

Ashley Hastings

Free Men

Opus 1

A Chamber Opera in One Act
for Soprano, Mezzo-soprano or Countertenor, Tenor, Baritone,
and Piano

This score is for the 2023 production by Cascadia Chamber Opera



Story, libretto, and music by Ashley Hastings.

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The first (workshop, unstaged) performance of this opera was on March 6, 2022, at Emmaus Lutheran Church, Eugene, Oregon.

Hannah Penn (Tom Chance)
Marcus Peterson (Joe)
Phoebe Gildea (Celeste Owen)
Carson Lott (Arthur Owen)

Sandy Holder (Piano)
Daniel Cho (Conductor)

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CHARACTERS

Tom Chance

Mezzo-soprano or Countertenor

Tom is a gay White man in his mid-twenties. He is physically and emotionally delicate, traumatized by horrible experiences in the Confederate Army. He is kind, empathetic, generous, and non-assertive.

Joe

Baritone

Joe is a gay Black man in his mid-twenties. He is a loner, having been ostracized by his own people due to his sexual orientation. He loves to make up and sing songs. He is emotionally stable and a keen observer.

Arthur Owen

Tenor

Arthur is a middle-aged White businessman. He is a widower whose driving ambition is to found a dynasty. He is arrogant and ruthless in the pursuit of his objectives.

Celeste Owen

Soprano

Arthur's daughter Celeste is an unmarried White woman in her mid-twenties. Her mother died giving birth to Celeste; she was raised by her father, and her character has been corrupted as a result.

SENSITIVITY READER FEEDBACK

This opera deals with a homosexual relationship between a Black man and a White man in the American South. The librettist and composer is a White, heterosexual male Yankee. Anticipating the questions that this might raise, we submitted the libretto of *Free Men* to Kayla Dunigan, a sensitivity reader specializing in Black, Queer, and Southern themes. Here is the gist of Kayla's report:

"Thank you again for allowing me to read FREE MEN! I admit to feeling a bit worried before reading your opera, given the context and the characters being Black and White and queer, but I'm glad I was met with a tender tragedy that explores what love looks like when two people are placed in an impossible situation, and asks the question: What does it mean to be free."

THE STORY

The story takes place in the American South, during the year following the end of the Civil War, when the Union victory and the emancipation of the enslaved Black people were just starting to reshape society and the lives of individuals.

Tom Chance, a closeted gay Confederate Army veteran who hates confrontation and violence, seeks to free himself from an unwanted engagement to Celeste, the daughter of a domineering businessman (Arthur Owen) on whom he has been dependent and who is unaware of Tom's sexual orientation. By good fortune, Tom inherits a considerable sum of money plus a plantation from his uncle, giving him a path to independence and freedom. He writes to Celeste, telling her of his inheritance and hinting strongly that the wedding is off.

When Tom travels to his new home, he finds Joe, a recently emancipated Black man, living there. Tom asks Joe to leave, but soon relents when Joe insists that this place is the only home he has ever known. It turns out that Joe is also gay; moreover, he and Tom realize that they met years ago in a childish sexual encounter. Tom tells Joe about a traumatic war experience, and Joe shows Tom the scars left on his back when he was whipped by Tom's uncle. Each young man sees in the other a chance for companionship and a life of freedom.

The relationship between Joe and Tom blossoms into love over the next two weeks. Tom tries to write again to Celeste to make a clean break, but he cannot find the words. Joe coaxes Tom out of the depths of despondency by outlining plans for a vegetable garden, fruit trees, and livestock. Tom cheers up and the conversation becomes merry. Then, while rolling around in bed in a laughing fit, the men are interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Arthur and Celeste. The Owens demand that Tom return with them and marry Celeste, or else face charges of sodomy and likely imprisonment. They also declare that they will have Joe lynched regardless of what Tom does. Seeing no viable alternative, Tom shoots Arthur and Celeste, then collapses in grief. Joe comforts him, then goes to bury the bodies.

LIBRETTO

Scene 1: The Letter

The stage is divided into two halves. Stage right is a small hotel room, where Tom is pacing about. The other half of the stage is the Owen living room, a week or so later, where Celeste and Arthur are sitting but not moving.

TOM I came home from the war with a bullet in my leg, and a limp I'll never lose. My parents were dead, my home was gone. Arthur Owen, my late father's employer, took me in, while I recovered from my wound. And I am grateful! But now, Mister Owen wants me to marry his daughter, Celeste! And he's already set the date! But...

I want no wife. Women are not for me. I love men, and I never will marry. Now, just in time, I have a way to escape. I will be free, to live my own life. Now I must write to Celeste., and tell her there will be no wedding. No wedding! Then, I'll be free. Free to be who I am. I will be free, to live my own life.

(Sits at desk.)

This letter will be hard to write. I don't want to hurt Celeste, or make her father angry. I'd better break it to them gently. Drop one shoe now, the other later. They'll get this letter in a week or so. By then I should be safe in my new home!

Tom becomes immobile. Celeste and Arthur begins to move.

CELESTE Ah... a letter from Tom. Dated a week ago.

(Opens letter but does not yet read it.)

ARTHUR Maybe it will explain where he's gone, and when he will return.

CELESTE I wish Chester could return. But he lies in a battlefield grave.

Chester was handsome, Chester could dance. He brought me flowers and candy. He could not keep his hands to himself when he was feeling randy.

ARTHUR But Chester is gone. He died in the war. The flowers are on his grave.

CELESTE Tom is weak, and lame, and cold, and rather homely, if truth be told. At least, he's not a dandy. But he never brings me candy!

ARTHUR Tom is alive, he needs a wife, and you must give me heirs!

CELESTE When Chester took me to the Summer Ball, everyone admired our dancing. Out in the moonlight, where no one could see, we had fun romancing.

ARTHUR But Chester is gone. He died in the war. His dancing days are done.

CELESTE Thousands of men were lost in the war, so I must marry a dreadful bore, just because he's handy. But I wish he'd bring me candy!

ARTHUR So many men have unwed daughters, and they are in despair. They'll snap up Tom if he's in play, so we must grab him without delay, lest he wander away somewhere. You'll marry Tom, and everyone will envy me!

Tom's father Fred is dead and buried, so Tom must run my mill. These days workers are hard to find, and Tom is painfully weak of mind, so I'll bend him to my will. He'll work for free, and everyone will envy me!

If Tom objects, it will not matter. He's too feeble to break free. He'll come limping back to town, and we will quickly tie him down, and you'll start your family. I will have heirs, and everyone will envy me!

What does Tom have to say? Read me the letter.

Tom begins to write, and Celeste begins to read.

TOM My Dear Celeste, I'm writing to inform you...

CELESTE "...that our wedding must be postponed!"

ARTHUR What does that fool think he's doing?

TOM Words cannot express how grateful I am...

CELESTE "...to you and your father."

ARTHUR And this is how he shows his gratitude!

CELESTE I knew this would happen! He has never shown me any appreciation!

TOM You took me in when I returned from the war, wounded, weak,...

CELESTE "...and without hope, finding my parents dead, my home destroyed."

ARTHUR I should have let him starve!

- CELESTE** He came limping in here like a sick dog! And now this!
- TOM** Your father's offer of employment, to take my father's place as foreman of his mill,...
- CELESTE** "...was both generous and unexpected, as I have neither training nor experience in such work."
- If only he were half the man his father was!
- ARTHUR** Fred Chance was a fool, too, but his son is worse.
- TOM** And, his suggestion that we marry, coming from a father who cherishes his only daughter,...
- CELESTE** "...bespeaks a trust of which I feel unworthy."
- Ah, if Chester had not been killed in the war, I would be marrying him! He was a man!
- ARTHUR** So many good men fell in the war. It comes down to Tom, or no husband at all.
- (And no grandchildren for me. And in truth, you are getting older as the months go by.)
- TOM** But, I have news: I have received a letter from a lawyer, informing me of a legacy, left to me by my late Uncle Albert Chance.
- CELESTE** "And, as it turns out, I am my uncle's sole heir. He left me some money, plus his plantation, which I will either work or sell."
- ARTHUR** So, there IS money in his family!
- CELESTE** He will sell! We will live in town!
- TOM** I need to see what condition the place is in. So... I have gone to Stanton Grove. I am at the Bluebird Inn.
- CELESTE** "Tomorrow I will visit my new property, which is seven miles west of town."
- So, we know where to find him!
- TOM** I may not return. I yearn for the simple life of the land, which I know would not please you. So, if you wish to end our engagement,...
- CELESTE** "...and find a more suitable husband, then I will understand, and you will have my blessing."
- ARTHUR** To Hell with his blessing! We will use his money to build you a fine new house! The finest house this town will ever see!
- CELESTE** And everyone will envy me!
- TOM** Meanwhile, I send you all my best, and my best to your father too.

CELESTE "...Yours, Tom"

Yes, mine! For what he is worth!

(She crumples the letter and throws it across the room.)

Scene 2: Freedom

The decrepit foyer of an antebellum plantation manor, the morning after Tom wrote the letter in the first scene. It is set up as an all-purpose room, with a bed, a table, a wash basin, etc.

Joe is moving around, tending to some small task. He goes into a back room. Tom enters through the front door and is alarmed when he hears a stranger singing. He takes his revolver from his satchel.

JOE Nothing tastes as cool as a cool drink of water on a long hot summer day. Nothing sounds as sweet as your sweet mother's voice when she kneels with you to pray. Nothing feels as soft as a soft bed pillow when you close your weary eyes. Nothing looks as free as a free wild bird when it spreads its wings and...

(He enters the room and stops in alarm when he sees Tom with a revolver.)

TOM What are you doing here? Who are you?

JOE I'm living here. My name is Joe.

TOM Well, this is my property. Who said you could live here?

JOE I just...I grew up here. I was Master Chance's houseboy. But... Mister Lincoln set us free, and everybody left but me. And then, Master Chance died. And...who are you? If you don't mind my asking?

TOM My name is Tom Chance. Albert Chance was my uncle. He left me this place in his will. So... I am the new owner. I guess... you'd better leave.

JOE Or... you'll shoot me?

TOM No, no! I mean you no harm. I'm done with shooting. I never want to use the damn thing again!

(He puts the gun back into the satchel.)

JOE Must I leave? I don't know where to go.

TOM Well, you're a free man now. Go make your way in the world.

JOE I guess you've never been a Black man. It's a hard world for us. I don't know what would happen to me, out there, alone.

TOM But couldn't you have gone with the others?

JOE I've always been a loner. Never got along that well.

Why, why, why must I leave? I was born here, grew up here, lived here all my life. This is the only home I've ever known. You don't know this place, you never lived here. But now I guess you got a piece of paper. Why is your piece of paper more important than my life? When I was a slave, I could not leave. Now that I'm free, you say I can't stay! What good is it to be a free man? Free... to do what?

TOM You're free to stay. You've made a good case. Justice is on your side. You belong here, more than I do. But I will stay here too. I can't go back to what I left behind.

JOE Why? Ain't YOU a free man?

TOM Well, freer than I was in the Army. I'm glad the war is over! I'm glad we lost! I hated the fighting and the killing! And all to keep you a slave! It was wrong! I'm glad we lost!

JOE How many Yankees did you kill?

TOM Only one that I know of. It still gives me nightmares. I was on dawn patrol, at the end of a foggy night. I lost my way in the woods. And just as the sun was rising, I stumbled into a Yankee. I think he was lost too. We stared at each other. Then... he drew his revolver. So I drew mine. His hands were shaking. He almost dropped his weapon. I got off the first shot. It hit him square in the chest. As he was falling, he shot me in the leg. I fell beside him. We lay there, on the cold ground, together, both of us gasping in pain, face to face, just inches apart. And, in the first rays of the morning sun, I saw that he was only a boy, with peach-fuzz on his cheek. Tears were streaming from his eyes. Blood was trickling from the corner of his mouth. With his last breath, he called for his mother. And then... I saw his soul leave his body. Oh God, I never want to kill again!

JOE You had no choice.

TOM I had no choice. I was glad to be wounded, so I could go home. But going home was no joy, either.

JOE What about your family?

TOM All gone. I'm alone. And I like it that way. There's a man who owns a mill. He wants me to work for him and marry his daughter. I think he wants me for a slave, or a stud. Serve him by day, service his daughter by night. I want nothing to do with it!

JOE But maybe a wife is just what you need.

TOM No, no, no. I never want to be married. It's not that I hate women. I respect them very much. My mother was an angel.

JOE My mother is a saint. She's out there living free, praise the Lord!

TOM My mother has gone on to her reward.

JOE Every man must surely love his mother.

TOM She gave him life, so that's why he should love her.

JOE Women are wonderful people. Most of the women I've known work hard as any man...

TOM ...Or even harder. And most of the women I've known are smart as any man...

JOE ...Or even smarter.

TOM But still...If I were married, I would not... could not... love my wife the way a husband should.

JOE I know what you mean. I know just what you mean. — You and I met once, back when we were boys. I guess you don't remember.

TOM No. No. I do remember visiting Uncle Albert once, with my father... Oh! You are JOE!

JOE Haha! So you DO remember!

TOM It's starting to come back to me. I followed you into the tool shed. Then my uncle came looking for something.

JOE And there we stood, stark naked! Your uncle was not very pleased.

TOM And my father was terribly angry! He boxed my ears till I cried.

JOE Your uncle whipped me, till I bled. He made all the others watch.

TOM That must have hurt. I'm sorry he did that.

JOE That's how I got the scars on my back. The others called them my "stripes of shame."

(Joe pulls up his shirt and shows Tom his back.)

See what your uncle did to me.

Now feel what your uncle did to me.

(Tom gently touches Joe's back and shakes his head in sympathy.)

Your hand feels so much kinder than your uncle's whip.

TOM What was that song you were singing when I came in?

JOE I just made it up.

JOE, TOM (Can it be? Can it be? I thought I must live alone to be free. Free from the pointing fingers, the angry voices, the staring eyes. Can it be? Can it be? I thought I must live alone to be free. Free to find myself, to be myself, to live my life. Can it be? Can it be? Free, but not alone?)

Scene 3: The Price

The same place as in the previous scene. Joe and Tom are in bed together. Joe gets up, but Tom continues to sleep.

JOE Free men rise with the morning sun, take their stand, find their way, do the work they do by day, and rest when the day is done. — Free men freely make their plan, dream their dream, build their life, slice their bread with their own sharp knife, and bow to no other man.

(Seeing that Tom is still asleep, Joe stands over the bed and sings loudly.)

Free men RISE with the morning sun, take their stand, find their way, do the WORK they do by day, and rest when the day is done. Rest when the day is done. Rest when the day is done.

TOM I'm beginning to realize that living with a songbird is not an unmixed blessing.

JOE Every rooster crows in the morning!

TOM I'd rather you just lay an egg!

JOE Roosters don't lay eggs!

TOM Then, what are they crowing about?

JOE I have a riddle for you: If a crow is roosting in a tall oak tree, and a rooster is crowing in an apple tree, what time of day is it likely to be?

TOM Let me think... I don't know. Enlighten me!

JOE Time to get up! Time to get up! Time to get up!

(He pulls Tom out of bed).

TOM Hahaha! Your logic is irresistible.

Well, I've been here two weeks today. Time to write to my fiancée and drop the other shoe.

(He sits at the table and prepares to write.)

My dear Celeste, I hope this finds you well. Please forgive me. We cannot be married. I am not the man for you. Here, in my new home, I have found my heart's desire.

I don't know how to say this. My friend, you are so good at making songs... Could you not make a song for me? A song that explains what's in my heart? Then I could write the words of my song, and send them to Celeste.

JOE I cannot make your song, any more than you can make mine. Why not set the letter aside for now, and think about what's to come? What will Celeste do when she gets the news?

TOM I have no idea. It will be hard for her to find a husband. So many men fell in the war. And in truth, she has a certain—uncharming way about her. Just like her father. But I do feel sorry for her.

JOE Well, you're a free man. Go back to her if you think you should.

TOM Now, you know THAT won't happen! But I do wish her well. She grew up an only child, without a mother. And I do believe her father molded her in his own image. A harsh and greedy image.

JOE Sounds like you hate the man.

TOM I do not like Arthur Owen. But I do not hate him. I admire him, in a way. He's a self-made man, clever and industrious, true to his values. But they are not my values. Our Lord said, "Love one another." But Arthur Owen loves no one.

JOE Your uncle was like that too. Hard and mean. What kind of love keeps people as slaves? Makes them work until they drop? Lets them live in dirt and rags? Beats them till they bleed and cry?

- TOM** You must have hated my uncle.
- JOE** Most of my life, I did. I'll tell you a story. Right after the other people left, your uncle came down with apoplexy. He could not talk. He could not walk. His right arm had no strength. I took care of him day and night. I saw the pain and fear in his eyes, and my heart was moved to pity. One night, he took a turn for the worse. It looked like his end was near. So I told him about the harm he had done, to me, to everyone he treated so bad. And I asked him to repent. As I talked, his mouth began to tremble, and his eyes filled with tears. He died that night, before the dawn. So... Maybe he went to meet his Maker repenting of his sins. Or maybe the Angel of Death took him straight to Hell. Anyway, I prayed for him. Then I buried him up on the hill, next to his wife and children.
- TOM** Thank you for your kindness, although I fear he did not deserve it. But wherever my uncle's soul has gone, he left all his worldly goods to me. We have his money, we have his house, we have his land. Now it's time to make our plan. But I don't know where to start. I've always been a city boy. How does one live on the land?
- JOE** I will teach you! Wait here!
- (He runs to the next room and returns with a spade.)*
- Do you know what this is?
- TOM** Yes. It's a spade.
- And what is it for?
- TOM** To make holes in the ground. To bury the men who died fighting in a stupid war!
- JOE** Yes, my friend, I've dug a grave or two myself. But we have no graves to dig today. I know you are haunted by the killing you've seen. And I know your heart aches for the Yankee boy you killed. But you had no choice. You had no choice. But the war is over, and slavery is over. You and I are free men. And free men have choices. We can choose to use our spade to dig a garden!
- TOM** A garden! That's a thought that may cheer me up. What kind of garden?
- JOE** A vegetable garden! With onions and taters.
- TOM** Taters! Taters, taters, taters! How I love taters! Boiled and mashed, or Baked or fried, they go with every meal!
- JOE** Oh, my! Now I know how to make you sing! And we'll grow green peppers.

TOM Peppers! Peppers! Juicy crunchy peppers make a lovely treat! Bake them in the oven, stuffed with rice and meat!

JOE Cucumbers! Tomatoes!

TOM Tomatoes! Fried green tomatoes, I hear you calling, calling for Joe and for me. Out of the frying pan, onto the platter, waiting for Joe and for me.

JOE Green beans and okra!

TOM Okra! Okra, okra, stewed for me, let me gorge myself on thee!

JOE And of course, we'll grow yams.

TOM Amazing yams, how sweet they taste, to feed a wretch like me! Just add brown sugar, there'll be no waste. I'll eat every yam I see.

JOE, TOM Amen!

JOE Now that church is over, let's talk about fruit trees.

TOM What kind of fruit trees?

JOE Peach trees!

TOM Plum trees!

JOE Apple trees!

TOM Cherry trees!

JOE Think of the cobblers!

TOM Imagine the pies!

JOE And let's get some chickens, for eggs and meat.

TOM Eggs and legs are good to eat!

JOE And let's get us some pigs, for bacon and ham.

TOM Bacon and ham, bacon and ham!

JOE, TOM An egg every day, fried chicken on Sunday, bacon and ham, bacon and ham!

JOE And one more thing: Let's plant some cotton, to sell for cash.

TOM Good idea! What do we need?

JOE Cotton seed, and a sturdy plow.

TOM A plow? A plow? Did you say—"a plow"? But who will pull the plow? Me, or you?

JOE Neither, you fool! We'll get us a mule!

JOE, TOM A mule, a mule!

TOM And we'll call it "Joe"!
JOE No, we'll call it "Tom"!
TOM No! Let's call it "Uncle Albert"!

They begin a friendly wrestling match and fall onto the bed, where the wrestling turns into caresses. At this point Celeste and Arthur enter. Arthur slams the door.

CELESTE Oh! My God!
ARTHUR You filthy wretch! Sneaking away for this!
CELESTE Disgusting creature! Wicked sinner!
ARTHUR So you have chosen to betray me, and break the laws of God and man! But now I know your darkest secrets! I have you now! I have you now!
CELESTE Now I know why you've always been cold. You've kissed me only twice, with lips like ice. You always pull away from my embrace! I will never forgive you! Never! There will never be love between us! Never! But you will marry me and do your duty! We will take our meals in silence. We will sleep apart in separate rooms. But you will come to me when you are called! I want children! I want children!
ARTHUR Tom Chance, you will come with us. You will marry Celeste. You will work for me. You will sell this den of iniquity!
JOE (Dreadful danger has come to our home. What will Tom do? How will he save us? Tom's heart is brave, but oh, so tender. And he's known these people all his life. What will become of us? What will Tom do? This will end in sorrow.)
TOM Mr. Owen—Celeste— Please do not do this. It will never work. I am not the man you need. You know that I am not! I have learned who I am. I have learned where I belong. If I go with you, my soul will shrivel. I will be a pointless, empty man, no use to you or anyone. I am so sorry I have let you down. I never meant to hurt you or betray you. But... This is the place where I belong, where I'm free to sing my song, the song that's mine alone to sing, the song life has given me.
JOE Free men freely make their plan.
TOM Please!
ARTHUR I have you now!
CELESTE I want children!

JOE Dream their dream, build their life.

TOM Please!

ARTHUR I have you now!

CELESTE I want children!

JOE Slice their bread with their own sharp knife.

TOM Please!

ARTHUR I have you now!

CELESTE I want children!

JOE And bow to no other man.

TOM Please! Please! Please!

ARTHUR Let me explain the situation: No one knows about your letter. No one knows you ran away. No one knows we have followed you here. And no one knows what you have been doing here. So this is your choice: Come with us now and marry Celeste, and work for me, and do as I say. And we will not speak of this again. And our lives will go on as I have planned. Or, I will have you arrested for sodomy, and you'll die in prison, or on the chain gang!

CELESTE And whatever you decide to do, whether you come with us or not, I will tell the Sheriff that HE is squatting here, and men will come and deal with him. You won't want to roll around in bed with a corpse!

TOM Joe—I must go with them. I have no choice. I have no choice. Bring me my satchel. The one I brought with me.

Joe brings Tom the satchel. Tom motions for Arthur and Celeste to leave. Arthur takes the lead, followed by Celeste. Tom takes up the rear, closing the door behind him. Two gunshots are heard. Tom returns, his revolver dangling from his hand, and sobs in grief. Joe consoles his friend, then picks up the spade and goes outside.

END OF OPERA

SCORE

Scene One: The Letter

1. Prelude	Piano	1
2. I came home from the war	Tom	3
3. I want no wife	Tom	5
4. This letter will be hard to write	Tom	8
5. Ah...a letter from Tom	Celeste, Arthur	11
6. Chester was handsome	Celeste, Arthur	13
7. So many men have unwed daughters	Arthur	18
8. My Dear Celeste	Tom, Celeste, Arthur	23
9. Interlude	Piano	38

Scene Two: Freedom

1. Prelude	Piano	41
2. Nothing tastes as cool	Joe	42
3. What are you doing here?	Tom, Joe	43
4. Why, why, why must I leave?	Joe	49
5. You're free to stay	Tom, Joe	52
6. I was on dawn patrol	Tom	56
7. You had no choice	Joe, Tom	61
8. It's not that I hate women	Tom, Joe	65
9. You and I met once	Joe, Tom	69
10. Can it be?	Joe, Tom	75
11. Interlude	Piano	78

Scene Three: The Price

1. Prelude	Piano	79
2. Free men rise with the morning sun	Joe	81
3. I'm beginning to realize	Tom, Joe	83
4. Well, I've been here two weeks today	Tom, Joe	86
5. She grew up an only child	Tom, Joe	94
6. I'll tell you a story	Joe	99
7. Thank you for your kindness	Tom	103
8. I will teach you	Joe, Tom	106
9. Taters! Taters! Taters!	Tom, Joe	111
10. Now that church is over	Joe, Tom	115
11. And one more thing	Joe, Tom	118
12. Oh! My God!	Celeste, Arthur	122
13. Dreadful danger has come to our home	Joe	127
14. Mister Owen, Celeste	Tom	128
15. Free men freely make their plan	Joe, Tom, Arthur, Celeste	132
16. Let me explain the situation	Arthur, Celeste	135
17. Joe, I must go with them	Tom	139
18. Postlude	Piano	142

*"Love consists in this:
that two solitudes protect and touch and greet
each other."*

—Rainer Maria Rilke

Free Men

Story, Libretto, and Music by Ashley Hastings

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Scene 1: The Letter

**The stage is divided in space and time. Stage right: Tom's hotel room.
Stage left: the Owens' living room, about a week later.**

1. Prelude

$\text{♩} = 100$

Celeste

Tom

Arthur

Piano

Beginning as a ghostly march, as if the music is remembered rather than heard.

p

6

Pno.

mp

10

Pno.

Becoming urgent, ominous.

mf

15

Pno. *f*

19

Pno. *Violent, strongly accented.* *ff* *accelerando*

24

Pno. *♩ = 120* *Triumphant.*

Curtain. Tom is in his hotel room. Celeste and Arthur are sitting in their living room, motionless, unlighted.

32

Pno. *Expressive, dirge-like.* *p*

attacca

2. I came home from the war

3

40 $\text{♩} = 144$ *Deep in thought.* *mf* Alternately pacing about and sitting at writing desk.

T. *I came home from the war with a bul-let in my leg, and a*

Pno. *p* *mf* *mp* *mf*

51 *Sadly.*

T. *limp I'll nev-er lose. My par-ents were dead, my home was gone.*

Pno. *sf* *mp* *mp*

63 *A bit cheerfully.*

T. *Ar - thur O - wen, my late fa - ther's em - ploy - er, took me in while I re -*

Pno. *mf*

72

T. cov - ered from my wound. And I am grate - full!

Pno.

f

81 *Worriedly.* *mp* *mf* *f*

T. But now, Mis - ter O - wen wants me to mar - ry his

Pno.

mp *mf* *f*

88 *ff*

T. daugh-ter Ce - leste! And he's al - read - y set the date! But...

Pno.

ff

attacca

3. I want no wife

5

97 $\text{♩} = 80$

Boldly..
mf

f

T. *I want no wife. wo-men are not for me.*

Pno. *mp* *mf*

102

ff *mf* *mf*

T. *I love men, and I nev-er will mar-ry. Now, just in*

Pno. *f* *mp*

109

f *ff*

T. *time, I have a way to es-cape. I will be free, to*

Pno. *mf* *f*

114

T. *mf*

live my own life. _____ Now _____ I must write to Ce -

Pno. *ff* *mf* *mp*

119

T. *f*

lest And tell her there will be no wed - ding. No wed - ding! _____

Pno. *mf*

126

T. *mf*

Then, I'll be free.

Pno. *f* *mp*

131 *f* *Triumphantly.* *ff*

T. Free to be who I am. I will be free, free, free,

Pno. *mf* *f*

137 *ritardando*

T. to live my own life.

Pno. *ff*

4. This letter will be hard to write

142

142 ♩ = 120 Tom sits at the desk and contemplates his writing task. ♩ = 144 *mp* *Pensively.*

T. 

Pno. 

T. 

Pno. 

T. 

Pno. 

171

T. *Drop one shoe now, the*

Pno. *mf* *p*

178

T. *oth - er lat - er. They'll*

Pno. *mf* *p*

Takes pen in hand, prepares to write.

185

T. *get this let - ter in a week or so. By then I should be*

Pno. *mf* *f*

ritardando $\text{♩} = 120$ *f*

Tom becomes immobile. His half of the stage darkens.
The other half lightens. Celeste and Arthur start to move.

195

T. *mp*

safe in my new home!

Pno. *mp* *mf*

204

Pno. *mp* *p* *pp*

5. Ah...a letter from Tom

11

210

210 $\text{♩} = 96$ CELESTE *mf* Holding up a letter, still unopened.

C. Ah... a let - ter from Tom. Dat-ed a

Pno. *p*

222

C. week a - go.

A. *Casually.* ARTHUR *mf* May - be it will ex - plain where he's gone, and when he

Pno.

231 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ CELESTE *mf* *Sentimentally.*

C. I wish Ches - ter -

A. *8* will re - turn.

Pno. *f* *mf* *mp*

242

C.

could re - turn. But he lies in a bat - tle-field grave.

Pno.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice (C.) and the bottom staff is for the piano (Pno.). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The voice part has lyrics: 'could re - turn. But he lies in a bat - tle-field grave.' There are triplets in the voice part. The piano part has chords and some melodic lines.

6. Chester was handsome

13

249 249 $\text{♩} = 96$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)

C. *Smugly.*
f

Ches - ter was hand - some,

Pno. *f* *mp*

255

C. Ches - ter could dance. — He brought me flow - ers and can - dy.

Pno.

260

C. He could not keep his hands to him - self when he was feel - ing

Pno.

267

C. ran - dy.

A. *ARTHUR* ***f*** *Impatiently.*

But Ches-ter is gone. He died in the war. The flow-ers are on his grave.

Pno. ***mf*** ***f***

273 CELESTE *Sourly.* ***f*** ***mf*** **ritardando** ***mp***

C. Tom is weak, and lame, and cold, and rath - er home-ly, if truth be

Pno. ***ff*** ***mf*** ***mp***

283 **(ritardando)** ***f*** ***mf*** **A tempo** (♩. = 60) (♩. = 96)

C. told. At least, he's not a dan - dy. But he nev-er brings me can -

Pno. ***mf***

294 303

C. *dy!*

A. *ARTHUR* *f* *Impatiently.*

Tom is a - live, he needs a wife, and you must give me heirs!

Pno. *ff* *f*

304 *CELESTE* *f* *Defiantly.*

When Ches-ter took me to the Sum - mer Ball—

Pno. *mp*

311

C. ev' - ry-one ad - mired— our danc - ing. Out in the moon - light, where

Pno.

317

C. no one could see, we had fun ro - man - cing.

A. ARTHUR *f* More impatiently. But Ches-ter is gone. He

Pno. *f*

324

C. CELESTE *Mournfully.*
mf Thou-sands of men were lost in the war,

A. died in the war. His danc - ing days are done.

Pno. *f* *ff* *mp*

332

ritardando — — — — — $\text{♩} = 60$

C. so I must mar-ry a dread - ful bore, Just be - cause he's hand - y

Pno. *mp* *f*

a tempo
(♩. = 96)

f

343

C. *ff*

But I wish he'd bring me can - dy!

Pno.

ff

attacca

7. So many men have unwed daughters

348

348 ♩ = 120

ARTHUR

Sternly.
mp

A.

So man - y men have

Pno.

*ff**p*

353

A.

un - wed daugh - ters,

and they are in des - pair.

They'll

mf ♩ = 96
Dramatically.

Pno.

mp

358

A.

snap up Tom if he's in play,

Grabbing the air.

so we must grab him with - out de-lay,

lest he

*f**mp*

3

Pno.

*mf**p*

Fluttering a hand, like a butterfly. $\text{♩} = 120$

364 *f* *ff*

A. wan_ der a - way_ some. where. You'll mar-ry Tom, and ev - ry - one will en - vy me!

Pno. *f* *ff* *fff*

372 *mp*

A. Tom's fa - ther Fred is

Pno. *ff* *p*

377 *mf* $\text{♩} = 96$

A. dead and bur - ied, so Tom must run my mill.

Pno. *mp*

382 *f* *mp*

A. *f* *mp*

These days work-ers are hard to find. And Tom is pain-ful-ly weak of mind. So I'll

Pno. *mf* *p*

Making bending motions.

388 *f* *ff* $\text{♩} = 120$

A. *f* *ff*

bend him to my will. He'll work for free, and

Pno. *f* *ff* *fff*

393

A.

ev - ry - one will en - vy me!

Pno. *ff*

398 **ritardando** $\text{♩} = 90$ *mp*

A. *mp*
If Tom ob-jects, it will not mat - ter. He's too

Pno. *p*

403 *mf* *f*
A. fee - ble to break free. He'll come limp-ing back to town, and we will quick-ly

Pno. *mp* *mf*

410 *mp* *f* *ff*
A. tie him down. And you'll start your fam - il - y. I will have heirs, and

Pno. *p* *f* *ff* *fff*

417 ♩ = 120

A. *8* ev - ry - one will en - vy me!

Pno. *ff*

424 *mf* Turning toward Celeste.

A. *8* What does Tom have to say? Read me the let - ter.

Pno. *mp*

8. My Dear Celeste

23

(Celeste's lyrics in quotation marks are read from the letter.)

429 The lights come back up on Tom's half of the stage.
He begins to move. Celeste opens the letter.

429 ♩ = 120

T. *mf* TOM *Sweetly. mf*
My Dear Ce -

Pno. *pp* *p* *mp* *mf* *mp*

439

C. *In sudden anger. f* CELESTE *f*
"...that our wed - ding must be post -

T. leste, I'm writ - ing to in-form you...

Pno.

444 ***ff*** 447

C. *poned!"*

T. TOM ***mf***
Words can-not ex -

A. ARTHUR *Scornfully.* ***ff***
What does that fool think he's do-ing?

Pno. ***ff*** *mp*

449 CELESTE ***f*** *Incredulously.*
"...to you and your fa - ther."

T. press how grate - ful I am...

A. ARTHUR *Indignantly.* ***f***
And

Pno.

453 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ *Bitterly.*

C. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

A. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Pno.

I knew this would hap-pen! He has nev - er shown me

this is how he shows his grat - i - tude!

457 *Coldly.* **f**

C. **f**

T. **mf**

Pno. **mp**

an - y ap-pre - ci - a-tion! "...and

You took me in when I re-turned from the war, wound-ed, weak...

464

C. **ff**

A. **ff**

Pno. **ff**

with-out hope, find-ing my par - ents dead, my home de - stroyed."

I should have let him starve!

469 *ff* Shaking her head in exasperation. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

C. *ff* He came limp - ing in like a sick dog! And now this!

T. TOM *mf* Placatingly. Your fa - ther's

Pno. *f* *p*

477

T. of - fer of em - ploy - ment, to take my fath - er's place as fore - man of his

Pno.

486 CELESTE *f* *Sarcastically.*

C. "...was both gen - er - ous and un - ex - pect - ed, as I have nei - ther train - ing nor ex -

T. mill...

Pno. *sf*

492

C. *per - i - ence* in such work." If on - ly he were half the man his fa - ther was!

A. ARTHUR

Pno. *sf*

499

T. TOM 507 *mp* Rolling his eyes.
And, his sug - ges - tion that we

A. *Sententiously.* *f* Fred Chance was a fool, too, but his son is worse!

Pno. *mf* *mp*

509

C. *CELESTE* *f* Rolling her eyes.
"...be-speaks a

T. *mf* *f*
mar-ry. com-ing from a fath-er who cher-ish-es his on-ly daught-er...

Pno. *mf* *f*

518

C. *ff* *♩ = ♪*
trust of which I feel un-wor - thy." Ah!

Pno. *f* 3 3 3

526

C. *Bitterly.* *p* *mp*
If Ches-ter had not... been killed in the war...

Pno. *p* *mp* *mf*

536 *mf* *f* *ff*

C. I would be mar-ry-ing him! He was a man!

Pno.

545 ARTHUR *mf* *Somewhat consolingly.*

A. So ma-ny good men fell in the war. It comes down to Tom, or no

Pno.

555 *p*

A. hus-band at all. (And no grand - chil-dren for me. And in truth,

Pno.

574

♩ = ♩

(♩ = 120)

566

A. *you are get-ting old - er as the months go by.)*

Pno. *f*

575

T. *TOM Portentiously. f*

But, I have news.

Pno. *ff* *mf*

585

T. *ff* *Becoming a bit gleeful.*

I have re - ceived a let - ter from a law - yer, in - form - ing me of a

Pno. *ff* *f*

596

T. leg-a - cy, left to me by my late Un - cle Al - bert Chance.

Pno.

607 CELESTE *f* Somewhat bored. Surprised.

C. "And, as it turns out, I am my un - cle's sole heir. He

T.

Pno.

616 *rit.* *Astonished.* *ff* ♩ = 80

C. left me some mon-ey, plus his plan - ta - tion, which I will ei - ther

Pno.

623

C. work or sell."

ARTHUR *Excitedly, gleefully.*
f

A. So, there is mon - ey in his fam - i - ly!

Pno.

628

C. CELESTE *Arrogantly. ff*

He will sell! We will live in town!

Pno.

632

634

T. TOM *Firmly. f*

I need to see what con - di - tion the place is in. So...

Pno.

mp

639 $\text{♩} = 100$ CELESTE *f*

C. *Defiantly.* *ff* "To -

T. *ff* I have gone to Stan-ton Grove. I am at the Blue-bird Inn.

Pno. *ff* *f*

645 *Conspiratorially.*

C. mor-row I will vis-it my new prop-er-ty, which is sev-en miles west of town." So, we

Pno. *mf* *ff*

6

651 *ff* **654**

C. know where to find him!

T. TOM

Pno. *mf* *ff* *p*

3 3

(Ossia) *Seriously.*
661 *mp* *mf* *f*

T. I may not re - turn. I yearn for the sim - ple life of the land,

Pno. *mp* *mf*

669 *Sweetly.*
674 $\text{♩} = 80$ *mf*

T. which I know would not please you. So, if you wish to end

Pno. *p*

681 CELESTE *Coldly.* *f* *ff*

C. "...and find a more suit-a-ble hus-band, then I will un-der - stand,

T. our en - gage-ment...

Pno. *mf* *sf* *mf*

691 *fff* $\text{♪} = \text{♪}$

C. and you will have my bles - sing."

A. *Furiously. ff* To Hell with his bless-ing!

Pno. *sf* *mf* *ff*

700 $\text{♪} = \text{♪}$ *f cresc.* $\text{♪} = \text{♪}$

A. We will use his mon - ey to build you a fine new

Pno. *mp* *cresc.*

707 CELESTE *Arrogantly. ff*

C. and ev - ry-one will

A. *ff* house! The fin - est house this town will ev - er see!

Pno. *f* *ff*

716 **fff** **720** **accelerando** $\text{♩} = 160$

C. en - vy me!

T. *Cheerfully.* TOM **f** (Ossia) Mean-while, I send you all my

Pno. **fff** **ff** **mf**

727 $\text{♩} = 120$ CELESTE

C.

T. best, and my best to your fa - ther too.

Pno. **ff** **mf** **f** 5

737 *With extreme sarcasm.* **f** 5

C. "Yours, _____ Tom." Yes, mine!

Pno. **p cresc.**

746

C.

ff

For what he is worth!

3

Pno.

(cresc.)

ff

attacca

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice (C.) in treble clef, 2/4 time. It begins with a measure of rest, followed by a measure with a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The lyrics 'For what he is worth!' are written below these notes. The piano part (Pno.) is in grand staff, 2/4 time. It begins with a measure of rest, followed by a measure with a fortissimo (ff) chord (G4, B4, D5). The piano part then has a measure of rest, followed by a measure with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4). The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

9. Interlude

750

750 ♩ = 120

f

allargando _ _ _ _

Pno.

757

(allargando) _ _ _ _

a tempo

♩ = ♩.

ff *mf* *ff* *f*

Pno.

766

Pno.

779

Pno.

793

♩. = 100

Pno.

802

Pno.

mp

f

806

Pno.

ff

$\text{♩} = 120$

812

Pno.

819

Pno.

ff

827

Pno.

835

ritardando

Pno.

Scene 2: Freedom

The spacious foyer of a manor house, furnished as an all-purpose living area, with bed, dining table and chairs, kitchen furnishings, etc.

1. Prelude

1

$\text{♩} = 120$

Joe is puttering around his living space, attending to small domestic tasks.

Tom

Joe

Piano

mf

non legato

7

1. 2.

Joe goes into the next room.

Tom enters through the front door.

Pno.

mp

p

mp

f

17

Tom sees signs of habitation; he is alarmed.

Pno.

2. Nothing tastes as cool

22**Hearing a stranger singing in another room, Tom takes his revolver from his satchel.**

22 **JOE** *Freely, in a relaxed, cheerful manner, as people sing when they are alone.*
p

J. 
 Noth-ing tastes as cool as a cool drink of wa-ter on a long hot sum-mer day.

30

J. 
 Noth-ing sounds as sweet as your sweet moth-er's voice when she kneels with you to pray.

Joe's voice grows louder as he approaches, still not visible.

37

J. 
 Noth-ing feels as soft as a soft bed pil-low when you close your wear-y eyes.

45

J. 
 Noth-ing looks as free as a free wild bird when it spreads its wings and...
attacca

Joe enters.

3. What are you doing here?

43

53

♩ = 120

Joe sees Tom and gun;
raises his hands and freezes.

TOM *Nervously, trying to sound stern.*

f

3

3

What are you do-ing here?—

Who are you?

53

T.

Pno.

ff

ff

ff

60

JOE

mf

Cautiously.

♩ = ♩.

(♩. = 120)

TOM

I'm liv-ing here. My name is Joe.——

J.

Pno.

mp

f

70

mf

Feeling awkward.

Well, this is my prop - er - ty.

Who said you could live here?

T.

Pno.

mp

79 **JOE** *Hesitantly, not sure how to respond.*
mp

J. *I just...*

Pno.

95

♩. = ♩

(♩ = 120)

95 *mf* *Becoming a bit more assertive.*

J. *I grew up here. I was Mas-ter Chance's house-boy.*

Pno.

♩ = ♩

♩ = ♩

105 *f*

J. *But... Mis-ter Lin - coln set us free, and ever-y bo-dy left, but me.*

Pno.

117 *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp* *Glancing at Tom's gun.*

J. *And then, Mas-ter Chance died. And... who are you? If you*

Pno.

132

129 **TOM** $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ *mf* *A bit more relaxed.* Lowers his gun.

T. My name is Tom Chance. Al-bert Chance was my

J. don't mind my ask-ing?

Pno. *mf*

138 **Joe cautiously lowers his hands.**

T. un-cle. He left me this place in his will. So...

Pno.

148 *Hesitantly, not used to asserting ownership.* *Almost apologetically.*

T. I am the new own-er. I guess... you'd bet-ter leave.

Pno. *sf*

159 **TOM** *f* ²

T. No, no! I mean you no harm. I'm

JOE *mf* *More confidently, sensing Tom's lack of hostile intent.* Points at revolver.

J. Or... you'll shoot me?

Pno.

169 *♩ = ♩* Puts revolver in satchel.

T. done with shoot-ing. I nev-er want to use the damn thing a -

Pno.

179 **Più Mosso** *♩ = 144*

177 **TOM** *mf*

T. gain! Well,

JOE *f* *Pleadingly.*

J. Must I leave? I don't know where to go.

Pno.

188 *Glibly.* Gestures toward the front door.

T. you are a free man now. Go, make your way in the

Pno.

198 world.

J. **JOE** *f* Almost sarcastically.

I guess you've nev-er been a Black man! It's a hard world for

Pno.

208 *Seriously.* Gestures toward the front door.

J. us. I don't know what would hap-pen to me, out there, a - lone.

Pno.

218 **TOM** *mf*, *Perplexedly.*

T. But could - n't you have gone with the oth - ers?

Pno. *mp*

224

224

JOE

Sadly.
mf

J.

I've al - ways been a lon - er.

Pno.

p

This musical score is for a song by Joe. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The vocal line (J.) begins at measure 224 with a rest, then enters in measure 225 with a half note D4, followed by a dotted half note E4 in measure 226, and a half note F#4 in measure 227. The lyrics 'I've al - ways been a lon - er.' are aligned with these notes. The piano accompaniment (Pno.) starts at measure 224 with a piano (*p*) dynamic, playing a series of chords: D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, and D4-F#4-A4. The piano part ends at measure 227.

232

232

J.

Nev - er got a - long that well.

Pno.

This musical score is for a song by Joe. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The vocal line (J.) begins at measure 232 with a rest, then enters in measure 233 with a half note D4, followed by a dotted half note E4 in measure 234, and a half note F#4 in measure 235. The lyrics 'Nev - er got a - long that well.' are aligned with these notes. The piano accompaniment (Pno.) starts at measure 232 with a piano (*p*) dynamic, playing a series of chords: D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, D4-F#4-A4, and D4-F#4-A4. The piano part ends at measure 235.

4. Why, why, why must I leave?

49

239

♩. = 80

Frantically, indignantly.

239

JOE

ff

J. Why, why, why must I leave?

Pno. ***mf***

245

J. I was born here, grew up here, lived here all my

Pno.

252

Gesticulating dramatically.

More calmly.

J. life. This is the on-ly home I've ev-er known. You don't

Pno. ***f*** ***mf***

262


J. 

2 know this place! You nev-er lived here! But now, I guess you got a

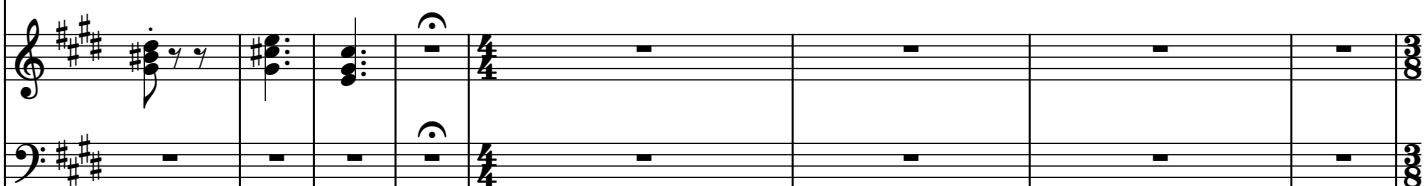
Pno. 

mf

273


J. 

piece of pa - per. Why is your piece of pa-per more im - por - tant than my life?

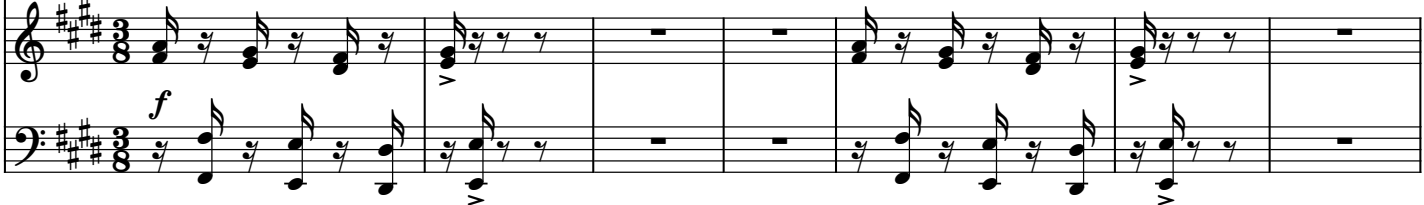
Pno. 

mf

281

281 

When I was a slave, I could not

Pno. 

f

288

J. 

leave. Now that I'm free,

Pno. 

ff

294

J. *f*

you say I can't stay. What good is it to be a free man?

Pno. *fff*

Spreads his hands in utter exasperation.

305

J. *fff*

Free... to² do what?...

Pno. *f* *fff*

♩ = 144

TOM

In a kind, friendly, apologetic manner.

mf

You're free to stay. You've

p

 m

1

made a good case.

Jus - tice is on your side.

You be - long here, more than I do. But I will stay here,

 f

FREE MEN

Ashley Hastings

351

T. too. I can't go back to what I left be - hind. JOE *mf*

J. Why?

Pno. *mf*

362

T. TOM *mf* Well... fre-er than I was in the Ar-my. I'm *f*

J. Curiously. Ain't you a free man?

Pno.

374

T. glad the war is o-ver! I'm glad we lost! I

Pno. *f* *ff*

384

T. *hat - ed the fight - ing and the kill - ing! And all to keep you a slave!*

Pno. *f*

391

T. *It was wrong! I'm glad we lost!*

J. *JOE*

Pno. *Solemnly.*
p mf p

406

406

T. *On - ly one that I know of.*

J. *How man - y Yan - kees did you kill?*

Pno. *With polite curiosity.*
mf p mf p

Solemnly.
TOM mf

419 Sighs. *mp*

T. It still gives me night - mares.

Pno.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice (T.) and the bottom staff is for the piano (Pno.). The voice part is in treble clef, 3/4 time, and the piano part is in grand staff, 3/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The voice part starts with a rest for two measures, then sings 'It still gives me night - mares.' The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained chords. The score is marked '419 Sighs.' and 'mp'.

6. I was on dawn patrol

430 **430** $\text{♩} = 60$ **TOM** *mp* *Begin evenly, almost robotically, as in a trance.*

T. *Even, unaccented.*

I was on dawn pa - trol, at the end a fog - gy night. I

Pno. *p*

440 *2* **accel.** _ _ _ _

T. lost my way in the woods. And just as the sun was ris-ing.

Pno.

451 $\text{♩} = 72$ *mf* *Becoming agitated.* *2*

T. I stum - bled in - to a Yan - kee. I think he was lost, too.

Pno. *mf* *sfz* *mp*

462 *mf* **poco a poco accelerando** *f*

T. *2* We stared at each oth - er. Then... he drew his re - vol-ver. *2*

Pno.

472 *More emotionally.* **poco a poco accelerando**

T. So I drew mine. His hands were shak-ing. He

Pno. *mf*

481 **poco a poco accelerando** $\text{♩} = 180$ *ff* *In horror.*

T. al - most dropped his weap-on. I got off the first shot.

Pno. *f*

488

T. It hit him square in the chest.

Pno.

ff *fff*

494 $\text{♩} = 120$ *More calmly.* *mf* 504

T. As he was fall-ing, he shot me in the leg. I fell be - side him.

Pno. *mf*

8

505 *Relaxing a bit.* *Mournfully.*

T. We lay there, on the cold ground, to - geth-er, both of us gasp-ing in

Pno.

8

514

T. *521* *With deep sadness.*

pain, face to face, just inch-es a-part. And, in the first rays_ of the

Pno.

523

T. mor-ning sun, I saw that he was on-ly a boy, with

Pno.

529

T. peach-fuzz on his cheek. Tears were stream-ing from his eyes. Blood was

Pno.

536 (♩ = ♩)

T. trick-ling from the cor-ner of his mouth. With his last breath, he called for his moth -

Pno.

543 (Ossia:)

T. er. And then... I saw his soul leave his bo - dy. Oh, God! I

Pno.

555 (♩ = ♩)

T. nev - er want to kill a - gain!

Pno.

7. You had no choice

61

(♩ = ♩)
♩ = 80

562

T. *dejectedly*
I had no choice.

J. *Sympathetically.*
You had no choice.

Pno. *mp*

574 *Less sadly.*
mf

T. I was glad to be wound-ed, so I could go home. But go-ing home was no joy,

Pno.

585 *mf* *mp*

T. ei-ther. **TOM** All gone.

J. *Moving closer to Tom, showing friendly interest.*
What a-bout your fam-i-ly?

Pno.

598 605 *f* Assertively. (♩ = ♩) Confidentially. *mf*

T. I'm a - lone. And I like it that way! There's a

Pno. *sf* *mp* *f*

609

T. man who owns a mill. He wants me to work for him,

Pno. *mp* *f*

621

T. and mar - ry his daugh - ter. I think he wants me

Pno. *mp* *f* *sfz* *mf*

633 *ritardando*₂ *mf* *With mock sweetness.*

T. for a slave, or a stud. Serve him by day, ser-vice his

Pno. *sf* *sf* *2* *2* *2* *2* *mp*

645 *a tempo* *Firmly ff*

T. daugh-ter by night. I want no-thing to do with it!

Pno. *sfz* *sfz*

656 **657** (♩ = ♩) *mf* Looking closely at Tom.

J. But may - be a wife is just what you

Pno. *p* *mf*

660

Gesturing strong rejection.

TOM

mf

ff

T.

No, no, no! I nev - er want - to be mar-ried!

J.

need.

Pno.

mf

mf

f

p

8. It's not that I hate women

65

666 $\text{♩} = 160$ **TOM** $\text{♩} = 120$

ritardando *Much more sweetly.*

T. *It's not that I hate wo - men. I re -*

Pno.

671 *f* *Sentimentally.*

T. *spect them ver - y much. My moth-er was an an - gel.*

J. *JOE* *f* *Proudly.* *My*

Pno. *mp*

676 *TOM* *mf*

T. *My*

J. *mf* *moth-er is a saint. She's out there liv - ing free, praise the Lord!*

Pno.

682 ♩. = 120 (♩ = ♩.)

They draw closer to each other, becoming more comradely.

680

T. moth-er has gone on to her re - ward.

J. JOE *f* Ev' - ry man must

Pno. *mf*

688

T. TOM *f* She gave him life, so that's why he should

J. sure - ly love his moth - er.

Pno.

698

T. love her.

J. JOE *f* *Cheerfully.* Wom-en are won-der-ful 2 peo-ple. Most of the wom-en I've known

Pno.

709 **TOM** *Cheerfully.*
f

T. ...or e-ven hard - er. And most of the wom-en I've known

J. work hard as an-y man...

Pno.

721 **TOM** *Suddenly sober.*
mf

(♩ = ♩)
♩ = 90

T. are smart as an-y man... But still...

J. **JOE** *f*
...or e-ven smart - er.

Pno.

733

T. If I were mar-ried, I would not... could not... love my wife, the way a hus-band should.

Pno.

742

J. **JOE** *mf* *With an air of great significance.* *f*

I know what you mean. I know just what you mean.

Pno. *mf* *f*

751

Pno.

9. You and I met once

69

758

758 $\text{♩} = 90$ They regard each other thoughtfully.

768

Points at Tom.

J.

Pno.

769

TOM Puzzled.

T.

J.

Pno.

776

$\text{♩} = 90$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)

Thoughtfully.

ritardando

T.

Pno.

789 $\text{♩} = 60$ Suddenly amazed to remember.

mf *ff*

T. ther... Oh! You are Joe!

J. *JOE ff* Delighted. Ha ha!

Pno. *pp* *f* *ff*

800 **804** TOM *f*

T. It's start - ing to come

J. So you do re - mem - ber!

Pno. *f*

808 $\text{♩} = 90$ più mosso Amused.

T. back to me. I fol - lowed you in - to the tool shed.

J.

Pno. *f*

816

T. *Then my un - cle came look - ing for some - thing.* **JOE** *f Amused.*

J. *And there we stood, stark na - ked!*

Pno.

824

T. **TOM** *And my fa - ther was ter - rib - ly ang - ry.*

J. *Your un - cle was not ver - y pleased!*

Pno.

832

837 ♩ = 132

T. *He boxed my ears till I cried!* **JOE** *Suddenly solemn. mp*

J. *Your un - cle*

Pno.

842

T. TOM *Sympathetically. mp*

J. *p*

Pno. *p*

whipped me, till I bled. He made all the oth-ers watch.

That

853

T. must have hurt. I'm sor-ry he did that.

J. JOE *mf*

Pno.

That's how I got the scars on my back.

864

J. $(\text{♩} = \text{♩})$

Pno. *mf*

The oth-ers called them my "stripes of shame".

872 Joe takes his shirt off, turns his back to Tom. **883**

872 (♩ = ♩) *f* Forcefully, dramatically.

J. See what your un-cle did to me._____

Pno. *ff* *p*

8

Tom looks at Joe's back and is shocked.

885

Pno. *mp* *mf* *f*

8

898 *More gently.* *mp* *mf* *mp*

J. Now feel what your un-cle did to me._____

Pno.

8

Tom hesitates, then touches Joe's back and shakes his head in sympathy and shame. Joe accepts his touch serenely.

910

Pno. *p*

918 **rit. poco a poco** $\text{♩} = 100$ *Expressively.* **p**

J. *Your hand feels*

Pno.

8

928

J. *so much kind-er than your un-cle's whip.*

Pno.

938 **TOM** *Tenderly.* **mp** $\text{♩} = 120$

T. *What was that song you were sing-ing when I came in?*

Pno.

p **p**

945 **JOE** *Modestly.* **p**

J. *I just made it up.*

Pno.

ppp

10. Can it be?

75

Each privately expressing his thoughts, looking into space.

951 **TOM** $\text{♩} = 60$

p *mp*

T. Can it be? Can it be? I thought I must live a - lone to be

JOE *p* *mp*

J. Can it be? Can it be? I thought I must live a - lone to be

Pno. *pp* *mp*

955 *mf*

T. free. Free from the point - ing fin - gers, the an - gry voic - es, the star - ing eyes.

mf

J. free. Free from the point - ing fin - gers, the an - gry voic - es, the star - ing eyes.

Pno. *mf*

960

T. *p* Can it be? *mp* Can it be? I

J. *p* Can it be? *mp* Can it be? I

Pno. *p* *mp*

Red.

963

T. *mf* thought I must live a - lone to be free. Free to find my - self, to be my - self, to

J. *mf* thought I must live a - lone to be free. Free to find my - self, to be my - self, to

Pno. *mf*

970 *ritardando* *f* *p* *mp* *mf* *f* ♩ = 100

T. live my life. Can it be? Can it be? Free, but not a - lone.

J. live my life. Can it be? Can it be? Free, but not a - lone.

Pno. *f* *p* *mp* *f* *mf* *attacca*

The musical score is for three parts: Tenor (T.), Soprano (J.), and Piano (Pno.). The time signature is 2/4, and the key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'ritardando' and the tempo indicator is ♩ = 100. The lyrics are 'live my my life. Can it be? Can it be? Free, but not a - lone.' The piano part features chords and a final 'attacca' marking.

11. Interlude

976

accelerando poco a poco

Pno.

976 *p* *mp*

Pno.

987 *mf* $\text{♩} = 120$

Pno.

999 *f* *ff* $\text{♩} = 88$

Scene 3: The Price

The same foyer as in Scene 2, with suitable alterations reflecting the passage of two weeks with Tom in residence.

1. Prelude

1 **Tom and Joe are in bed, asleep. At the repeat, Joe wakes up. He looks fondly at Tom, then pokes him gently. Tom rolls over and goes on sleeping. Joe gets up and gets a drink of water.**

♩ = 60

Celeste

Tom

Arthur

Joe

Piano

Pno.

p *mf*

mp *mf* *mp*

6

Pno.

11 8

mf 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Pno.

15 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

f *p* *mf*

Pno.

22 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

mp *mf*

Pno.

28 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

mp *pp*

30 (♩ = ♩)

2. Free men rise with the morning sun

81

35

♩ = 120

JOE
Freely
mp

Walking around, stretching.

35

J. *mp* *mf* *f*

Free men rise with the morn-ing sun, take their stand, find their way, do the work they do by day,

Pno.

41

J. *mp* *mf*

and rest when the day is done. Free men free-ly make their plan, dream their dream, build their life,

Pno.

48

J. *f* *mp*

slice their bread with their own sharp knife, and bow to no oth-er man.

Pno.

53

Joe goes back to the bed and watches Tom sleep.
Tom snores, and Joe laughs to himself.

J. *p* *mf*

Pno.

58

Pno.

mp

mf

mp

63

J. $\text{♩} = 160$

JOE *Deliberately annoying.*

f

Free men rise with the morn-ing sun, take their stand,

Pno.

71

J.

find their way, do the work they do by day, and rest when the day is done. rest when the day is done.

ff

Pno.

78

J.

fff

rest when the day is done.

Pno.

fff

3. I'm beginning to realize

83

82 $\text{♩} = 120$
Tom opens his eyes. **TOM** $\text{♩} = 80$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)
mf

T. I'm be - gin-ning to re-al - ize that liv-ing with a

Pno. *p* *mf* *tr*

91 $\text{♩} = 80$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)

T. song - bird is not an un - mixed bless - ing.

J. **JOE** *f*
 Ev' - ry roost - er

Pno. *f* *tr* *2*

101 **TOM**

T. I'd rath - er you just lay an egg!

J. **JOE**
 crows in the morn-ing. Roost - ers don't lay eggs!

Pno.

110 TOM

115

T. Then, what are they crow-ing a - bout?

J. **JOE**
With sudden enthusiasm.
I have a rid-dle for you.

Pno.

120

J. If a crow is roost-ing in a tall oak tree,

Pno.

130

J. and a roost-er is crow-ing in an ap-ple tree, what time of

Pno.

TOM

138

T.  Let me think... I don't know. En -


J.  day is it like-ly to be?


Pno. 


Joe gently but firmly pulls Tom out of bed

TOM


149

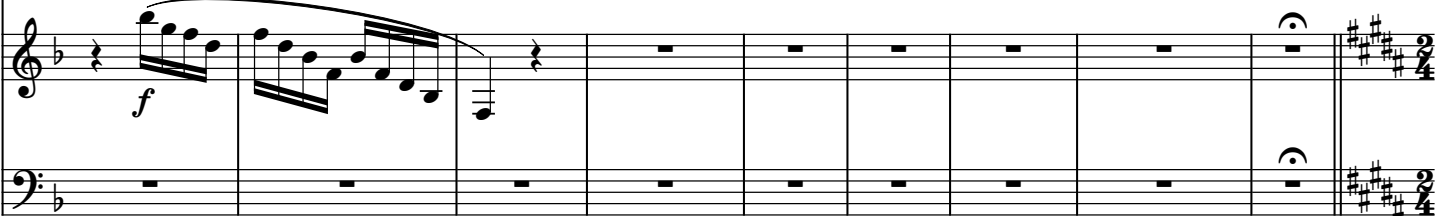
T.  light-en me! Ha-ha -

J.  Time to get up! Time to get up! Time to get up!

Pno. 

159

T.  ha! Your log-ic is ir - re - sist - i - ble!

Pno. 

4. Well, I've been here two weeks today

168

♩ = 70

Tom goes to the table.

TOM

*With new energy, resolve.**mf*

168

T. *mf* Well, I've

Pno. *mf* *f* *mp*

179

Tom arranges paper and pencil.

been here two weeks to - day. Time to write to my fi - an - cee and drop the

T.

Pno.

187

191

♩ = 80

Tom starts to write.

mf

oth-er shoe.

My Dear Ce - leste,

T. *mf* oth-er shoe. My Dear Ce - leste,

Pno. *ff* *mp*

199 *With growing insecurity.*

T. *I... I hope this finds you well... Please for -*

Pno.

213 *More and more hesitantly.*

T. *give me... We... we can-not be mar - ried.*

Pno.

228

T. *I am not the man for you.*

Pno.

244 *Suddenly more positive.* ***f*** ***molto ritardando*** ***ff***

T. *Here, in my new home, I have found my heart's*

Pno.

256 $\text{♩} = 40$ **a tempo** ($\text{♩} = 80$)

T. *de - sire.*

Pno. *mp*

271 *Defeated.* *mp* **280** $\text{♩} = 72$ *mf*

T. *I don't know how to say this. My friend.*

Pno. *mf*

284 *Pleadingly.*

T. *you are so good at mak - ing songs.. Could you not make a song for me,*

Pno.

294 *mp* **2**

T. *a song that ex - plains what's in my heart? Then I could write the*

Pno.

303 311

T. words of my song, and send them to Ce - leste.

Pno. *mp*

314 **JOE** *mf* *Kindly, sympathetically.*

J. I can-not make your song, an - y more than you can make mine.

Pno.

322

J. Why not set the let-ter a - side, for now, and

Pno.

337

333

Joe is thoughtful.

♩. = ♩ (♩ = 72)

J.

think a-bout what's to come?

Pno.

mp

343

Trying to be helpful.

mf

349

Tom shakes his head.

J.

What will Ce - leste do when she gets the news?

Pno.

*mf**p**mp*

353

T.

I have no i - de-a.

It will be hard for

Pno.

*p**mf**ff**mf*

Red.

364

T. her to find a hus - band. So man - y men fell in the war.

Pno.

373

T. And in truth, she has a cer - tain... un - charm-ing

Pno. *mp*

383

T. way a - bout her, just like her fa - ther.

Pno. *p*

394 *Somewhat mournfully.*

T. *But I do feel sor - ry for her.*

Pno. *mp* *p*

Red. 3

403 **JOE** *f* *Somewhat annoyed.*

J. *Well, you're a free man. Go back to her, if you*

Pno. *f*

412 **TOM** *f* *Reassuring.*

T. *Now, you know THAT won't hap-pen!*

J. *think you should.*

Pno. *mp* *f*

Red.

meno mosso
420 *mf*

T. *mf*
But I do wish her well.

Pno. *mp*
mf

The musical score is for a voice and piano duet. The voice part (T.) is in the upper staff, and the piano part (Pno.) is in the lower staff. The tempo is marked 'meno mosso' and the rehearsal mark is 420. The voice part begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and the lyrics 'But I do wish her well.' The piano part has two dynamics: mezzo-forte (mf) in the first half and mezzo-piano (mp) in the second half. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with some sustained notes in the right hand.

5. She grew up an only child

427 427 $\text{♩} = 80$ TOM *mp*

T. *p*

She grew up an on - ly child,

Pno. *p*

434 *mf*

T. *mf*

with - out a moth - er. And I do be -

Pno. *mp*

441 *f*

T. *f*

lieve her fa - ther mold - ed her in his own im - age. A harsh and

Pno. *mf*

451

T. *greed - y im-age.*

J. *JOE mf*
Sounds ²like you hate the man.

Pno.

460

T. **462** *TOM mf Earnestly.*
I do not like Ar-thur Ow-en. But I do not hate him. I ad -

Pno.

471

T. **476** *In a tone of mild parody or mockery. f*
mire him, in a way. He's a self - made

Pno.

480

T. man, Clever and industrious. True to his

Pno.

488

T. val - ues. But... they are not my val - ues. *Earnestly, again.*

Pno.

497

T. *Reverently.* Our Lord said: "Love one another." *Shaking his head.* But Ar-thur Ow-en

Pno.

527

J. 

work un - til they drop? Lets them live in dirt and rags?

Pno. 

TOM

536 **meno mosso** **a tempo** *mf* *Sympathetically.*

T. *Almost tearfully.* *mf* You must have

J. Beats them 'til they bleed and cry? _____

Pno. *mf* *p* 3 *mf*

543

T. hat - ed my un - cle.

J. **JOE** *mf* *Glumly.* Most of my life, I did.

Pno. *mf*

552 *mp*

Pno. *mp*

attacca

6. I'll tell you a story

99

560 $\text{♩} = 120$ **JOE**
mf Confidentially.

J. I'll tell you a stor - y.

Pno. *mp* *mf*

569 $\text{♩} = 80$ *mf* With clinical detachment.

J. Right af-ter the oth - er peo-ple left, your un - cle came down with ap - o-plex-y.

Pno. *mp*

575 *mp*

J. He could not talk. He could not walk. His right arm had no strength.

Pno. *p*

583 *mf* With sympathy.

J. I took care of him day and night. I saw the pain and fear in his eyes. And my

Pno. *mp*

588 **meno mosso** **a tempo** *More clinically again.*

J. heart was moved to pit - y. One night he

Pno. *mp*

592 $(\text{♩} = \text{♩})$
 $\text{♩} = 120$ **f** *Sternly.*

J. took a turn for the worse. It looked like his end was near. So I

Pno. *mf*

598

J. told him a-bout the harm he had done to me, to ev'-ry-one he treat-ed so bad.

Pno.

603 *With reverence.* **mf** **mp** **mf** *Somewhat sympathetically.*

J. And I asked him to re - pent. As I talked, his mouth be-gan to

Pno. *mf* *mp*

609

J. trem - ble, and his eyes filled with tears.

Pno.

614

Solemnly.

Shrugs his shoulders. ♩ = 80 (♩ = ♩)

J. He died that night, be-fore the dawn. So...

Pno.

624

Ironically.

J. May-be he went to meet his Mak - er re - pent - ing of his sins. Or

Pno.

628

f Grimly. ♩ = 120 (♩ = ♩)

J. may - be the An - gel of Death took him straight to Hell.

Pno.

637 **molto tenuto** *Relaxing, more casually.* **mf**

J. **A - ny - way, I prayed for him.**

Pno. **mf**

646

J. **Then I bur - ied him up on the hill, next to his wife and**

Pno. **mp**

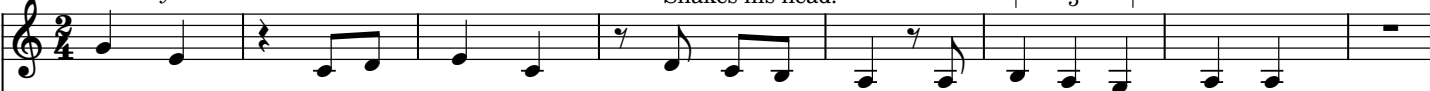
653

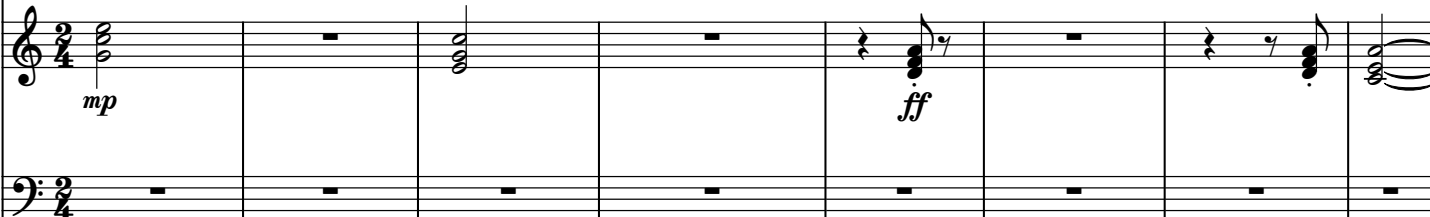
J. **chil - dren.**

Pno. **f**

7. Thank you for your kindness

661 **661**
 ♩ = 120
TOM
 661 *Sweetly.* Shakes his head. 3

T. 
 Thank you for your kind - ness. Al-though I fear he did not de - serve it.

Pno. 
 mp ff

669 ♩ = 160
f *Briskly.*

T. 
 But wher - ev - er my un - cle's soul has

Pno. 
 f

676

T. 
 gone, he left all his world - ly goods to me.

Pno. 
 f

684

T. *We have his*

Pno. *mp cresc.* *f mp cresc.*

691

T. *mon - ey. We have his house.*

Pno. *(cresc.) f mp cresc.*

697

T. *We have his land.*

Pno. *(cresc.) f mp cresc.*

703

T. *Now it's time to make our plan.*

Pno. *ff*

meno mosso

 $\text{♩} = 120$ *mf* $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ $(\text{♩} = 80)$

711

T. *mf*

But I don't know where to start. I've al - ways been a cit - y boy.

Pno. *mf*

722

T. $\text{♩} = 60$

How does one live on the land?

Pno.

8. I will teach you

(♩ = ♩) ♩ = 120

732 ♩ = 60 *mp* *accel.* Joe gets an idea and becomes animated.

Pno.

JOE
740 *f* *With controlled excitement.* Joe runs to the next room.

J. I will teach you! Wait here!

Pno.

746 Joe returns with a spade. *mf* *With good humour.*

J. Do you know what this is?

Pno.

754 **TOM** *Glumly.*
mp

T. Yes. It's a spade.

JOE
mf Puzzled by Tom's reaction.

J. And what is it for?

Pno. *mp* *mf*

766 **TOM** *Bitterly.*
mf

T. To make holes in the ground.

f

To bur - y the men who died

ff *With anger.*

Pno. *mf* *f*

781

776 *fff*

T. fight-ing in a stu - pid war!

meno mosso

JOE
mp

J. Yes, my friend...

Pno. *mf* *mp*

787 **a tempo**

J. *I've dug a grave or two my - self. But we have no graves to dig to - day.*

Pno. *mp*

798 *mp*

J. *I know you are haunt-ed*

Pno. *f mp*

811

J. *by the kill - ing you've seen. And I know your heart aches for the Yan - kee boy you*

Pno. *mp*

821 *mf*

J. *killed. But you had no choice. You had no choice.*

Pno. *f mf*

835 *mf* *f* *ff*

J. But the war is o-ver, and slav-er-y is o-ver! You and I are free men! And

Pno.

847 852 *Grandiosely.* *f*

J. 3 free men have choic - es! We can choose to use our spade to dig a

Pno.

857 *TOM* *mf* *f* $\text{♩} = 160$ *briskly*

T. A gar - den! That's a thought that may

J. gar - den!

Pno.

868

T. *cheer me up. What kind of gar - den?*

J. *JOE f A veg - e - ta - ble gar - den!*

Pno. *ff*

879

T. *TOM Ta - ters!*

J. *with on - ions and ta - ters!*

Pno.

9. Taters! Taters! Taters!

111

887 **mf** $\text{♩} = 160$

T. Ta - ters! Ta - ters! Ta - ters! How I love ta - ters! Boiled and mashed or

Pno.

892

T. baked or fried, they go with a - ny meal.

J. **JOE** **mf** Oh, my! Now I know how to

Pno. **mf**

898 **TOM** **f**

T. Pep-pers! Pep-pers!

J. make you sing! And we'll grow green pep - pers!

Pno.

903 **904** *mf*

T. Juic - y crunch-y pep - pers make a love-ly treat. Bake them in the o - ven,

Pno.

910 **TOM**

T. stuffed with rice and meat! **JOE** To-ma - toes!

J. Cu - cum-bers! To - ma-toes!

Pno.

918 **918** ♩ = ♩

T. Fried green to - ma - toes, I hear you call-ing, call-ing for Joe and for me. Out of the

Pno.

927

T. fry - ing pan on - to the plat-ter, wait-ing for Joe and for me.

Pno.

936 **TOM**

T. *O - kra!*

JOE

J. *Green beans and o - kra!*

Pno. *f* *p*

946 **946** *mp* *f* *f*

T. *O - kra, o - kra, stewed for me, let me gorge my-self on thee!*

Pno. *f*

953 **958** *f* **TOM**

T. *A - maz - ing_ yams, how sweet they*

JOE

J. *And of course, we'll grow yams.*

Pno.

962

T. *ff*

taste, to feed a___ wretch like me. Just add brown. su - gar, there'll be no waste. I'll

Pno.

Joe becomes choir director, signaling the end of the hymn singing.

971

T. *ff*

eat ev'-ry yam I see. A - men_____

J. *JOE ff*

A - - - - men_____

Pno.

attacca

10. Now that church is over

115

980 **980** $\text{♩} = 106$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$)

J. *f* Now that church is o - ver, Let's talk a-bout fruit trees.

Pno. *f*

992 **TOM** *f* What kind of fruit trees? **JOE** Plum trees!

J. Peach trees! Ap² - ple

Pno.

1003 $\text{♩} = 80$ **TOM** Cher - ry trees! I - ma-gine the pies!

J. trees! Think of the cob - blers!

Pno.

1015

1023

JOE

And let's get some

J.

Pno.

1026

TOM

Eggs and legs are good to eat!

J.

chick-ens for eggs and meat.

Pno.

1035

TOM

JOE

Ba-con and ham!

J.

And let's get us some pigs, for ba-con and ham.

Pno.

1045 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ accel. TOM $\text{♩} = 144$ *ff*

T. Ba-con and ham! An egg ev'-ry day, fried chick - en on

J. *ff* An egg ev'-ry day, fried chick - en on

Pno. *ff* *mf* *ff*

1053 *fff*

T. Sun - day, Ba - con and ham! Ba - con and ham! _____

J. *fff* Sun - day, Ba - con and ham! Ba - con and ham! _____

Pno.

1060 *ff* *fff*

Pno.

11. And one more thing

1067

$\text{♩} = \text{♩}$
($\text{♩.} = 96$)

T. *mf* TOM *mf* Good i -

J. *mf* JOE *mf* And one more thing: let's plant some cot-ton, to sell for cash.

Pno. *mf*

1078

T. *f* TOM *f* de - a! What do we need? JOE A plow!

J. Cot - ton seed, and a stur - dy plow.

Pno. *f*

1090

T. A plow! Did you say "a plow"? But who will pull the

Pno.

1099

T. plow? Me, or you? JOE

J. Nei - ther, you fool!

Pno.

1109

T. A mule! A mule! A mule!

J. We'll get us a mule! a mule! a mule! a

Pno. *mp*

1119

T. *f* And, we'll call it Joe! JOE *f*

J. mule! No,

Pno. *f*

1130

TOM

T. *[Sings]* No! _____ Let's call

J. *[Sings]* we'll call it Tom!

Pno. *[Piano accompaniment]*

1142

1148 They laugh and wrestle in fun, standing near the bed.

T.

it... Un - cle Al - bert!

Pno.

f

They fall onto the bed and continue to wrestle.

The wrestling morphs into caresses.

Pno.

Arthur and Celeste enter.

Arthur slams
the door.

Pno.

12. Oh! My God!

1168

♩ = 160 CELESTE

1168 *ff* Tom and Joe get up from the bed and stare at the intruders.

C. *ff* Oh, my God! ARTHUR *ff* Dis-gust-ing

A. You fil - thy wretch! Sneak-ing a-way for this!

Pno. *ff* *f*

1175

ritardando 1179 ♩ = 148

C. crea-ture! Wick-ed sin - ner! ARTHUR *f*

A. So you have chos-en to be - tray me, and

Pno. *mf*

1182

Triumphantly.

A. break the laws of God and man! But now I know your dark-est se-crets! I have you

Pno.

1187

1190

CELESTE
mf

Offended.

C. *Now I know why you've al-ways been cold.*

A. *ff*
now! I have you now!

Pno. *f* *ff* *mp*

1194

C. *You've kissed me on - ly twice, with lips like ice. Like ice! You*

Pno.

1201

f

meno mosso

Angrily.

C. *al-ways pull a - way from my em - brace! I will nev - er for -*

Pno. *f*

1209

C.

give you! Nev - er! There will nev - er be love be - tween us!

Pno.

1217

C.

Nev - er! But you will mar - ry me and do your du - ty! Your du -

Pno.

1228

C.

ty! We will take our meals in si - lence.

Coldly.

Pno.

1240

C.

We will sleep a - part in sep' - rate rooms. But you will come to

ff

Pno.

Celeste clutches Arthur's arm.

1251

C. me when you are called. I want chil - dren! Chil - dren!

Pno.

fff

1264

1265

A. ARTHUR *ff* Commandingly.
Tom Chance,

Pno.

f *mp*

1268

A. you will come with us.

Pno.

f *mp*

1272

A. 

You will mar - ry Ce - leste.

Pno. 

1275

A. 

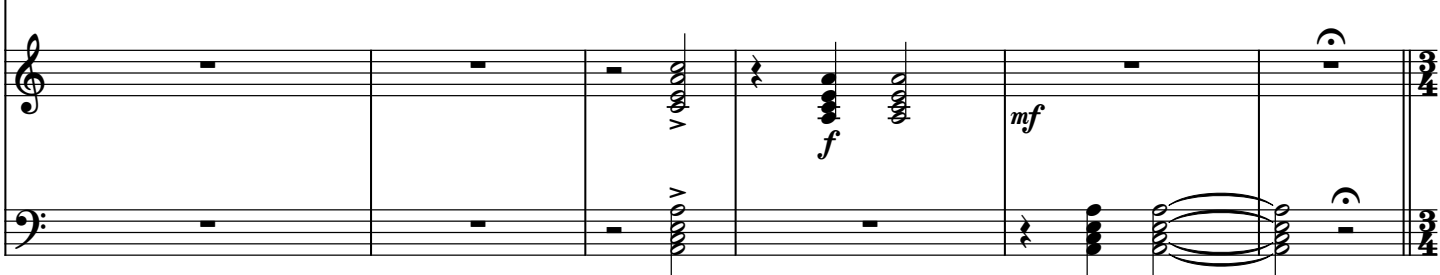
You will work for me. You will

Pno. 

1280

A. 

sell this den of in - i - qui - ty!

Pno. 

13. Dreadful danger has come to our home

127

1286

1286 ♩ = 144

JOE
mp

Quietly, to himself.

Arthur and Celeste stare arrogantly at Tom,
who struggles to collect his thoughts.

J. (Dread - ful dan - ger has come to our home. What will Tom do?

Pno. *p*

1297

J. How will he save us? Tom's heart is brave, but oh, so ten - der. And he's

Pno.

1308

J. known these peo - ple all his life. What will be - come of us? What will Tom do?

Pno.

1319


J. This will end in sor - row.)


Pno.

14. Mister Owen, Celeste

1328 $\text{♩} = 144$

TOM *Pleadingly.* **Joe goes over to stand by Tom. Celeste glares at Joe, but Arthur ignores him.**

T.  Mis - ter O - wen, Ce - leste...

Pno. 

1336

T.  Please do not do this. It will nev - er work. I am

Pno. 

1344

T.  not the man you need. You know that I am not.

Pno. 

1352

più mosso

♩ = 120

ff

T. 1352

I have learned who I am. I have learned where I be - long.

Pno.

mf *ff*

1362

*mf**ff*

T. 1362

If I go with you, my soul will shriv-el._____

Pno.

mp *mf*

1374

*f**mf*

T. 1374

I will be a point - less, emp - ty man, no use to you or an - y -

Pno.

f *mf*

1384 **1386**

T. *mf* *Gently.*
one. I am so sor - ry I have

Pno. *p* *mp* *p* *mf*

Red. 3

1398

T. let you down. I nev - er meant to hurt you or be - tray you.

Pno. *f*

1409

T. *f*
But... This is the place where I be - long.

Pno.

With great affirmation.

1415 *ff* Arthur and Celeste are unmoved.

T. where I'm free to sing my song, the song that's mine a - lone to sing.

Pno.

1423

T. the song life has giv - en me.

Pno.

(JOE):

attacca

15. Free men freely make their plan

1428

(♩ = ♩)
♩ = 120

C. **CELESTE**
ff
I want chil - dren!

T. **TOM**
ff
Please, _____

A. **ARTHUR**
ff
I have you now!

J. **JOE**
f *Defiantly.*
Free men free - ly make their plan, _____ dream their dream,

Pno. *mf*

1435

C. I want chil - dren!

T. Please, _____

A. I have you now!

J. build their life, _____ slice their bread with their own sharp

Pno.

1441

C. I want chil - dren!

T. Please, _____ Please!

A. I have you now!

J. knife, _____ and bow to no oth - er man.

Pno.

1448 Arthur and Celeste are unmoved.

T. Please! Please!

Pno.

The musical score is for a voice and piano piece. The voice part (T.) is written on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of two flats, and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with the lyrics 'Please!' and 'Please!'. The piano part (Pno.) is written on two staves, a treble and a bass clef, and a 2/4 time signature. The bass staff contains a series of chords, mostly octaves of a single note, with the lyrics 'Please!' and 'Please!' written below them. The piano part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

16. Let me explain the situation

135

1457 $\text{♩} = 160$ **ARTHUR** *mp* *Menacingly.* *mf*

A. $\text{♩} = 160$ *mp* *mf*

Let me ex plain the sit - u - a - tion. No one knows a - bout your

Pno. *mp* *mf*

1469 *f* *ff*

A. *f* *ff*

let - ter. No one knows you ran a - way. No one knows we

Pno. *f* *ff*

1480 *ritardando* *mf* $\text{♩} = 100$

A. *mf*

fol - lowed you here. And no one knows what you have been do - ing here.

Pno. *fff*

1497 $\text{♩} = 160$ *mf* *As if explaining to a child.*

A. *mf*

So, this is your choice. Come with us

Pno. *fff* *mp*

1500

A. *8* now, and mar - ry Ce - leste, and work for me, and

Pno.

1506

A. *8* do as I say, and we will not speak of this a - gain,

Pno.

1515 *Grandiously.* *Threateningly. f* *ff*

A. *8* and our lives will go on as I have planned. Or... I will

Pno.

1526

A. *8* have you ar - rest-ed for sod - o - my, and you'll die in pris-on,

Pno.

1540

(♩ = ♩)

CELESTE

ff *Furiously.*

1536

C. 


A. 

8 or on the chain gang!

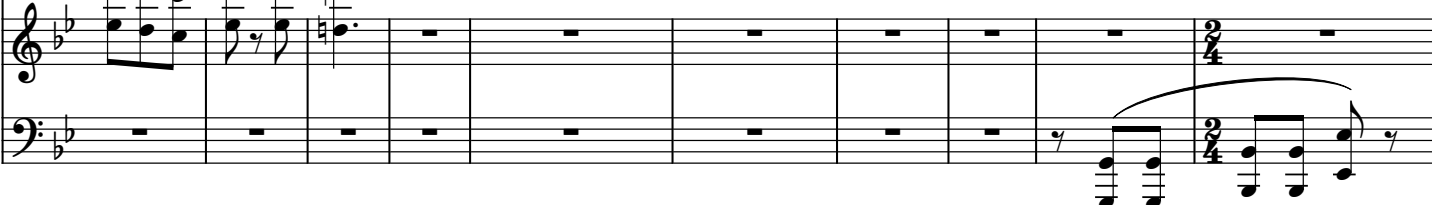
Pno. 

And what - ev - er you de - cide to do,

1546

C. 

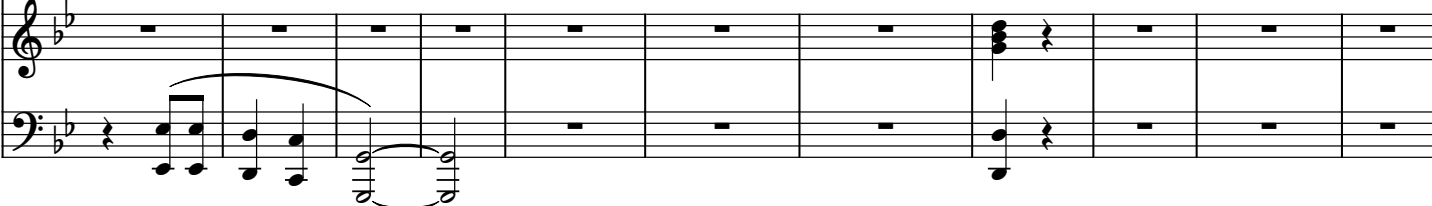
wheth - er you come with us or not,

Pno. 

1556

C. 

I will tell the Sher - rif that he is squat - ting here.

Pno. 

meno mosso

♩ = 120

Harshly, snarling more than singing.

1567

C. 

And men will come and deal with him. You won't want to roll a -

Pno. 

1578

C. *mp*

round in bed with a corpse!

Pno. *ff*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice (C.) and the bottom staff is for the piano (Pno.). The key signature is one flat (F major or D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The voice part begins at measure 1578 with the lyrics 'round in bed with a corpse!'. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with a forte (ff) dynamic marking.

17. Joe, I must go with them

139

1588

♩ = 80

Tom, in horror, realizes that he must kill the Owens in order to save Joe and himself.

Pno.

1588

Pno.

1596

TOM

1604 *mf*

T.

Joe, I must go with them. I have no choice. I have no choice.

(ossia)

Pno.

1610

1610 ♩ = 40

Coldly, grimly.

f

T.

Bring me my satch - el. The one I brought with me.

Pno.

p

Joe goes to fetch the satchel. Tom puts on his boots and coat.

1617

Pno.

1624

Pno.

più mosso

$\text{♩} = 48$

Joe brings Tom the satchel.

Tom looks inside and nods.

1630

Pno.

mp

Arthur exits, followed by Celeste, followed by Tom.

accel.

Tom goes to the door and opens it.

1642

Pno.

mf *cresc.*

(accel.) $\text{♩} = 120$

1654

Pno.

(cresc.)

2

1664

Pno.

(cresc.)

fff

1672

Pno.

f

molto rit. $\text{♩} = 80$

Tom returns, revolver dangling from his hand.
He drops the gun and sobs. Joe embraces him.
Hold this rest (Grand Pause) for dramatic
effect, until Tom's sobs become quiet.

1676 Two gunshots are heard from outside.

Gn. Sh.

Pno.

18. Postlude

1680

Joe takes the spade and goes outside, with a long backward glance at Tom, who sits quietly with his face in his hands.

acclerando $\text{♩} = 60$ $\text{♩} = 74$

Pno.

ritardando $\text{♩} = 60$ molto tenuto

Pno.

END OF OPERA