

# Status Quo

(Sitting on Your)

Harold Rome

Moderato (with a swing)

*mf* Soloist

Are you rea - dy to hear your

6 *mp* Chorus *mf* Soloist

les-son for to - day? (Yes, teach-er! Yes, teach-er!)— Are you rea - dy to learn what

10 *mp* Chorus *mf* Soloist

his - to - ry has to say? (Yes, teach-er! Yes, teacher!)— Then, take your books and

14

fol - low me — to Se - ven - ty - Se - ven - ty - Six, A. D. — And as the his - to - ry

18

pa - ges turn, we will see what we can learn.

21 *mp* Chorus *mf* Soloist

(Yes, teach - er! Yes, teacher! — Yes, teach - er!) In

25

Se - ven - ty - Se - ven - ty - Six, Tom Paine was writ - ing books with

28

might and main.— The To - ries said, "Now, man a - live,—

31 *mp* Chorus

stop giv - ing out with this here li - ber - ty jive!" — (Stop giv - ing out with this here

34 *mf* Soloist

li - ber - ty jive!) — "Don't sing out peo - ple's rights that way: — They

37

might be - lieve in what you say.— So stop you're song. It's

40 Chorus  
*mp*

not po - lite. Pipe down be - fore you start a fight!" (You

43 *mf* Soloist

don't say, teach-er. Is that right?)— Uh - huh. But Tom Paine

46

looked a - head,— and to those To - ries, Tho - mas said,—

49

"No! No! No! No! When you've got to go,— you've got—

52

to go. You can't stand still on free - dom's track. If you

55

don't go for - ward, you go back. You can't gid - dy up by

58

say - ing 'whoa' and sit - ting on your sta - tus quo."

61

*mp* (Yes, teach-er! Yes, teacher! Yes, teach-er!) *mf* To

65

Wash - ing - ton at Val - ley Forge, a wise guy whis - pered,

68

"Slow down, George.— Why stir up trou - ble for the king?—

71

This free-dom rac-ket is a cor— ny thing!"— (This free-dom rac-ket is a

*mp*

74

cor— ny thing!)— "Your troops are ick - ies. They can't move.— You'll

*mf*

77

ne - ver get them in the groove. — So, if you're wise, you'll

80

just stay low. Play with the guys who have the dough. (You

*mp*

83

don't say, teach-er. Is that so?) — Uh - huh. But George just

*mf*

86

looked a - head, — and to that To - ry, Geor - gie said, —

89

"No! No! No! No! When you've got to go, — you've got —

92

to go. — You can't stand still on free - dom's track. — If you

95

don't go for - ward, you go back. — You can't gid-dy up by

98

say - ing 'whoa' — and sit - ting on your sta - tus quo."

101 *mp* *mf*

(Yes, teach-er! Yes, teacher!— Yes, teach-er!) Now,

105

Paul Re - vere saw a bel - fry light, and that boy rode to

108

town one night.— He sang to the farm - ers near and far,—

111

"Here come the Bri - tish beat - ing eight to the bar!"—

113 *mp* *mf*

(Here come the Bri-tish beat-ing eight to the bar!)— One slip - p'ry To - ry

116

said, "Now, Paul,— your man - ners are not nice at all.— Turn

119 *mp*

back. Don't be an old hep-cat. The right peo - ple don't sing like that." (But

123 *mf*

Paul Re - vere turned him down flat!)— Uh - huh! That's right! He

126

rode a - head, and to that To - ry, Paul just said,

129

"No! No! No! No! When you've got to go, you've got-

132

to go. You can't stand still on free - dom's track. If you

135

don't go for - ward, you go back. You can't gid - dy up by

138

say - ing 'whoa'— and sit - ting on your sta - tus quo."

141 *mp* Chorus *mf* Soloist

(Yes, teach-er! Yes, teacher!— Yes, teach-er!) So,

145

stu - dents, now you're hep! Don't stop! Keep step - ping to that

148

free - dom hop— ak - though the To - ries beef and blow—

151 *mp* Chorus

to keep you sit-ting on your sta— - tus quo!— (To keep us sit-ting on our

154 *mf* Soloist

sta— - tus quo!)— When they say, "Let's stand still a - bit,— give

157

up some rights, no harm in it,"— re - mem - ber those are

160 *mp* Chorus

just the tricks that did not work in Se - ven - ty - Six. (Now,

163 *mf* Soloist

ain't that right? The same old tricks!)— Though To - ries talk, don't

166

be mis - lead— and say what all those o - thers said.——

169 *f* Chorus

No! No! No! No! When you've got to go,— you've got—

172

to go!— You can't stand still on free - dom's track.—— If you

175

don't go for - ward, you go back. — You can't gid-dy up by

178

say - ing 'whoa' — and stit - ting on your sta - tus quo!