

NATASHA 2

Sing a cut.

NATASHA LOST

from *Natasha, Pierre & The Great Comet of 1812*

Prepare your own, or one of the following:

Based on *War & Peace* by Leo Tolstoy
(Natasha)

Music & Lyrics by
Dave Malloy

Top - m. 72

or

m. 73 - 134

Female Solo

Moderately, in 1

rit.

Piano

Gm C7/E D/F# Gm D7

mp

rit.

7

Natasha

a tempo

I smile I shake and the op - era con-tin - ues And I'm

Gm Eb Cm Gm

p
a tempo

13

4

quite sub - mis-sive to the world I am in My pre - vi-ous life — is

Eb Cm Gm Eb

19

slip-ping a - way _ from me My dis - tant past _ is gone is gone

Cm Gm Eb Cm Gm

25

And the rest of the night _ I can't take my

Eb F7/Eb

p

31

eyes from him His glit - ter-ing eyes and his ten - der

Bb Bb/D Eb Bb/D Eb

mf

37

smile _ And as I am leav - ing _

D7 Gm Eb

mp

43

flushed and ner-vous He touch-es my arm — and I turn a-round and he's

Cm Gm Eb Cm Gm

49

look-ing at me — with his glit - ter-ing eyes and his ten - der smile —

Eb Bb Eb D7

55

Oh God I am lost How could I

C7/E D7/F# Ab9

mf

61

let him Ev-ery-thing is dark ob - scure and ter-ri-ble I don't un - der-stand .

Gm Cm6 D7(#5) Gm C7/E

— this Oh God I am lost —

D7/F# Ab9 Cm7

A little faster

Back in the thea - ter full of lights Where ten-ors jumped a -

E♭ B♭ F7 B♭ E♭

mf

bout in tin - sel jack-ets Young girls and old men cried bra - vo in

B♭ F7 B♭ E♭ B♭ D7

rap - ture There it all seemed sim - ple But now —

Gm E♭ B♭ Cm7

91 *rit.*

a - lone I am tor - tured

rit.

Ab9

97 **Tempo primo**

My con - science gnaws a - way at my heart Am I spoiled for

Gm Eb Cm Gm

mf

103

An - drey's love or not Oh I can soothe my - self

Eb Cm Gm Eb Cm

109 **A little faster**

with i - ro - ny Noth - ing it was noth - ing I did - n't lead him on at all

Eb Bb F7

4

115

No-one will ev - er know I'll nev-er see him a-gain Noth-ing has

B \flat Eb B \flat F7 B \flat Eb

121

hap-pened and An - drey can love me still Oh God why

B \flat D7 C7/E

127

is - n't he here?

D7/F# Ab9 ff

133

Tempo primo

And yet it was like — there was noth - ing be-tween -

Gm Eb Cm mp

139

— us No veil no mod-es-ty Just his face and strong hands _ His glit - ter-ing

Gm Eb Cm Gm Eb

145

eyes and his ten - der smile _____ That bold hand - some

Bb Eb Bb D7

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

151

man who pressed my arm _____

Gm Eb Cm Gm

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

157

Eb Cm Gm

p rit.