

4

War Is a Science

Vamp

Rubato

CHARLES:

War is a sci - ence, which a gen - er - al must use, with strat - a - gems and strat - e - gies, sta -

- tis - ti cal a - nal - y - ses to know how man - y sol - diers he's pre - pared to

Mod. slow tempo—marcato 4 **Safety**

CHARLES: Now, gentlemen, this is the plan for tomorrow's skirmish. The lose.

ar-my of the en-e-my is sta-tioned on the hill, so we've got to draw them down here where they're ea-si-er to kill. So

you in the ra-vine (that's this ar-e-a in green) will move a-cross the plain where you plain-ly can be seen,

then the en - e - my (in blue) will un - doubt - ed - ly pur - sue, and we'll

CHARLES: Kill the blues! Kill the blues! Kill the blues! Victory!

hope to keep your los - ses to com - par - a - tive - ly few. And

Slower in 8

SOLDIERS: **CHARLES:** **PIPPIN:**

then, and then, and gen - tle - men, and then... And then the

In 4, Quasi "March of Time"

men go march-ing out in-to the fray, con-quer-ing the en - e-my and car-ry-ing the day.

CUT (as PIPPIN realizes he's singing alone) then jump to m.33

Hark! The blood is pound-ing in our ears. Ju-bil-a-tions! We can hear a grate-ful na-tion's

Slower (but a little faster than verse 1)

A

35 gen-er-al ac-cepts that war is hell or e-ven worse. He must 36 nev-er be too cau-tious or cas-ual-ty a-verse. I'm

37 cer-tain the ma-jor-i-ty of blood that you will spat-ter-'ll be theirs, with just a min-i-mum of dam-age that's col-lat-er-al.

39 But 40 we know for suc-cess we must al-ways pay a price, that's

41 why for MY suc-cess, YOU must sac-ri-fice! 42 And

rit. SOLDIERS: CHARLES: *molto rit.* PIPPIN:
43 then, and then and 44 gen-tle-men, and then... And then the

CUT ON CUE
(as CHARLES trips PIPPIN)
45 In 4, Quasi "March of Time"
45 men go march-ing 46 out in-to the fray, 47 con-quer-ing the 48 PIPPIN: I'm sorry, Father.
CHARLES: I don't want to hear it. Because now time is short and I've got to speed the whole damn thing up. (GO)

49 **Faster** CHARLES:
49 Now

51 lis-ten to me men, as I en-deav-or to ex-plain what 52 sep-ar-ates a char-la-tan from a Char-le-magne. A

53 rule that's known to gen-er-als, il-lus-tri-ous and var-i-ous, though 54 pom-pous as a Pom-pey or dar-ing as a Dar-i-us.

55 A 56 lit-tle rule that ev'-ry lead-er knows by heart: It's

57 smar-ter to be luck-y than it's luck-y to be 58 smart. And

CHARLES:
Now ...
Pippin ...
now!
molto rit. **Soft shoe 4**
SOLDIERS:
then... And then... And gen-tle-men, and then... And then the
61 And then... And then... 62 63

64

men go march - ing out in - to the fray, con - quer - ing the en - e - my and

SOLDIERS:

64 And then the men go 65 march - ing out in - to the 66 fray, con - quer - ing the

car - ry - ing the day. Hark! The blood is pound - ing in our ears. Ju - bil.

67 en - e - my and car - ry - ing the day. 68 Hark! The blood is pound - ing in our ears. 69 Ju - bil.

- a - tions! We can hear a grate - ful na - tion's cheers!

70 - a - tions! We can hear a grate - ful na - tion's 71 72 73 74 cheers!

2

75-76

#4 - War Is a Science

Glory

5

Vamp - jump on cue, out on any beat

2

1-2

3

4

LEADING PLAYER:

Bat - tles, bar - bar - ous and blood - y...

5

Moderate Jazz 4

3

5-7

8

rall.

Much Slower

LEADING PLAYER:

9

10

11

12

Tpo I°

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!

13

straight 8ths

13

14

15

16

Praise be to Charles our lord. Tri - um - phant is his sword.

17

18

19

rall.

Much Slower

Al - le - giance is his word. Glo - ry!

20

21

22

ad lib.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!

#5 - Glory

5c

Victory Underscore

CHARLES: We've won! (GO)

Vamp

LEWIS: I killed at least forty of them myself, Father.
CHARLES: Yes, Lewis, both you and Pippin did very well. Well, now it's time to rape and sack. Oh yes, it's required. And singing is essential (GO) to victory.

SOLDIERS: 3
And then the men go march - ing

SOLDIERS:
2 3 And then the men go

Swing 8ths

CHARLES (cont'd): Pippin, you're not joining in! Fall to, men.

out in-to the fray, con - quer-ing the en - e - my and car - ry-ing the day.

4 march - ing out in-to the 5 fray, con - quer-ing the 6 en - e - my and car - ry-ing the

CHARLES (cont'd): We must give thanks to God for granting us this glorious victory.

Hark! The blood is pound - ing in our ears.

7 day. Hark! The blood is 8 pound - ing in our ears.

2 9-10

Vamp—cut on cue

13 8 21 8 21-28

5d

Corner of the Sky - Reprise

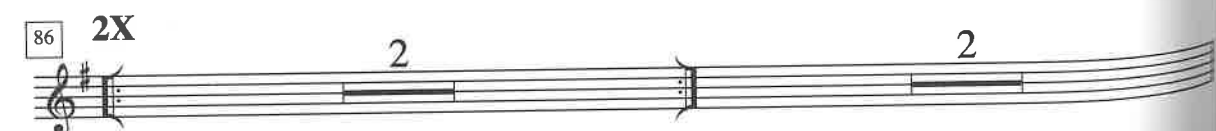
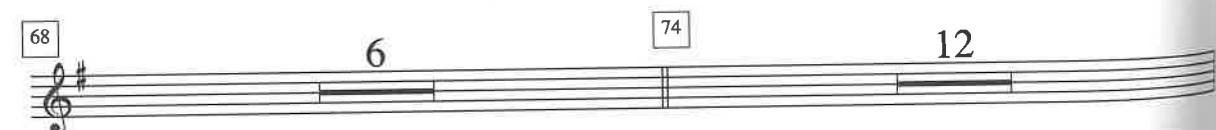
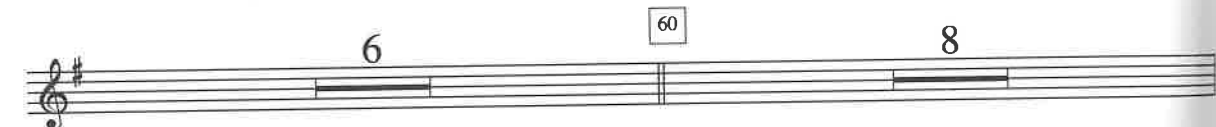
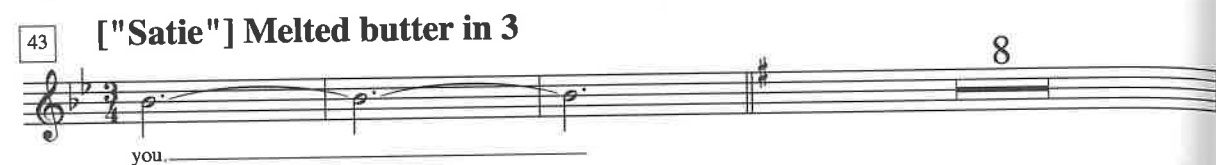
PIPPIN: Sorry, father. You'll have to get used to victory celebrations without me. I thought there'd be more plumes... (GO)

Lento rubato 2

PIPPIN:
1-2 3 Ea - gles be - long— where they can

4 fly. 5 I've got to be where my 6 spi - rit can— run free...

Segue



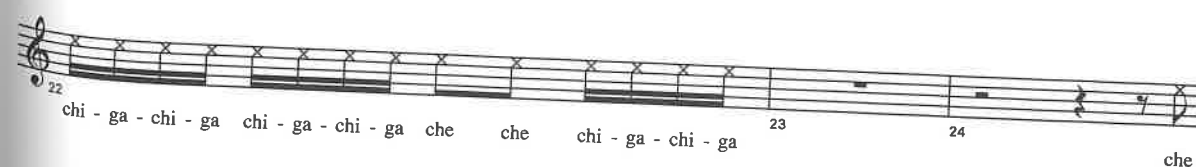
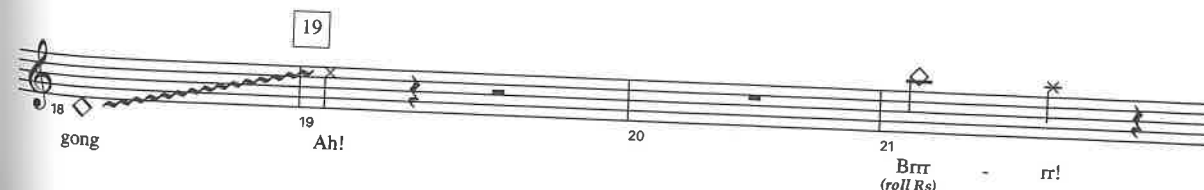
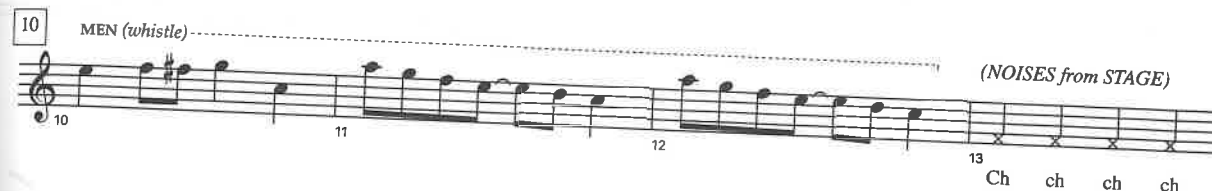
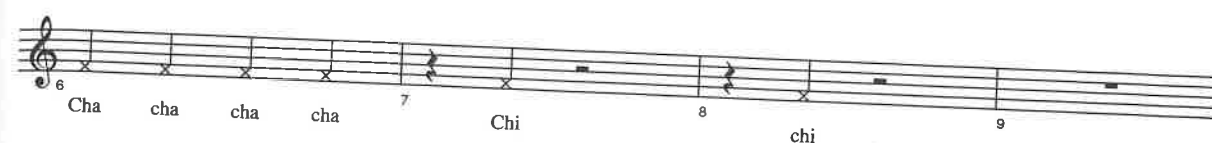
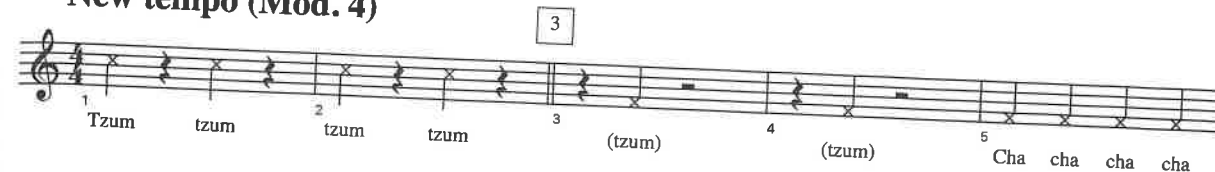
With You - Part 2

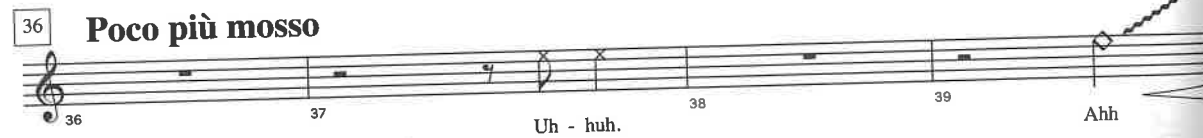
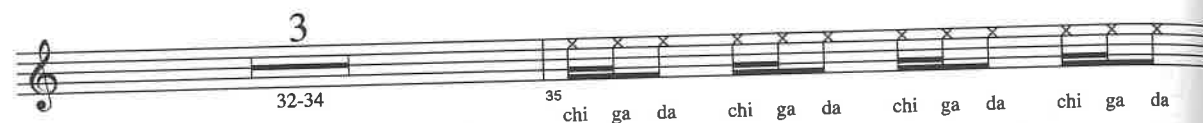
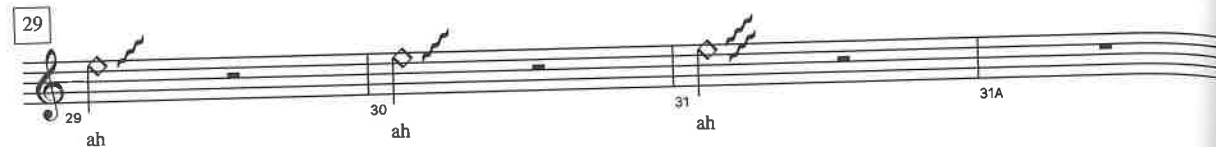
8a

Segue from Part 1

PIPPIN: I found it. (GO)

New tempo (Mod. 4)





Segue

With You - Part 3

8b

TACET

rall.

WOMEN: And if we

MEN: And if we

211 212

213 *a tempo*

FASTRADA: all could spread a lit - tle sun - shine,

213 214 215 216

WOMEN: all could we

MEN: all could lend a help - ing hand, we

217 218 219 220

FASTRADA: all would be a lit - tle clos - er...

221 222 223 224

225 **Rock 4 - faster**

3

225-227 228

ALL: To the prom - ised

229

land.

3

230-232

233

FASTRADA:

233 234 235 236

Doo doo do do doo do doo do do Doo doo doo doo do do do do do

4

237-240

3

242-244



poco rall.



3 WOMEN:

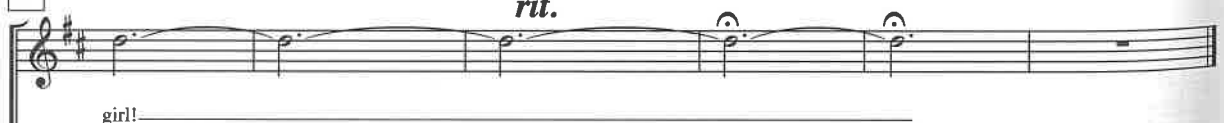


Freely



A Tempo (shade faster than original tempo)

rit.



Theo's Cue

13a

TACET

15

Prayer for a Duck

WARN: This is a very sick duck.

PIPPIN: Oh, Theo, wait a minute. Come here. Come and kneel down here next to me. (GO as he reaches into the box to pick up the duck)

CATHERINE: It was like a painting.
Man and boy and duck at prayer. (GO)

Vamp **PIPPIN:**

His breath has ebbed, his pulse is low.

His feet are webbed, but even so, you must know, that al-

though our tears are poised to burst, we've kept our faith warm through the worst. We

have - n't cursed our luck or... run a - mok. To prayer we've...

stuck. Please re - ward our... pluck

THEO:
Pluck?

PIPPIN & THEO: **In 4**

and save this duck. Mmm

CATHERINE: They prayed all day. And then, just after sunset (OUT) the duck died.

15a

That's Not a Duck, Dumbass

TACET