Winter: Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon

Mezzo / Rehearsal Piano

(Symphony No. 4)

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Text by C. Chomentowski

♩=120

Introduction: Allegro

1

MEZZO

Piano

ff

3

Mez

Pno

6

Mez

Pno

8

Mez

Pno

N.B.: Play cluster chords as much as possible throughout

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Song I.

Lento

A

molto rall.

♩=60

Mez

Pno

pp

pp

15

Mez

Pno

19

Mez

Pno

B ♩=54

mp

Plucked from the heart

22

Mez

Pno

mp

mp

24

Mez: a blos - - - som, en - cased

Pno

26

Mez: in dust . Plucked from the heart of my moth - er's at - tic a

Pno

28

Mez: blos - - - som en - cased in dust. Plucked from the heart a

Pno

30

Mez: blos - - - - som, en - cased

Pno

32

Mez

, a blos - som en-cased in dust .

Pno

35

Mez

Mot - tled shades of once - white there, and gold leaf glaz - - - ing its

Pno

37

Mez

In - car - na - ted pet - - - - - als,

Pno

39

Mez

be - - - - - tween which are

Pno

41

Mez: the prayers

Pno

43

Mez: I can yet sum-mon forth from the crypt

Pno

45

Mez: of child - - - - hood.

Pno

47

Mez: Plucked from the heart of my moth-er's at - tic (Hums or ooohs)

Pno

49

Mez

Pno

C

51

Mez

Pno

53

Mez

Pno

55

rit.

Mez

Pno

57 ♩=40 *a tempo*

D

Mez

Pno

60

Mez

Pno

63

Mez

Pno

66 *rit.*

E *mf*

Mez

The bind - ing's bro - ken, The cell - o - phane has

rit.

Pno

68

Mez

Pno

più mosso

♩=80

peeled a - way leav-ing yel-lowed scars .

pp

pp

71

Mez

Pno

(Plucked from the heart) There's no con - ceal - ing them, no cos -

74

Mez

Pno

met - ic cure I

F

Mez

Pno

press I press I

78

Mez

press up - on The

Pno

80

Mez

Lord to make me

Pno

82

Mez

pure.

Pno

84

Mez

Pno

86

c - r - e - s - c - e - n - d - o

Mez

(Plucked from the heart.)

Pno

88

f

Mez

Pno

ff

ff

90

Mez

Pno

92

Mez

Pno

G

Adagio, Dolce

rall . . .

Mez

Pno

mp

mp

98

H

Song II.

♩=60 **Lento (sempre a tempo, non rubato)**

Mez

Pno

mp

mp

105

Mez

Pno

J

♩=60

Mez

Pno

118

Mez

Pno

122

Mez

Pno

127

Mez

Pno

mf

f

5:4

130

Mez

Pno

3:2

3:2

3:2

133

K

Mez

Pno

mp

5:4

5:4

5:4

3:2

137

Mez

Pno

143

Mez

Pno

149

L

Mez

Pno

154

Mez

Pno

p

M

♩=c.80

Mez

Pno

mp

mf

mp

mp

N

♩=60

166

meno mosso

Mez

Pno

p

p

non legato, secco

pp

3

3:2

3:2

And af - ter the slow - ly in - drawn breath

169

Mez

Pno

3:2

The break - ing of the sac - red bread

The up - ward thrust - ing of the head

171

Mez: We kneel up - on the dust - y ground. There's noth-ing left to do But

Pno: 3:2

173

Mez: prune the rose-bush I had found And plant - ed this time last year, near the plast - er

Pno

175

Mez: Sac - red Heart. White will bear the

Pno: *mf* 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 *mf*

178

cantabile ♩=100

Mez: si - lence of the bloom Red would on - ly throb too soon, Too loud .

Pno: *f* *f* *f*

P

16

Allegro

184 ♩=160

Mez: But now as I un - furl the bur-lap shroud Like gauze that's tough-ened tight a-gainst the

Pno: *mf* *mf*

187

Mez: wound I won-der wheth-er deep with-in these pleats, And be - neath the pyr - a - mid of peat,

Pno

190

Mez: Be - yond the spind - ly rel - ic of a rose Might I there find the feet of Laz - a - rus

Pno

194

Mez: once a-gain dis-cern-ing cold from heat? Or are, per - haps, the rose and he the same?

Pno

Q

♩=180

Mez

Pno

200

Mez

Pno

R

♩=100

p

Mez

I hear the wind so soft - ly breathe her name As

Pno

p

207

pp ♩=120

Mez

I lift the seal of win - ter And ex - pose the rose to light.

Pno

pp

5:4

3:2

mp

S

mf

Mez

5:4

It is then that I am swept up in the pull of pal - lid

Pno

p

p

217

Mez

5:4

cells Reach - ing out for life, ex - tract - ing it from air.

Pno

219

Mez

And I will take a knife to what I think is dead there, To that

Pno

221

Mez

5:4

cantabile

which, I'm sup - pos - ing can - not be re - paired. Do not

Pno

223

Mez

Pno

des - pair, my love, for there is

3

225

Mez

Pno

5:4

some-thing of a faint sheen Glow - ing on this stalk, some - thing that is

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

227

Mez

Pno

a tempo

not quite green. But grow - ing, swell - ing, some-thing ca - pa - ble of tel - ling The

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

mf

230

Mez

Pno

rall . . .

wak - ing hours from the night, The rose of pas - sion from the rose of light. .

T *a tempo* *più mosso*

Mez

Pno

ff *fff* *f*

238

ff

O

U

p ♩=62

Love, do not mourn though I'm not at all cer - tain where the line is to be drawn be-tween what is mere-

p

246

ly dead and what will sure - ly_ die, Be - tween what has gone to seed and what is left to rise. And

5:4

Ped.

249

Mez

as I slash the wrist of rose-bush I know that I re - ly sheer-ly on Grace I think of all

Pno

252

Mez

rall . . .

a tempo

The times her face has been like a prayer cupped

Pno

255

Mez

n.b.!

accel.

in these hands. And now they trem-ble as the cut is made. Let us con - tem-plate to - geth - er the

Pno

259

Mez

du - al pow - er of The blade to lop off the dead and

Pno

♩=100

261

Mez

leave the liv - - - - - - - - - ing

Pno

264

Mez

But if there be mis - giv - ings let them be

Pno

3:2

266

Mez

mine a - lone. Yet some - thing has sur - vived the win - ter's womb

Pno

268

Mez

as sure - ly as the dead man did his tomb.

Pno

270

meno mosso

Mez

And it is not the dry brush cast

Pno

272

W

accel.

Mez

a - side that makes me

Pno

274

Mez

trem - - - - - - - - - ble

Pno

277

5:4

Mez

so. My hand is clawed by

Pno

279

Mez

thorns that won't let go The leg - a - cy of death

Pno

f

f

281

Mez

5:4

or life. I do

Pno

ff ♩=120

X

283

Mez

not know. Now no - tice

Pno

ff

mp

pp

285

Mez

how the full weight of the

Pno

3

287

Mez

5:4

sky rests on the clouds, my Love. And though you lift your

Pno

289

Mez

3:2 3:2 3:2

eyes you see noth - ing but my blood Then search my face, And

Pno

291

Mez

crawl in - to my pain, Your tears near - ly

Pno

293

Mez

rall . . .

con - cealed be - hind the sud - den veil of rain.

Pno

Y

♩=62 *mp*

Mez

The one who fast-ens tears to love Binds the rain to earth. "This rose," I say, "in

Pno

3:2

p

3:2

300

Mez

3

prun-ing me pre - pares me for re - birth."

Z

p

5:4

5:4

And so we wait for buds to form pro -

Pno

304

Mez

5:4

5:4

3:2

5:4

5:4

5:4

5:4

5:4

5:4

5:4

tect-ion a-gainst loss While a - bove our heads, a pale rose blos - soms Where our spir-its

Pno

308

Mez

cross

Pno

3:2

3:2

3:2

3:2

3:2

AA

fff

Mez

Pno

311

Mez

Strike the tip of the bloom, O God, against the flint, Refining human needs, And accept Thou this kindling toward Thy whitest heat.

Pno

fff

BB

(Conduct in One) * **Conducted in one from BB to CC. Due to staggered time signatures, measure numbering is accurate only at BB and CC.**

Mez

♩=120

f

Pno

fff

317

Mez

Pno

320

Mez

Pno

323

Mez

Pno

326

Mez

Pno

329

Mez

Pno

332

Mez

Pno

335

Mez

Pno

338

Mez

Pno

341

Mez

Pno

344

Mez

Pno

347

Mez

Pno

350

Mez

Pno

353

Mez

Pno

356

CC

rall . . .

Mez

Pno

3:2

3:2

3:2

mf

362

DD ♩=100

Mez

Pno

mf

p

p

3:2

3:2

369

rall . . .

♩=80

Mez

Pno

3:2

3:2

375

Mez

Pno

3:2

3:2

3:2

381

rall . . .

Mez

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

*

ppp

pp

EE ♩=62 **Song III.**

mp

3

And when the snow has sift-ed in-to my hair what then?

394

5:4 6:4

Will I be less a wo-man, or you, a man, when pas-sions blanch and blank-ly stare through o-paque

398

eyes. Some one of my sleep - ing selves, no doubt, will rise in am-ple time to

*Sound as much of the upper ostinato as possible when playing the melodic portions; see m.388-389, for example.

404

Mez

greet me there, at ves - pers, in the si-bi-lance of prayer.

Pno

mp *pp*

410

FF

Mez

you re-call, I gath - er, our last part-ing, How you drew me in like breath

Pno

415

Mez

5:4

and how our depths sus-pired in the still-ness and the grace of an un-speak-a-ble em -

Pno

418

7:6

GG

Mez

- - - - - brace. Your touch too light to ag-i-tate a

Pno

422

Mez

4:3

sing-le strand from place, too soft to cause a stir-ring in the air. And how I'm al-most moved to

Pno

HH

427

Mez

3:2

doubt that you were tru-ly there; But then, of course, the snow has yet to cal - ci-fy my

Pno

3:2

432

Mez

hair.

Pno

ppp

436

Mez

Yet when

Pno

438

Mez

the sift - ing of the snow is

Pno

440

Mez

5:4

done and high - lights glist - en sil - ver in the

Pno

442

Mez

3:2 3:2

sun or lav - en - dar I'll ven - ture, in the moon,

Pno

444

Mez

Then I sup - pose I'll learn that one must

Pno

446

Mez

trust The loom - ing shad - - - ows and

Pno

448

Mez

the ghosts that

Pno

450

Mez

in - - - fil - - - trate but

Pno

452

Mez

scarce - - - ly touch

Pno

JJ

Mez

Im - pas - sive

Pno

10:8

Ped.

456

Mez

in the face of pas - sion's thrust.

Pno

459

Mez

Pno

KK

rall . . .

Mez

Pno

Largo

♩=40

463

Mez

Pno

ff

ff

mp

465

Mez

Pno

LL

Mez

Pno

p

3:2

3:2

p

467

mp

3

3

3

And when the frost en - graves the glass, and

pp

3:2

3:2

pp

468

Mez

I seem numb, and

Pno

3:2

469

Mez

on - ly an ex - - - - -

Pno

3:2

MM

Mez

plo - - - - - sion

f

ex - plo - - - - - -

Pno

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

471

Mez

ff

- - - - - - - ex - plo - - -

Pno

ff *pp* *ff* *pp*

472

Mez

mf

- - - - - - sion of the dy -

Pno

pp

473

Mez

- - ing sun will be e - nough to clear the crys - tals from the pane,

Pno

NN

Mez

pp *p*

___ though vis - ion, hav - ing once been lost, will nev - er be re - gained from some in - tern - al

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

480

Mez

___ vis - ta, still I'll lift ___ my eyes and in the scud - ding clouds, per - haps, I'll

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

483

Mez

rec - og - nize my fleet - ing face and yours,

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

PP

486

Mez

when the snow has sealed me in and drift - ed

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

tenuto

489

Mez

pp

up a - gainst the door.

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2 *pp* 3:2 3:2

491

Mez

Pno

3:2 3:2 3:2

493

Mez

Pno

3:2

495

Mez

Pno

3:2

3:2

3:2

497

Mez

Pno

fff pp fff pp

3:2

3:2

3:2

fff pp

QQ

Mez

Pno

pp

rall . . .

fff fff pp fff

3:2 3:2

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

3:2 3:2 3:2 3:2

ppp

fff

ppp