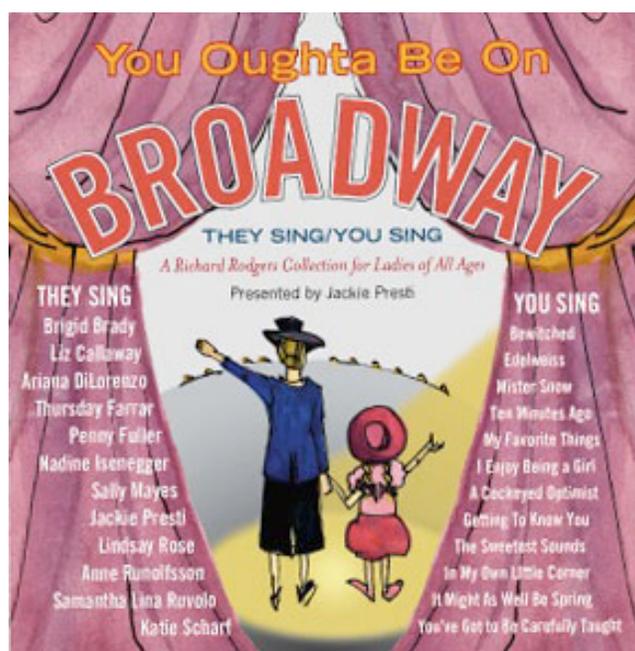


# You Oughta Be On Broadway

## Lyrics



## They Sing / You Sing

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## **Ten Minutes Ago**

(from "Cinderella")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rogers

(key of F)

Ten minutes ago I saw you  
I looked up when you came through the door.  
My head started reeling,  
You gave me the feeling  
The room had no ceiling or floor.

Ten minutes ago I met you  
And we murmured our how-do-you-do's.  
I wanted to ring out  
The bells and fling out  
My arms and to sing out the news.

I have found him!  
He's an angel  
With the dust of the stars in his eyes!  
We are dancing,  
We are flying,  
And he's taking me back to the skies.

In the arms of my love I'm flying  
Over mountain and meadow and glen,  
And I like it so well  
That for all I can tell  
I may never come down again!  
I may never come down to earth again!

## **I Enjoy Being A Girl**

(From "Flower Drum Song")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rogers

(key of DFlat)

Verse:

I'm a girl, and by me that's only great!  
I am proud that my silhouette is curvy.  
That I walk with a sweet and girlish gait  
With my hips kind of swively and swervy.  
I adore being dressed in something frilly,  
When my date comes to get me at my place.  
Out I go with my Joe or John or Billy,  
Like a filly who is ready for the race!

Chorus:

When I have a brand new hairdo  
With my eyelashes all in curl,  
I float as the clouds on air do,  
I enjoy being a girl.

When men say I'm cute and funny  
And my teeth aren't teeth but pearl,  
I just lap it up like honey  
I enjoy being a girl!

I flip when a fellow sends me flowers.  
I drool over dresses made of lace.  
I talk on the telephone for hours  
With a pound and a half of cream upon my face!

I'm strictly a female female  
And my future I hope will be  
In the home of a brave and free male  
Who'll enjoy being a guy  
Having a girl like me.

## **Mister Snow**

(from "Carousel")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rogers

(key of DFlat)

Verse:

His name is Mister Snow  
And an upstanding 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 clo'es 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 Pipperidge, I'd like it fine  
If it could be wed with a wife—  
And indeed, Miss Pipperidge, 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,  
Fer all it ken do is look forward to  
That wonderful day of days.

Chorus:

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 dreamy eyed,  
A-drivin' to a cottage by the Oceanside,  
Where the salty breezes blow.

He'll 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 kinda sweet,  
"Well, Mister Snow, here I am!"

then I'll kiss him so he'll know,  
that ev'rythin'll be as right as right ken be,  
a livin in a cottage by the sea with me.  
For I love that Mister Snow,  
That young seafarin', bold and darin'  
Big, bewhiskered, over bearin', darlin',  
Mister Snow.

## **It Might As Well Be Spring**

(From "State Fair")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rogers

(key of EFlat)

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm,  
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string.  
I'd say that I had spring fever,  
But I know it isn't spring.

I am starry-eyed and vaguely discontented,  
Like a nightingale without a song to sing,  
Oh, why should I have spring fever  
When it isn't even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else,  
Walking down a strange new street,  
Hearing words that I have never heard  
From a man I've yet to meet.  
I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams,  
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.  
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud  
Or a robin on the wing,  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way  
That it might as well be spring.  
It might as well be spring.

## **Getting To Know You**

(from "The King and I,")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rogers

(key of A)

Verse:

It's a very ancient saying  
But a true and honest thought,  
That if you become a teacher,  
By your pupils you'll be taught.  
As a teacher I've been learning,  
(You'll forgive me if I boast)  
And I've now become an expert  
On the subject I like most

(spoken) Getting to know you

Chorus:

Getting to know you,  
Getting to know all about you.  
Getting to like you,  
Getting to hope you like me.  
Getting to know you,  
Putting it my way but nicely  
You are precisely my cup of tea.

Getting to know you,  
Getting to feel free and easy.  
When I am with you,  
Getting to know what to say.  
Haven't you noticed?  
Suddenly I'm bright and breezy,

Because of all the beautiful and new  
Things I'm learning about you  
Day by day.

**Edelweiss**

(from "The Sound of Music.")  
Words by Oscar Hammerstein II  
Music by Richard Rogers  
(key of AFlat)

Edelweiss,  
Edelweiss,  
Ev'ry morning you greet me.  
Small and white, clean and bright,  
You look happy to see me.

Blossom of snow  
May you bloom and grow  
Bloom and grow forever.

Edelweiss,  
Edelweiss,  
Bless my homeland forever.

## **A Cock-eyed Optimist**

(from "South Pacific")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rodgers

(key of F)

I hear the human race is falling on its face  
And hasn't very far to go.  
But ev'ry whippoorwill is selling me a bill  
And telling me it just ain't so.

When the sky is a bright canary yellow  
I forget ev'ry cloud I've ever seen,  
So they call me a cockeyed optimist  
Immature and incurably green.

I have heard people rant and rave and bellow  
That we're done and we might as well be dead  
But I'm only a cockeyed optimist  
And I can't get it into my head.

I hear the human race is falling on its face  
And hasn't very far to go.  
But ev'ry whippoorwill is selling me a bill  
And telling me it just ain't so.

I could say life is just a bowl of jello  
And appear more intelligent and smart,  
But I'm stuck like a dope with a thing called hope,  
And I can't get it out of my heart!

Not this heart!

## **Bewitched**

(from "Pal Joey")

Words by Lorenz Hart

Music by Richard Rodgers

(key of G)

Verse:

He's a fool and don't I know it,  
But a fool can have the charms.  
I'm in love and don't I show it  
Like a babe in arms.

Love's the same old sad sensation,  
Lately I've not slept a wink.  
Since this half-pint imitation  
Put me on the brink.

Chorus:

I'm wild again!  
Beguiled again!  
A simpering, whimpering, child again.  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Couldn't sleep  
And wouldn't sleep  
When love came and told me I shouldn't  
sleep  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Lost my hear, but what of it?  
My mistake, I agree.  
He's a laugh, and I love it  
Because the laugh's on me.

A pill he is,  
But still he is  
All mine and I'll keep him until he is  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered like me.

(flugelhorn solo)

Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Though at first we said, "No sir."  
Now we're two little dears.  
You might say we are closer  
Than Roebuck is to Sears.

I'm dumb again  
And numb again,  
A rich, ready ripe little plum again.  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

## **In My Own Little Corner**

(From "Cinderella")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rodgers

(key of DFlat)

Verse:

I'm as mild and meek as a mouse  
When I hear a command I obey,  
But I know of a place in my house  
Where no one can stand in my way.

Chorus:

In my own little corner in my own little chair  
I can be whatever I want to be.  
On the wings of my fancy I can fly anywhere  
And the world will open its arms to me.

I'm a young Norwegian princess or a milkmaid  
I'm the greatest prima donna in Milan  
I'm an heiress who has always had her silk made  
By her own flock of silkworms in Japan.

I'm a girl men go mad for love's a game I can play  
With a cool and confident kind of air.  
Just as long as I stay in my own little corner  
All alone in my own little chair.

I'm a huntress on an African safari  
It's a dangerous type of sport yet it's fun  
In the night I sally forth to seek my quarry  
And I find I forgot to bring my gun.

I am lost in the jungle all alone and unarmed  
When I meet a lioness in her lair.  
Then I'm glad to be back in my own little corner  
All alone in my own little chair.

## **You've Got To Be Carefully Taught**

(from "South Pacific")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rodgers

(key of C)

You've got to be taught to hate and fear  
You've got to be taught from year to year  
It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear  
You've got to be carefully taught.

You've got to be taught to be afraid  
Of people whose eyes are oddly made,  
And people whose skin is a different shade,  
You've got to be carefully taught.  
You've got to be taught before it's too late

Before you are six or seven or eight  
To hate all the people your relatives hate  
You've got to be carefully taught.  
You've got to be carefully taught.

## **My Favorite Things**

(from "The Sound of Music.")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rodgers

(key of EMinor)

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,  
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens,  
Brown paper packages tied up with strings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels,  
Doorbells and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles,  
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,  
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,  
Silver white winters that melt into springs,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dog bites,  
When the bee stings,  
When I'm feeling sad,  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad.

## **The Sweetest Sounds**

(from "No Strings")

Words and music by Richard Rodgers

(key of EFlat)

Verse:

What do I really hear  
And what is the ear of my mind?  
Which sounds are true and clear  
And which will never be defined?

Chorus:

The sweetest sounds I'll ever hear  
Are still inside my head.  
The kindest words I'll ever know  
Are waiting to be said.  
The most entrancing sight of all  
Is yet for me to see.

And the dearest love in all the world  
Is waiting somewhere for me.

Is waiting somewhere,  
Somewhere for me.