

# Send in the clowns

Stephen Sondheim

Is - n't it rich? Are we a  
pair? Me here at last on the ground, you in mid -  
air.... Send in the clowns. Is n't it  
bliss? Don't you ap - prove? One who keeps  
tear - ing a - round, one who can't move... Where are the  
clowns? Send in the clowns. Just wher'd stopped open - ing  
doors, Fin - al - ly know - ing the one that I want - ed was  
yours, Mak - ing my en - trance a - gain with my u - su - al  
flair, Sure of my lines, No one is there.  
Don't you love farce? My fault, I

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9/8

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fear. I thought that you'd want what I want. Sor - ry my

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12/8

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dear. But where are the clowns? Quick send in the

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clowns. Don't bother they're here. Is - n't it

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Is n't it rich, Is - n't it queer, Los - ing my

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rich, Is - n't it queer, Los - ing my

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9/8 12/8

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ti - ming this late in my ca - reer

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9/8 12/8

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ti - ming this late in my ca - reer And where are the

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Where are the clowns? Where are the clowns? Well maybe next

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clowns? There ought to be clowns Well maybe next

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year.....

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year....