



50




breeze. To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls o-ver stones in its way, To



58

sing through the night like a lark who is learn-ing to pray. I go to the hills



when my heart is lone - ly, I know I will hear what I've heard be-

66



fore. My heart will be blessed with the sound of

colla voce



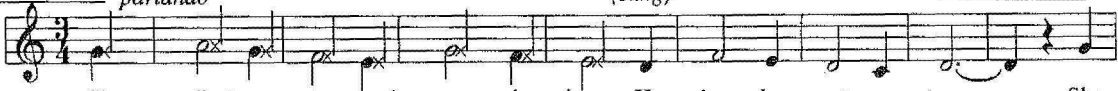
mu - sic, and I'll sing once more.

Cue: Sister Berthe: "Exactly what I say!"

No. 4 - Maria

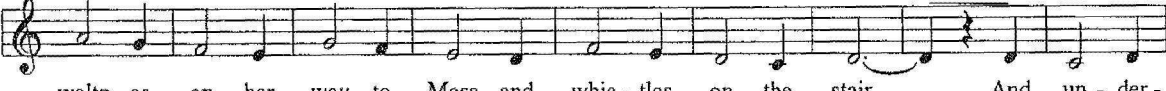
Presto (in 1) 1

Sister Berthe: *parlando* *(sung)* **Sister Sophia:**



She climbs a tree and scrapes her knee, Her dress has got a tear. She

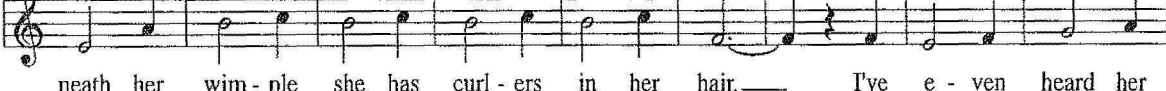
9



Berthe: 17

waltz-es on her way to Mass and whis-tles on the stair. And un-der-

Sophia: 25



neath her wim-ple she has curl-ers in her hair. I've e-ven heard her