

LILY OF THE FIELD

Orch. by Jonathan Tunick

(MISTER pushes them apart.)

MISTER: You ain't never gonna hear from her.**CELIE** DON'T DO THIS.**CELIE:** Don't hurt her!

→ **3** **CELIE:** 4 5 6 7

Don't take my Net - tie!

Clars, Vlms.

f Bs Cl, Timp, Vcl, Bs. (No Timp.)

MISTER: You even try to find her,
and she be the one to pay.**NETTIE:** Don't forget me, Celie.
CELIE: Nettie, write me!**NETTIE:** I'll write you every day.
Nothin' but death will keep me from it.**CELIE:** Nettie!

8 9 10 11 12

+Tpts - st. mute +Tbns - st. mute

+Timp.

MISTER: Your sister
dead to you. Dead!(Strings/Kbd. 2
hold for hit)

13 **Rall.** 14 **CELIE:** 15

You can't do this! You can't do this!

f *sempre* w/Bs Cl, Vcl. (Bs. out)

+K2

16 (CELIE falls to the ground.)

17 18 19

Why you do this? Dear God.

+Bs Cl, Timp, Vcl, Bs.

Tpts.

ff

+Cym. roll

8vb

20 **Maestoso**

21 22 23

What you

Tpts.

ff

mf

3

3

Hi-hat

ff

+Clar's, Tbns.

w/Bs, Bs. Cl.

+Timp.

8vb

24 25 26 27 (to 27A)

done with my sis-ter? How this play in your plan? Won't you

p Stgs, K2: Stgs
Clar's, Tbn I

27A 27B 27C 27D (to 28)

bring back my Net-tie? You the on - ly one who can.

(Clar's, Tbn out)

(Bs. Cl. cont's.)

(Bs. Cl. out)

28 **Andante con moto**

29 30 31

pizz. Vcl, Cl.
(K2 out)
w/Timp, Bs. →

32 **CELIE:** 33 34 35 *3*
I ——— nev-er ask for a-ny-thing — But I'm ask - ing for this.

36 37 38 39 *3*
If I'm real - ly a li - ly — of the field, ——— You will

Vla, Cl.

40 *3* 41 *3* 42 43
an - swer my prayer. ——— Or

Vcl, Cl.

Rubato **A tempo**

44 45 46 47 48

you're no God at all.

Tpts.

ff *f*

+Vln, Vla, Clar's.

ff w/Tbn. 1
w/Vcl, Bs, BsCl, Tbn 2

8vb (Timp. out)

MISTER: What you think you doin'? You touch
Rit. that mailbox and I'll kill you girl.

49 50 51 52 53

Tpt. 2 - harmon solo

dim. *p*

(Tbns. out) (Clar's out)

54 55 56 57

So many winter's grey — and sum-mer's blue, she must be dead. — What kind of God are

spoken: sung:

Clar's.

Vlins, Vla.

p *mf*

Vcl, Bs., Bs. Cl.