

Voice
trees of green, red ro-ses too, I see them bloom for me and you, and I think to my-self what a won-der-ful world. I see

Fl. 1 *Solo* *mf*

Fl. 2 *mp*

Ob.

E♭ Cl.

Cl. 1 *mp*

Cl. 2 *p*

Cl. 3 *p*

B. Cl.

Bsn.

Hn. 1, 2 *p*

Hn. 3, 4 *p*

Tpt. 1

Tpt. 2

Tpt. 3

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

T. Hn. 1

T. Hn. 2

Tbn. 1

Tbn. 2

B. Tbn.

Euph.

Tba. *p*

Tba. *p*

Jazz ballad (even) - *Brushes*

Dr. *p*

Glock.

Vib. *p* *mp*

Voice: skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright bles-sed day, the dark sac-red night, and I think to my-self what a won-der - ful world. The

Fl. 1, Fl. 2, Ob., Eb Cl., Cl. 1, Cl. 2, Cl. 3, B. Cl., Bsn., Hn. 1, 2, Hn. 3, 4, Tpt. 1, Tpt. 2, Tpt. 3, Cor. 1, Cor. 2, T. Hn. 1, T. Hn. 2, Tbn. 1, Tbn. 2, B. Tbn., Euph., Tba., Tba., Dr., Glock., Vib.

Solo mp, *mp*, *p*