

Scene 4:

Let me feed upon my beauty

(GINGER enters alone. She removes her mourning bonnet and dark cape. The street is empty. The evening trade has not yet begun. She pages through POLLY's diary and contemplates her life. In his London Hospital room, JOE M, sleeps sitting up, his head on his knees. At some point does he wake up and move to hear the singing coming from the street.)

Musik: Carl Unander-Scharin

Text: Michael Williams

Q $\text{♩} = 68$

1 *mp* *Un poco recitativo*

Ginger

One day, when I am

Piano

1 *mp* *p*

3 *mp* *p*

G

dead _____ I'd like to go _____ the way Pol-ly

Pi

5 *mf*

G

did, _____ in a po - lish'd elm _____ co -

Pi

5 *mp* *mp*

7 *mp*
G - fin... Was it Po-ly who wrote these sim - ple

7 *p* *p*

9 *mf*
G thoughts? Was she once this bud - ding rose of

9 *mp* *mp*

11 *mf*
G home? Was Pol-ly so blissful-ly con - tent? _

11 *f* *mp*

13 *f*
G Was her fu - ture veiled _ by _ these gol - den dreams? _

13 *mf* *f* *mf*

15 *mp*

G "Stu-died French and dreamt of Pa - ris." —

Pi *p*

17 *mp*

G "Went to mass and took com - mu - nion." —

Pi *p*

mp

19 *mf* *Tenuto*

G "Bought a love - ly sum - mer bon - net — to-day."

Pi *mp*

mp

21 *mf*

G Was she — once — this good girl drea - ming? —

Pi *mp*

f

23 *mp* *mf*

G A white brow — on which there was no brand. "Some may call me beau - ti -

Pi *p* *mp*

25 *Tenuto* *f* *♩=58* *Cantando* *mp*

G -ful" "Some day I will mar-ry" "Let me feed u-pon my beau - ty!" Her —

Pi *mf* *f* *mp*

28 *mf*

G — beau - ty was her curse and tool. "'Tis —

Pi *mf*

32

G — all I have so let me use it.

Pi

35 *f*
G Let me feed _____

35 *f*
Pi *Red.* * *Red.* *

36
G u - pon my beau - ty!

36
Pi *Red.* * *Red.* *

37
G To snare men's _____ souls

37
Pi *Red.* * *Red.* *

38
G and give me _____ love."
♩ = 108

38
Pi *Red.* * *Red.* *

R

Marcato $\text{♩} = 86$ *ff* *Tenuto*

G 40

Pi 40

The love — their wives — will ne- ver have! —

$\text{♩} = 108$ $\text{♩} = 86$ *Tenuto*

G 42

Pi 42

Poor fools, — what do I take from them? —

$\text{♩} = 108$ $\text{♩} = 86$ *Tenuto*

G 44

Pi 44

How dare — they hate us so? —

$\text{♩} = 108$ $\text{♩} = 86$ *fff* *Tenuto*

G 46

Pi 46

What right — have they to scorn us?

♩=108

48

G

ff

Tenuto

So I _____ sell beau - ty? _____

Pi

48

ff

6

6

♩=108

50

G

mf *mp*

Ritardando

But who is hurt by that? Who is hurt by

Pi

50

f *mf*

6

6

♩=68

53

G

mp *Un poco recitativo*

me... Was it me who once had... those simp -

Pi

53

p *p* *mp*

5

5

5

56

G

mf

- le dreams...? _____ Was I _____ once that bud - ding rose of

Pi

56

p *mp*

5

5

5

58 *mf*

G home? _____ Was I so bliss-ful-ly con-tent? _____

Pi *mf* *mp*

60 *f*

G _____ Was my fu-ture veiled _ by _ these gol-den dreams? _____ Dreams....? _____

Pi *mp* *mf*

$\text{♩} = 58$
Cantando

62 *mf*

G _____ My _____ beau-ty is my curse and tool.

Pi *f* *mp*

66

G "Tis _____ all I have so let me use it.

Pi *mf*

70 *f*
G Let me feed _____
Pi *f*
Red. * Red. *

71
G u - pon my beau - ty!
Pi
Red. * Red. *

72
G To snare men's _____ souls
Pi
Red. * Red. *

73 *Ritardando*
G and give me _____ love." _____
Pi
Red. * Red. *

S $\text{♩} = 66$

G *mp*
Poor Pol - ly, — cut up like a

Pi *mp*

G
pig... Oh this grey gloo - my

Pi *mp*

G *mf* *f* *mp* *Tenuto*
fog! Death... — I'll not think of it..

Pi *mp* *p*

G *p* *f*
Why — did I read her simp - le di - a - ry?

Pi *mp*

82 *mp* $\text{♩} = 72$

G Will no one — come?

S With —

Pi *mf* *p*

85 *mp*

S fin-gers wea-ry and worn, — With — eye-lids hea-vy and red, —

Pi *mp*

88 *mf*

S — A — woman sat in un-wo - man-ly rags, Ply -

Pi *mf*

91 *Accelerando* $\text{♩} = 76$ *mp*

S - ing her need - le and thread. — Stitch! Stitch!

Pi *p*

93 S *mf*
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! In

93 Pi *mp*

95 S *mp* *Tenuto* *mf*
po-ver - ty, hun - ger and dirt, and with a voice of so sad a pitch, she

95 Pi

97 S $\text{♩} = 82$
sang the "Song _____ of the

97 Pi *mp*

99 G *f*
I won't be like them, Joe!

S
Shirt".

99 Pi

100

G

You pro - mi - sed me, I wouldn't end up in the work-house!

S

Pi

101

S

f

Work! Work! Work! Work! Work! Work! Work! Work!

Pi

f

103

S

mf

Tenuto

While the cock is cro - wing a-loof, till the

Pi

mf

p

105

S

Tenuto

$\text{♩} = 86$

stars shine through the roof. Oh, _____ to be _____ a slave,

Pi

mf

108 *f*

G I won't be like them, Joe!

S *f*
a - long with Jew, nig - ger and turk!

Pi

109

G You pro - mi - sed me, I wouldn't end up in the work-house!

S
Where wo - man can - not a pen - ny save,

Pi

110 *mf* =86

S But this be good Chri - stian

Pi

111 *mf*

G [ah!]

S work, good Chri - stian work!

Pi

112 *♩=92* *Accelerando*

G But this be good Chri - stian work, good Chri - stian work!

S [ah!]

Pi *f*

114 *♩=76* *ff*

S Is this how you want to live your

Pi *ff*

(JOE S dangles a piece of jewellery before GINGER.)

116 S *mf*

life? Work till your brain be-gins to swim.

116 Pi *mf*

118 S *mp*

Work! Work! Work! Work! Work! Work! Work! Work!

118 Pi *p*

120 S *mf* *Tenuto* *mp*

Till the eyes are hea-vy and dim, and the

120 Pi *mp*

122 S *mp* ♩=82

brain begins to swim! Oh, to be a slave,

122 Pi *mp*

125 *ff*

G Will you stop it, Joe?

S *f*
a - long with Jew, nig - ger and turk!

125 Pi

126

G That hate - ful song!

S
Where wo - man can - not a pen - ny save,

126 Pi

127 *f* $\text{♩} = 92$

G I can - not stand it!

S *f*
[ah!]

127 Pi

128

G

I can - not stand it!

S

Pi

128

♩=96

ff

Accelerando

G

[ah!]

S

[ah!]

Pi

129

ff

♩=86

Sub.

G

S

Pi

131

fff

132

G I told you the last time — ne - ver a -

S Till the eyes are dim, brain — be - gins to

Pi

133

G - gain!

S swim!

Pi *ff*

134

G I told you the last time — ne - ver a gain!

S Till the eyes are dim, brain — be - gins to swim!

Pi

T

Un poco marcato

136 *f*

S The At-lan-tic world is wait-ing... for a girl like you. —

Pi

139 *f*

S — Fine — men in New York Ci-ty, Gold — ba-rons in Jo-han-nes-

Pi

142 *f*

S burg! To-bac-co Kings — in Bue-nos Ai-res... Oh, —

Pi

145 *Ritardando* $\text{♩} = 72$ *mf* Suddenly tender:

S — the things mo-ney can buy! I'll take you a - way from

Pi

148

S

White - cha - pel These streets don't de - serve a wo - man as

148

Pi

Stanco (Exhausted/ Tired)

♩ = 52

151

G

[m]

151

S

beau - ti - ful as you... As beau - ti - ful, as beau - ti -

151

Pi

p

(GINGER is at the point of succumbing to JOE S...)

155

G

[m]

155

S

ful as you... [m]

155

Pi

6

159

G

S

Pi

mp

Let me feed _____ u-pon your beau-ty!

159

pp

6

162

S

Pi

Accelerando

You snare my _____ soul and give me _____ love.

162

p

6

6

* *Red.* *

164

G

S

Pi

f

Let me feed _____

Let me feed _____

164

f

6

6

6

6

* *Red.* *

Red.

♩ = 58

165

G

u - pon my beau - ty!

S

u - pon your beau - ty!

Pi

Red.

* Red. *

166

G

To snare men's _____ souls

S

You snare my _____ soul

Pi

Red.

* Red. *

167

Ritardando

G

and give me _____ love.

S

and give me _____ love.

Pi

Red.

* Red. *

(...but something snaps in her as she breaks away from his caresses.
GINGER leaves. JOE S watches her.)

