

# No, Cécile! No, Cécile.

from *The Inventor*

Music: Bramwell Tovey  
Libretto: John Murrell

Standing abruptly,  
moving to her

**Allegro** ♩ = 168  
SANDY:

Falling to  
his knees.

No, Cé-cile! No, Cé-cile. You must not leave You are my wife, my life, all I

*mf* *sim.* *mf*

6

trust in and be-lieve. So ma-ny pro-mi-ses I made to you, if you can

*sim.* *f* *p*

11

trust a lit-tle long-er, I will make them all come true. I will find a way to

15

re-in-vent my-self, start-ing here and now, to - day! I will make our fu-ture se-cure.

20

I will work like a slave to en-sure that our star a -

Stands and holds her.

gain burns clear and bright. I've been hatch-ing some - thing for weeks now.

*pp*

It's a plan I be-gan when on - ly a lad, I ne-ver had the nerve to en-

*mf* *pp*

act it be-fore, but if you can trust for a few weeks more, I will see it through,

*p sub.* *cresc.*

33

make it all come true.

San - dy Keith, un-like those dull-er dream-ers, will not

35

rise a-gain by am-id de-grees,

but San - dy Keith, as sure as

38

sin, \_\_\_\_\_

will re - in-vent his life,

re - in-spire his wife.

Misterioso L'istesso Tempo

41

H e a d s w i l l t u r n , j a w s w i l l d r o p , t h e w h o l e w o r l d w i l l

*mf* *pp sub.*

45

s u d - d e n - l y c o m e t o a s t o p a n d g a z e o n m e i n w o n - d e r , i g -

*cresc.*

48

n i t - i n g t h e l i g h t - n i n g , d i s - p e r s - i n g t h e

*fz sub.*

Poco piu mosso

51

accel.

*f*

thun-der, cry-ing, "let there be gold!" — And gold there will be, — be-cause of

*cresc.*

*f*

54

rit.

colla voce

me. —

Cé-cile, be - cause of

*ffz*

56

**Allegro** ♩ = c.96

He embraces her then quickly goes to fetch his hat and coat.

you...!

*p*

*dim e rit.*

*pp*