

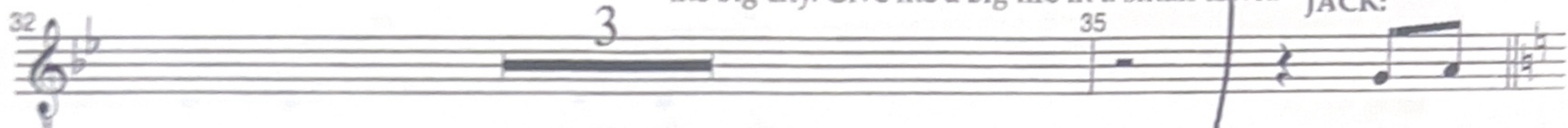
CRUTCHIE: But everyone wants to come here.

JACK: New York's fine for those who can afford a big strong door to lock it out.

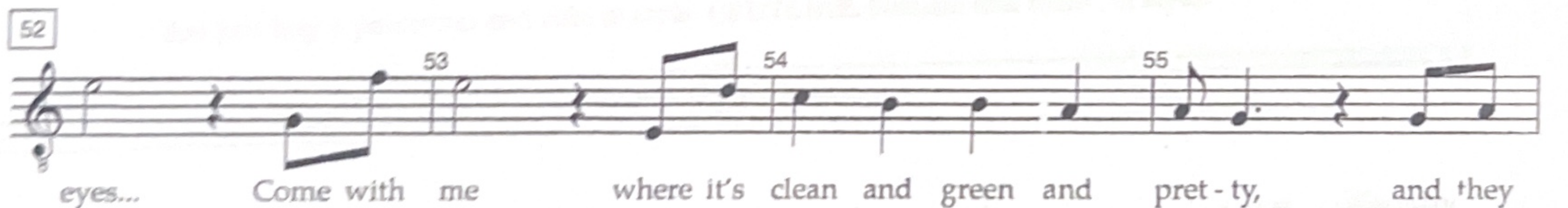
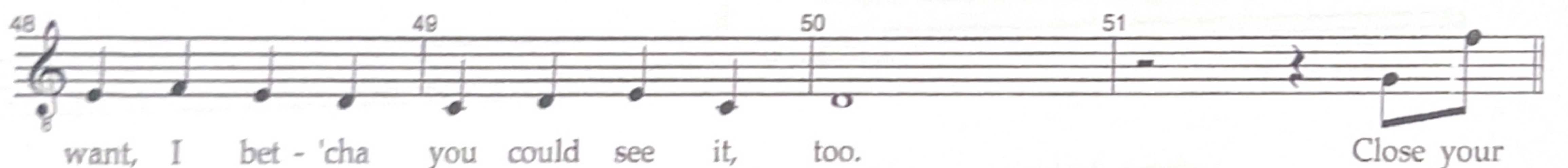
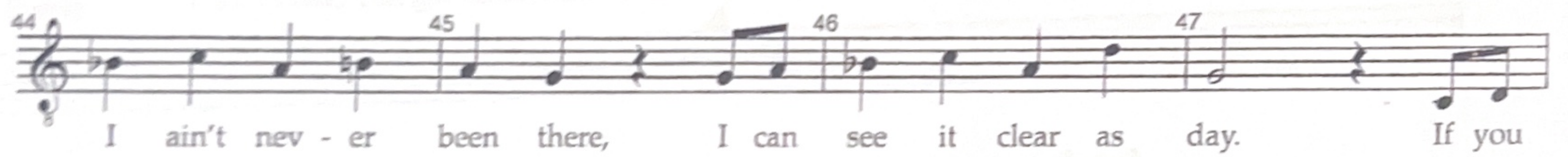
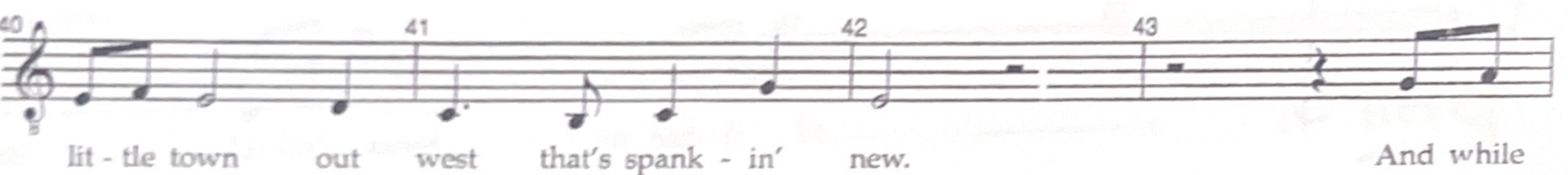
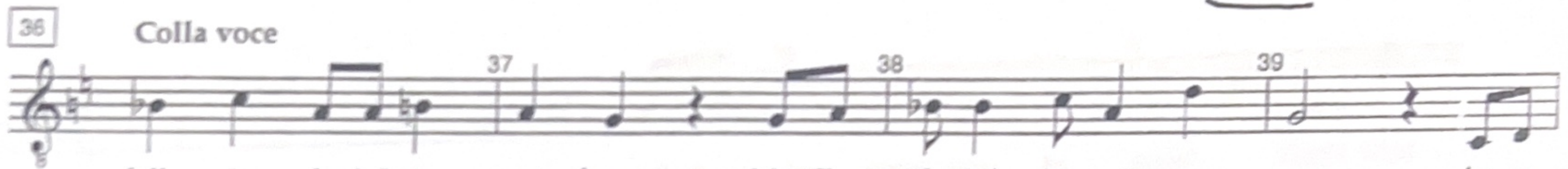


But I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there. So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town.

JACK:



They say



Take time



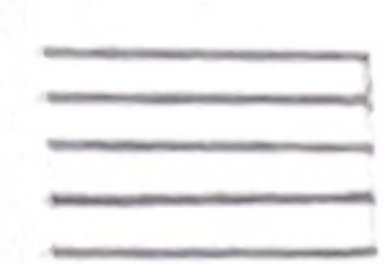
-3-

ck it out.

68 A tempo

69 70 71

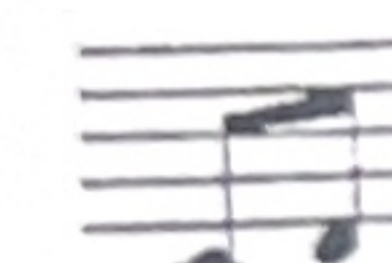
crops, split-tin' rails, swap-pin' tales a-round the fi - re, 'cept for



ly

72 73 74 75

Sun - day, when you lie a - round all day. Soon your



to a

76 77 78 79

friends are more like fam - 'ly, and they's beg - ging you to stay! Ain't that



d while

80 Take time 81 82 83

neat? Liv-in's sweet in San - ta Fe. _____

to here



If you

84 Freely CRUTCHIE: You got folks there? JACK: Got no folks nowhere. You?



se your

CRUTCHIE: I don't need folks. I got friends. JACK: How's about you come with me?
No one worries about no gimp leg in Santa Fe.



and they

You just hop a palomino and ride in style. CRUTCHIE: Feature me: ridin' in style.



Why, the

JACK: I bet a few months of clean air and you could toss that crutch for good. *poco rall.* JACK: *wistfully*
CRUTCHIE:



Wel-come

101 102 103 More broadly

Fe, you can bet we won't let them bas - tids beat us. We won't



Plant-in

105 106 107

beg no one to treat us fair and square. _____ There's a

#2 - Santa Fe (Prologue)

Pulitzer

THE BOTTOM LINE

(Any male can sing this piece)

Music by ALAN MENKEN
Lyrics by JACK FELDMAN

Breezy lite Swing

C(add2)/E



Fmaj7



C(add2)/E



Fmaj7



C(add2)/E



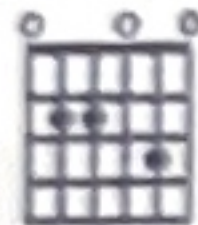
Fmaj7



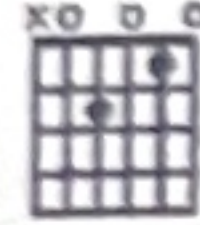
PULITZER:

Nun - zi - o knows when he's

Em7



Am7



Dm9



G7



Bb/C



C7



cut - ting my hair: — trim a bit here, — and then trim a bit there. — Just a

Fmaj7



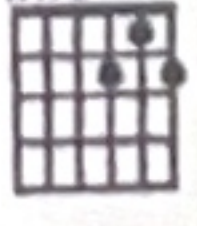
E7



Am7



D7



F/G



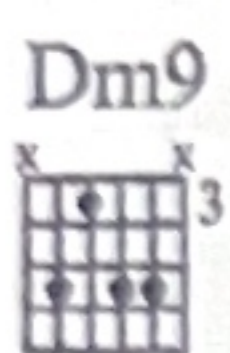
G7



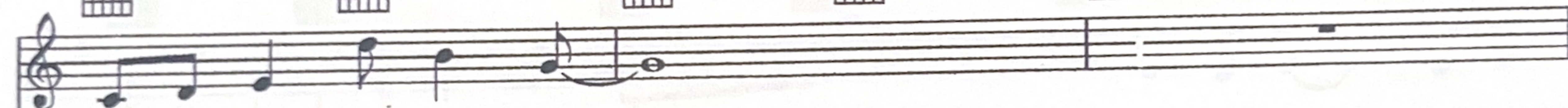
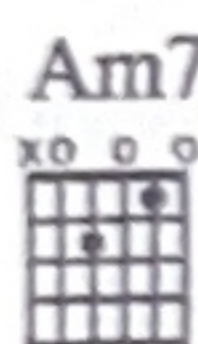
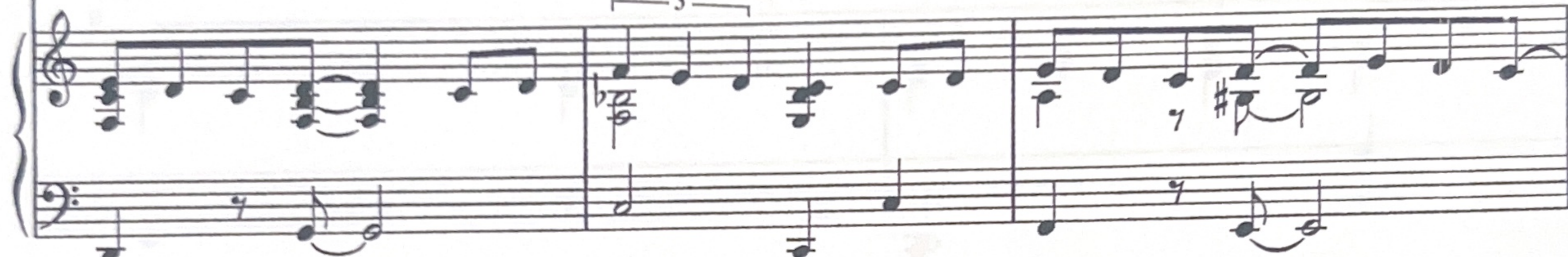
mod - est ad - just - ment can fat - ten the bot - tom line.



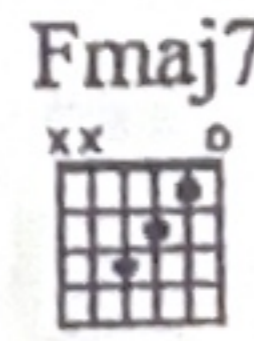
Shav - ing is trick - y, the ra - zor should float. _



Shave me too close, _ and you may slit my throat. It's the sim - plest so - lu - tions that bol -



- ster the bot - tom line. _



Give me a week _ and I'll train _ 'em to be _ like an ar - my that's march - ing to



Em7 Am7 G/A A7 F#m7 Bm7

war. Proud of them - selves _ and so grate - ful to me, _ they'll be

Em7 G/A A Gmaj7/A A/G

beg - ging to pay _ e - ven more. When there's

D(add2)/F# Gmaj7 F#m7 Bm7 Em9 A7

dirt on our shoes, _ boys, for God's sake, re - lax! _ Why throw them out? _ All we

C/D D7 Gmaj7 F#7

need is some wax. _ Lis - ten well to these bar - ber - shop les -

Authorized for use by: Cory

Bm7 E7 Em7b5 Gm(maj7) Gm6

HANNAH, SEITZ & BUNSEN:

- sons, for they'll see you through. When you're

cresc.

F#m7 Gmaj7 F#m7 Gmaj7

stuck in the muck, you'll be fine. You'll e -

f

F#m7 Gmaj7 Em9 A7 F#m7 Gmaj7

SEITZ: HANNAH: BUNSEN:

rase an - y trace of de - cline. With a trim! And a snip! And a shine! -

F#m7 Bm7 Em7

PULITZER:

And the pow'r of the press, yes!

Authorized for use by: Cory

Hymn-like

Ensemble Seize The Day

Pg 1

Lyrics by JACK FELDMAN
Music by ALAN MENKEN

ALL may use.

5

Gmaj7/A A7sus A#dim Bm E9 N.C.

Once a - gain — is mine! Just a few com - mon

mf *f*

Gmaj7/A A13 D(add2)/F# Gmaj7

cents, gents, that's the bot - tom line!

cresc. *ff*

HANNAH, SEITZ & BUNSEN:

Ev - 'ry new out - come is

F#m7 Bm7 Em9 A7 G/D D

in - come for you! — Thanks to the bot - tom line!

Hymn-like

Ensemble Seize The Day

Pg 1

(ALL may use this piece)



David: O - pen the

Dm

C

gates and seize the day. Don't be a - fraid and

Bb

F

C

G/B

Am

don't de - lay. Noth - ing can break us. No - one can

Seize The Day Pg 2

Fm6/Ab

C/G

G7

G#dim7

Am

D7/F#

make us give our rights a - way. A -

Brightly

C/G

G7sus

G7

C

rise and seize the day.

rit.

David: Now is the time to seize the day.

The King of New York (Newsies) (Ensemble)

175 KATHERINE, NEWSIES:

175 Look at me; I'm the king of New York!

179 Wait and see: this is gon-na make both the De-lan-ceys pee in their pants...

183 Flash pots are shoot-in' bright as the sun! I'm one high-fa-lu-tin' son of-a-gun...

187 guar-an-tee: though I crapped out, I ain't tapped out! I'm the king of...

191 Friends may flee. Let 'em ditch 'ya! Snap one pit'-cha, you're the king of New

195 His-to-ry! Front page sto-ry, guts and glo-ry, I'm the king...

199 ... of New York

(You can sing this piece in the higher range, as written or an octave lower.)