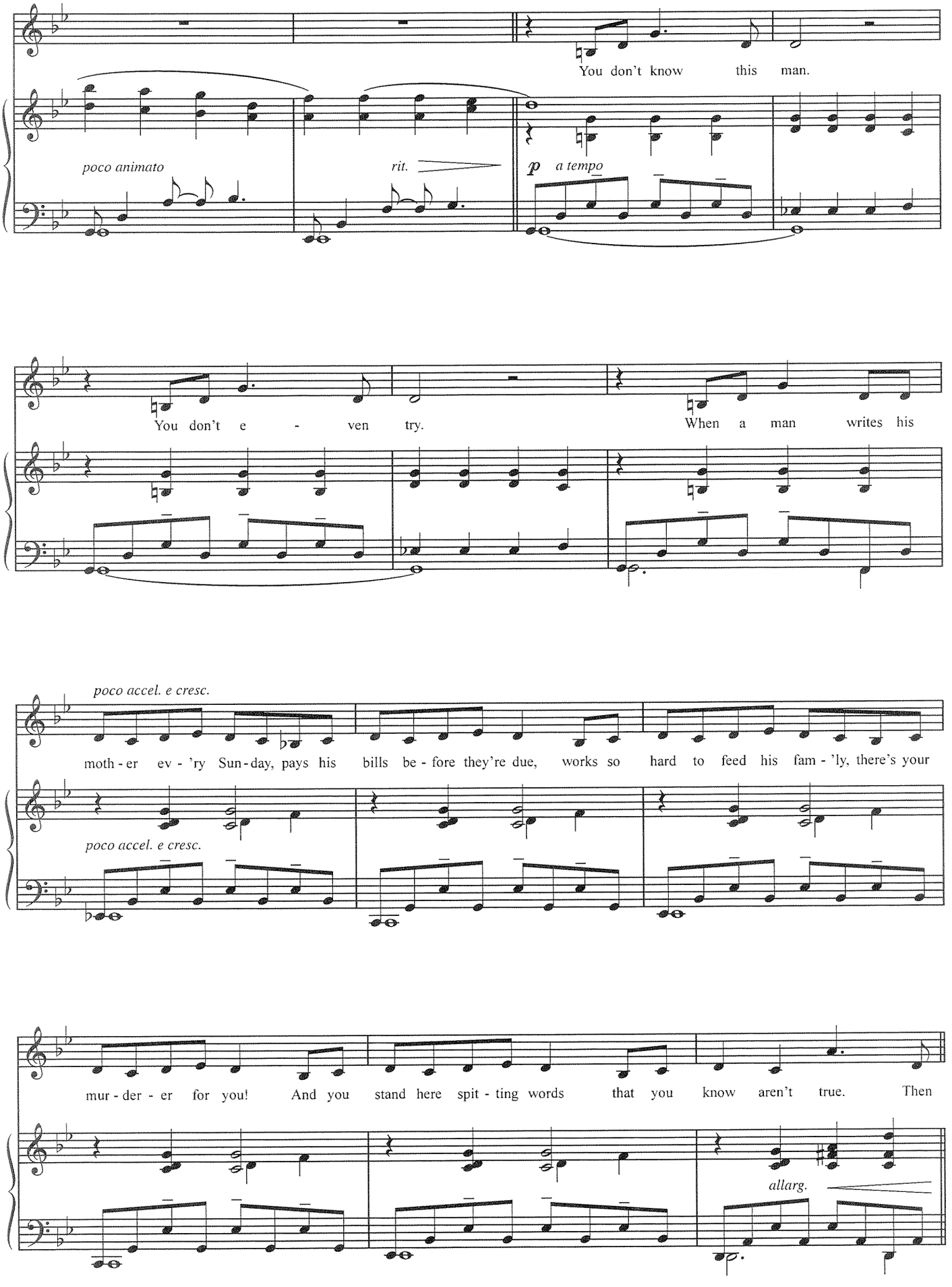
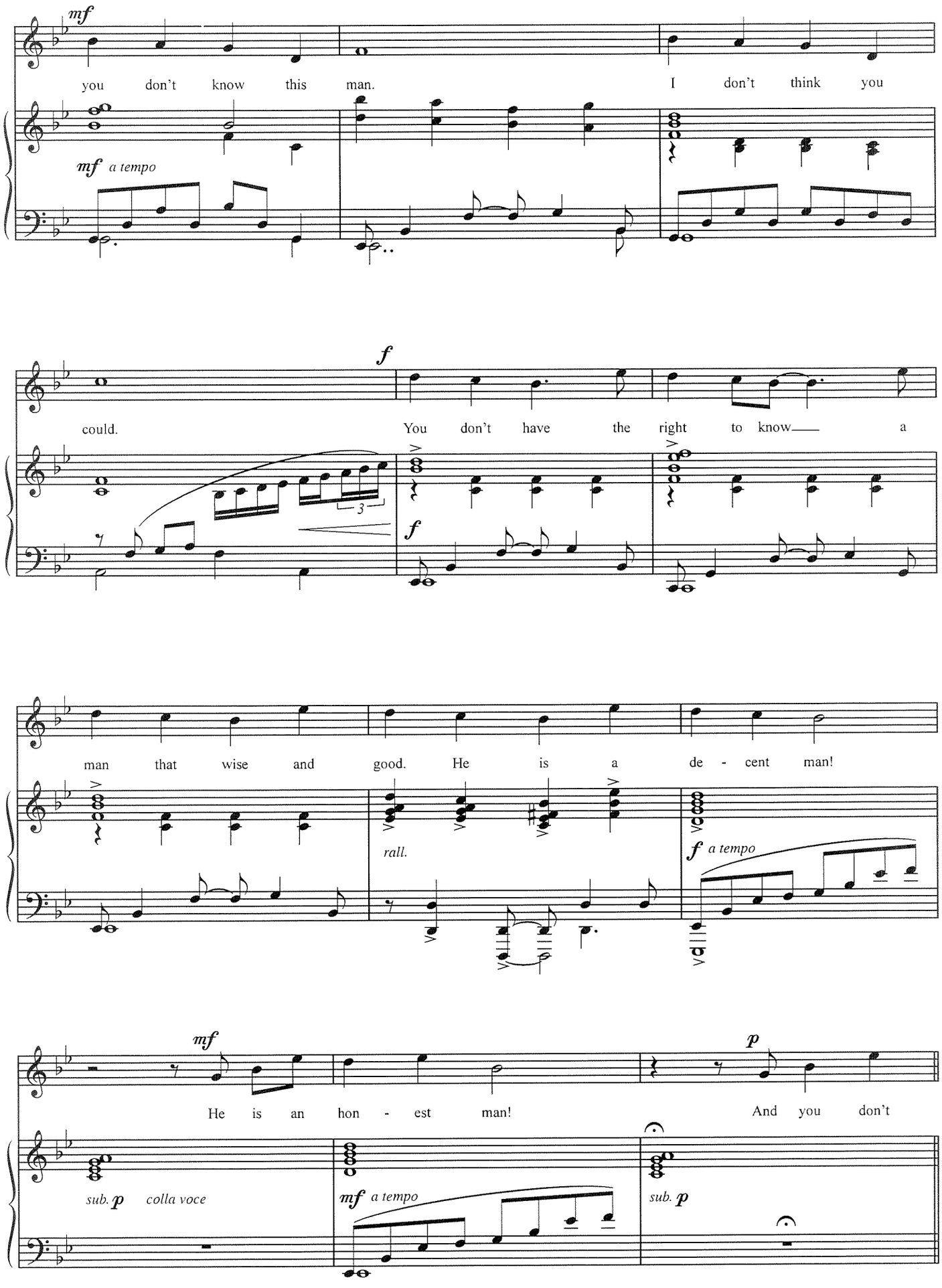
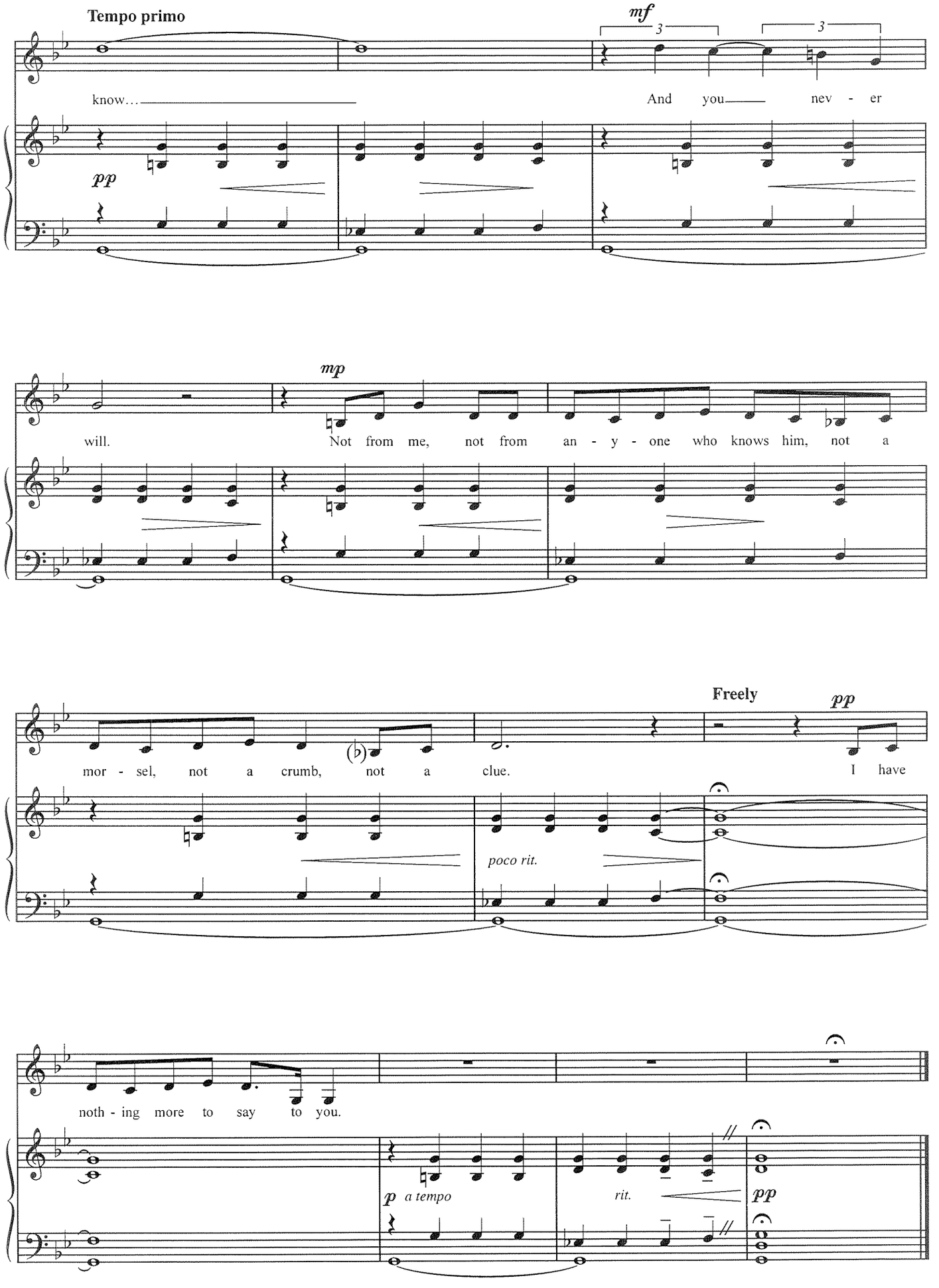

You don't know this man.
poco animato
rit.
p a tempo
You don't e - ven try.
When a man writes his
poco accel. e cresc.
moth - er ev - 'ry Sun - day, pays his bills be - fore they're due, works so hard to feed his fam - 'ly, there's your
poco accel. e cresc.
mur - der - er for you! And you stand here spit - ting words that you know aren't true. Then
allarg.

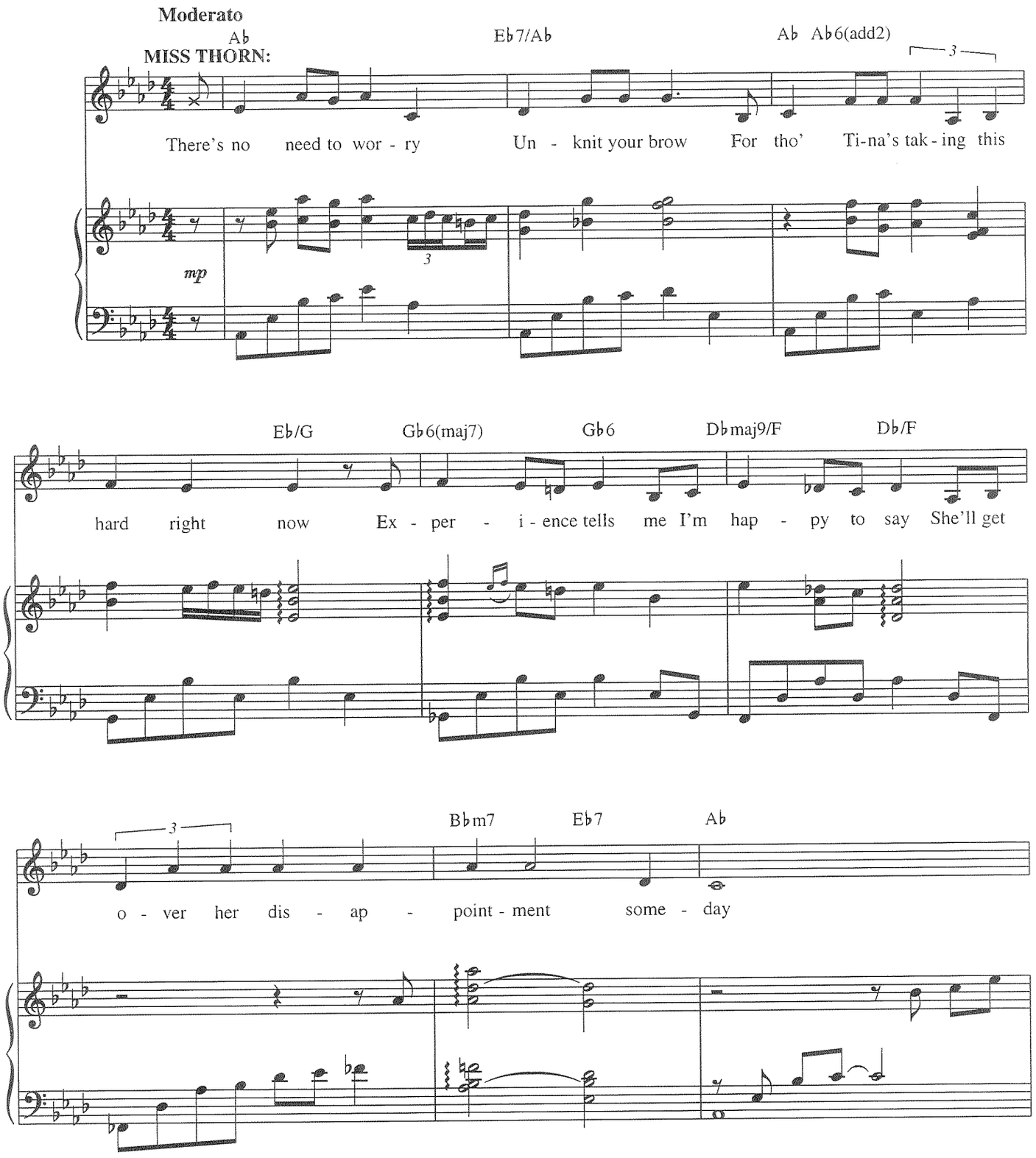

mf
you don't know this man. I don't think you
mf a tempo
f
could. You don't have the right to know a
3
f
man that wise and good. He is a de - cent man!
rall.
f a tempo
mf
He is an hon - est man!
p
And you don't
sub. p colla voce
mf a tempo
sub. p


Tempo primo
mf
know...
And you nev - er
pp
mp
will.
Not from me, not from an - y - one who knows him, not a
Freely
pp
mor - sel, not a crumb, not a clue.
I have
poco rit.
noth - ing more to say to you.
p a tempo
rit.
pp

TEACHING THIRD GRADE

from *Ruthless*

Lyric by JOEL PALEY
Music by MARVIN LAIRD



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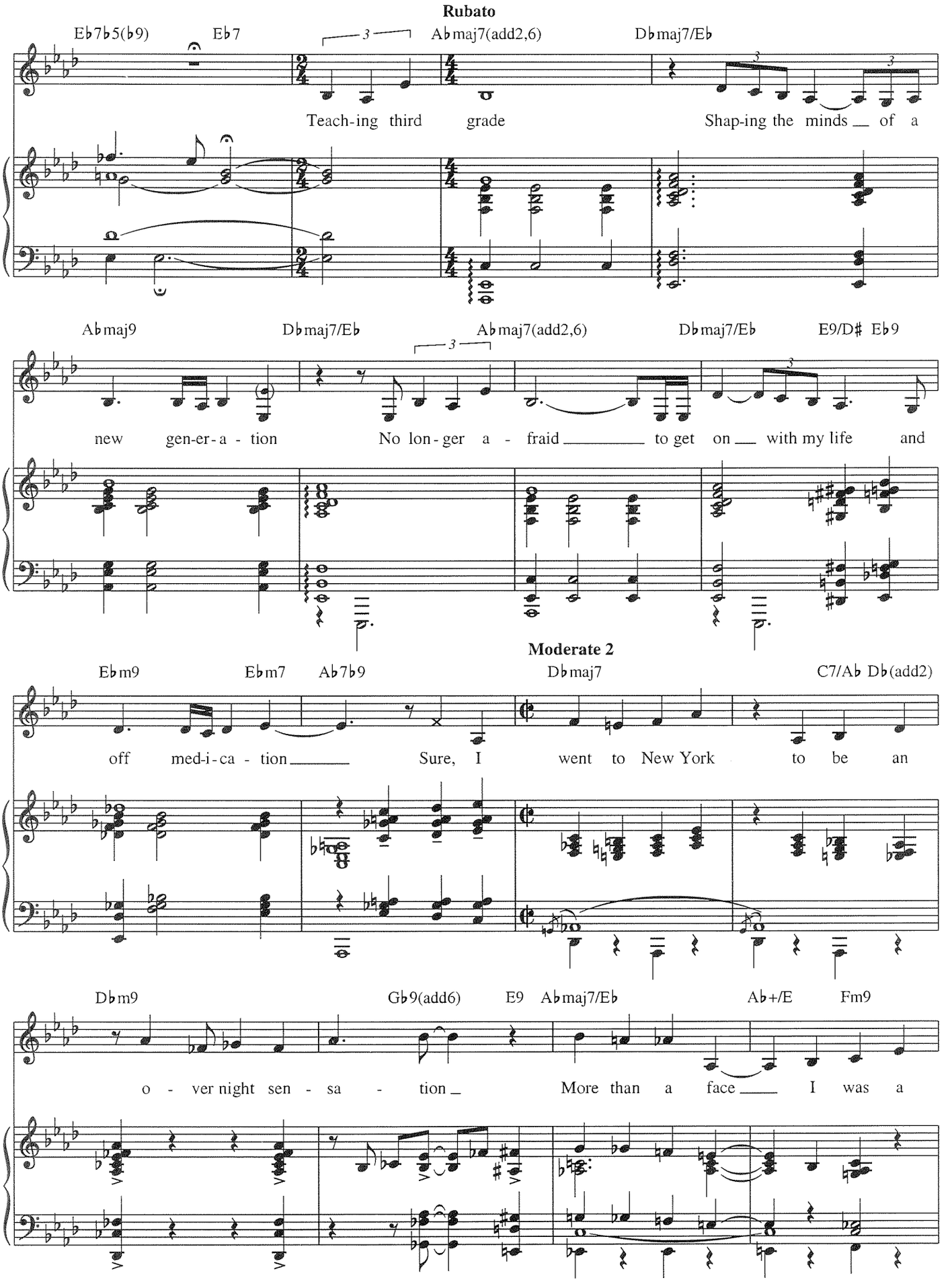
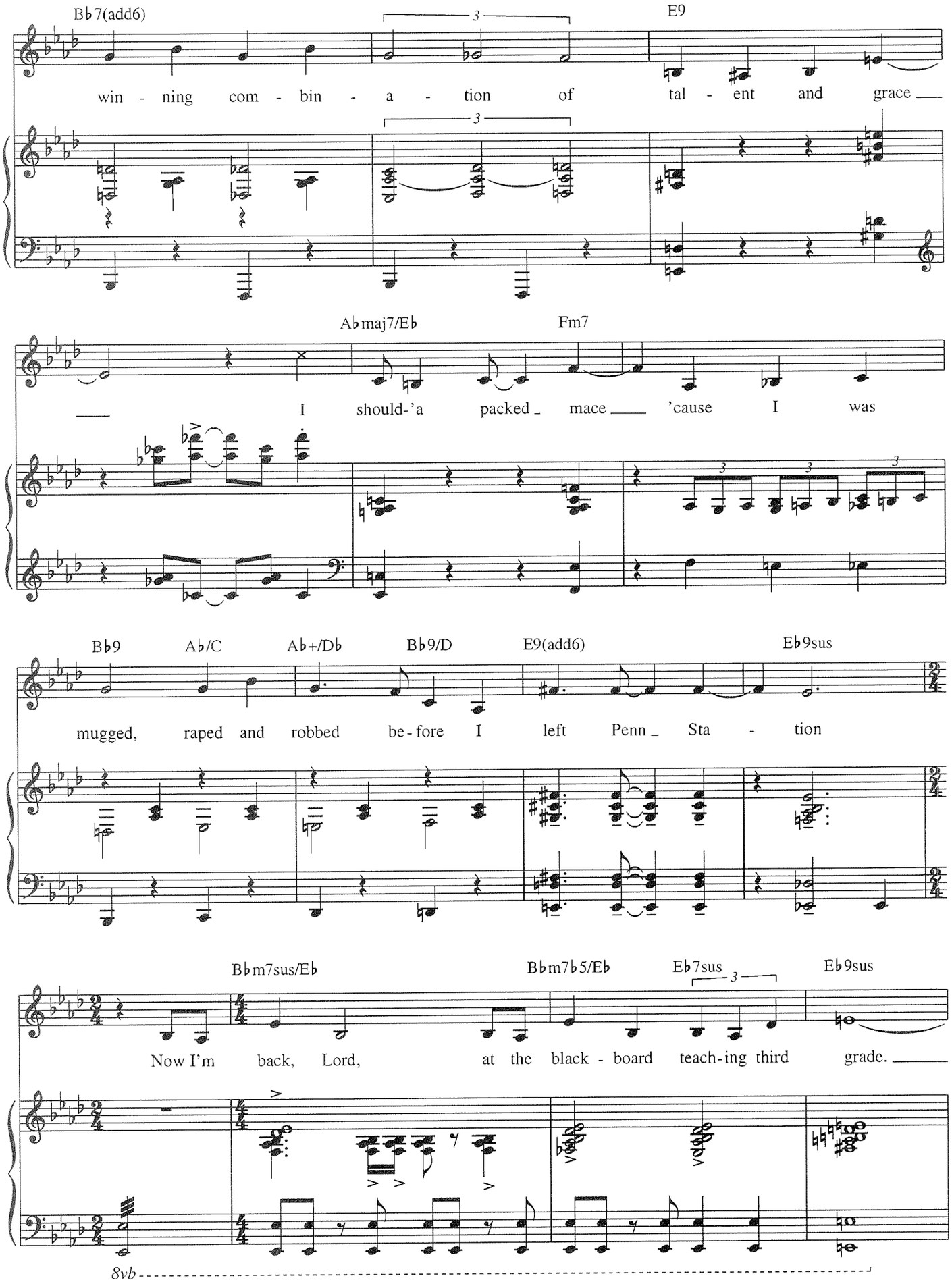
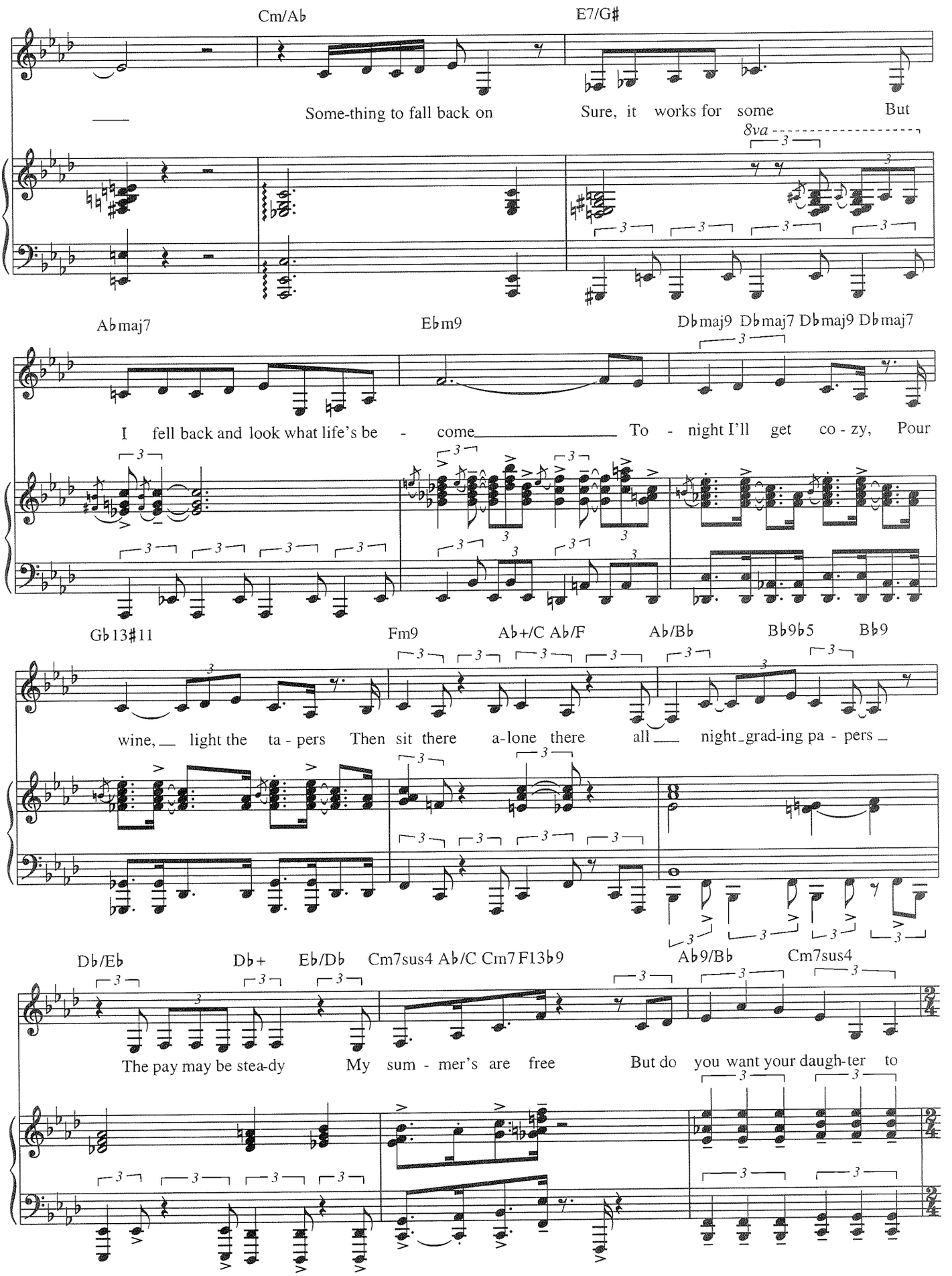
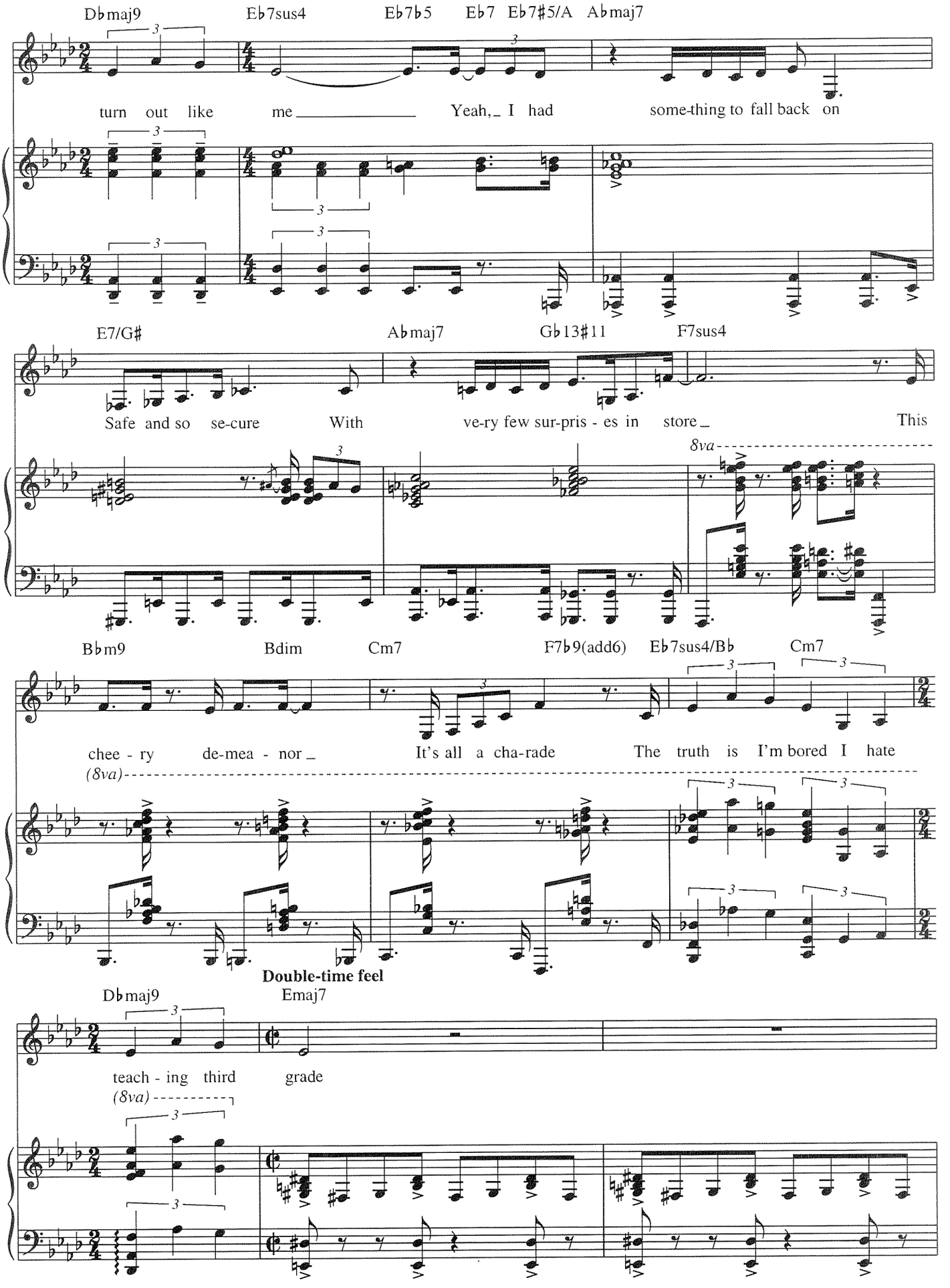
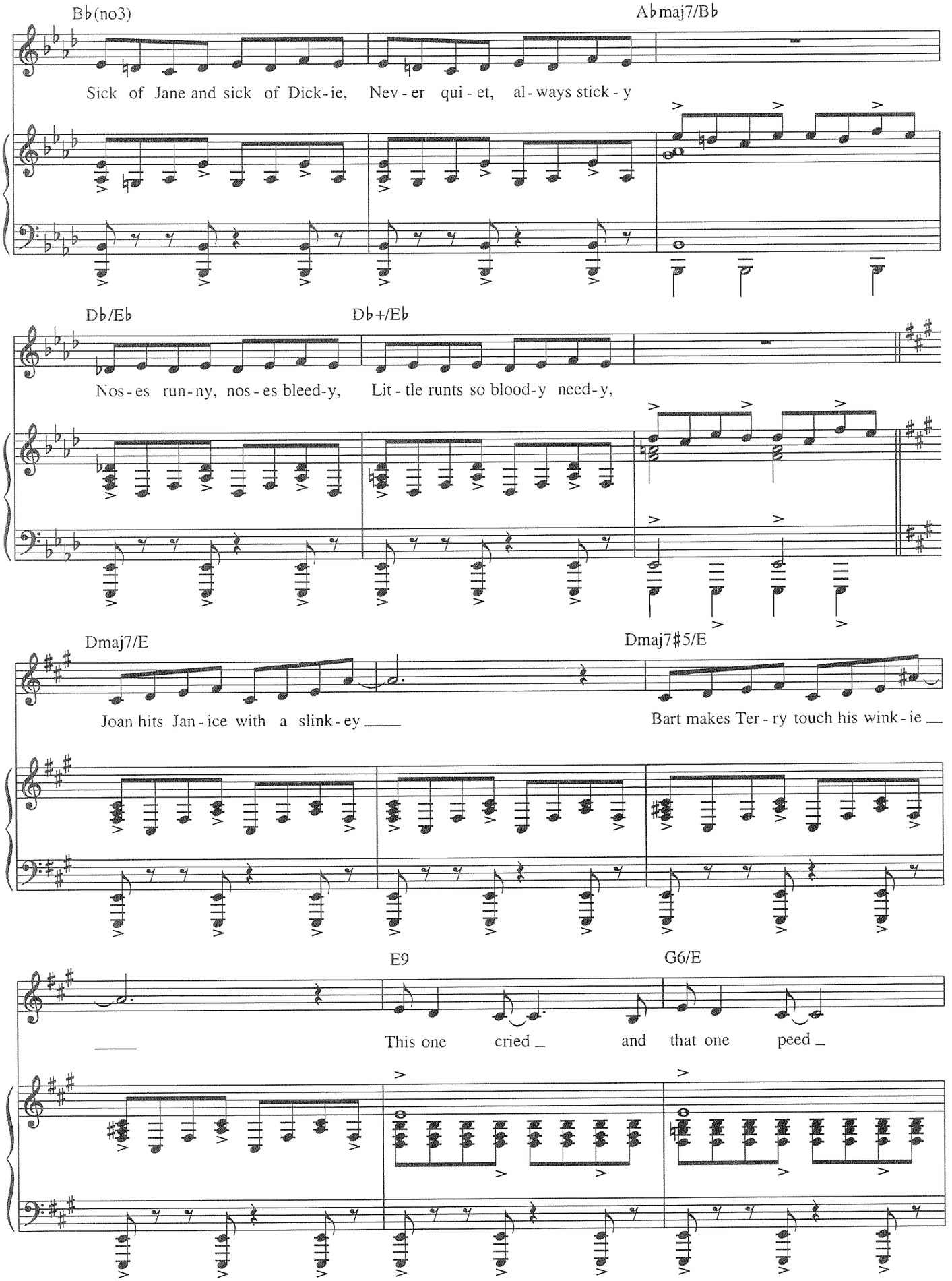
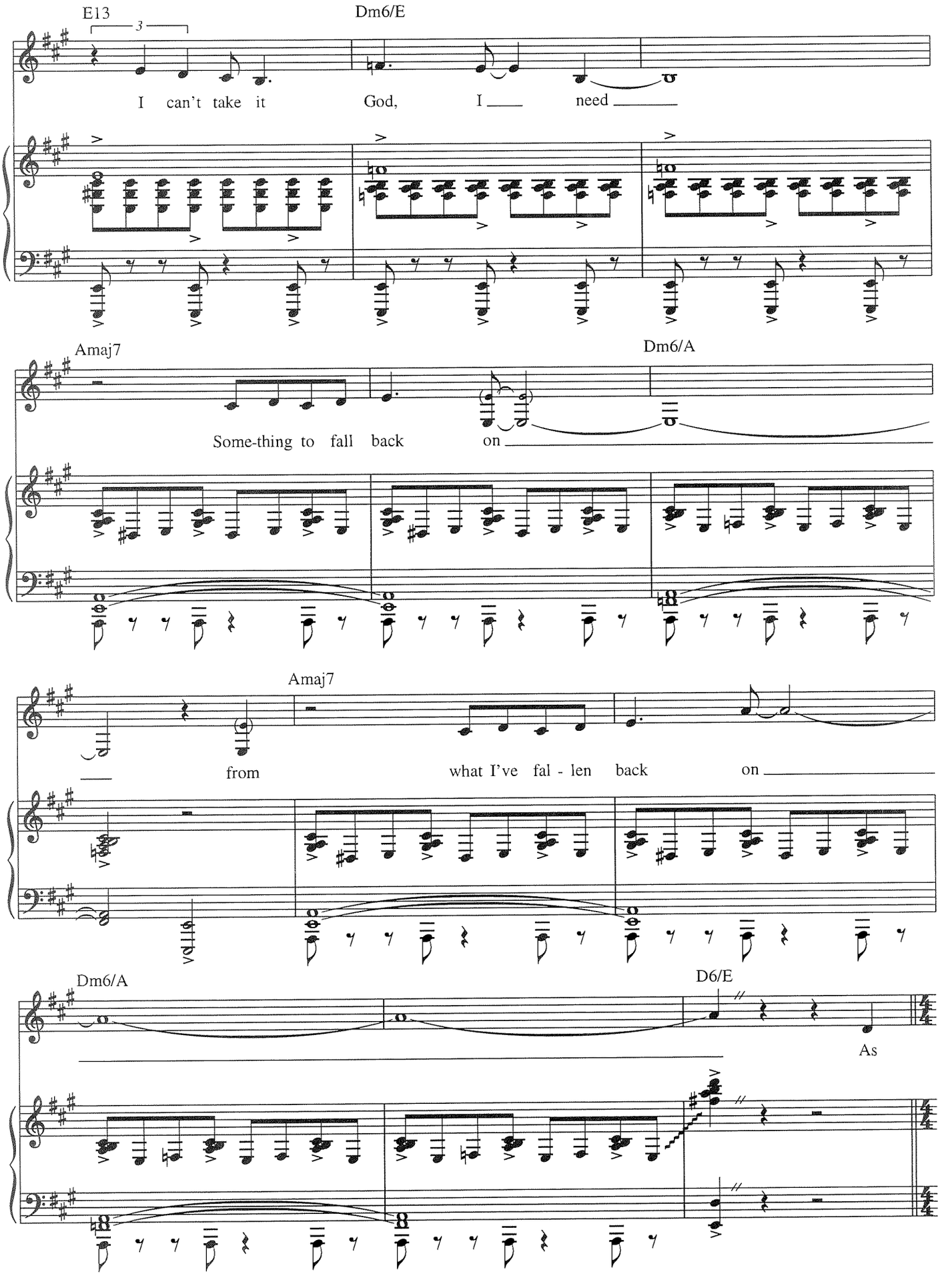

Rubato
Eb7b5(b9)
Eb7
Abmaj7(add2,6)
Dbmaj7/Eb
Teach-ing third grade
Shap-ing the minds of a
Abmaj9
Dbmaj7/Eb
Abmaj7(add2,6)
Dbmaj7/Eb
E9/D# Eb9
new gen-er-a - tion
No lon-ger a - fraid to get on with my life and
Moderate 2
Ebm9
Ebm7
Ab7b9
Dbmaj7
C7/Ab Db(add2)
off med-i-ca - tion
Sure, I went to New York to be an
Dbm9
Gb9(add6)
E9
Abmaj7/Eb
Ab+/E
Fm9
o - ver night sen - sa - tion
More than a face I was a

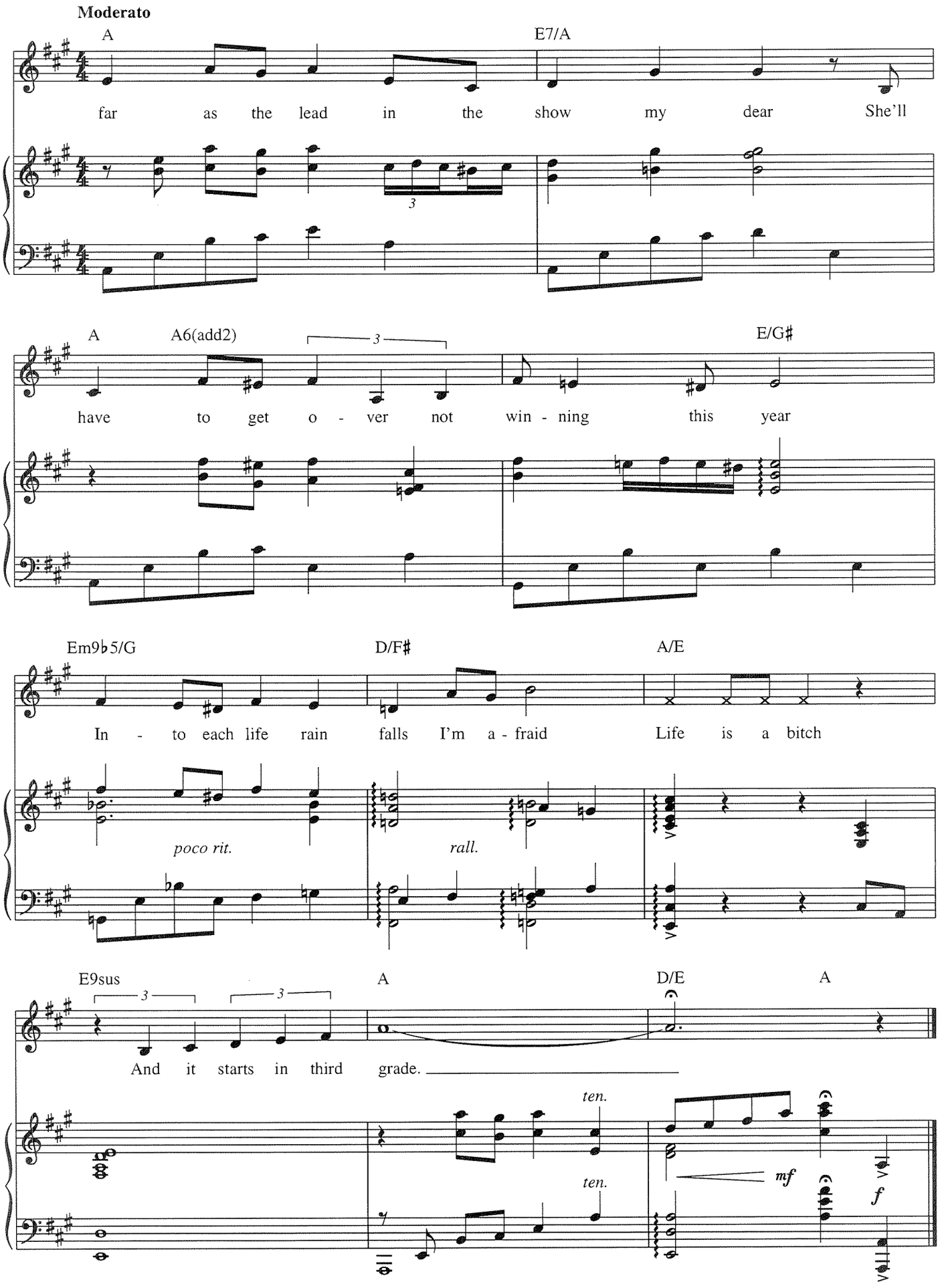

B♭7(add6)
E9
win - ning com - bin - a - tion of tal - ent and grace
A♭maj7/E♭
Fm7
I should-'a packed mace 'cause I was
B♭9
A♭/C
A♭+/D♭
B♭9/D
E9(add6)
E♭9sus
mugged, raped and robbed be - fore I left Penn Sta - tion
B♭m7sus/E♭
B♭m7♭5/E♭
E♭7sus
E♭9sus
Now I'm back, Lord, at the black - board teach-ing third grade.
8vb


Cm/Ab
E7/G#
Some-thing to fall back on
Sure, it works for some
But
8va
Abmaj7
Ebm9
Dbmaj9 Dbmaj7 Dbmaj9 Dbmaj7
I fell back and look what life's be - come
To - night I'll get co - zy, Pour
Gb13#11
Fm9
Ab+/C Ab/F
Ab/Bb
Bb9b5
Bb9
wine, light the ta - pers Then sit there a-lone there all night grad-ing pa - pers
Db/Eb
Db+
Eb/Db
Cm7sus4 Ab/C Cm7 F13b9
Ab9/Bb
Cm7sus4
The pay may be stea-dy
My sum - mer's are free
But do you want your daugh-ter to


Dbmaj9
Eb7sus4
Eb7b5
Eb7
Eb7#5/A
Abmaj7
turn out like me Yeah, I had some-thing to fall back on
E7/G#
Abmaj7
Gb13#11
F7sus4
Safe and so se-cure With ve-ry few sur-pris - es in store This
8va
Bbm9
Bdim
Cm7
F7b9(add6)
Eb7sus4/Bb
Cm7
chee - ry de-mea - nor It's all a cha-rade The truth is I'm bored I hate
(8va)
Double-time feel
Dbmaj9
Emaj7
teach - ing third grade
(8va)


Bb(no3)
Ab maj7/Bb
Sick of Jane and sick of Dick-ie, Nev-er qui-et, al-ways stick-y
Db/Eb
Db+/Eb
Nos-es run-ny, nos-es bleed-y, Lit-tle runts so blood-y need-y,
Dmaj7/E
Dmaj7#5/E
Joan hits Jan-ice with a slink-ey
Bart makes Ter-ry touch his wink-ie
E9
G6/E
This one cried and that one peed


E13
Dm6/E
I can't take it
God, I need
Amaj7
Dm6/A
Some-thing to fall back
on
Amaj7
from
what I've fal - len back
on
Dm6/A
D6/E
As


Moderato
A
E7/A
far as the lead in the show my dear She'll
A
A6(add2)
E/G♯
have to get o - ver not win - ning this year
Em9♭5/G
D/F♯
A/E
In - to each life rain falls I'm a - fraid Life is a bitch
poco rit.
rall.
E9sus
A
D/E
A
And it starts in third grade.
ten.
ten.
mf
f

I HAD MYSELF A TRUE LOVE

from *St. Louis Woman*

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Slowly and with tenderness

mp

B♭ F7/C B♭ F7/C

I had my - self a true love, a true love who was some - thin' to see

p

B♭ F7/C B♭ E♭m B♭ Fm/C

I had my - self a true love, at

p

B♭ Dm7♭5 A♭6 G7

least that's what I kept on tel - lin' me, The

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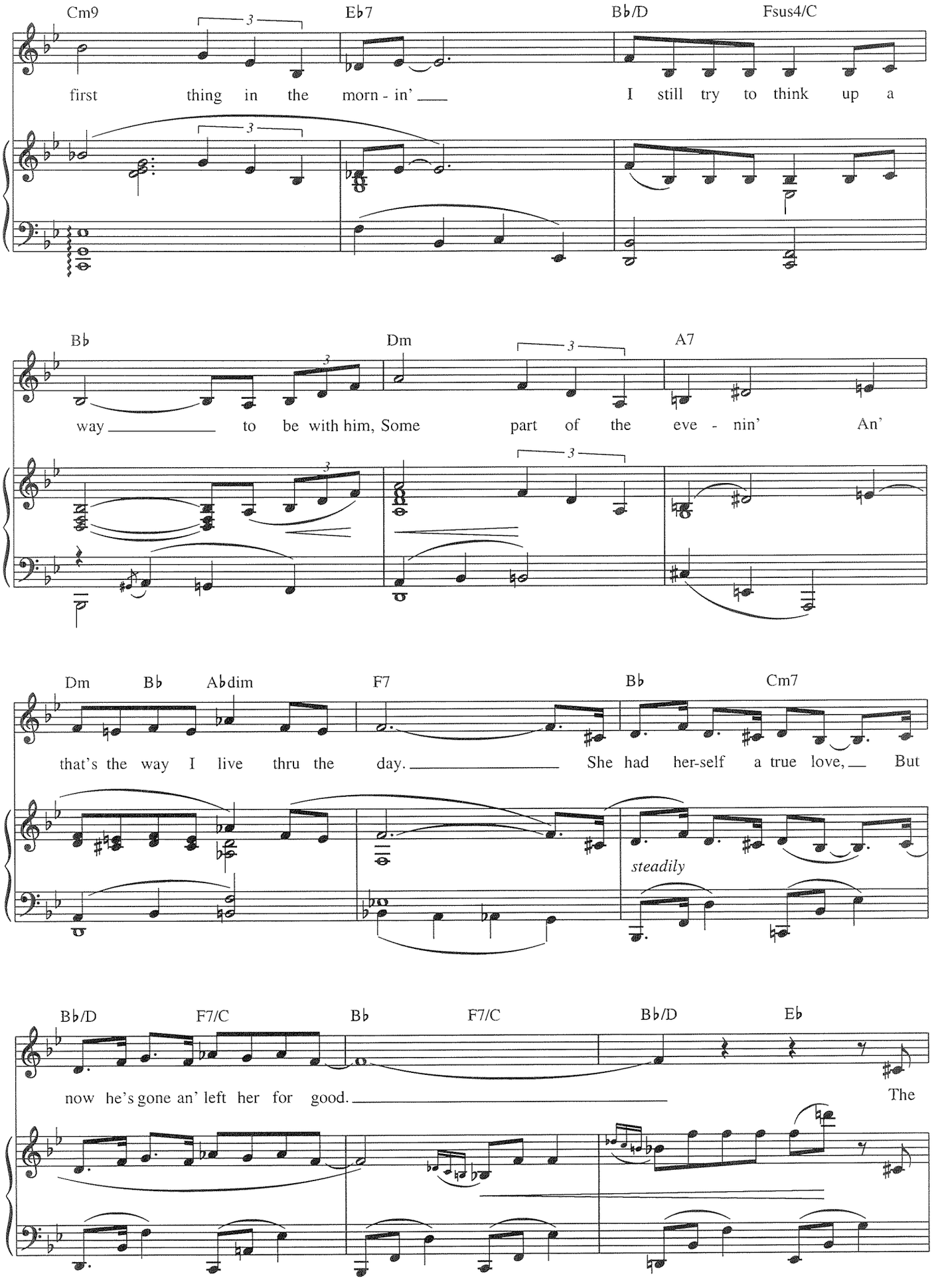
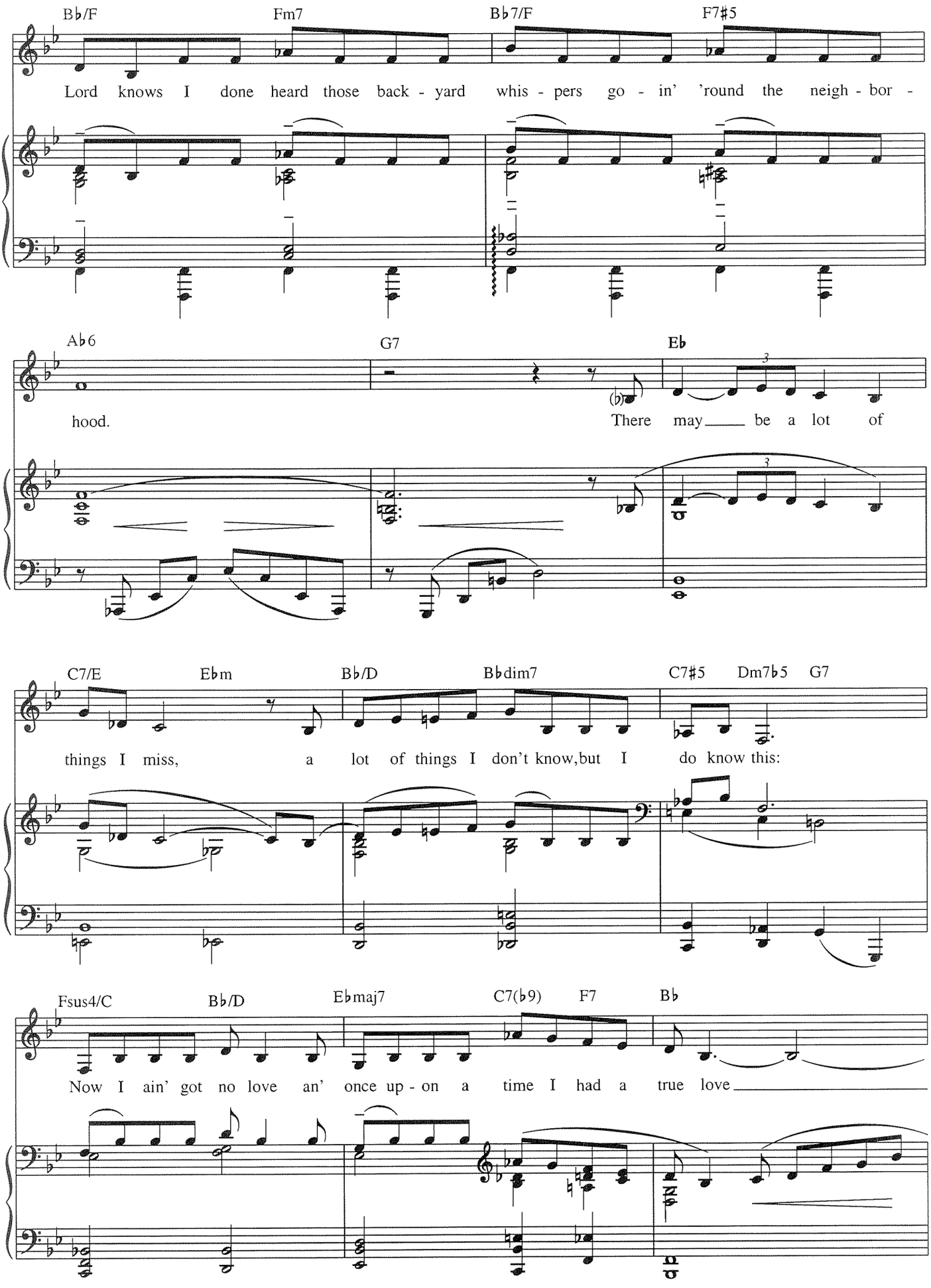
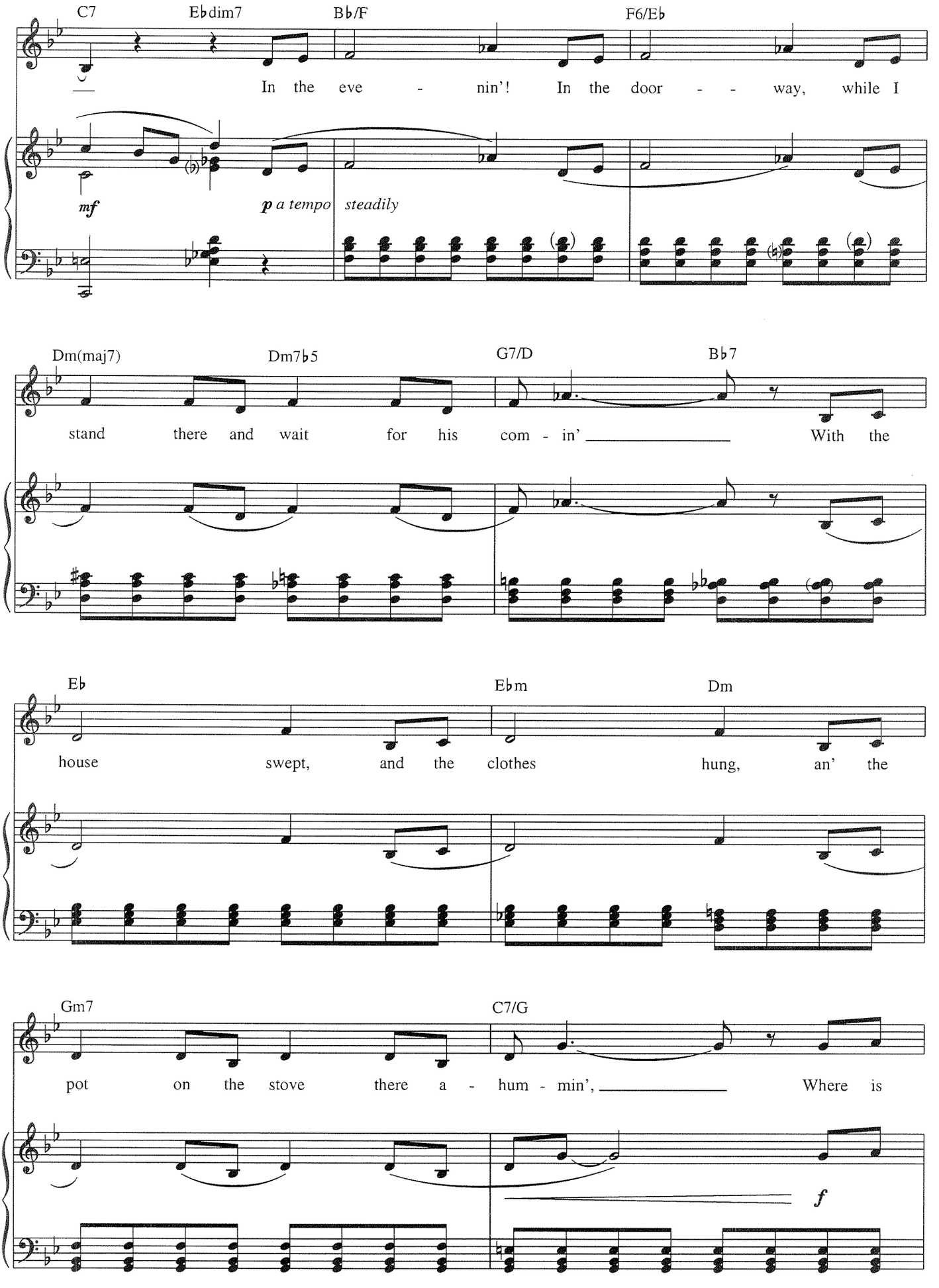
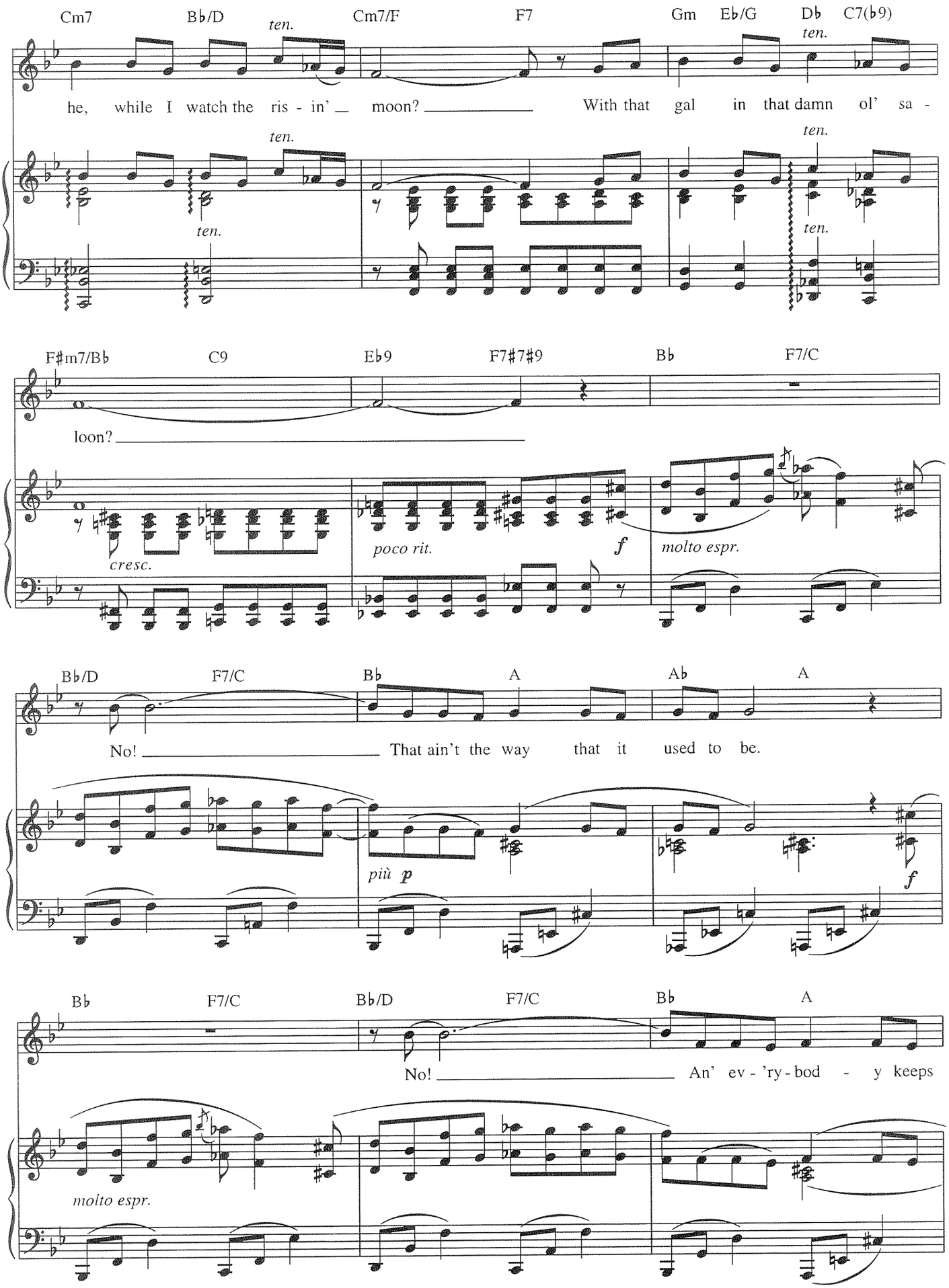
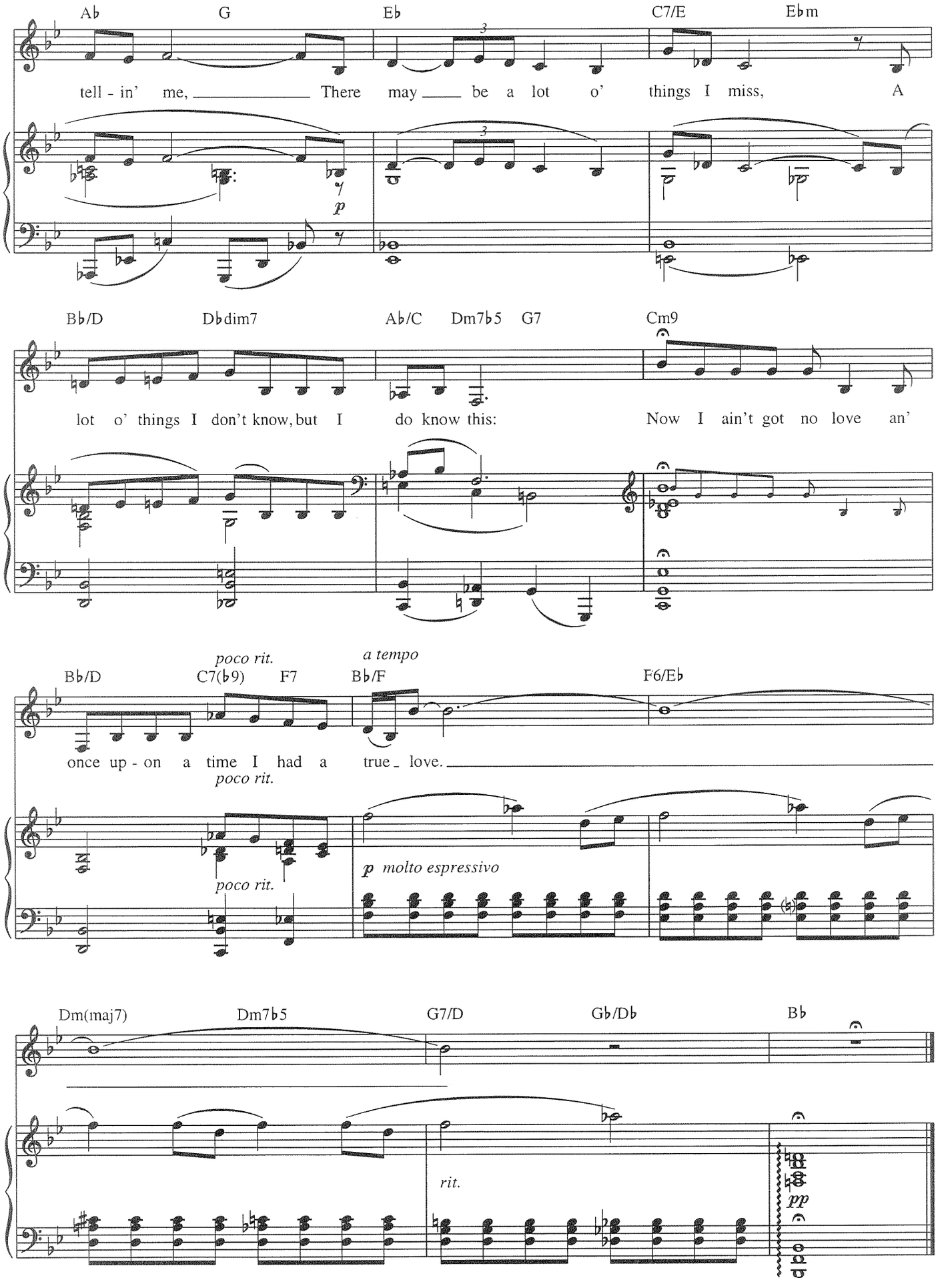

Cm9
Eb7
Bb/D
Fsus4/C
first thing in the morn - in' I still try to think up a
Bb
Dm
A7
way to be with him, Some part of the eve - nin' An'
Dm
Bb
Abdim
F7
Bb
Cm7
that's the way I live thru the day. She had her-self a true love, But
steadily
Bb/D
F7/C
Bb
F7/C
Bb/D
Eb
now he's gone an' left her for good. The


B♭/F
Fm7
B♭7/F
F7♯5
Lord knows I done heard those back - yard whis - pers go - in' 'round the neigh - bor -
A♭6
G7
E♭
hood.
There may be a lot of
C7/E
E♭m
B♭/D
B♭dim7
C7♯5
Dm7♭5
G7
things I miss, a lot of things I don't know, but I do know this:
Fsus4/C
B♭/D
E♭maj7
C7(♭9)
F7
B♭
Now I ain' got no love an' once up - on a time I had a true love


C7
E♭dim7
B♭/F
F6/E♭
In the eve - nin'! In the door - - way, while I
mf
p a tempo steadily
Dm(maj7)
Dm7♭5
G7/D
B♭7
stand there and wait for his com - in' With the
E♭
E♭m
Dm
house swept, and the clothes hung, an' the
Gm7
C7/G
pot on the stove there a - hum - min', Where is
f

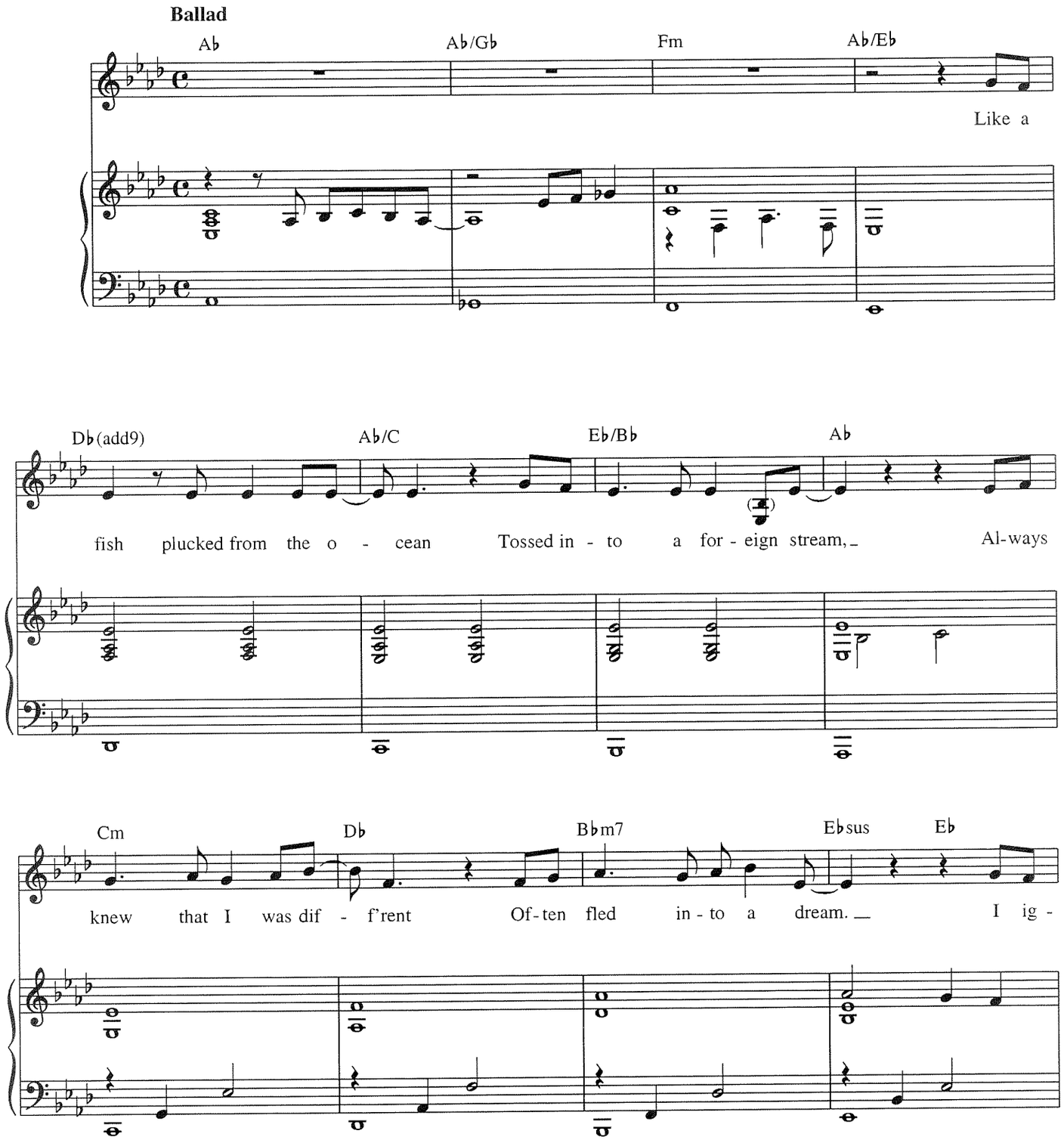

Cm7 B♭/D Cm7/F F7 Gm E♭/G D♭ C7(♭9)
ten.
he, while I watch the ris - in' _ moon? _____ With that gal in that damn ol' sa -
F♯m7/B♭ C9 E♭9 F7♯7♯9 B♭ F7/C
loon? _____
cresc.
poco rit.
f
molto espr.
B♭/D F7/C B♭ A A♭ A
No! _____ That ain't the way that it used to be.
più p
f
B♭ F7/C B♭/D F7/C B♭ A
No! _____ An' ev - 'ry - bod - y keeps
molto espr.


A♭ G E♭ C7/E E♭m
tell - in' me, There may be a lot o' things I miss, A
p
B♭/D D♭dim7 A♭/C Dm7♭5 G7 Cm9
lot o' things I don't know, but I do know this: Now I ain't got no love an'
poco rit. a tempo
B♭/D C7(♭9) F7 B♭/F F6/E♭
once up - on a time I had a true love.
poco rit.
poco rit.
p molto espressivo
Dm(maj7) Dm7♭5 G7/D G♭/D♭ B♭
rit.
pp

WHO WILL LOVE ME AS I AM?

from *Side Show*

Words by BILL RUSSELL
Music by HENRY KRIEGER



Daisy and Violet sing this number as a duet in the show; adapted as a solo for this edition.

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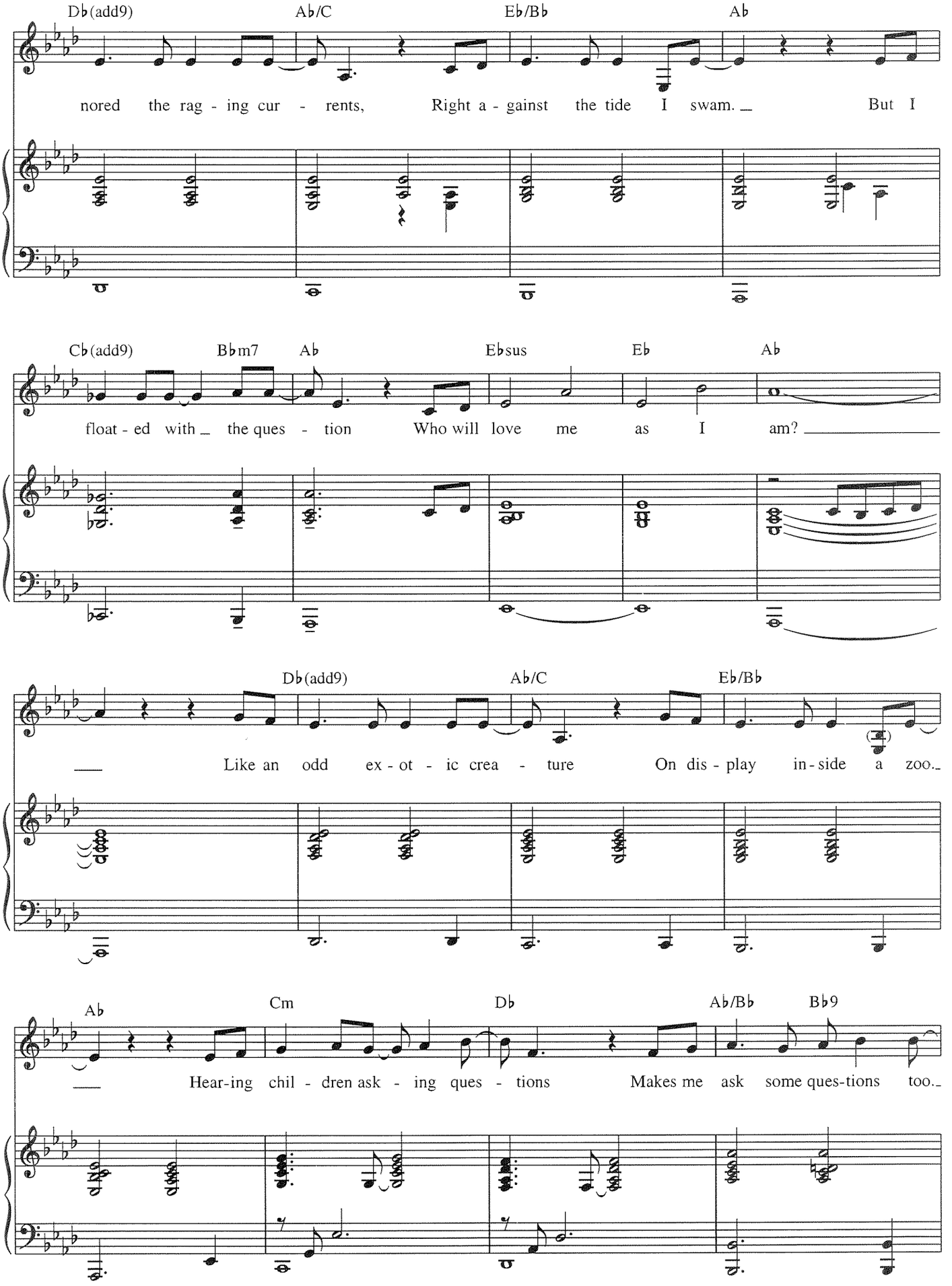
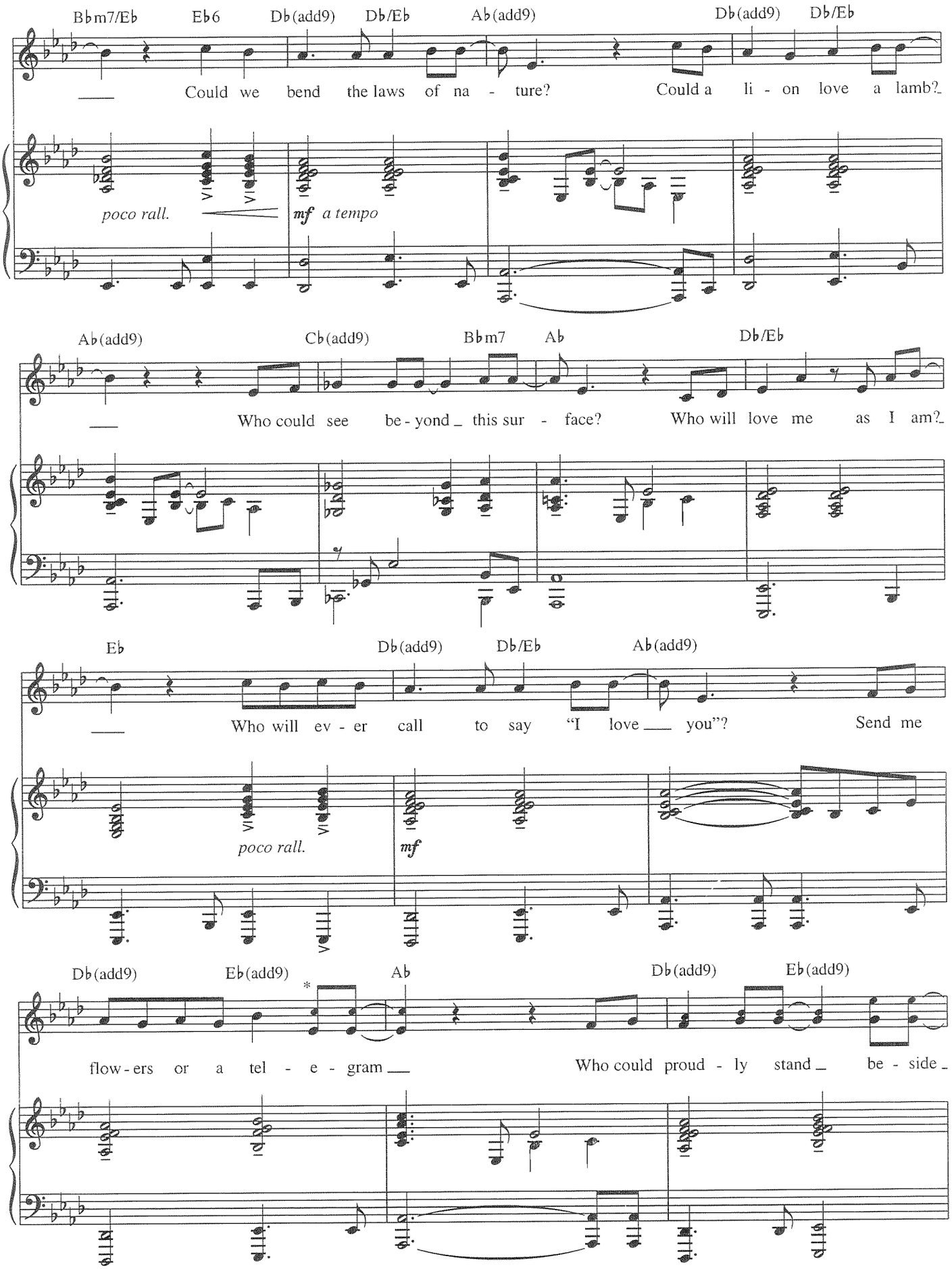
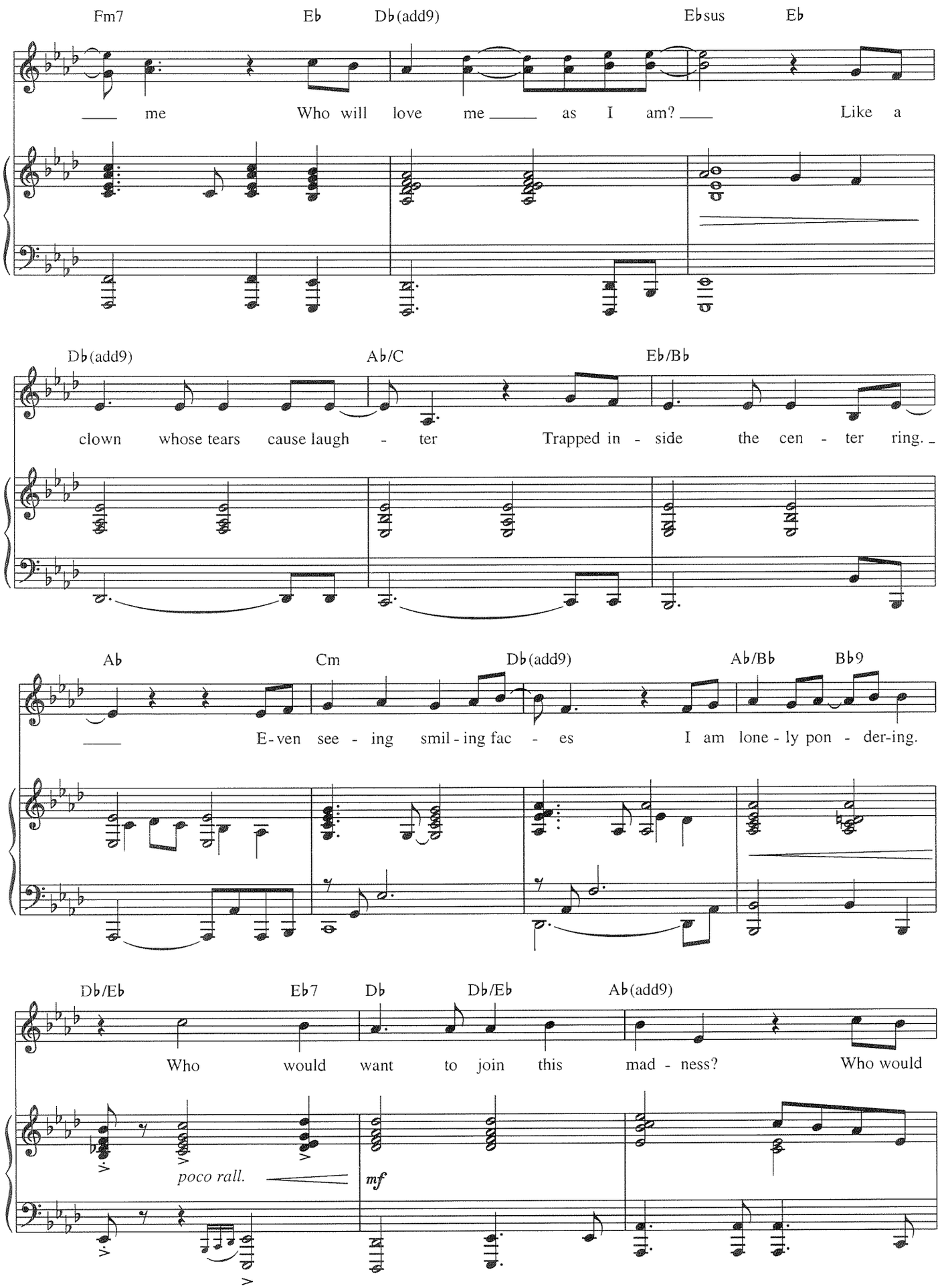
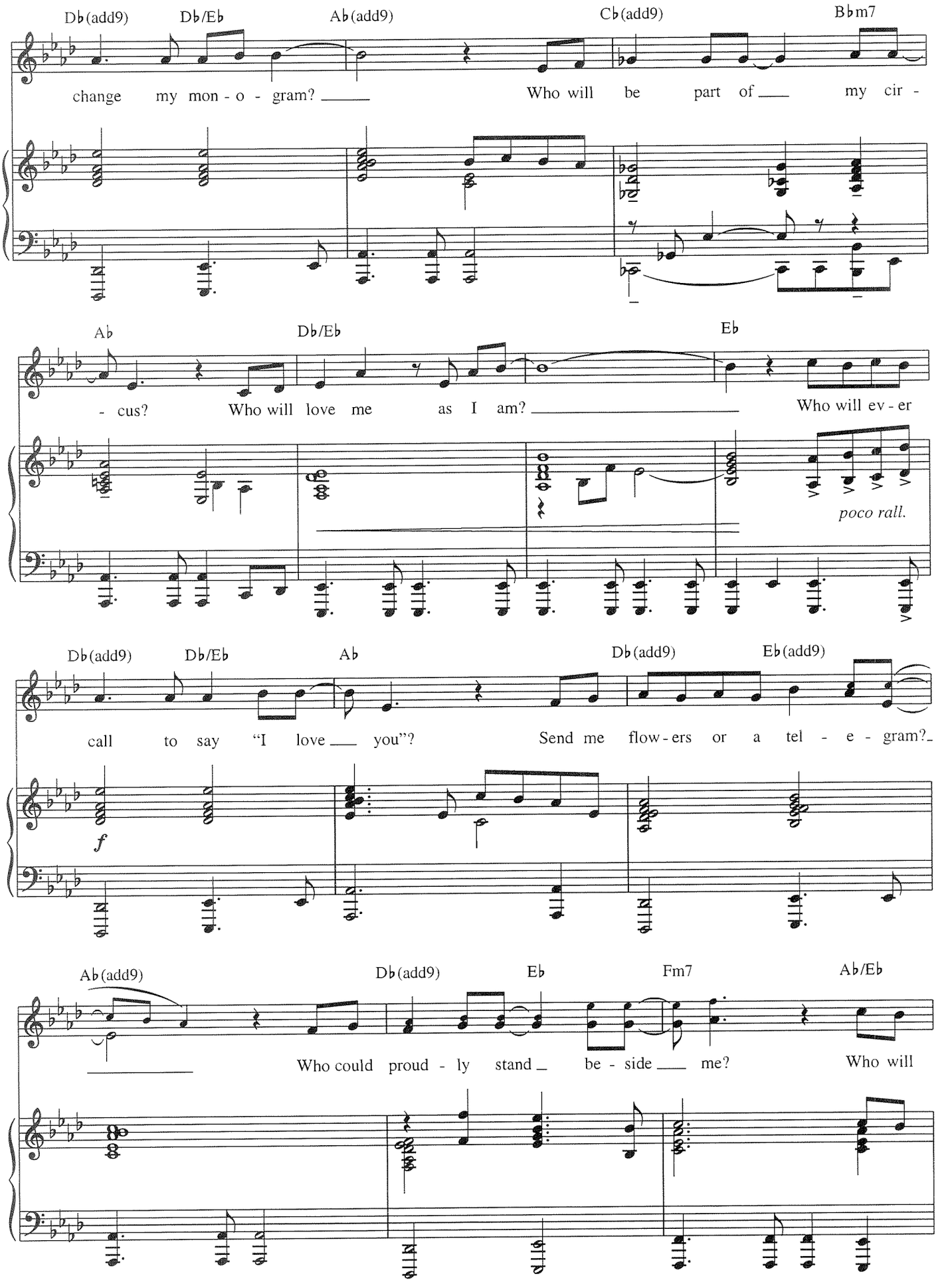
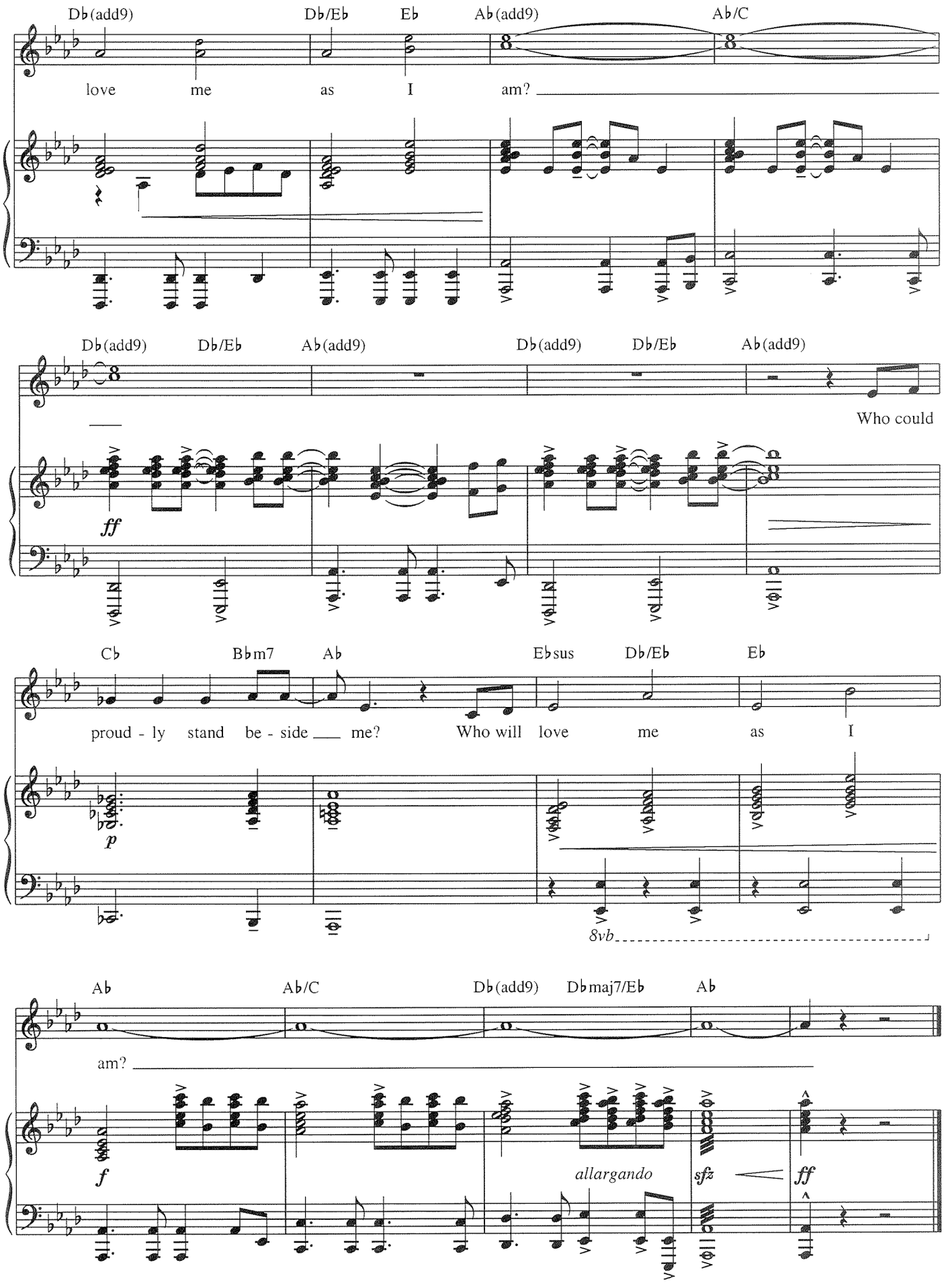

Db(add9) Ab/C Eb/Bb Ab
nored the rag - ing cur - rents, Right a - gainst the tide I swam. But I
Cb(add9) Bbm7 Ab Ebsus Eb Ab
float - ed with the ques - tion Who will love me as I am?
Db(add9) Ab/C Eb/Bb
Like an odd ex - ot - ic crea - ture On dis - play in - side a zoo.
Ab Cm Db Ab/Bb Bb9
Hear-ing chil - dren ask - ing ques - tions Makes me ask some ques-tions too.



*optional duet part


Fm7 Eb Db(add9) Ebsus Eb
me Who will love me as I am? Like a
Db(add9) Ab/C Eb/Bb
clown whose tears cause laugh - ter Trapped in - side the cen - ter ring.
Ab Cm Db(add9) Ab/Bb Bb9
E-ven see - ing smil - ing fac - es I am lone - ly pon - der-ing.
Db/Eb Eb7 Db Db/Eb Ab(add9)
Who would want to join this mad - ness? Who would
poco rall.
mf

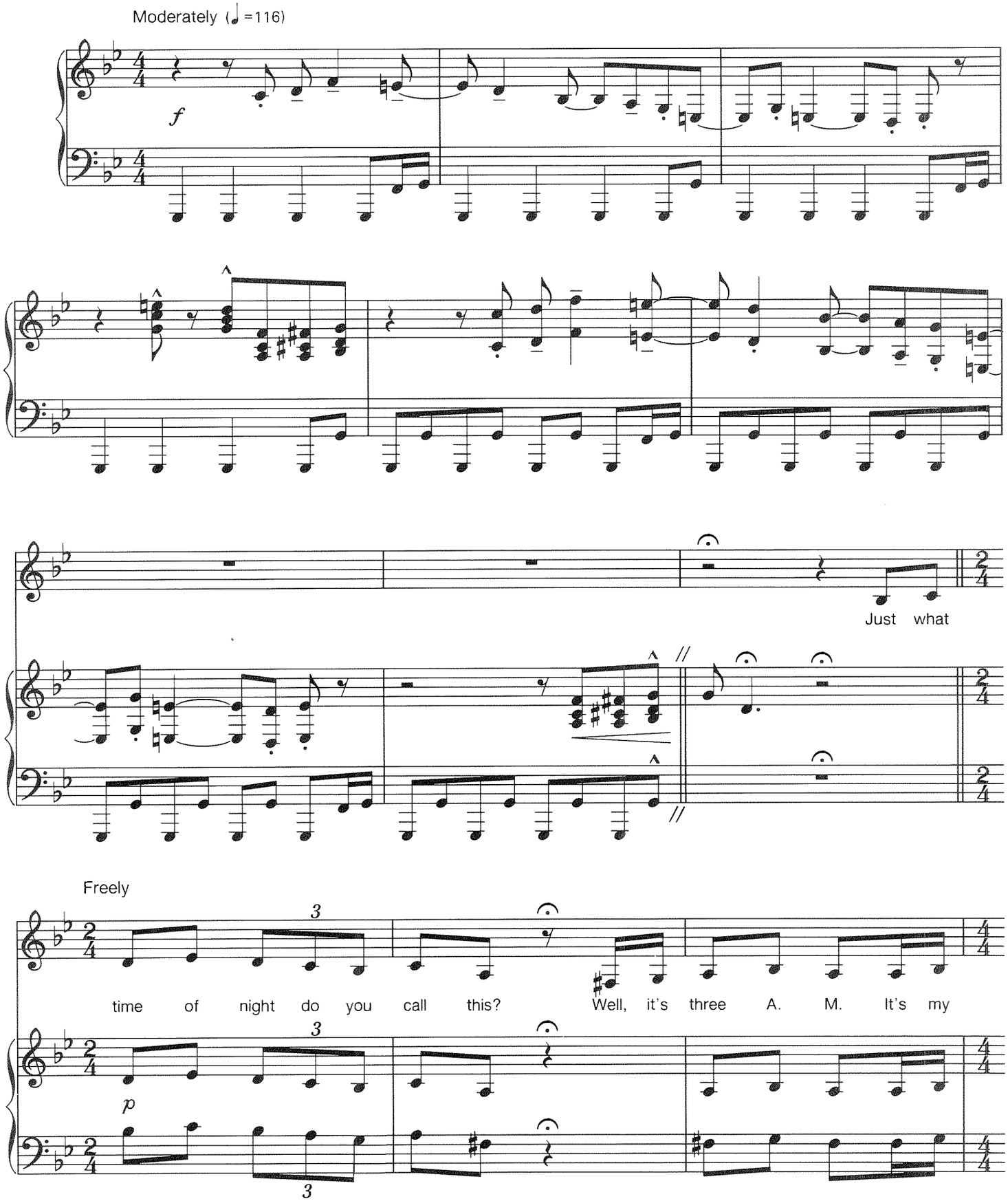

Db(add9) Db/Eb Ab(add9) Cb(add9) Bbm7
change my mon - o - gram? Who will be part of my cir -
Ab Db/Eb Eb
- cus? Who will love me as I am? Who will ev - er
poco rall.
Db(add9) Db/Eb Ab Db(add9) Eb(add9)
call to say "I love you"? Send me flow - ers or a tel - e - gram?
f
Ab(add9) Db(add9) Eb Fm7 Ab/Eb
Who could proud - ly stand be - side me? Who will


Db(add9)
Db/Eb
Eb
Ab(add9)
Ab/C
love me as I am?
Db(add9)
Db/Eb
Ab(add9)
Db(add9)
Db/Eb
Ab(add9)
Who could
ff
Cb
Bbm7
Ab
Ebsus
Db/Eb
Eb
proud - ly stand be - side me? Who will love me as I
p
8vb
Ab
Ab/C
Db(add9)
Dbmaj7/Eb
Ab
am?
f
allargando
sfz
ff

LET ME FINISH

from *Song & Dance*

Words by DON BLACK
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



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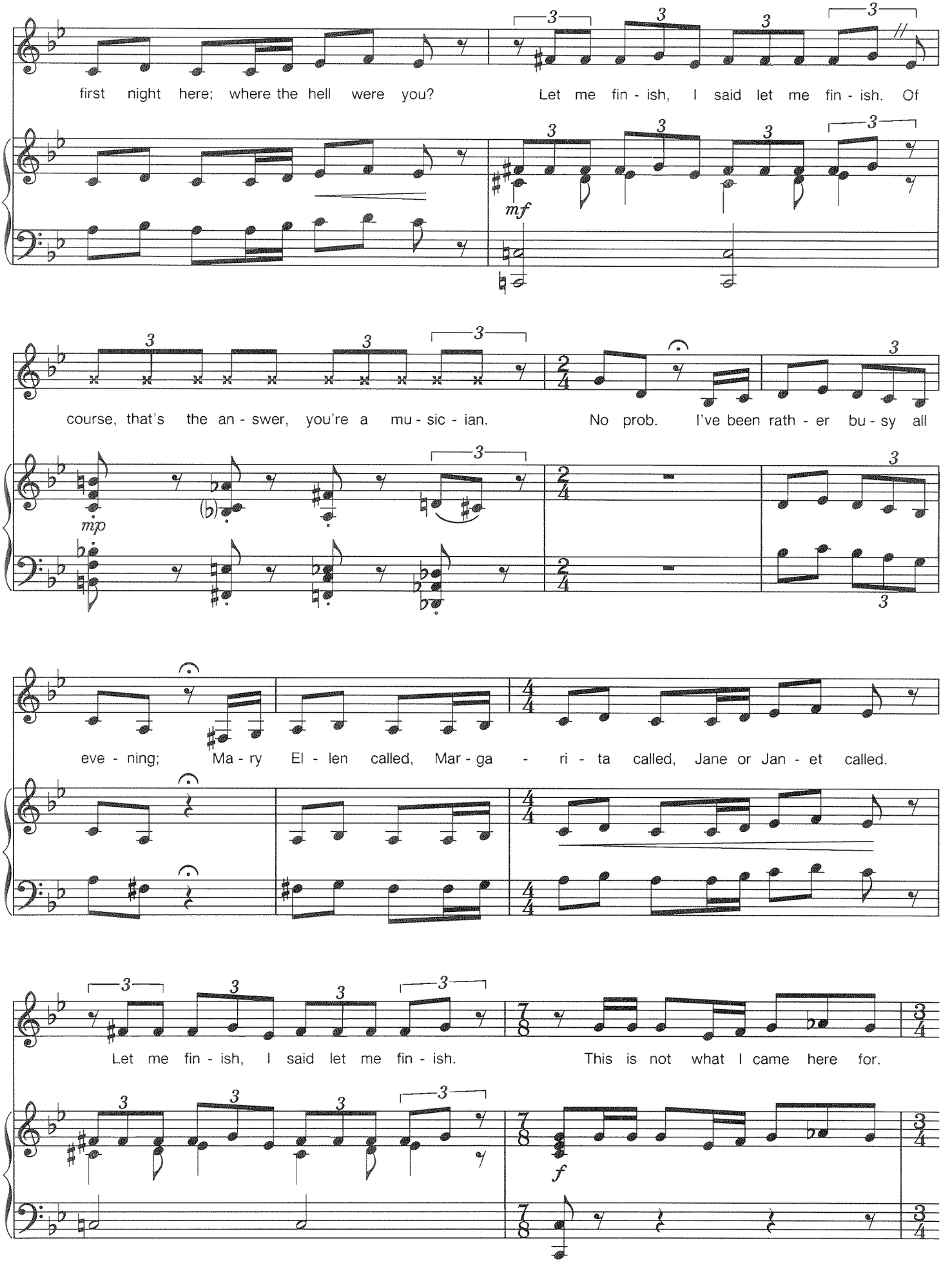
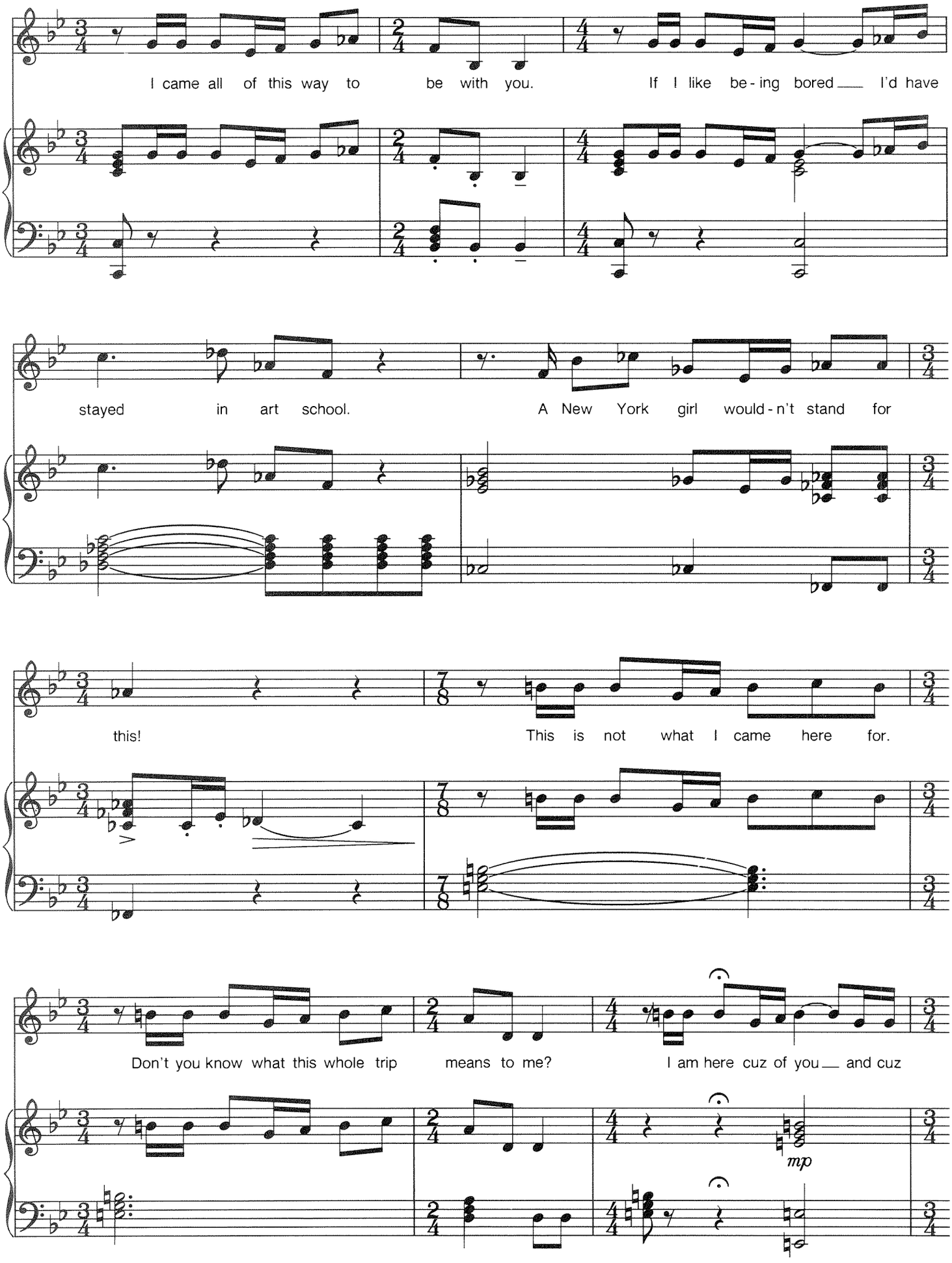
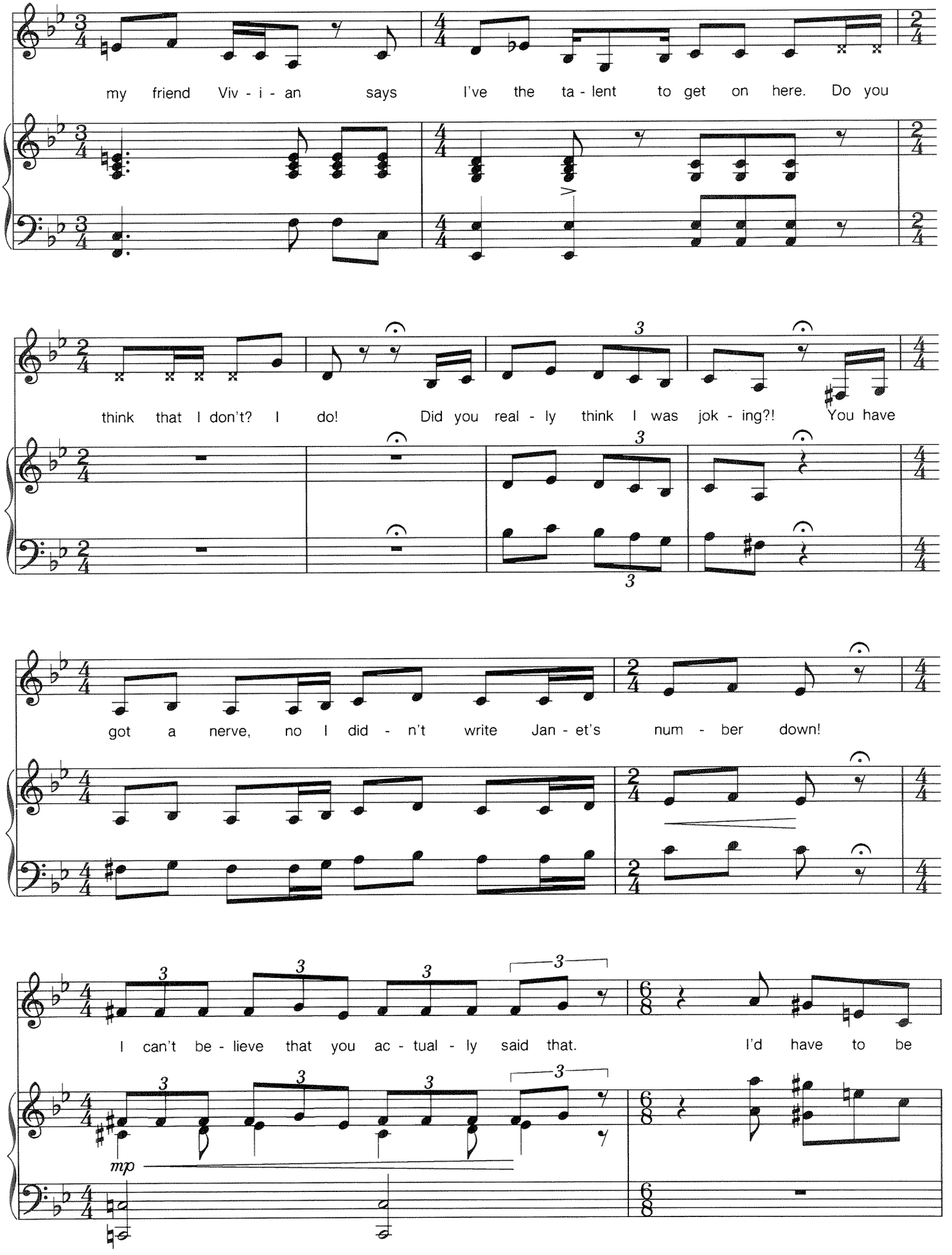
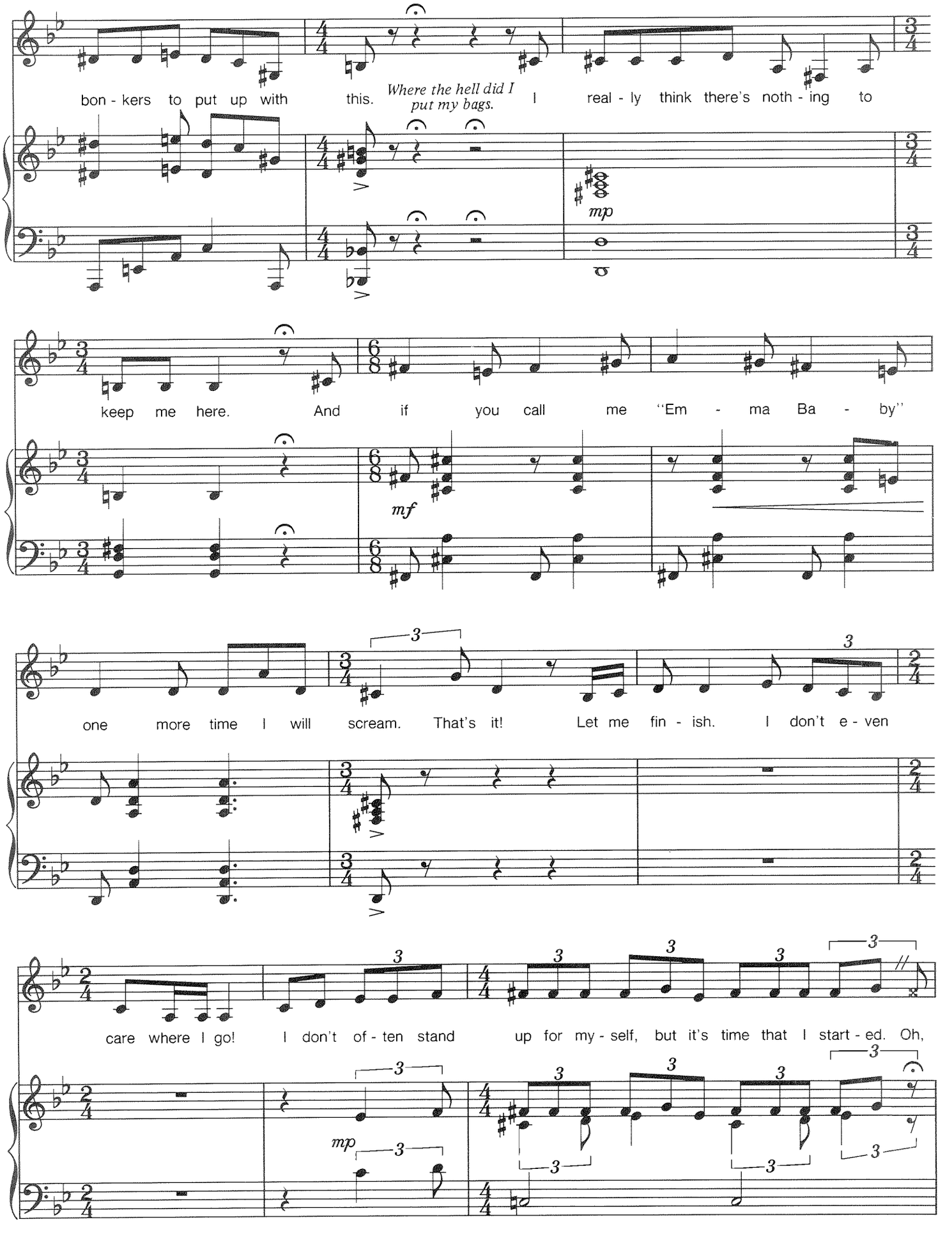
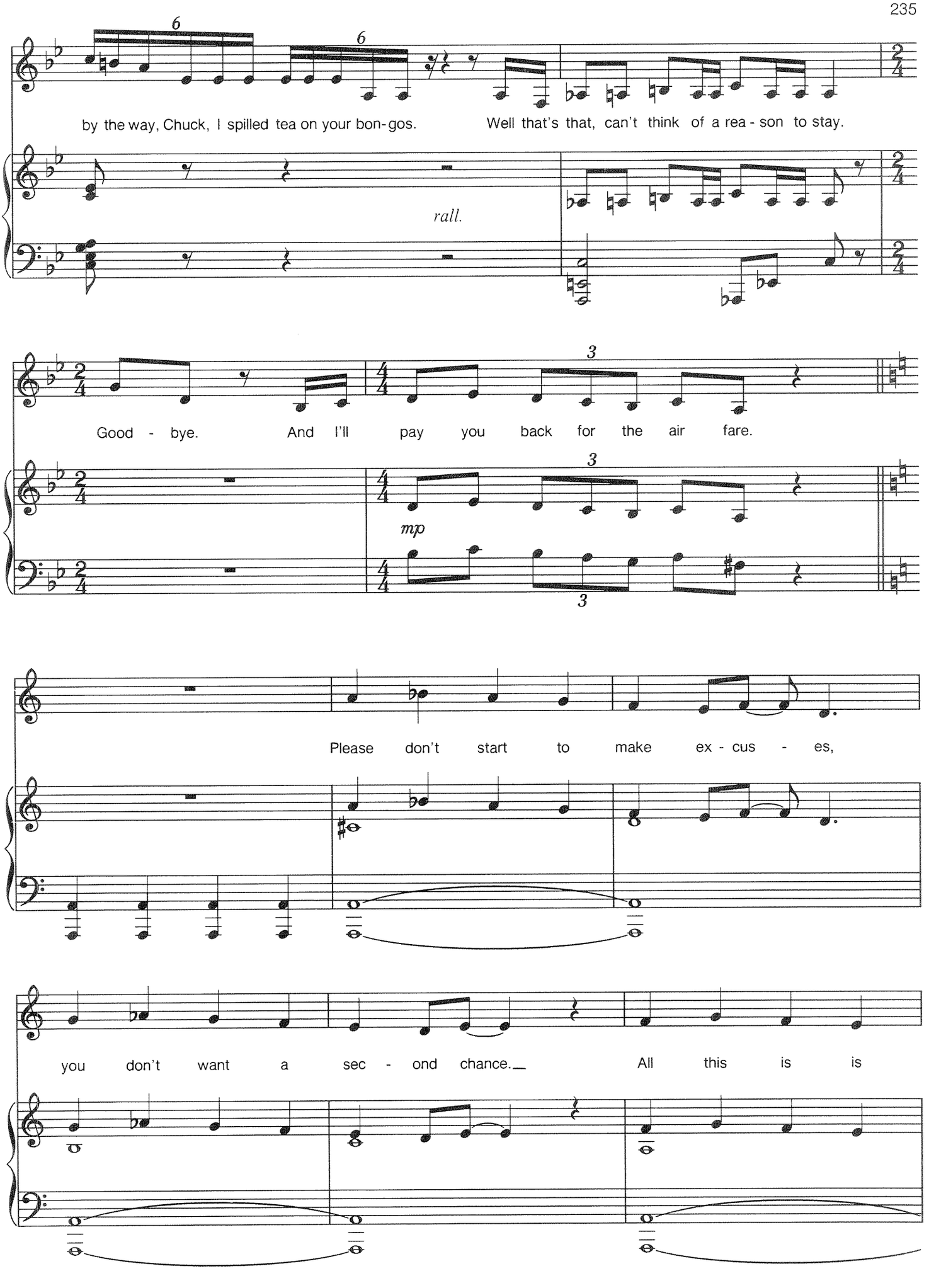
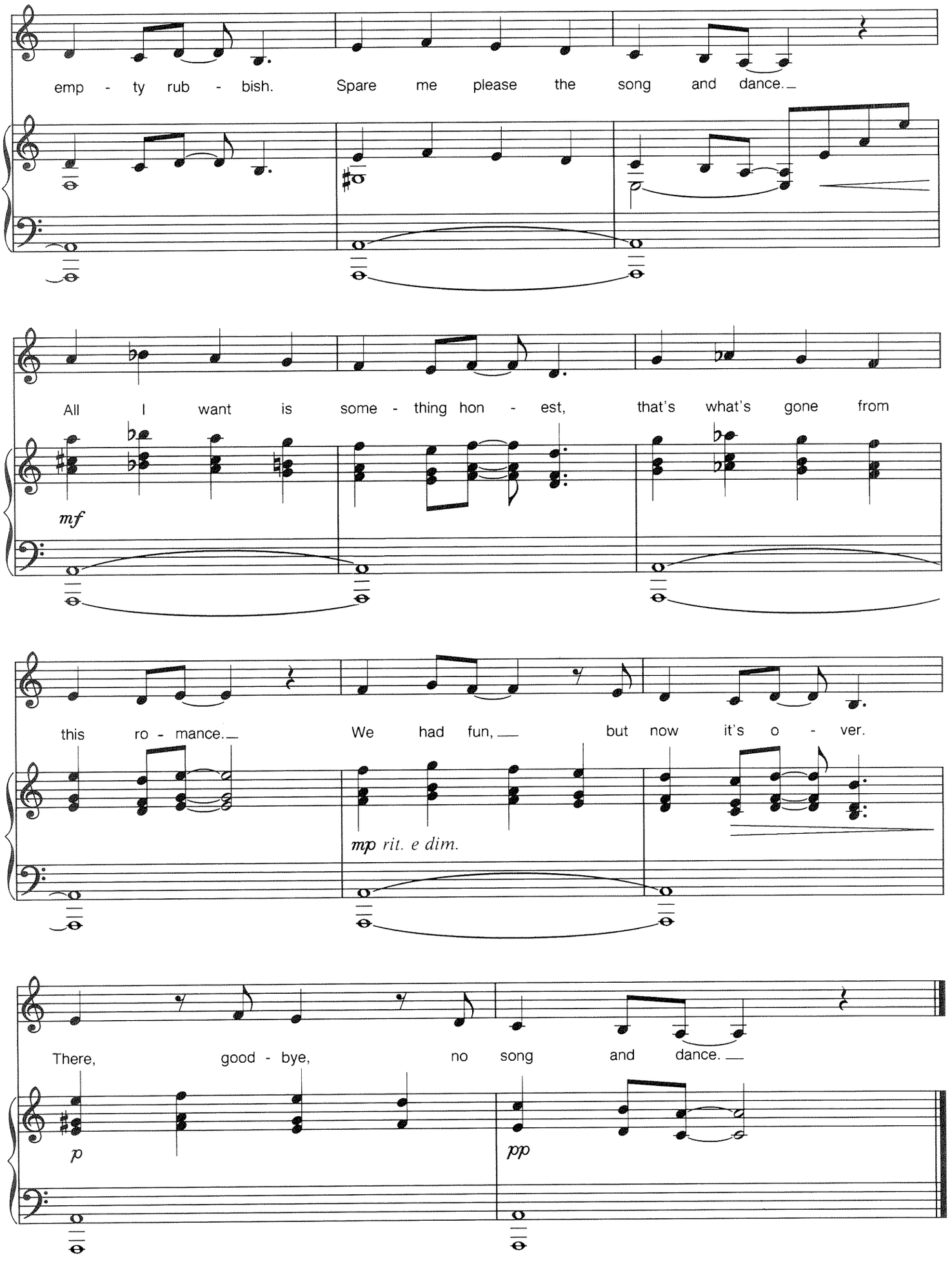

first night here; where the hell were you?
Let me fin - ish, I said let me fin - ish. Of
mf
course, that's the an - swer, you're a mu - sic - ian.
No prob. I've been rath - er bu - sy all
mp
eve - ning; Ma - ry El - len called, Mar - ga - ri - ta called, Jane or Jan - et called.
Let me fin - ish, I said let me fin - ish.
This is not what I came here for.
f


I came all of this way to be with you.
If I like be-ing bored I'd have
stayed in art school.
A New York girl would-n't stand for
this!
This is not what I came here for.
Don't you know what this whole trip means to me?
I am here cuz of you and cuz
mp


my friend Viv - i - an says I've the ta - lent to get on here. Do you
think that I don't? I do! Did you real - ly think I was jok - ing?! You have
got a nerve, no I did - n't write Jan - et's num - ber down!
I can't be - lieve that you ac - tual - ly said that. I'd have to be
mp


bon - kers to put up with this.
Where the hell did I put my bags.
I real - ly think there's noth - ing to
mp
keep me here. And if you call me "Em - ma Ba - by"
mf
one more time I will scream. That's it! Let me fin - ish. I don't e - ven
care where I go! I don't of - ten stand up for my - self, but it's time that I start - ed. Oh,
mp

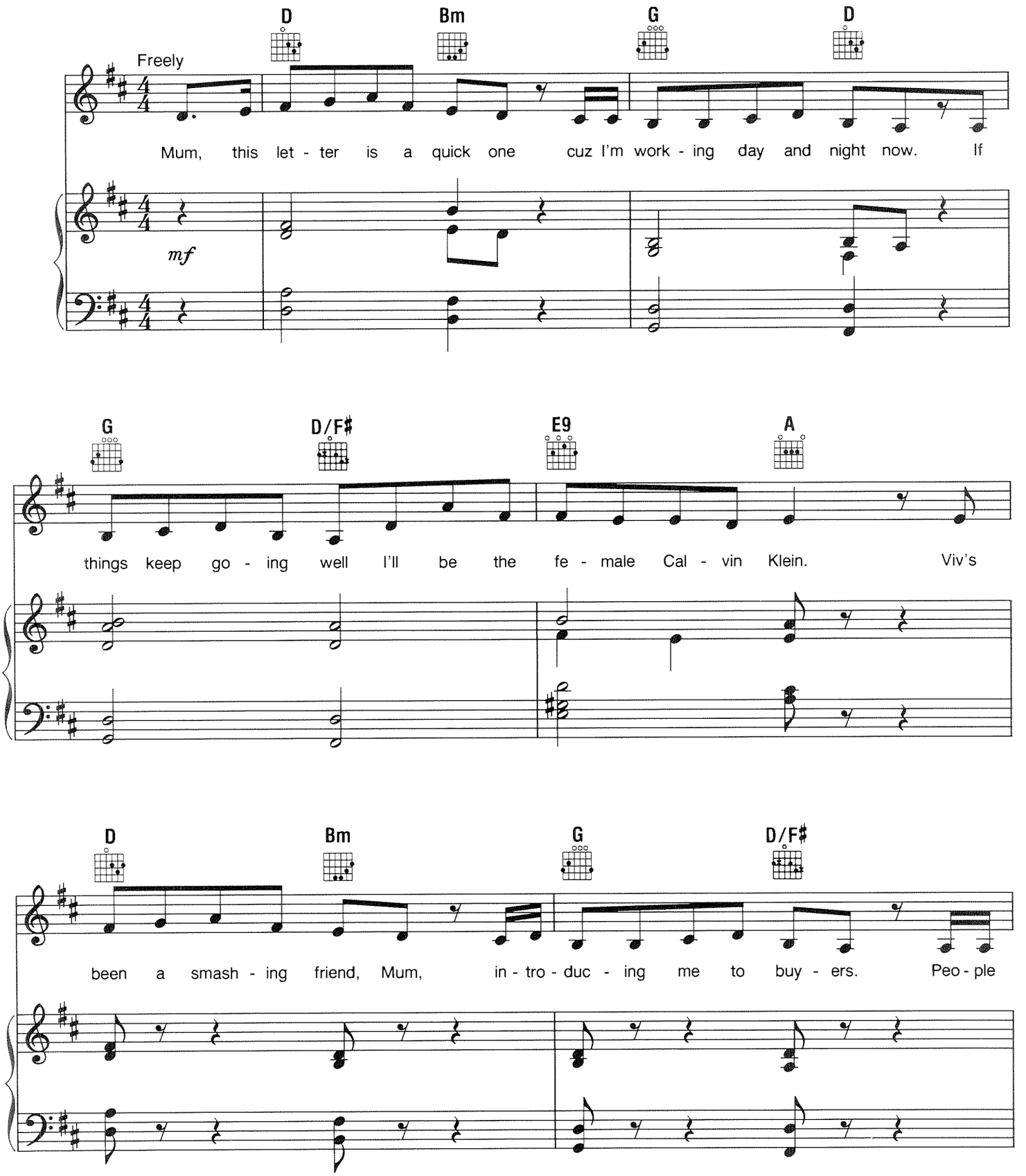

by the way, Chuck, I spilled tea on your bon-gos.
Well that's that, can't think of a rea - son to stay.
rall.
Good - bye.
And I'll pay you back for the air fare.
mp
Please don't start to make ex - cus - es,
you don't want a sec - ond chance.
All this is is


emp - ty rub - bish. Spare me please the song and dance.
All I want is some - thing hon - est, that's what's gone from
mf
this ro - mance. We had fun, but now it's o - ver.
mp rit. e dim.
There, good - bye, no song and dance.
p
pp

THIRD LETTER HOME

from *Song & Dance*

Words by DON BLACK
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



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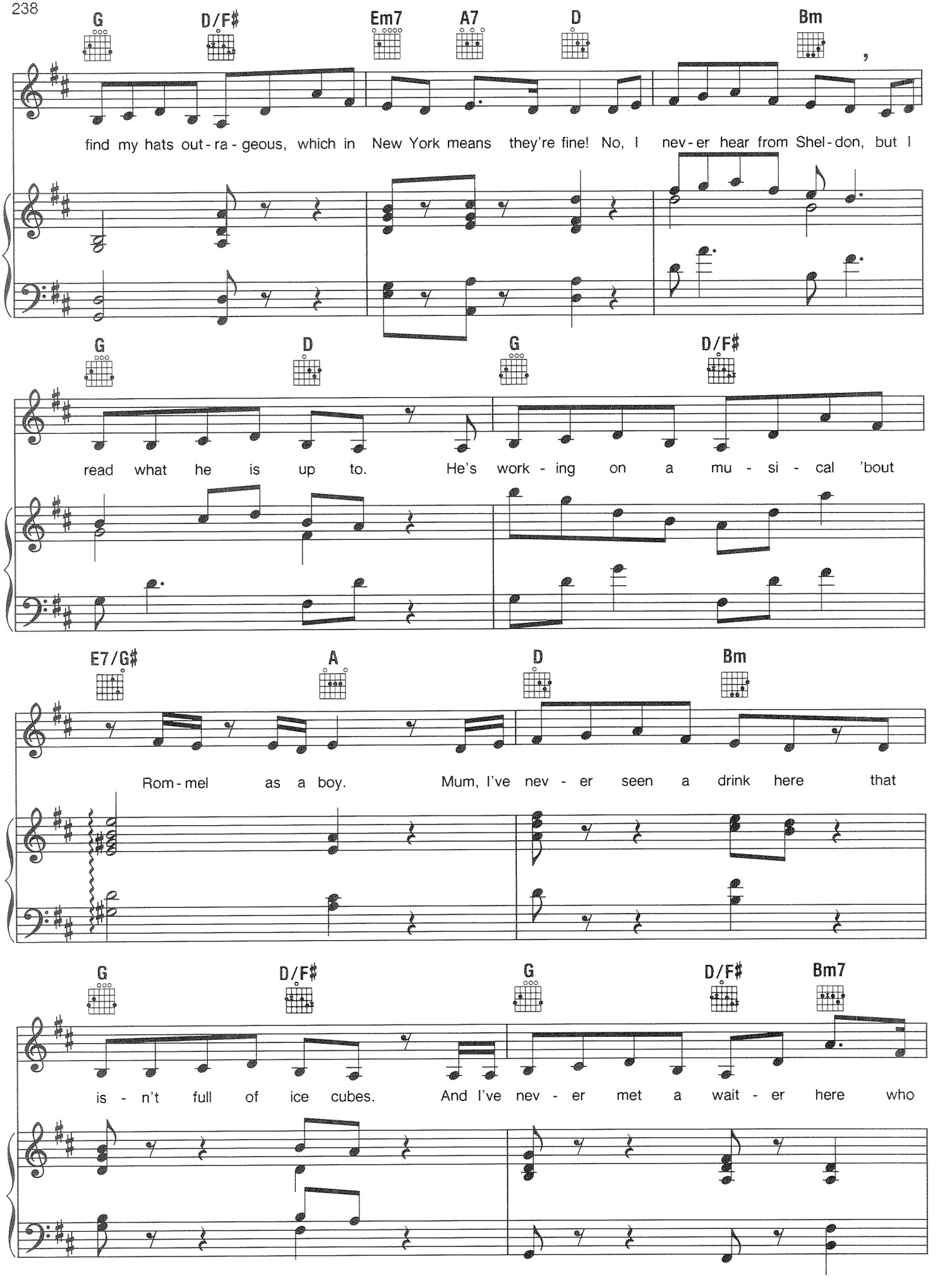
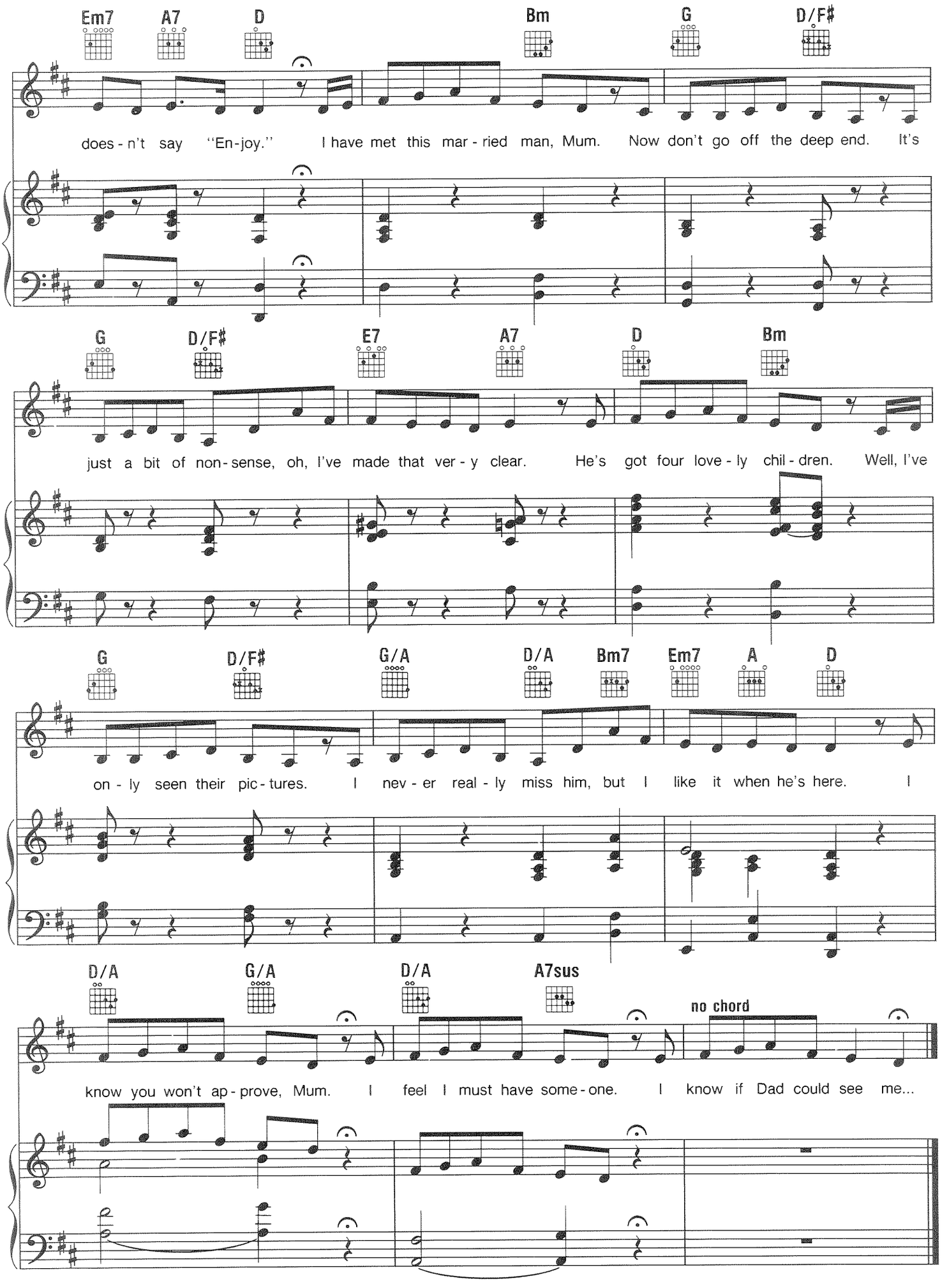
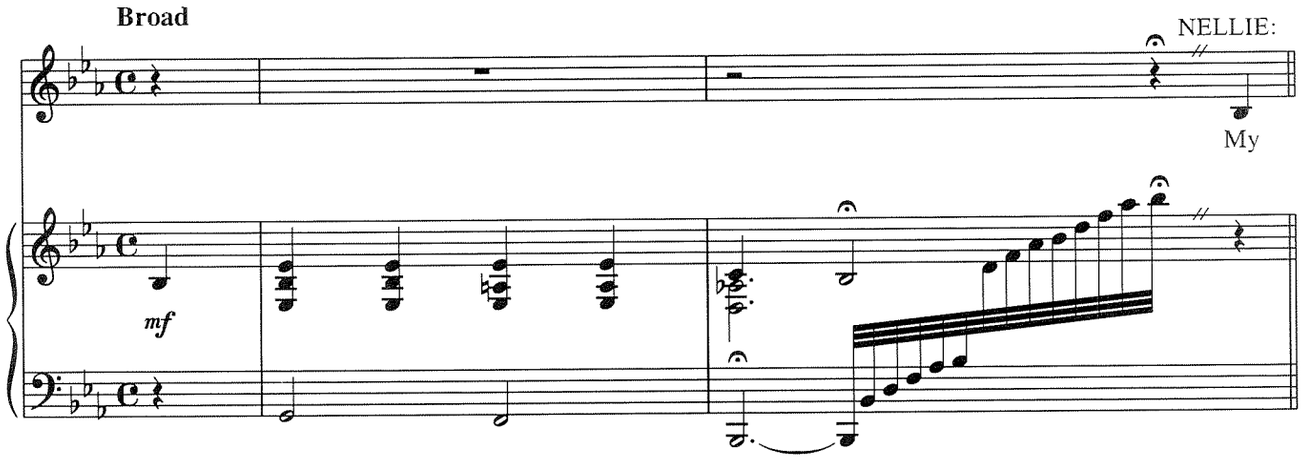

G D/F♯ Em7 A7 D Bm
find my hats out - ra - geous, which in New York means they're fine! No, I nev - er hear from Shel - don, but I
G D G D/F♯
read what he is up to. He's work - ing on a mu - si - cal 'bout
E7/G♯ A D Bm
Rom - mel as a boy. Mum, I've nev - er seen a drink here that
G D/F♯ G D/F♯ Bm7
is - n't full of ice cubes. And I've nev - er met a wait - er here who

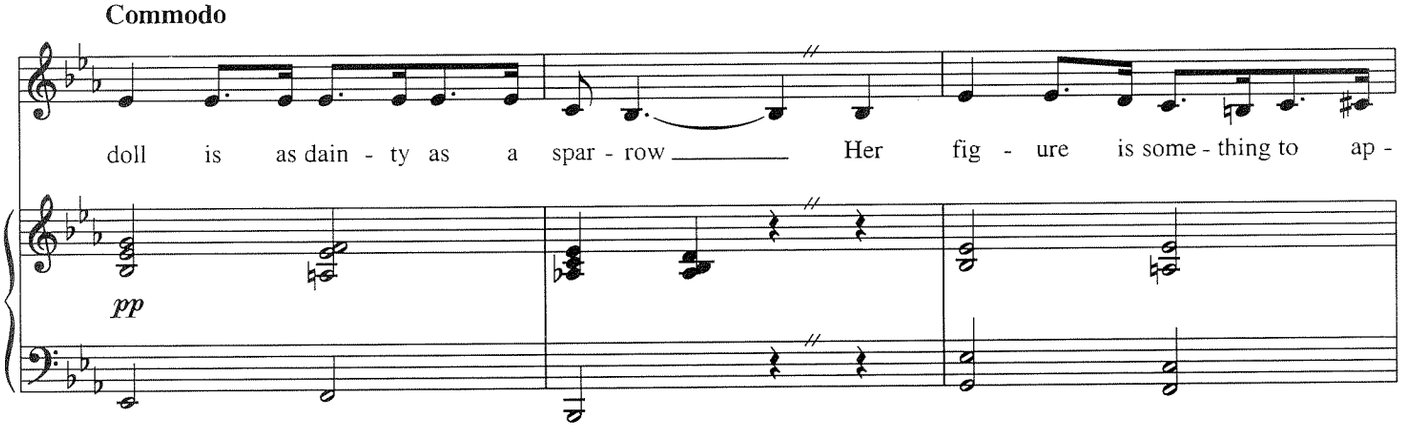

Em7 A7 D Bm G D/F♯
does - n't say "En - joy." I have met this mar - ried man, Mum. Now don't go off the deep end. It's
G D/F♯ E7 A7 D Bm
just a bit of non - sense, oh, I've made that ver - y clear. He's got four love - ly chil - dren. Well, I've
G D/F♯ G/A D/A Bm7 Em7 A D
on - ly seen their pic - tures. I nev - er real - ly miss him, but I like it when he's here. I
D/A G/A D/A A7sus
no chord
know you won't ap - prove, Mum. I feel I must have some - one. I know if Dad could see me...

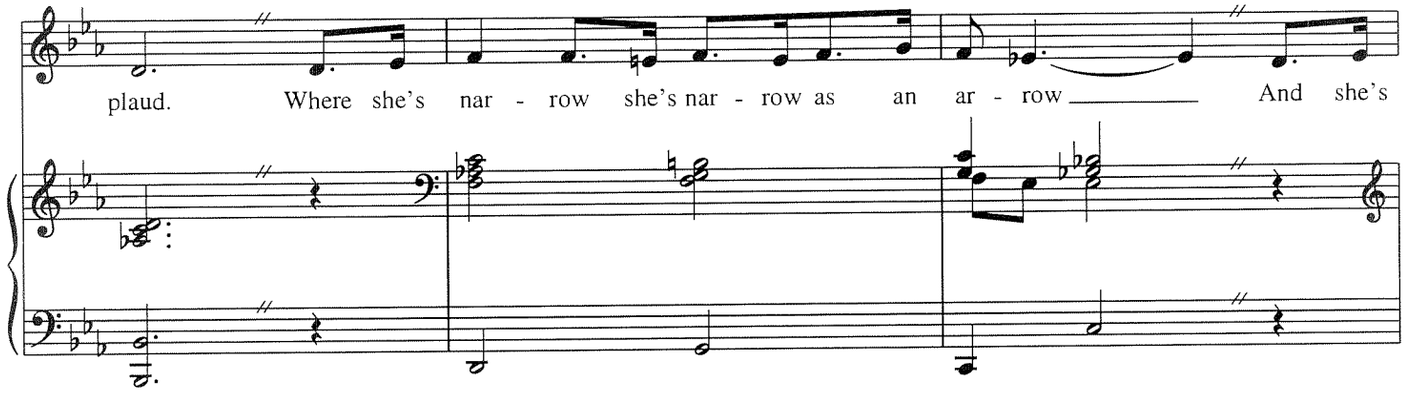
HONEY BUN

from *South Pacific*

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS







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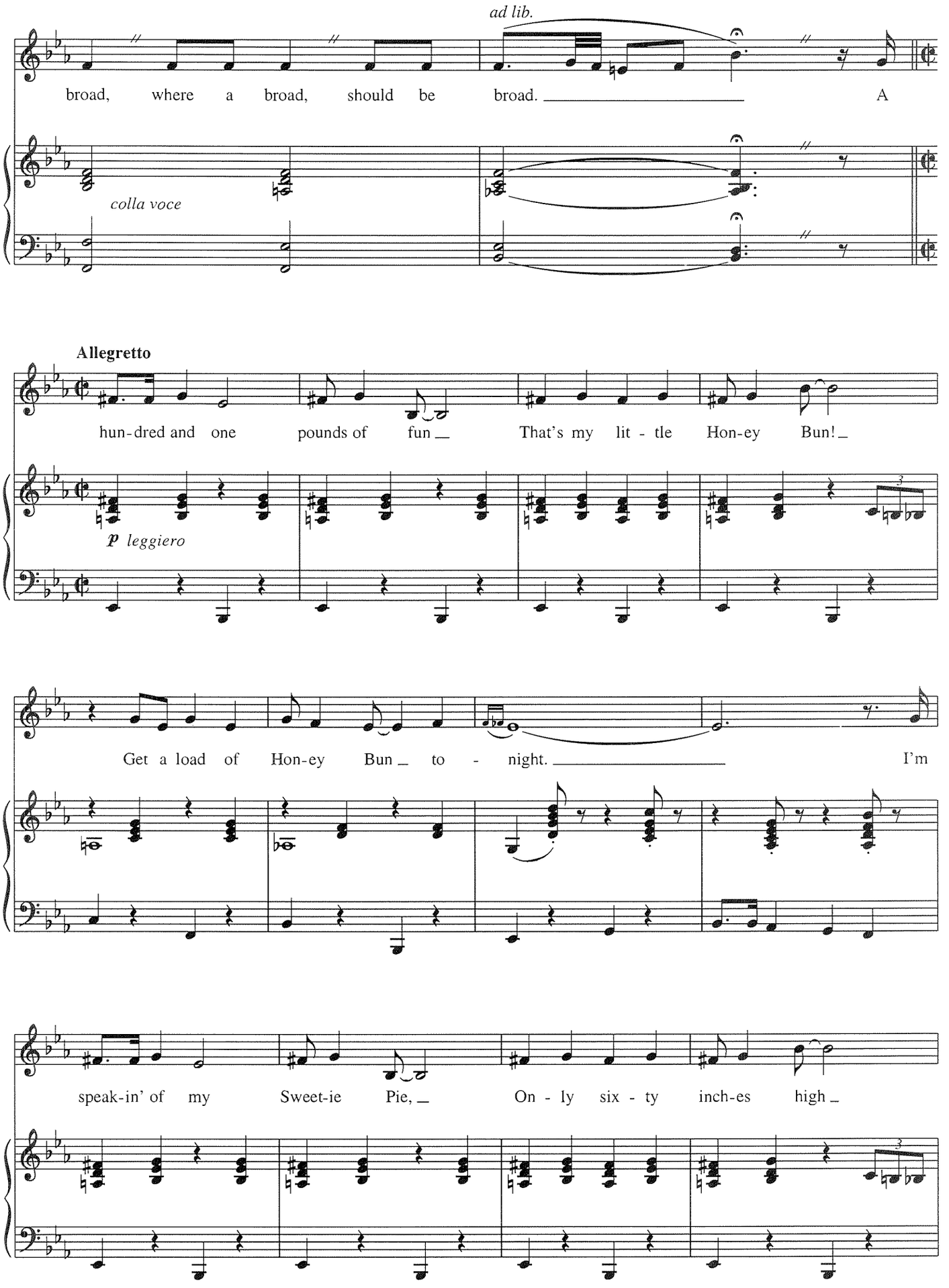
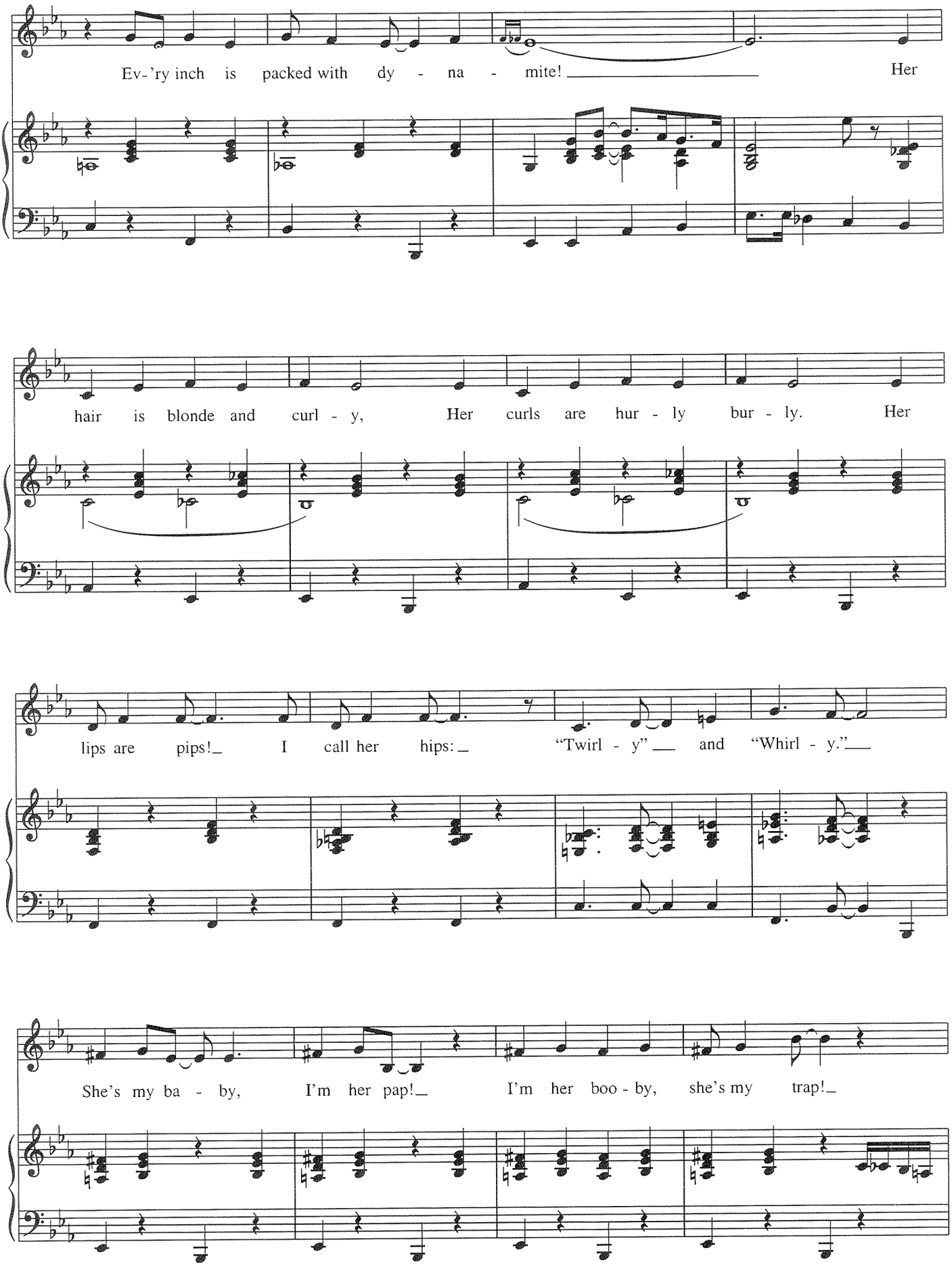
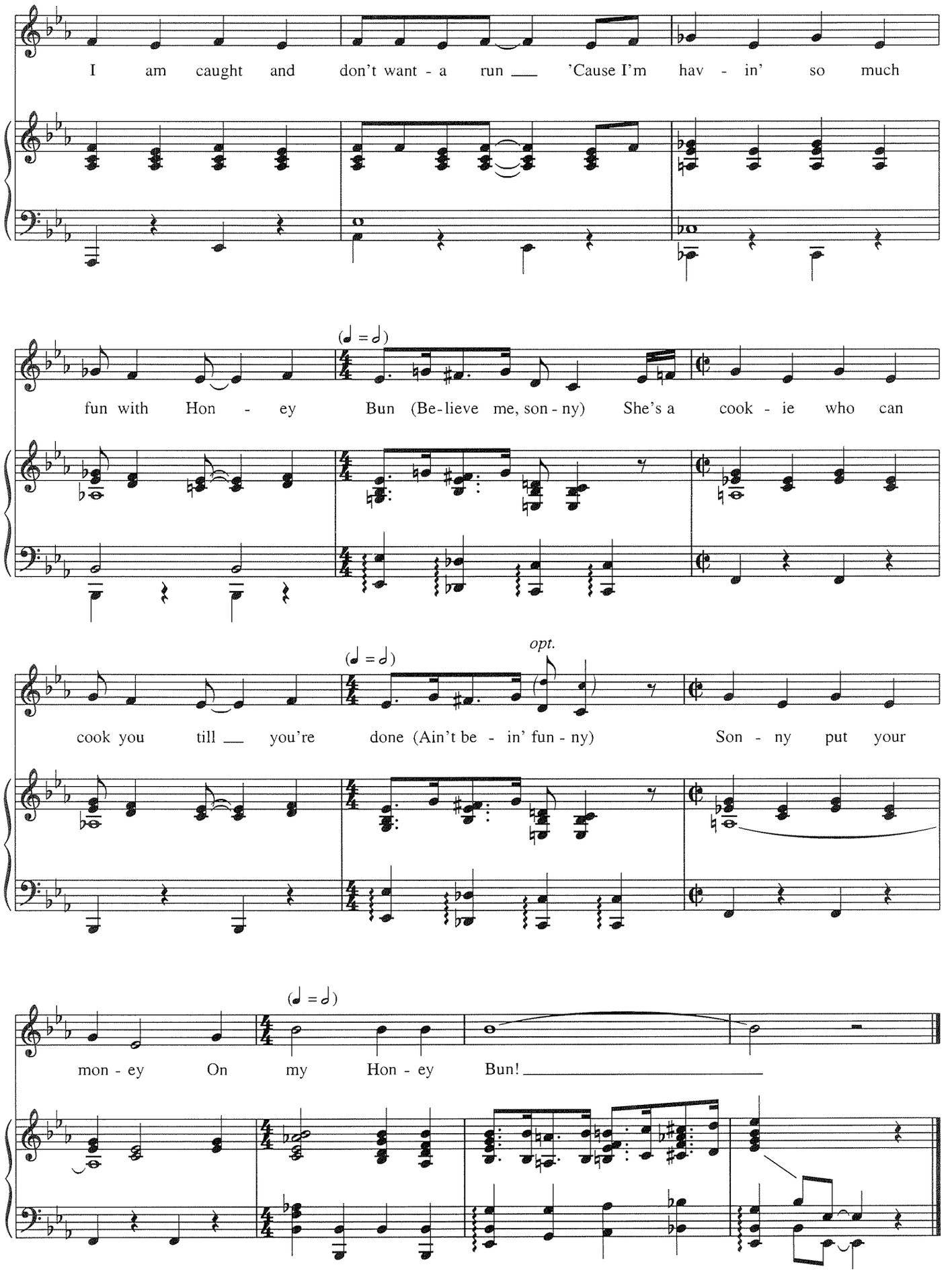

ad lib.
broad, where a broad, should be broad. A
colla voce
Allegretto
hun-dred and one pounds of fun That's my lit - tle Hon-ey Bun!
p leggiero
Get a load of Hon-ey Bun to - night. I'm
speak-in' of my Sweet-ie Pie, On - ly six - ty inch-es high

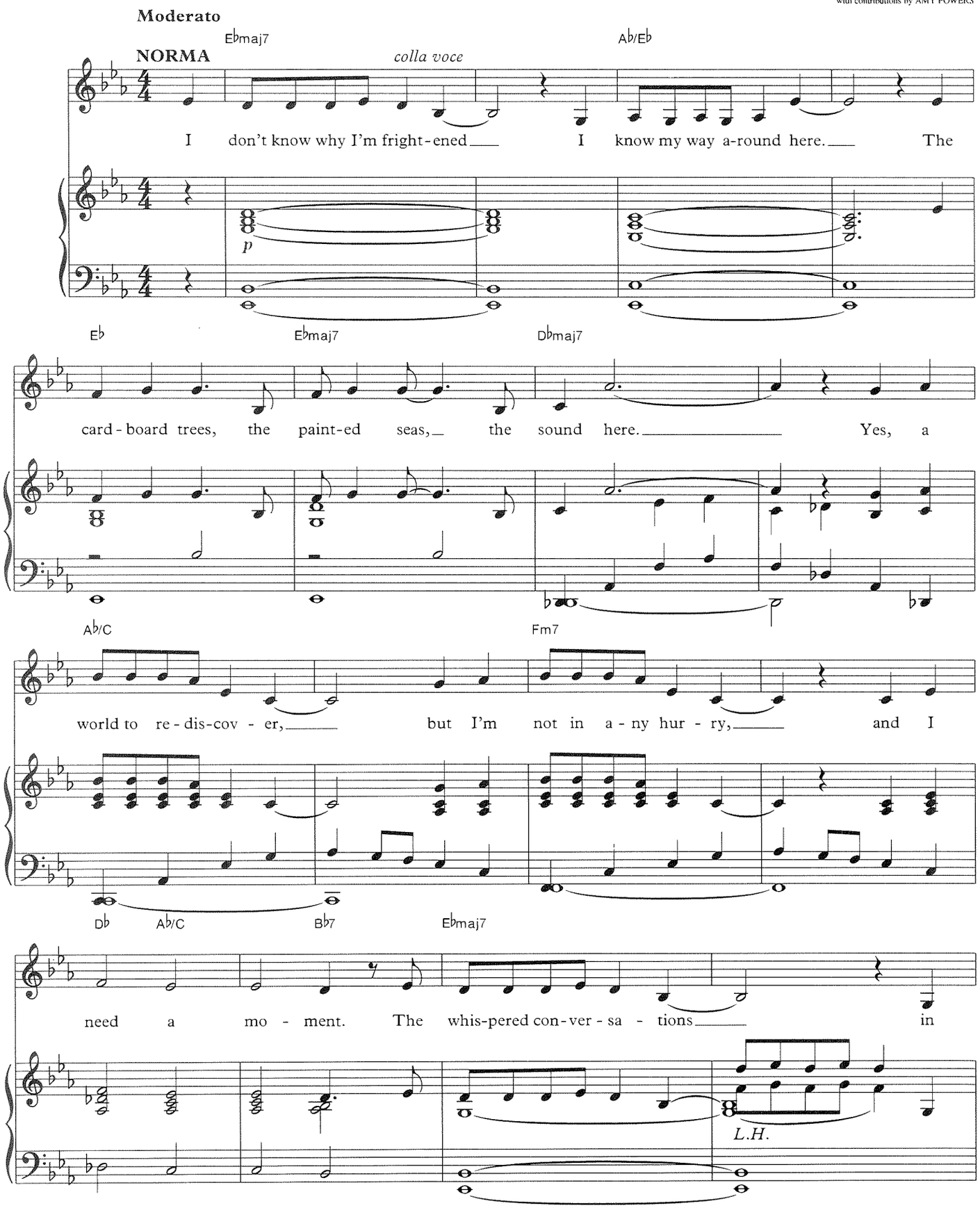

Ev-'ry inch is packed with dy - na - mite! Her
hair is blonde and curl - y, Her curls are hur - ly bur - ly. Her
lips are pips! I call her hips: "Twirl - y" and "Whirl - y."
She's my ba - by, I'm her pap! I'm her boo - by, she's my trap!


I am caught and don't want - a run 'Cause I'm hav - in' so much
(♩ = ♪)
fun with Hon - ey Bun (Be-lieve me, son - ny) She's a cook - ie who can
(♩ = ♪)
opt.
cook you till you're done (Ain't be - in' fun - ny) Son - ny put your
(♩ = ♪)
mon - ey On my Hon - ey Bun!

AS IF WE NEVER SAID GOODBYE

from *Sunset Boulevard*

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



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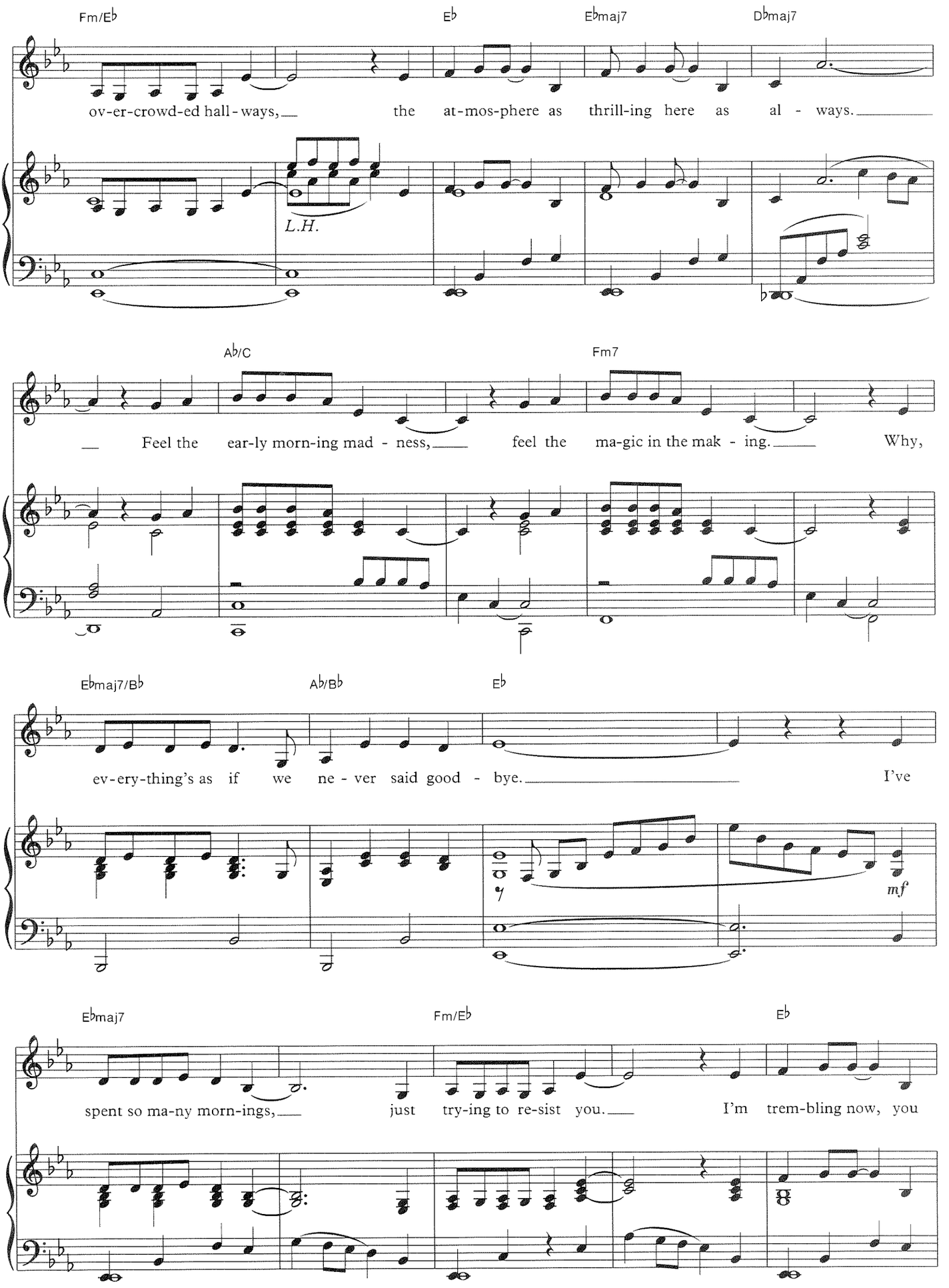
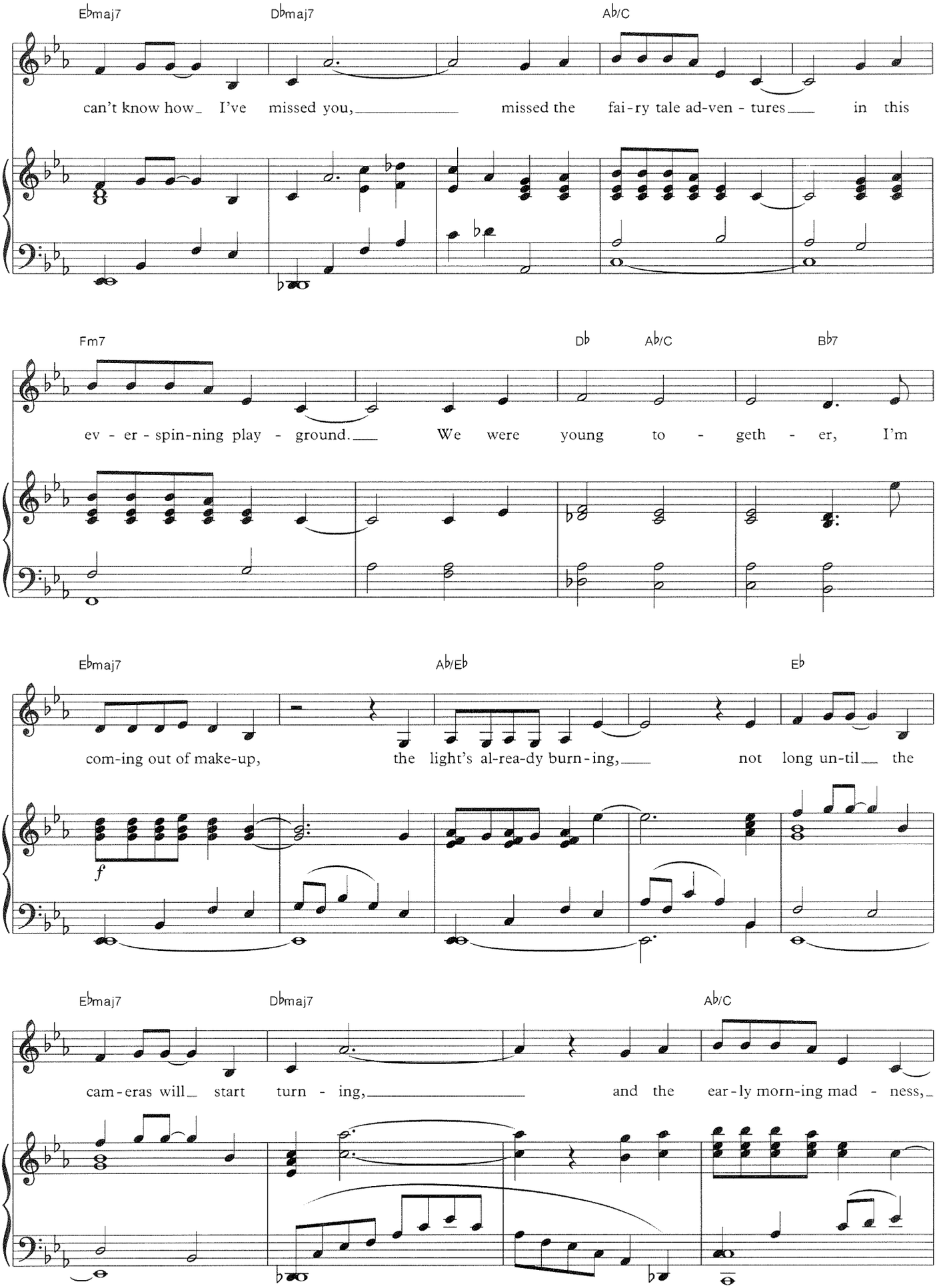
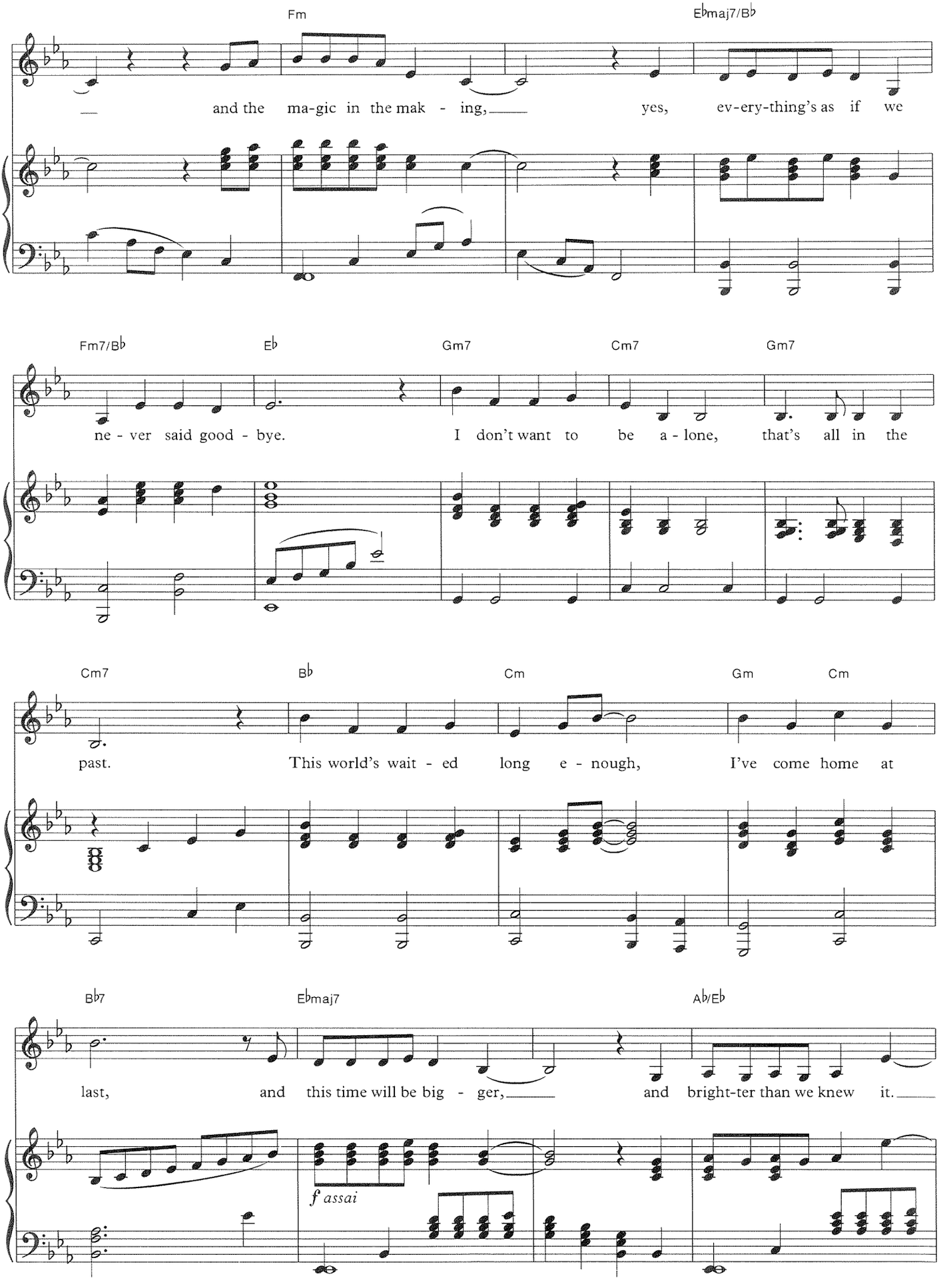
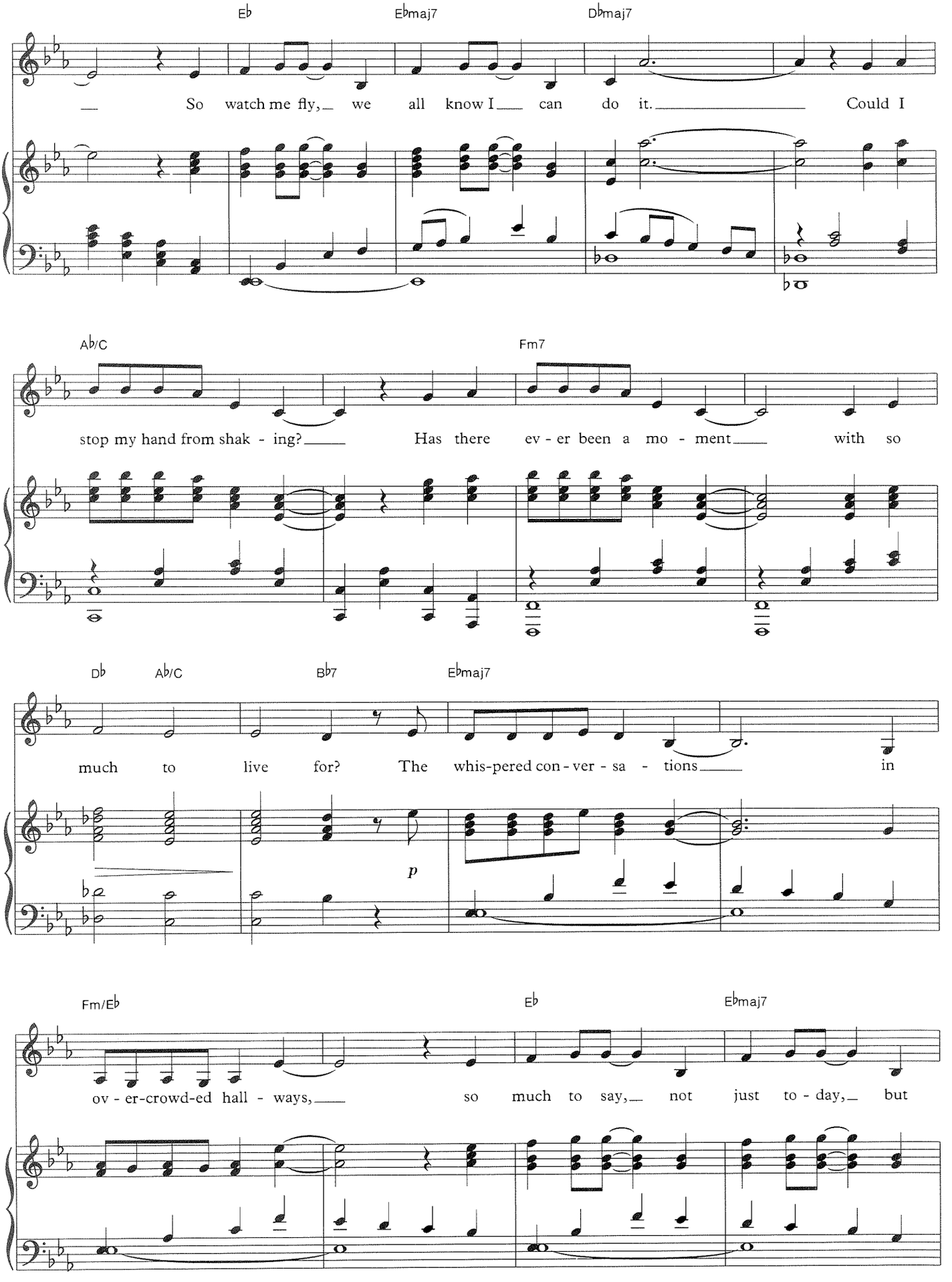
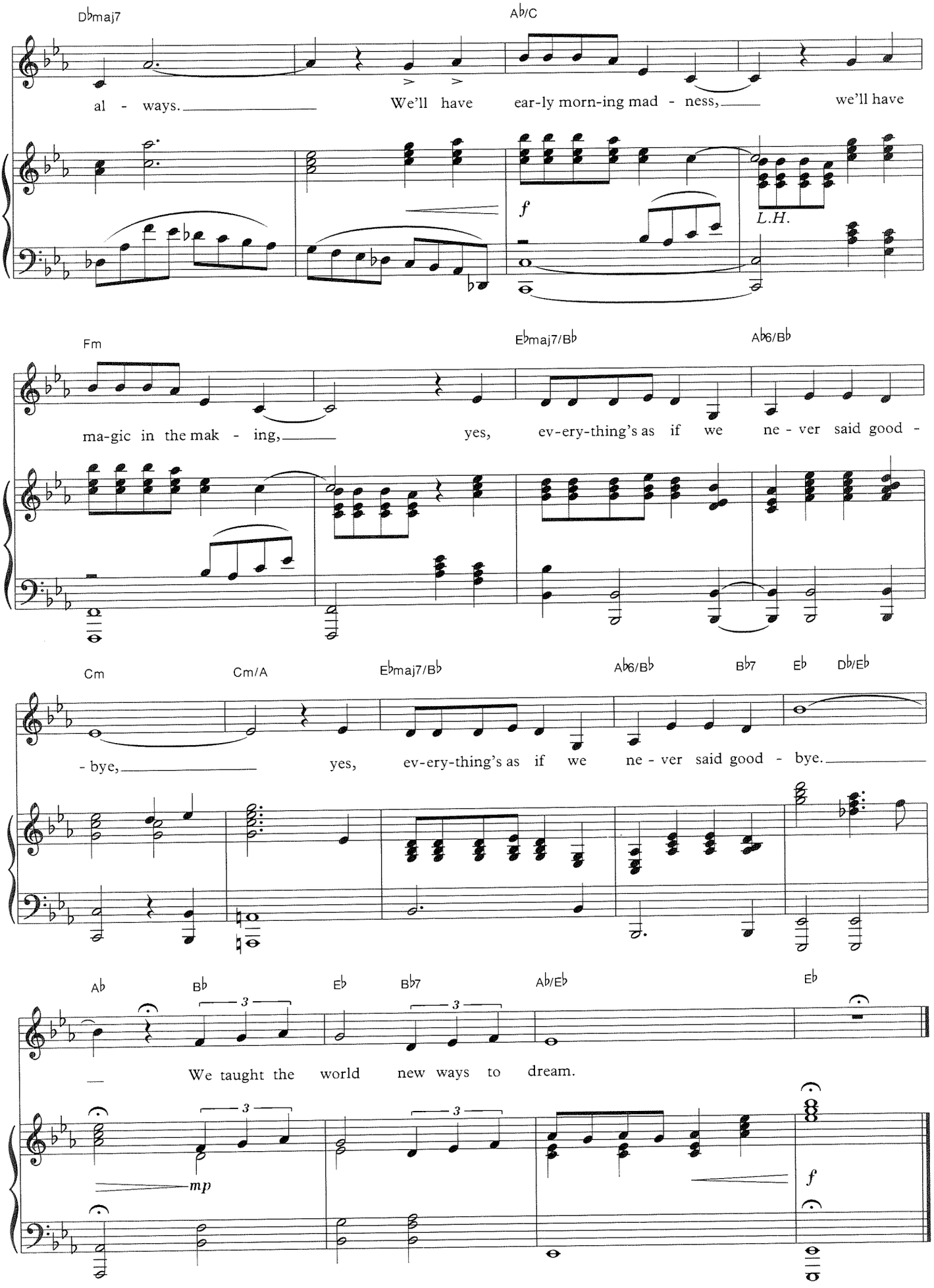

Fm/E♭
E♭
E♭maj7
D♭maj7
ov-er-crowd-ed hall-ways, the at-mos-phere as thrill-ing here as al - ways.
L.H.
A♭/C
Fm7
Feel the ear-ly morn-ing mad - ness, feel the ma-gic in the mak - ing. Why,
E♭maj7/B♭
A♭/B♭
E♭
ev-ery-thing's as if we ne - ver said good - bye. I've
mf
E♭maj7
Fm/E♭
E♭
spent so ma-ny morn-ings, just try-ing to re-sist you. I'm trem-bling now, you


E♭maj7
D♭maj7
A♭/C
can't know how_ I've missed you,___ missed the fai-ry tale ad-ven - tures___ in this
Fm7
D♭
A♭/C
B♭7
ev - er - spin-ning play - ground.___ We were young to - geth - er, I'm
E♭maj7
A♭/E♭
E♭
com-ing out of make-up, the light's al-rea-dy burn-ing,___ not long un-til___ the
f
E♭maj7
D♭maj7
A♭/C
cam-eras will_ start turn - ing,___ and the ear-ly morn-ing mad - ness,_


Fm
E♭maj7/B♭
and the ma-gic in the mak - ing, yes, ev-ery-thing's as if we
Fm7/B♭
E♭
Gm7
Cm7
Gm7
ne - ver said good - bye. I don't want to be a - lone, that's all in the
Cm7
B♭
Cm
Gm
Cm
past. This world's wait - ed long e - nough, I've come home at
B♭7
E♭maj7
A♭/E♭
last, and this time will be big - ger, and bright-ter than we knew it.
f assai


Eb
Ebmaj7
Dbmaj7
So watch me fly, we all know I can do it. Could I
Ab/C
Fm7
stop my hand from shak - ing? Has there ev - er been a mo - ment with so
Db
Ab/C
Bb7
Ebmaj7
much to live for? The whis-pered con - ver - sa - tions in
p
Fm/Eb
Eb
Ebmaj7
ov - er-crowd-ed hall - ways, so much to say, not just to - day, but

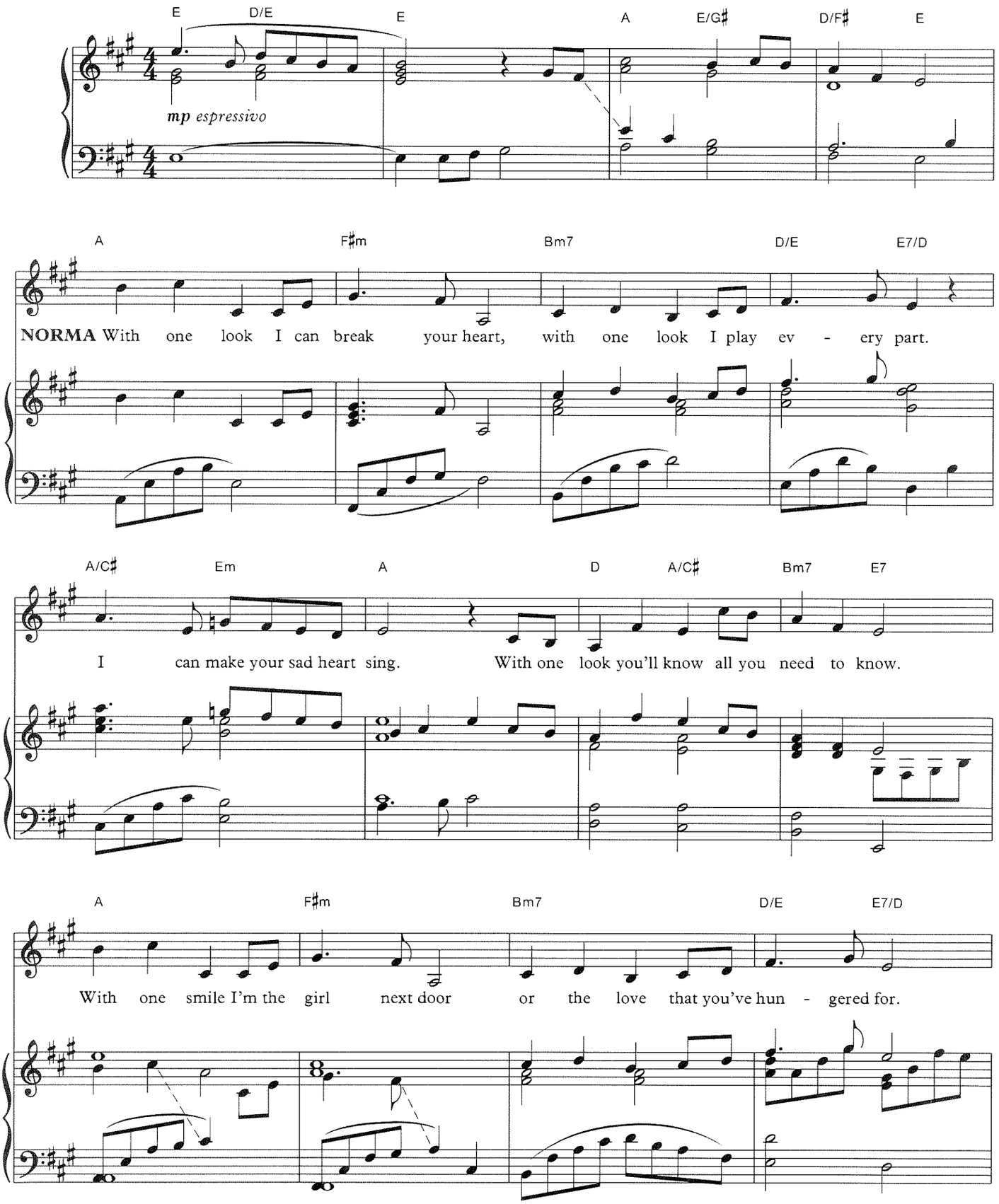

Dbmaj7
Ab/C
al - ways.
We'll have ear-ly morn-ing mad - ness,
we'll have
f
L.H.
Fm
Ebmaj7/Bb
Ab6/Bb
ma-gic in the mak - ing,
yes, ev-ery-thing's as if we ne - ver said good -
Cm
Cm/A
Ebmaj7/Bb
Ab6/Bb
Bb7
Eb
Db/Eb
- bye,
yes, ev-ery-thing's as if we ne - ver said good - bye.
Ab
Bb
Eb
Bb7
Ab/Eb
Eb
We taught the world new ways to dream.
3
mp
f

WITH ONE LOOK

from *Sunset Boulevard*

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

Lento moderato



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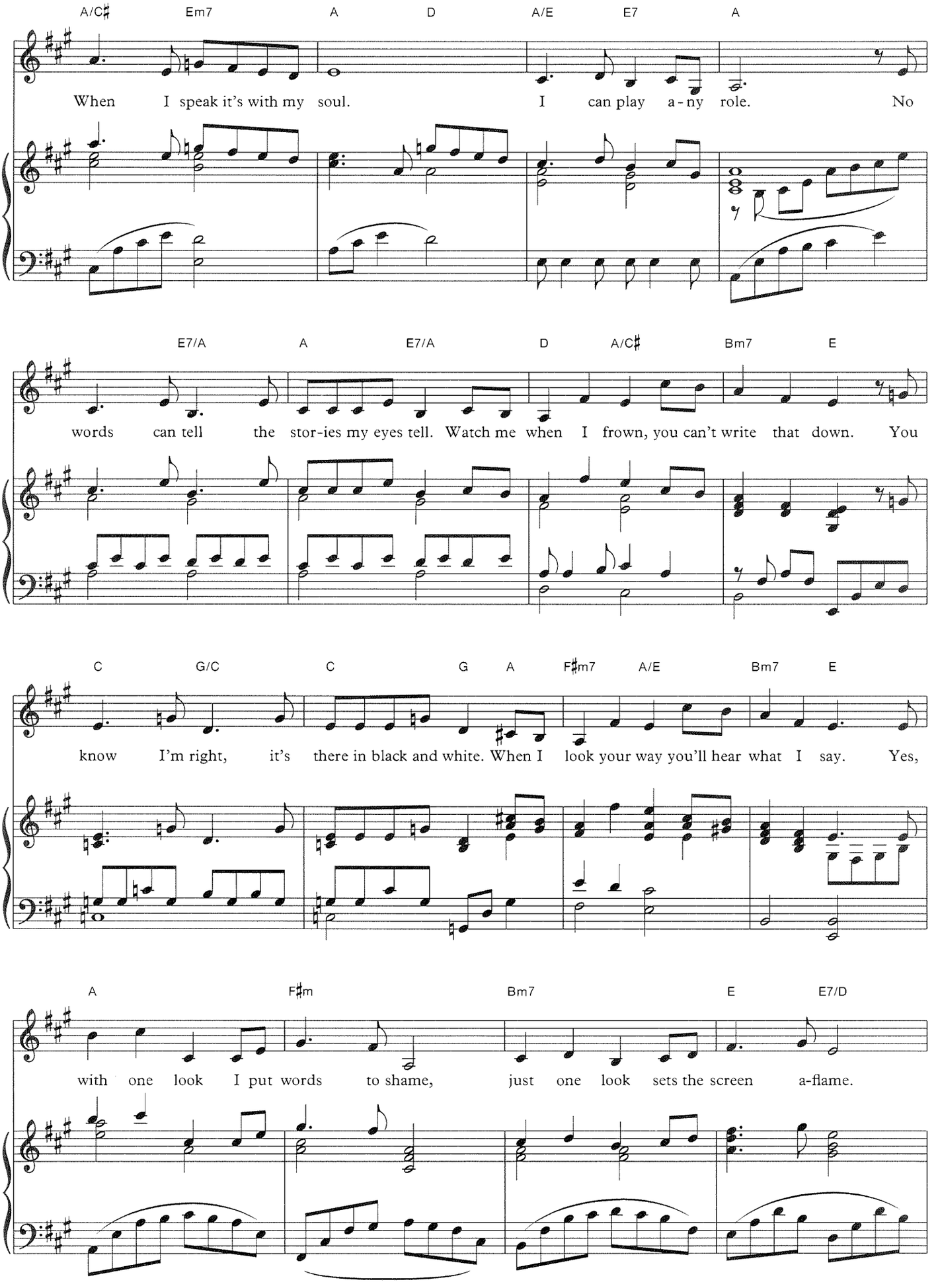
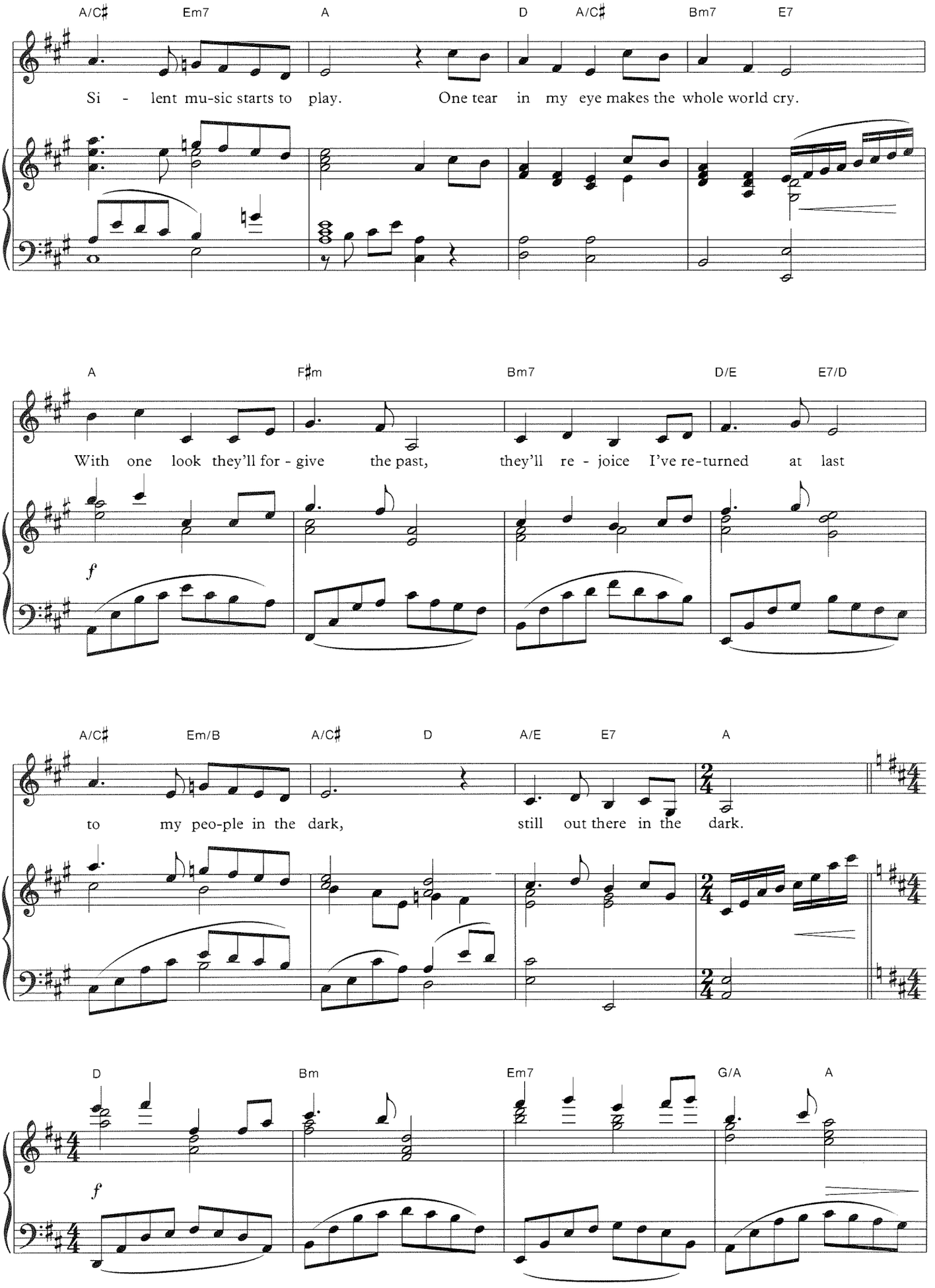
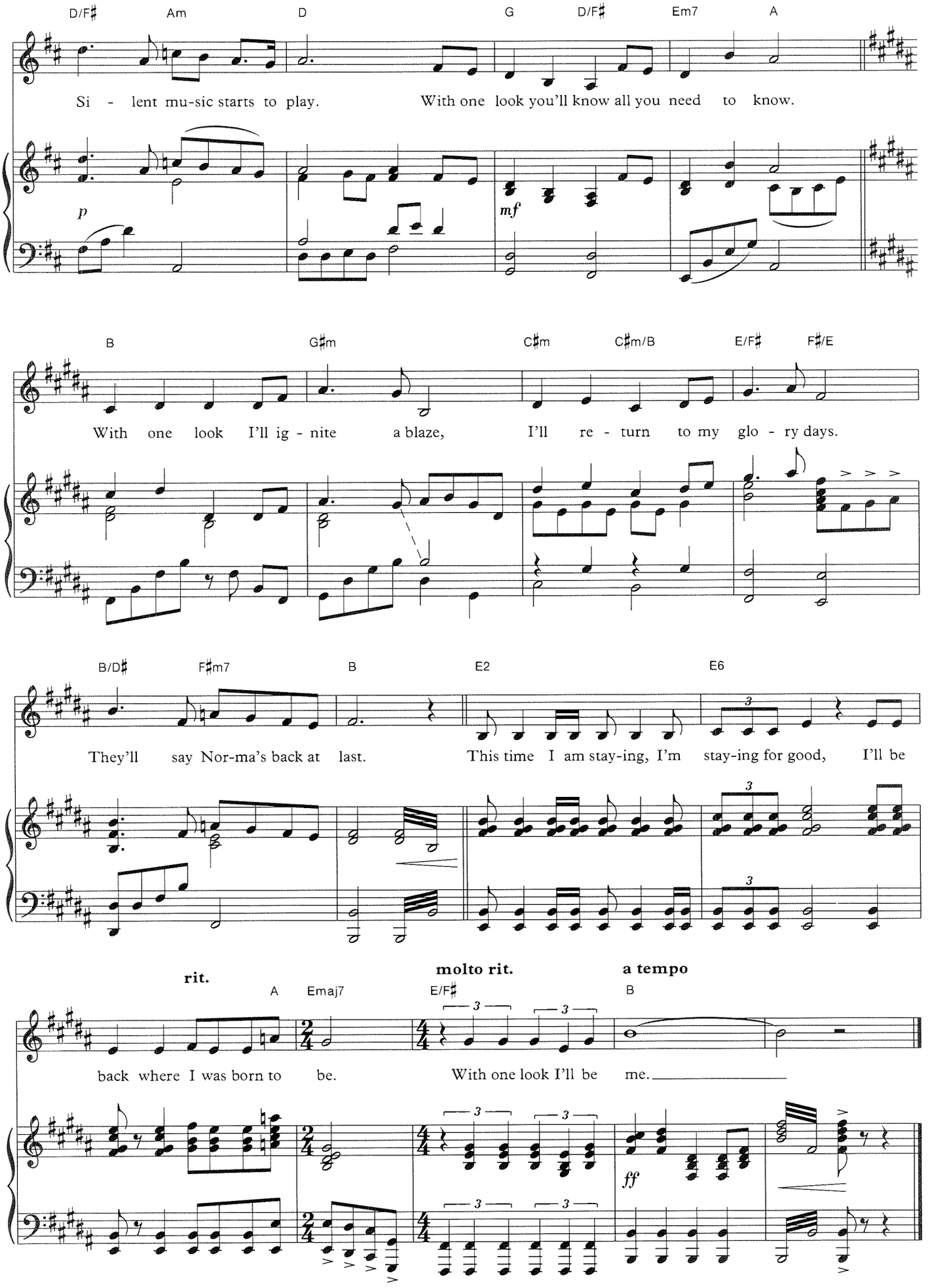

A/C♯ Em7 A D A/E E7 A
When I speak it's with my soul. I can play a-ny role. No
E7/A A E7/A D A/C♯ Bm7 E
words can tell the stor-ies my eyes tell. Watch me when I frown, you can't write that down. You
C G/C C G A F♯m7 A/E Bm7 E
know I'm right, it's there in black and white. When I look your way you'll hear what I say. Yes,
A F♯m Bm7 E E7/D
with one look I put words to shame, just one look sets the screen a-flame.

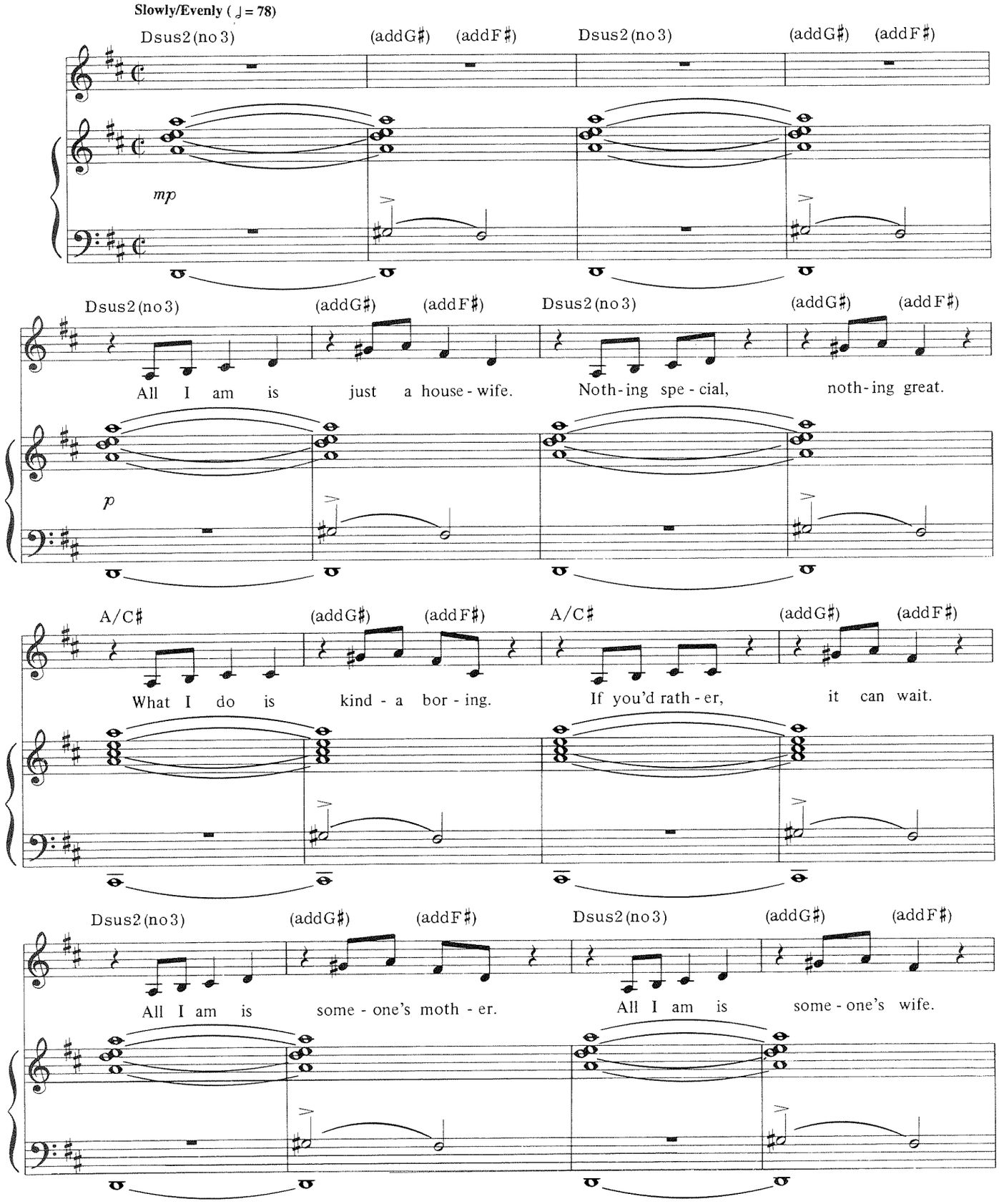

A/C♯ Em7 A D A/C♯ Bm7 E7
Si - lent mu-sic starts to play. One tear in my eye makes the whole world cry.
A F♯m Bm7 D/E E7/D
With one look they'll for - give the past, they'll re - joice I've re-turned at last
f
A/C♯ Em/B A/C♯ D A/E E7 A
to my peo-ple in the dark, still out there in the dark.
D Bm Em7 G/A A
f


D/F♯ Am D G D/F♯ Em7 A
Si - lent mu-sic starts to play. With one look you'll know all you need to know.
p
mf
B G♯m C♯m C♯m/B E/F♯ F♯/E
With one look I'll ig - nite a blaze, I'll re - turn to my glo - ry days.
B/D♯ F♯m7 B E2 E6
They'll say Nor-ma's back at last. This time I am stay-ing, I'm stay-ing for good, I'll be
rit.
molto rit.
a tempo
A Emaj7 E/F♯ B
back where I was born to be. With one look I'll be me.
ff

JUST A HOUSEWIFE

from the Broadway musical *Working*

Music and Lyric by
CRAIG CARNELIA



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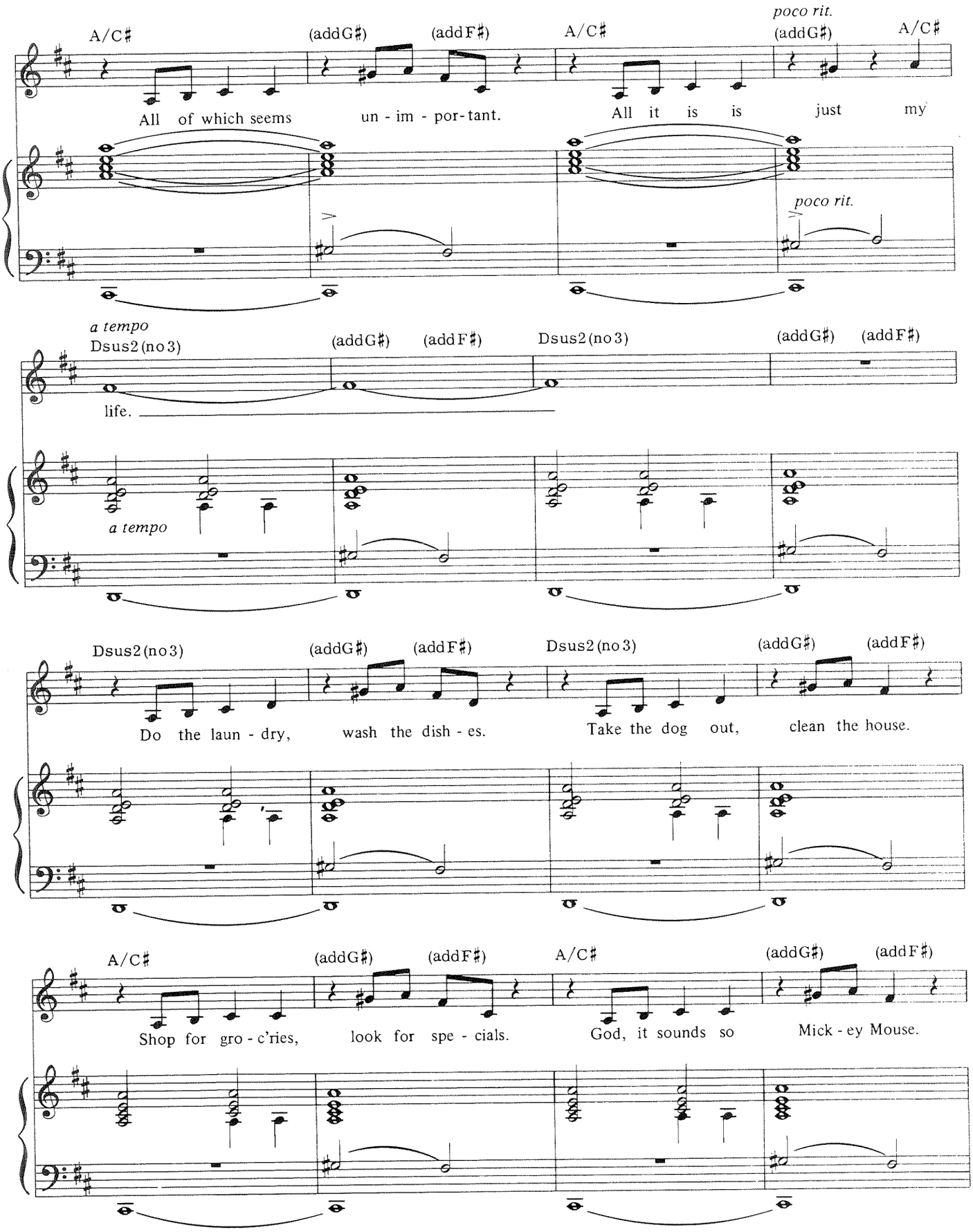
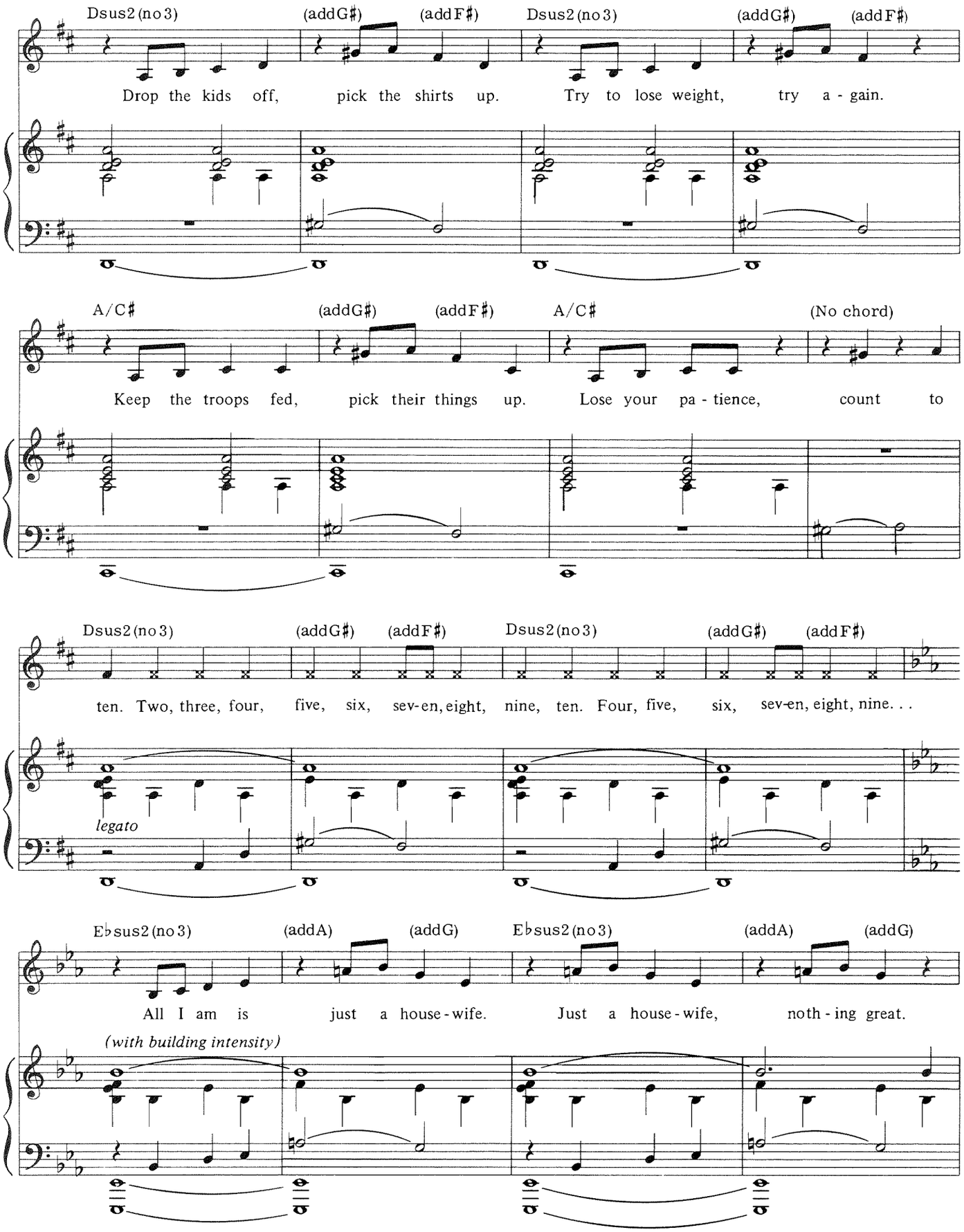
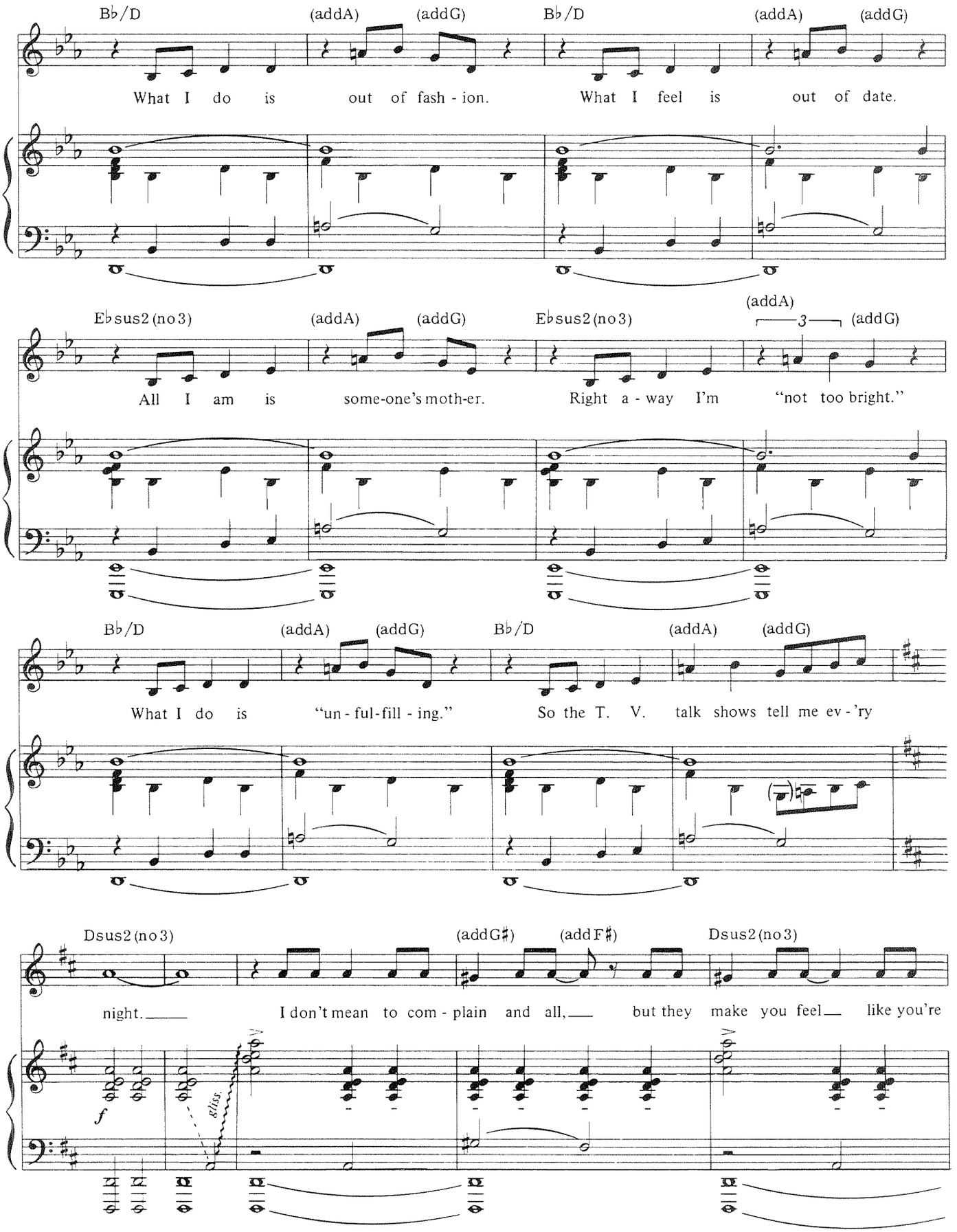
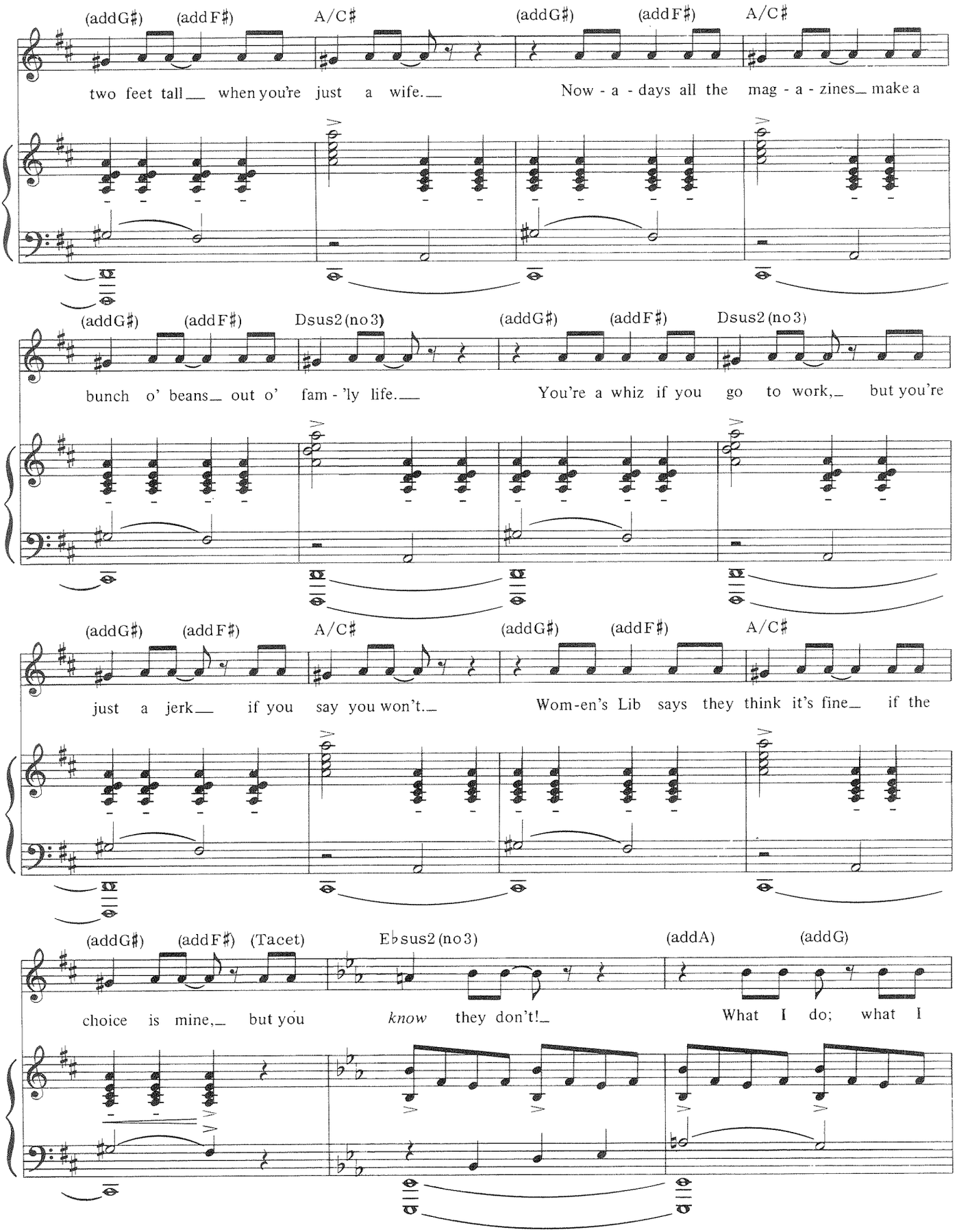
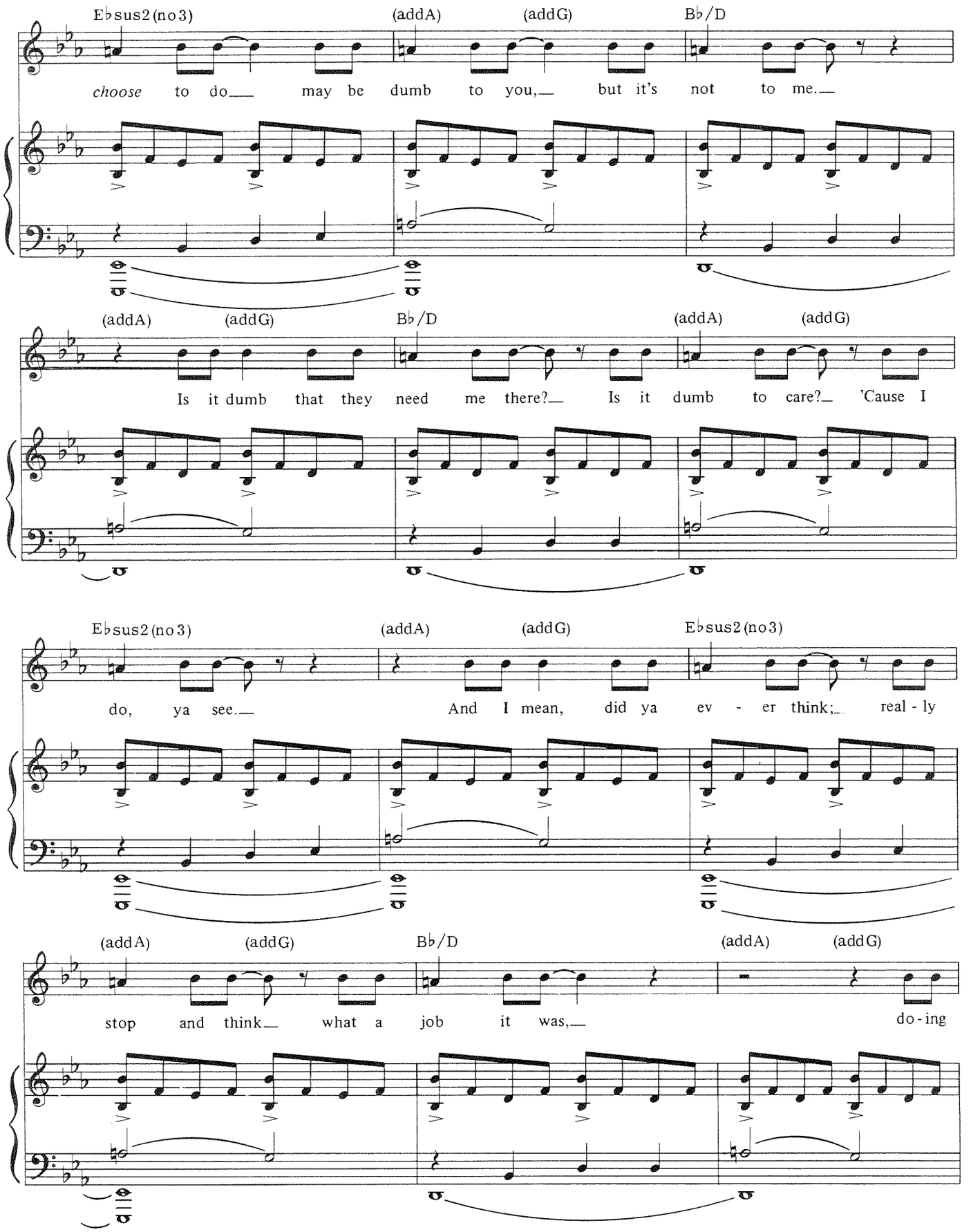
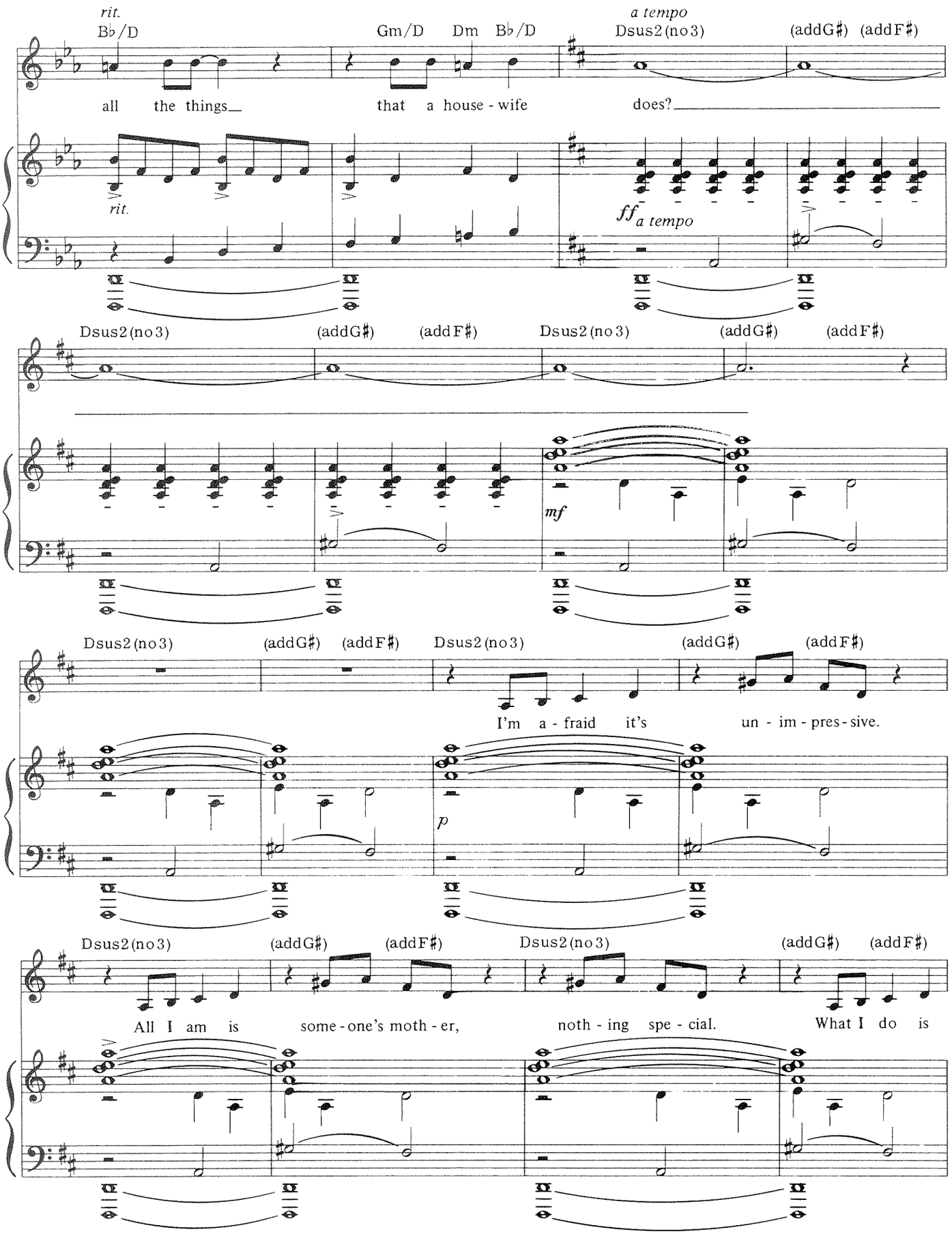

A/C♯
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
A/C♯
poco rit.
(addG♯)
A/C♯
All of which seems un - im - por-tant. All it is is just my
poco rit.
a tempo
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
life.
a tempo
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Do the laun - dry, wash the dish - es. Take the dog out, clean the house.
A/C♯
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
A/C♯
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Shop for gro - c'ries, look for spe - cials. God, it sounds so Mick - ey Mouse.

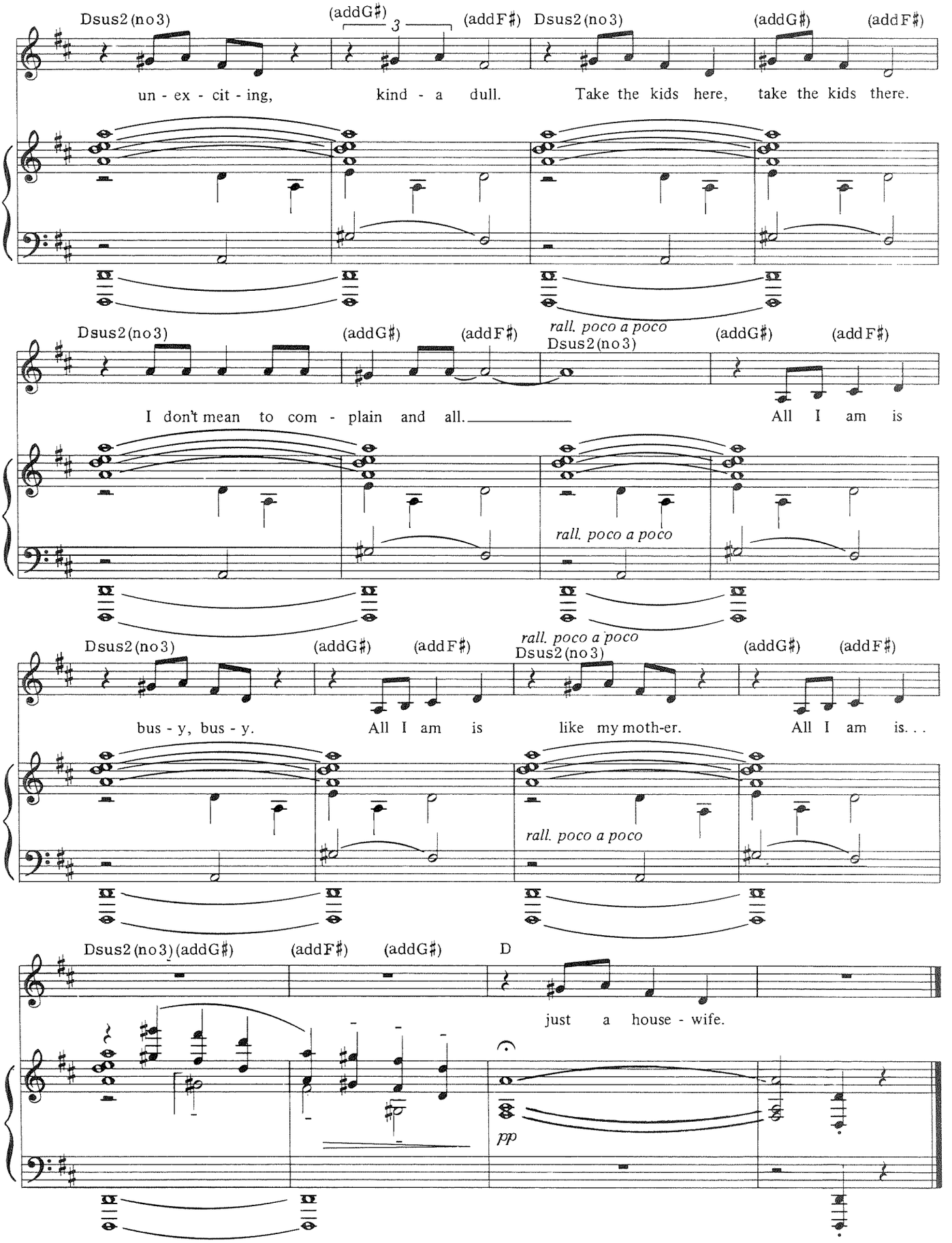

Dsus2(no3) (addG♯) (addF♯) Dsus2(no3) (addG♯) (addF♯)
Drop the kids off, pick the shirts up. Try to lose weight, try a - gain.
A/C♯ (addG♯) (addF♯) A/C♯ (No chord)
Keep the troops fed, pick their things up. Lose your pa - tience, count to
Dsus2(no3) (addG♯) (addF♯) Dsus2(no3) (addG♯) (addF♯)
ten. Two, three, four, five, six, sev-en, eight, nine, ten. Four, five, six, sev-en, eight, nine. . .
legato
E♭sus2(no3) (addA) (addG) E♭sus2(no3) (addA) (addG)
All I am is just a house - wife. Just a house - wife, noth - ing great.
(with building intensity)


B♭/D
(addA)
(addG)
B♭/D
(addA)
(addG)
What I do is out of fash - ion.
What I feel is out of date.
E♭sus2(no3)
(addA)
(addG)
E♭sus2(no3)
(addA)
3
(addG)
All I am is some-one's moth-er.
Right a - way I'm "not too bright."
B♭/D
(addA)
(addG)
B♭/D
(addA)
(addG)
What I do is "un - ful-fill - ing."
So the T. V. talk shows tell me ev - 'ry
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
night.
I don't mean to com - plain and all,
but they make you feel
like you're
f
gliss.


(addG♯) (addF♯) A/C♯ (addG♯) (addF♯) A/C♯
two feet tall when you're just a wife. Now - a - days all the mag - a - zines make a
(addG♯) (addF♯) Dsus2(no3) (addG♯) (addF♯) Dsus2(no3)
bunch o' beans out o' fam - 'ly life. You're a whiz if you go to work, but you're
(addG♯) (addF♯) A/C♯ (addG♯) (addF♯) A/C♯
just a jerk if you say you won't. Wom-en's Lib says they think it's fine if the
(addG♯) (addF♯) (Tacet) E♭sus2(no3) (addA) (addG)
choice is mine, but you *know* they don't! What I do; what I


Ebsus2(no3)
(addA)
(addG)
Bb/D
choose to do may be dumb to you, but it's not to me.
(addA)
(addG)
Bb/D
(addA)
(addG)
Is it dumb that they need me there? Is it dumb to care? 'Cause I
Ebsus2(no3)
(addA)
(addG)
Ebsus2(no3)
do, ya see. And I mean, did ya ev - er think; real - ly
(addA)
(addG)
Bb/D
(addA)
(addG)
stop and think what a job it was, do - ing


rit.
B♭/D
Gm/D
Dm
B♭/D
a tempo
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
all the things
that a house - wife
does?
rit.
ff a tempo
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
mf
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
I'm a - fraid it's un - im - pres - sive.
p
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
All I am is some - one's moth - er,
noth - ing spe - cial.
What I do is

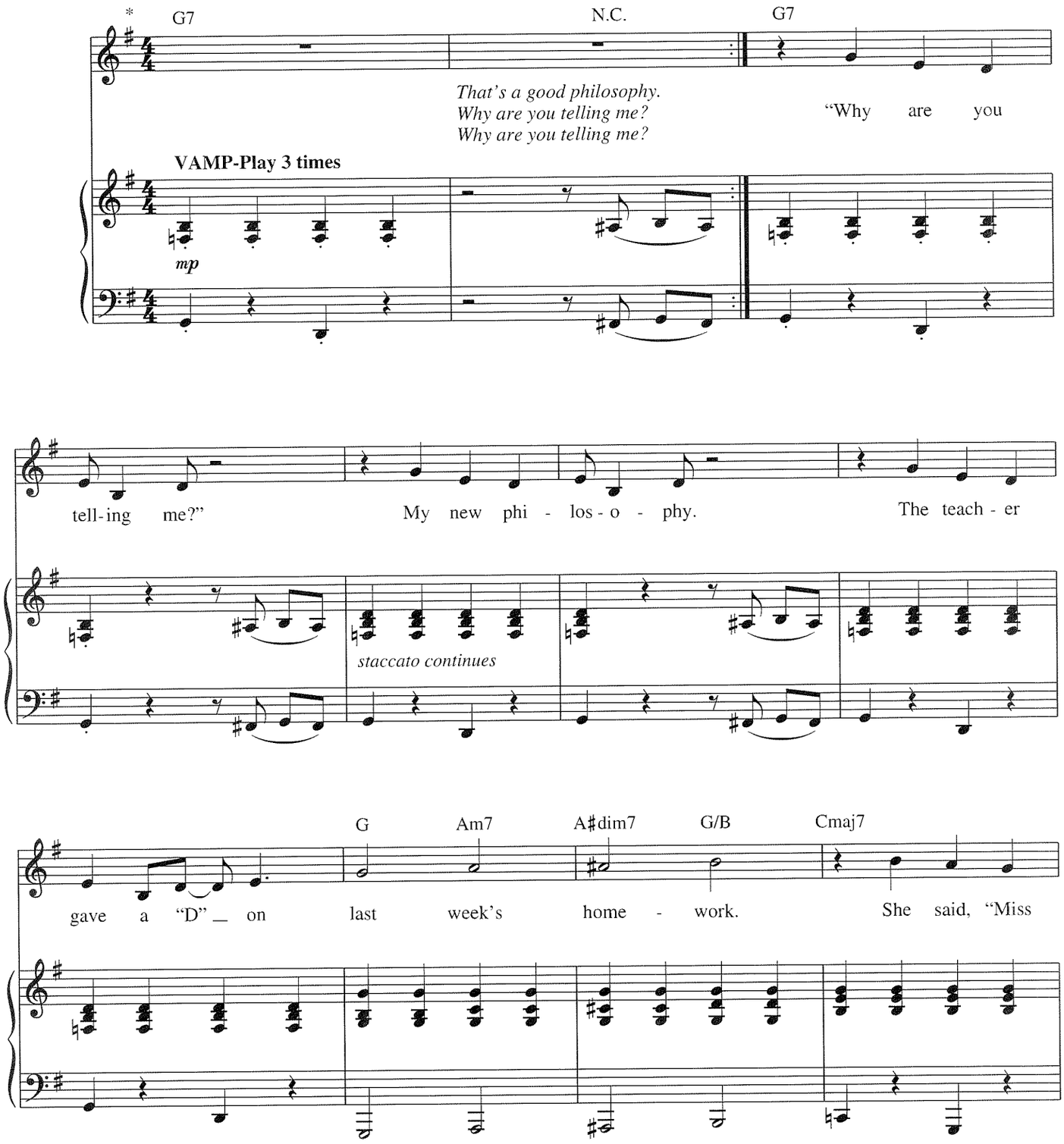

Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
3
(addF♯)
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
un - ex - cit - ing,
kind - a dull.
Take the kids here, take the kids there.
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
rall. poco a poco
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
I don't mean to com - plain and all.
All I am is
rall. poco a poco
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
rall. poco a poco
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
bus - y, bus - y.
All I am is
like my moth-er.
All I am is. . .
rall. poco a poco
Dsus2(no3)
(addG♯)
(addF♯)
(addG♯)
D
just a house - wife.
pp

MY NEW PHILOSOPHY

from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

Words and Music by
ANDREW LIPPA

SALLY: *Spoken (before the vamp): "Why are you telling me?"* (beat) *I like it.*


Moderately bright Swing, in 4

G7
N.C.
G7
That's a good philosophy.
Why are you telling me?
Why are you telling me?
"Why are you
VAMP-Play 3 times
mp
tell-ing me?"
My new phi - los - o - phy.
The teach - er
staccato continues
G
Am7
A♯dim7
G/B
Cmaj7
gave a "D" on last week's home - work.
She said, "Miss

* *Original key: A Major*
The song is a duet for Sally and Schroeder. The composer created this solo edition for publication.

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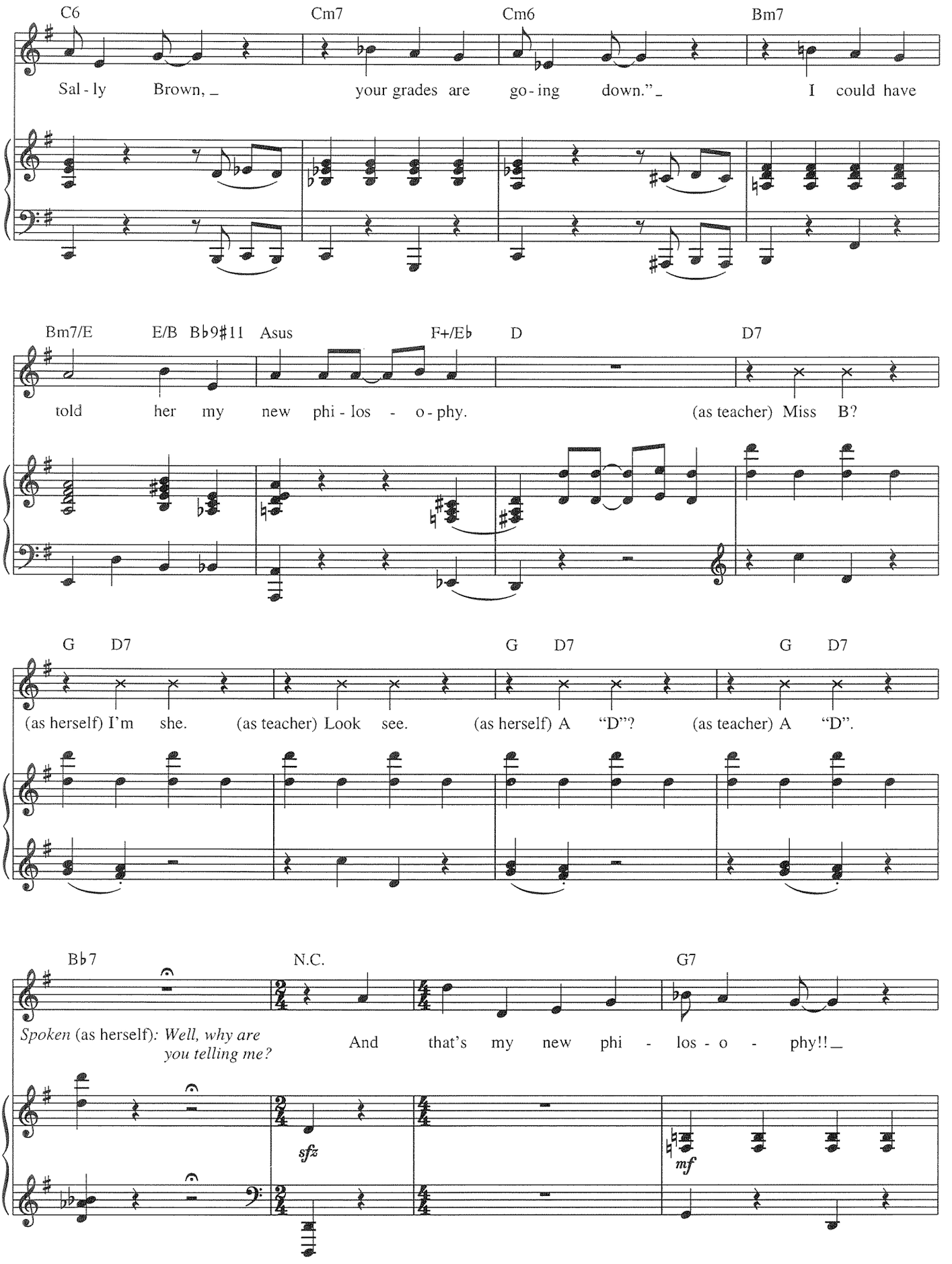
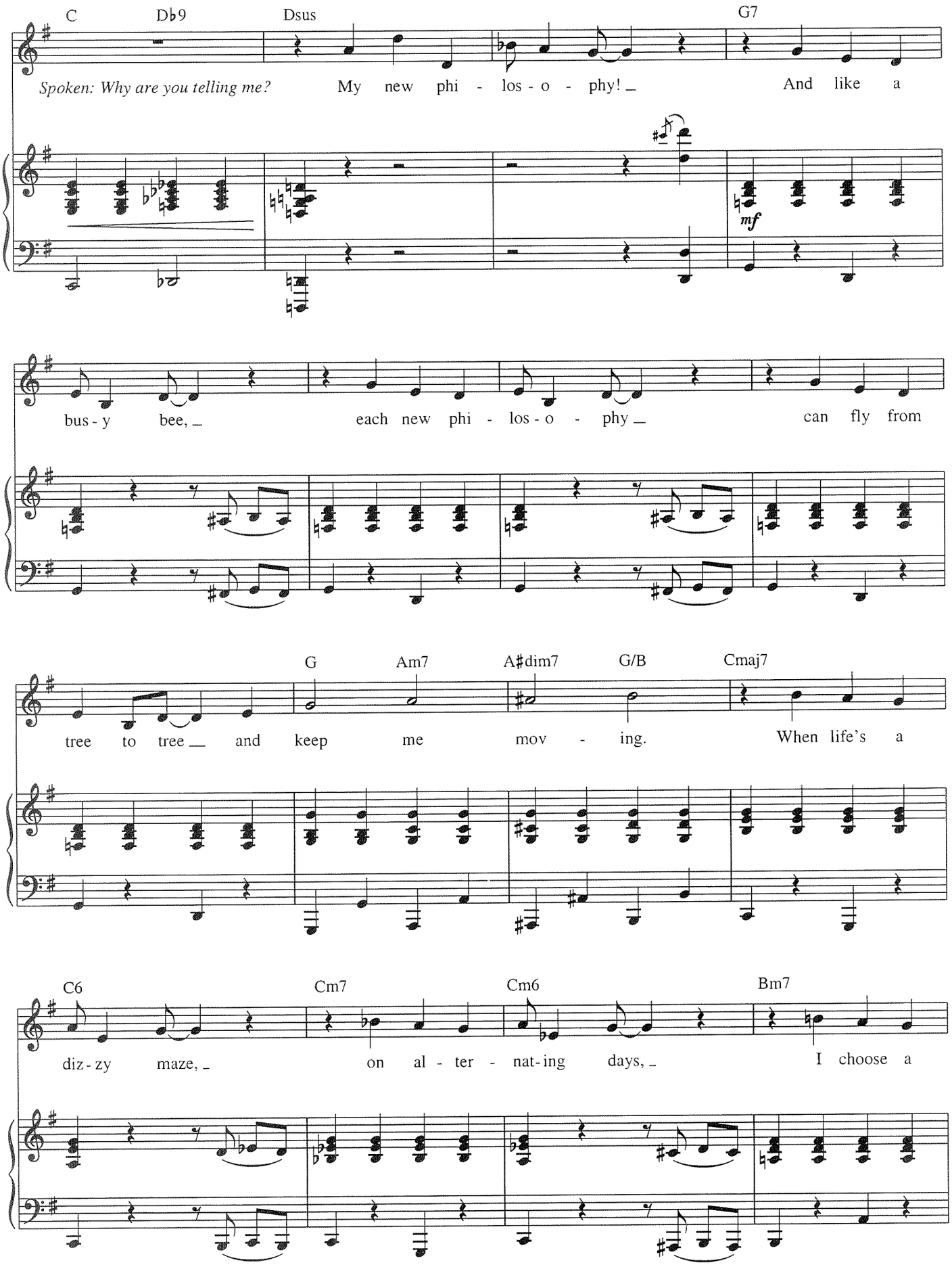
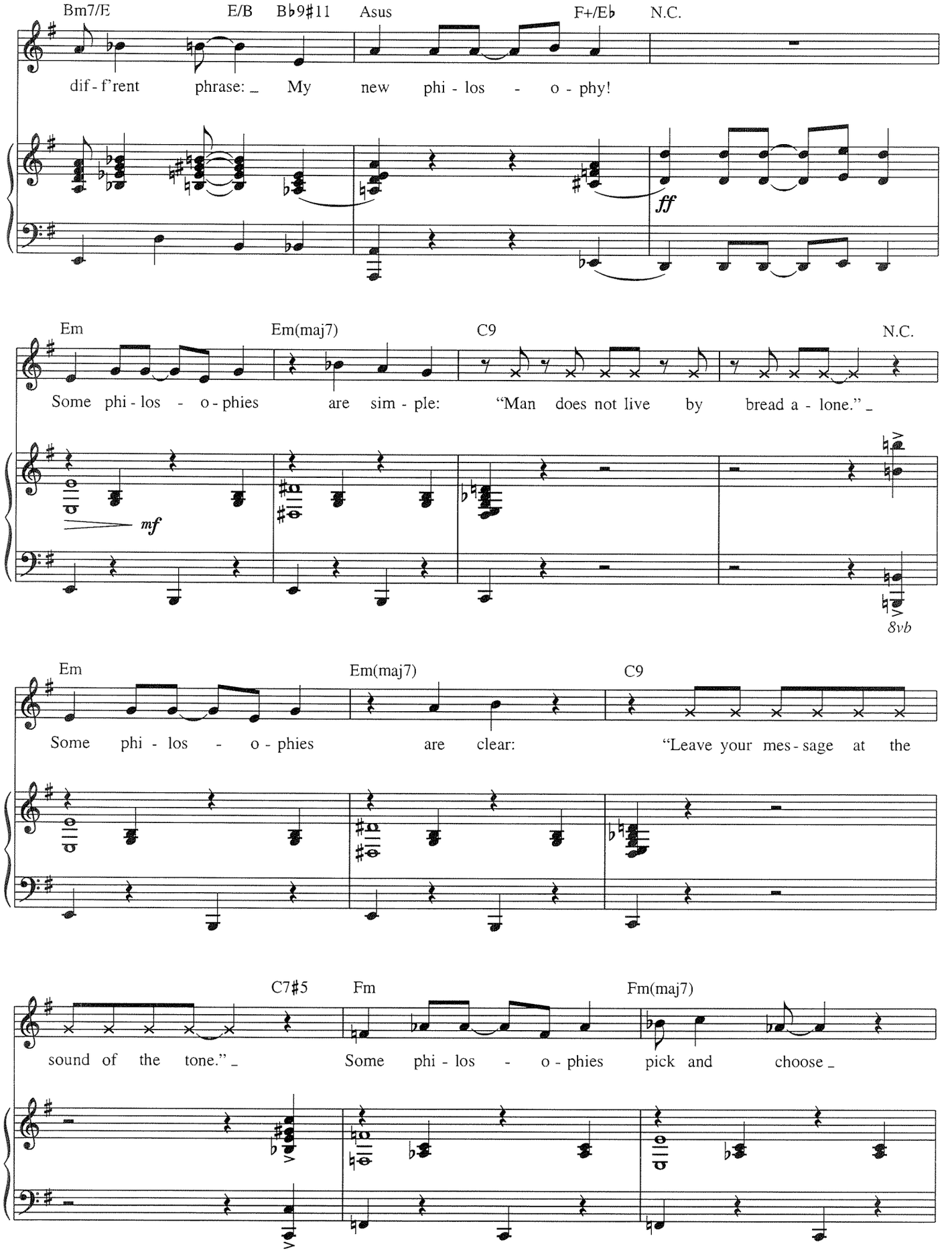
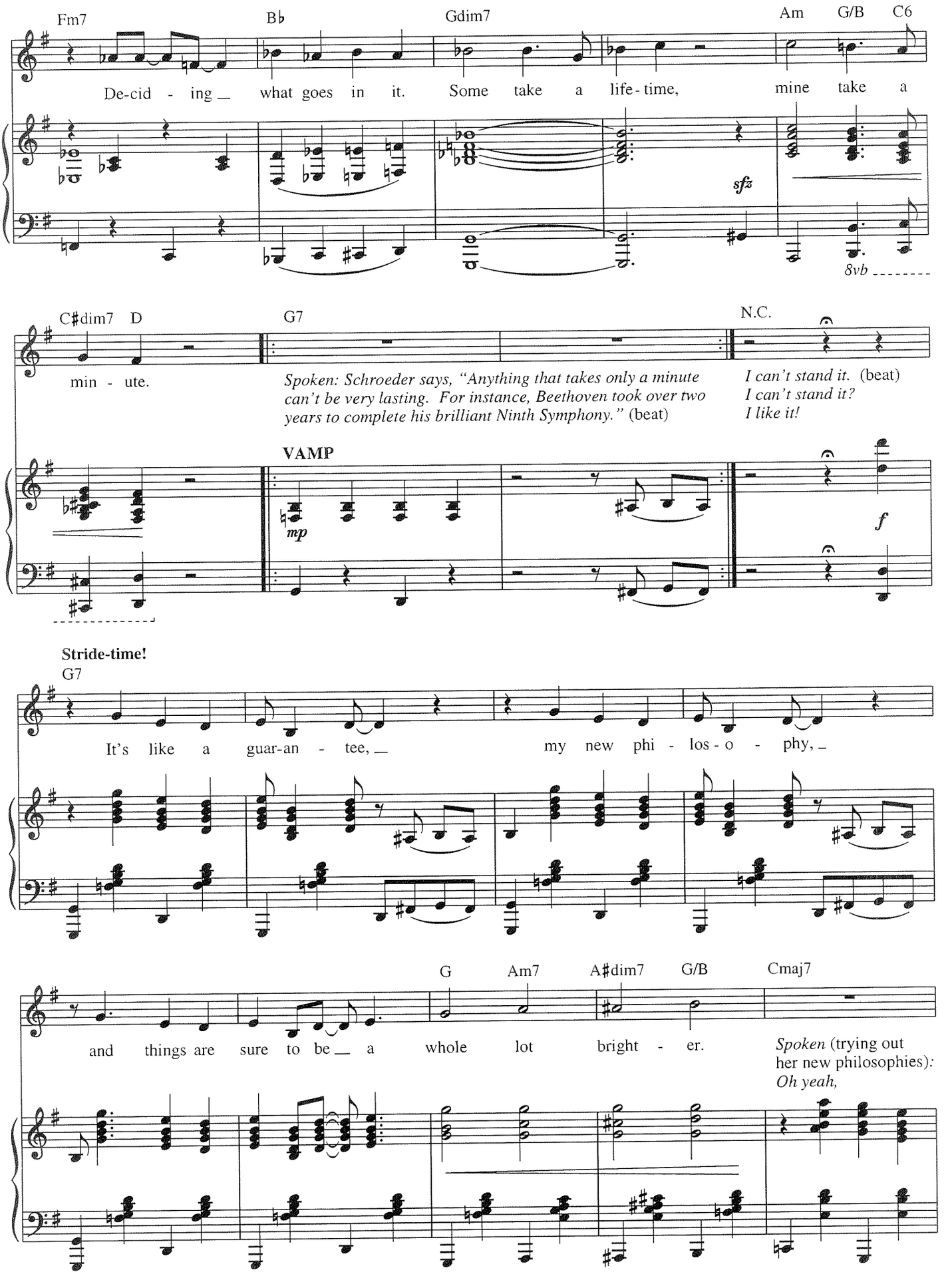
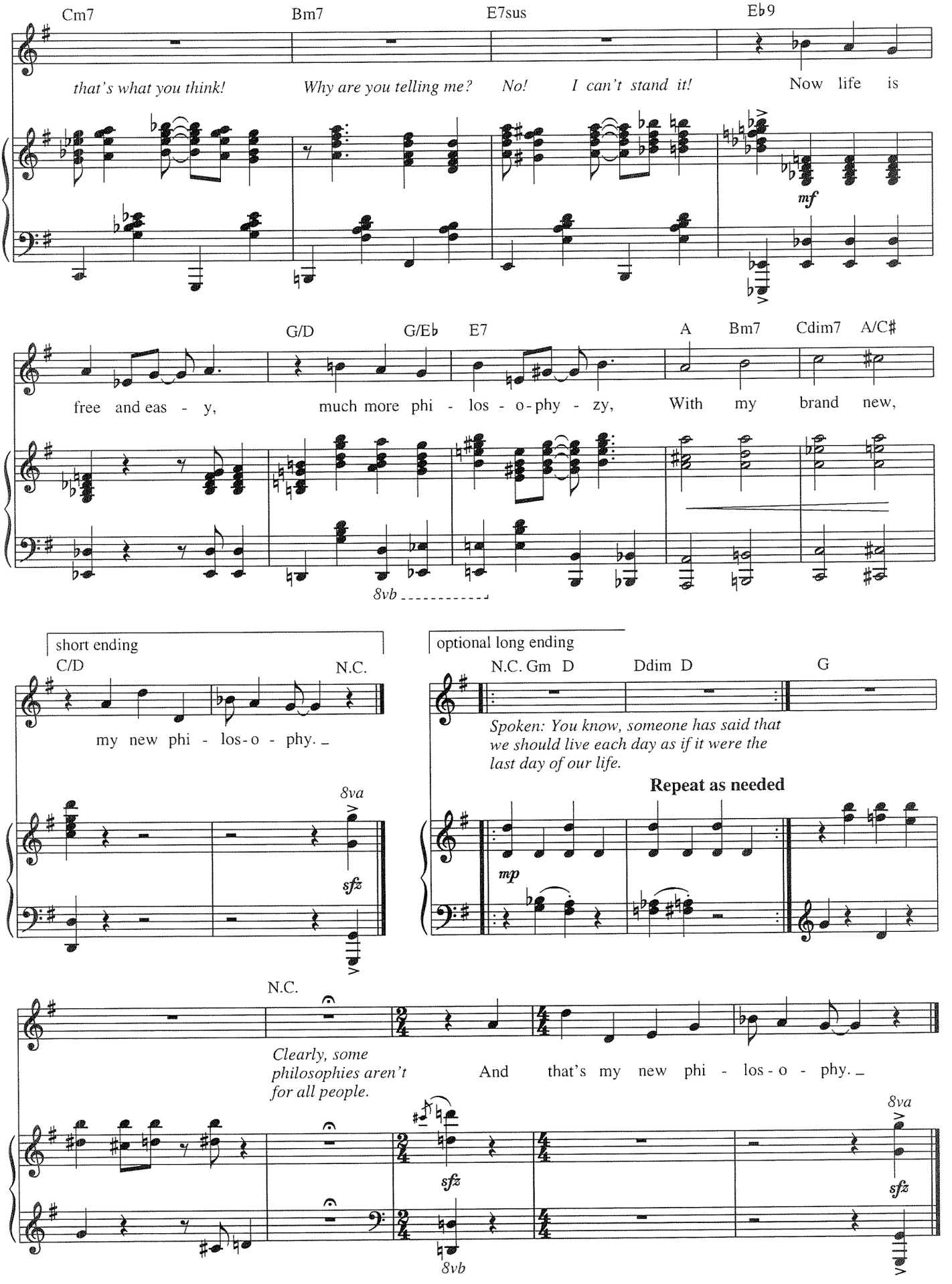

C6
Cm7
Cm6
Bm7
Sal - ly Brown, _ your grades are go - ing down." _ I could have
Bm7/E
E/B
B♭9♯11
Asus
F+/E♭
D
D7
told her my new phi - los - o - phy.
(as teacher) Miss B?
G
D7
G
D7
G
D7
(as herself) I'm she.
(as teacher) Look see.
(as herself) A "D"?
(as teacher) A "D".
B♭7
N.C.
G7
Spoken (as herself): Well, why are you telling me?
And that's my new phi - los - o - phy!! _
sfz
mf


C
Db9
Dsus
G7
Spoken: Why are you telling me?
My new phi - los - o - phy! _
And like a
mf
bus - y bee, _
each new phi - los - o - phy _
can fly from
G
Am7
A♯dim7
G/B
Cmaj7
tree to tree _ and keep me mov - ing.
When life's a
C6
Cm7
Cm6
Bm7
diz - zy maze, _
on al - ter - nat - ing days, _
I choose a


Bm7/E
E/B
B♭9♯11
Asus
F+/E♭
N.C.
dif - f'rent phrase: _ My new phi - los - o - phy!
ff
Em
Em(maj7)
C9
N.C.
Some phi - los - o - phies are sim - ple: "Man does not live by bread a - lone." _
mf
8vb
Em
Em(maj7)
C9
Some phi - los - o - phies are clear: "Leave your mes - sage at the
C7♯5
Fm
Fm(maj7)
sound of the tone." _ Some phi - los - o - phies pick and choose _


Fm7
B♭
Gdim7
Am
G/B
C6
De-cid - ing_ what goes in it. Some take a life-time, mine take a
sfz
8vb
C♯dim7
D
G7
N.C.
min - ute.
Spoken: Schroeder says, "Anything that takes only a minute can't be very lasting. For instance, Beethoven took over two years to complete his brilliant Ninth Symphony." (beat)
I can't stand it. (beat)
I can't stand it?
I like it!
VAMP
mp
f
Stride-time!
G7
It's like a guar-an - tee,_ my new phi - los - o - phy,_
G
Am7
A♯dim7
G/B
Cmaj7
and things are sure to be_ a whole lot bright - er.
Spoken (trying out her new philosophies): Oh yeah,

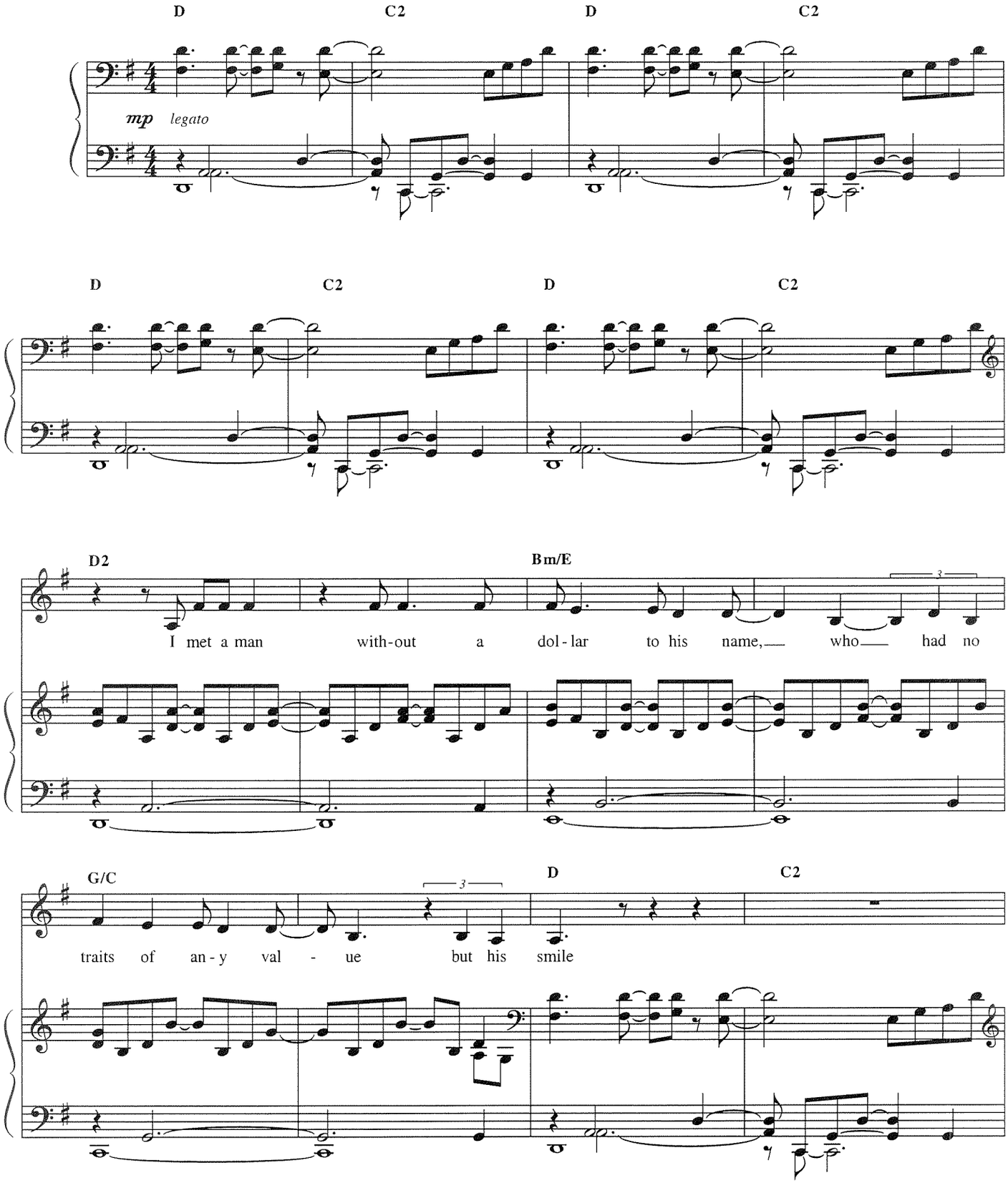

Cm7
Bm7
E7sus
Eb9
that's what you think!
Why are you telling me?
No!
I can't stand it!
Now life is
mf
G/D
G/Eb
E7
A
Bm7
Cdim7
A/C#
free and eas - y,
much more phi - los - o - phy - zy,
With my brand new,
8vb
short ending
C/D
N.C.
my new phi - los - o - phy.
8va
sfz
optional long ending
N.C. Gm D
Ddim D
G
Spoken: You know, someone has said that we should live each day as if it were the last day of our life.
Repeat as needed
mp
N.C.
Clearly, some philosophies aren't for all people.
And that's my new phi - los - o - phy.
sfz
8vb
8va
sfz

STARS AND THE MOON

from *Songs for a New World*

Music and Lyrics by
JASON ROBERT BROWN

Folk Rock, gentle (♩ = 60)



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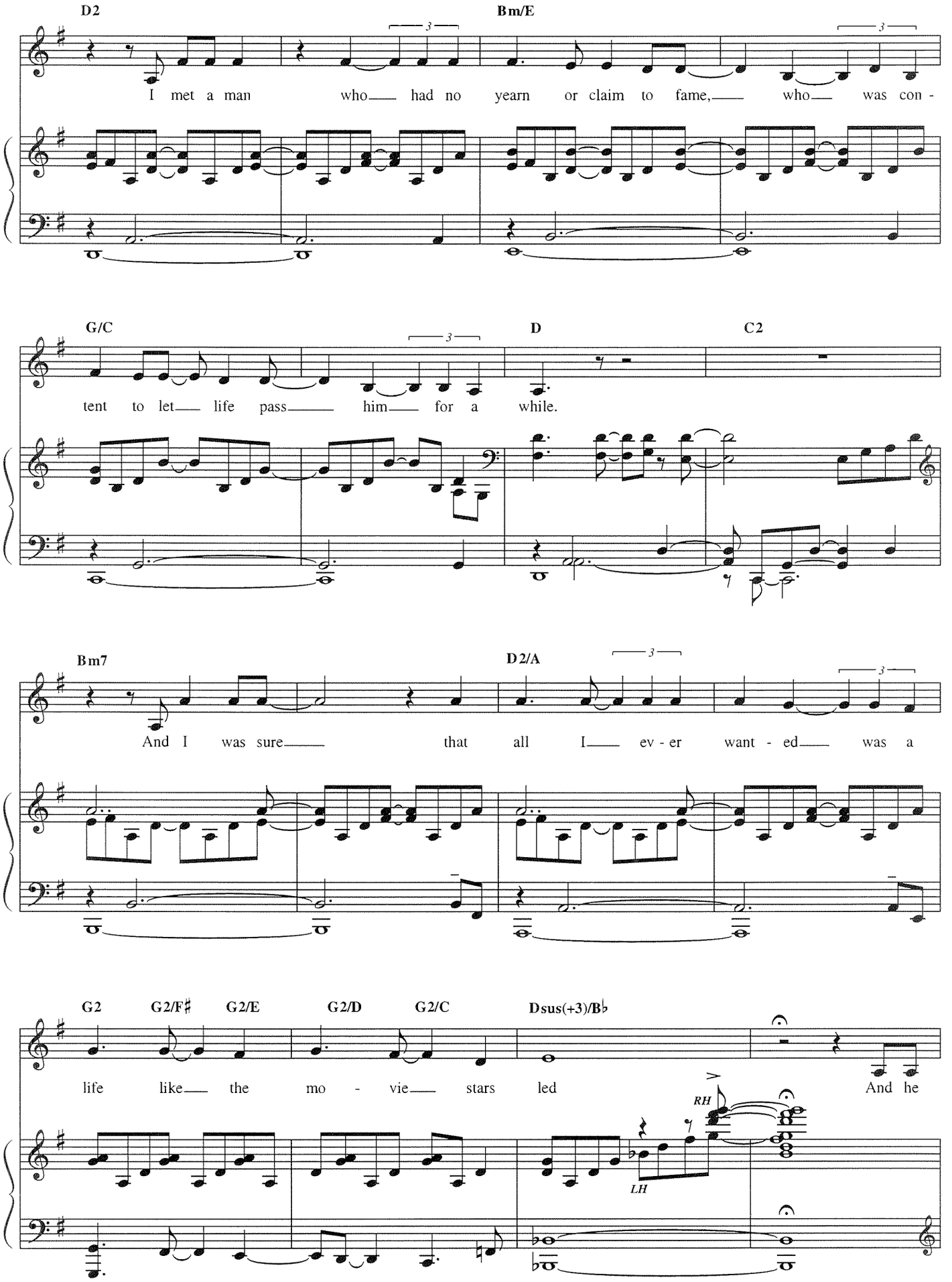
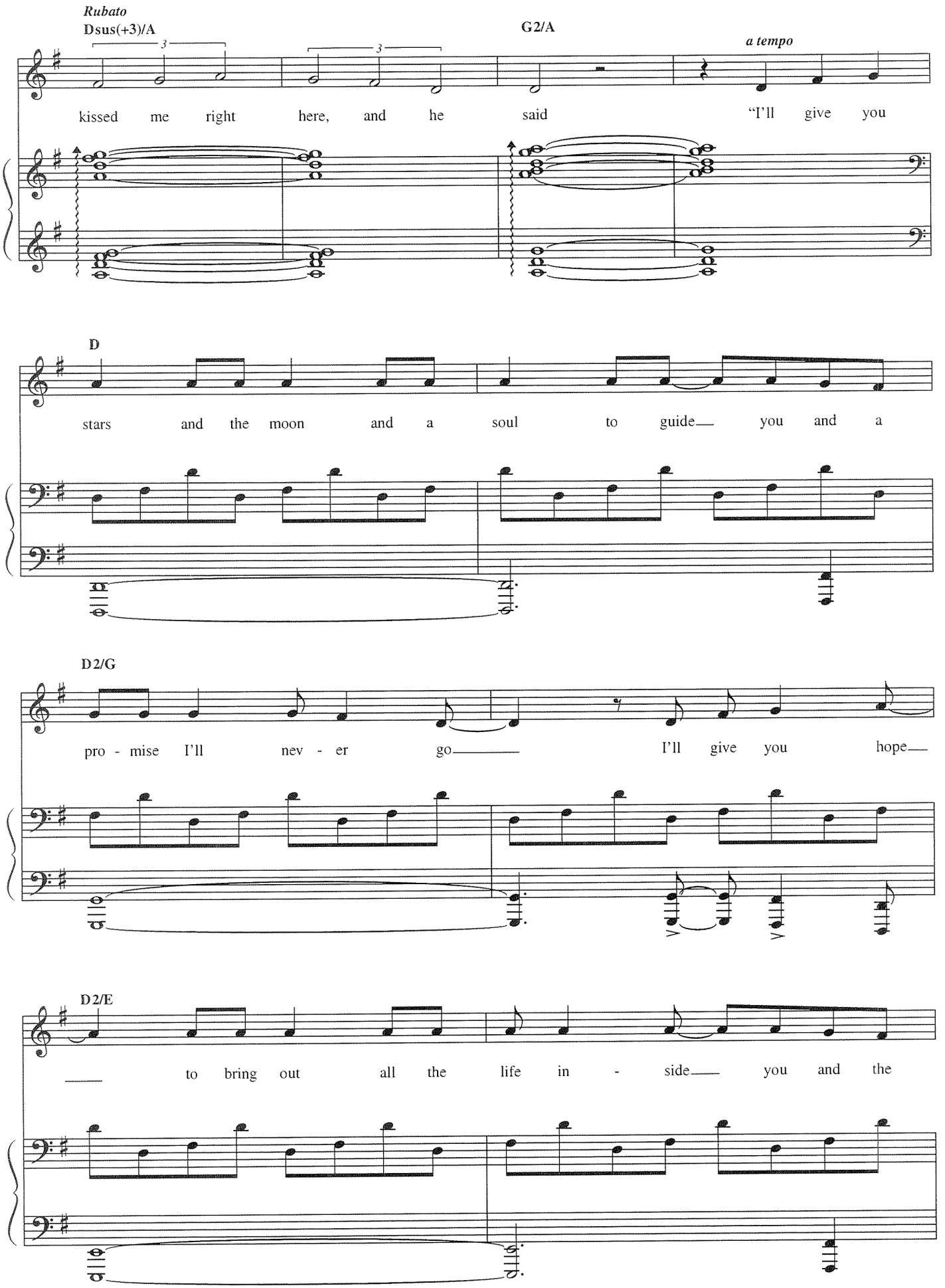
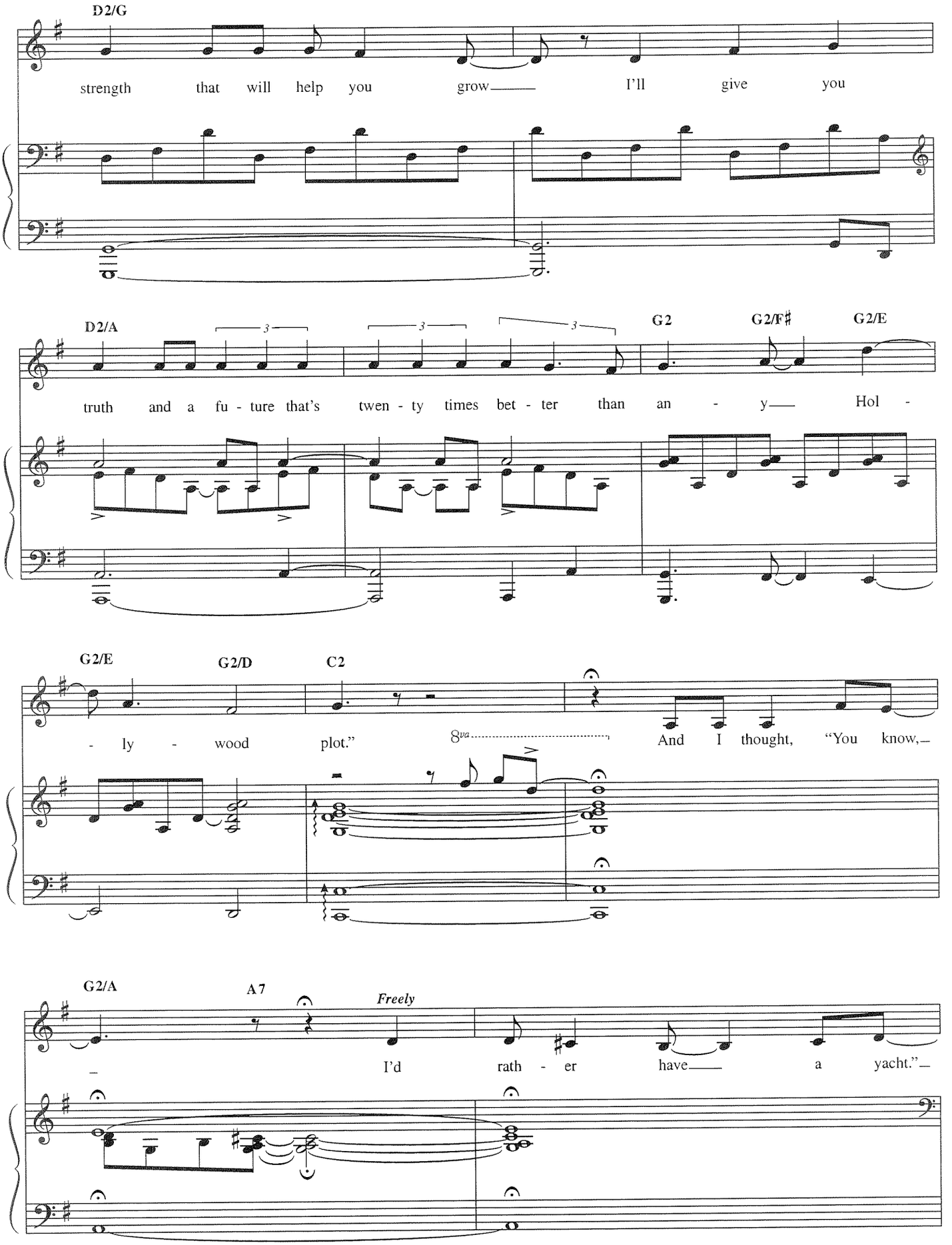
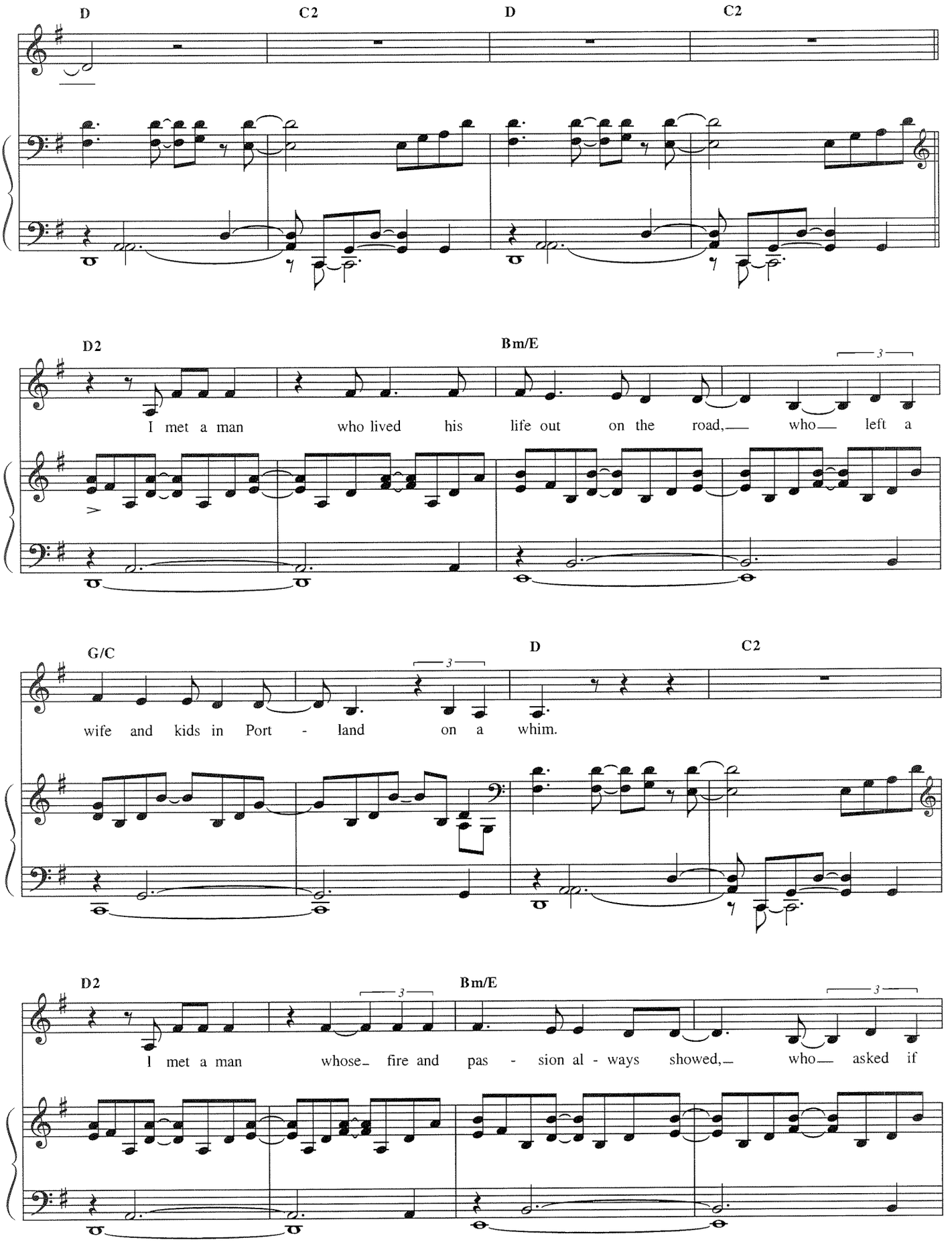
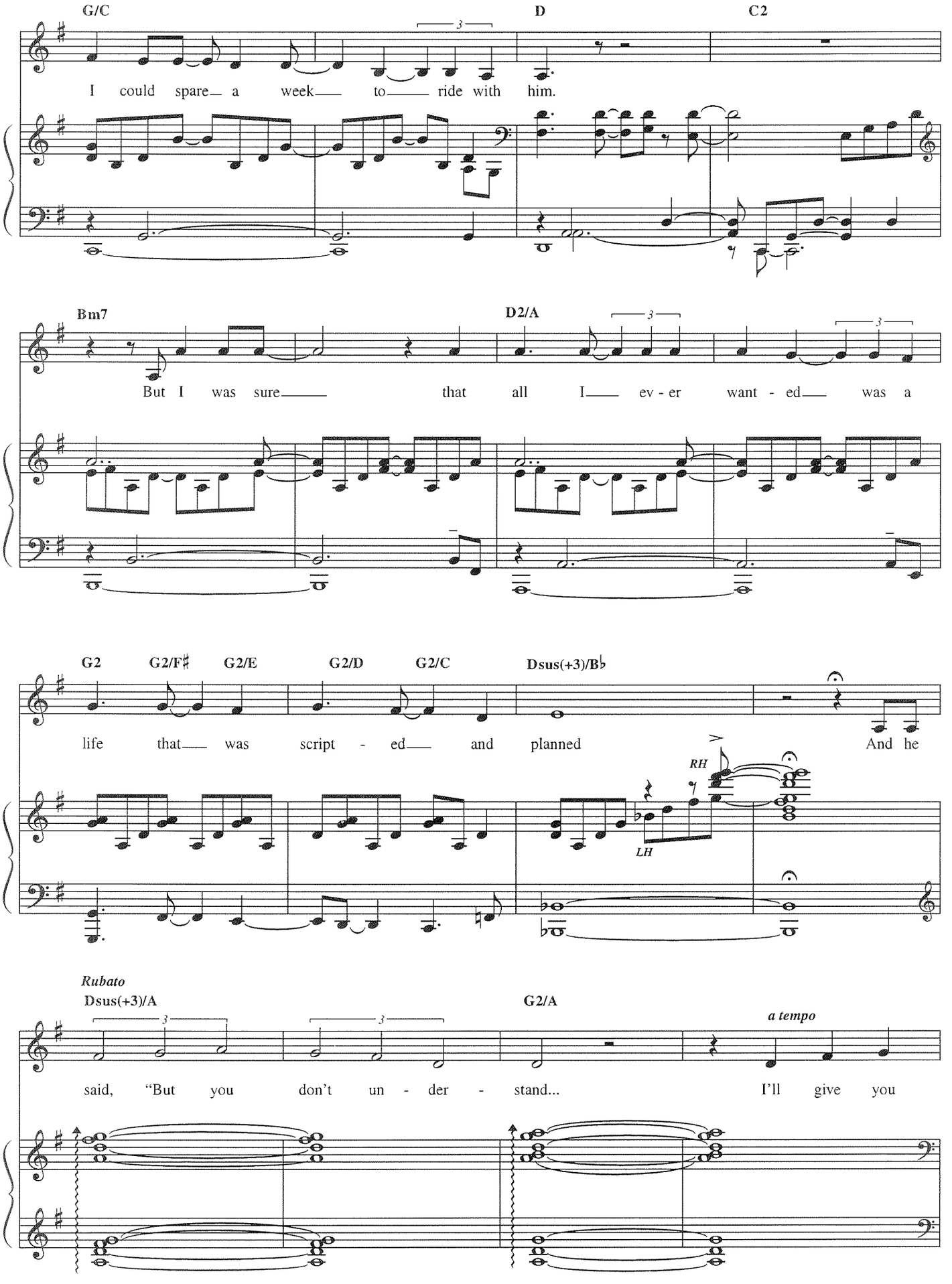
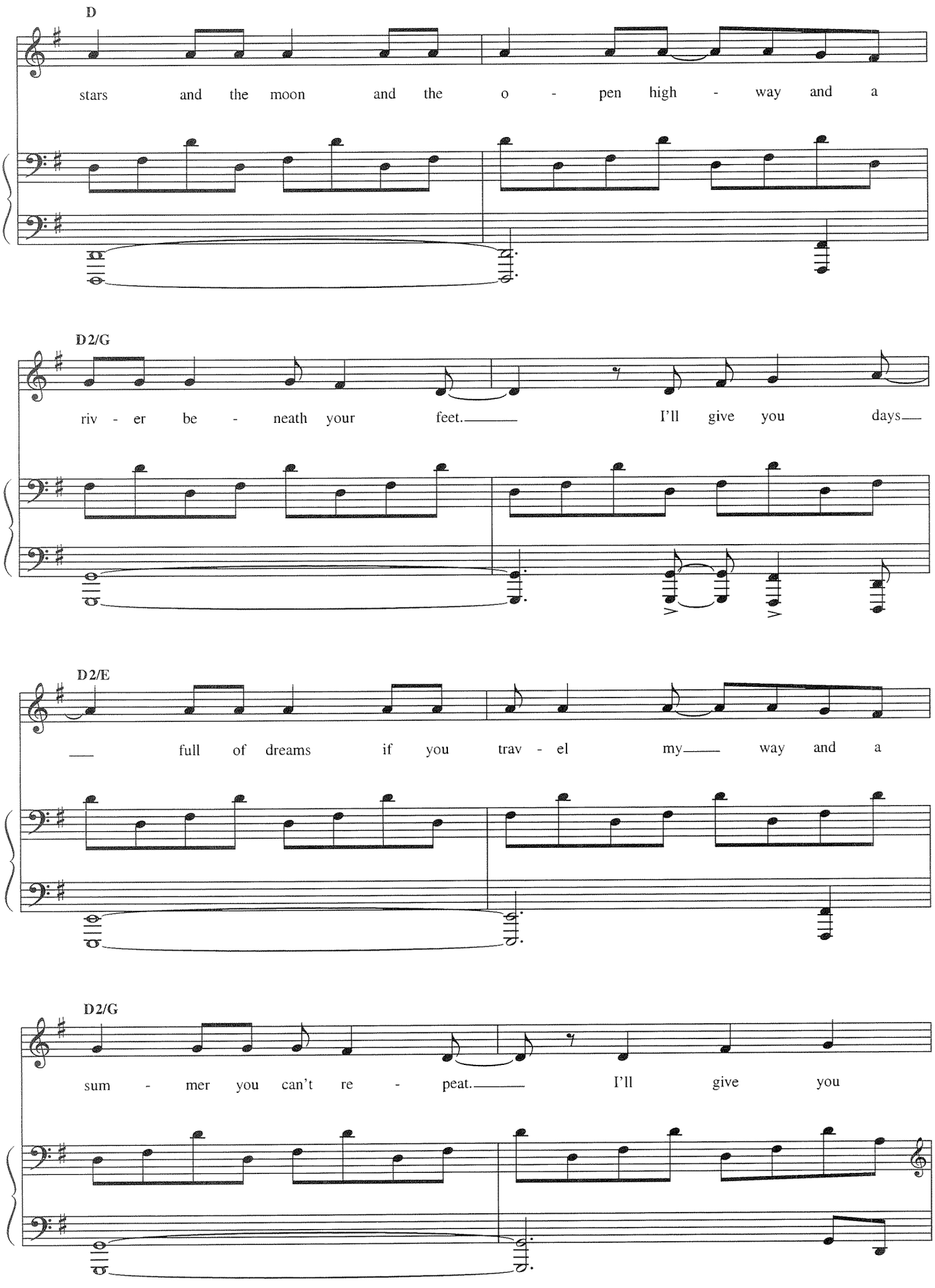

D2
Bm/E
I met a man who had no yearn or claim to fame, who was con -
G/C
D
C2
tent to let life pass him for a while.
Bm7
D2/A
And I was sure that all I ev - er want - ed was a
G2
G2/F♯
G2/E
G2/D
G2/C
Dsus(+3)/B♭
life like the mo - vie stars led
And he
RH
LH

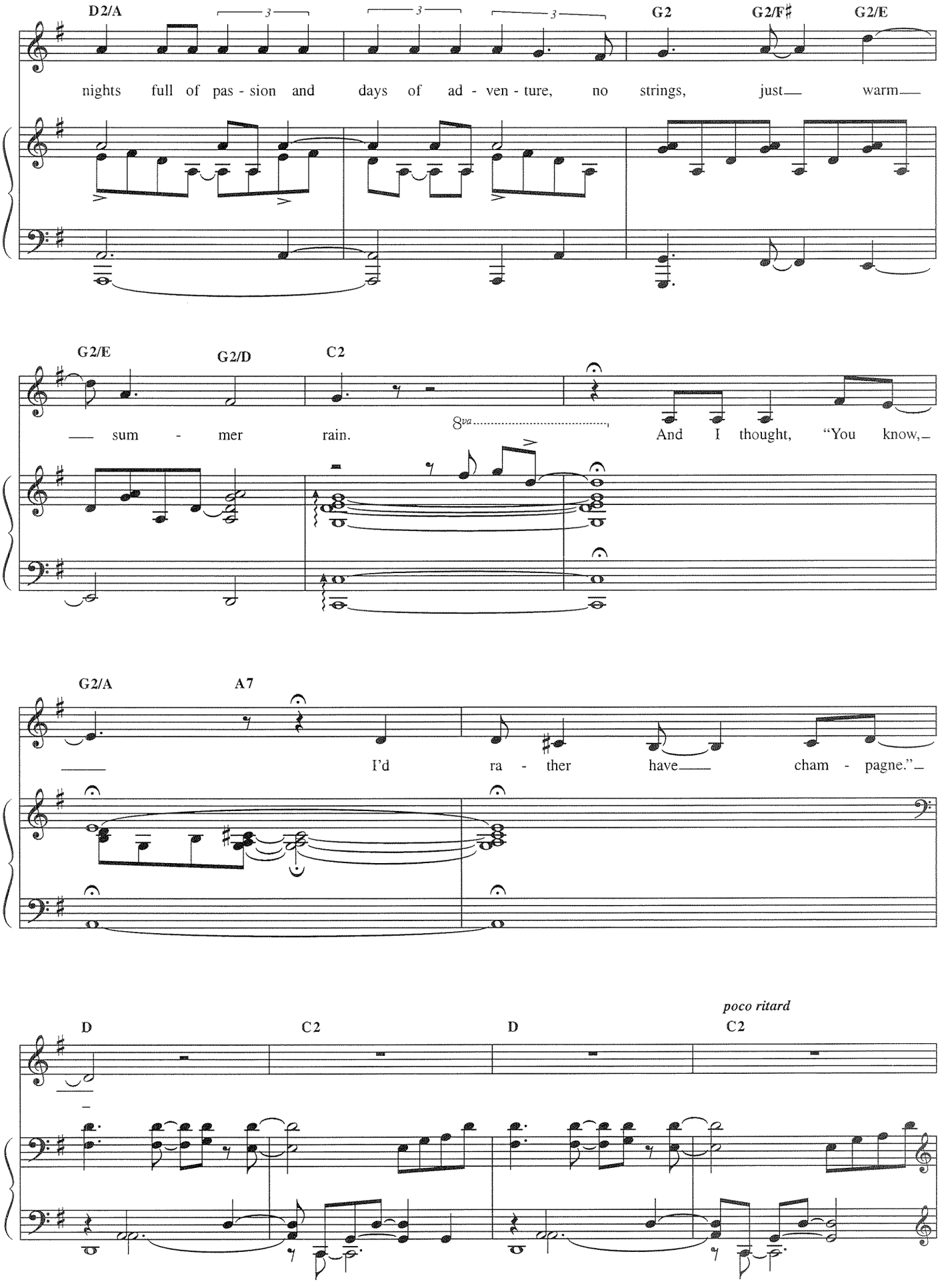

Rubato
Dsus(+3)/A
G2/A
a tempo
kissed me right here, and he said "I'll give you
D
stars and the moon and a soul to guide you and a
D2/G
pro - mise I'll nev - er go I'll give you hope
D2/E
to bring out all the life in - side you and the

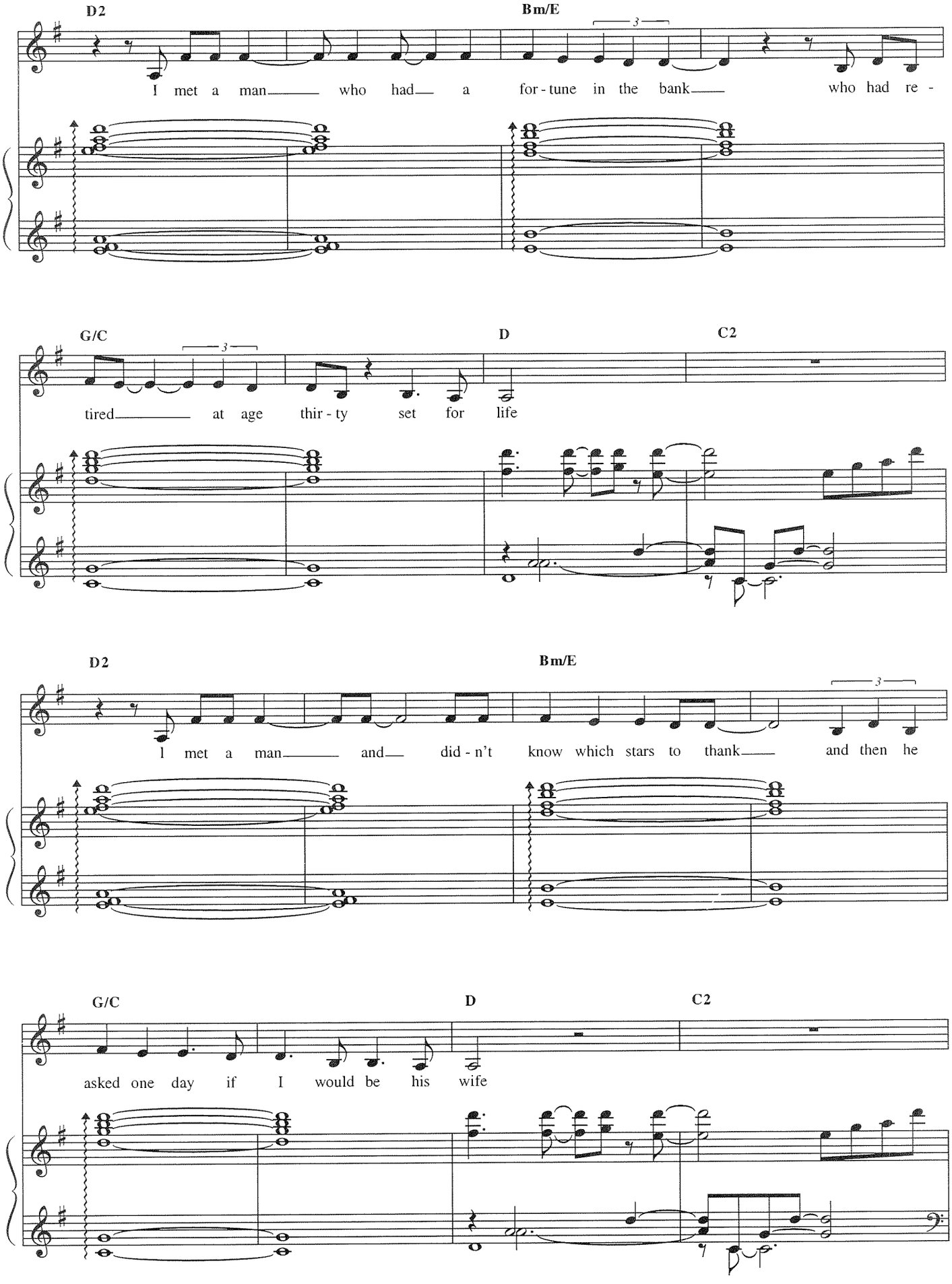

D2/G
strength that will help you grow I'll give you
D2/A
G2
G2/F♯
G2/E
truth and a fu - ture that's twen - ty times bet - ter than an - y Hol -
G2/E
G2/D
C2
- ly - wood plot."
8va
And I thought, "You know,
G2/A
A7
Freely
I'd rath - er have a yacht."

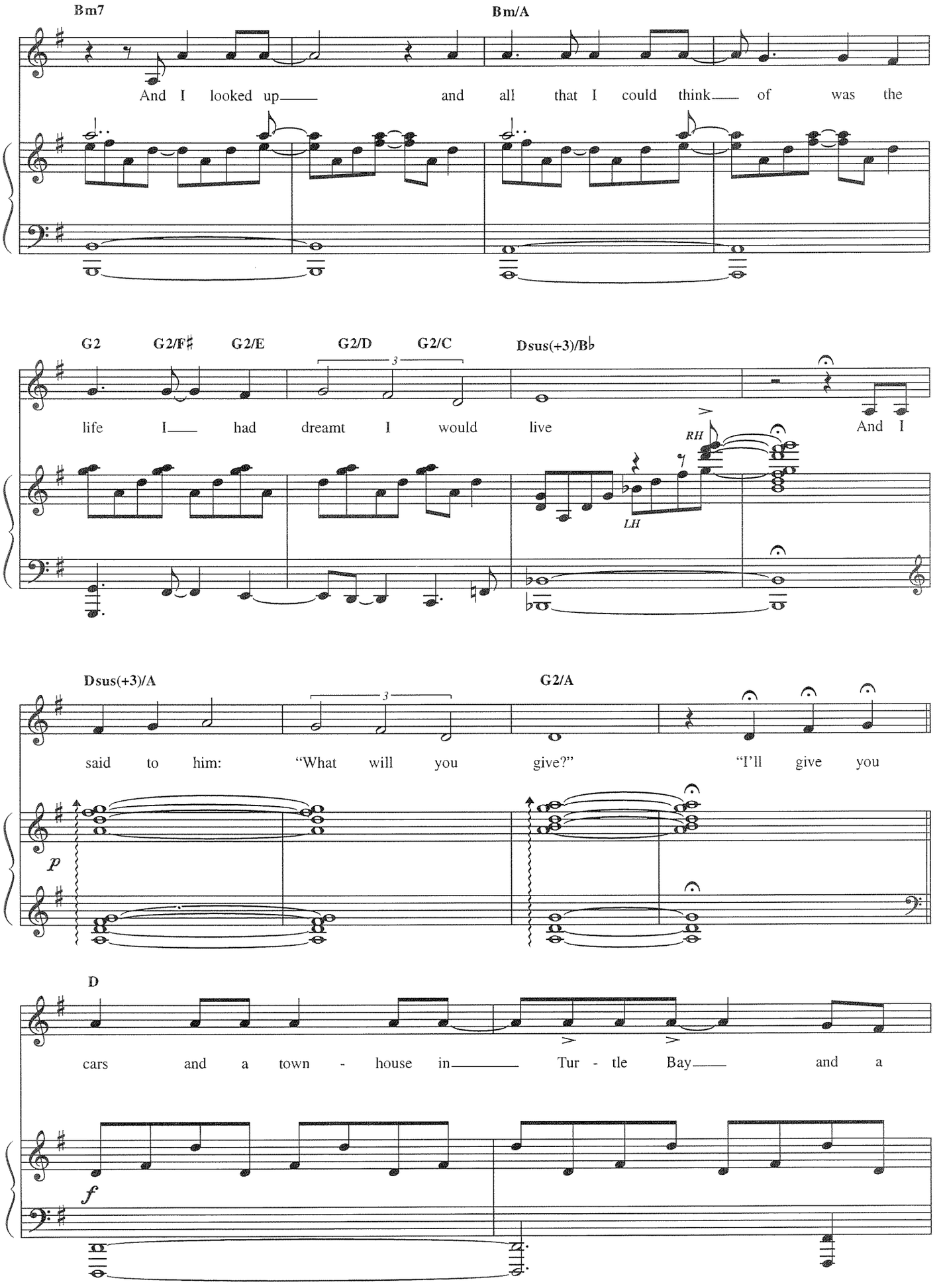

D
C2
D
C2
D2
Bm/E
I met a man who lived his life out on the road, who left a
G/C
D
C2
wife and kids in Port - land on a whim.
D2
Bm/E
I met a man whose fire and pas - sion al - ways showed, who asked if

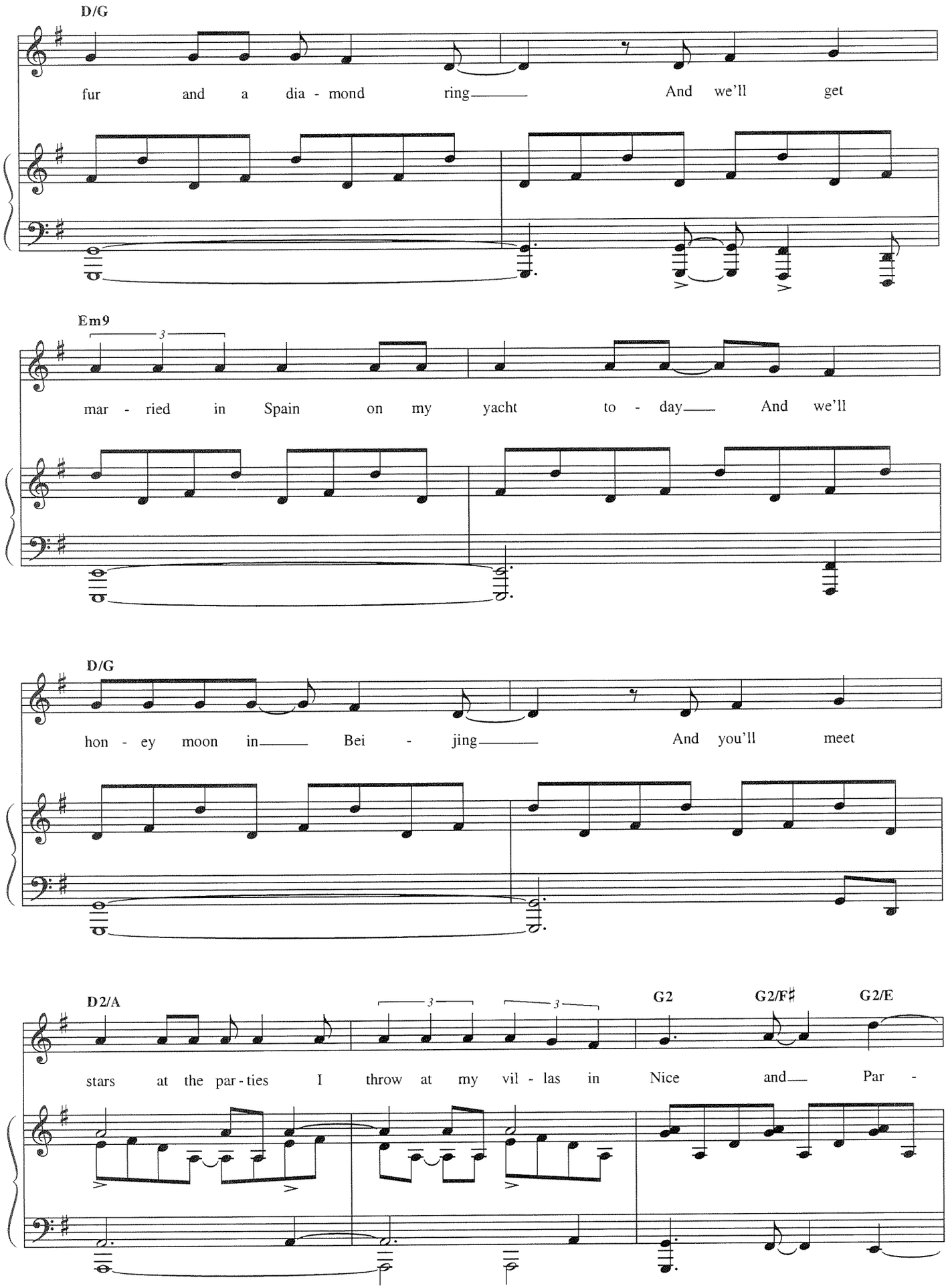

G/C
D
C2
I could spare a week to ride with him.
Bm7
D2/A
But I was sure that all I ev - er want - ed was a
G2
G2/F♯
G2/E
G2/D
G2/C
Dsus(+3)/B♭
life that was script - ed and planned
And he
RH
LH
Rubato
Dsus(+3)/A
G2/A
a tempo
said, "But you don't un - der - stand...
I'll give you

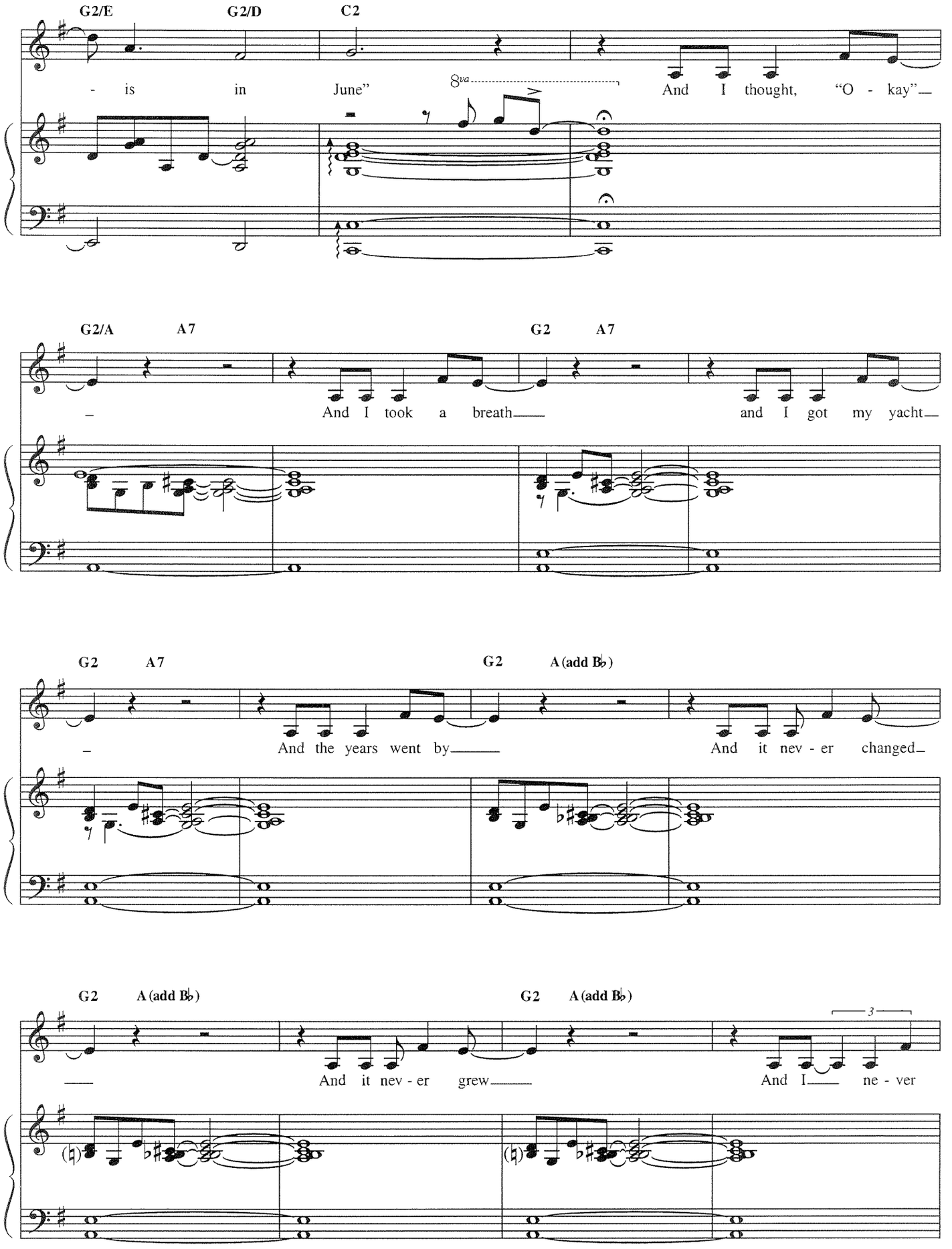

D
stars and the moon and the o - pen high - way and a
D2/G
riv - er be - neath your feet. I'll give you days
D2/E
full of dreams if you trav - el my way and a
D2/G
sum - mer you can't re - peat. I'll give you

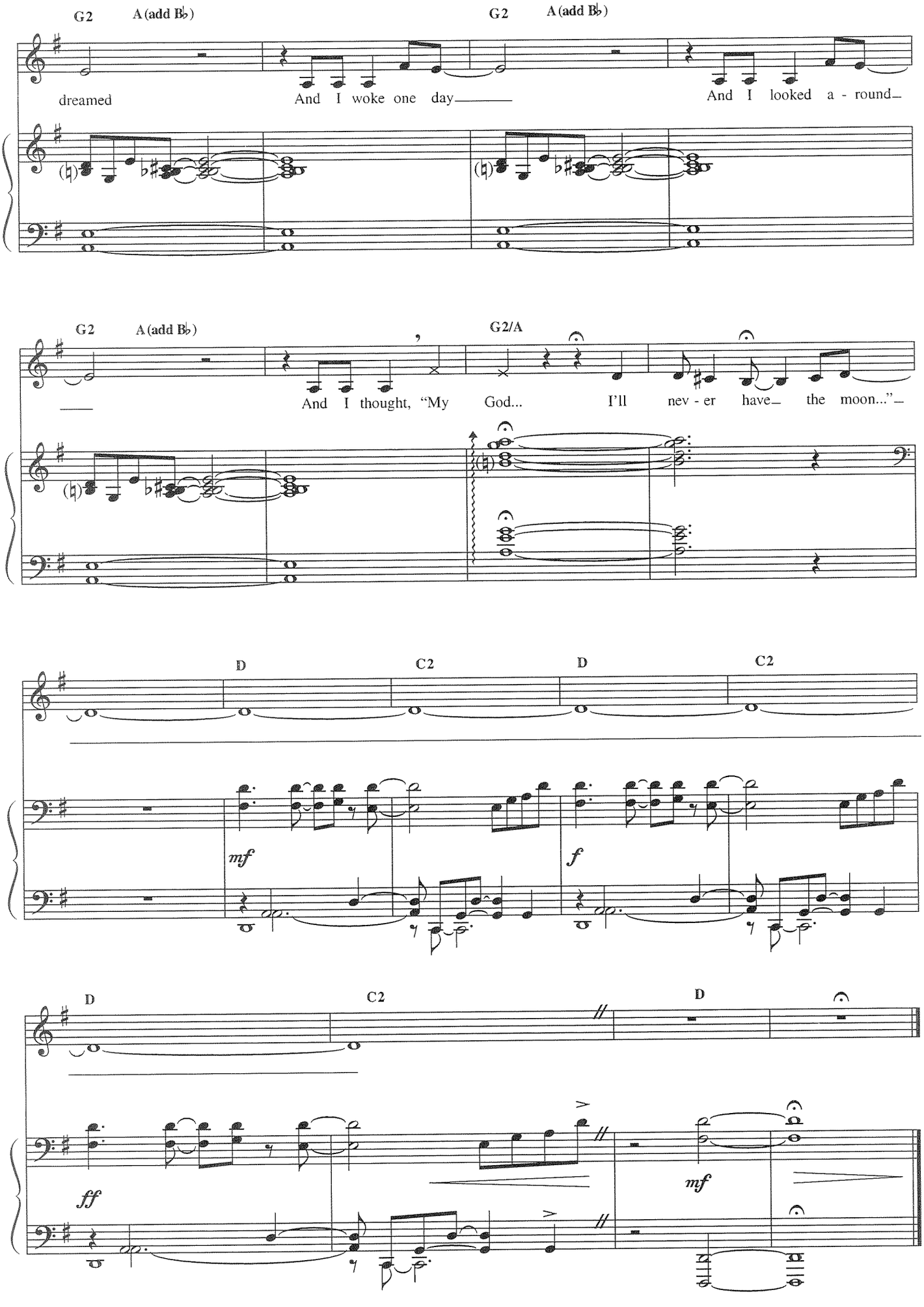

D2/A
G2
G2/F♯
G2/E
nights full of pas - sion and days of ad - ven - ture, no strings, just warm
G2/E
G2/D
C2
sum - mer rain.
8va
And I thought, "You know,
G2/A
A7
I'd ra - ther have cham - pagne."
poco ritard
D
C2
D
C2


D2
Bm/E
I met a man who had a for-tune in the bank who had re-
G/C
D
C2
tired at age thir-ty set for life
D2
Bm/E
I met a man and did-n't know which stars to thank and then he
G/C
D
C2
asked one day if I would be his wife


Bm7
Bm/A
And I looked up and all that I could think of was the
G2
G2/F♯
G2/E
G2/D
G2/C
Dsus(+3)/B♭
life I had dreamt I would live
RH
LH
And I
Dsus(+3)/A
G2/A
said to him: "What will you give?" "I'll give you
p
D
cars and a town - house in Tur - tle Bay and a
f


D/G
fur and a dia - mond ring And we'll get
Em9
mar - ried in Spain on my yacht to - day And we'll
D/G
hon - ey moon in Bei - jing And you'll meet
D2/A
G2
G2/F♯
G2/E
stars at the par - ties I throw at my vil - las in Nice and Par -


G2/E
G2/D
C2
- is in June"
8va
And I thought, "O - kay"—
G2/A
A7
G2
A7
– And I took a breath— and I got my yacht—
G2
A7
G2
A (add B♭)
– And the years went by— And it nev - er changed—
G2
A (add B♭)
G2
A (add B♭)
3
— And it nev - er grew— And I— ne - ver


G2
A (add B♭)
dreamed
And I woke one day
G2
A (add B♭)
And I looked a - round
G2
A (add B♭)
And I thought, "My God...
G2/A
I'll nev - er have the moon..."
D
C2
D
C2
mf
f
D
C2
D
ff
mf