

# The Mayor

Brian Mountford

**Swallow**  
♩ = 112 *recitativo*  
♩ = 100 *gracious*  
*mf* Ear-ly the next morn-ing the May-or was walk-ing in the square be-low in

**Rehearsal**  
*mf*

**Swal.**  
♩ = 112 *official*  
♩ = 72 *lyrical*  
6 com-pa-ny with the Town Coun-cil-lors. As they passed the col-umn he looked up at the stat-ue:

**Swal.**  
♩ = 126 *condescending*  
*grating* *lightly*  
10 "Dear me! how shab-by the Hap-py Prince looks!" he said. "How shab-by in-deed!" cried the

**Swal.**  
15 Town Coun-cil-lors, who al-ways a-greed with the May-or, and they went up to look at it.

The Mayor

Swal.  $\text{♩} = 100$  *dramatic*

20 **B**

"The ru-by has fall-en out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is gold-en no

Swal.  $\text{♩} = 160$  *mocking*  $\text{♩} = 176$  *grating*

25

long-er," said the May-or; "in fact, *mf* he is lit-tle bet-ter than a beg-gar!" "Lit-tle bet-ter than a

Swal.  $\text{♩} = 112$  *lightly* **C** *scandalized* *pompous*

31

beg-gar," said the Town Coun-cil-lors. "And here is ac-tu-al-ly a dead bird at his feet! We

Swal.  $\text{♩} = 100$  *stern*  $\text{♩} = 126$  *precise a*

38

real-ly must is-sue a proc-la-ma-tion that birds are not to be al-lowed to die here." *mf* And

43 *rit.* D ♩ = 66 *a battuta*

Swal. the Town Clerk made a note of the sug - ges - tion.

49 *lightly* E

Swal. *mp* So they pulled down the sta - tue of the Hap - py Prince.

54 *lugubrious, with your favorite fake foreign accent* *lightly*

Swal. *mf* "As he is no long - er beau - ti - ful," said the Art Pro - fes - sor,

60 *lugubrious, as before*

Swal. "he is no long - er use - ful."

Swal. F *lightly*

*mf* Then they melt - ed the stat - ue in a fur - nace, and the

Swal. *important* *poco rit.*

May - or held a meet - ing of the Cor - po - ra - tion to de - cide what was to be done with the met - al.

*mp* *mf* *mp*

Swal. G *grand* *f*

"We must have an - oth - er stat - ue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a stat - ue of my -

Swal. *grating* *poco rit.* *lightly* H *mf*

self." "Of my - self," said each of the Town Coun - cil - lors and they quar - relled.

*mf* *mp*

81

Swal.

When I last heard of them they were quar - rel - ling still.

86

I

$\bullet = 160$

*poco rit.*

Swal.

"What a strange thing," said the o - ver - se - er of the work -

*mf*

91

$\bullet = 66$

J

$\bullet = 160$

Swal.

men at the foun-dry. "This bro-ken lead heart will not melt in the fur-nace.

96

$\bullet = 66$

*poco rit.*

$\bullet = 160$

Swal.

We must throw it a-way." So they threw it on a

100 *poco rit.* *rit.*

Swal.

dust heap where the dead Swal - low was al - so ly - ing.