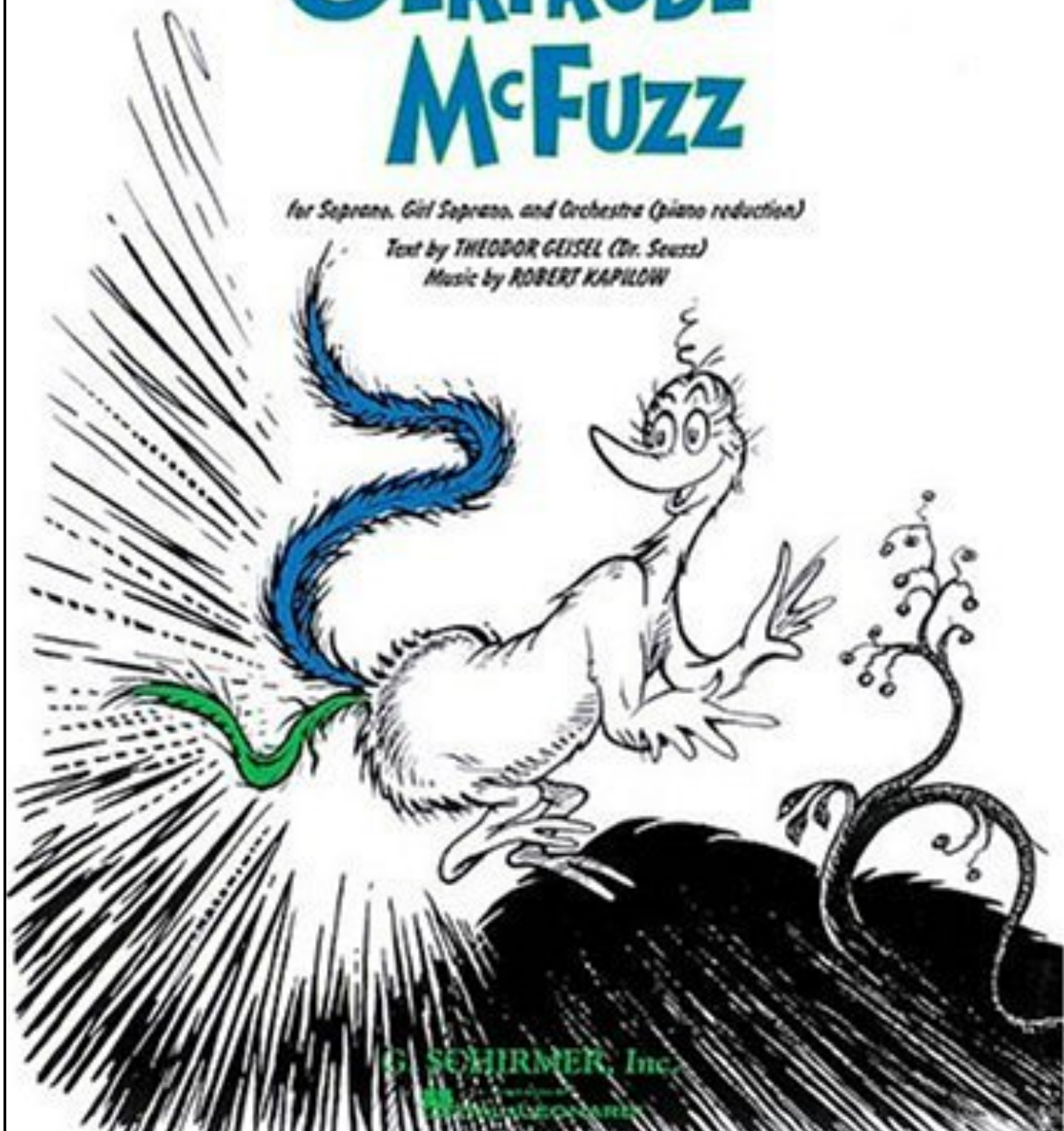


Dr. Seuss's  
**GERTRUDE  
McFUZZ**

*for Soprano, Girl Soprano, and Orchestra (piano reduction)*

*Text by THEODOR GEISEL (Dr. Seuss)*

*Music by ROBERT KAPLOW*



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**T**here once was a girl-bird named Gertrude McFuzz  
And she had the smallest plain tail ever was.  
One droopy-droop feather. That's all that she had.  
And, oh! That one feather made Gertrude so sad.



For there was another young bird that she knew,  
A fancy young birdie named Lolla-Lee-Lou,  
And instead of *one* feather behind, she had *two*!  
Poor Gertrude! Whenever she happened to spy  
Miss Lolla-Lee-Lou flying by in the sky,  
She got very jealous. She frowned. And she pouted.  
Then, one day she got awfully mad and she shouted:  
“This just isn't fair! I have *one*! She has *two*!  
I MUST have a tail just like Lolla-Lee-Lou!”



So she flew to her uncle, a doctor named Dake  
Whose office was high in a tree by the lake  
And she cried, “Uncle Doctor! Oh, please do you know  
Of some kind of a pill that will make my tail grow?”  
“Tut tut!” said the doctor. “Such talk! How absurd!  
Your tail is just right for your kind of a bird.”



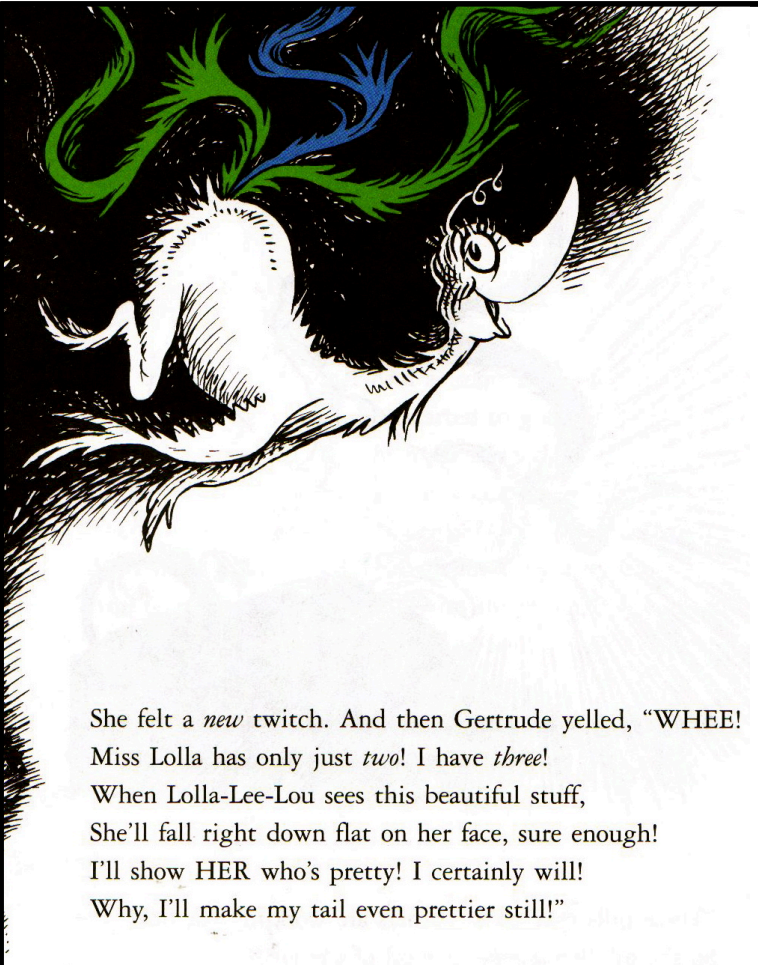
Then Gertrude had tantrums. She raised such a din  
That finally her uncle, the doctor, gave in  
And he told her just where she could find such a pill  
On a pill-berry vine on the top of the hill.  
“Oh, thank you!” chirped Gertrude McFuzz, and she flew  
Right straight to the hill where the pill-berry grew.

Yes! There was the vine! And as soon as she saw it  
She plucked off a berry. She started to gnaw it.  
It tasted just awful. Almost made her sick.  
But she wanted that tail, so she swallowed it quick.  
Then she felt something happen! She felt a small twitch  
As if she'd been tapped, down behind, by a switch.  
And Gertrude looked 'round. And she cheered! It was true!  
*Two feathers!* Exactly like Lolla-Lee-Lou!

Then she got an idea! "Now I know what I'll do . . .  
I'll grow a tail *better* than Lolla-Lee-Lou!"



"These pills that grow feathers are working just fine!"  
So she nibbled *another* one off of the vine!



She felt a *new* twitch. And then Gertrude yelled, "WHEE!  
Miss Lolla has only just *two*! I have *three*!  
When Lolla-Lee-Lou sees this beautiful stuff,  
She'll fall right down flat on her face, sure enough!  
I'll show HER who's pretty! I certainly will!  
Why, I'll make my tail even prettier still!"

She snatched at those berries that grew on that vine.  
She gobbled down four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!  
And she didn't stop eating, young Gertrude McFuzz,  
Till she'd eaten three dozen! That's all that there was.





Then the feathers popped out! With a *zang!* With a *zing!*  
They blossomed like flowers that bloom in the spring.  
All fit for a queen! What a sight to behold!  
They sparkled like diamonds and gumdrops and gold!  
Like silk! Like spaghetti! Like satin! Like lace!  
They burst out like rockets all over the place!  
They waved in the air and they swished in the breeze!  
And some were as long as the branches of trees.  
And *still* they kept growing! They popped and they popped  
Until, 'long about sundown when, finally, they stopped.



"And NOW," giggled Gertrude, "The next thing to do  
Is to fly right straight home and show Lolla-Lee-Lou!  
And when Lolla sees *these*, why her face will get red  
And she'll let out a scream and she'll fall right down dead!"

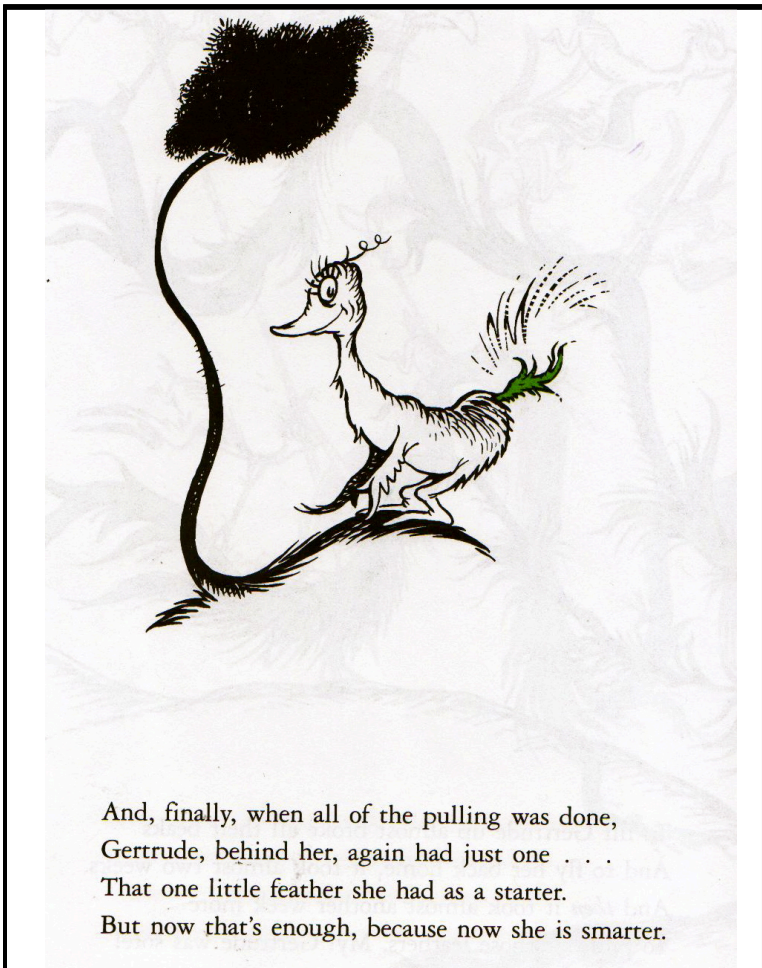
Then she spread out her wings to take off from the ground,  
But, with all of those feathers, she weighed ninety pound!  
She yanked and she pulled and she let out a squawk,  
But that bird couldn't fly! Couldn't run! Couldn't walk!



And all through that night, she was stuck on that hill,  
And Gertrude McFuzz might be stuck up there still  
If her good Uncle Dake hadn't heard the girl yelp.  
He rushed to her rescue and brought along help.



To lift Gertrude up almost broke all their beaks  
And to fly her back home, it took almost two weeks.  
And *then* it took almost another week more  
To pull out those feathers. My! Gertrude was sore!



And, finally, when all of the pulling was done,  
Gertrude, behind her, again had just one . . .  
That one little feather she had as a starter.  
But now that's enough, because now she is smarter.