

# The Secret Doctrine

Soprano

Psst, psst, psst, is what the snow is say - ing to

Hpschd

Cold, Icy

S.

the qui - et woods with the night fall - ing

H

S.

Some - thing press - ing that can't wait,

H

gliss.

S.

on a path that went no - where, Where I found my - self

H

32

S. Ov - er tak - en with snow - flakes \_\_\_\_\_ with so much to con - fide. \_\_\_\_\_

H. 32

37

S. the bare twigs pricked their ears \_\_\_\_\_ Great God!!!

H. 37

frantic detached

42

S. What did they say? What did they say? What did they say? I went bad-ger-ing eve - ry tree and bush. \_\_\_\_\_

H. 42

frantic detached accelerando