

2

26

Allegro

CARRIE:

sea. When we

work in the mill, weav - in' at the loom, Y' -

- gaze ab - sent - ed at the roof. And

half the time yer shut - tle gets twi - ed in the threads Till y' -

(Looking away and smiling. She knows it's true.)

A Tempo

- can't tell the warp from the woof!

JULIE:

CARRIE:

queer one, Ju - lie Jor - dan! You won't ev - er tell a bod - y what you

think. You're as tight - lipped as an oys - ter, And as

JULIE: (spoken)

Slowly

si - lent as an old Sa - hair - a Spink! Spinx.

CARRIE: Huh?
JULIE: Spinx.

CARRIE: Uh-uh. Spink.
JULIE: Y'spell it with an 'x.'

CARRIE: That's only when there's more than one.
JULIE: (Out-bluffed.) Oh.

CARRIE: (Looking sly.) Julie, I been bustin' t'tell you somethin' lately. **JULIE:** Y'hev? **CARRIE:** Reason I didn't...

CARRIE: (*cont.*) ... keer t'tell you before was 'cause you didn't hev a feller of yer own. Now y'got one, I ken tell y'about mine.

JULIE: (*Quietly and thoughtfully.*) I'm glad you got a feller, Carrie. What's his name?



Moderato con grazia

CARRIE: 66 (*Now she sings, almost reverently.*)



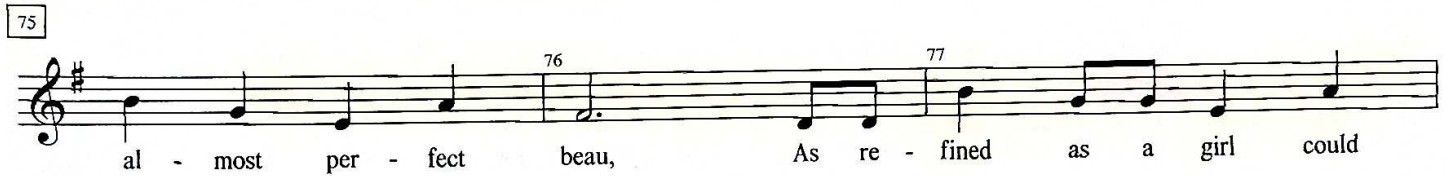
His name is Mis - ter Snow, And an up - stand - in' man is



he. He comes home ev - 'ry night in his round - bot - tomed boat With a



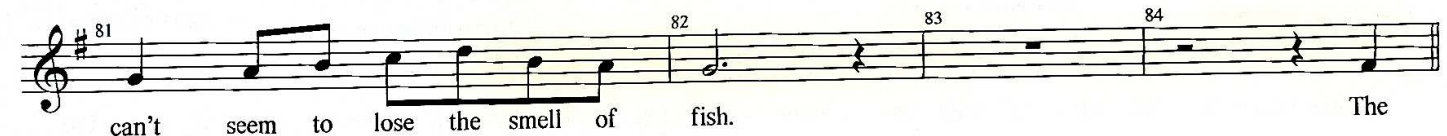
net full of her - ring from the sea. An



al - most per - fect beau, As re - fined as a girl could



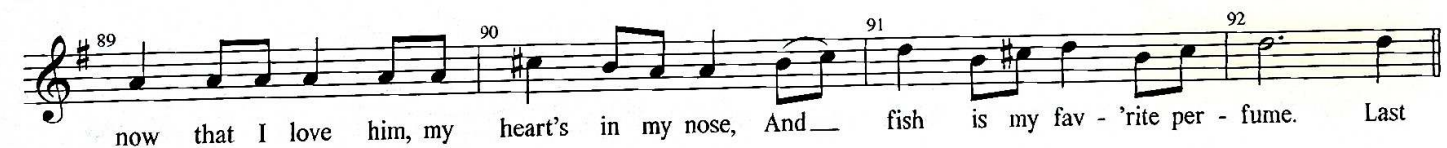
wish, But he spends so much time in his round - bot - tomed boat, That he



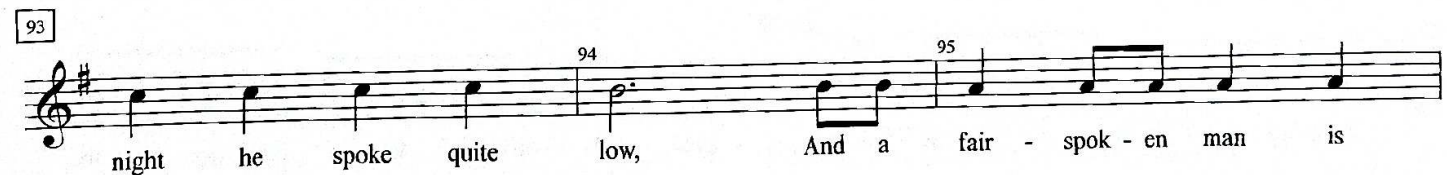
can't seem to lose the smell of fish. The



fust time he kissed me, the whiff of his clo'es Knocked me flat on the floor of the room; But

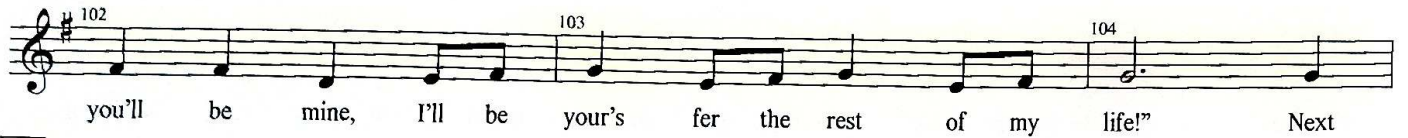
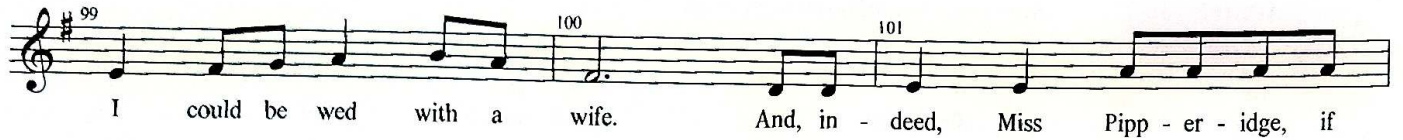
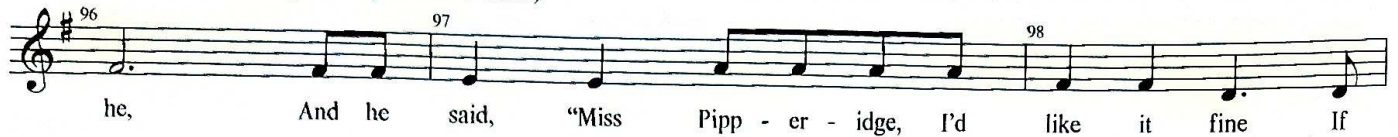


now that I love him, my heart's in my nose, And fish is my fav - 'rite per - fume. Last

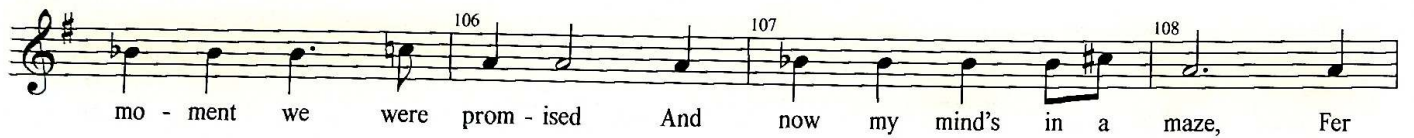


night he spoke quite low, And a fair - spok - en man is

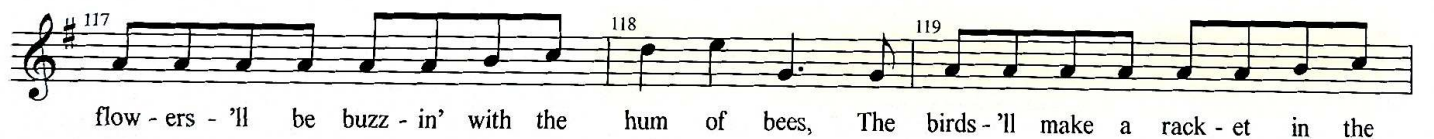
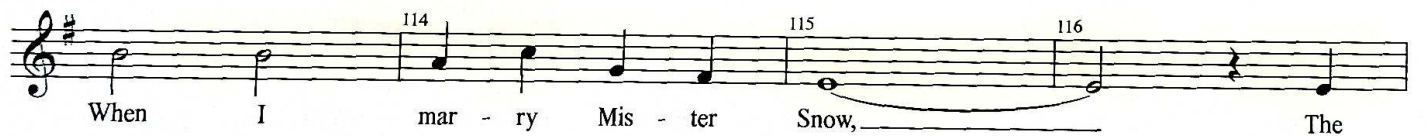
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(Memorizing exactly what he said.)

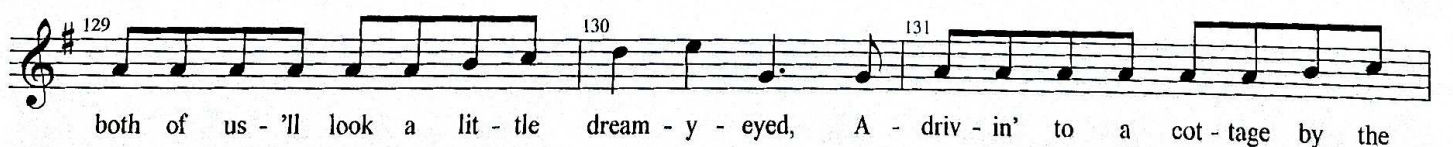
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113



125



132 133 134 135 136

o - cean - side Where the salt - y breez - es blow. He'll

137 138 139

car - ry me 'cross the thresh - old, And I'll be as meek as a

140 141 142

lamb. Then he'll set me on my feet, And I'll say, kind - a sweet:

(spoken) 143 144

"Well, Mis - ter Snow, here I am!"

145 (sings) 146 147 148

Then I'll kiss him so he'll know That

149 150 151

ev - 'ry - thin - 'll be as right as right ken be, A - liv - in' in a cot - tage by the

152 153 154 155 156

sea with me, For I love that Mis - ter Snow- That

157 158 159 160

young, sea - far - in', bold and dar - in', Big, be - whis - kered, ov - er - bear - in'

Rall. 161 162 163 164

dar - lin', Mis - ter Snow!