

## Wicked

# "No One Mourns The Wicked (feat. Joel Grey and Kristin Chen)"

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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!

Ozian:  
Look! It's Glinda!

Glinda:  
Fellow Ozians--  
Let us be glad,  
Let us be grateful,  
Let us rejoice 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--

Man:  
No one mourns the Wicked!

Woman:  
No one cries "They won't return!"

Ozians:  
No one lays a lily on their grave.

Man:  
The good man scorns the Wicked!

Women:

Through their lives, our children learn--

Ozians:

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.

Ozians:

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 sow.

Glinda: [Spoken]

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: [Spoken]

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: [Spoken]  
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:  
I see a nose--

Father:  
I see a curl--

Midwife & Father:  
It's a healthy,  
Perfect,  
Lovely, little--

Midwife:  
[Screams]

Father: [Spoken]  
Sweet Oz!

Mother: [Spoken]  
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 & Father:  
Like a froggy, ferny cabbage,  
The baby is unnaturally--

All:  
Green!

Father: [Spoken]  
Take it away--  
Take it away!

Glinda: [Spoken]  
So you see, it couldn't have been easy!

Ozians:  
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

Men: Women:  
Woe to those Woe to those

Ozians:  
Who spurn what Goodnesses  
They are shown.  
No one mourns the Wicked!

Glinda:  
Good news!

Ozians:  
No one mourns the Wicked!

Glinda:  
Good news!

All:  
No one mourns  
The Wicked!  
Wicked!  
Wicked!

