

## Hello Dolly Audition Packet

### Dolly Levi

Songs - "Before the Parade Passes By"

Scenes - page 6, pages 11-13, pages 56-57

### Horace Vandergelder

Songs - "It Takes a Woman"

Scenes - pages 11-13, pages 56-57 (may be called in for readings on 9-10, 40-41)

### Irene Molloy

Songs - "Ribbons Down My Back", "Elegance"

Scenes - pages 19-24

### Cornelius Hackl

Songs - "Elegance"

Scenes - pages 19-24 (may be called in for 9-10)

### Barnaby Tucker

Songs - "Elegance"

Scenes - pages 19-24 (may be called in for 9-10)

### Minnie Fay

Songs - "Elegance"

Scenes - pages 19-24

### Ermengarde

Scenes - pages 9-10

### Ambrose Kemper

Scenes - page 6

### Ernestina

Scenes - 40-41

Scenes listed in parentheses are not the primary audition scenes for the character. They are being used for another character. You may not be called to read a scene listed in parentheses.

Auditions will be held the first Saturday after the start of the school year. Rehearsals will begin the first full week of school.

HELLO, DOLLY! was first performed at the St. James Theatre, New York, January 16, 1964

## Cast of Characters

(in order of appearance)

Mrs. Dolly Gallagher Levi	An indefatigable, meddling matchmaker of strikingly dramatic appearance; a widow in her middle years.
Ernestina	A heavy-set girl in need of Dolly's services.
Ambrose Kemper	A young artist seeking to marry Ermengarde.
Horace Vandergelder	Proprietor of a Hay & Feed Store in Yonkers, New York, and a client of Dolly's. A widower of some means.
Ermengarde	The 17-year-old niece of Horace Vandergelder.
Cornelius Hackl	Vandergelder's chief clerk, 33 years old.
Barnaby Tucker	An assistant to Cornelius, 17 years old.
Minnie Fay	A young girl who works in Irene Molloy's shop.
Irene Molloy	A millineress with a Hat Shop near 14th Street in New York City. Dolly has introduced her to Mr. Vandergelder.
Mrs. Rose	(Chorus) Sells vegetables from a street cart, a friend of Dolly's from years before.
Coachman	(Non-speaking, Chorus)
Horse	(Non-speaking, Chorus/Dancers)
Rudolph Reisenweber	(Chorus) The Prussian major-domo of the Harmonia Gardens restaurant.
Stanley	A young waiter at Harmonia Gardens
Fritz, Harry, Louie, Danny, Manny & Hank	(Non-speaking, Chorus/Dancers) Waiters at Harmonia Gardens.
First Cook	Harmonia Gardens employee, German accent.
Second Cook	Harmonia Gardens employee.
Judge	(Chorus) White-whiskered, red-nosed, New York night court.
Policemen	(Several; only one speaking) New York City officers.
Court Clerk, Recorder	(Chorus)
Paperhanger	(Non-speaking)

Townspeople of New York, Yonkers Band, Lodge Members, Feed Store Customers, Harmonia Gardens Customers, Polka Contest Dancers, 14th Street Parade Ensemble.

ALL. Call on Dolly.  
She's the one the spinsters recommend,  
Just name the kind of man your sister wants  
And she'll snatch him up.  
Don't forget to bring your maiden aunts

AMBROSE KEMPER *enters left.*

And she'll match 'em up.  
Call on Dolly ...

AMBROSE. Mrs. Levi!

DOLLY. (*Getting off the horsecar*) Mr. Kemper, the artist! (*Music fades out*) You know, I'm something of an artist myself, I do those silhouettes with scissors and black paper, here's one of Ada Rehan looking the other way. I have to do them like that because I'm no good at noses.

AMBROSE. Mrs. Levi, the train for Yonkers leaves in five minutes and if we don't get there on time—

DOLLY. But we will, Mr. Kemper! And not only will Horace Vandergelder give you permission to marry his niece, Ermengarde, but he will also dance at your wedding and not alone either because I happen to be engaged in finding him a suitable second wife himself. What he really wants is someone steady to clean the house. As my late husband Mr. Levi always said, marriage is a bribe to make a housekeeper think she's a householder ...

AMBROSE. I know all about it, Mrs. Levi! Half New York says he's going to propose to Mrs. Irene Molloy this very afternoon!

DOLLY. Which is exactly why I'm on my way to Yonkers this morning, Mr. Kemper, and can take on your case and knock off four lovebirds with one stone or whatever I'll throw I'll see and well well well what do you think of that I have nothing here to pay my train fare with, only large bills fives and sevens ...

AMBROSE. I have some change here somewhere! I only hope this isn't a wild goose chase, Mrs. Levi!

DOLLY. (*Crossing right to hand out more cards*) And speaking of poultry I am also available for fresh Jersey eggs, surgical corsets re-boned, ears pierced, pierced ears replugged ...

AMBROSE. Mrs. Levi! (*Music begins again*)

DOLLY *runs left to join* AMBROSE.  
*The whole group of TOWNSPEOPLE moves right.*

ALL. Just name the kind of man your sister wants  
And she'll snatch him up.  
Don't forget to bring your maiden aunts  
And she'll match 'em up.  
Call on Dolly ...

# ACT ONE – SCENE 2

## Vandergelder's Feed Store.

*In Yonkers, New York, the LODGE MEMBERS march on stage left in bright orange outfits, playing various musical instruments. Last is HORACE VANDERGELDER, with bass drum, followed by a weeping young lady, ERMENGARDE. They circle the runway. The BAND exits left, leaving HORACE and ERMENGARDE on stage.*

HORACE. Damn! How can I be expected to play Yonkers My Yonkers with all that bellowing in my ears!

ERMENGARDE. I can't help it, Uncle. I love Ambrose Kemper!

HORACE. And I say you're too young to be in love with anybody! Here, take this! *(Thrusting the drum into ERMENGARDE'S arms.)*

ERMENGARDE. I'm not too young! I'm seventeen, and in another year I'll be an old maid.

HORACE. Well, I forbid it! Dare to be an old maid, Ermengarde, and I'll cut you off without a cent!

*HORACE hits the drum; ERMENGARDE screams.*

... And don't cry in front of the store!

ERMENGARDE. I can't help it! I'm unhappy!

*ERMENGARDE runs left to enter the Feed Store.*

HORACE. *(Following ERMENGARDE in)* Then by thunder you'll go and weep for awhile in New York where it won't be noticed! Now go upstairs and start packing your trunk, and don't get any tears on the lock! It was just oiled!

*HORACE has gone up onto the platform stage right; he stamps on the floor by a trap door.*

Cornelius! Barnaby!

*The trap door opens, CORNELIUS and BARNABY appear.*

CORNELIUS. You stamped, Mr. Vandergelder?

HORACE. I did! I got news for you both! I am going to New York this afternoon to march in the Fourteenth Street Association Parade. And when I come back you're going to have a mistress.

BARNABY. I'm too young, Mr. Vandergelder!

HORACE. Not yours, hell and damnation, mine! I mean, I'm getting married again. And in honor of that occasion I've decided to promote you, Cornelius, to chief clerk.



CORNELIUS. And what am I now, Mr. Vandergelder?

HORACE. You're an impertinent fool, that's what you are! And I'm promoting you from impertinent fool to chief clerk. Any more questions?

CORNELIUS. Yes.

HORACE. What?

CORNELIUS. Does ... does the chief clerk get one evening off a week?

HORACE. So that's the way you thank me for your promotion, is it?  
 No sir, you'll attend to the store as usual! Now get back to work!  
 And don't forget to put the lid on the sheep dip! *(To the audience)*  
 ... Evenings off, marrying artists ... foolishness! Ninety-nine percent of the people in this world are fools ... and the rest of us are in great danger of contamination! Why, even I was once young, which was foolish; and got married, which was foolish; and was poor which was more foolish than anything else. Then my wife died which was foolish of her; I grew older which was sensible of me; and became rich, friendless and mean, which in Yonkers is about as far as you can go!

*Music starts a vamp as HORACE starts down the stairs.*

Oh I know what you're wondering now. Why a man of so much good sense should be planning anything as foolish as getting married again. The answer's simple: *(Vamp stops)* this house without a woman would be an empty shell — and pretty dirty too!

*TWO CUSTOMERS have come into the shop.*

## No. 3

## It Takes A Woman

*See p. 65*

*(Horace, Cornelius, Barnaby & Male Chorus)*

HORACE.

It takes a woman all powered and pink  
 To joyously clean out the drain in the sink.  
 And it takes an angel with long golden lashes  
 And soft Dresden fingers  
 For dumping the ashes.

ALL.

Yes, it takes a woman,  
 A dainty woman,  
 A sweetheart, a mistress, a wife.  
 O yes, it takes a woman,  
 A fragile woman  
 To bring you the sweet things in life.

HORACE.

The frail young maiden who's constantly there  
 For washing and bluing and shoeing the mare.  
 And it takes a female for setting the table  
 And weaning the Guernsey  
 And cleaning the stable.

ALL. Yes, it takes a woman,  
A dainty woman,  
A sweetheart, a mistress, a wife.  
Oh yes, it takes a woman,  
A fragile woman  
To bring you the sweet things in life!

*An INSTANT GLEE CLUB appears and sings.*

And so she'll work until infinity  
Three cheers for femininity!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
F E M — I T Y

HORACE. *(Spoken)* Get out of here!

*All the MEN disappear.*

HORACE.

And in the winter she'll shovel the ice  
And lovingly set out the traps for the mice.  
She's a joy and treasure for practic'ly speaking,  
To whom can you turn when the plumbing is leaking?

CORNELIUS & BARNABY.

To that dainty woman,  
That fragile woman,  
That sweetheart, that mistress, that wife.  
Oh yes, it takes a woman,

HORACE.

A husky woman

HORACE, CORNELIUS, & BARNABY.

To bring you the sweet things in life!

*The INSTANT GLEE CLUB re-appears.*

ALL. Oh yes, it takes a woman,  
A dainty woman,  
A sweetheart, a mistress, a wife.  
Oh yes, it takes a woman, a fragile woman,  
To bring you the sweet things in life.

HORACE. All right, out of here, all of you...

*The CUSTOMERS, BARNABY and CORNELIUS run off.  
DOLLY enters stage left with AMBROSE who sneaks upstairs.  
HORACE is at stage right.*

DOLLY. *(Crossing to stage right)* Congratulations, congratulations,  
a thousand congratulations!

HORACE. What? What?

DOLLY. Congratulations, Mr. Vandergelder! All New York is buzzing with the news that you've practically proposed to Irene Molloy. The streets are lined with eligible young ladies prostrate with grief. All my congratulations and sympathy—

HORACE. Sympathy?

DOLLY. Did I say that? A slip of the tongue, that's all. No I'm delighted with the happy news, after all she wasn't easy to unload — by that I mean you know what people said although I for one never believed the rumors, no I didn't ... *(Sits on steps at stage right)*

HORACE. Rumors? What rumors?

DOLLY. Nothing to get upset about, Mr. Vandergelder. I mean according to all known facts her first husband passed on quite naturally. It's just that he went so sudden. A few spoons of chowder she made special for him and pfft! But, it could happen to anyone. No there's no truth in it. Just one word of advice, Mr. Vandergelder. Eat out!

*HORACE sits down on a stool by DOLLY.*

HORACE. Now hold on, Mrs. Levi, you mean to say that Mrs. Molloy—

DOLLY. I mean to say nothing, Mr. Vandergelder. Just friendly advice. Keep away from the chowder. By the way, she's ordered her wedding gown, beautiful; you should see it — black! *(Rises, crosses to center)* Well, as I said before, Mr. Vandergelder, congratulations on your forthcoming nuptials and may you rest in ... I mean, may guardian angels watch over you both. Particularly at dinner.

HORACE. *(Crossing to DOLLY)* Look here, Mrs. Levi, you introduced me to Mrs. Molloy and rumors or not I intend calling on her this afternoon ... as arranged!

DOLLY. *(Crossing toward the door)* Very well, Mr. Vandergelder, then there's nothing more for me to do but go back to New York and tell the other girl, the heiress, not to wait ...

HORACE. *(Crossing to DOLLY)* What did you say?

DOLLY. Nothing, a word, heiress.

HORACE. Particulars, Mrs. Levi, I demand particulars — her name!

DOLLY. Her name? Er, um, blah ... Money? Ernestina Money.

HORACE. What a lovely lovely name.

DOLLY. Picture if you will, hair as shiny as a newly minted dime ... eyes as big round as silver dollars ... skin as soft and mossy as an old greenback—

HORACE. I can feel her now.

DOLLY. Age nineteen; weight, a hundred and two; waist, forty-seven—

HORACE. Waist forty-seven?

DOLLY. That's with the money belt. Now I could arrange for you to meet this Ernestina this very afternoon.

HORACE. I ain't got time, Mrs. Levi. I got to bring my niece Ermengarde to New York this afternoon until she forgets a certain Ambrose Kemper!

DOLLY. I could do that for you, Mr. Vandergelder.  
I know just how to handle such things.

HORACE. (*Crossing to DOLLY*) Then I'm marching in  
the Fourteenth Street Parade!

DOLLY. What an amazing coincidence! Guess who's been chosen  
to ride on the main float — the Spirit of Fourteenth Street —  
Miss Money! (*Aside*) Her mother was a Cash, you know.

HORACE. All right, Mrs. Levi, I'll meet Miss Money at the parade,  
but I still intend paying another call on Ms. Molloy first!

DOLLY. Oh dear, what races you make me run! Very well, Mr. Vandergelder,  
I'll meet you on that bench in front of Mrs. Molloy's hat shop at two thirty  
as usual.

HORACE. One more thing, Mrs. Levi! Suppose I decide against  
Mrs. Molloy and I don't like Miss Money neither?

DOLLY. Well, then I happen to have one more name on my list, Mr. Vandergelder, a  
name I know as well as my own but let's not go into that now. It'll come up by  
itself all in good time, don't you worry about it! (*DOLLY gets HORACE'S coat*) Oh,  
but wait'll you see Ernestina, Horace! (*Music in*) A vision! A dream!

*DOLLY sings as she puts on HORACE'S coat and hands him his hat.*

## No. 3a

## It Takes A Woman (Reprise)

*See p. 68*

(Horace & Dolly)

HORACE.

It takes a woman, all powered and pink,  
To joyously clean out the drain in the sink.  
And it takes an angel with long golden lashes  
And soft Dresden fingers  
For dumping the ashes.

*HORACE exits through the door and then crosses right, humming.*



# ACT ONE – SCENE 3

New York Street and the exterior of Mrs. Molloy's Hat Shop.

MINNIE FAY *enters upstage left carrying a hat box, crosses above the Hat Shop, then around to the front door, tries it. It's locked. As 1ST PASSERBY enters stage left, MINNIE FAY turns to speak to the audience.*

MINNIE. (*Babbling a mile a minute throughout*) Oh dear, oh my, will you look at that, ten o'clock and the shop's not opened yet. (*1ST COUPLE crosses right to left.*) It's all because of that impending marriage, I tell you. What marriage? Oh, I thought you knew. Why, the marriage Mrs. Levi is arranging between Mr. Horace Vandergelder, the well known Yonkers half-a-millionaire, and my employer and friend, Mrs. Irene Molloy. (*ERNESTINE crosses right to left*) ... although if you ask me he'll never take the place of her late husband, Mr. Peter Molloy may he rest in peace wherever he is I'm not sure — he was a caution you know! Oh, it's all too much what with late husbands and new marriages and on top of everything else ... (*2ND COUPLE crosses left to right*) Miss Mortimer returning this hat for the third time! Same old story, she wants more cherries and feathers ... cherries and feathers, to catch a beau I suppose, although if you ask me she'd be better with a nice heavy veil! (*MINNIE exits right and returns*) I told her, ribbons down our back is what we'll be wearing this summer if we want to catch a gentleman's eye, but she'd have none of it! Cherries and feathers she wants, on today of all days, when that poor dear sweet Mrs. Molloy has enough on her mind what with ...

MRS. MOLLOY *has entered stage right.*

MRS. MOLLOY. With what, Minnie? (*Crosses to the Hat Shop door*)

MINNIE. (*Following MRS. MOLLOY*) With the door! It's stuck.

MRS. MOLLOY. It's stuck? Then push!

*The Hat Shop turns around as the side walls of the Hat Shop come on left and right MINNIE & MRS. MOLLOY enter.*

MRS. MOLLOY. Whew!

MINNIE. (*Who's evidently been talking throughout*) ... And as I was saying, Mrs. Molloy, I could bite out my tongue

*Music fades out.*

for the things I've said and the things I'm going to say  
but as long as I've gone this far I might as well go all the way!  
Mrs. Molloy ... why ... why ...

MRS. MOLLOY. Say it, Minnie. Why have I decided to marry Horace Vandergelder?



MINNIE. Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I didn't ask you that! I would rather die on the rack than ask you such a personal question! But as long as you did bring it up ...

MRS. MOLLOY. I am marrying Horace Vandergelder for one reason and one reason alone, Minnie! To get away from the millinery business. I hate hats!

MINNIE. Mrs. Molloy!

MRS. MOLLOY. *(Taking a stool out of a cupboard)* And I can no longer stand being suspected of being a wicked woman with nothing to show for it.

MINNIE. *(Getting the hat box)* Oh, Mrs. Molloy!

MRS. MOLLOY. Don't protest, Minnie! All millineresses are suspected of being wicked women. That's why I can't go into restaurants or balls or theaters — that's all the proof they'd need! Take my word for it, Minnie — either I marry Horace Vandergelder or I break out of this place like a fire engine! *(Pointing to the hat box)* Oh no, not Miss Mortimer again?

MINNIE. Miss Mortimer. I'll take care of it. *(Starting right with the hat box)*

MRS. MOLLOY. No, Minnie, leave it be! You can make another hat for Miss Mortimer if you like. I'm wearing this one myself. *(Takes the hat box)*

MINNIE. Mrs. Molloy, you can't! You're a widow and that hat... well, it's ... it's provocative, that's what!

MRS. MOLLOY. It is, Minnie?

MRS. MOLLOY *removes the hat from its box. Music starts.*

## No. 5 Ribbons Down My Back

See p. 78

*(Mrs. Molloy)*

MRS. MOLLOY. *(Continued, over music)* Well, who knows who may walk into the shop today ... and provocative may be just what I want to be!

Minnie. *(Shocked, exiting right)* Mrs. Molloy!

MRS. MOLLOY.

I'll be wearing ribbons down my back  
This summer.  
Blue and green and streaming in the yellow sky.  
So if someone special comes my way,  
This summer,  
He might notice me passing by.

And so I'll try to make it easier to find me  
In the stillness of July,  
Because a breeze might stir a rainbow up behind me

That might happen to catch  
The gentleman's eye.

And he might smile and take me by the hand,  
This summer.  
Making me recall how lovely love can be.  
And so I will proudly wear  
Ribbons down my back,  
Shining in my hair,  
That he might notice me.

*As the music continues, MRS. MOLLOY stops herself, removes the hat from her head and begins going about her duties. MINNIE enters and crosses to the closet stage left, muttering to herself, takes a pair of scissors from the closet and exits.*

MRS. MOLLOY.

And so I will proudly wear  
Ribbons down my back,  
Shining in my hair,  
That he might notice me!

*Unbeknownst to MRS. MOLLOY, MINNIE has quietly come back into the shop as applause fades and now bursts out.*

MINNIE. Mrs. Molloy, wild horses can't make me ask this next question I'm about to ask, but I'm going to ask it anyhow! Do you love Horace Vandergelder?

MRS. MOLLOY. No, Minnie. I don't. Peter Molloy, God rest him, was my share of love and I'm not sayin' I was short changed. Once is enough for a woman as long as it's true love, and it was that. *(Crosses to the window and looks out)*  
Minnie, look. There's two men staring at the shop.

MINNIE. *(Starting)* Men?

MRS. MOLLOY. Why I do believe they mean to come in here!

MINNIE. Men! In the shop! Oh, Mrs. Molloy, what shall we do?

MRS. MOLLOY. Do? *(Puts on the hat)* Why, flirt with them of course!  
I'll give you the short one.

MINNIE. *(Crossing downstage right)* Mrs. Molloy! And you with all that talk about love!

MRS. MOLLOY. Love enough I've had, Minnie! It's a bit of adventure I could do with now! We'll get them all heated up and then drop them cold. It'll be good practice for married life. Now you go into the workroom, Minnie, I know some ways we can perk up our appearances. Besides, a bit of a wait will only make them nervous and easier for us to ...

MINNIE. If you say vampire, I'll scream!

MRS. MOLLOY. Vampire!

*MINNIE screams and hurries off into workroom  
as MRS. MOLLOY sings happily to herself.*

## No. 5a      Ribbons Down My Back (Reprise)

*See p. 79*

*(Mrs. Molloy)*

MRS. MOLLOY.

And so I'll try to make it easier to find me  
In the stillness of July,  
Because a breeze might stir a rainbow up behind me  
That might happen to catch a gentleman's eye.

*(Hurrying into the workroom)* Oh, Minnie, we'll get an adventure out of this yet!

*MRS. MOLLOY disappears as the door opens and CORNELIUS  
and BARNABY hurry into the shop. CORNELIUS shuts the door.*

CORNELIUS. We'll get an adventure out of this yet, Barnaby!  
All day long we wander around New York and nothing happens,  
then we come to the quietest street in the city and suddenly—

BARNABY. Vandergelder!

CORNELIUS. Is he still out there? Go look.

BARNABY. He's sitting on that bench. Cornelius, are you sure this is an adventure?

CORNELIUS. You don't have to ask, Barnaby. When you're in one  
you'll know it alright! How much money have you got left?

BARNABY. Not much, Cornelius. Forty cents for the train back, thirty cents  
for dinner, and twenty cents to see the whale. Ninety cents. Why?

CORNELIUS. *(Crossing around to the right of the table)* When those women come out we'll  
have to pretend to be customers! Customers, that's it! Maybe the best thing to  
do is make them think we're rich. Then we won't have to spend anything!  
We're two men about town looking for hats for ladies. Good afternoon, Mrs.—

MRS. MOLLOY. *(Entering from the workroom stage right)* Molloy.

CORNELIUS. Here, Cornelius Hackl!

BARNABY. Here, Barnaby Tucker!

MRS. MOLLOY. My pleasure, gentlemen. *(Crossing left)*  
Now what can I do for you, hmm?



CORNELIUS. Well, you see, we're two ladies about town looking for some hats to Molloy and we wondered ...

BARNABY. We're hats, you see and we wanted to buy a lady or two to Molloy with ...

*CORNELIUS pulls himself together and continues.*

CORNELIUS. We want a hat! For a lady, of course. And everybody said go to Mrs. Molloy's because she's so pretty ... I mean her hats are so pretty.

BARNABY. And so reasonable, Cornelius! As reasonable as under a dollar, would still leave us enough to see the whale.

CORNELIUS. You've got to pay him no mind, ma'am, he's come all the way from Yonkers to see the stuffed whale and he's all excited. Just keep an eye on that street, Barnaby, and maybe you'll see it pass by. *(Moves BARNABY to window)*

BARNABY. Is it big and black with mean little red eyes?

CORNELIUS. Yes.

BARNABY. It's sitting right on that bench.

MRS. MOLLOY. *(As CORNELIUS turns to BARNABY)*  
Excuse me, but did you say Yonkers, Mr. Hackl?

CORNELIUS. Oh yes, ma'am, Yonkers! And forgive me for saying this but you should see Yonkers. By that I mean perhaps Mr. Molloy would like to see Yonkers, too!

MRS. MOLLOY. *(Crossing upstage right)* Oh, I'm a widow, Mr. Hackl.

CORNELIUS. *(Joyfully)* You are? Barnaby, she's a widow!  
*(BARNABY respectfully takes off his hat)* Oh, that's too bad.  
I'm sure Mr. Molloy would have enjoyed Yonkers. Especially in that hat.  
I mean on you of course not Mr. Molloy may he rest in peace, you're Catholic aren't you, we'll don't let that worry you I'd be willing to change— *(Suddenly)*  
Mrs. Molloy, if you should ever happen to have a Sunday free in the near future, I'd be more than pleased to show you Yonkers from top to bottom!

MRS. MOLLOY. Well as a matter of fact, Mr. Hackl,  
I might be there sooner than you think.

CORNELIUS. Oh, really?

MR. MOLLOY. You see, I have a friend who lives in Yonkers.

CORNELIUS. Do you?

MRS. MOLLOY. Perhaps you know him ...

CORNELIUS. Perhaps we do.

MRS. MOLLOY. Oh, it's always foolish to ask in cases like that, isn't it?  
(*THEY both laugh with increasing congeniality*) It's a Mr. Vandergelder.

CORNELIUS *stops laughing abruptly.*  
BARNABY *reacts, losing his footing in the window.*

CORNELIUS. Horace Vandergelder?

BARNABY. Of Vandergelder's Hay and Feed?

MRS. MOLLOY. Do you know him?

BOTH. No! Oh, no! No, no ...

MRS. MOLLOY. Mr. Vandergelder's a substantial man and well liked, they tell me.

CORNELIUS. A lovely man, Mrs. Molloy. Just lovely!  
Has only one fault as far as I know; he's hard as nails.

BARNABY. (*At the window*) Cornelius, I think ... I think ...

MRS. MOLLOY. (*Crossing upstage left to pick up a boater hat*)  
Now, I wonder if your friend might like this one!

BARNABY. (*Leaping over a rail to hide in the cupboard*) Look out!

CORNELIUS. (*Putting the boater hat on the stool and crossing to the cupboard*)  
Begging your pardon, Mrs. Molloy—

MRS. MOLLOY. Gentlemen! What are you doing?

CORNELIUS. Help us, Mrs. Molloy, we'll explain later!

CORNELIUS *enters the cupboard,*  
BARNABY *pops out and crawls under the table.*

MRS. MOLLOY. Come out of there this minute!

BARNABY. (*Head out*) We're as innocent as can be, Mrs. Molloy!

MRS. MOLLOY. (*As CORNELIUS and BARNABY disappear again*)  
Well, really. Mr. Hack! Mr. Tucker! I insist that you both  
come out of there or I'll be forced to ... Mr. Vandergelder!

MRS. MOLLOY *curtsies at the table, for HORACE has entered the shop, a box  
of chocolates in one hand.*

HORACE. Mrs. Molloy. I don't suppose Mrs. Levi is here, is she?  
She was supposed to meet me on that bench ten minutes ago.  
Well, she can just go looking for me if she comes. When I make an



HORACE. And who do you think I am?

Only it's Horace Vandergelder and party! She's in my and party, I ain't in hers!

RUDOLPH. Mr. Vandergelder, of course! It's just that Mrs. Levi mentioned nothing about you bringing your ... your—

HORACE. My personal physician!

(To ERNESTINA) That's enough rouge, Doctor!

RUDOLPH. But Mrs. Levi only ordered a chicken for two!

HORACE. Chicken! Chickens are dear!

RUDOLPH. Und pâté maison, soupe du jour, und pommes soufflées!

HORACE. Why didn't you tell me this was an oriental establishment,  
we'll take two bowls of rice, now get out! (as RUDOLPH coldly leaves, to ERNESTINA)  
Now, Miss Money I understand you carry respectable sums in your belt.

ERNESTINA. Yeh, two dollars. Only it's in my garter!

*HORACE hastily leaps for the curtain and yanks it shut as music comes up  
and more waiters zip back and forth with trays, ice buckets, etc.  
Curtains open on the dining room at right.*

MRS. MOLLOY. It's sweet of you to worry about our reputations, Cornelius,  
but Minnie and I don't care who sees us tonight!  
(As RUDOLPH awaits THEIR order) Well, Minnie, what have you decided?

MINNIE. (Reading the menu) Oh I couldn't have anything at these prices,  
I really couldn't!

CORNELIUS. Great grindstones! What a sensible girl! Waiter, bring us  
four glasses of beer, a loaf of yesterday's bread, and some cheese!

MRS. MOLLOY. Yesterday's bread! On Cornelius, now I know how you keep  
half of New York in stitches all the time. (Suddenly stops)  
Minnie, have you ever eaten pheasant?

CORNELIUS & BARNABY. Pheasant!

*CORNELIUS slams the curtain shut, a WAITER comes down the stairs  
carrying a champagne bottle. As the curtain opens on the left dining room,  
the WAITER trips, the cork flies out of the bottle, and HE lies prostrate  
in front of HORACE.*

ERNESTINA. Say, why the closed curtains? You ashamed or something?

HORACE. It's not that, I just felt a slight chill.

ERNESTINA. Why didn't you say so? Here, I'll loan you this. (*Puts boa around HORACE'S neck*) Now, let's order something to hold us till the rice comes. Waiter, would you bring a roast suckling pig with chestnut and oyster stuffing, cheese fondue and some ladyfingers. (*Then to HORACE*) Now, what'll you have?

*Curtains close and WAITERS zip back and forth with trays, etc.  
ERNESTINA sticks her head out.*

Hey, you with the big ears ... what are you doing after the show?

*WAITERS cross again and curtains open on the stage-right dining room.*

MRS. MOLLOY. It's sweet of you to worry about our digestion, Cornelius, but I'm sure the pheasants are fresh. (*To RUDOLPH*) We'll take four, please, and a nice red wine.

CORNELIUS. Wait a minute! No wine!

MRS. MOLLOY & MINNIE. No wine?

CORNELIUS. Champagne!

MRS. MOLLOY, MINNIE & BARNABY. Champagne?!

CORNELIUS. It's once in a lifetime, Barnaby. Champagne, and Neapolitan ice cream, and hothouse peaches and Barnaby, give the bandleader a nickel and tell him to play "To a Wild Rose." We want music while we dine.

*TWO WAITERS cross, ONE takes a chicken from THE OTHER by stabbing it with a shashlik. As the WAITERS exit, the curtain opens on the left dining room. As ERNESTINA speaks, the WAITER who lost the chicken enters left.*

ERNESTINA. Say, this is a café, isn't it? Let's dance!

HORACE. The Vandergelders do not dance, Miss Money. We're Presbyterian.

ERNESTINA. All right, I'll dance myself. Give him two dollars for the bandleader, will you? And tell him to play something refined ...  
(*With a preliminary wind-up*) I'm going to do the hoochie coochie!

*HORACE yanks ERNESTINA inside, curtains shut, and more WAITERS cross.*

BARNABY. All right, Cornelius, I'll send for the band, but promise you won't order anything else!

*Music up, then HORACE appears with purse in hand.*

HORACE. You wait here, Miss Money! I'll tell them to play a nice waltz!

*Trying to find an available waiter, HORACE and BARNABY become embroiled in the melee which builds as WAITERS move faster and faster until the entire clockwork of crossing WAITERS moves at lightning precision speed. A freeze, and the ballet ends.*

MRS. MOLLOY. Getting Cornelius' money, Dolly, one hundred and forty-six dollars...

CORNELIUS. And thirty-five cents.

BARNABY. Plus six dollars and twelve cents of mine.

ERMENGARDE. (*Upstairs, entering with AMBROSE*) And the money my Mamma left me:  
Fifty-two dollars and forty-eight cents!

HORACE. Thirty-eight!

AMBROSE/ERMENGARDE. Forty-eight!

HORACE. All right, all right! If it's money you want, the safe is upstairs—

CORNELIUS, MRS. MOLLOY, BARNABY, ERMENGARDE and AMBROSE  
*exit upstairs with HORACE, quarreling over sums of money.*

DOLLY. Money, money, money, money, money. Mr. Vandergelder's money.  
It's like the sun we walk under...it can kill or cure. Vandergelder's never tired of saying that most people in the world are fools, and in a way he's right, isn't he? Himself, Irene, Cornelius, myself! Yes, we're all fools and we're all in danger of destroying the world in our folly, but the surest way to keep us out of harm is to give us the four or five human pleasures that are our right in the world — and that takes a little money. The difference between a little money and no money at all is enormous ... and can shatter the world! And the difference between a little money and an enormous amount of money is very slight, and that can shatter the world, too. It's all in how you use it. As my late husband, Ephraim Levi, use to say, money — pardon the expression — is like manure. It's not worth a thing unless it's spread around encouraging young things to grow! Anyhow, that's the opinion of the second Mrs. Vandergelder! Which reminds me: Ephraim ... I'm ready for that sign!

HORACE. (*Coming downstairs as a PAPER HANGER appears through the door*)  
Well, don't just stand there! That goes upstairs!

*The PAPER HANGER goes upstairs and exits.*

DOLLY. (*Sitting at center on a stool*) Well, Horace, as I was saying,  
I've found you the ideal wife.

HORACE. Dolly Gallagher, I don't want you to find me the ideal wives!  
If I want an ideal wife, I'll find one on my own, and I've found her!  
And it's you, dammit!

DOLLY. Why, Horace—

HORACE. I know I've been a fool about Mrs. Molloy and that other woman, but Dolly ... forgive me and marry me!



DOLLY. Horace — stop right there!

HORACE. What do you mean?

DOLLY. You know as well as I do, Horace, that you're the first citizen of Yonkers. And your wife would have to be a somebody. Answer me, am I a somebody?

HORACE. You are, wonderful woman!

DOLLY. (*Crossing to caress the cash register*) Oh, you're partial. No, Horace, it won't be enough for you to load your wife with money and jewels, to insist that she be a benefactress to half the town ... by the way, it's bad business letting Cornelius open a store right across the street from you. Better take him back and let him be your partner.

HORACE. Partner?

DOLLY. And Barnaby can have Cornelius' old job!

HORACE. Now see here, Dolly...

DOLLY. That way we'll all be together so we can dance at Ermengarde's wedding!

HORACE. That does it! You've gone too far, Dolly!  
I'll dance at no weddings! Besides, I don't know how  
and it would take me weeks, months, years to learn ...  
(*Reads the card DOLLY extends*) All right, I'll dance—

DOLLY. Horace! I never thought I'd hear you say a thing like that!

*The PAPER HANGER appears upstairs.*

HORACE. That front room, idiot! Well, go on! What are you waiting for?

DOLLY. (*Crossing to get on the steps at stage right*)  
Horace Vandergelder, what is going on up there?

HORACE. Oh, nothing, I just thought I'd have that  
front room done over in blue wallpaper—

## No. 18

## Finale Ultimo

*See p. 108*

(Company)

DOLLY. (*Over music*) Horace ...

HORACE. I know the old paper ain't worn out, yet, but that fella's just set up in business and needs a good start. You see, Dolly, I've always felt that money, pardon my expression, is like manure. It's not worth a thing unless—

DOLLY. Thank you, Ephraim—

cue to start vamp: HORACE: ... which in Yonkers, is about as far as you can go!

cue to stop vamp: HORACE: ... the answer is simple ...

cue to sing: HORACE: ... and pretty dirty, too!

[3]

Moderately-in 2

HORACE sings:

*Vamp ad lib*

**Piano** *p* Str., W.W., Trb.

It takes a wom-an all

Fl.

pow-dered and pink

Bells,

To joy-ous-ly clean-out the

Vins. + Cls.

Tpt's mute

Trb.

[9]

drain in the sink.

+Tpts.

Vins., Cls.

And it takes an an-gel with

Fl.

Cello, Tbn.

Trb.

long gold-en lash-es And soft Dres-den fin-gers For



ALL:

19

dump-ing the ash - es. Yes, it takes a wom - an, A

col sva

Tutti *mf*

Br. muted

dain - ty wom - an, A sweet-heart, a mis-tress, a

W. W.

Vlns. Br.

Trbs, Cello

27

wife. Oh yes, it takes a wom - an, a

Vlns., W. W. (+ sva)

Tutti

Br. muted

frag - ile wom - an To bring you the sweet things in

Vlns. Br.

Trbs., Cello

HORACE:

life. The

+8va

*mf* Tutti

Br. tacet

37

frail young maid - en who's con - stant - ly there For

Bells, W.W., Vlns. pizz.

*p* Trbs.

W.W.

wash - ing and blu - ing and shoe - ing the mare. And it

W.W.  
+ pizz. Vlns.

Cl.

45

takes a fe - male for set - ting the ta - ble And

+ Vln.,  
Cello

ALL:  
wean-ing the Guern - sey And clean-ing the sta - ble. Yes, it  
W. W., Vlns. (+8va)  
+ Br.  
mf

53  
takes a wom - an, a dain - ty wom - an, A  
+ Br. muted  
Vlns.

sweet - heart, a mis - tress, a wife. Oh yes, it  
Br.  
Trbs., Cello  
Tutti  
Vlns., W. W. (+8va)

61  
takes a wom - an, A frag - ile wom - an To  
Br. muted  
Vlns.



bring you the sweet things in life!

Br.

Trbs., Cello

Tutti

Instant Glee Club: [71] Slower

And so she'll work un - til in -

+ Bells, Fl. 8va

Trbs., Str., Cl.

[78]

fin - i - ty Three cheers for fem - i - nin - i - ty!

Str., W.W.

Br.

Tpu, Open

Piano glia.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! F - E - M - I - T - Y!

Cue: HORACE: Get out of here!

87

w.w.

(Cut as door slams)

HORACE:

And in the win-ter she'll shov-el the ice

Vlns.

Tutti

Cello, Tbn.

w.w.

etc.

And lov-ing-ly set out the traps for the mice.

95

She's a joy and treas-ure for prac-ti-c'ly speak-

Cls.

Br.

+ Vlns., Cello

ad lib.

- ing, To whom can you turn when the plumb-ing is leak-ing?

rit.



## CORNELIUS, BARNABY:

(softly)

To that dain - ty wom-an, That frag - ile wom-an, That

+ Bells

*mf* Str., W.W. *pp*

sweet-heart, that mis - tress, that wife.

Oh yes, it  
W.W. col 8va

Vlins. pizz.

111

HORACE:

ALL:

takes a wom - an, A husk - y wom - an To

bring you the sweet things in life!

Oh yes, it  
Str., W.W. (col 8va) + Xylo.  
Tpt 3

+ Br.  
Trbs., Cello

*ff*

119

takes a wom-an, A dain - ty wom-an, A

Tpts.

Trbs., Cello

sweet-heart, a mis - tress, a wife. — Oh yes, it

Tpts.

Tutti

Str., W.W., Xylo.

127

takes a wom-an, a frag - ile wom-an, To bring you the

etc.

Trbs.

sweet things in life.

*ff*

*ff*

Cue: Mrs. MOLLOY: Is it, Minnie?  
(as she pulls out hat)

1 Slowly-in 2 Vibes.

MRS. MOLLOY: Well, who knows...etc.

Vln's (cued for Tpt. 1 cup)

Piano

Celesta

Cl., Va.

N.B. Bs, Cl., Cello

+ Cls.

...what I want to be!

11 MRS. MOLLOY:

Vln. (cued for Tpt. 11-cup)

Celeste, Str, Bells

I'll be

rall.

a tempo

W.W.

Bs. pizz.

wear - ing

rib - bons down my back

This

sum - mer.

Celesta

N.B. An optional measure for Celeste (C7 arpeg. in tempo)  
may be added before bar one.



17

Blue and green and stream-ing in the yel

Vins., Bells  
Celesta

Celesta

W. W.

Tpt. 1 cup solo

R. H.

23

low sky.

W. W.

Tbn.-cup  
Cello

+Hp.

Belle

if

Cello, Tbn.  
R. H.

W. W.

Bs., Bs., Cl.

some - one spe - cial comes my way, This sum - mer, —

Bells

W. W., Str.  
R. H.

Vln's., Pno.

R. H.

Vins. Cl's.

Rubato

He might no - tice me — pass - ing by.

+ Pno.



And so I'll try to make it eas-i-er to find me In the

W.W. Str.

Bs., Cl., Cello

ten.

still - ness of Ju - ly, Be - cause a breeze might stir a

rain - bow up be - hind me That might hap - pen to catch the gen - tle - man's eye. And

W.W., Str'gs. rall.

## 41 In tempo

he might smile and take me by the hand, This

Vlins. Bells

W.W. Va.

Bs., Bs. Cl.

sum - mer, Mak - ing me re -

Celesta

call how love - ly love — can be. And so

Tpt. 1 (cup)  
8va, bassa

Str. W.W.

rall.

I will proud - ly wear rib - bons down my back,

Bells, Cel.

Bs. Cl., Cello

Tpts.

shin - ing in my hair, That he might no - tice me.

Vibes, Ce

Cl's, 8va, bassa

## 61 In tempo

gva  
Vlins. Bells Celesta

mf

simile

Bs. pizz.

## 67

MRS. MOLLOY:

And so

gva

Str.. Tpt 1  
W.W. 8 bassa

rall.

## 73

I will proud - ly wear rib - bons down my back,

Cel., Bells

Bs. Cl., Cello

Slowly-in 4

(shake ribbons)

Shin-ing in my hair — That he might no-tice me

Vlins., Celesta  
Vibes., W.W.

Cel., Tbn., Cello  
pizz.

Bs. Pizz.  
Bs. Cl.

(with hat)

Cell., Cls.

Bs. Cl.



## No. 8

## Before The Parade Passes By

cue:

DOLLY:....rejoin  
the human race, and Ephraim,....I want you to give meaway  
Slowly-ad lib.  
DOLLY:

Be - fore the pa - rade \_\_\_\_\_ pass - es

Piano

Vlna. (cued for Fl.)

W. W. Str.,  
Guit., Pno.

by, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon - na get in step while there's still

time left... Be-fore the pa - rade \_\_\_\_\_ pass - es by...

9



12 Moderately - in 2

Bells, Fl.,  
Vlns.

W. W.

*mp*

Tbn. (cup), Gtr., Cello pizz. (cued for BS.)

W. W., Vlns.

*mp*

+Br. Muted

(cued for  
Fl. 8va.)  
Vlns.

+Trb.

20 MRS. MOLLOY: Mrs. Levi,  
come along. . . etc.

Cls. (sust.)  
Trbn. Gtr.  
Cello

DOLLY: Why, Irene, you're crying.

26

Fl. 8va

(2 Cls. sust.)  
+BS. Cl.

Cello  
Trbn.

Gtr.

DOLLY:

Be-fore the pa-

*Br. sust.*  
*frit.*

32 Slow March tempo

rade \_\_\_\_\_ pass-es by, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon-na go and

(W. W., Str.,  
Pno. sust.)

B. D.  
Bs.

taste Sat-ur-day's high life, \_\_\_\_\_ Be-fore the pa- rade \_\_\_\_\_

W. W., Str.,  
Pno. sust.

B. D.  
Bs.

\_\_\_\_\_ pass-es by, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm gon-na get some life back in-to

my life. I'm read - y to move out in

Tpts., Str. mute + Str.

Br., Cls.

+Guit.

front. I've had e - nough of just pass - ing by life.

56

With the rest of them, With the best of them,

Str., Cls. Tpts.

Tbns.

I can hold my head up high!

Str., Cls.

Guit., Pno.

Br., Cello, Tbn., BS, Cl.



64

For I've got a goal a - gain, — I've got a drive a - gain, —

+ Br. open

Str. 8va  
Ww.

etc.

I'm gon - na feel my heart com - ing a - live a - gain —

72

Be - fore the pa - rade —

Tpts.

+ Trbs.

pass - es by.

8va

*ff*



80

Look at that crowd up a - head,

W. W., Xyl.,  
Str.  
Rhythm etc.  
Tuba

Tpts.

Lis-ten and hear that brass har-mo-ny grow - ing.

Tpts.

88

Look at that crowd up a - head. Par-don me

Tpts.

if my old spir-it is show - ing. All of those

gva  
Tpts.

96

lights o - ver there Seem to be

W.W. 8<sup>va</sup>

Tpts. (Str. 8<sup>va</sup>)

tell - ing me where I'm go - ing. When the

W.W., Vlns., Va.

Trbs., Cello

R.H.

104

whis - tles blow, And the cym - bals crash, And the

W.W. tr

Br. p.

hp etc.

spark - lers light the sky, I'm gon - na

8<sup>va</sup>

Slide whistle

raise the roof, I'm gon - na car - ry on, Give me an

Vlns. W.W. Trbs. Tpts. Bs. Cello

old trom - bone, Give me an old ba - ton, Be - fore the pa -

120

124

rade

pass - es by,

CHORUS: *p*

When the pa - rade

Tutti

Gr. Vibes, Cls.  
col legno

pass - es

by,  
or Fl.  
Picc.

Lis - ten and

hear

that

S.

A.

T.

B.



132

brass har-mo-ny grow - ing. When the pa - rade

Tpts. w. w. 7 sim.

pass - es by, Par-don me if my

w. w.

old spir - it is show - ing. All of those

w. w. Br. open Trbs.

140

lights o - ver there seem to be

+Bells etc. Tpr. I

148

ALL:  
(unison octaves)

156

old trom - bone, Give me an old ba-ton. Be-fore the pa -

*fz*

[164]

rade pass - es

Trpts. W.W., Str., Bells

Trbs. *ff* Bs., Cello

[168] [MARCH]

by. etc.

Trpts.



W. W., Vlns.

176

tr. etc.

Musical score for measures 176-183. The score is written for piano (W. W., Vlns.) and includes a trill (tr.) and other markings (etc.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score features a complex melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

184

Musical score for measures 184-191. The score is written for piano (W. W., Vlns.) and includes a trill (tr.) and other markings (etc.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score features a complex melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

Tbns., Cello, BS.,  
Va., Tuba

Musical score for measures 192-199. The score is written for piano (W. W., Vlns.) and includes a trill (tr.) and other markings (etc.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score features a complex melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

192

Vlns.,  
W. W.

Tpts.

R. H.

Trbs.

Musical score for measures 200-207. The score is written for piano (W. W., Vlns.) and includes a trill (tr.) and other markings (etc.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score features a complex melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

W. W., Vlns. 8va

Musical score for measures 208-215. The score is written for piano (W. W., Vlns.) and includes a trill (tr.) and other markings (etc.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score features a complex melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

ALL:

200 Tpt. 1

101

I'm gon - na raise the roof,

I'm gon - na

W. W., Vln., Bells

Tpt. 2-3  
Trbs.  
L.H.

Bs., Cello

car - ry on.

Give me an old trom -

bone,

Give me an old ba - ton,

Be - fore the pa -

208 + W. W., Vln. trill

rade

S.  
A.  
T. B.  
pass - es

Trb. 1

S. A. T., B. by.

Tpts.

Cymb.

+Timp. (ped. gliss.)

gliss.

*sfz*

## No. 9

## Finale-Act I

*cue*: DOLLY: Ephraim—He's as good as mine.

March tempo

DOLLY:

2

I'm gon - na raise the roof, — I'm gon - na

W. W., Vlns.

Tpts.

Piano

Tutti

*pp*

Trbs.



car - ry on.

Give me an old trom - bone, Give me an

Trpts. 2&3  
Tbns.

Vin., W.W. tr.

10

old ba - ton,

Be - fore the pa - rade

Trb. 1

pass - es by.

Tpts.

Cymb.

(+Timp. Ped. gliss.)

sffz

## No. 11

## Elegance

*Dialogue**cut at cue:*CORNELIUS: "if you really  
want to be elegant."*Cue:*CORNELIUS: You  
walk!

W. W. W. W. 8va

Piano *pp* (TACK PIANO)  
Guit.  
Repeat *ad lib.* *mf*

Bs.

## 4 CORNELIUS &amp; BARNABY:

Yes, New York - - It's real - ly us, Bar-na - by and Cor - ne - li - us.

W. W. 8va

*p* Str. pizz.

+ Trbs.

## MRS. M. &amp; MINNIE:

All the guests of Mis - ter Hack - l are feel - in' great and

Trb. Cello

12

ALL:

look spec-tac-a-lar! What a knack there is to that Act-in' like a

born a-ris-to-crats. We got el-e-gance. If you ain't got

+Trbs.

22

el-e-gance You can nev-er ev-er car-ry it off.

+Tpts., W.W. 8va

Vlns.

Str., Tbn. Gliss.



CORNELIUS:

All who are  
w. w. Vlns. 8va.  
*p* +Trbs.

MRS. M.

well bred - a-gree Min - nie Fay has ped - i - gree. Ex - er - cise your  
Trb.

38

MINNIE:

wild - est whims to-night, We are out with "Dia-mond Jims" to-night. Could they be  
+Trbs.

C. &amp; B:

mis-lead - ing us, Sil - ver spoons were used for feed - ing us. We got

ALL:

el - e - gance If you ain't got el - e - gance You can nev - er ev - er

48

car - ry it off!

+Tpts.

Vlms.

Str. Tbn. gliss.

52

Mid - dle class, don't speak - of it. Sa - voir faire, We reek - of it!

Vlms. pizz., W. W. Bells.

Vlms. tacet

*p*

Some were born with rags and patch - es, But we use dol - lar bills for match - es, And



Van - der - bilt cow - tows\_ to us, J. P. Mor - gan scrapes and bows\_ to us.

ALL:

CORNELIUS:

We got el - e - gance, We were born with el - e - gance. Have you

68

MRS. M:

no - ticed when I hold my cup the sau - cer nev - er moves? And the

W. W. Vins. Trpts. (cup)

Trb., Cello

ALL:

way I keep my pink - y up In - du - bi - ta - bly proves That

(arco)

open



76

Trpts. we got el - e - gance, We got built in el - e - gance And with  
 Vlns., w. w.

sub. **pp** *a tempo*  
 Trb., Cello

CORNELIUS: BARNABY:  
 El - e - gance — el - e - gance —

ALL: MRS. MOLLOY: MINNIE: (ALL:)  
 El - e - gance, el - e - gance, el - e - gance, We'll car - ry it

Vlns. Tpts. Tutti

\* Timp

84

[Exit right]

off!

**f**

90

Play 3 times

[Re-enter right]

93

ALL:

Play 4 times

We got el-e-gance. If you ain't got el-e-gance You can

nev - er ev - er car - ry it off!

101

softly

Repeat ad lib.

We got el-e-gance, We got el-e-gance.

W. W. Str.

Fade out