

Small-Group Analysis Activity

Matching Lyrics from *My Fair Lady* to Characters

Instructions: In 1964, the play *Pygmalion* was adapted into a musical called *My Fair Lady*. Working cooperatively in small groups, your task is to match characters you have already encountered through your reading of *Pygmalion* (*Alfred Doolittle, Eliza Doolittle, Freddy Eynsford Hill, Professor Henry Higgins, or Colonel Pickering*) with the songs that they sing in the musical *My Fair Lady*. In order to accomplish this task, you must read and discuss the lyrics provided to you. After coming to a consensus as a group, identify the character(s) who sing each song, and then, prepare to defend your choices, through specific references to *Pygmalion*, in a large-group discussion.

Song

Why Can't the English?
 Wouldn't It be Lovely?
 With a Little Bit O' Luck
 I'm an Ordinary Man
 Just You Wait
 I Could Have Danced All Night
 On the Street Where You Live
 You Did It
 Show Me
 Get Me to the Church on Time
 A Hymn to Him
 Without You
 I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

Characters

A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering
 A. Doolittle, E. Doolittle, Hill, Higgins, Pickering

Why Can't the English?

Look at her, a prisoner of the gutter,
 Condemned by every syllable she ever uttered.
 By law she should be taken out and hung,
 For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue.

Aooooww!

Aooooww!
 Heaven's! What a noise!
 This is what the British population,
 Calls an elementary education. Pickering Oh,
 Counsel, I think you picked a poor example. Henry Did I?
 Hear them down in Soho square,
 Dropping "h's" everywhere.
 Speaking English anyway they like.
 You sir, did you go to school?

Man Wadaya tike me for, a fool?

No one taught him 'take' instead of 'tike'
 Why can't the English teach their children how to speak?
 This verbal class distinction, by now,
 Should be antique. If you spoke as she does, sir,
 Instead of the way you do,
 Why, you might be selling flowers, too!
 Hear a Yorkshireman, or worse,

Hear a Cornishman converse,
 I'd rather hear a choir singing flat.
 Chickens cackling in a barn Just like this one!

Garn!

I ask you, sir, what sort of word is that?
 It's "Aoooow" and "Garn" that keep her in her place.
 Not her wretched clothes and dirty face.
 Why can't the English teach their children how to speak?
 This verbal class distinction by now should be antique.
 If you spoke as she does, sir, Instead of the way you do,
 Why, you might be selling flowers, too.
 An Englishman's way of speaking absolutely classifies him,
 The moment he talks he makes some other
 Englishman despise him.
 One common language I'm afraid we'll never get.
 Oh, why can't the English learn to set
 A good example to people whose
 English is painful to your ears?
 The Scotch and the Irish leave you close to tears.
 There even are places where English completely
 disappears. In America, they haven't used it for years!
 Why can't the English teach their children how to speak?
 Norwegians learn Norwegian; the Greeks have taught their
 Greek. In France every Frenchman knows

his language fro "A" to "Zed"
The French never care what they do, actually,
as long as they pronounce in properly.
Arabians learn Arabian with the speed of summer lightning.
And Hebrews learn it backwards,

Wouldn't It be Loverly?

It's rather dull in town, I think I'll take me to Paree.
Mmmmm.
The mistress wants to open up
The castle in Capri.
Me doctor recommends a quiet summer by the sea!
Mmmm, Mmmm, wouldn't it be loverly?
Eliza All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air.
With one enormous chair,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Lots of choc'lates for me to eat,

With a Little Bit O' Luck

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron
So he could do his job and never shirk.
The Lord gave man an arm of iron-but
With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,
Someone else'll do the blinkin' work! The three
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck you'll never work!
The Lord above made liquor for temptation,
To see if man could turn away from sin.
The Lord above made liquor for temptation-but
With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,
When temptation comes you'll give right in!
The three With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck you'll give right in.
Oh, you can walk the straight and narrow;
But with a little bit of luck You'll run amuck!
The gentle sex was made for man to marry,
To share his nest and see his food is cooked.
The gentle sex was made for man to marry-but
With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,
You can have it all and not get hooked.
The three With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck you won't get hooked.
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!
The Lord above made man to help is neighbor,

I'm an Ordinary Man

Well after all, Pickering, I'm an ordinary man,
Who desires nothing more than an ordinary chance,
to live exactly as he likes, and do precisely what he wants...
An average man am I, of no eccentric whim,
Who likes to live his life, free of strife,
doing whatever he thinks is best, for him,
Well... just an ordinary man...
BUT, Let a woman in your life and your serenity is through,
she'll redecorate your home, from the cellar to the dome,
and then go on to the enthralling fun of overhauling you...
Let a woman in your life, and you're up against a wall,
make a plan and you will find,
that she has something else in mind,
and so rather than do either you do something else
that neither likes at all You want to talk of Keats and Milton,
she only wants to talk of love,
You go to see a play or ballet, and spend it searching

which is absolutely frightening.
But use proper English you're regarded as a freak.
Why can't the English,
Why can't the English learn to speak?

Lots of coal makin' lots of 'eat.
Warm face, warm 'ands, warm feet,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Aow, so loverly sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still.
I would never budge 'till spring
Crept over me windowsill.
Someone's 'ead restin' on my knee,
Warm an' tender as 'e can be. 'ho takes good care of me,
Aow, wouldn't it be loverly?
Loverly, loverly, loverly, loverly

No matter where, on land, or sea, or foam.
The Lord above made man to help his neighbor-but
With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,
When he comes around you won't be home! Jim and Harry
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck, You won't be home.
They're always throwin' goodness at you;
But with a little bit of luck A man can duck!
Oh, it's a crime for man to go philandrin
And fill his wife's poor heart with grief and doubt.
Oh, it's a crime for man to go philanderin'-but
With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,
You can see the bloodhound don't find out!
The three With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck she won't find out!
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!
He doesn't have a tuppence in his pocket.
The poorest bloke you'll ever hope to meet.
He doesn't have a tuppence in his pocket-but
With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,
He'll be movin' up to easy street.
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck, He's movin' up.
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

for her glove, Let a woman in your life
and you invite eternal strife,
Let them buy their wedding bands for those anxious little hands...
I'd be equally as willing for a dentist to be drilling
than to ever let a woman in my life, I'm a very gentle man,
even tempered and good natured
who you never hear complain,
Who has the milk of human kindness
by the quart in every vein,
A patient man am I, down to my fingertips,
the sort who never could, ever would,
let an insulting remark escape his lips
Very gentle man...
But, Let a woman in your life,
and patience hasn't got a chance,
she will beg you for advice, your reply will be concise,
and she will listen very nicely, and then go out

and do exactly what she wants!!!
You are a man of grace and polish,
who never spoke above a hush,
all at once you're using language that would make
a sailor blush, Let a woman in your life,
and you're plunging in a knife,
Let the others of my sex, tie the knot around their necks,
I prefer a new edition of the Spanish Inquisition
than to ever let a woman in my life I'm a quiet living man,
who prefers to spend the evening in the silence of his room,
who likes an atmosphere as restful as
an undiscovered tomb,
A pensive man am I, of philosophical joys,
who likes to meditate, contemplate,

Just You Wait

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!
You'll be sorry, but your tears'll be to late!
You'll be broke, and I'll have money;
Will I help you? Don't be funny!
Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!
Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, till you're sick,
And you scream to fetch a doctor double-quick.
I'll be off a second later And go straight to the the-ater!
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!
Ooooooh 'enry 'iggins!
Just you wait until we're swimmin' in the sea!
Ooooooh 'enry 'iggins!
And you get a cramp a little ways from me!
When you yell you're going to drown I'll get dressed
and go to town! Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins!
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins! Just you wait!
One day I'll be famous! I'll be proper and prim;
Go to St. James so often I will call it St. Jim!

I Could Have Danced All Night

Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed!
My head's too light to try to set it down! Sleep! Sleep!
I couldn't sleep tonight.
Not for all the jewels in the crown!
I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things I've never done before.
I'll never know What made it so exciting;
Why all at once My heart took flight. I only know when he
Began to dance with me I could have danced,
danced, danced all night!

*It's after three now.
Don't you agree now,
She ought to be in bed.*

I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.

On the Street Where You Live

When she mentioned how her aunt bit off the spoon,
She completely done me in.
And my heart went on a journey to the moon,
When she told about her father and the gin.
And I never saw a more enchanting farce
Than that moment when she shouted

far for humanities mad inhuman noise,
Quiet living man....
But, let a woman in your life, and your sabbatical is through,
in a line that never ends comes an army of her friends,
come to jabber and to chatter
and to tell her what the matter is with YOU!,
she'll have a booming boisterous family,
who will descend on you en mass,
she'll have a large wagnarian mother,
with a voice that shatters glass,
Let a woman in your life,
Let a woman in your life,
Let a woman in your life I shall never let a woman in my life.

One evening the king will say:
"Oh, Liza, old thing,
I want all of England your praises to sing.
Next week on the twentieth of May
I proclaim Liza Doolittle Day!
All the people will celebrate the glory of you
And whatever you wish and want I gladly will do."
"Thanks a lot, King" says I, in a manner well-bred;
But all I want is 'enry 'iggins 'ead!"
"Done," says the King with a stroke.
"Guard, run and bring in the bloke!"
Then they'll march you, 'enry 'iggins to the wall;
And the King will tell me: "Liza, sound the call."
As they lift their rifles higher, I'll shout:
"Ready! Aim! Fire!"
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins,
Down you'll go, 'enry 'iggins!
Just you wait!

I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things I've never done before.
I'll never know what made it so exciting.
Why all at once my heart took flight.
I only know when he
Began to dance with me.
I could have danced, danced danced all night!

*I understand, dear.
It's all been grand, dear.
But now it's time to sleep.*

I could have danced all night,
I could have danced all night.
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings,
And done a thousand things I've never done before.
I'll never know what made it so exciting.
Why all at once my heart took flight. I only know when he
Began to dance with me I could have danced, danced,
danced All night!

"move your bloomin' "....
I have often walked down this street before;
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before.
All at once am I several stories high.
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.
Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?

Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour Out of ev'ry door?
No, it's just on the street where you live!
And oh! The towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near.
The overpowering feeling

You Did It

Tonight, old man, you did it!
You did it! You did it! You said that you would do it,
And indeed you did. I thought that you would rue it;
I doubted you'd do it. But now I must admit it
That succeed you did. You should get a medal
Or be even made a knight.

It was nothing. Really nothing.

All alone you hurdled ev'ry obstacle in sight.

Now, wait! Now, wait!
Give credit where it's due. A lot of the glory goes to you.

But you're the one who did it,
Who did it, who did it! As sturdy as Gibraltar,
Not a second did you falter. There's no doubt about it,
You did it! I must have aged a year tonight.
At times I thought I'd die of fright.
Never was there a momentary lull

Shortly after we came in I saw at once we'd easily win;
And after that I found it deadly dull.

You should have heard the ooh's and ah's;
Ev'ry one wondering who she was.

You'd think they'd never seen a lady before.

And when the Prince of Transylvania
Asked to meet her,
And gave his arm to lead her to the floor...! I said to him:
You did it! You did it! You did it!
They thought she was ecstatic
And so damned aristocratic,
And they never knew
That you did it!

Thank Heavens for Zoltan Karparthy.
If it weren't for him I would have died of boredom.
He was there, all right. And up to his old tricks.

Karparthy? That dreadful Hungarian?
Was he there?

Show Me

Speak and the world is full of singing,
And I'm winging higher than the birds.
Touch and my heart begins to crumble,
The heaven's tumble, Darling, and I'm...

Words!
Words! Words! I'm so sick of words!
I get words all day through;
First from him, now from you!
Is that all you blighters can do?
Don't talk of stars Burning above;
If you're in love, show me!

That any second you may suddenly appear!
People stop and stare. They don't bother me.
For there's no where else on earth that I would rather be.
Let the time go by, I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

Yes.
That blackguard who uses the science of speech
More to blackmail and swindle than teach;
He made it the devilish business of his
"To find out who this Miss Doolittle is."
Ev'ry time we looked around
There he was, that hairy hound From Budapest.
Never leaving us alone, Never have I ever known
A ruder pest. Fin'ly I decided it was foolish
Not to let him have his chance with her.
So I stepped aside and let him dance with her.
Oozing charm from ev'ry pore
He oiled his way around the floor.
Ev'ry trick that he could play,
He used to strip her mask away.
And when at last the dance was done,
He glowed as if he knew he'd won!
And with a voice to eager,
And a smile too broad, He announced to the hostess
That she was a fraud!

No!

Ja wohl! Her English is too good, he said,
Which clearly indicates that she is foreign.
Whereas others are instructed in their native language
English people aren't.
And although she may have studied with an expert
Di'lectician and grammarian, I can tell that she was born
Hungarian! Not only Hungarian, but of royal blood,
she is a princess!

Congratulations, Professor Higgins,
For your glorious victory!
Congratulations, Professor Higgins!
You'll be mentioned in history!
Professor Higgins! Sing hail and hallelujah!
Ev'ry bit of credit For it all belongs to you!
This evening, sir, you did it! You did it! You did it!
You said that you would do it And indeed you did.
This evening, sir, you did it! You did it! You did it!
We know that we have said it,
But-you did it and the credit
For it all belongs to you!

Tell me no dreams filled with desire.
If you're on fire, show me!
Here we are together in the middle of the night!
Don't talk of spring! Just hold me tight!
Anyone who's ever been in love'll tell you that
This is no time for a chat! Haven't your lips
Longed for my touch? Don't say how much,
Show me! Show me!
Don't talk of love lasting through time.
Make me no undying vow. Show me now!
Sing me no song! Read me no rhyme!
Don't waste my time, Show me!

Don't talk of June, Don't talk of fall!
Don't talk at all! Show me!
Never do I ever want to hear another word.
There isn't one I haven't heard.
Here we are together in what ought to be a dream;
Day one more word and I'll scream!

Get Me to the Church on Time

*There's just a few more hours.
That's all the time you've got. A few more hours
Before they tie the knot.*

There are drinks and girls all over London,
and I've gotta track 'em down in just a few more hours!
I'm getting married in the morning! Ding dong!
The bells are gonna chime. Pull out the stopper!
Let's have a whopper! But get me to the church on time!
I gotta be there in the mornin'
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Girls, come and kiss me;
Show how you'll miss me.
But get me to the church on time!
If I am dancin' Roll up the floor.
If I am whistlin' Whewt me out the door!
For I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Kick up an rumpus But don't lost the compass;
And get me to the church, Get me to the church,
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!
I'm getting married in the morning
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Drug me or jail me, Stamp me and mail me.
But get me to the church on time!

A Hymn to Him

What in all of heaven could've prompted her to go,
After such a triumph as the ball?
What could've depressed her;
What could've possessed her?
I cannot understand the wretch at all.
Women are irrational, that's all there is to that!
There heads are full of cotton, hay, and rags!
They're nothing but exasperating, irritating,
vacillating, calculating, agitating,
Maddening and infuriating hags!
Why can't a woman be more like a man?
Men are so honest, so thoroughly square;
Eternally noble, historic'ly fair;
Who, when you win, will always give your back a pat.
Well, why can't a woman be like that?
Why does ev'ryone do what the others do?
Can't a woman learn to use her head?
Why do they do ev'rything their mothers do?
Why don't they grow up- well, like their father instead?
Why can't a woman take after a man?
Men are so pleasant, so easy to please;
Whenever you are with them, you're always at ease.
Would you be slighted if I didn't speak for hours?

Of course not!

Would you be livid if I had a drink or two?

Nonsense.

Would you be wounded if I never sent you flowers?

Haven't your arms Hungered for mine?
Please don't "expl'ine," Show me! Show me!
Don't wait until wrinkles and lines
Pop out all over my brow,
Show me now!

I gotta be there in the morning
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Some bloke who's able Lift up the table,
And get em to the church on time!
If I am flying then shoot me down.
If I am wooin',
Get her out of town!
For I'm getting married in the morning!
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
Feather and tar me;
Call out the Army; But get me to the church.
Get me to the church...
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

*Starlight is reelin' home to bed now.
Mornin' is smearin' up the sky. London is wakin'.
Daylight is breakin'. Good luck, old chum,
Good health, goodbye.*

I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime...
Hail and salute me Then haul off and boot me...
And get me to the church, Get me to the church...
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

Never.

Well, why can't a woman be like you?
One man in a million may shout a bit.
Now and then there's one with slight defects;
One, perhaps, whose truthfulness you doubt a bit.
But by and large we are a marvelous sex!
Why can't a woman take after like a man?
Cause men are so friendly, good natured and kind.
A better companion you never will find.
If I were hours late for dinner, would you bellow?

Of course not!

If I forgot your silly birthday, would you fuss?

Nonsense.

Would you complain if I took out another fellow?

Never.

Well, why can't a woman be like us?
Mrs. Pearce, you're a woman...
Why can't a woman be more like a man?
Men are so decent, such regular chaps.
Ready to help you through any mishaps.
Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum.
Why can't a woman be a chum?
Why is thinking something women never do?

Why is logic never even tried?
Straight'ning up their hair is all they ever do.
Why don't they straighten up the mess that's inside?
Why can't a woman behave like a man?
If I was a woman who'd been to a ball,

Without You

What a fool I was, what dominated fool,
to think that you were the earth and the sky,
What a fool I was, What an elevated fool,
What a mutton-headed dote was I!
No, my reverberated friend,
you are not the beginning and the end.

*You impertinent hussy!
There's not an idea in your head
Or a word in your mouth that I haven't put there.*

There'll be spring every year without you.
England still will be here without you.
There'll be fruit on the tree.
And a shore by the sea.
There'll be crumpets and tea without you.
Art and music will thrive without you.
Somehow Keats will survive without you.
And there still will be rain on that plain down in Spain,
Even that will remain without you.
I can do without you.
You, dear friend, who taught so well,
You can go to Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire.
They can still rule with land without you.

I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face

Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!
I've grown accustomed to her face.
She almost makes the day begin.
I've grown accustomed to the tune that
She whistles night and noon.
Her smiles, her frowns,
Her ups, her downs
Are second nature to me now;
Like breathing out and breathing in.
I was serenely independent and content before we met;
Surely I could always be that way again—
And yet
I've grown accustomed to her look;
Accustomed to her voice;
Accustomed to her face.
"Marry Freddy"? What an infantile idea. What a heartless,
wicked, brainless thing to do. But she'll regret, she'll
regret it. It's doomed before they even take the vow!
I can see her now, Mrs. Freddy Eynsford-Hill
In a wretched little flat above a store.
I can see her now, not a penny in the till,
And a bill collector beating at the door.
She'll try to teach the things I taught her,
And end up selling flowers instead.
Begging for her bread and water,
While her husband has his breakfast in bed.
In a year, or so, when she's prematurely grey,
And the blossom in her cheek has turned to chalk.
She'll come home, and lo, he'll have upped and run away
With a social-climbing heiress from New York.
Poor Eliza. How simply frightful!

Been hailed as a princess by one and by all;
Would I start weeping like a bathtub overflowing?
And carry on as if my home were in a tree?
Would I run off and never tell me where I'm going?
Why can't a woman be like me?

Windsor Castle will stand without you.
And without much ado we can all muddle through without
you.

You brazen hussy!

Without pulling it the tide comes in,
without your twirling it the Earth can spin,
Without your pulling it, the tide comes in
Without your twirling it, the earth can spin
Without your pushing them, the clouds roll by,
If they can do without you, ducky, so can I
I shall not feel alone without you
I can stand on my own without you
So go back in your shell
I can do bloody well
Without...

*By George, I really did it,
I did it, I did it,
I said I'd make a woman and indeed I did,
I knew that I could do it,
I knew it, I knew it,
I said I'd make a woman and succeed I did!*

How humiliating! How delightful!
How poignant it'll be on that inevitable night
When she hammers on my door in tears and rags.
Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite.
Will I take her in or hurl her to the walls?
Give her kindness or the treatment she deserves?
Will I take her back or throw the baggage out?
But I'm a most forgiving man;
The sort who never could, ever would,
Take a position and staunchly never budge.
A most forgiving man.
But, I shall never take her back,
If she were even crawling on her knees.
Let her promise to atone;
Let her shiver, let her moan;
I'll slam the door and let the hell-cat freeze!
"Marry Freddy"? Ha!
But I'm so used to hear her say
"Good morning" ev'ry day.
Her joys, her woes,
Her highs, her lows,
Are second nature to me now;
Like breathing out and breathing in.
I'm very grateful she's a woman
And so easy to forget;
Rather like a habit
One can always break—
And yet,
I've grown accustomed to the trace
Of something in the air;
Accustomed to her face.