

52 (Prof. Bhaer) 53

'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.

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

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

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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

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ab - sence of sound. _____ Yes! My



peace is dis-turbed 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

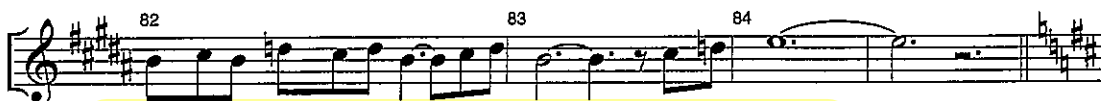


asked her to come and to go and to leave me like that?

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