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OVERVIEW

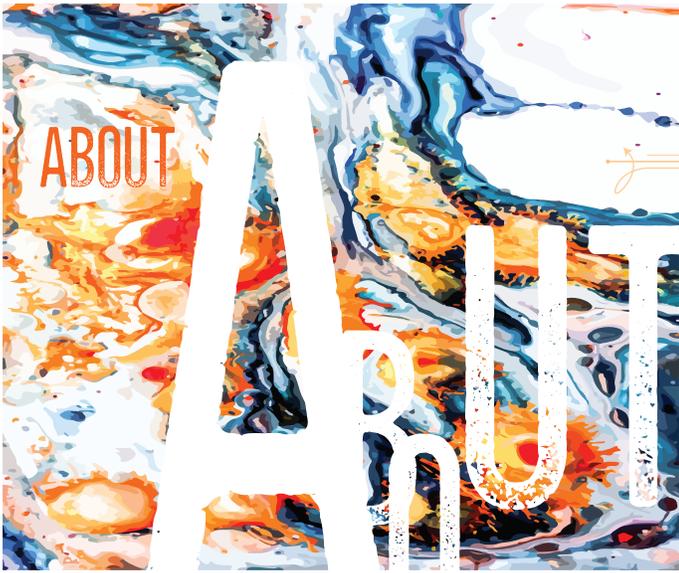
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OPERA

OPERA IN: 2 ACTS 10 SCENES

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ESTIMATED LENGTH: 1:49:37 PLUS INTERMISSION



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

Grounded in tradition, **U** blurs the dramatic lines between the new and the old, fantasy and reality, and theater.

A predominantly syllabic libretto by C. J. Bartels, **U**'s poetic prose and timeless story of good and evil pair seamlessly with the singspiel style 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,” **U** 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.



CAST



THROW (SOMETHING) FORCEFULLY IN A SPECIFIED DIRECTION.

Adami	Tenor
Bazzo (Messenger/Servant/Attendant)	Tenor
Carpenter (Ghost Prophet)	Bass Baritone
Mara (Blacksmith's Daughter)	Mezzo-Soprano
Bonhomie (Blacksmith)	Bass Baritone
Ranthial (Bishop)	Bass Baritone
Sorcerer of the Woods (Medea)	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)
- ^c Amicus (Military Captain)
- ^c Sagasi (Military Adjutant)
- ^c Mandolin (Mysterious Old Woman)
- ^c Blacksmith Apprentice
- ^c Chicane (Lord of Cunnings)
- ^c Zeal (Guest of the King)
- ^c Cerberus (Gate Keeper of the Infernal Regions)
- ^c Jurors (3) (In Audience at Beginning)

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



ORCHESTRATION

ŌRKə' 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.

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 ACTI: SCENE 1 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!"

ACTI: SCENE 2 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.

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, Mara 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 Mara 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...

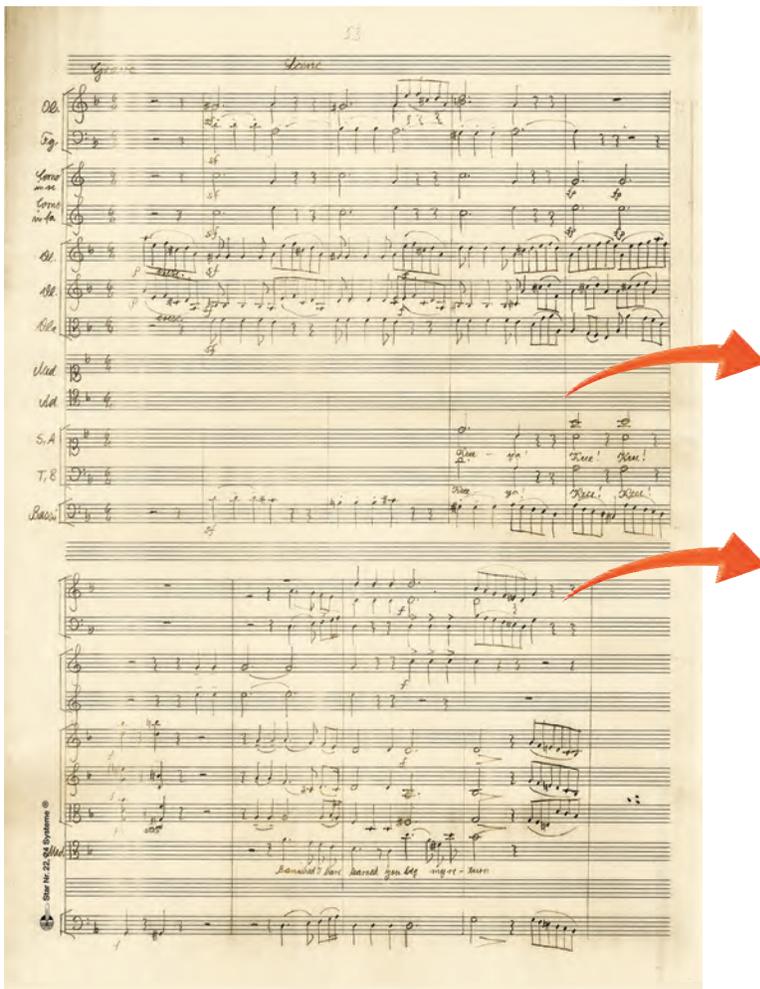
...AND THE REST IS YOURS TO DISCOVER...



skôr — A NOTCH OR LINE CUT OR SCRATCHED INTO A SURFACE SHOWING ALL THE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PARTS

ARRANGED

ONE BELOW THE OTHER.





Scene 71

Grave 5

AVAILABLE:
(CONDUCTOR SCORE)
(ORCHESTRA PARTS)

10



THE CREATORS

CREATORS

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

COMPOSER
JAN TEGMEYER



Born in Herford, Germany, Jan has written for multiple orchestras, including Klangvereinigung 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.*

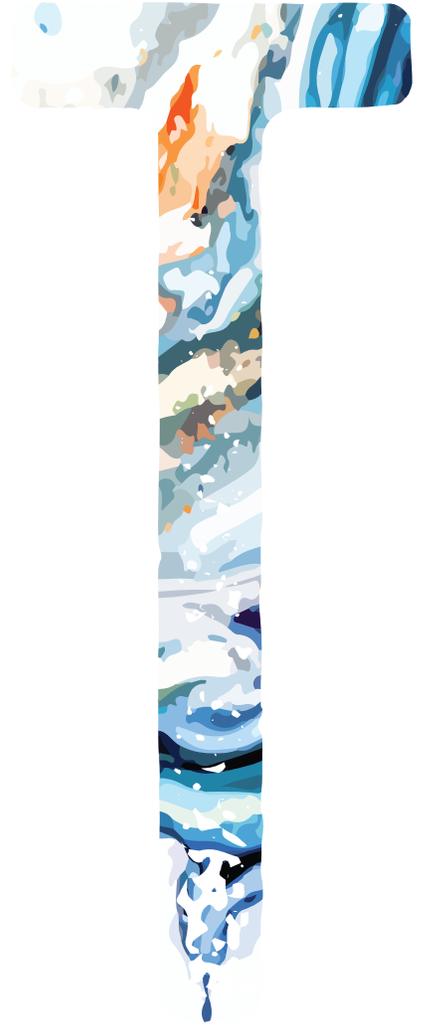
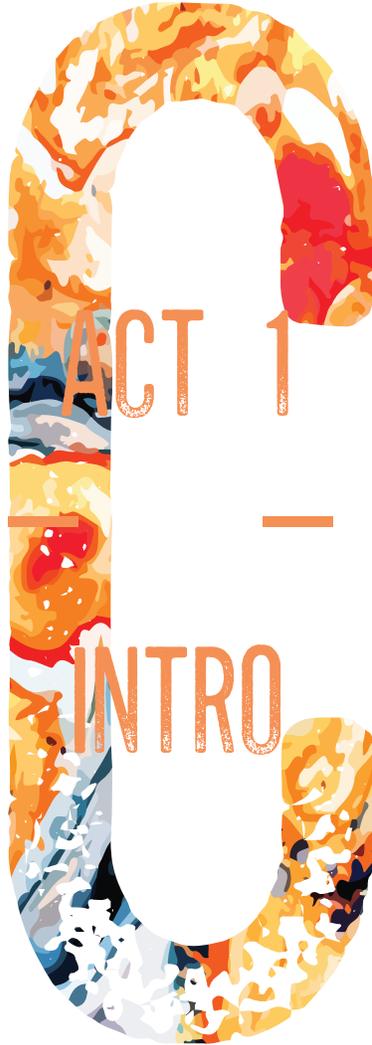
LIBRETTIST
CHRIS BARTELS



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. *Chris presently resides somewhere on a stream in the United States.*

JUDICUM

THE GREAT TRIAL THE BEAUTIFUL OPERA





“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!”

—TIMOR



SCENE SETUP

A low-level demon, has come forward to appeal a verdict past down hundreds of years earlier because Mephistopheles believes it has set an unacceptable precedent. Times have changes, so the demon decides to bring the case to "the people..." hoping they will see his side. To help his case, he plays a transcript of the original judgment-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 an appeal
for a very wicked man's soul.

He was released, even though
the facts will show the evil he did
more than four centuries ago.



...And for this, I appeal to you. 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? Let it rest, Timor
(Laughter from the placed audience)

Timor

Because through the dismissal of this sin a terrible precedent has been set.

By accepting this man's judgment, without appeal, I have acknowledged my enemy's most unfavorable gift! By accepting his verdict I allowed God – a true detriment to society – to pillage from my cohorts, demons so true, 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)*

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.

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!*

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!)

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)*

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!"

OVERTURE
SINFONIA

Sinfonia

Jan Tegtmeyer

Largo (♩ = 60)

5 10 15

Oboi

Fagotto

Corno 1 in F

Corno 2 in C

Timpani C, Bb

Violini I

Violini II

Viola

Bassi

f *p* *f* *mf*

20 Allegro moderato (♩ = 60) 25 30

Ob.

Fag.

Cor. 1 in F

Cor. 2 in C

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Bassi

p

35 40 45

Obi

Fag.

Cor. 1 in F

Cor. 2 in C

Timp.

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Bassi

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

Vc. tutti

50 55

Ob
Fag
Cor. 1 in F
Cor. 2 in C
Vni I
Vni II
Vcl
Bass

f

Detailed description: This system of musical notation covers measures 50 to 55. The instruments are Oboe, Bassoon, Cor. 1 in F, Cor. 2 in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. Measures 50 and 55 are marked with a box containing the measure number. The dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present at the beginning of measure 50 and continues through the system. The Oboe part features a melodic line with some slurs and accents. The Bassoon and string parts provide a rhythmic accompaniment.

60 65 70

Ob
Fag
Cor. 1 in F
Cor. 2 in C
Vni I
Vni II
Vcl
Bass

p *f*

Detailed description: This system of musical notation covers measures 60 to 70. The instruments are Oboe, Bassoon, Cor. 1 in F, Cor. 2 in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Bass. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. Measures 60, 65, and 70 are marked with a box containing the measure number. The dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are used throughout the system. The Oboe part has a melodic line with a *tr* (trill) marking in measure 62. The Bassoon and string parts continue with their rhythmic accompaniment.

75 80

Ob
Fag
Cor. 1 in F
Cor. 2 in C
Vni I
Vni II
Vcl
Bass

mp

Detailed description: This system of musical notation covers measures 75 to 80. The instruments are Oboe, Bassoon, Cor. 1 in F, Cor. 2 in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, and Bass. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4. Measures 75 and 80 are marked with a box containing the measure number. The dynamic marking *mp* (mezzo-piano) is used throughout the system. The Oboe part has a melodic line with a *tr* (trill) marking in measure 76. The Bassoon and string parts continue with their rhythmic accompaniment.

125 130 135

Oboe *p*

Bassoon *p*

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Bass



140 145 150

Oboe *tr*

Bassoon *tr*

Corn 1 in F *f*

Corn 2 in C *f*

Timpani *f*

Violin I *tr*

Violin II *tr*

Viola *f*

Bass *f*



155 160 165

Oboe *f*

Bassoon *f*

Corn 1 in F *f*

Corn 2 in C *f*

Timpani *f*

Violin I *f*

Violin II *f*

Viola *f*

Bass *f* *con Cb*

170 175

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

180 185

Oboe
Bassoon
Cor 1 in F
Cor 2 in C
Trombone
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
Bassoon
Cor. I in F
Cor. II in C
Tromp.
Vcl. I
Vcl. II
Vla.
Bass

p *f* *mf*

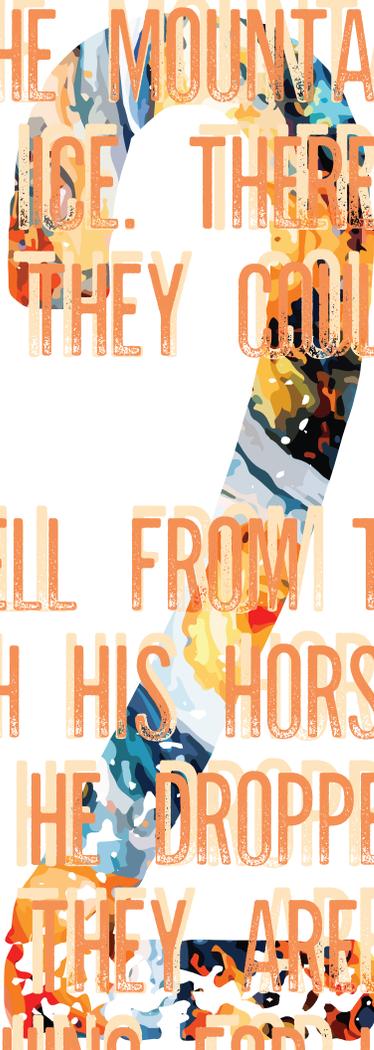
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215 220 225

Oboe
Bassoon
Cor. I in F
Cor. II in C
Tromp.
Vcl. I
Vcl. II
Vla.
Bass

p *mp cresc.* *mf*

To Come in G
To Come 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.



SCENE SETUP

In a chapel at the back of the cathedral, a messenger has just delivered word to the king that his son has died returning from battle.

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

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!



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

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

Adami

No!

Bazzo

An accident

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!

Adami

No, this cannot be!

Bring him to me

His nail caused this fate

His poor work is at fault

Bring him to me!

INTRODUCTION



ACT I
Introduction

Vivo con fuoco ($\text{♩} = 90$)

5

Flute
Oboe
Bassoon
Cor 1 in G
Cor 2 in E
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Adam
Bass

10

Flute
Oboe
Bassoon
Cor 1 in G
Cor 2 in E
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Adam
Bass

15

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. I in G

Cor. 2 in Eb

Viol. I

Viol. II

Viola

Bass

p *f*

==

20

Fl

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. I in G

Cor. 2 in Eb

Viol. I

Viol. II

Viola

Adagio

Bass

f

No! I say no. This can not be! My wife, now my

25 30

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Basso

Basso

son. No! This can - not be! My wife, now my son. No! This can - not be!

He was ri - ding from

35

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Basso

Basso

but - the When his horse threw a shoe When his horse threw a shoe The moun - tain pass was of ice, there was

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in C

Cor. 2 in Eb

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Adm

Bazo

Bass

p

p

divisi.

divisi.

divisi.

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

no - thing they could do

divisi.

==

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in C

Cor. 2 in Eb

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Bazo

Bass

p

p

p

p

p

p

p

p

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

Recit. 50

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in E \flat

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adagio

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

Vla

Adagio

Basso

Bassi

edge When it reared and he fell He fell by de-fault An ac-ti-deni

60

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adami

Bass

Bring me the man who is to blame!

==

65

70

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in G

Cor. 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adami

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 Eb

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

Adagio

Basso

Basso

No! No! This can not be!

Au ac - ri - dent! au ac - ri - dent!



75

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 in G

Cor 2 in Eb

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

Adagio

Basso

Basso

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

80

85

To Como in E♭

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

*(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)*

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

Cor. I, 2
in E

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

Bass

How could you do such a

15 20

Cl in Bb

Cor. I, 2
in E

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adam

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

Bass

25

Cl in B♭

Cor. 1, 2 in E♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamu

Basu

p *f* *tr*

rit. A boy that has al-ways fought for thee Not a son but a King, a boy that has al-ways fought for

30 35

Cl in B♭

Cor. 1, 2 in E♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamu

Basu

pp *decres.* *pp* *pp* *pp*

thee, that has al-ways fought for thee, that has al-ways fought for thee! How could you do such a thing? Did you not have the cour-age to

40 45

Cl in B♭

Cor. 1, 2 in E♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamu

Tuba

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

face me! Not, a son, but a King, but a King How would you? How could you? How would you? How...

50

To Cl. in A

To Corn in C

Cl. in Bb

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Baso

p *mf* *p* *pp*

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

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

Melologue

Vivace

5

Fl.

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Tromb.
B.

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vcl.

Adagio

Bass

pp *cresc. molto* *ff*

You are no more!

10

Fl.

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vcl.

Bass

mf *f*

Vivace

15

Fl.

Ob.

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vcl.

Adagio

Bass

p *pp*

You are no more! Do you hear me?

To Corni in D

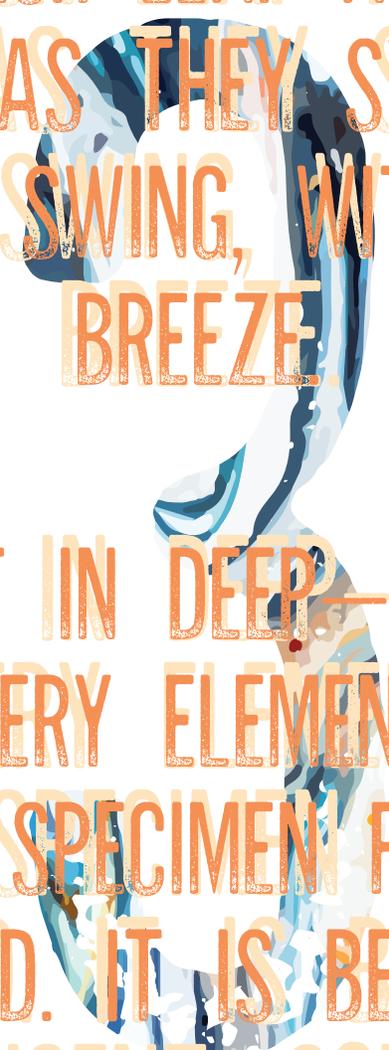
Adami

(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



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

SONG



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* *p* *sotto voce*

Violin II *f* *p* *sotto voce*

Viola *f* *p*

Carpenters

Bass *f* *p*

The woods are alive, with each leaf and each branch. As they sway and they swing, as they

10

Oboe *p*

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I *pp*

Violin II *pp*

Viola *pp*

Carpenters

Bass *pp*

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

15

Ob^{a2}

Cor. 1, 2
in D

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

Bass

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 -

20

25

Ob

Cor. 1, 2
in D

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

Bass

plete, it is fi-nished, pizz. it is fi-nished, it is fi-nished. No two si - guest the same. No par-ticu - lar car - ned ac -

pizz. arco

30

Ob

Cor. 1, 2
in D

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

Bass

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 - ried the blade In a

p

35

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Carpenter

Bass

much diff'rent way years ago, In a much diff'rent way years ago It is beau-ti-ful, map-nu-fi-cent, com-plete, it is fi-nished, it is

40

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Carpenter

Bass

beau-ti-ful, map-nu-fi-cent, com-plete, it is fi-nished, it is fi-nished, it is fi-nished. I

45

50

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

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

55

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Carpenter

Bass

e - ven I be - lieve in pho - tics. When the car - ve - ry real my thoughts for a time to re - turn and find the work's com - plete, to se -

60

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

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

To Corni in Bb alto

Oboe

Cor 1, 2 in D

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Carpenter

Bass

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



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 through the years has become 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

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

Chorus

Allegro (♩ = 150)

5 10

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2 in B♭ alto

Tromp. B♭

Viol. I

Viol. II

Viola

Soprano

Alto

Tenore

Basso

Bassoon

f *p*

15 20

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2 in B♭ alto

Tromp. B♭

Viol. I

Viol. II

Viola

Soprano

Alto

Tenore

Basso

Bassoon

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

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 -

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

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

f *p*

25 30

Ob

Cor 1, 2 in B♭ also

Timp. B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

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

peo - ple be - low - will take in his hand the peo - ple be - 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



35 40 45

Ob

Cor 1, 2 in B♭ also

Timp. B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

ri - ches be - stowed our cups to the King for the ri - ches be - stowed, our cups to the King for the ri - ches be - stowed.

ri - ches be - stowed our cups to the King for the ri - ches be - stowed, our cups to the King for the ri - ches be - stowed.

ri - ches be - stowed

ri - ches be - stowed

ri - ches be - stowed

50 55

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in B♭ 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

Cor. 1, 2 in B♭ alto

Trp. B♭

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.

Adanu

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass.

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

King

King

King

King

King

90 95

Ob *fp*

Cor 1, 2 in B♭ alto *fp*

Temp. B♭ *f*

Vni I *fp*

Vni II *fp*

Vla *fp*

Adamo
King and the death of the her... their wants and their needs con-fused as the same or more have I pa-tience there'll be no more of the

Basso *fp*

100 105

Ob *fp*

Cor 1, 2 in B♭ alto *fp*

Temp. B♭ *f*

Vni I *fp*

Vni II *fp*

Vla *fp*

Adamo
same no more have I pa-tience there'll be no more of the same No more have I

S
To-night is the night, to-night we shall sing the

A
To-night is the night, to-night we shall sing the

T
To-night is the night, to-night we shall sing the

B
To-night is the night, to-night we shall sing the

Basso *fp*

110 115

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in Bb alto

Timp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

pa - tience! There'll be no more! 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

Timp. Bb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adamo

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, to - night, so - night, so - night, so -

B

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

Bass

145 150

Ob

Cor 1, 2 in Bb alto

Timp B

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

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

f *p*

||

155 160

Ob

Cor 1, 2 in Bb alto

Timp B

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Bass

To Comi in Δ

f

(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.

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.

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.

Mara 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!

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 Mara to hear) You shall rue the day you spoke "no" to me!

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)*

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

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

Mara *(Mara'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.*

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.

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?



Mara

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)

Adami

I had a son

a beautiful son

from a woman so true

Mara

Please, Sire

Please, let me go to his care

He is alone

Please show him

your mercy-



Duet

Andante con moto (♩ = 144)

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

15 20

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Miscy

Bass

f *meno* *f*

soul, a beau-ti-ful soul, a beau-ti-ful soul, 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

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Miscy

Bass

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

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Miscy

Bass

meno *f* *meno* *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

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Adamu

Bass

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

Adamu

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

Vcllo

Adamo

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

Vcllo

Adamo

your lives in ques-tion, and mine is now dead. Where's the mer-cy, where's the mer-cy? I see no

Basso

70

Vni I

Vni II

Vcllo

Adamo

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

Vcllo

Adamo

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

Vcllo

Adamo

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

Basso

90 95

Vin I
Vin II
Vla
Adam
Bass

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

pp *ppp* *pp*

100 105

Vin I
Vin II
Vla
Adam
Bass

her and her son? Amicus (spoken): No one, Sir, not a one! Yes, your's lives, your's lives in—

f *p* *f* *p*

110 115

Vin I
Vin II
Vla
Adam
Bass

qua-let And mine, and mine's now dead... Where's the mer-cy, where's the mer-cy, where's the

p *p* *p*

120 125

Vin I
Vin II
Vla
Adam
Bass

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

pp *pp* *f*

130 135

Vni I *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

Vni II *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

Vcl *pp* *f* *p* *pp* *mf*

Mary *sotto voce* *mf*

Adam *mf*

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

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,

140 145

Vni I *p*

Vni II *p*

Vcl *p*

Mary *p*

Adam *p*

Bass *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.

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

150

Vni I *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vni II *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Vcl *pp* *p* *mp* *mf*

Mary *p*

Adam *p*

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

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

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

155

Vni I *f* *pp* *f*

Vni II *f* *pp* *f*

Vcl *f* *pp* *f*

Mary *f*

Adam *f*

Bass *f* *pp* *f*

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

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

Adami

–Mercy?

(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.”

Adami

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

Mara

Adi, Sire.

...After our 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.

Mara

(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.

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)

Mara

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

Cl in A
Fag
Cor 1, 2 in A
Vn I
Vn II
Vla
Mary
Basso

Leato (♩ = 80)

5 10

p

p

p con sord.
p con sord.
p

From your star look-ing down up-on me, You've

p

Cl in A
Fag
Cor 1, 2 in A
Vn I
Vn II
Vla
Mary
Basso

15 20

mf

f

mf

f

mf

f

left me a-void I now dis-a-void, I now dis-a-void Come to me! Take us home! You've left me a-

mf

f

Cl in A
Fag
Cor 1, 2 in A
Vn I
Vn II
Vla
Mary
Basso

25 30

p

p

p

p

would I now dis-a-void. Your friends de-ri-ck, your foei they laugh

p

35 40 45

Cl in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl.

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

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl.

Mary

Bass

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

60 65

Cl in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl.

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 *senza sord.*

Vnu II *senza sord.*

Vcl.

Mary

Bass

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

80 85

Cl. in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl.

Mary

Bass

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

90 95

Cl. in A

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl.

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

100 105

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vln I

Vln II

Vcl

Mxy

Bass

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

110

Lento (♩ = 80) Vivace (♩ = 80)

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vln I

Vln II

Vcl

Mxy

Bass

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

115 120

Cl in A

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in A

Vln I

Vln II

Vcl

Mxy

Bass

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

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in A

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vla.

Male

Bass

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

nut'i basid

To Cl. in Bb

To Corn in Bb

Mara

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

Show mercy, Please sire.... Please.

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)

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.

Mara

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)

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.

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—

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.

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



Crowd

(music begins...)

(FRONT ROWS)

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

Let us pass! Let us pass!

(FRONT ROWS)

It is our right

...to enter tonight!

CHORUS

Chorus

Andantino (♩ = 68) 5

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

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

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

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

to en - ter to -
con CB.

10 15 *ad lib.*

Vni I
Vni II
Vla
S
A
T
B
Bass

night! To en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to-night! Let us pass it is our right to
 night! To en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to-night! Let us pass, let us pass to
 night! To en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to-night! Let us pass, let us pass to
 night! To en-ter, to en-ter, to en-ter to-night! Let us pass it is our right to

20 25

Vni I
Vni II
Vla
S
A
T
B
Bass

en-ter, to en-ter to-night, to-night, to en-ter to en-ter to en-ter to en-ter to-night
 en-ter, to en-ter to-night, to-night, to en-ter to en-ter to en-ter to en-ter to-night
 en-ter, to en-ter to-night, to-night, Let us pass to-night!
 en-ter to-night, to-night! Let us pass to-night!

Ranthial

-Sire, 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.

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

CHORUS

Tonight is the night

tonight we shall raise

our cups to the king

for the riches bestowed

(ALL)

Tonight Tonight!

Allegro (♩ = 150) 5 10 15

Chorus

Ob

Cor. 1, 2
in B♭

Timp.
B

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

♫ A

T. B.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bass

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

The musical score is written for a full orchestra and vocal ensemble. It begins with the tempo marking 'Allegro (♩ = 150)'. The score includes parts for Oboe, Cor. 1 & 2 in B♭, Timp. B, Violin I & II, Viola, Saxophone A, Trombone, Trumpet, Bassoon, and Bass. The vocal parts are Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are: 'Tonight is the night / tonight we shall raise / our cups to the king / for the riches bestowed / Tonight Tonight!'. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 5, 10, 15, 20, and 25 marked. The dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is used throughout. The key signature has two flats (B♭ major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4.

30 35

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

mer - cy is all that we ask a might - 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



40 45 50

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

55 60

Oboe

Corn 1, 2 in Bb

Trumpet Bb

Vin I

Vin II

Viola

Soprano A

Tenor B

Soprano S

Alto A

Tenor T

Bass B

Bassoon

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

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

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

Viola

Soprano A

Tenor B

Soprano S

Alto A

Tenor T

Bass B

Bassoon

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*

75 80

Oboe

Cori 1, 2 in Bb

Timp. Bb

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

S.A.

T.B.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Bassu

take us in vain!

take us in vain!

nich - es be - stowed.

To - night!

(as the crowd dissipates Mara is left alone, on the ground, clutching her frozen dress)

Mara

I feel my heart pounding

My blood is astoundingly warm

on the back of my hand

Each breath is beleaguered

Each cry is as eager

...to rise and float me away

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

Mara

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

Mara

Who are you?

Did you not hear?

They want my boy!

My boy in trade for the heir!

MELOLOGUE

Melologue

Larghetto (♩ = 54)

5 10

The musical score is for the piece 'Melologue' in 2/4 time, marked 'Larghetto' with a tempo of 54 beats per minute. The score includes parts for Oboe (Ob.), Bassoon (Fag.), Violin I (Vln I), Violin II (Vln II), Viola (Vla.), Maracas (Mar.), Carpenters (Carpenteri), and Bass. The Oboe and Bassoon parts are mostly rests, with a final measure marked 'f'. The Violin I and II parts play a rhythmic melody, starting 'pp' and ending 'f'. The Viola part plays a similar rhythmic pattern, starting 'pp' and ending 'f'. The Maracas part has a vocal line: 'Macy (spoken): I feel my heart pounding'. The Carpenters part is mostly rests. The Bass part plays a rhythmic accompaniment, starting 'pp' and ending 'f'. The score is divided into two systems, with measures 5 and 10 marked.

15 20 25

Ob

Fag

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

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

Each breast is
beleaguered

Each eye is
as eager

f

30 35

Ob

Fag

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

1^o

to rise and fling
me away

Yet from this place
I hug deadly swarming
the sun to rise warmly

I feel a strange embrace

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

40

Ob

Vla

Carpenter

pp

pp

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

45 50

Larghetto ($\text{♩} = 54$)

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary

Bass

pp

pp

pp

What is happening? Your
voice courses my veins.

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

pp

55 60

Ob

Fag

Vcl I

Vcl 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

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Mary

Carpenter

Bass

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

Be gone, words of desire

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

pp



Ob

Fag

Vcl I

Vcl 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

Mara

(Mara stumbles backward and runs into the night) ■

AIR

W/ CHOR

Air with Choir

Andantino (♩ = 108)

5 10

Fl. *mf*

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

Vnu I *mf* *p*

Vnu II *mf* *p*

Vcl. *mf* *p*

Carpenter

Baru *mf* *p*

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

15

Fl.

Cox. 1, 2 in G *p*

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl.

Carpenter

Baru

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

20 25

Fl.

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

Vnu I *p* *f* *p*

Vnu II *p* *f* *p*

Vcl. *p* *f* *p*

Carpenter

S. *p* *mf* *p*

A. *p* *mf* *p*

T. *p* *mf* *p*

B. *p* *mf* *p*

Horn *p* *mf* *p*

poum-ding heart, need not fear! Rise up! Rise up! As re-quest-ed I'm here, as re-quest-ed I'm here, rise up bring the boy.

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

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

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

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

30 35

Fl

Cox 1, 2
as G

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

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

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

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

T
Rose up, bring the boy, as re-ques-ted, we're here. Now cast your eyes and you shall see

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

Baru

mf *p*

40

Fl

Cox 1, 2
as G

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vle

Carpenter

That will save but a son

S
Bring-ing words, hid-den words That will save but a son That will

A
Bring-ing words, hid-den words That will save but a son That will

T
Bring-ing words, hid-den words That will save but a son That will

B
Bring-ing words, hid-den words That will save but a son That will

Baru

pp *p*

45 50

Fl *p* *mf*

Cor. 1, 2
as G *p* *pp* *mf*

Vln I *mf*

Vln II *p* *mf*

Vla *p* *mf*

Carpenter

S. And it is beau-ti-ful, mag-ni-fi-cent, com-plete, and fi-nished, and it is beau-ti-ful. And they are
 save, that will save but a son. Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, pound-ding heart, need not fear.

A. save, that will save but a son. Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, pound-ding heart, need not fear.

T. save, that will save but a son. Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, pound-ding heart, need not fear.

B. save, that will save but a son. Oh Ma-ry, oh Ma-ry, pound-ding heart, need not fear.

Bass *f* *p* *mf*



55

Fl *p* *mf* *pp* *p*

Cor. 1, 2
as G *p* *mf* *pp* *p*

Vln I *p*

Vln II *p*

Vla *p*

Carpenter

S. beau-ti-ful. And they are beau-ti-ful, so beau-ti-ful and they are beau-ti-ful, mag-ni-fi-cent, so beau-ti-ful.
 need not fear. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear.

A. need not fear. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear.

T. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear.

B. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear. Oh pound-ding heart, it need not fear.

Bass *p*

p *mf* *pp* *p*

Corno 1 outa in Bb alto
Corno 2 outa in Bb





ENTRACTE

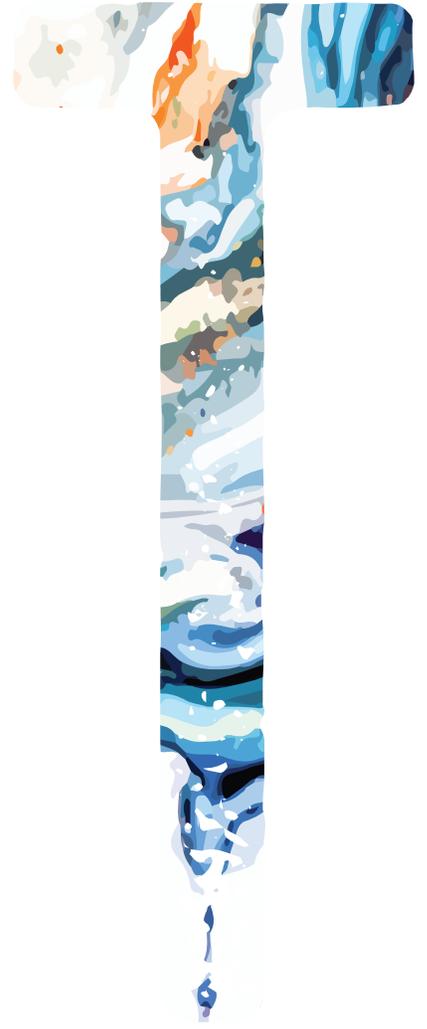
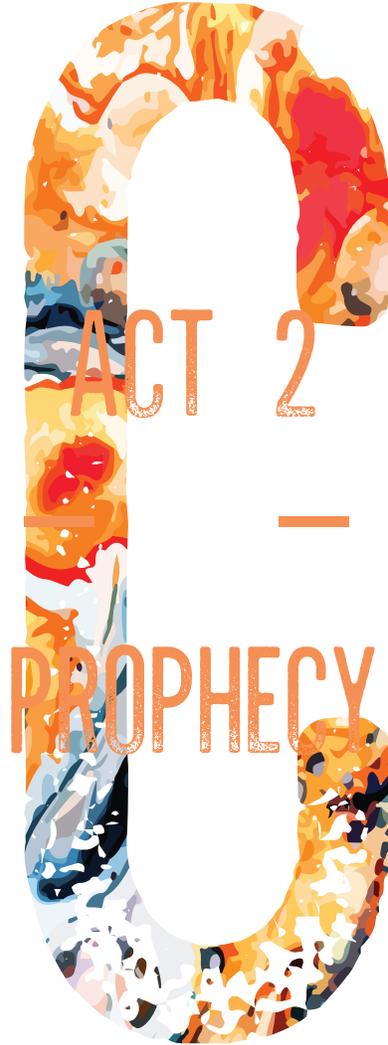
休憩時間

INTERVALLO

INTERMISSION

DESCANSO

PAUSE

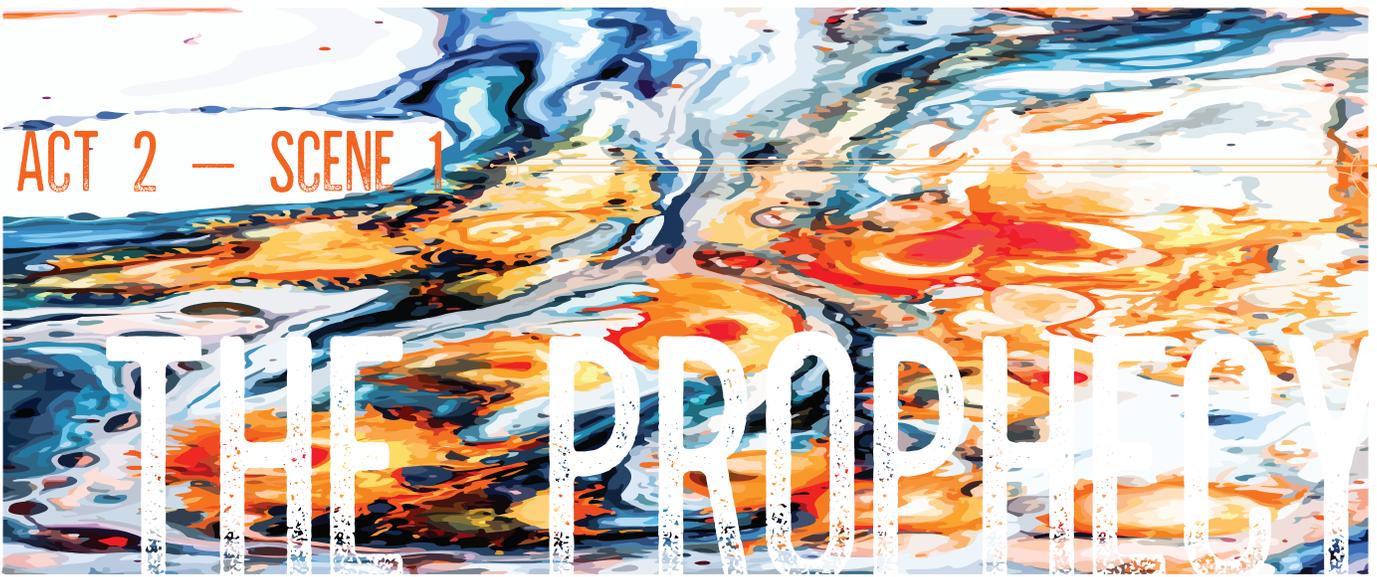




TO BE A CHILDD
LIKE THIS, A CHILDD SO PURE,
A CHILDD WITHOUT A CARE.

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

—ADAM



SCENE SETUP

Adami and his entourage step into the palace foyer to find his granddaughter playing on the stairs.

He considers how wonderful it would be to simply be a child with no cares.

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

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

5

Calmo (♩ = 98)

Cl. in B♭ *fp* *mf*

Cor. 1 in B♭ alto *p*

Cor. 2 in B♭ *p*

Vln I *p* *mf*

Vln II *p* *mf*

Vla *fp* *mf*

Adamo

Bassi *mf*

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♭ *mf*

Cor. 1 in B♭ alto *mf*

Cor. 2 in B♭ *mf*

Vln I *mf* *p* *mf*

Vln II *mf* *p* *mf*

Vla *mf* *p* *mf*

Adamo

Bassi *p* *mf*

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 rise to the wisps of the clouds where the sun warms your

20

25

Cl. in B♭ *pp* *f* *p*

Cor. 1 in B♭ alto *pp* *f* *p*

Cor. 2 in B♭ *pp* *f* *p*

Vln I *pp* *f* *p*

Vln II *pp* *f* *p*

Vla *pp* *f* *p*

Adamo

Bassi *pp* *f* *p*

face, where the sun warms your face. And rain be-gins us then 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

Vla.

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

f

40 45

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vla.

Adamu

Bassi

rules the land and sends sons of in- ——— fea- ——— 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

p

50 55

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vla.

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.

p *mf* *p*

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vcllo

Adamu

Bassi

for — No lon-ger find-ing new rhyme in all this time, as they en-ter lives' dark hold, — where you be-come a les-ser or King with a tan-nish, de-ser-ted

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vcllo

Adamu

Bassi

soul, — with a de-ter-mined soul To be a child like this, a child so

Cl. in B♭

Cor. 1 in B♭
alto

Cor. 2 in B♭

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Vcllo

Adamu

Bassi

pure, — a child so pure, is what all of us should wish for.

To Cornu in C

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

Bazzo “Yes, Sire.”

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.

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–

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?

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

Bazzo *(appears worried)* I do not know.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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—

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—

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.

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.

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)*

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.

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!

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-

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-

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

Cerberus That may be a fault!

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)

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*)

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*)

Adami -This is maddening. I must know what it means!

Bazzo Sire, I have found something.

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

Bazzo It says-

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 Schmoooooood."

You looked into her face

You struck him down

For this you will be Schmoooooood

That doesn't sound so bad

...it's probably not so good

Either way, it certainly fits the mooooood

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 W/ CHOIR

Air with Choir 5

The musical score is for 'Air with Choir' and is marked with a tempo of quarter note = 90. It features the following parts:

- Oboe:** Starts with a *p* dynamic.
- Clarinet in C:** Starts with a *p* dynamic.
- Violin I:** Starts with a *f* dynamic, then *p*.
- Violin II:** Starts with a *f* dynamic, then *p*, and includes a *triple* marking.
- Viola:** Starts with a *f* dynamic, then *p*.
- Bassoon:** Starts with a *f* dynamic, then *p*.
- Soprano (S):** Empty staff.
- Alto (A):** Empty staff.
- Tenor (T):** Empty staff.
- Bass (B):** Empty staff.
- Basso:** Starts with a *f* dynamic, then *p*.

70

Ob

Cor 1, 2 in C

Vai I

Vai II

Vle

Basso

S

A

T

B

Basso

place! 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-

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

75

Ob

Cor 1, 2 in C

Vai I

Vai II

Vle

Basso

S

A

T

B

Basso

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

long! Let us feast, come a-long!

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.

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.

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)

5

Ob

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in D

Temp. d, A

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Adm

Bass

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

10

15

Ob

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in D

Temp. d, A

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Adm

Bass

fools! Get out! Get a way, a way, a way, get a way from me you fools! I'm sus-tained by i shots, by je sters, by

Ob. *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Fag. *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Coc. 1, 2 in D *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Timp. d, s *ff*

Vcl. I *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Vcl. II *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

Vla. *ff* *f* *p* *fp*

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

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



Ob. *f*

Fag. *f*

Coc. 1, 2 in D *f*

Timp. d, s *f*

Vcl. I *f*

Vcl. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Adamo
way! Send for the bishop! He's from Rome. an like you, he'll

Bass *f*

Orch

Flg

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Timp d, A

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vcl

Adamu

Bass

p

know what it should say. He will know what it should say. I'm sur-round-ed by i-chor, by jes-ters, by moles.



Orch

Flg

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Timp d, A

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vcl

Adamu

Bass

ff

f

ff

f

ff

f

ff

f

ff

f

Get out, get out! Go, get a-way, go, get a-way from me (God)

45 50

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor 1, 2
in D

Trombones
1, 2, 3

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Adamo

Bass

fools, get a way from me you fools!

To Continue

Adamo

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





MUMM, WATCHH
Y YABBE DDGIN' ON! A NIGHTS
LIKE DDES, KEEP INSS YOURR
HHANDS UNCOVERRED
AND ALL??

YYOULL KETCH'AA
DEATH TO
YA.

—MANDOLIN

ACT 2 — SCENE 2

MANDOLINE

SCENE SETUP

Mara 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.

Mara *(Mara 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.

Mara

(Mara'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 fors 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 Mara'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.

Mara (slowly stops sobbing)

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

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

Mara 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

Mara 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

DIALOGUE

Mara

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

Mara

No!

He's gone mad

He wants your grandson

...in his sted.

Dialogue 5

Molto vivace (♩ = 108)

Oboe *f*

Bassoon *f*

Violin I *f* *p*

Violin II *f* *p*

Viola *f* *p*

Mary

Bishop

Bass

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

I've heard do not worry! A she

Oboe

Bassoon *tr*

Violin I *tr*

Violin II

Viola *tr*

Mary

Bishop

Bass

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

will not leave your side

Oboe

Bassoon

Violin I *f* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Violin II *f* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Viola *f* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

Mary

Bishop

Bass

King now blames you! No.

It was an ac - ci - dent, an aw - ful mis - hap! I will speak with the King, I will take up the case.

30

Ob.

Fag.

Vni I.

Vni II.

Vla.

Mary

Bass

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

Bassoon

Bass

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

Bassoon

Bass

No, he's gone here it, he's a God-fearing man. This is our home, this is our land.

Clv

Fag

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mary
mad. He wants you grand - son in his stead.

Bass

50

55

secco

secco

secco

secco

p

cresc

Bonhomie

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

Mara

(*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. (*Mara 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?

Mara (*Mara 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.

Mara 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.

Mara 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)*

Mara –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)*

Mara 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. ■

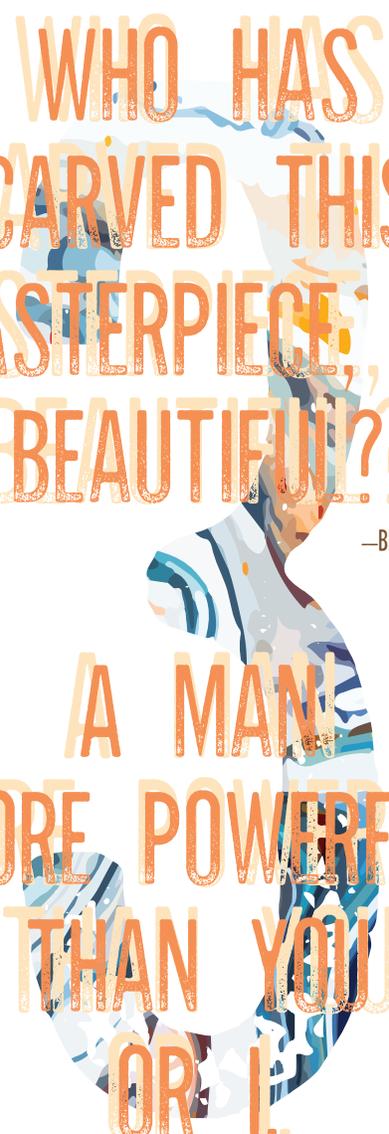
SCENE

ACT 2



SCENE 3





WHO HAS
CARVED THIS
MASTERPIECE, SOO
BEAUTIFUL??

—BISHOP

A MAN
MORE POWERFULL
THAN YOU
OR I.

—ADAM



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?

Adami

A man more powerful and capable
than you or I.



10

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamo

Bishop

Choir of Priests

Bass

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

and ca - pa ble than you or I

mas - ter piece so beau - ti - ful? Who's

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

Adamo

Bishop

Bass

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

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

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

mp *f* *decres.*

20

Ob

Cor. 1, 2 in D

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

Adamo

Choir of Priests

Bass

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

To Corni in E♭

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

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

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.

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.

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)*

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.

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?

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)*

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

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

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

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

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?

Adami

Damn you!
Tell me
the word—



DUETTO

Duetto

Maestoso (♩ = 132)

5

Cl in B♭, Fag, Cor. I, 2 in E♭, Viol I, Viol II, Vla, Adama, Carpenter, Bass

Dynamic markings: *f*, *p*

Measure 5 contains a first ending bracket.

10

Cl in B♭, Fag, Cor. I, 2 in E♭, Viol I, Viol II, Vla, Carpenter, Bass

Dynamic markings: *p*, *mf*, *f*, *ff*, *p*

Measure 10 contains a first ending bracket.

Lyrics: How I preached in you and still you ig

15 20

Cl in B♭, Fag, Cor. I, 2 in E♭, Viol I, Viol II, Vla, Adama, Carpenter, Bass

Dynamic markings: *f*, *ff*, *mf*, *f*, *p*

Measure 15 contains a first ending bracket.

Measure 20 contains a first ending bracket.

Lyrics: Stop this pre-side - ful
sure is Have you not learned a thing? Have you not learned a thing?

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cox 1, 2
in Eb

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Adamu

Bass

in-po-dence, here in earth I'm still your King! If I pos-sess the de-mon that will hang —

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cox 1, 2
in Eb

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Adamu

Bass

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

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cox 1, 2
in Eb

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Adamu

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 Bb

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Adamu

Carpenter

Bassu

trio? Are they true? (spoken aside) Then all I ask is a sin - gle word, a sin - gle

Yes, oh yes! God's words, they are so The King is vulnerable! Thus my chance

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

50

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Adamu

Bassu

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

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

55

Cl in Bb

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in Eb

Vni I

Vni II

Vcl

Adamu

Carpenter

Bassu

pro - veal You know God no more than I, you know God no more than I

You

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

60 65

Cl in Bb *p mhf*

Fag *p mhf*

Cor 1, 2 in Eb *p mhf*

Vrn I *f*

Vrn II *f*

Vln *f*

Carpenter

Bass

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

70

Cl in Bb *p omf.*

Fag *p omf.*

Cor 1, 2 in Eb *p omf.*

Vrn I *p omf.*

Vrn II *p omf.*

Vln *p omf.*

Adamu

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*

Fag *f*

Cor 1, 2 in Eb *f*

Vrn I *f*

Vrn II *f*

Vln *f*

Adamu

Carpenter

Bass

I'me 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

Corn 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Admn

Carpenter

Bass

that I've read and re-pon-ded to it it e-choes my quiv-ving 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

Corn 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Admn

Carpenter

Bass

mil-lions of sighs— Tell me! Tell me, tell me will I die? Tell me,

beg for your life to be spared

Cl in Bb

Fag

Corn 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Admn

Carpenter

Bass

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

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

100 105

Cl in Bb

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vcl.

Adam

Carpenter

Bass

p

fp *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp*

Damn you! Tell me the word! Damn you, damn you, tell me the word! Damn you,

I shall die and you shall die! Did you believe your-self a God? Did you believe your-self a God? Did you be-

fp *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp*

110

Cl in Bb

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vcl.

Adam

Carpenter

Bass

f *p* *f* *p*

damn you, tell me the word!

lieve your-self a God!

Cl in Bb

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2 in Eb

Vln I

Vln II

Vcl.

Bass

f *p* *f* *p*

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)

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.

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.

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

MONOLOGUE

And if you do not heed

these words that I seed

You shall be counted a sinner

indeed...

Monologue

Maestoso (♩ = 54)

5

Musical score for measures 1-10. The score includes parts for Clarinet in Bb, Bassoon, Cor. 1 in Eb, Cor. 2 in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Carpenter, and Bass. The Carpenter part has lyrics: "The child must be spared, thy son the right ful heir sprun kled with the wa ter that I give to". Dynamics include *p* and *fp*.

Musical score for measures 11-20. The score includes parts for Clarinet in Bb, Bassoon, Cor. 1 in Eb, Cor. 2 in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Carpenter, and Bass. The Carpenter part has lyrics: "thee and you A - da - ma, from this mo - ment say I, sup - plow and beg for give - ness from me! And". Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, and *p*. Measure numbers 10 and 15 are indicated.

Musical score for measures 21-30. The score includes parts for Clarinet in Bb, Bassoon, Cor. 1 in Eb, Cor. 2 in C, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Carpenter, and Bass. The Carpenter part has lyrics: "if you do not heed these words that I seed you shall be coun - ted, a sin - ner in - deed". Dynamics include *p*. Measure numbers 20 and 25 are indicated.

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

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)*

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

RESPONSE

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. 1 in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

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

10

15

Cl. in Bb

Fag.

Cor. 1 in Eb

Cor. 2 in C

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adam

Bass

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

40

Cl in Bb *fp*

Fag *fp*

Cor. 1 in Eb *fp*

Cor. 2 in C *fp*

Vni I *fp*

Vni II *fp*

Vla *fp*

Adama

Bass *fp*

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

45

50

Cl in Bb *f*

Fag *f*

Cor. 1 in Eb *f*

Cor. 2 in C *f*

Vni I *f*

Vni II *f*

Vla *f*

Adama

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.

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

Ranthial How dare you, Adami—

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.

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.

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)

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?

Adami (beat)

Bazzo Sire?

Adami Yes.

Bazzo Is there anything you require?

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—

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 OFF DEW
GLISTEN LIKE STARS,
BRIGHT AND
NEW

—MARA



SCENE SETUP

Mara 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.

Mara

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



SONG

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.

Andante non troppo (♩ = 82) 5

Violin I
 Violin II
 Viola
 Mary
 Bass

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

10 15 *tristesse* *Anda volta col canto*

Violin I
 Violin II
 Viola
 Mary
 Bass

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

20 25

Violin I
 Violin II
 Viola
 Mary
 Bass

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

30 35

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

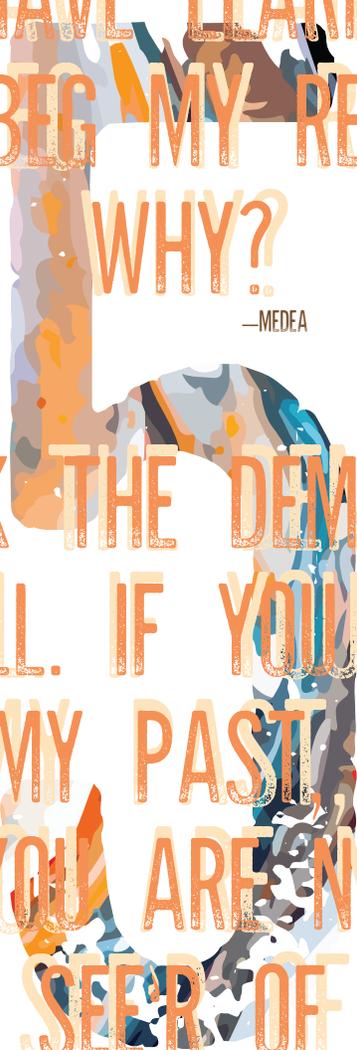
40 45

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

45 50

Mara

(Mara 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
SEER OF
ALL.

—ADAMI



SCENE SETUP

The king awaits Medea, sorceress 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.

SORCERER OF THE WOODS



Choir of Demons Keeee Keeee

Medea Banished I have learned
you beg my return

Choir of Demons Why?

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

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

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

Adami

So you assume this word holds my fate

revealing revenge for my hate

Choir of Demons

Keee

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adami No! You cannot have my soul
Release me your hold

Medea At the base of the cliff
you have fallen as one

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!



Scene

5

Grave (♩ = 52)

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. 1 in D

Cor. 2 in F

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Mezzo

Alto

Demons' chorus

Bass

Keel val Keel Keel

Keel val Keel Keel



10

Oboe

Bassoon

Cor. 1 in D

Cor. 2 in F

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Mezzo

Demons' chorus

Bass

Be-lished I have learned you beg— my ir-tu

Why? Why? Why? Why?

Why? Why? Why? Why?

1°

Ob *p* *f*

Fag *p* *f*

Cor. 1 in D *p*

Cor. 2 in F *p*

Vni I *p* *fp* *res.* *f*

Vni II *p* *fp* *res.* *f*

Vla *p* *fp* *res.* *f*

Meds *stood* *But like chill in the*

Adam *Do not tell me what I know, mor-ning light is soon to show.*

Bass *p* *fp* *res.* *f*

25

Ob *p* *f*

Fag *p* *f*

Cor. 1 in D *f*

Cor. 2 in F *p* *f*

Vni I *p* *f* *p*

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 in- ter-burn in my pot that loo- sen this cas-pen-ter!*

Bass *p* *f*

80 85

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1 in D

Cor. 2 in F

Vcl I

Vcl II

Vla

Mezzo

Adam

Bass

Deus A-da-mu, i see, it is as - if as you be - do you not find it but I

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

Mezzo

Bass

rise what this ca - pen ter has done? Clanged in wood be fore the i - dol was struck, and you the main - ted be

Cl.

100 105

Ob. *ff* *p*

Fag. *ff* *p*

Cor. 1 in D *ff*

Cor. 2 in F *ff*

Vln I *trac. molto ff* *p*

Vln II *trac. molto ff* *p*

Vla. *trac. molto ff* *p*

Modes

Adam *soal*
No, you can not have my soul. Re-lease me, you

Demonic choir
Clear your eyes and you shall see!

Bass *ff* *p*



110

Ob. *f* *p* *trac.* *f*

Fag. *f* *p* *trac.* *f*

Cor. 1 in D *trac.* *f*

Cor. 2 in F *trac.* *f*

Vln I *fp* *trac.* *f*

Vln II *fp* *trac.* *f*

Vla. *fp* *trac.* *f*

Modes

Adam vi-per, I de-mand you, re-lease you; hold!

Bass *fp* *trac.* *f*

115 Grave (♩ = 52)

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 an D

Cor 2 an F

Vai I

Vai II

Vla

Mezzo

Bass

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

120

Ob

Fag

Cor 1 an D

Cor 2 an F

Vai I

Vai II

Vla

Mezzo

Bass

me, I've misse my place, se-tuned, next to the throne, or I shall not tell you, or I shall not tell you this word... he has

125

Ob

Fag

Vai I

Vai II

Vla

Mezzo

Adagio

Bass

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

130 Presto (♩ = 110) 135

Fl *f* *f* *f*

Ob *f* *f* *f*

Fag *f* *f* *f*

Cor 1, 2 in D *f*

Timp d, A *f*

Vni I *f*

Vni II *f*

Vla *f*

Medea

Adamo *f*
 Leave me, leave me, leave this place! No, do not get in my house

Bass *f*

Now

140

Fl *mf* *f*

Ob *mf* *f*

Fag *mf* *f*

Cor 1, 2 in D *f*

Timp d, A *f*

Vni I *p* *mf* *f*

Vni II *p* *mf* *f*

Vla *p* *mf* *f*

Medea

Adamo *f*
 you shall see

Demon's choir *f*
 I see at the base, the base of the cliff you've fallen as one

Bass *p* *mf* *f*

Foul

180 185

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1, 2
in D

Timp.
3, A

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Adagio

Bass

You have seen, you have seen the hear, you have seen,

190 195

Andante (♩ = 46)

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1, 2
in D

Timp.
3, A

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Mezzo

Adagio

Bass

you have seen but a soul

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

Adagio in quattro (♩ = 46)

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in D

Tromp. d. A

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vcl.

Medea

Bass

true. My fate is now clear. just as the other I

200

205

Fl

Ob

Fag

Cor 1, 2 in D

Tromp. d. A

Vcl. I

Vcl. II

Vcl.

Medea

Bass

knew. I saw you as you now are, full

To Cori. I, 2 in Bb alto

Medea

You are no more!

Adami

(King Adami drops to the floor) ■







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



Adami

(the king lies on the blueish lit cold floor as light begins to glow by the door and you see Mara 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?

Mara

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.

Adami

(King Adami peers into the basket)

Mara

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

Adami

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

Mara

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)*

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
Mara)* 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.

Mara

(Mara 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.

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?

Mara

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

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?

Mara

(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?

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)

Mara

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

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...

Mara

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

Adami

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

Mara

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

Adami

I don't think so

Mara

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

Adami

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

Mara

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

Adami

If it were only that simple—

*(suddenly the door behind Mara 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)

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."

Mara 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.

Mara *(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.

Mara 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?

Adami Yes.

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

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

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.

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.

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*)

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!

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?

Adami Yes. Bring our dear guest back, at once.

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

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

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)*

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."

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?

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)*

Adami What is it, Bazzo?

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

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. 5 ritacca

Viol I *pp* *mp*

Viol II *pp* *mp*

May 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, nor 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

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 a divine (even) for those that have forgotten him...
2. under a star the child was born and you believed it 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...

For that you were blessed with kingdom... but this night you looked into her face and struck him down.

Melologue Ib

Tempo ad lib.

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 middle, 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.

30

Vni I

Vni II

Mary

Adamo

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

(The hired female man)

If it were only that simple Present yourself, demon! Behind the door! Show yourself to me! Take me!

poco stringendo

Choir (all)

TonightTonightThe towns of the landwill take in their handthe King bestowed

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)

Ob

Cor. 1, 2
in B♭ alto

Timp
in B♭, F

Vln I

Vln II

Vla

Bass

5

10

f

15 20

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2
in Bb alto

Timp.
in Bb, F

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

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

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

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

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

25 30

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2
in Bb alto

Timp.
in Bb, F

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

S

A

T

B

Bass

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

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

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

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

35 40 45

Ob

Cor. 1, 2
in B♭ alto

Timp.
in B♭, F

Vn I

Vn 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

Cor. 1, 2
in B♭ alto

Timp.
in B♭, F

Vn I

Vn 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

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl

S

A

T

B

Bass

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

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

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

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

70 75

Oboe

Cor. 1, 2
in Bb alto

Timp.
in Bb, F

Vnu I

Vnu II

Vcl

S

A

T

B

Bass

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

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

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

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

80 85

Ob

Cox. 1, 2
in Bb alto

Timp.
in Bb, F

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

S
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 -

A
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 -

T
To - night, to - night, to - night, to - night To - night is the

B
To - night, to - night, to - night, to - night To - night is the

Bass



90 95

Ob

Cox. 1, 2
in Bb alto

Timp.
in Bb, F

Vni I

Vni II

Vla

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

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

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

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

Bass

100 105

Ov

Cox. 1, 2 in Bb alto

Timp. in Bb, F

To Corni 1, 2 in C

To Tambourine

Vai I

Vai II

Vcl

S

A

T

B

Basu

King, to the God of our King

King, to the God of our King

of our King to the God of our King

of our King to the God of our King

GAVOTTE

Andante (♩ = 60)

Gavotte

5

Fag

Vai I

Vai II

Vcl

Basu

≡

10 15

Fag

Vai I

Vai II

Vcl

Basu

PASSEPIED

Passepied

Allegretto (♩ = 56)

5 10 15

Viu I
Viu II
Vla
Bassu

Two Musettes with Tambourin

TWO MUSSETTES WITH TAMBOURIN

Allegro (♩ = 120)

I 5

Oboe
Tamb.
Viu I
Viu II
Vla
Bassu

10 15 Fine

Oboe
Tamb.
Viu I
Viu II
Vla
Bassu

II 5

Fl.
Tamb.
Viu I
Viu II
Vla
Bassu

Bridge



Mara/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

Mara/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

Mara

'Tis all about love

and all about joy

Lift up your hearts

Lift them high

Mara/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-dies, light the lan-terns! Filled with glo-ry and clear's this night, so clear at last!

Light the can-dies, 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

20 25 30

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

Blacksmith

Chorus

Bass

mf

p

f

p

f

p

f

p

stacc. *p*

f

p

I have carved and I have whittled. I've said what I've said, but re- mem- ber the mes- sage, you ne- ver
 clear's this night, so clear, at last

clear's this night, so clear, at last!

35 40 45

Ob

Fag

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Vn I

Vn II

Vla

Mary

Bartholomew

Blacksmith

Chorus

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!

know who will be next. 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 clear's this

Filled with glo-ry and clear's this

75 80 85

Fl

Ob.

Fag.

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Viol. I

Viol. II

Vla.

Mary

Bassoon

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.

Cor. 1, 2
in C

Viol. I

Viol. II

Vla.

Mary

Bassoon

Blacksmith

Chorus

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

Chorus

Allegro (♩ = 144)

5 10

Ob²
mf *f*

Cor 1, 2
in C *f*

Vln I *mf* *f* *p*

Vln II *mf* *f* *p*

Vla *mf* *f*

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

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

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

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

Basso
mf *f* *p*

15 20 25

Ob *p*

Cor 1, 2
in C *p*

Vln I *p*

Vln II *p*

Vla *p*

Soprano
he re - gis - ters, he is King! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion!

Alto
he re - gis - ters, he is King! Now ce - le - brate in ce - le - bra - tion!

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

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

Basso
p

30 35 40

Oboe *p* *f*

Cor. 1, 2 in C *f*

Vn I *f*

Vn II *f*

Vla *mf* *f*

S

A

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

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

Bass *mf* *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 -

45 50 55 a2

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 *p*

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!

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-tur-ned! Ce-le-brate in ce-le-bra-tion! For he has re-tur-ned, and

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

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

B
Ce-le-brate! Ce-le-brate! He's re-tur-ned! Ce-le-brate in ce-le-bra-tion! For he has re-tur-ned, 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-tur-ned, and he shall reign! All hail our King, our King is King!

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

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

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

Bass



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