

Broadway's Pulitzer Musicals 101: *Of Thee I Sing* (1931)

Music by George Gershwin & Lyrics by Ira Gershwin

Book by George S. Kaufman & Morrie Ryskind

ACT I

Scene 1: Any city in America—a political parade is in progress.

“Wintergreen for President”

CAMPAIGNERS:
Wintergreen for President! Wintergreen for President!
He's the man the people choose;
Loves the Irish and the Jews.
La la la la, etc.

Scene 2: A hotel room. Politicians of the National Campaign Committee congratulate themselves on a good convention, though they can't quite remember the name of the Vice Presidential candidate on the ticket. VP Candidate Alexander Throttlebottom enters and asks to be removed from the ticket; they assure him no one will ever know. Wintergreen enters and announces he's ready to do any dirty work required. They decide to base the campaign on love: through a contest, select a typical American girl for Wintergreen to fall in love with and court for the duration of the campaign.

Scene 3: Atlantic City. The beauty contest is in full swing.

“Who Is the Lucky Girl To Be?”

GIRLS:
Who is the lucky girl to be?
Who is to leave the bourgeoisie?
Who is to be the blushing bride?
Who will sleep at the President's side?
Strike up the cymbal, drum and fife!
One of us is the President's future wife!

FOUR GIRLS:
We're in Atlantic City
To meet with the committee.

FOUR OTHERS:
And when they've made their mind up

The winner will be signed up.

FOUR OTHERS:
The prize is consequential—
Presidential!
Our bodies will bear witness
To our fitness!

ALL:
If a girl is sexy
She may be Mrs. Prexy!
One of us is the President's future wife!

“The Dimple on My Knee”

PHOTOGRAPHERS:
More important than a photograph of
Parliament,
Or a shipwreck on the sea—
What'll raise the circulation
Of our paper through the nation
Is the dimple on your knee.

More important than a photograph of
Parliament
Or a western spelling bee,
Or the latest thing in science,
For our pleasure-loving clients
Is the dimple on your knee.

What our readers love to see
Is the dimple on your knee;
What our readers love to see
Is the dimple on your knee.

GIRLS:
More important than a photograph of
Parliament
Is the dimple on my knee.
But supposing I am losing
When the judges are a-choosing—
What will my poor future be?

Do I have to go back to the cafeteria
With my lovely dimpled knee?
Does a girl who's so ambitious
Have to work at washing dishes?
I'm afraid that worries me.

Oh, what will my future be
Of my lovely dimpled knee?

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“Because, Because”

PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Don't worry, little girl,
For even if you lose the prize,—
Don't worry, little girl
Myself, I can't resist your eyes.

GIRLS:

I'll worry, little boy,
Until you tell what's on your mind.

PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Don't worry, little girl,
I've asked my heart and this is what I find—
Don't worry, little girl;
Don't worry, little girl.

GIRLS:

Why shouldn't I worry?

REPORTERS:

Because, because, because, because,
Because you're in the money
With a smile that's sweet and sunny,
I could fall for you myself.

Because, because, because, because
Your looks are so appealing
They have given me a feeling
I could fall for you myself.

The thrills you're sending through me
All prove that you will do me;
And so I'm giving you me—
If *they* don't want you, *I* want you!

Because, because, because, because,
Because your ways are simple
And your knee can show a dimple,
I could fall for you myself.

[The politicians confer. Wintergreen enters and meets the contestants. Two women are introduced: Mary Turner, who works for the chair of the committee, and Diana Devereaux, a contestant (presumably from the South). Wintergreen notices Mary. They discuss the merits of the frontrunner, Miss Devereaux. Mary confesses that she herself can cook and makes “the best darned corn

muffins.” She produces one, which Wintergreen declares “marvelous.” He also declares that he loves her: she’s cute and she can make corn muffins. The committee re-enters suddenly.]

“As The Chairman of the Committee”

FULTON:

As the chairman of the committee
I announce we've made our choice;
Ev'ry lover from Dubuque to Jersey City
Should rejoice!

ALL:

We rejoice!
When the angels up there designed her,
They designed a thoroughbred;
And on March the fourth the President will
find her
Worthy of his board and bed.

FULTON [spoken]:

And now it thrills me to introduce the rarest
of American beauties, the future first lady of
the land—a fit consort for the ruler of 122
million freeborn. Ladies and gentlemen—
Miss Diana Devereaux!

“How Beautiful”

ALL:

How beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!
How utterly, utterly so!
The charming, the gracious, the dutiful
Diana Devereaux.

FULTON: [spoken]

The committee will now tell why she was
chosen—with music!

“Never Was There a Girl So Fair”

COMMITTEE:

Never was there a girl so fair;
Never was there a form so rare;

DIANA: [spoken]

Ah could throw mah arms right around your
neck!

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COMMITTEE:

A voice so lyrical
Is given few;
Her eyes a miracle
Of Prussian blue;
Ruby lips and a foot so small;
As for hips—she has none at all!

GILHOOLEY:

Did you ever see such footsies,
Or a more enticing limb?

LIPPMAN:

And the ankles or her tootsies
Are so slim!

LYONS:

What a charming epiglottis!
What a lovely coat of tan!
Oh, the man who is not hot is
Not a man!

COMMITTEE:

She's a bargain to whom she's wed;
More than worthy his board and bed!

FULTON:

Says the chairman of the committee,
Let the newsmen now come in.
For the sound reels you must look your best,
my pretty!
Have the interviews begin!

WINTERGREEN:

Stop! No!
Though this may be a blow,
I simply cannot marry
Diana Devereaux!

COMMITTEE:

What's this? What's this?

ALL:

He says he cannot marry
Diana Devereaux!

COMMITTEE:

You mean you will not marry
Diana Devereaux!

WINTERGREEN:

Please understand—It isn't that I would jilt or
spurn 'er;
It's just that I love someone else—

ALL: Who?

WINTERGREEN:

Whom! Mary Turner!

COMMITTEE:

The man is mad!
Or else a cad!
He'll have to take her—
He can't forsake her!

DIANA:

This jilting me—
It cannot be!
This lousy action
Calls for retraction!

COMMITTEE:

We must know why
You should prefer
Instead of Di
A girl like her.

ALL:

Yes, tell us why
You should prefer
Instead of Di
A girl like her.

WINTERGREEN:

All that I can say of Mary Turner
Is that I love Mary Turner.

COMMITTEE:

What's to be done?
Though she has won,
Though she is signed up,
He's made his mind up!
His love he'd rather
Give to the other.
What shall we do now?
What is our cue now?

DIANA:

He will do nothing of the sort;
First we'll settle this thing in court.

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You seem to think Miss Turner hits the spot;
But what has she got that I haven't got?

ALL:

Yes, what has *she* got
That *she* hasn't got?

WINTERGREEN:

My Mary makes corn muffins.
Can you make corn muffins?

DIANA:

I cain't make corn muffins.

ALL:

She can't make corn muffins!

“Some Girls Can Bake a Pie”

WINTERGREEN:

Some girls can bake a pie
Made up of prunes and quinces;
Some make an oyster fry—
Others are good at blintzes.
Some lovely girls have done
Wonders with turkey stuffin's,
But I have found the one
Who can really make corn muffins.

DIANA:

Who cares about corn muffins?
All I demand is justice.

ENSEMBLE:

Corn muffins—
Though other girls are good at turkey
stuffin's,
She takes the cake—for she can bake—corn
muffins;
Corn muffins—
He's not to blame for falling if she's able
To serve them at his table.
They should be happy night and day;
They'll make a couple so delightful
When two agree on corn muffins,
Their marriage is only rightful.

DIANA:

Don't surrender!
Don't be tender!
I'm the winner.

She is a little sinner.

Come! Make your mind up!

I, not she

Is the one who's really signed up!

COMMITTEE:

Great! Great!

It really must be fate!

We must declare these muffins

The best we ever ate!

There's none but Mary Turner

Could ever be his mate!

ALL:

There's none but Mary Turner

Could ever be his mate!

She can make corn muffins!

She can make corn muffins!

Let's all rejoice!

Scene 4: A campaign event at Madison Square Garden. A banner proclaims: “Woo With Wintergreen! Lovers! Vote for John and Mary!”

“Love Is Sweeping the Country”

Why are people gay

All the night and day,

Feeling as they never felt before?

What is the thing

That makes them sing?

Rich man, poor man, thief,

Doctor, lawyer, chief,

Feel a feeling that they can't ignore;

It plays a part

In ev'ry heart,

And ev'ry heart is shouting "Encore!"

Love is sweeping the country;

Waves are hugging the shore;

All the sexes

From Maine to Texas

Have never known such love before.

See them billing and cooing

Like the birdies above!

Each girl and boy alike,

Sharing joy alike,

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Feels that passion'll
Soon be national.
Love is sweeping the country—
There never was so much love!

Spring is in the air—
Each mortal loves his neighbor.
Who's that loving pair?
That's Capital and Labor.

Chevrolet and Ford
Have felt this cosmic urging;
They with one accord,
Have kissed and now are merging.

Florida and Cal-
ifornia get together
In a festival
Of oranges and weather.

Boston's upper zones
Are changing all their habits,
And I hear the Cohns
Are taking up the Cabots.

Taximen take dimes
And never curse the traffic,
While the New York *Times*
Adores the New York *Graphic*.

[Repeat refrain]

[The rally continues with politicians—and wrestlers!—all focused on praising America. VP candidate Throttlebottom breaks in (still unrecognized) and insists on making a speech, but an intermission intrudes. Finally Wintergreen and Mary enter. He proposes to her (for the 48th time). She agrees to marry him if he wins the Presidency. Wintergreen sings the campaign song.]

“Of Thee I Sing”

WINTERGREEN:
From the Island of Manhattan to the Coast of
Gold,
From North to South, from East to West,
You are the love I love the best.
You're the dream girl of the sweetest story
ever told;

A dream I've sought both night and day
For years through all the U.S.A.
The star I've hitched my wagon to
Is very obviously you.

Of thee I sing, baby—
Summer, autumn, winter, spring, baby.
You're my silver lining,
You're my sky of blue;
There's a love light shining
Just because of you.

Of thee I sing, baby—
You have got that certain thing, baby!
Shining star and inspiration,
Worthy of a mighty nation-
Of thee I sing!

Scene 5: Election night. Results come in. Wintergreen wins. His opponent concedes and charges fraud in seven states.

Scene 6: Inauguration Day. Nine Supreme Court Judges enter.

“Supreme Court Judges”

JUDGES:

We're the one, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine Supreme Court
Judges.

As the super Solomons of this great nation
We will supervise today's inauguration,
And we'll sup'rintend the wedding
celebration

In a manner official and judicial.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
nine Supreme Court Judges!

We have powers that are positively regal;
Only we can take a law and make it legal.

ALL:

They're the A.K.s who give the O.K.s!
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
nine Supreme Court Judges!

[FANFARE]

Hail! Hail! The ruler of our gov'ment!

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Hail! Hail! The man who taught what love meant!
Clear, clear the way
For his inaugural and wedding day!
Hail! Hail! The mighty ruler of love!
Hail! Hail! The man who made us love love!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
For his inaugural and wedding day!

CHIEF JUSTICE [spoken]
And, now, Mr. President, is you don't mind we'd like your inaugural address.

WINTERGREEN:
I have definite ideas about the Philippines
And the herring situation up in Bismarck;
I have notions on the salaries of movie queens
And the men who sign their signatures with *this* mark!

“A Kiss for Cinderella”

WINTERGREEN:
But on this glorious day I find
I'm sentimentally inclined.
And so—
I sing this to the girls I used to know:

Here's a kiss for Cinderella
And a parting kiss for May;
Toodle-oo, good-bye, this is my wedding day.

Here's a parting smile for Della
And the lady known as Lou;
Toodle-oo, good-bye, with bach'lor days I'm through!

Tho' I really never knew them,
It's a rule I must obey;
So I'm saying good-bye to them
In the customary way.

My regards to Arabella
And to Emmaline and Kay!
Toodle-oo, dear girls, good-bye!
This is my wedding day.

ALL OTHERS:
He is toodle-ooing all his lady loves,

All the girls he didn't know so well,
All the innocent and all the shady loves,
Oh, ding-a-dong-a-dell!
Bride and groom, their future should be glorious—
What a happy story they will tell;
Let the welkin now become uproarious,
Oh, ding-a-dong-a-dell!

[Enter Mary]

ALL:
Clear the way!
Hail the bride!
Sweet and gay—
Here comes the bride!

MARY:
Is it true or I dreaming?
Do I go to Heav'n to stay?
Never was a girl so happy on her wedding day!

CHIEF JUSTICE: [spoken]
Do you, John P. Wintergreen, solemnly swear to uphold the Constitution of the United states of America and to love, honor, and cherish this woman so long as you two shall live?

WINTERGREEN: I do.

CHIEF JUSTICE: Do you, Mary Turner, promise to love, honor, and cherish this man so long as you two shall live?

MARY: I do.

CHIEF JUSTICE: Therefore, by virtue of the power that is vested in me as Chief Justice, I hereby pronounce you President of the United States, man and wife.

WINTERGREEN: Mary!

MARY: John!

[They embrace; the crowd goes wild.]

BOTH:
Is it true or am I dreaming?

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Have I come to Heav'n to stay?
Never was a girl (man) so happy on her (his)
wedding day!

[Suddenly Diana Devereaux appears]

DIANA: Stop! Halt! Pause! Wait!

ALL:
Who is this intruder?
There's no one could be ruder!
What's your silly notion
In causing this commotion?

"I Was the Most Beautiful Blossom"

DIANA:
I was the most beautiful blossom
In all the Southland;
I was sent up North to enter the contest
With the understanding that the winner
Was to be the President's wife.
The Committee examined me.
My lily-white body fascinated them.
I was chosen.
It was the happiest moment of my life.

ENSEMBLE:
Yes, yes, go on!
Yes, yes, go on!

DIANA:
Suddenly the sky fell.
Suddenly, for no reason at all,
No reason at all,
This man rejected me.

All my castles came tumbling down.
And so I am serving him with a summons
For breach of promise!

ENSEMBLE:
What! What!
The water's getting hot!
She said he made a promise,
A promise he forgot.

DIANA:
It's true! It's true!

JUDGES:
The day he's getting married,
You put him on the spot!
It's dirty work of Russia,
A communistic plot!

WINTERGREEN:
Please understand,
It wasn't that I would jilt or spurn 'er;
It's just that there was someone else.

ENSEMBLE: Whom?

WINTERGREEN:
Who! Mary Turner!

CHIEF JUSTICE: We're having fits!

ENSEMBLE: We're having fits!

CHIEF JUSTICE: The man admits . . .

ENSEMBLE: The man admits . . .

CHIEF JUSTICE: This little sinner . . .

ENSEMBLE: This little sinner . . .

CHIEF JUSTICE: Was really winner!

ENSEMBLE: Was really winner!

DIANA: I couldn't see . . .

ENSEMBLE: She couldn't see . . .

DIANA: His jilting me.

ENSEMBLE: His jilting she.

DIANA: And so I'm doing . . .

ENSEMBLE: And so I'm doing . . .

DIANA: A bit of suing.

ENSEMBLE: A bit of suing.

MEN:
And if it's true she has a claim,
You should be called a dirty name!

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GIRLS:

And if it's true she has a claim,
Then you're a dirty, dirty name!

MARY:

John, no matter what they do to hurt you,
The one you love won't desert you.

DIANA:

I'm a queen who has lost her king!
Why should she wear a wedding ring?

“Some Girls Can Bake a Pie” (Reprise)

WINTERGREEN:

Some girls can bake a pie
Made up of prunes and quinces;
Some make an oyster fry—
Others are good at blintzes.
Some lovely girls have done
Wonders with turkey stuffin's,
But I have found the one
Who can really make corn muffins!

DIANA:

Who cares about corn muffins?
All I demand is justice!

WINTERGREEN:

Which is more important?
Corn muffins or justice?

ENSEMBLE:

Which is more important?
Corn muffins or justice?

JUDGES:

If you will wait a minute,
You'll have our decision.

[Judges huddle.]

The decision of the Supreme Court is—
Corn muffins!

ENSEMBLE:

Great! Great!
It's written on the slate!*
There's none but Mary Turner
Could ever be his mate!

DIANA:

It's not I, not Mary Turner,
Who should have been his mate.
I'm off to tell my story
In ev'ry single state.

ENSEMBLE:

Be off with you, young woman,
He's married to his mate.
There's none but Mary Turner
Could ever be his mate.

DIANA: See you in court, y'all.

“Of Thee I Sing” (Reprise)

WINTERGREEN:

Of thee I sing, baby—

ENSEMBLE:

Summer, autumn, winter, spring, baby.
Shining star and inspiration,
Worthy of a mighty nation—
Of thee I sing!

ACT II

Scene 1: In the White House, the President's office in the White House is now also the President's Wife's office. There are about two dozen secretaries, who provide a song and dance.

“Hello, Good Morning”

BOYS: Hello, good morning!

GIRLS: Good morning, hello!

BOYS: How are you this very lovely day?

GIRLS: I feel very well, sir.

BOYS: And I'm feeling swell.

BOTH:

It's great to be alive
And work from nine to five.

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[Enter two chief secretaries—JENKINS & MISS BENSON]

JENKINS & BENSON:

Hello, good morning!

ALL:

Good morning, hello!

Isn't this a moment that's divine?

JENKINS & BENSON:

I see it's almost nine.

ALL:

And we only have one minute more to say:

Hello, good morning!

Isn't this a lovely day?

Isn't this a lovely day?

Oh, it's great to be a secret'ry

In the White House, D.C.

You get inside information on Algeria;

You know ev'ry move they're making in
Liberia.

You learn what's what and what is not

In the Land of the Free.

Ev'ry corner that you turn you meet a notable

With a statement that is eminently quotable.

Oh, it's great to be a secret'ry

In the White House, D.C.

So long, good morning!

Wasn't this a lovely day?

Wasn't this a lovely day?

[A guide enters with tourists. Jenkins and Benson discuss the issues of the day, the primary one being the problems Diana Devereaux is causing. Throttlebottom enters with another group of sightseers. He has clearly never been here and is surprised to learn that he's supposed to be presiding over the Senate. He runs out. Various cabinet members enter and convince Wintergreen of the severity of the Diana problem. He calls in the reporters.]

"Who Cares?"

REPORTERS:

We don't want to know about the
moratorium,

Or how near we are to beer,

Or about the league of Nations,

Or the seventeen vacations

You have had since you've been here.

Here's the one thing that the people of
America

Are beside themselves to know:

They would like to know what's doing

On the lady who is suing

You—Diana Devereaux!

Ev'rybody wants to know:

What about Miss Devereaux?

From the highest to the low:

What about Miss Devereaux?

WINTERGREEN:

It's a pleasant day—

That's all I can say!

MARY:

Here's the one thing we'll announce:

Love's the only thing that counts!

REPORTERS:

People want to know:

What of Devereaux?

WINTERGREEN:

When the one you love is near,

Nothing else can interfere.

ALL:

When the one you love is near,

Nothing else can interfere.

WINTERGREEN

Here's some information

I would gladly give the nation:

I am for the true love;

Here's the only girl I do love!

MARY:

I love him and he loves me

And that's how it will always be,

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So what care we about Miss Devereaux?

BOTH:

Who cares what the public chatters?

Love's the only thing that matters.

Who cares

If the sky cares to fall in the sea?

Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers

Long as you've got a kiss that conquers?

Why should I care?

Life is one long jubilee,

So long as I care for you

And you care for me!

[Ensemble repeats the refrain.]

[The French Ambassador enters — with soldiers.]

“Garçon, S’il Vous Plaît”

FRENCH SOLDIERS:

Garçon, s'il vous plaît,

Encore Chevrolet coupé;

Papah, pooh, pooh, pooh!

A vous tout dir vay à vous?

Garçon, qu'est-ce que c'est?

Tra la, Maurice Chevalier!

J'adore crêpes Suzette

Et aussi Lafayette!

And now we give the meaning of this song:

We're six of the fifty million and we can't be wrong!

“Entrance of the French Ambassador”

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

I am the Ambassador of France,

And I've come here to see

A grievous wrong righted.

My country is deeply hurt.

Not since the days of Louis the Seventh,

The Eighth, the Ninth, the Tenth,

And possibly the Eleventh,

Has such a thing happened.

ENSEMBLE:

What's troubling you?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

You have done a great injustice

To a French descendent —

A lovely girl

Whose rights have been trampled in the dust.

ENSEMBLE:

Who is she? What's her name?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

Her name is Diana Devereaux.

ENSEMBLE:

Diana Devereaux! Diana Devereaux!

Since when is she of French descent?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

I've been looking up her family tree

And I have found a most important pedigree!

“The Illegitimate Daughter”

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

She's the illegitimate daughter

Of an illegitimate son

Of an illegitimate nephew

Of Napoléon.

ENSEMBLE: Napoléon?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

She offers aristocracy

To this bizarre democracy,

Where naught is sacred but the old simoleon!

I must know why

You crucify

My native country

With this effront'ry

To the illegitimate daughter

Of an illegitimate son

Of an illegitimate nephew

Of Napoléon!

ENSEMBLE:

To the illegitimate daughter

Of an illegitimate son

Of an illegitimate nephew

Of Napoléon.

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ENSEMBLE:

You so-and-so!
We didn't know
She had a tie-up
So very high up!
She's the illegitimate daughter
Of an illegitimate son
Of an illegitimate nephew
Of Napoléon.

DIANA [entering]:

Ah!
I was the most beautiful blossom
In all the Southland.

MARY & WINTERGREEN:

We know all that.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

You know all that,
But you *don't* know the misery
Of this poor little girl who has suffered.
Because . . .

ENSEMBLE: Because?

MARY & WINTERGREEN: Because?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR: Because . . .

"Because, Because" (Reprise)

DIANA:

Because, because, because, because
I won the competition
But I got no recognition
And because he broke my heart!

Because, because, because, because
The man who ought to love me
Tried to make a monkey of me,
Double-crossing from the start!

I might have been First Lady,
But now my past is shady.
Oh, pity this poor maidie!

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

And there's the man who ought to pay!

ENSEMBLE:

Because, because, because, because
She won the prize for beauty,
But he didn't do his duty;
He has broken her poor heart!

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

You see how this poor girl has suffered.
And so, on behalf of France,
I demand that your marriage be annulled
And that you marry Diana.

WINTERGREEN: Never, never!

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

Then you will arouse the anger of France,
And you must be prepared to face the
consequences!

FRENCH SOLDIERS:

Garçon, s'il vous plaît,
Encore Chevrolet coupé;
Papah, pooh, pooh, pooh!
À vous tout dir vay à vous?

FULTON:

Jack, you've got to do something about this.

WINTERGREEN:

Leave Mary? Never!

FULTON:

We are all in this together;
We are birdies of a feather.
And if you don't change your thesis
Then our party goes to pieces!

LYONS:

All our jobs you'll be destroying
With your attitude annoying.

GILHOOLEY:

You will get us all in trouble!
And in spades, sir, which is double!

WINTERGREEN:

I will never leave my Mary!

LYONS:

Since he's acting so contrary,
Send him off on a vacation.

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GILHOOLEY:

I suggest his resignation.

WINTERGREEN: Resignation?

ENSEMBLE: Resignation?

FULTON:

You've got to face it—This is a crisis!
To leave your Mary you may decline;
But to save us, my good advice is:
You resign!

ENSEMBLE: Yes, resign!

WINTERGREEN:

I assure you—though it's a crisis,
To leave my Mary I must decline;
And I don't care what your advice is;
I decline to resign!

MARY: We decline to resign!

“We'll Impeach Him”

LYONS & GILHOOLEY:

He is stubborn—We must teach him;
I'm afraid we must impeach him!

ENSEMBLE:

He is stubborn—We must teach him;
He has forced us to impeach him!

COMMITTEE:

You decline to resign.
So we'll teach you!
We'll impeach you!

SECRETARIES:

You decline to resign—
We don't envy you at all!

COMMITTEE:

You decline to resign.
So we'll teach you!
We'll impeach you!
You decline to resign—
Humpty Dumpty has to fall!

[All except Mary and Wintergreen exit.]

“Who Cares?” (Reprise)

MARY:

Who cares
If the sky cares to fall in the sea?

WINTERGREEN:

We two together can win out
Just remember to stick your chin out.

MARY:

Why should we care?
Life is one long jubilee—

BOTH:

So long as I care for you—
And you care for me!

Scene 2: A Capitol corridor outside the Senate. The cabinet realizes that if they impeach Wintergreen, the Vice President will become President, but they have no idea who that is. Enter Throttlebottom. Then enter Wintergreen trying to decide how to fight impeachment. He meets the VP.

Scene 3: The Senate Chamber, Throttlebottom presiding.

“The Senator from Minnesota”

THROTTLEBOTTOM:

The Senator from Minnesota?

SENATOR: Present.

THROTTLEBOTTOM:

Check! The Senator from North Dakota?

SENATOR: Present.

THROTTLEBOTTOM:

Check! The Senator from Louisiana?

SENATOR: Present.

THROTTLEBOTTOM:

Check! The Senator who's from Montana?

SENATOR: Present.

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THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Check! The Senator who's from Nebraska?

SENATOR: Present.

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Check! The Senator who's from Alaska?

SENATOR: Present.

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Check!
The Senators from other states will have to
bide their time,
For I simply can't be bothered when the
names don't rhyme!

ENSEMBLE:
Oh, he simply can't be bothered when the
names don't rhyme!
The Senators from other states will have to
bide their time,
For he simply can't be bothered when the
names don't rhyme!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
The country thinks it's got depression.

SENATORS: Ha! Ha! Ha!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Just wait until we get in session!

SENATORS: Ha! Ha! Ha!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
The people want a lot of action.

SENATORS: Ho! Ho! Ho!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
We're here to give them satisfaction!

SENATORS: Ho! Ho! Ho!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Today is really full of laughter.

SENATORS: Ha! Ha! Ha!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Compared to what will follow after!

SENATORS: Ha! Ha! Ha!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
There's action ev'ry minute when this happy
group convenes:
To get business into tangles
We can guarantee more angles
Than the town of Boston guarantees in
beans!

ALL:
If you think you've got depression,
Wait until we get in session,
And you'll find out what depression really
means!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[The Senate comes to order and discusses a
variety of absurd topics. Wintergreen enters.]

"Impeachment Proceeding"

CLERK:
The next business before the Senate is the
resolution on the impeachment of the
President.

PAGES: The President of the United States!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Who?

CLERK:
The President of the United States!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Oh, Mr. President, won't you sit down while
we kick you out?

FULTON, LIPPMAN, GILHOOLEY, LYONS:
Whereas:
At a meeting of the Senate at which a
quorum was present a motion was made
and it was proposed that—

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Whereas:

John P. Wintergreen had undertaken to marry
the winner of a beauty contest held in
Atlantic City—

Whereas:

His refusal to marry the winner Diana
Devereaux will lead to dire international
complications—

Now therefore be it resolved that John P.
Wintergreen be, and hereby is,
impeached from the said office of
President of these United States.

SENATOR JONES:

I second the resolution.

FULTON:

Our first witness—the French Ambassador!

“Garçon, S’il Vous Plaît” (reprise)

FRENCH SOLDIERS:

Garçon, s'il vous plaît,
Encore Chevrolet coupé;
Papah, pooh, pooh, pooh!
A vous tout dir vay à vous?

SENATORS:

We say how-de-do—
Which means that we welcome you:
We're glad of the chance
To say hello to France

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

You've dealt a lovely maid
A blow that is injurious;
A very dirty trick was played
And France is simply furious!

SENATORS:

He says a lovely maid
Was dealt a blow injurious;
He says a dirty trick was played
And France is simply furious.

FULTON:

Ambassador, please explain why France is
so concerned about the plaintiff.

“The Illegitimate Daughter” (reprise)

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

She's the illegitimate daughter
Of an illegitimate son
Of an illegitimate nephew
Of Napoléon.

SENATORS: Napoléon?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

She's contemplating suicide
Because that man, he threw aside
A lady with the blue blood of Napoléon.
What sort of man
Is this who can
Insult my country
With his effront'ry.

SENATORS:

To the illegitimate daughter
Of an illegitimate son
Of an illegitimate nephew
Of Napoléon?

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

The Atlantic City witnesses!

DIANA:

I have come all ze way from France to bring
ze greetings.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

Tell your story, little one!
Commencez, s'il vous plaît.

“Jilted”

DIANA:

Jilted, jilted,
I'm a flow'r that's wilted;
Blighted, blighted,
Till the wrong is righted;

Broken, broken
By a man soft-spoken;
Faded, faded—
Heaven knows why!

When man are deceivers, I'm afraid
'Tis sad to be a trusting maid.

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Jilted, jilted, jilted am I.
Oh, what is there left but to die?

ENSEMBLE:
Jilted, jilted,
She's a flower that's wilted;
Blighted, blighted,
Till the wrong is righted;

Broken, broken
By a man soft-spoken;
Faded, faded—
Heaven knows why!
Just as in the Frankie and Johnny song,
He done her wrong, he done her wrong.

ENSEMBLE:
Jilted, jilted, jilted is she!
Oh, what is there left but to dee?
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
And now, Mr. President, what have you to
say for yourself?

WINTERGREEN:
Impeach me! Fine me! Jail me! Sue me!
My Mary's love means much more to me!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Enough! Enough! We want no preachment!
It's time to vote on his impeachment!

ALL:
It's time to vote on his impeachment!

"Senatorial Roll Call" (continued)

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
The Senator from Minnesota?

SENATOR: Guilty!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Check! The Senator from North Dakota?

SENATOR: Guilty!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Check! The Senator from Louisiana?

SENATOR: Guilty!

THROTTLEBOTTOM:
Check! The Senator who's from Montana?

SENATOR: Guilty!

[Mary breaks into the room.]

MARY:
Stop! Stop! Stop!
Before you go any further,
With your permission,
I must tell you of my husband's delicate
condition.

ENSEMBLE:
Delicate condition! What do you mean?

"I'm About to Be a Mother"

MARY:
I'm about to be a mother;
He's about to be a father;
We're about to have a baby.
I must tell it;
These doings compel it!
Oh, I'm about to be a mother;
He's about to be a father;
We're about to have a baby.

ENSEMBLE: A baby!

MARY:
A baby to love and adore-
Who could ask for anything more?

ENSEMBLE:
She's about to be a mother;
He's about to be a father;
They're about to have a baby.
We can't bother
A budding young father!

WINTERGREEN: [spoken]
Mary, is it true? Am I going to have a baby?
MARY: It's true, John, it's true.

WINTERGREEN: Water! [He faints.]

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ENSEMBLE:

They're about to have a baby, a baby—

DIANA: [spoken] It eez a fine countree—I am compromised and she has ze baby!

THROTTLEBOTTOM [spoken]:
Gentlemen, gentlemen! This country has never yet impeached an expectant father. What do you say?

SENATORS: Not guilty!

THROTTLEBOTTOM [To Wintergreen]:
You can still be President and I'll go back to Vice!

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:
Sacré! I go to the telegraph office to cable my report; This is American trickery of the most reprehensible sort!

DIANA: [sings]
I was ze most beautiful blossom . . .
In all ze Southland.

[The French Ambassador takes her by the hand, leads her off.]

ATLANTIC CITY GIRLS:
Strike up the cymbals, drum, and fife,
One of us was to be the President's wife.

CHIEF JUSTICE: [spoken]
Great work, Jack; you'll be reinstated in the hearts of the American people.

JONES: You're doing your duty by posterity.

WINTERGREEN:
Posterity—why, posterity is just around the corner.

“Posterity Is Just Around the Corner”

WINTERGREEN:
Posterity is just around the corner!

ALL: Posterity is just around the corner!

MARY:
It really doesn't pay to be a mourner.

ALL: Posterity is just around the corner!

WINTERGREEN:
Posterity is here—I don't mean maybe!

ALL: There's nothing guarantees it like a baby!

MARY:
Posterity is here and will continue!

ALL:
We really didn't know you had it in you!
Posterity is in its infancy!

WINTERGREEN:
I sing to ev'ry citizen and fore'gner

ALL: Posterity is just around the corner!

COMMITTEE:
We'll soon be pulling plums like Jackie Horner!

ALL:
Posterity is just around the—
Oom-posterity, oom-posterity, oom-pah,
oom-pah, oom-posterity!
Oom-posterity, oom-posterity, oom-pah,
oom-pah, oom-posterity—
Is just around the corner!
Around the corner!

Scene 4: A corridor in the White House. Wintergreen and the French Ambassador reflect on the joy a baby will bring to the White House.

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Scene 5: The Yellow Room of the White House. Diplomats present baby presents to the President.

“Trumpeter Blow Your Golden Horn”

ALL:

Oh, trumpeter, trumpeter, blow your golden horn!

Oh, trumpeter, trumpeter, blow your golden horn!

A White House baby will very soon be born!

A White House baby will very soon be born!

Blow your horn!

FLUNKIES:

With a hey-nonny-nonny and a ha-cha-cha!

With a hey-nonny-nonny and a ha-cha-cha!

ALL:

There's something glorious happening today

For all the citizens of the U.S.A.

A White House baby will very soon be born!

Oh, trumpeter, blow your horn

Oh, trumpeter, blow your horn

Oh, trumpeter, blow your horn

Your golden horn, your golden horn!

Oh, doctor, doctor, what's the news, we pray?

We've waited for your bulletin all day.

DOCTOR:

The baby of the President and Frau

Will be here almost any moment now.

FLUNKIES:

With a hey-nonny-nonny and a ha-cha-cha!

With a hey-nonny-nonny and a ha-cha-cha!

ALL:

Oh, doctor, here is the one thing we must know-

We're all of us anxious and we've got to know:

The baby, is it to be a girl or boy?

A baby girl or boy?

A nation's pride and joy!

We must know whether it's a girl or boy,

A girl or boy!

DOCTOR:

On that point, nobody budes,

For all matters of the sort

Are decided by the judges

Of the Supreme Court.

CHIEF FLUNKY:

The Supreme Court

JUDGES:

We're the one, two, three, four, five, six,

seven, eight, nine Supreme Court

Judges.

FLUNKIES:

With a hey-nonny-nonny and a ha-cha-cha!

With a hey-nonny-nonny and a ha-cha-cha!

ALL:

About the baby—Will it be

A boy or girl—a he or she?

JUDGES:

On that point nobody budes

For all matters of the sort

Are decided by the judges

Of the Supreme Court.

CHIEF FLUNKY:

The Secretary of Agriculture!

LIPPMAN:

The farmers in the dell,

The farmers in the dell,

They all keep a-asking me:

A boy or a gel?

JUDGES:

On that matter, no one budes

For all matters of the sort

Are decided by the judges

Of the Supreme Court.

ENSEMBLE

Are decided by the judges

Of the Supreme Court.

CHIEF FLUNKY:

The Secretary of the Navy!

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GILHOOLEY:

All the sailors in the Navy
In these great United States,
Do not eat their bowls of gravy,
Nor the captains nor the mates.
They refuse to jib an anchor,
Strike a boom, or heave a sail,
Till you've satisfied their hanker:
Is it female or a male?

JUDGES:

On that matter, no one budges
For all matters of the sort
Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

CHIEF FLUNKY:

The Senator Carver Jones!

JONES:

Out on the prairie,
The cowboys all keep asking of me;
He or a she—
She or a he?
Out on the prairie,
For baby boy or girl they are keen,
But they want nothing in between.

JUDGES:

On that matter, no one budges
For all matters of the sort
Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

CHIEF FLUNKY:

The Senator Robert E. Lyons!

LYONS:

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Folks are filled with joy;
But they want to know what will the stork
deliver—
Will it be a girl or a boy?

JUDGES:

On that matter, nobody budges
For all matters of the sort
Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

ALL:

There's something glorious happening today:
A baby will be born!
A baby will be born!
Oh, trumpeter, trumpeter, blow your golden
horn!

“Finale Ultimo”

CHIEF JUSTICE:

Gentlemen, duty calls. We have to determine
the sex of the infant.

WINTERGREEN: You decide?

CHIEF JUSTICE: We do.

JUDGES:

On that matter, no one budges
For all cases of the sort
Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

ENSEMBLE:

Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

JUDGES:

Whereas:

CHIEF JUSTICE:

A child has been born to he President of the
United States and his consort.

JUDGES:

Whereas:

CHIEF JUSTICE:

The judges of the Supreme Court have been
called upon to determine the sex of the
aforesaid infant.

JUDGES:

Whereas:

CHIEF JUSTICE:

By a strict party vote it has been decided
that—
It's a boy.

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JUDGES:

On that matter, no one budges,
For all cases of the sort
Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

JUDGES:

Whereas:

CHIEF JUSTICE:

A child has been born to the President of the
United States and his consort.

WINTERGREEN:

Wait a minute; we've had all that.

CHIEF JUSTICE:

Yes, but you're having it again.
This time it's a girl.

JUDGES:

On that matter, no one budges
For all cases of the sort
Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

ENSEMBLE:

Are decided by the judges
Of the Supreme Court.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR:

Oh, I can stand no more;
My temper's getting gingery;
This certainly will lead to war!
This insult added to injury!

ENSEMBLE:

Oh, he can stand no more;
His temper's getting gingery;
This certainly will lead to war!
This insult added to injury!

[Diana persists in her quest for revenge.
Mary has twins. Because of the French
Ambassador's threats of war with France,
Wintergreen resigns as President, making
Vice President Throttlebottom the new
President. Diana is now paired off with
Throttlebottom. America gets a new
President, war is averted, and Mary and
John can live happily ever after.]

"Of Thee I Sing" (Reprise)

WINTERGREEN:

Of thee I sing, baby,
Summer, autumn, winter, spring, baby;
You're my silver lining,
You're my sky of blue;
There's a love-light shining
Just because of you.

ALL:

Of thee I sing baby,
You have got that certain thing, baby!
Shining star and inspiration
Worthy of a mighty nation,
Of thee I sing!

[Curtain]