THE WIZARD OF OZ
Vocal Selections

Lyrics by
E. Y. HARBURG
Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

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OVER THE RAINBOW

Lyric by
E.Y. HARBURG

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Featured in the M-G-M Picture "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

Alice's Collection

Moderately (Not fast)

When all the world is a hope-less jum-ble and the rain-drops tum-ble all a-round,

Heav-en o-pens a mag-i-c lane.

When all the clouds dark-en up the sky-way, there's a rain-bow high-way to be found,

*Dorothy — Judy Garland
Leading from your window pane. To a place behind the sun,
Just a step beyond the rain.

Chorus, Moderately (Not fast)

Somewhere O-ver The Rain-bow way up high,

There's a land that I heard of once in a lull-a-by,
Somewhere Over the Rainbow skies are blue,
And the

dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Some day I'll wish upon a star and

wake up where the clouds are far behind me,

Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away,

away, above the chimney tops that's where you'll find me.

Somewhere
Gm  Eb7  Ab  Abmaj7  Ab7  Gm7  Eb  Gm7  Edim  Ab6  Abm6

Over The Rainbow blue-birds fly, Birds fly

Eb  C9  F7  Fm  Bb7  1. Eb  Bb9  Bb9  2. Eb

Over The Rainbow, why then, oh why can't I?

Guitar Tælt

If

Eb  Fm7  Bb7  Eb6

happy little blue-birds fly beyond the rainbow, why oh why can't I?
DING-DONG! THE WITCH IS DEAD

Lyric by E.Y. HARBURG

Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Moderately

\[ \text{Moderately} \]

\[ \text{p staccato} \]

Once there was a wicked witch in the lovely land of Oz,
And a wicked-er, wicked-er,

\[ \text{p staccato} \]

\[ \text{simile} \]

wicked-er witch there never, never was.
She filled the folks in Munchkinland with

\[ \text{Gm} \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

terror and with dread,
Till one fine day from Kansas way a cyclone caught a

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house that brought the wicked, wicked witch her doom as she was flying on her broom.

For the house fell on her head and the coroner pronounced her dead,

And thru the town the joyous news was spread.
Ding-Dong, The Witch Is Dead! Which old witch? the wicked witch.

Ding-dong, the wicked witch is dead. Wake up, you sleepy head, rub your eyes, get out of bed. Wake up, the wicked witch is dead! She's gone where the goblins go be-
low, be-low, be-low, yoh-oh let's open up and sing, and

ring the bells out: Ding-Dong! the merry-o sing it high,

sing it low, Let them know the wicked witch is dead.
The Jitterbug

Lyric by
E.Y. Harburg

Music by
Harold Arlen

Sung by Scarecrow, Tin Woodman, Cowardly Lion and Dorothy*

Featured in the M-G-M Picture "THE WIZARD OF OZ"

Alice's Collection

Moderately

Listen all you chill un

to that voodoo moan,

mysteriously

There's a modern vill un

worse than that old boogie woogie,

When that goofy critter spots your fancy clothes,

*Scarecrow — Ray Bolger, Tin Woodman — Jack Haley,
Cowardly Lion — Bert Lahr, Dorothy — Judy Garland.

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8276
He injects a jitter, starts you dancing on a thousand toes.

There he goes.

Chorus, Moderately (with a swing)

Who's that hiding in the tree top? It's that ras-

---

cal. The Jitterbug. Should you catch him...
buzzing 'round you, Keep away from The

Jitter-bug, Oh! the bees in the breeze and the bats in the trees have a

terrible, horrible buzz, But the bees in the breeze and the

bats in the trees couldn't do what The Jitter-bug does; So be care-
Oh! The Jitterbug, Bug-a-bug, bug-a-bug, bug-a-boo.

In a twitter, in the throes, Oh the critter's

Got me dancing on a thousand toes, Thar' she blows.

D.S.al Fine

Who's that hiding

D.S.al Fine
WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD
(THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ)

Lyric by
E.Y. HARBURG

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Sung by Dorothy, Tin Woodman, Scarecrow and Cowardly Lion

Alice's Collection

Follow the yellow brick road,
Follow the yellow brick road,

Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow the yellow brick road.
Follow the rainbow over the stream,
Follow the fellow who follows a dream,

Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow the yellow brick road. We're

Chorus, Marcia Moderato

Off To See The Wizard,
The wonderful Wizard of Oz. We

hear he is a Whiz of a Wiz if ever a Wiz there was. If

ever, oh ever a Wiz there was, The Wizard of Oz is one be-coz, be-
THE MERRY OLD LAND OF OZ

Lyric by E.Y. HARBURG

Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Alice's Collection

There's a garden spot, I'm told, where it's never too hot and it's
never too cold; Where you're never too young and you're never too old, Where you're
never too thin or tall. And you're never, never, never too,

*Wizard of Oz — Frank Morgan

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too, too anything at all.
Oh! you're not too mad and you're not too sane And you don't compare and you don't complain, All you do is just sit tight, 'cause it's all so, so, so downright, right.
Chorus, Moderately con-Spirito

Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! and a couple of trala-las,
That's how we laugh the day away,
In The Merry Old Land Of Oz.

'Bzzz-bzzz-bzzz Chirp, chirp, chirp, and a couple of la-de-das.
That's how the crickets crick all day,
In The Merry Old Land Of Oz.
We get
up at twelve and start to work at one, Take an

hour for lunch and then at two we're done, jolly good fun

Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! and a couple of tra la las, That's how we laugh the
day away, In The Merry Old Land Of Oz.
-ravel every riddle for any individual in trouble or in pain
tender, I'd be gentle and awful sentimental regarding love and art
-fraid there's no denying I'm just a dandy lion, A fate I don't deserve

With the thoughts I'd be thinking I could be another Lincoln, If I
I'd be friends with the sparrows and the boy that shoots the arrows, If I
But I could show my prowess, be a lion, not a mowess, If I

Only Had a Brain.
Oh, I could tell you why

Only Had a Heart.
Picture me a balcony a-

Only Had The Nerve, loco
Oh, I'd be in my stride, a

cease near the shore, I could think of things I nev - er thunke
bove a voice sings low, Wherefore art thou, Ro - me -
king down to the core, Oh, I'd roar the way I nev er roared be-
-fore, and then I'd sit and think some more I would -o" I hear a beat. How sweet! Just to -fore, And then I'd rrrrwoof, and roar some more. I would

not be just a nuff-in' my head all full of stuff-in' my heart all full of pain reg-is-ter e-mo-tion. "jeal-ous-y," "De-vo-tion" and real-ly feel the part show the di-no-sau-rus, who's king a-round the for-resh a king they bet-ter serve.

And per-haps I'd de-serve you and be ev-en worth-ier evry you If I I would stay young and chipper and I'd lock it with a zip-per If I Why with my re-gal bee-zer I could be an-oth-er Caes-ar If I

1. F Bb F Gm7 Bbm6 C7

Only Had A Brain...

I could Only Had A Brain...

On-ly Had A Heart...

Whena Only Had A Heart...

On-ly Had The Nerve...

Life is Only Had The Nerve...
Moderately

Come out, come out wherever you are and meet the young lady who fell from a star.

fell from the sky, She fell very far and Kansas she says is the name of the
star. Kansas she says is the name of the star.

She brings you good news or haven't you heard? When she fell out of

Kansas a miracle occurred.

(Spoken) It really was no miracle, what happened was just this. The wind began to
switch, the house to pitch, and suddenly the hinges started
to unhitch. Just then the witch, to satisfy an
itch went flying on her broomstick thumbing for a hitch. And oh, what
hap-pen'd then was rich.
The house began to pitch, the
kitchen took a slitch, it landed on the wicked witch in the middle of a
ditch. Which was not a healthy situation for a wicked

witch. The witch who began to twitch and was reduced to just a

stitch of what was once the wicked witch.
LULLABY LEAGUE AND LOLLYPOP GUILD

Lyric by
E.Y. HARBURG

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Moderately

We represent the Lullaby League, the
We represent the Lullaby League, the

Lullaby League, and in the name of the Lullaby League, we wish to welcome you to
Lullaby League, and in the name of the Lullaby League, we wish to welcome you to

Munchkin-land. We Munchkin-land.
Munchkin-land. We welcome you to

Munchkin-land Tra la la la la, Trala la, Trala la,

Tra la la la la la la la.
From now on you'll be his to ry, you'll be hist, you'll be hist, you'll be his to ry. And we will glo ri fy your name,
you'll be a bust, be a bust, be a bust, in the Hall Of Fame.

Tra la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la la.
IF I WERE KING OF THE FOREST
Lyric by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

If I Were King of the Forest - not queen, not duke, not prince.
My regal robes of the forest - would be
sat-in, not cot-ton, not chintz.
I'd com-mand each thing, be it fish or fowl, with a

woof and a woof, and a roy-al growl. As I'd click my heel all the trees would kneel and the

mountains bow and the bulls kow-tow and the spar-rows would take wing

were king.
OPPOMISTIC VOICES

Lyric by
E.Y. HARBURG

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN and
HERBERT STOTHART

Moderately bright

C C dim G m7 C9 F

You're out of the woods, you're out of the dark, you're out of the night,

Step into the sun, step into the light,

Keep straight ahead

Fm C C dim D m7 G 7 D m7

for the most glorious place on the face of the earth or the

G 7 sus G 7 C C dim D m7

sky.

Hold on to your breath, hold on to your heart, hold on to your

G 7 sus G 7 C C dim G 7 C

hope,

March up to that gate and bid it open.
DING-DONG! THE WITCH IS DEAD

IF I ONLY HAD A BRAIN

IF I WERE KING OF THE FOREST

THE JITTERBUG

LULLABY LEAGUE AND LOLLYPOP GUILD

THE MERRY OLD LAND OF OZ

MUNCHKINLAND

OPTIMISTIC VOICES

OVER THE RAINBOW

WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD