

British Musicals on Broadway
Class 3 • Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend* (1954) &
David Heneker's *Half a Sixpence* (1963)
(Composer/Lyricists as Noted)

***The Boy Friend* (1954)**
Music & Lyrics by Sandy Wilson

“Perfect Young Ladies”

HORTENSE & GIRLS:
We're perfect young ladies
Preparing to take
Our places among the noblesse.
We're perfect young ladies
Preparing to make
The most of the charms we possess.

We're being finished,
And our families' wealth
May be diminished,
But at least we all have perfect health.
And making the grade is our duty, you see,
For perfect young ladies are we.

We're perfect young ladies
Who hope to attract
A husband whose credit is good.
You may be young ladies,
But why don't you act
The way that a young lady should?

I've often told you—
Please don't tell us again—
I ought to scold you,
But you know it would be quite in vain,
For being our maid is your duty, you see,
For perfect young ladies—
(Perfect young ladies, hm!)
Perfect young ladies are we!

“The Boy Friend”

POLLY:
Any girl who's reached the age
Of seventeen or thereabouts
Has but one desire in view.
She knows she has reached the stage
Of needing one to care about—
Nothing else will really do.

GIRLS:
Childhood games are left behind,
And her heart takes wing,
Hoping that it soon will find
Just one thing.

POLLY:
We've got to have,
We plot to have,
For it's a dreary not to have
That certain thing called “The Boy Friend.”

GIRLS:
We scheme about
And dream about,
And we've been known to scream about
That certain thing called “The Boy Friend.”

POLLY:
He is really a necessity
If you want to get on,
And we might as well confess it:
He is our sine qua non.

GIRLS:
We sigh for him
And cry for him,
And we would gladly die for him—
That certain thing called “The Boy Friend.”

We plead to have,
We need to have,
In fact our poor hearts bleed to have
That certain thing called “The Boy Friend.”
We'd save for him
And slave for him—
We'd even misbehave for him—
That certain thing called “The Boy Friend.”

BOYS:
Life without us is impossible
And devoid of all charms.
No amount of idle gossip'll
Keep them out of our arms.

ALL: We're blue without
Can't do without
Our dreams just won't come true without
That certain thing called “The Boy Friend.”

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“Won't You Charleston with Me?”

BOBBY:

Listen, baby, to my plea.
Won't you come dancing with me?
Be my baby and say “yes,”
Or else I'm done for, I guess.

MAISIE :

To dance with you is thrilling to my poor ego.

BOBBY:

So baby, say you're willing to
Shake a leg, oh—

Won't you Charleston with me?
Won't you Charleston with me?
And while the band is playing that
Old vo-de-o-do,
Around we will go.
Together we'll show them
How the Charleston is done.
We'll surprise everyone.
Just think what heaven it's going to be,
If you will Charleston, Charleston with me.

MAISIE (then BOTH):

Won't you Charleston with me?
Won't you Charleston with me?
And while the band is playing that
Old vo-de-o-do,
Around we will go.
Together we'll show them
How the Charleston is done.
We'll surprise everyone.
Just think what heaven it's going to be,
If you will Charleston, Charleston with me.

“I Could Be Happy with You”

TONY:

I don't claim that I am psychic,
But one look at you, and I kick
Away every scruple
I learnt as a pupil
In school, my dear.

POLLY:

I'm not one to make predictions,
But I've thrown off all restrictions,
And I don't mind confessing
I think it's a blessing
That you are here.

TONY:

Though I'm prepared to find I'm wrong,
I've got a funny feeling we belong together.

I could be happy with you,
If you could be happy with me.

POLLY:

I'd be contented to live anywhere.
What would I care
As long as you were there?

TONY:

Skies may not always be blue.

POLLY:

But one thing is clear as can be.

BOTH:

I know that I could be happy with you, my
darling,
If you could be happy with me.

POLLY:

I could be happy with you,
If you could be happy with me.

TONY:

I'd be contented to live anywhere.
What would I care
As long as you were there?

POLLY:

Skies may not always be blue
But one thing is clear as can be.

BOTH:

I know that I could be happy with you, my
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If you could be happy with me.

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“A Room in Bloomsbury”

TONY:

A life of wealth does not appeal to me at all
Do you agree at all?

POLLY: I do

TONY:

The mere idea of living in a palace is
So full of fallacies.

POLLY:

That's true.

TONY:

I've got a very different sort of scheme in
mind—
It's just a dream designed
For two.
Would you care to hear about it, dear?

POLLY:

Would I care to?
Can you doubt it, dear?

TONY:

All I want is a room
In Bloomsbury,
Just a room that will do
For you and me.
One room's enough for us,
Though it's on the top floor.
Life may be rough for us,
But its troubles we'll ignore.
On a wintery night
I'll light a fire.
Everything I shall do
As you desire.

POLLY: You'll be sitting . . .

TONY:

And you'll be knitting,
And so contented we'll be
In our dear little room in Bloomsbury.

POLLY:

All we want is a room

In Bloomsbury,

Just a room that will do
For you and me.
I'll sew the covers for
Two old cosy armchairs.
Neighbors will love us, for
We shall laugh at all our cares.

TONY: While I'm reading a book . . .

POLLY:

I'll cook a stew.
Then I'll bake a plum duff
Enough for two.

BOTH:

In our attic
We'll be ecstatic
As lovebirds up in a tree.
All we want is a room in Bloomsbury.

“Safety in Numbrs”

BOYS:

You're so fascinating,
But it's aggravating
That you keep us waiting
To hear
Which one will be
Your favorite he?
You're so very taking
That our hearts are breaking,
So you should be making
It clear.
Which one of us
You rate Alpha plus.

MAISIE:

Now listen, boys, you should recall:
I've often said I love you all.

BOYS: You love us all?

MAISIE:

Yes, I love you all!

It's time you learned
That I'm no fool

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Where love's concerned,
I stick to this rule:

Refrain:

There's safety in numbers,
That's what I believe.
The girl who knows
A lot of beaux
Is never likely to grieve.

The lady who slumbers
Is left high and dry,
But I'm awake
And never miss
The chance to take
Another kiss.
There's safety in numbers,
And the more the merrier am I.

BOYS repeat refrain . . .

“It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love”

LORD BROCKHURST:
I may be too old to run a mile.

DULCIE: Run a mile?

LORD BROCKHURST:
Yes, run a mile.
But there's one thing I still do very well.
I may be too old to climb a stile.

DULCIE: Climb a stile?

LORD BROCKHURST:
Yes, climb a stile.
But there's one thing at which I still excel.
Although my hair is turning grey,

DULCIE: Yes, it's rather grey!

LORD BROCKHURST:
I still believe it when I say . . .

DULCIE: Well, what do you say?

LORD BROCKHURST:
It's never too late to have a fling,
For autumn is just as nice as spring,
And it's never too late to fall in love.

DULCIE:
Boop-a-Doop, Boop-a-Doop, Boop-a-Doop!

LORD BROCKHURST:
It's never too late to wink an eye—
I'll do it until the day I die,
And it's never too late to fall in love.

DULCIE:
Boop-a-Doop, Boop-a-Doop, Boop-a-Doop!

LORD BROCKHURST:
If they say I'm too old for you,

DULCIE:
Then I shall answer, “Why, sir,
One never drinks the wine that's new—
The old wine tastes much nicer.”

LORD BROCKHURST:
A gentleman never feels too weak
To pat a pink arm or pinch a cheek,
And it's never too late to fall in love.

DULCIE: Sez who?

LORD BROCKHURST: Sez me

DULCIE: Sez you?

LORD BROCKHURST: Sez we.

BOTH: Sez both of us together.

LORD BROCKHURST:
It's never too late to whisper words . . .

DULCIE:
Concerning the way of bees and birds,

LORD BROCKHURST:
And it's never too late to fall in love.

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BOTH:
Whack-a-do, Whack-a-do, Whack-a-do!

DULCIE:
It's never too late to flirt and spoon—

LORD BROCKHURST:
A fiddle that's old is more in tune,

DULCIE: And it's never too late . . .

LORD BROCKHURST: to fall in love.

BOTH:
Whack-a-do, Whack-a-do, Whack-a-do!

DULCIE:
The modern artists of today
May paint their pictures faster,
But when it comes to skill, I say—

LORD BROCKHURST:
You can't beat an old master.

LORD BROCKHURST
It's never too late to bill and coo;

DULCIE: At any age one and one make two,

LORD BROCKHURST & DULCIE:
And it's never too late to fall in love.

DULCIE:
It's never too late to blow a kiss,
Especially at a time like this.

LORD BROCKHURST:
And it's never too late to fall in love.

DULCIE:
Vo-de-o, vo-de-o, vo-de-o!

LORD BROCKHURST:
It's never too late too late for fun and larks;
A jolly old flame has lots of sparks.

DULCIE:
And it's never too late to fall in love.

LORD BROCKHURST:
Vo-de-o, vo-de-o, vo-de-o!

DULCIE:
The modern buildings that you see
Are often most alarming.
But I am sure that you'll agree . . .

LORD BROCKHURST:
A ruin can be charming.

DULCIE:
It's never too late to be a beau—

LORD BROCKHURST:
Experience counts a lot you know.

BOTH:
And it's never too late to fall in love.

***Half a Sixpence* (1963 in London, 1965
on Broadway)
Music & Lyrics by David Heneker**

“Half A Sixpence”

ARTHUR:
I read in the Sunday papers
What lovers' tokens are—
There's amulets and talismans,
Like a ring or a lucky star.

It says that half a sovereign
Is a thing they use a lot,
But sixpence is the only thing I've got.

Still, half a sixpence
Is better than a half a penny
Is better than a half a farthing
Is better than none.

ARTHUR & ANN:
It's a token of
Our eternal love.
When you're far away,
Touch it everyday.

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And though that half a sixpence
Can only mean half a romance,
Remember that half a romance
Is better than none.

But when I'm with you,
One and one make two,
And likewise two half sixpences
Joined together make one.

Half a sixpence
Is better than a half a penny
Is better than a half a farthing
Is better than none.

It's a token of
Our eternal love
When you're far away,
Touch it every day

And though that half a sixpence
Can only mean half a romance,
Remember that half a romance
Is better than none.

But when I'm with you,
One and one make two,
And likewise two half sixpences
Joined together make one.

"If the Rain's Got To Fall"

ARTHUR:
If the rain's got to fall,
Let it fall on Wednesday,
Tuesday, Monday,
Any day but Sunday.
Sunday's the day when it's got to be fine,
'Cause that's when I'm meeting my girl.

If the rain's got to fall,
Let it fall on Maidstone
Oxston, Oakstone, anywhere but Folkestone.
Folkestone's the place where it's got to be
fine
'Cause that's where I'm meeting my girl.

What if the weather gets rainy?
There am I like a bloomin' zany,

Trying to say I love her,
Then we have to break and take cover.

If the rain's got to fall, let it fall on—

PEARCE:
Thursday, Saturday, Friday,

ARTHUR:
Any day but my day.
Sunday's the day when it's gotta be fine,
'Cause that's when I'm meeting my girl.

ENSEMBLE:
If the rain's got to fall,
Let it fall on Wednesday.
Tuesday, Monday,
Any day but Sunday.

ARTHUR:
Sunday's the day when it's got to be fine,
'Cause that's when I'm meeting my girl.

ARTHUR & ENSEMBLE:
What could be wetter or damper
Than to sit on a picnic hamper,
Sippin' a sasparella,
Underneath a leaky umbrella?

If the rain's got to fall,
Let it fall on Thursday,
Saturday, Friday,
Any day but my day.
Sunday's the day when it's gotta be fine
'Cause that's when I'm meeting my girl.

Oh, what if it the weather gets rainy?
There am I like a bloomin' zany.
I'm trying to say I love her,
Then we have to break and take cover.

If the rain's got to fall,
Let it fall on Wednesday,
Tuesday, Monday
Any day but Sunday,
But if the rain's gotta fall,
Please, oh please, let it fall—

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ARTHUR & ENSEMBLE:
On the dry Sahara
Or drop an extra drop on rainy Connemara
'Cause Sunday right here is when and where
I'm meeting my girl.

ARTHUR:
Yes, that's when I'm meeting my girl.

“Flash, Bang, Wallop!”

All lined up in a wedding group,
'Ere we are for a photograph.
We're all dressed up in a morning suit,
All trying hard not to laugh.
Since the early caveman in his fur
Took a trip to Gretna Green,
There's always been a photographer
To record the happy scene.

Hold it, flash, bang, wallop, what a picture!
What a picture, what a photograph!
Poor old bloke, blimey, what a joke,
Hat blown off in a cloud of smoke.
Clap hands, stamp yer feet,
Bangin' on the big bass drum.
What a picture, what a picture!
Um-tiddly-um-pum-um-pum-pum
Stick it in your fam'ly album.

The same thing 'appened long ago
When man was in his prime,
And what went on we only know
From the snaps he took at the time.
When Adam and Eve in their birthday suit
Decided to get wed,
As Adam was about to taste the fruit,
The man with the camera said,

“Hold it, flash, bang, wallop, what a picture!
What a picture, what a photograph!
Poor old Eve, there with nothing on,
Face all red and 'er fig leaf gone.
Clap 'ands, stamp yer feet,
Bangin' on the big bass drum, W-e-e-a-ay!
What a picture, what a picture!
Um-tiddly-um-pum-um-pum-pum
Stick it in your fam'ly album.

You've read it in a folio,
Or seen it in a Shakespeare play—
How Juliet fell for Romeo
In the merry merry month of May,
And as he climbed the orchard wall
To reach his lady fair,
As he tumbled, she began to bawl
As he floated through the air.

'Old it, flash, bang, wallop, what a picture
What a picture, what a photograph.
Poor young chap, what a night 'e spent
Tights all torn and 'is rapier bent.
Clap 'ands, stamp yer feet.
Bangin' on the big bass drum, W-e-e-a-ay!
What a picture, what a picture!
Um-tiddly-um-pum-um-pum-pum
Stick it in your fam'ly album

King 'Enry the Eighth had several wives
Including Anne Boleyn,
And he kept an album of their lives
With all their photos in.
As Anne Boleyn was on her knees,
Dressed in her very best frock,
King 'Enry shouted, “Smile, Dear, please”
As 'er 'ead rolled off the block.

'Old it, flash, bang, wallop, what a picture,
What a picture, what a photograph!
Comes the print in a little while.
She lost 'er 'ead, but she kept 'er smile.
Clap 'ands, stamp yer feet, Ye-e-a-y!
Bangin' on the big bass drum
What a picture, what a picture!
Um-tiddly-um-pum-um-pum-pum
Stick it in your fam'ly album.

When Napoleon married Josephine,
There was just the same to-do
He galloped home from the battle scene
All the way from Waterloo,
And as he came from orf 'is 'orse
To the boudoir where she sat,
She said to 'im, in French of course,
As he took of his big cocked 'at:

“'Old it, flash, bang, wallop, what a picture
What a picture, what a photograph

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There she was, with a big Hussar
All caught up in 'er oh-la-la.
Clap 'ands, stamp yer feet, Ye-e-a-y!
Bangin' on the big bass drum.
What a picture, what a picture!
Um-tiddly-um-pum-um-pum-pum
Stick it in your fam'ly album