Harold Prince
in association with Ruth Mitchell presents

A Little Night Music

a new musical

starring

Glynis Johns  Len Cariou  Hermione Gingold

with

Victoria Mallory  Lawrence Guittard  Patricia Elliott  Mark Lambert
Judy Kahan  D.Jamie Bartlett  George Lee Andrews  Despo
Barbara Long  Benjamin Rayson  Tex Ralston  Beth Fowler  Gene Varrone

music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

book by Hugh Wheeler

suggested by a film by Ingmar Bergman

choreography by Patricia Birch

musical direction by Harold Hastings

orchestration by Jonathan Tunick

scene production designed by Boris Aronson

costumes designed by Florence Klotz

lighting designed by Thomas Meehan

music publishers

Tommy Valando

production directed by Harold Prince

original cast album produced for Columbia Records by Goddard Lieberman

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PREMIER PERFORMANCE AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE, NEW YORK
FEBRUARY 25, 1973

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order Of Appearance)

MR. LINDQUIST .................................................. Benjamin Rayson
MRS. NORDSTROM .................................................. Teri Ralston
MRS. ANDERSSON .................................................. Barbara Lang
MR. ERLANSON .................................................... Gene Varrone
MRS. SEGSTROM ................................................... Beth Fowler
FREDDERIK ARMfelDT ........................................... Judy Kahan
MADAME ARMfelDT ............................................... Hermione Gingold
FRID, HER BUTLER ............................................... George Lee Andrews
HENRIK EGERMAN ................................................ Mark Lambert
ANNE EGERMAN .................................................. Victoria Mallory
FREDRIK EGERMAN ............................................... Len Cariou
PETRA .............................................................. D. Jamin-Bartlett
DESIRÉE ARMfelDT .............................................. Glynis Johns
MALLA, Her Maid .................................................. Despo
BERTRAND, A Page .............................................. Will Sharpe Marshall
COUNT CARL-MAGNUS MALCOLM .............................. Laurence Guittard
COUNTESS CHARLOTTE MALCOLM .............................. Patricia Elliott
OSA ................................................................. Sherry Mathis

Note: Mr. Lindquist, Mrs. Nordstrom, Mrs. Anderssen, Mr. Erlanson and Mrs. Segstrom
are often referred to in the score as "Liebeslieder"

SCENES

TIME: Turn of the Century
PLACE: Sweden

Overture .................... Mr. Lindquist, Mrs. Nordstrom, Mrs. Anderssen,
Mr. Erlanson, Mrs. Segstrom

ACT ONE

"Night Waltz" .................................................... Company
"Now" ............................................................... Fredrik
"Later" ............................................................. Henrik
"Soon" ............................................................... Anne, Henrik, Fredrik
"The Glamorous Life" ........................... Fredrika, Desiree, Malla, Madame Armfeldt,
Mrs. Nordstrom, Mrs. Segstrom, Mrs. Anderssen,
Mr. Lindquist, Mr. Erlanson

"Remember?" ....................................................... Mr. Lindquist, Mrs. Nordstrom,
Mrs. Segstrom, Mr. Erlanson, Mrs. Anderssen

"You Must Meet My Wife" .................. Desiree, Fredrik
"Liaisons" ......................................................... Madame Armfeldt
"In Praise of Women" ................... Carl-Magnus
"Every Day A Little Death" ...................... Charlotte, Anne
"A Weekend In The Country" ....................... Company

ACT TWO

"The Sun Won't Set" .......... Mrs. Anderssen, Mrs. Segstrom, Mrs. Nordstrom,
Mr. Lindquist, Mr. Erlanson

"It Would Have Been Wonderful" .................. Fredrik, Carl-Magnus
"Perpetual Anticipation" ................ Mrs. Nordstrom, Mrs. Segstrom, Mrs. Anderssen
"Send In The Clowns" ....................... Desiree
"The Miller's Son" .............................................. Petra

Finale .......................................................... Company

INSTRUMENTATION

Reed 1: Flute, Piccolo (Alto Flute optional); Reed 2: Clarinet, Flute; Reed 3: Clarinet, Bass Clarinet;
Reed 4: Oboe, English Horn; Reed 5: Bassoon (Clarinet optional); 3 Horns (Third optional);
2 Trumpets; 1 Trombone; 1 Percussion; 1 Harp; 1 Piano, Celeste; 6 Violins; 2 Violas; 2 Cellos;
1 Bass.

The purchase of this score does not constitute permission to perform. Applications for performance of this work whether legitimate stock, amateur, or
CAST

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For Burt Shevelove

A Little Night Music

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

No. 1

Overture
(Liebeslieder)

MR. * LINDQUIST

[MUSIC NOTATION]

La la (etc.) — la

(ad lib. vocal based on these notes)

MRS. NORDSTROM

La la la la ah

(ad lib. vocal based on these notes)

MRS. ANDERSEN

MR. ERLANSON & MRS. SEGSTROM

(ad lib. just enough to keep tonality)

Piano

{+ Stage Piano

MR. L.:

MRS. N.:

MRS. A.:

(ad lib. vocal based on these notes)

MR. E.:

(ad lib. vocal based on these notes)

La la la la la — ah

MRS. S.:

Piano

La —

* To be sung throughout an octave lower.

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"REMEMBER"

WOMEN:

MEN:

MRS. NORDSTROM:

The old deserted beach that we walked, remember?

MRS. A. & MRS. S.:

MR. ERLANSON:

MRS. ANDERSEN:

Remember? The cafe in the park where we talked, remember? Remember?
The tenor on the boat that we chartered, belching "The Bartered Bride."

(MRS. N. & MRS. S.:)

(+ MR. E.:)

La la la la

La la la la

(MRS. N., MRS. S., MRS. A.:

Ah, how we laughed, Ah, how we cried,

MR. E., MR. L.:)

Ah, how we laughed, Ah, how we cried,

+ Hns. 8 bassa

+ Sn.

MR. LINDQUIST:

Ah, how you promised, and ah, how I lied.

MRS. N., MRS. S., MRS. A.:)

Oboe Solo

+ Hp. sust.
MRS. SEGSTROM:

That di-lap-i-dated inn, re-mem-ber, dar-ling? The pro-

MRS. N. & MRS. A.:

Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.

MR. E. & MR. L.:

Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.

(* lip. mut.)

Str. pizz.

MRS. N.ORDSTROM:

pri-e-tress's grin, al-so her glare. Yel-low

MRS. N., MRS. S., MRS. A.:

Lie, lie, lie, lie.

MR. L.:

Lie, lie, lie, lie.
(MRS. NORDSTROM:)

gingham on the bed, re-mem-ber, dar-ling?

And the can-o-opy in red

(MRS. S. & MRS. A. ;)

Lie, lie, lie, lie.

3 GIRLS: (unis.)

Lie,

(MR. E. & MR. L. ;)

Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.

MR. E.;

Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.

45

need-ing re-pair?

lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.

rall.

lie, lie, lie, lie.

rall.

lie, lie, lie, lie, lie.
I want to. Soon, what-
I want to. Soon, what-

ever you say. Even
ever you say. Even

tempo - (poco a poco accel. e cresc.)
Now
Now when we touch, Touching my

Cl. ant.
P Str. pizz.
And you're kissing my brow. I don't mind it too much. And you'll have to add—

I'm endearing, I help keep things
humming. I'm not dominating.

What's one small shortcoming? And...

Allegro

Hn., Str.
"THE GLAMOROUS LIFE"

ALL:

Unpack the luggage, la la la la,

Pack up the luggage, la la la la,

Unpack the luggage, la la la la,
Hi - ho, the glam - or - ous life!

WOMEN:
La la la la la la la la la

MEN:
Un - pack the lug - gage, la

la la,
Pack up the lug - gage, la

la la,
La la la la la la la la la
la la, La la la la la la la la la la la
la la, Un-pack the lug-gage, la

la la, Hi-ho, the gla-mor-ous
la la, Hi-ho, the gla-mor-ous

life!

life!
MRS. N., MRS. S., MRS. A., MR. E.:

Unpack the luggage, la la la

MR. LINDQUIST:

Ah

Pack up the luggage, la la la

MRS. NORDSTROM: (Solo)

Ah

ALL OTHERS:

Unpack the luggage, la la la
(MRS. N. :)

(Ah)

(OTHERS:)

Hi - ho, the glam - or - ous life!

164 WOMEN:

Bring up the cur - tain, la la la la, Bring down the

MEN:

Bring up the cur - tain, la la la la, Bring down the

cur - tain, la la la la, Bring up the cur - tain, la

cur - tain, la la la la, Bring up the cur - tain, la

(Timp.)

Bar., Ba.
WOMEN:

la la, Hi - ho, Hi - ho,

MEN:

la la, Hi - ho, Hi - ho,

For the glam - or - ous life!

For the glam - or - ous life!

Harp
No. 2
Night Waltz
(Liebeslieder)

Tempo di Valse

(Curtain rises)

Celesta
No. 3

Piano Practice

Cue: MADAME ARMFELDT: Who was, to put it mildly, peculiar.
Cue: ANNE: I know you think I'm too silly to worry, but I do.

(d. = 120)

ANNE: Oh no! For heaven's sakes, can that be a pimple coming? Vamp

FREDRIK:

Now, as the sweet imbecilities tumble so

ANNE: (spoken) Oh, Fredrik, what a day it's been!

lavishly onto her lap...
Unending drama! While Petra was brushing my hair, the doorbell... Now,

there are two possibilities: A, I could ravish her, B, I could

ANNE: (spoken) ... that grumpy old Mrs. Nordstrom from next door.

Her sister's coming for a visit.

Say it's the ravishment,
21

ANNE: (spoken) ... do hope

then we see the option that follows, of course:

+ Celesta

24

I'm imperious enough with the servants. I try to be, but half the time I think they're laughing at me.

27

A, the deployment of charm, or B, the ad-

+ Hp.

30

ANNE: (Silently mime oboe line)

Ob. Solo (shri
d)  

Now

doption of physical force.

Sr., Celesta

+ Sun.

Cello (pizz.)
B might arouse her, but if I assume I trip on my trouser leg

ANNE: (Silently mime oboe line)

crossing the room...

hair getting tangled, her stays getting snapped, My nerves will be jangled, my

ANNE: (mime oboe)

energy sapped...
moving her clothing would take me all day And her subsequent loathing would

turn me away, Which eliminates B and which leaves us with

ANNE: (spoken)
Could you ever be jealous of me?

Now, in so far as ap
ANNE: (spoken)
Shall I learn Italian?

I think it would be amusing, if the verbs aren't too irregular.

Vin. Via. Now, there are two ways of broaching it: A, the sug-

ANNE: (spoken)
But then French is a much chicer language.
Everyone says so. Parlez vous Francais?

Vln., Vla. Say

that I settle on B, to wit, a charmingly lecherous

Fl. (or Picc.) 8va

mood...

ANNE: (mime oboe)

I could put on my
ANNE: (mime above)

night-shirt or sit disarmingly. B., in the nude...

That might be effective—My body's all right, but

not in perspective and not in the light.

I'm bound to be chilly and feel a buffoon, but
night-shirts are silly in mid-afternoon...

Which leaves the suggestive, but how to proceed? Al-

though she gets restless, perhaps I could read...

view of her penchant for something romantic, De Sade is too trenchant and
Dickens too frantic, And Stendhal would ruin the plan of attack, As there
isn't much blue in "The Red And The Black."

Mau pas-sant's candor would cause her dismay. The Bron-tes are grander but
not very gay. Her taste is much blander, I'm sorry to say. But is
Hans Christian Andersen ever risque?

Which eliminates

ANNE: And he said: "You're such a pretty lady!"
Wasn't that silly?

Now, with my mental fa-
ANNE:
... I'm sure
ci-tries par-tially mud-ded and read-y to snap...

about the bracelet.  But earrings, earrings!  Which earrings?

Now, though there are pos-si-bil-i-ties still to be

Mother's rubies?... Oh, the

stud-ied, I might as well nap...
142 diamonds are — Agony! I know...

145 as I must to adjust my original

148 ANNE: Désirée Armfeldt — I just know she’ll wear the most plan...

151 glamorous gowns!
ANNE:
Dear,

shall I sleep half as deep as I usually can?

Fl., Cl., Celesta

Hn., Cello

Sns., Bs.

distinguished old Fredrik!

When

now.

Vln., Vla.

I still want

Cln. suit.

Hn. Solo

Sns., Cello

Bs.

and / or love you

(Hn.)

(cont.)
166
Now, as al

169
poco rall.

ways,

1º Cello
poco rall.

172
(pp) (tempo)

Anne!
Cel. (8va), W. W.

pp + Str. trem.

175

Bsn., Cello
Bass
No. 5
Later
(Henrik)

Cue: PETRA: Poor little Henrik! (Affectionately pats his cheek)
Later! You’ll soon get the knack of it! (She exits)

Lento
(Henrik gets cello) — — — — — — — — — — (sits)
Piano Solo

HENRIK:

Later...
When is later...
All you ever hear is

Cello Solo

"Later, Henrik! Henrik, later...
Yes, we know, Henrik...Oh, Henrik..."
Ev'ryone a-grees, Hen-rik...Please, Hen-rik!" You have a thought you're fairly burst-ing with, a

per-son-al dis-cov-er-y or problem, and it's "What's your rush, Hen-rik? Shush, Hen-rik...

Good-ness, how you gush, Hen-rik... Hush, Hen-rik!" You mur-mur, "I on-ly... It's just that..."
Voice solo
after cello solo-
(in the clear)

For God’s sake! "Later, Hen-rik!"

molto accel.

a tempo

"Hen-rik"...
Who is "Hen-rik"?...
Oh, that lawyer's son, the

one who mum-bles... Short and bor-ing... Yes, he's hard-ly worth ig-nor-ing, And who cares if he's all
Colla voce

(looks up)

dammed—I beg your pardon—up inside?

As I've pizz.

Colla voce

often stated,

It's intolerable being tolerated.

a tempo

"Re-assure Henrik, poor Henrik... Henrik, you'll endure being pure, Henrik."
ten. (molto rubato)

Though I've been born, I've never been!

How can I wait 'round for later, I'll be

(nine-ty on my death-bed and the late, or rather later, Henrik Eg-er-man! Doesn't an-y-thing be-

a tempo

gin?

(Appause-Segue)
No. 6

Soon

(Anne, Henrik, Fredrik)

Cue: Applause after "Later."

Tempo di Valse

Piano

Cl. Solo

Cello, B.t.

1

**ANNE:**

Soon, I promise.

2

I won't shy away.

6

Dear old... Soon. I want to.

11

**a tempo**

**rit.**
Soon, whatever you say.

Even now,
When you're close and we touch,

And you're kissing my brow,
I don't mind it too much.

And you'll have to admit I'm endearing.

I help keep things humming. I'm

not dominating. What's
one small short-coming? And

Scherzando
+ Ob. Solo

Think of how I a-dore you, Think of how much you love me.

P subito

If I were per-fect for you, Wouldn't you ti-re of me

soon?

All too

*SFX*
Dialogue: ANNE: Henrik! That racket! Your father's sleeping!
[Anne goes back into bedroom]
ANNE:
Soon,
I promise.

HENRIK:
"Later"...
When is "later"?

Soon,
I won't shy a

"Later, Henrika, lat-er." All you ev-er hear is:

Way,
Dear old...

"Yes, we know, Henrika, Oh, Henrika, Ev-ry-one a-grees, Henrika, Please, Henrika!"
a tempo

Soon. I want to.

"Later"... When is later? All you ever hear is

Now, as the sweet imbecilities

a tempo

Soon, Whatever you

"Later, Henrik, later." As I've often

trip on my trouser leg, Stendhal eliminates
(ANNE:) 

rit.

say.

(Even)

HENRIK:

ed:

When?

Maybe

(FREDRIK:)

But

when?

Maybe

"A",

(E.H. out) Cello, Bm.

 accel. poco a poco

a tempo

Now,

When you're close and we touch,

Soon,

Soon,

I'll be

Later.

accel. poco a poco

a tempo

(Sr.) (Sr. pizz.)

E.H. Cello R.H.

accel. poco a poco

(L.H.)

(ANNE:)

And you're kissing my brow,

(HENRIK:)
ninety and dead.

(FREDRIK:)

When I'm kissing your brow And I'm stroking your

I don't mind it too much,

And you'll

I don't mind it too much,

Since I

head,

You'll come into my bed. And you'll
(ANNE): 

have to admit I'm endearing.

(HENRIK):

have to admit I find peer ing.

(FREDRIK):

have to admit I've been hear ing.

128

help keep things humming; I'm not dom-

Through life's gray windows, impatiently, Not

All those tremulous cries patiently, Not in
(ANNE:)I'm not sure. What's one small short-

(HENRIK:)very cheering. Do I fear

(FREDRIK:)interfering with those tremendous

Scherzando

coming? And think of how I adore you,

dead? Let it come to me Now,

thighs. Come to me Soon,

Ob. + Celesta

(Hn., Tbn. cued)

Psulito

Harp Solo
(ANNE:) Think of how much you love me. If I were perfect for you,

(HENRIK:) Now,

(FREDRIK:) Soon,

Wouldn't you tire of me Later? Now.

Soon.

Come to me soon. If I'm
(ANNE:)
We will, lat-er. We will...

(HENRIK:)
dead, I can wait. How can I live un-till

(FREDRIK:)
Straight to me, nev-er mind how. Dar-ling,

Soon,

Lat-er?

Now I still want

(Cello, Bass trem.)
(ANNE:)

Soon,

(HENRIK:)

Lat - er...

dim.

(FREDRIK:)

and / or love you.

dim.

(Hp. cont.)

Tpt.

Tbn.

R. H.

Hns.

dim.

Now, as al -

Celesta

(Gtr. trill)

(dim.

Cello

Bass)
(ANNE:) dim.

Soon.

(HENRIK:) ways.

Now.

10 Hn.
Solo

(Temp: I
str.

rit.

E.H., Solo + Cl.

Desirée.

Tempo I

(+ Clock Chimes)

(+) Celesta, Cello

[Applause Segue]
No. 7

The Glamorous Life
(Fredrika, Désirée, Mme. Armfeldt, Liebeslieders)

Cue: Applause after "Now".

Tempo di Mazurka

FREDRIKA:

(Pno. cont. as before)

Ordinary mothers lead

or-din-ar-y lives:

Keep the house and sweep the par-lor,

(simile)
Cook the meals and look exhausted. Ordinary mothers, like

or - di - nar - y wives, Fry the eggs and dry the sheets and

try to deal with facts. Mine acts.
DÉSIRÉE:

Dar-ling, I miss you a lot, But Dar-ling, this has to be short, As

Mother is get-ting a plaque From the Hel-sing-borg Arts Coun-cil

Am-a-teur Thea-tre Group. Wheth-er it’s fun-ny or not, I’ll

give you a’ full-er re-port The min-ute they car-ry me back

* (Sounds one octave lower than written)
From the Helsingborg Arts Council Amateur Theater Group...

Love you...

Unpack the luggage, la, la, la,

Pack up the luggage, la, la, la,
Unpack the luggage, la, la, la.

Oboe

Hi-ho, the glamorous life!

Mrs. Segstrom: W. W., Tpt., Bells

Ice in the basin, la, la, la.

Mr. Eriksen!

Cracks in the plaster, la, la, la,
Mrs. Anderssen:
Mice in the hallway, la, la, la,

All: (Oboe)
Hi-ho, the glamorous life!

Run for the carriage, la, la, la,

Wolf down the sandwich, la, la, la, Which town is
this one? La, la, la, Hi-ho, the glamorous

life!

MME. ARMFELDT:
(voice sounds 8 bassa)

Ordinary daughters ameliorate their

lot, Use their charms and choose their futures, Breed their children,
heed their moth-ers. Or-di-nar-y daugh-ters, which mine, I fear, is not,

Tend each as-set, spend it wise-ly, While it still en-dures...

a tempo

Mine
tours.

Moth-er, for-give the de-lay, My sche-dule is driv-ing me wild.
Mother, I really must run, +Clar.Obo. I'm performing in Rott-vik and

...don't ask where is it, please. How are you feeling to-day, And +Xylo. Vlns. 3

...are you corrupting the child? Don't. Mother, the minute I'm done

...with performing in Rott-vik, I'll come for a visit and
154 ar - gu e.
Hp., Sn.

Tpt., Hn.
+ Timp., Sn.

162 MEN:
May - ors with speech - es, la, la, la,

Cla.
Hn.
Cello, Bass

166 WOMEN: (loco)
Children with pos - ies, la, la, la,

170 MEN:
Half - emp ty hous - es, la, la, la,
Hi-ho, the glamorous life!

Cultural lunches, la, la, la,

Dead floral tributes, la, la, la.

Ancient admirers, la, la, la,
ALL:
Hi - ho, the glam - or - ous life!

DESIREE: (as before)
Pack up the lug - gage, la,  

Un - pack the lug - gage, la,  

Mother's sur - viv - ing, la,  

74
Leading the glamorous life!

Cracks in the plaster, la, la, la,

Youngish admirers, la, la, la,

Which one was that one, la, la, la?
Hi-ho, the glamorous life!

Bring up the curtain, la, la, la,
Bring down the curtain, la, la, la,

Hi-ho, the glamorous life!

* (Liebeslieder optional)
Salon Music

[String Quartet]
Fade out on cue: FIRST LADY: Tell me something about this remarkable Countess, Madame.
Remember?

(Part I)
(Liebeslieder)

Cue: Désirée curtseys—all action freezes.

Tempo di Valse

MR. LINDQUIST:  MRS. NORDSTROM:

Remember?  Remember?  Remember?  Remember?

Celesta  Harp  Picc.  g⁴a  + Clar.

mf  Bells

Flute  Hn. 1, Vln.  Hn. 1, Vln.

Hp., Vl., Cello  Hp., Vl., Cello

MRS. NORDSTROM:

The old deserted beach that we walked--

Flute  Cello  Bass

Vln., Vla.

MR. LINDQUIST:

Remember?  Remember?  The cafè in the park where we talked--

Celesta, Vln., Vla.

Vln., Vla.

MRS. NORDSTROM:  MR. LINDQUIST:

Remember?  Remember?  The tenor on the boat that we chartered,

Celesta, Vln., Vla.

Vln., Vla.

Hp., Str.
belching "The Bartered Bride"...

Mr. L.: Ah, how we laughed,

Ah, how we cried. Ah, how you promised and Ah, how I

MRS. N.: lied. That dilapidated inn—Remember, darling? The pro-

priestess's grin, Also her glare. Yellow gingham on the bed--
MR. L.:  
Re-mem-ber,  

dar-ling? 
And the can-o-py in red, 
Need-ing re-

BOTH: 
pair? 
I think you were there.

No. 8a  

Remember?  
(Part II)  

Cue: ANNE: I want to go home!

FREDRIK: (calling) Anne!
Remember?

No. 8b

Cue: ANNE: Well, good night.
FREDRIK: Good night.

MRS. N.: MR. L.: BOTH:


HENRIK: Is she all right now? FREDRIK: Oh, yes, she's all right.
HENRIK: It wasn't anything serious? FREDRIK: No, nothing serious.
HENRIK: You don't think -- a doctor? I mean, it would be terrible if it were something -- serious.
FREDRIK: Pray for her, son. Correction -- pray for me. Good night.
HENRIK: Good night, father.

The local village dance on the green, re-mem-ber? (Cl.) Re-mem-ber?
MRS. N.: 

The lady with the large tambourine, remember? Remember?

Celesta, W.W.

The one who played the harp in her boa Thought she was so adept.

Both:

Ah, how we laughed. Ah, how we wept. Ah, how we

Violins, Violas (6'/8)

Violins, Violas (6'/8) cont. (+Str.)

Oboe, Horns (Str. pizz.)

MRS. N.:

polka'd And ah, how we slept.

How we
MR. L.

kissed and how we clung, Re-mem-ber, dar-ling? We were fool-ish, we were young,

BOTH:

MRS. N.

More than we knew. Yel-low ging-ham on the bed, Re-mem-ber,

MR. L.: [They exit]

dar-ling? And the can-o- py in red... Or was it blue?

MRS. SEGSTROM:

Mrs. Segstrom, Mrs. Anderssen, Mr. Evlansen enter The fun-ny lit-tle games that we played, re-mem-ber?
MR. ERLANSEN:

Remember? The unexpected knock of the maid, remember?

MRS. ANDERSEN:

Remember? The wine that made us both rather merry And oh, so very

ALL 3:

Frank. Ah, how we laughed, Ah, how we drank.

MR. E.: MRS. A.: MR. L.: 

You acquiesced And the rest is a blank. Mrs. Nordstrom, Mr. Lindquist enter What we
MR. E.:  

did with your perfume... Remember, darling? 
The conception of the room When we were through... 
Our inventions were unique,

MRS. N.:  

Remember, darling? I was limping for a week; you caught the

MR. L.:  

ALL:  

Vamp (Continue until scene is set)

flu... I'm sure it was... You... [They drift off]
No. 9
You Must Meet My Wife
(Frederick, Desiree)

Cue: FREDRIK: I have always associated you -- very happily -- with chaos.

F.: Well, I think it's time
to talk about my wife,
don't you?
D.: Boast or complain?  F.: Both, I expect.

light - ens my sad - ness.  She liv - ens my days.
bursts with a kind of madness
My well-ordered

ways. My happiest mistake, The ache of my life:

You must meet my wife.

She

Più mosso

bubbles with pleasure, She glows with surprise, Dis-
rupts my ac cus tomed lei sure And ruf fles my ties. I

don’t know e ven now quite how it be ~  

can. You

must meet my wife, my Anne.

One thou sand whilms to which I give in.
- Since her smallest tear turns me ashen.

- Never dreamed that I could live in So completely demented, contented a fashion. So

- Sun-like, so winning, So unlike a wife. I do think that I'm be-
ginning to show signs of life. Don't ask me how at my age one still can

If you met my wife,

You'd know.

Désirée: Dear Fredrik, I'm just longing to meet her. Sometime.

F.:
How pleasant. She twinkles. How nice. Her

(spoken)

youth is a sort of present—whatever the price.

in-can-des-cent, what? The—Light?—of my life!

must meet my wife. Yes, I must, I really must. Now— She
flutters. How charming. She twitters. My word! She
(Str. cont. as before)
Cello

floats. Isn't that alarming? What is she, a bird? She

makes me feel I'm what? A very old man? Yes-no! No. But-I

must meet your Gertrude. My Anne. Sorry, Anne. She
loves my voice, my walk, my moustache. The cigar, in fact, that I'm smoking. She'll watch me puff until it's just ash. Then she'll

save the cigar butt. Bizarre, but you're joking. She
a tempo

F.:

dotes on

D.:

My snoring.

The

Your dimple.

How dear.

+ Str. 8va

Fl., Cls. div.

Str. 8va

Fl., Cls.

Str. 8va

a tempo

She

point is, she's really simple.

Yes, that much seems clear.

Fl., Cls.

You

gives me funny names: "Old dry-as-dust."

(spoken)

Wouldn't she just?
must meet my wife. (D. :)

If I must -- Yes, I must.

sea of whims that I submerge in, Yet so

lovable in repentance. Un -
for-tu-na-ly, still a vir-gin, But you

can't force a flow-er—Don't fin-ish that sen-tence! She's mon-strous! She's fright-en-ed. Un-feel-ing! Un-ver-sed. She'd

strike you as un-en-light-en-ed. No, I'd strike her first. Her
(F.): ret-i-ence, her ap-pre-hen-sion--
D.:

No! No! You must meet my

Her crust! Yes! Fred-rik...

Slowly

wife.

What was that?

Let me get my hat and my knife. I must meet your wife.

Yes, you must.

Yes, I must.

+ Str.

R. H.

Sr.

Hp.

+ Cls.

+ B. Cl.

+ S. Cl.

+ Hp. Gliss.

+ W. W., Cel.

+ W. W., Cel.

+ Cel.

+ Cel.

+ Cel., Hp., Fl.
Liaisons
(Mme. Armfeldt)

Cue: DÉSIRÉE: . . . and the Virgin Mary over the headboard.

* MME. ARMFELDT:
(+ Alto Fl.)

At the villa of the Baron De Signac,

Where I spent a somewhat infamous year,

* Voice sounds one octave lower.
At the villa of the Baron De Signac,

I had ladies in attendance, fireopal pendants...

Liasons! What's happened to them? Liasons to...

Day. Disgraceful! What's become of them? Some of them...
hard - ly pay their shod - dy way. What once was a rare champagne is

now just an am - i - a - ble hook; What once was a vil - la at least is

"digs."

What once was a gown with train is now just a sim - ple lit - tle frock; What

once was a sum - pu - ous feast is figs. No, not even
figs--
ra-i-sins. Ah, li-al-sons.

Where was I?...
Oh, yes...

At the pal-ace of the Duke of Fer-ra-ra,
Who was pre-ma-ture-ly deat but a
dear,

At the pal-ace of the Duke of Fer-ra-ra.
I acquired some position
Plus a tiny Titian...

Liaisons!
What's happened to them?
Liaisons to-day.
To see them—in-dec-i-nate wom-en, it

pains me more than I can say,
The lack of taste that they dis-
Where is style? Where is skill? Where is fore-thought? Where's dis-
cre-tion of the heart, Where's pas-sion in the art, Where's craft?

With a smile And a will, But with
more thought, I acquired a chateau ex-

colla voce

tra-v-a-gant-ly over-staffed. Too many

people meddle sex with mere desire, And when e-

motion intervenes, the nets descend. It should on
no ac-count per-plex, or worse, in-spire. It's but a
pleas-ur-a-ble means to a measures-a-ble end.
Why does no one com-pre-hend? Let us hope this lu-na-cy is just a
trend.
Where was I... Oh, yes...
In the castle of the king of the Belgians—We would visit through a false chiffonier.

Who, when things got rather touchy, deed me a duchy...

What's happened to them? Li-sai-sons today.
Untidy—
Take my daughter, I taught her, I tried my best to point the way.
I even named her Desirée.

In a world where the kings are em-

ploys,
Where the amateur prevails and
delicacy fails to pay,

In a world where the princess are lawyers,

What can anyone expect except to recollect Li-

al...

(She falls asleep)
In Praise Of Women

(Carl-Magnus)

Cue: FREDRIK: Miss Armfeldt, thank you for your cooperation.

(He exits)

Tempo di Polonaise

CARL-MAGNUS:

She wouldn't... Therefore they didn't... So then it wasn't... Not unless it... Would she? She doesn't... God knows she needn't... Therefore it's not.

He'd

never... Therefore they have didn't... Which make the question absolutely... Could she?

She
dare-n't... Therefore I must-n't... What utter rot!

Delicacy is more than mere display,
It's what a man expects from life.

[Dialogue] CHARLOTTE: How was Miss Désirée Armfeldt?
(etc.)...

Charlotte, my devoted wife.
The papers... He mentioned papers, some legal

papers which I didn't see there... Where were they? The goddamn papers she had to

sign? What nonsense... He brought her

papers, They were important so he had to be there. I'll
The papers... He mentioned papers, some legal papers which I didn't see there... Where were they? The god-damn papers she had to sign?

What nonsense... He brought her papers, they were important so he had to be there. I'll
Capable, pliable women... Women...

Undemanding and reliable, Knowing their place.

...sufferable, yes, but gentle, Their weaknesses are incidental.

Traditional but ornamental
Dur-a-ble, sensi-ble wom-en... Wom-en...

Ver-y near-ly in-dis-pen-sa-ble crea-tures of grace. God

knows the fool-ish-ness a-bout them, But if one had to do with-out them, The

world would sure-ly be a poor-er... if pur-er-place. The
hip-bath... A-bout that hip-bath... How can you slip and trip in-to a hip-bath? The

pa-pers... Where were the pa-pers? Of course he might have tak-en back the pa-pers... She

would-n't... There-fore they did-n't... The wom-an's... W.W. mine!
No. 12

Every Day A Little Death

(Charlotte, Anne)

Cue: ANNE: Lemonade, Charlotte?
CHARLOTTE: Lemonade!

CHARLOTTE: It would choke me!

Every day a little death

In the parlor, in the bed,
In the curtains, in the silver, In the buttons, in the bread.

Every day a little sting

In the heart and in the head, Every move and

every breath-- And you hardly feel a thing-- Brings a perfect
litle death.

He smiles

sweetly, strokes my hair.
Says he

I would miss me.

* Piano may play Harp notes bars [43]-[70].
51. murder him right there But first I
55. die.
      He talks
59. softly of his wars And his
horses And his whores. I think

love's a dirty business! So do

ANNE:

ANNE: So do

CHARLOTTE: I'm be -
(ANNE:) (Sung, col. voce)

I...

For him on my knees
And he

(CHAR.)

Cl. (Hp. cont. arpeg.)

Sax

Ob., Bsn. (Bass)

Kiss es me.

He as-

Sumes I'll lose my reason.
And I

Ob., Bsn.

Do.

Men are

Hns. div.
stupid. Men are vain; Love's dis-

\[\text{Clis. (Hp. arpeg.)}\]

\[\text{Hum. (cont. div.)}\]


gusting, Love's insane, A hu-

\[\text{ANNE:}\]

\[\text{mil-i-at-ting bus-ness! Oh, how}\]

\[\text{rall.}\]

\[\text{CHARLOTTE:}\]

\[\text{true!}\]

\[\text{Ah, well...}\]

\[\text{Celesta rall.}\]
ANNE:

Ev'ry day a little death

CHARLOTTE:

Ev'ry day a little death
In the parlor,

On the lips and in the eyes,

In the bed,
In the curtains, in the silver,

In the murmurs, in the pauses, In the gestures, in the sighs.

In the buttons, in the bread.
(ANNE:)

Ev'ry day a little dies

(CAROLINE:)

Ev'ry day a little sting

(simile)

In the looks and in the lies.

In the heart and in the head.

And you hardly feel a thing—

Ev'ry move and ev'ry breath— And you hardly feel a thing—
No. 13  

Piano Practice

Cue: Madame Armfeldt is playing solitaire.
Fredrika sits at the piano.

[Fredrika plays]

Stop at cue: FREDRIKA: Yes, Grandmother.
No. 14  A Weekend in the Country-Part 1

(Petra, Anne)

Cue: MADAM ARMFELDT: I'm saving that for my funeral!

Agitato

PETRA:

Look, Ma'am, an invitation,

Here, Ma'am, delivered by hand. And, Ma'am, I

notice the stationer's engraved and very grand.
ANNE:

Petra, how too exciting! Just when I need it!

Petra, such elegant writing. So chic you hardly can read it!

What do you think? Who can it be? Even the ink--No, here, let me...

"Your presence..." Just think of it, Petra! "Is
kind-ly... It's at a cha-teau! "Re-quest... et cet-tra, et cet-tra..."

Madame Leonor-Armf!-Oh no!

(Aanne:) PETRA:
A week-end in the coun-try! We're in-

vited? What a ho-ri-ble plot! A week-end in the coun-try! I'm ex-
ANNE: clut ed. No, you're not! A weekend in the country! Just im-

PETRA: Fl, Ob., Cl. 2 Cello, Cl + Sm. Cl. (cont.) + Ssa.

ANNE: again! It's completely depraved. A weekend in the

PETRA: ag - ine! It's com - plete - ly de - praved. A week end in the

ANNE: country! It's insult - ing! It's en - graved. It's that

PETRA: ANNE: (+ Str.)

ANNE: worn - an: It's that Arm - feldt... Oh, the act - ress... No, the

PETRA: (+ Hp. arpeg.)

ANNE:
ghoul. She may hope to make her charm felt, But she's mad if she thinks I would be such a fool as to Week-end in the country! How insulting! And I've nothing to wear! A week-end in the country! Here! The last place I'm going is there!
[Repeat until cue:]
DESIRÉE: Well, dear, are you happy here?

FREDRIKA: Yes. I think

Vln. (cued in W. W)

Vln.,
Cello

(Ci., Bm. cued)

77  so. But I miss us.

DESIRÉE: Oh, so do I!

(Pause)

Darling, how would you feel if we had a home of our very own with me only acting when I felt like it—and a man who would make you a spectacular father?

78

FREDRIKA: Oh, I see. The lawyer! Mr. Egerman!

DESIRÉE: Dear child, you're uncanny.

[Segue as one to Part 2]
PETRA:
Guess what, an invitation!

ANNE:
Guess who, begins with an "A"... Armfeldt... Is that a relation
to the decrepit Désirée? Guess when we're asked to go, Sir-

See, Sir, the date there? Guess where: A fancy château, Sir.
107 ANNE:

Guess, too, who's lying in wait there, Setting her traps, Fixing her face...

111 FREDRIK: ANNE: Oh, no!

Darling, perhaps a change of pace... A weekend in the country... would be

115 ANNE: FRED:

charming. And the air would be fresh. A weekend with that woman... In the

119 ANNE: 120 FRED: 129

country... In the flesh! I've some business with her.
130
PETRA: ANNE:
moth-er. See, it's bus'-ness... Oh, no doubt! But the bus'-ness... with her

134
FRED. & PETRA:
moth-er Would be hard-ly the bus'-ness I'd wor-ry a-bout. Just a

137
FRED.: ANNE: FRED. & PETRA:
week-end in the coun-try. Smell-ing jas-mine... Watch-ing lit-tle things grow. A

141
ANNE: FRED.: ANNE:
week-end in the coun-try... Go! My dar-ling, we'll sim-ply say no. Oh!
[Repeat until cue]

FREDRIKA: Oh, mother, I know it's none of my business, but... that dragoon you wrote me about...

Vlns. (cued in W. W.)

(Vln., Cello cued)

with the mustache?

DESIREE: Oh him! What I ever saw in him astounds me. He's a tin soldier--arms, legs, brain--

(tin, tin, tin!

Segue as one to Part 3)
No. 14b  A Weekend in the Country-Part 3
(Anne and Charlotte)

ANNE:  CHARLOTTE:  ANNE:

A weekend! How very amusing.

weekend! But also incept. A weekend! Of course, we're refusing.

CHARLOTTE:

Au contraire, you must accept. Oh, no!

ANNE:

CHARLOTTE: (to 176)
week-end in the country—But it's frightful. No, you

don't understand. A week-end in the country is de-

lightful if it's planned. Wear your hair down and a

flower. Don't use make-up, dress in white. She'll grow
old - er by the ho - ur And be hope - less - ly shattered by 

(+ Hp. ans.)

ANNE:

Sat - ur - day night. Spend a week - end in the coun - try... We'll ac -

CHARLOTTE:

CEpt it. I'd a feel - ing you would. A week - end in the country.

BOTH:

ANN:

coun - try. Yes, it's on - ly po - lite that we should. Good!

CHARLOTTE:
FREDRIKA: Count Malcolm's insanely jealous, isn't he? You don't suppose he'll come up on a black stallion, brandishing a sword?

DÉSIRÉE: Oh dear, I hadn't thought of that.

But no, no, thank heavens. It's his wife's birthday this weekend -- sacred to domesticity.

At least we're safe from him.
CARL-MAGNUS: CHARLOTTE:

Well? I've an intriguing

C. M.: CH.:

little social item. What? Out at the Armfeldt

C. M.: CH.:

family manse. Well, what? Mere-ly a week-end,

Still I thought it might amuse you to know who's invi-t-ed to go,
This time with his pants. You don't mean... I'll
give you three guesses. She wouldn't! Reduce it to two. It
can't be... It nevertheless is... Egerman! Right! Score one for you. A-
ha! A-ha! A-ha... A-ha?
week-end in the country... We should try it... How I wish we'd been asked.

week-end in the country... Peace and quiet... We'll go masked.

week-end in the country... Un-invited--They'll consider it odd.

week-end in the country... I'm delighted! Oh, my God. And the
shooting should be pleasant. If the weather's not too rough. Happy

CH.: C.M.: birthday, It's your present. But... You haven't been getting out

nearly enough, and a weekend in the country... It's perverted! Pack my

CH.: C.M.: quiver and bow. A weekend in the country! At exactly two-thirty, we

1 Segue as one
to Part 31
No. 14d  A Weekend In The Country - Part 5
(Carl-Magnus, Charlotte, Anne, Petra, Fredrik)

284  CARL-MAGNUS:

   go.
   We shall.
   I'm getting the car and we're

   CHARLOTTE:

   We can't.
   We shan't.

   motor-ing down.

   Go and

   ANNE:

   Yes, I'm certain you are but I'm staying in town. We'll

290  CH.:

   pack my suits. I won't! My boots! Pack every-th ing I

   PETRA:  FREDRIK:  A.:

   go. Oh, good! We will? We should. Pack every-thing white. Ma'am, it's
own that shoots.

F.: No! Charlotte! I'm thinking it out.

A.: Charlotte! All off! We are? We'll take the car. We'll pack champagne and

(Charlotte! There's no need to shout.}

F.: ALL: Charlotte! All

off! We are? We'll take the car. We'll pack champagne and

right, then, We're off on our way; What a beautiful day for A
caviar! We're off on our way; What a beautiful day for A
A.L.L. (*Str. B*va)

week-end in the country—How amusing—How delightfully droll. A

week-end in the country—While we're losing—Our control. A

week-end in the country—How enchanting—On the manicured lawns. A

week-end in the country—With the panting and the yawns. With the
crickets and the pheasants. And the orchards and the hay,
With the servants and the peasants. We'll be laying our plans while we're
playing croquet for a weekend in the country. So in-
active that one has to lie down, A weekend in the country Where
HENRIK:

A weekend in the country, The bees in their
hives, The shallow, worldly figures, The frivolous lives:
The devil's companions know not whom they serve. It might be instructive to ob-

DÉSIRÉE: However, there is one tiny snag... etc.

HENRIK: A

DÉSIRÉE: I was not raised by your grandmother for nothing.

FREDRIK: We're

Segue as one to Part 6]
A Weekend In The Country - Part 6-7

No. 14e & f

354 CARL-MAGNUS: CHARLOTTE: C.M.: CH.

Charlotte! I'm thinking it out. Charlotte! There's

FREDRIK: PETRA: FREDRIK & ANNE: + PETRA:

off! We are? We'll take the car. We'll bring champagne And

(HENRIK):

weekend in the country, the

W. W. Cel., Tpt., Str.

Hns.


357 BOTH:

no need to shout! We're off and away; What a beautiful day! for sur-

caviar. We're off and away; What a beautiful day!

LIEBESLIEDER: A

bees in their hives!

We're

(With)

(Optional cut to bar 366)
vey-ing each other while playing croquet, Controlling our feelings while week-end of playing croquet. A week-end of off! We are. I'll get the car. We'll get champagne and

strolling the lawns and Confiding our motives while hiding our yawns. With strolling the lawns, Confiding our motives while hiding our yawns. With cavi-ar. The weather is spectac-u-lar! With

* Bars 360 through 365 omitted from New York production.
ri-ot-o\-us
laugh-ter
We
qui-et-ly
suf-fer
The
sea-son
in
town,
Which
is
a
reason
enough
for
A
week-end
in
the
coun-try,
How
a
mu-
sing,
How
del-
ight-
ful-
ly
droll!
A
week-
end
In
the
coun-
try,
While
we're
los-
ing
our
con-
trol.
A
peasants We'll be laying our plans while we're playing croquet for a

Weekend in the country So inactive That one

has to lie down A weekend in the country where We're
twice as upset as in Twice as upset as in Twice as upset as in,
MRS. N., MR. E.:
Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in,

MR. L., MRS. A., MRS. S.:
Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in,

ANNE:
Twice as upset as in town. A weekend!

FREDRIK:
Twice as upset... Are you sure you want to go?

CHARLOTTE:
Twice as upset... We're uninvited,

CARL-MAGNUS:
Twice as upset... Charlotte, we're going,

PETRA:
Twice as upset... A weekend! A weekend! A

HENRIK:
Shallow worldly

Hns., Tbn.
Timp. roll
(MRS. N., MR. E.): Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in,

(MR. L., MRS. A., MRS. S.):

Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in,

(ANNE):

A week-end! A week-end! A

(FREDRIK):

Are you sure you want to go? Are you sure you

(CAROL:)

Uninvited, Uninvited,

(CARL-MAGNUS):

Charlotte, we're going, Charlotte, we're

(PETRA):

week-end! A week-end! A week-end! A

(HENRIK):

people going, Shallow
Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset in
Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset as in, Twice as upset in

Weekend! A weekend! A weekend out of

Want to go away and leave, Go and leave

Vitiated, We should stay in

Going, Charlotte, out of

Weekend! A weekend out of

People going out of
[END ACT I]
No. 15  

Tempo di Valse

Str., Cls., Hn.

Tbn.,
Bsn.,
Bc.

Cls.

Hns., Vlns.

+ Cls.

73

Celesta

Clas.

Vlns., E. H., Picc.

+ Fl., Ob., gva.

Cello

(+ 8b)

(+ 8b)

etc.
No. 16

Night Waltz
(The Sun Won't Set)

Cue: Direct Segue from "Entr'acte"

MRS. ANDERSSON:

sun sits low,
Fusing its usual glow.

Twilight, Vespers sound and it's six o'clock,

ALL:

Twilight all around, But the sun sits
low,

As low as it's going to

MR. ERLANSON:

MR. LINDQUIST:

3 WOMEN:

go... Cl. (Fl. 8va)

Eight o’clock, Twilight, How en-

Vlns., Ob. 8va

Mr. E:

Mr. L:

3 WOMEN:

thrul-ling, it’s Nine o’clock, Twilight, Slowly crawling towards

Mr. E:

Mr. L:

3 WOMEN:

Ten o’clock, Twilight, Crick-ets call-ing, The

ALL:

Clav. div. (cont.) (+ 8va)
ves

Celesta

pers

ring,

The

night-

ingale's

(+ s^v4)

(9, H.)

(+ Hp. gliss.)

(+ etc.)

50

wait-
ing to

sing.

The rest of us wait on a

(+ s^v4)

(R. H.)

(+ Hp. (8s scale)

2nd div. + Hns.

55

MRS. A.: + w, w s^v4

string.

Per-
pet-
ual
sun-
et is rather an

(+ Cls.)

Sr.
MADAME ARMFELDT: To lose a lover or even a husband or two during the course of one's life can be vexing——etc.
FREDRIKA: Very well, Grandmother.

MADAME ARMFELDT: More champagne, Frid.

One bottle less... etc. ... the hilarity of my wake.

LIEBESLIEDERS: The
(ALL:)

sun
Celesta
won't
set.
It's

Str. (+ g4)

f + Hsz.
(R. H.)
(+ Hp. gliss.)

fruitless to hope or to fret.
It's

Hps. (Ds scale)
(R. H.)
(b)

109
dark as it's going to get.
The

Cel.

Str. div.
hands on the clock turn But don't sing a nocturne just yet.

Auto horn (offstage)

DÉSIRÉE: They're coming!

MADAME ARMFELDT: Nonsense! DÉSIRÉE: But they are! MADAME ARMFELDT: Impossible.

No guest... etc.
MADAME ARMELDIT: Good God, you're right!... etc. [Liessen sitz!]
Fade out at cue: CHARLOTTE: Happy birthday to me!
Night Waltz - II
(Liebeslieder)

Cue: Carl-Magnus and Fredrik start up their cars.

[d. = 60]

Mrs. Nordstrom and Mr. Erlanson enter

MRS. NORDSTROM:

The

Mr. ERLANSON:

sun sits low and the ves - pers ring And the

(Hp. cont.)

shad - ows grow and the crick - ets sing And it's...
MRS. N.: Look! Is that the moon? Yes. What a lovely afternoon! Yes. The

Celesta

rall.

+ Hn. I
+ Hn. II

17 MRS. N.:
evening air doesn't feel quite right in the not quite

Clav.

Viola.

a tempo

Cello

Bass

MR. E.: glare of the not quite night. And it's... wait! Is that a star? No.

Celesta

+ Hn. I

22 MRS. N.: [They exit]
Dialogue between Anne and Charlotte...

[Fredrik enters]

Continue at cue:
FREDRIK: Ah, here you are, ladies.

Just the glow of a cigar.

Oh.

+ Hn. II

Hp. (slowly)

G. P.
CHARLOTTE: Oh, Mr. Egerman! If you'll pardon my saying so, that's a simply ravishing cravat.

FREDRIK: It is?
CHARLOTTE: I can't remember when I have seen so seductive a cravat.

MR. LINDQUIST:

Slowly - freely
Celesta Str. (trem.)

Hp.

34

Tempo I

MRS. SEGSTROM:

atmosphere's becoming heavy, The ambiance thrilling, The

Cello + Hn.1
Hp. Cello + Hn.1

(Bs. cont.)

38

spirit unsteady, The flesh far too willing. To

Cl. Fl. Str.

(+ Hp. arpeg.)

(E.H. 8va)

Cl.

Cello + W.C.

(+ Thn. (ad lib. Hp. glasses)

42

be perpetually ready is far from fulfilling. But

Cl.

Cl.

(+ Str. trem.)

Cello, Hnt.

(Bs. cont.)
MR. L.:
wait... The sun is dip - ping. Where? You're right. It's drop - ping.

Celesta (Str. trem. 8va)

MRS. S.:
Look!... At last!... It's slip - ping. Sor - ry, my mis - take, it's stop - ping.

+Bell /They exit/

Harp (slowly)

Dialogue between
Fredrika and Henrik:
Continue at cue:
HENRIK:... bottling it up inside of me is driving me insane.

HENRIK: Oh, Miss Armfeldt, for the past eleven months, although
Slowly I am preparing to enter the ministry, etc. . . .

HENRIK:... damn everything to hell! I beg your pardon.
MRS. N., MR. E. : Tempo I

The light is pink and the air is still And the

(Hp. cont. as before)

Cello

Vla.

Ebas

+MRS. ANDERSSEN:

67

ALL UNISON:

sun is slinking behind the hill. And when

71

finally it sets, As finally it must, When

(Cla. + Str. 8va)

75

finally it lets the moon and stars adjust, When
finally we greet the dark and we're breathing amen,

prise of surprises, it instantly rises a-

again.

[Liebeslieders exit]

[Fredrik enters]

[Segue as one]
No. 18

It Would Have Been Wonderful
(Fredrik, Carl-Magnus)

Andante (In 3) FREDRIK:

I should nev-er have gone to the thea-tre,

Then I'd nev-er have come to the coun-try. If I nev-er had come to the coun-try, Mat-ters might have stayed as they were.
CARL-MAGNUS:  FREDRIK:

Sir.  Sir.  If she'd

*Vin.  *Vin.  (smile)


Low  Str.

only been faded, If she'd only been fat, If she'd

only been jaded And bursting with chat, If she'd

only been perfectly awful, It would have been
won - der - ful.

If...

If...

If she'd been all a-twitter or elusive - ly cold, If she'd on - ly been bit - ter or, better, looked

pass - a - bly old, If she'd been cov - ered with glit - ter or e - ven been cov - ered with mold, It would have been won - der - ful.

But the
woman was perfection. To my deepest dis-

may. Well, not quite perfection, I'm

sor-ry to say. If the woman were per-

fection she would go away. And that would be
CARL-MAGNUS:

won - der-ful. Str... Str...

If she'd on - ly looked flus - tered or ad-

mit - ted the worst, If she on - ly had blus - tered or

sim - pered or cursed, If she were - n't so aw - ful - ly
perfect, It would have been won-der-ful.

If... If she'd tried to be clev-er, If she'd

start-ed to flinch, If she'd cried or what- ev- er a wom-an would

do in a pinch, If I'd been cer-tain she nev-er a-gain could be
trusted an inch, It would have been won
derful.

But the woman was perfection, Not an

action denied: The kind of per-

fection I cannot abide. If the
wom-an were per-fec-tion, She'd have sim-ply

lied, Which would have been won-der-ful.

FREDRIK: If she'd on-ly been vi-cious... If she'd act-ed a-bused... Or a

C. M.: bit too de-li-cious... Or been e-ven slight-ly con-fused... If she had
only been sulk-y... Or brist-ling... Or bulk-y... Or bruised... It would have been

won-der-ful...

If...

If she'd only been will-ful... If she on-ly had fled... Or a

lit-tle less skil-ful... In-sult-ed, in-sist-ing... In bed... If she had
only been fearful... Or married... Or tearful... Or dead... It would have been

wonderful. But the woman was peculiar...

fection And the prospects are grim,

lovely perfection That nothing can
Yes, the woman was perfection, So I'm here with him...

C.M.:

Sir...

BOTH: (C.M.)

It would have been wonderful.

(F.)

(Sir. Sn.) (simile)

(Sn. Dr. out)

(Sn. Dr. out)
Cue: DESIREE: Gentlemen, shall we proceed?

Moderato-(in 1)
Triangle

Celesta

Harp

1

MRS. NORDSTROM:

Perpetual Anticipation is good for the soul. But it's
bad for the heart. It's very good for

MRS. SEGSTROM:

Perpetual anticipation is

practicing self-control. It's very good for

good for the soul, But it's bad for the

morals, But bad for morale. It's very bad. It

heart. It's very good for practicing self-control.
(MRS. N.): can lead to going quite mad. It's very

(MRS. S.): It's very good for morals But bad for mor-

MRS. ANDERSEN:
Perpetual anticipation is

good for reserve and learning to do what one

good for the soul But it's bad for the heart.
should. It's very good. **Perpetual anticipation's a**

(MRS. S.:)

have things to **contemplate.**

(MRS. A.:)

It's very good, though, learning to wait.

delicate art: **Playing a role,**

petual anticipation's a delicate art:

Perpetual anticipation's a
Aching to start, Keeping control While
delicate art: Keeping control While

falling apart. Perpetual anticipation
falling apart. Falling apart.

Cello, B♭ Hp.
Passion is good for the soul But it's perpetual anticipation is good But it's perpetual anticipation is bad for the heart.
* If no solo instrument is available, keyboard may play solo part with right hand and left hand of keyboard as is.
No. 20

Dinner Table Scene

CUE: DÉSIRÉE: I had thought of seducing him into rolling the croquet lawn tomorrow, but I'm sure he'd find the Countess less exhausting.

[Lento]
CHARLOTTE: I wouldn't guarantee that!... etc.

CHARLOTTE: (to Fredrik) My husband, Mr. + Celesta, Picc.

Egerman, is a veritable porcupine... etc.

(Charlotte:) I am leading you down dangerous paths!

CARL-MAGNUS: I apologize for my wife... etc.

FREDRIK: If she is this charming... etc.
FREDRKH: (to Désirée)
Miss Armfeldt, as a

Célestine, Picc.

stranger in this house... etc.

(Cello)

MADAME ARMFIELDT: Are you addressing me, sir?... etc.

+ Picc., A.Fl.

CHARLOTTE: Splendid... etc. ...at all my husband's
regimental dinner parties.
[Dance]
Celesta, Picc., Bells

(Bells out)

+ Harp

[Madame Armfeldt taps on a glass with her fork]
MADAME ARMFELDT: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight... etc.

...even the blindest among us... *(Raising her glass)*
To life!

OTHERS: To life. MADAME ARMFELDT: And to the only other reality--death!
No. 21
Night Waltz - Piano Solo

Cue: DÉSIRÉE: ... may I suggest you try holding your
breath -- for a very long time?

[Moving]
Fredrika plays:

(Scriabin type solo)

Ped. ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ————

Ped. ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ———— ————

[Cut: when Fredrika stops playing on stage piano]

[Repeat as needed]
No. 22

Underscoring

Cue: ANNE: To gaze over the ornamental waters!

Let us go find him.

Con moto

How touching!

Oboe (Play with left hand)

Such a good

looking boy, isn't he?

Such long, long lashes...

PETRA: Who needs a haystack?

Anything you've got to show, you can

Add Picc.

(Left hand play solo staff)

show me right here —

that is, if you're in the mood.
FRID: When am I not in the mood?

PETRA: I wouldn't know, would I. I'm just passing through.

FRID: I'm in the mood. (kiss)

Cont. at cue: FRID:
I'm in it twenty four hours a day. (kiss) [Tranquillo] (Dialogue)

FREDRIKA:
Mr. Egerman!

Cue:
ANNE:
Henrik!

Fade at cue: FREDRIKA:
Mr. Egerman!

Cue: FRID: You've a sweet mouth... sweet as honey. (Screens move) (Bed comes on) 
Fade as Fredrik clears his throat.
Send In The Clowns

(Désirée, Fredrik)

Cue: FREDRIK: ... the woman who could rescue me? Of course... (Pause - music)

Lento

FREDRIK continues: But when my eyes are not open... etc.

... courthouse three blocks away.

Désirée:

Isn't it rich?

Are we a pair?

Me here at last on the ground, You in mid-air.

Send in the clowns.

Isn't it bliss?

Don't you ap-
prove?
One who keeps tearing a-round, One who can't move. Where are the

clowns?
Send in the clowns. Just when I'd stopped opening

doors,
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was

yours, Making my entrance again with my usual flair, Sure of my
lines, No one is there. Don't you love

farce? My fault, I fear. I thought that you'd want what I want—Sorry, my
dear. But where are the clowns? Quick, send in the

FREDRIK: Désirée, I'm sorry. I never should have come... etc.
clowns. Don't bother, they're here.
... Do try to forgive me.

DÉSIRÉE:

Isn't it rich, isn't it queer, Losing my

Timing this late in my career? And where are the clowns? There ought to be

rall.

Well, maybe next year...
The Miller's Son

(Petra)

Cue: ANNE: Not Fredrik... not poor old Fredrik... not Fredrik at all.

[Solo]

[Large]

(Screens move)

(Petra and Frid discovered)

(+ Cello Solo)

Moderato-Rubato

PETRA:

I shall mar - ry the mill - er's son, Pin my hat on a

nice piece of prop - er - ty. Fri - day nights, for a bit of

Fio.

fun, We'll go danc - ing. Mean - while... It's a

(+ Cello Solo)
wink and a wiggie and a giggle on the grass And I'll trip the light fan-

dango, A pinch and a diddle in the middle of what passes by.

It's a poco cresc.

very short road from the pinch and the punch To the
paunch and the pouch and the pension. It's a
very short road to the ten thousandth lunch, And the
belch and the grouch and the sigh.

meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before
mouths to be fed And a lot in between in the meanwhile...

And a girl ought to celebrate what passes

Tempo I Rubato

by w. w.,Hp., hns., str.

Or I shall marry the bus'ness man,

(+ Cello Solo)

Five fat babies and lots of se-cu-r-i-ty. Fri-day nights, if we
think we can, We'll go dancing. Meanwhile... It's a

push and a tumb'le and a tumb'le in the sheets And I'll foot the high-land

fancy, A dip in the butter and a flutter with what meets my eye.

It's a
very short fetch from the push and the whoop To the squint and the stoop and the mumble. It's not much of a stretch to the cribs and the croup And the bosoms that droop and go dry. In the
mean-while, There are mouths to be kissed be-fore

mouths to be fed, And there's man-y a tryst And there's man-y a

bed To be sam-pled and seen in the mean-while.

And a girl has to cel-e-brate what pass-es
by W. W.

Oh I shall marry the Prince of Wales,

Pearls and servants and dressing for festivals. Friday nights, with him

All in tails, We'll have dancing. Mean-while... It's a

rip in the bustle and a rustle in the hay And I'll pitch the quick fan-
With flings of confetti and my petti-coats away up

high.

very short way from the fling that's for fun To the

thigh pressing under the table...
very short day till you're stuck with just one Or it

has to be done on the sly. In the

meanwhile, There are mouths to be

kissed before mouths to be fed And there's man-y a tryst and there's
many a bed, There's a lot I'll have missed But I'll not have been
dead when I die! And a person should

celebrate every thing passing

by. And I shall marry the miller's son.
No. 25

Underscore
(2-8-39)

Cue: Applause after "The Miller's Son"

[Lento]

[Vln., Sells]

[Hp., Str.]

Bs. trem. (harmonics)

loco

Celesta, Picc.

(Fade as Fredrik sits down)

[Vln., Sells]

[Vln., Sells]

[Hp., Str.]

Bs. trem. (harmonics)

loco

[Picc., A. Fl.

Cel.]

rif.

Harp
Soon - Reprise

Cue: CHARLOTTE: I hate anyone being happy! (music)

HENRIK: The gig should be ready at the stables.
ANNE: Oh Henrik, darling, I do hope the horses will be smart.
I do detest riding in a gig when the horses are not smart.

MRS. SEGSTROM:

Think of how I adore you, Think of how much you love me,

If I were perfect for you, Wouldn't you tire of me soon...?

HENRIK: Let all the birds nest in my hair!

ad lib.
Hp. gliss.
No. 27

You Must Meet My Wife - Reprise

Cue: FREDRIK: After the horse has gone? (Mr. Erlansen)

FREDRIK continues: How strange that one's life should end sitting on a bench in a garden.

(under music)

Str. (muted)

MR. ERLANSEN:

She light - ens my sad - ness, She liv - ens my days, She

bursts with a kind of mad - ness My well or - dered ways.

My

DÉSIRÉE: Carl-Magnus, go away.

hap - pi - est mis - take, The ache of my

life...
Cue: MADAME ARMFELDT: When I was your age, I wanted everything --
She continues: the moon, jewels, yachts, villas on the Riviera... etc.

Lento

Celesta, Hp.

Str.

Sm. Solo

... He gave me a wooden ring.
FREDRIKA: A wooden ring?

MADAME ARMFELDT: It had been in his family... etc.

Vln. Solo

(cued in W. W.)

L, H.

... who knows? He might have been the love of my life.
No. 29  A Weekend In The Country - Reprise  
(Liebeslieders)

Cue: FREDRIK: (to Charlotte) Excuse me, Madame. (Exit)  
(Charlotte moves toward statue)

MR. LINDQUIST:

A weekend in the

+ MRS. ANDERSEN:  + MR. ERLANSEN:  + MRS. SEGSTROM & MRS. NORDSTROM

country, So inactive That one has to lie down. A

[Off-stage gunshot]  
Presto

weekend in the country Where we're twice as upset as in town.
Every Day A Little Death - Reprise
(Mrs. Anderssen, Mrs. Segstrom)

Cue: CHARLOTTE: Yes, dear. Oh, Carl-Magnus! (music starts)
You became a tiger for me.

(Kiss)

MRS. ANDERSSEN:

Men are stupid, men are vain.
Love's disgusting,

love's insane, A humiliating business.

[MRS. SEGSTROM: (Charlotte runs up to the house)]

MRS. ANDERSSEN: (The door shuts)

Oh, how true!

Ah, well...
No. 31

Send In The Clowns - Reprise

(Désirée, Fredrik)

Cue: Désirée: Does it hurt?

Fredrik: It hurts -- spiritually... etc.

(Lento)

(under music)

Desirée:... confront the world, don't you? Désirée:

Isn't it

A tempo

Fredrik:

Rich? Are we a pair? You here at

Desirée: ten.

Spoken: Knees wobbly?

Last on the ground-- You in mid-air.
FREDRIK: No, no, it seems not. In fact, it's hardly possible, but...

D.: Was that a

F.: farce?

D.: My fault, I fear.

F.: Me as a

Spoken: How unlikely life is!

mer - ry - go - round... Me as King Lear.

To lose... etc.
DÉSIRÉE: Poor Fredrik. FREDRIK: No, no, no etc. . . .

(FREDRIK:) You and me, and of course, Fredrika.

[They kiss]

FREDRIK: (spoken) How does Malmo appeal to you? . . . etc. 

. . . (FREDRIK:) I shall sit through all eight performances. 

[Segue as one]
No. 32

Last Waltz

Cue: Direct segue from "Send In The Clowns-Reprise"

FREDRIKA: Don't you think you should go to bed, Grandmother?

MADAME ARMFELDT: No, I shall stay awake all night... etc.

... my only dependable friend.

FREDRIKA: Grandmother--
MADAME ARMFELDT: What, dear?  FREDRIKA: I've watched and I've watched... etc.

MADAME A.: Young eyes are not ideal... etc.

...It has already smiled. Twice.

F.: It has? Twice?... etc.  MADAME A.: The smile for the fools... etc.
FREDRIKA: So there's only the last to come.

MADAME: A.: Only the last.

(+ Timp.)

Celesta

Tutti

(+ Cl.)

Str., W. W.

Hns.

R. H.