

Stephen Sondheim, Sunday In The Park With George

Dot: A trickle of sweat
The back of the-
-head.
He always does this.
Now the foot is dead.
Sunday in the park with George
One more Su-

The collar is damp.
Beginning to pinch.
The bustle's slipping-
I won't budge one inch.

Who was at the zoo, George?
Who was at the zoo?
The monkeys and who, George?
The monkeys and who?

George: Don't move.

Dot: Artists are bizarre. Fixed. Cold.
That's you, George, you're bizarre. Fixed. Cold.
I like that in a man. Fixed. Cold.
God, it's hot out here.

Well, there are worse things
Than staring at the water on a Sunday.
There are worse things
Than staring at the water
As you're posing for a picture
Being painted by you lover
In the middle of the summer
On an island in the river on a Sunday.

The petticoat's wet.
Which adds to the weight.
The sun is blinding.
All right, concentrate...

George: Eyes open, please.

Dot: Sunday in the park with George.

George: Look out at the water, not at me.

Dot: Sunday in the park with George.
Concentrate...concentrate...

Well, if you want bread
And respect
And attention,
Not to say connection,
Modelling's no profession.

If you want instead,
When you're dead,
Some more public
ANd more permanent
Expression
Of affection,
You want a painter,
Poet,
Sculptor, preferably:
Marble, granite, bronze,

Durable.
Something nice with swans
That's durable
Forever.

All it has to be is good.
And George, you're good,
You're really good.

George's stroke is tender.
George's touch is pure.

Your eyes, George.
I love your eyes, George.
I love your beard, George.
I love your size, George.
But most, George,
Of all,
But most of all,
I love your painting...
I think I'm fainting...

The tip of a stay.
Right under the tit.
No, don't give in, just
Lift the arm a bit...

George: Don't lift the arm, please.

Dot: Sunday in the park with George!

George: The bustle high, please.

Dot: Not even a nod.
As if I were trees.
The ground could open.
He would still say "please";

Never know with you, George,
Who could know with you?
The others I knew, George,
Before we get through,
I'll get to you too.

God, I am so hot!

Well there are worse things
Than staring at the water on a Sunday.
There are worse things
Than staring at the water
As you're posing for a picture
After sleeping on the ferry
After getting up at seven
To come over to an island
In the middle of a river
Half an hour from the city.
On a Sunday.
On a Sunday in the park with-

George: Don't move the mouth!

Dot: -George!