

Pseudolus

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A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

8

PRETTY LITTLE PICTURE

PSEUDOLUS: Far away!

HERO: But my family...

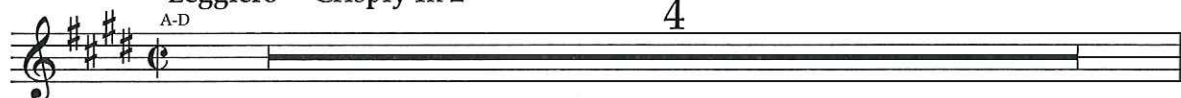
PHILIA: My captain ...

PSEUDOLUS: There is only room for two of you.

HERO: Where?

Leggiero - Crisply In 2

4



1



In the Ti - ber there sits a boat, Gent - ly dip - ping its bow,



Trim and ti - dy and built to float. Pret - ty lit - tle pic - ture? Now...

9



Put a boy — on the star - board side, Lean - ing out — at the rail.



Next to him — put a blush - ing bride, Slim and slen - der and star - ry - eyed.

17



Down be - low — put a ti - ny bed. The sun gets pale, The



sea gets red, And off they sail on the first high tide, The



boat and the bed and the boy and the bride! It's a

25 (PSEUDOLUS)

pret - ty lit - tle pic - ture, Oh, my! Pret - ty lit - tle pic - ture,

28 How true! 29 Pret - ty lit - tle pic - ture 30 Which I,

(♩ = ♩) In 3 32 Pseu - do - lit - tle - lus, give to you! _____

34 _____ 35 _____ 36 _____ 37 _____ 38-39 2

40 Feel the roll— of the play - ful waves, See the sails— as they swell.

44 Hear the whips— on the gal - ley slaves— Pret - ty lit - tle pic - ture? Well...

48 Let it car - ry your cares a - way, Out of sight, — out of

51 mind, 52 Past the bu - oy and 53 through the bay

54 Soon there's noth - ing but 55 sea and spray.

#8 - Pretty Little Picture