

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless otherwise noted)

NEW MUSICALS

***The Frogs* (Yale, 1974; Broadway, 2004)**

“Invocation and Instructions to the Audience” (1974 version)

DIONYSOS:

Gods of the theater, smile on us.

XANTHIAS:

You who sit up there stern in judgment,
Smile on us.

D: You who look down on actors . . .

X: . . . And who doesn't?

BOTH:

Bless this yearly festival and smile on us.

D: We offer you song and dance.

X: We offer you rites and revels.

BOTH:

We offer you grace and beauty.
Smile on us for this while.

D: Gods of the theater, smile on us

X: You who sit out there stern in judgment,
smile on us

D: We offer you song and dance.

XANTHIAS:

We offer you gods and heroes.
We offer you rites and revels.
We offer you jokes and insults
We offer you paeans and pageants.
We offer you jokes and insults
Bacchanals and social comment.

BOTH: Bless our play and smile.

DIONYSOS:

Yes, but first,
Some do's and don'ts,
Mostly don'ts:

Please don't cough,
It tends to throw the actors off.
Have some respect for Aristophanes
And please,
Don't cough.

Please don't swim—
The theater is a temple, not a gym.
Apart from being perilous to life and limb,
We may be in the middle of a sacred hymn,
So please,
Don't swim.

If you see flaws, please,
No loud guffaws, please,
Only because, please,
There are politer ways.

As for applause, please,
When there's a pause, please,
Although we welcome praise,
The echo sometimes lasts for days . . .

CHORUS:

Days . . . Days . . . Days . . . Days . . . Days . . .
Days . . . Days . . . Days . . . Days . . . Days . . .

DIONYSOS:

Don't take notes
To show us all you know the famous quotes.
And when you disapprove, don't clear your
throats
Or throw your crumpled programs, coins or
coats,
Or anything that splatters, stains, or floats,
And please,
No grass.
This is a classic, not a class.

If we should get rhetorical,
Please don't curse.
Wait till it's allegorical,
And in verse!

If we should get satirical,
Don't take it wrong.
And if, by a sudden miracle,
A tune should appear that's lyrical,
Don't hum along.

When we are waxing humorous,
Please don't wane.

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The jokes are obscure but numerous—
We'll explain.

When we are waxing serious,
Try not to laugh.
It starts when we get imperious,
And if you're in doubt, don't query us,
We'll signal you when we're serious
(It's in the second half).

CHORUS:
Half. . . Half. . . Half. . . Half. . .

DIONYSOS:
But first . . .
Please, don't strip.

It's hot but it's a pleasure trip.
The author might have been Euripides,
So please,
Don't strip.

Don't say, "What?"
To every line you think you haven't got.
And if you're in a snit
Because you've missed the plot,
(Of which I must admit
There's not an awful lot),
Still don't
Say, "What?"

XANTHIAS [spoken]: What?

DIONYSOS:
Do not intrude, please,
When someone's nude, please.
She's there for mood, please,
And mustn't be embraced.

If we are crude, please,
Don't sit and brood, please,
Let's not be too straitlaced—
The author's reputation isn't based
On taste.

So please don't fart,
There's very little air and this is art.
And should we get offensive, don't lose
heart,
Pretend it's just the playwright being smart.
Eventually we'll get to the catharsis, then
depart.

And now . . .
But first—

We start.

“Parados: The Frogs”

CHORUS: Brek-kek-kek-kek!

DIONYSOS: What's that?

CHARON: That?

CHORUS: Brek-kek-kek-kek!

DIONYSOS: That!

CHARON: Oh, that . . . That's frogs.

CHORUS:
Whataddaya think it is, mice?
Well, dummy, think twice!
Brek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek!
Ko-ax! Ko-ax!

What have eyes that pop?
What have skins that glisten?
What have feet that plop?
Elephants?
No, listen:

Brek-kek-kek- . . .
Ko-ax!
Rib-et rib-et!
Brek-kek-kek- . . .
Right!

Frogs!
We're the frogs!
The adorable frogs!
Not your hoity-toity intellectuals,
Not your hippy-dippy homosexuals,
Just your easygoing, simple,
Warmhearted, cold-blooded
Frogs
Of the pond
And the fronds we never go beyond.
When you rearrange a single frond,
We respond
With a

Brek-kek-kek-kek! Brek-kek-kek-kek!
Whaddaya care the world's a wreck?
Leave 'em alone, send 'em a check,
Sit in the sun and what the heck,
Whaddaya wanna break your neck

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For? What for?
Big deal!
Big bore!

Forget your troubles,
Wallow with us,
Squat and take a mud bath!
What's it get you,
Making a fuss?
Just another blood-bath!
Aw!
Boo-hoo!
Oh, pshaw!
What's new?
We seen it,
We heard it,
We been there,
We know it already.
Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream,
Merrily merrily merrily merrily,
Life is but a scream.

You and he, you sweat and strain,
Bodies all achin' an' racked wid pain.
Tote dat barge an' lift that crud!
You gets a little drunk an' you lands in mud!

Who cares
If the sky
Cares to fall
In the swamp?

Bull-frog! Bull-frog!
Squat squat squat!
E-li—!
Whaddaya get, stirring the pot?
Wouldn't you rather blink and squat?
Everything's gonna stay afloat,
As long as you don't rock the boat.

Be-de-de-beep, be-de-de-beep,
Leave it alone and go to sleep.
Leave it alone, your in too deep.
You gotta look before you leap.
And nothing and nobody knows how to leap
more!
And who in the world are you saving the
world for?

For the frogs!
For the frogs!

For the bumps on the logs!
Not for fancy-pants humanitarians,
Not for chatty platitudinarians,
But for easygoing, simple, jocular.
Ocular
Frogs,
Who can thrive
Just by staying friendly and alive.
When there's any trouble, we survive,
We just dive
And go

Breb-bleb-bleb-bleb!
Breb-bleb-bleb-bleb-bleb-bleb-bleb-bleb-bleb-bleb!

Blo-ax! Rib-et! rib-et!

What have arms that flail?
What have teeth that glisten?
What have hopes that fail?
Elephants?
No, listen!
Listen! Listen! Listen:

Brek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek!
Ko-ax! Rib-et! rib-et!

Stay with the frogs.
With the frogs,
With the wits of the bogs!
Not your hippy-dippy insurrectionists,
Not your hasty pasty-faced perfectionists,
With the easygoing, simple, rollicking,
(Leave 'em alone, send 'em a check)
Frollicking
Frogs
In the reeds.
Leave the world alone and count the weeds.
While the world may not know what it needs,
It proceeds,
And in time
Will be
Sublime:
All bogs
And weeds
And frogs,
And beautiful slime.

Brek-kek-kek-kek kek-kek-
Kek-kek-kek-kek-kek-kek!
Ko-ax!

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“Paean: Evoe! For the Dead” (1974)

CHORUS:

They do an awful lot of dancing, the dead.
It's very comforting, perpetual
Serenity and such.
It's very comforting, and yet you will
Put up with just so much.
So there's an awful lot of dancing instead,
Down here among the dead.

They give an awful lot of banquets, the dead.
You turn around, another table is spread.
And if you don't become habituated
Quickly, it's a bore.
You're always eating something which you
ate
he Bacchanal before.
And what's the remedy for being overfed?
One guess, among the dead.

They do an awful lot of laughing, the dead.
There's always just that little smidgen of
dread.
Most any person in a panic dotes
On everlasting noise,
So they tell everlasting anecdotes
Which everyone enjoys,
Since no one listens to what anyone has
said,
Down here, among the dead.

They do an awful lot of drinking, the dead.
They have a truly endless evening ahead.
The time is always right and fitting when
You pour another round,
Because it's nighttime unremitting when
You're sitting underground.

What with the dancing and the eating
And the laughing and the drinking,
There's no problem in retreating
From the awkwardness of thinking
And that ever present smidgen of dread,
Down here, among the dead.
Like, up there, among the dead.

“Fear No More”

(Text from *Cymbeline* by William Shakespeare)

SHAKESPEARE:

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th'all dreaded thunder-stone.
Fear not slander, censure rash.
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to this and come to dust.

***Pacific Overtures* (1976)**

“The Advantages of Floating in the Middle of the Sea”

RECITER:

In the middle of the world we float,
In the middle of the sea.
The realities remain remote
In the middle of the sea.

Kings are burning somewhere,
Wheels are turning somewhere,
Trains are being run,
Wars are being won,
Things are being done
Somewhere out there,
Not here.

Here we paint screens.
Yes!

The arrangement of the screens:

We sit inside the screens
And contemplate the view
That's painted on the screens
More beautiful than true.
Beyond the screens
That glide aside
Are further screens
That open wide
With scenes of screens like the ones that
glide.

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And no one presses in,
And no one glances out,
And kings are burning somewhere,

ALL: Not here!

As the hurricanes have come, they've
 passed
In the middle of the sea.
The advantages are made to last
In the middle of the sea.
Gods are crumbling somewhere,
Machines are rumbling somewhere,
Ways are being found,
Watches being wound,
Prophets being crowned
Somewhere out there.
Not here.
Here we plant rice.

RECITER:

Yes! The arrangement of the rice:

The farmer plants the rice.
The priest exalts the rice.
The Lord collects the rice.
The merchant buys the rice.
The craftsman makes the sword
And sells it to the Lord
And buys at twice the former price
What he counts on his Lord to protect with
 his sword:

ALL: The rice!

RECITER:

They eat the rice and then
The day begins again.

ALL:

And gods are crumbling somewhere—
Not here!

The disturbances are worlds away
In the middle of the sea.
And tomorrow will be like today
In the middle of the sea.

Blood is flowing somewhere,
Ideas are growing somewhere,
Trails are being blazed,
Voices being raised,

Women being praised
Somewhere out there.
Not here.
Here we trade bows.

RECITER:

Yes!
The arrangements of the bows:
First for the Emperor,
Descendant of the Sun-goddess
Amaterasu!

All-knowing and all powerful!
Ruler absolute!
One year old.

Second for the Shogun,
Protector of the kingdom,
Keeper of the peace.
Seldom seen.

Then for the Lords of the South,
Vassals to the Shogun,
Loyal to their master . . .
Not for long.

And kings are burning somewhere.

ALL:
Not here!

The advantages go on and on
In the middle of the sea.
As the centuries have come, they've gone
In the middle of the sea.

Days arise to be replaced,
Lines are drawn and lines erased.
Life and death are but verses in a poem.
Out there blood flows.
Who knows?

Here we paint screens,
Plant the rice,
Arrange the flowers,
View the moon,
Exchange the gifts,
Plant the rice,
Arrange tomorrow like today to float,
Slide the screens,
Exchange the poems,
Stir the tea,

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Exchange the bows,
Plant the rice,
Arrange tomorrow to be like today,
To float.

The viewing of the moon,
The planting of the rice,
The stirring of the tea,
The painting of the screens.
We float.

The viewing of the moon,
The stirring of the tea,
The planting of the rice,
The folding of the fans.
The weaving of the mats.
We float.

The placing of the stones,
The painting of the sliding screens,
The viewing of the moon,
The wrapping of the gifts,
The planting of the rice,
The sliding of the painted screens,
The catching of the fish.
We float.

The weaving of the mats,
The painting of the screens . . .
The stirring of the tea . . .
We float . . .
We float . . .

RECITER:
We float.

“Four Black Dragons”

FISHERMAN:
I was standing on the beach
Near the cliffs
At Oshama.
I was spreading out the nets
For the morning sun.
It was early in July
And the day was getting hot,
And I stopped to wipe my eyes,
And by accident I turned
And looked out to sea . . .

And there came,
Breaking through the mist,

Roaring through the sea,
Four black dragons,
Spitting fire.
And I ran,
Cursing through the fields,
Calling the alarm,
Shouting to the world,
"Four black dragons,
Spitting fire!"

And the earth trembled,
And the sky cracked,
And I thought it was the end of the world.

THIEF:
I was rifling through the house
Of some priests
In Uraga.
It was only after dawn,
They were sleeping still.
I had finished with the silks,
I was hunting for the gold,
When I heard them getting up,
So I bolted through a door
Which looked out to sea . . .

FISHERMAN: And there came . . .

THIEF: And there came . . .

FISHERMAN: Breaking through the mist . . .

THIEF: Boiling through the mist . . .

FISHERMAN: Roaring through the sea . . .

THIEF: Rising from the sea . . .

FISHERMAN: Four black dragons . . .

THIEF: Four volcanoes . . .

FISHERMAN: Spitting fire . . .

THIEF: Spitting fire! And I ran . . .

FISHERMAN: And I ran . . .

THIEF: Cursing down the halls . . .

FISHERMAN: Cursing through the fields . . .

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THIEF: Shouting to the priests . . .

FISHERMAN: Shouting to the world . . .

BOTH: "Notify the gods!"

Four volcanoes/black dragons,
Spitting fire!

RECITER:
And the feet pattered
As the men came down to stare,
And the women started screaming
Like the gulls.
Hai! Hai!

And they crowded into temples
And they flapped about the square—
Hai!
Like the gulls.
Hai!

TOWNSPEOPLE:
Hai! Hai!
Four black dragons,
Spitting fire!

RECITER:
Then the hooves clattered
And the warriors were there,
Diving quickly through the panic
Like the gulls.
Hai! Hai!

And the swords were things of beauty
As they glided through the air—
Hai! Like the gulls. Hai!

TOWNSPEOPLE:
Hai! Hai!
Four black dragons,
Spitting fire!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

And the sun darkened
And the sea bubbled,

And the earth trembled
And the sky cracked

THIEF &
FISHERMAN:
I had seen
Dragons
before,
Never so many,
Never like
these!

ALL:
And I thought it was the end
Of the world!

RECITER: And it was.

"Chrysanthemum Tea"

[First Day]

SHOGUN'S MOTHER:
It's the Day of the Rat, my lord.
There are four days remaining,
And I see you're entertaining,
But we should have a chat, my lord.

To begin, if I may, my lord,
I've no wish to remind you
But you'll notice just behind you
There are ships in the bay.
They've been sitting there all day
With a letter to convey
And they haven't gone away,
And there's every indication
That they're planning to stay, my lord . . .
My lord . . .

Have some tea, my lord,
Some chrysanthemum tea.
It's an herb
That's superb
For disturbances at sea.
Is the Shogun feeling better?
Good! Now what about this letter?
Is it wise to delay, my lord?
With the days disappearing,
Might we benefit from hearing
What the soothsayers say, my lord?

SOOTHSAYER:

Wood star . . .
Water star . . .
All celestial omens are—
Excellent.
Deer bones . . .
Turtle shells . . .
Each configuration spells—
Victory!
A spider on the wall!—
Signifies success!
Whose success I cannot guess—
Unless . . .

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[Second Day]

MOTHER:
It's the Day of the Ox, my lord.
With but three days remaining
And today already waning,
I've a few further shocks, my lord.

To begin, let me say
At the risk of repetition,
There are ships in the bay,
And they didn't ask permission,
But they sit there all day
In contemptuous array
With a letter to convey
And they haven't gone away
And there's every indication
They they still plan to stay,
And you look a little gray, my lord . . .

Have some tea, my lord,
Some chrysanthemum tea,
While we plan,
If we can,
What our answer ought to be.
If the tea the Shogun drank will
Serve to keep the Shogun tranquil,
I suggest, if I may, my lord,
We consult the Confucians—
They have mystical solutions.
There are none wise as they, my lord.

PRIESTS:
Night waters do not break the moon.
That merely is illusion.
The moon is sacred.

No foreign ships can break our laws.
That also is illusion.
Our laws are sacred.

It follows there can be no ships.
They must be an illusion.
Japan is sacred.

[Third Day]

MOTHER:
It's the Day of the Tiger, my lord.
Only two days remaining,
And I'm tired of explaining
There are ships in the bay

With a letter to convey,
They're on permanent display,
And we must take some position
Or the Southern Coalition
Will be soon holding sway, my lord,
And we'll all have to pay, my lord . . .

Have you something to say, my lord?

Have some tea, my lord,
Some chrysanthemum tea.
It's a tangled situation,
As your father would agree.
And it mightn't be so tangled
If you hadn't had him strangled—
But I fear that I stray, my lord.
I've a nagging suspicion
That in view of your condition,
What we should do is pray, my lord . . .

SAMURAI COMPANION:

Blow, wind.
Great wind,
Great Kamikaze,
Wind of the gods.

OTHERS:

Blow, wind!
Smite them down!
Make the invaders dance and drown!

Blow, wind!
Build the waves!
Hurl the infection
Out of the ocean,
Hurl the infection
Out of the ocean,
Blow, wind!
Blow, wind!
Blow, wind!

[Fourth Day]

MOTHER:
It's the Day of the Rabbit, my lord.
There's but one day remaining,
And beside the fact it's raining,
There are ships in the bay
Which are sitting there today
Just exactly where they sat
On the Day of the Rat—
Oh, and speaking of that, my lord . . .

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[The Shogun falls back, seems to die.]

PHYSICIAN:

The blossom falls on the mountain.
The mountain falls on the blossom.
All things fall . . .
Sometimes . . .

MOTHER:

As I started to say:
From that first disturbing day,
When I gave consideration
To this letter they convey,
I decided if there weren't
Any Shogun to receive it,
It would act as a deterrent
Since they'd have no place to leave it,
And they might go away, my lord . . .
Do you see what I say, my lord?
My lord—?

In the tea, my lord,
The chrysanthemum tea—
An informal variation
On the normal recipe.
Though I know my plan had merit,
It's been slow in execution.
If there's one thing you inherit,
It's your father's constitution,
And you're taking so long, my lord . . .
Do you think I was wrong, my lord?

No, you must let me speak:
When the Shogun is weak,
Then the tea must be strong, my lord . . .
My lord—?

[Shogun dies.]

MOTHER, PHYSICIAN:

The blossom falls on the mountain.
The mountain falls on the blossom.
All things—
Fall.

“Someone In a Tree”

OLD MAN: Pardon me, I was there.

RECITER: You were where?

OLD MAN: At the treaty house.

RECITER: At the treaty house?

OLD MAN: There was a tree . . .

RECITER: Which was where?

OLD MAN: Very near.

RECITER: Over here?

OLD MAN:
Maybe over there,
But there were trees then, everywhere.
May I show you?

RECITER: If you please.

OLD MAN:
There were trees
Then, everywhere.

RECITER: But you were there.

OLD MAN:
And I was there!
Let me show you.

RECITER: If you please.

OLD MAN:
I was younger then . . .
I was good at climbing trees . . .
I was younger then . . .
I saw everything! . . .
I was hidden all the time . . .
It was easier to climb . . .
I was younger then . . .
I saw everything! . . .
Where they came and where they went . . .
I was part of the event.
I was someone in a tree!

I was younger then . . .

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[A young boy appears, tumbles on and scrambles up the tree.]

BOY [to the Old Man]: Tell him what I see!

OLD MAN:
I am in a tree.
I am ten.
I am in a tree.

BOY: I was younger then.

OLD MAN:
In between the eaves I can see—
Tell me what I see.
I was only ten.

BOY:
I see men and matting.
Some are old, some chatting.

OLD MAN: If it happened, I was there!

BOTH: I saw (see) everything!

OLD MAN: I was someone in a tree.

BOY: Tell him what I see!

OLD MAN:
Some of them have gold on their coats.

BOY:
One of them has gold—
He was younger then.

OLD MAN:
Someone crawls around passing notes—

BOY: Someone very old—

OLD MAN: He was only ten.

BOY: And there's someone in a tree—

OLD MAN: —Or the day is incomplete.

BOTH:
Without someone in a tree,
Nothing happened here.

OLD MAN: I am hiding in a tree.

BOY: I'm a fragment of the day.

BOTH:
If I weren't, who's to say
Things would happen here the way
That they happened here?

OLD MAN: I was there then.

BOY:
I am here still.
It's the fragment, not the day.

OLD MAN: It's the pebble, not the stream.

BOTH:
It's the ripple, not the sea.
Not the building but the beam,
Not the garden but the stone,
Not the treaty house,
Someone in a tree.

WARRIOR:
Pardon me, I am here.
If you please, I am also here—

OLD MAN: They kept drinking cups of tea.

BOY: They kept sitting on the floor.

BOTH:
They drank many cups of tea—
No, we told him that before.

WARRIOR: If you please, I am here.

RECITER: You are where?

WARRIOR: In the treaty house.

RECITER: In the treaty house?

WARRIOR: Or very near.

RECITER: Can you hear?

WARRIOR: I'm below.

RECITER: So I notice.

WARRIOR;
Underneath the floor,

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And so I can't see anything.
 I can hear them,
 But I can't see anything.

RECITER: But you can hear?

WARRIOR:
 But I can hear.
 Shall I listen?

RECITER: If you please.

WARRIOR:
 I can hear them now . . .
 I shall try to shift my knees . . .
 I can hear them now . . .
 I hear everything . . .
 I'm the part that's underneath,
 With my sword inside my sheath . . .
 I can hear them now . . .
 One is over me . . .
 If they knock, then I appear!
 I'm a part of what I hear.
 I'm the fragment underneath.
 I can hear them now!

RECITER, OLD MAN, BOY:
 Tell us what you hear!

WARRIOR:
 First I hear a creak and a thump.
 Now I hear a clink.
 Then they talk a bit . . .
 Many times they shout when they speak.
 Other times they think.
 Or they argue it . . .

I hear floorboards groaning . . .
 Angry growls . . . Much droning . . .
 Since I hear them, they are there,
 As they argue it.
 I'm the listener underneath.

BOY:
 Someone reads a list
 From a box.

WARRIOR: Someone talks of laws.

OLD MAN: Then they fan a bit.

BOY: Someone bangs a fist.

WARRIOR: Someone knocks.

OLD MAN: Now there was a pause.

ALL: Then they argue it:

WARRIOR
 "But we want . . ."
 "No, you can't
 And we won't . . ."
 "But we need it,
 And we want . . ."
 "Will you grant—?"
 "If you don't . . ."
 "We concede it . . ."

OLD MAN	WARRIOR	BOY
And they	I can	
Sat through the	Hear	
Night and they		
Lit yellow tapers.	Them.	
I was	I'm a	And they
There	Fragment of the	Chat and they
	Day.	Fight and they
		Sit signing
Then.		Papers.
If I	If I	I am
		There
Weren't, who's to	Weren't, who's to	
Say	Say.	Still.
		If I
Things would	Things would	Weren't, who's to
Happen here	Happen here	Say
The way	The way	That they're
That they're	That they're	Happening?
Happening?	Happening?	

ALL:
 It's the fragment, not the day.
 It's the pebble, not the stream.
 It's the ripple, not the sea
 That is happening.
 Not the building but the beam,
 Not the garden but the stone,
 Only cups of tea
 And history
 And someone in a tree!

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless otherwise noted)

“Please Hello”

AMERICAN ADMIRAL:
Please hello, America back,
Commodore Perry send hello.
Also comes memorial plaque
President Fillmore wish bestow.

Emperor read our letter? If no,
Commodore Perry very sad.
Emperor like our letter? If so,
Commodore Perry very merry,
President Fillmore still more glad.

Last time we visit, too short.
This time we visit for slow.
Last time we come, come with warships,
Now with more ships—
Say hello!
This time request use of port,
Port for commercial intention,
Harbor with ample dimension.

ABE [First Councilor to the Shogun]:
But you can't—

AMERICAN ADMIRAL:
Only one
Little port
For a freighter.

ABE: But you can't—

AMERICAN ADMIRAL
Just for fun,
Be a sport.

ABE: Maybe later—

AMERICAN ADMIRAL:
But we bring many recent invention:
Kerosene
And cement
And a grain
Elevator,
A machine
You can rent
Called a “train”--

ABE: Maybe later—

AMERICAN ADMIRAL:
Also cannon to shoot
Big loud salute,
Like so: *[Explosion]*
Say hello!

Treaty meet approval? If no,
Commodore Perry very fierce.
Disregard confusion below:
President Fillmore now named Pierce.

Good! At last agreement is made,
Letter will let us come again.
First result of mutual trade:
Commodore getting letter letting,
Councillor getting fancy pen!
Goodbye.

ABE: Goodbye.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL: Goodbye.

ABE: Goodbye.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL: Please goodbye.

[British Admiral enters.]

BRITISH ADMIRAL: Hello!

AMERICAN ADMIRAL: Goodbye.

BRITISH ADMIRAL: Hello, please!

AMERICAN ADMIRAL: Goodbye.

[All three bow again.]

BRITISH ADMIRAL:
Please
Hello, I come with
Letters from
Her Majesty Victoria
Who, learning how
You're trading now,
Sang "Hallelujah, Gloria!"
And sent me to
Convey to you
Her positive euphoria
As well as lit-
tle gifts from Brit-
ain's various emporia.

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless otherwise noted)

RECITER:
The man has come with letters from
Her Majesty Victoria
As well as little gifts from Brit-
Ain's various emporia

ABE: Tea?

BRITISH ADMIRAL: For drink.

ABE:
I see.
I thank you—

BRITISH ADMIRAL:
I think
Her letters do
Contain a few
Proposals to your Emperor
Which if, of course,
He won't endorse,
Will put in her in a temper or,
More happily,
Should he agree,
Will serve to keep her placid, or
At least till I
Am followed by
A permanent ambassador.

RECITER:
A treaty port
And from the court
A permanent ambassador. [x3]
And more , , ,

BRITISH ADMIRAL:
Her Majesty
Considers the
Arrangements to be tentative
Until we ship
A proper dip-
Lomatic representative.
We don't foresee
That you will be
The least bit argumentative,
So please ignore
The man-of-war
We brought as a preventative.

[Explosion]

RECITER:
Yes, please ignore the man-of-war
That's anchored rather near the shore,
It's nothing but a metaphor
That acts as a preventative.

BRITISH ADMIRAL:
All clear?
Just so.
Sign here.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL:
Hello, hello, objection resent!
President Pierce say "Moment's pause."
British get ambassador sent,
President Pierce get extra clause!

DUTCH ADMIRAL:
Wait! Please hello!
Don't forget the Dutch!
Like to keep in touch.
Thank you very much.

Tell them to go,
Button up the lips.
What do little Nips
Want with battleships?

Hold everything,
We gonna bring
Chocolate!
Wouldn' you like to lease
A beautiful little piece
Of chocolate?
Listen, that's not to mention
Wonderful—pay attention!—
Windmills
Und tulips,
Und wouldn' you like a wooden shoe?

There—can you read?
Good! We will need
Two ports,
One of them not to rocky—
How about Nagasaki?
Two ports,
One of them for the cocoa—
What do you call it?—Yoko-
Hama! Ja!
Und Nagasaki! Ja!
Sign here!

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless otherwise noted)

[Another explosion]

AMERICAN ADMIRAL:
Wait please, objection again!
Dutch getting too many seaports.
President now wanting three ports—

BRITISH ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
Great Britain wish-
Es her position
Clear and indisputable.
We're not amused
At being used
And therefore stand immutable.
And though you Japs
Are foxy chaps
And damnably inscrutable—

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL:
Please hello . . .

DUTCH ADMIRAL
Wait! Please hello!
Comes the monkey wrench!
Smell that awful stench:
Probably the French.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
Also insist giving free ports—

BRITISH ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
Reviewing it
From where we sit,
The facts are irrefutable—

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL:
Please hello . . .

DUTCH ADMIRAL:
Ach, nein, of course,
My mistake, the Czar.
Smell the caviar—
Leave the door ajar.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
Also want annual reports—

BRITISH ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
And thus, in short,
A single port
Is patently unsuitable!

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL
Please hello,
Is bringing Czar's request,
Braving snow
With letter to protest.
Since we know
You trading with the West,
You might at least
(Don't touch the coat!)
Start looking East
Or closer West—
Well, farther North—
Are we the fourth?
I feel depressed.
(Don't touch the coat!)

Coming next
Is extraterritoriality.
Noting text
Say "extraterritoriality."
You perplexed
By "extraterritoriality"?
Just noting clause
(Don't touch the coat!)
Which say your laws
Do not apply
(Don't touch the coat!)
When we drop by,
Not getting shot,
No matter what—
A minor scrape,
A major rape,
And we escape
(Don't touch the capel)
That's what is extraterritoriality.

Fair is fair—
You wish perhaps to vote?
What we care
You liking what we wrote?
Sitting there
Is finest fleet afloat.
Observing boat?

[Explosion]

Don't touch the coat.
Just sign the note.

BRITISH ADMIRAL
The British feel
These latest dealings

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless otherwise noted)

Verge on immorality.
The element
Of precedent
Imperils our neutrality.
We're rather vexed,
Your giving ext-
Raterritoriality.
We must insist
You offer this
To every nationality!

DUTCH ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
We want the same
What the Russkies claim!
Why you let them come?
Dirty rotten shame!

AMERICAN ADMIRAL [overlapping]:
U.S.A. extremely upset!
President Pierce say solid "No!"

FRENCH ADMIRAL
'Allo!—
Please 'allo!
Please 'allo
'Allo! 'Allo! 'Allo!

I bring word,
I bring word
From Napoleon ze Third.
'E 'ad 'eard what 'ave occurred 'ere
From ze little bird!

Undeterred,
We conferred,
Though we felt zat we'd been slurred,
And ze verdict was he spurred
Me 'ere to
Bring ze word!
Would you like to know ze word
From Napoleon ze Third?

It's détente! Oui, détente!
Zat's ze only thing we want!
Just détente! Oooh, détente!
No agreement could be more fair!
Signing pacts,
Passing acts,
Zere's no time for making warfare
When you're always busy
Making wiz ze
Mutual détente!

A détente! A détente
Is ze only thing we wish!
Same as zem, except additional
Ze rights to fish!
You'll be paid, you'll be paid,
And we'll 'ave ze big parade
If we somehow can persuade
You to accept our aid.
It is not to be afraid . . .
As we merely wish to trade . . .

[Explosion]

A détente! Oui, détente!
Zat's ze only thing we want!
Leave ze grain,
Leave ze train,
Put Champagne among your imports!
Tell each man
Zat Japan
Can't be bothered giving him ports
While she's in a tizzy,
Dizzy
Wiz ze
Mutual détente!

ABE:
It is late,
And I fear—
Well,
You see,
There's a famine.
Could you wait
For a year?
We'll agree
To examine
It, but we've
Had a quake
And a flood
And a famine . . .
Please believe
We will take
It to study,
Examine it . . .

FRENCH ADMIRAL [simultaneously]:
Just détente! Oooh détente!
No agreement should be more fair!
Signing pacts,
Passing acts,
Zere's no time for making warfare.

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics
Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (Unless otherwise noted)

Why discuss,
Make ze fuss
Since ze West belong to us?
And ze East
We have leased
For ze French administration.
If you force
In ze Norce,
Zen we burn ze Dutch legation.

DUTCH ADMIRAL [simultaneously]:
Wait! Please hello!
Don't forget the Dutch!
We want just as much
Fishing rights and such!
Tell them to go,
Otherwise we post
Battleships at most
Ports along the coast . . .
You can have the West,
We will take the rest.

BRITISH ADMIRAL [simultaneously]:
One moment, please,
I think that these
Assure us exclusivity
For Western ports
And other sorts
Of maritime activity,
And if you mean
To intervene,
As is the Dutch proclivity,
We'll blow you nits
To little bits,
With suitable festivity.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL [simultaneously]:
Wait please, hello, West is ours.
Wait please, the East is the best coast.
We'll trade you two on the West coast.

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL [simultaneously]:
Please hello, no seaports on the West.
United States too near to Czar,
Is tempting fates, is go too far—
(Don't touch the coat!)

ALL ADMIRALS:
Ah, détente!
Ah, détente!
They're what everybody wants!
You should want

A détente—
Makes a nation like a brother!
We'll be here
Every year
To protect you from each other
And to see you aren't
Signing foreign
Treaties and détente!

Please hello!
We must go,
But our intercourse will grow
Through détente,
As détente
Brings complete cooperation.
By the way,
May we say
We adore your little nation,
And with heavy cannon
Wish you an un-
Ending please hello!!!

“Pretty Lady”

THIRD SAILOR:
Pretty lady in the pretty garden, can'tcher
stay?
Pretty lady, we got leave and we got paid
today.
Pretty lady with a flower,
Give a lonely sailor 'alf an hour.
Pretty lady, can you understand a word I
say?
Don't go away.

FIRST SAILOR:
Pretty lady, you're the cleanest thing I seen
all year.

THIRD SAILOR:
I sailed the world for you.

FIRST SAILOR:
Pretty lady, you're enough to make me glad
I'm here.

SECOND SAILOR:
Pretty lady, could I hear you laugh?
I ain't heard a lady laugh for I don't know
how long.
I'll sing a song for you,

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Tell you tales of adventuring, strange and fantastical.
Pretty lady, I ain't never been away from home.

SECOND SAILOR:
Pretty lady, beg your pardon,
Won'tcher walk me through your pretty garden?

THIRD SAILOR:
Pretty lady, I'm a million miles from Stepney Green.
You are the softest thing I've ever seen.
Stay with me please, I been away so long.
Don't be afraid . . .
Hey, no, listen, pretty lady, beg your pardon,
Won'tcher walk me through your pretty garden?

FIRST SAILOR:
Pretty lady, how about it?
Don'tcher know how long I been without it?
Pretty lady in the garden, wotcher say?
Can'tcher stay? . . .
Hey, wait, don't go yet.
Pretty lady with the pretty bow,
Please don't go, it's early.
Won't you walk me through your pretty garden?

ALL:
Pretty lady, look, I'm on my knees,
Pretty please.

SECOND SAILOR:
Pretty lady in the pretty garden, won'tcher stay?

SECOND & THIRD SAILORS:
Pretty lady, we got leave and we got paid today.

FIRST SAILOR: Pretty lady with a flower,

ALL SAILORS:
Give a lonely sailor 'alf an hour!

FIRST SAILOR:
Pretty lady in the pretty garden, won'tcher stay?

SECOND SAILOR:
Pretty lady in the pretty garden, won'tcher stay?

THIRD SAILOR:
Pretty lady in the pretty garden, wotcher say?

FIRST SAILOR: Why can'tcher stay?

SECOND SAILOR: I sailed the world for you!

THIRD SAILOR: Don't go away!

ADDITIONAL SONGS

The Mad Show
(Off Broadway Revue, 1966)

"The Boy From"

(Music: Mary Rodgers; Lyrics: Esteban Ria Nido)

GIRL:
Tall and slender,
Like an Apollo,
He goes walking by
And I have to follow
Him, the boy from Tacarembó la Tumbe del
Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta
del Sol y Cruz.

When we meet,
I feel I'm on fire
And I'm breathless
Every time I inquire,
"How are things in Tacarembó la Tumbe del
Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta
del Sol y Cruz?"

Why, when I speak, does he vanish?
Why is he acting so clannish?
I wish I understood Spanish.
When I tell him I think he's the end,
He giggles a lot with his friend . . .

Tall and slender,
Moves like a dancer,
But I never seem to

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Get any answer
From the boy from Tacarembo la Tumbe del
Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta
del Sol y Cruz.
I got the blueth.

Why are his trousers vermillion?
(His trousers are vermillion.)
Why does he claim he's Castilian?
(He thays that he'th Cathtilian.)
Why do his friends call him "Lillian"?
And I hear, at the end of the week
He's leaving to start a boutique.

Though I smile I'm
Only pretending.
'Cause I know today's the
Last I'll be spending
With the boy from Tacarembo la Tumbe del
Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta
del Sol y Cruz.

Tomorrow he sails.
He's moving to Wales
To live in
Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl-
llandysiliogogoch.

Och!

<p><i>The Seven Percent Solution</i> (Film, 1976)</p>

"I Never Do Anything Twice"

MADAM:
When I was young and simple
(I don't recall the date),
I met a handsome Captain of the Guard.
He visited my chambers
One evening very late,
In tandem with a husky St. Bernard.

At first I was astonished,
And tears came to my eyes,
But later when I asked him to resume,
He said, to my surprise,
"My dear, it isn't wise.
Where love is concerned,
One must freshen the bloom.

Once, yes, once for a lark.
Twice, though, loses the spark.
One must never deny it,
But after you try it
You vary the diet."
Said my handsome young Guard,
"Yes, I know that it's hard,
Still, no matter how nice,
I never do anything twice."

I think about the Baron
Who came at my command,
And proffered me a riding crop and chains.
The evening that we shared
Was meticulously planned:
He took the most extraordinary pains.

He trembled with excitement,
His cheeks were quite aglow,
And afterward he cried to me, "Encore!"
He pleaded with me so
To have another go,
I murmured caressingly,
"Whatever for?"

Once, yes, once is a lark.
Twice, though, loses the spark.
Once, yes, once is delicious,
But twice would be vicious,
Or just repetitious.

Someone's bound to be scarred—
Yes, I know that it's hard.
Still, no matter the price,
I never do anything twice.

And then there was the Abbot
Who worshipped at my feet
And dressed me in a wimple and in veils.
He made a proposition
(Which I found rather sweet)
And handed me a hammer and some nails.

In time we lay contented,
And he began again
By fingering the beads around our waists.
I whispered to him then,
"We'll have to say Amen,"
For I had developed more catholic tastes.

Once, yes, once for a lark.
Twice, though, loses the spark.

Sondheim 101: Class 8 Featured Lyrics

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As I said to the Abbot,
“I’ll get in the habit,
But not in the habit.”
You’ve my highest regard,
And I know that it’s hard—
Still, no matter the vice,
I never do anything twice.

Once, yes, once can be nice:
Love requires some spice.
If you’ve something in view,
Something to do
Totally new,
I’ll be there in a trice!
But I never do anything twice—
Except—
No, I never do anything twice.

A REALLY INFLUENTIAL REVUE

Side by Side by Sondheim
(London, 1976; Broadway, 1977)
Lyrics by Sondheim; Music by Sondheim,
Bernstein, Styne, R. Rodgers & M. Rodgers

The revue featured 30 songs, listed here by show, not by order of performance.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

- “Comedy Tonight/Love Is in the Air”

Company

- “The Little Things You Do Together”
- “Getting Married Today”
- “Company”
- “Another Hundred People”
- “Barcelona”
- “Being Alive”
- “You Could Drive a Person Crazy”
- “Side By Side By Side”

A Little Night Music

- “You Must Meet My Wife”
- “Send in the Clowns”

***Evening Primrose* (television)**

- “I Remember”

Follies

- “Can That Boy Foxtrot!”
- “Too Many Mornings”
- “Beautiful Girls”
- “Ah, Paris!”
- “Buddy’s Blues”
- “Broadway Baby”
- “Losing My Mind”
- “Could I Leave You?”
- “I’m Still Here”

***The Seven Percent Solution* (film)**

- “I Never Do Anything Twice”

Anyone Can Whistle

- “Everybody Says Don’t”
- “There Won’t Be Trumpets”
- “Anyone Can Whistle”

Pacific Overtures

- “Pretty Lady”

Do I Hear a Waltz?

(Music by Richard Rodgers)

- “We’re Gonna Be All Right”

West Side Story

(Music by Leonard Bernstein)

- “A Boy Like That”

The Mad Show

(Music by Mary Rodgers)

- “The Boy From . . .”

Gypsy

(Music by Jule Styne)

- “If Momma Was Married”