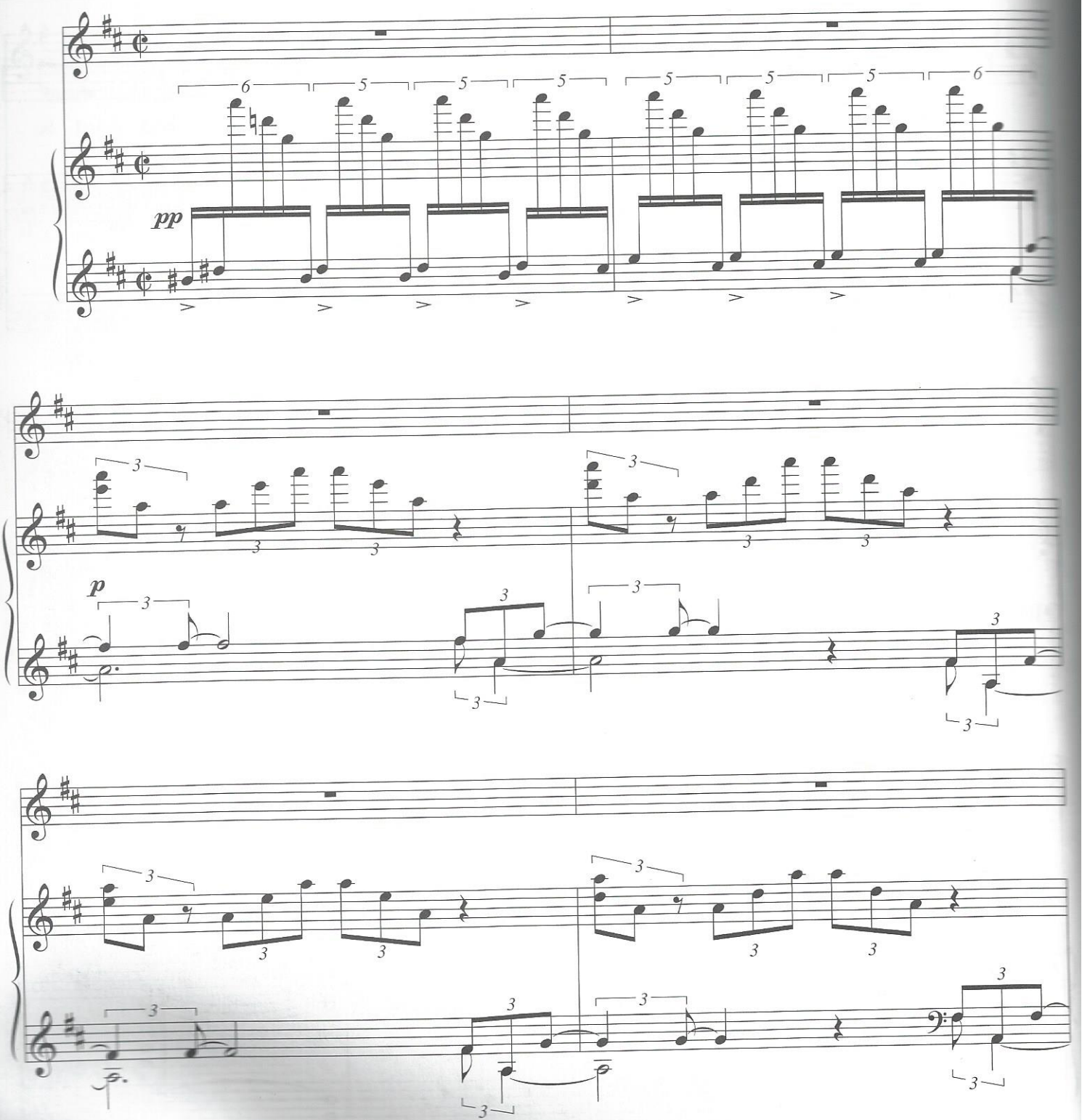
# THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA

## from *The Light in the Piazza*

Words and Music by
ADAM GUETTEL

**Con moto (in 2)**

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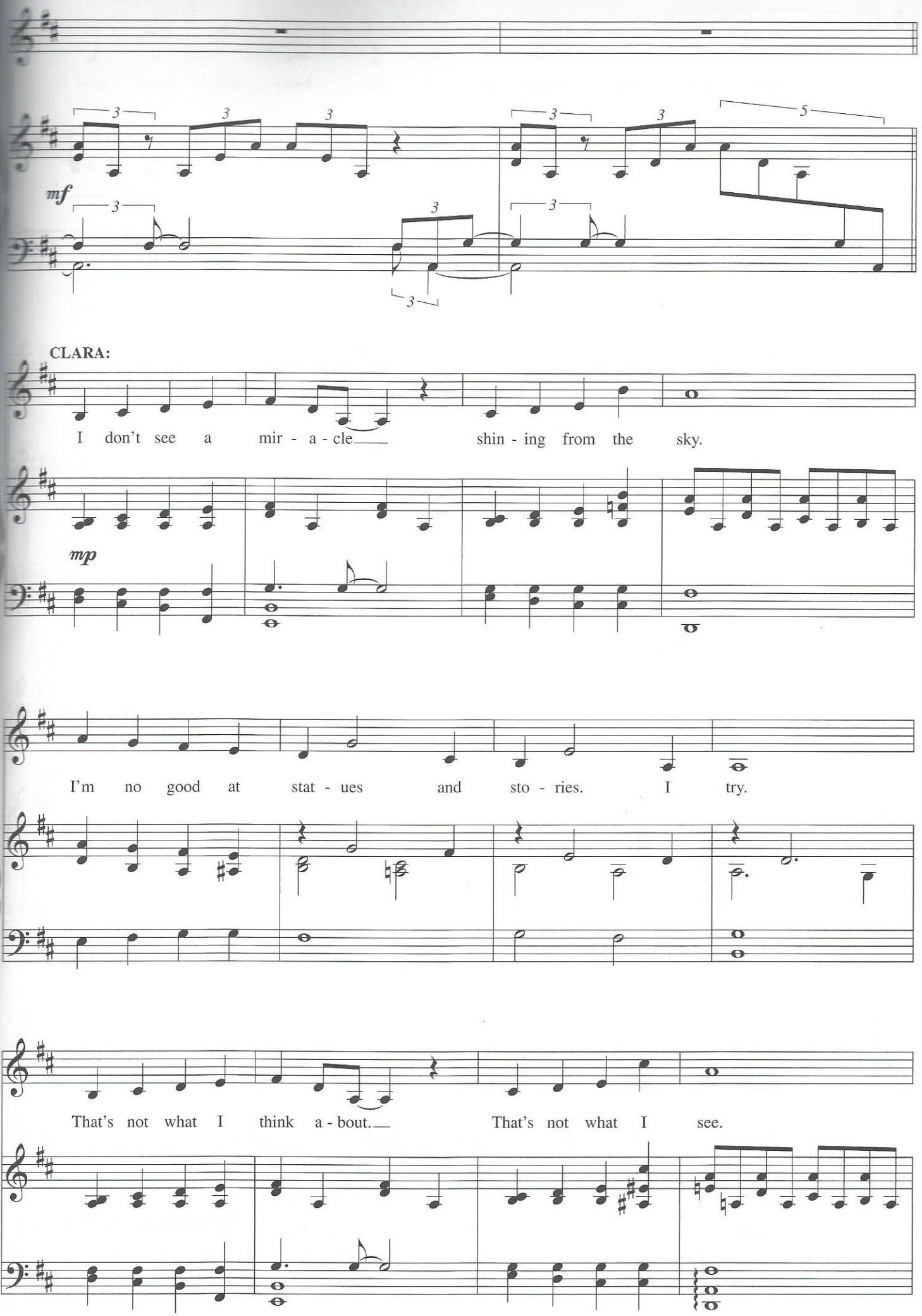
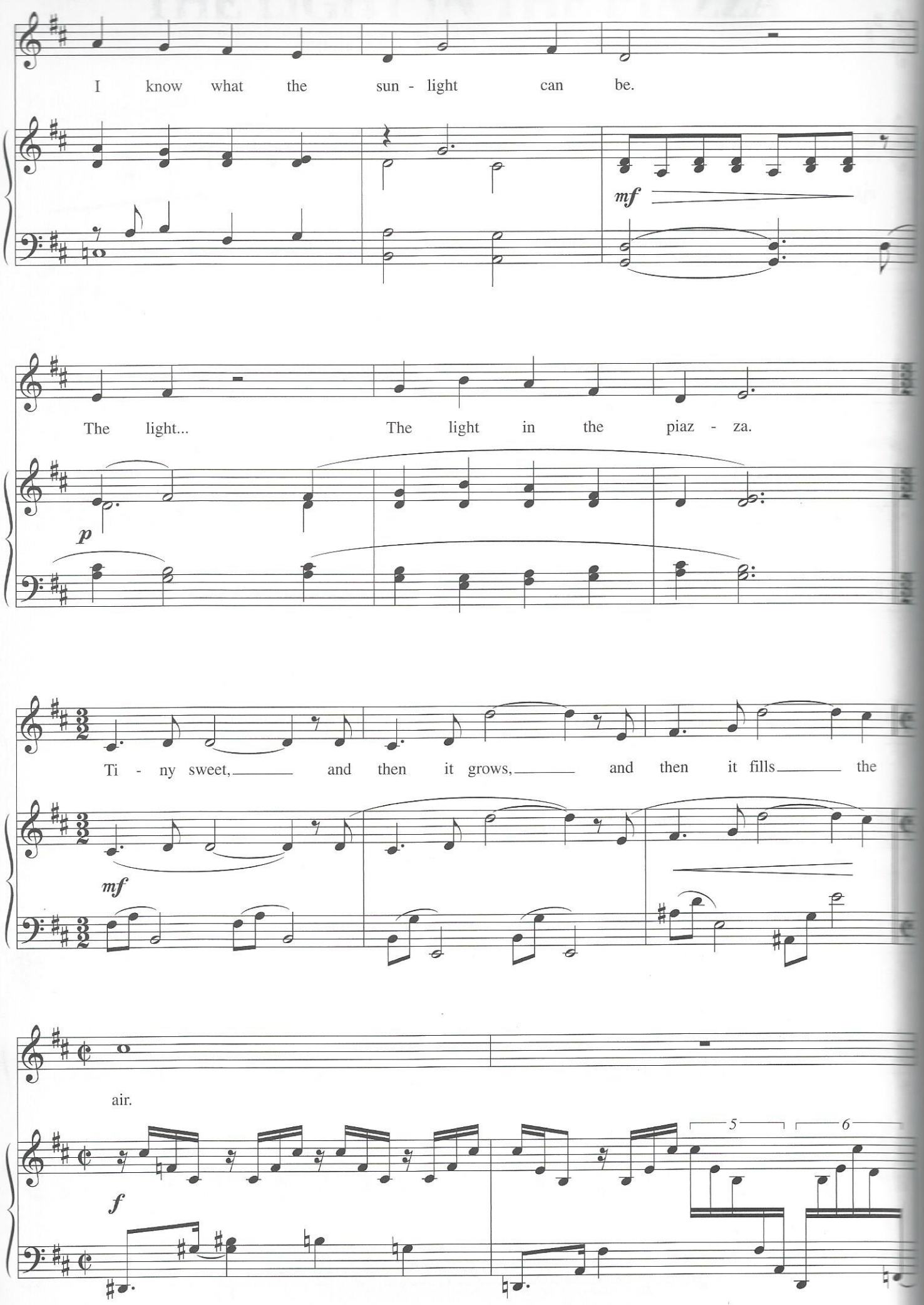
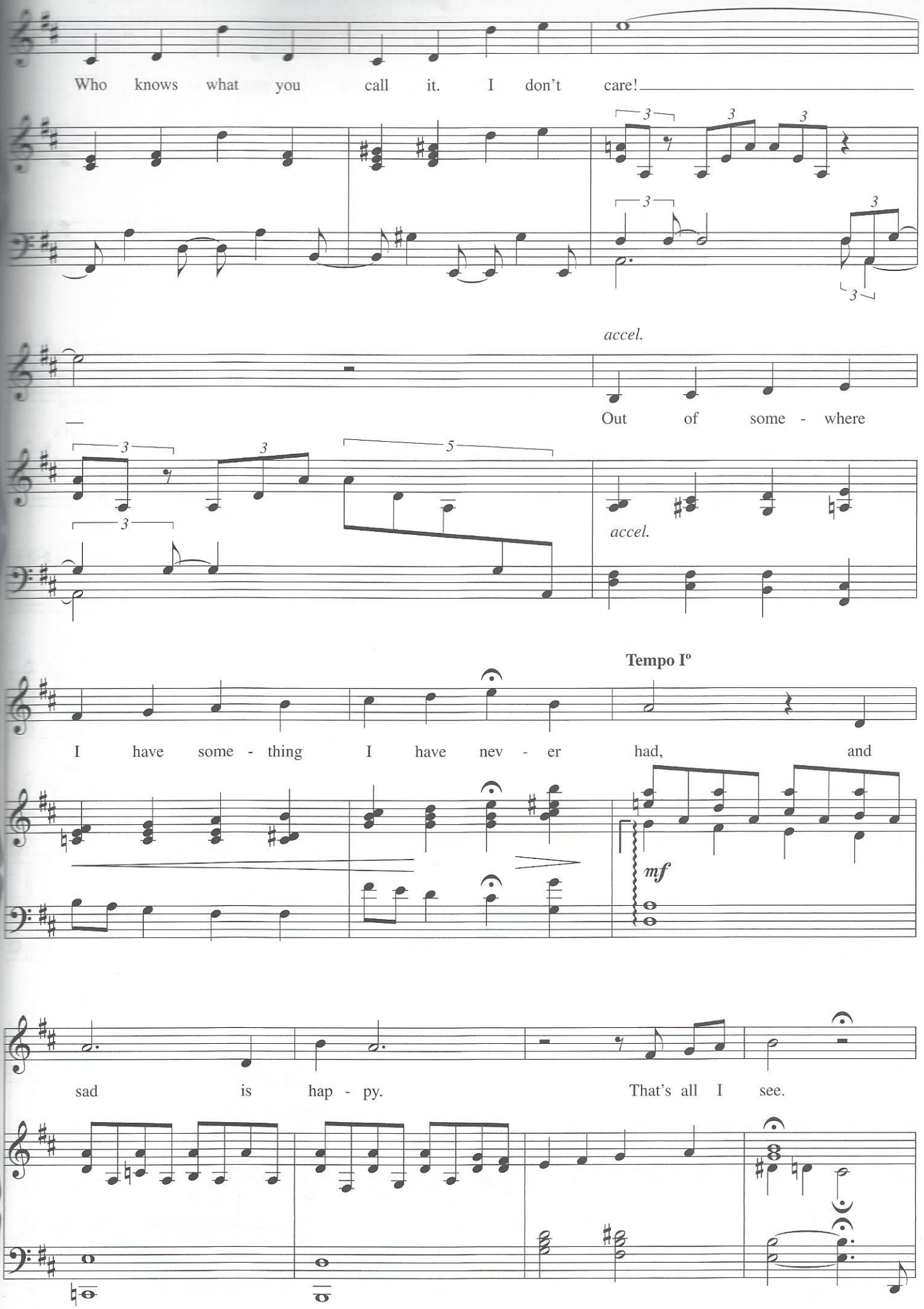
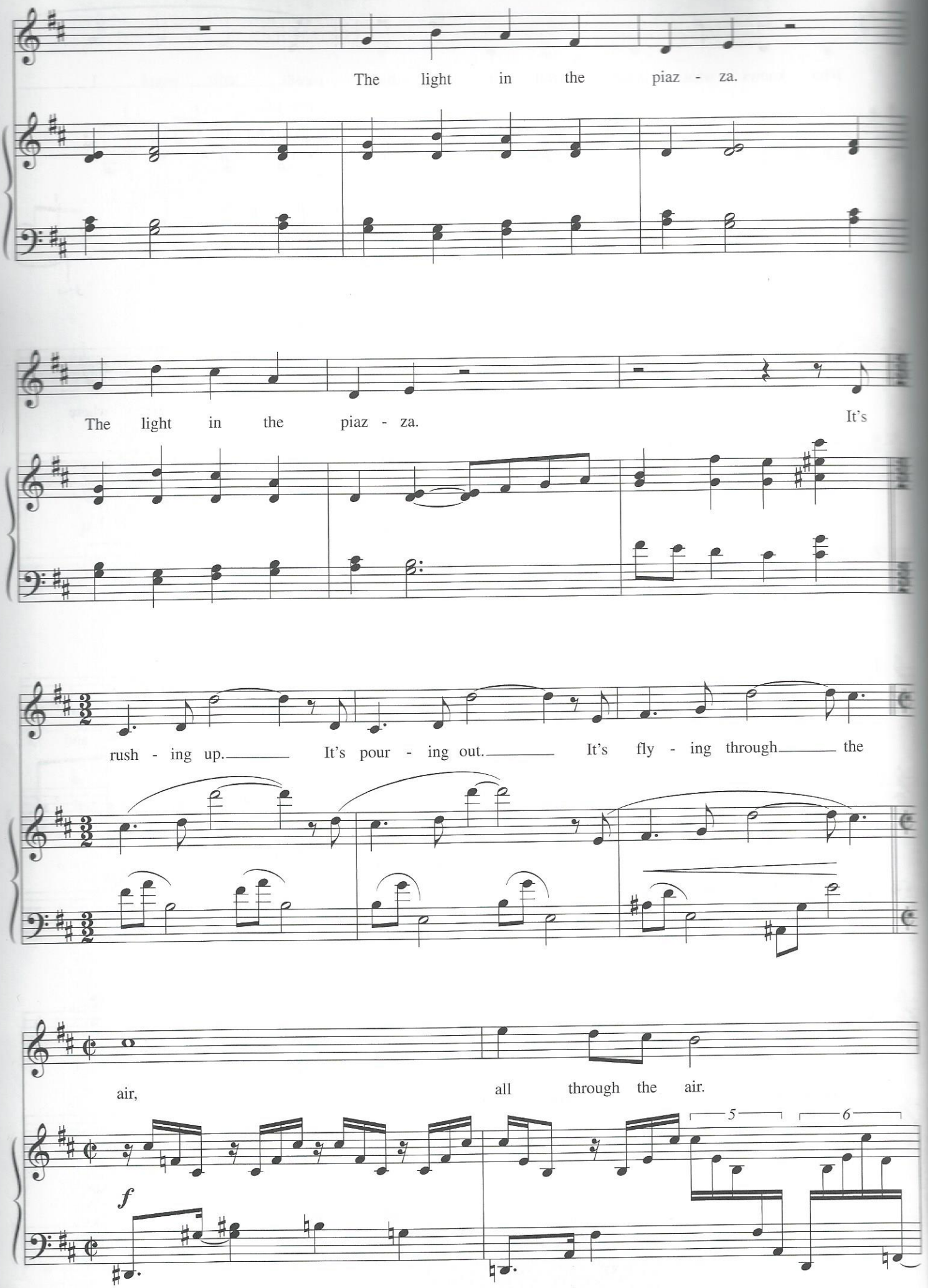
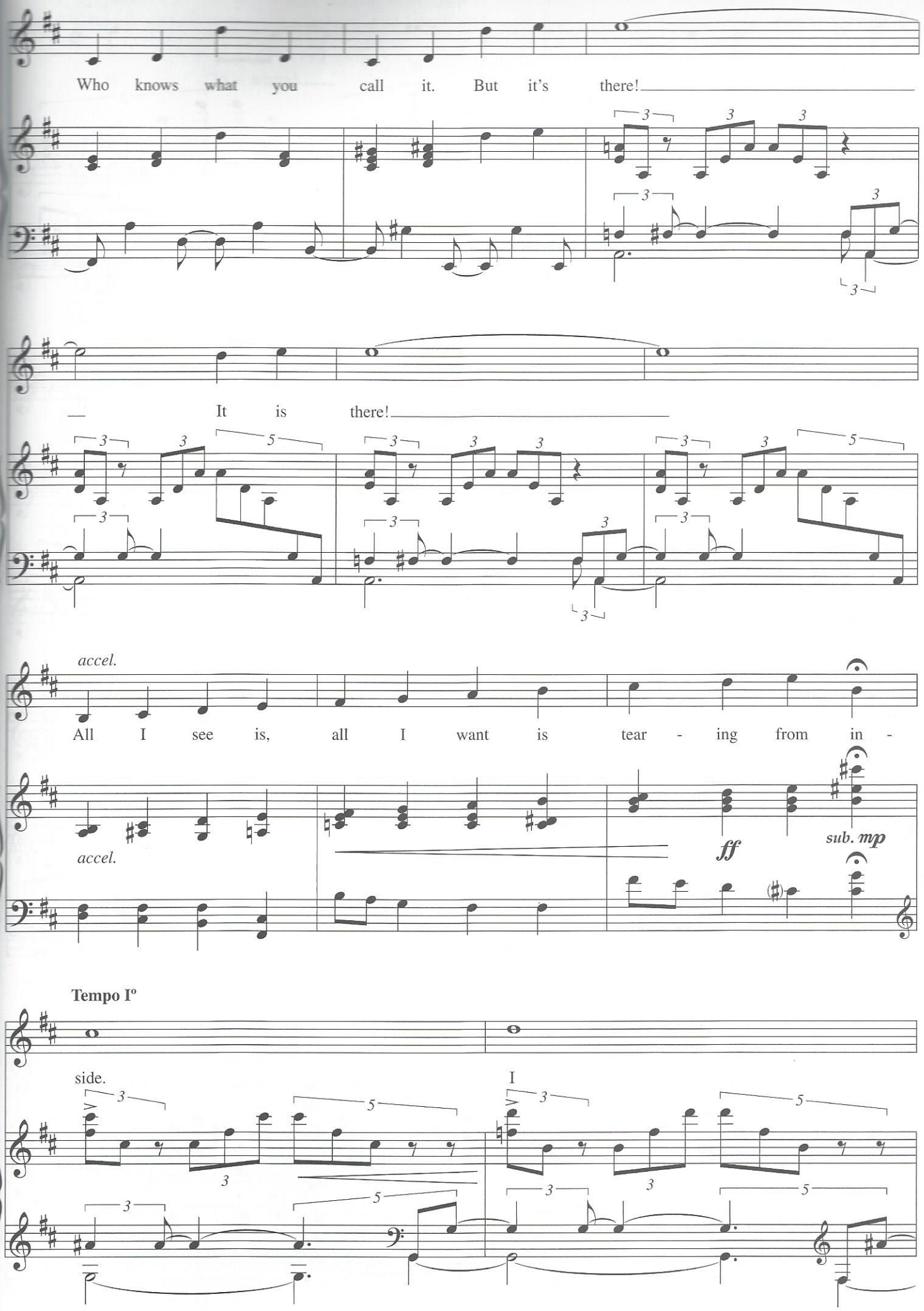
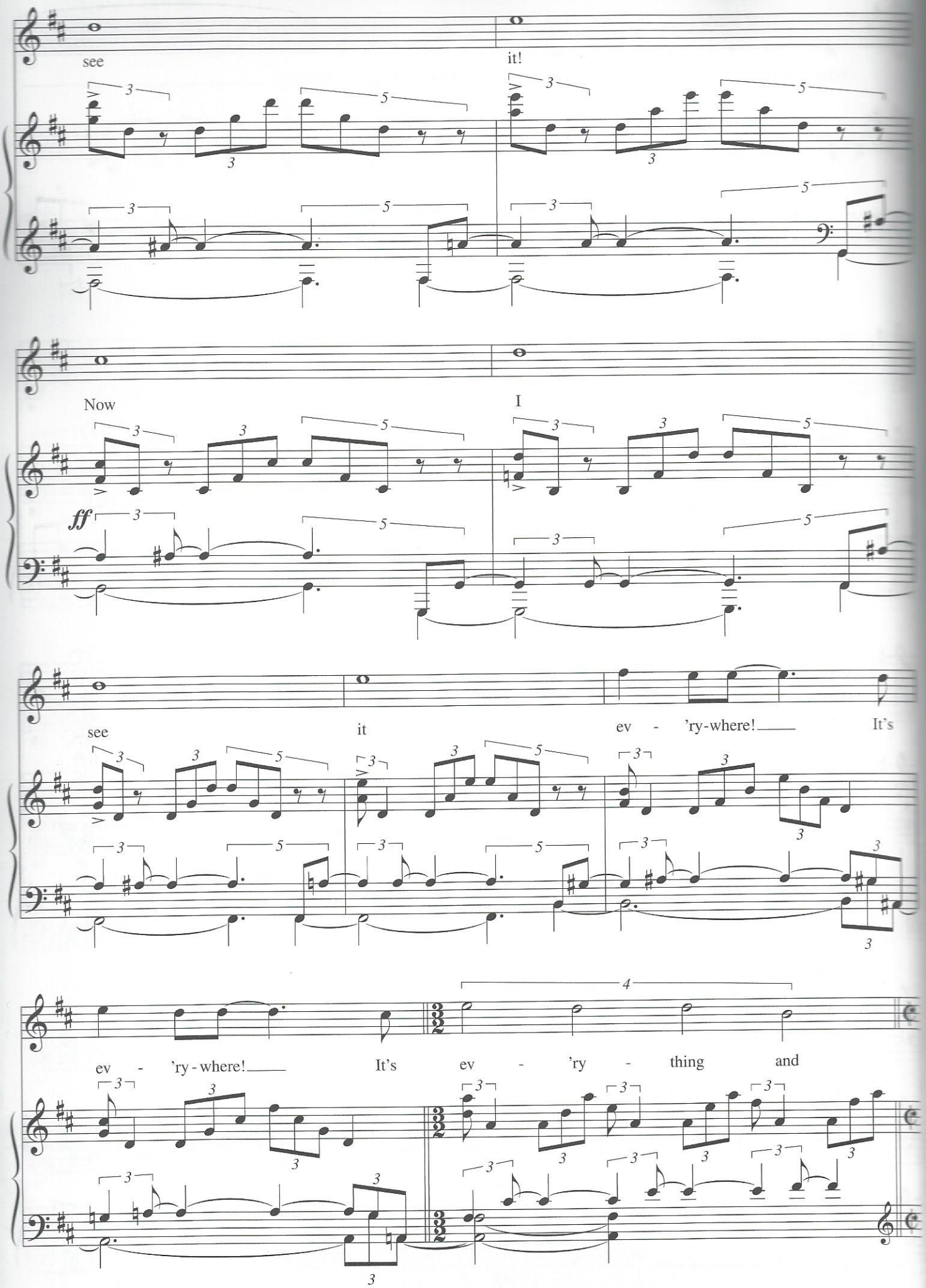

mf
CLARA:
I don't see a mir - a - cle shin - ing from the sky.
mp
I'm no good at stat - ues and sto - ries. I try.
That's not what I think a - bout. That's not what I see.

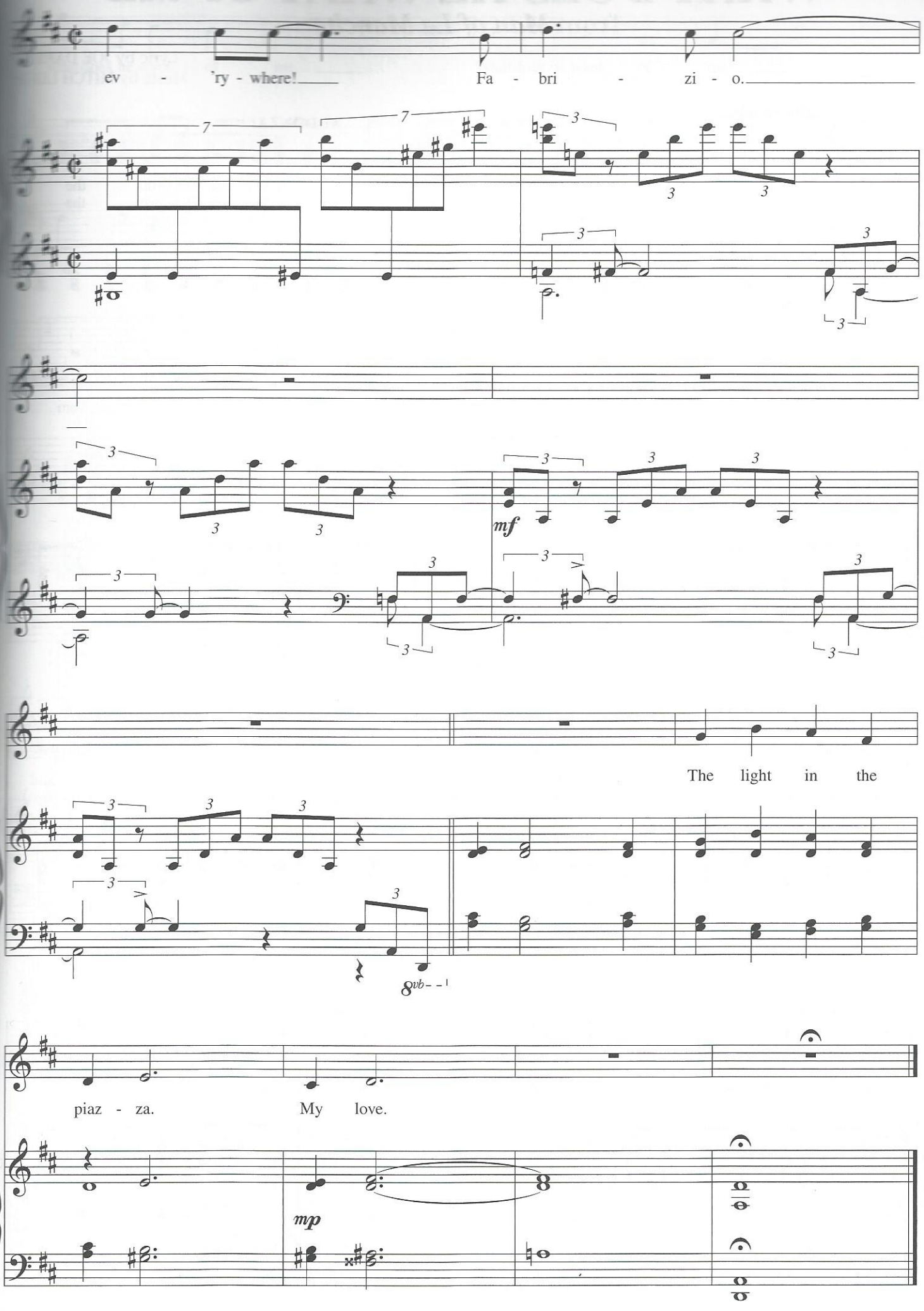

I know what the sun - light can be.
mf
The light... The light in the piaz - za.
p
Ti - ny sweet, and then it grows, and then it fills the
mf
air.
f
5
6


Who knows what you call it. I don't care!
accel.
Out of some - where
accel.
Tempo Iº
I have some - thing I have nev - er had, and
mf
sad is hap - py. That's all I see.


The light in the piaz - za.
The light in the piaz - za.
It's
rush - ing up. It's pour - ing out. It's fly - ing through the
air,
all through the air.
5
6
f


Who knows what you call it. But it's there!
It is there!
accel.
All I see is, all I want is tear - ing from in -
accel.
ff
sub. mp
Tempo Iº
side.
I


see
it!
Now
I
ff
see
it
ev - 'ry-where!
It's
ev - 'ry-where!
It's
ev - 'ry - thing
and


ev - 'ry - where!
Fa - bri - zi - o.
mf
The light in the
piaz - za.
My love.
mp