### Musical Numbers

#### Act One

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Vocal Ranges

RENO SWEENEY

BILLY CROCKER

HOPE HARCOURT

MOONFACE MARTIN

ERMA

ELISHA WHITNEY

Solo lines from chorus:
GIRL (Soprano)
SAILOR (Tenor)
PURSER (Tenor)
CAPTAIN (Baritone)

MALE QUARTET [TTBB]
MALE CHORUS [TTBB]
CHORUS [SATB]

Instrumentation

Reed I Piccolo, Flute, Clarinet & Alto Saxophone
Reed II Flute, Clarinet, Soprano Saxophone & Alto Saxophone
Reed III Oboe (or Clarinet), English Horn (or Clarinet), Clarinet & Tenor Saxophone
Reed IV Clarinet, Bass Clarinet, Tenor Saxophone & Baritone Saxophone

Trumpet I and Flugelhorn
Trumpet II and Flugelhorn
Trumpet III and Flugelhorn
Trombone I (Tenor)
Trombone II (Tenor)
Trombone III (Bass)

Violin (One Player)
Bass
Guitar (also Banjo & Twelve String Guitar)
Piano and Keyboard Synthesizer
Drums (Trap Drum Set)
Percussion (Mallet Instruments)

NOTE: The orchestration requires sixteen players.
Measure numbers may not be consecutive due to changes made during the tryout period.
No. 1

Overture

(Orchestra)

"Anything Goes"

Tbn. I & II

Tpt's., Vibes., Vin.

Tbn. III, Bsn., Pno., Guit., Dr's. "Time"
Moderato (♩=128)

‘All Through The Night’

soli Clar., Tenor 8vb

Rhy: B., Dr’s., Pho., Guit.

B. Cl.

soli Clar., Tenor 8vb

Rhy.

B. Cl.

cup Tpt’s.
No. 2

Underscore: Buddy Beware
(Orchestra)

Cue: (Segue from No. 1 "Overture")

Andante

(Vibes.

solo R.H. Pno.

solo Clar.

Pno.

mf

(b)

+Be., Dr.'s. w/brushes "the time"

(Under Dialogue Act I, Scene 1) WHITNEY: You sure Crocker hasn't called? (etc.)

(Piano solo al fine)

(Ba., Dr.'s., Perc. tacet al fine)
Cue to stop: WHITNEY: Boot the Yale boat home.

Cue to continue: WHITNEY: Where the hell have you been?!
Cue to finish bar 31: WHITNEY: Yes, but he's a Yale man!

Cue to continue: RENO: ...put a cherry in it instead of an olive. (etc.)

Molto rubato

Cue: BILLY: You won't miss me over there.
I Get A Kick Out Of You
(Reno)

C.C. (Accompanied by No. 2 "Underscore: Buddie Beware")

RENO: (spoken over vamp) Why are the cute ones always so dumb?

Moderato

vamp - last time voice

RENO

My sto - ry is much too sad to be told,

But prac - tic'ly

solo Piano

(Orch. tacet 'till bar 9)

ev’ - ry - thing leaves me to - tal - ly cold.

The on - ly ex - cep - tion I know is the case

When I’m out on a

Cf's., R.H. Pno.
mute Tpt's., Fl. Bva

Bs. Cl., div. mute Tbn's.

Rhy: Bs., Dr's., Pno., Guit.
quiet spree... Fighting vainly the old ennui... And I suddenly

Tempo [lite swing two]

turn and see— Fl., Bella
gliss.

your fabulous face. Fl., Vln., div. Tpt's, R.H. Pno., Dr.

Cym.

I get no kick from champagne, Mere alcohol

hol doesn't thrill me at all, So tell me why should it be
true.

That I get a kick out of you?

Some get a kick from cocaine.

I'm sure that if I took even one sniff That would bore me terrifically too.

Yet I get a kick out of
you

I get a kick ev'ry time I

see You're standing there before me.

I get a kick though it's clear to me You obvious-

ly don't adore me.

I get no kick in a
plane.

Flying too high with some

Rhy. Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s. "time-build"

guy in the sky Is my i-dea of noth-ing to

Ad Lib.

do.

Yet I get a kick out of

(Sx's. to W.W.)

a tempo

you.
No. 4

There's No Cure Like Travel
(Girl, Sailor, Captain & Sailors - Male Chorus)

Cue: RENO: I'm not used to men treating me like that.
(Music starts as Reno & Billy exit. Girl, who has been drinking with a Sailor, comes downstage and sings:)

(\#138) vamp - last time voice

GIRL

My dear, you're sailing off without me,

SAILOR

Yet you don't seem to give a damn. I know it's

fearful of me not to be more fearful. But thank heaven I am.
GIRL

You mean to say you're glad to leave me?

(Vin. colts voces thru bar 24)

Can I believe that's what you mean?

SAILOR

Why, don't be funny, I'm just wild about you, honey. But I'm oh

(Chs. Rhy. Pno. colts voces, steady eights)

Vibes.

Be. Cl, Bb

(Guit. to Bjo.)

so glad, so glad, It's driving me
mad to say goodbye. To all things that tipi-
fy The hum-drums of my daily rou-
tine.

(CAPTAIN & SAILORS)

(The set changes transforming itself into the afterdeck of the ocean liner S.S.American.)
And there's

(Male Chorus)

no cure like travel to help you unravel. The

worries of living today. When the poor brain is
mad to say good-bye. To all things that tipi-
fy The hum-drums of my daily rou-
tine. CAPTAIN & SAILORS

(The set changes transforming itself into the afterdeck of the ocean liner S.S.American.)
And there's

(Male Chorus)

no cure like travel to help you unravel The

worries of living today. When the poor brain is
cracking There's nothing like packing a suitcase and sailing away. Take a run 'round Vienna, Granada, Ravenna, Siena. And then around Rome—Have a high
low time and in no time you'll be singing, "Home—Sweet—Home."
(SFX: Blast from Ship's Stack Whistle, then dialogue.) BILLY: Excuse me, Captain. (etc.)

Cut on cue: CAPTAIN: Wait a minute -- (Segue to bar 101 on cue)

Play On Cue:
CAPTAIN: Then we've got nobody!

Fade out on cue:
REPORTER #1 ... where's all the celebrities?
No. 5

Bon Voyage
(Sailors & Passengers - SATB Chorus)

Cue: MOON: Forget about Snake Eyes. ERMA: O.K. PURSER: Final call...

(Dialogue continues)

L'istesso Tempo (♩=128)


Cue to continue:
BILLY: I'm supposed to be down on Wall Street.

(Vin. ad lib. rhythm figure on "D" after first pass.)
(Billy exits midst great hubbub as Passengers and Crew prepare to sail.)

W.W., Vin.


mf cresc.

Tbn. I

Tbn. II

Tbn. III

Tutti Orch.

PASSENGERS (Soprano & Alto)

Vibes., Vin. colla voce

You mean, Bon Voyage.

SAILORS (Tenor & Bass)

Be. Cl. colla voce

"Bon Voyage." Vibes., Vin.

L.H.

a - ge. I hate to say "Good-bye," sweet heart.

I hate to say "Good-bye," sweet heart.

W.W.
You mean *Sur La Plage*.

I'll

By the sea-shore.

I'll

wait and watch the sea—

"Till you come back to me.

wait and watch the sea—

"Till you come back to me. Oh! my

You mean *Ma Ché-ri-e*—

You
dear-ic—

I'm yours for life.
mean Pour la Vie

In

So kiss me, pretty wench.

In

English or in French, "Bon Voyage."

Bonne Voyage!

English or in French, "Bon Voyage."

Bonne Voyage!
“Bon Voyage.” — I mean Bon Voyage.
And there's no cure like travel to

I hate to say “Good-Bye,” sweetheart. By the
help you unravel The worries of living today. When the
to the seashore. I mean *Sur La Plage.* I’ll wait and watch the sea—"Till you come back to me. Oh! my packing A suitcase and sailing away. Take a dearie. I mean *Ma Chéri.* I’m yours for life. I run ’round Vienna, Granada, Ravenna, Si—
mean Pour la Vie.

So kiss me, pretty wench. In

en- na. And then around Rome.

Have a high time.

Eng- lish or in French, "Bon

Voyage."

low time and in no time You'll be sing- ing, "Home

Sweet Home."

Bon Voyage!

Bon Voyage!

W.W.

Rhy. (+Cym.)

Applause - Segue
And there's no cure like travel to

help you unravel The worries of living to-day. When the

poor brain is cracking There's nothing like packing A suitcase and
sailing away. Take a run 'round Vienna, Granada, Rav-
sailing away. Take a run 'round Vienna, Granada, Rav-

W.W. Bellis

Diminuendo al Fine

Bs. Cl., Bs.

enna, Siena, And then around Rome. Have a high time, A
enna, Siena, And then around Rome. Have a high time, A

pizz. Vin.

Chs., Pho.

pp

low time and in no time You'll be singing, "Home Sweet Home."
low time and in no time You'll be singing, "Home Sweet Home."

(Immediate Segue to next Scene)
Cue: RENO: ...tiny fraction of your brains, your looks, your... your...

Moderato (♩=104)

RENO

At words poet ic I’m so pathetic that I always have found it

best. Instead of getting ’em off my chest, to let ’em rest

un-ex pressed. I hate parading my ser e nading As I’ll

cup Br., Vibes.

Dr. (various Cym’s.)

Rhy: Pno., pizz. Bs., Guit., Dr’s. (tite Hi-Hat)

Rhy: Pno., Bs., Guit., Dr’s. (soft rim shots)
Or probably miss a bar, but if this ditty is

not so pretty At least it'll tell you how great you are.

You're the top! You're the colosseum,

You're the top! You're the Louvre Museum,
You're a melody From a symphony by Strauss. You're a
Benediction, a Shakespeare sonnet, You're Mickey Mouse.
You're the Nile, You're the Tower of Pisa.
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa;
I’m a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop, But if,

Billy

Baby, I’m the bottom, You’re the top!

Your words poetic are not pathetic On the other hand, Babe, you

shine And I can feel after every line A thrill divine
Down my spine— Now gifted humans like Vincent Youmans Might

think that your song is bad, But I got a notion, I’ll

second the motion. And this is what I’m going to add:

You’re the top! You’re Mahatma Gandhi,
You're the top! You're Napoleon brandy,

You're the purple light— Of a summer night— in Spain, You're the

Nation'l Gall'ry, You're Garbo's sal'ry, You're cel-o-phane—

You're sublime, You're a turkey dinner,
You're the time of the Derby winner,

I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop; But if,

Baby, I'm the bottom, You're the top!

You're the top! You're an Arrow collar.
You're the top! You're a Coolidge dollar.

You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire.

You're an

O'Neil drama, You're Whistler's mama, You're Camembert.
You're a rose, You're Inferno's Dan-te,

You're the nose On the great Dur-an-te.

I'm just in the way, as the French would say, "De trop," But if,

Ba-by, I'm the bot-tom, You're the top!
You're the top!
You're a Coolidge dollar.

You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire.

You're an

BILLY  RENO

O' Neil drama, You're Whistler's mama, You're Camembert.
BILLY

You're a rose,

You're Inferno's Dante,

RENO

You're the nose

On the great Durante.

I'm just in the way, as the French would say, "De trop,"

But if,

Baby, I'm the bottom, You're the top!
Dance

Tutti

You're the top!
You're a dance in Bali.

You're the top!
You're a hot tamale.

You're an angel, you... simply too, too, too divine,
You're a
Baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top!

You're the top!

You're a Waldorf salad.

You're the top!

You're a Berlin ballad.

You're the boats that glide on the sleepy Zuider Zee,

You're an
old Dutch master, You're Lady Astor, You're broccoli.

You're romance,

You're the steppes of Russia,

You're the pants on a Rox-y usher.

I'm a broken doll, a fol-de-rol, a bloop.

But if,
No. 6a

Playoff: You're The Top
(Orchestra)

Cue: (Applause for No. 6 "You're The Top")
No. 7

Easy To Love

(Billy)

Cue: BILLY: Yeah, I guess you’re right...

(BILLY continues) Me and you -- who am I kidding?

I know too well that I’m — Just wasting precious time In

thinking such a thing could be, That you— could ever care for me.
I'm sure you hate to hear—That I adore you, dear, But

grant me, just the same,—I'm not entirely to blame. For

Easy two (\( \text{j=60} \))

You'd be so easy to love, So easy to

i-do-lize, All oth-ers a-bove. So sweet to
waken with.

So nice to sit down to eggs and bacon with.

We'd be so grand at the game, So

care-free together, That it does seem a shame, That you can't

see your future with me, 'Cause you'd be oh, so easy to

A Tempo
You'd be so easy to love,

easy to idolize, All others above.

So worth the yearning for,

So swell to keep ev'ry home-fire burning for.
Oh, how we'd bloom how we'd thrive. In a cottage for two Or even three, four or five. So

Freely

try to see Your future with me, 'Cause you'd be

oh, so easy to love!
Reprise: Easy To Love

(Hope)

Cue: (Segue from No. 7 “Easy To Love.” HOPE & BILLY embrace then she pulls back.)

HOPE: Billy, this is all wrong. (etc.)

Freely

Cue: BILLY: You're going to marry me. (He exits)

Colla voce

HOPE

'Cause you'd be

oh, so eas - y to love!

Blackout - Segue
No. 8
The Crew Song
(Whitney)

Cue: (From Blackout - Music segues as lights come up on Whitney's stateroom.)

Tempo di Valse (d=72)

WHITNEY

I want to row on the crew, ma - ma,

Tha't's the thing I want to do, ma - ma. To be known through - out Yale as I
walk about it, Get a boil on my tail and then talk about it.

Repeat under dialogue 'till cue:
WHITNEY: Your face alone would stop a clock. (Then segue to bar 57)
Cue to continue: WHITNEY: ...Must be on her way!

I'd like to be a big bloke, ma - ma, And

learn that new Ar- gen-tine stroke, ma - ma. You'll see your slim son put- ting

crimps in the crim - son When I row on the var - si - ty crew!
(Lights down on Whitney's cabin, up on adjacent cabin for MOON/ERMA dialogue.)

Rhy: Bb., Pno., Guit. (Dr's. tacet)

Cue to fade out: ERMA: I don't wanna play cards!

Pno., Guit.
Crew Move #1
(Orchestra)

Cue: BILLY: ...you're one hell of a Christian.

(MOON exits into the corridor. Lights up on Whitney's cabin, down on Moon's cabin. Music out as MOON knocks on Whitney's door.)

\( \text{(d = 72)} \)

Crew Move #2
(Orchestra)

Cue: MOON: That's what I wanted to know.

(Music to cover and out: MOON exits Whitney's cabin and re-enters his own.)
No. 9

There'll Always Be A Lady Fair
(Male Quartet)

Cue: ERMA: You want a sailor suit? No problem.
(ERMA starts for the door, Blackout. Immediate segue to next scene - mid-morning, On Deck.)

Vivace

[BASS (Solo)]

[Colla voce - ad lib.]

[TENOR II (Solo)]

Yes, but

sail- or's life is sup- posed to be, A hell of a lot of fun.

subito pp

Tbn's. (as soft as possible)
Bs., Guit. (slow strums)
when you're a sailor take it from me. You work like a son of a gun.

BARITONE (Solo)

They

W.W., Guit.

TENOR I (Solo)

But sweat away sailor,
give us jobs of ev'ry kind And chores of ev'ry sort

Ton's., Bs., Guit.

W.W., Guit.

QUARTET

you don't mind, 'cause you know when we reach port There will
Allegretto

always be a lady fair A Jenny fair, or a Sadie fair, There'll

always be a lady fair, Who's waiting there for you. There will

always be a lady fair to smooth your troubles and to muss your hair. There'll
always be a lady fair Who's waiting there for you.

There will

always be a girl's caress To change your answer from a "No" to "Yes," There'll
No. 10

Friendship
(Reno & Moon)

Cue: RENO: We're two of a kind, all right. MOON: Partners! (Music)

RENO: Through thick or thin.
MOON: Night or day.

RENO: Right or wrong!

In tempo, moderato

If you're ever in a jam, here I am.

Tutti Orch. +8va

If you ever need a

div. Cl., Sx's. +8vb

If you

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's.

pal, I'm your gal.

div. Cl., Sx's. +8vb

If you

Vin. swing feel
ev-er feel so hap-py you land in jail, I'm your bail.

friend-ship, friend-ship, Just a per-fect blend-ship, When

oth-er friend-ships have been for-got, Ours will

still be hot. Lah-dle ah-dle ah-dle dig, dig, dig.
Interlude

If you're ever down a well, ring my bell. If you ever catch on fire, send a wire. If you ever lose your teeth and you're out to dine, borrow mine. It's...
friend-ship, friend-ship, Just a per-fect blend-ship, When

other friend-ships have ceased to jell, Ours will

still be swell. Lah-dle ah-dle ah-dle hep, hep, hep. Tutti Orch. +sna

Interlude

RENO
MOON

If they ever black your eyes, put me wise...

RENO

If they ever cook your goose, turn me loose...

BOTH

I'll complain.

friend-ship, Just a per-fect blend-ship, When
other friendships go up in smoke, Ours will
still be oke. Lah-de ah-de ah-de goof, goof, goof.

Interlude

If you

Dr's. Swingish

ever—lose your mind, I'll be kind. Tpt's. (quasi Clyde McCoy)

If you

Rhy: Bari Sx., Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's. (Hi-Hat)
ever lose your shirt, I'll be hurt.

If you're

ever in a mill and get sawed in half, I won't laugh.

It's

friendship,

friendship,

Just a perfect

blendship.

When other friendships have been forgate.
Ours will still be great.

If they

ever crack your spine, drop a line.

If they

ever cut your throat, write a note.

If they

ever make a cannibal stew of you.

Invite me too.

It's
friend - ship,

friend - ship,

Just a per - fect

Moooon

Sx's.

Rhy.

Br., Xylo.

Rhy. Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's.

a2

When oth - er friend - ships are up the crick,

Tutti

Ours will still be slick.

Lah - dle - ah - dle quack, quack, quack.

Sx's.

Rhy

Sx's.

Sx's., Tbn's.

RENO: What do I look like, a duck? (They argue about

what to sing, ad lib., then cue Conductor to continue.)

Quack, quack, quack?

Quack, quack, quack!

Vibes. (octaves)

Vamp
Playoff

(Orchestra play for Scene Change)

Tutti: Sx's., Br., Xylo., Vln. Sva
No. 10a  Chaser: Friendship
(Orchestra)

Cue: MOON: You keep away from me or I'll shoot! (Blackout)

(Orchestra play for Scene Change)
No. 11

It's De-lovely
(Billy & Hope)

Cue: HOPE: And now it's raining!
OLD LADY: (BILLY in disguise) Things don't look that bad to me.

The night is young, The skies are clear, And if you want to go

In Tempo (Easy two ♩= 80)

walking, dear, It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-

love - ly, I u n d e r - stand the

Rhy: pizz. Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s.

Rhy. (R.H. Pno. - utterly straight, Dr.'s. - straight)
reason why You're sentimental, 'cause so am I, It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.

You can open Tbn's.

(OLD LADY removes her disguise revealing BILLY.)

tell at a glance What a swell night this is for romance, You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low, "Let yourself go." So
please be sweet, _my chick-a-dee_, And when I kiss you, just say to me, "It's del-

light-ful, _it's de-lic-i-ous_, _it's de-lect-a-ble_, _it's de-lir-i-ous_, It's di-

lem-ma, _it's de-lim-it_, It's *de-lux-e, it's de-love-ly._ I

feel a sud-den urge to sing, The kind of dit-ty that in-vokes the Spring, I'll con-

* Pronounced "delukes"
troll my desire to curse while you crucify the verse. The

verse I've started seems to me the Tin Panathenesis of melody. So

spare us all the pain, Just skip the darn thing and sing the refrain.

Mi, mi, mi, Re, re, re, re, Do, sol, mi, do, la, si. The

In Tempo (Easy two)
night is young, - The skies are clear, - And if you want to go walking, dear, - It's de-

tive.

light-ful,- it's de-li-cious,- it's de-love-ly,-

I understand the reason why. You're senti-men-tal, 'cause so am I. It's de-

light-ful,- it's de-li-cious,- it's de-love-ly,-

You can
tell at a glance. What a swell night... this is for romance. You can

hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low,

"Let yourself go!"

Rubato (Dance)
Alto Sax. solo (Swing feel even tho it's Rubato)
ease into ......... tempo

Subito legato

Alto solo +4va Cfs.

Tbn's.
So please be sweet, my chick-a-dee, And when I kiss you, just say to me, "It's delightful, it's delicious..."

(HOPE & BILLY kiss)

it's delovely.

Dictated
Anything Goes
(Reno & Chorus)

Cue: PASSENGERS: (Three times) Hip, hip, hooray!
(Passengers freeze and a spotlight picks up RENO on the upper deck.)

Moderato ($\frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}}=138$)

Ven

Times have changed
And we've often re-

wound the clock
Since the Pur-i-tans got a shock

When they landed on Plymouth Rock;
If today
Any shock they should try to stem,
'Stead of landing on

Freely

Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock would land on them.

In Tempo (Relaxed two \( \frac{3}{4} \))

olden days a glimpse of stocking Was looked on as something shocking,

But now, God knows,

Anything
Goes.

Good authors too who

once knew better words Now only use four-let-ter words, writ-ing

prose.

An-thing Goes.
The world has gone

mad to-day. And good's bad to-day. And black's white to-day. And day's
night to-day. When most guys to-day That wo-men prize to-day, Are just

sil-ly gig-o-los: So though I'm not a

great ro-man-cer I know that I'm bound to an-swer when you pro-
solo tone, unis. Tpt's.

pose, An-y-thing Goes...
When

grand-ma-ma's, Whose age is eighty In night clubs are getting ma-ty with gig-o-

Rh.: pizz. Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's. (file time)

los, An-y-thing Goes.

mother's pack and leave poor fath-er Be-cause they de-cide they'd rather be ten-nis

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's.
Pros.
An-thing Goes.
If driv-ing fast
cars you like,
If low bars you like,
If old hymns you like,
If bare
limbs you like,
If Mae West you like,
Or me un-dressed you like,
Why, no-
bod-y will op-
pose.
When ev’ry night, the
set that's smart— is Intruding in nudist parties in stu—

Any—thing Goes.

Dance

(Dr's. w/Hi-Hat on backbeat.
Be., Guit. tacet.)

unis. Tpt's., unis. Sx's.

Tbn's., Ba. Dr.

Prov., Guit.
(Dr's. cond. H-H., Vin. trill 15°)
The world has gone mad to-day, And good's bad to-day, And black's

The world has gone mad to-day, And good's bad to-day, And black's

white to-day, And day's night to-day, When most guys to-day, That wo-men

white to-day, And day's night to-day, When most guys to-day, That wo-men
prize today, Are just silly gigolos; So

prize today, Are just silly gigolos; So

(Vibes., Eva Vin. colla voce thru bar 320)

though I'm not a great romancer I know that I'm bound to an-

though I'm not a great romancer I know that I'm bound to an-

Sx's.

Rhy.
swer when you propose, An-y-thing Goes.
swer when you propose, An-y-thing Goes.

Tpt's., Sx's.  Br.
(Sx's.  (Cym.)
V  Rhy.

RENO

If say-ing your pray'rs you like,— If green pears you like,— If old chairs you like,— If back

Stop Time

p Subito  cresc. ... poco ... a ... poco

(Dr's. — easy rim shots)

stairs you like,— If love af-fairs you like,— With young — bears you like,— Why, no-bod-y will op-pose—.

Tpt's.  Sx's., Vin.  Tbn's.

Bs.  Dr's. (to time)
So though I'm not a great romancer I know that I'm bound to answer when you propose, Anything
End of Act One
No. 13

Entr'acte

(Orchestra)

Act Two

(d=104)

unis. Tpt's, BvaVln.

Tbn's., Gnt.

Rhy: arco Bs., Pno. »8vb, Sn. Dr.

Br., Vln.

Pno., Gnt. sust.

(Cym.)

(Cym.)

(Cym.)

Xylo., Sx's.

Xylo., Sx's.


Sx's.

Tbn's., Rhy.

(Cym.)

Bs., Pno. trem., Tbn. II & III sust.
"You're The Top"
Suddenly Faster

"Blow, Gabriel, Blow"

Rhy: Tbn. Ill., Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's. (time in two)
No. 14

Public Enemy Number One
(Captain, Purser & Passengers - SATB Chorus)

Cue: (Opening Act Two, the ship's nightclub.)

Allegretto, in two

CAPTAIN

Tonight there's going to be some fun.

Soprano & Alto

Some fun, some

Tenor

Some fun, some

Bass

W.W., Pno.

Pno., Vin.

Cl's., Pno.

Tbn's. (in stand)

Bs. Cl.

+pizz. Bs.

Rhy: Bn. Cl., Pno., arco Bs.
For Public Enemy Number One.

Our gallant Captain has
told the staff,

It's time for killing the fattened calf, As he's

The staff - o, the staff - o.

The staff - o, the staff - o.

Fl., Piano.

8vaVln., Cl's., Piano.

Tbn.'s.

Be., Ct., pizz. Be.

arco Be.

8vaFl., Vln., Piano.

div. Tbn's.

(Pno. tacet, change to Synth.)

throwing a party on behalf Of Public Enemy Number One.
Maestoso

One - o. Public Enemy

Fi. Vin.  

Br.

Maestoso

Tbn's.

Bs Cl.

Bs.

+arco Bs.

Number One, Thank thee for ev'ry thing thou hast done.

Number One, Thank thee for ev'ry thing thou hast done.
Blessings on thee, thou Noble chap, For putting this boat of ours

on the map. Thank thee heartily holy man, For

on the map. Thank thee heartily holy man, For
taking this liner, "American." For henceforth, we'll be crowded, on
every run-(na), Due to thee, Public Enemy Number
No. 15

Gabriel Entrance
(Orchestra)

Cue: Hope, wait --

Announcement:
CAPTAIN: And now ladies and gentlemen,...
...Miss Reno Sweeney!  (Reno enters.)

Maestoso

Synth/Harmonium, 8vb Br., Vibes. (quasi Chimes), Vin.

Dr. (Sn. Dr. roll)  \( g^{\uparrow} \)

Bs., Dr.'s.

Sx's. Bluesy
No. 16

Blow, Gabriel, Blow

(RENO & Chorus)

Cue: RENO: ...but I feel much better now. ALL: Hallelujah!
(Reno cues band for Trumpet call.)

Poco agitato

RENO (spoken)

Do you hear that play-in’?

Yes, I hear that play-in’!

solo Tpt.

mf

CHORUS (spoken)

Do you know who’s play-in’?

No, who is that play-in’? Why, it’s

(REH, Piano, coda voce)

Gabriel, Gabriel play-in’ Gabriel, Gabriel say-in’

Br., Piano

mp

Hi-hat

arco Bs., Dr’s.

poco rit.

A Tempo (d=120)

“Will you be ready to go when I blow my horn?” Oh,

W.W., Tbn’s., Piano

f

+brs.

+Bs. Cl., pizz. Bs., Dr’s.
blow——Gabriel bl ow——
Go on and blow——Gab·
unis. Cf's.

Rhy: Bs., PhO., Guit., Dr's. (lit e time, in two)

I've been a sinner, I've been a scamp, But

now I'm will-in' to trim my lamp——So blow—Gab·

Cf's.

(+8vs Vin. colla voce thru bar 40)

I was low——Gab·

Tbn's. Cl's.

Rhy: Bs., Pho., Guit., Dr's.
low, Gabriel, low. But now since I have seen the light, I'm good by day and I'm good by night. So blow, Gabriel,

Once I was headed for hell. Once I was headed for hell; But
when I got to Satan's door, I heard you blow-in' on your horn once more. So

I said, "Satan, fare well!" And now I'm all ready to fly.

fly—higher and higher—'Cause I've
gone through brimstone And I've been through the fire And I've
purged my soul and my heart too, So climb up the mountain-top And start to

RENO

blow Gabriel, blow Go on and

Blow (Soprano & Alto)

Blow (Tenor)

Blow (Bass)

(Tpt.1 ad lib. thru bar 86)
blow, Gabriel, blow!

Blow, blow, Gabriel.
Blow, blow, Gabriel.

want to join your happy band, And play all day in the Promised Land, So

(Pho. tacet)

RHY: Bs., Guit., Dr's. (lighter)

RHY: Bs., Guit., Dr's. (lighter)

blow, Gabriel, blow.

Come
on you scamps, get up you sinners, You're all too full of expensive dinners.

Synth/Harmonium (cued on 8vbW.W.)

Vibes.

cresc.

f

Br., Dr's. (+8vb)

Stand up on your lazy feet and sing! Cl., Vibes., Synth-Harm.

CHORUS
(Soprano & Alto)

Blow, Gabriel, blow, Go on and

(Tenor)

Blow, Gabriel, blow, Go on and

(Bass)

voiced Synth.

Synth/Harm., Rhy.

mf

Tpt's.

Rhy.

Dr.'s. (time ride)
blow, Gabriel, blow.

I've been a sinner I've been a scamp, But now I'm will-in' to trim my lamp. So
blow, Gabriel, blow. I was low, Gabriel, blow, Gabriel, blow.

Mighty low, Gabriel, Mighty low, Gabriel,
low.
But now since I have seen the light, I'm
low.
But now since I have seen the light, I'm

(legit., easy)

Rhy.

Rhy: Bsn., Synth-Harm., Guit., Dr.'s.

good by day and I'm good by night,—So blow,—Gabriel,

good by day and I'm good by night,—So blow,—Gabriel,
No. 16a  Dance: Blow, Gabriel, Blow
(Reno & Chorus)

Cue: (Attacca from vocal.)

New tempo, slightly faster ($\frac{7}{8}$ 132)

CHORUS

```
1          2          3          4

\text{tr} (p)\text{tr}
```

\text{Sx's.

\text{Tbn's., Bs.

\text{Tpt. 1 (quasi Cootie Williams)}

\text{Sx's., Tbn's., Pno., Guit.

\text{Tbn's.

\text{Sx's., 15ma Pno.

\text{Sx's., Xylo.

\text{Pno., Guit.

\text{Sx's.

\text{Pno.

\text{Sx's.

\text{Pno.

\text{Tpt. 1

\text{Dr's.

\text{Dr's.

\text{Tbn's., Bs.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

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\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

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\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

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\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.

\text{Bari.

\text{Tbn. III, Pno., Cym.
Rhythmically energetic, dynamically restrained
Tutti

Rhy.; Bsn., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s.

Sx's., Br.

Dr. (lite fill)  Dr. (lite fill)

Sx's., Pno.  Sx's.

Dr. (lite fill)

Sx's.

Tpt's.

Sx's., +Ten. Sx. (quasi Lawrence Brown)

Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s. (press rolls)

solo, horn Tpt.1 (ad lib) quasi Cootie Williams. Ignore harmony, play Eb blues scale.

Sx's.

Bs., Pno., Guit.

mf

unis. Sx's.

div. Tbn's.
CHORUS
(Soprano & Alto)

Ooh
(Tenor)

Ooh
(Bass)

W.W.

Vln. trem.
Synth/Harmonium (Coda voce thru bar 244. L.H. Chorus, R.H. Reno 8va)

Tbn's.

Rhy: Bs., Gui., Drs.

unis.

Tbn's.

Ooh

Ooh.

W.W.

Tpt's. fluter,
Cabasa

Guit., Synth/Harm.
when I got to Satan's door I heard you blow-in' on your horn once more So
I heard you blow-in' on your horn once more.

W.W., Synth.

Stop time

I said, "Satan, farewell."

And now I'm

"Satan, farewell."

"Satan, farewell."

(Synth. Cola Chorus 8va)

Cl., Bc. Cl., Vibes.

Tbn. III, Bc.
all ready to fly. Yes, to

Ooh

Ooh.

Ooh.

RENO

fly higher and higher and higher.

‘Cause I’ve gone through brimstone And I’ve been through the
And I've purged my soul and my heart too, So climb up the mountain top And start to

RENO

(One blow, Soprano)

Gabriel, blow Go on and

Chorus

(Soprano & Alto)

Blow, Gabriel, blow Go on and

(Tenor)

Blow, Gabriel, blow Go on and

(Bass)

Blow, Gabriel, blow Go on and

R.H. Synth/Org.

unis. Tpt's.

div. Tbn's.

Rhy: Bs., Guit., L.H. Synth/Org., Tamb., Dr's.
blow, Gabriel, blow.
blow, Gabriel, blow.
blow, Gabriel, blow.

want to join your happy band, And play all day in the Promised Land, So

Reno

Rhy: Bs., Guit., Dr.'s. (lighten up)
(Synth. to Pno.)
Come on and blow, Gabriel, blow,
Come on and blow, Gabriel, blow,
Come on and blow, Gabriel, blow,
Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow.

Blow, Gabriel, blow, Gabriel.

Blow, Gabriel, blow, Gabriel.

I want to join your happy band, and play all day in the Promised Land. So,

blow!
RENO & CHORUS

Blow!

Solo Tpt.

Sx's., Xylo. (Dr., time on Hat)

Ten's., Rhy.

Dr.'s. (lead in)

RENO

Blow.

Ga - bri - el,

Blow.

Blow.

Vibes. (quasi Chimes, octaves)

Sx's., Bwa Vln.

Ten's., Bari.

arco Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s.

RENO

blow!

Sx's., Ten's., Bs. sust.

Pno.

Dr.'s.
No. 16b  Playoff: Blow, Gabriel, Blow  
(Orchestra)

Cue: (Segue on applause) RENO: Hallelujah, they've seen the light!

(Fade and stop for dialogue to continue.)
No. 17  Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye
(Hope)

Cue: MOON: There's definitely something wrong here.
(Moon and Billy are hauled off. Stage clears of everyone but Hope.)

Moderato

by,   lit - tle dream, good - bye,  You

made my ro - mance sub - lime, now it's time to fly.  For the
stars have fled from the Heav'ns. The moon's deserted the hill
And the

sultry breeze that sang in the trees, is suddenly strangely still. It's

done, little dream, it's done.

So

bid me a fond farewell. We both had our fun.
No. 17a

Scene Change: Goodbye

(Orchestra)

Cue: (Segue on applause for #17 “Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye.”)
No. 18

Be Like The Blue Bird
(Moon)

Cue: MOON: It's like Dillinger once told me: "Remember, it's always darkest just before they turn on the lights."

Andante

Pno. (quasi Harp)

There's an old Australian bush song That Melba used to sing, A

song that always cheered me, when I was blue. Even

Melba said this bush song Was a needed song to sing, So be
When your instinct tells you that disaster is approaching you, faster and faster. Then be like the blue bird and sing, "Tweet, tweet, tra-la-la-la-la-la." When you know you're headed for the
jailer

Don't allow the old face to look paler.

be like the blue bird and sing, "Tweet, tweet, tra-

Con moto

la-la-la-la-la."

Be like the blue bird who

Be., Pho., Gui. Dr's. (Gym. roll to bar 33)

never is blue

For he knows from his up-
bring - ing  What sing - ing can do, And though by
other bird - ies in the boughs he May be told that his ef - forts are
perfect - ly lou - sy. He sings on and on 'till his trou - bles are
through, "Tweet, tweet, tra - la - la - la - la."
All through the night I delight

---

in your love.

All through the night You're so close to me.

---

All through the night from a
height far above,
You

div. W.W., Vibes., Viin. colla voce

and your love bring me ecstasy.

When dawn comes to awaken

You're never there at all.
I know you've forsaken me 'Till the shades fall. But then, once again, I can dream I've the right
to be close to you all through the
(Hope enters, upstage, on deck.)

night.

W.W., Tbn's., Phno.

a tempo

Rhy. Bs., Guit., Dr's. (lite time, in two)

through the night I de-light in your

love.

All through the night

(Sailors - Male Quartet enters.)

You're so close to me.

Cl's.
BILLY & HOPE

All through the night from a

SAILORS (Tenor I & II)

Ah ah ah ah

(Baritone & Bass)

Ah ah ah

Vibs., Vin. (Colla voce thru bass 200)

Tpt's.

Tbn's.


height far above,

Ah ah ah ah

Ah pa pa pa pa
You and your love bring me
Ah ah ah ah

ecstasy.
Ah ah
When dawn comes to waken me,

When dawn comes to waken me,

Bells

Br.

div. W.W., Bells

Rhy.

Bs. Cl., Tbn.

You're never there at all.

You're never there at all.

Tpt's., Tbn. I

Rhy.

+Bs. Cl., Tbn. II & III
I know you've forsaken me

'Till the shadows fall.

And

Rhy: Be., Pno., Guit., Dr's.

(bva Vin. Colle voce thru bar 116)
then, once again, Will I know
then, once again, Will I know

Rhy: B.s., Cl., B.s., Pno., Guit., Dr's.

rall.

Rubato, colla voce

I was right. Stay-ing close to you,

I was right.

rall.

.Dictated

W.W., Guit., Pno., 8va Vin.

Be. Cl., Tbn. III
No. 19a  Scene Change: All Through The Night

Cue: (Segue on blackout.)

(Orchestra)

Moderato (\( \text{\textcopyright 126} \))

\[ \text{Clef: Treble, Bells} \]

\[ \text{Clef: Basse, con. vib. Bva. Vin.} \]

\[ \text{Rhy: Bs. Cl., Bs., Pno., Gui., Dr.'s.} \]

\[ \text{Unis. Cl.'s.} \]

\[ \text{Rhy.} \]

\[ \text{Div. Cl.'s.} \]

\[ +\text{Vibes.} \]
No. 20  Gypsy In Me  (Evelyn)

Cue: EVELYN: I've never told this to anyone before. (music starts)

It's the Oakleigh family secret. There's something dark and savage in our blood. In mine, especially.

Andante con moto (♩=138)

(Safety vamp, voice last time)

EVELYN

Long, long ago, so long ago I hardly know when,

My great, great grandmother Now and then stepped out with a
Of course you will say she was

A little bit tipsy.

But

tipsy, no, no, of their love there wasn't a doubt

Colla voce

So I can't wait to get the stage all set. So I can let
Cue: EVELYN: I've never told this to anyone before. *(music starts)*

It's the Oakleigh family secret. There's something dark and savage in our blood. In mine, especially.

Andante con moto *(J=138)*

(Safety vamp, voice last time)

EVELYN

Long, long ago, so long ago I hardly know when,

My great, great grandmother Now and then stepped out with a
Ad lib.

Tempo di Rhumba ($\frac{4}{4}$)

mute Br., Rhy. &
the gypsy in me out.

unis. Cr's., Bs. Cl.

subito ff

Guit., Pno.

Bs., L.H. Pno., Dr's. (Rhumba time)

Hiding away

There's a little bit of

Pno.

Cr's.

Rhy: Be., Pno., Guit., Dr's.

(etc.)

gypsy in me

That's never been

Vin., Pno.,
Tpt's., Tamb.

Cr's., Pno.

found.

Waiting its day

soli Vin., Bs. Cl.

Pno.

unis. Cr's., Bs. Cl.
There's a little bit of gypsy in me.

Just hanging around.

'Till the magical night.

When the stars by their light give

div. Tbn's.

mystery.

To the sleeping lagoon.
While the haunting guitar,
not too near, not too far,
Gailey strums away, hums
away a titillating tune.

When I'm
there in that dream
With the one in the

Guit., Pno.

Vin., Pno.

Rhy.
world

I worship passionately

At the moment supreme

Will be shown the unknown

gypsy in me.
Tempo di Rhumba

(Evelyn & Reno fall into each others arms - Blackout.)

Applause - Segue
No. 20a  
Playoff: Gypsy In Me  
Cue: (Segue on applause for #20 "Gypsy In Me.")  
(Orchestra)  

Tempo di Rhumba  

W.W., Vin., Tpt. II & III  
Tpt. I (quasi Rafael Mendez)  
Tbn's.  

Rhy: Bari., Bs., Kbd., Guit., Dr's., Perc. (castanets)  

(Fade and cut off on cue - lights for Act Two, Scene 4, The ship's brig.)
Cue: MOON: Do you call pants?

Cue to continue:
Moon: (3rd time) Calling all pants!

BILLY: I call pants.

(Play 'till fade out for opening dialogue of Act Two, Scene 5, On deck.)
No. 21
Buddie, Beware
(Erra & Sailors - Male Quartet)

Cue: ERMA: Who needs it?  SAILORS: We do!  ERMA: Yeah?

Andantino, very slow

Buddie, beware,

In Tempo

Buddie, better take care.

Though at heart I'm a pearl, I'm a difficult girl.
So buddy, beware.

When I go to a show,

I prefer the first row.

When invited to dine, I can't eat without wine.

So, buddy, beware.

During Christmas
holidays
And I'm not at all anti-pretty things Sancy brings from Carter's.
Your devotion I prize
But you must realize, my boy.
Other girls' luxu-

(Bells)

(Tpt. 3)

(Perc. to Sand Bk's.)

Synth/Cel.

(Synth. to Pno.)

(Tpt. 3)

(Synth to Pno.)

(subito mf)

(3-T.T. triplets)

(Absent, Sx's. (very lightly))

Guit.

Tp't's.

(Bs. (Dr's. polite H-H.)

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr's.

Sx's.

(Tpt's.)

Bs.

(Rhy: Pno., Guit.)

Bez., Dr's.
ERMA

SAILORS
(Tenor I & II)

(bah bah bah bah)

(Bari tone & Bass)

(bah bah bah bah)

Since the day I was weaned I'm a caviar fiend So, bud-die, be-ware,

(bah)

(bah bah boo bah)

(bah)

(bah bah boo bah)
I feel I should put you right.

As I lie in bed at night,
While the twinkling stars gleam on, with my cold cream on, I'm a lovely sight.

And another thing, too.
When I'm married to you, my sweet,
If to come home you fail, I'll open all your mail,
So, buddy, beware.

[Dictated]
No. 22

Wedding March
(Orchestra)

Cue: ERMA: Well, fellas? SAILORS: Well... (Sailors exit.)

(Maestoso)

(Captain leads the wedding procession on.)

(Music out when Captain is ready to speak.)

No. 22a

Little Plum Blossom
(Orchestra)

Cue: BILLY: This is little Plum Blossom.

(Reno enters in disguise.)

On cue: MRS. HARCOURT: ...in the swimming pool? BAND: (in unison) The dog paddle!
Cue: RENO: ...all my life to be a lady.

Allegro, thirties style

RENO

I get no kick from champagne.

Be. Cl., Tbn's., Be., L.H. Pno., Guit., Be. Dr.

Rhy.: Be., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s. (lute two)

pagan

Mere alcohol doesn't

Rhy.

Fl., Flug's., Vin., Pno.

Tbn's.

thrill me at all, So tell me why should it be
EVELYN & RENO

true. That I get a kick out of

Modern style

BILLY

you. Some get a

kick from cocaine.

I'm sure that if I took even one sniff That would
bore me terrifically too.

Yet

I get a kick out of you.

(choke Cym.)

CHORUS

(Soprano & Alto)

I get a kick ev’ry time I see You’re

(Tenor)

I get a kick ev’ry time I see You’re

(Bass)

Rhy: Bs. Phn., Guilt., Dr’s.
Standing there before me.

Standing there before me.

SAILORS (Tenors)

I get a kick though it's clear to me. You

Obviously don't adore me.
CHORUS

(Vin. Colla voce thru bar 54)

51 (Sopranino & Alto)

I get no kick in a plane.

(Tenor)

I get no kick in a plane.

(Bass)

W.W.

div. Br., Bs. Cl. (easy)

Rhy: Bs. Phn., Guit., Dr's.

55

Flying too high with some guy in the sky Is my

56

Flying too high with some guy in the sky Is my

57

Flying too high with some guy in the sky Is my

58

Flying too high with some guy in the sky Is my

Ct's., Vin.

mp subito

+Flug's.

+Fl.
i-dea of nothing to do. Yet

i-dea of nothing to do. Yet

Tutti

Allegro maestoso

I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick out of you.

[Dictated]

Segue
No. 24

Bows (Anything Goes)

(Full Company as SATB Chorus)

Cue: (Segue from #23 "Finale")

Tempo di Charleston

Dr. solo

solo Tpt I

Tutti

Rhy.

Platti

unis. Tbn's. soli

Rhy.

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Gui., Dr's.

Sx's.

Tbn's.

Tpt's.

Sx's., Sva Vln.

[SAILORS - Male Quartet]

[CHARACTER ACTORS]

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Gui., Dr's.

Sx's., Tbn's.
The world has gone mad today,
And good's bad today,
And black's white today,
And day's night today.
When most guys today,
That women
prize today, Are just silly gigolos; And
prize today, Are just silly gigolos; And

though I'm not a great romancer I know that I'm bound to answer when you pro-
though I'm not a great romancer I know that I'm bound to answer when you pro-

Cue: (Segue from applause for #24 "Bows")
Vin.

Tbn's, Vibes.

Rhy: Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s.

div. Sx's., unis. Tbn's.

Tpt's., Vibes., Vin.

unis. Sx's.

(Tbn. 1 & 2 backbeats)

Rhy: Tbn. III, Bs., Pno., Guit., Dr.'s.

Tp't's.

Sx's., Vibes., Vin.

cresc. al fine

Rhy: Tbn's., Bs. Pno., Guit., Dr.'s.

Vln.

Tutti

(choke Cym. solo)

\textit{The End}