

CARRIE.
YOU.

ENOCH.
YOU'LL DREAM WITH ME.

WE'LL THINK, "WHAT FUN WE HEV HAD!"
AND BE GLAD THAT IT ALL CAME TRUE!

ENOCH.
WHEN TODAY IS A LONG TIME AGO -

CARRIE & ENOCH.
YOU'LL STILL HEAR ME SAY THAT THE BEST DREAM I
KNOW IS -

ENOCH.
YOU!

CARRIE.
WHEN THE CHILDREN
ARE ASLEEP, I'LL
DREAM WITH YOU.

[MUSIC NO. 13 "BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW"]

("Blow High, Blow Low" begins offstage. ENOCH looks off left, then up right, takes CARRIE's chin in his hands and kisses her gently on the forehead, as the MEN - including the DANCERS - enter singing, he looks up, takes his hat, which he left on the bait box. Then he and CARRIE exit.)

MEN. (*Offstage.*)
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!
A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!
WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.
AWAY WE'LL GO,
BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!

(BILLY and JIGGER enter, followed by FRIENDS from JIGGER's whaler.)

FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!
FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

(During the following refrain BILLY looks toward the house. He is hesitant. Maybe

he should go in to JULIE. He crosses center. JIGGER sees this, crosses over to BILLY.)

MEN. (*Very softly under dialogue.*)
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW! **JIGGER.** Hey, Billy!
A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!

(BILLY turns.)

WE'LL GO A-WHALIN',
A-SAILIN' AWAY.

Where are you goin'?

(BILLY looks indecisive.)

AWAY WE'LL GO,

(JIGGER takes his arm and brings him downstage.)

BLOW ME HIGH
AND LOW!

Stick with me. After we get rid of my shipmates, I wanna talk to you. Got an idea, for you and me to make money.

FOR MANY AND MANY
A LONG, LONG DAY!

BILLY. How much?
JIGGER. More'n you ever saw in yer life.

FOR MANY AND MANY
A LONG, LONG DAY!

A MAN. Hey, Jigger, come back here!

LONG, LONG DAY!

(BILLY and JIGGER go back to the boys.)

JIGGER.
THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON LAND

ARE HARD TO UNDERSTAND -
 WHEN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR FUN, THEY CLAP YOU INTO
 JAIL!
 SO I'M SHIPPIN' OFF TO SEA,
 WHERE LIFE IS GAY AND FREE,
 AND A FELLER CAN FLIP
 A HOOK IN THE HIP OF A WHALE.

ALL.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!
 A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!
 WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.
 AWAY WE'LL GO,
 BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

BILLY.

IT'S WONDERFUL JUST TO FEEL
 YOUR HANDS UPON A WHEEL
 AND TO LISTEN TO WIND A-WHISTIN' IN A SAIL!
 OR TO CLIMB ALOFT AND BE
 THE VERY FIRST TO SEE
 A CHRYSANTHEMUM SPOUT
 COME OUT O' THE SNOUT OF A WHALE!

ALL.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!
 A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!
 WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.
 AWAY WE'LL GO,
 BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

(JIGGER draws BILLY and the MEN around him. They go down to the footlights, crouch low and JIGGER sings another verse.)

JIGGER.

A-ROCKIN' UPON THE SEA,
 YOUR BOAT WILL SEEM TO BE
 LIKE A DEAR LITTLE BABY IN HER BASSINET,
 FOR SHE HASN'T LEARNED TO WALK,
 AND SHE HASN'T LEARNED TO TALK,
 AND HER LITTLE BEHIND
 IS KIND OF INCLINED TO BE WET!

ALL.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!
 A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!
 WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.
 AWAY WE'LL GO,
 BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

(The song ends, and the music segues into the "Hornpipe." As the MEN begin dancing, JIGGER takes BILLY off left.)

[MUSIC NO. 14 "HORNPIPE"]

(SAILORS and FISHERMEN start to dance a Hornpipe. The WOMEN try to get their attention and join the dance, but are ignored and snubbed by the MEN.)

(The WOMEN wave their handkerchiefs and coquette with the MEN, but withdraw timidly. Both groups stand watching one another at opposite ends of the stage.)

(At bar 115, the SAILORS and WOMEN ad lib taunts, urging HANNAH and the tallest SAILOR to dance together. These "ad libs" were indicated in the original published Vocal Score of Carousel but were not included in the

published libretto. Customers may use them as a guide as desired.)

1ST VOICE [MAN]. Thar she blows!

ALL MEN. H'ist yer mud 'ook!

2ND VOICE [MAN]. Spread you sails and get underway!

3RD VOICE [MAN]. Looks like a rowboat ridin' up to a lighthouse!

4TH, 5TH, & 6TH VOICES [MEN]. Kidge!

Luff!

Scud!

7TH VOICE [WOMAN]. Go it, Hannah!

8TH VOICE [WOMAN]. Release your davits and jump!

9TH VOICE [WOMAN]. Keep afloat!

1ST VOICE [MAN]. Climb aloft!

(The tallest SAILOR steps out of the group to dance with HANNAH. After they dance, the MEN leave. They run back to the sea. The WOMEN, left deserted, wave forlornly. HANNAH continues dancing in hope her SAILOR will return. At the last moment, the SAILOR returns and carries her off.)

[MUSIC NO. 14A "HORNPIPE - EXIT"]

(BILLY and JIGGER enter.)

JIGGER. I tell you it's safe as sellin' cakes.

BILLY. You say this old sideburns who owns the mill is also the owner of your ship?

JIGGER. That's right. And tonight he'll be takin' three or four thousand dollars down to the captain - by hisself.

He'll walk along the waterfront by hisself - with all that money.

(He pauses to let this sink in.)

BILLY. You'd think he'd have somebody go with him.

JIGGER. Not him! Not the last three times, anyway. I watched him from the same spot and see him pass me. Once I nearly jumped him.

BILLY. Why didn't you?

JIGGER. Don't like to do a job 'less it's air-tight. This one needs two to pull it off proper. Besides, there was a moon - shinin' on him like a torch.

(Spits.)

Don't like moons.

(This is good news.)

Lately, the nights have been runnin' to fog. And it's ten to one we'll have fog tonight. That's why I wanted you to tell yer wife we'd go to that clambake.

BILLY. Clambake? Why?

JIGGER. Suppose we're all over on the island and you and me get lost in the fog for a half an hour. And suppose we got in a boat and come over here and...and did whatever we had to do, and then got back? There's yer alibi! We just say we were lost on the island all that time.

BILLY. Just what would we have to do? I mean me. What would I have to do?

JIGGER. You go up to old sideburns and say, "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?"

BILLY. "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?" Then what?

JIGGER. Then? Well, by that time I got my knife in his ribs.
Then you take *your* knife...

BILLY. Me? I ain't got a knife.

JIGGER. You can get one, can't you?

BILLY. *(After a pause, turning to JIGGER.)* Does he have to be killed?

JIGGER. No, he don't have to be. He can give up the money without bein' killed. But these New Englanders are funny. They'd rather be killed. Well?

BILLY. I won't do it! It's dirty.

JIGGER. What's dirty about it?

BILLY. The knife.

JIGGER. All right. Ferget the knife. Just go up to him with a tin cup and say, "Please, sir, will you give me three thousand dollars?" See what he does fer you.

BILLY. I ain't goin' to do it.

JIGGER. Of course, if you got all the money you want, and don't need...

BILLY. I ain't got a cent. Money thinks I'm dead.

(MRS. MULLIN is seen entering from up left, unnoticed by BILLY and JIGGER.)

JIGGER. That's what I thought. And you're out of a job and you got a wife to support -

BILLY. Shut up about my wife.

(He sees MRS. MULLIN.)

What do you want?

MRS. MULLIN. Hello, Billy.

BILLY. What did you come fer?

MRS. MULLIN. Come to talk business.

JIGGER. Business!

(He spits.)

MRS. MULLIN. I see you're still hangin' around yer jailbird friend.

BILLY. What's it to you who I hang around with?

JIGGER. If there's one thing I can't abide, it's the common type of woman.

(He saunters upstage left and stands looking out to sea.)

BILLY. What are you doin' here? You got a new barker ain't you?

MRS. MULLIN. *(Looking him over.)* Whyn't you stay home and sleep at night? You look awful!

BILLY. He's as good as me, ain't he?

MRS. MULLIN. Push yer hair back off yer forehead...

BILLY. *(Pushing her hand away and turning away from her.)* Let my hair be.

MRS. MULLIN. If I told you to let it hang down over yer eyes you'd push it back. I hear you been beatin' her. If you're sick of her, why don't you leave her? No use beatin' the poor, skinny little...

BILLY. Leave her, eh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

MRS. MULLIN. Don't flatter yourself!

(Her pride stung, she paces to center stage.)

If I had any sense I wouldn' of come here. The things you got to do when you're in business...! I'd sell the damn carousel if I could.

BILLY. Ain't it crowded without me?