Nine

Lyrics and Music by
Maury Yeston

THE INTERNATIONAL SENSATION
Winner of 5 Tony Awards
including
Best Musical and Best Score
NINE
Lyrics and Music by Maury Yeston

Edited by Milton Chin
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Guido's Song

With humor \(\text{\( \times \)} = 120\)

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| Cadd2/E                   | C                | D7/F♯            | D7            |
|---------------------------|------------------|------------------|
|                           |                  |                  |

| C/G                       | Dm7 b5/G♯        | G/A              | A7            |
|----------------------------|------------------|------------------|
|                            |                  |                  |

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problem, especially when my body's clearing forty as my mind is nearing ten. I can hardly stay up, and I can't get to sleep, and I don't want to wake tomorrow morning at the bottom of some heap. But why
take it so seriously? After all, there's nothing at stake here, only me! I want to be young, and I want to be old. I would like to be wise before my time, and yet be foolish and brash and bold. I would like the
universal to get down on its knees and say "Guido, whatever you please, it's o-

even if it's impossible, we'll arrange it..."

That's all that I want.

I am lusting for
a tempo

more.

Should I settle for less?

I ask you,

what’s a good thing for if not for taking it to excess? One limitation

dearly regret: there’s only one of

me I’ve ever met.

I would like to
Meno mosso

F/G
Dm/G
Dm7/G

have another me to travel along with myself. I would even

\[\text{\textit{rit.}}\]

G7sus4
G7

like to be able to sing a duet with myself. I would like to be

\[\text{\textit{rit.}}\]

a tempo
Cadd2/E
C
D7/F#
D7

here (sing along with myself in a song) to be there (walking down a lane now,

\[\text{\textit{a tempo}}\]

C/G
Dm7-5/G#
G/A
A7

everywhere) everywhere (everywhere, that's a contradiction in terms) I want to be
here (with a counter) here (melody in the) here (top of the morning to you,

Guido) Guido (Guido) Guido (Guido) Guido

(Me) Me (Me) I want to be Proust! or the Marquis de

Sade. I would like to be Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, but not
have to believe in God, and you know I mean it... with all of my heart, it's the end if something important doesn't start... I want to be young, but I have to be old. What I want is a tale of sound and fury that some
I would like the universe to get down on its knees and say

Guido, whatever you please, it's okay even if it's ridiculous, we'll ar-

range it..." SO-AR-RANGE IT!

That's all that I want.
A Call From The Vatican

Swing, with a steady beat (J-84)

A7/D G7

Who's not wearing any clothes? I'm not!

C G7/F5

C7 A7 G7

My darling, who's afraid to kiss your toes? I'm not!

C7

A7 Dm A7/E

Your mamma dear is blowing into your ear, so
Dm  j  j  B7
you'll get it loud and clear. I need you to squeeze me

E9  Bb7  A7  Ab7
here, and here and here...

G7  C7  G7#5
Cootchie cootchie cootchie coo, I've got

C7  Ab7  A7
a plan for what I'm gonna do to you,
so hot you're gonna steam, and

scream, and vibrate like a string I'm plucking,

kiss your fevered little brow, pinch your cheeks till you say

"ow," and I can hardly wait to show you how...
Guido, who won't care if you come to me tired and

over-worked? I won't! Bambino, who knows a therapy to

beat what you can get from me? I don't! But this will

have to be enough for now... Guido... ciao.
My Husband Makes Movies

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actions aren't always what they seem.
He may be working on the film on ancient Rome,

on to some unique romantic theme.
slave girls take the glad i a tors home!

Some men catch fish,
Some men buy stocks,
some men tie flies,
some men punch clocks,

some earn their living baking bread.
some leap where others fear to tread.

My
My
hus - band, he goes a lit - tle cra - zy, makes up
hus - band, as au - thor and di - rec - tor, makes up

mov - ies in - stead. My

sto - ries in his head.

rit.

G7(no3)/D G7/B Cmadd2/Eb
'tress with dreams and a life of her own.  Passionate, wild, and in love in Livorno,
singing with Guido all night on the phone long ago, someone else a-
go.  How he needs me so, and he'll be tho

last to know it. My husband makes movies. To
Fm9  Bb7sus4  Bb7  Ebadd2  Ebadd2/D
make them, he makes himself obsessed. He works for

Dm7b5  G7  Cmadd2  Cmadd2/Bb
weeks on end without a bit of rest. No other

Fm7  Bb7sus4  Bb7  Ebadd2  G7/B
way can he achieve his level best.

Cmadd2/Db  G7(no3)/D  G7/B  Cmadd2/Db  G7(no3)/D  G7/B
Some men read books, some shine their shoes,
some retire early when they've seen the evening news. My
husband only rarely comes to bed. My
husband makes movies instead. My

Slower (J=68)
husband makes movies.
Folies Bergères

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Freely
With sparkle (J-120)

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spend aux Folies Bergère
relle des Folies Bergère
res,

not a soul in the world could be in despair,
to your modern ideas, I simply compare

when he is glancing
one derrière

Cmaj7b5
G/D
at the fabulous stage des Folies Bergères.

Think of the foot-lights bright and gleaming, le strip-tease, le can - can we all a -

dore.

Life is too short without dreaming and

dreams are what le cinéna is for.
at the Fo-lies Ber-gères.

The an-sw-er to

what you are af-ter,

the mu-sic, the lights and the

laugh-ter

of the Fo-lies

Ber-gères!
Only With You

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Free and easy (♩= 100)

E♭ Eb/G B♭/sus4 B♭7 mp

B♭/sus4 B♭7

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Open inside, and with nothing to hide from your view.
Utterly changed, I'm at each prearranged rendezvous.

Seems long ago I was desired, I was desired,
Lured by the fire of your end, tined to know, and the moment I saw you I knew,
Less desire, I still wonder the way that it grew,

I could be totally happy with no one but
Never exclusive it comes from exclusively
Send me a love that will mend me with love, I am desperate for you, giving you chase like some goddess of grace I pursue.
Blind by need, I will follow your lead monkey see,

monkey say, monkey do... Taken for granted, completely

ly enchanted by you. Small

wonder it seems that my life’s made of dreams and of wish...
Cm  Cm/B♭  F7  rit.

es that nev - er come true.

E♭/G  A♭  Fm7  Fm7/B♭

would-n't be lone - ly if I could be on - ly

a tempo

A♭maj7  B♭7sus4  rit.

with you, and

Show lyric: and

with

A♭
Be Italian

With spirit (J-100)

Fm C7 Fm C7

You

Fm D D D D D

never say "I love you," it's too English, don't love like the

Boys:

And Not the in
gle -
si.


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never say "Je t'aime," it's too pretty, it's good for the fran-

ce si.

For the france si.

Dutch they say "Ik liebe," they can keep it with all the hol-

lan-
But now I teach you three words, you will learn them and

drive your women crazy—
"Ti voglio bene" you will say, it means I want you every day "Ti voglio bene."

"Ti voglio bene" you will
learn means every night for you I burn "Ti voglio bene."

Now when you grow to be a man you follow Saraghi na's
Broadly

In Tempo

C7

plan: “Ti voglio bene.”

“Ti voglio bene.

Remember how I taught you

first these words of love that we rehearsed: “Ti voglio
In Tempo

F

be - ne.

But

Ti vo - glio be - ne.

parlando

Bm7♭5  E7  Am  Am/G

love is more than speak - ing, when your speak - ing is all through come

mp  col. voce

Bm7♭5/D  B7/D♯  E7

here a lit - tle clos - er, I will tell you what to do...
Pesante (J=72)

Am E7sus4 E7sus4

Am E7sus4

Am E7 Am

tal-ian, be I-tal-ian, take a

Am Am A7/C$

chance and try to steal a fier-y kiss.

Be I-
tal - ian,
you
rap - scal - lion,
when you

E7 rit.
a tempo Am

rit.
hold me
don't just
hold me but hold
this!

rit.
a tempo f
rit.

a tempo

Please be
gen - tle,
sen - ti - men - tal,
go a-

E7
Am

E7
Am
E7

p

E7
Am

Am

A7/C#
Darling, and uncaring, when you pinch me try to pinch me where there's fat! Be a singer!

Be a lover! Be a lover!

Be a lover!
Em
flow-er now be-fore the chance is past.
Be I-

Am
tal-ian, you rap-scal-lion!
Live to-

Em
Be I-tal-ian, you rap-scal-lion!

rit. B7
day as if it may be-come your last!

Em
Er's love, take a towel and dry your little head.

Time to come out in the air,
sleepy pup in your mother's arms,

plant a kiss on your lips and put you to bed.
Am  Am/G  D7/F#  G7sus4  G7
new world, time to leave early dreams and live them in

C7sus4  F  stead.
Nine, Guido.

F/E  D7sus4  D7  D7sus4  D7
Nine months of the year to make you appear.

G  D7/F#  Em7  C#m7b5  F#7  Bm7  E7
Nin in a family of nine ninth grandchild,
ninth son. Ninth, but number one!

Time to come out of your egg.

Ninth son. Ninth, but number one!

Time to come out of your egg.

crack it open and show your face.

crack it open and show your face.
Don't conceal what you feel, let it shine:

C/E rit. C G7/D F♯7 C/G D7/G

that you'd like to be all

G7sus4 rit. C rit.

ways nine.
The Bells Of Saint Sebastian

Lyrics and Music by Maury Yeston

Stately (♩=84)

Asus4 A7sus4 Dmadd2/A A7sus4

Guido:

I re-

mem-ber St. Se-bas-ti-an with a mem-ry most un-kind.

Asus4 A7sus4 Dmadd2/A A7sus4 Dmadd2/A

I can

hear the bells— I heard when I went— there.

Asus4 A7sus4/G

Dmadd2/F

Inside the church,
inside my mind.

of St. Sebastian only ring once in your ears.

you're very young when you hear them, their sound can last a hundred years.

Guido and Chorus: But the
Guido and Chorus: the ring

Chorus: But the mu

sic of the ring-

ing-

E♭add5/G

F7/A B♭add2

was the

E♭add5/G

F7/A B♭add2

nu sic of our sing-

ing,

F7/C B♭/D

was the mu

sic of our sing-

ing,

when we were sing-

ing

E♭add2

B♭/D E♭/C B♭

F/A B♭ Dm7♭5 G7 F/AG7/B

Kyr- i-e e-le i-son,

Kyr-i-e e-le i-son,

Chorus:

Kyr-i-e e-le i-son,

Kyr-i-e e-le i-son.

Kyr-i-e e-le i-son.

Kyr-i-e e-le i-son.
Kyrie eleison.

Each day at

Lauds, each night at Vespers, from every

Each day at Lauds, each night at Vespers,

tower the hour would be tolled for those of us—
at St. Sebastian, no longer young and not yet old.

day at St. Sebastian in the classroom we would hear

that devils lurked behind every cor-

55
If you tried to look
they would disappear.
The nuns of St. Sebastian tried to teach the facts of life,
explaining there are two kinds of women. One was a whore.
Guido and Chorus:

one was a wife,

But the music of the singing

different world that opened through our singing

was a world that opened through our singing when we were singing
Kyrie eleison,
Kyrie eleison,

Chorus:

Kyrie eleison.

Cm Cm/Bb Am7/k5 Emaj7/G F₄sus₂ son. F7 Guido: They rang at
dawn, they rang at midnight in tones well

Chorus:

They rang at dawn, they rang at midnight
rounded. They sounded down the nave for all the souls...

_of little boys at St. Sebastian too young to save.

Kyririe eleison, e-

Chorus.
and buttered bread.

A prayer we never learned— sung in Latin.

and buttered bread.

in,

then a mid-day nap

in a make-shift bed,

music of the ringing.

music of the ringing.

Then the music of the ringing.

Then the music of the ringing.
Music of our singing, and we were singing
then the music of our singing, and we were singing

Kyr-i-e le-i-son, Kyr-i-e le-i-son,
Kyr-i-e le-i-son, Kyr-i-e le-i-son,

Guido:
We should have

Kyr-i-e le-i-son.
They should have warned us
They should have known
We should have known
They never spared the rod
at St. Sebastian.
But in the music of the bells at St. Sebastian.
we looked for God.

Kyrie ele

A Tempo

Em7♭5 rit. D7 Gm/D D/G Gm

rit. decresc. mp
Unusual Way

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Flowing (♩=84)

C\#m   G\#7/C\#   C\#m   G\#7/C\#   mp In a

C\#m   G\#7/D\#   C\#m/E   C\#7/E\#   F\#m   F\#m/G\#

very unusual way one time I needed you. In a
very unusual way I think I’m in love with you. In a

F\#m   F\#m/E   B7/D\#   B7   E   E/D\#   G\#4/D\#

very unusual way you were my friend.
very unusual way I want to cry.

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Maybe it lasted a day, something inside me goes weak,
maybe it lasted an hour, something inside me surrenders,

1.
A   D   Bm7/E   Em7/A
but somehow it will never end...

In a

2.
A   D   Bm7/E   E7   E/D   Cm   Cm/B   Fm/A
and you're the reason why,
you're the reason why.

Dm7/G#
You don't know what you do to me,

you don't have a clue.

You can't tell what it's like to be me,

looking at you.
It scares me so that I can hardly speak. In a very unusual way I owe what I am to you. Though it appears I won't stay, I never go.

Special to me in my life since the first day that I met you,
how could I ever forget you once you had touched my soul?

In a very unusual way.

you've made me whole.
Amor

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Heroically \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 132

\begin{align*}
\text{D7} & \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D/F\#} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D/F\#} \quad \text{G} \\
\text{A-mor.} & \quad \text{I love them all, e-v-e-r-y b-e-a-u-t-y s-h-o-r-t o-r} \\
\text{D7/A G/B} & \quad \text{C/G}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{F\textflat 7/G} & \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D/F\#} \\
\text{F\textflat 7/G} & \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D/F\#} \quad \text{G} \\
\text{tall. There's a duty to make love to each and all. A-mor.} & \quad \text{I-t's m-y pr-o-} \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D/F\#} \quad \text{D/F\#} \quad \text{G} \\
\text{D7/A G/B}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{C/G} & \quad \text{F\textflat 7/G} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D7/A G/B} \\
\text{found obligation to go 'round e-v-e-r-y n-a-t-ion and make love to one and all. Yes, I have} & \quad \text{70}
\end{align*}

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lived and breathed and slept amor, I freely give and do ac-
cept amor. Big amor, small amor,
all my life has been amor. I've al-
ways known what I am living for, amor.
Simple

Lyrics and Music by Maury Yeston

Slowly (♩=60)

F9   F6/9  Gm/F      F9   F6/9  Gm/F

Simple those affairs that touch the heart.

F9   F6/9  Gm/F      F9   F6/9  Gm/F      F9   F6/9  Gm/F

Simple are the ways of

sim.

F7sus4     Bmaj7     Dm9    Dm

love.

Simple as the touch of another's hand,
Simple enough for anyone to understand,

you.

Simple are the ways we come apart

simple as a babe is new!

Simple as a tree, and as simple as a cloud, it's as
sim-ple as the sim-plest things have al-ways been

sim-ple as the sun and the moon and the stars in the sky...

Sim-ple are the ways we say, “Good-bye.”
Be On Your Own

Driving (J=112)

Am

Be on your own.

You've always talked about your need to travel,
now go off unravel on your own.

Go find some restaurant attendant, go show her how independent you have grown.

Go on!
Be on your way.

There's not a single reason I can find to

make me want to keep you one more day.

There isn't any sort of word that you could
There isn't any sort of price that you could pay.
There isn't any sort of magic to avoid this tragicomic little play we need to play, be on your way.
Go on.

No need to carry out this masquerade when all that we're a
bout's begun to fade.
I set you free!
There's not much longer to complain, I'll soon relieve you of your pain when I set you free.
If that is all you wish to have then I agree.

No need for thanks, your just rewards will be my fee.

Go off and live your pet-ty fic-tions full of

blatant con-trad-ic-tions you can't see, and what will
be is that you'll leave...

and you'll take with you all you own from "A" to —

"Z" and all of me.
I Can't Make This Movie

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I can't make this movie, there's no way that I'll complete it.

I can't bear to see the camera roll.

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Problem is the subject, there's no pleasant way to treat it.

Problem is the author's lost control.

How I wish it didn't have to be so,

but we cut the losses starting now.
Dm7/5

Strike the set and keep it for some side show.

G7sus4

G7

Tell the cast and crew that they can all go.

Dm7/5

G7sus4

rit. G7
decresc.

poco agitato

Cmadd2

Dm7/5/C

Find another genius. I can’t be one or become one.

G7/C

poco agitato mf

Dm7/5/C

G7/C

A♭/C

I can’t even tell how I’d begin.

cresc.

85
Help, Lu - i - se, help me. Help me, Ma - ma, help me. Some - one.

Here's a place where I have nev - er been.

Gui - do out in space with no di - rec - tion,

Gui - do at a loss for what to say.
Guido with no intervening actors,

Guido at the mercy of detractors.

Guido here with no one else but Guido this day.
Waltz From Nine

With mystery (J-132)

Music by
Maury Yeston

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Getting Tall

Slowly, and with feeling (♩=60)

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Learning more, knowing less, simple words,

Tenderness, part of getting tall.

Guido, you're not crazy, you're all right.

Everyone wants everyone in
sight...

But knowing you have no one if you

try to have them all is part of tying shoes,

part of starting school, part of scraping knees if we should

fall, part of getting tall.
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Revised Edition
includes these previously unpublished songs:

The Bells Of Saint Sebastian
(full choral version)
I Can’t Make This Movie
Waltz From Nine
Amor

Plus:
Be Italian
Be On Your Own
A Call From The Vatican
Folies Bergères
Getting Tall
Guido’s Song
My Husband Makes Movies
Nine
Only With You
Simple
Unusual Way