Score

Piskarev in Love
A single glance

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in B
Trumpet in B
Horn in F
Trombone

Piskarev
Pirogov

Chorus

Percussion
Guitar
Piano
Synth 1
Synth 2
Bass Guitar
Drum Set

Violin 1
Violin 2
Viola
Cello

\( \uparrow = 124 \)
Con Moto

\( A \text{ sin - gla} \)
\( \text{glance, the} \)
\( \text{burn} \)
\( \text{of a} \)
\( \text{past - ly head.} \)
Or perhaps it

To Ac Gtr

Simile

Warm pad

Gently

Warm rock ballad

Quiet background tone

Or perhaps it

with chorus

\( q = 124 \)
Con Moto
Fl.
Ob.
Bb Cl.
Bb Tpt.
Hn.
Tbn.
Ch.
Perc.
Gtr.
Pno.
S1.
S2.
Bass
Vln. 1
Vln. 2
Vla.
Vc.

was the dimly - lit ceiling light of a street - lamp giving her face the

Loco
No, it's my own fancy mocking me!

Am I a semblance of a smile?
time to my feet steps diving my feelings onwards?

Am7  Am7/D  B/D♭  Em  B/D♭  G/D  A/C♯
No, this is not a trick of...
my imaginary font. My goodness, such happiness contained in a single instant! What bliss in a mere two minutes.
Am I not dreaming? Could it be true? For my heart’s glance I am ready to sacrifice my life. Unutterable
Joy that this creature is so well disposed and attentive to me.
SHE: Mind your step! Piskarev reaches the fourth floor and knocks at a darked door only to be let into a room by a scantily clad woman bearing a candle. Inside he finds three women in different corners of the room, one playing cards, another sitting at a piano picking out a polonaise on the keyboard, and a third sitting before a window combing her hair not paying the least attention to the stranger in their midst. The room is covered in dust, even the high quality furniture looks in disorder with cobwebs all over. Through an open door can be seen a pair of boots with spurs and the red piping of an officer’s jacket. A male voice and a woman’s laughter can be heard.