

Mother Abbess:

Margaretta:

lis-ten to all you say? How do you keep a wave up-on the sand? Oh,

Mother Abbess: *rit.*

how do you solve a prob-lem like Ma-ri-a? How do you hold a moon-beam in your

A tempo Margaretta: *Mosso*

hand?— When I'm with her I'm con-fused, Out of fo-cus and be-mused, And I

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nev-er know ex-act-ly where I am.

Berthe:

Un-pre-dict-a-ble as weath-er, she's as

(Marg.)

She's a dar-ling. She's a lamb.—

(Ber.) Sophia:

flight-y as a feath-er, She's a de-mon. She'll out-

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Berthe:

pes-ter an-y pest, Drive a hor-net from his nest, She could throw a whirl-ing

Margaretta: **116** Sophia:

der-vish out of whirl.— She is gen-tle, She is wild, She's a rid-dle, She's a