FUNNY GIRL

Music by
JULE STYNE

Lyrics by
BOB MERRILL

Book by
ISOBEL LENNART
based on her original story

Vocal Score

Piano reduction by
Robert H. Noeltner

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TAMIS-WITMARK
560 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y., 10022
FUNNY GIRL
Presented by RAY STARK in association with SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTIONS
First performance March 26, 1964 at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York
Directed by GARSON KANIN
Musical Numbers Staged by Carol Haney
Scenery and Lighting by Robert Randolph
Costumes Designed by Irene Sharaff
Musical Direction by Milton Rosenstock
Orchestrations: by Ralph Burns
Vocal Arrangements: by Buster Davis
Dance Orchestations by Luther Henderson
Associate Producer Al Goldin
Associate Director Lawrence Kash
Production Supervised by JEROME ROBBINS

Cast of Characters
(In order of appearance)

FANNY BRICE: Barbara Streisand
JOHN, STAGE MANAGER: Robert Howard
EMMA: Royce Wallace
MRS. BRICE: Kay Medford
MRS. STARKOSH: Jean Stapleton
MRS. MEERKA: Lydia S. Fredericks
MRS. O'MALLEY: Joyce O'Neil
TOM KRENEK: Joseph Macaulay
EDDIE RAY: Danny Meekhan
HECKIE: Victor R. Helou
WORKMEN: Robert Howard, Robert Henson
SNUB TAYLOR: Buzz Miller
TROMBONE SMITTY: Blais Hammonds
FIVE FINGER FINNEY: Alan E. Weeks
TRUMPET SOLOIST: Dick Perry
BUBBLES: Shelbie Farrell
POLLY: Joan Lowe
MAIDE: Ellen Halpin
NICK ARNSTEIN: Sydney Chaplin
TWO SHOWGIRLS: Sharon Vaughn, Diana Lee Nielsen
STAGE DIRECTOR: Marc Jordan
FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.: Roger De Koven
MIMSEY: Sharon Vaughn
ZIEGFELD TENOR: John Lankston
ZIEGFELD LEAD DANCER: George Reeder
ADOLPH: John Lankston
MRS. NAALER: Rose Randolf
PAUL: Larry Fuller
CATHY: Joan Cory
VERA: Lainie Kazan
JENNY: Diane Coupe
BEN: Buzz Miller
MRS. RENALDI: Marc Jordan

Showgirls: Prudence Adams, Joan Cory, Diane Coupe, Lainie Kazan, Diana Lee Nielsen, Sharon Vaughn, Rosemarie Yellen.

Singers: Lydia S. Fredericks, Mary Louise, Jeanne McLaren, Joyce O'Neil, Rose Randolf, Stephanie Reynolds, Victor R. Helou, Robert Henson, Robert Howard, Marc Jordan, John Lankston, Albert Zimmerman.


FUNNY GIRL

Synopsis of Scenes

The Time: Shortly before and after World War I.

ACT I

SCENE 1: Fanny's Dressing Room — The New Amsterdam Theatre
SCENE 2: Backstage — Keeney's Music Hall
SCENE 3: In Front of Keeney's Music Hall
SCENE 4: Backyard — Fanny's Neighborhood
SCENE 5: Onstage — Keeney's Music Hall
SCENE 6: Backstage and Chorus Dressing Room
   Immediately following
SCENE 7: Mrs. Brice's Kitchen
SCENE 8: Backstage — The New York Theatre
SCENE 9: Onstage — The New York Theatre
SCENE 10: In Front of Folies Béjar Curtain
   Immediately following
SCENE 11: Henry Street
SCENE 12: Interior of Mrs. Brice's Saloon
SCENE 13: A Private Dining Room — Baltimore
SCENE 14: Baltimore Railroad Terminal

ACT II

SCENE 1: The Arnstein Long Island Mansion
SCENE 2: Mrs. Brice's Saloon
SCENE 3: Backstage — The New Amsterdam Theatre
   Circa 1920
SCENE 4: Onstage — The New Amsterdam Theatre
SCENE 5: Fanny's Dressing Room
   Immediately following
SCENE 6: Study — The Arnstein House
SCENE 7: Backstage — The New Amsterdam Theatre
SCENE 8: Onstage — The New Amsterdam Theatre
SCENE 9: Fanny's Dressing Room — The New Amsterdam Theatre

Instrumentation

Woodwind No. 1: Alto Saxophone/Clarinet/Flute/Alto Flute/Piccolo
   No. 2: Alto Saxophone/Clarinet/Flute/Piccolo/Soprano Saxophone
   No. 3: Tenor Saxophone/Clarinet/Bass Clarinet
   No. 4: Tenor Saxophone/Clarinet/Oboe/English Horn
   No. 5: Bass Saxophone/Bassoon/Bass Clarinet

Horn, 3 Trumpets, 3 Trombones, Percussion, Guitar, Piano/Celesta
   6 Violins, 3 Violoncellos, Contrabass
Musical Program

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No. 1

Lyrics by
BOB MERRILL

Music by
JULE STYNE

Moderate maestoso - In 4

Piano

ff Cymb.
Timp.

Trbs., Hn.

Bs., Sax. (Timp. roll)

Moderately bright - In 2

Fl., Xylo., Str., Gtr.
cresc. poco a poco

Cl.,

Bs.

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No. 2
Opening - Act I
(Underscore)

[Curtain]
Lento - Rubato

Piano

No. 3
Poker Chant No. 1

Cue: EMMA takes Indian costume out of closet.

JOHN: (offstage)  
Half hour (dialogue)  

FANNY: A  

A lot of years...

Slowly - Rubato  

MRS. BRICE:

MRS. STRAKOSH:

I think you're bluffing, Miss us Stra-kosh, Bluffing. You

Piano
MRS. BRICE:
think so? I think so. You with your glass face, I think you got nothin'.

MRS. STRAKOSH:
Sarah Strakosh, you haven't got a second ace! Then my advice to you is, honey. Close up your mouth and put up the money!

Cl. VI.
Segue as one

No. 4
If A Girl Isn't Pretty

Very slowly

EMMA: I'm going to have this brushed... etc.

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MRS. STRAKOSH:...
They want something to look at!

MRS. STRAKOSH: (Sung)
If a

Str.

Cello

21
Moderately - In 2

girl isn't pretty Like a Miss Atlantic City, All she
gets from life is pity and a pat. Is a

Cello

nose with deviation Such a crime against the nation? Should I

MRS. STRAKOSH, O' MALLEY & MEEKER:

throw her into jail Or drown the cat? She must

shine in every detail, Like a ring you're buying retail; A
standard size that fits a standard dress. When a girl's in city.

Tempo I°

ALL 3:
dentals are no bigger than two lentils. Then to me it doesn't spell success!

51 Slowly-In 4
FANNY: Don't worry, Mrs. Strakosh . . . etc.

... And I'll sing . . .

and I'll dance . . .

56 [Scene change]
Ricky-ticky
KEENEY: You're fired!

Repeat until cue: KEENEY:
A great choice for the chorus, Eddie. What's the matter...you owe somebody a favor? etc....

SLOWLY

FANNY: I've been on the stage since I was ten.... etc.

 Cue: FANNY:
But Mr. Keeney!...

EDDIE:

If a

p Str., Celesta

Bs.
Tempo I°

girl isn't pretty, Like a Miss Atlantic City, She should

Cis.

dump the stage And try another route. Br., Picc., Fl. An-y
+Trbs.

mf

Gtr., Pno.

guy who pays a quarter For a seat just feels he ought-er See a

Str.

WW., Vlns., Hn.

fig-ger that his wife can't sub-sti-tute! Kid, my
Vlns., sva Br.

+Trbs.
heart ain't made of marble, But your rhythm's really horrible And that

map of yours just ain't no valentine. Everything you got's a-

bou right, But the damn thing don't come out right! So, forget it, kid, And just re-

Slowly - In 4

EDDIE: I'm sorry, kiddo. FANNY: So am I... etc.

sign!
FANNY: Heckie! How come you waited?

HECKIE: You know, Fan...

If a girl ain't per-

WORKMAN: 

HECKIE: 

sec-tion, Bet-ter take up a col-lec-tion. Ev-ry girl must be a

Ad lib.

+TWO WORKMEN:

dazz-ler and a beaut.

WW.sva 

You've got ver-y nice de-

WW.sva

WW.sva 

Str.,W.W. (+sva)

colla voce
Brighter tempo

port-ment, But when they see that as-sort-ment. From the gall-'ry they'll be

Str.

HECKIE GROUP: Hn. 8 bassa.

throw-ing fruit! If a

e etc.

CARD PLAYERS: Fl., Cl.

If a girl is n't pret-ty,

(HECKIE GROUP:)

girl is n't pret-ty. If a

p cresc. poco a poco
If a girl is n't pretty, If a
(HECKIE GROUP)
If a girl is n't pretty, If a girl is n't pretty, If a

HECKIE GROUP:

She should

get a job, go get a job, get any job,

Get a weekly

ALL:
GIRLS:
’Cause if a girl isn’t pretty, Like a

ALL:
Miss Atlantic City, She’s a real Miss nobody,

Fade out poco a poco
girl isn’t pretty, If a girl isn’t pretty, If a girl isn’t pretty.
I'm The Greatest Star

No. 5

Slowly
FANNY: Hey, Mr. Ryan.... etc.
...recognizes me! Listen...

Piano

Slowly-In 2
Recitative
I've got thirty six expressions; "Sweet as pie" to "tough as leather," And that's

In 4
six expressions more than all the Barry-mores put together. Instead of just kicking me, Why don't they give me a lift?

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think it's a plot 'cause they're scared that I've got such a gift. I'm miffed. 'Cause

Moderately-In 2

I'm the greatest star. I am by

(Spoken)

far, but no one knows it. Wait, they're gonna hear a

(Sung:)

voice A silver flute... ah hah ah hah, They'll cheer each "toot!"

(She applauds)
(Spoken:)

When I expose it! Can't you see to look at me. That I'm Tpts.
pizz.

Str.

Hn.

Hn.

Tpts.

As Camille I just feel

(Spoken:)

I've so much to offer. I know it'll be divine because

(Sung:)

I'm a natural cougher, Xylos (cough - )

Br., W.W.
Some ain't got it, Not a lump. I'm a great big clump of talent!

(Spoken):
Did you ever hear the story about the travelling salesman? (Sung:)

Laugh! They'll bend in half... A thousand

(Spoken:)
laughs (Stick around for the jokes) A thousand faces. (I re-iterate)

(Sung:)

When you're gifted, Then you're gifted. These are "faces" I got no axe to

Vlns.

Tpts., W.W.

Trbs., Har., Cello
Hey, what are they blind?

Moderate 2 (Charleston)

In all of the world so far I'm the greatest star.

Who is the pip with pizzazz? Who is all ginger and jazz?

Who is as glamorous as? Who's an American Beauty?
Roses, with an American beauty nose? And ten American beauty toes? Eyes on the target and wham!

Slowly-In 4

One shot, one gunshot and bam! Hey, Mister Ziegfeld, here I am!

Più mosso

I'm the greatest
star, I am by far, But no one

Tpts. etc.

knows it. That's why I was

Str., WW.

Hn., Cello

born, I'll blow my horn Till some-one blows

Br.

109

it! I'll light up like a light.
Right up—like a light,
I'll flick—er, then

Flare
Vlns.

the world's gonna stare up!
Tpts. Look— in' down you'll

never see me!
Try the sky 'cause that'll be me.

I can
Moderately slow - In 4

clam - or for my dram - er!

Have you guessed yet,

Not fast - In 2

Who’s the best yet?

If you ain’t I’ll tell you one more time.

You bet yer last dime, In all of the world so far...
Dixieland

i'm the greatest, greatest star!

Trb. gliss ff Tutti (notation ad lib.)

No. 5a

Cue FANNY: Follow me.

Moderately - In 2

[Scene changes to backyard]

Piano

f Br. W.W.
No. 5b    I'm The Greatest StarReprise

Cue: FANNY: Mama!

No. 6    Eddie's Fifth Encore

Moderately-In 4
Vins., Fl., Cl.
FANNY (Spoken)

Slow jazz - In 4

Well, the lady ain't been born -

Tpt. (duet with voice)

Can take the place of a horn -

With a

+Cl.

+Trb.

Cor-net man - A - go - in' where there's blow-in', Trav-lin' cor-net man -

Just
an - y-time they call him     He'll leave his wife and kid-dies  Sit-tin' with their tongues out

To play for pea-nuts in a dive and blow his lungs out. He'll hop a choo-choo on a mo-ment's
	no-tice          To play some dates with Bil-ly Bates Or Rag-time O-tis!

The la-dy ain't seen light—Can give a horn a fair fight.
With a cornet man. A rootin', shootin' every tootin'

dapper dan. Who carries in his satchel A powder blue Norfolk suit

A silver plated wah-wah mute. There is

whiskey, gamblin' each one a curse, But I'm up against a dev-

Cl. (smear) (Banjo) Cls. (sim.)
- if that's worse. Yes, a horn's my thorn, He's a trav-lin' cornet man.

Faster

DANCERS:

Chick, chick-en scramble.

Chick, chick-en scramble.
Cheep! Cheep!
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!

Tutti

(Solo cackle)

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!
Solo Tpt. wah

(Solo cackle)

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!

Solo Tpt.

Tutti

Wah doo, wah doo,
177 Saxs, Tpts, Hn.

181 Tpts, Reeds

185

193 Tempo I°

FANNY: A powder blue Norfolk suit;

Banjo, Pno, Dr.

Trbs.

Silver plated wah wah mute, 'Cause he's
shy on height, He's short on weight, But
he's the only guy can make my coffee percolate.

Dapper Dan, My cornet playing man!
No. 8

Nicky Arnstein No. 1

Cue: NICK ARNSTEIN enters.

NICK: Mr. Keeney... etc....

Rubato-In 4

Piano

Fanny: Hey Eddie,...

Cue: BUBBLES: Is that why you brush up against him every time you pass him?

Come talk to me while I change etc.......

...which I never did!

pp Str., Cbs. sempre rubato

Celesta

Fanny: (Sung)

Nicky Arnstein, Nicky Arnstein. What a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful name!

In 3

(Spoken:) Eddie, I don’t know how to thank you.

Eddie: Oh, there must be a way. Like... what are you doing after the show Saturday night?
FANNY:

Nick-y Arn-stein, Nick-y Arn-stein. What a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful fel-la!

Celesta, Gtr., Str.

(Spoken:) Saturday night? Well if it's etc....

Fl.  

2 Cls.

FANNY: Not me, too busy!

(Sung:) Dressed in a full dress for-mal And not e-ven go-ing to a wed-ding!

Trbs, Hn., B.Cl., Celli

(Spoken:) You know something?... etc.

Fl.  

G.Fl.

FANNY: I can't help it... that's what you found... Ha, ha!

(Sung:) I'll bet he knows Flo Zieg-feld... He could e-ven know Mis-ter Wrig-ley, from Spear-mint!

Celesta, Str. Sva

Gtr.

W.W., Hn.
EDDIE: ... bit of news I've had in ages!

(Spoken:) Every now and then... etc.

FANNY:

Nick-y Arnstein, Nick-y Arnstein.

Trbs., Hn.

EDDIE:

Come on... I'll take you home. We'll sit around and schmooze!

EDDIE exits.

Did you see how he had polish on his nails?

W.W.

W.W.

SLOWLY

Str.

Celesta + Celesta

Vln.tr.

FANNY exits.

Tpts.

ff

Full
Change Of Scene
(If A Girl Isn't Pretty)

Moderately-In 2

W.W., Str. sva

[Fade on kitchen scene]
Who Taught Her Everything?

Cue: MRS. STRAKOSH: Fanny, darling, tell me everything.

Slowly-In 2

MRS. BRICE: Well, Eddie... the Ziegfeld Follies! Now she belongs to the ages!

Piano

Freely

EDDIE:

My work is done. We're all done. Our work is done. She doesn't need us.

W. W., Str.

(Vlns., Fl. trem.)

Strbs.

She'll have cake. We'll have crumbs. Be careful of the stage door. Here she comes!

(W. W. growl)

Gliss.

Hn.

MRS. BRICE:

Here she comes! Hello, Fanny, Hello! Hello, Fanny--it's

+ Trbs.

W. W.

Vlns., Fl., Cel.

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me. Ma-ma. What do you mean. Ma-ma who? It's good to see her from a-

MRS. BRICE: far. I lost a daugh-ter but I gained a star. That's Broad-way! And

EDDIE:

Soft shoe tempo In 4

Who taught her ev-ry-thing she knows? I taught her ev-ry-thing she

W.W., Pno. muted Tpts.

(muted Tpts. Whistles)

She sings like a bird. Yes in-deed! But
who used to stand there And feed her the seed? Who taught her how to pick her

MRS. BRICE: That I did, Eddie.

clothes? Who taught her how to tap her toes?

But will she admit it? Kid, you said it. They all forget they know ya when it

comes to credit. Tell me, have you ever seen her take this pose?

W. W.
I taught her every-thing, How to hoof and how to sing. I taught her every-thing she knows.

MRS. BRICE: Wait, Eddie, she'll blame us yet.

EDDIE: Let me hear it, Rosie.

Who taught her every-thing she knows? I taught her every-thing she knows.

EDDIE: Ain't it the truth!

The mischievous smile, That devil may care. You
don't pull such mannerisms Out of the air. The men who are older might pre-

fer

The original manufacturer. It

hurts me to say it, But why not be fair? When you see her on the stage You're

MRS. B:

see-in' me there! She still has trouble executing one of those. If
MRS. B:

they could have paid the price, They'd have hir-ed Rosie Brice, Who stands af-ter ev'-ry show, Vlns.

EDDIE:

Sell-ing match-es in the snow. But in the world of grease paint That's the way it goes!

BOTH:

We taught her ev'-ry-thing. How to hoof and how to sing? We taught her how to wack A

(joke from here to Hack-en-sack! Ha, ha, ha, ha, We taught her ev'-ry-thing,

(laugh effect)
We taught her every thing she knows.

Change Of Scene
(I'm The Greatest Star)

[Fade out as director calls up to Mr. Ziegfeld]

End Of Scene 8

Cue: FANNY exits in head-dress.
His Love Makes Me Beautiful

Allegro maestoso

Vins., Picc.

JENNY: Ladies and gentlemen... etc.
... the American bride!

TENOR: Freely - In 4

for better or for worse, "Oh, promise me." Why does every bride glow

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rav-ish-ing-ly? Within the secret heart of ev-ry bride

These are the words re-peat-ing, re-peat-ing, re-peat-ing in-

side. Br. You are the

Graciously

beau-ti-ful re-flex-ion Of his love's af-fec-tion, A walk-ing il-lus-tra-tion

etc.
Of his adoration. His love makes you

beautiful, So beautiful So beautiful. You ask your

looking glass, What is it makes you so exquisite? The answer to your query—
Ooh
Oh, Oh,
Comes back "dear-ie," His love makes you beautiful, So beautiful, So

Oh, Oh, Oh,
beautiful. And woman loved is woman glorified! You'll make a

Molto rall. Broadly
beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful bride.

Chimes
So
Br.
+Chimes
+Str. trem.
beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!
beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!

a tempo

Ah
ten.

woman loved is woman glorified.

You'll make a

Brightly - In 2

beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful bride!

Tutti

+Timpm.
ALL:

Here comes the bride, Another beautiful bride. Ziegfeld presents her with

Slowly - Rubato

FANNY:

justifiable pride!

I am the beautiful reflection

Of my love's affection, A walking illustration Of his adoration.

TENOR:

His love makes me beautiful, So beautiful, So beautiful, And
wom-an loved is wom-an glo-ri-fied! I'll make a

Spoken: (ad lib.)

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful. I'm beau-ti-ful?

122 Maestoso-In 2

ALL: +W.W.

You are so beau-ti-ful, You are so beau-ti-ful,

br.,str.

beau-ti-ful, You are so beau-ti-ful,
No. 11a  

**Change Of Scene**

**Grand waltz - In 1**

**Piano**

**Moderately - In 2**

[Fade out as stage director shouts orders]
No. 12 I Want To Be Seen With You Tonight

Cue: NICK: ...watch people stare and whisper...

That's Ziegfeld's newest star! Who's the lucky man? Don't you see?

NICK: I want to be seen, be seen with you, With you on my arm, To wear you like a charm, Vibs. sva. Your glitter decorating my arm! Now, natch-rally, such

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proximity Gives rumors to rise. We'll

let them analyze. What our amalgama-

tion implies! Oh, yes, The gossips will

press, Too willing to stress
The seam-y side. Know what? So what!

I want to be seen—be seen with you, With you—on my arm. Let's give this town a light—And hit it like a meteorite!Tonight, I want to be seen with you.
FANNY: I can't! I have... etc.

FANNY: ...think it over... etc.

NICK: I'll be with you.

won't I? FANNY:

The moon over mother's sa-

Vins.

Br.

Cello, Cls.
loon, Have a nice mac-a-roon!

NICK:
I'll buy you a light beer. Right, dear!

63
BOTH:
I want to be seen, be seen with you, With you on my arm. Let's give this town a light, And hit it like a
me-te-or-ite! To-night, I want to be seen with,

NICK: Just gotta be seen with,

FANNY: I'd like to be seen with.

BOTH: seen with... I want to be seen with you.

Br., W.W.
Nicky Arnstein No. 2

Cue: NICK: Now hurry and get changed...go on!

Freely-In4

Nicky Arnstein, Nicky Arnstein, What a beautiful, beautiful name!

Piano

Str., Gtr.

Wait till he meets in person, For one night only, Missus

Celesta, WW.

Str.

Strakosh and the Henry Street gypsies... I'll never see him again.

+Trbs., Hn.

WW, Str.

Tpts.

Finger on Cymb.

Cymb.

Trbs., Hn

Timp.
No. 14

Henry Street

[Scene changes to Henry Street]

Moderate waltz - In 1

Piano

W.W. etc.

Cymb. Bsn.

Tutti

Str. W.W.

Trbs.

[Coretta rises]

ALL:

Henry Street. No, it ain't Broadway, it's Henry Street. Long after midnight It's lit up as bright as a
light-house, Bright-er to-night than the White

MEN:

We're proud to tell you that C. P. A.'s

Shouted:

We got in dozens and lawyers Take your choice.

Mess-es and mess-es of young D. D.

 Girls: Ah- ha ha ha! But

Henry Street has some- thing it

Ain't had so far: The great- est, most glam- or- ous, gen- u- ine,

Glo- ri- fied Zieg- feld star!
Dance

W.W. Vlns., stacc.

Br., Glock.
Hn., Celli

Tuba

(Tpt.
Trb., Celli

Hn., Celli

(Glock. tacet)

We're proud to tell you that C. P. A.'s We got in

W.W., Str., Glock.

mf

Trbs.
dozens, and lawyers, take your choice.

Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha!

voice. But Henry Street has

something it ain't had so far: The greatest, most glamorous,
gen-u-ine glo-ri-fied Zieg-feld star!

[The crowd sees FANNY]

FANNY: Mama... I want you to meet... etc.

Vamp ad lib. under dialogue

Cue: MR. STRAKOSCH starts to waltz with FANNY. ALL:

No it ain't Broadway, it's Henry Street. Long after
midnight, it's lit up as bright as a lighthouse,

Brighter tonight than the White house. We're proud to

tell you that C. P. A's. We got in dozens and

lawyers, Take your choice!
Mess-es and mess-es of young D. D. es-ses, A loo-n-ey who

Ah—ha—ha—ha!

But Hen

Street has something it ain't had be-fore:

The great-est, most glam-or-ous, gen-u-ine, glo-ri-fied
No. 14a  Music Under Dialogue  (Henry Street)

NICK: Mrs. Brice... you must be very proud... etc.

Piano

Repeat and fade out at cue: MRS. STRAKOSH: Excuse me, girls.
No. 15

People

Cue: FANNY: ... then you'd really see a fuss! Funny...

Slowly

I've imagined you practically every place... etc.

Piano

Proceed at cue:

FANNY: ...Say something:

G Fl.

+Celesta

...that we have the same problem! FANNY: Freely

We travel single, O,

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faster

Maybe we're lucky, but I don't know.

Celesta

them, just let one kid fall down and seven mothers faint. I guess we're both happy,

But maybe we ain't.

People, people who need people are the
luck-iest peo-ple in the world.  We're

chil-dren, need-ing oth-er chil-dren. And yet

let-ting our grown-up pride  Hide all the need in-side; Act-ing

more like chil-dren than chil-dren.
Lovers are very special people. They're the luckiest people in the world. With one person, one very special person, a feeling deep in your soul says: you were half, now you're whole. No more.
Ad lib.

hunger and thirst, But first, be a person who needs people.

People who need people Are the luckiest people

in the world!

NICK: Fanny... you're a wonderful girl.... etc.

Slowly-Rubato
FANNY: Hey... are you packed?

FANNY: Oh, I don't know... etc.

L.H. Cel.

Thank God! At least...

Celesta

Str.

NICK: Good night.

Vln.

G.Fl.

Cl.

(He kisses her)

Cl.

Cello

Very slowly

Are the luck-i-est peo-ple
No. 15a

Poker Chant No. 2

[Scene changes to Mrs. Brice's saloon]

Moderately - In 4

Ad lib.

Mrs. Brice:
I think you're bluffing, Missus

Strakhosh, Bluffing! You think so? I think so!
No. 16

End Of Scene 12

Cue: MRS. BRICE: Take it. I thought you were bluffing.

Moderately - In 2

[Fade out as curtain rises and segue to No. 17]
Incidental

Private dining room scene.

[PAUL is placing white roses on table and awaits the arrival of NICK ARNSTEIN]

Moderately-In 3

Piano

PAUL: Good evening, Mr. Arnstein ... Dialogue continues.

[FANNY enters]

FANNY: May I take your wrap?

FANNY: I hate what it does to my left!
You Are Woman, I Am Man

Cue: NICK: I'll be much more direct!

Moderately - In 4

Piano

You! Are woman, I am man.

You are smaller so I can be taller than.

You are softer to the touch.

It's a feeling I like feeling very much.
Bells. You are someone I've admired.

Still our friendship leaves something to be desired.

Does it take more explanation than this?

You are woman, I am man. Let's kiss!
FANNY:

Isn't this the height of non-chalance. Furnishing a bed in restaurants?

Well, a bit of dinner never hurt. But guess who is gonna be dessert?

Do good girls do just what mama says When mama's not around? It's a feeling
NICK: *(Spoken)*

Oy vey, What a feeling! A bit of pa-te? I drink it all day.

FANNY:

(W.W. Str. Br.)

Should I do the things he'll tell me to? In this pick-le what would Nellie do?

(W.W. (Str. pizz.))

In my soul I feel an inner lack. Just suppose he wants his dinner back!

BOTH:

Does it take more explanation than this?
FANNY:

Just some dried out toast in a sliver. On the top a little chopped liver,

man-y girls be-come a sin-ner While wait-ing for a roast-beef din-ner? Though

most girls slip in or-di-nary ways, I got style, I do it bor-de-laise.
Well, at least he thinks I'm special, he ordered à la carte. It's a feeling...

I like feeling very... I feel the feeling down to my toes.

Now I feel like there's a fire here; try that once a little higher, dear.

What a beast to ruin such a pearl. Would a convent take a Jewish girl?
BOTH:

Does it take more explanation than this?

FANNY:

(Spoken)

Ooh! The thrills and chills going through me. If I stop him now—Can he sue me?
No. 18a

Change Of Scene

[The scene changes to the Baltimore Railroad Station]

Moderately bright - In 2

Piano

Vlns., Hn., Trbs.

Pno., Cello, F. Sax.

Tpts., W.W., Xyl.

Hn.

etc.

Tpts., Hn., Vlns.

[Fade out as curtain rises]
Moderate 2

[Dialogue: continue at cue:]
FANNY: Don't tell me don't!  
2 FANNY:

Piano

Vamp ad lib.

Don't tell me not to live, Just sit and put-ter.

Life's can- dy and the sun's a ball of but- ter. Don't bring a-round a

cloud To rain on my pa- rade!

Don't tell me not to fly, I've sim- ply got to. If some- one takes a

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— spill, It's me and not you. Who told you you're al-

owed to rain on my pa-

rade?

Br. I'll march my band out,

Vns. sva.

Trbs.

Hn., Str.

7. Cis.

I'll beat my drum.

And if I'm

Tpts.

I'll fanned out,_

Your turn at bat, sir._

At
least I didn't fake it. Hat, sir! I guess I didn't make it.

But whether I'm the rose Of sheer perfection, Or freckle on the

nose Of life's complexion, The cinder or the shiny apple of its

eye,

I gotta fly once, I
gotta try once, Only can die once. Right, sir?

Ooh, love is juicy, Jon.

y and you see I gotta have my bite sir! Get ready for me.

love, Cause I'm a "com-er." I simply gotta march 'Cause I'm a drummer.

Don't bring around a cloud To rain on my parade.
I'm gun-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 target and wham! One shot, one gun shot and

Slowly

bam! Hey, Mis-ter Arn-stein, Here I am!

---
I'll march my hand out;
Tpts.

I'll beat my drum.
And if I'm
Str., div.

Tempo 19

fanned out.
Your turn at bat, sir.
At least, I didn't fake it.
Tpts.

Hat, sir! I guess I didn't make it! Get ready for me.
Vlns.
_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-

93 Tempo 10

rade!

End Act I
Moderately bright waltz - In 1

Vns. pizz., W.W., Glock.

mf Hn., Cello

Glock.
Br.
Vns.

mf Hn., Cello

W.W., Vns. 8va
Moderately - In 4  [Curtain]

**ff** Tutti + Chimes

---

EDDIE: Shush! They're coming.

---

[Fade out]
Sadie, Sadie

VERA: Tell me... what's it like... being married, Fanny?

FANNY: Fanny?

I'm not Fanny. I got married... I'm Sadie!

Everybody that gets married becomes a Sadie!

Piano

Moderately slow - In 4

Sadie, Sadie, married lady, Bow when I go by.

I'm a corporation now, Not me, myself and I.

Oh, how that marriage license works. On

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chambermaids and hotel clerks. The honeymoon was such delight.

we got married that same night. I'm Sadie, Sadie, married lady,

Still in bed by noon. Sop. Sax., muted Br. Wracking my brain deciding between orange juice and prune! Nick says nothing is too
good for me. And who am I not to agree. I'm Sadie, Sadie,

Vlas vna


ALL:
marr ied la - dy, that's me. She's

+++Yxl. Tutti

FANNY:

ALL:
Sadie, Sadie, married lady. Meet a mort-ga-gee! Sop.Sax. The

Tpts.

R.H. Cello, Hn/Vlas. vna}

FANNY:

own-er of an ice-box With a ten year guar-an-tee! Oh,

Str., Yxl.

Trbs., Cello
Spoken.

sit me in the soft-est seat. Quick! A cush-ion for my feet.

Do for me, buy for me, lift me, car-ry me. Fin-ly got a guy to mar-ry me! I

do my nails, Read up on sales. All day the re-cords play.

Spoken.

Then he comes home—I tell him, Oy!—what a day I had to-
day! I swear I'll do my wife-ly job. Just sit at home be-

come a slob! Sadie, Sadie, married lady, that's me! She's

Sadie, Sadie, married lady. Sadie, you did the trick! Not

FANNY: ev'-ry girl can get her- self. A guy who looks like Nick.
tell the truth, it hurt my pride. The groom was prettier than the bride!

W.W. + Xyl.

Str. pizz.

Br.

ALL:

Sadie, Sadie, married lady—

Husband, house, a mortgage, a baby

Sadie, Sadie, married lady, that's who?

That's you! That's me, married lady. Say hello to Ziegfeld's married

Str. Sop. Sax.
No. 21a

Change Of Scene
(If A Girl Isn't Pretty)

Moderately - In 2

Piano

W. W., Str. 8va

Fade out as EDDIE turns cards over and speaks.
Find Yourself A Man

Cue: MRS. BRICE: I don't have to worry about them any more...

[Dialogue continues]

Moderate waltz - In 1

Cue: MRS. STRAKOSH:
Dave is mine. Listen...

MRS. STRAKOSH & EDDIE:
Rose!

Piano

EDDIE & MRS. S:

Find yourself a man.

Mrs. B: Just what I need

EDDIE:

Find yourself a man.

You'll

MRS. BRICE:

see what a difference it makes every day.

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MRS. STRAKOSH:

letter, You'll write me a res-ume! Just take me and

MRS. B: Ro-me-o, Ju-li-et!

EDDIE:

Dave,

dave is still her

Trbs. muted

MRS. B: Send the slave my re-gards.

BOTH:

slave.

O-pen your heart and from

FIs.

out of the skies A prince on a horse will ma-ter-i-al-

Tpts.

+Trbs.

Trbs.
MRS. BRICE:
Tpts.

ize! Boy, is some luck-y prince going to get a sur-
prise!

ALL:

Find a man!

MRS. S. & EDDIE: (Spoken) (+Bells)

MRS. S:

Find your-self a man, I re-pent it, Rose!

EDDIE: You're de-feat-ed, Rose!

MRS. B:

Find my-self a man.
I'll hang a sign out, Big letters that high. Come in and sample, You

MRS. B: I hear
don't have to buy! Hear a voice talk back.

MRS. S: MRS.B: You've been counting? Yes, money you don't lack.

just what I need is a middle-aged sheik Whose uppers and lowers will
click when he'll speak. And life is a song 'cause he'll click and I'll creak!

ALL:

Vlns., Xylo.

MRS. S. & EDDIE:

Find a man.

The W.W.

Trbs.

85

MRS. B: Yes?

man that you select Must treat you

Str. W.W.

Hn., Cello

MRS. B: That's important!

EDDIE: with respect. He must understand there are rules to o-

Str. Hn., Trbs. C1bs.
MRS. B: be-y. Not toy with your mor-als And lead you a-stray. Please, dar-ling, let the man

MRS. B: I'm a grand-moth-er
(Spoken) MRS. S. & EDDIE: You
do things his way! Find a man!

All: Find your-self a man!

know some-bod-y? 109

Attacca
Change Of Scene
(Rat-tat-tat-tat)

Rather bright-In 2

Fade out at cue: VERA: Hey... how is little mother?
Rat-tat-tat-tat

Our boys went Rat-tat-tat-tat,
And shot the Kaiser where he sat-tat-tat-tat!

With ev'ry pop-pity pop— Some'kraut'took a drop—

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American boys are all such straight shooters.

We'll take care of him mother, When he comes home from the war.

Spoken (to Jenny) Take it!

Jenny:

We'll take care of him mother. We'll do...
every thing that you would do — And more!

EDDIE:

Rattat tat tat, We'll give their backs a big pat. They de-

serve a future full of joys, 'Cause they're our

Yankee Doodle, Yankee Doodle,
Yankee Doodle doughboys.

Dr. solo
Drill whistle

Trbs., low Reeds, Str.

Vins., W.W.

W.W., Str.

Tutti
CHORUS:

Our boys went

Rattatatatatata,

Rattatatatatata,

Saxs., Vlns., sva

Tpts. (W.W. 16va)

Tpts. (W.W. 16va)

And shot the Kaiser where he sattatatatata!

With every Saxs.

mf Trbs., Cello

Saxs.

poppiy pop

Some 'kraut' took a drop.

A-

Vlns., Saxs.

Br.
American boys are all such straight shooters.

We'll take care of him, mother, when he comes home from the war. We'll do
everything that you would do, And more!

Rat-tat-tat-tat, We'll give their backs a big pat. They de-
serve a future full of joys. 'Cause they're our

Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle,
No. 23a  
**Rat-tat-tat-tat-Part 2**
*(Private Schwartz)*

*Listesso tempo*

JENNY and Company:

```
Com-pa-ny.
Or-der.
Arms!
```

**Piano**

```
+ Trbs.
```

**SOLO VOICE:**

```
Roll call!  I'm private Jones from Arkansas, I'm
```

**Tutti**

```
Cello  + Rds., Trbs.
```

*Segue as one*

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private Smith from Kansas,
I'm private Ryan from Maine,
I'm private Burke from Wisconsin.
I'm private O'Brien from

FANNY:

Texas.
I'm private Muntz from Michigan.
I'm private Schwartz from Rockaway.
And I guess you've
heard reports. That the Kaiser runs a
block away. When they tell him: "Here comes Schwartz!"

'Cause when I get mad, believe it, Jack, Out from

nowhere comes a maniac! A

Fl., Hn.
(Spoken)

kick in the foot, A shot in the pants... I wouldn't give a second chance!

(Sung)

Private Schwartz from Rock-a-way!

Str., W.W.

Tpts.

(Cymb.)

[51] CHORUS:

Private Schwartz, Private Schwartz,


Tpts.

Tpts.

slide

FANNY:

Private Schwartz from Rock-a-way. I met
mad-moi-selle from Ar-men-tières — And my ba-gels

Vlns.

Ctis.

B.Ct., Cell., Bs.

gave a spin. — She said, "Pri-vate Schwartz, Come

mf + Trbs. muted

B.Ct., Cell., Bs.

clos-er, dear." — What a tzim-mis I got in!

+ Trbs. muted

Vlns.

Ctis.

B.Ct., Cell., Bs.

— Ven you're fight-ing for de-moc-ra-cy, — Call on
Irving Schwartz and company. I'm through and through Red, white and bluish. I talk this way because I'm British!

Tell Far Rock-a-way: "Don't pull the dock away," Cause
Sailing home is General. Trbs., Hns.

Faster

F. Schwartz.

CHORUS:

Rattata-tatatatatatatatat, We'll give their backs a big pat! They de-

Tpts. +Tpts. W.W.

Cym. Str. B. D. Str.

serve a great big medal and a loud huz-zah! O- ver

+Glock. Br. mf
here W.W. and over there You'll hear

Rat-tat-tat-tat, Rat-tat-tat-tat, Rat-tat-tat-tat-

Cym.

W.W.

Rat-tat-tat-tat! That's our Yankee doo-dle, Yankee

Str. W.W.

Hns., Trbs.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Hurrah!
No. 23b

Change Of Scene

Brightly - In 2

Piano

[Fade out as curtain rises]
Who Are You Now?

Cue. FANNY: No, it's not all right.

Very slowly - In 4

Look at us, you do so much for me,
What do I do for you?

Who are you now... Now that you're mine?
Are you something more than you were before?
Are you warmer in the rain? Are you stronger for my touch?

Am I giving too little by my

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loving you too much? How is the view...

Sunny and green? Fl., Vn. How do you compare it to the

views you've seen? I know I am better and braver and

sure too. But you are you now. Who are you now? Are you
No. 24a

Change Of Scene

Maestoso - In 4

No. 25

Don't Rain On My Parade
(Nick's Version)

Cue: NICK: It's all right. Forget it!

NICK: Beckman 419....

Held until NICK hangs up phone.

Moderately bright - In 2

One roll for the whole she-bang! One throw... that bell will go

Cl. Str. Cl.

P Hn. growl

Hn. growl
clang!
This time we play with my deck!
Out of my way...it's my

neck!
This time the set-up feels right!
Ba-by, it's o-pen-ing

ad lib.

night! Hey, Miss-us Arn-stein, Here I go!
Opening Scene 7
(Downtown Rag)

[Scene changes to New Amsterdam Theatre — bare stage rehearsal.]
Moderately bright — In 2

Piano

Alto Sax.
W.W. Glock.

Cello

Tutti

13 Str.

Trbs., Hn.
35 Tpt. solo (Harmon mute)  
do wah do wah a do

Hn., Cello
Ten. Sax.
+ Bs. Sax.

41

[Fade out as EDDIE taps assistant on shoulder.]

45 Tpt. solo (Harmon mute)  
do wah do wah a do

Hn., Cello
Ten. Sax.
+ Bs. Sax.
No. 27

The Music That Makes Me Dance

Cue: PANNY is alone at work-table. The lights dim.

Ad lib.

I add two and two—The most simple addition. Then

swear that the figures are lying. I'm a much better comic than

mathematician. Cause I'm better on stage than at intermission. And as

far as the man is concerned... If I've been burned, I have't
VOICE (over loudspeaker): Ladies and gentlemen, Florenz Ziegfeld presents the one and only Fanny Brice!

Slowly - In tempo

16 Moderately slow 4

I know he's around when the sky and the ground start ringing.

Alto Sax. I know when he's near by the thunder I hear in advance.

His words and his words alone are the
words that can start my heart singing.

his is the only music that makes me dance.

He'll sleep and he'll rise in the light of two eyes that adore him.

Bore him it might, But he
won't leave my sight for a glance.

In ev'ry way, ev'ry day, I need less of myself And need more him.

Ad lib.

'Cause his is the only music that makes me more him.

colla voce

dance.

'Cause his is the only
Change Of Scene
(The Music That Makes Me Dance)

Moderately - In 4

Piano

Hold until cue:
EMMA: Well, they cleaned it up alright.
**No. 28**  

**Incidental - Underscore**

*Cue:* FANNY: Come in.

**Very slowly-rubato**  

**NICK:** Hello, Fanny

**FANNY:** Well, you must be that fella... etc.

*Fade out at cue: NICK: Fanny, don't! Please!*
Finale - Act II
(Don't Rain On My Parade - Reprise)

Cue: FANNY picks the blue marble egg.

Slowly - Rubato

FANNY:

I'll march my band out. I'll beat my

Piano

pp Str., WW.

drum.

Fl., Hn.,

Str., WW.

Tpts.

Trbs.

(Tpts. tacet)

Low Str.

I guess we didn't make it. Str., Celesta

At

mf WW., Hn.

Least we didn't fake it. Don't tell me not to live, Just sit and putter.

pp Str., Trbs., Hn.

Str., Cls., Hn. accel.

poco a poco
Life's candy and the sun's a ball of butter.

Don't bring a round a cloud to rain on my pade!

Str., Xyl.

I'm gonna live and live now! Get what I

Str.

w.W.
want; I know how! All that the law will al-

Slowly - In 4

low! Hey, gorgeous, here we go again!

Yes, here it goes, kid,

No looking back.
"Stiff upper nose, kid."

Let's give 'em hell, Brice! We'll cry a little latter.

Well, Brice, that's life in the theater!

Get ready for me.

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world, 'Cause I'm a "com-er." I simply gotta.
march. My heart's a drummer.

No—body, no,

Saxs. sva

Rall. In 4

Is gonna rain on my parade!

Vins.

A tempo In 2

End of Act II