PRIMA DONNA

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by CHARLES HART
Additional lyrics by RICHARD STILGOE

Allegro

C

ANDRÉ & FIRMIN

C

Pri - ma Don - na, first

Am

dy of the stage, your de - vo - tees are on their knees to im -

G

plore you. Can you bow out when they're

C/E

shout - ing your name? Think of how they all a -

Am

FIRMIN F

C/E

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dore you.

Pri - ma Don - na, en - chant us once a - gain! Think of your muse and of the queues round the theatre!

Can you de - ny us the tri - umph in store? Sing, Pri - ma Don - na, once
more!

Prima Donna, your song shall live again, you took a snub, but there's a public who needs you. Think of their cry of un-

dying support, follow where the limelight
leads you!  

Prim- ma Don- na, your

song shall nev- er die, you'll sing a- gain and to un- end- ing o-

va- tion.  

Think how you'll shine in that

fi- nal en- core; sing, Prim- ma Don- na, once
Who'd believe a diva happy to relieve a
chorus girl who's gone and slept with the patron? Raoul and the soubrette entwined in love's duet; al-
though he may demur he must have been with her. You'd never get away with all this in a play, but
if it's loudly sung and in a foreign tongue, it's just the sort of story audiences adore, in
fact, a perfect opera. 
Primadonna, the

world is at your feet, a nation waits and how it hates to be

cheated. Light up the stage with that

age old rapport; sing, Primadonna, once
a tempo

more!

It is to be war between us!

If these demands are not met

a disaster beyond your imagination will occur.

Once more!