



WHEN YOU ARE ALONE

from **Flung on a Fling**

by **WILLIAM COPPER**

Hartenshield Music

hartenshield.com

william@hartenshield.com

302-388-4023

99

A

I can see in your heart? For I too

106

A

am a - lone.

112

A

Copyright 2024 by William Copper
All rights reserved.

Piano reduction and music engraving by the composer.

Printed in the United States of America

Full Piano-Vocal Score:
ISBN 978-1-963088-13-7

Orchestral Score:
ISBN 978-1-963088-12-0

Hartenshield Group, Inc.
12 East Scott Street #12-3
Chicago IL 60610

ALICE
Against all our troubles there is only
a Half-bird and a Frog. Well, I think
we can get free. And find our other halves.
And laugh again. Look up!

(FURBELOW croaks audibly; she doesn't like heights.)

ALICE
Half-birds can fly a little when balanced
by a friend. I think you may enable us
to escape, my Friend.

(FURBELOW croaks again. She still doesn't like heights.)

ALICE
You must hold on tight, Dear. If you let go,
we will fall down. That is a very long fall!

(FURBELOW croaks once more. She is
very uneasy about this new plan.)

ALICE
That's a nice ribbon, Frog.
Hold tight to my connector bone.

ARIA: When You Are Alone

from *Flung on a Fling*
by William Copper

74

A

dance. Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance.

80

A

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance. Dance, dance.

86

A

dance, dance.

molto rit.

93 **Tempo I**

A

Is it true?

ALICE'S VOICE

There is someone in the next cell. It must be a friend.
Because if you are in *this* prison, you must be a friend.

Through the crack in the wall I can see a blue ribbon. Friend,
we can escape together. There is a loose stone in the wall.
Find it. Push hard. Join me.

(The prison cell in which ALICE the Half-Bird is held. All is suddenly visible.)

Serioso

Alice

Greet-ings, Frog.

7

A

I am A-lice the Half - Bird. I can see in your heart.

molto rit.

(Xylophone actual pitch)

15

A

When you are a - lone,

rit. *a tempo* *8va*

23
A
and sun - der'd from your oth - er.

31
A
the lake is like a cold gray pri -

37
A
son, is - n't it? E - ven ice - cream tastes like ash-es;

rit. *a tempo*

45
A
pil - low's soft as a - ny stone. Heart's not worth its

51
A
rib cage splash-es when it beats a - lone. But

57
A
Frog, dear Frog, when you hop side by

rit. *poco movendo*

62
A
side with a friend, the world is warm - er, and the

68
A
sky be-comes gold-en a - gain, and the wa-ter in - vites you to