

No. 7

Sensitivity

cue: QUEEN: So we must think up a test that

Moderato

Dialogue continues - Repeat ad lib.

looks and and and isn't fair!

fair sounds fair seems fair

(on cue) (on cue) (on cue)

7

QUEEN:

Sen - si - tiv - i - ty, sen - si - tiv - i - ty, I'm just load - ed with

that. In this one word is the e - pi - to - me

of the a - ris - to - crat. Sen - si - tive soul and

sen - si - tive stom - ach, Sen - si - tive hands and feet;

WIZARD: QUEEN:

This is the bless - ing. Al - so the curse of Be - ing the true e -

lite. Com - mon peo - ple don't know what Ex - quis - ite a - gon -

y is, suf - fered by gen - tle peo - ple like me! Just

get your hands off me. Think up a trick - y test for that wretch - ed

WIZARD:

moat swim - ming prin - cess. Ma - dame, may I sug - gest

QUEEN:

May - be we ought to -- Don't take all night, I'm not well, I need my
 rest. ^[43] Not that I'll ev - er sleep on that lump - y
 - mat - tress; Oh God, my back! Sen - si - tiv - i - ty,
 bane of roy - al - ty; That bed's a tor - ture rack.
^[51] Oh, I hate to sound grump - y, But my
^[59] nerves are so jump - y. I am sure I could feel an - y
 lump, E - ven if it were un - der the mat - tress and small as a
^[67] *Spoken:* *Sung:*
 pea! That's the an - swer! Un - der the mat - tress --- We'll test her to -
 night. One ti - ny pea be - neath one thick down - y
^[75] *Spoken:* *Sung:*
 mat - tress. Oh, God! You're bright! An - y gen - u - ine
 Prin - cess would feel it -- if she does - n't, she's through! Get the ti - ni - est
 WIZARD: Why not five?
 pea and or - der one mat - tress - No! Make it two!

83
Ten, I think would be plen - ty ——— Bet - ter

91
still, make it twen - ty. ——— And to play it safe, in the e -

vent e - ven that's not e - nough to in - sure that she sleeps, We'll

99
Bells
give her a sooth - ing sed - a - tive, won't we? You can whip up a

Spoken: WIZARD: QUEEN:
drink.
Sung:
Some - thing stun - ning; Ah -- Oh, but you're dev - lish.

107
I love the way you think. She's in - sen - si - tive, so in - sen - si - tive,
Bell
Spoken:
She'll fall a - sleep, no doubt. God, but you're clev - er!

Bril - liant! A gen - ius! You are di - vine - Get out!

No. 8 The Swamps Of Home

cue: WINNIFRED: Well, I don't like to brag.

WINNIFRED: Rubato

I come from the land of the fog - gy, fog - gy dew, oo -

6
oo ——— oo ——— Where walk - ing thru' the mead - ow in the