

385

LISA:

385 The die is cast— my hopes _____ have per - ish'd!

390

390 Fare-well, O past, _____ Too bright to last, Yet fond - ly che - rish'd!

395

395 My hope has fled, _____ my life is dead, _____ Its

404

400 doom, _____ its doom is spo - - - ken! _____ My day _____ is

405

night, my wrong — is right, is right in all — men's sight, — in

CHORUS: all —

p Her day is night, *cresc.* is night in all, all men's sight,

p Her day is night, *cresc.* is night in all men's,

405

410

all — men's sight, Ah — me! — Ah — me! — my heart is

dim.

all — men's sight! —

dim.

all — men's sight! —

410

dim.

p

(Exit LISA weeping.)

416

bro - ken, is bro - ken. My heart _____ is bro - ken! _____

pp

bro - ken. _____

pp

416

pp

JULIA: (Spoken)
That isn't in your
part, you know. (sighing)

423 **LUDWIG:**

Poor child! Where will she go? What will she do? Quite true!

423

fp

429 (With an effort.)

De-pres-sing to-pics we'll not touch up-on— Let us be - gin as we are go - ing on! For

429