

Cinderella at the Grave

Stephen Sondheim

Cinderella had planted a branch at the grave of her
Mother,
and many tear had watered it until it had become
a handsome tree.

I've been good and I've been kind, Mother,
Doing only what I learned from you.
Why then am I left behind, Mother,
Is there something more that I should do?
What is wrong with me, Mother?
Something must be wrong.
I wish-

Do you know what you wish?
Are you certain what you wish
Is what you want?
if you know what you want,
Then make a wish.
Ask the tree,
And you shall have your wish.

Shiver and quiver, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down on me.
I'm off to get my wish...