

CABARET

from CABARET

Music by JOHN KANDER
Lyrics by FRED EBB

Allegro
Am6/9 E7b5 Am6/9 E7b5

ff

Am6/9 E7 A6 D(add9) E7

f *rall. e dim.* *mp* *slow arp.*

Moderately
A6 E+ A6 E7#5 A6 Amaj7

What good is sit-ting a-lone in your room?— Come hear the mu-sic

stacc.

A9 D6 Ebdim A6/C# F#7

play. Life is a cab-a-ret, old chum,—

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Bm9 E7 A6 E7(add13) A6

Come to the cab - a - ret. Put down the

mf *dim.*

E+ A6 E7#5 A6 Amaj7

knit - ting, the book and the broom. — Time for a hol - i -

A9 D6 Ebdim A6/C# F#7

day. — Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,

Bm9 E7 A6 Dm6

Come to the cab - a - ret. Come taste the wine,

mp stacc.

A6 F#m F#m(maj7) F#m7 B7

Come hear the band. Come blow a horn, start cel - e - brat - ing;

A tempo
E7 A6 E7#5 A6 E7#5

Right this way, your ta - ble's wait - ing. No use per - mit - ting some proph - et of doom—

poco rit.

A6 Ebdim Em7 A7

To wipe ev - 'ry smile a - way.

cresc.

D6 Ebdim C#m7 F#7 Bm7

Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum, — Come to the

mf *cresc.*

Slightly faster

E7b9 A6 A+ A7 A+ A A+ A7 A+ A6

cab - a - ret! I used to have a

E9#5 A6 E7#5 A6 E9#5

girl - friend known as El - sie, With whom I shared four sor - did rooms in

A6 E7#5 A7 D6 G#m7 C#7 F#m7

Chel - sea. She was - n't what you'd call a blush - ing flow - er.

B9 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7

As a mat - ter of fact, she rent - ed by the ho - ur. The

A6 E7#5 A6 E7#5 A6

day she died the neigh - bors came to snick - er: "Well, that's what comes of

E7#5 A6 A7 D6 G#m7 C#7

too much pills and li - quor." But when I saw her laid out like a

Rubato

F#m *Held back* Bm7 E9sus E7b9 A6

queen, She was the hap - pi - est corpse I'd ev - er seen. I

G#7 C#m7 F#7 E/B B7sus B7 E7

think of El - sie to this ver - y day. I re - mem - ber how she'd turn to me and say:

mf *slow arp.*

Slowly

A6 E7#5 A6 E7#5

"What good is sit - ting a - lone in your room? —

pp

A6 Amaj7 A9

Come hear the mu - sic play.

D D6 Ebdim C#m7 F#7

Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum, —

cresc.

Bm9 E7 E9#5 A6 E7

Come to the cab - a - ret.

accel. *f*

A6 E7#5 A6 E7#5

Put down the knit - ting, the book and the broom.—

A6 Amaj7 A9 D6

Time for a hol - i - day. Life is a

Ebdim C#m7 F#7 Bm9 E7(add13)

cab - a - ret, old chum, — Come to the cab - a -

A Dm6 A6

ret." And as for me, as for me,

mp stacc.

Rubato

F#m F#m(maj7) F#m7 B7 E7 F7

I made my mind up, back in Chel-sea, When I go I'm go-ing like El-sie.

rall.

Cakewalk

Bb6 F7#5 Bb6 F7#5

Start by ad-mit-ting, from cra-dle to tomb.

mf *accel.*

A tempo

Bb6 Bbmaj7 Bb9sus Bb7

Is-n't that long a stay.

mf *loco*

Eb6 Edim Dm7 G7

Life is a cab-a-ret, old chum,

mf accel. poco a poco

Cm7 C#dim Dm7 G7

On - ly a cab - a - ret, old chum, — And

Cm7 F9sus F7susb9

I love — a cab - a -

cresc. poco a poco

Bb F7#5 Bb F7#5

ret!

ff

A/B Bb/F A/B Bb/F A/B Bb/F A/B Bb/F Bb

gliss.

sfz

8^{va}