Piano-Conductor’s Score

The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical

HAIR
(Revised)

Book and Lyrics by
GEROME RAGNI and JAMES RADO

Music by
GALT MacDERMOT

Produced for the Broadway stage by
MICHAEL BUTLER

Originally Produced by
JOSEPH PAPP for the NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE

Original Book © 1966, 1969 Gerome Ragni and James Rado
Revised Book © 1995 Gerome Ragni and James Rado

Music Corrections by Galt MacDermot, 1995.

Piano Reduction by Dale S. Kugel

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Berger
Woof
Hud
Claude
Jeanie
Dionne
Crissy
Sheila
Margaret Mead
Hubert

...and the others in the Tribe:
Ronny, Leata, Paul, Walter, Steve, Hiram, Suzannah, Mary,
Emmaretta, Diane, Marjorie, Linda and Natalie

...who play the following:
3 Moms, 3 Dads, 3 High School Principals, 2 Policemen,
Electric Blues Quartet (Oldsters),
White Girls Trio,
Black Boys Trio,
"The Supremes" Trio,
Army Sergeant, A. Lincoln, J. W. Booth, C. Coolidge, Clark Gable,
Scarlett O'Hara, Aretha Franklin, Colonel Custer, Shoeshine Boy,
3 Buddhist Monks, 1 Thousand Year Old Monk, 3 Catholic Nuns,
3 Astronauts, 3 Chinese, 3 Guerrillas, 1 Native American Indian
and Others.

The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical HAIR is a stage work in two acts.
There are no specific scenes. The setting indicates the fluid-abstract world of the
1960's as seen by, for, and about the "Flower Children" of the period.
INSTRUMENTATION

Baritone Saxophone (Flute, Piccolo and Clarinet)

3 Trumpets

Trombone

Bass (electric)

Drums:  
*Trap Drum Set*

Percussion:  
*Bongo Drums*  
*Conga Drum*  
*Bell Tree*  
*Marimba*  
*Tambourine*  
*Wood Block*  
*Temple Blocks*  
*Cabasa*  
*Maracas*  
*Gong*  
*Siren*  
*Castañets*  
*Ratchet*  
*Slapstick*  
*Indian Drums (optional)*  
*Quica [Lion’s roar] or Claves or Bongos*  
*Tubose [Scraper] or Tambourine*  
*Tower Clock Chime [sfx]*

Piano (Electric Piano or Synthesizer) [This Piano-Conductor’s Score]

Guitar I (electric & acoustic)

Guitar II (electric & bass)

Note: 3rd Trumpet and Trombone parts are optional.

In place of an Overture the lead guitarist improvises “Outer Space Flying Saucer Pyramid” music, in the style of Jimi Hendrix. During this music, a stage ritual is performed which evolves directly into the opening musical number, “Aquarius.”
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## AQUARIUS GOODNIGHTS

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No. 1  

Aquarius
Ronny & Tribe

Cue: (in stage ritual when Berger cuts Claude's hair.)

Medium fast tempo
(Repeat about 4 times until Claude picks up the flame)

When the moon is in the seventh house

And Jupiter aligns with Mars

peace will guide the planets
And

RONNY & WOMEN (about 6)

love will steer the stars. This is the dawning of the

Bar.
Cym.
Bs.

RONNY:

Age of A-quar-i-us, The Age of A-quar-i-us,

TRIBE: (WOMEN)

Age of A-quar-i-us, The Age of A-quar-i-us,

Pno., Guit.
Perc. / / / / etc.
Br., Bar.
Pno., Bs.
(Optional: Tenors if done in only 2 parts)

TRIBE: (WOMEN)

A - quar - i - us,

(add 4 more)

A - quar - i - us,

A - quar - i - us.

Add MEN:

A - quar - i - us.

(TRIBE:)

MEN:

Har-mon-y and un-der - stand - ing.

Pno., Guit., Rhythm

Bs.
(TRIBE)

WOMEN:

Sym-pa-thy and trust a-bound-ing. No more false-hood or de-ri-

40

WOMEN:

-sion. Gold-en liv-ing dreams of vi-sions. Myst-ic

43

ALL: unison

cry-stal rev-el-a-tion, And the mind's true lib-er-a-tion. A-

47

(WOMEN divisi)

quar-i-us, Br. Barit.

Tpts. Pno., Bvy., Guit.
(TRIBE)

WOMEN:

Sym-pa-thy and trust a-bound-ing. No more false-hood or de-ri-

(WOMEN)

sion. Gold-en liv-ing dreams of vi-sions. Mys-tic

ALL: unison

cry-stal rev-e-la-tion. And the mind's true lib-er-a-tion. A-

(WOMEN divisi)

And love will steer the stars...

ALL:

And love will steer the stars...

This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius.

The Age of Aquarius.
Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,

Aquarius,
No. 2
Donna
Berger & Tribe

Cue: BERGER: "I thought I saw Donna."

Brightly

Repeat ad lib.
Cue for last repeat: BERGER: "Statue of Liberty waving at me."

BERGER:

Once upon a look-in' for Donna time. There was a sixteen year old vir-
Just got back from look-in' for Donna San Francisco, psy-
Voice

(Drum fill)

(Drum accent back beat, Perc. ad lib. Tamb.)

Oh, Donna, oh, oh, Donna, Oh, oh, oh, Look-in' for my Donna.
Oh, Donna, oh, oh, Donna, Oh, oh, oh, Look-in' for my Donna.

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Have you seen my sixteen year old tattooed woman?

Heard a story she got busted for her beauty. Oh,

BERGER and TRIBE:
Once upon a look-in' for Donna time—There was a sixteen year old virgin.

BERGER:
Once upon a look-in' for Donna time—Never gone end my search—
Oh, Don-na, Oh, oh, oh, Don-na, Oh, oh, oh, oh,

Look in' for my Don- na. I've been to In-di-a

And I'm gon-na show her

Saw the Yo-ga light. In South A-mer-i-ca, The

Life on earth can be sweet. Gon-na lay my mu-tat-

In-dian smoke glows bright. I'm rein-car-nat-ed

Ed head at her feet. And I'm gon-na love her, make love
(2nd time to Coda)

and so are we all.
to her till the sky turns brown.

And in this lifetime we'll

(BERGER:)

TRIBE: rise

before we

Br., Barl.

Pno., Guit., rhythm

etc.

Ba.

(D.S. al Coda)

fall, before we fall.

Coda

And I'm evolving, I'm evolving through the
(BERGER:)

(ALL unison:)

Once up-on a look-in' for Donna time—There was a sixteen year old vir-

Oh, Donna, oh, oh, Donna, Oh, oh, oh,
Lookin' for my Donna, Lookin' for my Donna,
Segue as one

ALL:
Lookin' for Madonna, Donna!

No. 3
Hashish
Tribe

Cue: (Attacca from "Donna")

(Slowly)

GROUP I:
Hash-ish,

GROUP II:
Co-calne,

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GROUP III: Can-ni-bis,

GROUP IV: O-pi-um,

GROUP V: L S D,

GROUP VI: D M T,

GROUP VII: S T P, B M T,

GROUP VIII:

A & P, I R T, A P C, Al-co-hol, Cig-a-rettes, Shoe pol-ish, Cough sy-rup, Pe-yo-te,

E-quin-ol, Dex-a-myl, Com-po-zine, Kem-o-drin, Thor-i-zene, Tri-lo-phon, Dex-e-drine,

Benz-e-drine, Meth-e-drine, S - E - X, Y - O - U, Wow w w w w!!
No. 4

Sodomy

Woof & Tribe

Cue: WOOF: "In the name of the Father . . . , Amen."

Slow 4

WOOF:

Sod-omy, Fel-la-ti-o, Cun-ni-

TRIBE:

Ooo Ooo

Voice

Electric Piano

Guit. (Tamb. roll)

B. etc.

In-gus, Ped-er-as-ty.

Ooo Ooo

(Tamb. ad lib.)

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Nat Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
Father, why do these words sound so nasty?
Masturbation can be fun.
Join the holy orgy Ka-ma Su-tra
Everybody.

Ooo Br., Bar.
Ooo Ooo Ooo

Ooo Ooo Ooo

Ooo

\(\text{Pno., Guit., Perc.}^{\text{Br. Bar.}}\) \(\text{Tamb.}^{\text{Bs.}}\)
No. 5

Colored Spade

Hud & Tribe

Cue: WOOF: "We are all one."

Medium Rock

Cue: BERGER: "R. O. T. C. program in one moment."

Vamp ad lib. until
Hud is facing front.

I'm a Colored Spade, a Ni-gra, a

Black Nig-ger, A Jun-gle Bun-ny, Jig-a-boo, Coon, Pick-a-nin-ny, Mau-Mau.

Uncle Tom, Aunt Je-mim-a, Lit-tle Black Sam-bo, Cot-ton pick-in' Swamp Guin-ea,

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Junk Man, Shoe-shine Boy, Elevator Operator, Table Cleaner at Horn and

Hardart, Slave, Voodoo, Zombie, Ubangi-Lipped, flat-nosed Tap Dancer,

resident of Harlem. And President of the United States of Love, and

BERGER: "Shit. And if you ask him to dinner, you're gonna feed him:

President of the United States of Love.
Watermelon, hominy grits, and short'n bread,
Alligator ribs, and

pig tails, so you say! Some black eyed peas,
So you say! Some chitlins, so you say! Some

collard greens, And if you don't watch out the Boogie Man will get you Boo!

"Yeah!" Boo!
No. 6

Manchester, England
Claude & Tribe

Cue: SUZANNAH: "No, he comes from Flushing."

In 4

CLAUDE:

Man-ch-es-ter, Eng-land,

Pno., Guit.

(Tamb. back beat throughout)

Bass.

- land.

A-cross the At-lan-tic sea.

And

I'm a gen-ius, gen-ius,

I be-lieve in God,

Net Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
And I believe that God believes in Claude... That's me, that's me. Claude Hooper Bukowski,

Finds that it's groovy to hide in a movie, Pre-

tends he's Fellini, and Antonioni, and
also his countryman, Roman Polanski, all rolled into one, One Claude Hooper Buroski.

Now that I've dropped out,

Why is life dreary, dreary? Answer my weary query.

Timothy Lear, dearie._
CLAUDE and TRIBE:


CLAUDE: And I'm a genius, genius. TRIBE: I believe in God,

And I believe that God believes in Claude. That's me! That's me! That's me! That's me! That's me! That's me!
No. 7

I'm Black

Hud, Woof, Berger, Claude & Tribe

_Cue:_ HUD: "And I'm the Imperial Wizard of the KKK."

_Cue to sing:_ CLAUDE: "destined for greatness or madness."

HUD: 3

WOOF: 7

BERGER: 11

CLAUDE: 15

TRIBE: white

Segue as one

No. 8

Ain't Got No
Hud, Woof, Dionne & Tribe

Cue: (Attacca from 'I'm Black')

(CLAUDE:)

WOOF: Ain't got no 1. home, Ain't got no
HUD: 2. Mother, Ain't got no
DIONNE: 3. smokes, Ain't got no

TRIBE:

1. so
2. orphan
3. shit

Pno. Voice

Gs., Pno.

(Gongs ad lib.)

1. shoes, Ain't got no money, Ain't got no
culture, Ain't got no friends, Ain't got no
job, Ain't got no work, Ain't got no

Pno.

etc.

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No. 9  

Dead End  

Quartet  

Cue: (Alacca from "Ain't Got No". Tribe screams into this number)  

Slow hard Rock  

Note: Quartet work out own harmony in rehearsal.  

QUARTET:  

Dead end, Don't walk, Keep out, Red light,  

Voice etc.  

Red light, Steep cliff, Beware,
Mad dog, Blind man, Blind man.

Warning, land mine, High voltage line.

Don't make a pass, Keep off the grass. De-tour,

Wet paint, Hands off, Dead end, Dead end.
Men working, Dead end, Men working,

Dead end. No standing, Dead end, No parking,

Dead end. No smoking, Dead end.

No joking, Dead end, "Well it's a dead end," my friend.

Segue
No. 10

I Believe In Love
Sheila and Trio

Cue: WOOF: "It's Joan of Arc!"

Fast tempo

SHEILA:

Repeat ad lib.

I be-

TRIO: (Sing 2nd time only)

I be-

I be-

I be-

etc.

2nd time to Coda

I be-

I be-

I be-

I be-

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(SHEILA:)

\[ \text{Voice} \]

\[ \text{Cup mute Tpts., Bari.} \]

\[ \text{Voice, Gutt., Pno., Rhythm} \]

\[ \text{Basso} \]

\[ \text{D.S. al Coda} \]
Tempo primo

Chant
Sheila & Tribe

Coda

Sheila:

Cue: (Applause for "I Believe in Love". Chant to start rally)

March tempo


When do we want it? Now! Peace now, Freedom now, Peace now, Freedom now,

Black, white, yellow, red, Co-p-u-late in a king-size bed, Hell no we won't go,

[1x] 3 KKK Guys:

Hell no we won't go! What do we think is really great? To bomb, lynch and se-gre-gate!

Segue as one
No. 11  Ain't Got No Grass

Tribe

Cue  TRIBE: (2nd time) "to bomb, lynch and segregate!"

March tempo

ALL:

Peace now!  Freedom now!  Peace now!  Freedom now!

Pno., Guit.

Military Drums

Pno., Bsn.

GROUP I:

Peace now!  Ain't got no grass.  Can't take no trip.  Ain't got no

Voice

Pno., Guit.

G:

II:

a-cid.  Can't blow my mind.  Ain't got no clothes.  You're full of pus.  Ain't got no

etc.  simile

pad. You're full of piss. Ain't got no apples. We got balls. Ain't got no knife. Can't cut you up. Ain't got no guns. We got bananas. Ain't got no garbage. White trash. Ain't got no draft card. Burned it, burned it, burned it.
Bike, Ain't got no plums. Ain't got no trees, Ain't got no air, Ain't got no

Water, City, Banjo, Toothpicks, Shoe-laces, Teachers, Football, Telephone,

Records, Doctor, Brother, Sister, Uniforms, Machine guns, Airplanes, Germs, M-

1, bang, bang, bang. M-2, bang, bang, bang. A-bombs, H-bombs, P-bombs, Q-bombs,

VI-et-nam, John-son, High School, sex, Coff ee, books, food, scis-sors, mag-a-zines, news, cig-a-rettes.

(Tpts. Bari. 8 bassa  (Perc. accent back beats, feel in 2)

Hol-ly-wood, T. V., Tues-day Weld, Bur-ton - Tay - lor. Pop -

art, pop off, pop-corn, pop-si-cle. And-y War-pop, pop pa-per, pop up, Pop - eye.
No. 12

Air

Jeanie with Dionne and Crissy

Cue: (Attacca from "Ain't Got No Grass")

Moderate 4

\[\text{Repeat ad lib.}\]

DIIONNÉ: and CRISSY:

\[\text{Bah} \quad \text{bop bop,} \quad \text{Bah}\]

Voice

\[\text{Guit., Pno., Marimba} \quad \text{Perc.}\]

\[\text{etc.}\]

\[\text{8t.}\]

Segue as one

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1. sulphur dioxide, Hel-lo, carbon monoxide. The air, the
2. al-co-hol blood stream, Save me, ni-co-ine lung steam. In-cense, in-
4. sulphur dioxide, Hel-lo, carbon monoxide. The air, the

bap bap, Bah bap bap, Bah

simile

air is ev-ry-where. Breathe deep
in-cense is in the air. Breathe deep
air is ev-ry where. Breathe deep

Ba ba ba, ba, Bah

3rd time
to Coda

while you sleep, Breathe deep. Bless you deep. 3. Cata-
clys-mic ecto-pla-
bop bop, Bah. Bap bap, Bah

bap bap,
-sm, Fall-out atomic orgasm, Vapor and fume At the stone of my

Bah ba ba, Bah, Bah

D.S. al Coda

tomb, Breathing like a sul-den perfume, Eating at the stone of my tomb. 4. Welcome

Bah Bah Bah Bah Bah,

Coda

while you sleep, Breathe deep, deep, deep de-deep. (cough)

(cough) (cough) (cough)
No. 13

Initials

Tribe

Cue: JEANIE: "Methedrine's a bad scene, and Claude loves me."

Moderately slow Minuet

L. B. J. took the I.- R. T. down to

4th-Street U. S. A.

When he got there what did he see? The

Piano improvise a la Minuet)

GIRLS: L. R. T.

youth of A-mer-i-ca on L. S. D.

BOYS: L. B. J.

Voice

Guit., Flute ad lib. staccato

etc.

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No.14 Kama Sutra
Orchestra

Cue: (Attacca from 'Initials')

Electric (Oriental) sound effects ad lib. from Lead Guitar.
Perc.: Woodblock, Temple blocks ad lib. rhythms in
continuous flow of sound.

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No. 15

Cue: MOM I: "Ugh, I'm beat."

1930s
Berger

Light Swing
BERGER:

Hello there, ever thought of how you're living right

smack bang in the middle of the Stone Age. Well, this folks is the
Dialogue: CLAUDE: "Hello there... ever thought... etc.
Tpt. II cup mute solo

Cue for music to stop: CLAUDE: "You are psyching it, you are stoning it."
No. 16
Manchester II
(Reprise: Manchester, England)
Claude & Tribe (optional)

Cue: MOM II: "Face it, you're a Polack." DAD I: "Look at yourself."

CLAUDE:

Note: MUSIC—abrupt cut off [middle of bar 8] when
DAD I waves CLAUDE with rolled-up newspaper.

CLAUDE:

TRIBE: I believe in God,

And I believe that God believes in Claude. That's me.

Nat Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
No. 17  

I Got Life
Claude & Tribe

Cue: CLAUDE: "Well, if you really want to know, 1948."

Freely  

CLAUDE:

I got life, mother, I got laughs, sister, I got

freedom, brother, I got good times, man.

I got

crazy ways, daughter, I got million dollar charm, cousin, I got

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head-aches, and tooth-aches, and bad times too — like you. I got my

hair, I got my head, I got my brains, I got my ears. I got my

eyes, I got my nose, I got my mouth, I got my
simile
teeth. I got my tongue, I got my chin, I got my
CLAUSE:

life, mother, I got laughs, sister, I got

TRIBE:

He's got life, he's got laughs,

freedom, brother, I got good times, man.

I got

he's got freedom, good times, man.

I got

crazy ways, daughter, I got million dollar charm, cousin. I got

He's got crazy ways, he's got charm.
head-aches, and tooth-aches, and bad times too, like you.

Head-aches,       tooth-aches, like you.

I got my hair, I got my head, I got my brains, I got my ears, I got my

Got my hair,       got my brains.

eyes, I got my nose, I got my mouth, I got my teeth.

Got my eyes,       Got my mouth,       got my
I got my tongue, I got my chin, I got my neck, I got my tits. I got my teeth.

Got my tongue, got my neck.

I got my heart, I got my soul, I got my back, I got my ass.

Got my heart, got my back, got my ass.


Got my hands, got my legs.
feet, I got my toes, I got my liver, got my blood. Got my

I got life, life,

life, life, life, life, life!

MOM I: "And you got a lot of nerve, baby."
Slow ad lib.

CLAUBE:

And I'm gonna spread it around the world, mother,

and I'm gonna spread it around the world, sister,

and I'm gonna spread it around the world, my brother, so


Dictated

Tutti Orch.

Indian drums for Berger's entrance.

Drum cues ad lib. from stage cues.
Going Down
Berger and Tribe

Cue: WOOF: "Out of who?" MARY: "Out of 'whom'."

Freely
BERGER:

Me and Lucifer, Lucifer and me.

Just like the angel that fell Banished forever to hell.

Today have I been expelled from high school heaven.

Nat Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
BERGER:

El-e-va-tor go-ing down, go-ing down, go-ing down. Ev-ry-bod-y go-ing

TRIBE: (optional to bar 45)

El-e-va-tor go-ing down, down, down, go-ing down. Ev-ry-bod-y go-ing

down, go-ing down, go-ing down. This is my

down, down, down, go-ing down. Dialogue to cue:

PAUL: "how you can

get it at home."

Faster tempo

BERGER:

1. doom.

2. pa-tion

my hu-mil-a-tion.

pro-cla-mation.

Oh, Doc-tor

Octo-ber, not

Tpt.

Guit.

Drums

e tc.

Bs., Barl.
June
Lincoln, and it's summer vacation. Such a dis-

grace, how can I face the nation? Why should this
lu, lu, lu, lu, lu, lu, Lucifer and me? Doomed from here to eternity. Ba-

pain bring me such strange elation?
BERGER:

Escalator going down, going down, going down.
Growing up, going down, going down, going down.

TRIBE:

Escalator going down, down, down, going down.
Growing up, going down, down, down, going down.

Dialogue-cue to continue:
BERGER: "Cosmic fart!"
BERGER & TRIBE: "Mr. Brainwasher!"
Forgive me if I don't cry, It's like the Fourth of July.
Down, down, every body going down, down, every body going.

softer

Thank God that angels can fly down, down, down. Going

(GIRLS divisi, BOYS colla Berger)

Down, down, every body going down, down, down. Going

Tutti Orch.

down, down, Going down, down, down. Going down!
down, down, Going down, down, down. Going down!
Freak Out
Orchestra

Cue: BERGER: "One, two, three, four, everybody twist!"

Cue: MARGARET MEAD: "for the sensual experience, that's why."

Ad lib. CLAUDE:

She asks me why--- I'm just a hairy guy,

I'm hairy noon and night, Hair that's a fright. I'm hairy high and low,

{\textit{BERGER:}} (↑ CLAUDE:)

Don't ask me why, don't know, It's not for lack of bread, Like the Grateful Dead. Dar-lin',

Moderately slow tempo

Give me a head with hair,
Long beautiful hair,
Shining, gleaming,

Voice

Gu. it.

Drums etc.

( + Tamb. ad lib.)

BS.

CLAUDE & BERGER:

Steaming, flaxen, waxen.
Give me down to there hair, shoulder length or longer,

TRIBE:

Give me down to there hair, shoulder length or longer,

BS.

Here baby, there mama,
Everywhere, daddy, daddy.
Hair.

BOYS:

Here baby, there mama,
Everywhere, daddy, daddy.
Hair, hair, hair, hair,

GIRLS:

Tpts.

Tutti

BS.

Bari.
Flow it, show it, Long as God can grow it, my

(GIRLS:) hair, hair, hair.

(BOYS:) Hair, hair, hair, my

Let it fly in the breeze. And get caught in the trees, Give a

hair.

Voice

home to the fleas— in my hair. A home for fleas, (yeah) a

A home for fleas, (yeah) a
hive for bees. (Oh, yeah) A nest for birds, There ain't no words. For the hive for bees. (Oh, yeah) A nest for birds, There ain't no words. For the

beauty, the splendor, the wonder of my hair.
beauty, the splendor, the wonder of my hair, hair, hair, hair,

Flow it, show it. Long as God can grow it, my

hair, hair, hair. Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair,
hair. I want it long, straight, curl-y, fuz-zy, Snag-gy, shag-gy, rat-ty, mat-ty,

hair. Oo

Oil-y, greas-y, fleec-y, Shin-ing, gleam-ing, steam-ing, flax-en, wax-en,

Oo

Pow'dered, flow'ered, and con-fet-tied, Bang-led, tang-led, spang-led and spa-
ghet-tied.

Oh, say can you see my eyes, if you can then my hair's too short. Down to here, down to there.

I want hair down to where it stops by it - self. Doo-doo-doo - doo,
They'll be
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo, Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo, Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-

"ga-ga" at the "go-go" When they see me in my toga, My
do-o-o-o-o-

Guit.

Bass.

toga made of blond, bril-lan-tined, Bib-li-cal hair. My

My
Hair like Jesus wore it, Hallelujah, I adore it. Hallelujah.

Hair like Jesus wore it, Hallelujah, I adore it. Hallelujah.

Mary loved her son. Why don't my mother love me?

Mary loved her son. Why don't my mother love me?

Hair, hair, hair, hair...

(Play 3 times)

Hair, hair, hair, hair... Hair, hair, hair, hair.
Cue to continue: MARGARET: "as good as
the Mormon Tabernacle Choir"

Repeat ad lib. for applause

ALL: "Hallelujah!"
MARGARET: (sounds 8 bassa)

I would just like to say that it is my conviction that

longer hair and other flamboyant affections of app-

pearance are nothing more than the male’s emergence from his
drab camouflage into the gaudy plumage Which is the birthright of his sex. There is a peculiar notion that elegant plumage And fine feathers are not proper for the man. When a c-tually, Directed Piano

(* Clar. sust.) Piano
That is the way things are in most species.

---

No. 22

Sheila Franklin

Tribe

Cue: HUD: "She is flying in at an altitude of 10,000 c.c.'s."

Second semester N.Y.U. And she's a protest er.

[Note: Indian Drums ad lib. with stage dance]

No. 23

Easy To Be Hard

Sheila

Cue: BERGER: "I hate yellow."

Moderate 4

How can people be so cruel. Easy to be
be so heartless, How can people have no feelings, How can they ignore their friends. Easy to be

hard, proud, Easy to be cold. Easy to say no.

* Performed in New York with acoustic guitar and bass only.

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Nat Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
Es-pect-il-ly peo-ple  who care a-bout stran-gers  and
And don't you won-der how long we can take-it  The way that we play-and make

so-cial in-jus-tice.  Do you on-ly care a-bout the bleed-ing crowd?
fund of each oth-er  Are we just pre-tend-ers in world we made?

How—about a need-ing friend.  I need a friend.
Where's the heart of you and me?  I need a friend.

How—can peo-ple  How—can peo-ple
Voice

have no feel-ings,  You know I'm hung up on you.  Easy to give in.
have no feel-ings,  How can they ig-nore their friends.  Easy to be hard.
Easy to help out.
Easy to be cold.

Easy to be proud.
Easy to say no.

No. 24
Hung Up
Tribe

Cue: BERGER: "And I'm hung up on Donna. Madonna."

Rock
TRIBE: (as THEY exit)
Vamp ad lib.

Hung hung hung - ey hung - ey (hung.)
(till lights on flag)

Guit. & Drums

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No. 25

Don’t Put It Down!
Woof, Berger and Steve

Cue: (End of ad lib. stage harmonica music)

Dialogue: WOOF: "Folding the flag... etc."

Country Western

Vamp till cue:
BERGER: "Selma, Alabama this morning, ladies and gentlemen."

Repeat ad lib.
WOOF, BERGER, STEVE:

1. Don’t put it down, Best one around.
2. You look at me— what do you see?
3. ‘Cause I look dif’rent you think I’m sub- versive.

Guit., Pno. ad lib., Bb.

Cra-zy for the Red Blue and White,
Cra-zy for the White Red and Blue,
Cra-zy for the Blue White and Red.

Cra-zy for the Red Blue and White,
Cra-zy for the White Red and Blue,
Cra-zy for the Blue White and Red.

Ad libitum

My heartbeats true—— For the Red White and Blue.
Frank Mills
Crissy

Cue: JEANIE: "Well, don't hold your breath."

Gentle Rock

CRISSY:

I met a boy called

Frank Mills, On September twelfth right here in front of the

Waverly, But unfortunately I lost his ad-

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dress. He was last seen with his friend, a drummer. He re-
sembles George Harrison of the Beatles, but he wears his hair tied
in a small bow at the back. I love him, but it em-
barases me to walk down the street with him.
lives in Brooklyn somewhere And wears this white crash helmet. He has gold chains on his leather jacket And

on the back are written the names, "Mary" and

"Mom" and "Hell's Angels."
I would gratefully appreciate it if you see him
tell him, I'm in the park with my girlfriend and please,
tell him Angela and I don't want the two dollars back... just him.
No. 27

Be-In 'Hare Krishna'

Cue: (Applause for "Frank Mills")

TRIBE: (unison)

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come on, come on, come on, Be in, be in,
tune in, tune in, tune in, Be in, be in,
drop out, drop out, drop out, Be in, be in,

(1st-2nd time) 3rd time to Coda
(3rd time) GROUPI:
be in, be in. Take Ommmmmm

1st time: STEVE: "What's happening... ... underarm deodorant?"
2nd time: SHEILA: "Sex isn't love... ... pleasure anymore."

1st time: LEATA: "New York... ... Blah!"
2nd time: BOY: "I'd like to see... ... a machine gun."

Love. Love. Ommmmmm

1st time: WOOF: "Physical contact... ... repulse me." D.S.
2nd time: GIRL: "Ship these... ... meat grinder." al Coda

Love. Love. Ommmmmm
Coda

(tribe-group I:)

trips, Get high, Laugh, joke and goodbye.

GROUP II: (sopranos)

High, high on you know what. Take trips, Get

high, way up here.

high, Laugh, joke and goodbye. Beat
High, high I - on - o - sphere.

drum and old tin pot. I'm high on you know what. Take

GROUP III: (Basses)

Ha - re

High, high, way up here.

trips, Get high, Laugh, joke and goodbye. Beat

Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare

High, high I - on - o - sphere.

drum and old tin pot. I'm high on you know what. Maria

Krishna, Hare Krishna. Maria

Brass + Picc. 5va
Beads, flowers, freedom, happiness.

* Drums and percussion ad lib. continue with stage action until Claude withdraws his draft card from the fire. -
  Music segues.

* Segue
Where Do I Go
Claude & Tribe

Moderately

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

Where do I go
Where do I go
Where do I go
Follow the river,
Follow the children,
Follow the gulls.
Follow their smiles.

Where is the something
Where is the someone...
Where is the something
Is there an answer

In their sweetfaces,
That tells me why I live and die.

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Follow the wind song,
Follow the thunder,
Follow the neon in

Tpts., Bari.

young lovers' eyes.
Down to the gutter.
Up to the glitter,

CLAUDE and TRIBE:

Into the city—
where the truth lies.
Where do I go?

Tpts.

Guit.

Bari.

Fol-low the children,
Where do I go—
Follow their smiles.
CLAUDE & GIRLS:

Is there an answer, In their sweet faces, That tells me why I live and die.

BOYS:

Is there an answer, In their sweet faces, That tells me why I live and die.

Follow the wind song, Follow the thunder, Where do I go? Tell me,

Follow the neon in young lovers' eyes, Down to the gutter, Where do I go? Where do I go?
Up to the glitter, Into the city, Where the truth lies,

Do I go? Tell me, Where do I go?

Where do I go— Follow my heart-beat,— Where do I go— Follow my hand.

Where will they lead me, And will I ever—

Discover why I live and die.
CLAUDIE:

TRIBE:

I live and die.

Why do I

Why?

Why?

Beads,

live?

Why do I die?

Tell me, Where do I go?

Tell me

Flowers, Freedom, Happiness,

Beads, Freedom,

why?

Tell me, Where?

Tell me Why?

Tell me Why?

Freedom, Happiness, Beads, Freedom,

END OF ACT I
No. 29  Electric Blues  
Quarter (Oldsters)

Cue: (First few lines of Kate Smith recording)

Moderate 4

Tell me,

(Tutti)

Guits.

Drs.

BS.

QUARTET:

Who do you love, man?
Tell me what man?

Guits.

Pno., Drums

BS.

Tell me what's it you love, man?
An

simile

Net Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
old fashioned melody.

QUARTET:
Tell me what's it that moves you?

SOLO:
Tell me what's it that grooves you?
An old fashioned

melody.
QUARTET:

But old songs leave you dead
We sell our

Double rhythm
souls for bread. (2nd time)
Tpts., Trb.

We're
drums, Guit.
Sari.

all en-cased in sonic armor Belt-in' it out thru chrome grenades.

Guits., Drums

Miles and miles of medusa chords, The electronic sonic boom.

simile
It's what's happening, baby, It's where it's at, daddy. They

chain ya and brain-wash ya When you least suspect it, They

feed ya mass med-i-a. The age is elec-tric. I got the

(2nd time sing silently) elec-tric blues, I got the elec-tric blues, I got the
e-lectric blues, I got the e-lectric blues.

SOLO: An

Thwump, rack-et-y whomp, rock. Folk rock, rhythm and blues. GROUP: E-

old fashioned melody,

lec-trons ex-plod-ing, rack-et-y clack. Whomp, plugged in, turned on.

old fashioned melody,

Rack-et-y shwump whomp, rock. Folk rock, rhythm and blues.
Oh Great God Of Power

Cue: (Applause for "Electric Blues")
Slow, majestic

(Repeat if necessary. First time bass only. Second time add guitar)

TRIBE: (from house)

Oh great God of pow-er, Oh great God of light,

Nat Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
Oh great God of gas, Oh Con Ed, Oh Con Ed,
(Black as night, Night gone dead)
Where has all the pow-er-fled?

(Group now on stage)

Where has all the pow-er-fled?

(from house) He is blood. He is bone.

ALL: (on stage)

He is skin, He is air, He is.

He is A-qua-ri-us.

Fast 4

17 Repeat ad lib.

Cue to segue:

(CLAUDE appears as the lights bump up bright.)

Segue as one
No. 31
Manchester III
Tribe

Cue: HUD: "It's Lord Buckingham!" (Segue from "Oh Great God Of Power")

Manchester, England, England. A-

Piano, Guitars 
(Tamb. back beat throughout) 
(+ Drums)

Bb.

cross the Atlantic sea. And I'm a genius, genius, I be-
simile


No. 32

Black Boys
White Girls Trio & Black Boys Trio

Cue: CLAUDE: "Hey, Woof, you got life, man."

Tequila tempo
BOYS TRIO: 1. Black boys are de - li - cious
2. Black boys are de - li - cious
3. Black boys are nu - tri - tious

Girls Trio
1. Black boys are de - li - cious Choc - 'late flav - ored
2. Black boys are de - li - cious Mocha mousse hot
3. Black boys are nu - tri - tious Black boys fill me

BOYS TRIO
1.2.3. I've got, ba - by, I've got, simile

Guit., Pno., Drums

I've got, ba - by, I've got, ba - by,

Guit., Pno., Drums

love.
Lic - rice lips like can - dy
fudge.
Maple sy - rup lad - dies
up.
Black boys are so yum - my

I've got, ba - by, I've got, ba - by,

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Nat Shapiro and United Artists Music Co., Inc.
Keep my cocoa handy. I have such a
And brown sugar dad-dies. They are my des-
--- They satisfy my tummy. Black boys are de-

I've got, baby. Ooh

3rd time to Coda

sweet tooth When it comes to love. ---
sert tray When it comes to love. Once I
licious raisins in the

oooh ooooh ooooh

Half time
2 GIRLS:

GIRLS TRIO

Solo tried a diet Of quiet rest no sweets, But
(Wood block on back beat) simile
I went nearly crazy, And I went clearly crazy Be-
cause I really craved for My chocolate flavored treats. Ooh,

D.S. al Coda

sun. Black, black, black, black, black, black, black, Black Boys.

Segue as one
No. 33

White Boys

"The Supremes" Trio, White Girls Trio & Tribe

Cue: ("Supremes" enter, segue from "Black Boys")

Medium up tempo

1. White boys are so pretty,
2. White boys give me goose bumps,

(OTHERS):

1-2. Do don do do oo-

(Vamp till voice is ready)

Skin as smooth as milk.
White boys give me chills.

White boys are so

When they touch my

Do don do do oo---

pretty.
shoulder.
Hair like Chinese silk.
That's the touch that kills.

My

do do do do
do
do
do
do.
That's the touch that kills.

Mother calls 'em lilies,
Doo-dado-do, Doo-dado-do, Doo-dado-do, Doo-dado-do,

I call 'em pic-a-dillys.
Doo-dado-do, Doo-dado-do, Doo-dado-do, Doo-dado-do,

My
dad-dy warns me stay a-way,

I say come on out and play ay-ay-ay. White boys are so groov-
Ah ay-ay-ay. White boys are so

Bari.

- y. White boys are so tough,
groov-y, groov-y, groov-y, groov-y. White boys are so tough, so tough.
Ev'ry time they're near me,
Just can't get enough.

Ev'ry time they're near me,

1. White boys are so pretty,
White boys are so

2. White boys are so sexy,
Legs so long and

1. White boys are so pret-
1-2. Do don do do oo

2. White boys are so sex-

sweet.

White boys drive me crazy.
Love those sprayed on trousers.

Do don do do oo

Do do do do
Drive me indiscreet.
Love the love machine.

Drive me indiscreet.
Love the love machine.

rubble, they're my kind of trouble.

rubble, Doo doo doo, trouble.

Daddy warns me no, no, no.

But I say white boys go go

Ooo no, no, no, no, oo

Go,
White boys are so lovely
Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby,

— go, go,— go. Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby,

Beautiful as girls

ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by

Love to run my

ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by

fin-gers— and toes thru all their curls.

Give me a

Ba-by, ba-by. and toes thru all their curls.
No. 34  Walking In Space
Dionne, Steve, Leata, Jeanie, Sheila & Tribe

Cue: CLAUDE: "Pick up your glow worms. And glow"—

(Solo voices from the TRIBE)

VOICE 1:  VOICE 2:

Doors locked, Dooms locked.

VOICE 3:  VOICE 4:

Blinds pulled, Blinds pulled.

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VOICE 5:
Lights low.

VOICE 7:
Flames high.

VOICE 8:
Flames high.

GIRLS:

TRIBE:
bod - y.

My bod - y.

My bod - y.

etc.
My body. My body.

(TRIBE:)

My body is walking in space,
My soul is in orbit, with

Slow Rock
God, face to face. Float-ing, flip-ping, fly-ing, trip-ping.

Trip-ping from Potts-ville to Star-line, Trip-ping from Star-line to Moon-ville. On a rock-et to the fourth di-men-sion

To-tal self-a-ware-ness the in-tension. My mind is as clear as
Faster (Moderate Swing Rock)

TRIBE:

Red, black,

Guit.

Blue, brown,

Drugs

Bari.

Bb.

coun'-try air.

I feel my flesh, all col-ors mesh.

Guit.

Yel-low, crim-son,

Drums

Green, o-range,

Guit.

Pur-ple, pink,

Bari.

Vi'-let, white,
White, white,  
White, white.

1. All the clouds are cum-u-loft,  
2. To keep us under foot they bury us in soot.

Oh my God, your skin is soft,  I love your face.  
Pre-tend it's a chore to ship us off to war.

Marimba ad lib.
2nd time Vocal:

How dare they try to end this beauty,
In this dive we rediscover sensation.

How dare they try to end this beauty.
In this dive we rediscover sensation.

SHEILA and JEANIE:

Walking in space, we find the purpose of peace, The
beauty of life — You can no long-er hide.

TRIBE:
Our eyes are o-pen, Our eyes are o-pen,

GIRLS:
Our eyes are o-pen, Our eyes are o-pen.

Wide, wide, wide.
No. 35  General Washington
Orchestra

Cue: HUD: "Watch this," SOLDIERS: "I'm hanging loose!" (They exit, G. Washington enters)
Moderate March

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No. 36  Indian Music
Percussion

Cue: MESSENGER: "The word is retreat. Threat of attack."

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No. 37  Minuet
Orchestra

Cue: JEANIE: "Appomatox, shmuck." GRANT: "Forward Harch!"

Repeat ad lib. for dance

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No. 38  African Drums
Percussion

Cue: (When African Witch Doctors interrupt 'Minuet')

Repeat ad lib. till dialogue

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No. 39

Abie, Baby

Trio: Hud & Two Boys with J.W.Booth

Cue: LINCOLN: "Would you believe takin' a suntan?"

HUD: "Nevermind." (harmony) TRIO: (lead)

Pno., Guit. (+ Tamb. accent back beats)

Drums [etc.]

Yes, I's finished on y'all's-

2nd time Tpts., Clar. divisi

Guit. simile

1st time Clar.

Bs. |

--- farm lands, With yo' boll wee-vils and all.

Bs. |

--- |

Pluck-in' y'all's chick-ens Fry-in' Mother's Oats in grease. I's

free now, thanks to yo' massa Lin-coln, E-man-ci-pa-tor of the

slave. Yes, I's fin-ished on y'all's man-ci-pa-tor of the

slave. Yeah, yeah, yeah E-man-ci-moth-er-fuck-in'-pa-tor of the

slave, yeah, yeah, yeah, E-man-ci-moth-er-fuck-in'-pa-tor of the slave.
(Spoken) LINCOLN: "Four score..."

Slow

Repeat ad lib. for dialogue

(J.W. BOOTH enters w/pistol)

Happy birthday, Abe, baby, Happy birthday to you. Yeah,

LINCOLN: "I ain't dying for no white man."

Happy birthday, Abe, baby, Happy birthday to you. Bang!
No. 40-41

The War
1000 Year Old Monk, 3 Buddhist Monks,
3 Catholic Nuns & Full Tribe

Cue: LINCOLN: ...I ain’t dying for no white man.

Give Up All Desires
(Various songs sound as ALL exit, 1000 YEAR OLD MONK
and 3 BUDDHIST MONKS enter in long saffron robes.)

1000 YEAR OLD MONK

All you have to do is

W.Blk., Pro. (Synth: Sitar style)

Voice

Bs., Star, Drs.

give up all desires. All you have to do is say, “Om.”

THREE MONKS [+TRIBE offstage]

Stay home, say Om. Om.

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1000 YEAR OLD MONK:
Nice, nice, nice, very nice.

1000 YEAR OLD MONK
Omm, Omm on the range.

And eat lots of fruit and be cute. Be happy go
lucky. Ev’ry one should be Bud-dah.

FIRST MONK [WOOF]
We are all one. No more war toys.
SECOND MONK [SHEILA]
(As SHE pulls out gasoline can and starts pouring gas on the 1000 YEAR OLD MONK.)

Use high octane and feel the tiger in your tank.

1000 YEAR OLD MONK
(2nd MONK sets the OLD MONK on fire and HE, immolated in flames, runs screaming offstage. The 3 MONKS sit in meditation. Oming as 3 NUNS enter.)

Hustling is an honest profession.

Ad Libitum
THREE CATHOLIC NUNS

Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst the women, and Blessed is the fruit of the loom. Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

( During the Instrumental—Strobe Light Sequence, the TRIBE enters in groups of three. THEY kill each other in waves and repeat the action, backing up and coming forward to kill again. Repeat action three times, each time the actors accelerate their motions. )

Instrumental

\( \frac{1}{1} \) Tpts. unison

Gtr., Pno.

Tbn., Bari.

Bs., Drs.

(Perc. ad lib. Gongs, Rattles, etc. w/ stage action.)

Br., Bari.

Drs. "fior"

Drs.  

Pno. 8-

Bs.
(Blackout—a natural pause, then
Lights come up for "Roll Call")
Cue: (Lights up on SERGEANT and a couple of PARENTS holding a suit on a hanger.)
SERGEANT: O’Reilly.

Roll Call

(Slow Funeral March)

(Calling of names and responses continues)

Cue to continue: SERGEANT: Claude Bukowski. CLAUDE: Here, Sir.

Children’s Games

(Faster)

(SERGEANT, PARENTS exit. TRIBE starts playing Ring-Around-The-Rosie and other children’s games becoming ever more violent.)
(By last measure, TRIBE has fallen wounded
to the floor—music segues, THEY rise one by one as they sing:)
Cue: (When all on stage have fallen wounded to the floor.)

TRIBE:

Ripped open by

Metal explosion, Caught in barbed wire Fire ball Bullet shock.

Bayonet electricity, Shrapnelled,
Throbbing meat, Electronic data processing.

Black uniforms, Bare feet, Carbiners. Mail order rifles Shoot the muscles.

Two hundred and fifty-six Viet Cong captured,
Two hundred and fifty-six Viet Cong captured.

In 2
(whispered)

Prisoners in Nigger-town, It's a dirty little war...

(Drum back beat)

Three-five-zer-zero.
Take weapons up and be-

gin to kill. Watch the long long armies drifting home.
Dixieland
(Grass open cola Chorus 2nd time)

Pris’ners in Nig-ger town, It’s a dir-ty lit-tle war.

Three-five-zero-zero.

Take wea-pons up and be-gin to kill. Watch the

long long arm-ies drift-ing home.
Slow-Tempo I

Ripped open by

Metal explosion, Caught in barbed wire Fire ball Bullet shock.

Bayonet electricity, Shrapnelled,

Throbbing meat, Electronic data.

Segue as one
What A Piece Of Work Is Man
(Adapted from Shakespeare's "Hamlet")
Ronny & Walter

Cue: (Attacca from 'Three-Five-Zero-Zero')

Moderately slow

RONNY & WALTER:

voice

What a piece of work is man, How noble in reason. How

infinite in faculties. In form and moving how express and

admirable. In action how like an angel.

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apprehension how like a god. The beauty of the world, The
paragon of animals. I have of late But
wherefore I know not lost all my mirth. This goodly frame, The earth seems to me—
a sterile promontory. This most excellent canopy. The

air. Look you, This brave o'er-hanging firmament. This

ma - jest - ti - cal roof fretted with golden fire. Why
it appears no other thing to me Than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors.

What a piece of work is man, How noble in reason.
How Dare They Try

Tribe

Cue: (Attacca from "What A Piece Of Work Is Man")

How dare they try to end this beauty,

How dare they try to end this beauty.

Walking in space we find the purpose of peace.

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beauty of life You can no longer hide.

Our eyes are open, Our eyes are open.

Our eyes are open, Our eyes are open.

Wide, wide, wide.
No. 45

Good Morning Starshine

Sheila & Tribe

Cue: CLAUDE: "We stick together."

Medium Latin Rock

(Sing when ready)

Good morning starshine,
Piano, Guit., Marimba ad lib.

Drums

Voice

+ Guit. 2

The earth says hello.

The universe rings.

You twinkle above us,

With Milky Way music

We twinkle below.

Our blue planet sings.

Good morning starshine,

Good morning starshine,

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You lead us along,
We’re happy and strong.

My love and me As we sing
We send you love from above,

Our early morning singing song.

TRIBE:

Glid-dy glup gloopy, Nib-by nab-by noo-py, La la la lo lo,

Gm7 C7

Sab-ba sib-by sab-ba, Noo-by ab-ba nab-ba,

Gm7 C7

(G. cont.)
Lee lo lo, Too-by oo-by wail-la,
Noo-by ab-ba ab-ba Ear-ly morn-ing sing-ing song Good morn-ing
Sing-ing a song, Hum-ming a song,
Sing-ing a song, Lov-ing a song,
Laughing a song, Singing a song,

Sing the song, Song the song,

Sing, sing, sing, song.

Gm7  C7  F  F7

Gm  A7  Dm  Gm  F  Dm

Gm7  C7  F  F  F  Dm

Gm7  C7  F

+ Marimba

Drums

Slow segue
The Bed

Cue: (Boys bring mattress on stage) ALL: "Uuu... the bed. Aaaa... the bed. Oooh... the bed."

ALL: Uuuu... Ad lib.

TRIBE:

Oh, the bed, Mmm, the bed, I love the bed.

Fast 4

You can lie in bed, You can lay in bed, You can die in bed,

You can pray in bed. You can live in bed, You can laugh in bed, You can give your

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heart — Or break your heart in half in bed. You can tease in bed, You can please in bed, You can squeeze in bed, You can freeze in bed.

You can sneeze in bed, Catch the fleas in bed, All of these, Plus eat crackers and cheese in bed. Oh, the bed is a thing Of
feather and spring, Of wire and wood Invention so good.

Oh, the bed comes complete With pillow and sheet, With blanket electric, And

_breath antiseptic. Let there be sheets, Let there be beds.

Foam rubber pillows Under our heads. Let there be sighs Filling the room.
Scan-ty pa - ja - mas — by "Fruit of the loom."

You can eat in bed, You can beat in bed, Be in heat in bed,

Have a treat in bed. — You can rock in bed, You can roll in bed, Find your cock in bed,

Lose your soul in bed. — You can lose in bed. You can

But never, never, never, never,

Never, never, never, never, never, can you sin in bed.

Aquarius Goodnights

(Appause) (All exit except Claude)

Aquarius, Aquarius,

(Drum fill) Repeat ad lib. Repeat ad lib.

Segue as one
No. 47

Reprise: Ain't Got No

Claude & Tribe

Cue: (Attacca from "The Bed")

L'istesso tempo

CLAUDE: "I'm human being number 1005963297." (Sniper appears)

*Optional; perform with bass and percussion only.*
(TRIBE enters slowly with instruments—cans, flutes, garbage cans, sticks. They add to the rhythm and build intensity. Heavy snowfall begins.)

(Gun shot) Ain’t got no... (Gun shot) Ain’t got no...

(Gun shot) Ain’t got no... (CLAUDE runs off) Safety vamp

TRIBE:

Boom, boom, Beep, beep, Um-ga-wah, Flo-wah pow-ah, Hell no we won’t go.
What in the hell are we fighting for?

Hell no we won’t go. Do not enter induction center, Do not enter induction center.
Make love not war. Black white yellow red, Con-ulate in a king-size bed.
On Cue: CLAUDE: (enters) “I’m right here.”
(Snow stops falling. TKIBE freezes, music stops)

Yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, yip.
Yip, yip, yip, Yip, yip, yip, Yip, yip, yip, Yip, yip, yip, Yip.

No. 48   The Flesh Failures (Let The Sun Shine In)
Tribe

Cue: CLAUDE: “Like it or not, they got me.”

TRIBE:
(Sing when ready)

We starve look at one another short of
where in-side some-thing there is a

bread rush Walk of great-ness Who knows what stands in
ing proudly in our win-ter coats. Wear of

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ings from la-b'ra-tor-ies. Fac-ing a dy-ing na-tion of our lives. I fash-ion my fu-ture on films in space.

mov-ing pa-per fan-ta-sy,
Si-lence tells me se-cret-ly
List-’ning for the new
ev-er-y-

ties
With su-preme
vi-sions of lone-ly tunes.

ev-er-thing.

(Vamp ad lib. under dialogue)

Cue to segue: CLAUDE: "That's the only thing I want to do on this dirt."

Segue as one
No. 49

Eyes Look Your Last
(Adapted from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet")

Claude, Sheila, Dionne & Tribe

Cue: (Attacca from "The Flesh Failures")

L'istesso tempo

CLAUDE:

Man - ches-ter, Eng - land, Eng-land.

TRIBE:

Mute Tpt.

Pno.,

Guit.

Guit.

Bs.

Drums

etc.

(CLAUDE:)

Man - ches-ter, Eng - land, Eng-land.

TRIBE:

Eyes,

look your last.
cross the Atlantic sea. And I'm a genius, genius, genius,
Arms, take your last embrace, And lips, oh you, the

doors of breath, Seal with a righteous kiss,

lieve that God believes in Claude, That's me, That's

 Seal with a righteous kiss. The rest is
me,
That's me.
si-

lence,

The rest is si-
lence,

SHEILA:

We starve look at one an-

other short of

The rest is si-
lence.

Voice

(SHEILA:)

breath Walk ing proudly in our win-
ter coats. Wear -
SHEILA and DIONNE:

ing smells from la-b'ra-tor-ies Fac-ing a dy-ing na-tion of

mov-ing pa-er fan-tas-ey, List-ning for the new told lies

With su-preme vi-sions of lone-ly tunes.

ALL:

Sing our space songs on a spi-der

(Tamb. accent back beats)
web
si-tar.
Life is a-round you and in you.

Answer for Timothy Lear-y, dear-ie.

(5 times. Build with each repeat.)

Let the sun-shine, Let the sun-

-shine in, the sun-shine in,
No. 50

Hippie Life
Claude, Berger, Two Indian Womes & Tribe

[Curtain Calls can be done with no music.
Orchestra reprise Let the Sun Shine In—No. 49 from bar 42—with the Audience and TRIBE singing ad libitum.
The TRIBE exits, lights change and a single NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN enters holding a drum high above his head.]

Cue: (Claude and Two Indian Women enter.)

Tempo Guisto (° 120)

How I love my hippie life.

What a far out trip.

In my heart is love for others, All my sisters and my

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brothers

How I love my hippie life

Barefoot on cement
Brother, can you spare a

quarter, Care to share some marijuana?
(fresh spring water?)

O, we're gonna change the

world, At least we're gonna try
We're gonna take this low down
world And make it high, high, high.

CLAUDE, BERGER & TWO WOMEN

Lift it up to see the light.  

O - pen up its heart,  

Try to end its stress and strife, Turn it on to hippie life.
THREE TRIBE GUYS:

(Enter downstage right and cross as they speak:)

Keep on truckin', 'keep on truckin'!

How I love my hippie life.

What a far out trip.

How I love my hippie life.

What a far out trip.

We're gonna save the drinking water. Peace is just around the

We're gonna save the drinking water. Peace is just around the
[Harmonic divisi assigned at directors discretion.]

corner.

O, we're gonna change the

Br. Barl.

world, At least we're gonna try.

We're gonna take this low down

world, At least we're gonna try.

We're gonna take this low down

world And make it high, high, high.

world And make it high, high, high.
Lift it up to see the light.

O - pen up its heart,  

Try it end its stress and strife.

Turn it on to hip - pie life.
How I love my hippie life,

Happy hippie life,

How I love my hippie life.
No. 51
Cue: (Curtain - Applause)

Exit Music
Orchestra

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