

CUE:

ALICE: I'm sick of your riddles and phrases and mind games. You think you're so clever, but you're really just a couple of stuck-up old creeps!

MAD HATTER: That about captures us.

ALICE: Good-bye and good riddance! (*Storms OFF.*)

ALICE'S DREAMS

MAD HATTER/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE/CHORUS

Irish Celtic Ballad (In One) (♩. = 54)

NO. 6

1 **Flutes**

mp

MAD HATTER: If only she realized.
MARCH HARE: Realized?

5

MAD HATTER: We are what she dreams.
MARCH HARE: You mean to say...?
MAD HATTER: We're her inventions.

9 **MAD HATTER**

mf

E E/G# A

We're all in her head, fan - ta - sies in her

13

E G#min C#min B

mind. She's sure - ly in bed in her sheets all en -

17

B/D# E E/G# A

twined. We're jum - bl - ing thoughts as she toss - es and

21

E A E/G# B

turns from green ap - ri - cots that her poor tum - my

25

E E E/G#

spurns. Li - da loo, li - da lay, li - da

29 A E E/G#

dum dee dum day! We've a se - cret to sigh un - der

33 A B A E/G#

breath we con - vey. We dwell in a strange world of

37 F#min E/G# A E/B B7

ma - gic it seems, fan - tas - tic cre - a - tions of Al - i - ce's

MARCH HARE

42 E E E/G#

dreams _____ We're wild ru - mi - na - tions some -

46 A E G#min C#min

where in the cloud. Up - load - ing sen - sa - tions as

DORMOUSE

50 B B/D# E E/G#

she snores out loud. Free "apps" as she naps and her

54 A E A E/G#

mem - o - ry streams, fan - tas - tic cre - a tions of

58 B7 E E

Al - i - ce's dreams. _____ Li - da loo, li - da

62 E/G# A E

lo, li - da dum dee dum doh. We are fig - ments of