

Music Man, Piano Lesson

Marian:
Mama, a man with a suitcase followed me home.

Mrs. Paroo:
Oh--Who?

Marian:
I never saw him before.

Mrs. Paroo:
Did he say anythin'?

Marian:
He tried.

Mrs. Paroo:
Did you say anythin'?

Marian:
Of course not, Mama!
Now don't dawdle, Amaryllis.
So do la ti mi,
A little slower and please
Keep the fingers curved as nice
And as high as you possibly can.
Don't get faster,

Mrs. Paroo:
If you don't mind my sayin' so,
It wouldn't have hurt you
To find out what the gentleman wanted.

Marian:
I know what the gentleman wanted.

Mrs. Paroo:
What, dear?

Marian:
You'll find it in Balzac.

Mrs. Paroo:
Excuse me fer livin' but I never read it.

Marian:
Neither has anyone else in this town.

Mrs. Paroo:

There you go again with the same old comment
About the low mentality of River City people,
And takin' it all to much to heart.

Marian:
Now, Mama,
As long as the Madison Public Library was entrusted
To me for the purpose of improving River City's cultural level,
I can't help my concern that the Ladies of River City
Keep ignoring all my council and advice.

Mrs. Paroo:
But, darlin'--when a woman has a husband
And you've got none,

Why should she take advice from you?
Even if you can quote Balzac and Shakespeare
And all them other highfalutin' Greeks.

Marian:
Momma, if you don't mind my sayin' so,
You have a bad habit of changin' ev'ry subject--

Mrs. Paroo:
Well, I haven't changed the subject!
I was talking about that stranger--

Marian:
What stranger?

Mrs. Paroo:
With the suitcase who may be your very last chance.

Marian:
Mama!
Do you think that I'd allow a common masher--
Now, really Mama!
I have my standards where men are concerned,
And I have no intention--

Mrs. Paroo:
I know all about your standards
And if you don't mind my sayin' so
There's not a man alive
Who could hope to measure up to that blend'a
Paul Bunyan, Saint Pat and Noah Webster
You've got concocted for yourself outta your Irish imagination,
Your Iowa stubbornness, and your liberry fulla' books!