Note to Amadeus

Joan Rudel, poem

Mary Ann Joyce, music

I've always wanted to be with you, to watch your fingers-em-

joyfully

bell-

subito pp
dark -- smooth. I can sit silent or out of sight or

pp

pp (a bit breathy)

sit as Father taught me, still on the edge

mp

read-y to turn the page.
I will bring you tea and cakes, listen to your bawdy stories.
Never let you see me blush, promise not to ask who whispers in your ear.
If you need I can transform in an instant
to a lady in waiting
rall......
Note to Amadeus

dressing when drink or whim transposes your writing ta-
ble into a bed feathered with un-

sung ari

ppp