## Gold and Glory: The Road to El Dorado

**Original Songs by Elton John and Tim Rice**

**Score Composed by Hans Zimmer and John Powell**

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Our glorious city was built by the Almighty for only one millennium.

But all this was granted by the gods who saw fit to bestow the gift of a par

I know my legacy is to fulfill my promise to all.

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a - dise, peac - ful and har - mo - ni - ous, up - on
my peo - ple who have trust - ed me. The gods

us mere mor - tals will ap - prove be - low,
of us still.

and made El Do - ra - do, the mag - nif - i - cent and gold -
Pre - serve El Do - ra - do, the mag - nif - i - cent and gold -

en, one thou - sand years a - go.
and I be - lieve they will.
El Do - ra -

C
F
C/E
F
D7
G
C/G
G
F/G
C
Am
F
G
C
Am
do, El Do-ra-do, El Do-ra-do.

The mountains so high and waters deep are her disguise.
Her secrets are safe from foreign hands.

and eyes forever. Preserve El Dorado,

1.

2.

(Sing 1st time only)
Someday Out of the Blue
(Theme From El Dorado)

Lyrics by Tim Rice

Music by Elton John and Patrick Leonard

Moderately, in 2

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1.3. Here comes the night.

2. I still believe,

Gm D/F# G D G C/G

Some day we can start again, some day soon.

G

C

Bb

To Coda I

Eb

G

Am

Bb

Cm

1. Here come the memories.

Lost in your arms,

We had it all down in the forest and watched it slip away.

Em Gm C Eb G/B Bb/D Am

Gm Am G C D

eign fields, not so long ago.

Where are we now? Seems like e...
I still believe, I still put faith in us.

D.S.S. al Coda II

Some day out of the blue, maybe years from now,

Some day out of the blue,
or tomorrow night, I'll turn and I'll see

or a deserted square, I'll turn and I'll see

you, as if we always knew

you, as if our love were new

live again, some day soon

start again, some day soon

1. Em

2. G

soon.

I still believe...
I still put faith in us. I still believe.

Repeat and fade
Lyrics by Tim Rice

The more I learn, the more I want,
the less the world passions me. The hungry heart, the less is real. All worldly things

The more I see, the more I steal.

The more I hold,
the roving eye,
I follow blind.

have come to rest, do not apply.
In hope not faith was paid in kind.

The frantic chase,
The line is drawn.
The change is made.

the thrill has gone;
I come to you.
I step aside.
I'm not afraid.
And I'd believe in anything

were it not for you.

Showing me by just existing,

only this is true:

I love you,

I love you. Without question,
I love you.

(Sing 1st time only)
There isn't much I haven't shared with you along the road.

And through it all there'd always be tomorrow's episode.
Suddenly that isn't true._ There's another avenue._

Beckoning, the great divide._ Ask no questions, take no side.

Who's to say who's right or wrong?_ Whose course is braver run?

Still we are, have always been,_ will ever be as
What is done has been done for the best,

though the mist in my eyes might suggest just a little confusion about what I'll lose.

But if I started over, I
I know I would choose the same joy, the same sadness each step of the way, that fought me and taught me that friends never say. Never say good-bye.
Never say goodbye.

To Coda

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Am</th>
<th>Cm</th>
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Never say goodbye.

<table>
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<tr>
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say goodbye.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E7</th>
<th>Am</th>
<th>Dm</th>
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</table>

<table>
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<th>G7</th>
<th>Cm</th>
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Bada da da da da da da da da da da da da da,

Sud-den-ly that is n’t true.
There’s an oth-er

av-e-nue. Beck-on-ing, the great di-vide.
I would choose the same
good-bye.

Never say goodbye.
**Lyrics by Tim Rice**

*Moderately fast*

```plaintext
Look out, new world, here we come.
Paradise is close at hand.

Brave, intrepid, Shangri-la, and then some.

1. Pioneers of maximum output,
2. Seventh heaven on demand,
```
dacity whose resumés show that we are just the team to quite unusual nowadays. Virgin vistas undefiled.

live where others merely dream, building up a

head of steam hold the child on the trail we blaze.

1.3. Changing
2. The
legend into fact, we shall ride into history. Turning

myth into truth, we shall surely gaze

on the sweet unfolding of an antique

mystery. All will be revealed on the

hearted. We are part of the sumptuous,
trail we blaze.

grand design.

Shangri-la,
All will be revealed on the trail we blaze.

D.S. al Coda

F/C C Dm/C

On the trail we

Repeat and fade

F/C C Dm/C C

Dm/C
Moderate Latin, in 2

Guitar → B7
(capo 3rd fret)

Piano → D7

Em
Gm

hard - ly think I'm qual - i - fied to come a - cross all sanc - ti - fied. I
All the same, it's pret - ty clear, the scoun - drels don't keep much up here. They

B7

D7

Em
Gm

just don't cut it with the cher - u - bim. The
must have zil - lions un - der lock and key. But

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The town's already on its knees; being worshipped is a breeze. The gods can force them to unleash enough to make us nouveau riche.

I barely know the words to any hymn. Beyond our wildest dreams, so follow me!

Listen, if we don't comply with the locals' wishes, I can see us being sacrificed or stuffed. Tell me I'm all powerful and sublime.
Let's be gods; the perks are great. How can I be their belief El Do-ra-do on a plate when I'm lying through my teeth?

Local feeling should not be rebuffed. Why don't we just say something other time?

It's tough to be a god, tread where mortals have not trod. It's tough to be a god, but if you get the people's nod

Be deified when really you're a sham. Count your blessings, keep them sweet, is my advice.
Be an object of devotion.
Be nirvana, be salvation.
Be the subject of psalms.
Be all things to all men.

It's a terrifying notion, all those pray'rs and those sa-laams.

Butter up your congregation. Every Sunday, score a ten.

Any normal man would bridle if he's forced to be an idealist. The alternative is dire, simply frying pan to fit.

And a normal man's exactly what I am.
sign on two new gods for paradise.

Repeat and fade
Slowly, with a beat (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

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