Act I.

No.1

Introduction & Song - Phoebe

Allegretto non troppo...
maid en loves, she site and sighs, She wanders to and fro; Un-bid-den tear-drops fill her eyes, And to all questions she replies, With a sad "heigh-ho!"
"Tis but a lit-tle word "heigh- ho!" So soft, 'tis scare-ely heard "heigh- ho!" An i-dle breath Yet life and death May hang up-on a maid's "heigh- ho!"
When maid-en loves she mopes a-part As owl mopes on a tree; 

Al though she keen-ly feels the smart, She can-not tell what ails her heart, With its sad "Ah me!"

'meno mosso''

'Tis but a fool-ish sigh "Ah me!" Born but to droop and die "Ah me!"

"a tempo"

Yet all the sense Of eloquence Lies hid-den in a maid's "Ah me!"