

# Miriam

(For a performance-artist and pianist.)

William Osborne

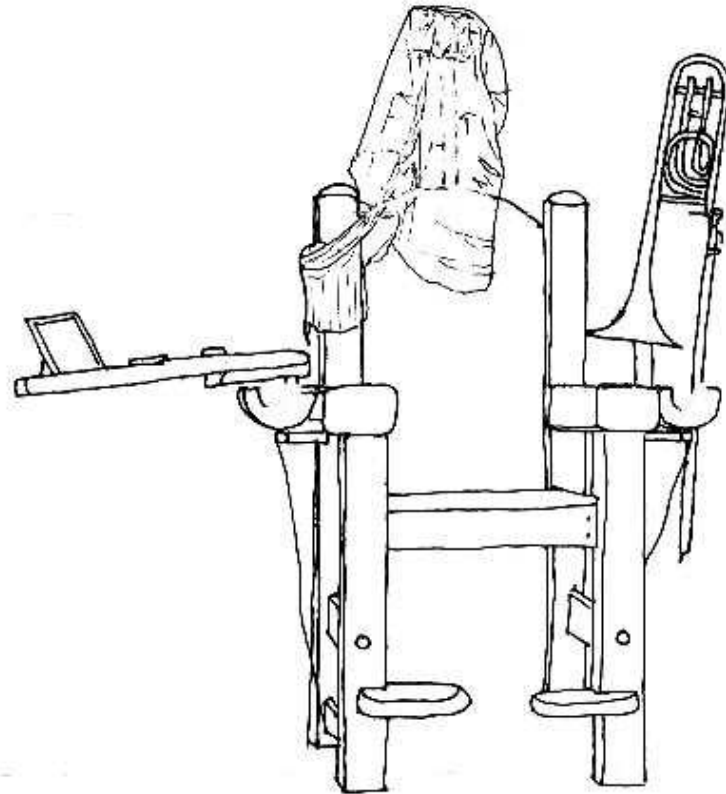


## Stage Directions

Miram is in an asylum. She is wearing a dirty, worn, white, sleeveless night gown extending past the knees. She is unkempt. She sits in a large, heavy austere wooden chair. Her lap and legs are covered with a white blanket.

Attached to the stage right side of the chair is a dowel holding a musical instrument. On each arm rest is a spring loaded clamp, triggerable to lock her wrists in place. Swiveled on the right arm is a small table, currently positioned in front of her, covered with small objects, and rotatable to the side of the chair. A thick dowel with a cross piece at the top rises about 40 centimeters from the center back of the chair. A heavy hemp rope is twined about the cross piece with one end looped over the stage left of the chair back. A white gauze veil is draped over the dowel and rope. Two rests extend from the lower front legs of the chair to support her feet. (See the drawing.)

She holds before her face a white plaster mask that leaves her mouth uncovered. It has a short, white handle on the stage left side, the eyes are cut to give the appearance of weeping. Light rises slowly on the mask, and then the chair as she begins to sing. All else is darkness.





(for Abbie)

# Miriam

## Part II: The Chair

(A chamber music theater work for soprano and piano with an optional instrumental part.)

William Osborne

She begins singing in darkness, the mask before her face. Light slowly rises on the mask, then the chair. All else is darkness.

Quiet and slow (♩ = ca. 48)

sing-ing to her-self no ri-ver flow on deep wa-ter the flood at last sing-ing to the riv-er child of night let her go let her go

*p*

She sets down the mask.

takes a pencil.

and writes vigorously in the manuscript before here.

Veloce (♩ = ca. 72)

subito *ff* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *f*

42

She picks up the manuscript, looks at it, then resumes writing.

8va 8vb

Rhythmic, stress downbeats

turns back front, flits pages, (spoken)

43

Noth-ing but emp-ty words - all use-less Just

43

She takes the manuscript and holds it to the side as if to throw it away.

14 *sets manuscript down,*

*looks at pencil still in hand,*

*writes in manuscript as before,*

try to keep sing-ing just prat-tle a few more lines a few more emp-ty lines-it just won't be stopped

Ped. Ped. Ped. 8vb Ped. 3+2 Ped.

17 *inspects manuscript,*

*rips out, wads, and tosses a page over her shoulder,* *ditto*

can-not be stopped

8vb Ped. 3+2 Ped. Ped. 8vb- Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

20 *sets it down,*

*picks up manuscript and looks at it,*  
*(very hard accents, almost sfz)*  
*8va- (right hand only)*

No text. No  
 mp

44

8va- 8vb- Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. 5

24 *rips out another page,* *wads and tosses it,* *takes up mask,* 45

mu - sic no text, no scene, no theme, all dust. *8va* Noth - ing I can write, not long un - til I be -

*mf* *mp* *mf* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

27 *puts it before her face and sings.* *takes up pencil,* *Subito come sopra* *She suddenly sets the mask down,* *writes in manuscript,*

*Piu lento e quieto* gin. sing - ing to her - self no ri - ver flow on deep wa - ter Dead end! No - thing but em - ty words.

*f* *mp* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

31 *stops, looks up,* *resumes,* *stops,* *puts pencil in sharpener, grasps handle,* *cranks,* 47 *examines point,*

Not a whim - per of truth, no text, noth - ing. both hands *8va*

*(sudden silence)* *(sudden silence)* *Red. (hold)* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

puts pencil back in sharpener,

*Piu tranquillo*

cranks,

pauses,

cranks,

examines point,

34 *Can't be long now un - til they ar - rive. They'll stand there si - lent - ly look - ing at me.*

34 *mp* *p* *f (subito)* *mp*

sets pencil down takes up mask,

*A tempo*

puts it before her face and sings.

breaks off and puts the mask down,

lifts her head,

examines her face in the mirror,

mimics a face of madness in it.

48

*Slower*

*Subito Tempo I*

37 *No not long now, not long un - til I be - gin. child of night flow - ing on let her go — Gib - er - ish! Wo - man run - ning a - mok.*

37 *mf* *mp* *pp* *p* *mf* *ff*

mimics another face of madness.

*Angrily:*

She inspects her face in the mirror,

42 *Moth - er los - ing it all. Rub - bish!*

42 *mp* *ff* *f*



45 **49** *takes the powder brush, powders her nose.* *ironically clasps hands in prayer,* *suddenly breaks off to powder her nose* *clasps hands in prayer,* *powders.*

Save me, Oh Lord, for the wa - ters

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

*Lea. Lea. Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea. Lea. Lea.* *Lea. Lea. Lea. Lea. Lea.*

*clasp hands in prayer,* *puts down brush, takes pencil,* *puts it in sharpener,* *angrily* *cranks,* *stops, looks in mirror,* *cranks while looking in mirror,*

48 are come un - to my soul. All use-less! Noth-ing but emp-ty words. In search of a use-a-ble text, a

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

*Lea. Lea. Lea. Lea. Lea. Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.*

*stops, looks in mirror,* *and finally cranks mindlessly while looking in the mirror thus considerably shortening the pencil.*

52 tire-less and hope-less at-tempt to voc - a - lise sing - a - ble words.

52 *mp* *f*

*Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.* *Lea.*

54 *8va* -----

54 *ff* *molto crescendo* *mp* **50** *mp*

She suddenly stops, looks at the pencil without removing it from the sharpener, takes the manuscript and turns to the side as if to throw it away.

Can't be long now un - til they ar-rive.

*Red. (hold)*

59 *mf* *8va* -----

59 *f* *mp* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

She suddenly turns back front and sets the manuscript down, takes eye liner, looks in mirror, and begins to paint a stylized eye brow over her left eye, sets down the liner, takes the mask, looks at it and remains frozen,

but nev-er mind. Nothing to sing at all, not a word to sing. Gar-ro-lous prat-tling words, but noth-ing at all

63 *mp* *pp* *Red. (hold)* *8vb* -----

63 *mp* *pp*

puts it before her face and sings, Slower breaks off, removes mask, pauses, Lo stesso tempo contemplates mask, faltering... sets mask down.

to sing. sing-ing to her-self no ri-ver flow on deep wa-ter A drought up-on the wa-ters... gra-ven im-a-ges... mad... i - dols...

51 She looks at herself in the mirror and runs her fingers through her hair.

8va-----

71 *p* 3 3 3 3 3 5

8<sup>vb</sup> Led. 8<sup>vb</sup> Led. (hold) 3 3 3 5

takes manuscript, turns to the side to toss it away;

turns back front, forcefully sets the manuscript back down,

rips out several pages one after the other and throws them on the floor.

77 3 3 3 8va-----

They'll stand there si-lent-ly looking at me.

77 *mp* *mf* *p* *f* *sfz*

8va-----

12/16 12/16

53 She sets the manuscript down.

She looks in the mirror and tries to put her hair in order,

85 contemptuously

The-a-ter! No mu-sic no text. No scene, no theme.

85 *mf* *mf* *mp* *p* 3 3 3

85 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

8va-----

l.v.

*8va* (both hands *8va*) takes pencil, and writes vigorously in her manuscript.

*91* *rallantando* *8va* *Come sopra* *f* *8va*

*Leg.* *II* *II* *Leg.*

*8va* She throws pencil down, looks up reflectively; takes a small dictionary, 54 leafs the pages,

*93* *8va* *sfz* *sfz* *mp* *8va*

*Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.*

*and reads.* *Cantabile; non troppo lento* *spoken, dryly* *Piu mosso*

*97* *mp* *3* *3* *3* *6* *3* *3* *3*

gon - do - lum \_\_\_\_\_ gon - do - lier \_\_\_\_\_ gon - do - let \_\_\_\_\_ gone \_\_\_\_\_ Hav - ing passed the mark - sorbed. gone - by

*p* *8va* *8va* *Leg.* *8va* *Leg.*

Pause. She is about to close the dictionary, but looks at it with a questioning double take.

103 *gone - ei um gone - goose gone - ness gone-ness! a state of ex-haus-tion: faint-ness. gone-goose? a*

103 *Red.* *8vb Red.* *8vb Red.* *8vb Red.* *Red.* *mp* *mp*

brings the dictionary back and reads,

112 *per - son in a hope-less pre- dic - a - ment; some - one doomed.*

returns the dictionary; takes pencil,

**12**  
**16**

112 *8va* *3* *3* *3* *3* *Red.* *8va*

and writes.

She throws the pencil down,

116 *Come sopra* **12** **16** **3**

116 *f* *Red.* *Red. (2+3)* *Red. (2+3)* *Red.*

*Subito più lento e quieto*

pauses,

resumes,

118 *8<sup>va</sup>-* She takes the make-up pencil, looks in the mirror, and draws a stylized tear under her eye. *8<sup>va</sup>*  
*(accents quasi sfz)* As in wa-ters *pp* *8<sup>va</sup>-* *8<sup>va</sup>*

*pp* *ff* *pp* *pp*

*3* *3* *3* *6* *5* *3*

*3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

pauses,

resumes,

gestures in contempt,

resumes make-up,

122 face an - swer - eth un - to face *p*

So the heart of man to man. Bah! *p* *mf* *8<sup>va</sup>-* Rub - bish! *8<sup>va</sup>*

*pp* *ff* *pp* *pp* *pp*

*6* *5* *3* *3* *3*

*3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

examines face in mirror,

sets down mask and make-up

takes the pencil,

writes vigorously in her manuscript,

126 Emp-ty words. *p* Plas-ter mask. *8<sup>va</sup>-* Come sopra *f*

*pp* *rallantando*

*3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

*3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

*l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.*

*8<sup>sub</sup>* *3*

130 slows to a halt, sets down pencil, takes the eye-liner and uses the mirror to draw a stylized eyebrow over her left eye, sets the make-up down, takes pencil,

8va-----

5

*sfmp*

(accents quasi *sfz*)

6/16 6/16

8vb  
Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

133 and writes. sets the pencil down, puts the mask before her face, and sings, singing to her self no mp

8va-----

5

57

*f*

*p*

6/16 12/16 9/16

8vb  
Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

137 sets the mask down. takes the powder brush, powders her face, sets down the puff, takes pencil, puts it in sharpener, cranks vigorously leaving pencil in sharpener, takes liner.

ri-ver flow on deep wa-ter

8va

8va

8va-----

5

*mf*

*f*

4/8 4/8

8vb  
Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

puts it before her face and sings,

sets the mask down while still singing, grasps pencil sharpener

sharpens the pencil in three short furious bursts, takes a number of pages from the manuscript (can be pulled from a clip on the back cover) in her right hand, takes the mask in left hand, puts the mask before her face to sing but in frustration throws the pages into the air.

140 *lines eyes,* *takes mask,*

*8va* *8va*

*mp* the flood at last singing to the ri-ver rose of night

*p* *3* *8vb* *8va* *clusters* *fff*

*Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

*She slowly lowers her arms,*

145

*3* *5* *3* *5*

*Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

*and sets the mask down.*

*She contemplates the strewn papers. Throughout the following section she orders the things on her desk top.*

58

149 *and sets the mask down.*

*8va* *8vb*

*p* *6*

*Red.* *Red.*

*Lively* ( $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 60$ )

16 16 9 9

These te-di-ous brok-en words will ne-ver make the stage.

156 *8va*

*mp* *p* *mf*

*Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

16 16 17 17



159 Accent the first note of each beamed group to stress the syncopation of the words.

(Pedal each beamed group of notes.)

159 *mf* Not that they would like to hear me speak, but all these frenz-ied words, these emp-ty frenz-ied words,

*p*

162 would-n't their pat-ter help them to light-en up I mean light-en the lull that both-ers them when you're mute?

162 *mf*

59

165 *mf* But this is not what I ought to sing.

*p*

168 It's clear that they would pre-fer that I fol-low the rules, that I war-ble some dead tune in- to the ground,

168 *mf*

171

not a thought of who I am, hard-ly a mo-ment to be my-self, just the twit-ter-ing of a hap-py wo-man.

171

174

*mf*

174

*8va-*

176

*f*

60

176

*8vb*

178

So shall I pour out a ri-ver of words that will flood o-ver them with their charm?

*mp*

178

*p*

178

*mf*

17

181 *mf* I mean some-thing that ti-til-ates, not a thought with co-no-ta-tions, not a thought that has a bite,

*sfz p*

184 but a word to en-ter-tain.

8<sup>va</sup>----- 9 16

184 *f* 3

186 [61] *With increasing anger*

Cer-tain-ly prat-tl-ling a-mus-es, e-ven when for-bid-den to speak, so

8<sup>va</sup>-----

189 war-ble a-way on a row of cheer-y tones, noth-ing of-fen-sive to ears po-lite,

192

with a cas-can-do of hap-py notes, and your cor-dial-ly smil-ing face.

192

*allargando sfz*

195

*mf*

8va

62

197

But there are days when hard-ly a word ap-pears, bare-ly a tone, noth-ing at all, noth-ing to set me free, not e-ven a sigh to help me to breathe,

*mp*

197

*p*

200

just a stub-born hush. So

200

*sfz*

202

what if I sing an-y thing that comes in - to my head, prat-tel-ing on just to keep up the rhy-mi-cal flow,

202

202

205

while they rum-mage a - bout in their cul-tured souls pon-der-ing what it means. Then may-be they'll shat-ter the si-lence with gra-cious ap-prise,

*angrily*

205

205

208

prob-ab-ly think-ing your stut-ter-ing bab-ble was cle-ver. They'll leave there i-mag-in-ing you are a-live,

*8va*

*ff subito violente*

*mf*

*mp*

208

208

63

211 *mf* to say noth-ing of your fas-ci-nat-ing bo-dy. I-mag-ine that! All those i-mag-ined in-tel-lect-u-als,

211 *sfz sfz mp*

215 *softer, but still intensely angry* all those i-mag - ined ar - tists. You know, *mp* all those i - mag - ined mo - ments,

215 *sfz sfz sfz p*

218 *faltering* when a wo-man gnaws off... — *forcefully* gnaws off, — her... *Pause.* *mf* tounge. —

64

She rotates the table to the side,

and takes her instrument.

223 *mp* May-be a mel-o-dram-a. *mp*

223 *mp*

She begins to tell a story interspersed with playing her instrument.

65 She plays her instrument.

226 *mp* She was once a moth-er, but then came that day. *mf*

228 *mf* Fath-er gone a-way. Moth-er left to care for all. She was bur-ied in her song.

228 *mf*

(Notes without text are always the instrumental part.)

230 *mf*

She begins entering her story with increasing urgency.

66 232 *mf* Then the neigh-ber came and knocked, knocked at the door, but she played on to the end. *f*

232 *mf*

235

*mf* *8va-* He says, you have left the wa-ter run-ning, run-ning through the floor.

235

237

237

239

Overtone gliss.

1 6 2 6 3 6

67

But she couldn't stop, the mu-sic held her fast.

239

*mf* *8va-*



241 *f*

241 *ff* (continue pedalling in a similar manner)

243 *f*

243 *mf*

245 *f*

245 *ff*

245 *sfz*

(indeterminate cluster)

8vb

8va

She kept on, sing - ing loud - er, with the neigh - bors there, neigh - bors run - ning through the door, wa - ter run - ning through the floor.

Detailed description: This page of a musical score contains measures 241 through 247. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is characterized by dense, multi-voiced textures, often using octaves (8vb and 8va) and clusters. The vocal line includes lyrics: 'She kept on, sing - ing loud - er, with the neigh - bors there, neigh - bors run - ning through the door, wa - ter run - ning through the floor.' The score includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *ff*, *mf*, and *sfz*, along with performance instructions like '(continue pedalling in a similar manner)' and '(indeterminate cluster)'. The key signature has one flat and the time signature is 12/16. Measure numbers 241, 243, and 245 are clearly marked at the beginning of their respective systems.

247 *She becomes fully immersed in the terrors of her story.*

*(stress syncopation)* Is An-na-com-ing? Where's An-na?

*f*

*mf*

8vb

249 Flash-ing lights pack-ing sing-ing her a-way. ANN-NA! Where is An-na?

*f*

*ff*

*ff*

8vb

8vb

8vb

8vb

8vb

8vb

68

252

252

252

8vb

8vb

## Overtone gliss.

255

1 6 2 6 3 6

*8va*

255

255

*8vb*

257

*8va*

257

257

*8vb*

260

260

260

She breaks off playing and screams, first slightly through the instrument, then without it in front of her mouth.

She returns the instrument to its stand, turns back front then speaks.

70 *Subito quieto e lento* (♩ = ca. 60)

Ah, I've had bet-ter nights.  
*mp*

*Ped. (hold)*

71

But when it's pos-si-ble to sing all your words, you need say noth-ing. Oh one sen-tence might have a point, but si-lence is the best.

274

But still, if the day comes you say a few words that seem like your own, will they be a bit... fake?

*8va*

*8vb*

6 3 6 6 6 6

3 3

278

Can it be true that you have some words, good words, sing-a-ble words? played out to all of those look-ing at

*8va*

*8vb*

*mp*

*p*

6 6 6 3 6

3 3 3 3

72

282

me, a wo-man and her voice in use-les ef - fort,

*8va*

*mp*

*p*

*molto crescendo*

*sfz* *sfz*

*8vb*

6 3 3 6

286 *She takes the mask in her hand and looks at it,*

*sets the mask down,* *takes the pencil,* *looks for paper- but finds none*

*mp* *pp* *sfz* *sfz* *pp*

*8va* *8va* *8va*

*molto crescendo*

*Red* *Red* *Red*

73 *and writes obsessively and vigorously on the left palm of her hand,*

*ff* *p*

*8va* *8va* *8va*

*Red* *Red* *Red*

297 *then the right,*

*8va* *8va* *8va*

*Red* *Red* *Red*

*mp*

*3*

300 *One can-not be-lieve there are so man-y words.*

*8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va*

*Red* *Red* *Red* *Red* *Red* *Red*

*ff* *mp*

*8va* *8va*

303 *6 7 6* left again,

If I don't write, I can on-ly sit here and look at my bind-ings.

303 *8va* *8va* *8va*

306 *6 6 6* right again,

Yes, that's what I al-ways say, but then what is-nt al-ways said?

306 *8va* (both hands) *8va*

309 *6*

I must keep my pen-cil

309 *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va*

*f*

*8vb*

312 *6* *6* *left again,*  
 dull or my skin is cut a-way to the flesh.  
 (8<sup>va</sup>)-----

315 *3* *6* **74**  
 More words and more words, but not a thing to sing.  
 (8<sup>va</sup>)-----

*The first clamp.* (8<sup>va</sup>)----- *The second clamp.* (8<sup>va</sup>)-----

315 *ff* *sffz* *sffz*  
 (8<sup>vb</sup>) (hold) *p* *p*

323 *Pause. She holds her gaze forward unaltered.*  
**75** *Tranquillo* (accents quasi sfz) (8<sup>va</sup>)----- **76**  
 Some-times it's hor-ri-fy-ing be-ing  
*mp*

323 *p* *allargando*----- (8<sup>vb</sup>) (continue holding pedal) *8<sup>vb</sup>* *7* *8<sup>vb</sup>*



329

so - lid. ———— And yet it's dif - fi - cult to think of... of not be - ing here at all.

*8va* *8va* *8va*

3 3 3 3 6 6

332



*8va* ————, So I'll stay in my chair. *8va* ————, Ev - ry - one prob - a - bly feels a lit - tle clamped in. ————

3 3 6 3 3

337

*8va* ————, But it should be ver - y re - lax - ing to be locked in my chair with all my things here. *8va* ————, They

7 6 3 3 3 3

341  77 

say I'm in my own place. *morendo poco a poco* *8va* Will they list-en if I tell my stor-y. *8va*

341 

*8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb*

347  78 

The com-mon stor-y. *Moderately* (♩ = ca.48) *mp* The birth. The ce-ser-e-an night in the clin-ic. *mp*

*8va* *8va* *8va* *molto rall. dim*

347 

*8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb*

*p* *molto rall. dim*

353 

ab-do-men cut, the birth cord cut, the first em-brace. and the stil-ling breast. The squeaks of the gum sole shoes when they wheel in some-one new,

*8va* *molto rall. dim* *mp*

353 

*8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *8vb*

*p* *molto rall. dim* *p*

357 79

the clinks of the ap-par-ra-tus. — The dou-ble steel doors, — the hys-ter-ec-to-my. Then they took her home. —

*molto rall. dim* *mp* *8va* *8va* *15ma* *molto rall. dim* *subito violente*

*Come sopra*

363 *mf*

The old - er child-ren had hard - ly de - part - ed when she rose, — start - ed the wa - ter.. slipped... slipped off her night - gown,

*mp* *3* *3* *3* *6* *faltering...* *6*

366 *pp*

start - ed the wa - ter — for a long bath, let the wa - ter flood the floor be - low, heard the door - bell ring - ing... hud - dled... hud - dled...

*3* *3* *3* *6* *faltering...* *3* *pp*

370 *more angrily*  
 nak-ed... nak-ed on the floor.  
*mf*

80

*Quietly; suspended but apprehensive*  
 The night is get-ting late. And there is a strange dan-ger here.  
*mp*

370 *pp* *pp* *pp*

377  
 Too much fan-ta-sy.  
 That's the ob-vi-ous dan-ger.

377

377 *8vb* *8vb*

382  
 But what if she's not i-mag-ined?

382

382



*She vocalizes to preserve her voice.*

402

ho ho ho ho ho ho ho ho \_\_\_\_ And this time I get a vis-it. du di li du di li du di li du di li du I'll ask them for some ther-mal un-der-wear

405

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha if I can speak at all. *8va* ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha I'll try to keep my-self in

407

voice. we we we we wewewe we \_\_\_\_ I'm rea-dy for them! pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi \_\_\_\_ And if I can't sing, if I can't speak a word?

Becoming agitated to the point of madness.

She mimics singing.

With a tone of anger.

410 *mf* lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu lu I'll start ap-ing things. *f* pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi pi Just like this. I won't sound like a...

82 *Ancora piu mosso, continue building intensity*

413 (Mimics) like a mad wo-man. (Mimics) *8va*-----, No, stay in your chair as *f* si-lent as pos-si-ble. *8va*-----

416 (*8va*)-----, I can't say how happy I am. *8va*-----, I tell them how hap-py. I *8va* *8va*

83 She angrily mouths the words.

419 tell them how I feel. I say I love you (I love you!) I force them to list - en. (I love you.)

*8va* *8va* *8va*

*8va* *8va* *8va*

*sfz sfz sfz* *3* *sfz sfz sfz*

*8vb* *8vb* *8vb* *7* *8vb*

Cold angry glare.

422 (I love you.) (I love you.) (I love you.)

*8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va*

*mp* *sfz sfz sfz* *sfz sfz sfz* *sfz sfz sfz*

*6* *3* *8vb* *6* *3*

84

She is suddenly still.

427 (I love you.) *Subito molto quieto* ( $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 72$ )

*8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va* *8va*

*sfz sfz sfz* *sfp (only right hand sfz.)* *p*

*8vb*

85 *In a quiet monotone.*

*6* *6*

Sud-den-ly the door flew o-penand they all ran in and up she jumped and



433

up scream-ing An-nie! And ask-ing and ask-ing AN-NIE! AN-NIE! while they all ran a-bout look-ing for the spig-ot, the po-lice in all their par-a-pha-na-li-a the su-per,

8va-----

8vb

436

Mis-ter Cle-mons, all run-ning a-bout for the spi-got, Math-ew and Mar-y and old Lad-y Hes-tand all run-ning a-bout watch-ing her nak-ed poi-soned,

8va-----

8vb

439

pois-oned.

8va-----

8vb

Long pause.

The left wrist lock raises and locks open,

86

then the right.

She takes her instrument and plays.

rall. e dim

pp

3

3

*Cantabile; sempre legato; lo stesso tempo*

447 *p* *molto rall.* *molto rall.* *mf*

447 *p* *molto rall.* *molto rall.* *mf*

447 *p* *molto rall.* *molto rall.* *mf*

447 *(8vb)-1* *8vb* *8vb*

454 87 *subito violente* *8va* *8va* *8va*

454 *subito violente* *8va* *8va* *8va*

454 *rallantando* *sfz sfz sfz*

454 *(8vb)* *8vb*

460 *molto allegando* *mp* *mp*

460 *molto allegando* *mp* *mp*

460 *molto allegando* *mp*

460 *(8va)*

466

subito violente *mp* *rallantando*

466 *p* *sfz sfz sfz mp* *rallantando*

8vb 8vb

6 6

472

subito violente *p* *pp*

subito violente

8va 8va 8va

472 *sfz sfz sfz p* *sfz sfz sfz pp*

8va

6 6 3

88

She returns the instrument to the rack.

Ephemeral (♩ = ca. 60)

479

8va

479 *p* *rallantando*

3 3 3 3 3 3

485 *Molto lento, quieto e sospeso*

The night. The light house the swel-ling sea. The arched back. The con-cep-tion. No. On - ly night. —

*mp*

*pp*

8vb

Long pause. 90

She takes the mask. Light slowly fades to face alone, gaze forward.

492 The moon u-pon the sand. — On - ly sand. Sing — Sing an - gry cries.

*p* *p*

492

*pp* *pp*

499 3

I'll find the words. I'll find some-thing. Words.

All dark except her face. She puts the mask before her face, but can only be silent. Long pause.

She slowly removes the mask. Her gaze remains fixed forward.

499

*pp*

The light dims.

508 *Morendo poco a poco*

*pp*

*rallantando e diminuendo*

*pp*

*rallantando e diminuendo*

8<sup>va</sup>-----

8<sup>vb</sup>-----

She puts the mask before her face.

513

*subito violente*

*sffz sffz sffz*

Slow fade to black.

*rallantando e diminuendo*

8<sup>va</sup>-----

8<sup>vb</sup>-----

Klein Hohenrain, Spring 1988  
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