dedicated to the memory of Kurt Weill

Stackalee

An American Folk Opera with a Moral

Libretto and Music by Irving Schlein (ASCAP)

© Peter Schlein (2000)

Cast

Stackalee - Baritone
Devil - Bass
Stack-O'-Dollars - Contralto
Billy Lyons - speaking rôle
Mixed Chorus

Solos:- Tenor
Mother - Contralto
Gypsy - Soprano

Narrator

Orchestra

Two Clarinets
Two Trumpets
Piano
Percussion
Strings — 1 Vl I, 2 Vl I, 2 Vl 2, 2 Viola, Cello, Bass } 8

Duration = 4.5 minutes

"Stackalee" is a typical American folk-operetta that may be produced with but the simplest of cardboard scenery and spots. The stage directions are merely suggestions. The back-drop may have painted on it all varieties of hats (Ten Gallon, Western type). The props may consist of tables and chairs for the cabaret scene with a platform in the rear for the dancing; the importance lies in the handling of the lighting: the fading-in and fading-out from one scene to the other smoothly and imperceptibly.

The chorus may be shifted around to suit the nature of the scene. They may enter the action of the cabaret scene.

"Stackalee" may be done with either Piano or Orchestra.

Irving Schlein

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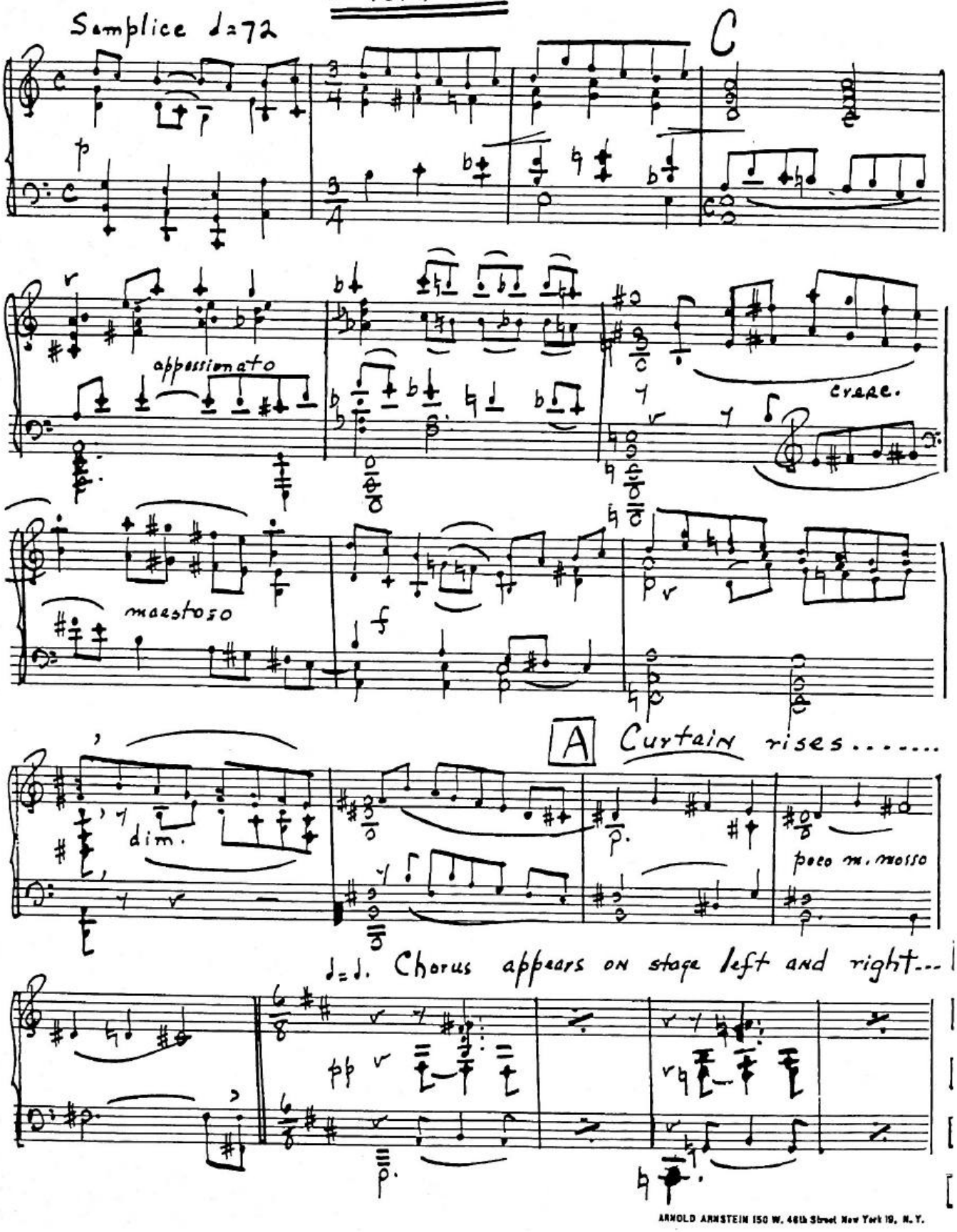
Overture



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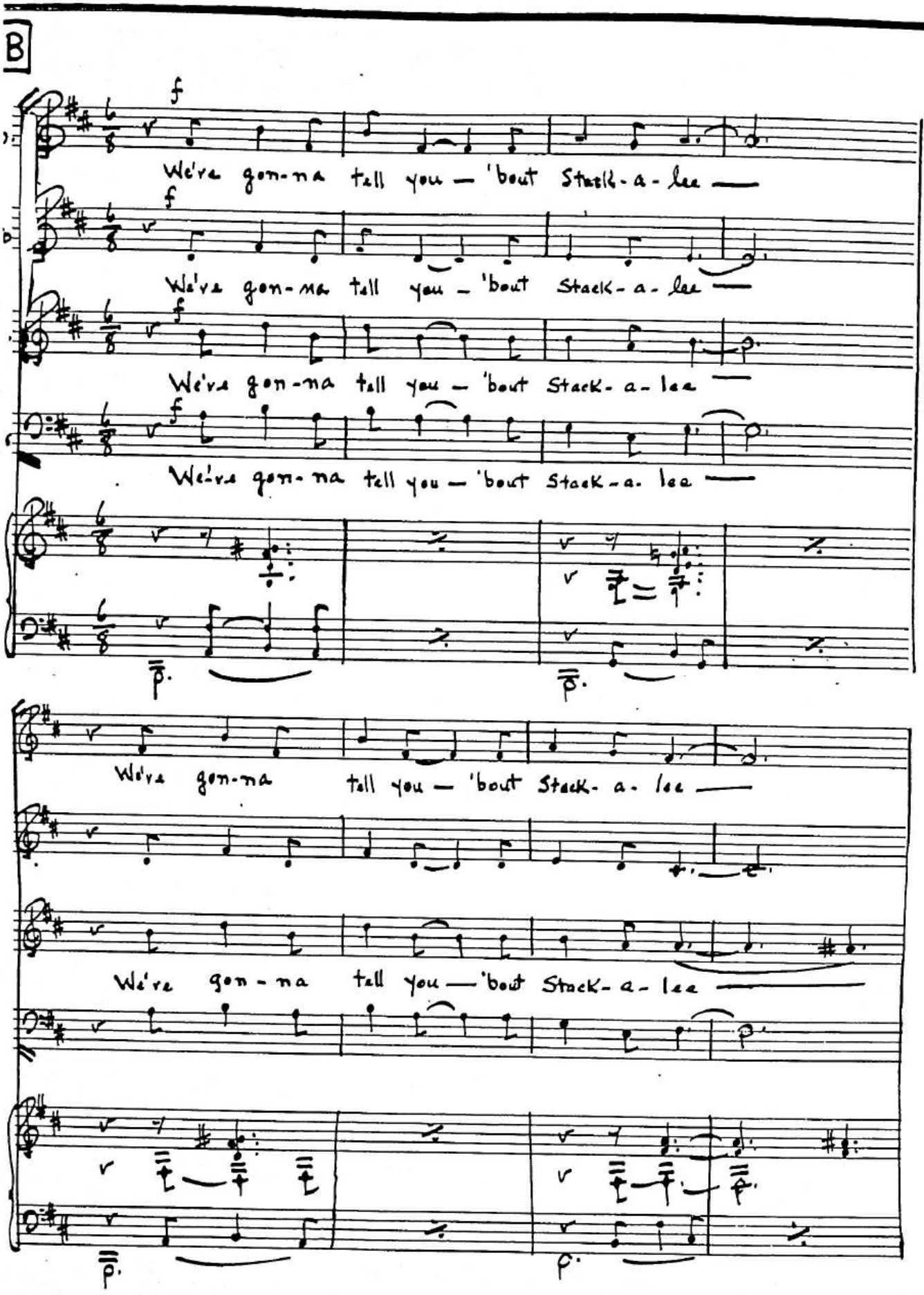
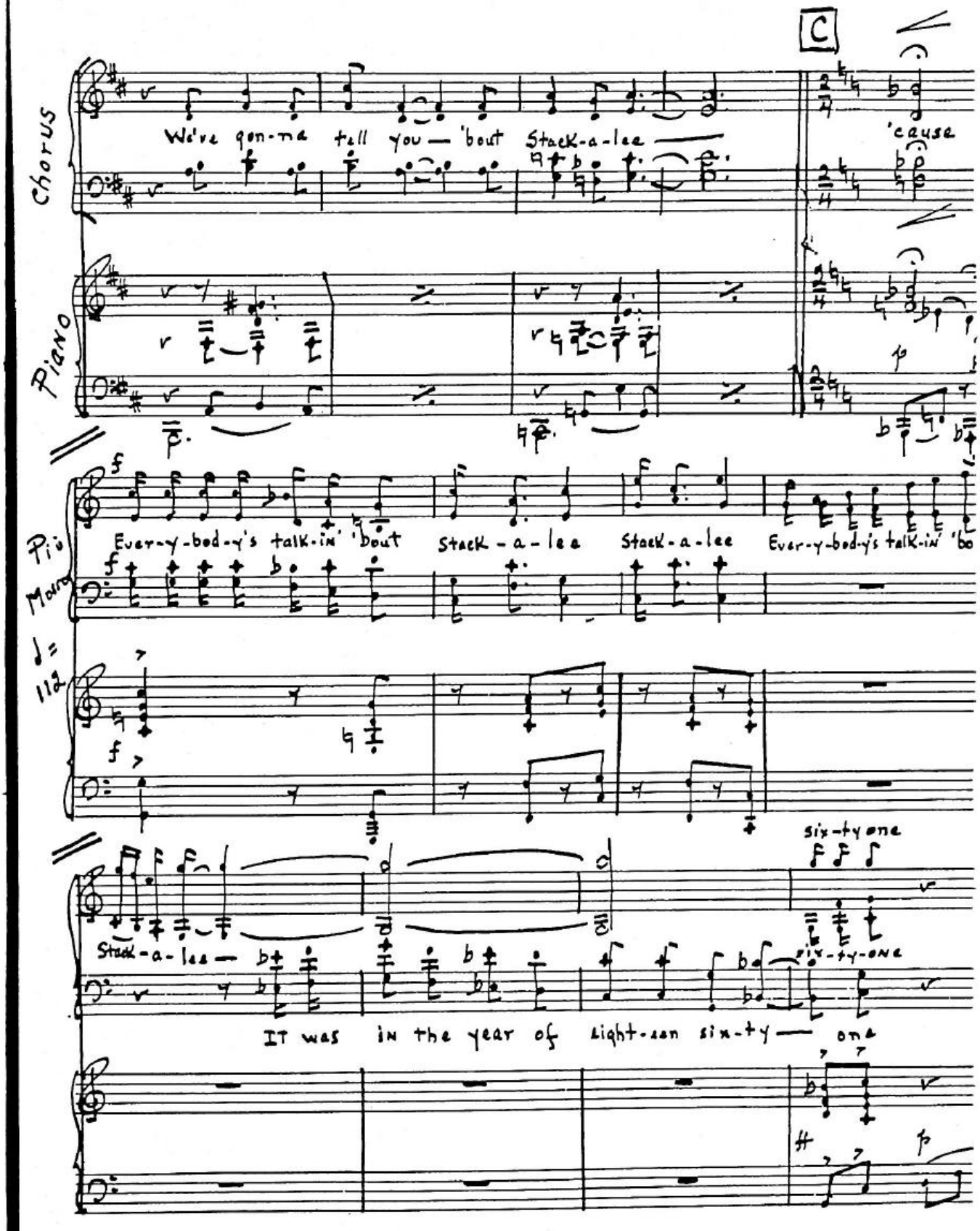
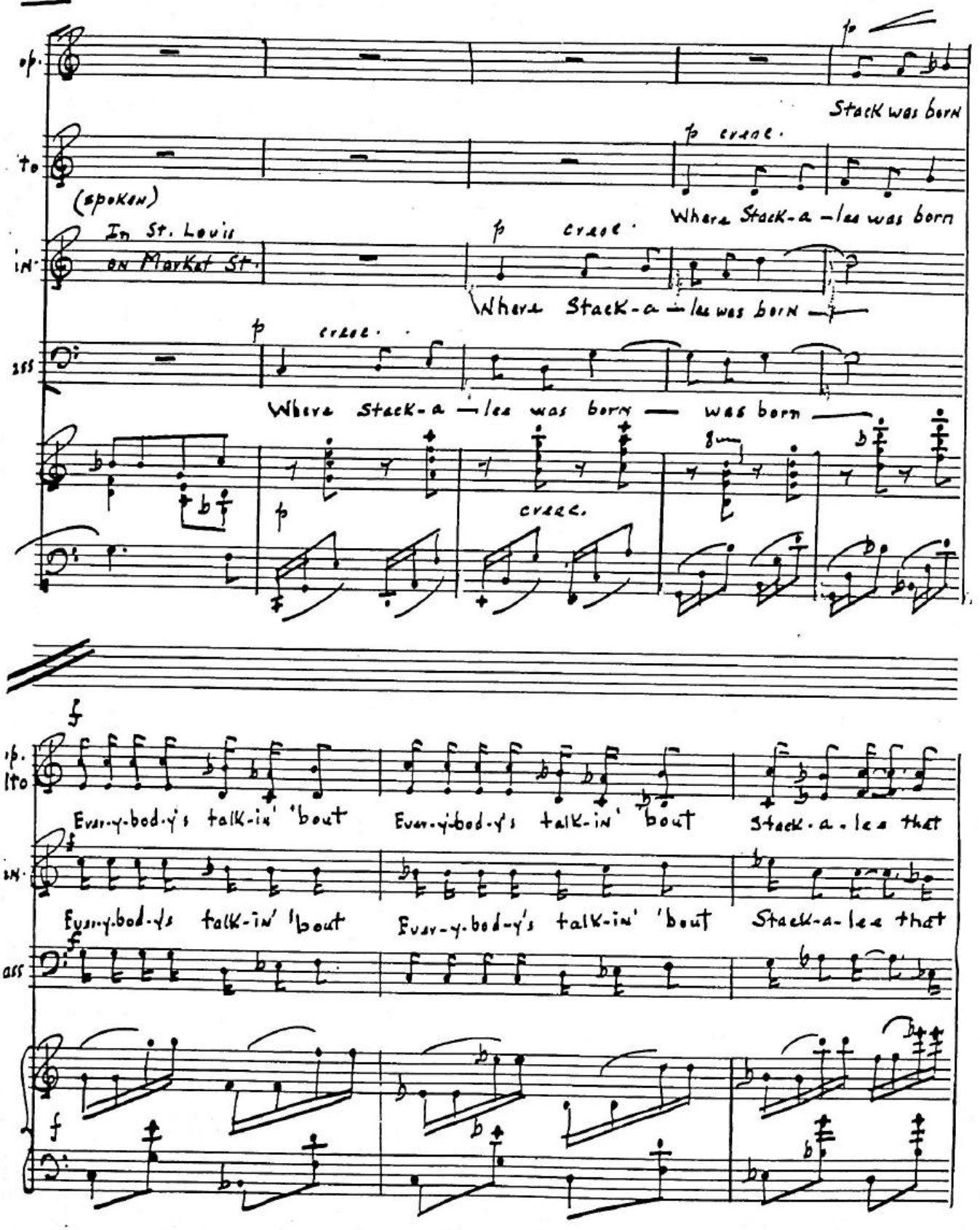
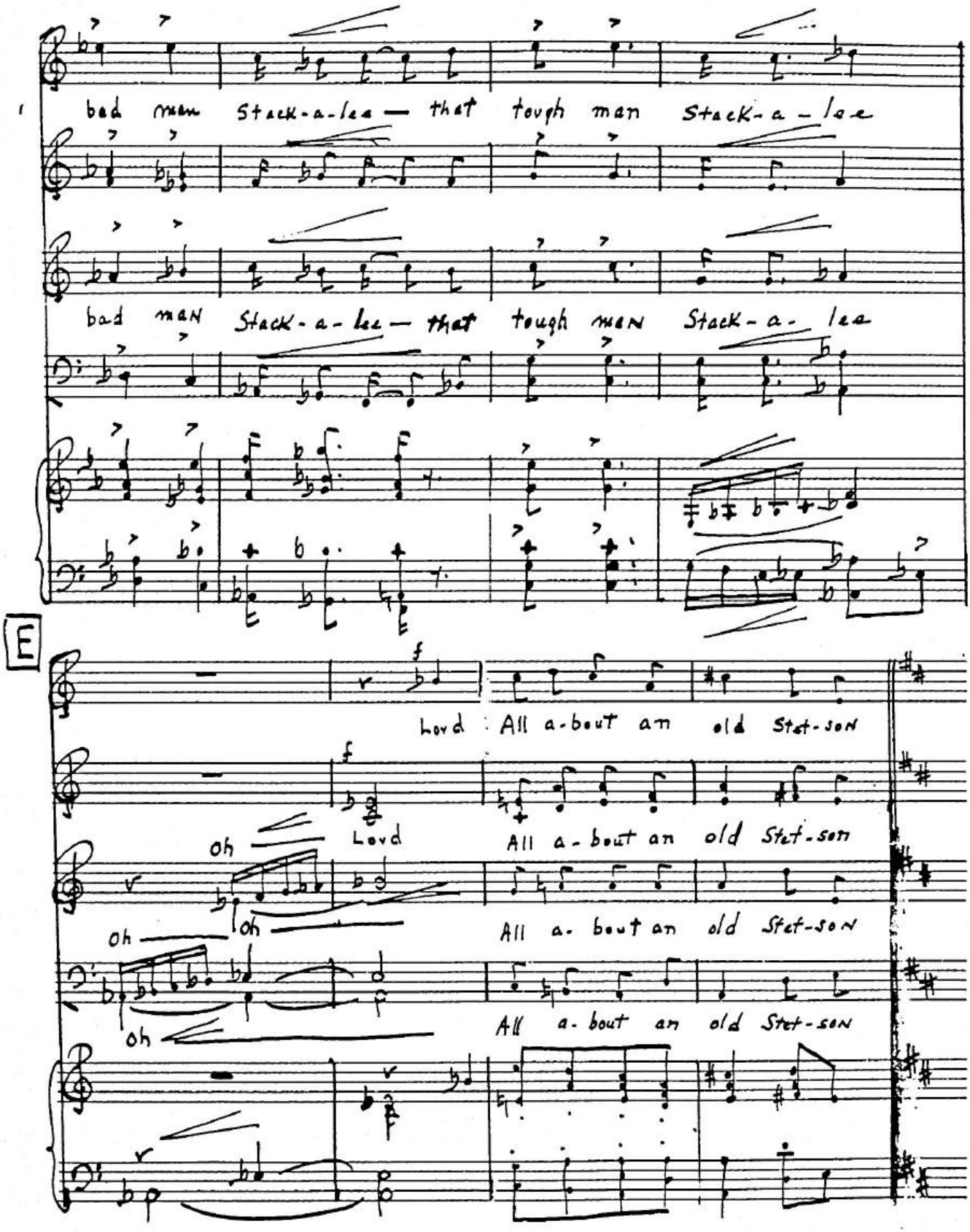
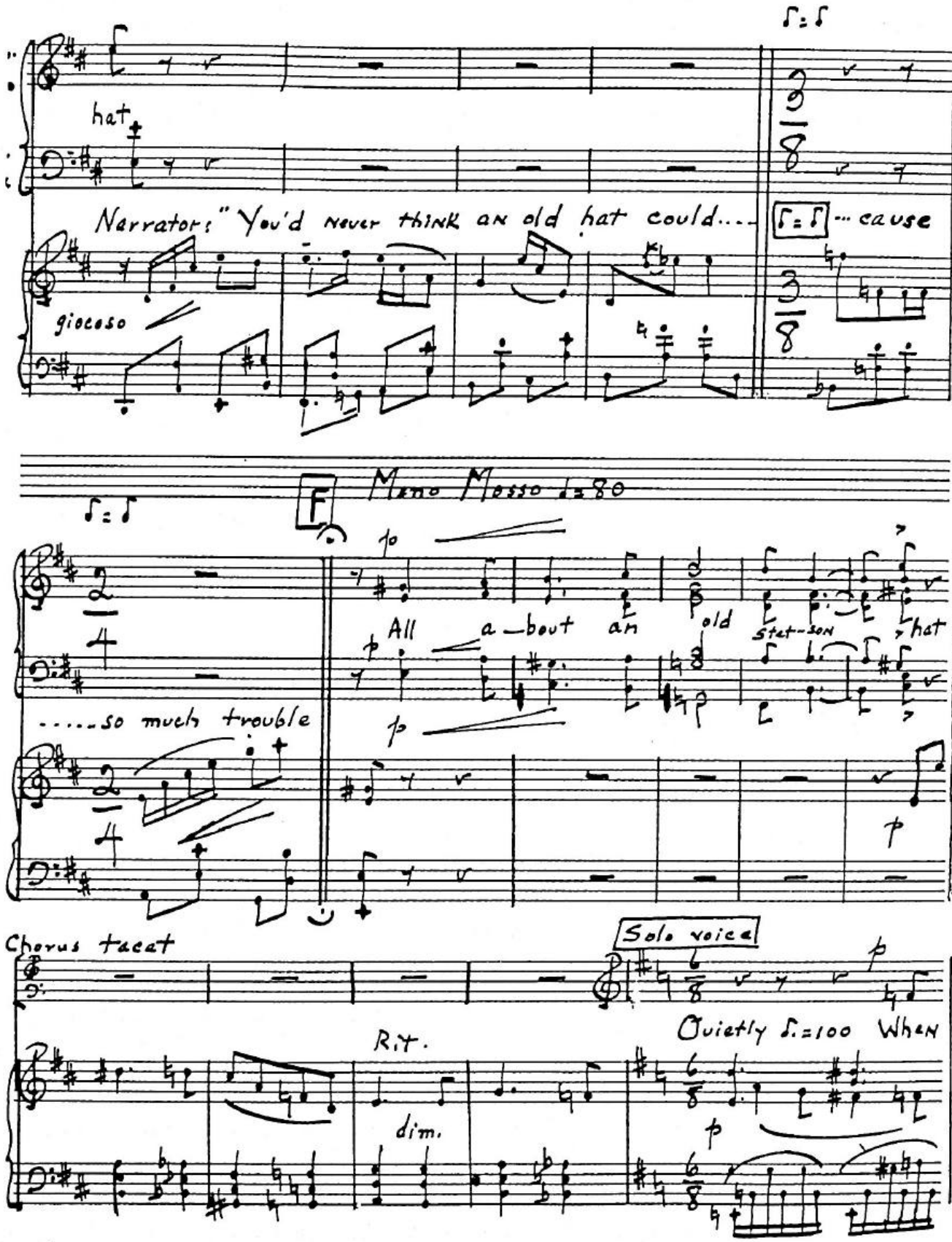

B
f
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee —
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee —
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee —
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee —
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee —

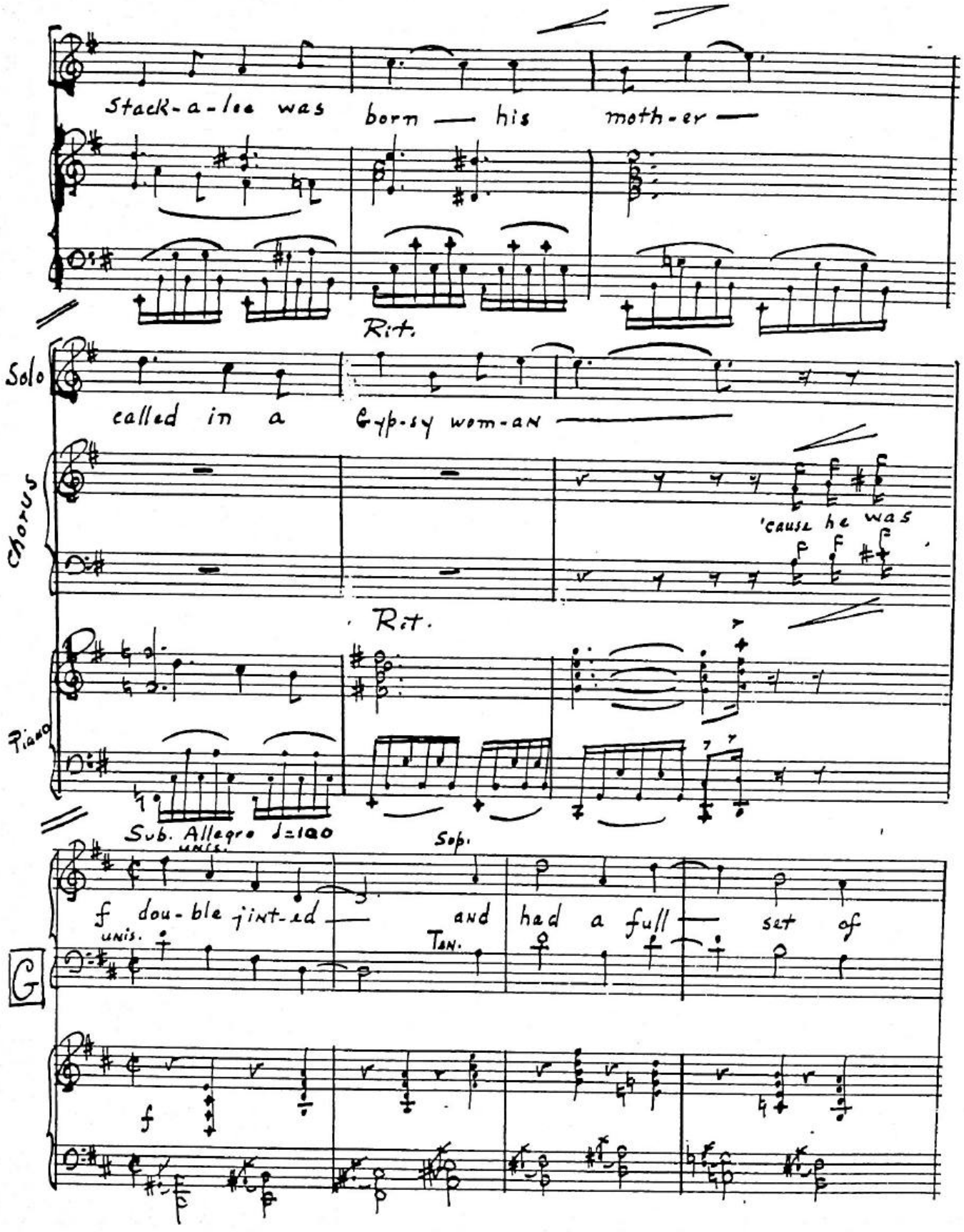

C
Chorus
We've gon-na tell you — 'bout Stack-a-lee —
'cause
Piano
Ever-y-bod-y's talk-in' 'bout Stack - a - lee Stack-a-lee Ever-y-bod-y's talk-in' 'bo
Pia
Mezzo
♩ = 112
six-ty one
Stack-a-lee —
six-ty-one
IT was IN the year of Light-een six-ty — one

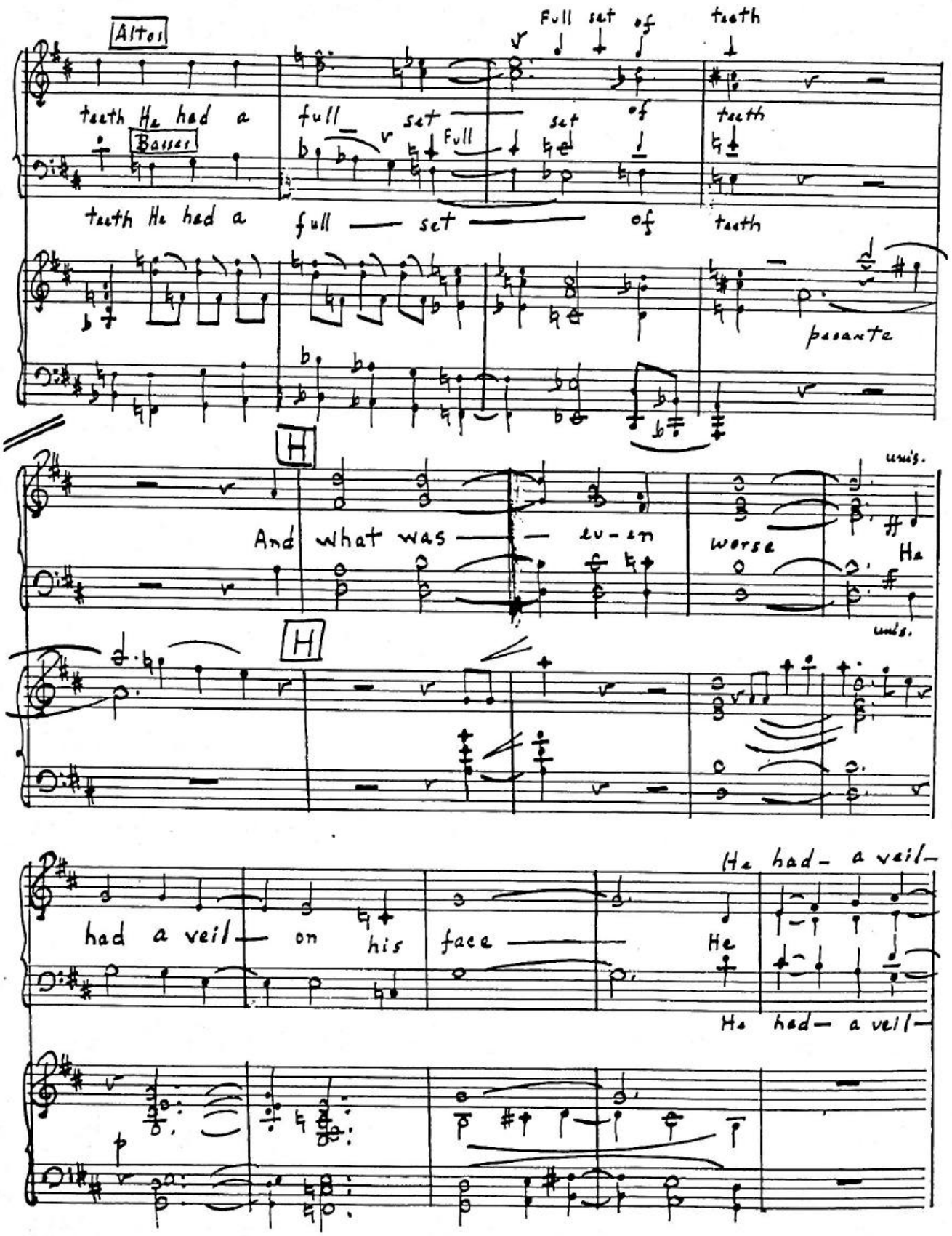
D


Stack was born
(spoken)
In St. Louis
on Market St.
Where Stack-a-lee was born
Where Stack-a-lee was born
Where Stack-a-lee was born
was born
Every-body's talk-in' 'bout
Every-body's talk-in' 'bout
Stack-a-lee that
Every-body's talk-in' 'bout
Every-body's talk-in' 'bout
Stack-a-lee that

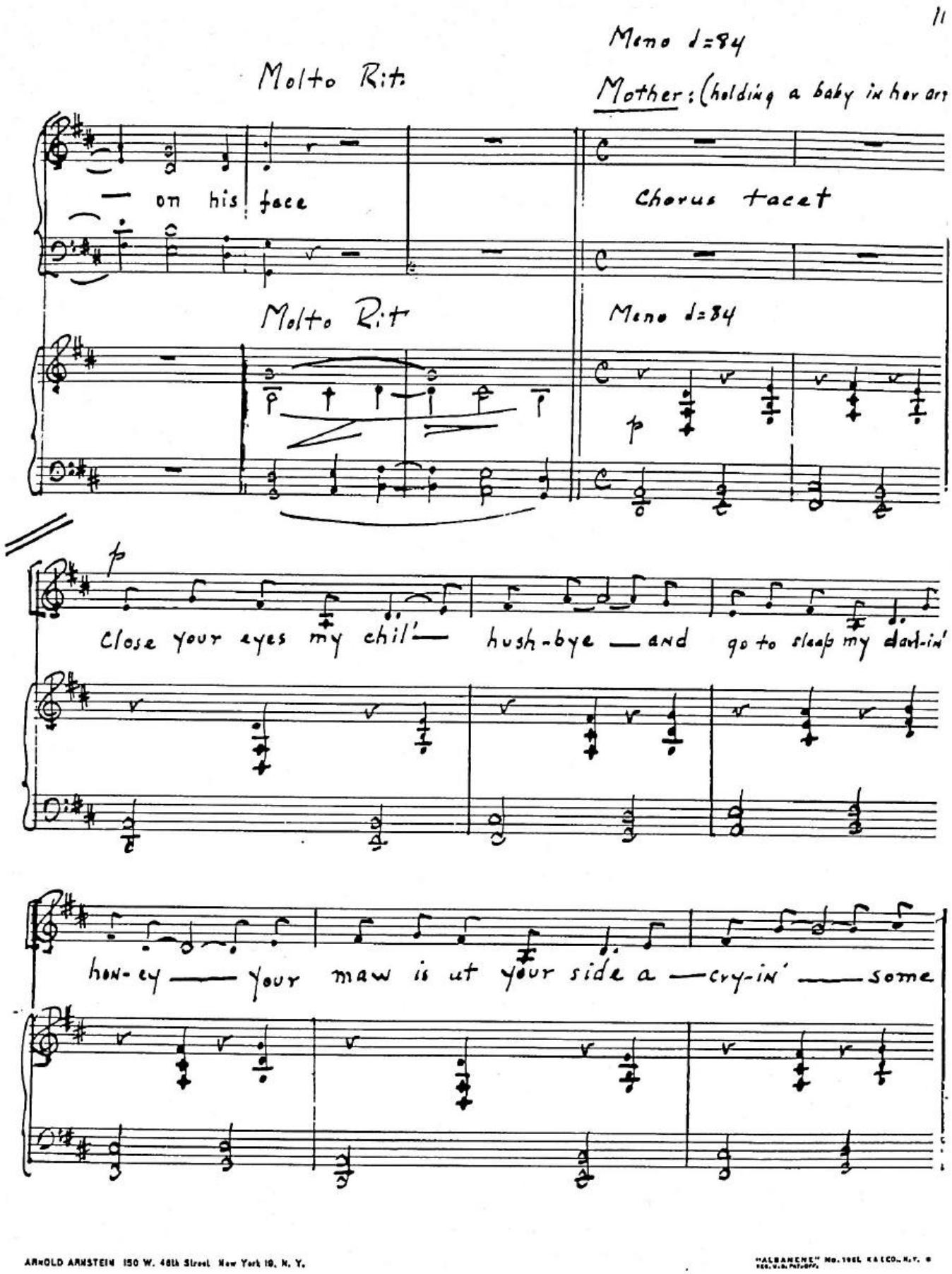

bad man Stack-a-lee — that tough man Stack-a-lee
bad man Stack-a-lee — that tough man Stack-a-lee
E
Lord All a-bout an old Stet-son
Lord All a-bout an old Stet-son
oh oh
All a-bout an old Stet-son
oh
All a-bout an old Stet-son


hat
Narrator: "You'd never think an old hat could....
giocoso
... cause
F
Meno Mosso ♩=80
All a-bout an old Stet-son hat
.....so much trouble
Chorus tacet
Solo voice
Quietly ♩.=100 When
Rit.
dim.


Stack-a-lee was born — his moth-er —
Rit.
Solo
called in a Gyp-sy wom-an —
Chorus
'cause he was
Rit.
Piano
Sub. Allegro ♩=180
Sop.
f dou-ble jint-ed — and had a full — set of
UNIS.
TEN.
G
f


Altos
Full set of teeth
teeth He had a full set of teeth
Basses
Full set of teeth
teeth He had a full set of teeth
pesante
H
And what was even worse
unis.
ff
He
unis.
H
He had a veil
had a veil on his face
He
He had a veil
p

Meno ♩=84



Molto Rit.

Mother: (holding a baby in her arm

— on his face

Chorus tacet

Molto Rit

Meno ♩=84

p

p

Close your eyes my chil' — hush-bye — and go to sleep my darl-in'

hon-ey — your maw is ut your side a — cry-in' — some

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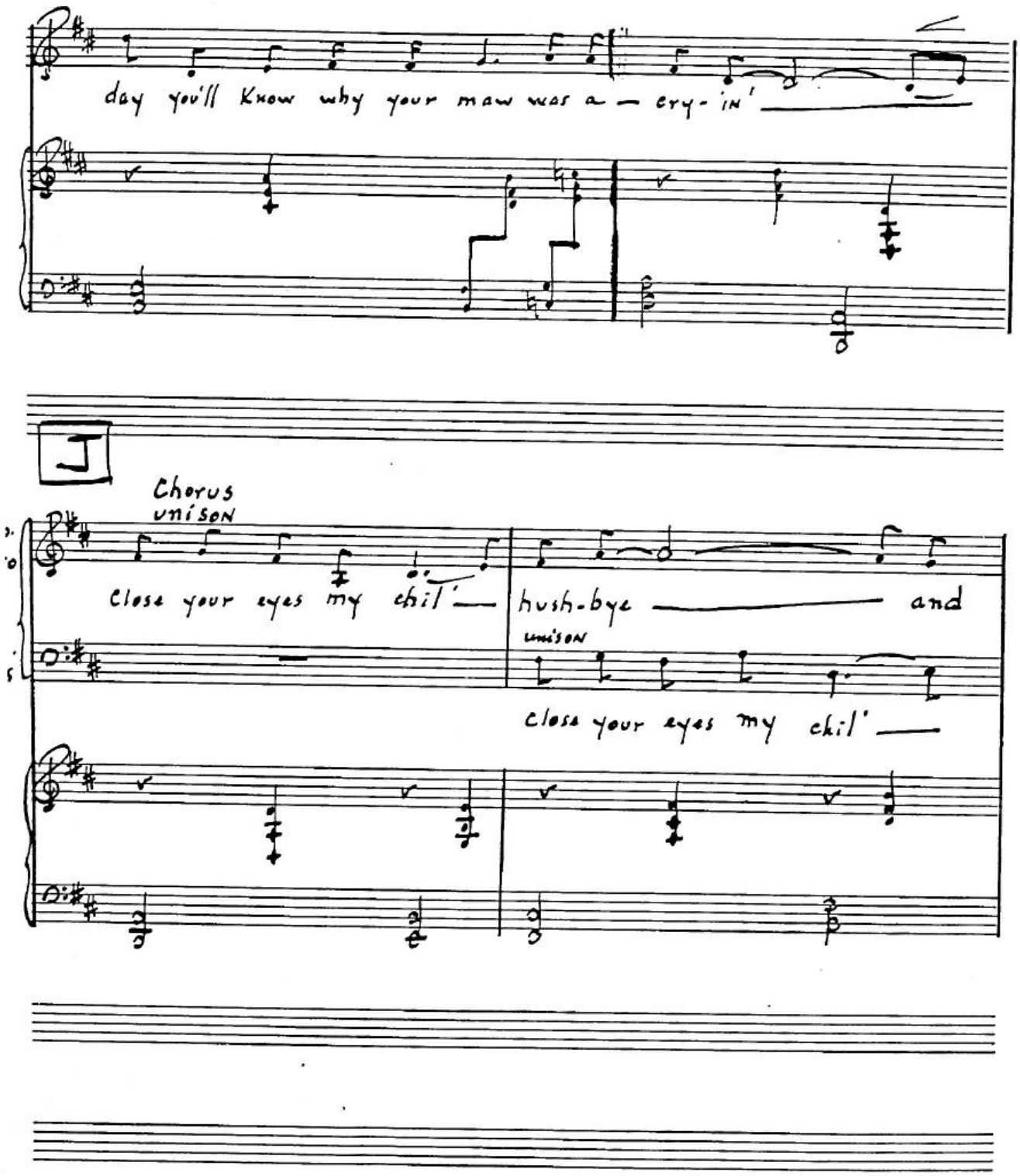
day you'll know why your maw was a — cry-in'
J
Chorus
unison
Close your eyes my chil' — hush-bye — and
unison
Close your eyes my chil' —

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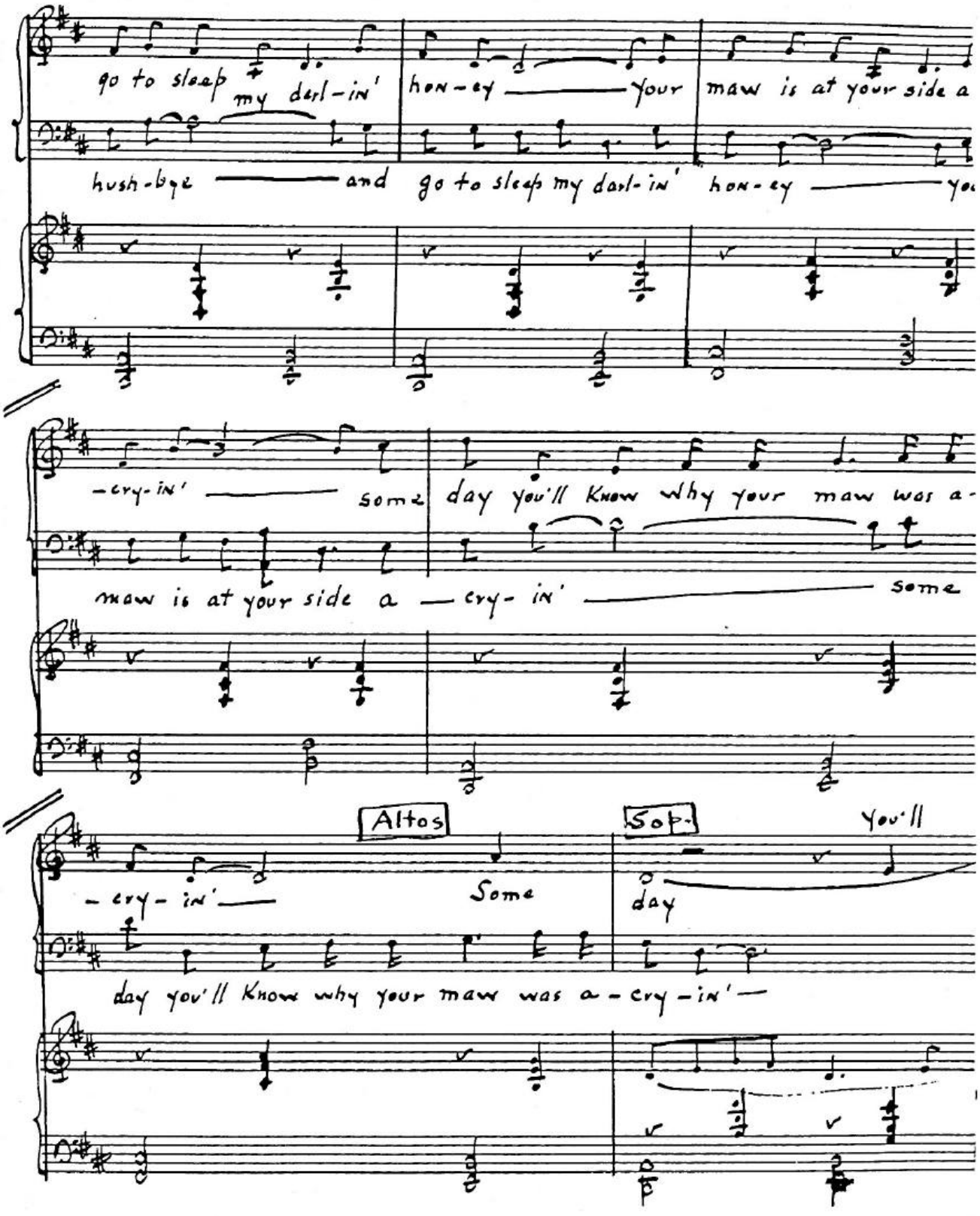

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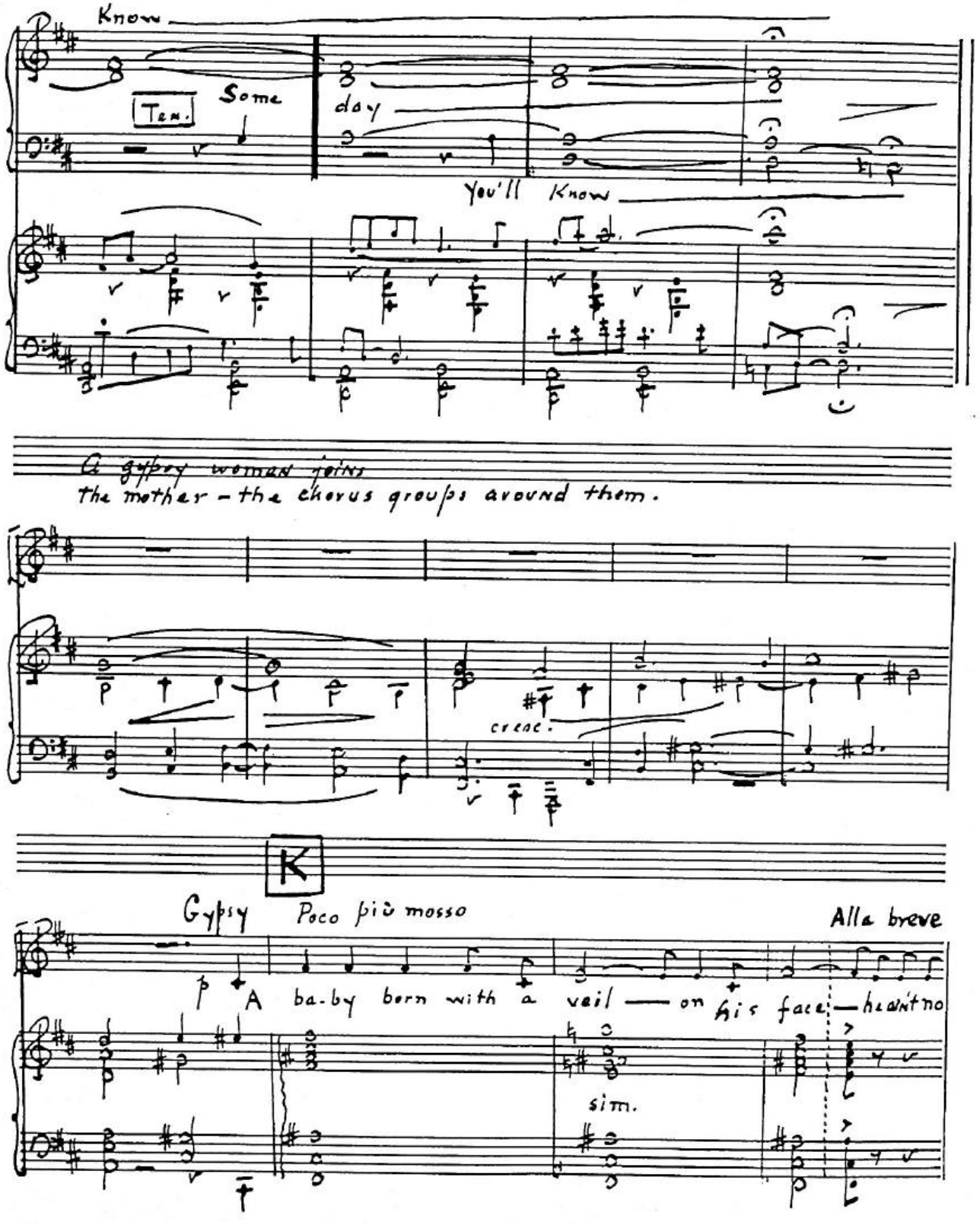

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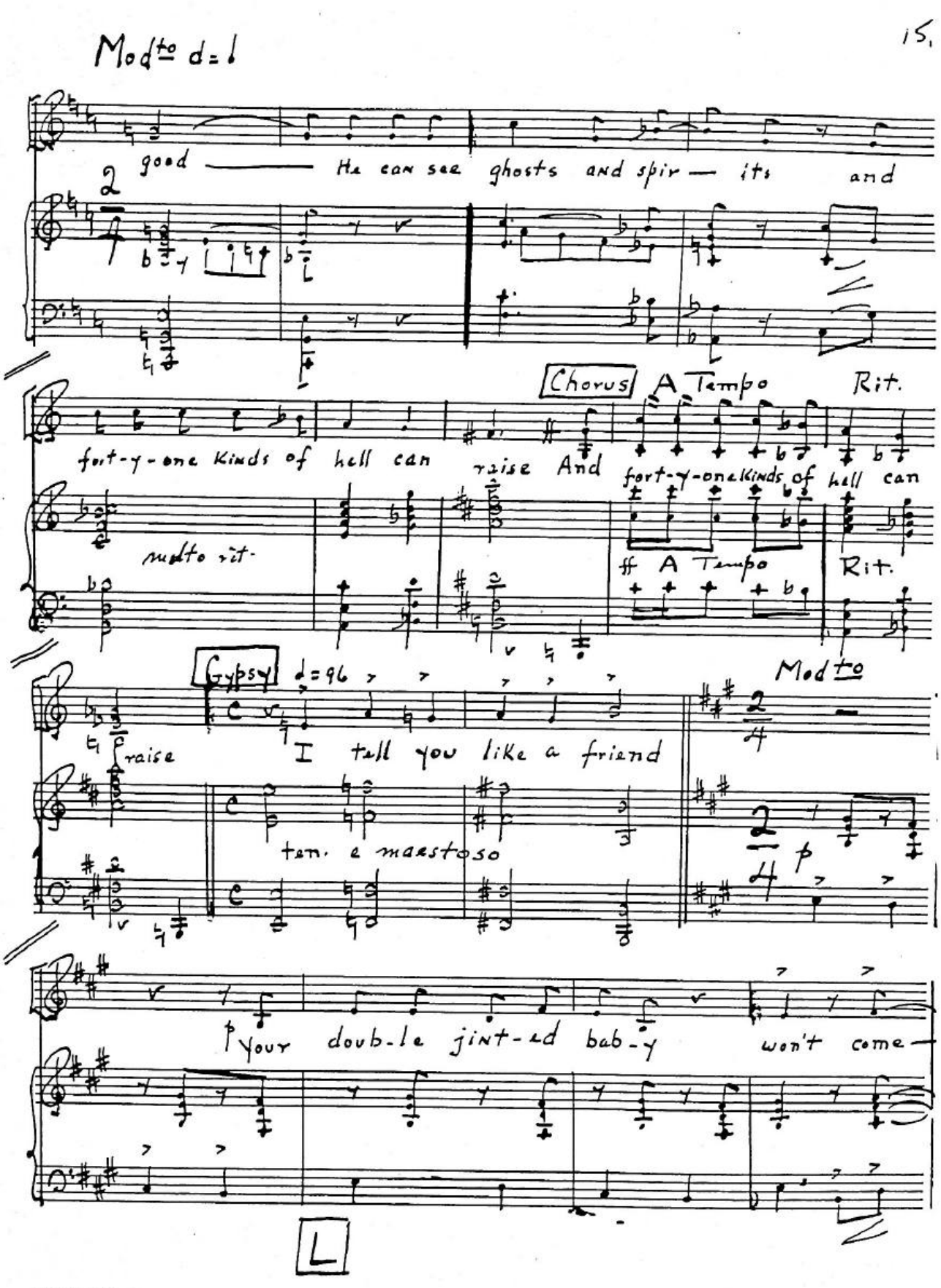

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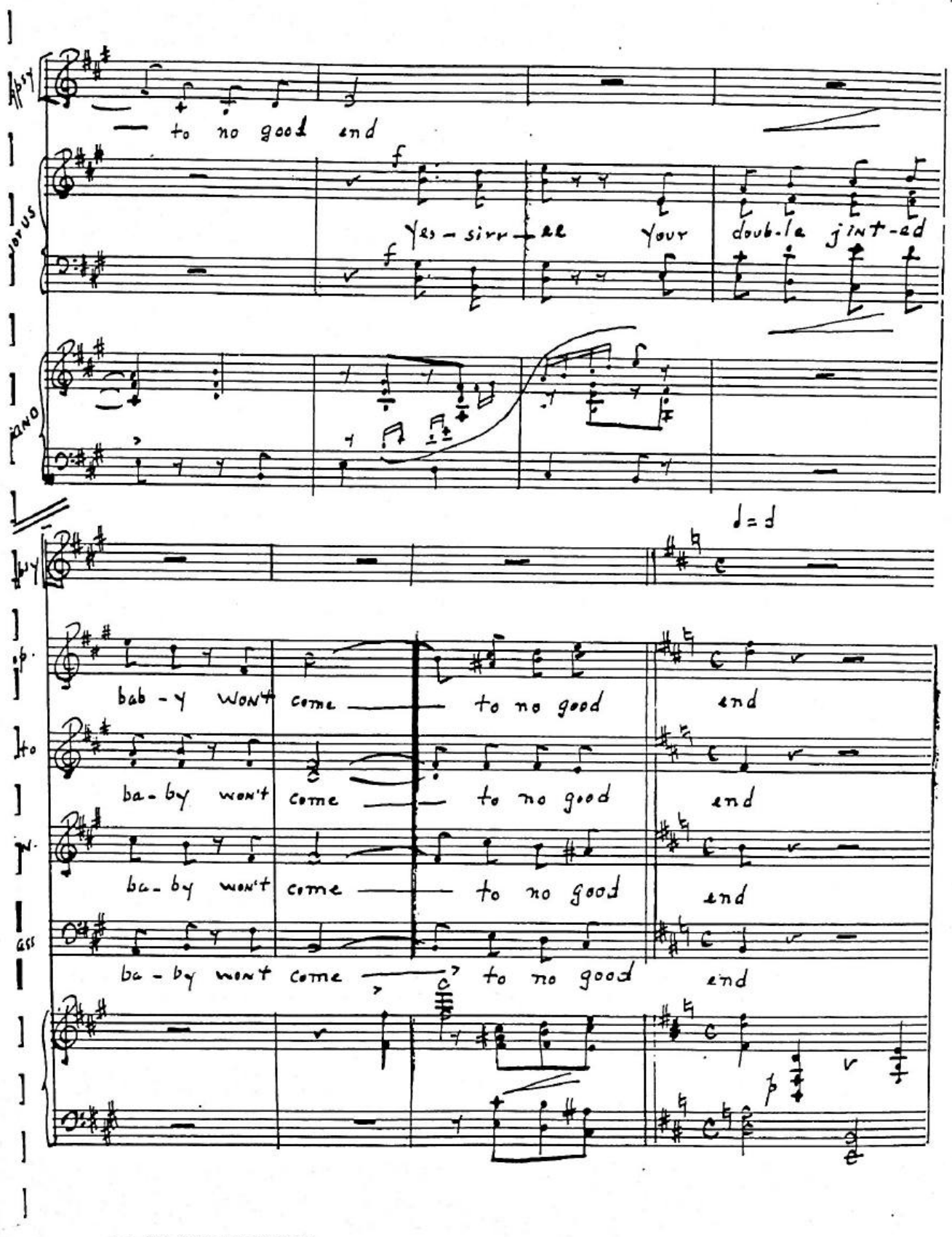

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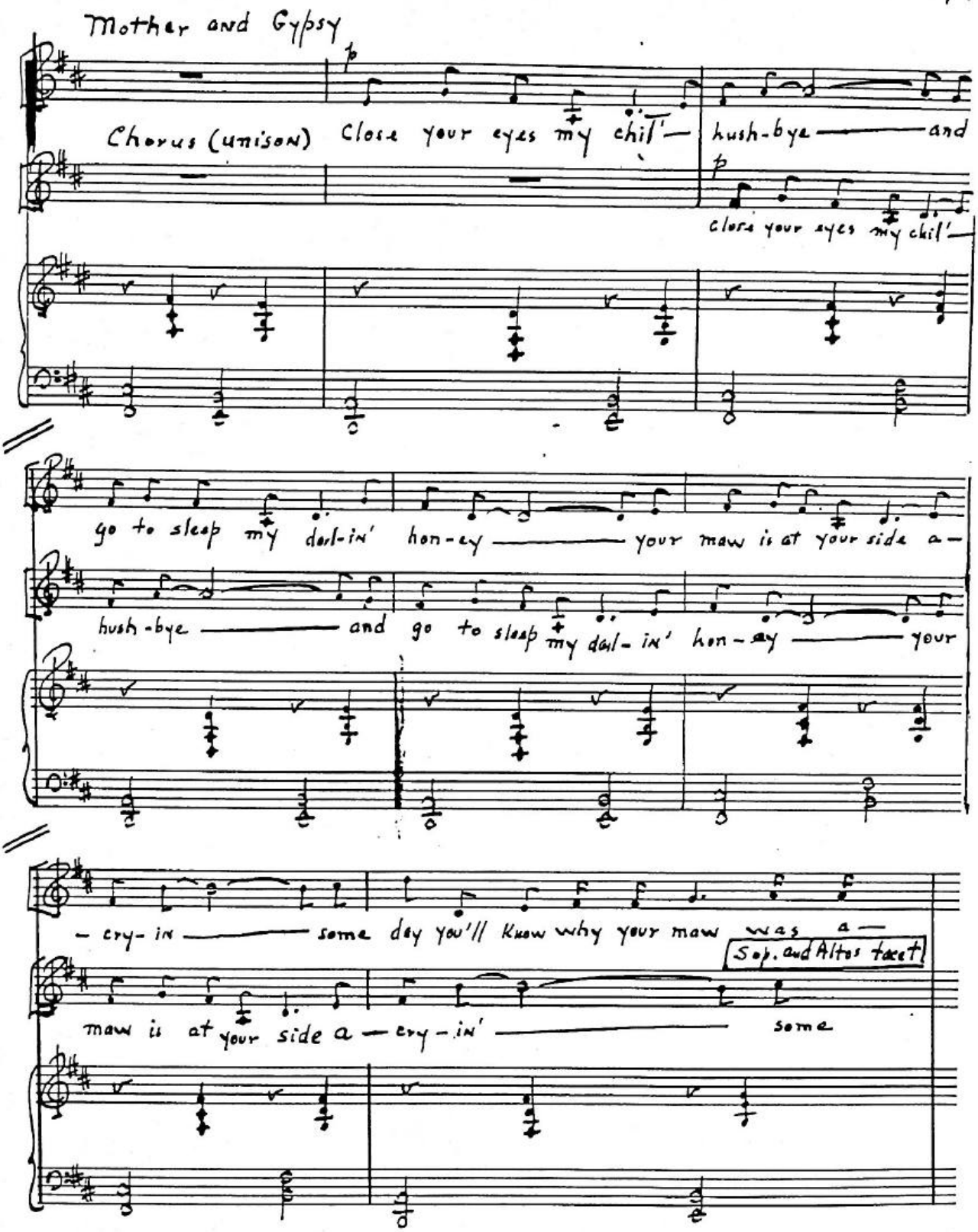

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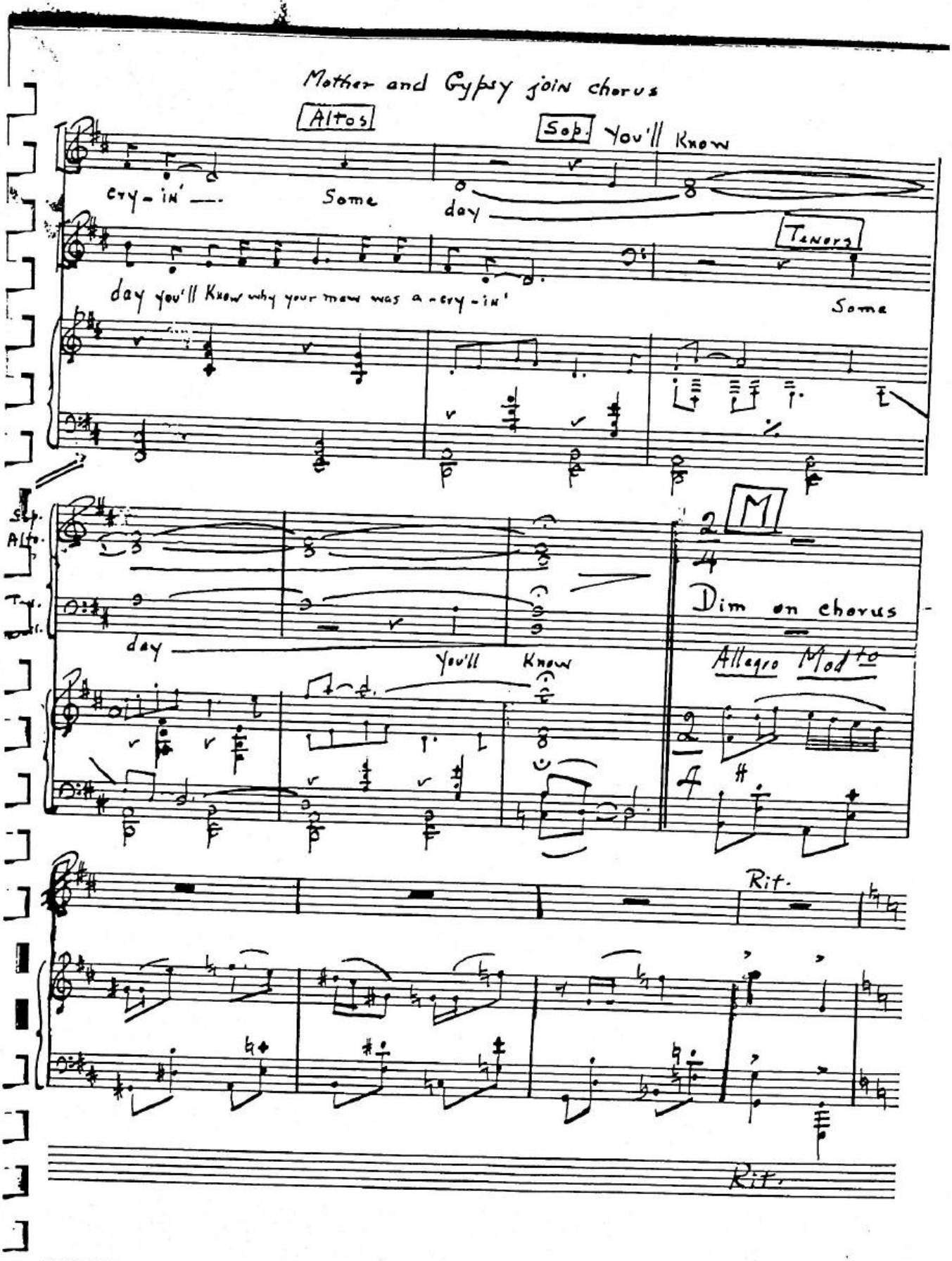

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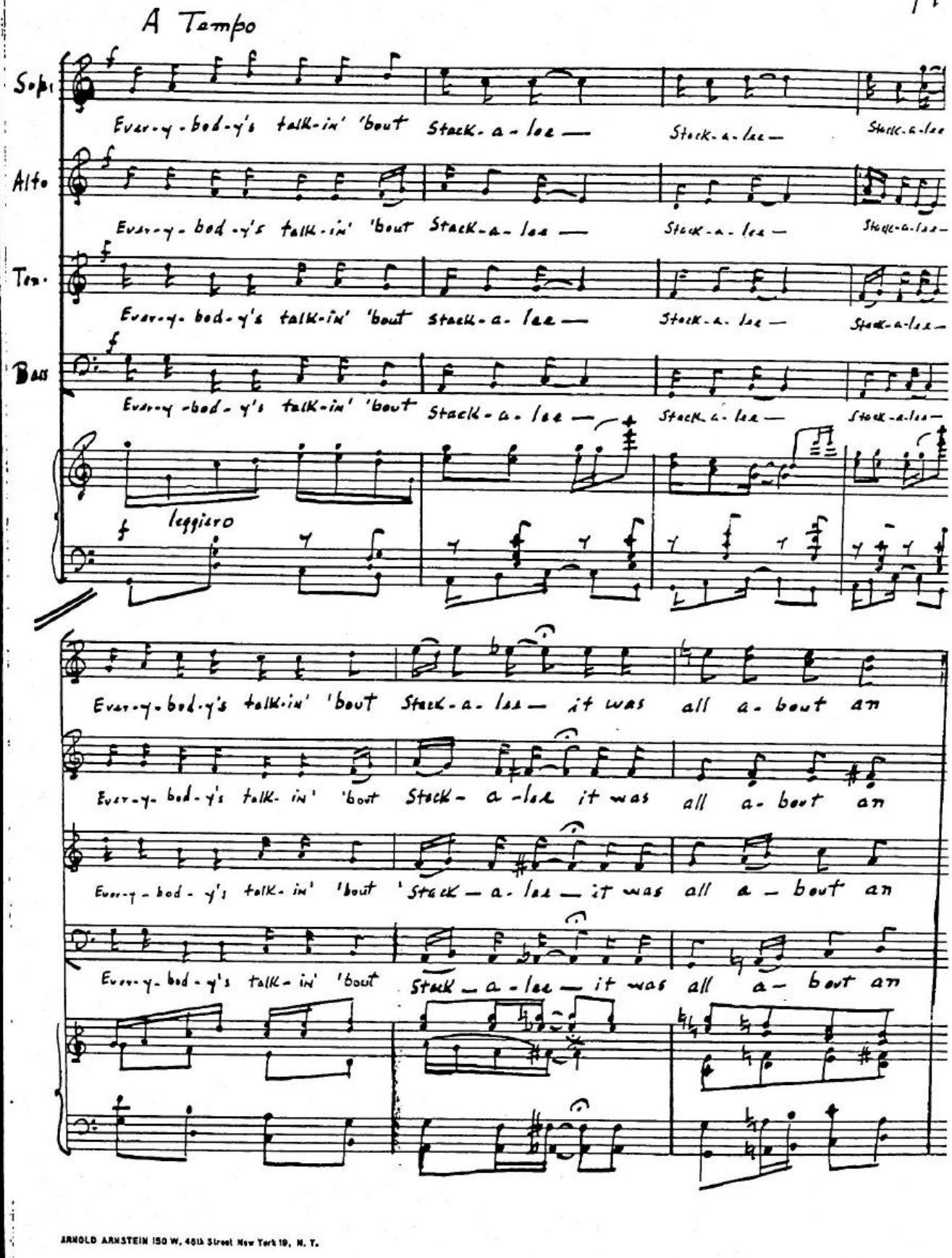

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N

Old — Stets — on hat

Dim on chorus

Old — Stets — on hat

tacet

Old — Stets — on hat

cresc.

Meno Mosso

dim

Narrator:- "And Stack growed up just like the Gypsy told - In trouble with the law all the time" He was an awful rasca

Con spirito

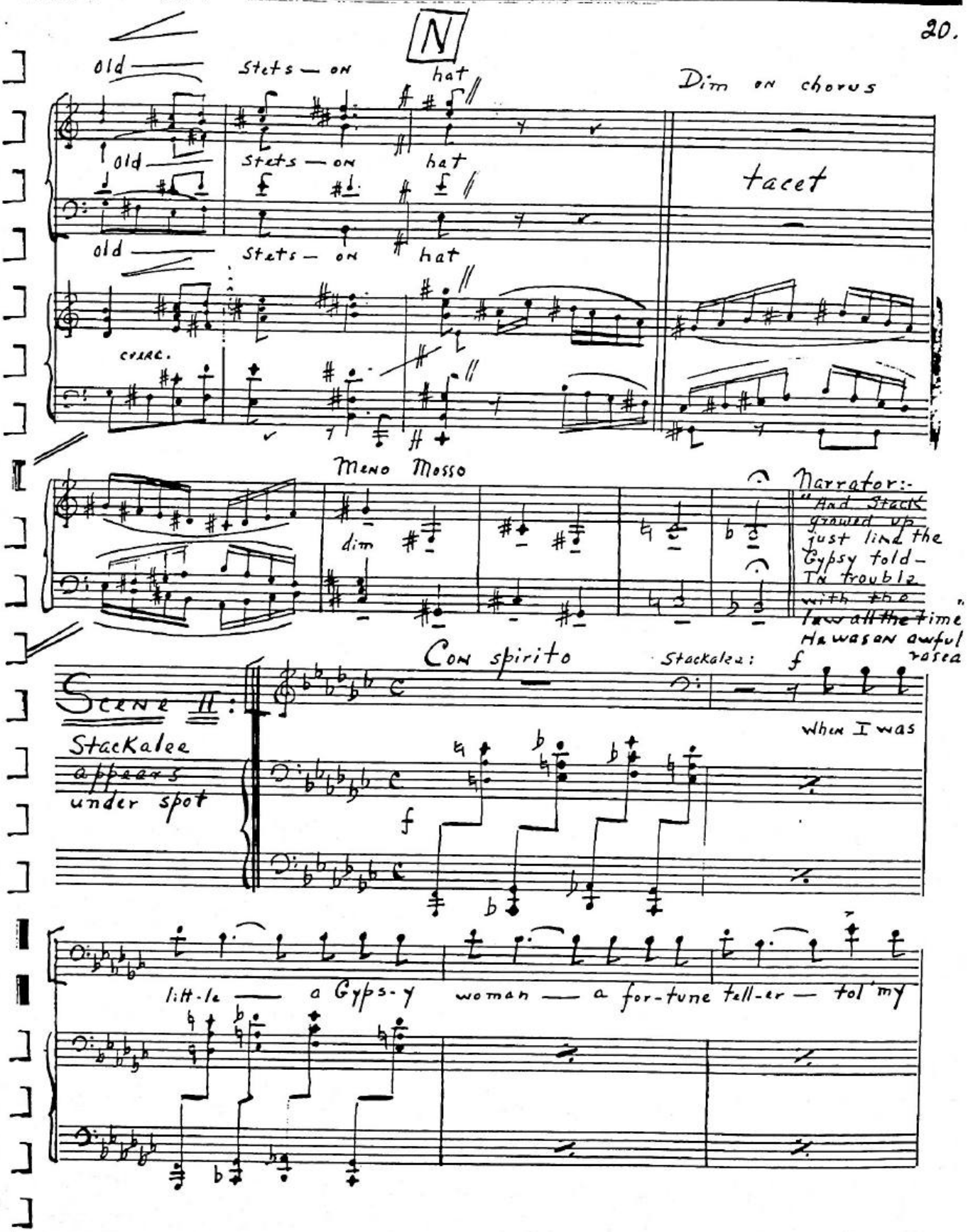
Stackalee: f

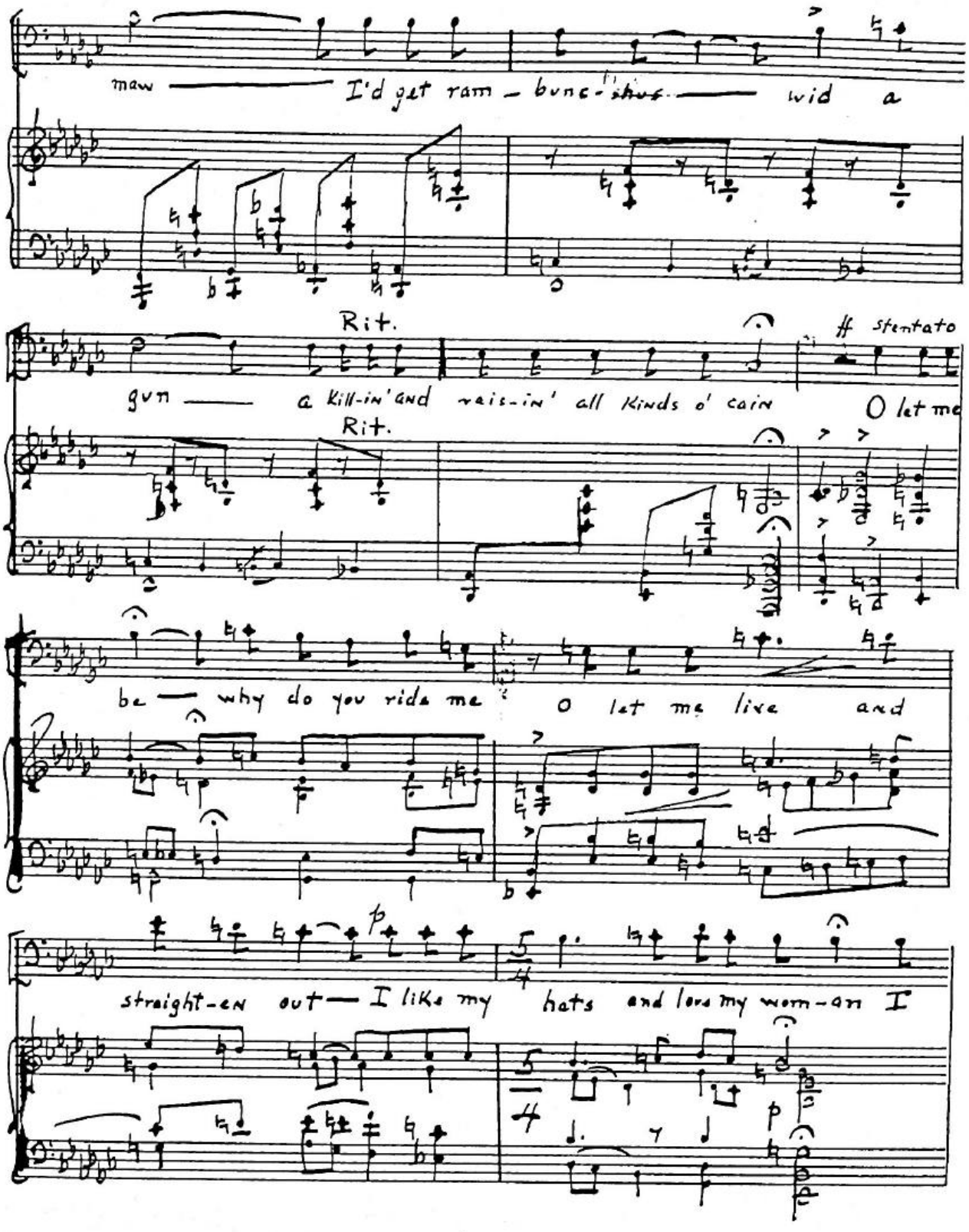
Scene II: Stackalee appears under spot

When I was

f

litt-le — a Gyps-y woman — a for-tune tell-er — tol' my





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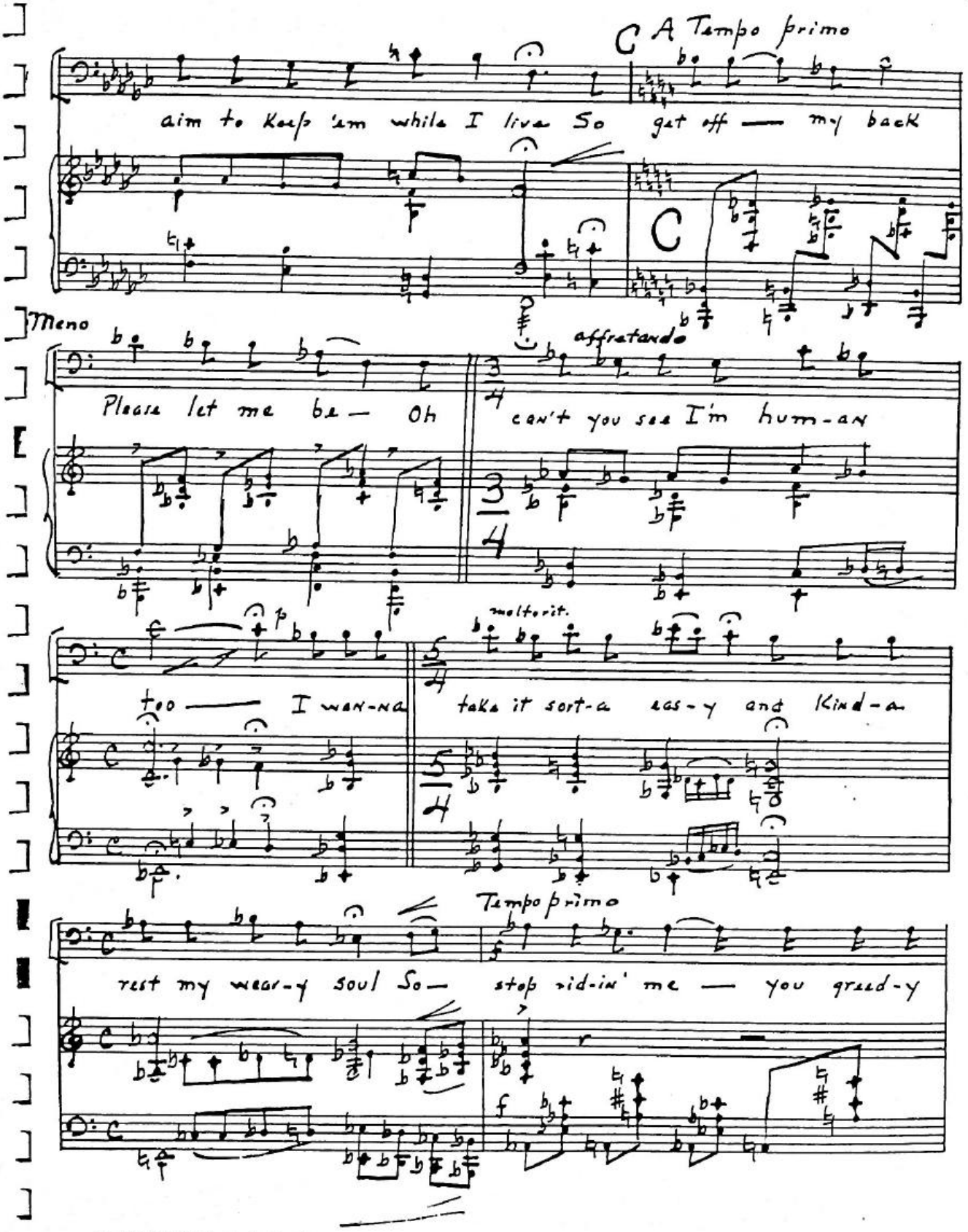
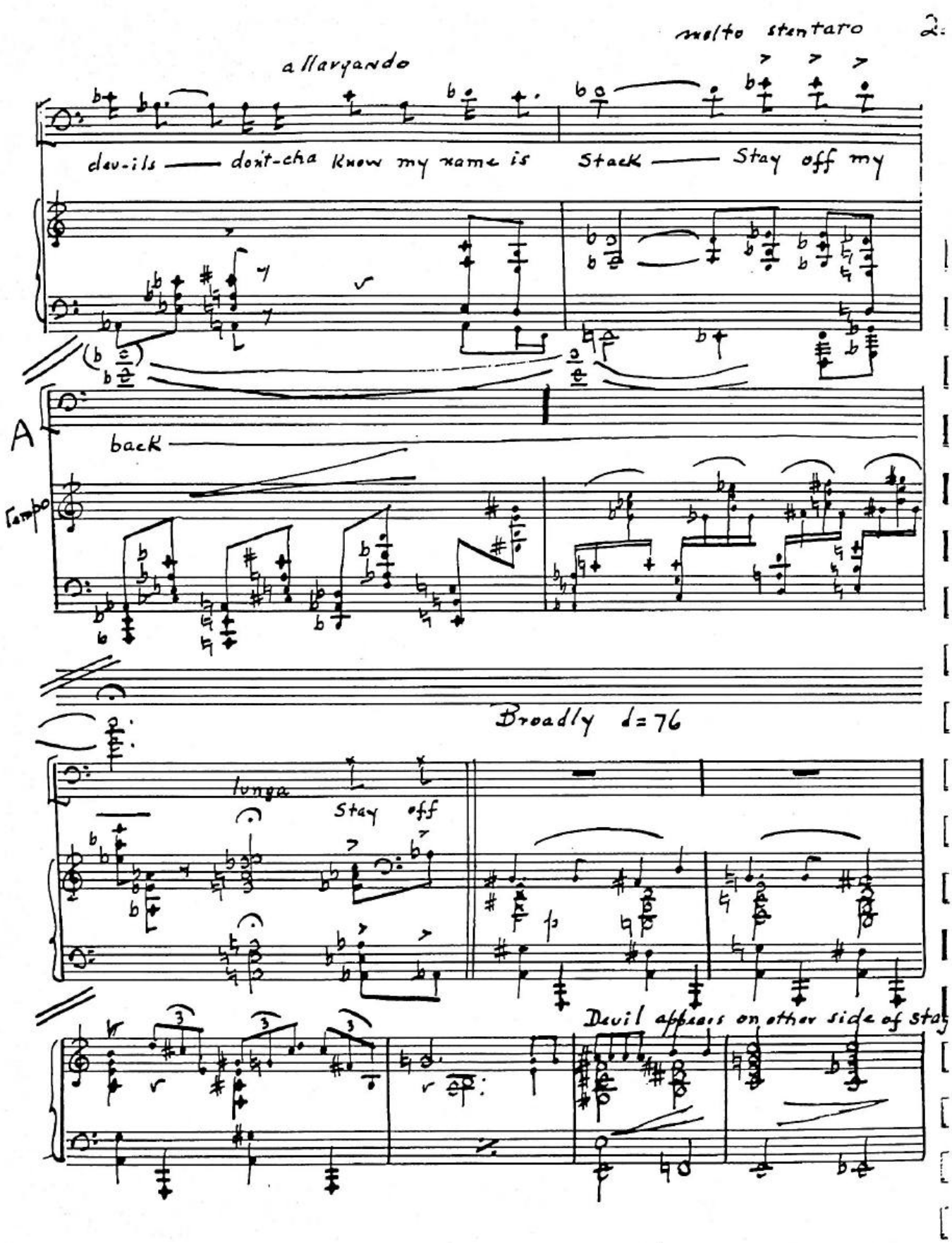

C A Tempo primo
aim to Keep 'em while I live So get off — my back
Meno
affratando
Please let me be — Oh can't you see I'm hum-an
too — I wan-na
molto rit.
take it sort-a eas-y and kind-a
Tempo primo
rest my wear-y soul So — stop rid-in' me — you greed-y



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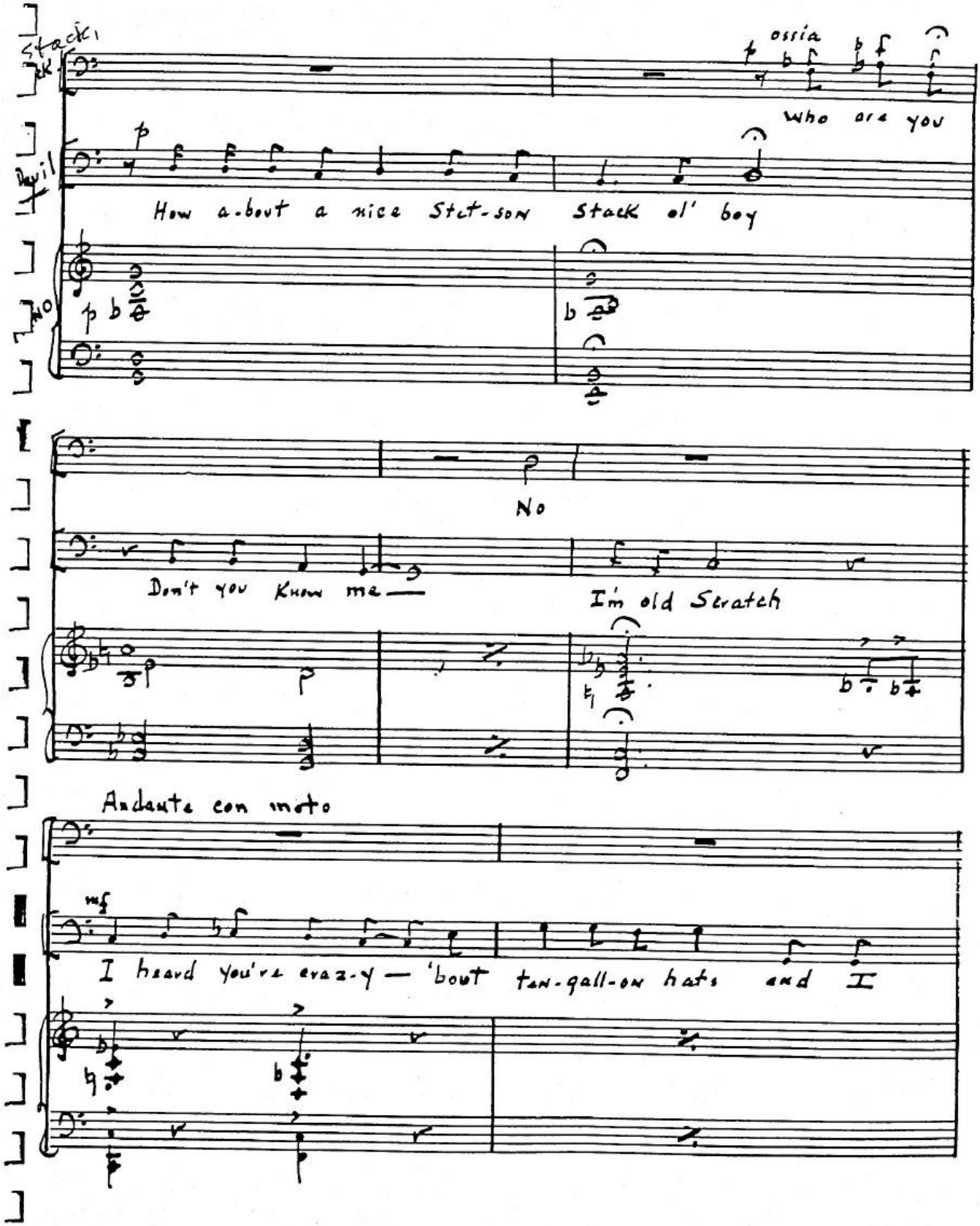
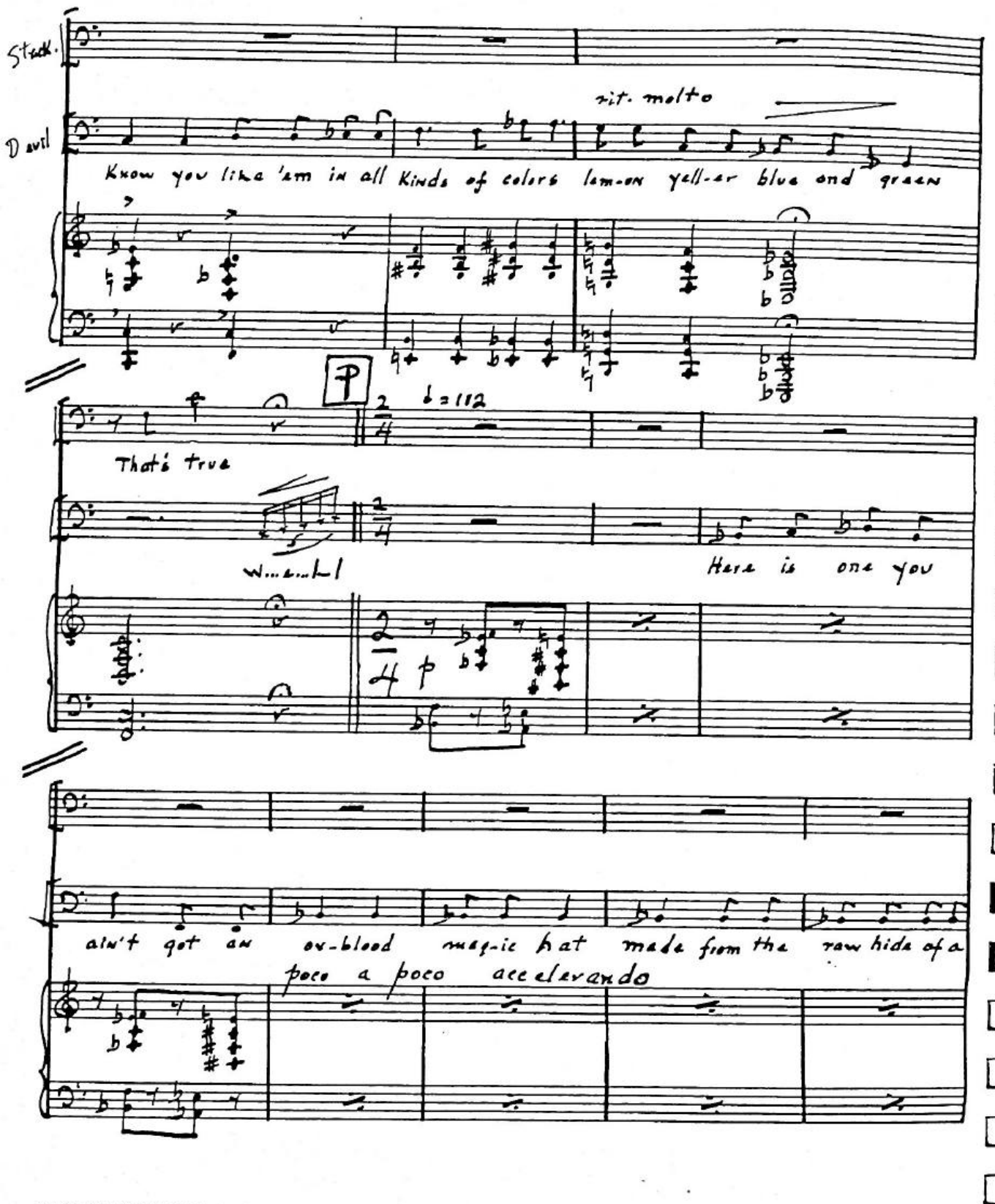

Stack
ossia
Who are you
How a-bout a nice Stet-son Stack ol' boy
No
Don't you Know me —
I'm old Scratch
Andante con moto
I heard you're crazy — 'bout ten-gall-on hats and I



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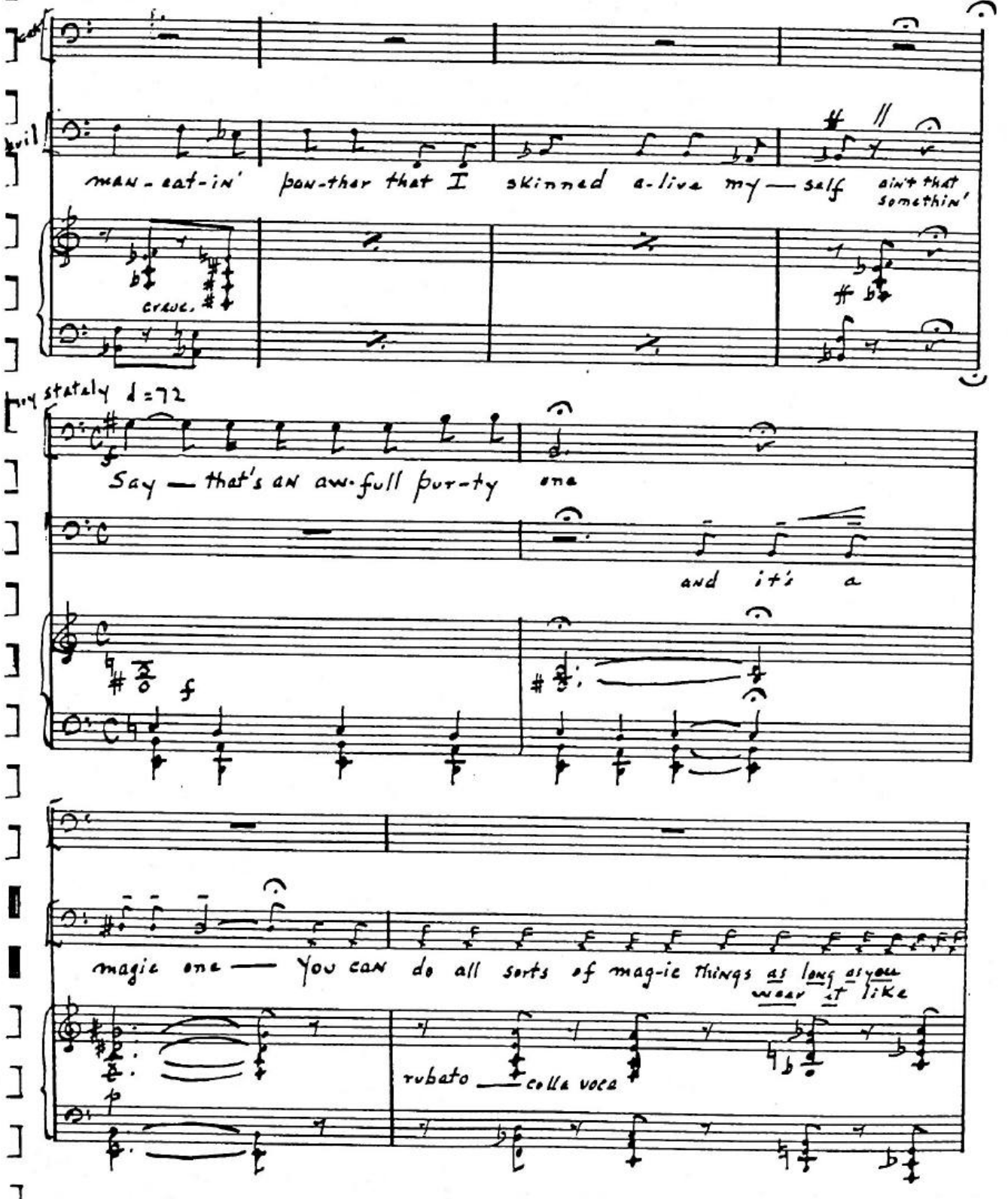

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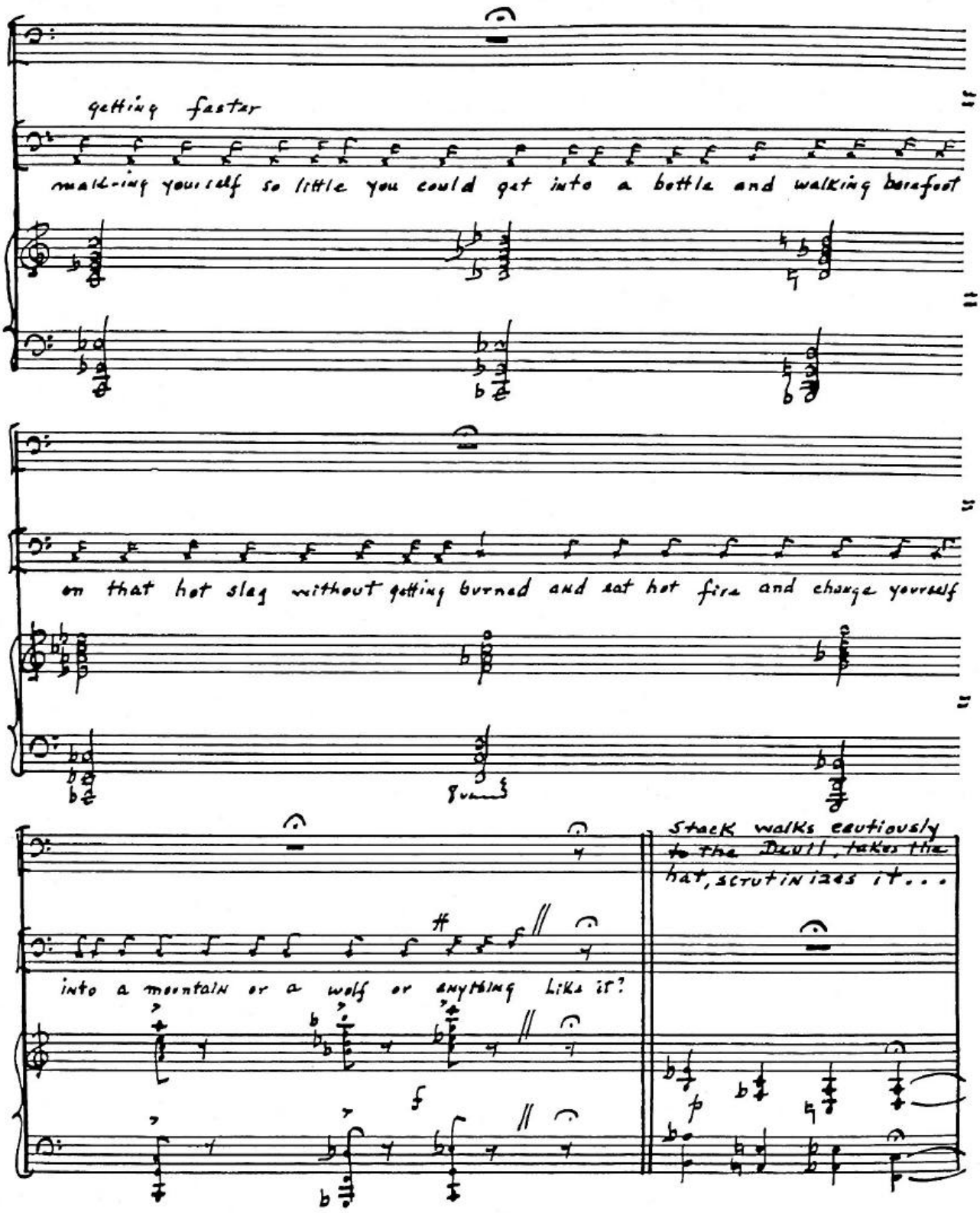

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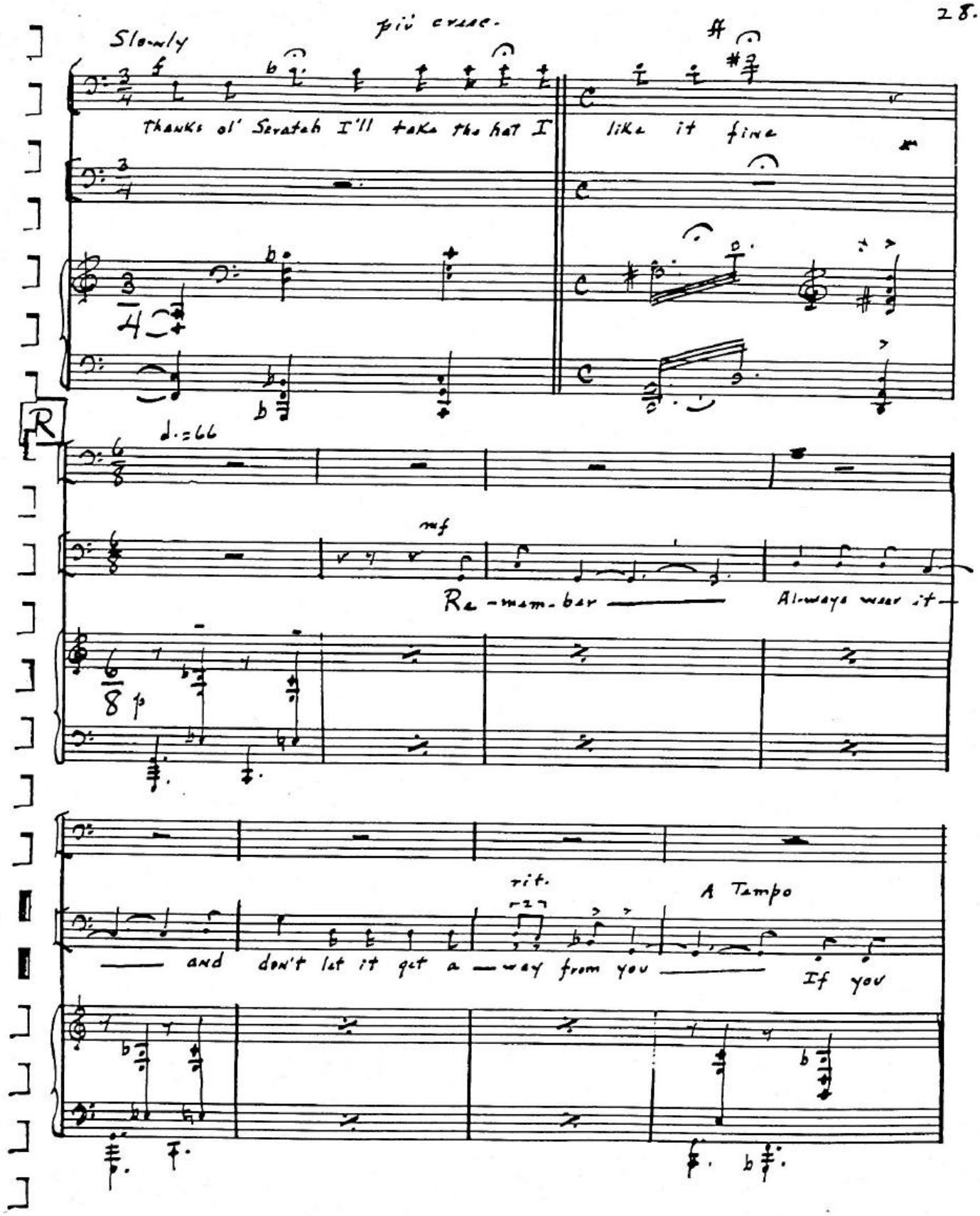

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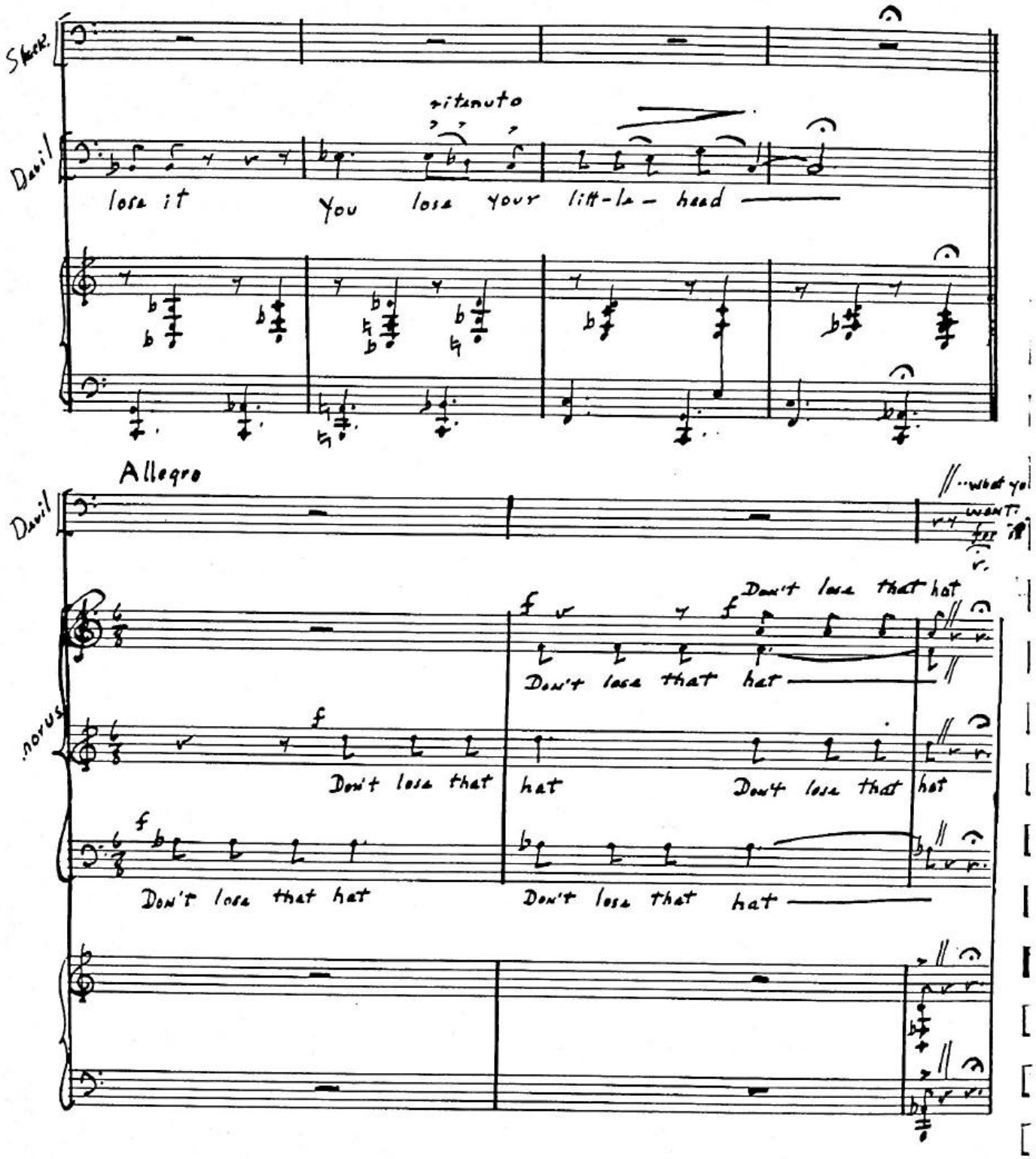

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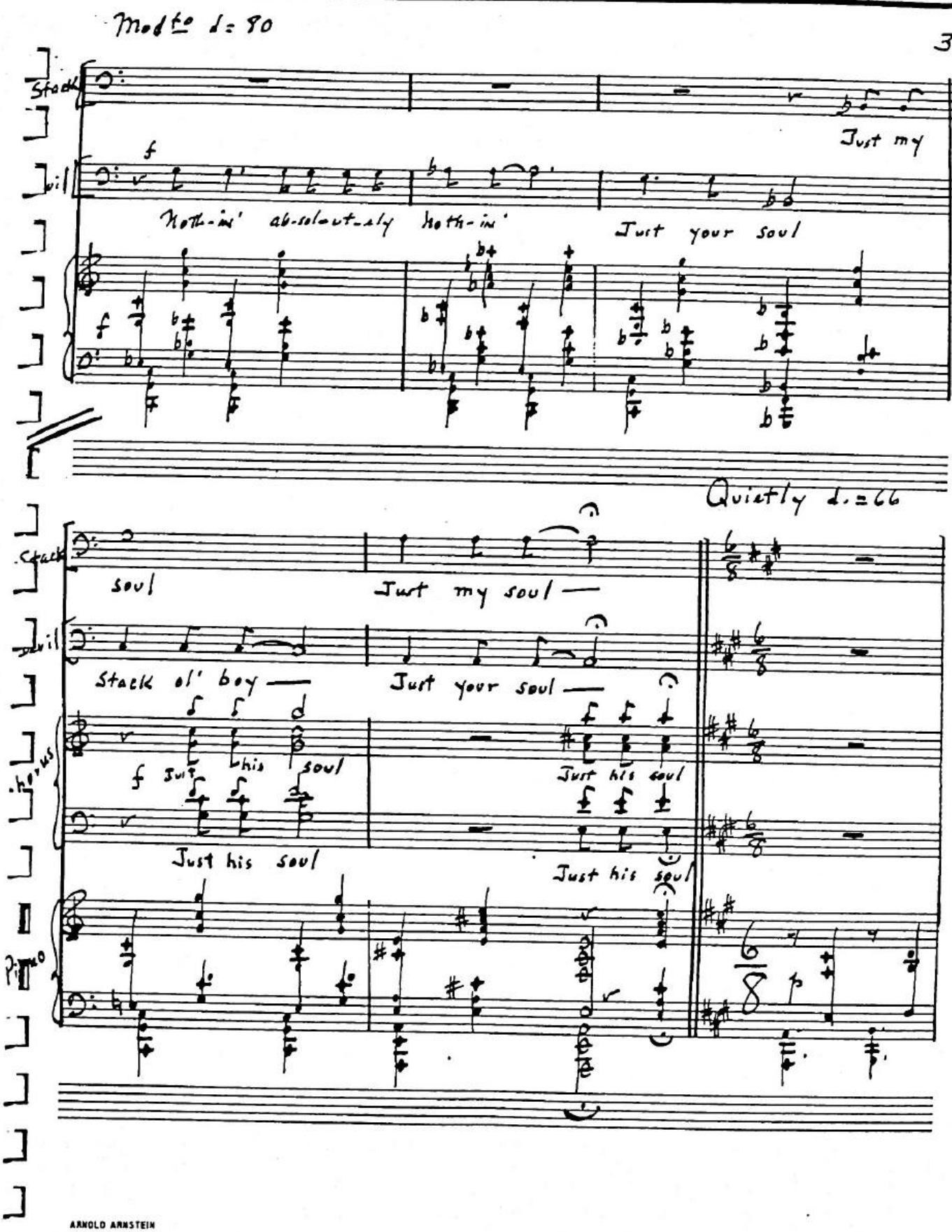

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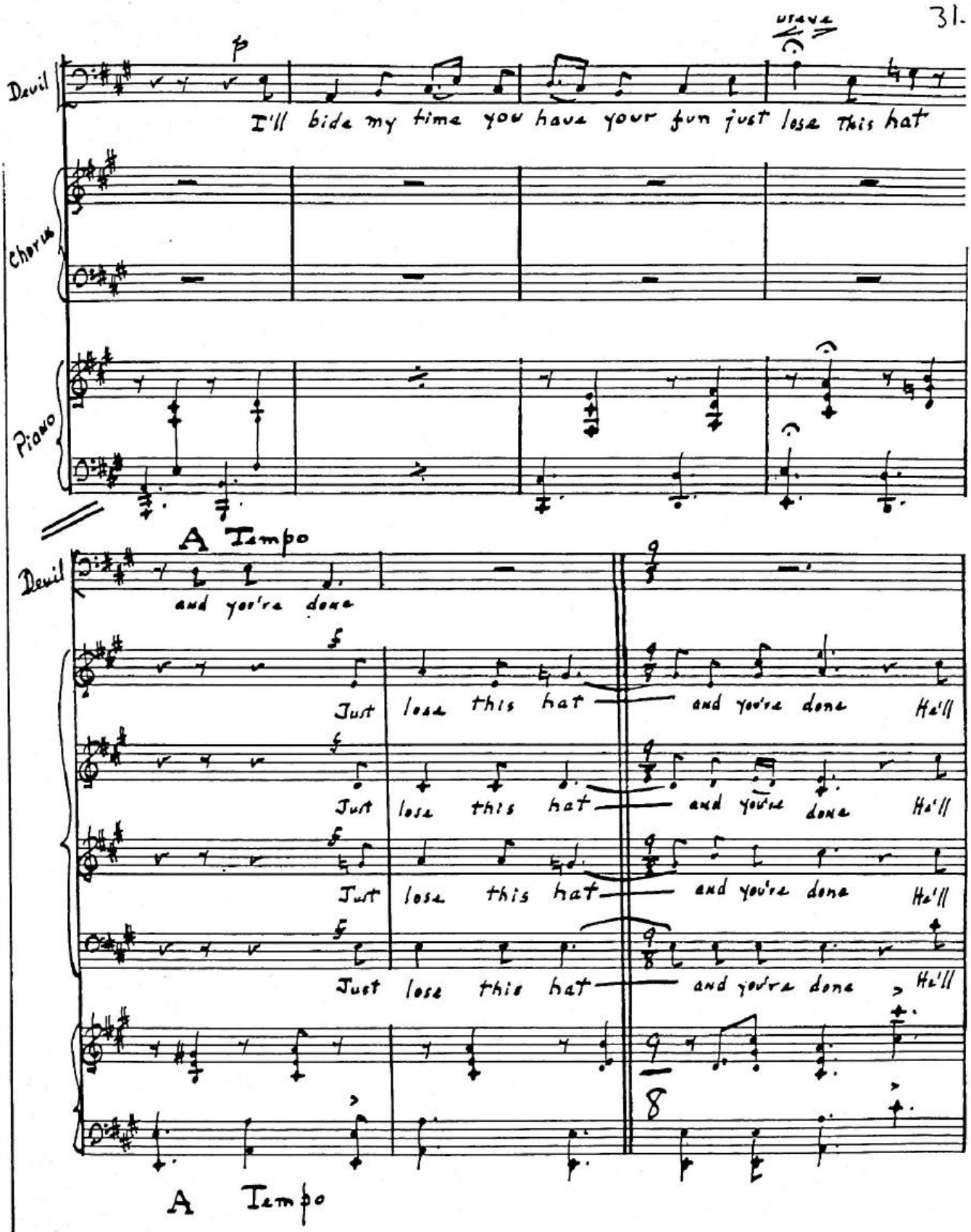

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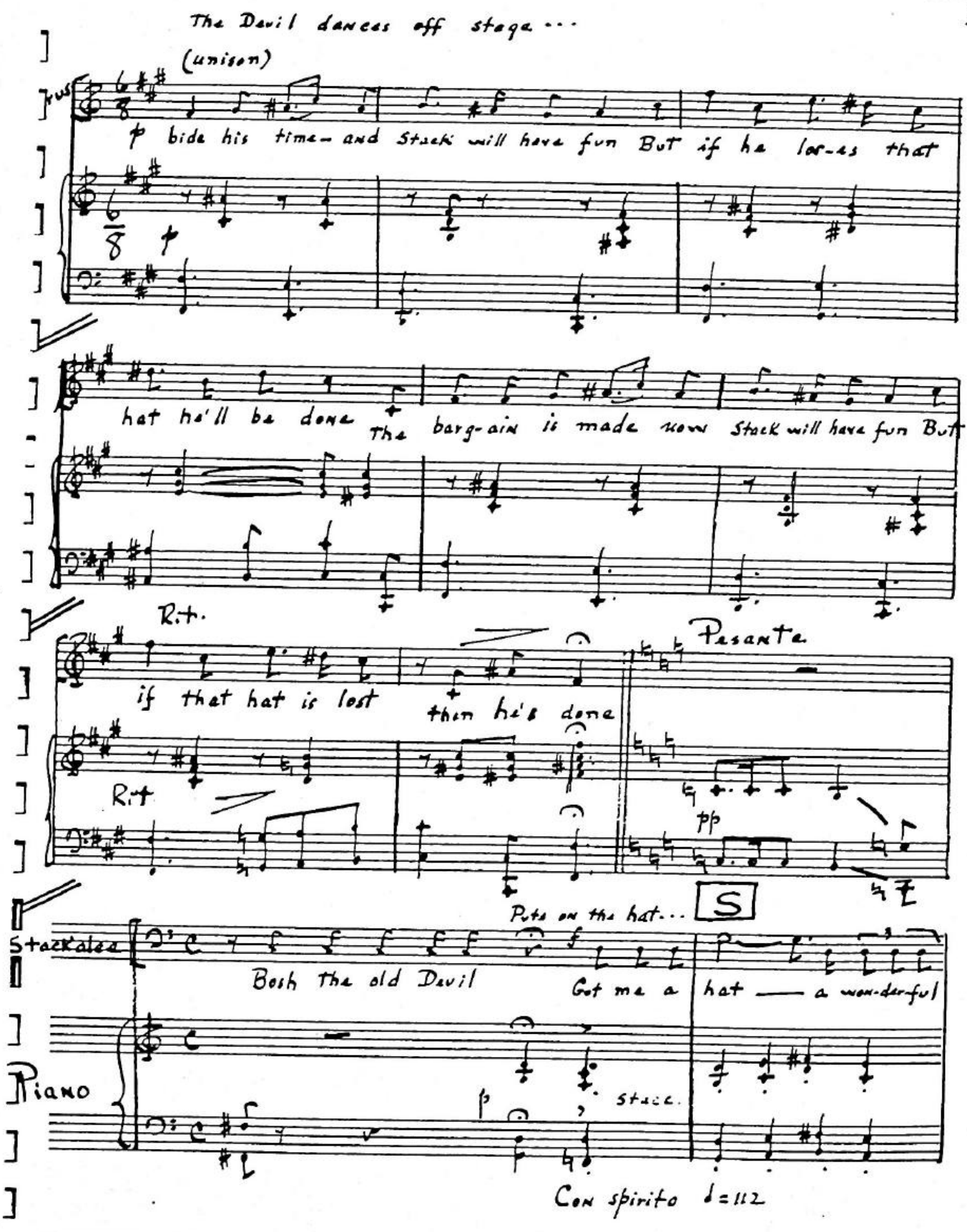
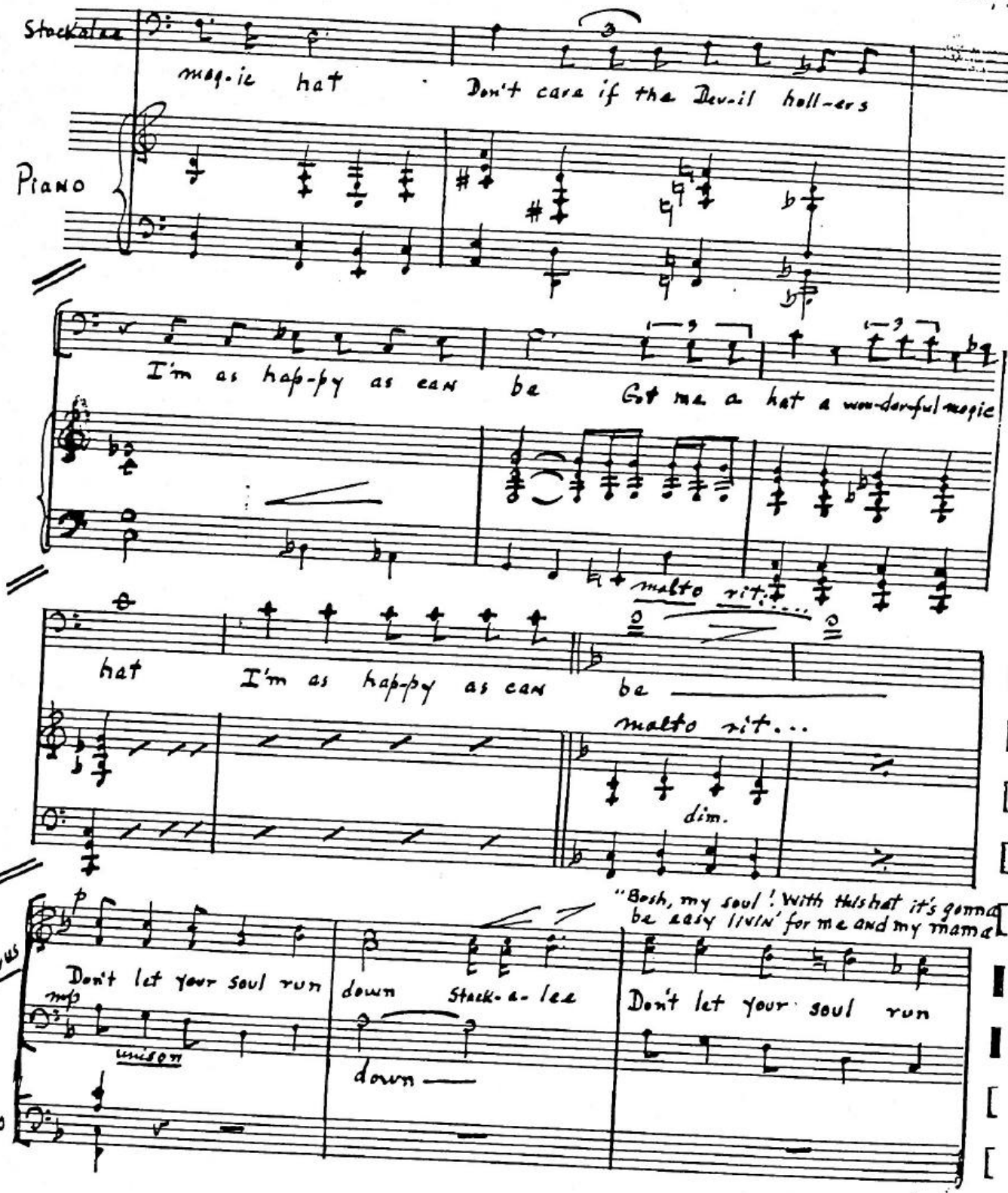

The Devil dances off stage...
(unison)
bide his time— and Stack will have fun But if he los-es that
hat he'll be done The barg-ain is made now Stack will have fun But
Rit.
Pesante
if that hat is lost then he's done
Rit
pp
Puts on the hat...
S
Staccatos
Bosh the old Devil Got me a hat — a won-der-ful
Piano
stacc.
Con spirito ♩=112



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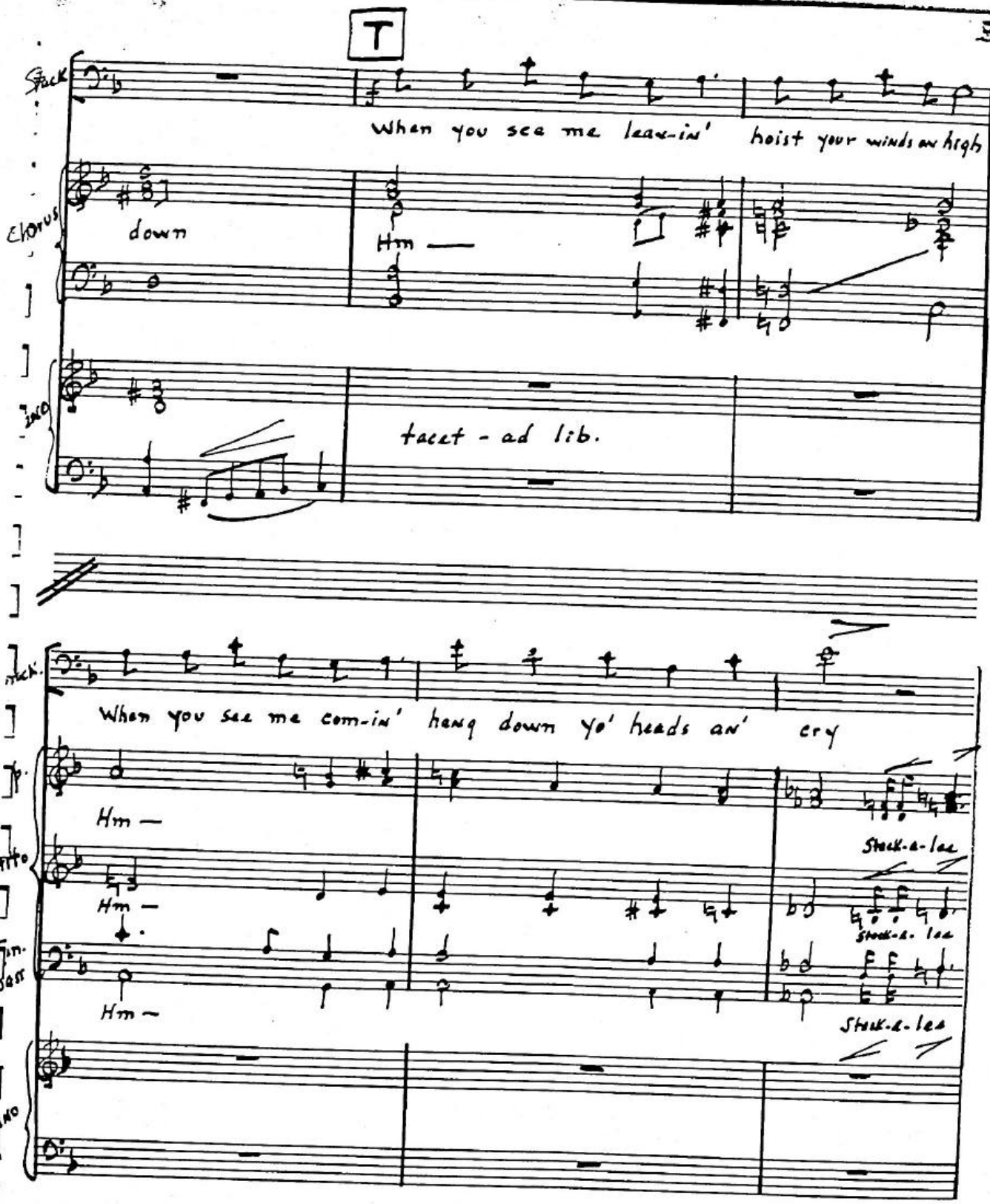

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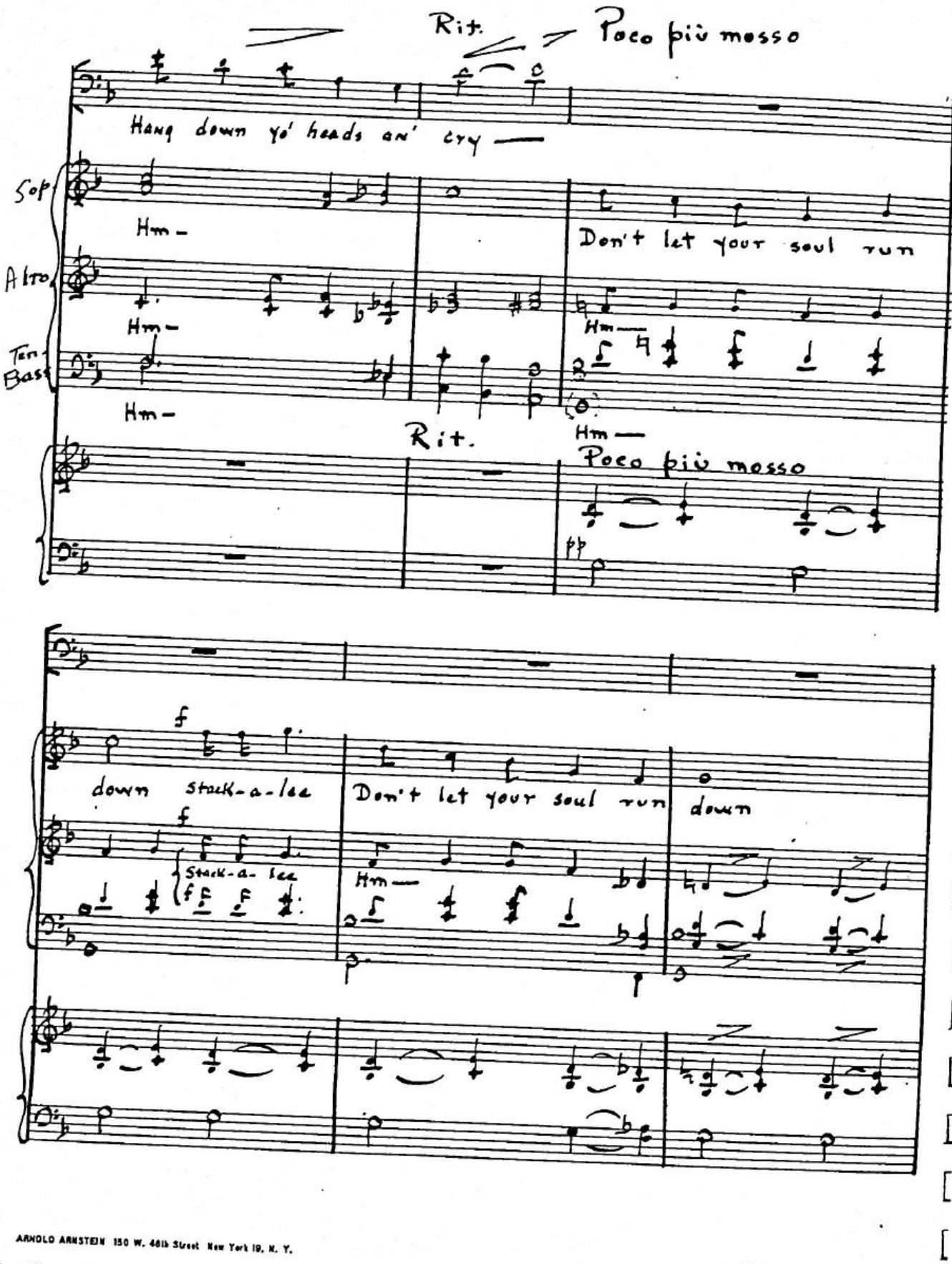

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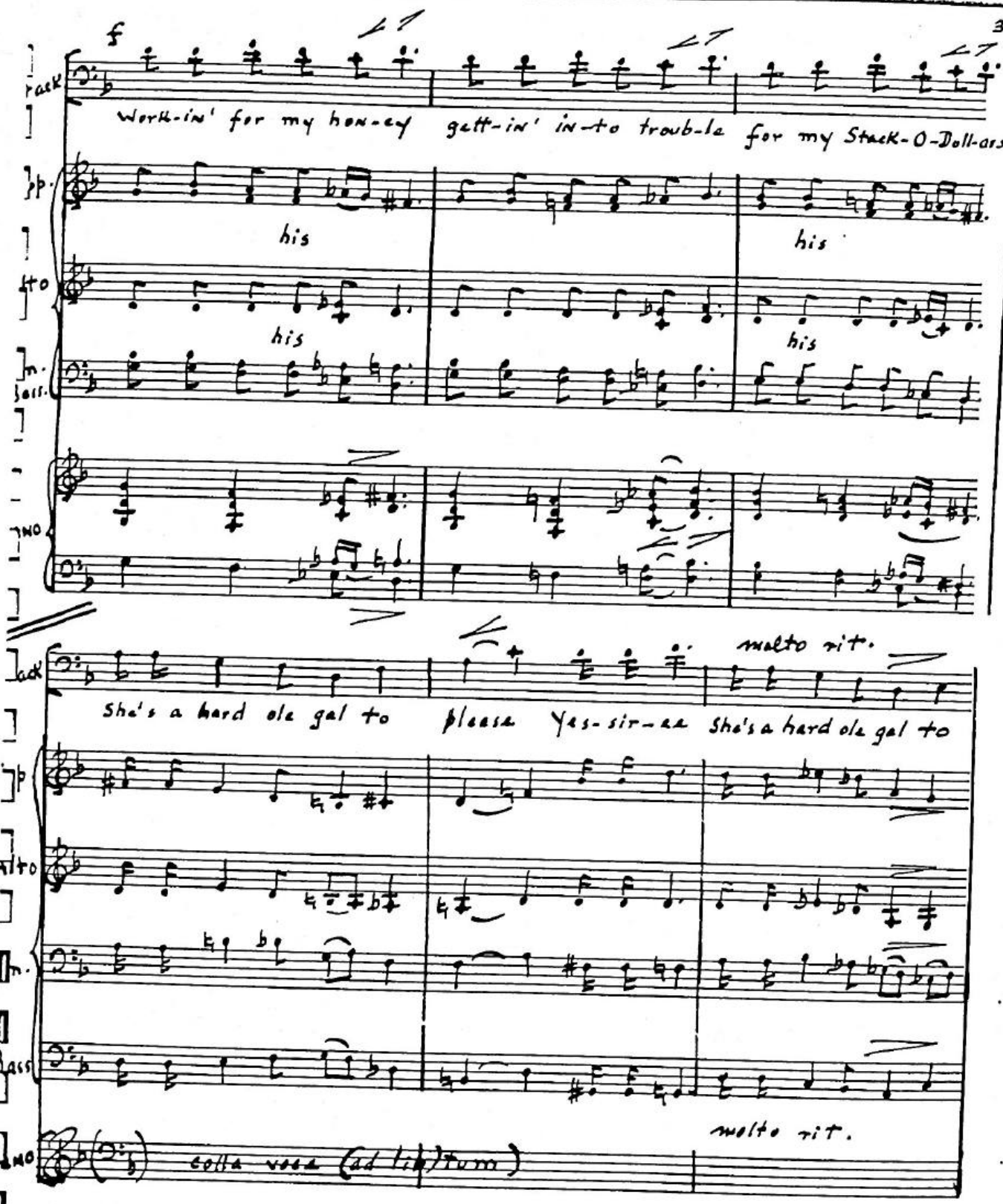

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U

A Tempo primo ♩ = 112

Stock

please Get me a hat — a won-der-ful mag-ic hat

Sop

Alto

a won-der-ful mag-ic hat

Ten.
Bass.

A Tempo primo

Piano

p

f secco

Don't care if the Dev-il holl-ers I'm as hap-py as can

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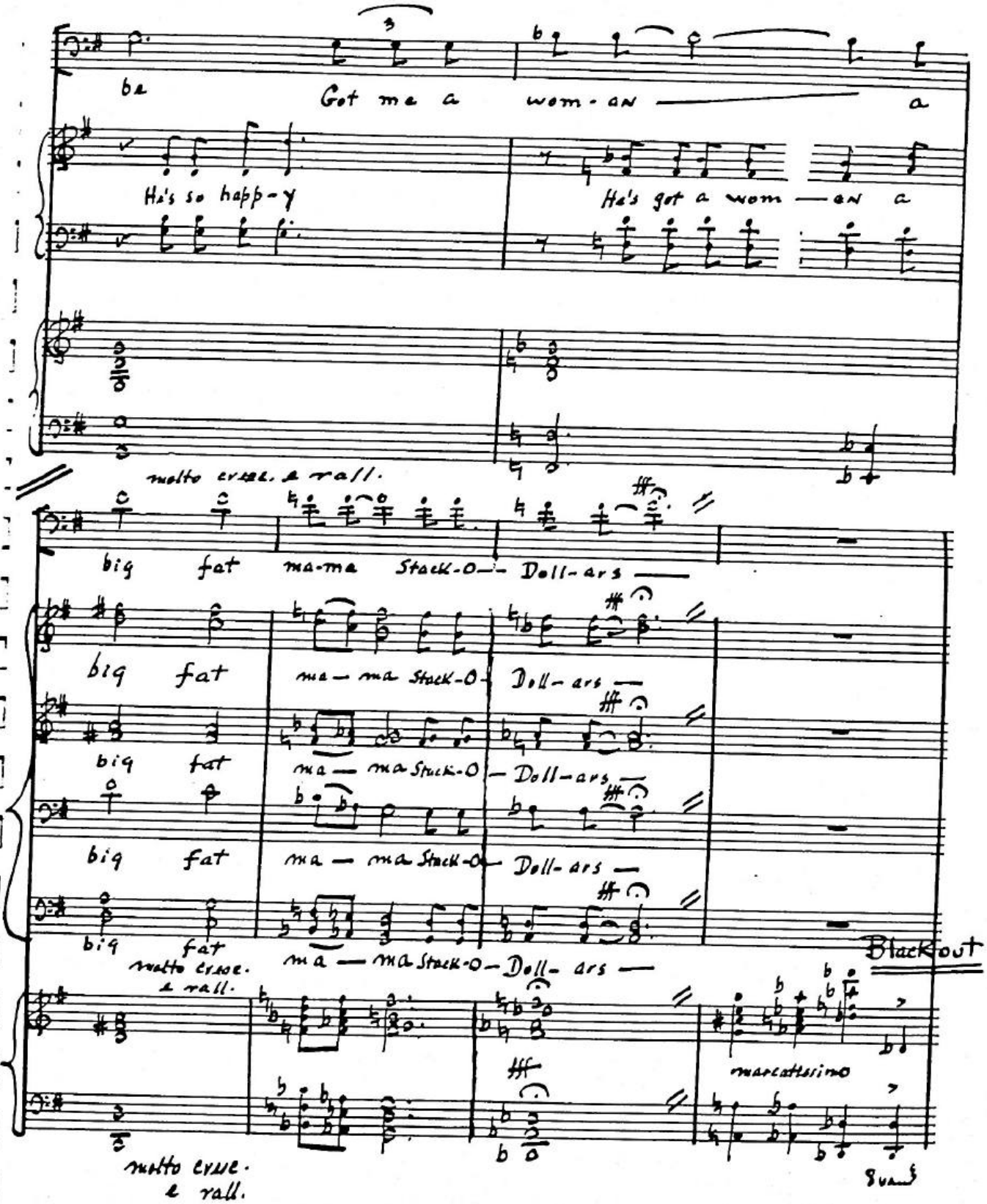

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Stack-O-Dollars
appears under spot

Blues Tempo

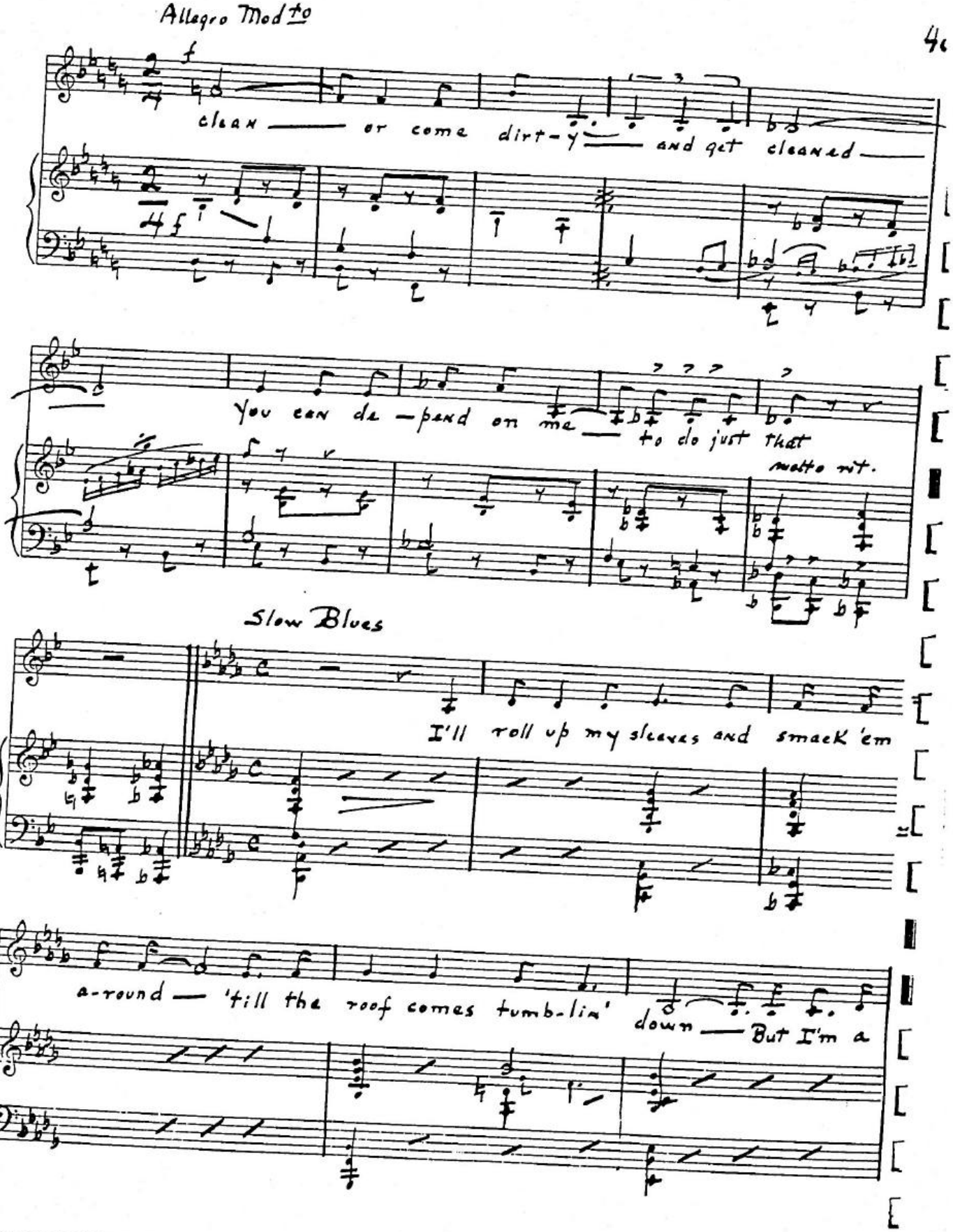
Stack-O-Dollars: mf stridently

They call me — Stack-O-

— Doll-ars — 'cause my lim-it — is the sky I walk in-to a gamb-lin'

joint and stack my doll-ars moun-tain high 'cause lim-it

is the sky — and re-mem-ber my mott-o — come


Allegro Mod^to
f
clean — or come dirt-y — and get cleaned —
ff
You can de-pend on me — to do just that
molto rit.
Slow Blues
I'll roll up my sleeves and smack 'em
a-round — 'till the roof comes tumb-lin' down — But I'm a

poco a poco cresc.

good wom-an — Heart big as a whale Stack likes me fine cause when we

fight I can whip 'em right That's why they

Hors

call me call me call me Stack - O —

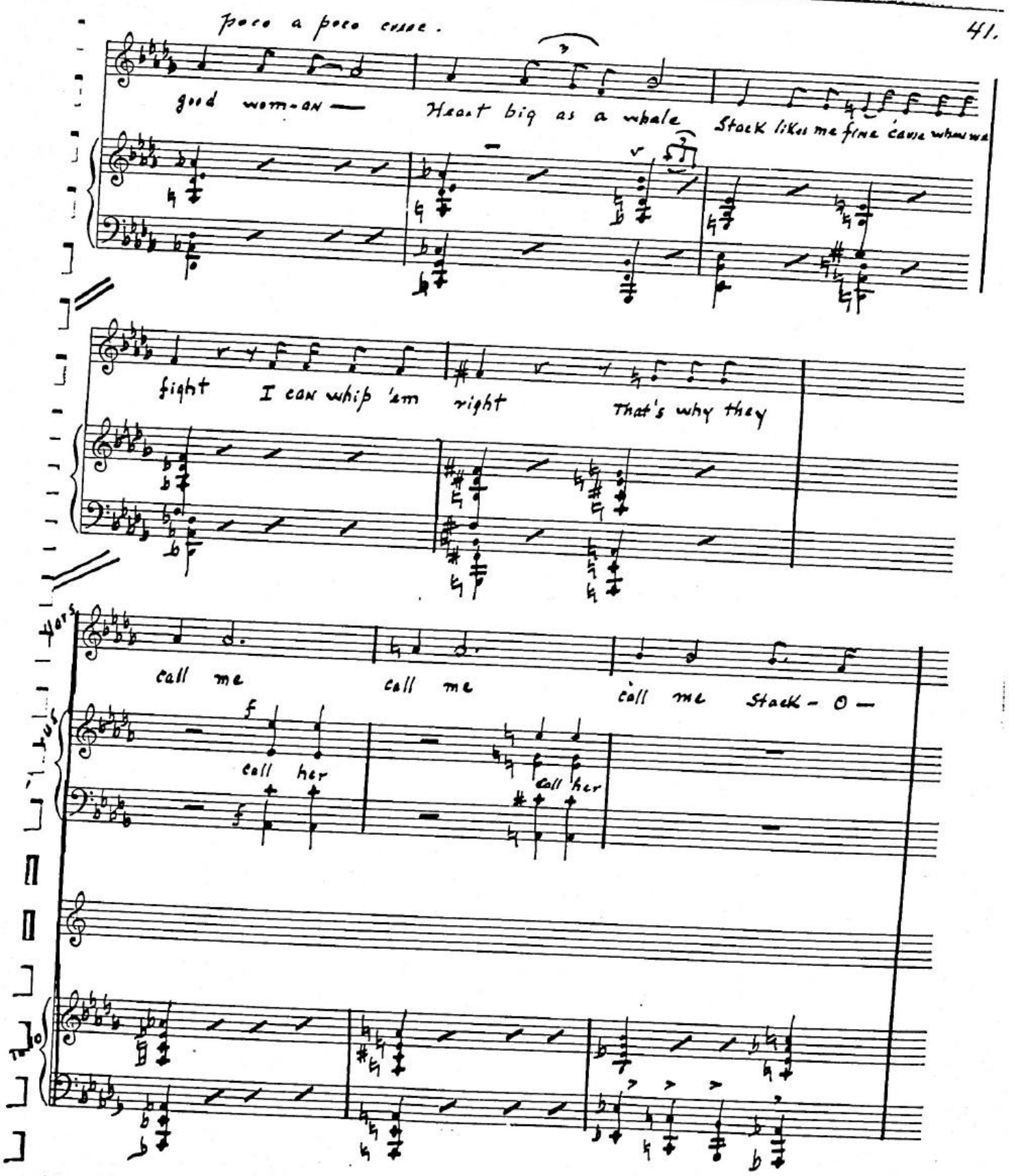
Bus

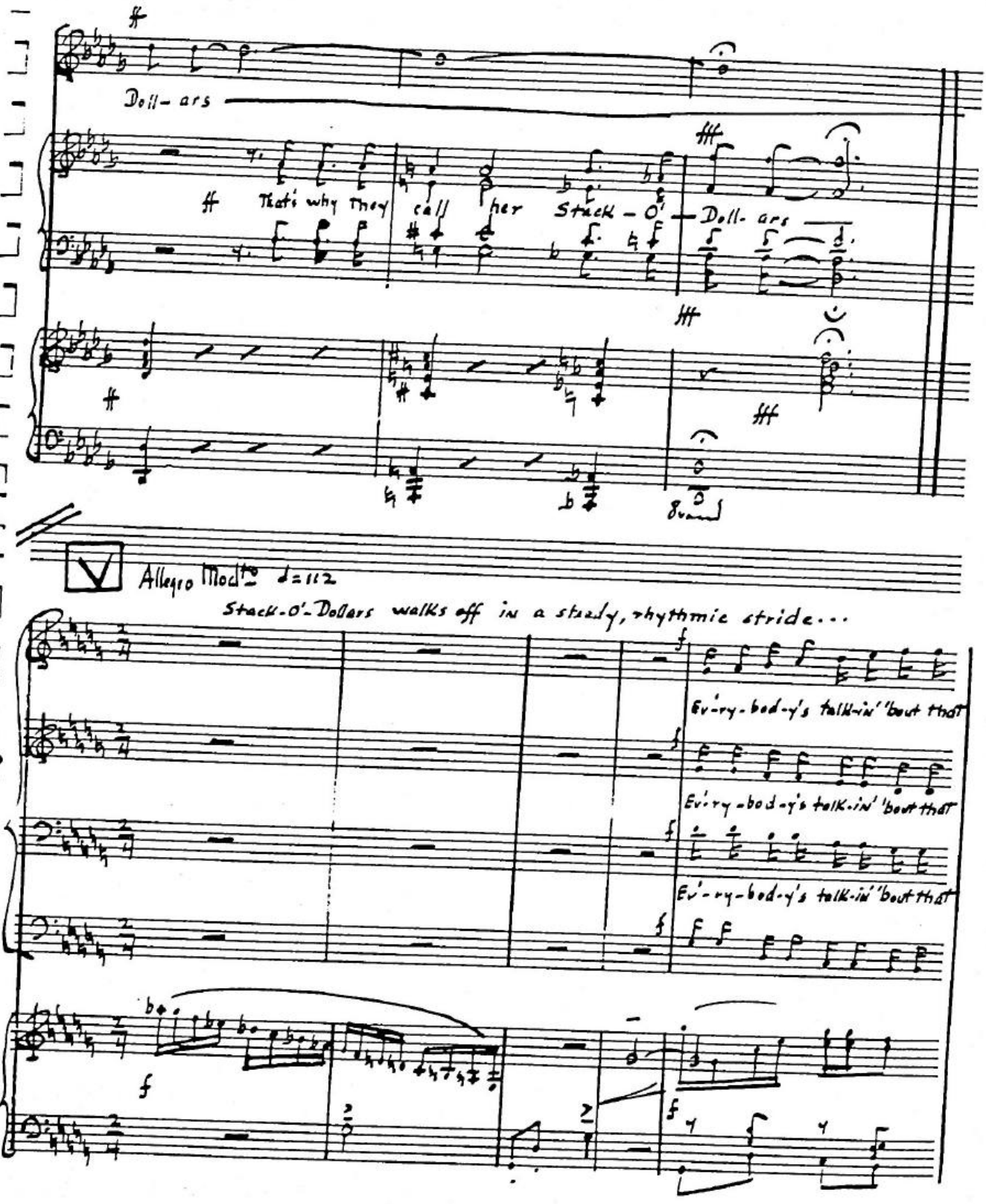
f

call her call her

f

Tuo





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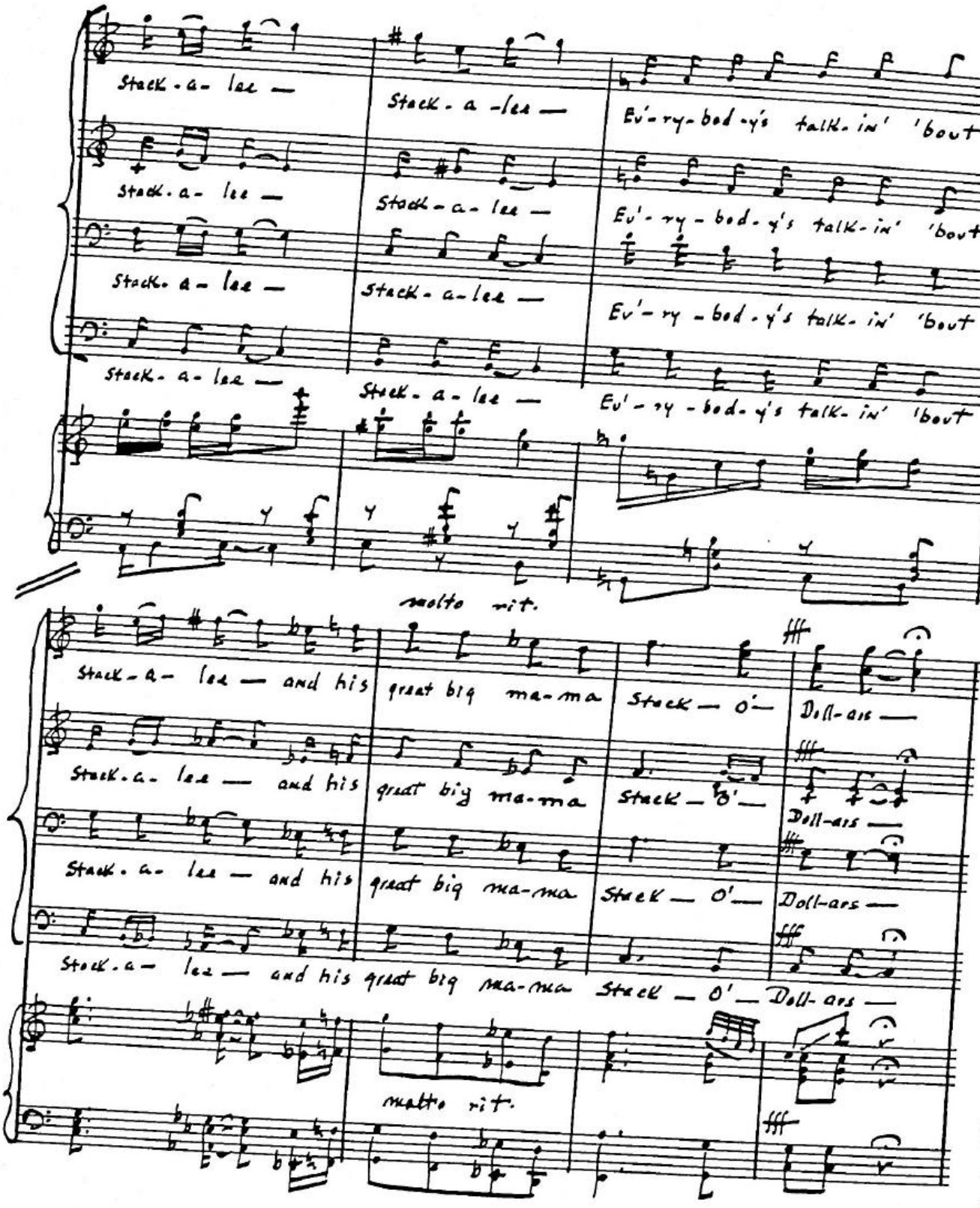

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All Exit... Blackout

Narrator: "Now Stack was always in trouble with the law. That magic hat made him the darndest schemer, and he could get out of any fix...

Scene III

Pantomime

♩=76

Allegro Mod^to

"One day he was headin' west 'cause the law was hot after him... on the way over the mountains... ...he ran into two deputies waitin' to nab him...

1. 2.

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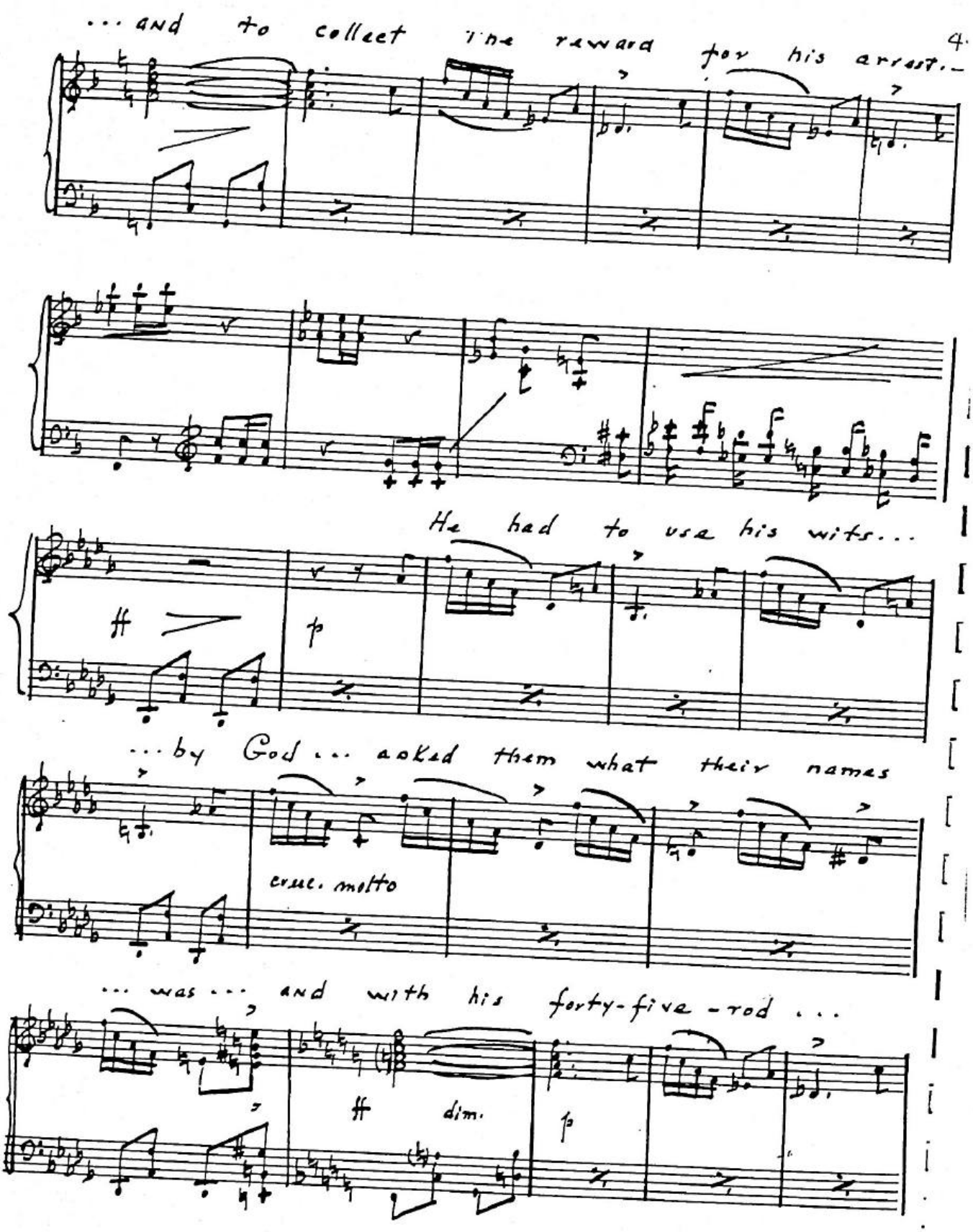

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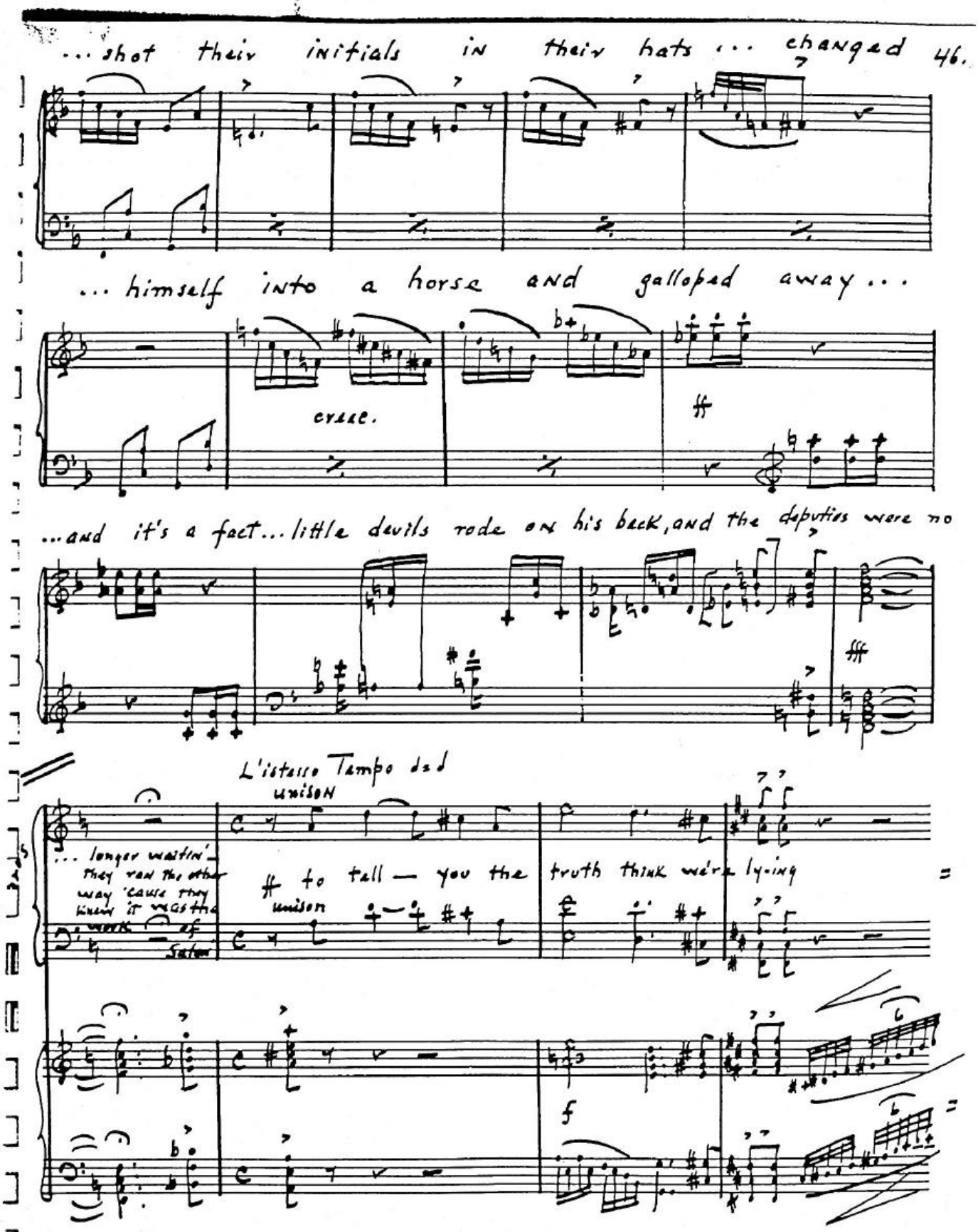
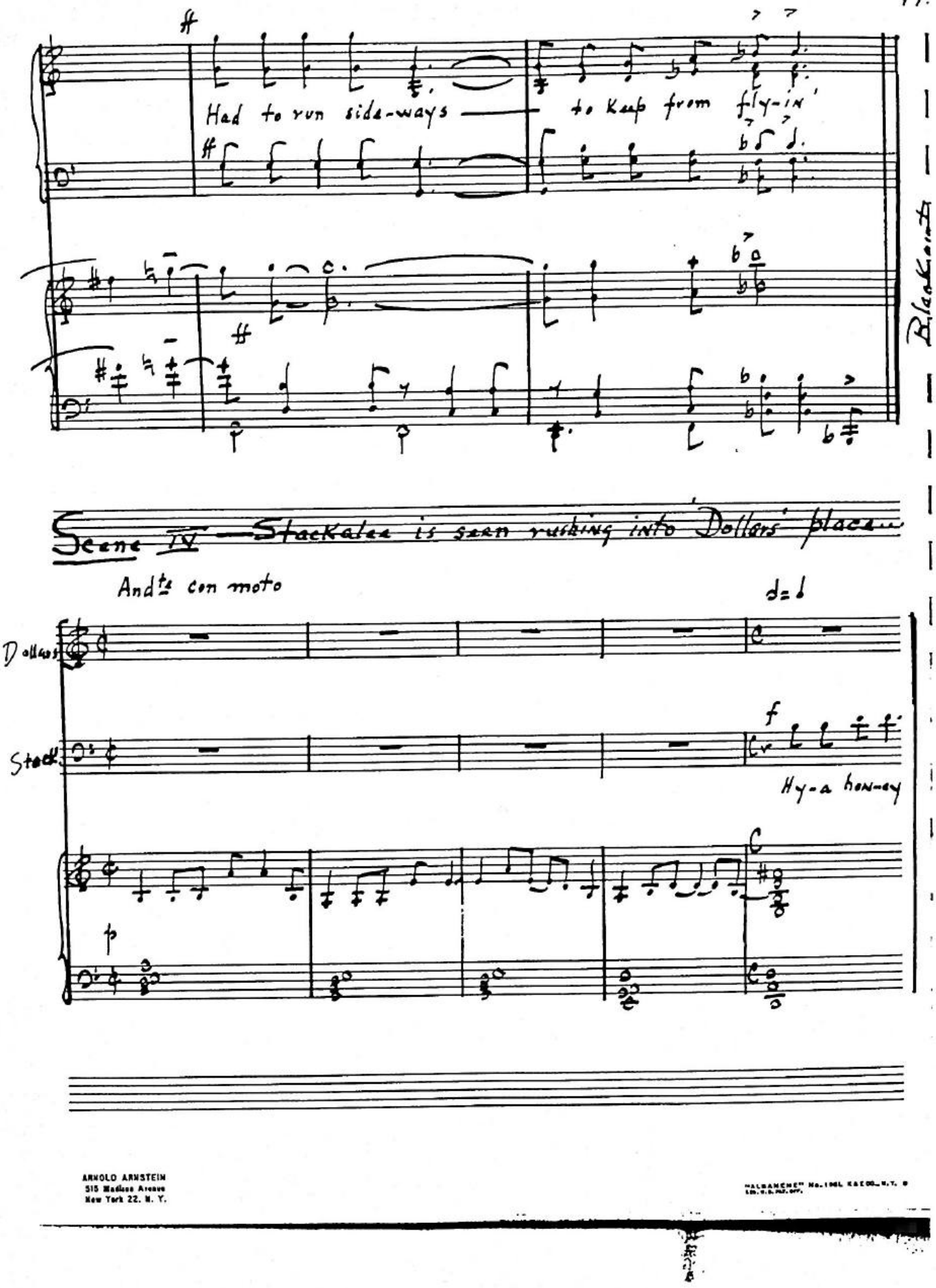
New York 22, N. Y.


...shot their initials in their hats ... changed
... himself into a horse and galloped away ...
creec.
...and it's a fact... little devils rode on his back, and the deputies were no
L'istesso Tempo d=d
unison
... longer waitin' — they ran the other way 'cause they knew it was the work of Satan
ff to tell — you the truth think we're lying
unison
f

ARNOLD ARNSTEIN
515 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

"ALBANENE" No. 196L KALCO, N.Y. 8



ARNOLD ARNSTEIN
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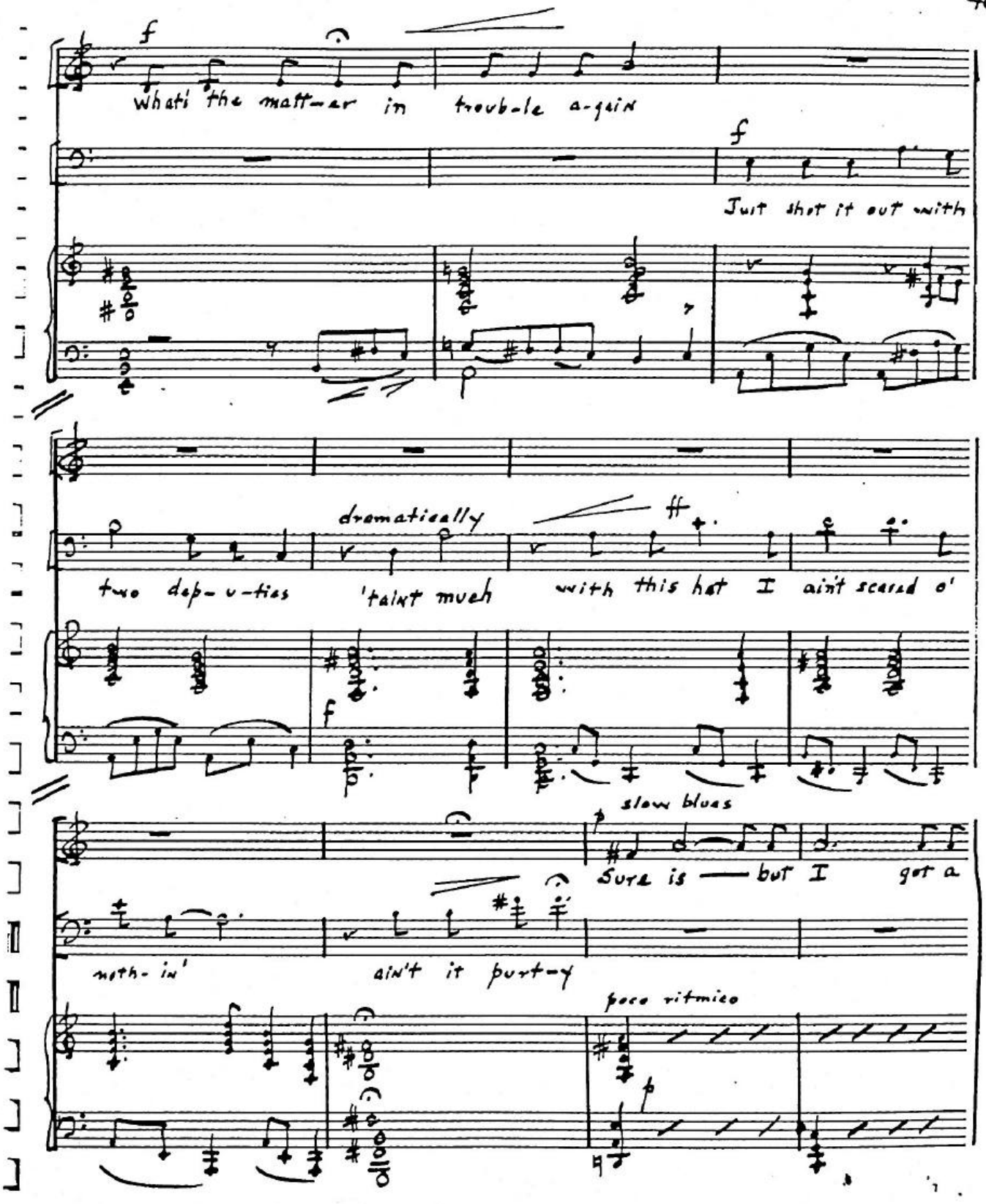
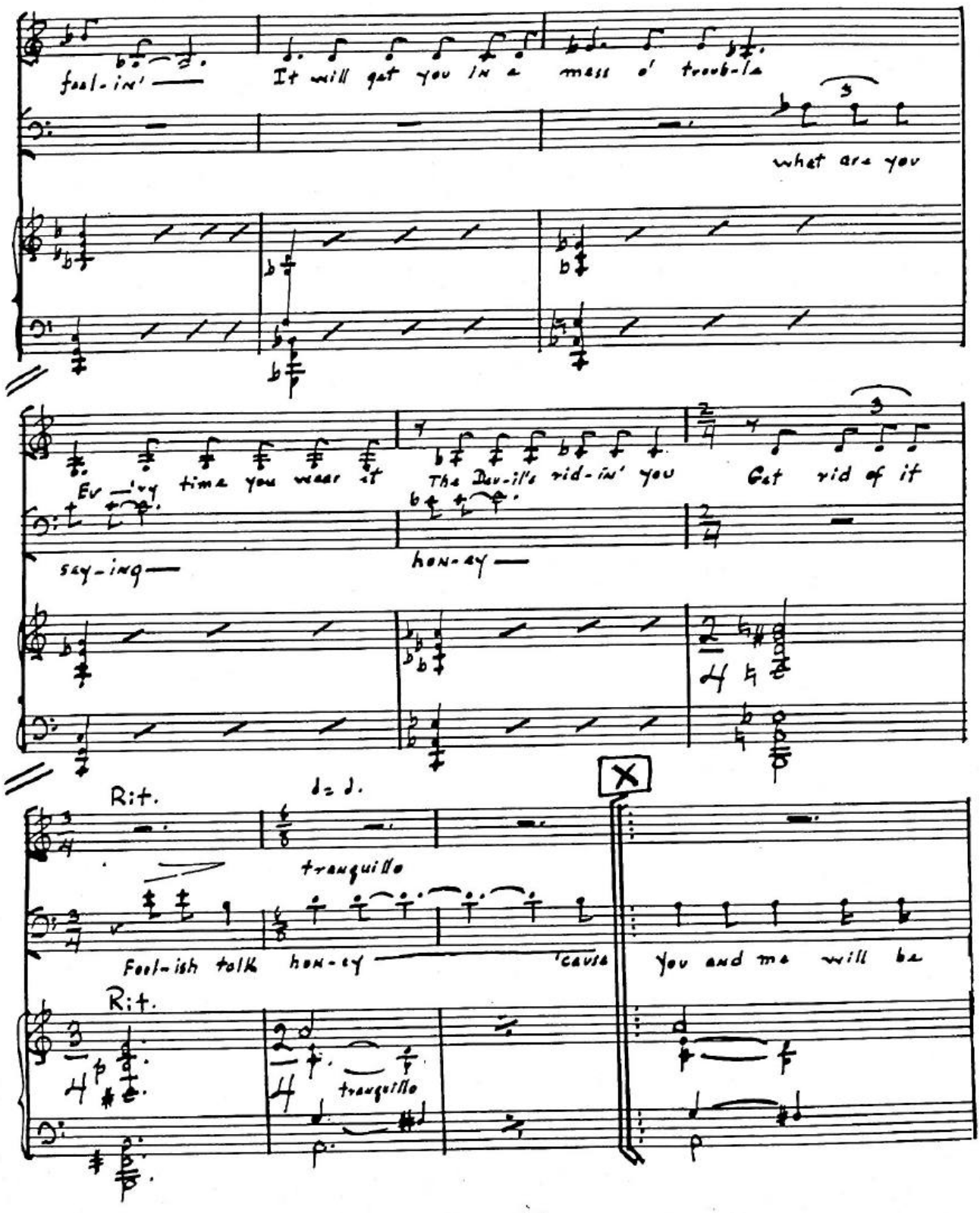
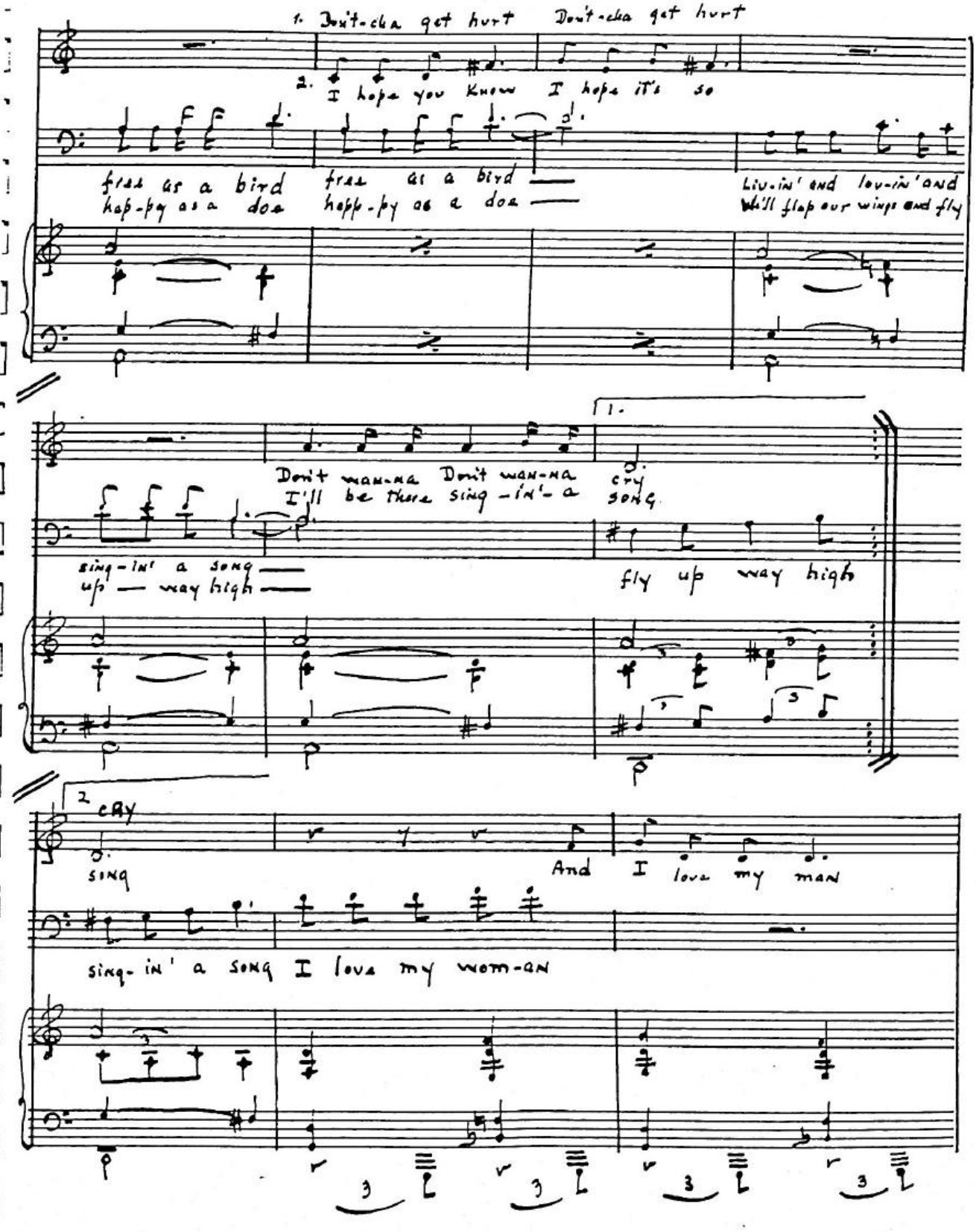
New York 22, N. Y.

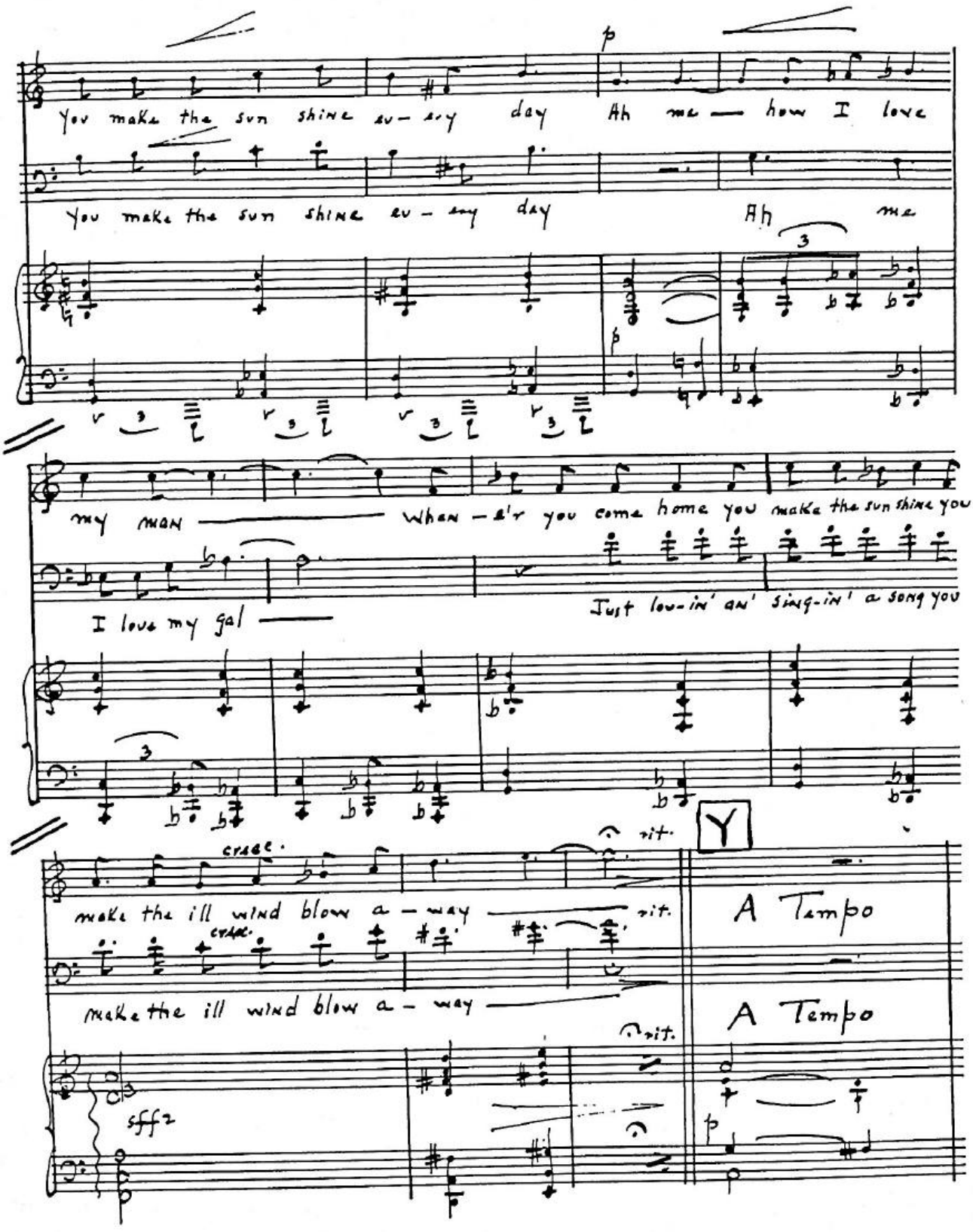

f
What's the matt-er in troub-le a-gain
f
Just shot it out with
dramatically
ff
two dep- u-ties 'taint much with this hat I ain't scared o'
f
slow blues
Sure is — but I got a
noth- in' ain't it purt-y
poco ritmico
p

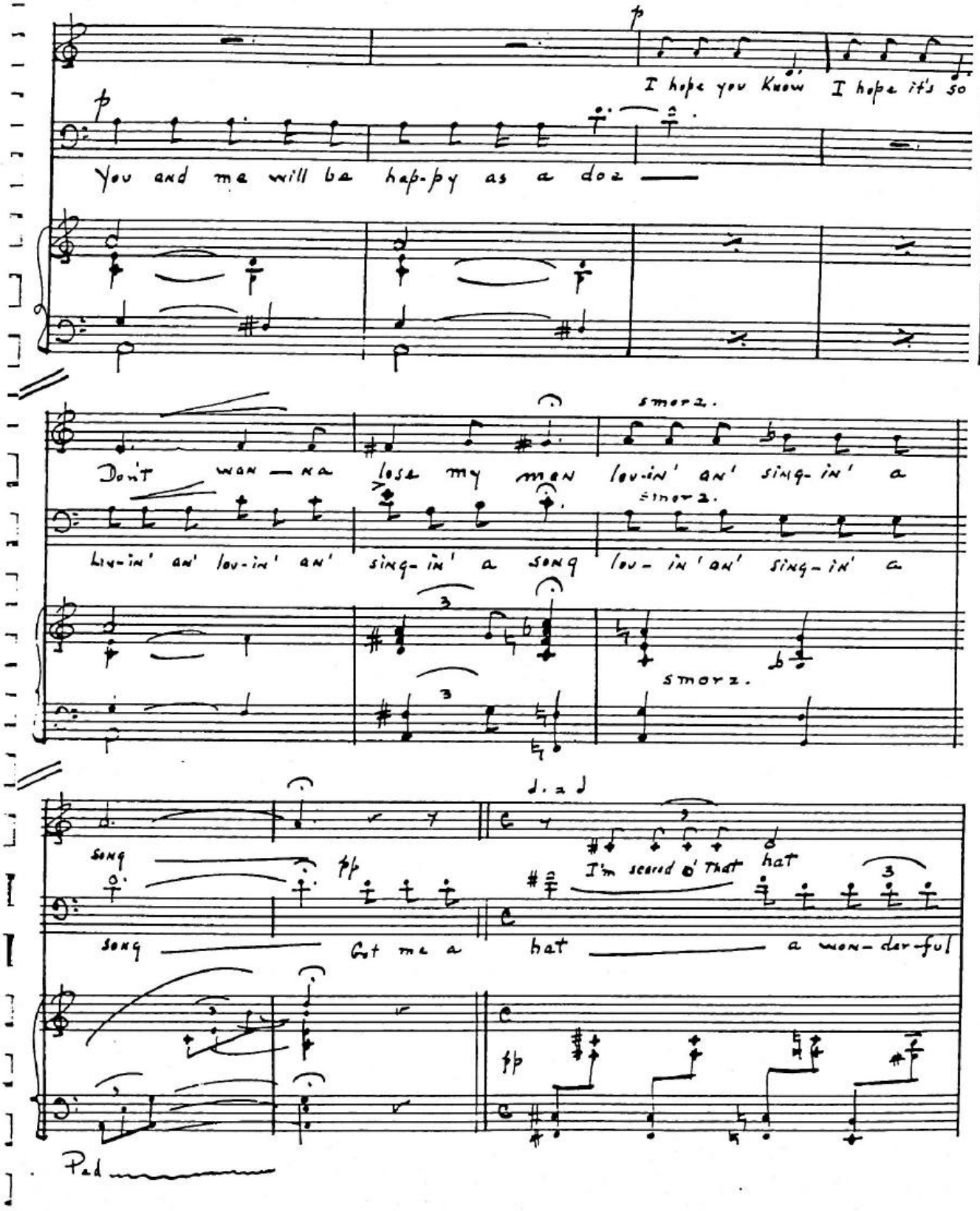
49.

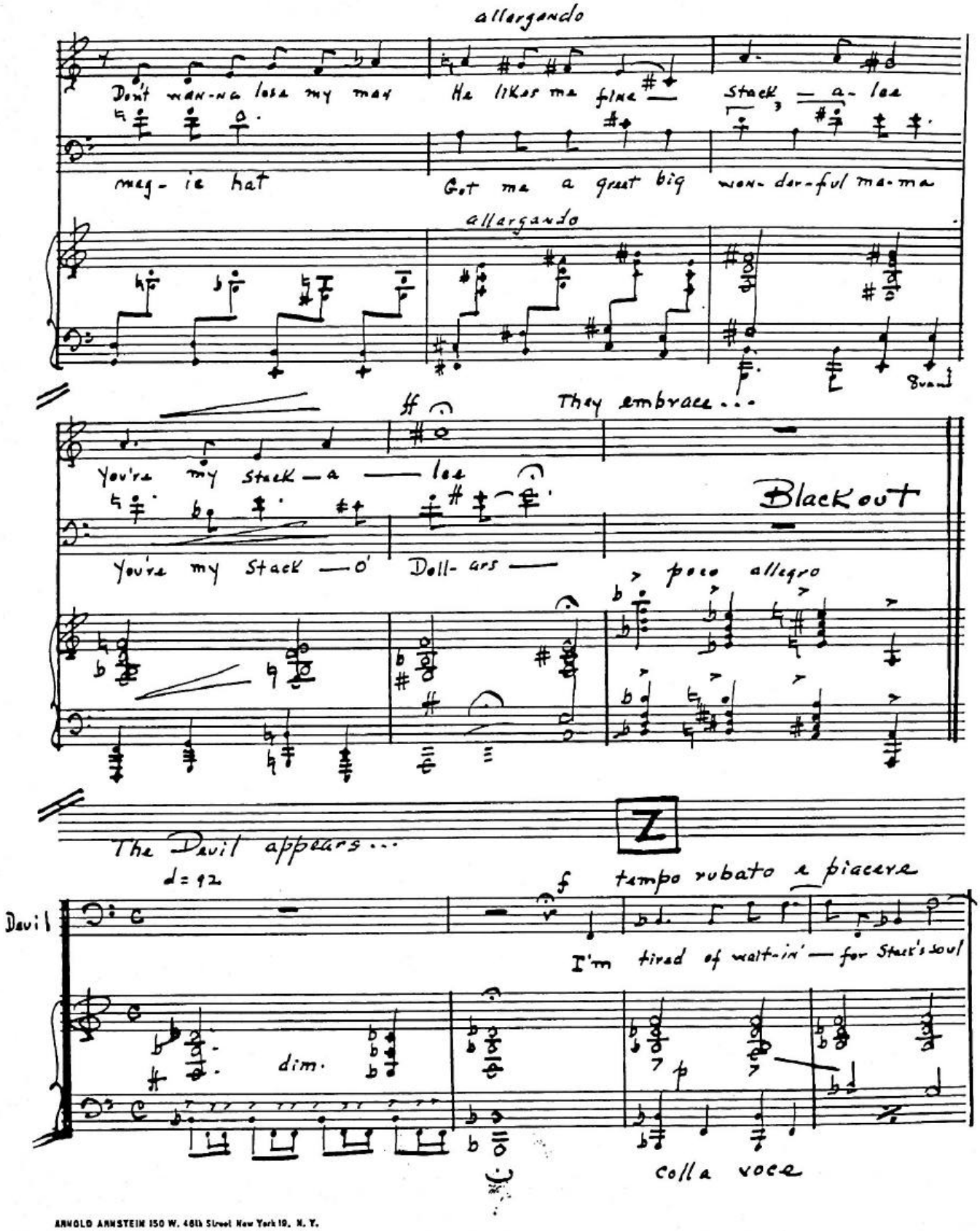


ARNOLD ARNSTEIN 150 W. 48th Street New York 19, N. Y.

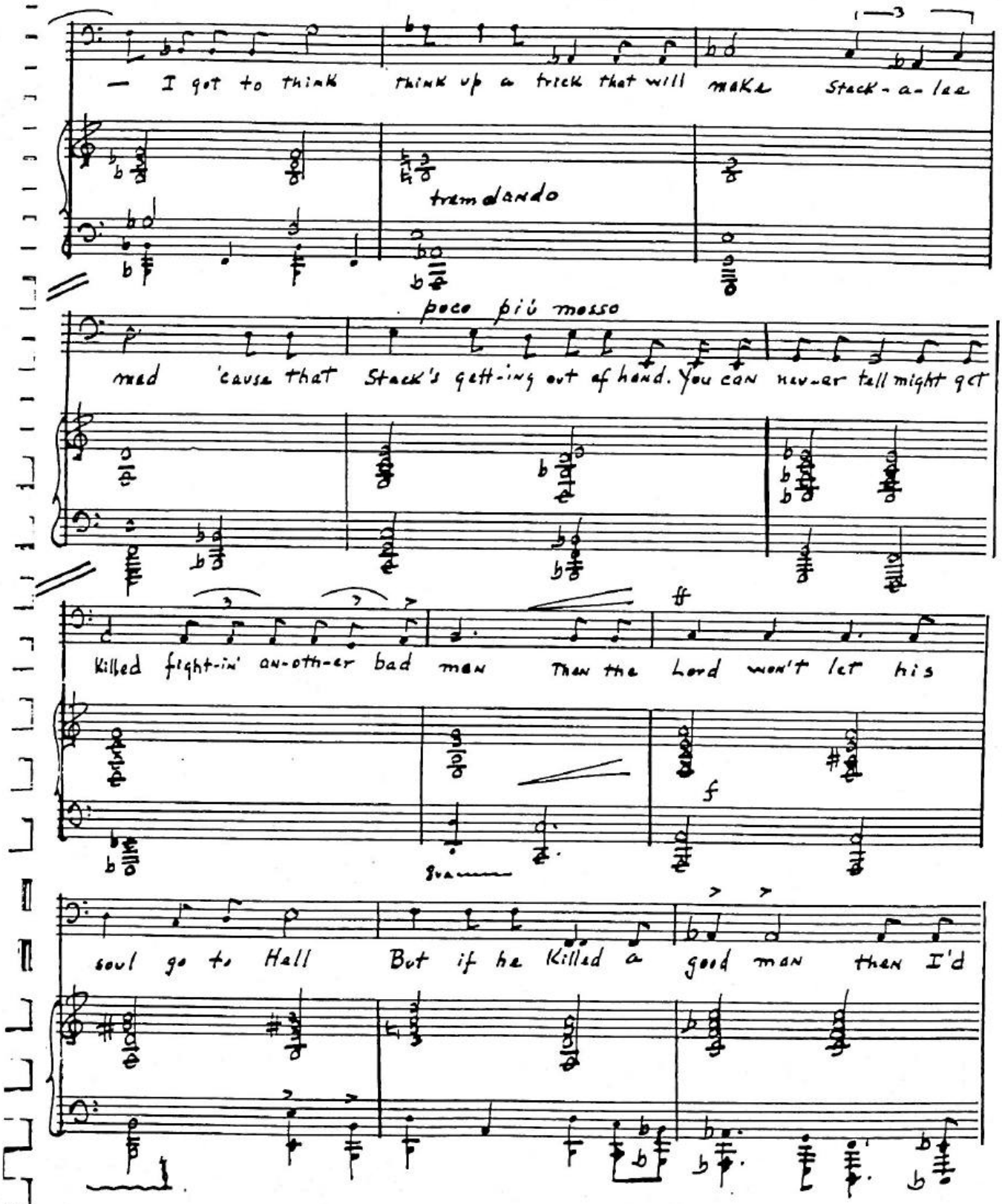

1. Don't-cha get hurt Don't-cha get hurt
2. I hope you know I hope it's so
free as a bird free as a bird
happ-py as a dog happ-py as a dog
Liv-in' and lov-in' and
We'll flap our wings and fly
Don't wan-na Don't wan-na cry
I'll be there sing-in'-a song
sing-in' a song
up — way high
fly up way high
2
cry
sing
And I love my man
sing-in' a song I love my wom-an

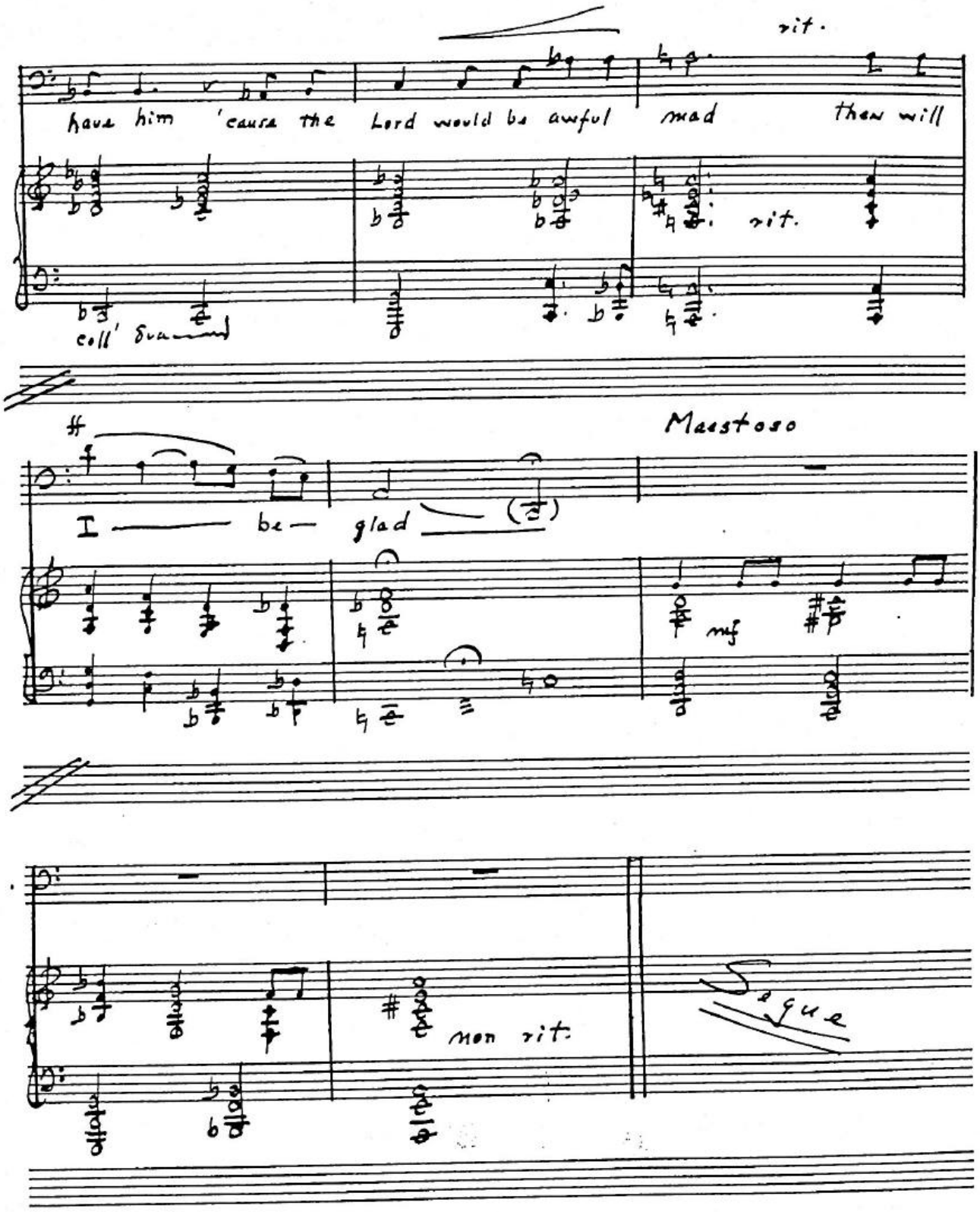

You make the sun shine ev-'ry day Ah me — how I love
You make the sun shine ev-'ry day Ah me
my man — When-e'r you come home you make the sun shine you
I love my gal —
Just lov-in' an' sing-in' a song you
cresc.
make the ill wind blow a-way —
cresc.
make the ill wind blow a-way —
rit.
rit.
rit.
A Tempo
A Tempo
sfff
p

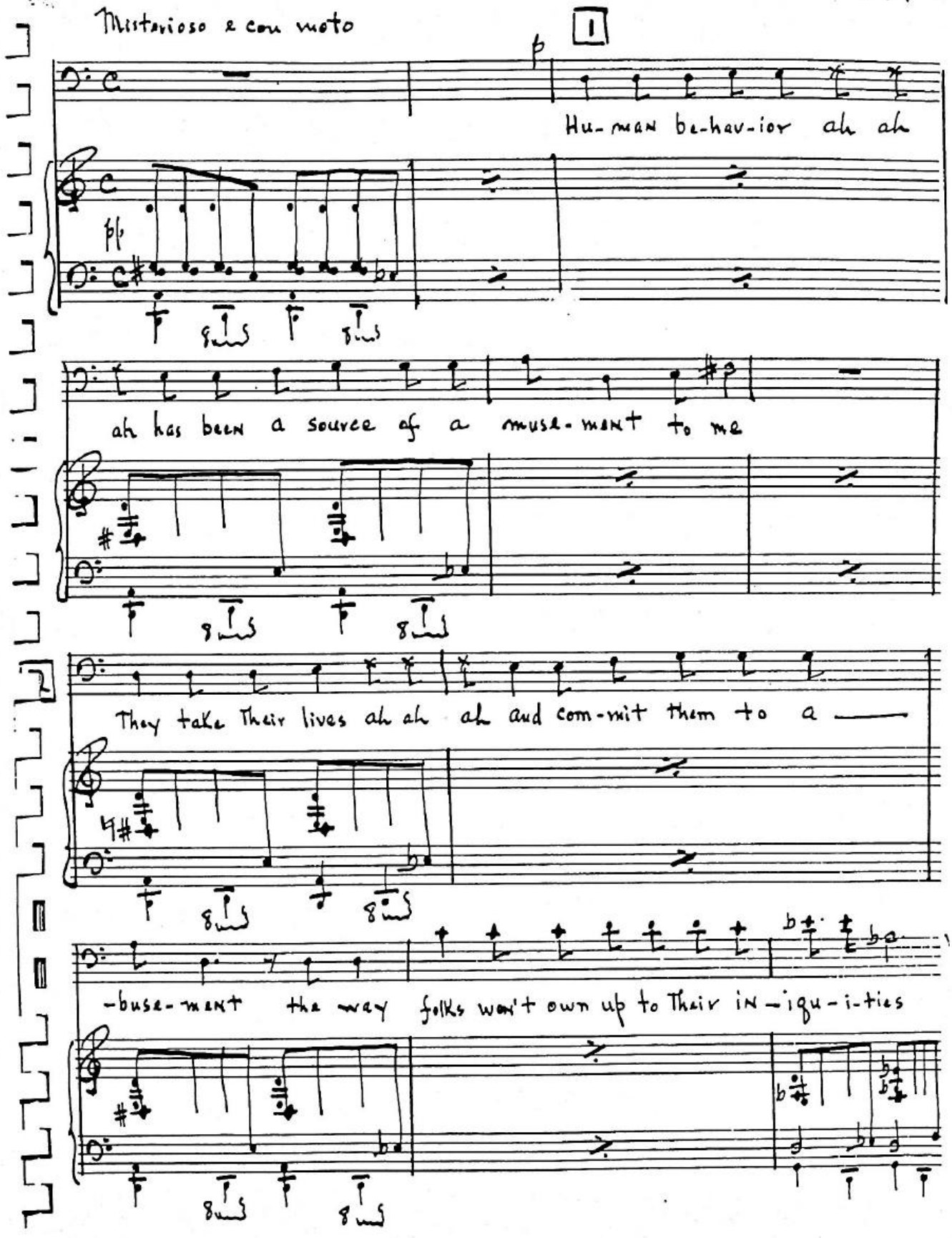

I hope you know I hope it's so
You and me will be hap-py as a doz —
Don't wan — na lose my man lov-in' an' sing-in' a
smorz.
Liv-in' an' lov-in' an' sing-in' a song lov-in' an' sing-in' a
smorz.
song
I'm scared o' that hat
song
Got me a hat a won-der-ful
Ped

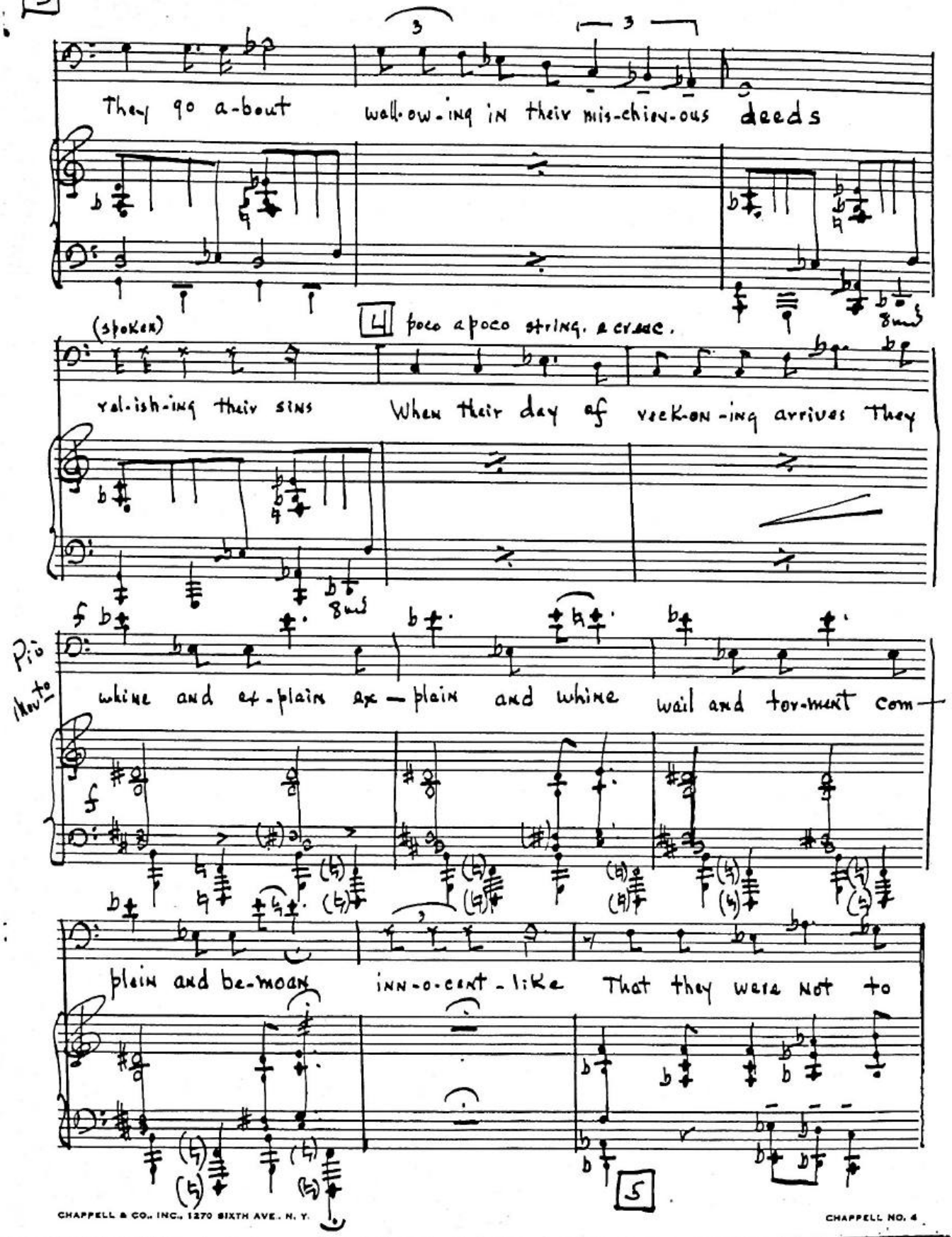


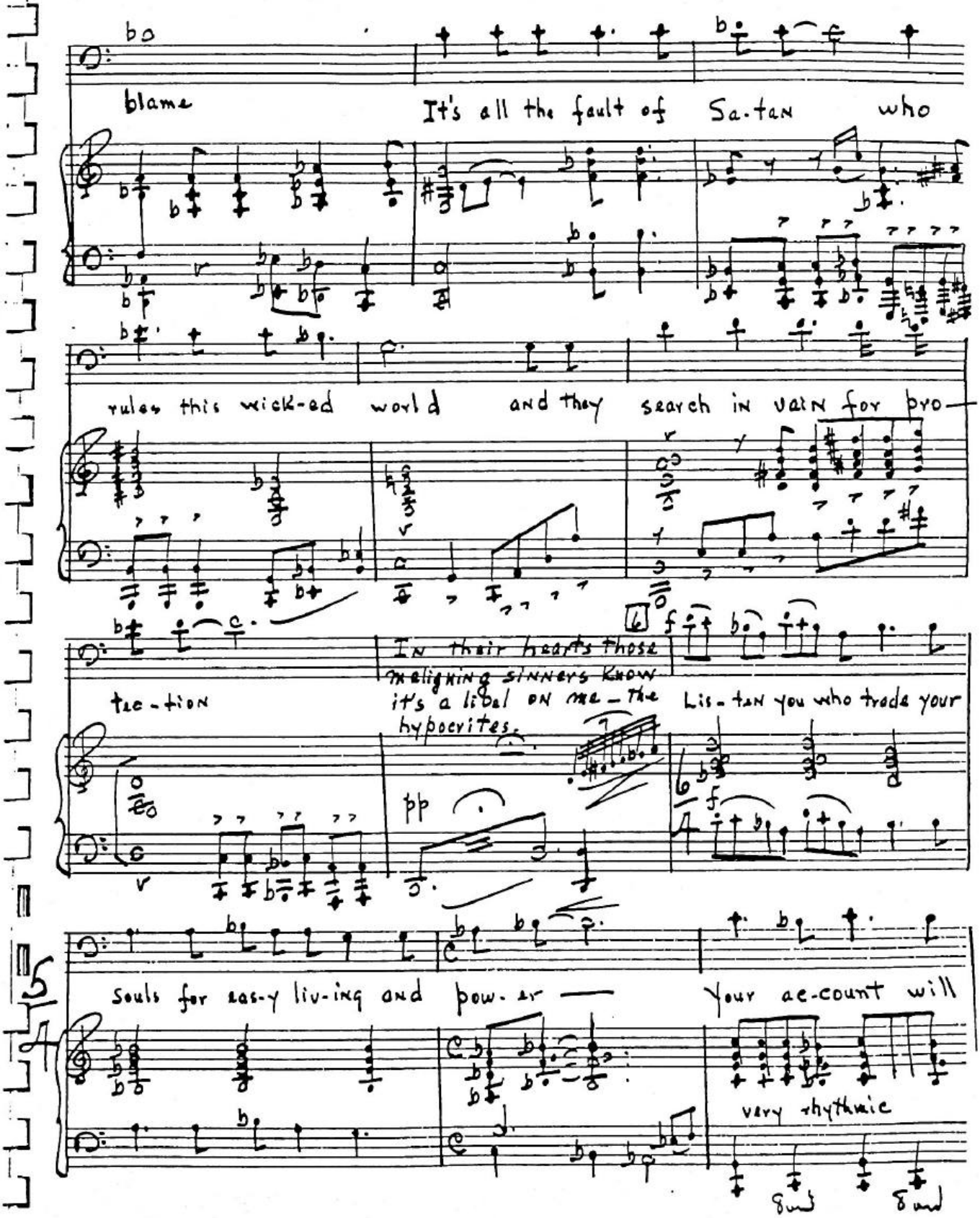
ARNOLD ARNSTEIN 150 W. 46th Street New York 19, N. Y.


— I got to think think up a trick that will make Stack-a-lee
tremolando
poco più mosso
mad 'cause that Stack's gett-ing out of hand. You can nev-er tell might get
ff
Killed fight-in' an-oth-er bad man Then the Lord won't let his
f
8va
soul go to Hell But if he Killed a good man then I'd


rit.
have him 'cause the Lord would be awful mad then will
coll' 8va
rit.
Maestoso
I be- glad
mf
non rit:
Segue


Misterioso e con moto
1
p
Hu-man be-hav-ior ah ah
pp
ah has been a source of a muse-ment to me
They take Their lives ah ah ah and com-mit them to a
-buse-ment the way folks won't own up to Their in-iqu-i-ties


3
They go a-bout wall-ow-ing in their mis-chiev-ous deeds
(spoken)
4 poco a poco string. e cresc.
val-ish-ing their sins When their day of reck-on-ing arrives they
f
più
whine and ex-plain ex-plain and whine wail and tor-ment com-
plain and be-moan inn-o-cent-like That they were not to
5


blame
It's all the fault of Sa-tan who
rules this wick-ed world and they search in vain for pro-
tec-tion
In their hearts those maligning sinners know it's a libel on me—the hypocrites.
pp
Lis-tan you who trade your
Souls for eas-y liv-ing and pow-er
Your ac-count will
very rhythmic

ritenuto

And then I'll get you

some-day be due So Don't blame the

Più Mosso

Dev-il — When to Had-es you must trav-el —

Rit.

— He only paves the way for you —

Rit.

Maestoso

8

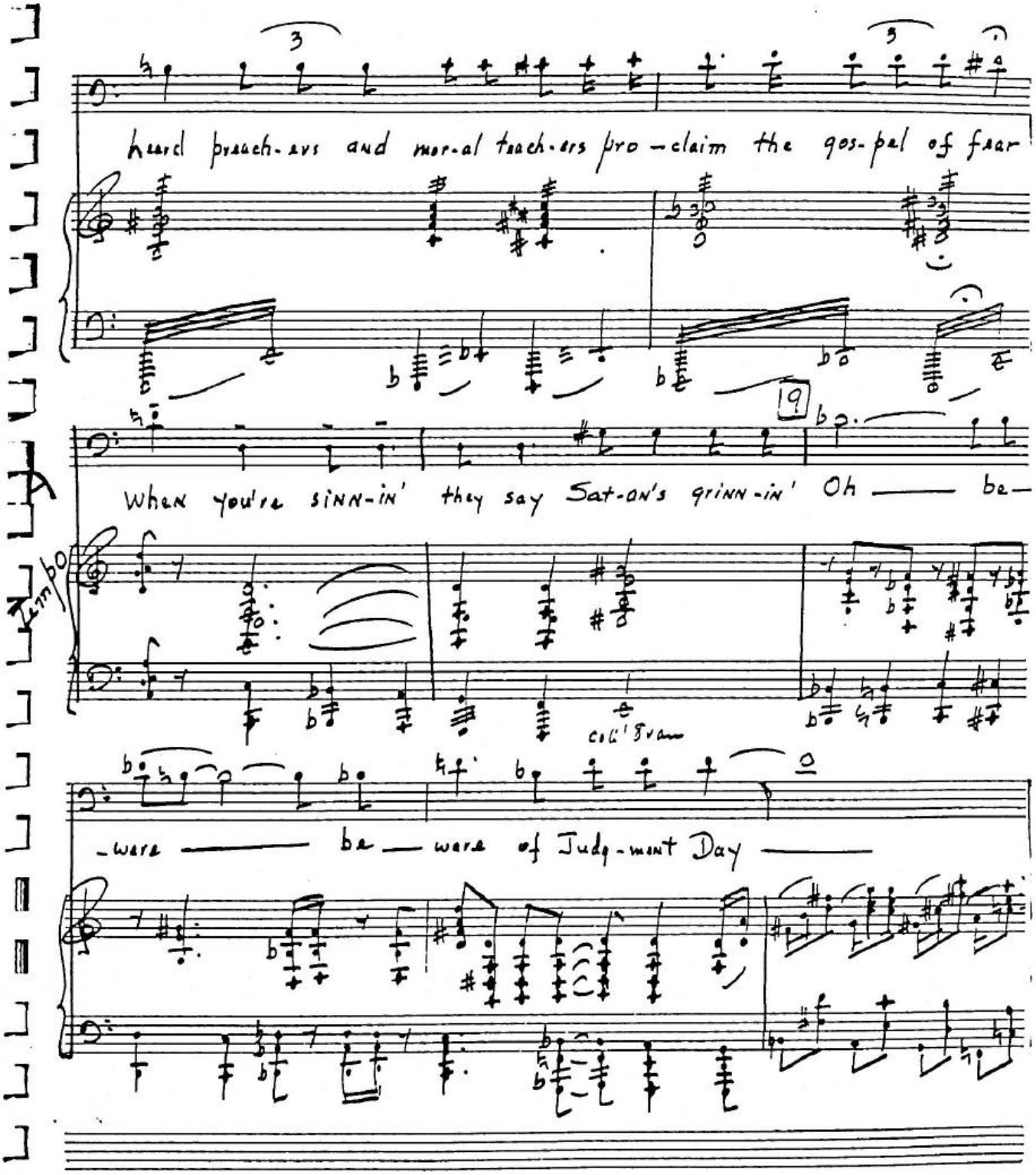
cresc.

p I've been roam-ing the earth for man-y a year — and

pp cresc.

CO., INC., 1270 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. CHAPPELL NO. 4

5.


heard preach-ers and mor-al teach-ers pro-claim the gos-pel of fear
When you're sinn-in' they say Sat-an's grinn-in' Oh — be-
Tempo
coll' 8va
-ware — be — ware of Judg-ment Day —

10

molto allarg. al Fine

Roll Roll Roll — in-to the arms of the Dev-il Roll Roll

f sim.

Roll till the Dev-il gets you Roll in-to the arms of the Dev-il be-

8 8 8 8

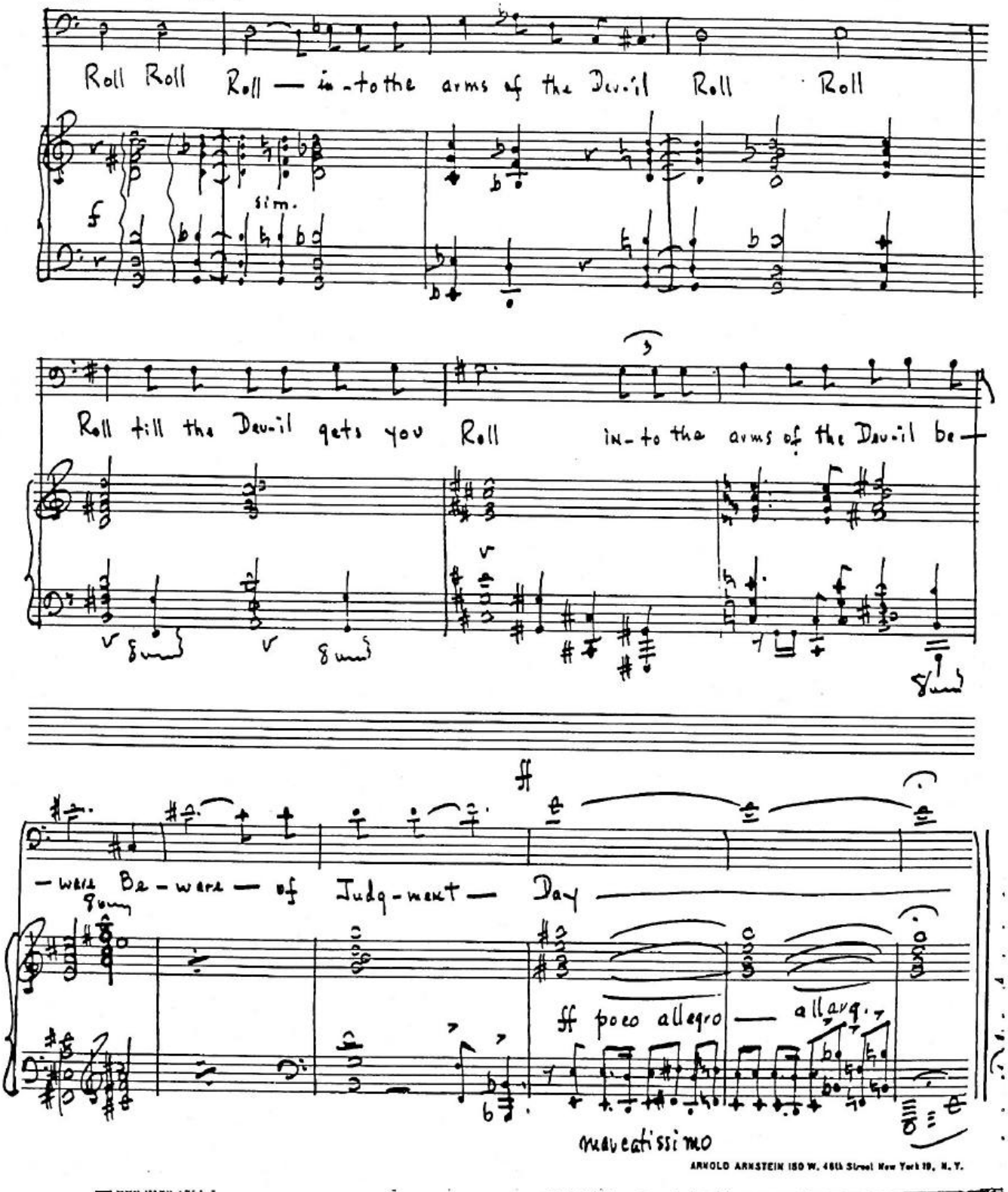
ff

-ware Be-ware — of Judg-ment — Day

8 8

ff poco allegro — allarg.

marcatissimo



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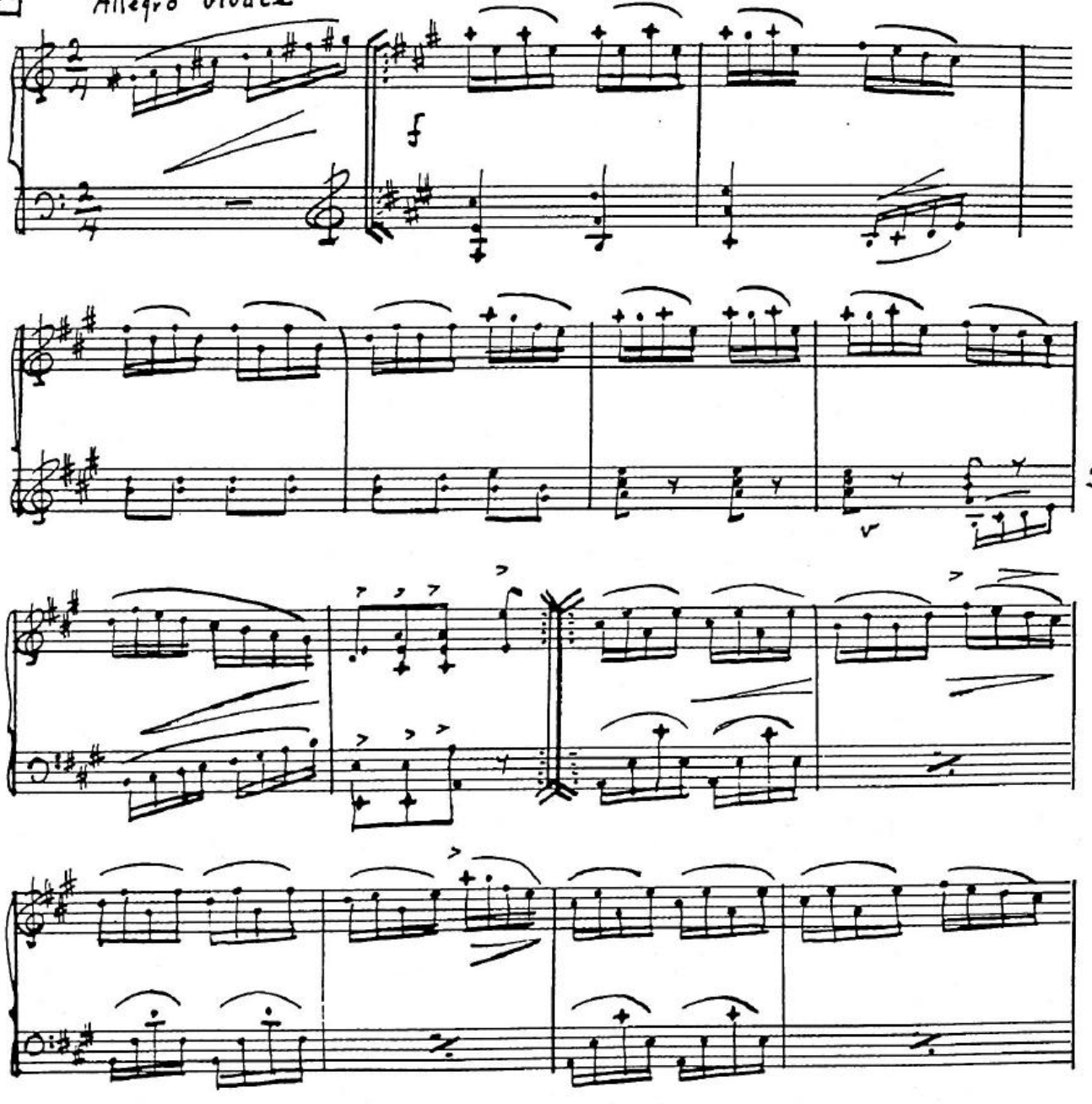
Scene V is a typical Western cabaret. To the left, front Stackalee is engaged in a card game with three other men. Billy Lyons enters, walks across stage, leans against the bar, watching the girls. One of the men greets him. Girls are dancing on a rear platform.



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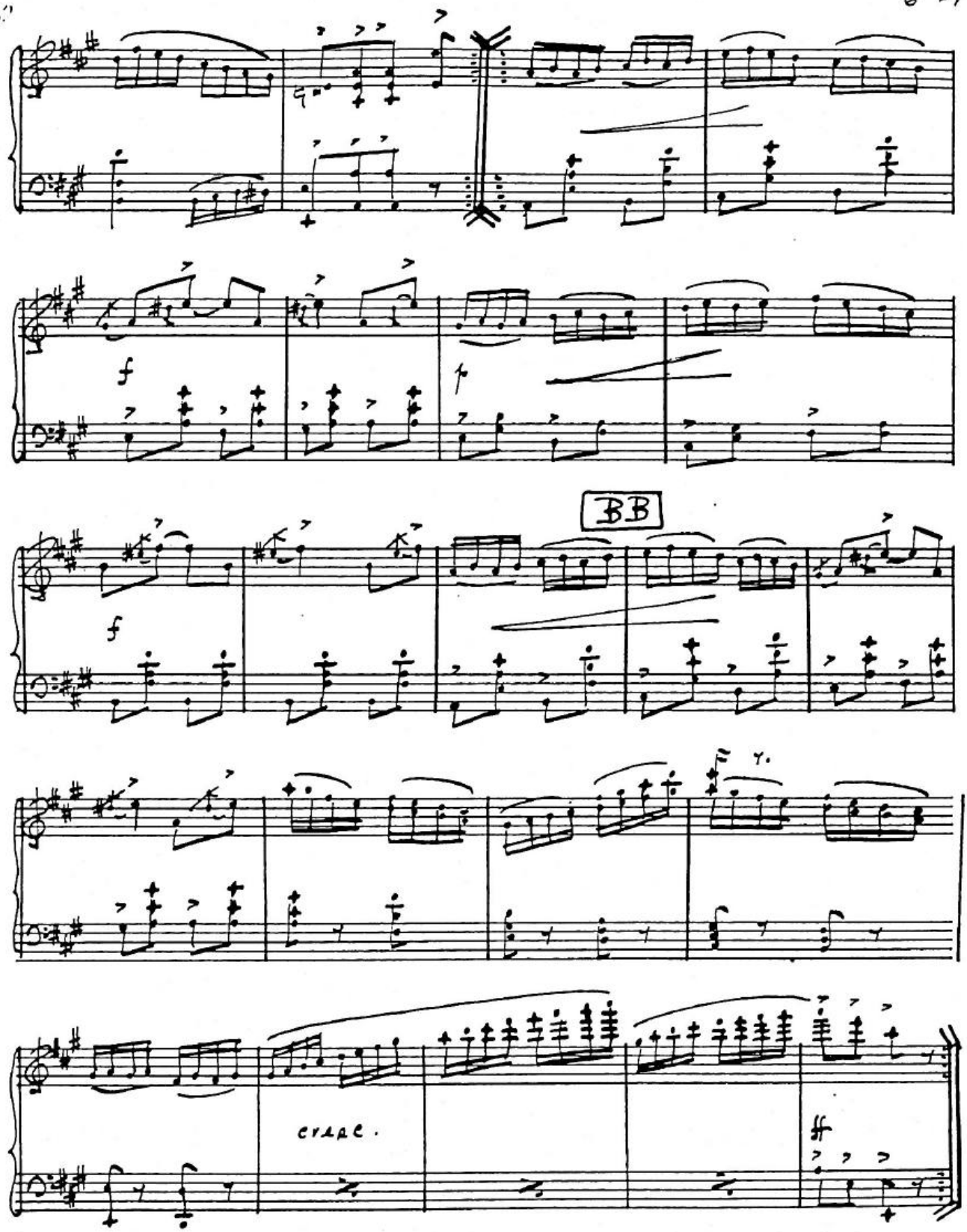

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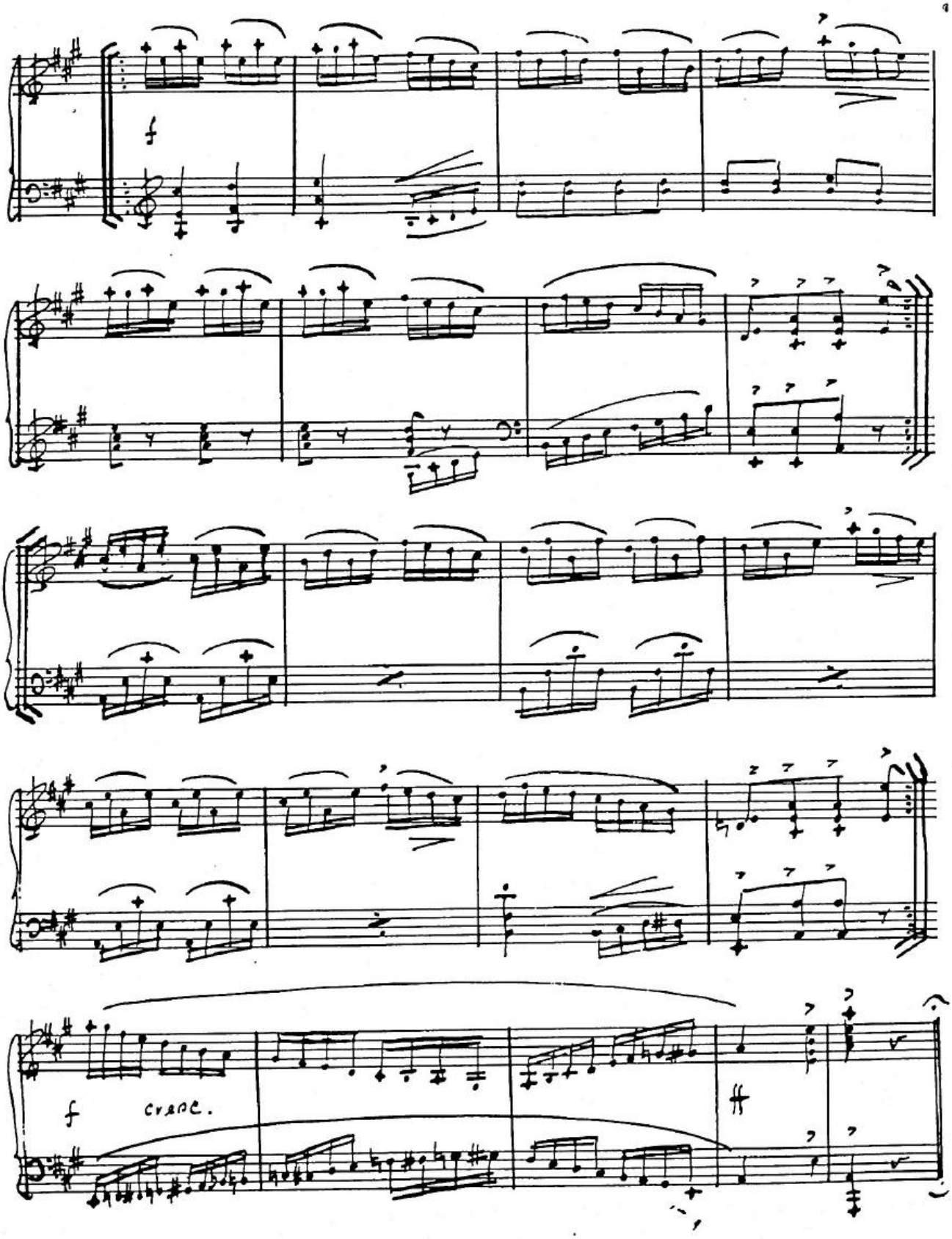
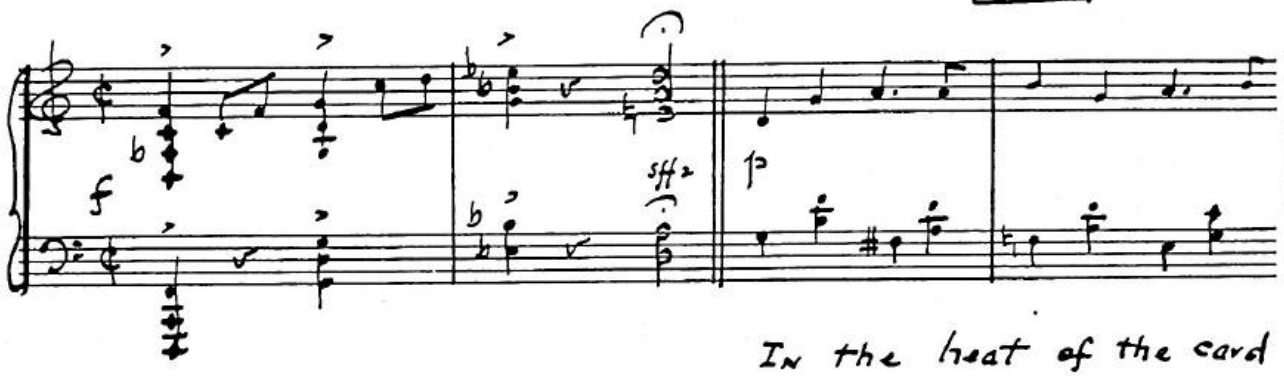

f
cresc.

General applause and gayety ... Billy Lyons walks in ...
One of the men says:- "Howdy, Mr. Lyons, ain't seen you in church last Sunday."
Billy Lyons:" Well, the missus ain't been feelin' so good ... in a kind o' delicate condition, you know ...

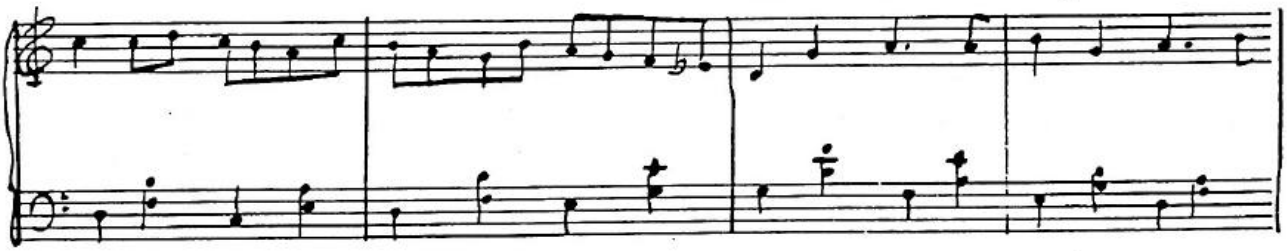
General gayety ensues ...
Another man calls out:- "Let's have another dance ...
All joini- "Yes, Yes, another dance ...

Tempo giusto ♩=132

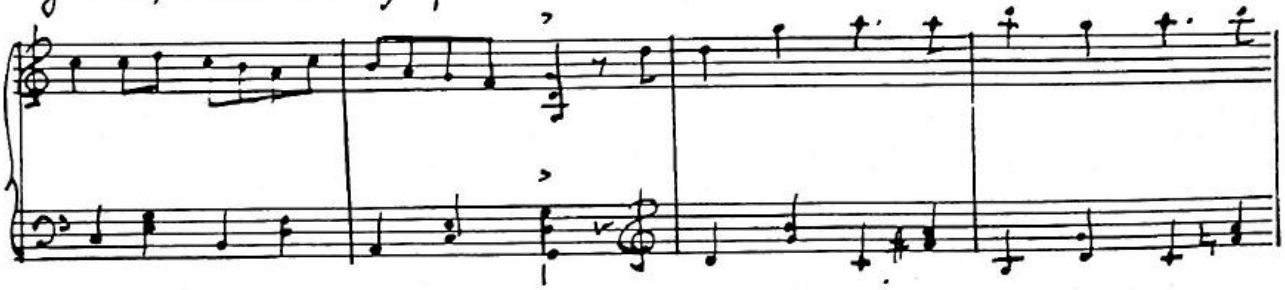
CC



In the heat of the card



game, Stackalee forgets himself, removes his hat, and hangs it on



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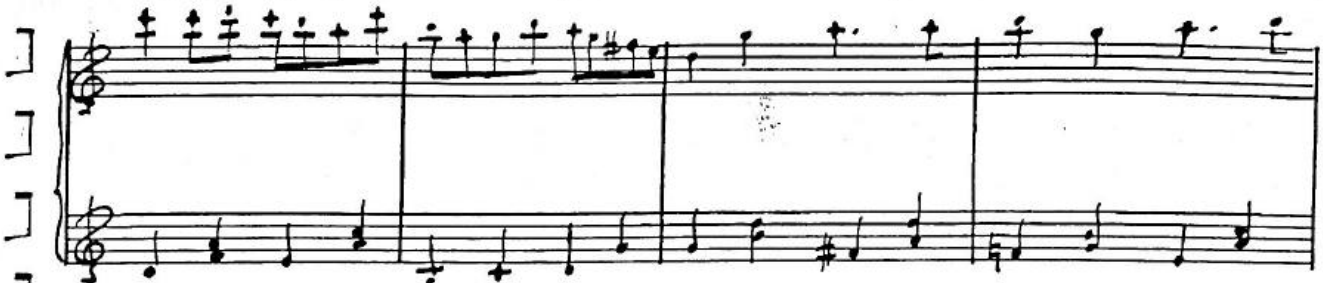
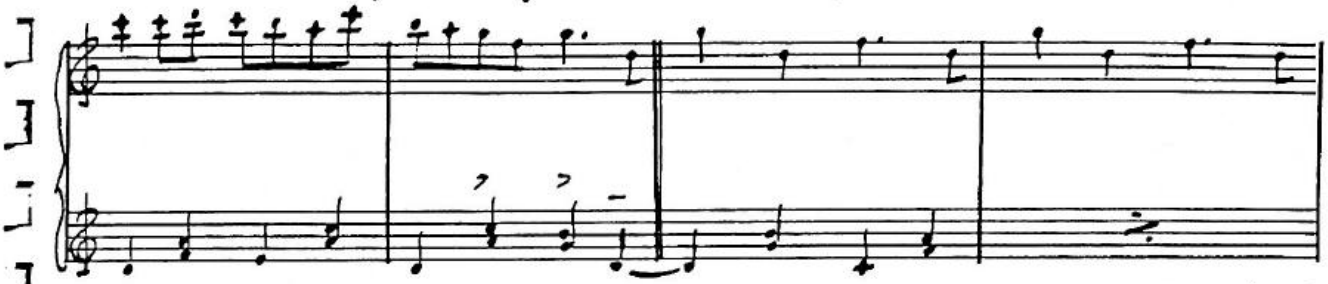
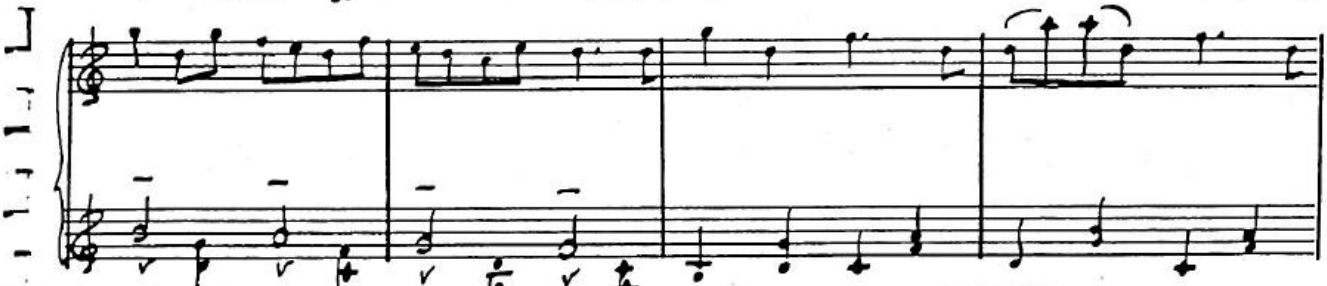
the back of the chair; The Devil enters, looks over Stack's 6



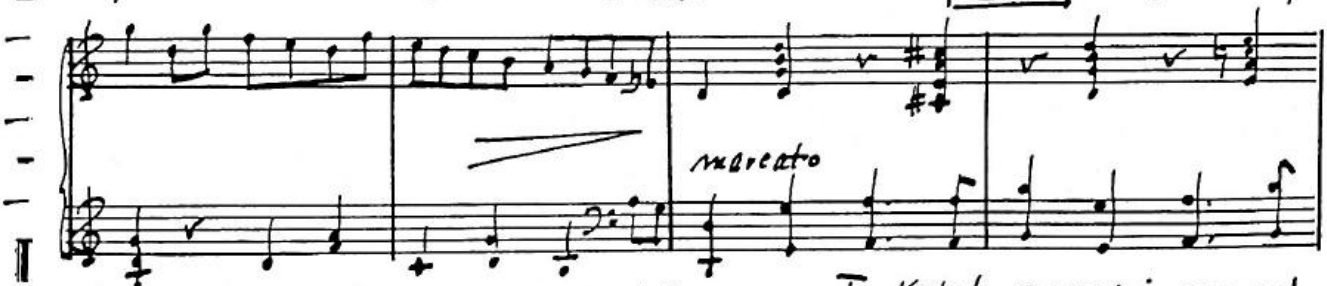
shoulder on the pretext of watching the game, snatches the hat



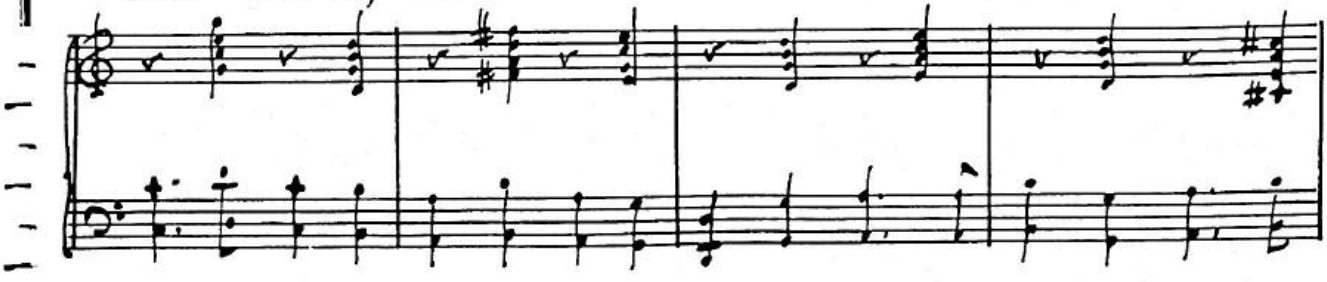
and walks off. Stack discovers that his hat is missing, jumps



up and shouts to the crowd: "No tricks DD now, what you



done with my hat? I'll kill anyone I ketch messin' around



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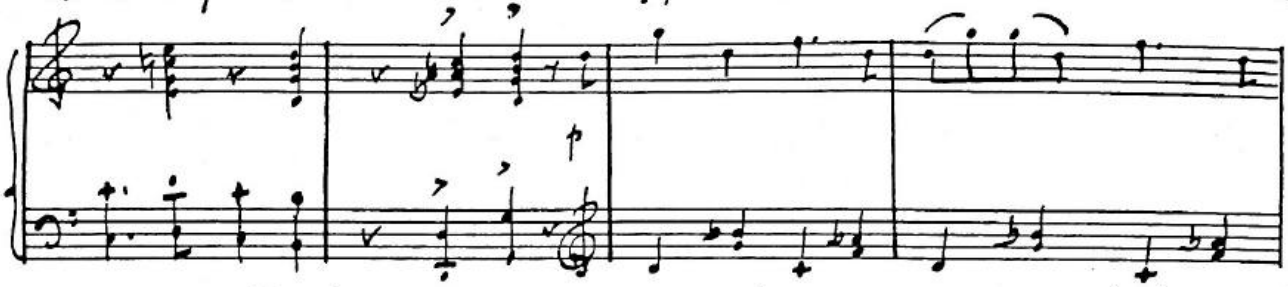
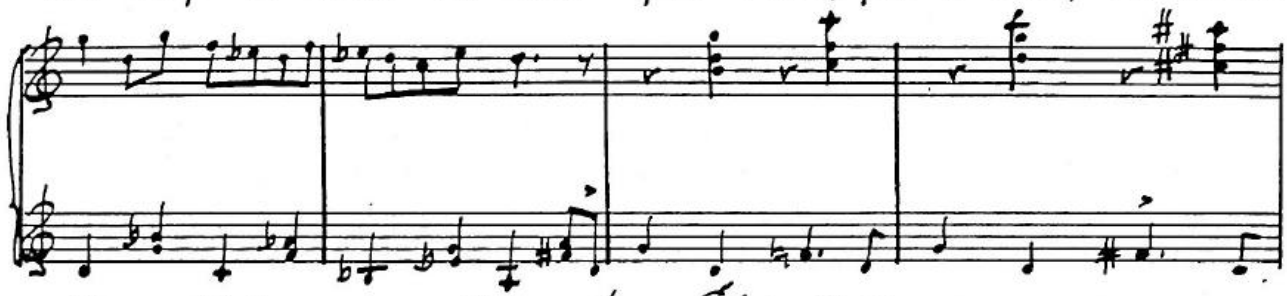
515 Madison Avenue

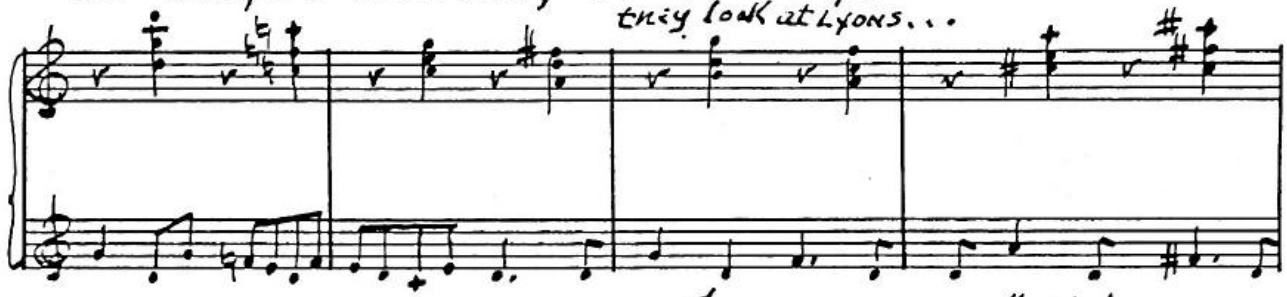
with my hat." The Devil reappears, adresses Stack:- " That's



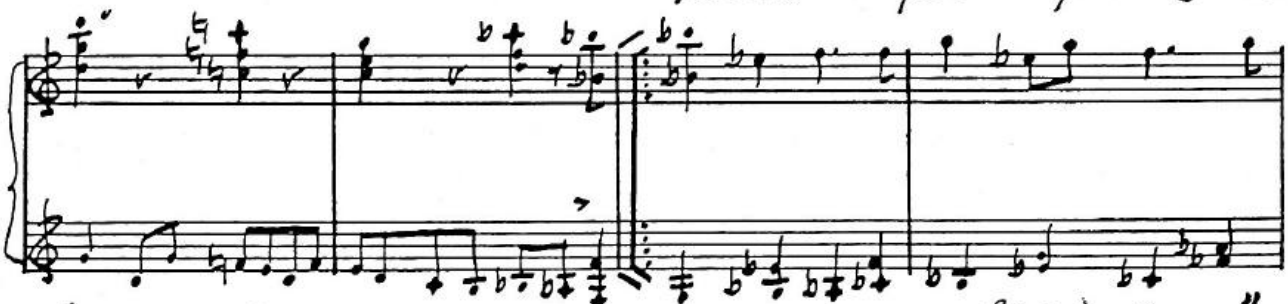
the way I like to hear you talk, you brave, bad man."



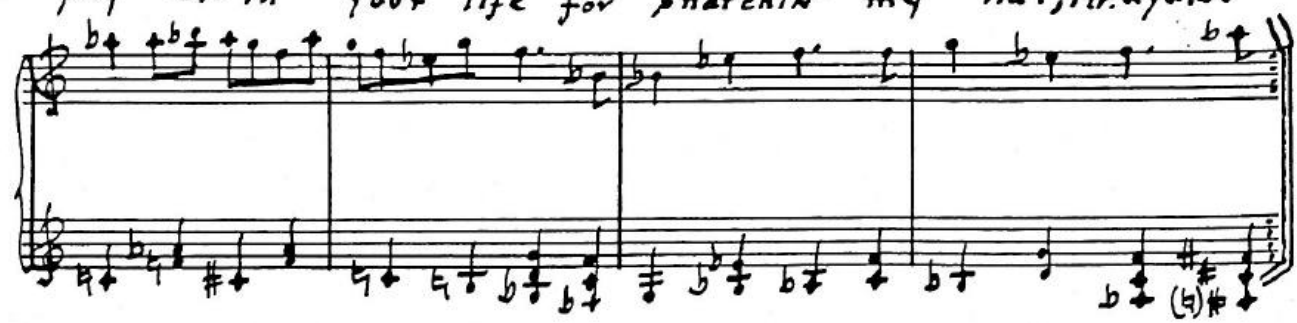
He whispers something to Stack, as they look at Lyons...



Stack says:- " You're gonna



pay with your life for snatchin' my hat, Mr. Lyons."



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EE He draws his gun - - - - the Devil leaves... B

f

Stack fires at Billy Lyons

across the room... Presto

cresc.

f

The music suddenly stops ..... All action freezes!

più cresc.

ff tremolando

Lyons:- "Oh, Stack, don't shoot no more. Spare my life I've got two little kids and an innocent wife"

Stack:- "God bless your wife and kids."

Lyons:- "I always treated you like a man. 'Taint nothin' to that old hat but a greasy bandit. Please go tell my wife."

(Dies)

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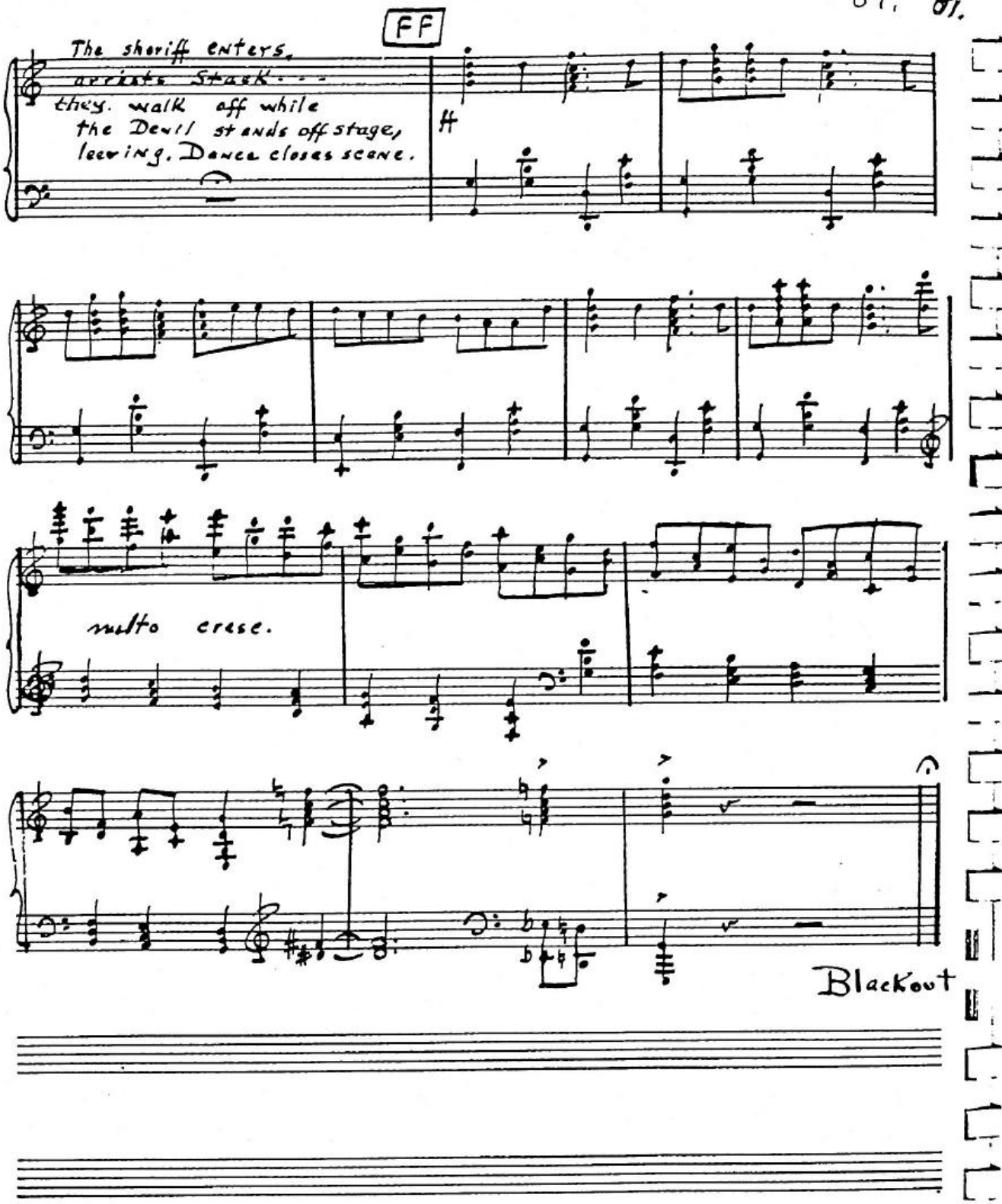

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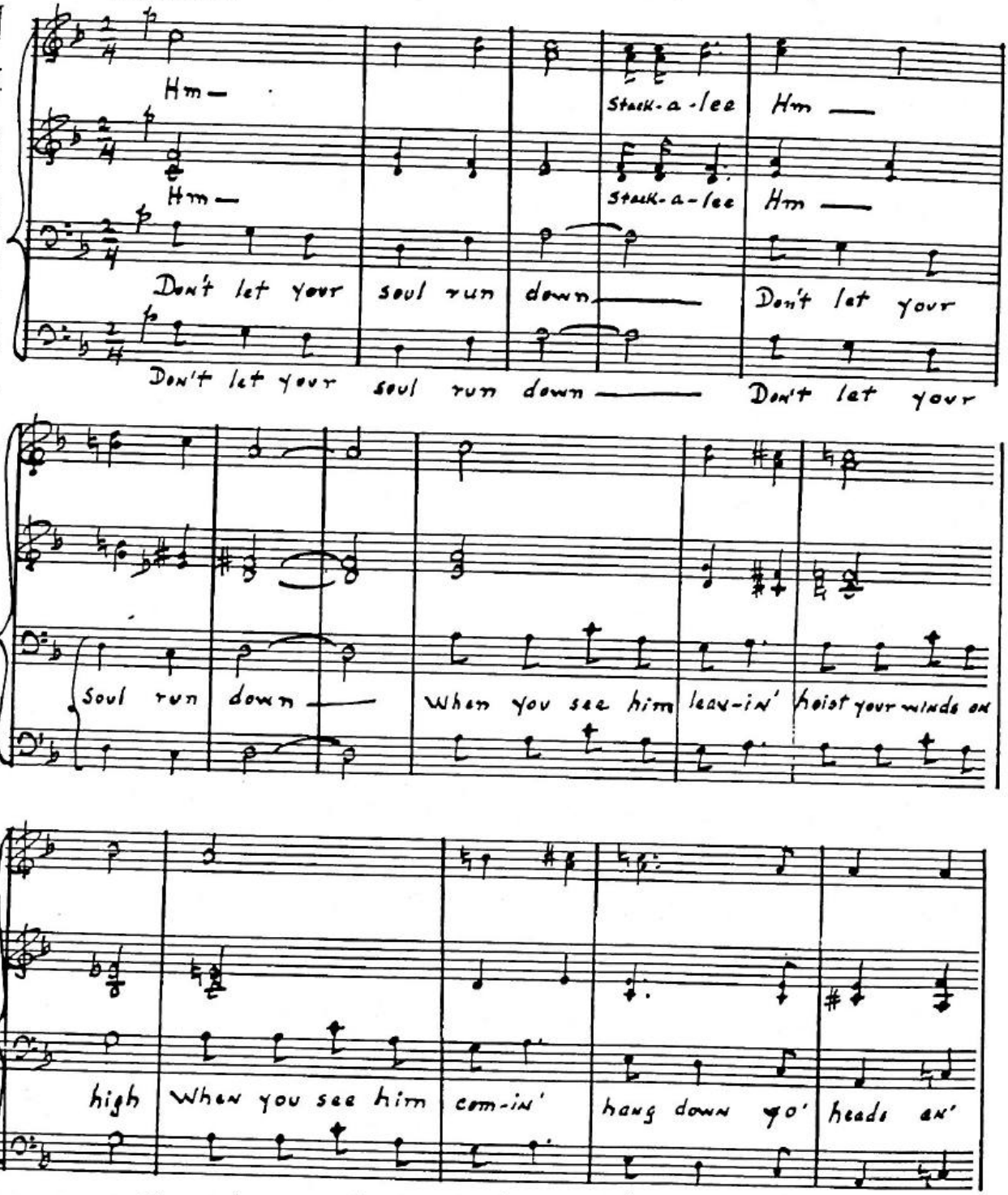
SCENE VII

Andante

Choral Interlude *



* The soprano and alto parts may be omitted. The entire interlude may be done in unison with the tenors and basses.

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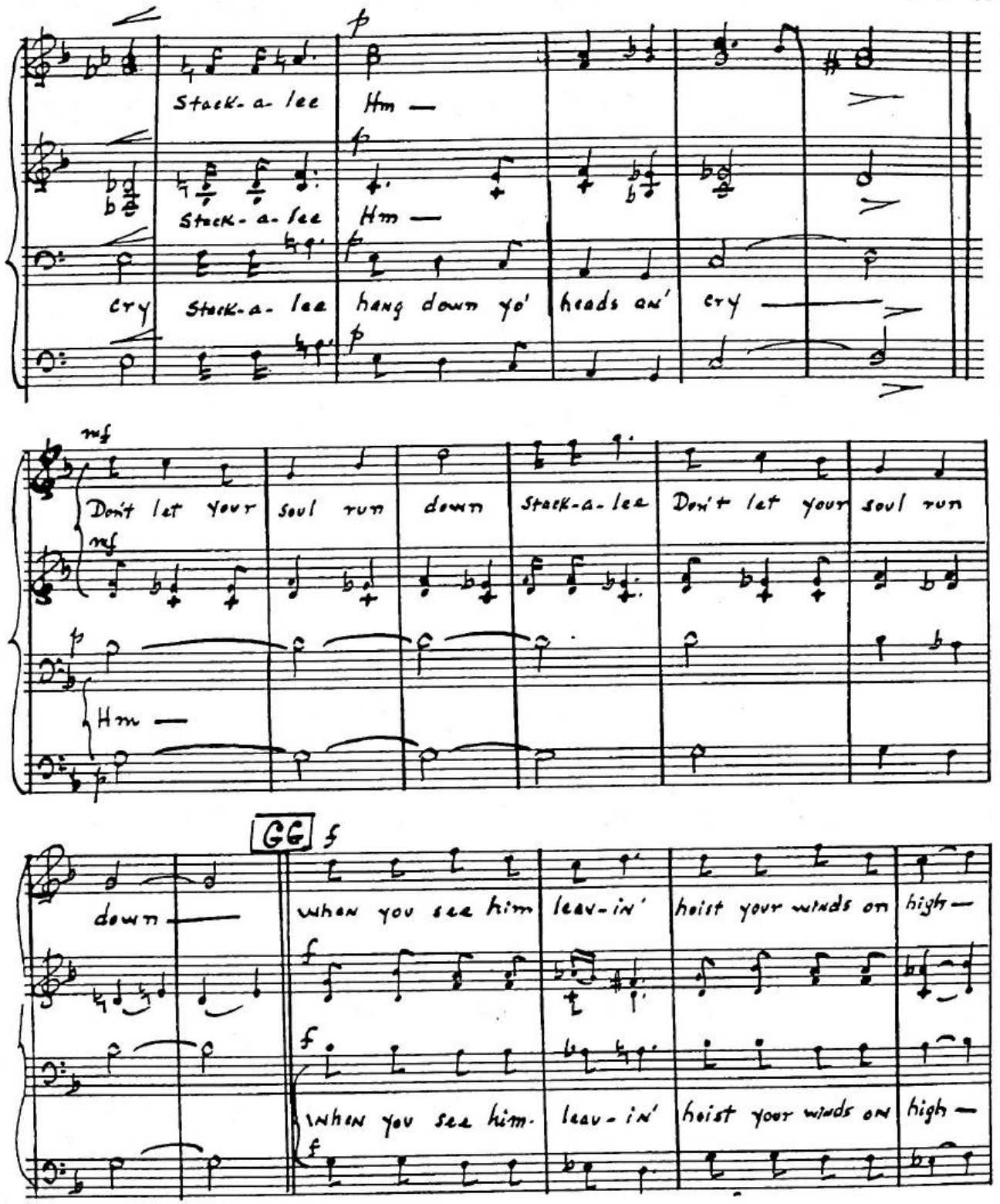

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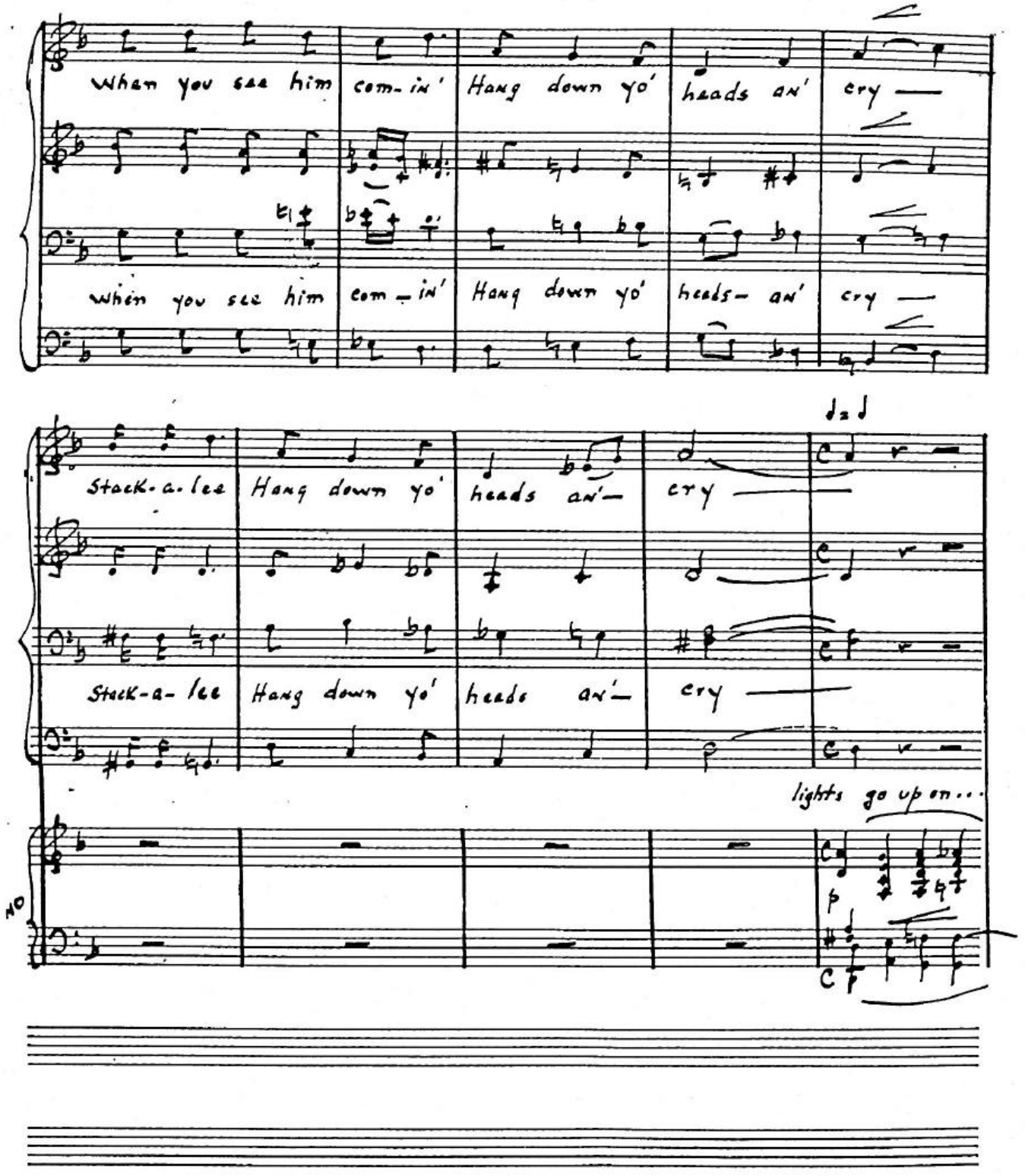

When you see him com-in' Hang down yo' heads an' cry
when you see him com-in' Hang down yo' heads- an' cry
Stack-a-lee Hang down yo' heads an'- cry
Stack-a-lee Hang down yo' heads an'- cry
lights go up on...
NO

Scene VII - Prison Cell

HH

Dollars

Stackalee

a la recitative

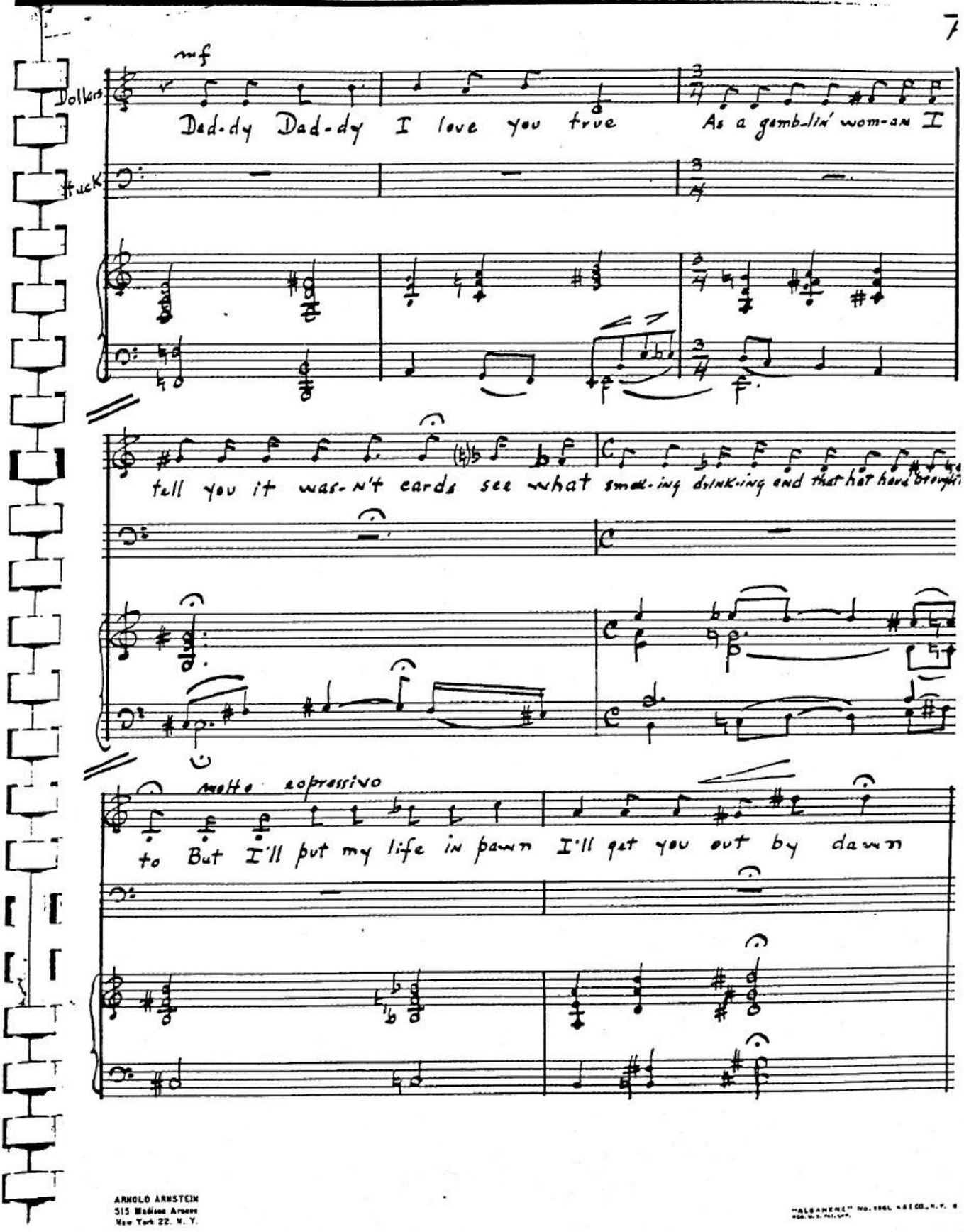
Jail-or Jail-or — I cant sleep for a —

Dollars

Stack

— round my bed-side poor Bill-y Ly-ons still creeps —

XING BRAND MUSIC PAPERS CO. 1595 Broadway N. Y., N. Y.



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JJ

Dallas

Stack

mf molto espressivo

cresc.

ain't no use your mon-ey nothin's no use no more hon-ey

colla voce

cresc.

tremolando

ff

ain't but one thing that grieves my mind when they take me a-way

f

Tranquillo ♩= 78

rit.

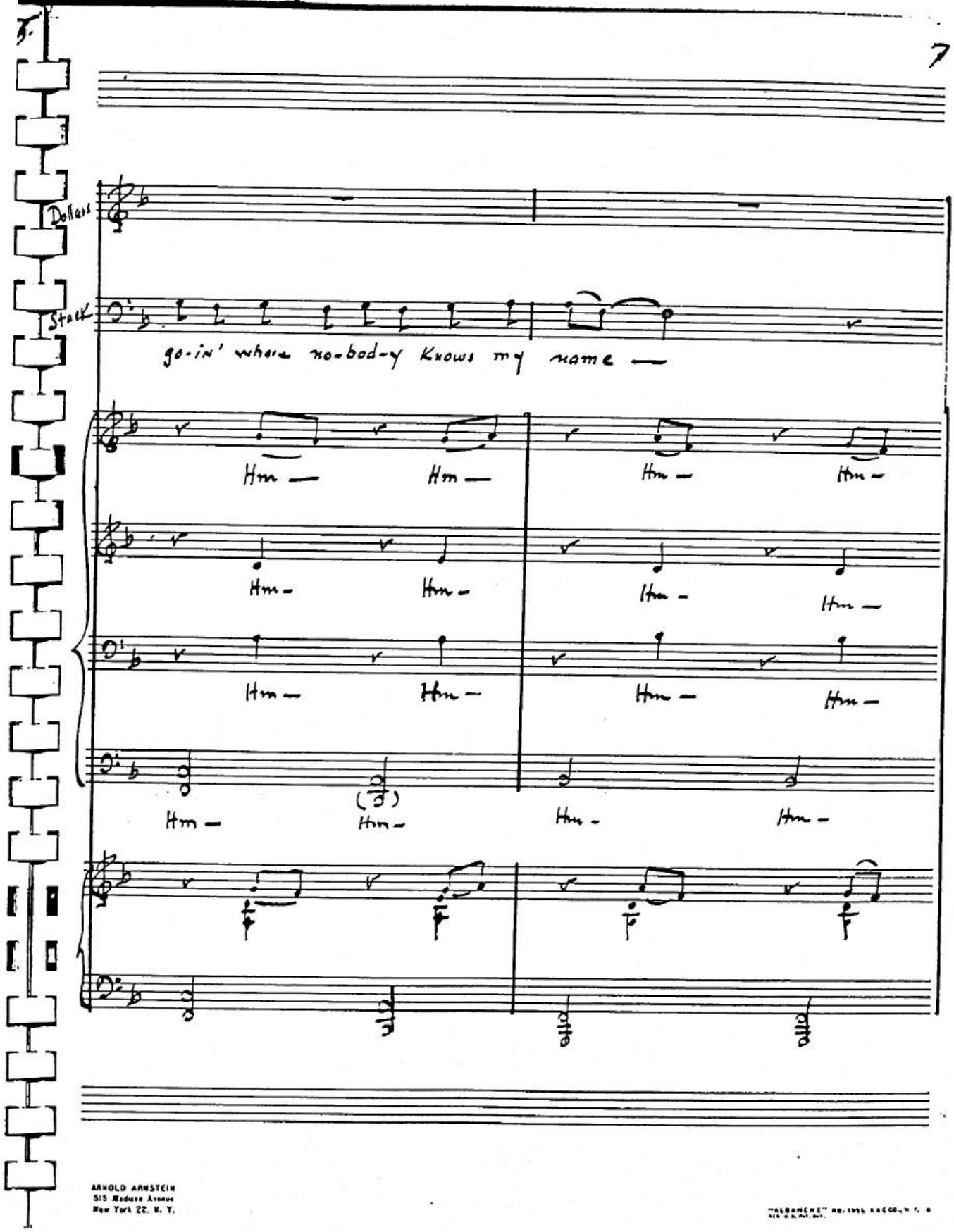
p

— I leave you babe far be — hind

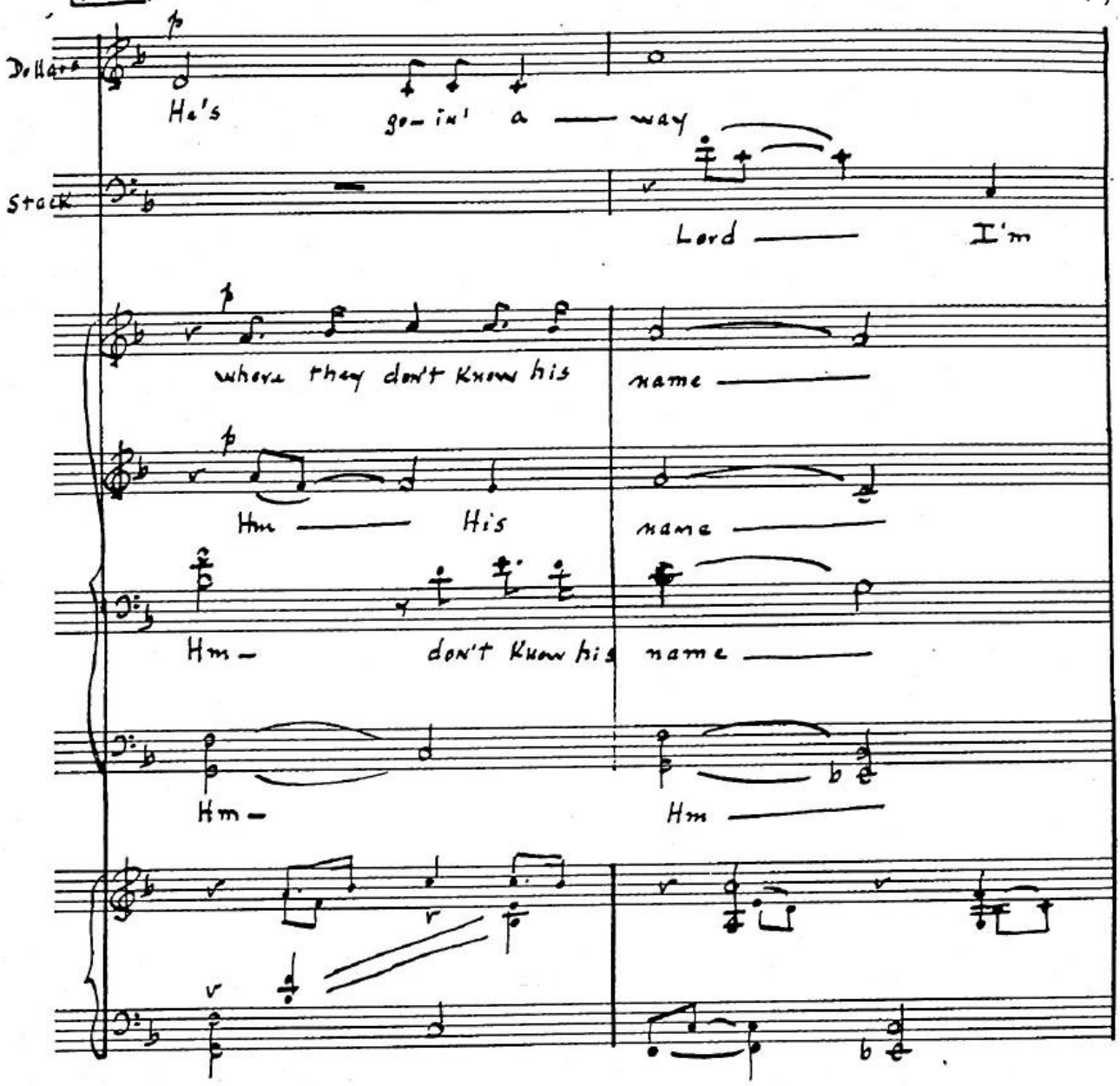
'cause I'm

rit.

p


Dollars
Stock
go-in' where no-bod-y knows my name —
Hm —
Hm —
Hm

RR



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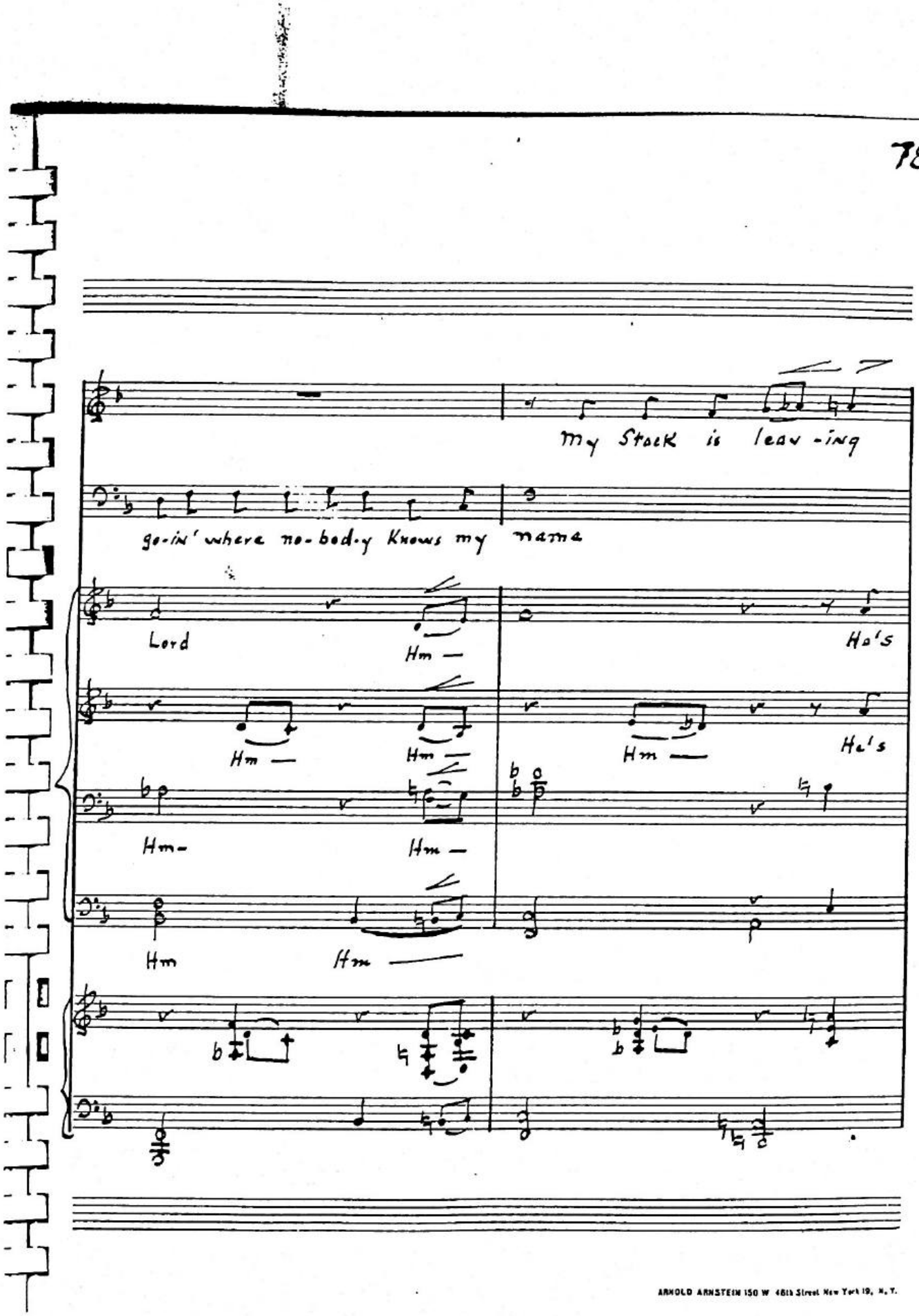

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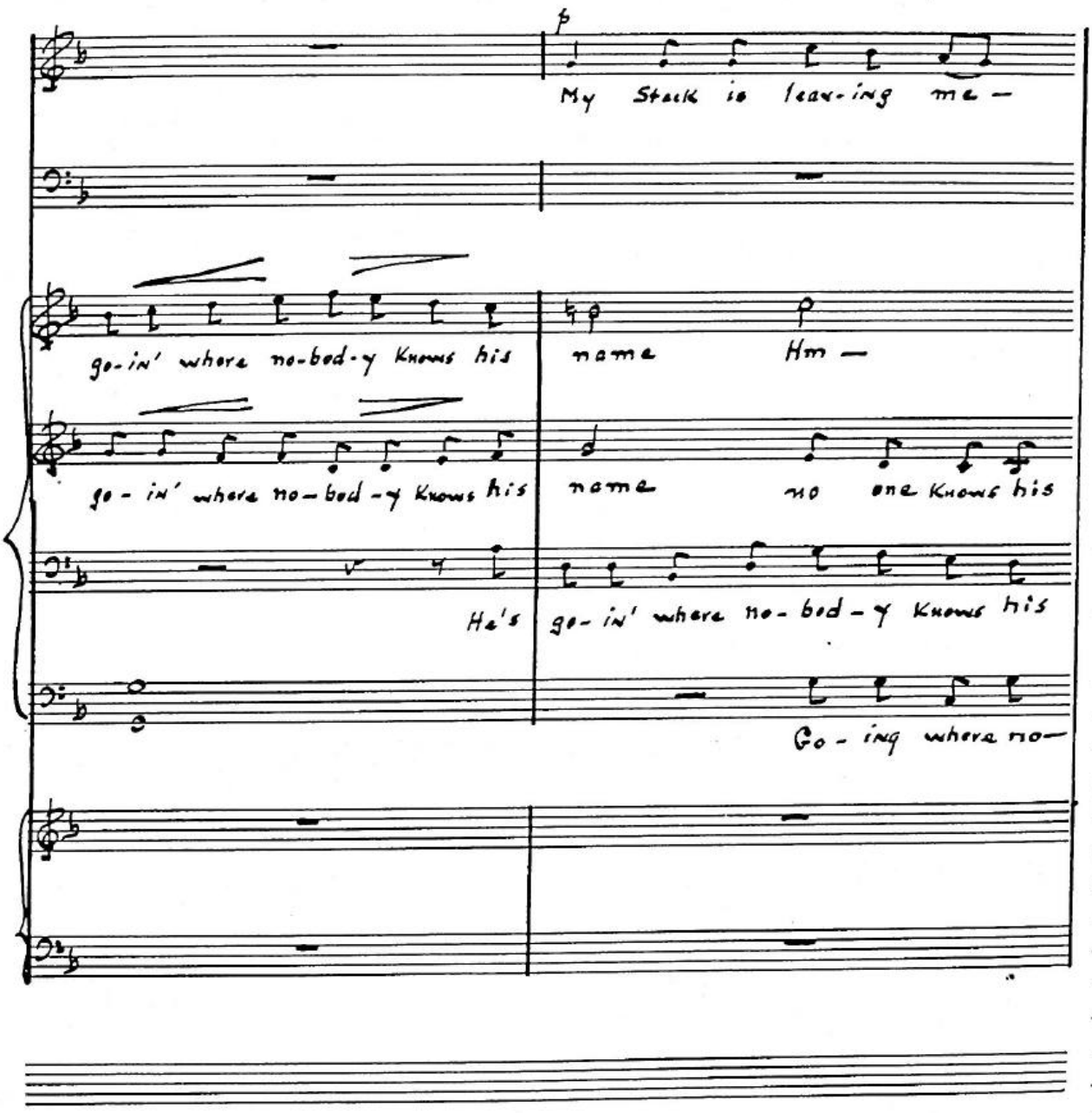

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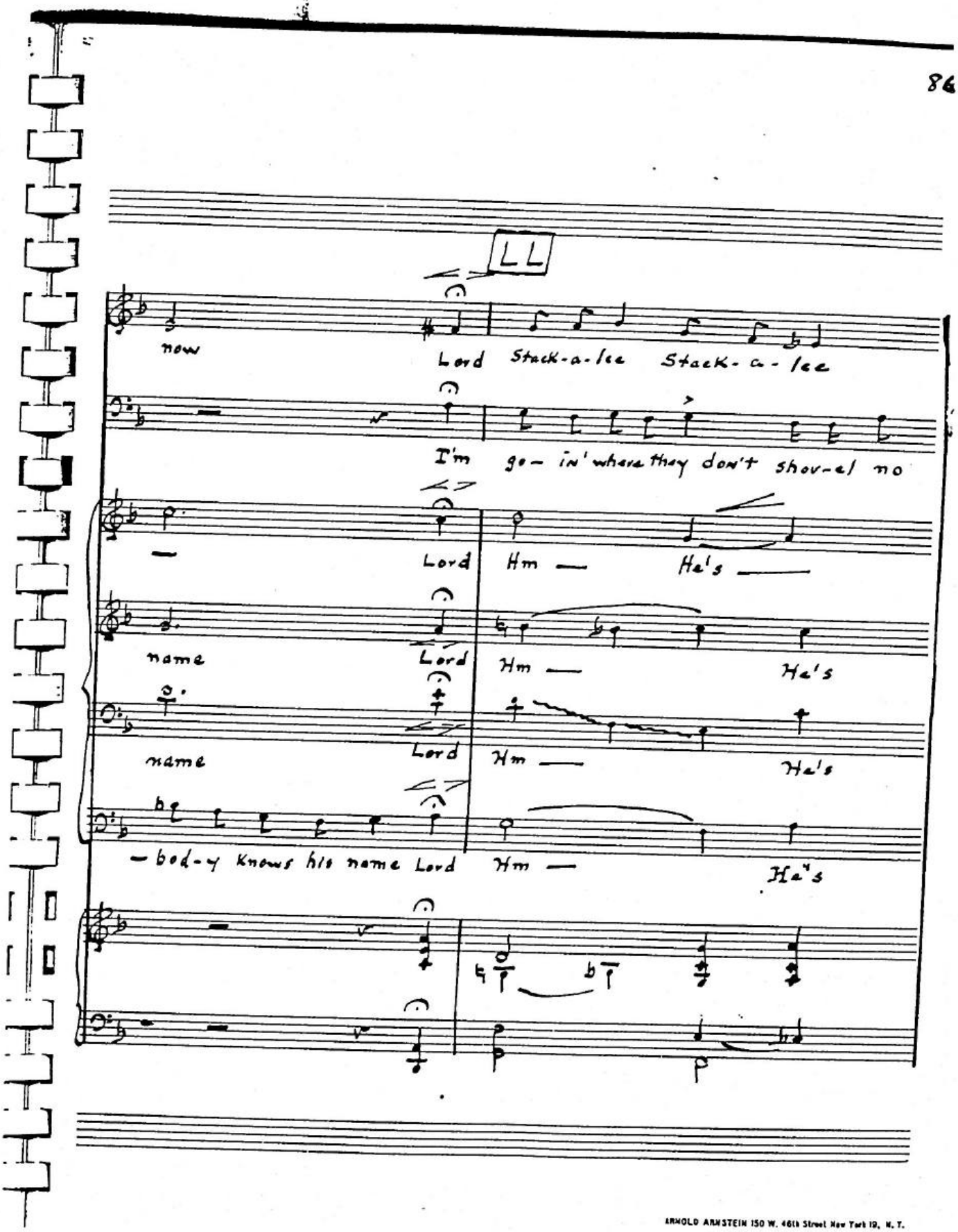

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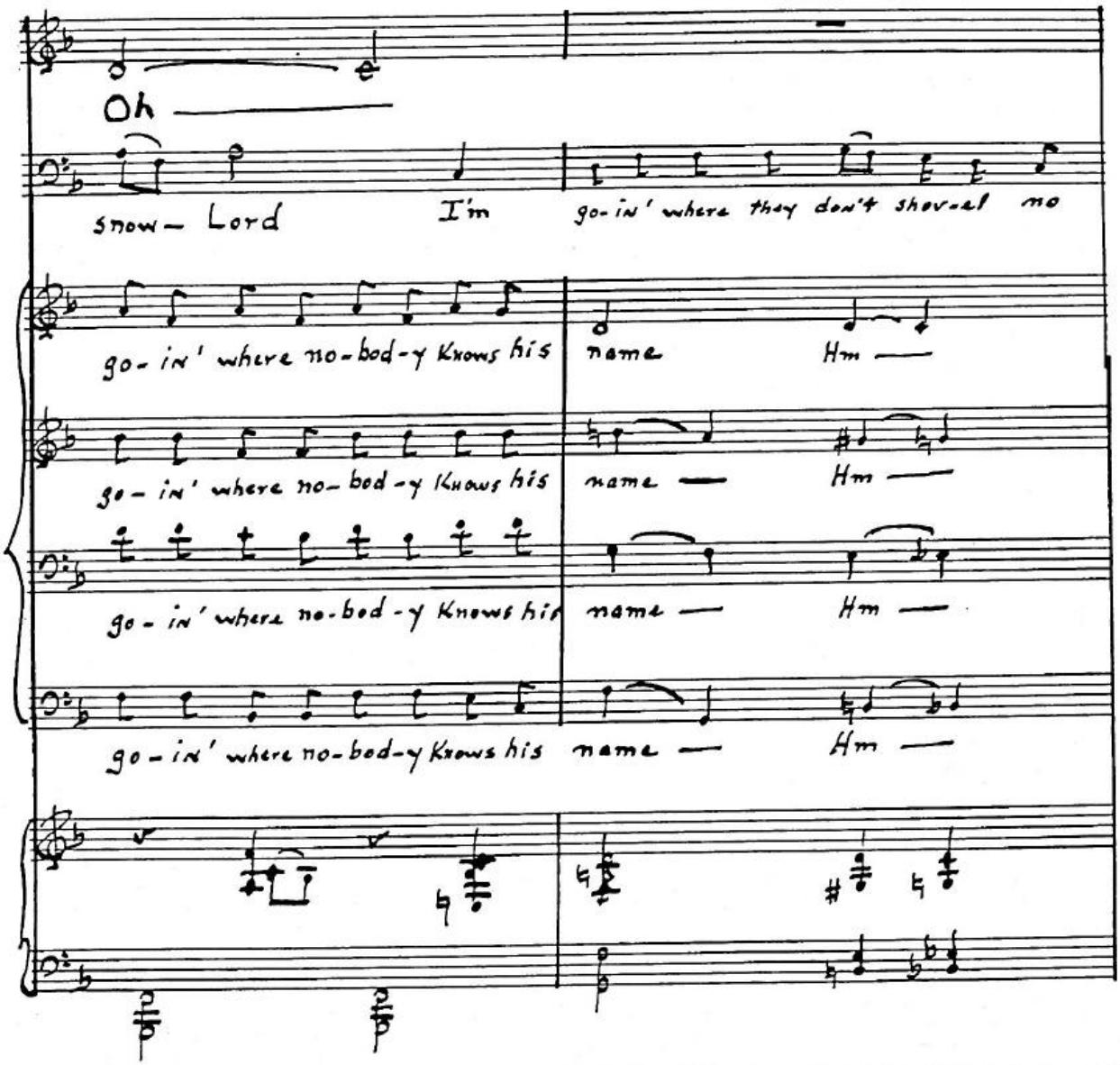

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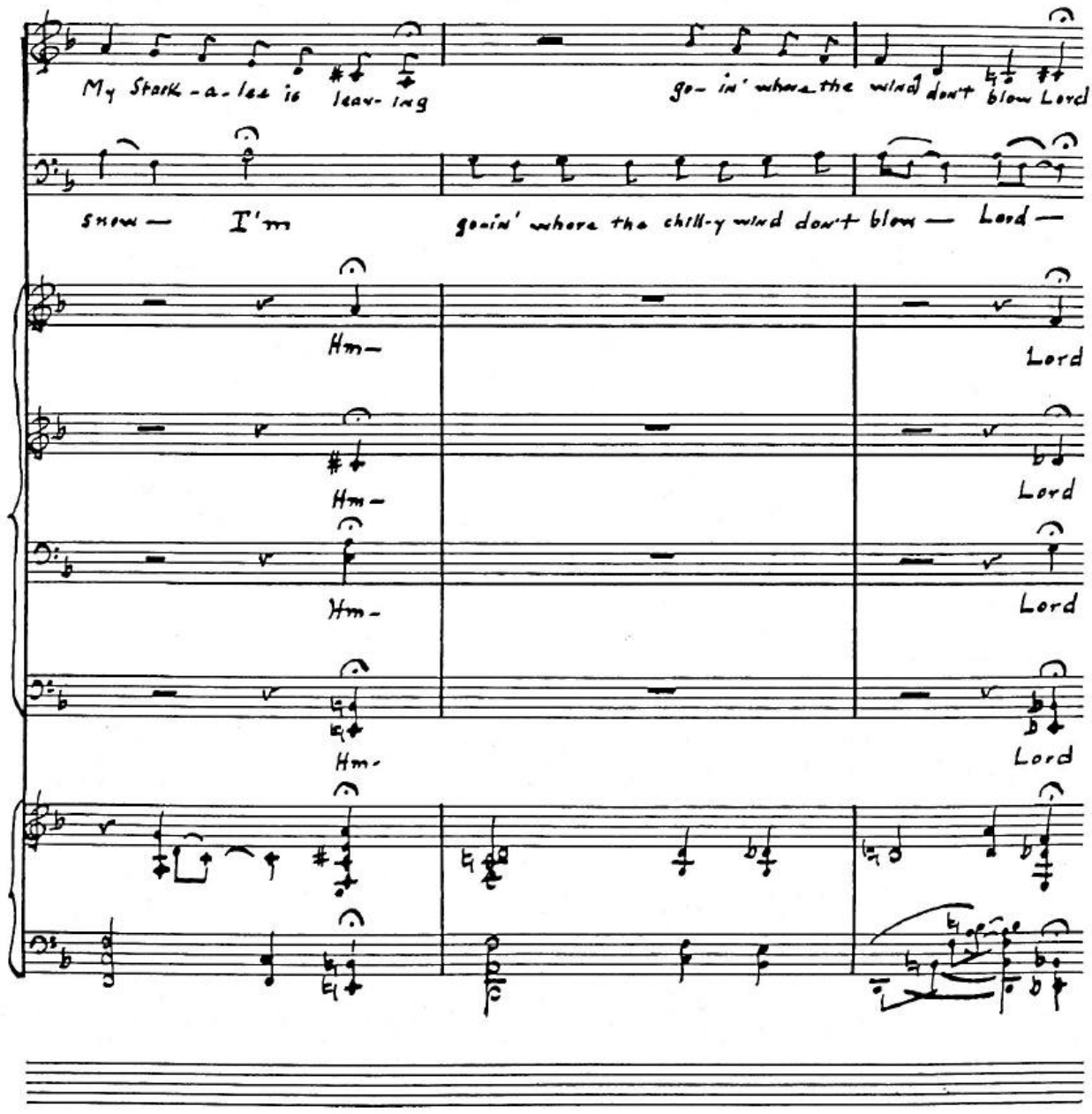

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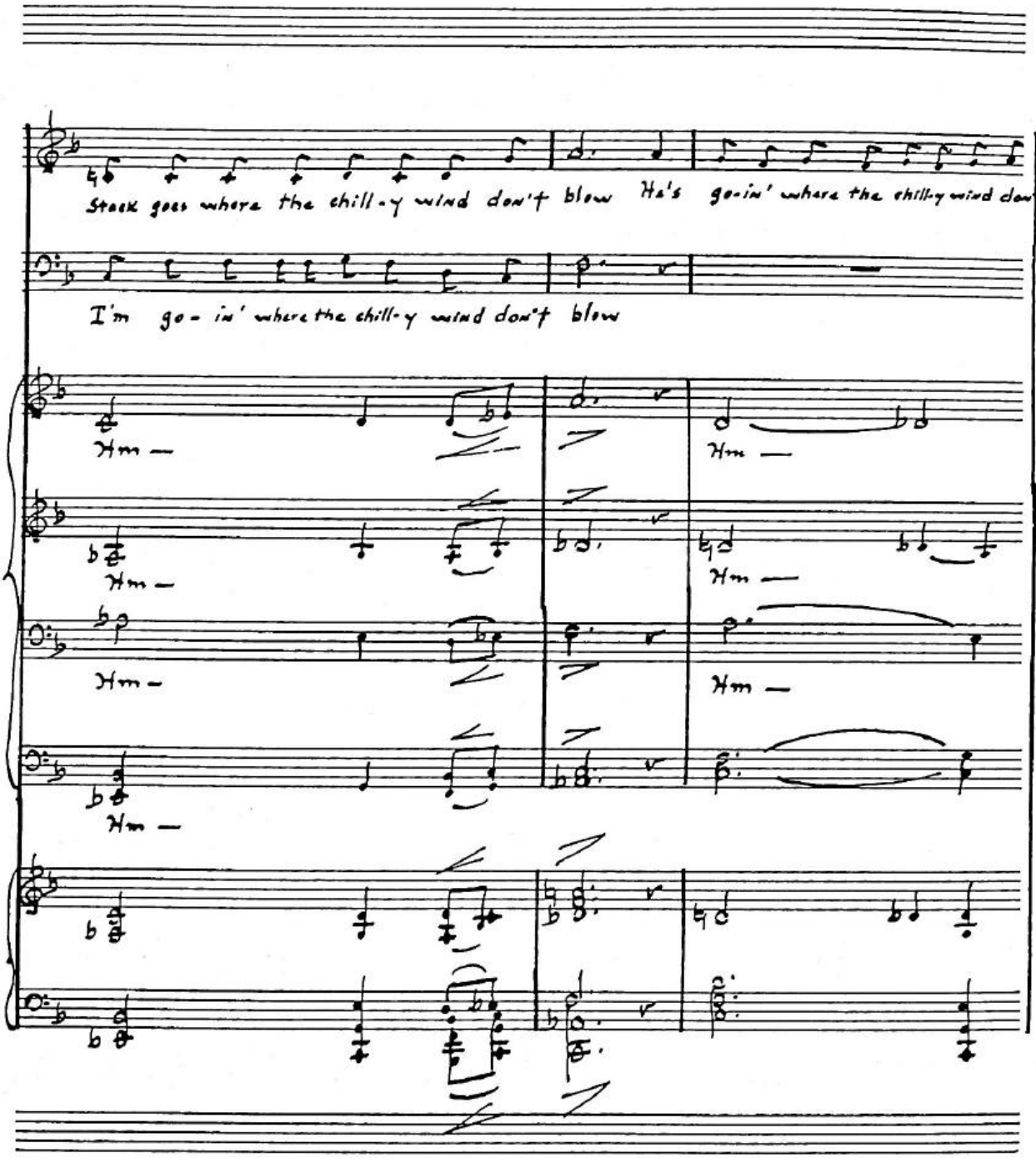

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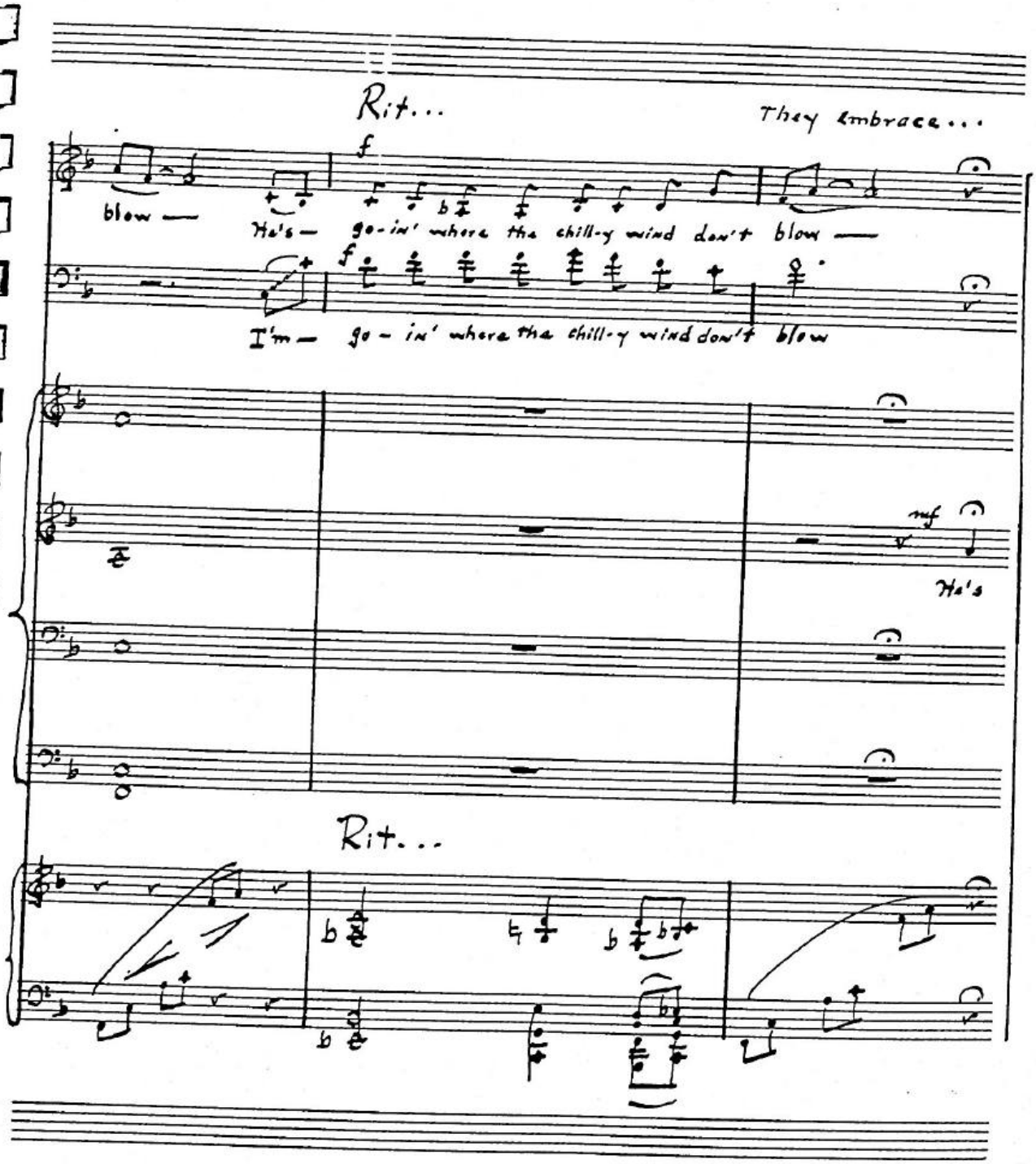

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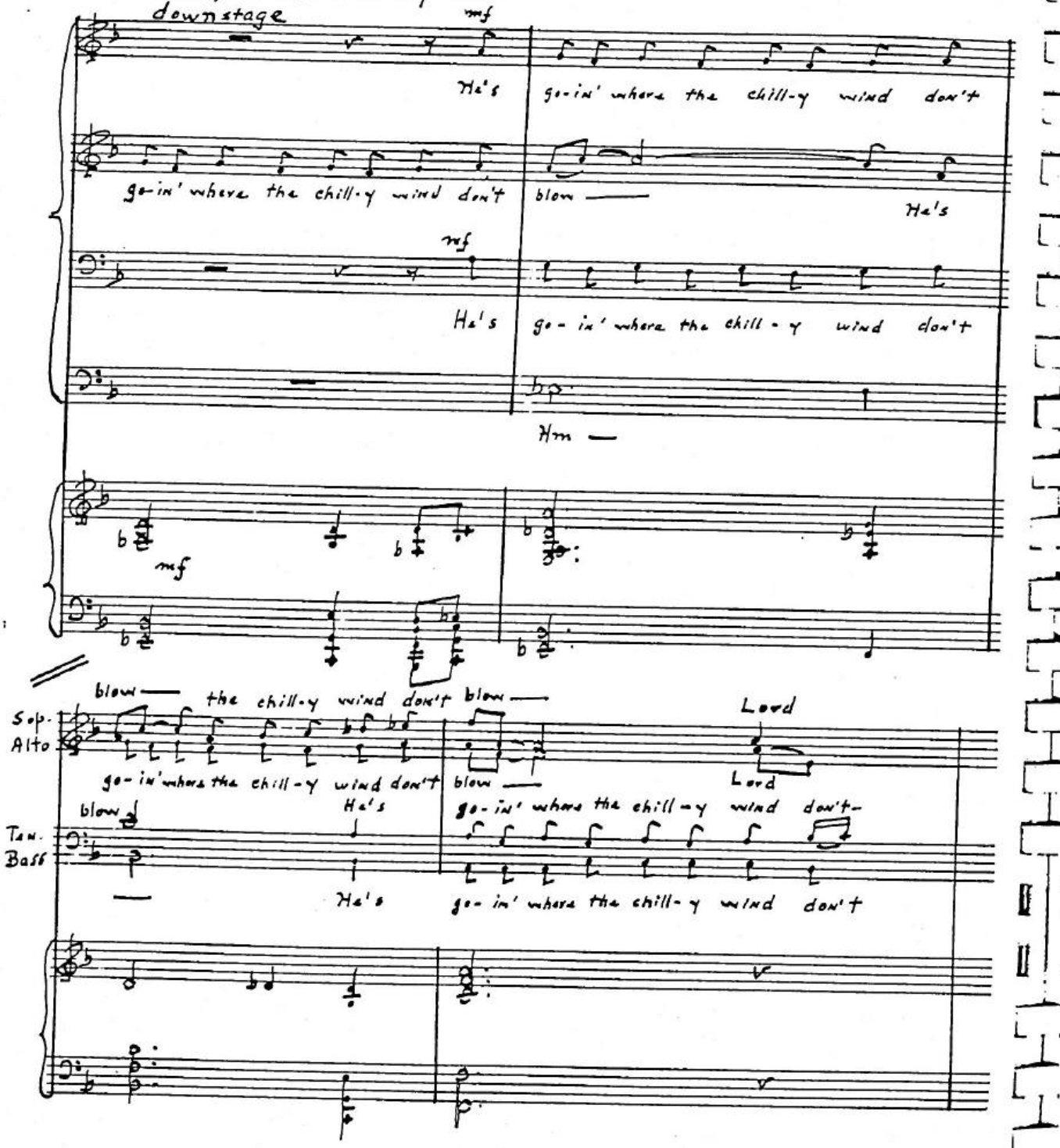
MM

As the lights fade on the jail scene, the chorus slowly comes downstage



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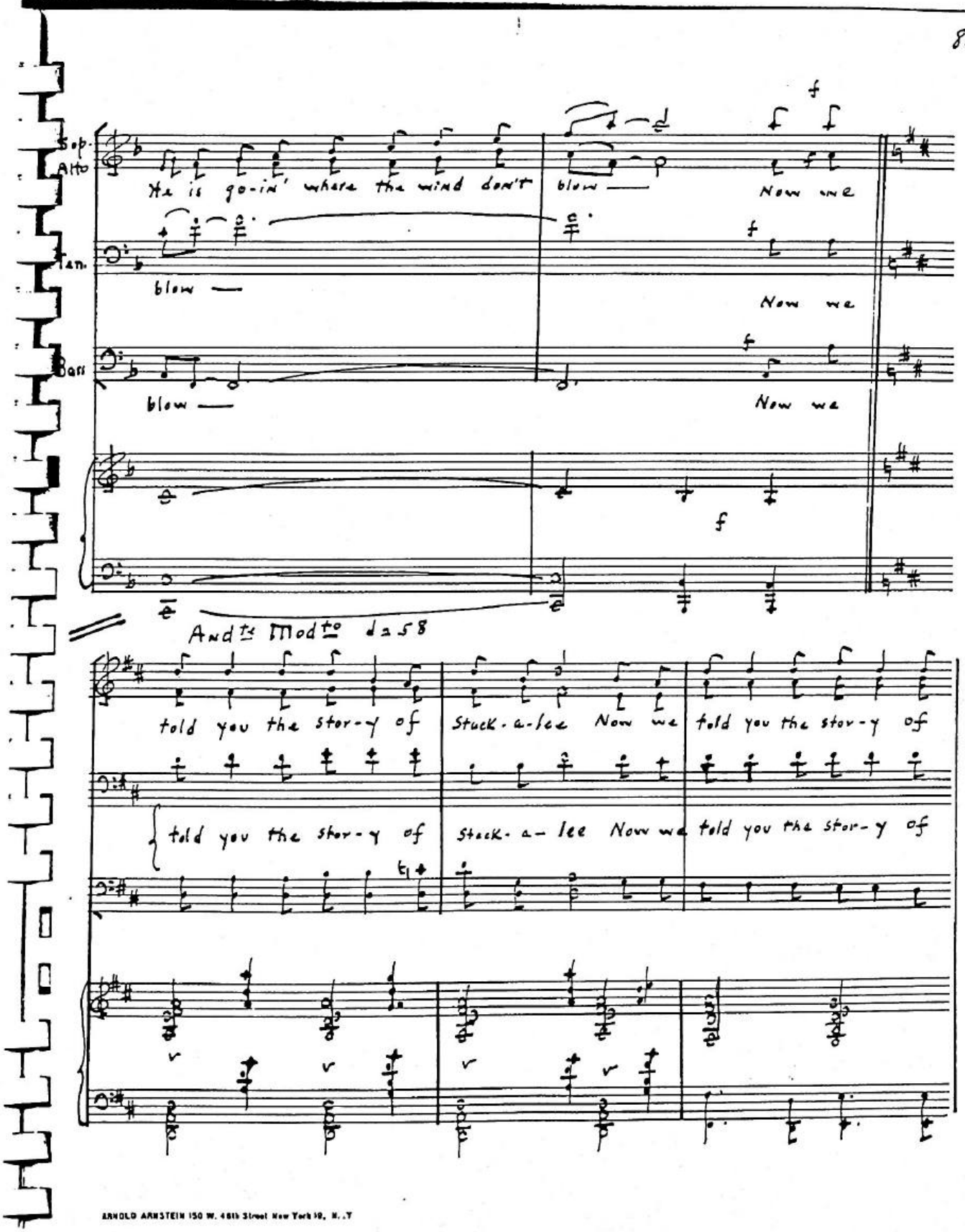

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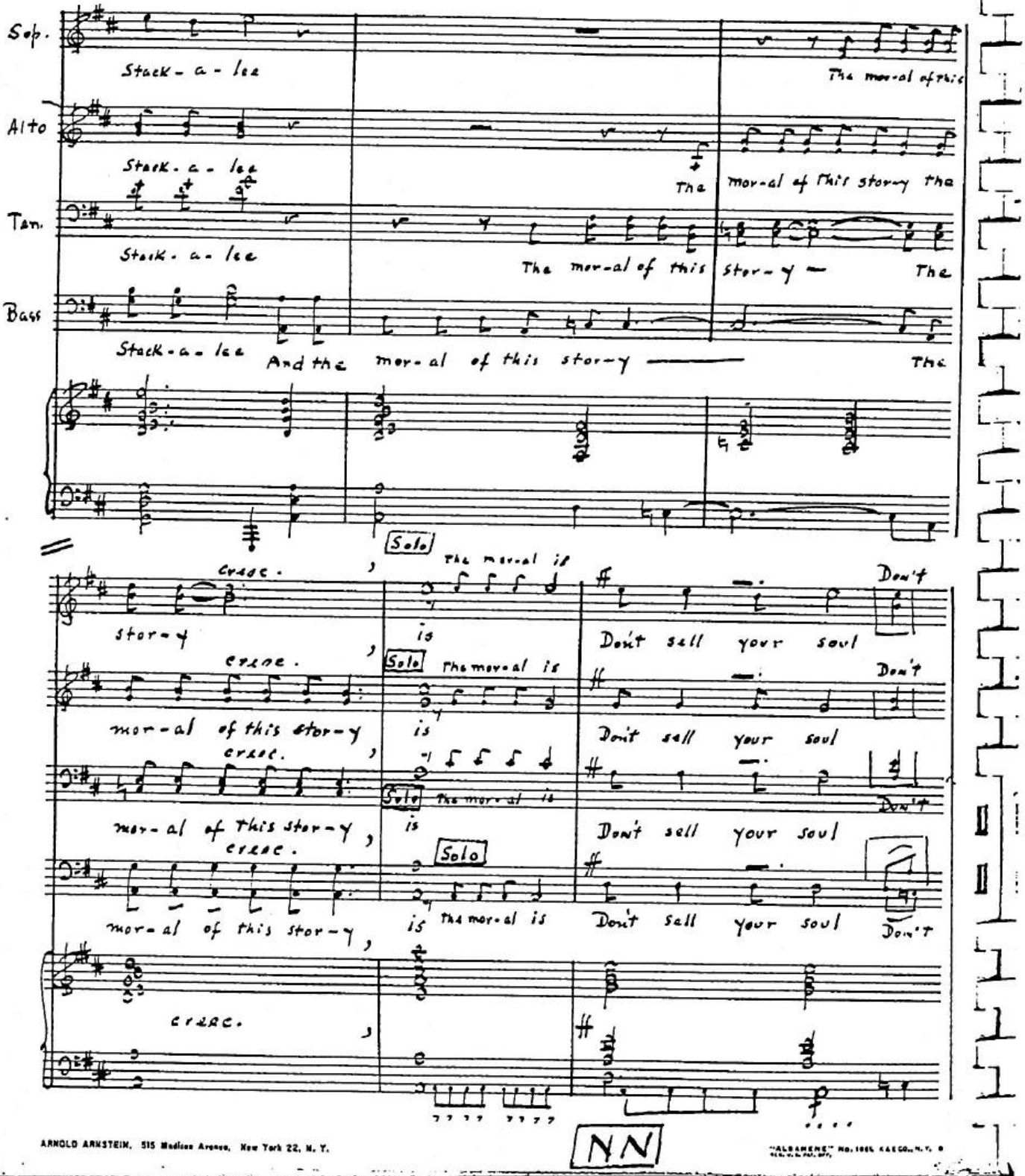

ARNOLD ARNSTEIN, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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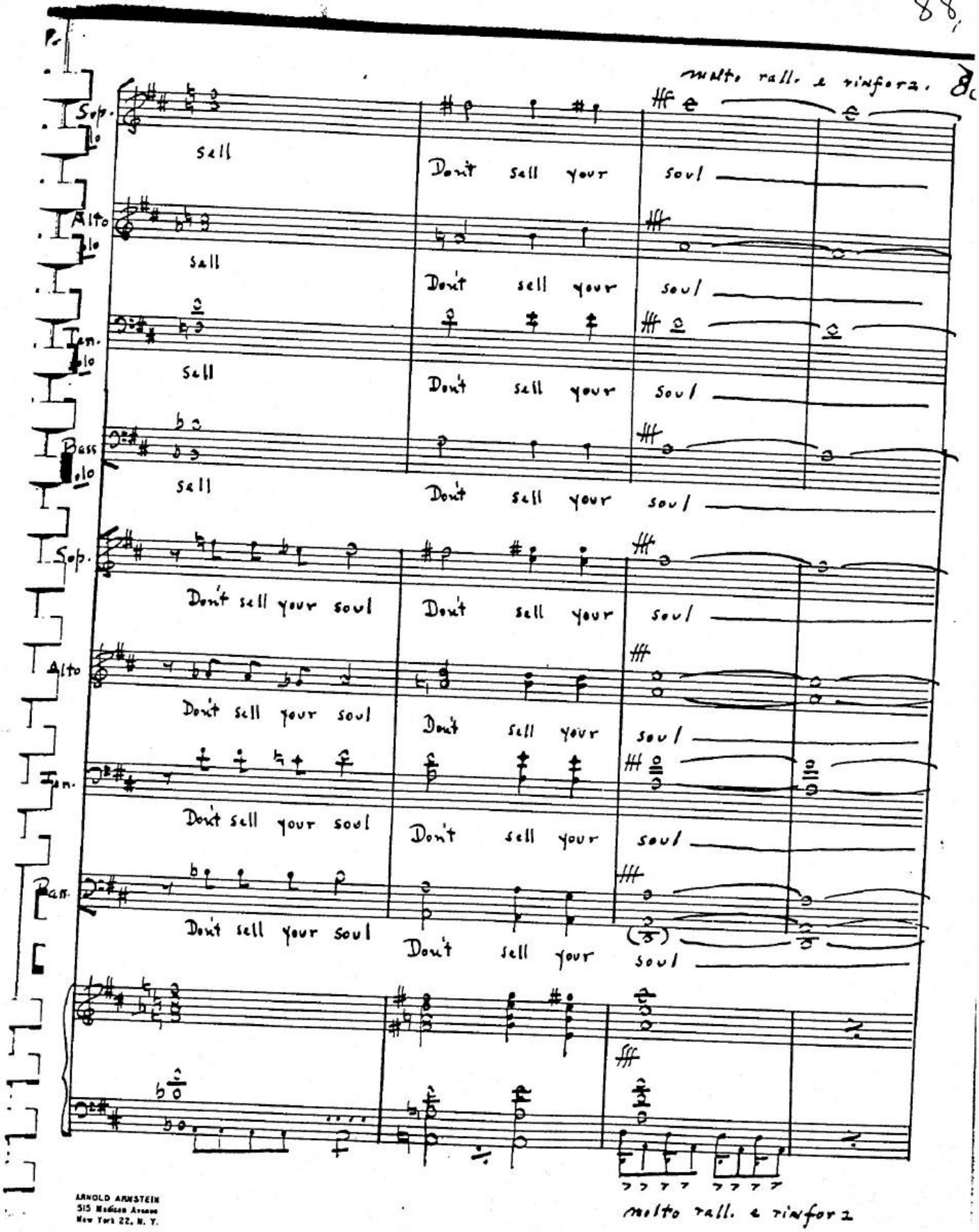
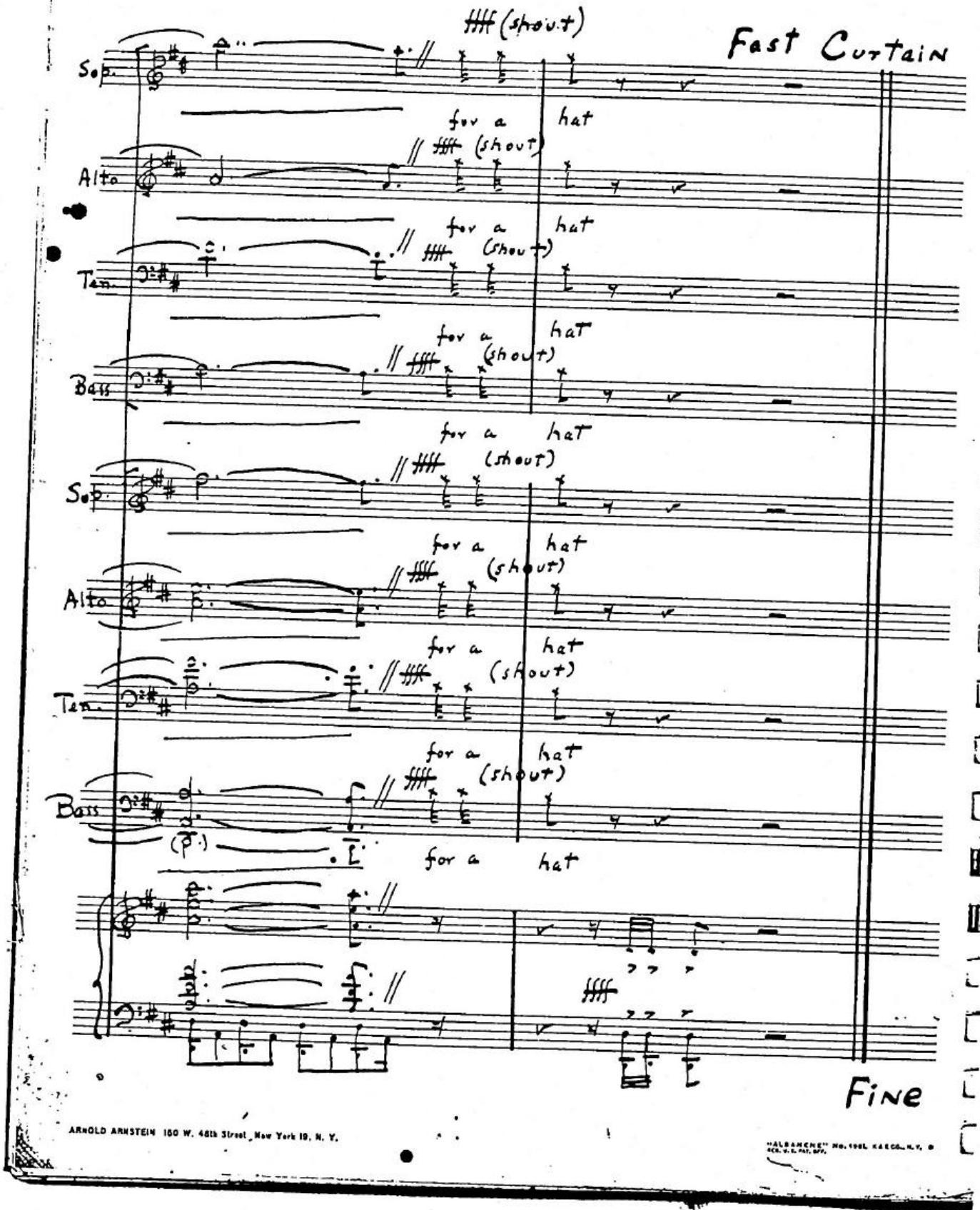
"ALBANENE" No. 1065 K&E CO., N.Y. 8



ARNOLD ARNSTEIN
515 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.



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