

M. self. And more in-t'rest-ed in us than in me.

Strgs.

add Celeste
Cellos, Cl.

C Poco lento
ten.

M. And if oc-ca-sion-'ly he'd pon-der what makes Shakes-peare and Beet-hov-engreat,

ten.
pp Strgs., W.W.
ten.

Lento *Molto lento*

M. him I could love 'til I die. Him I could love 'til I die.

START HERE

D Tempo I

M. My white knight, — not a Lanc-e-lot — nor an an-gel with wings.

p Fl.
Vlins.

Cellos

M. *3* *3*

Just some-one to love me,— who is not a-shamed of a few nice things.

M. *3* *3* *3*

My white knight,— let me walk with him where the others ride by;

R.H. *3*

M. **E** *Very broadly* *Molto lento*

Walk, and love him— 'til I die. 'Til I

Vlns. *poco cresc.* Brass *f*

M. *Tempo I* *Ossia*

die. —

Brass (b) *W.W., Strgs. molto cresc.* *ff* *sfz*