

# Trepidation

Music and Text:  
Mitchell Fund

Dramatically (♩ = c. 72)

SA *mp*

On this day, storm clouds turn my way, I try to say: I'm too weak,

TB *mp*

SA

leave me. Let the oth - ers try, I don't want to fly. —

TB

11

SA *cresc.* Div. Please, I know I

So now I ques - tion why? —

TB *cresc.* Div.

SA just can't fly! 17 I know that. *mp*

— "Life is just too short." "This all birds can

TB *p* *mp*

Trepidation

23

SA *mf* Or so they say. *mp* Unis. *mp*

do." "Please don't make a scene." On the edge look down.

TB *mf* *mp*

On edge look down.

SA

Far be - low, just can't go. Ex - pect - ant eyes ask

TB

Far be - low, just can't go. Their eyes ask

33

SA 29 Div. *p*

why? Please I know I just can't fly! "Life is just too

TB *p*

why?

SA 34 *mp* *mf*

short." "This all birds can do." "Please just spread your

TB *mp* *mf*

*f* 40

SA <sup>38</sup> What if I'm the on - ly one? I'll fall. I'll  
 wings." I'll fall. I'll

TB I'll fall. I'll

44

SA <sup>42</sup> fall. Look out, here  
 fall. Look out, here

TB fall. So look out, here

*mp* *cresc.*

With a sense of bafflement

SA <sup>47</sup> *ff* I go! *mf* Oh!

TB *ff* I go! *mf* Oh!