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## OPERA

OPERA IN: 2 ACTS    10 SCENES

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ESTIMATED LENGTH: 1:49:37

## ABOUT

IUDICIUM

—

IŪDICŌ (“I JUDGE, DECIDE” ) + —IUM (NOMINAL SUFFIX )

Grounded in tradition, ***ludicium*** blurs the dramatic lines between the new and the old, fantasy and reality, and opera’s many successful theatrical styles. A predominantly syllabic libretto by C. J. Bartels, ***ludicium's*** poetic prose and timeless story of good and evil pair seamlessly with the stage-centric score written by Jan Tegtmeier as he takes the two art forms hand-in-hand and presents them as one.

Written as a two-act opera, and based on the book “Where The Valley Lies,” ***ludicium*** is sure to please stage aficionados of multiple genres as it turns the audience into the jury, the stage into a dilemma, and the opera house into a heart-pounding experience.

Welcome to ***ludicium!***

# CAST

## KAST — SINGERS

King Adami	Tenor
Bazzo (Messenger/Servant/Attendant)	Tenor
Carpenter (Ghost Prophet)	Bass Baritone
Mary (Blacksmith's Daughter)	Mezzo-Soprano
Bonhomie (Blacksmith)	Bass Baritone
Ranthial (Bishop)	Bass Baritone
Medea (Sorcerer of the Woods)	Alto
Choir (Crowd/Entourage/Choir of Priests/Choir of Demons)	S,A,T,B

## SPEAKING ACTORS

- Timor (Low-Level Demon/Narrator)
- Child (King's Granddaughter)
- ° Amicus (Military Captain)
- ° Sagasi (Military Adjutant)
- ° Mandolin (Mysterious Old Woman)
- ° Blacksmith Apprentice
- ° Chicane (Lord of Cunnings)
- ° Zeal (Guest of the King)
- ° Cerberus (Gate Keeper of the Infernal Regions)
- ° Jurors (3) (In Audience at Beginning)

► Do not overlap – one principle option  
 ° Option of using choir member

# ORCHESTRATION

ôRKə'STRāSHən

— TO ARRANGE OR MANIPULATE, ESPECIALLY BY MEANS OF  
CLEVER OR THOROUGH PLANNING  
OR MANEUVERING

## ORCHESTRA

1 Flute  
2 Oboes  
2 Clarinets  
1 Bassoon  
2 Horns  
Timpani, Tambourine  
Strings

## ORCHESTRA

**Optional:** Stage ensemble 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons (or 1 Bassoon and 1 Cello)

**Strings Suggested:** Eight first violins, six second violins, four violas, three celli  
and two double basses.

**Strings Suggested Minimum:** Four first violins, three second, two violas,  
two celli and one double bass.



# SYNOPSIS

SYN · OP · SIS



AN OUTLINE OF THE PLOT OF A BOOK,  
PLAY, MOVIE, OR  
OPERA.

SYNOPSIS

## INTRODUCTION

**Timor, a low-level demon,** tries to convince the jury (the audience) that there has been a mistake made with a man's soul and they must overturn the verdict.

As Hell lays out its case, three jurors demand that Timor present the transcript from the trial, in its entirety. Tentatively, he agrees, and the story begins as Adami, the owner of the soul, receives word that his son, the heir, died while crossing an icy pass in the mountains when his horse threw a shoe. Furious, 'King' Adami demands the person to blame, (the Blacksmith) and in his rage takes it one step further, denouncing God for the death and crushing the symbol of God's son that rises before him, a brilliantly white crucifix. Shattering it to dust, he declares, "You are no more!"

ACT I: SCENE 1

At the same time, a carpenter hired to renovate the prince's parlor as a gift to be presented on return, finishes his work. In the light of the candles, as they flicker from the gold stands and the intricately carved wood, the carpenter admires his creation while the hour of the king's night-of-mercy approaches. Finishing his review, he carefully places each chisel back in his toolbox and lifts a straw-woven doll from his side and sets it on a table below a window. In its arms, he places a carved wooden basket. With one final glance around the room, he steps from the castle and out into the night. As the room settles in silence, a small child appears from her hiding place behind the door and runs through the room, singing, and dancing, touching the beautifully carved woodwork that wraps her playground. Reaching the table she stops, pauses, and then lifts the woven doll and whittled basket into the air. Looking around to make sure nobody is watching she gives it a gentle hug and runs from the room with the precious gift.

ACT I: SCENE 2

## ACT1: SCENE 3

The villagers gather at the steps of the cathedral for their yearly stipend meant to carry them through the long winter, a tradition that has continued since any can remember, but it is not to be. The old and young, split in two, move aside as the soldiers drag the blacksmith's daughter before the king. Her pleading does little to soften his heart, and in the end, the king demands a son for a son, ordering her to bring her child to hang in mornings first light. As she is removed from the cathedral, the king's messenger enters to report that the gift commissioned for the prince, not due to be finished for another month, is complete. Along with the update on progress, it is revealed that the carpenter did not follow the king's approved architectural drawings. The news of the project's completion piques the king's interest. He orders the doors of the cathedral closed, his carriage brought forth, and he and his guests taken to see what this carpenter has done.

## INTERMISSION

## ACT2: SCENE 1

The king and his entourage arrive at the prince's palace. Inside the main door, they find the king's granddaughter playing with a woven doll on the stairs, unaware of what has happened to her father. Her innocence steals Adami's thoughts before he orders the doors to the parlor opened. Once inside, he is struck speechless by the beauty that surrounds him. However, as he admires the fantastic work, he discovers that within its intricate carving is hidden a message that will come true at first light. Moreover, to make matters worse, the last word is missing. Worried for his life, and assuming these are God's words, he sends for the Bishop.

## ACT2: SCENE 2

Far from the castle, across the fields and deep in the woods, the blacksmith's daughter enters her cottage. Beaten and stiff from the cold, she tells her father what has happened. To her dismay, she discovers that the old blacksmith has injured himself. Forgetting her pain, she tends to him as a mysterious old woman that the blacksmith invited out of the cold and into their home months earlier rambles on about how they should not worry – all has been taken care of, a gift to them.

## ACT2: SCENE 3

Back at the castle, the bishop enters to find the king somber and broken. In the king's state of disbelief, he asks the Bishop to tell him the final word. The Bishop sees an opportunity to gain great power throughout the kingdom... for Rome. Following the reading of the prophecy, the Bishop tells the king that the last word requires obedience to him and the church or he shall perish in the fires of hell. After considering the terms, King Adami tells the bishop his answer is unacceptable and sends him away. With no other option, he summons the sorcerer of the woods.

ACT2: SCENE 4

As the night draws into the winter cold and the moon rises higher, Mary holds her father's hand, and it becomes clear he will not survive the night. She sings goodbye to him and then determines what she must do with her child.

ACT2: SCENE 5

In the parlor, Medea, the sorcerer of the woods, slinks along the wall, surrounded by her demon choir. Summoning all her power to convince the king that the final word is of his death and destruction, Adami is captured in a hypnotic trans and at the mercy of the demon witch. Suddenly realizing his mistake, he breaks free, denying the foul creature her desire and accepting his fate – he has done evil and will have to pay.

ACT2: FINALE

Prostrate and without hope, the sun begins to break the horizon through the window on the far side of the parlor as King Adami hears the sweet soft voice of the blacksmith's daughter. Dressed in a beautiful white gown, she enters with the child in a basket, as requested. The king slowly breaks the grip that cold and dismay hold on him and rises to meet the woman.

Telling her that he has made a mistake and now knows his son would never have blamed another for his woes, the king apologizes and then asks for a single favor; to tell him the word none of his other confidant's were able to speak. She does not, but following the prophecy's reading, she tells him that he has been granted a great gift, and he should feel very fortunate for it is all there, within the words. There is no riddle.

The king cannot believe it and ignores her as the door behind the woman suddenly moves. Seeing that it can only mean one thing, that a demon has come for him, he demands that it present itself and states that he is ready to die. To both of their surprise, it turns out to be the prince's young daughter. In sadness, she rushes across the floor and into her grandfather's arms, now aware that her father, the prince, will never return. The King dries her tears and explains away her pain. Comforted, the child stops crying, and he tells Mary she is to consider herself a guest in his castle, to eat from his kitchen, and then to return and take her child with her.

Alone with the little girl, the king notices the woven doll and its whittled basket in the child's grip. Transfixed, he asks who gave her such a beautiful gift. Forgetting her pain for the moment, he takes the doll and basket from her as she runs over to the window and the table where the carpenter had set the doll earlier in the night. As she details the moment, the king realizes that the table sits just past the last word of the prophecy. In the silence of the morning, light streaming through the window, Adami slowly turns over the wooden basket that the woven doll held, to find a single word whittled into the bottom...

...AND THE REST IS YOURS TO DISCOVER...

# SCORE

skôr

— A NOTCH OR LINE CUT OR SCRATCHED INTO A SURFACE SHOWING ALL

THE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PARTS

ARRANGED

ONE BELOW THE OTHER

Ob. *sf*

Fg. *sf*

Horn *sf*

Tromp. *sf*

Viol. *sf*

Vcl. *sf*

Cello *sf*

Bassi *sf*

Chorus *sf*

*I have earned you my life - now!*

Star Nr. 22, 24 Systeme ©

Grave Scene 5

AVAILABLE:  
(CONDUCTOR SCORE)  
(ORCHESTRA PARTS)

10

By accident I have learned you love my mother

Why? Why? Why? Why?

Why? Why? Why? Why?



# THE CREATORS

KRĕ'ādər — A PERSON OR THING THAT BRINGS SOMETHING INTO EXISTENCE.

## COMPOSER JAN TEGTMEYER



Born in Herford, Germany, Jan has written for multiple orchestras, including Klangvereini-gung Wien, Sinfonietta dell'Arte, and Sophia Philharmonic, and performed from China to North America. While traveling through the United States, Jan met Chris and together, immediately realized that there was an opera that needed writing. *Jan currently lives, composes, teaches, and performs in Austria.*

## LIBRETTIST CHRIS BARTELS



A first-generation American, Chris has picked up golf balls at 4:30 am, flown helicopters over the sands of Iraq and the Korean waters of the Yellow Sea, lifted trout from the pristine waters of Montana, and watched fireworks over the Sydney Opera House with friends that are still friends. While in China, he met a couple, and then 12 months later, while living in Germany, met their daughter, now his wife and mom to their four wonderful children. *Chris presently resides somewhere on a stream in the United States.*

# UDICIUM

OPERA IN: 2 ACTS    10 SCENES

# ACT

ACT 1



INTRO



“PEOPLE OF THE JURY  
ON THE COURT OF IMMATERIAL,  
I BRING TO YOU A POOR DEVIL’S  
APPEAL FOR A VERY WICKED  
MAN’S SOUL.

HE WAS IN MY CARE...  
UNTIL HE DIED. AND THEN TAKEN  
FROM ME, EVEN AFTER THAT  
VILE CREATURE DID WHAT HE DID  
ON THAT COLD WINTER’S  
NIGHT!”

# INTRODUCTION



## SCENE SETUP


*Timor, a low-level demon, has come forward to appeal a verdict past down hundreds of years earlier because his boss, the devil, believes it has set an unacceptable precedent. Timor decides to bring the case to “the people...” in the hopes they will see his side. And to help his case, he plays a recorded transcript of the original judgement-day battle... but will he tell all?*

SCENE — BEHIND TIMOR AND SCREEN IS A SOFTLY LIT JUDGES DESK. GAVEL DROPS THREE TIMES!

**Timor**

People of the jury on the court of  
immaterial, I bring to you a poor devil's  
appeal for a very wicked man's soul.

He was in my care... until he died. And then  
taken from me, even after that vile creature  
did what he did on that cold winter's night!



...And for this reason, he must be punished!  
He must be condemned straight to hell. For the  
safety of your children, I tell you, this time,  
YOU MUST CONVICT! Pick up your pitchforks.  
Together we will punish this derelict!

**Juror 1**  
(IN AUDIENCE)

Why now! Why after so many years do you return  
for this man's soul?

**Timor**

Because it has come to my attention (*looks  
behind*) that through the dismissal of this sin  
a terrible precedent has been set.

By accepting the ruling without appeal, I have  
acknowledged my enemy's most unfavorable gift!  
When I said, "Judge, I accept your verdict..."  
I allowed God – a true detriment to society – to  
pillage from my cohorts, life-long criminals and  
all sorts of hypocrites.

For this reason, the chain must be broken, and  
it must be broken by YOU!

---

Accept my appeal or I tell you, God, that  
brute, will continue to dish out mercy and  
grace to dangerous freaks and fools, “to  
people exactly like that gentleman (*tips  
head*) in row two.”

And if not for your children, do it for me!  
I say again! This man is guilty and should  
never have been set free.

*(points toward the screen behind him were a  
flash of violent acts from the opera that the  
king carries out takes place in film before he  
scurries over to large switch on tape player)*

Here! Just Listen to the transcript from  
when he died! You will see. He’s outspoken.  
He’s Manipulative. He speaks irreverently to  
everyone, especially to me. *(flips on a  
scratchy recording of previous trial)*

King Adami

*You have made a mistake! I do not deserve to  
go with him!” (points at a young Timor)*

---

Young Timor

*Mistake? You have chosen to deny the truth.*

King Adami

*If you will oblige me, your honor, and ignore this buffoon, I will tell you a story that will outline the proof. It is pure and true, and it will show that no subordinate can condemn me; not a priest, not Satan, and certainly not you.*

Judge

*How dare you speak to the court like this!  
Demon, take him away!*

King Adami

*He cannot! For if that was the case and from sin, there is no reprieve, then no matter what you say, we on earth have all been deceived!*

*By the words of missionaries and prophets, spinning webs of mercy and grace, I tell you, if their words are not true, then there is no God, there is no Devil, and there is indeed no reason to listen to you!*

Judge & Timor

*Enough! (bangs gavel!)*

---

King Adami      *–If by your words you condemn my foundation  
as flawed, then you and your God have  
dreadfully misled us all.*

Young Timor      *Blasphemy– (...smiles toward crowd)*

King Adami      *Your honor, Look at my life before you  
decide my penalty. If I am wrong, upon me  
hell, I beg you bestow, because then it is  
I that misunderstood the message promised  
to man so long ago.*

*As I stand before my judge and jury, I tell  
you, this demon, has hidden the truth.  
(Timor scrambles to switch) The story  
does not end with Medea or the youth–*

Timor      *(embarrassed giggle) –Heee Heee.*

Juror 1      “Hey, you cannot stop it there!”

Juror 2      “Let us hear it all!”

---

---

Timor

That is unnecessary, Madam. This man is a wretch! It is a trick. You can trust me.

Juror 3

You're the one that brought the appeal to us.

Juror 1 & 2

"Yes! Let us hear the rest."

Timor

*(hesitantly, glancing over the audience, slowly walks over and pulls play lever)*

Judge

*(beat) Because I do not trust this demon I will listen, but I warn you, you are on very thin ground. (beat) Tell me this story that you believe so thoroughly sums up what my verdict must be and I will make my decision.*

King Adami

*(beat) I do not remember the year, but I can still see the children singing and parents gathering outside the cathedral for their annual stipend, to take them through the long winter. But, it is true, by my hand, (beat) ...it was not to be? ■*

# OVERTURE



## OVERTURE





11

11

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a full orchestra and includes parts for Flute (Fl.), Oboe (Ob.), Clarinet in B-flat (Cl. in Bb), Bassoon (Fag.), Cor Anglais in F (Cor. 1 in F), Cor Anglais in C (Cor. 2 in C), Violin I (Vln I), Violin II (Vln II), Viola (Vla), and Cello/Double Bass (Vcllo/Bass). The music is in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 75 and 80 indicated in boxes above the Flute staff. The Flute part has a melodic line with grace notes and slurs. The Oboe and Clarinet in B-flat parts have similar melodic lines. The Bassoon part has a more rhythmic, eighth-note pattern. The string parts (Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Cello/Double Bass) provide a harmonic and rhythmic foundation, with the Violin I and II parts featuring a melodic line and the Viola and Cello/Double Bass parts having a more rhythmic, eighth-note pattern. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The page number 75 is visible in the top right corner.



85 90 95

Ob. *p* *f* *sf*

Fag. *f*

Cor. 1 in F *p* *f*

Cor. 2 in C *p* *f*

Timp. *f*

Vln. I *p* *f*

Vln. II *p* *f*

Vla. *p* *f*

Bass. *p* *f*

100 105

Ob. *mf* *mp*

Fag. *mf* *mp* *p*

Cor. 1 in F *mf* *mp* *p*

Cor. 2 in C *mf* *mp* *p*

Timp.

Vln. I *mf* *mp* *p*

Vln. II *mf* *mp* *p*

Vla. *mf* *mp* *p*

Bass. *mf* *mp* *p*

110 115 120

Ob. *p cresc.* *f*

Fag. *p cresc.* *f*

Cor. 1 in F *p cresc.* *f*

Cor. 2 in C *p cresc.* *f*

Vln. I *p cresc.* *f* *p*

Vln. II *p cresc.* *f* *p*

Vla. *p cresc.* *f* *p*

Bass. *p cresc.* *f* *p*

125 130 135

Oboe *p*

Bassoon *p*

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Bass



140 145 150

Oboe *tr*

Bassoon *tr*

Cor 1 in F *f*

Cor 2 in C *f*

Timp.

Violin I *tr*

Violin II *tr*

Viola *f*

Bass *f*



155 160 165

Oboe *f*

Bassoon *f*

Cor 1 in F *f*

Cor 2 in C *f*

Timp.

Violin I *f*

Violin II *f*

Viola *f*

Bass *f*



170 175

Oboe  
Bassoon  
Cor. 1 in F  
Cor. 2 in C  
Timp.  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Bass

180 185

Oboe  
Bassoon  
Cor. 1 in F  
Cor. 2 in C  
Timp.  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Bass

190 195 200

Oboe  
Bassoon  
Cor. 1 in F  
Cor. 2 in C  
Violin I  
Violin II  
Viola  
Bass

Tempo primo / Largo/

205 210

Oboe

Fagotto

Coro I in F

Coro II in C

Tromba

Violino I

Violino II

Viola

Basso

*p* *f* *mf*

==

215 220 225

Oboe

Fagotto

Coro I in F

Coro II in C

Tromba

Violino I

Violino II

Viola

Basso

*p* *mp* *mf* *cresc.*

To Como in G

To Como in Eb

HE WAS RIDING FROM  
BATTLE WHEN HIS HORSE THREW  
A SHOE. THE MOUNTAIN PASS  
WAS OF ICE. THERE WAS  
NOTHING THEY COULD DO.

HE FELL FROM THE  
EDGE, WITH HIS HORSE HAND  
IN HAND. HE DROPPED OUT  
OF SITE. THEY ARE STILL  
SEARCHING FOR HIM,  
MY LORD.

—BAZZO

# ACT 1 — SCENE 1



## SCENE SETUP

*A messenger has just delivered the news to King Adami that his son is dead. Behind him, a tall white porcelain crucifix rises above on a rough wooden pole. Unknown to either of them and hidden behind one of the pillars at the base of the stairs, stands the Bishop.*

SCENE — THE KING STRIKES THE MESSENGER WITH ONE HAND AS HE HOLDS HIM WITH THE OTHER!

**King Adami**

No, I say no!

This cannot be!

My wife

...now my son

**Bazzo**

He was riding from battle

when his horse threw a shoe

The mountain pass was of ice

There was nothing they could do!



King Adami

Where is the mercy?

How can this be?

Bazzo

He fell from the edge

with his horse hand in hand

He dropped out of site

They are still searching for him, my lord

King Adami

His horse threw a shoe?

Where is the blacksmith?

Bazzo

But sire, you must be aware

it was nobodies fault!

He was at the edge when it reared and he fell

He fell by default

King Adami

No!

Bazzo

An accident

King Adami

No! Bring me the man who is to blame

Bring me the blacksmith

or I shall hang you for that insult

Bazzo

An accident!

King Adami

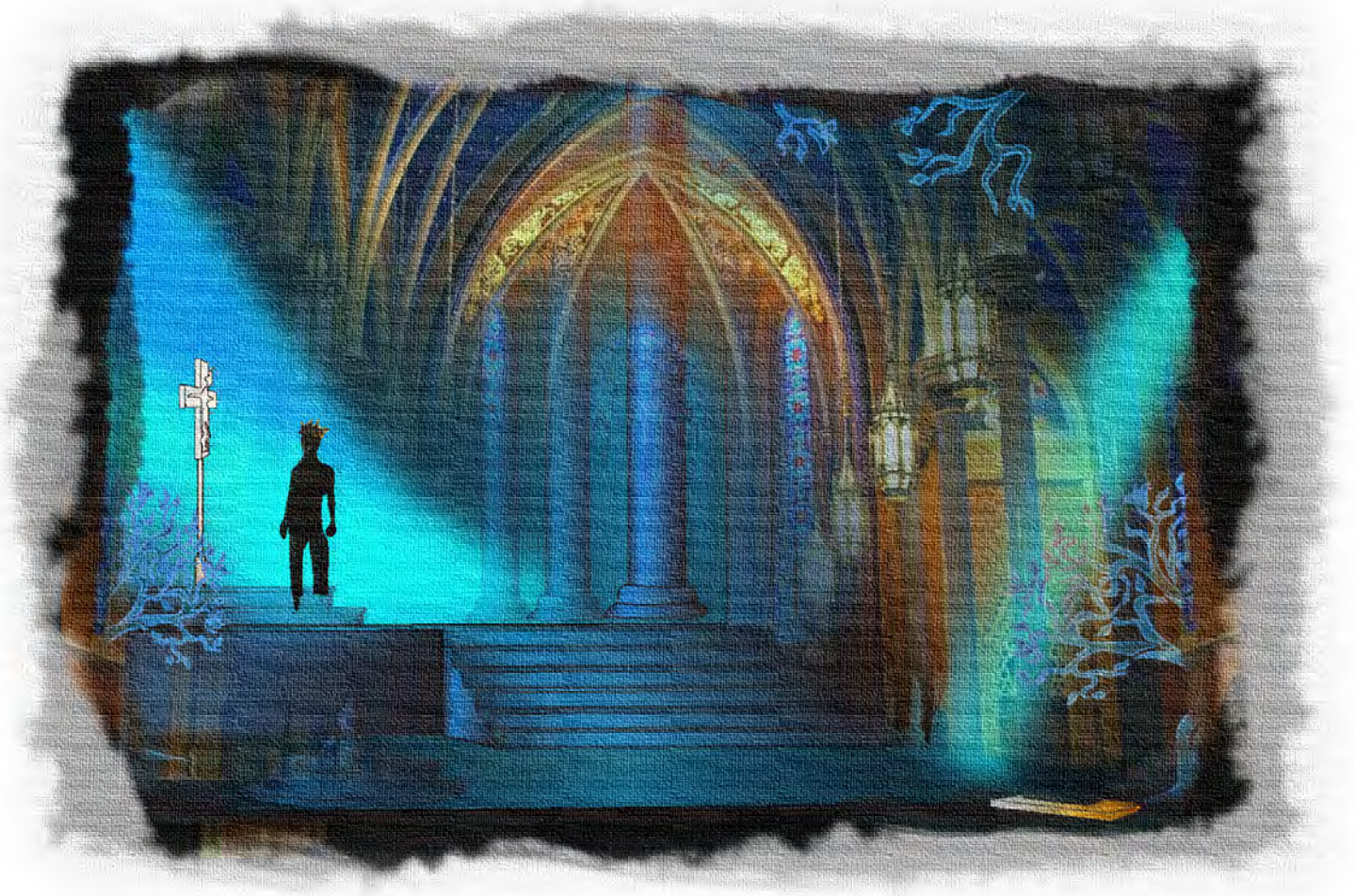
No, this cannot be!

Bring him to me

His nail caused this fate

His poor work is at fault

Bring him to me!



ACT I  
Introduction

Vivo con fuoco (♩ = 90)

5

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in E

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Adagio

Bass

10

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in E

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Bass



15

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. I in G

Cor. II in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Bass

*p* *f*



20

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. I in G

Cor. II in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

Bass

*f*

No! I say no. Time can not be! My wife, pure my

$\equiv$ 

33

Fl.

Ob.

Fag.

*p*

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in Eb

*p*

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

*diverte.*

*diverte.*

*diverte.*

Adamo

Where's the mer - cy? Where's the mer - cy? Where's the mer - cy, how can this be?

Basso

no - thing they could do

Bass

*diverte.*

=

Fl.

*p*

Ob.

*p*

Fag.

*p*

Cor. 1 in G

*p*

Cor. 2 in Eb

*p*

Vln I

*p*

Vln II

*p*

Vla.

*p*

Basso

He fell from the edge with his horse hand in hand He dropped out of sight

Bass

*p*

Recit. 50

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in E $\flat$

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Adamo

Basso

Bassi

Hit horse threw a shoe!  
Where is the blacksmith?

They are still searching for him, my lord.

But Sir, you must be aware,  
it was nobody's fault!

He was at the

==

55

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in E $\flat$

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Adamo

Basso

Bassi

*p*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*p*

Not

Not

edge When it reared and he fell He fell by de-fault An ac-ci-dent

60

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adagio

Bass

Bring me the man who is to blame!

65

70

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adagio

Bass

Bring me the black-smith! Or I shall hang you for that in-yule, or I shall hang you for that in-yule



Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adagio

Bassoon

Bass

No! This can not be!

Au ac - ci - dent! au ac - ci - dent!



75

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adagio

Bassoon

Bass

No! This can not be! Bring him to me, his soul saved this

80 85

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor I and II

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Adami

Bass

fate, his poor work's at fault, bring him to me!

To Come in Et

*p* *f* *stacc.*

(Bazzo runs off leaving the king a subject  
to the pearl-white crucifix that rises above  
him. he studies its form as both gravity  
and hell's minions cling to the sculptures  
ankles. the king feels the urge to take  
part. all he has cherished is gone. all he  
has prayed for, betrayed. the downcast face  
of the pale ceramic no longer understands  
his pain)

King Adami

How could you?

How could you do such a thing?

Did you not have the courage to face me?

...a King?

How could you do such a thing?

Did you not have the courage to face me?

Not my son

...but his king!

How could you do this to me?

A boy that has always fought for thee.

Andante non troppo ( $\text{♩} = 80$ ) Air

5 10

Cl in Bb

Coe. 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamo

Basso

How could you do such a

15 20

Cl in Bb

Coe. 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamo

Basso

thing, did you not have the courage to face me? Not a son, but a King! Not a son, but a King! How could you do this to

$\equiv$  $\equiv$



50

Cl in B $\flat$

Cor. 1, 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

*p* *mf* *pp*

To Cl in A

To Corn in C

could you? How could you do such a thing, how could you do such a thing?

King Adami

*(King Adami's rage takes hold as he stares at the lone statue rising above him in pearl white and ringed with a crown of gold)*

Look at me!...

You are no more.

*(stepping forward he grabs the vertical post of the crucifix as it hangs before him)*

Listen to me...

You are no more!...

You are no more!

Do you hear me?

## Melologue

[illegible]



---

King Adami

*(with all his might, the crucifix shatters in his grasp and shatters to the ground in shards of ceramic and dust)*

Timor

*(the light fades from King Adami and softly illuminates Timor, at the edge of the chapel as he slowly steps out from his hiding place, smiles, and begins to laugh as he wrings his hands and steps from the stage light) ■*

THE WOODS ARE ALIVE  
WITH EACH LEAF AND EACH  
BRANCH, AS THEY SWAY AND  
THEY SWING, WITHOUT  
BREEZE.

CAST IN DEEP—OILED  
WOOD, EVERY ELEMENT DRAWN  
FROM A SPECIMEN FOUND ON  
HIS LAND. IT IS BEAUTIFUL.  
MAGNIFICENT. COMPLETE.  
IT IS FINISHED.

—CARPENTER

# ACT 1 — SCENE 2



## SCENE SETUP

*A carpenter examines his creation of carved branches and leaves, understanding it is the most beautiful composition he has ever created, but knowing not where the inspiration came from or why he was chosen to deliver the message.*

SCENE — ON A TABLE SET JUST BELOW A WINDOW HE PLACES A STRAW-GRASS WOVEN DOLL AND CARVED BASKET.

**Carpenter**

The woods are alive

with each leaf and each branch

as they sway and they swing

with-out breeze

Cast in deep-oiled wood

every element drawn from a specimen

found on his land

It is beautiful



---

Magnificent

Complete

It is finished

No two figures the same

No pattern to be carried away

Each holds its own little tale

I'm a craftsman by trade

though I carried the blade

in a much different way (years ago)

It is beautiful

Magnificent

Complete

It is finished

I have an idea from whence this gift has come

but not even I believe in ghosts

When the carvings steal my thoughts

for a time to return

and find the work's complete



It is beautiful

Magnificent

Complete

It is finished.

**Song**

Allegretto con moto ( $\text{♩} = 150$ )

5

Oboe *f* *p*

Cor 1, 2 in D *f* *p*

Violin I *f* *otto voce* *p*

Violin II *f* *otto voce* *p*

Viola *f* *p*

Carpenters *f* *p*

Bass *f* *p*

The woods ask a - love, with each leaf and each branch. As they sway and they swing, as they

10

Oboe *p*

Cor 1, 2 in D *p*

Violin I *pp*

Violin II *pp*

Viola *pp*

Carpenters *f* *pp*

Bass *pp*

sway and they swing, as they sway and they swing, with our breeze. Cast in deep - iled wood, e - very e - le - ment drawn from a - spe - to - men found on this

15

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2  
in D

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

land from a spe - ci-men found on his land it is beau-ti-ful, mag - ni-fi-cent, com - plete, it is fi-nished, it is beau-ti-ful, mag-ni-fi-cent, com -

Bass

a2

20

25

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2  
in D

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

plete, it is fi-nished, it is fi-nished, it is fi-nished. No two si - gnet the same No par-tem to be car - ned a-

Bass

pizz.

arco

30

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2  
in D

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

way Each holds its own, each holds its own, each holds its own lit - tle tale I'm a crafts-man by trade, though I car - ned the blade In a

Bass

p



35

Ob

Cor 1, 2  
in D

Vln I

Vln II

Vlc

Carpenter

Bass

much diff'rent way years a - go, In a much diff'rent way years a - go It is beau-ti-ful, mag-ni-fi-cent, com-plete, it is fi-nished, it is

pizz

pizz

40

Ob

Cor 1, 2  
in D

Vln I

Vln II

Vlc

Carpenter

Bass

beau-ti-ful, mag-ni-fi-cent, com-plete, it is fi-nished, pizz it is fi-nished, it is fi-nished. I

arco

arco

pizz

45

50

Ob

Cor 1, 2  
in D

Vln I

Vln II

Vlc

Carpenter

Bass

have an i-dea from whence this gift has come. But not e-ven I be-lieve, but not e-ven I be-lieve, but not

arco

55

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vlc

Carpenter

Bass

e - ven I be - lieve in phos - phors. When the car - ri - age's trail my thoughts for a time to re - turn and find the work's com - plete, to se -

60

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vlc

Carpenter

Bass

rum and find the work's com - plete. It is beau - ti - ful, mag - ni - fi - cent, com - plete. it is fi - nished, it is beau - ti - ful, mag - ni - fi - cent, com - plete, it is fi - nished,

65

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vlc

Carpenter

Bass

To Corni in Bb also

pizz. arco pizz. arco

pizz. arco pizz. arco

it is fi - nished, it is fi - nished. arco pizz. arco

---

Carpenter

*(the carpenter lifts a straw-grass-woven doll that is next to his toolbox. admiring it for a moment, he steps toward a table pressed below a window. placing his hand in his pocket, he pulls out a small carved basket and sets it in the doll's arms as he stands it on the table. studying it for a moment, he turns, walks to his toolbox, lifts it, and leaves the room)*

Child

*(after a moment of stillness a child peaks around the door and into the room that the carpenter has just left. Like a fairy left to a paradise, she enters and dances down a wall, lightly touching the carvings until she sees the woven doll on the table. she runs over to it and gently lifts it, keeping the basket in its grasp. Looking around to make sure no one is watching, she runs out of the room holding both pieces tightly in her grasp)*

Timor

...It is a masterpiece, but tonight is the night that the town raises its cup to their king and his tremendous generosity. *(smiles)*  
Little do they know what is in store... ■

TONIGHT, TONIGHT,  
THE CROWN OF THE LAND  
WILL TAKE IN HIS HAND  
THE PEOPLE BELOW.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT.  
TONIGHT WE SHALL RAISE  
OUR CUP TO THE KING FOR  
THE RICHES BESTOWED. ...THE  
CANDIES, THE BLESSINGS,  
FOR THE YOUNG AND  
THE OLD

—VILLAGE CHOIR

# ACT 1 — SCENE 3



## SCENE SETUP

*The townspeople are full of drink and laughter as they enter the village square. The large rising stairs leading up to the old cathedral sit at the center and are the gathering place where they will receive their annual stipend to carry them through the long winter.*

SCENE — THE KING'S CHAIR SITS AT ITS HEART, WAITING FOR SOMETHING THAT NO ONE COULD HAVE EXPECTED TO TAKE PLACE ON THE NIGHT OF MERCY.

Crowd

Tonight tonight

the crown of the land

will take in his hand

the people below

Tonight is the night

Tonight we shall raise

our cup to the king

for the riches bestowed





---

The candies, The blessings

...for the young and the old

The cider, The wheat

...and most certainly the gold

Tonight is the night

Tonight we shall sing

the praise of the glory

for the gifts from our king

King Adami

Tonight is the night

the greedy shall bear

the wrath of their king

and the death of the heir

Their wants and their needs

confused as the same

No more have I patience

There'll be no more of the same

Crowd

Tonight is the night

Tonight we shall sing

the praise of the glory

for the gifts from our king.



---

# Chorus

Allegro (♩ = 150)

5 10

*f* *f* *p* *p*

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in B♭ alto

Timp. B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass

*f* *p*

==

15 20

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in B♭ alto

Timp. B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass

To - night, in - night the Crown of the land will take in his hand the peo - ple be - low will take in his hand the

*f* *p* *p*

25 30

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb alto

Timp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

*f*

*f*

*f*

*p*

*f*

peo - ple he low will take in his hand the peo - ple he low To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the King for the

peo - ple he low will take in his hand the peo - ple he low To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the King for the

To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the King for the

To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the King for the

To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the King for the

==

35 40 45

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb alto

Timp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

*f*

*f*

*f*

*p*

*f*

ci - ches be - stowed our cups to the King for the ci - ches be - stowed our cups to the King for the ci - ches be - stowed

ci - ches be - stowed our cups to the King for the ci - ches be - stowed our cups to the King for the ci - ches be - stowed

ci - ches be - stowed

ci - ches be - stowed

ci - ches be - stowed

50 55

Ob

Corn 1, 2 in Bb alto

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

For the young and the old and most

For the young and the old and most

The can-dies, the bles-sings For the young and the old The ci-ded! The wheat! and most

The can-dies, the bles-sings For the young and the old The ci-ded! The wheat! and most

*mf*

60 65

Ob

Corn 1, 2 in Bb alto

Trp Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold. To -

cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold. To -

cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold. To

cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold and most cer-tain-ly the gold. To -



70 75

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb also

Timp. B.

Vni I

Vni II

Vla.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass.

night is the night, to - night we shall sing The praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King The praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our

==

80 85

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb also

Timp. B.

Vni I

Vni II

Vla.

Adamu

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass.

To - night is the night the gre - dy shall beat the wrath of the

King

King

King

King



90 95

Ob.

Cor 1, 2 in Bb alto

Temp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

King and the death of the her... their wants and their needs con-fused as the same no more have I pa-tience there'll be no more't the

Bass

*fp*

100 105

Ob.

Cor 1, 2 in Bb alto

Temp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

same no more have I pa-tience there'll be no more't the same No more have I

S.

To- night is the night, so- night we shall sing the

A.

To- night is the night, so- night we shall sing the

T.

To- night is the night, so- night we shall sing the

B.

To- night is the night, so- night we shall sing the

Basso

*fp*

110 115

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb alto

Temp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

pa - tience! There'll be no more 't the same, no more have I pa - tience,

S

praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King the... praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King the... praise of the

A

praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King the... praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King the... praise of the

T

praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King

B

praise of the glo - ry for the gifts from our King

Bass

120

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb alto

Temp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

no more no more! as the night the

S

glo - ry for the gifts from our King so - night, to - night, to - night, is the

A

glo - ry for the gifts from our King so - night, to - night, to - night, is the

T

To - night, so - night, so - night, so - night, so -

B

To - night, so - night, so - night, so - night, so -

Bass

125 130

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb also

Timp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamu

gre - dy shall bear the wrath of the King, and the death of the heir no more have I pa-tience, there'll be no more if the

S

night, to - night we shall sing the praise of glo - ry for the gifts from our King

A

night, to - night we shall sing the praise of glo - ry for the gifts from our King

T

night is the night, to - night the praise of glo - ry for the gifts from our King

B

night is the night, to - night the praise of glo - ry for the gifts from our King

Bass

*fp* *fp*

135 140

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb also

Timp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamu

same, no more, no more!

S

To - night is the night, to - night we shall sing the praise of glo - ry for the

A

to - night we shall sing the praise of glo - ry for the

T

the praise of glo - ry for the

B

the praise of glo - ry for the

Bass

*fp*

145
150

Oboe  
 Cor 1, 2 in Bb alto  
 Trombone  
 Violin I  
 Violin II  
 Viola  
 Soprano  
 Alto  
 Tenor  
 Bass  
 Bassoon

gifts from our King for the gifts from our King for the gifts from our King  
 gifts from our King for the gifts from our King for the gifts from our King  
 gifts from our King for the gifts from our King for the gifts from our King  
 gifts from our King for the gifts from our King for the gifts from our King

==

155
160

Oboe  
 Cor 1, 2 in Bb alto  
 Trombone  
 Violin I  
 Violin II  
 Viola  
 Bassoon

To Come in A



---

*(King Adami is seated at the top of the cathedral stairs as the crowd below is split in two by two soldiers dragging a woman, beaten and covered in dirt)*

Amicus                      As requested, Sire.

King Adami                Who is this servant girl?  
Where is the man I ordered you to bring  
before me? Where is the blacksmith?

Amicus                      Sire. He cannot be found.  
We bring his daughter in his stead.

King Adami                This filthy girl, the daughter of my  
blacksmith?

Amicus                      She is all of his that has value. *(Amicus's eyes rise toward his venerate)* And a true  
beauty when polished.

Mary                        Liege, my father has done nothing wrong. He is  
a good man! Please tell them! *(Looking toward*



---

*her captors and the people pressing up the front step and just behind her)* Someone. Please! Tell them!

**King Adami** Why does she speak? *(some attendants chuckle as King Adami stands)* Do you not have a husband to take better care of you? Look at you. You are filthy.

**Amicus** Her husband was a soldier in your army until last year when he was killed at the battle of Corsico. A weak, ungodly man who let his ranks down when they needed him most, I have heard.

*(only for Mary to hear)* You shall rue the day you spoke “no” to me!

**King Adami** Have no others stepped forward to take your husband’s place? Answer me, woman! A beauty as yourself must certainly keep the company of approach. *(he studies the fouled bundle as others chuckle)* Tell me there is not one

---

---

kind soul within my ranks that has offered to  
care for you in his absence? *(he turns to  
inspect his entourage)*

Mary *(her head remains lowered)* No Sire.

King Adami Not one in my service? Not even you, Bishop?

Mary *(Mary's head rises)*  
No, Sire  
I have but a son  
A beautiful son  
From a soldier so true  
  
He's a beautiful boy  
only months by his age  
He's my breath, He's my joy  
He's my soul, my stay

Amicus *It should be known, Sire, that the locals  
are cruel. They treat a woman with child,  
and no husband, worse than your handler  
treats a mule.*

King Adami

I had a son

A beautiful son

He was my breath and my joy  
from a woman so true

Yet, yours lives in squalor  
and mine is now dead

Where is the mercy

I see no mercy in dread

Amicus

*I've tried to persuade her to marry.*

*This is true. Yet, she will not listen.*

*I ask you, what more can I do.*

King Adami

Where is the kindness

that I have shown to thee

Wretches of evil

...you that take with such greed

Has no one come forward

to help this woman?

No one, Not a one

cares for her and her son?

Mary

No Sire, I have but a son

Amicus

*(turning toward her so only she can hear)*

*So you still defy me my plundering plea?*

*(to all)* Sire, I fear she'll become a whore.

Ask them; I am sure they will agree.

*(points to crowd)*

King Adami

I had a son

a beautiful son

from a woman so true

Mary

Please, Sire

Please, let me go to his care

He is alone

Please show him

your mercy-

Duet

Andante con moto ( $\text{♩} = 144$ )

5 10

No, Sire, I have but a son, No, Sire, I have but a

15 20

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vlc

Macy

Bass

*f* *meno* *f* *meno* *f*

son, a beau-ti-ful son, a beau-ti-ful son, from a sol-dier so true, from a sol-dier so true from a sol-dier, from a sol-dier so true, from a sol-dier so true.

25 30

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vlc

Macy

Bass

*p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *tr* *tr*

He's a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful boy, on-ly months by his age. He's my breath, He's my

35 40

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vlc

Macy

Bass

*meno* *f* *meno* *pp* *meno* *pp* *pp*

joy! He's my soul, my stay, my breath, my joy, my soul, my soul, my stay, my breath, my joy! He's a beau-ti-ful boy, my soul, my stay.

45 50

restate in tempo

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vlc

Adam

Bass

*f* *p* *pp* *f* *p* *pp* *pp* *f* *p* *pp*

Adam: Amicus (spoken): It should be known, Sue, the locals are cruel. They treat a woman with child and no husband worse than a mule!

I had a son, a beau-ti-ful



55 60

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamu

son... he was my breath, my breath and my joy, from a wo-man so true, from a wo-man so true, from a wo-man, from a wo-man so... true Yet

Basso

65

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamu

yours lives in squa - lor, and mine is now dead. Where's the mer - cy, where's the mer - cy? I see no

Basso

70

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamu

mer - cy in dread! Where's the mer - cy in this? Where's the mer - cy I see no

Basso

75 80

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamu

mer - cy in dread

Amicus (spoken): I've tried to persuade her, this much is true, yet, she will not listen, I ask you, what more shall I do? Where is the

Basso

85

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamu

kind-ness that I have shown to these wretch - es of e - vil, You, that take, that take with such greed

Basso

90 95

Vnu I *pp*

Vnu II *pp*

Vla *pp*

Adam you, you, that take with such greed! No one has come forward to help this wo-man No one, not a one cares for

Bass *pp*

100 105

Vnu I *f*

Vnu II *f*

Vla *f*

Adam her and her son— Amicus (spoken): No one, Sir, not a one! Yes, yours lives, yours lives in—

Bass *f* *p*

110 115

Vnu I *p*

Vnu II *p*

Vla *p*

Adam squa-los And mine, and mine's now dead. Where's the mer-cy, where's the mer-cy, where's the

Bass *p*

120 125

Vnu I *pp*

Vnu II *pp*

Vla *pp*

Adam mer-cy in this the mer-cy, where's the mer-cy, the mer-cy, the mer-cy, the mer-cy, the mer-cy in this— I see no mer-cy, no mer-cy in dead

Bass *f*



130 135

Vnu I *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

Vnu II *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

Vle *pp* *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

Mary *sotto voce* *mf*

Where's the mer-cy, I see no mer-cy in dead Where's the mer-cy? Where's the mer-cy? No, Sir, I have but a son, No.

Adam *Amicus (spoken):* So you still defy my pleading plea? Sir, I fear the'll become a whore, ask them, I'm sure they'll agree! I had a son,

Bass *pp* *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

140 145

Vnu I *p*

Vnu II *p*

Vle *p*

Mary *p*

Sure, I have but a son, a beau-ti-ful son from a sol-dier so true, a beau-ti-ful son from a sol-dier so true from a sol-dier, from a sol-dier so true.

Adam *p*

a beau-ti-ful son, a beau-ti-ful son from a wo-man so true a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful son from a woman so true.

Bass *p*

150

Vnu I *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vnu II *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vle *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Mary *p*

Please let me go to his care! Please show mer-cy! Please show mer-cy! Please let me

Adam *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Where's the mer-cy? Where's the mer-cy? Where's the mer-cy? I see no

Bass *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

155

Vnu I *f* *pp* *f*

Vnu II *f* *pp* *f*

Vle *f* *pp* *f*

Mary *f*

go to his care! Please let me go to his care!

Adam *f*

mer-cy in dead! Where's the mer-cy? I see no mer-cy in dead!

Bass *f* *pp* *f*

---

King Adami      –Mercy?

King Adami      *(soldiers draw their swords as spit tears  
from his lips, and he responds loudly)* You,  
a woman of nothing, have a son that lives and  
breathes stench, and I have one at the bottom  
of a cliff in fine clothes that is now dead!

*(turns toward the town people crowded at the  
cathedral entrance)* This husbandless whore,  
a son? I ask you, where is the mercy in this?

Crowd      *(groaning and murmuring to each other,  
unsure of the situation. the word “whore?”  
mumbles through the crowd. from the back you  
hear people yelling) “What’s going on?  
Let us in!” (laughing and pushing)  
“Get on with it.”*

King Adami      What is his name? Your boy’s name? Speak!

Mary      Adi, Sire.  
                 ...After our king.

---

---

King Adami

A son, no husband, and a father who has left you to take his punishment? No child named after me should live like this. *(the cold descended over the throng in a mist of feathered breath carrying the talons of a devil)* This must be remedied.

Mary

*(it only takes a moment before the signs of understanding break into a plea and its courier scurries to find the judge)* No Sire, I beg you. *(her trembling voice bears the painful cry of a beaten dog pressing its master for pity)* He is all I have. Please, please do not take him from me.

King Adami

Your father's poor workmanship has killed my son. If I have no blacksmith to hang, then I will need another. ...How about a son.

Ranthial

Sire! This cannot be!

*(the young woman pulls back, away from the king and looks around in disbelief)*



Mary

From your star looking down from above

You've left me a world I now disavow

Come to me, Take us home

Your friends desire

Your foes, they laugh

Swords leave their sheaths on no one's behalf

His boots, so cold

His heart torn off side

Hells minions have come

taking our king from the light

From your star looking down at my fate

you've left me a world I now disavow

Come to me, Take us home

Forgive me! I know not what I've done

Show mercy, not for me

but for a man that once had a son

Take me, I beg you

Take me, not my boy.

## Air

[illegible]

The image shows a page of a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a full orchestra and a vocal quartet. The instruments and voices are listed on the left: Clarinet in A (Cl. in A), Bassoon (Fag.), Cor Anglais 1 and 2 (Cor. 1, 2 in A), Violin I (Vai I), Violin II (Vai II), Viola (Vle.), Mary (soprano), and Hans (bass). The music is in 2/4 time and the key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The score is divided into two systems. The first system starts with a measure number of 25 in a box. The second system starts with a measure number of 30 in a box. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The lyrics for Mary are "would I now da - a - vow." and for Hans are "Your friends de - si - re your foei they laugh." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, trills, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano).

35 40 45

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

swords leave their sheaths on no one's be - half his boots so cold his heart run off side, hell's

50 55

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

moons have come to hang our king from the light From your star look-ing down at my

60 65

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

fate you've left me a world I now dis-a-roy I now dis-a-roy Come to me! Take us home! You've

70 Vivace (♩ = 80) 75

Cl. in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla.

Mary

Bass

left me a widd I now dis - a - vou. For-give me! For-give me! I know not what I've done. Show

*senza sord.*

*senza sord.*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

80 85

Cl. in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla.

Mary

Bass

met-er, not for me, but as a man that once had a soul. Take me! I beg you, take me, not my boy! Take me,

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

90 95

Cl. in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla.

Mary

Bass

take me, take me, take me in his stead! For-give me! For-give me! I know not what I've done. Take me, I

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*



100 105

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Mary

Basu

beg you! Take me, oot my boy, take me, take me, take me, take me in his stead! Show mee cy, ant for

110

Lento ( $\text{♩} = 80$ ) Vivace ( $\text{♩} = 80$ )

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Mary

Basu

me! Show mee cy, not for me, not for me! But as a

115 120

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Mary

Basu

man that once had a son, but as a man that once had a son. Take me, take me not my boy, take me, take me in his stead! Take me.



125

Cl. in A

Bsn.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Viol. I

Viol. II

Vla.

Mary

Bass

take me not my boy, take me, take me in his stead!

To Cl. in Bb

To Cor. in Bb

Mary

*(grabs the king's leg and presses her lips against his mud-encrusted boots)*

Show mercy, Please sire.... Please.

King Adami

*(King Adami lurches toward the door, pulling the girl off balance and to the side) What mercy have I been shown? What mercy did my son know? Tonight, tradition shall deviate once again and not by the hand of the pack.*

*(free of the pile of chattering flesh with a shake, his robes splay his position with a spin before he returns to stand and face the stares as one still form looking up through the door at their master)*




---

King Adami

You gather like children in front of a vendor's barrel, expecting an apple that has become ordinary for the price of a bow. What is this day of Christmas but that of a child born to die? *(his boots slap the floor with his change of posture)* I see no mercy in that?

*(turns toward the woman and then the crowd)*  
Mercy is that I do not hang you all as fools. You spend when you have nothing, knowing that tradition will be upon us as it is every year and the generous king will save you. *(the king's robe rises with his turn as the cold twirls below its fur-lined edge and sweeps the woman's quail form)*

Tonight, God showed me no mercy. Expect the same. *(passing the woman)* Bring the boy ... by dawn. *(with a mighty slump the king falls to his decorated chair and looks out over his sheep)* Now leave me so I may show the next man his due.



Mary

No..., Sire. Please *(her plea is ignored as Amicus and another drag her out the door and into the throng, which no longer seems so anxious to step forward)*

Bazzo

*(through the crowd and up the stairs pushes the awkward messenger, Bazzo, as he hurries into the cathedral with a message from the palace)*

King Adami

What is it now, Bazzo?

Bazzo

*(bowing before the king and then rising)*  
I bring word that the gift petitioned for the prince's return, the renovation of the palace, has been completed.

King Adami

Finished? Already?

Bazzo

Yes, Sire.

Sagasi

*(places a hand on the messenger's shoulder and draws him back from the king)* Not now,

---

Bazzo. Can't you see that—

**King Adami**      *(still slumped in his chair and evaluating the crowd at the door)* My son's gift, finished? Completely?

**Bazzo**              *(Bazzo slips from the soldier's grasp)* Yes, Sire. Completely, ...although... *(he pauses and makes a face toward the audience)* Your carpenter has done, well...more than expected. *(the king does not respond and Bazzo takes it as a reason to continue)* The architectural drawings were ignored, so under the circumstances, I think we should postpone your review and—

**Amicus**            *(Amicus has returned and takes hold of Bazzo with a firm grip and slides him to the side as he squeaks the last word)* Go away, You fool.

**King Adami**      *(the king remains distilled in thought before speaking)* So you are now a consultant as well as a messenger of bad news?

---

(FRONT ROWS )

(music begins...)

Let us pass!

Let us pass!

It is our right!

## Amicus

Sire, I too recommend we close the doors, bring up your carriage, and return to the castle with your guests. These people do not feel your pain as a clan raised in humble and gracious kind.

## Crowd

(FRONT ROWS )

Let us pass! Let us pass!

It is our right

...to enter tonight!

Andantino ( $\text{♩} = 68$ )

5

Chorus

Vai I *p*

Vai II *p*

Vle *p*

S  
Let us pass it is our right, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to en-ter to

A  
Let us pass it is our right, please let us pass it is our right to en-ter to

T  
Let us pass, 'tis our right, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to

B  
Let us pass, 'tis our right, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to

Basso *p*

Vlc  
to en-ter to  
con Cb



III

-Sire, I think it would be wise to let the people receive their rations. We can consider the alternatives tomorrow. This is not a night for ultimatums, not with the current situation of cold and scarcity.

King Adami

*(King Adami rises from his throne, ignoring Ranthial's appeal)* Close the doors and bring up my carriage. Let's see what this carpenter has done for my son!

*(MUSIC BEGINS HERE )*

Amicus

You heard the King! Close the doors.

*(cathedral doors are closed)*

Crowd

What have you done?

*(FRONT ROWS )*

Blame fools for your pain

We're poor, hungry peasants

...please take us in vain

Please sire

your mercy is all we ask

A mighty king

must follow his task

*(BACK ROWS )*

Tonight tonight

the crown of the land

will take in his hand

the people below

Tonight is the night

tonight we shall raise

our cups to the king

for the riches bestowed

(ALL)

Tonight Tonight!

Allegro (♩ = 150)

Chorus

5 10 15

20 25

*p*

What have you done? Blame fools for your pain! We're poor hun-gry pea-sants, please take us in vain, please Si-re, your

What have you done? Blame fools for your pain! We're poor hun-gry pea-sants, please take us in vain, please Si-re, your

30 35

Ob

Cor. 1, 2  
in B $\flat$

Temp.  
B $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S. A

T. B

S

A

T

B

Bass

mer - cy is all that we ask a migh - ty King must fol - low his task!

To - night, to - night the Crown of the land will

To - night, to - night the Crown of the land will

To - night, to - night the Crown of the land will

To - night, to - night the Crown of the land will

To - night, to - night the Crown of the land will

40 45 50

Ob

Cor. 1, 2  
in B $\flat$

Temp.  
B $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S. A

T. B

S

A

T

B

Bass

What have you done? Blame fools for your pain! We are poor hun - gry peo - ple, please take us in your hand!

What have you done? Blame fools for your pain! We are poor hun - gry peo - ple, please take us in your hand!

take in his hand the peo - ple be - low To - night is the

take in his hand the peo - ple be - low To - night is the

take in his hand the peo - ple be - low To - night is the

take in his hand the peo - ple be - low To - night is the

take in his hand the peo - ple be - low To - night is the



55 60

Oboe

Corn 1, 2 in Bb

Trumpet Bb

Vin I

Vin II

Vln

S. A

T. B

S

A

T

B

Bass

What have you done? Blame fools for your pain! We are poor hun-gry peasants

night, to - night we shall raise, To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our

night, in - night we shall raise, To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our

night, to - night we shall raise, To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our

night, to - night we shall raise, To - night is the night, to - night we shall raise our

*p* *f*

65 70

Oboe

Corn 1, 2 in Bb

Trumpet Bb

Vin I

Vin II

Vln

S. A

T. B

S

A

T

B

Bass

please take us in your, please take us in your! Si - re, please

please take us in your, please take us in your! Si - re, please

cups to the King for the rich - es be - stowed, for the rich - es be - stowed, for the

cups to the King for the rich - es be - stowed, for the rich - es be - stowed, for the

cups to the King for the rich - es be - stowed, for the rich - es be - stowed, for the

cups to the King for the rich - es be - stowed, for the rich - es be - stowed, for the

*p* *f*





Yet from this place I hug dearly  
Awaiting the sun to rise warmly  
I feel a strange embrace

Carpenter

(FROM AFAR )

It is beautiful  
Magnificent  
Complete  
It is finished

Mary

What is happening?  
Your voice courses my veins  
Oh my dear, I cannot see you  
yet I feel you....near

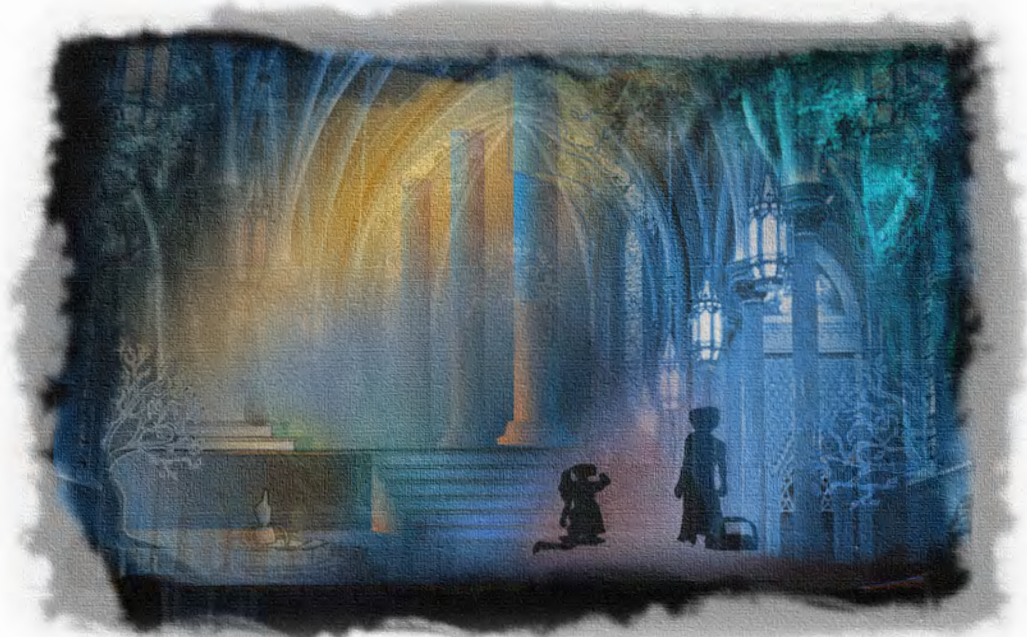
Hold me!  
Take me away!  
Or leave me!  
Voice of whisper, cruel joke  
I banish you.  
Be gone, words of desire

Carpenter

It is beautiful  
Magnificent

Complete

It is finished



Mary

Who are you?

Did you not hear?

They want my boy!

My boy in trade for the heir!

**Melologue**

Larghetto (♩ = 54)

5 10

Ob

Fag

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Cello

Bass

Mary (spoken):  
I feel my heart  
pounding

15 20 25

Oboe

Fagotto

Violino I

Violino II

Viola

Mary

Basso

My blood is awondrously warm  
on the back of my hand.

Each breast is  
besieged

Each cry is  
an eager

*f*

30 35

Oboe

Fagotto

Violino I

Violino II

Viola

Mary

Basso

to rise and float  
me away.

Yet from this place  
I hang deadly sweating  
the sun to rise warmly

I feel a strange embrace

*f*

Allegretto con moto ( $\text{♩} = 128$ )

40

Oboe

Viola

Carpenter

*pp*

Carpenter (from afar) It is beautiful, magnificent, complete, it is finished... It is finished

45 50

Larghetto ( $\text{♩} = 54$ )

Violino I

Violino II

Viola

Mary

Basso

What is happening? Your  
voice courses my veins.

Oh my dear, I cannot  
see you, yet I feel you

*pp*



55 60

Ob.

Fag.

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

Mary

Bass

*f*

*pp*

Hold me! Take me away! Or leave me! Voice of whisper, cruel joke, I banish you.

==

65 70

Allegretto con moto (♩ = 128)

Ob.

Fag.

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

Mary

Carpenter

Bass

*pizz.*

*arco*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

Be gone, words of desire

Carpenter (from afar) It is beautiful, magnificent, complete, it is finished.

*pizz.*

*pp*

==

Ob.

Fag.

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

Mary

Carpenter

Bass

*pizz.*

Who are you? Did you not hear? They want my boy! My boy in trade for the lamb!

It is finished



Carpenter

Oh Mary, oh Mary

Pounding heart, need not fear

Rise up

Bring the boy as requested

I am here

\_Choir

Rise up! We're here

Now cast your eyes and you shall see

Carpenter

I have come, bringing words, hidden words  
that will save but a son

\_Choir

Bringing words, hidden words

Carpenter

And it is beautiful

Magnificent

Complete

and finished

\_Choir

Oh Mary, oh Mary

Pounding heart, need not fear

Mary

*(Mary stumbles backward and runs into the night) ■*

# Air with Choir

Andantino (♩ = 108)

5 10

Fl. *mf*

Cox. 1, 2 in G *mf* *p* *mf*

Vln I *mf* *p*

Vln II *mf* *p*

Vla *mf* *p*

Carpenter *mf*

Bass *mf* *p*

Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry poun-ding heart, need not fear.

15

Fl.

Cox. 1, 2 in G *p*

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

Bass

Oh poun-ding heart, need not fear. Rise up, bring the boy as re-quest - red I'm here, as re-quest - red I'm here, rise up, bring the boy! Oh

20 25

Fl.

Cox. 1, 2 in G *f* *p*

Vln I *p* *f* *p*

Vln II *p* *f* *p*

Vla *p* *f* *p*

Carpenter

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass

poun-ding heart, need not fear! Rise up! Rise up! As re

Rise up! Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, poun-ding heart, need not fear. Rise up, bring the boy.

Rise up! Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, poun-ding heart, need not fear. Rise up, bring the boy.

Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, poun-ding heart, need not fear. Rise up, bring the boy.

Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, poun-ding heart, need not fear. Rise up, bring the boy.

*p* *mf* *p*

30 35

Fl.

Corn 1, 2  
in G

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

ques-ted, I'm here... you shall see that I have come

S

A

T

B

Baru

Rise up, bring the boy, as re-ques-ted, we're here. Now cast your eyes and you shall see

Rise up, bring the boy, as re-ques-ted, we're here. Now cast your eyes and you shall see

Rise up, bring the boy, as re-ques-ted, we're here. Now cast your eyes and you shall see

Rise up, bring the boy, as re-ques-ted, we're here

mf p

40

Fl.

Corn 1, 2  
in G

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

That will save but a son

S

A

T

B

Baru

Bring-ing words, hid-den words

Bring-ing words, hid-den words

Bring-ing words, hid-den words

Bring-ing words, hid-den words

Bring-ing words, hid-den words

Bring-ing words, hid-den words

That will save but a son

That will

That will

That will

That will

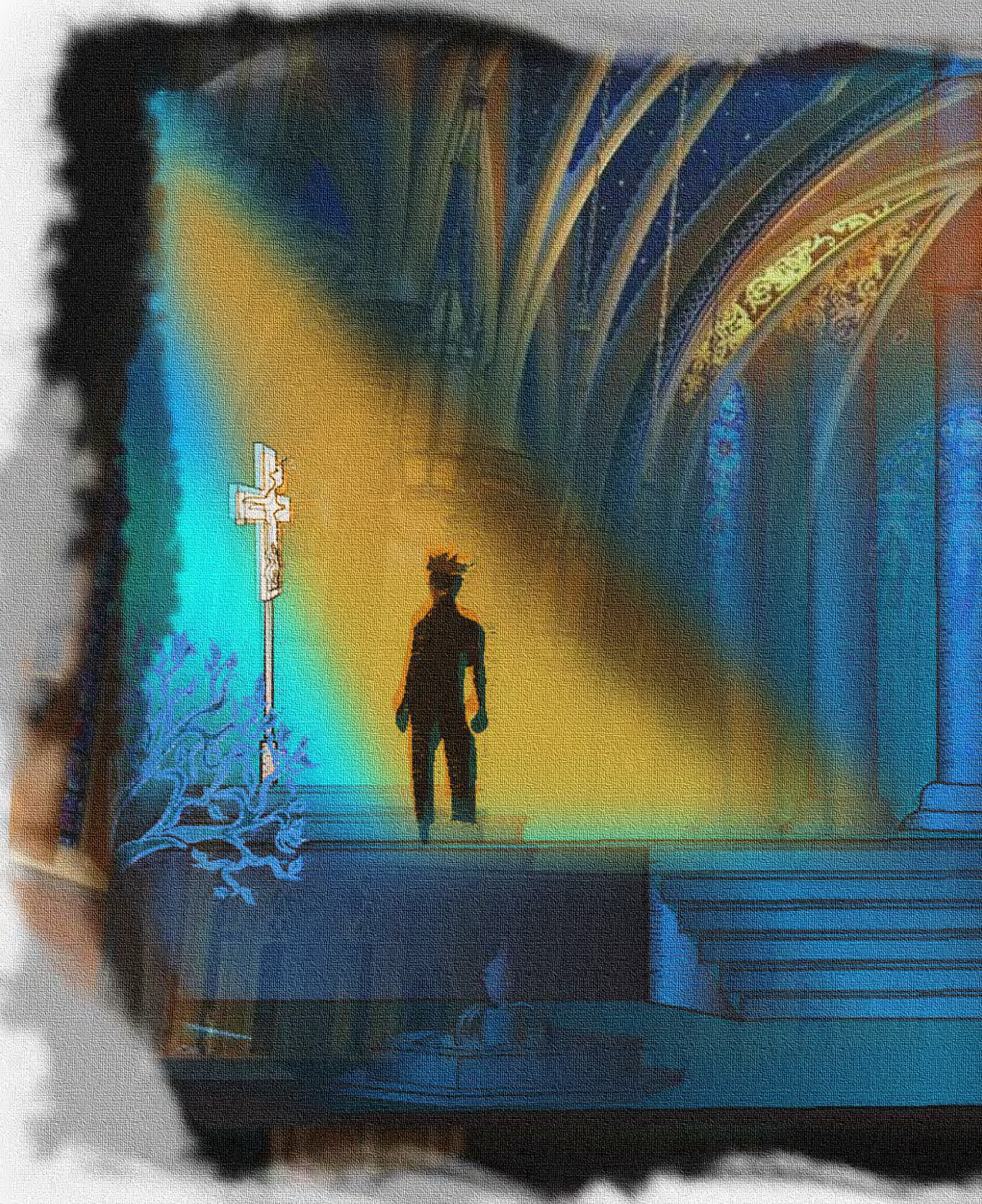
That will

pp p













ENTRACTE 休憩時間 INTERVALLO  
**INTERMISSION**  
DESCANSO PAUSE







TO BE A CHILD  
LIKE THIS, A CHILD SO PURE,  
A CHILD WITHOUT A CARE.

TO HAVE A HEART  
SO SWEET, A MIND SO  
CLEAR, A MOMENT LIKE  
THIS IS RARE.

—KING ADAMI



# ACT 2 — SCENE 1



## SCENE SETUP

*The king and his entourage step into the palace foyer. The king stops and studies his granddaughter playing on the stairs. He considers how wonderful it would be to be a child with no cares.*

SCENE — A RISING STAIRCASE FLOWS FROM JUST INSIDE THE DOOR AND UP TO THE LEFT, OUT OF SIGHT.

King Adami

To be a child like this

a child so pure

a child without a care

To have a heart so sweet



a mind so clear

a moment like this is rare

When earthly concerns

are left to the old

and life is but a taste



And stairs all rise  
to the base of the clouds  
where the sun warms your face

And rain begins  
rather than falls  
and successes are shared by all

To be a child, like this  
a child so pure  
to be a child before the fall

Instead of a king  
that rules the land  
and sends sons off to war

This is my world  
my feet in the ground  
where dear-to-me disappear

Surrounded by things  
that live and die  
like what is behind this door





Reminding me

of all I've lost

Of the lives that are no more

No longer discovering new rhythm

new rhyme

as they enter life's hole

Where you become a king

and a leader, like me

with a tarnished

and deserted soul

You know not what comes

from out of your lips

please, deserted

...speak no more

For to be a child like this

a child so pure

is what all of us

should wish for.



# ACT II

## Air

Calmo (♩ = 98)

5

Cl. in B♭

Cot. 1 in B♭ alto

Cot. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

To be a child like this, a child so pure, a child with-out care, to have a heart so sweet, a mind so clear, a

10

15

Cl. in B♭

Cot. 1 in B♭ alto

Cot. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

mo-ment like this is rare. When earth-ly con-cer-ns are left to the old and life is but a taste. And stays all e-ve to the whips of the clouds where the sun warms your

20

25

Cl. in B♭

Cot. 1 in B♭ alto

Cot. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

face, where the sun warms your face. And rain be-gins so they than falls, and gains are shared by



30 Più mosso (♩ = 92) 35

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭  
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vle

Adamu

Bassi

all ——— To be a child like this, a child so pure, to be a child be-fore the fall ——— In-stead of a King that

40 45

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭  
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vle

Adamu

Bassi

rules the land and sends sons off in ——— feet ——— this is my world, my feet in the ground where-dears-to-me dis-ap - pear, ——— where dears-to-me dis-ap - pear. ——— Sur-rou-ded by things that

50 55

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭  
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vle

Adamu

Bassi

live and live like what is be-hind this door, re-mi-ning me of ——— all I've lost, of the lives that are no...more, ——— of the lives that are no...more.



60 65

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭ alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adama

Bassi

*f*

In - stead of a King that rules the land and sculds sons o'f in - fear this is my world, my feet in the ground where dears-to-me dis-ap - pear, where dears-to-me dis-ap -

70 75 Tempo I (Calm) ♩ = 98

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭ alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adama

Bassi

*p*

*p*

*p*

pear, where dears-to-me dis-ap - pear, where dears-to-me dis-ap - pear.

80 85

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭ alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adama

Bassi

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

You know not what comes from out of your lips, please, A - mi-cus speak no more! To be a child like this, a child so pure is what all of us should wish





King Adami

–Open the doors. Let us see what this carpenter has done.

Bazzo

“Yes, Sire.”

King Adami

*(the king steps into the room and is immediately taken back by the beauty. it is like a whisper and a sigh when it leaves his lips)*  
It is beautiful.

Bazzo

*(scurries to the approved drawings)* It is, Sire, but by some mistake, the carpenter you hired has ignored the plans. He shall be found and punished.

King Adami

My architects could not have imagined such a thing. He was right to ignore them.

Bazzo

*(beat)* Yes, Sire, I would agree! The architects must be punished–

King Adami

It is magnificent. My son would have been very happy with this gift.

Chicane

Sire, I have seen work with detail like this before. In France, near the sea. Please, tell me the artisan's name?

King Adami

*(the king turns to Bazzo, looking for the answer)*

Bazzo

*(appears worried)* I do not know.

King Adami

Did you not record his name when you gave him payment? Is this not customary?

*(returns to the carvings above the mantel. His fingers touch the edge of a branch where the scar of a snapped twig had become an overgrown knot and an acorn now hung as shield)*

Bazzo

No, Sire. He did not seek wages, and who am I to argue with such ... well ... generosity.

King Adami

What do you mean, he did not seek wages?

Bazzo

He left, Sire, before anyone knew the room was finished. He asked for nothing. *(steps toward*

---

*the middle window and points outside)* Your granddaughter found the room as you see it and observed the carpenter through this window, walking away. *(turns back toward his king)* She said he disappeared into the night, like a ghost.

King Adami

*(touches a carved leaf. it feels like flesh against his skin, yet he does not pull away)*  
We must know his name. Find the man who did this work. I must thank him.

Chicane

I believe I know this work, my friend, and you will not find him, Adami.

King Adami

*(turns to face his friend that is now studying the detail)* Why do you say this, Chicane?  
I am his king. *(he turns to admire a clump of leaves and acorns gathered around a scone)*  
I will hire him to do another project. I will have him finish the entire palace in memorial to my son.



---

Cerberus            *(unfamiliar in tone and candor)* You have been honored by this space. Do not seek another.

King Adami        *(spins around abruptly to see who has spoken to him with such insolence. he does not recognize the voice)*

Bazzo                This man insisted that he speak with you.  
I could not stop—

King Adami        Show yourself!

Cerberus            *(steps into the room. unsurprised by the detail, he is still pulled toward the carvings. his clothes are of skin and fur, and a thick beard conceals his face)* Your wife recognized satisfaction in what is possessed, not desired.  
*(beat)* His name is Iudicium. Yes, this is his work—

King Adami        How do you know this? —How dare you speak to me like this! I will have you flogged for your—

---

Cerberus

—but your friend is correct. You will not find him. He is a ghost. He comes and goes as sent. I have followed him for years, and still, I have been unable to meet up with him though I move fast and do not stop. *(touches a section of carved wood)* But I can see I am close.

King Adami

Who are you?

Cerberus

*(ignoring the king once more)* I cannot tell you why he chooses his audience, but like a prophet, he can see the future and lets you know what is to come. *(entranced in a section of work, he steps between two of the kings' ministers)* Yes. I have followed many like him, but none his equal.

King Adami

You are mad. I demand you tell me who you are! *(steps toward the beastly man's shoulders, though he receives no response)*

Chicane

He tells the truth, Adami. It is he. *(captured by the stranger's words, he steps forward and*

---

*places a hand on the king's shoulder and turns toward the strange visitor*) You said the name Iudicium. I have also heard of him. He did a palace like this in Spain and *(pauses as he searches his memory)* ...Romania. But there is something about his legend that contrasts the peace that I sense in this work. Please, traveler. Help us with it.

Cerberus

Beware! He leaves a prophecy.

Chicane

*(spins to face the entrance of the room)* Yes, there is a prophecy! It is hidden within the work and must be found. *(quickly steps toward the carvings that commence by the door)* Look for the words. They will begin, here, on the left and follow the wall. *(reaches for a candle and lifts it from its socket and steps toward the carvings immediately to the side of the main door)*

King Adami

Prophecy? You mean to say he has left my future on these walls?

---



---

Zeal

He weaves it into his work that when finally  
read, destines the prophecy to come true  
...at first light.

Chicane


Morning's first light! Yes! It is him. I  
remember now. In Spain, he said a plague would  
end and their crops would thrive in abundance.  
*(gracefully, he turns and faces the king)* You  
must know that the crops had been cut to the  
ground by beetles for the fourth year in a  
row. It is said that the earth moved with the  
beat of their wings and those captured in  
curiosity would fall dizzy to their spell.

Zeal

—And by morning, sprouts, green and full of  
life, had pushed up between the insects'  
hollow shells, and by night the fields held  
more bounty than ever recorded—

Cerberus

Their king remained solemn to his appeal for  
patience, even in the face of dismay. And,  
yes, in Spain it happened as you say, but in  
Romania, the prophecy told of a king who had





---

ignored the testament presented as a child, and  
for this, he placed himself equal the earth  
below his feet and the sky above him.

**Zeal**                      The emperor was struck that night with worms  
where his eyes had flashed and dust where flesh  
had hung.

**Chicane**                      They burned the castle and the town is no more.  
Yes, I have been there.

**King Adami**                      Who are you? *(spoken less pronounced than  
before as he studies the strange intruder)*

**Cerberus**                      I am Cerberus and one day you shall meet me.

**Chicane**                      –It begins!

**King Adami**                      *(swings toward his guest)*

**Chicane**                      *(chicane presses the candle's light up against  
the wood and reads the raised letters hidden  
within the ornamentation of leaves and acorns)*

---

---

*as each word spoken illuminates)* It says...

**Fall on your knees...** *(he sidesteps down the wall, inches away, searching for the next word like a blind man feeling his way in the dark)*

**...and hear the angels sing. This night is divine ... even for those ... who have forgotten ... me.** *(at the fireplace he searches but realizes it does not continue until just past)*

**Mercy will... be shown...** *(his fingers crawl the ridges of finely carved foliage) ...not as... granted.* *(turns away from the wall and toward his sovereign, the carving left in darkness as he repeats the line)* Mercy will be shown, not as granted.

**Bazzo**

Sire. I think we should stop—

**King Adami**

*(the king raises his hand as if seizing Bazzo's tongue)* Can you not hold your tongue even for a moment, Bazzo? *(beat)* Continue, Chicane.

**Chicane**

*(back at the wall Chicane continues)* Under a...

---

---

star... the... child ...was born... and you...  
believed it... to be true.... ..For this, you... were...  
blessed... with kingdom. *(at the fireplace he  
searches but realizes it does not continue  
until just past. he repeats the last words as  
he continues)* Blessed with kingdom... But this...  
night, you... looked into... her face... and struck...  
him... d-

Bazzo

Stop! *(spins toward his lord in pleading)*  
Sire, I do not think he should continue.  
If it is true what they said, it will not  
take effect until the last word is read.  
Please, Sire. I beg-

King Adami

How dare you speak to me like that? I will  
fear no one.

Cerberus

That may be a fault!

King Adami

*(Looks from person to person)* I will take  
my place as given. *(beat)* Continue, Chicane.

---

---

*(all in the room step back from the king and glance at each other as Chicane allows a moment for Adami to reconsider. he does not)*

**Chicane**

*(the candle's flame catches the detail once again. Chicane continues) ...You looked into her face and struck him down. For... this... you will be... (with a staggering step, he stumbles up against a small table that is set below the last window) For this you will be... (Chicane's candle moves up and down the panel, but he finds no more) I do not see the last word, Sire.*

**Bazzo**

*(eager to regain his majesty's favor, Bazzo steps quickly to the section where Chicane stands, also to find no words, large or small)*

**King Adami**

*What does it mean? (Adami places hands against his arms and chest to see if he has started to decay or his sight to blacken) ...you looked into her face and struck him down. For this*



---

you will be? (*glances at his entourage,  
who appear scared*) What does this mean?

**Chicane** It does not continue. It stops here against  
the window. “... For this, you will be ...”

**Sagasi** Amicus, you fool. You should not have struck  
the woman for denying your lust. See what  
you’ve done!

**Amicus** Me? (*lunges forward as the king’s hand  
deflects his attack*)

**King Adami** Enough! I will not tolerate such behavior from  
my leads. I alone take responsibility. (*his  
thoughts on the crucifix crashing to the floor  
in the priory with a video image above(?)*)  
‘I am the one that struck him down’.

**Bazzo** (*drops to the floor and crawls along the  
intricately carved baseboard, below where the  
words stopped, and along the wall. he slides  
under the table*)

---

---

King Adami

–This is maddening. I must know what it means!

Bazzo

Sire, I have found something.

King Adami

Don't wait. Speak, for God's sake!

Bazzo

It says–

King Adami

Wait, *(looks around to deflect the fear he now feels)* I must understand this for myself.  
*(breaks into a murmur of thought that could not be understood beyond his mumbling lips. the meditation lasted but a moment)* Now, I command you to continue. Yes, I shall take my sword as I have presented to others. Continue. I am ready.

Bazzo

*(holds his stare on his king before he again repositions the light to catch the words)*  
It says... *(stops and peaks toward his master's downcast face)* It says... Schmood. *(even Bazzo looks perplexed by the sound of the word. he repeats the word slowly)* Schmoooooooooood.

Bazzo

*(Bazzo crawls out from under the table  
and stands up)* That doesn't sound so bad. "You  
looked into her face... You struck him down...  
For this you will be Schmooooooooood."

You looked into her face

You struck him down

For this you will be Schmooooooooood

That doesn't sound so bad

...it's probably not so good

Either way, it certainly fits the mooooooooood

Choir

*(Entourage)*

It doesn't sound so bad

it is probably not so good

I certainly would not want to be him

Bazzo

Schmood, Schmood

Who is this prude anyway

Choir

*(Entourage)*

It doesn't sound so bad

it is probably not so good

He actually sounds a little bit rude

Bazzo

Schmood, Schmood

We should leave

this horrible place

Choir

(Entourage)

We should leave

this horrible place

Bazzo & Choir

Sire,

come along

Let us feast-

Air with Choir

5

Score for "Air with Choir" (5 measures shown). The score includes staves for Oboe, Clarinet in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Bazzo, Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Bassoon. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 90. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, and *simile*. The Bazzo part has a measure marked with a box containing the number 5.



$\equiv$  $\equiv$



55

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2  
in C

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vla.

Bazro

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass

*fp* *p* *mf* *f*

It sounds it sounds it sounds a lit-tle bit

pro - ba-bly not so good. It does not sound so bad, it does not sound so bad, it is pro-ba-bly not so good

pro - ba-bly not so good. It does not sound so bad, it does not sound so bad, it is pro-ba-bly not so good

bad. It's pro - ba-bly not so good, it does not sound so bad, it is pro-ba-bly not so good

bad. It's pro - ba-bly not so good, it does not sound so bad, it is pro-ba-bly not so good

*fp* *p* *mf* *f*

60

65

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2  
in C

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vla.

Bazro

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass

*p* *f* *mf* *p*

rude Shmood, shmood? We should leave! We should leave this hor-ri-ble place, we should leave this hor-ri-ble

Shmood? Shmood? Shmood?

Shmood? Shmood? Shmood?

Shmood? Shmood? Shmood?

Shmood? Shmood? Shmood?

*p*

70

Ob. *a2* *f* *p*

Cor 1, 2 in C *f* *p*

Vni I *f* *p*

Vni II *f* *p*

Vla *f* *p*

Basso *place.* *f* *p*

S. *place.* *f* *p*

A. *place.* *f* *p*

T. *place.* *f* *p*

B. *place.* *f* *p*

Let us feast, let us feast, let us feast. Si-re, come a-

we should leave this hor-ri-ble place! Let us feast, come a-long, let us feast, come a-long, come a-

we should leave this hor-ri-ble place! Let us feast, come a-long, let us feast, come a-long, come a-

We should leave, we should leave this hor-ri-ble place! let us feast, come a-long, come a-

We should leave, we should leave this hor-ri-ble place! let us feast, come a-long, come a-

75

Ob. *a2* *f* *p* *solo*

Cor 1, 2 in C *f* *p*

Vni I *f* *p*

Vni II *f* *p*

Vla *f* *p*

Basso *f* *p*

S. *f* *p*

A. *f* *p*

T. *f* *p*

B. *f* *p*

long! Let us feast, let us feast, come a-long, Si-re come a-long! Let us

long! Let us feast, come a-long!

long! Let us feast, come a-long!

long! Let us feast, come a-long!

long! Let us feast, come a-long!

long! Let us feast, come a-long!



80

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in C

Viol I

Viol II

Viola

Bassoon

feast, Si - re, come a - long!

85

To Come in D

Chorus

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Come a - long, Si - re, come a - long!

Bassoon

feast, Si - re, come a - long!

King Adami –Stop! (*takes hold of Bazzo and shakes him*)

Chicane Schmood? I think it is of another language.  
Zeal, you must speak twenty. What does it mean?

Zeal I've never heard such a word.

Amicus (*crawls up under where Bazzo's candle had illuminated the dark space below the table and peers in*) Wait. There is more, Sire.

King Adami Then speak of it! Am I surrounded by fools?

Amicus

*(tilts the flame)* It says, Schmood...  
Importers of Lumber and Trade. *(looks at Bazzo, who has stepped away from the king)*  
You idiot, Bazzo. You were looking at the  
label on the table leg.

King Adami

*(waving his arms up and down, he chases everyone out)*

Get out

Get out

Get away from me you fools

I'm surrounded by idiots

by jesters

by mules

I command you, go

Get away!

Send for the Bishop, he's from Rome

Unlike you, he will know

what it should say.

# Air

Vivace (♩ = 172)

Ob.

Fag.

Cor 1, 2  
in D

Temp.  
d, A

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla.

Adam

Bass

Get out! Get out! Get out! Get a way from me, you

5

10

15

Ob.

Fag.

Cor 1, 2  
in D

Temp.  
d, A

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla.

Adam

Bass

fool! Get out! Get a way, a way, a way, get a way from me you fool! I'm surrounded by i shots, by je tiers, by

10

15

20

Oboe *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Bassoon *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Corianders 1, 2 in D *ff* *f*

Timpani *ff*

Violin I *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Violin II *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Viola *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Adam  
males Get out! Get out! Get out! I com-mand you... go, get a-

Bass *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

25 30

Oboe *f*

Bassoon *f*

Corianders 1, 2 in D *f*

Timpani *f*

Violin I *f* *ff*

Violin II *f* *ff*

Viola *f* *ff*

Adam  
way! Send for the bi-ship! He's from Rome. an like you, he'll

Bass *f* *ff*



$\equiv$

45 50

Ob

Fag

Coe 1, 2  
in D

Timp  
d, A

Vai I

Vai II

Vla

Adami

fools get a way from me you fools!

Baso

To Continue

King Adami

Get out! –Send for the Bishop. I want this  
resolved. If I am to be taken tonight,  
I want to know how! ■









MUMM, WATCH  
YA BE DOIN' ON A NIGHTS  
LIKE DES, KEEP'INS YOUR  
HANDS UNCOVERED  
AND ALL?

YOU'LL KETCH'A  
DEATH TO  
YA.

—MANDOLIN



# ACT 2 — SCENE 2



## SCENE SETUP

Mary runs home and presses up against the cottage door before falling through and onto the floor, shivering and forlorn. Inside you see an old woman her father had taken in from the cold named Mandolin; she is holding the baby by the fire.

SCENE — USING THE FIREPLACE FROM THE PALACE, A COTTAGE ROOF AND BACK WALL IS LOWERED TO BECOME THE COTTAGE INTERIOR.

**Mary**

*(Mary runs to the cabin door. it falls open.  
she is cold and beaten)*

**Mandoline**

Mumm, whatch ya be doing on a nights like  
dis, keepings your hands uncovered and all.  
You'll ketcha a death to ya. Here, now.  
*(her crumpled and twisted hands press the  
door shut as she turns and scoops her sighs  
to sees what has happened to the girl)*  
Gott sakes, girl. Whersh ya been with yours?

---

A spirt's been dancin' on ya.

Mary

*(Mary's pleas fall to a long cry as she pulls herself into a ball and tries to squeeze the sadness away. sobbing)*

Mandoline

*(setting the sleeping infant down, Mandoline hustles over and pulls the girl into her warm chest)* Now, now, sweets. You shan't cry or you'll make me do such, and no good would come of it if we both be aching. Not on a night as tis. Shhee, now. It'd be the feast in a sleep and I've been working on a gift for yas. Been talking to me man, ya might say. Ones yadl never be ables to believe if I'd tell yas, so stops your cry'in and let's gets ya cleaned up, as ya be.

*(presses her lips to the side of Mary's head and blows softly as if warming a mitten)*  
We'll evens throws a bit extra in yor hair for the morn reunion. It'll be wonderful for yas again. You'll see. It's the Eve.

Mary (slowly stops sobbing)

Mandoline Now gerl, tells me what's become of ya before  
I get your papa's sword meself and discover  
the hoodlums.

Bonhomie Who knows who'd get the best of that encounter.  
(blacksmith, Bonhomie, enters through back door)

Mary Father...  
The king has gone mad  
We must leave, We must hide

Bonhomie I've heard. Do not worry  
Adie will not leave your side

Mary But the heir has fallen  
his horse threw a shoe  
He slipped from the edge  
The King now blames you

Bonhomie It was an accident  
an awful mishap

Mary

I will speak with the king

I will take up the case

No

He's gone mad

The prince is now dead

He wants Adie

your grandson

in his sted

He is not the same

We must leave!

We must flee!

Bonhomie

I still don't believe it

He's a God-fearing man

This is our home

This is our land

Mary

No!

He's gone mad

He wants your grandson

...in his sted.



# Dialogue 5

Molto vivace (♩ = 108)

Ob.

Fag.

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

Mary

Bishop

Bass

*f* *p* *f* *p*

The King has gone mad, we must leave, we must hide!

I've heard do not worry! A she

10 15

Ob.

Fag.

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

Mary

Bishop

Bass

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

But the heir has fallen, his horse threw a shoe, he slipped from the edge, the

will not leave your side

20 25

Ob.

Fag.

Vln I

Vln II

Vla.

Mary

Bishop

Bass

*f* *f* *p* *f* *f* *p* *f* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

King now blames you! No.

It was an accident, an awful mis-hap! I will speak with the King, I will take up the case.

30

Ob.

Fag.

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Mary

Baro

no, he's gone mad, the prince is now dead. He wants A life, your grand-son, your grand-son.

35

40

Ob.

Fag.

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Mary

Bishop

Baro

at his stead. He is not the same. We must leave! We must flee!

I still don't see

45

Ob.

Fag.

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Mary

Bishop

Baro

No, he's gone

here it, he's a God-fearing man. This is our home, this is our land.

50 55

Cello

Bass

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Mary

Bass

mod. He wants you grand - son in his stead.

p cresc.

secco

secco

secco

**Bonhomie**

—No! (*slams his hand down on the table and stumbles as if lightheaded. drops onto a chair*)

**Mary**

(*cups her mouth in shock and surprise*) Papa what has happened? Your leg is bleeding.

**Bonhomie**

(*a stream of blood shows itself at the edge of her father's boot as he stumbles, slightly faint*)  
An accident, my dear. I will wrap it and it will be fine. (*Mary kneels and presses her head against his lap*) Now speak no more. I must think.

**Apprentice**

(*the side door swings open with a smack against the inside wall as her father's apprentice charges in and slams it shut*) Three knights have taken position down the path near the bridge. I can see

---

them against the moon. *(he looks across the room)* What have you done this time, Mandolin?

Mary *(Mary lifts her father's pant leg)* Oh, Papa, it's bleeding so.... Get me something to wrap it with!

Mandoline *(singing speech)* It in't as bad as it seems, it seems. No sirree. No sirree. *(stepping forward, her arms around the little boy, she begins to sing again and dance in a tight circle)* It in't as bad as it seems, it seems. It's the night, tonight, tonight.

Mary Stop it, Mandolin. This is no time for—.

Mandoline No! *(stops dancing and smiles before beginning again)* No thinking needed. All is taken care of. My gift to you.

Mary You're mad as the rest. *(turns to her father and continues to wrap his leg)* We must leave. Papa, listen to me. Please, Papa. We must leave.



Bonhomie

There must be some mistake. I will talk to the king. He has always been a reasonable man.  
I will—

Mandoline

*(Mandolin humming in the background)*

Mary

—He is no longer the man you knew, nor his soldiers. Something has happened to them. A beast I've never seen before has been released. Please, Papa. He is no longer the man you knew.

Bonhomie

What is my choice? I can't let you take the blame for something they believe I did. You know I can't allow— *(slips back faint, stumbling back onto the straw bed at the side)*

Mary

Papa!

Mandoline

*(Mandolin continues to sing her song in the background — singing speech - as she lowers herself into a rocking chair with the baby in her arms)*  
It in't as bad as it seems, it seems.  
It in't as bad as it seems. ■







WHO HAS  
CARVED THIS  
MASTERPIECE, SO  
BEAUTIFUL?

—BISHOP

A MAN  
MORE POWERFUL  
THAN YOU  
OR I.

—KING ADAMI



# ACT 2 — SCENE 3



## SCENE SETUP

*Candles lit, the parlor in all of its beauty surrounds the king, now slumped in his throne, brought forth and set at the center of the room. Doors to the parlor are swung wide as Bazzo bows to the passing of the venerate guest of the king, the bishop.*

SCENE — THE KING FACES THE COLD LOGS THAT HAVE BURNED TO GLOWING COALS BELOW THE BRILLIANT MANTEL.

**Ranthial**  
(*& Choir of Priests*)

Who has carved  
this masterpiece  
...so beautiful?

**Choir of Priests**

Who has carved  
this masterpiece  
...so beautiful?

**King Adami**

A man more powerful and capable  
than you or I.





### Duet with Choir

Grave, ma mosso (♩ = 50)

5

**Corn**  
*p* *f* *dim.* *p*

**Corn 1, 2 in D**  
*f* *dim.* *p*

**Vn I**  
*pp* *f* *dim.* *p*

**Vn II**  
*pp* *f* *dim.* *p*

**Vla**  
*pp* *f* *dim.* *p*

**Adamo**  
 ...a man ...more po - wer-ful

**Isidoro**  
 Who... has carved this

**Choir of Priests**  
 Who... has carved

**Bass**  
*pp* *f* *dim.* *p*



10

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Bishop

Choir of Priests

Bass

and ca - pa ble than you or I

mas - ter piece so beau - ti - ful?

this mas - ter - piece so beau - ti - ful? Who has carved? Who's carved this mas - ter piece, so beau - ti - ful?

this mas - ter - piece so beau - ti - ful? Who has carved? Who's carved this mas - ter piece, so beau - ti - ful?

*f* *mp* *f* *decres.* *pp*

15

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Bishop

Bass

A man more po - wer - ful than you or I

carved this mas - ter - piece so beau - ti - ful?

*mp* *f* *decres.* *f* *decres.*

20

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Choir of Priests

Bass

To Corni in E♭

il A man more po - wer - ful than you or I

Who has carved this mas - ter piece so beau - ti - ful?

Who has carved this mas - ter - piece so beau - ti - ful?

*p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

---

**Ranthial**           *(wielding himself around and toward the blasphemy, he catches himself and gains his composure)*

You are truly in need, my child. You look scared, Adami. I do not believe I have ever seen such emotion on your face.

**King Adami**       It is of death, for nothing in my life shall ever be the same.

**Ranthial**           A child's passing is a thing to grieve, not to imitate.

**King Adami**       –You are so wise, yet we shall see how so.

**Ranthial**           *(the bishop turns to look at the work on the walls that he has not yet examined. he can tell that the king's veins hold little in the way of patience.)* You have a spiritual dilemma, my friend, and I am here to solve it for you. *(steps toward the wall next to the mantel)* But you must understand I am not sure if I can. What you see as prophecy, I see as mortal deception. Games played and trickery fool even the wisest when

---

---

allowed to seep into the imagination as God's hand. And I assure you, I shall not fall into the trap that has captured you. *(voice becomes strong as if lashing a lesser person who has pulled rank, yet remaining calm and almost graciously presented)*

King Adami

I do not ask that you step from grace. All I ask is a word missing from the text. No more. No less. If these are God's words, then I assume you are the one to give me the answer. If they are not from the Almighty, tell me, and I shall forget them.

Ranthial

*(lifting a section of split oak from the pile at the side of the hearth he drops it on top of the dying embers in the fireplace)* What is it that you ask, Adami? If it is by the hand of God, I will give you your answer. But if it is the work of a demon, you shall not find me your shield.

King Adami

No arrows will you take for me. A single word

---



is my desire. *(remains slumped in the chair)*

Ranthial *(steps around the room reading the wall before  
turning and facing the king)*

How I preached to you  
and still, you ignore it  
Have you not learned a thing?

King Adami –Stop this prideful impudence!  
Here on earth  
I am still your king

If I possess the demon  
that will hang but a child  
...would I not swing my sword at you?

Without your scornful banter  
are these the words of God?  
Tell me, are they true?

Ranthial *(angry at being treated this way)*  
Yes. Oh yes, God's words, they are so!

*(the king is vulnerable. this is my chance  
... for Rome)*

King Adami

Then all I ask is a single word  
...a single word I cannot find  
And if you know it not  
Leave my sight  
for it will be proven  
you know God no more than I

Ranthial

You ask for an answer that saves you from hell  
I cannot provide some false word  
to relieve you from this spell

King Adami

Stop your prideful rank!

Ranthial

Do you not listen to yourself?  
*(places his hands on the king's shoulders)*  
Fall on your knees  
I cannot beg for your life to be spared  
if you will not pay the fee

King Adami

*(takes hold of his hand and twists it loose)*

King Adami

I have fallen to my knees

You need not to tell me this

I have read and responded to it

It echoes in my quivering fists

Ranthial

Have you not learned a thing

Do you not listen to yourself

I cannot beg for your life

to be spared

King Adami

I can feel it surrounds me

Like a million sighs

Tell me...

will I die?

Ranthial

I shall die

You shall die

Did you believe yourself a god?

King Adami

Damn you!

Tell me

the word—

# Duetto

Maestoso (♩ = 132)

5

Cl in B♭

Fag.

Cor. I, 2 in E♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

Carpenter

Bass

10

Cl in B♭

Fag.

Cor. I, 2 in E♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

Bass

How I preached in you and still you're

15

20

Cl in B♭

Fag.

Cor. I, 2 in E♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

Carpenter

Bass

Stop this pre-side - ful

sure is Have you not learned a thing? Have you not learned a thing?



Cl in Bb

Fag.

Corn 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

im-pu-dence, here as earth I'm still your King! If I pos-sessed the de-mon that will hang—

*trac.*

*trac.*

*trac.*

Cl in Bb

Fag.

Corn 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

child would I not swing my sword at you? Would I not swing my sword at you? With-out your scorn - ful bad - ret are

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*p*

*p*

*p*

Cl in Bb

Fag.

Corn 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

these the words of God? Tell me tell me tell me are they true? Tell me tell me are they

40 Lento Tempo I 45

Cl in B $\flat$

Fag.

Corn 1, 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adams

Carpenter

Bass

trio: Are they true?

(spoken aside) Then all I ask is a sin - gle word, a sin - gle

The King is vulnerable! That my chance

Yes, oh yes! God's words, they are so

*sub p* *f* *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *f*

50

Cl in B $\flat$

Fag.

Corn 1, 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adams

Bass

trio: word I can - not find And if you know it not leave my life for's will be

*trio:* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

55

Cl in B $\flat$

Fag.

Corn 1, 2 in E $\flat$

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adams

Carpenter

Bass

pro - ven! You know God no more than I, you know God no more than I!

You

*f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

60 65

Cl in Bb *p marc.*

Fagg *p marc.*

Cor 1, 2 in Eb *p marc.*

Vni I *f*

Vni II *f*

Vla *f*

Carpenter

Bass

asked for an an-swer that saves you from hell - I can-not pro-vide some false word to re-lieve you from this spell.

70

Cl in Bb *p cresc.*

Fagg *p cresc.*

Cor 1, 2 in Eb *p cresc.*

Vni I *p*

Vni II *p*

Vla *p*

Adami

Carpenter

Bass

Stop this pre-ten-tious rank!

Do you not lis-ten to your-self? Fall on your knees! I can-not

75 80

Cl in Bb *f*

Fagg *f*

Cor 1, 2 in Eb *f*

Vni I *f*

Vni II *f*

Vla *f*

Adami

Carpenter

Bass

I've fal-len to my knees, you need not to tell me

beg for your life to be spared, if you will not pay the fee If you will not pay the fee.



Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Carpenter

Bass

that I've read and re-pon-ded to it it e-choes my gun-ing fist. I can feel it sur-rounds me like

Have you not learned a thing? Do you not lis-ten to your-self? I can-not

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Carpenter

Bass

will lose of sight Tell me! Tell me, tell me will I die? Tell me,

beg for your life to be spared

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Carpenter

Bass

tell me will I die, will I die? Dama you! Will I die?

So I shall die and you shall die! Did you be-lieve your-self a God? Well



$\equiv$  $\equiv$

115

Ranthial

—Counted!

...You looked into her eyes, and  
you struck him down. For this you will be...  
*(beat) ...counted. (his voice is less than  
irrefutably presented the second time)*

King Adami

*(the king's eyes drop to his open hands,  
waiting for something to happen)* Explain.

Ranthial

*(steps toward the window and studies the fine  
carvings where the words end)* As written by  
this wood-smith, as left uninscribed, it is  
clear, there is no simple answer, even if  
you wish for one.

King Adami

Counted?

Ranthial

Are you listening to me? (*spit tears from his mouth in a shimmer of scathing pronouncement*)  
Counted! You will be counted one of the fools  
who will burn in hell if you do not obey ... me.

King Adami

(*the king studies his flesh as he turns and twists his hands and the Bishop steps up to him*)

Ranthial

The child must be spared

Thy son

the rightful heir

sprinkled with the water

that I give to thee

And you, Adami

from this moment, say I

step down and beg forgiveness

...from me

And if you do not heed

these words that I seed

You shall be counted a sinner

indeed...

# Monologue

Maestoso (♩ = 54)

5

CL in Bb

Fag

Cor. 1 in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

Bass

The child must be spared, thy son the right ful heir  
sprung hatched with the wa ter that I give to

10

15

CL in Bb

Fag

Cor. 1 in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

Bass

three and you A - da - ma, from this mo - ment say I, sup - plow and beg for give - ness from me! And

20

25

CL in Bb

Fag

Cor. 1 in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Carpenter

Bass

if you do not heed these words that I send you shall be coun - ted, a sin - ner in deed



Ranthial ...Anything less will be your damnation.  
I assure you, this is the message this  
prophet carries to you.

King Adami *(king Adami contemplates the price of  
condemnation and penance)* Counted a sinner?

Ranthial *(closes his eyes and bowed his head in  
acknowledgment... and waits)*

King Adami You speak of things made by man  
For this reason I will let you  
amend your plea

What of my soldiers, dead in the fields  
away from your water?

Though they have kneeled  
do they perish by death?

For all sin, I attest

Are they damned to hell  
no matter how they plea?  
What a busy place hell must be

next to Faust, Naust, and now me  
 For I assure you, I shall not beg thee  
Getaway, Bishop

Go!

Get away from me.

**Response**

5

*Allegro giusto (♩ = 80)*

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor. I in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Viol I

Viol II

Viola

Adam

Bass

You speak of things made by man-kind. For this res-son I will let you a-mend your pleas

10

15

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor. I in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Viol I

Viol II

Viola

Adam

Bass

What of my sol-diers, dead in the fields, a-way from your wa-ter? Though they have kneeled, do they pe-rish by



40

Cl in Bb *fp*

Fag *fp*

Cor. 1 in Eb *fp*

Cor. 2 in C *fp*

Vln I *fp*

Vln II *fp*

Vla *fp*

Adana *fp*

Bass *fp*

way! Go! Get a way from me! Bi-shop, get a way from me! Go! Go! Get a

45

50

Cl in Bb *f*

Fag *f*

Cor. 1 in Eb *f*

Cor. 2 in C *f*

Vln I *f*

Vln II *f*

Vla *f*

Adana *f*

Bass *f*

way! from me! Get a way! Get a way!

To Come in D

To Come in F

Ranthial

-You ask me and I have answered.



King Adami

I find your answer unacceptable, though  
I do not hold it against your faith.

Ranthial

How dare you, Adami—

King Adami

Never again shall you call me by that name!  
I can see now that “I” am your king, though  
I do not ask you to kneel before me.

Ranthial

*(the bishop shakes with a rage that quickly  
turns to fear. he closed his eyes and lowers  
his head as his lips tatter in prayer)*  
You asked and I have answered.

King Adami

If you were correct, the floor would have  
opened and I would have been swallowed,  
for I will never bow to you.

Ranthial

*(having calculated the response, the bishop  
pulls a handful of shattered white porcelain  
from his pocket, part of the shattered  
crucifix, and drops it to the floor)*  
Do not forget the words that were written

---

Ranthial

long before this day ‘You struck him down!’  
...for this, you will be ... counted.

King Adami

*(he can see that the pieces had once been part  
of the crucifix toppled in the priory – above  
him on a screen a video replays the moment  
it shattered on the ground)*

*(King Adami steps forward and grinds his foot  
against the white shards below his sole)*

But an Idol.

Ranthial

*(Ranthial trembles with rage. with a sweep of his  
robe and glittering golden braids, he spins and  
pounds out of the room in haste, leaving Adami)*

Bazzo

*(Bazzo steps up to the open door)*

King Adami

*(King Adami slowly lowers himself to a kneel  
and sifts his hand through the white porcelain  
dust the bishop left behind)*

Bazzo

Is there anything you require, Sire?

---

---

King Adami           *(beat)*

Bazzo               Sire?

King Adami       Yes.

Bazzo               Is there anything you require?

King Adami       *(beat)* Send for Medea.

Bazzo               *(surprised by the request, Bazzo hesitates)*  
But Sire, you banned her from the kingdom.  
The Bishop will not allow my petition—

King Adami       —The Bishop is not in charge. *(rubs his  
fingers on the floor, stirring the small  
pieces of broken porcelain before scattering  
them with a broad swipe)*

...and that is not a request.

It is

a command! ■

---

SHHHH, NOW  
CLOSE YOUR EYES  
AND LEAVE YOUR CARES,  
LET THEM RISE... TO  
WAVE THEM ALL GOODBYE...

WHERE THE SPRINGS  
ARE ALL BLUE,  
AND RAINBOWS OF DEW  
GLISTEN LIKE STARS,  
BRIGHT AND  
NEW

—MARY



# ACT 2 — SCENE 4



## SCENE SETUP

Mary sits on the wooden stool next to her father, who is lying on the straw mattress, his hand in hers. Mandolin is asleep in the rocking chair, and the child sits next to her on the floor in a basket, also asleep.

SCENE — PEACEFUL CONTRAST TO THE PREVIOUS SCENE, SHOWING MARA GAINING STRENGTH AND NOW IN CONTROL.

Mary

Shhhh, now close your eyes  
and leave your cares  
let them rise  
to wave them all goodbye

Where the springs are all blue  
rainbows of dew  
glisten like stars  
bright and new

Where the fish flip and flop  
and moon-shadows hop  
to flicker a top  
calm waves that roll with the tide

Like weaves of thread  
that cover your bed  
and keep you safe and sound.

**Song**  
5

*Andante non troppo* (♩ = 82)

Shee, shee, shee, shee, now close your eyes, now close your eyes and leave your cares, shee, shee, shee,

10 15 *Una volta col canto*

shee, and let them rise to wave them, wave them all a good bye Where the springs are all blue,

20 25

rain - bows of dew glis - ten like stars, bright and new where the fish flip and

30 35

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

hop and moon sha-dows hop to tik-ker a-top calm waves that roll with the tide like

40

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

weaves of thread that co-ver your bed and keep you safe and sound

45 50

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Bass

Mary

(Mary looks around the room, noticing that  
Mandolin is asleep in the rocker and her son  
is asleep in a basket on the floor next to  
the rocker. she looks back at her father and  
suddenly drops her face down, placing his  
hands on his chest and begins to sob.  
he is gone) ■

BANISHED  
I HAVE LEARNED  
YOU BEG MY RETURN.  
WHY?

—MEDEA

ASK THE DEMONS  
YOU CALL. IF YOU CANNOT  
SEE MY PAST, THEN  
YOU ARE NO  
SEE'R OF  
ALL.

—KING ADAMI



# ACT 2 — SCENE 5

## SCENE SETUP

*The king awaits Medea, sorcerer of the woods. The room has taken on a slightly different coloring making it appear on fire, blood red.*

SCENE — MEDEA, ALONG WITH HER DEMONS, SLITHERS THROUGH THE DOOR AND HUGS THE DARK WALL, HER BULGING EYES COWER WHERE THE LIGHT FALLS AND SHE SHRINKS BACK WITH ITS TOUCH.



Choir of Demons Keeee Keeee

Medea Banished I have learned  
you beg my return

Choir of Demons Why?

King Adami Why? Ask the demons you call  
If you cannot see the past  
...then you are no see'r of all

Medea Your council has failed  
and I'm the last one to be haled

Choir of Demons Keeee, I see ...like a god ...your despair

Medea This prophet sent by the one  
He reads from the air  
...I understand your despair  
This chiseler of wood  
leaves a tale not understood

King Adami Do not tell me what I know

Mornings light is soon to show

Medea

But like chill in the rain

I can't relieve you, your pain

I cannot... Besides...

I'd rather burn in my pot

than loosen this carpenter's knot

King Adami

If you don't obey my desire

I alone will light the fire

and with these hands, hold you below

Now... Demon, what must I know?

Choir of Demons

You will perish and no one shall care

King Adami

So you assume this word holds my fate

revealing revenge for my hate

Choir of Demons

Keee

King Adami

But make no mistake, damned Seer of fear—

Medea

—Do not confuse Bazzo and me

A simple messenger, I am not he

Choir of Demons    Bats and vipers, vipers and bats  
which shall be deployed  
with powers over you  
that have you destroyed

King Adami        You foul creature of the night  
tell me the word or leave my sight

Medea              Dear Adami, I see, it is as easy as can be  
Do you not find it but a muse  
what this carpenter has done?  
Chiseled in wood before the idol was struck  
and you demanded her son

Choir of Demons    Clear your eyes and you shall see

King Adami        No, you cannot have my soul  
Release me you Viper  
I demand you release your hold

Medea              You shall know your fate



...but you must first agree

On return of the heir

he'll have no power over me

Promise my place, returned, next to the throne

Or I shall not tell you this word he hath sewn

King Adami

My God, She does not know

She cannot see as I believed so

Leave me, Leave this place

No longer I embrace

Medea

Now you shall see

Choir of Demons

Keee, I see at the base of the cliff

you have fallen as one

King Adami

Foul creature, do not speak

Hold fast to your tongue!

You serpent, do not speak

Slink back to your hole

Medea & Choir

Keee, I see

...I see your fate

King Adami

Wings meet my fold

Death I'm not ready

release your hold

Medea

You shall perish

No one shall care

Choir of Demons

You struck the girl

...demanded her son

King Adami

No! You cannot have my soul

Release me your hold

Medea

At the base of the cliff

you have fallen as one

King Adami

You have seen the heir

You have seen... but a son

Medea

A son?

No Adami, I see you

Just as your wife's death

...came true

---

My site is now clear

Just as the other I knew

I saw you

As you are now...

Fallen!





5

11

[illegible]



$\equiv$ 

20

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in D

Cor. 2 in F

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vle

Messa

Basso

hailed. This pro-phet sent by the one he reads from the air, I un-der-stand your de-spairs. This cru-el se-ler of wood leaves a tale not un-de-

Demon's  
'chaos

Kee, I see like a God your de-spairs.

Kee, I see... like a God... your de-spairs.

Ob *p* *f*

Fag *p* *f*

Cor. 1 in D *p*

Cor. 2 in F *p*

Vni I *p* *fp* *marc.* *f*

Vni II *p* *fp* *marc.* *f*

Vla *p* *fp* *marc.* *f*

Meds stood But like chill in the

Adam Do not tell me what I know; mor-nig light is soon to show.

Bass *p* *fp* *marc.* *f*

25

Ob *p* *f*

Fag

Cor. 1 in D *f*

Cor. 2 in F *p* *f*

Vni I *p* *f*

Vni II *p* *f* *p*

Vla *p* *f* *p*

Meds rain, I can't re-leave you, you pain, I can't... Be- sides... I'd is- ther boun in my pot this too - sen this can pen-ter!

Bass *p* *f*

11





65

Oboe

Clarinet in D

Clarinet in F

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Bass

Demons' chorus

Bats and vi-pers, vi-pers and bats which shall be de- ployed with

Bats and vi-pers, vi-pers and bats which shall be de- ployed with

70

75

Oboe

Clarinet in D

Clarinet in F

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

Bass

Demons' chorus

Adam

that have you de- stroyed, that have you des- troyed! You foul crea- ture of the night.

pow- ers o - ver you pow- ers o - ver you

pow- ers o - ver you that have you that have you de- stroyed!

80 85

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in D

Cor. 2 in F

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Messa

Adam

Bass

Dear A-da-mu, I see, it is as ex-plain-able do you not find it but?

tell me the word or leave my sight!

Vc.

90 95

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in D

Cor. 2 in F

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Messa

Bass

move what this car-pen-ter has done? Climbed in wood be-fore the i-dol was struck, and you de-main-ded his

Ob

$\equiv$ [illegible]

**115** Grave (♩ = 52)

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor 1 and 2

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Mezzo-soprano

Bass

You shall know your fate, but you must first agree. On re-turn of the hour, he'll have no power o-ver

**120**

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor 1 and 2

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Mezzo-soprano

Bass

me. To miss my place, re-turned, next to the throne, or I shall not tell you, or I shall not tell you this word... he has

**125**

Oboe

Bassoon

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Mezzo-soprano

Adagio

Bass

sorrow! My God, she does not know, she cannot see, as I be-lieved so.



130 Presto (♩ = 110)

135

Fl *f*

Ob *f*

Fag *f*

Coc 1, 2 in D *f*

Timp d, A *f*

Vni I *f*

Vni II *f*

Vla *f*

Medea

Adam *f* Leave me, leave me, leave this place! No, no, no, get i out here

Bass *f*

Now

140

Fl *mf*

Ob *mf*

Fag *mf*

Coc 1, 2 in D *f*

Timp d, A *f*

Vni I *p*

Vni II *p*

Vla *p*

Medea *f*

Adam *f*

Demon/chor *f* I see at the base, the base of the cliff you're hai - len as one

Bass *p*

Foul

III

193

165 170

Fl.

Ob.

Fag.

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla.

Medea

Adam

Demon's  
chor.

Bass

You struck the god de-mun-ded her son.

hold!

No!

No!

No!

No!

You struck the god de-mun-ded her

You struck the god de-mun-ded her

*f* *mod.*

175

Fl.

Ob.

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2  
in D

Temp.  
d. A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla.

Medea

Adam

Demon's  
chor.

Bass

At the base of the cliff you have fal- - len as one.

No! you can not have my soul re-lease re-lease me your hold!

soo-

soo-

*f*



180

185

Fl

Ob

Fag

Coc 1, 2 in D

Timp. d, A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

Adamu

You have seen you have seen the heart you have seen

Bass

190

Andante (♩ = 46)

195

Fl

Ob

Fag

Coc 1, 2 in D

Timp. d, A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

Medea

A soul No, A - da - na, I see you just as your wife's death came

Adamu

you have seen but a soul

Bass



Adagio in quattro (♩ = 46)

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cori 1, 2 in D

Trombone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Medea

Bass

true. My fate is now clear. just as the o-ther I

200

205

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cori 1, 2 in D

Trombone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Medea

Bass

knew. I saw you as you now are, full

To Cori 1, 2 in Bb alto

Medea

You are no more!

King Adami

(King Adami drops to the floor) ■









# ACT 2 — FINALE



## SCENE SETUP

*The parlor is cold and blue, and the prophecy is unlit. Through the windows, the horizon is beginning to show signs of mornings first light.*

SCENE — THE KING'S FACE IS BURIED BETWEEN HIS OUTSTRETCHED ARMS AS HE REMAINS PROSTRATE TO THE WORDS ON THE WALL AND THE COLD THAT HAS ENTERED THE ROOM.

# FINALE



---

King Adami

*(the king lies on the blueish lit cold floor as light begins to glow by the door and you see Mary step in with the child in the basket, now cradled in her arms. it takes a moment for the king to realize she is standing there, but once he does, he begins the slow process of pulling himself from the floor and rising to his knees to meet his guest. no servant is present)*

*(weakly spoken)* You have brought the child?

Mary

As bid, Sire. *(she holds the basket with her child and slowly walks to where the king is and hands the basket to him)* ...in exchange.

King Adami

*(King Adami peers into the basket)*

Mary

*(she steps back, leaving the basket in the king's hands)*

King Adami

And your father? Did he not choose to take the boy's place?



Mary

I bring word that he has found a better place...  
and that he will no longer be able to tend to your  
soldier's needs. *(she does not cry or drop her  
head in memory. her eyes remain on the king's  
shadowed face)*

King Adami

I am sorry to hear such a thing, as would be  
my son. *(climbs to his feet and falters in  
step, re-securing his tenuous position upright)*  
I now believe he would never have blamed his  
misfortune upon another. Please accept my  
apology. *(he studies the baby in the basket)*

When we first met, you said his name. Adi.

*(Lifts the basket from the floor and then looks at  
Mary)* I was wrong. It is not short for Adami, but  
Adonai, *Your* king. *(looks back into the basket)*

It is like staring into one's own mind when simple  
words and pure thoughts still held our attention.  
How I wish they were all I knew right now, those  
simple thoughts of a child.

Mary

*(Mary does not appear frightened by the king's ghostly appearance or his quivering grasp upon her child)* If that were the case, Sire, you would never understand your fortune.

King Adami

*(steps to the center of the room and sets the basket with the child on the seat of his throne)* May I ask you a question?

Mary

*(places her hands in front of herself and holds them together)* At your request, Sire.

King Adami

A carpenter gave me a gift last night for which he demanded no payment, nor word of thanks. *(as he speaks and steps around the room, he touches a carved knotted branch set against the wall)* But it was a trick, concealing a riddle that my counsel could not decipher, and yet I am sure to know its wrath in a moment. *(weakly, his hand points toward the dim light that now presents itself at the edge of the front garden, through the window)* Can you tell me what they were unable?

Mary

(beat) Beauty can be deceptive when attached to  
an ultimatum (she strolls the length of the  
room. her pure white dress bobs with each step,  
though she remains in gentle stride)  
Tell me this riddle, Sire?

King Adami

(lost in the light that now brightens through  
the window and across the frozen palisade on the  
far side of the garden he begins)

Fall on your knees  
and hear the angels sing  
This night is divine  
even for those  
that have forgotten him  
For mercy will be shown  
not as granted

(stops again as he stares out the window,  
watching the sunrise)

Mary

Please continue, Sire  
(continuing to walk around the room)

King Adami

Under a star, the Child was born  
and you believed it to be true  
For this, you were blessed with kingdom  
But this night, you looked into her face  
...and struck him down  
For this you will be...

Mary

*(Mary steps in between the king and the window, shielding him from the morning light)*  
What does it say to you, Sire?

King Adami

What I have done cannot be willed away  
I struck him down and now I shall pay

Mary

The words are of life  
...are of love  
You are free

King Adami

I don't think so

Mary

There is no riddle  
It is of hope. You are a lucky man  
*(Mary circles back to the main door)*



King Adami

Hope? You speak words that I never thought I would  
hear again, but I hear no hope in them

Mary

Then surely your priests  
have taught you nothing  
You were pardoned, Sire.

King Adami

If it were only that simple—

*(suddenly the door behind Mary creaks. startled,  
the king steps backward as he shouts)*

—Present yourself, Demon!

Behind the door!

Show yourself to me!

...Take me!

Child

*(the door creaks again, but no ghost confers.  
from the edge of the thin panel, the tiny  
wet eyes of the king's granddaughter cautiously  
peeks out. her tender features float above a  
clean white sleeping garment, lined with  
colorful lace flowers. she runs and throws*

---

*herself into her grandfather's arms, shielding her doll so it is not crushed further)*

They told me that papa is not coming home?

*(tears and sorrow's wail mix to form a serum for agony, and yet the king does not succumb)*

King Adami

No, he is not. But you must understand, your father was needed ahead, to care for grandmother. *(she does not respond immediately in word, but her sobbing softens and she appears to consider the words)* And he has requested that I now care for you. *(he wipes her tears and places her head on his shoulder)*

*(looks up at the woman)* You have come a long way; you must be hungry. "Bazzo!" *(his voice rises to address his servant but the servant does not respond or enter)* My messenger will take you to the kitchen and give you whatever you desire. Please return and take your son home with you when you are finished... with my apologies. *(again, he calls his servant but still no response)* "Bazzo."

---

Mary I will find my way, Sire. *(turns to leave)*

Child *(the little girl lifts her head and looks toward the woman)* I saw you in my dreams. Are you my father's angel? You look like an angel.

Mary *(smiles)* My father used to say I was his.

Child My father used to tell me that I was his, but I have forgotten how it feels to hear him say it.

Mary It is like warmth against cold, as your grandfather will attest. It is more sweet than honey. And when you hear those words, you know you are home. *(the little girl turns and places her head in her grandfather's chest)* Wouldn't you agree, Sire?

King Adami Yes.

Mary And may I ask where you got such a beautiful doll? *(King Adami looks down into the little*

---

---

*girl's hand as Mary turns and walks out, her arm hanging by her side as if leading a child by the hand)*

King Adami

Yes, where did you get such a beautiful doll?

Child

I found it on the table over by the window.  
The carpenter left it for me.

King Adami

Where? *(king Adami looks over to where the words stopped)*

Child

By the window, and see, she was holding a basket with a baby in it... like the one that lady left on your chair.

King Adami

*(carefully, he sets the little girl down and lifts the doll and basket from her hands)*  
Where did you find it?

Child

Over here. *(she runs over to the table and points at the table top)* By the window. I remember because the carpenter set the little



---

wooden basket in her arms and said "For this,  
you will be ..." and smiled. (*smiles*)

King Adami

*(King Adami examines the basket again - beat -  
and then slowly turns it over ...and stumbles  
back before he drops to his knees and his arms  
and hands fall to his sides, and his head  
drops forward)*

Child

*(the little girl runs up to the king, her  
grandfather, and lifts the basket from his  
hand as Bazzo enters the parlor)*

Bazzo

What is it, Sire? (*speaks from the door.*)

Child

*(the little girl looks at the bottom but  
cannot read the word and hands it to Bazzo as  
he approaches)*

Bazzo

*(he looks down and reads the word whittled  
into the bottom of the wooden basket)*  
"Forgiven." (*he glances around and smiles as  
he repeats...*) For this, you will be Forgiven.

---

---

*(he smiles)* That's a lot better than Schmood!

This is good news, Sire!

King Adami

*(The king looks up and stands as he lifts the child)* More than good, Bazzo! Bring me the woman. Bring our guest back to us!

Bazzo

*(Bazzo appears confused)* Guest, Sire?

King Adami

Yes. Bring our dear guest back, at once.

Bazzo

*(beat)* Medea has left, your highness?

King Adami

No! The blacksmith's daughter that just stepped out of the room! Mary.

Bazzo

I am sorry, Sire? No one left this room. I have been standing by the door all night, and no one has entered or left. *(Bazzo looks confused as he peers around the room and other staff start to enter and stand behind Bazzo)*

Child

*(runs over to the basket)* Look, grandpa? She

---

---

left her basket... *(she looks into the basket and sees that it is empty, ...except for a note)*

**Bazzo** *(stepping over to the basket, he looks inside.)*  
There is a note. *(takes it from the child)*

**King Adami** What does it say?

**Bazzo** *(Bazzo looks at the audience as if not sure if he should be the one to read it.)* It says! *(stops and looks back up uncomfortably as if returning to the moment he read the word "shmood.")*  
It says, "Celebrate."

**King Adami** *(The king stands and looks around and then peers down upon his hands. the rest of the "staff" enter)*

**Child** Grandpa, is everything all right?

**King Adami** *(king Adami looks down on her.)* Yes, my dear.  
Everything is... *(Looks from face to face until he ends on Bazzo.)* Bazzo, take word to the town that there is to be a gathering at the cathedral when

---

the sun is high. It is to be attended  
by all, young and old.

**Bazzo**

*(hesitantly, Bazzo steps back and looks at  
the little girl and then at the king with a  
worried look on his face)*

**King Adami**

What is it, Bazzo?

**Bazzo**

*(beat)* Is it to be a hanging?

**King Adami**

*(his heart flutters as he stoops and picks up  
his granddaughter and looks into her eyes and  
then toward Bazzo)*

No Bazzo,

it is

to be

a celebration!

**Melologue Ia**

Tempo ad lib.

Viol I *pp* *mp* *attaca*

Viol II *pp* *mp*

Mary Beauty can be deceptive when attached to an ultimatum. What does it say to you, Sir?

Adami A carpenter gave me a gift last night for which he demanded no payment, not words of thanks. But it was a trick, concealing a riddle that my council could not decipher, and yet I'm sure to know its wrath in a moment. Can you tell me what they were unable to?



## Melologue II

Andante non mosso (♩ = 52)

10

Cl in B♭

Fag.

Adamo

Vc. only

Basso

1. Fall on your knees... 2. For mercy'll be shown.

1. and hear the angels sing 2. nor as granted...

1. this night is divine (even) for those that have forgotten him... 2. under a star the child was born and you believed a true

15

20

25

Cl in B♭

Fag.

Vni I

Vni II

Mary

Adamo

Basso

For that you were blessed with kingdom... but this night you looked into her face.

and struck him down.

for this you will be...

pp

pp

ff

p

## Melologue Ib

Tempo ad lib.

30

Vni I

Vni II

Mary

Adamo

What does it say to you, Sister?

The words are of life, are of love. You are free!

There is no riddle, it is of hope, you are a lucky man!

What I've done cannot be willed away. I struck him down and now I shall pay.

I don't think so!

Hope? You speak words that I never thought I would hear again, but I hear no hope in them.

poco stringendo

ff

ff

Mary

Adamo

Then surely your priests have taught you nothing. You were pardoned, Sister!

(The hired female moves)

If it were only that simple

Present yourself, demon! Behind the door! Show yourself to me!

Take me!

Choir (all)

Tonight

Tonight

The towns of the land

will take in their hand

the King bestowed

FINALE

Tonight is the night,  
Tonight we shall raise  
our cups to the King,  
and the God that we know

The candies  
The blessings  
...for the young and the old

The cider  
The wheat  
...and most certainly the gold

Tonight is the night  
Tonight we shall sing  
the praise of his glory  
to the God of our King.

**Finale**  
**Chorus**

**Allegro (♩ = 150)**

5 10

Ob.

Corn 1, 2  
in B♭ alto

Timp.  
in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Bass

*f*

15 20

Ob

Cor. 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S  
To - night, to - night the towns of the land will take in their hand the King be - stowed, will take in their hand the

A  
To - night, to - night the towns of the land will take in their hand the King be - stowed, will take in their hand the

T  
To - night, to - night the towns of the land will take in their hand the King be - stowed,

B  
To - night, to - night the towns of the land will take in their hand the King be - stowed,

Bass

25 30

Ob

Cor. 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S  
King be - stowed, will take in their hand the King be - stowed To - night in the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the

A  
King be - stowed, will take in their hand the King be - stowed To - night in the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the

T  
To - night in the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the

B  
To - night in the night, to - night we shall raise our cups to the

Bass

35 40 45

Ob

Cox 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

S  
King, and the God... we know, our cups to the King and the God... we know, our cups to the King and the God... we know.

A  
King, and the God... we know, our cups to the King and the God... we know, our cups to the King and the God... we know.

T  
King, and the God... we know,

B  
King, and the God... we know,

Bass

==

50 55

Ob

Cox 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

S  
for the young and the old!

A  
for the young and the old!

T  
The can dies, the bles-sings, for the young and the old! The ci-der, the wheat!

B  
The can dies, the bles-sings, for the young and the old! The ci-der, the wheat!

Bass



60 65

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

S.  
And most cer-tain-ly the gold, and most cer-tain-ly the gold! For the young and the old!

A.  
And most cer-tain-ly the gold, and most cer-tain-ly the gold! For the young and the old!

T.  
And most cer-tain-ly the gold, and most cer-tain-ly the gold! For the young and the old!

B.  
And most cer-tain-ly the gold, and most cer-tain-ly the gold! For the young and the old!

Bass

70 75

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

S.  
To - night is the night, to - night we shall sing the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King, the praise of his glo - ry to the

A.  
To - night is the night, to - night we shall sing the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King, the praise of his glo - ry to the

T.  
To - night is the night, to - night we shall sing the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King!

B.  
To - night is the night, to - night we shall sing the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King!

Bass

80 85

Oboe

Corn 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timpani  
in Bb, F

Vin I

Vin II

Vln

Soprano  
God of our King, the praise of his glo-ry to the God of our King To - night we shall sing To - night is the night, to -

Alto  
God of our King, the praise of his glo-ry to the God of our King To - night we shall sing To - night is the night, to -

Tenore  
To - night, to - night, to - night, to - night To - night is the

Basso  
To - night, to - night, to - night, to - night To - night is the

Basso

==

90 95

Oboe

Corn 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timpani  
in Bb, F

Vin I

Vin II

Vln

Soprano  
night we shall sing the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King, to the God of our

Alto  
night we shall sing the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King, to the God of our

Tenore  
night, to - night the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King

Basso  
night, to - night the praise of his glo - ry to the God of our King

Basso

100 105

Ov

Cox. 1, 2  
in Bb alto

Timp.  
in Bb, F

To Corni 1, 2 in C

To Tambourine

Vni I

Vni II

Vle

S  
King, to the God of our King

A  
King, to the God of our King

T  
of our King to the God of our King

B  
of our King to the God of our King

Bass

GAVOTTE

Andante (♩ = 60)

Gavotte

5

Fag

Vni I

Vni II

Vle

Bass

==

10 15

Fag

Vni I

Vni II

Vle

Bass



**Passepiéd**

Allegretto ( $\text{♩} = 56$ )

5 10 15

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

Bassi

*f* *p* *f* *f* *p* *f*

**Two Musettes with Tambourin**

Allegro ( $\text{♩} = 120$ )

I 5

Oboe

Tamb.

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

Bassi

10 15 Fine

Oboe

Tamb.

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

Bassi

**II**

5

Fl.

Tamb.

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vla

Bassi

*tr*



**Bridge**

# VAUDEVILLE

Mary/Bazzo/  
Carpenter

Light the candles

Light the lanterns

Filled with glory and clear is this night

So clear at last

Choir

Filled with glory and clear is this night

So clear at last

Carpenter

I have carved, and I have whittled

I've said what I've said



But remember the message

You never know who will be next

Mary/Bazzo/  
Carpenter

Light the candles

Light the lanterns

Filled with glory and clear is this night

So clear at last

Choir

Filled with glory and clear is this night

So clear at last

Bazzo

Now look on the bright side

There's drinks

There's food

Our king is safe

He is safe

...and forgotten about shmood

Choir

The King has returned

Returned to his fold

And forgotten about schmood

Mary

'Tis all about love

and all about joy

Lift up your hearts

Lift them high

Mary/Bazzo/  
Carpenter

Light the candles

Light the lanterns

Filled with glory and clear is this night

So clear at last

Choir

Filled with glory and clear is this night

So clear at last.

### Vaudeville

Andantino (♩ = 144)

5 10 15

Ob.

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2  
in C

Vln I

Vln II

Vlc.

Mary

Bazzo

Blacksmith

Choir

Bass

Light the can-dles, light the lan-terns! Filled with glo-ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!

Light the can-dles, light the lan-terns! Filled with glo-ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!

Light the can-dles, light the lan-terns! Filled with glo-ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!

Filled with glo-ry and

Filled with glo-ry and





50 55 60

Ob

Fag

Cox 1, 2  
in C

Tomp  
in C, G

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Bazoo

Chorus

Bass

Now look on this bright side, there's drink, there's food, our King is safe, he is safe  
night, so clear, at last! The King's re- turned, re- turned to his fold The King's re-  
night, so clear, at last! The King's re-

65 70

Ob

Fag

Cox 1, 2  
in C

Tomp  
in C, G

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Mary

Bazoo

Chorus

Bass

It's all a-bout love and all a-bout  
and for- got-ten a-bout slumood.  
turned, re- turned to his fold and for- got-ten a-bout slumood.  
turned, re- turned to his fold and for- got-ten a-bout slumood.

75 80 85

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cox. 1, 2  
in C

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Mary

Basso

Blacksmith

Bass

joy, lift up your hearts, lift them high! Light the can - dles, light the lan - terns! Filled with  
Light the can - dles, light the lan - terns! Filled with  
Light the can - dles, light the lan - terns! Filled with

90 95 100

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cox. 1, 2  
in C

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Mary

Basso

Blacksmith

Choir

Bass

glo - ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!  
glo - ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!  
glo - ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!  
Filled with glo - ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!  
Filled with glo - ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!



Choir

Celebrate in celebration

He has returned

He reigneth

He is King

Fallen, he has risen

and arisen he has returned

Celebrate in celebration

He has returned, and he shall reign

All hail our King

Our King is King.



# Chorus

Allegro (♩ = 144)

5 10

Ob *mf* *f* *p*

Cor 1, 2 *mf* *f* *p*

Vln I *mf* *f* *p*

Vln II *mf* *f* *p*

Vla *mf* *f* *p*

S

A

T

B

Bass *mf* *f* *p*

Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! He's re - turned,

Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! He's re - turned,

Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! He's re - turned,

Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! He's re - turned,

15 20 25

Ob

Cor 1, 2

Vln I *p*

Vln II *p*

Vla *p*

S

A

T

B

Bass *p*

he re - turned, he is King! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion!

he re - turned, he is King! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion!

ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Fal - len, fal - len, he has ri - sen and a - ri - sen. He's re -

ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Fal - len, fal - len, he has ri - sen and a - ri - sen. He's re -



30 35 40

Oboe *p* *f*

Cor 1, 2 in C *f*

Vn I *f*

Vn II *f*

Vla *mar.* *f*

S

A

T turned, and a ri sen, he's re turned

B turned, and a ri sen, he's re turned

Bass *mar.* *f*

Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le -  
 Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le -  
 Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le -  
 Ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le -

45 50 55 <sup>a2</sup>

Oboe *p*

Cor 1, 2 in C *p*

Timp. in C, G

Vn I *p*

Vn II *p*

Vla *p*

S

A

T

B

Bass

brate in ce - le - bra - tion! He's re - turned, he reig - neth, he is King! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate!  
 brate in ce - le - bra - tion! He's re - turned, he reig - neth, he is King! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate!  
 brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate!  
 brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion! Ce - le - brate!

*p* *p*

60 65 70

Ob

Cox 1, 2  
in C

Timp.  
in c, G

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

S  
Ce-le-brate! Ce-le-brate! He's re-turned! Ce-le-brate in ce-le-bra-tion! For he has re-turned, and

A  
Ce-le-brate! Ce-le-brate! He's re-turned! Ce-le-brate in ce-le-bra-tion! For he has re-turned, and

T  
Ce-le-brate! Ce-le-brate! He's re-turned! Ce-le-brate in ce-le-bra-tion! For he has re-turned, and

B  
Ce-le-brate! Ce-le-brate! He's re-turned! Ce-le-brate in ce-le-bra-tion! For he has re-turned, and

Bass

==

75 80

Ob

Cox 1, 2  
in C

Timp.  
in c, G

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

S  
he shall reign! For he has re-turned, and he shall reign! All hail our King, our King is King!

A  
he shall reign! For he has re-turned, and he shall reign! All hail our King, our King is King!

T  
he shall reign! For he has re-turned, and he shall reign! All hail our King, our King is King!

B  
he shall reign! For he has re-turned, and he shall reign! All hail our King, our King is King!

Bass



Timor

*(Timor slinks across stage, turns of the tape recorder, as all of the lights on the stage except on him suddenly go black, and the stage goes silent, looks at the audience understanding that he has lost his appeal and wanders off stage as a rumbling growl rises from behind, and the timpani ends with a bang)*

THE END







---

THANK YOU  
FOR YOUR TIME.

THANK



ENJOY THE SHOW!

YOU!



THANK YOU!

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