“Life Is Happiness Indeed”  
(Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim)

CANDIDE:
Life is happiness indeed:
Mares to ride and books to read.
Though of noble birth I’m not,
I’m delighted with my lot.

Though I’ve no distinctive features
And I’ve no official mother,
I love all my fellow creatures
And the creatures love each other!

MAXIMILIAN:
Life is absolute perfection,
As is true of my complexion.
Every time I look and see me,
I’m reminded life is dreamy.

Although I do get tired
Being endlessly admired,
People will go on about me—
How could they go on without me?

(If the talk at times is vicious,
That’s the price you pay when you’re delicious.)
Life is pleasant, life is simple—
Oh my God, is that a pimple?

No, it’s just the odd reflection—
Life and I are still perfection!
I am everything I need.
Life is happiness indeed!

CUNEGONDE:
Life is happiness indeed:
I have everything I need.
I am rich and unattached
And my beauty is unmatched.

With the rose my only rival,
I admit to some frustration;
What a pity its survival
Is of limited duration!

CANDIDE
Life is happiness indeed:
Horses to ride and books to read.

Though of noble birth we’re not,
We’re delighted with our lot.

PAQUETTE:
Life is happiness indeed:
Though of noble birth we’re not,
We’re delighted with our lot.

CUNEGONDE:
Horses to ride and books to read.

CUNEGONDE, PAQUETTE, CANDIDE:
We’re innocent and unambitious,
That’s why life is so delicious!
We have everything we need.
Life here is happiness indeed!

MAXIMILIAN:
Life is absolute perfection, etc.
(If the talk at times is vicious,
That’s the price you pay when you’re delicious.)
Though it is a heavy duty
To protect my awesome beauty,
I have almost no objection—
Life and I are still perfection!

“I The Best of All Possible Worlds”  
(Lyrics by John La Touche)

DR. PANGLOSS:
Let us review
Lesson eleven:

PUPILS:
Paragraph two,
Axiom seven

PANGLOSS:
Once one dismisses
The rest of all possible worlds,
One finds that this is
The best of all possible worlds.

PUPILS:
Once one dismisses
The rest of all possible worlds,
One finds that this is
The best of all possible worlds.

PANGLOSS: 
Pray, classify
Pigeons and camels.

MAXIMILLIAN: 
Pigeons can fly.

PAQUETTE: 
Camels are mammals.

PANGLOSS: 
There is a reason
For everything under the sun.

CANDIDE: 
There is a reason
For everything under the sun.

MAXIMILLIAN: 
Objection!
What about snakes?

PANGLOSS: 
Snakes.
‘Twas Snake that tempted mother Eve.
Because of Snake we now believe
That though depraved
We can be saved
From hellfire and damnation

PUPILS: 
Because of snake’s temptation.

PANGLOSS: 
If Snake had not seduced our lot,
And primed us for salvation,
Jehovah could not pardon all
The sins that we call cardinal,
Involving bed and bottle.

ALL: 
Now onto Aristotle.

PANGLOSS: 
Mankind is one.
All men are brothers.

PUPILS: 
As you’d have done,
Do unto others.

PANGLOSS: 
It’s understood in
This best of all possible worlds:

MAXIMILLIAN: 
All’s for the good in
This best of all possible worlds.

CANDIDE: 
Objection!
What about war?

PANGLOSS: 
War.
Though war may seem a bloody curse
It is a blessing in reverse.
When canon roar
Both rich and poor
By danger are united.

MAXIMILLIAN: 
‘Til every wrong is righted.

PANGLOSS: 
Philosophers make evident
The point that I have cited:
‘Tis war makes equal, as it were,
The noble and the commoner;
Thus war improves relations.

ALL: 
Now onto conjugations.

PANGLOSS: 
*Amo, amas, amat, amamus.*

PUPILS: 
*Amo, amas, amat, amamus.*

PANGLOSS: 
Proving that this is
The best of all possible worlds.

PUPILS: 
With love and kisses,
The best of all possible worlds.
Bernstein on Broadway 101:
*Candide* (1956)

Music by Leonard Bernstein • Lyrics by Richard Wilbur (except as noted)

ALL:
*Quod erat demonstrandum!*
*Q. E. D.*
*Amo, amas, amat, amamus.*

*Candide:*
Soon, when we feel we can afford it,
We'll build a modest little farm.

*Cunegonde:*
We'll buy a yacht and live aboard it,
Rolling in luxury and stylish charm.

*Candide:*
Cows and chickens.

*Cunegonde:*
Social whirls.

*Candide:*
Peas and cabbage.

*Cunegonde:*
Ropes of pearls!

*Candide:*
Soon, there'll be little ones beside us;
We'll have a sweet Westphalian home.

*Cunegonde:*
Somehow, we'll grow as rich as Midas;
We'll live in Paris when we're not in Rome.

*Candide:*
Smiling babies.

*Cunegonde:*
Marble halls.

*Candide:*
Sunday picnics.

*Cunegonde:*
Costume balls.

Oh, won't my robes of silk and satin
Be chic! I'll have all that I desire.

*Candide:*
Pangloss will tutor us in Latin
And Greek, while we sit before the fire.

*Cunegonde:*
Glowing rubies.

*Candide:*
Glowing logs.

*Cunegonde:*
Faithful servants.

*Candide:*
Faithful dogs.

*Cunegonde:*
We'll round the world, enjoying high life,
All bubbly pink champagne and gold.

*Candide:*
We'll lead a rustic and a shy life,
Feeding the pigs and sweetly growing old.

*Cunegonde:*
Breast of peacock.

*Candide:*
Apple pie.

*Cunegonde:*
I love marriage.

*Candide:*
So do I.

*Cunegonde & Candide:*
Oh, happy pair!
Oh, happy we!
It's very rare
How we agree.
“It Must Be So”

CANDIDE:
My world is dust now,
And all I loved is dead.
Oh, let me trust now
In what my master said.
“There is a sweetness in every woe,”
It must be so. It must be so.

The dawn will find me
Alone in some strange land.
Where men are kindly;
They’ll give a helping hand.
So said my master, and he must know.
It must be so. It must be so.

“Candide’s Lament”
(Lyrics by John La Touche)

CANDIDE
Cunegonde!
Cunegonde, is it true?
Is it you so still and cold, love?
Could our young joys, just begun,
Not outlast the dying sun?

When such brightness dies so soon
Can the heart find strength to bear it?
Shall I ever be consoled, love? No, I swear it.
By the light of this lover’s moon,
Though I must see tomorrow’s dawn,
My heart is gone where you are gone.

Shall I ever be consoled, love? No, I swear it.
By the light of this lover’s moon.
Good-bye, my love, my love, good-bye.
Cunegonde!

“Auto-da-fé”
(Lyrics by La Touche & Wilbur)

CHORUS:
What a day, what a day
For an auto-da-fé!
What a sunny summer sky!
What a day, what a day
For an auto-da-fé!
It’s a lovely day for drinking
And for watching people fry!
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
Watch ’em die!
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
Hang ’em high!

BEAR-KEEPER:
See the great Russian bear!

COSMETIC MERCHANT:
Buy a comb for your hair!

WOMEN:
But the price is much too high!

DOCTOR:
Here be potions and pills
For your fevers and chills!

WOMEN:
But we haven’t any money
So there’s nothing we can buy!

JUNKMAN:
Any kind of metal
Bought and sold!

ALCHEMIST:
Any kind of metal
Turned to gold!

JUNKMAN:
Pots and pans,
Metal cans,
Bought or traded or sold!
Pans and pots
And what-nots!
I Trading new ones for old!

ALCHEMIST:
Pots and pans,
Metal cans,
I can turn them into gold!
Pans and pots
And what-nots!
For a tiny fee
My alchemy
Can turn them into gold!

Prepared by Alan Teasley • Page 4 of 11
CHORUS:
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
Come and buy!
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
Come and try!

What a fair, what a fair!
Things to buy everywhere,
But the prices are too high!

It's not fair, it's not fair,
Things to buy everywhere;
But we haven't any money
So there's nothing we can buy!

PANGLOSS:
But you can't execute me; I'm too sick to die!

CHORUS:
What d'ya mean sick?

PANGLOSS:
But the gift we can see
Had a long pedigree
When at last it was passed on to he!

PANGLOSS:
Love is sweet, love is sweet,
And the custom is sound,
For it makes the world go 'round.

CANDIDE, PANGLOSS:
I repeat, love is sweet,
And the custom is sound,
For as we/I have shown it's love alone
That makes the world go 'round.

PANGLOSS:
Well, the Moor in the end
Spent a night with a friend
And the dear souvenir
Just continued the trend
To a young English lord
Who was stung, they record,
By a wasp in a hospital ward!

Well, the wasp on the wing
Had occasion to sting
A Milano soprano
Who brought home the thing
To her young paramour,
Who was rendered impure,
And forsook her to look for the cure.

Thus he happened to pass
Through Westphalia, alas,
Where he met with Paquette,
And she drank from his glass.
I was pleased as could be
When it came back to me;
Makes us all just a small family!

CHORUS:
Oh, he happened to pass
Through Westphalia, alas,
Where he met with Paquette,
And she drank from his glass.
He is pleased as can be
For it shows him that we
One and all are a small family!
Bernstein on Broadway 101:  
*Candide* (1956)  
Music by Leonard Bernstein • Lyrics by Richard Wilbur (except as noted)

PANGLOSS:  
I am pleased as can be  
For it shows us that we  
One and all are a small family!

CHORUS:  
What a day, what a day  
For an auto-da-fé!  
What a lovely day for drinking  
And for watching people fry!

What a day, what a day,  
Oh, what a day,  
What a perfect day for hanging!

GRAND INQUISITOR:  
*Silence!*

INQUISITORS:  
Shall we let the sinners go or try them?

CHORUS:  
Try them.

INQUISITORS:  
Are the culprits innocent or guilty?

CHORUS:  
Guilty.

INQUISITORS:  
Shall we pardon them or hang them?

CHORUS:  
Hang them.

What a lovely day, what a jolly day,  
What a day for a holiday!  
He don’t mix meat and dairy,  
He don’t eat humble pie,  
So sing a *miserere*  
And hang the bastard high!

INQUISITORS:  
Are our methods legal or illegal?

CHORUS:  
Legal.

INQUISITORS:  
Are we judges of the law, or laymen?

CHORUS:  
Amen.

INQUISITORS:  
Shall we hang them or forget them?

CHORUS:  
Get them!

What a perfect day, what a jolly day,  
What a day for a holiday!  
When foreigners like this come  
To criticize and spy,  
We chant a *pax vobiscum*,  
And hang the bastard high!

GRAND INQUISITOR:  
The supreme moment has arrived.  
All ye faithful—genuflect!

INQUISITORS, CHORUS:  
Oh, pray for us, pray for us!  
*Fons pietatis*, pray for us!  
*Davidis turris*, pray for us!  
*Rex majestatis*, pray for us!

*(The crowd scatters in fear.)*

PANGLOSS:  
Ladies and gentlemen, one final word.  
God in his wisdom made it possible to invent the rope . . . aaargh.

CHORUS:  
What a lovely day, what a jolly day,  
What a day for a holiday!

At last we can be cheery,  
The danger’s passed us by.  
So sing a *Dies Irae*  
And hang the bastard high!  
Oh, what a day!!

Prepared by Alan Teasley • Page 6 of 11
“Glitter and Be Gay”

CUNEGONDE:
Glitter and be gay,
That’s the part I play;
Here I am in Paris, France,
Forced to bend my soul
To a sordid role,
Victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance.
Alas for me! Had I remained
Beside my lady mother,
My virtue had remained unstained
Until my maiden hand was gained
By some Grand Duke or other.

Ah, ’twas not to be;
Harsh necessity
Brought me to this gilded cage.
Born to higher things,
Here I droop my wings,
Ah! Singing of a sorrow nothing can
assuage.

And yet of course I rather like to revel, ha ha!
I have no strong objection to champagne, ha
ha!
My wardrobe is expensive as the devil, ha
ha!
Perhaps it is ignoble to complain . . .
Enough, enough
Of being basely tearful!
I’ll show my noble stuff
By being bright and cheerful!
Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha!

Can the purest diamond purify my name?

And yet of course these trinkets are
endearing, ha ha!
I’m oh, so glad my sapphire is a star, ha ha!
I rather like a twenty-carat earring, ha ha!
If I’m not pure, at least my jewels are!

Enough! Enough!
I’ll take their diamond necklace
And show my noble stuff
By being gay and reckless!
Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha!

Observe how bravely I conceal
The dreadful, dreadful shame I feel.
Ha ha ha ha!

“You Were Dead, You Know”
(Lyrics by John La Touche)

CANDIDE: CUNEGONDE:
Oh Oh
Is it true? Is it you?
Cunegonde! Candide!
Cunegonde! Candide!
Cunegonde! Can . . .
Oh! Oh!
Is it true? Is it you?
Cunegonde! Candide!
Oh my Dear
Love My
Dear . . . Love
Love

CANDIDE: Dearest how can this be so?
You were dead, you know.
You were shot and bayonetted, too.

CUNEGONDE:
That is very true.
Ah, but love will find a way.

CANDIDE: Then, what did you do?

CUNEGONDE:
We’ll go into that another day.
Now let’s talk of you.
Bernstein on Broadway 101:
*Candide* (1956)
Music by Leonard Bernstein • Lyrics by Richard Wilbur (except as noted)

You are looking very well.
Weren’t you clever, dear, to survive?

CANDIDE:
I’ve a sorry tale to tell;
I escaped more dead than alive.

CUNEGONDE:
Love of mine, where did you go?

CANDIDE:
Oh, I wandered to and fro.

CUNEGONDE:
Oh, what torture, oh, what pain . . .

CANDIDE:
Holland, Portugal, and Spain . . .

CUNEGONDE:
Ah, what torture . . .

CANDIDE:
I would do it all again
To find you at last!

BOTH:
Reunited after so much pain.
But the pain is past.
We are one again!
We are one at last!
One again, one at last!
One, at last!

“I Am Easily Assimilated”
(Lyrics by Leonard Bernstein)

OLD LADY:
I never learned a human language.
My father spoke a High Middle Polish.
In one half-hour I’m talking in Spanish:
*Por favor! Toreador!*
I am easily assimilated.
I am so easily assimilated.

It’s easy, it’s ever so easy!
I’m Spanish, I’m suddenly Spanish!
And you must be Spanish, too.
Do like the natives do.
These days you have to be
In the majority.

SEÑORES:
*Tus labios rubí*
*Dos rosas que se abren a mí,*
*Conquistan mi corazón,*
*Y sólo con*
*Una canción.*

OLD LADY:
*Mis labios rubí,*
*Dreiviertel Takt, mon très cher ami,*
*Oui oui, sí sí, ja ja ja, yes yes, da da.*
*Je ne sais quoi!*

SEÑORES:
*Me muero, me sale una hernia!*

OLD LADY:
A long way from Rovno Gubernya!

OLD LADY & CHORUS:
*Mis/Tus labios rubí*
*Dos rosas que se abren a mí,*
*Conquistan mi corazón.*
*Y solo con*
*Una divina canción.*
*De tus labios rubí!*
*Rubí! Rubí! Hey!

OLD LADY:
I was not born in sunny Hispania,
My father came from Rovno Gubernya.
But now I’m here, I’m dancing a tango:
*Di dee di! Dee di dee di!*
I am easily assimilated.
I am so easily assimilated.
“My Love (Governor’s Serenade)”  
(Lyrics by Wilbur & La Touche)

GOVERNOR:
Poets have said
Love is undying, my love;
Don’t be misled;
They were all lying, my love.

Love’s on the wing
But now while he hovers,
Let us be lovers.
One soon recovers, my love.

Soon the fever’s fled,
For love’s a transient blessing
Just a week in bed,
And we’ll be convalescing.

Why talk of morals when springtime is flying?
Why end in quarrels,
Reproaches and sighing,
Crying for love, my love?

CUNEGONDE:
I cannot entertain
Your shocking proposition.
How could I regain
My virginal condition?

I am so pure that
Before you may bed me,
You must assure me
That first you will wed me.

GOVERNOR:
Well then,
Since you’re so pure,
I shall betroth you, my love,
Though I feel sure
I’ll come to loathe you, my love!

Still for the thrill
I’m perfectly willing.
For if we must wed
Before we may bed,
Then, come let us wed,
My love!

“The Ballad of El Dorado”  
(Lyrics by Lillian Hellman)

CANDIDE:
Up a seashell mountain,
Across a primrose sea,
To a jungle fountain
High up in a tree;
Then down a primrose mountain
Across a seashell sea
To a land of happy people,
Just and kind and bold and free.

CHORUS: . . . to Eldorado, to Eldorado.

CANDIDE:
They bathe each dawn in a golden lake,
Emeralds hang upon the vine.
All is there for all to take,
Food and god and books and wine.
They have no words for fear and greed,
For lies and war, revenge and rage.
They sing and dance and think and read.
They live in peace and die of age.

CHORUS: . . . in Eldorado, in Eldorado.

CANDIDE:
They gave me home, they called me friend,
They taught me how to live in grace,
Seasons passed without an end
In that sweet and blessed place.
But I grew sad and could not stay;
Without my love my heart grew cold.
So they sadly sent me on my way
With gracious gifts of gems and gold.

CHORUS: . . . from Eldorado, from Eldorado.

CANDIDE:
"Good-bye," they said, "We pray you
May safely cross the sea."
"Go," they said, "And may you
Find your bride to be."
Then past the jungle fountain,
Along a silver shore,
I’ve come by sea and mountain
To be with my love once more.

CHORUS: . . . from Eldorado, from Eldorado.
“Bon Voyage”

CHORUS:
Bon voyage, dear fellow,
Dear benefactor of your fellow man!
May good luck attend you.
Do come again and see us when you can.

VANDERDENDUR:
Oh, but I'm bad. Oh, but I'm bad,
Playing such a very dirty trick on such a fine lad!
I'm a low cad, I'm a low cad,
Always when I do this sort of thing it makes me so sad,
Ever so sad! Oh, but I'm bad! Ever so bad!
Bon voyage!

CHORUS:
Bon voyage!
Bon voyage, we'll see ya.
Do have a jolly trip across the foam!
Santa Rosalia,
Do have a safe and pleasant journey home.
Bon voyage, bon voyage.

VANDERDENDUR:
I'm so rich that my life is an utter bore;
There is just not a thing that I need.
My desires are as dry as an applecore,
And my only emotion is greed.
Which is why, though I've nothing to spend it for,
I have swindled this gold from Candide,
Poor Candide!

But I never would swindle the humble poor,
For you can't get a turnip to bleed.
When you swindle the rich you get so much more,
Which is why I have swindled Candide.
Oh dear, I fear
He's going down, he's going to drown!
Ah, poor Candide!

CHORUS:
Bon voyage, dear stranger,
Hope that the crossing will not prove too grim.
You seem to be in danger,
But we expect that you know how to swim.

VANDERDENDUR
What a dumb goat, what a dumb goat,
Handing me a fortune for a perfect wreck of a boat.
Never did float, never did float.
This is going to make a most amusing anecdote.
Never did float, wreck of a boat. What a dumb goat!

ALL:
Bon voyage!
Bon voyage, best wishes!
Seems to have been a bit of sabotage.
Things don't look propitious,
Still from the heart we wish you
Bon voyage, dear fellow, bon voyage!!

“What's the Use”

OLD LADY:
I have always been wily and clever,
At deceiving and swindling and such,
And I feel just as clever as ever,
But I seem to be losing my touch.

Yes, I'm clever, but where does it get me?
My employer gets all of my take;
All I get is my daily spaghetti,
While he gorges on truffles and cake.

What’s the use? What’s the use?
There’s no profit in cheating,
It’s all so defeating
And wrong, oh, so wrong,
That I just have to pass it along!

PRINCE RAGOTSKI:
That old hag is no use in this gyp joint,
Not a sou have a made on her yet.
And the one thing that pays in this clip joint
Is my fraudulent game of roulette.

But I have to pay so much protection
To the chief of police and his men.
That each day when he makes his collection
I'm a poor man all over again.
Bernstein on Broadway 101:
*Candide* (1956)
Music by Leonard Bernstein • Lyrics by Richard Wilbur (except as noted)

RAGOTSKI & OLD LADY:
What’s the use? What’s the use
Of dishonest endeavor and being so clever?
It’s wrong, oh, so wrong,
If you just have to pass it along!

MAXIMILLIAN:
It’s a very fine thing to be prefect
Shaking down all the gamblers in town.
My position has only one defect:
That there’s someone who’s shaking me down.

For this fellow unhappily knows me;
And he’s on to the game that I play,
And he threatens to shame and expose me
If I do not incessantly pay.

MAXIMILLIAN, RAGOTSKI & OLD LADY:
What’s the use? What’s the use
Of this sneaky conniving and slimy contriving?
It’s wrong, oh, so wrong,
If you just have to pass it along!

CROOK:
I could live very well by extortion,
but I simply can’t keep what I earn.
For I haven’t a sense of proportion,
And roulette is my only concern.

I’ve a system that’s fiendishly clever,
Which I learned from a croupier friend.
And I should go on winning forever
But I do seem to lose in the end.

ALL:
What’s the use? What’s the use?

OLD LADY:
Of this cheating and plotting,
You end up with notting.

ALL:
It’s wrong, oh, so wrong
If you just have to pass it along!

CHORUS
Pass it along, oh, pass it along.

ALL:
Oh, what’s the use? What’s the use?
There’s no use in cheating,
It’s all so defeating
And wrong, oh, so wrong,
If you just have to pass it along!

“Make Our Garden Grow”

CANDIDE:
You’ve been a fool and so have I,
But come and be my wife.
And let us try before we die,
To make some sense of life.
We’re neither pure nor wise nor good;
We’ll do the best we know.
We’ll build our house and chop our wood,
And make our garden grow.

CUNEGONDE:
I thought the world was sugarcake,
For so our master said.
But now I’ll teach my hands to bake
Our loaf of daily bread.

CANDIDE & CUNEGONDE:
We’re neither pure nor wise nor good;
We’ll do the best we know.
We’ll build our house, and chop our wood,
And make our garden grow.

ALL:
Let dreamers dream what worlds they please;
Those Edens can’t be found.
The sweetest flowers, the fairest trees
Are grown in solid ground.

ALL (a cappella):
We’re neither pure nor wise nor good;
We’ll do the best we know.
We’ll build our house, and chop our wood,
And make our garden grow.