

Gesang

Mr. Scrooge
Nr. 5 Christmas Future

Moderato

Scrooge

4

8

Where are you tak - ing me? Where are we fly - ing? —
Pain is con - fus - ing me. Where are we drift - ing? —

7

S

8

Why are you mak - ing me view this ci - ty, cold and so pi - ti - less?
What is ac - cus - ing me from the sha - dows? All hu - man sad - ness is

10

S

8

1. 2.

It is my fault — that — its pave-ments are hard? —
hud-dled and lone - ly — down there in the dark. —

14

S

8

These thin child-ren, hud-dled low — be - neath a bridge, how will they grow — with-

18

S

8

in this bit - ter ci - ty? No — please don't tell me, I don't want to know. — Please don't

22

S

8

tell me, I don't want to know. — Where are you tak - ing me?

26

S

8

Where are we fly - ing? — Ter-ror is shak - ing me, I am weep-ing. Ci-ty a-sleep — in my

30

S

8

dream, oh I'm feel - ing — such fear in my heart. — Must it hap - pen

34

S

8

this way though! — Must hu - man child-ren suf-fer so? — Can't I be there to

S 8 help them? No ___ please don't tell me, I don't want to know. ___ Please don't

S 8 tell me, I don't want to know. ___

Sop Through a win - dow ___ catch a glimpse ___ of ___

Alt Through a win - dow ___ catch a glimpse ___ of ___

Män Through a win - dow ___ catch a glimpse ___ of ___

Sop sel - fish ___ fa - ces. ___ Ug - ly laugh - ter ___ car-ries on the air.

Alt sel - fish ___ fa - ces. ___ Ug - ly laugh - ter ___ car-ries on the air.

Män sel - fish ___ fa - ces. ___ Ug - ly laugh - ter ___ car-ries on the air. ___

Sop ___ Bru - tal fig - ures - lurch-ing through the dark. ___ This place is

Alt ___ Bru - tal fig - ures - lurch-ing through the dark. ___ This place is

Män ___ Bru - tal fig - ures - lurch-ing through the dark. ___ This place is

Christmas Future

3

56

Sop

what we are ___ when we no long - er care. _____

Alt

what we are ___ when we no long - er care. _____

Män

what we are ___ when we no long - er care. _____

60

S

Those eyes that stare ___ at me hard and re-lent ___ less ___ seem to lay bare ___ to me

63

S

all our fu-ture, hard-ship and root - less-ness, pain in the fa - ces ___ that hun-ger's made sharp. ___

67

S

Why's the moon-light cast-ing so ___ cold and com-fort - less a glow ___ on that new grave? Whose

73

S

is it? No, don't tell me, I al-read-y know. ___ You need-n't tell me, I al-read-y know. ___

73

Sop

uh _____

Alt

uh _____

Män

uh _____