

*The Poison*

21 A. way. —

22 6 3 6

23 molto allarg.

A Tempo  
MONTY:

I am stand-ing here with poi-son in my pock-et, stand-ing on this froz-en lit-tle dock, it seems that

24 6 25

26 27 I've just let them skate my op - por - tu - ni - ty a - way.

If I'd had the poise to put the poi-son in a pot of tea, or else a shot of gin, I would be

31

M. 30 back a - mid the noise of Lon - don by the end of day. But,

M. 31

I am stand-ing here with poi-son in my pock-et, one eye on the tar-get, one eye on the clock, it

M. 32 33

M. 34 bet - ter hap - pen soon be - fore I lose my nerve and run.

M. 35

M. 36 If I had a knife, I could have grabbed him, then dis - creet-ly knocked him on the head and stabbed him, not to

M. 37

— ANY T'OCKET

M. 38 men - tion what I would have done if I had had a gun. Then a - gain, the

M. 40 thought oc-curs, if I had tru-ly tak-en stock, it might have stopped me put-ting poi-son in my pock - et.

M. 42 What a fool to tra - vel all this way and not think twice.

M. 44 Mur - der's not a hob - by for the cau - tious, thoughts of vi - o - lence can make the ti - mid nau - seous...

Rit.

Slower

M. 46 47 48 accel. A Tempo

un - less, of course, the vic-tim plun-ges head-long through the ice! It ap-pears that I've been

Più mosso

M. 49 50

hand - ed quite an op - por - tune sol - u - tion. All that still re-mains is pro - per ex - e - cü - tion. I had

51

M.

bet - ter join them on the lake be - fore it gets too late!

3

53

M.

Sud-den-ly there is no stum-blung block, it means that I won't need the poi-son in my pock-et. What a

(b)

55

M.

Più mosso

stroke of luck Si - bel - la teased me 'til I learned to skate!

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