

No One Mourns The Wicked

Wicked

Ozzians:
Good news!
She's dead!
The Witch of the West is dead
The wickedest witch there ever was
The enemy of all of us here in Oz
Is dead!
Good news!
Good news!

Ozzian:
Look! It's Glinda!

Glinda:
Fellow Ozzians:
Let us be glad
Let us be grateful!
Let us rejoice that goodness could subdue
The wicked workings of you-know-who!
Isn't it nice to know
That good will conquer evil?
The truth will all believe'll by and by
outlive a lie!
For you and --

Various Ozzians:
No one mourns the wicked
No one cries they won't return
No one lays a lilly on their grave
The good man scorns the wicked
Through their lives our children learn
What we miss when we misbehave!

Glinda:
And goodness knows!
The wicked's lives are lonely
Goodness knows,
The wicked die alone!
It just shows,
When you're wicked,
You're left only,
On your own

Ozzians:
Yes, goodness knows
The wicked's lives are lonely
Goodness knows
The wicked cry alone!
Nothing grows for the wicked
They reap only
what they sow.

Glinda:
Are people born wicked?
Or do they have wickedness thrust upon them?
For after all
She had father

She had a mother
As so many do.

Elphaba's Father:
How I hate to go and leave you lonely

Elphaba's Mother:
That's all right, it's only just one night

Elphaba's Father:
But know that you're here in my heart, while I'm out of your sight!

Glinda:
And like every family, they had their secrets:

Elphaba's Mother's Lover:
So have another drink, my dark-eyed beauty
After one more night left here in my town
So have another drink
A green elixir
And we'll have ourselves a little mixer
Have another little swallow little lady
And follow me down

Glinda:
And of course, from the moment she was born, she was, well, different!

Nurse:
It's coming!

Elphaba's Father
Now

Nurse:
The baby's coming

Elphaba's Father
How?

Nurse:
I see a nose!

Elphaba's Father:
I see a curl!

Elphaba's Father & Nurse:
It's a healthy, perfect, lovely, little --
gasps

Elphaba's Father:
Sweet Oz!

Elphaba's Mother:
What is it? What's wrong?

Nurse:
How can it be

Father:
What does it mean?

Nurse:
It's atrocious!

Father:
It's obscene!

Father & Nurse:
Like a frawny, ferny cabbage
The baby is unnaturally
Green!

Father:
Take it away
Take it away!

Glinda:
So you see,
It couldn't have been easy:

Ozzians:
No one mourns the wicked!
Now at last she's dead and gone
Now at last there's joy throughout the land
And
Goodness knows!
We know what goodness is
Goodness knows
The wicked die alone
Woe to those (woe to those)
Who spurn what goodnesses
They are shown
No one mourns the wicked
No one mourns the wicked
No one mourns the
Wicked!
Wicked!
Wicked!