QUARTET
Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose, to get the sun back in my sky.
Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose, about a thousand kisses shy.
Ding, dong, ding, I can hear the chapel bell chime.
Ding, dong, ding, at the least suggestion, I'll pop the question.

GIRLS
Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
How sweet that mem'ry,
How long ago.
Forever,
Oh yes, forever,
Will I ever tell you? Ah…

QUARTET AND BOYS
Lida Rose, I'm home again, Rose
Without a sweetheart to my name.
Lida Rose, now ev'ryone knows
That I am hoping you're the same.
So here is my love song;
Not fancy or fine.
Lida Rose, oh won't you be…

ALL
Oho, the Wells Fargo wagon is a-comin' down the street.
Oh don't let him pass my door.
Oho the Wells Fargo wagon is a-comin' down the street.
I wish I knew what he was comin' for.
SOLO #1
TBA
SOLO #2
TBA
SOLO#3
TBA
ALL
TBA

WINTHROP
Oho, the Wells Fargo wagon is a-comin' now. I don't know how I can ever wait to see. It could be somethin' for someone who is no relation, but it could be
ALL
Yes, it could be, yes, you're right it surely could be
WINTHROP
Somethin' special
ALL
Somethin' very, very special now
WINTHROP
Just for me!

ALL
Shipoopi, shipoopi, shipoopi
BOYS
The girl who's hard to get!
ALL
Shipoopi, shipoopi, shipoopi

GIRLS
But you can win her yet.
MARCELLUS
Now little ol' Sal was a no-gal, as anyone could see. Look-it her now. She's a go-gal, who only goes for me. Squeeze her once when she isn't lookin'. If you get a squeeze back, that's fancy cookin'. Once more for a pepper-upper. She will never get sore on the way to supper.
ALL
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, Do
Shipoopi, shipoopi, shipoopi,
BOYS
The girl who's hard to get.
ALL
Shipoopi, shipoopi, shipoopi,
GIRLS
But you can win her yet.

TOMMY AND ZANEETA
Seventy-six trombones led the big parade, with a hundred and ten cornets close at hand. They were followed by rows and rows of the finest virtuosos, the cream of ev'ry famous band.

HAROLD AND MARIAN
Seventy-six trombones caught the morning sun, with a hundred and ten cornets right behind. There were more than a thousand reeds springing up like weeds. There were horns of ev'ry shape and kind.

ALL
Seventy-six trombones hit the counterpoint, while a hundred and ten cornets blazed away. To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch! All the kids began to march, and they're marching still right today?

ALL
To the rhythm of Harch! Harch! Harch! All the kids began to march, and they're marching still right today!