

FOOLISH TO THINK

from *A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder*

Music by STEVEN LUTVAK
Lyrics by ROBERT L. FREEDMAN and
STEVEN LUTVAK

Valse pensive

Eb6/9

Bb+7

Bb7

Eb6/9

Bb7#5

Bb7

*p**rit.**a tempo**rit.*

Eb

Bb7sus

Ebmaj7

Eb6

Bb9

MONTY:

Fool - ish to think she would mar - ry you.

Eb

Edim

Fm7(add4)

Bb13

Why would she sink so low? You've

Fm

E+

Fm7/Eb

Fm6

on - ly a claim to a no - ble old name.

Fm7/C Bb7sus Eb Bb+
 Who could blame her for say - ing "no"?
rit.

Eb
a tempo Bb7sus Ebmaj7 Bb9sus
 Fool - ish to dream she's in love with you. You're a
mp a tempo

Eb Bbm7 Abmaj7
 fool to be - lieve that kiss. The

Fm7 Abm6 Eb/G Ebdim Eb/G C7sus(b9) C7
 man who in - spires such breath - less de - sires, well,

Cm/F Cm7/F Fm7/Bb Eb6/9 Bb7#5 Bb7 Eb6/9 Bb7#5 Bb7

that's the man to dis - miss.

mf

Eb Bb7sus Ebmaj7 Eb6 Bb9sus

Fool - ish to hope she would ev - er see

Eb Edim Fm7 Bb13

all that you real - ly are. A

Fm C Fm7 Bb9

man with no trade is no match, I'm a - fraid, for a

Fm7 Bb7 Bb7#5 Eb Bb7#5 *rit.*

blade in a mo - tor car. He'll go far...

rit.

Eb *a tempo* Bb7sus Ebmaj7 Eb6 Bb9sus Bb

Fool - ish to pray you will ev - er be the

a tempo

Eb Bbm7/Eb Abmaj7

fel - low she might pre - fer.

Fm7 Abm6 Eb/G C7b9

Let's have a drink. It's fool - ish to think you'll

Fm7 Fm7/Bb Bb13b9 Eb

ev - er stop lov - ing her. On a

Gaining momentum, in "1"

Abm7 Abm7/Db Gbmaj7 Gbmaj7/Db

myth - i - cal scale, the D'Ys - quiths pre - vail on a

Abm7 Abm7/Db Gbadd9

hill just out - side of town; in a

Gm7b5 C7b5 Fm

cas - tle they love that is so far a - bove, — they're ac -

Bbm7 Eb7b9 * Eb7#9 Eb7b9

cus - tomed to look - ing down, Oh, if

Abm7 Abm7/Db Gbmaj7 Gbmaj7/Db

on - ly they knew what the right words would do to e -

Cm7b5 F7#9 Bbm Gm7b5

rase the dis - grace of the past, And if

C7 C7/E Fm7 Fm7/Eb

on - ly they'd see what a D'Ys - quith I'd be, they might

* Measures 86-101 were cut for the Broadway production. Cut to **

Bbm11 Bbm7 Eb9 Eb7b9 **

face their mis - takes and em - brace me at last. But the

Abm7 Abm7/Db Gbmaj9 (opt.)

fam - 'ly or - dains that the blood in my veins is

Gm7b5 C7b9 Fm6 Fm6/D

more than a tri - fle im - pure. They con -

G7 G7/B Cm7

spired with each oth - er, con - demn - ing poor Moth - er to a

F9 F7#11 Bb9 Bb7b9

heart - break - ing life she could hard - ly en - dure. With no

F#m7 F#m7/B Emaj7

con - science or care they dis - posed of an heir to their

A#m7b5 Eb7 G#m G#m/F#

glo - ri - ous fam - 'ly tree. Do I

G C#m7b5/E Bm G#m7b5

lie down and die or de - ter - mine to try to

G7

F#

al - ter the course of my des - ti - ny? _____

G7

rit.

C7

Oth - er - wise, what will be - come of me?

Am

I

*rit.****ff****Glissando***Fiercely**

Gm7b5

C7

Fmaj7

F6

F#dim

fool - ish to think I could ev - er be, will I nev - er be

Gm7

C9

F

F#dim7

more than I am to - day? I can see me as a

Gm D7 Gm7 C7

man of re - spect you could nev - er de - test had

Gm7 Bb/C rit. poco a poco F C7#5

once been so heart - less - ly cast a - way.

rit. poco a poco

Meno Mosso

F C7#5 F C7 Fmaj7 F6

Am I fool - ish to dream I'll be Earl one day, —

mp

C7 F Eb6/F Bb

a tow - er - ing man a - mong men? — Then

G m Bbm6 F *rit.* Ebdim7 D7

who could de - ny now and then pigs can fly? _____

rit.

8va

Tempo I

G m7 C9 F6 C7#5 C7

Who will look fool - ish then? _____

F6/9 C7#5 *rit.* C7 G m7 C9

Who will look fool - ish

rit. *slow roll*

F6 *a tempo* F

then? _____

a tempo