

Stepmother
Cinderella
Cinderella's Father

Act I Opening, Part 7

7

(♩ = 100)
(Sings with a flourish)

La - dies,

Our car - riage waits.

STEPMOTHER

CINDERELLA *(Hands her the plate of tarts)*

Now may I go to the Fes - ti - val!

STEPMOTHER

The Fes - ti - val...!

(Stepmother)

Dar - ling, those naïf! Dar - ling, those clothes! Let - tics are one thing but dar - lings with those, You'd

(Stepmother)

make us the fools of the Fes - ti - val! And now - ti - fy the Prince!

(Cinderella's father enters) CINDERELLA'S FATHER

The

(Stepmother)

We must be gone.

(Cinderella's father)

car - riage is wait - ing.

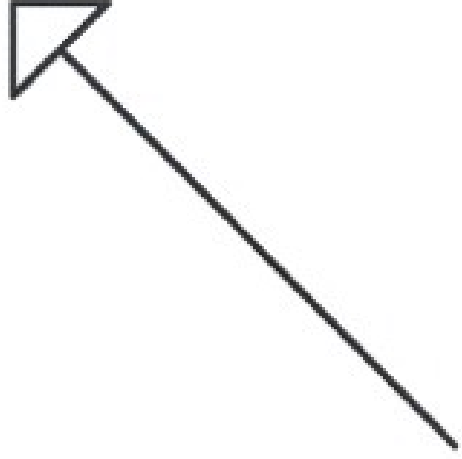
*(Stepmother, Cinderella and
Lacinda exit with a flourish)*

CINDERELLA

Good night, Father - er. I wish...

(Sits dejected, crying)

SEGUE



Baker
Baker's Wife
Cinderella
Narrator

Act I Opening, Part 8

8

(The Baker, having gone off, returns in hunting gear, jacket and hat.)

BAKER: Look what I found
in Father's hunting jacket.

BAKER'S WIFE: Six beans.

BAKER'S WIFE: Which's beans?
We'll take them with us.

Tempo Primo (♩ = 075)

BAKER: No! You are not counting.

BAKER'S WIFE: I know you are
fearful of the woods at night.

BAKER'S WIFE: *mf*

(Baker)

spell is on my house.—

On - ly I can lift the spell. The spell is on

(Baker's Wife)

spell is on our house.—

We must lift the spell to - geth - er. The spell is on

my house.—

BAKER:

Now what am I to return with?

BAKER'S WIFE (Annoyed):
You don't remember?

BAKER (cont.):
...come and that is final.

(Baker's Wife)
10

out house.—

The

(Baker's Wife)

12 13
cow as white as milk, The cape as red as blood, The

(Baker's Wife)

14 15
hair as yel-low as corn, The slip-per as pure as gold...

BAKER
(Muttering) *mp*

16
The

(Baker)

17 18
cow as white as milk, The cape as red as blood, The hair as yel-low as corn, The

NARRATOR:
And so the Baker, reluctantly,

NARRATOR (cont.):
set off to meet the enchantress's demands. As for Cinderella:

19 20
slip-per as pure as gold...

CINDERELLA *mp*

21
I

(Cinderella)

22 23
still wish to go to the Fes-ti-val,

(Baker) (Muttering as he gets ready to leave)

24
But

25
The cow as white as milk, The

(Cinderella) *mf*
 how am I ev - er to get to the Fes - ti - val? I know! I'll
 cape as red as blood, The hair as yel - low as corn...

(Cinderella) *f*
 vis - it Moth - er's grave. The grave at the ha - zel tree, And
 BAKER'S WIFE (Poesiegg)
 The slip - per...
 (Baker)
 The slip - per as pure as

(Cinderella) *f*
 tell her I just want to go to the King's Fes - ti - val
 (Baker's Wife)
 The cow, The cape, The slip - per as pure as gold...
 (Baker)
 The

SEGUE