The Musicals of Stephen Schwartz

Class 2 • *Pippin* (1972)

Music & Lyrics by Stephen Schwartz

MUSICAL THEATRE

Pippin (1972)

"Magic To Do"

LEADING PLAYER:
Join us—leave your fields to flower
Join us—leave your cheese to sour
Join us—come and waste an hour or two
Doo-dle-ee-do
Journey—journey to a spot exciting, mystic and exotic
Journey—through our anecdotic revue

We've got magic to do—just for you
We've got miracle plays to play
We've got parts to perform—hearts to warm
Kings and things to take by storm
As we go along our way

FASTRADA:
Intrigue—plots to bring disaster

BERTHE:
Humor—handled by a master

TWO GIRLS:
Romance—sex presented pastorally

LEADING PLAYER: Dee-dle-ee-dee

LEWIS:
Illusion—fantasy to study

CHARLES:
Battles—barbarous and bloody

LEADING PLAYER:
So join us—sit where everybody can see

ALL:
We've got magic to do—just for you
We've got miracle plays to play
We've got parts to perform—hearts to warm
Kings and things to take by storm
As we go along our way

We've got magic to do—just for you
We've got miracle plays to play
We've got parts to perform—hearts to warm
Kings and things to take by storm
As we go along . . .

We got	Our way
Magic to do	Magic to do
just for you,	
We got magic	Magic to play
To do	We got
just for you	Foibles and
We got magic	Fables to
To do	Portray
just for you	As we go
As we go	Along
along	
Our way	Our way

"Corner of the Sky"

PIPPIN:
Everything has its season
Everything has its time
Show me a reason and I'll soon show you a rhyme
Cats fit on the window sill
Children fit in the snow
Why do I feel I don't fit in anywhere I go?

Rivers belong where they can ramble
Eagles belong where they can fly
I've got to be where my spirit can run free
Got to find my corner of the sky

Every man has his daydreams
Every man has his goal
People like the way dreams have of sticking to the soul
Thunderclouds have their lightning
Nightingales have their song
And don't you see I want my life to be something more than long . . .

Rivers belong where they can ramble
Eagles belong where they can fly
I've got to be where my spirit can run free
Got to find my corner of the sky

So many men seem destined
To settle for something small

Lyrics © Stephen Schwartz

But I won't rest until I know I'll have it all
So don't ask where I'm going
Just listen when I'm gone
And far away you'll hear me singing
Softly to the dawn:

Rivers belong where they can ramble
Eagles belong where they can fly
I've got to be where my spirit can run free
Got to find my corner
Of the sky . . .

"War Is a Science"

CHARLES:
War is a science
With rules to be applied
Which good soldiers appreciate
Recall and recapitulate
Before they go to decimate
The other side

[spoken]
Now, gentlemen, this is the plan for tomorrow's skirmish.

[sings]
The army of the enemy is stationed on the hill
So we've got to bring them down here, and this is
How we will
Our men in the ravine (that's this area in green)
Will move across the valley where they plainly can be seen
And the enemy (in blue) will undoubtedly pursue
For that's what you depend upon an enemy to do.

Then to guarantee their folly
We'll bring bowmen into play
Who will fire just one volley
And retire to point "A".

And then, and then,
And gentlemen, and then . . .

PIPPIN:
And then the men go marching out into the fray
Conquering the enemy and carrying the day
Hark! The blood is pounding in our ears
Jubilations! We can hear a grateful nation's cheers!

CHARLES: Pippin, sit down immediately.

PIPPIN: I'm sorry, Father. I just got carried away.

CHARLES:
Now, where was I? Ah, yes....

War is a science
A breeding ground for brains
For though I cannot write my name
The men whose pens have brought them fame
Write endless paragraphs explaining
My campaigns

Now when the foe see our soldiers marching through the lea
They will mount a charge and meet us at the point I've labelled "B"
And their bowmen on the hill (In yellow on the map)
Will leave their posts to join the rest and fall into our trap
Then we'll cut off reinforcements and retreat of any kind
Bearing principles of enfilade and defilade in mind.

And if all the ploys we pick to rea-
lly work to bring to pass occur
We won't just have a victory
We'll have ourselves a massacre

And then, and then
And gentlemen, and then . . .

PIPPIN:
And then the men go marching out into the fray
Conquering the enemy and carrying the day
Hark! The blood is pounding in our ears

Lyrics © Stephen Schwartz

Jubilations! We can hear a grateful
nation's . . .

CHARLES: Pippin . . .!

PIPPIN: I'm sorry, Father. It won't happen
again.

CHARLES: In conclusion, gentlemen . . .

Now listen to me closely, I'll endeavor to
explain
What separates a Charlatan from a
Charlemagne
A rule confessed by generals illustrious and
various
Though pompous as a Pompey or daring as
a Darius
A simple rule that every great man learns by
heart
It's smarter to be lucky than it's lucky to be
smart.

And if the fates feel frivolous
And all our plans they smother
Well, suppose this war does shrivel us
There'll always be another!

And then . . .

ALL: And then . . .

CHARLES:
And gentlemen, and then . . .

[Spoken] Now . . . gentlemen . . . now!

SOLDIERS:
And then the men go marching out into the
fray
Conquering the enemy and carrying the day
Hark! The blood is pounding in our ears
Jubilations!
We can hear a grateful nation's cheers!

"Glory"

LEADING PLAYER:
Glory! Glory!
Glory! Glory!
Praise be to Charles our lord
Triumphant is his sword
Allegiance is his word
Glory! Glory!
Glory! Glory!

Blood!

Blood is red as sunset
Blood is warmer than wine
Warmer than wine
The taste of salty summer brine

Steel!

ALL:
Steel is cold as moonlight
Steel is sharper than sight
Sharper than sight
The touch of bitter winter white

SOLDIERS:
Shout it out from the highest tower
shout it out in the darkest hour
Charlemagne, you lead us on to

ALL: Power!

LEADING PLAYER:

War!
War is strict as Jesus
War it's finer than Spring

LEADING PLAYER AND TWO SOLDIERS:
Service to Christ and to our

ALL: King!

Shout it out from the highest tower
Shout it out in the darkest hour
Charlemagne, you lead us on to power . . .

ALL:
The gates of heaven await
Thrown wide by Charles the great
We follow him through by serving his state

ALL:
Glory! Glory!
Glory! Glory!
Glory! Yeah!

Lyrics © Stephen Schwartz

“No Time at All”

BERTHE:
When you are as old as I, my dear
And I hope that you never are
You will woefully wonder why, my dear
Through your cataracts and catarrh
You could squander away or sequester
A drop of a precious year
For when your best days are yester
The rest’re twice as dear . . .

What good is a field on a fine summer night
If you sit all alone with the weeds?
Or a succulent pear if with each juicy bite
You spit out your teeth with the seeds?
Before it's too late stop trying to wait
For fortune and fame you're secure of
For there's one thing to be sure of, mate:
There's nothing to be sure of!

[CHORUS]
Oh, it's time to start livin'
Time to take a little from this world we're given
Time to take time, ’cause Spring will turn to Fall
In just no time at all . . .

BERTHE: [spoken, to PIPPIN] Now you sit down. And don’t say anything until I’m finished. I’ve got three more choruses to do. But you all can join in with me if you wish . . . [to audience] And that goes for all of you out there, too. But just the choruses, the verses are all mine.

[sings]
I've never wondered if I was afraid
When there was a challenge to take
I never thought about how much I weighed
When there was still one piece of cake
Maybe it's meant the hours I've spent
Feeling broken and bent and unwell
But there's still no cure more Heaven-sent
As the chance to raise some hell.

Everybody . . .

ALL: CHORUS

BERTHE: Verse!
Now when the drearies do attack
And a siege of the sads begins
I throw these regal shoulders back
And lift these noble chins

Give me a man who is handsome and strong
Someone who's stalwart and steady
Give me a night that's romantic and long
Then give me a month to get ready
Now I could waylay some aging roué
And persuade him to play in some cranny
But it's hard to believe I'm being led astray
By a man who calls me Granny

[spoken] One more time! Come on boys! And this time let’s hear it from everybody! One! Two! Three! Four!

ALL: CHORUS

BERTHE:
Come on! You ought to know it by now

ALL: CHORUS

BERTHE:
Sages tweet that age is sweet
Good deeds and good work earn you laurels
But what could make you feel more obsolete
Than being noted for your morals?

Here is a secret I never have told
Maybe you'll understand why
I believe if I refuse to grow old
I can stay young till I die
Now, I've known the fears of sixty-six years
I've had troubles and tears by the score
But the only thing I'd trade them for
Is sixty-seven more . . .

BERTHE: [Taking the last chorus for herself]
Oh, it's time to keep livin'
Time to keep takin’ from the world I’m given
You are my time, so I’ll throw off my shawl
And watching your flings be flung all over
Makes me feel young all over

[BERTHE and ALL]:
In just no time at all . . .

Lyrics © Stephen Schwartz

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"With You"

PIPPIN:
My days are brighter than morning air
Evergreen pine and autumn blue
But all my days are twice as fair
If I could share
My days with you

My nights are warmer than firecoals
Incense and stars and smoke bamboo
But nights were warm beyond compare
If I could share
My nights with you

To dance in my dreams
To shine when I need the sun
With you
To hold me when dreams are done
And oh . . .
My dearest love
If you will take my love
Then all my dreams are truly begun

And time weaves ribbons of memory
To sweeten life when youth is through
But I would need no memories there
If I could share
My life with you

"Morning Glow"

PIPPIN:
Why won't my hand stop shaking
When all the earth is still
When ancient ghosts are waking
Many steps need taking
So many plans need making
I think I will
I think I will

Morning glow, morning glow
Starts to glimmer when you know
Winds of change are set to blow
And sweep this whole land through
Morning glow is long past due

Morning glow fill the earth
Come and shine for all you're worth
We'll be present at the birth
Of old faith looking new
Morning glow is long past due

ALL:
Oh, morning glow, I'd like to help you grow

PIPPIN:
We should have started long ago

PIPPIN & ALL:
So, morning glow all day long
While we sing tomorrow's song
Never knew we could be so strong
But now it's very clear

PIPPIN:
Morning glow is almost here

Morning glow by your light
We can make the new day bright
And the phantoms of the night
Will fade into the past
Morning glow is here

PIPPIN & ALL:
At last

"Extraordinary"

PIPPIN:
Patching the roof and pitching the hay
Is not my idea of a perfect day
When you're extraordinary
You gotta do extraordinary things

I'm not the type who loses sleep
Over the size of the compost heap
When you're extraordinary
You think about extraordinary things

That's the reason I'll never be
The kind of man who dwells
On how moths got into the tapestry
Or why the dungeon smells

Oh, it's hard to feel special, it's hard to feel
big
Feeding the turtle and walking the pig
It's so secondary
To someone who is very
Extraordinary like me

Lyrics © Stephen Schwartz

If the moat won't stop leaking
And the goat won't stop shrieking
And the griffin keeps losing its hair
If the west wing is rotting
And our best wine is clotting
Well, I'm terribly sorry but I don't care

I've got to be someone who lives
All of his life in superlatives
When you're extraordinary
You gotta do extraordinary things

The fact that I'm special is easy to see
So why doesn't anybody know it but me?
I'm extraordinary
I need to to extraordinary things

Every so often a man has a day
He truly can call his
Well, here I am to seize my day
If someone would just tell me when the hell it is

Oh give me my chance, and give me my wings
And don't make me think about everyday things
They're unnecessary
To someone who is very
Extraordinary
Like me!

"Love Song"

PIPPIN:
Sitting on the floor and talking till dawn

CATHERINE: Candles and confidences

PIPPIN:
Trading old beliefs and humming old songs

CATHERINE: And lowering old defenses

PIPPIN: Singing a

BOTH:
Love song—la la la la la la la la la la
Love song—la la la la

PIPPIN:
Private little jokes and silly pet names

CATHERINE: Lavender soap and lotions

PIPPIN:
All of the clichés and all of the games

CATHERINE: And all of the strange emotions

PIPPIN: Singing a

BOTH:
Love song—la la la la la la la la la la
Love song—la la la la la

PIPPIN: They say the whole is greater

BOTH:
Than the sum of the parts it's made of

PIPPIN: Well if it's true of anything

BOTH: It's true of love

PIPPIN:
'Cause how can you define a look or a touch?

CATHERINE: How can you weigh a feeling?

PIPPIN:
Taken by themselves now they don't mean much

BOTH: Together they send you reeling

PIPPIN: Into a

BOTH:
Love song—la la la la la la la la la la
Love song—la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la

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"Finale"

LEADING PLAYER:
Think about the sun, Pippin
Think about her golden glance
How she lights the world up
Well, now it's your chance
With the guardian of splendor
Inviting you to dance
Pippin
Think about the sun
. . . . . .

LEADING PLAYER:
Think about your life, Pippin

FASTRADA:
Days are tame and nights the same

LEADING PLAYER:
Now think about the beauty

LEADING PLAYER AND FASTRADA:
In one perfect flame

And the angels of the morning
Are calling out your name

ALL: Pippin

LEADING PLAYER: Think about the

ALL: Sun
. . . . . .

ALL:
Think about your life, Pippin
Think about the dreams you planned
Think about the moment
That's so close at hand
When the power and the glory
Are there at your command
Pippin
Think about your life

Think about the sun, Pippin
Think about her golden glance
How she lights the world up
Well, now it's your chance
With the guardian of splendor
Inviting you to dance
Pippin—think about the sun

Think about your life, Pippin
Think about the dreams you planned
Think about the moment
That's so close at hand
When the power and the glory
Are there at your command

When the power and the glory
Are there at your command

When the power and the glory
Are there at your command

Pippin, think about your life

Rivers belong where they can ramble
Eagles belong where they can fly . . .

PIPPIN [spoken]: No, stop! Please don't do that to me . . . please . . .

[sings]
I'm not a river or a giant bird
That soars to the sea
And if I'm never tied to anything
I'll never be free
. . . . . .

I wanted magic shows and miracles
Mirages to touch
I wanted such a little thing from life
I wanted so much
I never came close, my love
We never came near
It never was there
I think it was here . . .

They showed me crimson, gold and lavender
A shining parade . . .
But there's no color I can have on earth
That won't finally fade . . .
When I wanted worlds to paint
And costumes to wear . . .
I think it was here
'Cause it never was there . . .

I wanted magic shows and miracles
Mirages to touch
I wanted such a little thing from life
I wanted so much

Lyrics © Stephen Schwartz