A tempo
\( \frac{j}{4} = 88 \)

HESTER

poco accel.

Heed the fearful mark of shame
And recognize the evil act

Of
Hester

lust with-in my un-clean heart.

Twas not a

Hester

weak-ness felt but once____

But pas-sion over ma-ny months_

Un-to a man who slaked my thirst____ And fed my needs and made me

rit.
whole. When we are parched, who gives us drink?

When we are empty, who fills our cup? And when we cry for ten der

mercy, Who is He who grips our heart? Only the Lord, only the
Hester

Lord...

Or so alas it must be.

And

Hester

thus I heed the fearful mark Of shame upon my wick-ed breast For ev-er.

ARVIN

Hes-ter Prynne, a stunning cre-a-tion. How did oneman's i-ma-gi-na-tion Fore