

The Poor House

Brian Mountford

♩ = 76

poco rit. *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Happy Prince

8

mp
Far a-way, far a-way, — far a-way in a

Rehearsal

pp 5 5

7

poco rit. *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Prin.

8

lit-tle street there — is — a poor house. One of the win-dows is o-pen, — and through it I can see a wom-an

14

a tempo *poco rit.* **A** *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Prin.

8

seat-ed at a ta - ble. Her face is thin and worn,

19

Prin.

8

and she has coarse red hands, all pricked by the nee-dle, for she is a seam-stress.

23 **B** *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Prin. *8* She is em-broi-der-ing pas-sion-flowers on a sat-in gown for the love-li-est of the Queen's maids-of-hon-our to wear at the

29 *poco rit.* **C** *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Prin. *8* next Court-ball. In a bed in the cor-ner of the room her

34 *8* lit-tle boy is ly-ing ill. He has a fe-ver, and is ask-ing for or-an-

39 *poco rit.* **D** *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Prin. *8* ges. His moth-er has noth-ing to give him but riv-er wat-er, so he is cry-ing.

44 *poco rit.* **E** *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Prin. *mf* Swa-low, Swa-low, lit-tle Swa-low, will you not bring her the ru-by out of my

49 *a tempo* *poco rit.* **F** *a tempo*

Swal. *mf* "I am wait-ed for in

Prin. sword-hilt? My feet are fast-ened to this ped-es-tal and I can-not move.

54

Swal. E - gypt.

56 *chirpy* *exaggerated*

Swal. My friends are fly - ing up and down the Nile, and

58 *poco rit.* **G** *a tempo*

Swal. talk - - - ing to the large lo - tus - flow - ers.

63 *mysterious*

Swal. *mp* Soon they will be go - ing to sleep in the tomb of the great King.

68

Swal. The King is there him - s - elf in his pain - ted cof - fin. He is

(tambourine)

72

Swal. wrapped in yel - low lin - en and em-balmed with s - pic - es. Round his

75

Swal. neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like with - ered leaves." —

78

Swal. [H]

Prin. 8 *mp* Swal-low, Swal-low, — *mf* lit - tle Swal - low, — will you not

85

Prin. *mf* stay with me for one night, and be my mes-seng-er? The boy is so thirs - ty, — and the moth-er so —

93

Swal. *mf* *hesitating* "I don't think I like boys. Last sum-mer, when I was

Prin. *mf* — sad.

I *senza misura* *hitting upon an excuse* (♩ = 126)

97

Swal. *poco rit.* stay - ing on the riv - er, there were two rude boys, the mil - ler's sons, who were

100 *an angry little bird* **J** (♩ = 104) *contemptuous*

Swal. al-ways throw-ing stones at me. They nev-er hit me, of course; we swal-lows fly far too well for

103 *proudly* (♩ = 92) *show off your coloratura, something like:*

Swal. that, and be - sides, I come of a fam-i - ly fa-mous for its a - gi - - - - -

106 (♩ = 126) *angry again* *poco rit.* **K** (♩ = 76) *lyrically*

Swal. - li - ty; — but still, it was a mark of dis - re - spect." *mp* But the *p*

111 *poco rit.* *a tempo conversationally* *poco rit.*

Swal. Hap - py Prince looked so sad that the lit - tle Swal - low was sor - ry. "It is ver - y cold here," he said;

117 **L** *a tempo a battuta* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Swal. "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your mes-seng-er." _____

Prin. _____ *mp* Thank you, lit-tle Swal-low. _____

122 **M** *lyrically* $\text{♩} = 84$ *poco rit.*

Swal. *mp* So the Swal-low picked out the great ru-by from the Prin-ce's sword, and

Prin. _____

128 *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Swal. flew a-way with it in his beak o-ver the roofs of the town.