

Bock & Harnick 101: *She Loves Me* (1963)
Music by Jerry Bock • Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick
Book by Joe Masteroff

Act I

“No More Candy”

AMALIA:
We become indiscreet
Eating sweet after sweet,
Though we know very well where that may
 lead.
So this box was designed
With the two of us in mind
As the kind of reminder we need.
When you lift the lid, the music plays
Like a disapproving nod.
And it sings in your ear:
“No more candy, my dear!”
In a way, it's a little like the voice of God.

“Three Letters”

GEORG:
Dear friend:
When the day brings petty aggravations
And my poor frayed nerves are all askew,
I forget these unimportant matters
Pouring out my hopes and dreams to you.
As I sit here looking out my window,
I can see the summer disappear.
Oh, dear friend, all at once, autumn's here!

Dear friend:
With November just around the corner,
I've a feeling you may also share:
Do you feel an undertone of discord
And a sense of tension in the air?
If it weren't for your endearing letters,
I'd be flying south with all the geese!
By the way, have you read *War and Peace*?

Dear friend:
Have you set your calendar for Tuesday,
When we bring this . . .

AMALIA [reading] & GEORG [writing]:
. . . chapter to a close?
When I meet my lady of the letters
Who puts tiny faces in her O's?
In the freezing weather of December
I'll be warmly waiting for our date.

AMALIA [reading]:
Until then, count the hours--
Oh my lord, I'm late!
I'm late for work!

“Tonight At Eight”

GEORG:
I'm nervous and upset
Because this girl I've never met
I get to meet
Tonight at eight.
I'm taking her for dinner to
A charming old cafe, but who
Can eat
Tonight at eight?
It's early in the morning,
And our date is not till eight o'clock tonight,
And yet already I can see
What a nightmare this whole day will be.

I haven't slept a wink,
I only think
Of our approaching tete-a-tete,
Tonight at eight.
I feel a combination
Of depression and elation;
What a state!
To wait
Till eight!
Three more minutes, two more seconds, ten
 more hours to go!
In spite of what I've written,
She may not be very smitten,
And my hopes, perhaps,
May all collapse,
Kaput--tonight at eight.

I wish I knew exactly how I'll act
And what will happen when we dine
Tonight at eight.
I know I'll drop the silverware, but will
I spill the water or the wine
Tonight at eight?
Tonight I'll walk right up and sit right down
Beside the smartest girl in town
And then it's anybody's guess.
More and more I'm breathing less and less!

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In my imagination
I can hear our conversation
Taking shape
Tonight at eight.
I'll sit there saying absolutely nothing
Or I'll jabber like an ape
Tonight at eight!
Two more minutes, three more seconds, ten
more hours to go!
I'll know, when this is done,
If something's ended or begun,
And if it goes
All right,
Who knows?
I might
Propose
Tonight
At eight!

“I Don't Know His Name”

AMALIA:
I don't know his name or what he looks like,
But I have a much more certain guide,
I can tell exactly what he looks like inside.

When I undertook this correspondence,
Little did I know I'd grow so fond,
Little did I know our views would so
correspond.

He writes me what his feelings are,
On Shaw, Flaubert, Chopin, Renoir,
The more I read the more I find we're one in
mind and heart.
I know the kind of home we'd share,
The books, the prints, the music there,
A home, a life, that's warm and full and rich in
love and art.

I don't need to see his handsome profile,
I don't need to see his manly frame,
All I need to know is in each letter,
Each long revealing letter,
I couldn't know him better,
If I knew his name.

AMALIA [spoken]:
Oh I know him so well, Ilona. I know that he's
a very successful person, and he's terribly
well educated and he's gentle and kind and

soft-spoken. I know all this about him and so
much more. It's just that I never met him,
That's all.

ILONA (AMALIA):
If he isn't too handsome, true it doesn't
much matter,
(He writes his deepest thoughts to me)
But his personal habits are more important
than his looks,
(On Swift, Vermeer, and Debussy.)

Supposing he snores like a locomotive,
Supposing he grinds his teeth,
Supposing he's a knuckle-cracker, Amalia—
(On Maugham, Remarque, Dumas, Ducas,
Dufy, Dufay, Defoe.)
Good luck with your books!

And another small detail, that you haven't yet
mentioned,
(He thinks as I, he feels as I.)
I am speaking of sex, dear, when you and he
are all alone.
(He shares the same ideas as I.)

Come to think of it maybe you're right,
Maybe it doesn't matter at that,
Maybe I'd do much better myself with a
library card
(I'll never find a man who's so simpatico.)
And a gramophone.
(I know.)

AMALIA (ILONA):
I don't need to see his handsome profile.
(I was taken in by someone's profile.)
I don't need to see his manly frame.
(I was taken in by someone's frame.)
All I need to know is in each letter, each long
revealing letter,
(How I could have used one long revealing
letter?)
I couldn't know him better,
(I hope you do much better.)
If I knew his name.
(I knew his name.)

BOTH:
What's in a name?

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“Perspective”

SIPOS: [spoken]
I'm an idiot.
But at least I'm an idiot with a job.

[sung]
Call me fool,
That's alright with me.
Here's my rule,
Never disagree.
Where's my pride?
Swallowed long ago.
Deep inside,
Where it doesn't show.
Bowing, scraping, nodding, beaming
Always humble
Not an ounce of self respect.
Yes sir, yes sir, you're so right sir.
Black is white sir.
'Scuse me while I genuflect.
How do I remain so calm and cheerful?
How do I retain my peace of mind?
Let me just explain my rationale.
It's all in your perspective.
Listen! Listen!
To an old Hungarian's philosophy.

I am only one of
Several in a rather small parfumerie.
Which is only one of several in this city.
Which is one of many cities in this country
 which
Is only one
Of many countries
Which are on this continent
Which is only one of seven on this not so
 special planet,
Which is one of several in our solar system
Which is only one of many solar systems
In this vast, and inconceivable affair that is
 the universe
So . . .
In this infinite, incomprehensible scheme
If a dot called Maraczek should scream
At a speck called Sipos
What on Earth does it matter?

So . . .
Call me fool,
That's all right with me.

Here's my rule,
Never disagree.
Where's my pride?
Swallowed long ago.
Deep inside,
Where it doesn't show.
Just maintain a true perspective
And it's easy to avoid a clash of wills.
Just maintain a true perspective
And make sure you're well supplied with
 stomach pills.
Let me put it bluntly,
I'm a coward
With a wife and children to support.
Actually my creed is sort and simple
Five essential words, Georg:
Do not
Lose
Your job!

“Will He Like Me?”

AMALIA:
Will he like me when we meet?
Will the shy and quiet girl he's going to see
Be the girl that he's imagined me to be?
Will he like me?
Will he like the girl he sees?
If he doesn't, will he know enough to know
That there's more of me than I may always
 show?
Will he like me?
Will he know that there's a world of love
Waiting to warm him?
How I'm hoping that his eyes and ears
Won't misinform him.
Will he like me,
Who can say?
How I wish that we could meet another day.
It's absurd for me to worry so this way.
I'll try not to.
Will he like me?
He's just got to.

When I am in my room alone and I write.
Thoughts come easily, words come fluently
 then
That's how it is when I'm alone.
But tonight there's no hiding behind my
 paper and pen.

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Will he know that there's a world of love
 waiting to warm him?
How I'm hoping that his eyes and ears won't
 misinform him.
Will he like me?
I don't know.
All I know is that I'm tempted not to go.
It's insanity for me to worry so.
I'll try not to.

Will he like me?
He's just got to.
Will he like me?
Will he like me?

“I Resolve”

ILONA:
I resolve not to be so stupid,
I resolve not to play these games.
How often I've been a sitting duck for cupid,
How often I've let him shoot me down in
 flames.

I resolve not to be so trusting,
It's high time, time that I awoke.
Whatever I've got up here is up here rusting,
My feminine intuition is a joke.

I must be cousin to a cat,
I always wind up with a rat.
I'm through with momentary thrills,
I find I can't afford the bills.

I resolve,
Come what may,
I will not be this girl one more day.

I resolve not to be so brainless,
I resolve not to be so dumb.
My usual brush with love is far from painless,
And suddenly I have got to know how come.

I resolve not to blame the others,
Just because I'm an easy mark.
I wanna know why I never meet their
 mothers.
Where men are concerned I'm always in the
 dark.

I must stop thinking with my skin,
I will not be a mandolin
That someone strums and puts away,
Until he gets the urge to play.

I resolve,
Here and now,
I will be a different girl,
Somehow!

“Dear Friend”

AMALIA:
Charming, romantic, the perfect cafe.
Then as if it isn't bad enough, a violin starts
 to play
Candles and wine, tables for two,
But where are you dear friend?

Couples go past me, I see how they look.
So discreetly sympathetic when they see the
 rose and the book.
I make believe nothing is wrong,
How long can I pretend?
Please make it right, don't break my heart,
Don't let it end, dear friend.

I make believe nothing is wrong,
How long can I pretend?
Please make it right, don't break my heart
Don't let it end, dear friend.

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Act II

“Try Me”

ARPAD:

I have trained myself,
Going shelf by shelf,
And I know every item in the store—
Every tube, jar, box, bottle, carton and
container—
Where they are,
What they cost,
What they're for.

Although it's something you have never
thought about, Mr. Maraczek,
Try me.
You need a man who knows the business
inside out, Mr. Maraczek,
Try me.

You need help or I'd have never spoken,
And why break someone in
When I'm already broken?

In this emergency I wouldn't let you down,
Mr. Maraczek,
Try Me.
Oh I can see by the uncertain way you frown
that you ask yourself,
Why me?
For first class clerking and conscientious
working, Mr. Maraczek, why not,
Try me?

MR MARACZEK (as customer): All right. This
cream is sour. Very sour. Take it back.

ARPAD:

You wish to return this jar, madam,
Certainly right you are, madam,
You say it smells like a drowned cat—
It does at that.
At Maraczek's, madam, we claim with pride
the customer must be satisfied,
The customer must be satisfied.

By the way we have a special sale on
autumn heather—
Let me spray some on your hand,

Here we'll smell it together.

[spoken]:

It has the three elements of good perfume,
attractive to the nose, invisible to the eye,
and functional.

[sings]:

My wife has used it time and again,
It's very appealing to us men,
I use it myself every now and then,

MR. MARACZEK: I'll take it!

ARPAD [spoken]:

Certainly, madam. Ah, Miss Ritter, Miss Ritter

[sings]:

That's twenty and six for the autumn heather,
Eight and three for the cream,
Thirty two even for that bottle of Mermaid's
Dream,
One and three for the eyebrow pencil,
Nine for the large shampoo,
And then for the jar you're bringing back,
that's four and two for you.
That's a total of ninety eight less four and
two for the jar,
Out of a hundred.
Here's your change:
Five and two.
There you are,
The biggest sale in several years I believe,

Thank you, madam,
Please call again.
Glad I could help,
Here is my card.
Thank you, madam,
Please call again.
Do call again, madam.

I would gladly grow a mustache if you like,
Mr. Maraczek,
Try me.
And I would even think of giving up my bike,
Mr. Maraczek,
Try me.
For first class clerking and conscientious
working, Mr. Maraczek, why not
Try me?

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“Ice Cream”

AMALIA [spoken]: Dear Friend . . .

[sings]

I am so sorry about last night,
It was a nightmare in every way,
But together you and I will laugh at last night
 some day

Ice cream.
He brought me ice cream!
Vanilla ice cream!
Imagine that!
Ice cream,
And for the first time,
We were together without a spat!

Friendly,
He was so friendly,
That isn't like him;
I'm simply stunned.
Will wonders never cease?
Will wonders never cease?
It's been a most peculiar day!
Will wonders never cease?
Will wonders never cease . . . ?

[spoken] Oh, where was I?

[sings]

I am so sorry about last night,
It was a nightmare in every way,
But together you and I will laugh at last night
 some day.

I sat there waiting in that cafe
And never guessing that you were fat . . .
That you were near . . .
You were outside looking bald . . . Oh my!

Dear Friend,
I am so sorry about last night . . .

Last night
I was so nasty!
Well, he deserved it,
But even so.
That Georg is not like this Georg,
This is a new Georg that I don't know.

Somehow
It all reminds me
Of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
For right before my eyes
A man that I despise
Has turned into a man I like!
It's almost like a dream
As strange as it may seem . . .
He came to offer me
Vanilla ice cream!

“She Loves Me”

GEORG:

Well! Well! Well! Well! Well!
Well! Well! Well! Well! Well!
Will wonders never cease?
I didn't like her!
Didn't like her?
I couldn't stand her!
Couldn't stand her?
I wouldn't have her!
I never knew her,
But now I do!
And I could . . .
And I would . . .
And I know . . .

She loves me
And to my amazement
I love it knowing that she loves me.
She loves me,
True, she doesn't show it.
How could she,
When she doesn't know it?
Yesterday she loathed me, bah!
Now today she likes me, hah!
And tomorrow, tomorrow . . .
Aaaaaaah!

My teeth ache from the urge to touch her
I'm speechless for I mustn't tell her
It's wrong now, but it won't be long now
Before my love discovers
That she and I are lovers.
Imagine how surprised she's bound to be!
She loves me!
She
Loves
Me!

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I love her, isn't that a wonder?
I wonder why I didn't want her.
I want her, that's the thing that matters,
And matters are improving daily.

Yesterday I loathed her, bah!
Now today I love her, hah!
And tomorrow, tomorrow...
Aaaaaaah!

I'm tingling such delicious tingles,
I'm trembling, what the hell does that mean?
I'm freezing—that's because it's cold out.
But still I'm incandescent
And like some adolescent
I'd like to scrawl on ev'ry wall I see:
She loves me!
She
Loves
Me!

“A Trip to the Library”

ILONA [spoken]:
You've never seen such a place!
So many books, so much marble . . .
So . . . quiet.

[sings]
And suddenly all of my confidence dribbled
away with a pitiful plop,
My head was beginning to swim and my
forehead was covered in cold
perspiration.
I started to reach for a book, and my hand
automatically came to a stop.
I don't know how long I stood frozen, a
victim of panic and mortification.
Oh, how I wanted to flee
When a kindly voice, a gentle voice,
whispered, "Pardon me . . ."

And there was this dear, sweet,
Clearly respectable, thickly bespectacled
man,
Who stood by my side and quietly said to
me, "Ma'am?
Don't mean to intrude, but I was just
wondering,
Are you in need of some help?"
I said, "No . . . Yes, I am."

The next thing I know, I'm sipping hot
chocolate
And telling my troubles to Paul,
Whose tender brown eyes kept sending
compassionate looks.
A trip to the library has made a new girl of
me,
For suddenly I can see the magic of books!

I have to admit that in the back of my mind,
I was praying he wouldn't get fresh,
And all of the while I was wondering why
An illiterate girl should attract him.
Then all of a sudden, he said that I couldn't
go wrong with *The Way of all Flesh*.
Of course it's a novel, but I didn't know,
Or I certainly wouldn't have smacked him!

But he gave me a smile that I couldn't resist,
And I knew at once how much I liked
This optometrist!

You know what this dear, sweet, slightly
bespectacled gentleman said to me
next?
He said he could solve this problem of mine,
I said, "How?"
He said if I'd like, he'd willingly read to me
some of his favorite things.
I said, "When?"
He said, "Now."

His novel approach seemed highly
suspicious,
And possibly dangerous too.
I told myself, "Wait, think!"
Dare you go up to his flat?
What happens if things go wrong?
It's obvious he's quite strong.
He read to me all night long!
Now how about that?

It's hard to believe how truly domestic
And happily hopeful I feel.
I picture my Paul there, reading aloud as I
cook.
As long as he's there to read,
There's quite a good chance, indeed,
A chance that I'll never need to open a book!

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Unlike someone else,
Someone I dimly recall,
I know he'll only have eyes for me,
My optometrist,
Paul!

“Grand Knowing You”

KODALY:

It's been grand knowing you
Grand knowing you
Grand being your friend.
You've been kind, loyal, and so generous
Right down to the end.
Please don't grieve watching me leave,
That would be much too painful to stand.
It's been fun.
Now I must run.
But it's been grand, perfectly grand!

Ilona, farewell chérie, be brave.
Chin up, it's been sublime.
You mustn't waste a precious moment over
me.
You don't have time.
Just remember when you're lonely or blue,
There's a hollow in my pillow for you.

And Sipos, what can I say?
Ah, Sipos.
No tears. Be gay, you know, old friend,
I'm in your debt.
I owe you more than I can possibly repay.
I won't forget.
Give your wife a little kiss from Kodaly.
I've never met her, but I will
By and by.

Though I hate leaving you,
Hate leaving your warm intimate club.
It's a small pleasure, but I'll treasure
Each warm intimate snub.
It's been grand let me say
And let me say "Au revoir" not goodbye
For it's grand knowing you'll all be working
For your friend,
Kodaly!