

PIPPIN:

Ev'-ry-thing has its sea - son, — ev'-ry-thing has its time. Show me a rea - son and — I'll soon

K2 [hp]

9 10 11

— show you a rhyme. — Cats fit on the win - dow sill, — child-ren fit in the snow.

bring out

12 13 14

Why do I feel I — don't fit — in an - y - where I — go? —

*mf*

Riv - ers be - long where they can ram - ble, eag - les be - long where they can fly.

Clar, Strings *p* Oboe *pp* Guitar *cresc.* *mf*

*mf* play out

17 18 + Bass. Cello, K2 [Vc ens.] 19

I've got to be — where my spir - it can — run free,

*f* + Clarinet, Oboe, Violin, Cello, Trumpet, Trombone *mp*

*f*

20 21 22

got - ta find my cor - ner — of the sky

*sfz* *sfzp* Gtr. *sfzp*