

52 (Prof. Bhaer)

Dear Miss March, there is no-thing dra-ma-tic or new to re-port. This will be

54 55 56 57

short. Mor-ning and eve-ning I live in my us-u-al way.

58 59 [to 63] 63

On the day you re-turn you will see for your self.

64

65

Tell me, Miss March, are you hap-py so far from the clang and the beat of our turb-u-lent street? Quite

66 67

oft - en I think of our days in New York. Though of

68 69

course since you went I have been quite con - tent.'

70 71

Ach! I wake in the morn-ing and all that I hear is the

72 73

ab - sence of sound. Yes! My

(Prof. Bhaer)



peace is disturbed but the ruck-us is me as my thoughts run a-ground. I



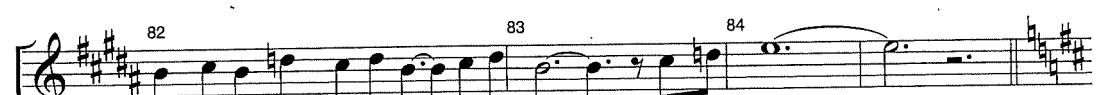
want ed a life by my-self in these rooms, but now all a-round me a-no-ther life looms. Who



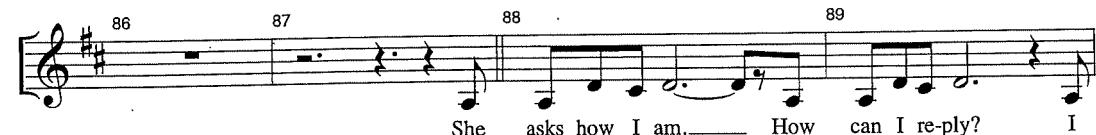
asked her to come and to go and to leave me like that? And



now she expects me to send her a note? With words, if I spoke, that would stick in my throat! Who



asked her to change how I live, how I think, how I am? \_\_\_\_\_



She asks how I am. How can I re-ply? I



go through my dail-y rou-tine. I give lessons, I wait. Time goes by. Yet

Beth  
Jo**A Tempo**

(Prof. Bhaer)



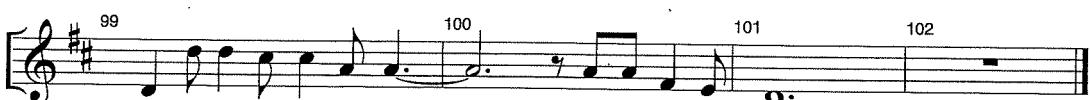
late- ly I find there is plea-sure in hum-ming a sill-y tune. And



some days I go to the park and I sit there all af-ter-noon. Some

**Slower**

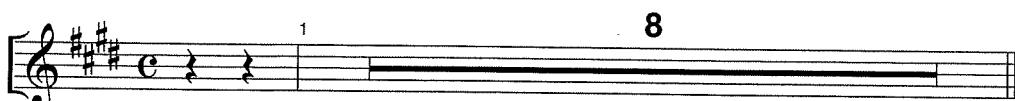
eve-nings I swear I can hear a door slam. The



That is how I am.

Segue

20a

**To The Beach****Beth:** "Marmee, it's so beautiful – the waves, and all the shells."

#20 - How I Am