

(She cries)

(The scene changes to the street outside Higgins' house.)

13 *molto appassionato* *Segue*

(+W.W., Hns., Trbn. II.)

Reprise: On The Street Where You Live

No. 20 A

Moderato (17) - (33)

FREDDY: (on the steps)

1. I have of-ten walked down this street be-fore; — But the pave-ment al-ways
2. (Str.) li-lac trees — in the heart of town? — Can you hear a lark in

Piano *p subito, con tenderezza*
(+Hns., W.W., Hp.)

25 - 41

stayed be-neath my feet be-fore. — All at once am I — sev'-ral sto-ries high,
an - y oth - er part of town? — Does en-chant-ment pour — out of ev'-ry door?

1. Know-ing I'm on the street where you live. — 2. Are there
— No, it's just on the street where you live. —

(Str.)
(W.W. cresc. Hns sust.)
(+Br.)

4 And

cresc.

know

3 ver - pow - er -

pear.
(Ob.)

And oh, the tow - er - ing feel - ing Just to

cresc. *mf* (Brass sust.)

know some-how you are near! The o -

(Cello, Bsn.) (Str., W.W.) (Br., Hns. out to end)

ver - pow - er - ing feel - ing That an - y sec - ond you may sud - den - ly ap -

pear. Peo - ple stop and stare. They don't....

(Ob.) *p* (Str.) (Cello)

Darling! ELIZA: What are you doing here? FREDDY: Nothing. I spend most of my time here. Oh, don't

pp (+Hp. arpeggios)

laugh at me, Miss Doolittle, but this is the only place... ELIZA: Freddy, you don't think I'm a heartless

73 (Fl.)

guttersnipe, do you? FREDDY: Oh, no, darling. How could you imagine such a thing? You know how I feel. I've

(+Fl.)

written you two and three times a day telling you. Sheets and sheets. Eliza,—

79 Poco moderato (Str., Cls.) (Hp.)

No. 20 B

Show Me

Andantino

FREDDY:

Speak and the world is full of sing - ing, — And I am

(Ob. colla voce)

Piano

mf (Str., W.W.)

mf (Str., W.W.)

wing - ing high

(+Fl.)

(+Fl.)

crum - ble, —

Subito agitato

ELIZA:

Words! Words!

(Hns., W.W.) mf (Trpts. muted) (Str. trem.) (+Timp.)

92

Molto vivace

words all day th

(w.w.)

(+Hp.)

Eliza and Freddie: Part 1

Eliza: Drank! My word! Something chronic. Here! What are you sniggering at?

Freddy: The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

Eliza: If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? Have I said anything I oughtn't?

Mrs. Higgins: Not at all my dear.

Eliza: Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. What I always say is...

Freddy: I have a bet on number seven. I should be so hapy if you would take it. You'll enjoy the race ever so much more.

Eliza: That's very kind of you.

Freddy: His name is Dover.

Eliza: Come on, come on, Dover....

Come on, come on, Dover...

Come on Dover!!! Move your Bloomin' arse!!!

Freddy and Mrs. Pearce Part 2 (Freddy)

Mrs. Pearce: Yes, sir?

Freddy: Is Miss Doolittle at home?

Mrs. Pearce: Whom shall I say is calling?

Freddy: Freddy Eynsford-Hill. If she doesn't remember me, tell her I'm the chap that was sniggering at her.

Mrs. Pearce: Yes, sir.

Freddy: And would you give her these? (a flower bouquet).

Mrs. Pearce: Yes, sir.

Freddy: You needn't rush. I want to drink in this street where she lives.

Mrs. Pearce: Yes, sir.

Mrs. Pearce: Mr. Eynsford-Hill?

Freddy: Yes.

Mrs. Pearce: I'm terribly sorry. Miss Doolittle says she doesn't want to see anyone ever again.

Freddy: But why? She was magnificent!

Mrs. Pearce: Magnificent? Do you have the right address sir?

Freddy: Of course. Tell her I'll wait.

Mrs. Pearce: But it might be days, sir. Even weeks.

Freddy: Don't you see? I'll be happier here.