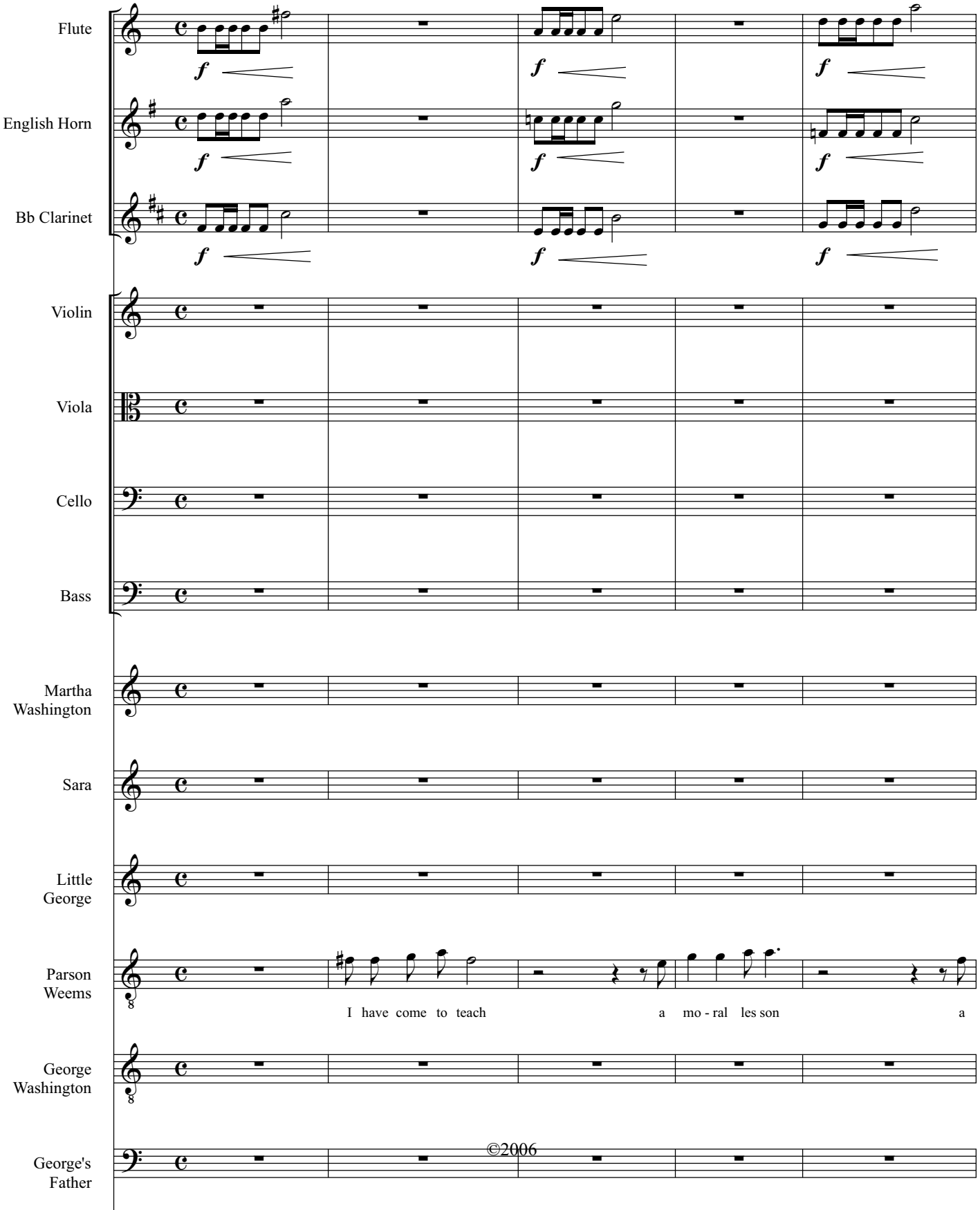
The Cherry Tree

Scene 1: The Parson Tells His Story

Ed Valentine **Larry Corse**

Pomp and Circumstance ♩ = *100*



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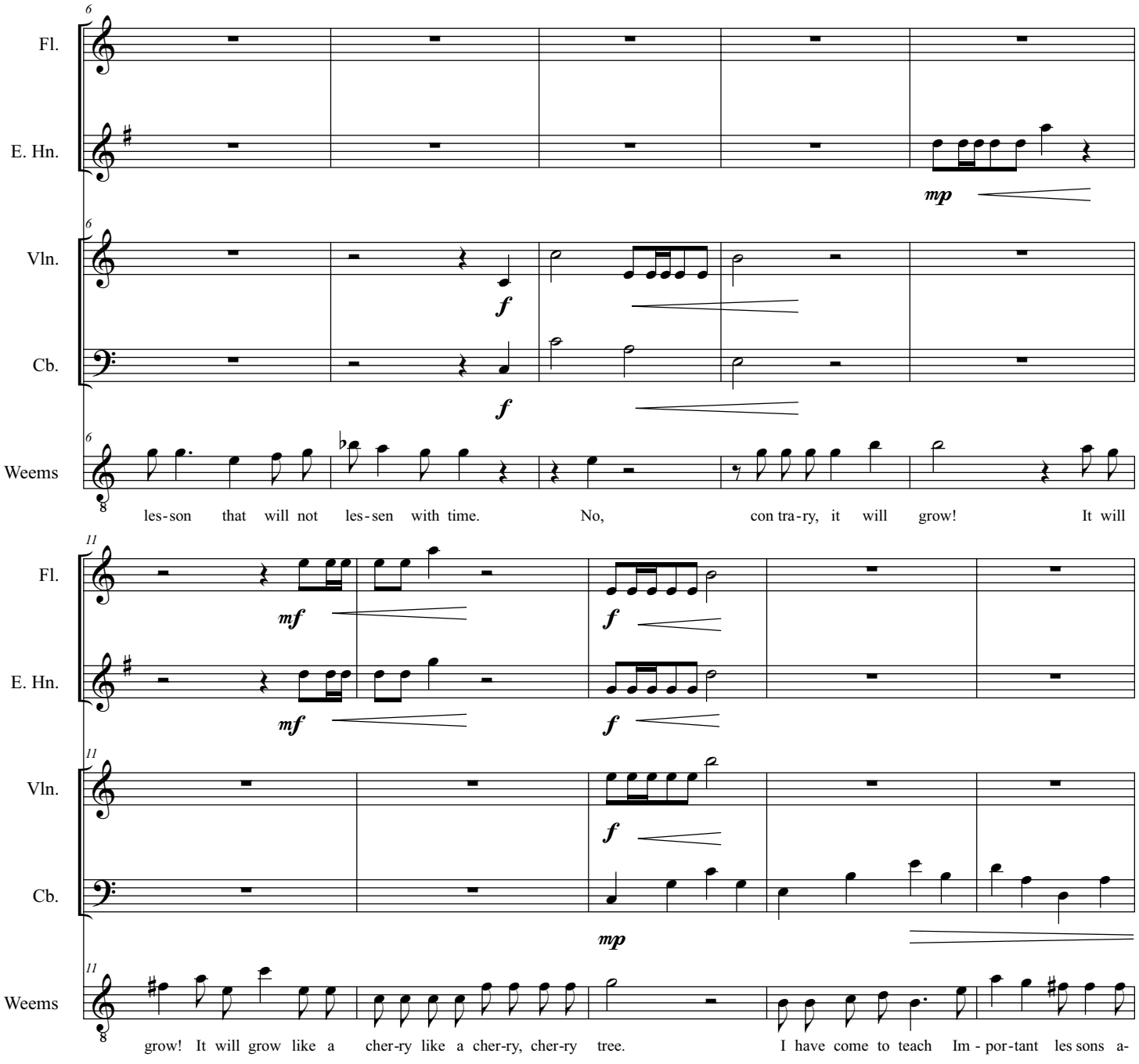
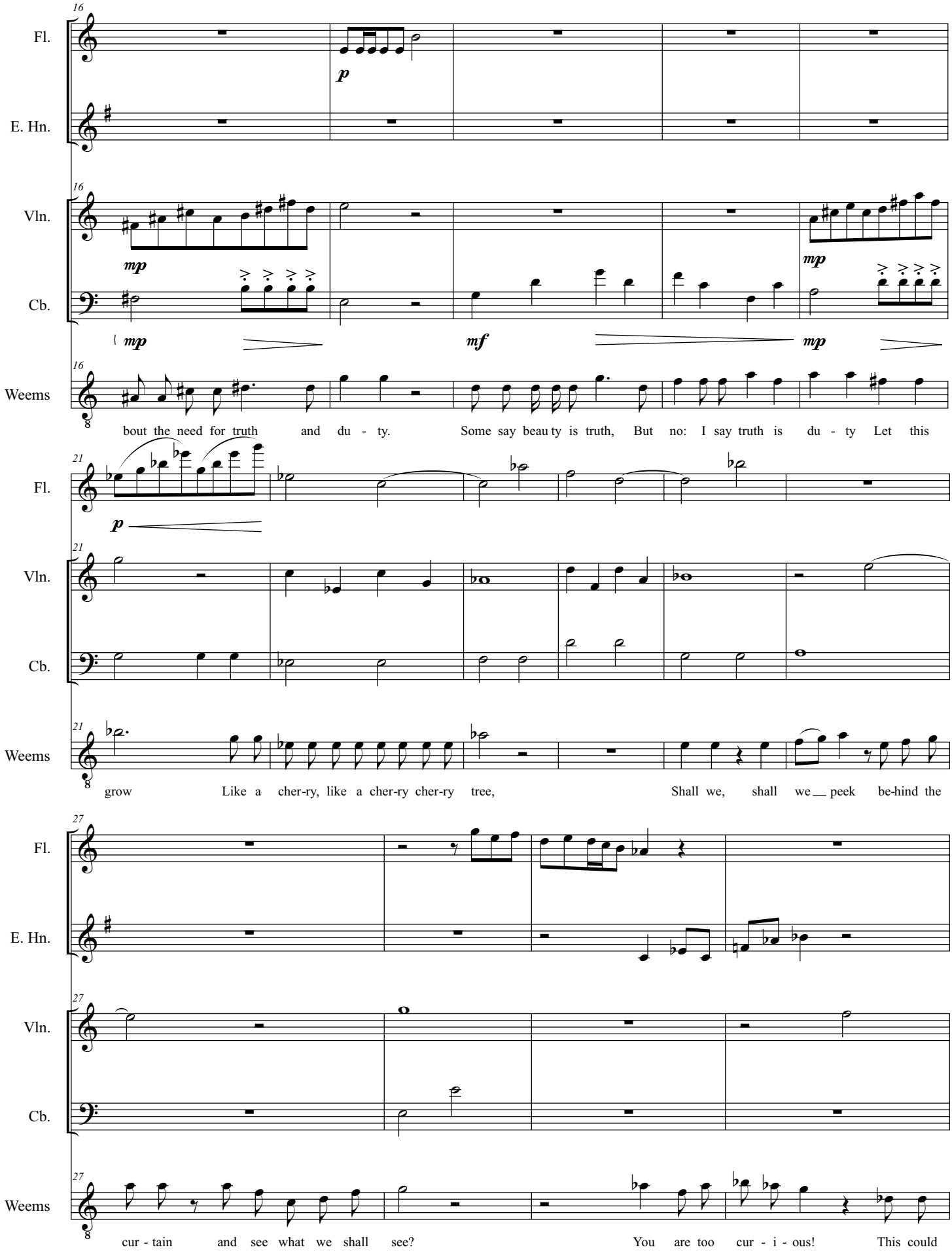
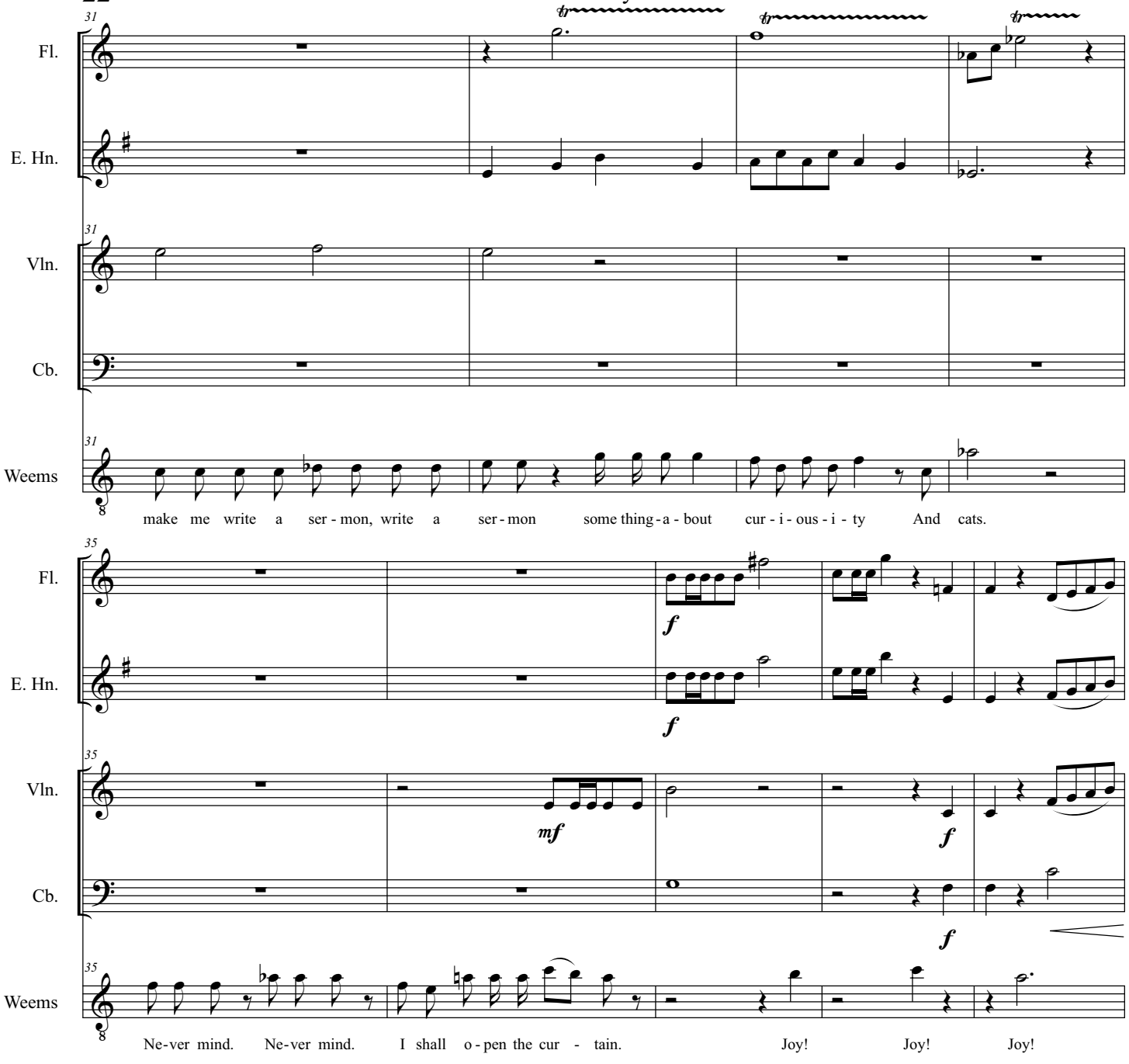
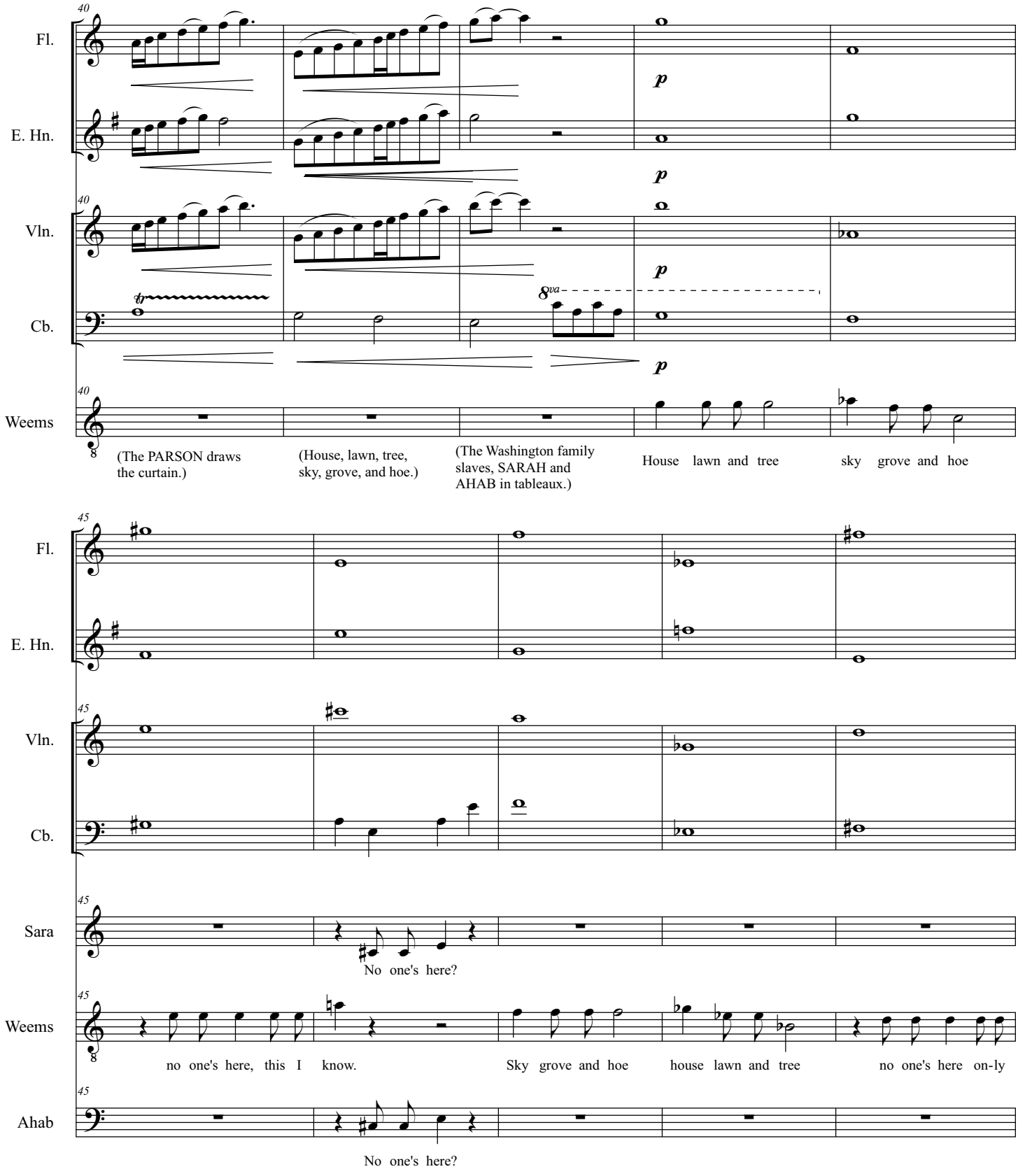
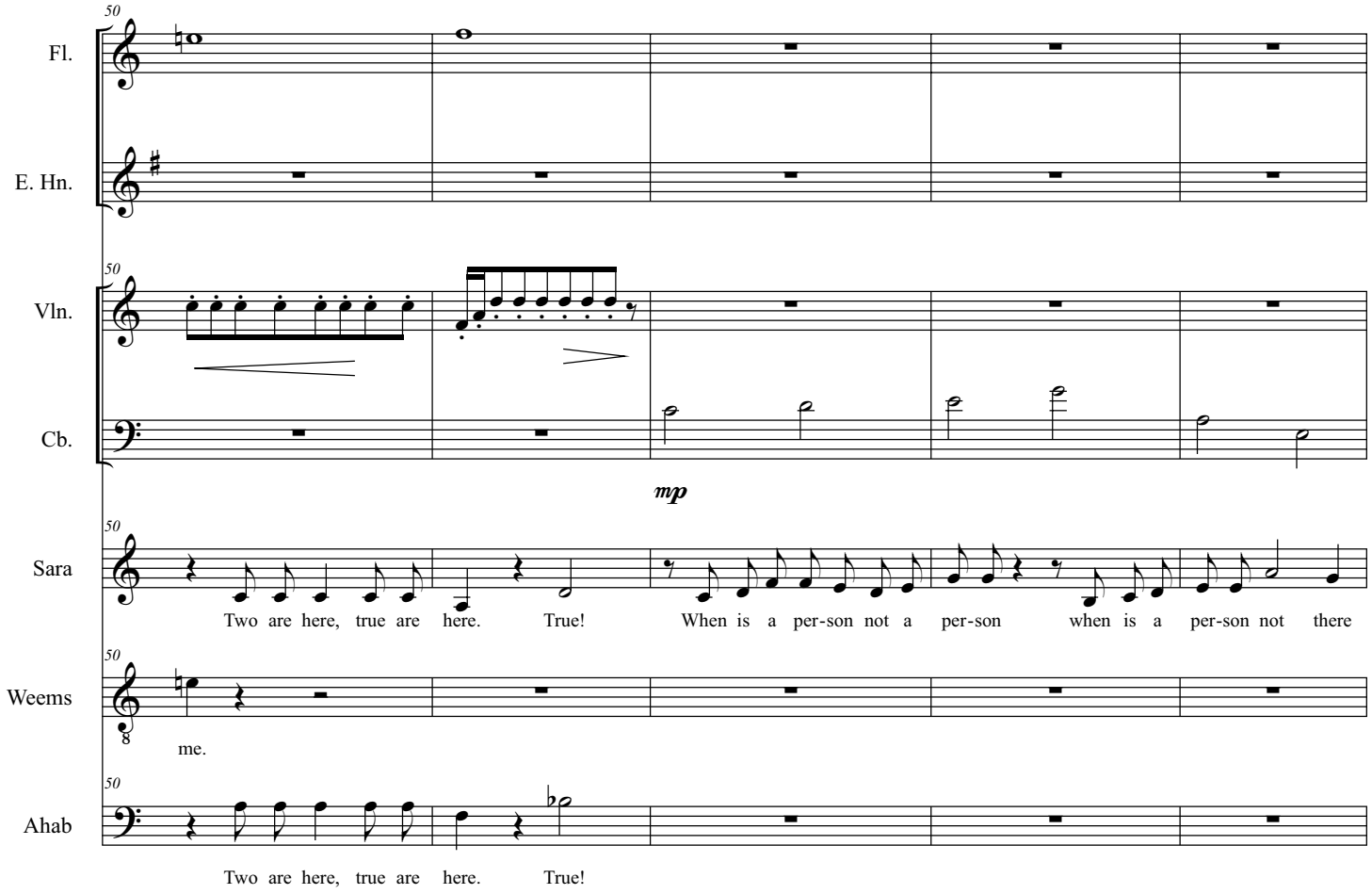
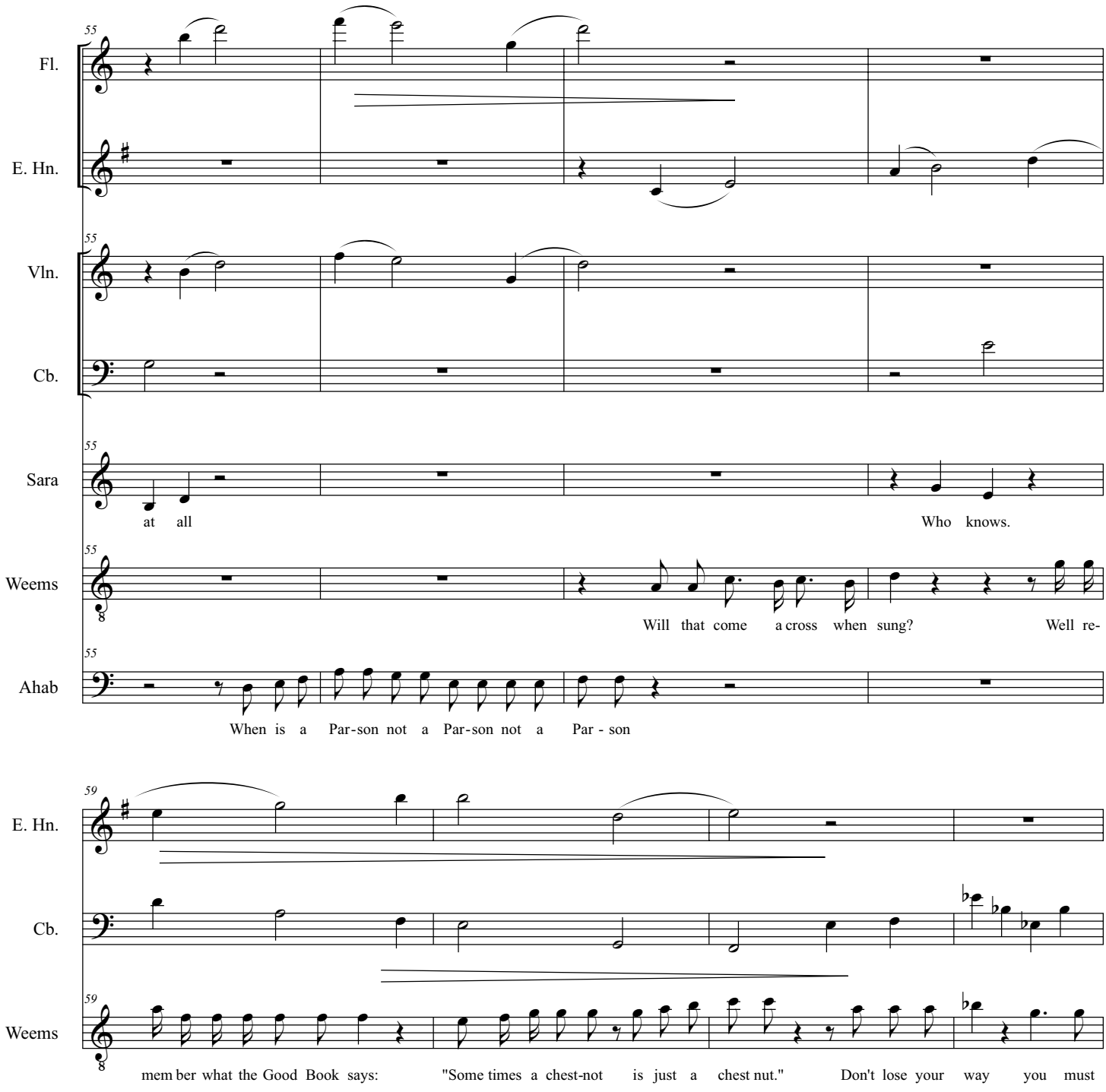

6
Fl.
E. Hn.
mp
6
Vln.
Cb.
f
f
6
Weems
les-son that will not les-sen with time. No, con tra-ry, it will grow! It will
11
Fl.
mf
f
E. Hn.
mf
f
11
Vln.
f
Cb.
mp
11
Weems
grow! It will grow like a cher-ry like a cher-ry, cher-ry tree. I have come to teach Im - por-tant les sons a-

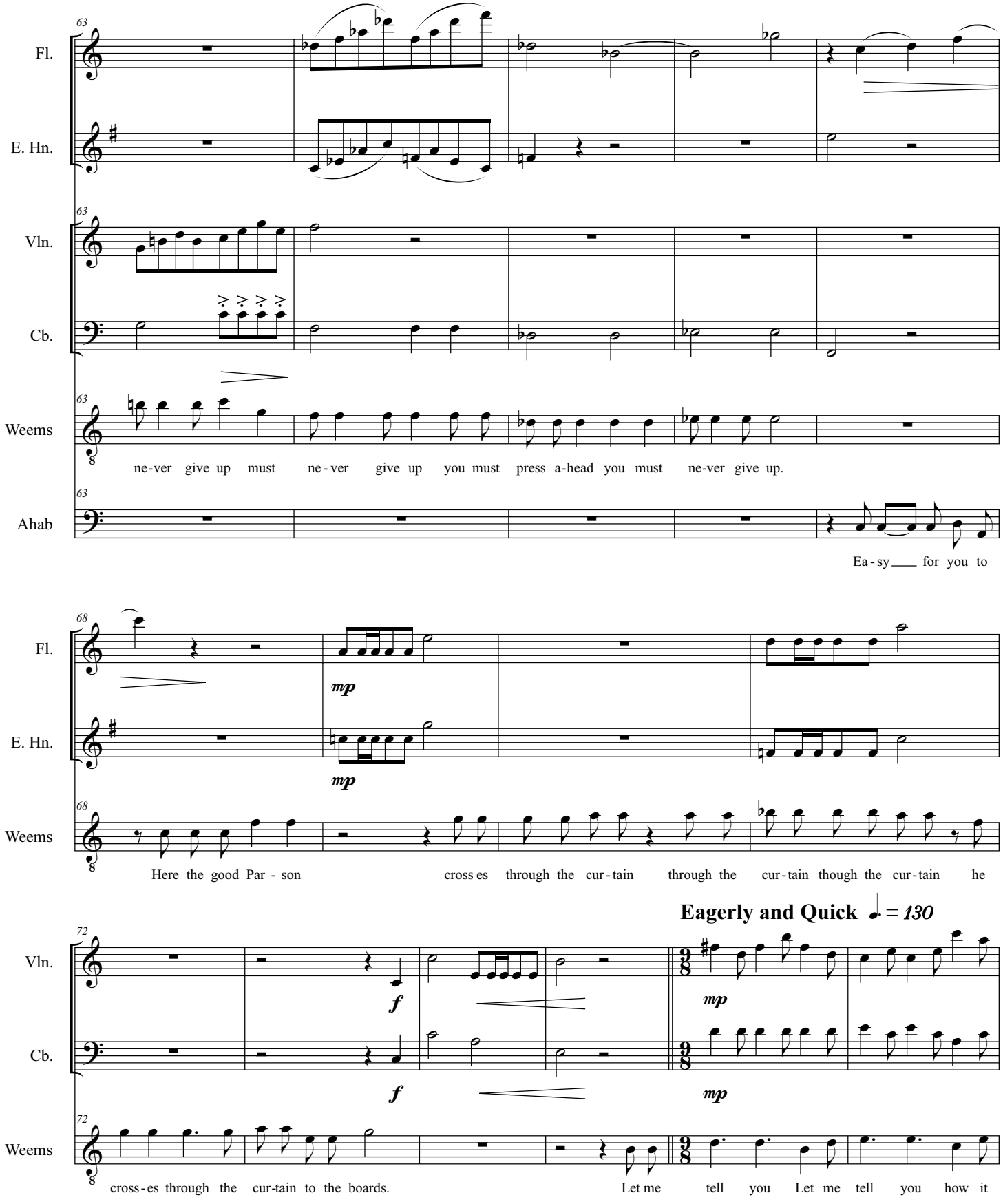

16
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
p
mp
mf
bout the need for truth and du - ty. Some say beau ty is truth, But no: I say truth is du - ty Let this
21
grow Like a cher-ry, like a cher-ry cher-ry tree, Shall we, shall we peek be-hind the
27
cur - tain and see what we shall see? You are too cur - i - ous! This could

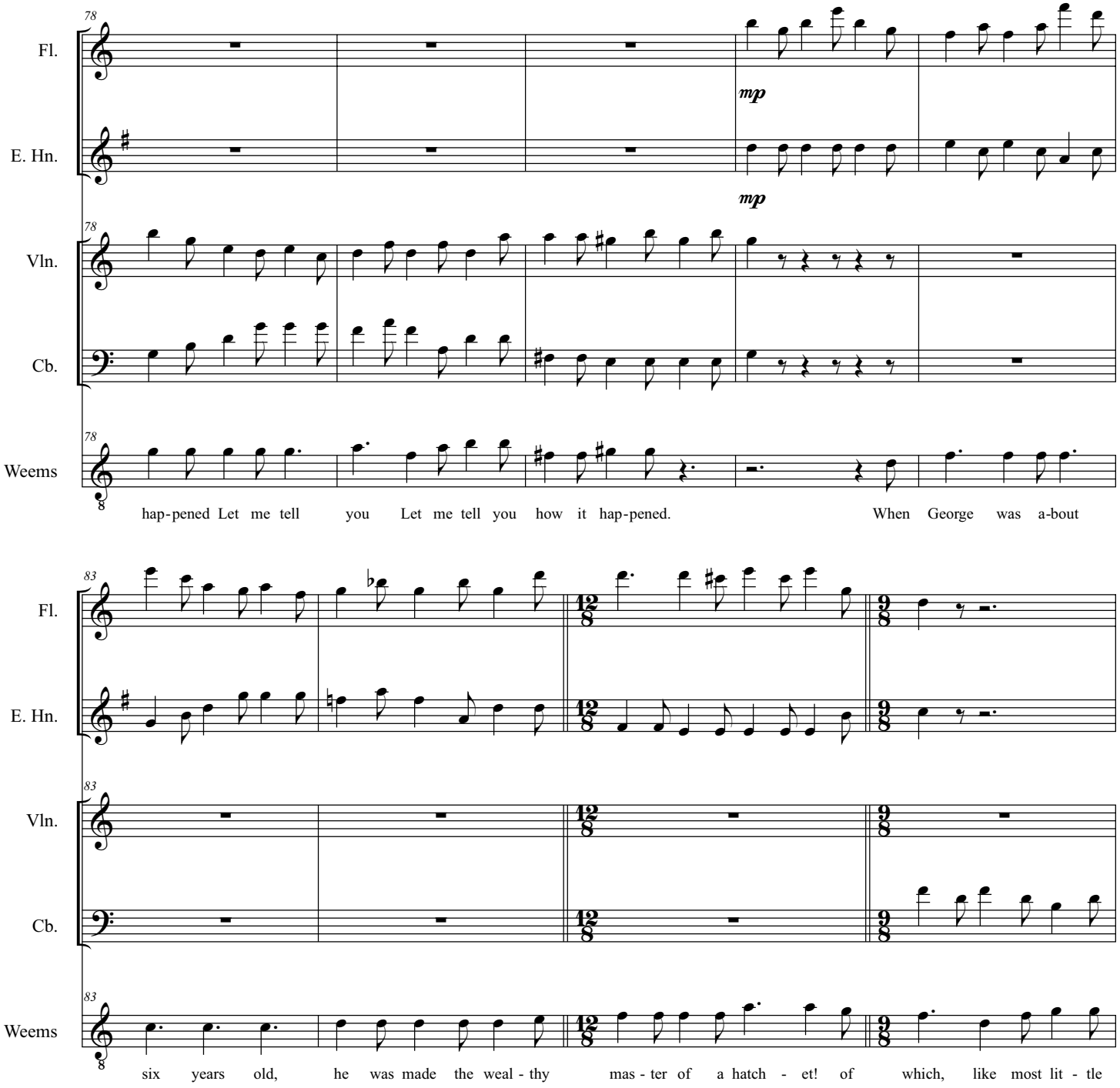

31
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
make me write a ser - mon, write a ser - mon some thing - a - bout cur - i - ous - i - ty And cats.
35
f
mf
Ne-ver mind. Ne-ver mind. I shall o - pen the cur - tain. Joy! Joy! Joy!

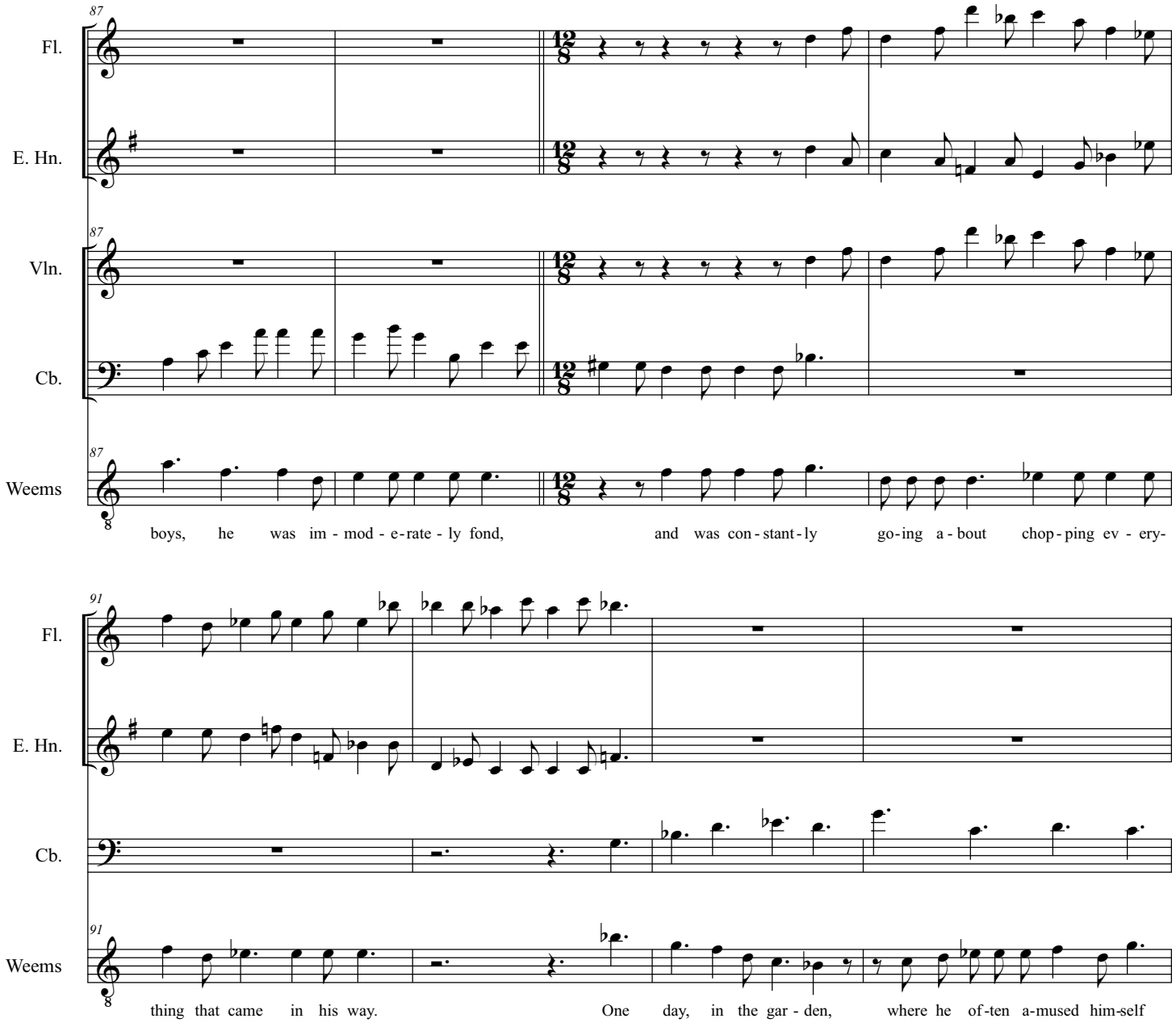

40
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
p
8va
(The PARSON draws the curtain.)
(House, lawn, tree, sky, grove, and hoe.)
(The Washington family slaves, SARAH and AHAB in tableaux.)
House lawn and tree
sky grove and hoe
45
Sara
Ahab
No one's here?
no one's here, this I know.
Sky grove and hoe
house lawn and tree
no one's here on-ly
No one's here?

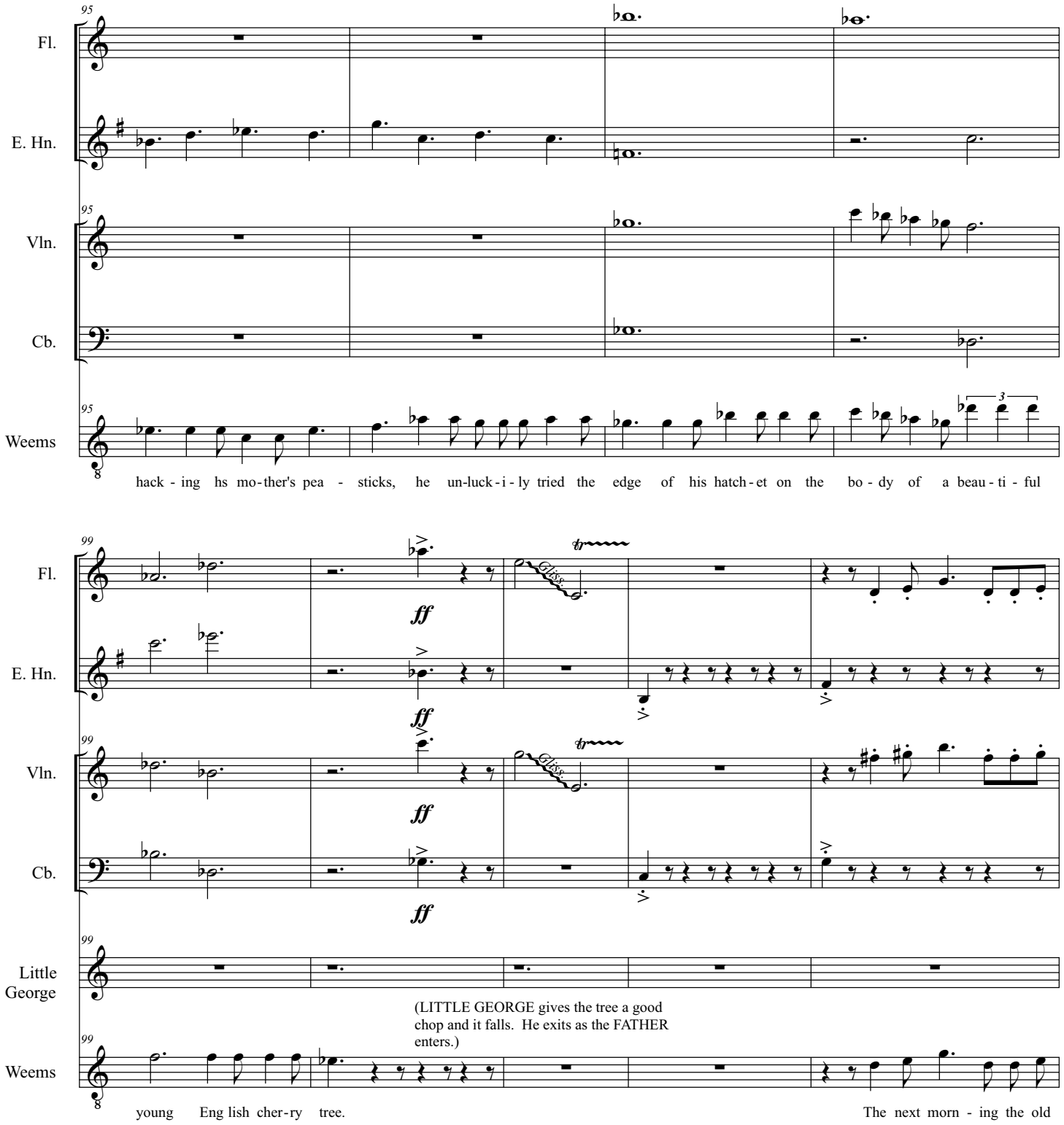

50
Fl.
E. Hn.
50
Vln.
Cb.
mp
50
Sara
Two are here, true are here. True! When is a per-son not a per-son when is a per-son not there
50
Weems
me.
50
Ahab
Two are here, true are here. True!

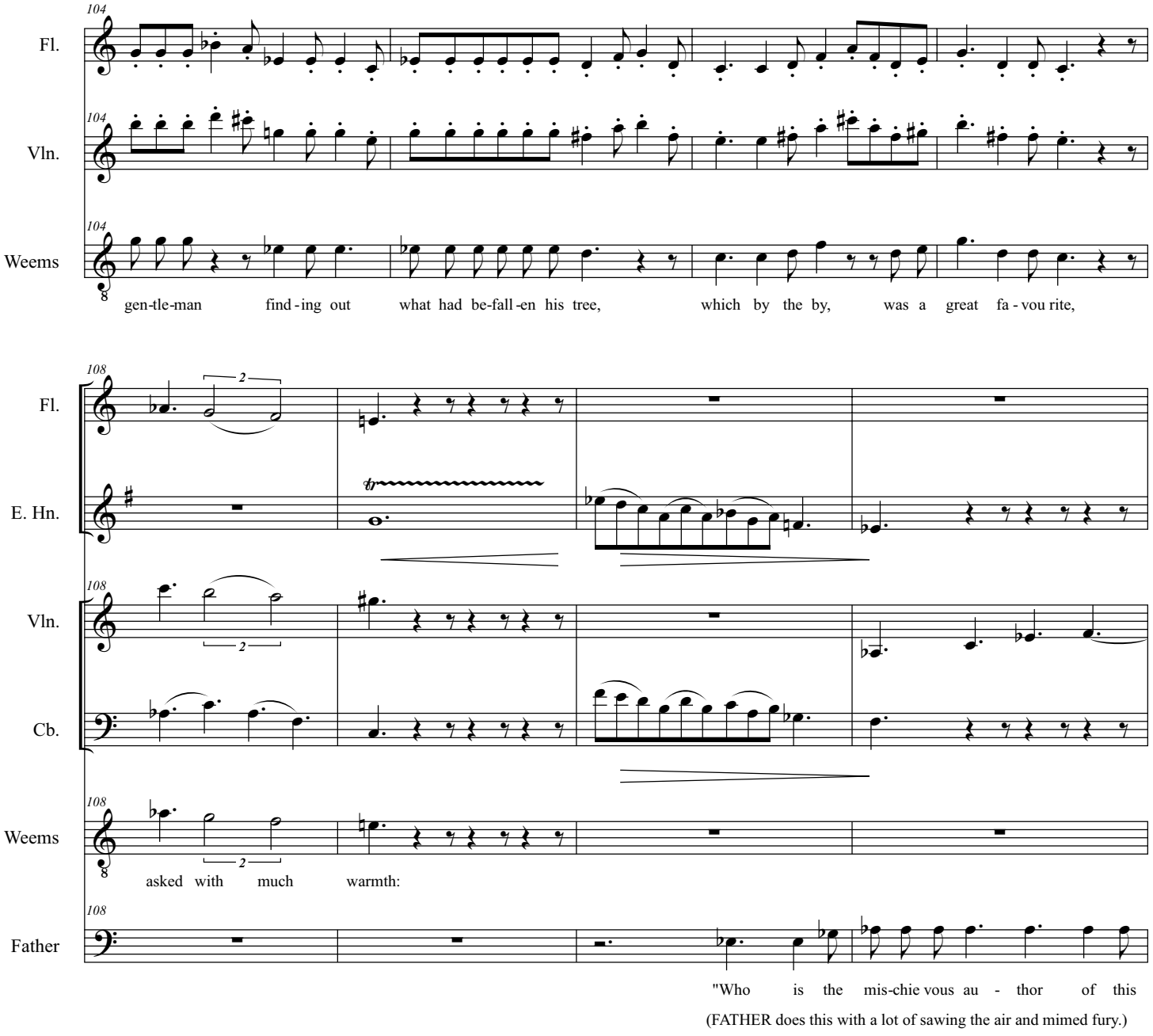

55
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Sara
at all
Who knows.
Weems
Will that come a cross when sung?
Well re-
Ahab
When is a Par-son not a Par-son not a Par - son
59
E. Hn.
Cb.
Weems
mem ber what the Good Book says:
"Some times a chest-not is just a chest nut."
Don't lose your way you must

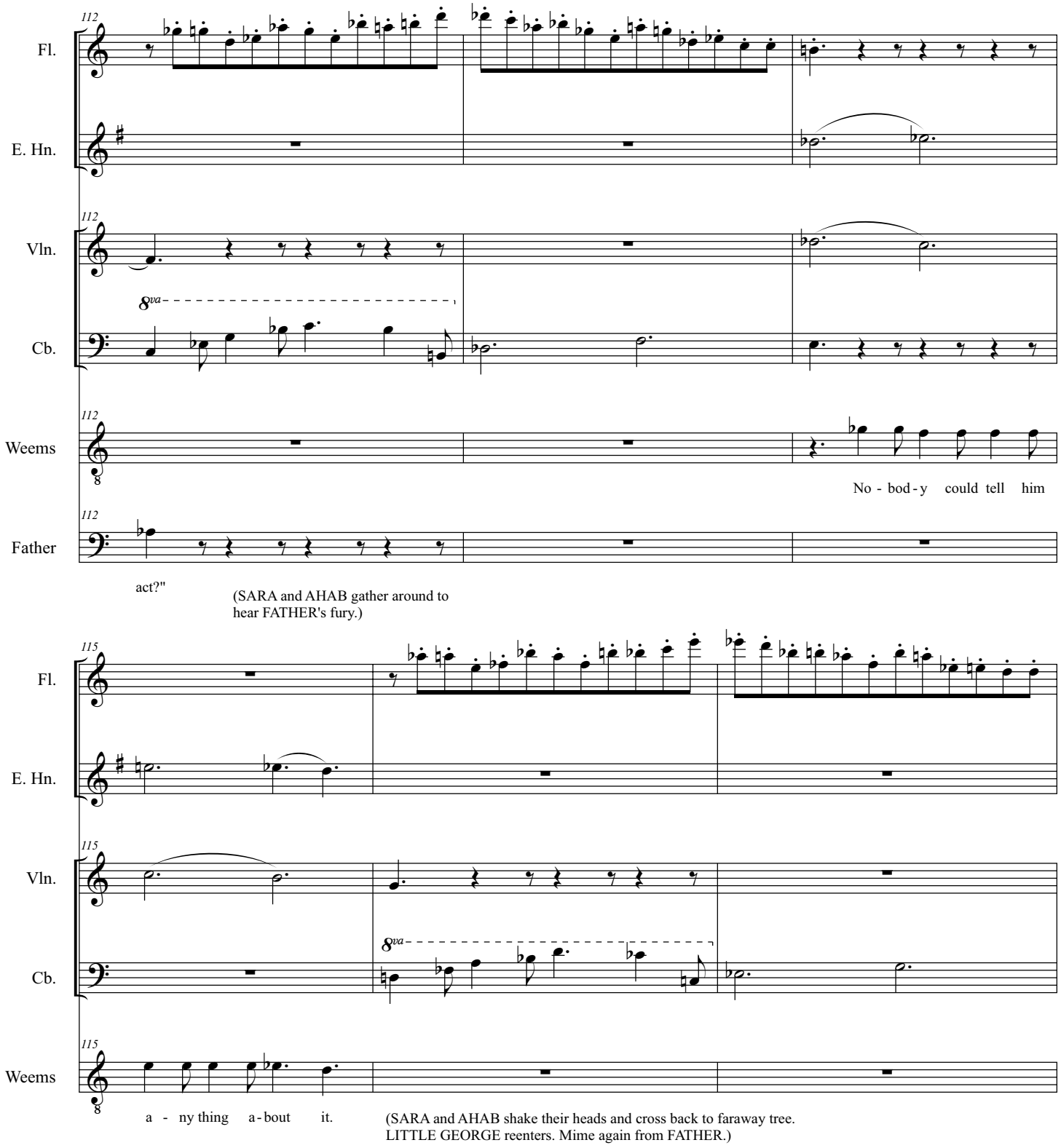

63
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
ne-ver give up must ne-ver give up you must press a-head you must ne-ver give up.
Ahab
Ea-sy for you to
68
mp
mp
Here the good Par-son cross es through the cur-tain through the cur-tain though the cur-tain he
Eagerly and Quick ♩. = 130
72
f
mp
f
mp
cross-es through the cur-tain to the boards. Let me tell you Let me tell you how it

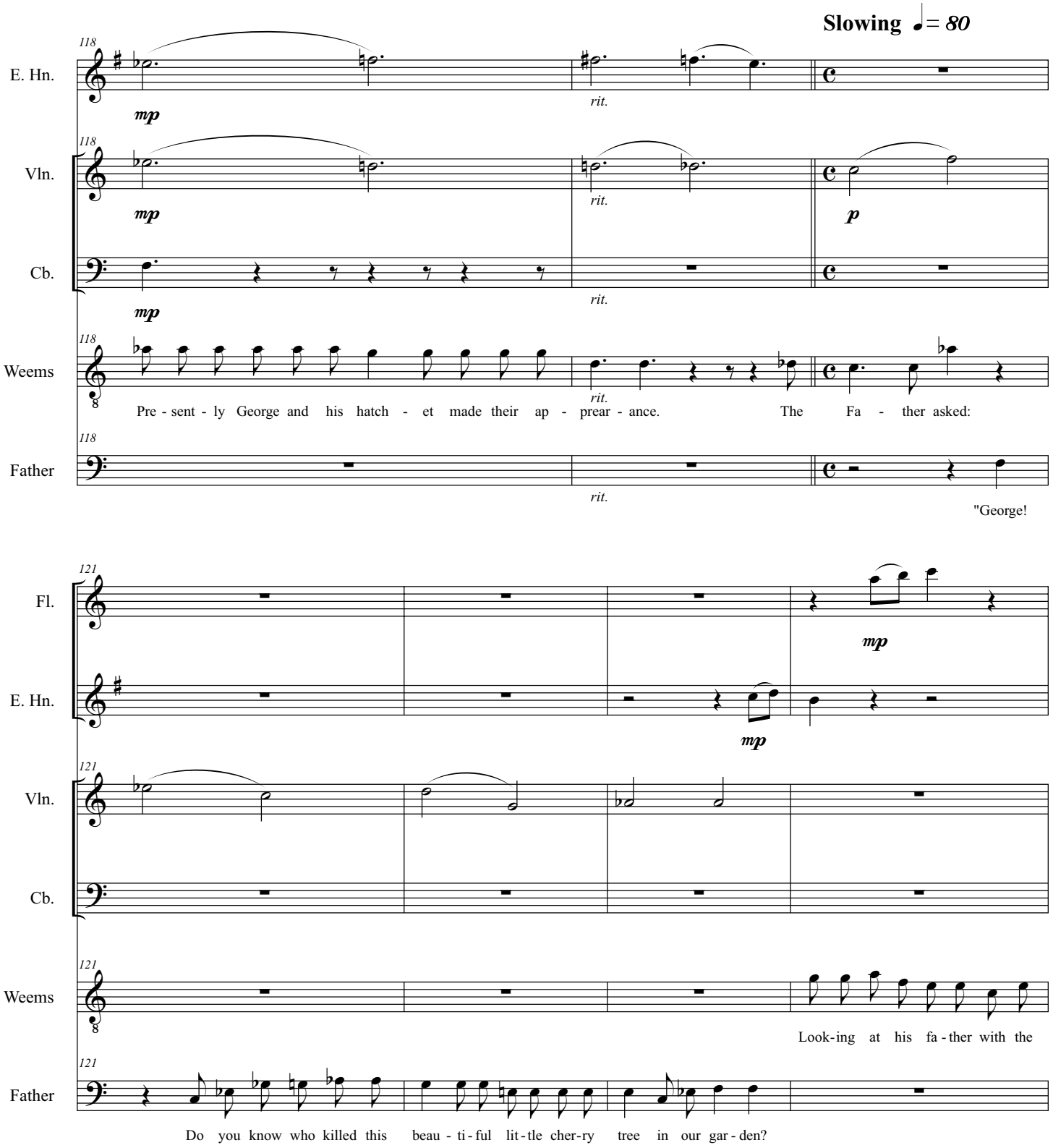

78
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
mp
mp
hap-pened Let me tell you Let me tell you how it hap-pened. When George was a-bout
83
six years old, he was made the weal - thy mas - ter of a hatch - et! of which, like most lit - tle

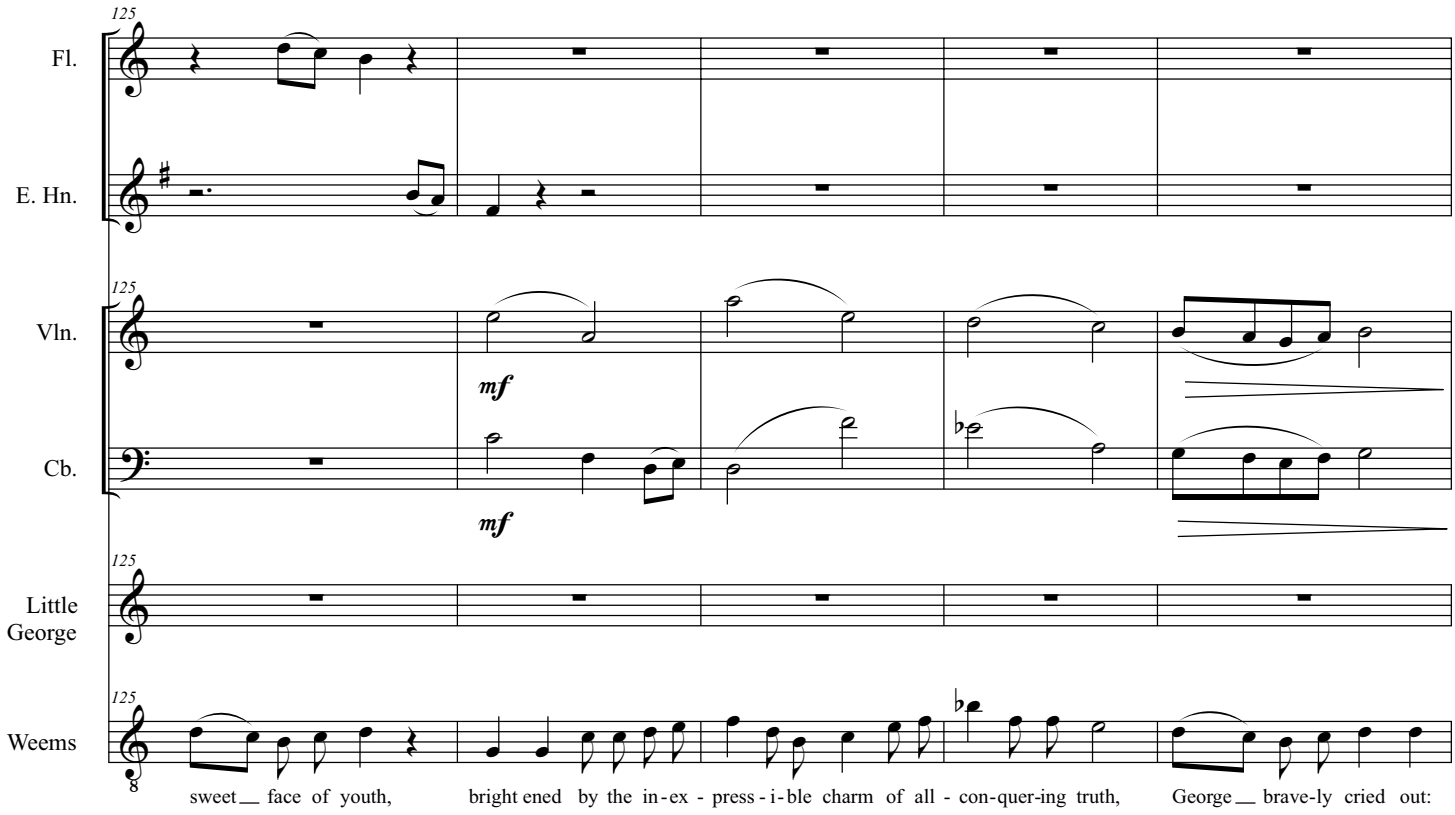

87
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
boys, he was im - mod - e-rate - ly fond, and was con - stant - ly go-ing a - bout chop - ping ev - ery-
91
thing that came in his way. One day, in the gar - den, where he of-ten a-mused him-self

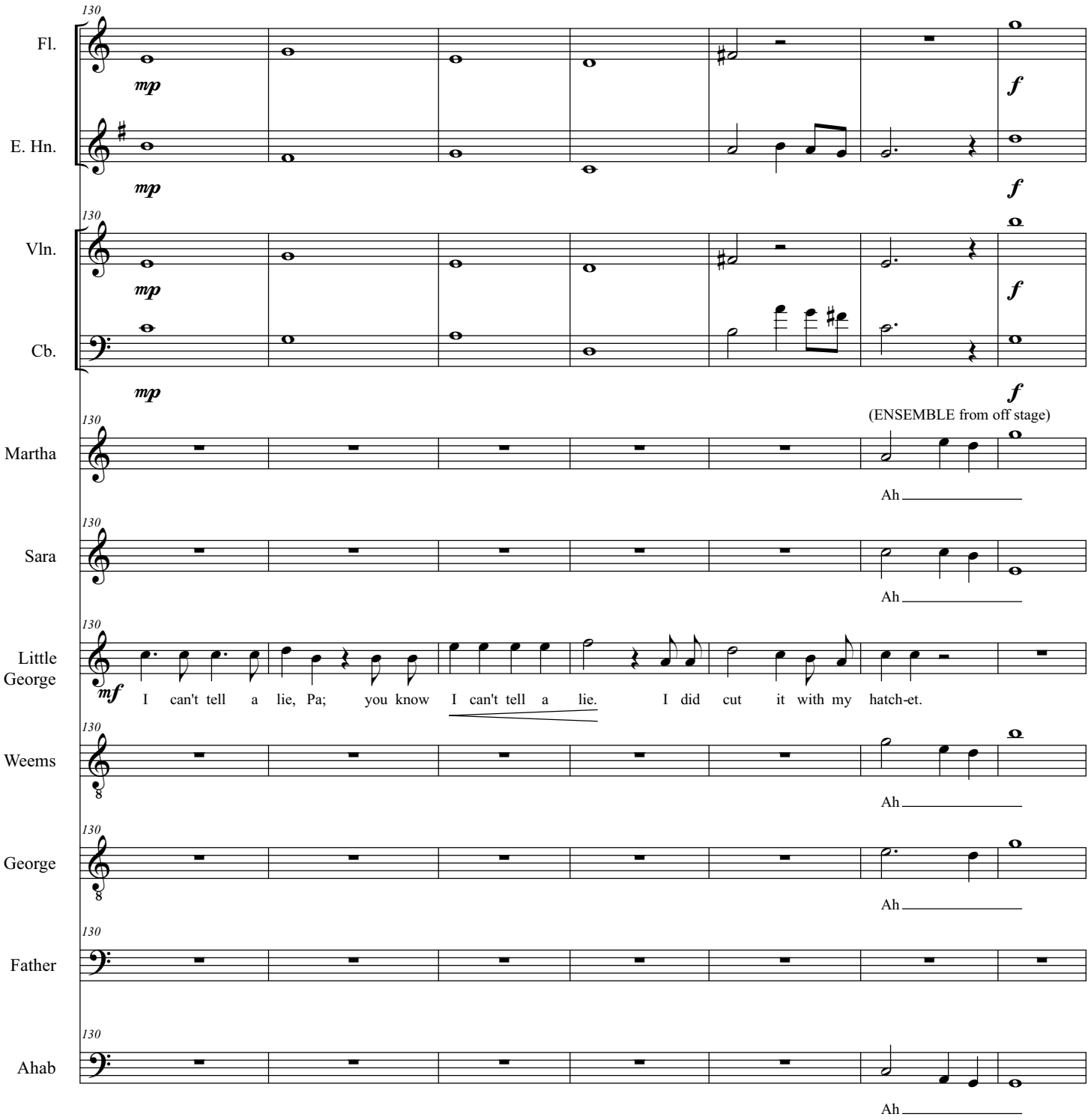

95
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
hack - ing hs mo-ther's pea - sticks, he un-luck-i-ly tried the edge of his hatch-et on the bo - dy of a beau-ti - ful
99
ff
Gliss.
Little George
(LITTLE GEORGE gives the tree a good chop and it falls. He exits as the FATHER enters.)
young Eng lish cher-ry tree.
The next morn - ing the old

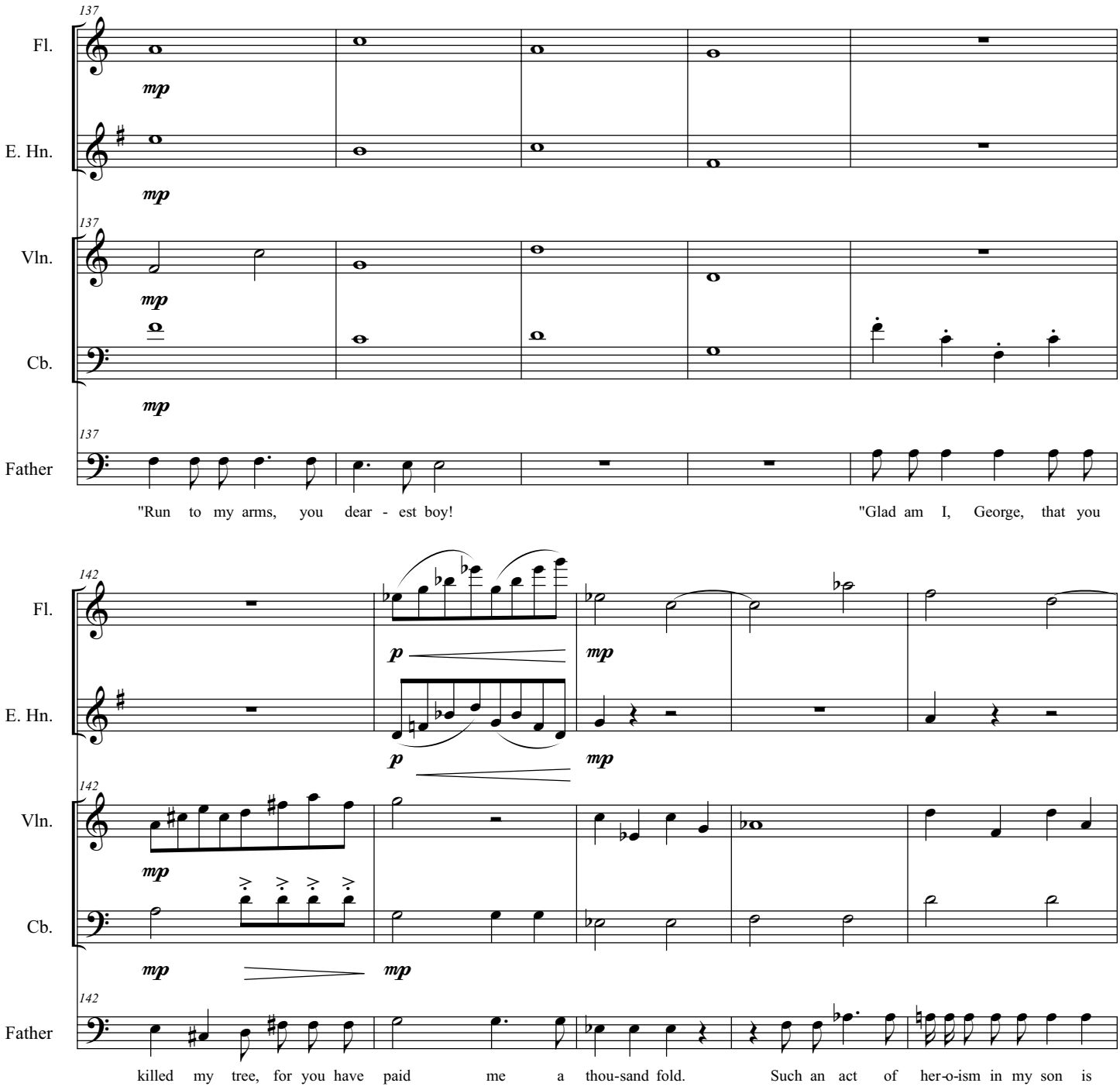

104
Fl.
Vln.
Weems
gen-tle-man find-ing out what had be-fall-en his tree, which by the by, was a great fa-vou rite,
108
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
asked with much warmth:
Father
"Who is the mis-chie vous au - thor of this
(FATHER does this with a lot of sawing the air and mimed fury.)

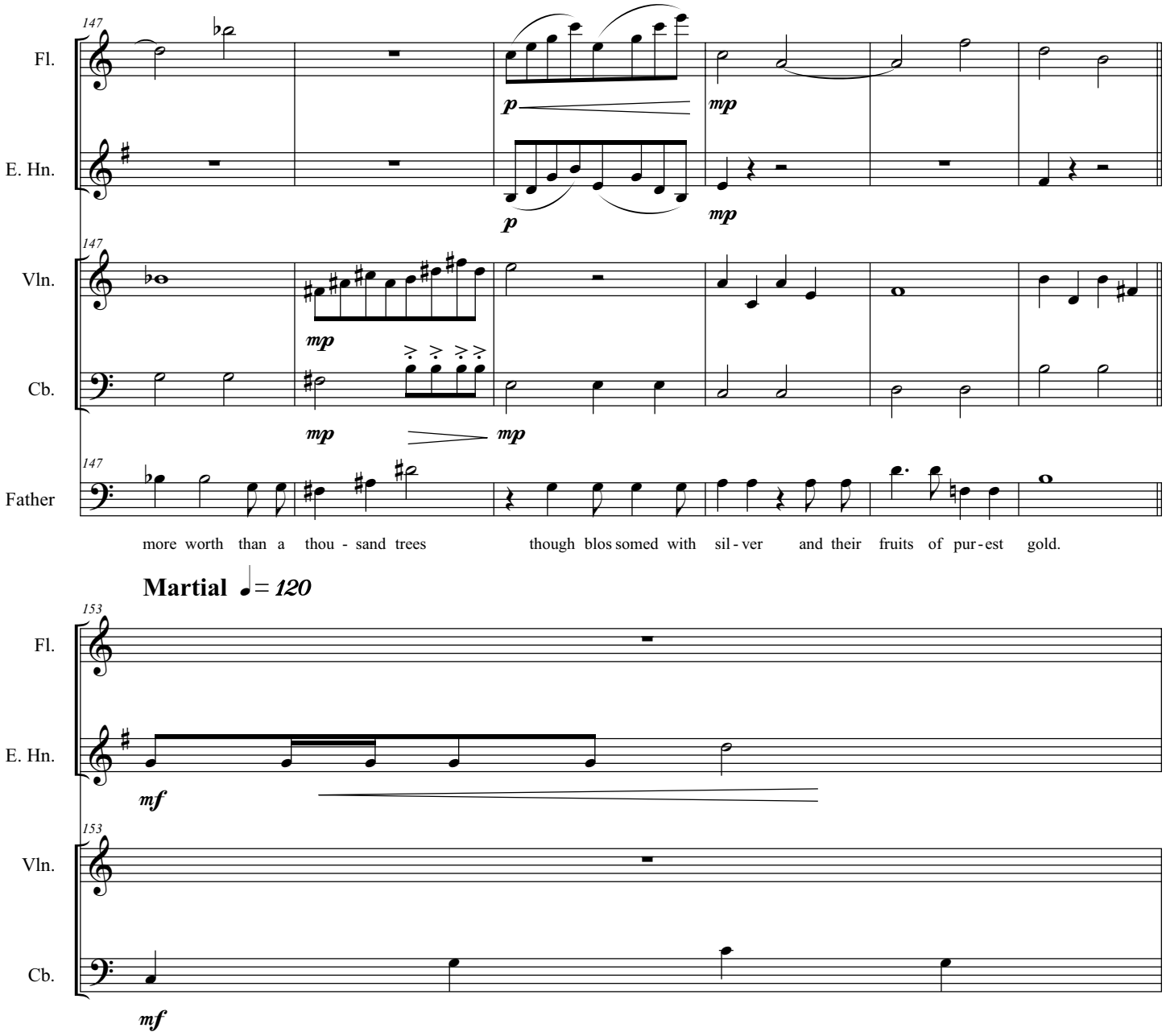

112
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
8va
Cb.
Weems
No - bod - y could tell him
Father
act?"
(SARA and AHAB gather around to hear FATHER's fury.)
115
a - ny thing a - bout it.
(SARA and AHAB shake their heads and cross back to faraway tree. LITTLE GEORGE reenters. Mime again from FATHER.)

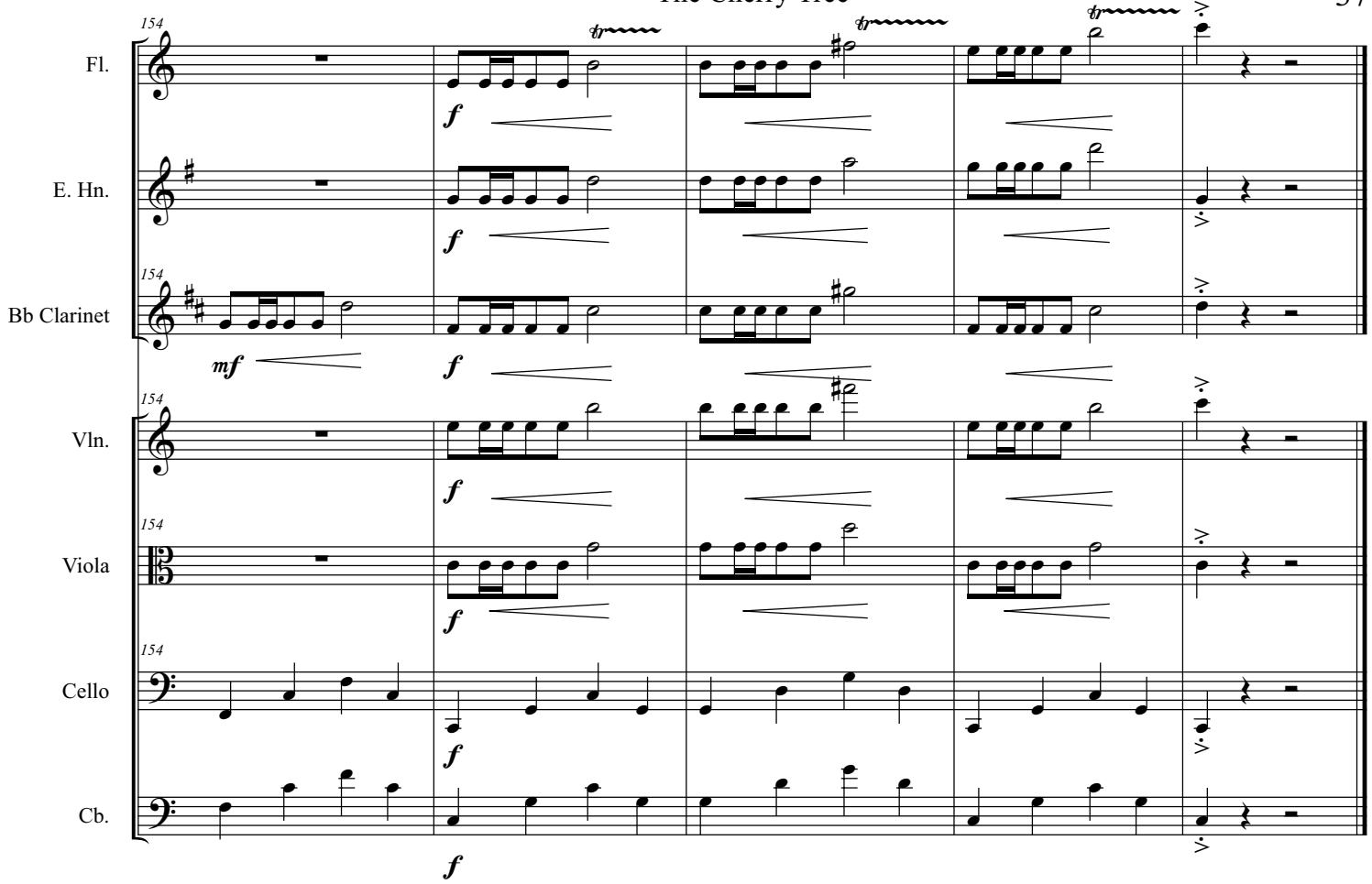

Slowing ♩= 80
118
E. Hn.
mp
rit.
Vln.
mp
rit.
p
Cb.
mp
rit.
Weems
Pre - sent - ly George and his hatch - et made their ap - prear - ance. The Fa - ther asked:
rit.
Father
rit.
"George!
121
Fl.
mp
E. Hn.
mp
Vln.
Cb.
Weems
Look-ing at his fa - ther with the
Father
Do you know who killed this beau - ti - ful lit - tle cher-ry tree in our gar - den?


125
Fl.
E. Hn.
125
Vln.
mf
Cb.
mf
125
Little George
125
Weems
sweet face of youth, bright ened by the in-ex - press - i - ble charm of all - con-quer-ing truth, George brave-ly cried out:


130
Fl.
mp
f
E. Hn.
mp
f
130
Vln.
mp
f
Cb.
mp
f
(ENSEMBLE from off stage)
130
Martha
Ah
130
Sara
Ah
130
Little George
mf
I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatch-et.
130
Weems
Ah
130
George
Ah
130
Father
130
Ahab
Ah


137
Fl.
mp
E. Hn.
mp
137
Vln.
mp
Cb.
mp
137
Father
"Run to my arms, you dear - est boy!
"Glad am I, George, that you
142
Fl.
p
mp
E. Hn.
p
mp
142
Vln.
mp
Cb.
mp
mp
142
Father
killed my tree, for you have paid me a thou-sand fold.
Such an act of her-o-ism in my son is


147
Fl.
E. Hn.
Vln.
Cb.
Father
p
mp
more worth than a thou - sand trees
though blos somed with sil - ver and their fruits of pur - est gold.
Martial ♩= 120
153
mf



(PARSON begins applause to end the scene. All the actors join hands and move to the front of the painting in a line. They bow. PARSON WEEMS then closes the curtain, obsucring the set and all of us from view.)