

# #4 But it is Winter

Piano/Vocal

Paula Watkins

**Andante** (♩ = 69) *p*

Voice 1  
My Prince, but it is win-ter. The cold will soon be here.

Voice 2

**Andante** (♩ = 69) *p*

Piano

9 *mf*  
Friends are call - ing me to where it's warm and skies are clear

*mf*  
Oh Swal - low, lit - tle swal-low, Please

9

15 *mf* *rit.*  
It's cold here I must leave soon but I'll stay one night, I'll stay. —

*rit.*  
stay and bear my gift. Oh Swal - low lit - tle swal - low you must stay one night, oh stay. —

15 *rit.* *8va*

21  $\text{♩} = 50$  *espressivo* (Tchaikowsky Theme)

Ah Ah Ah

21  $\text{♩} = 50$  *espressivo*

*mf* \* narration begins here

30 *rit.*

Ah

*rit.*

Ah

30 *rit.* *l.h.*

\* Narration begins in measure 22.

Narrator: So the swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword and flew away with it over the roofs of the town. At last he came to the poor house and flew in. He laid the great ruby on the table where the tired mother had fallen asleep.

Then he flew gently 'round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings, and the boy, feeling cooler, sank into a delicious slumber.

The swallow flew back to the Happy Prince.

"It is curious," said the little bird, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold." This made him begin to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

The next day after bathing in the river and seeing the city, the Little Swallow flew back to his new friend. "Good-bye, Happy Prince!" cried the swallow. "I'm off to Egypt now!"

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man leaning over a desk covered with papers. In a tumbler by his side is a bunch of withered violets. He is trying to finish a play for the director of the theater, but he is too cold to write any more. Please take to him one of my eyes: this rare and