

MOTHER:

TATEH:

Fine wea - ther, is - n't it?

Ci - ty.

Is - n't it?

15

No-thing like the ci - ty...

Now that we're out of the ci - ty, is-n't it?

No-thing like the ci - ty...

19

LITTLE GIRL: "He's still staring."

TATEH: "never mind."

LITTLE BOY:

My fa-ther's at the North Pole, with

23

LITTLE BOY

STAMP

sfz mf

MOTHER:

Ed-gar!

LITTLE BOY:

Ad - mi - ral Pea - ry and Es - ki - mos! Where is your mo - ther?

LITTLE GIRL:

Dead.

sfz

28

LITTLE BOY:

My name is Ed - gar. We're off to vi - sit our fire - works fac - to - ry. What is your name?

31

LITTLE BOY:

That's im - pos - si - ble. Ev - 'ry - one has a name. — E - ven the

LITTLE GIRL:

No name.

34

MOTHER:
Ssshhh! Do not be rude! He

LITTLE BOY:
lit - tle Ne - gro ba - by who lives in our at - tic!

END

mp

37

MOTHER:
talks.

TATEH:
I

LITTLE BOY:
I ne - ver knew a - ny - one who stayed on a rope like a pup - py dog.

mf

40