

#9 Dear Me

Piano/Vocal

Paula Watkins

mf $\text{♩} = 100$

Voice 1
Dear me! How shab - bi - ly the Hap - py Prince — stands there.
ru - by has fal - len His eyes are gone he's grey now.

Voice 2

Piano
mf

7

1. His A lit - tle dead bird here

2.

mf

1. Dear me, how shab - by in - deed.
2. Dear me, a beg - gar in need.

13

at his feet.

A law should pro - hi - bit a bird from dy - ing — on the street. —

13

f

21 $\text{♩} = 96$ *f* 1. 2. *mp*

Tear down the sta-tue. throw it in the dump. Then make an - oth - er, bet - ter
Melt all the me-tal down to a lump.

Pno. *slowing* *f* *mp*

29 *f*, *allargando* *molto rit.*

sta-tue by far with no im-per - fec-tions it's beau - ty to mar.

29 *f* *allargando* *molto rit.* 3

38 $\text{♩} = 155$ *f* $\text{♩} = 160$

Make it of me. Make it of me. Why no! Of me! No
Why no. Of me!
No me, me, me!
I'm the best it's plain to see!

38 $\text{♩} = 155$ *f* $\text{♩} = 160$

♩ = 170

44

me, me, me! I'm the best it's plain to see! Make it of me, why

Make it of me. Why no! Of_ me! No me, me, me! I'm the best it's plain to see!

44 1 2 1 4

♩ = 170

49

no, of_ me. No me, me, me! I'm the best it's plain to see! Make it of me, why no! Of_ me, me,

Make it of me, Why no, of_ me. No me, me, me! I'm the best it's plain to see!

Make it of me. Why no, of_ me. No me, me, me! I'm the best it's plain to see!

Make it of me. Why no, of_ me, No me, me, me! I'm the

49

♩ = 170

#9 Dear Me

♩ = 180

54

p(subito)

me, me, me. I'm the best it's plain to see. I'm the best it's plain to see, see,
 I'm the best it's plain to...
 I'm the best it's plain to...
 best it's plain to see! I'm the best it's plain to make it of me, me,

58

poco accel.
crescendo

♩ = 200

ff

see, see. Me, me, me, me, me, me, me!
 No me, me, me, me, me, me, me!
 Make it of me. No me, me, me, me, me, me, me!
 me, me, me. No me, me, me, me, me, me, me!

58

♩ = 200

ff

Narrator: When I last heard of them, they were quarreling still.

“What a strange thing!” said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. “This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away.”

So they threw it on a dust heap where the dead swallow was also lying.

Segue to No. 10, "The Most Precious Things"