Narrator, Cinderella, Cinderella's Mother

**Scene Two** (The woods. Late afternoon.  
The stage is filled by trees of all variety, many twisted and gnarled, others going straight up to the sky without a branch.  
Bright sunlight streams through, creating a wonderful light-maze.  

*(Cinderella kneels before a tree filled with birds)*

**NARRATOR:** Cinderella had planted a branch at the grave of her mother and she visited there so often, and wept so much, that her tears watered it until it had become a handsome tree. *(Exits)*

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**Moderato** \( \text{\( \frac{1}{2} = 144 \)} \)

**Safety**

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**As the scene progresses, the sunlight is gradually replaced by moonlight.**  
The foliage rustles in the breeze, with an occasional gust blowing about low-lying fog.

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**CINDERELLA**

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*I've been good and I've been kind, Moth-er, Do-ing on-ly what I learned from*

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*Why then am I left be-hind, Moth-er, Is there*
(Suddenly, the ghost of Cinderella’s Mother appears within the tree)

Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor and good fortune, like bad,
can befall when least expected.

Meno mosso (j = 138)

Safety (vocal last time)

CINDERELLA (first time only)

I wish...

Do you

Meno mosso (j = 138)

Safety (vocal last time)
CINDERELLA (Rising)

Shiver and quiver, little tree,
Sil-ver and gold throw down on me.

(Cinderella picks up the clothes and dashes offstage.
Jack is walking through the woods, leading Milky-White.
He stops and sits on a tree stump)

I'm off to get my wish.

JACK:
Quiet. Silence everywhere,
Milky-White. Not to my liking...
(Dialogue continues)

Vamp