

2. A Pencil for Rapunzel

Rupert and Ensemble

Lyrics by Jesse Waldinger

Music by Bruce Trinkley

Andante con moto ♩ = 104

Piano

p secco

5 **Rupert** *mp*

On the late De-cem - ber

10 morn when my lit - tle girl was born, The mid - wife said to

15 me As Ra - pun - zel has been born be-neath the sign of Ca - pri -

simile

20 *mf* expansively *mp*

corn An art - ist she shall be. I can read it in the

26

skies, she'll be blessed with art - ist's eyes, An aes - thet - ic point of

31

view; She'll have naught to do with boys, and you need - n't give her

36 *legato* *All f*

toys, A pen - cil box will do. Oh, a fair - y land for

con pedale *poco marcato*

42

Ma - ry and some can - dy for young An - dy And a bon - ny toy for John - ny boy'd be

47

Rupert *mf*

nice, _____ But for less than half the funds I'll buy a pen - cil for Ra -

52

mp

pun - zel, A pen - cil for Ra - pun - zel will suf - fice. _____ Since that

57

day in late De - cem - ber, as far back as I re - mem - ber, If you looked a -

62

bout the land, _____ As sure as rain is wa - ter, you'd

67

find my lit - tle daugh - ter With a pen - cil in her hand. _____

72

I know art - ists are - n't sane, and I don't mean to com -

76

plain But what must be un - der - stood: _____ She a -

81

dores Tou-louse - Lau - trec, but her draw - ings look like dreck,

RAPUNZEL (interrupting) What?! What did you say?

RUPERT: Nothing. Nothing at all.

RAPUNZEL: Did you say what I think you said?

RUPERT: No, I didn't. I was just trying to think of a rhyme for Toulouse-Lautrec. He is your idol, after all.

RAPUNZEL: Wake up, Dad. I'm over Toulouse-Lautrec - he's so yesterday. I'm into Matisse now.

RUPERT: Matisse. Matisse. All right. We can live with that.
(resumes singing)

85

I know art - ists are - n't sane, and I don't mean to com-

90

plain But what must be un der stood: _____ She would

95 **Narrator**

love to be Ma - tisse, But her por - traits look like geese,

RAPUNZEL (interrupting) Hold it, buster! Hold it! Barbarians. You understand nothing! This is surrealism. I'm in the midst of my surrealistic period, you know? Like Dali? Ever hear of him, you ignorant baboons? Salvador Dali? Oh, never mind. You're hopeless, the both of you.

(She goes back to her artwork and does not listen to the rest.)

RUPERT: Dali. Dali. Okay - we can deal.
(resumes singing)

99

I know art - ists are - n't sane, and I don't mean to com -

104

plain. But what must be un - der - stood: _____ It is

109 **Narrator** **Rupert**

hard to be Da - li When you've less tal - ent than a flea; The child's just no

114 **All *p*** ***cresc. poco a poco***

blink - in' good. _____ Oh, a fair - y land for Ma - ry and some can - dy for young

120 **Rupert**

An - dy And a bon - ny toy for John - ny boy'd be nice, _____ And Ra -

125 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

pun - zel I con - fess could use some ba - sic draw - ing les - sons, — **All *f***

But a

mf *poco rit.* *a tempo* ***f***

130 **Rupert *ff***

will suf - fice, —

ff *div.*

pen - cil for Ra - pun - zel will suf - fice, —

ff *8va* — — — —

135

(*8va*) — — — —