

# 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!