

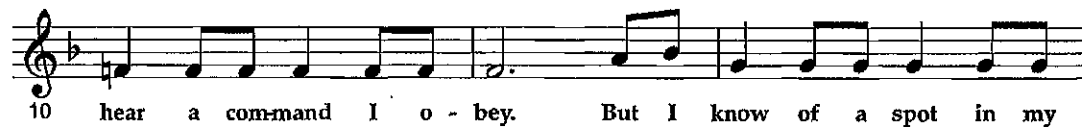
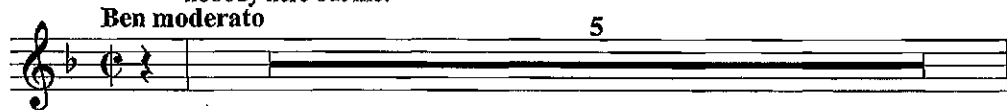
(From p. 2-7 in Libretto)

# No. 4 In My Own Little Corner

CUE:

CINDERELLA: "I was too excited to be tired."

CINDERELLA: "Oh, I love this room - when they've all gone out and there's nobody here but me."






30 world will o - pen its arms to me. I'm a



34 young Nor - we - gian prin - cess or a milk maid, I'm the



38 great - est pri - ma don - na in Mi - lan, I'm an



42 heir - ess who has al - ways had her silk made. By her




46 own flock of silk - worms in Ja - pan! I'm a



50 girl men go mad for, Love's a game I can play With a



54 cool and con - fi - dent kind of air, Just as



58 long as I stay in my own lit - tle cor - ner, All a -

*poco rit.*

66

*accel.* *a tempo* 3

62 lone in my own lit-tle chair. I can

70

3

70 be what - ev - er I want to be. I'm a

74

74 slave in Cal - cut - ta, I'm a queen in Pe - ru, I'm a

78

3

78 mer - maid danc - ing up - on the sea. I'm a

82

82 hunt-ress on an Af - ri - can sa - fa - ri (It's a

86

86 dang-'rous type of sport and yet it's fun); In the

90

90 night I sal - ly forth to seek my quar - ry, And I

94

94 find I for - got to bring my gun! I am

98

98 lost in the jun - gle All a - lone and un - armed When I

102 meet a li - on - ess in her lair! ————— Them I'm

106

*poco rit.*

106 glad to be back in my own lit - tle cor - ner, ————— All a -

110 lone in my own lit - tle chair. —————

*Applause segue*  
(Script resumes on p. 3-8 in Libretto)