

Meredith Willson

"Ya Got Trouble"

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Professor Harold Hill

Well, Ya got trouble, my friend,
Right here, I say trouble right here in River City.
Why sure, I'm a billiard certainly mighty proud,
I say I'm always mighty proud to say it.
I consider that the hours I spend with a cue are golden.
Help you cultivate horse sense and a cool head and a
keen eye.
'Jever take-'n try to give an iron clad leave to yourself
from a 3-rail
billiard shot?
But just as I say,
It takes judgement, braind & maturity to score in a balk
line game,
I say that any boob kin take 'n' shove a ball in a pocket,
And I call that sloth!
The 1st big step on the road to degreda...
I say, first it's a little,
Medicinal wine from a teaspoon, Then beer from a
bottle.
And the next thing you know,
your son is playin' fer money in a pinch-back suit,
and listenin to some big out-a-town jasper hearin' him
tell about
horse-race gamblin'.
Not a wholesome trottin' race, no!
But a race where they sit down right on the horse!
Like to see some stuck-up jockey boy settin' on Dan
Patch
Make your blood boil, well I should say.
Now friends, let me tell you what I mean.
You got one, two, three, four, five, six,
Pockets in a table!
Pockets that mark the difference,
Between a gentlemen and a bum,
With a capital B,
And that rhymes with P,
And that stands for pool!

And all week long,

Your River City youth'll be fritterin' away,
I say your young men'll be fritterin.
Fritterin away their noon-ime, supper-time, chore-time
too!
Get the ball in the pocket!
Never mind gettin' dandelions pulled,
Or the screen door patched,
Or the beef-steak pounded.
Nevermind pumpin' any water 'til your parents are
caught
With the cistern empty on a saturday night.

And that's treouble, oh yes,
Ya got lots and lots 'a trouble,
I'm thinkin' of the kids in the knickerbockers,
Shirt tails, young ones,
Peekin' in the pool hall window after school,
Ya got trouble, folks!
Right here in River City!
Trouble, with a capital T,
And that rhymes with P,
And that stands for pool!

Now I know that all you folks are the right kind of
parents.
I'm gonna be perfectly frank.
Would you like to know what kind-a conversation
Goes on while they're loafin' around the hall?
They'll be tryin' out Bevo,
Tryin' out Cubens,
Tryin' out Tail or Mades,
Like cigarette feinds,
And braggin' all about how they're gonna
Cover up a tell-tale breath with Sen-Sen.
One fine night,
They leave the poolhall:
Headin' for the dance at the Arm'ry.
Libertine men and scarlet women and ragtime,
Shameless music,
That'll grab your son,
Your daughter,
To the arms of the jungle animal instinct mass'steria!
Friends, the idle brain is the devil's playground,
Trouble!

Townspeople (Hill)

Oh we got trouble!
(right here in River City)
Right here in River City!
(trouble w/a capital T & that rhymes with P & that

stands for pool)
That stands for pool!
(we've surely got trouble)
We've surely got trouble!
(right here in River City)
Right here!
(gotta figure out a way to keep the young ones moral
after school)
Our children's children gonna have Trouble
Trouble! [Repeat many times]

Harold: "Mothers of River City! Heed the warning...."
(dialogue until:)
Harold: "If so my friends...."

Harold Hill
(Townpeople)

Oh, ya got trouble!
Ya got lots & lots 'a trouble!
That game with the 15 numbered balls is the devil's
tool!
(devil's tool!)
Oh yes, we've got trouble, trouble!
(Oh yes, we've got trouble here, we've got big, big
trouble)
With a "T"!
(with a capital T!)
That rhymes with P!
(that rhymes with P)
That stands for pool!
(that stands for pool

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