

Send in the clowns

ton original

Extrait de la comédie musicale « A little night music » de 1973. Paroles et musique de Stephen Sondheim

Is - n't it rich ? Are we a

p poco rit a tempo poco rit a tempo Mi♭ Mi♭sus4

pair ? Me here at last on the ground, you in mid air... send in the

Mi♭ Mi♭M9 Mi♭ La♭M9 La♭6

clowns Is - n't it bliss ? don't you ap-

Si♭/mi♭ poco rit Si♭/mi♭ Lab/mi♭ poco rit Mi♭ Mi♭sus4

10

- prove ? One who keeps tearing a round, one who can't move... Where are the

Mi♭ Mi♭ La♭M9 La♭6

15

clowns ? Send in the clowns Just when I'd stopped op - en - ing

Sib/mi♭ Fam/mi♭ Mi♭ Solm Rém7

doors, Fin - al - ly know - ing the one that I wan - ted was

Solm Rém9 Solm

20

yours, Mak - ing my entrance a - gain with my u - su - al flair Sure of my

Dom7 Sol Mi♭6/sib Fa7/la La♭6 Solsus4 Fam7(-5)

lines, No one is there. Don't you love

Solm si^b La^b6 si^b Si^b/mi^b poco rit La^b a tempo Si^b/mi^b poco rit La^b

[25]

farce ? rich, My fault, I fear. Is - n't it queer. I thought that Lo - sing my you'd want what I want. Sor - ry my ti - ming this late in my ca -

Mi^b Mi^bsus4 Mi^b Mi^bM9 Mi^b

dear. - reer ? But where are the clowns ? And where are the clowns ? Quick, send in the There ought to be

La^bM9 La^b6 Si^b7/mi^b

, [30]

clowns. Don't bo - ther, the're here. Is - n't it

Si^b9/mi^b Mi^b Mi^bsus4

3

2.

A musical score for voice and piano. The top staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "clowns. Well, may - be next year...". The piano part below has three measures of eighth-note chords labeled "Si♭⁹/mi♭". The second measure includes dynamics "poco rit" (ritenando) and "a tempo". The third measure includes dynamics "rit ten" (ritenando). The key signature changes to Mi♭ at the end of the page.

clowns. Well, may - be next year...

poco rit a tempo rit ten

Si♭⁹/mi♭ Mi♭

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air.
Send in the clowns.

Isn't it bliss?
Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around,
One who can't move.
Where are the clowns?
Send in the clowns.

Just when I'd stopped opening doors,
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was
Making my entrance again with my usual
Sure of my lines,
No one is there.

Don't you love farce?
My fault I fear.
I thought that you'd want what I want.
Sorry, my dear.
But where are the clowns?
Quick, send in the clowns.
Don't bother, they're here.

Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer,
Losing my timing this late
In my career?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be clowns.
Well, maybe next year.

N'est-il pas riche?
Sommes-nous un couple ?
Moi au sol,
Toi en l'air.
Envoyez les clowns.

N'est-ce pas un bienfait ?
N'es-tu pas d'accord ?
Un qui crie,
Et l'autre qui ne peut pas bouger.
Mais où sont les clowns ?
Envoyez les clowns.

Quand j'ai fini d'ouvrir des portes,
Enfin découvrant que celle que je cherchais était la tienne,
Mettant une entrée dans mon grand style
Sûr de mon dialogue,
Personne n'est là.

N'aimes-tu pas les farces ?
Je crains que ce soit ma faute
Je pensais que tu voulais ce que je voulais.
Désolé, mon cher
Et où sont les clowns
Allez, envoyez les clowns.
Ne vous embêtez pas, ils sont là.

N'est-il pas riche ?
N'est-ce pas bizarre ?
Pérdant tardivement le sens du temps
Dans ma carrière ?
Et où sont les clowns ?
Il devrait y avoir des clowns.
Eh bien, peut-être l'année prochaine...