

Start

[LION] 28 29 30

Each Rab-bit would show re - spect — to me. — The Chip-monks gen - u -

31 32 33

- flect — to me. — Though my tail would lash, — I would show com-pash, For

34 35 36

ev' - ry un - der - ling. — 'FI, — 'fi-

37 38 39 40 41

*poco allarg.* Stop *Maestoso* (♩=108)

— were King, — just King!

Coronation Ceremony

Grandioso (♩=96)

46 47 48 49

(42-45) Orch.

DOROTHY, SCARECROW & TINMAN

50 51 52 53

Mon - arch of all you sur - vey...

Cadenza

54 LION 55 56 57

Mah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah - ah-narch, Of all { I } sur - vey! —  
{ you }

LION: (spoken in caesura) Ah, shucks! ALL FOUR a tempo

Recitative

58 59 60

Orch.

DOROTHY: Your Majesty, if you were King, you wouldn't be afraid of anything?

LION: Not nobody, nohow!

TINMAN: Not even a Rhinocerosus?

61 62 63

LION: Impossorous!

DOROTHY: How about a Hippopotomus?

LION: Why, I'd thrash him from top to bottomous!