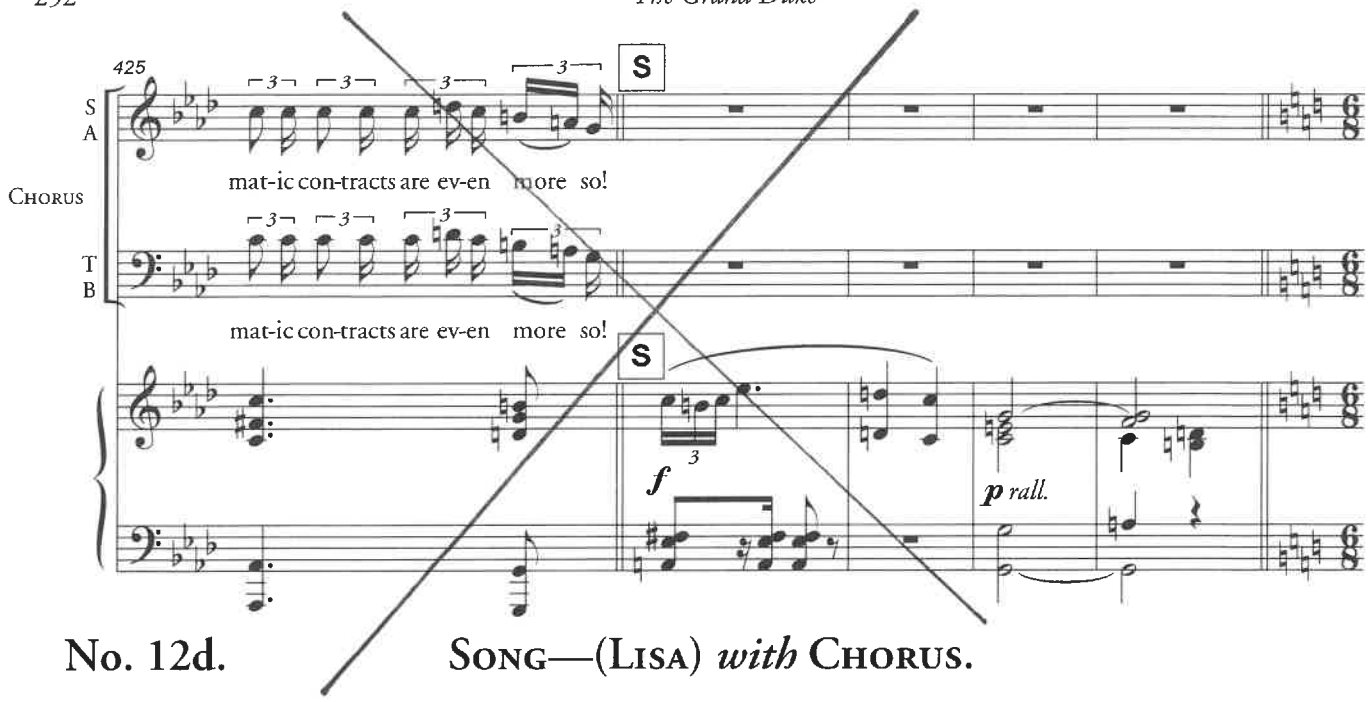
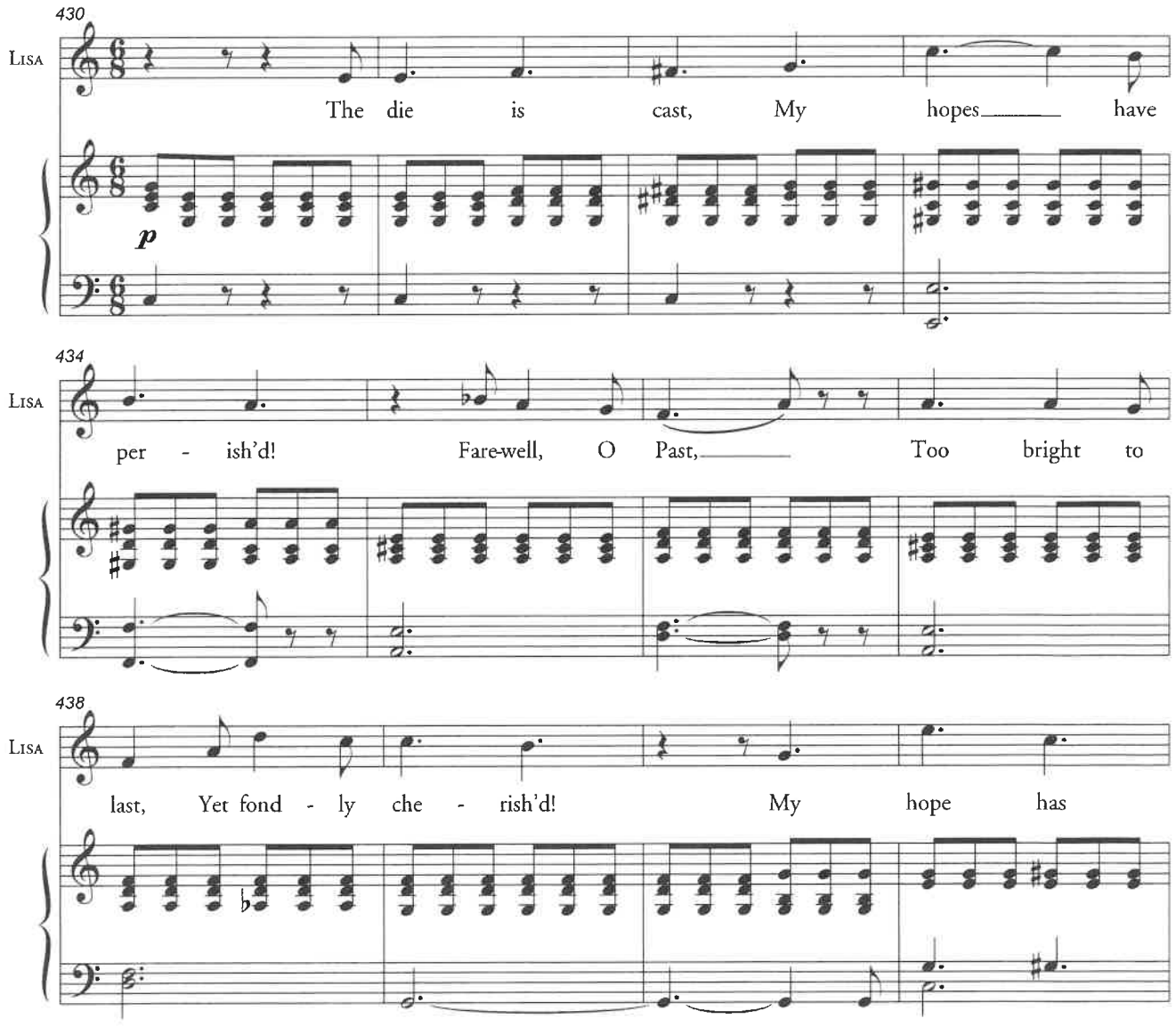
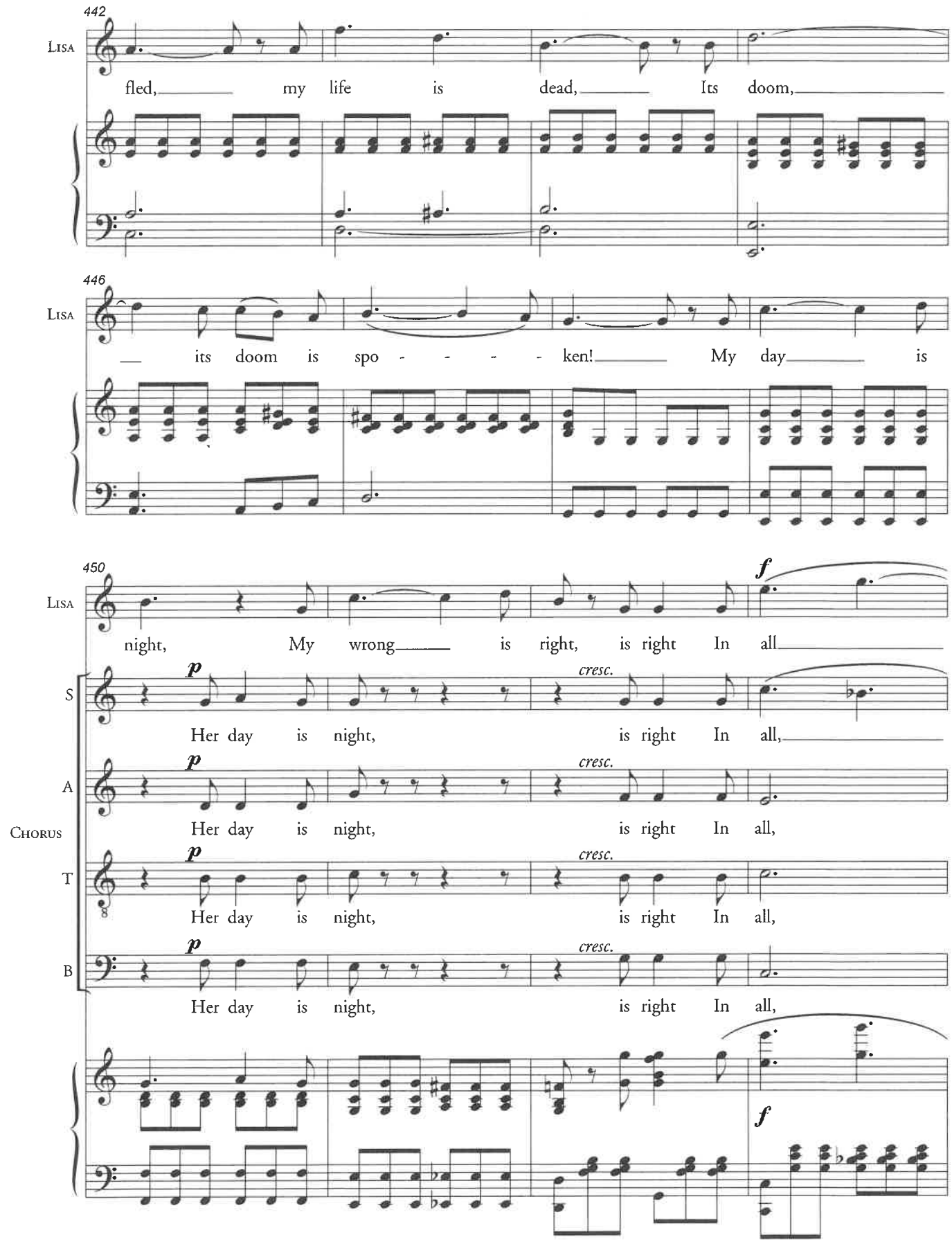
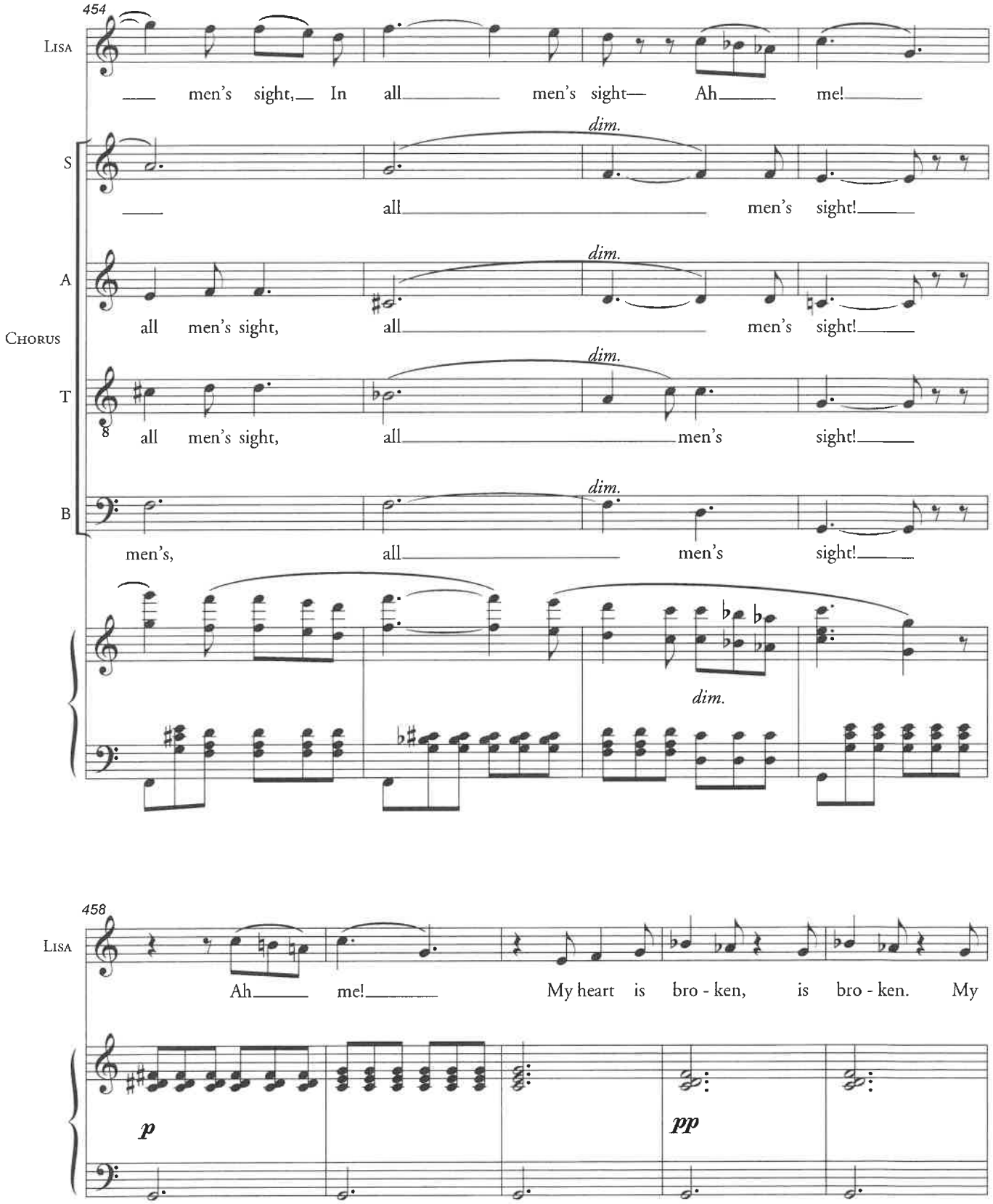
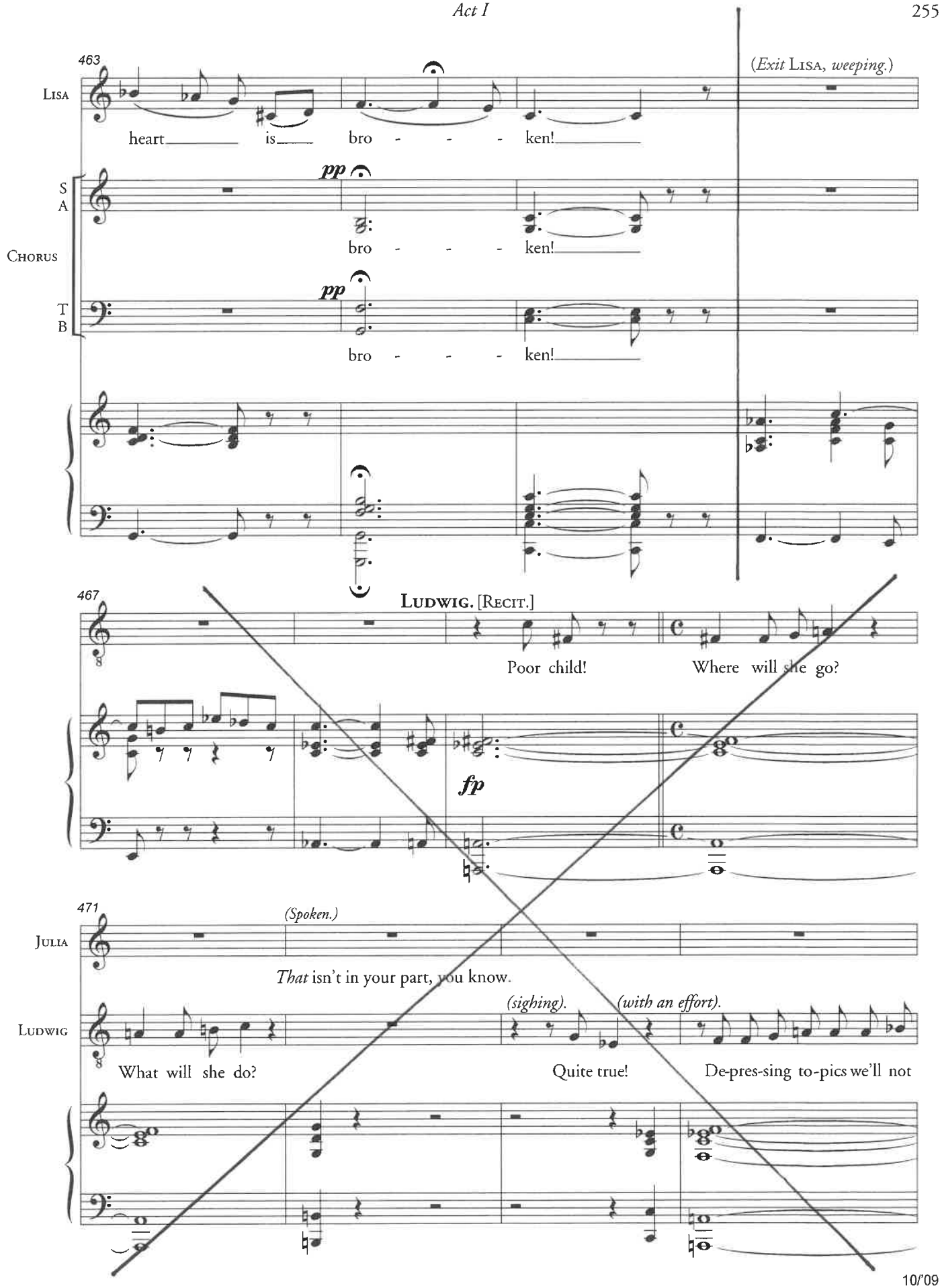


No. 12d. Song—(Lisa) *with* Chorus.




442
Lisa
fled, my life is dead, Its doom,
446
Lisa
its doom is spo - - - - ken! My day is
450
Lisa
night, My wrong is right, is right In all
f
Chorus
S
p
cresc.
Her day is night, is right In all,
A
p
cresc.
Her day is night, is right In all,
T
p
cresc.
Her day is night, is right In all,
B
p
cresc.
Her day is night, is right In all,
f


454
Lisa
men's sight, In all men's sight— Ah me!
S
dim.
all men's sight!
A
dim.
all men's sight, all men's sight!
Chorus
T
dim.
all men's sight, all men's sight!
B
dim.
men's, all men's sight!
dim.
458
Lisa
Ah me! My heart is bro - ken, is bro - ken. My
p
pp


463
Lisa
heart is bro - - - ken!
(*Exit* Lisa, *weeping.*)
S
A
Chorus
pp
bro - - - ken!
T
B
pp
bro - - - ken!
467
Ludwig. [Recit.]
Poor child! Where will she go?
fp
471
Julia
(Spoken.)
That isn't in your part, you know.
Ludwig
What will she do?
(sighing).
Quite true!
(with an effort).
De-pres-sing to-pics we'll not