

Jerry Herman 101: *Hello, Dolly!* (1964)

Music & Lyrics by Jerry Herman

Book by Michael Stewart

Setting:

Yonkers and New York City, 1890s
The action takes place within one day.

Act I

“I Put My Hand In”

CHORUS:

Call on Dolly!
She's the one the spinsters recommend
Just name that kind of man your sister wants
And she'll snatch him up
Don't forget to bring your maiden aunts
And she'll match 'em up.
Call on Dolly
If your eldest daughter needs a friend

AMBROSE [spoken]:

Tell me Missus Levi, what's in all this for you?

DOLLY:

A living, Mr. Kemper. Some people paint, some sew . . . I meddle!

DOLLY [sings]:

I have always been a woman who arranges things
For the pleasure and the profit it derives
I have always been a woman who arranges things
Like furniture and daffodils and lives!

When a man with a timid tongue meets a girl
with a diffident air

Why should the tortured creatures beat
around the bush

When heaven knows Mother Nature always
needs a little push!

So I put my hand in here, I put my hand in
there

And a girl over six foot three loves a man
who comes up to her ear

Surely it's obvious she'll never be seduced
'Til some kind soul condescends to give her
beau a little boost

So I put my hand in there, I put my hand in
here

I have always been a woman who arranges
things

It's my duty to assist the Lord above

I have always been a woman who arranges
things

Like luncheon parties, poker games, and
love

My aplomb at cosmetic art turned a frump to
a trump lady fair

She had a countenance a little bit like
Scrooge

But oh, today you would swear the Lord
himself applied the rouge!

When I put my hand in here, I put my hand in
there!

And twist a little, stir a little, him a little, her a
little

Shape a little, mold a little, some poor chap
gets sold a little

When I use my fist a little, some young bride
gets kissed a little

Pressure with the thumbs, matrimony comes
When I put my hand in there . . .

For when my little pinky wiggles some young
maiden gets the giggles

Then I make my knuckles active. "My," he
says, "She's so attractive"

Then I move my index digit and they both
begin to fidget

Then I clench my palm. The preacher reads a
psalm

When I put my hand in there!

“It Takes a Woman”

VANDERGELDER:

It takes a woman all powdered and pink
To joyously clean out the drain in the sink
And it takes an angel with long golden lashes
And soft Dresden fingers for dumping the
ashes

CORNELIUS, BARNABY, & CUSTOMERS:

Yes, it takes a woman, a dainty woman
A sweetheart, a mistress, a wife

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O yes it takes a woman, a fragile woman
To bring you the sweet things in life

VANDERGELDER:

The frail young maiden who's constantly
there
For washing and blueing and shoeing the
mare
And it takes a female for setting the table
And weaning the Guernsey and cleaning the
stable

ALL:

Yes, it takes a woman, a dainty woman
A sweetheart, a mistress, a wife
O yes, it takes a woman, a fragile woman
To bring you the sweet things in life

And so she'll work until infinity
Three cheers for femininity
Rah! rah! rah! Rah! rah! rah!
F - E - M - I - T - Y

VANDERGELDER:

And in the winter she'll shovel the ice
And lovingly set out the traps for the mice
She's a joy and treasure for practically
speaking
To whom can you turn when the plumbing is
leaking?

VANDERGELDER, CORNELIUS & BARNABY:

To that dainty woman, that fragile woman
That sweetheart, that mistress, that wife
O yes it takes a woman
A husky woman
To bring you the sweet things in life!

"Put On Your Sunday Clothes"

CORNELIUS:

Out there
There's a world outside of Yonkers
'Way out there beyond this hick town,
Barnaby
There's a slick town, Barnaby

Out there
Full of shine and full of sparkle
Close your eyes and see it glisten, Barnaby
Listen, Barnaby!

Put on your Sunday clothes, there's lots of
world out there

Get out the brilliantine and dime cigars
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air
Girls in white in a perfumed night, where the
lights are bright as the stars!
Put on your Sunday clothes, we're gonna
ride through town
In one of those new horse-drawn open cars

CORNELIUS & BARNABY:

We'll see the shows at Delmonico's and we'll
close the town in a whirl
And we won't come home until we've kissed
a girl

DOLLY:

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel
down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture
took
Dressed like a dream, your spirits seem to
turn about

DOLLY & ERMENGARDE:

That Sunday shine is a certain sign That you
feel as fine as you look!

DOLLY & AMBROSE:

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile
That makes you feel brand new down to your
toes

DOLLY, AMBROSE, CORNELIUS, &
BARNABY:

Get out your feathers, your patent leathers,
your beads and buckles and bows
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday
clothes

TOWNSPEOPLE, ALL:

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel
down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture
took
Dressed like a dream, your spirits seem to
turn about
That Sunday shine is a certain sign That you
feel as fine as you look!
Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile

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That makes you feel brand new down to your
toes

Get out your feathers, your patent leathers,
your beads and buckles and bows
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday
clothes!

Beneath your bowler brim the world's a
simple song

A lovely lilt that makes you tilt your nose
Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers,
your red suspenders and hose
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday
clothes!

DOLLY:

Ermengarde, stop sniveling, don't cry on the
valises!

Ambrose, let me hear that tonic chord
Ahh ahh ahh

Lovely, you're improving. Now get all eleven
pieces

We're seven minutes late!

All Aboard! All Aboard! All Aboard! All
Aboard!

ALL:

All Aboard! All Aboard! All Aboard! All
Aboard!

Put on your Sunday clothes there's lots of
world out there

Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air
To town we'll trot to a smoky spot where the
girls are hot as a fuse

Put on your silk high hat and at the turned up
cuff

We'll wear a hand made grey suede
buttoned glove

We'll join the Astors at Tony Pastor's, and
this I'm positive of

That we won't come home until we fall in
love!

“Ribbons Down My Back”

MRS. MOLLOY:

I'll be wearing ribbons down my back this
summer

Blue and green and streaming in the yellow
sky

So if someone special comes my way this
summer

He might notice me passing by

And so, I'll try to make it easier to find me
In the stillness of July

Because a breeze might stir a rainbow up
behind me

That might happen to catch the gentleman's
eye

And he might smile and take me by the hand
this summer

Making me recall how lovely love can be

And so, I will proudly wear ribbons down my
back

Shining in my hair, that he might notice me

“Dancing”

DOLLY:

Put your hand on her waist and stand
With her right in your left hand

And, one two three, one two three, one two
three

CORNELIUS:

Look I'm dancing!

DOLLY:

Take the someone whose arms you're in
Hold onto her tight, and spin

And one two three, one two three, one two
three

CORNELIUS:

Wow, I'm dancing!

DOLLY:

Turn around and turn around

Try floating through the air

Can't you be a little more aesthetic?

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CORNELIUS:
Don't you think my dancing has a polish and
a flair?

DOLLY:
The word I think I'd use is athletic!

CONRELIUS:
Well, my heart is about to burst
My head is about to pop
And now that I'm dancing
Who cares if I ever stop

DOLLY:
You're next, Mr. Tucker!
Glide and step and then step and glide

BARNABY:
And everyone stand aside!

DOLLY:
You could learn to polka if you worked a
week or so
Or the tango filled with passion seething

BARNABY:
I might join the chorus of the Castle Garden
show

DOLLY:
Whatever you do, for God's sake, keep
breathing

ALL THREE:
For my heart is about to burst
My head is about to pop
And now that I'm dancing who cares if I ever
stop!

MRS. MOLLOY:
When there's someone you hardly know
And wish you were closer to
Remember that he can be near to you
While you're dancing

Though you've only just said "hello"
He's suddenly someone who
Can make all your daydreams appear to you
While you're dancing

Make the music weave a spell
Whirl away your worry
Things look almost twice as well
When they're slightly blurry

DOLLY:
As around and around you go
Your spirits will hit the top
And now that we're dancing
Who cares if we ever stop!

"Before the Parade Passes By"

DOLLY:
Before the parade passes by
I'm gonna get in step
While there's still time left
Before the parade passes by
Before it all moves on
And only I'm left
[Trumpet . . .]
While I have one
"I'm in my prime" left . . .

Before the parade passes by
I'm gonna go and taste Saturday's high life
Before the parade passes by
I'm gonna get some life back into my life
I'm ready to move out in front, I've had
enough of just passing by life
With the rest of them, with the best of them, I
can hold my head up high!
For I've got a goal again
I've got a drive again
I'm gonna feel my heart coming alive again
Before the parade passes by

Look at that crowd up ahead
Listen and hear that brass harmony growing
Look at that crowd up ahead
Pardon me if my old spirit is showing
All of those lights over there
Seem to be telling me where I'm going
When the whistles blow and the cymbals
crash and the sparklers light the sky
I'm gonna raise the roof
I'm gonna carry on
Give me an old trombone, give me an old
baton
Before the parade passes by!

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Act II

“Elegance”

CORNELIUS & BARNABY:

Yes, New York
It's really us
Barnaby and
Cornelius

MRS. MOLLOY & MINNIE:

All the guests of Mr. Hackl are
Feelin' great and look spectacular

ALL:

What a knack
There is to that
Acting like a born aristocrat
We got elegance
If you ain't got elegance
You can never ever carry it off

CORNELIUS:

All who are
Well-bred agree
Minnie Fay
Has pedigree

MRS. MOLLOY:

Exercise your wildest whims tonight
We are out with diamond Jims tonight

MINNIE:

Could they be
Misleading us

CORNELIUS & BARNABY:

Silver spoons were used for feeding us
We got elegance
If you ain't got elegance

ALL:

You can never ever carry it off
Middle class
Don't speak of it
Savoir faire
We reek of it
Some were born with rags and patches but
We use dollar bills for matches and

MINNIE:

Vanderbilt
Kowtows to us

CORNELIUS:

J.P. Morgan scrapes and bows to us

ALL:

We've got elegance
We were born with elegance

CORNELIUS:

Have you noticed when I hold my cup
The saucer never moves

MRS. MOLLOY :

And the way I keep my pinky up
Indubitably proves

ALL:

That we got elegance
We got built in elegance
And with elegance...elegance...
Elegance...elegance...elegance
We'll carry it off!

“Hello, Dolly!”

DOLLY:

Hello, Harry, well, hello Louis
It's so nice to be back home where I belong
You're lookin' swell, Danny, I can tell, Manny
You're still glowin', you're still crowin', you're
still goin' strong

I feel the room swayin' for the band's playin'
One of my old fav'rite songs from way back
when

So, bridge that gap, fellas
Find me an empty lap, fellas
Dolly'll never go away again!

MEN:

Hello, Dolly, well, hello, Dolly
It's so nice to have you back where you
belong
You're lookin' swell, Dolly, we can tell, Dolly
You're still glowin', you're still crowin', you're
still goin' strong.

We feel the room swayin' for the band's
playin'

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One of your old fav'rite songs from way back
when

DOLLY:

So, here's my hat fellas
I'm stayin' where I'm at, fellas

MEN:

Promise you'll never go away again!

DOLLY:

I went away from the lights of Fourteenth
Street

And into my personal haze
But now that I'm back in the lights of
Fourteenth Street

Tomorrow will be brighter than the good old
days

DOLLY:

Glad to see you Hank, let's thank my lucky
star

You're lookin' great, Stanley, lose some
weight, Stanley?

Dolly's overjoyed and overwhelmed and over
par

Golly gee, fellas, find me a vacant knee,
fellas

MEN:

Dolly'll never go away again

WAITERS:

Well, well hello, Dolly, well, hello, Dolly
It's so nice to have you back where you
belong

You're lookin' swell, Dolly, we can tell, Dolly
You're still glowin', you're still crowin', you're
still goin' strong

DOLLY:

I hear the ice tinkle, see the lights twinkle
And I still get glances from you handsome
men

So, wa, wa, wow, fellas
Look at the old girl now, fellas
Dolly'll never go away again!

"It Only Takes a Moment"

CORNELIUS:

It only takes a moment
For your eyes to meet and then
Your heart knows in a moment
You will never be alone again
I held her for an instant
But my arms felt sure and strong
It only takes a moment
To be loved a whole life long

CLERK:

I missed a few words back there, Mr Hackl.
Right after 'it only' . . .

ALL:

. . . Takes a moment!
But his arms felt sure and strong
It only takes a moment

MRS. MOLLOY:

He held me for an instant
But his arms felt safe and strong
It only takes a moment
To be loved a whole life long

CORNELIUS:

And that is all
That love's about

MRS. MOLLOY:

And we'll recall when time runs out

BOTH:

That it only took a moment
To be loved a whole life long!

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“So Long Dearie”

DOLLY:

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye
Don't try to stop me, Horace, please

Wave your little hand and whisper “So long,
dearie
You ain't gonna see me anymore”
But when you discover that your life is dreary
Don't you come a-knockin' at my door

For I'll be all dolled up and singin' that song
That says “You dog, I told you so”
So, wave your little hand and whisper “So
long, dearie”
Dearie should have said “So long” so long
ago

Because you treated me so rotten and rough
I've had enough of feelin' low
So, wave your little hand and whisper “So
long, dearie”
Dearie should have said “So long” so long
ago

For I can hear that choo-choo callin' me on
To a fancy new address
Yes, I can hear that choo choo callin' me on
On board that “Happiness Express”

I'm gonna learn to dance and drink and
smoke a cigarette
I'm goin' as far away from Yonkers as a girl
can get

[spoken]

And on those cold winter nights, Horace
You can snuggle up to your cash register.
It's a bit lumpy, but it rings!

[sings]

Don't come a-knockin'
I'll be all dolled up and singin' that song
That says “You dog, I told you so”
So, Horace, you will find your life a sad, old
story
When you see your Dolly shuffle off to glory
Oh, I should have said “So long”
So long ago

ADDITIONAL SONGS—CUT, ADDED, RESTORED, OR IN THE FILM

“World, Take Me Back”

(Written for Ethel Merman when they were hoping she would star in the original production, this song was replaced by “Before the Parade Passes By.” When Merman appeared in the role near the end of the show's run, they added it back.)

DOLLY:

I've sliced my slice of life a little thin
Haven't I, Ephraim?
I've been on the outside lookin' in
Haven't I, Ephraim?
Well, from now on, Ephraim,

The world is full of wonderful things
A bushel of wonderful things
For me to believe in
So world, take me back
I want to be part of the human race again

And bid good-bye to all my trouble and tears
I've wasted so many odd years
It's time to get even
So world, take me back
I want to let laughter light up my face again

Oh, no more peeking through the keyhole
I intend to have my own key
No more sneakin' past the parlor
From now on it's me sittin' on the settee

'Cause today's a day to holler about
For after just sittin' life out
Since heaven knows when
My step has a spring and a drive
I'm suddenly young and alive
You wonderful world take me back again!

The world is full of Aprils & Junes
Red roses and yellow balloons
For me to hang on to
So world, take me back
I wanna be part of those good old days
again
Whatever happened to those wonderful
sights

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Those dancing the night away nights
Oh, where have they gone to?
So world, take me back,
I wanna be there when the gaslights blaze
again
Oh, no more watching from the sidelines
I intend to star in the show
No more reaching for tomorrow
From now on I stand with today in my hand.
For today the world is ripe as a peach
It's gonna be mine till I reach a hundred and
ten
My step has a spring and a drive
I'm suddenly young and alive
You wonderful world take me back again!

“Love, Look in My Window”

(Another song written for Ethel Merman and performed by her when she took over the role late in the show's run.)

DOLLY:

Love, look in my window
Love, knock on my door
It's years since you've called on me
How I would love hearing
Your laughter once more
So if you should ever be
In the neighborhood . . .
Let's talk about old times.
Love, pull up a chair
How I miss your friendly smile
Love, look in my window
Love, knock on my door
Oh, love, come in and stay awhile

“Just Leave Everything to Me”

(Written for Barbra Streisand in the 1969 film, this song replaced “I Put My Hand In.”)

DOLLY:

If you want your sister courted
Brother wed, or cheese imported
Just leave ev'rything to me

If you want your roof inspected
Eyebrows tweezed or bill collected
Just leave ev'rything to me

If you want your daughter dated
Or some marriage consummated

For a rather modest fee.

If you want a husband spotted
Boyfriend traced or chicken potted
I'll arrange for making all arrangements
Just leave ev'rything to me.

If you want your ego bolstered
Muscles toned or chair upholstered
Just leave ev'rything to me

Charming social introductions
Expert mandolin instructions
Just leave ev'rything to me.

If you want your culture rounded
French improved or torso pounded:
With a ten-year guarantee

If you want a birth recorded
Collies bred or kittens boarded
I'll proceed to plan the whole procedure
Just leave ev'rything to me.

If you want a law abolished
Jewelry sold or toenails polished:
Just leave everything to me

If you want your liver tested
Glasses made or cash invested
Just leave ev'rything to me

If you want your children coddled
Corsets boned or furs remodeled
Or some nice fresh fricassee
If you want your bustle shifted
Wedding planned or bosom lifted

I'll discretely use my own discretion
I'll arrange for making all arrangements
I'll proceed to plan the whole procedure
Just leave everything . . .
To me!

“Love Is Only Love”

(Written for and cut from *Mame*, this song was included in 1969 film of *Hello, Dolly!*)

DOLLY:

Don't look for shooting stars
For love is only love

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You touch and still you touch the ground
Don't listen for those bells
For love is only love
And if it's love you've found
Your heart won't hear a sound
And when you hold her hand
You only hold her hand
The violins are all a bluff
But if you're really wise
The silence of her eyes
Will tell you
Love is only love
And it's wonderful enough
Without the shooting stars
Without the sound of bells
Without the violins
Love is wonderful enough

"Penny in My Pocket"

(Cut in Detroit before the Broadway opening, this song was restored in the 2017 Broadway revival.)

VANDERGELDER:

I studied long division
By the light of kerosene
Economics and the golden rule
Each day I swam the rapids
In a dangerous ravine
Just to get me back and forth to school
And ev'ry afternoon I chopped the wood and
tilled the soil
And only got a shiny
Copper penny for my toil
But poverty could run no interference
With the Vandergelder perseverance

I put that penny in my pocket
And in a little time
That penny in my pocket
Had turned into a dime
And in a little longer
A quarter jingled out
I put the quarter in the teapot
And waited till the teapot
Had dollar in the spout!
I put that penny in my mattress
And had some pleasant dreams
'Till suddenly my mattress
Was bursting at the seams
And that's how I acquired
The wealth I now possess

But in my pocket is that penny
Yes, that shiny little penny
It's that penny is the secret of my success!

I had a penny in my pocket
And not another sou
And with my only shirttail
I shined a rich man's shoe
He threw me down a nickel
Admiring my skill
I gave my nickel to a blind man
And the blind man left me all his meager
savings in his will
I bought myself a wagon
And started hauling ice
I cut the ice to ice cubes
And got a higher price
I crushed the cubes to ices
For still a higher fee
A big tycoon said
"Very enterprising in your organizing
Son, you must come work for me!"
En route to work next morning
I helped a lady cross
The lady was—you guessed it—
The mother of the boss
The boss said
"You're promoted
I need you at my side"
And then I met the boss's daughter
And I wed the boss's daughter
And quite suddenly she died
I bought myself an acre
A silo and a steed
All Yonkers started buying
Grain and hay and feed
And now I've half a million
But proudly I confess
That in my pocket is that penny
Yes, that shiny little penny
It's that penny that's the secret of my
success!

Note: These lyrics are the versions published in Jerry Herman and Ken Bloom's book *Jerry Herman: The Lyrics: A Celebration* (Routledge: New York, 2003)