

The Mayor

Brian Mountford

Oboe $\bullet = 112$ *recitativo* $\bullet = 100$ $\bullet = 112$

Clarinet in B \flat

Bassoon

Piano *mf*

Swallow *mf* Ear-ly the next morn-ing the *gracious* May - or was walk-ing in the square be-low in *official* com - pa-ny with the Town Coun-cil-lors.

Violin I *solo*

Violin II *mf solo*

Viola *mf solo*

Cello *mf solo*

Fl. $\bullet = 72$ *mp* $\bullet = 126$

Ob.

Cl. *mf*

Bsn.

Swal. *lyrical* As they passed the col-umn he looked up at the stat-ue: *condescending* "Dear me! how shab-by the Hap-py Prince looks!" he said. *grating* "How shab-by in- deed!" *lightly* cried the

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

The Mayor

15 B $\bullet = 100$

Ob. *p* *mp*

Hn. *p* *mp*

Swal. *p* *dramatic* *mp*

Town Coun-cil-lors, who al-ways a-greed with the May-or, and they went up to look at it. "The ru-by has fall-en out of his sword, his eyes are

V. I *tutti* *mp* *p* *mp*

V. II *tutti* *mp* *p* *mp*

Vla. *tutti* *mp* *p* *mp*

Vc. *tutti* *mp* *p* *mp*

Cb. *mp* *p* *mp*

23 $\bullet = 160$ $\bullet = 176$

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Swal. *gone, and he is gold-en no long-er,"* said the May - or; *in fact,* he is *lit-tle bet-ter than a beg-gar!"* *"Lit-tle bet-ter than a beg-gar,"* said the Town Coun-cil-

V. I *div.* *mp*

V. II *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Cb. *mp*

33 $\text{C} = 112$ $\text{C} = 100$ $\text{C} = 126$

Cl.

Swal. *scandalized* *pompous* *stern* *precise di*
 lors. "And here is ac-tu-al-ly a dead bird at his feet! We real-ly must is-sue a proc-la-ma-tion that birds are not to be al-lowed to die here." *mf* And

V. I *mf* *f* *fp*

V. II *mf* *f* *fp*

Vla. *mf* *f* *fp*

Vc. *mf* *f* *fp*

Cb. *mf* *f* *fp*

43 *rit.* $\text{D} = 66$ *a battuta*

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Bsn. *mp* *à 2*

Swal. *mp* *lightly*
 the Town Clerk made a note of the sug-ges-tion. *mp* So they pulled down the sta-tue

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb. *pizz.* *mp*

52 **E**

Fl. *mf* ^{1^o} ₃

Ob. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Bsn. *mf*

Swal. *mf* *lugubrious, with your favorite fake foreign accent* *lightly* *lugubrious, as before*
 of the Hap-py Prince. "As he is no long - er beau-ti-ful," said the Art Pro - fes-sor, "he is no

V. II *mf* *pizz.*

Vla. *mf* *pizz.*

Vc. *arco* *mf* *pizz.*

Cb. *mf*

61 **F**

Fl. *f* ^{1^o} ₃

Ob. *f*

Cl. *f*

Bsn. *f*

Tpt. *mf* ^{1^o} ₃

Swal. *mf* *lightly*
 long - er use - ful." Then they melt-ed the stat-ue in a fur-nace,

V. I *arco* *div.* *f* *mf* *pizz.*

V. II *f* *arco* *mf* *pizz.*

Vla. *f* *arco* *mf* *pizz.*

Vc. *arco* *f* *mf* *pizz.*

Cb. *f* *mf*

70 *poco rit.* $\text{♩} = 54$

Ob. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Bsn. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Swal. *important*
and the May-or held a meet-ing of the Cor-po-ra-tion to de-cide what was to be done with the met-al. "We must have an-oth-er stat-ue, of course," he said, "and

V. I *mp arco div.* *mf* *mp* *p*

V. II *mp arco* *mf* *mp* *p*

Vla. *mp arco* *mf* *mp* *p*

Vc. *mp arco* *mf* *mp* *p*

Cb. *mp* *mf* *mp* *p*

76 $\text{♩} = 84$ *poco rit.* $\text{♩} = 66$

Ob. *mf* *mp*

Cl. *mf* *mp*

Bsn. *mf* *mp*

Hn. *mf*

Tpt. *mf*

Swal. *mf* *grating* *lightly*
it shall be a stat-ue of my-self." "Of my-self," said each of the Town Coun-cil-lors *mf* and they quar-relled.

V. I *mf*

V. II *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Cb. *mf* *pizz.* *mp*

82 ♩ = 160 *poco rit.*

Fl. *mf*

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Tpt. *mf*

Swal. *mf*

When I last heard of them they were quar-rel-ling still. "What a strange thing," said the o-ver-se-er of the work -

V. I *mf* *div.*

V. II *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Cb. *mf* *arco*

91 ♩ = 66 ♩ = 160 ♩ = 66 *poco rit.*

Fl.

Tpt.

Swal.

men at the four - dry. "This bro-ken lead heart will not melt in the fur-nace. We must throw it a-way."

V. I

V. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

98 ♩ = 160 *poco rit.* *rit.*

Tpt.

Swal.

So they threw it on a dust heap where the dead Swal-low was al-so ly-ing.