No. 7

Don't Tell Mama

Cue: M.C.: . . . Fraulein Sally Bowles.

Moderato

Orch.

Vocal

Piano

[12]

SALLY

Ma - ma thinks I'm living in a con-vent,
A secluded lit-tle con-vent

[4]

Pno. and Vocal ad lib.

[12]

In the south-ern part of France.

Ma - ma
doesn't even have an inkling that I'm working in a nightclub

In a pair of lacy pants.

[20] Slowly - in 4

please, sir, if you run into my mama Don't reveal my indiscretion, Give a working girl a
- 3 - Don't Tell Mama

Tempo (Moderate 2)

chance.

Hush up, don't tell Ma - ma, Shush up,
Don't tell Mama, Don't tell Mama whatever you do.

If you had a secret, You bet I would keep it.

I would never tell on you.

I'm
So won't you kind-ly break-ing ev-ry prom-ise that I gave her.

Do a girl a great big fav-or? And please, my sweet pa-ta-ter, Keep this from the ma-ter, Though my dance is not a-gainst the law. You can
Tell my Pa-pa, that's all right, 'Cause he comes in here ev'-ry night. But don't tell Ma-ma what you saw!

Mama thinks I'm on a tour of Eu - rope, With a couple of my school chums
And a lady chap-crone.

Mama

doesn't even have an inkling. That I left them all in Antwerp

And I'm touring on my own.

So please, sir, if you run into my
Don't reveal my indiscretion
Just leave well enough alone.

Hush up, Don't tell Ma-ma. Shush up. Don't tell Ma-ma.

Don't tell Ma-ma whatever you do.
If you had a secret, you bet I could keep it. I would

never tell on you. You wouldn’t want to get me in a

pickle. And have her go and cut me off with -
Orch. WW. Ten Vfsma

out a nick - el. So let's trust one an - other.

Keep this from my moth-er Though I'm still as pure as moun-tain snow.

SALLY

You can tell my un-cle, here and now, 'Cause he's my a - gent
anyhow, But don't tell Ma-ma what you know.

You can tell my grand-ma suites me fine; just yester-day she joined the line, But

don't tell Ma-ma what you know

You can
tell my broth-er, that ain't grim, 'Cause if he squeals on me I'll squeal on him, But
don't tell Ma-ma, bit - te, Don't tell Ma-ma, please, sir.

Don't tell Ma-ma what you know. Sssh!
Sally

Sssh!
If you see my mum-my, mum's the word!

No. 8

“Mama” Playoff

W.W. Br.