

# 8. It Must Be So (Candide's First Meditation)

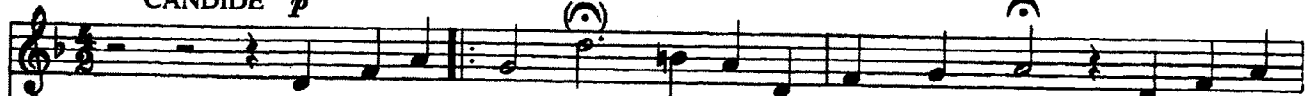
Lyrics by  
Richard Wilbur

Candide

Cue: VOLTAIRE: "...it started to snow."

Slow and free,  
like a folk song

CANDIDE *p*



1. My world is dust now, And all I loved is dead. Oh, let me  
find me A-lone in some strange land. But men are

Slow and free,  
like a folk song

like a lute

2nd time R.H. *8va*

Piano

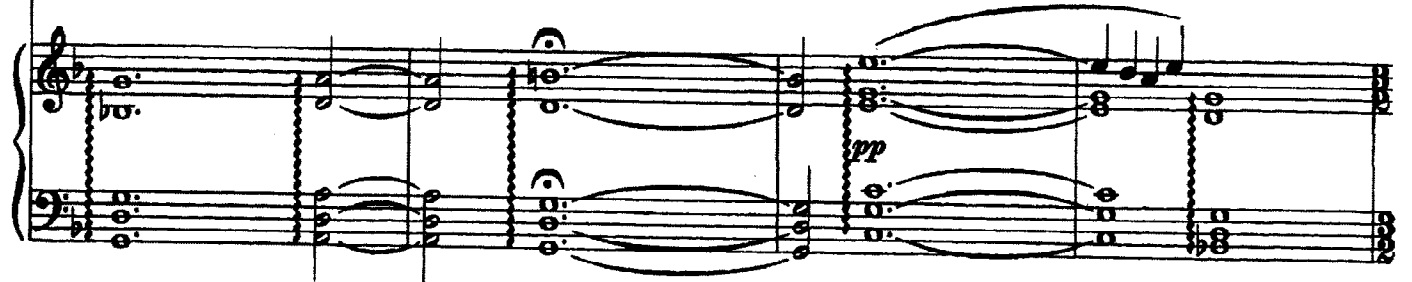


4  
13

Can.

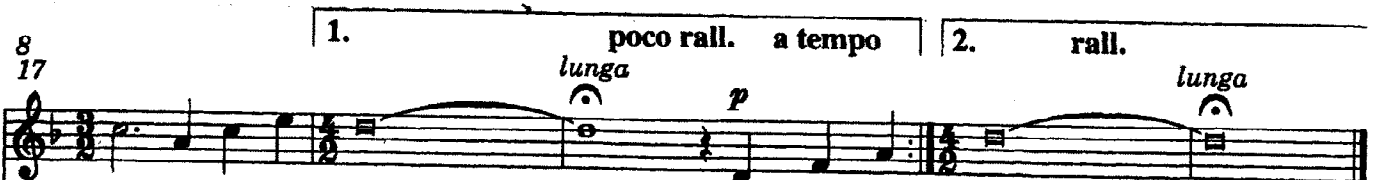


trust now In what my mas-ter said: "There is a sweet-ness in ev-'ry woe." It must be  
kind-ly; They'll give a help-ing hand. So said my mas-ter, and he must know. It must be



8  
17

Can.



so. It must be so. 2. The dawn will

