Musical Theater 8



Lyrics and descriptions of Musicals from the 1970’s and 1980’s

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Purlie (1970) (gospel music, story deals with racism) live TV broadcast

**Music- Gary Geld**

**Lyrics- Peter Udell**

Adapted from the 1961 play Purlie Victorious, it is the story of the efforts of a self-styled, new-fangled preacher man to buy the Big Bethel Church in a rural Georgia town. This puts Purlie in confrontation with the bigoted plantation owner, Cap’n Cotchipee who also wants the church. Eventually, the Cap’n is outsmarted and Purlie emerges victorious with both his church and his new wife Lutiebelle.

**Walk Him Up the Stairs**

**Part 1:**

Walk him up the stairs {repeated many times}

**Part 2:**

Walk him up the stairs {repeated many times}

Help him out the door

Don’t let a drownin’ sinner go under

Walk him up the stairs

Scare the devil, Lord, shake your thunder,

Walk him up the stairs

Save him from the fire, Lord,

Help him out the door.

Walk him up the stairs.

Push him up the hill.

Walk him up to those pearly gates…

Walk him up the stairs.

\*This is a good example of emotional singing.

**Company (1970)** (concept musical, plot goes out of chronological order, told from many perspectives) **Music & Lyrics – Stephen Sondheim**

Company is a **concept musical** – based on a concept, not a linear story; built around 1 particular theme. Actually it is a combination of 5 separate stories that talk about marriage. The main character is a bachelor – Robert – who influences, and is influenced by, his “good and crazy” married friends. The show takes place on his 35th birthday when he is trying to decide whether or not to get married.

**Ladies Who Lunch**

Here's to the ladies who lunch--
Everybody laugh.
Lounging in their caftans
And planning a brunch
On their own behalf.
Off to the gym,
Then to a fitting,
Claiming they're fat.
And looking grim,
'Cause they've been sitting
Choosing a hat.
Does anyone still wear a hat?
I'll drink to that.

And here's to the girls who play smart--
Aren't they a gas?
Rushing to their classes
In optical art,
Wishing it would pass.
Another long exhausting day,
Another thousand dollars,
A matinee, a Pinter play,
Perhaps a piece of Mahler's.
I'll drink to that.
And one for Mahler!

And here's to the girls who play wife--
Aren't they too much?
Keeping house but clutching
A copy of LIFE,
Just to keep in touch.
The ones who follow the rules,
And meet themselves at the schools,
Too busy to know that they're fools.
Aren't they a gem?
I'll drink to them!
Let's all drink to them!

And here's to the girls who just watch--
Aren't they the best?
When they get depressed,
It's a bottle of Scotch,
Plus a little jest.
Another chance to disapprove,
Another brilliant zinger,
Another reason not to move,
Another vodka stinger.
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!
I'll drink to that.

So here's to the girls on the go--
Everybody tries.
Look into their eyes,
And you'll see what they know:
Everybody dies.
A toast to that invincible bunch,
The dinosaurs surviving the crunch.
Let's hear it for the ladies who lunch--
Everybody rise!
Rise!
Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise!
Rise!

**Jesus Christ Superstar (1971)** (rock *opera*-completely sung, no spoken dialogue) -1973 movie

**Music – Andrew Lloyd Webber**

**Lyrics – Tim Rice**

First it was a pop hit called Superstar. Then it was expanded into a full score. Eventually it was turned into a full rock opera that retold the last 7 days of Christ’s life on earth. Though not a hit when it was premiered in England, it was an instant success in the United States. The movie was released in 1973.

**This Jesus Must Die**

PRIEST ONE

Good Caiaphas, the council waits for you.
The Pharisees and priests are here for you.

CAIAPHAS

Ah gentlemen, you know why we are here.
We've not much time, and quite a problem here

MOB (outside)

Hosanna! Superstar!
Hosanna! Superstar!
Hosanna! Superstar!
Hosanna! Superstar!

ANNAS

Listen to that howling mob of blockheads in the street!
A trick or two with lepers, and the whole town's on its feet.

ALL (inside)

He is dangerous!

MOB (outside)

Jesus Christ Superstar!

ALL (inside)

He is dangerous!

MOB (outside)

Tell us that you're who they say you are.

PRIEST TWO

The man is in town right now to whip up some support.

PRIEST THREE

A rabble rousing mission that I think we must abort.

ALL (inside)

He is dangerous!

MOB (outside)

Jesus Christ Superstar!

ALL (inside)

He is dangerous!

PRIEST TWO

Look Caiaphas, they're right outside our yard.

PRIEST THREE

Quick Caiaphas, go call the Roman guard.

CAIAPHAS

No, wait!
We need a more permanent solution to our problem.

ANNAS

What then to do about Jesus of Nazareth?
Miracle wonderman, hero of fools.

PRIEST THREE

No riots, no army, no fighting, no slogans.

CAIAPHAS

One thing I'll say for him -- Jesus is cool.

ANNAS

We dare not leave him to his own devices.
His half-witted fans will get out of control.

PRIESTS

But how can we stop him?
His glamour increases
By leaps every minute; he's top of the poll.

CAIAPHAS

I see bad things arising.
The crowd crown him king; which the Romans would ban.
I see blood and destruction,
Our elimination because of one man.
Blood and destruction because of one man.

ALL (inside)

Because, because, because of one man.

CAIAPHAS

Our elimination because of one man.

ALL (inside)

Because, because, because of one, 'cause of one, 'cause of one man.

PRIEST THREE

What then to do about this Jesus-mania?

ANNAS

Now how to we deal with a carpenter king?

PRIESTS

Where do we start with a man who is bigger
Than John was when John did his baptism thing?

CAIAPHAS

Fools, you have no perception!
The stakes we are gambling are frighteningly high!
We must crush him completely,
So like John before him, this Jesus must die.
For the sake of the nation, this Jesus must die.

ALL (inside)

Must die, must die, this Jesus must die.

CAIAPHAS

So like John before him, this Jesus must die.

ALL (inside)

Must die, must die, this Jesus must, Jesus must, Jesus must die! (next song begins with no pause or dialogue)

**Hosanna**

CROWD

Hosanna
Hey Sanna Sanna Sanna Hosanna
Hey Sanna Hosanna
Hey JC, JC won't you smile at me?
Sanna Hosanna
Hey Superstar

CAIAPHAS

Tell the rabble to be quiet, we anticipate a riot.
This common crowd, is much too loud.
Tell the mob who sing your song that they are fools and they are wrong.
They are a curse. They should disperse.

CROWD

Hosanna
Hey Sanna Sanna Sanna Hosanna
Hey Sanna Hosanna
Hey JC, JC you're alright by me
Sanna Hosanna
Hey Superstar

JESUS

Why waste your breath moaning at the crowd?
Nothing can be done to stop the shouting.
If every tongue were stilled The noise would still continue.

The rocks and stone themselves would start to sing:

CROWD AND JESUS

Hosanna
Hey Sanna Sanna Sanna Hosanna
Hey Sanna Hosanna

CROWD (alone)

Hey JC, JC won't you fight for me?
Sanna Hosanna Hey Superstar

JESUS

Sing me your songs,
But not for me alone.
Sing out for yourselves,
For you are bless-ed.
There is not one of you
Who can not win the kingdom.
The slow, the suffering,
The quick, the dead.

CROWD and JESUS

Hosanna
Hey Sanna Sanna Sanna Hosanna
Hey Sanna Hosanna

CROWD (alone)

Hey JC, JC won't you die for me?
Sanna Hosanna Hey Superstar

**Godspell (1971)** (rock musical) -this performance is a medley of songs from the show’s *revival*

**Music and Lyrics by Stephen Schwartz**

This is a simple show with a cast of 10 actors and 4 musicians. It attempts to revitalize people’s interest in religion. Based on the Gospel of Matthew, this is a jubilant rock musical in a carnival setting. Jesus (in a Superman shirt) and his disciples are dressed in clown costumes. This musical seems to be saying that a clown’s gentle humor and simplicity are closer to the real Jesus than many religions today.

**Day by Day**

Day by day
Day by day
Oh Dear Lord
Three things I pray
To see thee more clearly
Love thee more dearly
Follow thee more nearly
Day by day

Day by day
Day by day
Oh Dear Lord
Three things I pray
To see thee more clearly
Love thee more dearly
Follow thee more nearly
Day by day

**You are the Light of the World**

You are the light of the world!
You are the light of the world!
But if that light is under a bushel,
You’ve lost something kind of crucial
You've got to stay bright to be the light of the world

You are the salt of the earth
You are the salt of the earth
But if that salt has lost its’ flavor
It ain't got much in its favor
You can't have that fault and be the salt of the earth!
(chorus)
So let your light so shine before men
Let your light so shine
So that they might know some kindness again
We all need help to feel fine (let's have some wine!)

You are the city of God
You are the city of God
But if that city's on a hill
It's kinda hard to hide it well
You've got to stay pretty in the city of God
(chorus)
So let your light so shine before men
Let your light so shine
So that they might know some kindness again
We all need help to feel fine (let's have some wine!)

You are the light of the world
You are the light of the world
But the tallest candlestick
Ain't much good without a wick
You've got to live right to be the light of the world

**Grease (1972)** (rock n’ roll musical) from the 1978 movie

**Music &Lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey**

A surprise runaway hit, Grease takes a nostalgic, somewhat satirical look at the dress, manners, morals, and music of the teenagers of the 1950’s. Set in the fictitious Rydell High School in Chicago, it is chiefly concerned with the attraction between greaser Danny Zuko and prim and proper Sandy Dumbrowski. Mocking individuality and championing conformity, the musical hit a responsive chord in youthful audiences that could identify with teenagers having little on their minds except hanging out and making out. The movie was made in 1978 starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton – John.

**Summer Nights**

Summer lovin' had me a blast
Summer lovin', happened so fast
I met a girl crazy for me
I met a boy, cute as can be

Summer days driftin' away,
To uh-oh those summer nights
Tell me more, tell me more,
Did you get very far?
Tell me more, tell me more,
Like, does he have a car?

She swam by me, she got a cramp
He went by me, got my suit damp
I saved her life, she nearly drowned
He showed off, splashing around
Summer sun, something's begun,
But uh-oh those summer nights

Tell me more, tell me more,
Was it love at first sight?
Tell me more, tell me more,
Did she put up a fight?
Took her bowlin' in the Arcade
We went strollin', drank lemonade
We made out under the dock
we stayed up until ten o'clock

Summer fling don't mean a thing,
But uh-oh those summer nights
Tell me more, tell me more,
But you don't gotta brag
Tell me more, tell me more,
Cause he sounds like a drag

He got friendly, holdin' my hand
Well she got friendly, down in the sand
He was sweet, just turned eighteen
Well she was good, you know what I mean

Summer heat, boy and girl meet,
But uh-oh those summer nights
Tell me more, tell me more,
How much dough did he spend?
Tell me more, tell me more,
Could she get me a friend?

It turned colder, that's where it ends
So I told her we'd still be friends
Then we made our true love vow
Wonder what she's doin' now

Summer dreams ripped at the seams,
But oh, those summer nights

**A Chorus Line (1975)** (concept musical, heavy dance emphasis) –

**Music - Marvin Hamlisch**

**Lyrics- Edward Kleban**

**Conception, Choreography and directed by – Michael Bennett**

This **concept musical** deals with the hopes, fears, frustrations, and insecurities of a group of dancers who are trying out for a part in the chorus line of a Broadway musical. Since these are emotions we all feel, the show manages to create a strong bond with its audience. It has become the longest running production ever staged on Broadway. It won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1975.

 The idea for the show originated in 1974 when director/choreographer Michael Bennett invited 24 dancers to talk about themselves and their careers. Out of these rap sessions came the idea for the show.

**I Hope I Get It- (from the 1975 TONY awards show)**

[ZACH]
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch...Again!
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch...Again!
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch...Again!
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch...Right!
That connects with...
Turn, turn, out, in, jump, step,
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch.
Got it?... Going on. And...
Turn, turn, touch, down, back, step,
Pivot, step, walk, walk, walk.

Right! Let's do the whole combination,
Facing away from the mirror.
From the top. A-Five, six, seven, eight!

{dialogue and ballet sequence}

[ALL]
God, I really blew it!
I really blew it!
How could I do a thing like that?

Now I'll never make it!
I'll never make it!
He doesn't like the way I look.
He doesn't like the way I dance.
He doesn't like the way I...

{dance sequence/dialogue}

[ALL]

I really need this job.
Please God, I need this job.
I've got to get this job.

{dialogue - elimination of auditionees}

[ALL]
GOD, I think I've got it.
I think I've got it.
I knew he liked me all the time.
Still it isn't over.

[MAGGIE]
What's coming next?

[ALL]
It isn't over.

[MIKE]
What happens now?

[ALL]
I can't imagine what he wants.

[GIRLS]
I can't imagine what he...

[ALL]
God, I hope I get it!
I hope I get it.
I've come this far, but even so
It could be yes, it could be no,
How many people does he...?

I really need this job.

[A FEW VOICES]
My unemployment is gone.

[ALL]
Please, God, I need this job.

[A FEW VOICES]
I knew I had it from the start.

[ALL]
I've got to get this show

**One (from the 1985 movie)**

[All]
One singular sensation
Every little step he takes.
One thrilling combination
Every move that he makes.
One smile and suddenly nobody else will do;
You know you'll never be lonely with you know who.

[Girls]
She's un-
Commonly rare, very unique,
Peripatetic, poetic and chic.
She walks into a room
And you know from her
Maddening pose, effortless whirl,
She's the special girl.

[Boys]
Stroll-ing,
Can't, help,
All of her qualities extol-ling.

[All]

Loaded with charisma is my
Jauntily sauntering, ambling shambler.

*[Boys & Girls parts simultaneously]*
[Boys]
One singular sensation
Every little step she takes.
One thrilling combination
Every move that she makes.
One smile and suddenly nobody else will do;
You know you'll never be lonely with you know who.

One moment in her presence
And you can forget the rest.
For the girl is second best
To none,
Son.
Ooooh! Sigh! Give her your attention.
Do...I...really have to mention?
She's the One?

[Girls]
She walks into a room
And you know from her
Maddening pose, effortless whirl,
She's the special girl.
Stroll-ing,
Can't, help,
All of her qualities extol-ling.
Loaded with charisma is my
Jauntily sauntering, ambling shambler.
She walks into a room
And you know you must
Shuffle along, join the parade.
She's the quintessence of making the grade.
This is whatcha call
Trav-ling.
Oh, strut your stuff!
Can't get enough
Of her.
Love her.
I'm a son of a gun,
She is one of a
Kind...
[All]
One singular sensation
Every little step she takes.
One thrilling combination
Every move that she makes.
One smile and suddenly nobody else will do;
You know you'll never be lonely with you know who.
One moment in her presence
And you can forget the rest.
For the girl is second best
To none,
Son.
Ooooh! Sigh! Give her your attention.
Do...I...really have to mention?
She's the...
She's the...
She's the...
One!

**The Wiz (1975)** (soul and disco music) **(from the 1978 movie)**

**Music & Lyrics- Charles Smalls, with Timothy Graphenreed, Harold Wheeler, George Faison, Luther Vandross and Zachary Walzer**

The Wiz was one of the most successful black musicals of the decade. This all black cast did a black, up-to-date version of the familiar children’s story The Wizard Of Oz. The show features **soul** and **disco** music. The Wiz won 7 Tony Awards.

**Ease On Down The Road**

Come on and
Ease on down, ease on down the Road!
Come on, ease on down
Ease on down the road
Don't you carry nothing
That might be a load
Come on, ease on down...ease on down – down the road!

Pick your left foot up
When your right one's down,
Come on legs keep movin'
Don't you lose no ground
You just keep on keepin'
On the road that you choose;
Don't you give up walkin'
'Cause you gave up shoes...

Ease on down, ease on down the road
Come on, ease on down
Ease on down the road
Don't you carry nothing
That might be a load,
Come on...
Ease on down,
Ease on down - down the

Don't you carry nothing
That might be a load
Come on, ease on down...ease on down – down the road!

Ease...On...Down the road
Ease...On...Down the road
Ease on down, ease on down the road!

**Don’t Nobody Bring Me No Bad News**

When I wake up in the afternoon
Which it pleases me to do
Don't nobody bring me no bad news
'Cause I wake up already negative
And I've wired up my fuse
So don't nobody bring me no bad news

If we're going to be buddies
Better bone up on the rules
'Cause don't nobody bring me no bad news
You can be my best of friends
As opposed to payin' dues
But don't nobody bring me no bad news

No bad news
No bad news
Don't you ever bring me no bad news
'Cause I'll make you an offer, child
That you cannot refuse
So don't nobody bring me no bad news

When you're talking to me
Don't be cryin' the blues
'Cause don't nobody bring me no bad news
You can verbalize and vocalize
But just bring me the clues
But don't nobody bring me no bad news

Bring some message in your head
Or in something you can't lose
But don't you ever bring me no bad news
If you're gonna bring me something
Bring me, something I can use
But don't you bring me no bad news

No bad news
No bad news
Now don’t you bring me no bad news
'Cause I'll make you an offer, child
That you cannot refuse
So don't you bring me no bad news

**Annie (1977) (“traditional” musical) from the 1999 TV movie version**

**Music by Charles Strouss**

**Lyrics by Martin Charnin**

Set during the depression years (1930’s), Annie stands for decency, courage, and optimism. Based on Harold Gray’s “Little Orphan Annie” comic strip, Annie - and her dog Sandy - are rescued from the Municipal Orphanage (run by the mean-spirited Agatha Hannigan) by the billionaire Oliver Warbucks. He becomes so fond of Annie that he adopts her. Miss Hannigan tries to block the adoption, but Daddy Warbucks appeals to his friend President Roosevelt, and everything turns out fine!

**It’s A Hard Knock Life**

[ORPHANS]
It's the hard-knock life for us!
It's the hard-knock life for us!

[ANNIE]
'Steada treated,

[ORPHANS]
We get tricked!

[ANNIE]
'Steada kisses,

[ORPHANS]
We get kicked!

[ALL]
It's the hard-knock life!
Got no folks to speak of, so,
It's the hard-knock row we hoe!

[ANNIE]
Cotton blankets,

[ORPHANS]
'Steada of wool!

[ANNIE]
Empty Bellies

[ORPHANS]
'Steada of full!

[ALL]
It's the hard-knock life!

[ANNIE]
Don't it feel like the wind is always howl'n?

[KATE AND TESSIE]
Don't it seem like there's never any light!

[DUFFY AND JULY]
Once a day, don't you wanna throw the towel in?

[MOLLY AND PEPPER]
It's easier than puttin' up a fight.

[ANNIE]
No one's there when your dreams at night get creepy!
No one cares if you grow...or if you shrink!
No one dries when your eyes get wet an' weepy!

[ALL]
From all the cryin' you would think this place's a sink!
Ohhhh!!!!!!!
Empty belly life!
Rotten smelly life!
Full of sorrow life!
No tomorrow life!

[MOLLY]
Santa Claus we never see

[ANNIE]
Santa Claus, what's that?
Who's he?

[ALL]
No one cares for you a smidge
When you're in an orphanage!

[MOLLY]
You're gonna clean this dump till it shines
like the top of the Chrysler Building.

[ORPHANS]
Yank the whiskers from her chin
Jab her with a safety Pin
Make her drink a mickey finn
I love you, Miss Hannigan

[MOLLY]
Get to work! Now!
Strip them beds!
 I said get to work!

[ALL]
It's the hard-knock life for us
It's the hard-knock life for us
No one cares for you a smidge
When you’re in an orphanage
It's the hard-knock life
It's the hard-knock life
It's the hard-knock life!

**Tomorrow**

[ANNIE]
The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
Bet your bottom dollar
That tomorrow
There'll be sun!

Just thinkin' about
Tomorrow
Clears away the cobwebs,
And the sorrow
'Til there's none!

When I'm stuck with a day
That's gray,
And lonely,
I just stick out my chin
And grin,
And say,
Oh!

The sun'll come out
Tomorrow
So ya gotta hang on
'Til tomorrow
Come what may
Tomorrow! Tomorrow!
I love ya Tomorrow!
You're always
A day
Away!

**Sweeney Todd (1979) (musical drama, not *operatic* but almost entirely sung)**

**Music and Lyrics – Stephen Sondheim**

**Director – Harold Prince**

Sweeney Todd is easily the most grisly musical ever presented on Broadway. It makes a bold, even audience-intimidating attack on the cannibalizing effects of the Industrial Revolution on London. Sweeney Todd is the tale of a half-mad barber who returns home after escaping from an unjust imprisonment to take vengeance on the judge who sentenced him, and destroyed his wife and child. But Sweeney doesn’t limit himself to one victim; he turns his rage against everyone in London by systematically slitting the throats of his customers, whose corpses are then made into meat pies by Todd’s enterprising accomplice, Mrs. Lovett. At the end, of course, all the bad ones are properly and gruesomely punished.

**The Ballad of Sweeney Todd**

Attend the tale of Sweeny Todd.
His skin was pale and his eye was odd.
He shaved the faces of gentlemen
Who never thereafter were heard of again.
He trod a path that few have trod,
Did Sweeny Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

He kept a shop in London Town
Of fancy clients and good renown.
And what if none of their souls were saved?
They went to their
Maker impeccably shaved by Sweeny,
By Sweeny Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

Swing your razor wide, Sweeny,
Hold it to the skies!
Freely flows the blood of those who moralize.

His need were few, his room was bare:
a lavabo and a fancy chair,
A mug of suds and a leather strop,
An apron, a towel, a pail and a mop.
For neatness, he deserves a nod.
Does Sweeny Todd,, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street.

Inconspicuous Sweeny was,
Quick and quiet and clean 'e was.
Back of his smile, under his word,
Sweeny heard music that nobody heard.
Sweeny pondered and Sweeny planned,
Like a perfect machine 'e planned
Sweeny was smooth, Sweeny was subtle,
Sweeny would blink and rats would scuttle.
Sweeny! Sweeny! Sweeny! Sweeny!
Sweeny!

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd
He served a dark and a vengeful god
What happened then, well that's the play,
And he wouldn't want us to give it away. Not Sweeney,
Not Sweeney Todd, The demon barber of Fleet Street.

**A Little Priest**

MRS. LOVETT:
Seems a downright shame...
TODD: Shame?
LOVETT:
Seems an awful waste...
Such a nice, plump frame
Wot's 'is name has...
Had...
Has!
Nor it can't be traced...
Bus'ness needs a lift,
Debts to be erased...
Think of it as thrift,
As a gift,
If you get my drift!

No?

Seems an awful waste...
I mean, with the price of meat
What it is,
When you get it,
If you get it...

TODD: HAH!
LOVETT:
Good, you got it!

Take, for instance, Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop!
Bus'ness never better using only pussycats and toast!
And a pussy's good for maybe six or seven at the most!
And I'm sure they can't compare as far as taste!

[Simultaneously]

TODD:
Mrs. Lovett, what a charming notion
LOVETT:
Well, it does seem a waste...

TODD:
Eminently practical
And yet appropriate as always!
LOVETT:
It's an idea...

TODD:
Mrs. Lovett, how I've lived
Without you all these years, I'll never know!
How delectable!
Also undetectable!
LOVETT:
Think about it!
Lots of other gentlemen'll
Soon be comin' for a shave,
Won't they?
Think of
All them
Pies!

TODD:
How choice!

How rare!
TODD:
For what's the sound of the world out there?
LOVETT:
What, Mr. Todd?
What, Mr. Todd?
What is that sound?
TODD:
Those crunching noises pervading the air!
LOVETT:
Yes, Mr. Todd!
Yes, Mr. Todd!
Yes, all around!
TODD:
It's man devouring man, my dear!
BOTH:
And [LOVETT: Then] who are we to deny it in here?

TODD: (spoken) These are desperate times,
Mrs. Lovett, and desperate measures are called for!
LOVETT: Here we are, dear! Hot out of the oven!
TODD: What is that?

LOVETT:
It's priest. Have a little priest.
TODD:
Is it really good?
LOVETT:
Sir, it's too good, at least!
Then again, they don't commit sins of the flesh,
So it's pretty fresh.
TODD:
Awful lot of fat.
LOVETT:
Only where it sat.
TODD:
Haven't you got poet, or something like that?
LOVETT:
No, y'see, the trouble with poet is
'Ow do you know it's deceased?
Try the priest!

TODD: (spoken) Heavenly!
Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps,
but then again, not as bland as curate, either!

LOVETT:
And good for business, too -- always leaves you wantin' more!
Trouble is, we only get it on Sundays!

Lawyer's rather nice.
TODD:
If it's for a price.
LOVETT:
Order something else, though, to follow,
Since no one should swallow it twice!
TODD:
Anything that's lean.
LOVETT:
Well, then, if you're British and loyal,
You might enjoy Royal Marine!
Anyway, it's clean.
Though of course, it tastes of wherever it's been!
TODD:
Is that squire,
On the fire?
LOVETT:
Mercy no, sir, look closer,
You'll notice it's grocer!
TODD:
Looks thicker,
More like vicar!
LOVETT:
No, it has to be grocer --
It's green!

TODD:
The history of the world, my love --
LOVETT:
Save a lot of graves,
Do a lot of relatives favors!
TODD:
Is those below serving those up above!
LOVETT:
Ev'rybody shaves,
So there should be plenty of flavors!
TODD:
How gratifying for once to know
BOTH:
That those above will serve those down below!

LOVETT: (spoken) Now let's see, here... We've got tinker.
TODD: Something... pinker.
LOVETT: Tailor?
TODD: Paler.
LOVETT: Butler?
TODD: Subtler.
LOVETT: Potter?
TODD: Hotter.
LOVETT: Locksmith?

Lovely bit of clerk.
TODD:
Maybe for a lark.
LOVETT:
Then again there's sweep
If you want it cheap
And you like it dark!
Try the financier,
Peak of his career!
TODD:
That looks pretty rank.
LOVETT:
Well, he drank,
It's a bank cashier.
Never really sold.
Maybe it was old.
TODD:
Have you any Beadle?
LOVETT:
Next week, so I'm told!
Beadle isn't bad till you smell it and
Notice 'ow well it's been greased...
Stick to priest!

(spoken) Now then, this might be a little bit stringy,
but then of course it's... fiddle player!
TODD: No, this isn't fiddle player -- it's piccolo player!
LOVETT: 'Ow can you tell?
TODD: It's piping hot!
LOVETT: Then blow on it first!

TODD:
The history of the world, my sweet --
LOVETT:
Oh, Mr. Todd,
Ooh, Mr. Todd,
What does it tell?
TODD:
Is who gets eaten, and who gets to eat!
LOVETT:
And, Mr. Todd,
Too, Mr. Todd,
Who gets to sell!
TODD:
But fortunately, it's also clear
BOTH:
That ev'rybody goes down well with beer!

LOVETT: (spoken)
Since marine doesn't appeal to you, 'ow about... rear admiral?
TODD: Too salty. I prefer general.
LOVETT: With, or without his privates? "With" is extra.

TODD: What is that?
LOVETT:
It's fop.
Finest in the shop.
And we have some shepherd's pie peppered
With actual shepherd on top!
And I've just begun --
Here's the politician, so oily
It's served with a doily,
Have one!
TODD:
Put it on a bun.
Well, you never know if it's going to run!
LOVETT:
Try the friar,
Fried, it's drier!
TODD:
No, the clergy is really
Too coarse and too mealy!
LOVETT:
Then actor,
That's compacter!
TODD:
Yes, and always arrives overdone!
I'll come again when you have JUDGE on the menu!

LOVETT: (spoken) Wait! True, we don't have judge yet,
butwould you be interested in the next best thing?
TODD: What's that?
LOVETT: Executioner!

TODD:
Have charity towards the world, my pet!
LOVETT:
Yes, yes, I know, my love!
TODD:
We'll take the customers that we can get!
LOVETT:
High-born and low, my love!
TODD:
We'll not discriminate great from small!
No, we'll serve anyone,
Meaning anyone,
BOTH:
And to anyone
At all!

**Evita (1979) (musical drama, not *operatic* but almost entirely sung) from the 1996 movie**

**Music – Andrew Lloyd Webber**

**Lyrics – Tim Rice**

**Director – Harold Prince**

Based on the events in the life of Argentina’s notorious Eva Peron, the musical begins in 1934 when Eva is 15, takes her from her home town to Buenos Aires where she be becomes a model, film actress, and the wife of General Juan Peron. When he is elected President, Eva becomes the most powerful woman in Argentina. Though she does very little to help the plight of her people, she is regarded as a saint when she dies of cancer at the age of 33. The story is told entirely through song and dance. There is no spoken dialogue.

**Don’t Cry For Me Argentina**

It won't be easy, you'll think it strange
When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love after all that I've done
You won't believe me, all you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you

I had to let it happen, I had to change
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel
Looking out of the window, staying out of the sun
So I chose freedom, running around trying everything new
But nothing impressed me at all
I never expected it to

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise, don't keep your distance

And as for fortune, and as for fame
I never invited them in
Though it seemed to the world they were all I desired
They are illusions, they're not the solutions they promised to be
The answer was here all the time
I love you, and hope you love me

Don't cry for me, Argentina

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise, don't keep your distance

Have I said too much?
There's nothing more I can think of to say to you.
But all you have to do is look at me to know that every word is true.

**Little Shop of Horrors (1982) (rock n’ roll style musical) from the 1986 movie**

**Music by Alan Menken**

**Lyrics by Howard Ashman**

A campy musical about a man-eating Venus Fly Trap with many people dead by the end, would seem to be risky. But this unusual musical has gained much popularity. The musical is set in a flower shop inconveniently located on Skid Row, where meek Seymour Krelbourn breeds a tiny plant that he names Audrey II out of love for a salesgirl, Audrey. Since the mysterious plant needs blood to live, Seymour feeds it in return for riches. Soon this unlikely “Sweeney Todd” has found a way to do in anyone he wants, and when last seen, the monstrous mutant is about to devour the audience.

**Little Shop of Horrors**

On the twenty-third day of the month of September
in an early year of a decade not too long before our own,
the human race suddenly encountered a deadly
threat to its very existence.
And this terrifying enemy surfaced,
as such enemies often do,
in the seemingly most innocent and unlikely of places.

[CRYSTAL, RONETTE, CHIFFON]
Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
Little shop, little shoppa terror.
Call a cop. Little shoppa horrors.
No, oh, oh, no-oh!

Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
Bop sh'bop, little shoppa terror.
Watch 'em drop! Little shoppa horrors.
No, oh, oh, no-oh!

Shing-a-ling, what a creepy thing
to be happening!
Shang-a-lang, feel the sturm
and drang in the air.

Sha-la-la, stop right where you are.
Don't you move a thing.
You better (tellin' you, you better)
Tell your mama somethin's gonna
get her
She better (ev'rybody better)
Beware!
Oo, here it comes, baby.

Tell the world, baby. Oh, oh, no!

Oo, hit the dirt, baby.

Hit the dirt, baby. Oh, oh, no! Oh, oh, no!

Alley-oop, Hurry off to school child,

I'm warnin' you. (Look out, look out, look out, look out!)

Run away! Child you gonna pay if you stay, yeah! (Yeah, yeah, yeah.)

 Look around, Somethin's comin' down, down the steet for you!
You betcha, You betcha, You betcha but, you betcha.

 Best believe it, Somethin's come to get ya. You betcha,

 You better watch your back in this town...

Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
Bop sh-bop, you'll never stop
the terror.
Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
No, oh, oh, no, oh, oh, no, oh, oh, no!

**Feed Me Seymour (Get It)**

[AUDREY II]
Feed me! Feed me! Feed me!
Feed me, Seymour
Feed me all night long
That's right, boy
You can do it
Feed me, Seymour
Feed me all night long
'Cause if you feed me, Seymour
I can grow up big and strong

{dialogue}

Would you like a Cadillac car?
Or a guest shot on Jack Paar?
How about a date with Hedy Lamarr?
You gonna git it.

Would you like to be a big wheel,
Dinin' out for every meal?
I'm the plant that can make it all real
You gonna git it

I'm your genie, I'm your friend
I'm your willing slave
Take a chance, just feed me and
You know the kinda eats,
The kinda red hot treats
The kinda sticky licky sweets
I crave

Come on, Seymour, don't be a putz
Trust me and your life will surely rival King Tut's
Show a little 'nitiative, work up the guts
And you'll git it

[SEYMOUR]
I don't know. I don't know
I have so, so many strong reservations
Should I go and perform mutilations?

{dialogue}

[AUDREY II]
Think about a room at the Ritz
Wrapped in velvet, covered in glitz
A little nookie gonna clean up your zits
And you'll git it

[SEYMOUR]
Gee I'd like a Harley machine,
Toolin' around like I was James Dean,
Makin' all the guys on the corner turn green

[AUDREY II]
So go git it
If you wanna be profound
And you really gotta justify
Take a breath and look around
A lot of folks deserve to die

{dialogue

**Cats (1982) (concept musical in a variety of styles) from a live awards show**

**Music - Andrew Lloyd Webber**

**Based the book “Old Possum’s Book of Practical Cats” by T. S. Elliot**

Cats opened in London in 1981 and ran for 20 years on Broadway. A dance musical, Cats has little plot to speak of; what it does have is a great score (music), a fantastic set (a cat’s-eye view of a garbage dump), and a cast of brilliant dancers/actors who leap and sing like nobody’s business. Cats’ music ranges from classical to pop songs, and the Broadway version won the Tony award for Best Musical in 1983.

**Memory**

Daylight
See the dew on the sunflower
And a rose that is fading
Roses wither away
Like the sunflower
I yearn to turn my face to the dawn
I am waiting for the day . . .

{dialogue}

Memory
Turn your face to the moonlight
Let your memory lead you
open up, enter in.
If you find there, the meaning of what
Happiness is
Then a new night will begin

Memory
All alone in the moonlight
I can smile at the old days
I was beautiful then
I remember the time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again

Burnt out ends of smoky days
The stale cold smell of morning
The streetlamp dies, another night is over
Another day is dawning

Daylight
I must wait for the sunrise
I must think of a new life
And I musn't give in
When the dawn comes
Tonight will be a memory too
And a new day will begin

Sunlight through the

Trees in summer

End this masquerading

Like a flower as the dawn is breaking

The memory is fading

Touch me
It's so easy to leave me
All alone with the memory
Of my days in the sun
If you touch me
You'll understand what happiness is

Look
A new day has begun

**Les Miserables (1987)**

**Music – Claude-Michel Schönberg**

**Lyrics – Alain Boubil and Jean-Marc Natel (original French text), Herbert Kretzmer (English translation)**

Les Miserables is a musical based on a novel published in 1862 by the French author Victor Hugo. Why should a show based on an old French novel that most people in America haven’t read become such a phenomenal success? For one simple reason – Les Miserables has a terrific plot and some incredibly beautiful music. Set in the poverty-stricken slums of Paris in the early 1800’s, Les Mis (as it has become nicknamed) has an unforgettable cast of characters. The story centers around Jean Valjean, a decent man who is unjustly sentenced to 19 years in prison for stealing bread for a starving child. After getting out, he is pursued by a cruel and self-righteous police officer named Javert. For 19 years Javert stalks Valjean, intent on seeking what he (Javert) believes is justice. Along the way Valjean meets others striving to survive …. The devoted mother Fantine who gives up her life for her little daughter Cosette. Valjean raises Cosette as his own daughter. The show is set amidst the unsuccessful 1832 uprising of the people against the King of France. In the end, justice and forgiveness triumph, and the characters express their hope for a more humane future.

**Castle on a Cloud**

[YOUNG COSETTE]
There is a castle on a cloud,
I like to go there in my sleep,
Aren't any floors for me to sweep,
Not in my castle on a cloud.

There is a room that's full of toys,
There are a hundred boys and girls,
Nobody shouts or talks too loud,
Not in my castle on a cloud.

There is a lady all in white,
Holds me and sings a lullaby,
She's nice to see and she's soft to touch,
She says "Cosette, I love you very much."

I know a place where no one's lost,
I know a place where no one cries,
Crying at all is not allowed,
Not in my castle on a cloud.

**Do You Hear the People Sing?**

ENJOLRAS
Do you hear the people sing?
Singing a song of angry men?
It is the music of a people
Who will not be slaves again!
When the beating of your heart
Echoes the beating of the drums
There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!

COMBEFERRE
Will you join in our crusade?
Who will be strong and stand with me?
Beyond the barricade
Is there a world you long to see?
Courfeyrac:
Then join in the fight
That will give you the right to be free!

ALL
Do you hear the people sing?
Singing a song of angry men?
It is the music of a people
Who will not be slaves again!
When the beating of your heart
Echoes the beating of the drums
There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!

FEUILLY
Will you give all you can give
So that our banner may advance
Some will fall and some will live
Will you stand up and take your chance?
The blood of the martyrs
Will water the meadows of France!

ALL
Do you hear the people sing?
Singing a song of angry men?
It is the music of a people
Who will not be slaves again!
When the beating of your heart
Echoes the beating of the drums
There is a life about to start
When tomorrow comes!

**Phantom of the Opera (1986) (Opera-style musical, mostly sung)**

**Composer – Andrew Lloyd Webber**

**Lyricist – Charles Hart**

The hottest show on Broadway in recent history is The Phantom of the Opera, another smashing success by Andrew Lloyd Webber. This show had the largest advance ticket sales in the history of Broadway, and was the winner of the 1988 Tony award for Best Musical.

Like Les Mis, Phantom… is based on the novel of a French writer, Gaston Leroux, who wrote Phantom of the Opera in 1911. The story centers around a man called The Phantom, who has a horribly disfigured face. After years of suffering and ridicule and abuse in carnivals and freak show, he runs away and goes into hiding. His hideout is beneath the legendary Paris Opera House. A composer, he builds his hideout there so he can be near his one true passion – opera. The Phantom falls in love with a beautiful young singer named Christine Daae, who is already in love with a young viscount named Raoul. The show is the story of this love affair and the terror it imposes.

Webber’s version is more like an opera than a musical. Instead of spoken dialogue, it uses music and lyrics to evoke the drama of the story. Webber’s score draws on both rock music and is believable for a show set in the 1800’s.

**Phantom of the Opera**

[Christine]

In sleep he sang to me,
in dreams he came ...
that voice which calls to me and speaks my name ...

And do
I dream again?
For now
I find the Phantom of the Opera is there - inside my mind ...
[Phantom]
Sing once again with me our strange duet ...
My power over you grows stronger yet ...

And though you turn from me,
to glance behind,
the Phantom of the Opera is there - inside your mind ...
[Christine]
Those who have seen your face draw back in fear ...
I am the mask you wear ...
[Phantom]
It's me they hear ...
[Both]
Your/My spirit and my/your voice in one
combined: the Phantom of the Opera
is there - inside your/my mind ...
[Chorus]
He's there,
the Phantom of the Opera ...
Beware the Phantom of the Opera ...
[Phantom]
In all your fantasies,
you always knew that man and mystery ...
[Christine]
... were both in you ...
[Both]
And in this labyrinth where night is blind,
the Phantom of the Opera is there/here - inside your/my mind ...
[Phantom]
Sing, my Angel of Music!
[Christine]
He's there the Phantom of the Opera ...

**Into the Woods**

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Book by James Lapine

Into the Woods is a musical fairy tale in which Jack, of beanstalk fame; Cinderella, Rapunzel, Sleeping Beauty – and their respective princes; Snow White, and of course a wicked witch and a menacing giant, are living out their stories in the same forest at the same time, bumping into each other, and entangling one another’s narratives. Into the Woods is strikingly original yet completely accessible to the audience. It is considered by some as Sondheim’s best musical yet. It is also that joyous rarity, a work of sophisticated artistic ambition and deep political purpose that affords nonstop pleasure.

Broadway had been in real need of a hit musical. At the time, the “musical” – which was once centered on America’s Broadway – had been subjected to successful shows from Europe. The Great White Way’s four hottest sellers – Cats, Me and My Girl, Starlight Express, and Les Miserables – came from either London or Paris. So had the recent hit Phantom of the Opera. During the 1980’s, dozens of American musicals had come and gone, some losing as much as $7 million. Although Into the Woods could not change this all by itself, it is good to see an American hit.

Into the Woods opened in November 1987.