

Sondheim 101: Class 2 Featured Lyrics

Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim • Composers as Noted

Gypsy (1959)
Music by Jule Styne

“Some People”

ROSE: [spoken]
Anybody that stays home is dead!
If I die, it won't be from sittin'! It'll be from
fightin' to get up and get out!

[sung]
Some people can get a thrill
Knitting sweaters and sitting still—
That's okay for some people
Who don't know they're alive.

Some people can thrive and bloom
Living life in a living room.
That's perfect for some people
Of one hundred and five!

But I
At least gotta try
When I think of
All the sights that I gotta see yet,
All the places I gotta play,
All the things that I gotta be yet,
Come on, Poppa, whaddaya say?

Some people can be content,
Playing bingo and paying rent—
That's peachy for some people,
For some
Hum-
Drum
People to be,
But some people ain't me!

I had a dream,
A wonderful dream, Poppa,
All about June and the Orpheum circuit—
Gimme a chance and I know I can work it.

I had a dream,
Just as real as can be, Poppa.
There I was in Mr. Orpheum's office,
And he was saying to me:

“Rose!
Get yourself some new orchestrations,

New routines and red velvet curtains,
Get a feathered hat for the Baby,
Photographs in front of the theatre,
Get an agent—and in jig time
You'll be being booked in the big time!”

Oh, what a dream,
A wonderful dream, Poppa.
And all that I need
Is eighty-eight bucks, Poppa.
That's what he said, Poppa.
Only eighty-eight bucks, Poppa

POP: [spoken]
You ain't gettin' eighty-eight cents from me,
Rose!

ROSE: [spoken]
Then I'll get it someplace else—but I'll get it
and get my kids out!

[sung]
Goodbye
To blueberry pie!
Good riddance to all the socials I had to go
to,
All the lodges I had to play,
All the Shriners I said hello to—
Hey, L.A., I'm coming your way!

Some people sit on their butts,
Got the dream—yeah, but not the guts!
That's living for some people,
For some
Hum-
Drum
People, I suppose.
Well, they can stay and rot—
But not
Rose!

“Small World”

ROSE:
Funny, you're a stranger who's come here,
Come from another town.
Funny, I'm a stranger myself here—
Small world, isn't it?

Funny, you're a man who goes traveling,
Rather than settling down.
Funny, 'cause I'd love to go traveling—

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Small world, isn't it?

We have so much in common,
It's a phenomenon.
We could pool our resources
By joining forces
From now on.

Lucky, you're a man who likes children—
That's an important sign.
Lucky, I'm a woman with children—
Small world, isn't it?
Funny, isn't it?
Small and funny and fine.

“If Momma Was Married”

LOUISE:
If Momma was married, we'd live in a house,
As private as private can be:
Just Momma, three ducks, five canaries, a
mouse,
Two monkeys, one father, six turtles and
me . . .
If Momma was married.

JUNE:
If Momma was married I'd jump in the air
And give all my toe shoes to you.
I'd get all those hair ribbons out of my hair,
And once and for all, I'd get Momma out
to . . .
If Momma was married.

LOUISE:
Momma, get out your white dress!
You've done it before—
Without much success.

BOTH:
Momma, God speed and God bless,
We're not keeping score—
What's one more or less?

Oh, Momma, say yes,
And waltz down the aisle while you may.

LOUISE:
I'll gladly support you,
I'll even escort you—

JUNE:
And I'll gladly give you away.

BOTH:
Oh, Momma, get married today!

JUNE:
If Momma was married,
There wouldn't be any more
"Let me entertain you,
Let me make you smile.
I will do some kicks—"

LOUISE: "I will do some tricks"

JUNE: [spoken] "Sing out, Louise!"

LOUISE: [spoken] "Smile, baby!"

BOTH: Momma, please take our advice!

LOUISE: We aren't the Lunts

JUNE: I'm not Fanny Brice

BOTH:
Momma, we'll buy you the rice.
If only this once
You wouldn't think twice!

It could be so nice,
If Momma got married to stay.

LOUISE: But Momma gets married—

JUNE: And—

LOUISE: Married—

JUNE: And—

LOUISE: Married—

BOTH:
And never gets carried away.
Oh, Momma,
Oh, Momma,
Oh, Momma, get married today!

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“Everything’s Coming Up Roses”

ROSE:

I had a dream,
A dream about you, baby!
It’s gonna come true, baby!
They think that we’re through,
But, baby—

You’ll be swell, you’ll be great,
Gonna have the whole world on a plate!
Starting here, starting now,
Honey, everything’s coming up roses!

Clear the decks, clear the tracks,
You got nothing to do but relax!
Blow a kiss, take a bow—
Honey, everything’s coming up roses!

Now’s your inning,
Stand the world on its ear!
Set it spinning,
That’ll be just the beginning!

Curtain up, light the lights,
You got nothing to hit but the heights!
You’ll be swell,
You’ll be great,
I can tell—
Just you wait!
That lucky star I talk about is due!
Honey, everything’s coming up roses
For me and for you!

You can do it,
All you need is a hand.
We can do it—
Momma is gonna see to it!

Curtain up, light the lights,
We got nothing to hit but the heights!
I can tell,
Wait and see.
There’s the bell,
Follow me.
And nothing’s gonna stop us till we’re
through!

Honey,
Everything’s coming up roses and daffodils,
Everything’s coming up sunshine and Santa
Claus,

Everything’s gonna be bright lights and
lollipops,
Everything’s coming up roses for me and for
you!

“Together Wherever We Go”

ROSE:

Wherever we go,
Whatever we do,
We’re gonna go through
It together.

We may not go far.
But sure as a star,
Wherever we are,
It’s together!

Wherever I go, I know he goes
Wherever I go, I know she goes.
No fits, no fights, no feuds, and no egos—
Amigos,
Together!

Through thick and through thin,
All out or all in,
And whether it’s win, place or show,
With you for me and me for you,
We’ll muddle through,
Whatever we do,
Together wherever we go!

ROSE, HERBIE & LOUISE:

Wherever we go,
Whatever we do,
We’re gonna go through
It together.

ROSE: Wherever we sleep—

LOUISE: If prices are steep—

HERBIE:
We’ll always sleep cheap-
Er together

ROSE: Whatever the boat I row, you row—

HERBIE: A duo!

ROSE: Whatever the row I hoe, you hoe—

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LOUISE: A trio!

ROSE: And any IOU I owe, you owe—

HERBIE:
Who, me owe?
No, you owe!

ROSE: No, we owe—

ALL:
Together!
We all take the bow

ROSE: Including the cow,

ALL:
Though business is lou-
sy and slow.

ROSE:
With Herbie's vim, Louise's verve—

HERBIE & LOUISE:
Now all we need is someone with nerve , , ,

ROSE: Together—

HERBIE & LOUISE: Together—

ROSE: Wherever—

HERBIE & LOUISE: Wherever—

ALL:
Together wherever we go!

ROSE: If I start to dance,

HERBIE & LOUISE: We both start to dance,

ALL:
And sometimes by chance
We're together.

ROSE: If I sing B flat: Ohhhn—

LOUISE: We both sing B Flat. Ohhhh—

HERBIE: We all can be flat. Ohhhh—

ALL: Together!

HERBIE: Whatever the trick, we can do it!

LOUISE: With teamwork we're bound to get
through it!

ROSE:
There really isn't anything to it—
You do it.
I knew it—

ALL:
We blew it—
Together!

We go in a group,
We tour in a troupe, We land in the soup,
But we know:
The things we do we do by threes,
A perfect team—

ROSE: No, this way Louise!
Together—

HERBIE & LOUISE:
Wherever—

ALL:
Together wherever we go!

“You Gotta Get A Gimmick”

MAZEPPA:
You can pull all the stops out
Till they call the cops out,
Grind your behind till you're banned,
But you gotta get a gimmick
If you want to get a hand.

You can sacrifice your sacro
Workin' in the back row,
Bump in a dump till you're dead.
Kid, you've gotta get a gimmick
If you want to get ahead.

You can (*bump!*), you can (*bump!*),
You can (*bump!*) (*bump!*) (*bump!*)—
That's how burlesque was born.
So I (*bump!*), and I (*bump!*)
And I (*bump!*) (*bump!*) (*bump!*)—
But I do it with a horn!

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Once I was a schlepper,
Now I'm Miss Mazeppa
With my Revolution in Dance.
You gotta have a gimmick
If you want to have a chance!

ELECTRA:
She can (*bump!*), she can (*bump!*)
She can (*bump!*) (*bump!*) (*bump!*)—
They'll never make her rich.
Me, I (*bump!*), and I (*bump!*),
And I (*bump!*) (*bump!*) (*bump!*)—
But I do it with a switch!

I'm electrifying,
And I'm not even trying.
I never have to sweat to get paid.
'Cause if you got a gimmick,
Gypsy girl, you've got it made!

TESSIE:
All them (*bump!*)s and them (*bump!*)s
And them (*bump!*) (*bump!*) (*bump!*)
Ain't gonna spell success.
Me, I (*bump!*), and I (*bump!*)
And I (*bump!*) (*bump!*) (*bump!*)—
But I do it with finesse!

Dressy Tessie Tura
Is so much more demurer
Than all them other ladies, because
You gotta get a gimmick
If you wanna get applause!

ALL:
Do something special.
Anything that's fresh'll
Earn you a big fat cigar.
You're more than just a mimic
When you got a gimmick—
Take a look how different we are!

ELECTRA:
If you wanna make it,
Twinkle while you shake it.

TESSIE:
If you wanna grind it,
Wait till you've refined it.

MAZEPPA:
If you wanna bump it,
Bump it with a trumpet!

ALL:
Get yourself a gimmick
And you, too,
Can be a star!

“Let Me Entertain You”

PASLEY: [spoken]
Wichita's one and only Burlesque Theater
presents Miss Gypsy Rose Lee!

LOUISE:
Let me entertain you,
Let me make you smile.
Let me do a few tricks,
Some old and then some new tricks
I'm very versatile.
And if you're real good,
I'll make you feel good,
I want your spirits to climb.
So let me entertain you
And we'll have a real good time,
Yes, sir!
We'll have a real good time!

And if you're real good
I'll make you feel good—
I want your spirits to climb
Let me entertain you
And we'll have a real good time
Yes, sir!
We'll have a real good time!

“Rose's Turn”

ROSE: [spoken]
With what I have in me, I could've been
better than ANY OF YOU! What I got in me—
what I been holding down inside of me—if I
ever let it out, there wouldn't be signs big
enough! There wouldn't be lights bright
enough!

Here she is, boys!
Here she is, world!
Here's Rose!

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[sung]
Curtain up!
Light the lights!

Play it, boys!

You either got it,
Or you ain't—
And, boys, I got it!
You like it?

ORCHESTRA: Yeah!

ROSE:
Well, I got it!

Some people got it and make it pay,
Some people can't even give it away!
This people's got it,
And this people's spreadin' it around.
You either have it—
Or you've had it.

[spoken]
Hello, everybody! My name's Rose! What's yours?

How do you like them egg rolls, Mr. Goldstone?

[sung]
Hold your hats and Hallelujah,
Momma's gonna show it to ya!

Momma's talkin' loud,
Momma's doin' fine!
Momma's gettin' hot,
Momma's goin' stong,
Momma's movin' on!
Momma's all alone,
Momma doesn't care,
Momma's lettin' loose,
Momma's got the stuff,
Momma's lettin' go—

M-M-Momma—
M-M-Momma—

Momma's got the stuff,
Momma's gotta move,
Momma's gotta go—
M-Momma—

M-Momma's—
Momma's gotta let go!

Why did I do it? What did it get me?
Scrapbooks full of me in the background.
Give 'em love and what does it get you?
What does it get you?
One quick look as each of them leaves you!
All your life and what does it get you?
Thanks a lot, and out with the garbage!
They take bows and you're battin' zero!

I had a dream—
I dreamed it for you, June.
It wasn't for me, Herbie.
And if it wasn't for me,
Then where would you be,
Miss Gypsy Rose Lee?!

Well, someone tell me, when is it my turn?
Don't I get a dream for myself?
Startin' now, it's gonna be my turn!
Gangway, world, get off of my runway!
Startin' now, I bat a thousand!
This time, boys, I'm takin' the bows and

Everything's coming up Rose!
Everything's coming up roses!
Everything's coming up roses
This time for me!
For me!
For me!
For me!
For me!
FOR ME!

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Do I Hear a Waltz (1965)
Music by Richard Rodgers

“Someone Woke Up”

LEONA:
Someone woke up one incredible day,
Had an idea and was prompted to say,
"Let's build a city! Where should it be?
How about the middle of that sea?"
Someone drew plans like a set for a stage,
Someone spilt colors all over the page.
Then they built it, cookie, you know why?
Just so Leona could come here and cry.

Some people cry at “Hellos” and “Farewells,”
Some people cry at nostalgia with bells.
Some cry at weddings, some at the moon,
I cry promptly Mondays at high noon.
Some people cry at Vienna or Rome.
This one is mine, cookie, this one is home!
Look, they even painted the damn sky,
Just so Leona could come here and cry.

Some people cry when they see their old
pals.
Me, I'm a sucker for chimes and canals.
Look, they even painted the damn sky,
Just so Leona could
Come here and stand I
Like a lump dripping wet
With no shoes on at noon
On a Monday—

And cry!

“What Do We Do? We Fly!”

MRS. McILHENNY:
Lloyd tells me, "Never go by plane."
I tell Lloyd, "Flying is insane."
We agree we would rather die.
We see a brochure
And sign for a tour,
And what do we do? We fly!

It starts the minute you check in.
Departure time is at noon.
A cup of tea and a schnecken

And, “Quick, it's leaving soon!”
One o'clock and you're at the gate;
Two o'clock and the flight's still late.
When you finally leave, it's eight.
And what do we do? We fly! Why?
What do we do? We fly!

MRS. M
I hate planes . . .
Sitting three abreast . . .
I hate planes . . .
Never get a rest. . .
I hate planes.

LEONA:
I agree.
You're like me.
I do, too.

What about
you?

MR. McILHENNY:
I hate every single one.
The crossing was rough,
Which wasn't enough,
The fun hadn't yet begun.

The seat was throwing my back out,
But there I was with a book,
When suddenly there's a blackout
And everywhere I look
Is a close-up of Doris Day,
Ninety minutes of Doris Day!
There was nothing to do but pray,
And how do we go? We fly!
Why? How do we go? We fly!

MR. & MRS. M:
I hate planes . . .

LEONA:
I agree.

Most of all the sound.
I hate planes,
Even on the ground.
Can't stand planes . . .

Have a drink. . .

JENNIFER:
I hate even more than those
The kids in the aisle
Surrounding you while
Their parents pretend to doze.

The kid I noticed the first was
The one who stood on my feet.
The kid I hated the worst was
The one who kicked my seat.
There was one on the left who bit,
There was one on the right who spit

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There was one in the back I hit!
But what did we do? We flew!
What did we do? We flew!

MR. & MRS. M & JENNIFER: LEONA:
I hate planes . . . I agree . . .

Never can adapt.
I hate planes

Always feel I'm trapped.
Can't stand planes. I'm that way.
What do you say?

EDDIE:
I hate most of all the chow.
To know what is what
Is difficult, but
I think I've discovered how:

The shiny stuff is tomatoes,
The salad lies in a group.
The curly stuff is potatoes,
The stuff that moves is soup.
Anything that is white is sweet,
Anything that is brown is meat.
Anything that is gray—don't eat!
But what do we do? We fly! Why?
What do we do? We fly!

ALL:
You're zooming up like a comet,
Your ears are starting to ring.
Your neighbor's starting to vomit,
There's ice along the wing.
As you wait for your palms to dry,
You can see your whole life flash by,
And they tell you it's fun to fly!

Your chance of survival's so remote
You're far better off to cut your throat,
But who has the time to take a boat?
What do we do? We fly!

“Take the Moment”

DI ROSSI:
Take the moment,
Let it happen.
Hug the moment,
Make it last.

Hold the feeling
For the moment,
Or the moment
Will have passed.

All the noises buzzing in your head
Warning you to wait—
What for?
Don't listen!

Let it happen,
Take the moment.
Make the moment
Many moments more.

Make for us a thousand more.

“We're Gonna Be All Right” (performed 1965 version)

EDDIE:
It may not all be bliss,
But every wound is treatable.
We won't go under,
We're gonna be all right.
Don't see how we can miss,
Our team is undefeatable,
I wouldn't wonder,
We're gonna be all right.

JENNIFER:
We may have had unhappy landings,
Misunderstandings,
We're still growing.

EDDIE:
Some years are bad,
We're hale and hearty,
We'll keep the party
Going.

Hey, babe, let's have a kiss—
Remember, we're unbeatable.
We're gonna blunder,
We're gonna hold on tight.
Hi-ho! We're gonna be all right.
Hey, babe, We're gonna be all right.
With love, we're gonna be all right!

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“We’re Gonna Be All Right” (original version, not performed in the initial run)

EDDIE:

Honeybunch,
Sad to say, but I have a hunch
Screen romances went out to lunch—
That’s no reason to pout.
Don’t look bleak,
Happy endings can spring a leak.
“Ever after” can mean one week,
We’re just having a drought.
Smile and sweat it out.

If we can just hang on,
We’ll have compatibility.
You mustn’t worry—
We’re gonna be all right.
One day the ache is gone—
There’s nothing like senility,
So what’s your hurry?
We’re gonna be all right.

Meanwhile, relax—
You take a lover,
I’ll take a lover.
When that’s played out,
They get the axe,
We can retire,
Sit by the fire—
Fade out!

We’ll build our house upon
The rock of my virility.
We’d better scurry,
We’re gonna be all night.
Oh, boy!
We’re gonna be all right.

JENNIFER:

I was told,
Just be faithful and never scold.
Sounded easy, so I was sold.
I’ve been miserable since.
I was taught
When the prince and the dragon fought,
That the dragon was always caught—
Now I don’t even wince
When it eats the prince.

I know a perfect pair,
Their lives are at the pinnacle,

But how do we know
They’re gonna be all right?
The bride is slightly square,
The groom is slightly cynical,
A little vino—
They’re gonna be all right.

She aims to please
She has a baby,
Then, though they may be
Having fine times,
When there’s a *crise*,
She has another—
Now she’s a mother
Nine times!

It all went wrong, but where?
Details are slightly clinical.
She’s out in Reno—
The kids adored the flight.
Hi-ho!
They’re gonna be all right.

EDDIE:

Honeychile,
Bury everything, learn to smile.
Happy couples can stay in style
Just by practicing charm.
All is well,
Least as far as their friends can tell.
Please ignore the peculiar smell,
There’s no cause for alarm.
Mildew
Will do
Harm.

JENNIFER:

She once was quite well read.

EDDIE:

He once was intellectual.

BOTH:

No one’s suspicious—they’re gonna be all right.

JENNIFER:

She’s nice and sweet and dead,

EDDIE:

He’s tall and ineffectual,

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BOTH:
They look delicious—they're gonna be all
right.

JENNIFER:
Who's on the skids?
She'll go to night school,

EDDIE:
If it's the right school,
He'll permit her.

JENNIFER:
They love their kids,
They love their friends, too.

EDDIE:
Lately he tends to
Hit her.

JENNIFER:
Sometimes she drinks in bed,

EDDIE:
Sometimes he's homosexual,

BOTH:
But why be vicious?
They keep it out of sight.
Good show!
They're gonna be all right.
And so,
We're gonna be all right.
Hi-ho!
We're gonna be all right!

“Do I Hear a Waltz”

LEONA:
Do I hear a waltz?
Very odd, but I hear a waltz.
There isn't a band
And I don't understand
It at all

I can't hear a waltz—
Oh, my Lord, there it goes again!
Why is nobody dancing in the street?
Can't they hear the beat?

Magical, mystical, miracle,
Can it be? Is it true?
Things are impossibly lyrical.
Is it me? No, it's you!

I do hear a waltz!
I see you and I hear a waltz!
It's what I've been waiting for
All my life: to hear a waltz!

Do you hear a waltz?
Oh, my dear, don't you hear a waltz?
Such love Blue Danubey
Music, how can you be
Still?

You *must* hear a waltz!
Even strangers are dancing now.
An old lady is waltzing in her flat,
Waltzing with her cat.

Roses are dancing with peonies.
Yes, it's true! Don't you see?
Everything's suddenly Viennese,
Can't be you! Must be me!

Do I hear a waltz?
I want more than to hear a waltz:
I want you to share it 'cause
Oh, boy, *do* I hear a waltz!
I hear a waltz!
I hear a waltz!