

Alan Menken

"Carrying The Banner"

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Racetrack:

That's my cigar

Snipeshooter:

You'll steal anudder

Kid Blink:

Hey, bummers

We got work tah do

Specs:

Since when did you become me mudder?

Crutchy:

Ah, stop yer bawling!

Newsies:

Hey! Who ast you??

Mush:

Try Bottle Alley or the harbor

Racetrack:

Try Central Park, it's guaranteed

Jack:

Try any banker, bum, or barber ...

Skittery:

They almost all knows how to read!

Kid Blink:

I smell money

Crutchy:

You smell foul!

Mush:

Met this goyl last night ...

Crutchy:

Move your elbow!

Racetrack:

Pass the towel!

Skittery:

For a buck, I might!

Newsies:

Ain't it a fine life

Carrying the banner through it all?

A mighty fine life

Carrying the banner tough and tall

Every morning

We goes where we wishes

We's as free as fishes

Sure beats washing dishes

What a fine life
Carrying the banner home-free all!
Jack:
It takes a smile as sweet as butter
Crutchy:
The kind that ladies can't resist
Racetrack:
It takes an orphan with a stutter
Jack:
Who ain't afraid ta use his
Kid Blink:
Fist!
Newsies:
Summer stinks and winter's waiting
Welcome to New Yawk!
Boy, ain't nature fascinating
When youse gotta walk?
Still, it's a fine life
Carrying the banner with me chums!
A mighty fine life
Blowing every nickel as it comes
Crutchy:
I'm no snoozer
Sitting makes me antsy
I likes living chancy
Newsies:
Harlem tah Delancey
What a fine life
Carrying the banner through the slums
Nuns:
Blessed children
Though you wander lost and depraved
Jesus loves you
You shall be saved!
SUNG IN COUNTERPOINT:
Patrick's Mother
Patrick, darling,
Since you left me I am undone
Mother loves you!
God, save my son!
Racetrack:
Just gimme half a cup
Kid Blink:
Something ta wake me up
Mush:
I gotta find an angle
Crutchy:
I gotta sell more papes
Various Newsies:
Papers is all I got
Wish I could catch a breeze

Sure hope the headline's hot
All I can catch is fleas
God, help me if it's not!
Somebody help me, please ...

Newsies:

If I hate the headlines
I'll make up the headline
And I'll say anything I hafta
'Cause at two for a penny
If I take too many
Weasel just makes me eat 'em afta

SUNG IN COUNTERPOINT

1. Look! They're putting up a headline
They call that a headline?
I get better stories
From the copper on the beat!
I was gonna start at twenty
Now a dozen'll be plenty
Tell me, how'm I gonna make ends meet?

2. What's it say?

That won't pay!
So where's your spot?
God, it's hot!
Will ya tell me
How'm I gonna make ends meet?

Newsies:

We need a good assassination!
We need an earthquake or a war!

Snipeshooter:

How 'bout a crooked politician?

Newsies:

Hey, stupid
That ain't news no more!
Uptown to Grand Central Station
Down to City Hall

We improves our circulation
Walking till we fall

SUNG IN COUNTERPOINT:

1. Still we'll be out there
Carrying the banner man to man!
We'll be out there
Soaking every sucker that we can!
See the headline:

Newsies on a mission!

Kill the competition

Sell the next edition

While we're out there

Carrying the banner is the--

2. Look, they're putting up a headline

They call that a headline?

The idiot who wrote it

Must be working for the Sun!
Didja hear about the fire?
3. Heard it killed old man Maguire!
2. Heard the toll was even higher
3. Why do I miss all the fun?
2. Hitched it on a trolley
3. Meetcha Forty-fourth and Second
2. Little Italy's a secret
3. Bleecker's further than I reckoned
2. By the courthouse
3. Near the stables
2. On the corner someone beckoned! and I ...
1. It's a fine life
Carrying the banner through it all?
A mighty fine life
Carrying the banner tough and tall
See the headline
Newsies on a mission
Kill the competition
Sell the next edition
What a fine life,
Carrying the banner!...
2. Would you look at that headline?
You call that a headline?
I get better stories
From the copper on the beat!
I was gonna start with twenty
Now a dozen'll be plenty
Would you tell me how'm I ever
Gonna make ends meet?
Hitched it on a trolley
Meetcha Forty-fourth and Second
Little Italy's a secret
Bleecker's further than I reckoned
By the courthouse
Near the stables
On the corner someone beckoned!
Go get 'em Cowboy ...
You got 'em now, boy

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