

41. Drowned at Birth

Agnes Patterson

$\text{♩} = 110$

I run a lit-tle can-dy store and gift shop in the woods.

Piano

5

Agnes

I've been in bus-'ness on that spot for years. I make a mod-est liv-ing sell-ing

Pno.

9

Agnes

cards and sun - dry goods, like home-made sweets and hand - made sou - ven - irs.

Pno.

12

Agnes

My life was un - e - vent - ful, some would say a lit - tle dull,

Pno.

16

Agnes

but I was hap - py in my can - dy store. But that was all to al - ter on that

Pno.

20

Agnes

fate-ful af - ter-noon when those two vi-pers slith-ered through my door.

Pno.

23

Agnes

Some child-ren should be drowned at birth, and that ap - plies to them. To

Pno.

28

Agnes

let those nas - ty lit-tle thugs grow up—would be an un-wise strat - a - gem. They

Pno.

32

Agnes

near - ly were the death of me,— and that you sure - ly must con -

Pno.

35

Agnes

demn. I won't rest 'til I hear a choir— sing their re - qui -

Pno.

39 $\text{♩} = 90$ $\text{♩} = 110$

Trudi

Agnes *rit.* O-ver-ruled.

Plaint. *em.* The

Defense Ob-jec-tion. Please pro-ceed.

S A
Choir Ah ah

T B
Choir Ah ah

Pno. *rit.*

44

Agnes af-ter-noon was qui-et and the cus-tom-ers were few. I thought I'd make my-self a

Pno.

48

Agnes cup of tea. I went in-to the back room where I put some on to brew.

Pno.