THE CANTICLE OF THE BLACK MADONNA

by

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A THESIS

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and the Graduate School of the University of Oregon
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Student: Ethan James Gans-Morse

Title: The Canticle of the Black Madonna

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The Canticle of the Black Madonna is an original opera-oratorio in two acts, comprising 27 pieces for six operatic soloists, mixed chorus, and chamber orchestra. It is based on an original libretto by Tiziana DellaRovere and is approximately two hours in duration. The Canticle of the Black Madonna combines elements of numerous musical traditions—including medieval organum, baroque oratorio, and both classical and contemporary chamber opera—to tell the story of a fictional American soldier returning from Afghanistan to his wife in Louisiana, the challenges they face to their marriage and livelihood as they struggle with post-traumatic stress disorder, the ecological and socioeconomic consequences of the 2010 Gulf Oil Spill, and the healing transformation they ultimately undergo at the hands of a mysterious divine figure called The Black Madonna.
CURRICULUM VITAE

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to acknowledge the numerous people without whom composing and producing a work of this scale would not have been possible. I am extremely fortunate to have Tiziana DellaRovere as a creative partner, and Dr. Robert Kyr as a guide and mentor. I am also deeply grateful to the many dozens of talented individuals who comprised the cast and crew of our premiere production, as well as to my friends and family and my crucial supporters, chief among them Richard Gordon and Jeremiah Washburn. This work also owes a great debt to all the authors who provided us a clear window into the world of PTSD and combat stress; above all, I hereby acknowledge the men, women, and children who have suffered the wounds of war.
DEDICATION

To Tiziana, my collaborator, companion, and deepest source of love and inspiration. May our work bring hope and peace to the world.
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INSTRUMENTATION

C Flute (doubling G alto flute)
Oboe (doubling English horn)
Bb Clarinet (doubling A clarinet)
F Horn
Trombone
Harp
Piano
Percussion (2 players)
  Bass drum
  Snare drum
  Tubular bells
  Tom-toms (low, medium, high)
  Glockenspiel (mallets and bow)
  Crotale (mallets and bow)
  Suspended cymbal (bow, stick, and beater)
  Hi-hat
  Cymbals
  Sandpaper blocks
  Temple blocks
  Wood blocks
  Slapstick
  Finger cymbals
  Tambourine
  Thunder sheet
  Lion’s roar (bass drum with waxed string)
  Water gong (gong dipped into container of water)
  Wind chimes
  Triangle
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Cello
Bass

6 Principal characters:
  Mara (Soprano)
  Female Angel (Soprano)
  The Black Madonna (Contralto)
  Male Angel (Tenor)
  Adam (Baritone)
  John (Bass)

16-voice mixed chorus (divided in 4, 6, and 8 parts)

Duration: approximately 2 hours
CHAPTER I
PERFORMANCE NOTES AND NOTATION OF EXTENDED TECHNIQUES

Performance Notes

The Canticle of the Black Madonna assumes that the conductor and performers possess some degree of familiarity with both classical and contemporary performance practices. In order to facilitate a successful reading or performance of the work, this introductory chapter provides a brief overview of the notational conventions and special notations for unconventional and extended techniques employed in the score.

Senza misura

While a large portion of The Canticle of the Black Madonna is notated with conventional barlines and rhythmic notation, there are numerous scenes and passages that are written without barlines. The purpose of these passages is to afford the singers a greater flexibility in the tempo and execution of the vocal line without the encumbrance of a conductor.

Therefore, wherever barlines are absent or the tempo indication is “Senza Misura,” “Freely,” or “Quasi Recitativo,” the following guidelines are to be employed:

1) The conductor may cue important entrances but should not beat time.
2) The performers may give greater priority to the dramatic interpretation of the text over the precise execution of the notated rhythms.
3) Accidentals are valid through the end of a line or phrase unless explicitly canceled.
4) Ostinatos and other repetitive figures in the piano part are often notated inside a box connected to a wavy line, indicating that the material within the box is to be repeated freely until the singer has completed a particular phrase as denoted by the duration of the wavy line (see Example 1.)
5) Simultaneous events are indicated with a vertical dashed line. Wherever these passages occur, the accompanying instruments—generally the piano and the percussion—have the vocal line written in their parts as it is generally their responsibility to follow the vocalists and execute their accompaniment colla voce whenever such a simultaneity is indicated. The singers must also be aware of these coinciding moments when they occur between vocal lines.

Example 1. Act I, scene 3, measure 12, indicating a freely interpreted repetition of the material within the box.

Accidentals, period practice, and the use of vibrato in the strings

The Canticle of the Black Madonna makes extensive use of Common Practice tonal harmonies. Therefore, wherever standard barlines and rhythmic notations predominate, all accidentals are valid for the full duration of the measure. String players should employ discretion regarding the use of vibrato. Vibrato should not be employed at all on long tones lasting more than one full measure. Wherever the senza vibrato indication occurs, the desired effect is the imitation of a Renaissance viol. Wherever lyrical figures predominate, a warm and romantic vibrato is generally encouraged.
Example 2. Act I, scene 3, measure 7, indicating temporal simultaneities between the vocalist, percussionist, and pianist.

Notation of Extended Techniques

_The Canticle of the Black Madonna_ makes use of numerous extended techniques, which are notated as follows:

**Piano**

Clusters are used as a percussive effect and are always fully chromatic, encompassing every key that comfortably fits within an open hand or a closed fist. The purpose of the clusters is to create a heavy, striking sound, not to articulate a particular pitch set. Therefore, while pitches are notated only approximately, rhythmic accuracy and an aggressive articulation are crucial to the execution of the clusters. Examples 3 and 4 are two examples of cluster notation.

**Percussion**

Most of the percussion techniques notated in _The Canticle of the Black Madonna_ fall within traditional and contemporary conventions, including bowing the suspended cymbal, crotales, and glockenspiel, the use of the “lion’s roar” (a bass drum with a waxed string) and the water gong (a small gong struck as it is dipped into a large bucket of water), and the use of _ad lib._ and aleatoric snare and bass drum strokes to imitate the sounds of modern weaponry. The only extended technique that may be unfamiliar to some percussionists is the “harmonic scrape.” This effect, which occurs throughout the piece in the Percussion 1 part, is accomplished by slowly but forcefully rubbing the head of a wooden snare drum stick along the grooves of a large suspended cymbal, either in small, deliberate circles or with quick scraping motions. The desired effect is a rich, chilling, metallic sound that unleashes the many harmonic overtones of the cymbal. In order for this technique to be effective, the suspended cymbal must be mounted on a cymbal stand and affixed from below, not hanging freely from a strap (the harmonic scrape becomes nearly impossible to execute if the cymbal is free to move about on its own.)

**Winds**

The brass and woodwind instruments rarely deviate from standard Common Practice techniques in _The Canticle of the Black Madonna_. However, there are a few instances in which the woodwind players are asked to produce unpitched air sounds or to overblow to create multiphonics. In the former case, which only occurs in Act II, scene 5, “The Hurricane,” the desired
effect is purely air noise with as little pitch as possible. For this effect, the open cross notehead is used (Example 5). When multiphonics are called for and notated with triangle noteheads, specific fingerings are provided but the desired effect is simply a loud, dissonant and piercing sound; the actual pitches produced are irrelevant and individual players are free to adapt the fingerings for greatest effect.

Example 5. Act II, scene 5, measure 2; notation used in woodwinds and horn to indicate an unpitched air sound.

**Strings**

The members of the string section in *The Canticle of the Black Madonna* are asked to perform a range of bow pressures and natural harmonics. The spectrum of bow pressure effects ranges from especially light bowing—*flautando* and air noise effects—to aggressively overpressed bowing to create unpitched noise and “creaking” effects. Bow pressure is notated with text indications with the exception of “air noise,” which is also indicated by the use of large diamond noteheads. The *flautando* effect is to be bowed as lightly as possible while still producing pitch, whereas “air noise” is to be bowed so lightly that the pitch is indistinct. Conversely, “overpressure bow” designates applying so much force to the bow that the pitch gives way to a rough, indistinct growl, creaking, or scratching sound. Natural and artificial harmonics are notated in the standard manner, using open circles above the notehead for natural harmonics, diamond auxiliary noteheads for artificial harmonics, and text indications for harmonic glissandi. Harmonic glissandi are always performed on natural harmonics and always in an *ad lib.* fashion (Example 6).

Example 6. Act II, scene 5, measure 83, indicating *ad lib.* glissando up and down the string (the resulting sound occurs only at the corresponding harmonic nodes but the ascending and descending lines indicate the movement of the hand as in a normal gliss.)

Wherever there is ambiguity regarding the preferred execution of harmonics, standard Roman numerals are used to indicate each string. Act II, scene 7, *The Rite (A Dream)*, makes extensive use of harmonic trills whereby each string player alternates between two harmonic nodes on the same string, two different nodes to produce the same harmonic (timbre trills), and double stops that combine harmonic open strings and natural harmonics. Several of these more intensive applications of string harmonics are shown in Example 7 (following page), in which the second violin trills between two nodes on the D string by fingering an octave and a perfect fourth in alternation. Simultaneously, the viola plays a sequence of double stops, first with the G string open and the D string stopped at the harmonic node at the fifth, then the D string is open and the G string is stopped at the harmonic node at the perfect fourth. Meanwhile, the cello performs a timbre trill between the harmonic node on the fifth of the C string and the octave on the G string, while the first violin and double bass play artificial and natural harmonics, respectively. In all cases the diamond notehead represents the actual fingered stop, while the degree symbol (°) above a regular notehead indicates the sounding pitch of a natural harmonic.
Example 7. Act II, scene 7, measure 4, indicating natural and artificial harmonics in the string section
CHAPTER II

THE CANTICLE OF THE BLACK MADONNA
THE CANTICLE OF THE BLACK MADONNA

ACT I

1. The Procession

Instrumental

_Procession of the angels:

Angels enter and process slowly to the altar of the Black Madonna.

Grave religioso \( j = 60 \)

- Let vibrate throughout

Score in C
2. The Litany of the Black Madonna

*Angels, Chorus*

Grave Religioso \( \frac{4}{4} \) \( \text{q} \) = 60

The Prelude

- Flute
- English Horn
- A Clarinet
- Horn
- Trombone
- Percussion 1
- Percussion 2
- Harp
- Female Angel
- Male Angel
- Soprano
- Alto
- Tenor
- Bass
- Violin I
- Violin II
- Violin
- Violoncello
- Double Bass

Glockenspiel with bow

- Bow as smoothly as possible

Finger Cymbal

- Finger Cymbal
From the celestial heav'n, De-scend deep into the hu-man soul. Not in the sky above, but here on earth below, Embrace Your rest-less child. Shed Your mantle of cer-ulean blue, And
The Litany

PROCESSION OF THE CHORUS:

Chorus processes from the back of the hall carrying candles and slowly take their places on risers.
Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tab. B.

B. D.

Hp.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Black like the folds of the earth,
like the infinity of the night sky

Black, like the infinity of the night sky
Black like the deep sea, Black like the roots of our soul, Black like the belly of the whale,

Black like the deep sea, Black like the roots of our soul, Black like the belly of the whale,

Black like the deep sea, Black like the roots of our soul, Black like the belly of the whale,

Black like the deep sea, Black like the roots of our soul, Black like the belly of the whale,
Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tab. B.

B. D.

Hn.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Black like the void from which all creatures take life.

Black like the void from which all creatures take life.

Black like the void from which all creatures take life.

Black like the void from which all creatures take life.
The chorus places candles downstage and takes their place on the risers.

Black like the inner chambers of the heart.
He finds so - - - - - - in your em - brace.

And all cre - a - tion is still.
3. Dialogue I: The Fight

*Mara, Adam*

**Mara**

Furiously!

(As fast as possible)

Adam, come back! I can’t go on like this!

**Adam**

What the hell do you want from me?

**Percussion 1**

Sus. Cymbal

(mute)

**Percussion 2**

**Piano**

Give me a break, Adam! I don’t want anything! I want you!

**Mara**

Adam, come back! I can’t go on like this!

**Adam**

What the hell do you want from me?

**Percussion 1**

Sus. Cymbal

(mute)

**Percussion 2**

**Piano**

Give me a break, Adam! I don’t want anything! I want you!
Mara: I want my husband back!

Adam: Your body’s here, but your mind’s still fighting in Afghanistan.

Mara: I’m right here, Mar-a.

Adam: You’re not the same man I married.

Darn it, I have a’s changed but you have.
Mara

Noth-ing's ev-er good e-nough for you
I'm not good e-nough for you

S. D.

Sandalpaper

Pno.

A-
day, I can't stand your si-lence,
you're wast-ing your life DRUNK! in front of that

Mara

Stu-pid T.V! You don't even talk to me an-y

Adam

Chorus

Crv.

Sandpaper

Pno.

Start slow and accel. with each repetition

Mara

Pno.
Mara

Talk. TALK! Tell your wife, for God's sake! Tell me what's happening to you.

Adam

No thing. Mara. Stop it! Cut it out!

Clv.

Screaming over her / soft mallet

Sandpaper

Thunderous!

Like a ticking clock

Pno.

Still fast, but with sadness

Mara

I've been waiting for you, waiting and crying, waiting and praying.
Mara

I prayed because I didn’t know what else to do. I prayed to anyone who’d listen.

Adam

growing bitter and angry

I can pretend—pretend—pretend and you had guardian angels so I could pray to them. But what’s going on inside you?

Mara

What is it? You don’t want me anymore, you don’t want me! Is that it?!

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Shut your mouth!

Adam

That you’d come back alive and whole! You’re back now alive, but what’s going on inside you?

Shut up!—Shut up!—Shut up!
Mara

Adam

Pno.

Mara

Adam

Pno.

Mara

Adam

Pno.

Mara

Adam

Pno.

Pno.

About 3 seconds

About 3 seconds

Pound lowest register
with bottom of fists

Shock, vulnerable

About 3 seconds

Shut up! or I'm leaving!

Shut up! or I'm leaving!

Pound with bottom of RH fist

Pound clusters with bottom
of fists as fast as possible

He grabs her and shakes her violently

About 3 seconds

Lion's roar

Tenor Drum

Pound with bottom of RH fist

Go back to all the killing!

But I'm not waiting for you any more!

SHEET UP!

harmonic scrape

About 3 seconds

L.V. . . . . . .

Lion's roar

Tenor Drum

Pound with fist slowly at first then accel.

A... dam,

you scare me.
4. Scena I: The Wood in the Hearth Is Burning

*Mara, Adam, Female Angel, Male Angel, Chorus*

**Moderate, with deep sadness (\( \dot{q} = 70 \))**

- Flute
- English Horn
- Clarinet in Bb
- Horn
- Trombone
- Percussion 1
- Percussion 2
- Harp

**Mara, Adam, Female Angel, Male Angel, Chorus**

*Moth-e-r, they're fighting!- There is no- man in this world Who does-no- know how it*
There is no man in this world Who does not know how it feels to have to leave.
Haunting, with a feeling of complete desperation

The wood in the hearth is burning, burning... To ashes, to ashes,- to ashes,- to ashes...-

A

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The wood in the hearth is burning, burning... To ashes, to ashes,- to ashes,-
Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Sus. Cymbal
Sempre notturno
vibrato

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape outward
w/ brush

Sus. Cymbal
Sempre notturno
vibrato

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape outward
w/ brush

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape outward
w/ brush

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape outward
w/ brush

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape outward
w/ brush

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape outward
w/ brush

Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam.

Scrape upward
"where are you?"

"I made you something to eat."

"Are you home?"

"No, you're gone."

Ad a m
I don't understand...
Somebody HELP ME!
HELP ME! I feel
(standing up suddenly)

(continued)

Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
Glock.
Cym.
Hp.
Mara
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
pp
ff
pp
ff
pp
pp
cresc. (mp) (mp) (mf) f

ff cresc. (mp) (mp) (mf) f

ff
Ad lib. senza misura

Ad lib. holding a bouquet of flowers

Ad lib. senza misura
Poco più lento \( (\text{f} = 60) \)

1. **F. Angel**
   - Ma donna, donna, in divine darkness, move silently through the sorrow of man.

2. **M. Angel**
   - Give her the comfort of Your golden embrace.

3. **Vln. I**
4. **Vln. II**
5. **Vla.**
6. **Vc.**
7. **Db.**

*Ma donna,*...* donna.*
The angels turn to the altar, kneel and invoke the Black Madonna:

"Give him the comfort of Your forgiving heart."

As the rays of the moon penetrate the shadows, The lumino-osity of Your love protects Those who know not what they are doing. -

"As the angels turn to the altar, kneel and invoke the Black Madonna,"

Glockenspiel

Cym.

Hp.

F. Angel

M. Angel

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

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5. Black Am I and All-Loving

The Black Madonna

Regal ($q = 66$)

Aria

Flute

English Horn

Bb Clarinet

Horn

Trombone

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Harp

Female Angel

The Black Madonna

Male Angel

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Regal ($q = 66$)

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass
When you are ashamed, I stand by you. Cry, when you cry, the tears that cleanse your soul.
When you are so gay, I soothe your fire. Rest in the comfort of My touch. Do not fear, when you are afraid, I am with you.
Listen to the beating of my heart.
The wood in the hearth is burning, to ashes, to ashes, to ashes. -

The wood in the hearth is burning, to ashes, to ashes, to ashes.

The wood in the hearth is burning, to ashes, to ashes, to ashes.

The wood in the hearth is burning, to ashes, to ashes, to ashes.
She fiercely!
warrior has no home to return to.

stands in the wind without walls to protect her.
6. Scena II: In the Field of Poppies

*Adam, John, Men's Chorus*

A hot and humid evening: Adam enters, drunk, helped to the sofa by his buddy, John, while still carrying a six-pack of beer and a bottle of bourbon.

Lazily ($\text{\textlambda} = 70$)

Hey, John! Go! Steady - never give up! There you go!
Here. This town is dead. The Los-i-si-a Bayou... Boring...

Not with me. Not when I'm a-round!

Pouring himself a drink

Wood Blocks

Snare Drum with brushes

Hi-hat
(or mute sus. cym. w/ hand)
A Rauco! $\dot{q} = 80$ accel. \hspace{1cm} (\dot{q} = 84)

 fp

 p

 mp

 mf

 Bor-ing,

 Bor-ing.

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 Bor-ing,

 Bor-ing.
They get faster and rowdier until Adam loses his balance and tips over drunk

Adam collapses on the sofa
Sleep

is my enemy.
I never sleep.
I dream about my scars.
Scars, scars! Would you like to see my cold heart now? I pressed all the same sand. A man, sucked the same dust.

Scars, scoffing!
A. Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
S. D.
B. D.
Hp.
Adam
John
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
Vln. I
Vln. II
pizz.
pizz.
arco
f
mp
mf
ff
f
mp
mf
ff
f
ghosts,
Black oil
on my face. You want to know what hell smells like? Burnt tar stick ing-to your
But I came out a live. We're a live. Adam merged from the other side of hell, still kicking ass!
A tempo

A. Fl.

Eng. Ha.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tpt.

B. D.

Hp.

Adam

John

A tempo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

"Ser geant, but urgent - you're in a dangerous place now. I know that place well, but my farm keeps me together. Come out to the farm..."
Come bury your dearest in the earth. Go to sleep, now, sergeant. You're a brave man, but you must.
A. Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Toms.

B. D.

Hp.

Adam

John exits. Adam takes a long drink.

John goes to the couch and picks up Adam's discarded flowers.

John says, "Yes, and Adam, take care of Mara. She's my friend, too."
Yes, sir. Learn to be patient!- I'm not patient... never was. A drunken, gutteral machismo...
I knew a man who was truly patient. Mars's weapon jammed (suddenly urgent but still mechanical)

Wood Blocks

adagio legato

suddenly urgent but still mechanical

muted sul pont.

(no distinct pitch)
right there in the middle of hell, and he took it all in part, much ado about nothing, and eaten.

A. Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
Snd P
Adam
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

piece by piece. Attention to details! A damn good soldier! This is for you, man!

Tom-toms
Wood Blocks

He toasts and drinks

(pip) (col legno)
(pip) (col legno)
(pip) (col legno)
(pip) (col legno)
suddenly very raw, emotional
I thought you'd never die until that day in the field of poppies
accel.

Adagio molto sul pont. arco

Bass Drum scrape fingernails vertically up and down low strings

Sus. Cymbal With bow
They got you

You

You

They got you

Could'nt drag you away fast enough.

1 trial.

1 trial.

1 trial?

MEN'S CHORUS

You

You

You

Harmonic gliss up and down C string

Harmonic gliss up and down E string
In time

\( g \), \( q = 80 \)

You loved you like a brother. To you!

You fell in the field of pop-pies, crimson tongues of fire.

And Greg, I

In time

\( g \), \( q = 80 \)
A. Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.

Hn.
Tbn.
Trom.

B. D.
Hp.

Adam
Tenors
Bass/Bari

Vln. I
Vln. II

Vla.
Vc.
Db.

Not even Tony made it. To you, Tony! What a bad ass. Tough like nails, the ultimate solder.

wind.
I'm still here, Tony! I'm still alive and I'm not done yet! I promise you, I promise you. I'm furious! I promise you I'm going to do some serious damage to those blood-sucking cockroaches. You didn't die for nothing! You fell in the field of poppies, You fell in the field of poppies.
A. Fl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Hp.

Adam

Tenor

Bass/Bar

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

mp

pp

f

mp

p

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mp
Because of you, because you sacrificed yourself, I'm still here, I'm still breathing. It should've been me! It should've been me! I wish it had been me. He raises the entire bottle to toast and is overcome by emotion.
7. Dialogue II: The Spill

Mara, Adam

Agitato! \( \dot{\text{=}} \ 110 \)

Mara

Adam

Percussion 1

Bass Drum

Percussion 2

Agitato! \( \dot{\text{=}} \ 110 \)

Piano

\( \text{ff} \) hysterically upset, angry

Mara

A - dam! The off-shore rig just in - spil - ling! For - ty miles from the coast! Mil - lions and mil - lions and mil - lions and mil - lions.

Pno.

\( \text{ff} \)"
Birds, nat a

lit ∑ ∑ ∑

The ba you's-

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.

Mara

Perc.

B. D.

Pno.
Più lento e pesante ($\omega = 80$)

Mara

Drunk, narrante, darkly playful

Adam

Cheer to the beds, the sea tar-dry and the dol-phins! All gone to bird and fish heaven, but not off

Perc.

Sandpaper Blocks

B. D.

Più lento e pesante ($\omega = 80$)

Pos.

Tempo I: Agitato ($\omega = 120$)

Mara

They try and try to clean them selves—but they

Adam

More than here!

Snares Drum

Snare Drum

Stutes on

break sticks

slow circular brushing across head (without ever striking)

Perc.

B. D.

Tempo I: Agitato ($\omega = 120$)

Pos.

$p$ (let blur)

una corda

Mara

Can’t

No living creature should endure that kind of

Adam

S. D.

B. D.

Pos.
Mara

As if speaking to himself
lost in his own world

Mara

No living creature

Mara

I cleaned as many as I could.

Mara

This devastated one bird had only an eye showing through the oil.

She looked at me, hopeless, I named her, "Hope." She'll survive.

Quasi recitativo

This one bird had only an eye showing through the oil. She looked at me, hopeless, I named her, "Hope." She'll survive.
Mara Pno. Urgently dam, the oil spill could reach your father’s oyster farm any day now.

Mara S. D. B. D. Pno. what then? I’ll be out of work. You’ll lose your father’s business.

Adam Pno. You’ll drink... take care of it... like you’ve done for the past three years while I was gone... keeping the business together. Good job!

Pesante = ca. 72

You’ll take care of it... like you’ve done for the past three years while I was gone... keeping the business together. Good job!

Adam Pno. You’ve lived up to my father’s wishes better than I have. You’re plant manager.

Adam Pno. I salute you... All by yourself... All by yourself...
8. Mara's Lament: The Earth Is Bleeding

*Mara, Chorus*

Grave doloroso \( \frac{1}{4} \) = 56

(Flute, English Horn, Clarinet in A, Horn, Trombone, Percussion 1, Percussion 2, Harp, Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass)
Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
Perc. 1
B. D.
Hp.
Mara
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

earth is bleeding

Where are you,

A

arco

pp mf mf

p
dolce

pp mfp mf

p

p mfp mf

p

& ∑

1 & 

? ∑ ∑ ∑

∑ ∑ ∑

/ ∑ ∑

& ∑ ∑
Where are you, Where are you, my love?

fl.  
Eng. Hn.  
Cl.  
Hn.  
Tbn.  
Perc.  
B. D.  
Hp.  
Mara  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Db.  

mp  
np  
cresc.  

Where are you, Where are you, my love?
Agitato con moto ($j = \frac{3}{2}$)

(3+2 throughout)

The wound is open. Where the steel punctured her veins,
Deep, in her cre-vices,- Where the gifts are held, Too precious, too precious, too precious to be sto-

The earth is bleeding, and so am I, sub. pp mf

fl. eng. hn. cl. hn. tbl.

f

f

f

f

f

f

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raging
and so am I!

and so am I!
Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tom-t.

B. D.

Mara

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.


\text{Fire burning on water, The fumes of metal melting On the salt-foam of the ocean. I feel the}

\text{sum mf} \quad \text{sub.} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{df} \quad \text{f}

\text{sub.} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{df} \quad \text{f}

\text{sub.} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{df} \quad \text{f}

\text{sub.} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{df} \quad \text{f}

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\text{sub.} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{df} \quad \text{f}

\text{sub.} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{df} \quad \text{f}
I see their frantic thrashing, thrashing!
Where are you, my love?

Where are you, my love?

Where are you, my love?

Where are you, my love?

Where are you, my love?
Where are you, my love?
Where are you, my love?
Where are you, my love?
Where are you, my love?
Fleet- ing with the sea creat ures, - Dart

Susi. Cymbal Bass Drum

Where are you?

Male Chorus

Where are you?

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Hp.

Mara

quasi gliss.

stopped

open

cresc. poco a poco

p L V.

pp cresc. poco a poco

mp f ff

ing- here and there to es cape,-

fearfully

Where are you?

E

E
Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
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Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
Where are you?
Blood spilled, blood spilled blood spilled, of blood spilled, of blood spilled, of
Where are you?
I can touch the fear
Dripping from your brow,
I can hear the blood spilled.
Where are you?
in your ears, 

the drill of gun fire still in your ears, The

Where are you? The

Blood spilled Where are you? The

Violin I

Violin II

Violin

Vibes

Double Bass
Shadow of your memories.

Echoing loudly.

Shadow of your memories.

Echoing loudly.

Shadow of your memories.

Echoing loudly.

Shadow of your memories.

Echoing loudly.

Shadow of your memories.

Echoing loudly.

Shadow of your memories.

Echoing loudly.
In the caves of your soul.
Echocing loudly in the caves of your soul.
Tempo primo \( (q = \frac{3}{4}) \)

With dread

\[ \text{stopped} \]

The earth is bleeding... and

Tempo primo \( (q = \frac{3}{4}) \)

With dread

\[ \text{stopped} \]
Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
Glock.
B. D.
Hp.
Mara
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

ff
where,
are you, my
love?
The earth
is

mp

espress

f

espress

ff

where,
are you, my
love?
The earth
is

f

espress
poco rit.

with vulnerability

I mourn the loss of our love.

poco rit.

Mara, Adam

---

Mara

A - dam...

Adam

A - dam!

---

Mara

Senza Misura
(on conductor's cue)

B

Overblow as loud and high as possible

---

Flute

English Horn

Clarinet in A

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Piano

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Contrabass

---

\[
\text{Mara, Adam}
\]

---

\[
\text{As soon as Mara leans on him, he wakes up in full PTSD crisis.}
\]

\[
\text{With terrifying speed, he rolls over onto her and grabs her in a headlock.}
\]

\[
\text{Mara, nestle as softly as you can as if to steal a moment of tenderness.}
\]

---

\[
\text{L. V.}
\]

\[
\text{Large Sus. Cymbal}
\]

\[
\text{With bow}
\]

\[
\text{Lion's roar}
\]

---

\[
\text{p ff}
\]

\[
\text{ff}
\]

\[
\text{p ff}
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\[
\text{œ b}
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You're home, you're home, in Louisiana. It's me... it's me!

He freezes, his arms still around her neck.

Release all keys except B1
and hold for entire duration of sound

He suddenly releases her and sits up,
shaking his head, as if to come to his senses,
then holds his head between his hands, covering his eyes.

I'm here, you're here, in the living room of our home.
What do you see, Adam? Tell me.
If I see your face, I see the bottle, the table, the walls, and a
10. Madre Dolorosa

Black Madonna, Chorus

Stately but dolorous ($\omega = 66$)

Flute

English Horn

Clarinet in B♭

Horn

Trombone

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Harp

The Black Madonna

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Stately but dolorous ($\omega = 66$)

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

A-\textit{dam}, My son, you've trav\textit{e}led far \textit{a \_ \_ \_ \_} \textit{from Me} Come \textit{back \_ \_ to Me} My
My son has been wounded, not in his legs, not in his arms. My son has been wounded — in his heart.

Come back to Me, Adam, come back to My heart.
Con moto (\( \frac{\text{q.}}{= 66} \))

The long journ-ey home. The road is un-cert-a- in.

115
Where are the elders to bless the young warrior? Where are the elders?
My son has been wound - ed, not in his chest, not in his shoul - ders. My son has been wound - ed - in his soul. Come back to Me, A - dam, re - store - your soul.
The gods of metal called him. The gods of metal and fire called him to war.
My son has been wound-ed - not in his face - not in his side. My son has been ppp cresc. (p)

Tempo I (q = 66)

Come back to Me, My son, your spi-rit - is for-ev-er pure.
His feet are swollen,
Step ping be tween good and evil.
No one comes home with clean hands from the
But the heart of the wounded warrior? The heart of the wounded warrior.
My son, I travel far away, far away, to come to you. Like a running through parched land,

Only my love restores peace on earth.

ATTACCA SUBITO
11. Dialogue IV: Double Vision

*Mara, Adam, John*

A Senza Mis.

Some times I have double vision.

A Senza Mis.

(dul tasto.)

(en tasto.)
Mara: Whoa! Where the hell are you going? What are you doing?

Adam: I have to get out of here! I have to go!

Cymbals
Harmonic Scrape

John Enters. Mara runs quickly after him, then, realizing the futility of it, she stops.

John: Thank God you’re here! Adam just left with his gun in the middle of the night, drunk!

Free recit.

As fast as (comfortably) possible. Vamp as many times as necessary.

Adam exits. Mara runs quickly after him, then, realizing the futility of it, she stops.
Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)

Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)

Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)

Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)

Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)

Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)

Mara: He's out of his mind. You've gotta find him, Mara!

John: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him. Where did he go?

Pno.: (smile)

Mara: You know what it's like. You've been there. Only you can help him now...

John: I'll find him, Mara. I know where he goes when he's upset. You stay here. I'll bring him home.

Pno.: Gradually slowing (independent of vocal line)
12. Scena III: When the Night Falls

*Mara, Black Madonna, Adam, John, Chorus*
When the night falls, All is quiet.

When the night falls, I hear the sound of darkness.

The breeze of summer night draws the scent of jasmine.

The moonlight makes his steps golden.

With motion

pp

f

f

With motion

s = 72

pp
Like silk__ on my skin. The desire__ for the one I love quivers__ in my soul. And yet, I
The voice of an angel. Gazing on the night in angel's song, what's she telling me? Is she telling me to stay or go? My love, I want to remember the tenderness in your eyes, the thoughts I want to forget. What have I done? What have I
I want the sweetness of your love. If on my you could see my

The taste of dust in my mouth...
When the night falls, all is quiet, all is quiet, all is quiet.

When the night falls, I hear the sound of darkness, The sound of darkness.
fl.
Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
F

Hn.
F

S.
F

Tbn.
B. D.
F

Tom-t.
B. D.
F

Mara
F

"all is quiet,

Adam
F

"The sound of darkness"

She waited for him, She waited for him, embroidery the sheets with her tears.

He fought for his country

Chorus
F

Vla. I
F

Vla. II
F

Vla.
F

Vc.
F

Db.
F

"She waited for him, She waited for him, embroidery the sheets with her tears."

"He fought for his country"

"all is quiet,"

"The sound of darkness"

"He fought for his country"
He fought for his country - and shattered his soul.

Rest your weary head on my chest.
Whose hands are these? The killing's in my
Adam reveals he has his gun with him, looking with horror at the empty hand and the hand holding the gun.
Is it safe, to dream of peace, The
no reason to live, No
reason to live, No reason to
When the night falls I hear the sound of darkness—
Raging! (*q = 120*)

Adam,
I hear the devil...

John,
A—dam, I’m right here with you. I need you.
They're calling me back, to war.
I need to give them back their here, bud—
I need you alive!

I hear the sound of darkness... to war.

They're calling me back, to war.
I need to give them back their here, bud—
I need you alive!

I hear the sound of darkness... to war.
jaw clenched, determined, cold

Set gone, hand me your weapon! A_don't look, walk with me. I have something to show you...
There's an old oak tree by the test-banks, green with moss, and moist with root, the long oak tree you've ever known With the moss, with moss. Come on, let's go down there. There at night all is peaceful and calm. Come on, let's go down there. There at night all is peaceful and calm. Come on, let's go down there. There at night all is peaceful and calm.
Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tom-toms

B. D.

Hp.

Adam

John

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

"Tempo I (q = 60)

I’m going back! I have to go back, there’s no time to waste, there’s no time to go!"

"Don’t go down that path, Adam."

"No! I’m going back! I have to go back, there’s no time to waste, there’s no time to go!"

"Don’t go down that path, Adam."

Tempo I (q = 60)
waste!
When the night falls, Night falls...

When the night falls, Night falls...

When the night falls, Night falls...

When the night falls, Night falls...

When the night falls, Night falls...

When the night falls, Night falls...

I was through the shadows of the night, searching for the soul of my...
Poco più mosso ($\approx 66$)

I hear the sound of darkness.

Ma, my daughter, A

Poco più mosso ($\approx 66$)
no man is fierce with the power of her love. Descend, My daughter, into the darkness of your fear. Find the golden amber in the caves of your heart.

I search through marshes, And cut through thick vines to find the broken pieces of my man.
Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Fp.

Mara
B. Mad.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

Lento \( (q = 50) \)

I feel some thing - in my heart,
Fear not, daughter - I guide you from within.

Calling out my courage
When the night falls, All is quiet, And I hear the whispers of my soul - done.

34

(non rit.)
13. Dialogue V: Back to War

*Mara, Adam*

**Slow and seething**
*(Freely \( \text{Tempo} = \text{ca. } 66)\)*

---

Mara enters in full military attire with gear, pack, etc.

Adam enters in full military attire with gear, pack, etc.

---

A: dam, where are you go-ing?

I'm go-ing back. I'm re-en list-ing.

---

Slow and seething
*(Freely \( \text{Tempo} = \text{ca. } 66)\)*

---

(Expressive)

---

(soft, sustained)

---

(soft, sustained)

---

(soft, sustained)

---

(soft, sustained)

---

(soft, sustained)
Mara

Why can’t you fight for us?

Adam

You’re better off without me. I almost killed you for Christ’s sake!

Mara

(con misura)

I went to war to save lives. I went to war to help the Afghan people. And I came back a fucking murderer.

(con misura)

(x)
Mara: No, that's not true, you're not a murderer. I'm not going to let you do this again.

Adam: Oh! I can still see what there was between us... what there could be a gain.

Mara: I'm no such hero!

Adam: I don't want the nightmares...

Mara: (ped. simile) If = ca. 76) (œ = ca. 84)

Adam: I don't want to live in fear. I'll never see you again. You've served your time, You've got your medals...

Mara: I can still see what there was between us... what there could be a gain.
That's enough! Let me help you, let me be by your side.

Suddenly tender.

Would I die for you?

I want to help you, I know I can!

Shocked, the wind taken out of her

You hesitated. You can't hesitate. Never! not for an instant, no seriously tried.
Adam: It's either you or somebody else who'd not hesitate to die for you. Tell me, would you throw yourself on a grenade to save my life? Sergeant Bryan did and he's dead!
You're worried about birds and fish and...
Bring them home safely. Now I'm home almost—murdering—my own wife!
A - dam, it's not a - bar death, It's a - bar life.

Yes, Mus, it's a - bar life.
I'm pregnant.
I'm going to save their lives.
Adam stops in his tracks, pats down his gear, moves towards her in shock. Slowly, he, drops his cap and embraces her, holding and kissing her with the tenderness that she once knew until the music stops.
ACT II

1. Lullaby for the Child

*The Black Madonna*
Dancing, with a gentle lilt (\( \dot{\mathcal{L}} = 60 \))

My child, you are like a sprouting seed, A promise of life re-

A prom-
In your eyes, creation reveals the wonder of innocence.

The wonder of innocence never lost, The age always found.

In your eyes, creation reveals the wonder of innocence.

In your eyes, creation reveals the wonder of innocence.
Eng. Hn.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tamb.

Hand D.

B. Madonna

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

You are the promise that mends your father's heart

You are the promise that mends your father's.
May you be peace on earth. May you be peace on earth.

You are the pro-mise that mends your father's heart.
2. Dialogue VI: You Have to Stop!

*Mara, Adam*

**Stesso tempo (\( \boxed{\text{q.} = 60} \))**

*Flowing, relentlessly rhythmic*

*Mara walks onto stage, animated, followed by Adam, angry*

Mara

You can’t go on working yourself like this. You’ve got to stop. No more

Piano

Vamp as necessary

Mara

I don’t care. We all have to do something.

Adam

You’re volunteering at the rescue center! You’re breathing the damn fumes. You can’t stop this mess. It’s too big!

Mara

What I do matters, a lot! I have to help them!

*Mara, Adam in unison*

What I do matters, a lot! I have to help them!

Adam

For [

Piano
Mara: Christ’s sake, your pregnancy. You know you have to stop!

Adam: You can’t stop! You should know that.

Mara: You could no stop either - that with the war.

Adam: That’s different! Those were animals!

Mara: They’re not just animals! It’s our whole way of life. And the life of our child. A hurricane is on its way. It will push the oil deep...

Adam: 

Pno.: quarter but very intense
Mara: Your father's oyster farm will be poisoned.  

Adam: My great grandfather planted those oyster beds a hundred years ago. My father worked his whole life for this business.

Pno.: Express.

Mara: Our oyster farm is shutting down. You've lost your family's business, I've lost my job. Who needs a manager when there's nobody left to manage? It's the end of a way of life.

Adam: I'll find a way. I'll find a way out.

Pno.: Repeat as vamp until "overtaken" by orchestra.
3. A Man Must Live a Life of Honor

*Adam, Men's Chorus*

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in A

Horn

Trombone

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Adam

Tenor

Bass/Baritone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

**Boldly** \( j = 80 \)**

A man must live a life of honor. He must prost...
I have built a wall around me, a

text his child. He must watch over his woman.

text his child. He must watch over his woman.

pizz.
A man must live a life of loyalty. He must feed his child. He must provide for his woman.
wom an-
is the rock. I’m I’m just sand in the wind.

A man must live a life of courage. He must

pizz. arco col legno

ord.

pizz. arco
My country's where my family is... where my family is.

keep his promise, he must defend his country! A

keep his promise, he must defend his country! A

pizz.
Land of my father,

A man is like a tall tree with large roots and strong branches.

Adam

where my family is.

Land of my father,

Land of my father,
and my father's father,

and my father's father,

My father's father,
A man is like a tall tree with large roots and strong branches. Standing firm in the whipping winds.

Pianists:

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

B. D.

S. D.

Toms

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Dp.
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tom-t.

S. D.

Adam

T.

B.

sound shelter, a steady harbor.

sound shelter, a steady harbor.

Vln.

Vln. 1.

Vlc.

Db.
Slower \( \frac{1}{4} = 56 \)

\[ \text{rit. al fine} \]

A man must live a life of truth.
Not in fool- ish dreams, But in the real
world, in the real
world, I'll take care of you.
4. Dialogue VII: Do You Believe in This War?

*Mara, Adam*

**A**

*Slow and brooding* \( (\alpha = \text{ca. 80}) \)

- *Mara*
  - Stone-faced, somber but definitive, as if the truth is dawning on him
  
  \[ \text{You and the by-play will both be taken care of.} \]
  
  \[ \text{You will go back to Afghanistan.} \]

- *Adam*

- *Percussion 1*
  - Bass Drum

- *Percussion 2*

- *Piano*

- *Mara, Adam*

**B**

Freely speechlike, senza misura (singers independent of piano) \( (\alpha = \text{ca. 80}) \)

- *Mara*
  - No, Adam, not a gain! not a gain! not a gain!
  - I'm going back!

- *Adam*
  - I have to go! It's our only way out, our only way out!

- *Piano*

- *Mara, Adam*
It doesn't matter what I believe. It doesn't matter what I do. I have to go back. I have to go back for you. And for our baby.

It doesn't matter what I believe. It doesn't matter what I do. I have to go back. I have to go back for you. And for our baby.

I don't know... You don't know... You don't know... I'll survive... I'll survive... I promise you... I promise you...
5. Scena IV: The Hurricane

*Mara, Adam, Chorus*

**Agitato!** $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}} = 100$

- **Flute**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.
  - (multiphonics)

- **Oboe**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.
  - (multiphonics)

- **Clarinet in Bb**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.
  - (multiphonics)

- **Horn**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.
  - (as loud as possible)

- **Trombone**
  - Blow air and gliss ad lib.
  - (as loud as possible)

- **Percussion 1**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.

- **Percussion 2**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.

- **Harp**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.

- **Mara**
  - Stop down
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.

- **Adam**
  - Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.

- **Soprano**

- **Alto**

- **Tenor**

- **Bass**

- **Violin I**
  - Trem. beneath bridge

- **Violin II**
  - Trem. beneath bridge

- **Viola**

- **Violoncello**

- **Double Bass**

---

*Blow air and rapid key-clicks ad lib.*

**Chorus**

*The hurricane's here! Close all the doors and windows!*
The house is shaking! - The glass is rattling!

The text suggests a dramatic scene with musical notation indicating air noise and key clicks simulating the sound of a storm or a sudden event.

The notation includes dynamic markings such as fortissimo (ff) and pianissimo (p), as well as sustain and release indications. The music score is structured with different sections for various instruments, including woodwinds (Fl., Ob., Cl.), strings (Hn., Tbn., Hp., Mara, Vln. I, Vln. II, Vla., Vc., Db.), and percussion (Tom-toms).

The text and notation together create a sense of a tense moment, possibly in a musical composition meant to convey a specific dramatic or emotional scene.
Adam is visibly shaken by the increasing noise of the hurricane. There is a loud clap of thunder, and Adam grabs Mara, pulling her down into a crouch.
Senza mis. (on conductor’s cues)

Air noise and key clicks sim.

produc lowest partial possible

Thunder sheet ad lib storm sounds quietly

Hairpin ovels ad lib.

imitating the beating of rain
against the house

overpressure bow on low strings to create
intermittant “creaking” sounds ad lib.

overpressure bow on low strings to create
intermittant “creaking” sounds ad lib.

GET DOWN! Don’t move!

They’ll hit us again!

Yelling

Stay down! Don’t move!

They’ll hit us again!

Senza mis. (on conductor’s cues)

\( \text{\text{\scriptsize Senza mis. (on conductor’s cues)}} \)
There are no enemies here!

Harmonics sim. air noise and key clicks sim.

Blow air and gliss ad lib.

(Harps swells ad lib. as before)

Adam, it's lightning and thunder. There are no enemies here!
Thunder Sheet

There is a loud clap of thunder
and Adam grabs her and pulls her down.

GET THE HELL DOWN!
Frantic \( \left( \begin{array}{l} q = 100 \end{array} \right) \)

They come when you least expect it. You never see them.
They're like ghosts. They could be anywhere!
You're home, sweet heart. You're home! There's no body here but me.
Look, I'm safe. It's quasi parlando just heavy rain and wind.

Adam, there's nobody here but you and me.

No, Mara, you’re wrong. They’re all here. The ones I killed. The ones they killed, my friends and my enemies.

They walk in a procession, in a procession.

Vamp if necessary
f f f f

f f f f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f

f f f f f f
Adam,- What is it? Tell me. Speak to me, Adam! - Tell me, tell me.

I be a live?!-
They wanted him to grow poppies for opium. Instead, he grew roses, and sold the rose oil.
The war lords beat him up, destroyed his crops.

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick

Thunder sheet

Cymbals

Bass drum

Wooden stick
operation. I was in charge. My men were brave. We'd just...

He came to us, gave us in... The location of each of the... piano labs.

We were on a counter... u-pan... tion. I was in charge. My men were brave. We'd just...
taken down the first of the opium labs. A trailer from hell in a field of red poppies.

As we were leaving, I had some of my men guarding the prisoners. The rest preparing the humvee to
Thunder sheet ad lib.
Gently rub w/ rubber mallet to create quiet and intermittent eerie sounds.

Sandpaper blocks

Rub fingernails against metal strings ad lib. to create "scratching" sounds.

go. It was too quiet, too silent.

pizz. open harmonic gliss ad lib.
I should have seen it coming, - that sickling of death. The kid appeared out of...
He was a child, no taller than the poppy plants. He threw a grenade.
chasing the grenade, to chase the grenade! He was too late! He

\( \text{chasing the grenade, to chase the grenade! He was too late! He} \)
threw himself on it! Because of him, the rest of us were still
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
S. D.
Tom-t.
Hp.
Adam
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

Overblow
fft
fft
fft
fft
Bass Drum
Snare ad lib., imitating random gunfire
strike lowest strings and pound on soundboard ad lib.
breath
A wall of bul- let s hit us from ev- ry cor- ner.

(adagio)

Vla. I
Vla. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

(sempre molto sul pont.)
(sempre molto sul pont.)
(semper molto sul pont.)
(semper molto sul pont.)

A thousand demons came in to me. My brain broke into a million pieces. Like a mirror shattered to bits.
I wasn’t—me any—more. I shot ev’ry-thing, ev’ry-thing, I shot ev’ry-thing that moved! Shots ringing— in my ears, Dirt caked &
&
&
&
with blood and sweat, Red splattered everywhere!
And when all was quiet, I fell on my knees, and then I saw him.

It was Tim, the eighteen years old with the face of a child.
grabbed him... pulled him next to me... Tried to keep his brains from falling - out! He grabbed him... pulled him next to me... Tried to keep his brains from falling - out! He
died in my arms. Right then, I cursed my self— for being a live. I failed them, I failed them, I failed them. I
When it was over, I'd lost six men, and I don't think I'll ever get over it. They were my friends, my comrades-in-arms. When it was over, I'd lost six men, and I don't think I'll ever get over it.
know how many I killed. What will I tell my child? And what will

I don't deserve to be loved by God. How could I deserve to be loved by my own
I hear the field of poppies, you fell in the field of poppies, you.
They're all around me...

dream for ever...

flautando

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp
following me everywhere I go, I can't sleep anymore.
I hear them lamenting, lamenting, lamenting, lamenting.

In the field of poppies, you die.

In the field of poppies, you die.

In the field of poppies, you die.

In the field of poppies, you die.
I can't sleep any more. Why them? Why them and not me?
Why them and not me?

Field of pop pies, -

Field of pop pies, -

Field of pop pies, -

Field of pop pies, -

(continue without break)
6. Lullaby for the Warrior

*Mara*

Tenderly $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{N}} = 60$

- Flute
- English Horn
- Clarinet in B
- Horn
- Trombone
- Percussion 1
- Percussion 2
- Harp
- Crotale
- Snare drum
- Brushes
- Continuous gentle rain sounds ad lib.

Mara

A - dat, Se-ten-sa bar the La-dy who called you son?

Tenderly $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{N}} = 60$

- Violin I
- Violin II
- Viola
- Violoncello
- Double Bass
saw her in a dream, Black like the soil of the
earth, Shim-ming- with gold, Like the stars in the night sky. In the folds of Her mantel-

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Fl.Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Glockenspiel

Rainstick

Glock.
the whole universe dissolves. She is merciful. She held me close to Her. I could...
hear the beating of Her heart. She gave me the strength to be patient, to be the warm embrace that softens the hardness of
you, I don't know why it was them and not you. I'm so glad you're alive, right here, right now, with me.

A dam, The winds are quiet, the rain has stopped.
Thunder and lightning are silent.

Sleep my darling, sleep. Sleep soothes the weary soul of the warrior. Sleep next to me. Dreams are healing. Silence is best.
7. Scena V: The Rite (A Dream)

*Mara, Adam, Female Angel, Male Angel, Chorus*

**Dreamlike**

- **Flute**
  - very gently

- **English Horn**
  - very gently

- **Clarinet in Bb**
  - very gently

- **Horn**
  - very gently

- **Trombone**
  - very gently

- **Percussion 1**
  - (continue to bow to renew sound)

- **Percussion 2**
  - Water gong ad lib.

- **Harp**

- **Mara**

- **Adam**

- **Female Angel**

- **Male Angel**

- **Chorus**
  - Sung on a dark, closed "ooo" as delicately and as straight as possible without losing pitch (Continuous, even sound; stagger breathing)

**Violin I**

**Violin II**

**Viola**

**Violoncello**

**Double Bass**

- **mf**

- **pp**
"Freely"

F. Angel: Spirit of the North, Bring the rest of divine darkness.

Chorus:

Freely
Bring the compassion that washes away all suffering of the human soul.

of human ignorance

Divine mother
Senza Misura (Repeat ad lib.)

The chorus descends from the risers and begins to wander the stage with melancholic elegance as the "Souls of the dead"

CHORUS SHOULD MATCH EACH OTHER HOMOPHONICALLY

Senza Misura (Repeat ad lib.)

Flute, clarinet, horn, and trombone players whisper ad lib.

EACH CHORISTER WHISPERS ITALIAN 
Ave Maria, piena di grazie, il signore e' con te
Tu sei benedetta in tutto il creato
E benedetto e' il frutto del seno tuo,
Il Cristo

Circondaci col tuo amore
Adesso e per sempre
Amen

Ave Maria, piena di grazie, il signore e' con te
Tu sei benedetta in tutto il creato
E benedetto e' il frutto del seno tuo,
Il Cristo

Circondaci col tuo amore
Adesso e per sempre
Amen

"Sea-gull" effect
repeat ad lib.
E Sempre senza mis. quasi recitativo

Fl., Cl.,
F Hn., Tbn.

Crot.

Cym.

Adm.

Chorus

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

WINDS PLAYERS CONTINUE WHISPERING "AVE MARIA" PRAYER

Flutes
Clarinet

Crotale
Bowed Susp. Cymbal

p colla voce

I see them, the wandering souls of the dead. The ones I killed, the ones they killed.

I could not save. I hear them lamenting, lamenting, lamenting.

CHORUS CONTINUES WHISPERING "AVE MARIA" PRAYER

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Adam, his win, they're not mourning, they're praying, they're praying to the Lady...

In time \( q = 70 \)

They're going to

In time \( q = 70 \)

They're going to

They're finding peace in Her... I can't find peace, I can't find my soul.

\[ G \]

War is un-just,  War is un-fair,  War is un-fair,  I cleanse

you of the hor-rors, of war you fought the war with your own two hands, But the whole
world is responsible for the blood that was spilled, for the blood that was spilled.

The whole world is responsible,-

The whole world is responsible,-

Piano}

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Viola

Double Bass

Eng. Hn.

Soprano

Alto

Female Chorus

Alto
world is responsible for the blood that was spilled.

whole world is responsible

The whole world is responsible
world's responsible for the blood that was spilled
May you be the protector of the unjust, in attainment of justice, A

You are blessed to be a wise father, And

Healer of the wounded, A restorer of nature.

Mara

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
A dam, take the lost piece of your soul, and make them whole. Make them whole. Make them whole.

Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Mara
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

Tubular Bells

A dam, take the lost piece of your soul, and make them whole. Make them whole. Make them whole.
8. Anima Mundi

Black Madonna, Chorus

Flowing $\dot{=} 80$

Flute

English Horn

Clarinet in Bb

Horn

Trombone

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Harp

Black Madonna

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

Flowing $\dot{=} 80$
My sweet flames of love, children of my heart. My love for you is beyond understanding.
I am the Mother of the world, I am the soul that lives all.
Who cleans up ignorance, who cleans up ignorance, who cleans up ignorance of the world.

Teach us to love.
I am the fire that consumes you. I am the love that can not be bent by the will. I am inside you, yet I hold you in My arms, I hold you in My arms, I hold you in My arms.
I am the Mother you've always longed for. I am the goodness that all ways prevails. I am the strength you find when
The wounds of the world, who heals the wounds, who heals the wounds of the world, Teach us to love.

I am the strength you find.
I am the truth, the heart, the
I am the truth that quakes
I am the truth that cannot be explained, I am the truth—

Eng. Hn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vln. VII

Vln. VIII

Vc.

Fl.

Cl.

S.

A.

T.

B.
Let my roses—blossom, let my roses—blossom, let my roses—blossom.

Teach us to love, teach us to love, teach us to love, teach us to love,

B. Madonna

S.

A.

T.

B.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

256
Let My roses, let My roses, let My roses bloom,

Let My roses, let My roses, let My roses bloom.

love, teach us to love, teach us to love, A ni-ra-man-di, A ni-ra-man-di,

love, teach us to love, teach us to love, A ni-ra-man-di, A ni-ra-man-di,

love, teach us to love, teach us to love, A ni-ra-man-di, A ni-ra-man-di,

*Mara, Adam*

---

**Peaceful**

---

Mara

---

I was there with you...

---

Adam

---

I had a dream of the lady...

---

Glockenspiel

---

Percussion 2

---

Wind chimes

---

**Peaceful**

---

Piano

---

No

---

Mara

---

I don’t hear the souls of the dead anymore!

---

Adam

---

Did you bring these roses?

---

Glock.

---

Crotales with bow

---

More and more excited (senza mis.)

---

Pno.

---

More and more excited (senza mis.)

---

Pno.

---

More and more excited (senza mis.)

---

Pno.

---

More and more excited (senza mis.)

---

Pno.

---

I don’t know...

---

I don’t know why this is happening...

---

I don’t understand, what’s happening?

---

I don’t understand, what was that dream?

---

260

---

Rosi's!

---

Rosi's!

---

Rosi's!

---

Rosi's!
10. Miracles Are the Children of the Void

*Male, Female Angels*

Flute

English Horn

A Clarinet

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Harp

Female Angel

Male Angel

Grave Religioso (\( \text{q} = 60 \))

Glockenspiel with bow

Finger Cymbals

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass
- - - - - - - -
which can not be understood.
Do not ask why, Do not ask why, Do not ask why,
11. Dialogue IX: To the Land

*Mara, Adam, John*

John enters joyfully with a basket of fruits and vegetables and a bottle of wine.

Joyfully! $\Large {\text{q.}} = 66$

Mara, Adam, John
Careful! That's my wife and my baby!

Mama!

She cute, but she sure ain't fragile!

Straight from the farm for the new mama.

We hold up the banner.

We say, Mara down.
Adam

Pno.
John
Straw berries, grapes, pickles, apricot jam, and green vegetables.
Pno.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.

\[=\]

Strawberries, grapes, pickles, apricot jam, and green vegetables.
Pno.

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]

B. D.

\[=\]

Glock.
B. D.
Pno.

\[=\]
night, the fire flies—shimmering with the stars. Each day, I sink, my hands into the soil. Each
Pushing forward

A. H.

Pushing forward

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

John: I put my self— to good use. A - dam, let's grow food. good clean food!

The

Pushing forward

John: farm's a good place to raise a child. Part - ner, what do you think? Move in - land— with me.

Glock

Pushing to blow

John: Mo - ra, you can man-age the farm and give the row gas-bom, you-al ways dreamed of. Con - sa - help me — till the land.

Glock

Pushing to blow
I can't live a way from the bayou. The bayou's my life, it's a part of me. I've put down my roots in these waters.

I hear the fish splashing in the reed ring. It's been the food for our fam'ly for generations. The

Mara

No, John, I can't live a way from the bayou. The bayou's my life, it's a part of me. I've put down my roots in these waters.

I hear the fish splashing in the reed ring. It's been the food for our fam'ly for generations. The
A. Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tom-toms

Mara

Tom-toms

B. D.

Pno.

Vc.

Db.

In time

Freely (senza mis.)

I don't want to go anywhere. You're asking too much of me.

It may never be like it was, but we can build something to get... to something new.

Accel. poco a poco

cresc.

PP

NOTE: The text in the image contains musical notation and lyrics in Italian. The notation includes dynamic markings, tempo indications, and performance instructions.

In my country.

we can build something...
I don't know if I can. This is where I belong - where my family has lived for many years, this is my place in the world.

Give her time, Adam, give her time.
12. Blessings

*Female Angel, Male Angel, Chorus*

With determination $\text{\textit{j}} = 60$

Flute

English Horn

Clarinet in B

Horn

Trombone

Percussion 1

Percussion 2

Harp

Female Angel

The warrior sheds his armor in times of peace, but keeps his skin strong.

Male Angel

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

With determination $\text{\textit{j}} = 60$

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

With determination $\text{\textit{j}} = 60$
The winds have changed the course of fate.
war -War no long - ger fights back his fear. He walks the path of love and res - titu -

f

ion.
Lay down your weapons and make the land fruitful.
warrior is wise, wise, wise because he knows death and chooses life.
warrior is wise, wise, wise because he knows death and chooses life.
the loss of purity.
A don, till the ground the earth is calling you.

Si - le - nce - the noise of war and plant the seeds of doloroso the seeds of
A - that the earth is calling you.

Life on fertile ground.

Plant the seeds of life on fertile ground.

Your roots are neither here nor there. Your roots are in your heart.

Mo, the seed of life is within you.
Ma - na__ your roots are in your heart. Your
desires
Si - lence the noise of war and plant the seeds of life on

the fertile ground,
on the fertile ground.
the seeds of life on

your roots are in your heart. Your

silence

silence

the noise of war

and plant the seeds of life on

the fertile ground.
on the fertile ground.
the seeds of life on

the fertile ground.
The wounds of war are healed in your em -
The sacred winds have changed the course of fate.
Lay down your weapons and make your lives fruitful. You are blessed. You are blessed.

*Mara, Adam*

**With excitement** $\frac{3}{4} = 80$

Mara comes in alone, places her handbag on the floor next to the sofa, and sits on the sofa, looking exhausted. Adam comes onstage excited, holding a cluster of letters in his hands.

**With excitement** $\frac{3}{4} = 80$
Adam

Pno.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Ma

mf

ra.- my dad’s oy - ster com - pan- y is all ov - er the news!

P

p

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Hund - reds of let - ters and do na - tions are pour - ing in.

The

arco

p (use open strings whenever possible)

arco

p (use open strings whenever possible)

arco

p (use open strings whenever possible)

mp (use open strings whenever possible)

mp (use open strings whenever possible)
But the work...will still close...But the work...will be tak...en care of...at least...for a while...I'd never...
left the bayou for a new life, as if to teach me that I can do it, too.
Slower

D

Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Hp.

Mara

Glock.

B. D.

Pno.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

I will leave the bay and go with you to John's land by the

295
Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
Hp.
Mara
Glock.
Cym.
Pno.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

rit.

\( \textit{sempre} \)

\( \textit{mp} \)

Our child will not play in the bay - ou.

Sus. Cymbal
Softest mallets

arco

Our child will not play in the bay - ou.
Our child will be a child of the river. - My
E

Even Slower

home is with you, You will grow food, And I will grow roses.~

E

Even Slower

home is with you, You will grow food, And I will grow roses.
14. Finale: Let There Be Fields of Roses

*Adam, Mara, Angels, Chorus*

\[ J = 100 \text{ With a moderate dance feel (as if in 1)} \]

- Flute
- English Horn
- Clarinet in B♭
- Horn
- Trombone
- Percussion 1
- Percussion 2
- Harp
- Female Angel
- Black Mad.
- Male Angel
- Adam
- John
- Soprano
- Alto
- Tenor
- Bass
- Violin I
- Violin II
- Viola
- Violoncello
- Double Bass

---

\[
\text{Where there were fields of poppies, Let there be fields of roses.}
\]

---

\[ J = 100 \text{ With a moderate dance feel (as if in 1)} \]
Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

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Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your

Black like the folds of the earth
Enfold us with Your
Where there were dust and ashes, Let there be blossoms.
Black like the sorrow that breaks the heart open -
Enfold us with Your love.

Black like the sorrow that breaks the heart open -
Enfold us with Your love.

Black like the sorrow that breaks the heart open -
Enfold us with Your love.

Black like the sorrow that breaks the heart open -
Enfold us with Your love.
Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tab. B.

B. D.

Mara

Adam

JOHN

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
Where there was oppression, Let there be freedom, Let there be freedom,
Black like the deep sea, Black like the roots of our soul.
H Grave religioso \( \frac{1}{2} = 60 \)

Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tab. B.

Cym.

Hp.

F. Angel

don na,-
redeem
er-
- - - - -
of
the
world,
All

M. Angel

don na,-
redeem
er-
- - - - -
of
the
world,
All

S.

don na,-
redeem
er-
- - - - -
of
the
world,
All

A.

don na,-
redeem
er-
- - - - -
of
the
world,
All

T.

don na,-
redeem
er-
- - - - -
of
the
world,
All

B.

don na,-
redeem
er-
- - - - -
of
the
world,
All

H Grave religioso \( \frac{1}{2} = 60 \)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Ve.

Db.
= 100 With a moderate dance feel (come prima)

Where there were fields of pop-pies, Let there be fields of pop-pies.

Where there were fields of pop-pies, Let there be fields of pop-pies.

Where there were fields of pop-pies, Let there be fields of pop-pies.
Where there were fields of poppies, let there be roses.
Where there were fields of poppies
Let there be fields of roses.

Where there were fields of poppies
Let there be fields of roses.
Where there were fields of poppies, let there be roses.
Where there were fields, where there were fields of poppies, let there be roses.
Where there were fields of poppies, let there be roses.
Where there were fields, where there were fields of poppies, let there be roses.
Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Mara

F. Angel

M. Angel

Adam

S.

A.

T.

B.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Ve.

Db.

\[\text{pop pies, Let there be roses,}\]
\[\text{fields of pop pies, fields of pop pies,}\]
\[\text{fields of pop pies, fields of pop pies,}\]
\[\text{fields of pop pies, fields of pop pies,}\]
\[\text{fields of roses, Where there were fields of pop pies,}\]
\[\text{fields of roses, Where there were fields of pop pies,}\]
Let there be roses,
Let there be roses,
Grave religioso $J = 60$

K

Fl.

Eng. Hn.

Cl.

Hn.

Tbn.

Tab. B.

B. D.

M. Angel

Adam

S.

A.

T.

B.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vl.

Va.

Vc.

Db.
In your heart, I live,
Fold us with Your love.

Fold us with Your love.

Fold us with Your love.

Fold us with Your love.

Fold us with Your love.
love, I hold my love, I hold my love in your heart, I

fold us with Your love.

En fold us with Your love.

En fold us with Your love.
My love. Fold us with Your love.

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
Fl.
Eng. Hn.
Cl.
Hn.
Tbn.
Tub. B.
B. D.
Hp.
Black Mad.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
APPENDIX A

SYNOPSIS

Act I Plot

In a place beyond time and space two angels enter, followed by a procession of the Chorus (1. Processional and 2. Litany of the Black Madonna). The scene shifts to coastal Louisiana in 2010 and the peace is shattered as Adam and Mara enter, fighting (3. The Fight). Adam has just returned from Afghanistan and is trying to cope with his recent war experiences. His marriage with Mara is threatened by his erratic and even violent behavior. Mara expresses her grief and love for Adam but does not know how to help him. There is a sense of total despair (4. The Wood in the Hearth Is Burning). The Black Madonna is revealed to the audience as a force of healing love who is with humanity in our moments of greatest suffering (5. Black Am I and All-Loving).

It is early evening, and Adam enters, drunk, accompanied by his friend John, an older, wiser veteran of the First Gulf War. John tries to offer Adam help and commiseration, but soon realizes Adam needs to be alone and leaves. Alone with his memories and drinking heavily, Adam begins to toast each of the men who died while serving under him (6. In the Field of Poppies). Mara enters, frantic, so upset that she is oblivious to the fact that Adam is passed out drunk. Mara describes the onset of the Louisiana Gulf Oil Spill. Adam responds with mocking indifference to the suffering of the coastal wildlife (7. The Spill). Mara is devastated by the state of her failing marriage and the effects that the oil spill will have on Adam’s family’s oyster farm, of which she has become manager in Adam’s absence. She sings a lament about the suffering of the animals dying in the ocean and her heartbreak and yearning for the loss of her husband and their way of life (8. The Earth Is Bleeding).

Mara tries to steal some comfort from Adam in his sleep, but as she touches him he awakens with a violent outburst (9. PTSD). Mara tries to bring Adam out of his disorientation by asking him what he sees in the room. To her surprise, he describes a vision of the Black Madonna calling out to him and the soldier’s journey home from war (10. Madre Dolorosa/The Long Journey Home). Adam comes out of his vision deeply disturbed, takes his gun, and disappears into the bayou. John enters and Mara sends him to find Adam (11. Double Vision). As night falls, Mara, fearing for her own life and realizing that her husband is no longer the same man with whom she fell in love, struggles with whether to leave him or stay in a devastated marriage and risk her life. Adam, fearing that he has become a danger to the person he loves most, contemplates taking his own life, but is stopped by John, who tries to show him the peace of mind he has come to know by working the land. Adam rejects his offer, saying he can only find peace by returning to war to finish the job for which so many men died under his command. Mara, in her moment of greatest despair, feels the stirrings of the Black Madonna within her and discovers an inner source of resolute strength that she never knew she possessed (12. When the Night Falls). Adam comes back home and tells Mara that he is leaving to reenlist and return to the war. Mara reveals a secret that stops him in his tracks.

Act II Plot

The Black Madonna offers hope through the metaphor of a newborn child as a sprouting seed of life (1. Lullaby for the Child.) Mara struggles with the disastrous effects of the oil spill on the family oyster business, while Adam looks for a way to provide a new source of financial stability (2. You Have to Stop). Adam is overwhelmed by what he perceives to be his failures as a man, both at home and in battle (3. A Man Must Live a Life of Honor). He finally decides to go back to war, this time for economic reasons (4. Do You Believe in this War?) but he is interrupted by the arrival of a seasonal hurricane. The stress of the violent storm triggers Adam into another episode of PTSD. This time, he is so shaken that he confides to Mara the depths of his trauma in Afghanistan and begins to grieve openly. (5. The Hurricane). Mara begins to understand the horrors Adam has endured and, inspired by a dream she has had of the Black Madonna, comforts him tenderly (6. Lullaby for the Warrior). Feeling consoled and understood by his wife, Adam is finally able to sleep deeply for the first time since returning home. As he and Mara sleep, they have a shared dream in which they undergo a profound ritual of healing (7. The Rite/A Dream). The Black Madonna and the chorus sing a celebration of the Mother of the World (8. Anima Mundi). Adam and Mara awake, recognizing how they have been changed during the night (9. Waking Up). The angels reveal that miracles are a mystery that cannot be understood and must be cherished for what they are (10. Miracles Are the Children of the Void).

It is mid-morning and John enters with fresh food that he has grown on his farm and endeavors to convince Adam and Mara to move out to his land further inland by the Mississippi and start a new life. Adam becomes intrigued by the idea of starting a new life, but Mara is not ready to give up the oyster farm and the bayou life they have always known (11. To the Land). The angels and the chorus sing of the healing power of the land and of turning swords to plowshares (12. Blessings). Adam and Mara enter. They have just received good news and are beginning to feel hopeful about the future (13. Fly Free). In a symbolic completion of her transformation, Mara announces that she will move to the land and grow roses, echoing the Black Madonna’s final words: “Let my roses blossom.” The trauma of the poppy fields is transmuted into the rose, an ancient symbol of the Black Madonna: “Where there were fields of poppies, let there be fields of roses!” (14. Finale: Let there be Fields of Roses).
APPENDIX B
LIBRETTO

The Canticle of the Black Madonna is based on an original story and libretto by Tiziana DellaRovere which is reprinted here with the expressed permission of the author.

ACT I

1. PROCESSIONAL
Instrumental

Angels enter ceremonially. They place the ritual objects at the front lip of the center stage. The chamber orchestra (13 members) is robed in colorful Renaissance tunics. The angels wear robes. After they place the ritual objects at the front of the stage, the angels recede to either side of the Black Madonna’s altar and they sing from either side of the altar, invoking the Black Madonna to come through the altar.

2. LITANY: “LITANY OF THE BLACK MADONNA”
Male and Female Angels, Chorus

MALE ANGEL AND FEMALE ANGEL:
Madonna, fragrance of the universe,
Creation beyond creation,
From the celestial heavens,
Not in the sky above, but here on earth below,
Embrace Your restless children.

Angels: Like leaves in the wind,
We quiver for Your compassionate caress.

MALE AND FEMALE CHORUS:
Madonna, smooth like black alabaster,
Black like the folds of the earth,
Black like the infinity of the night sky,

[The doors open from the back of the hall in two lines. The chorus enters from the back in a procession carrying stage candles. Each places candle at the front of the stage. The men’s chorus is in brown tunics, the women’s chorus in burgundy.]

ANGELS:
Like leaves in the wind,
We quiver for Your compassionate caress.

3. DIALOGUE I: “THE FIGHT”
Mara and Adam

Setting: A sofa and a coffee table, stage left, imply the inside of a house in southern Louisiana

MARA: [From Offstage]
Adam! Come back! I can’t go on like this!

ADAM: [From Offstage]
What the hell do you want from me?!

MARA: Give me a break, Adam! I don’t want anything!
I want you!

MARA: [Mara and Adam enter stage left, Adam first]
I want my husband back!

ADAM: I’m right here, Mara.
MARA:
Your body’s here, but your mind’s still fighting in Afghanistan.
Adam, you’re not the same man I married.

ADAM:
Damnit, I haven’t changed. But you have.
Nothing is ever good enough for you!
I’m not good enough for you!

MARA:
[Getting in his face]
Adam, it’s not like that. I can’t stand your silence.
You’re wasting your life, drunk in front of that stupid TV!
You don’t even talk to me anymore. Talk. TALK!
I’m your wife, for God’s sake!
Tell me what’s happening to you.

ADAM: Nothing, Mara. Stop it! Cut it out!

MARA:
I’ve been waiting for you, waiting and crying, waiting and praying.
I prayed because I didn’t know what else to do.
I prayed to anyone who’d listen.
I even pretended you had guardian angels so I could pray to them.
That you’d come back alive and whole!
You’re back now, alive, but what’s going on inside you?
What is it? You don’t want me anymore? Is that it?

ADAM: Damn it Mara, shut your mouth! Shut up or I’m leaving!

Go back for the third time. Go back to all the killing!
But I’m not waiting for you anymore.

ADAM: [Out of control] SHUT UP!

MARA: Adam, you scare me…

4. PRELUDE AND CHORALE: “THE WOOD IN THE HEARTH IS BURNING”
Adam, Mara, Male and Female Angels, Chorus;

PRELUDE

BOTH ANGELS: Mother, they’re fighting!

FEM. ANGEL:
There isn’t a woman in this world
Who doesn’t know how it feels to be left behind.

MALE ANGEL:
There isn’t a man in this world
Who doesn’t know how it feels to have to leave.

CHORALE

CHORUS:
The wood in the hearth is burning, burning…
To ashes, to ashes…
MEN’S CHORUS:
The warrior has no home to return to.

WOMEN’S CHORUS:
She stands in the winds
Without walls to protect her.

CHORUS:
The wood in the hearth is burning …

RECITATIVO

[Mara enters holding a tray of food for Adam, calling for him]

Adam, where are you? I made you something to eat.
[She places the food at the end of the table, brushing away the empty cans of a six-pack of beer.]
Are you home? [She turns around in despair].
[She sits down on the sofa, deflated. Talking to herself.] No, you’re gone.

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Looking around, on the verge of tears, with great exasperation
I don’t understand. [She stands abruptly, as if talking to an unseen presence.]
Can someone please help? I feel trapped!
I don’t know what to do.
[She leaves the stage. The stage is empty for a moment, emphasizing her aloneness. After a pause, Adam enters holding a bouquet of flowers as a reconciliatory gift for Mara.]

[Screaming] Where are you?
Where the hell are you?!
[He slams the flowers on the sofa, ignoring the food, sits on the sofa]
What’s the point…?
[He gets up, grabs a can of beer, and leaves angrily]

INTERLUDE

FEM. ANGEL:
Madonna, shrouded in divine darkness,
Brush away the loneliness of woman.
Give her the comfort of Your golden embrace.

MALE ANGEL:
Madonna, shrouded in divine darkness,

BOTH ANGELS:
As the rays of the moon penetrate the shadows,
The luminosity of Your love protects
Those who know not what they are doing.

5. ARIA: “BLACK AM I AND ALL-LOVING”
Black Madonna with Angels and Chorus

Slow instrumental introduction. The angels approach slowly with reverence and expectation, pull the painted curtain down, and fall on their knees in adoration. The Madonna appears, alive, in all her splendor.

BLACK MADONNA:
Black am I and all-loving.
In the darkness of your suffering,
I blossom to bring you solace.
Like a lotus in the morning sun,
Roots deep in the mud,
Petals upon petals, opening,
Opening, revealing the treasures
Of love given and received.
When you are lost, I come to you.
Take my hand, I walk with you.

ANGELS:
Mother of mercy,
Hold them in Your infinite compassion.
Guide them with the fierceness of Your truth.

CHORUS:
The wood in the hearth is burning, burning…
To ashes, to ashes…
The warrior has no home to return to.
She stands in the winds without walls to protect her.

POSTLUDE
6. SCENA II: “IN THE FIELD OF POPPIES”

Adam and John with Men’s Chorus

A hot and humid late afternoon. Adam and his buddy, John, enter. John is supporting Adam, who is leaning on his shoulder, drunk. John is tipsy, but not completely drunk. Adam holds a bottle of bourbon, John, a six-pack of beer.

They both stumble on their way to the sofa.

JOHN: Hey, steady, Sergeant. There you go!
[He drops Adam abruptly onto the sofa, the bourbon still in his hand, and places the beer on the side table.]

ADAM: Nothing ever happens here. This town is dead.

JOHN [Standing]:
Not with me, buddy. Not when I’m around.
[He dances a bit in a joking, ridiculous way.]

ADAM:
The Louisiana Bayou…
Boring… boring… [He pours a drink]

JOHN:
Get your sorry ass up. Come on!
[He pulls Adam up, and they dance together.]

JOHN AND ADAM TOGETHER:
[still dancing around drunkenly]:
Boring… boring…

JOHN: The boats go out, the boats come in.

JOHN AND ADAM TOGETHER: Boring… boring…

JOHN [sing-song]:
Put the oysters in the can,
put the oysters in the can!

JOHN AND ADAM TOGETHER: Boring… boring…
[Adam stumbles and falls back onto the sofa, unable to continue]

JOHN:
The sun comes up. The sun goes down.

JOHN AND ADAM TOGETHER:
[Boring… boring…]

JOHN [Standing]:
Not with me, buddy. Not when I’m around.
[He dances a bit in a joking, ridiculous way.]

JOHN AND ADAM TOGETHER:
[Boring… boring…]

JOHN:
Scars, scars! Would you like to see my collection?

JOHN:
I pounded the same sand, Adam, sucked the same dust.

JOHN AND ADAM TOGETHER:
[The boats go out, the boats come in.]

JOHN:
We emerged from the other side of hell, still kicking ass!
Sergeant, you’re in a dangerous place now.
Come out to the farm, Adam.
Come bury your demons in the earth.
Go to sleep now, sergeant.
You’re a brave man, but you must learn to be patient…

JOHN:
[Inward, bitter] Yes sir…
[John takes the flowers out of his cap and places them in one of the bottles of beer. John leaves. Adam takes a gulp from the bottle of bourbon.]

ADAM:
[Inward, bitter] Yes sir…

JOHN:
Oh, and Adam. Take care of Mara. She’s my friend, too.

ARIOSO

ADAM:
Yes sir.
[Sarcastically] Learn to be patient!
I’m not patient…
Never was.
My father’s patient.
He packaged oysters every day for forty-five years.
…never took after him.

ADAM:
But I knew a man who was truly patient.
Mario, (son of a bitch),
Mario’s weapon jammed, right there in the middle of hell.
And he took it all apart, methodical and calm, piece by piece.
Attention to details! A damn good soldier!
This is for you, man! [He drinks]
I thought you’d never die.
Until that day
In the field of poppies.
I couldn’t drag you away fast enough. I tried. I tried!
They got you. [He drinks]

MEN’S CHORUS:
You fell in the field of poppies.
Crimson like tongues of fire.

ADAM: And Greg, I loved you like a brother. To you!
[He drinks]

MEN’S CHORUS:
You fell in the field of poppies,
Swaying in the wind.

ADAM:
Not even Tony made it.
To you, Tony, what a badass!
Tough like nails, the ultimate solder. [He drinks]
But I’m still here, Tony, I’m still alive, and I’m not done yet!
I promise you, I’m going to do some serious damage
To those blood-sucking cockroaches.
You didn’t die for nothing!

MEN’S CHORUS:
You fell in the field of poppies.

Petals caressing your cheeks like butterfly kisses.

ADAM: [Keeping himself from crying]
And Sergeant Bryan, God no, oh God no,
you didn’t deserve to die.
Because of you,
Because you sacrificed yourself.
I’m still here.
I’m still breathing.
It should have been me.
I wish it had been me.
You’re all heroes! All dead heroes, all dead!
And I’m still alive,
I’m still fucking alive!
[He drinks directly from the bottle and finishes the bourbon.]

ADAM:
And then I went berserk!
…Yes sir, I went berserk…
[He tries to get up from the sofa, but he’s too drunk; he collapses helplessly].

MEN’S CHORUS:
In the field of poppies, you live.
In the field of poppies, you die.
In the field of poppies, you dream forever.

7. DIALOGUE II: “THE SPILL”
Mara, Adam

Mara enters in such turmoil that, at first, she doesn’t even notice that Adam is drunk.
Meanwhile, Adam is slouching on the sofa in a drunken stupor with a bottle still in his hand.

MARA:
Adam!
The offshore oil rig just exploded forty miles from the coast.
Millions of gallons of crude oil are spilling out into the ocean!
It has reached the shore
Where the seabirds nest.
When the oil comes to the surface,
It’s red, not black,
It’s red, like blood,
like someone has slit the wrists of the earth!
Everything it touches is going to die.
Birds, sea turtles, and dolphins…
I’ve lived in the bayou all my life.
The bayou is my home.
But I can’t protect the land,
I can’t protect the animals.
I feel like I’m dying with them,
A little at a time…

ADAM: [opens a new can of beer and toasts]
Cheers to the birds, the sea turtles, and the dolphins!
All gone to bird and fish heaven,
Better off there than here! [he takes a drink]

MARA:
[ignoring him]
They try and try to clean themselves, but they can’t.
No living creature should endure that kind of suffering.

ADAM: No, no living creature…

MARA:
Today, at the rescue center,
I cleaned as many as I could.
More and more keep coming every hour, covered in oil!
This one bird had only an eye showing through the oil.
She looked at me, hopelessly.
I named her, “Hope.”
She’ll survive.
[Adam, looks at her silently and tries to open another can of beer. Mara grabs the can away from him, placing it on the side table.]
Adam, the oil spill could reach your father’s oyster farm any day now. What then? I’ll be out of work, you’ll lose your father’s business.

**ADAM:** You’ll take care of it… like you’ve done for the past three years while I was gone… keeping the business together. Good job!

You’ve lived up to my father’s wishes better than I have. You’re plant manager. I salute you [he tries to salute.]. All by yourself… all by yourself.

[He passes out. As Mara realizes that he has passed out and she is overcome with sadness, not only for the suffering of the animals, but also for the state of her marriage, which is in ruins.]

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**8. ARIA:** “THE EARTH IS BLEEDING”  
*Mara, Chorus*

*Long, slow musical introduction.* Mara, moving slowly, takes the bottle that Adam is holding puts in on the side table by the sofa. She takes the throw blanket from the side of the sofa and gently covers him.

**MARA:**  
The earth is bleeding,  
Where are you my love?  
The earth is bleeding, my love.

The wound is open  
Where the steel punctured her veins,  
Deep in her crevices,  
Where the gifts are held,  
Too precious to be stolen.  
The earth is bleeding, and so am I.

Fire burning on water,  
The fumes of metal melting  
On the salty foam of the ocean.  
I feel the innocent ones, ensnared,  
I see their frantic thrashing!

**MARA AND CHORUS:**  
Where are you my love?

**MARA:**  
Fleeting with the sea creatures,  
Darting here and there to escape,  
The uncontrollable advance of blood spilled.

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**9. DIALOGUE III: “PTSD”**  
*Mara, Adam*

As soon as Mara touches his face, he wakes up in full PTSD crisis.

With terrifying speed, he rolls over onto her and grabs her in a headlock.

**MARA [frightened]:** Adam!

You’re home, in Louisiana. It’s me… it’s me!

[Adam freezes, then suddenly releases her and sits up, shaking his head, as if to come to his senses, and holds his head between his hands, covering his eyes]

**MARA:** I’m here, you’re here, in the living room of our home. What do you see, Adam? Tell me five things that you see right here, right now.

**ADAM:**

God damn, what have I become!?
ADAM (shaking his head): ...I see your face...
I see the bottle, the table, the walls... and a lady.

MARA: A lady? Where?!

ADAM: [Pointing at the Black Madonna]
A beautiful lady, dressed in black and gold.

MARA: Adam, where?!

ADAM: She’s calling me her son.
[Change in lighting, spotlight on the Black Madonna]

10. ARIA AND CHORALE: MADRE DOLOROSA/THE LONG JOURNEY HOME
Black Madonna with Chorus

BLACK MADONNA:
Adam, My son, you’ve traveled far,
Far away from Me.
Come back to Me.

My son has been wounded,
Not in his legs, not in his arms.
My son has been wounded in his heart.
Come back to Me, Adam, come back to My heart.

CHORUS:
The long journey home.
The road is uncertain,
Where are the elders to bless the young warrior?

BLACK MADONNA:
My son has been wounded,
Not in his chest, not in his shoulders.
My son has been wounded in his soul.
Come back to me, Adam. Restore your soul.

CHORUS:
The gods of metal called him.
The gods of metal and fire called him to war.
On the battlefield, on which side is God?
Kill or be killed?

BLACK MADONNA:
Never look into the eyes of your enemy!

My son has been wounded,
Not in his face, not in his side.
My son has been wounded in his spirit.
Come back to Me, My son!
Your spirit is forever pure.

CHORUS:
His feet are swollen,
His breath quickens,
Stepping between good and evil.
No one comes home with clean hands
From the field of battle.
Where will the bleeding stop
But the heart of the wounded warrior?

BLACK MADONNA:
Adam, My son, I travel far,
Far away to come to you.
Like a river running through parched land,
Only My love restores peace on earth.
Only love restores peace.
[lights return to normal, dim on Black Madonna.]
11. DIALOGUE IV: “DOUBLE VISION”
Mara, Adam

MARA: Adam, I don’t see any lady.

ADAM: Sometimes... I have double vision.
[Mara reaches out to him. He brusquely retreats]
I’ve got to get out of here. I have to go!
[He quickly grabs his gun from the sofa, turns, and walks away]

MARA: Adam, where the hell are you going? What are you doing?!!
[She runs quickly after him, as if to follow him.
Then, realizing the futility of her plan, she stops.]

JOHN enters

JOHN: I had a feeling. I came back to check on him.
Where did he go?

MARA: I don’t know where he went.
He’s out of his mind. You’ve gotta find him, John!
You know what it’s like. You’ve been there.
Only you can help him now.

JOHN: I’ll find him, Mara.
I know where he goes when he’s upset.
You stay here. I’ll bring him home.
[John leaves in a hurry]

12. SCENA III “WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS, ALL IS QUIET”
Mara, Black Madonna, Adam, John, Chorus

Mara and Adam are on two separate sides of the stage. Adam is holding his gun.

MARA: When the night falls, All is quiet.

ADAM: When the night falls, I hear the sound of darkness.

FEMALE CHORUS: The breeze of summer night draws the scent of jasmine.

MALE CHORUS: The moonlight makes his steps golden.

MARA: Like silk on my skin, The desire for the one I love quivers in my soul… And yet, I fear him.

ADAM: I walk blind, I am lost in rustling grasses

FEMALE CHORUS: When the night falls, All is quiet.

MALE CHORUS: When the night falls, He hears the sound of darkness.

MARA: The voice of an angel, Gliding on the nightingale’s song. What’s she telling me? Is she telling me to stay, or go?

ADAM: The cicadas scream the thoughts I want to forget.

MARA: My love, I want to remember the tenderness in your eyes.

ADAM: What have I done? The taste of dust in my mouth…

MARA: I want the sweetness of your love. If only you could see my pain….

ADAM: The silence of war explodes inside me.
MARA: When the night falls
All is quiet.

ADAM: When the night falls,
I hear the sound of darkness

FEMALE CHORUS: She waited for him,
Embroidering the sheets with her tears.

MALE CHORUS: He fought for his country
And shattered his soul.

MARA: Rest your weary head on my chest.

ADAM: Whose hands are these?
The killing is in my blood.

MARA: Here, on my heart, you would no longer
suffer.

ADAM: There’s no reason to live.
[He raises the gun to his mouth].

MARA: Is it safe to dream of peace,
The fighting is wearing me down.

[John enters, sees Adam, and freezes.]

MEN’S CHORUS: When the night falls…

JOHN: Adam, I’m right here with you.

ADAM: I hear the dead…

JOHN: I need you alive, buddy.

ADAM: They’re calling me back to war. [Looking around, as if hearing the call. He slowly lowers his gun.]
I need to give them back their due.

JOHN: Sergeant, hand me your weapon!

ADAM: I’m going back. [Adam slowly hands the gun to John, who takes it and hugs Adam].

JOHN: Adam, Listen.
[Putting his arm around Adam’s shoulder]
Walk with me.
There’s an old oak tree by the wetlands,
Green with moss and moist with mist,
The largest tree you’ve ever known.
With branches so long they touch the earth.
There, at night, all is peaceful and calm.
Come on, let’s go!

ADAM: No! I’m going back!

JOHN: Don’t go down that path, Adam.

ADAM: I have to go back.
There’s no time to waste.

[Adam exits, followed by John. On the other side of the stage, dreamlike, Mara walks around the Black Madonna, not seeing Her. Chorus vocalizes, creating an otherworldly atmosphere]

MARA: I wander through the shadows of the night,
Searching for the soul of my husband.

BLACK MADONNA: Mara, My daughter,
A woman is fierce with the power of her love.
Descend, My daughter,
Into the darkness of your fear.
Find the golden amber
In the caves of your heart.

MARA: Fear not, Mara.
I guide you from within.

MARA: I feel something…in my heart
Calling out my courage.
When the night falls, all is quiet,
and I hear the whispers of my wisdom.
13. DIALOGUE V: “BACK TO WAR”
Mara, Adam

Suddenly, in the vivid present, Adam enters in full camouflage military attire with gear, pack, etc.

MARA: Where are you going?

ADAM: I’m going back. I’m reenlisting.

MARA: Now, in the middle of the night?!

ADAM: I can’t live here anymore.

MARA: What about us?! What about me?
You fought for people halfway around the world.
Why can’t you fight for us?

ADAM: You’re better off without me.
I almost killed you, for God’s sake!
I went to war to save lives,
I went to help the Afghan people.
And I came back a fucking murderer.

MARA: No! That’s not true. You’re not a murderer.
I don’t want to give up. Not now.
I can still see what there was between us…
what there could be again.

ADAM: I’m no use here.

MARA: Adam, stop!
I don’t want the nightmares…
I don’t want to live in fear of never seeing you again.
You’ve served your time,
You got your medals,
That’s enough.
Let me help you.
Let me be by your side.
I want to help you. I know I can.

ADAM: What can you do for me?
Would you die for me?

MARA (shocked): Would I die for you?!

Not for an instant, or somebody dies.
It’s either you or somebody else who would not hesitate to die for you.
Tell me, would you throw yourself on a grenade to save my life?
Sergeant Bryan did and he’s dead!

MARA: Adam…

ADAM: You’re worried about birds and fish and sea turtles.
I’m worried about men!
I promised my life to bring them home safely.
Now, I’m here, almost murdering my own wife.

MARA: It’s not about death. It’s about life…

ADAM: It’s about lives. I’m going to save their lives. [Adam turns around to leave]

MARA: Adam… I’m pregnant.
[He stops in his tracks. Music continues. Adam puts down his gear, moves towards her in shock. Slowly, he, drops his bag and embraces her, holding and kissing her with the tenderness that she once knew until the music stops.]

END OF ACT I
ACT II
1. ARIA: “LULLABY FOR THE CHILD”
   Black Madonna

   BLACK MADONNA:
   | My child, you are like a sprouting seed, | That is never lost, |
   | A promise of life renewed. | The courage that is always found. |
   | In your eyes, creation reveals | My child, you are like a sprouting seed, |
   | The wonder of innocence. | Opening to the sun, |
   | The bounty of the pure heart. | A promise of life renewed. |
   | My child, be the hope | You are the promise that mends your father’s heart. |
   | | May you be peace on earth. |

2. DIALOGUE V: “YOU HAVE TO STOP”
   Mara, Adam
   
   Mara walks onstage, animated, followed by Adam, angry

   ADAM:
   | Mara, you can’t go on working yourself like this! | They’re not just animals. It’s our whole way of life… |
   | You’ve got to stop. | …and the life of our child… |
   | No more volunteering at the rescue center. | A hurricane is on its way. |
   | | It will push the oil deep into the oyster beds. |
   | | Your father’s oyster farm will be poisoned. |

   MARA:
   | Adam, the oil is spreading. | My great-grandfather planted those oyster beds |
   | | a hundred years ago. |
   | | My father worked his whole life for this business. |

   ADAM:
   | You’re breathing the damn fumes. | The oyster farm is shutting down. |
   | You can’t stop this mess. It’s too big. | You’ve lost your family business, |
   | | I’ve lost my job. |
   | | Who needs a manager when there’s nobody left to manage? |
   | | It’s the end of a way of life. |

   MARA:
   | What I do matters… a lot! I have to help them! | I can’t stop! |
   | | You should know that. |
   | | You couldn’t stop either with the war. |

   ADAM:
   | You’re pregnant, for Christ’s sake! | I’ll find a way, |
   | You know you have to stop. | I’ll find a way out. |

   MARA:
   | I can’t stop! | It’s different. Those were men. These are just animals! |
   | You should know that. |
   | You couldn’t stop either with the war. |
3. ARIA AND CHORUS: “A MAN MUST LIVE A LIFE OF HONOR”
Adam, Men’s Chorus

MEN’S CHORUS:
A man must live a life of honor.
He must protect his child,
He must watch over his woman.

ADAM:
I have built a wall around me.

MEN’S CHORUS:
A man must live a life of loyalty.
He must feed his child,
He must provide for his woman.

ADAM: [lamenting]
But my woman is the rock; I’m just sand in the wind.

MEN’S CHORUS:
A man must live a life of courage.
He must keep his promise.

ADAM: He must defend his country.

MEN’S CHORUS:
A man is like a tall tree
With large roots and strong branches,
Standing firm in the whipping winds,
A sound shelter, a steady harbor.

ADAM: My country is where my family is.
The land of my father, and my father’s father.

MEN’S CHORUS:
A man must live a life of truth.
Not in foolish dreams,
But in the real world.
In the real world,
I’ll take care of you.

__________________________________________________________________

4. DIALOGUE VI: “DO YOU BELIEVE IN THIS WAR?”
Adam, Mara

ADAM:
You and the baby will both be taken care of…
I will go back to Afghanistan.

MARA: No Adam, not again.

ADAM:
I have to go.
It’s our way out.

MARA: Adam, do you believe in this war?

ADAM: It doesn’t matter what I believe. It matters what I do.
I have to go back for you, and for our baby.
I will be ok. I’ll survive. I promise you.

MARA: I don’t know…
You don’t know…
[passionate, melancholic] You don’t know…
5. SCENA IV: “THE HURRICANE”
Mara, Adam, Chorus
*Suddenly the music becomes tumultuous*

**MARA:**
The hurricane is here! Close all the doors and windows.
The house is shaking!
The glass is rattling!
[Adam grabs Mara, pulling her down into a crouch]

**ADAM:**
Stay down!
[He jumps behind the sofa as if under attack.]
Get down! Don’t move. They’ll hit us again.

**MARA:** Adam, it’s lightning and thunder.
There are no enemies here!

**ADAM:**
Get the hell down!
[Adam drags her behind the sofa with him and forcefully pulls her down]
They come when you least expect it.
You never see them. They’re like ghosts.
They could be anywhere!

**MARA:**
You’re home, sweetheart. You’re home!
There is nobody here but me. Look!
[She stands up.] I’m safe.
It’s just rain, heavy rain, and wind.
[Adam stands up slowly, cautiously, coming back to himself. Mara reaches out to him and leads him by the hand to the front of the sofa.]
There’s nobody here but you and me.

**ADAM:**
No, you’re wrong. They are all here.
The dead.
The ones I killed.
The ones they killed, my friends and my enemies.
They walk in a procession. It never stops.
I see them all the time.
They are all dead. So many dead…
Why should I be alive?
[Mara sits close to him. Touches him with a gentle embrace, as if to console him.]

**MARA:** What is it, Adam? Tell me. Speak to me.

**ARIOSO**

**ADAM:**
[Sitting up and remembering the horror of his trauma…]
It all started with a farmer named Azizi.
He rebelled against the warlords;
They wanted him to grow poppies for opium,
Instead he grew damask roses and sold the rose oil.
The warlords beat him up, destroyed his crop.
He came to us and gave us intel:
The location of each of the warlords’ labs.
We were on a counternarcotics operation. I was in charge.
My men were brave.
We’d just taken down the first of the opium labs,
A trailer from hell in a field of red poppies.
As we were leaving, I had some of my men with me guarding the prisoners,
The rest preparing the Humvee to go.
It was too silent, too quiet.
I should have seen it coming, the sickle of death.
The kid appeared out of nowhere.
He was a child, no taller than the poppy plants.
He threw a grenade down the turret of the humvee
And vanished into the fields.
“Grenade!” I yelled.
Sergeant Bryan heard me.
He jumped down from the turret to chase the grenade.
It was too late.
He threw himself on it.
The rest of us were still breathing.
A wall of bullets hit us from every corner.
A thousand demons came into me.
My brain broke into a million pieces
Like a mirror shattered to bits.
I wasn’t me anymore. I shot everything that moved.
Shots ringing in my ears,
Dirt caked with blood and sweat.
Red splattered everywhere!
And when all was quiet again,
I fell on my knees.
And then I saw him.
It was Tim,
The eighteen year-old with the face of a child
I grabbed him, pulled him next to me,
Tried to keep his brains from falling out!
He died in my arms.
Right then, I cursed myself for being alive.
I failed them.
When it was all over,
I’d lost six men…
And I don’t know how many I killed.
What will I tell my child?
And what will God say to me?
“Good job, son? Welcome to heaven?”
I don’t deserve to be loved by God,
How could I deserve to be loved by my own child?

CHORUS:
You fell in the field of poppies,
You dream forever.
In the field of poppies, you live,
In the field of poppies, you die.
In the field of poppies,
In the field of poppies,
In the field of poppies.

ADAM (singing over chorus):
I hear the dead.
They’re all around me,
Following me, everywhere I go.
I can’t sleep anymore,
I hear them, lamenting, lamenting.
Why them and not me?
I can’t sleep anymore,
Why them and not me?

6. ARIA: “LULLABY FOR THE WARRIOR”
Mara

MARA: [Still holding Adam]
Adam, remember the Lady who called you son…?
I saw Her in a dream.
Black like the soil of the earth,
Shimmering with gold,
Like the stars of the night sky.
In the folds of Her mantle,
The whole universe dances.

The Lady is merciful.
She held me so close to Her,
I could hear the beating of Her heart.
She gave me the strength to be patient,
to be the warm embrace
That softens the hardness of war.
And then She cried with me.
And Her tears were full of compassion.

She told me to live without answers.
In the mystery of life,
Where nothing makes sense, but love.
I don’t know why it was them and not you…
I only know I love you.
I’m so glad that you’re alive,
Right here, right now.
With me.

[Tenderly]
The winds are quiet. The rain has stopped.
Thunder and lightning are silent.
Sleep, my darling, sleep.
Sleep soothes the weary soul of the warrior.
Sleep, sleep next to me.
Dreams are healing. Silence is best.

[They both fall asleep in each other’s arms].
7. SCENA V: THE RITE/A DREAM
Mara, Adam, Angels

Slow motion, ritualistic, dreamlike atmosphere.

The two angels come down first from the platform of the Black Madonna’s dias, followed by the Black Madonna. The male angel carries a bowl of water. The female angel carries a shell and a smudging wand or rattle.

FEMALE ANGEL [walking in front]:
Spirit of the north,
Bring the restful solace of divine darkness.
[She smudges the north].
Spirit of the south,
Bring the knowing of divine luminosity
[She smudges the south].
Spirit of the east,
Bring the movement of divine wind
[She smudges the east].
Spirit the west,
Bring the sweet stillness of divine love
[She smudges the west].
[Female angel recedes to the side of the Black Madonna and places the shell with the smudging wand in front of Adam, who is kneeling]

MALE ANGEL:
[Male angel comes to front of stage. He raises water bowl and holding it up, offering it to the sky.] Divine Father above,
Bring the grace that rights all wrong-doings of human ignorance.
[He lowers to the water bowl to the ground]
Divine Mother below,
Bring the compassion that washes away all the suffering of the human soul.
[He places the water container in front of his heart]
Sacred Union of the Two,
Bless this water and make it holy.
[He recedes to the other side of the Black Madonna and places the water bowl in front of Mara, who is kneeling]

[The chorus have continued to wander down onto the stage, with less time between each singer, still whispering louder and louder. The Black Madonna opens Her arms wide, revealing a beautiful brocade inside her cape, as if to embrace them both.]

ADAM
[stands up amidst the “dead,” glancing around as if recognizing them]:
I see them, the wandering souls of the dead.

MARA:
May your memories become gentle.
May you be the protector of the unfortunate,
The ones I killed, the ones they killed,
the ones I could not save.
I hear them lamenting, lamenting…

MARA [stands up]:
Listen, listen…
They are not lamenting, they are praying.
They are praying to the Lady.

[The chorus walks in a procession to the front of the stage, whispering prayers, circulating around, walking in the front of the Madonna, carrying roses to honor her, and placing it at her feet, and disappearing behind the Madonna’s cape. They then walk back silently to their original position on the risers.]

ADAM
They’re going to Her.
They’re finding peace in Her.
[Adam kneels sideways before the Black Madonna]
I cannot find peace.
I cannot find my soul.

MARA:
[Kneeling before the bowl of water, pours the blessed water on Adams hands.]
War is unjust. War is unfair.
Adam, I cleanse you of the horrors of war.
You fought the war with your own two hands,
But the whole world is responsible for the blood that was spilled.

FEMALE CHORUS:
The whole world is responsible for the blood that was spilled.

MALE CHORUS:
The whole world is responsible for the blood that was spilled.

[The chorus have continued to wander down onto the stage, with less time between each singer, still whispering louder and louder. The Black Madonna opens Her arms wide, revealing a beautiful brocade inside her cape, as if to embrace them both.]

ADAM
[stands up amidst the “dead,” glancing around as if recognizing them]:
I see them, the wandering souls of the dead.

MARA:
May your memories become gentle.
May you be the protector of the unfortunate,
An instrument of justice,
A healer of the wounded,
A restorer of nature.
You are blessed to be a wise father,
A tender lover,
And a man of new creations.

[757x463]Mara gathers the roses offered by the dead and gives
them to Adam.]
Adam, take the lost pieces of your soul, and make them
whole.

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8. ARIA AND CHORUS: “ANIMA MUNDI”
Black Madonna, Chorus

BLACK MADONNA:
My sweet flames of love,
Children of My heart,
My love for you is beyond understanding.
I am the Mother of the world,
I am the soul that enlivens all.

CHORUS:
Anima Mundi, who cleanses the ignorance of the world,
Teach us to love.

BLACK MADONNA:
I am empty, yet turgid with creations.
I am the mystery that cannot be explained.
I am the truth that quakes the heart.

CHORUS:
Anima Mundi, who devours the shadow of the world,
Teach us to love.

BLACK MADONNA:
Children of My heart,
Make the land fertile
And grow the food that feeds My people.

I am the Mother of the world,
[She opens her cape, revealing the brocades on the inside]
I am the soul who restores life to the world

CHORUS:
Anima Mundi, who restores life to the world,
Teach us to love.

BLACK MADONNA:
Let My roses blossom.
Let My roses blossom.
Let My roses blossom.

CHORUS:
Anima Mundi, who heals the wounds of the world,
Teach us to love.

[The Black Madonna envelops Adam and Mara with her cape, leaving them in the same position as they fell asleep, but now
they are covered in roses. Then, the Black Madonna and the angels return to the Black Madonna’s platform. The Black
Madonna disappears behind the veiled throne and the angels close the curtain behind her, leaving only her image seen
through the veil.]
9. DIALOGUE VIII: “WAKING UP”
Adam, Mara

[Mara and Adam, waking up and looking at each other]

ADAM: I had a dream of the Lady.
MARA: No, it wasn’t me…

MARA: I was there with you.
ADAM: [stands and holds a rose in his hands]
What just happened?

I don’t hear the souls of the dead anymore.
[Suddenly seeing they are covered with roses]
Roses! Did you bring these roses?!
MARA: No, it wasn’t me…

ADAM: I don’t know.
MARA: I don’t know why this is happening…

10. DUET: “MIRACLES ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE VOID”
Angels

ANGELS:
Miracles are the children of the Void.
Miracles are the language of creation.
Miracles are the laughter of God,
The gifts of the mystery,
The truth of knowing
Which cannot be understood.
Receive.
Do not ask why.

11. DIALOGUE IX: “TO THE LAND”
John, Adam, Mara

[John enters joyfully with a basket of fruits and vegetables and a bottle of wine.]

JOHN:
I heard the good news,
Mara, the beautiful mama!
[He bear-hugs her and twirls her around]
ADAM:
Hey, careful. That’s my wife and my baby.

JOHN: [putting her down.]
Relax Adam.
She’s cute but she sure ain’t fragile.
[John slaps Adam on the shoulder and Adam responds playfully]

ADAM:
Straight from the farm for the new momma.
Strawberries, grapes, pickles, apricot jam, and green vegetables.
And for the new papa, [raising the bottle of wine], wine from my vineyard!

ARIOSO

My farm is by the Mississippi river.
The river is quiet. The land is fertile.
At night, the fireflies shimmer with the stars
Each day, I sink my hands into the soil.
Each day, I put myself to good use,
Adam, let’s grow food, good clean food!
The farm is a good place to raise a child.

[Looking at Adam] Partner, what do you think?
Move inland with me.
Mara, you can manage the farm and grow the rose garden you’ve always dreamed of.
[To both of them]
Come help me with the land.
MARA:
No, John…
I can’t live away from the ocean.
The bayou is my life.
It’s a part of me.
I’ve put down roots in these waters.
I hear the fish splashing in the morning.
It’s been the food for our families for generations.
The bayou is full of life.

ADAM:
The bayou is deadly silent.
There are no fish splashing.
Not for a long time.
Mara, let’s go inland and grow food for our family,
I want to help people now, people here, in my country.

MARA:
I don’t want to go anywhere.
You’re asking too much of me.

ADAM:
It may never be like it once was, but we can build something together, something new.

MARA:
I don’t know if I can…
This is where I belong…
where my family has lived for many years.
This is my place in the world. [She exits.]

JOHN:  Give her time, Adam. Give her time.
[John and Adam exit]

12. DUET AND CHORALE: “BLESSINGS”
Male and Female Angels, Chorus

BOTH ANGELS:
The warrior sheds his armor in times of peace,
But keeps his skin strong.

CHORUS:
The sacred winds have changed the course of fate.

BOTH ANGELS:
The warrior no longer fights back his fear.
He walks the path of love and restitution.

CHORUS:
Lay down your weapons, and make the land fruitful.

BOTH ANGELS:
The warrior is wise because
He knows death and chooses life.

CHORUS:
The sacred fire consumes the loss of purity.

MALE ANGEL:
Adam, till the ground.
The earth is calling you.

CHORUS:
Silence the noise of war and plant the seeds of life on fertile ground.

FEMALE ANGEL:
Mara, the seed of life is within you.
Your roots are neither here nor there.
Your roots are in your heart.

CHORUS:
Silence the noise of war and plant the seeds of life on fertile ground.

MALE ANGEL:
Mara, honor your man because he has suffered much.
The wounds of war
Are healed in your embrace.

ANGELS AND CHORUS:
The sacred winds have changed the course of fate.
Lay down your weapons and make your lives fruitful.
You are blessed.
13. DIALOGUE X: “FLY FREE”
Mara and Adam

Mara comes in alone, places her handbag on the floor next to the sofa, and sits on the sofa, looking exhausted.

Adam comes onstage excited, holding a cluster of letters in his hands.

ADAM:
Mara, my dad’s oyster company is all over the news!
Hundreds of letters and donations are pouring in.
The plant will still close,
But the workers will be taken care of,
At least for a while.
I’d never seen my father cry.
I never believed there was so much love in the world.

MARA:
There is love in the world!
Today, I released Hope
and the other pelicans into their new home.

In the clean water of the wilderness refuge
in the Atchafalaya River Delta.
I saw Hope taking flight.
She left the bayou for a new life.
As if she to teach me that I can do it, too.
I will leave the bayou and go with you
to John’s land by the Mississippi.
Our child will not play in the bayou.
Our child will be a child of the river.
My home is with you.
You will grow food,
And I will grow roses.

14. FINALE AND RECESSIONAL: “LET THERE BE FIELDS OF ROSES”
Full Company

MARA, ADAM:
Where there were fields of poppies,
Let there be fields of roses.

CHORUS, ANGELS:
Madonna, black like the mystery we never unveil,
Enfold us with your love.

MARA, ADAM, JOHN:
Where there was oppression,
Let there be freedom.

ANGELS, CHORUS:
Madonna, black like the deep sea,
Black, like the roots of our soul.
Black like the void from which all creatures take life.

MARA, ADAM:
Where there were dust and ashes,
Let there be blossoms.

MARA, ADAM, JOHN:
Where there were fields of poppies,
Let there be fields of roses.

MARA, ADAM, ANGELS, CHORUS
Where there were fields of poppies,
Let there be fields of roses.

Where there was violence,
Let there be gentle touch

Where there was oppression,
Let there be freedom.
RECESSIONAL

Black Madonna, unseen from behind the veiled curtain, vocalizes while chorus takes away the candles. Angels and Chorus leave in a recessional similar to the processional in which they entered. Adam and Mara remain onstage, embracing.

BLACK MADONNA
[Unseen behind curtain]:
In your heart, I live.

CHORUS:
Enfold us with Your love.

BLACK MADONNA:
In your heart, I dance.

CHORUS:
Enfold us with Your love.

BLACK MADONNA
In your heart, I hold My love.

CHORUS:
Enfold us with Your love.

END OF ACT II

END OF OPERA