ALL SONDHEIM
VOL. II MUSIC AND LYRICS BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

STEPHEN SONDHEIM (Composer) wrote the music and lyrics for SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE (1984), MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG (1981), Sweeney Todd (1979), PACIFIC OVERTURES (1976), A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC (1973), THE FROGS (1974), FOLLIES (1971), COMPANY (1970), ANYONE CAN WHISTLE (1964) and A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM (1962), as well as the lyrics for DO I HEAR A WALTZ? (1965), GYPSY (1959) and WEST SIDE STORY (1957), and additional lyrics for CANDIDE (1973). SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM (1976), MARRY ME A LITTLE (1981) and YOU'RE GONNA LOVE TOMORROW (originally presented as A STEPHEN SONDHEIM EVENING on March 3, 1983) are anthologies of his work as composer and lyricist. He composed the film scores for STAVISKY (1974) and REDS (1981), songs for a television production, EVENING PRIMROSE (1966), and co-authored the film THE LAST OF SHEILA. He provided incidental music for Broadway's TWIGS (1971), GIRLS OF SUMMER (1956) and INVITATION TO A MARCH (1961). He won Tony Awards as Best Composer and Lyricist for Sweeney Todd, A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC, FOLLIES and COMPANY. All of these musicals won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award, as did PACIFIC OVERTURES and SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE, the latter also receiving the Pulitzer Prize in 1985.

Mr. Sondheim was born and raised in New York City and graduated from Williams College, winning the Hutchinson Prize for Music Composition. After graduation he studied theory and composition with Milton Babbitt. He is on the council of the Dramatists Guild, the national association of playwrights, composers and lyricists, having served as its president from 1973 to 1981, and was elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters in 1983.
ALL
SONDHEIM
VOL. II
MUSIC AND LYRICS BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM

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Vocal Selections Prepared By: PAUL McKIBBINS

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From the Musical Production "The Frogs"

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience

Molto rubato

(To the heavens)

Gods of the theater, smile on us.

You who sit up there stern in judgment, Smile on us.

You who look down on actors (And who doesn't?), Bless this yearly festival and

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

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smile on us. We of-fer you song and dance, We of-fer you rites and rev-els. We of-fer you grace and beau-ty. Smile on us

(To the audience)
for this while. Gods of the thea-ter, smile on us.

You who sit out there stern in judg-ment, Smile on us.

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 2-15
We offer you song and dance.

We offer you rites and revels.

gods and heroes. We offer you paean and pageants, bacchanales and

We offer you jokes and insults. We offer you bacchanales and

Maestoso

social comment. Bless our play and smile.

Yes, but

social comment. Bless our play and smile.
Grazioso ($\frac{d}{d} = 80$)

first...

Some do's and don’ts.

Mostly

(Optional vamp) (1st time only)

don’ts:

Please don’t cough.

It

(tend last time)

tends to throw the actors off.

Have some respect for Aristophanes.

And

please,

Don’t cough.

* Please don’t swim.

The

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 4-15

* Optional lyrics for performance without a pool.
theater is a temple, not a gym. Apart from being perilous to
haven't oiled the seats all week. You wouldn't want to miss a single
life and limb. We may be in the middle of a sacred hymn, So
word of Greek - It's hard enough for us to hear each other speak - So
please, please, Don't swim. Don't squeak.
If you see flaws, please, No loud guffaws, please,

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 5-15
Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 6-15

Only because, please, There are politer ways.

As for applause, please, When there’s a pause, please.

Although we welcome praise, The echo sometimes lasts for days...

days... days... days... days... days... days... days... days... days... days... days...
Don't take notes
To show us all you know the famous quotes, And when you disapprove, don't

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience:
7-15
anything that splatters, stains or floats. And please—No
tell your neighbor sparkling anecdotes.

This is a classic, not a class.

If we should get rhetorical, Please don’t curse.

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 8-15
If we should get satirical, Don't take it wrong. And if, by a sudden miracle, A tune should appear that's lyrical, Don't hum Along.
When we are waxing humorous, Please don't wane.
The jokes are obscure but numerous... We'll explain.

When we are waxing serious, Don't squirm or laugh. It

starts when we act mysterious. And if you're in doubt, don't query us, We'll

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 10-15
signal you when we're serious (It's in the second half...)

But first:

Please don't strip.
Please don't leave.
It's hot but it's a pleasure

trip: The author could have been Euripides. So

grieve. We may have something better up our sleeve, So
please, Don't strip. Don't leave. Don't say "What?". To

Don't strip. Don't leave. Don't say "What?". To

Every line you think you haven't got. And if you're in a snit because you've

Missed the plot (Of which I must admit there's not an awful lot), Still

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 12-15

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 12-15
Do not intrude, please, When someone's nude, please.

She's there for mood, please, And mustn't be embraced.

If we are crude, please, Don't sit and brood, please.

Let's not be too strait-laced—The author's reputation isn't

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 13-15
based
on
taste.
So

please
don't
come-
făr-
tive,
don't
lose
heart,
Pre-
tend
it's
just
the
play-
wright

should
we
get
of-
fen-
sive,
don't
lose
heart,
Pre-
tend
it's
just
the
play-
wright

be-
ing
smart.
Ev-
ent-
ually
we'll
get
to
the
cath-
arsis,
and
de-

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 14-15
I - part. So now...

But (Thunder and lightning)

first...

We start.

Invocation And Instructions To The Audience: 15-15
Andante ( \( J = 144 \) )

Ordinary mothers lead

Ordinary lives: Keep the house and sweep the parlor,
Mend the clothes and tend the children. Ordinary mothers, like ordinary wives, make the beds and bake the pies and grapes on the vine. Not...
Allegro \( \text{J} = 176 \)

I mine.

p legato

Dying by inches every night, What a glamorous life!

Brought on by winches to recite, What a

The Glamorous Life: 3-17
I glamorous life!

Ordinary mothers never get the flowers and

Ordinary mothers never get the joys.

Ordinary mothers couldn't cough for hours, main-

The Glamorous Life: 4-17
I tain-ing their poise.

Sand-wich-es on-ly, but she eats what she wants when she wants.

Some-times it's lone-ly, but she meets man-y

The Glamorous Life: 5-17
hand-some gal-lants.

Ordinar-y moth-ers don’t live out of cas-es.

Ordinar-y moth-ers don’t go diff’rent pla-ces, Which

Ordinar-y moth-ers can’t do, Be-ing moth-ers all

The Glamorous Life: 6-17
Mine's away, in a day.

And she's real-er than they.
What if her broach is only glass and her costumes unravel?

What if her coach is second class? She at least gets to travel.

The Glamorous Life: 8-17
And some-time this summer, meaning
soon, she'll be travelling to me.

Some-time this summer, maybe June, I'm the
new place she'll see.

The Glamorous Life: 9-17
Ordinary daughters, may think life is better with

Ordinary mothers near them when they choose. But

ordinary daughters seldom get a letter en-
closing reviews.

The Glamorous Life: 10-17
Gay and resilient, with applause, What a glamorous life! 

Speeches are brilliant If they're Shaw's, What a glamorous life!
Ordinary mothers needn't meet committees, but ordinary mothers don't get keys to cities. No, ordinary mothers merely see their children all year, which is lovely, I dim. poco a poco dim. poco a poco
But it does interfere... With a glamorous...

L'istesso tempo

I am the princess, Guarded by dragons,

Snorting and grumbling and rumbling in wagons.

The Glamorous Life: 13-17
She's in her kingdom, wearing disguises, living a life that is full of surprises. And sometime this summer she'll come galloping.
O'er the green,

Some time this summer, to the rescue, my mother the queen!

Ordinary mothers thrive on being private, and

The Glamorous Life: 15-17
ordinary mothers somehow can survive it, but
ordinary mothers never know they're just standing

dim. poco a poco

still with the kettles to

dim. poco a poco

fill while they're missing the

The Glamorous Life: 16-17
Of the glamorous life!

stacc.
dim. poco a poco

The Glamorous Life: 17-17
Cut from "A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum"

I Do Like You

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

Moderato, with a swing \( \text{\( \text{d} \) = 88} \)

Pseudolus:

Friend, Good friend and true, I worship

Hysterium:

Oh, today it's "friend..." Yes, it's always "friend..."

you. I want to do, Want to be Like my

When you need a friend.

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friend. Do what you must. I'm happy

"Friend, friend, friend, friend, friend..." That's what I intend...

just Being a copy of the one I

Well, good-bye, old friend...

trust.

I Do Like You: 2:10
PSEUDOLUS:

You climb a tree, I climb with you. You give a smile, I smile.

You take a journey, I'm with you. Whatever you do, I'll...

I Do Like You: 3-10
No one is perfect, You have your flaws, But I don't care.

I have the flaws that you have because I want to share.

You're all the things I most admire, All I aspire to.

I do like you Because I do like you.
PSEUDOLUS:

I'm I

And the best you

HYSTERIUM:

Friend,

have...

Yes, I thought I would...

You've touched me so.

I didn't

No, you never do...

know

Such deep devotion existed and

I Do Like You: 5-10
Deep - er than you think... You don't have to die...

I know how you feel...

Friend, just as soon as I get back, I'll cry.

I Do Like You: 6-10
I like to do, like to do, That's how I feel.

You ruin me, And I ruin you. You're my ideal.

We each have had a fling or two. Nobody knows but we.

You tell a little thing or two, I tell a thing or three.

I Do Like You: 7-10
You tell a secret, I keep a secret
Like I should,

Twice as good.

Since you're the model I take after
That's what I'd have to do

I have to do like you like
Only because I do like

I Do Like You: 8-10
I do like you.

—

Rubato

BOTH:

Recipro- cation in the end is why a friend is true.

A tempo (BOTH):

How could I ever doubt you, knowing so much about you?

I Do Like You: 9-10
(BOTH):

I do like you And still I do like you.

I Do Like You: 10-10
From the Musical Production "Merrily We Roll Along"

Not A Day Goes By

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Slowly \( \frac{1}{4} = 88 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad F(9) & \quad F \\
\text{p} & \quad a \text{ tempo} \\
\text{a tempo, molto rubato} & \quad F & \quad Dm9
\end{align*}
\]

Not A Day Goes By, not a sin-gle day
Not A Day Goes By, not a sin-gle day

G7sus \quad G7 \quad Eb \quad Eb\text{maj7}

you're not some-where a part of my life \quad \text{and I need you to stay}
but you're some-where a part of my life \quad \text{and it looks like you'll stay}

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As the days go by, I keep thinking when does it end,
As the days go by, I keep thinking when does it end,

That it can't get much better much longer,
but it only gets where's the day I'll have started forgetting?

But I just go on

better and stronger and deeper and nearer and simpler and freer and
thinking and sweating and cursing and crying and turning and reaching and

richer and clearer, and waking and dying, and

Not A Day Goes
Not A Day Goes
Not A Day Goes
Not A Day Goes

By - 4
Not A Day Goes By - 4

G9 (Gm7) rall. Emajor/Ab

By, not a bless-ed day but you some-where come

by, not a bless-ed day but you're still some-how

A7sus A7 F cresc. F major D7sus

in-to my life and you don't go a-way.

And I have to

So there's hell to

G9 Gmajor D#m/G rit.

say, pay,

if you do, I'll die.

and un-till I die.

Bm7 Bm7 a tempo

I want day after day after day after day after day after

I'll die day after day after day after day after day after

D7sus A tempo cresc. poco a poco
day after day after day till the days go by!
day after day after day till the days go by!
day after day after day till the days go by!

day after day after day till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!

till the days go by!
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

Uptown, Downtown

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

With a swing (\( \text{\textdagger} = 124 \))

Now this is the tale of a dame known as Harriet, who climbed to the top of the heap from the bottom. A beautiful life was her aim and, to vary it, she wanted the
sun and the moon, And she got 'em. She isn't the least exhausted
from her climb, But she does look back from time to time. And the
subject of this evening's quiz is who she was and who she is.

Uptown, Downtown: 2-7
Up-town,

she's step-pin' out with a swell.

Down-town, she's holding hands on the El.

Hyphenated Harriett, The nouveau from New-Ro-
chelle:

Up - town,

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 -
She sits at the Ritz With her

She sits at the Ritz With her

She sits at the Ritz With her

She sits at the Ritz With her

Uptown, Downtown: 5-7
It's strictly Zircons and beads.

Ask her, should she be up-town or down.
She's two of the most miserable girls in town.

Uptown, Downtown: 7-7
What More Do I Need?

Andante moderato (\( J = 138 \))

Once I hated this city.

Now it can't get me down.

Gritty, what a pretty town!

What, thought I, could be
duller, More depressing, less gay?

Now my favorite color is gray! A wall of

Più mosso

rain as it turns to sleet, The lack of sun on a one-way street; I love the

grime all the time, And what more do I need? My window

What More Do I Need?: 2-8
I have a lovely view: An inch of sky and a fly or two. Why, I can see half a tree, And what more do I need? The simply can't be excused. In winter even the falling snow looks used. My window
pane may not give much light, But I see you, So the view is bright. If I can

love you, I'll pay the dirt no heed! With

your love, What more do I need?

Some-one's shouting for quiet, Some-one's starting a brawl.

What More Do I Need?: 4-8
Down the block there's a riot, and I'll buy it.

All! Listen now, I'm ecstatic.

Hold me close and be still. Hear the lovely pneumatic drill! A subway train thunders through the
Bronx, A tax-i horn on the corner honks, But I a-
dore ev'-ry roar, And what more do I need? I hear a
crane mak-ing street re-pairs, A two-ton child run-ning wild up-
stairs. Steam-pipes bang, Si-rens clang, And what
What More Do I Need? 

More do I need? The neighbors yell in the summer, The landlord yells in the fall, So loud I can't hear the plumber pound the wall! An airplane roars across the bay, But I can hear you as clear as
With your love, what more do I need?
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

Little White House/Who Could Be Blue?

MAN:

Who,  who could be

blue,  Knowing there's you somewhere near-

by?  When anyone

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

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feels your glow, their low has to get high.

So how could I allow anything now to dim my eye? With you,

long as there's you with me, The only thing blue is the

Little White House/Who Could Be Blue?: 2-5
We'll have a little white house with a little white fence made of sky. Who, who could be

pickets. A house on a hill Where, if nature consents, We'll have blue, knowing there's you somewhere near-

simile

crickets. At the end of the day You'll come home to your favorite by?

When anyone

Little White House/Who Could Be Blue?: 3-5
I easy chair. Your favorite pipe and your favorite type of a

feels your glow, Their low has to get

girl are there. We'll have a little pink boy, Then a little pink girl, Then an-

high. So how could I al-

other: A little snub nose and a little spit curl like her

low anything now to dim my

Little White House/Who Could Be Blue?: 4-5
moth-er. We'll stay home nights with the nip-pers,

eye? With you, long-as there's

You with your pipe, The dog with your slip-pers, In our ev-er bright Lit-tle white

you with me, The on-ly thing blue is the

house.

sky.

slow arpeggio

Little White House/Who Could Be Blue?: 5-5
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

**Silly People**

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

Largo misterioso, poco rubato \( (d = 120) \)

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know, don't they? No, they don't, do they?

Silly People:

Voices glide by, let them pass. Let them float in their words Till they slowly
drown. Don't they know, don't they, What they want? Silly, Silly People: 3-6

Patient and polite, Cry-ing in their tea-cups,

Shy-ing from the night. When now it smiles, it smiles for

Silly People: 3-6
lovers. When next it smiles, it smiles for fools. The last it smiles, it smiles for them, the others, the rememberers, The truly silly people.
Them and us and

I all...

a tempo

Lie then with me,
closer still.

You can

float in my arms
Till we gently drown.

Don't they
Know, don’t they, What it means, dying?

Silly people, silly people...

Float and flow And morendo

down we go To drown.

Silly People: 6-6
From the Musical Production "You're Gonna Love Tomorrow"

Isn't It?

Moderately fast, brightly (\( \text{d.} = 64 \))

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

This is nice, Isn't it? I mean, the

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Iply and demand.

Isn't It?: 2-4

Don't you think:
We make natural partners?

I mean, like food and drink
Or supply and demand.

Isn't It?: 2-4
We're so right, Aren't we? I mean, for

Hold me tight, Cling to me— I mean, my hand.

I feel fine. I'm a-

Isn't It? 3-4
I glow with a Sunday shine. Could I be falling in—

mean to say, Well, anyway, Isn't it grand?

Isn't It?: 44
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

Marry Me A Little

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Allegro appassionata  \( \text{\textit{j} = 80} \)

Marry me a little, Love me just enough.

Cry but not too often, Play but not too rough.

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Keep a tender distance, So we'll both be free.

That's the way it ought to be.

I'm ready! Marry me a little,

Do it with a will. Make a few

Marry Me A Little: 2-12
Marry Me A Little: 3-12

(de-mands I'm able to fulfill.}

Want me more than others, 
Not exclusively.
That's the way it ought to be.
I'm ready!

I'm ready now!

You can be my best friend.

I can be your right arm.
We'll go through a fight or two. No harm. We'll look not too deep, We'll go not too far.
won't have to give up a thing. We'll stay who we are. Right?

Okay, then, I'm ready! I'm ready now! Someone,
Marry me a little, Love me just enough.

Warm and sweet and easy, Just the simple stuff.

Keep a tender distance So we'll both be free.

That's the way it ought to be.
I'm ready! Marry me... a little, a little, Bod-y, heart and soul. Passion-ate as hell, But always in control. Want me first and foremost, Keep me company. That's the way Marry Me A Little: 8-12
I ought to be.

If I'm ready!
I'm ready now!

Oh, how gently we'll talk,
Oh, how softly we'll tread.

I keep unsaid. We'll build a cocoon

All the stings, The ugly things We'll keep unsaid. We'll build a cocoon

Marry Me A Little: 10-12
You promise whatever you like, I'll never collect. Right?

Okay, then, I'm ready!
molto rall.

I'm ready now! Someone,

Marry Me A Little: 12-12
From the Musical Production "Sunday In The Park With George"

Sunday

Maestoso e non rubato ($\frac{J}{66}$)

Sunday, by the blue-purple yellow red water

on the green-purple yellow red grass, Let us pass

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through our perfect park, pausing on a Sunday by the cool blue triangular water on the soft green elliptical grass as we pass through arrangements of shadows towards the verticals of
trees
For ev-er...

By the blue pur-ple yel-low red wa-ter

_ on the green or-an ge vi-o-let mass Of the grass

dim.

In our per-fect park, Made of flecks of light

Sunday - 5
rall. e cresc. a tempo

On an ord-in-ar-y Sun-day...

rall. e cresc. a tempo

Sun-day...

Sun-day...
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

The Girls of Summer

Languid, but rhythmic ($J = 100$)

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

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Get burned—They start the summer—Unconcerned—They

get undone By a touch of sun in June,

Plus a touch of the moon.

The girls of summer Get fooled, 'Cause soon the summer
Heat has cooled, - And come September, They can't remember why

Things were hot in July.

Not me! It's too easy to

The moon-lit sand, A far-
A- way band And _ that's all._ Not

me! I_ don't eas - i - ly thrill.

rall. e dim. a tempo

Nev - er did, nev-er will.

f rall. p a tempo

The end of sum- mer's_
at hand; I thought the summer was grand. And

here I am with the same undamaged heart

That I had at the start.

The girls of summer forgot to run.

The
The girls of summer Were bound to lose. The girls of summer Have
    rall. a tempo
all the fun. I have nothing but blues. colla voce a tempo

pp
It started out like a song.

We started quiet and slow, with no surprise, and then one morning I woke to realize:
we had a good thing going. It's not that nothing went wrong.

Some angry moments of course, but just a few, and only moments, no

more, because we knew we had this Good Thing Going.

And if I wanted too much, was that such a mistake at the time?
You never wanted enough. All right, tough. I don't make that a crime.

And while it's going along,

you take for granted some love will wear away.
We took for granted a lot and still I say it could have kept on growing...

We had a Good Thing Going... going... gone.
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

So Many People

Music and Lyrics by
Stephen Sondheim

Adagio \( \text{\( \text{d} = 96 \))} \)

I said the man for

\( p \) sostenuto \( \text{sim.} \) \( \text{espress.} \)

me Must have a castle.

A man of means he'd be,

A man of fame.

And then I met a
man Who had-n't an-y, Without a pen-ny

To his name. I had to go and

fall For so much less than What I had

planned from all the mag-a-zines. I should be

So Many People: 2-5
good and sore: What am I happy for? I guess the
Non rubato \( \frac{4}{4} = 48 \)

man means more Than the means.
So many people in the world, And
what can they do? They'll never know love Like
So Many People: 3-5
that's their concern. If just a few, say half a million or so, Could

see us, they'd learn. So many people in the

world Don't know what they've missed. They'd
Never believe. Such joy could exist.

And if they tell us it's a thing we'll outgrow, They're jealous as they can be. That with so many people in the world You love me!

So Many People: 5:5
Adagio \( (J = 104) \)

Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious Winter’s rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art

Music by
Stephen Sondheim
Words by
William Shakespeare
(from "Cymbeline")

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Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder.

gone and ta'en thy wages: Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney sweepers, come to dust. Fear no more the

Fear No More: 2-3
Fear No More:

stone; Fear not slander, censure rash;

Thou hast finish'd joy and mean: All lovers

young, all lovers must Consign to

thee and come to dust.

Fear No More: 3-3
From the Television Production "Evening Primrose"

Take Me To The World

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Moderato ma poco rubato \( ( \frac{d}{s} = 80 ) \)

Let me see the world________ with clouds, Take me to the world________

Out where I can push________ through crowds, Take me to the world________

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world that smiles,
With streets instead of aisles,
Where

poco accel. rall.

I can walk for miles with you.

a tempo mp

Take me to the world that’s real. Show me how it’s done.

mp a tempo cantabile

Teach me how to laugh, to feel. Move me to the sun.

Just

Take Me To The World: 2-5
Take me to the world Where I can be alive!

Let me see the world that smiles,

Take me to the world. Somewhere I can walk for miles,
Take me to the world.

With all around things growing in the ground, Where birds that make a sound are birds.

We shall see the world come true.

We shall have the world. I won’t be afraid with you.
We shall have the world.
I'll hold your hand.
And

I know I'm not alone.
We shall have the world to keep,

Such a lovely world we'll weep.
We shall have the world forever for our own.

Take Me To The World: 5-5
Yes, she looks for me—good. Let her look for me to

Con moto, poco rubato \( (J = 132) \)

tell me why she left me... as I always knew she would. I had

thought she understood. They have never understood, and no

cresc.
Finishing the hat, how you have to finish the hat.

How you watch the rest of the world from a
Finishing The Hat

I feel like planning a sky.

What you feel when voices that come through the window go until they distance and die, until there's nothing but sky.
And how you're always turning back too late from the

grass or the stick or the dog or the light How the kind of woman

willing to wait's not the kind that you want to find waiting to return you to the

night, dizzy from the height,
coming from the hat,
studying the
hat,
entering the world of the hat,

reaching through the world of the hat__like a window__, back to

ten.

this one from that__

Studying a face.

Finishing The Hat - 8
Finishing The Hat - 8

stepping back to look at a face,
leaves a little rall.
a tempo rall.
space in the way, like a window, but to see-

ten. a tempo rall.
It's the only way to see.
And when the ten.
wom-an that you want-ed goes, you can say to your-self, "Well, I give
what I give." But the woman who won't wait for you knows that, how-

ever you live, there's a part of you always standing by,

mapping out the sky,
Start - ing on a hat...

Fin - ish - ing a hat...

Look, I made a hat...

poco cresc.

Where there nev - er was a hat...

poco cresc.

Finishing The Hat - 8
From the Musical Production "Marry Me A Little"

All Things Bright And Beautiful

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Allegretto ($J = 108$)

BEN:

Here, kid. Look, I bought you flowers.

Green, red, blue.

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All things permanent and perfect For you, kid, you. I mean

All things Bright and beautiful, yours, kid,

Everything forever,
SALLY:

All things bright and beautiful,

Ev'ry thing for ev'ry all come
BEN:

Wait, kid, every minute flowers,

Night, noon, day.

Trust me, anything you want You just
cresc. poco a poco

You'll have a tempo, poco rubato

all things Bright and beautiful,

a tempo, colla voce

Ev'rything for ever, ask me,
SALLY: All things bright and beautiful...

BEN: Of course we can go to Paris.

BEN: Ben, can we go to London?
I'm I I
SALLY I
I r I
I I I
I I I
I I I
I I I

All things Bright and beautiful...

London or Rio, You name it...

(SALLY):

Ben, I get so excited I hardly can breathe...

rall. molto

a tempo

Let them laugh, Just don't leave me.

dalla molto

a tempo

All Things Bright And Beautiful: 7-12
SALLY

I'm all right, Just don't leave me again.

BEN:

Let them

decresc. poco

Ben, we'll be together tomorrow.

laugh.

I won't leave you. I won't

decresc.

Ben, we'll be together on Monday.

leave.

Never ever again. You'll be

(cresc.)

All Things Bright And Beautiful: 8-12
And we'll be together tomorrow and Monday and
mine. Mine tomorrow and Monday and

April and Christmas and Look, love,

April and Christmas and Look, love,

Ev'rything is flowers! White! Green!

Ev'rything is flowers! Red! Pink!
Blue! Soon, love, Ev'-ry-where I look will be you, love, you! And that's all things bright and beautiful.

BEN
Blue! Soon, love, Ev'-ry-where I look will be you, love, you! And that's...
a tempo

Ev-'rything for-ev-er, ours, kid,

Ev-'rything we nev-er did, we'll
do!

detaché

And we'll be to-geth-er to-mor-row!

All Things Bright And Beautiful: 11-12
And we'll be together on Monday!

mollo rall.

next year and always...

mollo rall.

And we'll be together on April and Christmas And

molto rall.

All Things Bright And Beautiful: 12-12
Old Friends

Moderato \( \text{\( \dot{\text{}} \) } = 168 \)
nique? Time goes by, ev'rything else keeps changing. You and I, we get continued next week.

Most friends fade or they don't make the grade. New ones are quickly made and, in a pinch, sure they'll
But us, Old Friend, what's to discuss, Old Friend? Here's to us, Who's like us? Damn few.

Hey, Old Friends, how do we stay Old Friends? No one can say, Old Friends, how an old
friendship survives. One day chums having a

laugh a minute, one day comes, and they're a

part of your lives. New friends pour through the revolving door. Maybe there's one that's
more. If you find one, that'll do. But two Old Friends, "spe-

cial-ly you, Old Friends, here's to us! Who's like us?

Two Old Friends, fewer won't do, Old

Friends. Got ta have two Old Friends, help ing you
One up-

braids you for your faults and fan-

cies.

one per-

suades you that the oth-

er one's wrong.

Most friends fade or they don't make the
grade. New ones are quickly made, perfect as long as they're new. But us, Old Friends what's to discuss, Old

Molto rubato

Friends? Here's to us! Who's like us?

Damn few!
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