<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Prologue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Me, Who Am I?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>In My Own Little Corner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>The Prince Is Giving a Ball / Now Is the Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Impossible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Gavotte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Ten Minutes Ago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Cinderella Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Cinderella March</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Stepsister's Lament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>He Was Tall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>When You're Driving Through the Moonlight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>A Lovely Night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Loneliness of Evening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>There's Music in You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PROLOGUE

Pastorale

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

The sky is a robin's egg blue. It

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makes you wish When you fall asleep You will

dream about the view.

zarre and improbable and pretty As a

gage from the fairy tale books, It
makes you wish that the world could be as

makes you wish that the world could be as

love - ly as it looks.

love - ly as it looks.
ME, WHO AM I?

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Bouncy clip-clop

TOPHER:

Me, Who am I?

far from perfect guy.
bum who wants to do what's right but often does what's wrong.

kid whose voice is way off key, but loves to sing a song.

guy who dreams like a lion, but wakes up like a lamb.

Me, who am I but the guy I am?
That's who'm I!

KNIGHTS:
His Royal Highness,

Chris-topher Ru-pert,
Slay-er of drag-ons,
Piti-less to o-gres,
Destroy-er of grij-fins and gi-ants.
No friend to gargoyles! Nice to the needy,

Sportsman and poet, A guy who dreams like a lion but

wakes up like a lamb! Me, who am I but the

Pochissimo più mosso

KNIGHTS:

guy I am? [Cheer] He's our hero!
Such perfection! He's the kind of guy who we'd all like to be!

What's the use of self-reflection? Church-bells will ring

When you are king, people will sing:
Poco meno mosso

TOPHER:

Me, Who am I?

(KNIGHTS:)

There is no one quite like... His Royal Highness, Christopher

Bbmaj9 Cm7/Bb

A far from perfect guy.

Rupert, Slayer of dragons, Pitiless to ogres,

jerk who wants to do what's right but often does what's wrong.

Destroyer of griffins and giants. No friend to gargoyles!
drip whose voice is way off key, but loves to sing a song. A dope who dreams like a

Nice to the needy, Sportsman and poet, Swordsman,

li-on, But wakes up like a lamb. Me, who am I but the

statesman, Nifty dancer, Sailor of the oceans, Surveyor of the

guy I am? That's who I'm

mountains and valleys. He's a prince! What a guy! What a guy!
What a guy! What a guy!
He's a plain and simple, complicated,

fascinating guy!
IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

C7

simply and not fast

C77

I'm as mild and as meek as a mouse,

F/C

hear a command I obey,

C7

But I know of a spot in my house,

C77

Where no one can stand in my

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Refrain (with tender expression)

way.

In my own little

corner, in my own little chair, I can

be whatever I want to be.

On the wing of my fancy I can
fly anywhere And the world will
open its arms to me. I'm a

young Norwegian princess or a milk maid,

I'm the greatest prima donna in Mi
I'm an heiress who has always had her
silk made. By her own flock of
silk-worms 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.
THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL/
NOW IS THE TIME

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Now is the time, The time to act.
No other time will do.

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Live and play your part.
Yes - ter - day has gone.
Don’t give away your heart.
To - mor - row is a guess.

F6
D7/F#  Gm7  C7  F6/A  Fdim7  Gm7  C7

F6/A  Gdim7  Gm7  C7

F6/A  Gdim7  Gm7  C7

F6/A  Gdim7  Gm7  C7

take day what the world gives and you!

For you just can’t wait to be

served by fate On a sil - ver plate or a
LORD PINKLETON: [rings his bell]

ball! The Ding! The Prince is giving a ball!

tray. Now is the time, The
time of your life, The time of your life is to

day! Ding! Ding! The Prince is giving a ball! The

Prince is giving a ball! Hear ye! Hear ye! A ball and that's not
C:

all!
The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!

Hear ye! Hear ye! His Royal Highness

Christopher Rupert James is giving a ball!

CROWD:

He's giving a ball?
Prince is giving a ball!

The CROWD:

The Prince is giving a ball!

Prince is giving a ball!

Prince is giving a ball!

(Lord P)

His Royal Highness, Christopher Rupert, Windermere Vladimir
Françoise Reginald Lancelot Herman... Her-man? Her-man!

Gregory James is giving a ball!

MADAME:

The Prince is giving a what? The

Prince is giving a ball! The Prince is giving a ball!
So will he want a taller girl? Or will he want a stronger girl? Or will he want a smaller girl? The Prince is giving a ball! I wish I were a bolder girl. I wish I were a
SOLO:

I wish I were an older girl.

CROWD:

The Prince is giving a

ELLA:

I've wished a lot of things, I don't wish any ball!

more, But now I wish a lot of things I've never wished be-
fore.

I wish I had... I wish I could... I wish I might...

WOMEN:

I wish

I wish

Fm7/Bb

I wish I would... I wish I were invited to the Prince's Royal

I wish

Ooh...

cresc.

JEAN-MICHEL:

Palace Ball!

Now is the
hear ye! But the Prince is giving a ball!

CROWD:

The time to live!

hear ye! But His Royal Highness Christopher Rupert James
N 4 LORD P: is giving ball! His

CROWD: Royal Highness, Christopher Rupert, Christopher Rupert, Windemere Vladimir

LORD P: CROWD: LORD P: CROWD: =

CROWD: LORD P: CROWD: =

LORD P: CROWD: LORD P: CROWD: ALL:

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LORD P: CROWD: LORD P: CROWD: ALL:
LORD P: The Prince is giving a ball!

OTHERS: The Prince is giving, The Prince is giving, The Prince is giving.

Prince is giving a ball! The Prince is giving, The Prince is giving, The Prince is giving.
Prince is giving a ball! The Prince is giving a ball! A Royal ball!

Crowd: The Prince is giving a ball!
IMPOSSIBLE

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto

Refrain

It's impossible
impossible
For a plain yellow
For a plain yellow

pumpkin to become a golden carriage. impossible
pumpkin to become a golden carriage. It's possible

For a plain country bumpkin and a prince to join in marriage. And
For a plain country bumpkin and a prince to join in marriage. And

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four grey mice will never be four white horses!
Such

four grey mice are easily turned to horses!
Such

fol-de-rol and fiddle-dee-dee of course, is
im-possible!

fol-de-rol and fiddle-dee-dee of course, is
im-possible!

But the world is full of
For the world is full of

zazies and fools
Who don't believe in

zazies and fools
Who don't believe in
And won't believe what sensible people say.
And because these daft and

dewy-eyed dopes keep building up impossible hopes, impossible

things are happening every day.
It's possible!
It's possible!

It's possible!
It's possible!

It's possible!
It's possible!

It's possible!
Moderately fast, regally elegant
Slower

poco rall.

[Cinderella appears]
"TEN MINUTES AGO"

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Tempo di Valse

G/D D/C G/B D7/A

Ten

G D7sus/A D7 G

minutes ago, I saw you, I looked up when you

came through the door. My head started reeling. You

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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 her! She's an angel with the dust of the stars in her eyes. We are dancing, we are flying.

And she's taking me back to the skies. In the

arms of my love, I'm flying over mountain and meadow and
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.

Ten gain.

Glen
Moderato (not fast)
STEPSISTER'S LAMENT

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Dm7         G7        C         F         Dm

CHARLOTTE:

Why would a fellow want a girl like her, a fragile beauty?

C/G        Fmaj7/G    G7       C         F         Dm

Why can't a fellow ever once prefer a solid girl like me? She's a frothy little bubble with a flimsy kind of

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charm, and with very little trouble, I could break her little arm!

OW! OW! Why would a fellow want a girl like her, so obviously unusual? Why can't a fellow ever once prefer a usual girl like me? Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink, but
not any pinker than a rose is. Her skin may be delicate and soft, but

not any softer than a doe's is. Her neck is no whiter than a swan's. She's

only as dainty as a daisy. She's only as graceful as a bird. So

why is the fellow going crazy? Oh, Why would a fellow want a girl like her? A
A girl who's merely lovely? Why can't a fellow ever once prefer a girl who's merely lovely?

Me! What's the matter with the man? What's the matter with the man? What's the matter with the man?

Yes he's witty.
So disarming. And I really like the way he holds a room.

Clever, cunning. Ever charming.

How do I make him see I'm special?

It's a pity I'm as pretty I'm as pretty Plus I've got the
patience of a perfect saint.
So I'm waiting.

Always waiting.
Nevertheless,

CHARLOTTE:
I'm in a mess.
Loosen my dress.

Help me, I'm starting to faint!

WOMEN:
Why would a fellow want a girl like her?
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer...

girl who isn't dizzy! Why can't a fellow ever once prefer...

high strung girl like me? Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink, but

What's the matter with the man?

not any pinker than a rose is. Her skin may be delicate and soft, but

What's the matter with the man?
not any softer than a doe's is. Her neck is no whiter than a swan's. She's

man?

only as dainty as a daisy. She's only as graceful as a bird. So

man? What's the matter with the man? What's the matter? So

why is the fellow going crazy? Oh, oh, Why would a fellow want a

why is the fellow going crazy? Oh, oh, Why would a fellow want a
girl like her? A girl who's merely lovely!

Why can't a fellow ever once prefer a girl who's merely me? What's the matter with the man? What's the matter with the man? Let me at her! What's the matter with the man? What's the matter with the man?
He was tall, very tall, And his eyes were clear and blue.

He was slim, very slim, In his coat of snowy hue.
When he walked across the ballroom floor, He was like a thing divine, And all the ladies turned their heads, and naturally

When he walked across the ballroom floor, He was like a thing divine, And all the ladies turned their heads, and naturally

The chandeliers were shooting stars. The drums and horns and soft guitars Were sounding more like
night - in - gales. The win - dow cur - tains blew like sails And I was float - ing

just a - bove the floor

He was tall, ver - y tall, And his

eyes were clear and blue.
WHEN YOU'RE DRIVING THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT

Lively

D6

ELLA:

When you're driving through the moonlight on the highway,

When you're driving through the moonlight to the dance.

You are
breathless with a wild anticipation

venture and excitement and romance.

Then at

last you see the towers of the palace

Silhouetted on the sky above the park,

And be-
slow them is a row of lighted windows, like a

love-ly dia-mond neck-lace in the dark.

looks that way. The way you say. She talks as if she knows. I
do not know these things are so. I only just suppose... I sup
And the pose that when you come into the ballroom,

room itself is floating in the air.

suddenly confronted by His Highness,

frozen like a statue on the stair.

You are
fraid he'll hear the way your heart is beating. And you

know you mustn't make the first advance. You are

seriously thinking of retreating; Then you

seem to hear him asking you to dance. You
MADAME:

make a bow. A timid bow. And shyly answer, "Yes." How

would you know that this is so? I do no more than guess. You can

guess 'til you're blue in the face but you can't even picture such a

man. He is more than a prince... He's an ace! But
sisters, I really think I can...

I think that I can picture such a man... He is

tall...

And his hair... His

Can melt you with a glance! He can turn a girl to gravity!

Segue to "A Lovely Night."
A LOVELY NIGHT

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Refrain

G

Am7

D7

G

A love - ly night, a love - ly

Am7

D7

G/B

Bbdim7

Am7

D13

night, A fin - er night you know you'll nev - er

G

D7

G

Am7

D7

sec.

You meet your prince, a

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charming prince. As charming as a prince will ever
be!

The stars in a hazy heaven
tremble above you, While he is whispering

"Darling, I love you!" You say goodbye, a
way you fly. But on your lips you

keep a kiss. All your life you'll dream of this

lovely, lovely night.
LONELINESS OF EVENING

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Dreamlike

Eb\(\text{add2}\)
start to pray. As I pray each day, That I'll hear some word from you.

I lie in the loneliness of evening. Looking out on a silver flaked
And ask the moon: Oh, how

soon, how soon will my love come home to

ELLÀ:
I have found my

TOPHER:
I have found her. She's my
an\-gel\nWith the dust of the stars in your
an\-gel\nWith the dust of the stars in your

Ebmaj7/G
Ebmaj7/G

eyes.  
We are danc\-ing,  
We are
eyes.  
We are danc\-ing and

Ebmaj7/G
Ebmaj7/G

fly\-ing,  
And he's tak\-ing me back to the
fly\-ing,  
And she's tak\-ing me back to the
skies. I lie in the loneliness of evening, Looking out on a silver-flaked sea,

And ask the moon: Oh, how
soon will my love come home to me, will my love come home to me? Freely
THERE'S MUSIC IN YOU

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Arranged by David Chase and Bruce Pomahac

Gently, with movement

C/G  B/G  C/G  B/G

MARIE:

Gently, with movement

C/G  B/G  C/G  B/G

C/G  B/G  Dm/G  F#dim7/G

yond the voice that keeps insisting "No,"
There is

something more than doubting,
Breaking through the darkness,

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Some-thing that sets your heart a-glow.

Some-one wants you, you know who.

Now you're liv-ing, there's mu-sic in you.

Now you're hear-ing some-thing new,
Some - one play - ing the mu - sic in you.

Now you’re liv - ing, you know

why. Now there’s noth - ing

you won’t try. Move moun - tain,
Light the sky. Make a wish come true.

There is music in you!

Now you can go wherever you want to
Now you can do what-

ever you want to do.

Now you can be what-
ever you want to be.

and love is the song you will sing your whole life.
through.

Move a mountain,

Light the sky,

Make a wish come true.

There is music in you!

Maestoso
DO I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL?

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Refrain (slowly, with warm expression)

Do I love you because you're beautiful? Or are you

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Am I making believe I see in you, A girl too

Do I want you because you're wonderful? Or are you wonderful?
Because I want you?

Are you the sweet invention of a lover's dream?

Or are you really as beautiful as you seem?

a tempo