

WORLD PREMIÈRE COMPLETE RECORDING

CHANDOS

LERNER & LOEWE'S MY FAIR LADY

Book and Lyrics by
ALAN JAY LERNER Music by
FREDERICK LOEWE

Adapted from **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S**
play and **GABRIEL PASCAL'S**
motion picture 'Pygmalion'

Orchestrations
ROBERT RUSSELL BENNETT
& **PHILIP J. LANG**

Dance Arrangements
TRUDE RITTMAN

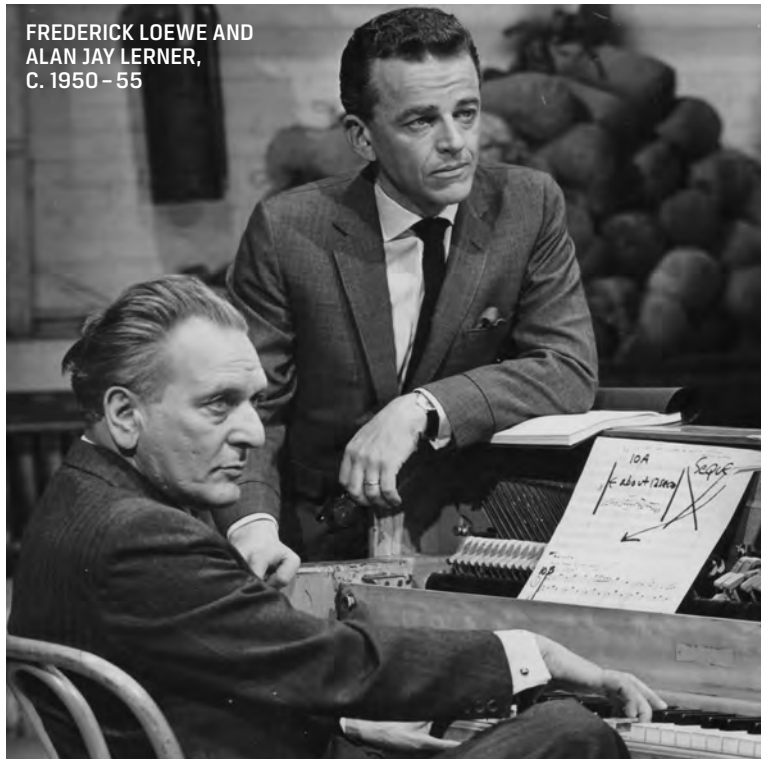
SCARLETT STRALLEN · JAMIE PARKER
ALUN ARMSTRONG · MALCOLM SINCLAIR
LAURENCE KILSBY · JULIA MCKENZIE
PENELOPE WILTON

SINFONIA OF LONDON

JOHN WILSON



FREDERICK LOEWE AND
ALAN JAY LERNER,
C. 1950-55



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world première complete recording

LERNER & LOEWE'S MY FAIR LADY (1956)

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner (1918 – 1986)

Music by Frederick Loewe (1901 – 1988)

Adapted from George Bernard Shaw's Play (1913) and
Gabriel Pascal's Motion Picture *Pygmalion* (1938)

Original Production Directed by Moss Hart (1904 – 1961)

Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett (1894 – 1981)
and Philip J. Lang (1911 – 1986)

Dance Music Arranged by Trude Rittman (1908 – 2005)

Eliza Doolittle	Scarlett Strallen
Professor Henry Higgins	Jamie Parker
Colonel Hugh Pickering	Malcolm Sinclair
Alfred P. Doolittle	Alun Armstrong
Freddy Eynsford-Hill	Laurence Kilsby
Mrs Higgins	Penelope Wilton
Mrs Pearce	Julia McKenzie

First Cockney (Nos 3 and 21)	Tom Ping
Second Cockney (Nos 3 and 21)	Connor Carson
Third Cockney (Nos 3 and 21)	Tom Liggins
Fourth Cockney (Nos 3 and 21)	Hal Cazalet
Solo Tenor (No. 3)	Hal Cazalet
Harry (Nos 4, 6, and 22)	Adam Vaughan
Jamie (Nos 4, 6, and 22)	Sharif Afifi
Angry Woman (No. 4)	Maria Coyne
Angry Man (No. 4)	Connor Carson
Mrs Hopkins (Act I, Scene 4)	Annie Wensak
Bartender (Act I, Scene 4)	Leo Roberts
First Maid (No. 10)	Deborah Crowe
Second Maid (No. 10)	Wendy Ferguson
Charles (Act I, Scene 6)	Matt McDonald
Policeman (Act I, Scene 8)	Will Richardson
Flower Girl (No. 13)	Charlotte Kennedy
Footman, Embassy (No. 16)	Tom Ping
Footman, Higgins's Servant (No. 19)	Annie Wensak

The place is London, the time is 1912.

'My Fair Lady' Ensemble

Sinfonia of London

John Mills leader

John Wilson

'My Fair Lady' Ensemble

Alex Parker chorus master

Bernadette Bangura

Maria Coyne

Deborah Crowe

Wendy Ferguson

Charlotte Fleming

Emma Harrold

Holly-Anne Hull

Charlotte Kennedy

Rebekah Lowrings

Laura Sillett

Samantha Thomas

Annie Wensak

Sharif Afifi

Connor Carson

Jordan Lee Davies

Barry Drummond

Cassius Hackforth

Leo Jemison

Tom Liggins

Matt McDonald

Tom Ping

Will Richardson

Leo Roberts

Adam Vaughan



	COMPACT DISC ONE	TIME	PAGE
	Act I		
[1]	1 Overture* –	3:14	40
	Scene 1. Outside Covent Garden, after the Opera		
[2]	1a Opening Scene* with Eliza and Higgins	1:22	40
[3]	2 Higgins: 'Why Can't the English?'*† with Eliza, Pickering, and a Cockney Bystander	2:38	40
[4]	3 Eliza: 'Wouldn't It Be Lovely?'* with Cockney Male Quartet and Solo Tenor	4:54	44
	Scene 2. Tenement Section, Tottenham Court Road		
[5]	Doolittle: 'Come on, Eliza, slip your old Dad half a crown to go home on' – with Eliza and Harry	0:27	46
[6]	4 Doolittle: 'With a Little Bit of Luck'* with Jamie, Harry, Angry Woman, and Angry Man	3:07	46
[7]	4a Change of Scene ('With a Little Bit of Luck')†	0:21	50
	Scene 3. Professor Higgins's Study		
[8]	Higgins: 'In six months – in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue' – with Pickering	0:54	50
[9]	5 Higgins: 'I'm an Ordinary Man'*	4:16	51
[10]	5a Change of Scene ('I'm an Ordinary Man')†	0:23	53

	COMPACT DISC ONE	TIME	PAGE
	Scene 4. Tenement Section, Tottenham Court Road		
11	Mrs Hopkins: 'How'd ya like that?' – with Bartender and Doolittle	1:23	53
12	6 Doolittle: 'With a Little Bit of Luck' (Reprise)* with Jamie, Harry, and SATB Chorus	1:38	56
13	6a Change of Scene ('With a Little Bit of Luck')†	0:20	57
	Scene 5. Professor Higgins's Study		
14	Higgins: 'Say your vowels' – with Eliza and Pickering	0:56	57
15	7 Eliza: 'Just You Wait'* with Higgins	4:02	58
16	8 Servants' Sextet: 'The Servants' Chorus'* with Higgins, Eliza, and Pickering	4:54	61
17	9 Eliza, Higgins, and Pickering: 'The Rain in Spain'* with Mrs Pearce	2:26	66
18	10 Eliza: 'I Could Have Danced All Night'* with Two Maids and Mrs Pearce	3:45	67
19	10a Change of Scene. Race Track Fanfare	0:06	69
	Scene 6. Outside Ascot		
20	Mrs Higgins: 'Colonel Pickering, I don't understand' with Pickering and Charles	2:01	69

	COMPACT DISC ONE	TIME	PAGE
Scene 7. Ascot			
21	11 SATB Chorus: Ascot Gavotte ^{*†}	3:25	71
22	12 SATB Chorus: End of Gavotte and Blackout Music [*] with Pickering, Mrs Higgins, Freddy, and Eliza	0:54	71
Scene 8. Outside Higgins's House, Wimpole Street			
23	Freddy: 'Officer, I know this is Wimpole Street' – with Policeman and Flower Girl	0:08	74
24	13 Freddy: 'On the Street Where You Live' ^{*†} with Flower Girl and Mrs Pearce	3:47	74
Scene 9. Professor Higgins's Study			
25	14 Eliza's Entrance [†] with Pickering, Eliza, and Higgins	1:23	78
26	15 Introduction to Promenade [*]	0:53	79
Scene 10. Outside the Ballroom of the Transylvanian Embassy			
27	16 Promenade [*] with Footman, Pickering, and Mrs Higgins	1:35	79
Scene 11. The Ballroom of the Transylvanian Embassy			
28	17 Embassy Waltz [*]	3:14	80
		TT 58:36	

	COMPACT DISC TWO	TIME	PAGE
[1]	18 Entr'acte*	3:25	81
	Act II	43:52	
	Scene 1. Professor Higgins's Study		
[2]	19 Pickering, Higgins, and Servants' Sextet: 'You Did It'* with Mrs Pearce and Footman	5:39	84
[3]	20 Eliza: 'Just You Wait' (Reprise)*†	0:45	87
	Scene 2. Outside Higgins's House, Wimpole Street		
[4]	20a Freddy: 'On the Street Where You Live' (Reprise)† with Eliza	1:39	87
[5]	20b Eliza: 'Show Me'* with Freddy	2:18	88
	Scene 3. Covent Garden, The Flower Market		
[6]	21 Cockney Male Quartet and Eliza: 'The Flower Market'*	3:29	89
[7]	22 Doolittle: 'Get Me to the Church on Time'† with Jamie, Harry, and SATB Chorus	6:26	91
[8]	23 Change of Scene ('Get Me to the Church on Time')†	0:29	95
	Scene 4. The Upstairs Hall, Higgins's House		
[9]	Pickering: 'Now, see here, my good man' –	0:09	95
[10]	24 Higgins: 'A Hymn to Him'† with Pickering and Mrs Pearce	4:36	95
[11]	24a Change of Scene ('A Hymn to Him')*	0:20	98

	COMPACT DISC TWO	TIME	PAGE
	Scene 5. The Garden of Mrs Higgins's House		
12	Higgins: 'Well, Eliza, you've had a bit of your own back' – with Eliza	2:03	99
13	25 Eliza: 'Without You'* with Higgins and Mrs Higgins	3:27	100
	Scene 6. Outside Higgins's House, Wimpole Street		
14	26 Higgins: 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face' –		
	Scene 7. Professor Higgins's Study		
	26 Higgins: 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face' (continued)* with Eliza	6:42	104
15	27 Music for Curtain Calls†	1:19	107
16	28 Exit Music*†	4:24	107
	Appendices	24:03	
	Original End, Act I		
17	Higgins: 'Come to the Ball'*	3:39	107
18	Dressing Eliza Ballet*	4:16	108
19	Eliza: 'Say a Prayer for Me Tonight'†	1:40	108
20	Bridge after 'Say a Prayer for Me Tonight'*	2:05	108

	COMPACT DISC TWO	TIME	PAGE
[21]	Ballroom Introduction [†] – Embassy Waltz (Original Version)*	3:28	108
	Original Version of Freddy's Song, Act I		
[22]	End of Ascot*	0:06	109
[23]	Freddy: 'On the Street Where You Live' [†] with Mrs Pearce	4:28	109
	Utility Cues¹		
[24]	Why Can't the English? [†]	1:08	110
[25]	Get Me to the Church on Time [†]	1:59	110
[26]	Why Can't a Woman?*	0:29	110
	TT 71:27		
	Orchestrators		
	Robert Russell Bennett*		
	Philip J. Lang [†]		
	Jack Mason [†]		

¹ Utility cues were extra music prepared to cover such things as scene changes and other brief periods that might require it, and were often, as here, not used in the final production.

Lerner & Loewe's 'My Fair Lady'

INTRODUCTION

What made it so exciting...

'I wore black tights and had very good legs.' At eighty-nine, the gracious soprano Kitty Carlisle Hart, whose career spanned everything from love interest in The Marx Brothers' *A Night at the Opera* and Benjamin Britten's *Lucretia* on Broadway to George Gershwin's girlfriend and beloved panellist on the long-running TV game show *To Tell the Truth*, was remembering her performances in *Champagne Sec*, a 1933 Broadway rewrite of *Die Fledermaus*. During the run, she became friendly with the pianist in the pit.

He'd stand behind me in the dressing-room
and say in his thick Viennese accent, 'Some
day I'm going to wrrrrrite ze best musical on
Brrrrroadvay'. And I'd think, you and who else?
I mean, there were forty pit pianists in those
days; there were a lot of musicals then.

His name was Frederick 'Fritz' Loewe and he reminded her of his words twenty-three years later at the triumphant opening of the musical for which he wrote the music, directed by her husband, Moss Hart: *My Fair Lady*.

He was not the only one who thought he had written Broadway's best show.

Critics raved and *My Fair Lady* played 2,717 performances, a six-and-a-half-year run that smashed the previous record of five years and two months, held by the groundbreaking *Oklahoma!* which had closed in 1948.

Loewe's longing to write a hit musical makes complete sense not least because by the time it opened, on 15 March 1956, the genre was at the peak of its so-called Golden Age. Unlike now, musicals were not then held in disdain by cultural gatekeepers. They were central to the wider 1950s American culture; indeed, to a great extent, they were the culture. Before rock'n'roll took off, musicals were the vernacular: their music was what people listened to on the radio and bought to listen to at home.

For proof, consider LPs, or long-playing records as 'vinyl' used to be known. They had arrived in 1948 and the best-seller of 1956, and the first LP to sell more than a million copies – which then sat cheerfully in the top ten albums on the Billboard chart for an astounding 173 weeks (just shy of three-and-a-half years) – was the *My Fair Lady* original cast album. This was released on 2 April, a couple of weeks after the show opened, by Columbia Records

(now CBS) who, via the producer Goddard Lieberson, had paid \$375,000 to finance the show itself in return for the recording rights in perpetuity. Given that, in the end, it remained resplendent in the charts for an astounding 480 weeks – that is more than nine years – it was one of the most fruitful investments that the company ever made. Not that the property had an easy route to production. Far from it.

Interest in turning George Bernard Shaw's 1913 play *Pygmalion* into a musical dated back as far as 1921, when Franz Lehár, the composer of *Die lustige Witwe* (The Merry Widow), proposed it. But Shaw was fiercely opposed, having less than cordially loathed *Der tapfere Soldat* (The Chocolate Soldier), Oscar Straus's hit operetta based on Shaw's *Arms and the Man*. But despite Shaw's antipathy, others were keen. Having starred in a 1945 revival of the play, Gertrude Lawrence suggested that Noël Coward should write a version, an intriguing notion that came to nothing.

Shaw's death, in 1950, removed the major obstacle but as Oscar Hammerstein's most celebrated protégé, Stephen Sondheim, told the playwright John Guare, Hammerstein and the composer Richard Rodgers, riding high after *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*, and *South Pacific*, considered it and worked on it for a year but 'didn't see how it sang. It all takes place in this one set. They're just in the professor's studio.

And he said, "I just don't understand". As a result, he and Rodgers abandoned the idea.

With their departure, the producing company The Theatre Guild and producer Gabriel Pascal tried Frank Loesser (*Guys and Dolls*) who could not see a way to make it work either, then Cole Porter said no. Even Irving Berlin turned it down before, in early 1952, the producers approached Lerner and Loewe.

Born in 1918 to a comfortable family who ran Lerner Stores, a famous chain of dress shops, Alan Jay Lerner began playing the piano at five. By the time he reached Harvard, as a sociology student, he was a musical theatre obsessive. Determined to pursue a career as a theatre writer, upon leaving he took up residence at the celebrated theatrical club The Lambs, next to New York's theatre district.

It was there, in 1942, that he met Frederick Loewe and, regardless of which version of their story you believe – the two of them later disagreed about their meeting and much else besides – a collision on the way to the men's room led to the acceptance by the twenty-four-year-old Lerner of the invitation by the forty-one-year-old Loewe that he join him on a musical version of the farce *The Patsy*, called *Life of the Party*. It was the beginning of an artistically and financially successful eighteen-year collaboration encompassing eight stage and six film musicals.

They had plenty in common besides a love of musical theatre, the most surprising being that both had been boxers, Loewe professionally and Lerner at Harvard until he was hit with a left hook so strong that one eye was permanently damaged. Both of them knew how to spend money and were what used to be called 'womanisers'. Lerner married eight times, accruing alimony payments aplenty, and although Loewe married – and divorced – just once, he entertained a legendary procession of women.

Both men were Jewish, although Lerner notably downplayed that element of his background. Loewe, born in 1901, in Berlin, to Viennese parents, came from a more musical background, his father being an operetta star. Loewe was a piano prodigy and claimed not only to have been composing songs at seven but that, at thirteen, he had been the youngest piano soloist ever to appear with the Berliner Philharmoniker.

Life of the Party, their first collaboration, ran two months in Detroit but never made it to Manhattan. Their first Broadway credit, *What's Up?*, lasted just sixty-three performances, although hats off for the idea of the Bach-meets-boogie-woogie song that was 'The Ill-Tempered Clavichord'. Lerner later described their next show, *The Day Before Spring*, as: 'A succès d'estime, meaning a success that

runs out of steam.' But *Brigadoon*, with an exceedingly fanciful love story and a ravishing score, opened in 1947, ran 581 performances, and made their names.

Their working relationship, however, was so turbulent that they did not team up again until 1951 for their scarcely revived California gold-rush musical *Paint Your Wagon*. Eighteen years later, with additional songs by André Previn and the unlikely musicals casting of Clint Eastwood and Lee Marvin, it was turned into a movie best described as 'torpid', although Marvin had one of history's most improbable No. 1 hits growling through 'Wand'rin' Star'.

Lerner and Loewe's first try at musicalising *Pygmalion* floundered as they, too, could not make the material work theatrically. The producer Gabriel Pascal then turned to Leonard Bernstein and his chums Betty Comden and Adolph Green who had had a hit with *On the Town*. That, too, was not to be. But when, months later, Lerner read of Pascal's death, he invited Loewe to lunch and they agreed to give the property another go.

This time, Lerner hit on focusing more on Shaw's Oscar-winning screenplay of the 1938 film of the play, complete with a new happy ending and, crucially, more locations for variation and drama. The other key move was the casting, as the cockney flower girl Eliza, of a twenty-year-old from Walton-on-Thames,

then playing the lead in the London-to-Broadway transfer of Sandy Wilson's buoyant Twenties spoof *The Boy Friend*. Her name? Julie Andrews. For box-office clout, she found herself playing opposite Rex Harrison after Noël Coward turned it down.

For all the charm, wit, and elegance for which the show is celebrated, its core strength lies in the rare indivisibility of its book, music, and lyrics. This is a coherent, winning drama set up in dialogue, and dramatised through vivid, perfectly characterised song. Livid with Freddie for drowning her in words when he should be kissing her, Eliza allows her frustration to burst forth in 'Show Me', climaxing on a furious top G. Or consider the self-satisfied strut of her cockney father, swaggering through 'Get Me to the Church on Time'. The tyrannical elocution teacher Professor Higgins, either permanently preoccupied or exasperated, and who puts 'buttoned-up' in the dictionary, is cunningly characterised by emotionally reined-in speak-singing with only glimpses of the man beneath. Even the chorus's insanely demure response to the race in the 'Ascot Gavotte',

What a frenzied moment that was!

Didn't they maintain an exhausting pace?

is a brilliant depiction of icily maintained upper-class composure.

The writers' control of musical drama is at its finest in the pivotal number, 'The Rain in Spain': not just a song but a fully developed scene. Plugging away, Higgins and his friend Pickering are approaching the end of their patience. Will Eliza ever learn to speak 'properly'? At which point, Eliza suddenly understands and achieves her goal. Her voice strengthening, she does not just find the 'correct' accent, she finds her voice, lifting words from speech into song. Surprise ignites the three of them and the song explodes into galloping musical life.

It cements the show as Lerner and Loewe's masterpiece. The fact that the surrounding developments are fuelled by a score that is, by turn, melodically ardent, lyrically surprising, and brimming with momentum and detailed dramatic life, makes it, all these years later, still one of the flat-out finest musicals in Broadway history.

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CONVERSATION

John Wilson talks to David Benedict about this complete recording of Lerner and Loewe's 'My Fair Lady'

David Benedict: In terms of live performance of complete musicals, you have only ever conducted *West Wide Story*, *Oklahoma!*,

Kiss Me, Kate, On the Town, and, in 2012, at the Proms, *My Fair Lady*. Since you famously choose material very carefully, what is it about *My Fair Lady* that appeals to you so strongly?

John Wilson: 2012 was the year of the Olympics and a theme running through the Proms was London. *My Fair Lady* is the quintessential American London musical. And you cannot argue with a masterpiece. There is not a semiquaver or a semi-colon in the wrong place. Steven Wilkie, one of the fiddle players in my orchestra, describes it as *The Marriage of Figaro* of the twentieth century. And when I asked the great opera conductor Richard Bonynghe what the finest post-World War Two operas are, he said, '*My Fair Lady, Oklahoma!*... they're the great operas that will live on'.

DB: The recordings of both the Broadway and London casts were record-breaking bestsellers. But they ran to under fifty-four minutes. Your recording is ninety-five minutes plus an appendix of cut numbers.

JW: We have recorded every note, including underscoring, plus all the music written but cut before opening, with the instrumentation exactly as it was on opening night. Also, thanks to recent research, we have the restored original orchestrations rather than

the slightly different ones available for standard hire in the past. The reason I want to record everything the composer, lyricist, book-writer, and orchestra did is that I believe it is a piece of significance by people who were masters of their art and craft. This was not written in an afternoon; it was chiselled away for months. They were ruthless in excising anything they felt would not make the grade. New stage productions reflect how the world, our perceptions and tolerances all change. I am all for that. But I think it is effrontery to try and improve what Lerner and Loewe did – materially altering the piece is a different matter altogether. We have a duty to set down as closely as we can their final thoughts on what they created.

DB: For a recording, the casting of singers and players is, therefore, crucial to realising everything the writers were striving for. And, in what is essentially a chamber piece with a tiny handful of set-piece ensemble scenes, casting the lead roles is notoriously tricky. Eliza's vocal and dramatic range is huge.

JW: Funnily enough, for me, with Eliza, the singing comes last. I want that to be flawless, of course, but I wanted someone who can do comedy. Without comic deftness to Eliza, the piece dies. I was overjoyed when Scarlett

Strallen agreed because she gets every nuance. She had been asked to play Eliza on stage three times but she has never been free. She is a lovely actor who understands and can bring to life all the stages of Eliza, from cockney flower girl to becoming a lady. She is also that very rare breed of a genuine operetta singer who puts the text on an equal footing with the music.

DB: How much of a singer should Professor Higgins be?

JW: It is an enormous miscalculation when an intelligent actor with a voice decides to sing the role. It is designed from the inside to be spoken almost all the time. Lerner and Loewe knew Rex Harrison could not sing so Loewe wrote in the tradition of the speaking singer you used to find in every operetta house, such as the character of Njegus, in *The Merry Widow*. It was a recognised colour in the operetta palette. Rex Harrison, arguably the greatest comic actor of his time, gave the role an agility which is spellbinding. Jamie Parker understands all that. In the very rare moments when he actually sings, it is all the more moving and touching because it reveals Higgins's withheld emotions. And the arrival of his voice in 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face' shows you how, by the end, Higgins is a

much-changed man. By that final scene they are on much more of an equal footing. Eliza is completely changed and much stronger; he is greatly chastened and has realised what it is to be without her. Hearing him sing lets us know he will never be the same again.

DB: It is a famously close-knit cast of characters so what about the other roles?

JW: Freddy is an almost unique role in the Broadway canon because it requires a very poised, light English tenor, which is why we have the splendid young tenor Laurence Kilsby, better known for singing everything from Bach to Berlioz. In the appendix we have his original longer verse for 'On the Street Where You Live'.

DB: Alun Armstrong is your only holdover from the Proms.

JW: Yes. He has a twinkle in his eye and the kind of music hall comedy timing that you simply cannot teach. He is style perfect. Style is key. It informs every cast member. Malcolm Sinclair has played Pickering on stage more than once and says he has modelled his no-nonsense, stiff-upper-lipped interpretation on Sir Adrian Boult. Mrs Higgins does not have a song, but her presence is vital in little

passages of significant dialogue spoken over music and if you want a gentle but firm, proper English lady you cannot do better than Penelope Wilton. And the hugely overqualified Julia McKenzie very graciously came to play the role of the housekeeper, Mrs Pearce.

DB: What can we expect from some of the deleted numbers?

JW: 'Come to the Ball', here in its full orchestral arrangement, was Higgins's biggest number but it was cut because it was holding up the show. It comes just before Eliza leaves for the ball. She sings a song, 'Say a Prayer for Me Tonight', which they used later, in *Gigi*, a beautiful song she sings to the servants because she is terrified. Then there is an entire four-some-minute ballet 'Dressing Eliza', while everyone from hairdressers to deportment teachers scurries around her.

DB: There is a notably theatrical tone to the orchestral playing.

JW: I cast musicians as carefully as I cast the leading lady, and I encourage them to play as soloists. Our percussion department use instruments of the period and the brass players all come from the dance-band tradition – small bore trombones and such like.

DB: Very unusually, this is not recorded in a standard studio set-up.

JW: We record as live. Microphones pick up what is happening in the room as if in the theatre. I think that adds immeasurably to the theatricality. No auto-tuning, nothing, because no one is in a separate recording booth with their sound being separately manicured. I also believe that being in London puts us at an advantage when recording this particular show. We have a chorus with genuine cockneys and people with natural RP voices. You hear it in the bit parts: no one is 'acting' the accents – and *My Fair Lady* is perhaps the one American musical that really gains in authenticity when performed this side of the pond.

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SYNOPSIS

CD 1

Act I

(1 - 2) On a cold night in March in Edwardian London, outside St Paul's Church in Covent Garden, fierce Cockney flower girl Eliza Doolittle finds herself in a heated squabble with the noted dialect and speech expert Professor Henry Higgins. Appalled by her 'depressing and disgusting sounds', he sings 'Why Can't

the English?' (13). Chancing upon his fellow linguist Colonel Pickering who has longed to meet him, and joking with typical arrogance that he could pass Eliza off as a duchess in six months, he invites Pickering to stay at his home, in fashionable Wimpole Street, leaving Eliza and her friends to wonder what it would be like to live a life of luxury, 'Wouldn't It Be Lovely?' (14).

The next morning, Alfred P. Doolittle, Eliza's voluble, swaggering father, is on the scrounge from Eliza for money for a drink, 'With a Little Bit of Luck' (15). Soon after, Eliza turns up at Higgins's house, wanting elocution lessons. 'I want to be a lady in a flower shop... But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel.' Initially dismissive, Higgins warms to the idea and bets Pickering that he can follow through on his joke. In six months, he will make her pass as a proper lady.

Suspicious but keen, Eliza moves in. Preeningly self-confident, Higgins reassures himself and, he hopes, everyone else that his intentions are honourable as he would never let a woman into his personal life, 'I'm an Ordinary Man' (19).

Getting wind of the fact that his daughter is living with a well-to-do gentleman, Doolittle sees possible financial benefits. 'With a Little Bit of Luck' – reprise (12). When Doolittle turns up at Wimpole Street, Higgins and Pickering

take to his florid Cockney speech and manner while reassuring him that Eliza is not in moral danger. She, meanwhile, is enraged by Higgins's teaching methods, aka constant hectoring, and plots revenge, 'Just You Wait' (15). The servants, meanwhile, despair of the months-long stressful teaching going long into the night, 'The Servants' Chorus' (16).

At 3am, with all at the end of their collective tether, something clicks for Eliza who suddenly finds herself able to mimic upper-class speech, 'The Rain in Spain' (17). The housekeeper, Mrs Pearce, wants Eliza to go to bed, but she is too elated, 'I Could Have Danced All Night' (18).

Keen to show off his protégé, Higgins takes Eliza to his mother's box at Ascot where the absurdly grand racegoers consider the running, 'Ascot Gavotte' (21). Eliza looks the part but her lack of understanding of upper class vocabulary causes consternation, and when, thrilled by the race, she yells, 'Come on, Dover!!!! Move your bloomin' arse!!!!', several women gracefully faint.

Young Freddy Eynsford-Hill, however, is captivated. The next day, outside Higgins's house, he declares that he will wait for her forever, 'On the Street Where You Live' (24).

Weeks later, Eliza is ready for the final test: her appearance at the Embassy Ball. She enters Higgins's study, coiffed, gowned, and

glowing, 'Eliza's Entrance' ([25]). Everyone at the ball is lost in admiration of her ([26]–[27]) and she behaves and dances with grace and charm to spare, 'Embassy Waltz' ([28]). A rival phonetician, Zoltan Karpathy, determined to discover Eliza's origins, dances with her.

CD 2

Act II

Entr'acte ([1]). Back home, Pickering and Higgins are high as kites, regaling Mrs Pearce with their triumph. Even Karpathy was fooled, taking Eliza to be a Hungarian princess, 'You Did It' ([2]). But no one acknowledges Eliza. Incandescent with rage, she hurls his slippers at Higgins and reads him the riot act, having realised that, now that she is educated out of her class, he does not care about her future. Summoning every drop of dignity, she storms out, 'Just You Wait' – reprise ([3]).

Lovesick Freddy is still waiting, 'On the Street Where You Live' – reprise ([4]). He starts to describe his feelings but Eliza is sick of words and wants action, 'Show Me' ([5]).

Returning to Covent Garden, she realises that she is no longer at home there. Her father woefully explains that, thanks to Higgins's recommendation of him to an American philanthropist who has since died, he has been left a fortune. Now that he is respectable, he has to marry his lover. But before the

wedding there is just time for Doolittle and his friends to have one last round of excess, 'Get Me to the Church on Time' ([7]).

Flummoxed by Eliza's disappearance, Higgins finds himself completely discombobulated. How could the ungrateful 'wretch' have abandoned him? Men, he tells Pickering, are vastly superior to women, 'A Hymn to Him' ([10]). The less self-serving Pickering, concerned for Eliza's well-being, calls the police.

Turning to the only woman he takes seriously – his mother – Higgins goes to her house, only to find Eliza there. Armed with Mrs Higgins's clear-eyed sympathy, Eliza dismisses Higgins by witheringly pointing out that she no longer needs him, 'Without You' ([13]). Alive with self-possession, she exits, leaving Higgins, to his mother's amusement, thunderstruck.

Walking home, he discovers, in spite of himself, that not only is he admiring of her, but that being self-sufficient is no longer enough: he needs her, 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face' ([14]). Entering his study, he plays the recording made on the day that Eliza came to him for lessons, of her request and his rudeness. Unnoticed, Eliza enters, turns off the recording machine, and speaks to him in her old voice. Torn between joy at her return and his long-standing resistance to emotional display, he chooses knowing irony. While pretending to

make his usual demand of her, he now laces his severity with true relief as he demands: 'Eliza, where the devil are my slippers?'

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BIOGRAPHIES

Alan Jay Lerner was one of the towering figures of Broadway. Born on 31 August 1918, in New York, into a wealthy Manhattan family, the owners of Lerner Stores, Inc., he attended the Bedales School, in England, and then The Choate School, in Connecticut.

During the summers of 1936 and 1937, he attended the Juilliard School of Music, and then graduated from Harvard University, where Leonard Bernstein was a contemporary. At Harvard, he lost an eye boxing and began his career in musical theatre, writing shows for the Hasty Pudding Club. In 1942, he met the composer Frederick Loewe at The Lambs Club, in New York City, beginning one of the great collaborations of the American musical theatre. He wrote the books of the shows as well as the lyrics. Their first shows together, *Life of the Party* (1942) and *What's Up?* (1943) were



failures. Their next, *The Day before Spring* (1945) did slightly better, running for five months. In 1947, they had their first big hit, *Brigadoon*. Next, in 1951, came *Paint Your Wagon*, and then, in 1956, *My Fair Lady*, which changed theatre history. Adapted by Lerner from George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, it has been called the perfect musical and broke all box office records up to that point. The show ran for 2,717 performances in its original Broadway production (and even more in London) and has been revived on Broadway several times. The 1964 film version, with a screenplay by Lerner, won seven Oscars. In 1958, he wrote the screenplay and lyrics for the classic film musical *Gigi* (music again by Loewe, and directed by Vincente Minelli), which won nine Academy Awards, including one for Best Screenplay and one for the title song. One of Lerner & Loewe's last great collaborations was *Camelot*, in 1960, which starred Richard Burton and Julie Andrews. Alan Jay Lerner won an Academy Award for his screenplay for *An American in Paris*, of 1951. Also in 1951, he teamed up with the composer Burton Lane for the movie musical *Royal Wedding*. He worked with Lane again in 1965 for the most successful of his post-Loewe musicals, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*.

Frederick Loewe wrote the scores for some of America's most memorable musicals,

including *My Fair Lady*, *Camelot*, *Brigadoon*, *Paint Your Wagon*, and *Gigi*. Among his most famous songs with his lyricist-partner Alan Jay Lerner are 'Almost Like Being in Love', 'I Could Have Danced All Night', and 'Thank Heaven for Little Girls'. Born in 1901 in Berlin to Viennese parents, he was a musical prodigy by age four. Immersed in the operetta tradition – his father, a renowned tenor of the time, originated the role of Prince Danilo, in *Die lustige Witwe* (The Merry Widow) – the classically trained Loewe was, at thirteen, the youngest piano soloist ever to play with the Berliner Philharmoniker, and the sheet music for 'Katrin', a popular song which he wrote at fifteen, sold more than one million copies across Europe. In 1925, after accompanying his father on tour, he chose to stay in the United States with the goal of writing music for Broadway. Instead, for the next decade, he worked at odd jobs: cattle punching, gold prospecting, prize fighting, and playing piano in German clubs in New York's Yorkville and in movie theatres accompanying silent films. During the 1930s, he worked with the lyricist Earle T. Crooker on two unsuccessful musicals: *The Salute to Spring* and *Great Lady*. Then, in 1942, he approached the much younger Alan Lerner at The Lambs Club, in New York, about collaborating on a show – and thus began one of Broadway's most

extraordinary partnerships. Their first two efforts, *Life of the Party* and *What's Up?*, were failures. But their third show, *The Day before Spring*, though only a modest Broadway success, led *Billboard* in 1945 to say, 'Lerner and Loewe look like potential supermen'. Two years later, Lerner & Loewe had their first Broadway hit, *Brigadoon*, followed in 1951 by another, *Paint Your Wagon*. In 1956, *My Fair Lady* – starring Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews – opened on Broadway, winning six Tony Awards, including Best Musical, and running for an unprecedented 2,717 performances. The cast album sold more than five million copies and the 1964 film version won eight Academy Awards, including Best Picture. Their 1958 original film musical, *Gigi*, won nine Academy Awards, and in 1960 came their last great stage success, *Camelot*, starring Richard Burton and Julie Andrews. Frederick Loewe died in Palm Springs, California, in 1988.

Scarlett Strallen has appeared in numerous productions on Broadway and in the West End. Highlights include Gwendolen (*Travesties*) on Broadway, the title role in the Broadway production of *Mary Poppins* (a role she also played in London and Australia), and as Sibella in the Tony Award winning *A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder*. Other

highlights include Mary (*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*) at Theatre Royal Bath, Alice (*The New Yorkers*) at Encores! City Center, Kathy (*Singin' in the Rain*) at the Palace Theatre, London, for which she was nominated for her second Olivier Award for Best Actress in a Musical, Cassie (*A Chorus Line*), Clara (Jamie Lloyd's *Passion*) at the Donmar Warehouse, Josephine (*HMS Pinafore*) (Olivier Award nomination), and Truly Scrumptious (*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*). Additional theatre credits include the title role in *Nell Gwynn* at Chicago Shakespeare Theater, Mabel (*The Pirates of Penzance*) at Barrington Stage Company, Lady Macduff (*Macbeth*) with Kenneth Branagh at the Armory, in New York, Cunegonde (*Candide*) and Amalia (*She Loves Me*), both at the Menier Chocolate Factory, Marian Paroo (*The Music Man*) at Chichester Festival Theatre, and appearing alongside Judi Dench in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with the Royal Shakespeare Company. In 2014 she received the WhatsOnStage Award for Best Actress in a Musical for her portrayal of Cassie and Cunegonde in the same season. She was a member of the original cast of *Mamma Mia!* and *The Witches of Eastwick*, among others. She is a frequent soloist with orchestras all over the world. Highlights from her work at the BBC Proms include



Justin Patterson

Scarlett Strallen



Jamie Parker

participation in *Cole Porter in Hollywood* and *Bernstein: Stage and Screen* with the John Wilson Orchestra along with the role of Laurey in *Oklahoma!*. Her rendition of 'Glitter and Be Gay' with the John Wilson Orchestra can be found on YouTube. Scarlett Strallen has recorded the album *Something's Gotta Give* with Simon Keenlyside, conducted by David Charles Abell, for Chandos Records and can be heard on many original cast recordings.

A prolific actor and singer, **Jamie Parker** has achieved success on stage not only across London (National Theatre, Donmar Warehouse, Wyndham's Theatre, Southwark Playhouse, Palace Theatre, The Old Vic, Savoy Theatre, Menier Chocolate Factory, Shakespeare's Globe, Tricycle Theatre, and Jermyn Street Theatre, among others) and throughout the UK (Theatre Royal Bath, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Crucible, Sheffield, Northampton Theatre Royal, and Chichester Festival Theatre, to name only a few) but as far afield as the Adelaide Festival, Australia, and Lyric Theater, Broadway. He has appeared in acclaimed productions of plays such as *Next to Normal*, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, *The Doctor*, *Harry Potter* and *the Cursed Child* (for which he earned an Olivier Award for Best Actor, as well as a Tony nomination), *High Society*, *Guys*

and *Dolls* (which earned him an Olivier Award nomination), *Candida*, *Proof*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, *My Zinc Bed*, *Racing Demon*, *A New World*, *As You Like It*, *Henry IV* Parts 1 and 2, *Henry V*, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, *The History Boys*, *Singer*, *Between the Crosses*, *Holes in the Skin*, *The Gondoliers*, and *After the Dance*. On television he has been seen in *Ride or Die*, *The Hack*, *The Crown*, *Masters of the Air*, *The Long Shadow*, *Becoming Elizabeth*, *Des*, the BBC Proms, *Jonathan Strange & Mr Norrell*, *Count Arthur Strong*, *Endeavour*, *Silk*, *Burn Up*, *Silent Witness*, *Maxwell*, *Wire in the Blood*, and *Foyle's War*, among others. His film credits include *1917*, *Dirty Weekend*, *Valkyrie*, *The History Boys*, *The Journey Home*, and *The Lady in the Van*. Jamie Parker appeared at the BBC Proms in 2015, in a programme called *The John Wilson Orchestra Performs Frank Sinatra*, and in 2021 celebrated *The Golden Age of Broadway* with the BBC Concert Orchestra.

Malcolm Sinclair started his long career in repertory theatre, playing Hamlet and Peer Gynt amongst a host of other parts. He has appeared in many productions at the National Theatre, including the première of David Hare's *Racing Demon*, *House and Garden* by Alan Ayckbourn directed by the author, Alan Bennett's *The History Boys* and *The Habit of Art*,

and most recently Dodie Smith's *Dear Octopus*. For the Royal Shakespeare Company his most recent part was Orlando, in *As You Like It*, a part he had played forty years earlier at the Crucible, Sheffield. He made his first West End appearance in *Little Lies* with John Mills, and more recently he appeared as Eisenhower in David Haig's *Pressure*, which latterly went to Toronto. He has played Colonel Pickering twice: in Trevor Nunn's production at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, twenty years ago, and two years ago at the London Coliseum, in Bartlett Sher's production. On television he has appeared in five series of *Pie in the Sky*, as well as in *Foyle's War*, *Kavanagh QC*, *Midsomer Murders*, *Henry V*, *Parade's End*, and most recently *Andor*. For Amazon Prime he has just completed filming the new series *The Librarians*. His films include *Casino Royale*, *V for Vendetta*, *The Man Who Knew Infinity*, and *The Choral*, which will be released later in 2025. He has performed Schoenberg's *A Survivor from Warsaw* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Mariss Jansons, Bliss's *Morning Heroes* with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic under Vernon Handley, and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Sir Andrew Davis, Walton's music for *Henry V* with the Hallé under Sir Mark Elder,

and narrated Weber's *Der Freischütz* with the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Colin Davis. Malcolm Sinclair has recorded Stravinsky's *The Soldier's Tale* with the LSO on LSO Live.

The award-winning British actor **Alun Armstrong** is well known for appearances in Mel Gibson's *Braveheart*, Tim Burton's *Sleepy Hollow*, Clint Eastwood's *White Hunter Black Heart*, and *The Mummy Returns* for Universal Pictures. His additional recent film credits include roles in *Golden Years*, *Funny Cow*, *Possum*, *Cordelia*, *Krull*, *Oliver Twist*, *Van Helsing*, *Strictly Sinatra*, and *Eragon*. His film *This Is Personal* received a BAFTA nomination for Best Drama, Serial, and he has just wrapped on a role in Alan Bennett's next feature, *The Choral*. On television he is well known for his role Jim, in *Breeders*; in addition, he has appeared in series such as *Prime Suspect 1973*, *Dark Angel*, *Tom Jones*, and James Graham's *Sherwood*. He led the cast of the hugely successful BBC drama *New Tricks* as well as *Garrow's Law*, also for the BBC. He also featured in *Bleak House*, based on Charles Dickens's novel of the same name. Further television credits include appearances in *Year of the Rabbit*, *Downton Abbey*, *Penny Dreadful*, *Married... with Children*, and *Frontier* alongside Jason Momoa. For



Stuart McClymont Photography

Malcolm Sinclair



Steve Lyne Photographer

Alun Armstrong

his theatre work he has been nominated for the Laurence Olivier Award for Best Actor six times; he won the award in 1994 as the title character in *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* at the National Theatre where he has also appeared as Willie Loman, in *Death of a Salesman*, and The Captain, in *The Father*, among others. He spent over nine years with the Royal Shakespeare Company and has performed at The Old Vic, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Barbican Theatre, Royal Albert Hall, and on Broadway in countless productions including *Les Misérables* (he originated the role of Thénardier in the original 1985 cast), *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, *The Crucible*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, among many others. During 2025 Alun Armstrong has been filming Series 2 of *After the Flood*.

Laurence Kilsby studied as an ABRSM (The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music) Vocal Scholar at the Royal College of Music, in London, and at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. He was a member of the studio of the Opéra national de Paris during the 2022/23 season. An inaugural Lies Askonas Fellow, he was the winner of the 2018 Kathleen Ferrier Society Bursary for Young Singers, the 2022 Wigmore Hall /

Bollinger International Song Competition, and the 2022 Cesti-Wettbewerb at the Innsbrucker Festwochen der Alten Musik. His opera engagements have seen him perform at Opéra national de Paris, Théâtre national de l'Opéra-Comique, Opéra national du Rhin, the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Opéra de Dijon, Oper Köln, the Innsbrucker Festwochen der Alten Musik, Salzburger Festspiele, and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. On the concert platform he has worked with major orchestras such as Rotterdams Philharmonisch Orkest, Koninklijk Concertgebouworkest, BBC Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre philharmonique de Radio France, and the ensemble Pygmalion with conductors including Klaus Mäkelä, Raphaël Pichon, John Wilson, Ivor Bolton, and Dinis Sousa. Laurence Kilsby released his debut album, entitled *Awakenings*, with the pianist Ella O'Neill, in 2024 in a coproduction with Avi-Musik, Deutsche Grammophon, and SWR Kultur.

Dame Penelope Wilton has enjoyed a remarkable career as an actor in theatre, film, and television. At London venues such as the National Theatre, Theatre Royal Haymarket, Almeida Theatre, Wyndham's Theatre, Donmar Warehouse, The Old Vic, Young Vic, Royal Court Theatre, and Greenwich Theatre,

she has appeared in *Taken at Midnight*, *A Delicate Balance*, *Hamlet*, *The Family Reunion*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, *The Chalk Garden*, *The House of Bernarda Alba*, *The Little Foxes*, *Heartbreak House*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *The Deep Blue Sea*, *The Secret Rapture*, *Andromache*, *Major Barbara*, *Man and Superman*, *Betrayal*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *The Norman Conquests*, among many others, in the process working with distinguished directors such as Jonathan Church, Michael Grandage, Howard Davies, Marianne Elliott, Adrian Noble, David Hare, Karel Reisz, Jonathan Miller, Richard Eyre, and Peter Hall. Beyond the capital, she has been seen at the RSC Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, in *Women Beware Women* and *The Cherry Orchard*, Gate Theatre, Dublin, in *Afterplay*, *The Collection*, *A Kind of Alaska*, and *Landscape*, and Chichester Festival Theatre, in *Vita and Virginia*, *The Seagull*, and *The Director of the Opera*. She has appeared in films such as *The BFG*, *The Best Marigold Hotel* and its sequel, *Belle*, *The History Boys*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Match Point*, *Iris*, *Carrington*, *Cry Freedom*, *Laughterhouse*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, and *Joseph Andrews*. Penelope Wilton has appeared in countless television productions, including *South Riding*, *Downton Abbey*, *Miss Marple: The Do It*

with Mirrors, *Dr Who*, *The Passion*, *Lucky Jim*, *The Whistle-Blower*, *Wives and Daughters*, *Kavanagh QC*, *Talking Heads 2: Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, *The Borrowers*, *Ever Decreasing Circles*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Mrs Warren's Profession*.

An award-winning actor, **Julia McKenzie** CBE is recognised for her leading roles on stage and screen, who throughout her career has worked with some of the world's leading writers and directors. She set out on stage, becoming well known for her work with Stephen Sondheim. In the West End she appeared in *Maggie May* (1966), *Mame* (1969), *Company* (1971), and the revue *Side by Side by Sondheim* (1976); she made her Broadway début when she last transferred to New York in 1977, where she received a Tony Award nomination for Best Featured Actress in a Musical as well as a Drama Desk Award nomination. For her role as Miss Adelaide in the 1982 West End revival of *Guys and Dolls*, she won her first Olivier Award for Best Actress in a Musical. She went on to appear in the original West End productions of two Sondheim musicals, playing Sally, in *Follies* (1987), and the Witch, in *Into the Woods* (1990). She continued her association with Stephen Sondheim when she starred as Mrs Lovett in the 1993 London revival of



© Benjamin Reason Photography

Laurence Kilsby



Penelope Wilton

Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street, for which, in 1994, she won her second Olivier Award. She also received the Evening Standard Award for Best Actress for her role in the West End production of Alan Ayckbourn's *Woman in Mind*. On screen, she is perhaps best known for playing Miss Marple in *Agatha Christie's Marple*, on ITV. Further television credits include appearances in popular sitcoms such as *Maggie and Her*, *Fresh Fields*, *French Fields* (for which she earned a BAFTA nomination for Best Entertainment Performance), and the BBC One series *Cranford*. More recently she has been seen in *The Casual Vacancy* and *Gold Digger*, among others. She has starred in several hit feature films, including *Allelujah*, *Shirley Valentine*, *Bright Young Things*, and the Oscar nominated *Notes on a Scandal*. Additionally, she directed and co-devised *Putting It Together* in New York in 1993, with Sondheim, and *Stephen Sondheim's Old Friends* in the West End and on Broadway in 2023. In 2018, Julia McKenzie was awarded a CBE for her services to Drama.

The '**My Fair Lady**' Ensemble was put together especially for this recording and comprises some of the West End's brightest talents, many of whom have played leading roles. Between them, they have starred in musicals such as *Les Misérables*, *The Phantom of the Opera*,

Wicked, *Six*, *Mamma Mia!*, *Evita*, *Rodgers & Hammerstein's South Pacific*, *My Fair Lady*, and *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*.

Sinfonia of London brings together outstanding musicians for special projects, live and recorded, under its Artistic Director and conductor, John Wilson. Described in the press as 'one of the best ensembles anywhere' (*The Guardian*), it includes a significant number of principals and leaders from orchestras based both in the UK and abroad, alongside notable soloists and members of distinguished chamber ensembles. The orchestra made its acclaimed live début in 2021 at the BBC Proms and its international début in 2025 at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam. Alongside annual Prom appearances, it gives regular concert tours around the UK, cementing its reputation for world-class excellence with 'typically exhilarating performances' (*The Arts Desk*) and five-star reviews. Its much celebrated recording profile on Chandos Records covers a wide range of repertoire, including works by Korngold, Respighi, Ravel, Strauss, Rachmaninoff, Britten, Walton, Bliss, and Rodgers & Hammerstein. The magazine *BBC Music* declared that 'Wilson and his hand-picked band of musicians continue to strike gold with almost anything they turn

their hands to', while *The Mail on Sunday* declared the album of English Music for Strings 'dazzling... some of the finest string playing ever put on disc by a British orchestra'. Alongside outstanding reviews ('leaves music critics ready to die for joy', in the words of *iNews*), the orchestra has received five *BBC Music Magazine* Awards in five years and, in 2022, a *Gramophone* Award. In 2023, *The Sunday Times* stated that 'Sinfonia of London sets the gold standard – an orchestra of generals that takes the unfashionable, the obscure, the overlooked, and makes it unmissable'. www.sinfoniaoflondon.com

Born in Gateshead and since 2011 a Fellow of the Royal College of Music where he studied composition and conducting, **John Wilson** is now in demand at the highest level across the globe and has over the past thirty years conducted many of the world's finest orchestras. In 2018 he relaunched Sinfonia of London, which *The Arts Desk* described as 'the most exciting thing currently happening on the British orchestral scene'. His much-anticipated BBC Proms début with this orchestra, in 2021, was praised by *The Guardian* as 'truly outstanding' and admired by *The Times* for its 'revelatory music-making'. They are now highly sought-after, returning to the BBC Proms each

year, and the 2025 / 26 season notable for performances at major venues across the UK, including the Barbican Centre, London, and Snape Maltings, the start of a multi-year residency at the Glasshouse International Centre for Music, and their international début at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, in November 2025. They have now released almost thirty records since 2019, their wide and varied discography earning the highest critical acclaim and awards, including numerous *BBC Music Magazine* Awards: for recordings of Korngold's Symphony in F sharp (2020), Respighi's Roman Trilogy (2021), Dutilleux's *Le Loup* (2022), Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!* (2024), and works by Vaughan Williams, Howells, Delius, and Elgar, an album which won the Orchestral Award and was chosen Recording of the Year. *The Observer* described the Respighi recording as 'Massive, audacious and vividly played' and *The Times* declared it one of the three 'truly outstanding accounts of this trilogy' of all time, alongside those by Toscanini (1949) and Muti (1984). In March 2019, John Wilson was awarded the prestigious Distinguished Musician Award of the Incorporated Society of Musicians for his services to music and in 2021 was appointed Henry Wood Chair of Conducting at the Royal Academy of Music.



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Julia McKenzie



Alex Ingram

John Wilson

MY FAIR LADY

COMPACT DISC ONE

Act I

1. Overture

1a. Opening Scene

Scene: Outside Covent Garden

Time: After theatre, a cold March night

Crowds are milling about Covent Garden Opera House.

Three street Dancers [Buskers] entertain the crowd.

Eliza (*spoken*)

Aooooooooow!

Higgins (*spoken*)

A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere – no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech; that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a billious pigeon.

2. Why Can't the English

Eliza (*spoken*)

Aooooooooooooow!

Higgins (*sings*)

Look at her, a pris'ner of the gutters;

Condemned by ev'ry syllable she utters.

By rights she should be taken out and hung.

(*spoken*)

For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue!

Eliza (*spoken*)

A-o-o-o-o-w!

Higgins (*spoken*)

Aooooow! Heavens, what a noise!

(*sings*)

This is what the British population

Calls an element'ry education.

Pickering (*spoken*)

Come, sir, I think you picked a poor example.

Higgins (*spoken*)

Did I?

(*sings*)

Hear them down in Soho Square,

Dropping aitches ev'rywhere,

Speaking English anyway they like.

(*to a Cockney bystander*) (*spoken*)

You, sir, did you go to school?

Cockney (*spoken*)

Whatya tike me fer, a fool?

Higgins

No one taught him 'take' instead of 'tike'.
Hear a Yorkshireman, or worse,
Hear a Cornishman converse.
I'd rather hear a choir singing flat!
Chickens cackling in a barn,
Just like this one,

Eliza (*spoken*)

Garn!

Higgins (*spoken*)

Garn!

I ask you, sir, what sort of word is that?

(*sings*)

It's 'Aoooo' and 'Garn' that keep her in her
place,

Not her wretched clothes and dirty face.

Why can't the English teach their children
how to speak?

This verbal class distinction by now should
be antique.

If you spoke as she does, sir,

Instead of the way you do,

Why, you might be selling flowers, too.

Pickering (*spoken*)

I beg your pardon!

Higgins

An Englishman's way of speaking absolutely
classifies him.

The moment he talks he makes some other
Englishman despise him.

One common language I'm afraid we'll never
get.

Oh, why can't the English learn to

Set a good example to people whose English
is painful to your ears?

The Scotch and the Irish leave you close to
tears.

There even are places where English
completely disappears.

(*Pickering meets Higgins.*)

(*spoken*)

In America, they haven't used it for years!

(*sings*)

Why can't the English teach their children
how to speak?

Norwegians learn Norwegian; the Greeks are
taught their Greek.

In France ev'ry Frenchman knows his
language from 'A' to 'Zed'.

(*aside*)

The French never care what they do,
actually, as long as they pronounce it
properly.

Arabians learn Arabian with the speed of
summer lightning;

The Hebrews learn it backwards, which is
absolutely fright'ning.

But use proper English, you're regarded as
a freak.

Why can't the English...

Why can't the English learn to speak?





4

3. Wouldn't It Be Lovely

Eliza (*picking coins out of her basket, one by one, exclaiming happily at each one*) (*spoken*)
Aooow! Aooooow! Aooooow!
Aooow!

(The music punctuates each exclamation.)

First Cockney (*with a sweep of his hat*)
(*spoken*)
Shouldn't you stand up, gentlemen? We've
got a bloomin' heiress in our midst!

Second Cockney (*rises, snaps heels*)
(*spoken*)
Would you be lookin' for a good butler, Eliza?

Eliza
You won't do.

(Second Cockney twirling moustache, sings)

Second Cockney
It's rather dull in town;
I think I'll take me to Paree. Mmmmm!

Third Cockney (*rises*) (*sings*)
The missus wants to open up
The castle in Capri. Mmmmm!

First Cockney (*with a cough*) (*sings*)
Me doctor recommends a
Quiet summer by the sea.

The Cockney Quartet

Mmmmmm! Mmmmmm!
Wouldn't it be lovely!

Third Cockney (*spoken*)
Where're ya bound for this spring, Eliza?
Biarritz?

Eliza (*at pillar*) (*sings*)
All I want is a room somewhere;
Far away from the cold night air.
With one enormous chair;
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
(*sits on orange crate*)
Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin'lutely still!
I would never budge, till
Spring crept over me windsill.

Someone's head restin' on my knee;
Warm and tender as he can be,
Who takes good care of me;
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
Lovely! Lovely!
Lovely! Lovely!

The Cockney Quartet (*as Eliza crosses to them*)

Ah, ah,
All I want is a room somewhere;
Far away from the cold night air.
With one enormous chair;

Eliza
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

All
Ah,
Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat.
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet;

Eliza
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Solo Tenor
Ah, ah, ah.

Eliza
Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin'lutely still!
I would never budge, till
Spring crept over me windsill.

The Cockney Quartet
Over me winder,
Ah, ah,
Someone's head restin' on my knee,
Warm and tender as she can be,

All
Who takes good care of me;

Eliza
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

The Cockney Quartet
Ah,
Lovely!

Eliza
Lovely!

The Cockney Quartet
Ah,
Lovely!

Dance
(*The men whistle a full chorus as the sweepers dance.*)

Eliza
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!

The Cockney Quartet
Ah,
Lovely!

Eliza
Lovely!

The Cockney Quartet

Ah,
Lovely!

Eliza (as they all warm their hands by the fire)
Lovely!

Scene 2

Tenement section, Tottenham Court Road
There is a pub at stage left, a tenement at stage right.

Time: Later that evening

At rise: There is a commotion in the pub and George, the Bartender, is seen evicting Harry and Jamie from the pub. Harry and Jamie are thrown across the stage. George is in front of pub, calling in.

Doolittle (*spoken*)

5 Come on, Eliza, slip your old Dad half a crown to go home on.

Eliza (takes coin out of basket, flips it in air, catches it) (spoken)
Well, I had a bit of luck myself tonight. So here.

(gives him coin, crosses to house)

Harry (calls into pub from across stage as Doolittle grins happily) (spoken)
George! Three glorious beers!

Eliza (from door)

But don't keep comin' around countin' on half crowns from me!

(She exits as Alfie calls to her.)

Doolittle (*spoken*)

Goodnight, Eliza! You're a noble daughter!
(He crosses to Harry and Jamie.)

You see, boys, I told you not to go home! It's just Faith, Hope and a little bit of Luck!

6 4. With a Little Bit of Luck

Doolittle (*sings*)

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron,
So he could do his job and never shirk.
The Lord above gave man an arm of iron, but,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
Someone else'll do the blinkin' work!

The Trio – Jamie, Harry, and Doolittle

(dancing to pub)

With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
You'll never work!

Doolittle (*stopping them at pub*)

The Lord above made liquor for temptation;
To see if man could turn away from sin.
The Lord above made liquor for temptation; but,

With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
When temptation comes, you'll give right in!

The Trio (*doing can-can, Alfie crosses into pub, and out*)
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
You'll give right in!

Doolittle (*crossing downstage, Harry to left of him, Jamie to right of him*)
Oh, you can walk the straight and narrow;
But with a little bit of luck
You'll run amuck!
The gentle sex was made for man to marry,
To share his nest and see his food is cooked.
The gentle sex was made for man to marry, but,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
You can have it all and not get hooked.

The Trio (*dancing*)
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
You won't get hooked!
(*crossing in chain dance*)
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

(*They freeze.*)

Angry Woman (*sticking head out of tenement window*) (*spoken*)
Shut your face down there! How's a woman
supposed to get her rest?

(*Harry and Jamie have hidden behind the tenement. Doolittle crosses to downstage.*)

Doolittle (*spoken*)
I'm tryin' to keep 'em quiet, lady!

Angry Man (*spoken*)
Shut up! Once and for all, shut up!

Doolittle (*spoken*)
'Ere, 'ere – that's no way to talk to a lady!
(*Harry and Jamie join him.*)
We've got to be neighborly-like, boys. After all:

(*sings*)
The Lord above made man to help his
neighbor;
No matter where, on land, or sea, or foam.
The lord above made man to help his
neighbor, but,
(*He mouths the next two lines, whispering.*)
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
(*sings, roaring*)
When he comes around you won't be home!



Jamie, Harry, and Doolittle (*Doolittle conducting the others*)
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
You won't be home!

Doolittle (*arms on their shoulders*)
They're always throwin' goodness at you;
But with a little bit of luck,
A man can duck!
(*He ducks, crosses, hand on hip.*)
Oh, it's a crime for man to go philand'rin'
And fill his wife's poor heart with grief and
doubt.
(*He turns left and kicks his leg in can-can
style.*)
Oh, it's a crime for man to go philand'rin', but,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
You can see the bloodhound don't find out!

The Trio (*yelling at houses as Alfie does
impromptu tap dance*)
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
She won't find out!
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

(*They end with Jamie and Harry holding a
pose pointing at Doolittle – Alfie continues
his dance.*)

*As Doolittle dances, the curtains close quickly
and the music continues into the tag.)*

**7 4a. Change of Scene ('With a Little Bit of
Luck')**

Scene 3
Higgins's Study
There is a staircase at one side leading up to
a landing, a window looking out over the city,
two downstairs doors, and much recording
apparatus, including three turntables,
a central switch for all three, large old-
fashioned horns about, and a xylophone.
There is a bird-cage upstage center.
Time: The next day
At rise: The room is in total darkness
The vowel sounds into which the cries
at Doolittle in the preceding scene have
segued, continue.

Higgins (*Higgins immediately closes the door
and turns to Pickering enthusiastically.*)
(*spoken*)
8 In six months – in three if she has a good ear
and a quick tongue – I'll take her anywhere
and pass her off as anything. I'll make a
Queen of that barbarous wretch.

(*Higgins has crossed into the library, picks up
some more charts and studies them intently.*)

Pickering (*spoken*)

Higgins, forgive the bluntness, but if I'm to be in this business, I shall feel responsible for the girl. I hope it's clearly understood that no advantage is to be taken of her position.

Higgins (*not even looking up*)

What? That thing? Sacred, I assure you.

Pickering

Now come, Higgins, you know what I mean! This is no trifling matter! Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

Higgins (*still not looking up*)

Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

Pickering

Yes. Very frequently.

Higgins (*crosses to desk, puts papers down*)

Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious and a damned nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself become friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical.

(*Having put all papers down, he takes his glasses off and puts them in his pocket.*)

So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so. After all, Pickering:

5. I'm an Ordinary Man

(*spoken*)

I'm an ordinary man,

(*sings*)

Who desires nothing more

Than just the ordinary chance

To live exactly as he likes

And do precisely what he wants.

An av'rage man am I,

Of no eccentric whim;

Who wants to live his life

Free of strife;

Doing whatever he thinks is best for him.

Just an ordinary man.

(*crosses to Pickering*)

But let a woman in your life

And your serenity is through!

She'll redecorate your home

From the cellar to the dome;

Then get on to the enthralling

Fun of overhauling

You.

(*leads Pickering downstage*)

Oh, let a woman in your life

And you are up against the wall!

Make a plan and you will find

She has something else in mind;

And so rather than do either
You do something else that neither
Likes at all.

(Pickering sits on sofa.)

You want to talk of Keats or Milton;
She only wants to talk of love.
You go to see a play or ballet
And spend it searching for her glove.

Oh, let a woman in your life
And you invite eternal strife!
(sits on front of desk)
Let them buy their wedding bands
For those anxious little hands;
I'd be equally as willing
For a dentist to be drilling
Than to ever let a woman in my life!

(rises, sits next to Pickering on sofa)

(spoken)
I'm a very gentle man;
(sings)
Even-temper'd and good natur'd,
Whom you never hear complain;
Who has the milk of human kindness
By the quart in ev'ry vein.
A patient man am I
Down to my fingertips;
The sort who never could,
Ever would,

Let an insulting remark escape his lips.
Just a very gentle man.

But let a woman in your life
And patience hasn't got a chance.
She will beg you for advice;
Your reply will be concise.
And she'll listen very nicely,
Then go out and do precisely
What she wants!

(He rises, crosses to Pickering.)

You were a man of grace and polish
Who never spoke above a hush.
Now all at once you're using language
That would make a sailor blush.

Oh, let a woman in your life
And you are plunging in a knife!
Let the others of my sex
Tie the knot around their necks;
I'd prefer a new edition
Of the Spanish inquisition
Than to ever let a woman in my life!

(spoken)
I'm a quiet living man
(sings)
Who prefers to spend his ev'nings
In the silence of his room.
Who likes an atmosphere as restful
As an undiscover'd tomb.

A pensive man am I
 Of philosophic joys;
(He sits in desk chair.)
 Who likes to meditate,
 Contemplate,
 Free from humanity's mad, inhuman noise.
 Just a quiet living man.

(He quickly rises and crosses to sofa.)

But let a woman in your life
 And your sabbatical is through!
 In a line that never ends
 Come an army of her friends,
 Come to jabber and to chatter
 And to tell her what the matter
 Is with you.

She'll have a booming, boist'rous fam'ly
 Who will descend on you en masse.
(He leaps on sofa.)

She'll have a large Wagnerian mother
 With a voice that shatters glass!

Oh, let a woman in your life,
(A gibberish of voices begins as Higgins turns on a phonograph...)
 Let a woman in your life,
(...and another phonograph.)
 Let a woman in your life.
(He crosses to desk, turns on master machine. The sound of voices rises over the orchestra.)

He turns off the phonographs, and sits at desk with his feet up on desk top.)
 I shall never let a woman in my life!

Blackout!

10 5a. Change of Scene ('I'm an Ordinary Man')

Scene 4

The tenement section, Tottenham Court Road. Same as Act I, Scene 2
 Time: Mid-day

At rise: Mrs Hopkins, a cockney woman surrounded by a crowd of cockneys is speaking as the crowd is laughing.
 There is a commotion in the pub stage right.

11 Mrs Hopkins (spoken)

How'd ya like that? Knocked me for a row of pins, it did.

(The Bartender shoves Harry and Jamie out of the pub exactly as he did in the previous scene, the crowd gets a big kick out of it.)

Bartender (spoken)

Come on, Doolittle. Out you go. Hop it now. I ain't runnin' no charity bazaar.

Doolittle (crossing out of pub) (spoken)

Thanks for your hospitality, George. Sen...



Bartender

Yes, I know. Send the bill to Buckingham Palace.

(The crowd laughs.)

Mrs Hopkins

You can buy your own drinks now, Alfie Doolittle. Fallen into a tub of butter, you have.

Doolittle

What tub of butter?

Mrs Hopkins *(crosses to Doolittle)*

Your daughter, Eliza. Oh, you're a lucky man, Alfie Doolittle.

Doolittle

What are you talkin' about? What about Eliza?

Mrs Hopkins *(to the group)*

He don't know. Her own father, and he don't know.

(Crowd laughs.)

Moved in with a swell, Eliza has. Left here in a taxi all by herself, smart as paint, and ain't been home for three days. And then I gets a message from her this morning: She wants her things sent over to 27-A Wimpole Street, care of Professor Higgins. And what things does she want? Her birdcage, and her Chinese fan.

(She hands them to him.)

But, she says, never mind about sendin' any clothes!

(There is general laughter from the crowd.)

Doolittle *(crosses to Harry and Jamie, laughing gleefully)*

I knowed she had a career in front of her! Harry, boy, we're in for a booze-up. The sun is shinin' on Alfred P. Doolittle!

12 6. Reprise: With a Little Bit of Luck

Doolittle *(sings)*

A man was made to help support his children,
Which is the right and proper thing to do.
A man was made to help support his
children, but,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
They'll go out and start supporting you!

All – Jamie, Harry, and Chorus (SATB) *(sing)*

With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
They'll work for you.

He doesn't have a tuppence in his pocket;
The poorest bloke you'll ever hope to meet.
He doesn't have a tuppence in his pocket, but,
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
He'll be movin' up to easy street.

With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
He's movin' up.
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

Dance

(Doolittle dances with the crowd.

*At end of dance, Alfie gets birdcage and fan
from Harry and Jamie and crosses with the
crowd following.)*

All

With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

13 6a. Change of Scene ('With a Little Bit of Luck')

Scene 5

Higgins's study

Time: Later that afternoon

At rise: Pickering is seated in the wing chair,
reading his paper. Mrs Pearce is at stage
center looking up at Higgins who is on the
upper landing, looking through some books
on the console table. Mrs Pearce is holding
a letter.

Higgins (spoken)

14 Say your vowels.

Eliza (spoken)

I know my vowels. I knew them before I
came.

Higgins

If you know them, say them.

Eliza

Ahyee, E, Iyee, Ow, You!

Higgins

Stop! Say: A, E, I, O, U!

Eliza

That's what I said: Ahyee, E, Iyee, Ow, You.
I've been syin' them for three days, and I
won't sy them no more!

Pickering (crosses to Eliza) (spoken)

I know it's difficult, Miss Doolittle. But try to
understand...

Higgins

No use explaining, Pickering. As a military
man you ought to know that. Drilling is what
she needs. Much better leave her or she'll be
turning to you for sympathy.

Pickering (crossing to door)

All right, if you insist, but have a little
patience with her, Higgins.

(He exits.)

Higgins

Of course.

(to Eliza)

Say 'A'.

Eliza

You ain't got no heart, you ain't.

Higgins

'A'.

Eliza

Ahyee!

Higgins (walks up the stairs saying 'A' with each step, Eliza echoing with 'Ahyee'. When he reaches the top, he looks down.)

Eliza, I promise you you will pronounce your vowels correctly before this day is out, or there'll be no lunch, no dinner, and no chocolates!

(He exits through the door, slamming it for effect.

The music begins. Eliza in a blind rage, slams her study book down on the floor and stamps on it.)

15

7. Just You Wait

Eliza (*sings*)

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

You'll be sorry, but your tears'll be too late!

You'll be broke and I'll have money;

Will I help you? Don't be funny!

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, till you're sick,

And you scream to fetch a doctor double quick!

I'll be off a second later,

And go straight to the the-a-tre!

Oh, ho, ho, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

(claws the air as if it was Higgins)

Oooooooooh, 'enry 'iggins!

Just you wait until we're swimmin' in the sea!

Oooooooooh, 'enry 'iggins!

And you get a cramp a little ways from me!

When you yell you're gonna drown,

I'll get dressed and go to town!

Oh, ho, ho, 'enry 'iggins!

Oh, ho, ho, 'enry 'iggins!

Just you wait!

(facing front)

One day I'll be famous! I'll be proper and prim!

Go to Saint James so often I will call it Saint

Jim.

One evening the King will say, 'Oh, Liza, old thing,

I want all of England your praises to sing.

Next week, on the twentieth of May,

I proclaim Liza Doolittle Day!

(bowing to the right)
All the people will celebrate the glory of you,
And whatever you wish and want I gladly
will do.'
(sits on sofa)
'Thanks a lot, King,' says I, in a manner
well-bred;
'But all I want is 'enry 'iggins 'ead!'
'Done,' says the King, 'with a stroke.
Guard, run and bring in the bloke!'

Then they'll march you, 'enry 'iggins, to the wall;
And the King will tell me: 'Liza, sound the call.'
As they raise their rifles higher,
I'll shout: 'Ready! Aim! Fire!'
(stares at floor in front of her)
Oh, ho, ho, 'enry 'iggins!
Down you'll go!
(screams)
'enry 'iggins!
Just you wait!

Blackout

Eliza *(with a sigh first) (spoken)*
The rine in spine sties minely in the pline.

Higgins *(spoken)*
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

*(puts metronome down, picks up an alcohol
burner from table)*

Eliza
Didn't I sy that?

Higgins
No, Eliza, you didn't sy that. You didn't even
say that.

*(He brings the burner down and crosses to
Eliza.)*

Every night before you get into bed, where
you used to say your prayers, I want you to
repeat: The rain in Spain stays mainly in the
plain, fifty times. You will get much further
with the Lord if you learn not to offend His
ears. Now for your 'H's'. Pickering, this is
going to be ghastly!

*(He crosses to desk and sits, Eliza rises and
crosses to him. He lights the burner with
match.*

*He rises and gives Eliza his seat in front of
the burner.)*

Now repeat after me: In Hartford, Hereford
and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

Eliza *(echoing the last quick tempo that
Higgins used)*
In 'artford, 'ereford and 'ampshire, 'urricanes
'ardly hever 'appen!

Higgins
No, no, no, no! No idea at all, you know!



Eliza

Should I do it over?

Higgins

No. Please, no! We must start from the very beginning.

(He kneels.)

Do this – ha – ha – ha – ha.

(He rises.)

Eliza *(each 'ha' more tortured than the last)*

Ha – ha – ha – ha...

Higgins *(spoken)*

Well, go on! Go on!

(Eliza does one last 'ha' and blows the fire out. She looks shocked.)

Blackout!

16 8. The Servants' Chorus

(In spotlight, the six servants, SSAATB, sing at stage left.)

Servants

Poor Professor Higgins!

Poor Professor Higgins!

Night and day he slaves away!

Oh, poor Professor Higgins.

All day long on his feet;

Up and down until he's numb.

Doesn't rest; doesn't eat;

Ah.

Doesn't touch a crumb.

(The Servants disappear. The lights come up. Pickering is having tea in the wing chair with the tray right of him. Eliza is on the sofa watching the food tortuously. Higgins is right of xylophone, cup in hand, and tapping out first three notes of 'How kind of you to let me come'.)

Higgins *(spoken)*

Kind of you, kind of you.

(He plays the xylophone.)

How kind of you to let me come.

Eliza *(spoken)*

How kind of you to let me come.

Higgins *(putting mallet down, crosses to behind sofa)*

No! Kind of you. It's just like 'cup of tea'. Kind of you – cup of tea. Kind of you – say 'cup of tea'.

Eliza

A cappatea.

(In spotlight, the Servants sing at stage left.)

Servants

Poor Professor Higgins!
Poor Professor Higgins!
On he plods, against all odds;
Oh, poor Professor Higgins!
Nine p.m., ten p.m.,
On through midnight ev'ry night.
One a.m., two a.m.,
Three...

*(The Servants disappear. The lights come up.
Higgins and Eliza are facing each other,
Dr Higgins on stool, Eliza on wing chair.
Pickering is on sofa.)*

Higgins *(placing marbles in her mouth)*
(spoken)

Four - five - six marbles. There we are.

(holding up a slip of paper)

Now, I want you to read this and enunciate
each word just as if the marbles were not in
your mouth. 'With blackest moss, the flower
pots were thickly crusted, one and all.' Each
word clear as a bell.

Eliza *(reading unintelligibly)* *(spoken)*

With blackest moss the flower pots... I can't!
I can't!

Pickering *(spoken)*

I say, Higgins, are those pebbles really
necessary?

Higgins

If they were necessary for Demosthenes,
they are necessary for Eliza Doolittle. Go
on, Eliza.

Eliza

With blackest moss, the flower pots were
thickly crusted, one and all...

Higgins

I cannot understand a word. Not a word.

Eliza *(with renewed vigor)*

With blackest moss, the flower pots were
thickly crusted, one and all; the rusted nails
fell from the knots that held the pear to the
gable-wall...

Pickering *(speaking after Eliza has said
'blackest moss')*

I say, Higgins, perhaps the poem is too
difficult for the girl. Why don't you try a
simpler one? Like: 'The Owl and the Pussy-
cat'? That's a damned fine poem!

Higgins *(thundering)*

Pickering! I cannot hear the girl!

*(Eliza gasps and takes the marbles out of her
mouth.)*

Higgins *(spoken)*

What's the matter? Why did you stop?

Eliza (*spoken*)

I swallowed one.

Higgins

Oh, don't worry. I have plenty more. Open your mouth....

(He starts putting them into her mouth again.)

Blackout

(In spotlight, the Servants are singing at stage left.)

Servants

Quit, Professor Higgins!

Quit, Professor Higgins!

Hear our plea, or payday we will

Quit, Professor Higgins!

'Ay' not 'i'; 'o' not 'ow';

Pounding, pounding in our brain.

'Ay' not 'i'; 'o' not 'ow';

Don't say 'rine', say 'rain'...

(The Servants disappear. The lights come up. It is very late at night, or very early in the morning. Pickering is stretched out on the wing chair with a newspaper over his face. Eliza is on the sofa in a complete state of exhaustion. Higgins is seated behind the desk with an ice-bag on his head.)

Higgins (*slowly*) (*spoken*)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Eliza (*leaning on sofa*) (*spoken*)

I can't. I'm so tired. I'm so tired.

Pickering (*from under the paper*) (*spoken*)

Oh, for God's sake, Higgins. It must be three o'clock in the morning. Do be reasonable.

Higgins (*plopping ice-bag on her head. She takes the ice-bag off her head and buries her face in it.*)

I know your head aches. I know your nerves are as raw as meat in a butcher's window. But think what you're trying to accomplish. *(sits next to her on sofa)*

Think what you're dealing with. The majesty and grandeur of the English language.

It's the greatest possession we have.

The noblest sentiments that ever flowed in the hearts of men are contained in its extraordinary, imaginative, and musical mixtures of sounds. That's what you've set yourself to conquer, Eliza. And conquer it you will.

(He rises, she has been staring at him in great wonderment and inspiration. He crosses to desk chair and sits, leaning back.)

Now, try it again.

Eliza

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins (*not believing, sits up*)

What was that?



Eliza
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins (*rises*)
Again.

9. The Rain in Spain
Eliza (*spoken in rhythm*)
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins (*spoken*)
I think she's got it! I think she's got it!

Eliza (*sings*)
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins (*spoken*)
By George, she's got it!
By George, she's got it!
(*sings*)
Now once again, where does it rain?

Eliza
On the plain! On the plain!

Higgins
And where's that soggy plain?

Eliza (*rises. As Pickering rises*)
In Spain! In Spain!

Eliza, Higgins, and Pickering (*joyously*)
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!
(*Higgins and Pickering shake hands behind Eliza's back, and Higgins crosses to xylophone, picks up the mallet, turns to her, pointing with it.*)
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

Higgins
In Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire?

Eliza (*takes two steps to Higgins with push from Pickering*)
Hurricanes hardly happen.

Higgins (*taps out on xylophone*)
'How kind of you to let me come.'

Eliza (*taking four steps to Higgins. Spoken in rhythm*)
How kind of you to let me come.

Higgins (*mallet down, forces Eliza back. Sings*)
Now, once again, where does it rain?

Eliza (*sings*)
On the plain! On the plain!

Higgins
And where's that blasted plain?

Eliza

In Spain! In Spain!

All Three

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

Dance

(The three do an impromptu Spanish fandango.)

All Three *(spoken)*

Ole!

(They end up in peals of laughter on the sofa, as Mrs Pearce enters through upstage center door in her nightrobe. She is astounded to say the least. Two maids enter from behind the secretary and remain on the platform.

Mrs Pearce crosses to front of wing chair.)

Mrs Pearce *(spoken)*

You've all been working much too hard. I think the strain is beginning to show. Eliza, I don't care what Mr Higgins says, you must put down your books and go to bed.

(One of the Servants picks up Pickering's newspaper and brings it into the library, after getting ice-bag from sofa.)

18

10. I Could Have Danced All Night

Eliza *(sings)*

Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed!

My head's too light to try to set it down!

(She rises, the other Servant straightens up the sofa.)

Sleep! Sleep! I couldn't sleep tonight!

Not for all the jewels in the crown!

(Mrs Pearce crosses to desk, Eliza crosses to wing chair, sits.)

I could have danced all night!

I could have danced all night!

And still have begged for more.

I could have spread my wings

And done a thousand things

I've never done before.

(She sits bolt upright.)

I'll never know

What made it so exciting;

Why all at once

My heart took flight.

I only know when he

Began to dance with me,

I could have danced, danced, danced, all night!

First Maid *(sings)*

It's after three, now,

Second Maid *(sings)*

Don't you agree, now,

Both Maids

She ought to be in bed?

Eliza (*simultaneously with Maids*)

I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

Maids (*simultaneously with Eliza*)

First Maid

You're tired out.

Second Maid

You must be dead.

First Maid

Your face is drawn.

Second Maid

Your eyes are red.

Both Maids

Now say goodnight, please.
Turn out the light, please.
It's really time
For you to be in bed.

First Maid

Do come along,
Do as you're told.

Second Maid

Or Mrs Pearce
Is apt to scold.

Both Maids

You're up too late, miss,
And sure as fate, miss,
You'll catch a cold.

*(Mrs Pearce and a Maid cross into library and
get comforter.)*

Eliza (*solo*)

I'll never know
What made it so exciting;
Why all at once
My heart took flight.
(They return with comforter.)
I only know when he
Began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced, all night!

(They cover Eliza.)

First and Second Maid (*singing
simultaneously with Eliza from the point
where they return with comforter*)

First Maid

Put down your book.

Second Maid

The work'll keep.

Both Maids

Now settle down
And go to sleep.

(The Maids exit.)

Mrs Pearce *(As Eliza rests she sings over her.)*

I understand, dear.
It's all been grand, dear.
But now it's time to sleep.

(Mrs Pearce turns out the lights.)

Eliza *(after lights go out, from sofa)*

I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

(She throws off the comforter and sits up.)

I'll never know
What made it so exciting;
Why all at once
My heart took flight.

(She rises.)

I only know when he
Began to dance with me,
I could have danced, danced, danced, all night!

19 10a. Change of Scene (Race Track Fanfare)

Scene 6

Outside Ascot

Time: A July afternoon

At rise: Pickering, Mrs Higgins, and Charles,
the chauffeur, are grouped at downstage
center-left with Mrs Higgins standing in the
center.

Mrs Higgins *(spoken)*

20 Colonel Pickering, I don't understand - do
you mean that my son is coming to Ascot
today?

Pickering *(spoken)*

Yes, he is, Mrs Higgins. As a matter of fact,
he's here!

Mrs Higgins

What a disagreeable surprise. Ascot is
usually the one place I can come to with my
friends and not run the risk of seeing my
son, Henry. Whenever my friends meet him, I
never see them again.

Pickering

He had to come, Mrs Higgins. You see, he's
taking the girl to the annual Embassy Ball,
and he wanted to try her out first.

Mrs Higgins

I beg your pardon?

Pickering

You know... the annual Embassy Ball...

Mrs Higgins

Yes, I know the Ball... but what girl?

Pickering

Oh, didn't I mention that?

Mrs Higgins

No, you did not.

Pickering

Well, it's quite simple, really. One night I went to the Opera at Covent Garden to hear one of my favorite operas – 'Aida' – and as I was coming out – incidentally, they didn't do 'Aida' that night – No, they did 'Gotterdammerung' instead. I'd never heard 'Gotterdammerung'. By George, that's a rackety one! Now, when this tenor chap...

Mrs Higgins

What about the girl, Colonel?

Pickering

Oh, yes. As I was coming out, I met your son, Henry, who, in turn, met Miss Doolittle, who now lives with Henry.

Mrs Higgins

Lives with Henry? Is it a love affair?

Pickering

Heavens, no! She's a flower girl. He picked her up off the curb-stone.

Mrs Higgins

A flower girl?

Pickering

Yes. Higgins said to me: 'Pickering, you see this girl? In six months I could make a duchess of her.' I said: 'Nonsense.' He came back with 'Yes, I can'. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll make a bet with you you can't.' And I did. And he is.

(The Ascot Bell is heard ringing.)

Charles *(spoken)*

The horses are leaving the paddock, Mrs Higgins.

Pickering

Excuse me, Mrs Higgins. I must fetch her.

Mrs Higgins

But Colonel – am I to understand that Henry is bringing a flower girl to Ascot?

Pickering *(turns to her)*

Yes, Mrs Higgins. That's is, that's it precisely! Jolly good, Mrs Higgins! Jolly good!

(exits)

Mrs Higgins

Charles, you'd better stay close to the car. I may be leaving abruptly.

Blackout

Scene 7

Ascot

It is a tent affair with two large pouffes on either side of the archway stage center.

Time: Immediately following

At rise: The entire Ensemble, elegantly and appropriately attired, stand facing the audience, with a minimum of movement and expression, they sing:

21. 11. Ascot Gavotte

All

Ev'ry duke and earl and peer is here;
Ev'ry one who should be here is here.
What a smashing, positively dashing
Spectacle... the Ascot op'ning day.

At the gate are all the horses
Waiting for the cue to fly away.
What a gripping, absolutely ripping
Moment at the Ascot op'ning day.

Pulses rushing!
Faces flushing!

Heart beats speed up!

I have never been so keyed up!

Any second now
They'll begin to run.
Hark! A bell is ringing,
They are springing
Forward...
Look! It has begun!

(The racing bell is heard. There is complete silence. With nerveless faces, the entire Ensemble watches the progress of the race. When the race is over, they shift to the other foot and sing.)

What a frenzied moment that was!
Didn't they maintain an exhausting pace?
'Twas a thrilling, absolutely chilling
Running of the Ascot op'ning race!

(To the strains of the Gavotte they enact, in pantomime, life between races. As the Gavotte reaches the climax, the crowds slowly disperse, and Mrs Higgins enters, crosses stage bowing to some of the groups as they leave.)

Pickering (rising, rushing to right of Eliza)
(spoken)

22. Er - I don't suppose there's enough time before the next race to place a bet?

(Music starts.)

12. End of Gavotte and Blackout Music

Pickering *(to Eliza, lifting her out of the chair)*
(spoken)

Come, my dear.

Mrs Higgins *(spoken)*
I'm afraid not, Colonel Pickering.

(They all rise as the Ascot Music begins and the crowd moves to the forestage.)

Freddy *(rises, crosses to Eliza)* *(spoken)*
I have a bet on number seven. I should be so happy if you would take it. You'll enjoy the race ever so much more.

(He offers her a race ticket, she accepts.)

Eliza *(spoken)*
That's very kind of you.

Freddy
His name is Dover.

(The people are now all downstage. Higgins remains behind Eliza.)

Ensemble *(sings)*
There they are again,
Lining up to run.

Now they're holding steady;
They are ready
For it...
Look! It has begun!

(The racing bell is heard. Again the silence. The heads in unison move from one side to another with the usual impassiveness.)

The one exception is Eliza, who is really terribly excited. Clenching her fists, head bent forward, crouched low she is rooting her horse home. Precisely in the middle, when all are facing front, Eliza can contain herself no longer.)

Eliza *(sotto voce)* *(spoken)*
Come on, come on, Dover...
(The crowd turns to stare at her and then they all look at each other in wonder.)

The crowd moves perceptively away from the girl.)
Come on, Dover!!!! Move your bloomin' arse!!!!

(There is a terrible moan from the crowd. The minute she says it she realizes what she's done and brings her hand to her mouth. Several women gracefully faint, and are caught by their escorts. All are horrified.)

As the line breaks Higgins steps forward roaring with laughter, as Pickering dashes off.



The music reaches a crescendo of cacophony, reflecting the horror of the moment as we...

Blackout

Scene 8

Outside Higgins's house. Wimpole Street
There are steps leading up to the door at stage left.

Time: Later that day

At rise: A Policeman enters downstage left and crosses to stage center. Freddy enters downstage right, crosses to stage center to left of Policeman.

Freddy (*spoken*)

23 Officer, I know this is Wimpole Street, but could you tell me where 27-A is?

Policeman (*indicating door*) (*spoken*)

Right there, sir.

Freddy

Thank you.

(*Policeman exits. As Freddy starts for the door, a Flower Girl enters. Freddy sees her and goes to her.*)

Are those for sale?

Flower Girl (*spoken*)

Yes, sir. A shilling.

(*Freddy takes a shilling from his pocket and throws it into the Flower Girl's basket. Music starts.*)

24 13. On the Street Where You Live

Freddy (*spoken*)

Here.

Flower Girl (*handing him a bouquet*) (*spoken*)

Thank you kindly, sir.

Freddy (*taking bouquet*)

Isn't it a heavenly day?

(*She looks at him strangely and exits.*)

Freddy crosses to stoop, knocks on the door, turns front. Sings:)

(*on first step*)

When she mentioned how her aunt bit off
the spoon,

She completely done me in.

(*steps down*)

And my heart went on a journey to the moon,

When she told about her father and the gin.

And I never saw a more enchanting farce,

Than the moment when she shouted, 'move
your bloomin'...'

(*Music continues under dialogue.*)

Mrs Pearce (*enters on steps*) (*spoken*)

Yes, sir?

Freddy (*spoken*)
Is Miss Doolittle at home?

Mrs Pearce
Whom shall I say is calling?

Freddy
Freddy Eynsford-Hill. If she doesn't
remember me, tell her I'm the chap who was
sniggering at her.

Mrs Pearce
Yes, sir.

Freddy (*crosses to her*)
And would you give her these?

(*hands her the bouquet*)

Mrs Pearce (*leaving*)
Yes, sir.

Freddy (*stopping her*)
You needn't rush. I want to drink in this street
where she lives.

(*crosses to bottom of steps*)

Mrs Pearce
Yes, sir.

(*She exits.*)

Freddy (*facing front*) (*sings*)
I have often walked down this street before;
But the pavement always stayed beneath
my feet before.
All at once am I sev'ral stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of ev'ry door?
No, it's just on the street where you live!

And oh, the towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near!
The over-powering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear!

People stop and stare. They don't bother me,
For there's nowhere else on earth that I
would rather be.
Let the time go by; I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

(*Music continues under dialogue.*)

Mrs Pearce (*enters on steps*) (*spoken*)
Mr Eynsford-Hill?

Freddy (*spoken*)
Yes.

(*turns to her*)



Mrs Pearce

I'm terribly sorry, sir. Miss Doolittle says she doesn't want to see anyone ever again.

Freddy (*crosses two steps to her*)

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 (*crosses to bottom of steps*)

But don't you see? I'll be happier here.

(*Mrs Pearce exits.*)

(*sings*)

People stop and stare. They don't bother me.
For there's nowhere else on earth that I
would rather be.

Let the time go by; I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

(*He crosses to house, goes up onto the first
step looking into the house.*)

Scene 9

Higgins's study. Set is untouched but for the presence of a decanter, two glasses, and a carnation in water on the desk.

Time: Evening. Six weeks later

At rise: Higgins and Pickering are on stage, in white tie and tails. Pickering is by the wing chair. Higgins is pacing slowly in the area by right of desk, detached and in thought.

14. Eliza's Entrance

(*Eliza appears on the landing above. The Music of 'I Could Have Danced All Night' begins with her appearance. Pickering looks up at her; Higgins follows Pickering's stare and looks up also. She is dressed for the Ball. Beautifully. She slowly walks down the stairs and into the room, Dr Higgins rises, and walks around her, inspecting her with half-concealed delight and wonderment.*)

Pickering (*spoken*)

Miss Doolittle, you look beautiful.

Eliza (*spoken*)

Thank you, Colonel Pickering.

Pickering

Don't you think so, Higgins?

Higgins (*spoken*)

Not bad. Not bad at all.

(The Butler and Footman enter through upstage center door with coats and hats. Eliza is given her cape; Pickering his cape and hat. Higgins is given his cape and hat. They all put their capes on except Eliza who stands still gazing down at the beauty of hers.

Higgins, dressed, crosses to the desk, and gets a carnation and puts it into his buttonhole. He furtively looks around to see if anyone is watching him. All are intent on something else. Higgins pours a glass of Port and with another look, quickly downs it.

Higgins crosses to the upstage center door, then stops, looks at Eliza, returns to her, offers her his arm. They start off together through the door. Pickering following, as the curtains close.)

26 15. Introduction to Promenade

(As the curtains close a regal theme is heard and two Footmen enter downstage left and downstage right respectively. They cross to stage center and turn and page the curtain open onto the Promenade.)

Scene 10

The Promenade outside the Ballroom of the Transylvanian Embassy
Time: Later that evening

At rise: The Footmen have paged the curtain about midway and have crossed into the Ballroom. One Footman crosses to the stairs at stage left and the other exits downstage right. There are Ladies and Gentlemen, beautifully gowned and handsomely tailored, moving through the room. The music is heard.

27 16. Promenade

Footman *(spoken)*

Sir Reginald and Lady Tarrington.

(A Couple enter, cross to right pouffe.

A Couple enter downstage right, with Mrs Higgins, cross to downstage right-center. Mrs Higgins moves to group downstage center.)

Professor Zoltan Karpathy.

(Karpathy, a bearded Hungarian, enters, crosses downstage stairs to group upstage center.)

Colonel Hugh Pickering.

(Pickering enters, crosses downstage stairs to Mrs Higgins at downstage center.

Music plays through.)

Pickering *(spoken)*

Mrs Higgins!

Mrs Higgins *(to group she is with) (spoken)*
Excuse me.

Pickering
Well, she got by the first hurdle. The Ambassador's wife was completely captivated.

Mrs Higgins
I know. I've heard several people asking who she is. Do tell me what happened.

Pickering
Higgins said: 'Madame Ambassador, may I introduce Miss Eliza Doolittle?' and Madame Ambassador said: 'How do you do?' – and Eliza came right back with: 'How do you do?'

Mrs Higgins
Is that all?

Pickering
Oh, no! When it was my turn, both the Ambassador and his wife said to me: 'Colonel Pickering, who is that captivating creature with Professor Higgins?'

Mrs Higgins
What did you say?

Pickering
Well, I was stopped for a moment. Then I collected myself and I said: 'Eliza Doolittle.'

(A Couple enter downstage right – cross to stage center –

A Lady enters downstage left – crosses to meet them.)

Mrs Higgins *(crosses downstage right)*
That was quick thinking, Colonel.

(A Couple enter downstage right, crosses to right center.

A Gentleman enters downstage right, crosses to a Lady who had entered downstage right and crosses to stage center.)

Pickering
Thank you.
(crosses Mrs Higgins)
Mrs Higgins, do you think Eliza will make it?

Mrs Higgins
Oh, I hope so! I've grown terribly fond of that girl.

17. Embassy Waltz
(The King and Queen of Transylvania enter with escort from downstage right and crosses slowly to the stairs. On the way the Queen sees Eliza and is struck with her beauty. She crosses downstage to Eliza and places her hand under Eliza's chin.)

(The Queen turns from Eliza and crosses to the stairs. She walks up two steps and turns to face the assembly, who rise as the Queen motions for the waltz to begin.

Karpathy takes a step to Eliza, but Higgins turns in front of him and begins to waltz with Eliza. Karpathy withdraws downstage left.

As Higgins and Eliza waltz, the stages revolve into –)

Scene 11

The Ballroom

(The entire Ensemble, dressed to the last molar, is on stage.

Higgins and Eliza are waltzing downstage center. They slowly waltz upstage center as bit by bit the stage fills with waltzers. Eliza and Higgins disappear in the swirl and appear from time to time. As the Ensemble changes partners, Karpathy gets closer and closer to Eliza.

At the climax of the dance, Karpathy, at stage center, crosses to Eliza and waltzes with her as the Ensemble whirl about the stage. Higgins appears at downstage left, and

Pickering appears downstage right, gesturing to Higgins nervously. Higgins appears calm as the –)

Curtain falls.

End of Act I

COMPACT DISC TWO

18. Entr'acte

Act II

Scene 1

Higgins's study

Time: 3:00 in the morning

At rise: Music segues from Entr'acte to underscoring which continues into vocal number below. As the curtain rises the Servants are discovered, asleep, all over the room. There are two Maids asleep at the desk, and two Maids asleep on the sofa.

The Butler is asleep on the wing chair, and the Footman is asleep standing next to the wing chair. At the stroke of three, Mrs Pearce enters through the library as there are the sounds of voices entering the house. There is a great hub-bub as the Servants group around Mrs Pearce at stage left and the Butler and Footman stand behind the wing chair.



Suddenly Higgins, Eliza, and Pickering enter. Pickering is at a high peak of ebullience. Higgins is, too, but he is trying not to show it. Eliza is deadly glum and crosses to downstage left, facing front.

Higgins sits on the wing chair. Pickering removes his coat and hat and gives it to the Butler, and then crosses downstage to left of Higgins. The Butler takes Pickering's hat and coat out upstage right, and re-enters.

2

19. You Did It

Pickering (*spoken*)

Higgins, it was an immense achievement.

Higgins (*spoken*)

A silly notion. If I hadn't backed myself to do it, I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago.

Pickering

Absolutely fantastic.

Higgins

A lot of tomfoolery.

Pickering

Higgins, I salute you.

Higgins

Nonsense, the silly people don't know their own silly business.

(Eliza is still unnoticed and unsung. She stands immobile, tired, and tragic.)

Pickering (*sings*)

Tonight, old man, you did it!

You did it! You did it!

You said that you would do it,

And indeed you did.

I thought that you would rue it;

I doubted you'd do it.

But now I must admit it

That succeed you did.

You should get a medal,

Or be even made a knight.

Higgins (*sings*)

It was nothing. Really nothing.

(Footman hands cigar to Higgins.)

Pickering

All alone you hurdled

Ev'ry obstacle in sight.

Higgins

Now, wait! Now, wait!

Give credit where it's due:

A lot of the glory goes to you.

(The Butler holds a match as Higgins lights his cigar.)

Pickering

But you're the one who did it!
Who did it! Who did it!
As sturdy as Gibraltar,
Not a second did you falter,
There's no doubt about it,
You did it!
(crosses to Mrs Pearce)
I must have aged a year tonight.
At times I though I'd die of fright.
Never was there a momentary lull.

Higgins *(rises, takes off hat and gloves, gives them to Footman)*
Shortly after we came in,
I saw at once we'd eas'ly win,
And after that I found it deadly dull.

Pickering *(to Mrs Pearce and Maids)*
You should have heard the ooh's and ah's;
Ev'ryone wond'ring who she was.

Higgins *(takes off coat, gives it to Butler)*
You'd think they'd never seen a lady before.

Pickering *(to Mrs Pearce as Higgins removes his shoes, massages his feet, looks for his slippers)*
And when the Prince of Transylvania
Asked to meet her,
And gave his arm to lead her to the floor,
(Higgins puts his shoes back on, Pickering crosses to Higgins.)

I said to him: 'You did it! You did it!
You did it!' They thought she was ecstatic
And so damn'd aristocratic,
And they never knew that
You did it!

(Music continues under dialogue.)

Higgins *(rises, crosses to stairs, up two steps) (spoken)*
Thank Heavens for Zoltan Karpathy. If
it weren't for him I would have died of
boredom.

Mrs Pearce *(spoken)*
Karpathy? That dreadful Hungarian? Was
he there?

Higgins
Yes. He was there, all right. And up to his
old tricks.

(sings)
That blackguard who uses the science of
speech
More to blackmail and swindle than teach –
He made it the devilish business of his...
(spoken)
'To find out who this Miss Doolittle is!'

(crosses off stairs to downstage center as Servants group around him there)
Ev'ry time we looked around,
There he was, that hairy hound
From Budapest.

Never leaving us alone;
 Never have I ever known
 A ruder pest!
 Fin'ly I decided it was foolish
 Not to let him have his chance with her.
 So I stepped aside and let him dance with her.

Oozing charm from ev'ry pore,
 He oiled his way around the floor.
 Ev'ry trick that he could play,
 He used to strip her mask away.
 And when at last the dance was done,
 He glowed as if he knew he'd won!
 And with a voice too eager,
 And a smile too broad,
 He announced to the hostess
 That she was a fraud!

Mrs Pearce (*spoken*)
 No!

Higgins (*spoken*)
 Yavol!
 (*sings*)
 'Her English is too good,' he said,
 'Which clearly indicates that she is foreign.'
 'Whereas others are instructed in their
 native language,
 English people aren'.
 'And although she may have studied with
 an expert
 Di'lection and grammarian,
 I can tell that she was born Hungarian!'

(*spoken, as he crosses to wing chair*)
 'Not only Hungarian – but – of royal blood!
 She is a princess!
 (*The Servants rise, cross to behind sofa, as
 Higgins crosses to front of sofa.*)

(*continues singing*)
 'Her blood', he said, 'is bluer
 Than the Danube is or ever was!
 Royalty is absolutely written on her face!
 'She thought I was taken in,
 But actually I never was.
 How could she deceive another member of
 her race?'
 'I know each language on the map,' said he;
 'And she's Hungarian as
 The first Hungarian Rhapsody!'

Servants (*sing*)
 Bravo!
 Bravo!
 Bravo!

Congratulations, Professor Higgins!
 For your glorious victory!
 Congratulations, Professor Higgins!
 (*Higgins sits on sofa.*)
 You'll be mentioned in history!

(*Pickering crosses to mantel, gets a loving cup,
 crosses to sofa, picks up a pillow and presents
 the cup to Higgins who accepts it and flicks his
 ashes into it as he sits on sofa. Pickering rises.*)

Pickering and Footman

This ev'ning, sir, you did it!
You did it! You did it!
You said that you would do it
And indeed you did!

This evening, sir, you did it!
You did it! You did it!

We know that we have said it,
But you did it and the credit
For it all
Belongs to
You!

Rest of Servants
Congratulations,
Professor Higgins!
For your glorious
Victory!

Congratulations,
Professor Higgins!

Sing a Hail and Halleluia;
Ev'ry bit of credit
For it all
Belongs to
You!

3 20. Reprise: Just you Wait

Eliza (*sings*)

Just you wait, Henry Higgins, just you wait!
You'll be sorry, but your tears'll be too late!
You will be the one it's done to;
And you'll have no one to run to;
Just you wait,...

(She cries softly, the music swells.)

Scene 2

Outside Higgins's house (Same as Act I, Scene 8)

Time: Immediately following

At rise: Freddy is seated on the steps of the house
stationed exactly where we left him.

4 20a. Reprise: On the Street Where You Live

Freddy (*sings*)

I have often walked down this street before;
But the pavement always stayed beneath my
feet before.

All at once am I sev'ral stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

(crosses to stage center)

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of ev'ry door?
No, it's just on the street where you live.

And oh! The towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near!

The over-powering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear.

(Eliza appears from the house. She has a coat on and is carrying a small wicker suitcase. Freddy for the moment doesn't see her and goes blithely on.)

People stop and stare. They don't...
(He sees her now.) (spoken)
Darling!

(Music continues under dialogue into next vocal.)

Eliza *(spoken)*
What are you doing here?

Freddy
Nothing. I spend most of my time here. Oh,
don't laugh at me, Miss Doolittle, but...

Eliza *(crosses off steps, puts suitcase down)*
Freddy, you don't think I'm a heartless
guttersnipe, do you?

Freddy
Oh, no, darling. How could you imagine such
a thing? You know how I feel. I've written you
two and three times a day telling you. Sheets
and sheets.
Eliza!

5 20b. Show Me

Freddy *(sings)*
Speak, and the world is full of singing,
And I am winging
Higher than the birds.
(Eliza is disgusted, turns front.)
Touch, and my heart begins to crumble,
The heavens tumble,
Darling, and I'm...

Eliza *(crossing in front of him) (sings)*
Words! Words! Words!
I'm so sick of words!
(crosses to right of him)
I get words all day through;
First from him, now from you!
Is that all you blighters can do?

(crosses downstage)
Don't talk of stars
Burning above.
If you're in love,
Show me!
(stamps foot. Moves to him)
Tell me no dreams
Filled with desire.
If you're on fire,
Show me!

(She pushes him.)
Here we are together in the middle of the night!
Don't talk of spring!
(crosses to him)
Just hold me tight!

(pushes him again)
Anyone who's ever been in love'll tell you that
This is no time for a chat!

(She is next to him, touches his cheek.)
Haven't your lips
Longed for my touch?
(puts her hand over his mouth)
Don't say how much;
(pushes him)
Show me! Show me!
(She crosses center left.)
Don't talk of love lasting through time.
Make me no undying vow.
(She crosses to him.)
Show me now.
(stamps foot again.)

*She grabs Freddy's arm and throws him to the
ground stage center.)*
Sing me no song!
Read me no rhyme!
Don't waste my time;
Show me!
(She crosses above him to right of him.)
Don't talk of June!
Don't talk of fall!
Don't talk at all:
Show me!

(She pushes him again.)
Never do I ever want to hear another word.
There isn't one I haven't heard.

(bends down next to him)
Here we are together in what ought to be a
dream;
Say one more word and I'll scream!

*(She pulls him up and puts his arms around
her as she faces front.)*
Haven't your arms
Hungered for mine?
Please don't expl'in;
(She pushes him to downstage right.)
Show me! Show me!
Don't wait until wrinkles and lines
Pop out all over my brow.
*(crosses to left, gets suitcase. Crosses back
to him)*
Show me now!

*(For dessert, Eliza crowns him with the
suitcase, and marches out.)*

Scene 3

Covent Garden; Flower Market
Time: 5:00 in the morning
At rise: A few Vendors of Covent Garden and
some Flower Girls are preparing for business.
Bit by bit the stage fills with flowers and
people.

21. Covent Garden, The Flower Market

All of this is done in pantomime and music.

Early morning. There are Cockney Men grouped around the smudge-pot fire trying to keep warm. At the peak of activity, a Cockney enters downstage right whistling a few bars of 'Wouldn't It Be Lovely' which the other Cockneys pick up.

(First Cockney whistles first two lines of song.)

Second Cockney *(sings)*
With one enormous chair,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

The Cockneys Quartet *(sing)*
Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

(Eliza has entered, she hears the singing and crosses downstage listening to them. Two Flower Girls cross to her and offer flowers for her to buy. She makes no reply. They stare at her as if they recognize her and cross upstage.)
Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloomin'lutely still!
I would never budge till
Spring crept over me windsill.

Someone's head restin' on my knee;
Warm and tender as she can be,
Who takes good care of me,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

(She stands above them. They become aware of her, and their voices trail off. A few of the Cockneys rise and wander off, leaving just three sitting there. Music continues under.)

First Cockney *(spoken)*
Good morning, miss. Can I help you?

Eliza *(spoken)*
Do you mind if I warm my hands?

Second Cockney *(spoken)*
Go right ahead, miss.

(She crouches down to warm her hands. The Third Cockney stares at her hard. Eliza notices it.)

Eliza *(hopefully)*
Yes?

Third Cockney *(spoken)*
Excuse me, miss. For a second there I thought you was somebody else.

Eliza
Who?

Third Cockney
Forgive me, ma'am. Early morning light playing tricks with me eyes.

(He rises. They all do.)

Second Cockney

Can I get you a taxi, ma'am? A lady like you
shouldn't be walkin' around London alone at
this hour of the mornin'.

Eliza

No... Thank you.

First Cockney

Good morning, miss.

*(They all wander upstage of her, all somewhat
embarrassed. Yet, still feeling that they know
her from somewhere.)*

*Eliza sits on bench, picks up a bunch of violets
from the basket next to the fire and sings:)*

Eliza

Someone's head resting on my knee;
Warm and tender as he can be,
Who takes good care of me,
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
Lovely! Lovely!
Lovely! Lovely!

(She stares out front deep in thought.)

Doolittle *(turns, crosses downstage)*
(spoken)

7 How much time do I have left?

22. Get Me to the Church on Time

Jamie, Harry, and Male Chorus *(sing)*

There's just a few more hours,
That's all the time you've got.
A few more hours
Before they tie the knot.

Doolittle *(in despair, he has put his hands in
front of his face. A Girl consoles him. Facing
front) (spoken)*

There are drinks and girls all over London,
and I have to track 'em down in just a few
more hours...

(sings)

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'!
Ding, dong! The bells are gonna chime!
Pull out the stopper,
Let's have a whopper,
But get me to the church on time!
(crosses downstage)
I gotta be there in the mornin',
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Girls, come and kiss me,
(They do.)
Show how you'll miss me,
But get me to the church on time!

If I am dancin',
Roll up the floor.
If I am whistlin',
Whewt me out the door!



(crosses stage center)
For I'm gettin' married in the mornin'.
Ding, dong! The bells are gonna chime.
Kick up a rumpus,
But don't lose the compass;
And get me to the church,
Get me to the church,
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

All (Doolittle and SATB Chorus) *(circling the stage, Doolittle leading)*
I'm gettin' married in the mornin'.
Ding, dong! The bells are gonna chime!

Doolittle *(at center)*
Drug me or jail me,
Stamp me and mail me.

All
But get me to the church on time!
I gotta be there in the mornin'
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.

Doolittle
Some bloke who's able
Lift up the table.

All
And get me to the church on time.
If I am flyin',
Then shoot me down.

Doolittle *(with a girl on each arm)*
If I am wooin',
(pushing them away)
Get her out of town!

All
For I'm gettin' married in the mornin',
Ding, dong! The bells are gonna chime!

Doolittle
Feather and tar me,
Call out the army;
But get me to the church,

All, except Doolittle
Get me to the church,

Doolittle
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

Street Can-Can
(The Crowd pulls out the stopper and has a whooper. The dance is a wild spree. Doolittle crosses to downstage to watch as the Bartender enters with two steins of beer. Doolittle drinks the two beers and is dragged off into the pub.)

As the dance ends there is a hush as dawn breaks over the Flower Market. The Cockneys all congregate at center waiting for Doolittle.)

Harry (*with wordless chorus background*)
Starlight is reelin' home to bed now.
Mornin' is smearn' up the sky.

(*Doolittle enters from pub, crosses to stage center bowing to all.*)

All
London is wakin',
Daylight is breakin';
Good luck, old chum.
(*Harry and Jamie cross to Doolittle at center, shake his hand solemnly.*)
Good health, goodbye.

Doolittle (*in deepest gloom*)
I'm gettin' married in the mornin'.
Ding, dong! The bells are gonna chime!

(*They all lift him over their heads.*)

All, except Doolittle
Hail and salute me,
Then haul off and boot me.
(*He falls back and they carry him over their heads in a prone position. Doolittle places his hat on his chest as if to add the final touch before the inevitable.*)
And get me to the church,
Get me to the church,
(*They carry him off.*)
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time.

23. Change of Scene ('Get Me to the Church on Time')

Scene 4

The Upstairs Hall, Higgins's house
There are two doors at upstage right-center and upstage left-center with a telephone table and stool between.
Time: About 11:00, the following morning
At rise: We hear Higgins calling from off stage.

Pickering (*telephoning*) (*spoken*)
(*A troubled look clouds his face.*)

Now, see here, my good man, I'm not at all pleased with the tenor of that question. What the girl does here is our affair. Your affair is to get her back so she can continue doing it...

(*hangs up*)

24. A Hymn to Him

Higgins (*entering upstage*)
What in all of Heaven could have prompted her to go?
(*sings*)
After such a triumph at the ball?
What could have depress'd her?
What could have possess'd her?
I cannot understand the wretch at all!

(*He exits.*)

Pickering (*calling offstage to Higgins*)
(*spoken*)
Higgins, I have an old school chum at the
Home Office. Perhaps he can help. I'll call him.
(*picks up phone*)
Whitehall seven, two, double four, please.

Higgins (*enters again, singing, with tie half
pulled on*)
Women are irrational, that's all there is to that!
Their heads are full of cotton, hay, and rags!
They're nothing but exasperating, irritating,
Vascillating, calculating, agitating,
Maddening, and infuriating hags!

(*He exits.*)

Pickering (*into phone*)
Brewster Budgin, please... Yes, I'll wait!

Higgins (*enters in sweater*) (*spoken*)
Pickering, why can't a woman be more like
a man?

(*Pickering gives him a startled look.*)

Pickering (*spoken*)
I beg your pardon!

Higgins
Yes...

(*sings*)
Why can't a woman be more like a man?
Men are so honest, so thoroughly square;
Eternally noble, historic'ly fair;
Who, when you win, will always give your
back a pat.
Why can't a woman be like that?

Why does ev'ryone do what the others do?
Can't a woman learn to use her head?
Why do they do ev'rything their mothers do?
Why don't they grow up like their fathers
instead?

(*crosses downstage*)
Why can't a woman take after a man?
Men are so pleasant, so easy to please;
Whenever you're with them, you're always
at ease.

(*crosses to Pickering*)
Would you be slighted if I didn't speak for
hours?

Pickering (*spoken*)
Of course not.

Higgins
Would you be livid if I had a drink or two?

Pickering (*spoken*)
Nonsense.

Higgins
 Would you be wounded if I never sent you
 flowers?

Pickering (spoken)
 Never!

Higgins (spoken in rhythm)
 Why can't a woman be like you?

*(sings – crosses downstage buttoning
 sweater)*
 One man in a million may shout a bit.
 Now and then there's one with slight
 defects;
 One, perhaps, whose truthfulness you doubt
 a bit.
 But by and large we are a marvellous sex!

(crosses downstage right-center)
 Why can't a woman behave like a man?
 Men are so friendly, good-natured and kind.
 A better companion you never will find.
(crosses back to Pickering)
 If I were hours late for dinner, would you
 bellow?

Pickering (spoken)
 Of course not.

Higgins
 If I forgot your silly birthday, would you fuss?

Pickering (spoken)
 Nonsense.

Higgins
 Would you complain if I took out another
 fellow?

Pickering (spoken)
 Never!

Higgins
 Why can't a woman be like us?

*(He exits upstage. Music pauses for
 dialogue.)*

Pickering (into the phone) (spoken)
 Hello, is Brewster Budgin there, please?
(pause)
 Boozy? You'll never, never, never guess
 who this is!... Yes, it is. By George, what a
 memory! How are you, old fellow? It's so
 good to hear your voice again... Thirty years?
 Is it really? Yes... That's a lot of water under
 the... uh... thing. Boozy, old chap, I'll tell you
 why I called. Something rather unpleasant
 has happened at this end. Could I come
 right over and see you? Oh, good. I'll be right
 there. Thank you, Boozy.
*(He hangs up the phone as Mrs Pearce enters
 with the coffee.)*
 I'm going over to the Home Office,
 Mrs Pearce.

Mrs Pearce (*crosses to table, puts coffee down*) (*spoken*)

I do hope you find her, Colonel Pickering.
Mr Higgins will miss her.

Pickering

Mr Higgins will miss her! Blast Mr Higgins! I'll miss her!

(*He exits.*)

Higgins (*offstage*)

Pickering! Pickering!

(*enters carrying hat and jacket. Stops at stage center, to Mrs Pearce*) (*spoken*)

Where's the Colonel?

Mrs Pearce

He's gone over to the Home Office, sir.

Higgins

Now, you see that, Mrs Pearce. I'm disturbed and he runs to help. Now there's a good fellow. Mrs Pearce, you're a woman...

(*at upstage center, singing*)

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

Men are so decent, such regular chaps.

Ready to help you through any mishaps.

Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum.

Why can't a woman be a chum?

Why is thinking something women never do?

Why is logic never even tried?

Straight'ning up their hair is all they ever do.

Why don't they straighten up the mess
that's inside?

(*crosses downstage to Mrs Pearce, hands her his coat and hat*)

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

(*She helps him into his coat, hands him his hat.*)

If I were a woman who'd been to a ball,

Been hailed as a princess by one and by all;

Would I start weeping like a bathtub

overflowing?

And carry on as if my home were in a tree?

Would I run off and never tell me where I'm

going?

Why can't a woman be like me?

(*He stalks off.*)

24a. Change of Scene ('A Hymn to Him')

Scene 5

The Garden of Mrs Higgins's house

There is a tea table at center with three chairs around it and set for service for three.

Time: Later that morning

At rise: Mrs Higgins and Eliza are having tea.

(*Higgins enters. He looks at Eliza quizzically.*

Slowly he pours his tea, drops in a lump of sugar, then another, and another, and still another.)

Higgins
12 Well, Eliza, you've had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Have you had enough? And are you going to be reasonable? Or do you want any more?

Eliza (*places cup down, rises*)
You want me back only to pick up your slippers and put up with your tempers and fetch and carry for you.

Higgins
I haven't said I wanted you back at all.

Eliza (*turns to him*)
Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

Higgins
About you, not about me. If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you. I can't change my nature; and I don't intend to change my manners. My manners are exactly the same as Colonel Pickering's.

Eliza
That's not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

Higgins
And I treat a duchess as if she was a flower girl.

Eliza
Oh, I see. The same to everybody.

Higgins (*sits*)
Just so... The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls. The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat anyone else better.

Eliza (*rises*)
Oh, I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me. I'm always in the wrong. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down.
(*crosses to him*)
I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

Higgins (*thunderstruck*)
Freddy!! That poor devil who couldn't get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman: do you not understand? I have made you a consort for a king?

Eliza
Freddy loves me: that makes him king enough for me. I don't want him to work: he wasn't brought up to it as I was. I'll go and be a teacher.

Higgins
What'll you teach, in heaven's name?

Eliza
What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

Higgins
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Eliza (*crosses downstage*)
I'll offer myself as an assistant to that brilliant Hungarian!

Higgins
What! That imposter! That humbug! That toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! My discoveries!
(*He crosses downstage to her.*)
You take one step in that direction and I'll wring your neck.
(*He almost does.*)
Do you hear?

Eliza (*defiantly*)
Wring away! What do I care. I knew you'd strike me one day.
(*Higgins is startled.*)
Aha, that's done you, 'enry 'iggins, it 'as. Now I don't care that –
(*She snaps her fingers in his face.*)
for your bullying and your big talk.

25. Without You

Eliza (*sings*)
What a fool I was! What a dominated fool!
To think you were the earth and sky.

What a fool I was! What an addlepatented fool!
What a mutton-headed dolt was !!
No, my reverberating friend,
You are not the beginning and the end!

Higgins (*spoken*)
You impudent hussy! There isn't an idea in your head or a word in your mouth that I haven't put there!

Eliza
There'll be spring ev'ry year without you.
England still will be here without you.
There'll be fruit on the tree;
And a shore by the sea;
There'll be crumpets and tea
Without you.
(*crosses downstage*)
Art and music will thrive without you.
Somehow Keats will survive without you.
And there still will be rain
On that plain down in Spain,
Even that will remain
Without you.
I can do
Without you.

(*crosses behind table to upstage*)
You, dear friend, who talk so well,
You can go to Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire.
(*Higgins is following her every move with fascination and shock. There is a wry smile on his face.*)

Crossing downstage)

They can still rule the land without you.
Windsor castle will stand without you.
And without much ado
We can all muddle through without you.

Higgins *(standing still; but watching her)*

(spoken)
You brazen hussy!

Eliza

Without your pulling it, the tide comes in;
Without your twirling it, the earth can spin.
Without your pushing them, the clouds roll by.
(crosses to chair, pulls it out to sit on it)
If they can do without you, ducky, so can I!
(does not sit, turns front)
I shall not feel alone without you.
I can stand on my own without you.
So go back in your shell,
I can do bloody well
Without...

Higgins *(breaking in, sings: 'You Did It')*

By George, I really did it!
I did it! I did it!
I said I'd make a woman
And indeed I did!

I knew that I could do it!
I knew it! I knew it!
I said I'd make a woman
And succeed I did!

(spoken)

Eliza, you're magnificent! Five minutes
ago you were a mill-stone round my neck.
Now you're a tower of strength, a consort
battleship! I like you like this!

Eliza *(crosses upstage)*

Goodbye, Professor Higgins. I shall not be
seeing you again.

*(She turns and exits. For a moment Higgins
stands stunned. He crosses to where she has
exited and -)*

Higgins *(bellowing)*

Mother! Mother!

(After a moment Mrs Higgins enters hurriedly.)

Mrs Higgins

What is it, Henry? What has happened?

Higgins

She's gone!

Mrs Higgins

Of course, dear. What did you expect?

Higgins *(crosses downstage)*

What am I to do?

Mrs Higgins

Do without, I suppose.





Higgins (*crosses upstage left*)

And so I shall. If the Higgins oxygen burns up
her little lungs, let her seek some stuffiness
that suits her.

(*crosses upstage left*)

She's an owl sickened by a few days of my
sunshine! Very well! Let her go! I can do
without her! I can do without anybody! I have
my own soul! My own spark of divine fire!

(*He stalks grandly out.*)

Mrs Higgins (*facing front, she begins to
applaud*)

Bravo, Eliza!

(*She sits on right chair as Scene ends.*)

Blackout

Scene 6

Outside Higgins's house (Same as Act I,
Scene 8)

Time: Dusk, that afternoon

At rise: Higgins enters in great rage
downstage right, crosses to downstage
right-center.

26. I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face
Higgins (*spoken*)
Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! I've grown
accustomed to her face!

(*sings*)

She almost makes the day begin.
I've grown accustomed to the tune
She whistles night and noon.
Her smiles, her frowns,
Her ups, her downs
Are second nature to me now;
Like breathing out and breathing in.
I was serenely independent and content
before we met;
Surely I could always be that way again –
and yet

I've grown accustomed to her looks;
Accustomed to her voice:
Accustomed to her face.

(*spoken*)

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

(*crosses stage center*) (*sings*)

I can see her now:
Missus Freddy Eynsford-Hill,
In a wretched little flat above a store.
I can see her now:
Not a penny in the till,
And a bill collector beating at the door.

She'll try to teach the things I taught her.
And end up selling flow'rs instead;
Begging for her bread and water,
While her husband has his breakfast in bed!

In a year or so,
When she's prematurely gray,
And the blossom in her cheek has turned
to chalk,
She'll come home, and lo!
He'll have upped and run away,
With a social-climbing heiress from New York!

Poor Eliza!
How simply frightful!
How humiliating!
How delightful!

(crossing to top of stairs) (spoken)
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 out?

(crosses downstage)
I'm a most forgiving man,
(sings)
The sort who never could, ever would
Take a position and staunchly never budge.
Just a most forgiving man.

But I shall never take her back!
If she were crawling on her knees!
Let her promise to atone!
Let her shiver, let her moan!
I will slam the door and let the hell-cat
freeze!

*(He crosses to top of stairs, get keys and
begins to open door.)*
Marry Freddy! Ha!
*(The refrain of 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her
Face' begins again and he pauses.*

He turns.)
But I'm so used to hear her say,
'Good morning' ev'ry day.
Her joys, her woes,
Her highs, her lows
Are second nature to me now;
Like breathing out and breathing in.
I'm very grateful she's a woman
And so easy to forget;
Rather like a habit
One can always break – and yet,
I've grown accustomed to the trace
Of something in the air;
Accustomed to her...
*(His voice trails from song to speech with a
puzzled look.)*
Face.

(Music continues through scene change and under dialogue.)

Blackout

Scene 7

Higgins's study

Time: Immediately following

At rise: Higgins enters by the upstage center door. The room is not fully lit and has a soft glow. 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face' is heard in the orchestra.

As he enters the room, we see a Higgins who for the first time seems emotionally aware that something very important has gone out of his life. He slowly looks about the empty room. His hat is still on. He walks to the xylophone, picks up one of the mallets, and slowly walks to the upstage center recording machine. He turns on the machine and the music changes to: 'I Could Have Danced All Night'. A Voice is heard. It is Eliza's recording. Higgins crosses, sits at desk stool.

Eliza's Voice *(spoken)*

I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of sellin' flowers at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay –
(Eliza enters by upstage door and stands by the recording machine, listening)

not askin' any favor – and he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost, and I'm ready to pay.

Higgins's Voice *(spoken)*

It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low, so horribly dirty.

(Unseen by Higgins, she picks up the arm of the instrument. The music stops.)

Eliza *(spoken)*

I washed my face and hands before I come, I did.

(Higgins straightens up face front, joy on his face. He would like to run to her, but he obviously doesn't know how. With contented comfort, he stretches back on the stool, leaning against the desk, and pulls his hat down over his eyes.)

Higgins *(spoken)*

Eliza? Where the devil are my slippers?

(Eliza smiles. The music of 'I Want to Dance All Night' reaches a crescendo in the orchestra, as the Curtain falls for...)

THE END

16 27. Music for Curtain Calls

(The curtain rises again showing Higgins and Eliza in the same picture as before. The curtain falls.

The curtain rises again showing Higgins and Eliza at center. When the curtain is full up the stage revolves, revealing the entire company who step down for the final curtain calls.)

16 28. Exit Music

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Appendices

Original End, Act I

17 Come to the Ball

Higgins (*sings*)
Come to the ball!
Come to the ball!
It wouldn't be fair
To the men who are there
To deny them
All the dreams you'll supply them.
There even may be
A dashing marquis,

Who, feature by feature,
Will swear you're the creature
He always prayed for,
Single stayed for.
If you aren't there,
His complete despair
Will be painful to see.
So
Come to the ball,
Come to the ball...
Come to the ball,
Come to the ball...
With me!

Consider the Lord
So frantic'ly bored,
He's leaving his kin and
Becoming an Indian Lancer;
Hoping danger's the answer.
Your innocent glow,
Will dazzle him so,
That glancing at you will
Restore his illusions and,
as he glances,
farewell, lances!
Should he die, alas,
At the Khyber Pass,
What a loss it would be!

Come to the ball,
Come to the ball...

(spoken)

How often I've thought how frightfully exciting
it would be to take a human being and change
her into quite a different human being by
creating a new speech for her. Why, it's filling
up the deepest gulf that separates class
from class and soul from soul. She matters
immensely! It seems to me incredible that a
chance was finally given me.

(sings)

I can see you now
In a gown by Madam Worth.
When you enter ev'ry monocle will crash!
I can see you now,
Like a goddess come to earth,
I can hear the ladies' teeth begin to gnash.
Little chaps'll wish they were Atlas;
A queen will want you for her son.
Portly men'll wish they were fatless;
And the married men will wish they were 'un'.

What a triumph! Through and through!
What a moment! What a coup!

And off by a wall,
Unnoticed by all,
A man with a smile
You could see for a mile
Will be standing,
His dimensions expanding.
The pride in his eyes
Will double their size,

As sweetly and neatly
You somehow completely
Electrify them,
Lorelei them!
Search the world around,
There could not be found,
Someone prouder than he.

18 Dressing Eliza Ballet

19 Say a Prayer for Me Tonight

Eliza *(sings)*

Say a prayer for me tonight,
I'll need ev'ry prayer
That you can spare
To get me by.
Say a prayer and while you're praying,
Keep on saying
She's much too young
To die.
On to your Waterloo whispers my heart,
Pray I'll be Wellington, not Bonaparte!
Oh, say a prayer for me this evening,
Bow your head and please
Stay on your knees
Tonight.

20 Bridge after 'Say a Prayer for Me Tonight'

**21 Ballroom Introduction – Embassy Waltz
(Original Version)**

22 Original Version of Freddy's Song, Act I
End of Ascot

23 On the Street Where You Live (Original Version)

Freddy (*sings*)

Love appears at the most peculiar places,
You can never foresee where it will start.
Love attacked me while I was at the races;
And I lost my money and my heart!

Darling, there's the tree you run to when it
starts to rain,

See the way it's filled with bloom!
And isn't that a garland all around the
window pane:
That could only be your room.

This street is like a garden and her door a
garden gate,
What a lovely place to wait.

I have often walked down this street before
But the pavement always stayed beneath
my feet before.

All at once am I sev'ral stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour out of ev'ry door?
No, it's just on the street where you live!

And oh, the towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near!
The over-powering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear!

People stop and stare. They don't bother me,
For there's nowhere else on earth that I
would rather be.
Let the time go by; I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

(Music continues under dialogue.)

Mrs Pearce (*enters on steps*) (*spoken*)
Mr Eynsford-Hill?

Freddy (*spoken*)
Yes.

(turns to her)

Mrs Pearce
I'm terribly sorry, sir. Miss Doolittle says she
doesn't want to see anyone ever again.

Freddy (*crosses two steps to her*)
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 (*crosses to bottom of steps*)

But don't you see? I'll be happier here.

(*Mrs Pearce exits.*)

(*sings*)

People stop and stare. They don't bother me.

For there's nowhere else on earth that I
would rather be.

Let the time go by; I won't care if I

Can be here on the street where you live.

(*He crosses to house, goes up onto the first
step looking into the house.*)

Utility cues

24 **Why Can't the English?**

25 **Get Me to the Church on Time**

26 **Why Can't a Woman?**



Also available



Rodgers & Hammerstein
Carousel
CHSA 5342(2)

Also available



Rodgers & Hammerstein
Oklahoma!
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The Chandos policy of being at the forefront of technology is now further advanced by the use of 24-bit / 96 kHz recording. In order to reproduce the original waveform as closely as possible we use 24-bit, as it has a dynamic range that is up to 48 dB greater and up to 256 times the resolution of standard 16-bit recordings. Recording at the 44.1 kHz sample rate, the highest frequencies generated will be around 22 kHz. That is 2 kHz higher than can be heard by the typical human with excellent hearing. However, we use the 96 kHz sample rate, which will translate into the potentially highest frequency of 48 kHz. The theory is that, even though we do not hear it, audio energy exists, and it has an effect on the lower frequencies which we do hear, the higher sample rate thereby reproducing a better sound.

A **Hybrid SA-CD** is made up of two separate layers, one carries the normal CD information and the other carries the SA-CD information. This hybrid SA-CD can be played on most standard CD players, but will only play normal stereo. It can also be played on an SA-CD player reproducing the stereo or multi-channel DSD layer as appropriate.

Acknowledgement

Special thanks to Stephen Allcock and The Frederick Loewe Foundation

Orchestral manager Bethany McLeish

Recording sessions photography Chris Christodoulou

Executive producer Ralph Couzens

Recording producer Jonathan Allen

Sound engineer Jonathan Allen

Technical engineer Arne Akselberg

Assistant engineer Ed Gill

Mixing Jonathan Allen

Recording equipment supplied by Arne Akselberg

Editor Jonathan Allen

Chandos mastering Alexander James

A & R administrator Karen Marchlik

Recording venue Susie Sainsbury Theatre, Royal Academy of Music, London; 2 – 6 April 2024

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Country of origin UK

CHANDOS

Soloists/Sinfonia of London/Wilson

CHSA 5314

CHANDOS DIGITAL

CHSA 5358(2)

WORLD PREMIÈRE COMPLETE RECORDING

LERNER & LOEWE'S MY FAIR LADY (1956)

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner (1918–1986)

Music by Frederick Loewe (1901–1988)

Adapted from George Bernard Shaw's Play (1913) and
Gabriel Pascal's Motion Picture *Pygmalion* (1938)

Original Production Directed by Moss Hart (1904–1961)

Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett (1894–1981)
and Philip J. Lang (1911–1986)

Dance Music Arranged by Trude Rittman (1908–2005)

Eliza Doolittle Scarlett Strallen
Professor Henry Higgins Jamie Parker
Colonel Hugh Pickering Malcolm Sinclair
Alfred P. Doolittle Alun Armstrong
Freddy Eynsford-Hill Laurence Kilsby
Mrs Higgins Penelope Wilton
Mrs Pearce Julia McKenzie

'My Fair Lady' Ensemble
 SINFONIA OF LONDON
 John Mills leader
 John Wilson

CD 1 TT 58:36	Act I. No. 1. Overture – No. 17. Embassy Waltz
CD 2 TT 71:27	No. 18. Entr'acte – Appendix. Why Can't a Woman?

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LERNER & LOEWE'S MY FAIR LADY

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