Act 1 Opening—Part 1

NARRATOR: Once upon a time—
Brightly ($= 132$)

(CINDERELLA)

More than an - y - thing... More than life... More than jew - els...

JACK:

I wish...

(WW, Brass, Strings—pizz)

(Flute)

(Piano, Violin, Viola)

(Piano, Cello, Bass)

—in a far off kingdom—
Piano-Conductor

---2---

(CINDERELLA)

(JACK)

I wish...

More than life...

BAKER: mf

(Clarinet, Bassoon)

---I wish...

(Piano, Violin, Viola)

(CINDERELLA)

More than the moon...

The

More than anything...

(BAKER)

More than the moon...

BAKER'S WIFE: mf

(Flute, Clarinet)

---I wish...

(Piano, Cello, Bass)
King is giving a Festival.

(JACK)
I wish...

More than life...

(BAKER'S WIFE)
More than life...

(Flute, Clarinet)

wish to go to the Festival—and the Ball...

I wish my

More than riches...

(Clar, Bsn, Piano, Cello, Bass)
(CINDERELLA)

More than anything...

JACK

cow would give us some milk.

(BAKER)

I wish we had a

(BAKER'S WIFE)

More than anything...

(Piano, Violin, Viola)

I want a child...

(Clar, Ban, Piano, Cello, Bass)

Please, pal—  Squeeze, pal...
Piano-Conductor

(CINDERELLA) wish to go to the Festival.

(JACK) I wish you'd give us some milk or even cheese...

(BAKER) I wish we might have a child.

(BAKER'S WIFE) I wish...

(Flute, Clarinet)

(Piano, Violins, Viola)

(Clar, Bsn, Piano, Cello, Bass)

(Violins, Violas)
STEPMOTHER:

You wish to go to the Festival? The poor girl's mother had died.

FLORINDA:

You, Cinderella, the Festival? You wish to go to the Festival?

LUCINDA:

What, you, Cinderella, the Festival? The Festival? The Festival?!!

Festival? The King's Festival?!!
Piano-Conductor

---

NARRATOR: —and her father had taken for his new wife—

STEPMOTHER: —a woman with two daughters of her own.

(Xylophone)

(Violins, Violas)

(f, mp)

(Piano, Cello, Bass)

(STEPMOTHER) 34 mf

FLOINDA: People would laugh at you—

LUCINDA: Look at your nails!

CINDERELLA: You

You

Look at your dress!

Nevertheless,

(Bass, Horns, Viola, Cello—pizz.)
still wants to go to the Festival—And dance before the Prince?!

(FLOREINDA, LUCINDA)

still wish to go to the Festival—And dance before the Prince?!

(CINDERELLA)

still wish to go to the Festival—And dance before the Prince?!

(Violins, Violas)

(Ben, Horns, Viola, Cello—pizz.)

(STEPMOTHER)

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

(STEPMOTHER)

(laughing)

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

(Flute, Clar, Vls, Violas—pizz.)

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NARRATOR: All three were beautiful of face, but vile and black of heart.

JACK'S MOTHER: I wish... Well, she was not quite beautiful—

I wish my son were not a fool.

I wish my house was not a mess.

I wish the cow was full of milk. I wish the...
(JACK'S MOTHER) walls were full of gold— I wish a lot of things...

(JACK) A warm environment might be just what Milky-White needs to produce his milk—

JACK'S MOTHER: You foolish child! What in Heaven's name are you doing with the cow inside the house?

JACK'S MOTHER: It's a she! How many times must I tell you?
JACK'S MOTHER: Only "she"s can give milk.

(BKicking on the BAKER'S Door)

(Little RED RIDINGHOOD:

I wish...

It's not for me, it's for my Granny in the woods.)
A loaf of bread, please—
To bring my poor old hungry

Granny in the woods...
Just a loaf of bread, please...

NARRATOR:
Cinderella's stepmother had a surprise for her.

STEPMOTHER: I have emptied a pot of lentils into the ashes for you.
If you have picked them out again in two hours time,
you shall go to the Ball with us.

And perhaps a sticky
Piano-Conductor

71

Più Mosso (\( d = 138 \))

(LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD)

bun?... Or four?

(Flute, Clarinet)

72

(Horns)

73

CINDERELLA:

Birds in the sky, birds in the eaves, in the leaves,

fields, in the castles and ponds...

Come, little birds,

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD:

...And a few of those pies... please...

(Viols, Viola)

(Horn, Cello)

\( p \)
(CINDERELLA)

down from the eaves and the leaves, over fields, out of castles and ponds...

(JACK:  

Ah

Ah

No, squeeze, pal...

(Cello)

(Piano, "Electric Piano")
Tempo primo ($= 132$)

(CINDERELLA)

Quick, little birds,

(Violin, Viola)

flick through the ashes.

(Jack's Mother: Listen well, son.
Milky-White must be taken to market.)

Jack: But, Mother, no
—he's the best cow—

(Basso, Bass)

(Cello, Bass)

(Cello, Bass)

(Cello, Bass)

(Flute, Trumpet—Str mute)

(Coru Bell)

(Violin, Viola)
JACK'S MOTHER: Was. Was! She’s been dry for a week. We’ve no food, no money, and no choice but to sell her while she can still command a price.

JACK: But Milky-White is my best friend in the whole world!  

JACK'S MOTHER: Look at her! There are bugs on her dugs. There are flies in her eyes. There’s a
(JACK'S MOTHER) lump on her rump big enough to be a hump—

JACK: Son, we've no

(Bassoon) (Cello, Bass—pizz.) (Bassoon) (Cello, Bass—pizz.) (Bassoon) (Cello, Bass)

(Cow Bell)

(Piano, Violin, Viola)

112 time to sit and dither, while her withers wither with her— And

113 114 115 116 117 118

(Bassoon) (Cello, Bass) (Bassoon) (Bassoon) (Cello, Bass)

no one keeps a cow for a friend!

Segue

(Violins, Violas)

(Bassoon) (Violas, Cello)

Segue

JACK'S MOTHER: Sometimes I fear you’re touched.
Act 1 Opening—Part 2

Leggiero, jauntily ($ = 138$)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD:

In to the Woods, it’s time to go. I hate to leave, I have to, though.

(Small Triangle)

In to the Woods— it’s time, and so I must begin my journey.

(+Strings)

In to the Woods and through the trees to where I am expected, ma’am,
Into the Woods to Grand-mother’s house—

(Bass)

(Bakers’ Wife): You’re certain of your way?

Way is clear, the light is good,
have no fear, nor no one should. The

Woods are just trees, the trees are just wood. I

sort of hate to ask it, but do you have a basket?
BAKER: Don’t stray and be late.

BAKER’S WIFE: And save some of those sweets for granny!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: In to the Woods and down the dell, the path is straight, I know it well.
Into the Woods, and who can tell what's waiting on the journey?

Into the Woods to bring some bread to Granny who is sick in bed.

Never can tell what lies ahead. For all that I know, she's already dead.
But into the Woods, into the Woods,
in - to the Woods.

in - to the Woods To Grand-moth-er's house and home be - fore dark!
Act 1 Opening—Part 3

Più mosso ($\text{\textit{f}} = 160$)

Vamp—vocal last time

CINDERELLA:

$\text{mp}$

Fly, birds, back to the sky,

back to the eaves and the leaves and the fields and the—
Con moto

FLORINDA:

Hurry up and do my hair, Cinderella! Are you really wearing that?

(Piano, Viola)

CINDERELLA

You look

LUCINDA:

Here, I found a little tear, Cinderella! Can't you hide it with a hat?

(Violins, Viola)
15
(CINDERELLA)

beautiful.

16
17
18

(LUCINDA)

I know.
Put it in a twist.

19
Mother said be good,
Fath-er said be nice,
that was al- ways their ad- vice. So be

22

(Babbles)

(Babbles)

(Violin, Viola)

(Cello)
nice, Cinderella, good, Cinderella, nice good good nice— What's the

(Tight-er!)

(LUCINDA)  (Babbles)

(Clarinet)

(Strings—pizz)

(Bassoon, Cello—pizz)

good of being good if every-one is blind and you're al-ways left behind? Nev-er

(Babbles)

(Flute—solo)

(Violin, Viola)

(Cello)
Act 1 Opening—Part 4

NARRATOR:
Because the Baker had lost his mother and father in a baking accident—

well, at least that is what he believed—
he was eager to have a family of his own,
and was concerned that all efforts until now had failed.

BAKER:
Who might that be?
BAKER’S WIFE: We have sold our last loaf of bread...

Poco meno mosso
(Piano, “Metallic Harpsichord”)

BAKER: It’s the Witch from next door.

BAKER’S WIFE, BAKER: We have no bread.

WITCH: Of course you have no bread!

BAKER: What do you wish?

WITCH: It’s not what I wish. It’s what...

...you wish.
Nothing cooking in there now, is there?

NARRATOR: The old enchantress went on to tell the couple that she had placed a spell on their house.

BAKER: What spell?

WITCH: In the past, when you were no more than a babe, your father brought his young wife and you to this cottage. They were a handsome couple, but not handsome neighbors. You see, your mother was with child...

(Violin—soft)

(Viola—louder)
...and she had developed an unusual appetite.

(Piano, "Metallic Harpsichord")

(Piano, Cello, Bass—pizz)

WITCH:

Greens, greens, and nothing but greens: Parsley, peppers, cabbage, and celery, as —

(Violin, Viola—both loco)

(mp) (Bassoon—solo)
(with Cello)

(Piano, Bass—pizz)

par-a-gus and water-cress and fiddle-ferns and lettuce! He said, "All right," but it wasn't quite, 'cause I

(Electronic Drums—Rap Style)

(Clarinet—with Violin pizz)

(Piano, Cello, Bass—pizz)

She took one look at my beautiful garden and told your father that what she wanted more than anything in the world was...
caught him in the autumn in my garden one night! He was robbing me, raping me,

rooting through my rutabaga, raiding my arugula and

ripping up the rampion (My champion! My favorite!)
Piano-Conductor

(WITCH)

should have laid a spell on him right there, could have turned him into stone or a dog or a chair or a

(Piano, "Metallic Harpsichord", Violin, Viola—pizz)

(Piano, Cello, Bass—pizz)

34

But I let him have the ram- pi-on—I'd lots to spare. In re-

(Piano, "Metallic Harpsichord")

35

36

37

turn, how-ev-er, I said, "Fair is fair: you can let me have the ba-by that your wife will bear."
BAKER: I had a brother?
WITCH: No. But you had a sister.
NARRATOR: But the Witch refused to tell him any more of his sister.
Not even that her name was Rapunzel.

...She went on:
WITCH: I thought I had been more than reasonable, and that we all might live happily ever after.
But how was I to know what your father had also hidden in his pocket?

Vamp—(Violin, Viola last time)
(Violin)
(Piano, "Metallic Harpsichord")

You see, when I had inherited that garden, my Mother had warned me I would be punished if I were ever to...
WITCH:
Beans. The special beans. I let him go, I didn't know he'd stolen my beans! I was

BAKER, BAKER'S WIFE:

watching him crawl over the wall! And then bang! Crash! And the lightning flash! And—well,
that's another story, never mind. Anyway, at last the

big day came and I made my claim, "Oh, don't take away the baby," they shrieked and shrieked, but I

(Piano, Bass—pizz) (Violin, Viola—pizz) (Piano, Bass—pizz) (Violin, Viola—pizz)

(Piano, Bass—pizz)

(Piano, Bass—pizz) (Violin, Viola—pizz) (Cello—largo) (Piccolo—solo)

did, and I hid her where she'll never be reached. And your father cried, and your mother died, when for
(WITCH)

extra measure— I admit it was a pleasure— I said “Sorry, I’m still not mollified.” And I

(Piccolo, Cello)

(Drums)

(Piano, “Metallic Harpsichord”)

(Piano, Bass—pizz)

(Violin, Viola—pizz)

laid a little spell on them— You too, son—

That your

(Strings—pizz)

(Bell Tree)

(Strings—arco, Crotales)

a tempo

fam-ily tree would always be a barren one...

So there's

(senza vibr.)

p

ff
no more fuss and there's no more scenes and my garden thrives—you should see my nectarines! But I'm

(Piano, "Metallic Harpsichord")

(mp)
(Bassoon)
(with Cello)

(Piano, Bass—pizz)

telling you the same I tell kings and queens: don't ever never ever mess around with my greens!

(Clarinet—with Violin pizz)

E—spe—cial—ly the beans.

Segue
JACK’S MOTHER:
Now listen to me, Jack. Lead Milky-White to market and fetch the best price you can....

Tempo primo ($d = 132$)

...Take no less than five pounds. Are you listening to me?

JACK: Yes.

JACK’S MOTHER: Now how much are you to ask?
JACK: No more than five pounds.

JACK’S MOTHER, JACK:
Less! Than five.
Vamp
Piano-Conductor

JACK'S MOTHER:

Jack Jack, head in a sack, the house is get-ting cold-er. This is not a time for
dream-ing.

Chim-ney stack start-ing to crack, the

mice are get-ting bold-er, the floor's gone slack, your mother's get-ting old-er, your
f

fath-er's not back, and you can't just sit here dream-ing pret-ty dreams.

wish and wait from day to day will nev-er keep the wolves a-way. So

Leggiero, jauntily (\( \text{L} = 138 \))

mp

in to the Woods, the time is now. We have to live, I don't care how.

In to the Woods to sell the cow, you must be-gin the jour-ney.
34 (JACK'S MOTHER)

Straight through the Woods and don't delay—we have to face the marketplace.

35 (Piano, Strings)

(Bass)

(+Bassoon, Cello)

36

Into the Woods to journey's end—

(Bassoon, Cello)

37

38 JACK:

In to the Woods to sell a friend—

39 Vamp—(fade)

WITCH:

(last time)

Segue

JACK'S MOTHER: Some day you'll have a real pet, Jack.

JACK: A piggy?

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, the Witch, for purposes of her own, explained how the Baker might lift the spell:
(\( \text{\textit{Witch}} \)) wish to have the curse re-versed? I'll need a cer-tain po-tion first. Go to the wood and bring me back

one: the cow as white as milk, two: the cape as red as blood, three: the hair as yel-low as corn,

\( \text{(Piano, "Celeste," Crotales)} \)

\( \text{(Strings, "Cresc."")} \)

\( \text{(Crotales, Piano, "Celeste," String harmonics)} \)

\( \text{(Piano, "Celeste," Bass)} \)
(WITCH)

four: the slip-per as pure as gold. Bring me these be-fore the chime of

(Crotales, Piano, “Celeste”)

L. v. al fine

(mid-night in three days’ time, and you shall have, I guar-an-tee, a

child as per-fect as child can be. Go to the wood!

Segue

(+WWs, Brass) (+“Marimba”)
Act 1 Opening—Part 7

(STEPMOTHER)

Ladies, our carriage waits.

(Clar, Horns, Strings)

(CINDERELLA)

Now may I go to the Festival?

(Piano, Strings)

(STEPMOTHER)

Darling, those nails! Darling, those clothes! Lentils are one thing but darling, with those, you’d

(Violin, Viola)

(Bassoon, Cello)
make us the fools of the Festival and mortify the Prince!

FATHER:

We must be gone.

carriage is waiting.

CINDERELLA:

Good night, Father.

Segue

Vamp
Act 1 Opening—Part 8

BAKER: Look what I found in Father’s hunting jacket.  
(Flute—solo)  

BAKER’S WIFE: Six beans.  
BAKER: I wonder if they are the—  

BAKER’S WIFE: Witch’s beans? We’ll take them with us.  

BAKER: No! You are not coming.  
BAKER’S WIFE: I know you are fearful of the Woods at night.  

Baker: \(mf\)  

(Clarinet)  

spell is on my house.  

On-ly  I can lift the spell, the spell is on  

BAKER’S WIFE: \(mf\)  

No, no, the  

(Bass, Horn, Cello, Bass)
No. You are not to come and that is final.

spell is on our house.

We must lift the spell together, the spell is on

Now what am I to return with?

You don't remember?

The
cow as white as milk, the cape as red as blood, the

(BAKERS WIFE)

hair as yellow as corn, the slipper as pure as gold—

(BAKER)
cow as white as milk, the cape as red as blood, the hair as yellow as corn, the

(BAKERS WIFE)
NARRATOR: And so the Baker, reluctantly, set off to meet the enchantress’ demands.

(BAKER)

slip- per as pure as gold...

(Flute)  

(French Horn—Str. mute)  

(Bassoon, Cello)  

still wish to go to the Festi- val,  

(BAKER)  

The cow as white as milk,  

core as red as blood, the hair as yel- low as corn—  

(Piano, Strings—pizz)  

(Cello, Bass)  

how am I ev- er to get to the Festi- val? I know! I’l
26. **(CINDERELLA)**

**vis- it moth- er's grave,** the grave at the haz- el tree, and

(BAKER)

The slip- per as pure as

**BAKER'S WIFE:**

the slip-per-

(Piano, Strings—pizz)

(Clar, Bassoon, Horns) _cresc._

(Cello, Bass)

28. tell her I just want to go to the King's Festival!

Segue

gold... The cow, the cape, the slip-per as pure as gold—

(WWs, Brass)

(Segue)

(Piano, Strings—arco)

(Bassoon, Piano, Cello)
Act 1 Opening—Part 9

CINDERELLA:

In to the Woods, it's time to go, it may be all in vain, I know.

BAKER:

In to the Woods, it's time to go, it may be all in vain, you know.

BAKER'S WIFE:

hair!

(Piano, Strings)

Into the Woods— but even so, I have to take the journey.

(10/23/86)
In to the Woods, the path is straight I know it well, but who can tell?

(BAKER)

In to the Woods, the path is straight I know it well, but who can tell?

(BAKER'S WIFE)

Into the Woods to lift the spell—

(CINDERELLA)

Into the Woods to visit Mother—
(CINDERELLA, BAKER, JACK)

Into the Woods, but not forgetting why I'm on the journey.

(BAKER'S WIFE, JACK'S MOTHER)

Into the Woods, but not forgetting why I'm on the journey.

(CINDERELLA, JACK):

Into the Woods to get my wish, I don't care how, the time is now.

BAKER, BAKER'S WIFE, JACK'S MOTHER:

Into the Woods to get my wish, I don't care how, the time is now.
19 JACK'S MOTHER:

Into the Woods to sell the cow—

19 (Flute)

20 JACK:

Into the Woods to get the money—

20 (Bassoon)

(Piano, Strings)

(Bass)

21 BAKER'S WIFE:

Into the Woods to lift the spell—

22 CINDERELLA:

To go to the Festival—

To make the potion—

23 LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD:

Into the Woods to Grandmother's house...

24 (+Clarinet, Horns)

(+Cello)
BAKER, CINDERELLA:  

In - to the Woods to Grand-moth - er's house...

OTHERS:  

The way is clear, the light is good, I have no fear, nor

(Flute, Clarinet, Horns)

(Bass)
(BAKER, CINDERELLA)

no one should. The woods are just trees, the trees are just wood.

(OTHERS)

no one should. The woods are just trees, the trees are just wood.

(Flute, Clar, Trumpet—mute)

(Horn, Cello)

(Piano, Strings)  (Piano)

need to be afraid there—There’s something in the glade there...

(Bass)  (String pizz)

need to be afraid there—
ALL (STEPMOTHER, FLORINDA, LUCINDA, CINDERELLA'S FATHER):

In to the Woods without delay, but careful not to lose the way.
In to the Woods, who knows what may be lurking on the journey?

In to the Woods to get the thing that makes it worth the journeying.

In to the Woods to get the thing that makes it worth the journeying.

In to the Woods to get the thing that makes it worth the journeying.
In to the Woods—
(BAKER, BAKER'S WIFE)
In to the Woods—
(JACK'S MOTHER, JACK)
In to the Woods—
(STEPMOTHER, FLORINDA,
LUCINDA, CINDERELLA'S FATHER)
In to the Woods— to see the king—
to make the potion— to sell the cow—
to

ALL:
see— to sell— to get— to bring— to make— to lift— to go to the Festival!
Into the Woods!

(All)

Into the Woods!

(Flute, Trumpet)

(Instrumental)

(Piano, Strings)

(+Clarinet, Horns)

(+Clarinet, Horns)

(+Cello)

(Bass)

51

52

53

54

Segue.

Segue.

and home before dark!