

No. 13

On The Street Where You Live

Moderato
 FREDDIE: Here. FLOWER GIRL: Thank you kindly, FREDDIE: Is it a
 sir.

a heavenly day? (Sings) [5] Con moto
 When she men-tioned how her aunt bit off the

spoon, She com-plete-ly done me in. And my

heart went on a jour-ney to the moon, When she

told a-bout her fath-er and the gin. And I

[13] nev-er saw a more en-chant-ing farce, That the

rall. a tempo MRS. PEARCE
 mo-ment when she shout-ed, "Move your bloom-in'..." "Yes, sir"

FREDDY: Is Miss Doolittle at home? MRS. PEARCE: Whom shall I say is calling? she doesn't remember

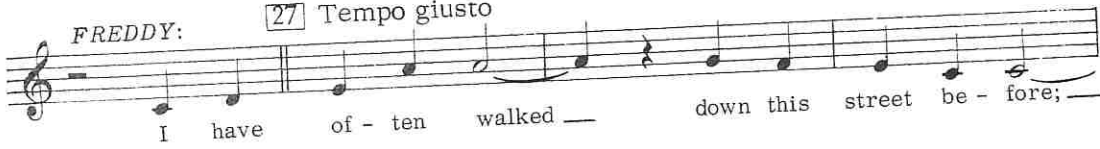
tell her I'm the chap who was sniggering at her. MRS. PEARCE: Yes sir. FREDDY: And would you give her these?
 poco rit.

MRS. PEARCE: Yes, sir. FREDDY: You needn't rush. I want to drink in this street where she lives. MRS. PEARCE: Yes sir.

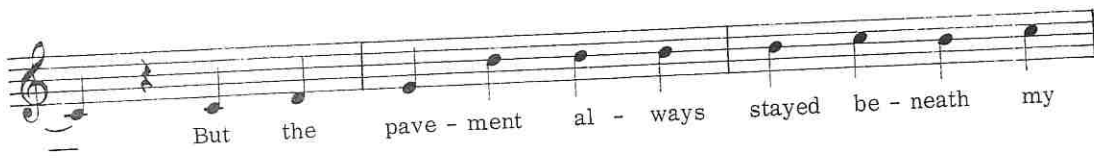
[21] Allegro moderato



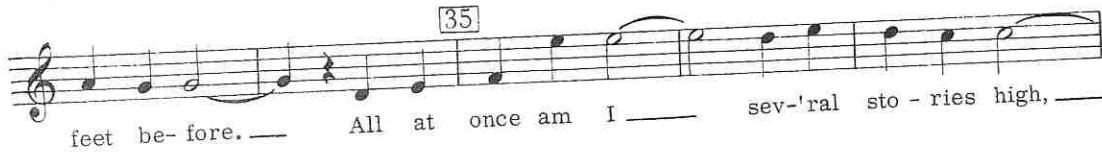
FREDDY: [27] Tempo giusto



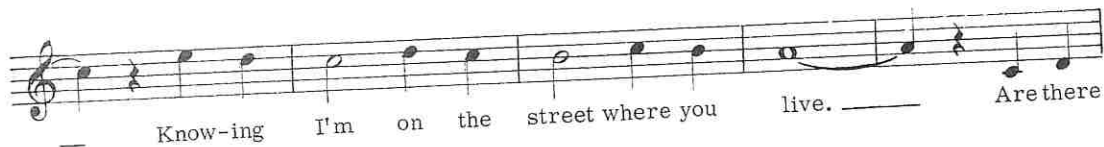
I have of - ten walked — down this street be - fore; —



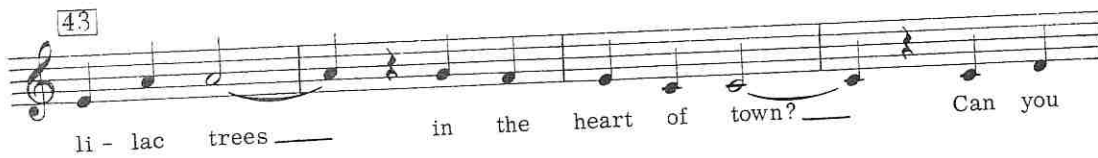
But the pave - ment al - ways stayed be - neath my



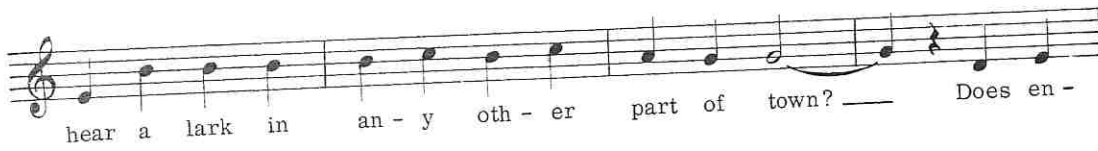
feet be - fore. — All at once am I — sev - 'ral sto - ries high, —



— Know - ing I'm on the street where you live. — Are there



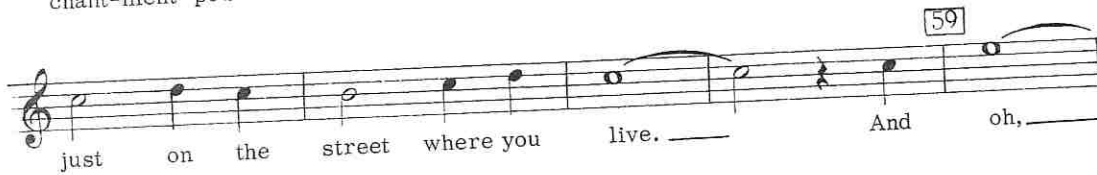
li - lac trees — in the heart of town? — Can you



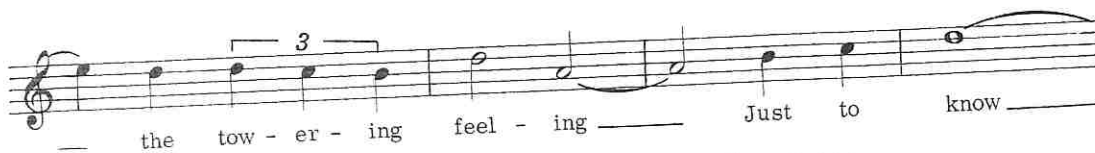
hear a lark in an - y oth - er part of town? — Does en -



chant - ment pour — out of ev - 'ry door? — No, it's



just on the street where you live. — And oh, —



— the tow - er - ing feel - ing — Just to know —

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some - how you are near! 67
The o -

ver pow - er - ing feel - ing 73
That an - y sec - ond you may

sud - den - ly ap - pear! 75
Peo - ple stop and stare. -

They don't both - er me, 79
For there's no - where else on

earth that I would rath - er be. 83
Let the time go by; -

I won't care if I 87
Can be here on the

street where you live. 91
MRS. PEARCE: Mr. Eynsford Hill? FREDDY: Yes.

MRS. PEARCE: I'm terribly sorry, sir. Miss Doolittle says she want to see anyone ever again. FREDDY: But why? She was magnificent!

MRS. PEARCE: Magnificent? Do you have the right address, sir? FREDDY: Of course. Tell her I'll wait. MRS. PEARCE: But it

might be days, sir. Even weeks! FREDDY: But don't you see? I'll be happier here.

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