

AT THE BALLET

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
Lyric by EDWARD KLEBAN

Intense, emotional, driving

mf

Am(addB)
5fr

Am7

Em7

Dad - dy al - ways thought that he mar - ried be - neath_ him. That's what he said, that's what

Am(addB)
5fr

he said. When he pro - posed he in - formed my moth - er he was

D

A

Dm

No Chord

Am7

prob - ab - ly her ver - y _____ last chance. And though she was twen - ty - two, -

G7 C7 F(add9) Cm6/Eb D7

(now mar - ried and fat) I can do this.

G C

..... taps cadenza

F F/E F/Eb D7 F/C D N.C.

That I can do, -

G7 C7 F C7 F

I can do that. -

Slower

Bb

N. C.

A

Bb

N. C.

A

though she was twen - ty - two, —

though she was twen - ty - two, —

she

D

Tempo 1⁰
Fmaj7

mar - ried him. —

Life with my dad was - n't ev - er a pic - nic.

Em7

Fmaj7

More like a "Come as you are." —

When I was five I re -

Em7

mem - ber my moth - er

dug ear - rings out of the car. —

Fm7/Bb



Ebmaj7



I knew that they were - n't hers, but it was - n't some - thing you'd wan - na dis -

Ad lib (slowly)
N.C.



Slow Waltz



cuss. He was - n't warm, well, not to her... well, not to us! (staccato)



But ev - 'ry - thing — was beau - ti - ful — at the bal - let. —
ev - 'ry - one — is beau - ti - ful — at the bal - let. —



Grace - ful men — lift love - ly girls — in white. —
Ev - 'ry prince — has got to have — his swan. —

A7 Dm7 G/D Bb

Yes, ev - 'ry - thing — was beau - ti - ful — at the bal - let, —
 Yes, ev - 'ry - one — is beau - ti - ful — at the bal - let, —

Em7-5 D/A A7 D/A A Dm

hey! I was hap - py at the bal - let.
 hey! I was pret - ty at the bal - let.

Stronger Dm7 Am7 Bbmaj7

Up a steep — and ver - y nar - row stair - way to the voice — like a met - ro -

A Dm7 Am7

nome. Up a steep — and ver - y nar - row stair - way, it

Bb Gm C Am Dm Gm7 Gm6 To Coda

was - n't Par - a - dise, it was - n't Par - a - dise, it was - n't Par - a - dise,

A7 Dm/A A Tempo 10 Dm(addE)

but it was home.

Am(addB) 5fr

Moth - er al - ways said I'd be ver - y at - trac - tive

Am7 Em7 Am(addB) 5fr

when I grew up, when I grew up. "Dif-frent," she said, "With a spe - cial some-thing and a

Am7 D A Dm N.C. Am7

ver - y, ver - y per - son - al _____ flair." And though I was eight or nine, -

Bb N.C. A Bb N.C. Slower A

though I was eight or nine, - though I was eight or nine, - I

D Tempo 10 Fmaj7

hat - ed her. _____ Now, "dif - f'rent" is nice, but it sure is - n't pret - ty.

Em7 Fmaj7

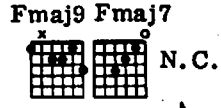
"Pret - ty" is what it's a - bout. _____ I nev - er met an - y -



one who was "dif - f'rent" who could - n't fig - ure that out. So

mp

Ad lib (slowly)



N. C.

beau - ti - ful I'd nev - er live to see. But it was clear, if not to

Fmaj9 Fmaj7



N. C.

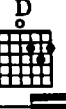
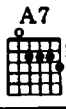
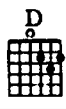
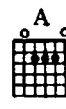
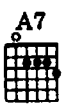
Slow Waltz



D. S. al Coda

her, well, then to me! That

Coda



but it was home.

Ev - 'ry - thing was

A7/D 5fr D A D

beau - ti - ful at the bal - let. Raise your arms and

A7/D 5fr D Dm7

some-one's al - ways there. Yes, ev - 'ry-thing was

G/D Bbmaj7 Em7-5 Slowly D/A Bb+/A

beau - ti - ful at the bal - let, hey! I was pret - ty, I was hap - py, "I would

Gmaj7/A A7 D/A A Dm Bb C D

love to"... At the bal - let.

a tempo

SING!

♩ notes—person who can't sing
 ♩ notes—person who can

Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH
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Easy 2

G⁰7 F#m7 B7

See, I real-ly could-n't sing. I could nev-er real-ly sing. What I could-n't do was

mf

E G⁰7 F#m7

sing. I have troub-le with a note. It goes all a-round my

B7 E

throat. It's a ter-ri-fy-ing thing. See, I real-ly could-n't

E7 No Chord E7 N. C. Amaj7 N. C.

hear which note was low-er or was high-er. Which is why I dis-ap-

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams are provided for various chords: G⁰7, F#m7, B7, E, G⁰7, F#m7, B7, E, E7, and Amaj7. The piano part includes dynamics like 'mf' and 'N.C.' (No Chord). The lyrics are: 'See, I real-ly could-n't sing. I could nev-er real-ly sing. What I could-n't do was sing. I have troub-le with a note. It goes all a-round my throat. It's a ter-ri-fy-ing thing. See, I real-ly could-n't hear which note was low-er or was high-er. Which is why I dis-ap-'

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