

#7 Bits of Gold

Story: Oscar Wilde
 Music/Lyrics: Paula Watkins
 Orchestration: Mark A. Emile, USU

♩ = 64

Voice 1 *mf* Bits of gold to

Voice 2 *mf* Bits of gold to

Piano *mf*

11

V 1 ward off cold. Leaf af - ter leaf to les - son grief. Share the glit - ter Share the shine and the rich - es

V 2 ward off cold. Leaf af - ter leaf to les - son grief. Share the glit - ter Share the shine and the rich - es

pf

22

V 1 *mf* that are mine. That the chil - dren may have bread. That the sick may

V 2 *mf* that are mine. That the chil - dren may have bread. That the sick may

22

pf *mf*

33

V 1
leave their bed. That the cold may have a fire and their se - cret heart's de - sire.

V 2
leave their bed. That the cold may have a fire and their se - cret heart's de - sire.

pf

44

V 1

V 2

pf

f Dance Interlude (lilting) *mf* *mp* *f*

56

pf

5 4 5 4 2 1 5 5 1 3 2

f

66

V 2

(♩ = ♩) *p* Swal - low, lit - tle

66

p LH LH simile

RH RH

Rec. ^ Rec.

74

V1 I share the glit - ter of your gold _____ For all the child - ren of the land I'm glad to

V2 swal - low. _____ My feet are fas - tened to the ped - es tal. _____ And I have to

pf

81

V1 stay. _____ That the child - ren may have bread, that the sick may

V2 stay. _____ Stay! _____ That the sick may

V3

pf

Don't slow down

89

V1 leave their bed, That the cold may have a fire and their se - cret heart's de - sire. _____

V2 leave their bed, That the cold may have a fire and their se - cret heart's de - sire. _____

pf

allegretto, well enunciated (optional flute)

100

V 1 Bits of gold, of gold a-glit - ter ward - ing off cold the child - ren are eat - ing and feel - ing peace; less, les - sen

V 2 *leggiero - grazioso*
Ah! Ah!

V 3 Bits of gold to ward off cold. Leaf af - ter leaf to les - sen

pf **allegretto**

108

V 1 *legato rit.*
grief as they play shin - ing, shin - ing, share glit - ter glit - ter there; share, share the shin - ing, shin - ing rich - es that no long - er are mine. —

V 2 *legato rit.*
Ah! The rich - es that were mine. —

V 3 *legato rit.*
grief. Share the glit - ter Share the shine and the ri - ches that were mine. —

pf *legato rit.*

116

V 1 *pp*

V 2 *pp*

V 3 *pp*

pf *pp rubato* *pesante* *poco rit.* *poco accel.* **piu mosso** *f*

126 $\text{♩} = 128$ *mp*

V 1 *Ah*

V 2 *Ah*

V 3

pf *dim. e rit.* *mp* *mp*

Rec.

135 *mf* *rit.*

V 1 *Ah*

V 2 *Ah*

V 3

pf *mf* *rit.*

Narrator: The poor little swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince; he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs from the snow outside the baker's door and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings. But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up the Prince's shoulder once more.

"Good-bye dear Prince," he murmured. He kissed the Happy Prince and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment, a curious crack sounded inside the statue. The leaden heart had snapped right in two.

Unasked, and unheralded, the Happy Prince had given all he possessed.

Segue to No. 8, Reprise "For People"

