

Hello, Dolly! Movie

"Put On Your Sunday Clothes"

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Way out there beyond this hick town, Barnaby

There's a slick town, Barnaby

Out there

Full of shine and full of sparkle

Close your eyes and see it glisten, Barnaby

Listen, Barnaby...

Put on your Sunday clothes, there's lots of world out there

Get out the brillantine and dime cigars

We're gonna find adventure in the evening air

Girls in white

In a perfumed night

Where the lights are bright as the stars!

Put on your Sunday clothes, we're gonna ride through town

In one of those new horsedrawn open cars

Cornelius & Barnaby

We'll see the shows

At Delmonico's

And we'll close the town in a whirl

And we won't come home until we've kissed a girl!

Dolly

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out

Strut down the street and have your picture took

Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about

Both

That Sunday shine

Is a certain sign

That you feel as fine as you look!

Dolly & Ambrose

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile

That makes you feel brand new down to your toes

Dolly, Ambrose, Cornelius, & Barnaby

Get out your feathers

Your patent leathers

Your beads and buckles and bows

For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes!

Townspeople, All

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out

Strut down the street and have your picture took

Dressed like a dream your spirits seem to turn about

That Sunday shine is a certain sign

That you feel as fine as you look!

Beneath your parasol, the world is all a smile

That makes you feel brand new down to your toes

Get out your feathers

Your patent leathers

Your beads and buckles and bows

For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes!

Beneath your bowler brim the world's a simple song

A lovely lilt that makes you tilt your nose

Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers

Your red suspenders and hose

For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes!

Dolly

Ermengarde, stop sniveling - Don't cry on the valises!

We haven't missed the train, thank the Lord!

Lovely, you're improving - Now get all 11 pieces,

We're 7 minutes late.

All Aboard!

All

All Aboard! All Aboard!

All Aboard! All Aboard!

Put on your Sunday clothes there's lots of world out there

Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes

We're gonna find adventure in the evening air

To town we'll trot

To a smoky spot

Where the girls are hot as a fuse!

Put on your silk high hat and at the turned up cuff

We'll wear a hand made grey suede buttoned glove

We'll join the Astors

At Tony Pastor's

And this I'm positive of

That we won't come home

That we won't come home

No we won't come home until we fall in love!

Put on your silk high hat and at the turned up cuff

We'll wear a hand made grey suede buttoned glove

We'll join the Astors

At Tony Pastor's

And this I'm positive of

That we won't come home

That we won't come home

No we won't come home until we fall in love!

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