

155 *f exuberantly*

voice Heigh ho heigh ho I have breakfast after

Pno. *f* 3

164 *sempre stringendo f*

voice sights. I do not wait til seven. Why— why— am I al - ways hun - gry at sea?—

Pno. *f*

174 *buoyantly* (♩=♩)

Pno. *ff* *sempre cresc.* *p*

Scene 4

184 *Andante Moderato* (♩ = 84) *molto leggiero*

fl. Tin Whistle *mf*

vln. *molto leggiero* *mf*

voice *mf*

A— love - ly un - ex - pect - ed lit - tle drive— with Fred - die boy. To where al - li - gat - ors thrive and palms are thick— as four in bed. On

193

fl.

vln

voice

board to sew a cor - set cov - er, lace — on — my night - ie. My darl - ing boy is un - der the weath - er, but he's get - ting bet - ter. Make — fudge for him to

202

fl.

vln

voice

gob - ble. He eats — with both his hands. — I - roned yes - ter-day, and sick to - day, — or is it sick of iron - ing?

take flute

bend

First real bust-up with Fred, and of today's events, the shouting, the pettiness, the empty anger, which I shall never forget. Nothing will be said.

210

perc.

voice

Pno.

Moderato (♩=104)

Light Tambourine

p

"You're soldiering." Sea talk for loafing. I did not sign on as a Chinese laundry. Is it the heat that's getting you, Fred darling,

Moderato (♩=104)

mf leggiero

senza ped.

218 *(tambourine)* 3

perc.

voice

Or is it the drinking?" "Damn it, you know I don't drink." "Sipping then, I smell it." "You're some old educated smart, ain't you."

più agitato, crescendo

218 *mf* 3

Pno.

228 *(♩ = ♩.)*

perc.

voice

That's medicine you smell." Says I, "Some call it that." He goes into the virtues of several Mollies, a Mary, and two or three unknown trollops whose backs are stronger than their minds.

(♩ = ♩.)

228 *mf*

Pno.

238 *più agitato*

perc.

voice

"If all you want is ironed clothes, and your sex appetites satiated, then bring aboard your Boston dollies, and I'll pack my bag. I'll bet she cannot navigate,

più agitato

238

Pno.

perc. 246 *agitato*

voice

outside of the bunk." "Saysheate. What in the hell is that? Don't go showing off in front of me. You couldn't be sick if you tried. You're just lazy as hell,

Pno. 246 *agitato*

f *cresc.*

perc. 255 *cresc. ed accel.* + Handbell (*tremolo*)

voice

When we're in port. Fine for a sailor's girl."

Pno. 255 *cresc. ed accel.*

ff

fl. 263 *Flute overblow (no clear pitches)*

perc. 263

Pno. 263