

Gleb

No. 7

The Neva Flows (Rev. 4/19/17) pg. 3

ANASTASIA

poco rall. 29 Tempo 30 rall. a...

is a sim - ple thing...

mp

GLEB: I heard the shots, I heard their screams, GLEB: (cont.) but it's the silence after I remember most.

31 Meno mosso 32 34

The

34A 34B 34C 3 34D

world stopped breath - ing and I was no lon - ger a boy.

espr. *mp*

Tempo Primo - Haunted

37 38 39 40

My fath - er shook his head and told me not to ask. My moth - er said he died of shame.

p

41 42 43

But I be-lieve he did a proud and vit-al task and in my fath-er's

mf *poco rit.*

Expansive ANYA: (unwillingly)

44 45 46 47 48

(GLEB:) a new wind blows and soon it will be spring. The

name: The Nev-a flows, a new wind blows and soon it will be spring. The

mf *f*

Freely

49 50 51 52

leaves un-fold. (small, almost to himself) ten.

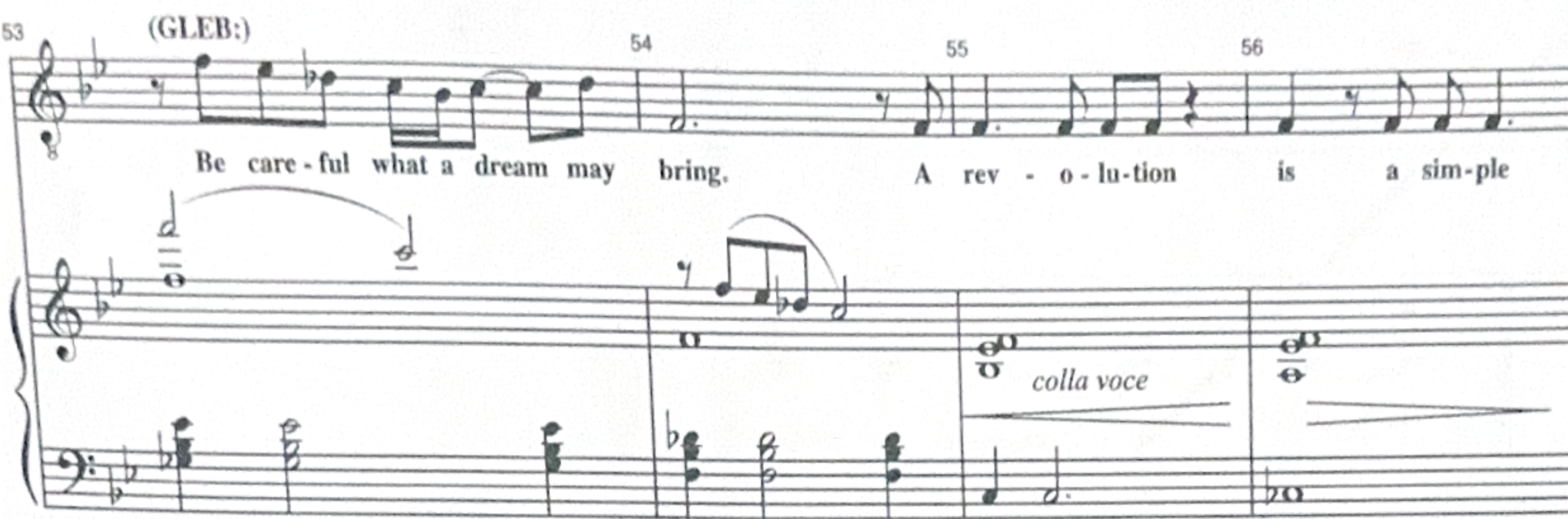
leaves un-fold. The Tsar lies cold. Could I have pulled the trig-ger if I'd been told?

poco rall. *subito p*

53 (GLEB:) 54 55 56

Be care - ful what a dream may bring. A rev - o - lu - tion is a sim - ple

colla voce



57 **Tempo Primo** 58 59 → 61

thing.

mf *f*

**APPLAUSE
SEGUE**



ANYA: Thank you for your warning, comrade.

GLEB: It's Gleb, please.

ANYA: Gleb.

Simply

62 63 64 65

p *poco rall.*



GLEB: Your eyes. A man can look right into them.

ANYA: I'm late for work.

A Tempo

66 67 68 69 70

p (+ Bells)

