

Send In The Clowns

Stephen Sondheim (A Little Night Music)

Bearb.: S. Brandt

vocal $\text{♩} = 50$

Is-n't it rich? Are we a pair? Me here at last on the ground, you in mid

air... send in the clowns Is-n't it bliss? Don't you ap

prove? One who keeps tear-ing a-round, one who can't move... Where are the

clowns? Send in the clowns. Just when I stopped op-en-ing doors, Fin-al-ly

know-ing the one that I want-ed was yours, Mak-ing my

en-trance a-gain with my u-su-al flair, Sure of my lines, No-one is

there. don't you love farce? My fault I fear. I thought that

rich, Is-n't it queer, Los-ing my

you'd want what I want. Sor-ry, my dear. But where are the clowns? Quick, send in the

tim-ing this late in my ca-reer And where are the clowns? There ought to be

clowns. Don't both-er, they're here. Is-n't it clowns. well, may-be next year...