

## Carousel: Lyrics to Key Songs

### “If I Loved You”

BILLY: Say, tell me somethin’—ain’t you scared of me? I mean, after what that cop said about me takin’ money from girls.

JULIE: I ain’t skeered!

BILLY: Is that your name? Julie? Julie somethin’?

JULIE: Julie Jordan.

BILLY: You’re a queer one, Julie Jordan, Ain’t you sorry that you didn’t run away? You can still go if you wanta—

JULIE: I reckon that I keer t’choose t’stay.

You couldn’t take my money  
If I didn’t hev any  
And I don’t hev a penny, that’s true!  
And if I *did* hev money,  
You couldn’t take any  
'Cause you’d ask, and I’d give it to you!

BILLY: You’re a queer one, Julie Jordan. . . .  
Ain’t y’ever had a feller you give money to?

JULIE: No.

BILLY: Ain’t y’ever had a feller at all?

JULIE: No.

BILLY: Well, y’musta had a feller you went walkin’ with—

JULIE: Yes.

BILLY: Where’d you walk?

JULIE: Nowhere special I recall.

BILLY: In the woods?

JULIE: No.

BILLY: On a beach?

JULIE: No.

BILLY: Did you love him?

JULIE: No! Never loved no one—I *told* you that!

BILLY: Say, your’re a funny kid, Want to go into town and dance maybe? Or—

JULIE: No. I have to be keerful.

BILLY: Of what?

JULIE: My character. Y’see, I’m never goin’ to marry.  
I’m never gonna marry.  
If I was goin’ to marry,  
I wouldn’t hev to be sech a stickler.  
But I’m never goin’ to marry,  
And a girl who don’t marry  
Hes got to be much more pertickler!

BILLY: Suppose I was to say that I would marry you?

JULIE: You?

BILLY: That scares you, don’t it? You’re thinkin’ what that cop said.

JULIE: No, I ain’t. I never paid no mind to what he said.

BILLY: But you wouldn’t marry anyone like me, would you?

JULIE: Yes, I would, if I loved you. It wouldn’t make any difference what you—even if I died fer it.

BILLY: How you know what you’d do if you loved me? Or how you’d feel—or anythin’?

JULIE: I dunno how I know.

BILLY: Ah—

JULIE: Jest the same I know how I—how it’d be—if I loved you.

When I worked in the mill, weavin’ at the loom,  
I ‘d gaze absent-minded at the roof,  
And half the time the shuttle’d tangle in the  
threads,  
And the warp’d get mixed with the woof . . .  
If I loved you—

BILLY: But you don’t.

JULIE: No, I don’t. . . .  
But somehow I ken see  
Jest exactly how I’d be . . . [cont’d next page]

## Carousel: Lyrics to Key Songs

JULIE:  
If I loved you,  
Time and again I would try to say  
All I'd want you to know.  
If I loved you,  
Words wouldn't come in an easy way—  
Round in circles I'd go!  
Longin' to tell you, but afraid and shy,  
I'd let my golden chances pass me by.  
Soon you'd leave me,  
Off you would go in the mist of day,  
Never, never to know  
How I loved you—  
If I loved you.

BILLY:  
Well, anyway— You don't love me. That's what  
you said.

JULIE: Yes. . . . I can smell them, can you?  
The blossoms. The wind brings them down!

BILLY:  
Ain't *much* wind tonight. Hardly any.

You can't hear a sound—not the turn of a leaf,  
Nor the fall of a wave, hittin' the sand.  
The tide's creepin' up on the beach like a thief,  
Afraid to be caught stealin' the land.  
On a night like this I start to wonder what life is all  
about.

JULIE: And I always say two heads are better  
than one, to figger it out.

BILLY: I don't need you or anybody to help me. I  
got it figgered our for myself. We ain't important.  
What are we? A couple of specks of nothin'. Look  
up there.

There's a helluva lot o' stars in the sky,  
And the sky's so big the sea looks small,  
And two little people—  
You and I—  
We don't count at all.

JULIE:  
There's a feathery little cloud floatin' by  
Like a lonely leaf on a big blue stream

BILLY:  
And two little people—you and I—  
Who cares what we dream?

You're a funny kid. Don't remember ever meetin' a  
girl like you. You—are you tryin' t'get me to marry  
you?

JULIE: No!

BILLY: Then what's puttin' into my head? You're  
different, all right. Don't know what it is. You look  
up at me with that little kid face like—like you  
trusted me. I wonder what it'd be like.

JULIE: What?

BILLY: Nothin'. I know what it'd be like. It'd be  
awful! I can just see myself—

Kinda scrawny, and pale.picking at my food,  
And lovesick like any other guy—  
I'd throw away my sweater and dress up like a  
dude  
In a dicky and a collar and a tie. . . .  
If I loved you—

JULIE: But you don't.

BILLY: No, I don't.  
But somehow I can see  
Just exactly how I'd be.

If I loved you,  
Time and again I would try to say  
All I'd want you to know.  
If I loved you,  
Words wouldn't come in an easy way—  
Round in circles I'd go!  
Longing to tell you, but afraid and shy,  
I'd let my golden chances pass me by.  
Soon you'd leave me,  
Off you would go in the mist of day,  
Never, never to know  
How I loved you—  
If I loved you.

I'm not a feller to marry anybody. Even if a girl  
was foolish enough to want me to, I wouldn't!

JULIE: Don't worry about it—Billy.

BILLY: Who's worried?

JULIE: You were right about there bein' no wind.  
The blossoms are comin' down by theirselves.  
Jest their time to, I reckon.

[BILLY looks straight ahead of him, a troubled  
expression in his eyes. JULIE looks up at him,  
smiling, patient. The music rises ecstatically. He  
crosses nearer to her and looks down at her. She  
doesn't move her eyes from his. He takes her  
face in his hands, leans down, and kisses her  
gently. The curtains close as the lights dim.]

## Carousel: Lyrics to Key Songs

### “June is Bustin’ Out All Over”

NETTIE:

March went out like a lion  
A-whippin’ up the water in the bay.  
Then April cried  
And stepped aside,  
And along came pretty little May!

May was full of promises  
But she didn’t keep ‘em quick enough fer some  
And a crowd of doubtin’ Thomases  
Was predictin’ that the summer’d never come!

MEN:

But it’s comin’ by gum!  
Y’ken feel it come!  
Y’ken feel it in your heart,  
Y’ken see it in the ground!

GIRLS:

Y’ken hear it in the trees,  
Y’ken smell it in the breeze—

ALL: Look around, look around, look around!

NETTIE:

June is bustin’ out all over,  
All over the meadow and the hill!  
Buds’re bustin’ outa bushes,  
And the rompin’ river pushes  
Ev’ry little wheel that wheels beside a mill.

ALL: June is bustin’ out all over.

NETTIE:

The feelin’ is gettin’ so intense,  
That the young Virginia creepers  
Hev been huggin’ the bejeepers  
Outa all the mornin’ glories on the fence.  
Because it’s June!

MEN: June, June, June—

ALL: Jest because it’s June—June—Ju-u-une!

NETTIE:

Fresh and alive and gay and young,  
June is a love song, sweetly song

ALL: June is bustin’ out all over!

MAN: The saplin’s are bustin’ out with sap!

GIRL: Love hes found my brother, Junior,

2nd MAN: And my sister’s even lunier!

2nd GIRL: And my Ma is gettin’ kittenish with Pap!

ALL: June in bustin’ out all over

NETTIE:

To ladies the men are payin’ court.  
Lotsa ships are kept at anchor  
Jest because the captains hanker  
Fer a comfort they ken only get in port!

ALL:

Because it’s June!  
June—June—June—  
Just because it’s June—June—Ju-u-une!

NETTIE:

June makes the bay look bright and new  
Sails gleamin’ bright on sunlit blue—

CARRIE:

June is bustin’ out all over,  
The ocean is full of Jacks and Jills,  
With her little tail a-swishin’  
Ev’ry lady fish is wishin’  
That a male would come and grab her by the gills!

ALL: June in bustin’ out all over

NETTIE:

The sheep aren’t sleepin’ any more.  
All the rams that chase the ewe sheep  
Are determined there’ll be new sheep  
And the ewe sheep aren’t even keepin’ score!

ALL:

On acounta it’s June!  
June—June—June—  
Jest because it’s June—  
June—  
June!

NETTIE:

June is bustin’ out all over,  
All over the beaches every night.  
From Pennobscot to Augusty  
All the boys are feelin’ lusty,  
And the girls ain’t even puttin’ up a fight

ALL:

Because it’s June,  
June, June, June  
June—June—June—  
Jest because it’s June! June! June!

## Carousel: Lyrics to Key Songs

### “Soliloquy”

BILLY:

I wonder what he'll think of me!

I guess he'll call me

“The old man.”

I guess he'll think i can lick

Ev'ry other feller's father—

Well, I can!

I bet that he'll turn out to be

The spit an' [sic] image

Of his dad.

But he'll have more common sense

Than his puddin'-headed father

Ever had.

I'll teach him to wrassle

And dive through a wave,

When we go in the mornin's for our swim.

His mother can teach him

The way to behave,

But she won't make a sissy out o' him—

Not him!

Not my boy!

Not Bill. . . .

Bill!

My boy, Bill!

(I will see

that he's named

After me,

I will!)

My boy, Bill—

He'll be tall

And as tough

As a tree,

Will Bill!

Like a tree he'll grow,

With his head held high

And his feet planted firm on the ground,

And you won't see no-

body dare to try

To boss him or toss him around!

No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll boss him  
around!

I don't give a damn what he does,

As long as he does what he likes.

He can sit on his tail

Or work on a rail

With a hammer, hammerin' spikes.

He can ferry a boat on the river

Or peddle a pack on his back

Or work up and down

The streets of a town

With a whip and a horse and a hack.

He can haul a scow along a canal,

Run a cow around a corral,

Or maybe bark for a carousel—

Of course it takes talent to do *that* well.

He might be a champ of the heavyweights

Or a feller that sells you glue,

Or President of the United States—

That'd be all right, too

His mother'd like that. But he wouldn't be

President unless he wanted to be!

Not Bill!

My boy, Bill—

He'll be tall

And as tough

As a tree,

Will Bill!

Like a tree he'll grow,

With his head held high

And his feet planted firm on the ground,

And you won't see no-

body dare to try

To boss him or toss him around!

No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-  
eyed bastard'll boss him around.

And i'm damned if he'll marry his boss's daughter,

A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water,

Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss

And look in his eyes through a lorgnette—

Say!

Why am i takin' on like this?

My kid ain't even been born yet!

I can see him

When he's seventeen or so

And startin' to go

With a girl.

I can give him

Lots of pointers, very sound,

On the way to get round

Any girl.

I can tell him—

Wait a minute! Could it be—?

What the hell! What if he

Is a girl?

Bill!

Oh, Bill!

What would i do with her? What could i do for  
her? A bum with no money!

## Carousel: Lyrics to Key Songs

### “Soliloquy” (con’t)

You can have fun with a son  
But you got to be a *father*  
to a girl!

She mightn’t be so bad at that—  
A kid with ribbons  
In her hair.  
A kind o’ sweet and petite  
Little tintype of her mother—  
What a pair!

I can just hear myself braggin’ about her!

My little girl,  
Pink and white  
As peaches and cream is she.  
My little girl  
Is half again as bright  
As girls are meant to be!  
Dozens of boys pursue her,  
Many a likely lad  
Does what he can to woo her  
From her faithful dad.  
She has a few  
Pink and white young fellers of two or three—  
But my little girl  
Gets hungry ev’ry night  
And she comes home to me!  
My little girl!

My little girl!

I got to get ready before she comes!  
I got to make certain that she  
Won’t be dragged up in slums  
With a lot o’ bums—  
Like me!  
She’s got to be sheltered and fed, and dressed  
In the best that money can buy!  
I never knew how to get money,  
But I’ll try—  
By God! I’ll try!

I’ll go out and make it  
Or steal it or take it  
Or die!

### “You’ll Never Walk Alone”

[Billy has died. Julie sees Nettie, lets out a cry  
and runs to her.]

JULIE: What am I gon’ to do?

NETTIE: Do? Why, you gotta stay on here with  
me—so’s I ken be with you when you hev the  
baby. Main thing is to keep on *livin’*—keep on  
*keerin’* what’s going to happen, ‘Member that  
sampler you gave me? ‘Member what it says?

JULIE: The words? Sure. Used to sing ‘em in  
school.

NETTIE: Sing ‘em now—see if you know what  
they mean.

JULIE:  
When you walk  
Through a storm  
Keep your chin up high,\*  
And don’t be afraid—of—the—dar—

[Julie breaks off, sobbing. Nettie starts the song.]

NETTIE:  
When you walk  
Through a storm  
Keep your chin up high,\*  
And don’t be afraid of the dark.  
At the end  
Of the storm  
Is a golden sky  
And the sweet  
Silver song  
Of a lark.

Walk on  
Through the wind,  
Walk on  
Through the rain,  
Though your dreams be tossed and blown,  
Walk on, walk on,  
With hope in your heart,  
And you’ll never walk alone!  
You’ll never walk alone.

---

\*Though this is the line in the published script of  
*Carousel*, the lyric is sometimes rendered as  
“Hold your head up high” or “Keep your head up  
high.”