IT'S SHOWTIME

BROADWAY COMES TO THE WESBROOKE

THE WESBROOKE GLEE CLUB

SINGS YOUR FAVOURITE BROADWAY HITS!

WITH SPECIAL GUEST STARS!
THE
SILVER CHORD CHOIR

IT'S SHOWTIME

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Shall We Dance?

F

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, from The King and I

Optional Solo: *<could be spoken>*
We've just been introduced; I do not know you well
But when the music started; something drew me to your side
So many men and girls — are in each others' arms
It made me think we might be — Similarly occupied

WB+SC Women: Shall we dance? *-*-*
On a bright cloud of music, shall we fly?
Shall we dance? *-*-*
Shall we then say goodnight and mean goodbye?

Men: Or perchance —
When the last little star has left the sky
Shall we still be together
With our arms around each other
And shall you be my new romance?

All: On the clear understanding
That this kind of thing can happen
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance? *-*-*

<FASTER, LOTS OF ENERGY!>

WB+SC Women: Shall —we — dance? *-*-*
On a bright cloud of music, shall we fly?
Shall we dance? *-*-*
Shall we then say goodnight and mean goodbye?

Men: Or perchance —
When the last little star has left the sky
Shall we still be together
With our arms around each other
And shall you be my new romance?

All: On the clear understanding
That this kind of thing can happen
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance?
Shall we dance? *-*-*

Do Re Mi (Short Version)

C

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, from The Sound of Music

Wesbrooke: Let's start at the very beginning
A very good place to start
When you read you begin with A-B-C
When you sing you begin with Do-Re-Mi

SC All: Do-Re-Mi

Wesbrooke: Do-Re-Mi
The first three notes just happen to be
Do-Re-Mi

SC All: Do-Re-Mi

Wesbrooke: Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti

(Spoken, solo) - Oh, let's see if I can make it easier

Wesbrooke: Do, a deer, a female deer
Re, a drop of golden sun
Mi, a name I call myself
Fa, a long, long way to run
So, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow So
Ti, a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to Do, oh, oh, oh

All: Do, a deer, a female deer
Re, a drop of golden sun
Mi, a name I call myself
Fa, a long, long way to run
So, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow So
Ti, a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to Do

All: Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti-Do —
So-Do!

Edelweiss

C

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, from The Sound of Music

WB+SC Women: Edelweiss, Edelweiss,
Every morning you greet me,
Small and white,
clean and bright,
You look happy to meet me.

WB+SC Women: Blossom of snow,
may you bloom and grow,,
Bloom and grow forever..
Edelweiss, Edelweiss,
Bless my homeland forever.

All: Blossom of snow
may you bloom and grow,
Bloom and grow forever.
Edelweiss, Edelweiss,
Bless my homeland forever —

Bless my homeland for e——ver.

My Favourite Things

Dm

Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, from The Sound of Music

WB+SC Women: 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 favourite things

SC Men: Cream coloured ponies and crisp apple strudel,
Doorbells and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles;
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings,
These are a few of my favourite things

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

Wesbrooke: Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens;

S**C Women:** Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favourite things

WB+SC Women: Cream coloured ponies and crisp apple strudel,
Doorbells and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles;

SC Men: Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings,
These are a few of my favourite things

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

A Spoonful of Sugar

G

Richard and Robert Sherman, from Mary Poppins

SC Women: In every job that must be done
There is an element of fun
You find the fun and snap!
The job's a game
And every task you undertake
Becomes a piece of cake
A lark! — A spree! — It's very clear to see —— that

Refrain: **A Spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down**
The medicine go down-wown
The medicine go down
Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down
In a most delightful way

Wesbrooke: A robin feathering his nest
Has very little time to rest
While gathering his bits of twine and twig
Though quite intent in his pursuit
He has a merry tune to toot
He knows — a song — will move the job along —— for

Refrain:

SC All: *<Wesbrooke does echoes in parentheses in lines 6 and 7>*
The honey bees that fetch the nectar
From the flowers to the comb
Never tire of ever buzzing to and fro
Because they take a little nip
From every flower that they sip
And hence *(And hence)*,
They find *(They find)*
Their task is not a grind.
Ahhhhhh!

Refrain:

I Got Rhythm

G

George and Ira Gershwin, from An American in Paris

WB+SC Women: I got rhythm, I got music,
I got my gal
Who could ask for anything more?
I've got daisies in green pastures
I've got my man
Who could ask for anything more?

All: Old man trouble, I don't mind him
You won't find him 'round my door

SC Men: I've got starlight, I've got sweet dreams
I've got my gal
Who could ask for anything more?
Who could ask for anything more!

All: Old man trouble, I don't mind him
You won't find him 'round my door

WB+SC Women: I've got starlight, I've got sweet dreams
I've got my man
Who could ask for anything more?
Who could ask for anything more!

SC Men: I got rhythm, I got music,
I got my gal
Who could ask for anything more?
I've got daisies in green pastures
I've got my gal

All: Who could ask for anything more?
Who could — ask — for — a-ny-thing — more?

I Could Have Danced All Night

Bb

Alan Jay Lerner/Frederick Loewe, from My Fair Lady

Optional Solo: *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 tonight
Not for all the jewels in the crown

All: I could have danced all night,
I could have danced all night,
And still have begged for more!

All: I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before!

WB+SC Women: I'll never know
What made it so exciting —
Why all at once
My heart — took — flight —

All: I only know when he
Began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced all night!

Piano: <PIANO VERSE, I'll never know – danced, danced all night>

<REPEAT WHOLE SONG, ALL SING>

Can You Feel the Love Tonight

F

Elton John, from The Lion King

Piano: <2-line piano intro>

SC Men: There's a calm surrender to the rush of day
When the heat of the rolling world can be turned away
An enchanted moment, and it sees me through
It's enough for this restless warrior
Just to be with you

All: And can you feel the love tonight?
It is where we are;
It's enough for this wide-eyed wanderer
That we got this far.
And can you feel the love tonight?
How it's laid to rest?
It's enough to make kings and vagabonds
Believe the very best.

Piano: <2-line piano break>

All: There's a time for everyone, if they only learn
That the twisting kaleidoscope moves us all in tum
There's a rhyme and reason to the wild outdoors
When the heart of this star-crossed voyager
Beats in time with yours

All: And can you feel the love tonight?
It is where we are;
It's enough for this wide-eyed wanderer
That we got this far.
And can you feel the love tonight?
How it's laid to rest?
It's enough to make kings and vagabonds
Believe the very best;

All: It's enough to make kings and vagabonds *<slower>*
Believe the very best.

Consider Yourself

Bb

Lionel Bart, from Oliver!

<downbeats are **boldface***>*

All: Consider yourself at home,
Consider yourself one of the family,
We've taken to you so strong —
It's clear we're going to get along!

All: Consider yourself well in,
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare,
Who cares? Whatever we've got, we share!

SC Men: If it's your **chance** to be —
We should see some **hard**er days,
Empty larder days, Why grouse?
Always a **chance** we'll meet — **some**body to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house!

All: Consider yourself our mate!
We don't want to have no fuss!
For, after some consideration, we can state
Consider yourself one of us!

All: Consider yourself at home,
Consider yourself one of the family,
We've taken to you so strong —
It's clear we're going to get along!

All: Consider yourself well in,
Consider yourself part of the furniture.
There isn't a lot to spare,
Who cares? Whatever we've got, we share!

SC Women: Nobody **tries** to be **la**-di-da and **up**pity,
There's a **cup** of tea for all,
Only it's **wise** to be **ha**ndy with a **roll**ing pin
When the landlord comes to call!

All: Consider yourself our mate!
We don't want to have no fuss!
For, after some consideration, we can state
Consider yourself one of us!

Forty-Second Street

Dm

Al Dubin, from the movie Forty-Second Street

SC Men: In the heart of little old New York, you'll find a thoroughfare.

SC Women: It's the part of little old New York that runs into Times Square.

SC All: A crazy quilt that "Wall Street Jack" built,
If you've got a little time to spare, I want to take you there.

SC Women: Come and meet those dancing feet,
On the avenue I'm taking you to,
Forty-Second Street.

SC Men: Hear the beat of dancing feet,
It's the song I love the melody of,
Forty-Second Street.

SC Women: Little "nifties" from the Fifties, innocent and sweet;

SC Men: Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet.

All: They're side by side, they're glorified
Where the underworld can meet the elite,
Forty-Second Street.

All: Come and meet those dancing feet,
On the avenue I'm taking you to,
Forty-Second Street.

All: Hear the beat of dancing feet,
It's the song I love the melody of,
Forty-Second Street.

All: Little "nifties" from the Fifties, innocent and sweet;

All: Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet.

All: They're side by side, they're glorified
Where the underworld can meet the elite,

<Men> Forty! <Women> Forty? <Men> Forty! <Women> Forty!

All: Forty ——Se——cond—— Street!

All: FORTY-SECOND STREET!

Memory

C

Andrew Lloyd Webber, from "Cats"

Dashes indicate timing, particularly where lines slow down

WB+SC Women: Midnight — not a sound from the pavement *very soft, sopranos only*
Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone
In the lamp–light, the withered leaves collect at my feet
And the wind — begins to moan

WB+SC Women: Memory, — all alone in the moonlight *a little louder, add altos*
I can dream of the old days —life was beautiful then
I remem–ber the time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory live again

Piano: Ev—ery street — lamp seems — to — beat *medium volume*
A fa—ta—listic war—ning
Someone mutters, and the street lamp sputters
Soon — it — will — be morning

Wesbrooke: Daylight, — I must wait for the sunrise *medium volume*
I must think of a new life and I mustn't give in
When the dawn comes, tonight will be a memory too
And a new day — will begin.

Piano: Burnt — out ends — of — smo—ky days *medium volume*
The stale — cold — smell— of mor—ning
A street lamp dies, a–nother night is over

All: Ano—ther — day is daw—ning *build volume slightly*

WB+SC Women: Touch me, — it's so easy to leave me *very soft*
All alone with the memory of my days in the sun

All: If you'll touch me, you'll understand what happiness is
Look, a new day — has — be—gun———————— *(hold for 16 beats)*

Some Enchanted Evening C

Oscar Hammerstein II, Richard Rodgers, from South Pacific

SC Men: Some enchanted evening, you may see a stranger,
You may see a stranger across a crowded room,
And somehow you know, you know even then,
That somehow you'll see her again and again.

WB+SC Women: Some enchanted evening, someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing across a crowded room,
And night after night, as strange as it seems,
The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams.

WB+SC Women: Who can explain it,
Who can tell you why?

SC Men: Fools give you reasons,

All: Wise men — never try ——

All: Some enchanted evening, when you find your true love,
When you hear her call you across a crowded room,
Then fly to her side and make her your own,
Or all through your life you may dream all alone.

SC Men: Once you have found her, never let her go,

Wesbrooke: Once you have found her, never let her go.

All: Once you have found her, ne—ver — let —— her —— go.

Seventy-Six Trombones

Bb

Meredith Willson, from The Music Man

<downbeats are **boldface***>*

All: Seventy **six** trombones led the big parade
With a hundred and **ten** cornets close at hand.
They were followed by **rows** and rows of the finest virtuo—sos,
The **cream** of ev'ry famous band.

All: Seventy **six** trombones caught the morning sun,
With a hundred and **ten** cornets right behind.
There were more than a **thou**sand reeds springing up like weeds,
There were **horns** of ev'ry shape and kind.

SC Men: There were **cop**per bottom tympani in horse platoons,
Thundering, thundering, all along the way.
Double bell euphoniums and big bassoons,
Each bas**soon** — having his **big** — **fat** — **say**.

SC Women: There were **fifty** mounted cannon in the battery,
Thundering, thundering, louder than before.
Clarinets of eve'ry size and **trum**peters who'd improvise
A full octave higher than the score.

All: Seventy **six** trombones led the big parade,
When the order to **march** rang out loud and clear.
Starting off with a **big** bang bong on a Chinese gong,
By a **big** bang bonger at the rear.

All: Seventy **six** trombones hit the counter point,
While a hundred and **ten** cornets played the air.
Then I modestly **took** my place as the **one** and only bass,
And I **oom**pahed up and down the square.

Any Dream Will Do

Bb

Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, from Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

All: I closed my eyes, Drew back the curtain
To see for certain, What I thought I knew
Far, far away, Someone was weeping
But the world was sleeping
Any dream will do.

All: *<SC Women do the echoes>*
I wore my coat *(I wore my coat)*, With golden lining *(Aaah)*
Bright colours shining *(Aah)*, Wonderful and new
And in the east *(And in the east)*, The dawn was breaking *(Aaah)*
And the world was waking *(Aah)*
Any dream will do.

All: A crash of drums, a flash of light
My golden cloak flew out of sight
The colours faded into darkness
I was left alone

All: *<SC Women do the echoes>*
May I return *(May I return)* To the beginning? *(Aaah)*
The light is dimming *(Aah)* And the dream is too
The world and I *(The world and I)* We are still waiting *(Aaah)*
Still hesitating (*Aah*)
Any dream will do.

All: A crash of drums, a flash of light
My golden cloak flew out of sight
The colours faded into darkness
I was left alone

All: *<SC Women do the echoes>*
May I return *(May I return)* To the beginning? *(Aaah)*
The light is dimming *(Aah)* And the dream is too
The world and I *(The world and I)* We are still waiting *(Aaah)*
Still hesitating ( )
Any dream will do.

All: Give me my coloured coat, my amazing coloured coat!

Give me my coloured coat, my ama__zing __co__loured __coat!

Shall We Dance? (Reprise)

F

<ONCE ONLY, LOTS OF ENERGY!>

<NOTE TIMING CHANGE AT THE END OF THE LAST VERSE!>

All: Shall we dance? *-*-*
On a bright cloud of music, shall we fly?
Shall we dance? *-*-*
Shall we then say goodnight and mean goodbye?

All: Or perchance —
When the last little star has left the sky
Shall we still be together
With our arms around each other
And shall you be my new romance?

All: On the clear understanding
That this kind of thing can happen
Shall we dance?
--*
Shall we dance?
- —
Shall — we — dance?

All: *-*-*