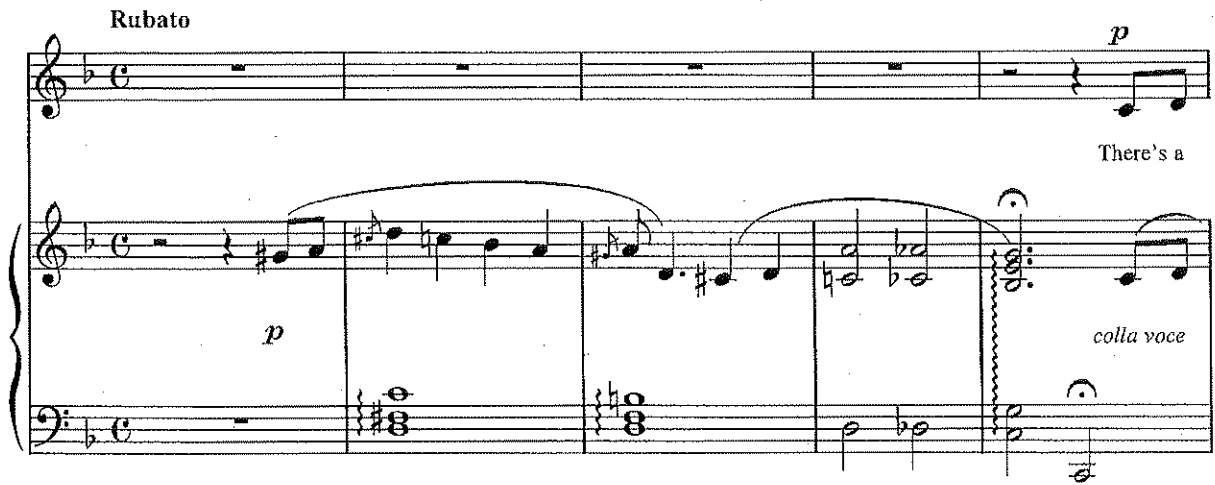


SARA LEE

Lyrics by
FRED EBB

Music by
JOHN KANDER

Rubato

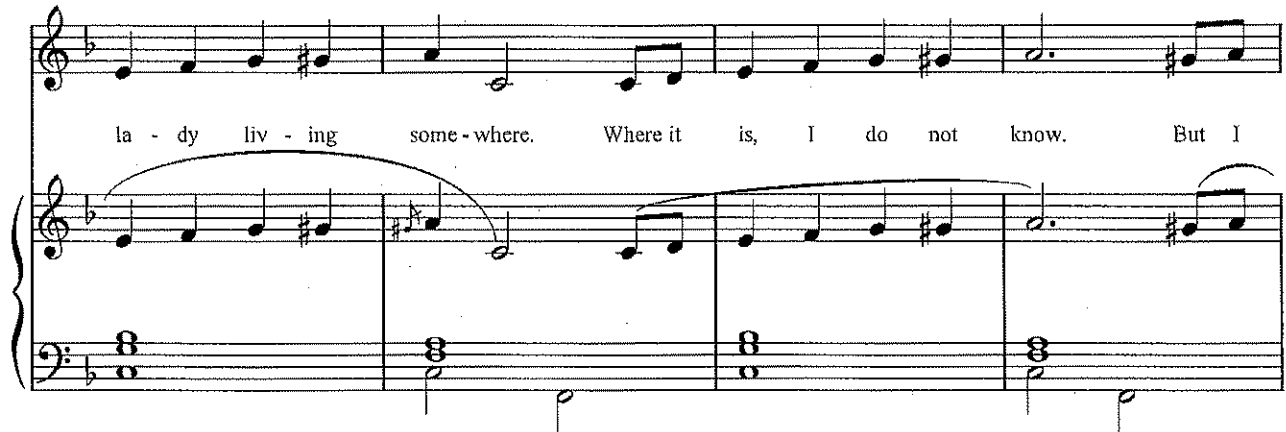


p

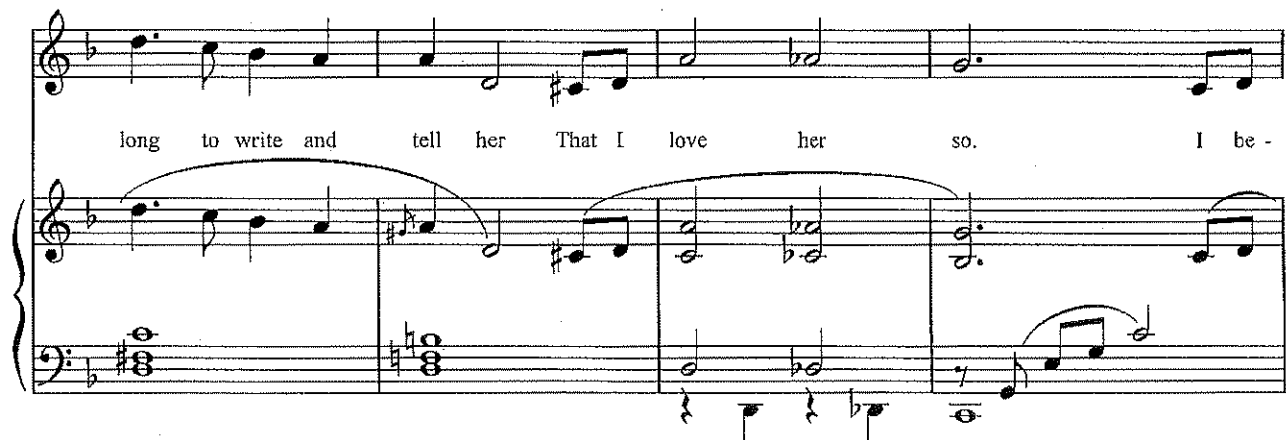
There's a

p

colla voce



la - dy liv - ing some - where. Where it is, I do not know. But I



long to write and tell her That I love her so. I be -

poco moto

lieve I might do may - hem. Yes, I might de - stroy my - self. If I

cresc. *mp*

ev - er found her miss - ing From my gro - cer's shelf. Sa - ra

With a light bounce

Lee, Sa - ra Lee, Your bri - oche just

frac - tures me. Give me a taste of your cher - ry

da - nish. I love my moth - er But you can't com - pare her

Not with Sar - ra Lee, Sa - ra Lee. There's no

"H", Just Sa - ra Lee. But that's o - key with me —

'Cause I'm liv - in' in par - a - dise — When I'm nib - bl - in'

ap - ple spice — From the kitch - ens of the one I love —

mf (Spoken) And it thrills me right to my soul —
 Won - der - ful Sa - ra — Lee. Sa - ra Lee. Sa - ra

When I'm chew - ing her fin - ger roll. — You hear me say - ing, "For good - ness sake, — There's
 Lee. How I love that Sa - ra

nev - er been a bet - ter ba - na - na cake."
 Lee. Cous - in Mil - ton Works at the

Hil - ton. He ca - ters ban - quets and at each af - fair, He'll

I really know (sim.) what you mean. Aren't her brownies obscene?

swear by Sa - ra Lee, Sa - ra Lee, Drop that

"H," Say "Sa-ra, Sa-ra Lee." And that's o - kay by me. —

cresc.

f Broad cakewalk

I love her cheese - cake — white as — pearl. —

And did I men - tion that choc' - late swirl? From the

kitch - ens of the one I love, - Won - der - ful Sa - ra, *dim.*

beau - ti - ful (*sniff, sniff, sniff*) S A R A L E E *p*

Sa - ra Lee. *f*