

# The polar bear



I taste the set-ting of the sun as I touch the ice cry -stals,



wrapped in a gale of wind the snow soars past my mouth.

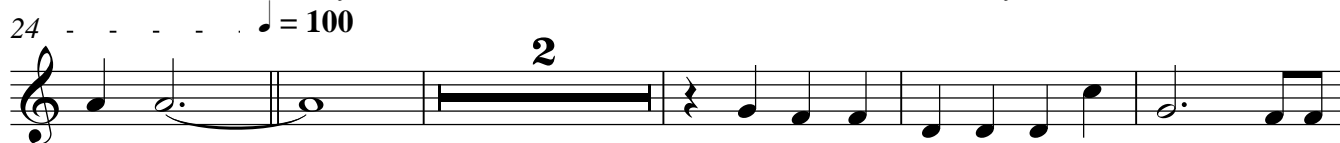
14 **Più mosso**



seals slip from the ice-berg in to the freez-ing wa-ter be- low the



north wind ruf-fles my fur I am un-touched by the fro-zen world a -



round me. I taste the set-ting of the sun as I



touch the ice cry -stals, wrapped in a gale of wind the snow soars past my



mouth. I hear the drip-ping of the ice, the days get hot ter

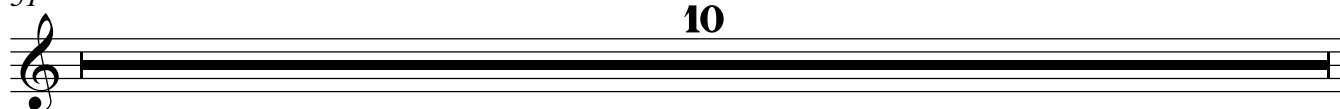


\_still. The ice cracks! be-neath my feet, I raise my head



to the star - ry sky the rain-bow lights dance a-cross the dark- ness!

5 **Meno mosso**



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