

Meadowlark

#9

Music and lyrics by
STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Very Free

1 2 3 4 5 6

oboe

p

3

Driving

8 GENEVIEVE:

9

What does he think I am? What sort of a

mf

vla, cello

3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3

10

11

weak willed sen - ti - men - tal sheep does he think I am?

3 3 3 3

3 3 3 3

12 13 14

Well I won't e - ven think a - bout him. I'll just go to

15 16 17

sleep.

p

18 Driving 19 20

Who does he think he is? Who could be as hand - some, who could be as

mf

21 22 23

smart as he thinks he is? He just has to snap his fin - gers,

24 25 26

Wo-men fall a - part. What does he think? That I'll slink a -

27 28 29

way with him? That I'll fol - low him ripe and drool - ing?

30 31

Who does he think he is? and what does he think I am? And

32 33

who do I think... (sigh) I'm

gliss

93

Ad lib., conversational

34 35 36 37 38 39

fool - ing? ——— When I was a girl I had a fav-'rite

Light, child like

mp

40 41 42 43

sto - ry ——— of the mead-ow lark who lived ——— where the riv - ers

vla

sfp

44 45 46 47

wind. Her voice could match ——— the an ——— gels ——— in its

p

Rea. * *simile*

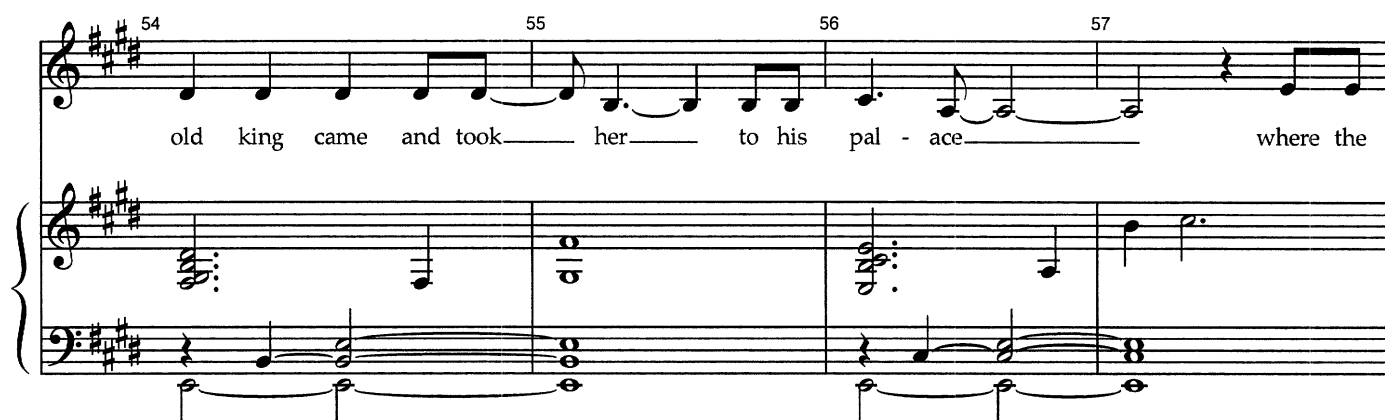
48 49 50 51 52 53

glo - ry ——— but she was blind. ——— The lark ——— was blind. An

oboe

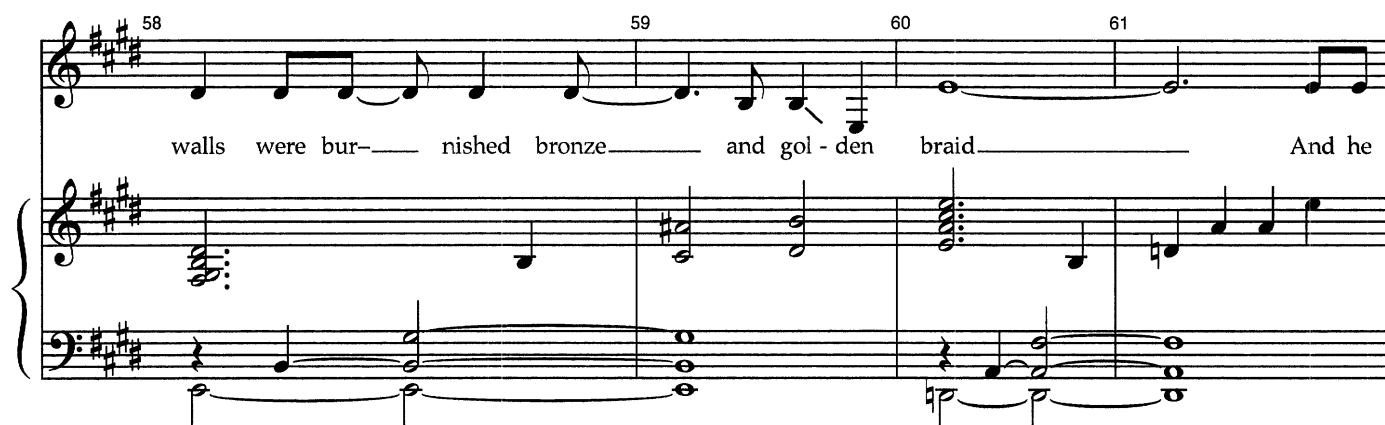
54 55 56 57

old king came and took— her— to his pal - ace— where the



58 59 60 61

walls were bur— nished bronze— and gol - den braid— And he



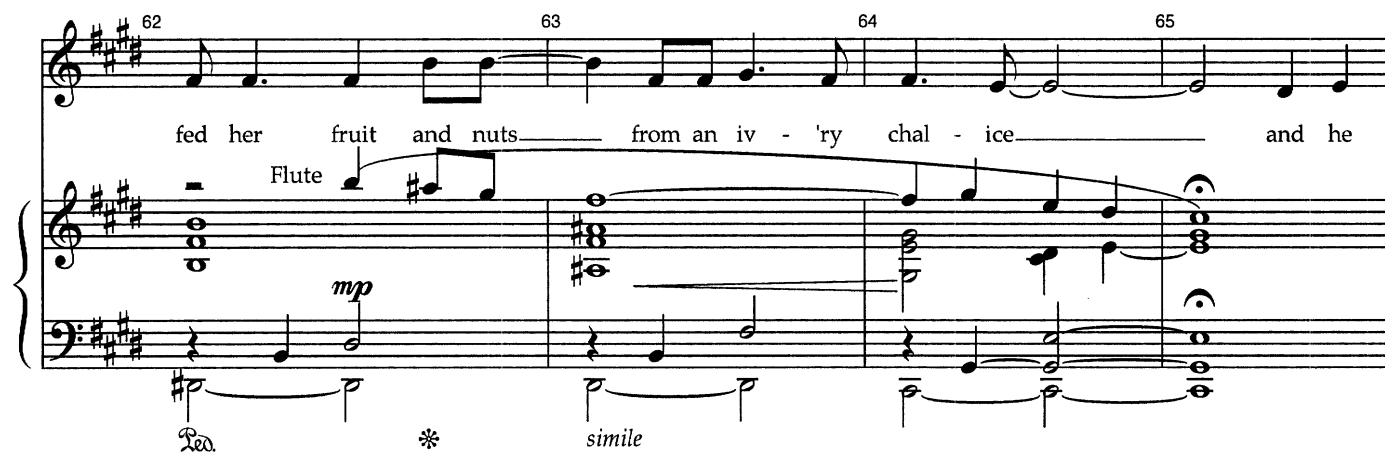
62 63 64 65

fed her fruit and nuts— from an iv - 'ry chal - ice— and he

Flute

mp

Red. * *simile*



66 67 68 69

prayed:— "Sing— for

accel. poco a poco

gliss



me — my mead-ow lark. — Sing for

me — of the sil - ver morn - ing. — Set me free

my mead-ow lark, — and I'll

buy you a price-less jew-el — and cloth of bro-cade and crew-el — and I'll

96

86 3 87 88 89

love you for life if you will— sing— for— me."—

90 91 92 93

Then one day as the lark— sang by the

94 95 96 3 97

wa - ter— the god of the sun heard her in his

98 99 100 101

flight,— and her sing-ing moved him so he came and

102 103 104 105

brought her the gift of sight.

106 107 108 109

He gave her sight. And she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the

110 111 112 113

splen - dour of this beau - ti - ful young god so proud and

114 115 116 117

strong. And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and

118 119 120 121 122 123

ten - der "Come a - long! Fly with

124 125 126 127

me, my mead-ow - lark, fly with

128 129 130 131

me on the sil - ver morn - ing past the

132 133 134 135

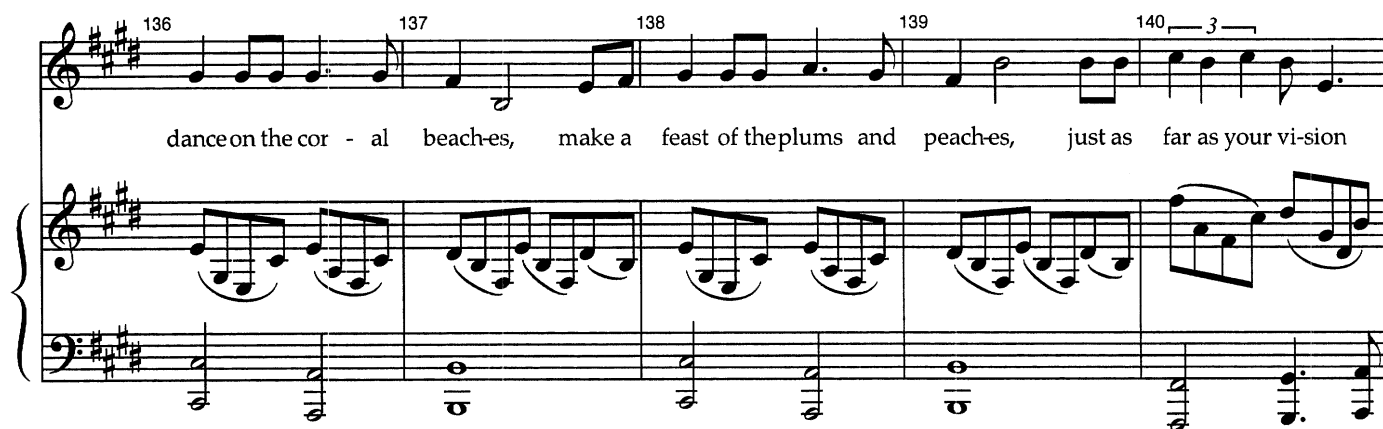
sea where the dol-phins bark. We will

99

gliss

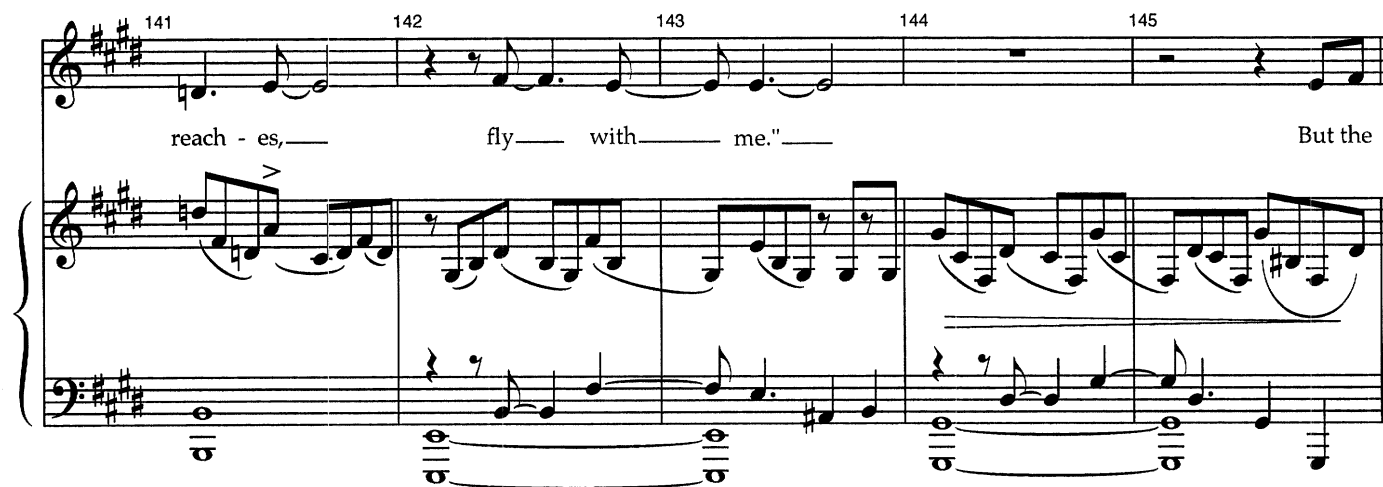
136 137 138 139 140 3

dance on the cor - al beach-es, make a feast of the plums and peach-es, just as far as your vi-sion



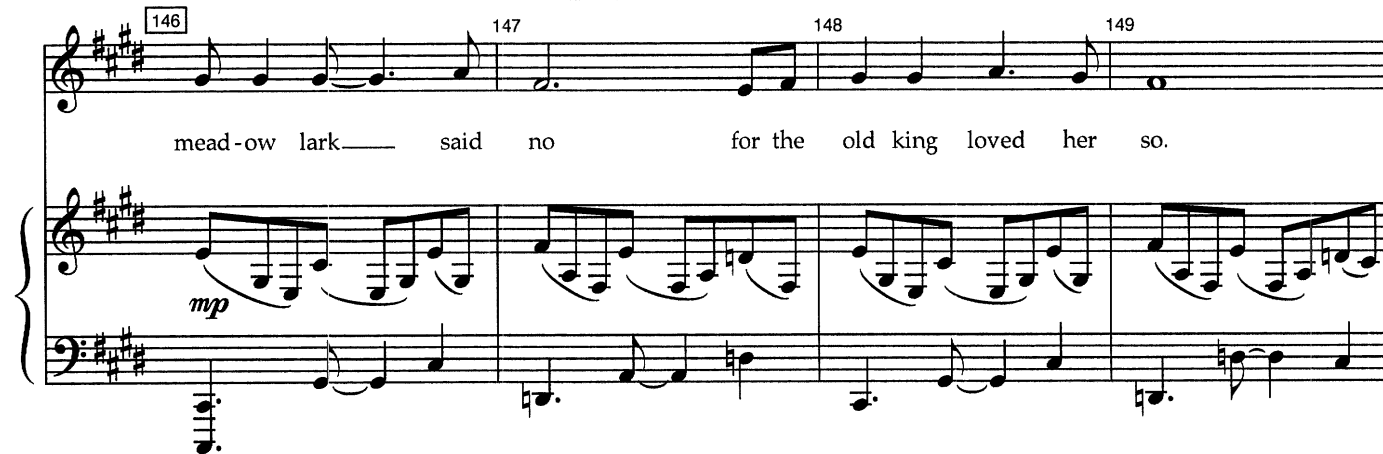
141 142 143 144 145

reach - es, — fly — with — me." — But the



146 147 148 149

mead-ow lark — said no for the old king loved her so.



150 151 152 153

She could-n't bear — to wound — his — pride. — So the



154 155 156 157

sun god flew a - way, and when the king came down that _____ day, _____

158 159 160 161

he found his mead - ow lark _____ had died.

subito p

162 163 164

Ev - 'ry time I heard _____ that part I cried. _____

sf *cresc.*

165 166 167

And

168 169 170 171

now I stand here star-ry eyed and stor-my. Oh

172 173 174 175

just when I thought my heart was fin-ly numb a

176 177 178 179

beau-ti-ful young man ap-pears be-fore me sing-ing

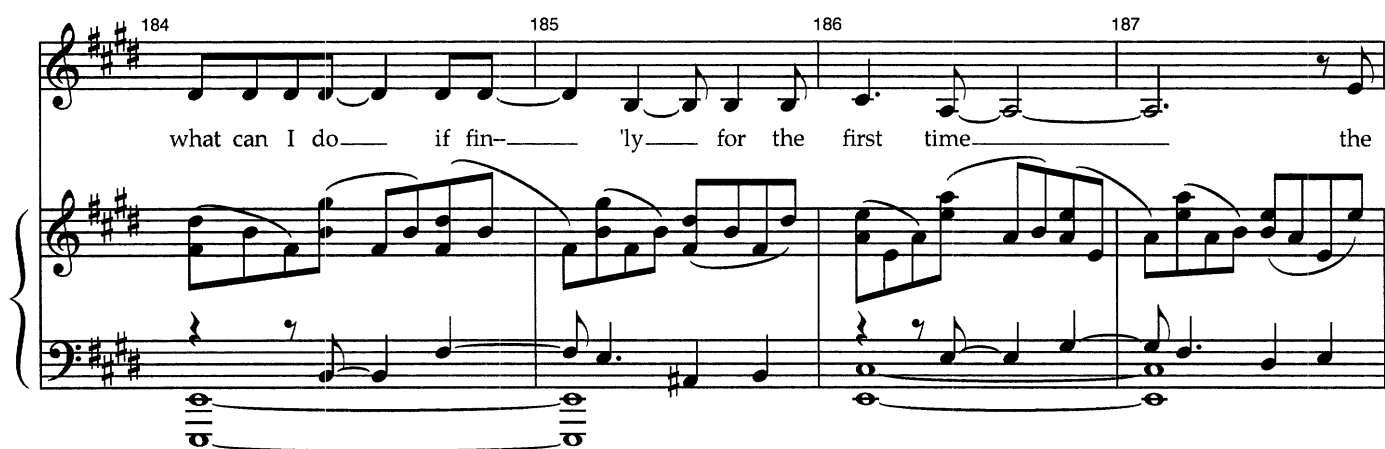
180 181 182 183

"Come Oh won't you come?" And

mf

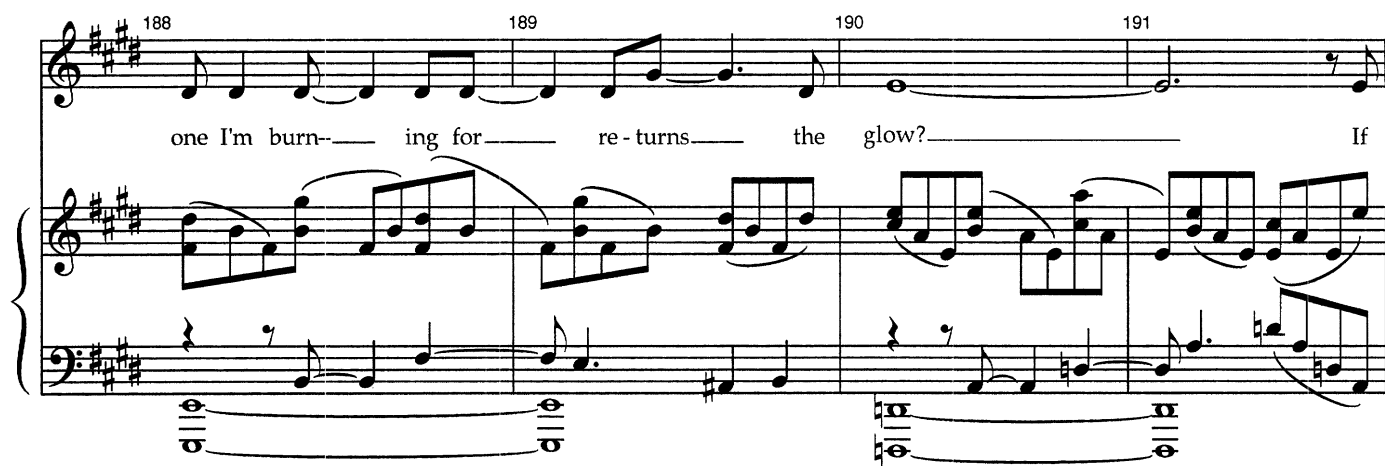
184 185 186 187

what can I do — if fin — 'ly — for the first time — the



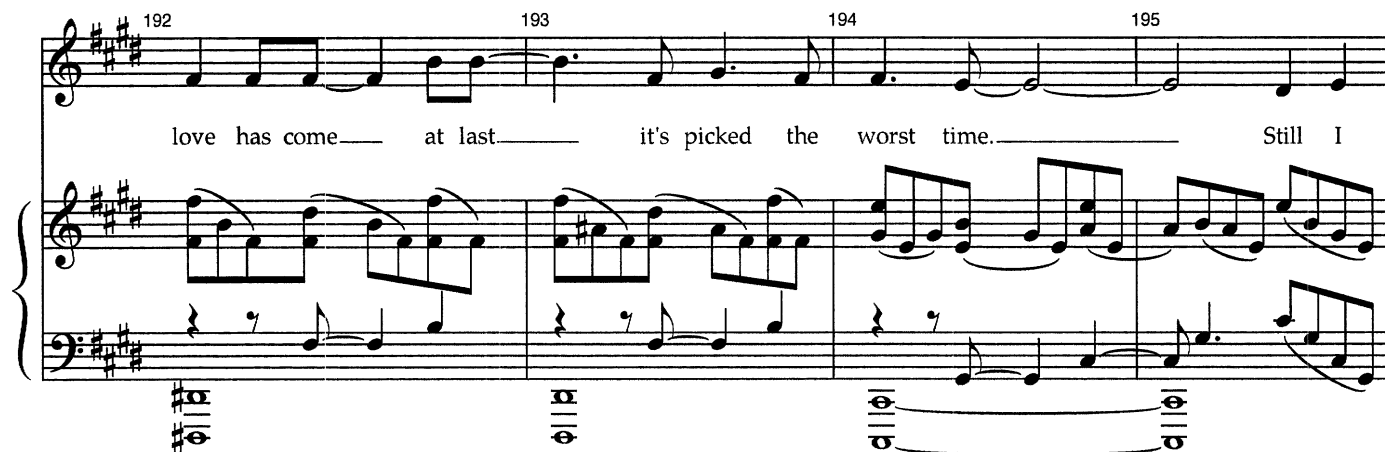
188 189 190 191

one I'm burn — ing for — re — turns — the glow? — If



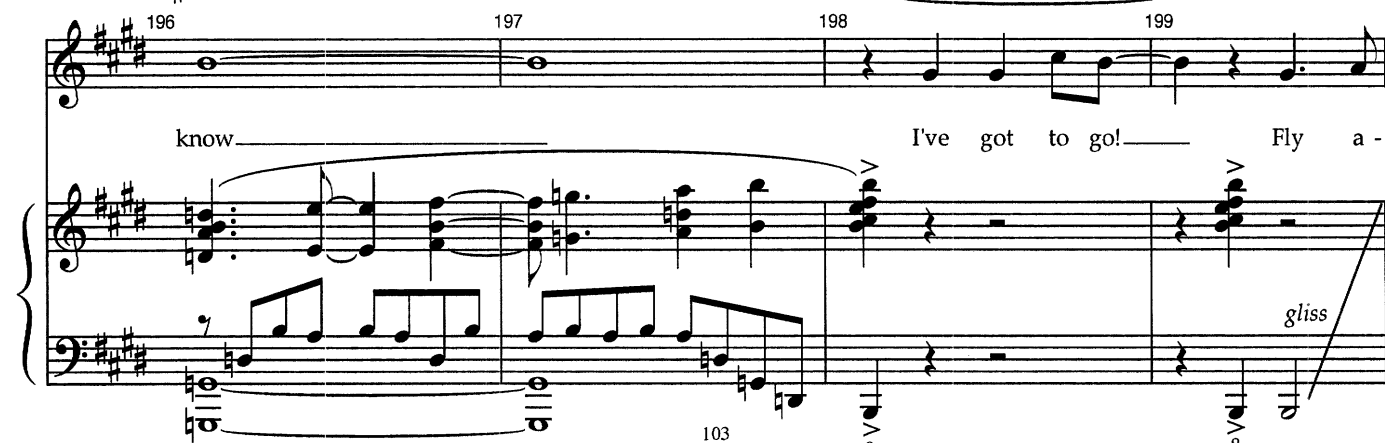
192 193 194 195

love has come — at last — it's picked the worst time. — Still I



196 197 198 199

know — I've got to go! — Fly a -



gliss

103

way, mead-ow - lark, fly a -

way in the sil - ver morn - ing. If I -

stay I'll grow to curse the dark, so it's

off where the days won't bind me. I know I leave wounds be - hind me, but I

104

216 3 217 218

won't let to - mor - row find me — back — this

219 220 221 8

way. — Be - fore my

rallentando

222 **Broadly** 223 224 225

past once a - gain can blind me, fly a -

f *ff*

226 227 228

way. And we won't — wait

p *rallentando* *Tempo* *rallentando* *rallentando*

105

229 to say good— bye,— my beau - ti - ful young man

Tempo

230

231

232

233

234

and

rallentando

gliss

8 8

235

236

237

238

I.

accel. poco a poco

239

240

241

242

243

244

rallentando

Applause
Segue

106