

Chorus
Glinda
Father
Mother
Salesman
Midwife

No One Mourns The Wicked

“Wicked”

[r 12-06] **Orchestration: William David Brohn**

Allegro ♩ = 150

[Start Bar 2]

GLINDA: “... Yes, the Wicked Witch of the West is dead.”

[CHEERS]

2 3 [To 8] 8 9

10 11 12 13

MAN: No one mourns the wick-ed!

WOMAN: No one cries: “They won’t re-turn!”

14 15 16

ALL: No one lays a lil - y on their grave!

17 18 19 **3 WOMEN:** 20

ANOTHER MAN: Through their lives, our child - ren learn:—

The good man scorns the wick-ed!—

21 22 23 24 **GLINDA:**

Poco rit. And good - ness

ALL: What we miss When we mis - be - have...

Poco rit.

25 **Tempo I; Allegro** 26 27 28

knows, The wick-ed's lives are lone - ly. Good - ness

29 30 31 32 33

knows, The wick-ed die a-lone. It just shows when you're wick -

34 35 36 37 38 **Rit.**

ed, You're left on - ly on your own... *no breath*

Yes, good - ness

Rit.

39 **Tempo I; Allegro** 40 41 42

knows, The wick - ed's lives are lone - ly. Good-ness

A Tempo

f

43 44 45 46

knows, The wick - ed cry a - lone. No-thing

47 48 49 50

grows for the wick - ed, They reap on - ly What they've

GIRL IN CROWD: "Glinda, why does Wickedness happen?"

GLINDA: "That's a good question.

One that many people find confusifying:" (GO ON) —

51 52 53 VAMP 54

sown...

p VAMP

"...Are people born Wicked? Or do they have Wickedness thrust upon them? After all, she had a childhood..." (CUE GLISS)

"...She had a father..."

55

VAMP

56

Last X

gliss.

EMaj⁷

57

Allegro (In 1)

"...who just happened to be the Governor of Munchkinland..."
FATHER: "I'm off to the Assembly, dear!"

58

59

60

GLINDA: "And she had a mother. As so many do..."

VAMP (GO ON) —

61

62

63

64

FATHER:

How I hate to

65

66

67

68

MOTHER:

go and leave you lone - ly

That's al - right, it's

[To 81]

FATHER:

69 70 71 72

on - ly just one night But

81 82 83 84

know that you're here in my heart While I'm out of your

Rall.

85 86 87 88

sight...

Allegro ♩ = 158

mf [Start CLICK TRACK]

89 90 91 92

(2nd X)
GLINDA: "And like every family—they had their secrets."
SALESMAN (pre-recorded): last x

Have an-oth - er

(2nd X only)
Bell Tree
◇
1st X only

93

94 95

drink, my dark-eyed beau - ty I've got one more night left, here in town -

96 97 98

- So have an-oth - er drink of green e - lix - ir And we'll have our -

simile

99 100 101

selves a lit - tle mix - er Have an - oth - er lit - tle swal - low, lit - tle

102 103 104 105

la - dy, And fol - low me down...

GLINDA:

But, from the moment she was born..."

(in the clear)

"...she was...well, different."

106 107 108 110

Tri. W.B. 3

G.P.

MOTHER: Agghhh!!

111 **(GO) Allegro** **MIDWIFE:** 112 **FATHER:** 113 **MIDWIFE:** 114 **FATHER:** **MIDWIFE:**

It's com-ing... Now? The ba-by's com-ing... And how! I see a

mf

115 **FATHER:** 116 **FATHER:** **MIDWIFE:** 117 118 **MIDWIFE:** 119 **FATHER:** "Sweet Oz!"

nose! I see a curl! It's a health-y, per-fect, love-ly, lit-tle- Aarghh!

Poco Rit.

f

Moderato

120 **MOTHER:** "What is it, what's wrong?" 121 **MIDWIFE:** **FATHER:** 122

How can it be? What does it mean?

123 MIDWIFE: FATHER: 124 125 FATHER: MIDWIFE:

It's a - tro - cious! It's ob - scene! Like a

126 Rall. [MIDWIFE holds up baby] [To 129] 127 129 ff

frog - gy, fern - y cab - bage The ba - by is un - nat - u - ral - ly - Green!

ff ALL: Green!

Rall. ff

Somber Allarg.

129A [MIDWIFE lowers the baby] FATHER: "Take it away. Take it away..." GLINDA: "So you see - It couldn't have been easy."

129B 129C 129D

p menacing mp

Maestoso

130

ALL (except GLINDA):

131 132 133

No one mourns the wick-ed! Now at last, she's dead and gone!

T1: T2/B: B:

Maestoso

ff

134 **Piu Mosso**

Rall.

135 136 137

Now at last, there's joy through-out the land! And Good-ness

Piu Mosso **Rall.**

G Dm C/F D/E Em⁷ D/E

Tempo I; Allegro

138

GLINDA:

139 140 141

Good - ness knows! Ah, (triplets)

knows... We know what good-ness is. Good - ness

A Tempo

C CMaj⁷ Am⁶/C Bm⁷ Dsus/E Bm/D

142 143 144 145

Ah She died a - lone!

knows, The wick - ed die a - lone... Woe to those,—

C CMaj⁷ Am⁶/C Bm⁷ Em⁷ D/E

146 (NO GLINDA) 147 148 5 149 [To 158]

Woe to those, Who spurn what good - ness - es They are

Am11 FMa7(#11)

158 159 160 161 *ff*

shown... No one mourns the

ff D *ff* *gliss.*

GLINDA:

162 163 164 164A

Good news! _____

wick-ed! No one mourns the

Em C/E Em C/E

164B 164C 164D 165 **Rall.**

Good news! _____

wick-ed! No one mourns the

Em C/E Em C/E **Rall.**

Deliberately

166 167 168 169

Wick - ed!

Wick - ed!

wick - ed!

Wick - ed!

Deliberately

E(add9) /A# E(add9) /A#

170

171

172

Wick - ed!

Wick - ed!

E

sfz