VOCAL SCORE

Theatre Royal Drury Lane

H. M. TROTTINT Ltd.
Present
HERMAN LEVIN'S PRODUCTION

REX HARRISON • JULIE ANDREWS

My Fair Lady

Adapted from Bernard Shaws Pygmalion

WITH STANLEY HOLLOWAY
ROBERT COOTE • ZENA DARE

Music by
FREDERICK LOEWE

Book and Lyrics by
ALAN JAY LERNER

Production Staged by
MOSS HART

CHOREOGRAPHY AND MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED BY
HANYA HOLM
MUSICAL DIRECTOR
CYRIL ORMANDEL

Songs from the Show:
WON'T YOU BE LOVELY?
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK
I'D RATHER HAVE DANCED MY NIGHT
ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE
SHOW ME
GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME
I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE
THE RAIN IN SPAIN
PIANO SELECTION
VOCAL SCORE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
H. M. TENNENT LTD.

PRESENT
HERMAN LEVIN'S PRODUCTION

REX HARRISON    JULIE ANDREWS

MY FAIR LADY

ADAPTED FROM BERNARD SHAW'S "PYGMALION"
Produced on the screen by Gabriel Pascal

WITH

STANLEY HOLLOWAY
ROBERT COOTE    ZENA DARE

MUSIC BY
FREDERICK LOEWEN

BOOK AND LYRICS BY
ALAN JAY LERNER

PRODUCTION STAGED BY
MOSS HART

Choreography and Musical Numbers Staged by HANYA HOLM
Production Designed by OLIVER SMITH
Costumes Designed by CECIL BEATON
Musical Director CYRIL ORNADEL
Musical Arrangements by ROBERT RUSSELL BENNETT AND PHIL LANG
Lighting by JOE DAVIS
Dance Music Arranged by TRUDE RITTMAN

VOCAL SCORE
(Edited by FRANZ ALLERS)

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First performance at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, New York, March 15, 1956
First Performance in London at the
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, April 30, 1958

MY FAIR LADY

THE CAST

(in order of appearance)

BUSKERS
MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL
ELIZA DOOLITTLE
FREDDY EYNSFORD-HILL
COLONEL PICKERING
A BYSTANDER
HENRY HIGGINS
SELEY MAN
Hoxton Man
Another Bystander
First Cockney
Second Cockney
Third Cockney
Fourth Cockney
Bartender
Harry
Jamie
Alfred P. Doolittle
Mrs. Pearce
Mrs. Hopkins
Butler
Servants

MRS. HIGGINS
CHAFFEUR
FOOTMEN
LORD BOXINGTON
LADY BOXINGTON
CONSTABLE
FLOWER GIRL
ZOLTAN KARPATHY
FLUNKIES
MAJOR DOMO
QUEEN OF TRANSYLVANIA
AMBASSADOR
BARTENDER
MRS. HIGGINS' MAID

JOAN ELVIN, TERRY WILLIAMS, WILLHELM MAUKER
LINDA GRAY
JULIE ANDREWS
LEONARD WEIR
ROBERT COOTE
MAX OLDAKER
REX HARRISON
ALAN DUDLEY
REG TEMPLAR
BOB CHISHOLM
ROBERT CRANE
JOHN MOORE
HOWARD DAVIES
ROBIN DUNBELL
MOSTYN EVANS
ALAN DUDLEY
BOB CHISHOLM
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
BETTY WOOLFE
ELAINE GARREAU
JOHN MOORE

MARTY BURGESS, FRED SESSIONS, BRENDA GAYLE

HAROLD DAVIES, ELAINE LOVEGROVE,

SINGING ENSEMBLE, DANCING ENSEMBLE
SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The place is London. The time, 1912

ACT I

Scene 1. Outside the Opera House, Covent Garden—A cold March night
Scene 2. A Tenement Section, Tottenham Court Road—Immediately following
Scene 3. Higgins’ Study—The following morning
Scene 4. A Tenement Section, Tottenham Court Road—Three days later
Scene 5. Higgins’ Study—Later that day
Scene 6. Near the Race Meeting, Ascot—A July afternoon
Scene 7. Inside a Club Tent, Ascot—Immediately following
Scene 8. Outside Higgins’ House, Wimpole Street—Later that afternoon
Scene 9. Higgins’ Study—Six weeks later
Scene 10. The Promenade of the Embassy—Later that night
Scene 11. The Ballroom of the Embassy—Immediately following

ACT II

Scene 1. Higgins’ Study—3 o’clock the following morning
Scene 2. Outside Higgins’ House, Wimpole Street—Immediately following
Scene 3. Flower Market of Covent Garden—5 o’clock that morning
Scene 4. Upstairs Hall of Higgins’ house—11 o’clock that morning
Scene 5. The Conservatory of Mrs. Higgins’ house—Later that day
Scene 6. Outside Higgins’ House, Wimpole Street—Immediately following
Scene 7. Higgins’ Study—Immediately following
# MY FAIR LADY

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MY FAIR LADY

FREDERICK LOEWE

NO 1

OVERTURE AND OPENING SCENE

Presto

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Act I

Allegro giusto

Fi. Clar.

Str.

9 Crowds are milling about Covent Garden Opera House

Tept.

Tuba

17 Fi. Clar.

Str.

Tept. Clar.

Trpt. Cello poco marc.

44169

Chappell
**No. 2**

**SONG—(Higgins, with others)**

"WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH?"

**ALAN JAY LERNER**

**FREDERICK LOEWE**

_Cue:_ Higgins: A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere—no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech; that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible, and don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

**Allegro**

(ELIZA) Aooooooooow!

Higgins

Look at her, a pris'ner of the gut-ters;

Condemned by ev'ry syl-la-ble she utters.

_By._

(Spoken) For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue! (ELIZA) A-o-o-oow! (Higgins) Aooooooooow! Heavens, what a noise.

right she should be tak'en out and hung

This is what the Brit-ish pop-u-la-tion calls an el-e-men-try edu-

16 Poco meno mosso

Chappell
(PICKERING) Come, sir, I think you picked a poor example.

(HIGGINS) Did I!

HIG 28 Vivo

Hear them down in So-ho Square, dropping ashes everywhere.

HIG 36 (To Cockney)

Cockney

You, sir, did you go to school? What ya like me fer, a fool?

Higgins

No one taught him "take" in stead of "like"
Hear a Yorkshire-man, or worse, Hear a Cornish-man converse. I'd rather hear a choir singing flat.

(ELIZA) Garn! I ask you, sir, what sort of word is that?

Just like this one, Garn! It's "Aaow" and "Garn" that keep her in her place.

Not her wretched clothes and dirty face.

Why can't the English teach their children how to speak? This verbal class distinction by now should be an

Meno mosso

Chickens cackling in a barn.

Listesso tempo
tique. If you spoke as she does, sir, instead of the way you do, Why,

(PICKERING) I beg your pardon! you might be selling flowers too. An Englishman's way of

speaking absolutely classifies him. The moment he talks he makes some other Englishman despise him. One common language I'm a

afraid we'll never get. Oh, why can't the English learn to
96 L'istesso tempo

set a good ex- ample to peo- ple whose Eng- lish is pain- ful to your

ears?

The Scotch and the Irish leave you close to tears.

There ev- en are plac- es where Eng- lish com- pletely dis- ap-

(Spoken) In America, they haven't used it for years!

Why can't the English teach their children how to speak? Nor- we- gians learn Nor-

BrassW.W.
-wegian, the Greeks are taught their Greek. In France every Frenchman knows his

(Spoken) The French never care what they do, actually, as long as they pronounce it properly.

language from "A" to "Zed"

Arabians learn Arabian with the speed of summer lightning; The

Hebrews learn it backwards, which is absolutely fright'ning. But

use proper English, you're regarded as a freak.
SONG - (Eliza & Male Chorus)

"WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY"

Cue: HIGGINS: Ah, the church. A reminder. (Throwing some coins into Eliza's basket) Indian dialects have always fascinated me. I have records of over fifty.
PICKERING: Have you, now? Did you know there are over two hundred?
ELIZA: Aooow! Aooow! Aooow! Aooowow!

Moderato

1st COCKNEY: Shouldn't you stand up, gentlemen? We've got a bloomin' heiress in our midst.
2nd COCKNEY: Would you be lookin' for a good butler, Eliza?  ELIZA: You won't do.

2nd Cockney (Bass)

8 Quasi recitativo

3rd Cockney (Baritone)

2nd C

Rather dull in town; I think I'll take me to Pare...

1st Cockney (Tenor)

Mmm

2nd C

Missus wants to open up the castle in Capri.

Mmm

1st C

Doctor recommends a quiet summer by the sea.

3rd C

2nd C

Ten. 1  Moderato

CHO

Ten. II  Bar.  Mmm.

Bass  Mmm, Would n't it be lover ly?

Bass

3rd COCKNEY: Where're ya bound this spring, Eliza—Biarritz?

Clar.  pp leggero

44169  Chappell
All I want is a room some-where; Far a-way from the cold night air.

With one e-nor-mous chair; oh, wouldn't it be lo-ver-ly? Lots of choch-olate for

me to eat; Lots of coal mak-in' lots of heat; Warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh,

wouldn't it be lo-ver-ly? Oh, so lo-ver-ly sit-ten' ab-so-bloom-in-

-lute-ly still! I would nev-er budge 'til Spring crept
o-ver me win-der-sill. Some-one’s head rest-in’ on my knee; warm and ten-der as
Str. Fl. Clar. obbl.

he can be, Who-takes good care of me; oh, would - n’t it be

lo-ver-ly? Lover-ly! Lover-ly! Lover-ly! Lover-ly!
Str. W. W.

Ten. I
Ten. II
Bar.
Bass
All I want is a room some-where; Far a-way from the cold night air.

a tempo

Chappell
Oh, wouldn't it be loverly? Lots of chocolate for me to eat; Lots of coal make lots of heat. Warm face, warm hands, warm feet; Oh, me eat; Lots of coal make lots of heat. Warm face, warm hands, warm feet.

Solo Tenor $pp$

Oh, so loverly sittin' ab-so-bloom-in'

Chappell
ELIZ

-lute-ly still!  I would nev-er budge 'till Spring crept o-ver me win-der-sill.

S.T.

O-ver me win-der,

ELIZ

82

Who takes good

CHO

Ah,

Ah,

Who takes good

Some-one's head rest-in' on my knee, Warm and tender as she can be, Who takes good

ELIZ

90

care of me, Oh, would n't it be lo-ver-ly?  Ah, Lover-ly!

CHO

care of me, Lover-ly!  Ah,

care of me,  

WW  Ah,

44159  Chappell
The men whistle as the sweepers dance

(Vlns. etc.

Cl. Bsn.

Muted Trpt.

Chappell)
Eliza

Oh, wouldn't it be lover-ly?

ELIZ

Lover-ly!

Ten. I Ah, 

Lover-ly!

Ten. II Lover-ly!

Bar. 

Bass Ah, 

(The scene changes)

Chappell
TRIO — (Doolittle, Jamie and Harry)

"WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK"

Cue: DOOLITTLE: Goodnight, Eliza! You're a noble daughter! — You see, boys, I told you not to go home! It's just faith, hope and a little bit of luck!

Moderato
Doolittle (Spoken) (Swung)

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron — So he could
W.W. made liquor for temptation — To see if

Doo

do his job and never shirk. The Lord above gave
man could turn away from sin. The Lord above made

Doo

man an arm of iron, but — With a little bit of luck, with a
li-q-u-o-r for tempt-a-tion, but — With a lit-tle bit of luck, with a

Doo

lit-tle bit of luck, Some-one else'll do the blink-in' work!
lit-tle bit of luck, When tempt-a-tion comes, you'll give right in!

44169  Chappell
Jamie
Harry

With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit, with a little bit,

With a little bit of luck, you'll never work
With a little bit of luck, you'll give right in!

Doolittle

The Lord a-
Oh, you can walk the straight and narrow;

but with a little bit of luck you'll run amuck!

The gentle
sex was made for man to marry. To share his nest and

see his food is cooked. The gentle sex was made for man to

marry, but—With a little bit of luck, with a little bit of

Jamie
Harry

With

luck, you can have it all and not get hooked. With a
ANGRY WOMAN: Shut your face down there! How's a woman supposed to get her rest?
DOOLITTLE: I'm tryin' to keep 'em quiet, lady!
ANGRY MAN: Shut up! Once and for all, shut up!
DOOLITTLE: 'Ere, 'ere—that's no way to talk to a lady! We've got to be neighbourly-like, boys.

(After all) Al L'istesso tempo

The Lord a-bove made man to help his neighbour. No matter where, on

land, or sea, or foam—The Lord a-bove made man to help his

(Whispered)

neighbour, but With a little bit of luck, with a little bit of

pp Str.

Jamie

Harry

B1

With a little bit

(Roaring)

luck, When he comes around you won't be home!—With a little bit

add W.W. Hn.

W.W. Brass

Chappell
with a little bit of luck, you won't be home!

They're always throwin' goodness at you; But with a little bit of luck, a man can duck! Oh, it's a crime for man to go philanthrin'.

And fill his wife's poor heart with grief and doubt. Oh, it's a
crime for man to go philan - d'rin', but With a lit-tle bit of
luck, With a lit-tle bit of luck, You can see the blood-hound don't find out!

With a lit-tle bit, with a lit-tle bit, With a
With a lit-tle bit, with a lit-tle bit, With a
With a lit-tle bit, with a lit-tle bit, With a

lit-tle bit of luck, she won't find out! With a lit-tle bit, with a
lit-tle bit of luck, she won't find out! With a lit-tle bit, with a
lit-tle bit of luck, she won't find out! With a lit-tle bit, with a

Chappell
lit-tle bit, With a lit-tle bit of bloom-in' luck!

N.B. In the orchestra parts, the following number (4A) is not written out separately, but starts at a % (Bar 7 of page 27 in this score) in No. 6

NO 4A

CHANGE OF SCENE

Moderato
Brass

Vln. W.W.

eetc.

A voice is heard practicing vowel sounds. It continues in seemingly endless monody. (The curtain rises)
No 5

SONG—(Higgins)
"I'M AN ORDINARY MAN"

 Cue: HIGGINS. I find that the moment I let myself become friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so. After all, Pickering:

Moderato

Higgins (Spoken) (Sung)

Im an ordinary man, who desires nothing more than just the

ordinary chance. To live exactly as he likes and do precisely what he wants. An average man am I, of no eccentric whim; who wants to live his life free of strife.
do-ing what-ev-er he thinks is best for him. Just an or-di-nar-y man.

14 Allegro molto vivo

But let a wo-man in your life Tutti

And your ser-en-i-ty is through!

She'll re-decor-ate your home From the cel-lar to the dome; Then get on to the en-thral-l ing fun of ov-er-

Oh, let a
woman in your life

And you are up against the wall!

Make a plan and you will find she has something else in mind; And so

rather than do either, you do something else that neither likes at all.

54 Più mosso

You want to talk of keats or milton;

She only wants to talk of love. You go to see a
play or ballet
And spend it searching for her glove.

Oh, let a woman in your life
And you invite eternal

Molto
meno 78

strike!
(W.W.)
Let them buy their wedding bands for those

A tempo

anxious little hands; I'd be equally as willing for a dentist to be

Pesante

Come prima
(Spoken)

Chappell
90 Calmato

man; Even-temper'd and good-nature'd, whom you

(Sir.) scherzando

never hear complain; Who has the milk of human kindness by the

quart in every vein. A patient man am I down to my finger-tips; The sort who

never could, ever would. Let an insulting remark escape his lips.

just a very gentle man. But let a
103 Allegro vivo

wo-man in your life

And pa-tience hasn't got a chance...

She will beg you for ad-vice; your re-ply will be con-

-cise. And she'll lis-ten ve-ry nice-ly, then go out and do pri-cise-ly what she

wants! W.W Tpt.

You were a man of grace and

polish, Who never spoke a bove a hush—Now all at

123 Più mosso

Chappell
once you're using language that would make a sailor blush

Oh, let a woman in your life and you are plunging in a... knife!

Let the others of my sex tie the... knot around their necks; I'd prefer a new edition of the Spanish Inquisition...

Come prima (Spoken!)

(si-thon) ever let a woman in my life!... (Cl.) I'm a quiet living...
Who prefers to spend his evenings in the silence of his room. Who likes an atmosphere as restful as an undiscovered tomb. A pensive man am I of philosophic joys; Wholikes to meditate, contemplate, free from humanity's mad, inhuman noise. Just a quiet living man...
Allegro vivo

Women in your life

And your sabbatical is

through!

In a line that never ends come an

army of her friends. Come to jabber and to chatter and to tell her what the

matter is with you.

She'll have a
booming boisterous family Who will descend on you en masse. She'll have a large Wagnerian mother With a voice that shatters glass!

(A gibberish of voices begins as he turns on a phonograph)

Oh, let a woman in your life, Let a

Chappell
(... And another phonograph)

wo-man in your life, Let a wo-man in your life.

(The sound of voices rises over the orchestra)

Slowly

I shall nev-er let a wo-man in my

Presto

(Curtain)

life.
CHANGE OF SCENE

Allegro vivo

Tutti

Str.

Brass

(The curtain rises)
REPRISE—(Doolittle and Chorus)
"WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK"

Cue: DOOLITTLE: I knew she had a career in front of her! Harry, boy, we're in for a booze-up. The sun is shinin' on Alfred P. Doolittle.

Moderato
Doolittle
(Spoken)

A man was made to help support his children, Which is the right and proper thing to do.

(Sung)

Doo doo

but, With a little bit of luck, with a little bit of luck, They'll go out and start supporting you!

Doo doo

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Harry & Basses With a little bit, with a

Jamie & Tenors With a little bit, with a

Harry, boy, we're in for a booze-up. The sun is shinin' on Alfred P. Doolittle.
little bit,
With a little bit of luck, they'll work for you.
He doesn't

little bit,
With a little bit of luck, they'll work for you.
He doesn't

have a tup-pence in his pock- et; The poor-est bloke you'll ev-er hope to

have a tup-pence in his pock- et; The poor-est bloke you'll ev-er hope to

meet. He doesn't have a tup-pence in his pock- et, but

meet. He doesn't have a tup-pence in his pock- et, but

fz

| cresc sembre |

W.W. Brass

pp
little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck, He'll be mov-in' up to
little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck, He'll be mov-in' up to

easy street. With a little bit, with a

easy street With a little bit, with a

Brass

little bit, With a little bit of luck, he's mov-in' up.

little bit, With a little bit of luck, he's mov-in' up.
N.B. In the orchestra parts, the following number (6a) is not written out separately, but starts at a (one bar before D. page 46 in this score) in No 6

No 6a. CHANGE OF SCENE

Moderato

Brass
Cue: Higgins: Eliza, I promise you you will pronounce the letter "a" correctly before this day is out, or there'll be no lunch, no dinner, and no chocolates!

Eliza slams her study book down on the floor

Eliza: You'll be broke and I'll have mon-ey; Will I help you? Don't be fun-ny! Just you wait, 'en-ry ig-gins, just you wait! You'll be sor-ry, but your tears'll be too late!

Eliza: Just you wait, 'en-ry ig-gins, till you're sick, And you wait!

And you wait!

Just you wait, 'en-ry ig-gins, just you wait!

You'll be sor-ry, but your tears'll be too late!
scream to fetch a doctor double quick! I'll be off a second later. And go
straight to the theatre! Oh, ho ho, 'en-ry 'ig-gins, just you wait.

Oooooooh, 'en-ry 'ig-gins! Just you wait un-till we're swim-min' in the
sea!

Oooooooh, 'en-ry 'ig-gins And you
get a cramp a lit-tle ways from me! When you yell you're go-na drown, I'll get
ELIZ

dressed and go to town! Oh, ho, ho, 'en-ry ig-gins! Oh, ho, ho, 'en-ry ig-gins!

ELIZ

Just you wait!

One

Amabile

day I'll be famous! I'll be pro-per and prim! Go to

Saint James so oft-en I will call it Saint Jim. One eve-ning the King will say: Oh,

Li-za, old thing, I want all of En-gl-land your prai-ses to sing. Next

Chappell
week, on the twentieth of May, I proclaim Liza Doolittle Day! All the people will celebrate the glory of you, And what ever you wish and want I gladly will do. "Thanks a lot, King," says I, in a manner well bred, "But all I want is everyiggins'

"'ead!!"  "Done," says the King, with a stroke.

Poco piu mosso
ELIZ

Guard, run and bring—the bloke!"

Then they'll

58 Allegro marzialc

march you 'en-ry 'ig-gins, to the wall;

And the

Brass

ELIZ

king will tell me 'Li-z-a, sound the call'!

As they raise their ri-fles higher, I'll shout:

ELIZ

"Rea-dy! Aim! Fire!"

Oh, ho, ho! 'en-ry 'ig-gins! Down you'll

Tutti

muffled Dr.

ELIZ

go! 'en-ry 'ig-gins! Just you wait!

Curtain

Chappell
CHORUS—(with Higgins and Eliza)

"POOR PROFESSOR HIGGINS"

Cue: ELIZA: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha....
HIGGINS: Go on! Go on!

The stage darkness. Six servants are seen at one side of the stage

**Moderato**

**Alto**

Poor_Professor_Higgins!

**Tenor**

Poor_Professor_Higgins!

**Bass**

Poor_Professor_Higgins!

Poor_Professor_Higgins!

Night and day he slaves a-way! Oh, poor_Professor_Higgins.

All day long on his feet;

Night and day he slaves a-way! Oh, poor_Professor_Higgins.

All day long on his feet;

Up and down until he's numb. Doesn't rest, doesn't eat, doesn't touch a crumb.

Up and down until he's numb. Doesn't rest, doesn't eat, Ah,
Cue: HIGGINS: Oh, it won’t go to waste. I know someone who’s immensely fond of strawberry tarts.

ELIZA: Aabooooowwww!

22 Piu mosso legato

Cue: One every night. One A. M., Two A. M., Three.

(The servants HIGGINS: (disappear) Four, Five, Six marbles. Dialogue continues)

Dialogue continues
Cue: HIGGINS: ... What's the matter? Why did you stop?
ELIZA: I swallowed one.
HIGGINS: Oh, don't worry. I have plenty more. Open your mouth... One, two, three, four...  
(Again the servants are seen)

Ancora più mosso

QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!
QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!
Hear our plea, oh!
QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!
QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!
Hear our plea, oh!

Ancora più mosso

pay-day we will quit, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!
"Ay," not "I;" "O," not "Ow;"  
pay-day we will quit, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!
"Ay," not "I;" "O," not "Ow;"

Pounding, pounding in our brain. "Ay," not "I;" "O," not "Ow;" Don't say "Rine" say "Rain;"
Pounding, pounding in our brain. "Ay," not "I;" "O," not "Ow;" Ah!

HIGGINS
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain. Dialogue continues

The servants disappear

Chappell
NO 9

TRIO— (Eliza, Higgins and Pickering)

"THE RAIN IN SPAIN"

 Cue: Higgins: Now, try it again.

Eliza: The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins: What was that?

Eliza: The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins: Again.

Eliza: The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins: I think she's got it! I think she's got it!

Tempo di Habanera

Higgins: By George, she got it! By George, she's got it! Sings

Now once again, where does it rain?

On the

poco a poco accel.

Eliza

plain! On the plain! And where's that soggy plain?

In
plain! And where's that blasted plain? In Spain! In

Spain! The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

They dance an impromptu Spanish fandango

ff brillante
Tutti

meno f
SONG—(Eliza,)(with 1st & 2nd Maids and Mrs. Pearce)
"I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT"

_Cue:_ Mrs. PEARCE: You've all been working much too hard. I think the strain is beginning to show. Eliza, I don't care what Mr. Higgins says, you must put down your books and go to bed.

*Eliza*

*Allegro molto*

"Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed! My head's too light to try to set it down!

Sleep! Sleep! I couldn't sleep to-night. Not for all the jewels in the crown!

I could have
danced all night! I could have danced all night And
still have begged for more. I could have

spread my wings And done a thousand things I've

never done before. I'll never

know what made it so exciting; Why all at

44169 Chappell
Once my heart took flight.

I only ten, ten, ten.

I know when he began to dance with me, I could have danced, danced, danced.

A tempo 45 L'istesso tempo

Danced, All night!

Eliza

I could have

It's after three, now. Don't you agree, now, she ought to be in bed?

Chappell
1st Maid: danced all night! I could have danced all night!
2nd Maid: You're tired out. You must be dead.

W.W.: Your face is drawn.

ELIZ: night! And still have begged for

2nd Maid: Your eyes are red. Now say good-night, please. Turn out the light, please.

Both: I could have more.

It's really time for you to be in bed.
spread my wings And done a thousand

Do come along, do as you're told. Or Mrs. Pearce

things I've never done before

is apt to scold. You're up too late, miss. And sure as fate miss,

fore.

I'll never know what made it

You'll catch a cold.

SOTh

Str.

so exciting. Why all at
once my heart took flight... I only

know when he began to dance with

1st Maid 2nd Maid Both
Put down your book. The work'll keep. Now settle down

a tempo cresc.

me, I could have danced, danced, danced, all

And go to sleep.
Poco meno

Mrs. Pearce

I understand, dear. It's all been grand, dear. But now it's time to sleep.

Tempo I

Eliza pp

I could have danced all night! I could have danced all night! And

still have begged for more. I could have

44169
heart took
flight. I only know when

he
crescendo
began to dance with me. I could have danced, danced,

danced all night

CHANGE OF SCENE

No. 10

Capriccioso

The curtain rises
Cue: Mrs HIGGINS: Charles, you'd better stay close to the car. I may be leaving abruptly.

Vivo

The curtain rises.

Tempo di Gavotte

The crowd awaiting the Ascot opening race sing with a minimum of movement and expression.

Soprano

16 Molto grazioso

ALTO

Ev'ry duke and earl and peer is here; Ev'ry-one who should be here is here. What a

TENOR

BASS

Ev'ry duke and earl and peer is here; Ev'ry-one who should be here is here.
Smashing, positively dashing spectacle—the Ascot opening day. At the gate are all the horses waiting for the cue to fly away. What a gripping, absolutely ripping moment at the Ascot opening day.
CHO

Pulses rushing! Faces flushing!

CHO

Pulses rushing! Faces flushing!

CHO

Heart-beats speed up! I have never been so keyed up!

CHO

Heart-beats speed up! I'm so keyed up!

CHO

Any second now they'll begin to run. Hark! A bell is ringing, they are

CHO

Any second now they'll begin to run. Hark! A bell is ringing, they are

44169
spring- ing for- ward! Look! It has be- gun! What a

spring- ing for- ward! Look! It has be- gun! What a

poco

pp lunga

fren- zied mo- ment that was! Did- n’t they main- tain an ex- haust- ing pace? 'Twas a

fren- zied mo- ment that was! Did- n’t they main- tain an ex- haust- ing pace? 'Twas a

Tutti espr.

thrill- ing, ab- solu- tely chill- ing run- ning of the As- cot op-'ing race!

thrill- ing, ab- solu- tely chill- ing run- ning of the As- cot op-'ing race!

Tutti Chappell
No. 12

End of Scene — (Ensemble)

Cue: Eliza: Have I said anything I oughtn't?
Mrs. Higgins: Not at all, my dear.
Eliza: Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. What I always say is...
Pickering: I don't suppose there's enough time before the next race to place a bet?

Tempo di Gavotte

Come, my dear. Mrs. Higgins: I'm afraid not, Colonel Pickering.

Freddy: I have a bet on number seven. I should be so happy if you would take it. You'll enjoy the race ever so much more.

Eliza: That's very kind of you.
Freddy: His name is Dover.
Again complete silence. The one exception is Eliza
ELIZA: Come on, come on, Dover.... Come on, Dover!!! Move your bloomin' arse!!!!!
SONG — (Freddy, with Mrs. Pearce)

"ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE"

Cue: FREDDY: Officer, I know this is Wimpole Street, but could you tell me where 27-A is?
Policeman: Right there, sir.
Freddy: Thank you.... Are those for sale?
FLOWER GIRL: Yes, sir. A shilling

Moderato

Freddy: Here
FLOWER GIRL: Thank you kindly, sir
Freddy: Isn't it a heavenly day? (Sing)

When she

Con moto

Freddy: mentioned how her aunt bit off the spoon,
She completely done me in.
And my

Freddy: heart went on a journey to the moon,
When she told about her father and the

Freddy: gin.
And I never saw a more enchanting farce,
Than the

44169

Chappell
FRED: Freddy Eynsford-Hill. If she doesn't remember me, tell her I'm the chap who was sniggering at her.

Freddy: And would you give her these?

Mrs. PEARCE: Yes, sir. Mr. PEARCE: You needn't rush. I want to drink in this street where she lives.

FRED: Often walked down this street before; But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before. All at once am I several stories high.
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.
Are there lilac trees
in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other
part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of every door?
No, it's
just on the street where you live.
And oh, the towering
feeling just to know some-how you are near!
The
FRED: Overpowering feeling. That any second you may suddenly app

75

-pearl. People stop and stare. They don't bother me. For there's

no-where else on earth that I would rather be. Let the time go by. I won't

care if I Can be here on the street where you live.

Mrs. PEARCE: Mr. Eynsford-Hill? FREDDY: Yes. Mrs. PEARCE: I'm terribly sorry, sir. Miss Doolittle says she doesn't want to see anyone ever again.
Freddy: But why? She was magnificent!

Mrs. Pearce: Magnificent? Do you have the right address, sir?

Freddy: Of course. I'll wait.

Mrs. Pearce: But it might be days, sir.

Freddy: But don't you see? I'll be happier here.

Even weeks! Freddy: They don't bother me. For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.

Freddy: Let the time go by. I won't care if I can be here on the street where you live.

Curtain
NO. 14

ELIZA'S ENTRANCE

Cue: PICKERING: ... What of the girl? You act as if she doesn't matter at all.

HIGGINS: Rubbish, Pickering. Of course she matters. What do you think I've been doing all these months? What could possibly matter more than to take a human being and change her into a different human being by creating a new speech for her? Why, it's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class and soul from soul. She matters immensely.

(Eliza appears, dressed for the ball)

Andante

(Scores of the musical composition are shown with musical notations for various instruments.)

PICKERING: Miss Doolittle, you look beautiful.


HIGGINS: "Not bad." That's not bad at all.
(Higgins pours a glass of port.... downs it quickly)

25 W.W etc.

(cresc.)

(Higgins offers Lisa his arm) (They start off together) (Curtain)

NO. 15

INTRODUCTION TO PROMENADE

32 Moderato

f Str. Brass

(Tutti)

(Two footmen enter in front of the curtain)

40

w.w.

etc.

(They exit, opening the curtain)

Segue
PICKERING: Mrs. Higgins!  Excuse me.  (Dialogue continues)

MRS. HIGGINS:
Mrs. Higgins, do you think Eliza will make it?  Oh, I hope so!  I've grown terribly fond of that girl.

FOOTMAN:
Professor Henry Higgins.  (Dialogue continues)

KARPATHY: Ah, Maestro, Maestro!
EMBASSY WALTZ

MRS. HIGGINS: Henry, do you think it wise to stay?
HIGGINS: Stay? Why not?
FOOTMAN: Miss Eliza Doolittle.
KARPATHY: Ah, Professor you must introduce me...

Maestoso

The King and Queen

of Transylvania enter. They pass Eliza. The Queen nods to her.

Tempo di Valse

Higgins and Eliza begin to dance

Slowly the stage fills with waltzers.

Chappell
Karpathy moves towards Eliza and waits for her, as the crowd whirls about the stage.

Pickering gestures nervously to Higgins.

As the curtain falls.

End of Act I

Chappell
Act II

NO 19

DUET (Higgins and Pickering) and Chorus

"YOU DID IT"

Moderato tranquillo

(The curtain rises.)

(A clock strikes)

Vivace

Chime

Str.

staccato

PICKERING: Higgins, it was an HIGGINS: A silly notion. If I hadn't backed myself to do it, I should have chucked the

Fi.Cl. immense achievement.

whole thing up two months ago.

PP

sempre staccato

Chappell
PICKERING: Absolutely fantastic. I salute you. HIGGINS: Nonsense, the silly people don’t know their own silly business.

Pickering: Tonight, old man, you did it! You did it! You did it! You said that you would do it. And indeed you did. I thought that you would rue it; I doubted you’d do it. But now I must admit it. That succeed you did. You should get a medal, or be even made a
Higgins

knight. It was nothing. Really nothing. All alone you

Pickering 67

Higgins

hurried ev'ry obstacle in sight. Now, wait! Now, wait! Give credit where it's

Pickering 79

due: A lot of the glory goes to you. But you're the one who

did it Who did it Who did it As sturdy as Gibraltar, Not a second did you

faltered. There's no doubt about it. You did it!
Meno mosso

Soft Shoe tempo

must have aged a year to-night. At
times I thought I'd die of fright. Never was there a momentary lull.

Shortly after we came in, I

saw at once we'd easily win, And after that I found it deadly

You should have heard the ooh's and ah's;
Everyone wondering who she was. You'd think they'd never seen a lady be-

fore. And when the Prince of Transylvania asked to meet her, and
gave his arm to lead her to the floor, I said to him: "You did it! You did it! You
did it!" They thought she was ecstatic. And so damned aristocratic. And they
never knew that you

Vivace

Chappell
126 HIGGINS: Thank heavens for Zoltan Karpathy. If it weren't for him I would have died of boredom. He was there, all right. And up to his old tricks. Mrs. PEARCE: Karpathy?

That dreadful Hungarian? Was he there? HIGGINS: Yes. Higgins

144 Quasi recitativo

black-guard who uses the science of speech more to blackmail and swindle than teach. He

(Spoken) "to find out who this Miss Doolittle is"
Every time we looked around, there he was, that hairy hound from Budapest. Never leaving us alone; never have I ever known a ruder pest! Finally I decided it was foolish not to let him have his chance with her. Tutti
So I stepped aside and let him dance with her.

Oozing charm from every pore, he oiled his way around the floor.

Every trick that he could play, he used to strip her mask away. And

When at last the dance was done, he glowed as if he knew he'd won!

And with a voice too eager, and a smile too broad, he an-
-ounced to the host-ess That she was a fraud!

"Her English is too good," he said "Which clearly in-

cates that she is for-eign!"

"Where-as oth-ers are in-structed in their na-tive lan-
guage,

"And al-

English peo-ple ar-en'"
though she may have studied with an expert di'lec-ti-clan and graun-

can tell that she was born

(Spoken) "Not only Hungarian—but of royal blood! She is a princess."

"Her blood!" he said, "is bluer than the Danube is ever was! Royalty is

*In the New York production, the sequence between the ° signs was omitted"
"Absolutely written on her face!" "She thought I was taken in, but actually I never was. How could she deceive another member of her race?" "I know each language on the map!" said he; "and she's Hungarian as the First Hungarian Rhapsody!"

Grave

The Servants

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

Chappell
Allegro con spirito

Congratulations, Professor Higgins! For your glorious victory!

Congratulations, Professor Higgins! For your glorious victory!

Vin etc.

Tutti

History! Congratulations, Professor Higgins! You'll be mentioned in history!

History! Congratulations, Professor Higgins! You'll be mentioned in history!

Try! Congratulations, Professor Higgins! For your

Try! Congratulations, Professor Higgins! For your

Vivace

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Pickering and one servant

This evening, sir, you did it! You did it! You did it! You said that you would

Vivace

accel. mf
CHO

glorious victory! Congratulations, Professor Higgins!

P&S

do it and indeed you did! This evening, sir, you did it! You did it! You did it! We

CHO

Sing a hail and hallelujah; Every bit of credit for it

P&S

know that we have said it, But you did it and the credit for it all be-

CHO

all belongs to you!

P&S

longs to you!

(Dialogue continues)

Chappell
REPRISE — (Eliza)
"JUST YOU WAIT"

Cue: Higgins: Damn Mrs. Pearce! Damn the coffee! And damn you! And damn my own folly in having lavished my hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe! He crashes into the table, setting the recording machine going, hears the "vowels" and snaps it off, and marches out.

Agitato e rubato

Eliza

just you wait Henry Higgins, just you wait!

sor. ry, but your tears'll be too late!

Eliza

have no one to run to; just you wait...

(She cries) (The scene changes to the street outside Higgins' house.)

molto appassionato

Segue
REPRISE—(Freddy)
"ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE"

1. I have often walked down this street before; But the pavement always
2. lilac trees in the heart of town? Can you hear a lark in

FRED
stayed beneath my feet before. All at once am I several stories high.
any other part of town? Does enchantment pour out of every door?

FRED
Knowing I'm on the street where you live. Are there street where you live.
No, it's just on the

FRED
And oh, the towering feeling just to know

Add Brass
FRED: somehow you are near!

The overpowering feeling.

That any second you may suddenly appear.

FRED: stop and stare.

They don't...

FREDDY: (Spoken) Darling!

ELIZA: What are you doing here?

FREDDY: Nothing. I spend most of my time here. Oh, don't laugh at me, Miss Doolittle, but this is the only place...

ELIZA: Freddy, you don't think I'm a heartless grotesque, do you?

FREDDY: Oh, no, darling. How could you imagine such a thing? You know how I feel. I've written you two and three times a day telling you. Sheets and sheets. Eliza.

Poco moderato
Andantino
Freddy

Speak and the world is full of singing, And I am winging higher than the

FRED
birds.
Touch, and my heart begins to crumble, The heavens

Subito agitato
Eliza

tumble, darting, and I'm Words! Words! Words! I'm so sick of words! I get

92 Molto vivace
ELIZ
words all day through; First from him, now from you! Is that all you

ELIZ
blight- ers can do.
1. Don't talk of stars burning above.
   If you're in

2. Sing me no song! Read me no rhyme!
   Don't waste my

ELIZ

love,

Show me!

Tell me no dreams

Please don't implore.

ELIZ

filled with desire.

beg or beseech.

If you're on fire,

Don't make a speech

Show me!

ELIZ

Here we are together in the middle of the night!

Never do I ever want to hear another word.

Don't talk of

There isn't
Spring! just hold me tight!  
An- y- one who's ever  
Here we are to- geth- er

been in love- I'll tell you that  
in what ought to be a dream;  
This is no time for a chat!  
Say one more word and I'll scream!

Have- n't your lips  
Have- n't your arms  
longed for my  
hun- gered for

Don't say how much;  
Please don't ex- plin;  
Show me!  
Show me!
Show me!  
Show me!  

Don't talk of love  
Don't wait until  
fast - ing through  
wrinkles and  

ELIZ  

142  

ELIZ  

150  

time.  
lines  
Make me no  
un - dy - ing  
vow...  
Pop out all  
over my  
brow.  

Show  

Show  

Show  

Show  

Show  

Show  

ELIZ  

me now.  
me now.  

ELIZ  

FREDDY: Darling!  
Darling! (Curtain)  

Chappell
MALE CHORUS—(with Solo, Eliza)
"THE FLOWER MARKET"

girls are preparing for business
(Curtain) Early morning. Vendor and flower vendor

Animato

Commode
First Cockney (whistling)
Second Cockney (Tenor)

With one e-nor-mous chair Oh, wouldn't it be lov-er-ly?

27 Several Cockneys

Lots of choc-late for me to eat; Lots of coal mak-in' lots of heat;

Lots of choc-late for me to eat; Lots of coal mak-in' lots of heat;

(W.W. ya)

(Eliza has appeared)

Oh, wouldn't it be lov-er-ly?

Warm face, warm hands, warm feet Oh, Ah, lov-er-ly?

Warm face, warm hands, warm feet Oh, Ah, lov-er-ly?
Oh, so lovable sitting absolutely still!

I would never budge till Spring crept over me winder-sill.

Someone's head rest-in' on my knee; Warm and tender as she can be,

etc.
Who takes good care of me, Oh, wouldn't it be lover-ly?

FIRST COCKNEY: Good morning, miss. ELIZA: Do you mind if I warm my hands? SECOND COCKNEY: Go right ahead, miss.

Can I help you?

Eliza: Yes? THIRD COCKNEY: Excuse me, miss. For a second there I thought you was somebody else.

Eliza: Who?

THIRD COCKNEY: Forgive me, ma'am. Early morning light playing tricks with my eyes.

SECOND COCKNEY: Can I get you a taxi, ma'am? A lady like you shouldn't be walkin' around London alone at this hour of the mornin'.

Eliza: No...Thank you. FIRST COCKNEY: Good morning, miss.
Eliza picks up a bunch of violets from the basket

68 Eliza
Some-one's head rest-ing on my knee; War-m and ten-der as he can be,

ELIZ
Who takes good care of me Oh, wouldn't it be lov-er-ly?

ELIZ
Lov-er-ly! Lov-er-ly! Lov-er-ly! Lov-er-ly!

pp Dialogue continues

Chappell
SONG - (Doolittle) and Chorus (with Solo, Harry)

"GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME"

Cue: FREDDY: Are you all finished here?
ELIZA: Yes, Freddy. I'm all finished here. Good luck, Dad
JAMIE: Come along, Alfie.

Moderato

DOOLITTLE: How much time
(Spoken) do I have left?

BARITONES

There's just a few more hours, that's all the time you've got. A few more hours before they tie the knot.

CHORUS

There's just a few more hours, that's all the time you've got. A few more hours before.

6 Poco più mosso

DOOLITTLE: There are drinks and girls all over London, and I have to track 'em down in just a few more hours.

12 Allegro commodo

Doolittle

I'm gettin' maried in the mornin'

Bells are gonna chime!

Pull out the stopper,
Let's have a whopper, But get me to the church on time!

I gotta be there in the mornin',

He, Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.

Girls, come and kiss me,

Show how you'll miss me, But get me to the church on time!

If I am dancin', Roll up the floor.

If I am
120

whist-lin', Wheaw, me out the door! For I'm get-lin' mar-ried in the

mor-nin'. Ding, dong! The bells are gon-na chime.

Kick up a rum-pus, But don't lose the com-pass, And get me to the

church, Get me to the church, For Gawd's sake, get me to the

church on time!

(Trup W.W.)

(Bells) cresc.
Allegro commodo

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'.

Ding, dong! the

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'.

Ding, dong! the

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'.

Ding, dong! the

Str. Hn.

Trpt.

bells are gonna chime!

Drug me or jail me, Stamp me and

mail me. But get me to the church on time.

bells are gonna chime!

bells are gonna chime!

bells are gonna chime!

But get me to the church on time.

But get me to the church on time.

But get me to the church on time.

Chappell
fly in', then shoot me down.
If I am woo in',
Get her out of town!
For I'm get tin' married in the mornin'.

Ah.
Then shoot me down.

Ding, dong! The bells are gon na chime!

L'istesso tempo

molto marc.

(Ww)

(Ww)
323 Andante tranquillo

Down breaks over the Flower Market

327

Harry

323

Star-light is

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

poco rit.

Hm.

Hm.

Hm.

Hm.

Hm.

Hm.

Hm.

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Hm.

Hm.

Hm.
Molto moderato

break-in; Good luck, old chum. Good health, good-bye.

break-in; Good luck, old chum. Good health, good-bye.

Doolittle

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'. Ding, dong! The bells are gonna chime!

Hail and salute me, Then haul off and boot me. And

Ah, Hail and salute me, Then haul off and boot me. And
Allegro con brio

get me to the church, get me to the church,

ghd's sake, get me to the church, on

church, For Gawd's sake, on

time.

time.

attacca
No. 23

CHANGE OF SCENE

Allegro vivo

(WIGGINS: Pickering! Pickering!
(Dialogue continues)

(The curtain rises)

W.W.

sf dim. poco
SONG — (Higgins, with Pickering)

"A HYMN TO HIM"

 Cue: PICKERING: (telephoning) Now, see here, my good man, I'm not at all pleased with the tenor of that question. What the girl does here is our affair. Your affair is to get her back so she can continue doing it

Allegro
Higgins

What in all of Heaven could have prompted her to go? After such a

Hig

triumph at the ball? What could have depressed her?

Hig

What could have possessed her? I cannot understand the wretch at all!

PICKERING: Higgins, I have an old school chum at the Home Office. Perhaps he can help. I'll call him.
Whitehall seven,

two, double four, please

Higgins

Women are irrational, that's

all there is to that! Their heads are full of cotton, hay, and rags! They're

nothing but exasperating, irritating, vacillating, calculating,

agitating, maddening, and infuriating bags!
FICKERING: (telephoning) Brewster Budgie, please........

Poco meno

HIGGINS: Fickering why can't a woman be more like a man? Yes,

59 Tempo di marcia

Why can't a woman be more like a man? Men are so

HIG

honest, so thoroughly square; Eternally noble,

HIG

historically fair; Who, when you win, will always give your back a

HIG

pat. Why can't a woman be like that?
Why does ev'ry one do what the others do?

Why don't they grow up like their father instead?

Can't a woman

Why do they do ev'rything their mothers do?

Why can't a woman take after a man?

Men are so pleasant, so easy to please;

Whenever you're with them,
HIG

you're always at ease. Would you be slighted if I didn't speak for hours?

Would you be livid if I had a drink or two? Would you be wounded if I

PICKERING:

Nonsense. Higgins

HIG

Never! 118 Higgins

ne'er sent you flowers? Brass Why can't a woman be like you?

Tutti

One man in a million may shout a bit.

HIG

Now and then there's one with slight defects; One, perhaps, whose

Str. Trbn.

Chappell
truthfulness you doubt a bit. But by and large we are a marvelous sex!

Why can't a woman behave like a man? Men are so

friendly, good natured and kind. A better companion

you never will find. If I were hours late for dinner, would you

below? If I forgot your silly birthday, would you fuss?
Would you complain if I took out another fellow?

Why can't a woman be like us.

Tempo di marcia

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

Men are so decent,

Such regular chaps.

Ready to help you through any mis-

Haps.

Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum. (Brass)
Why can't a woman be a chum?

Why is thinking something women never do?

Why don't they straighten up the mess that's inside?

Why can't a woman be more like a man?
wo-man who’d been to a ball, Been hailed as a prin-cess

by one and by all; Would I start weep-ing like a bath-tub over-

-flow-ing? And car-ry on as if my home were in a tree? Would I run

off and nev-er tell me where I’m go-ing? Why can’t a wo-man
No 24a

CHANGE OF SCENE

Brilliante

Curtain

Mrs. HIGGINS.
And you mean to say that.... (Dialogue continues)
SONG: (Eliza) (with Higgins)
"WITHOUT YOU"

Cue: ELIZA: Wring away! What do I care? I knew you'd strike me one day. Aha, that's done you, 'cony 'iggins, it 'as. Now I don't care that — for your bullying and your big talk.

Allegro con anima
Eliza

What a fool I was! What a dom-in-at-ed fool! To think you were the earth and

sky.
What a fool I was! What an ad-dle-pat-ed fool! What a
add Fl.

nec-tou-head-ed dolt was I!
No, my re-ver-ber-at-ing

friend,
You are not the be-gin-ning and the end!
HIGGINS: You impudent brat! There isn't an idea in your head or a word in your mouth that I haven't put there!

Eliza

There'll be

17 Allegro con moto

ELIZA: Spring every year without you, England still will be here without you.

Cello

ELIZA: There'll be fruit on the tree; And a shore by the sea; There'll be crumpets and tea without you.

ELIZA: Some-how Keats will survive without you, And there

Chappell
still will be rain on that plain down in Spain, Even that will remain without add Fl., Cl.

you. I can do without you.

You, dear friend, who talk so well,
still rule the land without you. Windsor Castle will stand without you. And with-
not feel alone without you. I can stand on my own without you, so go back in your shell, I can do bloody well without. By Vivace

George, I really did it! I did it! I did it! I said I'd make a woman and indeed I did! I knew that I could do it! I knew it! I knew it! I said I'd make a woman and succeed I did!

(Spoken): Eliza, you're magnificent!
No. 26

SONG—(Higgins)

"I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE"

_Cue_: Higgins: She's an old sickened by a few days of my sunshine! Very well! Let her go! I can do without her! I can do without anybody! I have my own soul! My own spark of divine fire!

Mrs. Higgins: Bravo——Eliza! (Curtain)

16 Higgins (entering in great rage)

_poco rall._

Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! I've grown accustomed to her face!

Moderato con tenerezza

She almost makes the day begin. I've grown ac-
customed to the tune She whistles night and noon. Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs Are second nature to me now; Like breathing out and breathing in.

I was serenely independent and content before we met.

Surely I could always be that way again and yet I’ve grown accustomed to her looks; Ac-

...adapted to her voice; Ac...customed to her face.
HIGGINS: Marry Freddy! What an infantile idea! What a heartless, wicked, brainless thing to do. But she'll regret it. It's doomed before they even take the vows.

41 Allegro molto

I can see her now: Missus Freddy Eynsford Hill, in a wretched little flat above a store. I can see her now: Not a penny in the till, And a bill collector beating at the door. She'll try to teach the things I taught her, And end up selling flowers instead.

Chappell
Begging for her bread and water, While her husband has his
poco rit. cresc.

breakfast in bed! In a year or so, when she's
tutti

pre-nature-ly grey, And the blossom in her cheek has turned to chalk,

She'll come home and lo! He'll have upped and run a-way, With a

Quasi recitativo

social climbing heiress from New York! Poor E-tilza!
97 Allegro molto

HIG

HIGGINS:

How simp-ly fright-ful! How hu-mil-i-at-ing! How de-

—light-ful!

Solo Vin.

a pincere

HIGGINS:

How poign-ant it will be on that inevi-

table

night when she hammers on my door in tears and rage. Miserable and lonely, repen-tant and

contrite. Will I let her in or hurl her to the wolves? Give her kind-ness, or

113 the treatment she deserves? Will I take her back or throw the baggage

Chappell
Tranquillo 120

I'm a most forgiving man,

The sort who never could, ever would

out?

Cl.

Har

Str.

Harp

Str.

Take a position and staunchly never budge.

Just a most forgiving man.

Allegro vivo

But I shall never take her back!

If she were crawling on her knees!

W.W.

Let her promise to atone! Let her shiver, let her moan! I will
slam the door and let the bell-cat freeze!  
W.W. Trèp. ff

Marry Freddy!   
Hul. ten. ten. ten.  
149  
Appassionato e rubato

dim. molto  p dim.

Moderato con tenderezza

Higgins

But I'm so used to hear her say, "Good morning" every day. Her 
Sir.  
pp

joys, her woes, Her highs, Her lows, Are second nature to me now;

Like breathing out and breathing in.  
I'm very
Grateful she's a woman And so easy to forget; Harp

Rather like a baby One can always break and yet, I've grown ac-
poco rit.

Customed to the trace Of something in the air; Customed to her face.

Curtain  Listesso tempo


ff molto cantabile

simile
The scene has changed

Higgins enters

He slowly looks about his empty room.

poco calmando

He turns on the recording machine

Solo Vin.

Tempo rubato

Eliza's recorded voice is heard:

I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead

of sellin' flowers at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I talk more genteel.

He said he could teach me. Well here I am ready to pay...

Eliza enters and stands by the recording machine, listening.
...not askin' any favour and he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost, and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS’ VOICE: It’s almost irresistible. She’s so deliciously low, so horribly dirty.

ELIZA: I washed my face and hands before I came, I did.

HIGGINS: (Stretching back on his stool and pulling his hat down over his eyes) Eliza? Where the devil are my slippers?

Molto maestoso

(Curtain)

(Brass)
Molto maestoso