Soliloquy

Voice

Bm
Moderato
E9
Bm
E9
Billy:

P

E9

Bm

wonder what he'll think of me!
I guess he'll call me "The old man!"
I guess he'll

D
A7 (D)
A7
D
Fm7

think I can lick Ev'-ry other fel-ler's fa-ther; Well, I can!

Bm
E9
Bm
E9

bet that he'll turn out to be The spit-an' im-age Of his Dad. But he'll have

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more common sense Than his puddin'head-ed father ever had.

Bm Più mosso

Bm

teach him to wras-sle, And dive through a wave, When we go in the morn-in's for our

E9 Am

swim. His moth-er can teach him The way to be-have, But she

Am B7+ rit. E7(b9) Am9(sus)

won't make a sis-sy out o' him. Not him! Not my boy! Not
Bill!

My boy, Bill! (I will see that he's named after me,)

I will!

My boy, Bill! He'll be tall And as tough as a tree,

Will Bill!
Like a tree tall grow, With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground,
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss him or toss him around!
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully 'ill boss him a-
marcato e poco allarg.

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I don't give a damn what he does, As long as he does what he likes! He can sit on his tail, Or work on a rail With a hammer, hammerin' spikes. He can ferry a boat on a river, Or peddle a pack on his
back. Or work up and down The streets of a town With a

whip and a horse and a hack. He can haul a scow a-

long a canal, Run a cow around a corral, Or maybe bark for a

carousel Of course it takes talent to do that well. He
might be a champ of the heavy-weights, Or a feller that sells you glue, Or President of the United States That'd be alright, too. His mother would like that, But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be. Not Bill!
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall And as tough As a tree,

Will Bill! Like a tree he'll grow, With his

head held high, And his feet planted firm on the ground,

And you won't see nobody dare to try To
boss him or toss him around!

No fat bottomed,

flabby-faced, potbellied, baggy-eyed bastard'll boss him around.

And I'm damned if he'll marry his boss's daughter, a skinny lipped virgin with blood like water, Who'll
give him a peck And call it a kiss, And look in his eyes through a lorg-net Say,

Why am I tak-in' on like this? My kid aint ev-en been born yet!

I can see him when he's sev-en-teen or so And start-in' in to

go with a girl! I can give him Lots of point-ers,
very sound, On the way to get 'round any girl.

I can tell him—Wait a minute!—Could it be? What the

Hell! What if he is a girl?

What would I do with her? What could I do for her? A bum with no money!

You can have
fun with a son, But you got to be a fa-ther To a girl!

She might n't be so bad at that, A kid with

rib-bons In her hair! A kind o' neat and pe-tite Lit-tle

(Spoken) I can just hear myself bragging about her! What a pair!
My little girl, Pink and white As peaches and cream is she.

My little girl Is half again as bright As girls are meant to be!

Dozens of boys pursue her, Many a likely lad

Does what he can to woo her From her faithful dad.
She has a few
Pink and white young fellers of two and three
But

my little girl
Gets hungry every night and she comes home to

Poco più mosso
(Spoken) My little girl, my little girl!
I got to get ready before she comes! I got to make certain that she won't be dragged up in slums with a
Gb  Eb m  F

with growing expression  Dm

lot o' burns like me  She's got to be sheltered And

con vigore

Bb  Dm  Bb  Dm  Bb

fed and dressed In the best that money can buy! I never knew how to get

Ebmaj7  Eb m

Quasi grandioso

Bb  Bbdim  F7  Bdim  Bbm  F

money, But I'll try, By God! I'll try! I'll go out and make it Or

ff rit.

sempre crescendo

Bbmaj7  Eb

a tempo

steal it, Or take it or die!

a tempo molto cresc.
That is a picture of a person I don't know.

What does he want from me? What should I try to be?

So many faces all around, and here we go. I

need this job. Oh God, I need this show.

CELESTE

Turn tender to vol. 31/2

(Wws./Harp) (Wws.) (Wws.) poco rit.

simile

(Bass)
Mister Snow
(Julie and Carrie Sequence)

Cue: Billy: "Keep your money, I'll pay"
Billy exits after Mrs. Mullins. Carrie taps Julie's shoulder.

Lyrics by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

Music by
Richard Rodgers

Moderato

Voice

Julie: (speaks)

Carrie: (speaks)

Carrie:

Voice

Piano

Julie, Julie Do you like him? I dun-no. Did you
like it when he talked to you today? When he put you on the carousel, that
way? Did you like that? 'Druther not say. You're a

PROPERTY OF CITY OF NEW YORK
queer one, Julie Jordan! You are quieter and deeper than a well, And you

Julie:

never tell me nothin'! There's nothin' that I keep t' choose t' tell! You been

acting most peculiar! Ev'ry mornin' you're a-woke ahead of

Julie:

me, Alwys settin' by the win-der. I like to watch the riv'er meet the
Allegro moderate

When we work in the mill,

wovin' at the loom, Y' gase absent-minded at the root,

half the time yer shuttle gets twisted in the threads 'Till y' can't tell the

warp from the woof.

'Tain't so! You're a
Moderate

queer one, Jullie Jordan! You won't ever tell a body what you think. You're as

Julie: (speaks)

tight-lipped as an oyster, And as stiff as an old Se-bai-ra Spink! Spink!

Slowly


Jullie: Oh! Carrie: Jullie, I been bustin' t' tell you somethin' lately. Jullie: Y' hav? Carrie: Reason I didn't ker to tell you

before was 'cause you didn't have a feller of yer own.
Now y' got one, I can tell y' about mine.

Julie: "I'm glad you got a feller, Carrie! What's his name?"
Moderato con grazia

Garris (sings)

His name is Mister Snow, And an up-stand-in' man is he.
He comes home ev'-ry night in his round-bottomed boat With a net full of herring from the sea.
An almost perfect beau, As refined as a girl could
wish, But he spends so much time in his round-bottomed boat, That he

can't seem to lose the smell of fish!

The first time he kissed me, the whiff of his colo'se Knocked me

flat on the floor of the room, But now that I love him, my
Heart's in my nose, and fish is my favorite perfume!

Last night he spoke quite low, and a fair spoken man is.

He, and he said, "Miss Pippieridge, I'd like it fine.

If I could be wed with a wife, and indeed, Miss Pippieridge, if
you'll be mine, I'll be yours for the rest of my life.

Next moment we were promised! And now my mind's in a maze.

For all it ken do is look forward to That wonderful day of days.
REFRAIN

When I marry Mister Snow,

The flowers'll be buzzin' with the hum of bees, The

birds'll make a racket in the churchyard trees, When I

marry Mister Snow.
Then it's off to home we'll go, And
both of us 'll look a little dream - y-eyed, A drivin' to a cottage by the
ocean side Where the salty breezes blow.

Hell carry me 'cross the threshold, And I'll be as meek as a
lamb.
Then he'll set me on my feet And I'll say, kind a sweet,

"Well, Mis-ter Snow, here I am!
Then I'll

kiss him so he'll know
That

ev'-ry-thin' 'll be as right as right ken be, A-
liv'in' in a cottage by the sea with me. For I

love that Mr. Snow,

That young, sea-farin',

bold and darlin', Big, be-whiskered, over bearin'

poco a poco cresc.

darlin', Mr. Snow!