**Cinderella**

The most beautiful flowers are not always found in beautiful gardens, it’s true. And that is especially true, Cinderella of you.

Cinderella, you’re as lovely as your name. Cinderella, you’re a sunset in a frame. Though you’re dressed in rags, you wear an air of queenly grace. Anyone can see a throne would be your proper place. Cinderella, if you give your heart a chance, it will lead you to the kingdom of romance. There you’ll see your dreams unfold. Cinderella, Cinderella is the sweetest story ever told.

**Bibbidy**

Sala gadoo la, men chicka boola, bibbidy bobbidy boo

Put ‘em together and what have you got? Bibbidy…

Sala gadoo…

It’ll do magic believe it or not, Bibbidy…

Sala gadoo la means menchicka booleroo

But the thinga mabob that does the job is bibbidy…

Repeat first 2 lines

**The Work Song**

Cinderella, Cinderella, all I hear is Cinderella. From the moment that I get up till shades of night are falling. There isn’t any let up. I hear them calling, calling. Go up and do the attic and go down and do the cellar, you can do them both together Cinderella.

How lovely it would be if I could live my fantasy. But in the middle of me dreaming they’re screaming at me. Cinderella….

**A Dream is a Wish your Heart Makes**

A dream is a wish your heart makes, when you’re fast asleep. In dreams you will lose your heartaches, Whatever you wish for you keep.

Have faith in your dreams and someday your rainbow will come smiling through. No matter how your heart is grieving, if you keep on believing, the dream that you wish will come true.

**Oh Sing Sweet Nightingale**

My method of teaching is very far-reaching and if you can carry a tune, I’ll teach you to sing like a lark in the spring, and you’ll sing an aria soon.

My system is an exercise that will exercise your system. I’ll have you breathing right instead of wrong. Now here’s a simple melody to illustrate my point, just stop and drop a word as you go along.

Chin up! Chest out! Sing sweet! Don’t shout! O sing sweet nightingale high--- above me.

Oh sing, sweet nightingale, sing, sweet nightingale high ---above. Repeat :

Ending: Oh my sweet, OH sing OH!!

**So This is Love**

So this is love, mmm so this is love.

So this is what makes life divine. I’m all aglow, mmm and now I know, the key to all heaven is mine. My heart has wings mmm, and I can fly.

I’ll touch every star in the sky, so this is the miracle that I’ve been dreaming of, so this is love, mmm so this is love.

**Step Sisters Lament**

Why would a fellow want a girl like her?

A frail and fluffy beauty.

Why can’t a fellow ever once prefer a solid girl like me? She’s a frothy little bubble with a flimsy kind of charm. And with very little trouble I could break her little arm. Oh Oh

Why would a fellow want a girl like her, so obviously unusual? Why can’t a fellow ever once prefer a usual girl like me? Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink. But not any pinker than a rose is. Her skin may be delicate and soft, but not any softer than a doe’s is. Her neck is no whiter than a swan’s. She’s only as dainty as a daisy. She’s only as graceful as a bird. So why is the fellow going crazy?

Oh why would a fellow want a girl like her, a girl who’s merely lovely? Why can’t a fellow ever once prefer a girl who’s merely me? What’s the matter with the man? What’s the matter with the man? What’s the matter with the man?