Musical Theatre Classics

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Performed by: Shannon Forsell, singer • Rick Walters, Sue Malmberg, pianists
Vocals recorded at the Chicago Recording Company, 12/95, Jeffrey Lane, engineer

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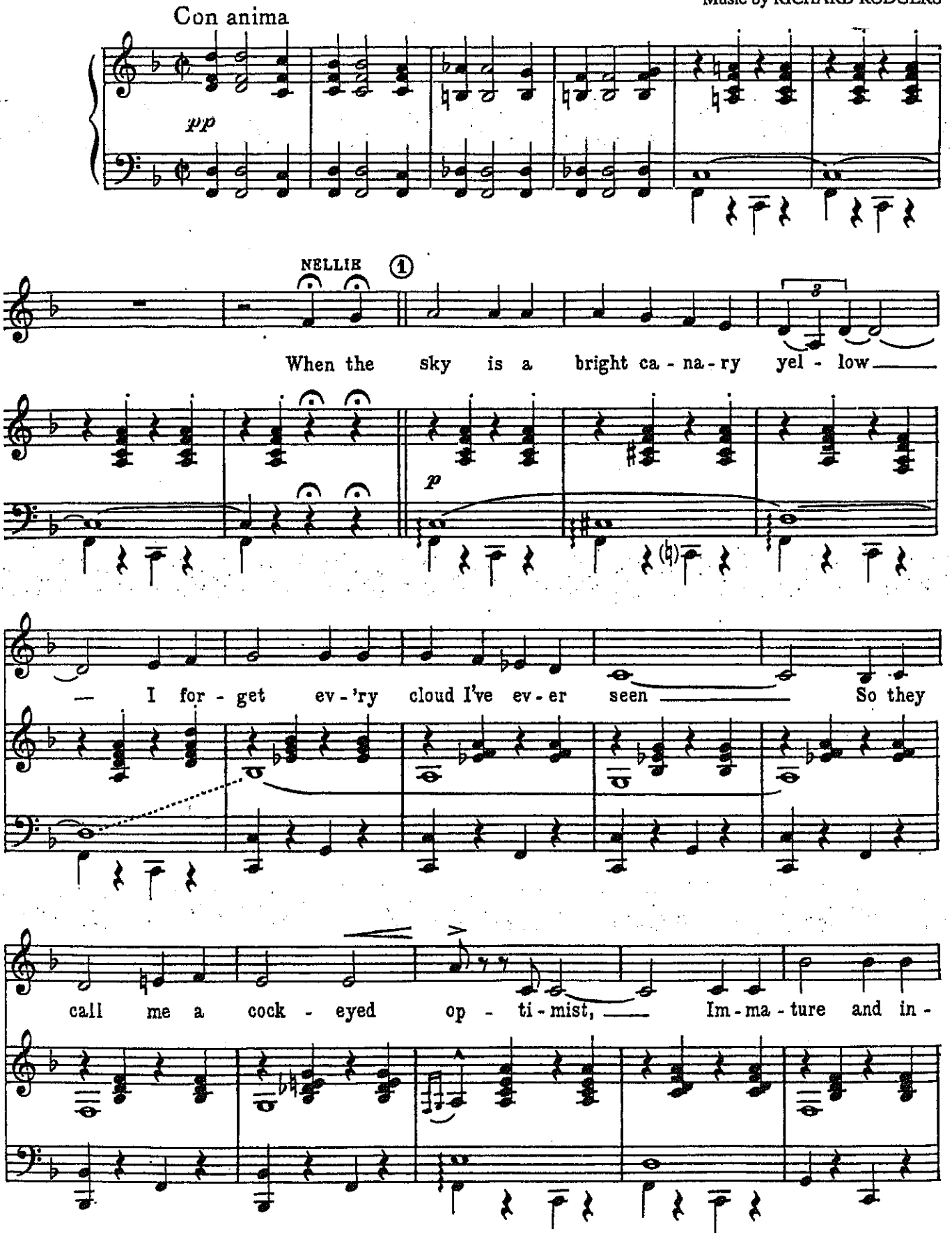
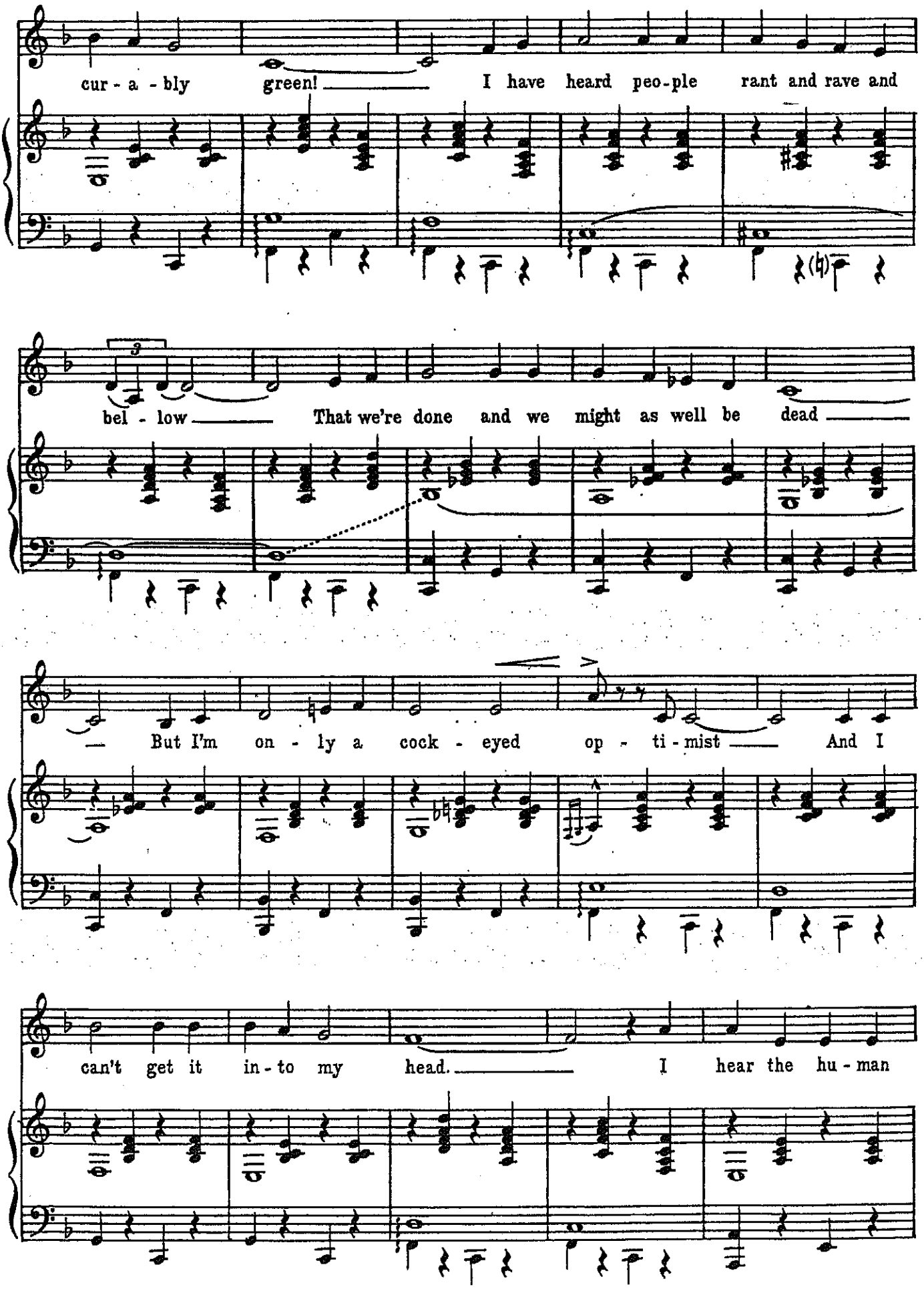
For all works contained herein:

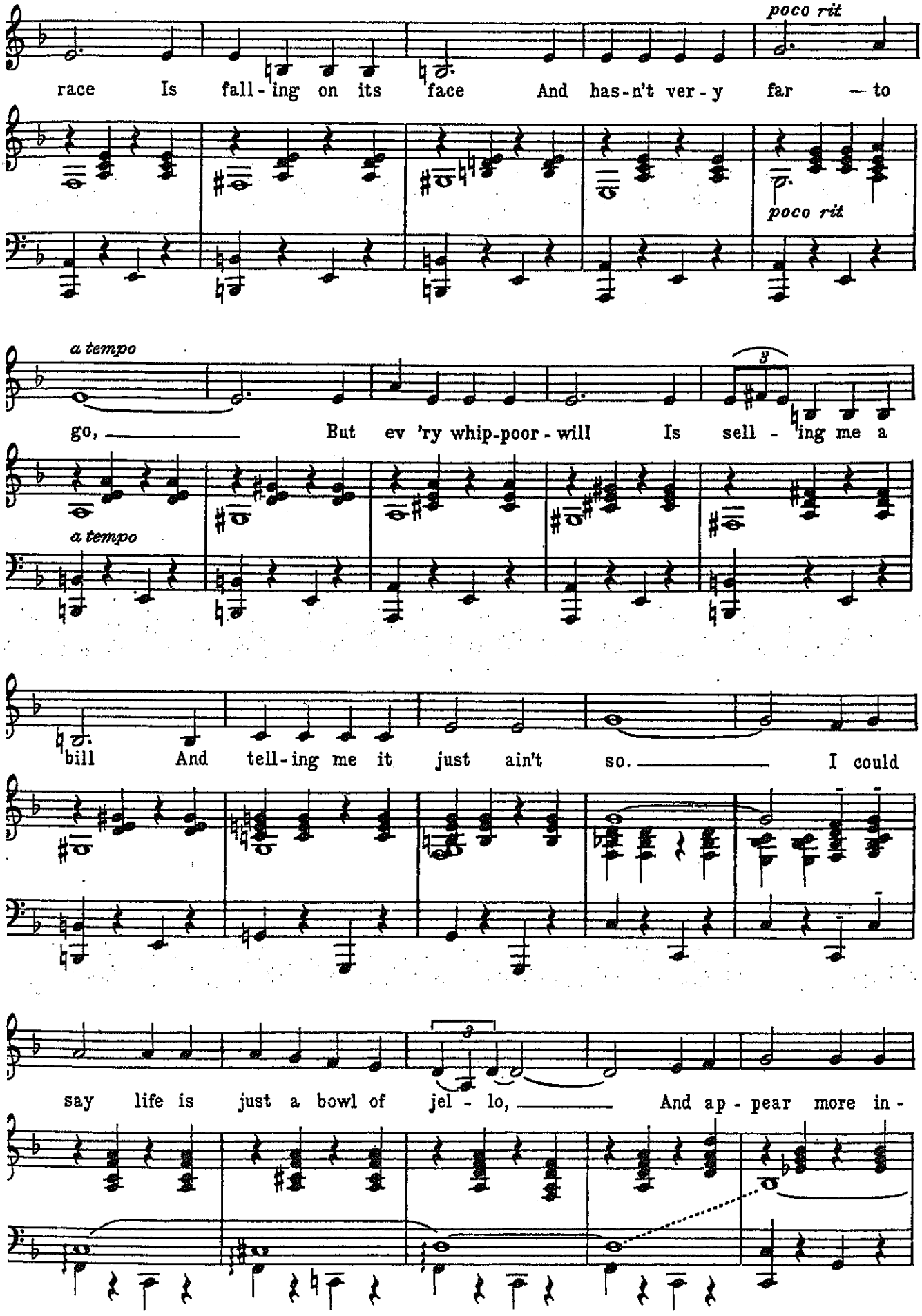
A Cock-Eyed Optimist

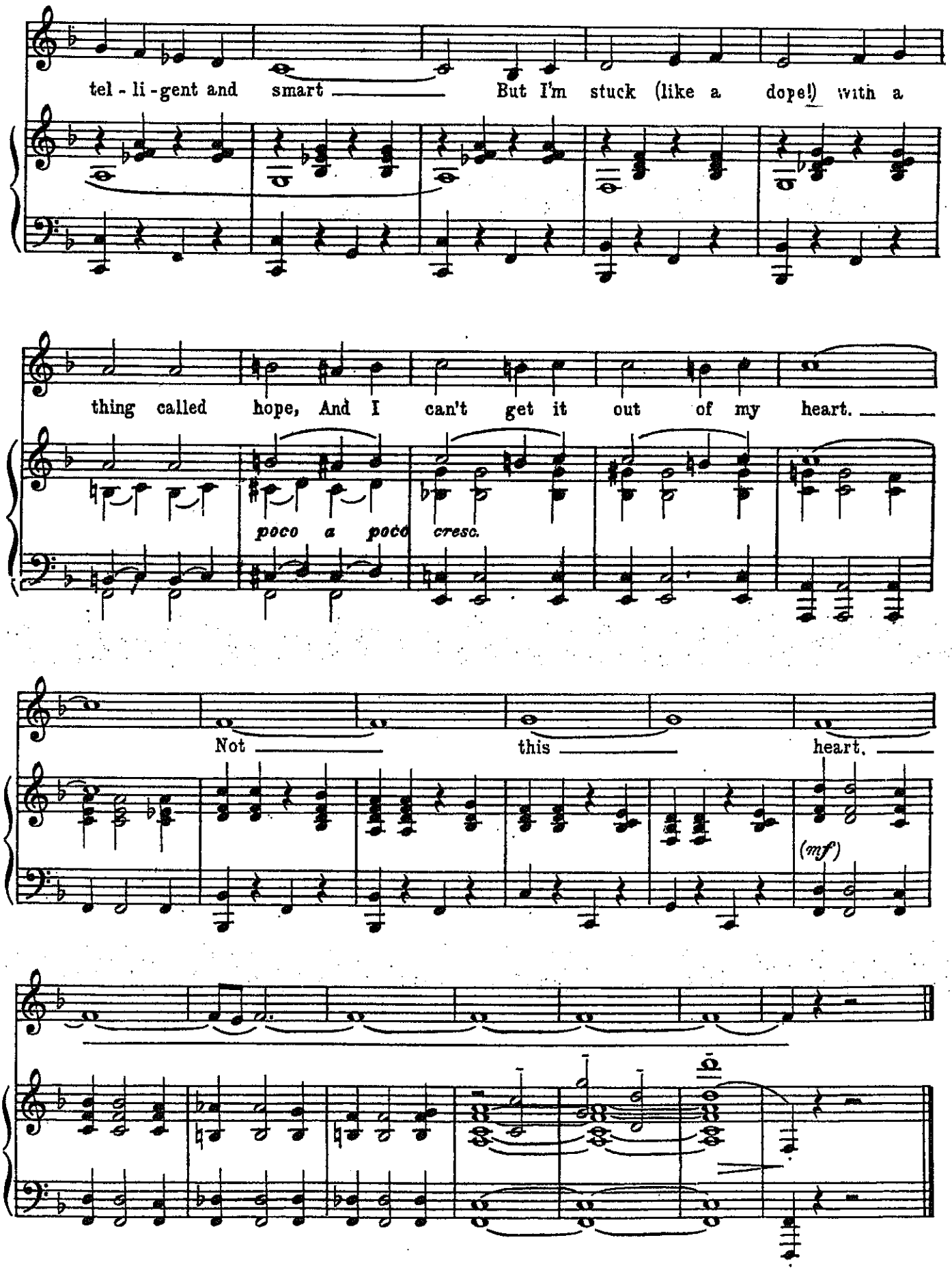
from SOUTH PACIFIC

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS




cur - a - bly green! I have heard peo-ple rant and rave and
bel - low That we're done and we might as well be dead
But I'm on - ly a cock - eyed op - ti - mist And I
can't get it in - to my head. I hear the hu - man


poco rit
race Is fall - ing on its face And has-n't ver - y far — to
poco rit
a tempo
go, But ev 'ry whip-poor - will Is sell - ing me a
a tempo
bill And tell - ing me it just ain't so. I could
say life is just a bowl of jel - lo, And ap - pear more in -


tel - li - gent and smart But I'm stuck (like a dope!) with a
thing called hope, And I can't get it out of my heart.
poco a poco cresc.
Not this heart.
(mf)

Why Can't You Behave

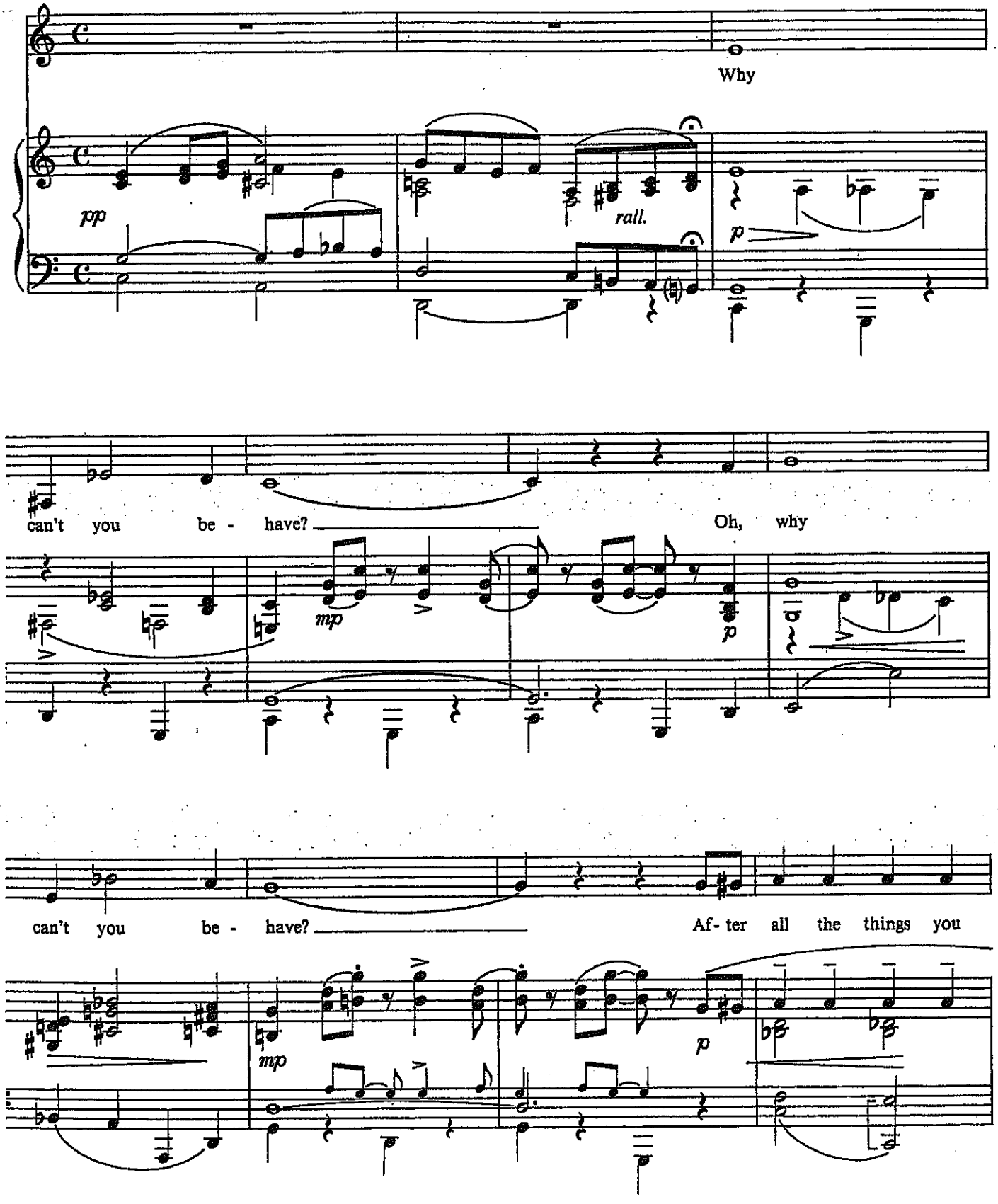
from KISS ME, KATE

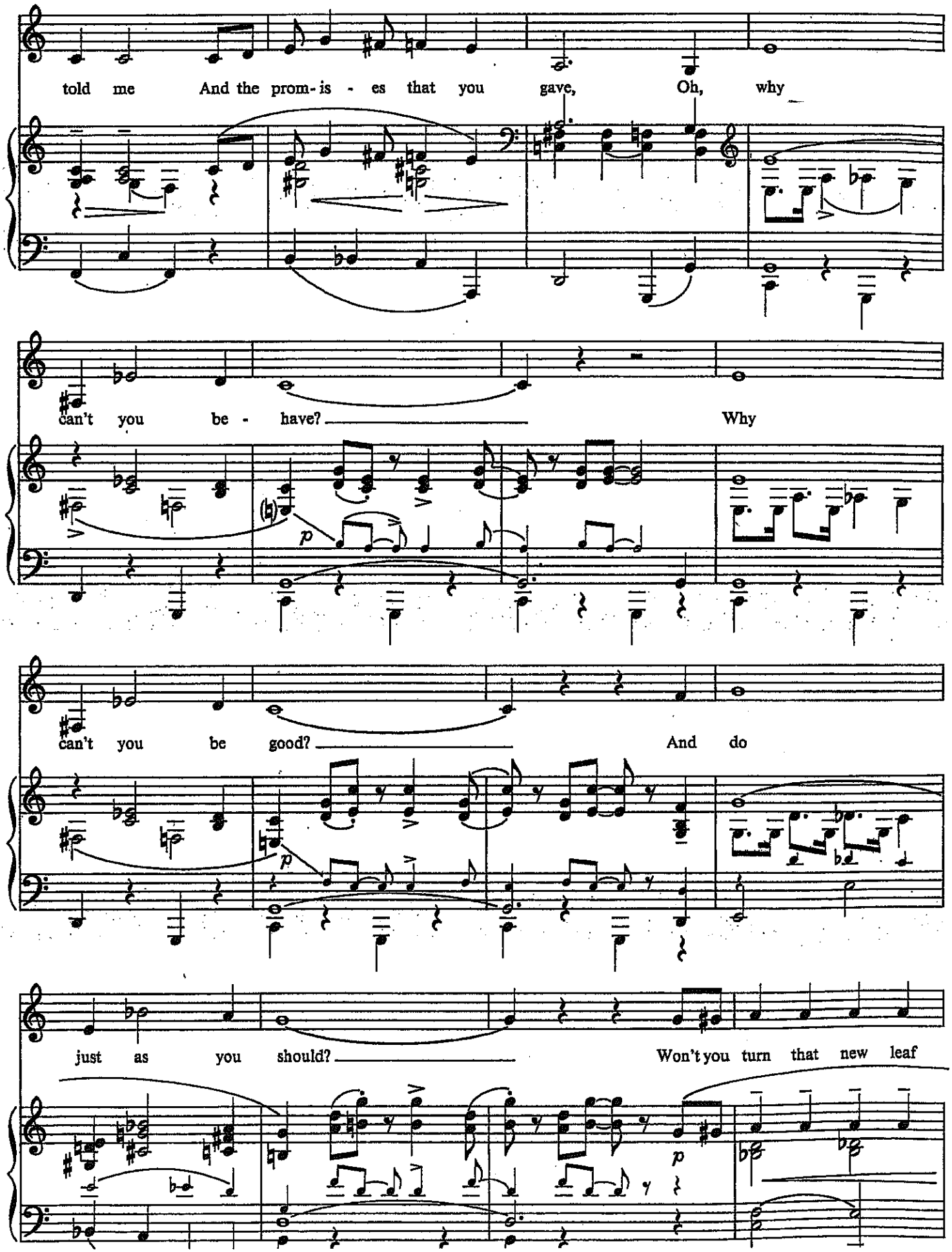
Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

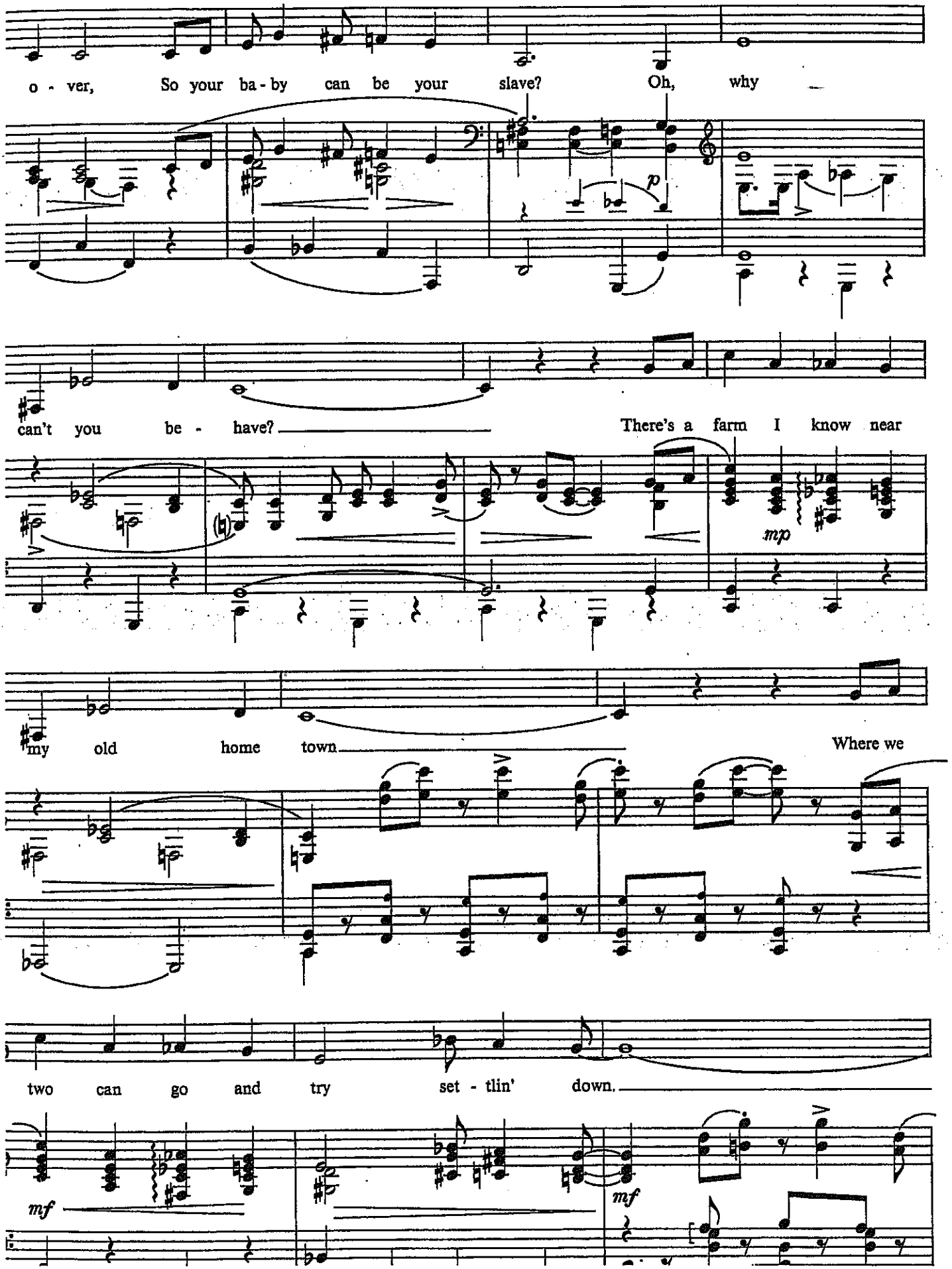
Andante

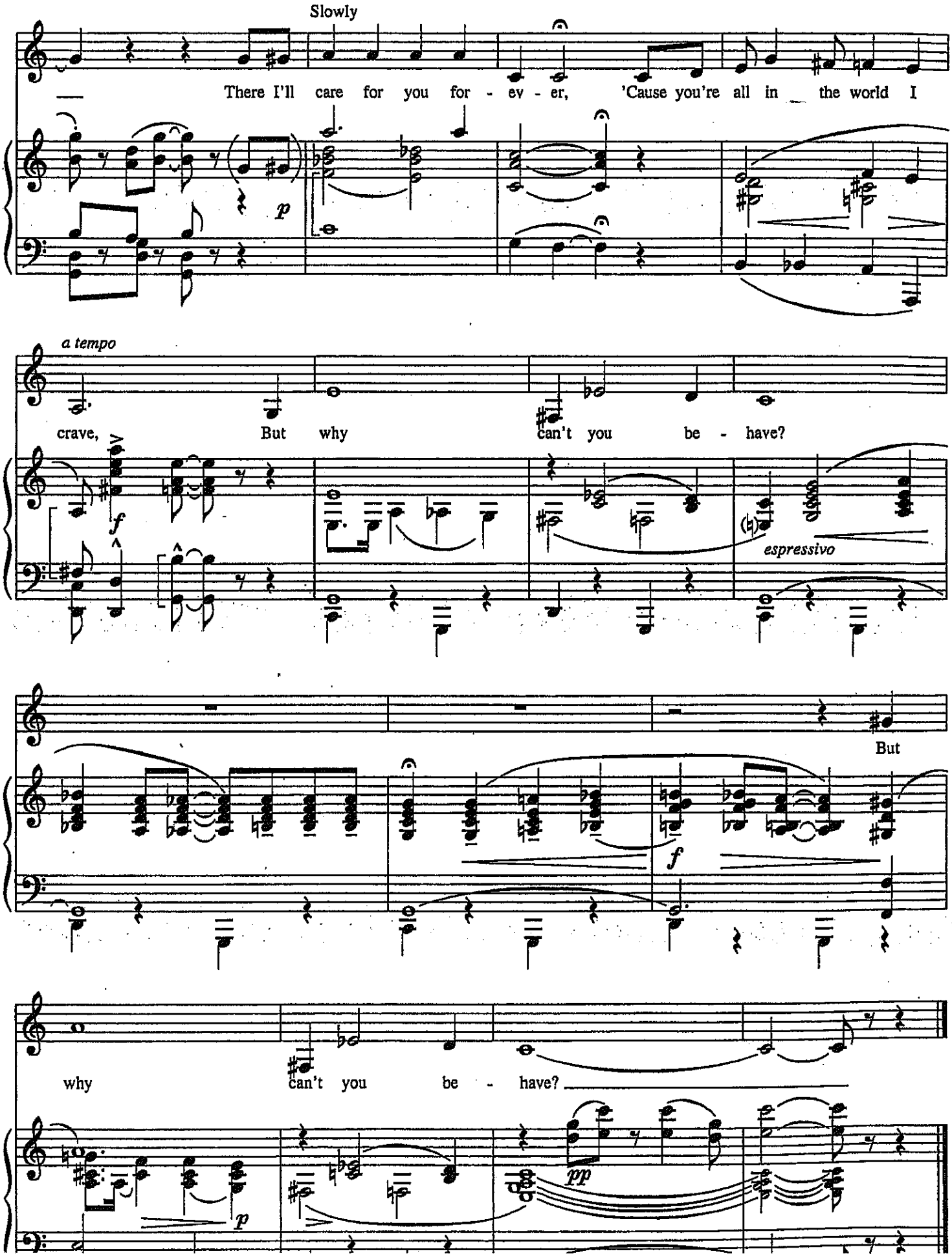
Slow blues

LOIS:




told me And the prom-is - es that you gave, Oh, why
can't you be - have? Why
can't you be good? And do
just as you should? Won't you turn that new leaf

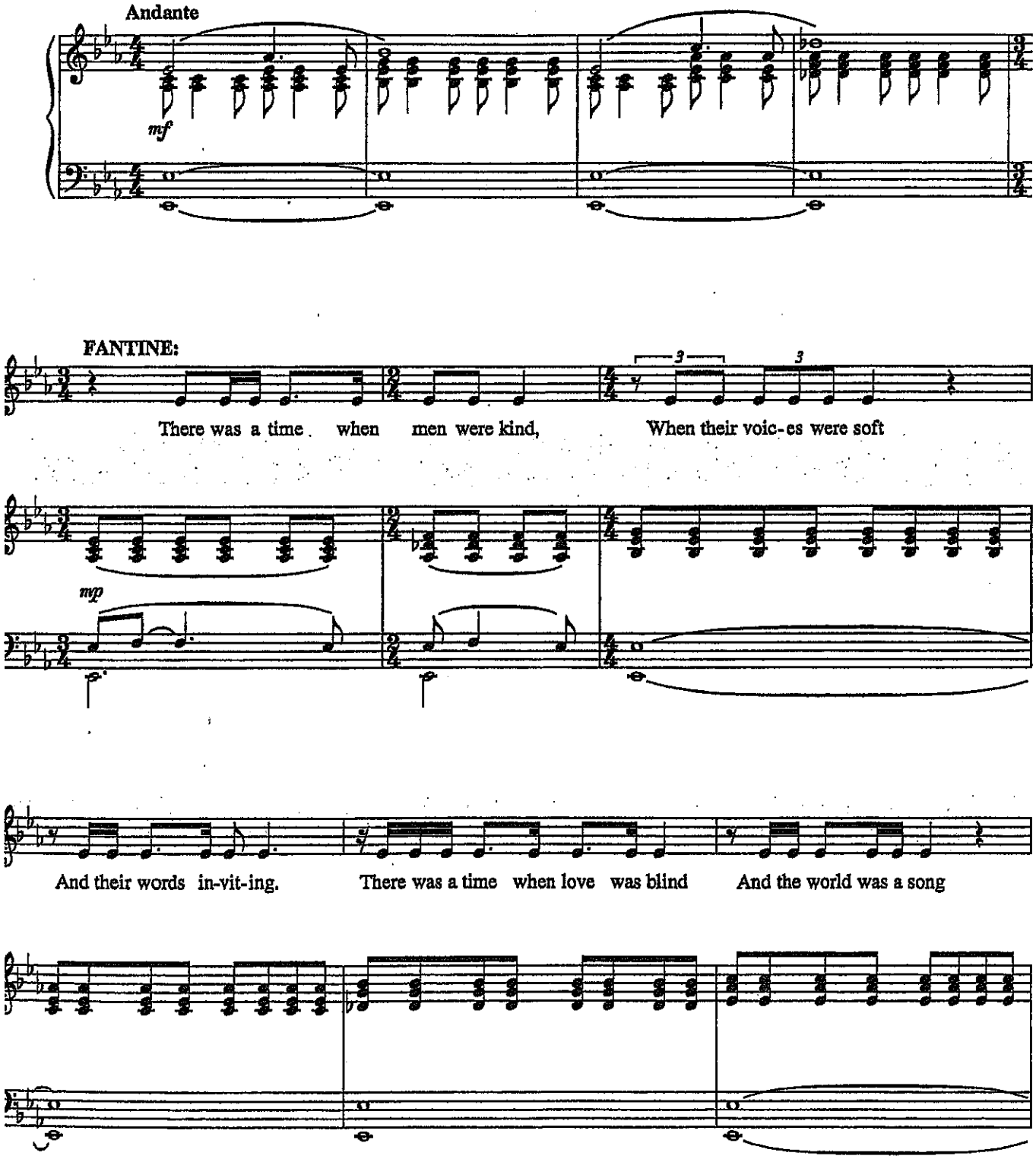

o - ver, So your ba - by can be your slave? Oh, why
p
can't you be - have?
There's a farm I know near
mp
my old home town
Where we
two can go and try set - tlin' down.
mf
mf


Slowly
There I'll care for you for - ev - er, 'Cause you're all in the world I
p
a tempo
crave, But why can't you be - have?
f
espressivo
But
f
why can't you be - have?
p
pp

I Dreamed a Dream

from LES MISÉRABLES

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL



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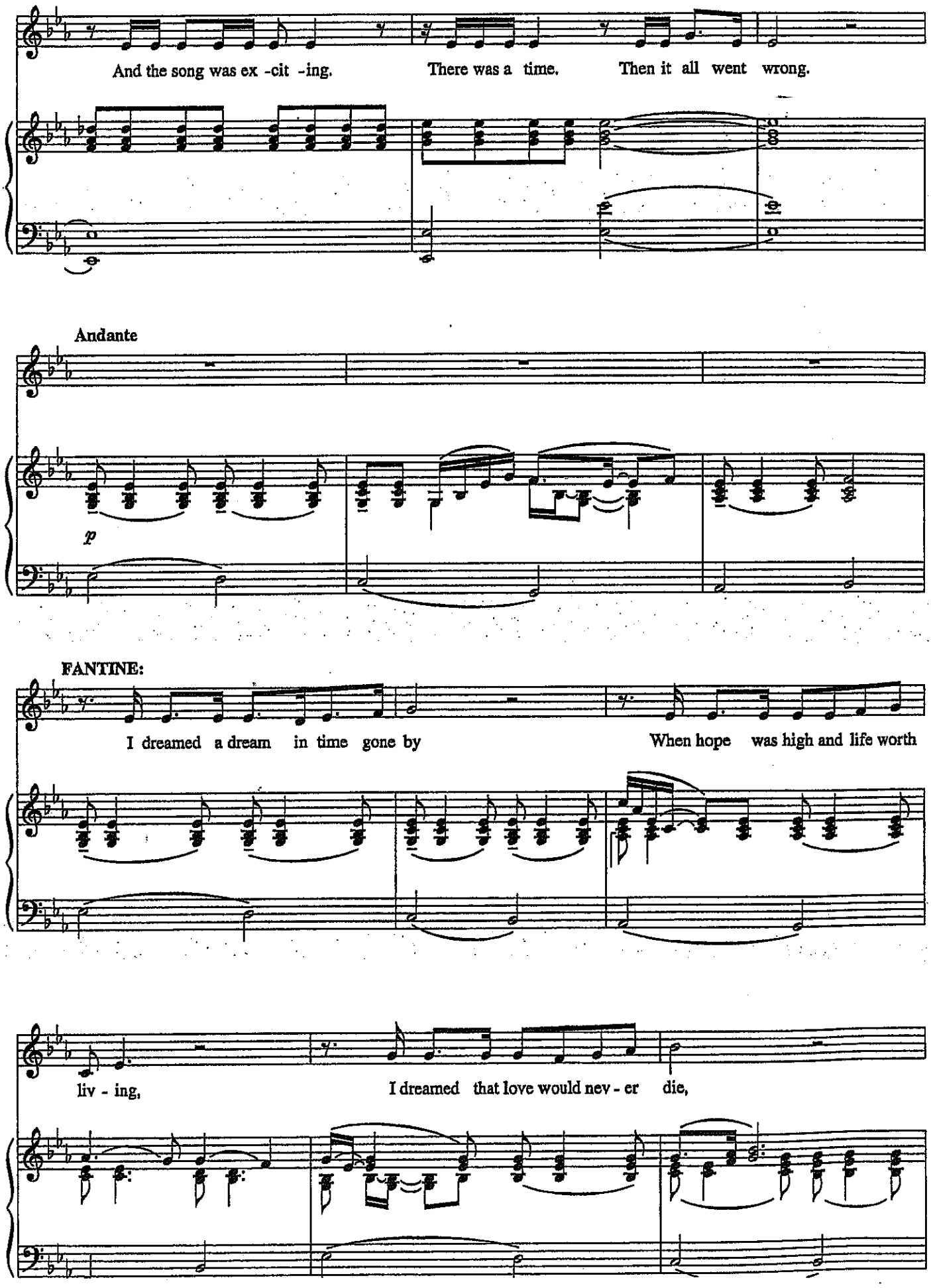
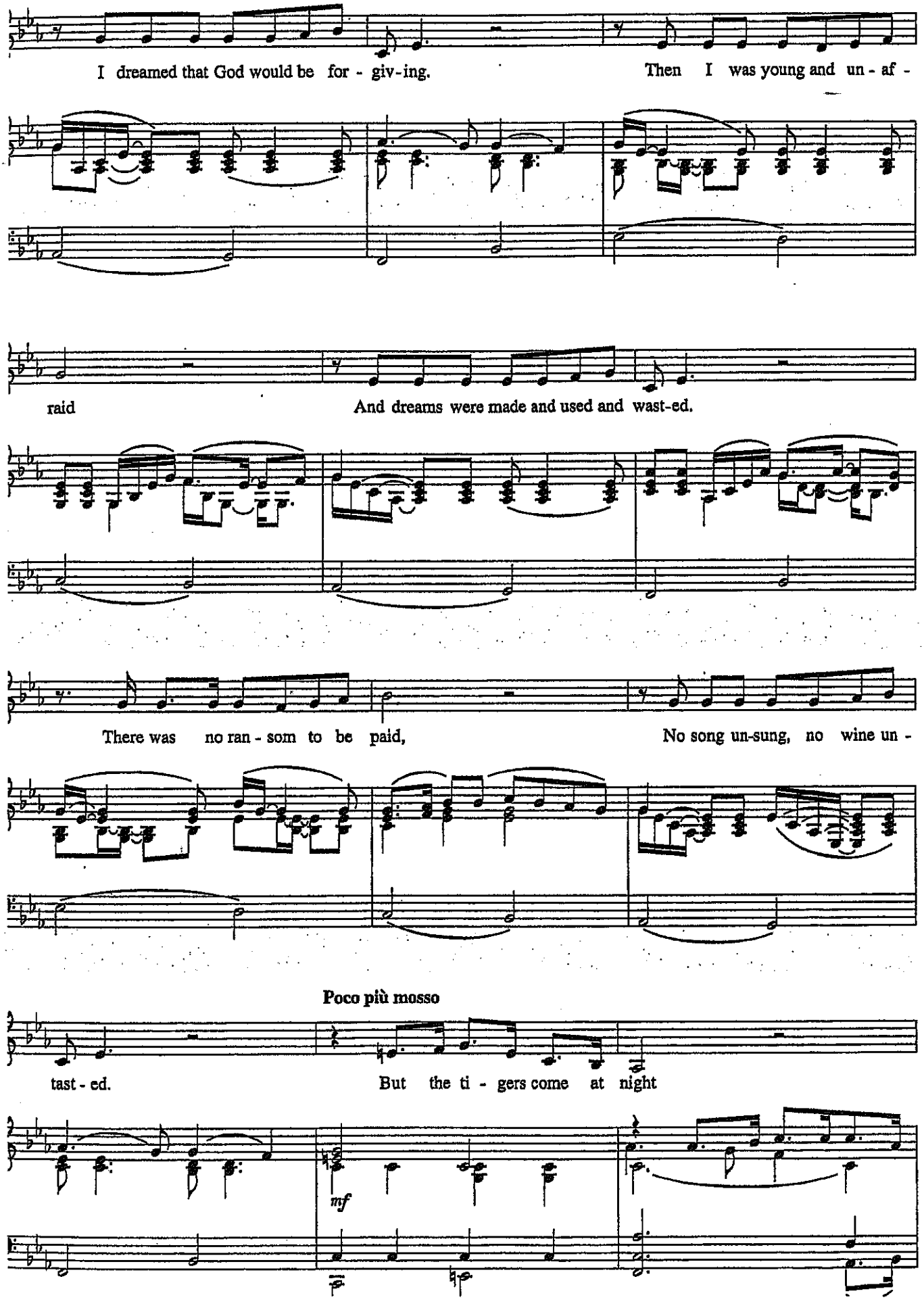
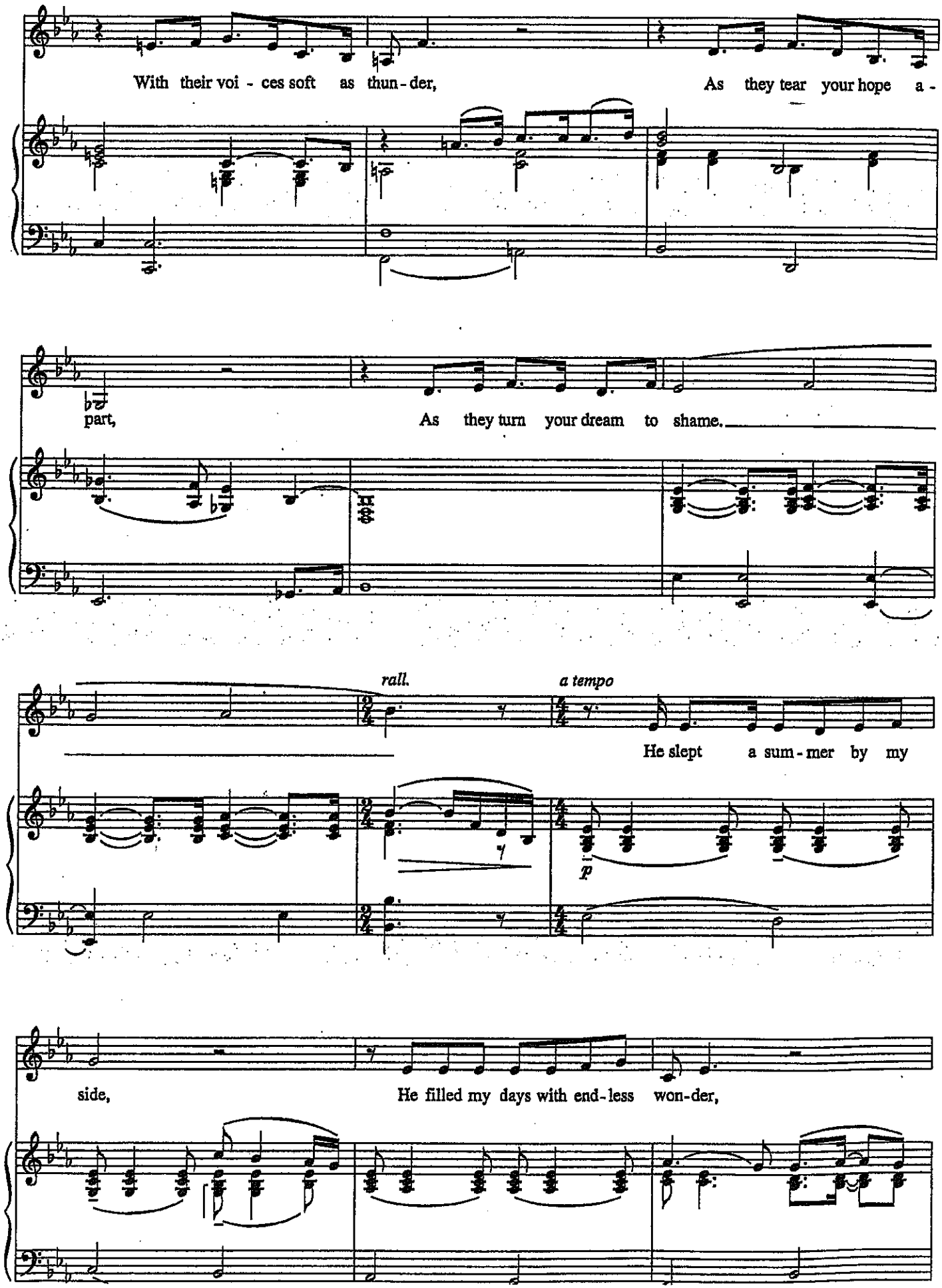
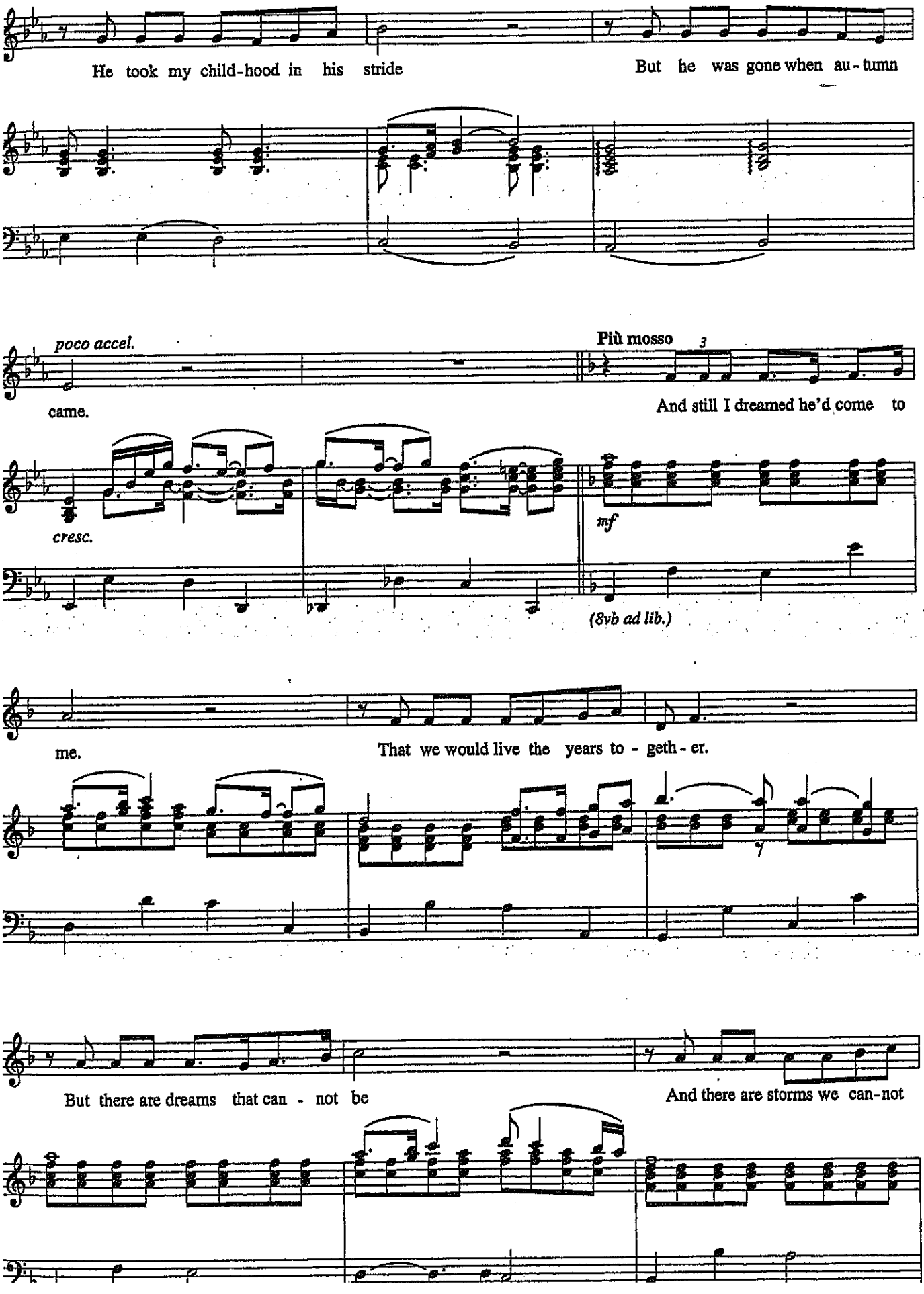
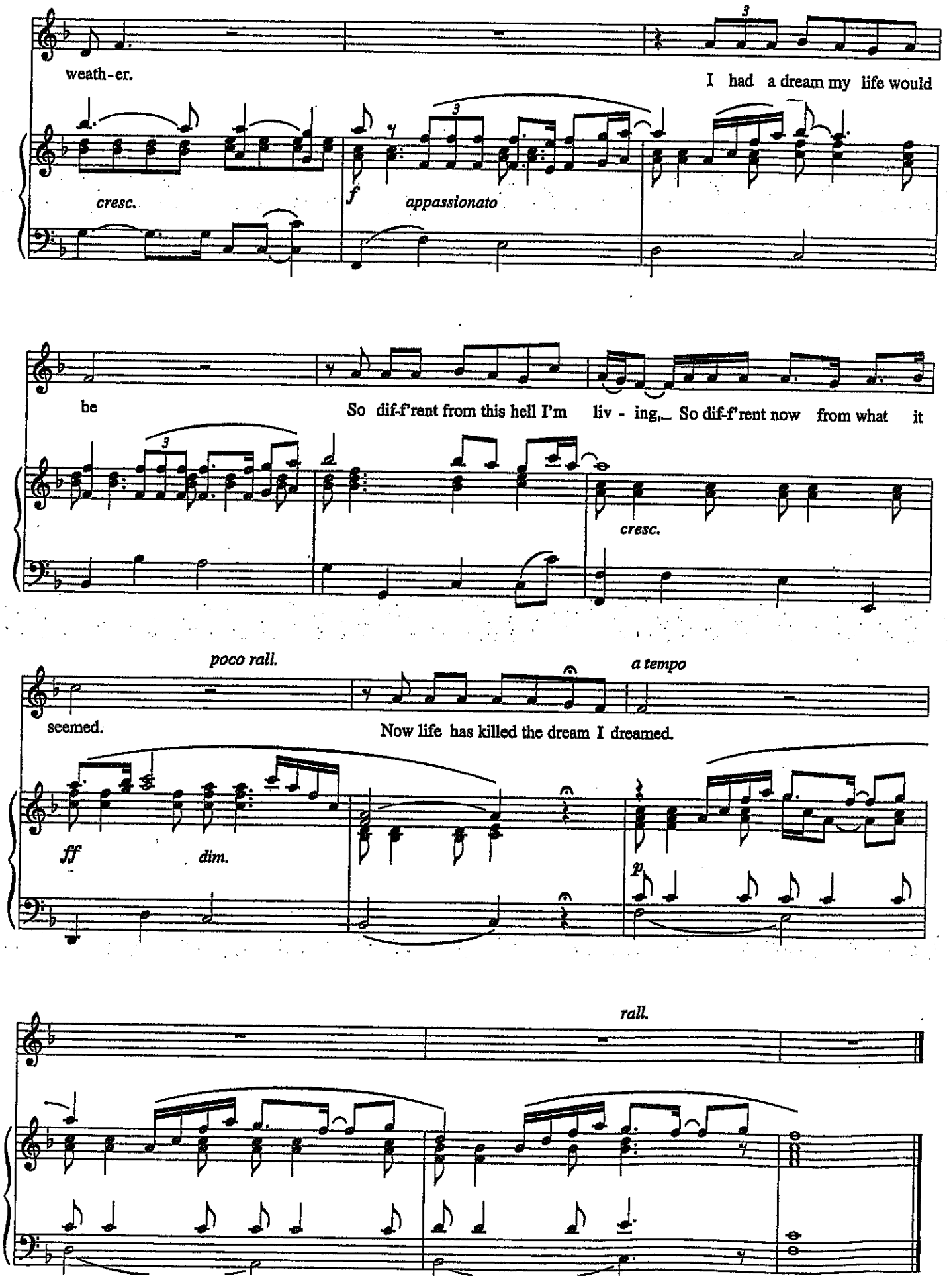

And the song was ex -cit -ing.
There was a time.
Then it all went wrong.
Andante
p
FANTINE:
I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high and life worth
liv - ing,
I dreamed that love would nev - er die,


I dreamed that God would be for - giv-ing.
Then I was young and un - af -
raid
And dreams were made and used and wast-ed.
There was no ran - som to be paid,
No song un-sung, no wine un -
Poco più mosso
tast - ed.
But the ti - gers come at night
mf


With their voi - ces soft as thun - der,
As they tear your hope a -
part,
As they turn your dream to shame.
rall.
a tempo
He slept a sum - mer by my
p
side,
He filled my days with end - less won - der,

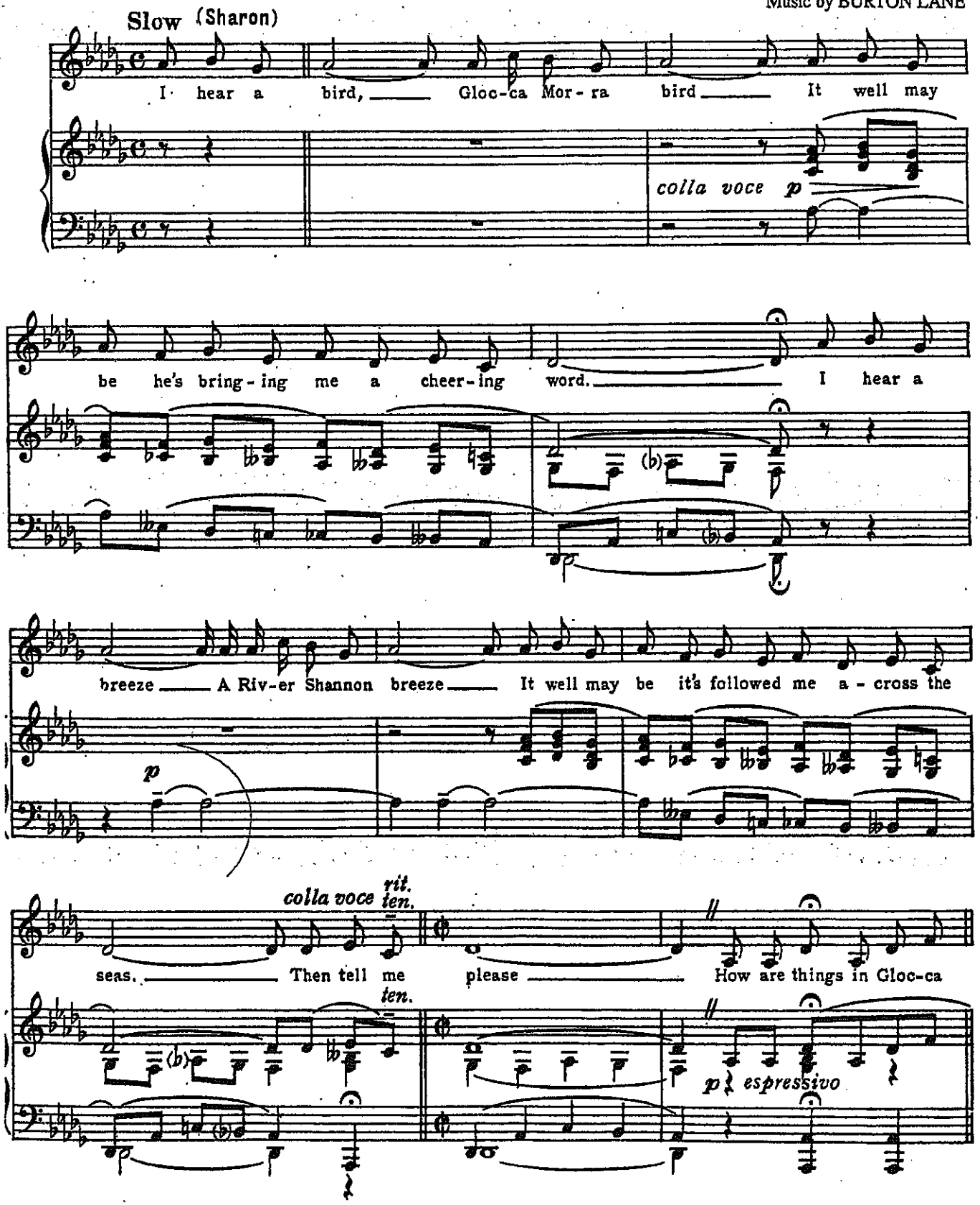

He took my child-hood in his stride
But he was gone when au-tumn
poco accel.
came.
Più mosso
3
And still I dreamed he'd come to
cresc.
mf
(8vb ad lib.)
me.
That we would live the years to - geth - er.
But there are dreams that can - not be
And there are storms we can-not

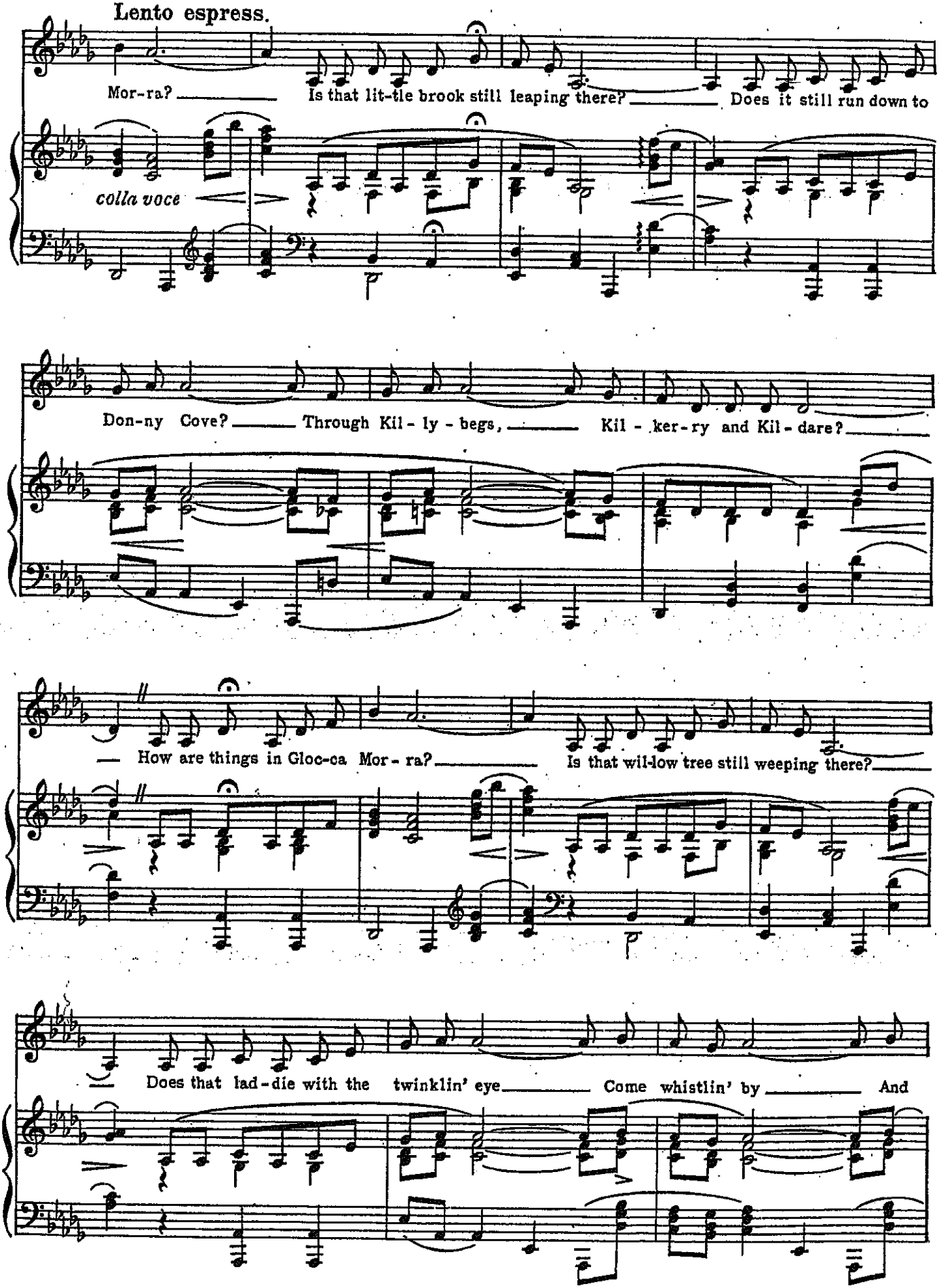

weath-er.
I had a dream my life would
cresc.
f
appassionato
be
So dif-f'rent from this hell I'm liv - ing, So dif-f'rent now from what it
cresc.
poco rall.
a tempo
seemed.
Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
ff
dim.
p
rall.

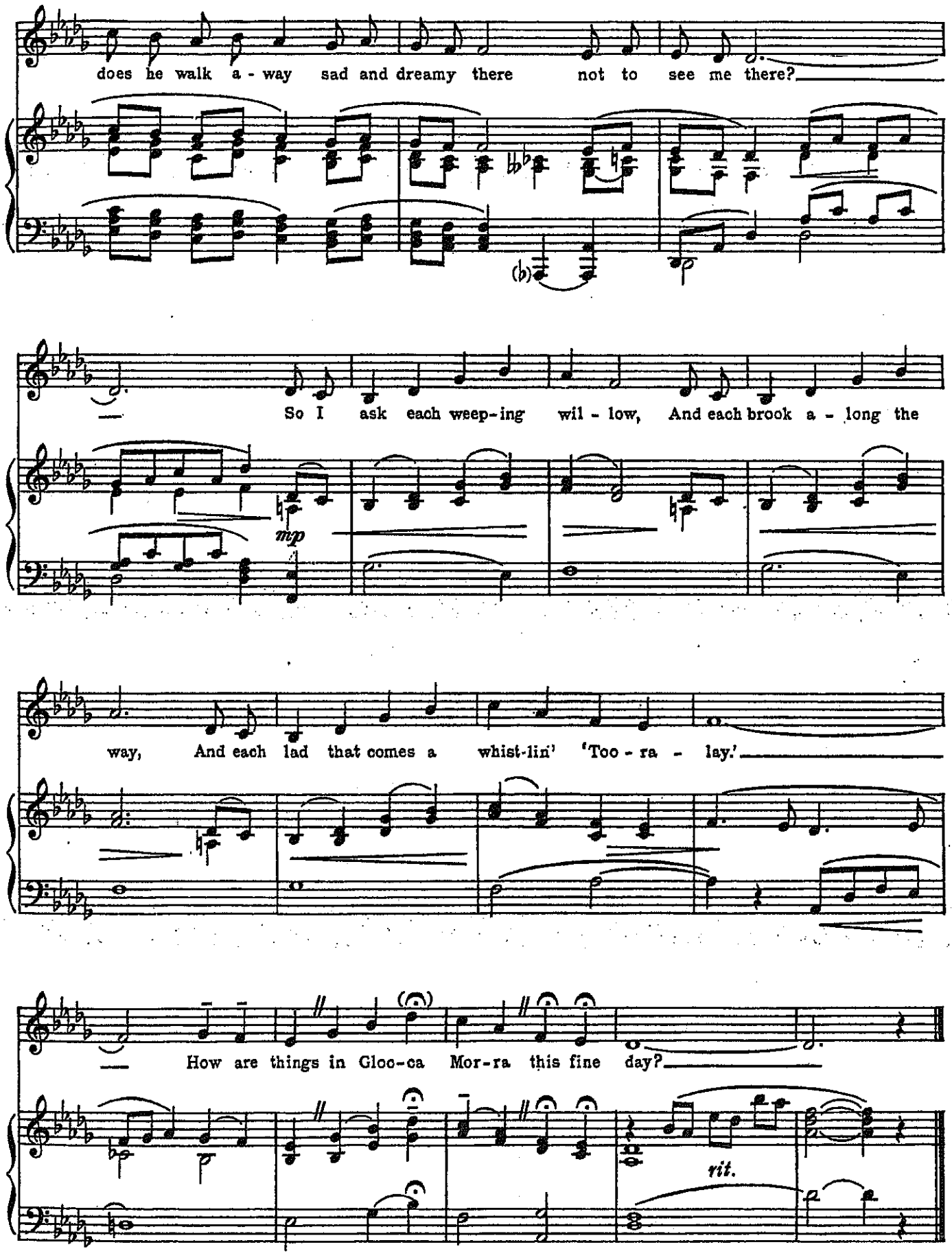
How Are Things in Glocca Morra

from FINIAN'S RAINBOW

Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE



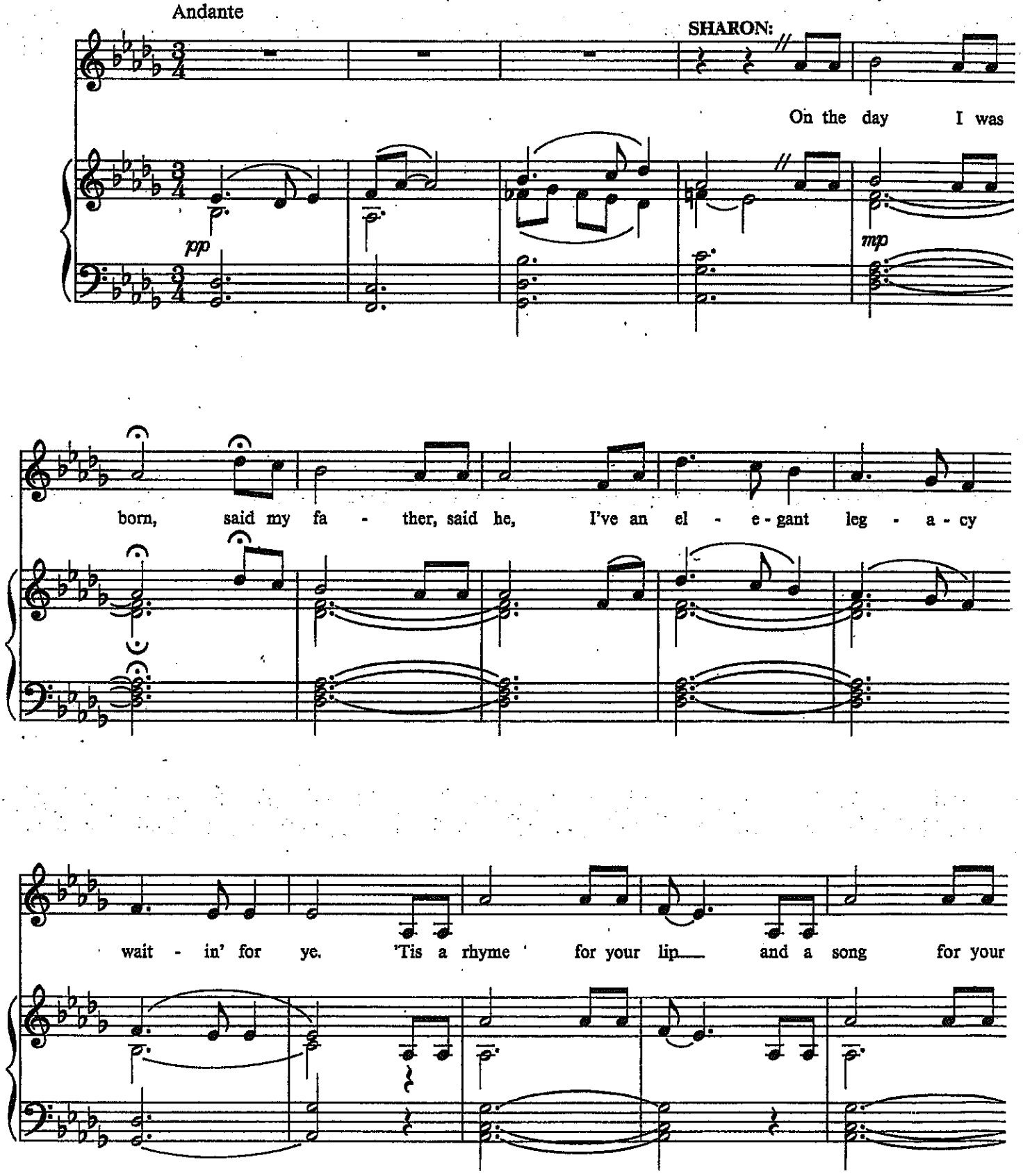

Lento espress.
Mor-ra? Is that lit-tle brook still leaping there? Does it still run down to
colla voce
Don-ny Cove? Through Kil - ly - begs, Kil - ker-ry and Kil - dare?
How are things in Gloc-ca Mor - ra? Is that wil-low tree still weeping there?
Does that lad-die with the twinklin' eye Come whistlin' by And

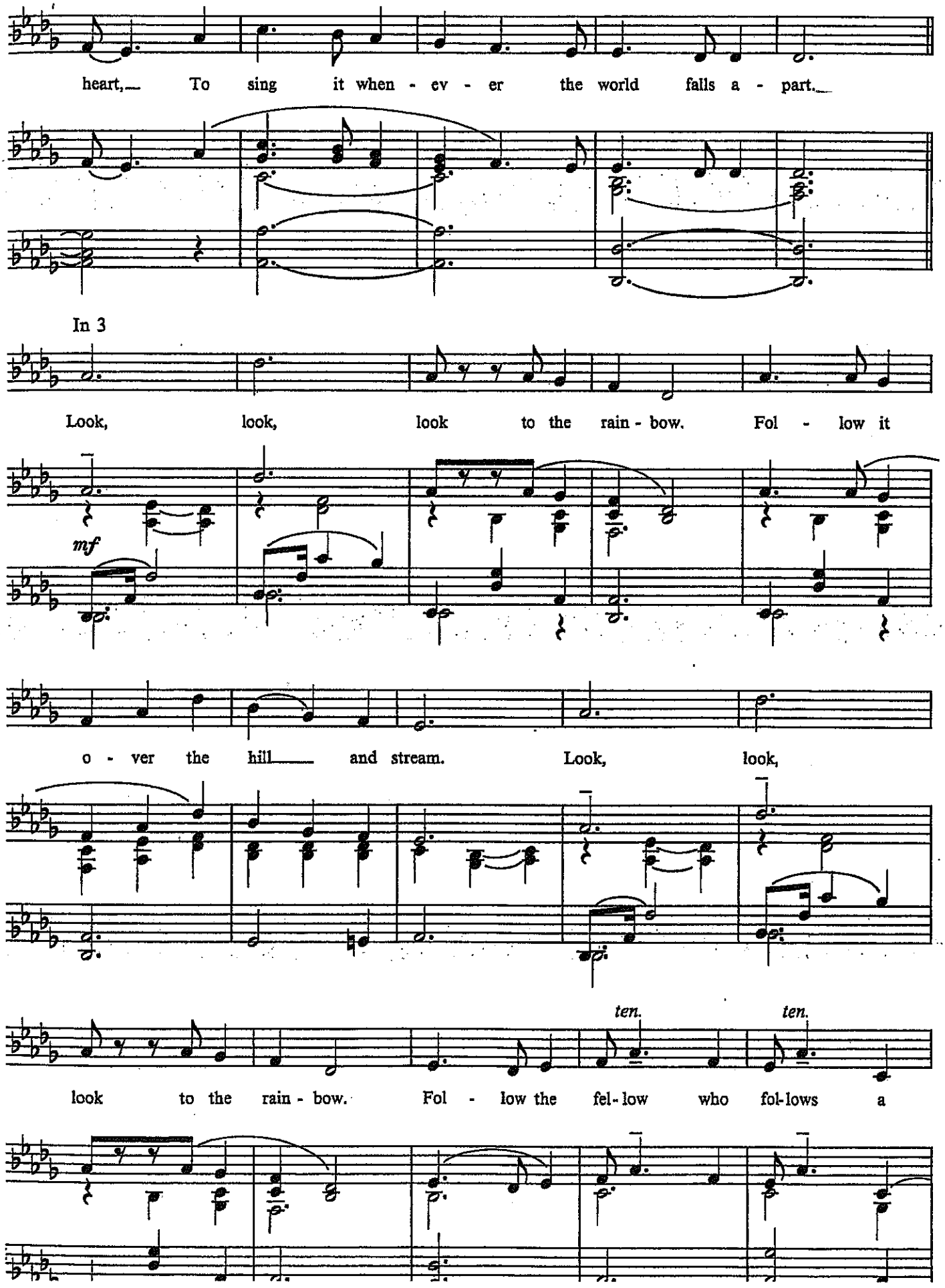

does he walk a - way sad and dreamy there not to see me there?
So I ask each weep-ing wil - low, And each brook a - long the
mp
way, And each lad that comes a whist-lin' 'Too - ra - lay.'
How are things in Gloc-ca Mor-ra this fine day?
rit.

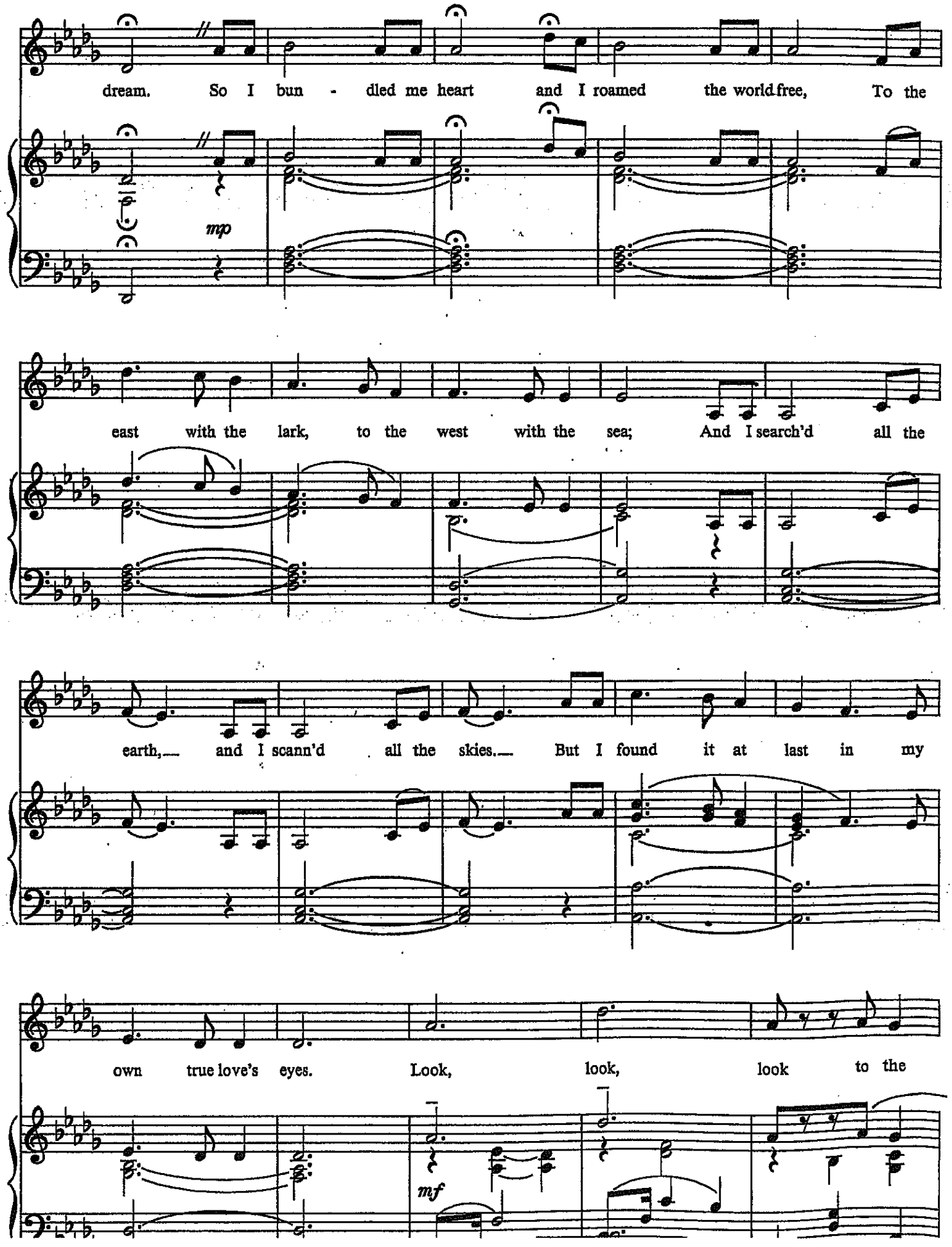
Look to the Rainbow

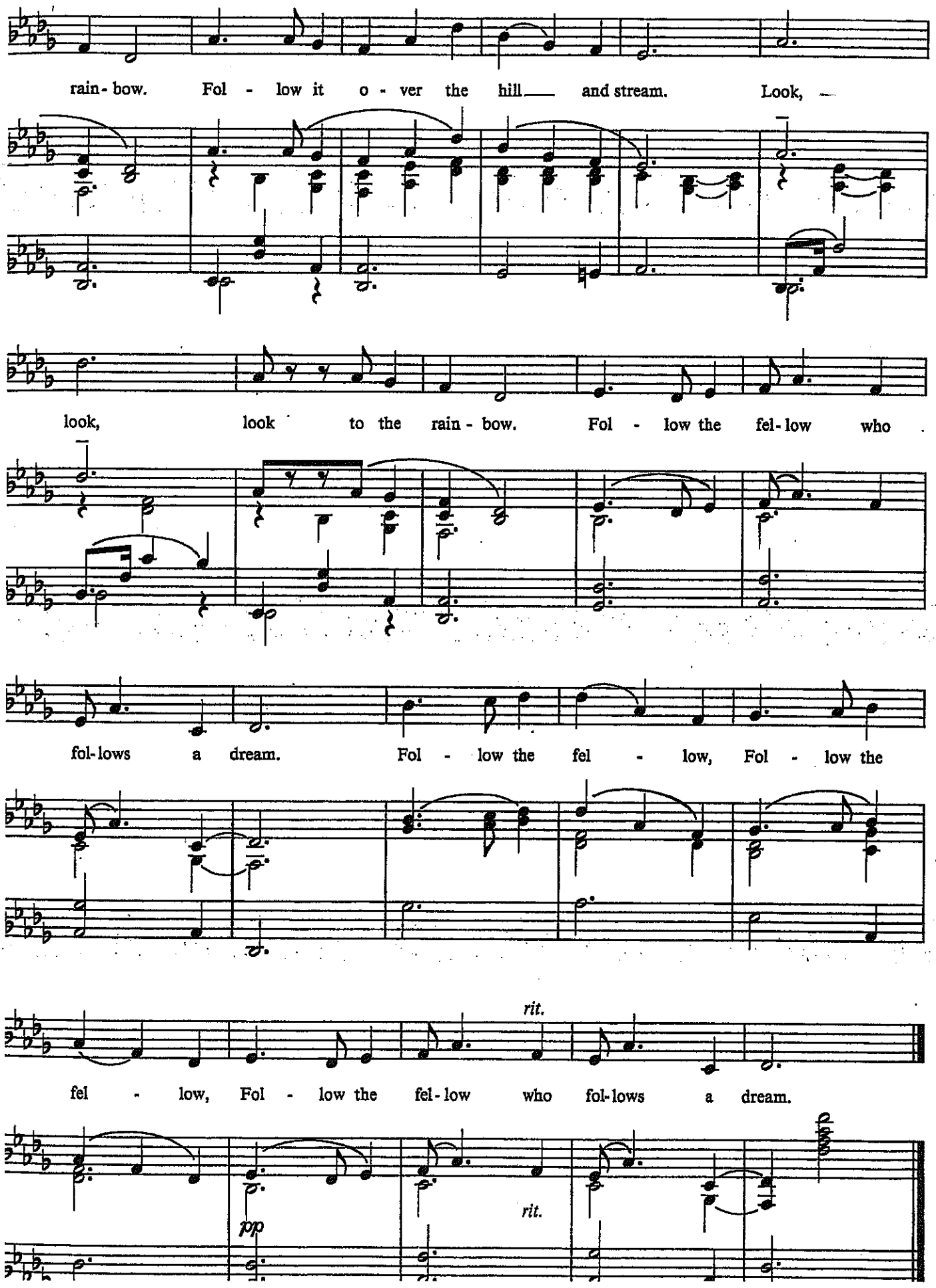
from FINIAN'S RAINBOW

Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE




heart, To sing it when - ev - er the world falls a - part.
In 3
Look, look, look to the rain - bow. Fol - low it
mf
o - ver the hill and stream. Look, look,
ten.
ten.
look to the rain - bow. Fol - low the fel - low who fol - lows a

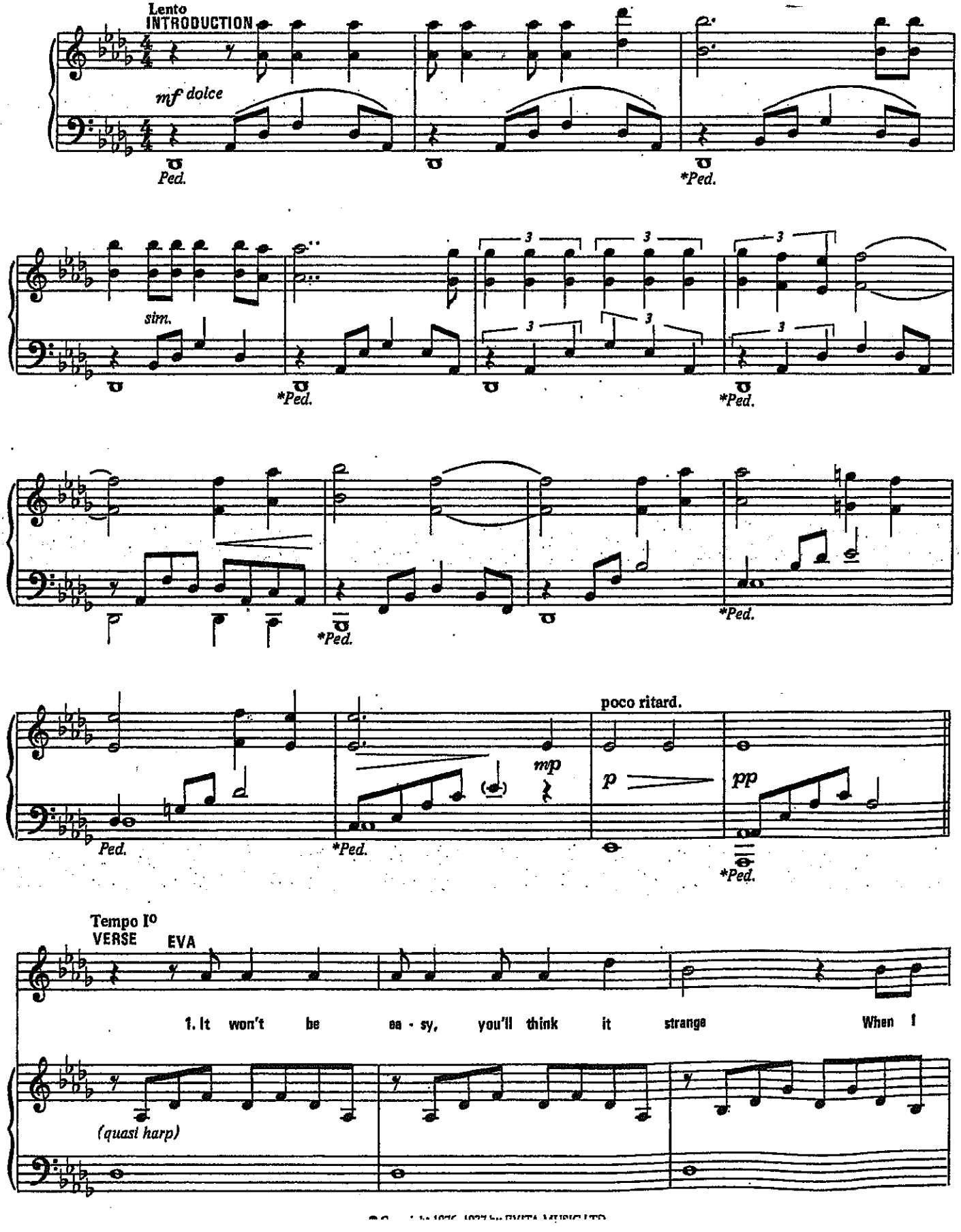

dream. So I bun - dled me heart and I roamed the world free, To the
mp
east with the lark, to the west with the sea; And I search'd all the
earth, and I scann'd all the skies. But I found it at last in my
own true love's eyes. Look, look, look to the
mf


rain - bow. Fol - low it o - ver the hill and stream. Look,
look, look to the rain - bow. Fol - low the fel - low who
fol - lows a dream. Fol - low the fel - low, Fol - low the
rit.
fel - low, Fol - low the fel - low who fol - lows a dream.
pp
rit.

Don't Cry for Me Argentina

from EVITA

Words by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



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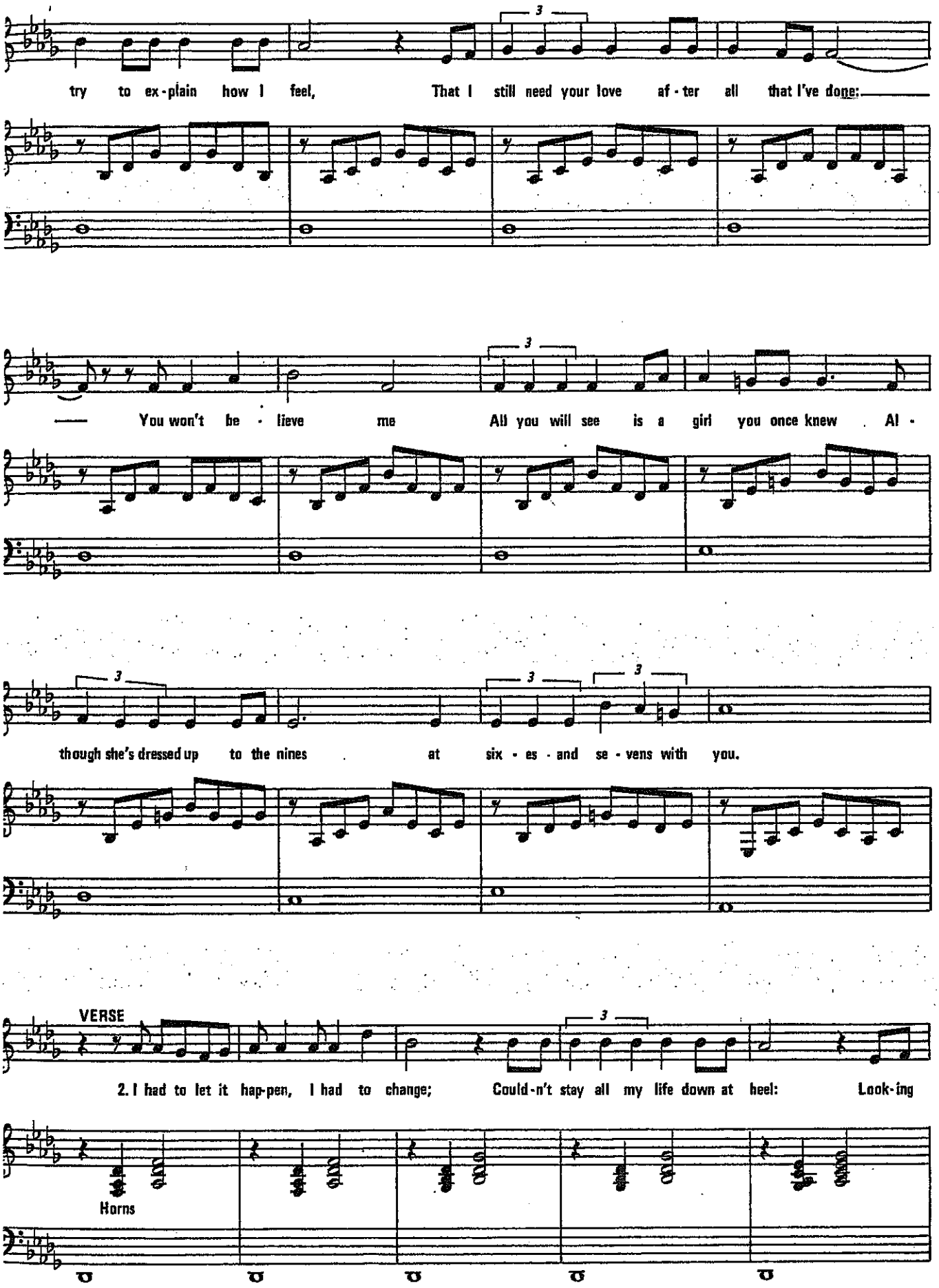
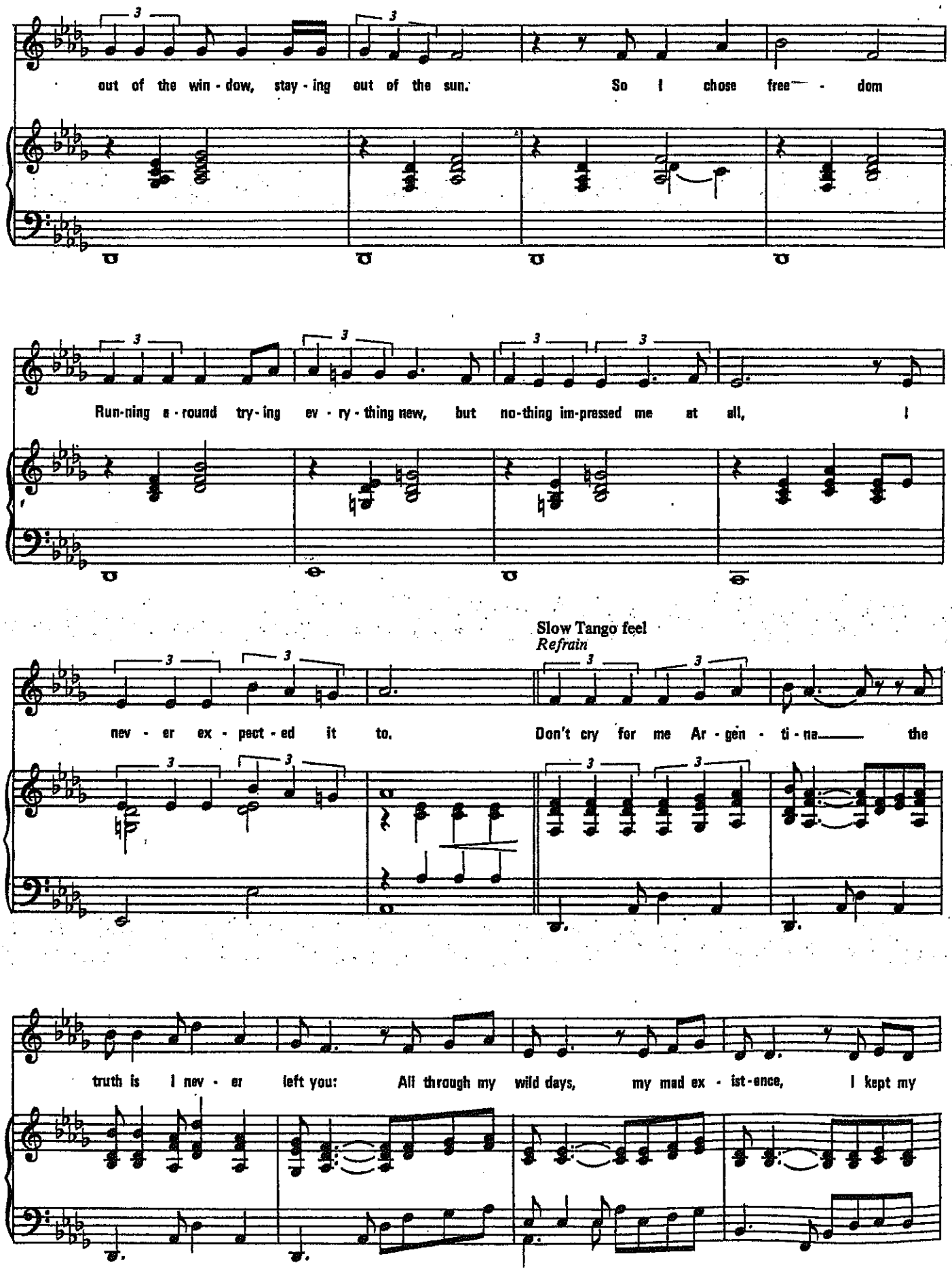
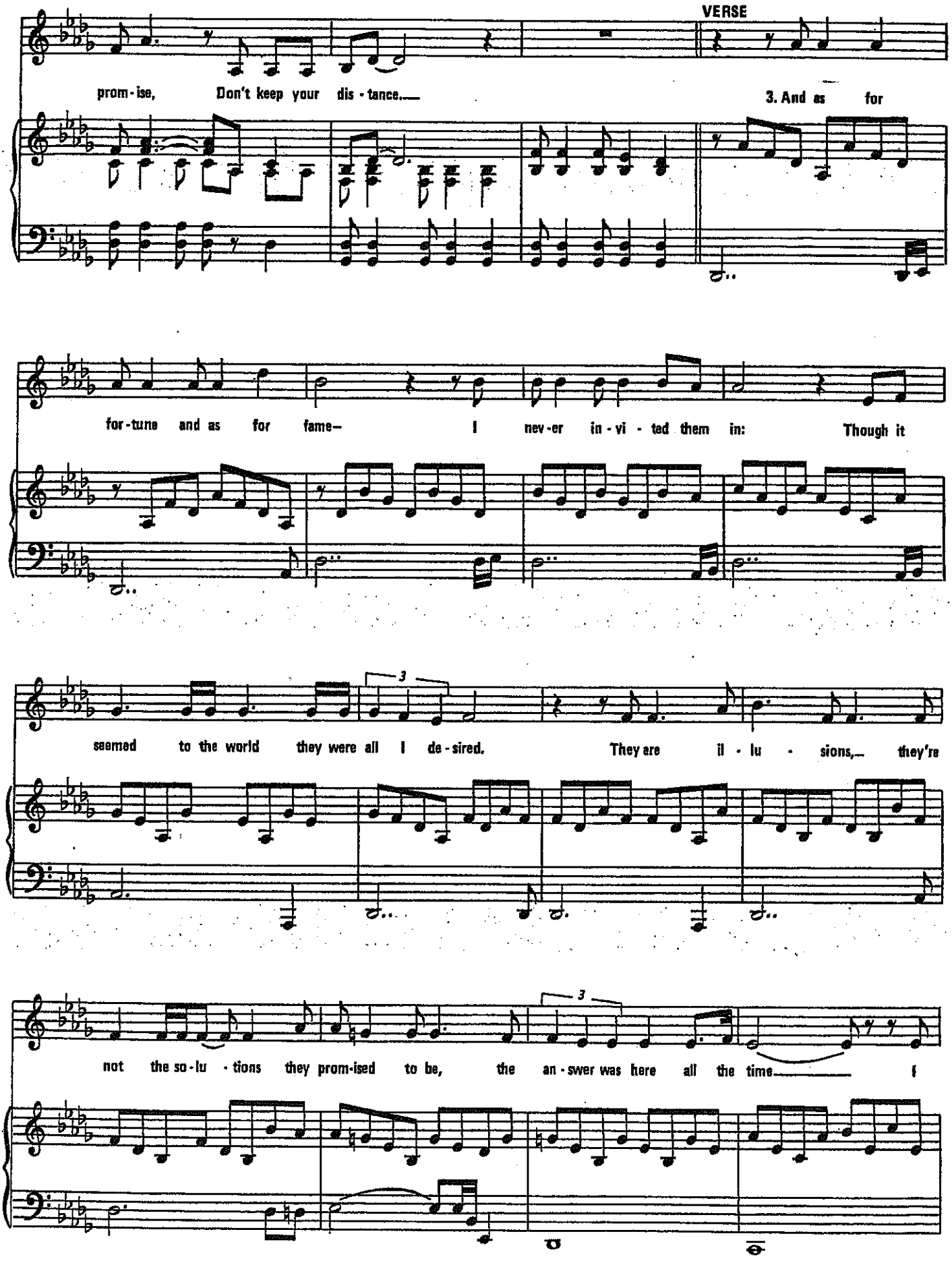
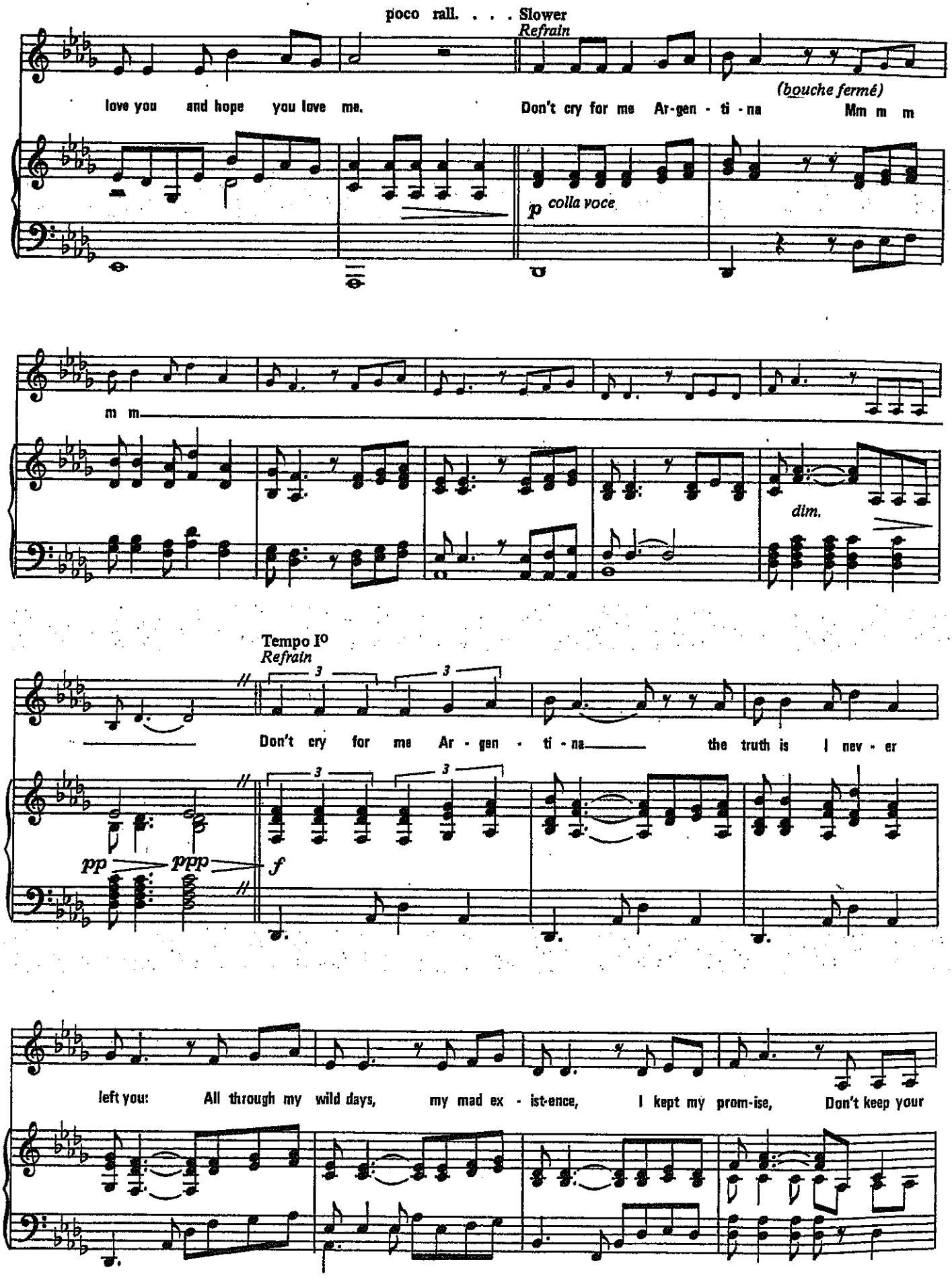
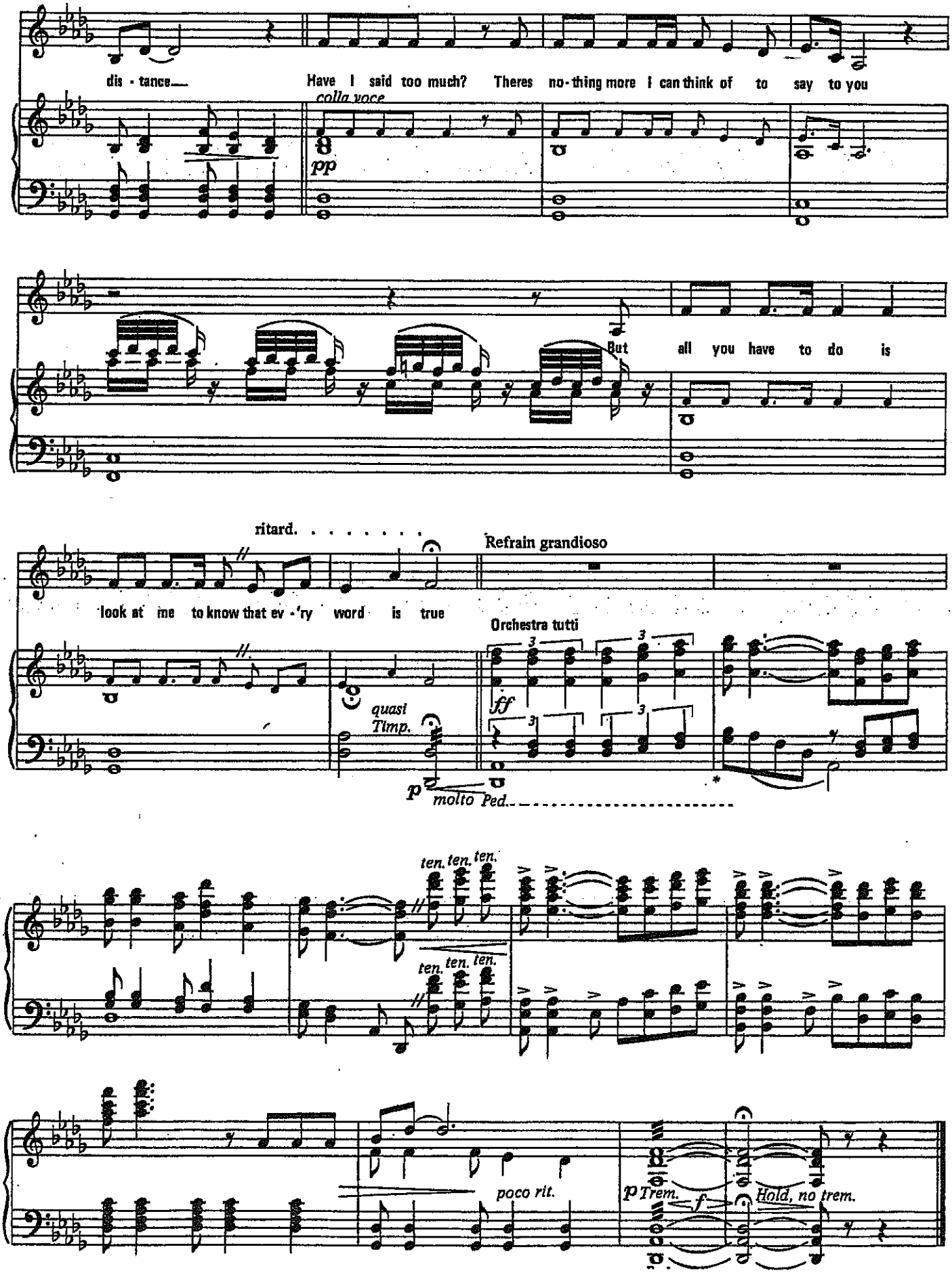

try to ex-plain how I feel, That I still need your love af-ter all that I've done:
You won't be-lieve me All you will see is a girl you once knew Al-
though she's dressed up to the nines at six-es-and se-vens with you.
VERSE
2. I had to let it hap-pen, I had to change; Could-n't stay all my life down at heel: Look-ing
Horns


out of the win - dow, stay - ing out of the sun. So I chose free - dom
Run-ning a - round try - ing ev - ry - thing new, but no-thing im-pressed me at all, I
Slow Tango feel
Refrain
nev - er ex - pect - ed it to. Don't cry for me Ar - gen - ti - na the
truth is I nev - er left you: All through my wild days, my mad ex - ist - ence, I kept my


VERSE
prom-ise, Don't keep your dis-tance.
3. And as for
for-tune and as for fame— I nev-er in-vi-ted them in: Though it
seemed to the world they were all I de-sired. They are il-lu-sions,— they're
not the so-lu-tions they prom-ised to be, the an-swer was here all the time. I

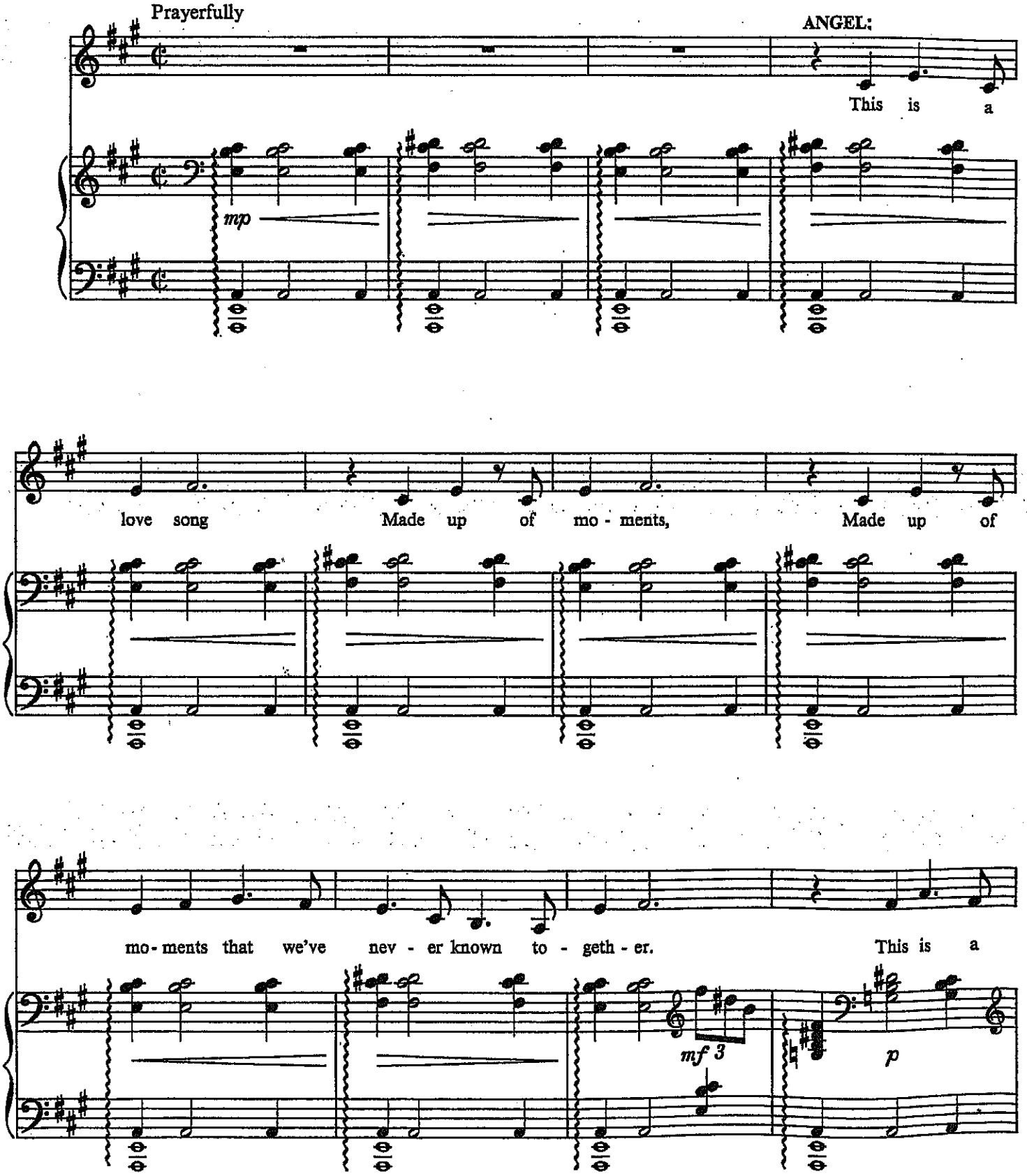

poco rall. . . . Slower
Refrain
love you and hope you love me.
Don't cry for me Ar-gen - ti - na
(bouche fermé)
Mm m m
p colla voce
m m
dim.
Tempo Io
Refrain
Don't cry for me Ar - gen - ti - na
the truth is I nev - er
pp
ppp
f
left you: All through my wild days, my mad ex - ist-ence, I kept my prom-ise, Don't keep your

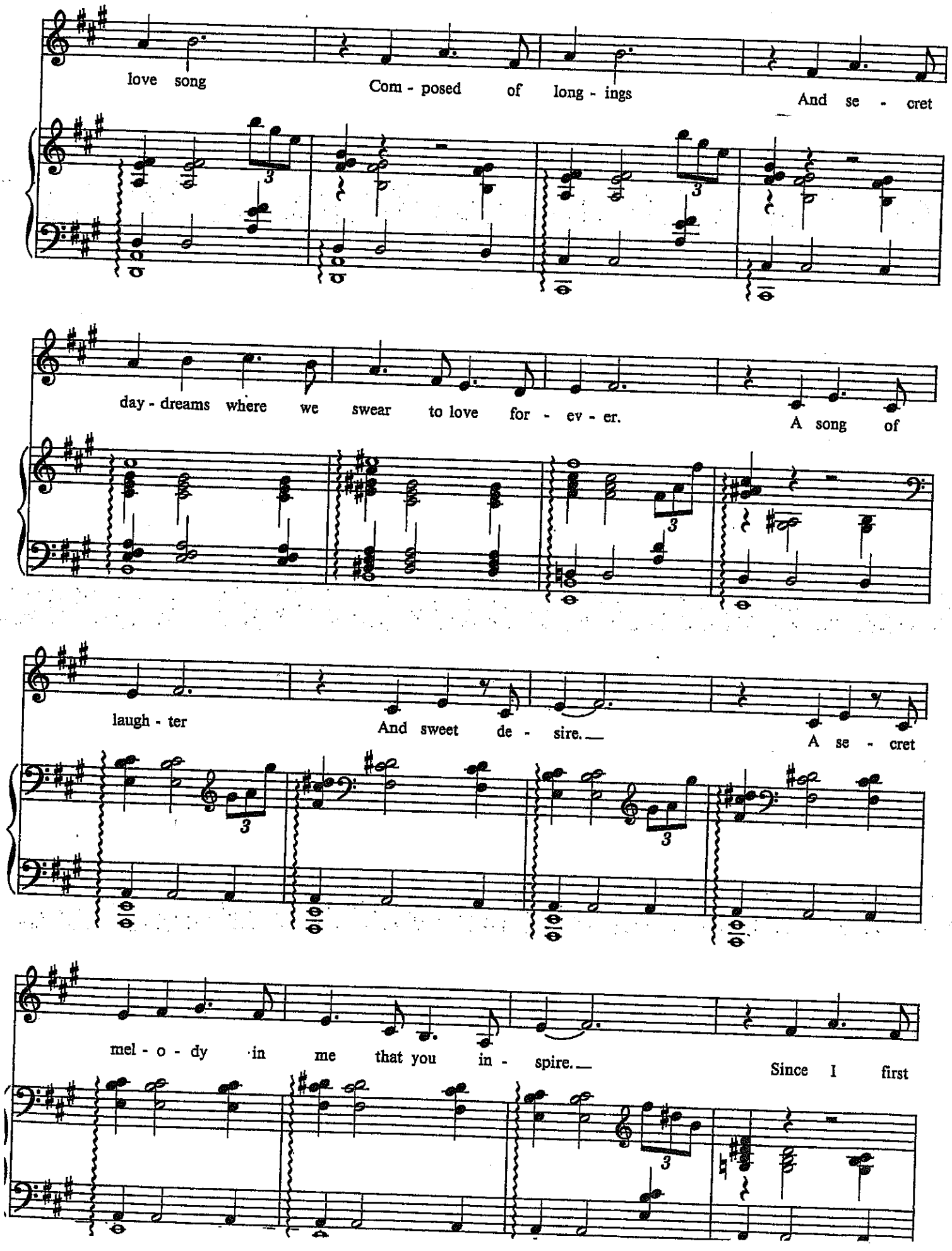

dis - tance
Have I said too much? Theres no-thing more I can think of to say to you
colla voce
pp
But all you have to do is
ritard.
Refrain grandioso
look at me to know that ev -'ry word is true
Orchestra tutti
quasi Timp.
ff
p molto Ped.
ten. ten. ten.
ten. ten. ten.
poco rit.
p Trem.
f
Hold, no trem.

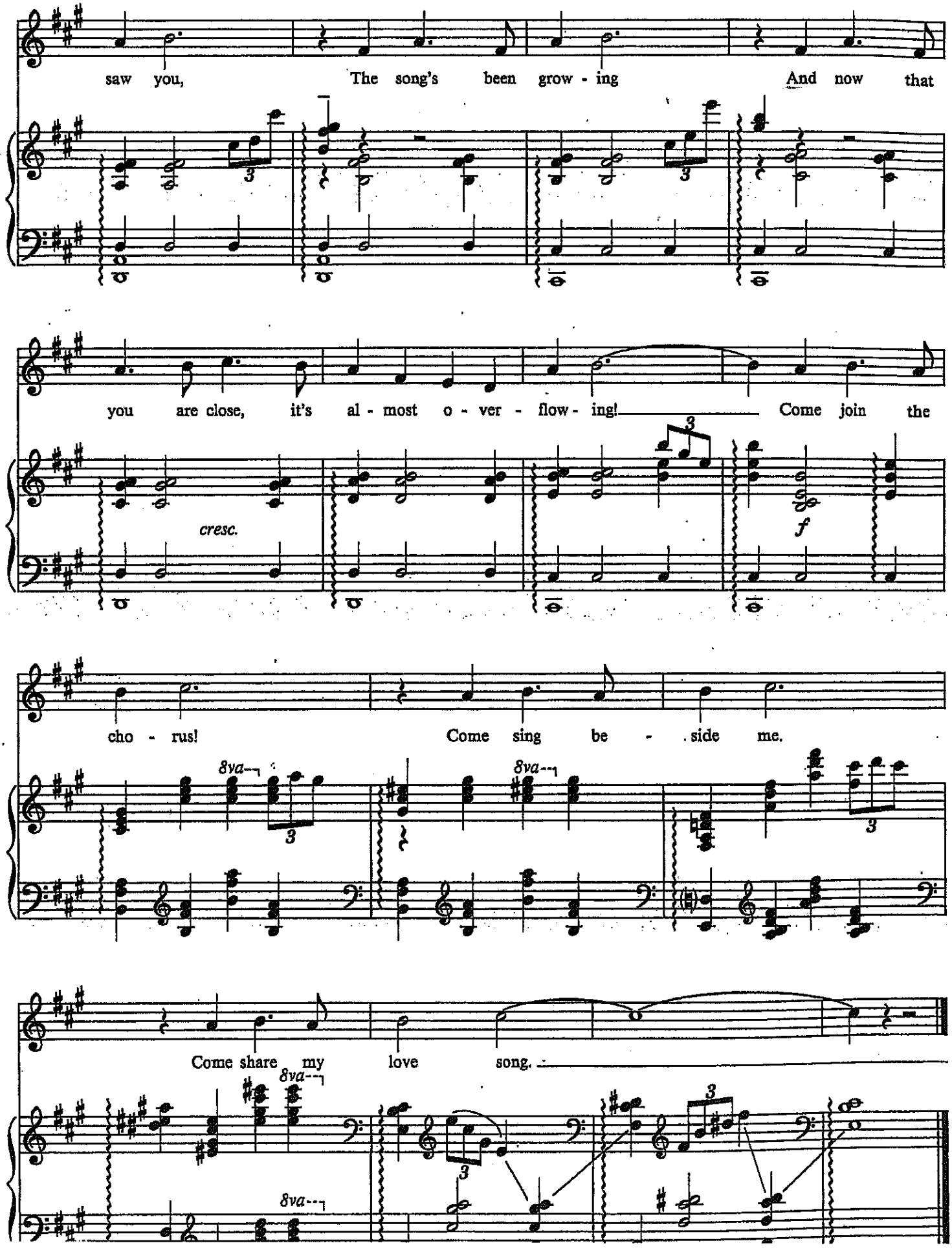
Love Song

from CELEBRATION

Words by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT



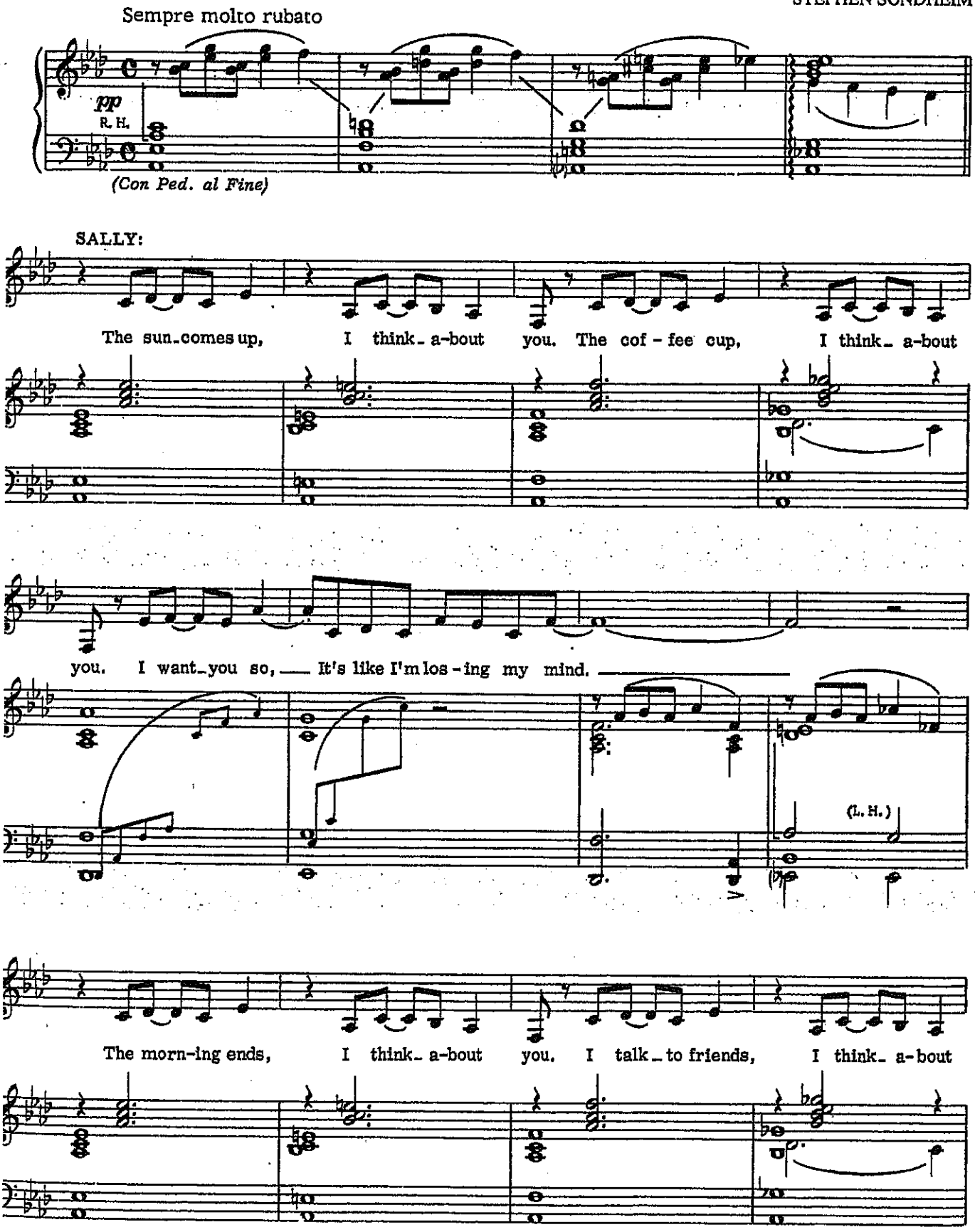

love song
Com - posed of long - ings
And se - cret
day - dreams where we swear to love for - ev - er.
A song of
laugh - ter
And sweet de - sire.
A se - cret
mel - o - dy in me that you in - spire.
Since I first

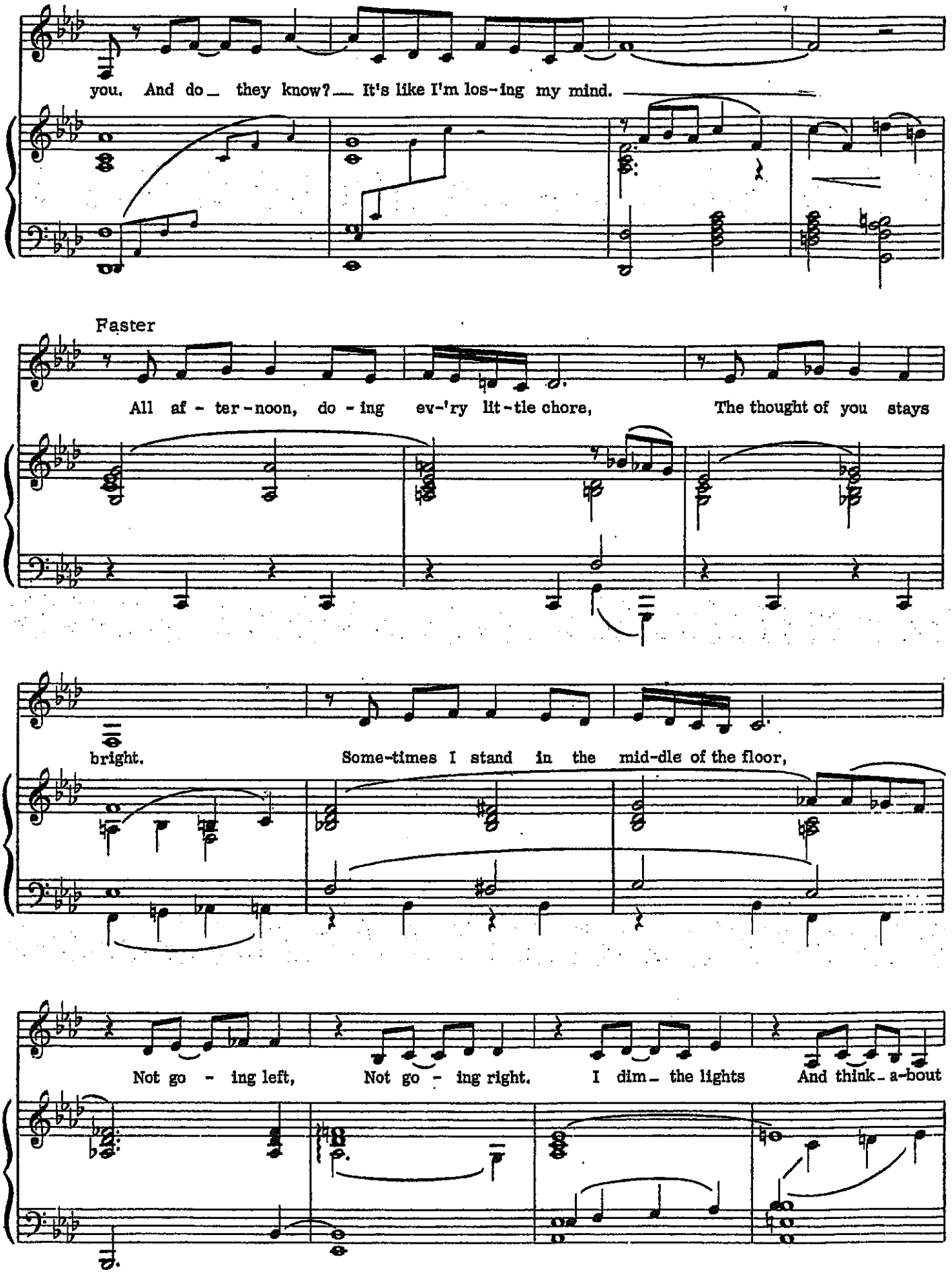

saw you, The song's been grow - ing And now that
you are close, it's al - most o - ver - flow - ing! Come join the
cresc.
f
cho - rus! Come sing be - side me.
8va
Come share my love song.
8va

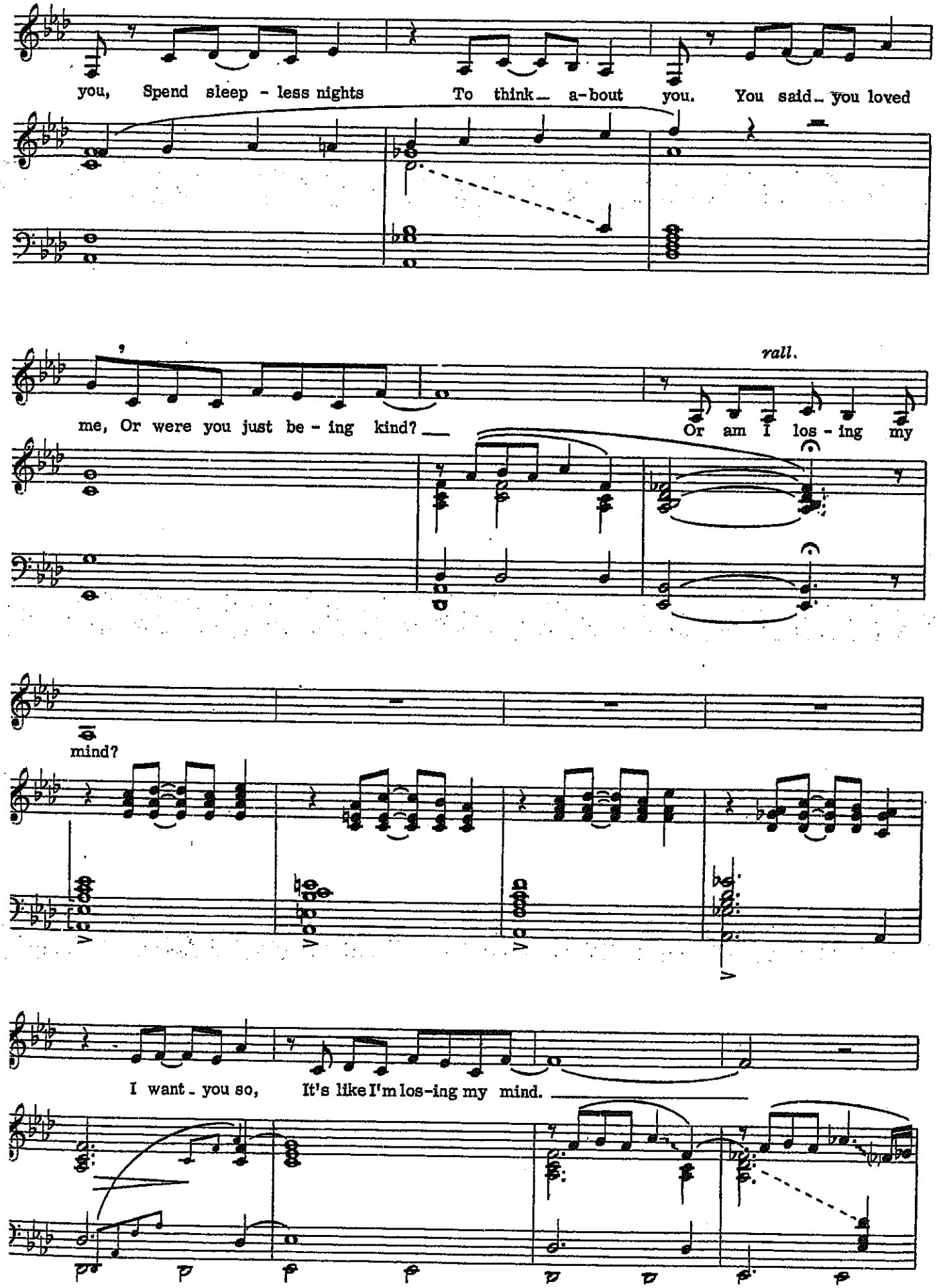
Losing My Mind

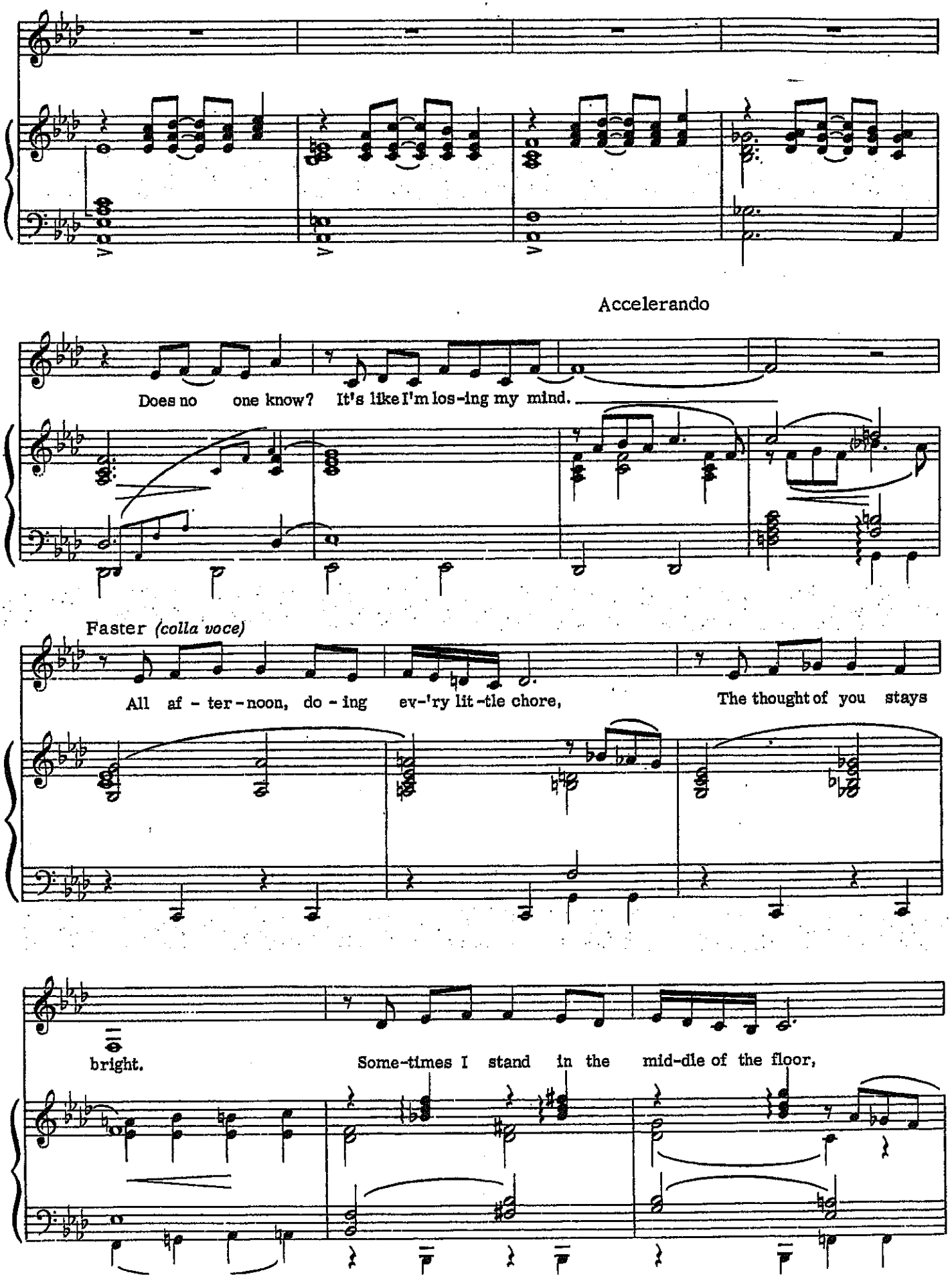
from FOLLIES

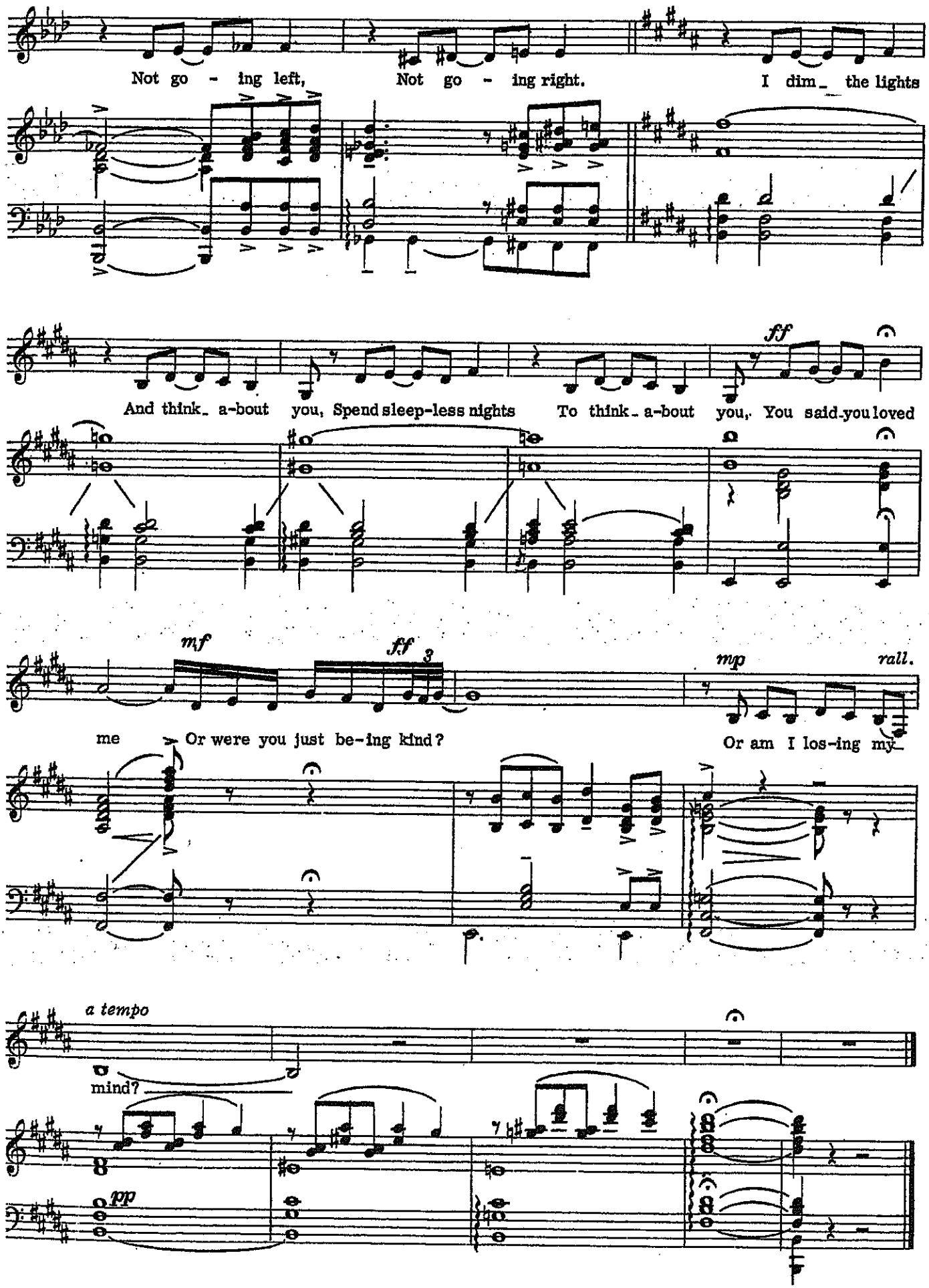
Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM




you. And do they know? It's like I'm los-ing my mind.
Faster
All af - ter - noon, do - ing ev-'ry lit - tle chore, The thought of you stays
bright. Some-times I stand in the mid-dle of the floor,
Not go - ing left, Not go - ing right. I dim the lights And think a-bout


you, Spend sleep - less nights To think_ a-bout you. You said_ you loved
rall.
me, Or were you just be - ing kind?
Or am I los - ing my
mind?
I want_ you so, It's like I'm los-ing my mind.

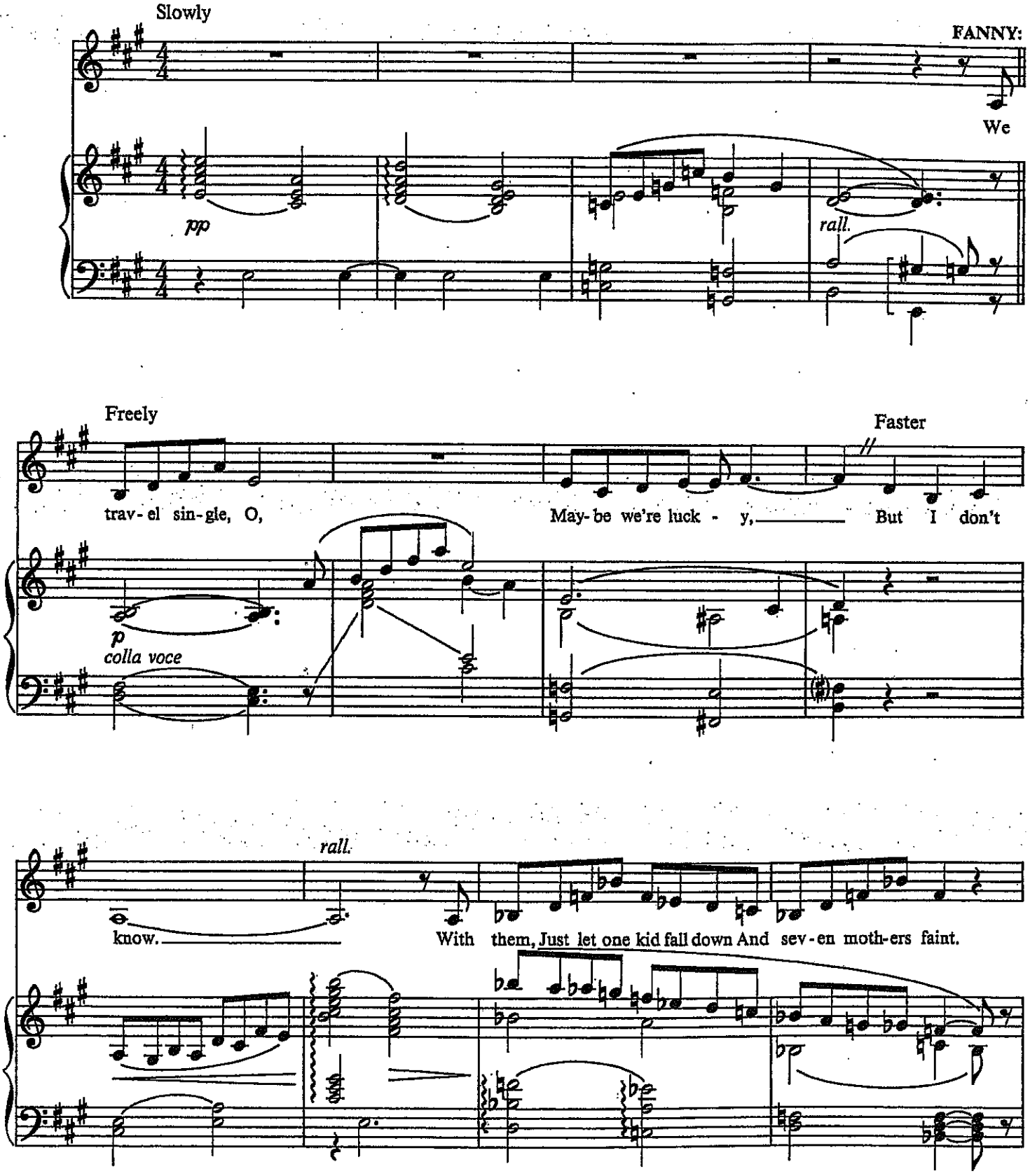

Accelerando
Does no one know? It's like I'm los-ing my mind.
Faster (colla voce)
All af - ter - noon, do - ing ev-'ry lit-tle chore,
The thought of you stays
bright.
Some-times I stand in the mid-dle of the floor,

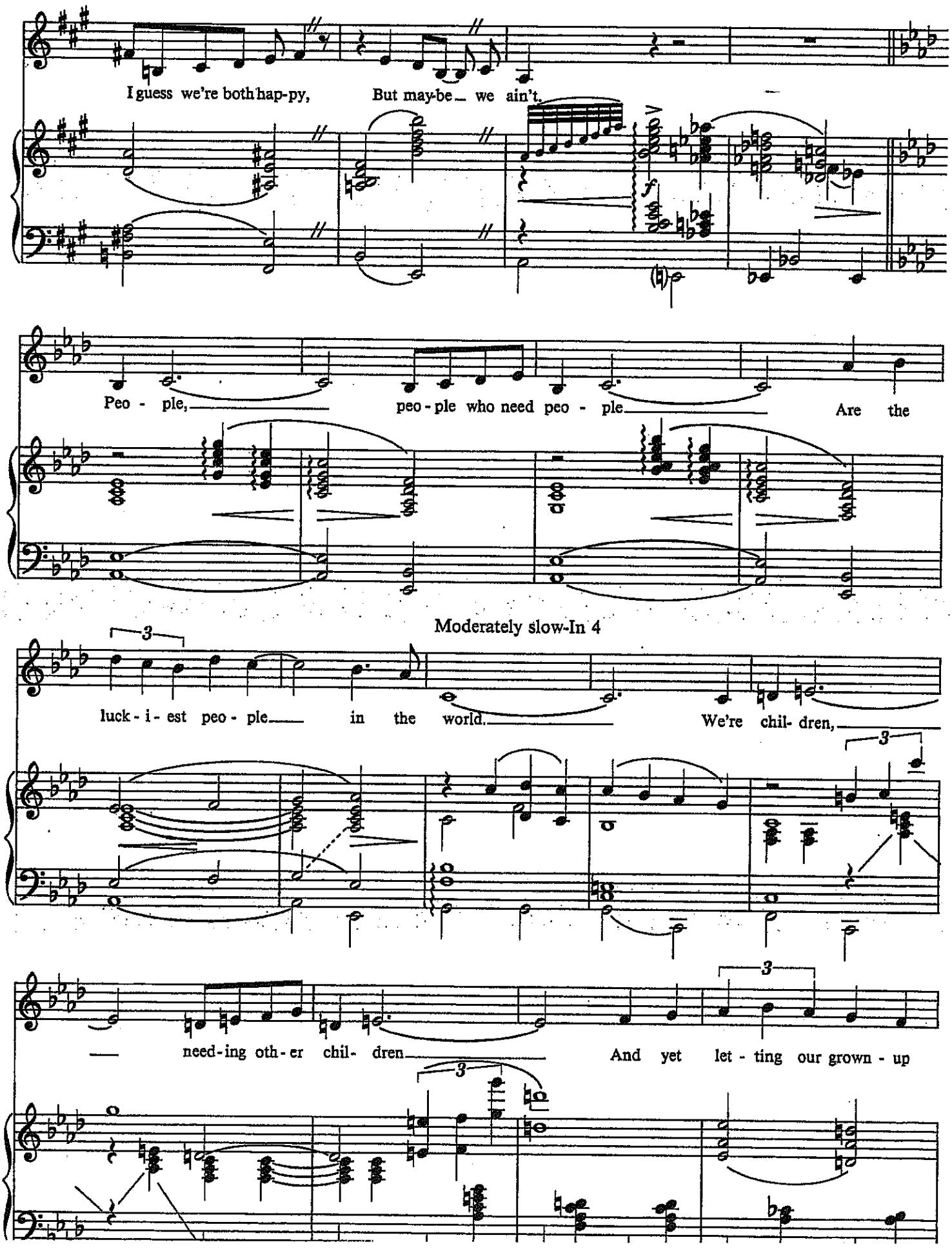

Not go - ing left,
Not go - ing right.
I dim_ the lights
And think_ a-bout you, Spend sleep-less nights
To think_ a-bout you, You said you loved
ff
mf
ff
3
mp
rall.
me
Or were you just be-ing kind?
Or am I los-ing my_
a tempo
mind?
pp

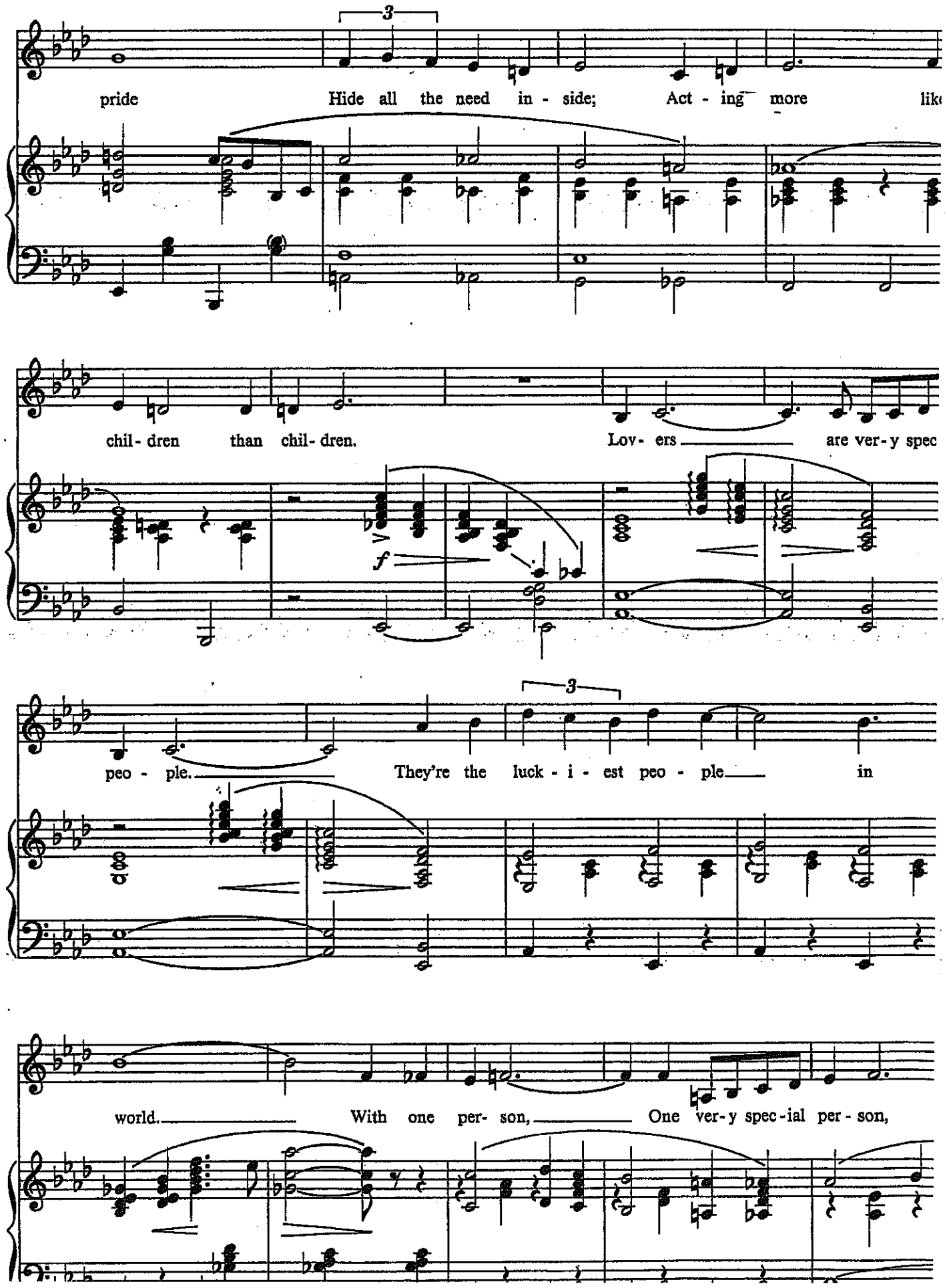
People

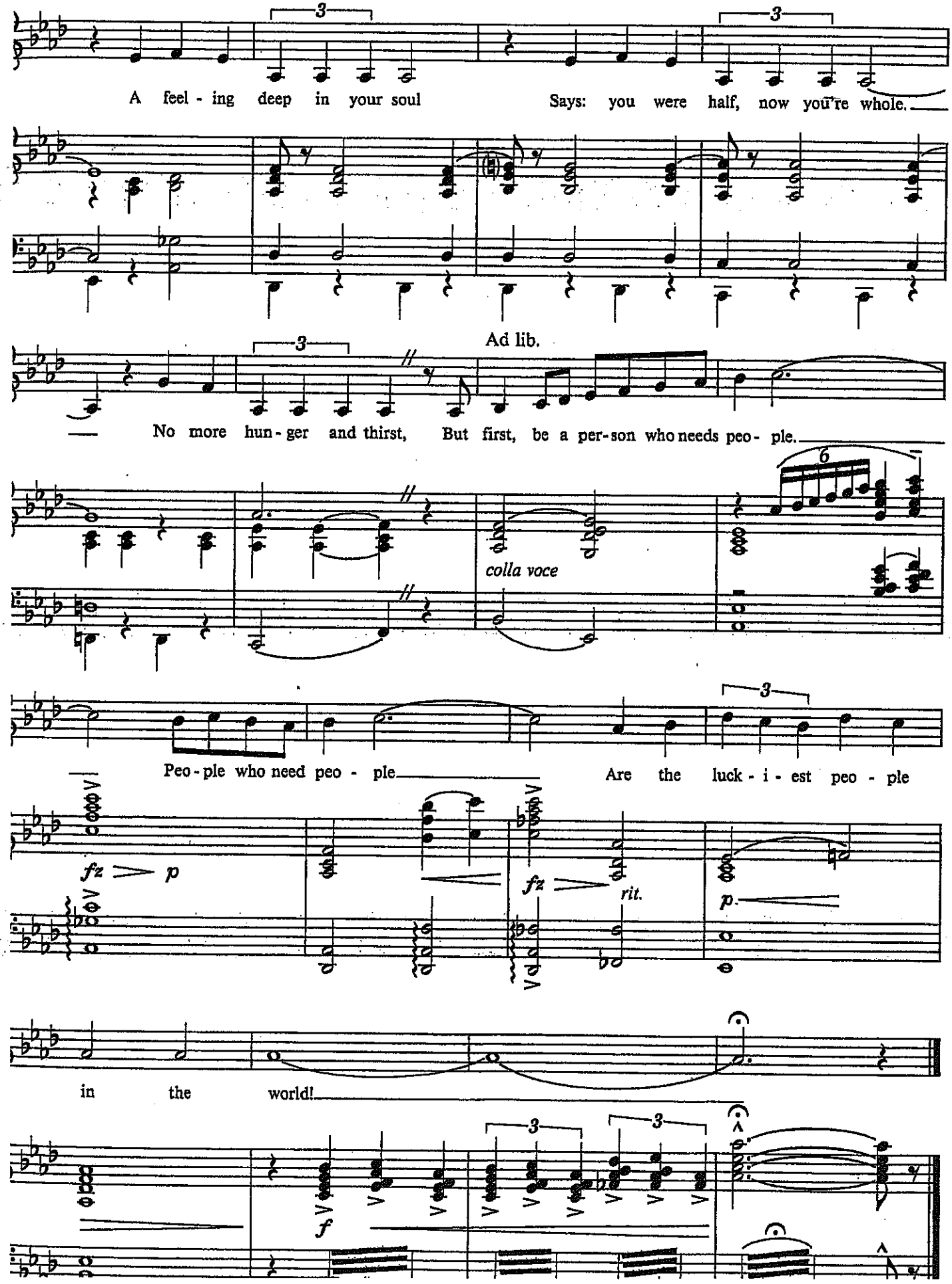
from FUNNY GIRL

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE




I guess we're both hap-py, But may-be we ain't.
Peo - ple, peo - ple who need peo - ple Are the
Moderately slow-In 4
luck - i - est peo - ple in the world. We're chil- dren,
need-ing oth-er chil- dren And yet let - ting our grown - up

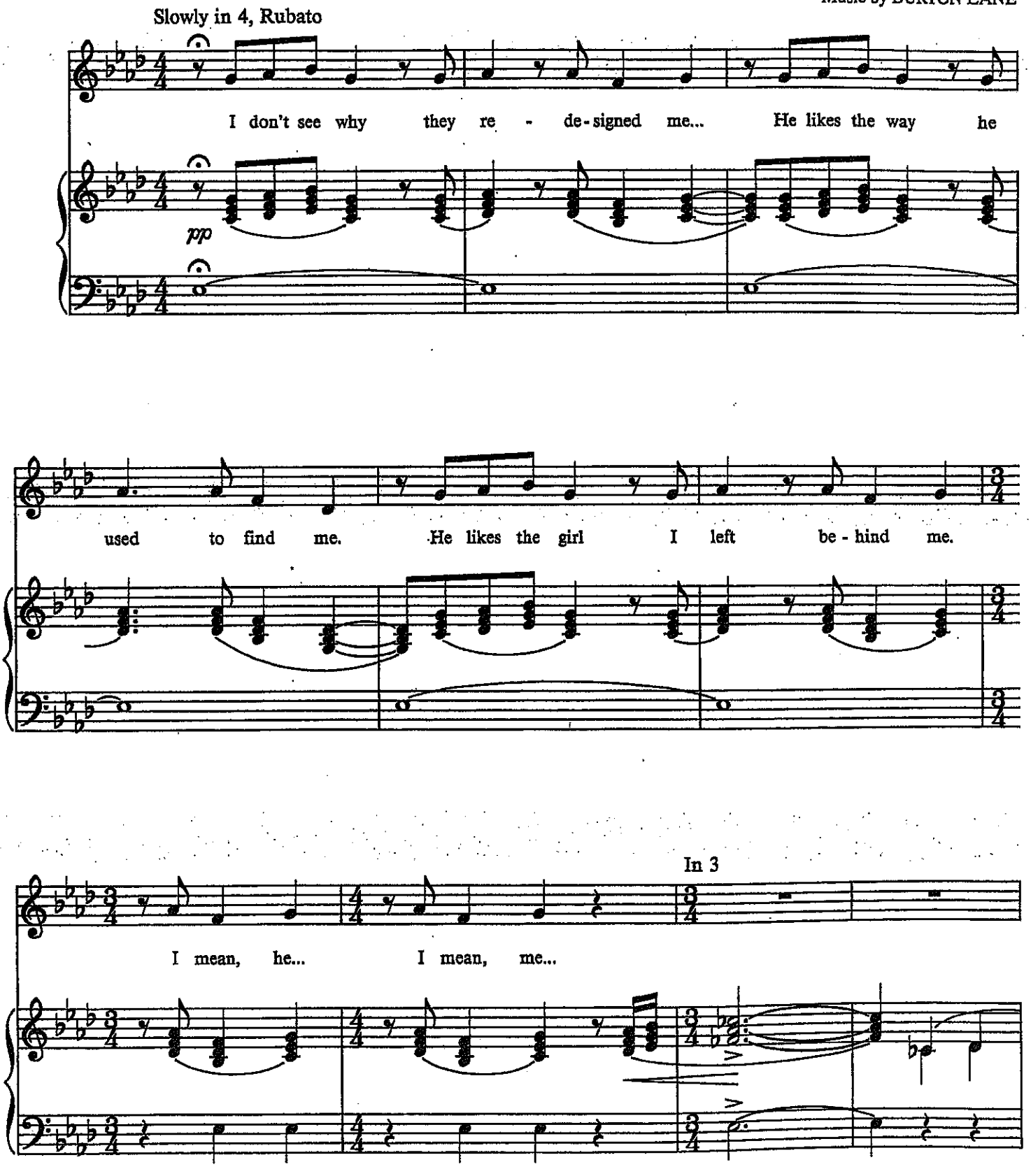

3
pride
Hide all the need in - side;
Act - ing more
chil - dren than chil - dren.
Lov - ers
are ver - y spec
f
3
peo - ple.
They're the luck - i - est peo - ple
in
world.
With one per - son,
One ver - y spec - ial per - son,


A feel - ing deep in your soul
Says: you were half, now you're whole.
Ad lib.
No more hun - ger and thirst, But first, be a per - son who needs peo - ple.
colla voce
Peo - ple who need peo - ple
Are the luck - i - est peo - ple
fz
p
fz
rit.
p
in the world!
f

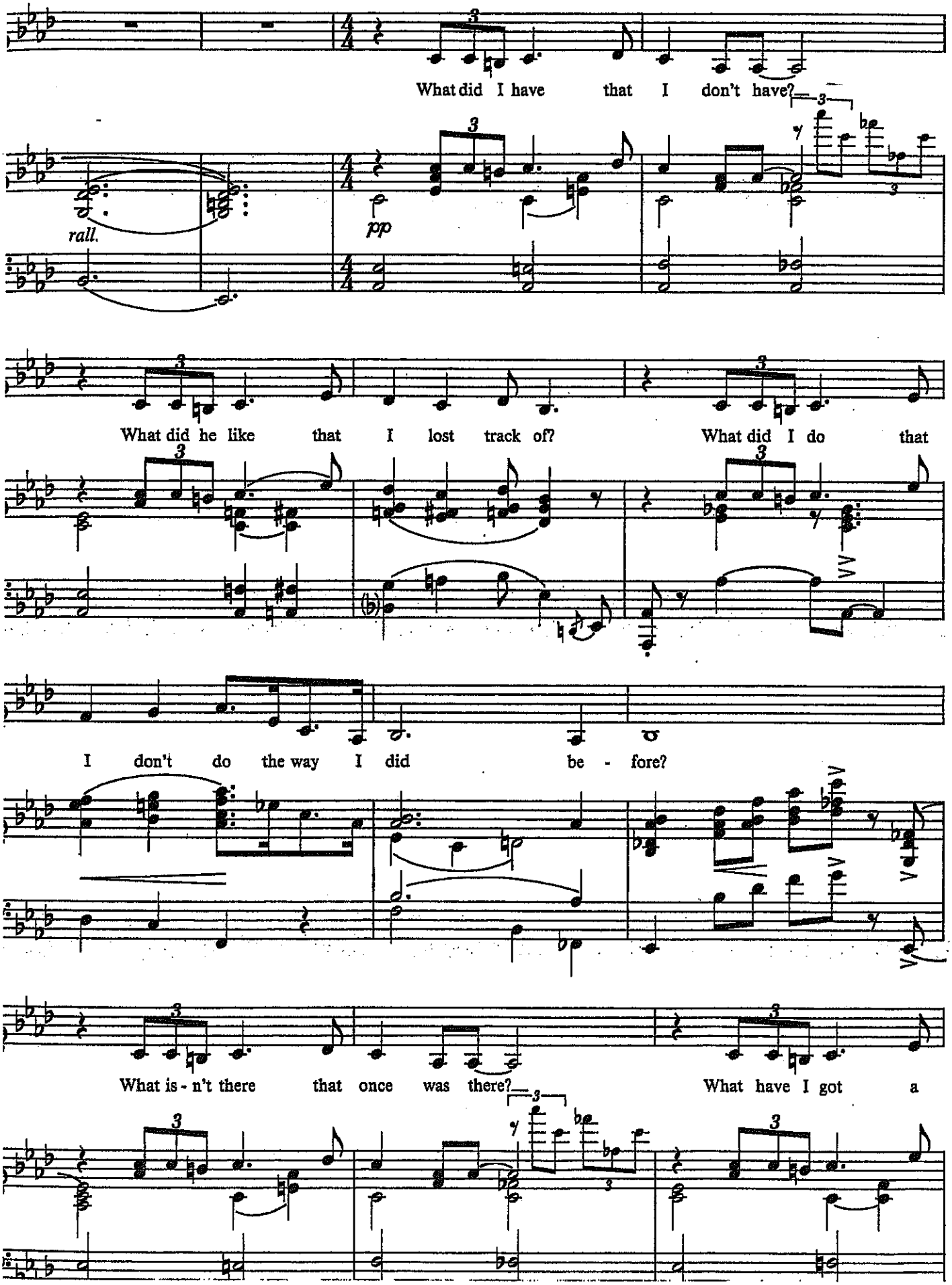
What Did I Have That I Don't Have?

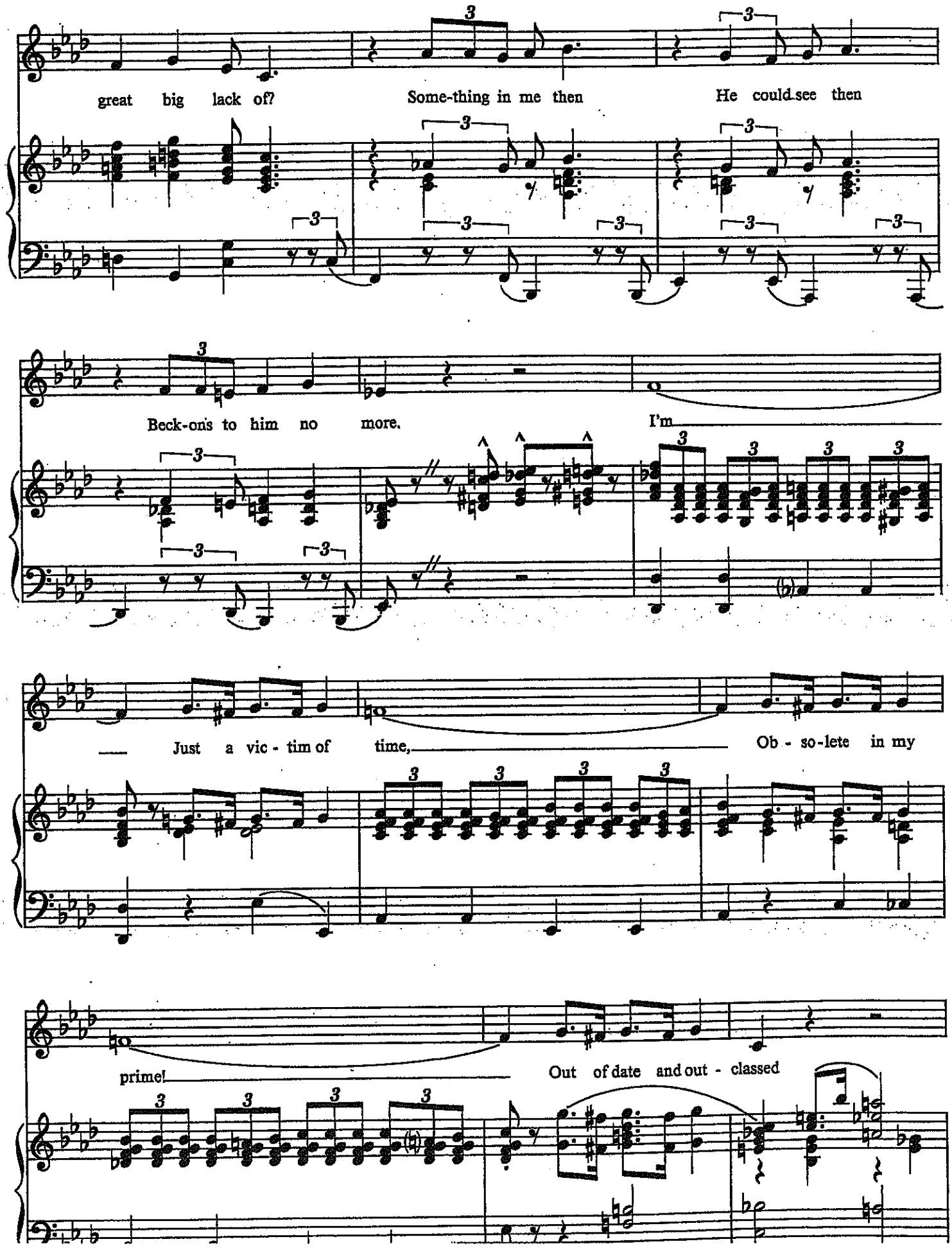
from ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

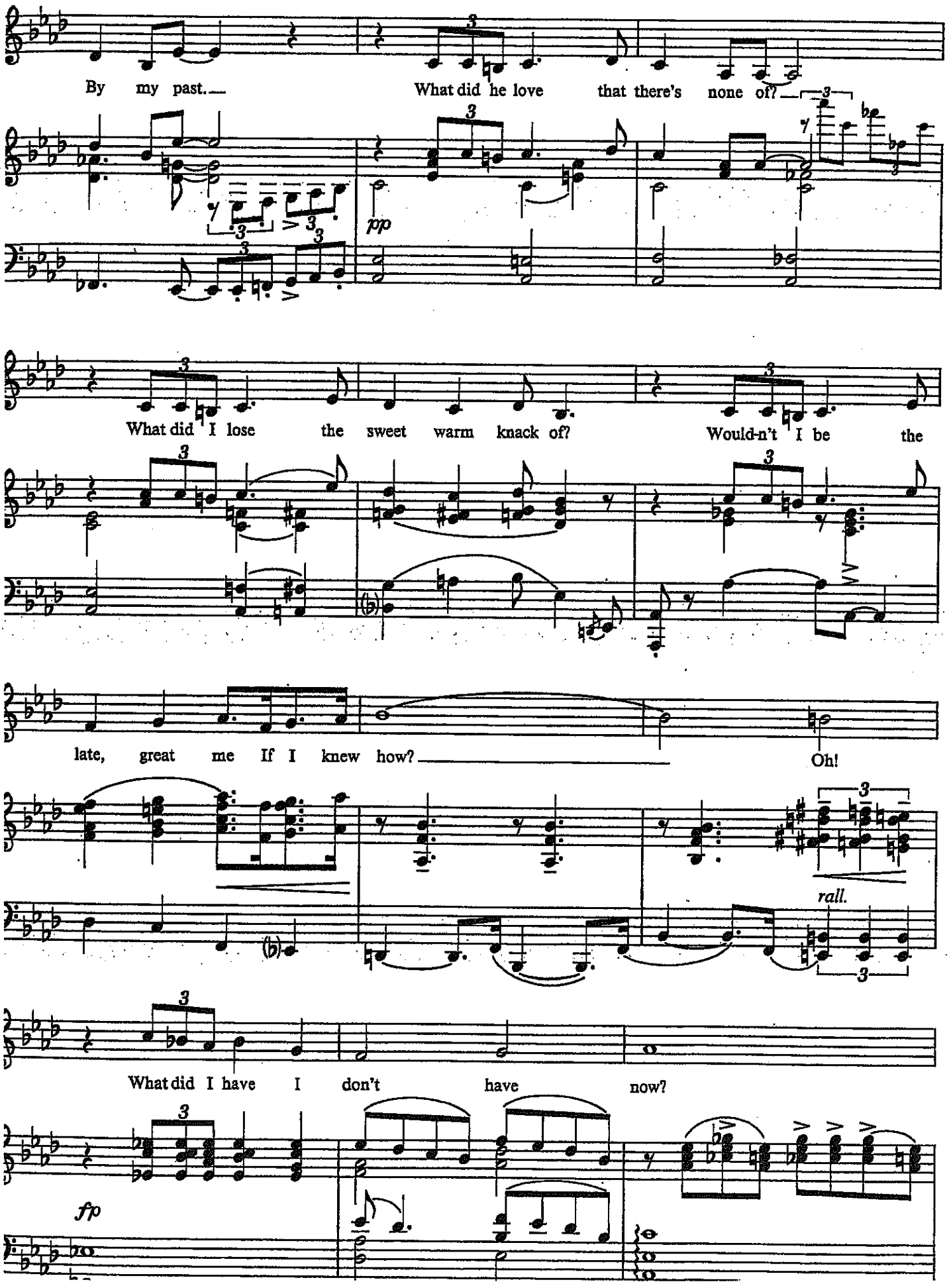
Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by BURTON LANE

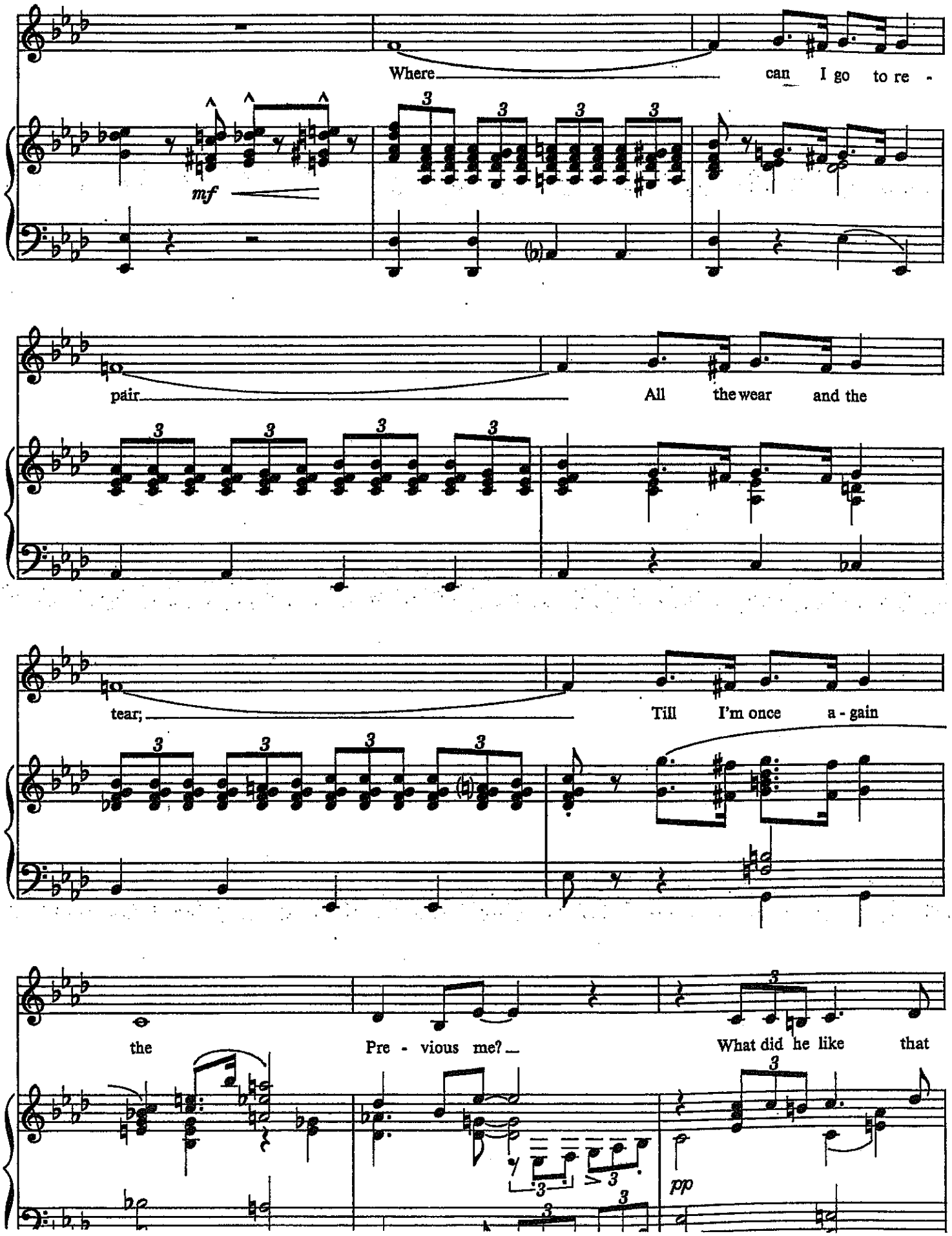


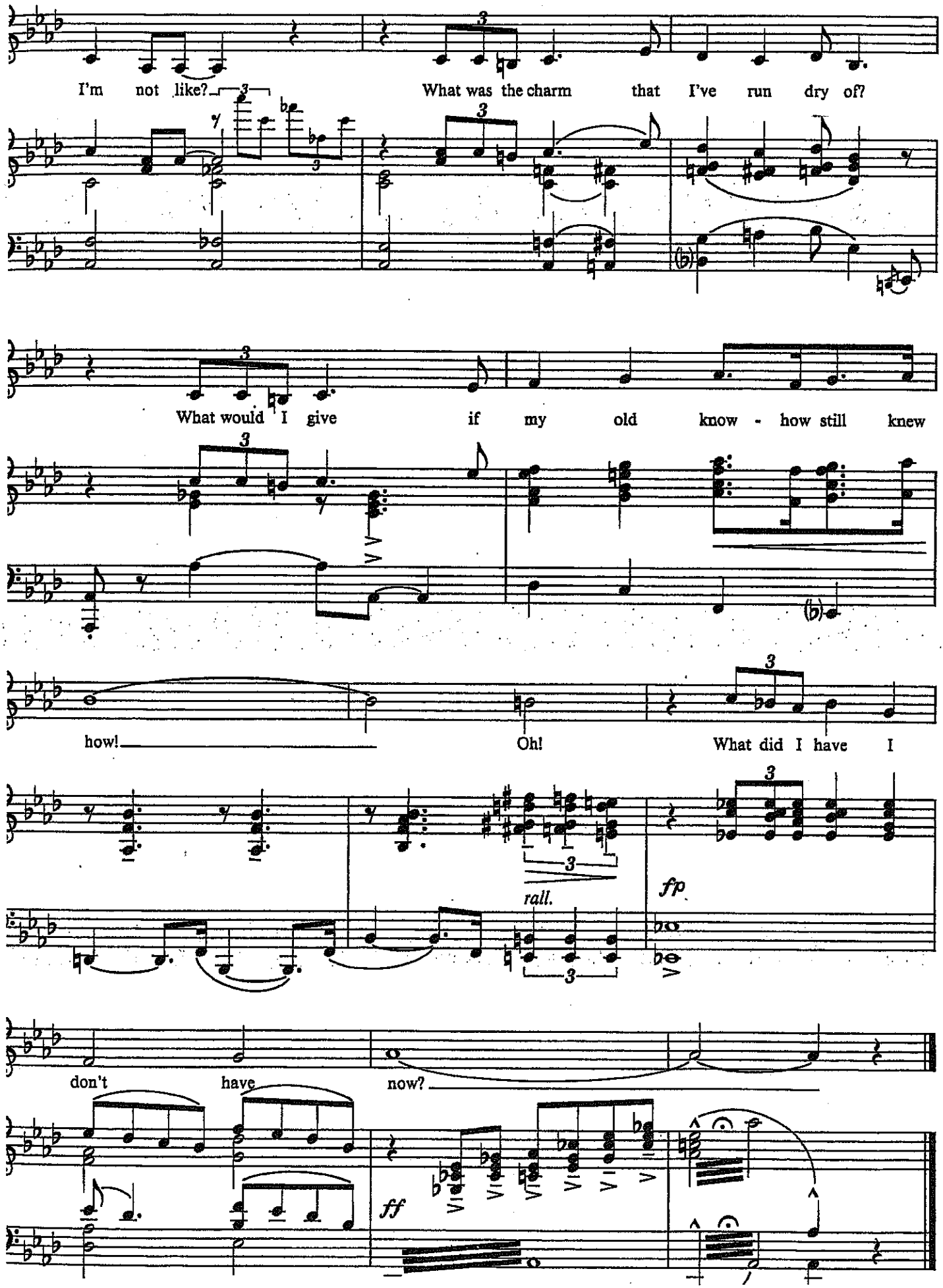
Copyright © 1965 by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane


What did I have that I don't have?
rall.
pp
What did he like that I lost track of?
What did I do that
I don't do the way I did be - fore?
What is - n't there that once was there?
What have I got a


great big lack of?
Some-thing in me then
He could see then
Beck-on's to him no more.
I'm
Just a vic - tim of time,
Ob - so-lete in my
prime!
Out of date and out - classed


By my past.
What did he love that there's none of?
pp
What did I lose the sweet warm knack of?
Would-n't I be the
late, great me If I knew how?
Oh!
rall.
What did I have I don't have now?
fp

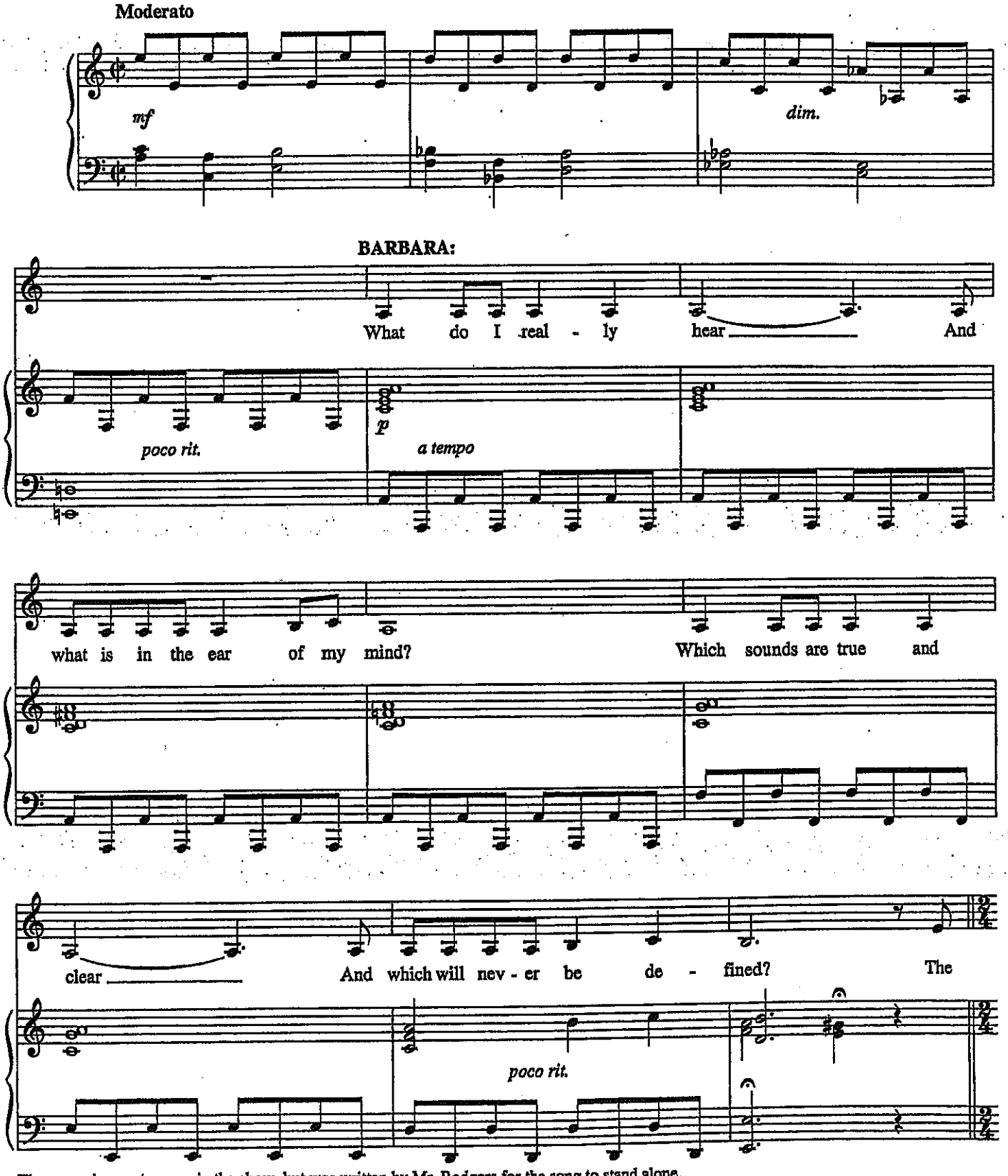

Where can I go to re -
mf
pair All the wear and the
tear; Till I'm once a - gain
the Pre - vious me? What did he like that
pp


I'm not like?
What was the charm that I've run dry of?
What would I give if my old know - how still knew
how!
Oh!
What did I have I
rall.
fp
don't have
now?
ff

The Sweetest Sounds

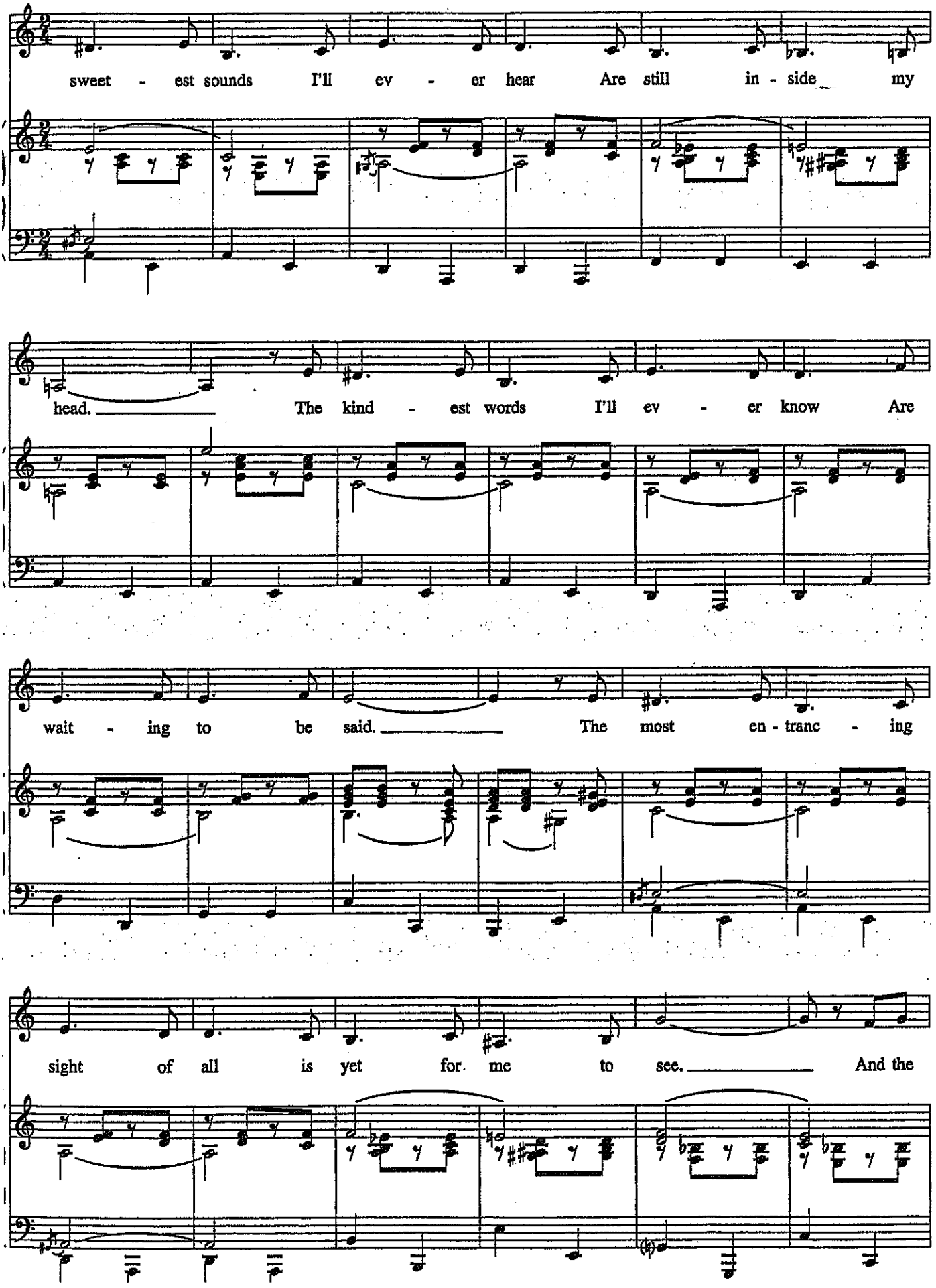
from NO STRINGS

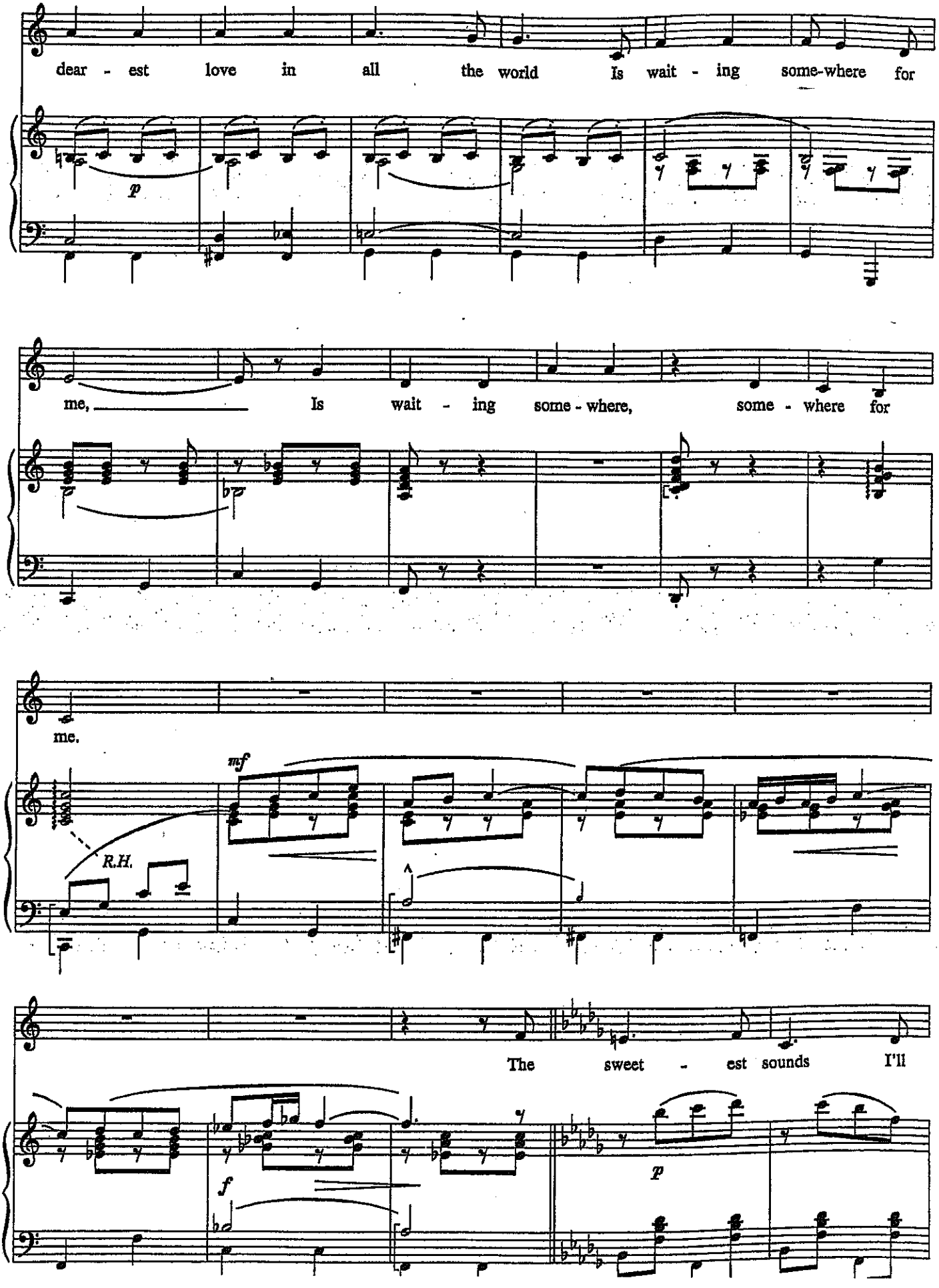
Lyrics and Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

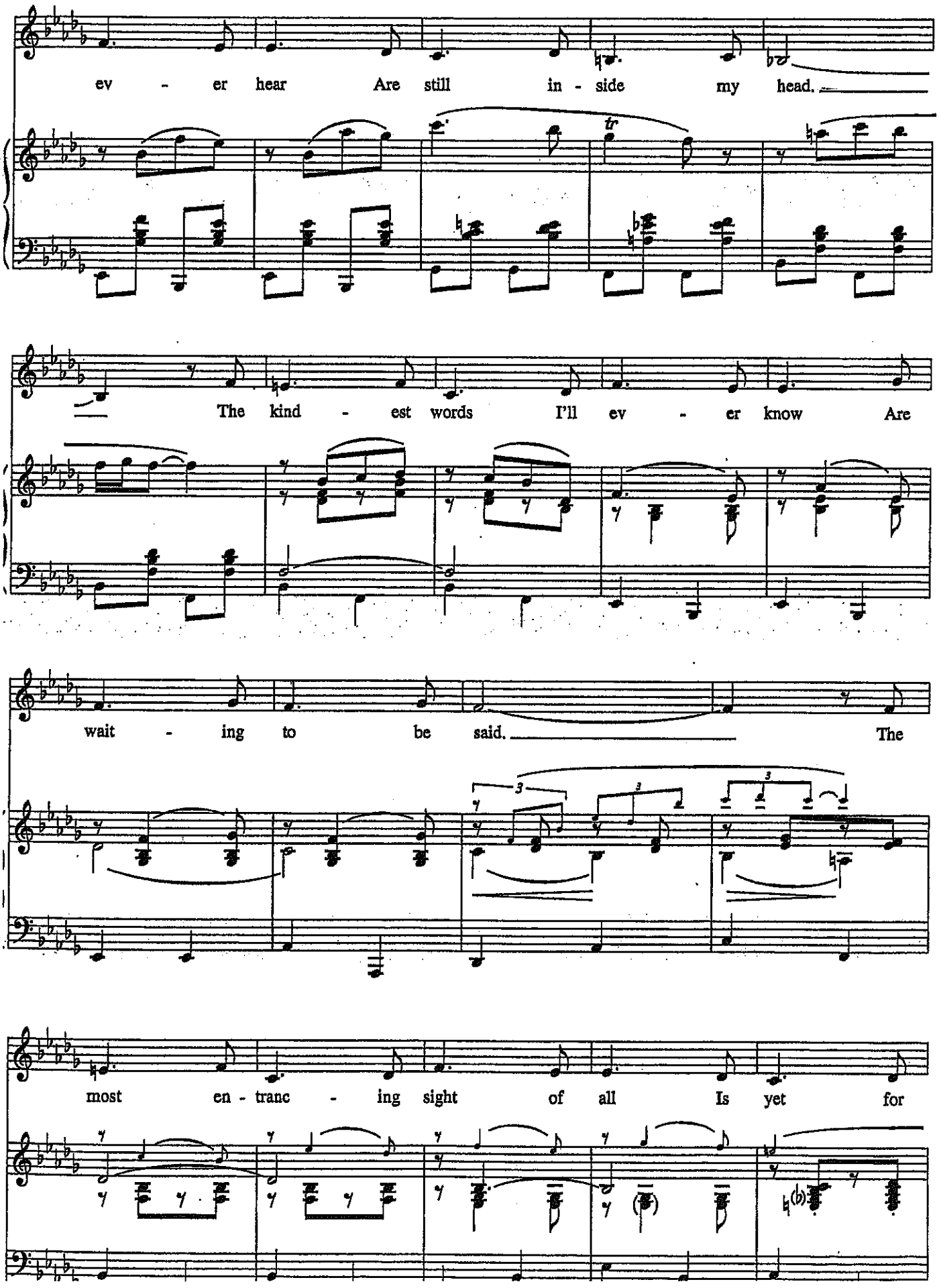


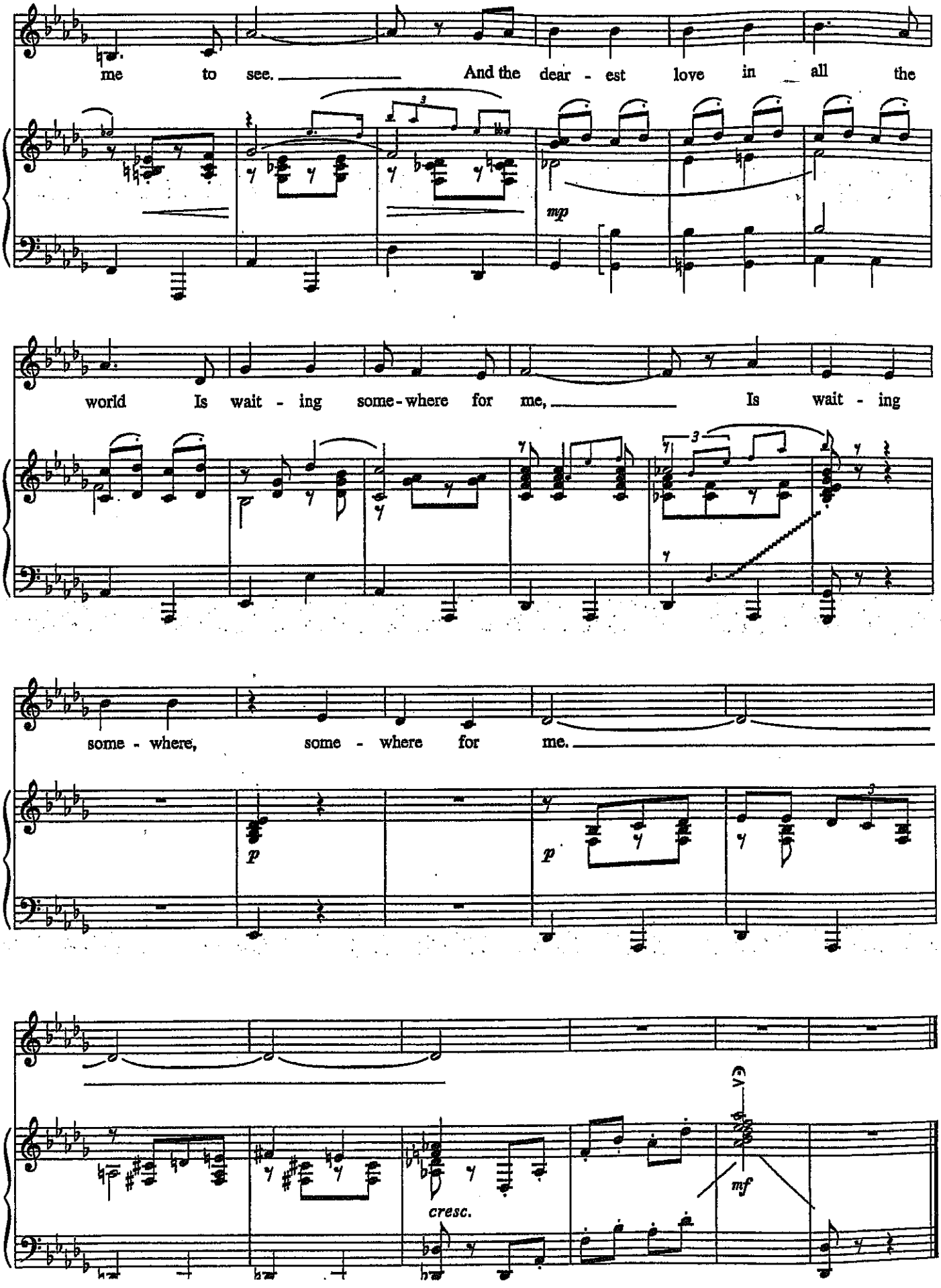
The verse does not appear in the show, but was written by Mr. Rodgers for the song to stand alone.

© 1962 by Richard Rodgers


sweet - est sounds I'll ev - er hear Are still in - side my
head. The kind - est words I'll ev - er know Are
wait - ing to be said. The most en - tranc - ing
sight of all is yet for me to see. And the


dear - est love in all the world Is wait - ing some-where for
p
me, Is wait - ing some - where, some - where for
me.
mf
R.H.
The sweet - est sounds I'll
f
p


ev - er hear Are still in - side my head.
tr
The kind - est words I'll ev - er know Are
wait - ing to be said. The
most en - tranc - ing sight of all Is yet for


me to see. And the dear - est love in all the
mp
world Is wait - ing some - where for me, Is wait - ing
some - where, some - where for me.
p
p
cresc.
8va
mf