

Sondheim 101: Class 4 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

MUSICAL THEATRE

Anyone Can Whistle (1964)

“Me and My Town”

CORA:
Everyone hates me, yes, yes,
Being the Mayoress, yes.
All of the peasants
Throw rocks in my presence,
Which causes me nervous distress, yes.

Ooooooh . . .

Me and my town, battered about.
Everyone in it would like to get out.
Me and my town,
We just wanna be loved.

Stores are for rent, theaters are dark.
Grass on the sidewalks, but not in the park.
Me and my town,
We just want to be loved!

The people are starving,
So they sleep the day through.
My poor little people,
What can they do?

TOWNSPEOPLE:
Boo!

CORA:
Who asked you?

Come on the train, come on the bus,
Somebody, please buy a ticket to us.
Hurry on down,
We need a little renown.
Love me,
Love my town!

Oooohhh-ooooohhhhhh-
ooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhh!

PAGEBOYS:
Hi there, Cora, what's new?

CORA:
The bank went bust and I'm feeling blue.

PAGEBOYS:
And who took over the bankruptcy?

CORA: Me, boys, me!

PAGEBOYS: Sí, sí!

CORA: Me, boys, me!

PAGEBOYS: Tell us, Cora, how you are.

CORA: I just got back from the reservoir.

PAGEBOYS:
And what's the state of the water supply?

CORA: Dry, boys, dry!

PAGEBOYS: My, my!

CORA: Dry, boys, dry!

PAGEBOYS: Ay, ay!

CORA: A lady has responsibilities—

PAGEBOYS: Responsibilities—

CORA: And civic pride

PAGEBOYS: Civic pride!

CORA:
Well, I look around and what do I see?
I see no crops.

PAGEBOYS: No crops

CORA: I see no business.

PAGEBOYS: No business.

CORA:
To the North, to the South,
Only hoof-and-mouth!
To the East, to the West
No Community Chest!

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CORA & PAGEBOYS:
I see a terrible depression all over the town.
Oh, a terrible depression,
Yes, a terrible depression.

CORA:
What a terrible depression,
And I'm so depressed
I can hardly talk on the phone.
I feel all alone.

CORA & PAGEBOYS:
But a lady has responsibilities—

PAGEBOYS: Responsibilities—

CORA:
To all my Poor! Starving!
Cold! Miserable!
Dirty! Dreary! Depressing!
Peasants!

ALL: Peasants! Ugh!

CORA:
But a lady has responsibilities—

PAGEBOYS:
Responsibilities—

CORA:
To try to be
Popular with the populace.

PAGEBOYS:
She's unpopular with the populace!

CORA & PAGEBOYS:
Unpopular with the populace,
Unpopular with the populace . . .

CORA:
Everyone here hates me at length,
Probably lynch me if they had the strength,
But me and my town, me and my town,
We just want to be loved!

PAGEBOYS:
A friendship is lovely
And a courtship sublime,
But give her a township—

CORA:
Township—
Every time!

CORA & PAGEBOYS:
What'll we do,
Me and my town?
Gotta do something, or we're gonna drown!
Give me my coat,
Give me my crown,
Give me, give me your vote
And hurry on down!

CORA:
Show me how much you think of me!

ALL:
Love me,
Love my town!

“There Won’t Be Trumpets”
(cut from the show, but recorded and
released on the Original Cast Album)

FAY:
Those smug little men
With their smug little schemes,
They forgot one thing:
The play isn’t over by a long shot yet!

There are heroes in the world,
Princes and heroes in the world,
And one of them will save us!
Wait and see!
Wait and see!

There won't be trumpets or bolts of fire
To say he's coming,
No Roman candles, no angels' choir,
No sound of distant drumming.

He may not be the cavalier,
Tall and graceful, fair and strong.
Doesn't matter,
Just as long as he comes along!

But not with trumpets or lightning flashing
Or shining armor.
He may be daring, he may be dashing,
Or maybe he's a farmer.

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We can wait—what's another day?
He has lots of hills to climb.
And a hero doesn't come
Till the nick of time!

Don't look for trumpets or whistles tooting
To guarantee him.
There won't be trumpets, but sure as
shooting,
You'll know him when you see him!

Don't know when, don't know where,
And I can't even say that I care!
All I know is, the minute you turn
And he's suddenly there,
You won't need trumpets!
There are no trumpets!
Who needs trumpets?

“Anyone Can Whistle”

FAY:
Anyone can whistle,
That's what they say—
Easy.
Anyone can whistle,
Any old day—
Easy.

It's all so simple:
Relax, let go, let fly.
So someone tell me why
Can't I?

I can dance a tango,
I can read Greek—
Easy.
I can slay a dragon
Any old week—
Easy.

What's hard is simple,
What's natural comes hard.
Maybe you could show me
How to let go,
Lower my guard,
Learn to be free.
Maybe if you whistle,
Whistle for me.

“A Parade in Town”

GROUP A:
Hooray for Hapgood,
Hapgood can be trusted,
Friend of the well-adjusted
In Group A!

GROUP ONE
Hooray for Hapgood,
Play a part with Hapgood,
Miracles start with Hapgood,
Gladden your heart with Hapgood!

BOTH GROUPS:
Join the parade with Hapgood!
No one's afraid with Hapgood!
Follow your star with Hapgood!
Know who you are with Hapgood!
Throw in your lot for Hapgood!
Everyone's hot for Hapgood!

CORA:
Hi! . . . Hey! . . . Wait! . . . Voters . . .

I see flags, I hear bells,
There's a parade in town.
I see crowds, I hear yells,
There's a parade in town!

I hear drums in the air,
I see clowns in the square,
I see marchers marching,
Tossing hats at the sky.

Did you hear? Did you see?
Is a parade in town?
Are there drums without me?
Is a parade in town?

Well, they're out of stop, the flutes are
squeaky,
The banners are frayed.
Any parade in town without me
Must be a second-class parade!
So! . . . Ha! . . .

BOTH GROUPS:
Hapgood has no answers or suggestions,
Only a lot of questions,
We like questions!
What's the use of answers or suggestions?

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As long as we're told where to go,
There isn't a thing we need to know.

CORA:

Did you hear? Did you see?
Was a parade in town?
Were there drums without me?
Was a parade in town?
'Cause I'm dressed at last, at my best,
And my banners are high.
Tell me, while I was getting ready,
Did a parade go by?

"Everybody Says Don't"

HAPGOOD:

Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't, it isn't right,
Don't, it isn't nice!

Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't walk on the grass,
Don't disturb the peace,
Don't skate on the ice.

Well, I say
Do!
I say
Walk on the grass, it was meant to feel!
I say
Sail!
Tilt at the windmill,
And if you fail, you fail.

Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't,
Everybody says don't get out of line.
When they say that, then,
Lady, that's a sign:
Nine times out of ten,
Lady, you are doing just fine!

Make just a ripple.
Come on, be brave.
This time a ripple,
Next time a wave.
Sometimes you have to start small,
Climbing the tiniest wall,
Maybe you're going to fall,
But it's better than not starting at all!

Everybody says no,
Everybody says stop,
Everybody says mustn't rock the boat,
Mustn't touch a thing.

Everybody says don't,
Everybody says wait,
Everybody says can't fight City Hall,
Can't upset the cart,
Can't laugh at the King!

Well, I say
Try!
I say
Laugh at the kings or they'll make you cry.

Lose your
Poise.
Fall if you have to,
But, lady, make a noise!

Everybody says don't,
Everybody says can't,
Everybody says wait around for miracles,
That's the way the world is made.

I insist on miracles, if *you* do them!
Miracles—nothing to them!
I say don't—
Don't be afraid!

"I've Got You to Lean On"

CORA:

Whenever my world falls apart,
I never lose hope or lose heart,
Whatever the form
Of the storm
That may brew,
I've got you to lean on.

When everything's hopelessly gray,
You'll notice I'm youthfully gay!
There isn't a sing-
Le great thing
I can't do,
Not with you to lean on,
Darlings you!

With you to depend on, I'll never quit.
There isn't a murder I couldn't commit.
I feel like a love-

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Ly girl of
Twenty-two!
I've got you to lean on!

SCHUB & MAGRUDER:
I've got you to lean on!

COOLEY:
I've got you to lean on!

CORA:
Whenever my world turns to dust,
I've always got someone to trust.
Whatever the sort
Of support
That I need,
I've got you to lean on.

When everything's hollow and black,
I've always got you at my back

MEN:
No matter how hollow,
We'll follow
Your lead.
And with us to lean on,
You'll succeed.

CORA:
What comfort it is to have always known
That if they should catch me I won't go
alone.
I'll always give credit
Where credit
Is due.
I've got you to lean on!

MEN:
We've got you to lean on!

CORA:
I've got *you* to lean on!
Darlings, you!

“See What It Gets You”

FAY:
Take one step
And see what it gets you,
See what it gets you,

See what it gets you!
One step up and see how it gets you
Down.

Give yourself
If somebody lets you.
See what it gets you,
See what it gets you!
Give yourself and somebody lets you
Down.

Here's how to crawl,
Now run, lady!
Here's how to walk,
Now fly!
Here's how to feel—Have fun, lady,
And a fond goodbye!

Reach out your hand
And see what it gets you,
See what it gets you,
See what it gets you!
Trouble is, whatever it gets, you
Find
That once you see,
You can't stay blind.

What do I do now,
Now that my eyes are wide?
Well, when the world goes mad,
Then they've got to be shown,
And when the hero quits,
Then you're left on your own,
And when you want things done,
You have to do them yourself alone!
And if I'm not ready, and light-headed,
I can't stand here dumb/
So, ready or not, here, I hope, I come!

Anyone can whistle, that's what they say—
easy.

Anyone can whistle any old day—easy.
It's all so simple: relax, let go, let fly.
And someone tell me, why can't I?
Whistle at a dragon, down it'll fall—easy.
Whistle at a hero, trumpet and all—easy.
Just once I'll do it,
Just once before I die.

Lead me to the battle,
What does it take?
Over the top!

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Joan at the stake!
Anyone can whistle—

[FAY tries to whistle, but can't quite do it.]

Well, no one can say
I didn't try!

“With So Little To Be Sure Of”

HAPGOOD:
With so little to be sure of,
If there's anything at all,
If there's anything at all,
I'm sure of here and now and us together.

All I'll ever be I owe you,
If there's anything to be.
Being sure enough of you
Makes me sure enough of me.

Thanks for everything we did,
Everything that's past,
Everything that's over too fast.
None of it was wasted,
All of it will last,
Everything that's here and now and us
together!

It was marvelous to know you,
And it isn't really through.
Crazy business this, this life we live in—
Don't complain about the time we're given.
With so little to be sure of in this world,
We had a moment,
A marvelous moment . . .

FAY:
A marvelous moment.
A beautiful time.
I need you more than I can say.
I need you more than just today.
I guess I need you more than you need me,
And yet I'm happy.

All I'll ever be I owe you,
If there's anything to be.
Being sure enough of you
Made me sure enough of me.

HAPGOOD [simultaneously]:
The more I memorize your face
The more I never want to leave
Come with me, Fay.

FAY:
Thanks for everything we did,
Everything that's past
Everything that's over too fast.

HAPGOOD [simultaneously]:
There's more of love in me right now
Than all the little bits of love
I've known before.

BOTH:
None of it was wasted,
All of it will last,
Everything that's here and now and us
together!

It was marvelous to know you,
And it's never really through.
Crazy business this, this life we live in—
Can't complain about the time we're given!
With so little to be sure of in this world—

FAY:
Hold me
Hold me

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TELEVISION

Evening Primrose (1966)

“If You Can Find Me, I’m Here”

CHARLES:
Is it done?
Are they gone?
Am I alone?

I am alone.
It’s done.
They’re gone.
I am a genius.

Charles, you are an unadulterated genius,
You are an indisputably extraordinary—

What was that?
Not a thing—you’re a fool.
You are alone.
And it begins . . .

Careful, careful,
Mustn't get excited,
Mustn't overdo it.
Softly, tiptoe—
You'll get used to it in no time.

Look at it:
Beautiful!
What a place to live,
What a place to write!
I shall be inspired
I shall turn out elegies and sonnets,
Verses by the ton.
At last i have a home,
And nobody will know,
No one in the world,
Nobody will know I'm here.
I am free,
I am free!

Goodbye, my friends, and good riddance,
Pardon, while I disappear.
Come see me soon in my hideaway—
If you can find me, I'm here.

Farewell, you blood sucking landlords,
Pouring your threats in my ear.
Good luck forever to you and yours,
If you can find me, I'm here.

And I'll stay,
Cozily hiding by day.
During the day I'll resign,
Waiting till you go away.
But at nine,
Masters of all I survey,
Everything gets to be mine
To own,
Mine to use,
Mine to write all the poems I choose.
All alone, only me and my muse,
And forty pianos and ten thousand shoes!

Farewell, Neanderthal neighbors,
Swilling your pretzels and beer.
Fair-weather friends, will you miss me now?
If you can find me, I'm here.

Goodbye, despoilers of beauty,
Ruin another career.
When you wake up with one genius less—
If you can find me, I'm here.

And I'm free,
Free as a bird in a tree,
Free as the slippers I wear
(Free with a year's warranty).
Free as air,
All of these products and me.
All that I ask is a chair
That tilts,
Books to read,
Light refreshment before I proceed,
And a blazer or maybe a tweed,
The barest essentials a poet would need.

Live in your barbarous jungle,
Screaming for ways to get clear.
When all the screaming has died away,
Come and visit my hideaway.
I will be glad to provide a way,
If you can find me—
I'm here,
I am here.
I am here! . . .

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“I Remember”

ELLA:

I remember sky,
It was blue as ink.
Or at least I think
I remember sky.

I remember snow,
Soft as feathers,
Sharp as thumbtacks,
Coming down like lint,
And it made you squint
When the wind would blow.

And ice, like vinyl, on the streets,
Cold as silver, white as sheets.
Rain, like strings,
And changing things,
Like leaves.

I remember leaves,
Green as spearmint,
Crisp as paper.
I remember trees,
Bare as coat racks,
Spread like broken umbrellas . . .

And parks and bridges,
Ponds and zoos,
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes,
Light and noise
And bees and boys
And days.

I remember days,
Or at least I try.
But as years go by,
They're a sort of haze.
And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky,
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky.

“When?”

CHARLES:

Ella, look at me—
This way, Ella.
Ella, concentrate hard.
Ella, hear me

And turn before I deal another card.

ELLA:

No, don't look at me,
Don't look up, Charles.
If you look at me, then
I will look at you happily
And they will see how much I like you.

CHARLES:

When will I ever see you, Ella?
When will we meet?
When will we speak?
When will I once again touch your cheek?
When?

ELLA:

When will we meet?
I long to know, Charles.
How do you dance?
How do you smoke?
What is a party?
What is a joke?
But when? . . .

CHARLES:

I pass,
I pass, I pass the hours planning things to teach
you

ELLA:

I pass the hours planning ways to reach you.

BOTH: When? When? When?

CHARLES:

One heart.
One heart. one heart is beating wildly,
Can she hear it?

ELLA:

One heart is beating wildly,
Charles is near it.
When?

CHARLES:

When will we be alone together
When will we meet?

BOTH:

When will we be alone together?
When will we meet?

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When can we speak?
When can I once again touch your cheek?
When can I once again touch your cheek?
When? . . .

CHARLES [writing a poem]:
“Ella, gay as a tarantella . . .”
“Pure as larks singing a cappella . . .”
“Let my poem be your umbrella . . .”
Ella, poets who suffer pain
Should fall in love with girls named Jane,
Not Ella.

ELLA:
When will we meet?
I long to know.
What songs do you like?
Where are you from?
Have you been married?
Why did you come?
When?

CHARLES:
When, Ella, when?
I long to teach
Your eyes how to read,
Hands how to write,
Lips how to spell,
But night after night—
When?

I see you scouring and mending,
Pale and dreamy,
Bending and pretending
Not to see me.
When? When? When?

ELLA:
I see you smile at me in Notions
While I'm cooking.
Cover your emotions—
Charles, they're looking!
When?

BOTH:
When will we ever be together?
When is the time?
Where is the place?
When can I once again touch your face?
When? When? When? When? When? When?

ELLA:
When will we meet?
I long to know.
What songs do you like?
Where are you from?
Charles, am I ugly?
Charles, am I dumb?
Charles, do you like me?
Charles, could you love me?
Charles . . .

CHARLES:
“Harkins absent,
The daylight darkens . . .”
Ella what kind of coward am I?
This I will not allow!

Ella, what if they do their worst?
I'll see you first.
We'll be together!

Now Ella, now girl,
I shall show
Your hands how to touch,
Eyes how to glow,
Lips how to kiss.
I've so much to show!
Then you will blossom,
Then you will grow,
And then—!
Then—!

“Take Me to the World”

ELLA:
Let me see the world
With clouds,
Take me to the world.
Out where I can push
Through crowds—
Take me to the world.

A world that smiles,
With streets instead of aisles,
Where I can walk for miles
With you.

Take me to the world
That's real,
Show me how it's done.
Teach me how to laugh,
To feel,

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Move me to the sun.

Just hold my hand
Whenever we arrive,
Take me to a world
Where I can be alive.

CHARLES: [spoken] The world is better here.
I know. I've seen them both.

ELLA:
Let me see the world
That smiles,
Take me to the world.
Somewhere I can walk
For miles,
Take me to the world.

With all around,
Things growing in the ground,
Where birds that make a sound
Are birds.

Let me see the world
That's real.

CHARLES: I have seen the world.

ELLA: Show me how it's done.

CHARLES: —And it's mean and ugly.

ELLA:
Teach me how to laugh,
To feel.

CHARLES: We could laugh together here.

ELLA: Move me to the sun.

CHARLES: Stay here with me.

ELLA:	CHARLES
Just hold—	Stay here.
—My hand—	I love you, Ella
—Whenever we arrive.	But we're happy here!
Let it be a world—	Stay with me.
—With you.	
Any other world—	Stay with me.
—Will do.	

ELLA:
Take me to a world
Where I can be alive.

CHARLES:
Do you want the world?
Well then,
You shall have the world.
Ask me for the world
Again,
You shall have the world!

A world of skies
That's bursting with surprise,
To open up your eyes
For joy.

BOTH:
We shall see the world
Come true,
We shall have the world.
I won't be afraid
With you—
We shall have the world!

You'll hold my hand
And know you're not alone.

CHARLES:
You shall have the world
To keep,
Such a lovely world
You'll weep.
We shall have the world
Forever
For our own!