

No. 26 I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face

Cue: MRS. HIGGINS: Bravo — Eliza! (Curtain)

Furioso 16 HIGGINS: (entering in great rage) poco rall.

Damn!! Damn!! Damn!!

Moderato con tenerezza

Damn!! I've grown accustomed to her face! She al-most

makes the day be - gin. I've grown ac- cus-tomed to the tune She

whis - tles night and noon. Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs Are sec-ond

28 na-ture to me now; Like breath-ing out and breath-ing in.

I was se - rene - ly in - de - pend - ent and con -

tent be - fore we met; Sure - ly I could al - ways be that

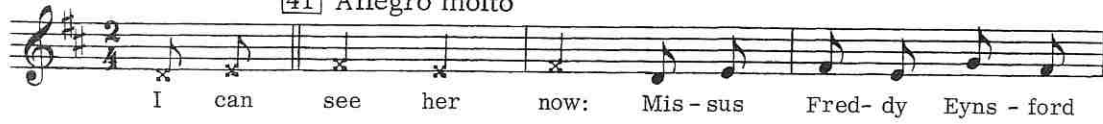
way a - gain and yet I've grown ac - cus-tomed to her looks; Ac -

cus-tomed to her voice: Ac- cus-tomed to her face.

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HIGGINS: *Marry Freddy! What an infantile idea! What a heartless, wicked, brainless thing to do. But she'll regret it. It's doomed before they even take the vow!*

[41] Allegro molto



I can see her now: Mis-sus Fred-dy Eyns-ford



Hill, In a wretch-ed lit-tle flat a-bove a

[49]



store. I can see her now: Not a



pen-ny in the till, And a bill col-lec-tor

[57]



beat-ing at the door. She'll try to teach the



things I taught her. And end up sell-ing

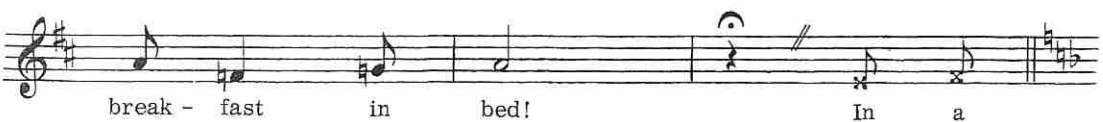
[65]



flow'rs in - stead; Beg-ging for her



bread and wa-ter, While her hus-band has his



break-fast in bed! In a

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73 *Meno mosso*

year or so, when she's pre-mature-ly gray, And the

blos-som in her cheek has turned to chalk, She'll come

81

home, and lo! He'll have upped and run a -

way, With a so-cial-climb-ing heir-ess from New York!

89

Quasi recitativo

Poor E-li-za! How simp-ly fright-ful! How hu -

mil-i-at-ing! How de-light-ful!

97 *Allegro molto*

HIGGINS: How poignant it will be on that inevitable night when she

hammers on my door in tears and rags Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite.

Will I let her in or hurl her to the wolves? Give her kindness, or

the treatment she deserves? Will I take her back or throw the baggage

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out ? **Tranquillo** 120

I'm a most forgiving man, The sort who
nev - er could, ev - er would Take a pos - i - tion and staunch - ly nev - er
budge. — Just a most - for - giv - ing man. — But I shall

Allegro vivo

nev - er take her back! If she were crawl - ing on her

135

knees! — Let her prom - ise to a - tone! Let her

shi - ver, Let her moan! I will slam the door and let the

Marry Freddy 148 **Appassionato e rubato**

Ha! freeze!

Moderato con tenderezza

But I'm so used to hear her say "Good

morn - ing' ev - 'ry day. Her joys, her woes, Her

156

highs, her lows, Are sec - ond na - ture to me now; —

#26 - I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face



Like breath - ing out and breath - ing in.



I'm ver - y grate - ful she's a wom - an And so



eas - y to for - get; Rath - er like a hab - it One can



al - ways break and yet, I've grown ac - cus - tomed to the trace Of



some - thing in the air; Ac - cus - tomed to her face. *Curtain*

Tacet to End.

No. 27

Music For Curtain Calls

Orchestra

No. 28

Exit Music

Orchestra

#26 - *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face*