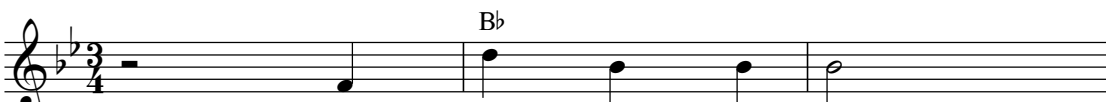


Segment 20 Recitative


(From the musical "Candelescence")

Secretary Michael


(Guru rings bell, students file into classroom from schoolyard)


Guru: 
Good mor - ning to you!


Children: 
Good mor - ning Gu - ru! Guru: To -


Guru: 
day we're learn-ing some-thing that is ve - ry im - por - tant.

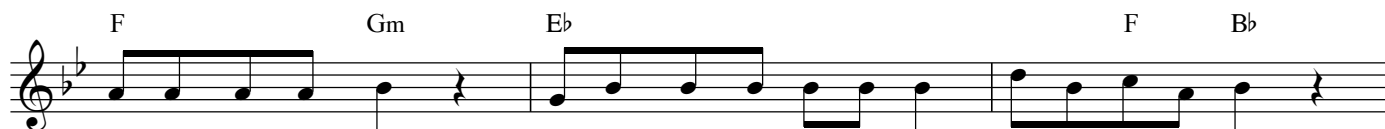
(Commissioner unexpectedly enters classroom)

Guru: 
Good mor - ning dear Com - mis - sion - er!

Children: 
Good mor - ning dear Com - mis - sion - er!

Commissioner: 
Good mor-ning, mor-ning, mor-ning my bee-yoo-tee-ful a-chiev-ers! The


test you took in Jee-no makes us doubt-ers all be-lie vers! You have passed the big ex-am, and


I don't mean just SOME... You have passed the big ex - am, each and e - v'ry one! (all cheer)

Commissioner :

Yes-ter-day I went to Jee-no, as it is my du-ty. There I met with o-ther lea-ders,
just like me, but snoo-ty. They were gi-ving speech-es so I real-ly did-n't care. Un-
til I heard the test re-sults and I fell off my chair! "Where oh where is Gar-den School?"the
jea-lous lea-ders asked. There has ne-ver been a school where E-V'RY-BO-DY passed.
"It's in Ko - Lat Vil - lage" I stood up and blew a kiss.
"And in Ko - Lat Vil - lage we are ALL as smart as this!" *(all laugh)*
They were not a-mused and so I left the meet-ing fast... Did-n't want to stick a-round and
get my-self har rassed. Now stu-dents want to trans-fer here be-cause they think we're cool, and
all the par - ents want their kids to come to Gar - den School. *(all cheer)*

Chord symbols: Eb, F, Bb, Eb, F, Gm, Cm, F7, Eb, F, Bb, Eb, F, Gm, Eb, Cm, F7, Eb, F, Bb, Eb, F, Gm, Eb, Cm, F7.

Twimfina: 

Dear Com-mish-'ner, if you please, we ask of you a fa - vor. The




laws a - gainst a sing - ing con - cert, we would like a wai - ver. Guru: And

Guru: 

Dear Com-mish-'ner, if you please, we have one more re - quest: that



you al - low A - mer - i - cans to come and be our guest.

Commissioner: 

Oh my tea - chers, you have made our Vil - lage ve - ry sun - ny.



I will give you a - ny - thing, so long as it's not mo - ney. So bring in the A - mer - i - cans and



a - ny - one at all. Fif - teen years is much too long for us to have a wall. *(all cheer)*

(all cheer and begin singing next song: "Our Garden, It Doesn't Have Weeds")