

Winter: Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon

MEZZO

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Text by C. Chomentowski

$\text{♩} = 120$

Introduction: Allegro

A Song I.
molto rall.



$\text{♩} = 60$ Lento

11



B $\text{♩} = 54$
mp

Plucked from the heart _____ a blos - som, en-cased

26 in dust . Plucked from the heart of my moth-er's at-tic a blos - som en-cased in

29 dust. Plucked from the heart_ a blos - som, en - cased _____, a

33 blos - som_ en-cased in dust _____. Mot-tled shades of once-white there, and gold leaf

36 glaz - ing its_ In-car-na-ted pet - als, _____ be - tween

40 which are the_ prayers _____ I_ can yet sum-mon forth from the crypt

45 _____ of child - hood. _____ Plucked from the heart of my moth-er's at - tic_

48 _____
(Hums or ooohs) _____

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C **3** *rit.* **2**

52-54 55-56

57 $\text{♩} = 40$ *a tempo* **D** **8** *rit.*

58-65

E *mf*

The bind - ing's bro - ken, The cell - o - phane has peeled a - way__ leav - ing yel - lowed

69 *più mosso* $\text{♩} = 80$

scars__ . (Plucked from the heart__) There's

73 **F**

no con - ceal - ing them, no cos - met - ic cure__ I press__ I press__ I

78

press__ up - on__ The__ Lord to__ make__ me__

83 *f*

pure.__ (Plucked from the heart.)__

Adagio, Dolce Lento (sempre a tempo, non rubato)

G *rall...* **H** Song II. **J**

5 **6** **13**

89-93 94-99 100-112

116

127 **K**

138

149 **L**

M $\text{♩} = c.80$ $\frac{4}{4}$ *meno mosso*

159-162

N $\text{♩} = 60$ *non legato, secco*

And af-ter the slow - ly in - drawn breath The break - ing of the sac - red bread

170 The up - ward thrust - ing of the head We kneel up - on the dust - y ground.

172 There's noth - ing left to do But prune the rose - bush I had found And plant - ed

174 *mf* $\text{♩} = 100$ *cantabile*

this time last year, near the plast - er Sac - red Heart. White will bear the si - lence of

179 *f* **P**

the bloom Red would on - ly throb too soon, Too loud .

184 $\text{♩} = 160$ **Allegro**

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

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

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

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

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Q $\text{♩} = 180$

5

198-202

R $\text{♩} = 100$ *p* $\text{♩} = 120$ *pp*

I hear the wind so soft-ly breathe her name As I lift the seal of win -

210 **S** *mf* 5:4

ter And ex - pose the rose to light. It is then that I am swept

216 5:4

up in the pull of pal-lid cells Reach-ing out for life, ex-tract-ing it from air.

219

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

221 5:4 *cantabile*

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

224 3 5:4

— my love, for there is some-thing of a faint sheen Glow-ing on this stalk, some-thing that is

227 *a tempo*

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

230 *rall...*

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

T *a tempo* 7 *più mosso*

234-240

241 *ff* **U** *p* $\text{♩} = 62$ 5:4

O Love, do not mourn though I'm not at all cer - tain where the

245 5:4 5:4 5:4 5:4

line is to be drawn be-tween what is mere - ly dead and what will sure-ly_ die, Be -

247 5:4 5:4 5:4 5:4

tween what has gone to seed and what is left to rise. And as I slash the wrist of rose-bush I

250 5:4 3:2 5:4 5:4 5:4 *rall...* 5:4

know that I re - ly sheer-ly on Grace I think of all The

253 5:4 **V** *a tempo* *n.b.!* 5:4 *accel.*

times herface has been like a prayer cupped in these hands. And now they trem-ble

257

as the cut is made. Let us con-tem-plate to - geth - er the du - al pow-er of The

260 $\text{♩} = 100$

blade to lop off the dead and leave the liv - - - ing But if there

265

be mis-giv-ings let them be mine a-lone. Yet some-thing has sur-vived the win-ter's womb

268 *meno mosso*

_ as sure-ly as the dead man did his tomb. And it is not the dry brush cast

272 **W** *accel.*

a - side that makes me trem - - - ble so.



My hand is clawed by thorns that won't let go The leg-a-cy of death or ____ life.



I ____ do ____ not ____ know. ____ Now no-tice ____ how the full ____ weight of the



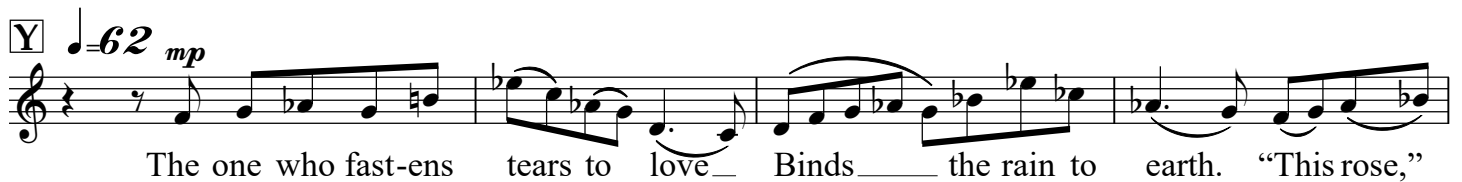
sky rests on the clouds, my ____ Love. And though you lift your



eyes you see noth-ing but my blood ____ Then search my face, And crawl in - to my
rall...



pain, Your tears near-ly con-cealed be - hind the sud - den veil of rain.



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



I ____ say, "in prun-ing me pre - pares me for re - birth." ____



And so we wait for buds to form pro - tect-ion a - gainst loss While a - bove ____



our heads, a pale ____ rose blos - soms Where our spir-its cross ____

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

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Song III. 7

BB * **CC** **DD** **EE**

$\text{♩} = 120$ $\text{♩} = 100$ $\text{♩} = 62$

313 43 4 3 22 3

315-357 358-361 362-364 365-386 387-389

mp 3

And when the snow_ has sift-ed in-to my hair_ what then?_ Will I be

395 5:4 6:4

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

404 3

408-410

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

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

415 5:4

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

418 7:6 **GG**

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

422 4:3

sing - le strand from place, too soft to cause a stir-ring in the air.

425

HH And how I'm al-most moved to doubt that you were tru - ly_ there;

3:2

But then, of course,_ the snow has yet to cal - ci - fy my hair._

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

3
434-436

Yet when____ the sift-ing of the snow is done and high-lights glist-en

441
3:2 3:2

sil-ver____ in the sun or lav-en-dar I'll ven-ture,____ in the moon,____ Then

445

I sup-pose I'll learn that one must trust The loom-ing shad - ows and the ghosts____ that

450
JJ

in - fil - trate but scarce-ly touch____ Im-pas-sive in the face of pas-sion's

Largo
4 KK *rall* ... =40 LL 3 3 3

457
458-461 463-465

thrust. And when the frost en-graves the glass, and

468
MM *f* *ff* *mf*

I seem num-b and on-ly an ex - plo - sion____ of the dy - ing sun will
ex-plo - ex-plo - sion

474
pp NN p

be e - nough to clear the crys-tals from the pane,____ though vis-ion, hav-ing

478

once been lost, will nev-er be re-gained from some in-tern-al____ vis-ta, still I'll lift____ my eyes and

482

in the scud-ding clouds, per-haps, I'll rec-og-nize my fleet-ing face____ and yours,

486
PP *tenuto* pp 9 QQ 4

when the snow____ has sealed me____ in and drift-ed up a-against the door.

490-498 499-502