

Prof B ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷
We al-ways seem to fight.

Jo
No, we're as dif-ferent as the win-ter and the spring.

Prof B ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰
And yet...

Jo
We dis - a - gree on ev - ery thing.

Prof B ³¹ ³²
You make me smile, You make me laugh, You make me care. How can I ex -

subito p

#25 Small Umbrella In The Rain

Prof B

33 34 35 3

plain? In-side my heart I feel a pain When you're not there Though we are

Prof B

36 37 38

not at all a-like, You make me feel a - live. If

Prof B

39 40 41

we had that in com-mon, That one small thing in com-mon, love could be like a small um-brel-la in the

6

#25 Small Umbrella In The Rain

42 Slower

43

44

Prof B

rain.

AUNT MARCH: "Josephine!" BHAER: "Chirstopher Columbus!"
AUNT MARCH: "The guests will be arriving soon. I want the family

gathered in the parlor. And just who are you? JO: "This is my Aunt March. This is Professor Bhaer. BHAER: "Call me Fritz."
JO: "Fritz?" BHAER: "Did I not tell you? JO: "No." AUNT MARCH: "Well bring in Fritz."

45 46 47 tr 48 49

Prof B

50 Prof. B: 51 3 52 3

JO: You were saying, Fritz?" When peo-ple dis-co-ver pas-sion, they've come up-on some-thing rare. This

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