

## Why Store "No One Mourns The Wicked"

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Citizens of oz:  
GOOD NEWS!  
SHE'S DEAD!  
THE WITCH OF THE WEST IS DEAD!  
THE WICKEDEST WITCH THERE EVER WAS  
THE ENEMY OF ALL OF US HERE IN OZ IS DEAD!  
GOOD NEWS!  
GOOD NEWS!

Someone in the Crowd:  
Look! It's Glinda!

Glinda:  
Fellow Ozians...  
LET US BE GLAD  
LET US BE GRATEFUL  
LET US REJOICIFY THAT GOODNESS COULD SUBDUE  
THE WICKED WORKINGS OF YOU-KNOW-WHO  
ISN'T IT NICE TO KNOW  
THAT GOOD WILL CONQUER EVIL?  
THE TRUTH WE ALL BELIEVE'LL BY AND BY  
OUTLIVE A LIE  
FOR YOU AND--

Someone in the Crowd:  
NO ONE MOUNS THE WICKED

Another Person:  
NO ONE CRIES: "THEY WON'T RETURN!"

All:  
NO ONE LAYS A LILY ON THEIR GRAVE

Man:  
THEGOOD MAN SCORNS THE WICKED!

Women:  
THROUGH THEIR LIVES, OUR CHILDREN LEARN:

All:  
WHAT WE MISS

WHEN WE MISBEHAVE...

Glinda:

AND GOODNESS KNOWS  
THE WICKED'S LIVES ARE LONELY  
GOODNESS KNOWS  
THE WICKED DIE ALONE  
IT JUST SHOWS WHEN YOU'RE WICKED  
YOU'RE LEFT ONLY  
ON YOUR OWN...

All:

YES, GOODNESS KNOWS  
THE WICKED'S LIVES ARE LONELY  
GOODNESS KNOWS  
THE WICKED CRY ALONE  
NOTHING GROWS FOR THE WICKED  
THEY REAP ONLY  
WHAT THEY'VE SOWN...

Glinda:

Are people born Wicked? Or do they have Wickedness  
thrust upon them?  
After all, she had a father. She had a mother, as so  
many do...

Father:

HOW I HATE TO GO AND LEAVE YOU LONELY

Mother:

THAT'S ALRIGHT--IT'S ONLY JUST ONE NIGHT

Father:

BUT KNOW THAT YOU'RE HERE IN MY HEART WHILE I'M  
OUT OF YOUR SIGHT...

Glinda:

And like every family- they had their secrets.

Lover:

HAVE ANOTHER DRINK, MY DARK-EYED BEAUTY  
I'VE GOT ONE MORE NIGHT LEFT, HERE IN TOWN  
SO HAVE ANOTHER DRINK OF GREEN ELIXIR  
AND WE'LL HAVE OURSELVES A LITTLE MIXER  
HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE SWALLOW, LITTLE LADY,  
AND FOLLOW ME DOWN...

Glinda:

And of course, from the moment she was born, she  
was - well - different...

Midwife:  
IT'S COMING...

Father:  
NOW?

Midwife:  
THE BABY'S COMING...

Father:  
AND HOW!

Midwife and Father:  
I SEE A NOSE  
I SEE A CURL  
IT'S A HEALTHY, PERFECT  
LOVELY, LITTLE -

Father:  
Sweet Oz!

Mother:  
What is it? What's wrong?

Midwife:  
HOW CAN IT BE?

Father:  
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Midwife:  
IT'S ATROCIOUS!

Father:  
IT'S OBSCENE!

Midwife and Father:  
LIKE A FROGGY, FERNY CABBAGE  
THE BABY IS UNNATURALLY-

All:  
GREEN!

Father:  
Take it away... take it away!

Glinda:  
So you see - it couldn't have been easy!

All:  
NO ONE MOURNS THE WICKED

NOW AT LAST, SHE'S DEAD AND GONE  
NOW AT LAST, THERE'S JOY THROUGHOUT THE LAND  
AND  
GOODNESS KNOWS  
WE KNOW WHAT GOODNESS IS  
GOODNESS KNOWS  
THE WICKED DIE ALONE

Glinda:  
SHE DIED ALONE...

All:  
WOE TO THOSE  
WHO SPURN WHAT GOODNESSES  
THEY ARE SHOWN  
NO ONE MOURNS THE WICKED...

Glinda:  
GOOD NEWS!

Crowd:  
NO ONE MOURNS THE WICKED!

Glinda:  
GOOD NEWS!

All:  
NO ONE MOURNS THE WICKED!  
WICKED!  
WICKED!

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