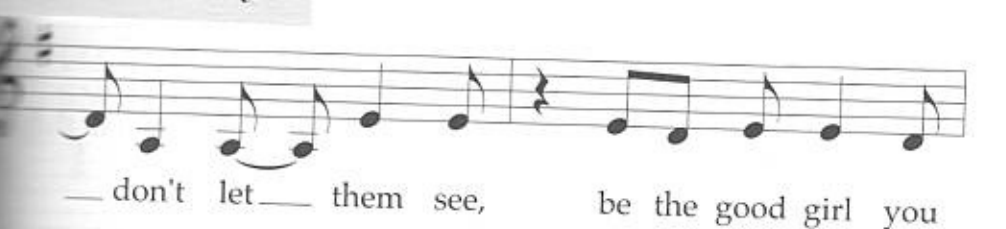



*(The SNOW CHORUS enters, one by one.  
Their moves are beautiful, fluid.)*

START



28   
al-ways have \_ to be. Con-veal. \_ Don't feel

30   
\_ Don't let \_ them know. \_

32   
\_ Well, now \_ they know. \_

34   
\_ Let it go, \_ let it go, \_ can't

37   
hold it back an - y - more. \_ Let it go

39   
\_ let it go. \_ Turn a-way \_ and slam \_ the

42   
door. \_ I \_ don't \_ care \_ what they're

45   
go-ing to \_ say. \_ Let the storm rage \_ on.

The cold nev-er both-ered me an - y - way.

STOP

CHORUS:

n - ny how some dis -

'ry-thing — seem small

and the fears that once — con - trolled

— me can't get to me — at all. —

It's time — to see — what I — can do,

ELSA,  
SNOW CHORUS:

to test — the lim - its and — break through.