I know that I'm gonna be like this forever
I'm never gonna be what I should
And you think that I'll be bad for just a little while
But I know that I'll be Bad For Good
Jim Steinman wrote and arranged all the songs on Meat Loaf's debut LP, *Bat Out of Hell*, which has sold over eight million copies since its release.

Steinman first met Meat Loaf when he auditioned Meat for a part in his show "More Than You Deserve." Meat got the part and they began working together. After a short tour for both with the National Lampoon Show, Steinman and Meat Loaf got right down to doing *Bat Out of Hell*.

Now, Jim Steinman has just released his first solo album for Cleveland International/Epic Records. Entitled BAD FOR GOOD the album was co-produced by Steinman and Todd Rundgren (who also produced *Bat Out of Hell*). In line with its lyrical imagery, the LP utilizes every recording technique possible in an attempt to create a sweeping cinematic impact via the style of writing, performances and production. BAD FOR GOOD contains almost 56 minutes of music. There are ten selections on the album, all exploring the outer reaches of soaring rock & roll, with dramatic and virtuosic performances from Steinman and a spellbinding group of musicians. The cast of characters include Todd Rundgren on guitars and background vocals, Roy Bittan and Max Weinberg of Bruce Springsteen's "E Street Band" on piano and drums, Ellen Foley (who performed "Paradise By the Dashboard Light" with Meat Loaf on *Bat Out of Hell*), Rory Dodd, singing several featured vocals, Karla DeVito (who performed "Paradise By the Dashboard Light" and many other Steinman songs on tour with Meat Loaf), the Blues Brothers' horn section and the entire New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The famed orchestra is featured in a stunning instrumental prelude to the album, "The Storm," which was recorded at Lincoln Center in New York with 105 musicians.

(Steinman got along so well with the Philharmonic that they expressed a strong interest in going out on tour with him, but he decided against it after discovering that they had a terrible reputation for trashing hotel rooms and picking up wayward high school kids whenever they went out on the road).

The lyrics of all the songs are rich and vivid, and are often chillingly explicit, in terms of their mythic power, relentless drive, humor, visual imagery and unrestrained romantic and/or sexual passion. As he puts it, "It is a very unleashed record!" It is ultimately an album of anthems — these songs are calls to action, cries against passivity, initiations by fire, doorways flung open, altars uncovered. . .

Jim Steinman was born in New York but spent a lot of his early life in Claremont, California, near Los Angeles. An avid, though not very accomplished surfer, he remembers dying his hair blond one summer, "It was some product Clairol put out once, designed for men. My hair turned a bizarre yellow-orange. It looked a little like W.C. Fields' liver."

He moved to New York right before entering high school, and then enrolled in Amherst College in Massachusetts. While still in college, Steinman wrote the book, music and lyrics for a spectacular play, "The Dream Engine." He also starred in the show, which was seen by Joseph Papp, the head of the New York Shakespeare Festival. During intermission Papp bought the rights to "The Dream Engine," and planned to open it in New York at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park, later moving it to Broadway. But city officials advised him that it was "far too raunchy, sexually explicit and violent to be performed in an open public place, owned by the city."

Steinman claims to have blotted out most of his college days. He remembers being kicked out four times and talking his way back in each time. And he also remembers the following conversation, which actually took place:

**Scene (Amherst College)**

**Dean of Students:** "Jim, I see here on your record that you received a mark of 33 in Physics and a 17 in Calculus. Now how do you explain that?"

**Steinman:** "Well, I guess I've always been better in Science than Math."

Ever the creative individual, Steinman is currently working on developing film projects from many of the songs on BAD FOR GOOD. "Love and Death and An American Guitar" provides the opening sequence of "GUITAR," a film being produced for Warner Brothers by Steinman and David Sonenberg, his manager. The film is the life story of one Fender electric guitar, spanning the years 1954-1986. It is narrated by the guitar.

"The Storm," "Lost Boys and Golden Girls," "Bad for Good" and "Surf's Up" are all part of "Neverland," Steinman's dream-project—a massive science-fiction/rock & roll musical suggested by "Peter Pan." He is just beginning to write the screenplay now.

In addition to all this, Steinman wrote all the songs on Meat Loaf's forthcoming new album, which he also co-produced with Meat, Jimmy Lovine and Stephan Galfas.
ROCK AND ROLL DREAMS
COME THROUGH

Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Moderately
No chord

Am

You can't run away forever,
but there's

F

nothing wrong with getting a good head start. You want to

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shut out the night. You want to shut down the sun. You want to

shut away the pieces of a broken heart.

Think of how we’d lay down together. We’d be

listening to the radio, so loud and so strong... Ev’ry
golden nugget coming like a gift of the gods,
someone must have blessed us when he gave us those songs.
I treasure your love.
I never want to lose it.
You've been through the
fires of hell, and I know you've got the ashes to prove it.

I treasure your love.

I want to show you how to use it. You've been through a lot of

pain in the dirt, and I know you've got the scars to prove it.
member every thing that I told you, and I'm
member every thing that I told you, and I'm

telling you again that it's true. When you're a-
telling you again that it's true. You're

lone and afraid and you're completely amazed to find there's
never alone, 'cause you can put on the phones, and let the

nothing anybody can do, keep on believing,
and you'll discover, baby, there's always something magic,
there's always something new.

And when you really, really need it the most, that's when rock and roll dreams come through.
The beat is yours forever,

the beat is always new.

And when you really, really need it the most, that's when

rock and roll dreams come through for you. rock and roll dreams come
through

for you.

The beat is yours for - ev - er. That's when rock and roll dreams come

Repeat and fade

through.

The beat is yours for -

ev - er. That's when rock and roll dreams come
BAD FOR GOOD

Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Brightly
No chord

The sea is whip-ping the sky,

the sky is whip-ping the sea. And you can hide a-way forever

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er from the storm, but you’ll never hide away from me.
The icy cold will cut us like a knife in the dark, and we may lose every-thing in the wind.

But the northern lights are burning and they’re giving off sparks.

I want to wrap myself around you like a
winter skin.

You know I'm on to your scent.

We're near the end of the chase.

Take a

look out your window, and I'll be there in the night.

Oh, your love

is so close that I can almost taste it.

The cold will cut us like a
knife in the dark, and we may lose everything in the wind.

But the northern lights are burning and they're giving off sparks.

I want to wrap myself around you like a winter skin.

You've been
living your life like a girl in a cage, and you whisper when I want you to shout.

And I'll never know why you want to go on sleeping when there's nothing left to dream about. But you better remember, if it's something I want, then it's something I need. I wasn't built for comfort, I was
built for speed. If it's something I want, then it's something I need. I was-

n't built for comfort, I was built for speed.

And I know that I'm gonna be like this forever. I'm

never gonna be what I should. And you think that I'll be bad for just a
little while, but I know that I'll be bad for good.

I know that I'll be bad for good.

N.C.
Your eyes are darker than sin,
and I've been watching them glow.

Take a chance on a promise and a roll of the dice.
Put your foot on the gas, let it go, let it go.

Put your foot on the gas, let it go, let it go.
You've been
and you think that I'll be bad for just a
little while,
and you
think that I'll be bad for just a
I know that I'll be bad for good.
(Bad for good, bad for good,)
bad for good,
bad for good.)
F#m

good of some thrills, on a long, frig-id night, for the good of the fire in your

B

soul, for the good of the kiss, let me hold you so tight, for the

C#4fr.
good of get-ting out of control, for the good of the ac-tion and a

A

race in the dark, for the good of those chills up your spine, for the

E
good of the rock_ and the roll__ in your heart__, for the good of what's yours__ and what's mine__,

for the good of believing in a life after birth__, for the

good of your body so bright__, for the good of the search__ for some

heaven on earth__, for the good of one hell of a night__, for the
good of one hell of a night.
For the good of the action and a race in the dark,

For the good of the fire in your soul,

For the good of getting out of control,

For the good of believing in a life after birth,
bright,
for the good of the search, for some heaven on earth, for the
good of one hell of a night,
for the good of one hell of a night.

God speed,
God speed,

God speed, speed us away.
F#m  

God speed,  

D  

God speed,

B  

God speed, speed us a-way.  

C# 4fr.  

Bad for good.

F#m  

God speed. I'll be bad for good.  

D  

God speed. I'll be bad for good.

B  

God speed, speed us a-way.
speed us a-way, speed us a-way, speed us a-way.

speed us a-way.

D/F♯ D/A Bm A E/G♯ D/F♯ A/E

E A/E E
The sea is whipping the sky,
the sky is whipping the sea.

And you can hide away forever from the storm, but you'll never hide away from me.

The icy cold will cut us like a knife in the dark, and we may lose everything in the wind.
But the northern lights are burning and they're giving off sparks.

I want to wrap myself around you like a winter skin.

I know that you can be bad, at least a little while.

But if you
give me a chance, give me one little chance and give me all the love that you should,

then instead of being bad for just a little while, then instead of being bad for just a
little while,

I'm gonna make you bad for good.

I'm gonna make you bad for good.
I know that you'll be bad for good, you'll be bad for good!
LOST BOYS AND GOLDEN GIRLS

Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Moderately slow

A

F#m

Bm

G

mf

Lost boys and golden girls,
down on the corner and all a-

A

Dmaj7

Bm

A

round the world.
Lost boys and golden girls,
down on the corner and all around, all around the world. It doesn't

matter where they're going or wherever they've been, 'cause they got one thing in common, it's

true. They'll never let a night like tonight

— go to waste, and let me tell you something, neither will you, neither will
you.

We gotta be fast, we were born out of time, born out of time and alone.

And we'll never be as young as we are right now.

running away and running for home, running for home.
It doesn't matter where they're going or where they've been, 'cause they've got one thing in common, it's true.
They'll never let a night like tonight go to waste, and let me tell you something, neither will you, neither will you. Lost boys and golden girls,
down on the corner and all around the world.

Lost boys and golden girls, down on the corner and all around the world.

round, all around the world.

Repeat (vocal ad lib) and fade
LOVE AND DEATH AND AN AMERICAN GUITAR

By Jim Steinman

I remember everything!

I remember every little thing,
as if it happened only yesterday.
I was barely seventeen,
and I once killed a boy with a Fender guitar.
I don't remember if it was a Telecaster or a Stratocaster,
but I do remember that it had a heart of chrome
and a voice like a horny angel.
I don’t remember if it was a Telecaster or a Stratocaster,
but I do remember that it wasn’t at all easy.
It required the perfect combination of the right power chords
and the precise angle from which to strike.

The guitar bled for about a week afterward.
And the blood was, ooh, dark and rich, like wild berries.
The blood of the guitar was Chuck Berry red.
The guitar bled for about a week afterward,
but it rung out beautifully, and I was able to play
notes that I had never even heard before.

So, I took my guitar and I smashed it against the wall!
I smashed it against the floor!
I smashed it against the body of a varsity cheerleader!
Smashed it against the hood of a car!
Smashed it against a 1981 Harley-Davidson!
The Harley howled in pain!
The guitar howled in heat!

And I ran up the stairs to my parents' bedroom.
Mommy and Daddy were sleeping in the moonlight.
Slowly, I opened the door, creeping in the shadows,
right up to the foot of their bed.
I raised the guitar high above my head,
and just as I was about to bring the guitar crashing down
upon the center of the bed, my father woke up screaming,
"Stop!! Wait a minute! Stop it, boy!
What do you think you’re doing?
That’s no way to treat an expensive musical instrument!!"

And I said, "Goddam it, Daddy! You know I love you.
But you got a helluva lot to learn about rock-and-roll!!!"
STARK RAVING LOVE

Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Moderately bright

Bm

Bm/A

Gmaj7

x000

They're howling up at the moon and moaning

under the stars, prowling in the alley and stalk-

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ing all the prey in the bars.

It start-ed

out as a wis-per, but it's build-ing right up in-to a shriek.

You don't say noth-ing, but your

bod- y real-ly knows how to speak.

And it's the
back-beat of the city on a Saturday night. If you're too scared to jump,

then you gotta be shoved. It's the howling and the mourning and the crying of the lonely and a stark raving love.

Too much is never enough.
Stark raving love.
I may be des' prise, but I'm
still looking tough... And it does'n't even matter what you gim-me, gim-me.

Too much is nev'er e-nough._
Now, my blood_

is pumping fast-er, and I'm read-y for a stark rav-ing_
love. They’re burning
up in their eyes—and burning out in the street—Tires—
—are burning rubber and screaming like a banshee in heat—
The girls are looking really pretty, and they’re
looking for the moment of truth.

You're breaking out of your chains, and you're breaking in a new pair of boots.

And it's the love.

Lost boys and golden girls,
down on the cor-ner and all a-round the world... Lost boys and

gold-en girls,

down on the cor-ner and all a-round the world. It does-n't

mat-ter where they're go-ing or wher-ev-er they've been, 'cause they've got one thing in com-mon, it's true...

They'll nev-er let a night like to-night
— go to waste, and let me tell you something, neither will you, neither will you.
Stark raving love.

Too much is never enough.

I may be des'perate, but I'm still looking tough. And it doesn't even matter what you

give me, give me.

Too much is never enough.
Now, my blood is pumping faster, and I'm ready for a stark raving love.
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN
(AND INTO THE FIRE)

Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Moderately fast
No chord

C F Em Am G

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only two o'clock and the temperature's beginning to soar,
pulse of the pavement racing like a runaway horse.

And all around the city you see the walking wounded and the
subways are sizzling and the skin of the streets is

living dead,
gleaming with sweat.

It's never been this hot and I've never
I've seen you sitting on the steps outside

or been so bored and breathing is just no fun any more.
and you were looking so restless and reckless and lost.

Then I think it's
saw you like a summer dream and you're the answer to every prayer that I ever said...
I'll be waiting here with something that you'll never forget.

Ooh, ooh, I saw you like a summer dream and you're the answer to every prayer that I ever said...
I think it's time for you to come inside. I'll be waiting here with

'try prayer that I ever said,
something that you'll never forget.

You can feel the
Well, come on, come on and there'll be no turning back. You were
only killing time and it can kill you right back. Come on, come on, it's time to
burn up the fuse. You got nothing to do and even less to lose. You got
nothing to do and even less to lose.

R.H.
So wander down the ancient hallway taking the stairs only one at a time. Follow the sound of my heartbeat now. I'm in the room at the top. You're at the end of the line. So open the door and lay
down on the bed._ The sun is just a ball of de-sire._

To Coda

And I wan-na take you out of the fry-ing pan,

out of the fry-ing pan,_

and in-to the fi-re,_ and in-to the fire,
1.2.
G11
and into the
and into the fire.

3.
C
F
Em
Am
G
It's
only two o'clock and the temperature's beginning to soar.

And all around the city you see the walking wounded and the living dead.

It's never been this hot and I've never been so bored and breathing is just no fun anymore. Then I
saw you like a summer dream and you're the answer to every prayer that I ever said.

So, come on, out of the frying pan,

out of the frying pan, out of the frying pan

and into the fire. And I wanna take you
out of the frying pan, out of the frying pan,
and into the fire, and into the fire.
out of the frying pan, and into the fire.

Repeat and fade
Fire, fire, fire, and into the
SURF'S UP
Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Slowly, in 2

{G Em C D7}

The waves are pounding on the

{G}

sand tonight. I wanna take your hand— and make you feel so right.

{Bm}

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I know I'm ready and I'll never be like this again.

And the sky is trembling and the moon is pale. We're on the edge of forever and we're never gonna fail.

I know you're ready and we're running on the back of the wind.
And my body is burning like a naked wire. I wanna

turn on the juice. I wanna fall in the fire. I'm gonna

drown in the ocean and the bottomless sea. I wanna

give you what I'm hoping you'll be giving to me. And when the
waves are pounding on the sand tonight, I wanna take your hand and make it good and make it right. And now the sky is trembling and the moon is pale. We're on the edge of forever and we're never gonna fail, no.
How hard, how hard, do I gotta try?

To Coda

Surf's up, surf's up,
D  up, and so__ am I.   Surf's
Em
C

D7
up, and so__ am I.

G

G  
Em

C  D7  D.S. at Coda   Coda

G   (I want all of your love.)

C

Surf's  up  (I need it so__ bad), surf's

G

C
up (I need it so bad), surf's up, and so am I.

(I'm gonna give you some love.) Surf's up, and so am I.

Repeat and fade
DANCE IN MY PANTS
Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Moderately fast Rock beat
No chord

E 0 00
F♯m7

B
G♯m
C♯m
F♯m

B
E 0 00

(Girl) Hey! Listen now. It's com-in' so close. I'll let the rhythm sur-round me.

F♯m/E

G♯m/E

I'm get-tin' itch-y and I'm read-y to move.

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I'm mighty glad that you found me.

There's a drummer going at it way down in the core of my soul.

There's no escaping the music and I'm psyching up my feet and they're telling me we're ready to roll.

There are
times when I can fight it, but now's the time I wanna give in.

Soon'er or lat'er we'll get around to the love.

Oh, but now's the time to shake it. Oh bay, let the party begin.

Baby, let the party begin.
When I woke up this mornin' and I looked out my window, I could see the sky was cloudy and gray. There was a chill in the air and a pain in my heart, and the thunder, it was coming my way.

Oh, it was looking pretty bad and I was so alone and there
wasn't any place to go, but now I'm out of the blue. I know what I gotta do. And something in me's starting to grow. I can feel it in me startin' to grow, grow, grow, grow, grow, grow, grow, grow, grow.
I got dance in my pants.

Every time I feel the power in a radio wave, I turn it up all the way.

I got dance in my pants.

Every time I see the glory of a good-looking face, well, I just gotta say:

Hey now, don't
you worry, baby. Everything'll be fine, 'cause we got nothing but the best and we got nothing but time. And there'll always be a time when they'll be waiting in line to be dancing, dancing.

You don't say nothing all week.

You're getting ready for dancing, dancing, and now your
body really knows how to speak. You're getting ready for dancing.

You don't say nothing all week. You're getting ready for dancing.

dancing, and now your body really knows how to speak.

You're getting ready. Come on, take a chance. You got a
whole lot-ta style and a load of ro-mance. And me, me,

me, I got dance in my pants. I got dance in my pants.

I got dance in my pa - ya - ya - ya -
ya - ya - ya - ya - ya - ya - yants. (Boy) I'm a lov-
er, not a dancer.
I'm a lover, not a dancer.

Don't wanna be on my feet when I can be on my back.
Don't wanna be on the floor when I can be in the sack.
I'm a lover, not a dancer.
I'm just a little bit tired if you know what I mean. Don't wanna
be in a crowd when I can be in a dream... I'm a lover, not a dancer.

Baby, baby, let me prove it to you. Baby, let me prove it to you.

To Coda

(Girl) Well, we can
rock it really hard or we can roll it really slow. And we can
lift it really high or we can dip it really low. We can hold
it in tight or we can let it all out. Or we can
work up a sweat and really stomp it and shout. Let me
pull you so close and then we'll break away fast. We'll be the
best on the floor. We got the cool and the flash. We'll make a
dangerous turn, but we'll come out of it fine. I know the
best of the moves. We'll get 'em right every time. (Boy) I'm a lov-
(Boy) I don't care what you say. Ain't nothing gonna get me out on that floor.

(Girl) Oh baby, you know, there may be some moves that you haven't even seen yet.

(Boy) No way, Jose! (Girl) Well, I got a new step for you. Made it
up all by myself.
I bet you never tried this before.

(Boy) Oh, jeez!
(Girl) Come on!
(Boy) Oh, jeez!
(Girl) Come on!
(Boy) Oh, jeez! (Girl) Now that you know how it's done, it's only a matter of practice. (Boy) Well, I could sure use some of that practice. (Girl) Now that you know how it's done, it's only a matter of practice. (Boy) Grow, grow, grow, grow,
grow, grow, grow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow.

I got dance in my pants._
Ev-'ry time I feel the pow-
er in a radi-o wave,_ I turn it up all the way._
Oh,

I got dance in my pants._
Ev-'ry time I see the glo-
ry of a good-look-ing face, _ well, I just got-ta say: _ Hey now, don't _

- you wor-ry, ba-by. Ev-ry-thing'll be fine. We got noth-ing but the best and we got

nothing but time. And there'll al-ways be a time when they'll be wait-ing in line to be danc-

ing, danc-ing. You don't say noth-ing all week.
You're getting ready for dancing, dancing, and now your body really knows how to speak.
You're getting ready for dancing, dancing.
You don't say nothing all week. You're getting ready for dancing, dancing, and now your body really knows how to speak.
_You're get-ting read-y. Come on, _ take a chance._ You got a whole lot-ta style and a

_ load of ro-mance. And me, me, me, I got dance in my pants._

_(Girl) I'll crank it up all the way._ They'll nev-er get me to stop._

I got-ta stay in mo-tion till the mo-ment that I fi-nal-ly drop._
When they decide that I'm gone, I know they're gonna try to put me to rest.

But I won't be afraid because I know, I know there's dance after death. (Boy) Ooh,

I know there's dance after death.
I don't ever wanna be rescued
and I don't ever wanna be saved.
I got a feeling that I'm gonna be alive forever,
dancing on the edge of a grave.
D7

1.

ing on the edge of a grave. ing on the edge of a, danc-

D7

ing on the edge of a, danc ing on the edge of a grave.

Repeat and fade
D7
LEFT IN THE DARK
Words and Music by
JIM STEINMAN

Moderately slow

C

C

Dm

You don't have to sneak in the door.

p
L.H.

F

Am

C7

just come on into the room.
I've been lying in our bed in the dark

F

Dm

G

all alone and I've been waiting, I've been waiting for you.

cresc.

mp

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There's been no reason to move.

It's been as still as a tomb, I needed you oh so bad.

Ly tonight, but I guess you had better things to do.
I should have known that it was coming to this,

but I must have been blind.

still got a trace of his love in your eyes and you

still got his eyes on your mind.
You swore you'd be with me at seven o'clock.

Now it's a quarter to three. And what ever you got and whoever it was, I
guess you can't get it from me. What -
C7

ever you got and whatever it was, I

Dm

Dm/G

guess you couldn't get it from me.

G

G7

I know that you love

Fmaj7

me.

There's no need to talk.
I see the look in your eyes__ and I got the proof__

And there are no lies on your body,

So take off your dress. Ooh, I

just want to get at the truth. cresc.
And there are so many things that I just got to know.
You tell me who, you tell me where, you tell me when.

But don't tell me now, I don't need any answers tonight.
just need some love. So turn out the lights and I'll be
left in the dark again. I just need some love. So

turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again. I

just need some love. So turn out the lights and I'll be
left in the dark again. I just need some love. So turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again.

left in the dark again.
C

I should have known that it was coming to this,

F

but I must have been blind.

Am

I bet you

C7

still got a trace of his love in your eyes and you

F

Dm7

still got his eyes on your mind,
You swore you'd be with me at seven o'clock.

Now it's a quarter to three.

Ever you got and whoever it was,

I guess you couldn't get it from me.
guess you couldn't get it from me. But down in my soul,
down in my soul I know. I know that you love me.

There's no need to talk. I see the look in your eyes. and I got the proof.

And there are
no lies on your body. So take off your dress.

Ooh, I just want to get at the truth.

And there are so many things that I

just got to know. You tell me who, you tell me where, you tell me

Slower
A tempo

when.

But don't tell me now, I don't need any answers tonight.

I just need some love.

So turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again.

I just need some love.

So
turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again.

I just need some love. So turn out the lights and I'll be

left in the dark again. I just need some love. So

turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again. So
just need some love. So turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again.

I just need some love. So turn out the lights and I'll be left in the dark again.

Freely

left in the dark again, left in the dark again.

Very slow

Am/C

Fmaj7/C

G
Poco più mosso (\( \dot{J} = 184 \))

\( \textit{p} \) cresc.

\( \textit{f} \) decresc.
Pochissimo meno mosso
Slightly slower ($d = 128$)
Presto \( \text{\( j = 192 \)} \)