

Sondheim 101: Class 1 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless Otherwise Noted)

EARLY WORKS

***Phinney's Rainbow* (1948)**
(Sophomore Year, Williams College)

“How Do I Know?”

[Intro by announcer on a 1948 broadcast of the instrumental recording: “. . . is a rising young composer. The Caps and Bells Society of Williams College has just put on a production called *Phinney's Rainbow*, words and music by one Stephen Sondheim. We have a very lovely waltz from this production, "How Do I Know?"]

How do I know
That I know I know,
When I don't really know you?
How can I have the heart to do
What my heart tells me to do?
Why do I feel
Just the way I always feel,
When my feelings will need show?

You said goodbye
When I said hello,
And I asked you when,
And you said I would know,
But how will I know
When I know that you said no?
I just don't know.

[Outro by announcer: “A lovely waltz, ‘How Do I Know?’, from the musical production *Phinney's Rainbow* at Williams College. Words and music by one Stephen Sondheim. But at least you heard the music. Do you think that melody had qualities that might make it an all-time hit?”]

***Climb High* (1952)**
(Oscar Hammerstein's Assignment 4)

“When I Get Famous”

DAVID:
Ever since I can remember
I've had a secret dream in my heart
Looking forward to the day I could start
My climb up the path,
The path to the stars,
The stars of acclaim,
Applause and fame.

When I get famous, I'll be free,
On my own,
(You wait and see!)
Lost or dependent I'll never be,
I'll get there alone
Somehow.
When I get famous,
Everybody will bow.
Let them laugh at me now,
For they can't shake my dream.

When the chance comes, I'll take my cue,
One good break—
I'm telling you!
That's all I need to make my dream
True.

TEDDY:
Davy, go slow, Davy.
You're very young to start your climb.
Darling, don't go too fast,
You can afford to take your time.
Davy, Davy—
Davy, Davy . . .

DAVID:
Now that it's come, I'll take my cue.
One good break—

TEDDY:
I'm telling you:
Don't be too anxious to make your dream

BOTH:
True.

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“Where Do I Belong?”

To accept, to belong—
The old question, the old song.
Home sweet home, home base—
Wish I knew my place.

Oh, where do I belong?
Am I the only one
Who finds the sun
Too bright,
Too revealingly
Strong?

Am I the only one
Who waits, and looks, and waits,
And contemplates
The night,
Feeling
Lonely?

In the night,
When the world's asleep
I can let my mask slip.
But the light
Brings a world of people
Asking, looking, looking, asking,
“Where do you belong?”
I know I shouldn't care,
But why can't I be part of something,
Someone, somewhere?

PROFESSIONAL MUSICALS

***Saturday Night* (1954)**
World Premiere: London, 1997
US Premiere: Chicago, 1999
New York Premiere: Off-Broadway, 2000

“Saturday Night”

DINO:
The moon's like a million-watt electric light—
It shines up the city as it climbs.
And I gotta spend another Saturday night
At home with the *Sunday Times*.

TED:
Moonlight on Flatbush Avenue,
That's what I call a lovely view . . .

DINO:
So what can you do
On a Saturday night—alone?

RAY:
Who needs a view
On a Saturday night—alone?

ARTIE:
If it's a Saturday night
And you are single,
You sit with a paper and fight
The urge is to mingle.

DINO:
And home is a place
Where you gotta go back—alone.

TED:
Home is a place
Where the future looks black—alone.

RAY:
I like the *Sunday Times* all right
But not in bed . . .

ALL:
Alive and alone on a Saturday night
Is dead.

RAY:
Here's a revival of “Ben Huh,”
Goes on at nine-fifteen at the
Cushman.

ARTIE:
So when I got my mind on sex,
Who gives a damn for Francis X.
Bushman?

ALL:
The moon's like an overloaded Moxie sign,
It shines at you friendly and bright.
I got my buddies and my buddies are fine—
But not on a Saturday night!

RAY:
Johnny Mack Brown and Bessie Love . . .

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ALL:

Love, love, love, love,
Love, love, love, love . . .

So what can you do
On a Saturday night—alone?
Who needs a view
On a Saturday night—alone?
If it's a Saturday night
And you are single,
You sit with a paper and fight
The urge to mingle.

And home is a place
Where you gotta go back—alone.
Home is a place
Where the future looks black—alone.

Things'd be different any other night instead,
But we're on our own
On a Saturday night,
With no one to phone
On a Saturday night,
And when you're alone
On a Saturday night,
You might as well be dead!

"Class"

GENE:

The bridge is my rainbow,
The bridge is my friend,
And it's got a pot o' gold at the other end.
Not a pot o' gold
You can buy or sell—
It's the Plaza Hotel!

I'm crossing the rainbow,
I'm taking a ride
To a razzle-dazzle world on the other side.
Very special world:
Gotta have a pass
Called "class."

A man can be
A runner by day,
But socially
What counts is the way
He looks.
That's what I mean by "class."

I've got two suits,
Just two to my name.
I've got just two suits
But both of 'em came
From Brooks.
That's what I mean by "class!"

"Class" is when you're wrapped in Harris
tweed
And always look impeccable in what you're
wrapped in.
"Class" is when you demonstrate your
breeding,
Like, for instance, when you call a waiter
"Captain."

This is why
A room is a "flat."
You don't say "tie,"
You call it "cravat."
Say you drink from a "tumbler"
Instead of a glass.
That's the mark of someone who has
What I call "class."

The beautiful people
Who live out there
Have savoir-faire—
That's "class" in French.
The beautiful people
Who live with grace
On Sutton Place
Wear robes and peignoirs
And purchase Renoirs.

The beautiful people
Are my people— it's them I belong with!
So tell me, what's wrong with
That?

HANK:

The beautiful people
Are not for you.
Their blood is blue.
They're out of your class.
Be yourself, Gene, be yourself.

ALL BUT GENE:

Be yourself, Gene, be yourself . . .
[repeat]

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GENE:
I'd like to own a Rolls-Royce,
A Braque, a Dufy,
All things expensive and choice
And rare.
I've got the friends that I need
To share them with me,
But I need the things to share.

Some people live out their lives
And don't give a damn.
They buy things on the install-
Ment plan.

That's not for me—I don't want
To be what I am,
I want to be what I can!

The beautiful people get up at noon
And spend all their time having fun
They better make way, 'cause pretty soon
The four hundred will be four hundred and
one!

TED:
When asked, "*Quelle heure?*"
By Mrs. Dupont,
You say to her,
"Why naturellement,
Ma'mselle."
That's what he means by "class."

ARTIE:
If I were near
The Deb of the Week,
I'd say, "My dear,
I think you look chic
As hell."
Is that what you mean by "class?"

GENE:
Could you tell the Astors that your great-
Great-great grandmother
Came over with the pilgrims?

CELESTE:
No, but I could tell them Uncle Nate
Came over with a man who knows'
The man who founded Milgrim's.

GENE:
Ten-buck tips,

Havana cigars,
Cross-country trips
In high-powered cars.
"Captain, bring me a brandy
And a large demitasse!"
Week nights I'm a Brooklyn boy,
But on Saturday night
I've got class!

"A Moment With You"

VOCALIST (on the phonograph):
It took Wilbur Wright
Years to learn to build something that flew,
But my heart took flight
In no time
By spending a moment with you.

It took Fred Astaire
Years to learn to tap out that tattoo,
But I danced on air
In no time
By spending a moment with you!

The look in your eyes was a pleasure,
My personal treasure
Was in it
J. P. Morgan works weekends,
I got rich in a minute!

It took Sigmund Freud
Years to learn what makes people feel blue
But I'm overjoyed:
I avoid being low
Just by spending a moment with you!

[HELEN & GENE repeat the song in
counterpoint] with the VOCALIST.]

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“So Many People”

HELEN:

I said the man for me
Must have a castle.
A man of means he'd be,
A man of fame.
And then I met a man who hadn't any,
Without a penny
To his name.

I had to go and fall
For so much less than
What I had planned from all
The magazines.
I should be good and sore,
What am I happy for?
I guess the man means more
Than the means.

So many people in the world,
And what can they do?
They'll never know love
Like my love for you.
So many people laugh
At what they don't know—
Well, 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!

GENE:

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,

BOTH:

That with so many people in the world,
You love me!

“One Wonderful Day”

CELESTE:

One wonderful day,
Wonderful things can happen
In a wonderful way!
Wonderful girl meets wonderful boy.
What a wonderful chance to start a life
Full of wonder and joy!

One wonderful day,
Somebody wonderful sweeps
All your worries away!
If the feeling's mutual,
Then the future will
Burst into song,
And it's one wonderful day all year long!

ARTIE: Let's have a party!

DINO: Congratulations!

RAY: I wish you luck and prosperity!

HANK: I wish you hearty felicitations!

MILDRED: I wish that someone would marry
me.

BOBBY:

Don't do it, Gene.
Don't do it, Gene.
Love with a spouse is a household routine.
Then, when you're through,
What can you do?
Can't send a dame home
Who lives in the same home
As you!

One horrible day,
You will wake up to find
You're in a horrible way.
You will be married, you will be caught.
Every day you'll come home
And she'll be there—
What a horrible thought!

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One night on a swing
May make a casual affair a permanent thing.
If you can't keep casual,
Then she has you all
Ready to hook,
And it's one horrible day—
I can't look.

My married dame
Says, "It's a shame,
But sex, if it's lawful,
Is awfully tame."
Husbands I've known
Say, "Live alone.
Wives are abhorrent
Except when they aren't
Your own."

CELESTE:
Pay no attention
To Mr. Smarty,
He's full of beans and banana oil.
He'll throw a wrench in
This lovely party,
So just ignore him, don't let him spoil
This glorious—

BOBBY: Terrible—

CELESTE: Victorious—

BOBBY: Unbearable—

CELESTE: Uproarious—

BOBBY: Irreparable—

CELESTE: Uxorious—

BOBBY [spoken]: Uxorious?

CELESTE: Uxorious
Occasion!

ALL:
One wonderful day,
Wonderful things can happen
In a wonderful way!
Wonderful girl meets wonderful boy.
What a wonderful chance to start
A life full of wonder and joy!

One wonderful day,
Somebody wonderful sweeps
All your worries away!
If the feeling's mutual,
Then the future will
Burst into song.
And it's one wonderful day,
One marvelous day,
One beautiful day,
One glorious day,
One wonderful day all year long!

"All for You"

HELEN:
I'm all for you,
Whatever happens,
My dreams are yours to share.
Sometimes, it's true,
My words are bitter,
But that's because I care.

If I get mad
When I think you're wrong,
Maybe I am wrong, too.
But good or bad,
Everything I do
Is all for love of you.

<p><i>West Side Story (1957)</i> Music by Leonard Bernstein</p>

"Something's Coming"

TONY:
Could be . . .
Who knows? . . .
There's something due any day—
I will know right away,
Soon as it shows.
It may come cannonballing down through
the sky,
Gleam in its eye,
Bright as a rose.
Who knows?

It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
Under a tree.

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I got a feeling there's a miracle due,
Gonna come true,
Coming to me!

Could it be? Yes, it could.
Something's coming, something good,
If I can wait.
Something's coming, I don't know what it is,
But it is
Gonna be great!
With a click, with a shock,
Phone'll jingle, door'll knock,
Open the latch.
Something's coming, don't know when, but
it's soon.
Catch the moon,
One-handed catch!

Around the corner,
Or whistling down the river,
Come on, deliver
To me!

Will it be? Yes, it will.
Maybe just by holding still,
It'll be there!
Come on, something, come on in, don't be
shy,
Meet a guy,
Pull up a chair!

The air
Is humming,
And something great is coming!

Who knows?
It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
Maybe tonight . . .

“America” (1961 film version)

ANITA:
Puerto Rico,
My heart's devotion—
Let it sink back in the ocean.
Always the hurricanes blowing,
Always the population growing,
And the money owing,
And the sunlight streaming,
And the natives steaming.

I like the island Manhattan—
Smoke on your pipe and put that in!

GIRLS:
I like to be in America,
O.K. by me in America,
Everything free in America—

BERNARDO:
For a small fee in America.

ANITA:
Buying on credit is so nice.

BERNARDO:
One look at us and they charge twice.

ROSALIA:
I have my own washing machine.

INDIO:
What will you have, though, to keep clean?

ANITA:
Skyscrapers bloom in America.

ROSALIA:
Cadillacs zoom in America.

TERESITA:
Industry boom in America.

BOYS:
Twelve in a room in America.

ANITA:
Lots of new housing with more space.

BERNARDO:
Lots of doors slamming in our face.

ANITA:
I'll get a terrace apartment.

BERNARDO:
Better get rid of your accent.

ANITA & GIRLS:
Life can be bright in America,
If you can fight in America.
Life is all right in America,
If you're all-white in America.

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ANITA, CONSUELA:
Here you are free and you have pride.

BERNARDO:
Long as you stay on your own side.

ANITA:
Free to be anything you choose.

BOYS:
Free to wait tables and shine shoes.

BERNARDO:
Everywhere grime in America,
Organized crime in America,
Terrible time in America.

ANITA:
You forget I'm in America.

BERNARDO:
I think I go back to San Juan.

ANITA:
I know a boat you can get on.

BERNARDO:
Everyone there will give big cheer!

ANITA:
Everyone there will have moved here.

“I Feel Pretty”

MARIA:
I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty,
I feel pretty and witty and bright,
And I pity
Any girl who isn't me tonight.

I feel charming,
Oh, so charming,
It's alarming how charming I feel,
And so pretty
That I hardly can believe I'm real.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there,
Who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,

Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!

I feel stunning
And entrancing,
Feel like running
And dancing
For joy,
For I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!

ROSALIA & CONSELO:
Have you met my good friend Maria,
The craziest girl on the block?
You'll know her the minute you see her.
She's the one who is in an advanced state of
shock.

She thinks she's in love.
She thinks she's in Spain.
She isn't in love,
She's merely insane.

It must be the heat,
Or some rare disease,
Or too much to eat,
Or maybe it's fleas.

Keep away from her—
Send for Chino!
This is not the MAR—
la we know!

Modest and pure,
Polite and refined,
Well-bred and mature,
And out of her mind!

MARIA:
I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty
That the city should give me its key.
A committee
Should be organized to honor me.

I feel dizzy,
I feel sunny,
I feel fizzy and funny and fine,
And so pretty,
Miss America can just resign.

See the pretty girl in that mirror there!

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ROSALIA & CONSELO:
What mirror, where?

MARIA
Who can that attractive girl be?

ROSALIA & CONSELO:
Which? What? Where? Who?

MARIA:
Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!

ALL:
I feel stunning
And entrancing,
Feel like running and dancing for joy,
For I'm loved
By a pretty wonderful boy!

“Somewhere”

OFFSTAGE VOICE:
There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us, somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care.

Some day,
Somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere,
Somewhere . . .

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Some day,
Somehow,
Somewhere!

“Gee, Officer Krupke”

ACTION:
Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke,
You gotta understand:
It's just our bringin' up-ke
That gets us outta hand.
Our mothers all are junkies,
Our fathers all are drunks.

ALL:
Golly Moses, natcherly we're punks!

Gee, Officer Krupke, we're very upset:
We never had the love that ev'ry child oughta
get.
We ain't no delinquents,
We're misunderstood.
Deep down inside us there is good!

ACTION:
There is good!

ALL:
There is good, there is good,
There is untapped good.
Like inside, the worst of us is good.

SNOWBOY: That's a touchin' good story.

ACTION: Lemme tell it to the world!

SNOWBOY: Just tell it to the judge.

ACTION:
Dear kindly Judge, your Honor,
My parents treat me rough.
With all their marijuana,
They won't give me a puff.
They didn't wanna have me,
But somehow I was had.
Leapin' lizards, that's why I'm so bad!

DIESEL:
Right!
Officer Krupke, you're really a square.
This boy don't need a judge, he needs a
analyst's care.
It's just his neurosis that oughta be curbed.
He's psychologically disturbed!

ACTION: I'm disturbed!

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ALL:
We're disturbed, we're disturbed,
We're the most disturbed.
Like we're psychologically disturbed.

DIESEL: (as Judge) In the opinion of this court, this child is deprived on account he ain't had a normal home.

ACTION: Hey, I'm deprived on account I'm deprived!

DIESEL: So take him to a head shrinker.

ACTION:
My father is a bastard,
My ma's an S. O. B.
My grandpa's always plastered,
My grandma pushes tea.

My sister wears a mustache,
My brother wears a dress.
Goodness gracious, that's why I'm a mess!

A-RAB: (As Psychiatrist)
Yes!
Officer Krupke, you're really a slob.
This boy don't need a doctor, just a good honest job.
Society's played him a terrible trick,
And sociologically he's sick!

ACTION:
I am sick!

ALL:
We are sick, we are sick,
We are sick, sick, sick,
Like we're sociologically sick!

A-RAB: In my opinion, this child don't need to have his head shrunk at all. Juvenile delinquency is purely a social disease!

ACTION: Hey, I got a social disease!

A-RAB: So take him to a social worker!

ACTION:
Dear kindly social worker,
They say go earn a buck,

Like be a soda jerker,
Which means like be a schmuck.
It's not I'm anti-social,
I'm only anti-work.
Gloryosky, that's why I'm a jerk!

BABY JOHN: (As Social Worker)
Eek!
Officer Krupke, you've done it again.
This boy don't need a job, he needs a year in the pen.
It ain't just a question of misunderstood—
Deep down inside him he's no good!

ACTION:
I'm no good!

ALL:
We're no good, we're no good,
We're no earthly good,
Like the best of us is no damn good!

DIESEL:
The trouble is he's crazy.

A-RAB:
The trouble is he drinks.

BABY JOHN:
The trouble is he's lazy.

DIESEL:
The trouble is he stinks.

A-RAB:
The trouble is he's growing.

BABY JOHN:
The trouble is he's grown!

ALL
Krupke, we got troubles of our own!

Gee, Officer Krupke,
We're down on our knees,
'Cause no one wants a fellow with a social disease.

Gee, Officer Krupke,
What are we to do?
Gee, Officer Krupke—
Krup you!