

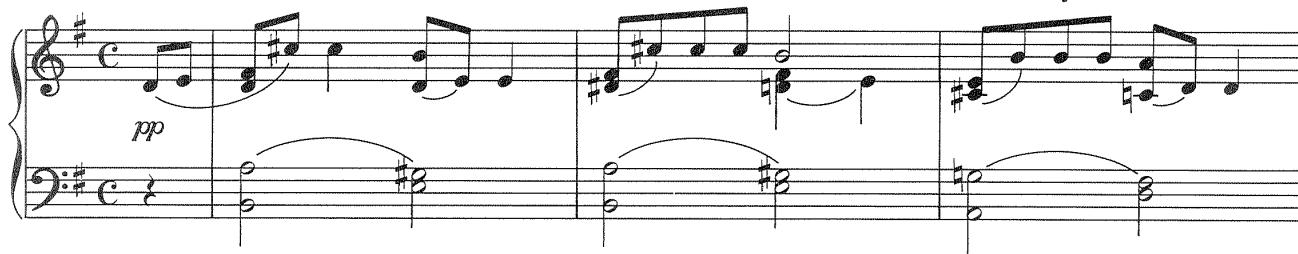
ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

from *My Fair Lady*

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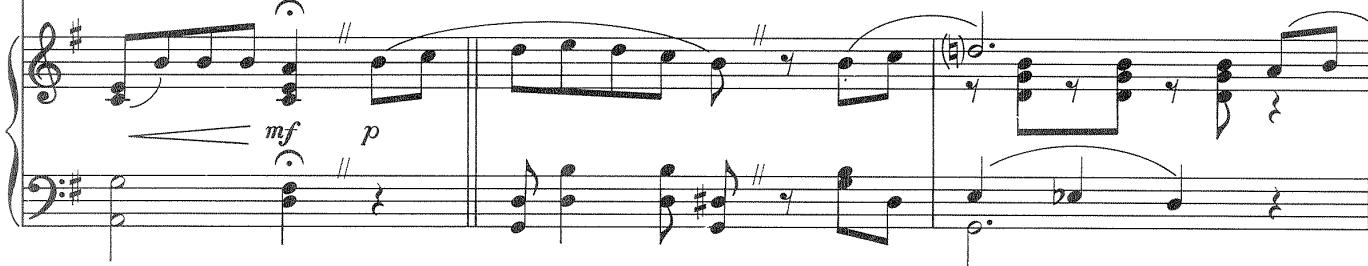
Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Moderato

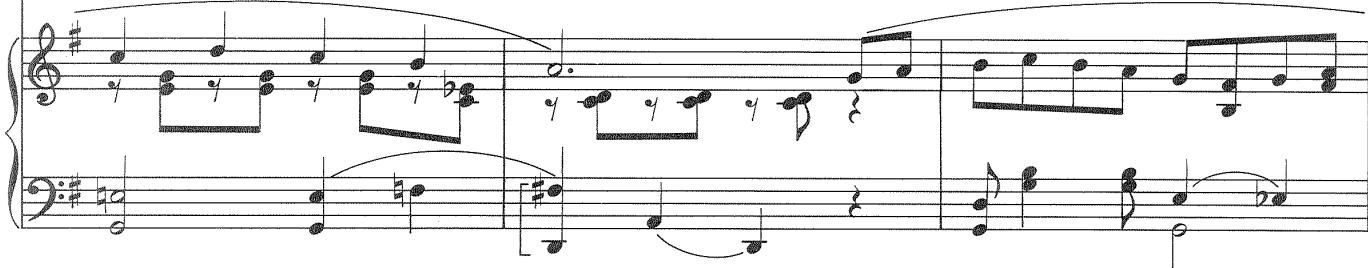


FREDDY: Con moto

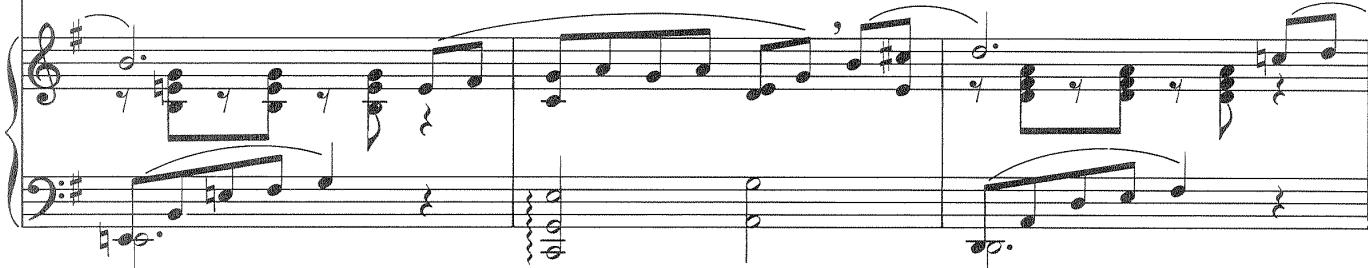
When she men-tioned how her aunt bit off the spoon, She com -



plete - ly done me in. And my heart went on a jour - ney to the



moon, When she told a - bout her fath - er and the gin. And I



nev - er saw a more en-chant-ing farce,

Than the mo-ment when she shouted, "Move your bloom-in' . . ."

rall.

pp a tempo

Allegro moderato

poco rit.

Tempo giusto

I have of - ten walked _____

con tenderezza

p

* In the show Freddy is interrupted at this point. The editor suggests a chuckle here in this "stand-alone" edition of the song.

down this street be - fore; But the pave - ment al - ways

stayed be -neath my feet be - fore. All at once am I

sev - 'ral sto - ries high, Know - ing I'm on the

street where you live. Are there li - lac trees

in the heart of town? — Can you hear a lark in

an - y oth - er part of town? — Does en - chant - ment pour

out of ev - 'ry door? — No, it's just on the

street where you live. — And oh,

poco cresc.

mf

the tow - er - ing feel - ing Just to know -

some - how you are near! The o

- ver - pow - er - ing feel - ing That an - y sec - ond you may

sud - den - ly ap - pear! Peo - ple stop and stare.

They don't both - er me, ————— For there's no - where else on

earth that I would rath - er be. ————— Let the time go by;

poco cresc.

ten. I won't care if I Can be here on the

ten. *mf*

ten. ten. street where you live. ————— Peo - ple stop and stare. —————

They don't both - er me. For there's no - where else on

earth that I would rath - er be. Let the time go by,

cresc.

I won't care if I Can be here on the

cresc.

street where you live. opt.

f a tempo cresc. 3 3 ff