Music

Dennis Bathory-Kitsz

Winter:

Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon

Text by C. Chomentowski

Symphony No. 4 for mezzo-soprano and large orchestra (3131.asx,4221,pno,glock,timp,perc,strings/33531)



Dennis Bathory-Kitsz Winter: Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon for large orchestra

Text by C. Chomentowski

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I.

Plucked from the heart of my mother's attic,
A blossom, encased in dust.

Mottled shades of once-white there, and gold leaf
Glazing its lacerated petals, between which are
the prayers
I can yet summon forth
From the crypt
of childhood.

The binding's broken,
The cellophane has peeled away,
Leaving yellowed scars. There's no concealing them,
no cosmetic cure.
I press upon the Lord to make me
pure.

And after the slowly indrawn breath, The breaking of the sacred bread, The upward thrusting of the head, We kneel upon the dusty ground. There's nothing left to do But prune the rosebush

But prune the rose I had found

And planted this time last year, near

The plaster Sacred heart.

White will bear the silence of the bloom

Red would only throb too soon,

Too loud.

But now as I unfurl the burlap shroud Like gauze that's toughened tight against a wound I wonder whether deep within these pleats And beneath the pyramid of peat, Beyond the spindly relic of a rose— Might I there find the feet

of Lazarus, once again discerning cold from heat?

Or are, perhaps, the rose and he the same? I hear the wind so softly breathe her name

As I lift the seal of winter

And expose the rose to light.

It is then

That I am swept up in the pull of pallid cells
Reaching out for life, extracting it from air.
And I will take the knife to what I think is dead there,
To that which, I'm supposing,

Cannot be repaired.

Do not despair, my Love, for there is something of a faint sheen Glowing on this stalk, something that is not quite green But growing, swelling, something capable of telling

The waking hours from the night,

The rose of passion from the rose of light.

O Love, do not mourn

Though I'm not at all certain where the line is to be drawn Between what is merely dead, and what will surely die, Between what has gone to seed and what is left to rise. And as I slash the wrist of rosebush, I know that I rely sheerly on Grace. I think of all the times her face has been like a prayer cupped in these hands.

And now they tremble as the cut is made. Let us contemplate together the dual power of the blade To lop off the dead and leave the living. But if there are misgivings let them be mine alone.

Yet something has survived the winter's womb As surely as the dead man did the tomb. And it is not the dry brush cast aside, but visions of the bloom yet to arise that make me tremble so.

My hand is clawed By thorns that won't let go. The legacy of death, Or life, I do not know.

Now notice how the full weight of the sky
Rests on the clouds, my Love. And though you lift your eyes
You see nothing but my blood,
Then search my face,
And crawl into my pain,
Your tears nearly concealed
behind the sudden veil
of rain.

The One who fastens tears to love Binds the rain to earth. "This rose," I say, "in pruning me Prepares me for rebirth."

And so we wait for buds to form protection against loss While above our heads, a pale rose blossoms Where our spirits cross.

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

And when the snow has sifted into my hair, what then? Will I be less a woman, or you, a man, when passions blanch and blankly stare through opaque eyes? Some one of my sleeping selves, no doubt, will rise in ample time to greet me there, at vespers, in the sibilance of prayer.

You recall, I gather, our last parting,
How you drew me in like breath
and how our depths suspired in the stillness and the grace
of an unspeakable embrace,
Your touch too light to agitate a single strand from place,
too soft to cause a stirring in the air.
And now I'm almost moved to doubt
that you were truly there;
But then, of course, the snow has yet to calcify
my hair.

Yet when the sifting of the snow is done and highlights glisten silver in the sun or lavender, I'll venture, in the moon, Then I suppose I'll learn that one must trust the looming shadows, and the ghosts that infiltrate but scarcely touch, impassive in the face of passion's thrust.

And when the frost engraves the glass, and I seem numb, and only an explosion of the dying sun will be enough to clear the crystals from the pane—though vision, having once been lost, will never be regained—From some internal vista, still I'll lift my eyes and in the scudding clouds, perhaps, I'll recognize my fleeting face, and yours, when the snow has sealed me in and drifted up against the door.

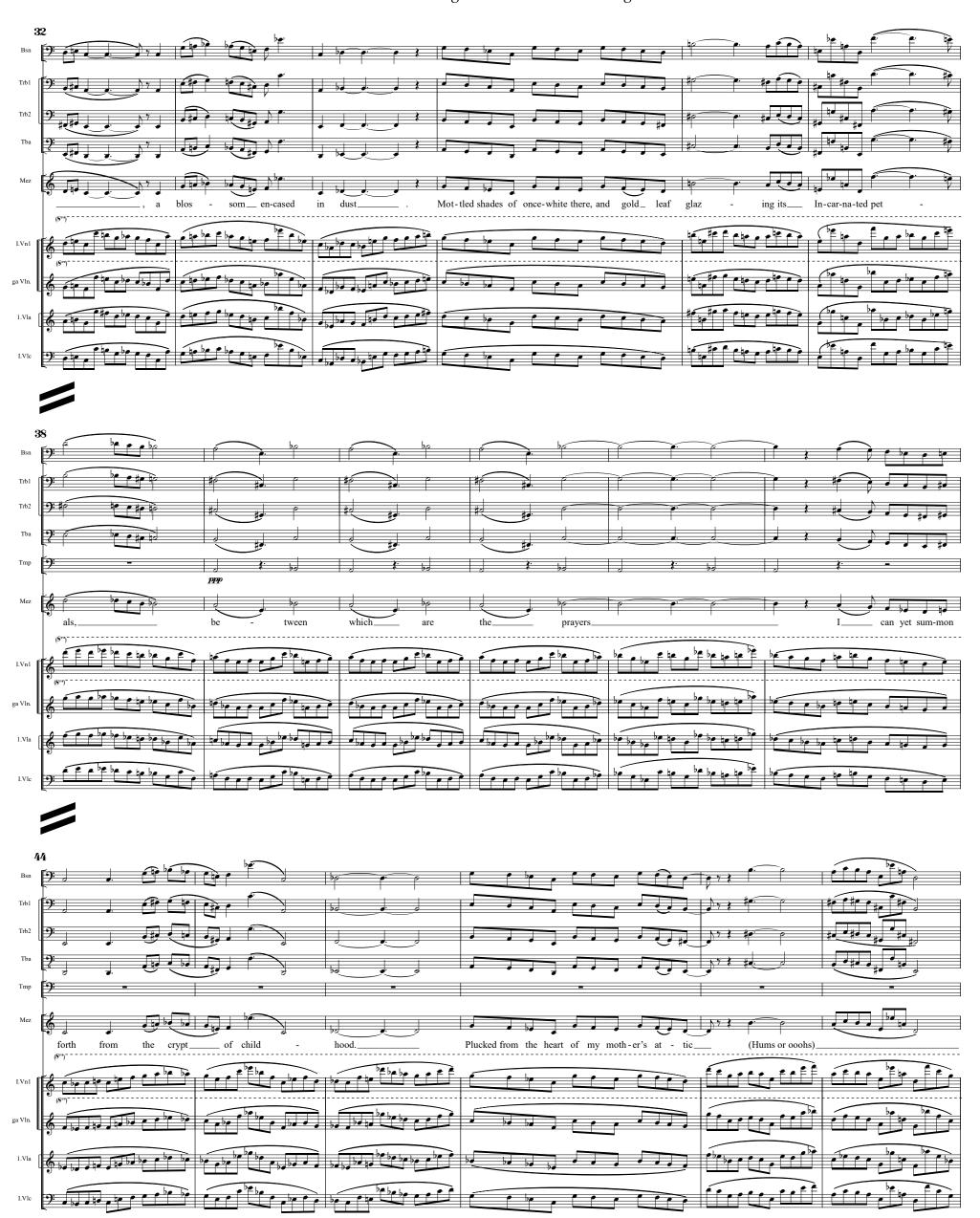
Song I: Page 2 Song II: Page 12 Song III: Page 32

Winter: Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon

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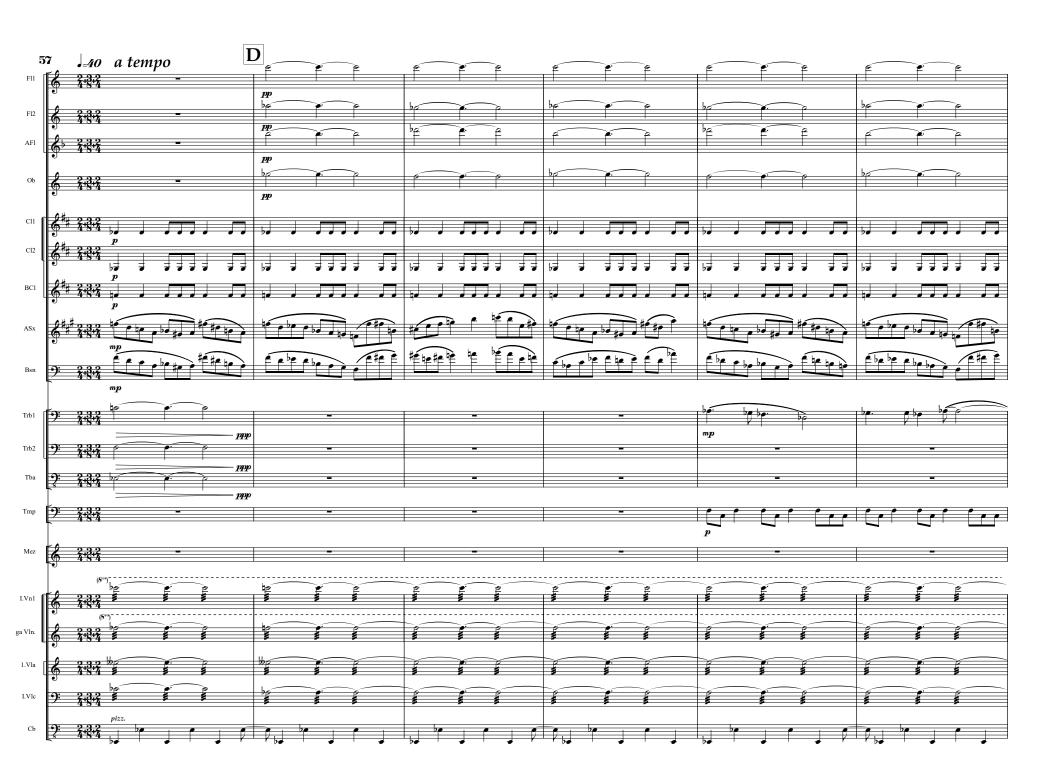








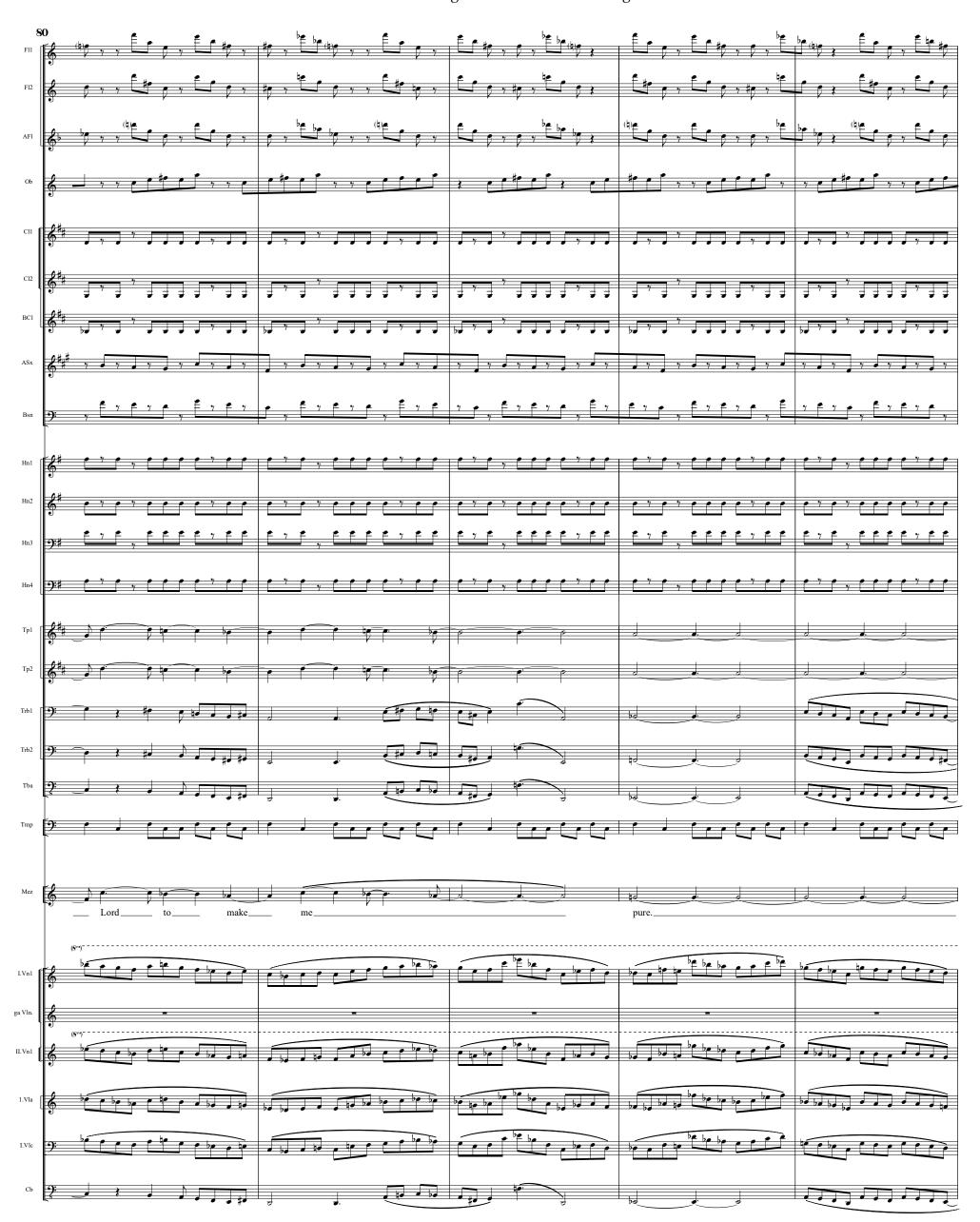










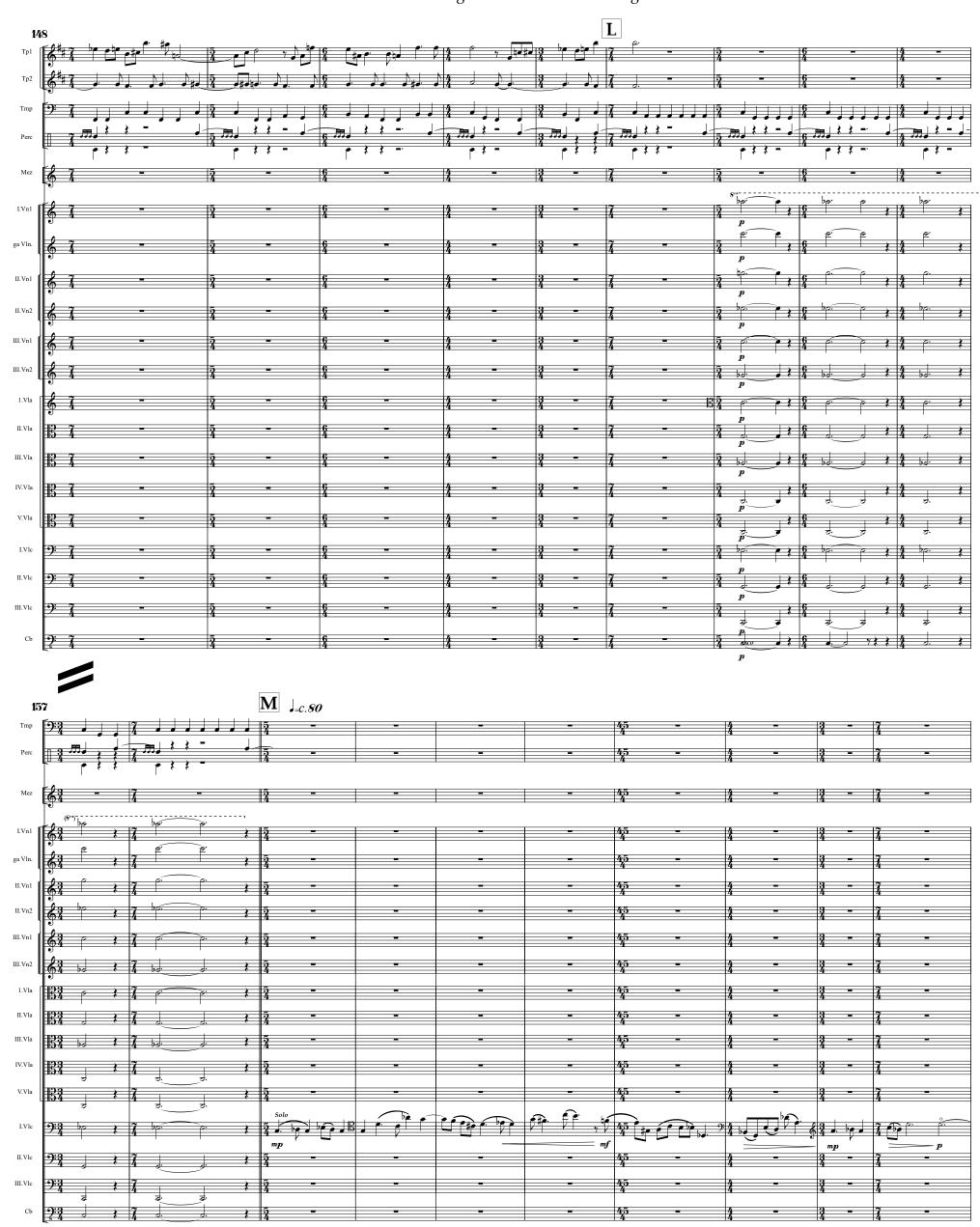
























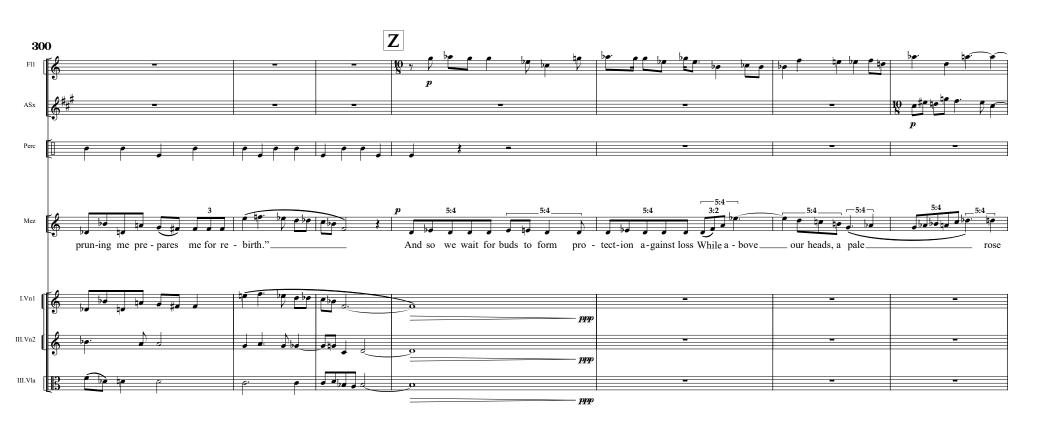








































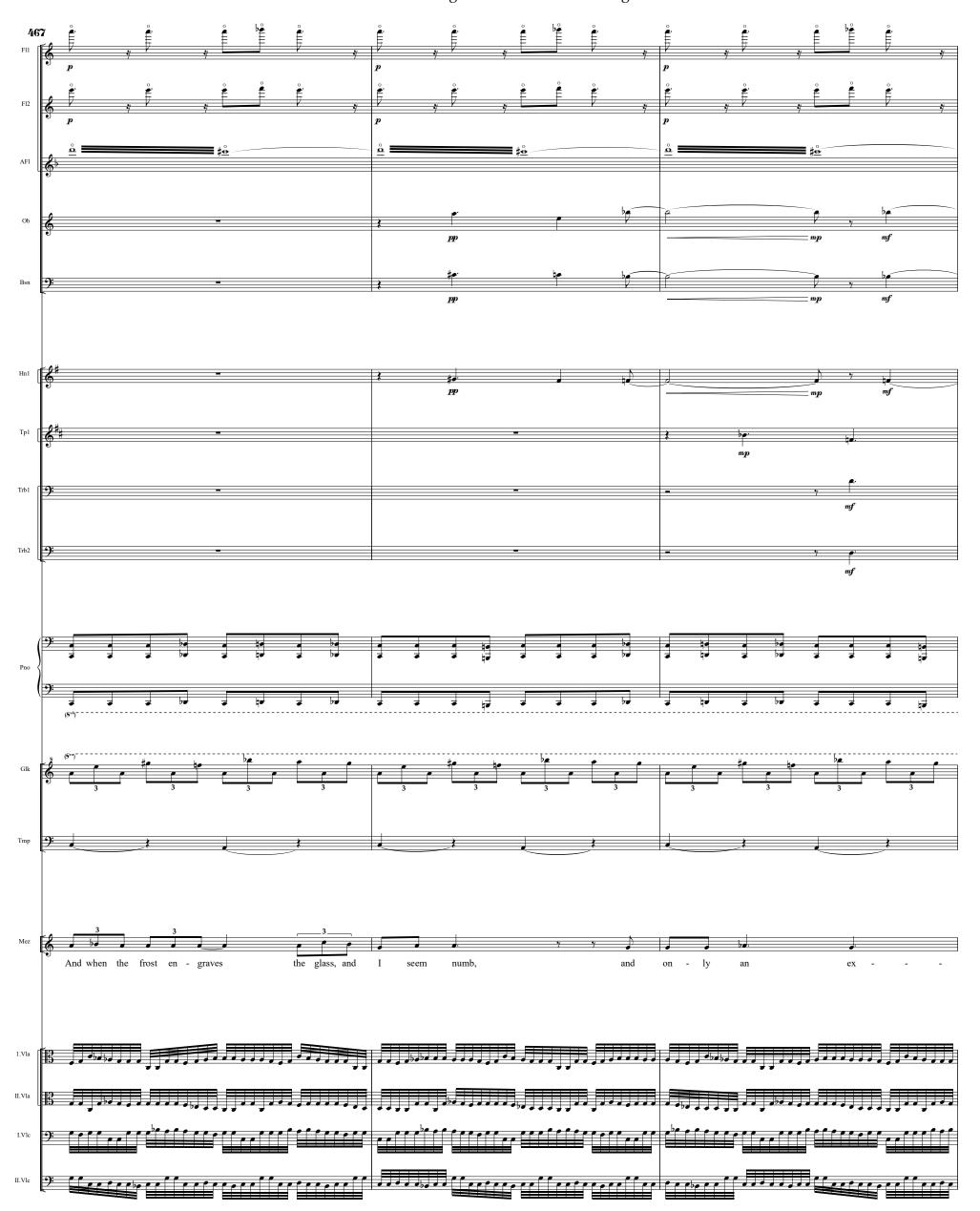
















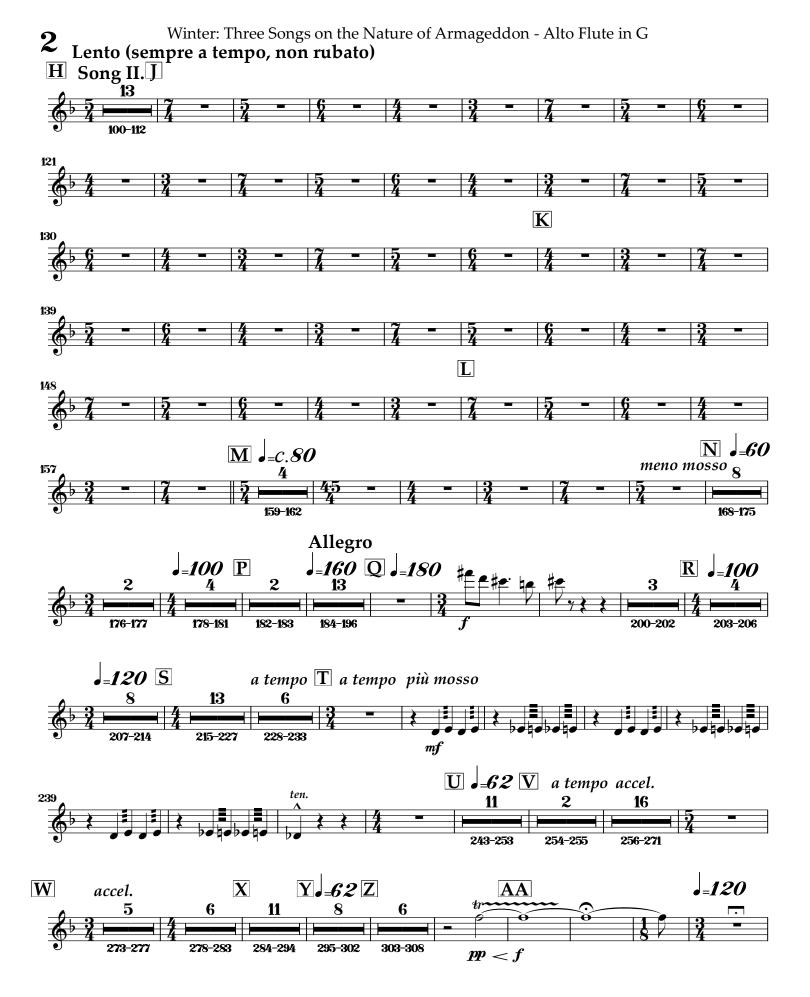






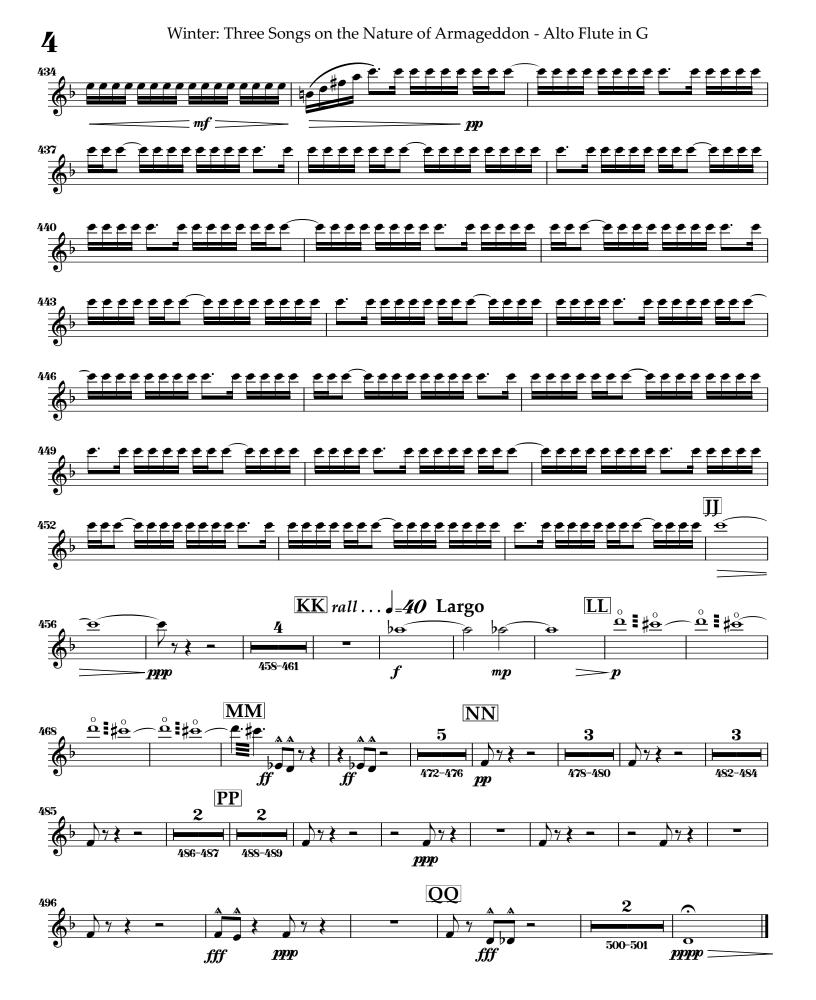








^{*} Conducted in one from BB to CC. Due to staggered time signatures, measure numbering is accurate only at BB and CC.



Alto Sax in E-flat Dennis Bathory-Kitsz Text by C. Chomentowski J=120 Introduction: Allegro Song I. molto rall. **-60** Lento **B** rit. 12-22 23-51 52-54 55-56 **40** a tempo mp più mosso F





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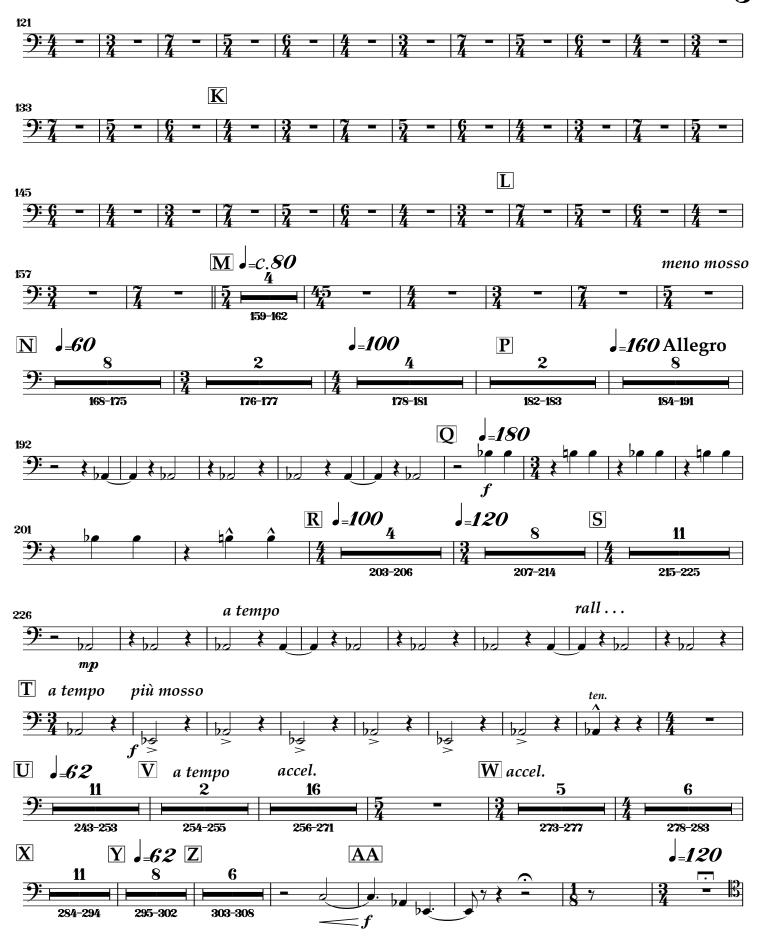




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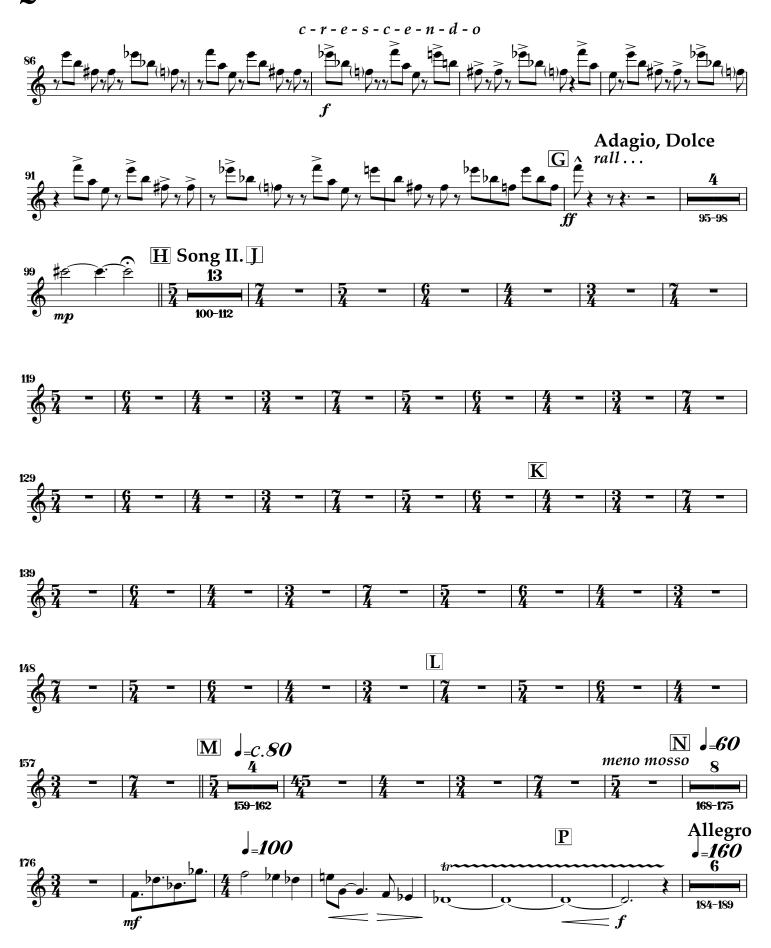


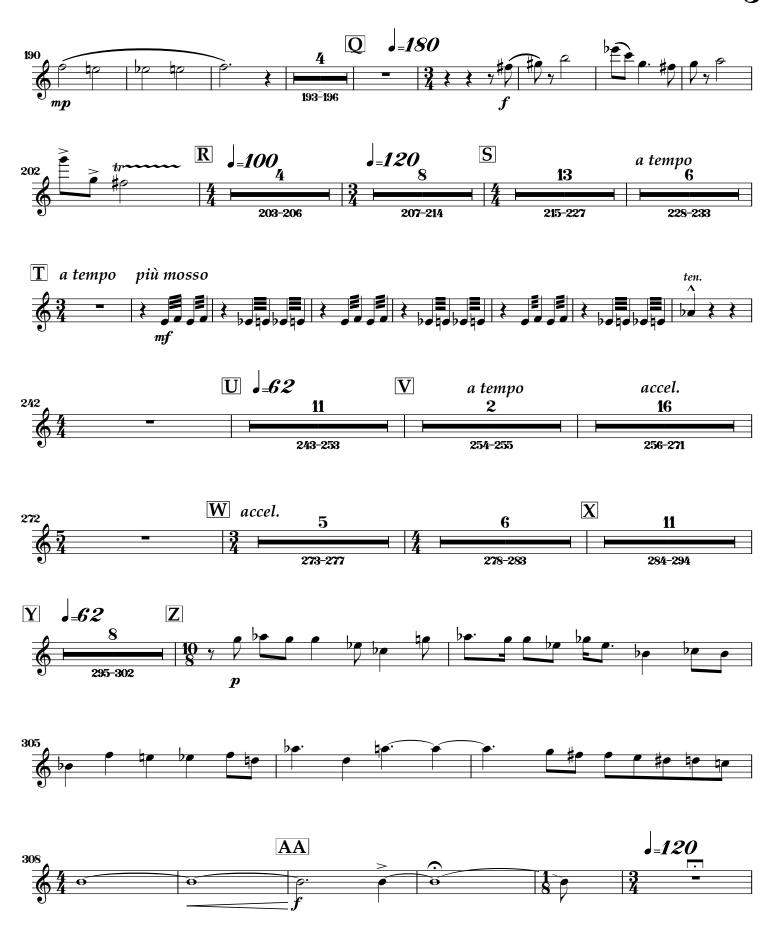




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Flute 1 Dennis Bathory-Kitsz Text by C. Chomentowski =120 Introduction: Allegro Song I. \mathbf{A} *-60* Lento B *-54* \mathbf{C} molto rall. 11 $\mathbf{3}$ 12-22 52-54 55-56 \mathbf{D} pp \mathbf{E} rit. più mosso pp pp

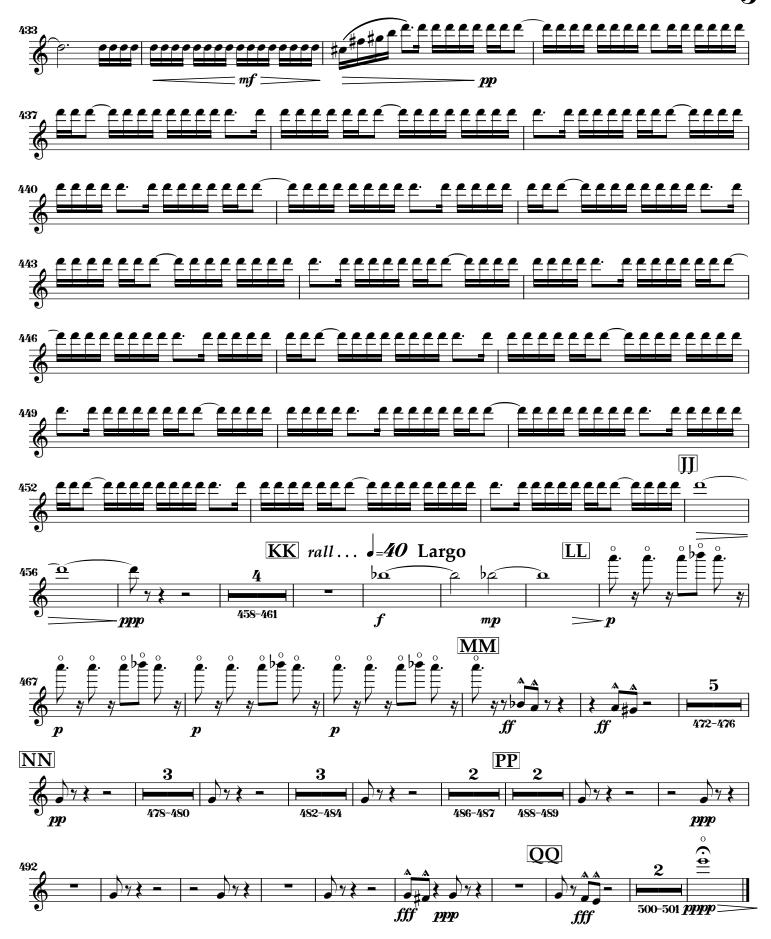




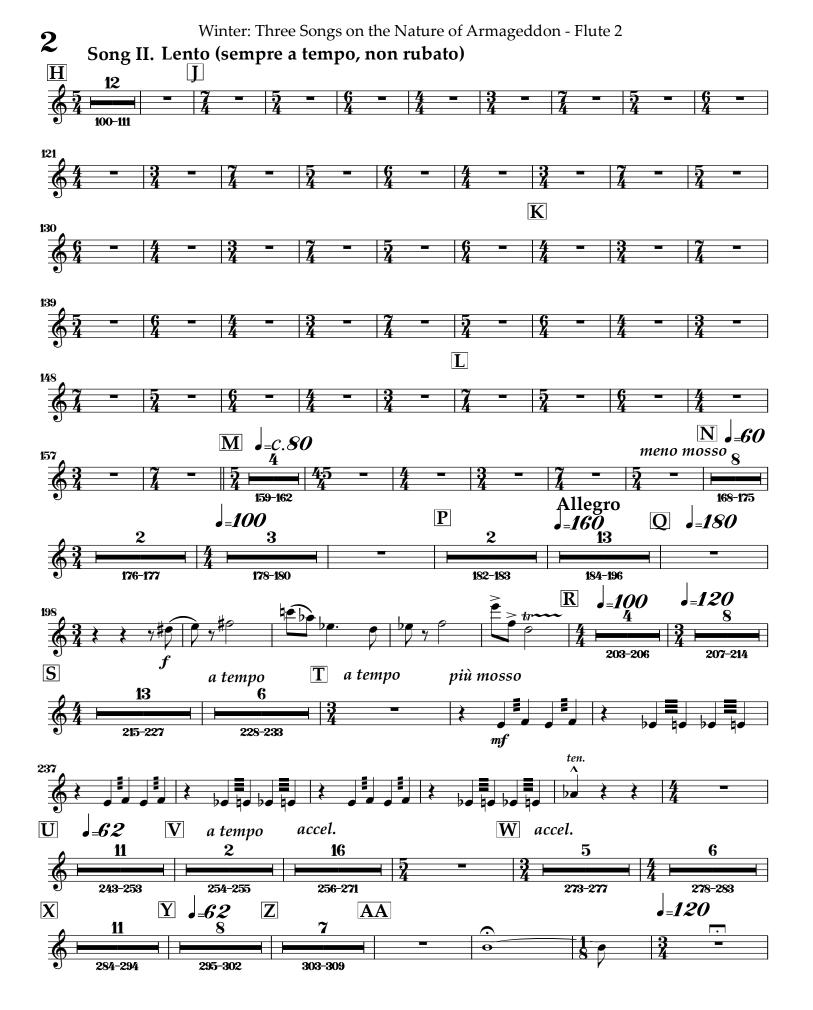




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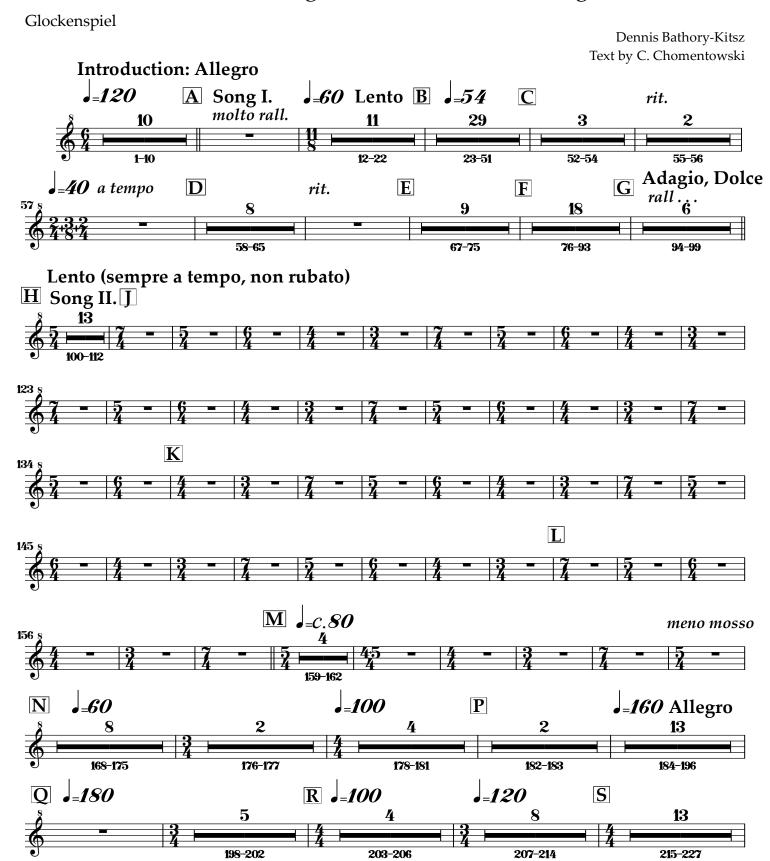


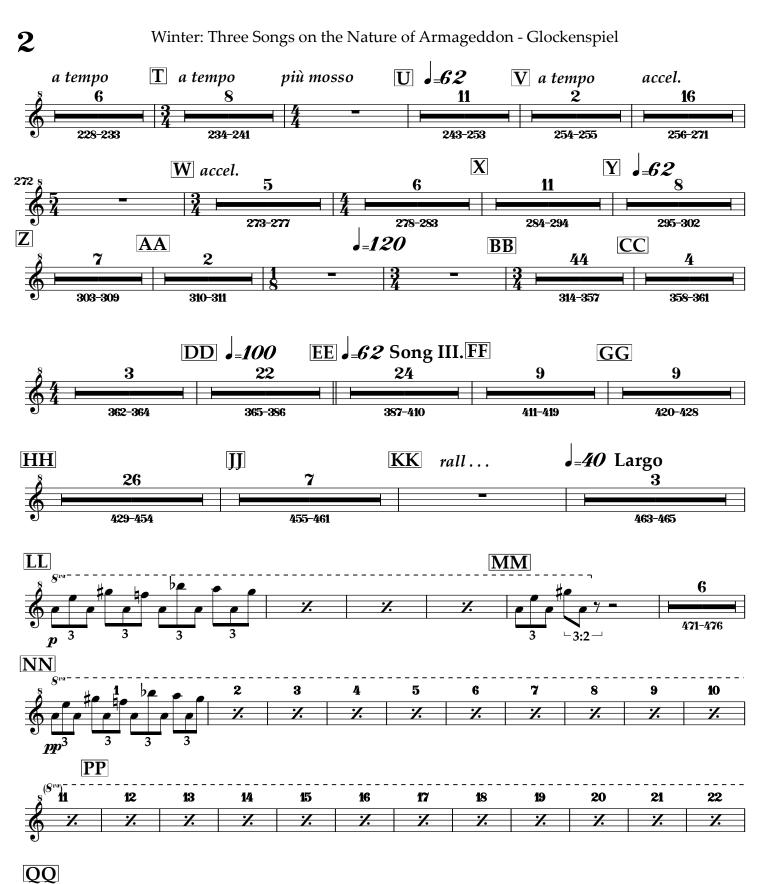




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Winter: Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon - Horn 2 in F

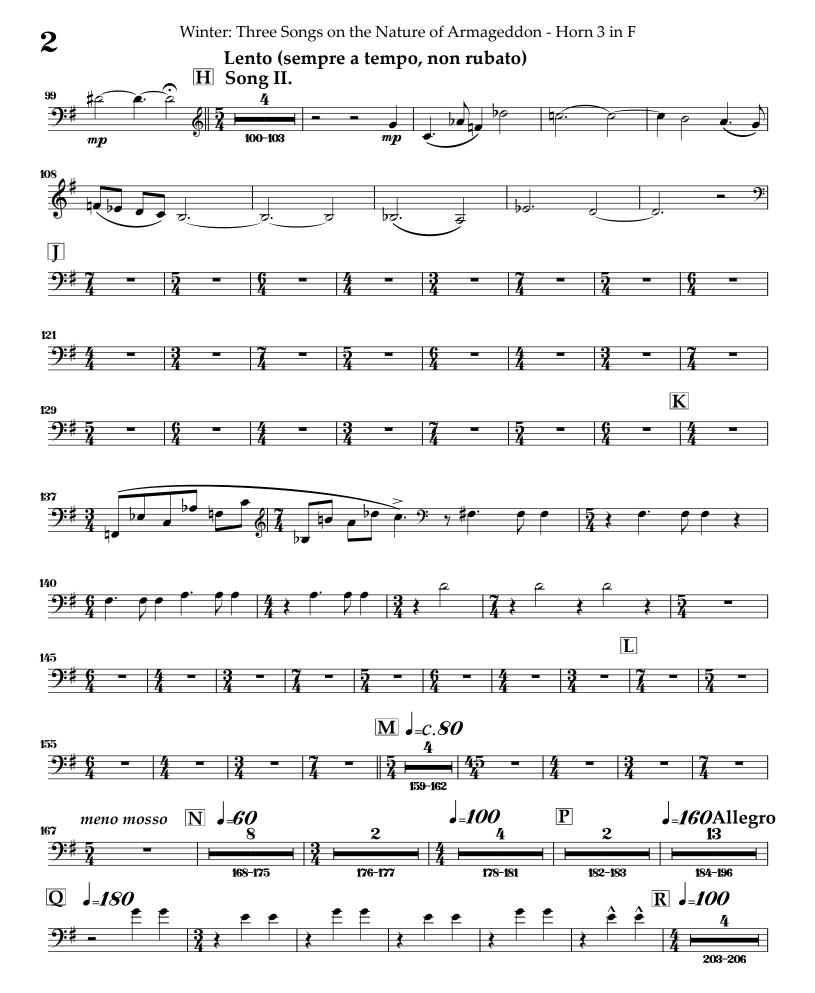




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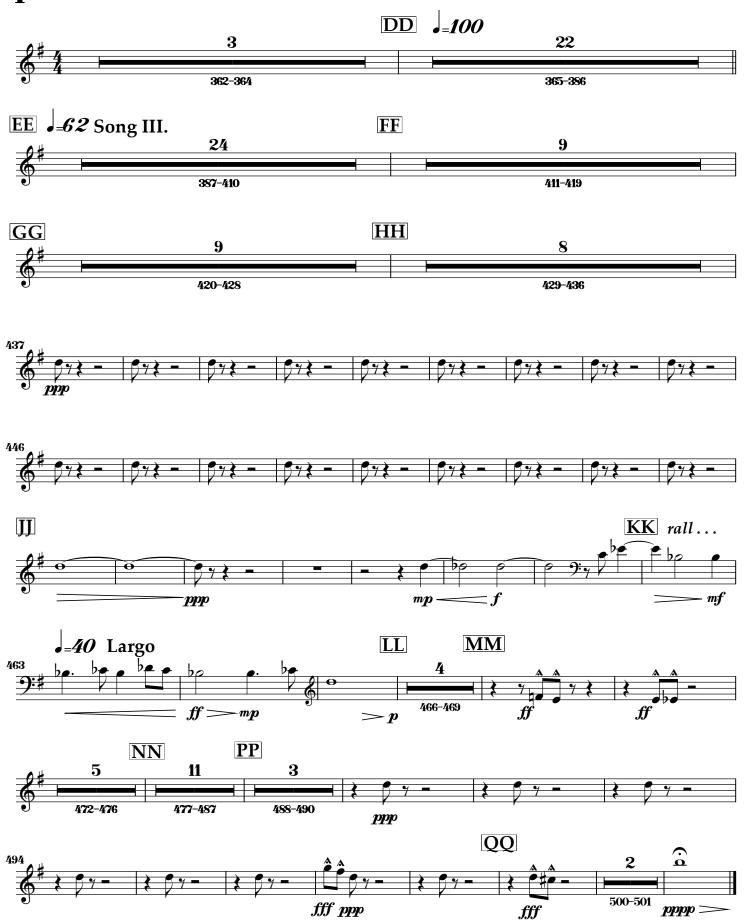




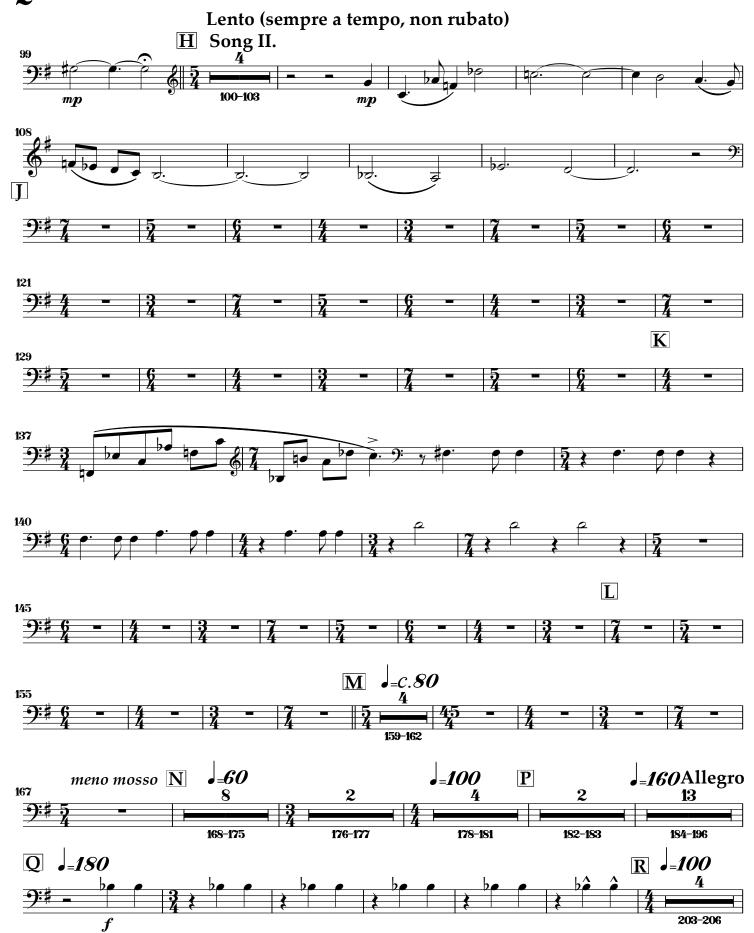




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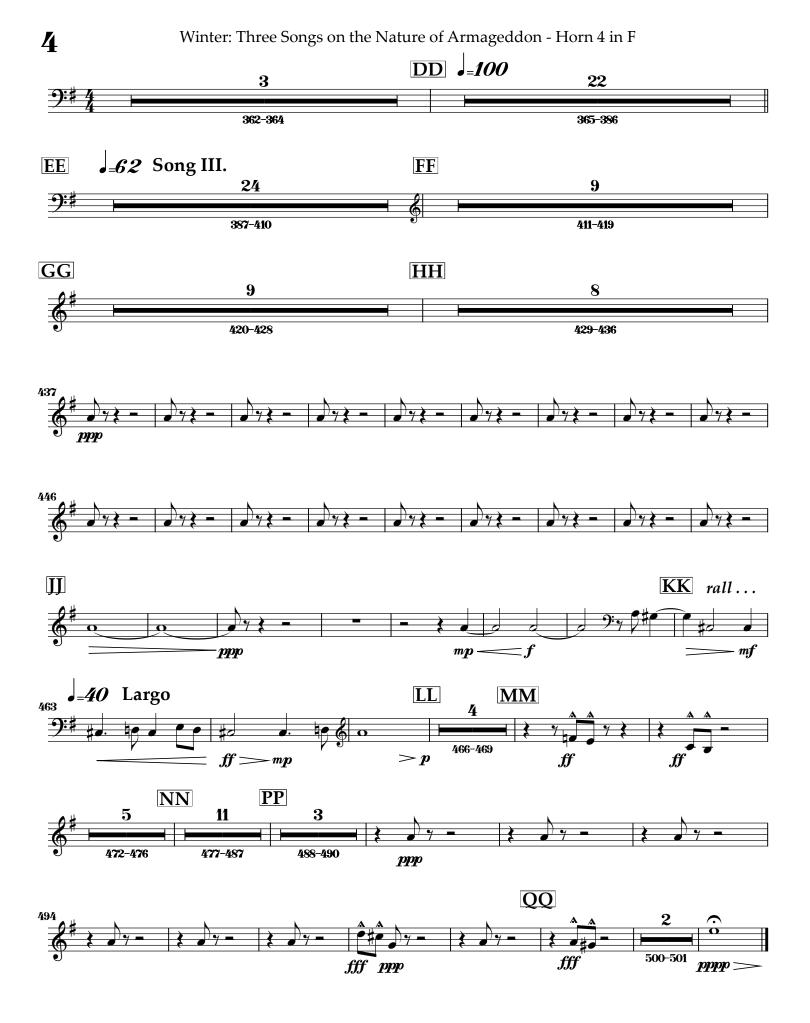








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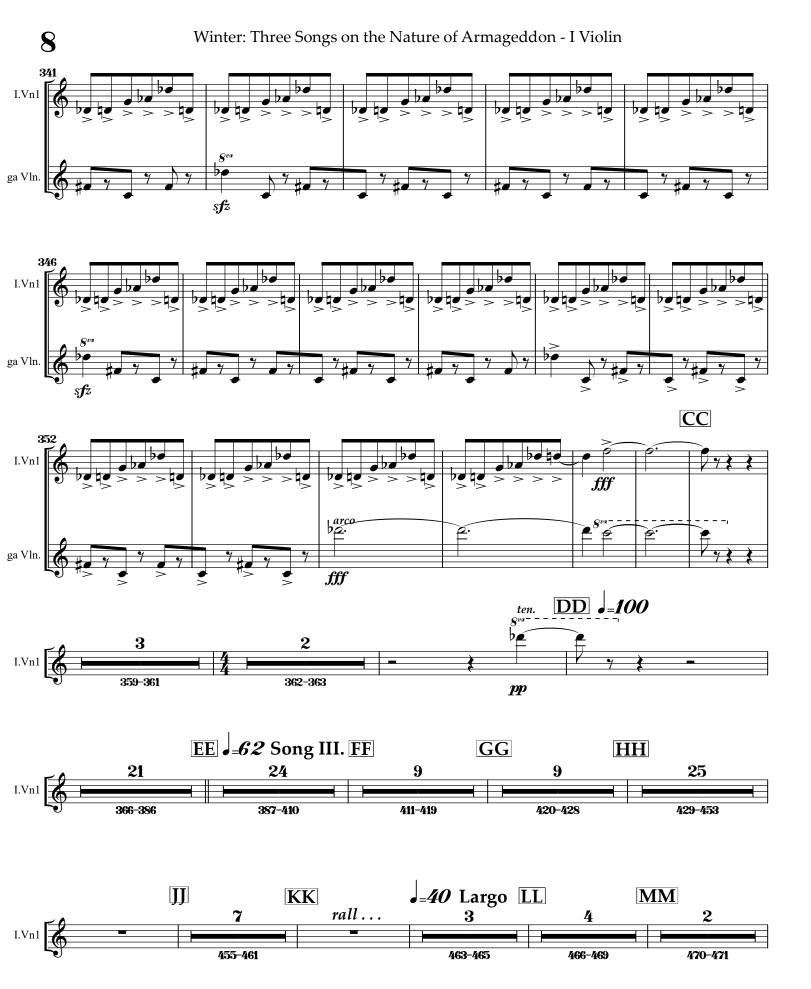








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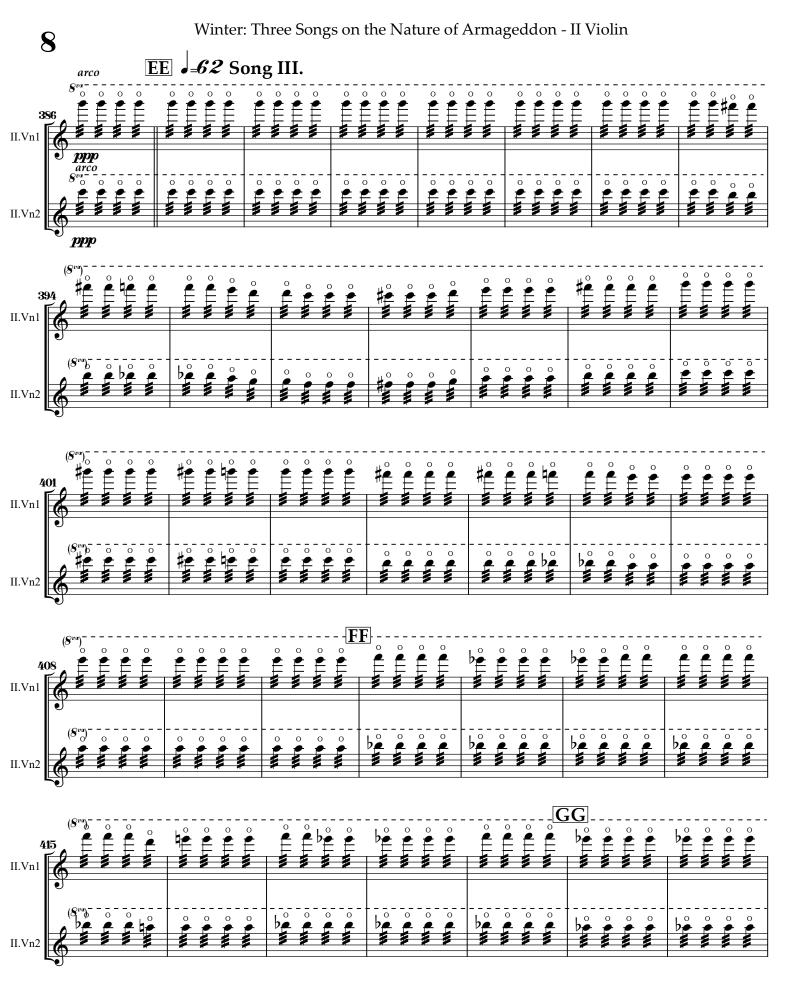






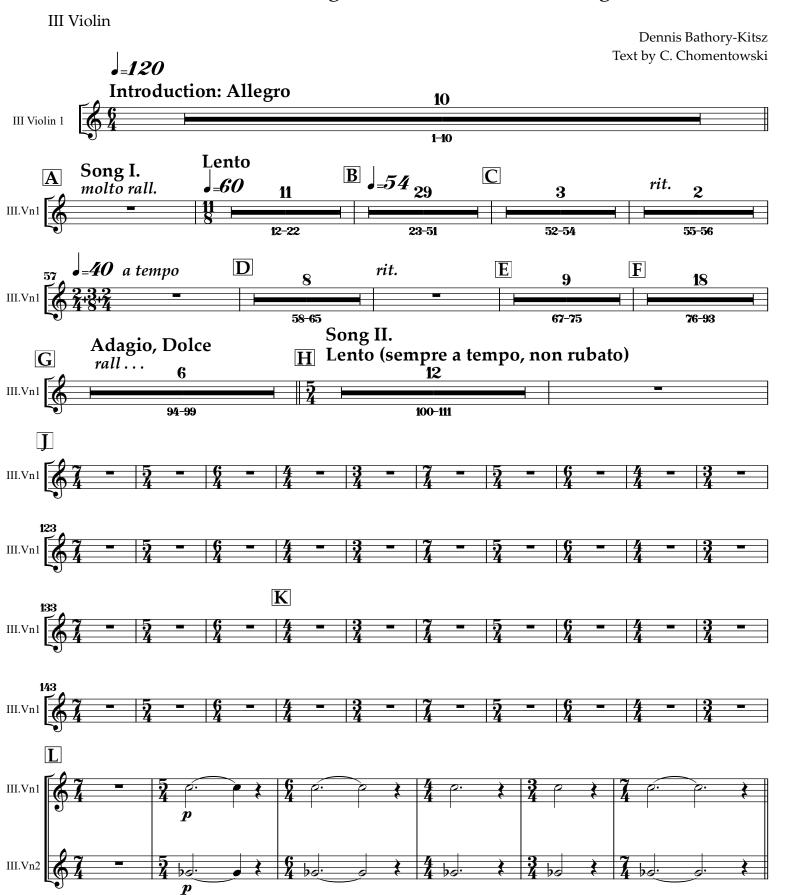
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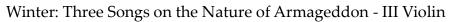








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MEZZO Dennis Bathory-Kitsz Text by C. Chomentowski J=120 **Introduction: Allegro** \mathbf{A} Song I. molto rall. 10 1–10 **-60** Lento 11 12-22 B *-54* Plucked from the heart blos a som, en-cased 26 Plucked from the heart of my moth-er's at-tic a blos - som en-cased in in dust . 29 dust. Plucked from the heart_ a blos som, en - cased a 33 Mot-tled shades of once-white there, and gold leaf in dust. som_en-cased 36 In-car-na-ted pet glaz ing its_ als, be tween 40 which are the_ _ can yet sum-mon forth from the crypt prayers 45 of child Plucked from the heart of my moth-er's at hood. tic_

(Hums or ooohs)









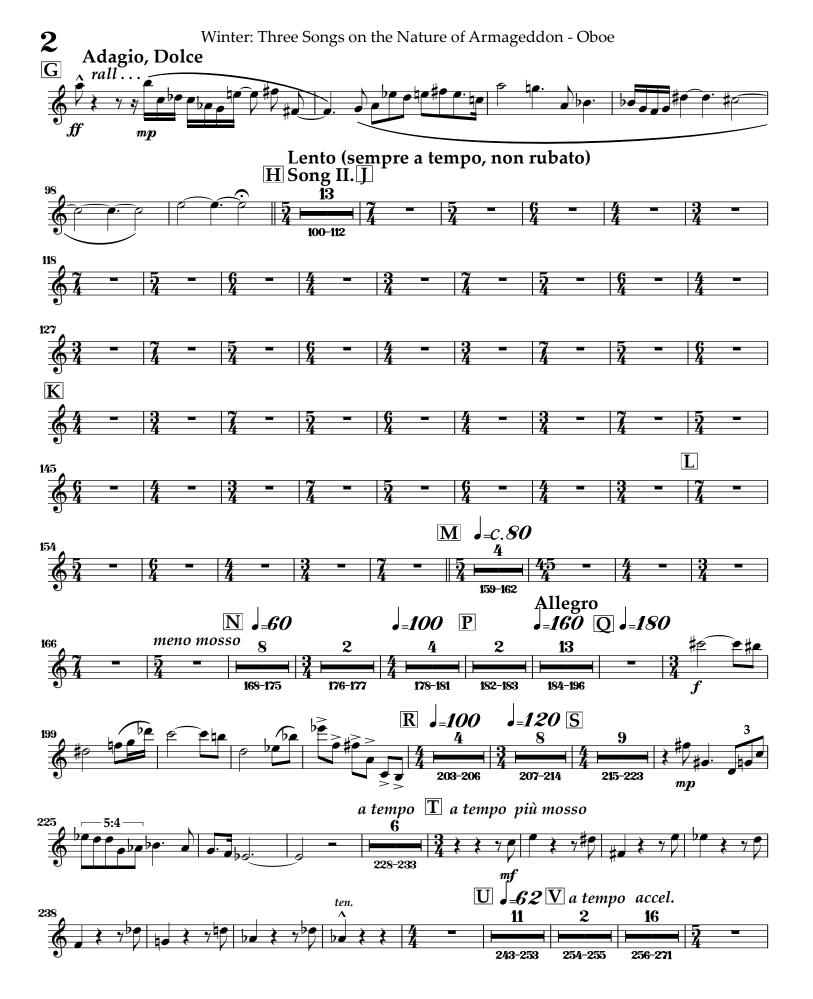




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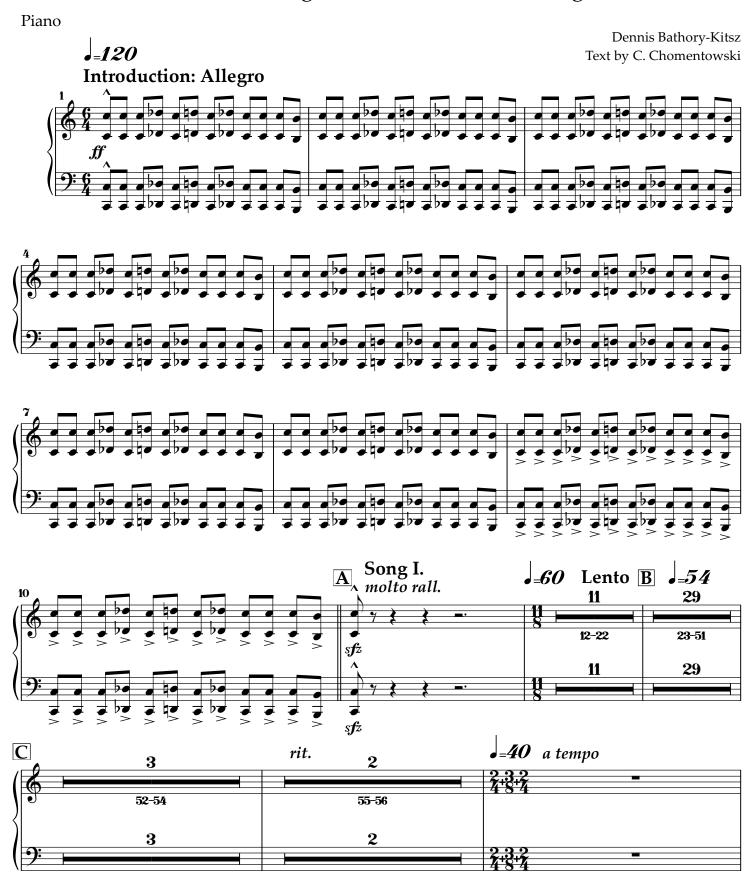


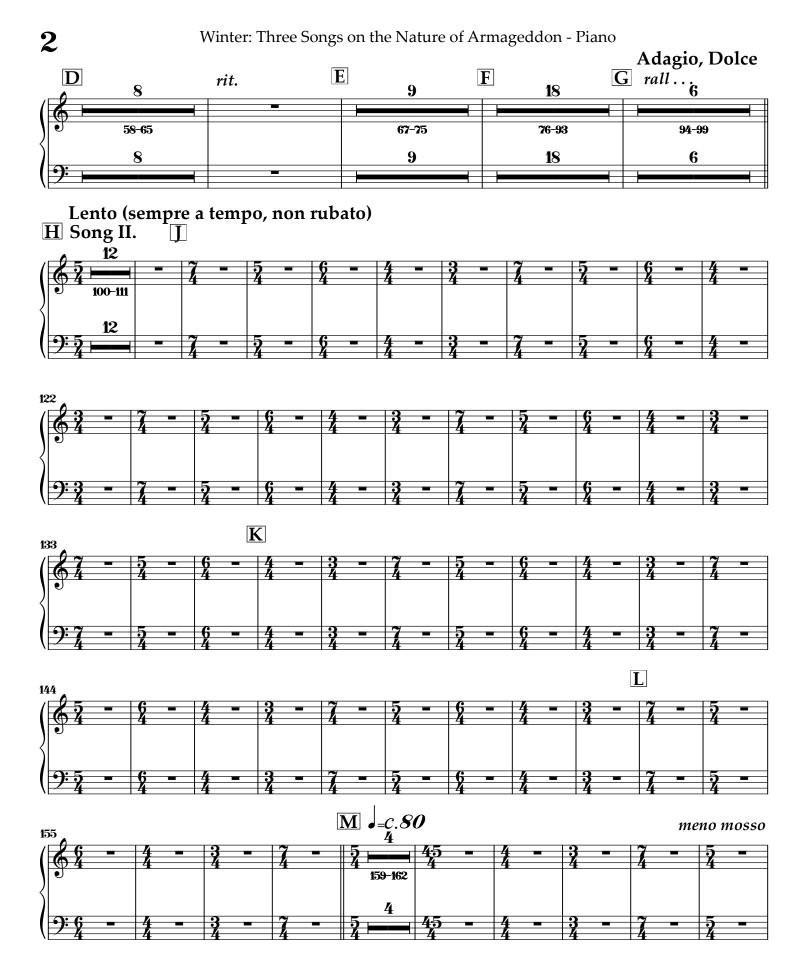


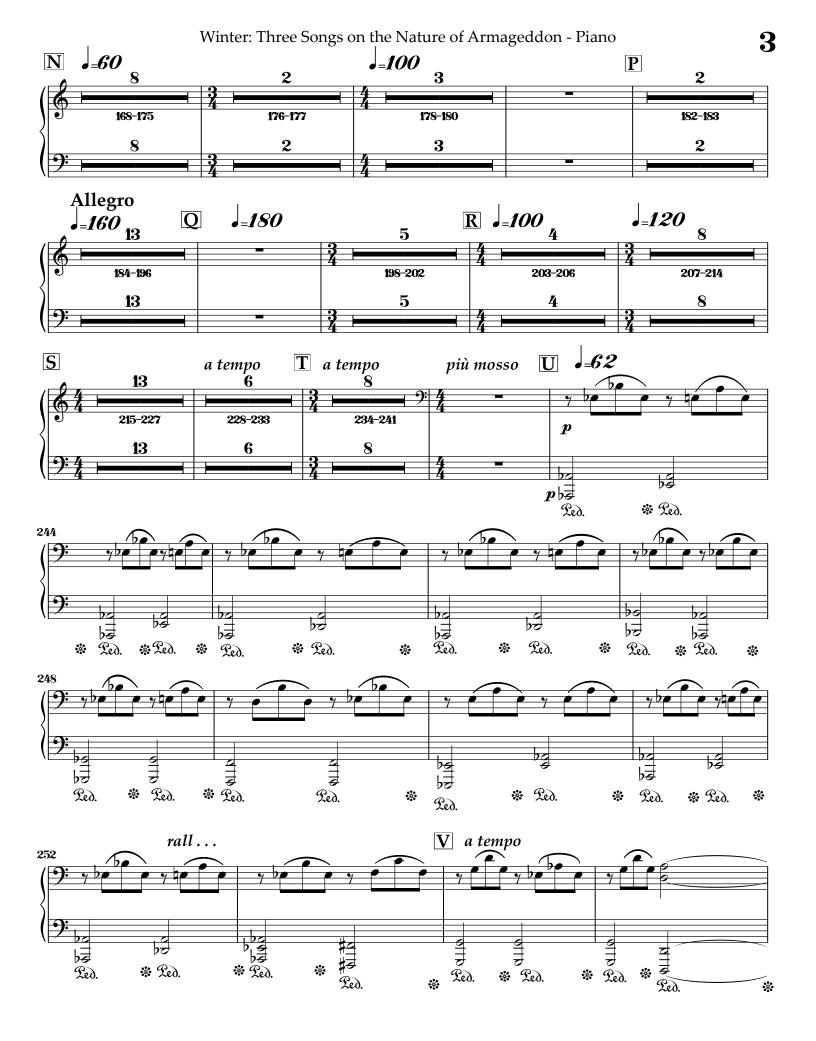


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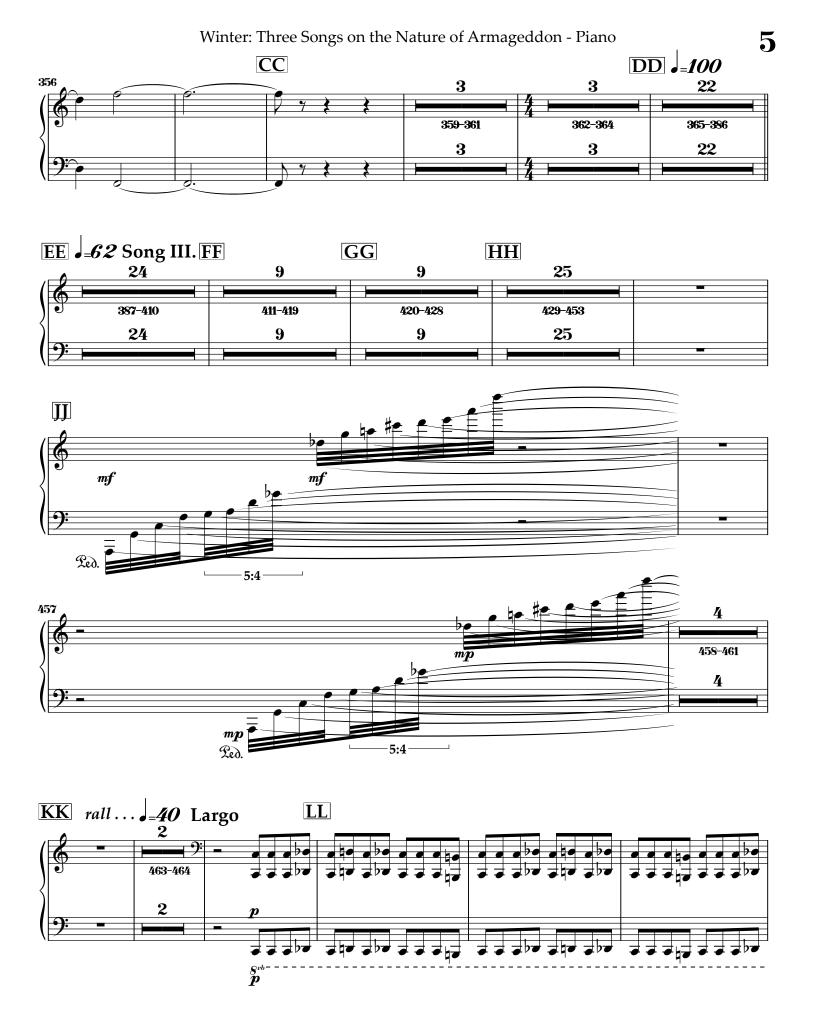








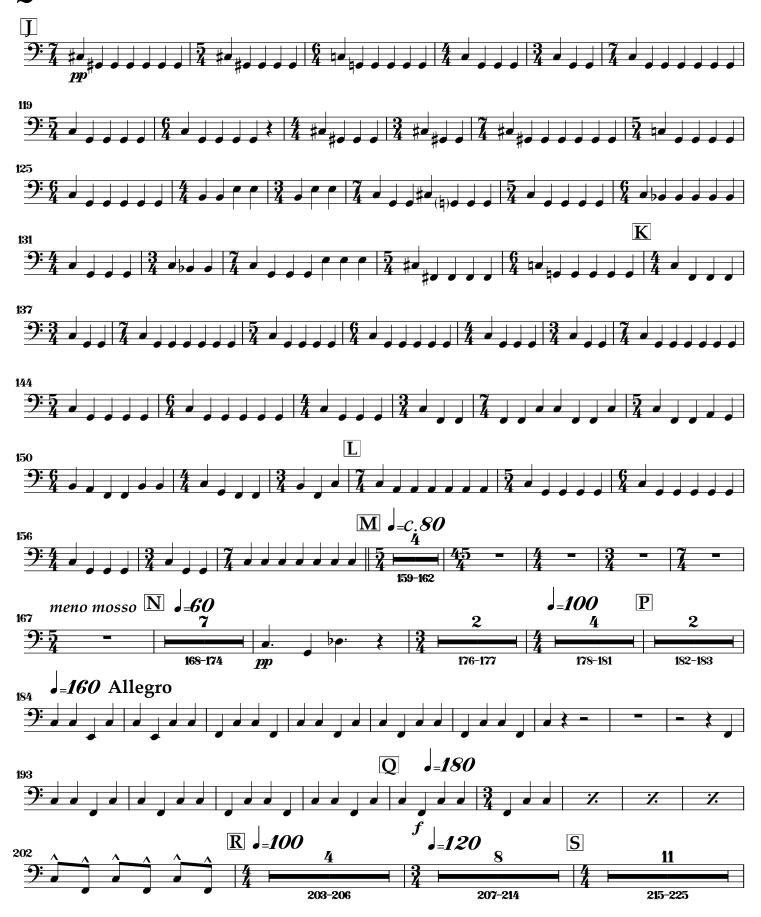
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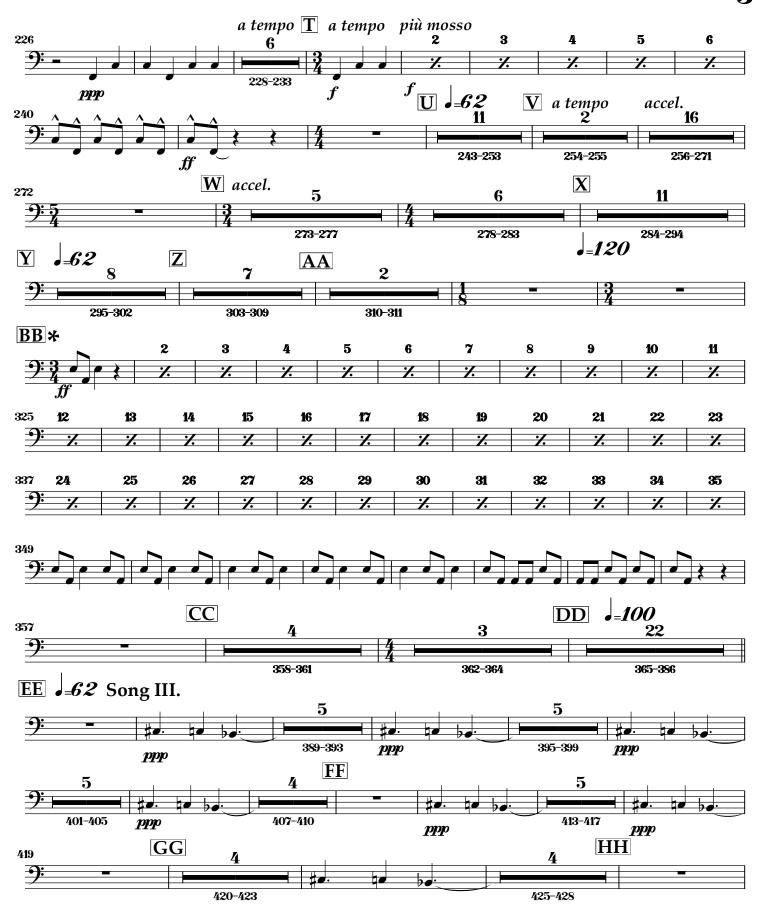










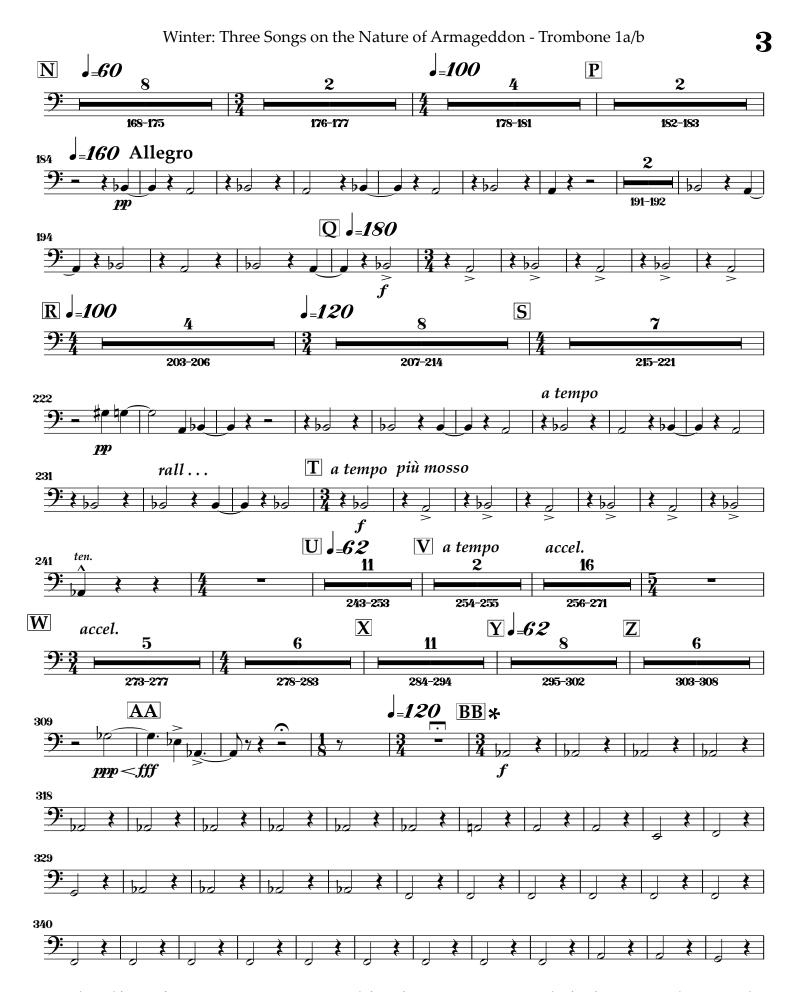


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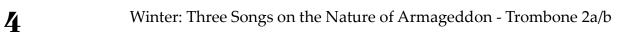








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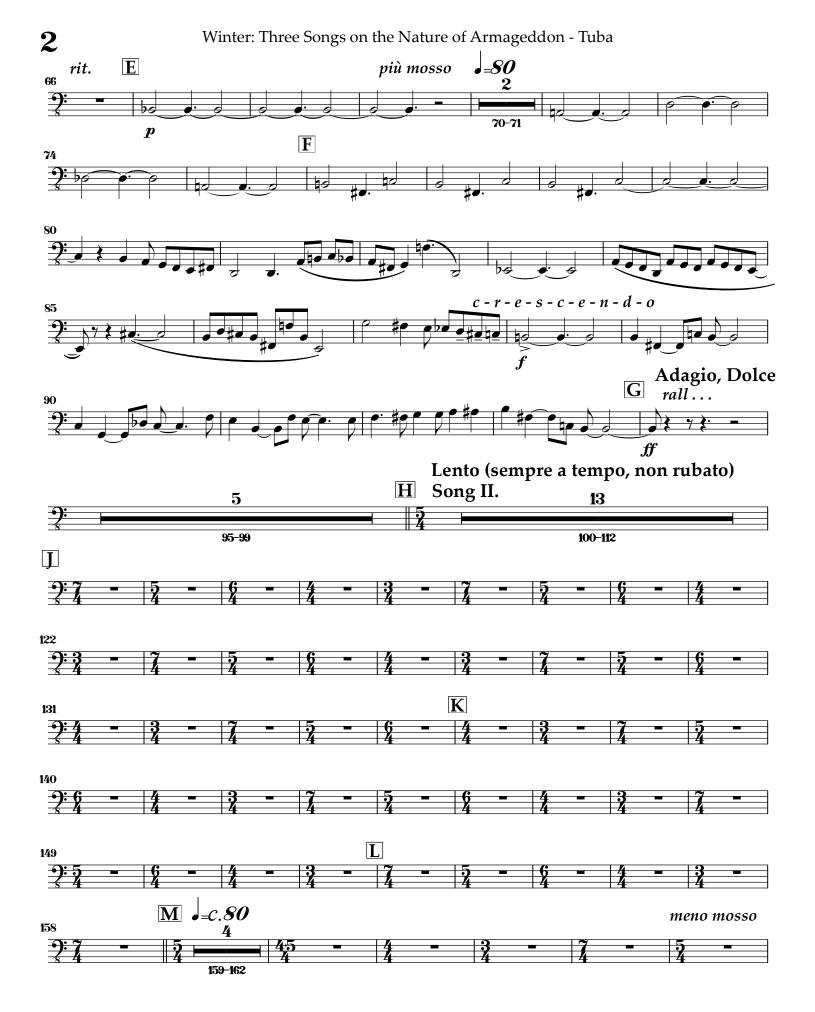


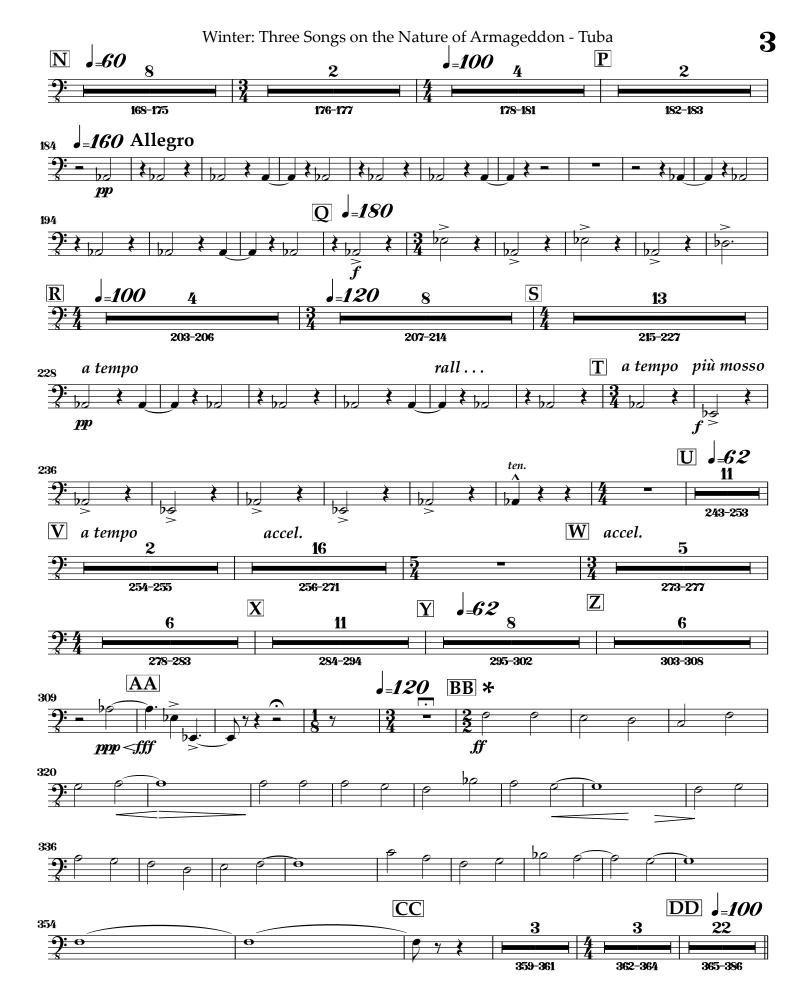
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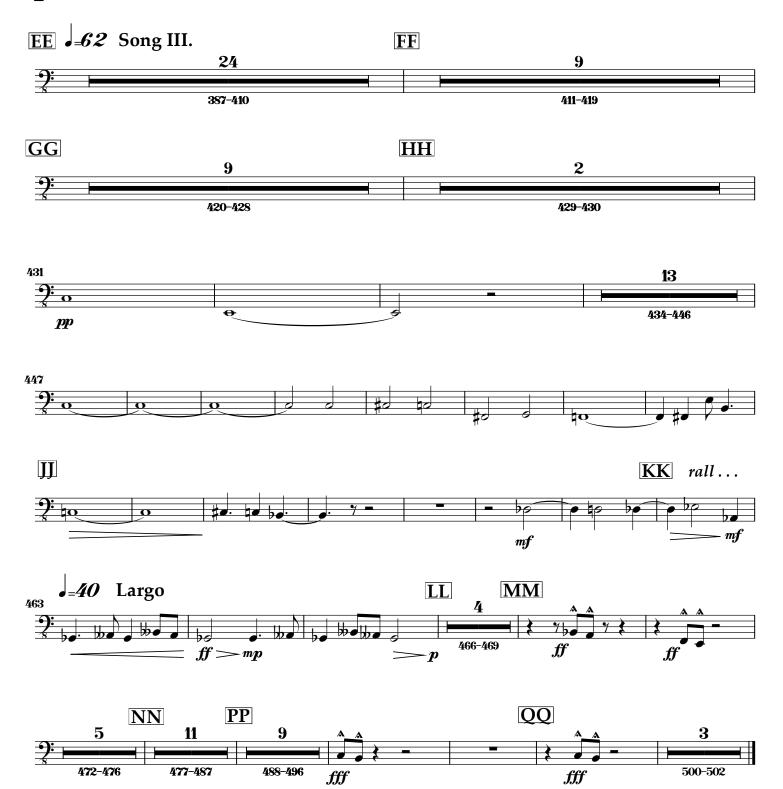
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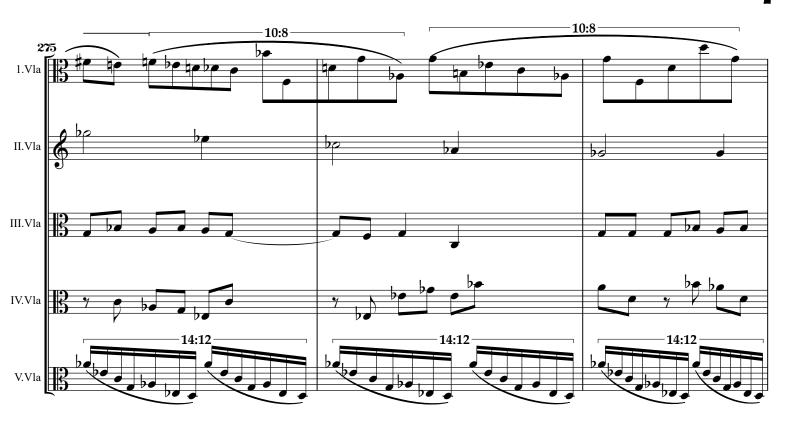


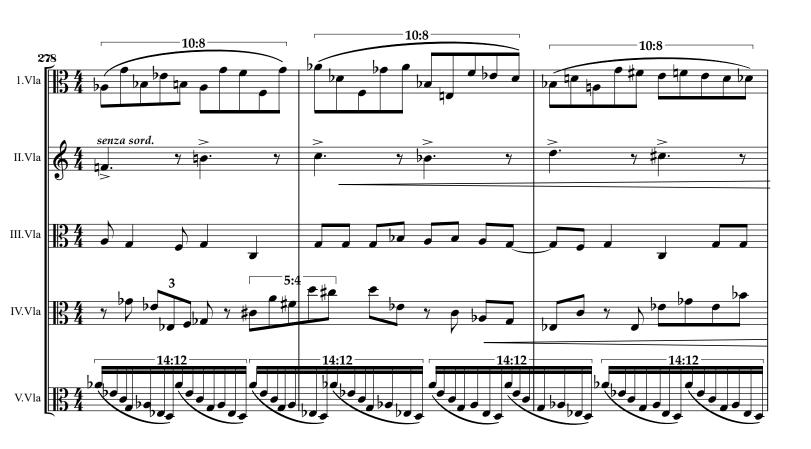








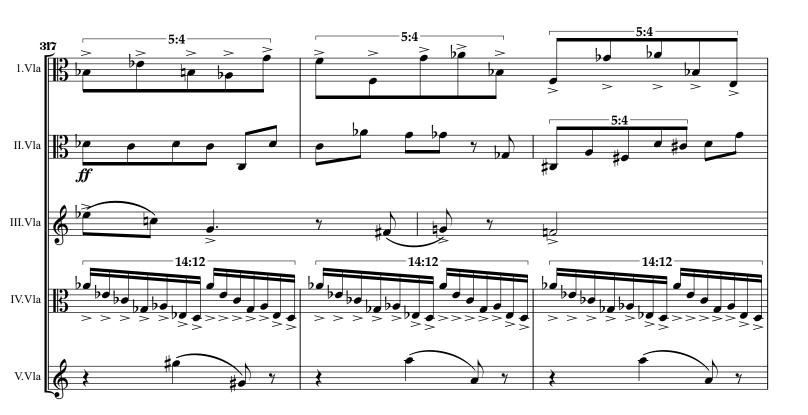




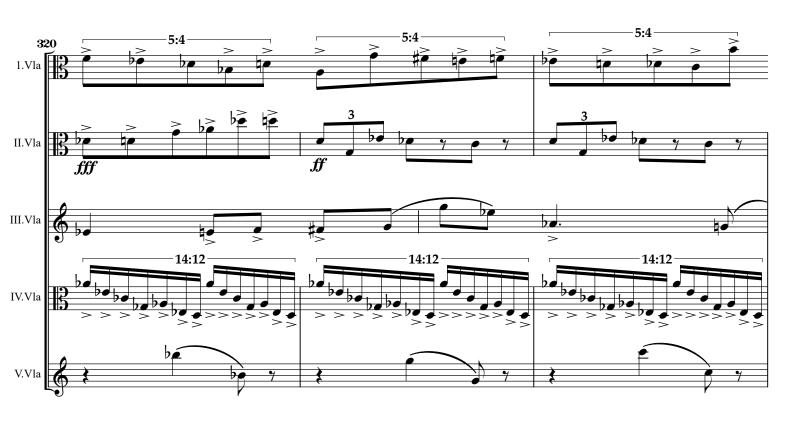


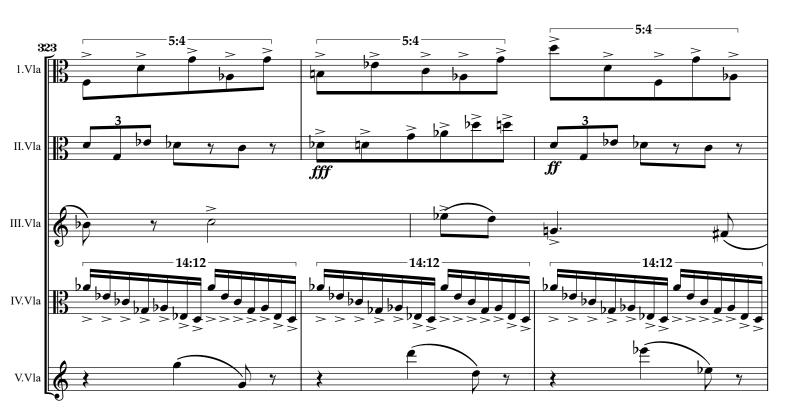




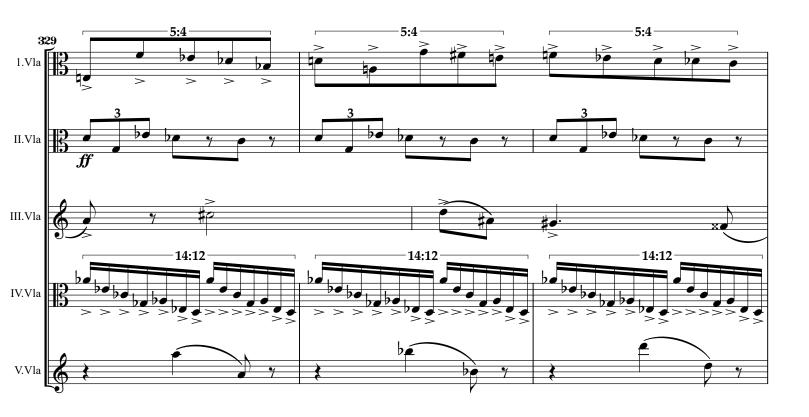


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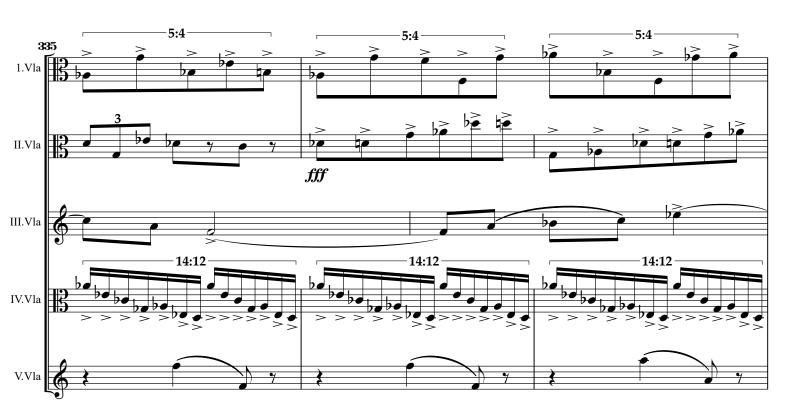


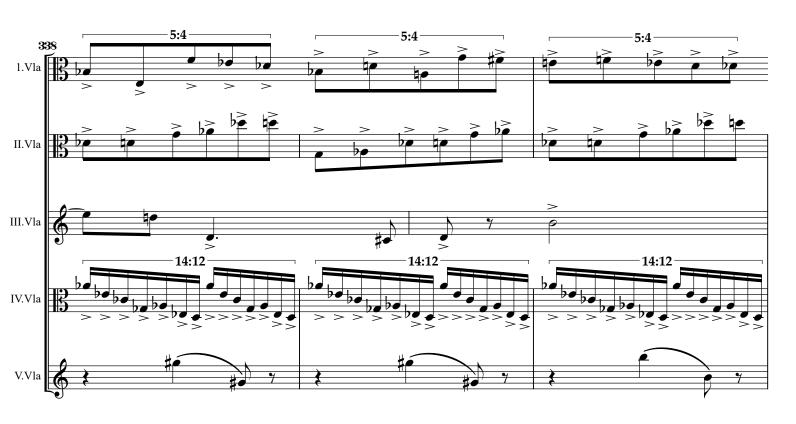


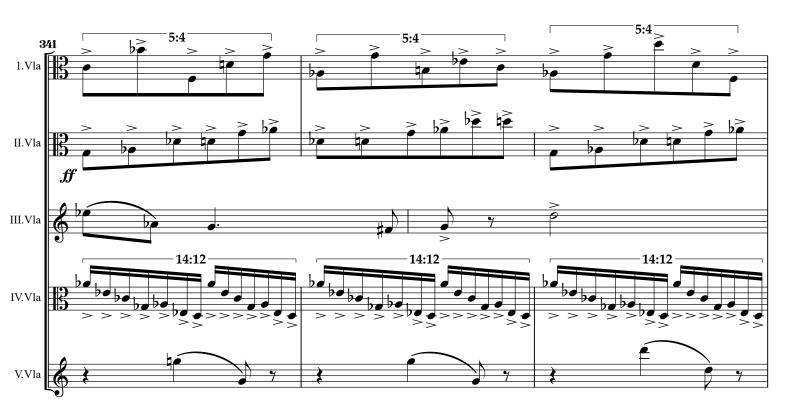


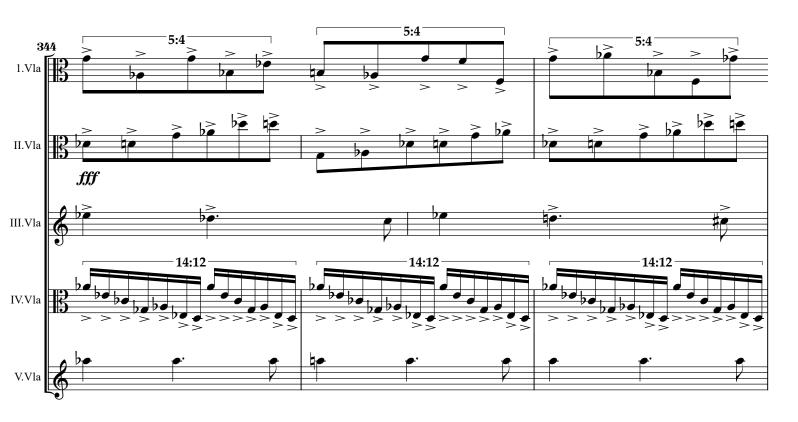


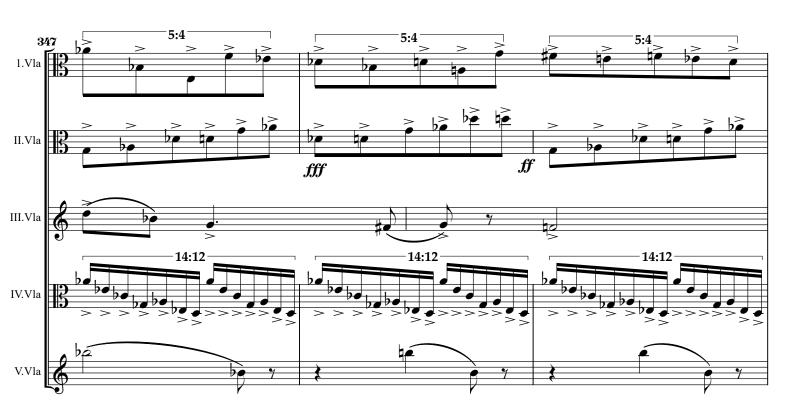


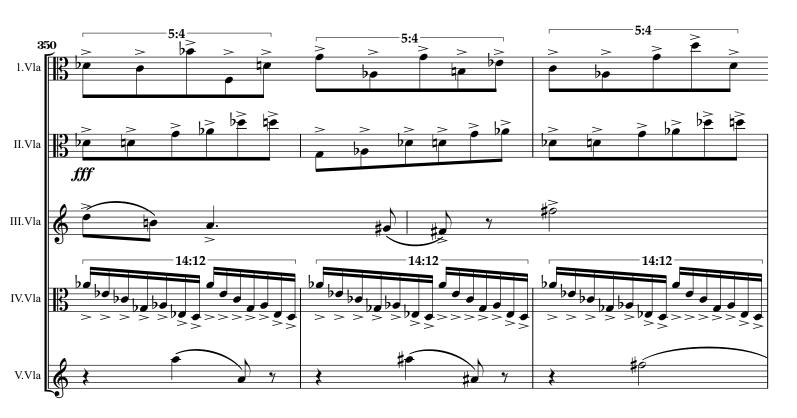


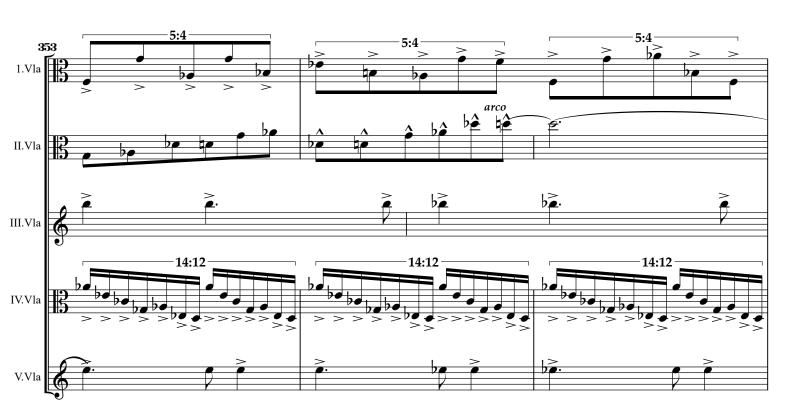


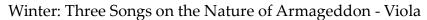






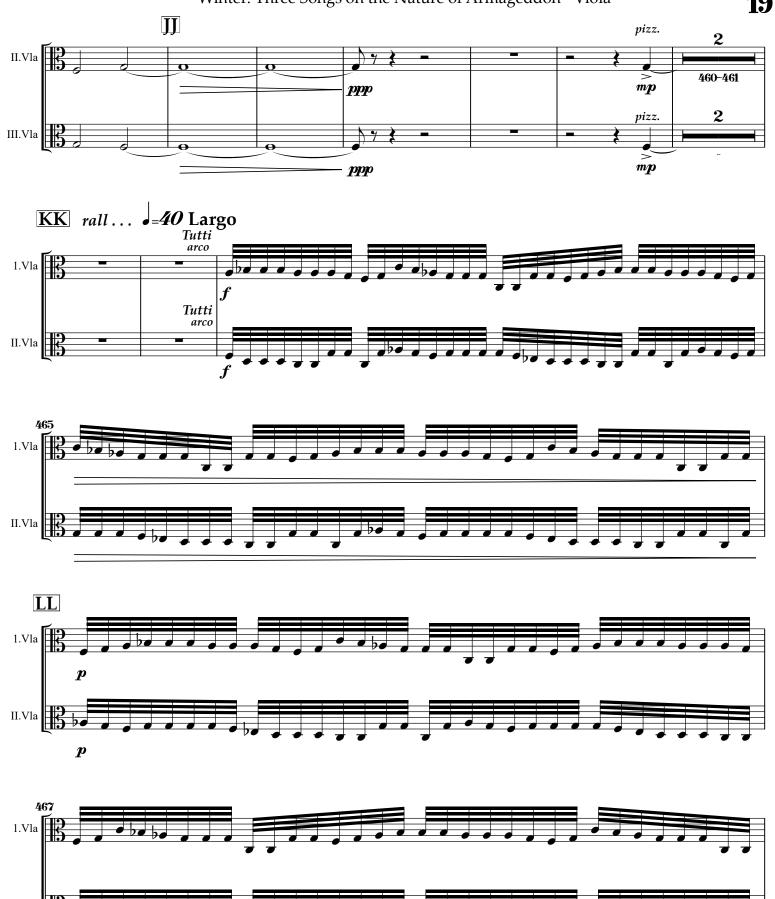


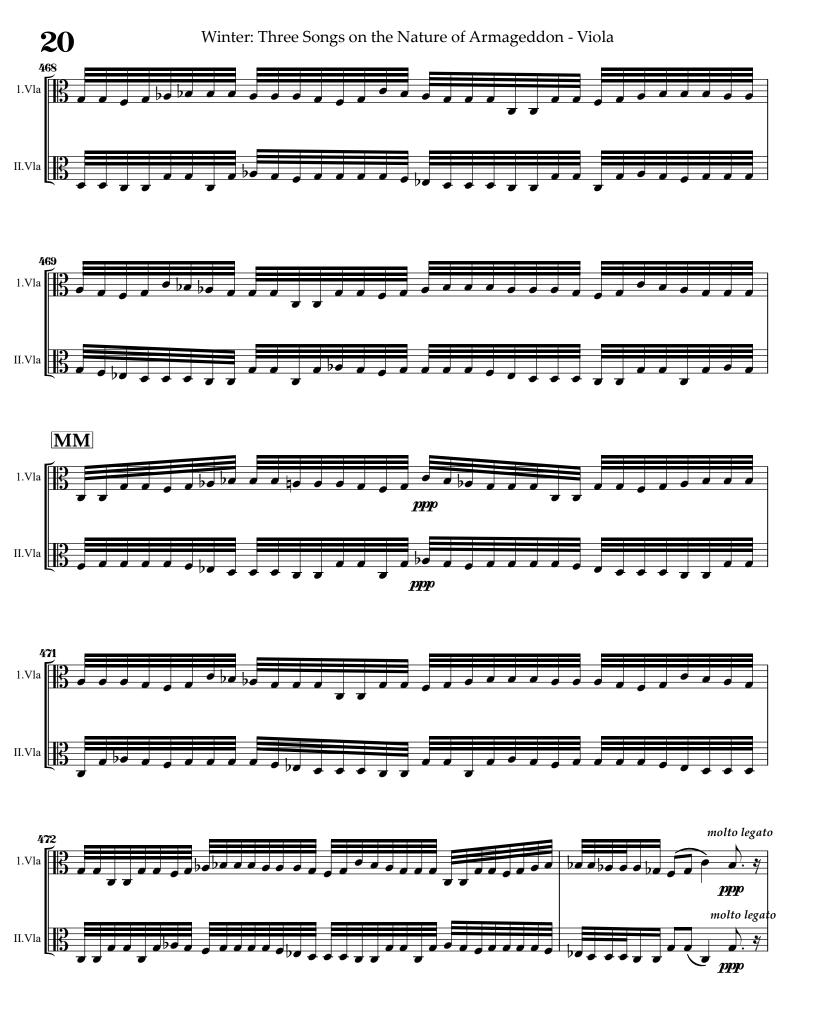














Winter: Three Songs on the Nature of Armageddon





H Song II. Lento (sempre a tempo, non rubato)











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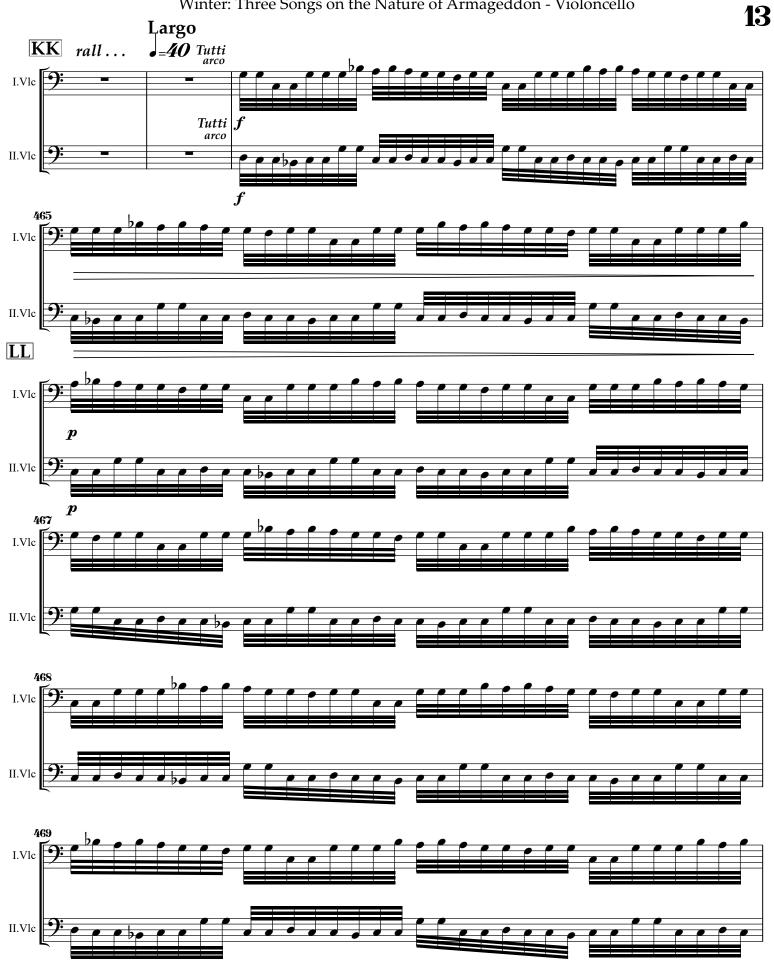














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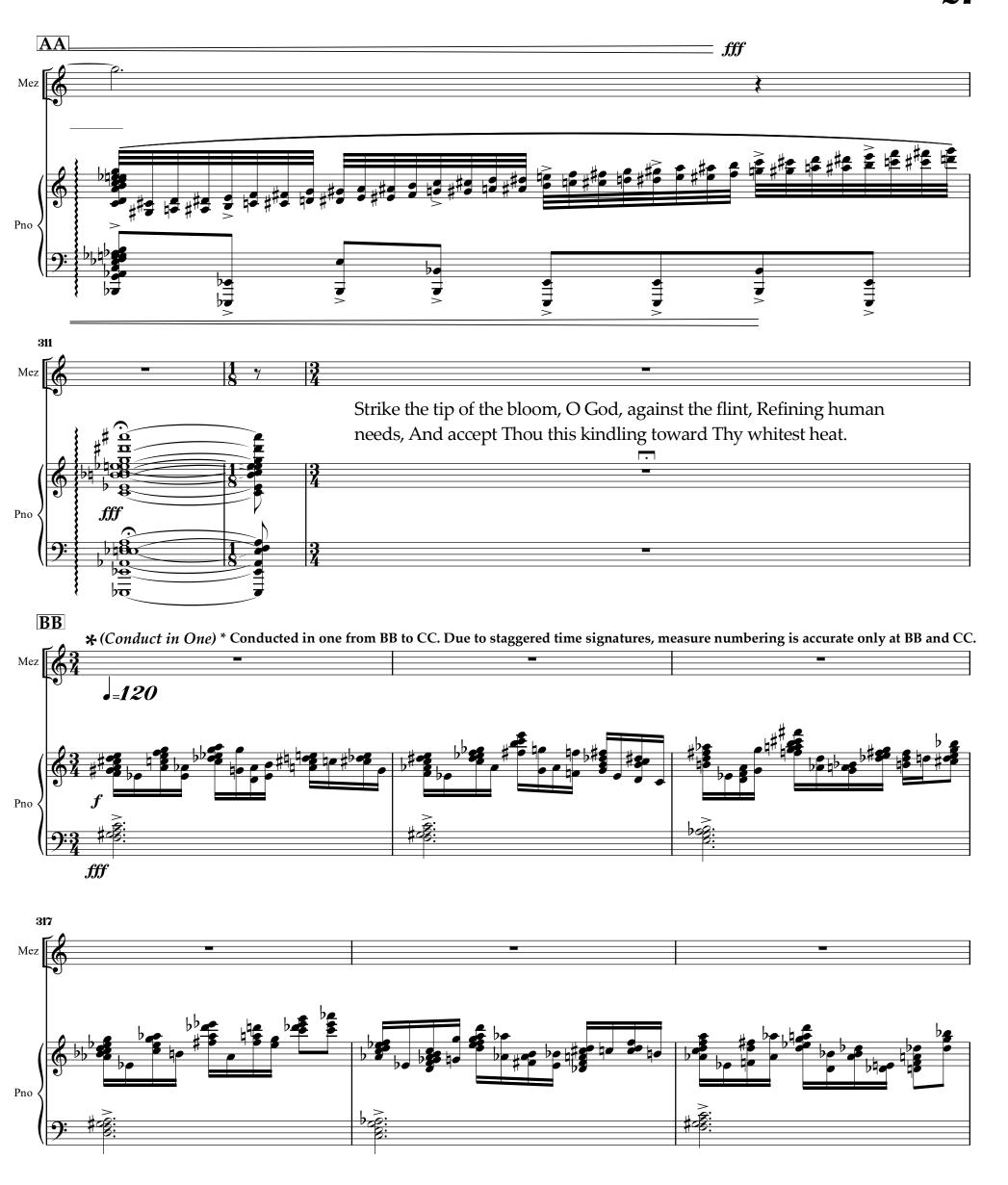






















*Sound as much of the upper ostinato as possible when playing the melodic portions; see m.388-389, for example.









