

2 14 $\text{♩} = 120$
un poco piu mosso

S. *p*
And the sun has turned pale. And the stars have blanched too. The sky and

Pno. *p*

18 rit. . . .

S. clouds were all a-bove your head. All of them witnessed your lone ley

Pno.

21 $\text{♩} = 92$

S. *p*
death. And sym-pa-thi - sing with us, the sky turns the clouds in - to

Pno. *p*

25

S. tears. It's so hard to die in es -

Pno.

una corda tre corda