

16. SOS

START

1 $\text{♩} = 127$ SAM

WHERE ARE THOSE HAP - PY DAYS THEY SEEM SO HARD TO FIND

4 I TRY TO REACH FOR YOU BUT YOU HAVE CLOSED YOUR MIND

7 WHAT E - VER HAP - PENED TO OUR LOVE I WISH I UN - DER - STOOD

A- E7(b9) A- A- E7(b9) A- C G

MAMMA MIA

10

IT USED TO BE SO NICE IT USED TO BE SO GOOD

A- E7(b9)

13

15

SO WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME DAR - LING CAN'T YOU HEAR ME S. O. S.

WOMEN

ENS. SO WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME DAR - LING CAN'T YOU HEAR ME S. O. S.

MEN

G D- F F#7

MAMMA MIA

18

THE LOVE YOU GAVE ME NO - THING ELSE CAN SAVE ME S.

THE LOVE YOU GAVE ME NO - THING ELSE CAN SAVE ME S.

F C G D-

F

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music for measures 18-20. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom is the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes chord markings F, C, G, D-, and F.

21

O. S. WHEN YOU'RE GONE

O. S.

F#7

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music for measures 21-22. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom is the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a chord marking F#7.

23

HOW CAN I E - VEN TRY TO GO ON

F A \flat B \flat C C sus C

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music for measures 23-25. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom is the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes chord markings F, A \flat , B \flat , C, C sus , and C.

MAMMA MIA

26

WHEN YOU'RE GONE THOUGH I TRY HOW CAN I CAR - EY ON

Chords: C5/6, C, F, Ab, Bb, C

END

29

Chords: C, F, C

31

DONNA

YOU SEEM SO FAR A - WAY THOUGH YOU ARE STAND - ING NEAR

Chords: D-, A7(b9), D-

34

YOU MADE ME FEEL A - LIVE BUT SOME - THING DIED I FEAR

Chords: D-, A7(b9), D-

18. KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU

START

1. CUE: HAPPY EVER AFTER

CUE: PLEADING WITH MY WIFE

1. **COLLA VOCE**

BREA - KIN UP IS NE - VER EA - SY I KNOW BUT I HAVE TO

5.

GO KNOW - ING ME KNOW - ING YOU IT'S THE BEST I CAN

8. $\text{♩} = 108$

DO

D/A B- B- F#-7 D E

12.

NO MORE CARE - FREE LAUGH - TER

A B-7 B-7 F#-7 F# C# C#

MAMMA MIA

16

SI - LENCE E - VER AF - TER WAL -

A B-7 B-7 F#-7 F# C# C#

20

KING THROUGH AN EM-PTY HOUSE TEARS IN MY EYES

F# F# F#ADD2 F# F# ESUS E ESUS E

24

THIS IS WHERE THE STO-RY ENDS THIS IS GOOD-BYE KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING

(WOMEN KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING)

(MEN KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING)

D6 D D2 D D F#ADD2(NOS) D

8V 1

MAMMA MIA

28

YOU THERE IS NOT-HING WE CAN DO KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING YOU

8V 1

YOU THERE IS NOT-HING WE CAN DO KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING YOU

8V 2

(SUB-GROUP)

A - HA A - HA

E E A O V E

32

WE JUST HAVE TO FACE IT THIS TIME WE'RE THROUGH

8V 1

WE JUST HAVE TO FACE IT THIS TIME WE'RE THROUGH

8V 2

THIS TIME WE'RE THROUGH

E A O E

MAMMA MIA

95

BREAK-IN' UP IS NE-VER EA-SY I KNOW BUT I HAVE TO

BV 1

BREAK-IN' UP IS NE-VER EA-SY I KNOW BUT I HAVE TO

BV 2

BREAK-IN' UP IS NE-VER EA-SY I KNOW BUT I HAVE TO

A C# D E A D

98

GO KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING YOU IT'S THE BEST I CAN

BV 1

GO KNOW-ING ME KNOW-ING YOU IT'S THE BEST I CAN

BV 2

GO

E A D E

END

MAMMA MIA

SOPHIE: YOU SAID YOU
HAD SOME BOYS

SAM: YES THEY LIVE WITH
THEIR MOTHER

8V 1

41

45

MEM' RIES GOOD DAYS BAD DAYS

49

THEY'LL BE WITH ME AL - WAYS

SCENE 3

BOAT DOCK

START

(The Men's Arrival. BILL, SAM, AND HARRY enter with luggage)

HARRY: I'm glad to get off that boat!

BILL: Ah, that was nothing. You should try a kayak in the Okanama swamps.

HARRY: Oh yes! I read your book, "A Bloke in a Boat in Botswana."

BILL: Thanks. I heard I'd sold a copy somewhere.

HARRY: Travel books are my passion, a distraction from the horrors of the London Underground.

SAM: Do you want to hear something really interesting? Do you see this taverna?

HARRY: I'm rather impressed. I remembered an old goat hut here. I was dreading bedding down with the goats.

BILL: Oh, give me goats over camels. There was this time in Kalahari when the sun was beating down and we-

SAM: All right! All right! Sorry to spoil the travel log, Indiana! The point is that this is my taverna. I built this. Well, I designed it. I drew up the plans, why it must be 21 years ago. I can't believe she's actually gone and built the bloody thing.

HARRY: Who?

SAM: Donna. Who else? Yeah, this is something I just scribbled down on the back of an old menu. I'd no idea she would-

BILL: How do you know it's yours?

SAM: Buildings are like babies. You always know your own.

BILL: Well, I don't know anything about babies. I've been living out of a rucksack most of my life.

SAM: Aha! A happy wanderer, eh?

HARRY: Do you think the island would inspire some prose?

BILL: I hope so... When I go back, I want to sell my editor a piece on childhood haunts revisited.

HARRY: Were you born here?

BILL: No. I was born in Merthyr Tidville. But my mother's Greek. And about the only time I was in Greece was to visit my great aunt and that was... twenty-one years ago.

HARRY: So now you can write about Sam's taverna, and the tourists will flock...

BILL: No, I think this place should always be the secret idyll that I always remembered.

SAM: Well, if you were born here, maybe the idyll would be boatloads of tourists with pockets full of money.

HARRY: At least they might have some staff, then. Where is everybody?

(SOPHIE enters.)

END

HARRY: Oh...

SOPHIE: Good afternoon. Can I help you?

BILL: I'm Bill Austin. You have a room for me?

SOPHIE: (pauses, flustered.) Bill Austin?

HARRY: I'm Bright. Harry Bright.

SOPHIE: (even more flustered) Harry!...
(to Sam)

So you must be...

SAM: Sam Carmichael, yeah. Er, you were expecting us?

SOPHIE: Yes. Yes, of course.
(nervous laugh)

I'll get the keys.
(she exits)

HARRY: Well, I hope I get the chance to get my tongue around a little Greek.

SAM: Oh yeah?

HARRY: I haven't spoken it for twenty-one years.

WISHING YOU HAD NEVER LEFT AT ALL

DONNA
NEVER LEFT AT ALL

START (SAM enters.)

(speaks)

SAM: Donna! Donna! What's the rush?

DONNA: A small matter of the wedding.

SAM: Look, about this wedding... These are my old bongos/bagpipes!

DONNA: They frighten off unwanted visitors.

SAM: Oh, you don't need bongos/bagpipes to do that.

DONNA: I wouldn't. My bite is worse than my bark.

SAM: I know- I've still got the scars. I'll show you.

DONNA: Oh, what do you want Sam?

SAM: Look. I've had an idea for an extension.

DONNA: I don't want your bloody extension! What are you doing here?

SAM: You're living my dream! Don't you remember, the island, the taverna, it was my dream.

DONNA: Yeah? Well, this is my reality. Hard work and a crippling mortgage.

SAM: Oh, alright! At least let me take a look at that roof for you. It's not going to last you through the winter.

DONNA: I will look at my own roof, thank you.

SAM: Alright! Be a bloody martyr. (Deflated) I got kids. I know it's hard for you, doing it on your own.

DONNA: Don't you patronize me! I like doing it on my own. Every morning I wake up and I thank Christ I haven't got some middle-aged menopausal man to bother me. I'm single, I'm free, and it's great!

END

“S.O.S”