PUTTING IT TOGETHER
From Stephen Sondheim and Sunday In The Park With George come these dazzling observations on the eternal conflict between art and commerce. It is interesting to compare the original lyrics to these revised by Sondheim especially for this album.

IF I LOVED YOU
In 1943, Rodgers and Hammerstein introduced a new form of musical and ballet theater in the Pulitzer Prize-winning Oklahoma. Two years later came Carousel, continuing their innovative integration of music, lyrics and dance to tell the story. It contained one of the most unique love songs: "If I Loved You."

SOMETHING'S COMING
In West Side Story, the elements of music, lyrics, dance and dialogue are fused seamlessly. All of equal importance. The naturalistic choreography of Jerome Robbins, the modern retelling of Romeo And Juliet by Arthur Laurents, the wonderfully theatrical music of composer Leonard Bernstein and a young lyricist whose first show was this, Stephen Sondheim. From the world of the ghetto and gangs and interracial violence, Bernstein and Sondheim created a score as poetic as it is muscular, as hopeful as it is dark—with songs like "Something's Coming," which sounds as fresh today as when it was written—over 28 years ago.

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND
Not enough has been said about Sondheim, the composer. Perhaps it's because he's such a great lyric writer! But his music is always surprising, elegant and uncompromising.

Barbra sings, with breathtaking purity, this deceptively simple jewel of a song from Sweeney Todd.

BEING ALIVE
Company was, in the words of Sondheim, "an attempt to do a musical that had a story but no plot, with songs used as comment and counterpoint."

As such, it was a further development of the musical form. "Being Alive," the last song in the show, is about the best and the worst of a relationship.

I HAVE DREAMED/WE KISS IN A SHADOW/SOMETHING WONDERFUL
When Barbra was recording these songs from The King And I, she said, standing at the microphone after a take: "These songs feel so good to sing." Yes. Because they are so perfectly crafted. Rodgers and Hammerstein at their best.

SEND IN THE CLOWNS
This is probably the most prominent theater song of the decade, and deservedly so. (Every writer has a list of songs he wished he'd written. This is high up on ours.)

When Barbra began working on this song, she soon discovered that her favorite part musically was the bridge. She wanted to return to it. But, as an actress, it felt odd to repeat the lyric.

Once again, she took a deep breath before asking Steve if he would write an additional lyric for the second bridge. Once again, he said yes.

As lyricists we can appreciate how difficult it is for a writer to take a fresh look at something he wrote some 12 years before. But he did, without disturbing the subtlety, the obliqueness, the magic of the song.

There was just one more thing. Approaching the song as a scene, Barbra found that for her the strongest dramatic statement with which to end was, "Don't bother—they're here." Did she dare ask Sondheim if he would consider restructuring the song with that as the last line? She took another deep breath. She took another look at the song. He agreed. You've never heard the song quite like this before.

I LOVES YOU PORGY/PORGY, I'S YOUR WOMAN NOW
(BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN)
In 1935, George and Ira Gershwin and Dubose Heyward created Porgy And Bess. A masterpiece. A synthesis of the classical European tradition and indigenous American music.

Folk music. Jazz. It was the forerunner of much of the naturalism we now know on the musical stage. It had real people singing in the operatic idiom.

Barbra has chosen what she feels are "two of the most beautiful melodies ever written." She's been wanting to sing them for years. They've been waiting for her.

PRETTY WOMEN/ THE LADIES WHO LUNCH
When Barbra heard the score from Sweeney Todd, she fell in love with "Pretty Women." She knew she had to sing it someday, but she didn't know how, as a woman, she could perform it. Not until she got the idea of "putting it together" with "The Ladies Who Lunch," from Company, as its ironic companion piece.

SOMEBODY
In West Side Story, "Someday" was sung off-stage, commenting on a ballet. Barbra envisioned this song in an electronic setting and asked David Foster to place it in a new environment: space.

There's a glimpse of infinity in it.

—from The Broadway Album liner notes
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I LOVES YOU PORGY/
PORGY, I'M YOUR WOMAN NOW
(BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN NOW)

With the exception of "Somewhere" and "Something's Coming," all music arrangements were transcribed directly from the album by Rick Walters.
PUTTING IT TOGETHER
(From Sunday in the Park with George)

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Medium Fast

Be nice, girl.

You have to pay a price, girl.

They like to give advice, girl.

Don't think about it twice, girl.

It's time to get to

Transcribed from the arrangement by Barbra Streisand and Peter Matz.
Mr. Sondheim revised the lyrics for this version of the song, which was recorded by Ms. Streisand.
work.

Art isn't easy.

Even when you're hot.

Ad

vanishing art is easy.

Financing it is not.

A vision's just a vision if it's only in your head.
If no one gets to hear it, it's as good as dead.

Fast

It has to come to life!

Bit by bit,

putting it together.
Piece by piece, the only way to make a work of art.

Every moment makes a contribution, every little detail plays a part.

Having just the vision's no solution, everything depends on execution, putting it to...
gathering, that's what counts.

Ounce by ounce, putting it to

gathering: Small amounts,

adding up to make a work of art. First of all, you
need a good foundation, Otherwise it's risky from the start. Takes a little cocktail conversation, But without the proper preparation, Having just the vision's no solution, Everything depends on execution. The
the art of making art,
is putting it together, bit by bit.
Link by link, making the con-
Drink by drink,

taking every comment as it comes.
Learning how to

play the politician like you play piano, bass and drums.

Otherwise, you'll find your composition isn't gonna
get much exhibition. Art isn’t easy.

- sy.

- ev’ry minor de-

tail is a major decision. Have to keep things in scale. Have to hold to your vision.
What's a little cocktail conversation if it gets the funds for your foundation. Every time I start to feel defensive, I remember vinyl is expensive!
Dot by dot, building up the image.
Shot by shot,

Keeping at a distance doesn't pay.
Still if you remember your objective, Not give all your privacy away.
A little bit of hype can be effective, Long as you can keep it in perspective. Even when you get some recognition Everything you do you still audition.

Art isn't easy.
Overnight you're a trend, You're the right combination, Then the trend's at an end; You're suddenly last year's sensation.

All they ever want is repeti-
-tion. All they really like is what they know. Got-ta keep a
link with your tra-di-tion, Got-ta learn to trust your in-tu-
-tion While you re-es-tab-lish your po si-tion So that you can
be on ex-hi-bit... So that your work can be on exhibition.
Be new, girl.

They tell you till they're blue, girl:

You're new or else you're through, girl.
And even if it's true, girl,

You do what you can do!

cresc.

Bit by bit, putting it together.
Piece by piece, working out the

vision night and day. All it takes is time and perseverance

With a little luck along the way. Putting in a

personal appearance, Gathering supporters and adher-
- ents. Mapping out the songs but in addition, Harmonizing

each negotiation, Balancing the part that's all music.

- cian With the part that's strictly presentation, Balancing the

money with the mission Till you have the perfect orchestra.
- tion E-v-en if you do have the sus- pi- cion That it’s tak-ing
all your con-cen-tra-tion. The art of mak-ing
art.
is put-ting it to-
geth-er Bit by bit.
Beat by beat, Part by part,
Sheet by sheet, Chart by chart,
Track by track, Reel by reel, Stack by stack,
Meal by meal, Deal by deal, Shpiel by Shnit by snit, Shout by shout, Spat by spat,
Doubt by doubt And that

Is the state of the art.

Sva

--------


IF I LOVED YOU
(From Carousel)

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Moderately (with expression)

If I loved you,
Time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know.
If I loved you.

Transcribed from the arrangement by Peter Matz, recorded by Barbra Streisand.
Words wouldn't come in an easy way, 'Round in circles I'd go.

Long in to tell you, but afraid and shy, I'd let my golden chances pass me by!

Soon you'd
leave me, off you would go in the mist of day,

Never, never to know,

How I loved you, If I loved you.
SOMETHING'S COMING
(From West Side Story)

Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Fast \( \dot{\text{q}} = 176 \)

\( \text{C} \quad \text{C/D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C/D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C/D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C/D} \quad \text{C/D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C/D} \quad \text{D} \)

\( \text{ad lib} \quad \text{dim.} \quad \text{Could}_2 \quad \text{be}_2 \quad \text{Who}_2 \quad \text{(rhythmically)} \quad \text{knows?} \quad \text{knows?} \quad \text{There's} \quad \text{something} \quad \text{due} \quad \text{just} \)
an-y day, I will know right a-way, soon as it shows.
out of reach, Down the block, on a beach, under a tree.

It may come I've got a

can-non ball-ing down through the sky,
feeling there's a mir-a-cle due,
gleam in its eye,
gon-na come true,

Bright as a rose.

Who_
Coming to me!

Refrain (with rhythmic excitement)

Could it be?__
With a click,___

Yes, it could__
With a shock.____

Something's coming,____
Something good,____

Phone will jingle,___
Door will knock,____
If I can wait.
Open the latch.

Something's coming, I don't know what it is, but it is gonna be great.
corn-ing, don’t know when but it’s soon;
catch the moon, one-handed catch.

Warmly

A-round

the corner,
or whistling down
the river
Come on,
F6    F7sus    Bb9
pp dolce

to me.

Bb

C7/Bb

Will it be?

Bb    C7/Bb

pppp

Yes, it will.

Bb    C7/Bb

May - be just by
Bb       C7/Bb       Bb       Fm7/Bb

holding still

It'll be there.

C7+5/Bb      Bb7      F6

Cresc.

Come on, something

Cresc.

Come on in. Don't be shy,

meet a guy.

Cmaj7      C6

Dim.

Pull up a chair.

Dim.
Cmaj7
Gmaj7
Gm7

p sub. (freely)

The air is

humming,

C6
Gmaj7
C7sus
C6
Gm7
Ab/C

And something great

C6
Gmaj7
Gm7

is coming.

G7
C
C/D
C
C/D
C
C/D
p marc.
Who knows?

It's only just out of reach, Down the block,

On a beach, Maybe tonight...

(ad lib. fade)
NOT WHILE I'M AROUND
(From Sweeney Todd)

Moderately slow, with rubato

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Transcribed from the recording by Barbra Streisand.
Demons are prowling everywhere nowadays.

I'll send 'em howling, I don't care... I've got ways.

No one's gonna hurt you, No one's gonna dare.

Others can desert you, Not to worry,
I don't need to, I would never hide a thing from you.

No one's gonna hurt you.

No one's gonna dare.

sift you, Not to worry. Whistle, I'll be there.
Abmaj7  Bb7/Ab  Gm7

De-mons-ill charm you with a smile For a while,

Cm  Fm7-5/B  Ebmaj7/Bb  Cm9

But in time, Nothing can harm you,

rit. mp  pslowly

Abmaj7  F7/A  Fm7/Bb

Not while I'm around.

no chord

Eb  Ab/Eb  Eb(add9)  Bb  Eb(add9)

a tempo

rit. pp
BEING ALIVE
(From Company)

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Slowly and Freely
(Sax solo)

Someone to hold you too close,

Someone to hurt you too deep,

Someone to sit in your chair
And ruin your

sleep and make you aware of being alive.

Transcribed from the arrangement by Barbra Streisand and Peter Matz, recorded by Ms. Streisand.

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Moderately fast, steady rhythm

Someone to need you too much, Someone to know you too well;
Someone to pull you up short And put you through hell and give you support

...
Mock me with praise,
Let me be used,

Var - y my days,
But a - lone

is a - lone,
Not a - live.

crescendo

Some - bod - y hold me too close,
Some - bod - y force me to
Ddim7/A  Amaj9  C#m7/F#

care,
Some-bod-y make me come through. I'll al-ways be

C#m7/D  C#m7/B  E11

there as fright-en-ed as you of be-ing a-live,
Be-ing a-

E7-9  Ebm7-5  Dm7

live,
Be-ing a-live.

Am/C  B9  Bb(add9)

Some-one you have to let in,
Someone whose feelings you spare, someone who like it or not, will want you to share a little a lot of being alive.

Make me alive, make me confused, mock me with praise,
Let me be used, vary my days.

But alone is alone, not alive.

optional Some-body crowd me with love.

Some-body force me to care, some-body let me come.
through, I'll al - ways be there as fright - ened as you

through, I'll al - ways be there as fright - ened as you To help us sur - vive.

---

Being a - live, Being a - live, Being a -

live,

Be - ing a - live!

---
I HAVE DREAMED/WE KISS IN A SHADOW/
SOMETHING WONDERFUL
(From The King and I)

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Slow and dreamy

We kiss in a

shadow

We hide from the moon

Our meetings are few and over too soon.

Transcribed from the arrangement by Bob Esty and Paul Jabara, recorded by Barbra Streisand.
I have dreamed that your arms are lovely.
I have dreamed what a joy you'll be.
I have dreamed every word you'll be.
We speak in a whisper.
When you're close,
Afraid to be heard

close to me.

Along in our secret
together we

For one smiling day to be
G#m  Bsus   E    E/D#  
free  

How you look in the glow of 

C#m7  E  
To kiss in the sunlight eve ning. I have dreamed 

E/D#  G7  
And say to the sky and enjoyed the view. In these 

cresc.
dreams I've loved you so
That by now I think I know
What it's
like to be loved
by
Be - hold and be - lieve.
Be -
love
being
loved
by
you.

Moderately

how my lov - er loves me!
He will not always say

What you would have him say, But now and then, he'll say

something wonderful. The thoughtless things he'll do

will hurt and worry you. Then all at
once, he'll do something wonderful. He has a thousand dreams that won't come true. You know that he believes in them, and that's enough for you.

You'll always go along, defend him when he's wrong.
And tell him when he's strong, He is wonderful.

He'll always need your love, And so he'll get your love.

A man who needs your love can be wonderful.
SEND IN THE CLOWNS
(From A Little Night Music)

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Slowly

Isn't it

Are we a pair?

Me here at last on the ground,
you in mid-

air...

Send in the clowns.

This arrangement includes Mr. Sondheim's revised lyrics for Barbra Streisand's recording.
Isn't it bliss?  Don't you approve?  One who keeps

a tempo poco rit. a tempo

tearing a round, one who can't move...
Where are the

clowns?  Send in the clowns.

Just when I'd

stopped prison opening doors, Who could foresee

Finally I'd come to
knowing the one that I wanted was yours,

feeling about you what you felt about me?

Making my
Why on ly

entrance again with my usual flair,

now when I see that you've drifted away?

Sure of my
What a sur-

lines, praise...

No one is there.

What a cliché...

poco rit.

Don't you love force?

Isn't it rich,

My fault, I

a tempo poco rit. a tempo
fear.
queer,

I thought that
you'd want what I want.

Losing my
timing this late.

Sorry, my ca

dear.

But where are the clowns?
And where are the clowns?

There ought to be
Quick, send in the

clowns.
Quick, send in the clowns.

What a sur-

clowns.

Don't bother, they're here.

poco rit.
a tempo

rit.
CAN'T HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN
(CAN'T HELP LOVIN' DAT MAN)
(From Showboat)

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Slowly and Freely
Bbmaj7 Gm9 Cm9 F7-9 Bbmaj7 G7

Oh listen, sister,

C9 F7 Bb Bb7

I love my mister man, And I can't tell you why...

Ebmaj9 Ebm Bb/F

There is no reason why I should love that man.

Transcribed from the arrangement by Conrad Salinger and Peter Matz, recorded by Barbra Streisand.
It must be something that the angels done planned.

Fish got to swim,

birds got to fly,

I got to love one man till I die.

Can't help lovin' that man of mine.
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow,
Tell me I'm crazy

(may-be I know)
Can't help lovin' that man of mine.
When he goes away

That's a rainy day,
But when he comes back that day is
fine, The sun will shine!
He can come home as
late as can be, Home without him ain't no home to me.
Can't help lovin' that man of mine.
PRETTY WOMEN/
(From Sweeney Todd)
THE LADIES WHO LUNCH
(From Company)

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Transcribed from the arrangement by Barbra Streisand and Peter Matz, recorded by Ms. Streisand.

Pretty women... fascinating... sipping coffee... dancing...

Pretty women... are a wonder... Pretty women!

Sitting in the window or standing on the stair,

Slowly
Fmaj9
C9+5
Fmaj9
C9+5

Fmaj9
C9+5
Fmaj9
D9sus
D7-9

Gm9
C7
Fmaj7(add #11)

Am9
Bbmaj9
Am9
Bbmaj7/ Eb
Something in them... cheers the air...

Pretty women... silhouetted... stay within you... glancing...

Stay forever... breathing lightly... Pretty women...

Pretty women! Blowing out their candles or combing out their
Bbmaj9/Eb  Bbmaj7/D  G7sus  G7  Abmaj7/Db

hair,  Even when they leave, they still are

C9  Bossa Nova  Ebmaj9  Ab6/Eb  Ebmaj9

there, They're there.

Ab6/Eb  Ebmaj9  Ab6/Eb

Sipping coffee... Here's to the ladies who lunch, Ev'rybody

Ebmaj9  Ab6/Eb  Ebmaj9

laugh. Lounging in their caf'tans and planning a
brunch  On their own be-half.

Off to the gym,

then to a fit-ting,  claim-ing they're fat,

And look-ing grim  'cause they've been sit-ting,  choos-ing a hat.

I'll drink to that.  Here's to the girls who just watch...
Bbm7/Eb  
Ebmaj9  
Bbm7/Eb

Are - n't they the best?  
When they get de - 

Ebmaj9  
Bbm7/Eb  
C7sus  
C7

pressed, it's a bot - tle of Scotch.  
Plus a lit - tle jest.

Fm9  
Cm(+7)/F  
Cm7/F

An - oth - er chance to dis - ap - prove.  
An - oth - er bril - liant

F7  
F9  
Bb11  
Bbdim  
Bb

zing-er.  
An - oth - er rea - son not to move.  
An - oth - er vod - ka sting -

cresc.
Er. I'll drink to that. And

Here's to the girls who play wife, Aren't they too much?

Keeping house, but clutching a copy of Life just to keep in touch. The ones who follow the rules.
And meet themselves at the schools—

busy to know that they're fools.

aren't they a gem?

I'll drink to them! Let's all drink to

Medium Slow

Pretty women... fascinating... How they make a
hear it for the ladies who lunch:
Ev'rybody rise!

Ev'rybody rise!
Pretty women at their mirrors, in their
gardens, on committees, telephoning, window shopping, table hopping.

Prettty women giving parties, never stopping, gossip swapping, capsule popping.
Ev'-ry bod-y rise!
Ev'-ry bod-y rise!
Ev'-ry bod-y rise!

rise,
rise,
rise,
rise,
rise!

Pret-ty wo-men, rise!
rit.

Cmaj7+5
G♭/C
I LOVES YOU PORGY/
PORGY, I'S YOUR WOMAN NOW
(Bess, You Is My Woman) (From Porgy and Bess)

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN, DUBOSE HEYWARD

Moderately and Freely

I loves you, Por-gy,
Don't let him take me,

 handle me and drive me mad.
If you can keep me, I wants to

stay here With you for-ev-er,
and I'd be glad.

I loves you,
Porgy.
Don't let him take me, Don't let him hand-ile me with his nol

hand.
If you can keep me, I wants to stay here With you for-

ever.
I got my man. Some-day, I know he's com-in'
cresc.
a little faster

back to call me, He's gon-na hand-ile me and hold me so.
It's gonna be like dyin', Porgy, deep inside me. But when he calls, I know I have to go.— Porgy.

I's your woman now, I is, I is! And I ain't ever goin' no where 'less you share the fun.
Want no wrinkle on your brow, no how, because the sorrow of the past is all done, done. My Por...

now the real happiness is just be...
There's no wrinkle on my brow, no, no,
how, and I ain't goin'!

You hear me sayin', if you ain't goin',
Ebsus/D♭  Eb/Db  Cm6  B9  B♭  
With you I'm stay-in'.  Por-

B♭/Eb  Ebm7-5 3 3 B♭  
I's your wo-

B♭/Eb  Ebm7-5  B♭6  B♭9/D  
yours for-

Eb maj9  Cm7  B♭6  B♭9/D  
summer-time and win-

Eb7  Cm7  B♭6  B♭9/D  
ter-time.
Oh, my Porgy, my man, Porgy,
Slowly

There's a place for us, somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air wait for us some where. There's a time for us.

Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM

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Someday a time for us. Time together with
time to spare, Time to learn, time to care.
Someday, somewhere We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving, somewhere.
There's a place for us, A time and place for us.

Hold my hand and we're halfway there. Hold my hand and I'll

take you there, somehow, some day, somewhere.

somewhere.
A REUNION: BARBRA AND THE BROADWAY MUSICAL — TWO OF AMERICA'S NATIONAL TREASURES.

Who says you can't go home again?
The Broadway musical stage is where Barbra Streisand began, in I Can Get It For You Wholesale and Funny Girl. It is where her roots are. Where she is at home. Singing some of the greatest songs ever written. Songs which, like scenes, grow out of the time, a place, a character. Songs of quality which give her a chance to perform — to use her intelligence, her wit, her passion, her instrument. All the aspects of her protean talent.

Because of the demands of the modern integrated musical, the theater must often choose between the actor who sings and the singer who acts. Here there is no need to compromise, for we have Barbra: the consummate singer and the consummate actress. Here the singer and the song are worthy of each other.

They are the best.

— Alan & Marilyn Bergman

SOMEBODY

SOMETHING'S COMING

IF I LOVED YOU

CAN'T HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN

BEING ALIVE

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

PRETTY WOMEN/
THE LADIES' WHO LUNCH

I HAVE DREAMED/WE KISS IN A SHADOW/
SOMETHING WONDERFUL

PUTTING IT TOGETHER

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

I LOVES YOU PORGY/
PORGY, I'S YOUR WOMAN NOW
(BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN NOW)