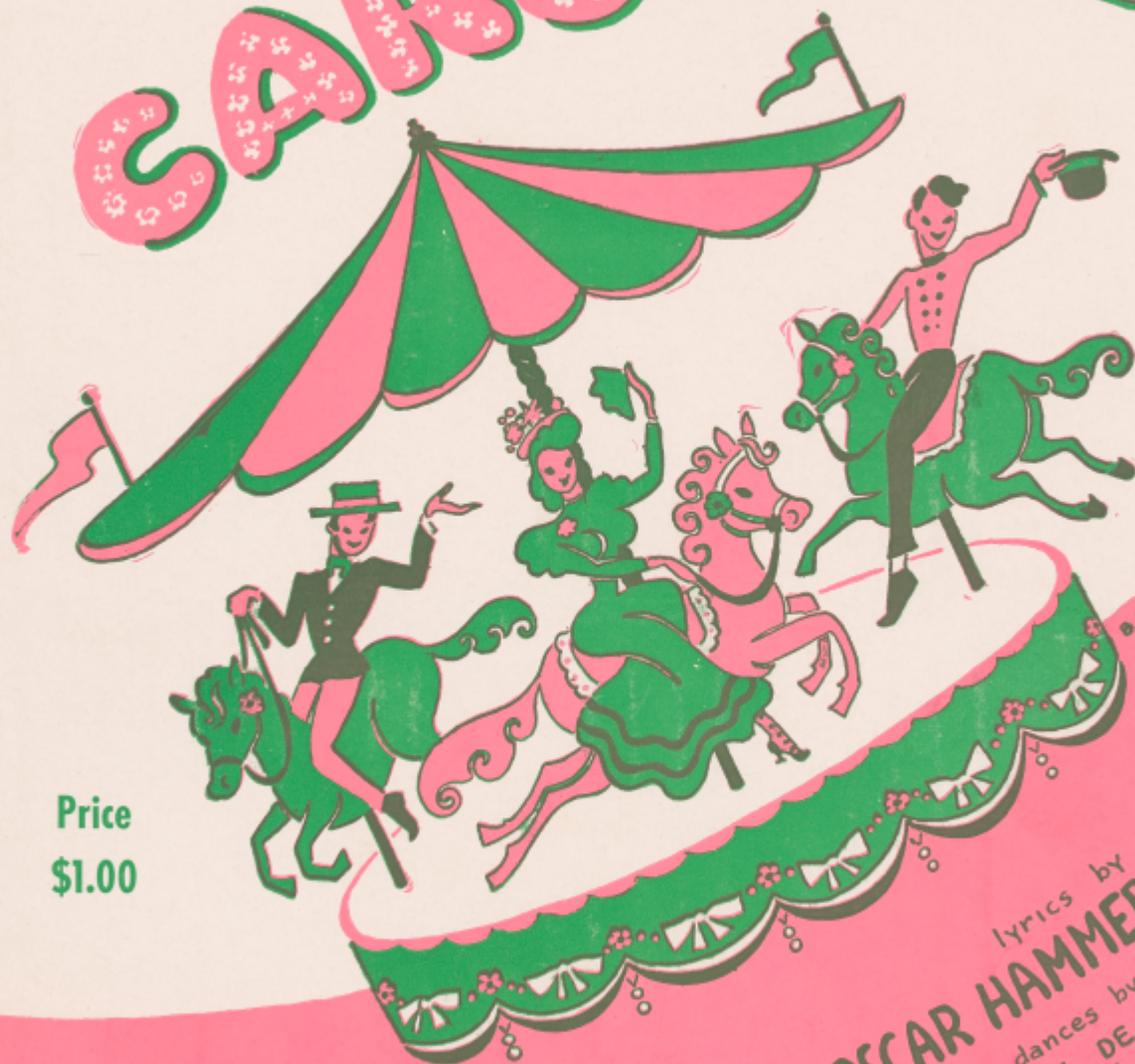


SOLILOQUY

THE THEATRE GUILD
presents

CAROUSEL



Price
\$1.00

IF I LOVED YOU
WHAT'S THE USE OF WOND'RING
JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER
WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP
MISTER SNOW
YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE
A REAL NICE CLAMBAKE
SELECTION
SOLILOQUY

music by
RICHARD RODGERS

directed by
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

production under the supervision of
LAWRENCE LANGNER &

lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND

dances by
AGNES DE MILLE

under the supervision of
THERESA HELBURN

WILLIAMSON MUSIC, INC.
R K O BLDG - RADIO CITY - NEW YORK

Soliloquy

Words by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

Music by
Richard Rodgers

Moderato

Voice

Piano

Billy:

I

won-der what he'll think of me! I guess he'll call me "The old man!" I guess he'll

P (softly)

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

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

P

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more com-mon sense Than his pud-din' head-ed fa-ther ev-er had. _____ I'll

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

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

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

a tempo

Bill _____

(Speaks)

Bill!

Allegro

My boy, Bill! (I will see that he's named af - ter me,

- I will!) 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 plant-ed firm on the ground, _____ And you won't see

no - bod - y dare to try To boss him or toss him a -

round! No pot - bel - lied, bag - gy eyed bul - ly 'll boss him a -

poco allarg.

f marcato e poco allarg.

Con moto

round. _____ I don't give a damn what he

f a tempo *mf*

does, _____ As long as he does what he likes! _____ He can sit on his tail, Or

work on a rail With a ham-mer, a - ham-mer - in' spikes. _____ He can

fer - ry a boat on a riv - er, _____ Or ped - dle 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 can-al, Run a cow a-round a cor-ral, Or may-be bark for a

car-rou-sel Of course it takes tal-ent to do that well. He

a tempo

might be a champ of the heav - y-weights, Or a fel - ler that sells you

a tempo

glue, — Or Pres-i-dent of the U - nit - ed States That-'d be al - right,

(Speaks ad lib.)

too. — His mother would like that. But he wouldn't be

mp

(Sings)

President unless he wanted to be. Not Bill

marcato *f*

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

mf

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

head held high, And his feet plant-ed firm on the ground,

And you won't see no - bod-y dare to try To

boss him or toss him a - round! No fat bot - tomed,

f marcato e poco allarg.

flab - by - faced, pot - bel - lied, bag - gy - eyed bas - tard 'll boss him a -

Poco più mosso

round. And I'm damned if he'll mar-ry his

f *mf*

boss - 's daugh-ter, A skin-ny lipped vir-gin with blood like wa-ter, Who'll

rall. *(Speaks)*

give him a peck And call it a kiss, And look in his eyes through a lorg-net Say,

(Sings) *(laugh)*

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

mf ad lib. *a tempo*

Moderato (slower)

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

mf

go with a girl _____ I can give him Lots of point-ers,

ve - ry sound, — On the way to get 'round an - y girl. —

a tempo

(Speaks)

I can tell him— Wait a min-ute!— Could it be? — What the

rit.

(Speaks utterly heart-broken by the thought)

Bill — — — Oh, Bill!

Hell! What if he is a girl? —

Original tempo

(Sings)

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

mp

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!

tin - type of her moth - er! What a pair! —

Broader (with warmth)

My lit-tle girl, Pink and white As peach-es and cream is she.

My lit-tle girl Is half a-gain as bright As girls are meant to be!

Doz-ens of boys pur - sue her, Man-y a like - ly lad

Does what he can to woo her From her faith - ful dad.

She has a few Pink and white young fel-lers of two and three But

my lit-tle girl Gets hun-gry ev-'ry night and she comes home to

Poco più mosso
(Spoken) My little girl, my little girl!

mel I got to get read-y be-

fore she comes! I got to make cer-tain that she Won't be dragged up in slums With a

with growing expression

lot o' bums like me _____ She's got to be shel-tered And

con vigore

Quasi grandioso

fed and dressed In the best that mon-ey can buy! I nev-er knew how to get

mon-ey, But I'll try, By God! I'll try! I'll go out and make it Or

rit.

sempre crescendo *ff rit.*

a tempo

steal it, Or take it or die! _____

a tempo molto cresc. *z.h.A*