No. 16

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Warning: CALIPH: I know. Most things I love don't exist either. About... about your daughter's father. You say he's a gardener?

Cue: I happen to be a gardener too.

Moderato
(Caliph touches Marzina's hand.) (Dialogue continues.)

Celeste

Piano

(WARNING: Marzina and Caliph kiss.)

MARSINAH:

Oh, why do the leaves of the mulberry tree whisper differently now?

AND

Cello

why is the nightingale singing at noon on the mulberry bough?

M.

some most mysterious reason. This isn't the garden I know. No, it's

Fl.

Va., Cello

M.

Paradise now that was only a garden a moment ago!

M.

Cl.

mp
Broadly (But with movement)

CALIPH:

Take my hand, I'm a stranger in Paradise, All lost in a wonder-land, A stranger in Paradise, If I stand

starry-eyed, That's a danger in Paradise For mortals who stand beside An angel like you.

Più mosso

I saw your face And I ascended
Out of the commonplace
Into the rare!

Someplace in space
I hang suspended

Until I know
There's a chance that you care;

poco rall.
A tempo

Won't you answer the fervent prayer
Of a stranger in Paradise?

poco rall.

Don't send me in dark despair
From all that I hunger for,
But open your angel's arms To the stranger in Paradise

And tell him that he need be A stranger no more.

Marsinah: You say—you say you're a gardener. What kind of flowers should I plant along the fence?

A tempo

Caliph: I must go in a moment. Will you meet me here again this evening? Marsinah: I thought hyacinths

but perhaps oleanders.

Caliph: At moonrise? Here in the garden? Marsinah: Yes, yes, of course. Caliph: You won't forget? You won't fail me?
MARSINAH: Tempo as in first refrain

I saw your face And I ascended Out of the

Vls.

pp Hes.

Cello, Bn.

commonplace Into the rare!

Hos.

dim.

Cln.

Vns., Bn., B. Cln.

M.

Some where in space I hang suspended Until I

CALIPH:

Some where in space I hang suspended

Vls., Cln.

Cln.

Tryps.

Vns.

M.

know There's a chance that you care; Won't you answer the

C.

Till the moment I know There's a chance that you care.
fer-vent pray'r: Of a stran-ger in Par-a-dise?
Don't send me in
dark de-spair From all that I hun-ger for,
But o-pen your
an-gels arms To the stran-ger in Par-a-dise And tell me that

I need be A stran-ger no more!
Segue on Applause