The Letter (William)

Words & Music by Deborah Henson-Conant
from "The Letter"

The Letter / William

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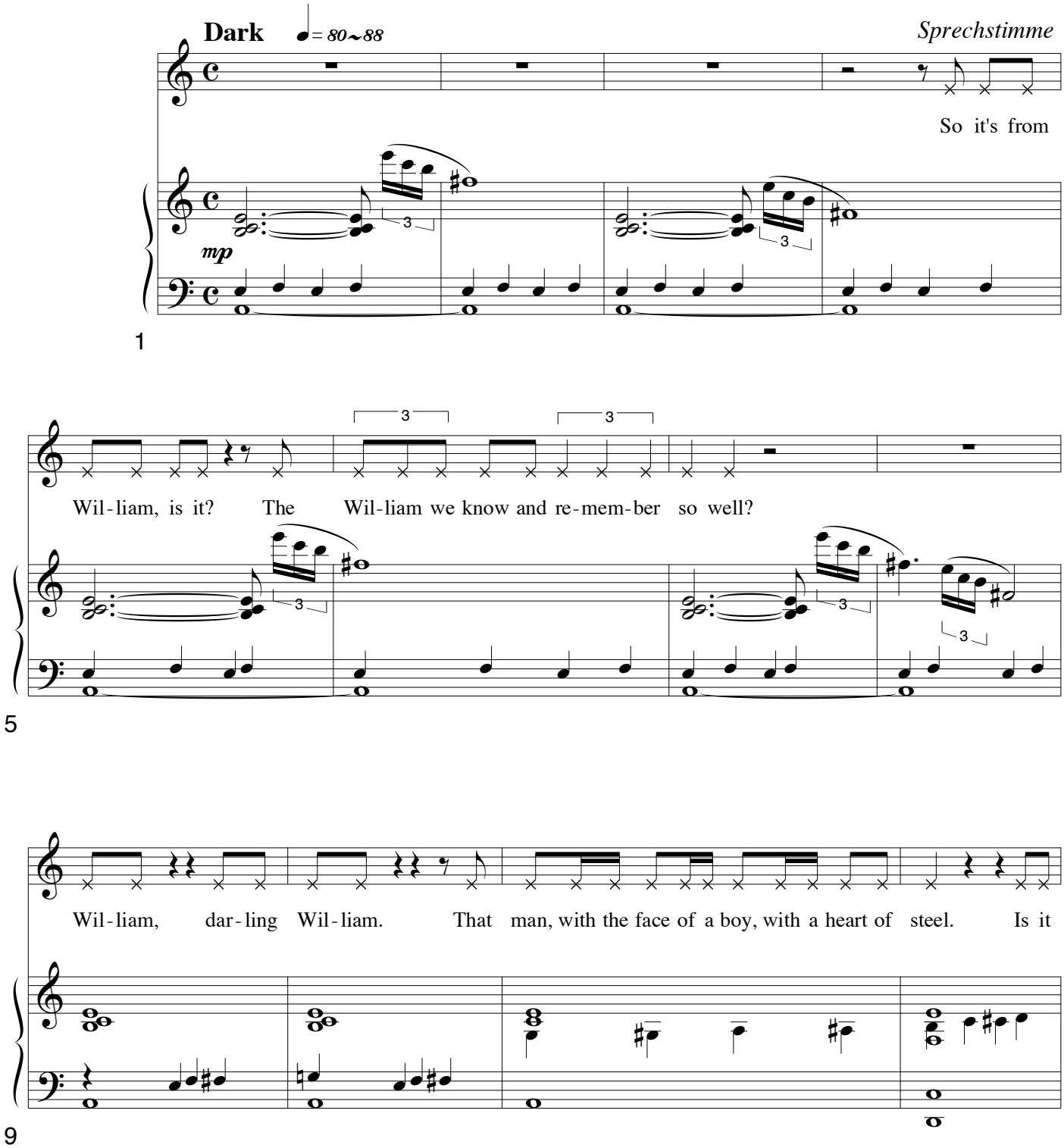
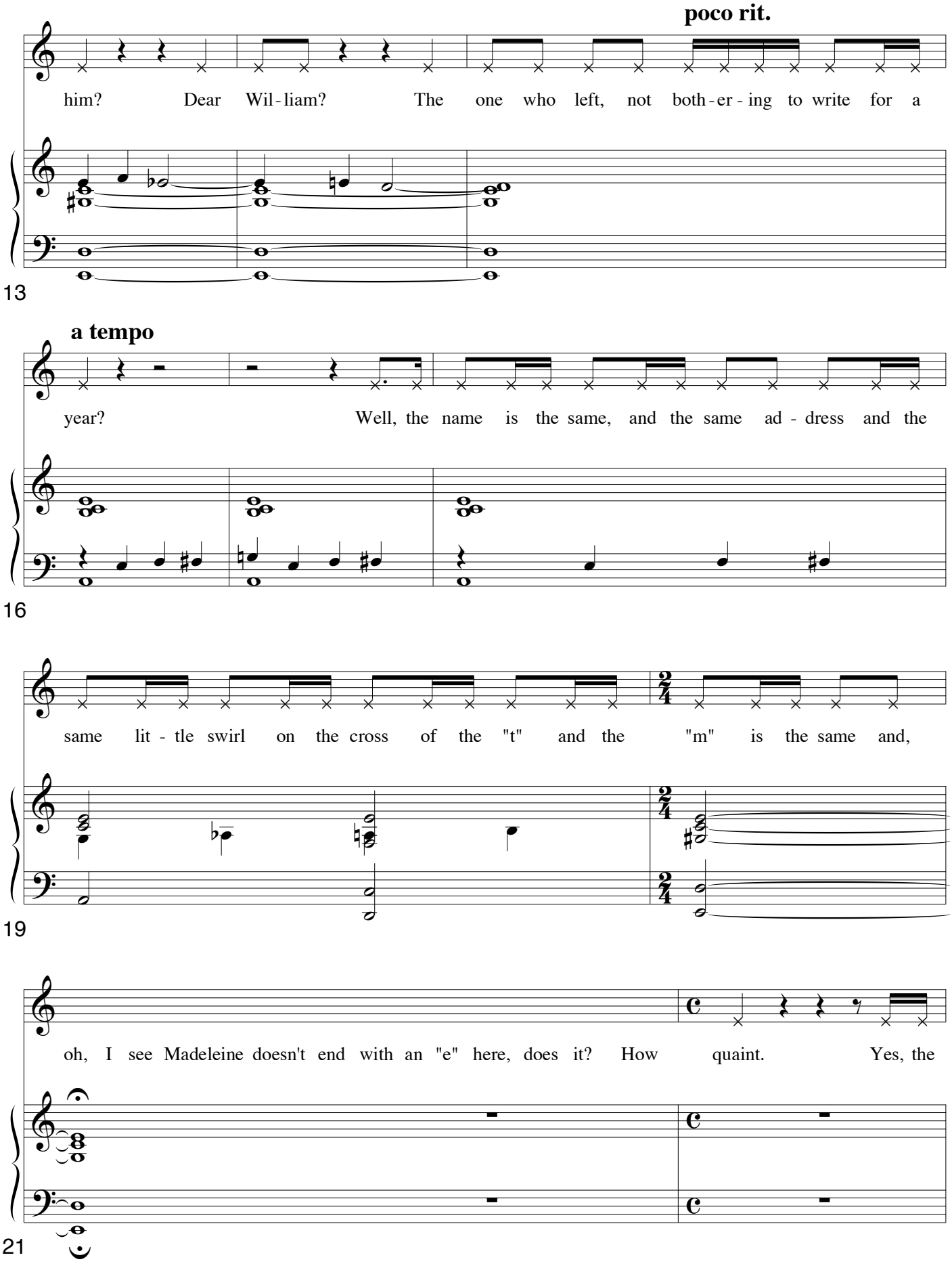
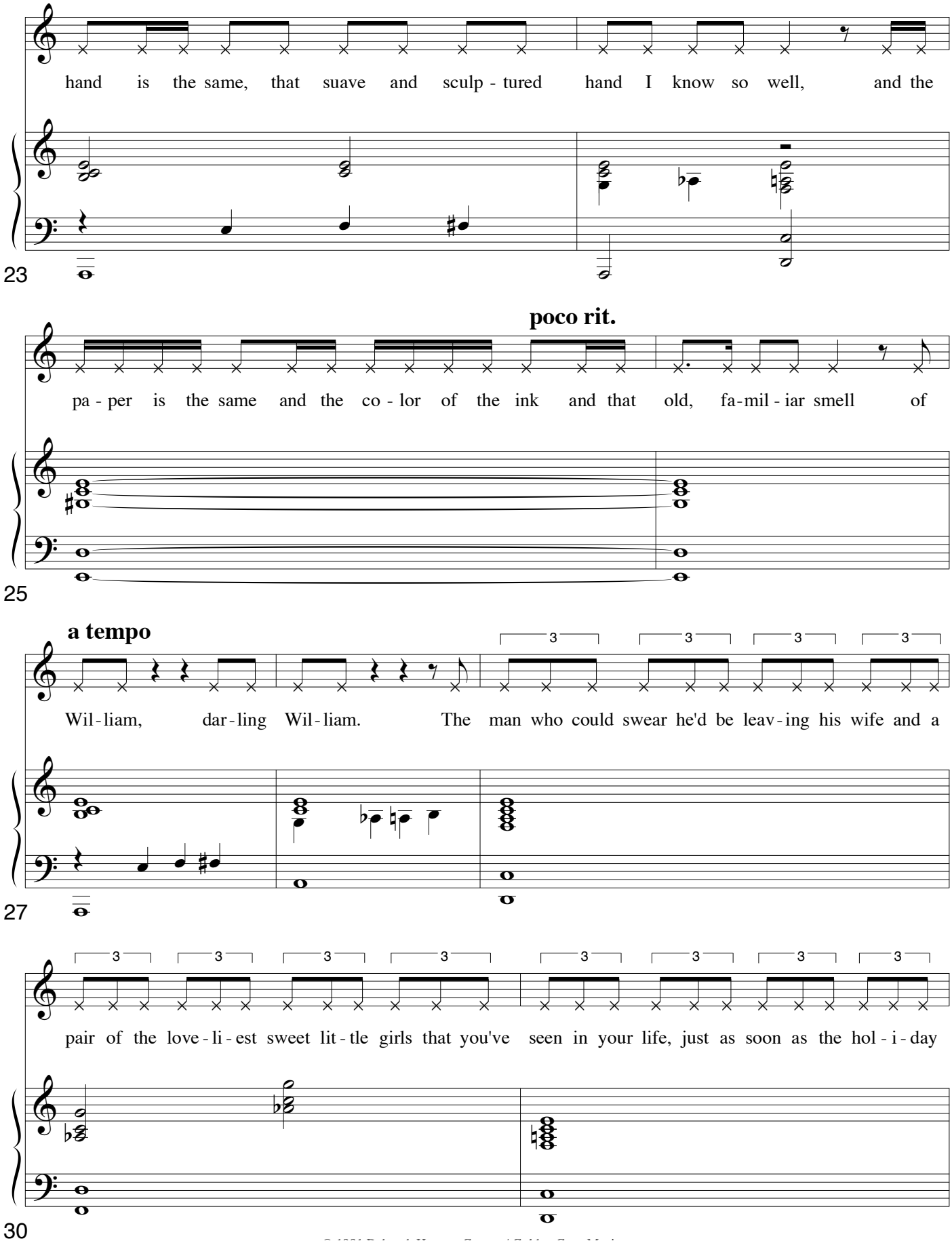
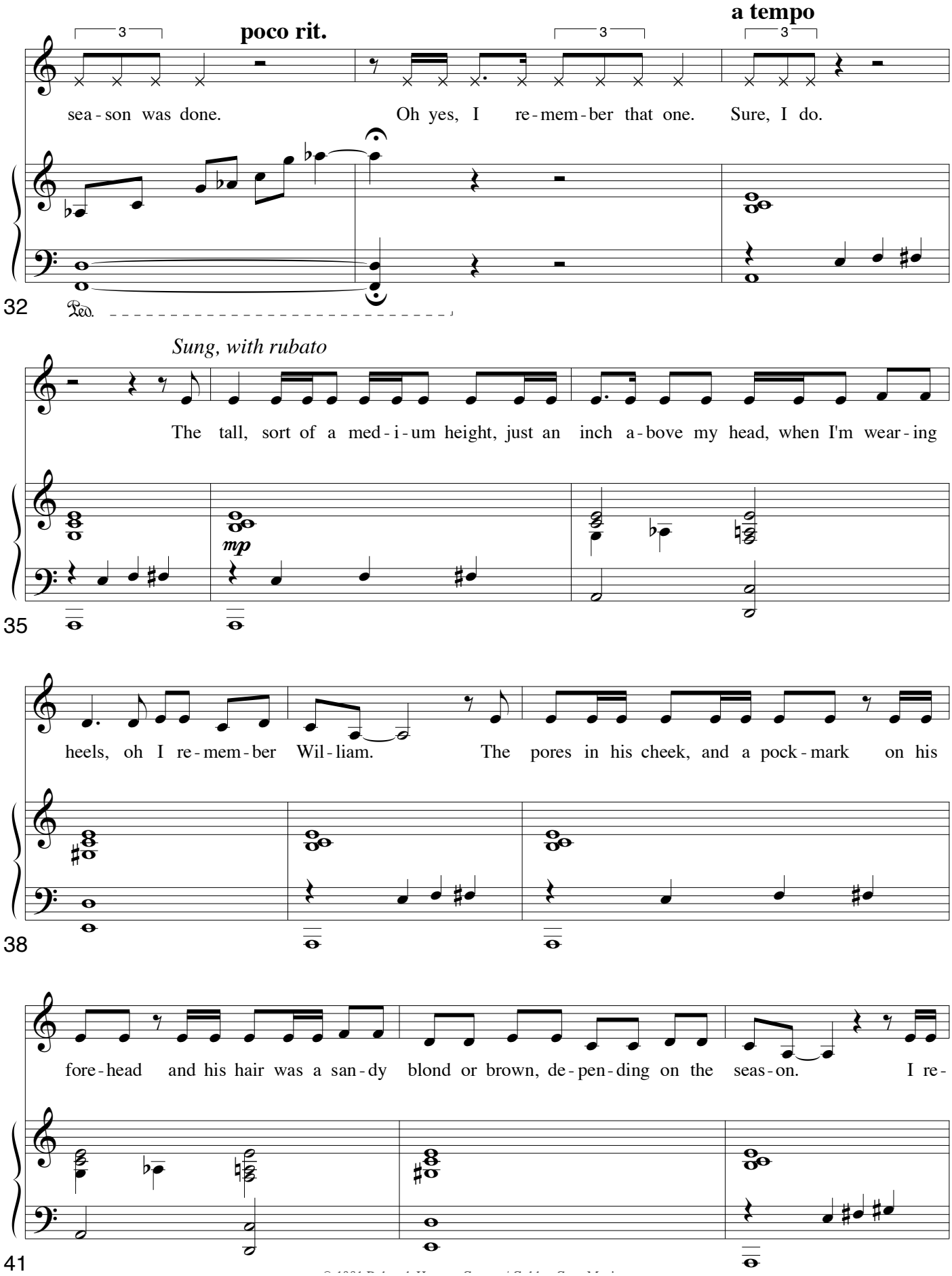
from the Cabaret Musical "The Letter"

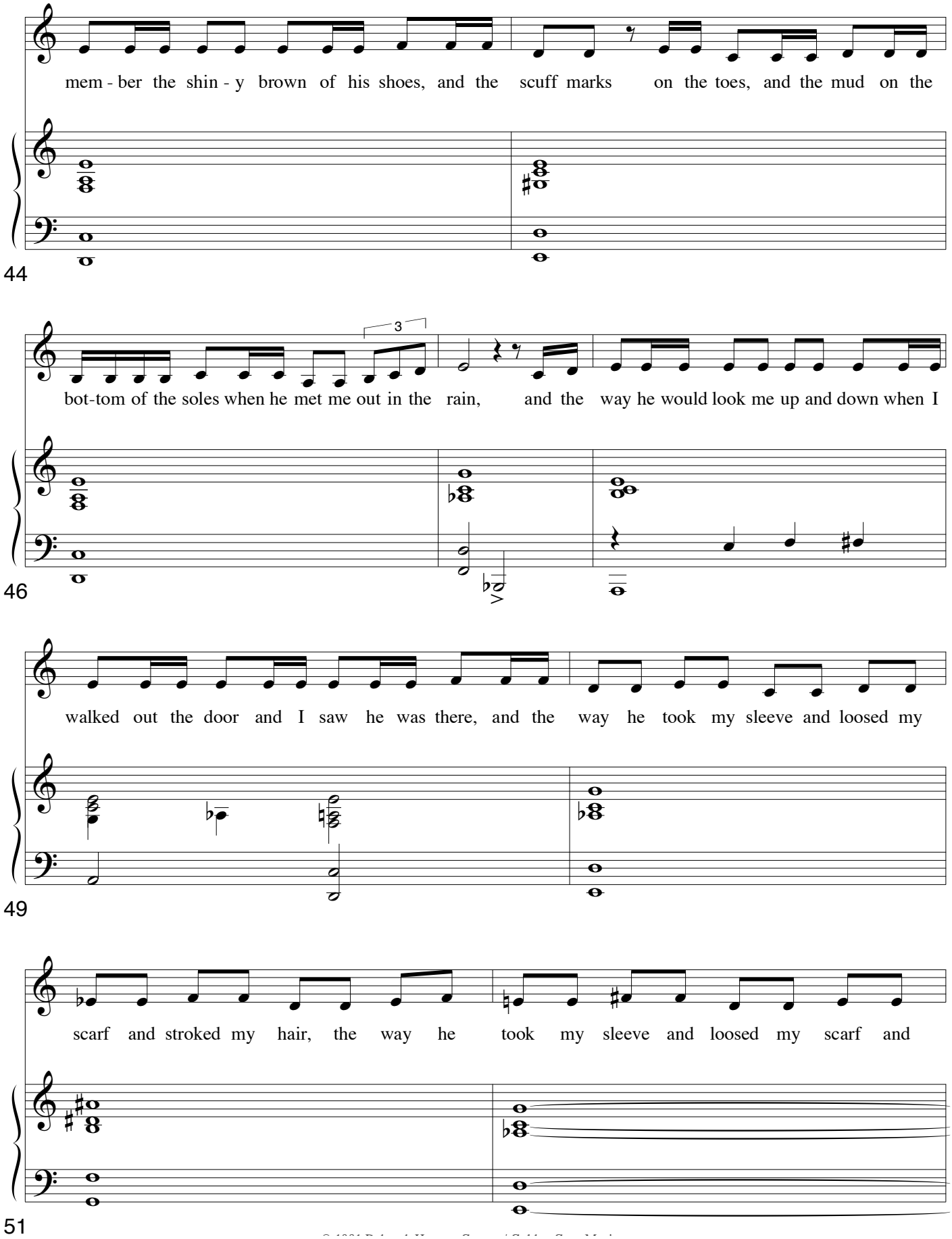
First verse (spoken) is free rhythmically. Rythmic notation is intended to show basically where it fits with the music, but it needs to sound like speaking.

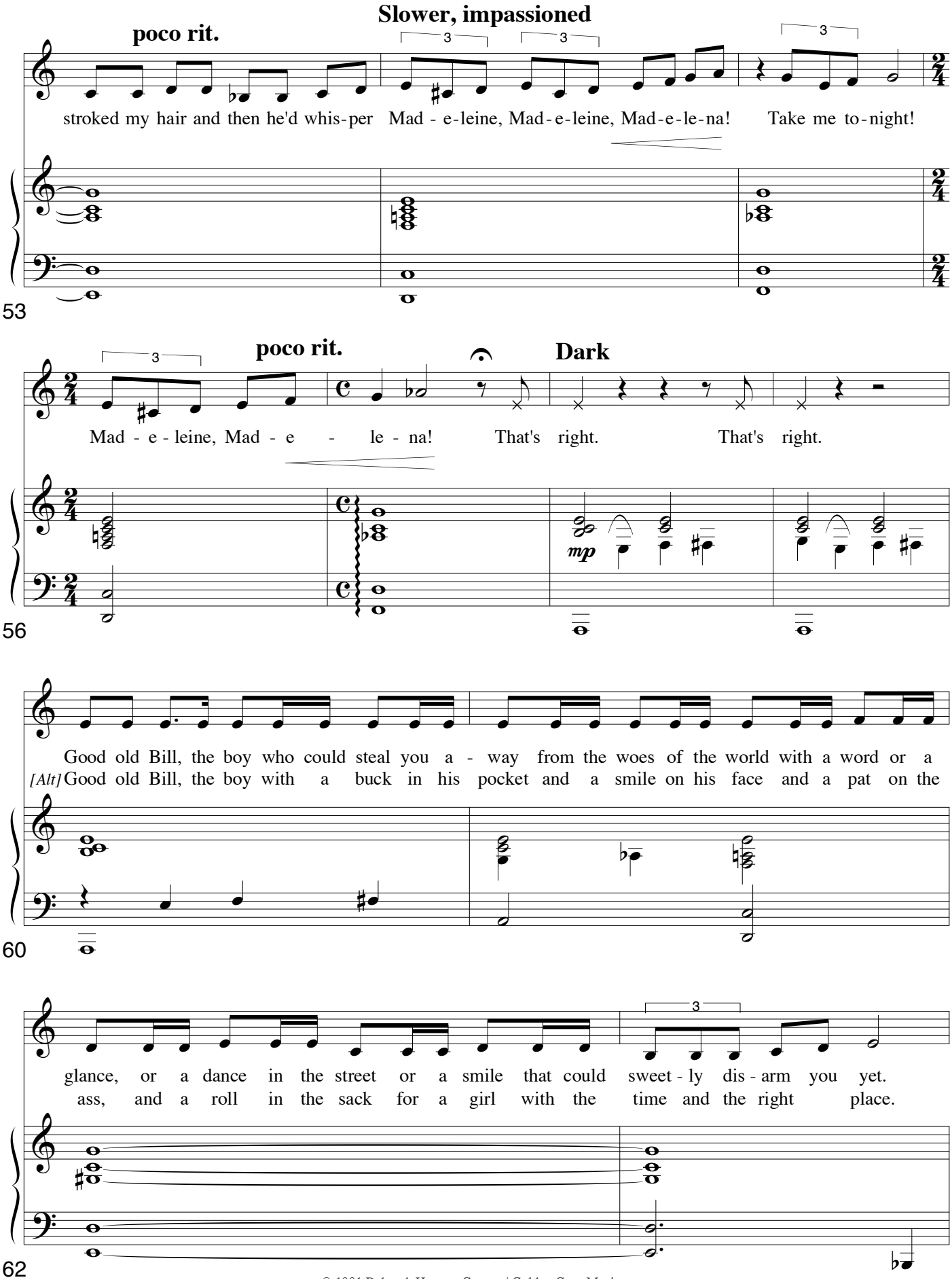


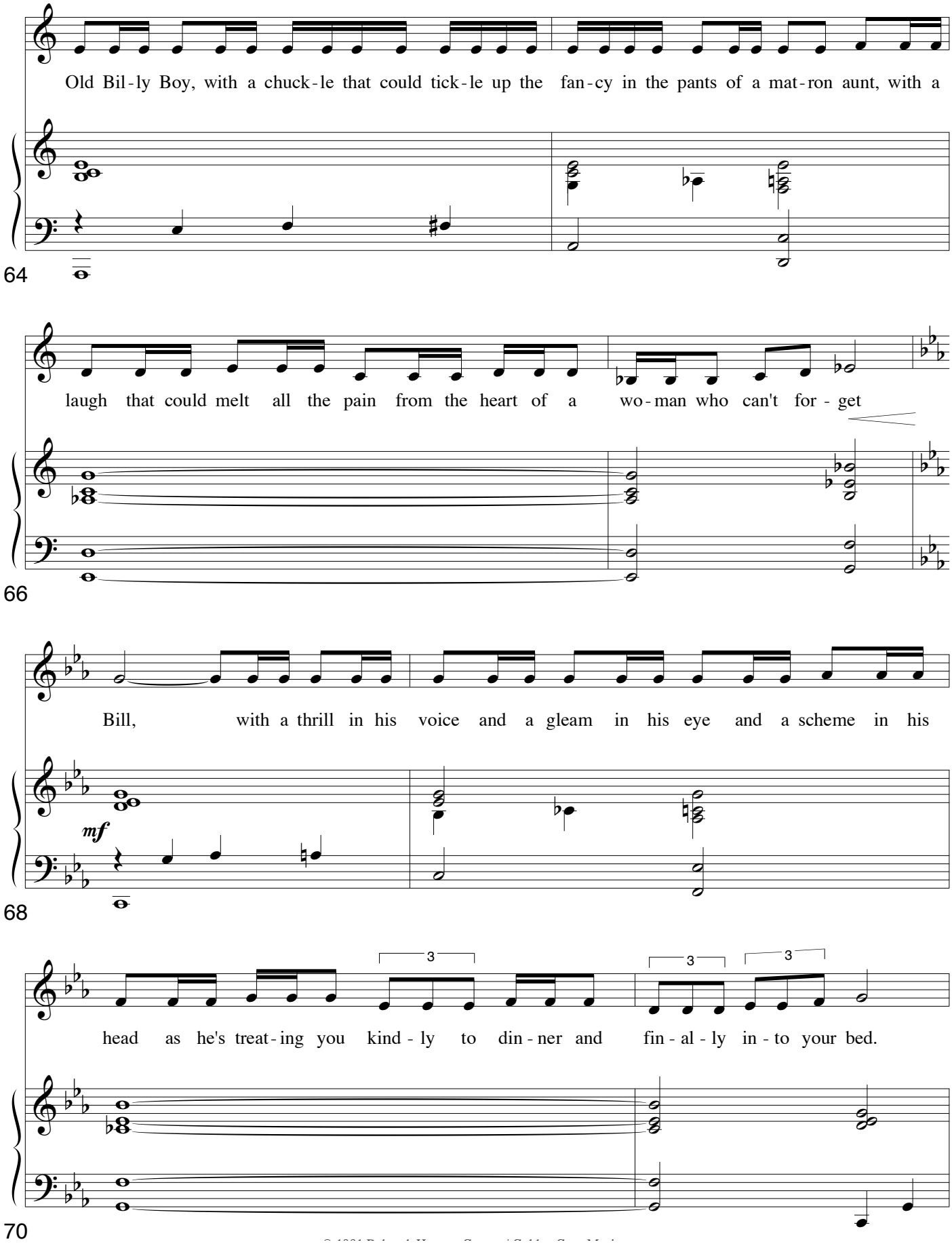

poco rit.
him? Dear Wil - liam? The one who left, not both - er - ing to write for a
13
a tempo
year? Well, the name is the same, and the same ad - dress and the
16
same lit - tle swirl on the cross of the "t" and the "m" is the same and,
19
oh, I see Madeleine doesn't end with an "e" here, does it? How quaint. Yes, the
21

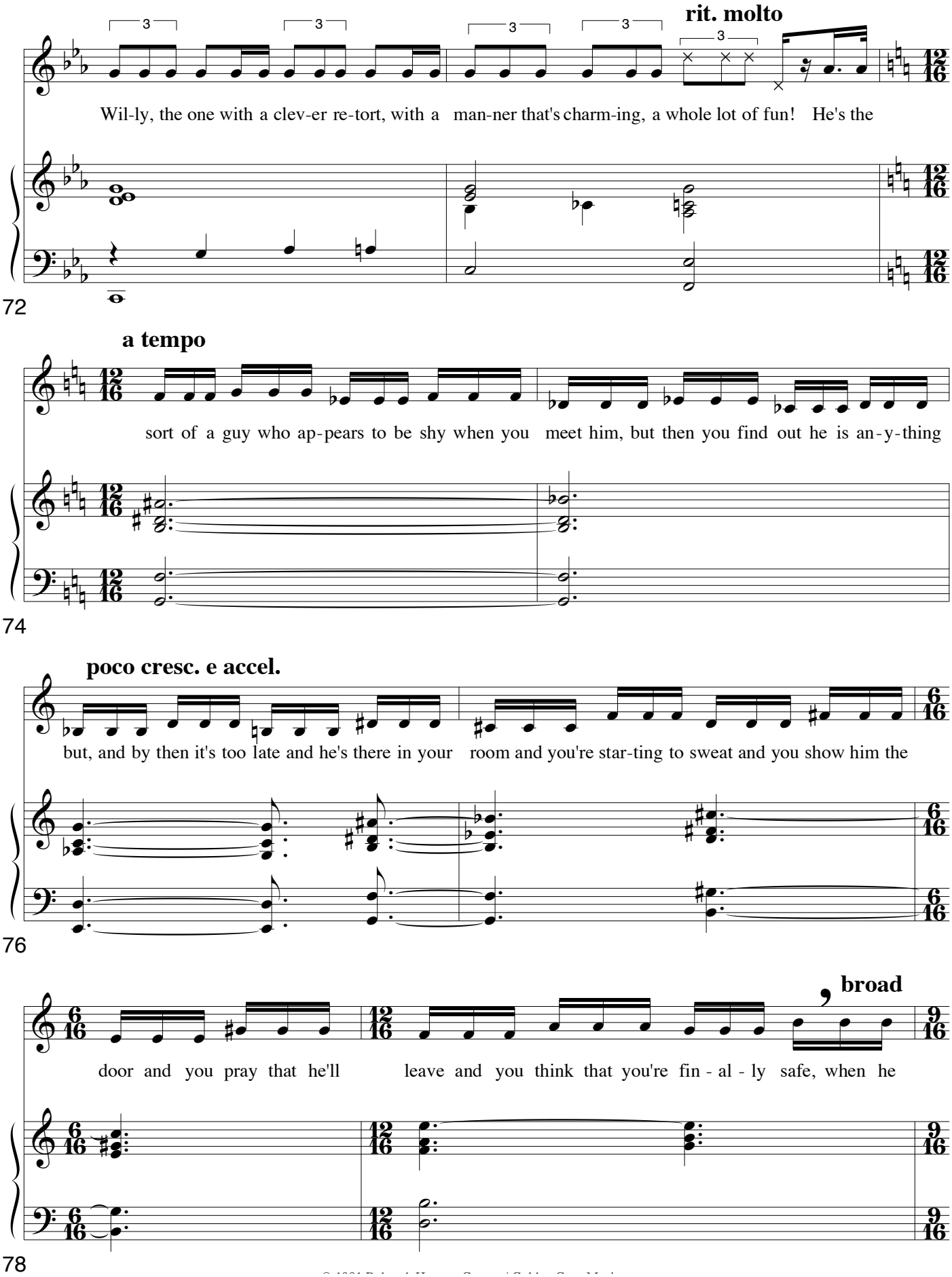

hand is the same, that suave and sculp - tured hand I know so well, and the
23
poco rit.
pa - per is the same and the co - lor of the ink and that old, fa-mil - iar smell of
25
a tempo
Wil - liam, dar - ling Wil - liam. The man who could swear he'd be leav - ing his wife and a
27
pair of the love - li - est sweet lit - tle girls that you've seen in your life, just as soon as the hol - i - day
30

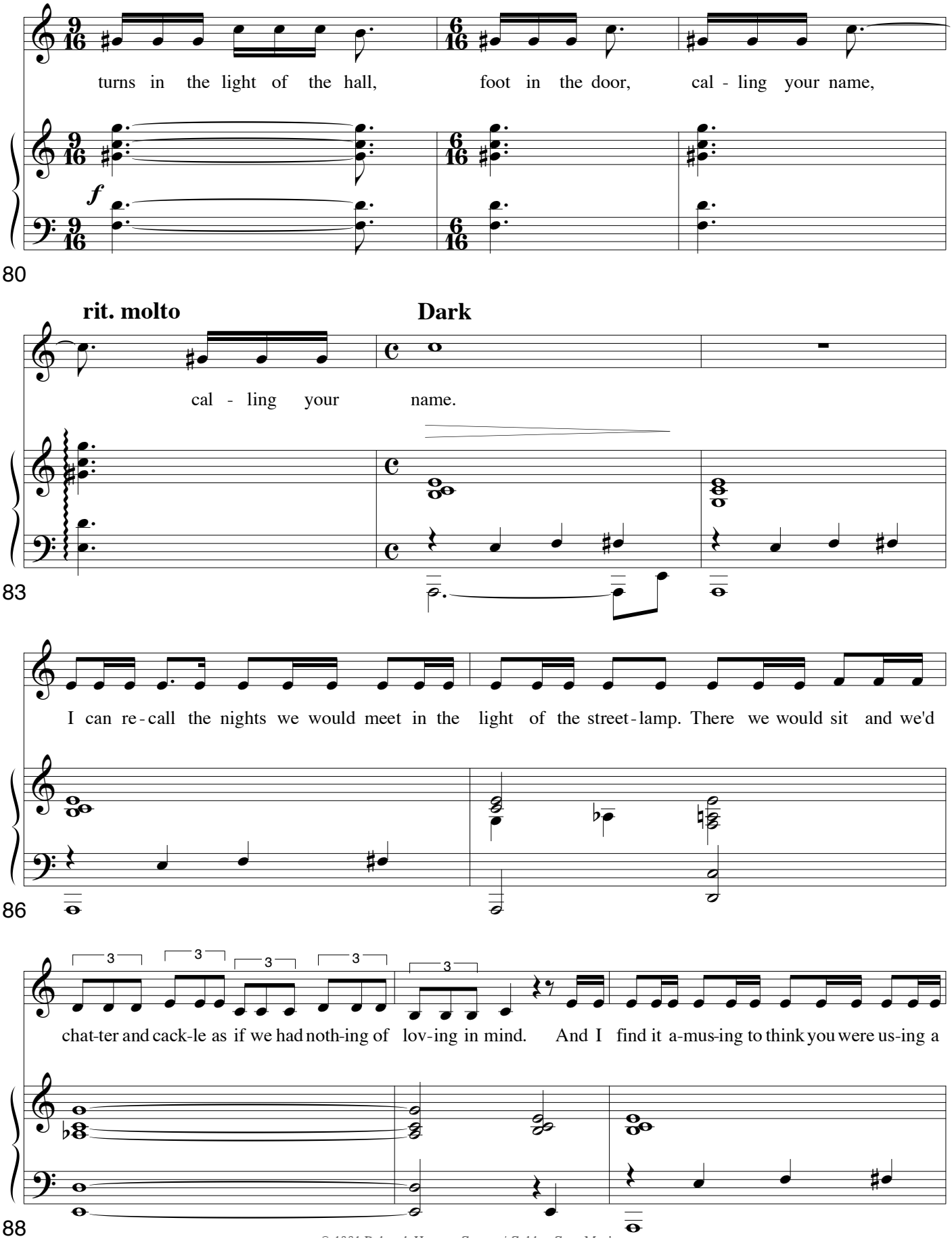

poco rit.
a tempo
sea - son was done.
Oh yes, I re - mem - ber that one.
Sure, I do.
32
Ped.
Sung, with rubato
The tall, sort of a med - i - um height, just an inch a - bove my head, when I'm wear - ing
mp
35
heels, oh I re - mem - ber Wil - liam.
The pores in his cheek, and a pock - mark on his
38
fore - head and his hair was a san - dy blond or brown, de - pen - ding on the seas - on.
I re -
41

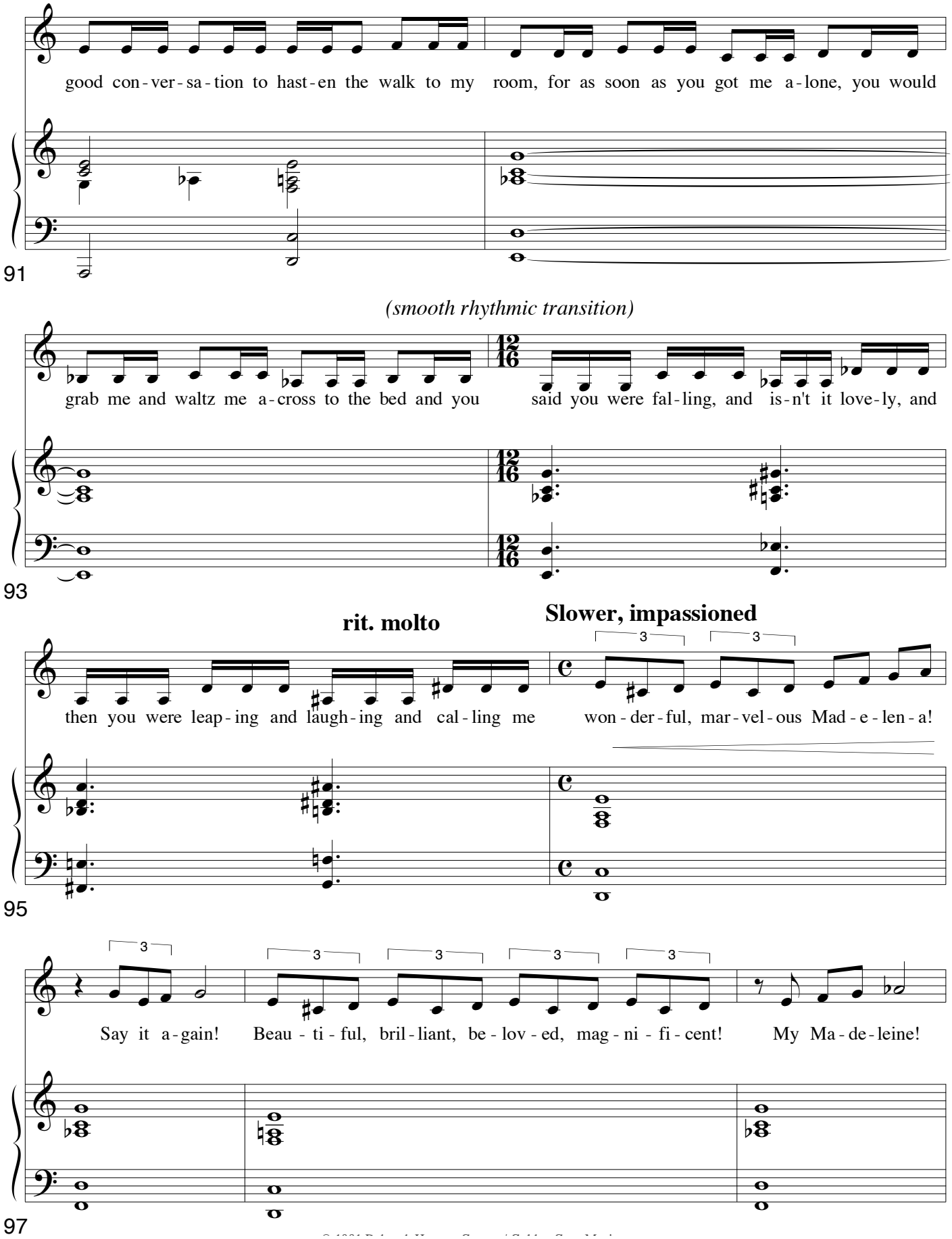

mem - ber the shin - y brown of his shoes, and the scuff marks on the toes, and the mud on the
44
3
bot-tom of the soles when he met me out in the rain, and the way he would look me up and down when I
46
walked out the door and I saw he was there, and the way he took my sleeve and loosed my
49
scarf and stroked my hair, the way he took my sleeve and loosed my scarf and
51

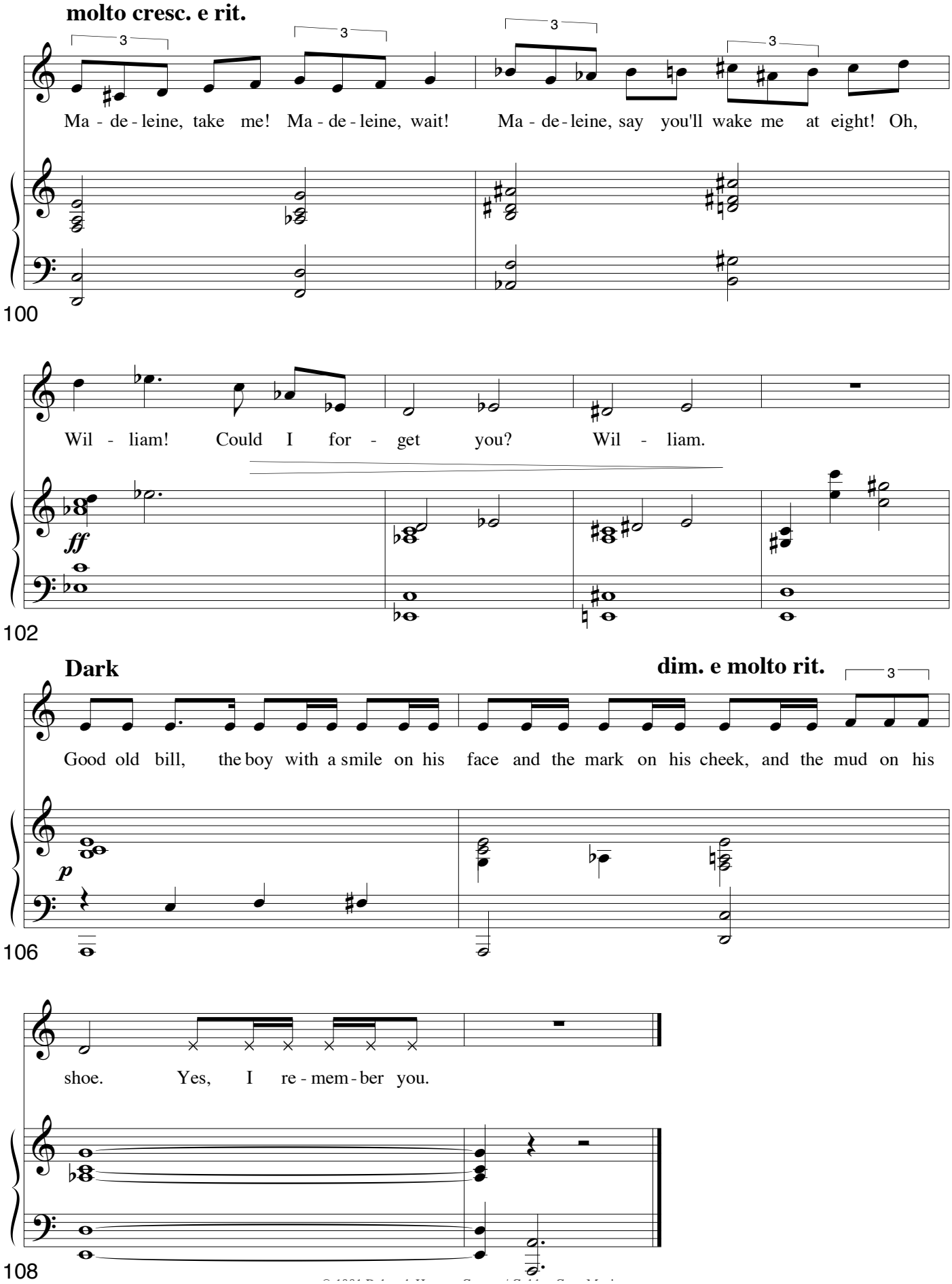

Slower, impassioned
poco rit.
stroked my hair and then he'd whis-per Mad - e-leine, Mad-e-leine, Mad-e-le-na! Take me to-night!
53
poco rit.
Dark
Mad - e - leine, Mad - e - le - na! That's right. That's right.
mp
56
Good old Bill, the boy who could steal you a - way from the woes of the world with a word or a
[Alt] Good old Bill, the boy with a buck in his pocket and a smile on his face and a pat on the
60
glance, or a dance in the street or a smile that could sweet - ly dis - arm you yet.
ass, and a roll in the sack for a girl with the time and the right place.
62


Old Bil-ly Boy, with a chuck-le that could tick-le up the fan-cy in the pants of a mat-ron aunt, with a
64
laugh that could melt all the pain from the heart of a wo-man who can't for-get
66
Bill, with a thrill in his voice and a gleam in his eye and a scheme in his
mf
68
3
3
3
head as he's treat-ing you kind-ly to din-ner and fin-al-ly in-to your bed.
70


rit. molto
Wil-ly, the one with a clev-er re-tort, with a man-ner that's charm-ing, a whole lot of fun! He's the
72
a tempo
sort of a guy who ap-pears to be shy when you meet him, but then you find out he is an-y-thing
74
poco cresc. e accel.
but, and by then it's too late and he's there in your room and you're star-ting to sweat and you show him the
76
broad
door and you pray that he'll leave and you think that you're fin - al - ly safe, when he
78


turns in the light of the hall, foot in the door, cal - ling your name,
80
rit. molto
Dark
cal - ling your name.
83
I can re - call the nights we would meet in the light of the street - lamp. There we would sit and we'd
86
chat-ter and cack-le as if we had noth-ing of lov-ing in mind. And I find it a-mus-ing to think you were us-ing a
88


good con - ver - sa - tion to hast - en the walk to my room, for as soon as you got me a - lone, you would
91
(smooth rhythmic transition)
grab me and waltz me a - cross to the bed and you said you were fal - ling, and is - n't it love - ly, and
93
rit. molto
Slower, impassioned
then you were leap - ing and laugh - ing and cal - ling me won - der - ful, mar - vel - ous Mad - e - len - a!
95
Say it a - gain! Beau - ti - ful, bril - liant, be - lov - ed, mag - ni - fi - cent! My Ma - de - leine!
97


molto cresc. e rit.
Ma - de - leine, take me! Ma - de - leine, wait! Ma - de - leine, say you'll wake me at eight! Oh,
100
Wil - liam! Could I for - get you? Wil - liam.
ff
102
Dark
dim. e molto rit.
Good old bill, the boy with a smile on his face and the mark on his cheek, and the mud on his
p
106
shoe. Yes, I re - mem - ber you.
108