

EVERY TEAR A MOTHER CRIES

(JAY BIRD:) Alright, Ida, it's all yours...

(JAY BIRD goes over to the assembled MEMBERS OF THE DUCKYARD with DRAKE. IDA composes herself, then sings into the camera.)

Andante 3 poco rall.

5 IDA:

p Ev'-ry time— I turn a-round I ex-pect you to ap-

8

pear Ev'-ry one— may call my name But it's

11

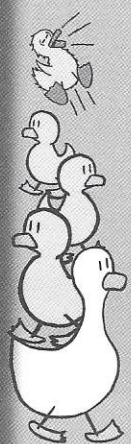
your voice that I hear

13

Ev' - ry mo - ment that you're gone

15

Is a mo - ment dark and grey



61 **Very free**

Ev' - ry tear _____ a mo - ther

62 *molto rall.*

cries is a dream that's washed a - -

63 **Slowly**

way _____

(#13 – GOOSE MARCH begins. Lights up on the marshlands.)

SCENE FOUR

(UGLY has hidden in a ditch of cattails. Two GEESE enter. GREYLAG has obviously had a glorious military career. DOT, who is rather gentler, humors him sweetly. They walk with a military “goose step.”)

GREYLAG

Now where have they got to? Shabby flock. I do wish they would keep up. No discipline, that's the trouble with the goslings of today.

DOT

They're probably tired, dear. We have been marching for an awfully long time.

GREYLAG

Poppycock. Would you prefer that we fly? With a shoot on the marsh? I think not my sweet. This way.

