

# 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

**1** *mp* *p*

Piano

**3** *mp* *p*

G

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

**3** *mp* *p*

Pi

**5** *mf*

G

did, \_\_\_\_\_ in a po - lish'd elm \_\_\_\_\_ co -

**5** *mp* *mp*

Pi

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

Pi *p* *p*

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

Pi *mp* *mp*

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

Pi *f* *mp*

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

Pi *mf* *f* *mf*

15 *mp*

G *mp*

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

Pi *p*

17 *mp*

G *mp*

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

Pi *p*

*mp*

19 *mf*

G *mf*

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

Pi *mp*

*mp*

*Tenuto*

21 *mf*

G *mf*

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* Let me feed \_\_\_\_\_

35 *f* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

36 u - pon my beau - ty!

36 *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

37 To snare men's \_\_\_\_\_ souls

37 *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

38 and give me \_\_\_\_\_ love."

38 *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

$\text{♩} = 108$

**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

*ff*

6

6

♩=108

50

G

*mf* *mp*

*Ritardando*

But who is hurt by that? Who is hurt by

Pi

*f* *mf*

6

6

♩=68

53

G

*mp* *Un poco recitativo*

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

Pi

*p* *p* *mp*

5

5

5

56

G

*mf*

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

Pi

*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 \_\_\_\_\_

70 *f*  
Pi *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

71  
G u - pon my beau - ty!

71 *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

72  
G To snare men's \_\_\_\_\_ souls

72 *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

73 *Ritardando*  
G and give me \_\_\_\_\_ love." \_\_\_\_\_

73 *Red.* \* *Red.* \*